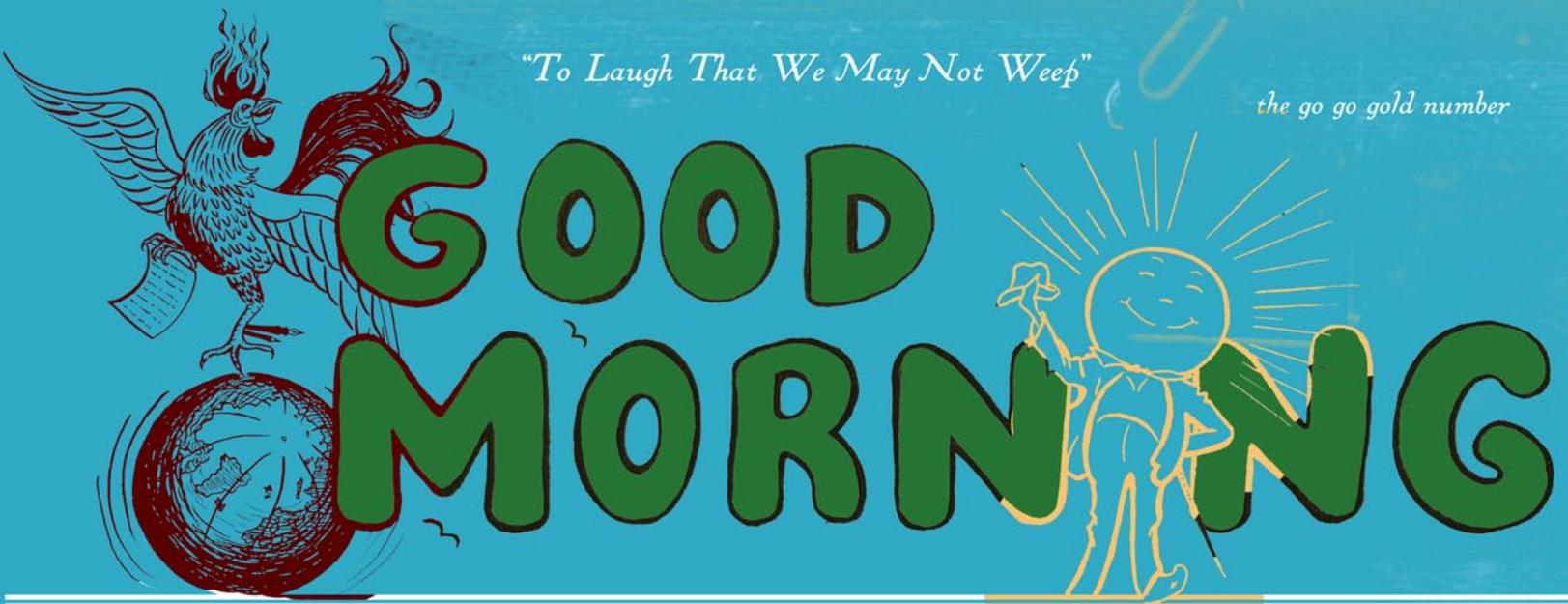


"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"

the go go gold number



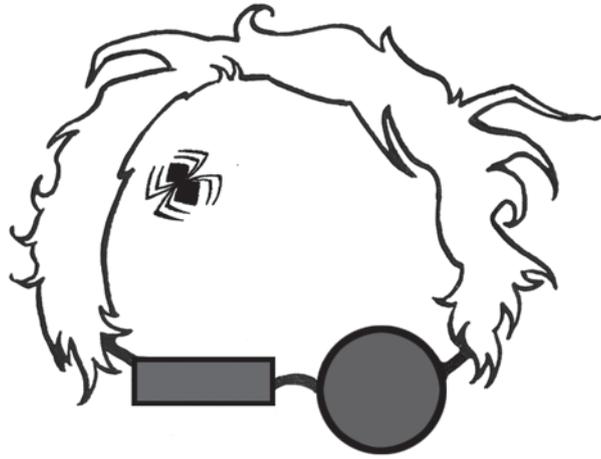
May 31st 2017

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 5 No. 4

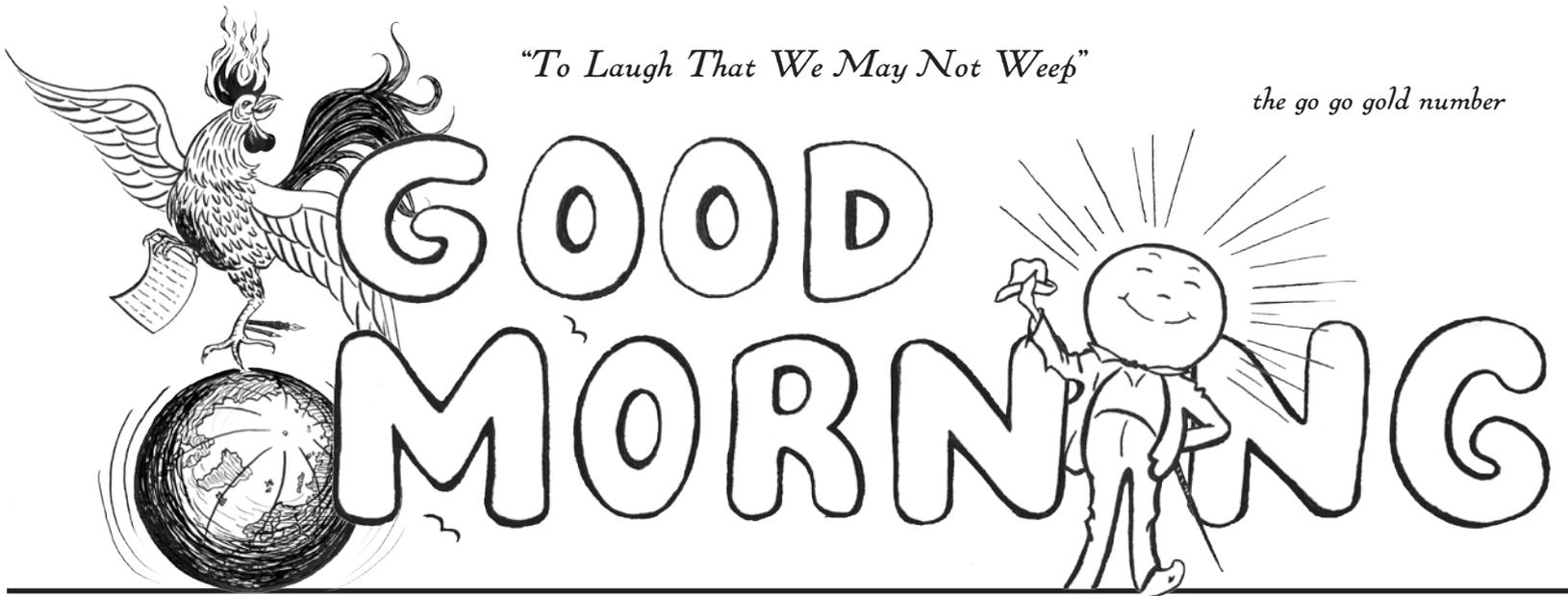


Guerilla Tape (Black Tape for a Blue Capitalist)



"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"

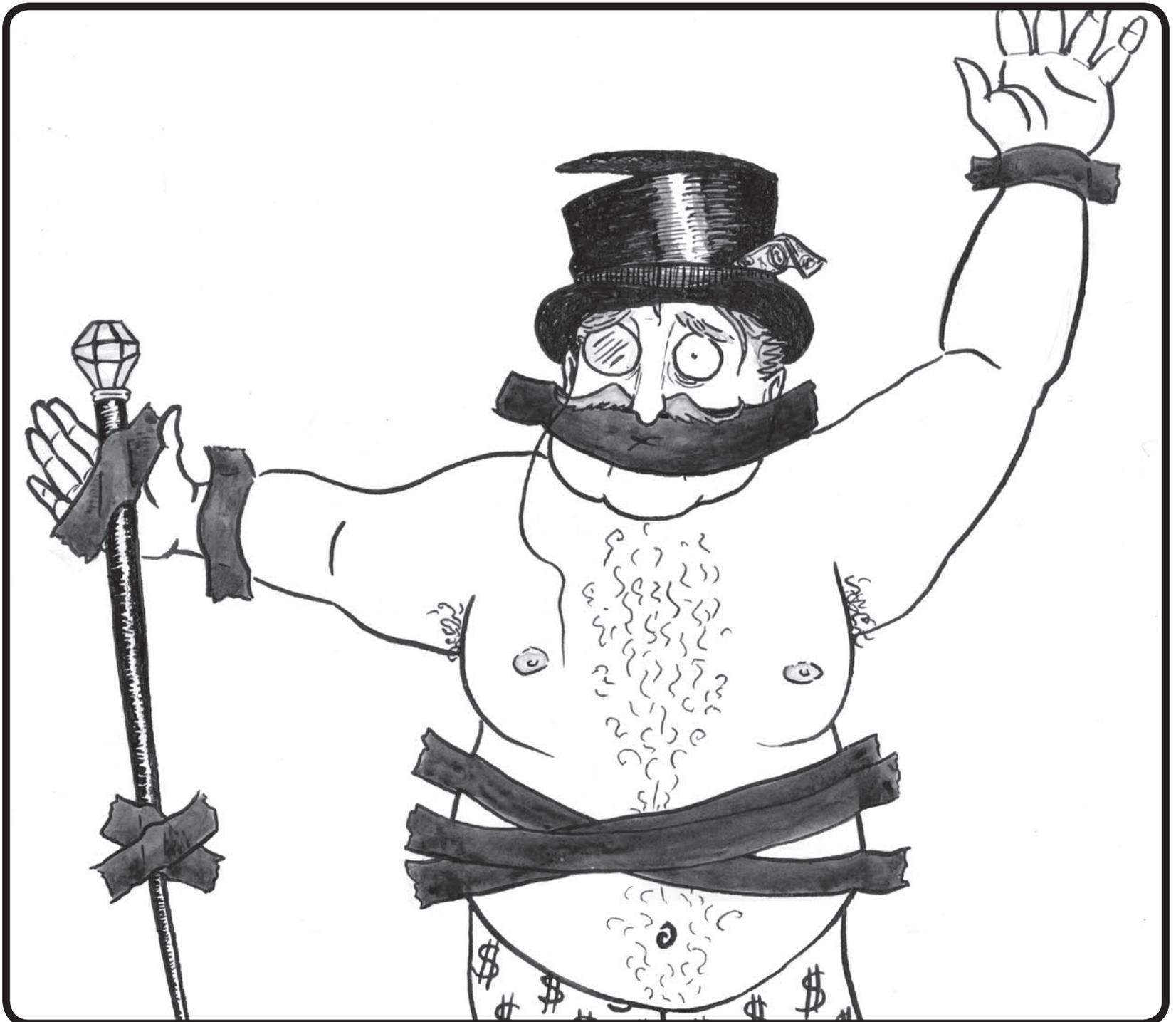
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May 31st 2017

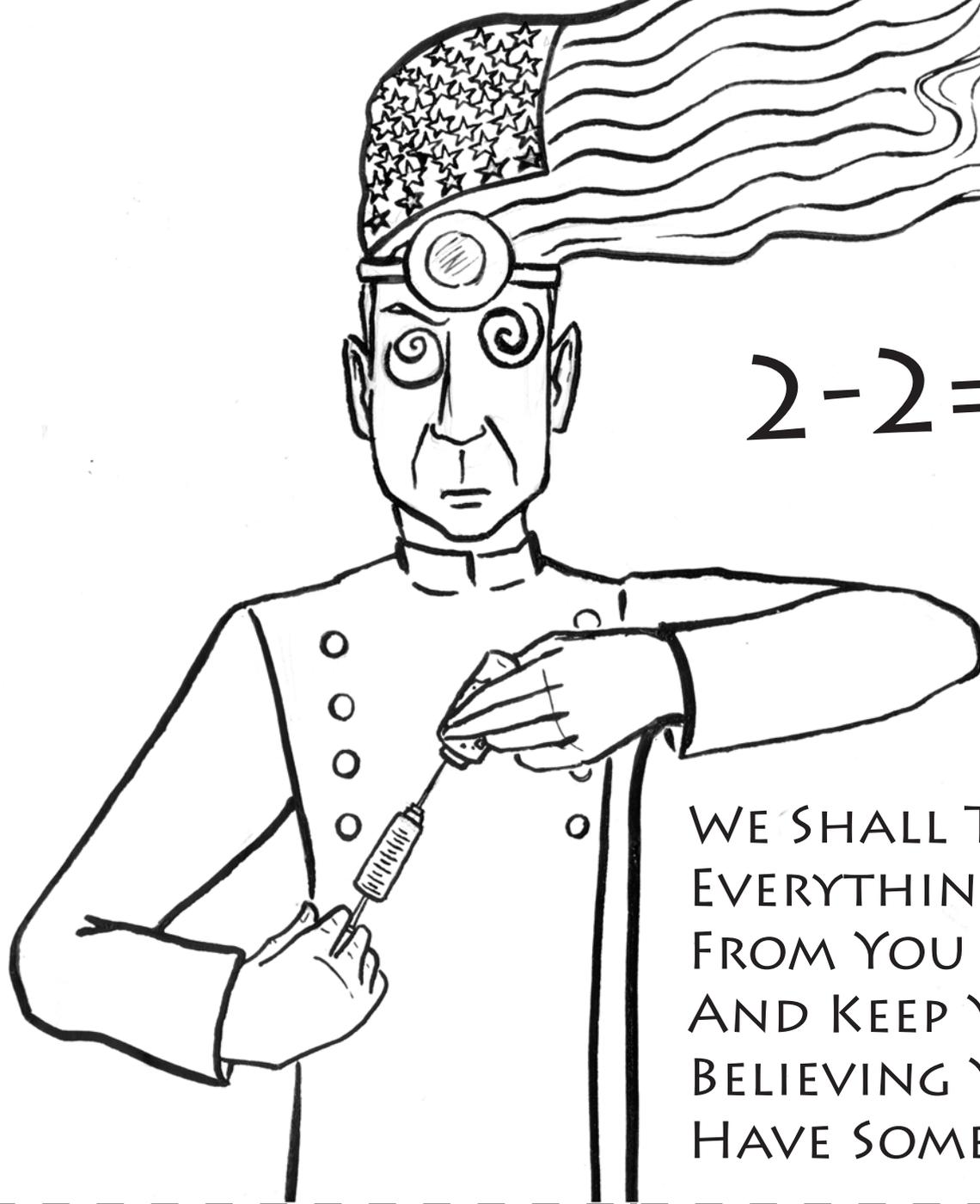
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Vol. 5 No. 4



Guerilla Tape (Black Tape for a Blue Capitalist)

A SUBSCRIPTION HELPS KEEP US
GOING IN THE BATTLE AGAINST
DR. I. NATION...



$$2 - 2 = 4$$

WE SHALL TAKE
EVERYTHING
FROM YOU
AND KEEP YOU
BELIEVING YOU
HAVE SOMETHING...

Help us continue to shine a light upon the shadowy beast that puts
a burden upon us all...

Enclosed find twelve dollars (US only) for three issues (appearing
every two months) of *Art Young's Good Morning*.

Send *Art Young's Good Morning* to:

Name _____

Address _____

Seraphemera Books 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel CT 06801
Or order at: <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org/store.html>

Help us continue to shine a light upon the shadowy beast that puts
a burden upon us all...

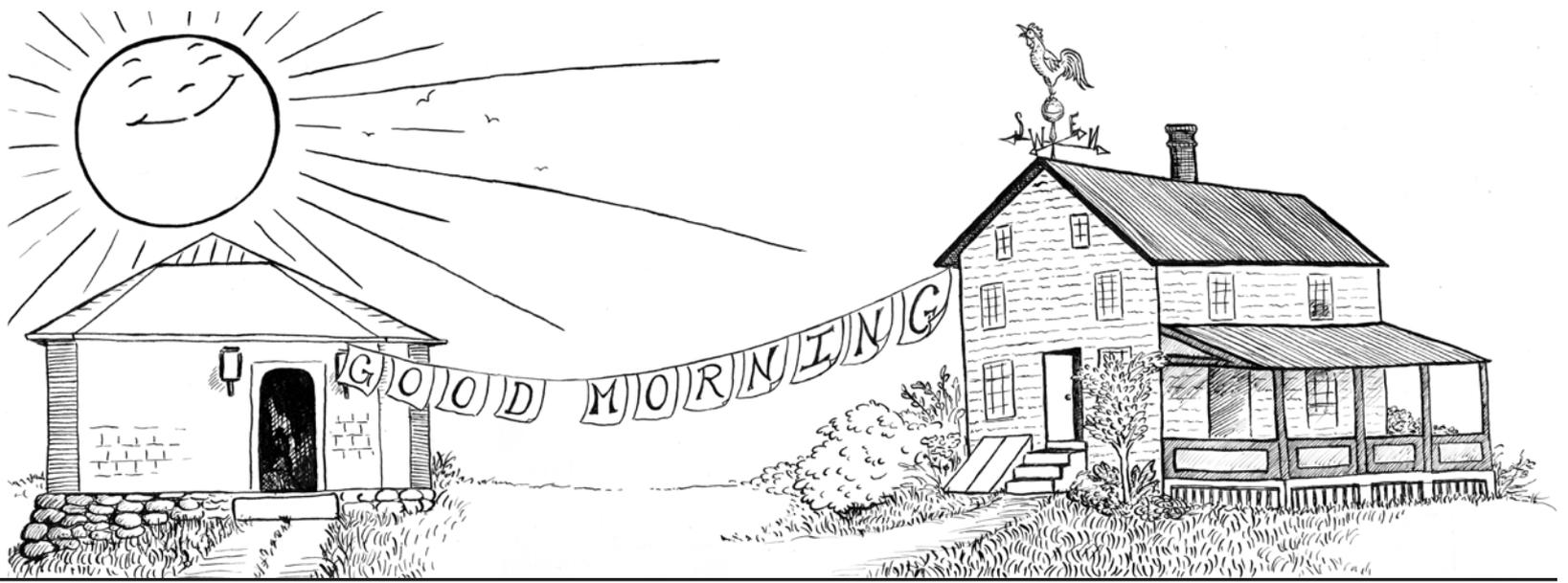
Enclosed find twenty four dollars (US only) for six issues
(appearing every two months) of *Art Young's Good Morning*.

Send *Art Young's Good Morning* to:

Name _____

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Seraphemera Books 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel CT 06801
Or order at: <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org/store.html>



A WAY TO GO

If they say the devil is in the details, and the devil is at the crossroads, then we are all at the most elaborate intersection that we've ever faced.

Was it on the map? Yes. Did we drive here nonetheless? Yes. Is this the infamous human need to create a problem which didn't need to be solved until it was created? Yes.

So which way do we go from here? There are politicians who would have you believe that the way is to travel backwards in time, to some era, some age ago, that was supposedly better than now. It is a fallacy, however - because while one may travel in time, without travelling in space as well...leaves us all in the very same spot.

And what spot is that? Well, aren't you glad there's the rest of the page to ask?

A WAYS TO GO

Whichever direction is ultimately chosen, or forced depending on one's point of view, the journey will be...of a rather long duration.

As such, it is best to now get to know our neighbors, for they'll be our companions for the foreseeable future.

Not just know them, but find the common bonds with them. Find the similar interests. Forego the places in which you don't agree. It isn't important right now. Or, maybe, ever.

AWAY TO GO

So it is time, then, to throw away all those preconceived notions - the self-aggrandizing phrase for stereotypes. It isn't important right now. It isn't important ever. For as soon as we stereotype another, we do little but stereotype ourselves.

So away we go then - off on an adventure in which we are going to have to trust each other - otherwise we will fail. We will have to work against every fiber of our being wanting to push and shove and put both our feet forward into our mouth. Yet what does that get us? A scurvy sammich. Which nurtures, not a one.

A WEIGHT WHO GOES

Think of the anchor lifted then - when the ship that sails knows how to row, in unison - for the identity comes in the song that keeps the rhythm, not in the individual actions of each of the players.

So here, we bring the weight with us, not throw it overboard, but carry the burdens, as a group.

A WEIGHT OF GOLD

Given the current political climate, the words "unity" and "together" are those which we want not utilize when discussing this last portion of sailing past where the seas all meet - flowing into each other and forming either an accelerating waterslide or a descendant whirlpool...

In this same regard, we wish not be an army banding together, but a sea. Are we each fish then? Poor Fish at that? This is one possibility - but let's consider one other.

We seek labels and titles, yet each of these is yet another way to divide - our group this, your group that. Simply put, we'd be better just being without name, without affiliation, all parties welcome, no parties hold sway.

Put another way, when we take the phrase with which we have been guiding and navigating the stars, "Not Me, Us" we realize that the "Us" is not only those we agree with, on each and every issue. The "Us" - is all - no answers given, all questions, respectfully, asked. A game of questions, then?





Steven Bane-On - Villain of Gotham City and Beyond

IN THE WHEY

Here, in true column form, bumped into these narrow confines due to the bulging vicissitudes of the image to the left, we consider the whey in which all sorts of chemicals are hidden.

Food, you see, is the easiest source of contamination in the world. What is added, what is removed, what is really the result of tridexoglutafallomenstratinealiniteous?

It's like a game really - how long of a word can one make, full of naught but prefixes and suffixes, so that it sounds like some additive ingredient that lowers the price of said snack, so that the tongue-twisting, throat-burning, pancreas-destroying, cancer-causing agent, in reality, really becomes an In-Greed-ient?

How could we have developed into a mindset in which it is ok to poison people, who are doing little but attempting to feed themselves? People who gave up land, traded gardens for golf course lawns, and put one of the most basic of needs in the hands of corporations whose finger foods are forever on their wallets, and are being spoon fed their meals from sources other than what is sitting on the shelves at the local grossery?

ON THE SWAY

Here in just under one hundred words, in a little space that has rules and regulations that it not be continued upon another page (for here it must be completed) we seek to find another question, without hesitation, with a determination that this is no longer a game, for to say life and death is such, instantly moves us from madness, into a realm much more...



LIBERTY
CABBAGE



FREEDOM
FRIES



DEMOCRACY
DRINK

Repatriating the Enemy Food Combatants

THE BROTHERS QUAY

Not that they're in need of our advertisement (read with a short "i" sound, not the say-my-name long vowel), but in the case you've never viewed any of their work, might we suggest beginning with *The Street of Crocodiles* - a take on the masterful tales of the mostly forgotten (hey, kinda like us) Bruno Schulz.

In fact, it might be worth looking into the textual version of said tale as well. A writer unlike any other, Schulz walks the world of magic realism like few others have ever achieved.

And so there, in the midst of the political, the critical, the antithetical, and the heretical, we've provided two new avenues of the artistical for one to ponder, wonder, and wander with and into.

However, as with all things illuminating in their darkness, and dark due to lighting the corners that have so long remained in shadow, we cannot be held responsible for that which changes, rearranges, or extenuates inside, after feasting on that which is alive like only creation, can be.

AND THUS WE PLAY

The play's the thing, eh? The play within a play? All the world's a stage, and the men and women merely players...

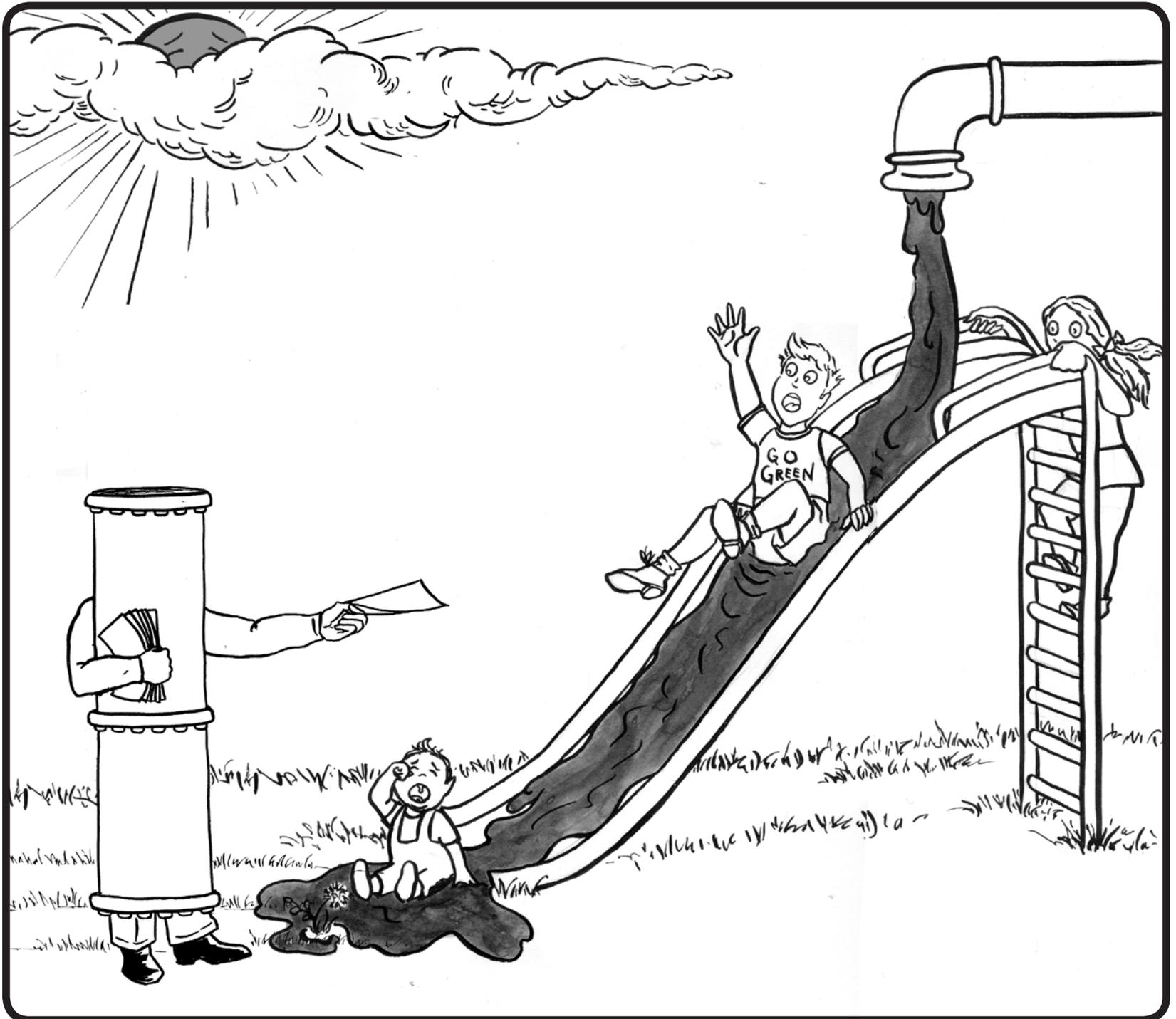
All the world is staged, and we the people merely played?

AND THUS WE PLAY (DOUGH)

If we are to sculpt a new world, one free of the ills we face now - where there is enough for all, yet so few keep so much from so many - we must be prudent in the materials we use so that the materialism does not overtake the immaterial.

What do we mean by this - where if we believe so much to be evil, and money the root of all evil - wouldn't that indicate that most of the roots, digging deeper and farther into the ground, are currency?

Methods, then, must be to bring a drought to the places which need it most - the dirt and sand on which we stand - and the bankers dare not land. What are we waiting for, then?



When the Earth Day Festival Is Sponsored By A Pipeline Company



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.

www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org - editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org
fb: artyoungsgoodmorning twit: AYgoodmorning ISSN 2474-7734

May 31st 2017

Gamesmanship, an eternal power struggle of the minutiae raised to the import. The petty tyranny of petty tyrants (and even petit tyrants). In that regard we harken back to one of the oddities of the election of the year of gratuitous lard two thousand zero hundred and eight times two - the focus on the hands of President v45.

The mainstream media, never one to let go of shows of gamesmanship, has taken a healthy focus on the variations of the President v45 handshakes that have occurred with various world and national leaders over the course of the past few months.

From the grab and pull with Gorsuch, to the unending bounce with Abe, to the Trudeau solid, and now the Macron white-knuckle (goodness all of mainstream media missed their opportunities to exclaim white-supremacist knuckle against brass-turned-gold knuckles, in which the French Neoliberal refused to release the grip until he had made some sort of point).

However, all these pleasantries-turned-competitions and nothing more than another attempt at propagating the inherent traits of ship-leading in which the style rules over substance, and the substantive style is nothing more than each playing their role.

For if there really were a leader who were free, the next opportunity of the Trump Shake (like a milkshake or a Shake Weight) would see a sly reconfiguration into a one...two...three. four...I declare a thumb war at which point the radical leader would take a thumb and kick sand in the face of that minute digit that graces the right hard of the oligarchy.

Truly, if we are going to be in gladiatorial competition with both friend and foe, let us be entertained. For right now, we are not entertained, we are simply angry.

And that's where the ratings downfall will rise from - the lack of being entertained, transported to a place in which the reality is no longer fantasy or periphery or matinee. If there is going to be a fight, let there be a fight - let there be a thumb war!

Imagine, world leaders, so many of which are worth hundreds of millions of dollars if not more, battling for a gold thumb ring down up like a belt from a pugilistic league, encrusted with diamonds, engraved with the champion's name. A one of a kind bauble for the world leaders who have everything. Imagine what a tournament would look like!

Somewhere between tennis and March Madness (if only it included as many fans marching in the street against the government as those who fill out a "bracket") we'd see four of the G7 leaders get top billing - the other three upset that they're a number two (as are

most).

Think of the matchups we could see in the thumb ring - Merkel vs May, Macri vs Macron, Maduro vs Castro, Lama vs. Jinping.

But who, who would dare pull out the metal chair, put the thumb in the eye of President v45? Who would be willing to stand up, and in the ring, once and for all, vanquish the heel and allow the babyface to stand tall?

What world leader, pausing for a minute to ponder, would stand up and say what we're all thinking?

The fact is, the answer is none.

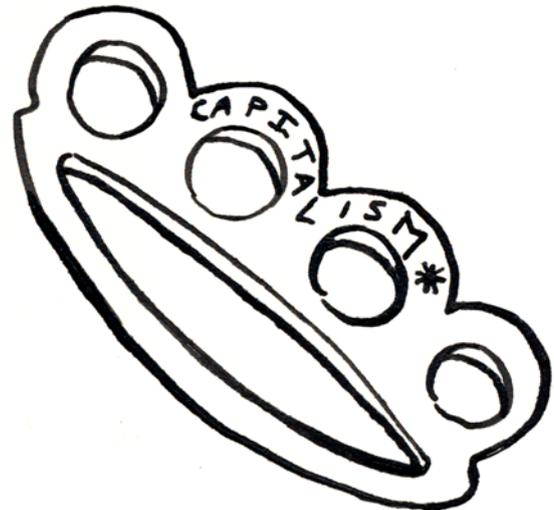
Without the people standing tall, and having a people's champion, the voices that speak against President v45, will do nothing against the greater system. That he is but a symptom, of a government that features money as the three most important issues, and war as an ancillary measure when the people need to be rallied... well, this just won't do.

Until we raise a people's champion from our ranks, to challenge in a best of three falls, we are in freefall. And capitalism continues to do what it does best - espouse the fear that tomorrow may come and you will not have enough, so best not help your neighbor because who knows if they would help you?

So who will it be - us, or them? And do we make it clear who the us is, and who the them represents? The them is never our neighbors or the people that we walk past on the street. We are all, the us. The them are those who rule over us, and use handshakes as distractions for the bombs bursting not in air, but in the homes and schools and hospitals all across the globe, of millions whose only crime is wanting to wake up in the morning to a beautiful sunrise.

Imagine that, the eyes flicker, the black and white cloth across the hand, a guide to when it is prayer time, alights in a moment that leads to one imagining Aurora streaking across the sky. But in an instant, the beauty becomes fear, as the star-spangled bloodbath is reigning down instead. And as one flickers out into darkness, onto whatever adventure comes after the white phosphorus melts the face away, the last few thoughts turn to a simple question - "Why?"

Why must people die because a handshake, halfway across the world, remained a stalemate. No more - let the wars be fought by those who are all thumbs. And let them hitch their own ride, into oblivion.



Military Brass

'TWEEN GOLD AND GOLF...

Given a President who loves to sell everything - it comes as a surprise to us that we've not yet been given the opportunity to purchase the most American of treasured delicacies - sporting memorabilia (maybe the website was accidentally deleted along with the EPA and other scientific archives)

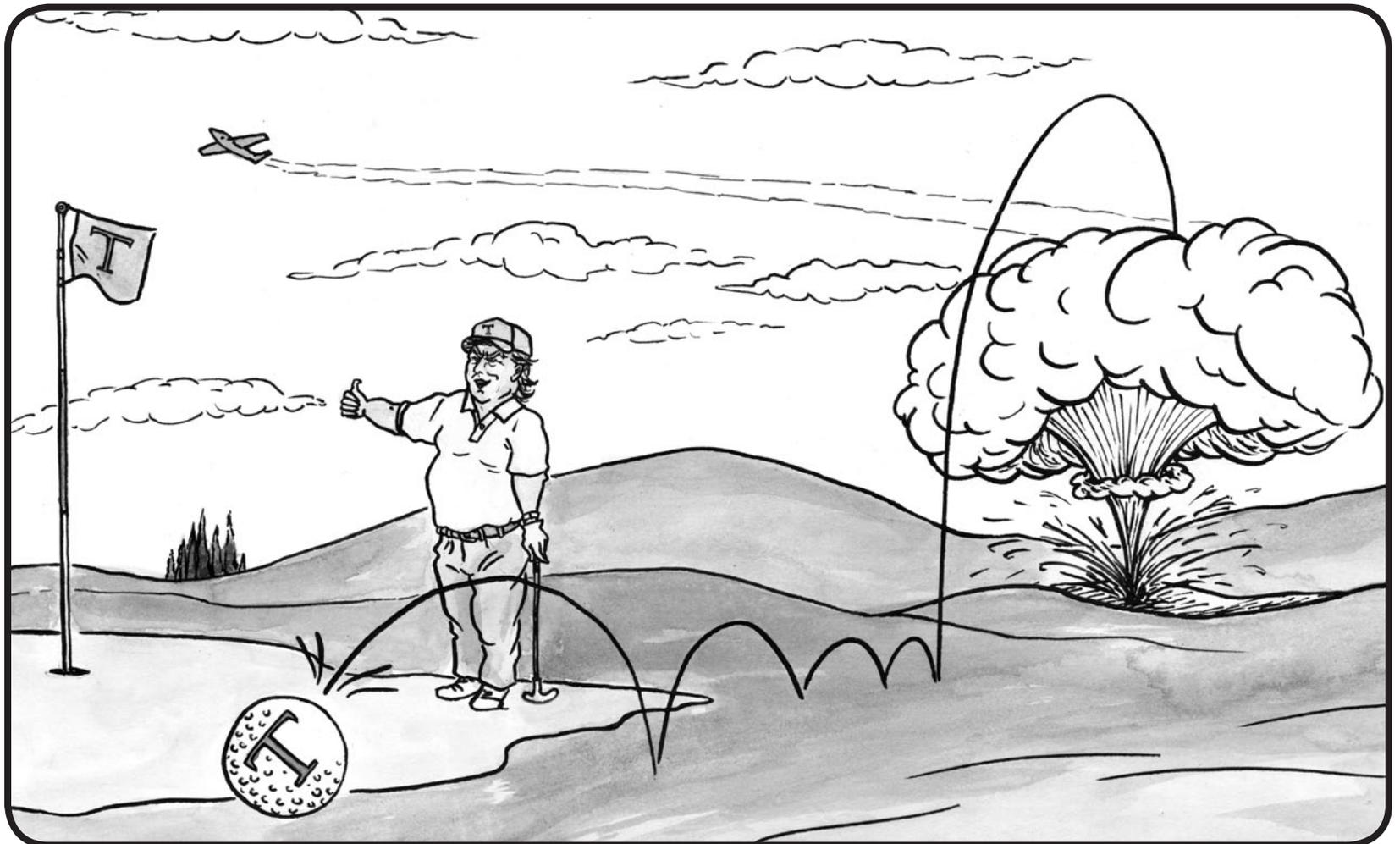
Imagine, golf with a Prime Minister, each hole another dimple projectile is put into play. By the end of the round, already available - in three price ranges of Par, Birdie, and Eagle (for President v45 is never guilty of Bogey or an Albatross...), you too... can own the President's Balls.

Now at a price reachable for the average American, it no longer takes a hundred thousand dollar entry fee into the club to purchase a sacked set of two with the emblazoned T.

No longer accessible to only the wealthiest of patrons, the President's Balls come wrapped in their own squeezable sack - so that when the stakes are high, and satiation is needed, they form not only a centerpiece of attention, but stress relief.

Not only can they be purchased afterwards, but they can be pre-ordered as well! Really want the President's Balls when he plays a few holes with the leader you admire in the Far East (because you want to start a business there), then pre-empt the possibility of anybody else purchasing the very balls you want - by jumping on a presale for the President's Balls.

And finally, for any concerned, there is no worry about the emolument clause - for while none have previously been as engaging and opportunistic, it is a historic tradition to own the President's Balls - just ask Football Ronnie, Baseball Bill, or Tennis Teddy. They know all about being for sale.



That "Bunker Buster" Really Helped With That Unplayable Lie

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

Has it ever been in question why the goose which lays the golden egg is known as the golden goose? The goose has always seemed a fairly standard goose - feathers and webbed feet, bill to peck, a bit of that haughty air. Why then must it be defined and named by that which it produces?

It is no different than the justification as to why some ought have shelter, food, health care, when others are justified as being excluded. "Well, they don't have a job, why should they...?"

Where in any form of humanity is working a nine to five job a sign of any person's wealth? Why should the ability to shut off the need to run in a field and feel the sunshine, be the decisive moment at which we decide, "Yup, you shall live!"

It is, when dissected and discerned, a very close parallel to all forms of slavery throughout time. Do this, or else. The else simply changes, although the end result is always death. It just happens that now there are one hundred inch and more flat panel televisions to hide the descent.

For what better way to be goosed, than to watch it happening in real time...



THE GOLDEN MOUSSE

In the fanciest of restaurants, in a land unbeknownst to us (and not worth researching) a dessert was formed in the form of a sweet and creamy whip, and the Chocolate Moose-Snake was set loose upon the unsuspecting sweet teeth of the world.

Not long after, during a food fight of epic proportions, it was noticed that the tasty treat could also be soaked into the hair and skin, to create a creamy complexion, which quickly became all the rage (as opposed to the style - stemming from a food fight after all).

Is it any wonder then, that President v45 has ordered a lifetime supply, of the creme de la creme of the cream - and thus encourages the golden glow upon him? For it is still a land where eating cake, is a sign of disconnected wealth.

THE GOLDEN CABOOSE

The engineer, aptly named Apuleius, hurtled the train down the tracks at a speed where coal and oil and gas could no longer be fed fast enough into the engine.

Given this need to fly like no other, the solution was there in the sky - that the sun could power the locomotive to new accelerations.

Yet, in preferring money to flight, the engine began to crawl, and Apuleius cursed the sky. "If I cannot make money from you, what good are you as a fuel source? Why must the sun and the moon and stars be so...so...Socialist!"

And that, our friends, is all we need to say, about why the EPA, is under the executioner's blade.

"Oh, and Here
I Thought it
Was Pronounced
Execute-ive
Orders..."

THE FEAR MONGERER

We've had stories of The Horse Whisperer, The Dog Whisperer, The Cat Whisperer, The Candy Whisperer, The Dandy Whisperer, The Handyman Whisperer, The Plumber Whisperer, The Carpenter Whisperer, The Tree Whisperer, The Wispride Whisperer...and the list of those who speak in hushed tones goes on and on...

When then, are we a country who has voted for one of the loudest and most brash public figures, to lead the government? Instead of a Whisperer, we got The Fear Mongerer. And we fear it is only a matter of time, before the level of fear starts the unstoppable whispers about neighbors and friends, where the middle of the night sets about the knocks at the door and the disappearances of those who will no longer be spoken of, even in a whisper...

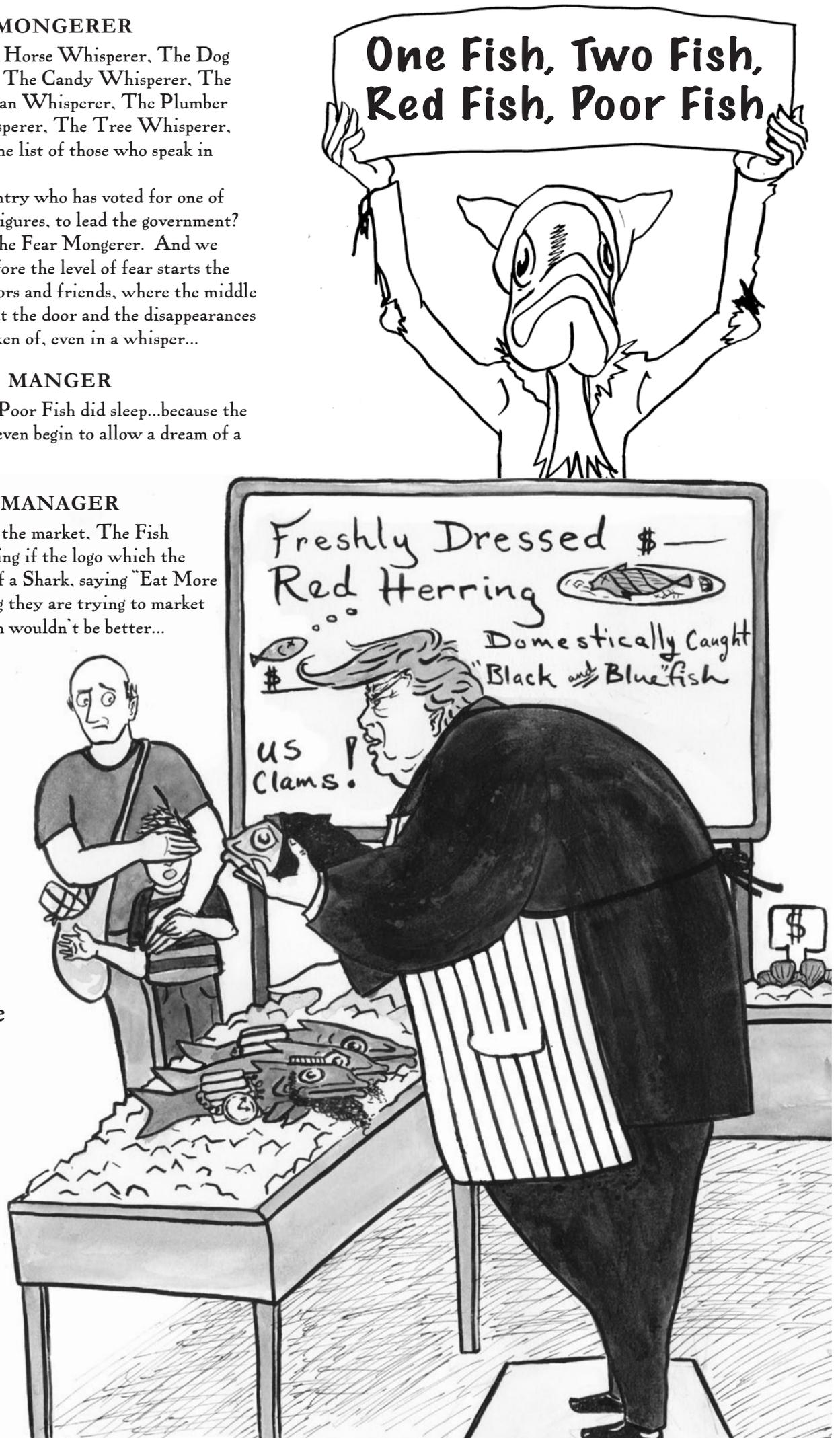
THE FISH MANGER

Away in the Manger the Poor Fish did sleep...because the minimum wage is so low as to not even begin to allow a dream of a living much less liveable, wage.

THE FISH MANAGER

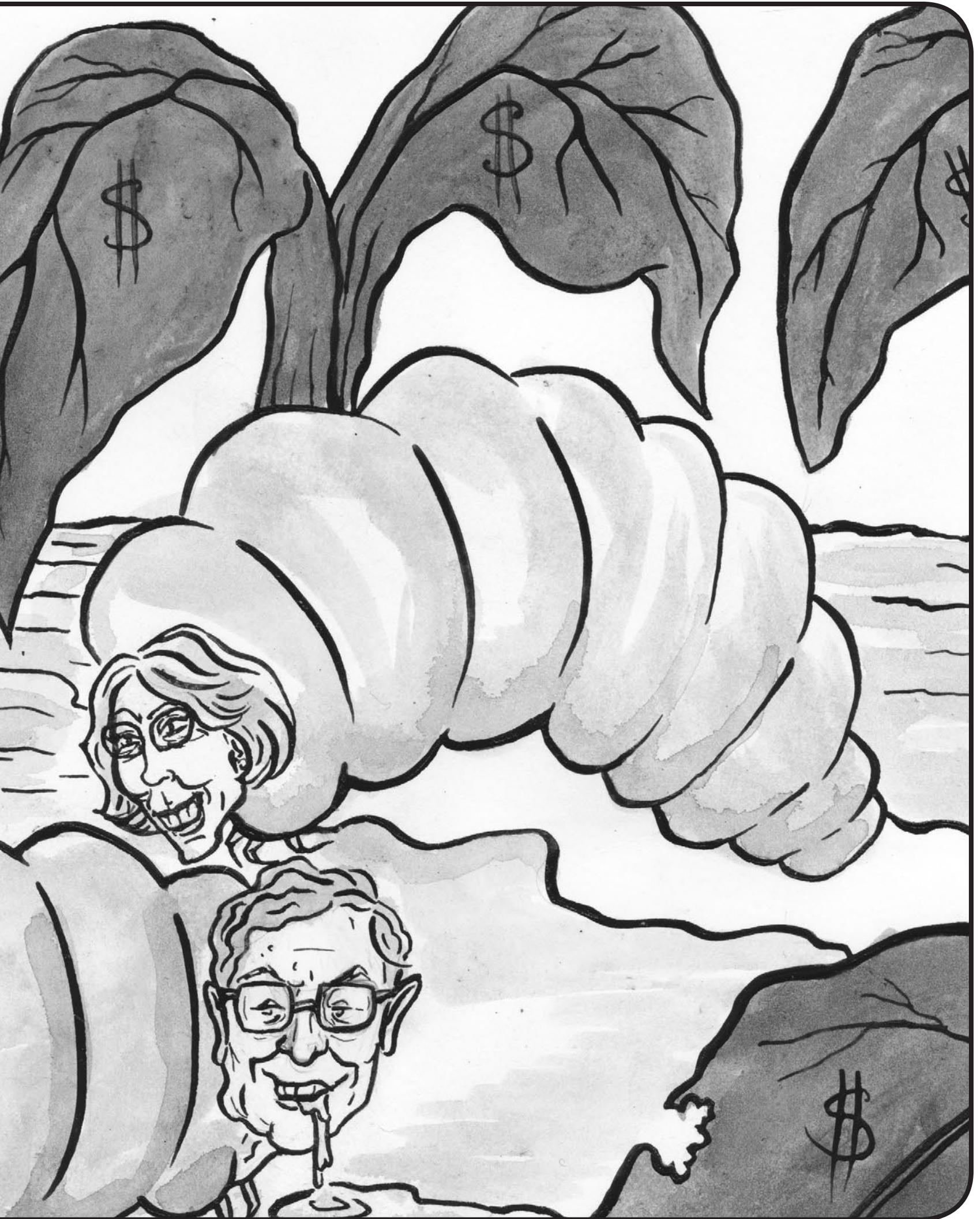
Somewhere in the back of the market, The Fish Manager paces to and fro, wondering if the logo which the advertising people came up with, of a Shark, saying "Eat More Fish", is exactly the type of feeling they are trying to market in their market or if a nice goldfish wouldn't be better...

"Wouldn't You Like A Splendid Fish (With A Built-In Timer) To Help Cook The Tasty Dish?"

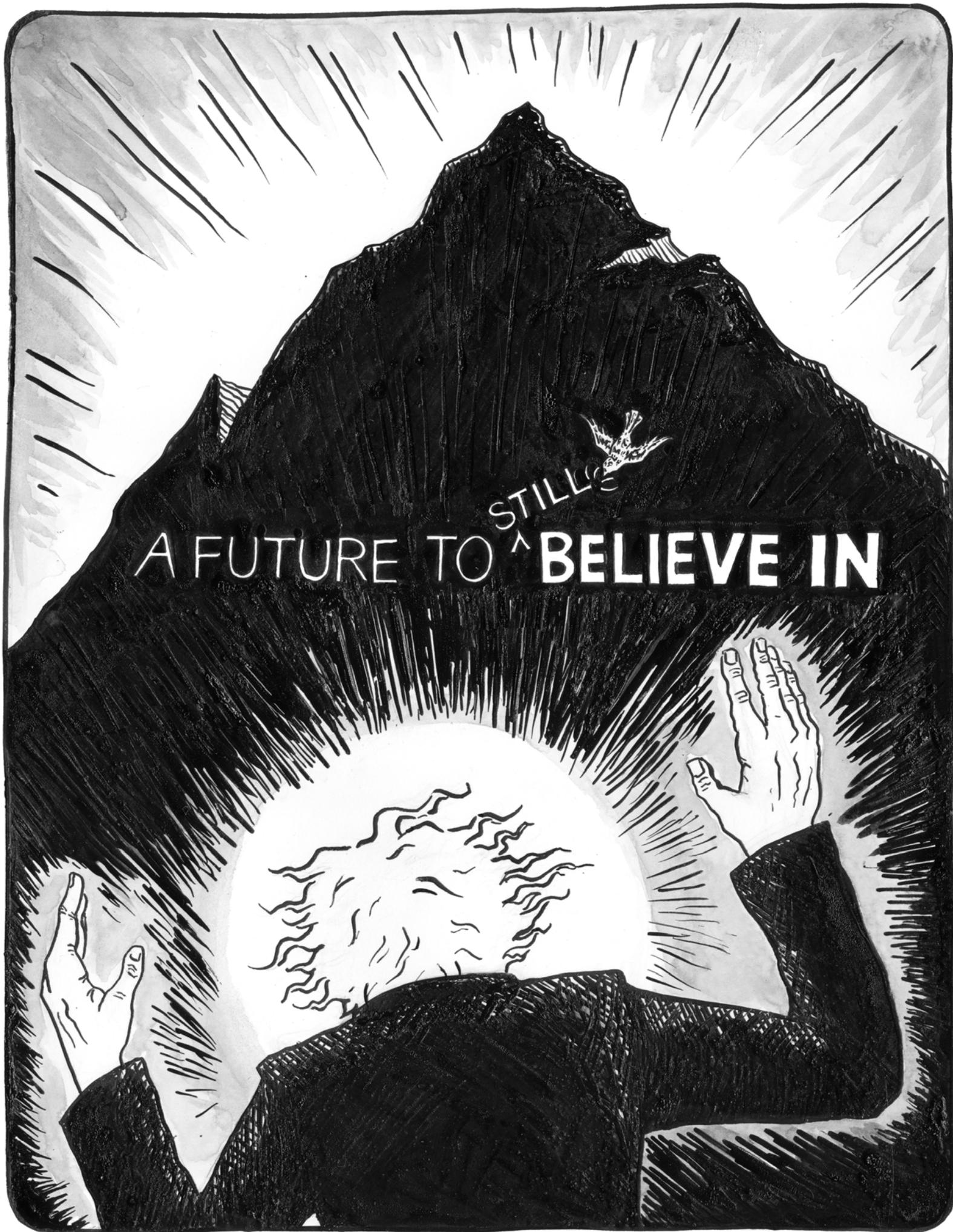




Money Grubbers (In the



(Garden of Good Eatin')



“Every hundred years a little bird comes and sharpens its beak on us, and when the mountains that divide us are worn away, then the first moment of the revolution will have begun.”

BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION (CHAPTER SIX - AN ANNIVERSARY)

The early morning begins with a tap at the window. Tap twice, tap four times, and he appears. Bernie slides open the window, and while a chill gets in, the house is warm.

Birdie: Is it possible that one of these days I'll catch you still asleep?

Bernie: Not likely.

Winter has finally set down in the Vermont hills. Food becomes more difficult to find, shelter a bit more damp, the impetus to get up and go out into the world a bit more resigned. The struggle is similar, be it human or bird.

Birdie: Saw the debate the other night. CNN is still giving you all sorts of face time...

Bernie smiles a moment, then frowns. He raises his eyebrows, glances side-eye. Makes a surprised expression, lifts the left hand with the pointer finger outstretched...and then laughs.

Bernie: When you reach my age, the skin doesn't hold a poker face so easily.

On the kitchen table sit those familiar yellow pages Bernie was always carrying up to the podium, but rarely, if ever, seemed to reference. Newspapers are open to articles about immigration agents following school buses. Raids in multiple cities.

Birdie: You're the face that's launching one thousand faces and factions versus fascism. One million. Thirteen million. More.

Bernie: Senator Cruz was very kind to agree to the conversation. One of many we all need to have. Even if we disagree on the method. We need to at least agree on the reasoning. At least the path must be cleared.

A roll of stamps sits partially used. A bag from Phoenix Books sits empty. A box of chocolates sits closed, albeit with ribbon undone.

Birdie: There's no wonder why millions think of you as their adopted Grandpa. Still looking out for us.

Bernie: I hope they're weren't all expecting cards for Valentine's Day. I'm a little bit late.

Birdie: You've got that email list though. You could send

everybody a digital Valentine. Better than the DNC using the list to ask for money.

Bernie, through the dawn's early light, gives a small smile... Footsteps announce family from down the hall...

Jane: The people know you love them because you're on C-Span in the morning voting against Devos, on CNN at night calling for health care, not just health insurance for all, and then early the next morning defending Elizabeth Warren and reading the words of Coretta Scott King. They don't need a holiday to feel it.

Birdie: Though we'd certainly not mind celebrating a Presidents' Day with you...

They pause, look out at the strains of orange coming up over the hills. Another sunrise, another day with so much to do. So much hatred to think about, it sometimes stifles the love.

Bernie: Birdie brought a friend to visit. *Jane:* Birdie?

Birdie: Thought maybe this Winter was going to pass without much snow. Difficult to fly with ICE on one's tail.

Birdie flies over to Bernie's shoulder and takes a familiar perch. Pecks him playfully.

Birdie: That's who put me up to flying down to your podium.

Bernie: The things we do for love, yes?

Jane reaches out and slides open the window. The not-yet-Spring day is already beginning to warm.

Jane: You're more than welcome to come in. There's enough breakfast here for all.

Birdie's friend and traveling companion flies over and lands on the windowsill, looks up at Birdie and quickly hops onto Jane's shoulder. Jane gently closes the window.

Birdie's Friend: She was wrong about why girls come to your rallies. It isn't for the boys. Just as the boys don't come for the girls. We all go to see the rock star. The benefit of going first is simply that we then get to introduce the ones we love...

And that's why we fight on. Because love deserves a chance. #ForeverBernie

THE PUDD'N HEADS
(THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING,
SENATOR FRED, AND...
WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

You want a law for a living wage?

Just eat less, have a smaller house, a smaller car, fewer kids, less clothing and fewer entertainments.

Then you will have more time to work for that living wage.



THE PUDD'N HEADS
(THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING,
SENATOR FRED, AND...
WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

You want affordable education?

Maybe you shouldn't be working three jobs, and can stay home and homeschool your children?





Some Have An Angel On One Shoulder & A Devil On the Other.
Some, Just Need A Little Birdie To Guide The Way...

BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION (CHAPTER SEVEN - PERFECT UNION)

As they travel toward an International Workers Day rally at which Bernie is to speak, two friends in solidarity observe one of their favorite days of the calendar.

Birdie: I'm always catching up with you when the tour ends. I still say t-shirts with tour dates on the back - epic imagery on the front.

Bernie: Careful Birdie, you might wind up on a shirt.

Off in the distance the buzz is clear. For the first time, in years, large scale May Day rallies are happening all over the United States.

Birdie: The people are becoming a part of the International Workers community. Unions are growing. Congratulations.

Bernie: We have a long way to go for unification, but we'll get there.

Birdie: Speaking of, are we all unified? How went the Unity Tour?

Birdie cannot help but tweet a bit of a chirp. For this is the variation on the theme of the moment - united, unions, unification, unified...unity. As one. But we must also remember that "unity" can mean "absence of diversity" if we're not careful.

Bernie: The Democrats want unity as Democrats. I believe that we need unity of all people. Universality. I believe the people, for the most part, want it as well.

Having reached the backstage, Birdie views the crowd. Banners, cheers, purpose. The venues may not be as large as during the primaries, but the fervor remains.

Birdie: They're here for you. They're still here with you.

Bernie: They're here because they believe, Birdie. In a better day. Because they have an eight hour work day...but a fourteen day work week just to eat and have a roof. The people should not be working against each other. The people should be working to stand against the millionaires and billionaires.

Sometimes the events that don't happen are the greatest inspirations to making things happen.

Birdie: But they want you to lead, not because they want

to follow. Because they want to honor you. I'll help. I'll form the Birdie wing of the party. Why not?

The friends chuckle, a light moment, before the power of the speaker, sets in.

Bernie: There is a reason I have been independent all these years. Run as a Republican, the Democrats don't vote for you. Run as a Democrat, the Republicans don't vote for you. Every label...is just another opportunity to divide us.

The maker of the coat, the brand of food, the membership in a party - each of these, while they help us identify other like-minded travelers, they can create divisiveness. To cross party lines, we must shirk off economic, spiritual, and even political differences, as well.

Birdie: You had an uncounted number of Republicans who would have voted for you in the general election. Everybody who canvassed for you, knew it. You were able to get people to forget party lines...

And with that, Birdie has possibly answered, the very question.

Bernie: "Not me, Us" doesn't just mean those we agree with.

There's a murmur and a silence as the previous speaker has finished.

Bernie: Will you join me on stage?

Birdie: Today, yes, I'd love to return to the podium.

Bernie pauses. Thinks back to Portland. Shakes his head.

Bernie: Not the podium Birdie. Shoulder to shoulder in solidarity?

Without a word, Birdie hops to Bernie's hand. As always, there is seed waiting. And leaps to Bernie's shoulder as the crowd cheers, and the fists fly - not against one another, but arising in solidarity.

And so it begins...

Bernie: Brothers and Sisters, today...

And so it continues... #ForeverBernie #ChangeTheWorld

THE PUDD'N HEADS

(THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING,
SENATOR FRED, AND...
WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

You want better jobs?

Tell the folks who are working three jobs to give up a couple of them so that there are enough for everybody?



THE PUDD'N HEADS

(THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING,
SENATOR FRED, AND...
WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

You want an end to the endless wars?

How else will money be pumped into the economy to raise the minimum wage to a living wage and have it be already obsolete by the time it is implemented?



THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



What will happen,
after all the
groundlings run
out of money,
and the multi-
billionaires
start taxing
the hundred
millionaires?
Will they rebel?

ART'S STAND-UP (AND FIGHT BACK) ROUTINE

What does a
multi-billionaire
call a hundred
millionaire?

Amateur.

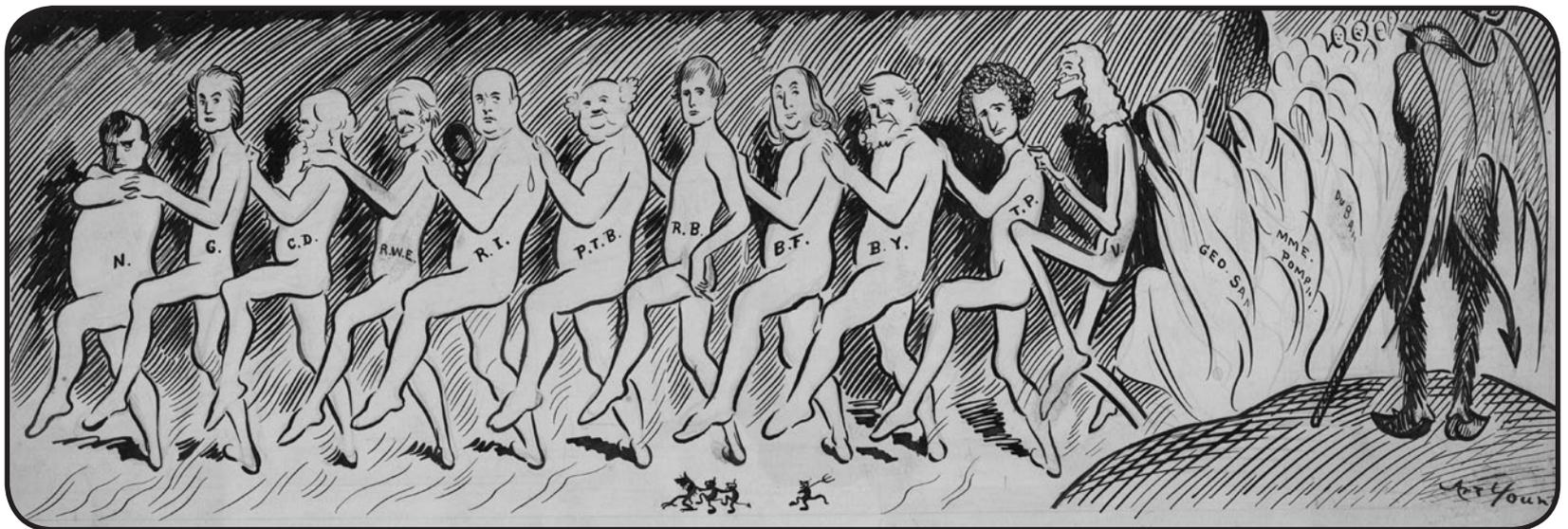
What does a
hundred millionaire
call a billionaire?

Daddy.



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



There's a quote from Mark Twain, "Heaven for Climate, Hell for Company" - meaning the great and interesting philosophers, radicals, revolutionaries, thinkers...would, in the religious sense, be cast into the fire.

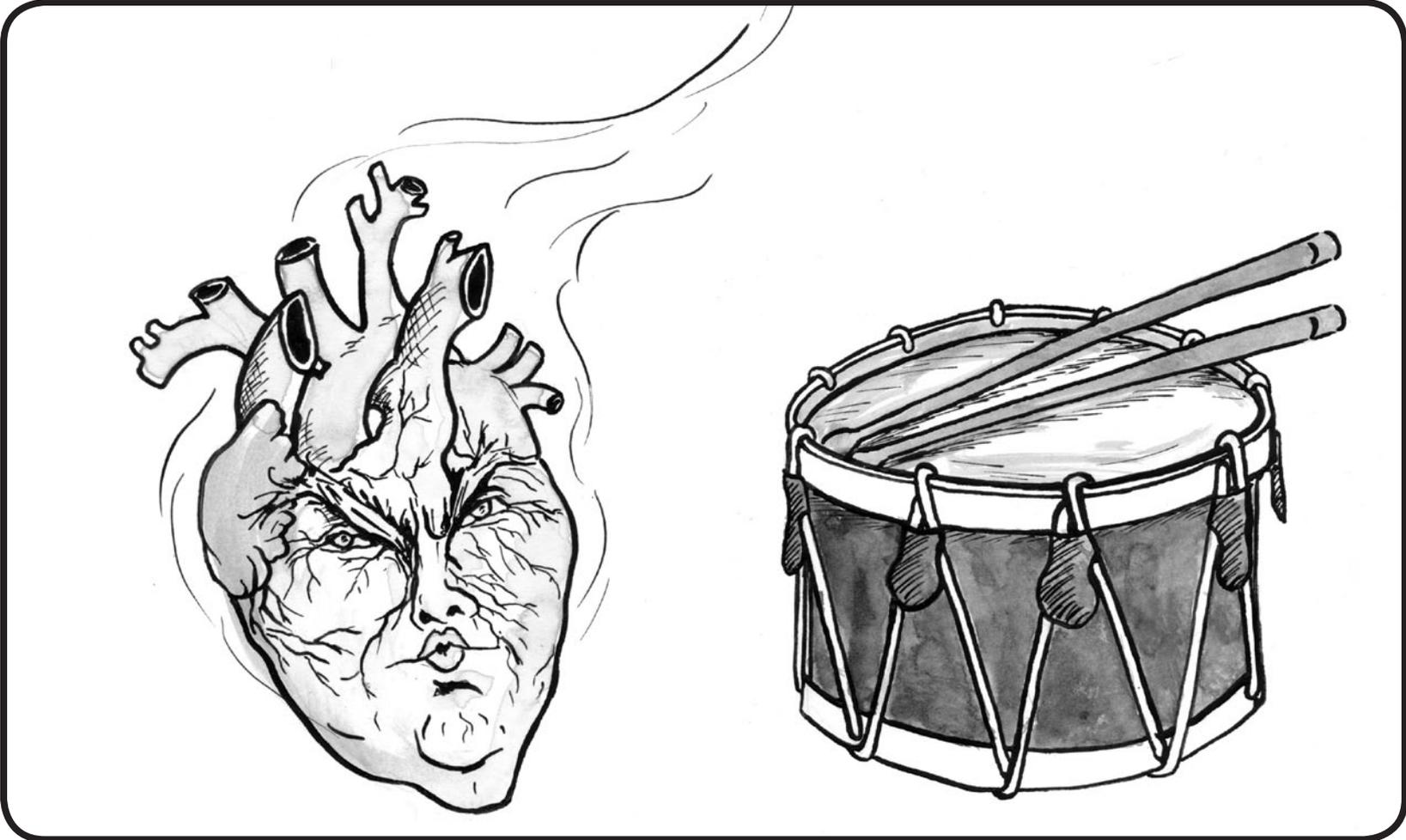
This piece above, is the "Hell for Company" portion of the quote, as envisioned by Art Young.

Can you name all of the players, therein (answers at the end of this writing)? It is a fascinating collection, for certain - from all spectrums and belief systems of the world.

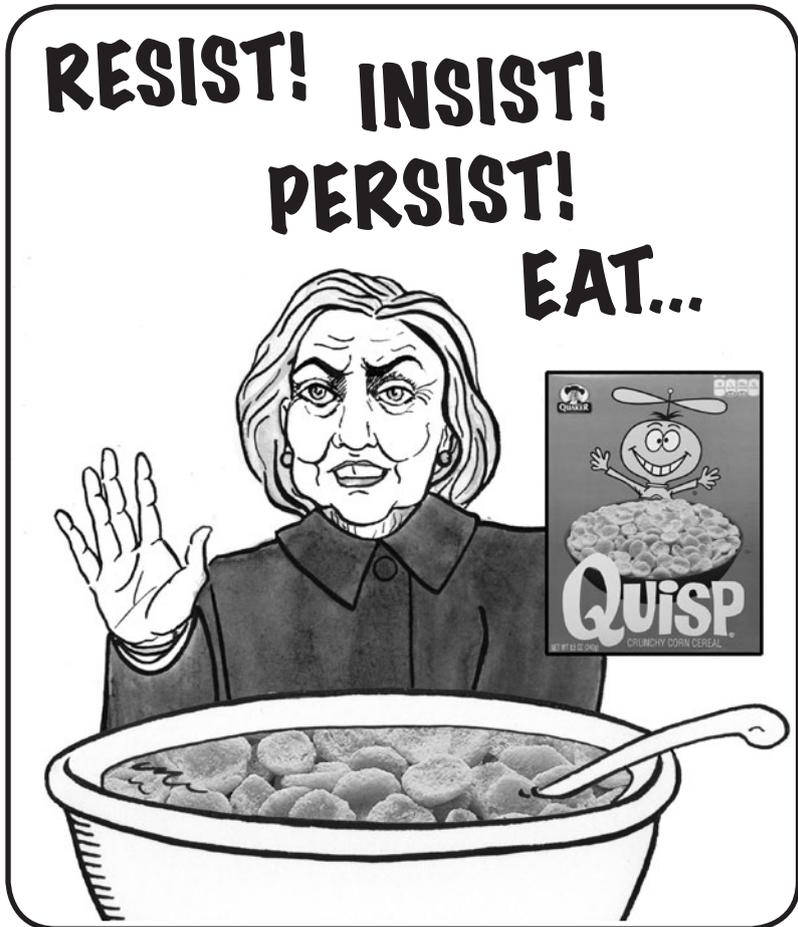
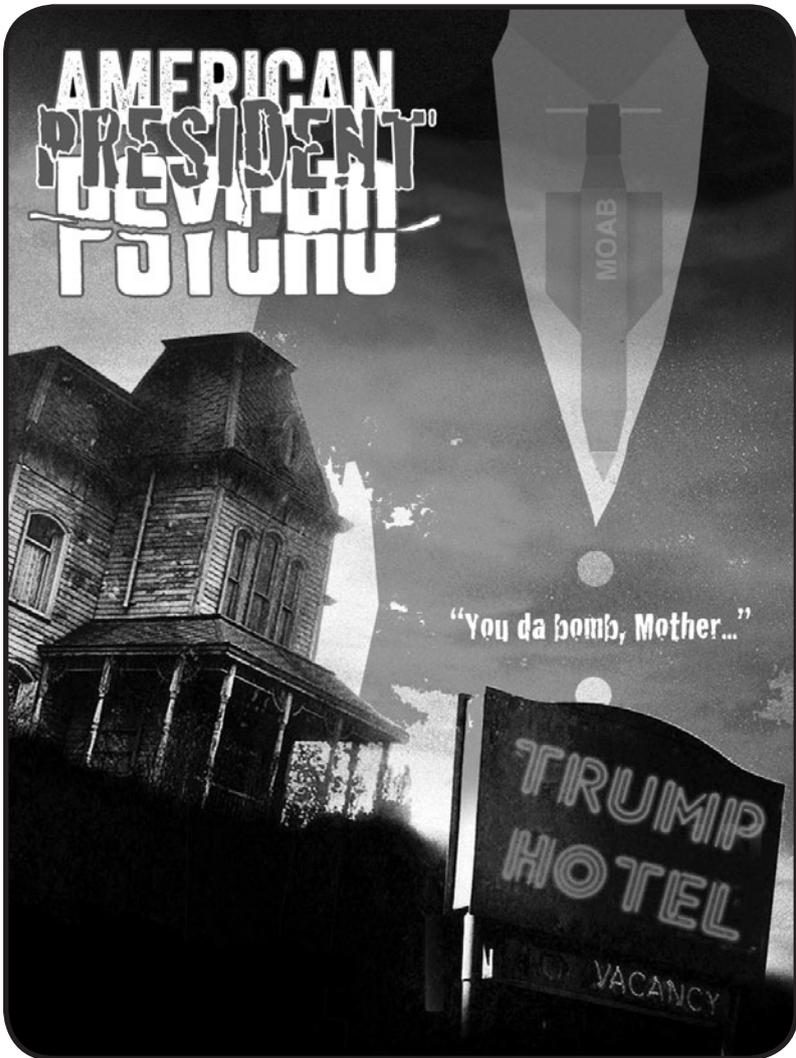
Notice (and here's a hint as well) that the women of the group are allowed to be covered - one might converse in this modern age that this is an affront, whereas when illustrated it would have been a kindness of modesty.

A revised version of this piece, would later appear in *Art Young's Inferno*, completing his triptych of Hell. Said Art, "On one such day (ed. note - September 1931) an idea took hold of me which lifted my spirits away up...Before I go to the poorhouse, I told myself, I'll write and illustrate one more book...the curious interest I had had then in the infernal regions once more absorbed my thinking. I had seen so much hell on earth that I was eager now to find out what the ancient theological region was like after the passage of four decades." (From *Art Young - His Life and Times*)

Madame Du Pompadour, Du Barry, and more...
Napoleon, Goethe, Darwin, Emerson, Ingersoll, Barnum, Burns,
Franklin, Brigham Young, Tom Paine, Voltaire, George Sand,



Two Hearts That Beat As War



Everybody Wants a Piece of the Progressive Activist Market



The Wolves at the Door

The Time

Is Not Ripe



AFTER Sindbad had carried the Old Man of the Sea a few more miles, he spoke up and said:

"Now, look here, I am about tired of this and I am not going to stand it much longer. You have got to get off my back."

"Now wait a minute, Sindbad," replied the other in a fatherly tone. "I am older than you. I am more practical. I should hate to see you make a serious blunder just as you are reaching the zenith of your career. Above all, I caution you against taking any rash step."

"But what would be rash in my throwing you off into yonder bog?"

"My dear boy, it is always difficult to foresee the consequences of our various actions."

"But I am tired of this situation," urged Sindbad. "There is no justice in it."

"I know exactly how you feel and, to tell you the truth, I am willing to admit that there is a certain amount of injustice in the present situation and the time may come when, indeed, you might be warranted in throwing me off, although if the time does come, I sincerely trust that you will select a soft spot for me to light upon."

"Say, listen," exclaimed Sindbad, "don't start all that again. I've heard it over and over again."

"Wait a minute, young man," continued the Old Man of the Sea. "What I was going to say was this: The time may come, but it has not come yet. In short the time is not ripe. When the time ripens then of course—"

"The time is not ripe? Well when will it get ripe? Is there any way of telling?"

"No absolute way, of course. Each of these matters must be considered by itself. If you will

leave it to me, I should be glad to assist you in reaching the proper conclusion."

"If I left it to you, the time would never get ripe. As far as I can make out, the time will not become ripe until I ripen it by throwing you off."

"Now wait," urged the Old Man of the Sea. "There has just occurred to me a plan by which the whole thing can be satisfactorily arranged. If you will give me a few days to perfect it, I will present it to you and then everything will be all right."

So plausible and kindly spoken was the Old Man of the Sea, that Sindbad consented to this arrangement, whereupon the Old Man of the Sea struck him smartly with his staff and they pushed on towards Bagdad.

A QUESTION OF CAPITAL

TELL me, please, why is "devil" spelled with a small letter, and "God" with a capital, while logically it should be the other way?

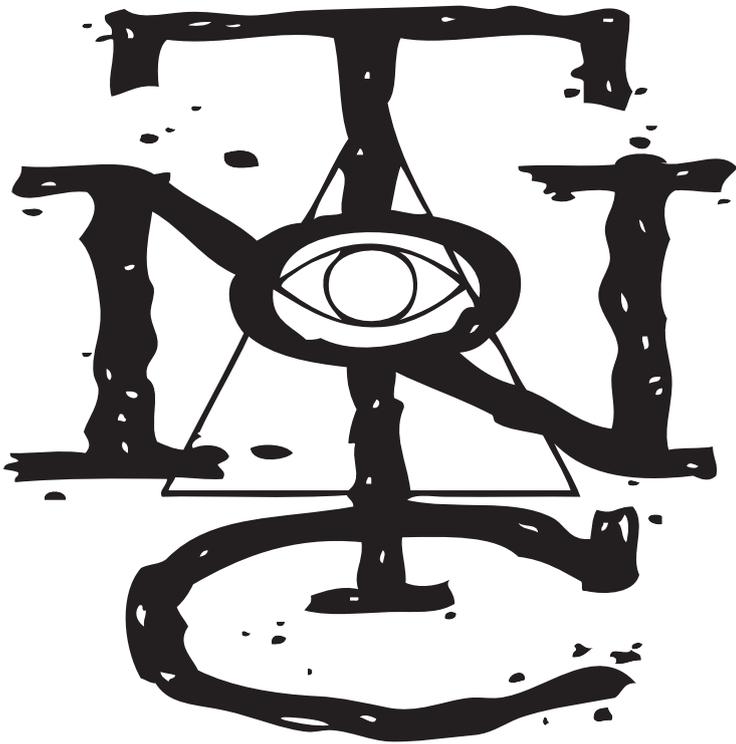
The devil is thoroughly capitalistic in tendency. In modern life he plays a part much more important than his opponent. Also, he receives more homage.

While a few beautiful churches are built for the service of God, the huge skyscrapers in our business section are devoted to Satan's service. They are buzzing with life six days out of seven, while the churches—generally empty—are filled only one day out of seven, with a sleepy semblance of life.

Billy Marvel.

IT'S awfully hard to live down the volunteer recommendations given to art editors by one's personal friends.

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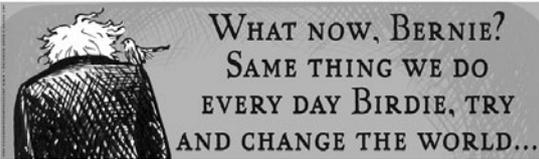
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