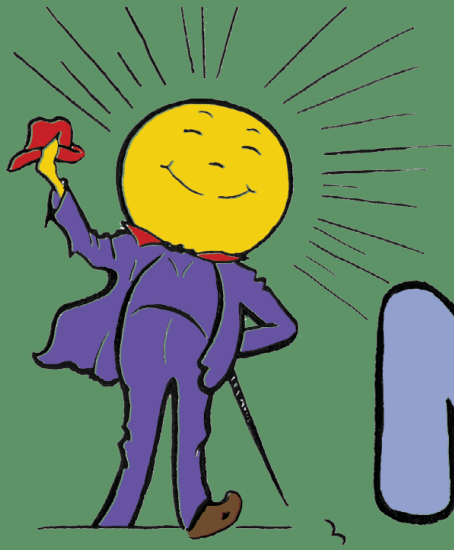


"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



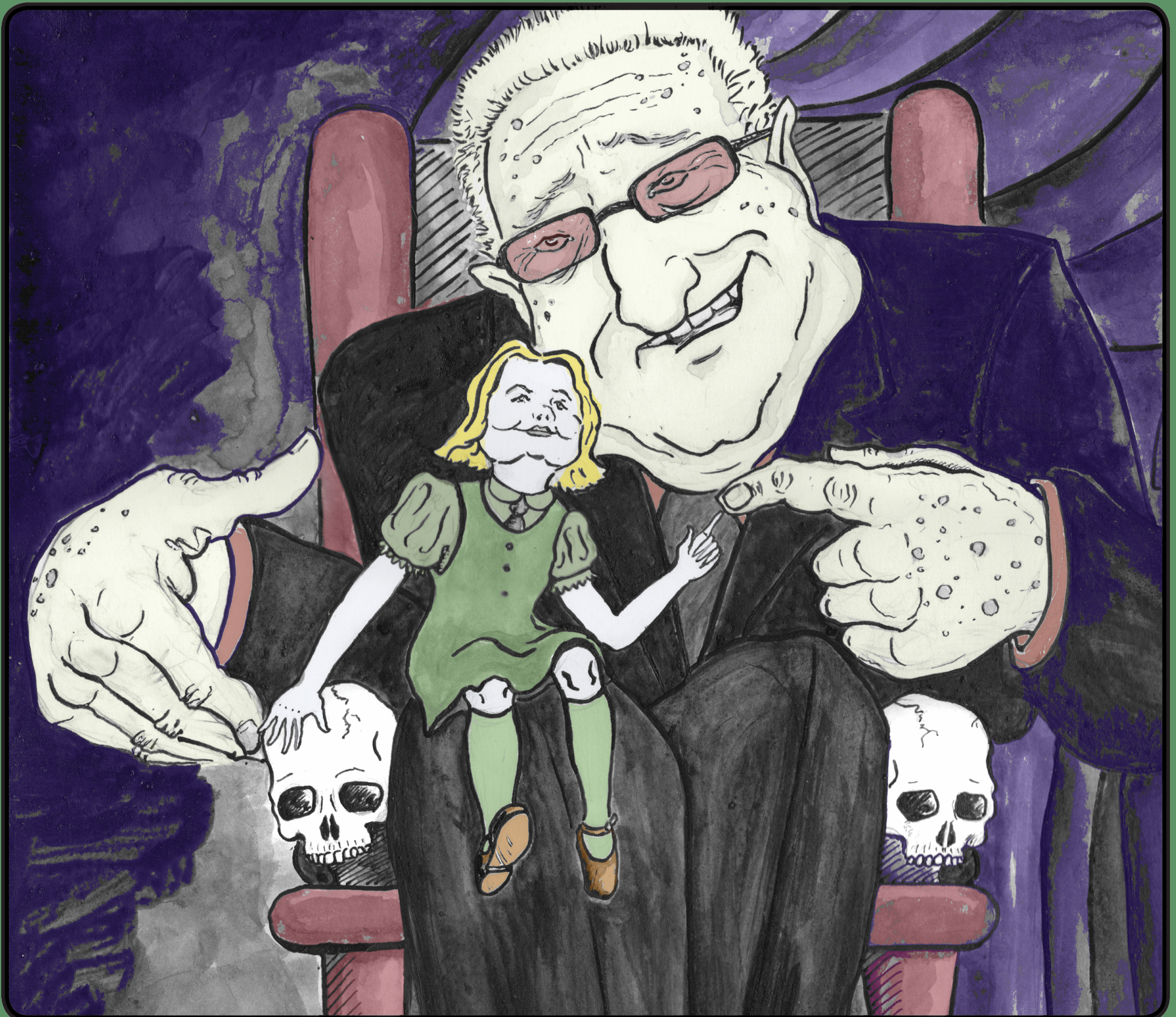
GOOD MORNING

the #caucus couscous number

March 1st 2016

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 No. 3



"My dear child, let me explain to you how we take over the world..."



"To Laught That We May Not Weep"



Henry Arthur "Art" Young (1866-1943) was the founder of "Good Morning" which originally ran from 1919 until 1922.

The "Dean of American Cartoonists" was the best-known political satirist of his day and was published in Puck, Judge, Life, Metropolitan, The Masses, The Liberator, The New Yorker, The New Masses, Der Groyser Kundes, The Saturday Evening Post, and the list goes on and on...

Mostly forgotten to time, we've made it our mission to bring the name and message of Art Young back to the world. His work toward a better day, and the issues he illustrated, are just as relevant now. And so, Art Young's Good Morning has returned...

www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org

[www.facebook.com/
artyoungsgoodmorning](https://www.facebook.com/artyoungsgoodmorning)

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



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"My dear child, let me explain to you how we take over the world..."

This issue, we're asking you to subscribe to something other than Good Morning (although you can still do so if you like). Instead, support the movement that is trying to bring about a truly just and equal country for all.

As we like to call it, a Better Morning.

www.berniesanders.com/donate





March 1st 2016

Vol. 4 No. 3

THE PI IN THE NIGHT SKI

We've come full circle of course (although granted we haven't quite measured it out past one thousand one hundred seventy two decimal places - folks with protractors please apply here - maths is not our strongest suit although we were nearer the top of the class, than the bottom). Here in the year twenty sixteen we're watching the tale of the first viable third-party candidate since the nineteen twenties.

Will history repeat itself and find the people's candidate in jail thanks to the government, or will this time nearly one hundred years later, be as tasty as a blueberry soufflé on a table of thankfulness? Let's not wait to find out...

YES, WE'RE STUCK IN ISOCELES MODE

We've been raised to believe that the republicans and democrats are two opposite sides, and it doesn't take long for us to realize they're two sides of the same coin. It's only now that it is more actively being spoken, rather than whispered in alleyways by folks with brown-paper-wrapped copies of Good Morning.

But then, the realization occurs that the metaphor is all to real, all too...golden. For their two sides of the same coin, and their attachment to money is all too frightening.

And so the way is clear - the only method for hope is to stretch a bit and make that third side, equilateral. There are plenty of alternate parties to attend, but maybe we're witnessing the birth of the first true third party in a long long time. For goodness knows, none of us reading these pages, are invited to any of the parties being held by the billionaires.

IT'S GONE ALL SLIGHTLY RECTANGULAR

Kind of like kittens, we've been comfy and cozy in this box, a nice sixteen by sixteen by sixteen cube. Feels warm, feels safe, we can swing a paw out if necessary, but mostly we snuggle, and nap. But we're growing, and need more space, and so with a heave (but not the hairball type) and a hoist, we stretch out all our limbs, and like a comfort zone, we expand.

THROW THE ICOSAHEDRON

Any old-school gamer would tell you that the best way to make the roll, is to take the die in the hand and just throw it. No breath, no ritual, no superstition - just take it, cast it, and watch as the numbers bounce in slow-motion and land exactly where we need them to - above the threshold for saving. Charisma, check. Wisdom, check. Strength - that of millions.

FROM A DISC TO A SPHERE

Before the earth gets strip mined into looking more like a one-hundred sided die (seriously, they exist - go look them up in your friendly neighborhood encyclopedia), let's consider the alternative. Remember, just because a pair of bones are dice, and a singular is die, does not mean we have to follow suit and just lay down our species in an early grave. And while we're but one country on a planet of nearly two hundred, given our trigger-word for trigger-happy trigger-pulling, ought we the people be the ones who holster that thought, and find some type of peace (as opposed to yet another side-arm or side-piece) for at least the next hundred years?



David Bowie
1947 - 2016

THE S-TORY OF THE W(H)IG

As a kid, when we had to memorize the list of all the presidents, I used to marvel at all the old party names and think quite curiously...what could have possibly happened to cause an entire political party (such as the Whigs for example) to disappear? This seemed like an impossibility (based on my limited knowledge at the time) because Democrats and Republicans (set in alphabetical order) seemed so ingrained in our culture. Of course, those youthful history books offered no explanation.

Over time, it never really felt important enough to seek the explanation for the flittering away of the Bull Moose, the glossing over of Jackson's Union party, the obviousness of the Tories, the inroads of the Socialists, or as Mr. McGuiness in middle school Social Studies liked to point out - Lyndon LaRouche (who he repeatedly noted ran for president from jail, while failing to speak of the ever more endearing, enduring, and important Eugene V. Debs).

It appears, however, like most knowledge, it is best achieved through experiencing the action, rather than reading about it. Like the death of a star, could it be that we're about to experience this ripping apart of a faction, not once but twice? Are we going to find history in our midst, so that our children's children will see the Democrats as but a footnote down the page from those very Whigs?

But it lends to the question, where exactly did all those Whigs go? For, there have been many many styles that have come back around long after their time, but why hasn't anybody ever brought back the powdered judicial faux-coif? Is it time?

FAR WORSE THAN THAT ALBATROSS

When one looks at the willingness to sell out the clean and safe water for the general public...is it possible that the strategy has become, "We've driven down wages so low, we can't steal anymore, so we'll just kill you and take what remains from your remains"?

If only.

If only we could rest our bones to dust in such simplicity.

The bird that must fall from our necks (with a nod to Coleridge and his Mariner), is far more insidious (and doesn't that word just make it impossible to find any humor in a situation?) than greed - for when we look at Flint Michigan there's no doubt that the community was looked at not only as disposable, but as carefully planned collateral damage for one reason only - skin color.

Flint. Noun. "a massive hard dark quartz that produces a spark when struck by steel". We here at Good Morning hope to avoid violence at all costs, although we see how the initial reaction to such horrific treatment of people would lead some to rise to anger.

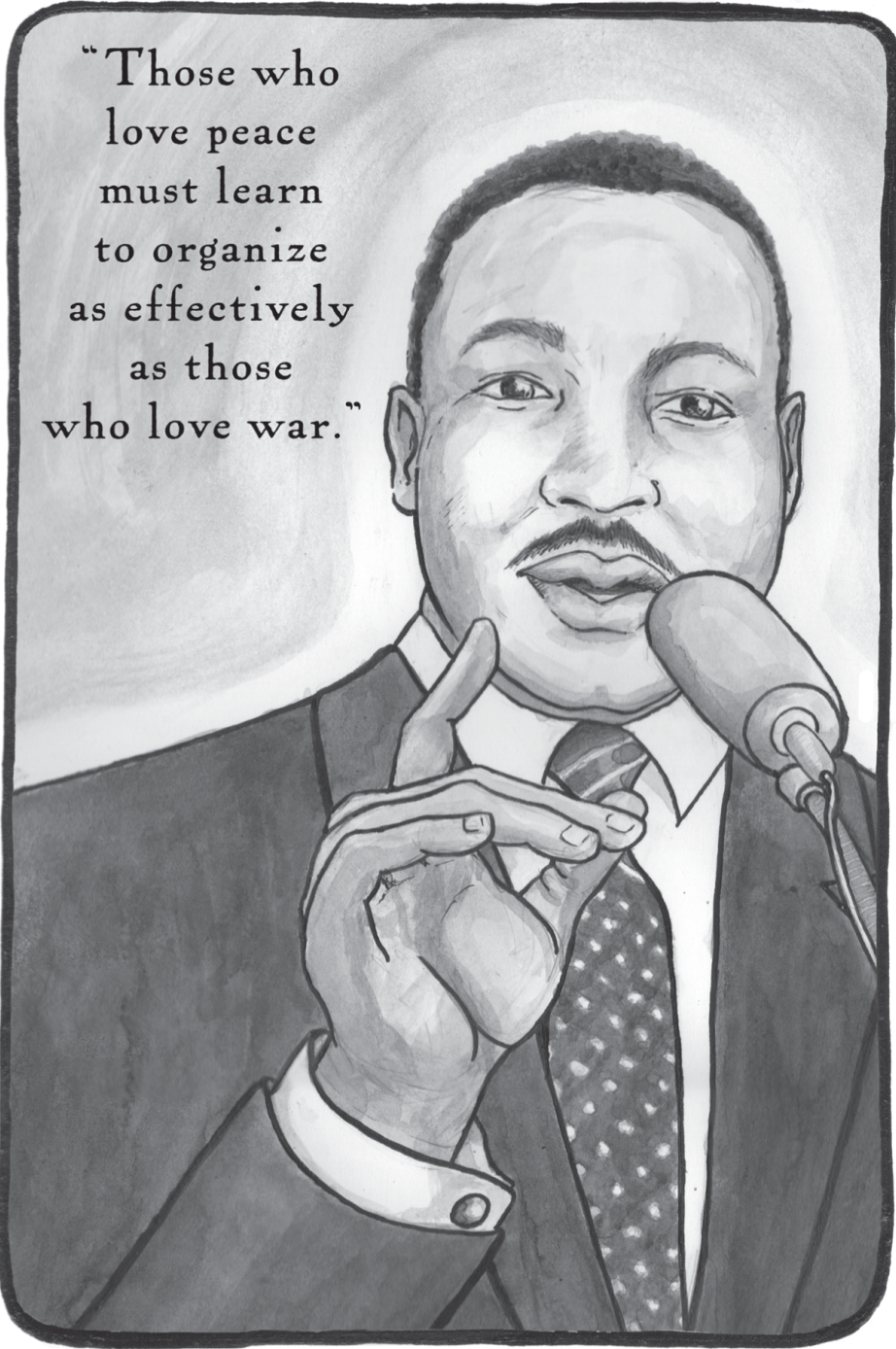
Instead, let us find a way to strike our flame with a steely resolve that is required in all situations in which the house must be purged, and the children must lead (pronounced like "leed" as opposed to the "led" with which this entire problem begins) the way in kindness. It is a cleansing that we all need, new pipes and all, so that what flows into the future is a clear promise to one another. For while there is little comfort in knowing that any came to harm so that a movement could rise up, may we at least find a way to stop this from ever occurring again.



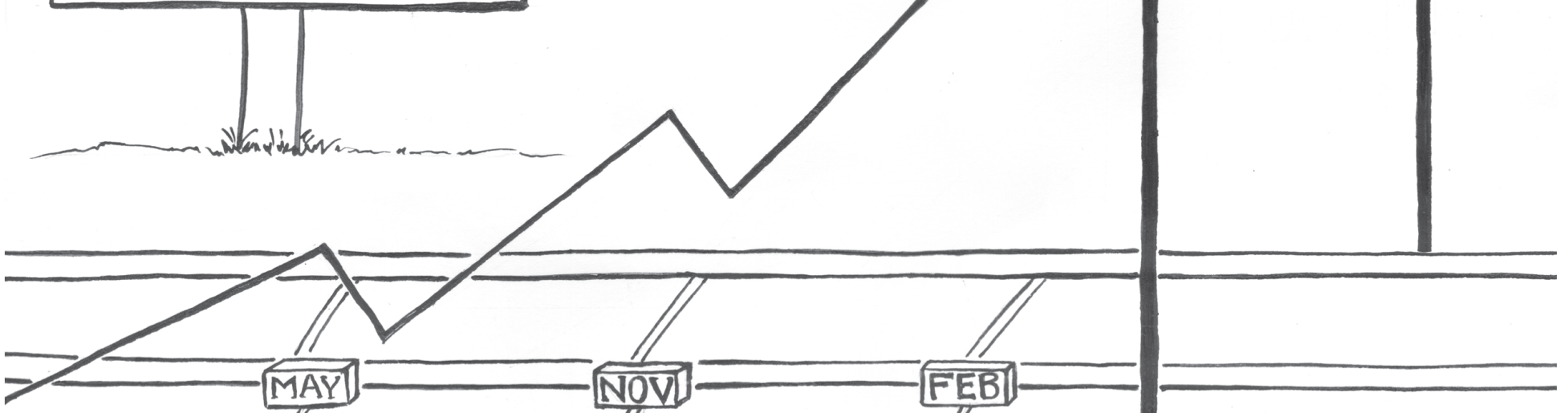
Berth Control

In honor of one of the few whom we, here at Good Morning, feel has earned the right to the title #beyondheroic

"Those who love peace must learn to organize as effectively as those who love war."



1. B. SANDERS (WR)
2. H. CLINTON



Senator Sanders says he was a pretty good cross-country runner...
But now we know he's a great poll vaulter.

SOMETHING FROM SCRATCH

Every writer has been through it (and that includes you, too, remember that book report back in seventh grade when you couldn't bear to write about that poor pig who was killed after being raised like a pet...oh wait, was that me?)...staring at the blank page.

Obviously, this page is not blank, unless we're speaking about in-between the letters or the dulcet lines drawn by the pen of our beloved illustrator...so what is our secret? Secret no more!

Look closer at the page (this, of course, is if you have a printed copy of Good Morning - if not, please skip to page five, or better yet visit www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org to purchase a copy). Look closer and see the ridges, see the beauty of the Neenah Classic Crest Natural Stipple (Yes, that's a shout out for an endorsement). The page isn't blank, but full of...texture.

Now, pull out a microscope (or a magnifying glass if that's all which is handy) and zoom in...what do you see? Patterns of all shapes and sizes, history of the trees...the page is far from blank and writing on it, is actually a collaborative act.

So yes, exalt science! For more science equals greater truth to show that book report is not blank at all. What a far more provable excuse, than the emu ate your homework.





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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March 1st 2016

In April, Some-Year-of-High-School, both former president Richard Nixon, and Nirvana guitarist Kurt Cobain, passed on to the great gig in the sky (although, confession, the image of Nixon being in a mosh pit, sometime around the early lollapalooza concerts, does go some way to redeem his image if not his actions or morality).

As a writer and editor for the school newspaper, standing around with the other collaborators on...well, we'll leave the names and places out of it...we marveled that Tricky Dick was given about six paragraphs, while Kurdt Cobain (who varied his spellings while alive, and we purposefully at that time used a headline with the "d" just to confuse folks) received an entire page. Well, it was the night before we were heading out to print and our beloved teacher just shrugged and let us run with it (knowing that we'd receive a certain amount of adulting backlash - and we sure did). Besides, in an age of Macintosh SE/30s as our gear, there weren't enough hours until sunrise to do anything about it.

In those days of youthful folly and follicle, this writer had no problem with this disparity of ink (especially as he was the author of the mournful paean for our fallen grunge idol). While the years have passed it has become more of a chuckle than a concern although there's little encouragement felt to make amends to the late great watergate inmate. We still miss you Curt Kobain.

Over the past couple of months, since our previous paper printing, a number of news-worthy folks have moved along. David Bowie (see page three), Lemmy from Motorhead, Maurice White, and while not a president, one who has a profound effect on the presidency, Antonin Scalia of the Supreme Court (please note the lack of the honorific "Justice" at the front of his name).

Again, the folks of something that vaguely resembles my g-g-g-generation are in mourning for their musical idols. Those who mourn for Mr. Scalia, however, offer up something far less introspective.

Day after day, those who supported his bigoted, racist, homophobic "readings" of the Constitution are worried more about who comes next, and how to stop the current president from selecting a judge who won't do their bidding, rather than looking away in a manger (for there have been a few places that have held him up to some revered place on the wall of paintings in jurisprudence lore).

So the personal world comes around, and now looking out into the greater pasture of ideas, what we held true and monumental two decades ago still holds true for the greater whole - there is more

to mourn in our musickers and dreamers of dreams than there is in our lawmakers (who have become mostly breakers of dreams).

And seeing this pattern, it is not difficult to discern that so should it be with our artists - for they are the prophets who see the way to a better future, far sooner than those who spend their hours looking for handouts and handshakes and hand-me-downs (and here's where you're thinking that we are speaking of the homeless in this country for whom we must find housing - when in truth we're speaking of candidates for government whose hands-off approach to the over-zealous hands-up policy has hands down, handily led to our disdain of such hands-behind-the-back-fingers-crossed types).

To quote Dr. Neil DeGrasse Tyson, speaking about his realizations as a child, "I wonder what profession all these senators and congressmen have...law, law, law, law, business man, law, law... where are the engineers, where is the rest of life represented here?" Goodness no artist is absurd enough to go into politics (is it much wonder that it was an *actor* who became President?) although what an experiment if we would...

So yes, we will continue to mourn those-you-try-and-pass-off-as-entertainers - because we know that they are the ones who will lead us closer to one another as politics attempts to be a wedge that keeps us apart. A wedge that tries to goad us into a race war, so that we ignore that there is a class war going on. For hell, they're even trying to convince us that art is the way to economic development of the crumbling infrastructure of small town America so that all of the revolutionary, political art, becomes docile so that folks will want to hang it on their walls rather than march in the streets.

And if none of the above has been convincing, let's pull it back around to one final proof, one succinct corollary to bring the collar down upon the ground so that we may run free:

Don't believe that artists are the key to a better future? Why else would all of the local governments in this country be so greatly gutting funding for education, and specifically the arts, if they didn't fear artists so much?

Baaber Shop Quartette



DEAR MR. TRUMP

Let's stop pretending. Let's talk artiste-a-hombre (because, mano-a-mano actually means "hand to hand" and it doesn't seem you're much the dancing type and you're not likely to know sign language, although we could arm wrestle to raise money for charity or something)...

We're tired. We're tired of having to always express the satire of the fact that the United States Government is run by money, ordered around by big business, and can be bought for the right amount. For nearly one hundred years we've been returning to the same theme in the pages of Good Morning. Let's stop pretending, and just all come out and admit it. We have a great idea as to how (for we'd like to create cartoons with some other themes).

Given that your net worth is between 4.5 billion (according to Forbes, but according to you, too low) and 10 billion (your number - which we'll use out of respect for your presumed honesty), we think that you should offer twenty dollars to every person who votes for you in the Presidential election.

If we look back at 2012, Barack Obama received just under 66 million votes. So, let's use that number as our guide as to how many votes you'll need to win. Think of it - 66 million times a Jackson (or two Tubmans when you've purchased a second term in 2020) per person, is a paltry 1.32 billion dollars. That's a measly 13.2% of your worth. Surely, you can see that this plan makes for a sensible, valuable investment! Heck, couldn't you even write it off?

Of course, you're wondering how to make certain you only pay those who support you (certainly don't want any election-day scammers getting a free handout). Well, the way we see it, this idea that votes should be kept secret...is out-of-date. Given the majority (50%? 60%? 92.4%?) of voters are already on Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, various other social platforms such as water coolers, lunch lines, and bumper stickers, telling who they support to everybody who will listen (and even those that won't)...we propose to just do away with hidden votes. Because, by the time election day rolls around, we pretty much know. That solves the biggest

problem. It would probably also lessen the amount of voter fraud, given that each vote would have to be verifiable, like a promise that internet forums have tried to achieve. So look at that, not only can we ease your payment process, but as an unintended side-effect, we're making elections a more honest process. Are we good or what?

Now, maybe you're thinking that \$20 doesn't sound like much, less than a tank of fuel, not even lunch for two unless we're going fast food...so here's the key and what puts you over the top in the starry eyes of the American public. You then announce a boost to your plan, by joining forces with the Koch Brothers and their budget of \$889 million to spend toward the election! Dividing up their funds to those same 66 million people, would bring the grand total per vote up to \$33.46! Isn't that a better way to spend all of that money than a few thousand hours of moribund television advertising, or feeding the needy like Jesus used to do?

To us, it seems like a sufficient fund to be able to purchase the backing of the needy or the opportunistic or the foolhardy. Think of all the eligible voters who have never stepped to the polls, but would find a way to be there, for their payout!

So, please let us know soon if this plan works for you. We'll be happy to, in the pages of Good Morning, be the ones to first announce this stupendous news to the country. We ask that you let us know soon, because we already have plans for our cut - \$66.92 between the two of us. That's a few pads of bristol board, a bottle of ink, and some much needed new nibs for our pens. Because we're ready...ready to start drawing cartoons on a different topic.

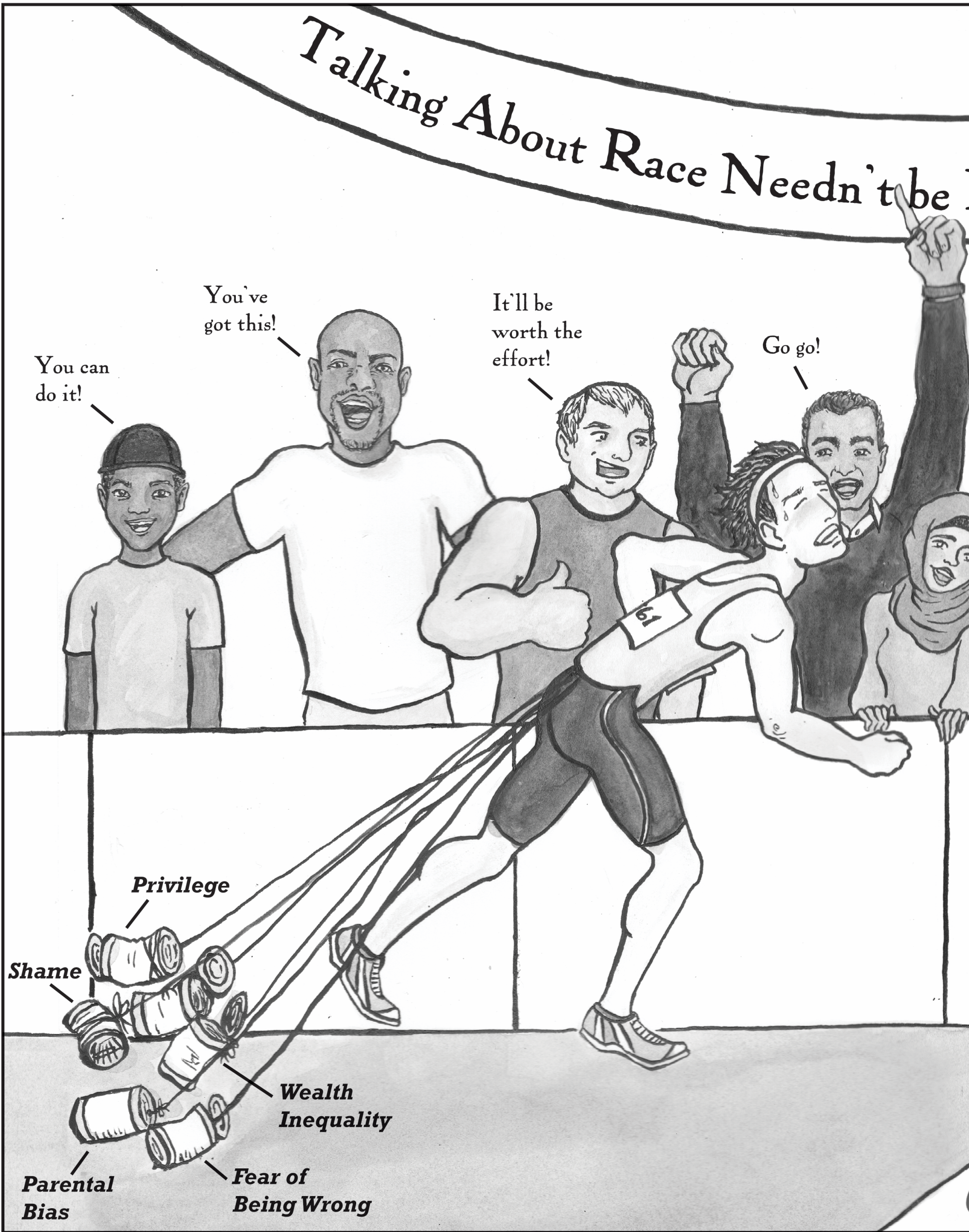
Sincerely,

We, the editors, of Art Young's Good Morning.

P.S. While you certainly are of the belief that you will win, there must be a clause in this contract with the American people that you will pay out, even if you are not elected, and the free voters prevail. Of course, you could always file a fifth bankruptcy and absolve yourself of any fiduciary responsibility.



Bread Line in the United States...Tasty Dough



Difficult. Let's Deal With It Now.



Yes!

Yes!

Keep going!

Yes you can get there!

All the work is paying off!

Go go!

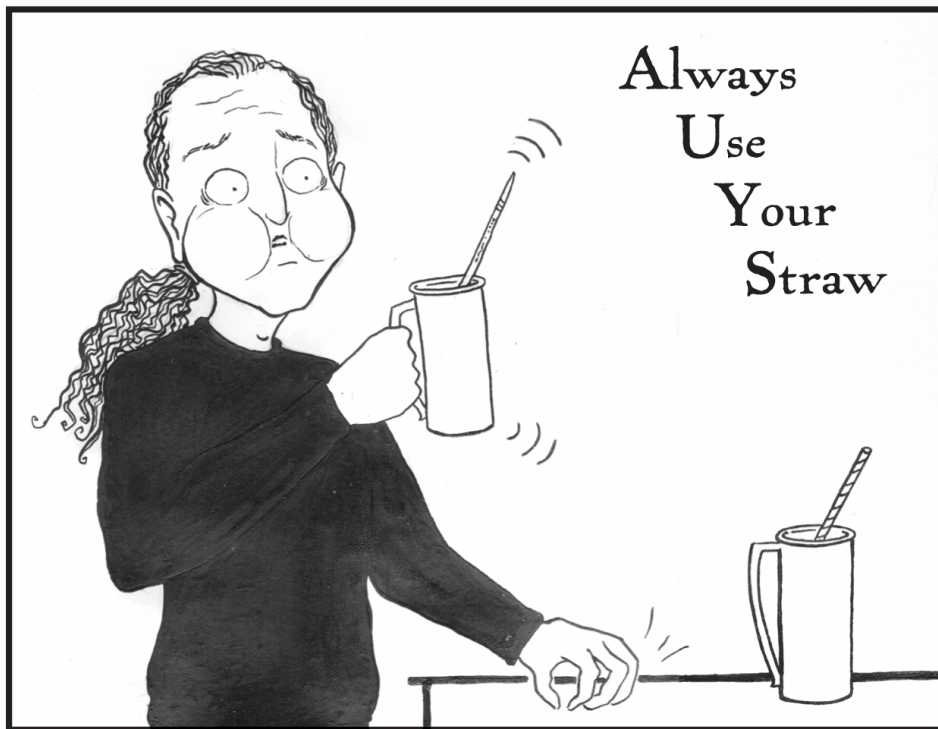
They're tin-can'ts, not anvils



STARTING LINE

It won't be a sprint, that's for certain...but it doesn't have to be a marathon.





A BAR WALKS INTO A BAR

The entire class from the Consolidated Power and Law University stepped out one evening as they were winding down the semester. Curious as to why this gaggle of students had entered, a stout man sitting in the corner placed his Shirley Temple on his small table and approached the nearest twenty-something.

"Where is your group from?" he asked, immediately perturbed at himself for ending a sentence with a preposition.

"Well, if by from, you're indicating our point of origin, we'll have to begin by the fact that we're from a diverse geographical background, given that we've all travelled here with a similar, albeit not singular goal in mind for which the where is more of a socio-economic concept than one which could be..."

"Ah, you're becoming lawyers," interrupted the man, as he continued walking right out the door, leaving his drink without even having eaten the maraschino.

Bow to Brie

Pray to
Provolone

All Hail
Havarti

Worship the
Wispride

Behold
the
Golden
Gouddha!



THEY ALWAYS SAY, WE ALWAYS DO

They kept saying that it would never happen. They kept saying that there was no way he could be a challenger. They kept repeating and repeating and repeating like a pop song on the radio - because everybody in the media knows that if something is repeated long enough, often enough, and if need be loud enough, we'll start tapping our foot, bobbing the head, and eventually singing along.

Yet, then something funny happened. Happened in a true to-laugh-that-we-may-not-weep manner. We all started speaking. We all started saying it is possible. We all started insisting that the challenge be raised. We all kept sharing and sharing and sharing the truth - and somehow, even though there can be so many working to obfuscate and obscure the truth...it always rises to the top and rocks the world.

So it was last night, as that little percentage counter kept ticking and ticking, the arrow not to the right but an arrow pointed upward, onward, outward...toward the entire country who will no longer be distracted by the bubble gum and pay-for-play airwaves.

Imagine that - the media no longer left-or-right biased or in control of the message because the real reports, the real news, is coming from the people.

Yet, even with all this to be celebrated, we found ourselves weeping...weeping a tear or three of joy. Because, frankly, we believed that never in our lifetime would we see such a dream take form in reality. Never did we believe that we the people could band together and demand something better - rise up in a chorus of all types of music - rock, rap, classical, swing, big band, metal (you get the point) for a greater good.

That's the difference between "they" and "we all", the difference between a candidate who says "I" (as if we are not ready to be a part of the political process) and one who wags "US" - for let that "US" be capitalized, and capitalized upon, for it is even more significant than "I" - for it creates the promise of a future that we all can be a part of, together.

THE CARTOGRAPHER'S GREATEST COP-OUT

*This map not to scale.



Remembering the first time we
were exposed to satire...

PUDD'N HEAD FRED

To keep Poor Fish company, Art had begun to introduce other characters into Good Morning.

Pudd'n Head Fred, was a take on members of Congress and is, according to his one appearance, second cousin to the Poor Fish.

He first appeared, in 1919, in the image reprinted below, and then once solo, in Sept./Oct. 1920.



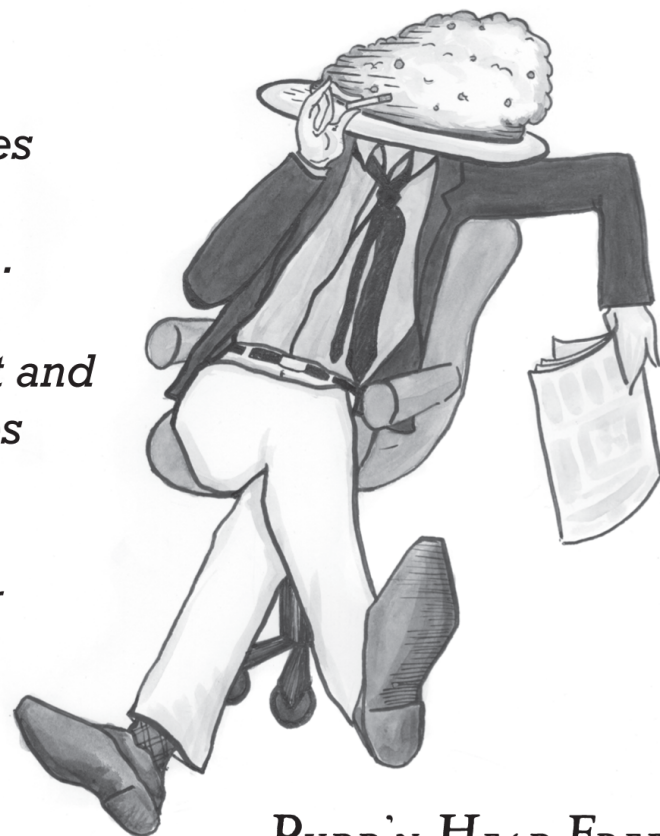
Step 1) Privatize prisons...

Step 2) List prison companies on the stock exchange (cca, geo, mtc, cec, hrc, etc)...

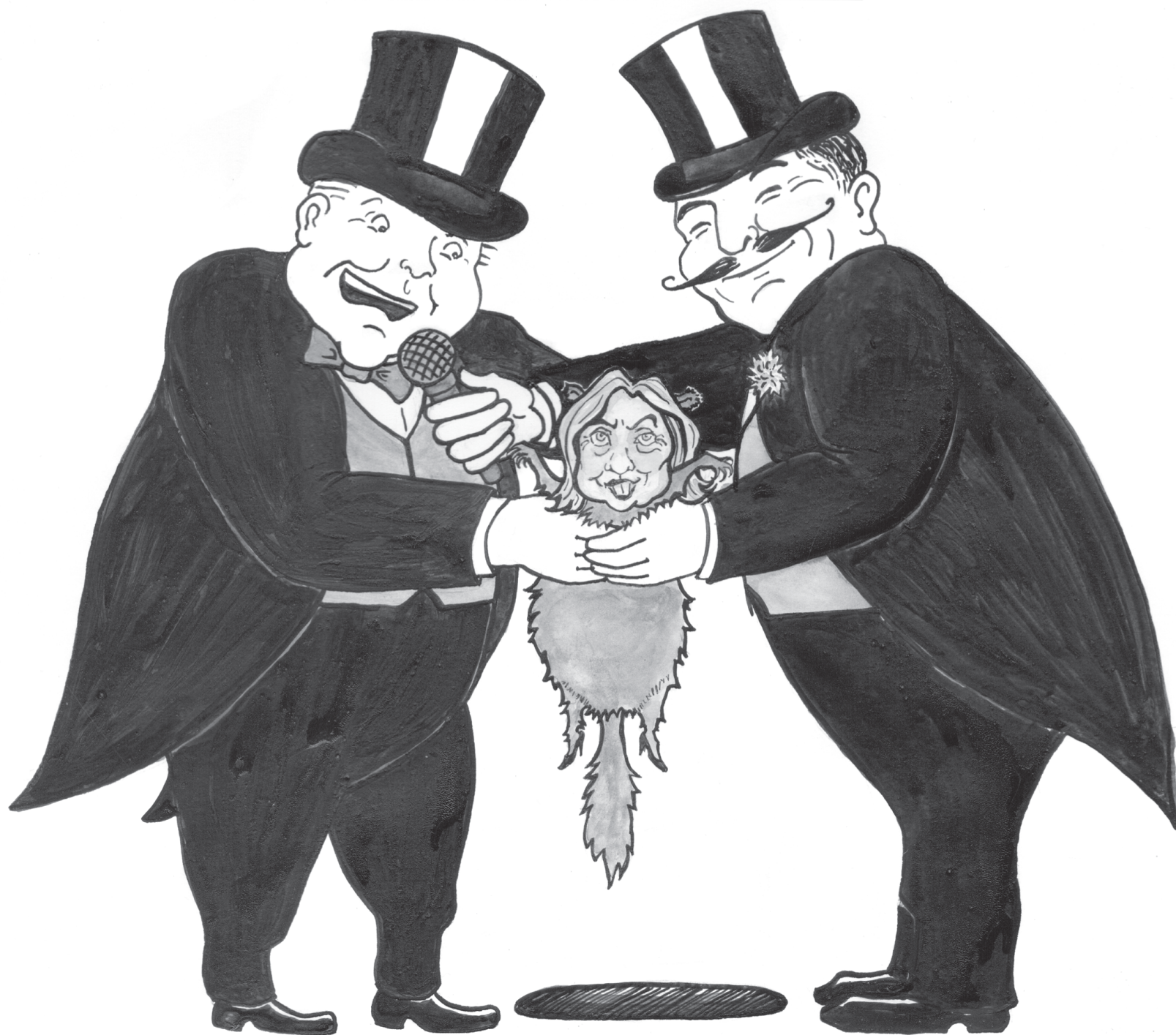
Step 3) Find judges to invest and buy shares in said companies

Step 4) Have same judges send people to jail for minor infractions when a fine or probation used to suffice

Step 5) Profit.



PUDD'N HEAD FRED



In yet another election, the fat-cat capitalists pull Punxsutawny Hil from her burrow...Shadow...No shadow...The Season of Greed is over...

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



*"If I'm not mistaken
there's a very simple
way for corporations
and the wealthy to
pay less taxes under
Senator Sanders'
plan..."*

*Share more of
the profit with
your workers..."*

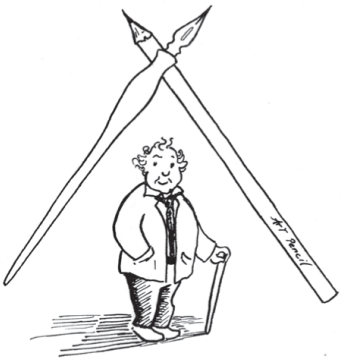
AS THE WORLD TUREENS

One has to wonder how the Wedgwood and Waterford of the world are feeling right now, as the wealth equality movement picks up steam. And by steam, we don't mean that of the hot soup variety wafting out of a tureen.

Because, isn't that the symbol of a certain brand of family which never really existed beyond certain tall walls, and was used as a lure on the hook of some fishy pole to catch the American Dream?

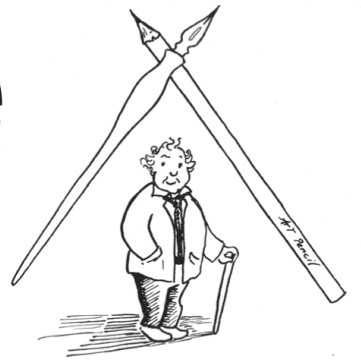
It's a rarefied air (of which we don't partake) Instead, we will go out on a limb and profess we prefer our tofu well done with just the right crisp rather than being bloody raw. Is it then, that the heirs of one thousand formal dining areas have no clue what it is like to relate to those of us in arrears...or maybe, it is as simple as realizing that they are up to their ears, or rears, in (t)rump roast...

That being said, we extend an olive branch to those who soon will realize that no stew is made by one set of hands, and that having the capital to begin the cooking, is useless without the knowledge and skill of an experienced chef. Let us then speak a language you'll sadly have to work to understand - that there is food aplenty for all, and it's your call as to whether it is possible to feast together - not at a banquet table (would Hillary bring her personal servers?) but at a picnic, somewhere natural and warm.



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



Where to even start about Eugene V. Debs...

Is it the nearly one million votes he received for President, while he was in jail (put there by the federal government in an attempt to silence his organizing)?

Maybe it is his quote that we use so often in our works, "You need to know that you are fit for something better than slavery and cannon fodder."

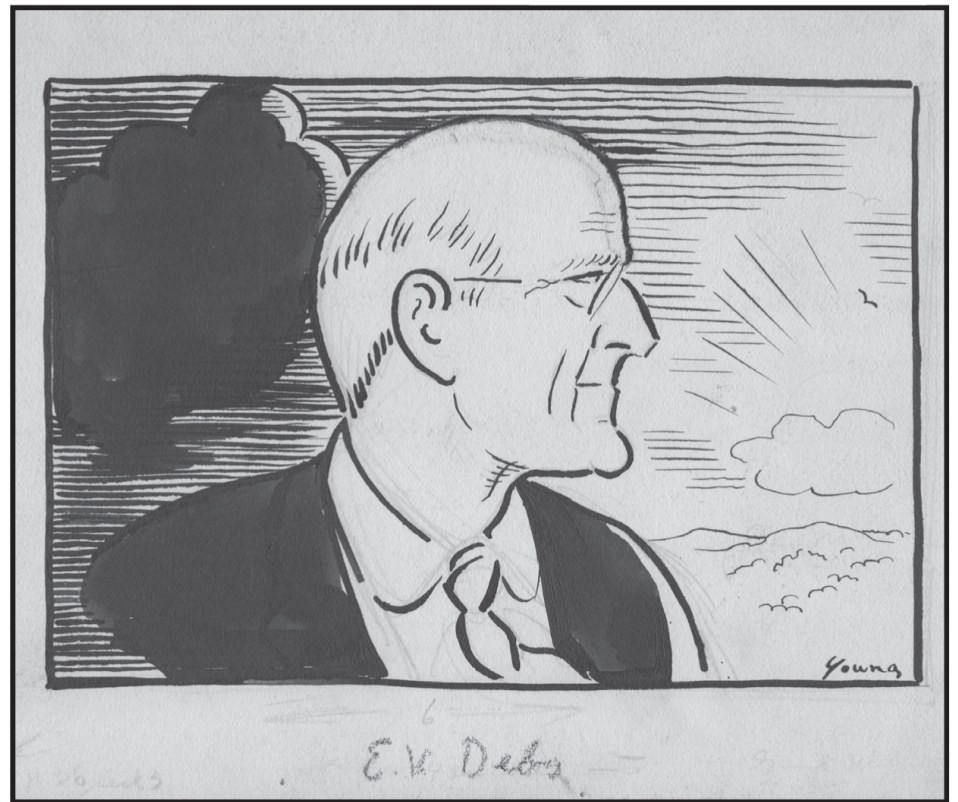
Is it the fact that he was the last viable third-party candidate that this country has seen - almost one hundred years ago and what's wrong with that picture that we've been left with nothing but the lesser of two evils for a long-too-long time?

Is it the fact that he was friends with Art Young, and that the drawing to the right was done for The Campaign Primer, a pamphlet that Art illustrated in 1920, and later updated and reprinted in 1930 as The Socialist Primer?

During his candidacy, Debs traveled around the country on the "Debs Train", drawing massive crowds to hear him speak from the back of a train car. Use all the tools available to find these photos - it is inspirational - what democracy is supposed to look like.

Maybe we reprint this illustration of Debs today because we groundlings have finally stood witness to another Debs...in Bernie Sanders - a man so true and fiery about being passionate in raising up the lower and middle and working classes, that one can't help but feel exuberant to be alive.

We'll end with words from Theodore Debs (Eugene's brother) to Art Young, dated November 11th, 1912: "Gene is much interested in your work and when anything comes from the gifted pen of Art Young it is sure to have careful examination."



This illustration is always available to be viewed in the offices of Good Morning or in any of the places we take this traveling Art Young roadshow.

Want to bring the traveling Art Young Road Show to your library/museum/gathering for a presentation/conversation/pop-up art gallery? Contact us at editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org

Oh and...you can download The Socialist Primer at our website: <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning/primer.html>

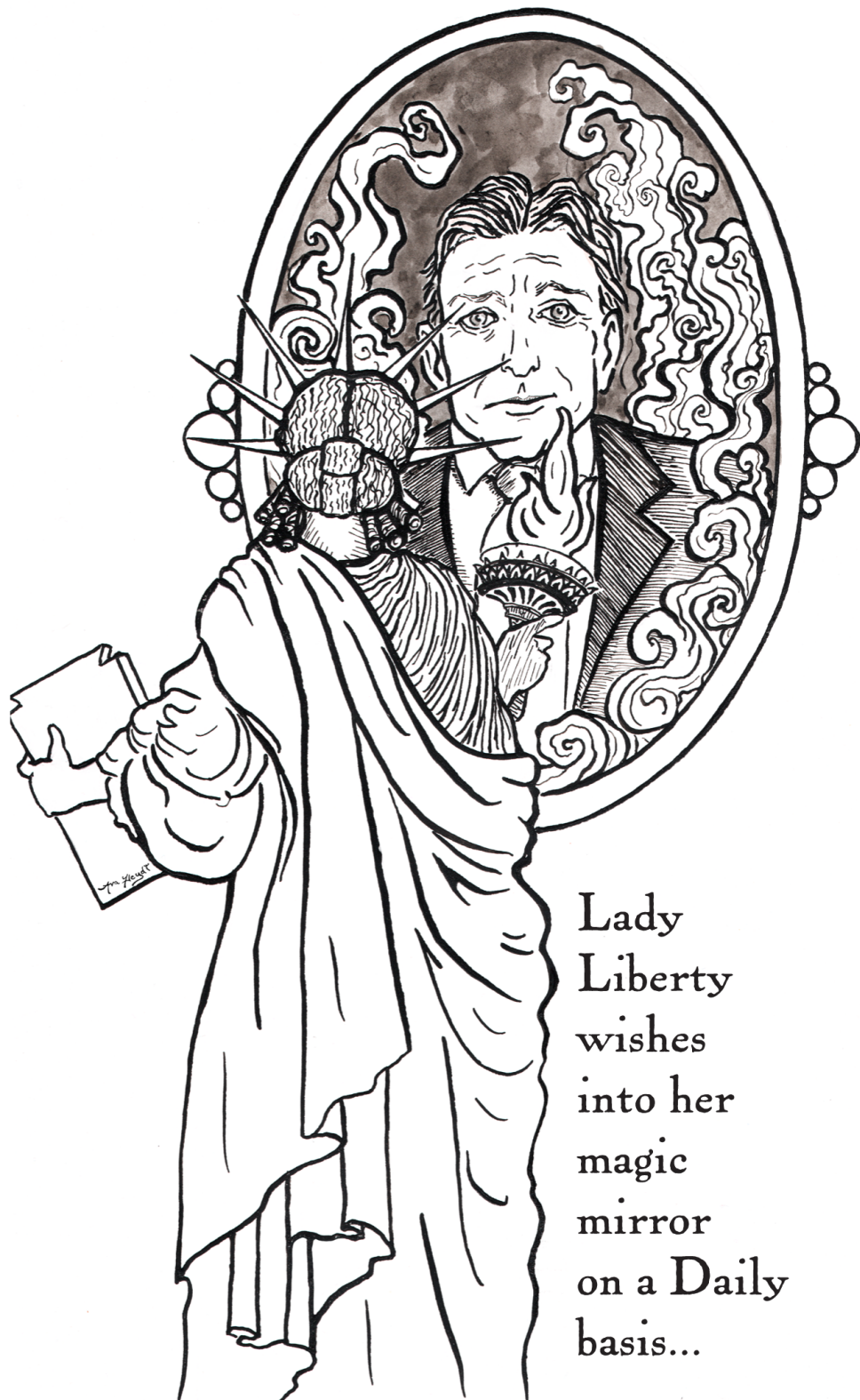
SO YOU'VE HELPED KILL MILLIONS

Now what? What is next on the agenda for an aging orchestrator of genocide? Certainly the power and bloodlust doesn't fade over time and just like that old song in which "everybody wants to roll the dice just one more time", where does a person responsible for the deaths of millions go for the icing on the cake of their legacy?

Certainly, binging and purging on the people of the United States must be delectable in some manner. So much fat of the land, so many resources. Is it a surprise that the creature who graces the cover of this issue stated, "Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy."

It's not a stretch then to realize that the idea of calling for free tuition to public college puts such a crimp in imperialistic plans. If you can't offer up free schooling in trade for being cannon fodder, whatever will the warlords do to convince folks that fighting another unjust and uncalled for war, is a fair trade? Of course, when you realize what percentage of folks who sign up for that deal don't ever get to use their schooling because they are rotting in the ground...is this a morbid plan to balance the budget?

Because wouldn't that just be the way for the Generals to say, "Oh shit, we don't have enough money to pay for all of these schoolbooks, we need to kill off a few thousand, pronto?"



Lady
Liberty
wishes
into her
magic
mirror
on a Daily
basis...



Still
Selling
"Blood of
Labor"
Scented

SO YOU'VE HELPED SWILL BILLIONS

Great work! Now why don't you consider backing us for president (it only take a few zeroes to play this game). In trade we'll make you ambassador to some far off place so that you can make trade deals that allow you to pillage the land of any gems and minerals that have still not been stripped from the soil.

TRILLIONS OF KRILL CARILLONS

The environment? So what? By the time we have finished destroying the oceans, we'll be long dead and our children and their children will have passed laws to make soylent green a reality. If you don't want to get eaten then work harder and show us that your life is worthwhile. Otherwise, don't swim with the sharks. Four legs good, two legs better, one dorsal fin is divine.

THE ONLY RHYME LEFT IS CLINTON

Can we now finally talk about how slick Will still kills zillions of civilians via his privatization of prisons bill?



*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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**This issue we present the 2016 Art Young
Memorial Award for Poetry, first given in 1945.**

This year's winner is

Terry Severhill for

Beneath the Shadow of the Sun

Honorable Mention to

Emily Vieweg for *Shadows*

**More info about the history of the award,
and guides for entering next year's contest,
can be found at our website:**

**[http://www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org/
Art_Young_Award.html](http://www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org/Art_Young_Award.html)**

You become taller as the sun sets.
Limbs grow from inches to yards
ahead of me, and I get bigger too.

I think about things I've never done -
never traveled out of the country
seen the sunset from L'Arc de Triomphe or
heard the rain tickle the streets of Venice -

never felt a hot winter breeze in the
Kalahari or seen
Romeo and Juliet at the Sydney Opera House -

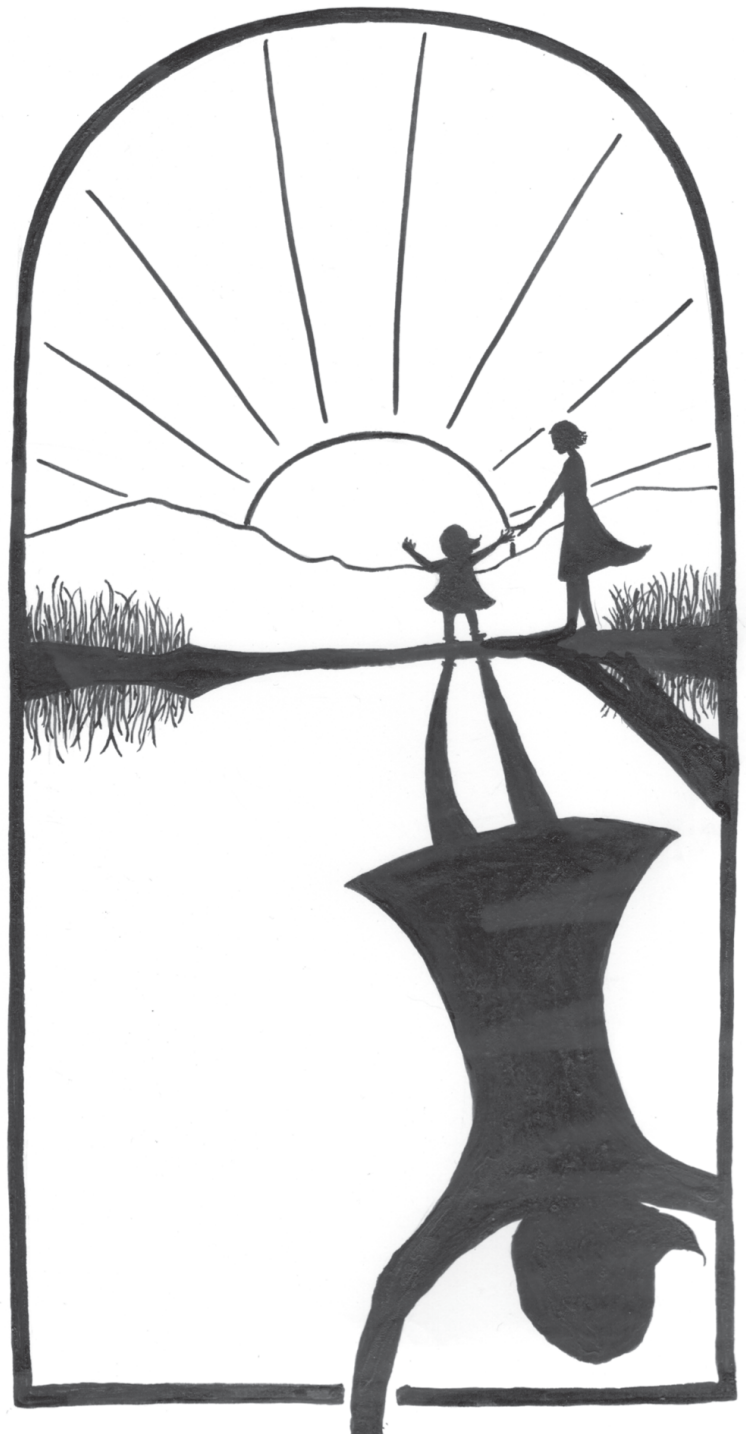
haven't tasted marinara in Sicily or
stroked the wall in Berlin.

I have seen Illinois from the top of the Arch
at least thirty times and
Busch Stadium will always be the best site
for marching band competitions and
Kansas' claim to fame is the
number of cows speckling the
fields along the highway.

You run ahead to declare
already at three, you are a giant.

Shadows BY EMILY VIEWEG

We fought beneath the shadow of the sun
no longer boys not quite men.
Seated astride a juggernaut
plunging deeper into an abysmal dismal.
Hanging on not sure if we should laugh or scream.
Landscape pocked-marked by craters and round graves,
resting places for good or bad, no way of knowing.
Our dead are battle field heroes.
We've no chance to linger,
No chance to bid farewell,
No chance to grieve beneath the shadow of the sun.
Way back when - when a day seemed like a year,
a year a life time,
an instant -
between muzzle flash and never more ---
eternity.
School daze - football heroes -
Future dreams, future generations, all put on hold -
As we fought beneath the shadow of the sun.
We fought for country, we fought for mom,
mostly we fought for each other.
We sought and we grabbed and we caught,
clinging we fought the tail of a dragon
many times bigger than our childhood



Red Radio Flyer Wagon, careening,
 spinning, wheeling, turning, creating a
 yearning, a love still burning.
 A legacy bequeathed to those who fought
 beneath the shadow of the sun.

It robbed us of our youth —

It robbed us in such subtle ways.

More thoroughly than any tax man.

No thief could be as skillful to
 rob us of our love -our hope -
 our faith - our trust -

No more secrets -

No way -No how -

--- But -

I've got a secret you can't have -

--- Unless -

You fought beneath the shadow of the sun.

Across the sea,

around the world,

Somewhere, perhaps in the remnants

Of several million lost boyhoods,

Some of which you might catch

a glimpse of on some hot summer's day,

or perhaps a bitter cold

winter's night, reflected back,
 taunting, a ghost image in black
 granite and faceless names ---
 and nameless faces.

Rerunning this patrol or that.

Rethinking a thousand times the
 ambush where you left a part of
 yourself -flesh or brother,

innocents or conscience, trying to change
 a changeless nightmare that comes
 too often in the middle of the day.

We fought beneath the shadow of the sun,

Some for Honor, some for Glory, some just for fun.

We are all almost the same -

touched in subtle or not so subtle ways,

and so

we sit in silence

at the passing of our days.

We who fought beneath the shadow of the sun.

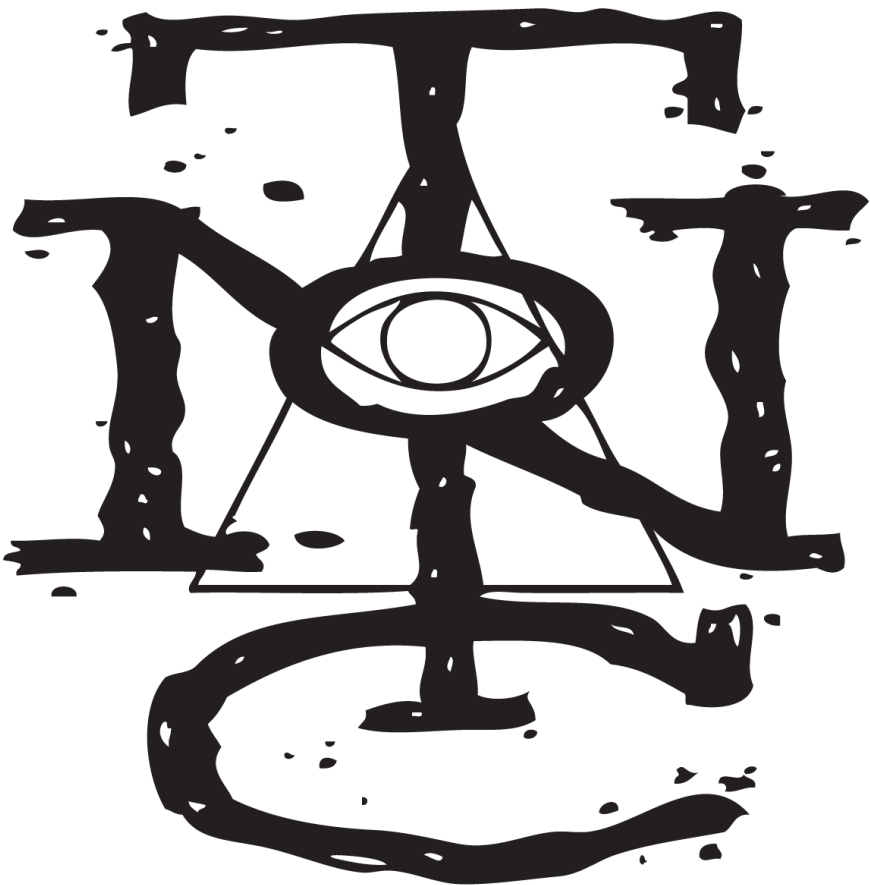
Beneath the Shadow of the Sun

BY TERRY SEVERHILL



We Are More Than Just "Boots" on the Ground

OLD WORLD HORROR
FOR THE NEW WORLD ORDER



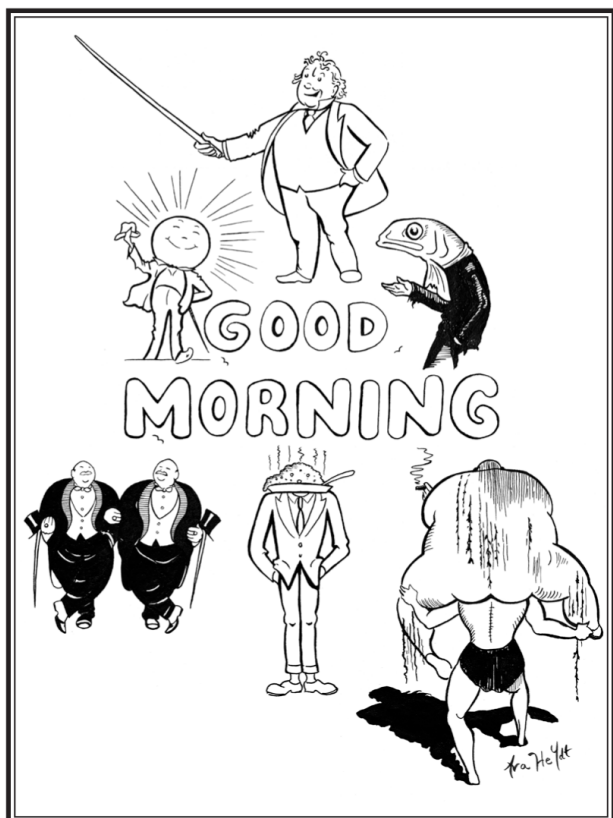
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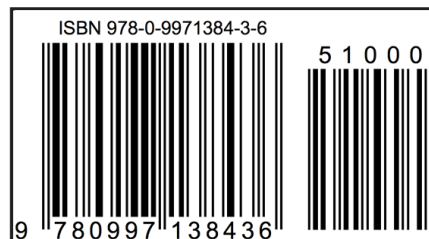
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