

INSCAPE

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"Aboutness" can only circumscribe the action, not tell the inside of the story.

– Mary Aswell Doll

It would be difficult to improve upon Brian Casemore's essayⁱ in the fall issue of the *Journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Curriculum Studies*. I won't try. I will try something else, taking inspiration from the epigraph. No "inside of the story" from me,ⁱⁱ nor will I escape altogether circumscribing what Mary Aswell Doll has written in *The Mythopoetics of Currere*. I'll aim for somewhere in-between the inside and outside, yes another citation-centered study wherein from extensive quotation I attempt to reactivate your subjective presence as conveyed through concepts, specifically the concept of "inscape."

"Inscape"ⁱⁱⁱ is "the unique inner nature of a person or object as shown in a work of art, especially a poem."^{iv} Associated with Gerard Manley Hopkins—who derived it from the medieval philosopher Duns Scotus^v—the concept denotes the expression of subjectivity in aesthetic, conceptual, and/or material form, establishing a through-line from the inner life^{vi} you affirm (dreams, emotion, thought) to the outer life in which you participate, teaching myth, fiction, and (inadvertently) curriculum theory.^{vii} The capacity—another key concept of yours to which I'll return later—to recognize the inscape of others Hopkins called "instress," defined as (in Stephen Greenblatt's phrasing) "the apprehension of an object in an intense thrust of energy toward it that enables one to realize specific distinctiveness."^{viii} For Hopkins, "the instress of inscape leads one to Christ, for the individual identity of any object is the stamp of divine creation on it."^{ix} While your teaching is not so aimed, analogous (if secular) concepts do surface in your text, concepts like "aura"^x and "shimmering Otherness."^{xi} Your teaching is aimed at showing students how they can encode their "shimmering" even "soaring" subjectivity within their writing and other forms of art.^{xii}

"Rather than devote my writing class to topics such as animal rights or ecology," you tell us, "I have made the deliberate choice in this, my fifty-plus year as a teacher, to send my students on to their inward journeys."^{xiii} To do so you ask students to "draw connections between modern and ancient writing, back and forth continually, until time became more an ebb and flow than a line," then invited them

“to tap time’s flow within themselves by attending to their dream images.”^{xiv} Dreams, “coursings from within”^{xv} you characterize them, glimpses of one’s own wild game,^{xvi} appearing then disappearing into the woods, you in wide-eyed pursuit, life coursing through your veins.^{xvii} With these images and metaphors I am reminded of Wittgenstein’s ideal of a “primordial life, wild life striving to erupt into the open” (even though he rarely felt himself capable of it), an aspiration central, his biographer writes, “to understanding both the purpose of his work and the direction of his life.”^{xviii} Would you say it is central to understanding yours as well?

“The main title of this book,” you explain, “contains the word ‘mythopoetics’ to mean a metaphorical way to view curriculum.”^{xix} “Mythopoetics also implies literature,” you continue, “a subject I have taught for fifty years,”^{xx} a crone in the classroom you claim,^{xxi} telling us (as a wise old woman would) that “the teaching of literature can connect students ... to what courses within them.”^{xxii} “For my classes,” you note, “myth and literature provide the avenue to self-study, if one is willing to take the plunge.”^{xxiii} I am reminded of the novel *The Lacuna*, wherein Harrison Shepherd, the main character—“character is both It and I,”^{xxiv} you write—dives into lacunae, literal and metaphoric.^{xxv}

You affirm the educational significance of fiction, its invitation to us to “live in language differently, more poetically, less literally,” inhabiting worlds “both familiar and unfamiliar.”^{xxvi} How? “By studying short textual passages,” you suggest, “students can experience the two-edged characteristic of fiction’s unfamiliarity: its wonder, its risk.”^{xxvii} Studying short textual passages magnifies, like the blow-up of a photograph. I recall Antonioni’s 1966 movie *Blow Up*, wherein a photographer detects a murder when he magnifies a shot he’s taken. Not always a crime of course, but often a telling detail does magnification reveal. You magnify (as you juxtapose) space with time, recommending *adagio* not *allegro* as the rhythm of reading.^{xxviii} “Reading aloud slows,” you note, “attending to punctuation slows. Time is a matter of attention, of attending, which is where all the varieties of instants grow.”^{xxix}

To time and space you add “fluidity,” noting that “fiction has a way of seeping” to and from the “soul,” which, you suggest, it feeds.^{xxx} “In myth,” you write, “opposite worlds blend together, need each other, act in tense union; the cycle of life necessarily includes the underworld, and woman is not just a rib but a force of creation.”^{xxxi} Adam is dirt, “I am dirt”^{xxxii} you assert, adding: “The dirt origin of Adam is Genesis’ nod to early mythic and spiritual cosmogonies.”^{xxxiii} As with Aboriginal cultures, “myths and stories were passed down orally though the use of the human voice and gesture and sometimes costume.”^{xxxiv} Time amplifies and intensifies as it pauses: “To articulate the deeper resonances of subjectivity,” you appreciate, “one must disengage from its flow by writing. This is like letters written in running water,”^{xxxv} an Aboriginal-sounding phrase that is also the title of an earlier, equally memorable book.^{xxxvi}

You “teach to unlearn,”^{xxxvii} you tell us, explaining: “The literatures I teach always teach me, prod me to think more deeply, appreciating the complications that

come when givens are overturned. This is a constant process of unlearning, erasing one thing to make room for another.^{xxxviii} For you that would seem to include unlearning the lessons of childhood.^{xxxix} “I am a child of the 40s and 50s and a daughter of the patriarchy,”^{xl} you tell us.

One man in your life was your brother, Duncan Aswell, who renamed himself Bill Cutler,^{xli} a brother who died too young, on May 16, 1988.^{xlii} He had settled in Atlanta with his husband but you’ve always kept him close, even geographically, settling yourself, and your wife Marla, in Savannah. Close but perhaps ambivalently so, implied when you write, regarding your mother: “For all her rejection of gender stereotyping for herself, my mother’s upbringing of me was very gendered. I was given dolls and taken to musicals. My brother was given books and taken to tragedies.”^{xliii} In his early death he was taken to tragedy.

That mother, your mother, was also the editor Mary Louise Aswell, her death acknowledged in the December 25, 1984 issue of *The New York Times*: “Mary Louise Aswell, an editor and writer, died yesterday in Santa Fe, N.M. She was 82 years old. Mrs. Aswell was the author of *Abigail*, a historical novel about Quaker life, and *Far to Go*, a suspense novel. She was editor of *It’s a Woman’s World*, an anthology of *Harper’s Bazaar* stories, and served as an editor for *Harper’s Bazaar* and for *Reader’s Digest Condensed Books*. She is survived by a son, William Cutler of Atlanta; a daughter, Mary Doll of Fulton, N.Y., and a grandson.”^{xliv} That grandson would be Will of course, now grownup and married, you with grandsons, living (like your mother) in Manhattan. “Mother lived in New York City,” you write, “apart from us, having left the marriage to our father four or so years after giving birth to me in 1940.”^{xlv} New York is, you say, your “elsewhere,” the city where “my mother surrounded herself with a literary crowd—adults she laughed with as I looked on.”^{xlvi} And away from the city too: you remember one “early summer” when your mother, brother Duncan and you shared a house on Nantucket with Truman Capote.^{xlvii}

Mother and daughter “grew apart,” you confide, until her illness brought the two of you together: “I tended her bedside, listened to her stories, fed her, and cared for her. I knitted her a pink afghan for her seventieth birthday and liked to wear her clothes, to mirror herself back to her. Then the tenderness returned.”^{xlviii} “After her death,” you worked through your relationship with her through writing, publishing “Mother Matters: A Daughter’s Hymn,” composed, you say, by “a distant daughter,” unfavored (you rue) but gifted (you appreciate) by the “exceptional experience she gave me, a kind of mothering that other mothers could never give.”^{xlix} Now, with age yourself, you admit that you “feel closer to her ... than I did when she was alive.”^l “[W]ho one’s mother is matters,” you remind, adding: “Yes, my mother will always be my m(other).”^{li}

That other man in your early life, your father—Edward Campbell Aswell—was, you say, “reserved ... some say cold; but to me ... playful.”^{lii} He was your “musical father” as he played the piano; he was, most famously, your literary father,

editor to Richard Wright and Thomas Wolfe. Your father's death in 1958 shocked you so that you were "slow" to recover.^{liii}

Despite the glitter of your parents' lives, from the outset, you were, you tell us, "already aware of the pull of the inner life."^{liv} One of Jung's "formative ideas," you note, is "ghosts,"^{lv} and I suspect your parents and brother haunt you still. The second—"synchronicity"—that "things happen and come together for a reason, which has nothing to do with the ego,"^{lvi} reiterates reality as external, as mythic, as meaningful.

"What is it to write in the mythic mode?" you ask, answering: "It is to have the sense that trees breathe, the cosmos speaks, things change shape, and the world is essentially comedic, with a capital C, meaning that mythic writers write texts that show us the aliveness of life, including death."^{lvii} About death you write: "Death's power energizes life."^{lviii} For Eudora Welty—another writer your mother nurtured^{lix}—death is "intertwined with life ... mythic" and magical.^{lx} Like Aoki,^{lxi} you reiterate: "we are humus; we are dirt, the skin of the earth."^{lxii} "All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again," echoes Ecclesiastes.^{lxiii}

"Texts that shock," you suggest, "are the best fictions to pull us away from the sentiment of sameness."^{lxiv} One such text you teach is Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*, pointing out that "Edna Pontellier's rebellion was considered outrageous for her time and place, not only because she no longer subscribed to monogamy but, more, because she relished discovering the sensuality of her female skin."^{lxv} "The body has a mind of its own," you once remarked to me. That "body of knowledge,"^{lxvi} "bodied knowledge"^{lxvii} you phrase it, informs your reading and your teaching.

Besides Edward Albee^{lxviii}—whom you pronounce "a curriculum theorist extraordinaire"^{lxix}—you "nominate Ovid as a new darling of curriculum theorists," Ovid "that poet of the first century [who] wrote against the current of his time, preferring—instead of epics about men, conquest and adventure—tales of love and how love transforms. Upturning the Roman applecart, he forefronted women, desire, and interiority."^{lxx} You note that "in Ovid's work, no love is unnatural unless it arises out of a need for power and control,"^{lxxi} from which you move (as you ask your students to move from antiquity to modernity and back) to *Brokeback Mountain*, a "story of desire and duty and place."^{lxxii} You cite the otherworldly nature of the mountain, "high above the tree line, its flowery meadows, and most symbolically its 'coursing, endless wind'."^{lxxiii} You focus on that wind,^{lxxiv} suggesting that

the action of the wind is nature's way of speaking to his [Ennis'] soul, trying to change his mind. The wind booms, strikes, courses, combs, bangs, and drives. There are no gentle zephyr breezes. According to ancient understanding, the soul is wind-like, related to breathe and vapor. To lack breath is to be without spirit; to be in the presence of spirit is to feel the wind.^{lxxv}

You understand that “the issues of this novel and of the film based upon it are ever-present,” pointing out that: “Many of us choose to live our lives according to some outside force other than to the urgent call of the soul.”^{lxxvi}

That call, once heard, requires, you continue—referencing Alice Walker— “to stand up, speak out, and get beside yourself.”^{lxxvii} That advice you take yourself, confessing that “occasionally [you] act out and get beside myself.”^{lxxviii} Costumes can help; maybe with Mardi Gras in mind you write that “masks bring out the hidden selves beneath the persona.”^{lxxix} Like the curriculum, one’s persona provides passage between inner and outer life, enabling subjective presence even through the enactment of scripts, making others’ words one’s own, coming alive in their enunciation. “Perhaps because this was theater,” you write of Albee’s *The Goat*, “live and on stage, I felt such an electric current.”^{lxxx} A coursing, one might say.^{lxxxi}

“The function of art is to put us in contact with our possibilities,”^{lxxxii} you admonish,^{lxxxiii} activating one’s capacity to create.^{lxxxiv} “Capacity suggests wideness,” you specify, “not narrowness; openness; space for possibilities not yet even imagined, or if imagined, done so with a tremble ... Instead, capacity holds room for unknowingness and peculiarity. Capacity is fearless in its embrace of the other inner side of things.”^{lxxxv} There is the call, not only of your inner life, but that of others—inscape and instress—inviting not gossip (well, on occasion) but metaphor, “offering for those with eyes to see the under-layers of human action.”^{lxxxvi} And to read the portents human and non-human action can communicate.

To that end you befriend the “monster, pointing to its etymology in French, “meaning to warn, to remind. The monster reminds of what is in danger of being forgotten, or puts us in a different mind, or puts us in a mind differently.”^{lxxxvii} You note that the Latin root is “monstrum,” meaning “evil omen or portent,” but you side with the French, affirming the monster’s capacity to awaken us “to what lies below, slumbering.”^{lxxxviii}

“Allow my song/To sing the whirlwind”^{lxxxix} you write, introducing the book, an image that makes you a medium, a prism or passage through which reality—more mythic than empirical—moves, a coursing that denotes your attunement to what remains after the snow melts, uncovering the earthiness of experience, alive, moist, fecund, fantastic, a palimpsest of the psychic, itself, as you remind, “mythic.”^{xc} “All moments assembled in a long row ahead of us/Like a line of seedlings Jeff had just planted/Giving us reason to think more westerly.”^{xc} “Memory slides,”^{xcii} you write; it is itself a slide, traversing time from now to then.

“November is my favorite month,” you said,^{xciii} staring past me out the dining room window onto the snow-covered ground, cocktail in hand. With that statement and that Mona Lisa smile you dissolved the dread^{xciv} I always associated with that month while living in upstate New York, draped in its unending days of gray and cold. The snow was said to be a “lake effect,” as if it were an afterthought of Lake Ontario, a rather long afterthought I should say, one that stayed long after November, often into April, when we were then deluged with one last sadistic snowstorm, at Easter on occasion, as if to bury us one last time before the promise of

resurrection during the all-too-brief upstate New York summer. “Death and regeneration,” you write, describing “goddess culture,” the archaic past structuring the present.^{xcv} Goddess culture meant, recalling the title of one of your mother’s books, that *It’s a Woman’s World*.

You emphasize that “myth, above all, *is* metaphor.”^{xcvi} And so our little cocktail party—just the two of us, Bill Doll working on dinner in the kitchen—that gray November afternoon almost five decades ago recalls not only your dispelling of the gloom; it conveys your lifelong inspiration to me, your subjective presence contradicting the empirical present by an intoxicating transcendence of it, reactivating a mythic past where death almost disappears into regeneration. Like Medea and Anne Sexton,^{xcvii} you too are a woman of excess, exceeding what is, inscaping a landscape, a classroom, a text, an ongoing accomplishment you make seem simple, you self-knowing sly one. You know (recalling the epigraph) the “inside story.” “[W]hat matters most,” you know, “is understanding the self—personally, historically, politically^{xcviii}—as to place subjectivity as the cornerstone of education, and then to take that education into the world.”^{xcix} That, Mary Aswell Doll, you have done.

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Notes

ⁱ Casemore 2019.

ⁱⁱ Except for one scene near the end, nothing here – dear Mary - from “inside” our forty-five-year-old friendship, except a familiarity of address, as (except in the sentence in the text to which this endnote is appended), I address you directly.

ⁱⁱⁱ Doll 2017, 38.

^{iv} <https://www.google.com/search?client=firefox-b-1-d&q=define%3A+inscape> Accessed 2020-03-05. “Inner life,” you remind, “is, after all, of a poetic nature, which is why dreams (our inner fictions) are such a central stage for the playing out of our real-life drama.... Dreams lie a little, making us work to see the meaning in the lie” (Doll 2017, 140). So does “real life” lie, positioning us as sleuths at both ends.

^v John Duns (1266-1308), commonly called Duns Scotus, was a Scottish Catholic priest and Franciscan friar, university professor, philosopher, and theologian. He is one of the three most important philosopher-theologians of Western Europe in the High Middle Ages, together with Thomas Aquinas and William of Ockham https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Inscape_and_instress Accessed 2020-03-05. Perhaps the term is derived from “within scape.”

^{vi} Affirming the inner life is an ethical move, ethics conceived not as rules or social norms but an enactment of personal integrity, “attunement” to what is just in each situation (Pinar 2019, 263, 268, 281). This elusive idea is one that has moved many, among them Ludwig Wittgenstein, who, Monk (1990, 19) explains, was influenced by the idea provided by Arthur Schopenhauer and Karl Kraus (the great *fin de siècle* Viennese satirist) “that what happens in the ‘outside’ world is less important than the existential, ‘internal’ question of ‘what one is’.” You (or I) would not so prioritize – you (and I) testify to their reciprocal relationship – but in our time the inner seems sometimes eclipsed by the “outside” world. In that sense, *currere* is a corrective.

^{vii} “Now, you may ask, what does all this myth, memory and dream stuff have to do with curriculum? My answer is Everything” (2017, xiv).

^{viii} https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Inscape_and_instress Accessed 2020-03-05.

^{ix} https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Inscape_and_instress Accessed 2020-03-05. I am reminded of the icon, not an image on a computer screen but its medieval antecedent, the phenomenology of which Steimatsky (2008, 138–139) specifies: “The rhetoric of the icon—which, like the relic, claims to provide visual, material evidence for the incarnation of the sacred in the world—asserts Christianity’s redemptive vision of God’s materialization in Jesus. The iconic image is not simply ‘symbolic’ or ‘allegorical’ in relation to its divine referent, as it would be in a Protestant system that severs the manifest and the hidden, the flesh and the spirit. Rather, it is grasped as participating in what it represents: it is an index of Christ’s humanity; in partaking of his body it incarnates God.”

^x Doll 2017, 68.

^{xi} Doll 2017, 67.

^{xii} “My students rise above the text,” you tell us, “but they do not soar” (2017, 69). That you do, and not only in this text but in each of your distinctive stunning studies: 1988, 1995, 2000.

^{xiii} Doll 2017, 139.

^{xiv} Doll 2017, 38.

^{xv} Doll 2017, 34.

^{xvi} Encoded in curriculum, the “wild game” of inner life become tamed, attuned to terms at once self-expressive and communicative, elements of the unconscious recoded as concepts explained in public. “The unconscious is a poetic not a scientific reality,” you know (2017, 38).

^{xvii} Doll 2017, 34.

^{xviii} Monk 1990, 490.

^{xix} Doll 2017, xv.

^{xx} Doll 2017, xv.

^{xxi} Doll 2017, 142. “I am now a crone in the classroom,” you write (*ibid.*).

^{xxii} Doll 2017, xv.

xxiii Doll 2017, xvi. “For inspiration and an understanding of irrational truth,” Watson (1989, 12) notes, “Pasolini [too] turned to myth.”

xxiv Doll 2017, 139.

xxv One is an underwater cave where he swims seeking (re)birth. “Often,” you write, “caves are considered the wombs of the Earth” (2017, 115).

xxvi Doll 2017, 50.

xxvii Doll 2017, 50.

xxviii “If is good to read much,” Ciardi and Williams (1975, 6) allow, adding: “It is even more important to read a little in greater depth.”

xxix Doll 2017, 50.

xxx Doll 2017, 51. “[G]ender,” you note, “rather than being fixed, is a fluid notion like water” (2017, 132).

xxxi Doll 2017, 58.

xxxii Doll 2017, 56.

xxxiii Doll 2017, 57.

xxxiv Doll 2017, 60.

xxxv Doll 2017, 62. Such disengagement seems a form of non-coincidence: Pinar 2019, 17.

xxxvi Doll 2000.

xxxvii Doll 2017, 121.

xxxviii Doll 2017, 129. In her essay on domestic life in early modern England, Dabhoiwala (2020, March 26, 54) suggests that: “The universal impulse to customize everyday space can be seen even in cave dwellings, prison cells, and office cubicles.” When you “make room” you are also “customizing” that “within scape,” customizing meaning modifying (something) to suit a particular individual or task, modifying meaning inscaping (if I may make a gerund out of a noun).

xxxix Unlearning one’s childhood – implied in your remembrance of your own childhood’s patriarchal character – alters one’s sense of being-in-the world, recalling the reciprocal nature of subjective and social reconstruction. “Through this ‘unlearning,’” Kohi (1993, 127) notes, “and through an examination of the structural preconditions that accompany such unlearning, those of us committed to social transformation may be better equipped to create a new politics, a politics of ‘difference’ that acknowledges multiple forms of political agency.” While that era allowed a more optimistic outlook, even in our own – living in the catastrophe of COVID-19 amplified by the incompetence and corruption of the Trump administration – “resolve” can sustain us (Pinar 2015, 80).

xl Doll 2017, 103.

xli Doll 2017, 11.

xlii Doll 2017, 15.

xliiii Doll 2017, 23.

xliv <https://www.nytimes.com/1984/12/25/obituaries/mary-louise-aswell.html>

Accessed 2020-03-04.

xlv Doll 2017, 17.

xlvi Doll 2017, 105.

xlvii Doll 2017, 18.

xlviii Doll 2017, 21.

xlix Doll 2017, 22.

¹ Doll 2017, 23. Your acknowledgement allows me to confide that with age I also feel closer to my mother, my own marvelous Malinda.

li Doll 2017, 23.

lii Doll 2017, 25.

liii Doll 2017, 26.

liv Doll 2017, xi.

lv Doll 2017, xi.

lvi Doll 2017, xii.

lvii Doll 2017, 66.

lviii Doll 2017, 71.

lix Doll 2017, 21.

lx Doll 2017, 71.

lxi “Wisdom,” Aoki (2005 [1993], 213) tells us, “is inscribed in a family of words: human, humility, humus, and humor, all etymologically related.”

lxii Doll 2017, 63.”

lxiii 3:20 (KJV).

lxiv Doll 2017, 141.

lxv Doll 2017, 82.

lxvi Doll 2017, 81.

lxvii Ibid.

lxviii Discussing a performance of Albee’s *The Goat*, you make the curriculum theory connection clear: “Albee’s drama, if it is pathological, is full of pathos: it confronts issues of love, identity, capacity, interiority, and shame” (Doll 2017, 101). The title of the play reminds me of Pasolini’s *Porcile*. My favorite Albee is *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, especially film version.

lxix Doll 2017, 97.

lxx Doll 2017, 73.

lxxi Doll 2017, 73.

lxxii Doll 2017, 73.

lxxiii Doll 2017, 75.

lxxiv What Harold Bloom (2019, 366) termed “the ancient praxis of poets innumerable.” A few pages later (2019, 369) he quotes from Archie Randolph Ammons’ poem *Guide*; this line seems in sync with your insight: “... the wind was gone and there was no more knowledge then.”

lxxv Doll 2017, 76.

lxxvi Doll 2017, 76.

lxxvii Doll 2017, 79. Besides non-coincidence, e.g. being in-between inner and outer worlds, being beside oneself might also invite “inscaping,” encoding one’s subjectivity in material form, as you ask your students to do when you ask them to write as a form of self-study.

lxxviii Doll 2017, 83.

lxxix Doll 2017, 79. Once again, the meaning is in the lie, the phrase you associate with dream interpretation, as earlier noted.

lxxx Doll 2017, 100.

lxxxi Coursing is an intensification of live(d) experience, what Jerzy Grotowski sought (his book is *Towards a Poor Theatre*, a title we modified for our own *Toward a Poor Curriculum*), what provided *currere* with its “theatrical methodology” (2015 [1976], 88). “In practice,” Madeleine Grumet explains, “*currere* has projected itself into the world in the forms of autobiography and theater,” adding: “Autobiography and theatre are art forms and, as such, are symbols for human experience and feeling that are particular and specific rather than general and abstract. *Currere*, focusing upon the educational experience of the individual students, finds within autobiography and the theater appropriate symbols for that experience, for both autobiography and theatre are forms of self-revelation.”

lxxxii Doll 2017, 140.

lxxxiii I use that verb because it seems to me you are (implicitly) criticizing those who regard art’s function as only entertainment or distraction; beauty, as you imply, acts like an icon, religious art that lifts us out of ourselves, besides ourselves (as you note), to partake in what lies beyond, the mythic perhaps, the spiritual, intertwining concepts in your *oeuvre*.

lxxxiv I am reminded of George Grant’s November 6, 1942, journal entry: “Art is wonderful—it is part of all—it is the beauty that gets us nearer to the final and ultimate reality, but the reality of living is greater, nobler than the art itself. The depth of one’s own feeling is deeper than any art one could produce.... It is because the medium, however well it is used...still it is a medium—& not the person”

(quoted in Pinar 2019, 86, n. 216). You are suggesting the two are interrelated, that person reconstructs herself through aesthetic, including literary, forms, as she expresses herself through them.

lxxxv Doll 2017, 96.

lxxxvi Doll 2017, 98.

lxxxvii Doll 2017, 100.

lxxxviii Doll 2017, 100.

lxxxix Doll 2017, ix.

xc Doll 2017, xiii.

xcii Doll 2017, 9.

xciii Doll 2017, 30.

xciii This scene occurred in your Fulton, New York, home, not long after we met, so perhaps in 1977, during November of course.

xciv "Winter is there, outside, is here in me": a line from Conrad Aiken, a native of Savannah, now your town too (quoted in Bloom 2019, 390).

xcv Doll 2017, 136.

xcvi Doll 2017, 98.

xcvii "Like Medea, Anne Sexton was a woman of excess," you note (2017, 117).

xcviii . "Just improve yourself," Wittgenstein would later say to many of his friends, "that is all you can do to improve the world." Political questions, for him, would always be secondary to questions of personal integrity" (quoted in Monk 1990, 17-18). We would affirm the reciprocal relationship between subjective and social reconstruction.

xcix Doll 2017, 143.