



Missing Arrangement

by Jari Allen

There was once upon a time a missing arrangement. This arrangement was quite an obsolete agreement between people, and persons-of-very-few-years.

The missing arrangement was called education. The persons-of-very-few-years were called children.

The arrangement got lost one day when people decided to select a certain few from among their almost anonymous selves and to expect those few persons to educate the persons-of-very-few-years.

This is a story about the missing arrangement.

And education was sent packing when we made that messy agreement that only some of us are educators. Lost it. Let's find it.

There was once a time when flies didn't interest me much. Flies, houseflies especially, now receive much of my attention.

Flies are not all that interesting either, not nearly as interesting to me as they are to Pete. Pete is an entomologist. He speaks entomology and calls flies names you never even dreamed of.

Flies are mostly convincing. They convince us that we need quiet, that we are not so peaceful, that we can share space with anyone, no matter how little they ask, that no matter how neat a place may be, we demand privacy and freedom from general peskiness.

Flies are uninvited? No. Merely unresisted and unnecessary. They move quickly (ever try to catch one!) along paths of low resistance, and food is the prime mover.

This knowledge is not especially educational given that my house is full of flies. Education is the practical application of

manifest knowledge added to the awareness of myself as a being in the world.

The fly search took me from commune to library to commune to pasture to barn to kitchen to home-and-hearth and back again--once or twice around.

Right at this moment I am busy writing, but most certainly and surely I have learned.

I will resist flies in the future because I am unpeaceful as hell with constant buzzing around me when I am busy living in my house.

Making up this story and calling attention to myself are forms of education. You see the main thing about education is the practical application of manifest knowledge added to the awareness of myself as being in the world.

Now, this is how missing arrangements get missed. They go unnoticed.

Every so often we notice that something seems to be going on around us. Then we get turned on to the notion that it may mean something.

Once upon a time education was the elective process of chasing rainbows. That is to say, we chased the cause to the effect and back again and then we were satisfied. Perhaps on one of those round trips we made observations that were other than expected. Then we were renewed. Perhaps we made only the expected observations. Then we were abandoned to our own closed minds.

When we decided to select a few persons to act as educators to a great many other persons, we were trying to limit the number of trips - trips from any given observation to any given conclusion. And that we accomplished, but at such a cost.

What we have done and what we are doing is telling us that we are overlooking some basic educational principle. The principle is most likely an old one. The principle most likely lost is the principle of native intelligence. That is - one mind per person. That is - amount of information and quality of information are determined by the receptivity of any given intelligence.

You know what you know. You see what makes sense. You learn your own self, whatever it is that calls its attention to your own self.

Busy educating myself, and busy living.

Busy educating myself and seeing to the education of the children who live here also.

Hand Silkscreening
T-Shirts and Posters
Cash or trade
Special rates for fundraisers
Call Sue-Ryn 265-8379
after 5pm

Buy locally.
Support small farms.
Our organic soil is becoming rich with life. It grows nutritious food. No pesticides. No herbicides. No toxic genetic poisons. Small is beautiful.

WE SELL (or Trade) YEAR-ROUND:
Kidney beans, cranberries, pumpkins, parsnips, sugar beets, alfalfa sprouts, peaches, other things.

CANTON, N.Y. 12513
2 miles south of town on Russell Road
386-4852



COME AND VISIT
Connie Barr's

FOR GOOD FOOD, GOOD DRINKS, AND GOOD TALK
"where friends meet"

Miner Street, Canton

ROOTDRINKER
P.O. BOX 161
CANTON, N.Y. 13617

SUBSCRIBE NOW
\$3.50 per yea.
4 copies



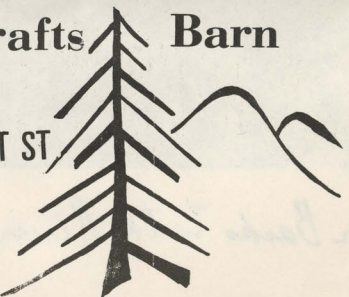
NAME (please print) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____
GIFT CARD TO READ _____

NAME (please print) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Local News As If People Mattered

The Crafts Barn

61 MARKET ST.
CORNER OF DEPOT ST.
POTSDAM



- BASKETS
- LEATHER
- BATIK
- WEAVING
- CANDLES
- DOLLS & TOYS
- POTTERY
- HAND KNITS
- QUILTS
- JEWELRY

315-265-9806

OPEN MON.-SAT. 10 - 5

Is a retail outlet and display center for handcrafts primarily made in Northern New York. It is run as a non-profit crafts co-op by the Northern Adirondack Arts and Crafts Guild, Inc. founded in 1970. We invite you to come and browse or see craftsmen at work.