

THE ART OF BEING PRESENT: EDUCATING FOR AESTHETIC ENCOUNTERS

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At a time when persons are described as "resources," and education becomes increasingly specialized, the kinds of changes called for in education bypass much which is essential to an understanding of alternative modes of structuring reality. Integral to this understanding is the education of feeling, perception, and imagination. This paper argues for increased attention to informed awareness of the arts in education, and to the importance of an active engagement with the arts in developing critical as well as creative thinking.

This is a moment in our history when persons are described as "resources," when changes in education are being called for in the name of economic productivity and national defense. The values of process and choicemaking are being repressed or set aside. Human energies are to be channelled and controlled in the "national interest"; no longer is there talk of what is not yet, of imagined possibility. Along with this comes a sense of petrification. Publics are asked to accommodate to an objectified "reality," marked off and demarcated in cost-benefit terms. It is reified, "given"; we are all being required to sublimate our private visions and confine ourselves to what Wallace Stevens called "the plain sense of things. (1964b, p. 502)

Those of us who are concerned for teaching rather than training, for persons in their pluralities rather than potential "job-holders and consumers," (Arendt, 1958) need to think again about what it signifies to pay heed to centers of human consciousness thrusting variously into a common world. We need to think about the creation of situations in which preferences are released, uncertainties confronted, desires given voice. Feeling and perceiving and imagining must, at least on occasion, be given play. Perhaps most important of all: students must be brought to understand the importance of perspective, of vantage point, when it comes to interpreting their lived worlds. The idea of interpretation seems to me to be crucial, that and the realization that "reality"—if it means anything—means interpreted experience. One way to move people from bland accommodations to what is offered as authoritative description, *the* description, is to acquaint them with the notions of multiplicity and incompleteness. There are, after all, alternative modes of structuring reality; there are, as some have pointed out, "multiple realities." (Schutz, 1967, pp. 207-259) Moreover, since everyone is located in space

and time, since universal or God-like visions are inconceivable, every perspective is in some way incomplete, in some way provisional. There are always horizons to be breached; there is always a "beyond"—what is not yet.

It is with this in mind that I want to argue for increased attention to informed awareness of the several arts. I do not want to claim that the capacity to encounter poems or dance performances or musical pieces is the fundamental human capacity, nor even that it is available for everyone. I do want to say, though, that a deliberate effort to empower individuals to notice what there is to be noticed in works of art and to become familiar with the range of "languages" or symbol systems involved, can become an effort that moves people to the taking of initiatives (Goodman, 1976). In other words, what is sometimes called aesthetic educating may provoke individuals to act rather than to behave in response to outside stimuli and cues. To act is to embark on a new beginning for oneself, a beginning generated by questioning, curiosity, wonder, restiveness. If, for example, an individual is in a museum along with others, he/she may well move through a room hung with Cezanne paintings and simply take note of which ones are hanging there and of the fact that they were painted by Paul Cezanne. Yes, he/or she might recognize an apple here, a pitcher there, the slope of a mountain, the slant of a roof. But that might very likely be all—that and the mild pleasure associated with recognition or response to the richness of color or the spaces of the gallery itself. If the same person were somehow to be released by a teacher to understand the importance of uncoupling from the ordinary when entering the gallery, of trying to bracket out conventional seeing and expectation for a while, that individual (answering, perhaps, the appeal of one or two particular paintings) might take the time to stand in the presence, say, of a still life or a portrait and move (perceptually and imaginatively) inside the pictorial frame. Yes, he/she might have to know enough to see the picture as something other than a mere representation of a world that would have looked almost the same if photographed. He/she might have to know enough to notice the strokes of the paint, the ways in which those strokes created contours and jutting forms. Attending to light and color and form, he/she might be fortunate enough to see some dimension of the natural world actually taking on visibility before his/her very eyes. If so, the person as beholder would be understanding in such a fashion as to bring new orders into being within his/her experience, new connections in that experience never made before. He/she would (to put it otherwise) be allowing a work of art to emerge within his/her experience the more he/she attended to particulars, the more he/she allowed those particulars to compose and give rise to a shimmering, never entirely fixed totality. It would never be fixed or

entirely finished, because the next time the individual came to the same painting (whether because he/she had lived a little longer, learned more, was in a different mood, or was enabled to look from another angle) the painting would show itself somehow differently, perhaps more fully or more abstractly. The point is that the work (the canvas once painted by a living Paul Cezanne) must be consciously realized by a person willing and informed enough to let his/her own imaginative and perceptual energy go out to it, if it is to come into being as an aesthetic object, not simply a neutral *thing*.

To be able to do this is to be able to respond mindfully—and, yes, with feeling and a kind of raptness—to something presenting itself to consciousness. "Mind," John Dewey once said, "is care in the sense of solicitude, anxiety, as well as of active looking after things that need to be tended. . . ." (1934, p. 263) Mind, as Dewey saw it, is a verb and not a noun; it is a mode of taking action, of attending; it is a mode of achieving and, yes, funding meanings. This is quite, quite different from a mere gathering of information or attempting to bring a pre-existing stock of knowledge into correspondence with a pre-existing world. To recognize this, to recognize that an encounter with a work of art can open windows in the presumably actual or the pre-defined, windows that open outwards to alternative visions of the world, is to break with the sense that reality is petrified. It may also be to realize how much depends on resistance to the taken-for-granted, on desire, on way of seeing, on the awareness of what is not yet.

Perhaps it might be called, in Heideggerian language, a realization of the "thought-provoking." By that Heidegger meant being moved to reach beyond towards what continually seems to withdraw. (1968, p. 23) He meant achieving the kind of relatedness to things the cabinetmaker achieves with respect to wood or "the shapes slumbering within wood." Such shapes are, as it were, possibilities; they are always *to be realized*; they can never be finally encompassed or disclosed. Something remains *to be explored*. Once provoked, the mind or the imagination keeps inclining itself, addressing itself to what is not yet. This is what can happen, I shall want to keep suggesting, when a person is empowered to be present to a Cezanne landscape or a Beethoven quartet or a Bergman film or a Wallace Stevens poem.

The difference between this address to the "thought-provoking" and technical or empirical knowing must be evident. But even as Heidegger recognized that "computing" would always go on even if "meditative thinking" were made possible, so we must recognize that the understanding we hope to nurture through and by means of encounters with works of art cannot be a substitute for the modes of inquiry intended to lead to closure when problems are solved or products secured. The

calculative ways, the efficient ways, the "productive" ways have to be taught; and we can only hope that learners and their teachers can be brought to realize that these modes of knowing how are also grounded in lived worlds, in the pre-verbal, in what Michael Polanyi (1966) has called "tacit awareness." It may be that more informed encounters with art forms may make the idea of purely "objectivist" knowledge increasingly questionable. In any case, I think we have to keep celebrating and arguing for alternative modes of knowing or understanding, not solely to provide perspective on what people do when they strive for control, but to provoke increased attentiveness to the concrete and the lived. There is no doubt that a being present to Cezanne's rendering of apples and bottles in some manner alters the quality of attending to ordinary apples and bottles, makes shapes seem in some way more solid, makes the light more palpable as it strikes dusty glass. So does an engagement with patterned dance movements on a stage make somehow more visible the rhythms of bodies moving on the street. An active noticing of qualities in works of art, in other words, may make less likely an unthinking acceptance of disembodied, technicist ways of being in the world. People may at least come to realize that the technical or the abstract or the statistical is merely one of a range of possible interpretations, that every one must in time find validation in the actually lived.

As a teacher, I live in dread of the disembodied, depersonalized vision. I fear robotization and systematization and alienation. The arts, in and of themselves, are not necessarily remedies for these conditions. Pieces of music, painting, works of literature, plays exist neutrally, indifferently in cultural space. Without human consciousnesses to engage with them, to grasp them, they simply *are*. And, at this period of time, they are all too frequently made into commodities; they are fetishized; (Arato, 1978, pp. 185-224) or they are permitted to exist in a sheltered "preserve," (Berger, 1977, p. 32) protected from the seeking eyes and the questioning minds of the "mass." It is not enough to assert that there were long lines for the Manet exhibit in New York or for the American landscapes in Washington, that people come in crowds to see classical ballet. All depends on the degree to which energies are moving out to the various works, on the quality and intensity of involvement, on the breaking of habitual frames. And this, I am convinced, does not come "naturally."

When we think of the arts in education, however, we do not ordinarily think of educating for informed and restless awareness of art forms, of empowering people to be personally and actively present in galleries, theatres, and concert halls. Nor do we ordinarily think of nurturing the kind of critical consciousness that will enable people to withstand the publicity, the "hype," the sense of coterie, the cooptive mech-

anisms that make it so difficult for individuals to make their own choices, their own appropriations, or to dare to speak for themselves. The arts in education ordinarily summon up certain creative and expressive activities fostered in art rooms and music rooms and dance studios. Too frequently, these are described as component parts of an "affective" realm, considered in antithesis to the "cognitive," the really serious concern of the schools. Because standard measurement devices cannot be used to evaluate what happens in the art rooms, they are treated as "frills," as basically irrelevant in a world where the important "outputs" are those subject to quantification.

There is no denying, however, the importance of—and the need to argue for—the explorations that take place or should take place in those spaces: the images and shapes and sounds discovered, the articulation of the hitherto unexpressed. Most of us recognize by now that work with a medium of whatever kind cannot but involve the cognitive as well as the affective, that mindfulness is as significant here as it is in the math room or the chemistry lab. The point is that capacities are displayed differently, that ways of being intelligent are expressed that are not usually expressed or encouraged in other classrooms. Howard Gardner (1983), developing a theory of "multiple intelligences," draws attention to bodily-kinaesthetic intelligence, for example, to literary intelligence, to a whole range of know-how generally ignored by school people taught to concentrate in a much narrower range. In my view, such intelligences must be recognized and heeded; so must the capacities relevant within each "frame of mind." Critico-creative thinking, for instance, can be nurtured in the course of enabling the young to play band music together, make paper-mache dolls, design an Indian village. Fidelity, persistence, originality, imaginativeness: all have as much part to play in art rooms as they do in the fields of more specifically cognitive study. The point is to provide opportunities for them to be displayed. It may well be that, if expressive and creative activities are carried on within sight and sound of the various, problematic art world (whether discovered in museums, on television, or in the auditorium of the school), there will be more occasions for the expression of a range of capacities than there are when attention is confined to the "right brain."

Many of us, looking back, can remember the feel of clay in our hands, the pleasure of painting yellow suns and green grass (or blue, or purple), the joy in pretending to be a witch or a lion or a king. I can recapture the almost physical delight that came with the discovery of how language could be molded and shaped and twisted, how words could release sparks of light and unsuspected meanings; and I can remember collecting words sometimes and admiring them on the page. That probably enticed me to read more than I might have; and the reading made me

realize what could be done with language if you really knew how to play with it and transform it, as I (for a long time) could not. I think of Virginia Woolf saying how "I make it real by putting it into words." There are many young people, provided with paint or charcoal or clay (or with keys and saucepans and glasses on which to make percussive sounds), who feel similarly when they give the inwardly felt an outward expression. I am convinced that early familiarity with medium and its potentialities prepares the ground for the discoveries made available by the works of professional artists. They are continuous, after all, with the experience of finding an outward expression for what is tacit, has originally no words or notes or shapes.

Significant as such explorations and adventures with the "stuff" of the arts may be, they are not sufficient if the young are to find actual art forms thought-provoking enough to open new perspectives in their experience. There are, it is true, occasional efforts to nurture art appreciation in our schools; but, far too often, they do little more than expose the young to "important" works presented as part of an objective tradition or art-world. Sometimes it is assumed that a Rembrandt painting, say, or a Mozart sonata possesses enough intrinsic power to assure a rapt attentiveness, even on the part of the most disinterested. Sometimes it is considered enough to locate a given work in time and place or in the history of styles. Merely to take note of or to recognize a work is thought to be sufficient for entry into the "educated" or "civilized" community in part defined by its attachment to or investment in "good art." All that is asked of learners is usually a polite receptivity; as persons, each with his/her own distinctive way of grasping phenomena, they are not provoked to engage themselves, to become involved.

Strangely, this is seldom the case where imaginative literature is concerned (although imaginative literature is seldom identified as "art.'). There may be some who are satisfied if students can simply decode the words of a piece; but most teachers realize that there must be personal participation in a text if it is to be grasped as a text, as an imaginary world. Surely, the same thing must be true of other art forms. "Reading" a painting, decoding a ballet are important; but more must be done than the teaching of what is, after all, "basic." People must be intentionally empowered to go beyond such basics in order fully to perceive, to engage, to bring to life. If they are not, paintings and dance performances and enacted plays are likely to be absorbed by their surroundings, to become parts of the taken-for-granted reality. Just as a cathedral or a pyramid may be simply be "seen" or noted, so may *Giselle* be apprehended as a series of movements illustrating a story, or *The Glass Menagerie* as an acting out of events from Tennessee Williams' actual youth. In no case will ordinary, habitual vision be disturbed; conven-

tional modes of paying heed will simply be confirmed. What is being experienced will be viewed as another way of being shown what is already known; there will be no sense of an alternative reality, no sense of something beyond.

Although I do not believe that aesthetics *per se* need be taught in schools in the effort to introduce students to the art-world, I do believe that certain kinds of questions should be posed and encouraged for the sake of keeping a reflectiveness about the role of the arts alive. The arts do, after all, create a specific "province of meaning," (Schutz, 1967) different from that of the natural or social sciences, different as well from the provinces of religious faith and dreams and even play' and the arts, like the other modes of awareness, require a distinctive "style" of directing attention to aspects of reality. Art is a transfiguration of the commonplace, one writer tells us. (Danto, 1981) Art is serious and beneficial, remarks another, a game played against chaos and death. Yes, comments still another, art opens a dimension accessible to no other experience. The languages, the images we find in art "make perceptible, visible, and audible that which is no longer or not yet perceived, said, and heard in everyday life." (Marcuse, 1978, p. 72) Indeed, art may make the petrified world "speak, sing, and perhaps dance. . . ."

None of these comments represents a firm definition of art; nor does any one identify an "essence" or common denominator setting art forms off from all other phenomena in the world. They are, in effect, descriptive of various people's responses to the arts or of their efforts to account for the impact of the arts on their lives. That may be the best anyone can do in these times; but it may be that an insistent questioning has something to do with the significance of certain encounters, certain high artistic moments in people's lives. In a time when the boundaries are obscured and certain of the old canonical "traditions" are being challenged as exclusive and elite, individuals in their communities probably have to decide for themselves what should be cherished as art and set apart from non-art. It ought to be part of the learning process to consider how a three-minute video differs from a filmed vignette, a painting, a fully developed film. Given the vast popularity of and admiration for Michael Jackson, can he be expected to transform experience as other great singers can—Pavarotti, say, or Milnes? Does Jackson require the same mode of listening, the same repeated hearings? If not, why not? In any case, what does liking something have to do with judging it to be a work of art? It must be clear, in a school committed to variety and diversity, that there is nothing illegitimate in enthusiasm for Michael Jackson, nothing wrong with enjoyment. But the young too can confront the question of whether it is possible to relish Jackson and at once go beyond to the Brandenburg, perhaps, when the time is ripe, to *Don Giovanni*, to Beethoven's quar-

tets. Where are the stopping places, the side roads, the openings? The young can be freed to choose. What of horror movies and those suffused with gratuitous violence? What of works that demean minorities? That humiliate women and make objects out of them? What of the works that make voyeurs out of spectators or, as John Berger (1977) says, render them (under the eyes of certain figures in paintings) merely "specimens"? What, in any case, is the "good" of art when there is carnage in El Salvador, when missiles are being deployed, when official voices woo and mystify, when people starve? The arts and engagements with them have not been known to make people moral or humane over the course of history. How justify their presence in our lives?

The questions need to be kept alive in the realization that there are no final answers. Each person has to discover his/her own and choose himself/herself with respect to what is found. No one is likely to do this, however, in innocence. No one is likely to do it without having some art experiences; since it is only out of actual encounters that meaningful questions about the arts can arise. Keeping the discussions alive means providing room for the young to choose for themselves, rather than simply submitting to the voices of authority and orthodoxy. Yes, their teachers (like professional artists) can empower them to see, to read, to apprehend; but they are the ones who must "incline" in those moments when things seem to withdraw, when something seems to wait to be disclosed.

They will not incline without some capacity to uncouple, at least for a time, to move into an alternative space, an imaginary space; and this requires a narrowing and a focusing of attention, a taking of time. Here, too, the young can learn to learn; and it takes the delicate creation of situations that will move them—and give them the courage—to choose to learn, to become different from the way they are. Uncertainties will remain respecting the connections between the arts and the human condition and human consciousness at the various moments of growth. There are the difficult issues respecting distortions through the arts and by the arts; and there are the revelations of hitherto hidden faces and facets, unfamiliar dimensions of lived realities. I recall seeing a random pile of grey army overcoats in an exhibition of Joseph Bueys' work; and, because I knew I was in an art space and chose myself with respect to it (apart from the humdrum and routine), I saw what I had never seen about the drabness and weariness of war, and its random pointlessness. I recall a paragraph in Toni Morrison's *Sula* (1975) that altered my views of art-making and the media of art, extended them in a direction I had never moved before. Morrison is describing her anti-heroine, Sula:

"In a way, her strangeness, her naivete, her craving for the other half of her equation was the consequence of an idle imagination. Had she paints, or

clay, or knew the discipline of the dance, or strings; had she anything to engage her tremendous capacity and her gift for metaphor, she might have exchanged the restlessness and preoccupation with whim for an activity that provided her with all she yearned for. And like any artist with no art form, she became dangerous." (105)

Sula is a black woman, doubly oppressed, impelled to break through the confining frames of her community and its modes of perception. She is a pariah, yet a force for liberation; and that is why, in fact, she is "dangerous." When she is dying, she says she is "going down like one of those redwoods." And she goes on to say: "I sure did live in this world." No, she did not get "all she yearned for," and it may have been as well. So she becomes somehow paradigmatic for me. She makes me look upon all interpretive systems (even the ones I take for granted) as in some sense problematic. I am moved to think, once again, about the "web of relations" (Arendt, 1958) my associates and I have woven between ourselves and wonder how inclusive it is and what it means for my choosing, for our choosing, and what it means to be critical and to transform.

The experience, it must be said, is not wholly subjective, although the reader's subjectivity cannot but be involved. For one thing, a book or a visual work has a public presence; it has been and is being read and interpreted by a public of some kind, interpreted in the light of a particular social reality. Reading *Sula*, trying to achieve it as meaningful, I am bound to integrate a variety of perspectives, transcending my personal and limited one: the perspective of the narrative point of view, the perspective of the white people in Meridian and the black people on the "Bottom," the contesting and often irreconcilable perspectives of Sula's family and Nel's and Shadrack's and Ajax's, the perspective of the fictional "Reader" to whom the book is addressed. In a classroom, there might be dialogue and argument about the book; since diverse persons must read it from diverse vantage points, even though there is a form that is to some degree given, words that are (on the surface at least) the same for everyone. Out of the dialogue, out of the multiple and shifting vantage points, a richer presence may well emerge. But the questions are likely to remain unanswered; the book "appeals," as Jean-Paul Sartre (1961, pp. 64-65) once said, to each one's freedom. So it continually moves to what is not yet. And, as it does, it renders what is already known in some way new.

There can be no closure; there can be no final answers, as there might be for empirical questions. Neither *Sula* nor *King Lear* nor Picasso's *Guernica* nor the Hallelujah Chorus nor Ingmar Bergman's *Fanny and Alexander* solves anything, offers any guidelines. They do, however, make one see and hear and feel in such a fashion that one's questions sharpen, one's head aches. Marcel Proust once wrote that the

writer and painter are like eye specialists for those who attend to their works. "The treatment—with the help of their paintings, their writings—is not always pleasant. When the treatment is concluded, they tell us: You can look now. And thus the world which hasn't been created only once, but is recreated every time a new artist emerges, appears to us perfectly comprehensible—so very different from the old." (Proust in Polanyi, 1964, p. 200) What he was describing was what Virginia Woolf called a "shock of awareness," an experience that shakes conventional certainties as it opens the way for something new.

An awareness of this, coupled with an awareness of the ambiguities and the open possibilities associated with art experiences, may have played into the persistent efforts to trivialize and sentimentalize the arts within the schools. I do not only have in mind the didactic and moralistic (yes, and patriotic) purposes the arts have been made to serve. I think of the Valentine's Day cards and Mother's Day cards that emerged when the "genteel tradition" began working in schools late in the last century. Most of all, I think of the figurative curtains that hid art forms from our view. There was a Velasquez reproduction in my high school (of "Las Meninas," I believe, with the eyes of the painter and the members of the Hapsburg family staring at the model, who is not rendered, who may be the beholder, any one of us who dares to look); and I am sure there was a Raphael Madonna; but that meant no more and aroused no more than did the painting of Washington crossing the Delaware or the picture of Abraham Lincoln or the photograph of the basketball team frozen in the past. Because no one paid heed, because no one ever mentioned the possibility of taking the time to look, and because few of us knew anything about how to look, Velasquez and Raphael were absorbed into the drabness of the corridors. Like so many other aspects of our reality, they were rendered invisible. I am reminded of how the winter trees and the ice-blocked river withdraw and become invisible until I take the time to attend, to notice, to release myself from the routine. And I think of how various and shimmering and multi-faceted the envisaged world becomes in those few moments when I consciously attend.

That, really, is the point: to awaken persons to a sense of presentness, to a critical consciousness of what is ordinarily obscured. Without such experiences, we are all caught in conventional (often officially defined) constructs in such a fashion that we confuse what we have been taught to see with the necessary and the unalterable. Even if we grant, as we must, that we come to know the world by means of symbol systems, languages, *schemata* developed over time by our "predecessors and contemporaries," (Schutz, 1967, p. 23) even if we grant that we could not communicate with one another if we were not initiated into existing

ways of knowing, the consciousness of our own consciousnesses, our own agency, remains important if we are not to be submerged. I would stress, however, that such consciousness seldom develops in isolation. It is most likely to develop in the context of dialogue, of communication, something of great consequence for schools. The pleasures offered by art experiences are enhanced by articulation in a speech situation, in which persons find out what they feel and what they think (after emerging from an encounter) by speaking with other in their own voices as *who* (to borrow from Hannah Arendt) (1958) not *what* they are.

For teachers, the obligation is to teach persons how to notice what there is to be noticed without imposing alien readings or interpretations. Perceptions of contours, colors, form-content relations can be shared without depriving students of their capacities to see and hear for themselves. They can be enabled to understand what it signifies to move into an illusioned world. They can be helped to realize that, when Tom (in *The Glass Menagerie*) tells the audience that they are about to see a "memory play," (Williams, 1961, 439) that truth will be masquerading as illusion, those in the audience are being asked to release themselves by means of *their* imagination. Only as they do so, only as they place in parentheses grocery lists and domestic concerns and memories of case histories, will they be able to inhabit Williams' unreal world and achieve it as meaningful for themselves. And having done so, they can expect their worlds to be in some measure "recreated," as Proust said. Young people, in other words, can be released to perceive, to pattern by means of perceiving, to grasp by paying heed. And, in the case of all other kinds of educative experiences, they may begin to learn when they begin teaching themselves and going beyond where they are.

Arguing for the opening of significant art spaces in the school, I know I am arguing for altered schools. To enter such spaces, individuals must be empowered, each in a way appropriate to him/her—his/her background, his/her life story—to perceive differently, to hear and to see. Entering, it may be that such students are enabled to create their spaces as they move together, "making music together." (Schutz, 1967) It may be that they will gain a new capacity to name themselves and name their worlds, as they come to see themselves and their worlds anew. We can affirm with some certainty that each people have to be in an art space in person if any art works are to be achieved. There is no such phenomenon as a second-hand experience with a Cezanne landscape or a Stevens poem or a Woody Allen film. We can never send someone else to see it for us and come back and report. Not only are we required to be there; we are required to be there as active and conscious beings, allowing the energies of perceiving and imagining and feeling to move out to the works at hand, to

bring them into life. Yes, and we are required to be there as open and reflective consciousness, empowered to resist fixed definition, the fetish, and the fraud. Wallace Stevens (1964, p. 183) wrote:

Throw away the lights, the definitions,
And say of what you see in the dark.

That it is this or that it is that,
But do not use the rotted names.

This is from "The Man with the Blue Guitar," and the blue guitar signifies imagination (among other things). At the end of the stanza quoted above, we find: "You as you are? You are yourself./ The blue guitar surprises you." The notion of surprise, like the notion of desire, is fundamental. Works of art, when attended to with some degree of discriminating awareness, cannot but surprise if persons are present to them as living beings who live with others and feel themselves existing in the world. That is because such works impel the awakened beholder (or reader or listener) to break with the habitual, the customary, the merely conventional, the given. Desire is evoked by the realization of what is not yet, expressed in the yearning towards possibility. Many works of art, when confronted by a yearning consciousness, are like those "slumbering shapes" in the carpenter's wood; they can never be exhausted, never finally achieved, never "done." There are boundaries, yes, edges, frames; but they are there to be transcended. And to transcend, each one himself or herself and at once along with others, is to transform the petrified world.

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