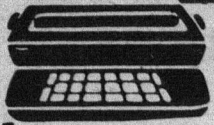


The Gateway speaker series in Room 282 SUB.

Robert Sheppard
Edmonton correspondent
Globe and Mail
Thursday, March 22

William Thorsell
Assistant editor
Edmonton Journal
Thursday, April 5

Drop by our offices, Rm. 282 SUB, at 4:00 PM for these speakers.



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The scholarship, in the amount of \$1,500 is to be presented to a full-time student who has attended the University of Alberta for at least the two previous years. The basis for selection will be the student's contributions to campus life at the University of Alberta. The student must have a satisfactory academic standing and plan to continue studies at the University of Alberta.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from:

The University of Alberta
Alumni Affairs Office
430 Athabasca Hall
432-3224

**Application deadline date is March 30,
1984.**

U of A not worth my while

commentary by Jordan Peterson

As my time spent in these hallowed halls of learning draws finally and painfully to a close, I find my few hours of spare time dominated by thoughts that demand to be shared.

Was it worth it?

Was my time spent here spent better here than elsewhere? Did a university education do for me what it claimed to do?

Did it educate me? Will it provide me with a future?

Let me describe my experiences.

Scene, 1979: Fortunately I was luckier than most. I managed to spend two years at Grande Prairie Regional College. The quality of education I received there was incomparably superior to what passes for education here. My classes were small and personal (between ten and thirty people). The good professors, of which there were several, were well known by the students and were allowed to behave like human beings - to develop personal relationships with their students, to help individuals with particular problems, and to create and mark tests that actually tested what they were supposed to. In the two years I spent there, I took twenty-four one-semester equivalent courses in arts and sciences, and I could count the multiple choice tests I was forced to write on the fingers of one hand.

Besides all that, there were discussions in class, more often than not. More incredibly, the professors would occasionally allow credit for extra work and accomplishments. Some of them even allowed rewrites of essays and exams.

I was allowed to learn there, and more often than not guided in my quest. Those two years comprised the most satisfying intellectual experiences of my life. I learned more there in two years than I learned in grade school in twelve.

Scene, 1981: I arrived in Edmonton, naturally assuming that an establishment as grand as this one would offer all the opportunities available at GPRC, plus more. It offered more, alright: Classes packed beyond belief, squashing totally the possibility of discussion (a crucial part of the learning process; an all-encompassing bureaucracy seemingly designed to erect every possible stumbling block imaginable in the path of what is hypocritically called *higher learning*; multiple-choice tests, testing memorization and little else, most often designed and marked by semi-qualified teaching assistants; lousy profs protected by the system; good profs, desiring essays, papers, short answer tests (the only processes that test accurately and teach at the same time, which is after all the point) compelled by sheer numbers of students and lack of time to offer computer graded exams - opening the door for those capable of regurgitation and little else.

Virtually without exception, the multiple-choice exams I have written have dealt with the most trivial information imaginable - the kind of information that any individual *truly interested* in learning abstracts and remembers and the kind the mark graspers memorizes two days before the exam and forgets two minutes after. But did I learn? Only incidentally.

If the problem was approached properly, one could enter this madhouse with a 65 per cent average, read fifty introductory texts and ten novels (and read them poorly, at that - since any moron can get a four out of nine with a minimum of work and sporadic attendance) and exit with a degree in say, Arts, having written maybe six 750 word papers (in English) and never facing a *single* classic text, or experiencing one real-life situation. Bang! - out into society, clasp in sweaty palms a piece of paper that at one time represented an accomplishment worthy of respect. It is a ridiculous situation. Sixty books - that's one and a half a month. It's barely worth consideration, much less a degree.

So much for the poor student. The good student, one would think, should *really* have it made, if the poor student can breeze through.

Unfortunately, nothing could be further from the truth. The damnable multiple-choice tests, precisely because they dwell to such a large degree on the trivial, take an equal amount of time for everyone to prepare for. One never has any idea what ridiculous questions, of miniscule importance, will be asked at any one time. Logically enough, the preparatory time for such exercises in futility cuts into any possible time that might be spent productively - *reading*, for example, or (dare I say it) *writing*.

Believe it or not, there are some of us out here who desire an education - for whom marks and a job are not everything. We're the ones who *deserve* to be in university. I'll tell anyone who will listen of the incredible frustration I have encountered (and I'm not alone) at being forced to occupy my valuable time with some banal triviality sheerly to keep my marks up. Not to learn, mind you, but to keep those multiple choice marks high. It's farcical, but if I wish to continue my education, it's vital.

Unbelievably, I read much more while out of university than while in, simply because of ridiculous time constraints. Unfortunately, neither this society or our university offers any possible formal recognition of self-education.

On the one hand, it seems, I can be educated. On the other, I can have a degree. It seems criminal that the two have to be mutually exclusive.

So, in answer to my original questions: No, this university did not educate me, did not offer what it claimed, and was not the institution in which I could pursue my education most profitably. I refuse to take the blame for that state of affairs either, because I tried. And that's unforgivable.

No doubt some of those reading this will feel I'm stating my arguments too radically. However, I defy anyone - Mr. Peter Lougheed or Dick Johnson, who were planning to turn this province into the "brain capital" of Canada, or Dr. Myer Horowitz, President, or any of the administration or faculty of this institution - to deny a single thing I have said, or to explain to me why underfunding, overcrowding, bureaucratization and multiple-choice testing have combined to severely damage the institution of higher learning in this province. I'd really appreciate an explanation.

EWING THE RIGHT CHOICE

PRE-ELECTION QUIZ

(Answers are provided to guarantee good grades)

1) If you would like reduced Students' Union fees, you would:

- Write a letter to the Gateway
(You will get friends, but no action)
- Withdraw from University
(You could save tuition also)
- Vote for Phil EWING
(Congratulations, you are off to a good start)

2) If you think the Executive is overpaid, you should:

- Tell them so
(We already did)
- Run for the position
(Why not, look at all the others that did)
- Vote for Phil EWING
(Right again, if elected I won't accept the increase)

3) If you would like to see more funding of advanced education:

- Donate some money to it
(Do you have a spare million or so?)
- Burn flags and placards on TV
(and have the public think we are radicals?)
- Vote for Phil EWING
(and get strong, respectable lobbying)

4) If you don't like the radical politics of the CFS you should:

- Phone the RCMP
(Isn't that a little radical?)
- Tell them to change
(Will they listen?)
- Vote for Phil EWING
(4 in a row, very good)

GET OUT AND VOTE FRIDAY MARCH 16

(This was not a question, so there won't be an answer down here!)