

section to establish that humane education is about cultivating ethical perception and judgment by opening students to the variety of moral sources, qualitative vocabularies, and comprehensive conceptions. This is the province of art, literature, and philosophy. And the study of anthropology, education, history, and political-economy is also recommended if one wants to construct a map of social endeavor and human formation on which one can locate one's chosen practice. As we noted, it matters how these disciplines are conceived and taught. Their presence alone does not guarantee that students will achieve a humane understanding of their professions. However, their absence guarantees that vocational education will fail to rise above technical training, leaving students vulnerable to ethical disorientation and deprived of public work.

#### A NEW ORGAN

He not busy being born is busy dying.

—Bob Dylan

Another quick review of our progress is in order. We have now recovered two of the four dimensions of vocational enactment ignored by the jobbified university in its myopic pursuit of training and credentialing: finding a worthy form of work that engages one's talents and aspirations, and cultivating the ethical sensitivity and social awareness needed to enact that vocation with integrity and public purpose. These are no minor omissions. When we gloss over the question of calling, we invite the tragic alienation described by Dewey. When we treat value questions as an afterthought, a code of ethics stapled onto a technical pursuit, we invite dangerous forms of ethical corruption and disorientation. Though it will not be mentioned in any prospectus, this is all part of the "return on investment." In restoring the neglected dimensions of vocational education, we are not only helping the university make good on its promise to prepare students for their working lives, but we are also making a more powerful case for the humanities, one that does not need to rely on hackneyed distinctions between practicality and culture, between paychecks and public-mindedness. Humane learning provides resources for self-understanding, exposure to a wider range of ideas about what is worth prizing, and an instigation to begin to articulate what one stands for. Such learning increases the chance of finding a

genuinely worthwhile and congenial form of work; and it mitigates the technician tendency to mistake the clever manipulation of means for the achievement of worthwhile ends.

It is now time to lift a simplification in my account. Before rushing into training and credentialing, we said, one ought to give some serious thought to what kind of work suits one's dispositions and talents, one's ambitions and values. And one ought to learn about the ideals that distinguish and connect our various traditions and practices. Humane collegiate education creates a space to explore who one is and what one stands for, providing an introduction to the gamut of human projects and prizings. I stand by this basic claim. Young adults can and should confront the great vocational question as part of the process of choosing a major and career. However, we have left out a crucial fact: vocations themselves rank among the most powerful vehicles of self-knowledge and self-cultivation. We choose our projects not merely to express who we are, but also to understand who we are and to help us give shape to who we would like to become.

And central to this vocational formation is precisely our ability to perceive, to value, and to achieve a set of goods largely inaccessible to those uninitiated in the practice (that which we called, following MacIntyre, "internal goods"). As MacIntyre rightly points out, it cannot be simply that we choose practices in order to express our current values and ambitions, since what apprenticeship to a practice offers us is precisely a means for overcoming "inadequacies of desire, taste, habit, and judgment."<sup>87</sup> Thus, it was also a simplification to suggest that first one clarifies one's values and then one chooses work in line with those values. Practices are themselves deep axiological resources, sites where we encounter, as I have noted elsewhere, the poetry of the moral life.<sup>88</sup> Thus, having opened the great vocational question, we must learn to keep it open, since our understanding of ourselves and what matters to us will continue to evolve during the work itself. One must continue to search for one's calling even as one pursues it. And this brings us to what I earlier listed as the fifth necessary task of vocational development, learning to pursue one's calling in the spirit of self-cultivation, learning how to grow into and through one's work.

To grasp this idea, we must first let go of the stubborn assumption that vocational education means preparatory training for a particular line of work. This gets the whole thing wrong, as Dewey tirelessly pointed out. First, all of us have a variety of vocations, paid and unpaid, even if

only one makes it onto our W-2 form.<sup>89</sup> Second, this puts the educational cart before the vocational horse. “Education *through* occupations,” Dewey writes, “combines within itself more of the factors conducive to learning than any other method.”<sup>90</sup> Third, what we learn through work is not only about that work: vocations open us to the interest and complexity of the world at large. For Dewey, the organizing principle of our “variegated vocational activities” is an existential one: “The dominant vocation of all human beings at all times is living—intellectual and moral growth.”<sup>91</sup>

This existential framing does not imply that vocation is *selfish*, only “selfful.” To grow in and through one’s work, one must avoid the twin extremes of self-abnegation and self-absorption.<sup>92</sup> Choosing a vocation means choosing a medium—a distinctive set of enabling constraints—in which to find both self and other and bring them into fruitful interaction. In this sense, all teachers are involved in vocational education, attending closely to the zone of contact between mind and material. Such “insight into soul-action,” Dewey declares, “is the supreme mark and criterion of a teacher.”<sup>93</sup> Activists, agronomists, archers, architects, air traffic controllers, and amateur historians of ska music all mind the world in particular ways. Or rather, vocations call forth particular worlds from the open-ended repleteness that is reality, by providing an “axis which runs through an immense diversity of detail,” a vector of concern shaping what we, as the saying goes, *care to notice*.<sup>94</sup>

Here I think of the advice that the poet Rainer Maria Rilke gives to Franz Kappus in *Letters to a Young Poet*. When he first reached out to Rilke, Kappus was an aspiring poet, just finishing high school. By the time their correspondence ended, six years later, Kappus had graduated and become an officer in the Austro-Hungarian army. However, the “young poet” in the title refers every bit as much to the adult Kappus as to the adolescent one. As the correspondence progresses, it becomes clear that Rilke’s advice is not about the literal craft of poetry but about the search for what we might call a poetic calling. Rilke urges Kappus to find the kind of work that offers a “high inducement for an individual to ripen, to become something in himself.”<sup>95</sup> And he warns Kappus away from “professions petrified and no longer linked with living,” from any calling so “burdened with . . . conventions” that it leaves no “room for a personal conception of its problems.”<sup>96</sup> But Rilke does not apply this advice as we might expect, urging sonnets over bayonets. Indeed, he makes a point of telling Kappus that some occupations only “feign a greater freedom,” specifically steering him away

from “unreal half-artistic professions . . . [that] pretend proximity to some art.”<sup>97</sup> Like others, poets must sort out what is living and what is lifeless in their calling. All professions, from the literary to the military, present their share of conventions, constrictions, and distractions.

While some professions foreground self-expression and others operate in the key of duty and service, both types pose problems for what I am calling a “poetic calling.” The danger at one extreme is that you may end up serving nothing but yourself, isolated from “contact with the big things of which real living exists.”<sup>98</sup> But there is another danger lurking in fields that stress duty and service, especially in the so-called helping professions, where poor working conditions and indignities of remuneration and recognition become part of the definition of what it means to serve. It is one thing to *shed our baggage*. We hope that our vocations puncture our solipsism and bleed our narcissism, that they teach us to outgrow our pettiness and fearfulness, and that they might even help us to take responsibility, as Cornel West recently put it, for our inner gangster.<sup>99</sup> It is another thing to *shelve ourselves*, distancing from desires, abandoning ambitions. To paraphrase Langston Hughes, what happens to institutions predicated on dreams deferred? Over time, such cultures of service can twist into something else, into dead zones animated only by convulsions of resentment. As Rilke puts it to Kappus, many lines of work are “full of enmity against the individual, saturated as it were with the hatred of those who have found themselves mute and sullen in a hum-drum duty.”<sup>100</sup> Or, returning to Salinger, Zooey puts the matter succinctly: “In my opinion, if you really want to know, half the nastiness in the world is stirred up by people who aren’t using their true egos.”<sup>101</sup>

This gives us a sense of what it means to find a poetic calling and to pursue one’s work in a self-ful way. But let us return to this puzzle, glimpsed earlier, that it simultaneously takes self-knowledge to choose the right line of work and takes experience in practices to know oneself. If work is central to our formation, then perhaps we were wrong earlier to stress the importance of self-knowledge in facing up to the great vocational question. After all, how is it possible for me to choose the wrong line of work if that work will remake the “me” in question? Does this take the bite out of the epigraph with which we began this essay, Dewey’s remark that “nothing is more tragic than failure to discover one’s true business in life, or to find that one has drifted or been forced by circumstance into an uncongenial calling”? What does it mean to find congenial work?

Actually, this word “congenial” is quite interesting. Originally, the dominant meaning was “partaking of the same genius, disposition, or temperament; kindred, sympathetic” (OED #1).<sup>102</sup> The word described a feature of the world, a state of fit between two entities (persons, activities, things). Over time, “congenial” took on a subjective meaning: “to one’s taste or liking” (OED #2); “producing a feeling of comfort or satisfaction” (Cambridge).<sup>103</sup> The word “genius” in the first definition has also become psychologized. Now we think of a person’s intellectual capacity or creative originality, but the word originally referred to the spirit watching over each person and place (e.g., genius loci). The Greeks called this attendant spirit a *daimōn*, and it is built into their term for flourishing, *eudaimonia* (“eu” means “good” or “well”). Unlike modern happiness, we are not the only or even best judges of whether we are flourishing. In an important sense, the question is an objective one: Does this person have a good *daimōn*? Is this a life well-lived? We may be the arbiters of our subjective feelings, and, as Arendt explains, we have some control over whether we “display or hide” *what* we are, our “qualities, gifts, talents, and shortcomings.”<sup>104</sup> By contrast, *who* we are “remains hidden from the person himself, like the *daimōn* in Greek religion which accompanies each man throughout his life, always looking over his shoulder from behind and thus visible only to those he encounters.”<sup>105</sup> Self-knowledge is possible but necessarily indirect, as our *daimōn* reveals itself in our beings and doings through “flashes of the spirit.”<sup>106</sup>

Calling is the finding of this kindred spirit, a conviction that in you something in the world can become what it needs to be, and that in this worldly practice you can become what you need to be. The dialectical revelation of this Janus-faced good, drawing self from world and world from self, is not a preparatory step but itself the life of practice. Thus, we can see the first and third vocational tasks—finding one’s calling and understanding the ethical geography in and around one’s work—as necessary but insufficient conditions for this fifth task. You must have some self-understanding and some sense of the range of human projects to see how a vocation might express your talents and ambitions. But this refers to your current self. You will hope to grow and change in light of the work. You need to have some sense of the goods that animate your practice to know why they matter in themselves and in relation to other social desiderata. But the ethical terrain of the work will open to you only over time. Work practices thus require a kind of bootstrapping: we must invest to gain entry, but it is only through

deeper entry that you can understand what that investment entails. However, as Talbot Brewer points out, save for purely instrumental pursuits, all activities have this sort of dialectical structure.<sup>107</sup>

There is a beautiful illustration of this dialectical process of humane vocational growth in John Berger's *A Fortunate Man*. Berger's subject is the career of a country doctor, Dr. John Sassall. From where we sit now, this might seem like an awkward illustration of the humanistic dimensions of vocational development. After all, the humanities are now typically understood precisely as the non-sciences, medicine is a quintessential STEM field, and medical education is sometimes faulted for producing technicians unable to see the person behind the disease. Before turning to Berger, then, it might be useful to set this alienation of medicine and the humanities in historical context.<sup>108</sup> Before the humanities remade themselves as areas of research in a new kind of university, not only were the boundaries among academic disciplines less rigid, but humanistic education was not contrasted with the vocational. Indeed, earlier modes of humanistic education, while certainly part of the tradition of liberal learning, were aimed at "the active man of affairs who retains a solid and lasting interest in the literary studies of his youth."<sup>109</sup> Early humanist educators hoped to foster wisdom, eloquence, and a learned grasp of Latin, but all of this was framed as a practical education, whether the pupil went on to be an orator or a courtier, a diplomat or a general, a priest or a personal secretary, a lawyer or a court physician.<sup>110</sup>

In fact, the histories of humanism and medicine are closely intertwined from the trio of great medieval physician philosophers—Ibn Sina (Avicenna), Ibn Rushd (Averroes), and Moses ben Maimon (Maimonides)—through Renaissance medical humanists such as Linacre, Paracelsus, Vesalius, and Browne. Rabelais was a doctor. Both Schiller and Keats also had medical training and careers, if short-lived. Freud, of course, began as a neurologist. And the tradition of the writer-physician continues through such figures as William Carlos Williams and Walker Percy, whose contrasting views on their double calling are instructive. Williams recalls that medicine was the "very food and drink, the very thing which made it possible for [him] to write."<sup>111</sup> Percy also drew inspiration from his medical practice, noting that "the first intellectual discovery of [his] life was the beauty of the scientific method."<sup>112</sup> For Percy, though, a tension began to emerge: "an extraordinary paradox . . . that the more science progressed and even as it benefited man, the less it said about what it is like to be a man living in the world."<sup>113</sup>

By contrast, Williams continued to see a deep resonance between medicine and the humanities:

Was I not interested in man? There the thing was right in front of me. I could touch it, smell it. It was myself, naked, just as it was, without a lie telling itself to me in its own terms.<sup>114</sup>

As a physician-humanist, Williams ponders the human condition from no lofty vantage. He is in it, knee-deep: no more willing or able to deny our animality, our frailty, and our dependence than he is our personhood and our striving to lead lives of meaning and purpose. Thus, a humane doctor rejects both airy idealism and cynical materialism. Nakedness here is contrasted not with being clothed but with being cloaked. What Williams expresses is the ability to extend our awareness and our sympathy to the human-all-too-human aspects of human existence, to perceive our nature and condition unobscured by wishes and fears. At the same time, Williams's metaphor of nakedness is potentially misleading, as if letting reality speak in its own terms were as simple as disrobing it or, worse, as if language, culture, and history were but coverings, disguising a more basic, physical truth about who we are.

It is, by contrast, one of the many virtues of Berger's account that it reveals precisely the arduous, dialectical nature of self-knowledge and vocational growth. *A Fortunate Man* retraces the career of physician-humanist Dr. John Sassall, an English country doctor who embraced in a new and remarkable way a role his own times were making obsolete. In Berger's spare, haiku-like prose ("and on the block of butter small grains of toast from the last impatient knife"), complemented by the equally quiet and observant photographs of Jean Mohr, we enter the Forest of Dean, meet its people, and observe Sassall at work, from house calls to receiving patients in his rural surgery.<sup>115</sup> If the book gives us access to Sassall's inner life, his practice, and the lives of his patients, its true subject is Sassall's own increasing access to a wider world, revealed through the interplay of these three registers.

The book begins with an accident and an amputation, a vivid demonstration of Sassall's competence in crisis. When Sassall began his work, having chosen a remote country practice after serving as a navy surgeon, he had "no patience for anything except emergencies and serious illness."<sup>116</sup> He had a heroic understanding of his vocation as the stoic, resourceful, master

clinician who performs under pressure, a view his rural practice made it easy to live out:

He was always overworked and proud of it. Most of the time he was out on calls—often having to make his way over fields, carrying his black boxes of instruments and drugs, along forest paths. In the winter he had to dig his way through the snow. Along with his instruments he carried a blow lamp for thawing out pipes.

He was scarcely ever in his surgery. He imagined himself as a sort of one man hospital. He performed appendix and hernia operations on kitchen tables. He delivered babies in caravans. It would almost be true to say that he sought out accidents.<sup>117</sup>

However, Sassall began to realize that while “emergencies always present themselves as *faits accomplis*,” it is mainly our ignorance of the lead-up that makes situations emergent. Over time, he was struck less by his skill in coping and more by his blindness in anticipation. As different emergencies called him back to the same cottage over a period of years, a kind of gestalt-switch occurred.<sup>118</sup> The emergencies receded and the connective tissue of those events—the lives being led in that cottage—snapped to the foreground. Taking a medical history was one thing; actually understanding the unfolding stories of his patients’ lives another.

What is puzzling about this is that Sassall would already seem to be in the perfect position to achieve such understanding. Who better than a country doctor, living among his patients and trusted with intimate details, to understand their lives? But this is not how experience works, through an accumulation of details, as if proximity plus duration equals understanding. Sassall did decide to split his practice in half so that he could spend more time listening to his patients, but listening and hearing, looking and seeing, are not the same thing.<sup>119</sup> The richness of our commerce with the world is limited by our imagination, by what we know how to notice and the questions we know how to ask. But what shapes our imaginations? According to Dewey, it is precisely our practical-intellectual activities, our humane callings, that promise “to enlarge the imaginative vision of life.”<sup>120</sup> This suggests a paradox for Sassall: to heal he must grow and to grow he must heal. If experience is full of such circles, not all of them are vicious. Sassall is caught in the same circle in which we all find ourselves, the hermeneutic circle.

“A picture holds us captive,” Wittgenstein famously observed.<sup>121</sup> What appears to us as a feature of the world often proves upon reflection to be



a part of our linguistic-conceptual structures for apprehending the world. This accords with the point stressed by both Dewey and Gadamer, that true experience takes the form of disconfirmation.<sup>122</sup> We have always already grasped the world with specific modes of apprehension and what registers is that which challenges these pre-judgments. True experience takes the form of insight, which always entails a double recognition: we register both the overlooked and the overlooking, both that a feature of the world had escaped us and that we have escaped our faulty former understanding.

Why, then, is insight difficult, even painful? After all, escape from a captor sounds simply like relief. Here is where Gadamer might help us extend and revise Wittgenstein's adage (lest we be held captive by Wittgenstein's picture of our picturing!), trading in its passive voice for an active construction. We are the captors. We cling to the pictures that enable us to hold the world captive, to subdue the blooming, buzzing confusion of an uninterpreted world. Letting go is not easy, a fact even Gadamer struggles to calibrate between his somewhat mild description "pulled-up short" and his Aeschylean evocation of insight as fundamentally tragic.<sup>123</sup> Perhaps we could simply say that real insight requires nothing more and nothing less than getting over ourselves.

Consider, in this light, Berger's description of the picture that held Sassall captive:

He dealt only with crises in which he was the central character: or, to put it another way, in which the patient was simplified by the degree of his physical dependence on the doctor. He was also simplified himself, because the chosen pace of his life made it impossible and unnecessary for him to examine his own motives.<sup>124</sup>

For a time, this circle was vicious enough as each component found confirmation in the others. To the heroic doctor, medicine appears as crisis control; in such a practice, patients present as emergencies; in a life structured as a series of emergencies, Sassall strikes himself as heroic. But then something opened up in him and the circle of experience began to spiral outward. Sassall was pulled up short by the aspects of his patients' lives that thwarted his expectations:

He began to notice how people developed. A girl whom three years before he had treated for measles got married and came to him for her first confinement. A man who had never been ill shot his brains out.<sup>125</sup>

Sassall came to feel that a doctor does not have the luxury to consign whole portions of the human drama to the lazy category of the unimaginable. He began to look at his own need to construe medicine as “only fights within the jaws of death.”<sup>126</sup> He began to realize, Berger writes, “that imagination had to be lived with on every level: his own imagination first—because otherwise this could distort his observation—and then the imagination of his patients.”<sup>127</sup>

A moment ago, I called this process “getting over oneself,” noting the inevitable pain involved in letting go of one’s crutches and vanities. And the process was painful for Sassall. But it was also soul-expanding. Berger captures both the price and reward of self-knowledge. Having set himself the task of situating his treatment in an understanding of the patient as a “total personality,” Sassall was forced to confront how little he knew even about his own totality. As he started to make more time to listen to his patients, he also opened up space to listen to himself. This cost Sassall, as he began to suffer bouts of depression. The reward was progress in what Freud called *Nacherziehung* or “after education.”<sup>128</sup> Though we have pegged liberal learning to the years from age eighteen to twenty-two, perhaps liberal learning only truly begins in an Augustinian moment. Sassall had reached the point, like Augustine before him, when he could declare, “I have become a question to myself.”<sup>129</sup> Against the lazy contrast between the liberal and vocational, we see here vocational experience as itself a process of liberal learning. While Sassall continued to devour the medical journals as they appeared, he also began reading more widely, reflecting on existence and mortality, poverty and community, psychology and culture. New ideas opened new conversations with his patients, which in turn led him to new questions. As the circle of Sassall’s experience grew, it became impossible to say whether he healed himself to heal others or healed others to heal himself.

To capture the dialectical nature of this vocational *Bildung*, this process at once painful and soul-expanding, Berger offers a perfect passage from Goethe:

Man knows himself only inasmuch as he knows the world. He knows the world only within himself, and he is aware of himself only within the world. Each new object, truly recognized, opens up a new organ within ourselves.<sup>130</sup>

Figures like Sassall exemplify a rare form of humane understanding, hard won in the circuits between self and other. What Berger shows is not

only that the full enactment of vocation depends on the humane quest for self-understanding, but that practice itself is fertile soil for one's ongoing humane education. And the example of Sassall lifts us clear of tired debates over whether to fund STEM or the humanities, whether higher education is about practicality or culture, whether we should prioritize career readiness or critical thinking and civic participation. The goal in Sassall's case was no more and no less than practicing medicine in its integrity by learning to see clearly the world inside and around him. To achieve this required an education encompassing both gall bladders and great books.

Thus, with the help of Goethe and Gadamer, Dewey and Berger, we see how life is lived in circles. Tragically, our orbits may be fixed or even grow narrower over time. But it is also possible for experience to spiral outward, opening onto greater contact with the world in its complexity. Some vocations are paid and some unpaid; some deemed "trades" and others "professions." But all vocations are structures of expectation that organize significant worlds. Whether such a world will be narrow or wide, self-reinforcing or full of Rilkean "incitements to ripen," depends on how one enacts one's vocation. The story of John Sassall is the story of two enactments of what is ostensibly one and the same calling. Sassall begins his career as a country doctor, only to discover that he did not yet know either how to live among his patients or how to truly heal. He was trained as a doctor. He set up shop in the country. But he still needed to learn how to become a *country doctor*. What enables one to enact vocation as an ongoing formative process? If vocations are modes of mindedness, how do we teach vocations as modes of open-mindedness?

"Open-mindedness," Jonathan Lear declares, "is the capacity to live non-defensively" with Socrates's famous query in the *Republic*, "the question of how one should live."<sup>131</sup> This connects with Dewey's concern that we pursue our various vocations without losing track of our dominant vocation of ongoing growth. These Socratic and Deweyan questions are closely interwoven: What am I achieving and becoming through this work? What is worthwhile to achieve and admirable to become? Is this practice worth putting at the center of my life? Am I leading a good life? How should one live? However, Lear adds an interesting wrinkle to this Socratic-Deweyan fabric. Notice that in his definition of open-mindedness, Lear stresses nondefensiveness. This is because keeping Socrates's question open is for us a source both of aliveness and of anxiety. Indeed, the anxiety can be

profound enough that we may accept, and even surreptitiously seek out, various forms of deadness as an acceptable price of quieting that anxiety. Instead of keeping the question open, we fall into various forms of “knowingness,” implicit social agreements to act as if certain significant, open questions have already been answered, or never need arise, or are embarrassingly sophomoric, irrelevant, or quaint. This insight sets Lear up to make a surprising claim about professions. Professions are themselves institutionalized forms of knowingness, “defensive structures” instilling deadness in the name of standards, methods, and other defining conventions.

To see Lear’s point, recall the conclusion of our discussion of MacIntyre and Walzer, that practicing with integrity requires that one keep alive the question, how do the goods animating my vocation relate to the aims of my local practice as institutionalized and socially situated? Or consider again the moral of Berger’s narrative: having amazed all around him with his resourcefulness, skill, and heroism, Sassall then had to confront the question, what does it mean to be a doctor? Lear’s point is that organizations like the American Medical Association were built for the express reason of ensuring that such questions do not arise. Their purpose is precisely to convince the public that a definitive answer to the question of what it means to be a doctor has already been found. In this way, Lear’s hunch about professions squares with Andrew Abbott’s classic sociological analysis of professionalization.<sup>132</sup> The discourse of professionalism exists to legitimize a certain approach to a field of practice, to grant exclusive jurisdiction to a certain community of practice, and to assure society at large that this community has the expertise and integrity to be trusted both to regulate its own training and certification and to monitor its own conduct. Each profession vouches to society not only that it has answered the question of what it means to be an architect, doctor, engineer, lawyer, teacher, and the like, but also that it alone possesses such wisdom. To bring his point home, Lear riffs off of a famous remark by Freud, who referred to educating, governing, and healing as three “impossible professions.”<sup>133</sup> Freud was not suggesting that we throw up our hands in despair, but simply recommending—in light of the dark undercurrents and self-defeating strategies he had discovered in his patients—that we adopt a deeply humble, even tragic, stance in such human-all-too-human practices. Such humility flies in the face of a certain kind of technocratic confidence characteristic of professions: we understand the problems and have the tools to fix them. Lear expands Freud’s

list, citing philosophy as paradigmatic example of an impossible profession. Inspired by Socrates's question, Lear suggests, philosophy is precisely an eclectic set of traditions and practices devoted to disarming our defensiveness about the examined life. If we understand professions, by contrast, as elaborate structures to keep certain questions from arising, it becomes clear that the idea of "professional philosophy" is an absurdity, like a wooden house built to contain termites.<sup>134</sup> The American Philosophical Association, Lear boldly concludes, is built on an illusion, a fantasy, a wish.

While Lear may be right that philosophy has an especially close connection with the ideal of the examined life, what we have seen is that all vocations require self-examination, as every vocation potentially represents both a corkscrew for opening up self and world and a professional workshop on complacent nominalism (a doctor is someone with a current and valid medical license, and so on). When dealing with the latter, Lear prescribes a dose of irony, especially the Socratic and Kierkegaardian strain distilled in questions of the form, "Among all doctors, is there a doctor?"<sup>135</sup> Complacency interrupted, one is again forced to face Socrates' persistent question, What is X? What is courage, beauty, health, justice, knowledge, learning, piety, and so on? What does it mean to try to respect and realize these goods in the world? What does it mean to be a soldier, artist, doctor, lawyer, scholar, teacher, or religious leader?

In order to stay in touch with his "dominant vocation," Sassall had to learn to live nondefensively with the questions, "What does it mean to be a doctor?" "How do I grow into and through this role?" At stake was not only the welfare of his patients but also his own aliveness. For humans are creatures for whom becoming is part of their being, and he not busy being born, is dying busily.

With this, we have established the necessity of the third neglected task of vocational formation. What is the role of humane learning in this dimension of vocational enactment? Here we want to avoid lapsing back into the preparation model. This spiraling movement of vocational experience is itself a profound classroom, itself a humane education. That said, it is worth asking how a humane collegiate education could help prepare students to enter and navigate these dialectics of vocational growth. Some of prior points about the humanities still apply. The humanities are rich in resources for ripening that Augustinian moment when one becomes a question to oneself, replete with models of self-encounter and narratives of self-overcoming (such as Berger's, *A Fortunate Man*). Meanwhile, the hermeneutic practices at the

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# Undeclared

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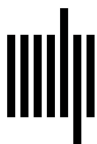
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