The Myth of Education or A Vision Under Glass

by Jay Sonley

Come with me, and hear a tale of long, long ago, and of the very near present, and unfortunately of the future as well. Listen as I relate a tale, a legend, a myth indeed, 'The Myth of Education'.

'Education was a man, who lived in the remotest past. He was once a very great man, but he succumbed to the pressures of his desires. Standing as he did, head and shoulders above the multitude, he could see a great way off, and being of a somewhat loquacious nature, he would relate to those of shorter stature, what it was that he saw. One day, during one of the informal discussions he was wont to carry on with his friends and neighbours, it occurred to him that it might be a very good idea if he were to impose a more formal structure on these sessions and that they should meet at regular times and talk for specific hours throughout the week. He concluded that he would teach them.'

'Accordingly, he called together the people of the area, and informed them of his decision and at what hour they should meet at his house on the next day. Everyone was very pleased, and very excited, and all agreed to meet at the specified time on the morrow.'

'Education awaited with great impatience and anticipation, the advent of his first class, and spent many hours in preparing himself, and he decided that they should talk about the relationship between people and the tremendous advantages and pleasures to be gained from such relation-



NOT JUST THE DONS

Dear Sir:

I feel that I must write an answer to Mr. Belanger's letter of November 24, concerning the residence council.

concerning the residence council. I would mainly like to remind Mr. Belanger that when the proposed amendment to the Residence Council constitution was presented for the vote, not only the dons voted against it. Four of the six voting house presidents also decided that the proposal was not worthwhile.

Mr. Belanger may feel ineffective on Residence Council. I do not. Nor, I assume, do the other three house presidents that voted the same way I did--against a motion that would only serve to further separate the house committees and their dons.

There are many other comments that I could make, but Mr. Belanger heard them at Residence Council. I just wished to remind him that the situation is NOT one of administration against students, and I also wish to make this clear to the other Founders Students.

Susan Smily F III President, C House. ships. He decided that this would be a good topic of discussion to start his experiment with, because they had already enjoyed many fruitful and interesting dialogues on the subject. It was something with which they were all familiar, and somethin on which everyone had an opinion. It would permit each person to get the 'feel' of what he was trying to do, and help them to work their way into the spirit of the thing.' 'In the morning he awoke with an

even greater feeling of expectancy and he was utterly surprised when his nearest neighbour sent his son over to apologize for his absence from the meeting that afternoon. The son explained that his father had, in his tossing and turning of the night, thrown off his bedclothes, and as a result had taken a slight chill, nothing serious mind you, but still it would be better for him not to risk going outside today. Education was very disappointed to hear that this man, who was one of the most intelligent men in the district and one on whom he had counted a great deal to help lead the discussion, would not be there. But he comforted himself that there were many other people who were going to attend, and the attendance of one man more or less would not matter."

'At last the hour arrived, and the people had assembled, although there were not nearly as many present as had been invited, and some had not even had the courtesy to send their regrets and their reasons for not being present.'

'Education stepped to the front of the assemble and was suddenly greeted with thunderous silence. He cleared his throat and essayed to begin, 'Friends and neighbours, I have called you together this afternoon, that we may begin a new and different method of learning. I thought that we might begin with a consideration of the effect upon us that exists because of our relationship with other people. I have several ideas that you might find quite interesting.'

'At this point, he could proceed no further, for one man jumped up immediately and cried, I don't agree that this is the proper place to start our discussion. I want to talk about the new economic policies our government has just passed into law. I think that is a much more vital and interesting topic to discuss, because it is something which is affecting us right now, and is something with which we must deal immediately.'

'Here another person started to his feet and said, 'I agree that Education is starting the discussion in the wrong manner, but I think we should rather discuss why we are here in the first place. As a philosophic question, that is the first thing that we must answer.'

'Now everyone in the assembly began to talk, all at once. Some wanted to discuss one thing, some another. One group decided they wanted to discuss the economic question, and moved over to a corner by themselves, and talked very loud and very fast. The clamor and the confusion was terrible to behold. Three of four people sneaked out of the back door.'

'Poor Education. He was completely distraught. First he went to one group, then remonstrated with another, Then he tried to get a few of the leading citizens to listen to him. Not one of them would. Finally he stood on a chair and screamed at the top of his lungs. Gradually the din began to subside, as first one person stopped talking, then another. At last all were silent.'

'Then Education said, 'Listen to me, my friends. It does not matter where we start, that is immaterial to our purposes. What is important is that we do start. Let us then go back to the beginning and consider the relationship that may exist between individuals.'

'Education went back to the front of the room and he looked out on the people. And he saw that some were intently gazing out of the window. Others were looking at the floor or at their fingernails. One person was reading a newspaper, another stifled a yawn; one was staring at the legs of a shapely girl seated four chairs ahead of him. Some people, this time left by the side window. Only one person was paying any attention to him, and she was sitting expectantly with pen in hand waiting to copy down anything he said.'

waiting to copy down anything he said.' 'Suddenly Education was very angry. He said, 'Oh how stupid I have been! What I have tried to do today shall go down in history as the must ludierous event in our annals. My process of learning shall be called Education's folly, it shall be known as the educatory process. I see now that this process is very like the process of shitting. The pleasure to be derived is in direct proportion to the turd emitted. Today I have emitted a large turd. In fact so large that there may be no crap left in my brain and I will become real and genuine. Now I see the folly of academics and scholarship. We have forgotten that our words only point at our meaning. They are not the meaning. Today we have tried to study words. Herein lies the demise of academics.

'Education thought for a time, and then cried out, 'How stupid is my folly, that I should attempt to teach. I am as a false prism that breaks the true light into false parts and distributes it into small proportions, to people who find none of it palatable. Indeed my folly is great!'

'Again he was silent, and then he spoke in a voice deep and low, rising out of the very bowels of his soul, and looking at the class with glazed eyes, he said, 'You are masturbating on the altar of Knowledge. You do not Know, even as you pretend to. Go in your separate ways. for separate you shall always remain.' 'Then Education laughed a long and hi-

Then Education laughed a long and hideous laugh. There was nothing else that he could do.'

TRULY: THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND A MADMAN, EX-CEPT THAT I AM NOT MAD. (from Salvador Dali)

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