

road of increasing disorder, from entropy, from self-extinction; which now becomes apparent as a possible choice. So societies form, cultures evolve, laws are formed.

The species has entered the most crucial point of its existence, it is on the threshold of SELF-EVOLUTION. But just as a clock runs down and buildings decay, man too is subject to the easier tendency of running down. It's easier to fall than to get up, easier to walk than to run, easier not to think than to think, easier to destroy than to build up; easier for destructive thought than for constructive thought. That is because energy is constantly being subtracted from our every act. To destroy is to merely act in the direction of least energy expenditure. Instinct once prevented us from possibly complying with the easier way.

Now we find a new "mysterious" entity

among us. Some call it evil, some the DEVIL, some call it man's nature of character. Yet it is none of these. It is only indicative of the fact that man is ON HIS OWN. Now the instinctive purpose has been erased, as man must discover his CONSCIOUS PURPOSE. He is like an awkward baby trying to walk. He falls, he knocks things down, breaks them. Each and every act and thought, to continue along, the evolving trends of organic life, must expend extra energy to first overcome the tendency to fall, to drift to disorder. Man is now at the bottom level of his conscious evolution which can be pictured as an inverted funnel. At the lowest level, free will can choose a myriad of possibilities all around him. Yet only a few are constructive, negentropic, and lead him upward. The farther up he progresses, the

fewer possibilities are afforded him as the destructive possibilities become less and less viable to him. Finally, ultimately, he has entered the narrow tube of finality where only constructive possibilities exist and man transcends himself onto ... what? Some call this process "doing the will of God", others "achieving conscious purpose". Whatever, one can see what we fight, what drags man down, perverts his creation to destructive implements, contorts his face in hate, clenches his fists; why he strikes down his brother, his mother earth, and what settles him finally in his grave. It's his own limited perceptions, his still immature mind; as he staggers at the threshold, falters at the doorway to his rebirth. (I will discuss the implications of this theory as it warrents).

MICHEL T. KLEWIN

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ALTERNATIVE FEATURES SERVICE

from the Spoke

U.P.E.I. TODAY

Along the nice wide road
Which runs to Summerside
And halves Edward Capital
Rest the once St. Dunstan
walls
Whose brother was Prince
of Wales.

Stands still is Dalton home
Facing his neighbour main
Many years stood these homes
Without sound or movement
From where they stand
But now are scholars'
assembly
Whose stomach the Blackwalls
stand.

Boys who once were Dunstan's
Pupils are now teachers
But girls of Dunstan's
Days are now Madam' Jones
With baby boy' Jones
In different Jones homes
Others from ground they sprang
And to ground they returned
To heaven their souls returned.

Oh! Edward Scholars today
Eighty years hence our souls
Will rest in heavens
But Edward School here
Will await Christ from
heavens.

By- Joseph Ajayi King Fashagba