

Washington University

Winter 1986

Magazine

A photograph of a man with dark hair, a full beard, and glasses, wearing a light blue button-down shirt. He is standing in front of a chalkboard with faint white chalk scribbles. He has his right hand on his neck and is wearing a metal watch. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face and the texture of his beard.

Reflections
on Teaching

Teaching Revisited

Putting together this special issue on teaching for *Washington University Magazine* was not an easy task. It became more a problem of abundance, because the University has so many fine faculty members.

But picking them for this issue became something of a nightmare. I'd toss in my sleep at night wondering whom to choose from hundreds of top-notch faculty for this issue. Obviously, as much as we would like to, we couldn't pick everyone. I know there are those favorite teachers you remember who touched that intellectual chord and made learning an intense and joyful experience. Some of these teachers, unfortunately, may not appear in this issue.

Our research took us to all corners of the campus. We visited deans, we pored over past teaching award recipient lists, we talked to alumni, and we visited with students. From this we hope we've given you an inkling of what good teaching means to a major research university like Washington.

At any rate, it's hard to pick the cream of the crop when most of what you have is cream. And that's a good problem to have.

Bill Noblitt

On the cover: English Professor Wayne Fields, one of the many instructors covered in this issue.

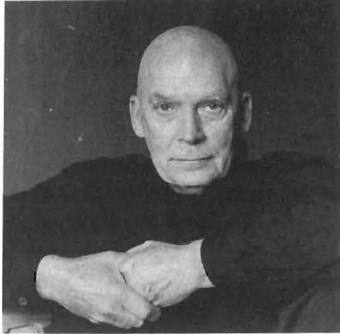


One of the University's best teachers: Jessie L. Ternberg, M.D., professor and chief of the division of Pediatric Surgery at the School of Medicine.

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Special thanks to Gail DiBernardo
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and alumni stores.

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O P E N E R S

A Shorts Story

Mark A. Krasnow only wanted to buy a pair of cool Hawaiian shorts.

But during a trip to a department store in his hometown of Oklahoma City last summer, the WU junior and his high school buddy, Gary Goble, discovered the shorts were too expensive off the rack. So they decided to sew the popular item themselves.

Krasnow's decision resulted in the birth of his sportswear manufacturing business, Kras Shorts—a success story noteworthy enough to be included in a story about college entrepreneurs in a recent issue of *Playboy* magazine.

After Krasnow and Goble vowed to make the shorts, "We took apart a similar pair to figure out how they were made, got some tips from our mothers on sewing, and just taught ourselves from there," recalls Krasnow, originally a pre-med major who has switched to economics and political science.

The duo's "accidental" leap into the business world had modest beginnings. The first patterns for the shorts were cut from newspapers, although they quickly graduated to cardboard. They sold five pairs of shorts the first week, while both worked at full-time jobs.



Washington University student Mark Krasnow in a sea of Hawaiian shorts.

Soon demand for the multicolored sportswear skyrocketed. Krasnow says they hired a friend to do the sewing, aptly paying her "by the short." But the big breakthrough came at an Independence Day party when a friend who worked at an Oklahoma City clothing store told Krasnow her boss would love to purchase 350 pairs of the shorts to sell.

"At first we were buying fabric retail in Oklahoma City, and then it got to the point where we were buying so much it became obvious we should be buying wholesale. At one point, we nearly cleaned out all the suitable material in Oklahoma City fabric stores."

Goble eventually lost interest in the project. By the time Krasnow returned to the University last fall, he had sold almost 600 pairs of shorts. He brought 17 pairs to campus with him and was startled when Famous-Barr Co. talked with him about the possibility of buying 2,000 pairs.

"I thought long and hard about the Famous-Barr prospect," says Krasnow. "But it would have meant opening my own small factory. Considering the fact that the shorts are a passing fad, I decided to bypass some cash, be glad for the experience I had gained, and get down to what I am here for—to go to school." ■

No Pain, You Gain

Americans are taking to gyms and tracks with a vigor that will surely make physical fitness a major lifestyle change of the late 20th century. But our penchant for push-ups and other traditional calisthenics gives some of us more than we bargained for—pain. We react by falling off the exercise bandwagon.

Help is on the way. Enter Shirley Sahrman, Ph.D., a neurobiologist and physical therapist at Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis. Sahrman has spent years treating men and women who believe the slogan, "no pain, no gain." "That's a myth," she says simply.

Sahrman warns that particular exercises may be inappropriate for certain body types, weights, and ages. An avid believer in the benefits of exercise, she deplores the intensity and inherent imbalance in many popular calisthenics-type exercise regimens.

Many routines over-emphasize abdomen-flattening exercises, she says. They promise to strengthen abdominal muscles by lots of sit-ups, but they don't provide any counterbalancing exercise.

Sahrman didn't set out to malign sit-ups, "but they're just not the best way to strengthen a sagging abdomen," she says. ■

Chinese Official Visits Campus

“WU is managed quite differently from the educational institutions in China,” said Deng Nan, who visited the campus from October 11 to December 8. She is deputy director of the Department of Science and Technology Policy for the State Science and Technology Commission of China in Beijing. She is the daughter of Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping, *Time Magazine’s* “Man of the Year.”

“Here research and teaching are linked together,” said Deng Nan. “In general,” she added, “research and teaching are not tightly bound in China. That connection is something China really will have to develop.”

Although she did get a chance to view some local sights, most of her time was spent talking with WU professors about transportation, water resources, energy systems, economics, banking, robotics, and management systems. The professors showed Deng Nan how mathematical analysis is used to tackle problems in these areas, and she said the information will be invaluable in her policy-making position.

“China is quite different from the United States,” she remarked, “but some of the scientific methods used here can be applied to situations in China. I am particularly interested in how mathematical models are used to develop America’s technology policies because

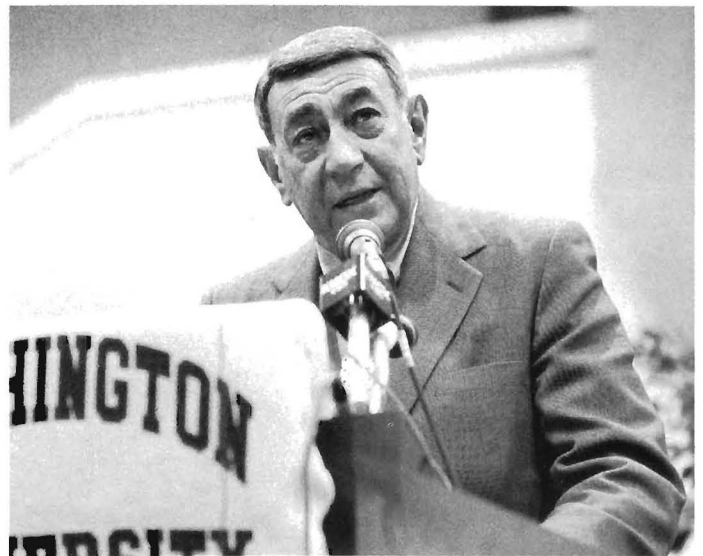
I am interested in developing research in that area.”

As chairman of the Advisory Committee on the Chinese Government, Deng Nan’s father leads efforts to modernize China’s industry, agriculture, science, technology, and defense. He hopes to rebuild the country into a confident world power. A supporter of her father’s campaign, she and her husband and 13-year-old daughter, Mian, live with Deng in his Beijing home.

Deng Nan chose to visit WU because of the Department of Systems Science’s strong reputation as a research-oriented department. “My colleagues in China are familiar with the work of the department,” she added. ■



Deng Nan (left) on campus to learn scientific methods that can be applied to situations in China. She visits with John Zaborszky, Chairman of the Department of Systems Science and Mathematics.



Howard Cosell

Cosell Lauds Sports, Academics Mix

Howard Cosell, former ABC-TV sports commentator, delivered the keynote address at Washington University’s athletic complex dedication ceremonies on Friday, November 22. He commended Washington University’s NCAA Division III program that recognizes a healthy mix between academia and athletics.

“I want everyone to know that we have a crisis in our country’s educational system,” said Cosell to an audience of more than 1,500. “It’s as important a crisis as any we have in this country. It is the task of this country to get exactly this kind of mix (in sports and academics). And this, above all, is why I’m here—to get the kind of mix between sports and academics that you have here at Washington University, and at other

schools that I’m more intimately familiar with, like Amherst, Williams, Trinity, Wesleyan, and Swarthmore. This is the way that sports and education must be combined, and yes, you have it here.

“The basic task of sports in America today is what Washington University has. And that’s what’s so heartwarming about coming here. I have been fortunate to lecture all across the country, to have been on the faculty at Yale for six years, and now at Brown University. Also, for a couple of weeks of the year, I lecture at the world-class Hebrew University of Jerusalem. I know where the student bodies are at, and it’s not hard, even on this brief visit to ascertain the quality of the Washington University student body.” ■

Access Helps Black Students

In 1972, the year Emanuel Thomas began law school at Washington University, black students occupied the dean's office to demand a greater voice in the admissions process.

Today, as district manager for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Thomas occupies a 11th-floor office in one of St. Louis' swank business districts. He welcomes black students from his nearby alma mater who are exploring careers in business.

Thomas connects with students through Access, a Washington University alumni network that helps prepare undergraduates for the transition from classroom to workplace. His academic background and job description are on file at Washington University, and students contact him for career guidance. He helps them discover if their skills, interests, and knowledge are suited to a job like his.

Alfreda Brown, Washington University career counselor and coordinator, says, "Black alumni are an untapped resource for colleges and universities. Access is just one way minorities can help one another."

Brown and Thomas are



Emanuel Thomas and Alfreda Brown

both members of the Black Alumni Council of Washington University. The council has long been concerned about trends in minority enrollment and retention. After a high of 10.4 percent in 1974, black enrollment at American colleges and universities has fallen to 8 percent. Meanwhile, black population has grown to 12 percent of the U.S. population.

At a 1984 reunion of WU minority alumni, members of the council brainstormed about ways alumni could help reverse this trend. Their efforts spawned a national career development network of more than 180 black alumni working in fields from finance to fine arts.

The minority network is part of Access, a 7-year-old program in the Career Planning and Placement Service at Washington University. Many students leave college with little concrete information about the workaday world, Brown says. Access gives students a chance to consider career options while still nestled in the protective college environment. ■

Old China 'Hand' Benefits China Scholar

William C. Kirby, assistant professor of history and director of the International Affairs Program, is disappointed that he did not have a chance to meet Roland "Pete" Grimm, a 1914 alumnus of WU, before Grimm's death in 1983.

Grimm was a sales representative in the Orient for about 40 years; he died in Providence, Rhode Island, at the age of 89. As a historian of China, Kirby, too, has made frequent trips to the Far East. He also is director of the International Affairs Program in University College, an interdisciplinary program for professionals who travel and do business abroad.

Although the two did not meet in person, their names have been united on paper. Kirby has received the first Roland Grimm Traveling Fellowship from the University. The grant will support his research in Chinese archives for a book titled *Germany and Republican China*, which will deal with the international development of China since 1928. The University also has named its squash, handball, and racquetball courts in the new athletic complex in Grimm's memory.

Grimm's brother, H. Hadley Grimm, lives in Clayton. His parents were J. Hugo Grimm, a Circuit Court judge in St. Louis, and Sophia (Gruen) Grimm. Roland Grimm grew up in south St. Louis.

"In my first book, *Foreign Business in China in the 1920s and 1930s*, it would have been splendid to have had the opportunity to talk with Grimm about his own experiences," Kirby said. Grimm accepted his first assignment to travel in the Orient in 1927 from the Certain-teed Products Corporation and later went to work for the Nicholson File Company, which employed him as its Far Eastern representative.

"He was obviously successful and respected in a China marked by banditry, war, and rivalry during the warlord and early Nationalist period," Kirby said. "He had to have had a certain pioneering spirit of adventure."

In an August 27, 1933, article in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, Grimm is quoted as saying, "I have been in the bandit country of North China, but for some reason the bandits never took a fancy to me. True, I have been on boats that were fired on by Chinese snipers from the shore, but I can't count that as unusual. The captain merely piled up sandbags on deck and told us to lie down behind them."

Grimm would have been an excellent instructor in the International Affairs Program, Kirby said. "He would be precisely the kind of business person we are interested in."

Kirby, who joined the WU faculty in 1980, has traveled to Asia five times in the

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past nine years, including terms as a visiting research associate at the modern history institutes of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences in Beijing and the Academia Sinica in Taipei. He earned his bachelor's degree in history, summa cum laude, from Dartmouth College in 1972.

The fellowship in Roland Grimm's name will help William Kirby and future scholars continue their efforts in American-Far Eastern relations. ■

Taylor Chair Endowed

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben C. Taylor, Jr., former St. Louisans and now residents of Vero Beach, Florida, have announced a gift to the ALLIANCE FOR WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, a \$300 million fund-raising campaign announced in 1983.

The gift has been designated for the University's business school and establishes the Reuben C. Taylor, Jr. and Anne Carpenter Taylor Professorship of Marketing, the fifth endowed chair in the business school.

William H. Danforth, chancellor of the University, in acknowledging their gift said, "I am deeply moved by their loyalty in making this most generous pledge to Washington University."



An excited Washington University soccer team coming off a victory and heading for the finals with the University of North Carolina—Greensboro. They lost that game 5-0.

Soccer Bears Fight for National Championship

Washington University hosted its first NCAA Division III national championship on Sunday, December 8, with the soccer Bears playing the University of North Carolina-Greensboro Spartans for this year's title. UNC-Greensboro won the game by a surprising 5-0 margin, as the Bears "Cinderella" season came to an end on a disappointing note.

According to tournament rankings, the Bears' season was supposed to end a month earlier in their first playoff game, because Washington University was

seeded third among four Great Lakes region teams. The Bears defeated Ohio Wesleyan University and Wheaton College to win their fourth regional title before coming home to play the University of California-San Diego in a quarterfinal contest.

The Red and Green won that contest 1-0, but it took a penalty kick shootout to decide the winner. The Bears then defeated Glassboro State College 2-1 in the semifinal, giving Washington University its second opportunity in eight years to win a national championship.

But the hopes for a national title faded fast as the Spartans scored early and often in the first half, tallying four goals before halftime. The Bears played better in the second half, but it was too late as the stingy UNC-Greensboro defense shut out Washington University for only the third time this season. The game was played before more than 2,700 fans at Francis Field, a record crowd for a Bears' soccer game.

Washington University finished the 1985 season 21-3 — the best record in 25 years of soccer. ■

Why I Teach

*by Wayne Fields
Associate Professor of English*

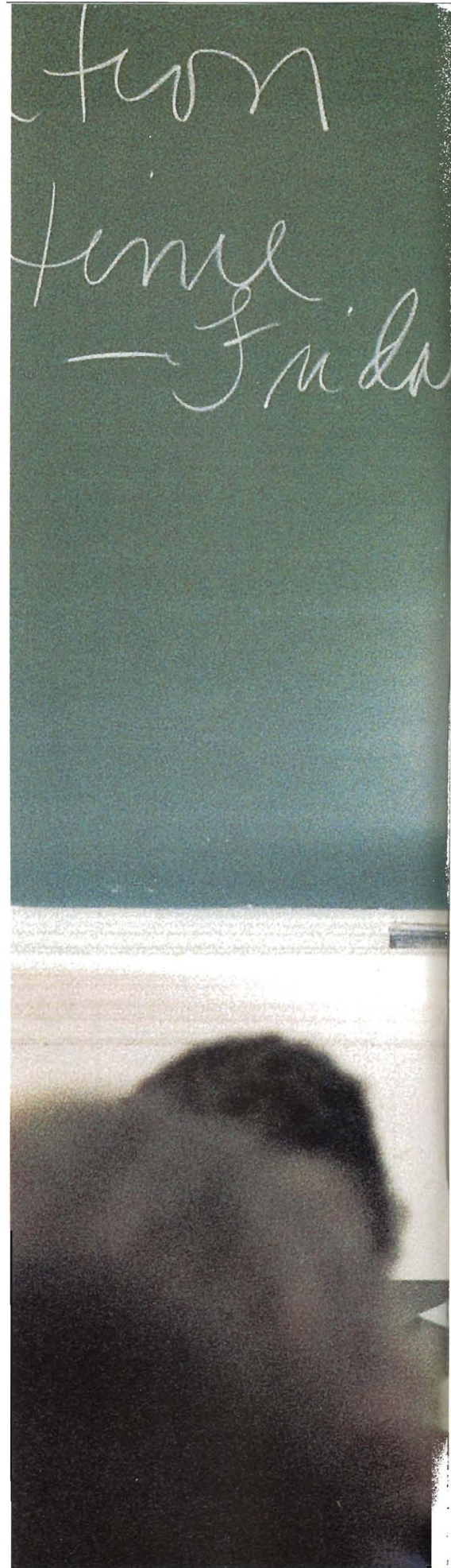
I did not choose the title for this essay. It was assigned, made up I suspect, by someone who does not teach. Presumptuous, it implies bizarre behavior about to be justified or self-sacrifice piously explained.

We do not often see articles titled “Why I Manufacture Soda Pop” or “Why I Am a Neurologist”—the reasons, correctly or incorrectly, somehow seem obvious enough. But “Why I Teach,” like “Why I Wrestle Alligators” or “Why I Took a Vow of Silence” or “Why I Eat Tofu” touches deeper mysteries, not of the nature of such activities, but of the motivation that lies behind them.

And formulas exist for essays of this sort. They begin with the mandatory proof that the author entered life as a relatively normal human being, liked a good time as much as the next person, had the usual faults in the usual moderate amounts and the usual ambitions for the usual rewards. Then there comes a conversion experience, the discovery of some new principle of the good life and a consequent turning from old goals to profounder ones.

The conclusion, necessarily, synthesizes the two preceding sections, a testimony to the fact that the narrator/hero, though transformed, remains a regular sort of person and still knows how to have a good time — this last part, however, is rarely convincing.

The formula will not work here. I never consciously chose to become a teacher, never received the vocational



Wayne Fields

12:08

details
- people
- place



call implied by my title, was never born again under an academic hood. I just became a teacher the way I might have become any number of other things, without fanfare or excitement or any evangelical fervor. By the time I walked into my first class I had already worked as a janitor, grocery bagger, farm worker, salesman (of—and in this order—Cloverene salve, Christmas cards, turtles, newspapers, and encyclopedias), construction laborer, gas station attendant, warehouse worker, truck driver, cleaner of other peoples' attics, sign painter, and carpenter. Apart from the last, a job with working conditions pleasant enough and with colleagues as interesting as any I have encountered elsewhere, none of my previous efforts to make money was as reliable or rewarding as teaching.

It took, however, some time for me to discover this fact, since I've long harbored mixed feelings about about school and teachers. My first years of schooling were divided between so many institutions that I cannot name them all or even the little midwestern towns where they were located. At that time, my father worked on a blacktop crew, and we moved as the highway moved, leaving one town after work on Saturday night and settling into another a few miles away on Sunday morning.

Some of these nameless schools, often attended for no more than three or four weeks, I remember as modern by 1940s and 1950s standards with relatively large student populations and up-to-date teachers. Others, usually in the smallest towns, functioned more like detention centers for those of us who were clearly members of some terrible if temporary invasion. And every year, when winter weather at last closed down road construction, we moved to my grandparents' farm, and I attended a one-room school—12 children in eight grades—where the teaching ranged from the best I experienced (a farm woman everyone called Aunt Marie) to the worst (a part-time preacher with no college education

apart from the slight offerings of a correspondence Bible college).

A first-grade teacher named Miss Camel, who started me reading, and Aunt Marie, who made the bookmobile driver allow me to check out as many books as I wanted, provided the highlights of those early years. The preacher, who broke my sled, paddled me twice, and flunked me in the third grade provided my lowest moments. But for the most part, the best times happened when we moved away from

“Teaching requires the capacity to enjoy one’s own mind, not because that mind is the best one around, but because it is the best one available on 24-hour call.”

a place and the worst came with our inevitable arrival at yet another.

It is not surprising that I came to my last year of high school with a prevailing sense of detachment and a desire to be left alone. This final point, especially, impressed my guidance counselor. After consulting with all my teachers and poring over my aptitude and preference tests—part of an elaborate new program to keep the United States ahead of the Russians and to assist each of us in our particular pursuit of happiness—the counselor declared the results largely indecisive. One point was certain, however: I should not, under any circumstances, take a job

where I would be working with people.

In those days I labored under the impression that college led necessarily to a very limited number of careers and in my mind these were vocations. I use vocation here not in the sense that the guidance counselor used the word, but in the sense that it was used in the rural Baptist churches of my youth—a calling. All children growing up in that particular religious culture had the gravity of vocational calling deeply instilled in their minds. We were put on the alert for some word from on high informing us which of our Father's businesses we should tend, were told story after story, sometimes in Sunday school handouts and sometimes in personal testimony, of divine revelation calling some young person—nearly always male in those days—to a vocation.

Perhaps I misunderstood the examples, but they all seemed to involve going to college. Most people who reported personal callings were, of course, ministers and missionaries, the latter having as its most dramatic expression the medical missionary—the penultimate calling of my childhood, a sort of double jackpot.

Though a careful listener, I never heard a call, and since ministers and missionaries certainly work with people, I began to see in my guidance counselor's warnings the explanation for the divine silence. This meant I must muddle through on my own, and, since my parents made it clear that I would go to college, I began to explore the other career possibilities that required education beyond high school.

I assumed that all doctors, missionary or otherwise, dealt with people, eliminating that alternative, and in my narrow range of experience only two other possibilities remained: law and engineering. Since the first seemed to threaten if not absolutely to violate the injunction of my guidance counselor, my future was determined.

For some reason, I never thought of coming out of college a teacher, assumed somehow that teachers had

always been teachers and like desks and maps and the rest of the equipment around a school, had always been simply what they were. But the same anti-social grounds on which I eliminated nearly everything else would have disqualified teaching as well.

Back I went to the guidance office and confidently declared my future in engineering. This being the kind of decisiveness that thrilled him, the counselor pushed me to the next level on his advising agenda and sent me home with a four-page taxonomy of engineers. Though I had not imagined that more than one kind of engineer existed—someone I pictured standing on top of a dam on a jungle river looking intently into the distance—I welcomed the discovery of something called a geological engineer. I welcomed it because I collected rocks and fossils, just for the fun of it, and now anticipated being paid for the same activity.

Obviously, a primary reason for “Why I Teach” is that I did not become a geological engineer. How I went about not becoming a geologist, however, is not easy to explain. I liked the course work, at least most of it, and the faculty, but during my sophomore year I took a job which required frequent absences from classes. Most of my instructors accommodated this turn of events, but it played havoc with laboratory work—work I really was not enjoying all that much anyway. My geology professor, a man with an M.A. in English as well as a Ph.D. in geology, suggested that I take a semester’s break from the sciences and take more courses in the humanities.

By this time, too, I understood why the best geological engineering schools used the word “mining” in their names. If geologists were not prospectors as I had thought, but people who worked either in holes in the ground or, the surface equivalent, laboratories, then perhaps I still had not found the best way to occupy the remainder of my life.

I followed my professor’s advice, just as I followed that of the guidance

counselor, and took literature courses for a semester and then more literature courses. In some peculiar way they reminded me of the work, also a kind of “reading,” I most enjoyed in geology. I then detoured into oriental studies and, after that, philosophy. My “semester off” continued through the remainder of my college career and left me vocationless but with sufficient hours for majors in English and philosophy.

It just happened that way. I never planned such an outcome and when it

*“I teach, then,
not because my
students need me
but because I need
them, need
someone to talk
with about the
things I read even
if I have to force
that someone to
do the reading...”*

arrived hadn’t the slightest idea what to make of it.

Offered fellowships for graduate work in either English or philosophy and married to a woman who was both tolerant and employable, I decided on yet another extension of my semester off. This time I studied for an M.A. in English after which, I promised myself and my wife, I would get serious.

Perhaps the year of graduate work that stretched out to four years was a prolonged listening time, one last opportunity for the divine communicator to dial my number and call me to a career, some really important, world-changing task. That was, you must

remember, a time—the late 1960s—when many people talked about changing the world. And perhaps it was preparation for the inevitable fact of work: that one day you take a job—whatever that job might be—and you do it, call or no call, vocation or no vocation. So had my mother and father taken up their work, so with the considerable advantages they had given me, would I. The irony of it had become perceptible even to me: at one extreme I left the door open to the outrageous possibility that I might be called to great things, some spectacular way to serve humanity—my guidance counselor’s warning had lost its power by now. At the other, I prepared myself for the inevitability of doing mundane but steady work.

The latter won. My career plans were settled. Settled not because I had suddenly discovered something I was good at. In fact, teaching was one of the things for which graduate school gave absolutely no preparation and was something I often did very badly. But settled because I was no longer on a semester’s break, or even a year’s—though that was the duration of my contract. I would work, and, though I might change employers or even my line of my employment, the essential terms had become clear, terms handed from generation to generation since our expulsion from the garden.

I am a teacher. Not by calling. Not by vocation. Perhaps not even by choice. Neither am I a teacher by emulation, inspired by some brilliant classroom performance. There were a few of those in my experience but not so many as to break even with their opposites. Nor was I drawn to the community of scholars in order to sit in august surroundings with learned companions. I do not, on the whole, find teachers anymore remarkable than, say, carpenters, and I do not as a general rule value the company of one more than the other. I am simply a teacher by trade. Teaching is what I do to make a living, a living no more or less honest

"I want to tear at the complacency that high school encourages in them—to shake them up—never let them walk on solid ground..."—Les Laskey

than most others.

I say this not to trivialize teaching but to reaffirm work—all work.

As a child I learned, through observation, a great deal about unemployment. Most important, I learned that it is more difficult than working. More precisely, that it is the most difficult kind of work. Only slightly less significant, I learned that, hard as it is, unemployment can be endured. The latter realization has put my work into perspective. Though I say "I am a teacher" what I really mean is that "I teach," but I am not dependent upon teaching for the meaning in my life or for my own sense of worth. Personally I am no better and no worse for the designation than when I might have said "I am a laborer" or "a janitor" or "a student."

It was inevitable that I do something, not for the money alone—the living I earn involves more than that—but because it is more satisfying to work than not to work. I teach for a great many reasons, few of which are known to me, but among them is the simple fact that teaching gives me something to do. Collecting rocks and fossils was something to do but, so far as I could tell at the age of 19, was not a job for which anyone would be willing to pay me.

And teaching has turned out better than I had expected. It has proven to be more than simply something to do, it has proven to be something that, all things considered, pleases me to do. While my high school guidance counselor took too strong a position in warning me about working with people, it was, I have learned, an error only of degree. But despite the image of the instructor confronting a classroom, teaching is primarily done alone. The reading and thinking about texts, the subject matter of my teaching, goes on all the time, and much of that time, even when I am not physically alone, I am isolated in an intensely private struggle and an intensely private world. Teaching requires the capacity to enjoy

one's own mind, not because that mind is the best one around, but because it is the best one available on 24-hour call. But if the work of teaching appeals to me because much of it is done alone, it also appeals to me because the reading I enjoy, finally, cannot be done in isolation.

I did not *choose* to teach. I am here suggesting why I *might* have made such a choice, or why I choose, though very loosely speaking, to continue in this line of work. The truth is I do it for thoroughly selfish reasons. Personal history aside, I teach because I read. I do not teach because I love humanity or because I want to shape young minds or because I believe my teaching makes any difference to anyone but me. I teach because readers, finally, if they are to go on reading, must have someone with whom they can talk.

Reading demands exposure both because of the enthusiasm it generates and because, if it is extended, it must be tested by someone else's reading. No matter how solitary the initial experience may be, texts, and ideas about them, eventually demand to be shared, eventually force an expansion of the original community of narrator and reader. Though my guidance counselor was correct in noting my discomfort in casual social situations, my ineptness at small talk, he did not recognize, nor did I, the deeper implications of the reading that was already a central part of my life and that teaching serves so well.

I teach, then, not because my students need me but because I need them, need someone to talk with about the things I read even if I have to force that someone to do the reading by making it a course requirement. I teach because I want to continue reading, and I can only do that if someone else also reads. Only by teaching can I insure that I will always have someone with whom to talk. For a person without a calling, without a vocation, that seems reason enough. ■



Enola Proctor enjoys the excitement of seeing students grow and develop.

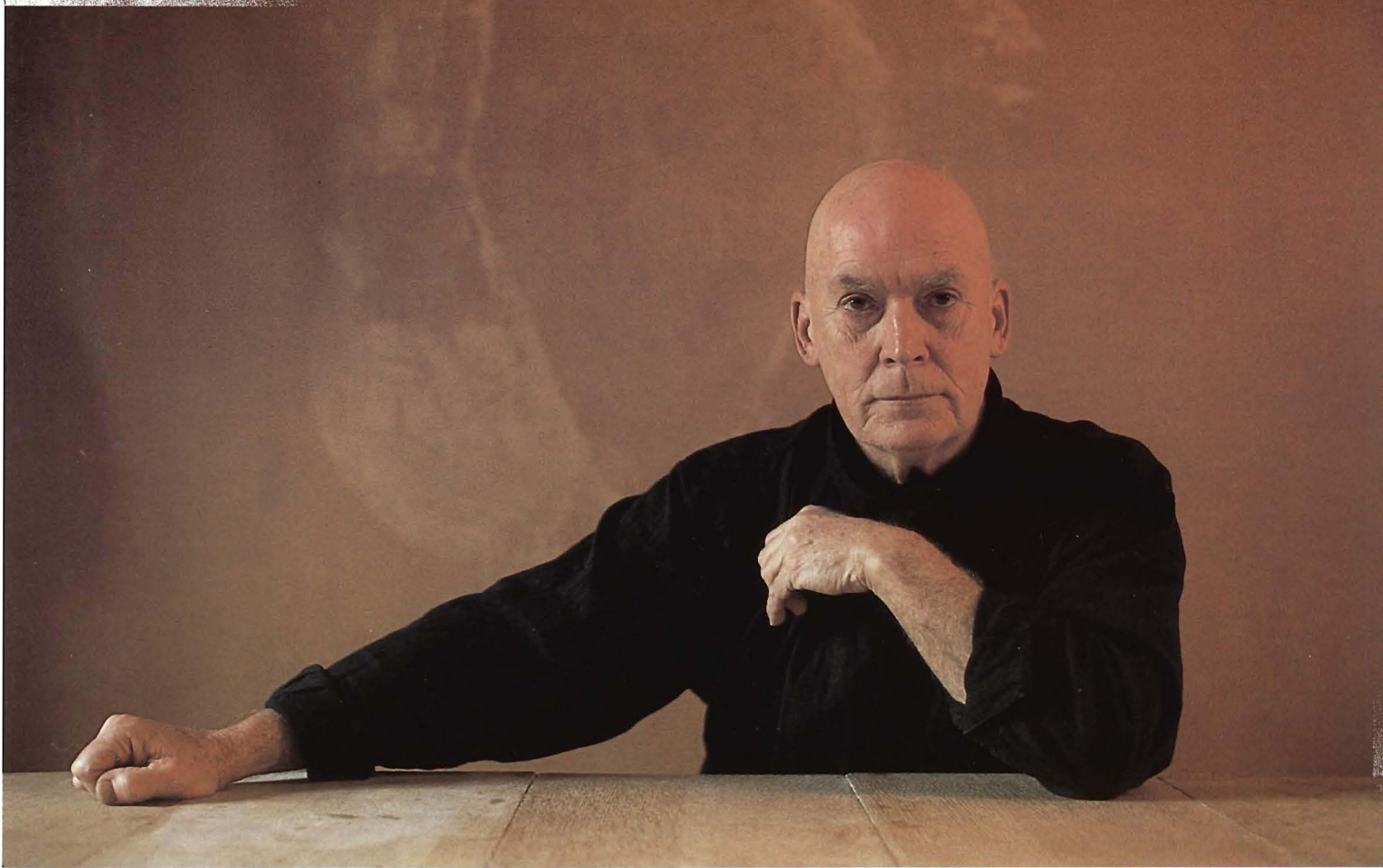
Building Bridges

*By Enola Proctor,
Associate Professor of Social Work*

I am a social worker because I have a concern for social justice and that people live quality lives. Teaching students who will be going out into the world and becoming practitioners helps me pursue these issues and explore them.

I was very excited about my social work practice. I do not practice now, but I've worked with families with retarded children, mental health centers, victims of sexual abuse. And my enthusiasm for that work influences my teaching. I want other people to become excited about the differences they can make in practice. I enjoy seeing the students gain knowledge and understand its implications for practice.

Teaching in a professional school lets me continue to express my interest and concerns as a social worker, and,



Leslie Laskey started out teaching by accident.

the teaching itself, the process of knowledge transmission, is exciting for me. It requires that concepts be communicated clearly and that the implications for the practice of theory and research be made clear. I want the students to seek the best available knowledge while in school and while they are practitioners. I want them to keep up with new developments and be able to choose from all the helping approaches available to them, ones supported by research and shown to be effective.

It is exciting for me to see students grow and develop from being inexperienced—not knowing how to begin to assume a professional role—into professionals. This is an urgent time for social work. We are facing problems in federal support of programs and research on the best ways to help people solve their problems. Increasingly, we as professionals will have to do more with less. I want to help students take this challenge and help them bridge the gap between the knowledge they will get from school and the need to understand and use that knowledge for solving real life problems. ■

Walking on Jello

*By Leslie Laskey,
Professor of Architecture*

I love teaching. I don't know what I would do better. That kind of position—that kind of joy—is rare in the world.

I started out teaching by accident. One of the people I was taking a class from was injured. He called me in and said, "Look, take my class." I said, "I can't take your class." But I did substitute for him for a while. Little by little I couldn't let go. I decided 30 years ago it would be one of the involvements of my life. It's turned out to be creative, rewarding, stimulating. It never has become a psychological drain. I feel I can only grow with it. I feel extremely lucky.

I teach the basic design class, and I may be prejudiced, but I think it's the most important two years we have the students. I think what we do in my

studio is learn. I don't know how much teaching I do as far as the mother bird putting things in the baby bird's mouth. I try to make the students aware, I think, of themselves—and of the things they already know. I think they know a lot more than they suspect. I open the doorway to what they know, and as we find that out, then we can start using it. If we look at the things they know in relation to the problems I then raise or to other ideas that come up, then we bring on a great strength and are able to open up to that process of learning.

In my teaching, I want to tear at that complacency that high school encourages in them—to shake them all up—never let them walk on solid ground, always on jello. You have to be part magician to pull things out of your hats as the needs arise and change. I never let them get quite comfortable with me.

I learn from the students how to be vulnerable, how to keep in touch with basic ideas. It's damned hard to be simple. My language must be that. The problems must be seen in a simple, direct way, though they may be very complex ones.

I think they know what I'm doing in the classroom, and they feel the affection I have for what I do and for them. ■



The research Kathleen Brickey does as a lawyer carries over into the classroom.

The Beauty of Research

*By Kathleen Brickey,
Professor of Law*

I suppose there are several things that motivate me to teach rather than practice law. I always wanted to go into law teaching—at least I thought I did—and when I got a taste of the classroom, I never wanted to stop. I absolutely loved it. Also, there's an opportunity for me to do research. If I had gone into law, I would be doing research all the time. I could be faced with an utterly intriguing problem and

could develop an interesting and stimulating argument, but most likely I would be limited by the time constraints of the client, or the reserves the client is willing to spend. The academic lawyer is in a different situation.

The beauty of research for us is that we are free to do an exhaustive study of a subject. I have a high degree of autonomy when I do my research. I can look at a particularly interesting facet of a problem and see how it relates to other things I'm interested in and put it all together in a new way. And our scholarship can have a broad impact on legal theorists and lawmakers. These aspects of academic law I wouldn't trade for anything. My research is around commercial and corporate criminal accountability—corporate

and white collar crime—a very exciting field of study for me.

The research we do as lawyer academics carries over into the classroom. It enhances our knowledge of our field, and it allows us to ask more probing, deeper questions of our students.

The students help keep the material fresh for me. They look at the problems presented in the classroom in different and sometimes surprising ways, and every year I get new insights into the material. I wonder if I would really enjoy teaching in another academic unit where most teaching is lecture and lab work? I don't know, but the method we use in the teaching of law keeps it stimulating for the students as well as for the teachers. ■

“Good teaching is more perspiration than inspiration”—John Bowyer

Teaching Responsibly

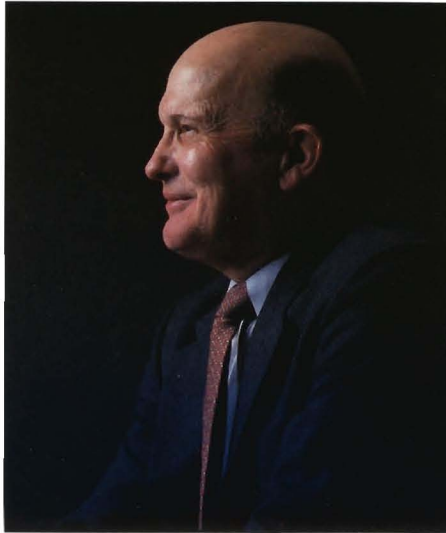
*By John Bowyer,
Professor of Finance*

You get a great deal of satisfaction out of teaching. There are few things in life where you have that instant feedback. If you leave the classroom and you’ve done your job well, you have a tremendous sense of accomplishment. There are not many things in this world where you can do that—feel that immediate sense of accomplishment.

Good teaching is a matter of two things: preparation and attitude. It’s more perspiration than inspiration. You have to be willing to put time into it. It’s hard work. I always tell my students at the beginning of the semester, if they don’t learn, it’s *my* fault. When they get to the level where I get them, they put in a lot of hard work.

The whole package of teaching, though, is a matter of attitude. I approach the students with a spirit of helpfulness. It makes it a lot more pleasant for you and for the student. I go in there with the attitude, if I want to impart something to you and instill in you a desire to learn, and I’m trying to improve your well-being in the process, then how in the world can you reject me? You’d have to be stupid.

I treat the students like responsible adults—that’s part of what I mean by attitude. I don’t take roll, for example—they have their own choices to make and one of them is whether or not they will come to class. When I was younger I had a more adversarial relationship with the students. You feel you have to impress students with how knowledgeable you are. As you get older you get over your ego trip, and you’re not as threatened by the students. When someone asks me a question I can’t answer,



John Bowyer approaches his students with a spirit of helpfulness.

where that would devastate me at one time, now I tell them I don’t know.

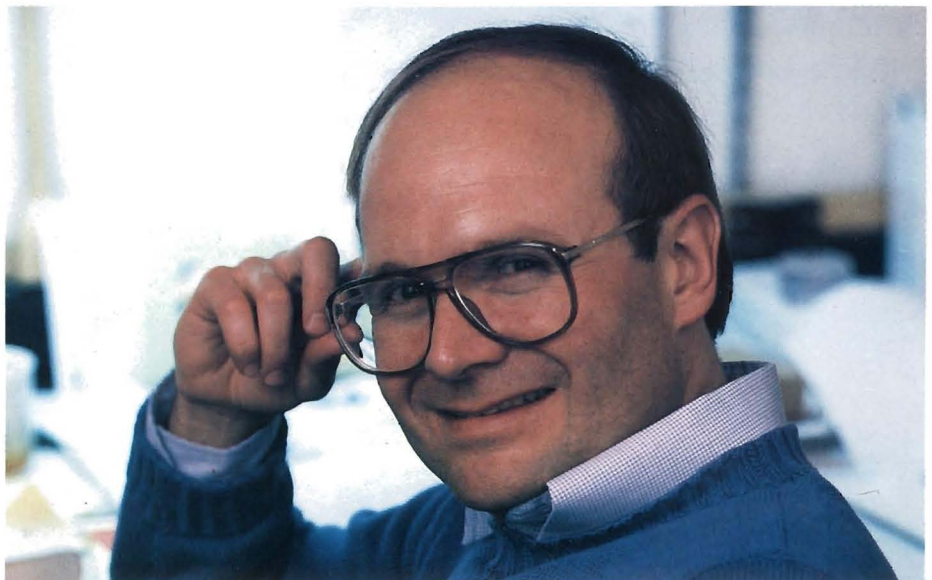
You become more relaxed with the students over the years. I like them, and I think they like me. You get out of the woods pretty much what you yell into it, don’t you think? Part of why I teach is that I really enjoy their company. ■

Teaching with Style

*By Brian Clevinger,
Assistant Professor of Immunology
(Dentistry)*

You go into this business because of the research and then it falls on the shoulders of the Ph.D. types to teach. I didn’t start out teaching; I’m a Ph.D. in immunology. But the teaching does a couple of things for me. It allows me to do my research. And, everytime I do a lecture, I have to update myself. It’s easy to lose track of current literature. My particular interest is limited, defined. The teaching gives me a chance to learn the latest about interests other than my own.

Actually, research and teaching have a lot in common. The need to excel is one thing. A scientist wants to do a good research project. He has to be patient and willing to stay with something until it works. Teaching is a



Teaching allows Brian Clevinger to do his research.

“As a teacher, what you begin to exemplify for the students is an idealism, an integrity, a commitment”

—Barry Schactman

similar thing—you must carefully and thoroughly prepare a class to make a lecture work.

I like the classroom. I like the student contact. I have a lot of enthusiasm, I think, in the classroom. It shouldn't mean so much to a graduate student, but you have to entertain at certain moments. The students say a teacher has to have some enthusiasm because if they (the students) have something else to do that day, they just won't show up for class. In the sciences you have to talk about fairly sophisticated chemical and biochemical reactions. Students must train themselves to concentrate and stay with the discussion. In a math class, they can go to sleep for the period of time between when the equation is started to just before it's finished, but it is pretty important for students in the sciences to stay awake.

It is important, then, that professors, with style and natural showmanship,

keep the students with them. This showmanship aspect of teaching is an ego-boost for me.

One nice thing about teaching is that the classes work more often than not—and it's exciting when they do. ■

A Teacher's Connections

*By Will Gillett,
Associate professor of
Computer Science*

How I think about knowledge and the University and why I'm here teaching has changed over the years. While I was getting my Ph.D, like an ant, I couldn't see the overall picture

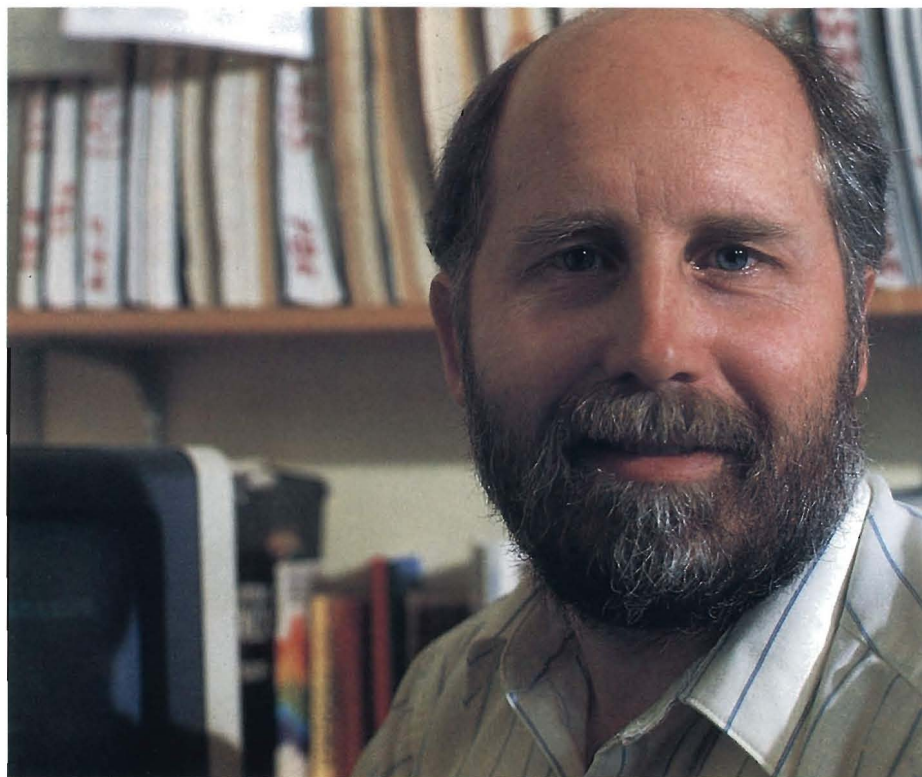
and how what I was doing fit into the the world's knowledge—or if it even did. As a professor, I developed my own courses and style of teaching.

We know the University is here as a mainstay of knowledge—but that's just a bunch of esoteric stuff, just words. If you finally experience and understand the discovery of this knowledge—if you discover through your research knowledge never thought of in this world before—nothing big like Einstein's theory of relativity, but some small thing—you want to perpetuate it. You've worked on a problem and you finally see it—this really neat thing that leads you to see this other thing and that other thing. Through the knowledge you've discovered, you're connected with a broader world of knowledge.

If you really perceive knowledge to be important, then you want to give this gift to someone else. If you're silly enough to get a Ph.D. and you've spent all this time searching for knowledge, then it's built into you, I think, to want to give it back. If you *can* teach, if you know how to get things across to others, it is personally satisfying to see the light dawn in someone's eyes. That's a big part of teaching for me.

When I teach, I impart raw knowledge—facts—but I tend to suppress a focus on these raw facts for some further knowledge. I try to show how these facts hook together, to bring out the reasons these ideas come together. We try to answer the questions, why are these ideas of interest to you? Why is this an interesting field? How could these things be of use somewhere else? You can know all the facts, but if you can't go out and think independently, you are less useful in the real world to someone else. I try to model the real world for the students.

For some reason the University is willing to pay me for doing the stuff I enjoy doing. You can't just throw that away. ■



Will Gillett's teaching style changed over the years.



Barry Schactman creates an atmosphere of intensity and commitment.

Confronting Objects

*By Barry Schactman,
Professor of Art*

Teaching nurtures me. It turns me on. There are new challenges each year. You teach the same things, but there are always new individuals. I teach in a studio setting, and I get involved with students, their shortcomings and strengths. They come with all the diversity of human beings and to be witness to their individual growth never ceases to excite me.

I started teaching for practical reasons. I wanted to paint, to be an artist. I began to discover as a teaching

assistant in college that I had an affinity for teaching. But, also, I discovered things that I wanted to teach and thought needed to be taught.

As a teacher, what you begin to exemplify for the students is an idealism, an integrity, a commitment. I make a commitment in the classroom, and I expect them to meet me half way. I create an atmosphere of intensity and commitment. They come out after three hours wiped out—and I do, too.

My approach is a very demanding one. I try to train my students to see. Beginning students come in and conceive of drawing as a photographic image rather than a poetic fiction. They try to reproduce a replica of a monocular image, a one-eyed view of reality. But we see stereoscopically and not with the eye alone but also with our feelings. I lead them to a sculptural and tactile confrontation with the object.

There tends to be a distorted

emphasis on the means in teaching drawing. Students are able to acquire the means, the technical skill, relatively fast and obtain results that look sophisticated, like a little child dressing up and looking grown up for his peers. The students should be directed to confront their limited vision. It is an extension of this vision, and, simultaneously, the translation of this vision to the page through the language of drawing that will eventually afford them choices.

We are also sentient animals. I'm not teaching technical skills alone but trying to involve them as total human beings—head, educated eye, and hand—all working together. Otherwise, their work becomes exercises rather than experiences.

The magic of a line—it can take on a meaning that is marvelous to behold. A line has that inherent capability. It is a tool for investigation and understanding. ■



Peter Tuteur makes sure his students establish rapport and listen to their patients.

Are They Listening?

*By Peter Tuteur, M.D.,
Associate Professor of Medicine*

In my introduction to the clinical medicine course, one thing I enjoy is the observation of rapid growth of students. They come to us two weeks before Thanksgiving, never having seen a patient in a professional role, and in five weeks—by Christmas—they have finished two complete physical exams, written up their reports, and presented them orally to their teacher.

In their second year, students have a great deal of anxiety. Many of these students wanted to be doctors since high

school. They've spent the last ten years worrying about getting into undergraduate and then medical school. Now they're here and they're told, "You can be a professional person in this role." I try to reduce the duration of their anxiety, and I think it works. I get to see these same students as house officers and young faculty, teaching what I taught them. That is exciting for me.

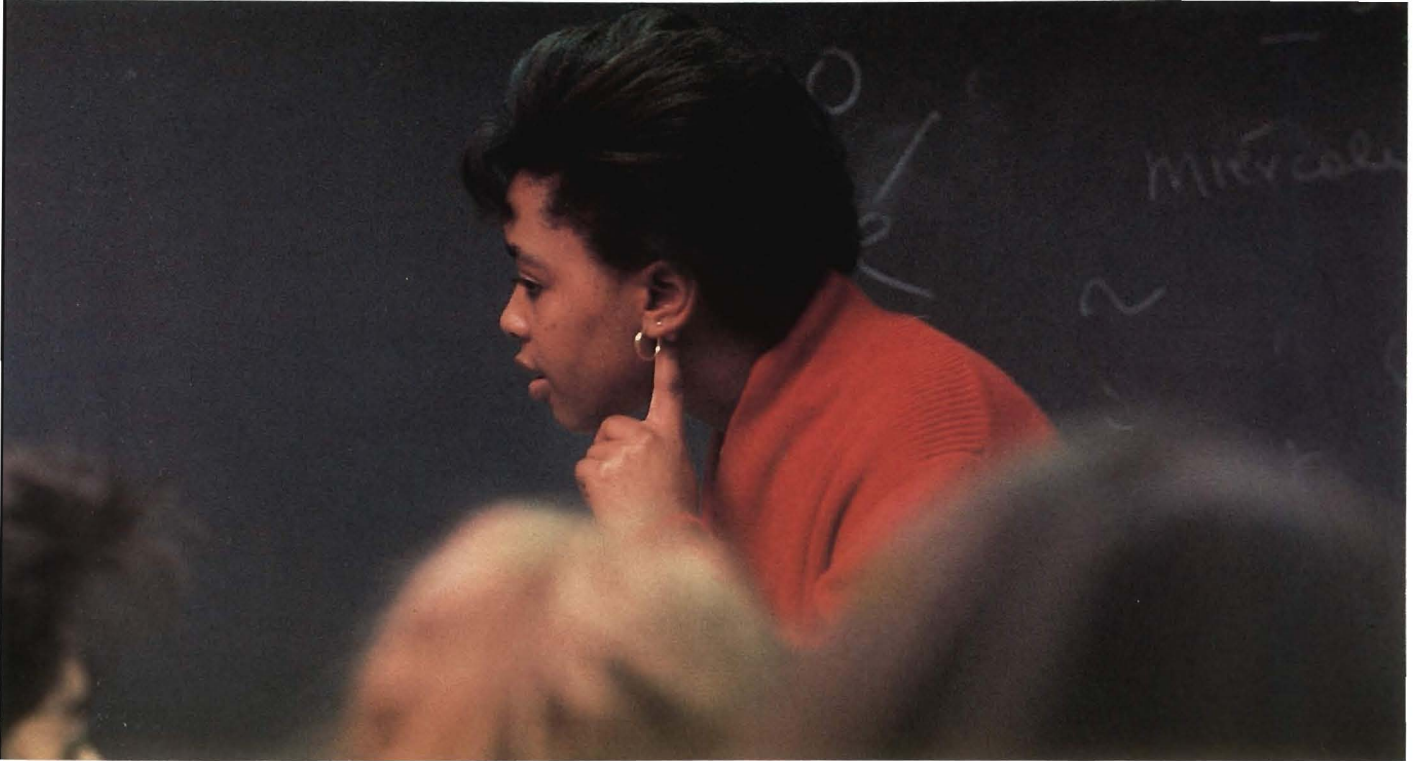
I teach students how to interview and take care of patients. I am the course master for physical diagnosis. Basically, I developed the introduction to clinical medicine course in part by visiting a variety of different courses throughout the country, picking and choosing from techniques and philosophies. There are two basic polar philosophies that exist in introduction to clinical medicine: first, there is the idea that students are better off by being taught a rather rigid system for taking a history and a rather rigid scheme for doing a physical

examination; that is not what we do. I am very much concerned that the interviewing process be different with each patient and that it be open-ended rather than closed questioning. We stress listening and responding to what you hear with additional questioning and using what you hear to determine where you're going to concentrate your efforts in the physical exam.

The other thing we do that is unique to our school is train lay people to be clinical subjects. They learn to appreciate what taking a good history is and what good interviewing is. It is important for us to be evaluators of our students as they perform histories and physical examinations. Are they establishing a rapport, are they listening, are they treating you as a human being?

But, perhaps more important, I learn by teaching. Students aren't hampered by years of dogma and experience. When you're interacting with them,

“When you’re interacting with students, questions get raised you don’t know the answers to and the reason you don’t know the answers is that you never thought to ask those questions—Peter Tuteur



Yvonne Captain-Hidalgo listens and feels an indescribable joy when she makes knowledge accessible to her students.

questions get raised you don’t know the answers to, and the reason you don’t know the answers is that you never thought to ask those questions. The students help me learn. I look at things I never thought to look at in new ways.

Taking Flight

*By Yvonne Captain-Hidalgo
Assistant Professor,
Romance Languages and Literatures*

Teaching is what I’ve always wanted to do since my days of secondary schooling back in Richmond, California. It wasn’t until I entered college and was introduced to the literatures of Spain and Spanish

America that I began to consider a career in higher education.

There is an almost indescribable joy you feel when you know you have succeeded in making knowledge accessible to students. Undergraduates, like eager little birds, grasp on to that knowledge and try it out as if flapping their wings for the first time. They begin to awkwardly flutter those wings until they can achieve a solo flight. (It only happened once while I was teaching, but it was still an emotional experience I want to continue to achieve.) On the graduate level it is the thrill, sometimes, of the challenge. What a surprise to learn that graduate students are the same everywhere, anytime. Some of the very ways in which I challenged my graduate professors less than two years ago are now being tested on me:

Just as important to me, however, are the more tangible ways in which I feel my particular cultural background can

impact the educational process. I am a product of the ’60s, particularly the Civil Rights Struggle and its resultant intellectual movements. Whatever significance (or insignificance) that might hold for others, for me it defines my approach to all facets of life. Specifically in academia, my growing up in the late ’60s and attending college in the early ’70s started me on a never-ending journey to broaden the ideas of what constitutes the norm in the world. As an example, I am concerned about what we recognize as contributions to Western civilization, besides the obvious Greek, Roman, and European input. My research and experience convince me that our concept of Western civilization, from the earlier centuries to the present, has to be broadened to include groups who have yet to enter our textbooks and classroom lectures in any significant way. ■



BETH TIPTON

THE ART OF TEACHING

By Dana Plant

Like the painter who mixes the colors on his palette to create works of art, teachers blend knowledge with enthusiasm and energy to captivate their students.

Peter Riesenberg, professor of history, and his students have come to the third great event in the Western civilization course, the Reformation. The students' chatter has died down, the introductory remarks are over, and Riesenberg—head thrown back, eyes almost closed and working harder than anyone else in the room—talks about Luther.

"You really have to try to put your soul in his condition," Riesenberg tells the class. He describes to them how Luther as a young man, doing extra fasts and extra vigils in a monastery in England, would wake up his superiors at odd hours to confess yet another wrongdoing.

Luther's superiors give the tormented man, who feels possessed by an all-consuming insecurity, intellectual chores to keep his mind off himself. "The idea was to get Luther lost." Read the Bible, prepare us some lectures, Luther is told, and he starts reading Paul, setting forth on the road that will lead him to his understanding of faith—an understanding that will change Western civilization.

For Luther was not only a thinker, he was a powerful activist, a great orator, an administrative genius. "He knew how to collect money, and he was a man with a keen sense of history," Riesenberg explains. "He knew what to burn.

"All right," Riesenberg says and repeats two dates, the core period of the Reformation. He then launches into the journey of events from the *Ninety-five Theses* to the *Diet at Worms*, reminding his students that all this is taking place without anyone's knowing it's the Reformation. "There's no inevitability about this." Riesenberg refers to Luther's works, pointing out where Luther had reasoned away the papacy, the monks, the reliance on good works, and became known as an enemy of the Church, a hunted man. "The big idea was to make Luther obedient."

As Riesenberg talks, so quickly and with such intensity, pausing now to marvel over a letter from Erasmus to

Luther, the students have the feeling that this is new and fresh to the professor. They might believe they are looking at a very bright student putting into words his discovery of the years 1515 to 1546. Riesenberg has mastered the art of teaching. He has cast a spell over these closed-mouthed and scuffling adolescents, and it's magic.

Of course, spectacle and magic, a public showing on a grand scale, is just what Peter Riesenberg is after. "It's in a sense a theatrical performance, intentionally so," says Riesenberg, commenting on his style of lecturing. "Students say I'm enthusiastic. I *am* enthusiastic. You have to show students the discipline you're devoting your life to excites you, has some importance to you."

In his office in Busch Hall in the late afternoon and back from the Reformation, Riesenberg talks about the art of teaching. In his business, he says, there are so many variables, but there are certain qualities he believes must be present in all teachers: intelligence and learning, enthusiasm and understanding of the discipline.

"Sheer physical energy is a large component of this profession," he explains. "And there's a certain military quality, a leadership quality so to say. You've got to get people to suspend what they're doing and follow you, if only for an hour."



Teacher Peter Riesenberg discussing an idea with a student.



In the Renaissance, says Riesenber, the teacher lived the life his students should live. He served as a model, taught by example. Riesenber tries to make them see history's importance to their lives. "You have to be talking about history on a greater level than information. There has to be a spinoff into some sort of judgmental reality—it's not dead fact but live fact.

"I come out of a tradition where talking and argumentation were considered good things," says Riesenber, adding that, initially, his intensity, his visible struggle with ideas and issues, turns off many of his students. "It's not civil or gentlemanly or suburbanly correct to argue passionately.

"One of the issues of the course," he says, "is the theme of the moral human being. What is the relationship between the human and the mind? What are the values of the active citizen?" Riesenber tries to get his students to think about these questions and see that they have some bearing on their lives. "'This is your past,' I tell them. 'You can either live knowing why you're doing what you're doing or know nothing.' Without being a pastor, I try to use words of religious weight and show them that these issues are important to me. If you can pry their eyes open to these questions, you can change their lives.

"One difficulty in being a history teacher today is being able to maintain élan at a time when the humanities are relatively irrelevant and disparaged." For this reason, Riesenber is very careful about which graduate students he encourages to stay on in history. "You have to have a lot of flair and genius and love to be a successful humanist. It's got to sustain you for a long time."

A person with a lot of flair and love for his subject is James Jones, Jr., chairman of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures (see photo essay, page 32). He heads a department that has built its reputation and brought

national recognition to the University by focusing on the education of undergraduates.

Less than 10 years ago, however, the department was close to receivership and a victim of the abolition of the two-year language requirement in 1970 and, says Jones, of its own inertia.

"There was nobody here when I arrived in 1976," says Jones, adding that he spent his first three years at WU trying to leave. "I'd call up my mentors on the East Coast and say 'Get me out of here—I've come to a place that's completely dead.'" On his first registration day, recalls Jones, he came to school carrying close to half a semester's worth of typed lectures for the two literature classes he'd been assigned. "I was ready to answer questions from clamoring students.

"There was silence." At the end of the day, the acting chairman, his face all apologies, came up to Jones and said he hoped his new assistant professor hadn't done too much work on his classes. Unsure of exactly how to respond, Jones answered that he hadn't done too much work and was promptly told that one of his courses had been cancelled since only four students had registered for it. To give Jones something to do, the acting chairman split an elementary French class of 21 students and gave Jones nine.

"Well, we don't even have a drill class that consists of nine students today," says Jones with unmistakable pride. What happened was that the department realized it was time to ask some very basic and humiliating questions. "When you bottom out, you have to ask critical questions about the totality of the educational enterprise. What is the nature of our curricular offerings? Do the offerings fall into a logical pedagogical mode? What is the status of our program on campus? What makes for inactivity and staleness?"

One of the embarrassing facts the department had to face was that the curricular model had not changed in more than 20 years. In 1977, which

Jones describes as the department's nadir, there were six French majors and four Spanish majors. "Italian had been dismantled. Portuguese had gone years ago."

That year, under the direction of the late Richard Admussen, the department began a total recasting of the program. Jones and Admussen began with an experimental elementary French course based on the Dartmouth Intensive Language Model. "This was the first time in at least a decade that a language professor had taught an elementary course," says Jones, adding that he'd now favorably compare their elementary French program with anyone's in the country.

By the end of 1977, they recast the intermediate program completely. "And that we didn't borrow from anyone—that's our baby," says Jones. During the next four years, with money from former Dean of the Faculty Ralph Morrow, the department opened a summer institute in France, renovated language labs, established French language suites in the dormitories, and hired native French students to live in them.

In a remarkably short time, says Jones, the art of teaching returned, and enrollment mushroomed. By 1980, the enrollment of French students matched the number 10 years earlier when the language requirement was in effect. Two years later the enrollment jumped 34 percent higher than when students were forced to take two years of a foreign language.

The success of romance languages has been due largely to the department's creating a model for teaching and having its faculty follow that model. This suggests that effective teaching (at least in the languages) requires using the right methods. These methods may be closer to science than art.

In contrast to this view is the perspective of James Anderson, a professor of financial accounting in the business school. Anderson, singled out by Business School Dean Robert Virgil as

*“Sheer physical energy is
a large component of this profession,”
says Peter Riesenber,
professor of history.*

an outstanding teacher, uses the case method in his classes, where students learn about accounting by examining actual cases.

“I have been asked a number of times to help new people teach, and I have always declined, because I don’t think I have a very good idea what the important link is,” says Anderson, adding that he remains surprised when a class goes well. Anderson believes a tremendous amount of good teaching is idiosyncratic, has to do with personality, interest, style and is not related in any simple way to the method the instructor uses to teach. “I’ve seen people who have used the case method who were horrible.

“**W**hen I teach I try to ask myself what is it about the material that confused me in the first place,” he explains. “I seem to be able to forecast what the difficult areas are going to be—that’s the part that I’m always surprised works.

“Enthusiasm plays a part in course design, being excited about a sequence that has various climaxes, ups and downs, much the way a dramatic performance would,” he adds. “I think there are a lot of connections between putting on a good course and what’s required of a good actor. You adopt a role. I pretend not to understand when I do understand when someone asks a question. I try not to have to pretend to be enthusiastic. The trick is to set it up so you really are enthusiastic.”

Anderson changes course material to maintain this enthusiasm. “Not necessarily to make improvements, but because I have to learn,” he says. “I purposely don’t put together a large set of notes, so I force myself to do the work new every time.” In one of his seminars, Anderson does a case he’s taught maybe 15 times. In his files are half a page of notes. “By now, I could have a notebook, and if I did, I’d be tempted to teach from a notebook. The result is that I inevitably find something new in the material. The bad thing is I have to work very hard. I try to work

myself into a frenzy. Sometimes it’s painful. I have to get up at five in the morning before class.”

Because of this effort, his students often tell Anderson that they want to do their best since they feel he is doing his best. “And they want to return the favor,” Anderson adds.

Asked if he started out as a good teacher, Anderson replied that he was “reasonably competent” from the start but got a lot better when he spent a year in France teaching at an institution that has an international reputation as a teaching school.

“I was teaching in the MBA program,” he explains, “and I taught in English. In my first class, I had students from 39 countries and that forced me to do two things. One, I was nervous as hell; so, that forced me to really try. Second, I was dealing with people from 39 countries, so I couldn’t really talk about American accounting. I had to focus on the issues that transcended any particular country, and the way it may have chosen to do accounting.

“Because I taught people, most of whom had English as a second or third or even fourth language, I also had to be very careful about what I said,” he continues. “I had to talk slowly. I couldn’t use colloquialisms. I had to think about expressing ideas in very basic ways. But that was helpful in forming simple examples that were very powerful and that did not contain a lot of verbiage.”

Anderson’s experience and success in France before students who demanded good teaching not only forced him to think about his discipline “from first principles,” it also gave him a great deal of confidence. This confidence, Anderson notes, is an important component to the art of teaching. “I’m not a student of education, and I don’t know the theoretical terms,” says Anderson, adding with a laugh that he probably wouldn’t use them if he did. “I just do what works.”

Doing what works with teaching comes naturally for Roy Peterson, Ph.D.,

professor of anatomy at the Washington University School of Medicine.

“Some people teach—you know, give information—without listening or even looking at their students,” he says.

“These teachers need what can only come with practice.

“Then there are those teachers,” he continues, “who are always responsive.” These instructors have a natural ability for teaching, and they succeed because they are responsive.

A part of the art of teaching, according to Peterson, is coming to feel at home with the material.” If I were to go and teach calculus, it would be a lost cause,” he declared.

A secret to Peterson’s teaching success relies heavily on one other factor.

“Teaching is not teaching so much as guiding learning. I ask my students to teach me what they’ve learned.”

Faculty who maintain the art of teaching, then, extend that art beyond themselves. These instructors impart an enthusiasm for their subjects that create what Riesenber calls “good citizens.” Their students become seekers of truth, because they were once touched by someone who had that special art. They benefit from an association with great minds, those people who make a fundamental contribution to their fields. They have the opportunity to meet these people, to see them at work, to measure their intellects, and have some notion of what it takes to contribute to the world’s store of knowledge.

The teachers here attribute certain qualities to their art—enthusiasm, attention to language, mastery of one’s discipline, the ability to convey information in new and fresh ways, the ability to engage others. These attributes become more a matter of style, and different professors work and mold them differently. The style that works for one may not work for another.

And this is part of understanding the art of teaching. It takes on different forms with different professors. They mold and form it to suit them. ■

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

Wherein Students Talk About Their Best Teachers

In ancient Greece, Socrates, that early philosopher and teacher, enjoyed stinging his followers with ideas, questioning the very foundations of their beliefs. Even though he was loyal to Athens, having been a soldier defending that city-state, he questioned one of his follower's beliefs so much

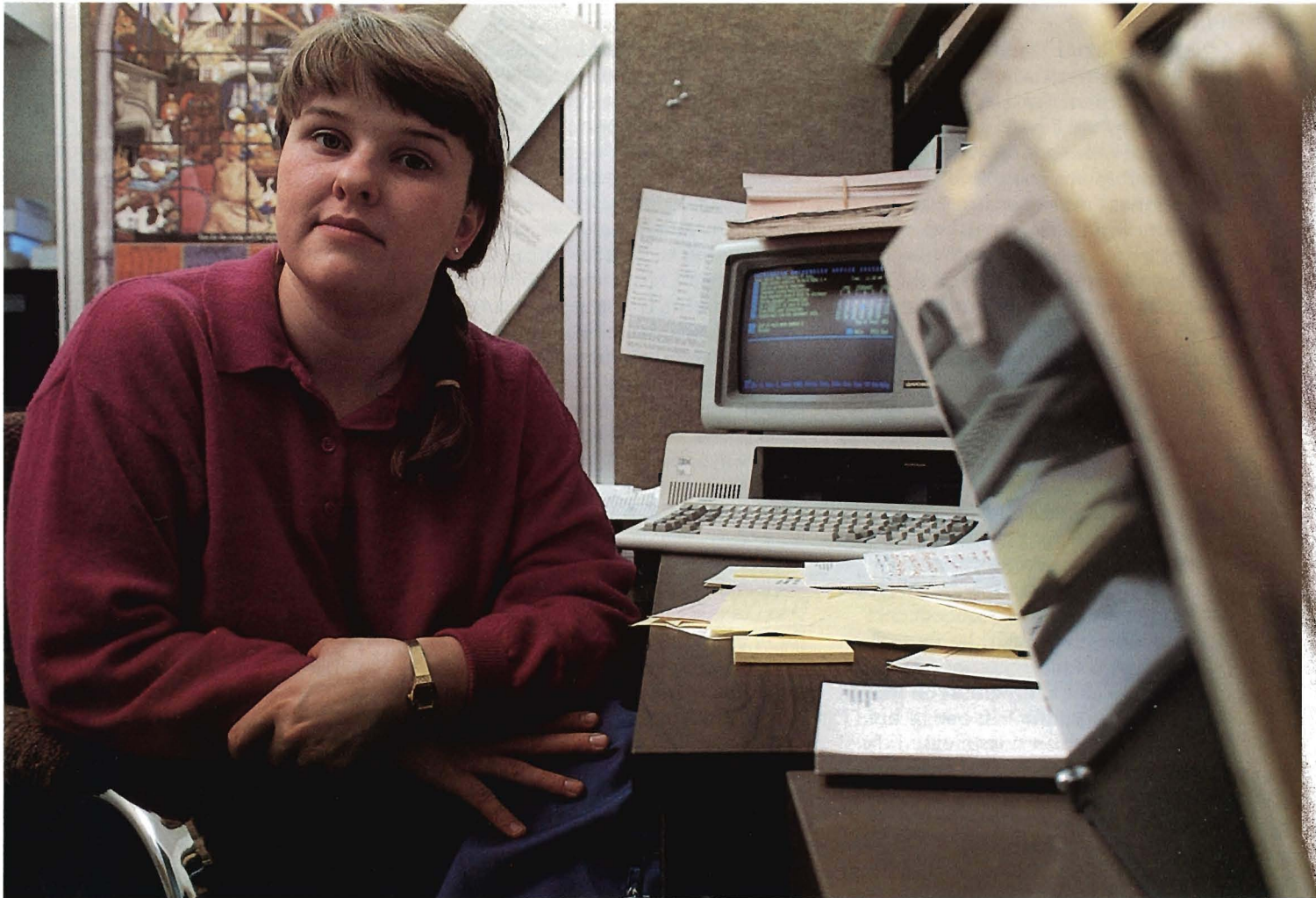
that that person joined an enemy state of Athens. And, of course, Socrates was killed for corrupting the youth of Athens.

A university, such as Washington, allows its versions of Socrates, the teachers, to question their students' ideas and beliefs. The professors here do this freely because of the nature of the university—a place where any idea can be discussed and analyzed.

Our students relish this environment. As representatives, the following students say, in their different ways, that they were profoundly affected by Washington University professors. And,

in certain cases, they may have been stung to think in different ways about topics they felt they understood—whether it be a matter of the law or a scientific theory. They learned from these professors that ideas, like clay, can be molded into many different forms creating new dimensions of thought.

In this series of short essays, these students discuss their experiences with perhaps one professor or one idea and tell about the wisdom they developed from the encounter.



Gretchen Lee notes that a good professor has a way of encouraging good work from a student.

OF A LEARNING KIND

The Last Laugh

By Gretchen Lee.
Senior in Arts and Sciences (German)

When I think about learning, I realize that a lot rests on how much effort I put into it. I know that if I really want to understand a book or an idea, I've got to think about it more often than the three lecture hours per week that I spend with a professor.

But a good professor has a way of encouraging good work from a student. For one thing, good professors spend less time "professing," and more time, well, guiding.

Once, in an introductory level poetry class, a famous poet, who is also a WU professor, was invited to speak to our class. In the week before his visit, each of us submitted a poem that we had written so that he could critique and offer suggestions for improvement.

No one skipped class on the day the guest speaker was to appear. With Xeroxed copies of our poems in hand, he arrived and sat at the head of our long table.

"I'd like to thank you for inviting me to come here today," he said, after a quick look around the room.

"Your instructor tells me that you've all worked hard this semester, and now you want me to give my opinion of what you've done.

"An old friend of mine, an ex-Marine, told me once that his commanding officer had a favorite phrase," he continued.

"He used to tell his troops, 'You can't polish a turd.'"

He paused, and I looked over at the girl next to me. She, in turn, looked at our instructor, who cleared his throat.

Finally, the poet turned the stack of

poems face-down, folded his hands, and said, "Now that's over, what would you like to talk about?"

Well, eventually one or two people did manage the courage to raise their hands and ask a few timid questions. Things like, "Gee, when did you start writing," and "Do *you* have a favorite poet." Things that could have been read from a book.

Eventually, though, I took another writing class. The professor this time around had a very different philosophy about how to help his students learn.

That semester, we read essays on good writing. We read the poetry of famous writers. We even read our professor's work.

About every other week, we submitted two to three poems for consideration. Under the guidance of the professor, who is a published poet, we critiqued each other's work. And even though I doubt that the quality of our poems dramatically changed, the quality of learning markedly improved.

Each of our submissions was judged on its own merits.

Successes were praised, and failures downplayed. He might say, "Such effective use of alliteration in this passage," or "This revision of last week's work is much more direct."

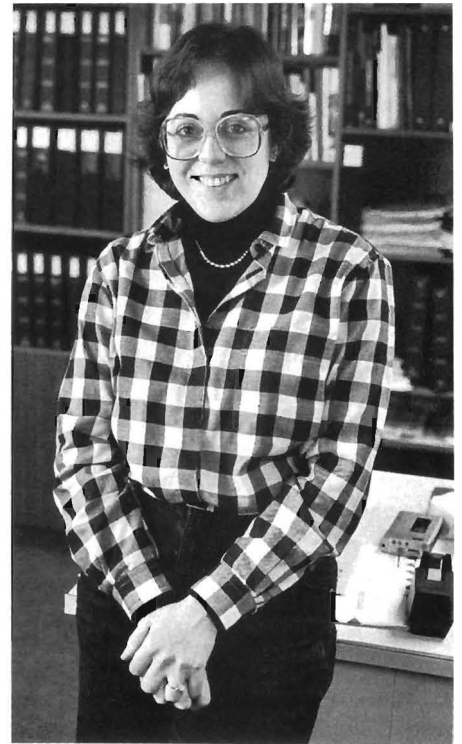
If, after careful consideration, the professor could not find some commendable aspect in the poem, he might suggest that:

"I think this needs more work."

And whaddya know if it didn't get more work.

The father of a friend of mine often says that if you kick a man when he's down, it just makes him want all the more to get up again. My friend's father says this as a joke, and it's a joke that not everyone gets.

Even fewer professors realize that the ex-Marine approach doesn't appeal to all students. But speaking as a student who has encountered one or two of those instructors, *that's* what makes a good professor; he's the one laughing at the joke. ■



Joanne Levy describes the excellent teacher as "one who makes you think."

Seeing the Light

By Joanne Levy,
Second Year Law Student

Somebody who makes you think. That is the one thing most valuable to me in a teacher. Somebody who pushes you to go beyond a basic understanding of what you've read for class, pushes you to make connections you wouldn't make on your own. I started out in pre-med, and I've had a wide range of professors, but there's one before I started law school who stands out for me. I ended up taking four classes with him. I was an English major then, but what I learned from him fit

perfectly into my later choice to go into law.

He pushed me to be more analytical. In one class we looked at the writings of Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Adams, stuff from the '60s, the speeches of Reagan. We looked at how people presented themselves, how they appeared to their audiences. He pushed me to communicate—to say what I meant. He wouldn't let you slide by with wordiness or flowery language that hid what you were actually saying.

He got us to think because he didn't take over the class. He had a knack for getting a discussion going. If someone made a point and someone else answered to that, he would build on that answer and set the two opinions against each other. The class would become a discussion group with him as leader.

When I began law school, I was lucky enough to have criminal law with another excellent teacher. Once you got something from him, once you saw what he was trying to get you to see, it was like a revelation. You started out not seeing anything at all, then you would see the light and that was wonderful.

He was very intimidating in the classroom, very much the old guard. You were scared to death in the first year. He demanded a lot of us. If someone didn't prepare for class, he had a tendency to get really upset. But, at the same time, he was never mean, and you never thought he was being unfair about what he was asking of the students.

He would make connections of things the students didn't think about. Students don't have the ability or the time to do this on their own. And then he'd get us to question: "Is that really what you mean? What if this aspect changes, then how would you think about it and why?" He'd build on classroom discussion rather than shout out 10 questions and get 10 answers back and then let it die.

He's very supportive of students outside of class—another aspect of what makes him a fine teacher. He writes a



Pam Davies' best teacher constantly changes and is always open to new ideas.

lot of letters of recommendation. I'm not sure if I would have really enjoyed law school as much if I hadn't had him as an informal adviser. I got to know the faculty and administration through him and that changed the quality of my life. It opened a door for me.

I plan to teach someday (though right now I'd be scared to death in front of a classroom), and it would be hard for me not to try to model myself after him. He was the ultimate for me. ■

Pushing the Limit

*By Pam Davies,
Senior in Architecture*

Someone who can motivate you—that's who a good teacher is. I'm the kind of student who gets into my work and most of my teachers affect me in some way. But the one who motivated me the most was my first year design teacher. When you had him as a teacher, all you did was his class. The man takes your time—and you end up wanting him to.

He's a captivating person. He somehow gets people wrapped up. He creates a certain amount of pressure and,

whether this is good or bad, people perform. You have six projects assigned at once, and you will never work harder, and you will never get them done. You get so overwhelmed—but somehow, while you're trying to work on these six projects at once, he is there getting people to get their ideas out about architecture. With him you have to say, "Yeah, I want to try all these new projects." There has to be something in you that has to want to go all the way with the challenges.

You'll show him what you did, and he will say, "That's not right"—something will be wrong with your logic, and you'll go back and work. He treats everyone differently. I was someone scared of failing. He would say: "You're failing right now, Pam." Then I would go off on a limb—I would be so scared—but I would go off and create something and often it would be one of my best projects. When I'd come back the next day after I'd worked on it, he'd say, "This is great!" and I'd be redeemed. All he could do was try to get us to work to the limit and how he did that was different with each person.

The big thing is to get invited over to his house when he has a group of students over for tea or dinner. Every time you go, he has different furniture, and it's all arranged in an interesting way. Each time, everything is completely different. That's how he is. He's constantly changing, always open to new ideas. ■

“The best instructors are not threatening or condescending. They are the ones who give the feeling they enjoy teaching at the student’s level”
—Nick Salvati

Changing Directions

By Nick Salvati,
Second Year Dental Student

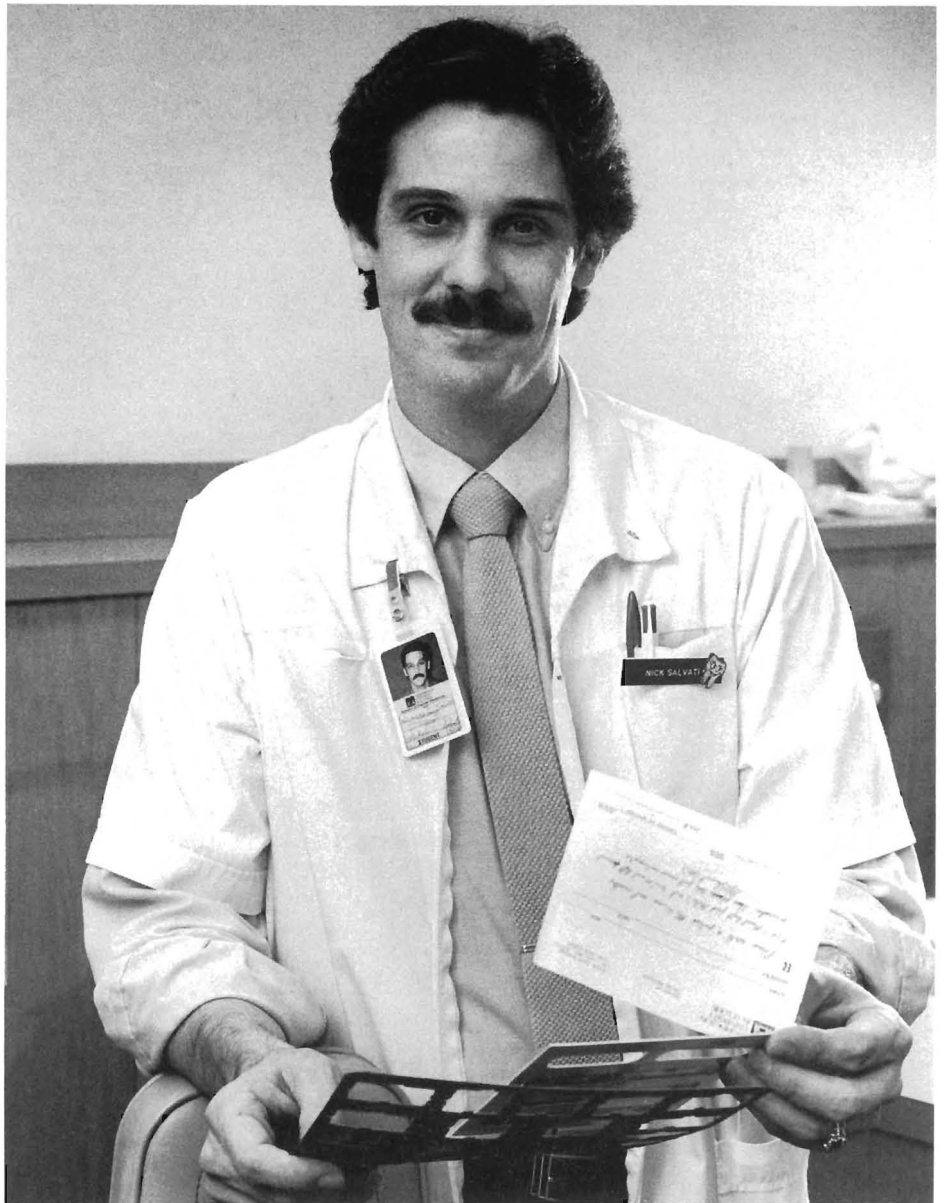
One teacher in particular, one of the finest human beings I’ve met in my life, actually changed the direction my life was going. At the time I was taking his class, my father died. I had a hard time studying then, and it was a very hard course—organic chemistry.

He spent a lot of time talking to me and motivating me. I ended up getting an average grade—a “C” actually—and I thought I had ruined my chances at dental school. I thought seriously about quitting school and just keeping my job at the supermarket. I tried to make myself feel better about this by saying to myself that I could live pretty well on that. I wouldn’t make all that much, but then again, I wouldn’t have all those student loans to pay back.

I didn’t know what to do. I was miserable. This teacher told me my “C” was probably an “A” compared to the other students because I couldn’t study as much as the others could. He wrote me a really good recommendation, and I believe that got me into dental school.

He was a real down-to-earth kind of guy—he would tell me how his father was an immigrant who worked in the fields of California. At that time, for him to become a chemist meant he had risen to heights that were phenomenal. I came from a family of coal miners, and his story about himself really motivated me to go on.

When I got to dental school, I found it a very threatening environment. There is often a gestapo technique of disseminating information. But I think the best instructors are not threatening



Nick Salvati respects the teacher who made him feel comfortable in a high-pressure learning environment.

or condescending. They are the ones who give the feeling they enjoy teaching at the student’s level. And they are always on the floor with the students.

One professor in particular, who works with children in the pediatric clinic, is excited about what’s going on there and explains cases to us and transfers to us his excitement. Always,

he treats you politely and like a professional in front of the patients. A lot of people say teachers can’t be the student’s friend—the students will try to get away with things, etc.

I don’t believe that. They can at least treat you with a kind of friendly respect. It makes it possible for you to go on in such a tough environment. ■

Beyond the Call

By Ann Lofquist,
Senior in Fine Arts

If a teacher loves a subject in a youthful way, the love will rub off on the student. If they find it dull, you will, too. I taught a high school art class while I was going to school last year. I tried to be enthusiastic—to convey to the kids my love of art—but I wasn't very successful.

I went back to my high school art teacher—an amazing teacher who helped me decide to become a painter—and I said, “How do you get students interested and excited?” He said something very interesting: “I would never give my students an assignment I wouldn't do myself. I wouldn't make them sit down and draw anything I would never do.”

Well—I was making them draw *eggs*—something I would never take the time to do. I gave them assignments like that because I wanted them to learn certain techniques, but I found you could have them do much more interesting projects and still meet the same ends.

I know I will never teach. I tend to be self-centered, especially as an artist. I don't think I can give a lot to my students and still be able to concentrate on my work. To keep some energy for yourself is very difficult. I don't have the calling. And some people have such a gift for being able to verbalize visual issues. When I think of how much hard work teaching is and how much of it is having some special gifts, I then remember coming home from my high

school class totally drained—when I really think about that, I am overwhelmed by a few of the truly gifted artist/teachers I've had.

If you get a good teacher like my high school art teacher, they can change your life. He unlocked this love I have for painting—and not just for me—a number of artists came out of my high school. It became kind of famous as a place that produced artists. Several have been at Washington U's Fine Arts School. It's hard for me to pin down what it was about him and his curriculum. He made it so we wanted to paint in our spare time.

He didn't run a formal class; it was a studio that he managed. It was an atmosphere, a place where there was always the wonderful feeling of work being done, things produced. We weren't supervised; we worked, brought work in to get critiqued, and went out to work again. We were only high school kids, but in his studio, we were mature. We rose up to the situation.

I'm in my last year of college now, and this semester I've come upon another wonderful teacher. I'm discovering that when he looks at paintings, it is a passionate thing for him.

He's been teaching for 40 years. Yet, he can look at art in this fresh way. I realized this semester that how I looked at art was limited. He reminded us that it takes an artist years to do a work, and you can't look at it for five minutes and think you can understand it. You must go back to it, and not just while you're taking the class but throughout your lifetime.

We'll talk about a work of art for hours. He's changed how I look at things. I'm amazed that he could do that for me. It's above and beyond the call of duty. ■



Ann Lofquist believes that a good teacher can change your life.



"It's important that a teacher communicate concern that each student learn"—Annette Carnahan

Relating Concern

By Annette Carnahan,
Senior in Chemical Engineering
and Business

I think of my fifth grade teacher when I think of all the teachers I've had over the years. She meant so much to me because of my intellectual orientation. I was one of the more gifted students, and I was having problems at the time with that. I was blossoming

intellectually more than some of the other students, and I was getting more vocal about what I knew and wanted to know. I got a lot of resentment for that from the other kids, but my teacher was always so supportive of me. But also, she comprised a lot of qualities I believe make a good teacher.

It's important that a teacher communicate genuine concern that each student learn. She was very sensitive to and concerned about interpersonal dynamics in the classroom. She loved and respected us so much that discipline wasn't a problem.

Another thing I remember were her science demonstrations. She made them a big deal and enriched the lesson incredibly beyond reading it in a text-

book. Teachers should possess and generate an enthusiasm for learning the material, and they should establish an environment that encourages enthusiastic participation. She and her husband constructed study areas and got the students involved in making them. She had us paint murals in the hallway—anything that would enrich the environment and get us involved.

I had a physics professor here—another teacher who stands out for me—who was really quiet in class, not the dynamic person my fifth grade teacher was. But he was so incredibly thoughtful and caring and that made all the difference for me. I had studied very hard for one of my exams in his class, and I got so nervous about it that I clammed up and ended up getting a "B." That isn't such a bad grade, but I could have done so much better.

I'm motivated to get good grades. A "B" for me has the same effect a "C" might have on others. When I got the exam back I went to him and told him, "I'm working so hard, and it's not paying off." He told me he recognized my test score didn't reflect what I knew and affirmed that what's important is not the test score but that I know the material. Basically, he was telling me, "I can tell you're working hard, and I see your interest in the subject, and I care for you as a student and as a person." He was just so encouraging. It made such a difference in how the class went for me from there. Every class from then on would have been this emotionally riveting experience.

Every day I would have gone in there dreading it, and thinking, oh, here's the class I've been working in so hard and not getting anywhere. But since he supported me I could go in and say, he recognizes I'm working hard—he cares and I care, and I can go on and do this.

I'll take the challenge. I think the teachers I remember as the best did that for me, they encouraged me to take the challenge. ■



"Incredibly thoughtful and caring" is the way Annette Carnahan describes her best teacher.

Of Thinking and Growing

By Maureen Keyes,
Senior in Business

I'm a person who doesn't like just to learn the facts—I like to analyze them, to look at things in all the ways they can be looked at, to twist things this way or that way. One of the best teachers I've had always says at the beginning of his classes: "If you don't want to think, don't take this course because I will make you think, and I will make you grow." He loves controversy in class. Students wonder why he's promoting controversy so much: it's that he really wants to show there's more than one way to think about something. Because of his classes I now have the tools in this world to work and think through problems.

One of his students wrote in his evaluation of the class: "This is the worst class I've ever had because it made me think." I know what he meant. At times I wanted to scream; everything I believed was uprooted—everything I thought turned upside down. In a "Bible as Literature" class, I would get to the point where I would want to throw the Bible away—my roommate can vouch for this—because the class was doing so many frustrating things to my mind.

Learning is one of my favorite hobbies. One of the most amazing things teachers can do is put their wealth of knowledge into words I can understand so that I can learn at least some of what's in their heads. One particular teacher was so good at explaining his thinking process that when the time came to take the test, I didn't have to study. I looked over



At times, Maureen Keyes wanted to scream because her favorite teacher uprooted all her old ideas.

my notes and I realized, I've already learned that!

I had another teacher who was able to take of the knowledge he had and put it into simple enough terms so the students could understand. But he did an added thing—he was always bringing in real life examples.

We always knew he was going to tell a story from his life when he'd start out, "I went to lunch the other day with an old friend." The old friend always

had done something stupid and the professor used this example of stupidity to show what is right or wrong to do in the market. It was his way of getting us to see that this is real, not just theory.

Business classes can get really theoretical. But maybe more important, your life was also real to him. He didn't just forget you once you were outside the classroom. It's not surprising that he was honored as "Teacher of the Year" last year. ■



Sidi Bojang enjoyed the class where his professor showed how to apply theory to his field of study.

Two-Way Streets

*By Sidi Bojang,
Social Work Student*

Maybe I realize how hard it is to become educated. It takes so much. In my country [Gambia] students are competing with so many others for the opportunity to get an education. A lot of people would like to be educated, but they can't since there are no resources to build more colleges or more space in the one existing college. Each year, 3,000 to 6,000 students will be competing for 1,500 places in the one college in the country.

I don't come from an educational system where if something goes wrong for me with a class, if I get a "C" or a "D," I would blame the teacher. I think part of what makes a good teacher is the attitude of the students. Students here hold professors hostage in some sense. I paid my money and now you are

supposed to educate me. They certainly have a point, but they overemphasize this. It takes both the student and the professor, not only to make the class go, but to make the student feel he's getting something out of it. If I go in with the expectation that I will really get something out of it, and with the attitude that you have to give something to get something—then I will.

It looks like I will teach someday, and I would use a synthesis of approaches of the best teachers I've had in this country and some of the high school teachers in my country. I had a history teacher in Gambia who was able to present history in a story-telling manner that captured your attention. His stories were filled with facts, but you didn't realize that at the time. When you thought back on the stories, you found you could easily remember the facts for the exams. I had an economics class in high school that was very exciting because it was the first such class offered in high school, but also because the teacher dealt with the nuts and bolts of economics in a developing country. Though we were only high school students, we came from the class with a good idea of how to do some things a college graduate would be able to do.

Here in the social work school, I had a professor whose approach was similar to the economics teacher. He gave the student an opportunity not only to learn things in a theoretical way, but in a particular way. He showed us how to apply theory to the field. He stressed how we as social planners were going to implement what we learned in class to deal with the real societal issues of crime, unemployment, etc. But more than this, he had an aura in the classroom, a feeling he transmitted to the students. He was very trusting of them. He didn't take the attitude, I am the teacher, you are the student—there was no authority, subordinate kind of set-up in his classroom. He gave students responsibility which motivated them to do things on their own. He made students feel he cared about them and was really interested in their education, and I think this is why his classes were often very lively. He had an open door policy where he would talk to students about any problem even if it didn't have to do with his class and even if they weren't his advisees.

When I teach, I would like to give that feeling to the student—that you care for them as individuals. ■



John Constantino recognizes that the distinction between the good and average teachers is choosing to teach rather than to present.

The Incredible Ones

By John Constantino,
Medical Student

In medical school there's a lot of material thrown at you, and you can't possibly remember it all. You get so many details that if you try to rely on the ability to memorize all this, you just can't. You always hear people say how in medical school you just have to learn all this stuff on your own.

But the teachers—the best teachers—are those who put things together for

you. They take the vast amount of details and put them in a structural framework you can rely on when you're called on eventually to make a diagnosis or a recommendation for a drug prescription.

In my mind, the big distinction between the best teachers and the average teachers is choosing to teach rather than present. The temptation is to just present all these details and say, now *you're* responsible for them.

"These kids hear eight lectures a day—why should I be any different—why not just give them the basics of what they need and forget about it." It takes an incredible dedication to teaching to choose not to do this.

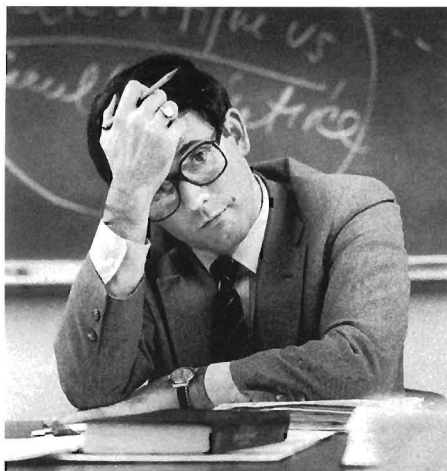
Anatomists, especially, tend to be bent on your learning details. But you tend to forget the details as you go on unless you've had someone who taught you the human body as a three dimen-

sional thing so you could get a picture of it in your mind. I had two anatomy professors who were able to do this. First, they dismissed the idea of having to learn all the details. Instead, they gave you a picture of the neck, for example, as three dimensional and showed you how one structure sat on another without cutting other things off. They showed the functional relationships. They went back to evolution to explain concepts. This is a hard way to teach. They didn't send us to our textbooks. They showed us in the lab. They could show you things in five minutes you couldn't learn in three hours of reading a textbook.

My instructor for electrophysiology of the heart—again, he takes you from the ground up. He doesn't gloss over fundamental questions that a person hearing the information for the first time would naturally ask. He leads students to ask the right questions. I went to him today with a question. He answered it, and I started to walk away. He said, "Now let me tell you another thing—and here's another you'll want to know." I counted—he did that five times. This was not for the whole class, this was for *one* kid. He wanted to make sure *one* kid got this.

A lot of these guys are researchers. They have so little time. In my first year I had an instructor who taught us about cell membranes. He is a guy totally dedicated to his research, and yet the first time he came into class he gave us this great handout, incredibly complete. He really wanted us to understand about the outer part of the cell. He said, "I'm not going one step further until everyone understands"—and he'd do it, too. If one kid was stuck, he'd make sure he saw him after class. I won't forget the concepts I learned from him—partly because I can remember his face when he tried to teach them to us, so full of dedication and concentration on us learning.

Anyone in this medical school environment who is even an average teacher deserves a pat on the back. After these kids get their seventh lecture, chances are you're not going to get them to listen. And when a teacher is above average—that's incredible. These incredible ones—they deserve a special issue of the magazine. ■



One Week in a Teacher's Life

Photo Essay by Herb Weitman

A teacher can be many things: sometimes an administrator, other times a lecturer. Sometimes this is a person who enjoys jogging, while other times this is someone who cares enough about the students to coax them into becoming their best. James Jones, Jr., professor and chairman of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures, fits these descriptions.

He proudly points to the progress of his department's growing enrollment. But this is the department chair side of himself talking. The other side shows a teacher who is dedicated to his students. He knows that their mastery of his subject reflects on his efforts as a teacher.

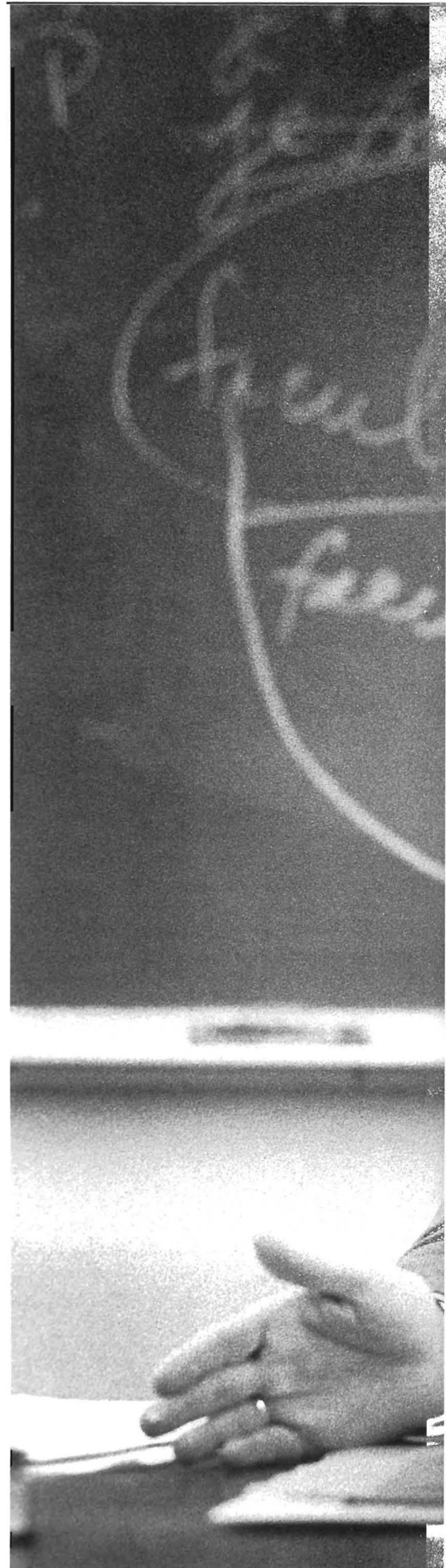
"Professor Jones would be happy spending his whole life teaching and doing research," says Nuri Farber, currently a WU medical student who graduated in French and biology in 1985. "That's the kind of enthusiasm he has for his subject."

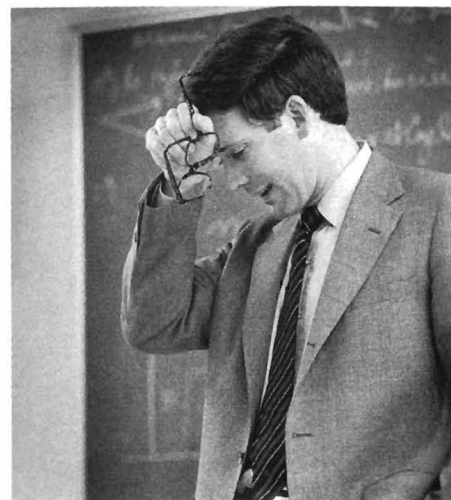
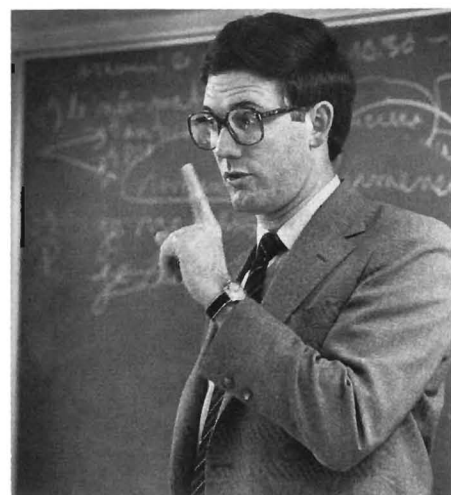
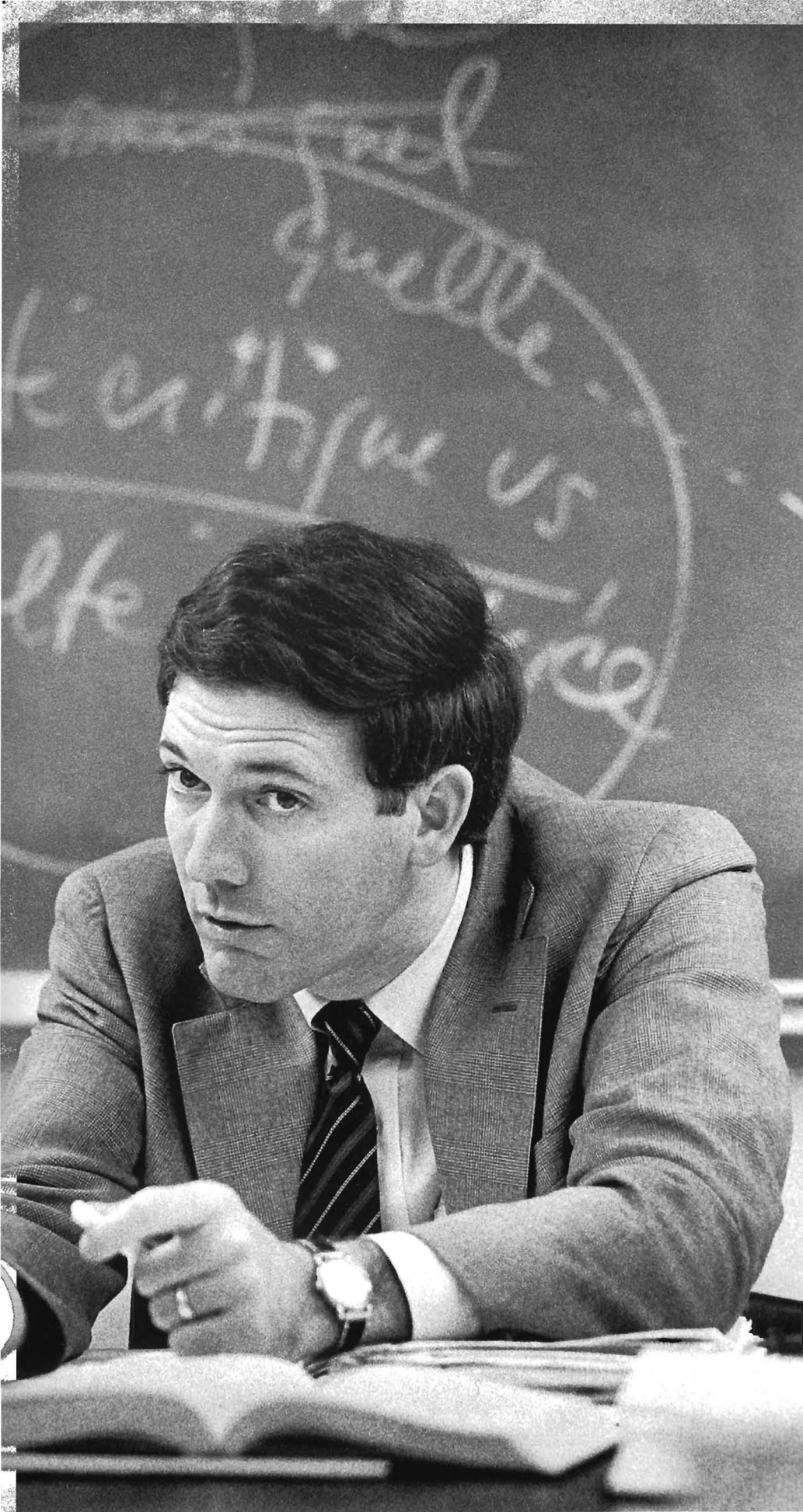
In this photo essay by Herb Weitman, associate editor of the magazine, we see this other side to teaching. We see a person who runs, attends faculty meetings, entertains students, washes his old Packard, but most of all we see someone who teaches intently, and because of this intensity, his students respect the love of languages he imparts to them. ■



Above and beyond teaching, Jimmy Jones enjoys his hobbies — working on his cars and jogging. Here, he lavishes attention on his 1954 Packard. He also has a 1930 Model "A" Touring car.

In the classroom, Jones captivates his students through his energy and enthusiasm for his subject.







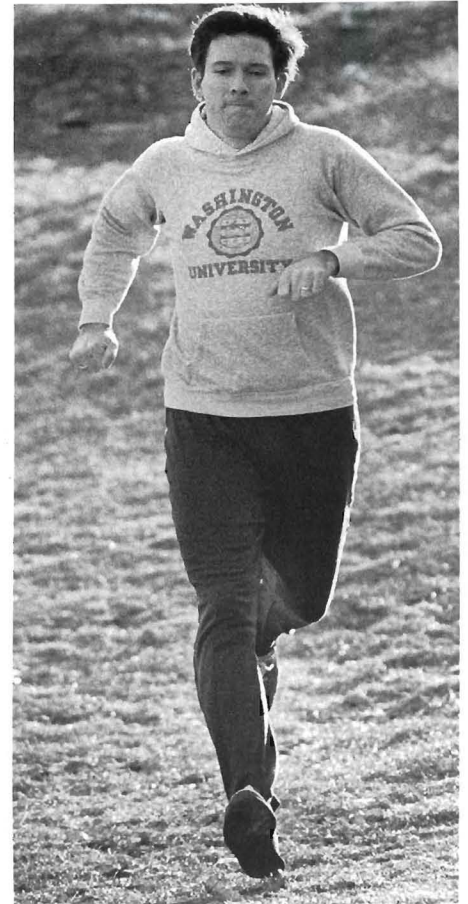
As chairman of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures, Jones' administrative duties include meetings with his faculty. After this intense meeting, they relax over wine and cheese.







At a party he holds for his students at his house, Jones lets down his teacher/administrator guard and becomes one of the gang. His students give him a present—an electric train and engineer's hat. This was a reunion of students who attended his Summer Language Institute in France. The train is a model of the TGV, the new French high-speed train.



Jones runs every morning at 6.



Jimmy Jones and his wife Jan.



RESEARCH

The Razor's Edge

By Don Carroll

Research and good teaching. They create the mix that makes for freshness in instruction. This freshness brings the subject matter alive for the students. In this way, they learn to look at the world with new perspectives because their instructors learn to peer at the world that way with each new discovery they make in their fields. These new discoveries take place when an English professor looks at *Moby Dick* in a slightly different way than ever before as well as when a researcher in earth and planetary sciences finds faint rings around Jupiter.

These researchers become bright students themselves who run along the razor's edge of their subjects, twisting new ideas where there appeared no new ideas or frontiers left. It's mind games at their best. Their students see this enthusiasm in the instructors' excitement over the topics that they as researchers and teachers never tire of. It's a genuine enthusiasm that these instructors couldn't hide if they wanted to.

"A person who does research is a more exciting, dynamic person," explains Carl Bender, professor of physics. "Someone who is on the edge of the chair all the time, who can hardly sleep because he can't wait to get up next morning to resolve one last point. That's the sort of person you would want to have teaching."

Washington University actively seeks these types of people to teach here. Many of them, like Bender, bring an enthusiasm for their subject matter that is contagious. It's like a good book that they cannot put down. Their scholarly interests enthral them so much so that

they can't understand why everyone isn't pursuing those same interests. They are dedicated to their research and glow when discussing it.

"If I weren't doing research," Bender continues, "I would collapse as a teacher. I'm very involved in research, and I teach a heavy load because I feel that preparing lectures is a way of keeping sharp."

To keep sharp, to stay fresh, these professors give many reasons why research remains important to good teaching. They also enjoy what they doggedly pursue. "The knowledge you gain about your subject is very gratifying," points out Patty Jo Watson, professor of anthropology. "It isn't that you like being around it. You want to know more about it. You want to know as much about it as you possibly can."

What happens when they actively seek more in-depth knowledge benefits

the professor doing the research and the university, but, most especially, the students. "In the classes I do teach, I pour in the latest results," says Murray Weidenbaum, Edward Mallinckrodt Distinguished University Professor and professor of economics. "That means that the students are getting, typically, materials that will appear in textbooks a couple of years from now." The students stay ahead of what's in the textbook because they learn from faculty members who are ahead of the textbooks. "That makes for a much more exciting class than if you're just expounding the existing corpus of knowledge," Weidenbaum adds.

Conversely, the students recognize when a professor goes through the motions of a lecture without the deep knowledge that comes from years of research. "If you really have an abiding interest in the substance of what you're teaching, the students recognize that," Weidenbaum continues. "If you're just reading last year's lecture notes—if you're not keeping ahead of your subject by doing research—the students recognize that, too."

The example the professor sets as a researcher and a teacher is important as well. "You're training students to be the next generation of scholars," he says. "You must teach them how to teach and how to do research."

Robert E. Sparks, professor of chemical engineering, elaborated on this idea. "I try to show the students how those of us who practice research go about it," he explains. "How to question colleagues, redo calculations, ask why they did things a certain way, ask questions they did not ask. At this



Researcher Ray Arvidson

“A person who does research is a more exciting, dynamic person,” explains Carl Bender, professor of physics. “Someone who is on the edge of the chair all the time, who can hardly sleep because he can’t wait to get up next morning to resolve one last point.”

stage, the students are ready to do research.”

It’s like the relay runner passing the baton to the next runner. Research and teaching are not stagnant processes that begin and end with one person. These processes pick up with others—the students—some of whom become researchers themselves. And teachers. In a similar manner, they carry on the enthusiasm for learning that their instructors inspired in them.

This means that the teachers must become first-rate researchers. “You have to master all the facts in your area,” says Sparks. “Then, you must spend enough time thinking about the facts: massaging, probing, comparing them. It’s like looking at a multi-faceted ball. You think about it, push it, bite it, bounce it, stretch it, until it becomes a part of you. It’s at your command, almost.”

The excitement that comes from this love of research transfers to the classroom. It emanates from the instructors—the way they wave their hands and arms when discussing their subjects, the way they brighten when someone else broaches their topic. It does become a part of them and is integrated into their teaching style. “I get very excited about my own research,” explains Watson. “And you can convey material to a class much more adequately if the excitement is genuine than if it’s an artificial kind of enthusiasm. If you don’t really feel it, if you’re not really in it, if it’s not something that comes from inside you, then you won’t teach as well.”

Research benefits the instructor in other ways as well. They become lifelong students who keep a wide-eyed wonder about the world of their research. “People who do research are always learning new ideas, pushing new frontiers,” says Martha Ozawa, professor of social work. “So we are always forced to articulate what’s really happening.

“You have a compulsion to investigate,” she adds. “That means you’re constantly reading, constantly making

sense out of all kinds of stuff, and that in itself shows you are probably up-to-date in knowledge.”

L. William Peck, M.D., John E. and A. Simon Professor of Medicine, sees research’s importance from a slightly different perspective.

“As a physician, it’s important for me as a teacher to review research findings with a spirit of criticism,” he says. “You have to decide what research is applicable and what’s not. This requires creativity and inquisitiveness.”

Of course, some instructors at Washington University pride themselves more on their teaching skills than their research activities. Ozawa sees a problem with this, however. “Suppose you don’t do research. Where’s the incentive? Some may work hard at being simply good teachers and read a lot and so forth. But if they’re researchers, they’ve got to do research. So the intensity of learning might be different, and I’m quite sure that translates to teaching and the classroom.”

Bender agrees: “Suppose you’re not doing research at all, but concentrating all your efforts on simply teaching a good course? You improve the course gradually over the years, finding new problems, better examples, better readings, more finely tuned lectures, until finally the course is almost perfect. It is so beautiful that the fact you are not doing any ground-breaking research may not be of any significance.”

Then Bender put the question, rhetorically, to himself: “So why is it that research is important?” The only problem Bender sees is that a one-way

process is set up with the teacher passing on information without fresh viewpoints or perspective: a kind of spoonfeeding process with little learning on the instructor’s part and, therefore, very little on the student’s as well. In his view, the teacher should become super-student. “Those professors are conveying to the students that while the students are writing papers and solving problems, they, too, are writing papers and solving problems. There’s a oneness in that. There’s a learning community of feeling and spirit. It’s ‘We are all learning together’ rather than ‘I’m done learning and now it’s your turn.’”

The opposite side to this coin, of course, is the researcher who does little or no teaching. “I’m primarily a teacher,” says Raymond Arvidson, professor of earth and planetary sciences. “I couldn’t imagine going off to a federal lab and just doing research without interacting with students.”

Dean of Arts and Sciences Linda Salamon elaborates: “I can tolerate that there should be some people in the University who are not particularly good teachers, whose only contribution is good research, but are working with graduate students and doing a wonderful job.”

The best instructors, however, combine both traits. They combine their research talents with their teaching. In this way, these traits become a part of their academic makeup, their way of looking at the world. Like builders who place one block upon another, they build and create from what others have learned before them. Their ideas are building blocks that others will add to. These others are the students who become enlightened by one or more instructors here. Likewise, these students build and create from what they’ve learned. This is the way human progress began from the building of the first fire to the building of the first rocket to launch people into space.

The wonder and imagination are passed on through research and teaching. ■

MAGIC MOMENTS

Alumni Remember Their Favorite Teachers

What do you remember about Washington University? We asked our alumni from across the country and from many different fields this question, and they told us they primarily remember that one moment when a teacher made them aware of an idea or showed them human understanding or helped them to look at the world in a different way. Below, alumni write about those moments they will long remember.

Dinner with Anna and Dick

*By Lori Tenser,
LA '84, Arts and Sciences
New York Public Relations Specialist*

I'm not sure how old I was when I first realized that teachers are really people.

I remember once seeing my fourth grade teacher, Mrs. McGuire, in the frozen food aisle of the local supermarket. While she and my mother exchanged polite greetings, I memorized every item Mrs. McGuire had in her shopping cart. The next day in the school yard, I recounted the event to a disbelieving group of 9-year-olds.

By the time I got to high school, I



Aluma Lori Tenser enjoyed knowing her teachers as people, too, and not just authority figures.

was at least superficially aware that my teachers did have homes and families, and that they ate and slept and wore jeans on the weekend. Until I made it to college, though, I never recognized teachers as individuals with feelings, hopes, and unpaid bills.

I was taken aback at the start of my freshman year, when my faculty advisers asked me to call them "Anna" and "Dick." To this day I can't remember their last names. Our first week at Washington University, 15 classmates

and I were invited to join Anna and Dick for homemade gazpacho and quiche at Dick's apartment. I remember wondering what business I had sitting on the floor in Dick's living room, eating their food and drinking their wine.

And, yet, when I think about college, my most vivid recollections are of those professors—like Anna and Dick—who let us in, if only a little bit, on their "real" lives.

My anthropology professor, for instance, had returned from several

“The empathy they showed me was the best example from them of how to treat my patients”

—Doxey Sheldon

years in the jungles of Madagascar barely a month before our class began in September. For one session, he brought in slides of assorted primates; one showed the professor himself, tanned and clad in a khaki safari suit, sitting in a tree with a family of ring-tailed lemurs.

I learned ballroom dance from a lady who often complained of arthritis, but never missed a class. Her students knew that she continued to teach because she just plain loved to dance—not because she had been awarded some grant for research into the genetic predisposition of certain species to master ballroom dancing.

The individuals I’ve described may not have taught the most critical or demanding courses in my college career, but they are examples of teachers who stand out for me as genuine, dedicated, and *real*.

I somehow learned more thoroughly from them—although I don’t think I listened more intently or worked any harder for their classes. But because I had gotten to know these teachers as people, too, I could identify more with their enthusiasm for the subject matter.

You see, I have this theory—although it has been disputed—that most students really do want to learn. The catch is that they don’t want to have to admit it, to themselves or their teachers. It then unfortunately becomes the teacher’s task to make certain that the students do learn something.

The teachers who first admit to being human and then go about the business of teaching are usually the most effective. The greater the distance teachers establish between themselves and their students, the less likely the students are to respond to the material.

The other teachers were the professors, regardless of what they taught or how difficult the class was, who helped me to appreciate learning. They didn’t tell me the answers until I asked the right questions. They didn’t pretend to have all the answers when they weren’t sure. And they encouraged me to substantiate

what I thought were the right answers. That’s why students wanted to take their classes.

It scares me to think that one day—as prophecy would have it—college students will have only computers to teach them. However sophisticated computers may get, no one will ever program them to have hobbies or to love Chinese food. And those are the things I remember most about my teachers—not how much they had to say on a given topic, but their eccentricities and senses of humor.

One night at the end of senior year my former suitemates and I sat up for hours, eating popcorn, analyzing the value of our education, and critiquing our professors. Although none of us knew what to do with our degrees, we concluded that we had each come across at least one teacher whose support, sincerity, and zeal had really made a difference.

What is unfortunate is that few of us ever expressed our appreciation to those teachers. They ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that they made a lasting impression on at least a handful of students. I have a feeling, though, that the good teachers know who they are.

From my best friends I learned to appreciate honesty, cherish individuality, and consume popcorn. From my best teachers, I learned to evaluate theories, form opinions, and share ideas.

Anna and Dick, who were two of the best teachers I ever had, secured their status in the minds of our freshman “focus” class when they agreed to join us one Saturday at the Varsity Theatre to watch the “Rocky Horror Picture Show” from midnight to 3 a.m. That was our opportunity to teach them something. We got to show them that students, like teachers, are just people. ■

Keeping Perspective

*By John Lipton, LA '78, Political Science
New York—Advertising*

Here is the ultimate of what a good teacher—a great teacher—is for me. He or she makes the learning important rather than the grades. They’ve walked on water if they’ve accomplished that.

If I look back on my college career, one teacher in particular stands out as doing that. I worked on my thesis with him, and our meetings became a time when I felt most challenged by and closest to a teacher. My thesis was on the Consumer Product Safety Commission and how setting up an agency to police product safety didn’t guarantee anything would happen until at least after the first five years. As I delved into the research, I was learning a lot about myself, my ability to synthesize lots of information, to work under pressure. But in the end, I was having trouble tying things together, formulating and stating a clear opinion.

I would play ideas off this professor. He would never hand me answers, but he’d percolate on my ideas and come back and challenge me. Without writing a conclusion for me, he pulled out this point, then this point, and this point, and he’d ask me, “What do they mean together?”

While he was getting me to pull the threads together, he was teaching me another thing that I will never forget. He was a tremendous listener—he had developed this power of silence and by saying very little he would get me to work out what I was thinking, to work out the problems myself. I’ve tried to develop that ability—and it really is an ability—a powerful tool—but I don’t have it yet. I’m constantly interrupting people in mid-sentence.

With his help, I struggled to pull my thesis together, and in the middle of that struggle, he said something to me I'll never forget: "Years from now, this will not seem important." What I think he meant was that I was putting a lot of pressure on myself to graduate with honors—I actually ended up graduating with high honors—and I think they *were* important. When I think back now, I actually disagree with what he said then—getting honors did help me when it came to getting a job later—but at the time, he said the right thing. I was putting incredible pressure on myself to graduate with honors—one all-nighter after another.

He taught me something that changed my life—to have a sense of perspective, to be able to weigh what is important, what is not. We would disagree on that at times, but I learned how to weigh things—and I carried that with me. And when I think about it now, what has lasting importance about doing that thesis was learning about myself and getting a chance to work with someone who was not only a great teacher but a great friend. ■



John Lipton felt the power of silence from one professor.



Doxey Sheldon believes the best teachers are those who are out there for their students.

A Supportive Faculty

*By Doxey Sheldon, DE '79,
Dental School
St. Louis Dentist*

I started dentistry school late in life. I was 33 years old, divorced, with two kids. Everything was against me. I had no financial backing. I had to support and raise my kids. But I knew I could do it if someone would just listen to me. It turned out that the faculty were so supportive. I could not work on my studies 110 percent every day, and they didn't get on my case—they closed their eyes to some things.

Now that I have my own practice, the teachers I think of most often are those who had dedication and experience but also empathy and a sense of humor with the students. I call these the wet-fingered instructors—the ones who were out there with and for the students, not with their noses into books and statistics.

One teacher who combined all these qualities was a great leader and lecturer. He had an innate sense of how to get up and speak and get his ideas across to the students. He would introduce the topic of the day with an

anecdote or a personal experience, and the lecture would fly from there. And always, he had a fantastic sense of humor. He could eyeball a student falling asleep in the crowd, and by knowing the little idiosyncracies of each student, he would get their attention without making them feel picked on. In the clinic, he was a perfectionist—the steadiest pair of hands you ever saw—but always calm and patient with the students, always watching out for them, making sure they stuck to protocol.

Another, who could identify and teach on my level, I remember for his tender, soft heart. Dental school had been a struggle for him and he identified with the students. I felt protected by him. He could get me to do very difficult preparations that I thought I just couldn't understand or didn't believe I had the dexterity for. He would criticize me, but in a way that my self-confidence was never shattered.

This alliance between faculty and student I felt was very important. The empathy they showed me was the best example from them of how to treat patients. Just as they tried to identify with us, they always stressed putting yourself in your patient's shoes in order to be the empathetic dentists you need to be.

My office today, because of this example from so many of my instructors, is a place where people are at ease—sometimes they don't know they're in a dentist's chair. I work hard at that. I could never follow in some of my mentor's shoes—but I try to in my own small way. ■

“It turned out to be the biggest fiasco you ever saw—these women out there sawing and hammering, people coming by and offering to help us, and Fitzgibbon hanging out the window of the architecture building...”—Susan Bolliger



Susan Bolliger's best teacher taught her to love buildings at a gut level

Infectious Enthusiasm

*By Susan Bolliger, GA '85, Architecture
St. Louis Architect*

The way I think about architecture today is due to Professor [James] Fitzgibbon—Fitz we called him. Those fortunate enough to have had him will be quoting him for the rest of their lives. He had an incredible enthusiasm about architecture and buildings that was just infectious. The profound things he would talk about—he was so committed to what he was saying. He worked with Buckminster Fuller for years, and we would sit for hours and listen to his stories.

He had a big question for all of us. He felt that there are so many people in today's society who are able to build a

building, and it doesn't require an architect to do that. So what *does* an architect add to the making of a structure? What is the dream we see? The story we can tell? What underlying beauty do we see that will bring this building to life, that construction engineers alone couldn't bring to it? What wonderful, delightful things? That was his challenge to us.

You have to understand that architecture school is a grueling pain. His feeling about it, though, was “let's make it fun.” Rather than give us a multitude of projects that we could never finish, he would give us one day sketch projects. We would work fast and furiously on a problem and then talk about it. He was not concerned with laboring over a drawing, working and working on it until we ended up hating it. He wanted us to be excited about buildings and about life, and you can't do that if you hate what you are doing. He wanted to enrich our lives, not take away from them by assigning us projects that we felt overwhelmed and defeated by. He

wanted us to talk about ideas. Also, he wanted us to develop the ability to think and sketch quickly as we would have to do in the real world where clients don't want to pay us for all that time.

Today in my work, I'm always asking myself—what do I bring to a building? If I don't have a big idea about something, then the decisions I make are arbitrary, based on my personal taste—I like this, I don't like that. You should be able to reach out to more people. You should be able to develop something that is applicable to the 20th century.

Essentially, what I try to do is develop a theme: I ask, what is important to people? What do they value in the 20th century? Is it light? Is it a human scale of experiencing a building? We have arguments at work about this all the time—what do you think is so important to people that you want to do it this way? It's not unlike Fitzgibbon's class. What he did there was real. Instead of architecture as some personal idea of a building as a piece of sculpture, he saw it as a hybrid of ideas from many people thinking, rehashing, trying their ideas on each other.

I'll never forget one class we had. We were talking about structure in building—that was a big thing to him. He was involved in the Buckminster dome thing. Instead of us building little models, he wanted us to build a real thing.

He asked us how many had ever built anything. About 12 of us raised our hands—all women. He had us build an 8' X 8' corner with a little window on the front lawn of the architecture building. We just had to do the framing, but you'd think this was the biggest thing.

It turned out to be the biggest fiasco you ever saw—these women out there sawing and hammering, people coming by and offering to help us, and Fitzgibbon hanging out the window of the architecture building laughing and taking pictures.

He was teaching us to love buildings at a gut level, not to over-intellectualize them—and, to have a good time. ■



To Virgil Carr the best teachers brought their world experiences into the classroom with them.

A Sense of History

By Virgil Carr, MSW '68, Social Work Chicago Social Worker

A number of the people who came into the social work school were not new to social work. We were coming off the streets with practical experiences, and we wanted to tie these experiences to the technical knowledge we'd learned in class. We wanted to underscore some of the things we were already doing. The best teachers, those who had the greatest impact on me, brought their experiences into the classroom.

A few teachers stand out for me. One I remember for two things: his sense of humor and his sense of history. He had a

richness of experience, and he was able to relate this to a past—a history that he lived—which was a part of the whole history of human service. I am president of United Way of Chicago. We handle \$50 million and fund about 125 different agencies.

Today, I use one of his analogies when I have speaking engagements. He always used the image of the clock with a pendulum swinging to the left and then slowly, almost full circle, to the right, to illustrate cyclical changes in our society—the movement from conservative, withholding efforts to periods, which recognize the needs of people. He prepared us for the world by giving us that larger picture of forces that are always at work in our society.

Another teacher had as much impact on me and for much the same reason. We got only a little bit of classwork but a lot of discussion of real live issues. He, too, had a sense of history and was able to tie that into present issues.

He was active in the development of dynamic programs in St. Louis—he was around during the formation of Social Security, for example. He spoke to the architects of Social Security while they were struggling with the real world issues of how to implement this new program in the existing society. And then he would look at how it has changed decidedly over the years. This is a perspective you don't often get, and he was able to bring this perspective—these examples of programs he had witnessed—into a context of actual examples of how to make change in metropolitan programming—which is what I do now. He made us aware of the politics of organizations—the number of agendas—often not obvious ones—working all at the same time.

These classes were a place to really participate as a growing young professional. The special perspective of these teachers was so helpful to me then and still is for me today. ■



Kathy Maguire Botney liked teachers who presented material clearly.

Clarity of Thought

*By Kathy Maguire Botney,
BS '80, MD '84, Medicine
St. Louis Doctor*

My experience has been other than typical, I suppose. I never had a teacher who had a great impact on my life, who changed the way I think about the world. My behavior throughout school was goal-oriented—I was not looking to reflect upon the world. I was never very ethereal in my thinking.

I do think, though, that the most important thing for me was that the material be presented in a cohesive fashion and that it be clear what information was to be retained. I think this requires that the teacher care about conveying the information to students. I had an anatomy professor who loved to teach—he really cared that the

students got it. But there are others who are doing their time because they have to. This is especially common in medical school where people are asked to teach because of their research. For some, teaching is not something they enjoy. It is just an intrusion on their research, and whether you learn from them or not is not important to them.

Being a compulsive person, I like those teachers who present material very clearly—but I don't mean spoon-feeding. It is rare for a teacher to be clear and at the same time be provocative—to make you think about ideas. I had a high school history teacher—I didn't particularly care for history—who was able to make the subject come to life for me. But I wasn't just entertained, I retained information because he would be clear about what he wanted us to remember. He didn't require us to retain picky details—it was the overall picture he wanted, an overall understanding. But just knowing what he wanted made it easy to get the data he expected, and, because it was meaningful—not just picky facts and dates—I hung on to it beyond the test. ■

A Matter of Style

*By Walter Milliken, EN '77
Boston Engineer*

The really important element in good teaching has to do with how much feedback there is between the student and the teacher. If there is no feedback—something that often happens in huge lecture classes—then the professor blithely carries on and doesn't recognize what the students need to understand at a certain point before they can go on.

The teachers I remember as the best all had very different styles, but they all in their different ways reached their students. Basically, the problem for these teachers was how to inject some energy in the people who took their classes so they didn't sit there and fall asleep.

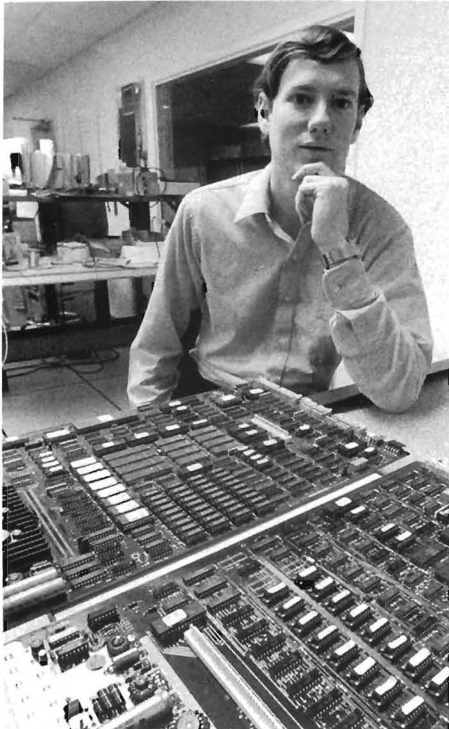
Computer science has a schizophrenic attitude—there's a real world part and a theoretical part. One professor who I thought was outstanding tended toward the real world picture—the more pragmatic side of computer science. He taught the second part of a programming course and was good at generating a large amount of enthusiasm about the subject. He liked programming—he was just so excited about the whole thing, and he conveyed that to us. He had a good sense of humor and used that humor in the classroom. He was always running around, scribbling on theboard, making interesting comments.

On the more theoretical side—or at least on the side of the more esoteric in computer science—there was an outstanding teacher with a very different style. He was much more restrained, had much more of the

classical professorial attitude, and was very careful about discovering things in the right way. He tended to talk about esoteric research issues rather than how does one get a Fortran program to do "F." But they were such interesting ideas that the students were interested, too.

I've had some bad teachers who would go on long excursions into esoteric ideas that had nothing to do with the subject at hand. Somehow, though, he was able to get us interested in the ideas he was interested in without going off into his own world and losing us.

Another thing that made a big difference with these teachers was that you could always wander into their office and say, "Gee, that was an interesting idea we talked about today," and they'd talk to you about that and enjoy talking to you. Good teaching often involves the amount of contact a teacher has with the students. ■



Walter Milliken: "You could always wander into (these teachers') offices and say, 'Gee, that was an interesting idea we talked about today.'"



Laura Gossage remembers the class where she learned to think of accounting in an entirely different light.

A Learning Experiment

By Laura Gossage,
MBA '85, Business
New York Accountant

The best professors I had in school were particularly good at: (1) presenting new material, which requires the student to stretch intellectually and the professor to think about the best ways for students to absorb this material, (2) asking students to approach learning in nontraditional ways, and (3) communicating with students to determine whether new material is being understood and appears relevant.

For example, in my second year in a managerial accounting class, Mort Pincus, assistant professor of

accounting, decided to integrate new material into the traditional managerial accounting curriculum. Professor Pincus felt that there were several topics, which had not been covered in the MBA program that would be helpful to us as managers, such as decision theory, the value of information, and the use of statistical techniques in problem-solving. Although these topics are not ordinarily taught in accounting classes, he was able to integrate the new material by applying these techniques to managerial and financial accounting problems.

It was easy to see that he took a great deal of time developing the course, and every so often he would check with us to see if we understood the material.

I enjoyed the learning experiment. It caused me to think about accounting in an entirely different light and has affected the way I approach management problems today. ■

ALUMNI REMEMBER TEACHERS

“He really looked like an artist—his hair was long when no one had long hair—and he thought like an artist. He represented a passion for his subject that made me want to look and think and be like him”—John Moore



John Moore remembers those teachers best who gave him the excellence of the past.

Role Models for Excellence

By John Moore, FA '66, Fine Arts Philadelphia Painter

When I was a fine arts student, I didn't know what kind of artist I wanted to be. I gradually realized that the most idealistic and brightest people, and the people I most respected, were painters. They became my role models. One professor who was particularly striking had a kind of manic intensity about him as an artist. He really looked like an artist—his hair was long when no one else had long hair—and he thought like an artist. He represented a passion for his subject that made me want to look and think and be like him.

All of my undergraduate artist/teachers gave at least the illusion that they were really involved in my development. St. Louis was not an arts center. The artists here did not have the kind of focus on their work, on careers and goals, that artists in other cities tend to have. Here they paid more attention to their students, and they created an atmosphere where there was an edge of seriousness about what we were learning.

I was just a kid then. But something I still think about and that has shaped me as an artist and teacher today is the emphasis the best teachers had on the



Through one confrontation with a teacher, Mark Arnold learned to look at his subject as a consistent whole.

importance and value of tradition—the history of painting. There was a lot of analysis of old masters' paintings, on achievements of the past, on examples of excellence in the discipline. We learned from our artists/teachers how to see things and how people saw things in the past. When I went to graduate school there was no emphasis whatsoever on the traditionalists. I always had the feeling I had to run very fast to get up-to-date.

I think whether you end up having high standards or not as an artist is based on your awareness of role models of excellence from the past. When you think about the excellence of a Renaissance painter and you measure yourself against him, of course, you always are stale by comparison. But if you are ignorant of that excellence, there is always this sort of rebuke of your work. The best teachers gave me that—not only themselves, for me as a kid to model myself after, but the excellence of the past. ■

Eye Opener

By Mark Arnold, JD '77, Law St. Louis Lawyer

I remember sitting down with Robert Dixon, then Kirby Professor of Law and now deceased. I was working on my note for the *Law Quarterly* and set up an appointment with Professor Dixon to discuss it with him. What I thought would take a few minutes ended up lasting for four or five hours.

Dixon was a man of principles. He had strong opinions for the law, many of which I did not agree with. But I remember that experience above all others because he accepted other opinions that differed from his own. And I have never before or since that experience met anyone who had a global view of constitutional law. In that meeting, he forced me to address constitutional law as a consistent whole.

It was an eye-opening experience. He was a brilliant guy. ■

By Robert Willenburg
Assistant Professor of English

On Having a Good Time

Giving advice to the young has a long though not particularly glorious history. If only half the advice that has ever been given was good, and if only half of that half had been followed, the world would not be as we find it.

Yet advice-givers are ever hopeful, however discouraging the results. I remember the day I was to leave for college my father sat me down in a chair in his office, looked me straight in the eye, and said, "We send you away a boy; you will return a man." He had probably read that in a book. Little did he suspect that I would never return.

But the most famous advice to a departing undergraduate appears in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, where old Polonius, a compulsive busybody and advice-giver, has a few well-chosen precepts for his son Laertes, who is going to study in Paris:

*Give every man thy ear, but few thy
voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve
thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not
gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man*

• • •

*Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of
husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

Now of course if Laertes had actually intended to be prudent, discreet, thrifty, and to dress like a middle-aged banker, he might as well have stayed home. And even his father does not believe that this advice will be followed very closely: we soon see him sending a spy to find out what his little boy is really doing in Paris.

My advice to you is: have a good time. That may not sound like much. Indeed, you may already have gotten directly

contrary advice (and if you haven't yet, you certainly will in the next four years) to the effect that "We're not sending you there to have a good time." But of course they are: that's what you're here for; that's what we're here for. We can't usually say so, even to ourselves, but inside the walls and before classes begin, we can at least hint at the truth. We, all of us, have more presentable motives: you've come to enrich your mind, develop your character, master a subject, prepare for a career, get good grades, please your parents, be with your friends, find true love (or whatever); we're here to advance knowledge, to create and interpret beauty, to preserve and share vital traditions and techniques, to stimulate and cultivate your minds and hearts. These are the things we tell the world and, so far as they go, they are accurate enough—most or all of them will happen while you're here—but they do not go to the heart of our enterprise, which is, I repeat, to have a good time.

Now those of you who are experienced advice-receivers are probably wondering what the catch is: have a good time? There must be a catch, and of course there is. Even the Garden of Eden had a catch. There something was forbidden; here something is required: that, while we are having our good time, we also think, reflect, discover, and argue about what having a good time means. As Plato very nearly said, "The unexamined good time is not worth having." Some of you may disagree, may feel that examining a good time is the best way to spoil it.

And besides, what is there to examine? Everybody knows what a good time is. Well, maybe. But what everyone knows is often something that no one knows very precisely. And the search for a more precise knowledge of what everyone knows, which we call the search for truth, is our business here, and can be a tricky business—as the following example shows.

I was sitting in the library the other day, idly turning over the pages of a

musty folio, when several curious fragments fell out of the binding. I recognized them immediately as pieces of an Alexandrian manuscript of Plato's great lost dialogue, the *Bacchus*, or, "On Having a Good Time." Seeing its relevance to my topic, I translated them, supplying a few of the obvious gaps in the material. It is part of a conversation between Socrates and an Athenian freshman named Glaucon. (You will recall that Socrates spent much of his time talking to freshmen, a habit that accounts for his lifelong poverty and, in part, for his untimely death.) If you find Socrates somewhat overbearing, you must consider that he was, in some sense, the first composition teacher.

Glaucon: Good morning, Socrates! We missed you at the house of Agathon last night.

Socrates: Indeed, Glaucon, tell me, which of our friends were there, and what was said and done.

Glaucon: Well, everyone was there, laughing and talking. We had music by the Thracian Flute Girls. The food was magnificent: poached sturgeon with the eggs inside, stuffed pigeon hearts, a pizza with everything (I told you it was a free translation). And free-flowing libations: great jars of sweet Theban wine and cold sixpacks of Coors. That witty fellow Agathon recited some verses made on the spur of the moment, and afterward we turned on the Cardinals game and got totally wasted. It was the best time I've ever had.

Socrates: I am sorry to have missed it. But you say Glaucon, that it is the "best" time you've ever had, and I am curious to know what you mean by saying such a thing.

Glaucon: Surely that's obvious enough, I mean that I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Socrates: So I thought. But should we call the "best" time that which we enjoy the most or that which is best for us?

Glaucon: I don't see what you mean, Socrates.

Socrates: When we speak of food we say that some things please our taste



while others are good for health and strength, do we not?

Glaucon: Yes, we do.

Socrates: And therefore that some foods merely seem good to our bodies while others are truly good for them?

Glaucon: Yes, but may not some foods be both pleasant and truly good?

Socrates: To be sure, but how are we to decide these things? What is good to the taste we know ourselves, but who can inform us which things are good in truth?

Glaucon: A trainer, or physician, or consumer advocate.

Socrates: Yes, I think so too. But food only forms and nourishes the body; what is it, my dear Glaucon, that forms and nourishes the soul?

Glaucon: I really don't know what to say, Socrates.

Socrates: I'm sure you don't. But could

we not say that it is in and through time that the soul is formed and nourished?

Glaucon: Yes, I suppose we could.

Socrates: And can we not say that good times are good for the soul and bad times the reverse?

Glaucon: Yes, clearly.

Socrates: And surely by "good times" we mean not merely those times that "taste" good, so to speak, but are good in truth and make the soul good?

Glaucon: Of course.

Socrates: But who can tell us these things? The physician can tell us which foods are good for the body, but who can tell us what times are good for the soul?

Glaucon: I don't know.

Socrates: Well, what is it the physician knows that enables him to know what is good for the body? Is it not that he knows the whole body and all of its

needs, not just the desires of the eye, or the palate, or the stomach?

Glaucon: It is.

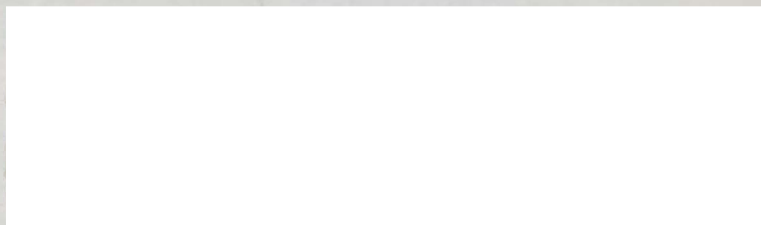
Socrates: And similarly, will it not be he (or she) who knows the whole soul and all of its needs who can best tell us what times are truly good, not only for men but for cities, and can instruct us in what makes times good and keeps them so? Is this not the knowledge we are seeking?

There, as you might expect, the manuscript breaks off—perhaps I'll find the rest tomorrow—and breaks off with the questions that still govern our life here. We have collected for us in a university many of the most precious of human goods: friends, freedom, knowledge, books, a chance to work, a chance to grow. It is a very good time and given to us on the single condition that we not only have our good time but also question it and learn from it: what do we need of things, of knowledge, of power, of beauty, of purpose, of love to be truly happy? What do our institutions, communities, nation, and civilization need to be stable, prosperous, just, satisfying to man and, as earlier generations liked to say, pleasing to God?

If our purpose is then to consider the whole soul and all its many needs, it is no modest undertaking. But neither are we alone in undertaking it. Since Socrates first began asking questions, much has been done and suffered and learned. This, in all the disciplines of the arts and sciences, we wish to share with you. Much remains to be done, by us and by you, and for this we wish to prepare you. ■

This viewpoint was excerpted from a speech given to incoming freshmen last fall.

"Viewpoint" was created to air faculty, student, and alumni opinions on current topics and University research subjects and represents only the views of the author and not necessarily those of the magazine staff or the University.



Arts and Sciences Dean Linda Salamon teaches a group of students near Olin Library.