

Paint It Black

By Jim-beaux Lieyeah

Hello, Saturday, Nov.27, 1999. A month to go before we hit the new millennium and certainly lots to get through by then... if we get there. In line with the papers theme to produce an apocalypse issue, I have taken a new slant for my article. Thanks to Keith and Mick for getting me there...

*I see a red door and I want it painted black,
No colors anymore I want them to turn black*

I see the girls walk by dressed in their summer clothes

I have to turn my head until my darkness goes...

The red door I am looking at has already turned black. The governing Liberals hearts are as dark as Cape Breton coal and equally as environmentally friendly. But this should not be a concern for us. Why?? The course of history has seen many highly prominent sayers. Folks like Leonardo Da Vinci, Edgar Casey, and Nostradamus would be predicting football game outcomes on Sunday, if they lived today. These boys had an incredible capacity to call things deep into

the future. At the time, they tended to write more than speak because these type of things could get your head cut off. But the one thing these boys all agreed on was that there was gonna be some crazy stuff happening at the end of this millennium. What's crazy?? Try the apocalypse...

I see a line of cars and they're all painted black

With flowers and my love both never to come back

*I see people turn their heads and quickly look away
Like a new born baby it just happens everyday...*

Today, I saw a line of cars but it had more to do with a parade going through town than anything else. Usually, I'd be whipped into a minor frenzy at the complete incompetence by Charlottetown's "finest" in creating alternate traffic routes. But what is the point?? By the time anything can be done about it, I'll probably be dust. Why?? Recently, I

saw this crazy report on CNN. Talked about all the atomic missiles in Russia. Yeah, so?? Well, for those who can recall the days when Montreal born William Shatner commanded the Enterprise, they might be able to envision what the computer systems looked like on that bridge. Well this report showed me that the Russians could probably pick up a few tips from that, if they only had the Space channel. The scary thing about this is that the American army has all of these Y2K repair crews running around the Russian countryside trying to make these systems compliant. No small task but they are in a race with the clock, I expect them to lose...

I look inside myself and see my heart is black

*I see my red door and it has been painted black
Maybe then I'll fade away and not have to face the facts
It's not easy facin' up when your whole world is black...*

When I look inside

Jimbeaulieyeah, all I see are black lungs and burnt brain cells. But my self destructive nature is my choice. I recently got an excellent E-mail that I can relate to. Basically, it asked what would you do if somebody deposited \$86400 in your bank account at midnight, with the proviso that it had to be spent in 24 hours. My natural instinct was to go on a massive shopping spree and whatever was left would make for one entertaining evening at the Barn. Well when I scrolled down to see the rest of the message, basically it said that that is how many seconds there are in a day and to make the most out of them. I certainly can relate to this as I have an operating philosophy of "go hard or go home" (which has served me well)...

*No more will my green sea go turn a deeper blue
I could not foresee this happening to you
If I look hard enough into the settin' sun
My love will laugh with me before the mornin' comes...*

Well the sea just isn't the vibrant

ecological playground it once was. Pollution and depletion are probably the words we associate with it now. Our governing parties have always announced their initiatives with great fanfare. But their success at achieving these goals could probably be equated with some Panther teams on campus. The only difference is at least one of them is trying. And that is the important thing. If you do your best and don't achieve the desired result at least your conscience is put to rest. But when you start half miling it then blame can be found all around you. This seems to be the moderm operatus of most governments in power now...

*I see a red door and I want it painted black
No colours anymore I want them to turn black
I see the girls walk by dressed in their summer clothes
I have to turn my head until my darkness goes...*

Probably the only one to really grasp the destructive element of the nuclear era when it was discovered was Oppenheimer. He

had some serious reservations about what was going on. But when the military signs your checks and gives you a roof to live under, they are not too concerned about the long term prospects of your discovery. Well, we've reached the long term now. The Y2K bug we've heard so much about doesn't seem to concern us right now as much as work, Xmas, and how we'll usher in the New Millennium. But come 12:01, Jan.1, I expect we'll be in for quite the surprise. Like a jack in the box or a fortune cookie we eagerly anticipate what comes out. Hopefully, Jan.1 will be as disappointing as those are...

*I wanna see it painted, painted black
Black as night, black as coal
I wanna see the sun blotted out from the sky
I wanna see it painted, painted, painted black
(printed without permission from The Rolling Stones)*

As for myself I have been painfully

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