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KALEIDOSCOPIES: AN IMAGINATIVE LOOK AT THE AESTHETIC AND
EXISTENTIAL DIMENSIONS OF EDUCATION

The University of North Carolina at Greensboro

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KALEIDOSCOPIES: AN IMAGINATIVE LOOK
AT THE AESTHETIC AND EXISTENTIAL
DIMENSIONS OF EDUCATION

by

Sue Ellen McNeil

A Dissertation Submitted to
the Faculty of the Graduate School at
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Doctor of Education

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Approved by

David E. Purpel

Dissertation Adviser

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The major purpose of this study is to offer an explanation of an aesthetic theory of knowledge as well as to illustrate the usefulness of aesthetics as a lens for examining issues in educational theory.

Arising from the belief that man is essentially spirit, and that he has a will or directing force within that makes him intentionally purposeful, the study attempts to examine that spiritual definition in ethical terms, that is, in terms of what constitutes intelligent and authentic choice. Three questions arise from such a definition: what comprises man's artistic capacities, what is the role of the imagination in perception and cognition, and what are appropriate criteria of judgment with which to evaluate educational decisions. These questions are addressed in the three parts of the paper.

Part One attempts to clarify the term humanness. Drawing from the writings of Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, and Buber, the human being emerges as a meaning-seeking creature who makes choices on the basis of both logic and intuition, reason and imagination. Since each choice has within it the stance of doubt, the impossibility of absolute knowledge, there needs to be a frame of reference in which to evaluate those choices. Such a frame is found in Buber's conception of dialogue. Through the human interaction of dialogue, knowledge takes on a constructive nature and therefore must

be evaluated within a moral context.

Part Two advances an epistemology based upon Part One's definition of being human. Focusing on the constructive nature of knowing, it explores the connections made between the uses of the imagination and our systems of knowledge as well as our perception, cognition, and evaluation of that knowledge. Not only is the imagination conceived of as essential to our epistemological functions, but it is also argued that, because the imagination renders the world problematic, it results in the existential necessity of living critically and the aesthetic responsibility of judging authentically.

Part Three traces the aesthetic, existential thread through three dimensions of schooling: time, space, and language. Drawing on the works of Wittgenstein, Heidegger, and examples of twentieth-century art and literature, this part focuses on the temporal nature of our existence, the necessity of the existential presence, and the role that time, place, and language play in obtaining that presence. Concluding that individual as well as historical context affect the learning process, it is argued that curricular decisions must take into account both the critical presence of the individual and the contextual nature of that individual's existence.

Because emphasis is upon the constructive nature of the learning process, the mode of inquiry is an interpretative one. Essential to such research was finding a method of

distancing, a way of viewing this personal, social history critically. To fulfill this need, a critical, phenomenological approach was used. Reflecting upon personal response allowed for an assumption of individual responsibility as well as an awareness of the ethical situations in which those responsibilities rest.

The study concludes that the aesthetic/spiritual framework provides a valuable way of looking at our educational processes. Calling for the subjective presence of the individual making educational decisions, an awareness of the historical perspective out of which these decisions come, and the need for a qualitative mode of inquiry into educational processes, it has intellectual, emotional, and social implications for future educational decisions.

APPROVAL PAGE

This dissertation has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

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Date of Acceptance by Committee

March 3, 1981
Date of Final Oral Examination

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To come to the end of writing a dissertation is to travel back through many time frames, remembering the people, places, and voices that spoke to me at each point, some insistently, some quietly, none begrudgingly. Because they freely shared with me, these people of my past and present, each in his own way, the writing of this dissertation was not only made possible but took the shape that it did. And so, there are seven people that I must acknowledge, not in the sense that the list will be exhausted, but in the sense that their presence and influence have pervaded this entire writing. Without their time, support, and voice, these words would not have come into existence.

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and sincerity in return.

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INTRODUCTION

The following is an attempt to present an alternative framework for viewing education. The framework rests on the belief that the human being intends to mean, that he does interpret life and he does create meanings within the context of his world. Calling for the education of the imaginative, intuitive side of our being that allows us to create meaning structures, it acknowledges that the world is possibility. At the same time, calling for a critical evaluation of those meaning structures, it demands responsibility. Because meaning is a human function, then the sense in which it must be judged is a moral sense. We have to ask what does it say about our being human and how does it diminish or enlarge us all?

Maxine Greene has described such a view of education as opening windows in the actual. Quoting an artist, Dr. Greene says that an artist does not point to a rock that is there and say see the rock. He pulls the rock in and makes it there. By his skill and magic, he makes that rock occupy space on a canvas that it didn't before. The point is, if you can make things occupy space that they didn't before have, you then have possibility and the ability to envision

many futures.¹ In a sense, that is what this paper is about, opening windows to possibility, giving educators a new way of looking into the world.

The model for the framework is the aesthetic encounter. Taking us out of worlds which we ordinarily know, it is the aesthetic encounter that gives us a counter image off of which to view our life situations. In this sense, it both opens up possibility and gives us a form for critically assessing ourselves and the world in which we live.

Beginning with the person in the process of coming to know, the aesthetic encounter is an intuitive process of understanding as well as a logical process of interpreting that understanding. The art object itself is metaphor, a naming of what the world might be. Compressed within its space are associations, implications, multiple meanings that both communicate, but at the same time remain open, inexhaustible, demanding that the viewer complete the meaning with his own intentions, his own set of assumptions. Pulled into the object, we reflect upon that object as well as upon ourselves, how we perceive the object. Moving back and forth in this dialogical process, we interpret a phenomenon in light of who we are and also interpret ourselves in terms of that phenomenon. Because of this dialogue we have

¹Maxine Greene, "Moving Toward Open Possibility," paper presented at Ethel Martus Lawther Lecture, University of North Carolina at Greensboro, Greensboro, N.C., 20 November 1980.

new knowledge about the world and about ourselves in the world. The rock occupies a space that it didn't before. Thus the rock, as well as the self that perceives that rock, takes on new meaning, a new frame of reference. No longer is the rock something separate from us but something inevitably bound to us. We have a stake in the world and thus the responsibility to look at that world from a moral perspective.

The essential character of this aesthetic process is therefore imagination. Being a key element in our awareness of the world, it is the imagination that enables us to engage in this aesthetic dialogue. Allowing us to construct knowledge and interpret metaphors in terms of what it means to be human, it is the imagination that brings value and significance to our world.

Mary Warnock has explained that the imagination, because it names things as familiar, gives to those things meaning and value. At the same time, the imagination, because it opens up possibilities, allows us to mold experience into something new. Because it is therefore incomplete, inexhaustible, it allows us to see that we can't name all things. In other words, there is more to life than we can predict and, therefore, there is reason to continue. Life has significance because it involves our existential

participation.¹ This giving of value and significance to the world is not only what enables us to translate mere sensations into intelligible thought, but also is what makes the world colorful.

Therefore, the creation of an imaginative framework for viewing education requires a different mode of inquiry. Because the imagination brings color to the black-and-white of our world, it is difficult to categorize it and put it in black-and-white terms. Because of the imagination, man has a conscious-making capacity. He constructs the world as he moves through it. Meaning is found in contextual interpretations and therefore depends upon intentionality, awareness, sensitivity, and the responsibility of the individual in the context of his life. To systematize or categorize, to put man in one set of data or another set, reduces him to a collective statistic, an impersonal entity. Void of his intentionality and uniqueness, he is made to function apart from the complex situations in which he is imbedded. Because the statistical model assumes the world is ordered and rational, an ultimate pattern will eventually be found. Behaviors are thus noted, results quantified, and probabilities estimated. What is lost in the process is the sense that the world is not ordered but variegated. Because the individual brings to each situation his

¹Mary Warnock, Imagination (Berkeley, California: University of California Press, 1978), pp. 196-202.

own set of terms and his own needs, there exist multiple orders. Thus, to base knowledge on statistical regularities is to divorce evidence from the source of that evidence, man as participant from the world in which he participates.¹

All of which is not to say that statistical research is invalid. It is to say that, in this case, it is not appropriate. In that statistics provides us with information concerning the many variables that influence learning, it broadens our awareness, and is appropriate. Information that indicates that cognitive development proceeds in stages is useful when considering the concrete or abstract nature of the material we present to children. In giving us a different set of information, it gives us a different focus from that which we would perhaps ordinarily take.

If, however, statistics is to account for understanding, it is not appropriate. Because understanding involves interpretation, imagination, the thinker in the context of his own life, it is not a collective process but an individual one. The conscious-making capacity of man depends upon that thinker, his or her unique horizon, which

¹Carmelo Albert Rubio, "An Interpretative Inquiry Into the World of the Teacher" (Ed.D. dissertation, University of North Carolina at Greensboro, 1979), pp. 63-75.

the rationality of statistics leaves out.¹ And, if it is the conscious-making capacity of man that we are attempting to understand, then the question to ask is not what are the behaviors displayed, that is, how do we identify behavior that is imaginative and externally verify it apart from context; the question to be asked is what is the quality underlying the behavior, how does the imagination work inwardly, within the context of the individual life?

It is in this sense that the following is itself an imaginative look at education. The belief is that if we are to examine the imaginative process of interpreting and creating meaning, then it is necessary that the individual herself participate imaginatively in that inquiry. In other words, if we are to understand understanding, then it is necessary that the individual critically examine her meanings, her interpretations. If she is to re-envision what this is all about, then it is necessary that she make the givens problematic, that she step outside the world in which she is immersed and consciously reflect upon it. That requires imagination. The intent is not only to re-examine my set of assumptions, my values, in a way that will allow me to grow both creatively and intellectually, but also to present a vivid, imaginative description of educational life

¹James B. Macdonald, "Theory-Practice and the Hermeneutic Circle," paper presented at Curriculum Theory Conference, Airlie, Virginia, 28 October 1980.

that will allow the reader to transcend the situations in which he is immersed and enter into it aesthetically, to see possibilities for his own life.

An imaginative mode of research, while being neither philosophical nor historical, nevertheless draws from both models for its methodology. Philosophical, interpretative research is an attempt to look at the theories that support our belief system and that are therefore the foundation upon which we act. Believing that thought and action can not be separated (if they are, then some actions are thoughtful and some thoughtless, yet all contain thought), the purpose of philosophical research is to re-determine and re-develop the theories out of which ultimately all our actions arise. The concern here has therefore not been with assessing curricular objects through comparison and contrast, but with assessing my reactions to those objects, my critical appreciation of them. The question was not whether art should have priority over math, but what did art mean, what did math mean? What were the basic assumptions underlying our teaching of those disciplines?

Inherent in such a mode of looking was the problem that those theories which I was attempting to examine were the foundation upon which that examination was done. The fear is ever present that what I have done is simply reiterate the set of beliefs I came with. It is difficult to examine what

we believe because we see everything through that belief.¹ We look at the world through a certain kind of lens and no matter how many times we change that frame, the lens remains with us. Thus, we create a whole category to go with the beliefs and what we see is self-fulfilling.

And yet, there is a validity in assessing one's reactions. Concepts, rather than being isolated and then compared, are given a context in which to work. Enmeshed in the time and place of the speaker, these concepts demand interpretation through that speaker. They demand direct involvement of how one thinks and feels. Because the observer is an integral part of the creation of any knowledge, he is forced to focus upon the ethical nature of his acts. Because he cannot deal with the world once removed, he must join in a relationship with that world. Therefore, he must make a commitment to be in the world and to assume responsibility for that being. What is at stake here is not a catharsis-like handling of educational issues in which problems are traced to a single cause and then gotten rid of. What is at stake is a belief system out of which issues come. To examine that belief is to open oneself to new beliefs.

What I have done here is moral inquiry, a re-examination of life as lived. Therefore, the inquiry called for an

¹William Barrett, The Illusion of Technique (Garden City, New York: Doubleday Company; Anchor Press, 1978), p. 238.

historical interpretation of that life. The outline for what I wrote was many years in the inception. Derived from childhood memories, educational experiences, impressions and events, both significant and insignificant, it was embedded in my historical past. To look historically, therefore, was to look for pattern, for trends. It was to look at the events, both significant and insignificant, that had persisted. Once those events were identified, it was necessary to examine them in terms of not only the event, but also the people and the place in which they had occurred as well as in terms of the event, people, and place of the present. What emerged were multiple time frames. The past was viewed from the standpoint of the present. The present was reflected upon in terms of the past. Because of the differing time frames, I was able to stand back, bracket situations, and consciously reflect upon them. By challenging the events that had simply happened to me, I was able to put them in a different light, to step out of being surrounded by them and uncover the taken-for-grantedness. In this sense, historical research presented me with different conceptions of time, space, and place. Because I was the only constant, I came to realize that what is is not necessarily what ought to be. Out of this historical dialogue emerged a new sense of presence and therefore of responsibility.

Because the writing was historical, autobiographical in nature, there is a certain nonlinear quality in the

selection of events and presentation of those events. Concepts aren't systematically presented and then criticized. The concepts are those selected from my life events which differ in content and order from the life events of others. Whether I have chosen those events which were qualitative or not, I do not know. Because they persisted, they were written about. Others, perhaps not so persistent, may nevertheless be of value. Herein lies the responsibility to continually bring forth the images of our lives for examination.

The order in which these images are presented is not systematic in the sense that we usually know it; a chronological or hierarchical collection of data which ultimately adds up to a whole, each piece therefore extractable. The whole was where I began, in the belief that the fundamental human quest is the search for meaning. Therefore, in this writing, chapter two is chapter three is chapter four. The basic theme is common to each; the focus is not. Each chapter repeats the other but, at the same time, elaborates on the other, giving dimension, depth, and breadth to the theme. In this sense, it is a piece and must be taken as a whole.

Moving backward and forward in history, using shifting points of view, and depending upon metaphor to convey my meaning, the theme reveals itself in ever widening circles. Criticism is internal to that writing; interior and forever bound to the situation itself. To stand apart from Ford

Island and critically assess it calls forth the history of the event, the texture, the way it feels. It also calls for a revaluation of the past and of the present, juxtaposed, each examined for its intentionality and awareness. It is this that gives it authenticity. Truth and meaning do not exist a priori but are constantly redetermined within the context. Evaluation, therefore, can only be done in terms of the event, not in terms of outside criteria. To the extent that it reveals an individual's growth, both critically and intuitively, it has integrity. To the extent that it demands the reader's imagination to complete that meaning, it has validity.

To participate in an imaginative mode of inquiry requires an exercise of the imagination, on the part of both the writer and the reader. To look at one's own responses and biases critically means that those situations out of which they came must be temporarily set up as other than ourselves and, at the same time, must be in dialogue with ourselves. It is as if we replay a movie and find within it new meanings because we find within ourselves new intentionality. This setting aside was made possible through the use of metaphors. Because metaphor allows us to insert order onto the chaos of our experiences, it gives us a frame of reference, a way to handle the material of our lives. At the same time, because metaphor is incomplete, because it can evoke many meanings, it forces us to examine that order.

Metaphors not only give us a way of viewing our lives, but they also elaborate on those lives. Therefore, the receiver of these metaphorical images, whether he be the one reading them or the one writing them, must complete their meaning with his own intentions and valuations. The problem is whether his imagination will be able to make those connections. The hope is that it will be required to again and again, that a life as lived will not go away, that it will reappear for constant examination and projection.

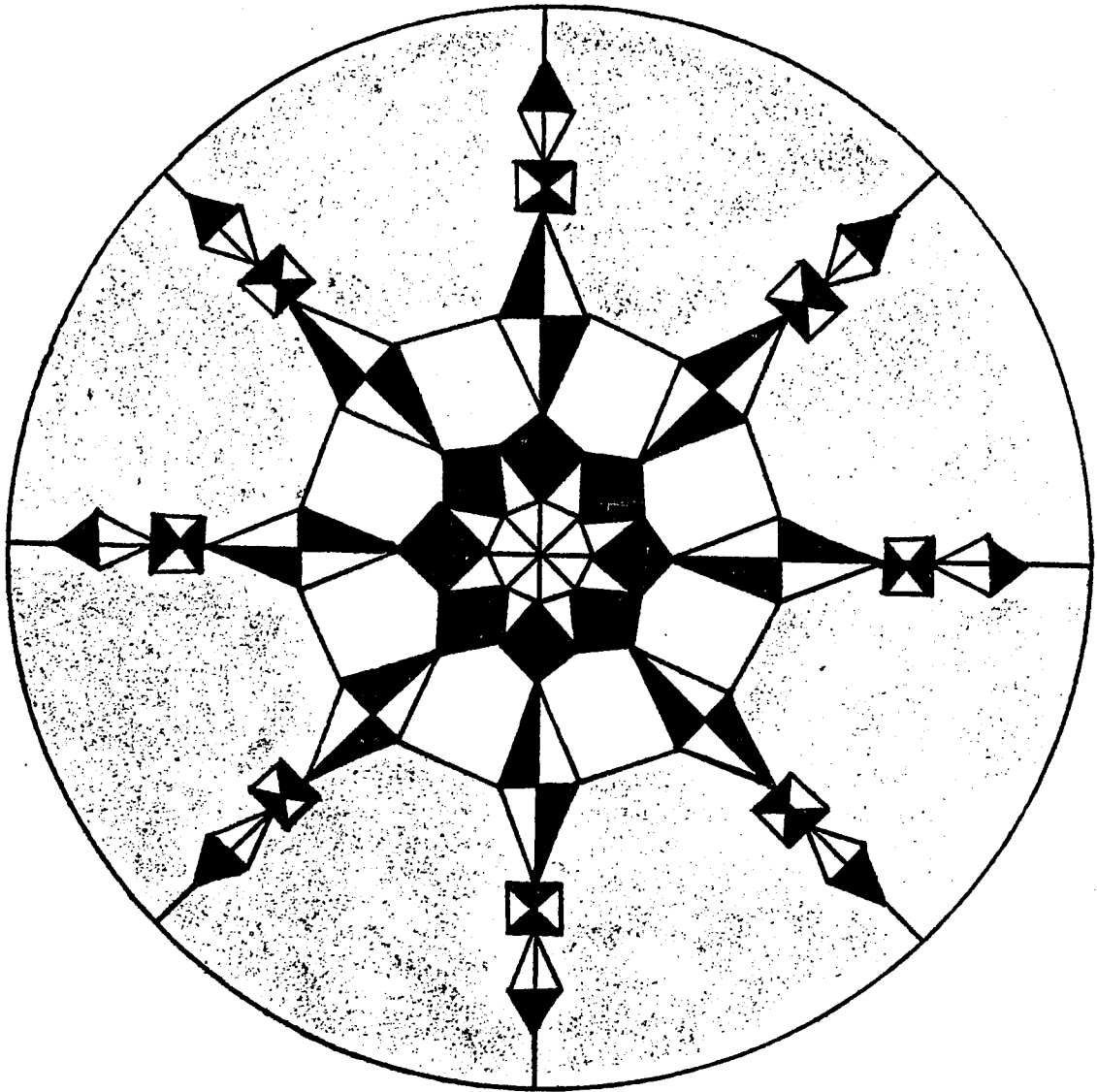
The need to look at the educational process imaginatively has been overwhelming, not just because of its theoretical implications, e.g., that to have critical consciousness about the world we must critically examine that world, but also because of its aesthetic implications. Implicit in any object of study is a tone, an atmosphere which itself becomes part of the content learned. The words we use, the examples we choose, the order in which we place the information, all contribute to the information that is conveyed. Therefore, the tone here is one of imagining. Discovering resemblances between real and imagined things, mixing fact and fantasy, many of the conclusions come from my own mind but may not exist elsewhere. And yet, because they were constructed and because I was an integral part of that construction, they exist as possibility, just as my life exists as possibility. Rather than capture thought, I have

attempted to provoke it. Therefore, the form of my life has become a content for that life.¹ Because the mode of writing was itself a metaphor, it presents a critique of life without metaphor.

Aesthetics is a way of looking at the world. To be present, it must permeate the fabric of that world: the environment, materials, curriculum, teaching relationships, everything that goes on in our schools. Because it offers no rules of order, i.e., the rules are integral to the individual living in the curriculum, we cannot demand responsibility on the part of the student nor insure that he will make moral choices. Because morality belongs exclusively to the single human individual, we can but grant him responsibility and afford him opportunities for moral choice, at the same time doing all that we can to enhance his choosing by living ourselves in relation to the world and the people of the world.

To believe that this is possible, in spite of the fears, in spite of the doubts, that is the thing. The spiritual realm must ultimately be taken on faith.

¹Herbert Marcuse, The Aesthetic Dimension (Boston: Beacon Press, 1977), pp. 41-42.



PART I

THE STORYTELLER

CHAPTER I

PROLOGUE

We tell ourselves stories in order to live.¹ Life consists of a kaleidoscope of chaotic, disparate images which continually flow around us. Some of them we pluck out and insert into a narrative we already know. Others seem to have no connectors. Because the images are disparate and we cannot live with chaos, we make sense out of them by holding on to them--clarifying, criticizing, and interpreting. We insert a narrative line on them.

The following is my narrative. It arose from a need to find reason and order, to clarify for myself where I was going so I could then find out how to get there. Somehow, they came to me, those students, in the fifteenth year of their lives and they left in the sixteenth year, their passage paid out with a letter grade. Yet, I longed to be with them through time, not to make my appearance in the form of a letter grade. The problem was that we were a group of people gathered together in this place called school, who, because of our proximity, had the potential to add to as well as take away from each other's lives. How

¹Joan Didion, The White Album (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1979), p. 11.

to insure that we add to each other, that quality be brought to our being together, was my task. Thus began my quest for a story, a framework in which I could think about and talk about educational decisions within a moral/aesthetic context. Ultimately, my motive became my method. To understand dialogue, I had to participate in dialogue.

If influencing each other's lives in a moral way was what I was talking about, then I had to first open myself to being influenced. I could not deal with ideas and experiences somewhere out there, as if they were recipe cards to be checked out of the library. To deal with knowledge in such a way was merely to rearrange it, to engage in doing, as if doing made up for not understanding. Instead, I had to open myself to influence, to make myself present to the ideas and knowledge that others brought me. It meant I brought the evidence of my life, my personal history, and reflected that evidence against the evidence of other's lives. Within this dialogical encounter, I gained another focus, another frame of mind with which to stand off and look at who I was, to peel away the layers of prejudice and taken-for-grantedness.

Søren Kierkegaard, Fyodor Dostoevsky, and Martin Buber became the three men with whom I engaged in dialogue. Each of them spoke to a moral/aesthetic way of being and, in their speaking, they touched something in me that opened my life to new interpretations. What they brought to me was

the realization that there was a subjective and constructive nature of reality. It was therefore possible to create evil as well as good. Furthermore, if good is what we are about, then we must always consider the social dimension in which we make our choices.

And so the narrative evolved. I cannot lay single claim to it for it belongs to all of us. Yet, in the same way that dialogue demanded the self be present, so too did the interpretation of that dialogue. Without self, there was no interpretation, just repetition. What I have written then is personal and descriptive. That which has been heard has been filtered through my own history, my own life, and I must stand personally responsible, both for the questions I ask and the conclusions I draw. I am the storyteller through whom the ideas sift and have meaning.

CHAPTER II
THE STORYTELLER
A LOOK AT THINGS PAST

I did not choose existentialism. It chose me. Time has obscured naming the moment of this choosing. Perhaps it wasn't a moment after all, but a sifting through of many moments, insignificant in themselves, an affirmation in their totality. Kant would say these moments were only manifestations of a priori truths making themselves known to me; that somehow reality exists in and of itself and life is some impersonal domain where the I (me) tries to connect with the It (whatever the phenomena of the world really are). To Kant, I would reply: yes, these experiences happened to me in a time before I went in search of them and in that sense they chose me. But it was I who chose to remember them. Out of all the possible millenia of moments through which I have moved, I chose a handful to be significant, to define who I am now and to give direction to who I may in the future be. I both chose and was chosen.

Chapel Hill--1967--the administration building. Its facade is supported by massive gothic columns which are white and luminous. Its front walk is lined by National Guard troops carrying guns and wearing tear gas masks. It is as if strange, grotesque, disfigured trees were planted on the landscape. I was late for an exam on the Romantic poets.

To be chosen means we move through many worlds, never wholly a part of one or of another, but some combination thereof. Many things happen to us before we go in search of them. Our sex, race, family composition, social circumstances are givens we inherit at birth. The givens bump up against other givens, the physical and institutional life that surrounds us, and in the interaction we are continually changed and modified, both because of the effect the environment has on us and because of the way we choose to react to that environment. These givens, some acknowledged, some not, are the possibilities out of which we construct our lives. That many of them come to us in a time before we go in search of them means that at any one point we are already equipped with a life as it has been lived. We have accumulated a body of knowledge and beliefs, many of which are in opposition. Because we have yet to choose, we operate according to many world views simultaneously.

Within the medieval, two-dimensional world view, living was done horizontally, within a class. That class derived its vertical position directly from God. God was the authority, existing out there, and man was one of a class of beings. Each class was like a rung in a ladder, and to each rung or class there were assigned certain tasks. Serfs tilled the land. Nobility protected serfs. To do well within one's class or position was to be desired.

Under such a system, life was predictable. It had a beginning, middle, and end. Man was but a point somewhere in a sequence. His goal was in terms of futures. Productive membership would result in an eternal reward.¹

This two-dimensional world view is still very much a part of our living and is the source for many of our educational decisions. Authority is derived from above. Identity is found in group membership. We are defined by our intelligence quotient, our social class, our age group. Education, therefore, is a process of equipping us with an appropriate set of behaviors which will enable us to function adequately within our society. The aim of such education is to produce classes of people whose goals and values are in terms of futures. "The end of education so conceived is productive membership."² School is what prepares us for life, not a part of life.

Perhaps we do not look elsewhere for authority nor question our social standing because such a world is comforting. Its ritual moves from beginning to middle to end with rewards at each stage. We trade off questioning in return for a guarantee of predictability. Like listening to a Bach concerto, we know what will come next. We know, if

¹William Barrett, Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, 1962), pp. 24-54.

²Maxine Greene, ed., Existential Encounters for Teachers (New York: Random House, 1967), p. 158.

we have learned our lessons, which notes follow which. Thus, while one note is being played, we anticipate the next. When that note is actually played, it is already in the past. The problem with living in futures, in anticipation of the next climax, is that we miss the unexpectedness of now. National Guard troops surrounded the administration building and I was descending a stair with "My Last Duchess."¹ The juxtaposition is jarring. It cannot be covered up. It lies there and nags.

East Berlin--1979. They said her eyes weren't blue. We would be detained. The colored contact lenses did not match the passport description.

Existing simultaneously with this two-dimensional world view is a three-dimensional view, given birth with the advent of Science. Under the scientific paradigm, man turned outward into space,² both the space of the sky and the space of the minute particles within. Thus, reality became less and less connected with self. The process of evolution determined which natural forms would survive. Empirical findings became indicators of truth, and logic and reasoning became the means whereby we might discover that truth. Kant had said that "there are two things in this universe worth noting, both the starry heavens above

¹Robert Browning, "My Last Duchess," in The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning, ed. Horace E. Scudder (Cambridge, Mass: The Riverside Press, 1895).

²Barrett, Irrational Man, p. 49.

and the moral law within."¹ To many people, there was no moral law within, there was only the material fact of the stars.

Under the scientific system, the authority of God was replaced by the authority of Science. Man was no longer a reflection of God's divine plan. He was an anonymous being, a figure to be examined and dissected and judged according to his rationality, according to the scientific laws whereby all things operate. Because rationality led to organization and productivity, the production of goods compensated "in their concreteness and immediacy for the loss of other worldly support and hopes for an afterlife."²

As a result of the scientific movement, many educational ideas and programs changed rapidly. Only that which was empirically verifiable was true. Therefore, learning theories, studies of child development, teaching methodology, and measurement techniques were designed and evaluated according to behavioral objectives.³ Because rationality meant order, sequence, and logic, efficiency was given priority. Because technical achievements represented mastery over our world, they were valued. Ethics and morality

¹Immanuel Kant, Critique of Pure Reason, trans. Norman Kemp Smith (London: Macmillan & Co., 1963), p. 642.

²Greene, Existential Encounters, p. 10.

³Brian V. Hill, Education and the Endangered Individual: A Critique of Ten Modern Thinkers (New York: Dell Publishing Company, 1973), p. 17.

were but speculative concerns and were therefore left to chance.

The problem with three-dimensional worlds is their super clarity. They exist somewhere out there, perfect, simple, and well made--an abstraction. Life, however, is not an abstraction. It is complex, confusing, and ambiguous.

Perhaps we still cling to this world view because the American dream sustains us. The sheer optimism that this is the best of all possible worlds and that our methodology of reason will forever open new horizons for us to explore is the trade-off for not questioning what man has done in the name of science: turned it into technology, groomed a whole generation of people for a kind and level of consumption, and made of the people a specimen, an object for study and use. We trade off our freedom in the name of an "abstract vision of a free, perfectible, rational man."¹

We tell ourselves stories in order to live. In East Berlin that day, a young girl, just out of graduate school, believed in the perfectibility of the American dream, until life and finitude intruded upon that dream.

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.

¹Greene, Existential Encounters, p. 16.

"It is futile," I said,
 "You can never____"

"You lie," he cried,
 And ran on.

Stephen Crane,
 "I Saw a Man Pursuing the Horizon"¹

A faceless and anonymous figure who is at once every man
 and nobody.²

It is through this jarring of the day by day that existentialism came to me. While the moments may seem insignificant in themselves, because we are, after all, on our way from one place to another, they cannot be ignored. They are encounters in which time is made present to us. And, because time was made present to me, I must speak about it. The gap that exists between what is and what could be must be acknowledged.

The following then is my story, a record of my inquiry. It is both a statement and an acknowledgement. As an inquirer, I push hope against fear. I construct possibilities. The phenomena of the world are as the sands at the beach that stretch flat, cold, and impersonal, waiting for the human touch to give them life. I reach out to explore with all my senses: taste, touch, feel, and I see shapes emerge-- a sand castle, its turrets tall, dripped one upon another,

¹The Complete Poems of Stephen Crane, ed. Joseph Katz (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1972), p. 26.

²Barrett, Irrational Man, p. 61.

fat structures, skinny structures, limited only by the imagination. Because I seek to create, it is created. Because I seek to touch the world, a world is made possible which can be touched. Yet, it is always temporary, this sand castle. With each wave comes a new pattern, and another, until the last one recedes and only the flat, cold sand stretches once more, its grey-brown surface like a blank page, awaiting new words, new castles. It is as if there is no finality, only continuations, processes of clarification and illumination and, of course, yearnings of the imagination, longings for creation.

At the same time my creation is a statement, it is also an acknowledgement that the experience and perspective of others are the resources for this creation. It is others who speak to me of new worlds, new interpretations, new realms of meaning. It is others who must break my shell of conformity and help move me to a critical stance. It is they who pose the questions that lead beyond the familiar, beyond the self-evident.

I sit now by the window, the snow sifts down through the blackened branches of the old oak trees, and the only sound is Robert Frost's "sweep / Of easy wind and downy flake"¹ and in some way I am touched by the scene. It is as

¹"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," in The Poetry of Robert Frost, ed. Edward Connery Lathem (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1969), lines 11-12, p. 224.

if for a moment, I am all that exists in the world of neat brick houses and tree-lined streets. Yet, only because others exist am I able to feel the moment, to know what my aloneness means. Eileen is in her kitchen across the street. She sits alone, drinking a cup of coffee, and she does not see what Emerson in "The Snow Storm" called "the mad wind's nightwork."¹ For her, there is only Robert Frost's lines from "A Patch of Old Snow," "That I should have guessed / Was a blown-away paper the rain / Had brought to rest."² She does not choose to see what I see. Yet, Eileen will speak to me later of Dostoevsky's yellow snow incessantly falling in a twilight that never ceases, and we will share a new insight. As new interpretations emerge, we both move beyond the moment's emotion. We recognize, as Merleau-Ponty said, that with each new birth, "the world gains a fresh layer of meaning."³

Existentialism had come to me through the cracks and crevices of the world I had been born into. Little pieces had gotten through the armor and made themselves present. And so began my quest. I was Stephen Crane's faceless and

¹The Selected Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Brooks Atkinson (New York: The Modern Library, 1964), line 27, p. 768.

²The Poetry of Robert Frost, lines 2-4, p. 110.

³Quoted in Pat F. Carini, Observation and Description (Grand Forks, North Dakota: University of North Dakota Press, 1976), p. 45.

anonymous figure pursuing the horizon of education and it was to the existentialists, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, and Buber, that I turned for illumination and clarification.

Existentialism

Existentialism itself is neither an idea nor a system of thought. Concerned with the unique experience of the single individual struggling to find meaning, it does not so much talk about life as it re-presents life, recasting the meaning of life in relation to the individual.

Science had indicated that God was but a speculative being. His existence could not be proven nor disproven. Thus, it was questionable whether man was created in His image or part of a divine plan. Although science replaced God, it could not account for everything. Polanyi has said that "we know more than we can tell."¹ To the existentialist, caught in this uncertainty, there was no underlying structure to our world, no rationality where past flowed into present. There was only now, a structureless time in which men may engage in the process of examining their existence. Life has no beginning, middle, end. It is not composed of climaxes. It is instead a series of events, combinations of various random circumstances which constitute the day to day minutes of existence. Movement for the existentialist is not toward a goal nor toward an abstract idea,

¹The Tacit Dimension (New York: Doubleday & Co., 1966), p. 4.

but within the time and space of now.

The existentialist makes life present by flattening out space and time. Max Weber, a cubist artist, challenges the existing three-dimensional world view by reducing space to a flat picture plane. His "Composition With Three Figures" consists of a flat space interrupted by a series of geometrical planes, each plane's surface displaying a complete range of color from light to dark. The result is that light does not come from the atmosphere surrounding the figures but is itself a means of defining depth in each surface. Depth or space is not attributed to the figure but is part of the picture surface. The feeling is that the canvas itself has more reality than the real world. Its flat surface carries an energy and life that are present, that must be dealt with by the individual who recognizes this flatness.

The playwright Harold Pinter achieves this effect of here and now presentness by disrupting time in a way that demands interpretation. In his play The Dumb Waiter,¹ two men are constantly interrupted by madness. An eighty-seven-year-old man is run over by a truck. A dumb waiter keeps opening and closing. There seems to be no meaning within the acts themselves. Why should a man be run over? Why should a dumb waiter appear unsummoned? Since the acts in themselves lack meaning, it is up to the characters in the

¹In The Birthday Party and Other Plays (London: Methuen, 1960).

play to give them meaning. Gus opens the dumb waiter and puts in a bottle of milk. He gives the dumb waiter a function. The feeling is that the space of the audience's lives are equally absurd and disordered. The only way to make sense out of those spaces and times is to take the events into our own lives and give them a meaning. We therefore must deal with them, not by seeking cause and effect, but by subjectively inserting a meaning upon them, by integrating them into our own individual lives.

What this existential subjectivity meant for education was that there was no absolute truth, no one image of man to rely upon. Truth was contextual. We build up a history of images, each image modifying and multiplying the possibilities of our lives. Consider the image of love. If love is never present in our lives, we have no way of thinking about love and therefore of extending it to others. That which is never present cannot be remembered. Similarly, that which is once present cannot be forgotten. We live in a mechanical world and this mechanical world colors our thinking. Disco music is a result of this mechanical intrusion. It is a dance of electronically assisted abandon. Its pleasure depends upon the mechanical reproduction of sounds, flashing lights, and the physical sensation of repeated vibrations. The problem is not that disco music surrounds our lives. The problem is the extent that mechanical thinking has invaded our own thinking. The fear is that we may all

be characters in someone else's play who, having played our lines so often, have begun to believe those are our lines.

To the existentialist, therefore, there are only acts of examination and commitment. Each person, immersed in his time and his space, must live his own story. Identity is sought in the subjective. One does not look upon himself as a spectator, consider all the possible choices, and then decide. Instead, he works out his choices in the everyday encounters of his life. Why and how are more important questions than what. To explain something is more important than measuring it. The search for truth is always in relation to the context of that truth--historically, socially, personally. Knowing, therefore, is continually building up perspectives, examining the world that flows around us, and evaluating that world in terms of the individual life.

The existential point of view is based upon two beliefs about the human being. One belief is that he is an imaginative, valuing being who brings unity to the random combinations of phenomena around him through his subjective interpretation of those phenomena. The second is that the interpretations are never done in isolation but within the context of an absurd and disorderly world that demands a day by day, minute by minute choosing between tensions.

These two beliefs are given voice in the writings of Søren Kierkegaard and Fyodor Dostoevsky.

Kierkegaard:
The Integrity and Authenticity of the Individual

As primarily a religious thinker, Kierkegaard felt compelled to free God from reason. He felt that reason was a human criterion and that it made God in man's own image. It set God up as an absolute being, the source of all things, and also a form that existed out there, as a rational possibility, available to the individual only through the sacraments and formalism of the Church. Kierkegaard protested that this reasonable God was not God at all. God was a personal experience and "couldn't be understood purely under the aspects of eternity"¹ and possibility. Christianity was something that concerned the individual alone and religious faith was a personal leap into the unknown. On the way to freeing God from reason, Kierkegaard also freed man to be an existent being, a choosing, experiencing person who comprehended truth with something other than logic and reason.

Freeing the individual to exist began with Hegel. It was Hegel who asked the one question that hadn't yet been asked in philosophy. If I personally die, does life have meaning? According to Hegel's predecessors, the Idealists,

¹Barrett, Irrational Man, p. 160.

life always has meaning. It goes on with or without us. There is a history of things and this history persists with or without the individual. In such a scheme, death is an unknown. We simply pass on to a hoped-for eternity and therefore spend our lives here on earth in anticipation of this unknown future. Hegel argued, however, that death was something. It was a fact, a finite ending, and it was therefore imperative that living be something; that we live in the present and that we give life meaning. Hegel's proof was that nothing is there if you are not there to perceive it. You may tell me Shakespeare existed as an historical fact but Shakespeare did not exist until I discovered him in the thirteenth year of my life. The world does not exist without each individual man's perception of it, and with each individual's death, these perceptions are terminated. Therefore, the death of the individual had to be considered important. Furthermore, an individual's living was what gave meaning to life. Because of Hegel, philosophy had an ethical question. Previously, nobility, serfdom, good, and bad were attributed to classes of people. With Hegel, the responsibility for living a good life was given to the individual living that life.

Having freed the individual to exist, Hegel attempted to define that individual. To him, man was a part of a system of thought objectified. Lying behind our existence is

a rationality, ordering, plan. Everything is derived from this reason. "What is rational is what is real, what is real is what is rational."¹ Man therefore is a reasonable being. He experiences the world through his reason. All knowledge comes from these experiences. None of it is in-born. Man is real only because he can reason his existence. Therefore, what is real is only what can be reasoned.

Kierkegaard couldn't accept this interpretation of the individual. For him, if man were a reasonable being alone, then he was objectified. He was but a concept, someone who acts this way and that way. In contrast, Kierkegaard felt that we exist first and then we reason. We are a particular individual living in a particular setting, participating in all that flows around us. Thus, thinking about living is different from living. We don't stand back and see it. We are subjectively emerged in it. We exist first. We are existential.

Kierkegaard thus asks, what does it mean to be an authentic Christian? What does it mean to the individual to be a Christian in a subjective sense? How do we act if we take God into our day-by-day encounters rather than leaving Him out there, an all seeing Being who has nothing to do with our life except in the future and on Sundays? His answer was that the self initiates choice. To be

¹Ibid., pp. 159-161.

existent means we enter into a religious mode of being. We become one with Christ and assume responsibility for that oneness. We choose to be responsible to ourselves and that means being ethical in our dealings with others. It is in this moment-to-moment choosing that we become a single individual. We are subjective beings who exist inwardly and then go out to define ourselves in relation to the world.

Kierkegaard believed that consciousness, recognition of self, and continually choosing in terms of that self, was the core of being human. This belief has many implications for education. If being conscious is what we are about, then learning begins when the learner is conscious of himself as a choosing individual, not as a member of a group or a social organization. Therefore, truth isn't something we take in, but something that we go forth to produce. Truth is arriving at the center of one's being, engaging in finding one's life. Such truth does not belong to the intellect alone. It belongs to the subjective imagination which flows through all our existence. To be conscious is to engage in paradoxes, to make choices that cannot be resolved, only held in place by the imagination. We must lose ourselves to find ourselves. We must give up the finite (divest ourselves of our own particular interests) in order to get it back. Curriculum, therefore, should use the individual and his experiences as its foundation. Furthermore, teaching and learning experiences should be structured in

terms of making ethical and moral choices. In this sense, true justice transcends self interest because it takes into account that we do not exist alone.

Dostoevsky:
Freedom in the Knowledge of Good and Evil

Kierkegaard had given me a story, a path whose dimensions were yet to be determined. He had made his choice to be a Christian both alone and in dread. By relating himself to God in both isolation and freedom, he affirmed the integrity and authenticity of the individual. Yet, the question remained, in what context was the individual to choose? What made man, singular, in relation to God also man, plural, in relation to mankind? Although Kierkegaard had alluded to this, it was not yet clear. From Dostoevsky came the reply, freedom is in the knowledge of good and evil. Man is a collective being whose ignorance as well as charity touches others.

Dostoevsky, like Kierkegaard, was concerned with the individual living in a time of social disorder and religious uncertainty. An important idea emerging in nineteenth-century Russia was rationalism. Rationalism held that man, behaving according to rational scientific principles, would create a utopian society. Man's rational and productive ordering of nature would result in progress for all. Perhaps the individual would be lost, as ordering required adherence to certain rules, but community would be gained.

This period of rationalism, however, failed to take into account an important idea, that man himself might not prefer to be rational. He might prefer disorder if it meant he had freedom. He might prefer to suffer if it meant he was the determiner of that suffering. If man were primarily a creature of will and spirit, then rationalism, which subjected that will, was therefore inhumane.

In Notes From the Underground,¹ Dostoevsky traces the exclusively rational view of man to its ultimate end. Notes From the Underground concerns an intelligent man who has become separated and lonely, rejected by the world, and subservient to its rational ordering. After forty years of living underground, he attempts to explain the reason for that separation and loneliness. Through a series of dialogues with himself, his confession reveals a man torn between his intuition, wishing to act upon the world, and his reason, which makes that action impossible.

According to the underground man, science and reason have been proclaimed as the indisputable laws whereby all men operate. To be reasonable means we will always act in our own best interests. If this is true, then why does man choose what is not in his best interest? Why does man, because he must build a road toward a goal, engage in building it away from it? The underground man concludes that

¹Notes From the Underground and The Grand Inquisitor, trans. Ralph E. Matlaw (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1960).

man is essentially a creative being who has a need to be conscious, even if that consciousness is not in his best interests. He has to play life as if it were a chess game, not a set pattern. He has to know there is a possibility that he might be able to beat himself. Therefore, reason alone cannot account for man because it leaves out independent choice.

Because the underground man is primarily rational, he is confused by the irrationality to which he has traced reason. He therefore turns into himself, more and more living his life in day dreams until, when day dreams are no longer enough, he retreats into a hyperconsciousness of pain. He inflicts his own pain, just for the sake of knowing that he is still alive, until that pain becomes a kind of hedonistic pleasure. In time, the joy from pain also goes away and he is left with nothing but inertia.

This idea of rationality taken to its extreme is exemplified in two stories the underground man tells. One concerns an officer who is fighting with another in a tavern. The underground man, desperate for companionship, contact with people, goes into the tavern, hoping to pick a fight. Instead, he is completely ignored by the officer. This experience is humiliating and yet, in the humiliation, the underground man sees some sort of recognition. He reads contempt as human contact.

The second story concerns Liza, a prostitute whom he meets. Liza represents a person he can finally dominate. He begins to play with her feelings, to see how far he can carry the domination. Gradually, Liza responds to him and offers him her love as a human being. This devastates the underground man. He cannot accept love because, reasonably, the one who gives love is in the dominant position. He therefore turns maliciously on her, extending her money, relegating her once again to the role of prostitute.

In both of these encounters with other people, the underground man is so concerned with manipulating others, with setting up perfect relationships, that he ends up manipulating himself. He "rejects human society . . . and asserts himself by acting against his best interests, merely to assert his individuality."¹

Notes From the Underground concludes with the picture of a bent, distorted figure. His cries have been unheard and unanswered and his logic and reason have proven inadequate. Just as the underground man lacked the vision of what to change to, he lacked the stamina to continue seeking that change. As he says, how do you dispute $2 + 2 = 4$? How long do you hit your head against a brick wall when you don't even know who causes this nor what it would be like to have a different existence? The underground man,

¹Ibid., p. xx.

precisely because of his reason, has been unable to act. Because of his rationality, he is compelled to trace causes, to think, to deduce logically until logic itself disappears and he is left with only the anesthesia of excess and finally inertia.

The tragedy of the underground man is the tragedy of modern man. We must live in reality because we exist, after all, in social situations. At the same time it is through conflict with that reality, questioning, doubting, holding it up for reflection, that the individual consciousness develops. The underground man is unable to hold on to either social or individual consciousness. Because he can't find a reason for this madness he lives in, he retreats more and more into himself. He is Samuel Beckett's characters in Waiting for Godot.¹ There is no God, no underlying meaning, no end. There is only the task of occupying oneself while waiting. The burdens the underground man has to carry are so many and the facilities he has to alleviate those burdens are so few that ultimately his spirit spends itself out.

In Notes From the Underground, Dostoevsky offers no solutions, only overwhelming despair. Rather than affirming the perfectibility of the individual and therefore concern for all of humanity by a mystical leap of faith,

¹London: Faber and Faber, Ltd., 1956.

Dostoevsky contends that there are no answers. Man, because of his humanness, can never discover the absolute. He can never have a sudden revelation which will have more than a transitory effect. He can only, day by day, constantly reaffirm himself. He must constantly choose between tensions. He is both good and evil, reason and feeling, and these two forces are always in tension. There can never be harmony on the earth, only a balance of disharmony. Like the art of Georgia O'Keefe, where sky is flung up into space and the earth catches it and holds it in place with a diagonal, so our lives consist of everyday encounters in which we reach out and explore, open ourselves to questioning, to being askew, and then reel that line in for counterbalance. As it has been said, we are condemned to meaning, to constantly choosing. We reach upward to touch sky and hold it in place with the horizon of our living.

Holding the diagonal in place is what we are about in choosing. It is what the underground man is unable to do. Yet, out of that very despair of the underground man's story comes hope in the story of the Grand Inquisitor.

In Dostoevsky's The Grand Inquisitor, the Grand Inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition takes as his prisoner Christ who, once again, is asked to explain his meaning. He is asked to answer the paradox that man, created to be a free being, can find in that freedom only unending suffering, struggling, choosing. Where is the justice, where is

the significance, asks the Inquisitor, of a life, lived in misery here on earth, and that life being but a mere preparation for a life lived in the hereafter? The questions asked by the Inquisitor are the questions that all men capable of thought and aware of their condition have asked through time. This is the Christian dilemma. It is not that we don't know who Christ is. We accept him. At the same time, we also doubt whether we any longer believe in Him. Christ's defense is the defense it was once long ago, the defense of silence. Christ responds in the end to the Grand Inquisitor with a kiss on the lips, and the Grand Inquisitor, while warmed in his heart, adheres to his idea.

The Grand Inquisitor is a return to a primitive tradition. The tradition is one of Christ fighting the Devil, with the Devil incarnate in the form of the Grand Inquisitor. God and the devil are symbols for life-affirming and life-denying forces.¹ The soliloquy of the Grand Inquisitor occurs at the time of the Spanish Inquisition. It is preceded by tales of suffering and is filled with despair at the condition of one's fellow man. It is the story of a conflict between a Christ who has apparently created a world founded in suffering and agony and the Grand Inquisitor, head of the Roman Catholic Church, who, concerned for

¹Malcolm V. Jones, Dostoyevsky: The Novel of Discord (New York: Harper & Row Publishers, Barnes & Noble Import Division, 1976), p. 175.

this suffering, has counterattacked by defining an authority (the Church) that will be the standard for men to live by. The Grand Inquisitor maintains that because Christ erred, he, the Church, will give man what Christ promised all along. The Grand Inquisitor will give man happiness and security in exchange for man's allegiance and, therefore, freedom. He, the Grand Inquisitor, will comfort man with the authority and mystery of the Church. He will take the suffering that Christ requires upon himself.

The Grand Inquisitor is thus the antithesis of Christ. He is the totalitarian master of men who gives them bread and relieves them from the anguish of being themselves. To him, men are sheep who need to be relieved of the agony of selfhood. To be a Christian is a burden, a series of constant reaffirmations. Christ demands perfect freedom and autonomy of men. To the Grand Inquisitor, this demand is incompatible with man's nature. Man doesn't have the strength to be free. Thus, the Grand Inquisitor relieves man of that burden but, at the same time, leaves him the peace of believing he is a Christian.¹

However, in promising man everything, the Grand Inquisitor takes away the one thing that makes man man: the never-ending, exhausting freedom to choose from the moral basis of his own consciousness. Morality, not based on

¹Barrett, Irrational Man, pp. 174-175.

one's free choice, is not morality. The Grand Inquisitor's motivations are in the purest humanistic form. His solution, however, is a prophecy of totalitarianism. In his scheme of things, the authority of the individual is subjected to an outside authority.

The form of the Grand Inquisitor's discourse is the same form taken long ago when Christ was tempted by Satan. The three temptations are really a questioning of the three human limitations Christ has placed on mankind: the desire for food, miracle, and authority. These three desires are the universal problems of free will, unquestioning faith, and a craving for a universal order. In the first temptation, Christ can choose for man bread, wealth, food enough for all--a true social justice, or he can choose for him free will. Both are not possible. If man has free will, then he is free to choose what is not good, what takes from others. Christ, however, is not concerned with man's physical emotions, but with his moral ones. He chooses to give men free will rather than the security of bread. He wishes men to choose Him and His pathway voluntarily, not because He provides for their physical needs.

In the second temptation, Christ can prove himself the Son of God through miracles and thus be an object for worship. Christ, instead, lets man choose for himself on faith alone. He refuses to be the authority, proven by miracles. Man alone, through his agony, through his

conflict and search, must be the ultimate authority. There is no one miraculous way to divinity.

In the third temptation, Christ refuses to establish a kingdom of the world. He prefers centuries of confusion to a society that is defined. Universal happiness cannot be guaranteed. There can only be each man seeking to bring happiness to other men.

It is in the three temptations that lie man's opportunities to be human. They make him responsible for himself. It is, therefore, in assuming responsibility that man takes the first step toward believing there is a higher Being and becoming one with that Being.

The story ends with no solution, only a kiss. Truth exists by its own virtue. It is in this reply with no solution, this contest with no winner, this paradox that Christ has given us a goal, yet made us human so that we could not obtain that goal, that the answer is found. Life exists to be a paradox. Existing does not mean finding a pathway to good or evil, a road to right or wrong. It means responding to questions, confronting doubts, and taking temporary stands. From our doubts, from our conflicts, from our struggles, comes a life that is lived, not merely one that exists. Because we have been given the freedom to choose, it is in the process of our choosing that we become both human and divine. Man, because he chooses in the full knowledge of good and evil, chooses to exercise his

humanness. Justice is contingent upon each man's choice.

To come from Notes From the Underground to The Grand Inquisitor is to go from darkness to light. It is to recognize that man is at once overwhelmed and at the same time carries within him the seeds for being and responsibility. It is to this dual nature of man that education must speak. It must give children a place in which to articulate their despair lest they, like the underground man, speak only to themselves. It must also recognize that there is no absolute truth because there is no absolute criterion for determining that. Just as these two stories are myths, so too are the narratives of our lives. The narratives are temporary explanations whose finality we can never know. We can only choose in the knowledge of good and evil, in the eternal tension between the two.

While Kierkegaard had revealed to me a love of One, Dostoevsky had moved from the love of One to a love of all individuals. "To transform the world, create it afresh, men must turn into another path . . . a brother to every one."¹ Yet, somehow stories never end. "Way leads on to way,"² as Robert Frost has told us. A phrase here, a word there, attaches itself and demands to be explored, until the

¹Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The Brothers Karamazov, trans. Constance Garnett (New York: Modern Library, 1929), p. 375.

²Poetry of Robert Frost, line 14, p. 105.

story evolves, expanded and enhanced. It was two words spoken by Martin Buber that gave my story that expansion. These words were I-Thou, a meeting place where unselfish interestedness was possible, where man as collective being might acknowledge his frailties as well as his responsibilities.

Buber:
Mutually Confirming Each Other's Being

Martin Buber believed our whole quest in life was to find each other, to get out of being trapped in ourselves. The self, the individual comes into the world immersed in a relation, part of a species. It is his task in life to find and redefine himself. For Buber, this redefinition was done in terms of community. Because what we each see and choose in life is important, then each of our perceptions is equally important. Reality is therefore not an absolute truth, but a process of comparing individual truths, a living in ethical relation.

According to Buber, man becomes aware of self because he has the ability to reason. Unlike the animals who are incorporated into the environment, he recognizes that he is different from others. This differentness means we are singular, alone. Thus, we attempt to gain control over our environment by giving it a name. We catalogue and describe it. We set things up to be subject and object, I-It. We abstract the world and distance ourselves from it.

Ultimately, we become so tied up in I-It that we treat ourselves as objects. We believe we operate according to certain irrefutable laws and consciousness is merely an illusion produced by our feelings.¹

I-It relationships are necessary if we are to learn to live in our world so that it enhances us. But I-It cannot alleviate our loneliness nor give us a vision of what it means to be human. To be human is to enter into relation with others. It is they who keep us from being lonely and terrified, who give us comfort in that they reflect our very same loneliness. It is they who give us the model for being human because we see ourselves reflected in them. Seeing them, we see who we are.

To enter into relationship with others is to enter into I-Thou. In I-Thou we recognize that part of us exists in the other and that we share this thing called humanness. We therefore acknowledge and affirm the other being. We see the other for all he can be as a human being. We free him from any qualities of good and evil and we share a reality. This sharing is made possible because we raise each other's presence. We respond with our whole being and confront the other in our completeness. We do not think about our being in relation to their being, but we open our whole selves to be affected. Because we go to the other in trust, anger,

¹Hill, Education and the Endangered Individual, p. 191.

love, confusion and fear, that other responds to us, and his presence is reflected back on us.

This meeting place between I-Thou is built upon faith and trust. We can never really know the other, but we have faith that in our meeting we will know him. We therefore enter into it in trust. We completely open up our being toward another by responding wholly, with body and soul. Faith becomes the context in which we judge knowledge.

Through this relation, God becomes present to us. He is not someone who exists out there or deals with us as a group. He is an individual, made present in each individual. Thus, God is present in the everyday and the everyday is made hallowed. To engage in I-Thou is to find the eternal Thou that exists in all of us. This is the ultimate spirituality.

Martin Buber, while proclaiming that our whole quest in life is to find each other, to enter into relationship, offers us very little instruction on how to get into these relationships. I-Thou encounters are mystic, aesthetic, spiritual. They are unpredictable and discontinuous. In fact, the more one thinks about I-Thou relationships, the more difficult and far-removed and impossible they seem. How can one enter into I-Thou when relationships are pre-determined by the situation itself? We come into a class as teachers and our role may have more potency than our being human. Certain images and certain reactions are

already set up. Furthermore, what does knowledge of objects and environments (what we seem to be teaching in school) have to do with having collective experiences? Does the cognitive enrich the affective? Buber offers no answers, but offers us a way of entering into relationships through the process called dialogue.

Buber is an existentialist. How one knows means what one wants to know. We are the sum total of our choices. Spiritual matters must be pursued through the spirit, through opening up the whole being to choosing. Buber is also an idealist. Our experiences, the past as well as present day encounters, make us. Therefore, if we are to open up the spirit to choosing, we must give it an environment that supports that choosing. It is through dialogue that we do so.

To engage in dialogue means that we see each other as possible truth bearers, not just objects wearing human masks. It means we are willing to put aside our defenses of self-justification, we are willing to block out the images we expect to receive, and we open our minds to new colors, new possibilities, new images. It means we are willing to respond critically, with honesty and trust. Speech goes forth and is reconstructed with each going forth so that it feeds back, both to speaker and listener, holding up for examination new insights that are to be tested, tried on for size, and then sent forth again.

Dialogue is the common medium through which we collectively explore the world we have seen and are seeing. It is how we educate ourselves to our fullest capacity.

Martin Buber has been called "a lyricist of existence."¹ Because man's existence is tied up with community, the lyric finds its story line in moral education. Every act in which we human beings engage, because it involves the right and welfare of others, has the potential for being a moral act. By our every mood, word, and gesture, we perpetuate our own belief system, whether we are aware of it or not. That belief system is manifest in the questions we pose, the decisions we make, the behaviors we display. Since it is inevitably a part of our lives, the question is, how do we bring those beliefs into view? How do we examine them, the values we live by and the reasons inherent in them, with a view towards either affirming them or seeing if there isn't a better belief system? For Martin Buber, the answer was by engaging in I-Thou relationships, allowing each person to act alone in reference to his own life situation, and at the same time, demanding that each person stand responsible for that life situation. Moral education is neither a program of instruction nor a ready-made value system. Moral education is opening "the way to the confrontations which will require the individual to make choices . . . In his

¹Barrett, Irrational Man, p. 236.

freedom then he will shape a conscience for himself; he will construct a morality."¹ Opening the way to confrontations begins with dialogue.

Martin Buber, like Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky, traces man's loss of spirit to the accumulation of scientific knowledge and social control. Man, no longer having direct relations with other men, is bound to them only through physical proximity. He is placed in groups for the purposes of productivity and control. Buber felt the way to bring spirit and relationship back into man's life was to make the everyday hallowed. Unlike Kierkegaard who said the religious state was beyond the ethical, Buber says they are the same. Morality is a sense of responsibility toward the eternal Thou in another. Relation to God is in relation to man.

A classroom is a collection of human beings, future adults who have come together in this place called school to try out new roles, to seek new interpretations for their lives. Each brings his own personal history and his own personal motivations that serve as the basis for his authority. Dialogue broadens and adds to that authority, by giving him more worlds and more values to choose from and by making him responsible for those choices he does make. Dialogue, in that it recognizes that all our lives working

¹Greene, Existential Encounters, p. 165.

together have significance, gives validity to the individual life. It allows these future adults to choose their own worlds, to build their own cultures. And, it allows for incompleteness. It recognizes that there is never only one answer to be learned as there is never only one person to be developed. There are only persons in the process of developing.

The Story

Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, and Buber have presented three definitive aspects of what it means to be human, each one an expansion of the other. Beginning with Kierkegaard's emphasis on the individual as a subjective being, the narrative continued with Dostoevsky's belief that man must make his choices within the context of both good and evil, and culminated with a framework in which the individual is moved to make ethical choices in Buber's conception of dialogue. Each man, concerned with the quality of living, spoke to an aesthetic model for education.

The human being, as Kierkegaard pointed out, is an artist. He is a subjective, imaginative being who has a forward-propelling capacity to initiate, imagine, and create. The significance of this subjective consciousness lies in the belief that without it there can be no intentionality and therefore no thought. As Elizabeth Sewall has pointed out, thought is an activity which we initiate.

It is an intellectual tool which is an extension of ourselves, just as a violin is an extension of a violinist. It is integral to human activity, provided that the human individual initiates this activity.¹ Without the subjective individual choosing, there is no thought and therefore no learning.

The problem in schools is that we let the subjective individual choose, but only in certain circumstances. We recognize the child is an artist but we relegate the imagination to the arts. We tuck them off in a corner and separate them out. In this way, we are able to empty the cognitive domain of all feeling. We set up an either/or dichotomy and this distortion leads us to believe thinking is synonymous with analyzing and concluding. Furthermore, when we insert this analysis and logic on curriculum, what we get are completed stories whose order is linear. Mathematics has a beginning, middle, end. It is completed and we grasp it, not conceptually, but in a one, two, three order. When we so package the disciplines, we have left the student nothing to imagine, no spaces to look between. We draw his attention to figure and he is unable to see ground. We have presented curriculum as finality rather than metaphor, a possibility for exploration, and we have reduced his conscious life to social categories and

¹Elizabeth Sewell, The Human Metaphor (Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1964), pp. 28-29.

behavioral examples.

If awakening the imagination is what we are about, supporting individual dreamwork, then somehow this human spirit must be awakened in choosing. He must be made aware, as Dostoevsky pointed out, of the diagonal in which he lives. That we live in a world of both good and evil, that man has the capacity to be rational as well as irrational, those are the dialectics, not from which he must choose, but with which he must learn to live. Choosing is holding the diagonals in place.

To awaken the human spirit is to force one to look into the nooks and crannies, to think in a new mode. So much of life which surrounds us is merely taken for granted. As Robert Ornstein has pointed out, we simply ignore constancies. We take in information through the senses and then compare that information according to memory and expectations. Because we are bombarded by so many senses each moment, the sensory systems serve for data reduction. They ignore what is constant because they already know how to deal with that. They let in, therefore, what is jarring.¹ We drive a car without being aware we have driven the car. We may attend school for twelve years without ever being aware we were there.

One way to open up this sensitivity, to free the subject

¹The Psychology of Consciousness (San Francisco, California: W.H. Freeman & Co., 1972), pp. 18-27.

from the ennui that surrounds him, is through encounters with aesthetic objects, which each discipline has the potential to be. Aesthetic objects are jarring. They displace us from the everyday by giving us a counter-consciousness off which to reflect our own beliefs and values. Emily Dickinson has written that "The mountains grow unnoticed, / Their purple figures rise / Without attempt, exhaustion, / Assistance or applause."¹ It is startling, this view of a mountain. That it can change, grow through the seasons simply because that is its nature, is far different from the landmark called Pilot Mountain that is the halfway point on my journey to the Parkway. The aesthetic object, Emily's poem, gives me pause to think and I move back and forth between object and self, comparing perspectives, continually breaking and reuniting with the mountain, seeing my familiar world from a different perspective.

Dialectics then are the materials which force us to examine our lives and, at the same time, they are what compose that life. Man as a subjective being who intends to create his world does so through logic and intuition. As Polanyi, in speaking of the mathematician, has pointed out, "he works his way through a discovery by shifting his confidence from intuition to computation and back again from

¹"The Mountains Grow Unnoticed," in The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson, ed. Thomas H. Johnson (Boston: Little Brown and Company, 1960), lines 1-4, p. 371.

computation to intuition, while never releasing his hold on either of the two."¹ He constructs the figure as well as contemplates the self-activity within the figure. To create requires analysis as well as synthesis, creation as well as critical evaluation.

Dostoevsky offers no solutions as to how we hold the diagonal in place. He asks only that we enter into its ambiguity and choose for ourselves. He does not explain; he imagines, and in that imagination, he demands our imagination, our consciousness. As Elizabeth Sewell has said, "Art offers the ordinary human being shape after shape of myth, with this pattern of suffering-which-is-effort . . . with which to identify our own pattern of life, for growth and understanding."²

Knowing then that man has the capacity to do good as well as evil, then choices must be made in terms of their humanness, their ethical and moral dimensions. Martin Buber's call for dialogue, in which the resultant knowledge isn't about objects or about self, but about self in relation to objects and the people who have made those objects, is such a moral dimension. It is through dialogue that we are enabled to enter into aesthetic encounters. Through dialogue we are asking for illumination from each other,

¹Quoted in Sewell, The Human Metaphor, p. 111.

²Ibid., p. 152.

that they serve as our resources. Through the encounter we are moved out of our lived situation and made one with other's lived situations. The result is that our choices are no longer in our name alone but in the name of us all. Through dialogue, morality becomes cumulative choice, a continual meeting of I-Thou.

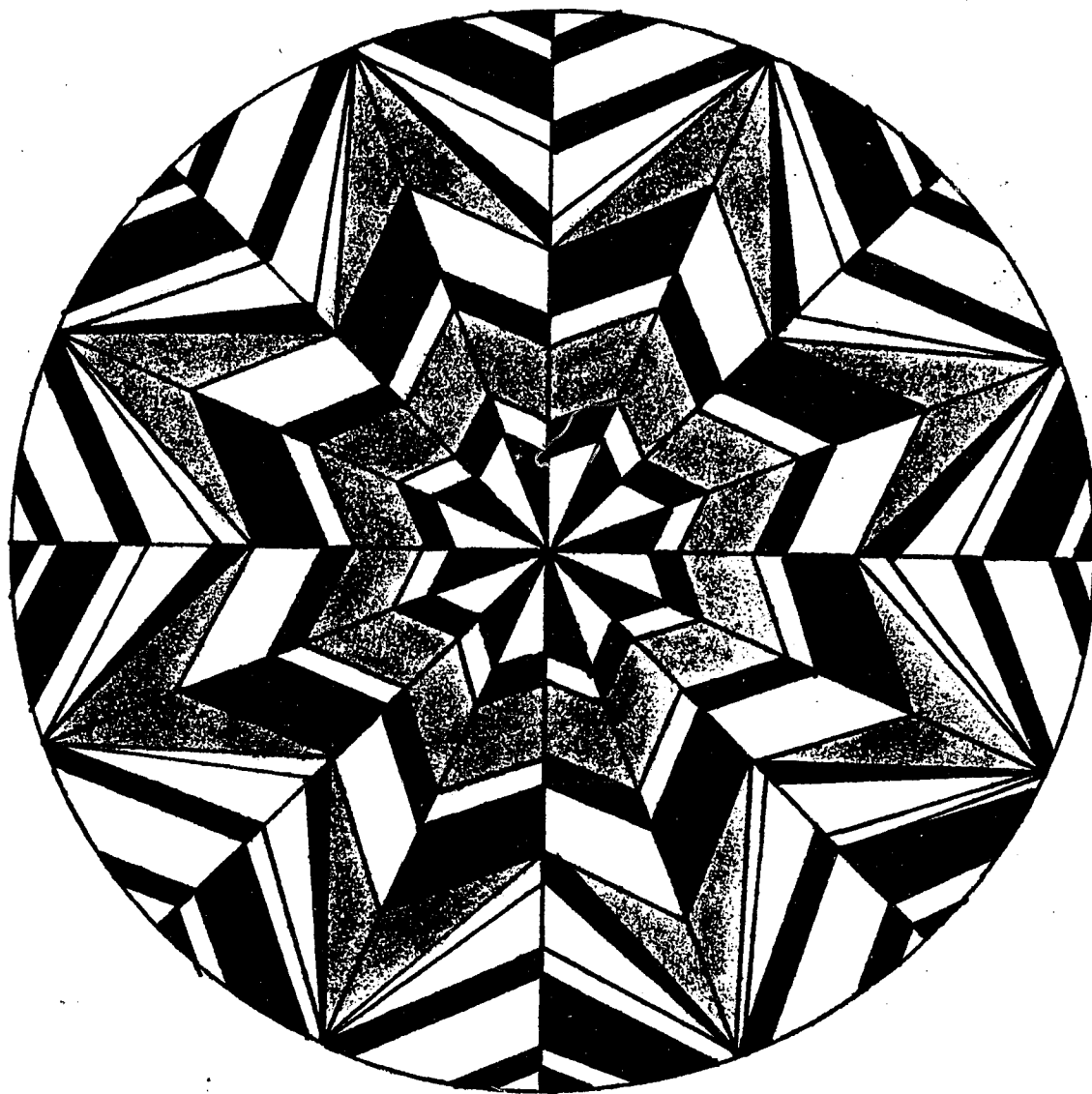
An aesthetic model for education therefore means we conceive of students as artists and we present curriculum as aesthetic objects. We give students an opportunity to create their own metaphors by jarring them from what is known and by affirming their integrity, their right to interpret and imagine, to clarify and criticize. Furthermore, we give them a structure in which to create by relating knowledge to living dealings between men. As such, a model fulfills what it means to be human in the Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, Buber sense.

CHAPTER III

EPILOGUE

Søren Kierkegaard, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Martin Buber no longer choose me, for I am they and they are me. The end, however, is not yet come if these words and the words of others like them are to be translated into educational thought, and if we are to live together in the meeting place between I and Thou. So be it. Circles within circles, stories without end. It is in the telling that the story is told.

PART II**THE STORIES**



CHAPTER IV

AESTHETICS: MOVING INTO THE PRESENT

To acknowledge the human being as both mind and spirit is to recognize that it is the individual who gives meaning and continuity to the experiences of his life. Therefore, examining knowledge and learning must be done within the context of those individual lives. One way to do this is to focus on the systems we've erected, the containers of knowledge, as if they were metaphor, as if they might tell us who we are. Because the nature of the metaphor is to identify not only the world, but ourselves in relation to that world, the metaphor may tell us both how man has named the world and how he has named himself. Looking at knowledge as metaphor is perceiving patterns, overall textures that run through all our systems of knowledge. It is also relating to those patterns figuratively, acknowledging that it is "the individual human personality [who] must tie all the loose ends together into an organic whole."¹

¹Werner Heisenberg, Physics and Philosophy (New York: Harper & Row; Harper Torchbooks, 1962), p. 210.

CHAPTER V
KNOWLEDGE AS METAPHOR

Containers

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds
(also, with the church's protestant blessings
daughter, unscented shapeless spirited)
they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,
are invariably interested in so many things--
at the present writing one still finds
delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?
perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy
scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D
...the Cambridge ladies do not care, above
Cambridge if sometimes in its box of
sky lavender and cornerless, the
moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

ee cummings, "The Cambridge Ladies"¹

A rope on the sand in front of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel separates the guest bathing area from the non-guest bathing area. The sand on one side of the rope is no different from the sand on the other side of the rope, nor does the sun shine at a different angle on one side than on the other. The purpose of the rope is to act as a gathering together place, to separate who one is from who one isn't. Because it separates inner space from outer space, it becomes an enclosure, a holding place for possessions.

As an enclosure frames certain possessions, so too do

¹Poems: 1923-1954 (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1954), lines 1-14, p. 58.

we frame the content of our lives. We build a scaffolding around our existence and frame it with a definite set of values, fixed in terms of outlooks and constant in the parameters under which limited change may occur. Like picking shells at the beach, we pluck from the flow beliefs and values, rejecting some, tucking others away so that, at any moment, we have a specific outlook on the world. If we are speaking of ourselves as individuals, we call it our charisma. If we are speaking of a group, we call it our culture, and, if we are educators, we call it our institution of schooling.

The purpose then of enclosures is to reveal to us who we are. They are our systems of knowledge, our mode of operation within the world. As such, they bring unity to the diversity of what we are and what we plan for our lives. They personify what we have found to be valuable and significant in our culture.

Traditionally, knowledge has been defined as many things: verifiable empirical data, the sum of information conserved by civilization, a catalogue of concepts that facilitate our social living. Each of these are possibilities for what knowledge might be. Because we are Plato's man in the cave, we do not know what reality is. We see only enclosures of that reality, that is, what our senses allow us to see. Like gazing out the rear window while seated in a moving car, we are the fulcrum around which

thousands of sensations flow. Momentarily we are able to focus on a point, seize a sensation, and hold it still for examination. In an attempt to hold the sensation still, we give it a name. Naming makes it understandable. As Susanne Langer has pointed out, naming identifies the attributes so that we not only understand the concept of the object or experience, but also the part played by the object in the situation.¹ This naming allows us to attain as well as organize information.² We are thus able to transform experiences into concepts so that we can hold on to them.³ The symbols allow us to think in terms of what might happen if. They allow us to think of things which aren't here.⁴ And, they allow us to think with them so that we don't have to think about them.⁵ By naming the object, we have enclosed it in a container. We have distanced it from ourselves so that it is no longer frightening nor jumbled, but now usable.

The rope at the Royal Hawaiian was originally intended to define the elite, the guests of the aristocratic hotel. Yet, by definition, there can be no elite group unless there is a non-elite group. They both exist by virtue of the other and, therefore, both are significant.

¹Philosophy in a New Key (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1951), p. 137.

²Ibid., p. 26.

³Ibid., p. 125.

⁴Ibid., p. 30.

⁵Ibid., p. 283.

Because enclosures are human products, constructs of the imagination, then multiple enclosures exist. We build onto what has gone before and at the same time make new discoveries.¹ As Michael Novak points out in The Experience of Nothingness,² we constantly invent ourselves to fit the situation. And, at the same time, we define ourselves by means of our projects. Naming is a geometrical process, not an arithmetical one. Rather than a one to one correspondence, each naming involves multiple levels of meaning.

This existence of multiple enclosures is a result of our perceptive abilities. Perceiving is not a matter of automatically recording senses, but it is a matter of individually selecting what we allow in. Because we would be overwhelmed if we allowed everything in, we select what to see and then compare that information that we do see with our memory, our expectations, our consciousness.³ We choose not only what to look at but also how to look. As Michael Polanyi has indicated, there is a tacit component of knowledge which supplements our focal awareness. We know a face by the features but we do not attend to those features. They are the tacit component that supplements our recognition

¹André Malraux, The Voices of Silence, trans. Stuart Gilbert (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, 1953), p. 608.

²New York: Harper & Row, 1970.

³Ornstein, Psychology of Consciousness, p. 18.

of the face.¹ In this sense, we shape knowledge by the way we know it. In this internal/external dialogue, perception becomes a building up of wholes, and naming is the reflection of the experience, the insertion of order onto those reactions.

Thus, while a reality may exist out there, our only way of talking about that reality is reflectively. The sense perceptions are filtered through the individual human and then given structure by means of language. Thus, whatever we name as reality is colored by all that we are as humans. It is in this sense that "natural science isn't a copy of material data. It is a construction or a way of thinking about that data. The only condition is that the logical consequences must be in accord with observable data."²

Language, therefore naming, is not an abstract system independent of time, place, and speaker. Language is the means whereby we re-perceive the nature of our experiences. It is an attempt to make those initial perceptions visible again and to give to them order. Through language we are able to reorganize, to give things a name, and also to communicate this naming to others. Language is our medium

¹Michael Polanyi, The Tacit Dimension (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., 1966), pp. 4-5.

²Heinrich Hertz, quoted in Ernst Cassirer, The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms, vol. 3: The Phenomenology of Knowledge (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1957), p. 20.

for both understanding and communication. Its power depends upon its ability to function in many different contexts. Its words, therefore, must be capable of dividing and subdividing until they take on multiple meanings. Like the shell that adapts to its environment and, at the same time, stands firm in its construction, the language of understanding and communication is language that stands firm in its meaning and, at the same time, conveys multiple meanings.

Such a language is the language of metaphor, that ever-evolving form caught in a moment's reflection, the image through which we interpret and live our lives. A metaphor is a visible symbol of the whole experience, the single grasping point that sums up its multiple meanings. Its function is to make concrete the human experience. Its communicative power depends upon the dialects--that it inform reason and intuition, that it be permanent and yet ever subject to change, that it react against what has been said before and, at the same time, build upon what was said. In recalling the past, it enlightens the present and insures there will be a future.

Cassirer explains this past, present, future continuum by saying that because we perceive a future, there is direction (multidirection) to the present. When emotions are given a name, language, man is abstracting something that is representative of the whole. He is compressing a total phenomenon into one of its factors so that the

essence isn't confined to a single moment but can be found again and again. By re-presenting thoughts and emotions, we are making them available to be remembered. The past enables us to conceive a future. Thus, because we can think of a future, we have direction in the present.¹

Thus, not only do multiple metaphors exist in a single life, and it is our task to identify those metaphors under which we live, but also each metaphor holds the possibility of shifting. The rope at the Royal Hawaiian no longer includes only the Bingham, the Kaisers, the old families of Hawaii. Belonging now is simply a matter of paying an admission price for a room. Similarly, the formal process of schooling, once thought of as a creative endeavor, is now thought of as an evolutionary one. As Gibson Winter has pointed out, we judge things in terms of growth and development. Since the world is a machine whose laws can be decoded, human beings are rational individuals who can gain freedom through decoding those laws of nature. Education has therefore been converted into schooling. We separate kids from their home, we teach them skills and we replace personalization with authority, home bonding with cash rewards, and responsibility with disciplined socialization. Knowledge of nature therefore becomes a "source of power

¹Ibid., pp. 114-115.

over the world rather than due to the moral order of the cosmos."¹

Enclosures do not suddenly shift from one shape to another. Most often the change is a matter of adjustment. New values are added on from time to time, but they do not replace the old values. Rather, they shove them over and exist side by side in an often uneasy peace, but a peace nevertheless. The old metaphors are not forgotten, simply displaced.

At the Royal Hawaiian, those of the old families who still come to the hotel most often choose the sand area rather than the pool area. There is something about the uncomfortableness of the sand that enhances one's status whereas the nouveaux riches simply see the beach as an area for fun and frolic and do not have to suffer the indignities of sand in their hair and eyes to frolic. They therefore choose the pool area. The old money and the new money exist side by side but make their spaces different.

So too does this occur in our educational systems. We separate those who believe the arts are a way of understanding and treating the world from those who believe that the sciences are a way. The drive to create more and more technology becomes separate from the drive to innovate. We

¹Gibson Winter, "Community and Education", paper presented at Moral Values Conference, Quail's Roost Center, Durham, North Carolina, Spring, 1980.

treat technology as if it were exacting and art as if it were speculative, missing the chance that they may enhance each other's being, that both art and science depend upon speculative leaps into the unknown and the rigorous verification of those speculations. Werner Heisenberg, in speaking of quantum mechanics, states that "physics is neither a mere description of experimental facts nor something deducible from such a description; instead . . . the physical scientist only arrives at his theory by speculative means."¹ Physics, one of the most exacting of our physical sciences, is dependent upon philosophy for its inception. Similarly, art, one of the most philosophical of our systems of thought, is dependent upon rigorous verification for its completion. As Susanne Langer states, "Art is the creation of forms symbolic of human feeling."² Because the forms are symbolic, their power depends upon control, patterning, sequencing, appropriateness.

What happens in this uneasy peace of mixed metaphors existing side by side is that the enclosure ultimately selects itself. Enclosures are like buildings. When new ideas are admitted, they are simply added on like new wings, a Gothic structure here, a Renaissance revival there, so

¹Physics and Philosophy, p. 3.

²"Art as Symbolic Expression: From Feeling and Form," in Aesthetics, eds. George Dickie and Richard J. Sclafani (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1977), p. 158.

that ultimately, the enclosures and the values they house are no longer viable. So many things have been adjusted that they do not fit, become disorderly, and bog down. The function, both original and added to, becomes lost in the process. Instead of reexamining and revaluing what they stand for in light of the present, they surround themselves with mystery, with ritual, and with power so that the original purpose is lost within the purpose of perpetuating the system. The enclosure becomes a law unto itself. As Gibson Winter has pointed out, we maintain our nuclear weapons but no longer know why. There is no message any more, only the medium.¹

Art, originally intended as man's attempt to inquire into the meaning of the world, has evolved into art as things that hang on the walls of museums.² In this sense, art no longer functions as a method of inquiry. It is an object for adoration. We do not go to "The Night Watch" and wonder about the people of the drama company whose portraits are before us. Rather, the little girl has become the embodiment of a technique, the affirmation of Rembrandt's use of light. She and the others are no longer people who lived and moved and spoke. They are a Rembrandt hanging on a wall.

¹"Community and Education."

²Malraux, The Voices of Silence, p. 14.

Education as a soapbox for advancing political ideologies, an organization for socializing people into a culture, and a means for ensuring that the elite perpetuate themselves has subdivided itself into obsolescence. It is object, a stylized, captured version, existing without movement, of its own self. This view of education may be capable of explaining existing things to us, but it is incapable of creating new entities. Incapable of metamorphosizing, it becomes an imitation and, therefore, its own end, the last wall on the building.

The problem is not that there are containers nor even that there are multiple containers. The problem seems to lie in that too many containers cease to reveal and begin to conceal. They become just a place to go to, a shelter. They are the furnished souls in which the Cambridge Ladies live.

Perhaps we've spent so long separating out and gathering in possessions that we no longer know how to turn inside out, to free all that we are and were and interact with all that we might be. Henry Moore's sculpture is one way of turning boxes inside out. Moore creates large Stonehenge-like structures through which one can walk around and among, relating to the sculpture internally without being internally enclosed. There are no walls and doors, and yet, there is separation of inner space from outer space.

Alexander Calder's mobiles are another way of re-conceiving the universe. Calder takes cut-out metal shapes, arranges them in clusters and connects the clusters by thin wires in such a manner that he defines space without taking up space. The shimmering mechanical forms, because they are in constant motion, give us a sense of depth without solidity, shape without mass. Their movement is a function of the wind's movement and, at the same time, a function of their own construction. The question then becomes, is the mobile another form of the wind rearranged, or is the wind but a mechanical arrangement? Inner space and outer space are one and the same for Calder. To turn boxes inside out is to reconceive the universe.

To extend reality, therefore, requires a different perspective. In the Third World countries, we have attempted to give people instruments of modern technology and then we stand amazed that they do not themselves become modern. The problem is that "the instruments of modern science derive from its theory and require a comprehension of that theory for their correct manufacture or effective use."¹ One cannot make use of something without first grasping its mentality. To extend reality, therefore, requires a different way of thinking.

I once thought the solution was to go back to the

¹Heisenberg, Physics and Philosophy, p. 2.

original function. However, no matter how many annexes we tear down, the landscape has been changed by them and can never attain its original look. Because the past is always viewed from the present, it is colored by the way we see the present. We can never again view the past as it was viewed in the past. I can never see the Greek gods as Homer saw them because my God has enfolded them and admitted them into a world in a far different context than what Homer had in mind. Zeus and Apollo cannot live as separate entities for me because I have given them a different name and they are one. I cannot undo that knowing that they are one.

Even though it may be possible to speculate that there is a universal source, that the creative process in the human mind, the developmental process in organic nature, and the basic laws of the inorganic realm may be but variations on a universal formative process, looking for a single source is not what is lacking. Science can probably ultimately provide us with an answer to the structure of the universe. What is lacking is not the solution but, as Heisenberg states it, "a consciousness of the qualitative uniqueness of human life."¹ It is not the answer we search for but the context in which the answer may operate.

In short, we can not continue to fix up our enclosures, to add to them with single solutions. That will result in

¹Ibid., pp. 212-213.

obsolescence and concealment. Neither can we tear them down to what was originally intended. That is impossible. The solution may lie in-between, in discovering what is enduring, what lives and functions in spite of the linear, evolutionary time we keep inserting upon it.

Although "The Night Watch" has been reduced to Rembrandt upon the wall, it still lives and it brings a judgment on the quality of the world and the men of the world. What has endured is its ability to metamorphosize, to change, to remain in constant dialogue with succeeding generations. In this sense, what is qualitative within it endures and serves as future reflection for succeeding generations. Because it promotes change as a metamorphosis, a dialogue between what is and was, each time adds onto the other so that what evolves is not an elaborate structure of past added onto present but the underlying quality that runs through all past and present. In this sense, things are never lost, they just haven't re-emerged in a qualitative form. Dialogue means not that messages live on, but that we "bestow messages unknown."¹

To extend reality then is to examine the messages that are bestowed unknown. It is to examine both the enclosures we have erected as well as our method of erecting those enclosures with a view towards finding patterns of inter-relatedness.

¹Malraux, The Voices of Silence, p. 642.

For example, human beings grow quantitatively (in time and mass) and qualitatively (through refinement of functions). Not only does the past combine to form the present, but also, at each point in that past, the human being is a composite personality, influenced by his knowledge, feelings, behaviors, all operating in relationship to each other. Cognitive development proceeds from pre-operational to concrete thinking. Yet, cognitive growth is influenced by physical growth. Without the development of motor skills, we are unable to crawl, to walk, to come in contact with the variety of environments which surround us and, therefore, our understanding is limited to those few things with which we have come in contact. Likewise, cognitive growth is influenced by emotional growth. We need a sense of ourselves, a perspective on our feelings before we are ready to explore the source of those feelings. Thus, not only is growth continuous and sequential, it is also multidimensional. Its development cannot be charted on a line because, if it is, we lose that multidimensional quality. Because we are human beings who develop in response to individual needs as well as to the world and people around us, to examine that human is to examine intersections, patterns of construction making visible that which is concealed. It is to ask where does subject meet object and environment meet person, where does art influence science and science influence art, where does the past become a

reflection for the future and the future become a source for continuing in the present? The question is, where does the warp join the woof and how does it become stronger for that joining?

To examine metaphors from such a perspective requires one's presence. It requires the realization that the individual human is the context through which the metaphor operates, that man is the network through which the symbols find meaning. The story of the metaphor is not told until the individual adds to that story, until he enters his life into the life of the metaphor, until he allows it to have meaning through him.

To conceive of disciplines then as metaphor is to inquire into our reactions to the universe through aesthetic awareness. By examining the structures we have imposed on reality, we are examining who we are. In this sense, we are conceiving of the individual life itself as metaphor, a constant cumulative choice. Man as a participant in metamorphosis, returns the forms of the past to life. He opens himself to being aestheticized rather than anaesthetized. He also rattles around like a fragment of angry candy.

The following is a participation in metamorphosis. The enclosures I use to tell my stories are mythical. They are the settings in which I have lived. At the same time, they are figments of my imagination. The actual setting itself has been interpreted and reconstructed because it has been

reflected through the lens of my enclosure, my experience of being in the world. My purpose is neither to set up a program nor a utopia. It is merely to clarify my priorities and directions, to find new ways of looking at the programs we have by examining the patterns they make. To look at those patterns is to look at the diagonals, those things which build bridges between the diverse selves of this world and the diverse ideas which we call our systems of knowledge and learning. It is also to ask what those patterns have to say about our gathering new patterns for living.

Patterns of Naming

Metaphors then are hinges, holding us together in a tenuous world. Linking the two separate sides of our thought, "which yet . . . may communicate the one with the other,"¹ the metaphor brings together man as inquirer and the world as that into which we inquire. Because the metaphor is the bridge, the diagonal, its essence is not to be found in substance. Remove a hinge from a door and it is but a circular piece of metal. As Cassirer explains, a metaphor isn't a copy of the world but a way of looking at the world. Words have no meaning except the meaning we give them. Reality cannot be found in the

¹Elizabeth Sewell, To Be a True Poem (Winston-Salem, N.C.: Hunter Publishing Company, 1979), p. 17.

substance of "'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves / Did gyre and gimble in the wabe."¹ It is rather found in the connections we make of them. In this sense, each metaphor is but a "different indication of reality and the only difference between them is that their indications possess a different value, a different theoretical significance, and mode of universality."²

So it is not substance we are looking for but relationship, the way things function. If we take a hinge and place it on a door, then it is the pivot point through which and by which our lives find passage. This movement, this ability to give passage is the essence of the metaphor.

The function of the metaphor then is to act as a hinge, to hold dialectics in place. Its inception is based upon both intuition and logic. As a writer, I do not suddenly pluck words out of the air. Each word I choose has its own history of connections which I must intuitively hold in place. As Steven Pepper explains, each word is but an end point in a strand and therefore it can evoke many meanings. Thus, we choose those words intuitively, but, at the same time, we logically organize them, deciding where each strand fits into the meaning, considering chronology, juxtaposition,

¹Lewis Carroll, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass (London: J.M. Dent & Sons, 1954), p. 129.

²Cassirer, Philosophy of Symbolic Forms, pp. 20-32.

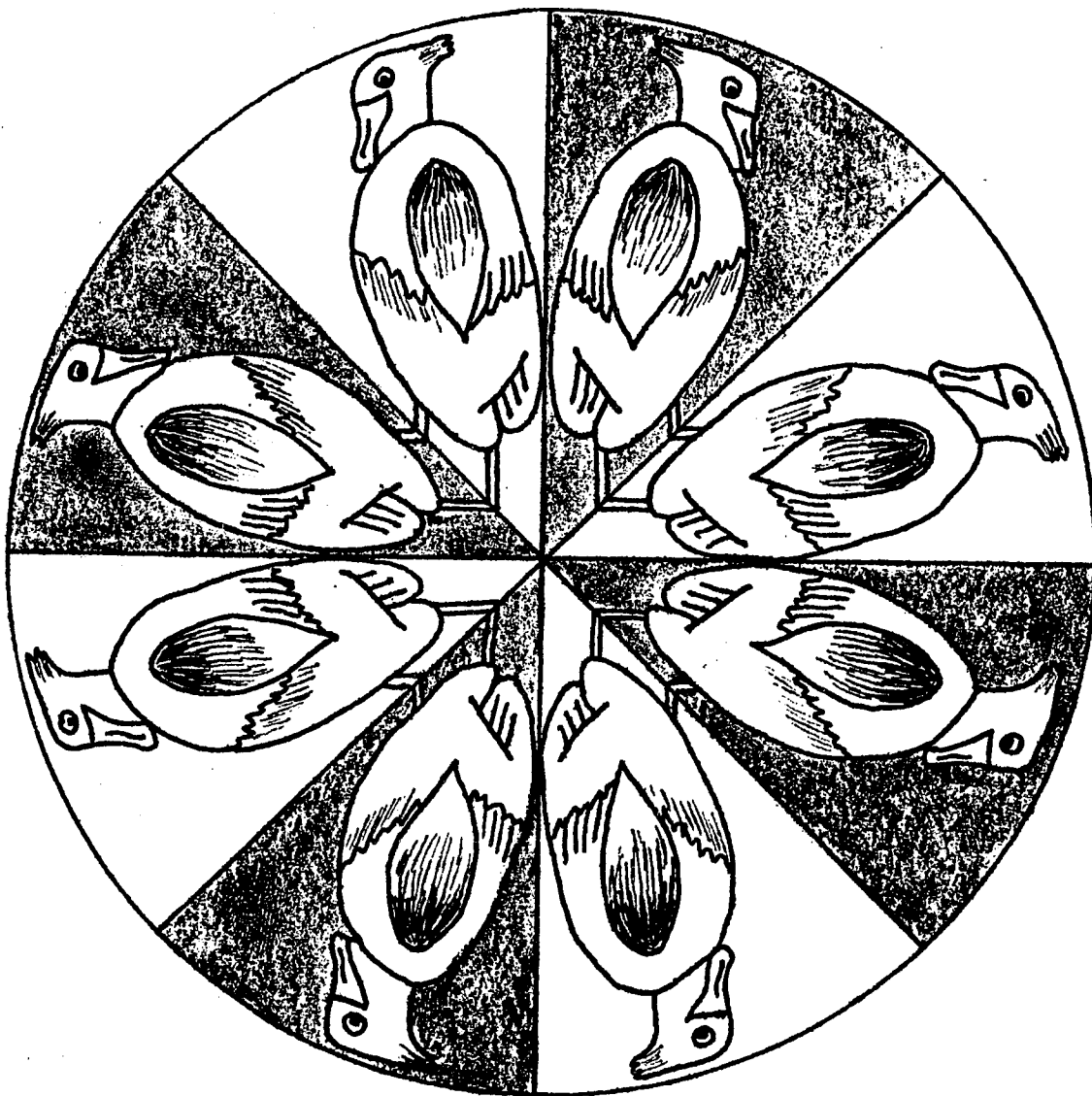
fatness balanced against lean.¹ The power to communicate is dependent upon harmony and contrast; that it supply us with confirmation, i.e., communicate, and, at the same time, give to that communication elaboration, i.e., that it remain ambiguous, like the firefly at night whose presence we know and yet that knowing is only temporary, for on the morning it will be a small brown bug chained by gravity to the grass, bushes, and trees.

The metaphor itself is but indicative of the texture of life with its complements and contradictions, its independence and interdependence, its search for differentiation and unity, its world in which opposites are constantly pulling at us. Man, set free in a world that makes it impossible for him to ever fully realize that freedom depends upon the flexibility and resilience of the metaphors to resolve his dilemma. It is not that he learns to choose one over the other, for the system admits both, but that he learns to resolve one with another. In that function he not only confirms his life but elaborates on it, gives it depth and breadth.

The following then are dialectics upon which metaphors are based. The important thing is not what they have to say about themselves, what kind of bridge they are. An art

¹Steven Pepper, Aesthetic Quality (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937), pp. 118-120.

object itself holds no special power. It cannot make us see things; it can only provide opportunities that we might see things. A book cannot make us read; it can only provide material through which we might learn to read. A metaphor cannot force us to choose; it can only provide opportunities that we might choose. Like the hinge on the door, it opens only if the human being engages that hinge.



Diagonals

At the same time we name the metaphor, it names us.

A goose-eyed dragon raised its head the other day. It was startled by my presence. Its eyes were wide, in awe of the world, as if astonished by everything. It did not seem strange that I met this dragon even though I knew evolution had killed them all.

Adolescence is a time of becoming and holding on. Not yet allowed to participate in autonomous decisions, we hold on to the comfort of our fairy tales. There is a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow. At the same time, rainbows are only refractions of light and we make our own pots of gold. In adolescence, we test all that has gone before against predictions of what will in the future be. Thus, at any moment, we are able to operate both intuitively and logically. We are imaginative beings who reach out to name the world through metaphors and color that naming with the logic and rationale of all that we encounter. In an attempt to singularly explain the world, to put our hand on ordering it, we also name ourselves. In asserting our humanness, we are made to identify who we are in relation to the world.

Kant has explained this process by saying the world is both that which is created (the stuff of the universe) and that which we create (the intuitions, the examinations, the critical evaluations we bring to this stuff in an attempt

to become one with its substance).¹ We go to meet the world and seek to understand its meaning. Because we are Plato's man in the cave, we do not understand what reality is. What is a fish? It is an object to be labeled and categorized and that is the end of that? Or does it have meaning beyond that reduced definition? Can within it be found the laws of harmony and the nature of the universe? These are possibilities for what that object called fish means. No matter how we choose to interpret it, to make sense out of it, to create some order, some semblance, we, in choosing to interpret it, are giving it a name. Thus, the world is both what it is (objective) and, because we choose what to look at and how to look at it, the world is also what we make of it (subjective).

In this sense, both the objects of the world and we as choosing beings in that world come into being. When we choose to name the world through a metaphor, then that metaphor is colored by all that we are and were, by our past experiences, our social circumstances, and our genetic distribution which precedes any of these. The happenings, the surroundings of my life, come to me and I filter them through my own set of circumstances, the social class in which I live, the things I have encountered previously.

¹Immanuel Kant, "A Theory of Aesthetic Judgment: From The Critique of Judgment," in Aesthetics, eds. George Dickie and Richard J. Sclafani (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1977), pp. 660-661.

Each new piece of information is somehow stored in the brain and I build up a hierarchy of what I think. Thus, each new piece of information changes not only the structure of that thinking but its attitude as well.¹ My choosing is both a fact about reality and a fact about myself, about how I perceive reality. The rightness or wrongness can't be established. All that can be established is whether my fact is someone else's fact.² Thus, in our effort to comprehend, to add to our consciousness, that consciousness has come into being. Man separated from the animals by his ability to think and know, fulfills his role of being human in his attempt to think and know. He is neither the source nor the observer. He is the "measure of all things."³

René Dubos in A God Within explains this process by saying that what we become is determined by the quality of our experiences while, at the same time, we operate on the world and reflect on it the quality of our vision. In this sense man is both independent/interdependent. He is a choosing being, directing the spirit within and, at the same time, he seeks within that choosing to be in harmony

¹Harold Rugg, Imagination (New York: Harper & Row, 1963), p. 53.

²Michael Polanyi, Personal Knowledge (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1958), p. 305.

³Robert M. Prisig, Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1974; Bantam Books, 1975), p. 368.

with the universal laws that operate within all our lives.¹

This business of education then is not communication in the sense of presenting objects which are stylized, captured versions of life, displayed in a textbook for edification. If communication is our only objective, this assumes, like Plato, that there is an ideal form of reality, that the objects and situations of the world only imitate this reality, and that man can only imitate or translate the imitation. In other words, God created tables, lamps, and chairs and it is our business to find out what he meant by those tables, lamps, and chairs; that is, man can only use those tables, lamps, and chairs. He cannot improve upon them, improvise upon them, nor reconstruct them. In this sense, there is no bridge, no way to work ourselves into the pattern. Perhaps ultimately we would be able to use the objects of the world to explain existing things, but never would we be able to create new entities. Life would be a closed system, feeding upon itself, pushing and shoving, so that, ultimately, we would use all the blues and yellows, all the hues, never realizing that blue can be added to yellow and we get a new entity, green. Life is not imitation. It is imagination. We name the world and it names us.

¹René J. Dubos, A God Within (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1972), pp. 43-44.

At the same time the metaphor is permanent, it is also ever subject to change.

His search had been for imagination, he said, to sail in and out of years and over days and at the end of his sailing to say he had seen the world in a grain of mustard seed. But the voices spoke, you are not yet ready. You must be tested and proven worthy. And so, he was put in the Waiting Room, a place apart, a holding room for baggage.

This setting called school is our gymnasium, the enclosure in which we stretch our capacities, flex our abilities, and give our performances. The question is, is this a rehearsal or a performance. To conceive of school as rehearsal is to conceive of one kind of metaphor: knowledge is automated, there is order, the disciplines are separate, children are dealt with in groups and in logical order. In the Waiting Room, school is rehearsal. Children are but "markers in the presentation of an idea."¹

There was no name on the door, just the number 311. The radiators creaked and never seemed to heat up until 2:30. The long row of windows had been painted so many times that they would no longer open, trapping on the other side of their glass the cherry blossoms that would brush by in the spring. Within the confines of these four walls were chairs and desks from school surplus, each of a different design, each with a different degree of discomfort. Into this ageing and perhaps no longer relevant place entered thirty-five boys and girls each day to spend a great deal of their lives and to form a great many of the ideas that would shape their lives in the future.

Do we assimilate or do we choose is the question. Are adolescents forced into tracts that will soon be obsolete,

¹Didion, The White Album, p. 120.

groomed for a kind and level of consumption, bombarded with material that is something apart from life rather than something integral to life? Does transmitting the curriculum become more important than promoting the student's growth and development? Are we stuck in this Waiting Room, this imperfect perfect processing, where everything runs smoothly because there is no human factor? Or, is there a way to open the windows, to invite exploration, to conceive of rehearsal as performance? Can we conceive of school as part of life rather than what prepares us for life?

Alfred North Whitehead in his work Process and Reality answered these questions by stating that the world is ever open to change. It is new each moment. At the same time, the new derives its rightness from its inheritance. According to Whitehead, life flows around us at all times, both those forces we attend to and those that we don't. Just because we don't notice the colors of the sunset doesn't mean that they aren't there. It means our consciousness hasn't inserted order onto that flux. When we do insert order, what we are doing is choosing out of the sensations that surround us. We attend to some things, give them a name, a meaning, and they become permanent. However, this permanence is ever open to change, to escaping back into the flux. Because those other forces, as yet unnamed, still exist, they are the possibilities for our future ordering and thus change of that which we now consider permanent.

The world is ever permanent and, at the same time, subject to change.¹

A child looks at a coloring book and knows the color yellow. But, the yellow of the coloring book is not the yellow of the yellow brick road, nor the yellow of the "Tiger, tiger burning bright / In the forests of the night,"² nor even the yellow of the lights on the Christmas tree. He has snatched yellow out of the flux of sensation that meets him every day and given it a permanent name, but that permanence is ever subject to future reflection such as the magic that he will come to know when the Wizard of Oz enters his life and yellow stands against a brick road.

To participate in permanence and flux is to realize that the rehearsal is the performance, that living calls for comment, for rationalization, for re-construction and re-organization. If the new is to derive its rightness from its inheritance, then patterns must be woven, things that exist but haven't yet been called into consciousness must be rediscovered, and understanding must be redefined to include reaching out and forming such relationships. If there is action and participation, then life flows not only around but also through.

¹Alfred North Whitehead, Process and Reality (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1929; The Humanities Press, 1957), pp. 512-513.

²William Blake, "The Tyger," in The Poems of William Blake, ed. W. H. Stevenson, text by David V. Erdman (London: Longman Group Ltd., 1977), lines 1-2, p. 156.

To look at schools from such a perspective is to think of them in terms of processes rather than products. It is not enough to catalogue existing school practices and then draw parallel lines to hoped-for new orders. Both must go forth to meet each other. Theory must be willing to undergo practice, knowing that in the process it will be modified, and practice must subject itself to re-evaluation, knowing that only those elements which have quality will survive. Somehow, the conclusions I have managed to wrestle forth must be brought to bear on the real life practice of a school situation in such a way that the vividness inherent in the ideas and the school situation live on.

It is in this reaching out to one another that a pattern is woven. The warp and the woof have integrity because of the way they stand together at the moment, but they also have timelessness because they are a point of departure for the weaving of future patterns. Because the pattern is open-ended, designed so that many other viewpoints may work themselves in, the total picture will ultimately be one of many interpretations, each expanding, exploring, redefining the other. Within the context of the present, we form the future. The rehearsal is the performance.

At worst, the Waiting Room can be a place for baggage in limbo. At best, it can be a small place in a small society where people encounter people and in that encounter

add unto each other's lives.

At the same time the metaphor makes the strange familiar, it makes the familiar strange.

Now in this land, the air was drowsy with the murmur of bees and helicopters, and life flowed around but never through. And yet, if one listened, he could hear in the distance the mynah bird and its piercing call to Attention! Attention!

Someone once said that our lives are so prepackaged that we no longer have to get homesick. How we assemble, how we move, how we meet each other, how we live our lives and in what buildings we live those lives have, to a great extent, become preprogrammed and lead to what Christopher Lasch describes in The Culture of Narcissism¹ as unreflecting egoism. So overwhelmed by our powerlessness, we surround ourselves with counselors, psychologists, and consultants, so that not only do we buy a correct set of behaviors from them, but also we buy from them our fashions, make-up, even our mode of employment. Because of this collective narcissism, we have come to fear others who do not conform. Their achievements threaten; their failures extend our superiority. Unable to make meaning for ourselves, we hide behind anxious preoccupation. Such is the substance of self-consciousness described by Lasch. Pursuing such a life is, as Kierkegaard said, like reading a book during the

¹(New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1979.)

afternoon nap.¹ It calls for no comment, no action, no thought. We are but lulled by the murmur of bees and helicopters.

And yet, in the background there is a mynah bird and his incessant call to attention, attention, is discordant, disruptive.

On the island of Maui in the Hawaiian chain rises a gigantic crater called Haleakala. Rising more than 10,000 feet above sea level, and extending for more than seven miles, the terrain is barren and void of life forms except for a single plant called the silversword. This plant, its beauty awesome against the starkness of the red clay and black molten lava, is found only on these slopes of Haleakala. Its blossoms come into being only once every seven years, as if it were taking that long to physically draw sustenance from this barren ground. To contemplate the moment of blooming is to lose one's self in a timeless realm. Although the body grows older and the cells continue to die, the senses are no longer locked in that dimension. They are one with the sounds, smells, and sights of the crater called Haleakala and they have looked on it with new eyes.

Somehow the beauty of the silversword does not belong on the barren slopes of Haleakala. The unconscious can't

¹Quoted in Rollo May, The Courage to Create (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1975; Bantam Books, 1976), p. 101.

assimilate that conscious seeing. Somehow it does not fit. A sense of order is destroyed. My sense of what I am and what the world is have become threatened. The forms that have so far been my guide are no longer valid and I must now seek other guides. These guides are ones which admit the beauty of the silversword on a barren slope, which tell us that life is contained in death and death in life, that fire belongs to ice as ice belongs to fire. In this place where contradictions are allowed to exist, that which was strange, the silversword, is now familiar, and that which was familiar, my life, is now strange.

Picasso has described this metaphorical process in terms of art works. He says that "Art is a lie that makes us realize the truth."¹ It is the window into other ways of thinking. Jackson Pollock takes dabs of paint and drops them one by one onto a canvas, creating an overlapping web of surfaces. This painting has nothing to do with my time nor my space. It is a lie, something that hangs on the walls of a museum simply because someone forgot to take it down. And yet, Pollock's work is not a lie. Within the overlapping of webs is a pattern, an archaeological configuration. Each layer records a time lapse. Each swirl, compact and dense, records an energy which is restless, trapped. The resulting feeling is that there is a pattern

¹Quoted in Robert M. Platt, The I-Opener (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1976), p. 190.

to this compounded complexity. Void of object and people, Pollock's paintings deal with the residue of those people, the statistical pattern of the way things move. The recognition is that reality is no longer about people but about the statistics they make, the numbers they add up to, and the government programs that are based upon those figures. Because Pollock calls our attention, at first through rage, perhaps, he gives us new constructs, new consciousnesses to consider. He renders the commonplace visible by showing it in an unfamiliar light. Because of his metaphor, routine associations are broken and novel, astonishing ones are put in their place. Pollock gives us a new language, a new image to compare with our own ideas and in whose terms we may judge our own lives. We are no longer consumers, selecting among moral styles, but people creating values of our own.

The experience of the silversword is a transcendent one, but is not an end unto itself. It is, rather, the means whereby we evaluate and attempt to rectify the everyday occurrences of our lives. At the same time we seek to transcend the world, it is always to the lived situation that that transcendence refers. To climb Mt. Haleakala and see the silversword bloom against the barrenness of the red clay is to contemplate the promise that man holds in this often hostile environment called earth.

The problem with seeing the strange as familiar and

the familiar as strange is that we are stuck in our single tracks. A man-centered world has been replaced by a technology-centered one. Each thus goes its own way, man never realizing that technology has the power to bring grace to his life, and technology never acknowledging that it is the human imagination that enables us to construct new ways of living. As a result of this separation, our educational systems have also become fragmented. Days are divided into specific periods. Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet is sifted out for its theme, plot, characterization, and was Shakespeare really Shakespeare. Curricular attempts at reintegration seem to have fallen short of the task. CEMREL has developed a program that uses art as the basic curriculum.¹ CEMREL's program studies several disciplines by focusing on the artistic elements inherent within them. However, it does not take into account the social and political milieu in which the disciplines were formed. USMES has developed a program that integrates science and mathematics by focusing on practical solutions to everyday problems.² Excluded, however, is the use of imaginative play around problems that do not exist. Even the program as described in Elaine

¹Stanley S. Madeja and Shelia Onuska, Through the Arts to the Aesthetic: The CEMREL Aesthetic Education Curriculum (St. Louis, Missouri: CEMREL, 1977).

²"USMES, A Step Toward an Integrated Curriculum," Learning 2 (January, 1974).

Flory Fisher's Aesthetic Awareness and the Child¹ seems fragmented. Fisher uses as her basis a metaphor such as light and explores it through all the disciplines. This, however, makes light, or the particular metaphor, more important than the medium in which it is encased. Because each is a specific plan, it is but a fragment of all possible plans. Believing things can not exist of their own free will, we make plans for them so that not only are each of these modes inclusive, each is imposed from outside. It is as if we English teachers have already finished Romeo and Juliet and have now packaged it and are presenting it for digestion. However, the gift of knowing is something that comes from within. It is man's conscious effort to make sense out of the world. Thus, technique alone will not do because such technique ignores man as spirit, that irrational, intuitive being who is able to hold knowledge in perspective.

All of this is not to say throw technique away. It is the computer that saves us hours in programming. It is the teacher how-to manual that gives us a focus for our ideas, that gives us something to interact with. It is rather to say, put technique in its place. Take those identified elements and use them so that they work for us. If we look at

¹(Itasca, Illinois: F.E. Peacock Publishers, 1978.)

a painting by Georges Seurat, his technique of pointillisme is fascinating. To put a tiny dot of blue against a tiny dot of green and achieve an overall effect of shading is awesome. If we become stuck in those dots, however, we miss the serenity of "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte." We never get beyond the time of the object to moving to the time of being on a river bank on a Sunday afternoon in the 1800's. Always technique must stand in relation to the lived situation. With each reading there is a new Romeo and Juliet because with each reading we are a new person.

As Herbert Read has pointed out, somehow we have lost our perceptive ability. We use our eyes to read, walk, get from here to there, but not to visually explore the world, to see patterns in the snow, to contemplate essences.¹ Somehow, we fail to look at Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet from the sociology of suicide, the psychology of the adolescent, the historical perspective of the science of herbs, the mathematics of probability (two opposing forces, two complementary forces, and one outside force). We look at things intact but somehow we forget to view them in relation to one another. We call on science to solve pollution when pollution is related to sociology, economy, and politics.

¹Herbert Read, The Form of Things Unknown (New York: Horizon Press, 1960), p. 46.

We are Col. Deja on Huxley's Island,¹ protecting our single modes of thought. The artist demands ambiguity. The scientist demands accountability. Unable to perceive of art reaching out to science or of science contemplating art, we focus on only half of the world, our own half. We are unable to hear the mynah bird call attention, unable to respond precisely to whatever life has to offer.

The question then is how do we regain our perceptive ability. How do we call for the transcendent moment in which the familiar becomes strange and the strange familiar, and how do we then use that knowledge to enhance our future knowing?

And so, on a warm spring afternoon, he went to the Academy of Sciences. He saw the fish and the birds and the Progress of Man rooms and he asked again what Kant meant when he said, "There are two things worth noting in this universe / Both the starry heavens above and the moral law within."

Kant spoke those words above long ago in a forgotten context and yet they have been preserved, enmeshed in brass over the door of the Academy of Sciences Museum in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. These words are no transitory slogan, put there to catch one's attention. Rather, they are a deep commitment, a moral imperative. Their message is do not dissect, sterilize, reduce nature, but stand in awe of it, seek harmony with its brilliance, and learn from

(London: Chatto & Windus, 1962.)

its ways.

In the Kantian sense, each symbol structure has its own form. Numbers do not take on a new meaning in a poem because they belong to a mathematical symbol system. Musical notation in the midst of a chemical formula would be meaningless. Symbols themselves are not transferable from one system to another. They communicate precisely because they remain within their own system and because they conform to their own inherent laws.

However, at the same time that each discipline has its own symbol structure, the things that symbols do are transferable from one system to another. Symbols set up relationships by drawing attention to stress, intensity, and spread. These ways of ordering repeat themselves in more than one aspect of our lives. While a musical note makes little sense in a written composition, the musical ideas of alliteration, onomatopoeia, glide, staccato are all part of the word structures we call poems. "He gives his harness bells a shake / To ask if there's been some mistake / The only other sound's the sweep / Of easy wind and downy flake."¹ It is possible to take these lines by Frost and convert them into a picture, a musical composition, or a mathematical formula. The cadence is the same in all four. It plods along, has no conclusion, but has multiple repercussions.

¹Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," in The Poetry of Robert Frost, lines 9-12, p. 224.

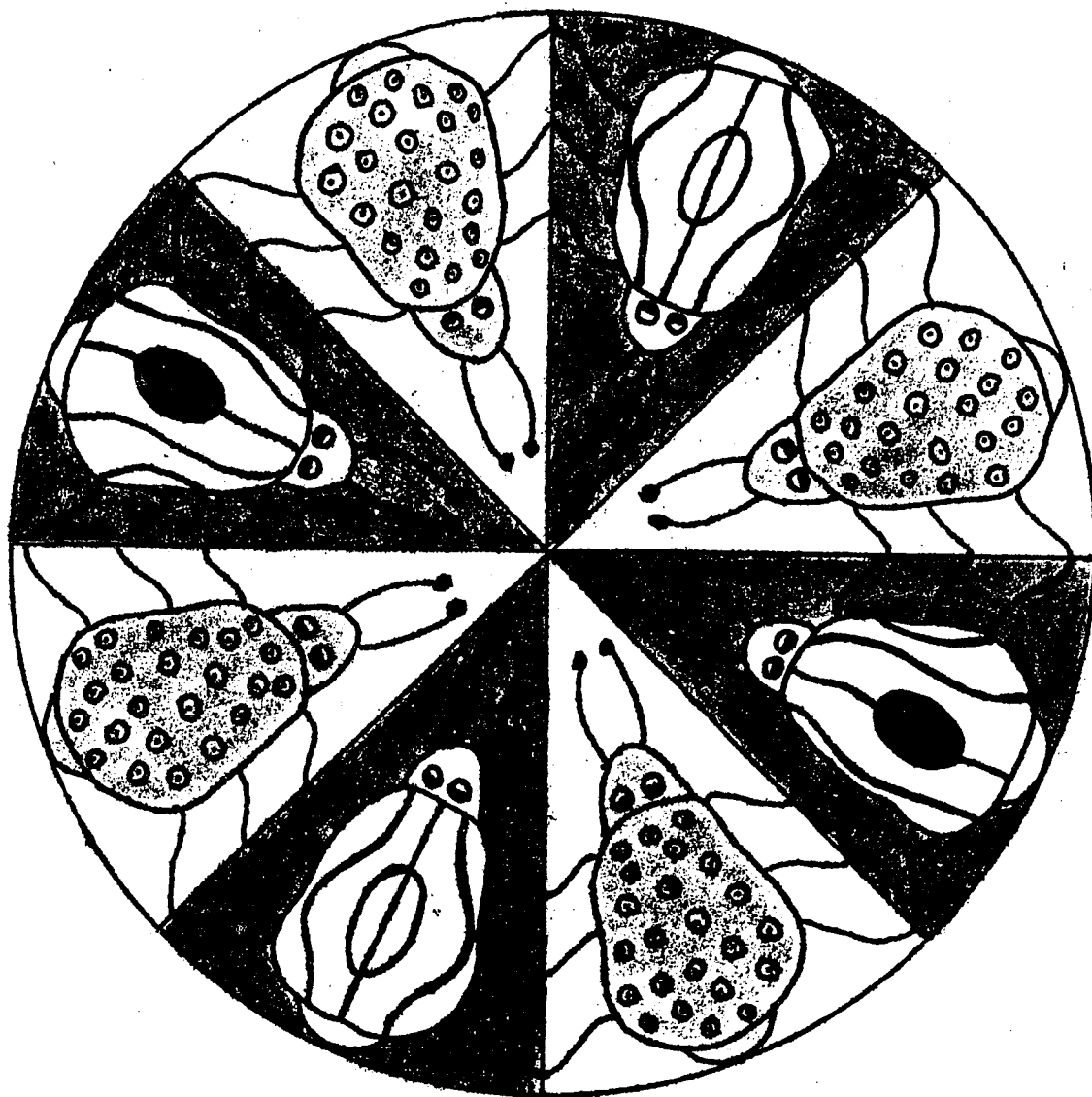
There seems to be a universal which overrides all forms. Perhaps that universal is man himself. If each symbol system is but a human construct, man's attempt to name himself and his world, then it is in this reaching out to join object, nature, and human spirit that man creates new frames of reference. He brings forth new possibilities, both for himself, and for the world from which all selves stem. He fulfills that moral law within.

To evoke that universal, to learn from its ways is, therefore, to stand in relationship to it. It is to transpose onto our way of looking other ways of looking. It is to take gross anatomy, dissection, cross section, and look at art. It is to take color, line, and form and look at science. It is to paint big when we want to stay within the lines, and it is to pull in the reins when we want to go flying through the woods. It is to make the strange familiar and the familiar strange.

Such a relationship is the relationship of diagonals. To hear the distant sounds of two different melodies, played simultaneously, in opposition to each other, is to be nourished by a harmony in their tension. It is to be an individual in a present time frame and one of men, in harmony with the history of other men. It is to be an artist-scientist, acknowledging that while our apprehension depends upon intuition and feeling, it is cognitive knowledge which gives those feelings structure, which demands a critical

examination and evaluation. It is not so much that the metaphor enables us to come in touch with something out there as it is that it enables us to become conscious of the moral law that exists in the fabric of us all, the eternal circle of which we are one.

The world is in a grain of mustard seed, if we but engage the hinge. Imagination dwells within.



CHAPTER VI
CONFIGURATIONS OF LEARNING

Voices

To look at any thing
If you would know that thing,
You must look at it long;
To look at this green and say
'I have seen spring in these
Woods,' will not do--you must
Be the thing you see;
You must be the dark snakes of
Stems and ferny plumes of leaves,
You must enter in
To the small silences between
The leaves,
You must take your time
And touch the very peace
They issue from.

John Moffitt, "To Look At Any Thing"¹

Our lives respond to many voices, both inward and outward. The spoken voice is sent forth so that others may understand. The imaginative voice takes within so that we may understand. Some voices seek to communicate, to establish order. Some seek to express, to open feelings. And, there are voices which seek none of the above; they are simply spoken out of habit. As Irwin Edman points out, each voice is a strand, a thread of thought and carries

¹Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle, comp. Stephen Cuning, Edward Lueders, and Hugh Smith (New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., 1967), p. 21.

within it, its own context, its own sum of histories.¹ These voices, as well as their textures, are the means whereby we learn. To understand them it is not possible to untwist single threads of thought, to trace where they lead in isolation, because they do not function in isolation. As Polanyi has pointed out, looking at bricks in a building is not the same thing as perceiving the building.² A melody is more than four notes played on a piano, and a design is more than the single threads of that design. It is the inner-connectedness of notes that creates the melody, the threads placed in relationship to each other that create the design.

A jigsaw puzzle sits on the table. One thousand pieces are scattered between the sand and coffee cups. The design is a mosaic, one of those without association. Nancy is a cause-and-effect person. She works on the border first. Keith, her son, begins with an identifiable piece and works his way out. Craig, who can't seem to sustain a single thought for more than five seconds, sits on the floor, separating pieces according to color. Mary Margaret, however, will have nothing to do with the whole thing. Perhaps she knows that, when finally completed, it will simply be shellacked and put away on the shelf, on top of last year's

¹Arts and the Man (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1928), p. 62.

²The Tacit Dimension, p. 35.

seascape, awaiting next year's monochrome.

Because learning is an active verb, something that humans do, not something that is done to them, learning is a divergent process. We go out to meet the world and we interpret each set of experiences in accordance with our unique past history of experiences, our particular vantage point of the moment and our own will to be.

Because these variables are unique to the individual, we have different ways of going about things. We attack puzzles differently, we perceive buildings differently, and we respond to voices differently. Because learning embraces many styles, many ways of knowing, both within the individual and from individual to individual, learning can't be confined to any one style, any one way of knowing. Right-left brain studies which attempt to pinpoint the physical location of our mental activities separate the physical from the mental and, at the same time, use left-brain methods to study right-brain functions. Whatever conclusions therefore are drawn are simply not applicable. Thus, convergent learning, divergent learning, imitation, emotion, logic, intuition, the you that speaks, the I that listens, the me that functions through habit, they are all part of the learning process. To look at them is not to trace them out to cause and effect, to input and output, or to physical/mental dichotomies. They are all a piece of it. To know them, we must look at their innerconnectedness, the

combinations they make, the pacing and interval, the intensity and spread, how they stand one against another. To know a thing, we must look at the small silences between the leaves.

Knowledge then in the aesthetic sense is not absolute but relative to time, place, and human intentions. Its edges are not hard but soft, malleable, bending, and permeable. Like the marble that stains, the crystal that admits light, and the transit of Venus that sifts across our system, so too do our lives intersect and blend, one with another, and one with the universe from which we stem. This method of blending, yet still retaining integrity, the I joining the me, the you, and the Thou is what we call learning. Both incomplete and incompletable, it is but a process in which we go out to form relationships and get into configurations.

The Soliloquy

Learning begins with the single isolated strand of the I, the person in the process of coming to know. Because truth isn't something out there but something we construct through interpreting experience, coming to know is a personal thing. "What [man] . . . inquires into is not the nature of the physical world but the nature of our reactions to it."¹ We bring to every situation our own biography,

¹E.H. Gombrich, quoted in Sewell, The Human Metaphor, p. 67.

our own cognitive style, our own agenda and method of clarifying that agenda. Then we filter every experience through that being so that ultimately, "the knower can't be separated from the known."¹

So, the I joins the me, what other people shape us as, and the first knot is tied in the design. We interpret life in terms of what has been, the time and situation of our past, the communal and social framework out of which we come. Reading words is not just words, but knowing words from experience, from historical, social contexts. The stored experiences of the past shape the way we think. At the same time, we interpret in terms of what is to come, inferring a future from these stored experiences as well as from our own being, our own desires. Our nature and history are both the way and the why we communicate with the world.

The I and the me are opposing forces on either side of the diagonal. They are the positive and negative changes. In their tension, they create a harmony. To favor one over another is to lose that balance, to live one's life in the prologue. The I, unable to look critically at the me, what other people shape us as, turns into a cliché, a chosen being rather than a choosing being, one who depends upon social formulae to direct their lives. Joan Didion explains the Women's Movement in these terms. She says the movement

¹Polanyi, Personal Knowledge, p. 299.

is simply a made-up Marxian social class. Its function is not to bring self-reliance to women but to be a platform, a cause behind which women can live. By reducing woman to everywoman, failure or success belongs to the movement, not to the individual woman.¹ We are human beings first. The categories may overlap but they are not the same.

At the same time, the I, unable to admit the me, unable to see other objects as connected with who we are, retreats further and further into personalism, the power of war, the glory of destruction. Continually seeking self-gratification, imposing his will on the wills of others, the I spends his whole life clarifying values rather than using values to clarify his life. He is Nathan in William Styron's Sophie's Choice.² Born into a world he did not make and certainly did not like, he becomes so wrapped up in introspection, in feeling and experiencing the moment, that he never has time to grow, to develop.

The I and the me are opposing forces on either side of the diagonal. They are both necessary to ensure that "the freedom of the subjective person to do as he pleases is over-ruled by the freedom of the responsible person to act as he must."³

¹Didion, The White Album, pp. 109-118.

²New York: Random House, 1979.

³Polanyi, Personal Knowledge, p. 309.

Learning then begins with the I, not yet aware that the universe is something more than itself and not yet acknowledging the debt that will be owed others. Within this prelude, the I is joined by the me, the social, cultural, and familiar voices of the past. Ideas are given free reign. They move from the complex to the disjointed, not sequentially, but spiraling, bending upon one another, seeking wholes where there were only fragmented parts, intuitively rehearsing what is to be said. In this prelude, the composite I reorders and reconstructs until the ideas come to life and demand to be said. The I/me is Michelangelo's David, waiting in the stone to be born. The soliloquy is the first step in freeing that David.

The Dialogue

Then there is speech, an acknowledgment that this world is a shared world, that there are many voices which help us clarify our existence. Within this realm, messages are continually sent forth, brought back, re-perceived, and then sent forth again in a series of thrusts and counter-thrusts. The independent strands separate, the shuttle moves in and out, the loom tightens, and a pattern of interdependence is woven.

Dialogue begins with the you, the experiences and people of our lives. The pragmatists' knowledge of the past, because it has shaped our way of seeing, and the

empirical experiences of the present, because they are the experiences out of which we choose, are those things we react to and interact with. They, and the people who speak of them, are the data which shape our lives.

At the same time the data shape our lives, we take the data within to validate them by re-interpreting them in light of our intentionality. It is here that the intuition comes into play. The intuition is our ground, the basis on which we judge the parts and their effectiveness. It is that which enables us to complete $\Gamma + \Gamma + \sqcup = ?$ It is not trial and error that allow us to complete equations but rather our knowing which is the trial and which the error. Within this process, data come in, a shape here, a sound there, and the imagination builds onto these images, forming them, as Rugg indicates, into a hierarchical arrangement, taking into account that each perception brings with it its own history, its own feeling, until an idea is re-perceived and sent back in a new form and the process begins again.¹ With no real beginning or end, we move outward to experience and inward to understand that experience in a continual process of clarification and discrimination, tension and balance.

Because thinking and learning are dependent upon both objective reflection and subjective decision, the I/you

¹Rugg, Imagination, p. 37.

relationship is a complementary/contradictory one. The you complements the I in that it brings new perspectives and new materials for insight. At the same time, the you is always at odds with the I, not only because what the you says is not always what the I hears, but also because what the I is must continually be open to what the you thinks it might be.

The I and you are separate metaphors. They are day and night, each contained within itself, still, unproposing carrying within them their own set of operations, their own feelings and beings. In their effort to communicate, identity is continually lost and regained, lost and regained, each adding to the other, each embracing the other, until, just before dawn when neither dark nor light holds court, the I and you open themselves to new colors, new possibilities, new images. They "mutually confirm each other's being."¹

Dialogue then is the bridge which connects the you to the I, which weds the personal to the universal. Through the continual process of working out, mutually establishing relationships between things and persons, truths and meanings, it invisibly bonds us one to another. Its tension draws us into the situation, forces us to make our own judgments, and also bonds the separate elements together into a stronger, more resilient composition. Imagination is

¹Hill, Education and the Endangered Individual, p. 195.

its support, that which allows us to work ourselves in and out, to perceive wholistically, to keep the balance between intensity and spread. Because dialogue is a bridge, both the world and ourselves are transformed by this interaction so that "the many are fused, merged, absorbed into the one, and the one irradiates in the many."¹

Ultimately I/you becomes I/Thou, one voice, one point of intersection. It is as if we have seen Michelangelo's David for the first time, the crystalized marble, the light reflecting off the planes and angles of the face, the muscles standing out in relief, and we have lent that David our lives, our feelings, our being. The air blows coolly on our backs, our legs are frozen in anticipation, we hear the sounds of the crowd, we are ready to fight Goliath and we know why we fight that Goliath. Because we have engaged the metaphor, we have transcended the normal images of our lives and are able to see anew what those lives are. The quality of the David has contradicted our pedestrian images and, at the same time, called out to, or complemented, those forces within us that are striving to be like that David. In acknowledging a Thou, we are acknowledging the humanness of us all. The realization is that we share this world. The questions one asks are the questions we all ask.

Because we are individuals in a present time frame and

¹Pepper, Aesthetic Quality, p. 38.

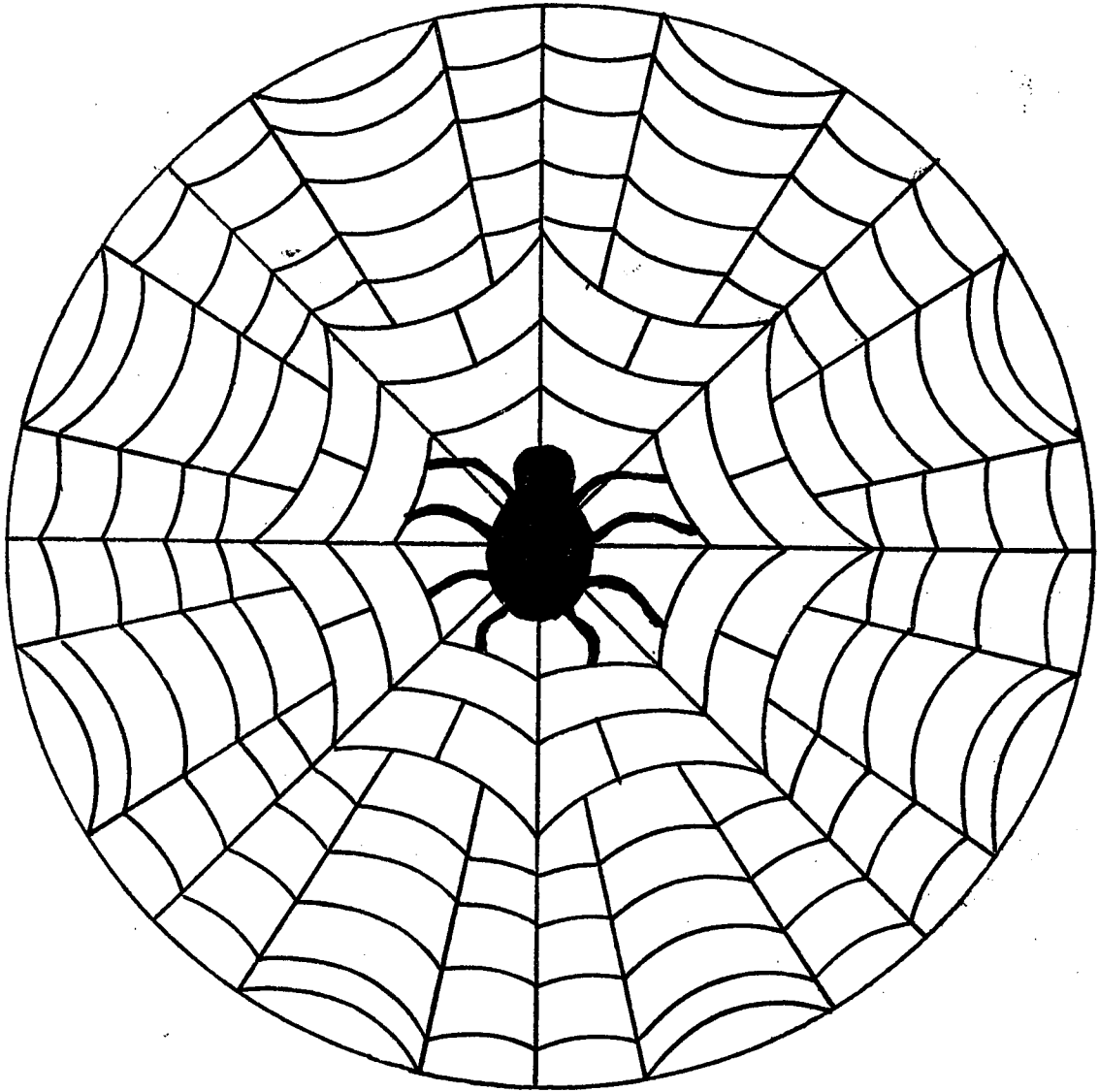
men in harmony with the history of humans, Michelangelo's David is born and he is I and I am he. We have entered the small spaces between.

Human beings, therefore, do not live in isolation but are intrinsically bound one to another. Existence is always in relationship to one another. Whether that relationship is one of harmony or conflict, union or ambivalence, it forms a pattern, the configuration of which adds an extra dimension to the individual elements. Just as moss and rock differ from moss-covered rock, so do I and you differ from I/You. Therefore, to see the configurations, to make visible the interrelationships of the forms, it is necessary to look at intersections, the bindings or elements that relate us, one to another. As Harold Osborne has explained it,

The environment is a world of things standing out against a formless background and separated by empty space. . . . Now we can see the figure or the ground but not both unless . . . we look at the spaces between as if they were shapes formed by figure and ground.¹

To search for imagination is to look in the spaces, the holes between the threads that wed figure to ground.

¹Harold Osborne, The Art of Appreciation (London: Oxford University Press, 1970), pp. 194-195.



Intersections
Understanding Through Imagination

There are one-story intellects, and two-story intellects, and three-story intellects with skylights. All fact collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Skylight"¹

If learning then is establishing relationships, forever working out how we fit into each other's lives, what it means to share being human, then that working out is made possible through dialogue. According to Feldman, dialogue can be neither one-story monologue (impersonal, non-communicative declarations) nor two-story dramatic presentation (critical analyses with pros and cons already established).² It is, rather, an imaginative process of spinning webs, threading networks that connect us one to another.

Because we human beings are intrinsically different, we bring different perspectives to each encounter. As Polanyi has said, "Our believing is conditioned at its

¹Quoted in Fisher, Aesthetic Awareness and the Child, p. 296.

²Edmund B. Feldman, "Engaging Art in Dialogue," in Concepts in Art and Education, ed. George Pappas (New York: Macmillan Company, 1970), pp. 352-353.

source by our belonging,"¹ so that both our past associations as well as our future aspirations differ and these differences color the way we perceive each encounter. Furthermore, because learning is an active as opposed to reactive process, what we take in is not simply stored there, stacked one beside another, but is reconstructed and then sent forth in a new form so that with each word, each stroke, the pattern of communication is altered. Each new variation stretches the configuration, each new color shades the whole, and each encounter thus demands its own present tense working out of that encounter.

Therefore, to link the I to the you, the diverse souls which people this world one to another, and to bring into consciousness the identification we have with each other, require the use of the imagination, that gossamer thin binding that draws together the past of things which exist but haven't been called into consciousness yet and the future of things that are hoped for but have not yet been made visible. The imagination is both our memory and our hope. Because it allows us to make multiple images, to recast our thoughts in different forms, then we are enabled to spin many webs, to see "beyond the sky, inside the apple,"² the other side of the rainbow. The imagination is

¹Polanyi, Personal Knowledge, p. 322.

²Rugg, Imagination, p. 20.

but the passageway between the lived situations of our everyday lives and the interpretations of those situations. Because it enables us to construct many frames of reference, entertain many different perspectives, then we, like the web that tolerates the imposition of a branch, that both gives and takes from the wind, are enabled to be tolerant of others, to give to them understanding and to take from them comprehension. Both resilient and binding, imagination is the hole that weds figure to ground, person to person. It is that which keeps dialogue open.

To delve into the world of the imagination then is to open ourselves to the influence of the web, to be drawn in like a fly to its sticky surface and to be enmeshed in worlds not yet defined. The web, because it entices, because it entraps, gives to our existence a sense of the problematic. It not only demands our participation but also demands elaboration upon that participation. By engaging the imagination, we are allowing ourselves to be drawn into the problematic, we are opening our lives to questioning. So we poke and probe, drawing forth from others both opinions and perspectives that we ourselves are unable to see. Thus, with each new construction, we have a new set of consequences to examine. Thrown into a world of both ambiguity and dreamwork, we find no resolution to the dilemmas. There are only ourselves and other, like selves, intersecting, making visible the commonalities we share,

the meaning of what it is to be human.

The following is one web, a dialogue between myself and other selves. The concerns presented here are problematic, without resolution. And yet, because they touch my life, they demand my participation, that I open myself to the influence of others and that ultimately I make choices on the basis of that influence.

Imagining

If you had only one match and entered a room in which there was a kerosene lamp, an oil heater, and a wood burning stove, which would you light first?

The world of cause and effect is a deterministic one. It has an agreed-upon order which is linear and rational. It presumes that ultimately everything will be traceable; we will find the reasons behind why we act as we do, why we live as we do. Responsibility within such a construct is a utilitarian concept. We assume responsibility because it is necessary if we are to have a workable society. Free will is simply a choice between alternatives, but we are not free to decide what those alternatives are. Translated into educational practices, this means certainty and predictability are valued. The imaginative world is admitted only to the extent that it can prove itself physically, that is, be accountable, nameable, subject to replication. The accounting and naming are necessary. We name an object clock for the very purpose that that object will no longer take

on properties other than that of a mechanical timepiece intended to calibrate hours and minutes. And yet, cause-and-effect is not sufficient because it does not admit things out of context. It cannot assimilate Salvador Dali and his limp clocks or A. E. Housman and his clock that can "Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town."¹ Because it is insufficient, it is not the whole story. Because it does not allow for ambiguity, for questioning, because it is unbending, ultimately it overwhelms and we, like the Underground Man, no longer ask why 2+2=4. We worry whether the oil stove should take precedence over the firewood, never thinking that perhaps a match should be lit first.

What is the difference between red and a picture of red?

To engage in dreamwork is to enter the world of ambiguity and thus of possibility. Within the dream world, reality is bent to appear again in a more real form than before. There is a sense of heightened awareness, a vision that we are more than we appear to be. Kenneth Hayes Miller is an artist who depicts such a dream world. His figures appear distorted, exaggerated, super-real. In "Woman With Packages," he presents the physical body of a woman juxtaposed against a mannequin's head. The mannequin's head is the precise head of the "real" woman. At the same time, the "real" woman is seen wearing a fur coat whose tactile

¹"Eight O'Clock," in The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1940), line 2, p. 115.

sensation is more vibrantly alive than the neck into which it settles. Is it accidental that life exists in equally opposing forms, or is that the way life is? Taking a similar line of reasoning, Edward Hopper takes time and juxtaposes the past and present onto "House By the Railroad" so that they exist simultaneously. A Victorian house, caught in a striking angle of light, is both empty and sensuous. Slashing the clear space around it is a simple railroad track, equally empty. The feeling is that time both stopped and moved forward. There is an incompleteness, as if we are waiting for one time span to dominate.

The dream world, because it is incomplete, because it imagines, invites our imagination. It forces the viewer to make meaning for himself. Presenting moments before or moments after, none dominates and it is we ourselves who are asked to insert order onto it. Because of the ambiguity we are allowed to work ourselves into the design. The dream world, like the quantum theory, asserts that there is an uncertainty in nature beyond which we cannot empirically go. Translated into educational theory, the world becomes softly imaginative. It distorts while, at the same time, leaves space in which we are invited to correct the distortion. Imagining, like science, does not prove. It rejects the null hypothesis and transposes us into the realm of possibilities. The dream is but a possibility, not a finality. The feeling is that we are invited to have a better dream.

If you turn a witch invisible, is her ring invisible too?

To engage in dreamwork is also to enter into the world of the metaphysical and thus to speculate upon man's spirit and his responsibility as a moral being. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a writer concerned with the metaphysical world. His Scarlet Letter¹ was a testimony to the Puritan ethic that, since we can't kill the devil, we kill the carrier of the evil, the concrete manifestation of that devil. Hester Prynne, branded with a scarlet A, is made an object of ridicule, an exact incarnation of evil. Because the townspeople have identified evil as something other than themselves, they have banished it to the world of the theatre, the illusion of the stage. Rather than dealing with evil in the meaning of their everyday lives, they have relegated it to another level of existence. Because Hester has been branded, the townspeople are able to go smugly on their way, building their world on love, charity, and moral exactness. Never mind that evil lives on in that very same selective love and charity.

Yet the question remains, has evil really been banished? Is Hester's scarlet letter a symbol of victory or a mark of evil? Is her refusal to repent a sign of her guilt or does the refusal disperse the blame and make it not yet identifiable? Because Hawthorne does not answer, the reader

¹Introduction by William Lyon Phelps (New York: The Modern Library, 1927).

is compelled to. It is as if somehow identification, blame, responsibility must first be filtered through the individual's life and dealt with in that context. To imagine is both to speculate and reflect upon that speculation. Because imagination gives us another, not yet categorized, image of the human spirit, it compels us to reflect upon our own image of that spirit.

Why then is dreamwork, except where it is identifiable as dreamwork, not a part of school? Is it because dreamwork always has the potential to disintegrate into personalism, obscurity, irrationality? Or, is it because when we move into the dream world we lose control? With dreamwork, the communal language is lost and perhaps it is too difficult and time consuming to learn a new language. It is far easier to design questions whose answers are predetermined than questions for which there is no resolution, only choices to be made. And yet, if we don't bring dreamwork back, if we don't make it a part of our everyday life, then evil will continue to thrive because it won't be recognized. The legalistic world of right and wrong differs from the world of dual vision where right and wrong are part of nature and only the individual can recognize and come to terms with that. Perhaps our task is not to judge children on the basis of their answers but on the basis of the questions they ask, the way they go about finding out what they don't know. It is in keeping the questions alive, in

imagining, that we keep alive a future generation, the stream of human consciousness that will ask the questions. Without the questions, the imagination, the dreamwork, there is no dialogue, no I/Thou.

Can you turn a witch invisible? Do clouds hide in a hole in the sky? Is there a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? One-story, two-story, and three-story men with skylights: "The framework reveals its assumptions and values."¹

If engaging the imagination then is what we are about, the question remains, how can that be done? Because we live in both time and place, what we see and how we interpret what we see are functions of that time and place. As Frye points out, to name something as beautiful or true is to a great extent to name what we have been taught is beautiful and true.² Because we are enmeshed in textures of habit, it is difficult to see things anew and from a different perspective unless we can somehow momentarily suspend the time and place in which we live. One way to do this is to reframe the events and happenings of our lives.

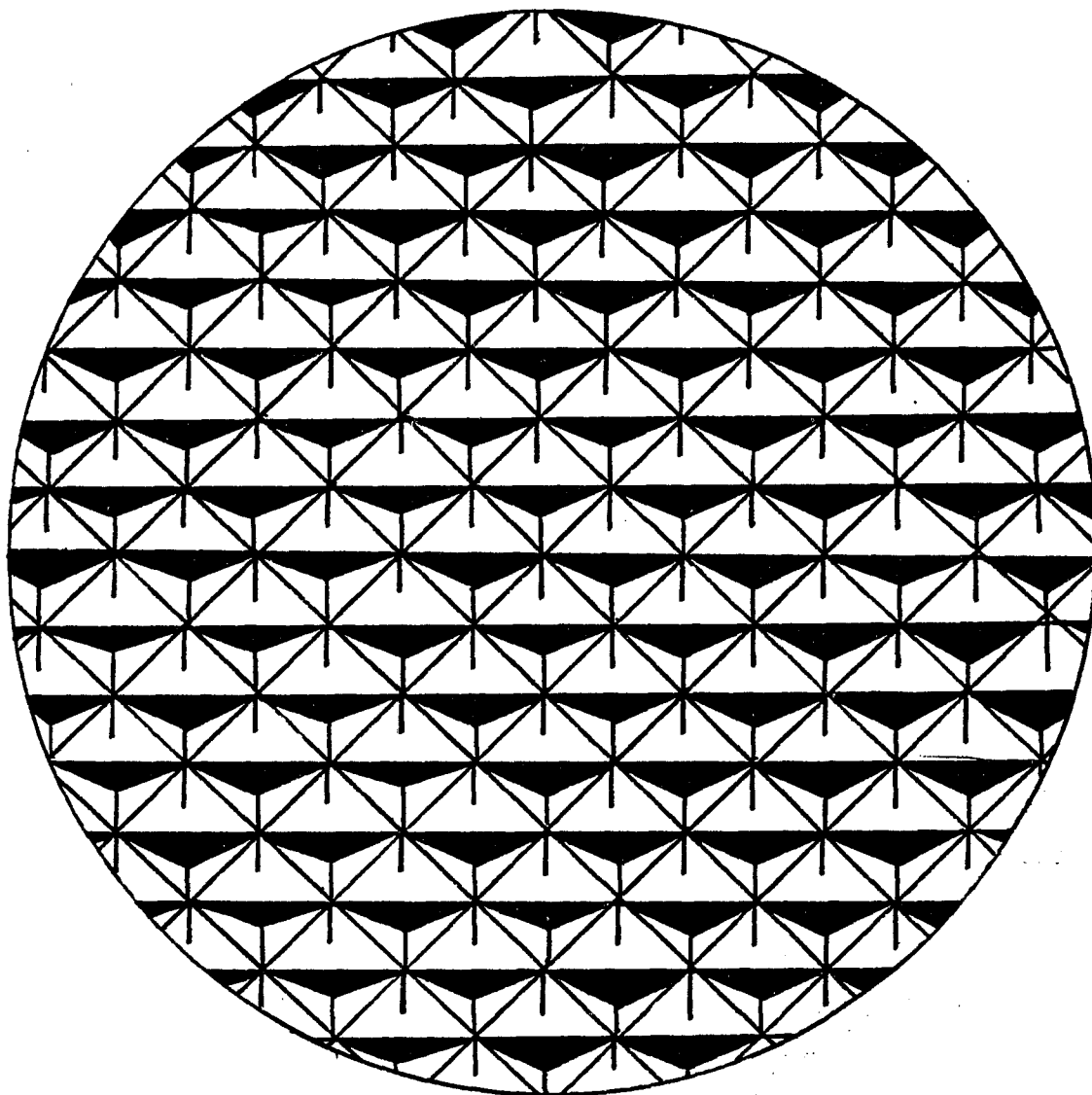
Although we cannot change our size, we can change the size of our viewing and, therefore, the context of that

¹Elliot W. Eisner, The Educational Imagination (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., 1979), p. 139.

²Northrup Frye, The Educated Imagination (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1964), p. 86.

viewing. We can look with Georgia O'Keefe at the inner essence of the iris, the black hole from which life seems to emanate. Or, we can look with William DeKooning at the scaffolding, the background against which our lives are zoned and out of which they constantly try to break. Large or small, the context differs and, because learning is contextual, we seek to find a home for these facts out of context. Because we have reframed ordinary objects, an iris, a female figure, we have given them, with the frame, a new enclosure, void of previous associations, presented as a unit whose completeness can be found within itself. The frame is but a cross section, the part indicative of the whole, that adds richness to the whole. By framing, bracketing things off, we put ourselves out of time and out of size. We not only change our orientation, but also intensify our looking.

One such frame is the kaleidoscope.



CHAPTER VII

KALEIDOSCOPIES:
THE FRAMEWORK

He drew a circle that shut me out--
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win;
We drew a circle and took him in!

Edwin Markham, "Outwitted"¹

"Every chronicle has its appropriate tone."² We who are chroniclers, the keepers of memories, do so in diverse ways. Some records are cumulative. Much like diagramming a sentence, the highlights, the heart of the matter is revealed and displayed on bold, black lines whose position points ever forward. The patterns or kaleidoscopes used by these chroniclers are pragmatic. Hard-edged transparencies are overlapped, one upon another, so that no matter which way the kaleidoscope is turned, a limited number of combinations will appear. The cause-and-effect of the pragmatic kaleidoscope insists upon a prototype, an original form which imparts to the design a plan and order. It is possible to break down and reassemble the kaleidoscope, but the

¹In The Best Loved Poems of the American People, comp. Hazel Felleman (Garden City, New York: Garden City Books, Doubleday and Co., 1936), p. 67.

²Doris Lessing, Canopus in Argos: Archives. The Marriage Between Zones Three, Four, and Five (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1980), p.3.

breaking down and reassembling do not reconceive the design. History that is cumulative is not necessarily reflective.

Other records are labyrinths or mazes. The crystals are loose and fall randomly as the circle is turned. We travel through many false stops and starts, journeying to the center and then somehow finding the thread of thought that leads out again. History as maze is exciting, it allows for many divergences. But, lacking consistency, it is also difficult to pick up the thread of original thought.

Perhaps somewhere between the two, belonging halfway to a structural mode, halfway to a chaotic mode, are the kaleidoscopes I use. Their focus is never quite stable. The image, incisive for a moment, is continually shifting off, forming new patterns. The image is but an approximation of the truth that holds for only that moment. The elements are like watercolors, emerging, overlapping, opaque.

The insistence here is not that we choose one kaleidoscope over another, but that we allow the kaleidoscope to reveal the story's configuration, the mode of thought in which we are living, and that we then use that seeing to change our focus, to reframe continually the events and happenings of our lives.

I have chosen to call these patterns we weave and reweave kaleidoscopes. Other names would suffice: models, paradigms, taxonomy, and yet, there is something in the

kaleidoscope, a sense of play perhaps, for it is after all a child's toy, a nonsense system of order.

Having its origin in children's play, the kaleidoscope marks off or frames the area into which we look much as a playground marks off or frames an area. It therefore becomes "a temporary world within the ordinary one, dedicated to the performance of an act apart."¹ This marking off gives things structure, but, at the same time, allows us to play, to explore within that structure, to "leap without escaping gravity."² Thus, the world, while being what it is, is at the same time open to many alternatives, even contradictory ones. Because we look through a kaleidoscope, we cannot only count things and add them up; we can also count and add up what isn't there.

To look at our lives as kaleidoscopes is to participate in this play, this enchantment. It is to affirm the imagination, to entertain different perspectives. Because the elements of a kaleidoscope fall randomly, their combinations are unlimited. The imagination is set free to ask if blue overlaps yellow or yellow overlaps blue, if "houses are haunted / By white nightgowns. / [Why] None are green, /

¹Huizinga, quoted in Erik H. Erikson, Toys and Reason: Stages in the Ritualization of Experience (New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1977), p. 43.

²Ibid., p. 17.

Or purple with green rings, / Or green with yellow rings."¹
 At the same time the imagination is set free, it is held in check by the logic of the internal mechanism which dictates a structure to this randomness. Patterns are made to repeat, to mirror, to echo, both within the frame and from frame to frame. Within this nonsense system of order, both the logical and imaginative strands are interwoven. To look at our lives as kaleidoscopes is to hold in our mind two contradictory arguments at the same time and to be able to trace each out to its ultimate end to see where they intersect.

The mirrors which line the tube reflect the image
 of the gems
 And by their reflection
 your view is made smaller
 and larger
 You see a smaller portion of the reality
 which exists at the end of the tube
 But you see it again and again and again and
 again and again
 The kaleidoscope allows you to reflect on reality
 many many times
 all at once.²

A kaleidoscope functions by virtue of the fact that it is continually turning, continually reframing the events within the larger frame. To keep the kaleidoscope turning

¹Wallace Stevens, "Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock," in The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1973), lines 1-5, p. 66.

²Richard Chesher, "Moirascope," a handbook of concepts about the Moirascope, distributed by Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas, 1978, p. 11.

is to continually rearrange the premises on which we operate, the grounds on which we perceive as well as the reflections we send back to others. To turn the kaleidoscope is not to exchange the content of one consciousness for the content of another consciousness, but to change the mode of being conscious.¹ As the circle turns, the elements are different yet similar, routine yet unexpected. The crystals fall, in one place now, in another place next, both complementing and contradicting each other's presence so that "every feeling, every thought holds in it its opposition."²

They are always different
 But they are not random
 for they will fall where the sum of
 their past
 and your influence
 and gravity
 their shape
 and your haste
 puts them
 Their final destination is in your hands
 but beyond your control³

The individual elements are the strands of importance. Without them there would be no pattern. It is in this sense that each individual is unique and nonreplicable. He comes with his own characteristics, quality, background, capacities, and these are nonmanipulative factors. At the

¹Robert E. Ornstein, The Psychology of Consciousness, 2nd ed. (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977), p. 126.

²Lessing, Canopus in Argos, p. 114.

³Chesher, "Moirascope," p. 12.

same time, he is part of the overall pattern, for the image he makes is reflected back in a similar yet different form. Only when the two are taken as one, complementing and contradicting each other, is there pattern. We are reflections who mirror each other's lives and, at the same time add variations to that mirror. Without beginning or end, there is but a center point from which all things have their being and are connected.

for each bit of glass and crystal has a history
 that spans four billion years
 and all humans
 and all animals
 all life and
 all elements
 are visible in there

What you see
 is a hologram
 of reality¹

Common to all kaleidoscopes is the boundary, the circle that defines the boundaries of our thoughts. It is the container out of which we continually operate. No matter how it is set up, we don't test our thoughts against our actions, we live our thoughts in our actions. The circle is complete within itself. The energy within is the same as that which Buckminster Fuller described when he said, "Energy never goes away, it just reappears somewhere else in a different form."² Like the clouds that vanish in the blue

¹Ibid., p. 13.

²Synergetics (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1975), p. 10.

as the sun's heat dissipates them, so our lives are constantly rearranging, reforming. And yet, the circle is not exhaustive. "The universe is finite, the combinations are not."¹ Like a drop of water on a flagstone which admits another drop and another, ever expanding, ever accommodating, what we see today will tomorrow become a piece of something else.

Each of us is all the sums he has not counted . . .
 Each moment is the fruit of forty thousand years.
 The minute-winning days, like flies, buzz home
 to death, and every moment is a window on all
 time.²

The circle is but a piece of the eternal circle of which we are one.

There are as many kaleidoscopes as there are textures and patterns in our lives. The world is not either/or. It is either and or. Those kaleidoscopes presented here simply told my story. Other stories would require other configurations. The point is not to choose one kaleidoscope over another, but to banish the inertia that even kaleidoscopes bring, the knowledge that once a pattern is established, it repeats itself. To continually change the lens, both within our kaleidoscopes and from kaleidoscope to kaleidoscope is what we are about in looking at schools. It is in changing the lens that we raise questions, not answers, that we

¹Ibid.

²Thomas Wolfe, Look Homeward, Angel (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929), p. 3.

establish dialogue. A liberal education is that which liberates us from any one mode of thought.

The threads that were spun have now been gathered in, circles within circles, stories without end.

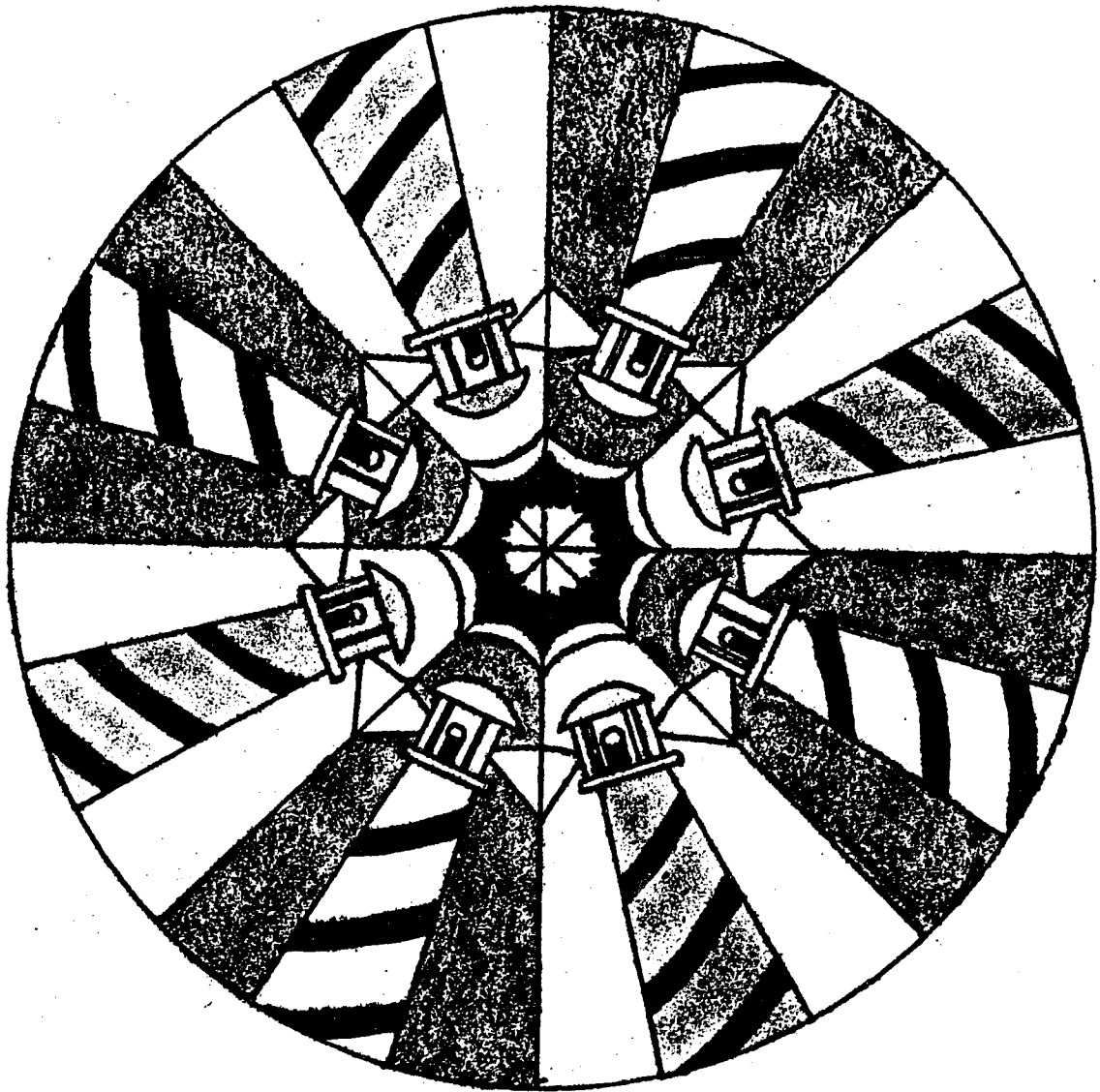
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

T.S. Eliot, "Little Gidding"¹

¹In "Four Quartets," in Collected Poems: 1909-1962 (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1934), lines 242-244, p. 208.

PART III

THE STAGING



CHAPTER VIII

FORD ISLAND
RE-ENVISIONING TIME, PLACE, AND LANGUAGE

Military installations are a world unto themselves. Supported by an elaborate system of rules, ranks, and privileges, people are at best nonpersons. They exist by virtue of their function, because it is the system which must endure. To ensure the continuation of nonpersons and the endurance of that system, the Army has devised a special language through which it communicates. Consisting of abbreviations (reduction of things to their simplest component) in conjunction with elaborate sentence constructions (In ref to para 2 and pursuant to Article 6, Sec 5 . . .), it seems to make things perfectly clear without making them understandable. This confused state of affairs so permeates one's existence that ultimately one is unable to get it out of his head. He merely functions on command.

Ford Island is one such installation.

A tiny dot in the middle of Pearl Harbor, Ford Island is a satellite of Pearl Harbor Naval Base, Naval Headquarters of the Pacific. Its function is classified; something to do with topography and blueprints was all I was ever told. The island's only road serves as an airstrip for small planes. Quonset huts clustered near the south end of

the island serve as barracks, headquarters, and storage sheds. The largest of these is occupied by a recovered space satellite. On the north end of the island, visible through the grove of ironwood and palm trees, are eight white colonial houses, officers' quarters. Here lawns are manicured, children play, and wives sit on the verandahs that stretch the length of the house, drinking tea and wondering if the ferry is on schedule or when their husbands will be reassigned. Meanwhile, not more than one hundred yards from their front lawns lies the water of Pearl Harbor and the sunken remains of the USS California. No less than seven ships and crew lie submerged within three hundred yards of the island's perimeter.

On this island within an island, time slides quietly by. Undisturbed and undisturbing, it glances off the USS California and the space satellite equally. Somewhere there is an underlying theme, as if past and future were here collected in the present, if we but had eyes to see.

I rode the ferry to Ford Island each day for a year, fighting rush-hour traffic pouring into Pearl Harbor Naval Base, queueing behind the red stickers (civilian personnel) where we were then pushed and shoved, garbage truck and telephone repairman alike, onto the flat bed of the ferry for the fifteen-minute ride past the memorial to the USS Arizona, a T-shaped slab of granite, striding the spot where so many men lost their lives that day in December,

1941, to the MP station that marked the entrance to Ford Island. Unloading, officers first, it was but then a short ride across the airstrip to Building 1654 and fifteen Navy clerks awaiting a class in Effective Military Writing.

In essence, Effective Military Writing was a course designed to rid military correspondence of redundancy, dangling modifiers, and misplaced sentence structure. The course was presented in the form of movies, a written booklet, and a test booklet. Instructors of such courses were traditionally military personnel. At that time, however, the Vietnam War was winding down and the military was moving into a position of cutting down, closing bases, and consolidating personnel. Thus, courses such as this were handed over to civilian personnel who worked on a contractual basis. Because education was not an integral branch of the Armed Services, it could be more easily cut later on. Post exchanges, commissaries, and clubs are all run on such a contractual basis by civilians because they too are ancillary to the military's function.

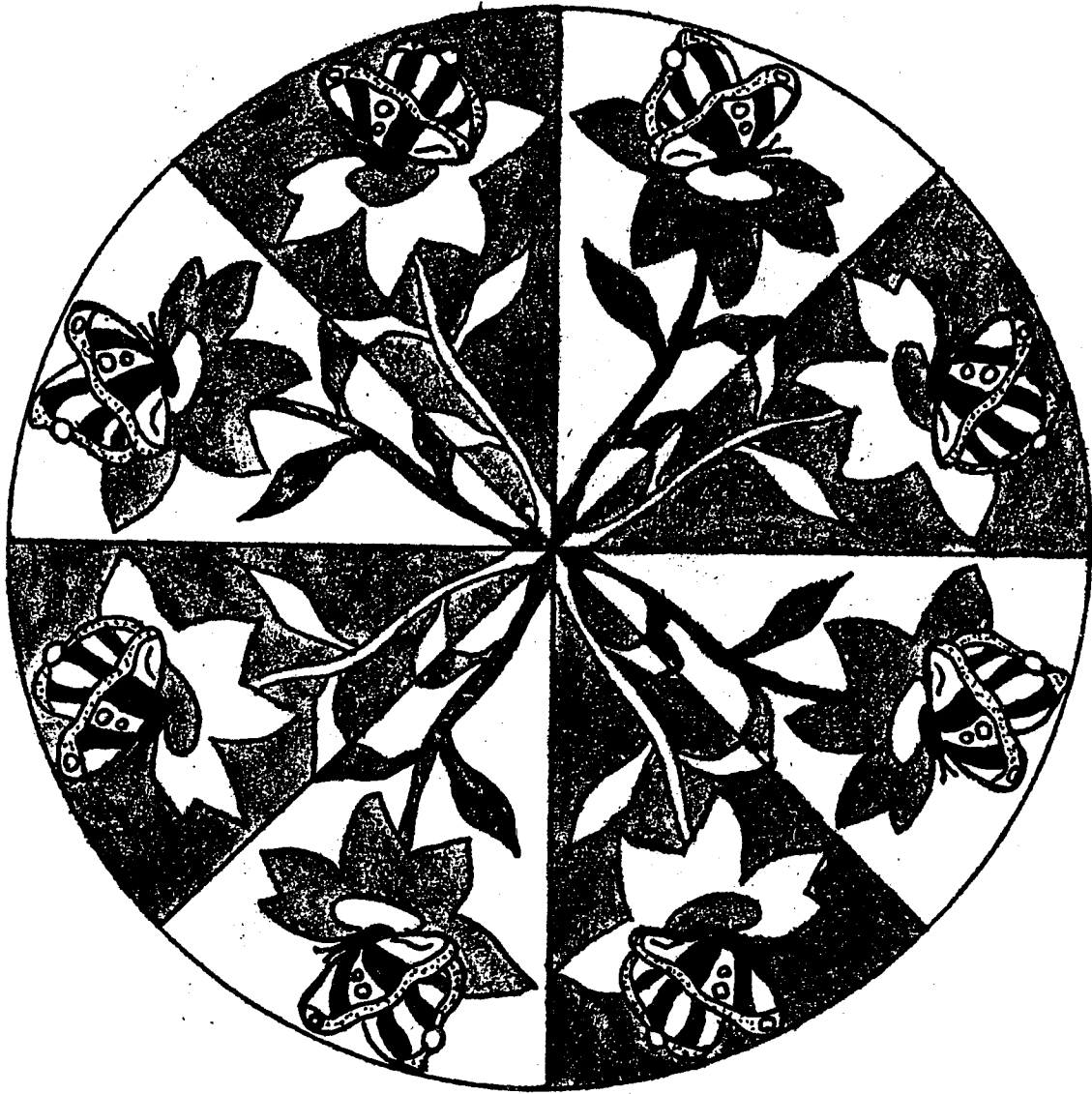
Stripping military correspondence of such obsolete phrases as with regards to, in the matter concerning, Effective Military Writing attempted to define a supposedly more readable and understandable system of language. What it did was simply substitute one confusing system for another. And, TAMC remained TAMC, short for Tripler Army Medical Center, even shorter for that eight-story pink mass of

stucco whose apex sits halfway up the Koolau Mountain Range, commanding vast views of the Pacific, Pearl Harbor and, off to the left, Waikiki and Diamond Head. Its red-tiled, summer porches, extending from each patient's room, are as serene as the ceiling fans which slowly turn overhead. TAMG, however, is not even an address. It is simply a duty assignment.

Hawaii and Ford Island are now just a time tucked away in my mind. Lying behind the first lobe, they nevertheless constantly slip out into my consciousness, clanking to the surface, demanding attention. Ford Island with its technology and secretiveness, its attempt to be perfectly clear yet not understandable, seems to be the direction in which our schools are headed. And yet, underlying that direction is a richness not yet discovered, ribbons of existence which overlap each other, ways of thinking and being which lie there, if we only had eyes to see.

The following then is an attempt, not to exorcise the ghost, but to make sense out of this elusiveness that nevertheless persists. Just as the time and space of Ford Island informed its language and thought and in turn its practices, so too do the time and space in which we live inform that living. Somehow, the content of our learning is inseparably related to the context of that learning. To reassess practice, the visible product, it is thus necessary to work our way in and through time and space and to delve into the

language through which that time and space speak. It is to turn the kaleidoscope.



CHAPTER IX
THE SHAPE OF TIME

A novelist constructs the world his people inhabit. Characterizations, setting, motivations, interrelationships, each are pieces of the elaborate mosaic he weaves. Constantly moving in and out of the minds of his characters, around and through their world, he sets up encounters by shaping the time and space appropriate to those encounters. He may begin his novel in the middle and work forward, at the end and work backward, or even at a point between time, as in Waiting for Godot,¹ where time itself, sent into limbo, is unable to make an appearance. Tying time into knots and figure eights, the novelist bends that thin line on which we calibrate seconds, minutes, and hours, to provide a suitable form for his content. "What was the worst thing you've ever done? I won't tell you that, but I'll tell you the worst thing that ever happened to me. . . ." ² begins Ghost Story, an after-the-fact statement which, instead of giving a summation, draws us into the events that led up to that fact. Like fireworks, each of whose end points bursts into yet another firework, are Straub's stories. Each story,

¹Samuel Beckett, Waiting for Godot.

²Peter Straub, Ghost Story (New York: Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, 1979), p. 13.

in turn, acts as both an end point to one mystery and an unfolding of yet another. Time spelled backwards, inside out, retelling stories already told, each is the novelist's way of displacing that time and space, of rearranging the conditions and circumstances under which we live, so that those lives may have meaning and resolution. And the world is held still, if but for a moment.

Perhaps this holding still of the world is what we are about as humans. Given breath and life within the dimensions of time and space rather than on the pages of a novel, we travel on a continuum from birth to death, never yet knowing where one experience ends and another begins. Being immersed in clusters of occurrences, or spread out in that limbo that never seems to end, we are not allowed resolutions, only responses, continuing dialogues. Yet, it is in those very responses that we, like the novelist, are able to work our way forward as well as backward, are able to create a space for ourselves in this universe in which we live. Because response calls for perceiving as well as receiving, breaking with the past as well as reconstructing that past, it is a process that calls for the moment-to-moment construction of our own scripts. Unable to stop time, we hold it still by standing in relationship to it. By engaging in life, we are able to impart meaning to that life. To write our own scripts then, we, like the novelist, must recast time if we are to provide a suitable form for

the content of our days.

The following is an attempt to recast time. It grew out of William Barrett's work on technology versus human freedom in The Illusion of Technique. Herein time, like Barrett's technology, is seen not as a thing in itself but as a human construct. Because it is not something we have to live with but something we've chosen to live with, then it is examined in terms of what it has to say about that human being.

Silhouettes

∕And so they dance across the stage,∕ play cricket, cook cakes, make simple decisions, remember their childhood, and go to the circus ∕and not one of them is known to∕ commit sins, fall in love, say prayers, or join the Communist Party.¹

The time with which we are most familiar is linear time. It is the time under which we live, a grid placed over our lives, predetermined and nonnegotiable. Such time is the time of nouns, discrete, separate minutes which tick off our existence. Present time is simply that which keeps dissolving into the past.² Future time is unknown, events which simply lurk around the corner, waiting for us. Past time is that which is already gone. In the time of nouns, there is nothing to hold on to; man is but a creature

¹Iris Murdoch, quoted in Barrett, The Illusion of Technique, p. 70.

²Frye, The Educated Imagination, p. 79.

of fate.

Linear time, because it is fragmented, artificially divides the days of our lives, separating us from the essence of those lives. It asserts that what is being taught takes precedence over who. We study subject matter year after year but change teachers every hour. The taxonomy of letters, capitals, dates, are all taught in the abstract, in language once removed from experience, as if language and experience were two separate things. Thus, the language itself becomes phonetic, broken down into discrete sounds rather than dealt with in units of meaning.

Because our world is divided into discrete separate minutes, so too are the words we use to describe that world. With no hope of past gliding into future or future dissolving into past, our vocabulary for talking about these discrete separate minutes can be no less exacting, its meaning no less specific. Thus, in the name of directness, economy, and exactness, we obliterate from words their history of associations, the childhood memories with which they are connected, their negotiable quality.¹ Taking away these histories, these ambiguities, words are no longer meant to have association with our lives, but are meant as something apart from those lives. The result is that our lives have a sameness to them, a routine. Every yellow becomes the

¹Edman, Arts and the Man, p. 61.

same yellow. Every child becomes the same child, differing in degree, not in composition.

Perhaps these abstract formal definitions are an attempt to put things in order, to have a beginning and an end, and to provide us with general principles that will apply in future situations. Yet, general principles are somehow robbed of their depth and richness. That all objects which are fleshy, round, red or yellow edible fruit are called apples somehow fails to include the worm clinging tenaciously to the surface, the soft spot which indents the side of the grained pattern of red, green, and yellow, and the firmness of that first bite and the resulting juice that dribbles down the chin. It fails to take into account the experience of the apple itself. And, we rebel, not so much because the apple has been named before we know it, but because the naming is a substitute for knowing it. Linear time, because it removes language from experience, divorces man from his life, the actor from his setting.

To divorce knowledge from person assumes that there is a body of material out there waiting to be found. Like Easter eggs lying among the grass, such knowledge merely awaits our discovery. Such a construct does not take into account the human being who must make judgments as to the value, usefulness, and meaning of that knowledge. Similarly, learning divorced from context becomes an additive process. Collect a few nouns, scoop up some verbs, string them

together with connectors and we have vocabulary, grammatical structure, and communication. Such a construct, however, fails to take into account the organic nature of these words, their chameleon-like ability to change color and function to suit the situation. Nouns, verbs, and connectors function within the context of time, place, and speaker. Void of that context, they are nonsense. "'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves / Did gyre and gimble in the wabe."¹

In the time of nouns, therefore, truth lies in observation and quantification, in the historical dates we can cite and the number of mathematical functions we can do. We give children skills to read the dictionary. We tell them where the encyclopedias are. We give them a form for making an outline. We set up a thousand exercises using decoding skills. Somehow though, we leave to chance the imagination that must integrate that reading, that knowledge. It is magic to read words and make meaning out of those words. It is magic to see geography, people, places, and governments dancing in a line and draw connections between those topics that are pleasing and unifying. It is magic to understand that two appearing three times is six divided two times. To ignore the person and the context is to assume the child is a stick figure, to be extended by the addition of curve here, identifying mark there. And so, we add

¹Lewis Carroll, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, p. 129.

to him a new set of clothes each year until, ultimately, his appearance is manageable, appropriate. He is as isolated as the context in which we have placed him.

Because linear time asks us to disassociate, to give up our search for meaning, it robs the spirit of its potentiality so that we, like the amoeba, are pushed and shoved, asked to fit into a mold, to smooth a wrinkle in our skin, to make convex that which is concave, to conform. The self, constantly held up for comparison against other selves, as something apart, ultimately comes to believe that that self is separate. He believes he is someone who maintains systems and quantifies by results. These persons, separated from other persons, retreat into a privatism until "we stare vacantly at those who stare vacantly back at us, unnoticed; none of us is there, each lost in his own absence."¹ Social intercourse is but a mere illusion. Linked externally by virtue of the time and space we happen to share, we play cricket and cook cakes, but we do not cry and fall in love.

The end result of linear time is that the style becomes the story, the form becomes the content. With no provisions for recasting it, one simply travels physically, never having known he was there. He has style but no story. Separated from its informing vision, linear time is a

¹Barrett, The Illusion of Technique, p. 213.

carburetor laid out in pieces, pistons and valves moving endlessly up and down, while the motorcycle leans chained to a tree. It is a detached heart, pumping blood, to where? It is technology reduced to technique.

Silhouettes: the human form drained of all color, all subjective sense, is left with but an outline, a silhouette.¹

This attempt to capture all of life into one overall system was the task the philosopher Wittgenstein set for himself in his Principia Mathematica. Working from a position of logic, Wittgenstein ultimately concluded that "the facts that constitute the world are utterly disconnected and lie external to each other within logical space."² In other words, A may be true or not true and B may be true or not true, but the truth or falsity of either one has nothing to do with the other. All we can prove in this world of appearances is the truth or untruth of something. Therefore, the world is governed by mathematical logic. It may be proven true or not true, but connections cannot be made. Thus, the proper language with which to talk about these things is abstract language. Disassociated from subject, abstract language is a thing in itself, an objective language such as mathematical logic. Principia Mathematica simply reinforced the belief that ultimate reality is outside us, a grid to be placed over our lives, a universal noun.

¹Ibid., p. 47.

²Ibid., p. 33.

Language, or symbol systems, however, are not a thing in themselves. They are devices created by man. Mathematical logic comes from ordinary experiences of the everyday. It is a human construct. Thus, its premises are always open, subject to reinterpretation. The world is not out there waiting to be discovered; it is rather something that we create and improvise as we go along. Therefore, it must be talked about in ordinary terms, in ordinary language. It was this leap from open to closed language that Wittgenstein took in his Tractatus and with it brought a whole new set of questions. Rather than how do I do this, the question now is why is there this at all. To move from describing the world scientifically, to recording its every tick, to asking that the world is, that it is something rather than nothing, that was the mystery.¹ Wittgenstein, by taking this leap, gave evidence of the existence of the human spirit. Turning his back on all the skills he had so laboriously acquired, he plunged into the unknown simply because his will refused to be named without participating in that naming.

The noun of linear time then, like the technique into which it dissolves, is but an illusion. Existence is not dependent upon universal laws which will ultimately be decoded. Existence is dependent upon man. It is man who constructs the way he names his world and, therefore, the way

¹Ibid., p. 151.

that world operates. Linear time is but one of the constructs. Because the physical world of our senses, the seasons, birth to life to death, action to reaction, all collaborate its existence, linear time is a simple and useful way to handle living. Because there was a yesterday, there will be a today and a tomorrow is another way of saying that if we do this, then we can predict with certainty that that will occur. Perhaps if we existed only physically, linear time would be enough. Death, existence, and even chance would be acceptable because they would be part of the natural, e.g., physical process. But we are more than physical. We are also spirit, will, consciousness, and in that spirit we intuit another existence, not yet verbalized, but nevertheless real. It is given evidence when we see our daughter enter first grade and wonder where the other five years went. Or, it is seen in the slow motion photography that seems to filter over us as the car, having run off the road, balances on two wheels, as if deciding whether to turn over or right itself. It is as if time and change no longer run simultaneously but are contra-indicative of each other. And so the spirit, rejecting the time of nouns, reaches out to the time of verbs, to living in relationship to time and to having time and space stand in relationship to that spirit.

Sketches

The young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat. . . . Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.¹

A character begins life in the mind of his author. Guaranteed nothing except possibility, he is equipped with bag and baggage, gesture and tone. Subconsciously moving through different stances, he stands juxtaposed against others, being tested for strengths and weaknesses, the expected and the unexpected. Given a context in which to work, his role is expanded to include motivation and consequence until, ultimately, unable to function in relationship to others, he fails and goes back to the subconscious, or, capable of forming relationships, and sustaining on-going conversations, he succeeds in becoming valid and walks onto the stage, a force to be reckoned with and dealt with. Beginning as possibility, a mere reflection in someone's mind, the character, if he is to live, must ultimately act out his own script, demand his own writing. Character becomes author.

¹William Faulkner, "Nobel Prize Address," in The Faulkner Reader (New York: Random House, 1929; The Modern Library, 1959), pp. 3-4.

We, like those characters, exist as possibility. Given life and breath in an historical, cultural framework, we exist within that framework. Bag and baggage are determined, as are the people and places of the world to which we are juxtaposed. And yet, that very framework is the context out of which we will perform. It is the definition from which we write as well as the definition to which we write. Because we reach out, touch its sides, in an effort to apprehend our position in the universe, we make something out of that position. Because we test our lives, picking up a thread here, dropping a stitch there, we give to those lives depth and breadth. Because we create our own ways of being in the world, reconceiving that world while, at the same time, being grounded in it, we are the script writers. Because we are script writers, the focal point through which and by which life has meaning, time and space stand in relationship to our scripts. They complement our lives.

While Wittgenstein had made the subjective viable, had shown that an abstraction such as linear time was not a thing in itself, separate from existence, but was one way we had named existence, he failed to address the dichotomy that we live both within time and in relation to time. Life is both a succession of days (composed of minutes and seconds that externally tick off) and the meaning of those days (that succession has meaning internally, in and through the

individual). On the one hand, we can't say the world out there (external, linear time) doesn't exist. If we do so then we cancel our history and the history of the place with which ours is so entwined. At the same time, we can't say man has no effect on time because he does in fact "stain" the place in which he lives "with the marks of his own existence."¹ Life is both good and evil. Time is both subject and object.

It was left to Heidegger to hold the diagonal in place with his concept of Being. According to Heidegger, Being is the grounding, the source from which all things come. Man, the world, reality, appearance, subject, object, are all part of or manifestations of this Being. Because all things have their ground in this Being, they may be separated. We can distinguish between a book and ourselves because the world (Being) contains both ourselves and a book.² However, these things cannot be disconnected. A book does not exist independent of a consciousness to apprehend that book, nor does a consciousness exist independent of the objects to which it intends. Man does not exist independently of the world. Man is in the world and the world is in man. As Ernst Cassirer explains it, appearance is not something other than reality. Appearance is the manifestation of the reality and reality is the source for appearance. We are

¹Barrett, Illusion of Technique, p. 129.

²Ibid., p. 130.

forever bound, subject to object, man to world, one to another. It is not that the objective world is transformed into a subjective one. It is that they are one and the same.¹

It is in this sense that time, as a part of Being, is something which moves on and something through which all existence moves. Separate from man, it is inevitably bound up with him. The hours tick by, but we experience that ticking in various ways. To the pianist, there is never enough time. To the child, inside on a rainy day, there is too much time. There is the time of youth when memories are short and the time of old age when memories are long and the doing grows shorter with each day. In the time of verbs, past, present, and future weave different patterns, congruent with the weaver. Like watercolors, each of which retains its own integrity, time frames constantly overlap, some blending, some receding, none ever disappearing, simply not yet called into use.

The time of verbs is our way of being in this world. The metaphor on which they all turn is the metaphor of presence, or the present. To be present is to be subject and to see the world as object, each complementing the other.

¹Cassirer, Philosophy of Symbolic Forms, pp. 67-74.

The Conveyor Belt - Sketch #1

There was a child went forth every day
 And the first object he looked upon
 and received with wonder or pity or love or dread,
 that object he became.
 And that object became part of him for the day,
 or a certain part of the day....
 or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass¹

We can neither halt our journey through time nor reverse our passage because past, present, and future are a continuum, a horizontal line along which we move. Like the conveyor belt at the airport, we exist somewhere along that line, always journeying away from where we were towards where we will be. And so, the conveyor belt moves on and we with it, a vertical cross bar punctuating the horizontal line. It is within this vertical that all else is judged. Because we do not ride parallel to life, but exist within life, embedded in a texture of history, it is the vertical, the human existence, that both gives meaning to our days and separates us from the sameness of those days.

Having entered into a sequence of history, our biology coincides with ongoing events in history and those events determine our activities.² They are also our resources for living, our occasions for acting on the world. As André

¹Ed. Malcolm Cowley (New York: Viking Press, 1959), p. 138.

²George Kubler, The Shape of Time (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1962), p. 6.

Malraux has explained, because we exist within history, we are able to recall our past and give it new definition as well as to project infinite possibilities onto the future. The past is not something that fades into oblivion, but is something that is constantly recalled to function in the present.¹ The future is not something that lurks around the corner, but is a possibility, an outgrowth of our being now, our interaction with the given.

Movement, therefore, within the subjective time frame is multi-directional. To move forward may be to circumvent physically the histories of peoples with the history of a person. Leonardo da Vinci, scientist, inventor, artist of flying machines and gross anatomy, living in a time when the world was still flat and spirits directed bodily movement, "prefigures in the work of a few years the series that several generations will slowly and laboriously evolve."²

To move forward may also be to move backwards. "The birth of every new art modifies those that went before it."³ Because the past can be seen only through the eyes of the present, then the present informs the past. Rodin enlarges our understanding of Michelangelo. Cubism enlarges our

¹Malraux, The Voices of Silence, pp. 616-663.

²Kubler, The Shape of Time, p. 88.

³Malraux, The Voices of Silence, p. 68.

understanding of Polynesian sculpture. In this sense, the past is never lost; it simply re-emerges in a new form.¹

Finally, to move forward may also be to not move at all. I first read Macbeth when I was sixteen. Macbeth then was only an historical play that happened in an historical time. It had no connectors to my life. So it sat, an image tucked away, much like Ford Island has been tucked away, in the box of my subconscious. Then, one day I was twenty-four and the events of my life brought it into focus again in a way that integrated Shakespeare's meaning with my meaning. There needed to be that stretch of years, intervening images, before it could be read with any clarity, could be defined as anything other than a vague feeling of disquiet.

The human antenna, if encouraged, is both sensitive and enduring.

Because time is multi-directional, it is related to the individual in the present tense of his life. School then cannot be conceived of on the horizontal as if it were a conveyor belt on which we put a child and ask him to ride parallel to life, moving at the same speed as others in his age group, judging his performance in terms of consequences, the residue he leaves behind. Instead, school must be looked at from the vertical as it relates to the horizontal.

¹Ibid., p. 642.

Because understanding is going out to form relationships, those relationships cannot be dictated to by linear time. In the present, the subjective is able to "gather up into itself what has past and preserve it as present"¹ and then "the future is anticipated from the standpoint of the present."²

Education then isn't something we set up and leave. Education is new each moment we go to it. In this sense, it must move both forward and backwards, backwards in discovering things whose possibilities haven't been called into existence yet, forward in that we start with the given and ask for expansion, new images, and new eyes to see those images.

The Time-Out Room - Sketch #2

Man then is a choosing being, a spirit who endures because he actualizes his choices through the imagination. Drawing together both past and future, it is the image-making capacity that enables us to connect and therefore to evaluate critically. To enter this imaginative world then, it is necessary to suspend time, to enter the time-out room.

Silence is not a part of our traditional classrooms. Within them, silence is to be feared. It is punishment. In these schools we have developed a special place of silence

¹Cassirer, The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms, p. 77.

²Ibid., p. 203.

called the time-out room. In some schools it is the empty classroom next door. In others, it is the book room, a windowless storage room whose door locks on the outside. The time-out room is where students who misbehave are sent. Put away from other people, they serve penance here, appropriate with their deed, until time passes, the door is unlocked, and they are admitted back into the classroom.

The time-out room exists both as reality and as metaphor. The reality is the time-out room of silence. The metaphor is the possibility of being the time-in-between room. Neither distracting nor demanding, it can be the place where we engage in silent manipulations, where past is joined to present, where information is integrated and assimilated, where we pause between stimulus and response and hold the world still in order to assess it. In this place in between, we may stand apart from life as lived and critically assess it. Within this pause, language goes underground and becomes imagination, possibilities dancing in a line, characterizations tested for strength and validity. The manipulation of images is the individual's alone. It can neither be hurried nor hushed up. It can only be given time and space in which to occur. The thing is, we can't ask to go there, to this time-out or time-in-between room. We have to be sent.

Sketches in an unfinished landscape; action has been joined to character, movement incorporated into language.

But the questions remain, in what setting shall he perform
and to whom shall he speak.



CHAPTER X
THE REFLECTIONS OF SPACE

Multiple Shadows

We then are the characters who walk out onto the stage. At the same time, both real and invented, we stand in relationship to and with the people and objects of the world. Space is the surface on which our shadows fall, the mirror that reflects back who we are. Like the TV picture that is not yet tuned, these shadows exist as prisms, multiple reflections of our composite self. So, we constantly try to pull them in, to realign them with the true self. Snatching an image from time, arranging a shape in space, making sense out of the events that surround our lives, we give both line and composition to those selves. We arrange the fragments to function as a whole and the true self becomes a composite of all his selves. Breadth has been added to the silhouette and depth to the sketch.

Space is but a companion piece to time. To be in this room (space) is to be in this world (time). To look out the window and see a tree is to see it in the present, in time. To remember when we first planted that tree is to preserve the past, also in time. Time is the reference point for the tree and sky just as the tree and sky are the reference points for time. The leaves are now beginning to turn.

Yellow and red, they fall, never in a lump sum, but one by one, until it will be February and we will rake the last one from the bushes and gardens. The condition of the leaves indicates time as surely as time indicates the condition of those leaves.

Time and space then are ensemble players, one inevitably bound to the other. To single out one for observation is not to separate that one from the other. It is but to bring that one to the foreground while realizing that the background is always present in the foreground. Time and space both thread their way through our existence, providing us with a context in which to function. Space, therefore, is the framework for that context. We live in a house, we work in an office, we were born in North Carolina. Shoes enclose feet, books enclose ideas, white sheets of typing paper enclose words. Organizations enclose institutions. This physical shaping of space is an attempt to deal with things, to separate them from the chaos of experience. By shaping space, we are able to define and clarify its elements. We translate the educational ideas of awareness of self, environment and fellow man into an organization called schooling which provides people, places, and spaces that enhance that idea.

So, we shape space physically (operationally) the way science shapes it and somehow forget there may be other forms of space: positive and negative, empty and full,

within and without. It is as if in our rush to enclose words on a paper, we forget about the ones that didn't get enclosed. In our rush to translate institution into organization, we forget to allow for participation as well as distancing, for a place to contact each other as persons as well as a place to be apart from the play we're in. Somehow, we've forgotten psychological space and the space to reflect, to synthesize.

Physical space, like linear time, cannot be denied. We are bound to the landscape by gravity. We walk upright and name a front or back, up or down, right or left. But to be bound to it physically is not the same as worshiping its technique, its form. As Rudolf Arnheim has pointed out, shapes, colors, and sounds have become techniques for entertaining the senses. We have thus come to worship this form or technique separate from its content. Art is no longer read as a reflection of life's meaning but is judged on the basis of its surface texture, its arrangement of colors and shapes on the plane of the painting, its vocabulary of forms. Just as art criticism has come to be aimed at form, so too has educational criticism. We judge a student's writing on whether he stays within the lines, not on whether he has something to say outside of the lines. We look at school practices in terms of what theories are being used, what behavior is displayed, all done with a critical detachment, as if we ourselves were not passionately

involved.¹ We are so busy describing that we are no longer interpreting and evaluating the character and quality of education.

Physical space, like linear time, quantifies. It assumes that man runs alongside life rather than head on into it. This quantification is not limited to our public places such as school but also has invaded the private places. One such place is in ritual. Once, perhaps, we knew why we broke a bottle on the bow of a ship. In the breaking of that bottle, we dealt with many gods and many superstitions. Now we know only that we manipulate the object (bottle) for some instrumental purpose (launching a ship). Ritual has become drama unqualified, a form to be gone through, a motion without the emotion.

To run head on into life, to reunite with spirits that we perhaps once knew, is to relocate ourselves in space. It is to remember that space is but a translation of our proximity to objects and peoples of this world. As such, it may be looked at in terms of density, spread, near, far, within, and without.

¹Rudolf Arnheim, Toward a Psychology of Art (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1966), pp. 10-13.

Three Reflections

Tableau - Reflection #1

Mary Margaret has arranged her three cats, two alive, one stuffed, beside her on the piano bench. Po and Wink touch noses. Dumpy leans precariously off the edge. It is a pleasing arrangement of objects and spaces, still yet not quite still. They seem to reach across space, these cats and child, bringing the other near or holding her far. If we diagrammed the arrangement, there would be lines going everywhere, webs within webs, new spokes emanating with each new contact point. There is not a tableau, cut-out figure of child surrounded by cut-out figure of cats. There is a dynamic arrangement of spaces within spaces, dialogues recorded by the camera's click.

We, like that child and cats, exist in relationship to each other because our existence is a social one. Placed in a building called School with three hundred other people, in a room called Homeroom with thirty other people, we are initially objects adrift in our own spaces, autonomous beings lined up in a row, present and accounted for. Space, in this case, is a background for our cut-out figures, that which separates us from one another. Within this space there is a thing called curriculum which also is divided into discrete, separate events. Room 311 and Mathematics precedes Room 302 and Language Arts and is followed by Room 201 and Physical Science. Each discipline is self-contained.

Because there is no crossover from mathematics to physical science, or from physical science to person, or from person to person, then there is no pattern. Subject matter does not necessarily have meaning within the context of human lives. People are not necessarily given places where they may reach each other in dialogue. The painting remains static, separate spaces jostling each other, but never connecting with each other.

Life within such a classroom is life within an Andy Warhol painting. Monumentalizing the discardable objects of our culture, Warhol arranges them systematically, each coke bottle tucked neatly in its cube, standing next to the same coke bottle tucked neatly in its cube. It is as if this repetition upon repetition signifies the boring situation life has become. "And how is the Bald Soprano" asks one person in Ionesco's play. The reply is, "She always wears her hair in the same style."¹

The Mixing Machine - Reflection #2

Space in tableau is but background, that which separates us one from another. In the mixing machine, space is the canvas onto which one thousand people are shoved, pushed, and mixed.

The function of a mixing machine is to blend in the

¹Eugene Ionesco, The Bald Soprano, in Four Plays, trans. Donald M. Allen (New York: Grove Press, 1958), p. 37.

random and diverse elements and whip them into a whole. Flour and milk are ingredients for a cake. To be cake, however, they must resemble something other than flour and milk. Children, big and little, slow and fast, are ingredients for a school. To be a school, however, they must resemble something other than autonomous children. So, we erect gateposts and signs, SAT, CAT, contracts, credits, and we space them out over a twelve-year span, indicating which must be mastered when. Fast and slow, Hispanic and Low Country, all must make way for these fences. It is as if by their sheer numbers, these rules of order can convince us that this is the way the world is.

Space thus gets pushed aside as more people enter and more gateposts are erected. The figures, unable to retain their integrity, spill across the page, elbows butting into one another, legs and arms at sharp angles, overlapping each other's vision. The noise is indiscriminate sounds bombarding our ears. If the subjective child exists at all, it seems to be by accident. As in a Pollock painting, the original red of our lives peeps through the layers upon layers of paint only by the fate that happened to miss that spot.

The tableau, therefore, becomes Reginald Marsh's "The Bowl." Space is so filled with forms that there is no differentiation among those forms. The leg of one person seems to belong to the arm of another. It is as if we are

on this merry-go-round that someone mechanically wound up and that keeps spinning and spinning. We don't know where one person begins and another ends. Our only hope is that soon we will tumble off, the diploma will be awarded, and then we can collect our lives and proceed.

In the tableau we couldn't reach across space and bring each other in. In the mixing bowl, we can't hold each other apart. So busy acquiring skills, taking the spider web apart, piece by piece, and then putting it back together with no pieces left over, we have no time or place to deal with complexities, equity, justice, the spinning of our own webs.

Intersections - Reflection #3

Space then is the substance through which we move. Consisting of objects and people and the spaces between those objects and people, it both defines (outlines) us and we use it to define (diagram) ourselves in relation to others. Although we can diagram the physical structure of the building in which we are housed to include open spaces for interaction, closed spaces for contemplation, these structures will be but extensions of the invisible green walls that presently surround us unless we somehow also change the spaces of our mind sets. Although we all pass through the world, we see it and know it in a special kind of way. Because perceiving also involves thinking, reasoning also involves intuition, and observation also involves

invention,¹ we singularly choreograph our moves. Although we may all learn to volley and lob, the dynamics of the interaction require something over and above that volley and lob. They require a moment-to-moment working out of our being together. They require a mind set over and above the stage set.

Space, in this sense, is space to imagine, to remember, to do without failing, to stand apart as well as together. It is space that allows for validity and incompleteness. It is space that does not make things perfectly clear nor builds a tutelage system, but a discovery system in the sense that Jerome Bruner talks about it. To discover is to put what is known together in a new way, to re-negotiate the universe.² It is space where we are enabled to translate experience as movement within the context of our own lives. It is space in which the human being is free to deliberate and choose.

Space as attitude is seen in the work of the sculptor Sol Lewitt. Lewitt's latest work at the Whitney Museum consists of four black walls onto which are attached white stakes in a spoke-like pattern. Each wall demands a different number of nuclei. The length of the spokes may vary but

¹Rudolf Arnheim, Toward a Psychology of Art, p. 5.

²Jerome S. Bruner, "The Act of Discovery," in Concepts in Art and Education, ed. George Pappas (New York: MacMillan Company, 1970), pp. 91-92.

each must, at some point, intersect the spokes radiating from another nuclei. The sculpture itself, however, is not assembled by Lewitt. Rather, for \$60,000 Lewitt sends the directions for assembly. These directions, printed on plain white notepaper, resemble a math puzzle more than an art work. They state only the number of axes for each wall and the intersecting requirements. Thus, the art work has system, is random, denies color, but beyond that is not a creation of the artist. Rather, it is a creation of the person making the art work, in this case, the curators of the Whitney Museum. Lewitt's work, rather than being a fraud, seems to be saying that given certain conditions, it is we who must make our own spaces, draw our own connections, make our own implications. The world is neither closed nor open. It is simply available for our direction.

What Lewitt thrusts into space is an attitude. He turns the kaleidoscope on what we think is natural (art works are completed by artists) and draws us into a new metaphor, the metaphor of life as presence. Setting up problems, offering no clear-cut solutions, the relevant questions are no longer what's going to happen next, what are the causes and effects? Rather, the questions are what is happening now; what do we do about being here and now?¹

¹Martin Esslin, The Theatre of the Absurd (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company; Anchor Books, 1961), p. 205.

For Lewitt, the human being exists as something other than dimension. He exists also as spirit, a presence that must constantly confront life head on. To be present is to examine the quality of that life.

In Lewitt's sense, space is not something to be displaced or used, but something to be known. It is primary. It is the reverence of now, this time and this place. As such, its texture is variegated. At once real and not real (we sit at a desk and walk among Athenian ruins simultaneously), at once dreamscape and landscape (we participate in the dance but the configurations are always in our head), space is the meeting place for worlds within and without. It is as if we hold within our heads one set of circumstances and within our physical living another and neither will work without the other, without the joining of man and place. To dream is to see the land from which the dream came. To be real is to admit to the mystery that directs that reality, the inner voice that places one foot in front of another, the impulse that tells the hand to write and then is able to read that writing. Time and space are both where we are and the counterpoint to where we are.

Magic? Perhaps it is. To look at space and time from the subjective point of view is to look at the open spaces in the framework we have so effectively erected around ourselves. Therefore, this looking may be neither understandable nor communicative, but that does not mean we can

banish it from our experience. Rather, we must include it in our experience. Only then will we be able to, as Tom Robbins says, free ourselves from "the hypnotic hysteria of the mechanical, the numbing torpor of the electronic . . . and to devalue the myth of progress."¹

Thirty bodies to a room, each one an axis, making his own space, drawing his own diagrams, cementing his own relationships. Space is but where we live. The way it is shaped speaks to the way we live.

Mary Margaret reaches across to her three cats, two alive and one stuffed. Wink drapes her tail across Po, four whiskers stick up from Dumpy, and Mary Margaret sets about her task of re-arranging them. Somehow she doesn't know that cats aren't to be arranged, at least not the real variety. So, she shuffles them around, one in a corner, two on the radiator, and somehow they too seem content with this arrangement. It is as if they would not destroy the fairy tales: that square pegs will go in round holes, that cats will sit as arranged, and that she will be the director of her own spaces. May that always be so.

Our characters stand on stage, visible, evident, figures whose shadows reach out and intersect. Their dance has begun, the configurations emerge. All that is left are words with which to speak.

¹Still Life With Woodpecker (New York: Bantam Books, 1980), p. 229.

CHAPTER XI

THE LANGUAGE OF DIALOGUE

Man then is spirit who reaches out to make sense out of his world and his position in that world. At the same time he directs and qualifies the experiences of the world, he stands in relationship to that landscape from which he comes. Reaching forth to perceive ways of being, there is always the reality against which those perceptions must be tested. We do not exist as beings over against the world but as beings in the world. Thus, time is both something that we are in, a reality, and something that is made visible through us. We move through time and space but qualify that time and space by our presence.

Thus, what started out as a linear, easily comprehensible look at the works of Wittgenstein and Heidegger, as they related to time and space, has become progressively circular, compounding, paradoxical. At times it is as if the contradiction cannot be explained, its code cannot be broken. And perhaps that is the problem. I'm trying to lay out flat that which should not be laid flat. I'm trying to break into discrete parts that which is more than the sum of its parts. If how we go about learning is inseparable from what we learn, then to speak of diagonals is to speak in diagonals, language that binds man-thought with the

phenomenon of the world.¹

Language is the way we make the world visible; it is the way we share our images of that world. Struggling to understand the nature of the world and ourselves in it, we mark off beginnings and endings to the flow that surrounds us. We integrate impressions of events--sight, touch, feel, and context--until, ultimately, the event itself, the connotations and denotations are distilled into a single word, a single symbol that integrates all of our past memories of the experience. Thus, what was previously a vague impression is now concrete, available for contemplation and discussion.

Making the world visible is, in a sense, putting a frame around it so that through the frame it has form and meaning. Mary Margaret and her three cats are tableau I have extracted from the tableaux that daily surround my life. Because I have framed these events, they are no longer indiscriminate pieces of furniture, objects that exist in a jumbled but close proximity to my existence. Mary Margaret and cats are a tableau, an arrangement that has form and meaning. The arrangement is theirs. The interpretation is mine. Thus, in the intersection where their presence meets my presence, there is decision, judgment, evaluation, and integrity. There is meaning.

¹Sewell, The Human Metaphor, p. 25.

Meaning therefore is not confined to our interpretation alone. At the same time language makes the world visible, it also makes it portable,¹ available for consideration again and again. Because we have named the events of the world, we can remember them and we can also anticipate them in the future. Mary Margaret and cats are tableau from my past. At the time of their event, they were ignored. At the time of now, I have chosen to interpret them in a certain way. In the time of the future, I will think of them in a different way. The tableau itself is portable. It brings meaning to many different situations of my life. Thus, man both imparts meaning to the world and the world reveals itself as meaningful to man.

The form that our imagery therefore takes, whether it be dance, painting, or the verbal language about which I talk is not a form which is apart from life, over and against it, but a form which derives out of life. The image has its own integrity and, at the same time, demands our presence, our awareness, for its completion. It is as if five people read Michael Polanyi's Meaning and interpret it five different ways in accordance with the individual circumstances they bring to his image. At the same time, underlying those interpretations are the common themes that exist in the image: personal knowing, freedom, responsibility.

¹Michael Polanyi and Harry Prosch, Meaning (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975), p. 101.

The image has therefore translated what the world is. Being neither established nor fully comprehensible, it is instead open for negotiation.¹ Because language admits many metaphors existing side by side, the behaviorist metaphor is no less vivid than the humanist metaphor. Both derive out of life and indicate a particular way of interaction with that life. Therefore, to judge those metaphors, we must do so within the context of that life. That is, we must evaluate which metaphor and accompanying language system we deem appropriate to the way we wish to live.

Wayne Booth has spoken to this evaluative process in his work "Metaphor as Rhetoric." Booth contends that speech is the way we call attention to our beliefs. Through speech, we intend to persuade. To the extent that we are able to persuade, we are able to change individuals and thus cultures. Therefore, to speak indicates we have a personal stake in the welfare of others. However, one figure of speech, one metaphor, can be proven no more right than any other metaphor. Each metaphor may contradict the other but cannot annihilate it. The basis, therefore, on which these metaphors are to be judged is whether they diminish or enlarge us. Because all metaphors contain within them this ethical implication, then to criticize them is

¹Richard Schiff, "Art and Life: A Metaphoric Relationship," in On Metaphor, ed. Sheldon Sacks (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979), p. 105.

to look at what they have to say about being human. "The quality of any culture is in large part the quality of the metaphors that it creates and sustains."¹

If, therefore, man is spirit, then the metaphors we choose to describe that man, as well as the language systems we deem appropriate to those metaphors, must be kept open, visible, and portable if life itself is to be open, visible, and portable. Because the spirit refuses to be categorized by any one system of thought, then truth and meaning in the spiritual mode are contextual, embedded in the world and the people of that world. Also, because the language we use is inevitably tied to the way we perceive and move through the world,² then the words we use to describe that spirit must also be contextual. Capable of continual redefinition and redetermination, these words must, as Maxine Greene says, be protean. Both fitting and fertile, flexible and complete, they must be words that admit to many interpretations and, at the same time, demand that those interpretations be evaluated within the context that they are shared words. Both vivid and imaginative, protean language is language that reveals our artist-making capacities, our ability to make aesthetic judgments. It is also

¹Wayne C. Booth, "Metaphor as Rhetoric," in On Metaphor, ed. Sheldon Sacks (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979), pp. 49-70.

²Polanyi, Meaning, p. 121.

language that binds us one to another, that allows us to share our images. Such language is the language of dialogue.

The use of open, interpretative language allows us to have open, interpretative mind sets. If, however, the language and mind are set, given no interpretations to consider, we forget our interpretative capacities. Given no history of associations, we forget our history, our cultural heritage. Given no context in which to operate, we have nothing on which to reflect, to criticize. Void of interpretation, history, and context, we are separate, one from another, particles of matter temporarily caught by time and space.

The essential character of self is process. To imagine is to participate in dreams and visions. To do metaphors and myths is to share the dreams. The world as metaphor is revealed through metaphor.

CHAPTER XII
FORD ISLAND: AGAIN

In the thirtieth year of my life, I lived on the island called Oahu in the chain of islands called Hawaii. Because that island existed as both a time and a place, it had direction and continuity. It could be located in a history of things. Tucked somewhere between Alabama and the certainty that I knew what I was doing and South Carolina and the despair at what I seemed to be doing, Ford Island was indicative of my growing disillusionment with the process we call schooling. Because I have held it apart, isolated it from the irrelevancies and accidents of my life, I have been able to examine its circumstances and find patterns and orders which exist there. Through its continuity and direction, I have been able to trace the progression of my education. And so that should be it, a finished landscape, done with, the way a painting or book is done with, finally.

But that it were.

To categorize experience is different from having experience reach out from the past and attach itself to the present, demanding attention, continual re-evaluations, never dismissal. Ford Island will not be dismissed. In spite of the time and place which have now passed, it persists. Like its inhabitants who felt neither free to leave

nor free to stay, it exists as unfinished canvas. Its incompleteness takes hold of my imagination and demands understanding through that imagination. Ford Island is both reminder and possibility.

The reminder is always of the figures, seated on the porch, half leaning forward as if to rise, heads turned in expectancy as if the ferry will soon come and, at the same time, hands, legs, and feet trailing off behind them to become part of the bulk of the sculpture from which they have yet emerged. They are I, the silhouette moving through Chapel Hill, Berlin, Alabama, casting no shadows, and seeing in return no reflections.

The possibility is in the opaque shafts of light that surround the canvas, the edges expectant, not yet defined. The USS Arizona that lies submerged three hundred feet off shore, the satellite that is tucked away in the quonset hut two hundred yards back down the runway, each radiate a history of things, people, and places that are not unlike the history of all things, people, and places. There are connections here that have yet to be made, concepts of education that have yet to be realized, events that need only the imagination to be made visible. Without the actor there is no reason for a script. Without a script there is no need for the actors.

CHAPTER XIII

REHEARSALS

To believe that man constantly invents and re-invents himself is to defy endings. The desire to tie it up into a neat package, correctly positioned bow on top, is always there. However, there is something about that bow. Like the ribbon Mary Margaret wears in her hair, it is always slightly askew, wisps of hair escaping. Like Rembrandt's "Girl With Watering Can," she cannot stand still and neither can I. Themes keep escaping from what I have written, images not traced far enough, kaleidoscopes demanding that I go back and rebuild, that I expand like the ripples sent out from a pebble dropped. Movement is always the possibility. Rehearsal is always the performance. And so I go on, picking up the threads, re-working the designs, living in the fork of the road, which itself requires and brings the most illumination. We cannot hold the world still. We can but illuminate it for a moment.

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