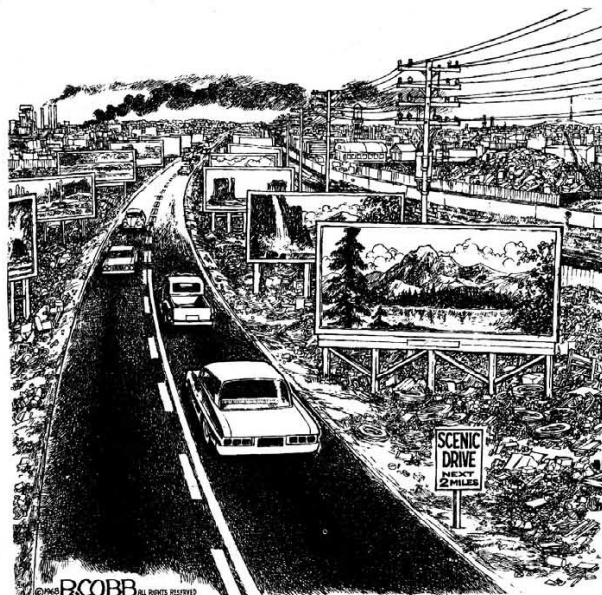


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platter for fear of what he can do to our souls.

And they hand our children new toys which they joyfully accept. The unassuming children who do not know how to play with the toys of destruction. So a game is discovered and the children are told to play for real. And a reality develops out of the fantasy of a child's playfulness. And the children play to the end.

Now we begin to buy and sell ourselves to a world which holds us prisoners. Our epitaphs are written by the roles we play. We are born to the world and the world decides our death. It may be a slow tortuous death or a sudden useless death. But we have no choice of which one to choose.

And the sound of music enters our bodies; an undefined sounding sound. We follow its rhythms in and out as it changes. It's a sound of happiness mixed with sorrow and all the chords echo and re-echo in our minds.

Raindrops fall uselessly on the ground, soaked up by the earth, put to use by the men of the man-made kingdom to satisfy their own needs. The rain is no longer free. But the rain retaliates and rises out of the ground and a fog blankets the earth. And we are blinded until the rage of the rain ceases and the sun brings back its warmth. The sun once again performs its task and pacifies us. We are thankful for this appeasement and deep within the sanctuary of our minds we know the sun will help us burn the filth we invariably cope with every day of our existence.

So over and over again we run through our lines. The knowledge which we've accumulated constitutes and defines our mistakes. And the vengeful whip of our character will soon overcome our feelings of repression and destitution. The calm before the storm's fury lies in our subconscious self. Inside, we know that the tide will rise and we will wash over the scum that corrodes the earth. The will of our existence and the will to survive keeps us going as it kept the history of freedom going. The man is slowly degenerating. He no longer feels the confidence and superiority that the mass had once attributed to him. The mountains of warmth are being beaten down by the sun, the sea, the wind and the freedom of the mind.

Soon there will be no more repression of emotions, no more threats to the being. The end of senseless discrimination, hate, corruption will be washed away. And the nakedness of freedom will inspire us never to be enslaved by the mass again. We will no longer wear the ugliness of masks. And we will no longer care about death for we will no longer be apprehensive about it nor its mysterious darkness.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK	
Baseball:	
Thurs.	at Southern Conn. 3 p.m.
Sat.	R.P.I. (2) 1 p.m.
Mon.	at Holy Cross 3 p.m.
Tennis	
Wed.	at Southern Conn. 3 p.m.
Sat.	at Clark 1 p.m.
Tues.	at Central Conn. 3 p.m.
Golf	
Fri.	Springfield and Clark 1:30 p.m.
Tues.	at Bridgeport 1 p.m.

