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'Impassioned Experience': notes on the art work of three young children in an American elementary school

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG

ABSTRACT The author presents three fragments from the art work of a class of American elementary school children to illustrate the imaginative power of children's thought and language.

Towards the end of John Dewey's late masterpiece, *Art as Experience*, we find the following sentence:

> Tangled scenes of life are made more intelligible in esthetic experience; not, however, as reflection and science render things more intelligible, by reduction to conceptual form, but by presenting their meanings as the matter of a clarified, coherent, and intensified or 'impassioned' experience. (Dewey, 2005, p. 302)

Although the topic of education is scarcely mentioned in Dewey's book – the word finds no place in the index – it is arguably the best book on education he ever wrote. In this essay I want to present three fragments from the art work of a class of nine to ten year-old children in an American elementary school as a demonstration and amplification of Dewey's argument, although I'm not altogether sure that he would have recognised it as such. But first I will sketch in the background.

In the autumn of 2005 I spent a month in the USA as participant observer in an arts project undertaken by a class of fourth-grade children at the Henry K. Oliver School in Lawrence, Massachusetts, under the direction of their teacher, Mary Guerrero, in collaboration with Julie Bernson, Director of Education at the nearby Addison Gallery of American Art, and an artist in residence, the Columbian-born photographer Oscar Palacio. The project was designed as a study in photography and writing, under the title 'Domestic and Urban Things: finding connections between home and city'. Mary Guerrero defined it as follows:

> The project will begin in early fall with each student taking a camera home to photograph objects they find in their environment. Students will use these photographs to write descriptions, narratives, and poems, illuminating their connection with the objects. With Oscar Palacio's guidance, the students will then photograph things in the city that connect to each domestic object. Writing based on these objects will help students make connections with their immediate environment as well as foster an interest in the history of Lawrence and knowledge of the elements that make the city function. Following on from this experience, students will view and discuss the exhibit 'Unfamiliar Territory: photographs by Oscar Palacio' at the Addison Gallery of American Art.

The Oliver School stands in the centre of the impoverished old mill town of Lawrence, some 25 miles north of Boston. It is one of several elementary and middle schools within the city and draws its students from the neighbourhood immediately surrounding the school. All the children in Mary Guerrero's class were Hispanic Americans, their family origins lying mostly in the Dominican Republic or in Puerto Rico. Nearly all of them spoke Spanish as well as English and Spanish was, for many of them, the chief language of home. Most of the children received free or reduced-cost school lunches.

By the time I arrived at the school in mid-October the project was already underway. After brief introductions the children had been asked to take a camera home and photograph two objects of particular interest to them, paying careful attention to the background against which they photographed the object, the viewpoint, the focus and so on. They were to take three photographs of each object. Back in the classroom, or as homework, they had written reflectively about their photographs, reflections which Mary spoke of as 'thinking on paper'. During the first week of my visit these assorted photographs and reflections were the subject of intense observation and discussion, both formally and informally.

On the Monday of the second week, the photographer Oscar Palacio arrived, to great excitement. He spent the first two days getting to know the class and quizzing the children about the photographs they had taken at home. Then, on the Wednesday and Thursday, we set out to photograph the city. On the first day the class split into small groups and each group directed their accompanying adult – there were four of us in all – to places within walking distance of the school which they wanted to photograph: the high school, the library, the fire station, the fish market, the dentist's, the YMCA, the police station, the baseball pitch. Next day we set out again, this time on a school bus, to visit a park and playground, a shopping mall, a pizza parlour and the city cemetery, once more the children's own choices. We must have taken 200 or more photographs altogether. Back in the classroom the children went on writing and talking about their experience. Finally, on the Tuesday of the third week, as a climax to all that had gone before, the class spent the better part of a

day at the Addison Gallery, studying an exhibition of Oscar Palacio's photographs, drawing sketches of their favourites, writing about them in the small black notebooks that Mary had provided, describing and interpreting them to each other, answering Oscar's questions and asking questions of their own. And so the project drew to an end, with a concluding discussion and a celebratory cake. Later in the year the children designed and presented an exhibition of their work in the city museum and edited a book of their photographs and writings.

The three representative fragments which I want to discuss date from the first phase of the project: the photographing of objects at home. The interpretations which I will offer emerged out of a very particular classroom context. Here is how I described that context in a journal entry dated 29 October 2005:

> I have begun to review all the experiences and materials that I have collected so far. In the six days that I have spent in the class I have come to know all the children by name. The letters they wrote me before I came now leap into life. Several children have handed me work to look at and six of the children have had their photographs of objects from home and their writings about them discussed in class, usually towards the end of the school day. This is how we talk about the work. The children sit in a circle on the familiar carpet to one side of the classroom. Mary and I sit with them. We place the photograph in the centre of the circle, or pass it round from hand to hand while the child presenting her or his work reads what she or he has written. The children then spend five minutes or more writing notes about what they notice in the work – points of particular interest. They write immediately and unhesitatingly, without a sound, sitting up or stretched out on the rug, scribbling away in their notebooks. Mary and I also write. Invariably when Mary asks the children to finish writing, one or another will demand more time. Next each child explains in turn what he or she has noticed, we teachers too, and discussion, more noticing, follows. Much of the noticing takes the form of a simple restatement of some detail in the writing or the photograph rather than a reflection around the noted aspect. The children have been forewarned in advance that they should not judge; none have as yet; none have seemed to want to. Occasionally a child goes further, expanding on a particular observation, referring to a memory or feeling or activity drawn from personal experience, or even noting as Kelvin once declared, 'I have a question and a comment'. All this time the author or photographer has to remain silent. It's only after the discussion has continued for some time, perhaps as much as half an hour, that he or she is allowed to intervene, first giving an author's point of view and then answering questions. Some of the authors find plenty to say; others seem happier to let the work speak for itself. After an

> hour or so the discussion is brought to an end, and the children return to further writing or get ready to go home.

The absence of judgement should not be misunderstood. Dewey distinguishes between two kinds of aesthetic judgement, legalistic or judicial judgement, which aims to deliver a verdict, and judgement as 'an act of controlled enquiry' (2005, p. 312). Too often, he argues, 'criticism is thought of as if its business were not explication of an object as to substance and form, but a process of acquittal or condemnation on the basis of merits and demerits' (p. 311). Legalistic judgement found no place in the conversational circle on the carpet in Mary Guerrero's classroom. 'Controlled enquiry', on the other hand, is an exact description of the children's and their teachers' activity.

Tiffany and Memory

Tiffany was one of the first children whose work we examined. I want to look at her writing first, approaching the photographs by way of Tiffany's subsequent reflection. Here is what she wrote, her 'thinking on paper':

> I took a photograph of my favorite doll because it's special to me. I also took a picture of it because it's my favorite doll and it's playful, you know like it's fun to play a game or play a Makeover game like that kind of stuff. I also took picture of it because I felt when I looked at it Happy because I remember when a hot summer day I went in my pool and I brought my doll in with me and I splashed and swam under water with my doll and that was one of my memories that makes me happier when I look at it. I wish it was another hot summer day so I can make a new memory in my life. I also took a picture of my pink bunny because it reminds me of a easter holiday. I also took a picture of my pink bunny because I feel all fluffy and fuzzy inside when I sleep with it hugging me. Sometimes I love to just sit and watch t.v. with it hugging me. Sometimes I fall asleep and my mom wakes me up then it's like 6:00 and I fell asleep at 3:00 then I realized my fluffy pinkie pie made me warm and fuzzy inside and that's what made me fall asleep. These two things mean a lot to me. My doll cloe is a memory and my pink bunny pinkie pie is one of my memories. That's why I pick them both as my favorite things.

I read Tiffany's reflection on her two photographs, together with the photographs themselves, as, in effect, a meditation on memory and desire. Several of the children, in discussion, drew attention to Tiffany's treatment of memory. It's memory that makes each object and each image of the object 'special to me' as the closing sentences confirm and conclude: 'These two things mean a lot to me. My doll Cloe [this is the first time Tiffany has mentioned the name] is a memory and my pink bunny pinkie pie [we've been given 'pink

bunny' and 'pinkie pie' already but not the grandly full designation] is one of my memories. That's why I pick them both as my favorite things'. The two dolls and their photographs are thus identified with the memories which they conjure up, as if their very names have become synonymous with memory.

Figure 1.

At the beginning of the reflection we are told that the doll is 'playful', a word which for Tiffany has a more literal meaning than in common adult usage, as she explains: 'you know like it's fun to play a game or play a Makeover game like that kind of stuff'. So defined, playfulness leads directly to the cherished memory: 'I also took a picture of it because I felt when I looked at it Happy because I remember when a hot summer day I went in my pool and I brought my doll and I splashed and swam under water with my doll'. I love the unexpected word order, 'I felt when I looked at it Happy,' which binds the clause so much more closely to the boldly capitalised adjective which it qualifies. Later in this long, loose sentence the word 'Happy' becomes 'happier', 'happier when I look at it', and now that final 'it' plays upon its own ambiguity. Is it the doll that is looked at or the memory or the photograph? It is all three but the three are as one. As the author writes, her chosen words evoke a dreamy emotion, binding memory to desire: 'I wish it was another hot summer day so I can make a new memory in my life'. I am fascinated by Tiffany's words 'make a new memory'. We tend to think of memory as coming to us rather than being

made by us. Tiffany has, so it would appear, a more active and creative understanding of memory than her elders. The word 'make' plays an important role in her reflection. It's central to her concept of play – 'a Makeover game' and now it appears to become equally central to her concept of memory. Sometimes it's she who is the maker, as she is with Cloe or with a new memory; sometimes it is she herself who is made over: 'then I realized my fluffy pinkie pie made me warm and fuzzy inside and that's what made me fall asleep'. The world of make-believe is the world which Tiffany's reflection sets before us; her story, the product of her own making, instructs us that memory, imagination and desire are inseparable.

Figure 2.

Claritza, in discussion, noticed how Tiffany's writing makes things come alive for us as we read, just as her reflection itself comes to life as she moves from generalisation into narrative. And so, now, we are drawn from the wish for another hot summer day and a new self-made memory to another favoured doll, the subject of Tiffany's second photograph, her 'pink bunny', associated with the memory of 'a easter holiday' but more especially with memories of dreamy

slumber. The sound of the words brings to mind the treasured sensation, 'I feel all fluffy and fuzzy inside', and this time it's Tiffany herself who is the passive one, under the influence of her cherished doll. So it is the pink bunny who hugs the child – 'I sleep with it hugging me' – and makes her warm inside. Memory, reverie, sleep, all three are evoked by the power of the visual image, chosen, we are led to believe, for this very reason. The photograph of pinkie pie shows the favoured bunny lying on its side, top right of the photograph, while on the floor in front of it we see a second image, the bunny's faint reflection, shimmering within the floor's polished surface. The photograph was self-consciously arranged by Tiffany and I don't think there can be much doubt about her intention. The reflected doll represents, with a studied assurance, the author's reflected emotion. At this point image and text become one.

But what of Tiffany's accompanying photograph of Cloe? Propped up on a large blue cushion, her make up chair beside her, her huge black high heels, bright red lipstick and flowing blonde locks make her resemble a contemporary siren rather than a playful swimming partner. An adult viewer may find the image disconcerting, demeaning even, a sad commentary, perhaps, on the contemporary culture of play. But such a response fails to reckon with Tiffany's written commentary. For what that shows us is that Tiffany has reconstructed the stereotypical cultural image in terms of her own independent sense of values, turning the alluring siren into an uninhibited childhood partner, the repository of childhood memory. She has not let culture define her; as she adapts, so she appropriates. Can we sense this in the photograph? I'm not sure. Our adult preconceptions get in the way. But perhaps the nonchalance of the pose and the flamboyance of those outlandish soles and heels pointing at the viewer imply that behind the surface glamour we will find an impish humour and mischievousness that parallels Tiffany's own.

In her letter of introduction, sent to me in England earlier in the autumn, Tiffany wrote: 'Hello Michael Armstrong, my name is Tiffany Nieves and I love to write and I love to be a thinker'. So she is, and now I notice that the drawing at the bottom of the letter is of her own back yard, complete with pool, full of blue water, beneath a tree in full summer's leaf, and beside a tall pink slide. The image is surely that of her own 'playful' self and of her outrageous and equally playful friend, Cloe, the refashioned Bratz doll.

Kelvin and Inspiration

In a letter boldly dated 23 September 2005, Kelvin introduced himself as follows:

> Dear Mr. Armstrong, my name is ... Kelvin Fernandez. My favorite subjects are science and social studies. What I like most is to study Egypt. Did you know that the kings in Egypt were called Pharaohs? Egypt was where civilization first began. I also like rock stars. Some day I hope to be an Egyptologist or a rock star. Bye. Sincerely, Kelvin Fernandez.

It was no surprise to find that all the photographs which Kelvin took at home centred on Egypt. He photographed a poster on the wall depicting an Egyptian mummy, a poster given him last year by his teacher, and he photographed a book. It was this book and the set of three photographs which he took of it that he chose to write about later.

> I took a picture of a book because it is the book that first inspired me to like Egypt 5 years ago. The title is 'What life was like on the banks of the Nile'. I used a white background. I used zoom with the camera. I also used a wooden background. I also used the floor as a background. My floor is yellow and brown so I thought since the book is black I would put it in bright colors. The book is very special to me. I've had it for 5 years. If it weren't for that book I would not [have] liked ancient Egypt.

'Art expresses, it does not state'. So says Dewey (p. 140), in which case Kelvin's 'thinking on paper' might be said to belong to what Dewey calls the 'conceptual' as opposed to the 'expressive' aspect of form, unlike Tiffany's equivalent piece. But we shouldn't press Dewey's distinction too far. Tiffany's reflection has its own formidably conceptual side while Kelvin's is in no way inexpressive. Its central sentences may, it is true, recount as a matter of fact the way in which the chosen object was photographed but the reflection begins and ends in something closer to wonder. The carefully constructed opening sentence, in which each word is exactly chosen and placed, conjures up the imaginative world into which Kelvin has been summoned by the cherished book. 'Inspired' is the central word of the entire reflection, the word that draws us into Kelvin's world just as the chosen book once, many years earlier, drew him in. Indeed the reflection might be seen as an ostensive definition of that very word. I said as much as we talked about Kelvin's piece on the carpet and someone asked me 'well what *does* "inspired" mean?' 'Read on to the last sentence and I think you'll see' was the gist of my reply. There's so much to be said about this first sentence. 'I took a picture of *a* book because it is *the* book …'. The very one, not just any book, or a particular kind of book, or another copy of the book in question, but the physical object itself, the object that had such magical power. Kelvin calls it 'the book that first inspired me to like Egypt' and the word 'first' grew in significance as we learnt, in discussion on the carpet, that this was not just Kelvin's first book about Egypt but the first book he had ever been given. I love the word 'like' in this sentence. It shows us that the inspiration was not just to a new world of thought and action but, more particularly, to a new world of feeling, an emotional world that would colour action, thought and expression for years to come. It happened 'five years ago'. Remember that Kelvin is only nine years old. So 'five years ago' is half a lifetime. There is a hint of magic in the phrase, an echo of the familiar opening of some storyteller's yarn, 'a long time ago', which makes the words especially significant here at the end of the sentence, withheld until the moment of greatest drama. It's only now that we learn the book's title, and sense the full

charm of the word 'Egypt' unless of course we have already been studying the photographs. There is something romantic and distant and mysterious about that title, for anyone who has heard, read or seen anything of Egypt. We can surely begin to grasp what gripped Kelvin's imagination way back then as he turned the pages, looked at the pictures, or listened to his mother read. And now, having so deliberately drawn us into his fabled world, Kelvin steps aside to explain to us how and why he photographed the book as he did.

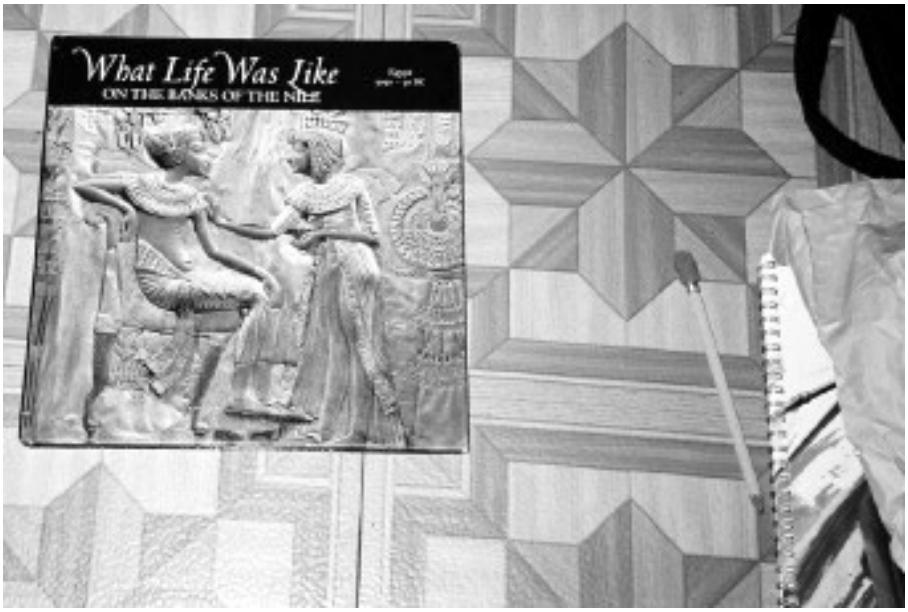

Figure 3.

His account succinctly follows his procedure photo by photo. As he explains, he placed the treasured book against three contrasted backgrounds for his three shots. First he chose the white wall as background, next a pale knotted wooden background, and lastly he placed the book flat down on the patterned wooden floor. He speaks of the book's black title as if it filled the whole cover of the book, contrasting it with the 'bright colors' of the floor, but for me, as for many of the children, maybe because our attention was held by the illustration on the book's cover rather than by its title, the title that meant so much to Kelvin himself, the wooden floor seemed, if anything, to camouflage the cover. At any rate, Kelvin's intention is clear, to explore the effect of the different backgrounds in accentuating the book that had inspired him. The first photograph captures the solidity of the book, propped against white cupboards, and the gorgeous detail of the illustrated cover; the second presents the book as the focal point of a vista created out of the perspective of the wooden floor; the third (pictured) blends floor and book together, making the floor an extension

of the book's design. Whether by accident or design this third photograph includes, alongside the book on the floor, a pencil and ring-bound notebook, evidence of the impact of the book on the would-be Egyptologist. Each viewpoint expresses, in its own way, the value of this unique object to its photographer.

Let us return to Kelvin's written reflection. The photographic procedure out of the way, Kelvin returns to the source of his inspiration. It's as if the technical detailing of his visual treatment brings back to mind the imaginative significance of the chosen object. He recalls the book's importance: it is '*very* special'. He tells us of how he has treasured it over time: 'I've had it for five years'. Finally, in a sentence notable for its subjunctive and conditional form, he returns us to the full meaning of inspiration, in his life as in his language: 'If it weren't for that book I would not [have] liked ancient Egypt'. (Kelvin omits the word 'have' but it's clearly what he meant.) The word 'ancient' is used for the first time, completing the romance. With this word the visual and literary picture is complete; the story ends. This is what Kelvin knows about inspiration and helps us, his readers, to know by letting us into his own 'impassioned experience'.

Kathryn and Companionship

Figure 4.

Kathryn, like Tiffany, chose to photograph a favourite doll. This is how she reflected on her choice.

> I took a picture of my bunny because she always goes with me to places and it was a day that was a snowy day and that I was with my friend at my house and we were seeing tv and then my mom and my step- dad came back to the house and we were still awake and he gave us special presents and I got a bunny and my friend got a sheep so then my step-dad wanted to be friends with my friend so then we were saying 'thanks' a lot of times and we went back to my bed and watched more tv and went to sleep and my bunny was with me and we slept together and when I woke up my bunny was next to me. When I was thinking I thought I should call her Caramel because she is the color of Caramel and I like Caramel so I decided to call her that. She is still my favorite bunny and she is my best bunny ever and sometimes when I am in a bad mood I talk to her like she is really alive and she is still sleeping with me. It was fun taking the picture and I still have some company when I sleep.

I'll begin with a note which I wrote on the day on which the class examined Kathryn's photograph and discussed her written reflection.

> 07.11.05 This morning on the carpet in our democratic circle we talked about Kathryn's thinking on paper about the photograph of her bunny. The conversation was a little constrained, thanks to the surrounding presence of a number of visiting teachers, and yet it redirected my own thinking about the writing and the photograph more than any previous session had. Kathryn read a little shyly and softly, occasionally hesitating over a word or a transition. The children wrote as silently and intently as ever and after five minutes or so the conversation began. Cristian was first in the circle and simply noted that Kathryn had put her name at the top of her piece. At the time I was inclined to dismiss this as scarcely relevant but now, in the light of what followed, I see I was wrong. Kathryn's reflection is a personal testament, full of implicit acknowledgement of the writer's own needs, wishes, desires, hopes, regrets, as the ensuing conversation made clear. So it begins to seem significant that, as Cristian noted, she opens it with her own name. Yet the author's sense of self is closely related to her regard for others. Perhaps it was Claritza who came closer than any of us to understanding the story when she commented, 'I notice that she takes a moment to mention her friend and not just to talk about herself.'

All three of the works which I have chosen to describe revolve around a single word. For Tiffany that word was 'memory', for Kelvin 'inspired'. Now, for Kathryn the keyword is surely 'company', a word sufficiently distinct from the

overall language of the narrative to draw attention to itself when it appears on the tale's final line. Companionship is the concept that drives the thinking forward. It is there in the opening line as the reason for the writer's choice of subject matter: 'I took a picture of my bunny because she always goes with me to places'. The driving force is immediately apparent, beautifully, if eccentrically, pictured by the way in which, with no more than the simple conjunction 'and', the story of the coming of the precious companion is launched, the opening generalisation in present tense at once succeeded by a narrative in simple past, the tale of that 'snowy day' – a deft, romantic detail which draws the reader into the remembered scene – when mom and step-dad returned home with those 'special presents'. Kathryn is the most daring of the three writers in the means by which she embeds a story within her reflection. Her freely constructed, hugely extended, opening sentence, more than half the length of the entire reflection, conveys with incomparable drama the excitement of the remembered moment, as if the author can't bear to end the sentence until the entire tale is told. The narrative itself does not reveal that the step-dad has, as we discovered in our circle discussion, only recently arrived within the family but that deceptively simple word 'special' seems to hint at what may have happened, as does the detail of the present bought for Kathryn's friend with its acknowledged purpose: 'so then my step-dad wanted to be friends with my friend'. Overnight the bunny becomes Kathryn's own new friend, sleeping next to her and her stay-over playmate – 'we slept together'. So the bunny is named, since to make a friend is surely to deserve to know her name. And now the human friend disappears from the narrative, as in life itself, we learned later, she had disappeared, having gone to live elsewhere, leaving the bunny as the writer's chosen companion, closer in imagination than her human counterpart since not even ill-humour can come between them: 'and sometimes when I am in a bad mood I talk to her like she is really alive and she still sleeps with me'. Yet it may be that the word 'some' on the last line of the story adds a cautionary note, a hint of regret that the three of them – Kathryn, bunny, friend – four if we include the forgotten sheep – are not still as one, regret perhaps that reality and imagination do not correspond. 'It was fun taking the pictures and I still have some company when I sleep'. But is that 'some' enough?

What then of the photograph? The last sentence is interesting in linking so directly the taking of the photograph with the tale it has to tell, the story of companionship. Kathryn has chosen to place the bunny a little off-centre on a pink fluffy towel with large white spots. She made it clear in discussion that her choice was deliberate. Some children felt that the bunny looked wet, as if Kathryn had been washing it; others that it looked 'used'. Several drew attention to the prominence of pink. The pink of the towel is so strong that it seems to suffuse the rabbit's fur and perhaps this is after all no accident. One of the visiting teachers who had listened to us discussing Kathryn's work on the carpet pointed out to me later a photograph of Kathryn herself, among the great mass of photographs displayed along the wall of the corridor immediately outside the classroom. She is sitting on a path in the cemetery we had travelled

to, writing in her notebook, swathed in a huge, floppy, long-haired, shockingly pink topcoat. The two photographs complement each other perfectly, the image of the photographer and author alongside the image of her chosen subject. The longer I look at them together the more they appear to fuse.

As an afterthought to these reflections on Kathryn's writing and the associated photograph, I took another look at her letter of introduction and noticed that there too companionship had been a major concern. 'I have got a lot of friends,' she writes, 'do you have friends? because I want you to meet my friends and their names are Tiffany, Claritza, Wellington, Kelvin, Jamilex and Nathan'. With the letter she included a full-page illustration. On a large green hill, beside a house apparently divided into apartments, below a bright yellow sun and fluffy white clouds, stand side by side the members of Kathryn's family: mom, step-dad and four children, one of them a babe in the mother's arms, each figure carefully named. Above them Kathryn has drawn in schematic outline four birds whose huge wings extend across all six figures as if they are the family's heraldic guardians. Companionship seems to be central to Kathryn's understanding of herself and of her world. Her writing, drawing, photography celebrate her knowledge. It was not by chance that the second object she chose to photograph was her brother's football. 'Company' is the word that fixes the meaning of her work.

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Tiffany's, Kelvin's and Kathryn's photographs and written reflections are exemplary instances of what John Dewey calls 'impassioned experience'. I don't think there can be any doubt of the depth of feeling that infuses the three children's work but theirs is no naive overflow of emotion. Their art work goes far beyond self-expression. Its clarity and coherence are every bit as noteworthy as its intensity. Their achievement is as much intellectual as emotional; the two sides of the work are indivisible. This is what Tiffany, Kelvin and Kathryn know and this is the form which that knowledge most appropriately assumes. Or, to put it another way, the form is the means by which their experience is made known, to themselves no less than to others. Earlier in *Art as Experience* Dewey (2005) writes that 'whatever path the work of art pursues, it, just because it is a full and intense experience, keeps alive the power to experience the common world in its fullness. It does so by reducing the raw materials of that experience to matter ordered through form' (p. 138). I cannot imagine a better way of describing the experience of these three young artists in Lawrence as they set out to represent their chosen objects in image and word. What then of pedagogy? I would simply propose that it is the teacher's privilege and responsibility to ally herself, himself, to the child's search for meaning, so vividly apparent in these children's work. Indirectly, Dewey has something to say about this too.

> We lay hold of the full impact of a work of art only as we go through in our own vital processes the processes the artist went

> through in producing the work. It is the critic's privilege to share in the promotion of this active process. His condemnation is that he so often arrests it. (p. 338)

As teachers, that is to say as critical readers of our students' work in whatever medium they choose, Dewey's words hold out to us at once a promise and a warning. We are fortunate if we are able to heed them both.

Reference

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MICHAEL ARMSTRONG was formerly head teacher of Harwell County Primary School, Oxfordshire and is chair of the *FORUM* editorial board. His book *Children Writing Stories* was published by the Open University Press in the spring of 2006.
Correspondence: Michael Armstrong, 15 Furzedown Road, Southampton SO17 1PN, United Kingdom (michael.armstrong@logic-net.co.uk).