

Why I Do Not Like Science

Paarth Singh



In the film, "Dead Poet's Society", Robin Williams said that there are two kinds of professions: one that sustains life and the other that shows the beauty of life. Science, I believe, belongs to the former category and I would like to be a part of the latter. However I am a part of the former since I am now studying commerce!

I decided to leave Science when I was sixteen years old. I am eighteen now, and had I to make the decision now, it would still be the same. In school, Science was like a buffet at a seven-star hotel. It all looks delicious but, when eaten, it turns out to be bland and tasteless. I would place the blame for this 'bad food' more on the cook than on the eater. Simply because, through this analogy, I want to express my opinion that science (in school) is not cooked well; it is thrown onto platters (books) and served to us - and we look at it with fascination, but when we study (eat) it, it is bland and tasteless.

These are the roots of my dislike for science. These roots have more to do with the way science is taught than with science itself.

At the high school level, Science is divided into Chemistry, Physics and Biology. The extraction of aluminum, the rectilinear propagation of light and the evolution of man just don't seem to arouse in me even a fraction of the exhilaration that the practitioners of these processes (and the discoverers of these phenomena) might have experienced. My obstinate inner self refuses to accept knowledge which I cannot feel. But then, apart from literature, I cannot feel history, geography or accounts too, and yet I don't seem to dislike these subjects as much. Why then the dislike for science?

The reason is simple. Science teaches us to create - which is why I respect it. But every time it fails me because I cannot *feel* it. And isn't it human to dislike something a lot more, if you first held it in high regard and it then fails you?

I know I am being unfair because I seem to be absolving myself of (at least some of) the blame. If I respect science so much, I must work to achieve what I expect from it, because I must serve the living with the (seemingly dead) science that I learn.

As I mentioned at the outset, I want to be part of a profession which shows the beauty of life. Science, unfortunately, does not serve me that purpose, because it is overly factual and devoid of multiple perceptions. [Except for when scientists collide over whether space is loopy or straight!]

I love literature. I love entrepreneurship. As a child, I had hoped to become a scientist and cure AIDS. Today, I hope to become an entrepreneur and employ (and give a living to) those who have AIDS.

Science is not bad; it is just not good enough.

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