WIDE-AWAKENESS IN DARK TIMES

Maxine Greene

It gives me both a sense of privilege and a feeling of obligation to be back in Hawai‘i on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of this great school. Fifty years ago, when the College of Education opened, the times were also dark—although in a somewhat different way. It was the beginning of a worldwide Depression, after all; and no group of people, even on an island, were immune. But it was also a moment of stubborn hope, a kind of 18th-century hope, it seems to me. By that I mean a hope grounded in a faith in progress, in the power of intelligence to solve the thronging social problems, in a Heavenly City that would one day be attained. So there seems something altogether appropriate about the establishment of a college of education at such a moment; since education has to do with futuring—with newcomers and renewals, with images of untapped possibility.

An education still does—or ought to—signify such things. The trouble is that it is presently too often identified with training or the simple mastery of skills or what is sometimes called a “return to basics.” For me, the concept of “return” is alien to the concept of education. This is because education must have to do with what is to be, with what is not yet. It has to do with transmitting what is thought to be worthwhile to members of a younger generation, who in the course of time must decide for themselves what they believe is worth preserving and what ought to be transformed. It has to do with empowering, with developing critical and creative capacities. It has to do with enabling persons to become different from the way they have been, to become courageous enough to renew what they have come to hold in common, to imagine things, especially insufficient things, being otherwise than they are.

Unfortunately—and this, for me, is part of the darkness of our times—too many people have lost this view of educating. They have lost their sense of futuring, of moving in some we-relation towards what might be, what ought to be in an appallingly imperfect world. I should like to explore what we might do to make this possible again, even at such a technicist, mystifying moment in our history, when confidence seems irredeemably lost.

I turn to Hannah Arendt for a description of today’s “dark times;” and she, in her turn, borrowed it from a poem by Bertolt Brecht, who was describing the disorder and the hunger in Europe at his moment of time, a catastrophe covered up, Arendt writes, “by the highly efficient talk and double-talk of nearly all official representatives.”

Then she wrote:

When we think of dark times and of people living and moving in them, we have to take this camouflage, emanating from and spread by “the establishment” . . . into account. If it is the function of the public realm to throw light on the affairs of men by providing a space of appearances in which they can show in deed and word, for better and worse, who they are and what they can do, then darkness has come when this light is extinguished by “credibility gaps” . . . by speech that does not disclose what is but sweeps it under the carpet, by exhortations, moral and otherwise, that, under the pretext of upholding old truths, degrade all truth to meaningless triviality.

Today, as most of us surely realize, we are being bombarded with explanations and conclusions that are justified not by references to public opinion, but by the so-called rationality of “scientific” policy analysis and neutral expertise. Popular assent, when needed, is generated by various kinds of media presentation, by the manipulation of images, by what is presented as social science certainty or a policy analysis so tight and “logical” it cannot be challenged by the layman.

Few official spokesmen—economists, social scientists, policymakers, generals—tell us who they are or what their relationship is, say, to the center of power or how they became what they are. I think of the poet William Carlos Williams, writing in “Paterson” about the “clerks” who have “got out of
hand forgetting for the most part to whom they are beholden.” To use Arendt’s terminology, such people do not throw light on our affairs or our lived lives; their deliberately context-free, technical language does not “disclose what is . . . .” Yet these are the ones who are structuring reality for most of the population, instructing us about supply-side economics and tax policy and MX missiles and the impending danger to the western hemisphere. The “articulate public” of whom John Dewey used to speak no longer seems conceivable.1 There appears, very often, to be no way to communicate our shared concerns to those who are supposed to represent us in the public sphere. Ordinary, contextual language—the language of face-to-face interchange—has begun to sound ineffectual in the face of simulation games and computerized projections; we retreat, in consequence, into uneasy privacy; we do not know what to say.

In addition to all this, there has been what has been described as a tearing apart of the network of mutual obligation that once apparently held many people together in our society. There was, for hundreds of thousands—over a long period of time—a consciousness of common interest, an “in-between” that expressed itself in resistance to tyranny and then in compassion for the old and the poor and the excluded and, yes, the wounded—the kind of compassion that could move persons to speak, now and then, vividly and in their own voices, to be present at much of what was happening, to act along with others to repair what seemed to them to be wrong. Today it is as if such values and commitments have been swept aside. The reiteration of words like “balanced budget” and “inflation” and “interest rates” have drowned out the sound of words like “justice,” “equity,” “human rights.”

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Surely, we can create the kinds of learning situations that enable future practitioners to understand that reality itself—rather than existing out there, finished and inalterable—may be understood to be interpreted experience, no matter how objective and neutral and unquestionable it is made to appear. And I mean interpreted human experience, since even the most positive of the positivists cannot surmount the human sphere. Now it should be evident that—because human beings live in cultures and cannot but share with those around them a common-sense world—the interpretations made are not idiosyncratic or purely personal, for all the fact that vantage point and location play important roles, as do life history and class membership and the work an individual does in the world. (I know, for example, that my student-son and my friend who is a programmer for a computer company and my other friend who lives in a loft in SoHo and paints great murals she cannot sell make sense of Reaganomics and the potholes in the streets and the jogging paths in the Park and the movie lines on 3rd Avenue somewhat distinctively; they relate themselves differently to such phenomena than I do, and they differ markedly among themselves. Despite that, we all share assumptions about downtown and uptown, about city traffic, ticket-buying, getting bank loans, filling out forms, going to school.) In every case, for all the variation in perspectives, individual consciousness does open out to an intersubjective field, to a common, if you will, grasping aspects of it,
profiles, depending upon how that consciousness reaches out, how it intends. We are in the same place, the same hall; but, as a visitor from New York, I am more likely to attend to the warmth and the fragrance of the astonishing greenery. I am more aware than you that I am seeing this island only in its aspects; my viewing of it is incomplete. I know that there is more, always more. That is the case for you who live here as well; but you are not so inclined to realize it. For most of you the world where you do your work and run your errands and eat your dinners—the commonsense world where you live most of your lives—seems so normal, so unquestionable, that you imagine it looks the way it looks to you to anyone with normal eyesight. Your reality—with its highways, traffic lights, workplaces, beach umbrellas, supermarkets, beaches, leaseholds, palm trees—is the world, there in its givenness, objectively there.

Like people everywhere, we forget that it is a constructed or a constituted or an interpreted world. It appears to be so natural because our interpretations have been objectified to such an extent that we take them for granted—not as subjective processes, but as representations of what is objectively there. On some level, we do know that a traffic light functions as a traffic light because, somehow or another, we have all agreed or accepted the assumption that a red light means stop, a green light, go. On some level we realize that it is we who lend urgency to the sound of the alarm clock when it rings in the morning, because we know we have to go to work. And, when we think about it, we also recognize that the prohibition and the permission seem built into the traffic light, just as the summons seems to inhere in the clock. Think of David Stockman, letting it be known of a sudden that his interpretations of supply-side economics and the rest—until recently objectified as representations of the real—were more or less arbitrary subjective processes linked very much to the interests of certain groups within the society. Just to say that tax reductions were a “Trojan horse” should have helped a number of readers to see what they have found it almost impossible to see before. And, a while ago, a British professor, now a visiting scholar at Harvard, wrote in the New York Times about the ways in which economists try to make us view their theories as descriptive of reality. “This is reality,’ the economists pronounce,” he wrote, “it is, of course, nothing of the kind, yet our lives are conditioned by what they say. Because they have written the script, we ignore the true world and fail to ask the most important questions.”

Some of them, he said, have to do with inflation; and he pointed out that inflation may not, after all, be terribly important. And then: “Why should we try to bring it down when the proffered route to reduction is more destructive to the community than the worst aspects of inflation?” I do not know if he is correct; but I bring it up to emphasize again the ways in which we allow explanations of the sort he had in mind to become objectified and, again, taken for granted as real. (I am reminded of Jean-Paul Sartre’s play, Dirty Hands, and of the man in power, Hoederer, talking about what he thinks the people want: “They need props, you understand, they are given ready-made ideas, then they believe in them as they do in God. We’re the ones who make these ideas and we know how they are cooked up, we are never quite sure of being right.”

I think we have an obligation to learners to enable them to recognize how ideas are cooked up and who makes them and why. I think, similarly, we have an obligation to help them recognize why we are so prone to see the phenomena of the world around—the extremes of wealth and poverty, for instance, the consumerism, the violence, the injustices—as so normal, so built into the everyday. This is especially important at a moment when what are taken to be spontaneous renderings of the real are so often absorbed into deliberately distorted or oversimplified ones. I have in mind, for instance, the continual repetition of the message that identity is defined by one’s possessions, or the message that helpless people or poor people are not entitled to social support, or the word that a limited nuclear war is thinkable, or the message about the inherent barbarism in the Other, whoever that Other may be. No wonder it is so difficult to maintain the networks of mutual obligation. It is difficult for ordinary people to see each other, to speak directly to one another in their own authentic voices—their agent-revealing voices—in their own words.

This is why it seems necessary for those of us in education to provide opportunities for learners to reflect back upon themselves and their standpoints, to tell their stories, even as it becomes necessary to sensitize them to the interpretive process itself. Only then can they be effectively introduced to the alternative perspectives to be derived from what are sometimes called the structures of knowledge, or the disciplines, or those diverse “provinces of meaning” defined by particular kinds of cognitive experiences and particular cognitive styles. I believe that most of us are
aware that good teaching, effective teaching is the kind that moves students into understanding situations they perceive as incomplete, of seeking out support for the knowledge claims they learn to make, of using evidence and giving good reasons and making connections and seeking out their own answers to worthwhile questions they have posed for themselves. If students can be provoked to make their own independent moves in the course of learning, if they can take their own imaginative initiatives as they go in pursuit of meanings, they may find themselves in a position to recognize the “links” I spoke of earlier—to render the conditioning they are undergoing into conscious conditioning, to break—to a degree—free. There is no denying the causal factors that work upon them: the determinisms, if you like, of family life, economic status, color, physique, and all the rest. We can never eradicate determinateness; but we can name it, understand it, sometimes transcend.

I cannot but recall the plight of a fictional character, Stephen Daedalus, in James Joyce’s Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. He is conditioned, almost hopelessly determined by his family, his church, and his nation in ways most of us are able to recognize and understand. Through a process of imaginative sense-making, through naming the details, the influences, the personalities that shaped him, he was able to exorcize them, to find his own voice, to break free. He came, if you like, to realize why his Aunt Dante fought so bitterly with his father over Irish nationalism, why the Jesuits presented such a pinched and threatening vision of the world; why he was maltreated for being so weak and strange, for wearing glasses; why he himself had come to fear “dogs, horses, firearms, the sea, thunderstorms, machinery, the country roads at night;” why performance of his Easter duty (just to please his mother) seemed to him to be nothing more than “a false homage to a symbol behind which are massed twenty centuries of authority and veneration.” And finally, having made whatever sense he could make, having gained perspective on what had worked on him, he says: “I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church; and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can...” He has found his field of possibility; he has become conscious of what he has been and what he is not yet. He has, it might be said, endowed his experience with meaning. I am sure that it is clear that meanings, whether seen as illuminations of what is lived, or connections made within experience, or the results of interpretations of past experiences looked as “from the present Now with a reflective attitude” do not arise spontaneously. More often than not, persons are moved to create meaning by a jolt or a shock of some sort—as Stephen Daedalus was by being pushed into the square ditch, when he felt the
pandybat on his hand, when he came upon the bird-girl in the stream. As Dewey once said, for most of us, things go on anyway, most of the time in habitual routines. It takes what he also called a kind of “brute, dumb shock” for us to pay heed, to single out, to explain, to try to render what is happening meaningful.

If we are to empower practitioners to be in this mystifying time, this technocratic time, this thoughtless time, to take the kinds of action that might free them from manipulations and permit them not only to name what works upon them but also to think about reconstituting the networks that once bound them to others, the webs of relationship that seem to be so badly torn, we have to begin working deliberately for moments of awakening, for experiences of shock, for jolts that might move persons to break with the taken-for-granted, with passivity, and the “natural attitude.” Literature is full of metaphors for this. I think of Thoreau writing about keeping ourselves awake and about the encouraging fact that human beings have the “unquestionable ability” to elevate their lives “by a conscious endeavor.” I think of Albert Camus talking about the “why” arising in the midst of ordinariness, and of everything beginning “in that weariness tinged with amazement.” “Beginns,” he wrote, “—this is important. Weariness comes at the end of a mechanical life, but at the same time it inaugurates the impulse of consciousness.”5 (And I do not have to tell you what the “mechanical life” might mean. You all are familiar with the life of habit and speechlessness, of routine performances, of boredom, of powerlessness.)

Then I think of Virginia Woolf and what she called “non-being,” or “the nondescript cotton wool of daily life,” and her overcoming her own victimization by finding explanations, by breaking through. She pointed out that a great part of every day is not lived consciously by most of us. “One walks, eats, sees things, deals with what has to be done: the broken vacuum cleaner, ordering dinner, washing, cooking dinner. . . .” But there were shocks, interruptions of the routine; and she said finally that she thought her shock-receiving capacity made her a writer, as it might make another a teacher, an organizer, a nurse. Not only did she link the capacity to make sense of things with overcoming powerlessness (through her own action and on her own ground); she sought and indeed found her own language for articulating what she discovered, for overcoming splits and fragmentations; and, because she associated all this with her becoming a writer, she was, at the same time, gearing into the world by means of a project, a plan of living.6 This also had much to do with her perspective, her need to interpret, to make sense.

I have one more example, also taken from literature, the instance of the narrator in Walker Percy’s The Moviegoer, who hits upon the idea of a search. “The search,” he says, “is what anyone would undertake if he were not sunk in the everydayness of his own life. This morning, for example, I felt as if I had come to myself on a strange island. And what does such a castaway do? Why, he pokes around the neighborhood and he doesn’t miss a trick. Not to become aware of the possibility of the search is to be in despair.”7 Having become aware of the possibility, he is in position to take a new vantage point, to see things as if they could be otherwise, to inquire in his own fashion and not to “miss a trick.”

Learning happens when people take notice of their own existence and put questions to the world. It takes a search, however, a questioning, a beginning, a shock. Alfred Schutz said that to move in and out of the various provinces of meaning accessible to us is to know what it signifies to experience shocks of this sort, what he called the specific shocks that compel us to break through the limits of the finite provinces—of the social sciences, say, or the arts, or the natural sciences—as Percy’s narrator breaks through everydayness, and continually to shift the accent to reality. He explained:

Some instances are: the shock of falling asleep as the leap into the world of dreams; the inner transformation we ensure if the curtain in the theatre rises as the transition into the world of the stage play; the radical change in our attitude if, before a painting, we permit our visual field to be limited by what is within the frame as the passage into the pictorial world; . . . religious experiences in all their varieties—for instance, Kierkegaard’s experience of the “instant” as the leap into the religious sphere . . . the decision of the scientist to replace all passionate participation in the affairs of this world by a disinterested contemplative attitude.8

Not only do we feel jolted or shocked by the difference in the way we attend to life when we emerge from the laboratory into the light of day or the half-light of the subway, or when we come out of an absorbing movie on to the street, or when we shift our attention from some record of the past to the headline in the daily newspaper. We are made aware or we ought to be made aware of the sense in which there are multiple realities—each of which is to be understood to be a
dimension of experience interpreted in a particular way. What is important is the relation between our subjective sense of being situated in a world and the modes of interpretation available to us. There are certain kinds of compatible cognitive experiences and a distinctive style that distinguish the scientific province of meaning, for example, or the province of the social sciences; and the perspectives made possible by each establish us in different relationships to our lived worlds. There are reasons beyond purely technical or professional ones for moving in and out of these domains, for looking through various perspectives, particularly if we keep alive our awareness of our locations in the world, our relationships, our situatedness, and the moral demands made upon us as we live. The point is, not only to make our ordinary-lived experience more meaningful, but to enhance our capacity to name our world, to discover the causes of our realities, to define our projects, to discover lacks and insufficiencies, to find openings through which to move, to perceive alternatives and to transform.

I want to keep stressing the need to hold in mind the fact that each of us—as a distinctive person, a situated person, a person facing outward to an intersubjective world—must intentionally go in search of meaning. I want to keep suggesting that the perspectives we achieve are always partial, that there is always more to discover, more to see, and that the point of it all is to become more thoughtful about what we are doing. I want to emphasize, too, that, as we learn, as we seek for meanings, as we enter into dialogue with one another, we are or ought to be bringing into being a common world that is always in the making—an in-between that is durable and always renewable, that must be treasured, somehow, and prized.

This leads me to the matter of the arts and humanities. One of the functions of these forms, beyond the enlargement of vision they make possible and beyond the pleasures they provide, is to provoke self-reflectiveness, to help us recover our lost spontaneity, to enable us to be present in the first person to the world. Another is to nurture wide-awakening, the capacity to attend, to search, and to transcend. It is not easy to talk in the light of who rather than what one is in a media-dominated time, when alternatives for self-expression seem to be a kind of short-circuited lingua franca and role-determined technical or official talk. It is not easy for persons to articulate their life stories in good faith or to say (if they are women) what it is to mend the broken vacuum cleaner, to order dinner, to wash, to be a mother, to worry about child-care while working in the laboratory, to arrange flowers, to love, to be.

When I speak of the humanities, I do not have in mind what D.H. Lawrence called “monuments and ponderosities,” nor those works which embody what used to be called the “essence” of humanity. “The humanities,” wrote Charles Frankel, “are that form of knowledge in which the knower is revealed. All knowledge becomes humanistic when this effect takes place, when we are asked to contemplate not only the proposition but the proposer, when we hear the human voice behind what is said.” As I see them, the humanities refer to those humanly created works that are visible or audible articulations of human perceiving, believing, imagining, thinking—of human consciousness in touch with lived reality. To engage with the humanities, to be empowered to engage with them, is to be exposed to diverse perspectives and vantage points—those of certain natural and social scientists, as well as those of philosophers of particular kinds, critics, imaginative writers. Yes, the humanities also belong to a distinctive province of meaning, one that must be entered through and by means of imagination, perception, feeling, as well as cognition, one in which human subjectivity plays a more significant role than it does in most of the other provinces.

To be enabled to address the self to a work in the humanities is to be present to it as someone with a particular perspective, a reflected-on way of being in the world; it is at once to come in touch with another human voice, another perspective. It is also to come in a kind of dialogical touch with a self-revealing other engaged with his or her own social reality. Few experiences hold so many potentialities for enabling students to recognize the significance of interpretation, location, background, and perspective. Few experiences hold so many potentialities for widening and enriching communication—communication in which the knower is revealed.

The arts may be distinguished from certain works in the humanities by being conceived as deliberately created forms made for pleasure, made for joy, made to enable people to hear and see. They also may be identified as distinctive languages, symbolic forms, or structures differentiated according to medium and syntax, but dependent on a particular mode of awareness to be fully realized as aesthetic objects. Diverse as they may be, they also signify “compatible experiences” in the sense that a Mozart trio, for instance, can inhabit the same domain as a Cezanne painting and a William Carlos Williams poem. All such works must be achieved...
through deliberate acts of consciousness. They must be achieved in a space apart from the mundane, the common-sense, as well as from the scientific. I believe that arts do not open themselves up for this kind of achieving in any natural or automatic way. People must be educated for discriminating appreciation and informed awareness; they have to be deliberately initiated "into what it feels like to live in music, move over and about in a painting, travel round and round in between the masses of a sculpture, live in a poem." Mike Dufrenne has written that "The aesthetic object is the work of art perceived as a work of art; that is, the work of art which gets the perception it solicits and deserves and which is fulfilled in the spectator's consciousness. . . . To perceive aesthetically is to perceive faithfully; perception is a task, for there are inept perceptions which fall short of the aesthetic object and only an adequate perception realizes its aesthetic quality." Dewey and many other thinkers have recognized that aesthetic perceiving is not an affair for odd moments. Dewey made the point that the beholder or the listener always has work to do, and the one who is "too lazy, idle, or indurated in convention to perform this work will not see or hear." He was objecting to the narrowness with which the artistic-aesthetic is so often conceived and the unwarranted separation of feeling from perception, imagination from thought.

If educators are to stir learners to risk the special kind of awareness that might enable them to grasp particular works in their fullness, they have to try to foster perceptual acuity and, at once, acquaint students with the concepts that might enable them to take the stance required by works of art. Somehow, they must be empowered to attend to a Paul Taylor dance, let us say, as a live fabric of kinetic movement in lighted space and time. They must be freed to see Cezanne's Mte. St. Victoire as a total composition, allowing an aspect of the envisaged world to assume form and contour at the moment of its viewing. They must be informed enough to attend to Hamlet as a developing, ascending tragic action, completing itself in time and always moving beyond.

There is the importance of distancing or uncoupling from the taken-for-granted, from the ordinary. This demands a form of imaginative awareness, too often ignored in a technicist time, the kind of awareness that permits a work to exist in its integrity, to exist as a realized presence to be grasped by a particular consciousness. And there is the kind of imaginative activity that permits the incarnation of what is seen and heard, that allows for an elaboration of what has been attended to in a person's own experience, for associations and connections to be made with respect to that person's own lived life. "The world of art," wrote Herbert Marcuse, "is that of another Reality Principle, of estrangement—and only as estrangement does art fulfill a cognitive function: it communicates truths not communicable in any other language; it contradicts." He meant, of course, that art works or engagements with art works demand a break with submergence, with the taken-for-granted, with non-being. They provide vistas out of the actual. They make it possible to imagine things being other than they are. "Art cannot change the world, but it can contribute to changing the consciousness and drives of the men and women who could change the world," Marcuse said. Obviously, I am not suggesting that education ought to concentrate exclusively upon the arts and the humanities in times like these. I am suggesting, however, that a concern for the artistic-aesthetic ought to accompany our interest in the sciences, in the study of morality, in the all-over development of cognitive understanding. Not only does an aware engagement of any kind intensify self-reflectiveness and expose the links between what is imposed upon the human being and what he brings to the world. Because individuals have to personally present to works of arts and address themselves to them as perceiving, imagining, feeling, thinking beings, they cannot but be there—at least for a time—as who they are. Aesthetic experiences are not purely subjective; nor are they pulled inexorably towards the objective. Works of art emerge in the course of freely chosen encounters; they can only emerge in experience if the person is willing to bring them into existence, brave enough and informed enough and energetic enough to contradict the given and move towards possibility.

So new possibilities may open, new possibilities of being in the world. New vantage points open; new projects become conceivable; and things begin to seem less petrified, less finished, less complete. Incompleteness is important to me—beginnings, open spaces, the sense of what is not yet. I cannot but recall Moby Dick and the so-called "extracts" from the literature of whaling compiled by the sub-sub-librarian at the start. He had gathered all available allusions to whales in the
literature and mistakenly wanted to take “the higgledy-piggledy whale statements” for veritable “gospel cetology.” And then I think of the chapter called “Cetology” later in the novel, where the same point is made with respect to the categorization of whales. Whatever system there is, the narrator says, must be left unfinished. And then he comments: “God keep me from ever completing anything. This whole book is but a draught—nay, but a draught of a draught. Oh Time, Strength, Cash, and Patience!” And, indeed, the novel enacts a search, an ongoing search, in which the meanings discovered by Ishmael are played out and varied and constantly extended throughout the fatal journey of the whaling ship, ending—at least for Ishmael—at the vital center of the vortex where the ship went down, the center from which a life-buoy coffin was to emerge. He is, as it were, reborn; he is rescued; he escapes to tell. Perhaps he is ready to begin. There may be terror; there may be an unending whiteness; it may take “a strong decoction of Seneca and the Stoics” to make the transition from “a schoolmaster to a sailor” and back again. The alternative is growing hazy about the eyes and feeling “a damp, drizzly November in the soul.”

Aware of incompleteness, yes, and open possibilities, our students may become aware of and responsive to lacks and insufficiencies, to shattered networks and torn webs. We may be able to empower them to come together in the light of shared perceptions, shared interpretations—and to choose, in their ensembles, to repair. We never perceive the lacks unless we are aware of absence, of incompleteness; we do not perceive them if we have not, in collaboration with one another, devised a conception of some better state of things. Like Nathaniel Hawthorne, I believe that the greatest advances are made by those who are ill at ease. I want to increase the unease, as I want to multiply the shocks of awareness as I teach; I want to move people to remake the in-between. I want to see more and more people affirming who they are as they define themselves in what they understand to be a resistant world, as they refuse to be objects in that world and recover some common ground. I want to see them coming together in their pluralities, to obligate themselves anew, to commit themselves anew to some ideal of what it signifies to be human and to build a human world. I want to see them choose, against all odds, new beginnings. I want them to encounter the language and images that “make perceptible, visible and audible that which is no longer, or not yet, perceived, said, and heard in everyday life.”

I want those I can let learn to know how they are free—like the man in Wallace Stevens’ “The Latest Freed Man”—

It was everything being more real, himself
At the center of reality, seeing it—
It was everything bulging and blazing and big
In itself.

I want to learn how to wake them up and lift the darkness of the times.

Footnotes

8. Schutz, op. cit.

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