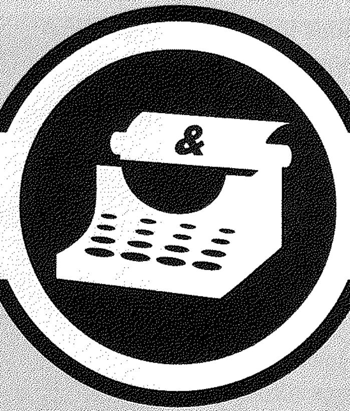
TEACHERS  WRITERS

May–June 2001 Bimonthly • Vol. 32, No. 5

The Slow Fuse of the Possible

by Maxine Greene

The following was excerpted from T&W's annual "Educating the Imagination" Lecture, delivered by Maxine Greene in May, 2000.

I think most of you know about my ongoing obsessions and about how difficult it is for me to stop obsessing. Many of you also know that for a long time, in addition to what we call "doing philosophy," I've been very involved with the arts. Among the things I worry about is the danger of elitism, the danger of being pulled into a kind of art-for-art's-sake world. I've tried very hard to find connections between the imagination, the arts, and the continuing pursuit of social justice.

In an issue of *The Nation*, Herb Kohl brought together a number of educators to talk about the condition of our schools. Lisa Delpit was the first to respond to a question about arts in education and the current preoccupation with standards. She said that in Georgia, schools that aren't doing well in reading and math are actually taking away the arts in order to spend more time on those subjects. My feeling is that if we don't include the arts, we're going to prevent so many kids who are talented from ever learning to express themselves. The arts may never change the world, but they may change the people who can change the world.

MAXINE GREENE is the William F. Russell Professor (Emerita) of the Foundations of Education at Columbia University and the author of numerous books, including *The Dialectic of Freedom* (1988) and *Releasing the Imagination* (1995).

I want to talk about imagination in connection with the arts, in connection with learning, in connection with being alive. Emily Dickinson wrote that imagination lights the slow fuse of the possible. Without the capacity to imagine, the ability to enter alternative realities, to bring the "as if" into being, to look at things at least for a time as if they could be otherwise, we would be sentenced to perpetual literalism, to the domain of facts. Or, as Wallace Stevens might have said, we would be confined to square rooms.

> Rationalists, wearing square hats,
> Think, in square rooms,
> Looking at the floor,
> Looking at the ceiling.
> They confine themselves
> To right-angled triangles.
> If they tried rhomboids,
> Cones, waving lines, ellipses—
> As for example, the ellipse of the half-moon—
> Rationalists would wear sombreros.[1]

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Stevens is one of those artists who offers marvelous images and figures of speech to communicate what such an anti-literalism might signify. In his "Man with the Blue Guitar," the guitarist resists the people around him and does not play things as they are. But things are changed upon the blue guitar. *To play the blue guitar* is a metaphor for stirring listeners to imagine, to transform the ordinary into images of what might be.

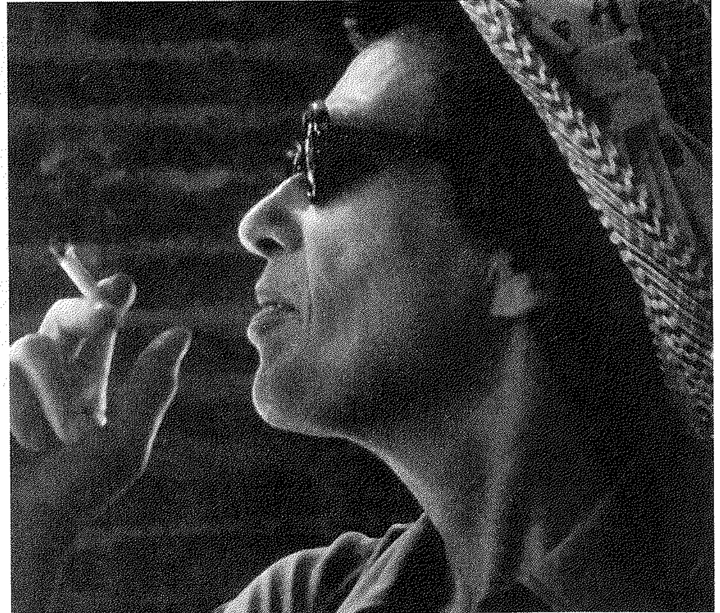
I think imagination (and attentiveness) can be released by a variety of popular culture offerings, and sometimes (though perhaps not often enough) they do light that slow fuse. Unfortunately, certain offerings of popular culture impose someone else's formulas upon the consciousness of audiences. I think of the conventions associated with guns and violence. I think of the inhumane, depersonalized attractions that lured the Columbine murderers or the Nazi-influenced fantasies that fascinate the so-called "skinheads." These are just some of the many instances in which popular culture has forced itself on our capacity to look at things as if they could be otherwise.

I think we consciously have to resist the imposition of such views, such languages and modes of seeing and saying. I want to turn to one more poet for a minute, a woman named Marge Piercy, whose work is concerned not so much with accepting others' ways of seeing and being, but with the way in which our own dreams, perhaps our own true stories,

Without the capacity to imagine, we would be sentenced to perpetual literalism, to the domain of facts.

can be secreted and repressed. In a poem called "The Provocation of the Dream," Piercy writes about the connections between dreams, identity, energy, and potentiality. And she says:

> We are sleep-walkers, troubled by nightmare flashes.
> In locked wards, we close our vision, renouncing.
> We turn love loud on the radio to shut out cries in the
> street.
> Ours is the sleep of objects given, sold, taken, discarded,
> a shuddering sleep whose half remembered dreams
> are cast on the neat lawn of the domestic morning,
> red blossoms torn by a high wind from a crab apple tree.
> Only when we break the mirror and climb into our
> vision,
> only when we are the wind together streaming and
> singing,
> only in the dream we become with our bones for spears,
> we are real at last and wake.[2]



Maxine Greene

What seems so remarkable to me in that poem is the recognition (or the fear) that the vision is mad and must be renounced. There is the urge to deny; after that, the comfort, though it may be a false comfort, found in objects and consumer goods. Like new cars and kitchen equipment, jeans and Hilfiger leather jackets, Nike sneakers, and Barbie dolls, not to mention all of the new computers. We become real when we seize what might be and come awake when we can no longer deny and hide behind the fixed and the ordinary.

Learning happens when the questions come and are cherished, when teachers and learners engage in dialogue in their true voices and in the context of their true stories. Recently I found something in John Dewey's early works that seems to contain implications for all of this. Dewey was lamenting what he described as a lack of imagination in generating "leading ideas." I suddenly wondered what he would say if he heard some of the debates between George W. and Gore. We are afraid of speculative ideas, Dewey said, we do an immense amount of dead, specialized work in the region of facts. We forget that such facts are only data; they are only fragmentary, uncompleted meanings, which need to be rounded into complete ideas. This work that can only be done by a free imagination full of intellectual possibilities.

Surely some of you remember Charles Dickens's Mr. Gradgrind, who tried to silence and shame the little girl brought up in a circus with "Facts, Sissy, facts!" And I'm sure with the arts so often discouraged in the schools, with the technical made the governing force, those in authority are muttering the same destructive demand today. Dewey makes us realize how foolish it has been to identify the factual with the intellectual, and the informational with knowledge.

Of course, I'm also talking about the potency of works of arts, when they can become objects of experience, not just novels like Toni Morrison's or plays by Shakespeare or poems like Emily Dickinson's, but all the forms of art—painting, sculpture, film, music, video art—and the startling apertures through which we're beginning to see. I am not saying that encounters with art forms—even those in the form of active and reflective engagement (similar to what you might call reader-response, with respect to literature) or the exercise of the imagination—can make persons better; or more critically conscious; or that they can change the world. But I do ponder how to move people to question, how to awaken them, how to free them to respond, not only to the human condition, which we all share, but to the injustices and undeserved suffering and violence and violations—to respond and to endeavor to repair. Jean-Paul Sartre writes:

> And if I am given this world with its injustices, it is not so I might contemplate them coldly, but that I might animate them with my indignation, that I might disclose them, and create them with their nature as injustices, as abuses to be suppressed. Thus, the writer's universe will only reveal itself in all its depth to the examination, the admiration, and the indignation of the reader. [...] Although literature is one thing and morality quite a different one, at the heart of the aesthetic imperative we discern the moral imperative.[3]

Sartre speaks about works of art as gifts to those willing to attend. Works of art are acts of confidence in the freedom of human beings, and they may be how values are created.

I will turn to Elizabeth Bishop for the last word, which ought really to be a beginning:

> Tomorrow, we shall have to invent,
> once more,
> the reality of this world.[4]

Bibliographical Sources

1. Wallace Stevens, "Six Significant Landscapes," *The Collected Poems* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1964), p. 75.
2. Marge Piercy, "The Provocation of the Dream," *Circles on the Water* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1976), p. 167.
3. Jean-Paul Sartre, *Literature and Existentialism* (Philosophical Library, 1977), pp. 62–63.
4. Elizabeth Bishop, "January First," *The Complete Poems* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), p. 273.

Anodyne

I love how it swells
into a temple where it is
held prisoner, where the god
of blame resides. I love
slopes & peaks, the secret
paths that make me selfish.
I love my crooked feet
shaped by vanity & work
shoes made to outlast
belief. The hardness
coupling milk it can't
fashion. I love the lips,
salt & honeycomb on the tongue.
The hair holding off rain
& snow. The white moons
on my fingernails. I love
how everything begs
blood into song & prayer
inside an egg. A ghost
hums through my bones
like Pan's midnight flute
shaping internal laws
beside a troubled river.
I love this body
made to weather the storm
in the brain, raised
out of the deep smell
of fish & water hyacinth,
out of rapture & the first
regret. I love my big hands.
I love it clear down to the soft
quick motor of each breath,
the liver's ten kinds of desire
& the kidney's lust for sugar.
This skin, this sac of dung
& joy, this spleen floating
like a compass needle inside
nighttime, always divining
West Africa's dusty horizon.
I love the birthmark
posed like a fighting cock
on my right shoulder blade.
I love this body, this
solo & ragtime jubilee
behind the left nipple,
because I know I was born
to wear out at least
one hundred angels.

—*Yusef Komunyakaa*

In Celebration of the Joshua Ringel Memorial Lecture
delivered by Yusef Komunyakaa on May 6, 2001.
Yusef Komunyakaa, *The Pleasure Dome* (Wesleyan, 2001), pp. 435–36.

The ART of the MANIFESTO

by Mary Ann Caws

The beginning of the 20th century witnessed what Mary Ann Caws has called "The Manifesto Moment"—a ten-year period of "glorious madness" in which nearly every -ism *that we identify with Modernism proclaimed its existence. These manifestos were written predominantly by young writers and artists; one might even say that the manifesto is a youth genre, inspired not merely by the characteristic idealism of youth, but also by its infamous angst and anger.*

One hundred years later, in the age of Columbine and in a time of heightened student violence, the manifesto may offer young writers, if not all writers, a proactive strategy for expressing their diverse frustrations and angers. The manifesto, as Columbia professor Steven Marcus has written, is a kind of "action writing," and, as Caws herself reminds us, "the manifesto is a freeing device: for the self, and the oversocialized self."—The Editors

TEACHING THE MANIFESTO

Originally a *manifesto* was a piece of evidence in a court of law, put on show to catch the eye. The manifesto was from the beginning, and has remained, a deliberate manipulation of the public view. Setting out the terms of the faith toward which the listening public is to be swayed, it is a document of an ideology, crafted to convince and convert or —occasionally—to show off and amuse.

The whole idea of a manifesto is to proclaim something or other in which you believe strongly, or to spoof that idea. It can be on behalf of a movement, real or imagined, in which you participate (or which you lead) or which you make up as a humorous idea.

In the case of a real manifesto, like *The Communist Manifesto* (1848), it is the ideological content that is made clear. In the case of an aesthetic manifesto, it is the point of view that you want to make obvious, even if you are spoofing it. In "Dada Excites Everything" (see p. 8), the Romanian poet Tristan Tzara, otherwise known as Papa-Dada, is at once mocking the egotism of movement-leaders and *being* the movement-creator and the leader of Dada. In "Aphorisms on Futurism" (see p. 7), the American poet Mina Loy uses the aphorism to create a manifesto in every moment. The aphorism is a superbly modern genre in its brevity. It can stand alone or exist as part of a series, in which each item relates to the whole—at once a fragment and a statement complete in itself. Loy's aphorisms are of the latter variety.

ELEMENTS OF THE MANIFESTO

MADNESS: At its most endearing, a manifesto has a madness about it. It is peculiar and angry, quirky, or downright crazed.

OPPOSITION: The manifesto is always opposed to something—generally posing some "we," explicit or implicit, against some other "they." The manifesto can be set up like a battlefield. It can start out as a credo, but then it wants to make a persuasive move from the "I believe" of the speaker toward the "you" of the listener or reader, who should be sufficiently convinced to join in.

VOLUME: The manifesto is by nature a loud genre, unlike the essay. What I would call the "high manifesto," on the model of "high Modernism" is often noisy in its appearance, like a typographical alarm or an implicit rebel yell. It calls for capital letters, loves bigness, demands attention. Rem Koohaas's "Bigness: Or the Problem of Large" begins, "Beyond a certain scale, architecture acquires the properties of Bigness. The best reason to broach Bigness is the one given by climbers of Mount Everest: 'because it is there.' Bigness is ultimate architecture."

EXCESS: The manifesto makes an art of excess. This is how it differs from the standard and sometimes self-congratulatory ars poetica, rational and measured. The manifesto is an act of *démesure*, going past what is thought of as proper, sane, and literary. Its outreach demands an extravagant self-assurance.

STYLE: The manifesto has to draw the audience into the belief of the speaker, by hook or by crook. The present tense suits the manifesto, as does the rapid enumeration of elements in a list or bullet form. The Symbolist painter Odilon Redon begins his "Suggestive Arts" (1909) with a question: "What was it that at the beginning made my work difficult?" Similarly, Paul Klee writes in "On Modern Art" (1924): "May I use a simile, the simile of a tree?" Since we are invited to answer, we feel included. The manifesto is generally, by mode and form, an exhortation to a whole way of thinking and being rather than a simple command or definition. At its height, it is a poem in heightened prose.

MARY ANN CAWS is the editor of *Manifesto: A Century of Isms* (University of Nebraska Press, 2001). Caws is Distinguished Professor of English, French, and Comparative Literature at the Graduate School of CUNY. This article is adapted from her introduction to *Manifesto*.

Aphorisms on Futurism 1914–1919

DIE in the Past
Live in the Future.

THE velocity of velocities arrives in starting.
IN pressing the material to derive its essence, matter becomes deformed.
AND form hurtling against itself is thrown beyond the synopsis of vision.
THE straight line and the circle are the parents of design, form the basis of art; there is no limit to their coherent variability.
LOVE the hideous in order to find the sublime core of it.
OPEN your arms to the dilapidated; rehabilitate them.
YOU prefer to observe the past on which your eyes are already opened.
BUT the Future is only dark from outside.
Leap into it—and it EXPLODES with *Light*.
FORGET that you live in houses, that you may live in yourself—
FOR the smallest people live in the greatest houses.
BUT the smallest person, potentially, is as great as the Universe.
WHAT can you know of expansion, who limit yourselves to compromise?
HITHERTO the great man has achieved greatness by keeping the people small.
BUT in the Future, by inspiring the people to expand to their fullest capacity, the great man proportionately must be tremendous—a God.
LOVE of others is the appreciation of oneself.
MAY your egotism be so gigantic that you comprise mankind in your self-sympathy.
THE Future is limitless—the past a trail of insidious reactions.
LIFE is only limited by our prejudices. Destroy them, and you cease to be at the mercy of yourself.
TIME is the dispersion of intensiveness.
THE Futurist can live a thousand years in one poem.
HE can compress every aesthetic principle in one line.
THE mind is a magician bound by assimilations; let him loose and the smallest idea conceived in freedom will suffice to negate the wisdom of all fore-fathers.
LOOKING on the past you arrive at "Yes," but before you can act upon it you have already arrived at "No."
THE Futurist must leap from affirmative to affirmative, ignoring intermittent negations—must spring from stepping-stone to stone of creative exploration; without slipping back into the turbid stream of accepted facts.
THERE are no excrescences on the absolute, to which man may pin his faith.
TODAY is the crisis in consciousness.
CONSCIOUSNESS cannot spontaneously accept or reject new forms, as offered by creative genius; it is the new form, for however great a period of time it may remain a mere irritant—that molds consciousness to the necessary amplitude for holding it.
CONSCIOUSNESS has no climax.
LET the Universe flow into your consciousness, there is no limit to its capacity, nothing that it shall not re-create.
UNSCREW your capability of absorption and grasp the elements of Life—*Whole*.
MISERY is in the disintegration of Joy;
Intellect, of Intuition;
Acceptance, of Inspiration.
CEASE to build up your personality with the ejections of irrelevant minds.
NOT to be a cipher in your ambient,
But to color your ambient with your preferences.
NOT to accept experience at its face value.
BUT to readjust activity to the peculiarity of your own will.
THESE are the primary tentatives towards independence. [...]
ACCEPT the tremendous truth of Futurism
Leaving all those

Knick-knacks.

—*Mina Loy*

MINA LOY, "Aphorisms on Futurism (1914–1919)," *The Last Lunar Baedeker*, ed. Roger L. Conover (Highlands: The Jargon Society, 1982), p. 311. Reprinted courtesy of Roger L. Conover, Mina Loy's literary executor.

DADA EXCITES EVERYTHING

(The signatories of this manifesto live in France, America, Spain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, etc., but have no nationality.)

DADA knows everything. DADA spits everything out.

BUT.......

HAS DADA EVER SPOKEN TO YOU:

about Italy
about accordions
about women's pants
about the fatherland
about sardines
about Fiume
about Art (you exaggerate my friend)
about gentleness
about D'Annunzio
what a horror
about heroism
about mustaches
about lewdness
about sleeping with Verlaine
about the ideal (it's nice)
about Massachusetts
about the past
about odors
about salads
about genius. about genius. about genius
about the eight-hour day
and about Parma violets

YES – NO

YES – NO

YES – NO

NEVER NEVER NEVER

DADA doesn't speak. DADA has no fixed idea. DADA doesn't catch flies.

THE MINISTRY IS OVERTURNED. BY WHOM? BY DADA

The Futurist is dead. Of What? Of DADA

A young girl commits suicide. Because of What? DADA
The spirits are telephoned. Who invented it? DADA
Someone walks on your feet. It's DADA
If you have serious ideas about life,
If you make artistic discoveries
and if all of a sudden your head begins to crackle with laughter,
if you find all your ideas useless and ridiculous, know that

YES – NO

IT IS DADA BEGINNING TO SPEAK TO YOU

cubism constructs a cathedral of *artistic* liver paste
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
expressionism poisons *artistic* sardines
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
simultaneism is still at its first *artistic* communion
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
futurism wants to mount in an *artistic* lyricism-elevator
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
unanism embraces allism and fishes with an *artistic* line
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
neo-classicism discovers the good deeds of *artistic* art
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
paroxysm makes a trust of all *artistic* cheeses
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
ultraism recommends the mixture of these seven *artistic* things
WHAT DOES DADA DO?
creationism vorticism imagism also propose some *artistic* recipes
WHAT DOES DADA DO?

WHAT DOES DADA DO?

50 francs reward to the person who finds the best way to explain DADA to us

Dada passes everything through a new net.
Dada is the bitterness which opens its laugh on all that which has been *made consecrated forgotten* in our language in our brain in our habits. It says to you: There is Humanity and the lovely idiocies which have made it happy to this advanced age

DADA HAS ALWAYS EXISTED

THE HOLY VIRGIN WAS ALREADY A DADAIST

DADA IS NEVER RIGHT

Citizens, comrades, ladies, gentlemen
Beware of forgeries!

Imitators of DADA want to present DADA in an *artistic* form which it has never had

CITIZENS,

You are presented today in a pornographic form, a vulgar and baroque spirit which is not the PURE IDIOCY claimed by DADA

BUT DOGMATISM AND PRETENTIOUS IMBECILITY

Paris January 12, 1921

E. Varèse, Tr. Tzara, Ph. Soupault, Soubeyran, J. Rigaut, G. Ribemont-Dessaignes, M. Ray, F. Picabia, B. Péret, C. Pansaers, R. Hülsenbeck, J. Evola, M. Ernst, P. Eluard, Suz. Duchamp, M. Duchamp, Crotti, G. Cantarelli, Marg. Buffet, Gab. Buffet, A. Breton, Baargeld, Arp., W. C. Arensberg, L. Aragon.

For all information
write "AU SANS PAREIL"
37, Avenue Kléber.
Tel. PASSY 25-22

—*Tristan Tzara*

TRISTAN TZARA, "Dada Manifesto (1918)," in *Approximate Man and Other Writings*, ed. and trans. by Mary Ann Caws (Wayne State University Press, 1973), pp. 147-48.

Q&A: Taking Shape
Teaching May Swenson's Poetry

by Jane LeCroy & Darlene Gold

Darlene Gold: I'm curious about the May Swenson poems that you choose to bring into the classroom. You mentioned "Bleeding," which is rather intense. It begins:

> Stop bleeding   said the knife.
> I would if I   could said the cut.

Jane LeCroy: "Bleeding" *is* rather gory, but not in a disgusting way. If anything, Swenson animates two things that are inanimate. A knife and a cut are having a conversation. It's a concrete poem: a block of text with this drip of space that looks like a trickle of blood. The cut asks the knife to stop, and the knife explains: "But I'm a knife, I can't stop."

DG: Do you find that your students respond enthusiastically to Swenson's concrete poetry?

JL: They really do. The thing that I like about Swenson is that she is good at using the shape of the poem to express subtle qualities of the object, so it's more than just doing the big picture of the object. What the kids receive from her work is a consciousness of looking at writing in a physical way, and that's often the hardest thing about poetry for them

> What the kids receive from May Swenson's work is a consciousness of looking at writing in a physical way.

to fathom. It's so different than writing a paper. To get them to think about the line—and not by reducing it to a platitude like "every line has three words"—helps to create an awareness about formal choices, especially within free verse.

DG: Swenson's poetry is filled with keen observation and almost scientific detail. Do you ever use her poems to demonstrate how attentiveness can help to lure the reader? I'm thinking of something Swenson wrote in a letter to Elizabeth Bishop. She said: "There are *other* ways to snare the reader...."

My blanket is alive
because I didn't buy it.
My grandmother made it
for me. My blanket is
blue and white. My
grandmother died from
cancer, but when I
hold the blanket or
lay with it, it feels like
she is holding the blanket
with me or laying
with me. If there
were a fire I think
I would take My blanket. I lay it and I feel soft and cozy, it is around me, my grandmother
she made it for me.

Thomas Siegel

JL: Yes, so much of her writing is like an invitation, a fish-hook inviting you to get caught on something. A lot of kids get easily excited about writing, but they want to write about the Rainforest Café (a video game) or a Chucky movie. I tell them that those are all good things to write about, but that they make uninteresting poems because everyone has the same experience with them. Pop culture items are made to give everyone the same experience. Whereas, I say, if I asked you all to write about a tree, I would get back 30 very different poems. What makes a subject good is your unique relationship to it.

DG: But frequently don't students just write: "Okay, they're brown on the bottom and green on the top" and then get stuck? How do you encourage them to write more descriptively?

Jane LeCroy is a writer-in-residence with Teachers & Writers Collaborative, as well as a poet and singer who performs with the duo, Transmitting. Darlene Gold is T&W's Program Director. Her poems have appeared in *Mudfish*, *The Hat*, and *Pressed Wafer*.

JL: When students are stuck, I always tell them: "That's when the best writing is going to come." And they do notice that the more they have to stick with something, the more interesting it becomes. In response to Swenson's poem "The Fluffy Stuff," one boy wrote that he didn't like the snow because his dad was a plow driver, and it meant that his dad would be really crabby all day because he'd have to go out in the night and plow the roads. Then the whole class thought about the snow from this perspective, and said: "Oh yeah, you can look at it that way!"

Students need to grow patient with their own thoughts. In school, so much writing is about "the answer." But with poetry, it's not about that. Teaching Swenson has shown me how much I've underestimated children in this regard. They really are capable of deep philosophical contemplation about things that adults are apt to think only adults think about. Like the question "What am I doing?" in Swenson's poem "Birthday":

> Dawn is doing its breaking.
> The grass is growing.
> A buttercup fills with light.
> What am I doing? What am I making?
> What is the stone doing? Making
> its shadow. The worm
> is making its hole.

These are complex questions. It's amazing, but I've really learned that kids are wondering the same things. "Birthday" is a philosophical swamp, but Swenson is interested in taking the complexity of nature—all the beautiful relationships that are happening at once—and making it simple. Through her, students realize that they can also take their complex views of things and describe them. One of my favorite student poems inspired by Swenson is "The Moon and Earth":

> The Moon and Earth
>
> What am I doing left over?
> What am I doing here?
> The birds flying outside.
> And what am I doing all alone here?
> The trees waving.
>
> What am I doing here long and alone, like the
> moon in space
> and the earth turning and turning and turning
> and I am here wherever I go
> I go with the moon
> the moon comes with me
> I can be happy
> and like the universe.
>
> —*Anthony Quispe*

PLUGS

A Book of the Book: Some Works & Projections about the Book & Writing is a comprehensive meditation on the book as "a mythic and material object." At a time when the "text" has almost entirely replaced our discussion of the "book," this collection offers crucial and voluminous proof of the inimitable possibilities of the book. Over 90 writers, poets, painters, performers, scholars, critics, anthropologists, and historians contributed essays to this bibliophiliac festschrift. The essays include: Jacques Derrida's "The Question of the Book," Gertrude Stein's "Book," Tom Phillips's "Notes on a Humument," and Charles Bernstein's "The Art of Immemorability."

A Book of the Book: Some Works & Projections about the Book & Writing, edited by Jerome Rothenberg and Steven Clay (Granary Books, 2001). $28.95 paperback. For additional information, visit the Granary Books website at www.granarybooks.com.

Manifesto: A Century of Isms features over 200 artistic and cultural manifestos, from the early proclamations of the Symbolists and Dadaists to the linguistic prescriptions of our latter-day L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets. Provocative, unsettling, hilarious, and riveting, these manifestos give voice to a fascinating array of ideas and opinions that will prove invaluable to teachers and students of 19th- and 20th-century art, literature, and culture.

Manifesto: A Century of Isms, edited by Mary Ann Caws (University of Nebraska Press, 2001). $35 paperback. For additional information, visit the University of Nebraska Press website at www.nebraskapress.unl.edu.

Exclusions & Awakenings: The Life of Maxine Greene, a one-hour documentary directed by Markie Hancock, celebrates the life and career of a woman many have called "the most important American philosopher since John Dewey." The film integrates footage of Greene's lectures at Columbia University with her own provocative commentary on such issues as Judaism, Feminism, and Existentialism.

Exclusions & Awakenings, directed by Markie Hancock (2001). Purchase price: $175 / Rental price: $75. For more information, call (510) 642-0460 or email the distributor at cmil@uclink.berkeley.edu.