

1973

Cognition and Consciousness: Humanities and the Elementary School Teacher

Maxine Greene
Columbia University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.brockport.edu/phil_ex

 Part of the [Philosophy Commons](#)

Repository Citation

Greene, Maxine (1973) "Cognition and Consciousness: Humanities and the Elementary School Teacher," *Philosophic Exchange*: Vol. 4 : No. 1 , Article 12.

Available at: http://digitalcommons.brockport.edu/phil_ex/vol4/iss1/12

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @Brockport. It has been accepted for inclusion in Philosophic Exchange by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @Brockport. For more information, please contact kmyers@brockport.edu.



The College at
BROCKPORT
STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK



MAXINE GREENE

*Professor of Education
Columbia University*

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS: HUMANITIES
AND THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER *

by
Maxine Greene

“Liberating education,” writes Paulo Freire, “consists in acts of cognition.”¹ It involves a naming of the world, a striving towards awareness of reality and self-awareness. The study of the humanities ought to make both possible: a widening of cognitive perspectives on experience; a rediscovery “of my actual presence to myself, the fact of my consciousness which is in the last resort what the word and the concept of consciousness mean.”² It may also make possible a new kind of clarity and a new kind of care, a vigilance against what Albert Camus calls “plague.”

In the novel *The Plague*, Tarrou and Dr. Rieux are both concerned with the naming of the world, as they are concerned with decency and love. One evening they take “an hour off—for friendship” from their fight against the pestilence; and Tarrou tells the story of his life. He has discovered, he says, that no one on earth is free from plague.

‘And I know, too, that we must keep endless watch on ourselves lest in a care-less moment we breathe in somebody’s face and fasten the infection on him. What’s natural is the microbe. All the rest—health, integrity, purity (if you like)—is a product of the human will, of a vigilance that must never falter. The good man, the man who infects hardly anyone, is the man who has the fewest lapses of attention. And it needs tremendous will-power, a never ending tension of the mind to avoid such lapses. Yes, Rieux, it’s a wearying business, being plague-stricken. But it’s still more wearying to refuse to be it.’³

To have plague is not only to be indifferent; it is to be abstract, to use “big” words like *salvation* and *heroism*, to obscure what is really happening between the person and his world. Tarrou concludes by saying that “our troubles spring from our failure to use plain, clean-cut language” and that he has resolved “always to speak—and to act—quite clearly, as this was the only way of setting myself on the right track.” And when Rieux asks him if he knows what path to follow for attaining peace, Tarrou replies: “The path of sympathy.”

It is with self-awareness, clarity, and sympathy in mind that I want to talk about the humanities for elementary school teachers. I want to talk about them as resources, as possibilities which—if appropriated and acted upon—may arouse individuals to self-consciousness and the kind of knowing that transforms what is given into what might be. When I speak of elementary school teachers, I have persons in mind, not personnel defined by a professional specialty. I have diverse

*All future publication rights reserved by the author.

human beings in mind, men and women who have chosen—or been assigned—the complex project of teaching skills to the young, molding them, guiding them, and trying to set them free. Coping with dilemmas and paradoxes day after day, such persons are commonly perceived as custodians, managers, enablers, or mere agents of the culture. They are seldom thought about as existing human beings condemned (like all other human beings) to seek identity and meaning in an indifferent world. Yet elementary school teachers (like numerous other people in our society) live and work in situations where it is extraordinarily difficult to feel oneself to be a “Subject,” the author of one’s own life and career. They live and work in situations where it is even difficult to think, if thinking is what Hannah Arendt says it is: a “soundless, solitary dialogue” of “me with myself.” It is nearly impossible to think in places “where everybody is swept away unthinkingly by what everybody else does and believes in.”⁴ Yet without opportunities to engage in private, internal conversations, an individual is likely to remain submerged in social reality—unable to feel himself to be either a “Subject” or what Soren Kierkegaard called a “Single One.”

I am interested in providing opportunities for transforming what has been unquestioned into the questionable,⁵ for posing relevant and worthwhile question against a “background awareness” of the life the individual has lived. I am interested in providing opportunities for finding new possibilities, new ways of being human and acting upon the world. It seems to me that participation in some of the works that compose the humanities can open up such opportunities. It also seems to me that participation of this kind may increase the feeling of presentness and make people feel more authentically alive.

What are the humanities? What is their focus? What do they have to do with the day-to-day business of living, of teaching in an elementary school? Traditionally, of course, they were considered rites of passage for gentlemen’s sons. Largely linguistic and literary studies, they were intended to induct those young men into the learned elite: but they were also relied upon to introduce them to virtue, beauty, and truth. Albert William Levi gives some idea of how fundamental they were thought to be over the generations when he traces the unbroken tradition in the humanities:

The Platonic Academy with its Pythagorean faith that mathematics is somehow the source of principles of moral and aesthetic value; the Roman rhetorical impulse which allied persuasion to the pursuit of moral virtue and the aims of the responsible commonwealth; the conservative labors of early monasticism lovingly transcribing the great works of pagan culture to outlast a time of troubles; the twelfth century cathedral schools of Orleans and Chartres for whom grammatical analysis was but a labor of love performed upon the enduring texts to aid in the extraction of the beauty and wisdom they contained; the courts of Rimini and Urbino, mingling the ghost of

Plato with the essentials of decorous behavior and the development of character; the flowering of Oxford and Cambridge from the days of Thomas More to the time of John Locke, where the Greek and Roman classics were used to humanize the law and to provide a kind of magnanimous foundation for the national civil service . . .⁶

Throughout they were governed by an ideal of *humanitas*, as well as a belief that the principles of value were there to be “extracted” from the linguistic forms in which they were contained. *Humanitas* refers to an essence defined as the purest rationality, long considered to be the perfection of the human animal. Fully actualized, man turned his eyes upward to the light; he was believed capable of “seeing” Truth, Beauty, and the Good once he was liberated by the “liberal arts,” or what came to be called the humanities.

Today we no longer believe in pre-existent values, hanging like fixed stars in the sky. Nor do we posit a universe ruled by a *logos*, a principle of order or rationality entirely knowable to the human mind. Most importantly, we can no longer think in terms of a human essence, a single abstract quality which defines “Man” for all time. We know now that anything is possible where the human creature is concerned, that there are innumerable ways of being human to be found across the earth. “Paragon of animals” and “quintessence of dust;” world-builder and murderer; symbol-user, tool-user, and destroyer; sentient, intuitive, violent, peaceable, social, solitary, lustful, repressed, ignorant, wise: human beings are all these things and more. Scientific knowledge about man proliferates daily; we have never had so much information about his functions, his instincts, his behaviors, his institutions. But the ancient question, “What is man?,” is no longer answerable. The contemporary question is “Who am I?” or “What can I make of myself?” The contemporary concern is not with definition nor with locating “Man” on some hierarchy of being; it is with finding ways to overcome feelings of powerlessness, nobodiness, invisibility. If the humanities are to be relevant today, it seems to me, they must connect with the struggle to *be*.

There remains the question, however, of how we are to constitute the humanities. Levi draws three propositions which he believes define the area:

1. The humanities are not the natural sciences, the social sciences, or the fine arts.
2. The humanities are identical with the liberal arts.
3. The liberal arts are three, that is, the arts of communication, the arts of continuity, and the arts of criticism. (This means, respectively, the languages and literatures, history, and philosophy.)⁷

Harold Taylor has a different proposal. He believes that we should return

to the root of the matter, in the quality and variety of experience available to the race, and that we consider education in the humanities not as a prob-

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

lem of developing a separate set of courses in a separate section of the curriculum, but as the creation of a spirit of inquiry and aesthetic interest throughout the whole curriculum and the entire environment of the school or college. The arts themselves must be a central element in that environment. In the time of the Renaissance it was the creation of new modes of perception and sensibility, a new way of looking at the world by poets, writers, painters, sculptors, architects, and thinkers that broke the chains of orthodox philosophy and the conventional wisdom. The spirit of humanism and enlightenment, then as now, is to be found in the sensibility of the artist, the scholar, the student, and the citizen, all of them using their resources as creators, critics, audience, and learners, each with his own function, each learning from the other, each willing to accept what is human as the locus of ultimate concern.⁸

Father Walter Ong has still another view. He confronts the problem squarely and (in his case mapping the field for a *Daedalus* conference on the subject) decides to restrict the term, to think of it as “the study of man’s own creative or imaginative works.”

These consist of verbal creations, oral or written, as well as of art, music, the dance, and so on. Even this sense is somewhat protean, for the range of “creative” and “imaginative” varies. It would certainly include in some way architecture and many crafts, but how far the meaning is to be carried into such areas as road-building, cookery, yoga, and mountain-climbing is matter for discussion. One can also take the humanities in the larger sense as the study of man in his relationship to the entire human life world, thus including such subjects as philosophy and anthropology and history. And once history is admitted, almost everything can be got in, directly or indirectly, under one or another perfectly honest rubric. The *Daedalus* conference in fact focused chiefly on the humanities in the restricted sense, but so as to include history, which, of course, takes the pinch out of the restriction.⁹

And later on he points suggestively to our deepening knowledge of the past and to the way in which “absorption of the past” gives the present its identity. He proposes that we orient ourselves to a synchronic present, a here and now where all the ages meet. Our sense of the present as present may then lead us to “historically based self-study,” an approach to the humanities focusing “intently on ourselves in our own life world.”

Unlike Levi, and like Taylor and Ong, I would include the fine arts in my conceptualization of the humanities. I would also include a historical perspective and the “doing” of some philosophy. My mapping of the field is in part a function of my concern about the proliferation of what Jacques Ellul calls “technique,” the growing influence of behaviorism, the infectiousness of our particu-

lar "plague." Ellul speaks of autonomous, self-generating technique which no longer rests on tradition but on "previous technical procedures." He speaks of a civilization constructed "by technique (makes a part of civilization only what belongs to technique), for technique (in that everything in this civilization must serve a technical end), and is exclusively technique (in that it excludes whatever is not technique or reduces it to technical form."¹⁰ He describes a human being ill at ease in a strange new environment: "He seeks to flee—and tumbles into the snare of dreams; he tries to comply and falls into the life of organizations; he feels maladjusted—and becomes a hypochondriac."¹¹ But the technological society has techniques to handle these things and make them bearable; it takes action upon man himself. Here is where the influence of behaviorist thinking becomes manifest. The locus of control is outside of the individual; environmental variables are manipulated so as to reinforce certain responses and eradicate others; free will and self-initiated choosing are denied. B. F. Skinner (writing unashamedly about "a technology of behavior") says that "environmental contingencies now take over functions once attributed to autonomous man, and certain questions arise. Is man then 'abolished'? Certainly not as a species or as an individual achiever. It is the autonomous inner man who is abolished, and that is a step forward."¹² Ellul's diagnosis of—or his bearing witness to—the fact of the technological society and Skinner's affirmation of the "exciting possibilities" in behavioral controls both motivate me to conceive the humanities as a way of battling "plague."

I place my stress, as I have said, on reflectiveness and self-awareness, on consciousness, becoming present to oneself. There is no other way, it seems to me, of rebelling effectively against the depredations and manipulations of technique; there is no better way of discovering autonomy. I include the arts—literature, painting, drama, film, sculpture, dance—because I believe that encounters with the arts release people into their own subjectivity, their "inner time." By "inner time" I mean what Henri Bergson called "duration," time inwardly *lived* as compared with time measured by the clock.¹³ It is the time of the inner self, which is always in flux, always becoming, unified by memory. "Inner time" also refers to what William James called the "stream of consciousness"¹⁴ which makes continuity possible for the individual as his attention flits and perches, as his mind turns in multiple directions, as he makes his way through the distracting world. The "stream" is perhaps best rendered in Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* or in James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the events of which all take place in inner time. There are layers of experience; there is a self-dissolving introspection; the past is present, the present past:

The cold slime of the ditch covered his whole body; and, when the bell rang for study and the lines filed out of the playrooms, he felt the cold air of the corridor and staircase inside his clothes. He still tried to think of what was the right answer. Was it right to kiss his mother or wrong to kiss his mother?

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

What did that mean, to kiss? You put your face up like that to say good-night and then his mother put her face down. That was to kiss. His mother put her lips on his cheek; her lips were soft and they wetted his cheek; and they made a tiny little noise: kiss. Why did people do that with their two faces? Sitting in the study hall he opened the lid of his desk and changed the number pasted up inside from seventy-seven to seventy-six. But the Christmas vacation was very far away: but one time it would come because the earth moved round always.¹⁵

Now it is true that encounters with works of art are not like encounters in the everyday world. A work of art is an "unreal object," a created thing, to be encountered in the imaginary mode of awareness by a reader or a beholder capable of breaking with the mundane, the everyday. A consciousness must "have the possibility of positing a hypothesis of unreality,"¹⁶ writes Jean-Paul Sartre, if it is to imagine at all. Stephen Dedalus's memories and free associations in the passage just quoted are unreal in Sartre's sense. They are not taken from a diary James Joyce kept when he was in school; they are not James Joyce's own recollections; they are not a confession of a real person trying to understand himself. The passage does, however, embody in language certain ways in which Joyce was conscious of the world around; and the reader can come in touch with Joyce's consciousness by lending the passage some of his own life, until Stephen's chill becomes *his* chill and Stephen's playing with the sound and feel of a mother's kiss becomes *his* playing. The reader, as Sartre puts it, discloses what is in a novel by bringing into being within his own consciousness; but he can only do this if he is willing to exclude or "bracket out" his ordinary ways of seeing. Sartre calls upon the reader to be attentive and thoughtful, to remain "conscious of disclosing in creating, of creating by disclosing . . ." ¹⁷ John Dewey makes a similar point when he talks about "art as experience": "There is work done on the part of the percipient as there is on the part of the artist. The one who is too lazy, idle, or indurated in convention to perform this work will not see or hear. His 'appreciation' will be a mixture of scraps of learning with conformity to norms of conventional admiration and with a confused, even if genuine, emotional excitement."¹⁸

The reader or beholder must "work" under the guidance of the artist; he must use his imagination and hold in mind that he is entering an illusioned world. To approach, say, Pablo Picasso's *Guernica* matter-of-factly, unimaginatively, as if it were a true representation of an actual bombing, would be to deprive oneself of a confrontation with images of pain—the image of the crying woman, the horse's tongue, the sole of the foot, the palm of the hand. It would be to refuse the protest in that pain, the shock of inexpressible meanings which must be chosen, finally, by each one who dares to experience Picasso's lines, shadings, forms. To read *The Plague* as if it were an account of an actual pestilence in Oran would be to deny the possibility of disclosing within

one's own consciousness the meanings of exile and the loss of love embodied in the book. To watch Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* as if it were a photographic account of unpleasant derelict and a failed psychotic poet would be to miss the silences under the crosstalk, the oral ballet, the fearful sound of lost identities. ("I can't move without them papers," says Davies. "They tell you who I am. You see! I'm stuck without them."¹⁹ "Then I went along to people," Ashton says later, telling the story of his shock treatment, "but they wanted to take me in, but I wasn't going to go in . . . anywhere. So I couldn't do any work, because I . . . I couldn't write any more, you see. I couldn't write my name."²⁰) Bringing such works to being within inner time, achieving them as works of art, the individual may well discover dimensions of his historical situation otherwise beyond his reach. He may even become ready to engage in the kind of knowing called *praxis*. Freire says that "Liberation is a praxis, the action and reflection of men upon their world in order to transform it."²¹ Sartre says that it is a going beyond or a refusal of some given reality "in the name of a reality to be produced."²²

Many theorists of art have talked about art as the "delineation of the possible." Dorothy Walsh, for instance, says that a work of art "always involves the imaginative transformation of the given."²³ Unlike possibilities identified by the sciences, works of art *remain* possibilities; they cannot be realized in the public, intersubjective world. They remain "isolated and irreducibly plural": *Moby Dick* does not improve on or correct *The Scarlet Letter*; *Ulysses* does not negate *The Odyssey*. They offer alternative visions which do not compete, visions to be appropriated in inner time. Sartre suggests that literature can arouse readers to reflective consciousness because of the ways in which it permits them to perceive new openings for themselves, new ways of being human and acting upon the world. Works of art also reveal themselves to the indignation of their readers or beholders, as do (clearly) the *Guernica* and *The Plague*. In the one case the indignation may hold within it a refusal to tolerate massacres, an insistence on survival, no matter how. In the other case, the indignation may carry a promise to side with the victims whenever there are pestilences, always to fight the plague. But even a book like John Updike's *Rabbit Run*, which deals with an apparently ordinary man in an ordinary American small town, can appeal in that fashion. So can a movie like *Clockwork Orange* or *Easy Rider* or *The 400 Blows*. It is not necessary that the work deal explicitly with the universe's injustices or with man's inhumanity to man. The images of clutter and decay in *Rabbit Run*, the breaking free, the shapelessness, the difficulty of finding a destination: all these are likely to evoke experiences of being "on the way," confronting possibles, suffering freedom, discovering voids. If nothing else, the indignation appealed to may have to do with the sense of incompleteness, the felt need to transcend or to transform. The indignation and the reflectiveness, of course, occur within the interior world of the one who encounters the work imaginatively. It is in that interior world that meanings must be constituted and

some kind of order attained. The interesting question (one I shall explore a bit later on) has to do with the effect this has on action in the “outer world,” on choosing and identity.

Before touching on that question, which must involve me with the “doing” of philosophy, I must point to the inescapability of criticism and critical questions in the study of the humanities. It is often said that teaching is identical with criticism, especially when teaching is carried on for the sake of making particular art forms accessible to others. To criticize means to elucidate, to describe, perhaps to interpret and explain. It is not necessarily to evaluate or give a verdict, although it is difficult for any critic to be neutral when he does his job of work. Criticism is a type of performance, a verbal performance. It involves the application of certain principles, certain ideas concerning the nature of art, to discourse about works of art themselves. It must begin in the critic’s appreciative and direct confrontation, with *his* imaginative involvement, *his* intuitions, *his* release into subjectivity. If it ended there, however, it would not be criticism. To sigh or to throw up one’s hands or to laugh in delight would not lead to understanding of the work as work of art; nor would it help anyone else appreciate the novel, play, painting, or film.

I am suggesting that the elementary school teacher, like others attempting to engage with the arts, pay heed to the part that may be played by critics in revealing particular works to consciousness. The good critic, writes Arnold Isenberg, “gives us directions for perceiving, and does this by means of the idea he imparts to us, which . . . guides us in the discrimination of details, the organization of parts”²⁴ He points, as it were, to qualities within a work, to color combinations, melodic sequences, metaphors and symbols, the action of a hero, the imaginary space within a film. Pointing, he attempts to afford his readers new perceptions, new disclosures, so that they can more effectually choose themselves with respect to the work. And that, after all, is the test: whether or not the critic can intensify the individual’s appreciation, enrich his vision, free him to bring the work of art into being for himself.

The importance of certain kinds of criticism must be as clear in other people’s experience as it is in mine. I believe that various critics taught me to see the “snow”, the sparkling highlights in John Constable’s landscapes; the color-facets that give monumentality to Cezanne’s work; the desolate, glowing tones in Rouault’s portraits; the angular bodies and mask-like faces in Picasso’s *Les Femmes d’Alger* with all their evocations of Africa, ancient Iberia, Egypt, Greece, Cezanne. I believe that critics taught me to respond to montage and visual metaphors in film; to see how, in Antonioni’s *L’Avventura*, mountains and walls reveal the inner lives of the characters; to discover the synaesthetic effects, the commingling of the senses resulting from the camera becoming our “virtual body”;²⁵ to recognize the importance of camera-angles, fade-outs, discontinuous cinematic space.²⁶ I would say the same about literary criticism and dramatic criticism with regard to the occasions on which they helped me see.

“My task which I am trying to achieve,” wrote Joseph Conrad about his fiction, is by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand—and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.”²⁷ This might well be the declared task of the honest critic: to enable his readers to “see” in such a way that they are liberated to find in their own subjectivities according to their deserts

It must be remembered, however, that criticism is, at best, an imperfect art. The critic can never fully translate the symbolic structure that is the work of art; he can never institute appreciation in his reader; he can never determine the discoveries his reader will make through his own experiences with Cezanne, Picasso, Truffaut, Antonioni, Melville, Joyce, Brecht, Williams, Pinter, Yeats, Pound, and the rest. Crucial for an understanding of criticism and its relevance in the study of the humanities is the recognition of the importance of what Murray Krieger calls “our radically diverse, autonomous experiences” of works of art. Critics offer us lenses, perspectives, limited visions which enable us to see what their categories permit us to see (often what we would not have perceived with our naked eyes). But there is always something that exists on its own, outside the categories:

This something can force our structures and symbols to work radical transformations upon themselves, in response to their own commands, as it were, though prompted from beyond their autonomous realm. What more persuasive indication can we have that there is a something out there, beckoning us, soliciting our wilful subjugation to its power to change our ways of seeing and living? The control imposed by its objective, reconstituting force upon our subjective, constitutive powers challenges the limiting and distorting projections of our categories, finally breaking through the self-sufficient insularity of our visionary circles. What a Shakespeare or a Melville can do to the metaphysical and moral shapings of our imaginations, a Mallarme or a Proust can do to our consciousness of space and time as he freezes our world or lets it flow.²⁸

Krieger, too, it would appear, is concerned with the ways art changes people’s lives. He is concerned, also, with the need for each person to affirm that he achieves his own vision, his own version. This is where the force of art is made palpable—at the private moment, in the interior of the individual who is a Single One.

To engage in critical thinking about one’s own art experiences is, I believe, to heighten self-consciousness with respect to the nature of art itself. This seems to me to be a clear case of the manner in which cognition can make the individual more aware of his own “experienced context.”²⁹ Such awareness can be nur-

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

tured even more if the individual is moved to “do” philosophy in the course of his engagement with the humanities: and I believe that philosophic thinking must play a part in such engagement if it is to liberate in the way I think it can. By philosophy I do not mean the work of the Platonic Academy, nor do I mean (returning to Levi’s account of the tradition) “mingling the ghost of Plato with the essentials of decorous behavior.” Treating philosophy as a distinctive human *activity*, I have in mind the asking of particular kinds of questions—interesting questions, what some call “queer” questions, unanswerable by purely formal statements *or* by statements of empirical fact. Some of them are critical or analytical. They have to do with the clarification of terms, the examination of arguments, the uncovering of assumptions. Some are synthetic and have to do with the blending of perspectives, the integration of disparate experiences, the emergence of order or meaningfulness. Others have to do with conceptions of the desirable, with what the individual believes *ought* to be; and still others have to do with explorations of consciousness and of the multiple ways in which reality presents itself to the existing human being. And then there are those that have to do with human history—“the metaphysical fact that the same life, our own, is played out both within us and outside us, in our present and in our past”³⁰

I believe these questions can be—should be—asked by persons who stand in the midst of life, not apart from it. I believe they should be asked from the vantage point of their life situations, whatever these may be. If they are posed against “background awareness” and if they are thematically relevant, in the sense of being close to the individual’s fundamental projects and interests, they can do much to help the individual feel himself to be a “Subject.” They can do much to help him attain the “reciprocity of perspectives”³¹ that often brings coherence to a world. For these reasons, they seem to me to be integral to a study of the humanities, if (again) the humanities are regarded as opportunities to become self-conscious and to engage in the kind of knowing that transforms.

An elementary school teacher does not require a course in advanced philosophy to learn how to ask, “What are we to take the humanities to mean? How are we to use the concept ‘art’? What assumptions underly the claim that involvement with the arts can ‘change your life’? If a critic’s categories or principles make him look at a poem or play as an ‘object’ hermetically sealed away from life concerns, what does he exclude? If a critic’s categories make him see the work as an expression of an artist’s feelings, mainly, what does *he* exclude? In any case, what does understanding of criticism or the arts have to do with *our* teaching in the schools?” None of the responses can be absolute; none can be empirical. But, in the very asking, the individual will become more thoughtful about his own encounters with art forms. He will become aware of what is happening to him when, say, he encounters an entirely new form—an apparent non-novel, for example, like Donald Barthelme’s *Snow White*; the spare bars of a “minimal” painting; a ritual drama or a “happening”—and asks him-

self the sense in which it can be considered to be art. He will become more aware of the differences among the perspectives provided to him by the critics and even the daily reviewers. In time, he may become able to choose among them in terms of what each reveals in his autonomous experiences with the arts. Freed to choose, freed to appropriate critical points of view of significance for him, he may find himself to be more sensitive to the multiple ways there are of making sense. He may come to realize that the learning he is trying to stimulate in his classroom is not unlike the shaping of experience made possible by the arts. He may come to see in a new way the importance of self-initiated learning and shaping, the centrality of the vital individual trying to constitute meanings in his world.

There seems to me no question that the self-reflectiveness made possible by art experiences thrusts the individual into explorations of his own life's developing themes and cumulative meanings. This is what "background awareness" signifies. Krieger, in the passage quoted above, mentions Marcel Proust, whose whole life work communicates a sense of such awareness. In *Remembrance of Things Past*, Proust compares the lack of such awareness with awaking in the middle of the night, not knowing where one is, "emptied of that past which was previously our life." The human being, for Proust, is someone who is forever trying to find out who and where he is and to justify his existence as he searches.

For this is the point to which we must always return, to these beliefs with which most of the time we are quite unconsciously filled, but which for all that are of more importance to our happiness than is the average person whom we see, for it is through them that we see him, it is they that impart his transitory grandeur to the person seen.³²

Returning in this fashion, recovering himself and his memories, the individual may find himself recalling his "primary reality," or his earliest perceived world where his perceptual history began. And this may move him into a unique "wideawakeness," because it makes him so dramatically aware of his own life's sedimented meanings, of the way his original perceptions are the ground of his intellectual consciousness, the domain where rationality began.

I am saying that self-reflectiveness and the recovery of the past are what most effectively stimulate the philosophic questioning necessary to make things clear. An example of this is Tarrou's realization in *The Plague* that "our troubles spring from our failure to use plain, clean-cut language," our failure to be clear. It is notable that he says this *after* he tells the story of his life, after he recalls his original perceptions and his gradual constitution of the meanings of "plague." Tarrou, at that moment of friendship, may be regarded as someone moved to the asking of critical questions by his awakening to himself. Among the things I am suggesting here is that such awakening can be advanced by involvement in the

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

humanities *if* that involvement is self-conscious and pervaded by worthwhile questioning.

The asking of synthetic questions is integral to the pursuit of order in experience and to the recovery described above. Merleau-Ponty talks of the ways in which we continually witness “the miracles of related experiences, and yet nobody knows better than we do how this miracle is worked, for we are ourselves this network of relationships.”³³ He means that the living individual, existing in multiple realities, seeks at some level to integrate them. He tries, with differing degrees of self-consciousness, to overcome fragmentation and incompleteness, to unify his world. Stephen Dedalus, in *A Portrait of the Artist*, tries—through seeing and “naming”—to create order out of a life composed of disparate parts: Jesuitry; Irish nationalism; the squalor of Dublin; ships on the river; an alcoholic father; an “indifferent God”; the enticements of art. When he finally breaks with the sentries of his past, when he finally exorcises the forces that have determined him, he has begun transcending the posturing, conflicted youth he has been: “Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.”³⁴ Ralph Ellison’s narrator in *Invisible Man*, hibernating underground after shattering experiences in a world that has refused him, must somehow make a coherent fabric out of the “battle royal” in the southern town, expulsion from his college, the accident at the Liberty Paint factory, the eviction in Harlem, the Brotherhood, Tod Clifton’s Sambo dolls, Ras the Exhorter, the chain link, the riot, Rinehart, all the rest. He does so by going a long way back, more than twenty years. “All my life I had been looking for something, and everywhere I turned someone tried to tell me what it was. I accepted their answers too, though they were often in contradiction and even self-contradictory. I was naive. I was looking for myself and asking everyone except myself questions which I, and only I, could answer.”³⁵ And finally, after the journey back inside himself, back to the primordial silences and to his first memories of his grandfather’s words, he says: “In going underground, I whipped it all except the mind, the *mind*. And the mind that has conceived a plan of living must never lose sight of the chaos against which that pattern was conceived.”³⁶ He, too, has effected a synthesis, a pattern. Transcending himself, he has attained visibility—and, yes the ability to love.

I am asking the elementary school teacher, as he begins confronting the humanities, to pose the kinds of questions that will help him conceive “a plan of living” of his own. How can he develop the reciprocal perspectives that may enable him to relate the reading of a Wordsworth poem to teaching a child to read? How can he blend the perceptions gained from involvement with film art with those gained in his methods class? How can he integrate his study of Piaget with, say, his interest in Martin Buber’s “I-Thou”?³⁷ How can he be a person and a practitioner, a student and an active citizen, a thinker and a member of a class or of a school? As in the case of Stephen Dedalus and Ellison’s narrator

(and Melville's Ishmael, Fitzgerald's Nick Carraway, Faulkner's Ike McCaslin, and Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Ramsay), the teacher himself is the only one who can weave together the disparate materials of his own life. It is *his* life, that is why. It is experience as it presents itself to him. As Merleau-Ponty put it, *he* and no one else is the network of relationships in his own life-world. Engagements with art works may suggest to him some of the ways in which unities can be created—ways in which his own existence can resemble art. Dewey, in *Art as Experience*, speaks much about perceiving relationships between “what is done and what is undergone,” about experiences having pattern and structure when the doing and undergoing are clearly related. We have “an experience,” he says, “when the material experienced runs its course to fulfillment,” and when “every successive part flows freely, without seam and without unfulfilled blanks, into what ensues.”³⁸ There may be the likelihood of more such experiences in the individual's life if he consciously asks the kinds of philosophical questions which evoke syntheses in response.

The feeling of incompleteness, like feelings of estrangement and alienation, is a familiar one. Sometimes it seems from the realization that life is an affair of chance and contingencies, that things—and experiences—seldom run their course to fulfillment. Sometimes it stems from the troubling suspicion that perceptions are only partial, that a solution or an “answer” waits tantalizingly around the bend. The feeling is often the motivating force in the quest for meanings. It may, if articulated and made manifest, lead to problem-posing and a deliberate effort at problem-solving. It may lead to conscious efforts to effect desired change.

At a point like this questions may be asked about values—about the nature of the desirable. Aware of blockages to his activity, aware of lacks in a situation, the individual cannot avoid thinking about what can be done to make things better. Almost always there is more than one alternative solution to his problem: it is not simply a matter of breaking free or hurdling a fence; it is not simply a matter of pulling a lever or patching a hold. In *The Plague*, although nothing can be done to stop the pestilence, those concerned about survival as decent human beings choose to join the sanitary squads. Most of the townspeople, however, do nothing. They suffer; they accommodate in various ways; they distract themselves; they commit crimes. They are people unable or unwilling to ask questions about what is right and good. Considering no alternatives to mere habit or desire, they do not choose; and so they are not ethical beings. They feel no summonses in their own consciousness; they respond to no recognizable norms.

The present moment in history is characterized by a terrible numbness in many places. People hear about massacres, bombings, torture, corruption, and they do not care. My own view is that nothing is more important than sensitivity to moral issues; nothing is more vital to an authentic human life than the ability to care. As we have seen, the humanities traditionally were treated as storehouses of moral values or windows through which to see the Good. Even today, persons speak of the humanities as if values do indeed inhere in them, as

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

if involvement with them will bring people in touch with some moral ideal. There are those who speak of finding "moral exemplars" in works of art, who speak of finding "models" and standards by which people can govern their conduct today. One reason for this is that they still look at works of art as windows through which they can see an order in the universe, a grand classical design. Excluding from the category "art" the works that diminish man and make his life absurd, they discern such images as that of Michelangelo's *David* or the giant figures on the Sistine ceiling. When they think of literature, they think of tragic heroes like Prometheus and Oedipus, or larger-than-lifesize beings like Beowulf, Macbeth, Captain Ahab, St. Joan. They do not need to be virtuous creatures to evoke admiration and awe. They need only be potent, self-assertive heroes and heroines, whose very existence demonstrates the power and centrality of the human being under the sky. As if the world of the humanities were a vast Sistine Chapel, those who enter in are expected to look upwards. Inspired and aspiring, they are to stand up tall.

My view of the moral significance of engagement with the humanities is entirely different. I do not in any way believe that readers and beholders can be redeemed through encounters with beautiful or harmonious forms. Nor do I believe that an education in the humanities will guarantee decency or commitment on the part of any individual. We have been told too often of the graduates from the best fine arts faculties in Europe who supported the bestialities of the Nazis.³⁹ An experience with the film, *The Sorrow and the Pity*, makes it painfully clear that a liberal arts education has little or nothing to do with the stance taken with respect to collaboration with an enemy. In fact, if there are any heroes in the film, they are the two peasant brothers who fought with the Resistance. There is no evidence that they had more than a primary education. Certainly they had no training in study of the humanities.

What, then, is the "good" of the humanities where responses to value questions are concerned? My answer refers back to what I have already said about self-consciousness and clarity. I think of Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, as I ponder self-awareness, and Zarathustra's saying: "This is my way, where is yours?—thus I answered those who asked me 'the way'. For the way—that does not exist."⁴⁰ I think of Sartre saying that the end to which literature offers itself "is the reader's freedom."⁴¹ Various works composing the humanities can, I believe, move people to reflection upon themselves and to choose what to make of themselves within their own historic situations. This, to me, is the crux of the matter where morality is concerned. Free people (including free elementary teachers) write their own histories; they are the authors of their own lives. But they must act and choose in terms of the reality given to them by way of consciousness. Too often, they do not and cannot confront that reality. Conventions, automatisms, stock notions, *idees fixes* of all kinds disguise or deform the impinging world. Too many human beings are like Emma Bovary in Gustave Flaubert's novel. She, it will be recalled, looked at the world through the lenses

of romantic novels; dramatizing each event in her ordinary bourgeois life, she made demands that were unanswerable. Seeking an extravagant existence and a grand passion, she was incapable of recognizing that her own husband, the dull Doctor Bovary, loved her passionately, indeed romantically. Blinded by illusions and discontent, she cared neither for him nor for her child. It was not that the world *actually* presented itself to her as if it were a sentimental novel. She deliberately clung to an inauthentic vision, which distanced her from her own personal world, and which inexorably destroyed her freedom before it destroyed her life. It is not accidental that the term "bovarisme" is used to describe an attitude characterized not only by attachment to illusions but one marked by what is called "bad faith."

I am saying that informed participation in the humanities can make it possible for individuals to recover a true vision of their lives. To find themselves and that vision, they must become reflective about their situations; they must experience the "anguish" which is a sign of freedom, meaning the recognition of multiple possibilities among which they *personally* must choose. I realize all too well that a conception of morality focusing upon freedom, authenticity, and choice is not one that offers any guarantees. But traditional absolutist approaches to morality, with their assumptions of a pre-existing good and right, never solved the problem of whether the ability to know or intuit or "see" the good ensured right action by the individual concerned. I am saying that reflectiveness and responsibility increase the chances of authentic, caring action in the world. I am saying that I find my only hope in persons becoming conscious of themselves and of the need to *impose* order on a shapeless, unjust world. The order, after all, may be a moral order. It may be the kind that summons the individual to what is called "idealistic" behavior, especially when he himself defines the ideals and chooses them to govern the life he lives. Only when he does feel himself to be the author of that life, is he likely to consider values seriously. To consider them seriously is to be deliberative on occasion with regard to conditions and consequences; it is to concern oneself with "good reasons" for the decision one makes; it is to identify the terms of the responsibility one shoulders when one is passionately involved with other human beings and their freedoms. This, to me, is what describes the moral life.

In order to be clear about self-consciousness and reflectiveness, the person needs to be aware that consciousness is not to be understood as mere inwardness or introspection. As I am using the term, it refers to what thrusts *towards* the world, not away from it. It refers to the diverse modes of coming in touch with things, events, and other people. Each individual engages in many kinds of activity which bring him in touch with the world, or activity by means of which the world presents itself to him. Among the types of activity I have in mind are perceiving, judging, believing, remembering, imagining, valuing. These are the ways in which the experiencing person is conscious of the world. It must be added that consciousness is characterized by intentionality: it is always of

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

something—something which, when grasped, relates to the act of consciousness involved as the meaning of that act.

There are numerous examples in literature that may make this clear. I recall Herman Melville's "Bartleby the Scrivener" and the way in which, through the narrator's act of consciousness (his judging, perceiving, categorizing), "the scrivener's pale form" presented itself and stood before his mind.⁴² I recall E. M. Forster's *Passage to India* and the way in which, through Mrs. Moore's fatigued act of consciousness (remembering, in this case, intuiting, imagining), the echo of the Malabar caves presented itself, murmuring, "Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value."⁴³ I recall Franz Kafka's K. being arrested at the start of *The Trial* and the way the two strangers presented themselves to him: "Who could these men be? What were they talking about? What authority did they represent?"⁴⁴ Each of these characters is speaking from his or her life-world, or the world as he or she experiences it through the multiple acts of consciousness of which everyone is capable. Indeed, each of these fictions dramatizes the multiplicity. Melville's lawyer-narrator, Mrs. Moore, and K. all move from one reality, or one sub-universe of meaning, to another and still another. The "suspense" in each tale derives from the shocks each character experiences as he or she is forced to break with what seemed given, with "socially constructed reality."⁴⁵

And, indeed, these shocks are precisely the ones I would seek through involvement with the humanities. I believe that they are likely—and consequential—to the extent that involvement is self-reflective. The individual reader or beholder (in the face of conventional wisdom with respect to art experiences) who *can* ask questions about what is happening to him and within him, who *can*—with the aid of the works he encounters—situate himself in time and space in his own authentic way, will have the experience of expanding consciousness. Reading *Antigone*, seeing Sophocles' or Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*, he will confront for himself the conflict between moral law (or the demands of conscience) and a civil law conceived to be inequitable, unjust. Not only will he participate imaginatively in a struggle for freedom that is carried to the extreme; he will participate with his own memories of civil rights struggles in the present, or anti-war demonstrations, or campus revolts. Not only will the ancient tale of *Antigone* become strangely relevant; the contemporary dialogue respecting freedom will take on a new resonance. The reader or beholder who is sensitive and lucky will indeed find out that "the same life, our own . . ." is played out in the past as well as the present. Since the playing out—the experiencing and the remembering—are occurring in the same inner time, relationships may suddenly become apparent that were not apparent before; depths may open up below the surfaces of the present, and the contours of things may be quite changed.

Reading William Blake's "London," with its challenge to exploitation and to "mind-forg'd manacles,"⁴⁶ reading Baudelaire's defiances of boredom and vulgarity,⁴⁷ reading Dostoevsky's "Notes from Underground,"⁴⁹ the reader can-

not but be aware of the ways in which metaphors and images developed in the past are used today to make sense of quite another world. Would the individual be likely to see cities as he does today, were it not for the poets who wrote of anonymity and loneliness in time past? Would he be likely to think of subjectivity and the unconsciousness as he does, were it not for the metaphor of the "underground"? Walter Ong speaks, as I have noted, of "historically based self-study." I take this to mean an approach to the humanities which focuses upon predicaments in the present but which continually expands the vision of the present and, at once, sheds light on the past.

I am quite aware of the a-historical tendencies among young people today. I am equally aware of the feeling that the past is dead and ought not to be resuscitated, that the works and words of the past have nothing to say to contemporary men. I am familiar, too, with the claims that museums and libraries are only storehouses of useless objects; with the idea that once the process of creating is done, the painting or the poem is nothing but a waste product, to be ignored or disposed of as waste products ought to be. These views seem worth attending to in situations where the works and ideas of the past are treated as sacred writs or (as D. H. Lawrence once said) as "monuments and ponderosities." They are worth attending to when teachers of the humanities act as if they were missionaries from the House of Intellect, bringing enlightenment to students perceived as benighted natives of some kind.

If, however, the emphasis is placed upon the individual's own present and his own life-world, I see no point to rejecting history. The past can be chosen, can be appropriated by the contemporary person as he effects relationships within his inner time and tries to see for himself. Just as he traces back relevant themes within his own life history, so can he trace back themes in human history. To learn how men have shaped the world.

Somewhat in the mood of T. S. Eliot, I see the works encompassed by the humanities existing simultaneously in time—in my inner time, my temporality; and each one of which is ready to be tapped as possibility. I do not see the ancient ones as windows on an ordered cosmos, although I realize (finding this interesting too) that many of them were conceived of that way when they were made. I do not see *The Divine Comedy*, for instance, as a representation of an exemplary human journey towards the Infinite; I do not see *The Odyssey* as a great transparency permitting a vision of objective human grandeur. Nor do I see these works as independently existent, without cultural tie or influence. Each work has arisen out of the imagination of a particular individual enmeshed in a particular cultural experience, making his own interpretation of the world as it presented itself to him. And the works that followed his, works made by other men, were inserted into a world in which his work inescapably existed. So *Hamlet* arose in a world where *Oedipus Rex* and *The Divine Comedy* already had a place and exerted influence; and, after many years, *Gulliver's Travels* and *Tristram Shandy* and *Emile* surged into the world against the background of what

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

had been. When *Hamlet* appeared, *Oedipus Rex* took on new meaning, not only for those in Elizabethan times but for us, who read them both at a later moment in history, with Ibsen's works intervening, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. Just as Turner's luminous landscapes took on a new significance when people learned to appreciate the Impressionists' paintings of light, just as Claude Monet's haystacks and cathedrals took on a new meaning when Willem DeKooning went to work, so the drama and poetry and novels of the past hold possibilities of meaning that are always new, as they are appropriated by new minds, as they become events in individuals' life-worlds.

If elementary teachers can treat the past as possibility, they can intensify their own self-consciousness. Also, somewhat more authentically than otherwise, they may communicate to their students what it means to push back the walls of time. Of great importance, it seems to me, is the part that may be played by such experiences in enabling persons to cope with impersonality, to fight the plague. Many of the works mentioned in the course of this paper have presented visions of darkness, of chaos. It may be the darkness of plague, as in *Oedipus Rex* and *Invisible Man*, or of nation-wide corruption, as in *Hamlet*. It may simply be the darkness of the wood in which the individual, Dante, finds himself in the middle of his life, when the animals that symbolize his vices prevent him from climbing the mountain towards the sun. It may be the darkness of the highways traversed by Willy Loman, Miller's salesman, who lives a life of such tragic bad faith. It may be the darkness of the road beside which Beckett's derelicts wait for Godot, or the darkness of the underground room in *Invisible Man*, or the darkness of the Oran streets emptied by the plague.

What is the darkness but the reality that each individual, in his own fashion, must transform? To confront that reality, he must become self-conscious; to change it, he must engage in cognitive action—the *praxis* I have spoken of throughout. In the face of such a challenge, encounters with the humanities may be conceived to be modes of action conducted by persons, each one aware of what he is doing, each one struggling to be present in the world. This is what I am arguing for, where elementary school teachers are concerned. I have not discussed the logistical problems involved in making room for the humanities in college programs. I have touched only tangentially upon the implications for the teaching of the young. That is because it seems to me to be so evident that learning is a matter of choosing to make sense of things, to impose orders upon realities otherwise inchoate. The teacher who himself is constantly experiencing the process of sense-making, who is attempting to come in touch with himself, seems to me to be the teacher best equipped to move other persons towards their freedom.

The humanities, if engaged in participatively and thoughtfully, can be distinctive in the confrontations they make possible and the problems they arouse. They can be distinctive, too, as means of countering inhumanity by choice. Only the human being, after all, can feel himself to be a stranger. Only the human

being can experience indifference and injustice—and *will* to rebel. Only the human being can experience incompleteness, the gap between what is and what might be. Only the human being, finally, can begin to fill the gap by moving out in search of meaning and transcendence—moving out to change his world.

I think of Wallace Stevens' poem, "The Idea of Order at Key West," and of how the speaker's woman companion imposes a human intelligibility on the world by speaking and by singing. And the speaker says at the end:

Oh! blessed rage for order, pale Ramon,
The maker's rage to order words of the sea,
Words of the fragrant portals, dimly-starred,
And of ourselves and of our origins,
In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.⁴⁹

He is talking of naming and of exploring origins; he is talking of bringing a significance to life. It is the rage of *praxis* and self-consciousness that the humanities can arouse in elementary school teachers. They, too, must be the authors of their lives.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹Paulo Freire, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* (New York: Herder and Herder, 1970), p. 67.
- ²Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception* (London: Routledge Kegan Paul Ltd., 1962), p. xvii.
- ³Albert Camus, *The Plague* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1948), p. 229.
- ⁴Hannah Arendt, "Thinking and Moral Considerations," *Social Research*, Vol. 38, No. 3, August 1971, p. 445.
- ⁵Alfred Schutz, "The Life World," in *Collected Papers III*, ed. Maurice Natanson (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1967), p. 117.
- ⁶Albert William Levi, *The Humanities Today* (Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press, 1970), p. 19.
- ⁷Levi, *op. cit.*, p. 29.
- ⁸Harold Taylor, "The Arts and the Humanities," in *The Humanities in the Schools: A Contemporary Symposium*, ed. Harold Taylor (New York: Citation Press, 1968), pp. 25-26.
- ⁹Walter J. Ong, "Crisis and Understanding in the Humanities," in "The Future of the Humanities," *Daedalus*, Summer 1969, p. 618.
- ¹⁰Jacques Ellul, *The Technological Society* (New York: Vintage Books, 1967), p. 14.
- ¹¹Ellul, *ibid.*, p. 321.
- ¹²B. F. Skinner
- ¹²B. F. Skinner, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1971), p. 215.
- ¹³Henri Bergson, *Creative Evolution* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1931), pp. 4-6; 8-11.
- ¹⁴William James, *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. I (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1950), pp. 224-290.
- ¹⁵James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York: The Viking Press, 1957), p. 15.
- ¹⁶Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Psychology of Imagination* (New York: The Citadel Press, 1948), p. 265.
- ¹⁷Sartre, *Literature and Existentialism*, 3rd ed. (New York: The Citadel Press, 1965), p. 43.
- ¹⁸John Dewey, *Art as Experience* (New York: Minton, Balch & Company, 1934), p. 54.
- ¹⁹Harold Pinter, *The Caretaker (The Caretaker & The Dumb Waiter)* (New York: Grove Press, 1961), p. 19.
- ²⁰Pinter, *op. cit.*, p. 60.
- ²¹Freire, *op. cit.*, p. 66.
- ²²Jean-Paul Sartre, *Search for a Method* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1963), p. 92.
- ²³Dorothy Walsh, "The Cognitive Content of Art," in *Contemporary Studies in Aesthetics*, ed. Francis J. Coleman (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1968), p. 285.

COGNITION AND CONSCIOUSNESS

- ²⁴ Arnold Isenberg, "Critical Communication," in *Contemporary Studies in Aesthetics*, p. 150.
- ²⁵ Merleau-Ponty, *op. cit.*, p. 235.
- ²⁶ Susanne K. Langer, *Feeling and Form* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953), p. 413.
- ²⁷ Joseph Conrad, "Preface to *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*," reprinted in *Myth and Method*, ed. James E. Miller, Jr. (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1960), p. 30-31.
- ²⁸ Murray Krieger, "Literary Analysis and Evaluation—and the Ambidextrous Critic," in *Criticism*, ed. L. S. Dembo (Madison, Wisconsin: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1968), p. 35.
- ²⁹ Aron Gurwitsch, "Towards a Theory of Intentionality," *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, March 1970, XXX, No. 3, p. 364.
- ³⁰ Merleau-Ponty, "The Crisis of the Understanding," in *The Primacy of Perception*, ed. James M. Edie (Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1964), p. 204.
- ³¹ Alfred Schutz, "Symbols, Reality, and Society," *Collected Papers I* (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1967), p. 315.
- ³² Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, I (New York: Random House, 1927), p. 708.
- ³³ Merleau-Ponty, *op. cit.*, p. xix.
- ³⁴ Joyce, *op. cit.*, p. 253.
- ³⁵ Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man* (New York: New American Library, 1952), p. 19.
- ³⁶ Ellison, *ibid.*, p. 502.
- ³⁷ Martin Buber, *I and Thou* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1970).
- ³⁸ Dewey, *op. cit.*, p. 35.
- ³⁹ George Steiner, *Language and Silence* (New York: Atheneum, 1967), p. 61.
- ⁴⁰ Friedrich Nietzsche, "Thus Spake Zarathustra: First Part," in *The Portable Nietzsche*, ed. Walter Kaufmann (New York: The Viking Press, 1958), p. 152.
- ⁴¹ Sartre, *op. cit.*, p. 48.
- ⁴² Herman Melville, "Bartleby the Scrivener," in *Selected Writings of Herman Melville* (New York: The Modern Library, 1952), p. 23.
- ⁴³ E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1952), p. 149.
- ⁴⁴ Franz Kafka, *The Trial* (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1952), p. 7.
- ⁴⁵ Peter L. Berger and Thomas Luckmann, *The Social Construction of Reality* (New York: Anchor Books, 1967).
- ⁴⁶ William Blake, "London," in *William Blake*, ed. J. Bronowski (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1958), p. 52.
- ⁴⁷ Charles Baudelaire, "To the Reader," *Flowers of Evil* (New York: New Directions Press, 1955).
- ⁴⁸ Fyodor Dostoyevsky, "Notes from Underground," in *The Short Novels of Dostoyevsky* (New York: Dial Press, 1945).
- ⁴⁹ Wallace Stevens, "The Idea of Order at Key West," in *The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1964), p. 130.