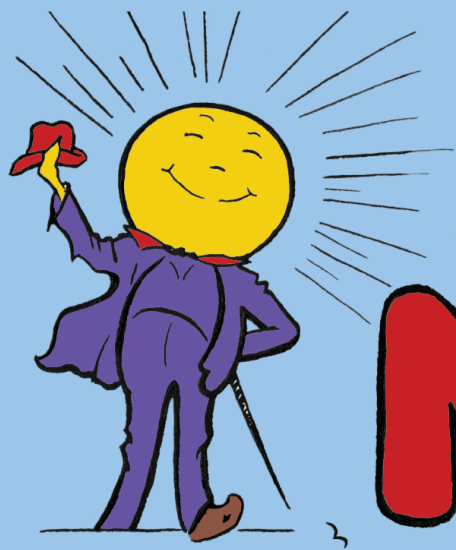


"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



GOOD MORNING

the #radicalizepeace number

January 1st 2016

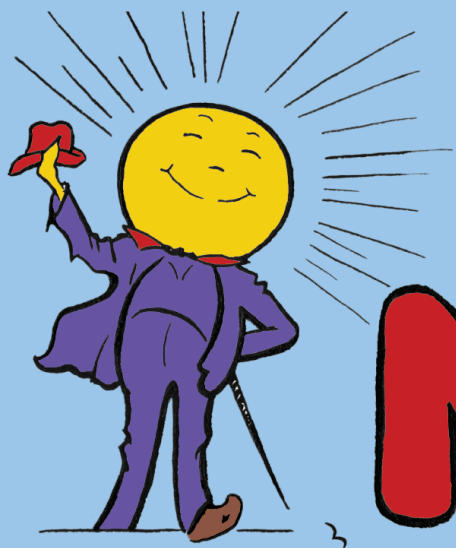
Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 No. 2



A Bomb of Current Events Meets Scissors From the Desk of Good Morning

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



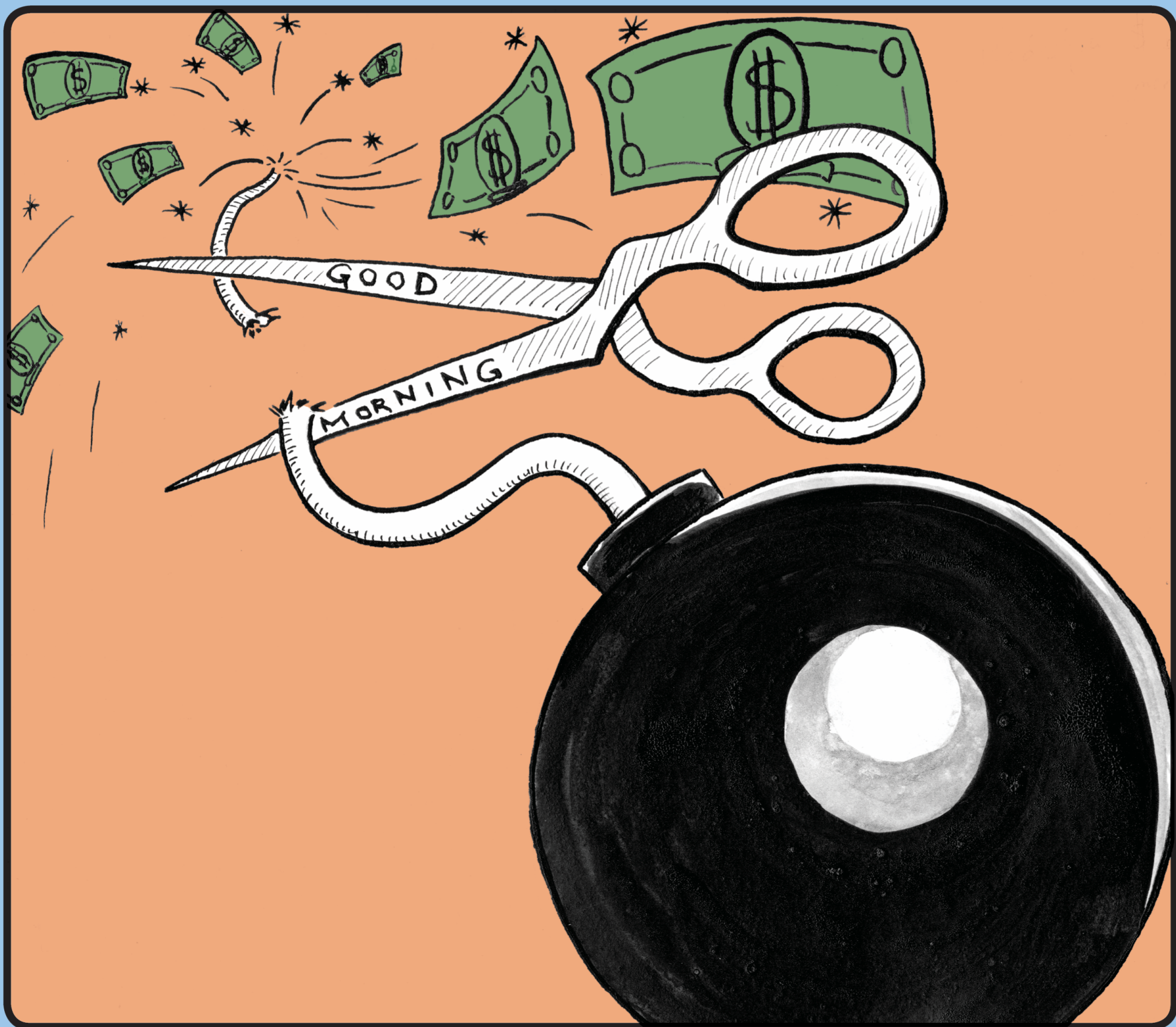
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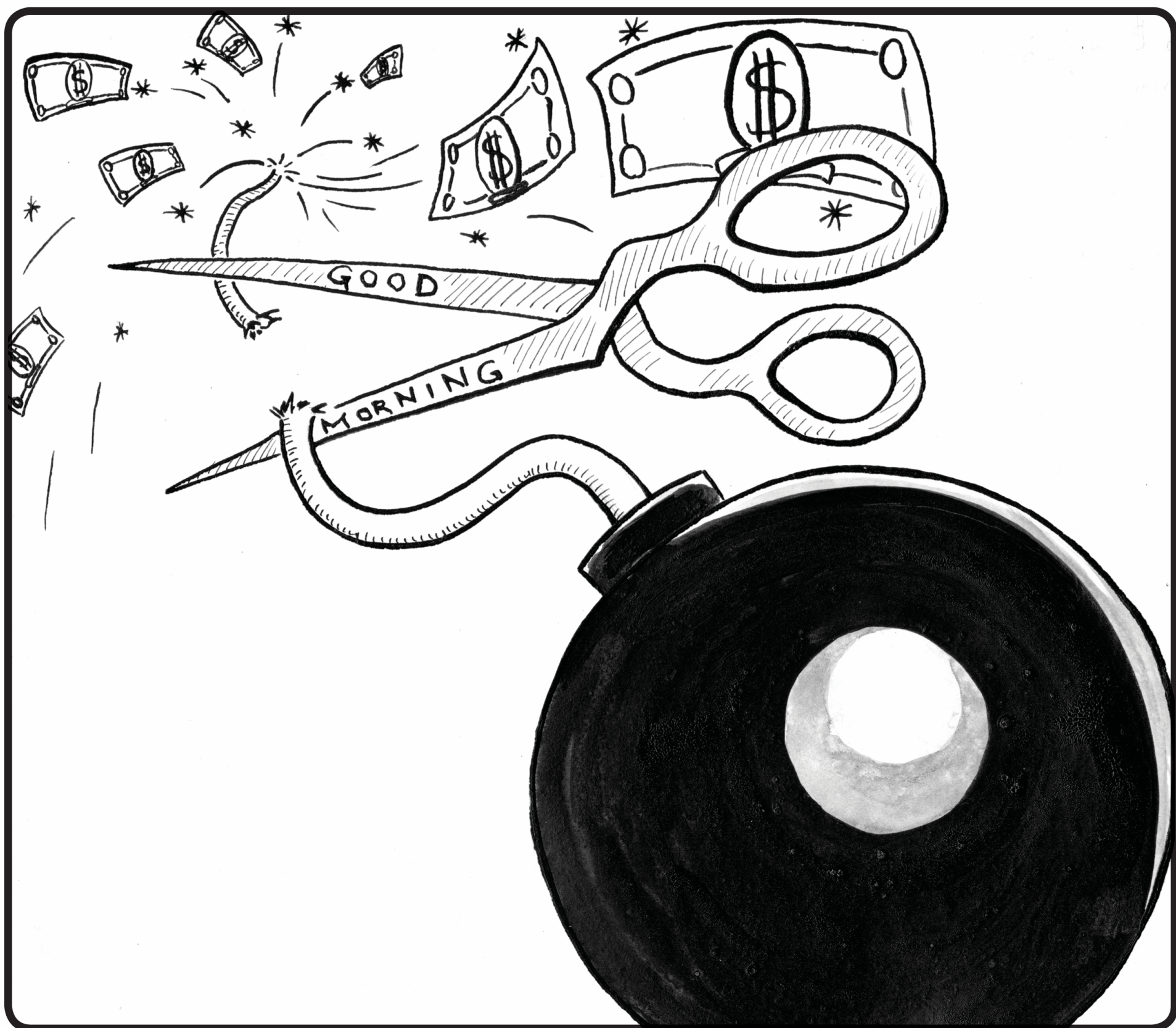
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This is a bit of old old math...

Subscription + \$ = Good Morning



Enclosed find twelve dollars (US only) for three issues (appearing every two months) of Good Morning.

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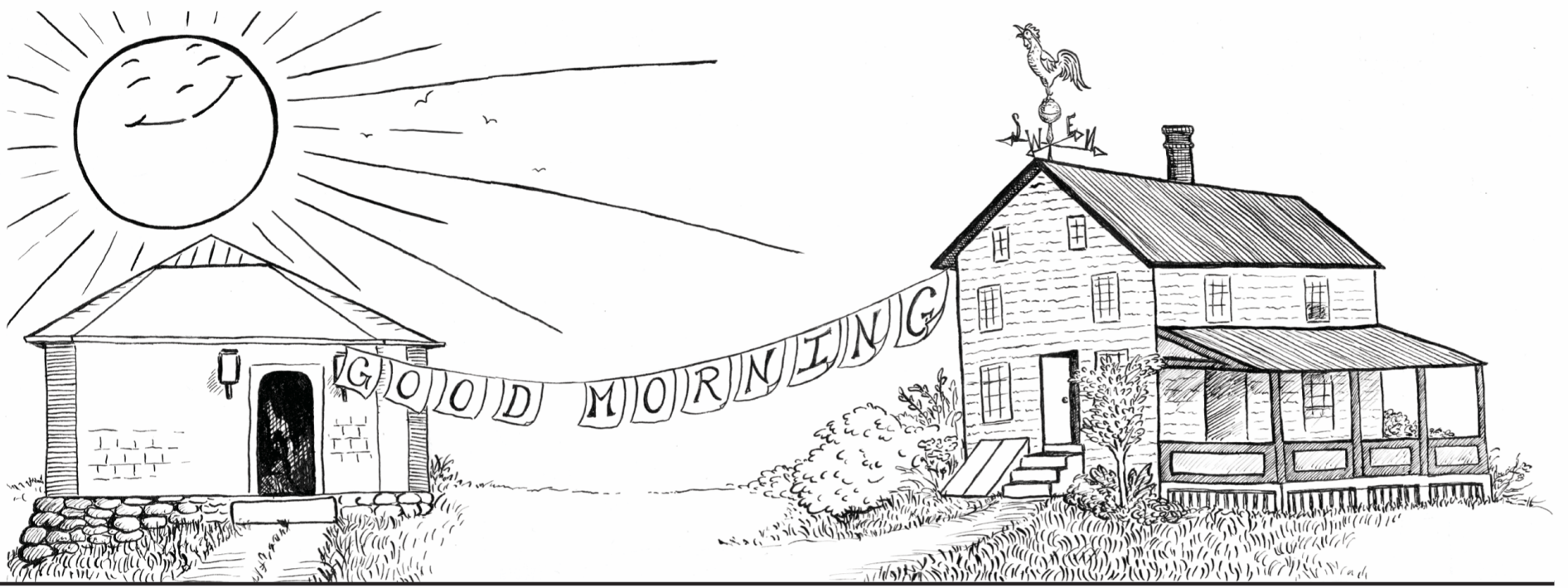
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January 1st 2016

Vol. 4 No. 2

THINK WE HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY

While the tossing and turning, bossing and churning continues over whether a minimum wage and a liveable wage are one and the same, we'd like to remind yet again that any law that is needed to dictate whether the workers of the world are treated fairly, is a law that shouldn't be needed.

To force morality, via legislation, is rarely a tact that will lead to a peaceful resolution. The resentment grows, the excuses pile high, and all of the great intentions lead to an oil slick path, on which we all falter. Yet, is that the only way to begin? To insist that a day's labor equals a day's food, shelter, clothing, and a bit of savings? It may be. Yet how doth one speaketh insistence?

WE'RE BEING BEATEN TO SUBMISSION

The term "wage slave" is hefty, now isn't it? And while there are many perjoratives that conjoin with the term, we're going to focus on the inverse.

Most importantly, let's consider what led to the rise of working for others - the decline of the artistic inclination to craft and create an object that was in need. To be, not only self-sufficient (that's obvious) but to be...illuminating. Freedom from selling ourselves to others, was intimately entwined, with imagination.

Is it any wonder then, that schools remove funding for the creative class, while continuing to pour bushels of cashish into training each and every child to be a good business person?

WE CLAIM WE HAVE OUR OWN IDENTITY

What is identity? What is only being identifiable? When you wear that shirt, promoting the newest next-big-thing band and walk down the street hoping nobody-yet-somebody gets the reference, are you really saying something about yourself, or are you simply announcing another mask, in a concert-purchased flask?

WE'RE GONNA CAUSE THE SYSTEM TO FALL

Of course, that's where we eat our own snake in the grass and every time we think we're about to roar or bite or fly, our inclination-toward-revolution becomes little more than a yelp rather than a yawp, and the rallies that are meant to continue the poking and prodding of the powers that be produces naught-but-a-rebellion that fizzles out due to a lack of vision, the anarchist-faux-pas of no plan, and the same seven people stoking the flames while the rest of the movement eventually becomes disillusioned, disenchanted, distempered, disdained, and disassociated from the decision making due to the egos of the self-chosen few.

BUT WE'RE GLAD TO BE CHAINED...

Because when it's all said in done, in this age of supposed freedom to telecommute, work from home, and have all the luxuries of a fluid schedule, we work more, feel more dedicated, and spend more hours throughout the day sitting at our desks and taking five rounds rapid of phone calls and emails and text messages.

Ergo, as with all good traps, they begin with the illusions of being doorways, and we so heartily and happily burst through them that we never even consider the bars on the other side. For even when a cage is the size of a house, a yard, a road, a town, or a device in a pocket, it's still a jail, and one we're better off breaking out of while there's still a chance.



THE DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES

We sat down with family or friends or the people with which we were required to break bread and share a meal - with thanks for giving in our hearts and hopefully not too much jellied cranberry on the tongue. Even with mealtimes revolving around televised sports or the work-shift of those whose jobs decided that sales on a Thursday outweighed one day off for family ("Hey, be thankful you have a job - now work our Twerky Thursday 4pm to 2am shift!"), there's enough reminder that being grateful for what we have shines a bit longer than the cousin whose saying of grace was a bit too long.

Yet, then comes Friday - we barrel through the double glass doors and elbow toward the three television sets priced to die for (and oh how close we come to such a stampede) and less than twenty four hours after we absolve our own sins of gluttony, we're racing to be that which the gods of greed have deemed to be the highest calling of people-kind - that of the best consumer.

WELL WHY NOT, EVERYBODY IS ASKING

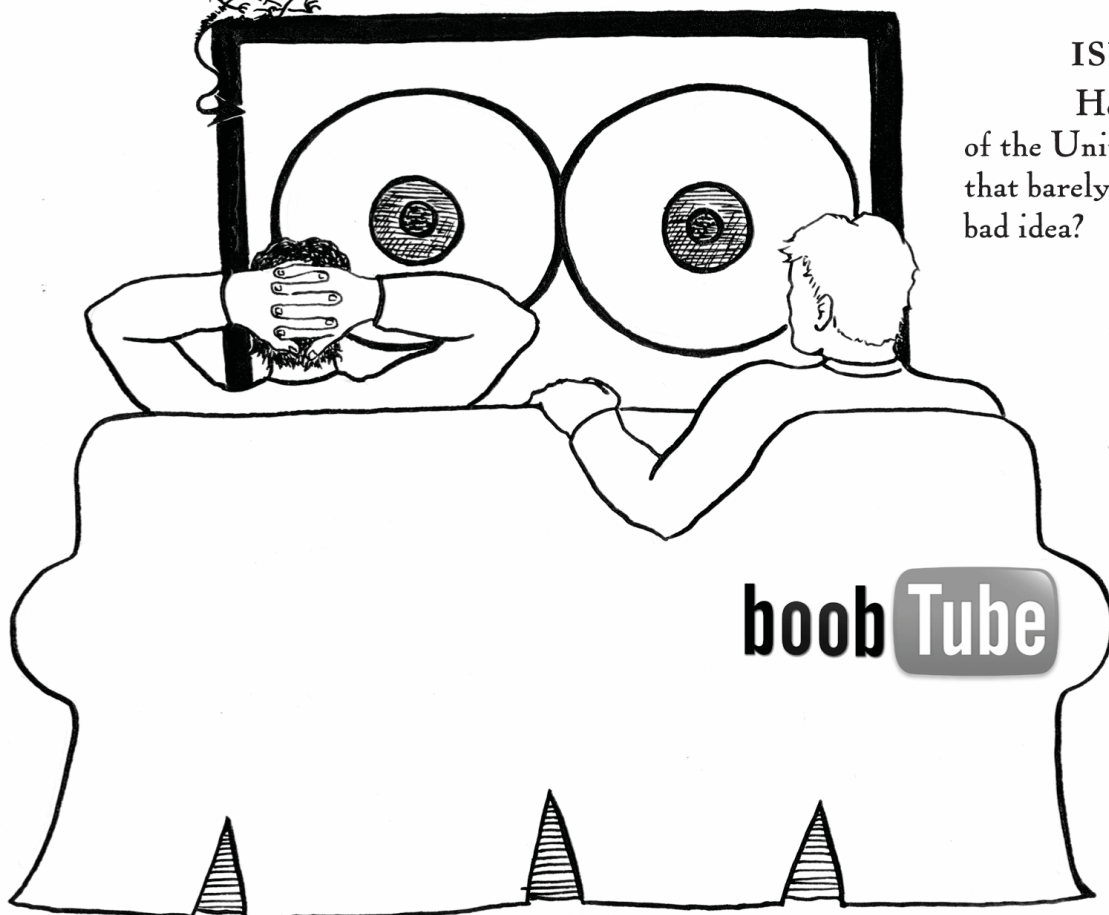
Recently we had the unfortunate experience of needing to walk into a large-scale sporting goods store (who will, remain nameless, suffice to say we now understand why they are named such a vulgar name - think about it, you'll find it) and as we were paying for our bill of sale, we notice a brochure that was asking for money for youth sports - and pleaded through numerous statistics and percentages that without my help, youth sports would be a thing of the past.

It seemed odd, truly, given the number of fields occupied each weekend morning, that they'd have the nerve to compare budget cuts in sports to that of, well...anything important. For our part, we wonder what all the music and art teachers around the country have to say about that.

A moment for Ida Tarbell whose articles on Standard Oil, began muckraker journalism - investigating to find truth.



Urban Pacifier-cation
Popular with the
breast feeding demographic, too



ISN'T THE DEVIL THE TRICKSTER?

How is it, that those wealthy enough to run for President of the United States have enough hustle and smile to convince those that barely have a roof over their head, that taxing the wealthy is a bad idea?



Modern
Urban
Pacification



A Burst of Humor, Satire and Fun...

With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
AVA DAWN HEYDT AND MARC MOORASH

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

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January 1st 2016

THE GOOD MORNING CHALLENGE TO
#RADICALIZEPEACE

This is our call-to-hands going out to the remaining clear-thinking members of this species, before we become little more than the human erased.

A plan, implemented every day, to not just put a french flag over profile pictures or to reiterate that horrible things are horrible.

A plan to do more than pray, more than give platitudes, more than pundit, fund it, or gun it.

A plan, on a regular basis, to visit a website, a forum, a facebook post, and speak in response to any and all hatred that states some form or another of the complete absurdist stereotyping of:

All _____ are _____

State out loud that we believe not every muslim is a terrorist. That we will not refuse to help the many in need, because of the actions of a few. Exclaim that every muslim isn't a terrorist just like every police officer isn't ready to kill at will, that every white person isn't privileged, that every african american isn't a thug, that every christian isn't an abortion-clinic bomber.



Porkestra

Refuse to allow ourselves to be media-stimulated and government-simulated and fear-mongering-saturated into stereotyping each-and-every-other to the point of a winner-takes-none challenge of global-thermo-nuclear obliteration on a worldwide scale of bombs bursting in air...or on a local level when it just feels unsafe to walk home at night.

Because it's obvious, isn't it...or should be...that no matter what we say, our leaders will keep bombing. So it's up to us, as always, to start from beneath the ground, six feet under to six feet up, to make sure there's never a need for them to go to war, never the shred of possibility of an excuse to go and "bomb the hell out of them." Because they always try and find a need, sell it to us wrapped up in jingoism and fear, and back it with a bowed head and vapid prayer. And who suffers? Just us people. For that's who truly goes to war - the government, not the people - the people... we're just the poor slobs left to fight the wars. But how many times will we buy into the same old fallacies - that we must fight for security. If all we can do is fight for security, then maybe it's time we skip security to seek something better - understanding.

Because the last time a policy of atoms-into-oblivion pretended to solve something, was the end of WWII when we killed hundreds of thousands of people with two blasts. Are we really willing to launch something like that again? Are you really willing to kill that many people, like you, like your wife, like your husband, like your children, just to kill a small number of those whose hearts are filled with an unnatural amount of hate? Are you just as hateful? Are you really truly ready to kill millions...just to prove a point? Every time you spew out into the world that an entire group is that, this, or another you add to the potentiality of mass destruction.

So please...pleas...leave a digital fingerprint and a paper trail, that states, as loudly as those who hate, that we believe in the goodness of the majority of people...so that...

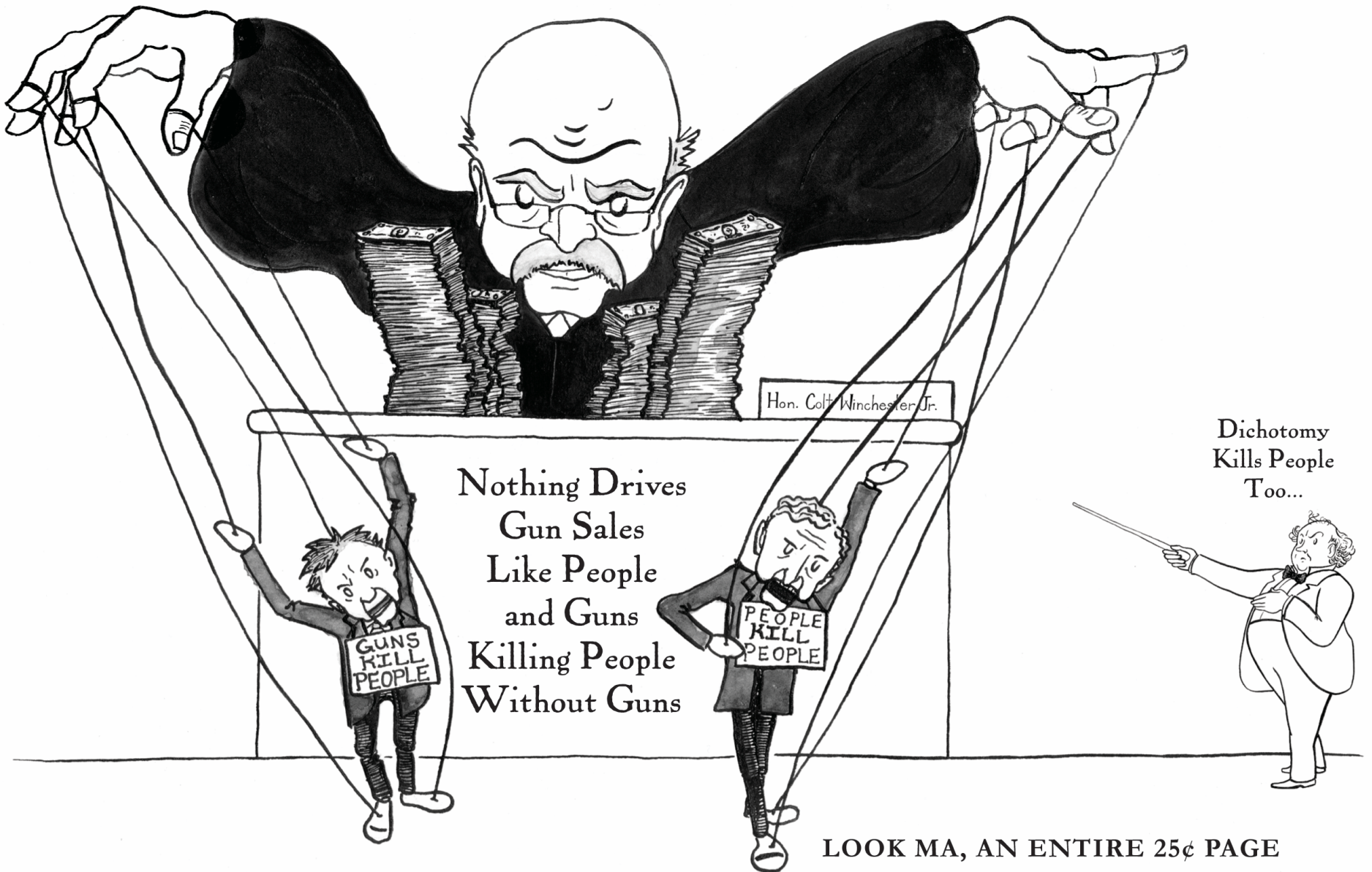
...when those whose minds are being turned and twisted by the whispered poisons of the charismatic leaders of groups which are bent on destruction of all the small steps we've made toward civilization...

...when those whose minds are fragile, and scared, are leaning toward picking up the sword...

...when those whose minds are openable, need to see a light in the midst of all their personal darkness...

...they see that all they are being fed, is a lie - and they realize - and walk away from becoming just more kindling in a bonfire, because there with their very own eyes and heart they sense there are truly fewer people who want war, than want peace...

Because that's the scale we're dealing with now. One on one. A level so personal, so intimate, so close...because the alternate is we all implode, we all turn to dust, and while there are a few who just want to watch the world burn, there's so much more we are capable of becoming. So we of little faith are putting all the faith we have left into believing we can turn this around before we are talked into starting the greatest war ever known. And that is truly the way to give all - with belief in each other, and not our lives.



LOOK MA, AN ENTIRE 25¢ PAGE

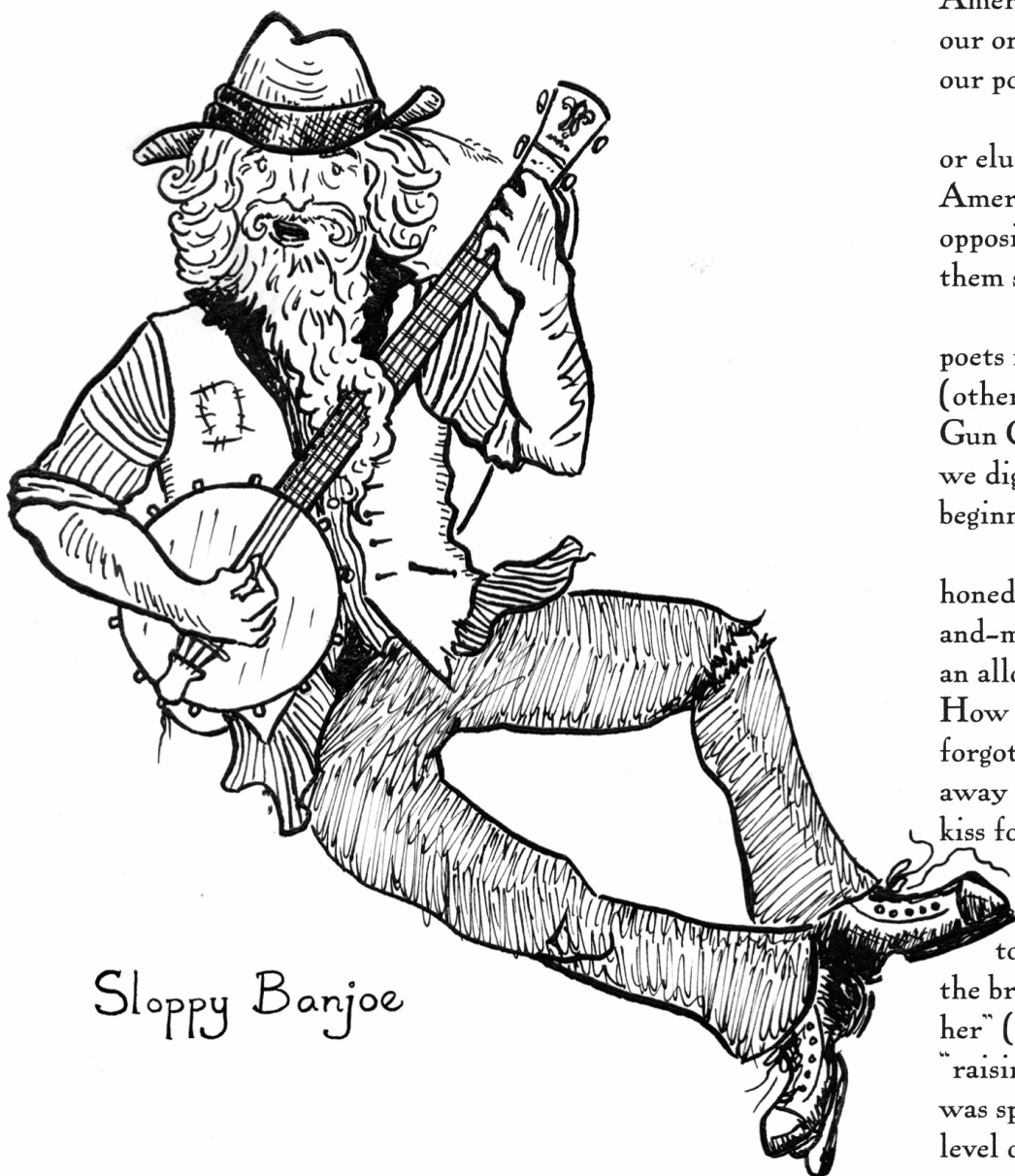
Words with double meanings seem to be what we in the American English speaking world have excelled at - in the pages of our online dictionaries, in our innuendo-laden social media posts, in our political gambits of endlessly electioneering seasons.

We aren't speaking Japanese with 50.7 words for rain, or elucidating French with 83.9 words for romance, but rambling American in which one word has 23.57 meanings, including opposites and inverses, and have so many meanings that one can't keep them straight from debate to candidate.

Maybe this is why there is such a dwindling number of poets in this country...nothing available to rhyme with Coca-Cola (other than Lola which has been done to perfection), Kardashian, Gun Control, or Steroids (except maybe Hemorrhoids, but yeah we digress and realize we should move this point along because it's beginning to make us sore on the backside from the inevitable foot)...

Even Orwell couldn't have envisioned double-speak being honed and crafted as it has been, in such a purposefully-built gold-and-mortar centrifuge. The acceptance of lying-by-omission being an allowable and forgivable fallacy, is a revered character trait. How is it that charisma + falsehood = public office? How is "I forgot" or "I don't remember" or "I'm not certain" able to be washed away by a cheesy smile and a wave and a shake of a baby's hand and a kiss for the prettiest of the young lasses on the campaign t(r)ail.

But don't despair - realize that "lower taxes" simply meant a baritone instead of an alto. The idea we'd be "working together" was really just a lack of our ears being able to hear the breaths in-between and that they really said, "working to get her" (which explains the assaults on women's bodies). Lastly, that "raising minimum wage" was the result of poor homonyms because it was spoken as "razing minimum wage" - tearing it right down to the level of pulverized concrete and American-Dream dust.



Sloppy Banjo



Forever upon a time,
my great-grandparents were refugees.

Likely, your family history has similar stories.
We've all relocated, somewhere in our lineage.

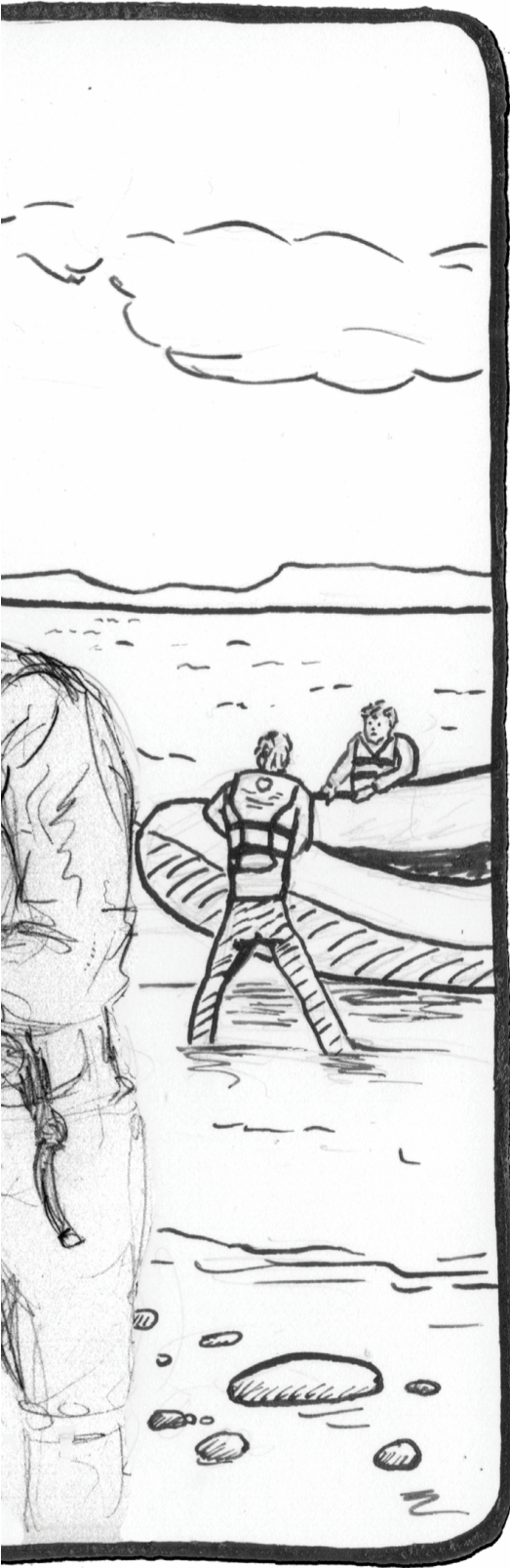
Their immigration was not easy...
for them, or for those who already lived here.



Yet, here we all are. Still
Still with many problems.

With all our ancestors' stories
who are we to deny?

Who are we who
even when we feel we have



still alive, still going.
ms to admit and face.

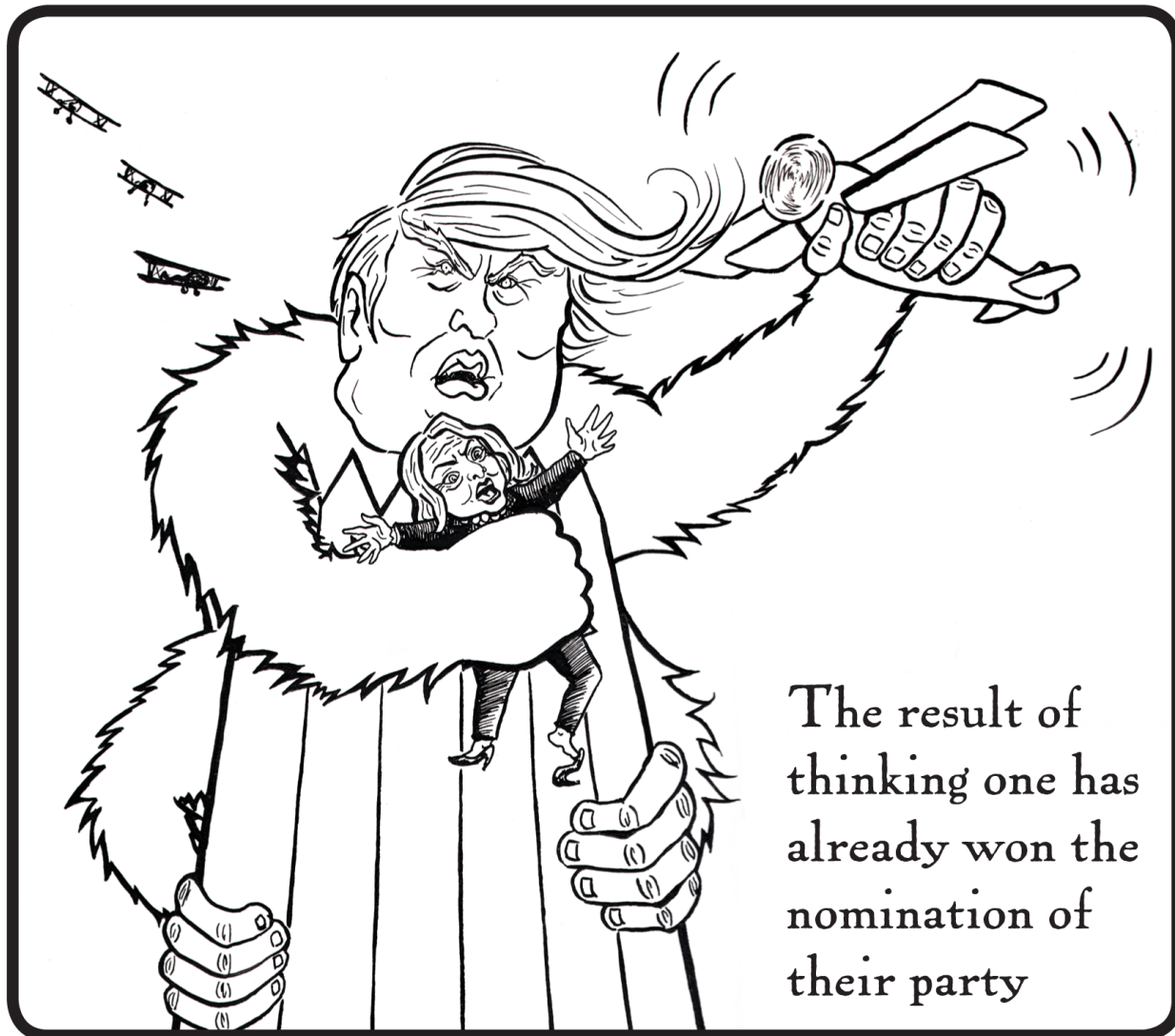
sacrifices afforded us,
that to another?

o have so much,
ve so little, to say no?

While there was certainly strife between
the different nationalities, then as now...

Without fail, we must not fear the few,
we must be determined to find a solution.

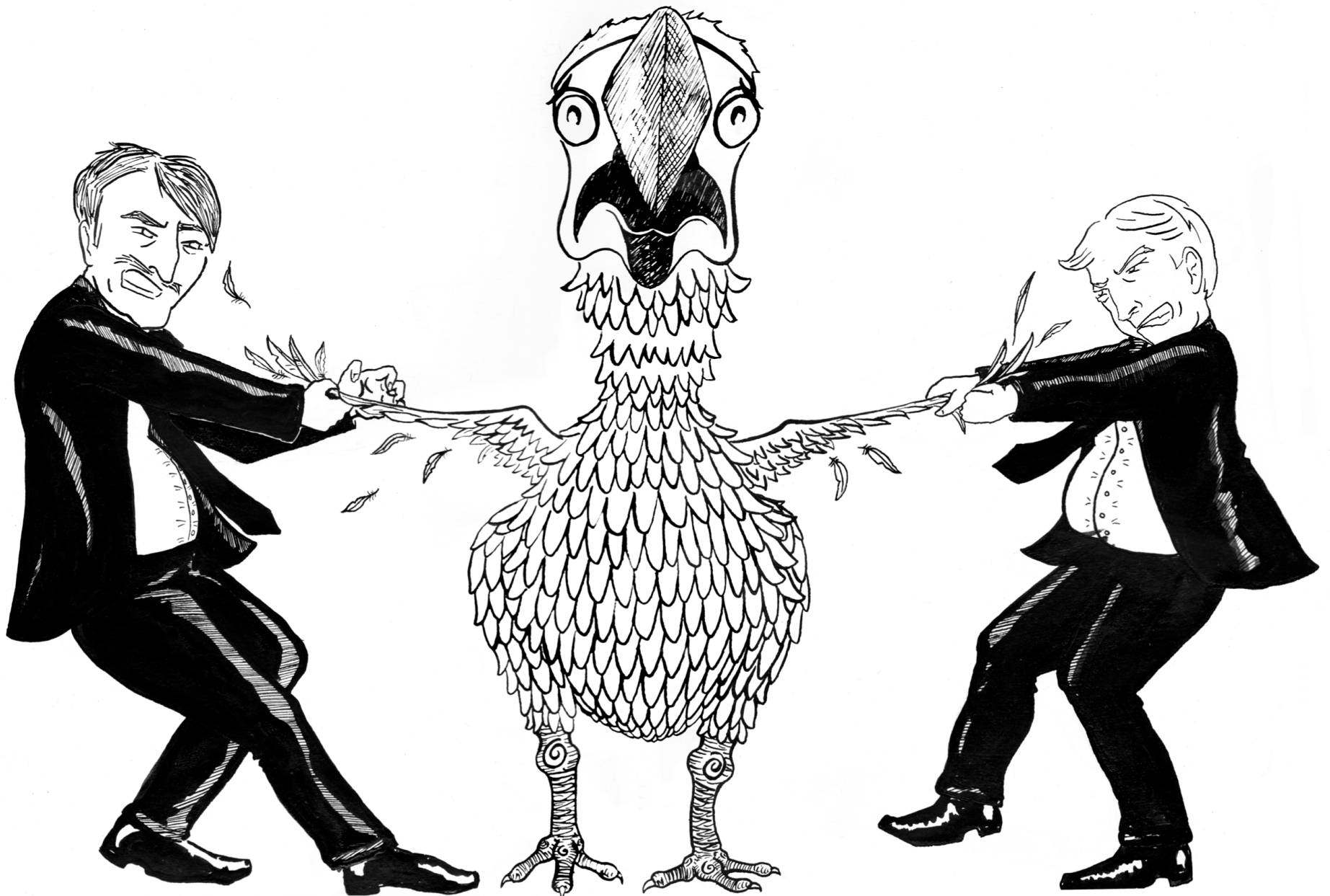
This time, we have the means and the desire,
the will and hope, to do better.



'OL UNCLE NIÑO INVIERNO

For all that election season turns all the citizens upside down for a few weeks (pitting normally and nominally friendly neighbors against one another, all for the privilege of serving fewer than the number who voted for them) when one lives in the northeast, it is also a certainty that Autumn is about to hydrofoil into our lives. Why, you ask? Well, given that the sheer amount of hot air being blown about decreases by a well-studied and certainly-documented 82.74 percent once there is no more campaigning to be done, the weather turns chilly and we all hunker down.

Yet, at least this year there is hopeful respite from the last three winters which were both colder and snowier than usual. Given the number of candidates still in the hunt for next year's presidential nomination, the natural gas bags and their propensity for pro-pain will certainly give the forming frosts a run for their money. Can't one just imagine the lunacy and sheer brutality of the anti-immigration crew yelling "Go away El Niño" as if they actually believe that their boister and bluster could turn the weather back at the border?

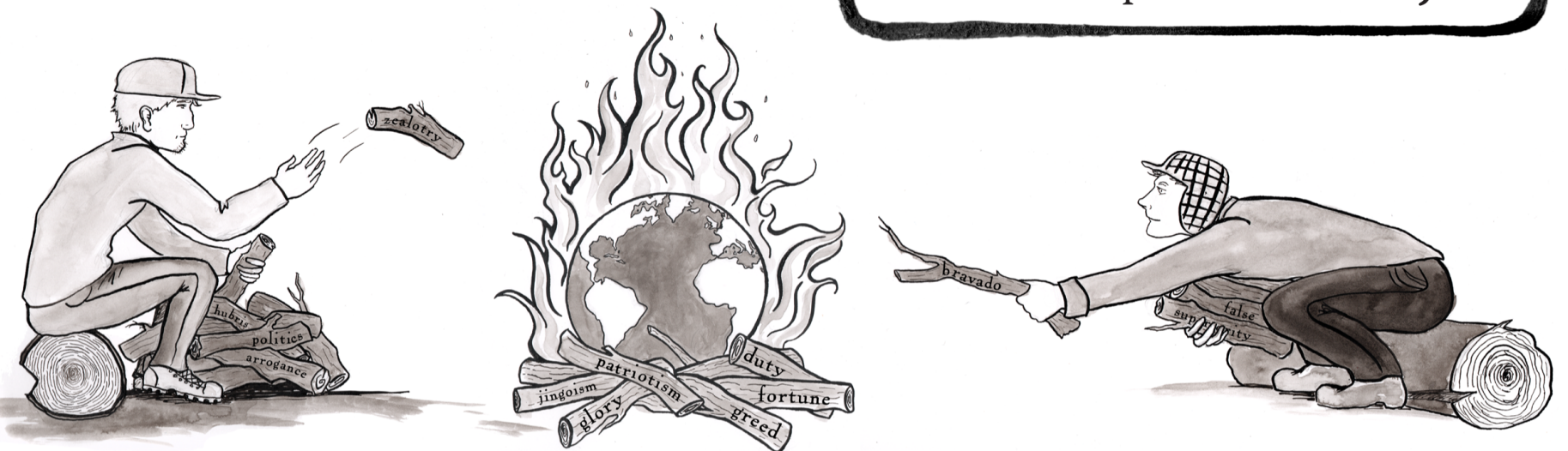


As the left and right keep battling over each one of us, insisting we must take a side, Good Morning reminds you that no smart bird has only one wing. Even The Dodo knew that.



IN THE PALACE OF THE KING

If Jesus had a palace, then why are we all living just on the raggedy edge of poverty, where each day has too many moments caught up in whether or not we might be able to pay the rent? Yet, pausing from the umbrage, a consideration occurs which could (yule) tide us over until the new year. Maybe that's where the televangelists all pull their doctrine from - the books of robes and riches, filigree and formality - and with a touch of charisma, can convince all of us to keep tithing and teething...for who would possibly support the wealthy, if all of the struggling folks went away?

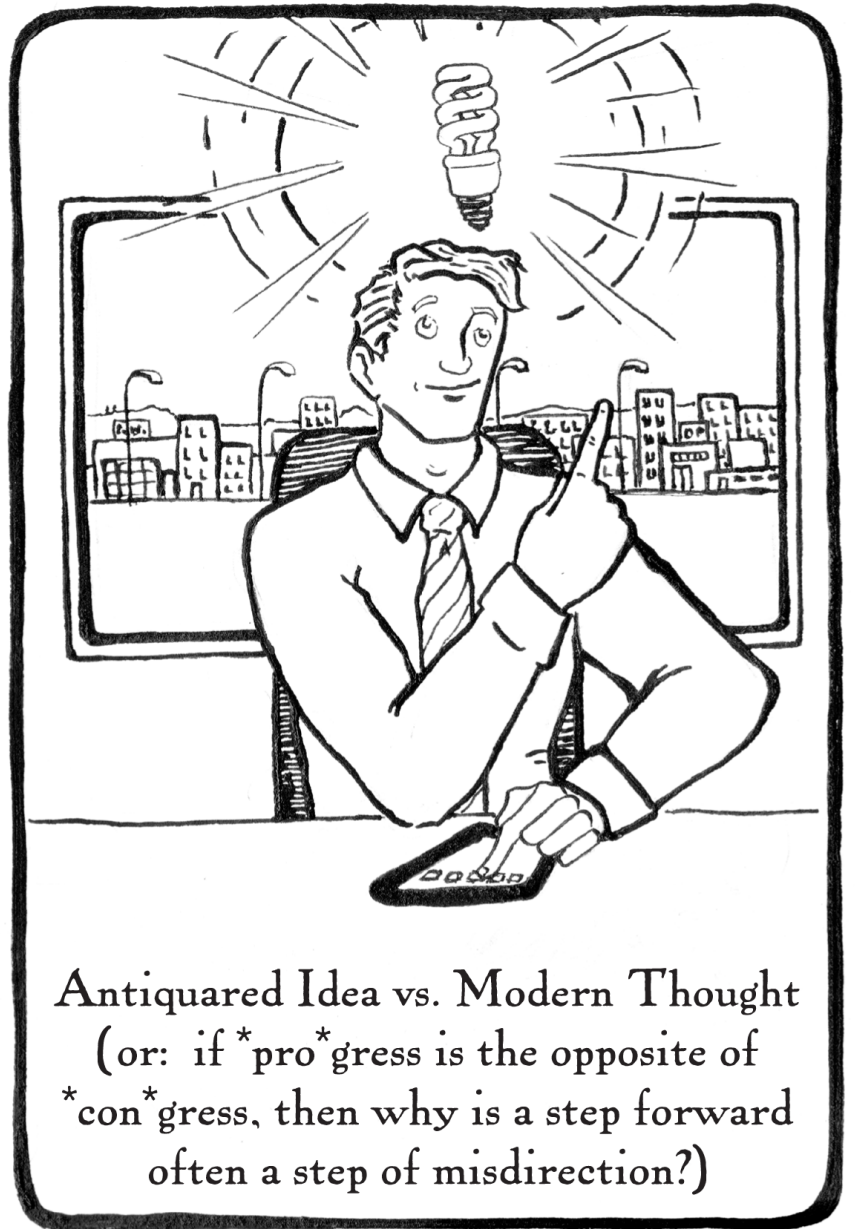


The greatest recruiting tools that ISIS ever found were through all of the incendiary facebook posts that continued to insist...all muslims were terrorists

OLD NEWS IS THE BEST NEWS?

If no news is good news, then what is there to be said in regards to the modern need for 25/8/367 media cycles in which something must always be happening? For if nothing is happening, what is there to be talked about that can stir up the overt outrage and derring-do derision that can be heaped high enough that not only is the cost-per-thirty-second slot elevated, ad infinitum, toward yacht-level spending...but they'll come breaking down doors just to make certain their thing gets shown on the thingy-thing?

If no news, is good news, then news all the time must be the antithesis, must be the diametrically opposed, must be the worst result that we can ever encounter, and never have to imagine, because it is already here. Come to the dawn, come to a Good Morning...in which we can all wake up from such a nightmare.



THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



It would be easier to choose a candidate if they didn't spend all this time in the primaries. By the time they've decided I'll be bored with all of them.

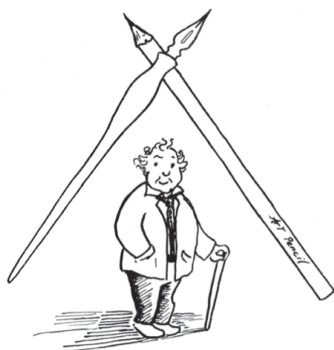
WORDS FROM THE WORLD

"I got my thank you from the publishers of Good Morning, a framed copy of the beautiful Ava Dawn Heydt illustration that accompanied my poem. These folks have been nothing short of wonderful and amazing people and I feel privileged to have worked with them again... Where you two go, there are beautiful things, excellent words, and delicious hummus!" --Ashley Rockhill

"Just got my beautiful illustration from Mr. & Mrs. as well. And I agree, they are simply the best!" --Ted Killmer

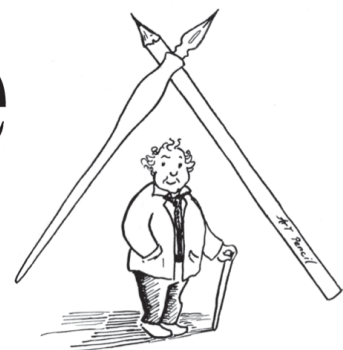
"Every once and a while a publication comes around that is not only independent and free thinking, but also a thing of beauty. Art Young's Good Morning is the embodiment of that spirit. Thank you, Marc and Ava not only for your support - but for being truth seekers, a romantic oasis and a poetic gesture in a dark, thought-stifled world. Every once and a while a publication comes around that is not only independent and free thinking, but also a thing of beauty." --Melissa Croy-Mooney

"I think you captured the voice, intent and humor of the original rather flawlessly for a modern audience." --Heather Mead



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



Close friends throughout their lifetime, Art Young and Helen Keller visited occasionally and corresponded often, a number of letters and writings having survived. Helen was even known to attend and speak at the dances and celebrations held in Manhattan as fundraisers to help Good Morning continue along.

The drawing seen to the right, accompanies Art's reminiscences about Helen visiting him at his home and studio in Bethel Conn, as told in his autobiography, *On My Way*:

"One summer not long ago Helen, with her teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy; her friend, Edna Porter; her chauffeur, and Seiglinda, the Great Dane dog which went with the family, drove up to my place in Bethel. They were on the way to their Long Island home after a trip to Canada. Helen was happy and told me through Mrs. Macy's hands and sometimes her own guttural speech (which I could understand with difficulty) what she most enjoyed during the excursion. A splash in a river, pine trees, wild wind, and stars. She poetized the trip just as she writes, like a Bible prophet of old. I shall always think of her as she sat out on the steps of the south door of my home, hugging the morning glories to her breast."

For her part, Helen's memories, shared upon the occasion of Art's passing, speak of a closeness through his illustrations and their shared work toward the betterment of conditions for all of humanity. Helen wrote in *The New Masses* (February 8th 1944), "Some of Art Young's drawings were embossed for me (*editor's note: oh to have these one of a kind relics!*), and I sensed vividly the highly individual and forceful manner in which he presented with the brush ideas...he said that the song of a bird or a burst of morning-glories at this door...was enough to crowd new ideas into his day...In all moods, places and activities he sought to make his labors a telling force in a future that would enable everyone with a special gift or genius to achieve a nobler civilization."



The Mechanical Bull



Generator of Digital Bullshit



If Only The Ride Lasted No Longer Than Eight Seconds...

THE MOST GLUTTONOUS TIME O' THE YEAR

What better time is there then, as a day of being thankful comes to a close, a day of giving comes to passing, than to segue into the most gluttonous day of the year - the oft-mentioned, in no need of introduction, Black Friday. Yet, as we expect this volume of Good Morning to be read hundreds of years from now, and with the same expectation that such events will have long been expunged, let us take a moment by way of definition.

Black Friday - the day of the year in which retailers expect to sell so much stuff, that their sales figures will be in the black (profit) as opposed to loss (which would be a Red Friday - although we're lobbying for such a day to be Pink Friday - as it would mean pink slips as employees get fired. We'd like Red Friday to be a celebratory day of socialism, but we digress...). Imagine - to have been raised to believe that it is society's responsibility to keep businesses afloat, through our spending our hard-earned pay (see "big bank bailouts" for another history lesson dear future readers).

We have been trained to consume (which is the diametrically opposed standpoint to recycling and/or reusing). We are attuned to an age in which the status quo is going backwards, when one is viewed as a failure if the year over year is flat.

Why must growth be a numbers game? Why can't it be a moral action? "Dear investors, our bottom line balance sheet is the same as last year, however our profit was up half of a million dollars. Why, then, are we not showing this in the ledger - because we took that extra money, gave double cost-of-living raises to all our employees and then used the rest to feed the hungry and clothe and shelter the homeless in our town."

The would be the type of growth, social and spiritual growth, that should make investors want to rally by the side and encourage more. Yet, as long as the market punishes such generous behavior, such evolution will likely never, consistently, occur.



Metroidsexual



*Your Life Contains More than 140 Characters...
All We're Asking Is That You Share One of Them...*

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
MRS & MR GARBANZO

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Among the peonies, the lilacs
it was foxglove she could hear.

Its whispered warnings
nurtured reveries on death.

Accustomed to the knell
that more than once had closed her life,

she locked her door to dwell
with bats, with bees, with birds

that entered her mind's province
as welcome as eternity.

From within her hermit's life
she offered her restoring words --

her shoes that overflowed with pearl --
much madness as divinest sense.

Privy to Her Heart (Homage to Emily D.)

BY PEGGY AYLSWORTH

Once a month the moon comes down from his celestial sphere,
takes a bite from my bar of soap
and says it makes him feel
clean inside.
It helps him glow brighter.

"The-sky-is-like-soup," he says
all in one breath.

"Black bean broth
seasoned with nebulae and stars.
I hear Pluto tastes the best
soft and spongy,
like boiled pork's tongue."

Sometimes I stick out my tongue
and try to get a taste
of any star-dust
that may have trickled from the sky,
I reply.

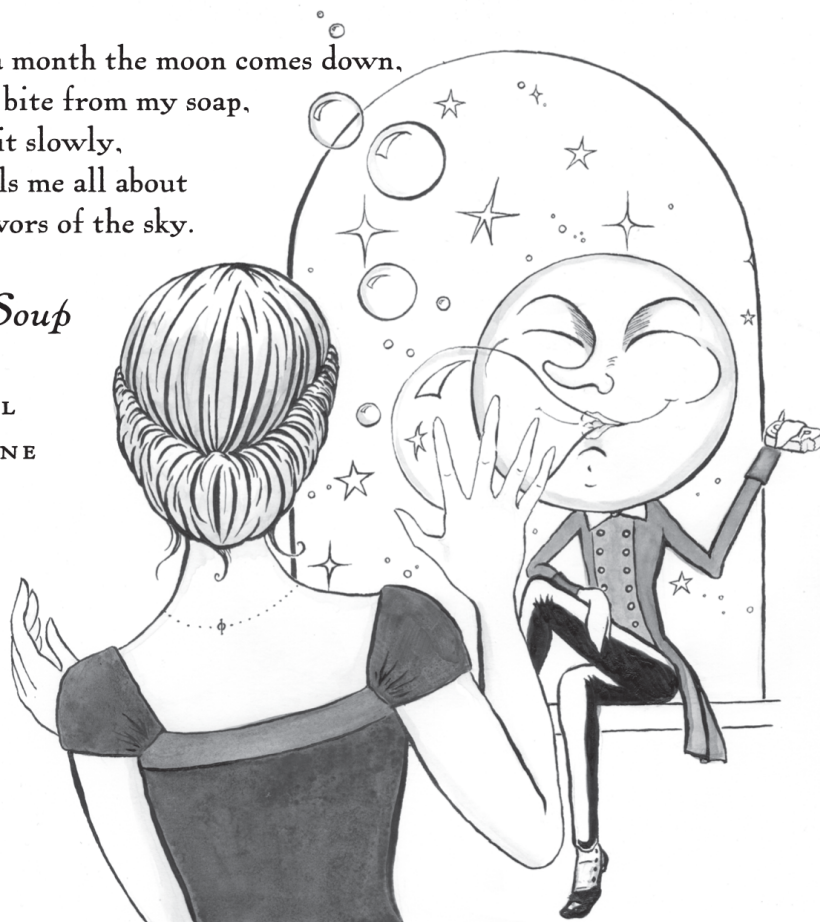
The moon
glows brighter when hearing this statement.
"You really should
taste the aurora australis
above Antarctica.
Its undulating ribbons,
wisps of tangerine
and lemon sherbert."

I gaze at him
behind a veil of cigarette smoke.
I gaze at his cratered exterior,
his softly glowing edges
and I too wish
that I could grasp the big dipper
and fill my mouth
with citrus ribbons
and salty night.

Once a month the moon comes down,
takes a bite from my soap,
chews it slowly,
and tells me all about
the flavors of the sky.

Sky Soup

BY
ANGEL
DIONNE



Rodney is tall, tall and strong, his back straight like an iron rod whether he stands, sits, or works. Hands that show the evidence of many years and much labor have ruffled hair, shaken hands, held dear ones close. The white tufts of hair at the top of his head are often covered by a baseball cap, shading his face from the sun as he works in Dorothy's garden yard, which surrounds their sprawling home like a trench. That cap is likely to be red, emblazoned with the yellow-writhing emblem of the United States Marine Corps, or the intertwined snakes crying out not to be trodden upon.

Older people, strangers, are far more likely to notice these things about Rodney. He and Dorothy are fond of taking their "grandbabies" on day trips to Annapolis, the city where Dorothy grew up and where she met Rod when he attended the United States Naval Academy, as the children were reminded all the time.

"You're a Marine?" Ask the passersby.

"He was," Dorothy replies. "And we love to support our troops! God bless America! Were you in the service?"

The men who ask this question are almost always of a certain age, and Dorothy's question does not offend them. But their answer never seems important to Dorothy, as long as they linger long enough for her to tell the story of how her Marine had once stood silent, unblinking guard over the crypt of John Paul Jones beneath the Academy Chapel. She forgets the part where his eyes must have stung, from staring so hard for so long.

The likeliest reason someone will ask "You're a Marine?" and give Dorothy this opportunity is that they see the license plate. "SGTUSMC" the bold letters read in the front and rear of their red minivan, as per Maryland law. This is Dorothy's doing, not Rod's, and she is also the primary source from which Rod has

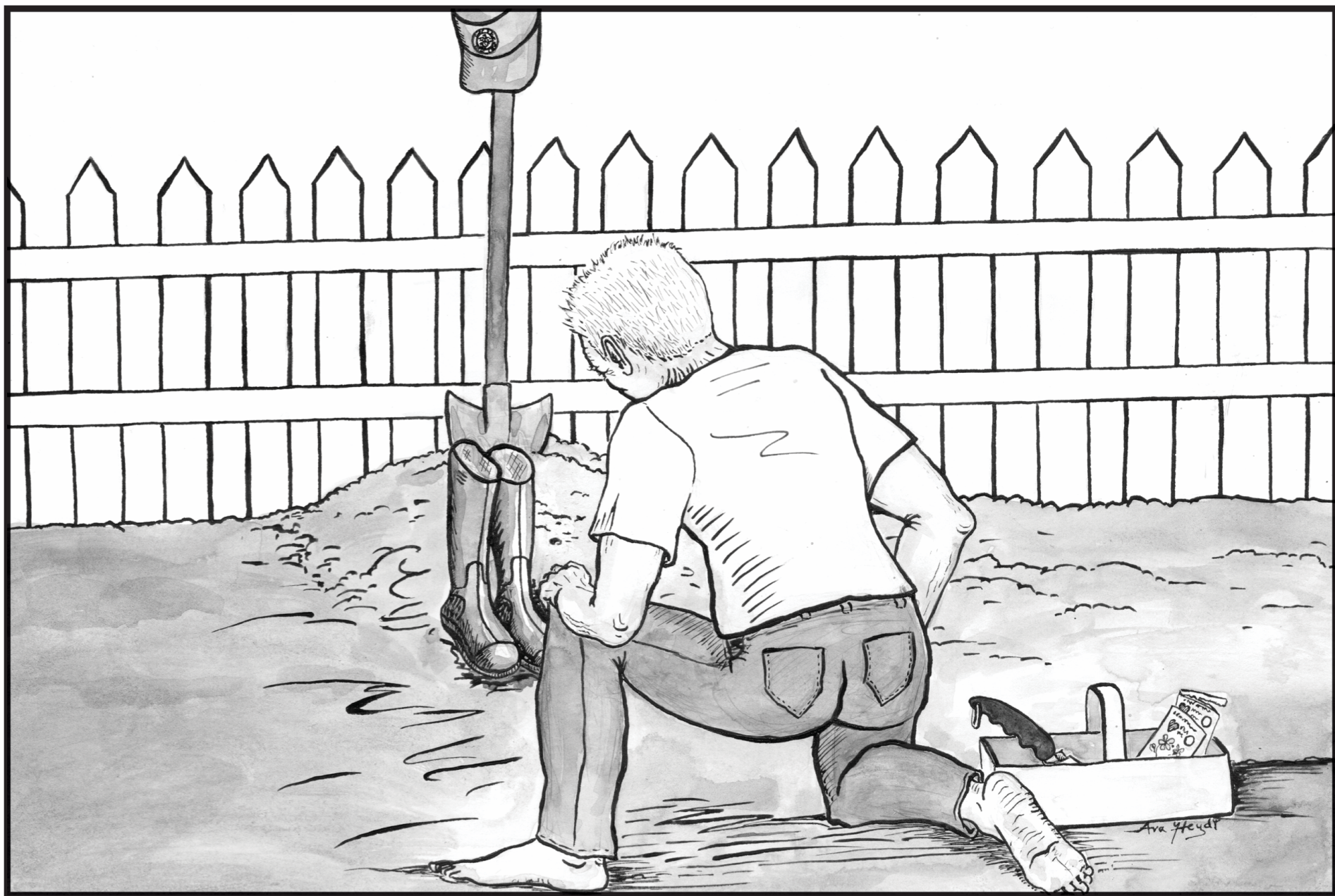
received the enormous wardrobe of shirts, jackets, and hats which brazenly advertise that he was once a uniformed man.

Each Christmas, birthday, anniversary, she lavishes upon her once-always Marine packages wrapped in red and yellow, gear that will leave no one questioning whether Rodney, serviceman, banker, preacher, is a beloved man. With each serpentine "surprise," Rod dons the jacket, the cap, kisses Dorothy's lips, quips, "You know me so well."

However large the family gathering, and however much the family talks, it is never mentioned that Rodney served in the Marine Corp from 1955-59; he never spent a day of duty overseas.

Earl is short, for a man. Below average height. Round and slouched, like a tomato. His portrait hangs on a wall in the house, or a portrait of someone very like him. He wears a funny blue collar over a white shirt, and a white cap of unfamiliar shape elongates his face. There is something in his penciled eyes that has not been there since before his grandchildren were born. It only returns in odd moments, unfunny to everyone else, or occasionally when he is speaking with his wife. She, Margaret, never mentions that as a member of the United States Navy, Earl traveled to the Pacific on a submarine, and was on the first ship into Tokyo Harbor when the war was over. The box in the basement that holds tiny black and white photos with edges crinkled by age, a Japanese flag, and her husband's life, remains tucked away, unspoken of and unseen, until the basement is emptied when Earl and Margaret move away, because they are no longer able to keep up with the yard.

Grandfathers BY EMILY VANDER ARK



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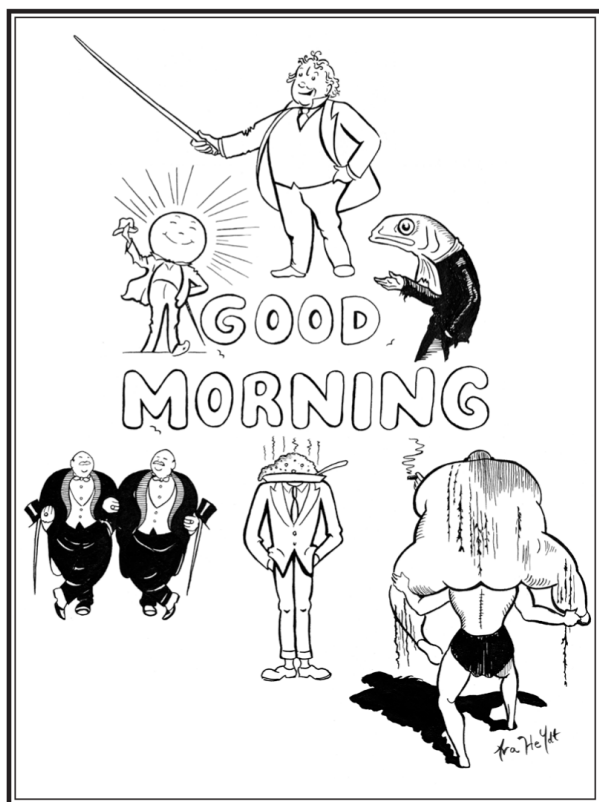
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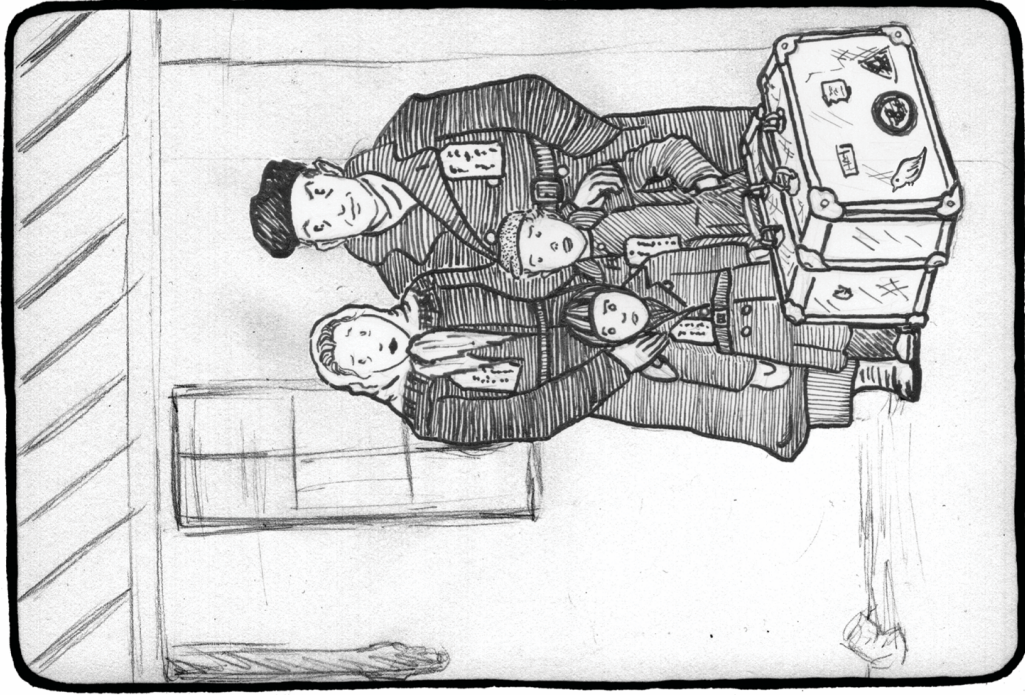


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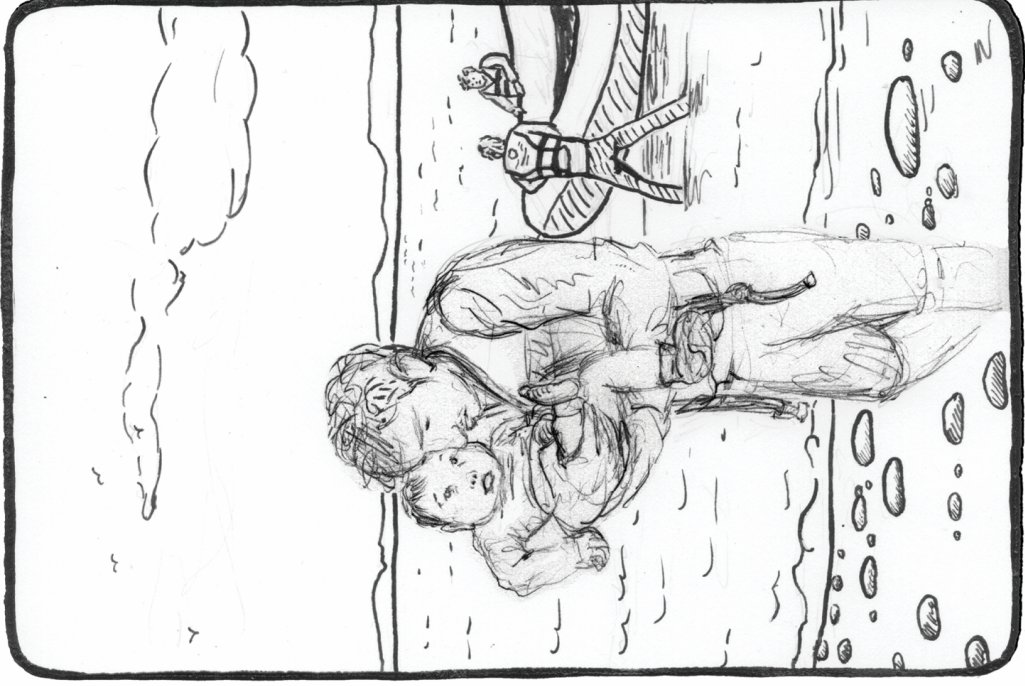
#radicalizepeace



Forever upon a time,
my great-grandparents were refugees.

Likely, your family history has similar stories.
We've all relocated, somewhere in our lineage.

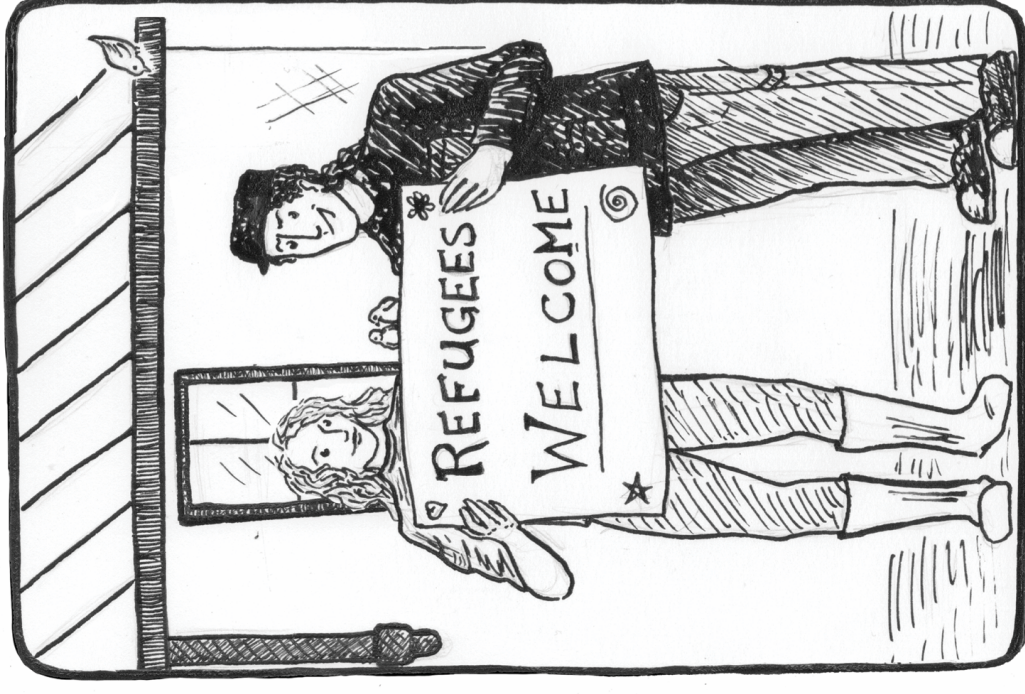
Their immigration was not easy...
for them, or for those who already lived here.



Yet, here we all are. Still alive, still going.
Still with many problems to admit and face.

With all our ancestors' sacrifices afforded us,
who are we to deny that to another?

Who are we who have so much,
even when we feel we have so little, to say no?



While there was certainly strife between
the different nationalities, then as now...

Without fail, we must not fear the few,
we must be determined to find a solution.

This time, we have the means and the desire,
the will and hope, to do better.