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Love and the Individual (in Education)

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Abstract

Japanese society has traditionally found it difficult to use the terms "love" and "the individual", especially (it may be) when speaking of the relationship between teachers and children. But they are what I propose to speak about since I believe that they refer to matters of great importance, and that a failure to think about them is to overlook something quite fundamental, something that every teacher ought to consider: what do we think we are doing when we claim to be educating children?

It is not uncommon (indeed, it may seem quite natural) to speak of Japanese children (and adults, too) as "units of society". If this implies that children must be taught to adapt themselves to a particular, pre-selected mould regardless of the child's own nature or gifts, I shall argue that this view is mistaken: people do not exist for the benefit of society: society exists for the benefit of people. Nevertheless, society functions best and is best for everybody if its members can make their own contribution to the well-being of their communities. I shall therefore argue that it is not the job of the schools to turn each individual into an identical clone of everybody else, but to develop each person's individual talents so that each and everyone can play his or her own part.

Traditionally, Japanese writers have been suspicious of this approach since they believe it will lead to egoistic individualism, but it does not follow that if we are aware of ourselves as individuals we shall

therefore be selfish: if we have been led, at school, to recognise our own particular talents and encouraged to develop those skills, we can use these gifts for everybody else's benefit, and use them more effectively.

This will require that these gifts be nourished and fostered, and the only way in which children ever learn to treasure their own gifts and the gifts of others, is through the agency of love — a difficult concept and a dangerous emotion, but that does not mean we should run away from its demands. Fear and harsh discipline destroy the urge to learn and stifle an individual's growth: if, however, we love what we are doing, we shall come to a better understanding of it. It is therefore the teacher's main task to help children to love what they are learning, and the only way to do this is for the teacher to show that as well as loving the subject, he loves his students and loves them all, equally. If this arouses love in the students for their teachers (which it will tend to), we shall have a dance of three partners: the teacher, the subject being taught, and the student.

I shall develop these ideas by first of all speaking about the issue of love, since this in fact is the ground (the soil) from which everything else must (and can only) grow, and secondly the issue of the individual. I shall illustrate my talk with a number of anecdotes which will, I hope, serve as examples of what I wish to encourage you to think about.

The Talk
(slightly edited)

I propose this afternoon to consider two topics which, I have learned, the Japanese people do not like to talk about, or not easily, or not much. One is the topic, or matter, of *Love*, a word which you do not really care to use (it is bad form, rather); the other is the concept of *Individuality*, which — when the idea was first introduced during the Meiji era (by means of the terms **kosei-i**, individuality, and **kojin**, the individual) — was thought to be incomprehensibly foreign. Even

today, the notion seems only partially understood — certainly, it is often *mis*understood.

I wish, moreover, to relate these two concepts to each other and to what goes on in the classroom, the seminar or even the coffee shop, whenever we effectively conduct that intricate and complex three-way love affair between the teacher, the subject matter of the lesson, and the taught (the pupil).

Before I begin, however, I wish to make two introductory, and related, points: (1), my material is (in the main) anecdotal and personal, since this seems appropriate in the circumstances, and, (2), I shall throughout be using the singular masculine pronoun—though, of course, every time I say "he" I am also saying "she". This might seem offensive to some of you (but I do not mean to offend, and I apologise if my restricted usage should upset anyone), but my choice is actually a more suitable one (for me, at least) than might at first sight appear, for although I have been teaching for more than forty years, I did not begin to teach girls until I came to Japan, a mere twenty years ago.

In 1942, when I was eleven, I entered Hereford High School for Boys (where there were no girls, either), and I would stay there for the next eight years[1]. While I was at school, I learned many lessons, and some of the most important and valuable were in how *not* to do things. For example, I learned — by observing teachers in action — not only how to teach, but, even more importantly, as an object lesson, how *not* to teach.

I was first shown *how* to teach by an elderly Frenchwoman, a *she* certainly. Much to my lasting regret, she taught me for only one year. Since it was wartime and most of the young teachers had had to go off to serve in the armed forces, their places were taken, as "stop-gaps", by the daughters and widows of former teachers, and one of these was

Madame Florian, the widow of a former Headmaster (of the Priory School for Boys, Shrewsbury). She was a tiny woman, with a shock of wild white hair, and she taught us her mother tongue. She would sit, perched, on the front of her desk, her short legs well clear of the ground, and I always sat in the desk directly in front of her.

She loved the French language with passion and she wished that we should share her passion. It will be obvious that I fell in love with her, and with the French language. On one occasion, I called her "mother", which reduced the class to mocking laughter, but I did not care. You may not be surprised to hear that during that year, I was near the top of the class in French.

In subsequent years, however, we were taught French by an elderly, deeply disappointed Englishman, who felt — or at least certainly showed — no liking for his pupils, nor especially for the French language. I do not know why he was disappointed, but he despised us for being "country bumpkins", and he had a sharp, sarcastic tongue with which to lash us when we made mistakes, which, of course, we did — more and more as time went on. Since I was perhaps unnaturally sensitive to this sort of treatment, it will not surprise you, either, to hear that while I was taught by him I was often near the bottom of the class in French.

At the same time, we were taught Latin by a man who — already *at* the time I knew — should never have been employed as a teacher. He hardly ever turned up, had an even more sardonic tongue than the teacher of French, and absolutely no sense of humour. On one of the occasions when he did turn up, he asked us to give him an example of a collective noun. You know the kind of thing: a *flock* (of sheep), a *herd* (of cows), a *brace* (of pheasants), an *audience*, an *army*, *baggage*, *cutlery*, and so on. One boy said "Jam" (it collects wasps), which I

thought then, and think now, was a clever, witty reply. The Latin master, though, was so incensed that I thought that he would kill the boy. I also thought, "You fool", and although only 14 at the time, I realised that that was precisely the way in which a teacher should never behave: he should have enjoyed the joke and rewarded the jokester. We all despised that teacher, and when the time came that in order to take up the place which I had been offered at Cambridge I had first to get the necessary credit in Latin, I was obliged to teach myself. But he had shown me vividly what to avoid.

Again, you will hardly need me to tell you what I learned from all this. I learned that if, as teachers, we wish our pupils to acquire knowledge and understanding, we have to inspire them — and love, not only love of the teacher for his subject but also for his pupils and an answering love of the taught for the teacher and his subject, will be the necessary agent, the means, by which the pupils (the students) will be led to acquire knowledge that they can turn into understanding and wisdom.

Love is a difficult word, I know, and not only in Japan. You yourselves do not like to use it because, I am supposing, you think that it is perhaps a trap, or that its use encourages deception and insincerity, or that it is banded about too loosely and frivolously by native speakers of the English language, or you feel that the moment it is uttered it is no longer true, or that it simply embarrasses you to use it. At the same time, you consider that it is not necessary to spell out what is understood intuitively by those who recognise each other's love: it is too obvious to need speaking about. It is, I would certainly agree, a dangerous word, one that we must be careful in using, as we must be careful in the practice to which it somewhat imprecisely refers. But we have to be honest. Without some measure of Love, no good thing

was ever achieved, and I stress the word 'good'.

Both Latin and Greek, of course, distinguish between two sorts of Love: the Greeks spoke of *agape* and *eros*, the Romans (and later the Roman Catholic Church) spoke of *caritas* and *amor*. And although we shall wish our love to express feelings of *agape* and *caritas* rather than of *eros* and *amor*, we have to be honest: one kind of love can easily shade into the other. Renaissance neoplatonists related *agape* to God's grace — the grace which enables us to love our fellow men, and through them God. They often called this type of love *amicitia*, friendship, and since friendshp is often erotically inspired or may develop an erotic charge, the situation is indeed a dangerous one. But just because love is a hazardous emotion does not mean that we should try to escape from the danger by denying our duties[2].

I think that I should, in passing, make it clear (in case you may be wondering) that I am not a Christian — that is, I do not believe that Jesus Christ was in any essential way different from you and me, except perhaps in being a somewhat better man — but I follow much of Christ's ethical teachings, and, for Christ, love (translated sometimes as 'love', sometimes as 'charity') was the prime mover of all good things. Without it, all else was nothing but "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal". At the same time, the Christian faith also places far more importance on the individual and the individual's responsibility for his own fate (and for loving wisely) than Eastern religions are inclined to do.

First of all, then, I wish to say that the teacher must love his "subject", the subject matter that he is teaching: whether the subject matter is a science or an art. He must care deeply about the knowledge, the learning, that he wishes to pass on to his pupils, and about its beauty, which he will want them to enjoy. He must desire to illumi-

nate that subject for them, to help them to greater understanding of its merits, values, beauties. If he does not love his subject, he cannot hope that his students will. Above all, he will wish to share with those he loves (his students) what it is that he himself loves, whether it is the motion of the heavenly bodies or the poetic drama of William Shakespeare[3].

I do not know how controversial you will find the position that I have just staked out, but the suggestion that the teacher must not only love his subject, he must also love his pupils, may strike some of you not only as dangerous (which it is), but also as impossible (which it may be). Nevertheless, experience has taught me that only if the pupil, as an individual, feels that he is loved — and is thus respected for being the unique person that he is — will he wish to commit himself to his task, begin to love the task, and so grow in understanding as well as knowledge — and thus set in place the third dancer in this triadic, three-way affair, a dance in which three partners are intricately involved, as are the three Graces in Botticelli's *Primavera* — which is for me, the image that best sums up all that I am wishing to say.

In his analysis of the *Primavera*, the great art historian Edgar Wind tells us that the three Graces represent Desire, Beauty and Delight, linked in an endless coil of love. In my present application of the image we might see this relationship as the teacher (or Lover), the beloved subject (Beauty) and the taught (who is the delighted Receiver or Recipient of both the teacher's love and the objective beauty of what is being taught), in an endless round of giving, receiving and giving again. This is the neoplatonic theme to which I have alluded earlier in this talk (as well as in some of my writings published in the *Jimbunronshu*)[4].

In a rather different context, the business analyst Peter Drucker

has pointed out that knowledge of and by itself is valueless until it becomes understanding. That would be to say (in my present terms) that rote learning and memory testing are, if not fired by love and aimed at enlightenment, essentially meaningless, which many students in the Japanese educational system appear to have appreciated for themselves.

In 1959, I was appointed to the staff of Shrewsbury School, one of England's greatest schools (as some of you may know), and my Headmaster, a man of outstanding human goodness, advised his staff to love all the boys equally — and to show them that they did. The crucial thing here is that no pupil (although recognised as an individual) should appear more important in the teacher's eyes (or his heart) than any other. That is of course an impossible ambition: we are bound to love some of our pupils more than others; but we must try not to allow this to be seen.

Such a command to love must also be balanced by a more severe injunction, which may cost us much pain to observe: a teacher must never expect, let alone require or ask for love, gratitude, or thanks from his pupils. That is to say, the teacher should never give in hope or expectation of a return, while neither his gifts nor his love have to be deserved by those he teaches: they must be gratuitous, given without being asked for or in hope of reward. For although love may, as the *Primavera* implies, be restored to the giver of love, the Lover must never expect this. Consequently, the teacher will often be hurt by what he may consider to be his pupil's ingratitude or lack of appreciation of his efforts: but he must not mind this: he must be prepared to be hurt. Teachers who stand upon their dignity or demand respect are unlikely to inspire their pupils. To be a good teacher, you must make yourself vulnerable[5].

This kind of love might be compared to what Robert Frost speaks of as "home" in his poem "Death of a Hired Man", where a farmer and his wife articulate different definitions of the word "home". I believe that, here, Frost is siding with the wife. The husband says "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, They have to take you in". This is a blunt, unfeeling definition — a matter of strict, legalistic obligation. The wife replies "I should have called it Something you somehow haven't to deserve". That is, we offer our home as we offer love, gratuitously, without feeling a sense of obligation, without the imposition of conditions on the recipient, or in expectation or requirement of a reward: no one has to deserve our love: we must offer it freely, and we must ask for nothing in return.

It was King Lear's great mistake — not such an odd mistake for even an experienced King to make if all his life he has been subjected to flattery — to expect that when he gave his daughters a third of his kingdom each, they would give him an equal or equivalent amount of love in return: his mistake was to believe that you bought love with gifts, even with love. It was Cordelia's greatness to ignore all this, to dismiss it as irrelevant; and when Lear suggests that she has cause not to love him since he did her wrong, she replies in words which leave forgiveness behind, since even forgiveness is irrelevant: No cause, No cause.

Yet nevertheless, even if we cannot buy love, should our love be freely given (and the operative word is 'given', not 'loaned', or 'bought'), if it is without conditions and without demands, it may often, as the neoplatonist Botticelli implies, provoke love in response — although the teacher may never be aware of this directly, or not at the time. That is to say: if the love of the teacher for each of his students is properly selfless, it is likely to entail some answering measure of love

on the part of the pupil for his teacher. It is this, naturally enough, which makes the situation dangerous — but teaching has always been a dangerous occupation (like practically everything else which is worthwhile). Throughout all this, the teacher has to show love while at the same time respecting the integrity and unique personhood of each of his (or her) pupils. As Dame Julian of Norwich — a mediaeval mystic — taught some of us to pray: "Teach us to care and not to care: teach us to sit still". Teachers, if they are to do their job properly, have to maintain a very delicate balance.

Of course, all that I have been speaking of is easier said than done. Yet we have the responsible duty to try to live according to the ideal it proposes. It is an instance of what Lionel Trilling spoke of as the fundamental principle of Jane Austen's moral or ethical world: he almost, but not quite, called it "pedagogic love". In *Sincerity and Authenticity* (Oxford, 1972), Trilling writes "She (JA) was committed to the ideal of 'intelligent love', according to which the deepest and truest relationship that can exist between human beings is pedagogic". Trilling goes on "This relationship consists in the giving and receiving of knowledge about right conduct, in the formation of one person's character by another, the acceptance of another's guidance in one's growth" (p.82). He adds, "The idea of love based in pedagogy may seem quaint to some readers and repellant to others, but unquestionably it plays a decisive part in the power and charm of Jane Austen's art".

It unquestionably plays a part in the thinking of any teacher who stops to consider (as he should) what his relationship with his pupils actually consists of or amounts to. Socrates taught us that an unexamined life was a life not worth living, and a teacher, more than perhaps most, has to examine his life. Not only has he to recognise that while giving love he must ask for none in return, he must show no

trace of possessiveness or the desire to control, which is what I mean when I say that his love should be 'selfless'. The wish for disciples is, in my view, a fatal flaw, and even though many teachers may acquire devoted followers, this, in some way, detracts from the necessary disinterestedness of their activity. Nor, as is often the way, should we ask anyone, above all children, to make promises: it imposes our will upon theirs, and denies them the freedom to make their own choices when they are old enough, as they will certainly wish to do.

I am not for a moment denying that 'pedagogic love' is an exceptionally difficult kind of love to handle when the pedagogue is an adult and the loved one is not. It not only requires committed attention, it also demands a detachment that may need at times to be almost superhuman. For, as I have said already in different words, our love in such instances must never be possessive or demanding: we simply do have to stand back. Or sit still. Our pupils must always come first. We must always consider their interests before our own — or those of our society. We must never use them as means to our own, or society's, ends. Nor must we fuss over them unnecessarily. They must in the end do what they have to do. Nor must we be resentful when they betray us, which they often will, or may appear to do.

Yet our pupils may very well love us, as I loved Madame Florian (and as the Graces love each other), and it is likely that they will do — if we have inspired them to be the kinds of lover of our subject that we may well wish them to be. Finally, however, they will have to leave us, as we assume responsibility for new pupils, their successors. And we have, in the end, to be ready to let them go, just as Prospero must, in the end, permit Ariel (his pupil, and slave) to go free, however hard Prospero finds it to break the bond, or hoop, of pedagogic love. After one last charge to Ariel, his chick, Prospero dismisses him with the

words "Then, to the elements be free, and fare thou well!"

Now, it may be that you are thinking to yourselves that this is all very well, but it does not really apply to Japan, or to the aims of Japanese education, that Japanese culture has traditionally viewed education in rather different ways from those that I am — by implication — supporting here, and that what might be an ideal goal for western societies is not applicable to the society of Japan, either yesterday, today, or tomorrow.

If that is so, one cannot help noting the perennial popularity of the television serial *San-nen B-gumi Kimpatch-sensei*, or the respect and affection in which many people, adults no less than children, hold the teacher Sakamoto[6]. I cannot be sure, but Sakamoto-sensei seems to me to exemplify many of the characteristics that I have been suggesting a good teacher needs: certainly, a committed but all embracing love of his pupils, and the quality of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation that I have implied is an essential accompaniment. The teacher must always put his pupils first, and himself nowhere. I gather, however, that Sakamoto-sensei is a very rare bird, and not by any means everybody's ideal, and that not many Japanese teachers actually come anywhere near modelling their behaviour on his or emulating his conduct in and out of school[7].

Another anecdote may help to underline my moral. Seven or eight years ago, a home room teacher who had once been a pupil of mine at Kyoiku Daigaku invited me to go with him and his third year class in Junior High School to spend a summer night camped on a small beach on the Shakotan Peninsula. I noted one boy in particular, a boy with a mischievous but warm-hearted smile, a lively lad, like Shakespeare's Puck and perhaps as difficult to control — the kind of 'naughty boy' whom I knew from experiences in England can be extremely rewarding

to teach. He spent a good deal of the time dancing alone by himself beside the sea, as if he were holding himself up as a mirror to the motions of the waves, but there was also something abandoned, almost wild, wilful about his gestures, and I thought of a boy I had known in England who had ultimately killed himself.

It was as if the boy dancing beside the sea was daring nature to hurt him, as if he was longing to express some feelings that he could not in any other way articulate — even, perhaps, understand. I asked my friend if the boy had some troubles, at home or at school, and he said Yes, his father had run away, his mother could not control him, and all the other teachers hated him because they found it impossible to channel his energies in creative, socially acceptable ways. What will become of the poor boy, I thought? What kind of future is there for him?

What he needed, obviously (so it seemed to me), was love, from someone who would care for him, someone who would help him to find an outlet for his energy, for his natural grace, for his sensitivity to form and line and movement, and to the beauty of the sea. Not everyone can be a Kumakawa Tetsuya, and I am not suggesting that this boy could ever have followed where Kumakawa has led the way, but there was an artistic, creative something in the boy's nature that cried out for encouragement, support and fulfilment. Someone ought to have tried to find out what that something was and helped him to develop it. What has happened to the boy, I do not know, and when I asked my friend a few months ago, he did not know, either.

In Japan, the purpose of education seems to be to take individuals and mould them so that they finally become indistinguishable one from another. It sees children as pots into which the right amount of knowledge has to be poured before they can then be safely sealed up[8].

Of course, this does not happen, because the Japanese are, in my opinion, remarkably individualistic — and self-willed — people, and this is why (I believe) Tokugawa Ieyasu's edicts were so strict: he knew what huge quantities of **wagamama** the edicts were designed to hold in check. This is also why, again in my opinion, Japanese educationalists and theorists are frightened of individualism, since they interpret it as leading to unbridled and selfish pursuit of personal interests alone. But such a selfish lack of concern for others does not necessarily follow from (is not, that is to say, entailed by) the kind of attention to individual gifts and the satisfaction of individual requirements that my proposals have been designed to encourage and support: for love does undoubtedly breed love (even if we must never set out to seek for it purposefully and directly), and from the growing capability to love within our small circle (what Edmund Burke called "the little platoon") may spread the ability to love beyond it[9]. The Irish novelist and philosopher Iris Murdoch has written, "Love is the recognition that other people exist", and once we recognise the separate existence of one other person, it is possible that we shall go on to recognise the existence of others, in ever-widening circles of affection, understanding and trust.

About two years ago, one my former students at this university who is now a teacher at a school in Asahikawa asked me if I would edit a pamphlet about his school which he had translated into English; the pamphlet was to be sent to a sister school in New Zealand with whom they were hoping to make closer connections. It was an interesting pamphlet and my erstwhile student had done a fine job, but I was forcibly struck by one sentence which seemed to summarize both the Japanese attitude to education and to the Japanese children who must go through the educational system; at the same time, it focused my worries about that system. "An individual," it said, "is the basic unit

of our society". School children, it suggested, must learn to fit into their society and function smoothly within it to ensure its proper working, and that is what their schooling prepares them to do. Clearly, neither writer nor translator saw anything at all odd or questionable about this, nor can they have thought that their New Zealand readers might have been shocked by it. It was, obviously, the use of the word 'unit' that shocked me, since it seemed to give away so much that one might like to keep hidden: the dark side of the educational coin. No one had apparently noticed, though, what a give-away it was.

Only totalitarian societies ever think of treating (or actually do treat) human beings as units. Liberal democracies (and Japan at least claims to be a liberal democracy) are committed, at least ostensibly, to the belief that human beings are unique, irreplaceable creatures, not identical bits of a machine, so that when one piece breaks down another can be easily slotted into position to replace it, and the original piece is not missed. Actually, I do not believe that Japan is such a society, fortunately for us all, and I for one enjoy a great measure of what Sir Isaiah Berlin called "negative freedom". But, nevertheless, bureaucrats (and perhaps it is the same the world over) do seem to hold the belief that people are expendable and exchangeable — certainly if, in Japan, they are foreign teachers of English, and often if they are ordinary Japanese citizens.

To call a person a "unit of society" seems to me to put the relationship the wrong way round. People do not exist for society: society exists for people. Human beings are flesh and blood, with all the complex and conflicting emotions of individual human experience, and if we are to make the best of each individual's particular talent, we ought, I believe, to start from the proposition that society is made up of unique human beings who, each and everyone, contributes his or her

own own unique talents to the work of the communities in which they live. They can only do this, however, if those gifts, sought for while they are children, are then fostered, lovingly, by their families and teachers, so that they are able — when they have learned to master the separate and several skills that they will need to perform their chosen trades — to make their own unique contribution to their own immediate groups and families, and hence to the ever larger communities of which they are a part, and not the least part at that.

At the basis of all this, I believe, is love: love first of the children, love of their unique individuality, love of the ensuing relationships between generous-minded individuals that make a society a healthy and creative place in which to live and to flourish. What I have not mentioned here is love of country. I believe that that will follow: I do not think that it should be, as it so often is, a precondition, or demand. We love the little platoon first, as Burke taught us, and then, only later, the company, regiment or division of which it is a member.

I hope that you have understood, therefore, that I do not believe (as so many Japanese commentators appear to do) that the development of a pupil's individual gifts entails indifference to the needs of society or implies that individuals will always put their own desires first in an egotistic, selfish search for personal happiness above all, to the detriment of the welfare of their fellow citizens[10]. I have been attempting to suggest that the development of an individual's talents need not entail self-absorption, nor should it involve the neglect of one's social duities. Our talents are our gifts, and if these have been fostered at school we shall wish to be generous with them in order to fulfil ourselves.

My remarks, therefore, are not intended to contradict or even to challenge the ideas of Buddha and Confucius (with which I have much

sympathy): indeed, they may, I hope, be thought to complement them. The Indian weaver, Mr. Naik Satam, who for many years lived in Sapporo and wove the vast tapestry which hangs in the main hall of the Sapporo Museum of Modern Art, once told me that he was very struck by the reluctance of the Japanese ladies whom he taught to give, unconditionally: they drew things into themselves, horded them, whereas Indian culture was outgoing, outgiving, "throwing" itself out to everybody, scattering largesse with a generous hand.

In all of this, we are dealing, I think, with the giving of gifts: the teacher gives all that he can to his pupils, who, if they are encouraged to find in themselves what their own gifts might be, will gladly then give out of those gifts in return. And by giving, we shall not deplete our store, as so many Japanese appear to think (as it is indeed traditional in Japanese culture so to think). Juliet's words to Romeo are important here:

> My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep: the more I give to thee,
> The more I have: for both are infinite
>
> (Romeo & Juliet, 2. 2. 133-5)

We are not likely, however, to give — anything at all — if throughout our school life we are afraid of being subjected to humiliation (let us say at the hands of the coach of a sports team, since one observes it happening) whenever we attempt something that is not what is expected of a person who is simply judged as a unit of society, a social bit-part. If each of us is respected and loved for his or her individuality rather for his or her sameness, we are likely to make a much better contribution to the society in which we live. The motto of the County of Cornwall is *One and All*: that is to say, each one of us

is an individual yet each of us has responsibilities for everyone else, for all: We each contribute our own unique talents to the team.

I learned this nearly fifty years ago, when, in 1950, I joined the British Army in order to do my National Service, during which time I served with *The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry*, which had taken the county's motto as its own, and, what is more, lived by its guidance. In the words of the Anglican Service — and we do not need to be Christians to believe this — we are all members one of another. Yet this does not propose conformity to one set model: it denotes mutual respect, indeed love, for each member's particular talents, aptitudes and gifts, for our differences as well as our similarities, for that is the best way to get the best out of us as individuals, for the benefit of all.

Nothing that I have spoken about is novel, as idea or ideal, and much that I have said today can be found, in many of the same words, in my essay "On Being a Schoolmaster", published in the 11th issue of the *Jimbunronshu* (October, 1998), where I write of various sixteenth century educational treatises or courtesy books: the old books said much the same kind of thing, and they gave it even more of a pragmatic twist than I have just done: for instance, that where punishment withers, love nourishes; that the teacher must delight in his pupil's success and regard himself as simply a humble stepping stone; that a teacher must take endless pains; that he must have unstinting courage; that he must be constant and persevering in his endeavour, which is always to serve the pupil, who will himself thereby learn how to serve[11].

I know perfectly well that I have raised a difficult and potentially controversial matter, but the question of love and the individual lies at the heart of what (I believe) education is truly about — unless you genuinely think that it is about filling empty pots with a certain set content, to be consumed by the state or its representatives whenever

required. I have raised the issue and have suggested what I myself believe. You may answer the question in your own, perhaps contrary, ways. But, on this issue, we have to examine ourselves both conscientiously and deeply, for if we do not we are just going through the motions of instructing those who have been committed to our care, which merely as motions are perfectly meaningless.

A final anecdote: When I was teaching a couple of classes at Kyoiku Daigaku, I used to interview my students, and, one day, I asked a prospective teacher of English what it was that had first inspired her to love English, since I rather naturally supposed that she would wish to teach English only if she loved it. "Oh, but I don't like English at all," she replied. I was stunned. "Then whyever are you going to teach it?" "Japanese children don't like English, either. So I understand their feelings," she replied. Well, at least she had thought about the question, and she had her answer. Which is something, I suppose.

Nonetheless, I cannot help feeling that if this is the attitude of even a minority of High School English teachers in this country, it is hardly surprising that so many Japanese students find English so unrewarding. My own experience, both as taught and as teacher, has convinced me that only love, however we understand that slippery term, is capable of inspiring us to embrace a subject of study with the commitment, the devotion, needed not only to 'know' it but also to understand it, and that only a loving respect for each individual student and his, or her, gifts, is likely to enable that student to offer to society at large the best that is in each of us to contribute to society, with love and respect for others as love and respect were given to us.

As the great French writer Albert Camus once remarked, "The greatest gift we can give to the future is to give everything to the present". The operative word is "give" not "take", and the true giver

is the one who loves, the true lover is the one who gives. And you do this without taking thought for the morrow, without thinking of what your investment is likely to bring in, without costing up the profits and the losses. You give and you do not count the cost. You love even though it hurts. That is the only way to ensure that the future, whatever future there may be, is ever going to be better than the past.

Notes:

1 Hereford is an ancient cathedral city on the Welsh Border, but in effect it is still a small market town and Herefordshire, then as now, was a completely rural part of Britain: indeed, it is an agricultural elysium.

2 There are, of course, many people who would argue that the erotic is just as important as the charitable in inspiring us to love, and that the erotic charge is really essential if we are to be moved to respond in any vital way to our experiences — it is 'eros' which stimulates desire, whether for a beautiful body or a beautiful idea. I perhaps skate over this brittle issue a little too nonchalantly.(See, also, Note 4, however.)

3 I offer a trifling example, perhaps, but it is home-grown, and is indicative of a larger concern: When I came here (to HGU) five years ago, I was asked to use with one class a textbook which, as soon as I looked at it, I despised: it was trendy, it was vulgar, it was valueless. I had at first no option but to try to make something of it (I was a new boy), but when the students showed no more interest in the topics than I did myself (since, I suppose, I could not enthuse them), we all gratefully gave it up and turned to things which I, at least, found congenial. I do not believe in textbooks, nor have I ever used them: speaking for myself, as a **kojin**, I have to choose my own material, for only then can I be sure of my commitment to it. Where everything that the teacher uses has first to be authorised by the Ministry of Education, how can the individual teacher be expected to like, let alone love, what is prescribed, as if the syllabus were to be taken as medicine rather than as nourishing food? (This, some of you may

feel, begs the question of the purpose of education, and to this matter I return.) It may, at any rate, be for such a reason as this (among others) that Japanese students continually complain about their schooling, and why so many of them find it so difficult to be enthusiastic about what they are learning. The only students who seem keen and ambitious are those who appear to have been inspired by an unusual or idiosyncratic teacher.

4 In *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance* (Faber and Faber, 1958), Edgar Wind, a refugee from Hitler's Reich, sees in Botticelli's *Primavera* a portrayal of the activity of love as both the expression and the fulfilment of God's grace. The central figure, who is both Venus and the Virgin Mary, presides, while her blindfolded son Eros, who is also the baby Jesus, floats above her head and sets the action of the picture in motion. Eros is shooting an arrow tipped with flame at the figure of Desire, Desire looks towards Beauty but also towards (or through Beauty) to Mercury, the messenger of the Gods, who, with his caduceus, stirs the clouds that obscure and points heavenwards to some hermetic source of the divine mystery, which enters the picture on the right in the form of Zephyr, the breath of divine inspiration, who converts the fleeing nymph Chloris into Flora, the goddess of flowers and of the Spring. Love inspires Love, which, through Grace given and received, is ultimately returned to its source. So, love is an endless cycle, dependent upon the divine breath of heavenly love to which it is ultimately restored, that it may once again re-enter the world and re-inspire us, and so, on and on, for ever and ever, amen. And it would seem that it is very hard to separate *agape* from *eros* or *caritas* from *amor*: they work together, in fact.

5 We can only make ourselves vulnerable, of course, if we are in ourselves extremely secure, and such a sense of security can only rest on the basis of not being afraid, of not worrying about what our students think of us, of not expecting trouble from our students, of not needing to impose our authority over them, of accepting ourselves for what we are —— above all on the recognition that everything we do is *sub specie aeternitatis*. Many teachers, especially if they are young and inexperienced, do not have this sense of security, and some teachers never attain it. But without it we cannot be true teachers at all.

6 I was told after I had given this talk that not everyone thinks that Sakamoto-sensei's way is the right way, or even a desirable one. This, like my talk, is obviously a matter for discussion — and I wish I could hear the case for the other side.

7 And as I have only ever watched one or two recent episodes in his long running serial, I may have misunderstood. Certainly, the final programme of the latest series was unwittingly revealing, and indicated that Sakamoto-sensei is a good deal more Japanese than I had appreciated. A boy who had been in serious trouble was, thanks to the efforts of his teacher and the loving forgiveness of his classmates, finally accepted back into the fold. Rather than focussing on the uniqueness of the individual, the story supported (and demonstrated) the submersion of the individual into the homogeneity of the group. The playing was also extremely emotional, as well as being an idealisation of harmony and togetherness. In reality, the awkward individual is much more likely to be rejected, abandoned.

8 It is interesting that in English we use the metaphor of being "bottled up" to indicate the suppression of feelings that when not expressed can lead to permanent psychological damage, or an almighty explosion when more than one person may be damaged. Is there an equivalent expression in Japanese?

9 Burke wrote: "To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle (the germ as it were) of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love to our country and to mankind".

10 I am not, that is, advocating the kind of individualism that seeks for personal happiness as if this were something that we could actually set up as an objective and work consciously towards with any hope of achieving. Happiness can never be postulated as a goal: it is always a by-product of self-forgetful (even self-neglectful) work. In 'On Being a Schoolmaster', I wrote (and now edit slightly): "The deliberate pursuit of happiness is the pursuit of a chimera, and to enshrine it in one's constitution is surely a mistake, as the current predicament of the United States daily reminds us... Yet should we seek, self-forgetfully, to use our talents to their fullest

extent, we are likely to stumble upon, as if by accident, a happiness that we did set out deliberately to seek, and the fulfilment that comes from knowing that others have benefitted from what we have been able to offer, or even to achieve". This is a Christian truism, of course, and is nowhere better expressed than by T. S. Eliot in the paradoxes which conclude the third movement of 'East Coker', the second of the 'Four Quartets', as in such lines as

In order to possess what you do not possess
You must go by the way of dispossession.....

11 I am especially fond of the words of Richard Mulcaster, (in *Positions*, 1581), which I quote in my earlier essay (I have retained the original spelling): a good tutor, says Mulcaster, needs a number of qualities: "*hardnes* to take paines: *constancie* to continew and not to shrink from his trade; *discretion* to judge of circumstances: *lightsomeness* to delite in the successe of his labour: *hartines* to encourage a toward youth: *regard* to think each child an Alexander: *courteous lowliness* in himselfe, as if he were the meanest though he were knowne to be the best".

日本語要約

教育における愛と個人

伝統的に「愛」と「個人」という言葉は日本人にはなじみの薄い言葉であり，特に教員と学生の関係を語るときにはあまり考えないことばです。しかし私がお話ししますことはまさにその「愛」と「個人」のことなのです。それはなぜかと言いますと，「愛」と「個人」ということこそが非常に重要な問題であり，そのことを考えることを怠ることは，きわめて基本的なことを見過ごすことになり，また「愛」と「個人」ということこそすべての教員が考えるべき事であると私は信じるからであります。私たちが学生を教育していると言う時，私たちは一体何をしていると言うことなのでしょうか。

日本人の子供たち(大人も同様ですが)を語るときよく〝units of society〟(社会の単位)と言います。私の考え方は単に外国人の視点であると反論される方もおありでしょうが，しかし私はこのことは非常に間違っていると思うのです。人間は社会の利益のために存在するのではなく，社会が人々の利益のためにあるのです。しかしながら，人々が皆コミュニティーの福利のために働こうとするならば，その社会はうまく機能するのです。それゆえに全ての人を同一のクローンのように育てないように教育するというのが学校の仕事ではないでしょうか。個人の才能を伸ばし，それによりその個人が社会において自分の役割を果たすように教育することが学校の仕事ではないでしょうか。しかしそれは私たちが個人として目覚めて利己主義になっていくということを言っているのではありません。仮に私たちが学校で自分が持っているある才能に気がつき，その才能を伸ばすように指導されたとしたら，私たちはこれらの才能を他の全ての人々の利益のために効率良く使うことができるのです。

そのためにはこれらの才能を養い，育てなければなりません。子供たちが自分が持っている才能を大切にし，さらに他人の才能を大切に思うようになるには愛という媒介が必要なのです。これは難しいコンセプトであり，

危険な感情であります，しかしそれを避けてはいられないのです。恐怖心を掻き立てるようなしつけや過酷なしつけというものは学びたいと思う気持ちを壊し，個人の成長を押さえてしまいます。しかし仮に私たちが自分がおこなっていることが好きであれば，その事をよりよく理解するようになります。それゆえに教員の仕事は学生が自分のやっていることを好きになる手助けをすることなのです。そのための唯一の方法は教員が学生達を好きである・愛しているということを示すことなのです。(例えば，3年B組の坂本先生や金八先生)，そして学生の全てを平等に愛することなのです。もしそのことから学生が先生に対する愛を育んでいく（そのようになる傾向がありますが）ようになれば，まさに3人のパートナーの踊りが生まれるわけです：教員と教えた科目と学生の3つのパートナー（ボッティチェリの Primavera: the dance of the Three Graces)

これらの考えをまず愛という問題を語ることから始めます。それはこれが地盤（土）であり，その他の全てのものは愛から育っていかなければならない（愛からしか育っていかない）からであります。そして次に個人という問題に触れます。これらのことを皆さんに考えて頂くために，それぞれの事例となる逸話を交えながらお話しいたします。