

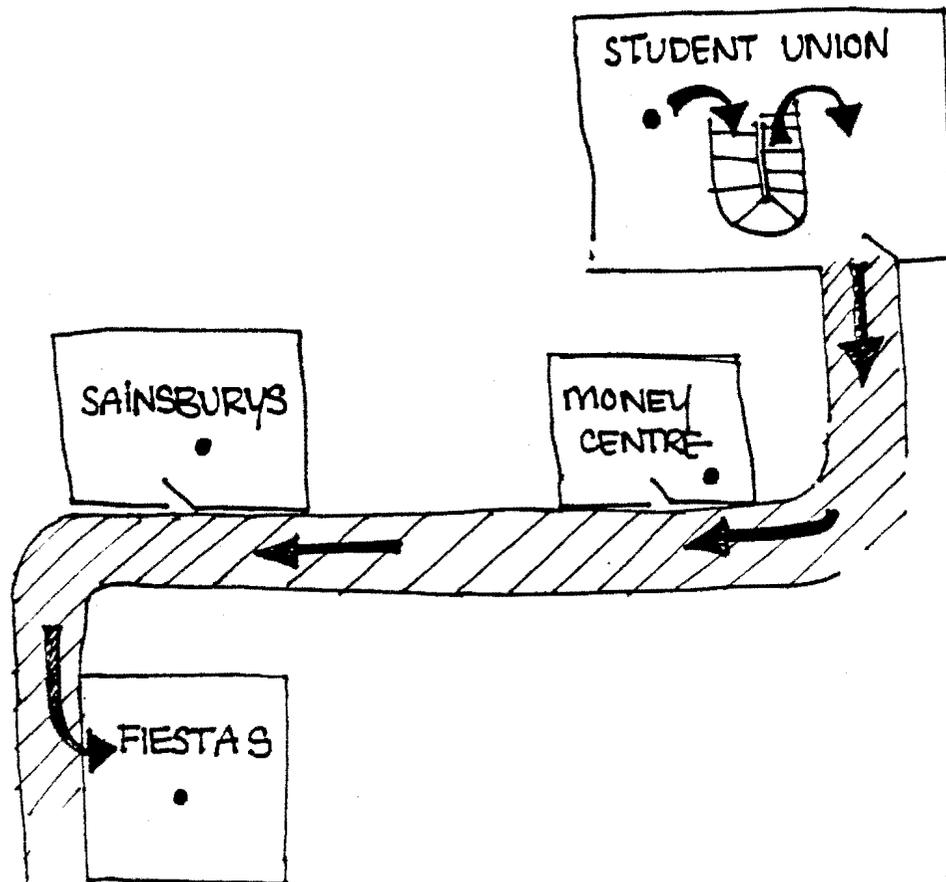
Why?

For a better life? No.

Perhaps the best form of Education is self-education. The things you teach yourself and you pick up through your own experiences. To be put through a formal system and told how things are instead of finding out for yourself is false, it does not touch on reality. Living in such a rarified atmosphere, self-development is stifled and hampered. The person you may have once become, had you taken a different route, and the person you are now after going to college, certainly vary tremendously.

Some tell me I did the right thing. Get out of the work system, go to college, learn, increase and enhance your character, fine and dandy.

No-one ever tells me not to go to college. I find the truth starkly different. The Polytechnic system, especially Plymouth Polytechnic (for it doesn't possess an altogether brilliant reputation for creating scholars and geniuses), seems to be a method of escape, a method of hiding from life and reality. If you haven't developed enough character to stand out on your own before you come to a place like this, then you can despair for your future. Students are much like sheep. On Thursday night, they all shower, put on nice clothes and go to the Union. Some drink snakebite and black, some drink bitter, some drink orange juice because they are concerned for their health and have decided to take up rugby or hockey or windsurfing. Fairly soon all the students start to get drunk. Some sing, some shout, some stand on tables, and some stand in circles with their trousers round their ankles, singing and pouring beer over their heads, because that's what people who play rugby like to do. Then the magic hour arrives - 10-11 o'clock. Soon the Union will close and the student will have to go somewhere else. They leave en masse as one, a huge, sweaty mass of drunken flesh, all lusting for more drink and experiences with the opposite sex. They all gather at the bottom of the Union stairs, tightly packed in a crowd, and when there are enough of them, they suddenly move and rush down the yellow brick road to Fiesta's night club.



Seemingly thousands of them. All with the same thought in their one functioning brain cell. "Got to get to Fiesta's." Sometimes on this golden road, you can almost see a figure in a hat with a feather in it, playing a pipe and leading the children away in a dance, just like he did for the rats.

Once inside, you're safe. The noise is too loud, so you can't talk and reveal how shallow you might be. Alcohol is in abundance and it doesn't matter if you can't dance very well, as the floor is so tightly packed that individual movement is impossible. Eyes are everywhere. Some stare right into yours, some smile and twinkle, then look away and wait for you to do something, some flick over and past you as if you weren't there. Some want love, some want sex, some want to fight, and some wait to be told what they want. Seldom can you provide any of these things. Norman Mailer said, what man thinks about most is getting a nice piece of ass.

That's what the students come to Fiesta's for, to think about it. Once they've done that, they can go home alone and reflect on it, and then fall into a drunken slumber. Next week, they will go out and think about it again.

The only way out of this situation is to try and dominate it. Your education, if properly handled and worked at, can be a tool to get you into contact with more interesting people. It can also get you money, but that is not important.

But it is easy to fall into a trap; you may turn into a stupid, insignificant little person, leave college, go through life and die the same.

God, I despair for you if you do.