

A NEW DAILY SPliced INTERPRETATIONS OF THE WORLD

MONDAY

A loud sound is thrust into the air like the coughing groan of an old man waiting for his wife to bring him over another cough drop and dewdrop tea. He waits as the dead zone in the center of Kosovo's heart looks for an end to the death and betrayal. In this region living with teams of wild dogs and the fear of another attack of treachery arrive. The people huddle in the homes with no television reception and no hope for the phone to ring. Relatives in the west rack up credit card debt at Blockbuster Video stores while the dogs sniff over the wild bones of dead Russian writers crinkled with all the glory and disaster that could sell another million copies overnight. This, remember my friends, is the backdrop for our coming.

A sudden jolt of human flesh comes into the air as a man in a black beret appears in the rubble of the evacuated town of souls that used to hop with the fury of the 1930's in New York City. Now, the jazz is dead and the hope of another glassful of wine is dashed with the yellowed tablecloth that has been tossed out to the trash man as another lost Christmas gift. Though, the men in blue hoist their guns on the rooftops waiting for the innocence to transgress into another crime. He waits. Counting the condensed breath that seeps from his lips into the unusually cold air that leaves his mouth. Yes, he waits to mark the make as the houses stay silent in the militant regiments of another day where freedom was another word the west used as the President soon went before the House of Representative on the charge of plain perjury.

Ethnic Albanian's tired and toiled from the microscopic sight of the Serbs sniper give tepid looks at the charred buildings that huddle around like lost friends in the wrong gathering.

One faceless man mutters, "Even if they kill me, I still have my blood. If they don't kill me, I will hold tight the memory of my family that sits nearby in fear. The 72-year old man mutters this through old teeth that haven't seen the sight of a dentist for some time. All this while, talking to the reporter, he looks over at a police base where a tank barrel aims at the town.

Malisevo is a key strategic town in the Drenica region that is the heartland of Kosovo's former glory. This region, as of now while we type and talk, is the newest focal point of unsuccessful diplomacy to settle the never-ending conflict in the Serbian province.

Seen as the devil by a good portion of the world and comic strip by other comedians, the United Nations refugee agency says all this terror and hurt is just a symbol of feat among tens of thousands of displaced people. We continue to make haunting films in the United States about how the horrors of war that attacked the youth in year's before the baby boom was made to protect our freedom. These people crouch in fetal positions decades old waiting for the mercy of peace to merely offer a definition to what they desire the most. The tanks and militant dandies of a world that sees more violence than love on the media waves hover as a stake driving the fear like a misplaced Dracula tale.

There was hope in a month long peace accord that fell through like hot spaghetti thrown through a hula-hoop. The disagreements still stand unresolved as the carolers rise high with the minor C pitches into the air in other regions of the world that wait down the 10 days until Christmas comes.

One woman exclaims, "Who can be happy giving birth to a baby in the middle of a war without basic necessities?"

We ask you this now . . . With that broken nail, car in the shop, a hot shiver of air that isn't just right in that capitalistic marketplace of corporate America . . . if what you believe is important is where it's at. It doesn't hurt to question. It doesn't hurt to ask. Though, the war of a region most people know little about hurts people most deeply with fear we will likely never meet.

Meet this, now.

TUESDAY

They shoot out some news over the wire from Warsaw, Poland. Telling the world that they want a rebuttal against all the jokes and perpetual put downs of the centuries that have gone by. They want some redemption for the laughter that has been put to their failures they blame on the West in particular. Poland, along with other nameless nations that support their subjective cause, comes before the European Union to see if they can be accepted into the club. This way, they feel they can gain some retribution. The first thing

to take place. A strike on the polish sausage front. No more mustard to cut this deal that Americans crave so much on the pork front. "Fuck them for the jokes," they say. They'll pay for this one. The answer won't be a quick one. It will take some time. Bite those nails, boys. It's going to be some time. The main dilemma is that no one wants to splurge the money needed to expand Europe across former ideological and battle lines. In particular, the French want to hold the Polish back. Not because they would like America to suffer a blow from the loss of Polish sausages in the western world, they just hold their cheap stance. Another blow by the French, I say. The staunch European Union is holding firm for another 4-months on their decision to extend their membership from the Atlantic to the Ukraine. This has indeed made the Polish more than chapped. They see their acceptance as unity on the stolid front to chastise the laughter and anguish they have suffered over the centuries. Going to no court, for the case would hold no water, they want the Union to fully accept their plea. "Please, give us our outs to the ins!"

WEDNESDAY

You may presume that the following will be a great fiction. This will not be true. Because, this is true what I will say.

The leader, or more appropriately the most powerful man in the western world, waits on the red seat of impeachment by his fellow people. The likelihood of such actions, as the second President in the history of the United States, going down was imminent. Voices from the house and other shouts from the Congress we weave. Now, he comes back to his homeland fresh from days in Israel trying to ink a peace accord between the Israelis and Pakistanis. In that process, he grabbed a mock merger. As he is home, he decides he will bomb the shit out of Iraq to gain some time on the Impeachment gun. By doing this, he has set back the doomsday hand of time and inked another sad malady of media press towards his military action in Iraq. Is he the savior of his term or the militant dandy that could pull some votes and favoritism from the American people?

The whole damn issue is too funny for laughter to be called truth and much too sad for me to give any more thought to it that is needed in a brief talk. This is the country the world watches. This is the country within which I live. This and all the rest as the President ride the bullet and thousands of others right now and in the hours to come will bite the bombs. Death, aversion and the newest hardback book at the bookstore down the street. We live in this, the "Operation Fox Trot" and the other sorted pieces of the drama that has and will be laid before our eyes. Prostrate to life and living regardless of the other freedoms that are raped here and abroad. I still dig this country, but the shit need to be squelched. Not precisely for me, but for the widows and lost children of people that are dying in another continent now.

This is true, within which I type now. This is true before the blood shot eyes of the boys at the bar drinking their digs watching the green blobs move like 80's video game nostalgia on CNN and other networks. This is how it is advancing. This is where the digression will end.

THURSDAY

One would think that the Rain Forests are here to save the sanity of our oxygen intake and to restore the hope of stopping tractors ready to upend the green tops. It is now presumed that El Nino and their La Nina counterparts are failing to inhale carbon dioxide and replacing that chance with millions of tons of heat trapping gas adding to the global warming clause. This, coming from a rain forest in Brazil. Researchers are asking questions and the public is breathing like the last breaths are here to stay. They say under "normal" conditions that a rain forest acts as the lungs of the planet. With a plentiful harvest of a dense canopy of trees that reaches for many miles, releases oxygen and absorbs around 700 million tons of carbon dioxide a year. This, another incident of the Spanish counterparts that originates in L.A. Now people are scrambling without knowing theirs an issue to ponder.

Watch out Sting, you may have more work on your hands.

MONDAY

The wild west was another crazy part called on by the unsettled frontier when Col. Richard Gentry called together Columbia, Missouri's 14 leading male citizens on Aug. 24, 1833 to discuss who would receive the immaculate book. The education of their daughters would be at stake here. Little did they realize, their meeting would be the catalyst for a one time tradition of educating one woman who would make indelible marks on one person's history. This woman would be part of a distinguished group of more than 40,000 women who call themselves the one who "potentially planted the fabled book".

Once housed in a Presbyterian church building, this book was a testament of pure class. The subjects of this book ranged from English grammar, moral philosophy, algebra, and celestial geography among other subjects. In 1856, the Colonel hid supporting selection committee and that one woman would their decision on who to give this book to. Led by David H. Hickman, businessman, financier, and legislator, to convince this room of citizens that reshaping one's history into a full-scale event would be the best for all in the course that history was and will take itself.

A little more than a decade later, the decision was still pending. Then, James L. Stephens endowed this procrastinating and perplexed group of people with \$20,000 to come up with a decision. While the nationally known group in Columbia, Missouri contemplated their decision, the world waited.

Throughout this group's long history, a tradition of innovative talk evolved which changed a changing nation. Under the leadership of James Madison Wood from 1912 to 1947, the book evolved further into one of the first institutions to provide of its kind to specifically meet the needs of finding the right woman to plant the book and the right person to plant the book on. In 1920, Wood appointed Dr. Werrett Wallace Charters because of increased pressure that he couldn't land on the right decision. He assigned him the task of building "the strongest found in any institution in the world." Charters' efforts resulted in the development of a different kind of material for the book that would apply to a progressive society. New subjects included: social problems, philosophy of living, communications, physical health, mental health, and humanities. The humanities as a model for the bearer of the book. This was envisioned to help the individual embrace all the major fields including art, literature, music, sculpture and painting.

This group not only broke barriers in taking way too many years in making a relatively simple decision, but also set new limits for the roles of all procrastinators in society. In keeping step with the times, the group, in 1944, came to a decision in the matter. This cutting-edge program drove the awaiting public mad. The decision would be released because of the repercussions of this decision on the woman and the receiving end.

In 1970, the world was finally told who received that book. Thousands upon thousands received the book. It was decided back in 1944 that this book would be a textbook for the college classroom. Much to the protesting spirit of 1970, students and faculty alike began to revolt against the long decision they could believe turned into such a general story. Riots and a hurting nation endured for some time. Then, in 1993 the book was pulled and called a mistake that must "be forgotten by all."

A great deal of progress came with a great deal of pain. Although, one thing has remained the same – with any amount of money and press you can stretch a nothing story into something.