

The Future of Teaching

The Molding of Men

By WILLIAM ARROWSMITH

IN THIS paper I am concerned with only one kind of teaching, the kind of teaching with which apparently too few administrators in higher education are concerned. I mean the ancient, crucial, high art of teaching, the kind of teaching which alone can claim to be called educational, an essential element in all noble human culture, and hence a task of infinitely more importance than research scholarship. With the teacher as transmitter or conductor of knowledge, as servant or partner of research, I have no concern. He is useful and necessary and, because he does the bulk of university teaching, it is important that his job be effectively performed and intelligently evaluated. But so long as the teacher is viewed as merely a diffuser of knowledge or a higher popularizer, his position will necessarily be a modest and even menial one. And precisely this, I think, is the prevalent view of the teacher's function, the view overwhelmingly assumed even among those who want to redress the balance in favor of the teacher. Is it any wonder then that the teacher enjoys no honor? For if the teacher stands to the scholar as the pianist to the composer, there can be no question of parity; teaching of this kind is necessary but secondary. So too is the comparatively subtler and more difficult kind of teaching that is concerned with scholarly methodology and the crucial "skeletal" skills of creative research. Only when large demands are made on the teacher, when we ask him to assume a primary role as educator in his own right, will it be possible to restore dignity to teaching. Teaching, I repeat, is not honored among us either because its function is grossly misconceived or its cultural value not understood. The reason for this is the overwhelming positivism of our technocratic society and the arrogance of scholarship. Behind the disregard for the teacher lies the transparent sickness of the humanities in the university and in American life generally. Indeed, nothing more vividly illustrates the myopia of academic humanism than its failure to realize that the fate of any true culture is revealed in the value it sets

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upon the teacher and the way it defines him. "*The advancement of learning at the expense of man,*" writes Nietzsche,

is the most pernicious thing in the world. The stunted man is a backward step for humanity; he casts his *shadow* over all time to come. It debases conviction, the natural purpose of the particular field of learning; learning itself is finally destroyed. It is advanced, true, but its effect on life is nil or immoral.¹

What matters then is the kind of context that we can create for teaching and the largeness of the demands made upon the teacher. Certainly he will have no function or honor worthy of the name until we are prepared to make the purpose of education what it always was—the molding of men rather than the production of knowledge. It is my hope that education in this sense will not be driven from the university by the knowledge technicians. But this higher form of teaching does not die merely because the university will not practice it. Its future is always assured, since human beings and human culture cannot do without it. And if the university does not educate, others will. Education will pass, as it is passing now, to the artist, to the intellectual, to the gurus of the mass media, the charismatic charlatans and sages, and the whole immense range of secular and religious street-corner fakes and saints. The context counts. Socrates took to the streets, but so does every demagogue or fraud. By virtue of its traditions and pretensions the university is, I believe, a not inappropriate place for education to occur. But we will not transform the university milieu or create teachers by the meretricious device of offering prizes or bribes or "teaching sabbaticals" or building a favorable "image." At present the universities are as uncongenial to teaching as the Mojave Desert to a clutch of Druid priests. If you want to restore a Druid priesthood, you cannot do it by offering prizes for Druid-of-the-year. If you want Druids, you must grow forests. There is no other way of setting about it.

I am suggesting what will doubtless seem paradox or treason: There is no necessary link between scholarship and education, or between research and culture, and in actual practice scholarship is no longer a significant educational force. Scholars, to be sure, are unprecedentedly powerful, but their power is professional and technocratic; as educators they have been eagerly disqualifying themselves for more than a century, and their disqualification is now nearly total. The scholar has disowned the student—that is, the student who is not a potential scholar—and the student has reasonably retaliated by abandoning the scholar. This, I believe, is the only natural reading of what I take to be a momentous event: the secession of the student from the institutions of higher learning on the grounds that they no longer educate and are therefore, in his word, irrelevant. By making education the slave of scholarship, the university has renounced its responsibility to human culture and its old, proud claim to possess, as educator and molder of men, an ecumenical

¹Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, *We Philologists*, Vol. III of *The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*, edited by Oscar Levy (New York: Russell and Russell, Inc., 1964), Aphorism 175, p. 182.

function. It has disowned, in short, what teaching has always meant: a care and concern for the future of man, a Platonic love of the species, not for what it is, but for what it might be. It is a momentous refusal. I do not exaggerate. When the President of Cornell seriously proposes that the university should abandon liberal education so that specialization can begin with matriculation, and when he advocates this in order to *reconcile* the conflicting claims of teaching and research,² it should be obvious even to the skeptical that education is being strangled in its citadel, and strangled furthermore on behalf of the crassest technocracy. I find it difficult to imagine the rationalization of these salaried wardens of a great, ecumenical tradition, who apparently view themselves and the institutions they administer as mere servants of national and professional interests. A hundred years ago Nietzsche denounced the subservience of German universities to an inhuman scholarly technology and the interest of the Reich:

The entire system of higher education has lost what matters most: the end as well as the means to the end. That education, that *Bildung* is itself an end—and not the state—this has been forgotten. Educators are needed who have themselves been educated, not the learned louts whom the universities today offer our youth. Educators are lacking . . . hence the decline of German culture.³

And what has happened in Germany is now an American story.

WE TOO lack educators, by which I mean Socratic *teachers*, visible embodiments of the realized humanity of our aspirations, intelligence, skill, scholarship; men ripened or ripening into realization, as Socrates at the close of the *Symposium* comes to be, and therefore personally guarantees, his own definition of love. Our universities and our society need this compelling embodiment, this exemplification of what we are all presumably at, as they have never needed it before. It is men we need, not programs. It is possible for a student to go from kindergarten to graduate school without ever encountering a *man*—a man who might for the first time give him the only profound motivation for learning, the hope of becoming a better man. Learning matters, of course; but it is the means, not the end, and the end must always be either radiantly visible, or profoundly implied, in the means. It is only in the teacher that the end is apparent; he can humanize because he possesses the human skills which give him the power to humanize others. If that power is not felt, nothing of any educational value can occur. The humanities stand or fall according to the human worth of the man who professes them. If undergraduates ever met teachers of this kind, the inhuman professionalism of the graduate schools might have some plausibility; there would be an educational base. But nothing can be expected of a system in which men who have not themselves been educated presume to educate others. Our entire educational enterprise is in fact

²James A. Perkins, *The University in Transition* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1966), pp. 43-45.

³Levy, *op. cit.*, Vol. XVI: "What the Germans Lack," *Twilight of the Idols*, Aphorism 5, p. 55.

founded upon the wholly false premise that *at some prior stage* the essential educational work has been done. The whole structure is built on rotten foundations, and the routines of education have begun to threaten and destroy what they were intended to save. There is a very real sense, for instance, in which scholarship has become pernicious to literature; the humanities as presently taught are destructive of the past and therefore of the present.

I repeat: The teacher is both the end and the sanction of the education he gives. This is why it is completely reasonable that a student should expect a classicist to live classically. The man who teaches Shakespeare or Homer runs the supreme risk. This is surely as it should be. Charisma in a teacher is not a mystery or nimbus of personality, but radiant exemplification to which the student contributes a correspondingly radiant hunger for becoming. What is classic and past instructs us in our potential size, offers the greatest human scale against which to measure ourselves. The teacher, like his text, is thus the mediator between past and present, present and future; and he matters because there is no human mediator but him. He is the student's only evidence outside the text that a great humanity exists: upon his impersonation, both his text and his student's human fate depend. For student and teacher alike, ripeness is all. The age of the student does not matter.

Men, not programs; galvanizers, not conductors. When students say that their education is irrelevant, they mean above all the absence of this man. Without him the whole enterprise is ashes, sheer phoniness. This is why students are so quick, and so right, to suspect a fatal hypocrisy in the teacher who lives without the slightest relation to what he knows, whose texts are wholly divorced from his life, from human life. What students want is not necessarily what they need; but in this case it is the students who are right and the universities that are wrong. The irony of the situation is enough to make strong men weep. Here, unmistakably, we have students concerned to ask the crucial questions—identity, meaning, right and wrong, the good life—and they get in response not bread but a stone. Here we have a generation blessedly capable of moral outrage, and it is the bitterest of anomalies that the humanities should be dying among students capable of moral outrage in a morally outrageous world. Almost without exception the response of the universities to this profound hunger for education, for compelling examples of human courage and compassionate intelligence, has been mean, parochial, uncomprehending, or cold. Above all, *cold*. The waste in sheer human incentive, in disappointment in matters where disappointment is destructive and fatal, is appalling. But what fills one with rage is the callousness of scholars, the incredible lack of human concern among humanists, the monumental indifference of the learned to human misery and need. Why, you ask, is teaching held in contempt? Because it has become contemptible by indifference. Teaching has been fatally trivialized by scholarship which has become trivial. What, I find myself wondering, would education be like if humanists and teachers had the

courage of their traditions and dared to face their students as men in whom their studies and texts found worthy, or at least attempted, embodiment?

Such embodiment may be personal, rational, and contemplative, or activist and public. What matters is the integration of significant life and knowledge, of compassionate study and informed conduct. The teacher in this sense goes where the action is, where his example is most needed. Moreover, it is by going there that he can hope to recover the great, complex power of the text whose custodian he is. The point is important. We must at any cost find room in our universities for those who are capable of *living or acting upon a pure text*. Lacking such men, the student distrusts the teacher and the culture he represents; the culture is defeated in the teacher's failure. I am not suggesting that teachers must be heroes or great men, but they must understand greatness and desire it for themselves and others. Only so can they speak to the student's hunger for the same greatness. It is important, however, that our sense of human greatness find *varied* incarnation. One thing a student needs to know is how men cope with the vast, impersonal chaos of modern existence. For most of us this is a matter of daily improvisation. We no longer have the ability to cope together, with a collective style based upon a common set of values, pagan, say, or Christian; it is rather an individualistic *sauve qui peut*, requiring educated guesswork, luck, imagination, skill, and the habit of hope. This present generation has experienced drastic change, and therefore it has a drastic need for significant styles of coping, present and past and as varied as possible. What is wanted is a repertory of convincing, visible, and powerful life styles. And this the university should, as alma mater, be able and happy to provide. It takes all kinds of men to make a university—not scholars only.

For the scholar's example is no longer adequate to educate, though at its best it may belong among the higher styles. His comparative security, his cosy enclave of learning, with its narrow departmental limits, and his murderous preference for a single mode of the mind (the discursive or methodological; do not call it "rational"), with its neat problems and solutions, his stunted humanity—all this strikes the student as irrelevant and even repugnant. What he wants is models of committed integrity, as whole as they can be in a time of fragmented men. Admittedly such models are hard to find, and integrated men are not to be expected. Hence it is essential that a student be confronted with as many different, vivid modes as we can muster; from these he may be able to infer the great, crucial idea of all true education—the single, many-sided transformation of himself, the *man* he wants to be. These men are hard to find because nobody is concerned to find them. And meanwhile our universities are making them rarer.

One point should be made. When I say that scholarship no longer educates, I am not thereby joining what Daniel Bell calls the "apocalyptic" faction against the exponents of order and reason. But I also believe

that the true stature of reason is no longer visible in technical scholarship, and that the academic sense of order is inadequate because it is not related to the real chaos of existence. Finally, it is order and not instinctual anarchy that we want; and when I speak of a style of life, I mean by style controlled passion, not the free play of instinct. It is because reason and order have been so diminished in the university that we require a repertory of models before we set about constructing a curriculum. The days of the syllabus are gone forever; we are not yet ready for a viable curriculum. General education has failed, not because of its curricular inadequacy (though it *is* inadequate), but because men of general intelligence are not available to teach it. It has ended up, therefore, in the hands of specialists who have always betrayed it in practice. If I had a campus to play with, my first step would be to plant there, at any price, the six or seven charismatic teachers of my acquaintance; their collective *aretē* would, I am convinced, create a curriculum that would truly, explosively, educate. But it is these men we must have, regardless of their academic pedigrees—prophets, poets, apocalyptic, scholars, intellectuals, men who sprawl across departmental boundaries, who will not toe the line, individuals as large as life, irrepressible, troublesome—and exemplary. Either we must make scholarship whole and ripe and human again, or we must import into the university every conceivable variety of active, shaping, seminal humanity we can find.

At present the latter course is probably the more practicable. By usurping the whole job of education and by claiming to represent the whole mind or the only part of the mind that matters, scholarship has had the effect of destroying what education, generously defined, might provide—the basis of a common culture. We have provided men with skills they cannot meaningfully use, and by so doing we have alienated the laymen of any coherent future culture. R. P. Blackmur comes pat to my point:

What we have, with respect to the old forms of our culture, is the disappearance of the man who, by his education, his tradition, and his own responsive life, was the layman to all the forms of his society. The mind no longer feels omniform or that it knows its own interest. We have a society of priests or experts who are strangely alien to the great mass movements which they presumably express or control.⁴

In the profession of the teacher lies one of the few correctives to the alienation that technical scholarship has conferred upon us, since, like the artist, only the teacher offers cultural skills in living and loving use.

But teaching will not easily recover its great, lost function. The forces arrayed—I will not say *against* teaching, but *for* research—are formidable indeed, composing a gigantic scholarly cartel. At its base is the department, the matrix of university power, protected from above by the graduate deans and administrators, who are more and more drawn from the research professoriate and therefore share its aims and ambi-

⁴*The Lion and the Honeycomb* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1955), p. 189.

tions. National structure is provided by the great foundations and the learned societies which form the American Council of Learned Societies. And now there is the new National Endowment for the Humanities, whose depressingly conventional initial programs (*inter alia* a grant for papyrological studies and historical bibliography) look as though they might have been designed by an unprogramed computer in collaboration with a retired professor of Coptic. Even the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, intended "to attract men and women to the profession of college teaching," now seems to be tailoring its standards more and more to the pinched professionalism of the graduate schools. There is also the Cartter report;⁵ an assessment of the quality of graduate programs on the basis of informed opinion, it will almost inevitably have the effect of stifling innovation, if only because informed scholarly opinion is unadventurous and tyrannous as well as profoundly snobbish. My argument is this: At every level the forces making for scholarly conformity are immense, and the rewards of conformity high. If these forces are not directly hostile to teaching, they are certainly profoundly indifferent.

My point is not merely negative. If there is to be reform within the existing institutional framework, it must be radical. Teaching will not be restored by tinkering with the curriculum, by minor structural changes, or by modest innovations in graduate-degree programs. I offer the following observations as instances only; to my mind they represent the kind of profound structural reform that must precede real change. I believe they are practicable, but I offer them nonetheless with considerable pessimism, in the doubt that there is enough energy and leadership in the American university at present for it to be reformed from within.

INNOVATION, experiment, reform—these are crucial, and the pity is that, apart from a few noteworthy experiments, there is so little real innovation. Wherever one looks, there is the same vacuum of leadership, the same failure of nerve. For this, I believe administrators must shoulder the blame, or most of it. It is idle to expect anything from the faculties, who are caught both in the hideous jungle of academic bureaucracy and in their own professional lethargy. Nor can one look to the providential intervention of the foundations; they can perhaps fund imagination and courage, but they cannot, apparently, provide it. It is, above all, to local institutions—the colleges, the universities—that one must turn. They are funded by communities—states, alumni, student fees—and therefore they have a responsibility to the community that supports them, and most of all to that general culture that I have identified with the ideal role of the teacher. But if community and faculty support is to be enlisted (and community tyranny to be avoided), there must be something more than mere management by administrators;

⁵Allan M. Cartter, *An Assessment of Quality in Graduate Education* (Washington, D.C.: American Council on Education, 1966).

there must be leadership, which means a sense of the whole endeavor. Chairmen of departments and deans have constituencies to represent; only the presidents and provosts can speak on behalf of the whole enterprise.

I believe that administrators fail to make anything like full, or imaginative, use of their power. As an ex-chairman I understand that administrators are not omnipotent, that hypocrisy and evasion go with the job. But I am not prepared to believe that presidents are powerless; too many instances of abuse of power convince me to the contrary. It is the margin of freedom that matters, and it is only with the failure of administrators to use this margin that I find fault. What is stunning is the universal torpor, the apparent dedication to the principle of *laissez aller*. If presidents are too harassed to provide leadership, what has happened to the provosts? Why are the deans so subservient to the departments, so supinely deferential to the research professoriate? Why don't administrators take the stump on behalf of their policies? There is, I suspect, only one answer, and it is not powerlessness, but lack of policies and ideas, and a long habit of prostration before success. A man cannot stump for programs he doesn't have, and this is why so many administrators talk such dreary rubbish. Alternatively, they are the prisoners of their origins, the professoriate from which they emerge and whose assumptions and aims they share. Hence they conceive of their task as the encouragement of the status quo and, when confronted with the crisis of education, claim, like Clark Kerr, that chaos is positively good for us, or, like President Perkins, that we can reconcile teaching and scholarship by the simple device of abandoning liberal education.

I can think of no more conspicuous failure of leadership than in the liberal-arts colleges. With a few notable exceptions, the record of the college is one of failure, at least if judged by its own claims. Whatever else it may be, Socratic it is not, in faculty, in style, in results. This I take to be a matter of fact. Certainly it is hard to imagine a more damningly documented indictment of the liberal-arts college than that of the Jacob study, with its bleak conclusion that, apart from three or four colleges, the effect of college teaching on student values is simply nil, zero, and that what small change occurs comes from the student sub-culture.⁶ The conclusion is the more devastating because it is precisely on the claim to *teach* that the American college stakes its case. Here—in low student-teacher ratios, in college plans, tutorials, etc.—it has spent its money and ingenuity, and it is here that its failure has been spectacular. Why?

In my opinion, the colleges have failed as teaching institutions because they have been subverted from within. They have recruited their faculties heavily from the major graduate institutions, and their recruits have inevitably altered the tone and finally the function of the colleges.

⁶Philip E. Jacob, *Changing Values in College: An Exploratory Study of the Impact of College Teaching* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1958).

There has doubtless been pressure from the graduate schools, but for the most part the colleges have consented to the process. And they are now in the ludicrous position of proudly claiming, on the one hand, that seventy-odd per cent of their graduates go on to graduate or professional schools, and, on the other, of complaining that they are being turned into preparatory schools for graduate study. Gentility and snobbery have played a large part in this subversion, as well as the hunger for academic respectability which is now firmly linked to the business of research. Instead of cleaving to their Socratic pretensions and traditions, the colleges have tended instead to become petty universities, differing from the universities only in a slightly higher regard for the teacher and a corresponding tolerance of the student. If the wealthier colleges have managed to recruit able faculty, the poor colleges have fared badly, recruiting second- and third-rate Ph.D.'s who for their part regard the college as an academic boondocks and lust for the day when they can return to the urban Edens of research. In the meantime they teach the only thing they know—technical expertise—and thereby both corrupt their students and refuse their Socratic opportunities. The colleges, in short, have yoked themselves to Pharaoh's chariot and, if they regret their loss of function, they have only themselves to blame. A handful of small colleges have dared to break the bond of snobbery and respectability that binds the college to the university, and they have done so simply by daring to profess the values they assert and finding teachers who profess them too.

Organizational energy and intelligence are crucial if the liberal-arts college is to escape subordination to graduate education. I am, of course, in violent disagreement with those who believe that "the selective liberal arts colleges of the future . . . must become first-rate preparatory colleges for graduate education."⁷ If we believe that the liberal traditions of the colleges are viable and that the college may have a higher function than feeding professional schools, then we must set about saving it. If I am right, the trouble with the colleges is that they recruit their faculties from uncongenial sources; the well is poisoned. By imitating the universities, the colleges have everything to lose and nothing to gain; neither their funds nor their human resources are adequate to the competition. My solution is dramatically simple. Let the colleges go into business on their own, *against* the graduate universities; let them form their own league, as it were, and train the kind of man they cannot expect to recruit from the universities. I am aware that such federations are in the air, and perhaps already exist; but I am emphatically not suggesting federation on the principle of beating the graduate schools at their own game. It should be a different game altogether, designed to produce men who do not think it beneath their dignity to educate others; men in whom the general civilized intelligence survives; humanists with a concern for men;

⁷Allan M. Cartter, "University Teaching and Excellence," *Educational Record*, XLVII (Summer, 1966), p. 297.

scholars convinced that the world needs humane knowledge as never before. Ideally, I think, it would seek to involve its students in the real world, and it would surely seek real association with the vocations and professions. But its primary purpose would be to produce truly educated graduates as well as teachers to whom it could reasonably entrust the crucial task of providing models for those who wanted to become civilized men instead of scholars. I also believe that a formidable but generous enterprise helps to summon large behavior into being, and that the immense task of building institutions worthy of love and learning might do much to create the kind of man who is missing. Enterprises which require humanity are the first prerequisite for a greater humanity. Men must use themselves significantly in order to grow. That is the law of all education, all growth. Why not apply it to education? We need new or renewed institutions; in the act of renewing them, we may renew ourselves.

Such institutions would surely not want for students. Those who desire to study further but have no wish to be processed as professors are, I am convinced, far more numerous than is commonly suspected. The country is rich; leisure is available; educational expectations are rising. Far too many graduates of our colleges and universities feel, moreover, that they never got an education, and it is these who go on to graduate school in the hope of getting what they failed to get as undergraduates. It is graduate *education* they want, not graduate *training*. This is why dissatisfaction with the graduate schools is so keen. There is simply no option available on the graduate level; everything is geared to professional training. And among those disenchanted with graduate school are precisely those from whom the colleges should in fact be recruiting their faculties—those students who are not averse to learning but who demand that it be given relevance and embodiment. It seems a cruel shame that such talent should go to waste or find no true fulfillment at a time when it is badly needed. We are not so rich in the higher human resources that this source can be so tragically wasted.

Are there enough men to staff more than three or four such experimental "graduate" centers in the liberal arts? Probably not. But what matters is that there should be at least a handful of colleges in this country which dare to resist the conformity imposed by the research cartel and to distinguish themselves by putting the teacher—and therefore the humanities—squarely at the center of the curriculum. Two or three such schools would, I am convinced, reinvigorate, perhaps even revolutionize, American education simply by providing convincing examples of the daring and diversity we need. They should logically be established either upon the existing base of the better liberal-arts colleges, or as new "higher colleges" created by a group of institutions acting in concert. Only by some such device, by striking at the source of the trouble, can the traditional role of the college be protected and expanded. It would

be a staggering loss if the only institution of higher education still committed to liberal education—that is, to the creation of civilized men, those indispensable and large-minded amateurs who are the laymen in any coherent or general culture—should be subverted by the demand for professionals and technicians.

Teaching is notoriously worse off in the universities than in the colleges. Not only has the university traditionally a heavier commitment to pure research, but it is particularly vulnerable to the pressures that have eroded the teacher's status. Vast numbers of students, huge classes, intense competition for federal funds and therefore for distinguished research professors, political and professional pressures, all these have operated to downgrade or to discredit teaching. But even in the university it is the creative use of the margin of freedom that matters. Something has been done, for instance, to give the multiversity a human scale, through honors programs, emphasis on individual work, residential colleges, and so on. But helpful as these reforms are, they have not succeeded in changing the imbalance. And this, I believe, is because none of the reforms really touches the nub of the problem. And that is the structure of the university itself, the way in which its physical organization determines its policies and precludes change and reform. Certainly no real change in the status of teaching can possibly occur without a radical change in the present power structure of the university.

Perhaps this is impossible, but I am not convinced that this is so. At present the heart of university power is the department. It is this departmental power that now so vehemently promotes research and is hostile or indifferent to teaching. It is at the departmental level that the evaluation of teaching is subverted, since chairmen apparently equate research and teaching; it is there that publish-or-perish policies are really promulgated and that the pressure for reduced teaching-loads originates; it is from the departments that graduate deans are recruited and that the demand for early specialization arises, as well as the jealous specialism that fragments the curriculum into warring factions. Put a mild and gentle man of broad learning into a department chairmanship, and within two years he will either be murdered by his colleagues or become an aggressive and vindictive *mafioso* of the crassest specialism. The process can no more be resisted than the ravages of time. It is inexorable and destructive; and it is the remorseless tragedy of university politics.

THIS is why it is so imperative that some countervailing, anti-departmental force be created. Research is dominant now because teaching has no effective representation, no normalized political place or power, within the structure of the university. The departments are theoretically composed of teachers, or teacher-scholars, but they have been wholly captured by the research professoriate. The research scholar

has everything—the departments, the powerful committees, the learned societies, the federal funds, the deanships, and the presidencies—and if he chooses to say that he finds teaching distasteful and unworthy of his abilities, who will say him nay? Who speaks for teaching here? Clearly nobody, except perhaps the students. If teaching is to survive within the modern university on terms of something like parity with research, it must somehow acquire institutional power. The research teacher, like the scholar, must have a base, a position, a budget, students, an honored and normalized function. He cannot meaningfully exist in any other way. This, I am convinced, is simple political realism.

The obvious vehicle for such a countervailing force would be the so-called university professorship. For though this professorship is still an uncertain novelty, occupying a still undefined institutional position, it has usually come into existence because enterprising administrators felt the need for countering the effects of extreme departmental specialism. Thus, while the university professor may retain a departmental base, his appointment is a *university* one in so far as it cuts across departmental and even college lines. The “horizontal” professor has, of course, aroused the jealousies of departments, and they have frequently responded by cutting off his access to students. What is now needed, I believe, is a deliberate effort to expand and consolidate the university professorship with the hope of eventually creating a new professoriate of such power that it can challenge the supremacy of the research departments. I have no illusion that this will be an easy task, but the precedent exists and the principle has been established. It would seem folly not to follow it up. Clearly the problems of defining the relations of two such professoriates to each other and to the administration and students would be of exceptional and maddening difficulty, but I doubt they are insoluble. So far as function is concerned, it would seem natural to assign to the university professorship all those tasks at which the departments have proved themselves incompetent—the courses in general education and the humanities, interdisciplinary programs, supervision of the teacher-oriented degree programs, and the like, and perhaps even the formal responsibility for evaluating teaching throughout the university. But its over-all concern would be with teaching and with the training of teachers. It would therefore, I hope, display that broad spectrum of high and varied human skills that can claim to be called *educational*, every conceivable great style of human existence and mode of mind side by side, the prophetic, the rational, the political, the scientific, the apocalyptic, the artistic. There would, of course, be an honored place in it for scholars too, but only for scholars whose scholarship *educates*. I suspect this proposal will strike most of my readers as fantastic, but so, when you think about it, is the present state of affairs: a vast educational enterprise built entirely upon a caste of learned men whose learning has no relevance to the young and even seems to alienate them from both education and culture. It is a vision of madness accomplished.

MY ARGUMENT would not be complete without a word about pluralism. Educators never tire of saying that ours is a pluralistic system and that pluralism is good since it accords with the nature of American society. I share this view, but my fear is that, where higher education is concerned, we are rapidly discarding pluralism for monolithic uniformity. One can understand why this is happening, but it seems to me that the process must now be resolutely opposed. If education is to become, as perhaps it must in part, an instrument of national policy, we must also have institutions that still perform an ecumenical function, that speak for man rather than for the state or the nation. Professional training at the graduate level is now corrupting all higher education by ruthlessly expelling from the curriculum everything that does not conform to professional utility. By so doing, it is forcing the student—who may want to be more than merely a professor—into the streets and out of the culture. The student becomes marginal simply out of opposition to the elite which has expelled him. Alternatively, he responds by violent and often unintelligent assertion of those very values, especially freedom, which the university seems to have abandoned. His attempts at heroism thus become merely anarchic; he loses the skills of educated heroism, even while claiming to assert them. What we must have, unless we are prepared to abandon our fates to parochial technicians, is precisely the pluralism to which we are committed. We need options, choices, alternatives; we need to honor the diversity of human skills and needs. We simply cannot afford, except at the cost of everything, to permit the range of realization to be narrowed to one small mode of the mind, and that a mode which seems to be incapable of compassion for any other mode; which seems, in fact, to have lost respect for humanity.

One final point. I expect the criticism that I am actually meeting the problem of research and teaching, not by reconciling them, but by divorcing them altogether. That is my intention, and one which I am prepared to risk, since the only likely alternative is to make teaching the lackey of scholarship. I think we have reached the point at which slogans like "scholar-teacher" merely darken counsel; there may have been a time when that was a viable ideal, and doubtless some exceptionally gifted men still incarnate it. But by and large its vogue passes on to the professor the two functions which the university has inherited and which it cannot meaningfully reconcile. The realities of educational practice make it starkly apparent that no reconciliation can now occur except at the expense of teaching. And I am not prepared to incur that expense if I can humanly help it. This is why I urge a new consideration of the wisdom of separating teaching and research, to the end that significant teaching and fresh energy in academic institutions may eventually make scholarship human again, and that an invigorated scholarship may once again accept the burden of teaching as the source of its vigor and the test of its wisdom.