

interaction takes place, but is this enough? *communicate?*

Jean: Well, I know my kids know twice as much about the world at the age of 12 as I did, but how practical is that?

Alan: Maybe they can make the decisions of their lives with more accurate information than you had when you made the decisions. Perhaps a little freer from the prejudices a lack of information creates. But the point is that this new form of education came from people at universities and in research classes looking at old ways and improving on them. When the school kids of today hit university, they will take over where the most forward-looking thinkers of today left off.

Jean: Okay. If that continued you'd eventually educate more and more people and they might even vote for people who would change their laws. Then the police could help people who are sick instead of really only having the choice of locking them up or having a doctor or a court commit them to a mental institution. But what about the guy who would still go around exposing himself to little girls?

Alan: The only solution is to care. And to have trained psychologists and psychiatrists digging into every "criminal", helping each one personally, or at least finding out for sure what his problem was. Our present system is like locking someone up if he is seriously ill. It's up to luck whether he will get worse or improve. And most people support prisons because they don't think mental illness is as real as physical illness.

It's really sad that people are locked up in prisons in an effort to fit them back into society. Even a normal man would have enough trouble fitting back into society if he had been locked up for five years. But it's all so expensive. We've got to find out how far heredity goes, and how far environment goes. We've got to change the archaic systems that exist and—Oh damn it.

I wish I had an M.D. in genetics, Ph.D.'s in Psychology and Sociology, and a Doctor of Laws—and maybe some intelligence. Then I could feel I had the power to do something.

But chances are that any one person who went to university would have a hard time getting even one of those degrees, and when he's got it, he's so far into theories that he no longer has the raw experience of his subject that men like your husband have.

Then I noticed the man standing beside me. The building security guard. He's about 70. English. Quiet. He'd heard most of the conversation.

Guard: Well, these university students and professors are certainly different from my day—and that must be 50 years ago. Why, back then the professors all wore frock morning coats, and a radical was someone who dressed in tweeds.

But back then, university was a true privilege. It was a plateau above the rest of society. A university graduate was really somebody in society. Not like some of these scruffy little men we see around

here. You'd never tell 'em from an ordinary person from the way they dress or keep their hair.

Alan: They're not.

Guard: What?

Alan: They're people on a different road to finding the answer to the problems we all face.

Guard: Quite possible. But as I was saying, I had a very difficult time in university. I worked at night so I could put myself through in the daytime. Oh, but once I'd graduated, I wrote my ticket in the business world. I suppose it's still the same at university. It's still a pot of gold.

Alan: I hope not. I hope a lot of people who leave university never make a contribution to the business world. That's happened too often in the past, and look what we have to show for it. 300,000 Indians in poverty, not to mention the Negroes in the States, big executives dying regularly of heart attacks and ulcers, and divorces multiplying each year. We've all ignored the human sector too long, and worked to enlarge the business sector.

He smiles thinly. You can see him frame the words "Folly of Youth" in his mind. He's glad about his life in business.

But work is on again. During it, I couldn't help thinking he was wrong, and yet he had as much right to think his thoughts as I had to think mine. This is a democracy.

After work I was still thinking. I went and welcomed a friend home from Montreal. But he and his father were enrapt-

ured in a TV presentation of the Battle of Britain, and they were both speechless with the raw beauty they saw in the Spitfires shooting down swastika after swastika. I didn't say much. I left a few minutes later. I was very confused.

How does it all work? Society, that is. How can so many people pulling in so many directions live together? People who like war, even when they say they don't. People who step on as many toes as necessary to make their millions. People who get their degrees, and spend long hours in labs trying to find the answers. People who drink. People who commit what society calls crimes. How do they all work together?

I guess they really don't. Workers work, students study, and it seems that for some reason neither group considers the other its equal. But how can you vote for a humanitarian party when no one will buy your grain and you're starving? Why would you care whether some guy is sentenced to life imprisonment if your business is crumbling, or that final exam is coming up fast?

How can you think about your fellow man in addition to all your problems?

That's the problem everyone shares. And it haunts the gleaming office towers as much as it haunts the classrooms of the universities.

Each generation must become more concerned with the problem and only communication will help.

That night with Jean was communication.



THE STUDENT FACES TODAY'S SOCIETY AND "THE REAL WORLD"

. . . where workers work, students study and never the twain shall meet