



"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"

the climate changed number

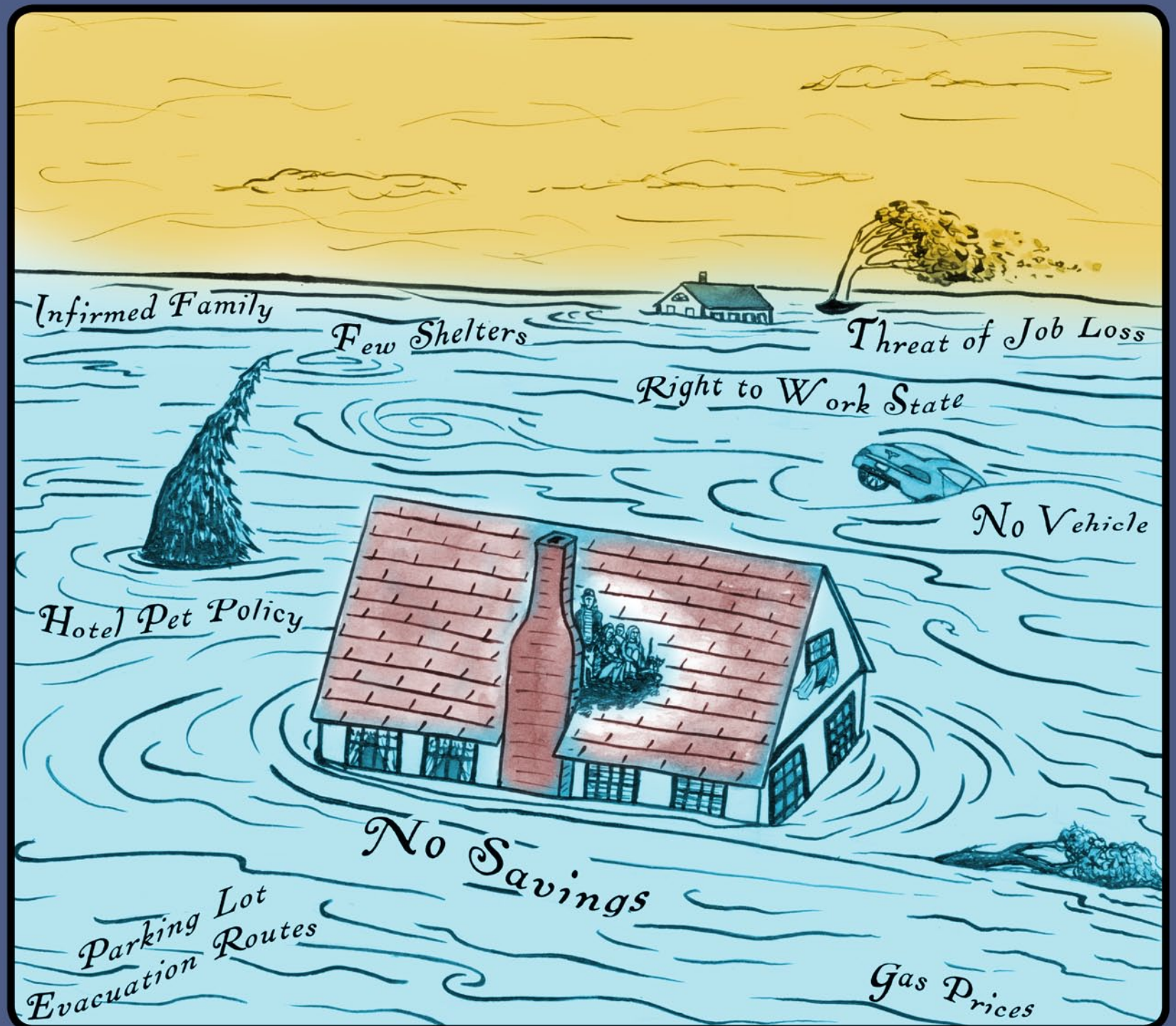
GOOD MORNING



November 1st 2017

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 6 No. 1



Why Didn't You Evacuate? (The Storm of Capitalism)



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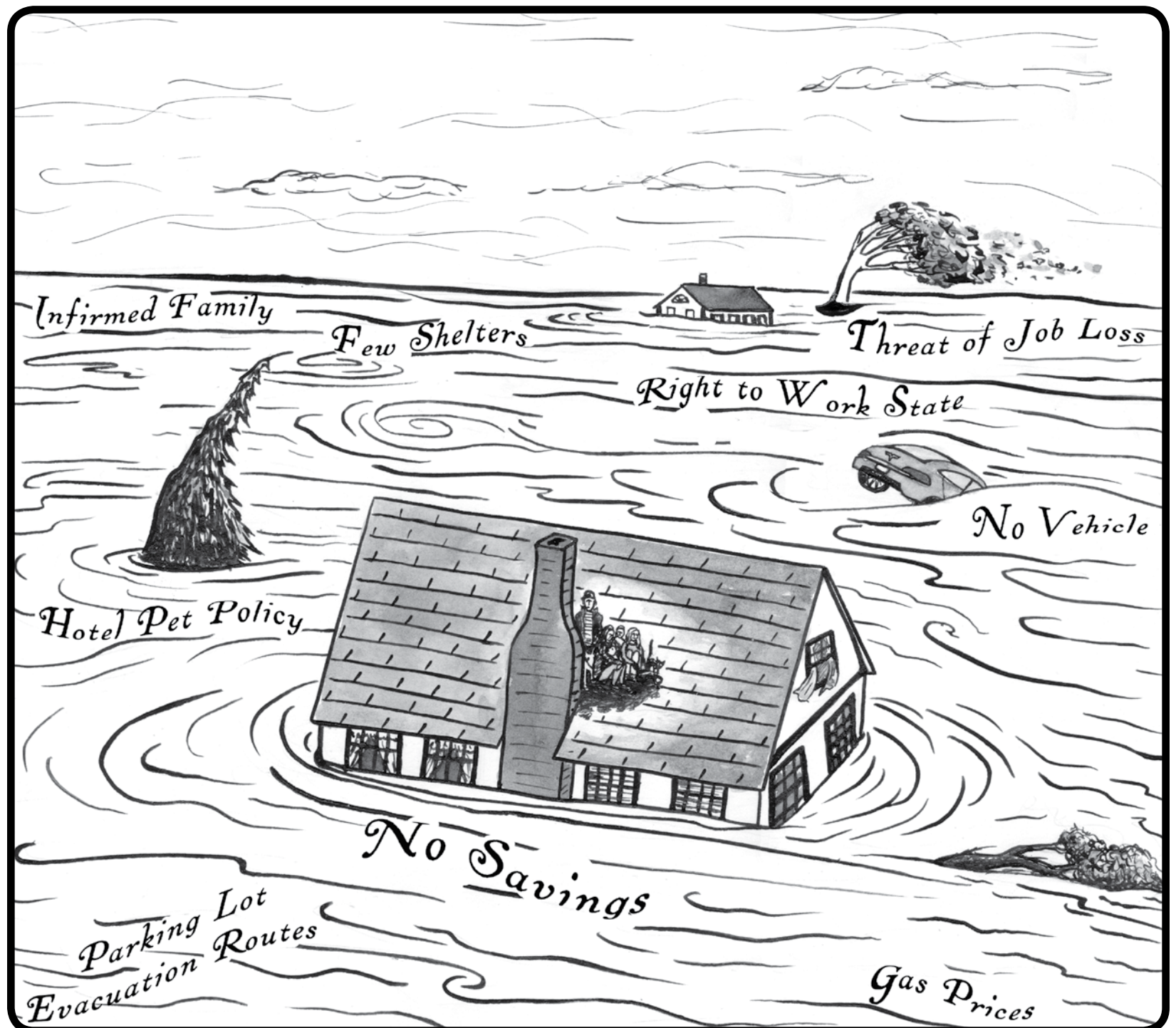
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Why Didn't You Evacuate? (The Storm of Capitalism)

HELP US SOW THE SEEDS OF A BOUNTIFUL DAY FOR ALL

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
TO THE PRINTED
MAGAZINE OF
*ART YOUNG'S
GOOD MORNING*
HELPS US BLOOM -

BOTH BY GIVING US
THE SPACE TO
CONTINUE
*THE DAILY GOOD
MORNING ONLINE*,
BUT ALSO TO REACH
PLACES BEYOND
THE EDGE OF THE
SCREEN...



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:

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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...

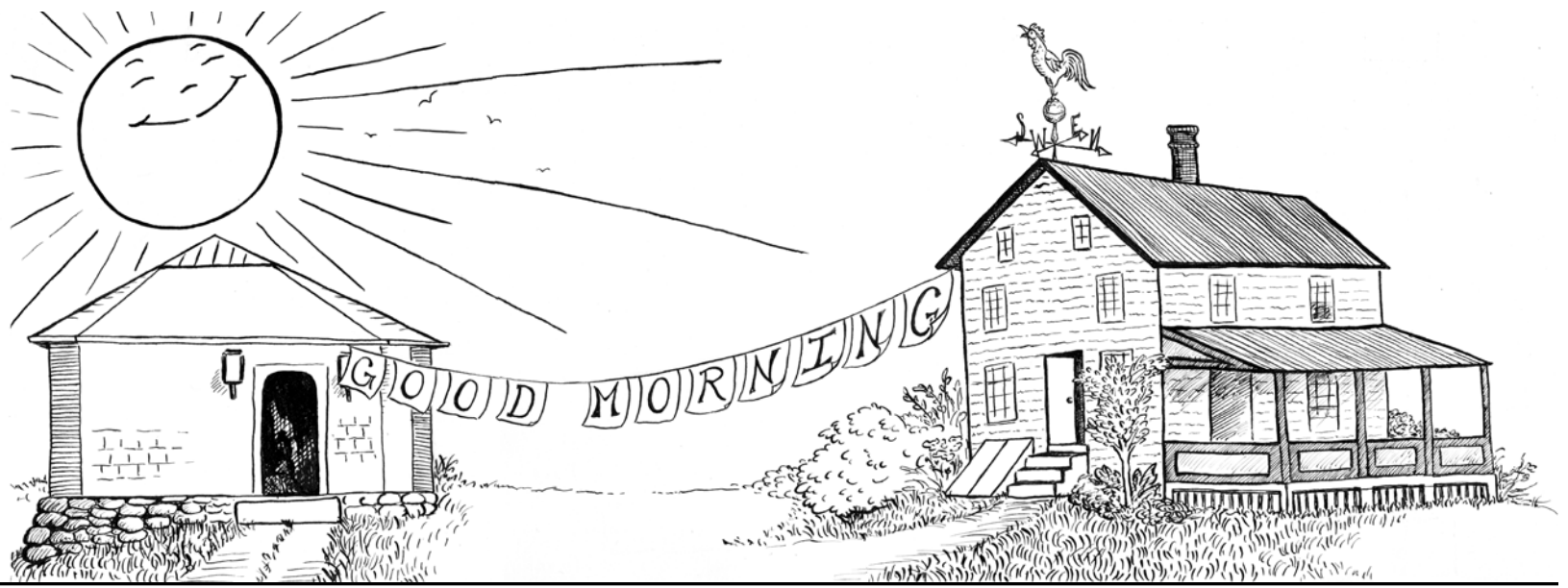
Enclosed find twenty four dollars (US only) for six issues
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November 1st 2017

Vol. 6 No. 1

CLIMATE CHANGED

All you wanted was to be a primate, and then you had to worry about the climate. Things have sure changed since those early days of just monkeying around with no great ape in the game.

So here we sit, back to the biblical plane, wondering whether we'd be looked at as insane if in our apartment-block backyard we started to build an ark.

At least as far as ark-itectural plans go, however, given the price of building materials in this day and age, the ever-increasing list of now-extinct creatures, is a positive - by our calculations the square footage required for two of every species has been reduced by at least a good thirty-five percent, and possibly more if those giraffes go away and reduce the need for the twenty foot ceilings...

CLIMATE UNDRESSED

It was such a human, and ergo fallible, way of thinking about the scene set before us, to be confused, no, not confused but convinced, that it was a strip tease, not the soul of Mother Earth being laid bare at our feet, in a humbling-and-undignified attempt and begging for our assistance.

There she was, naked before us, revealing all of her darkest fears, and all we as a species could think to ourselves was, "OMG, somebody finally responded to the request of bobs and noodz."

CLIMATE WARDROBE

In our American Puritanical ha(s)te, we then covered up the problem - clothed it in some egregious romanticism of cycles of the earth, rather than listening to she who leads with the cycle of the moon.

For that's who has chosen the costume - the men whose idea of a dapper dan, has been upgraded to finely tailored suits and neckties - that to the rest of us are nothing but nooses waiting to be pulled.

It is time to redress the issue, in an outfit more befitting of a conversation which can be joined by all - neither power business or hippie tie-dye, but a blue jean and t-shirt workers movement.

CLIMATE EVENT

The moniker five-hundred-year flood or one-thousand-year-flood, could really do with some commentary by a vampire. A bit of perspective on how in her or his millenia, they'd never had to move their coffin until the past century or so, give or take an upset village or two. And certainly not because the crypt they kept was too close to sea level, even in New Orleans.

CLIMATE (SECOND-HAND STORM)

But on the serious side, the climate we need to change isn't the one that has to do with temperatures, pressure gauges, barometers that measure precipitation, humidity, and pollen. No, what needs to change is the climate in which we accept our lives, under the guise of simply trying to stay alive, bowing down before that great beast of capitalism which would have us work day and night if only the laws of the land, and physics, could be changed.

For we are, expendable. And that mindset has drifted into the atmosphere, seeped down into the tract homes we all live in, and modified the very essence of our beings. Maybe it is aluminium, maybe it is something sprayed into the air. Maybe it is something that keeps us from fully accepting that all of the corporations out there are not selling us things out of the goodness of their tax-avoiding hearts...

The thousand year storm we need, is only a quarter told - a re-revolution of how we let ourselves be ruled - for with no lands left to go to, and only one planet hospitable and habitable by our seven billion strong, standing up to the consuming and consumption, and thus starving the greedy of their greenery, is the perfect mixed metaphor with which to demand that the color of money become not so tangential and extra-terrestrial to the color of our trees.



BUT WHOSE CLIMATE?

When the government speaks, through one of the many mouthpieces that have stood at the podium over the past few decades, there is a voice that says (whether reassuringly or dictatorially) that We the People do not know what is best.

There is no dialogue, there is no conversation – there is reporting, there are questions...but how often during the dog and pony show (with an elephant-sized dog and a mis-nomered donkey) does it feel like there is naught but scripted re-verse instead.

Written and staged as if the dramatic innuendo will bring some level of calm and comfort to a people, unheard.

For WE want controls in place to prevent poisons from being rampant in...everything. Just like politicians have forgotten they are public servants working for us, so too have they lost the bauble, that the environment belongs to nobody, and thus we're all tasked with the preservation, for each other.

Bernie Sanders came to town
Searching for our "pony"
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it Medicare For ALL

Graham and Cassidy they tried
To take away health coverage
Thought we wouldn't notice it
Like cell phone fees for ov'rage

Republicans and Democrats
They both are so beholden
To all the monied interests
They need a real good scoldin'

We the People keep it up
We the People, actively
Mind the growing income gap
And be willing to #TakeAKnee

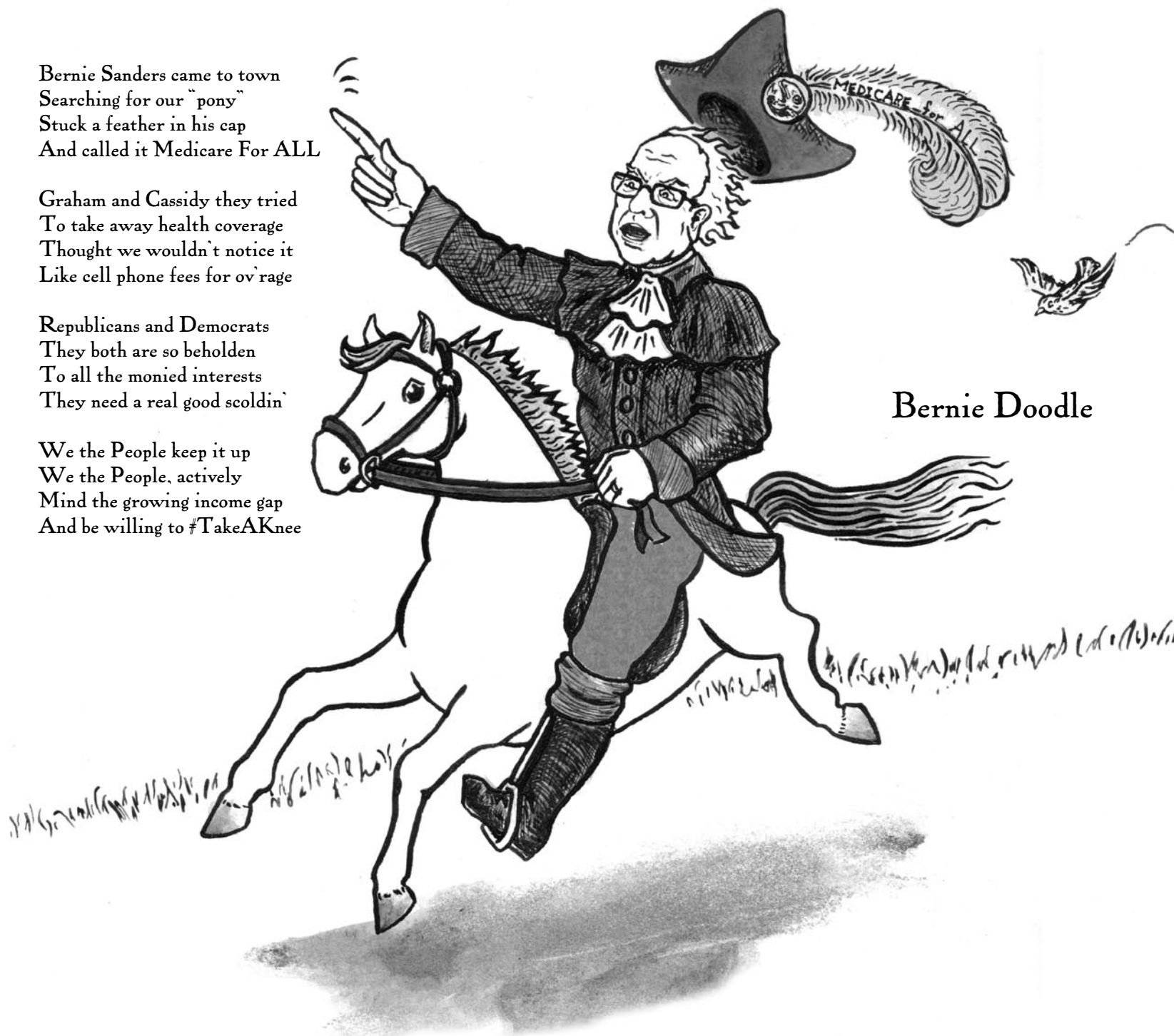
OUR CLIMATE.

So then, if it is our climate, who are we to not rise in the morning, and insist that water be kept clean for all, without fee, without bottle, without Nestle making an immense profit selling that which was once free, and, dare we say it, has become unwillingly toxified, so that a profit could be made.

For let's lay it out – is there more money to be made through a municipal utility system, or by millions of cases of twenty-four bottles, which must be used from hydration, to bathing, and back again?

Imagine then, that the tribulations of Flint Michigan will soon be coming to a home near you, in fact to so many homes that there will be no place for any of us to turn.

Even those with wells will be fraught with peril. Are we honestly so far from the possibility of water companies poisoning wells so as to continue to grow their customer base? Likely not – so prep those motion-sensor lights in the yard, for corporate eco-terrorism is, by any other name, already a reality.



ANTI-CLIMATE-ICK

One thousand eight hundred and seventy seven point seven* (oh yeah, we've counted, calculated, complied, and not complied) ways that the modern age is killing us in mannerisms we could have and should have avoided. And like financial forms and corporate dorms, follow the asterisk to understand that these numbers indicate hundreds of thousands or even millions.

For is it too much of a stretch to ask if that flame retardant on all of our clothing as children, was purposefully carcinogenic (for it would be easy to poison the future adults and to create a pharma-needing population under the guise of protecting the children)?

Sadly, these are the questions we all need to be asking now - how much is protection actually worth, when it is nothing but the the trading of one danger for another. And being traded away along with fresh water, clean soil, and crops that grow true.

And being traded away so that somebody, somewhere, can make money off of the malady to be. There is no money to be made in health. There is little money to be made in death. There is a whole lotta money to be made from perpetual illness - of us, of the generations, of the planet.

CLIMB, MATE

While the air may be thin at the top of the mountain, might it be where one goes to reach clean breathing?

Maybe that is why the guru, for all these years, clarity of forethought, sight of the near and far future, has resided where few others tend to travel - for it would be the last remaining place where pollution would spread?

"Oh great wise one, why is it that you sit so far afield from those who wish to be your students? Is it so that we may prove our dedication to bettering ourselves, before we may be your pupil?"

"Nope. It is to avoid the chemicals in your plastic shoes from leeching into my ground water. Now get off my lawn!"

ACCLIMATING

And therein, we've identified the problem - little by little, an oil spill here, a SuperFund site there, mockery made of recycling bins being everywhere...and soon enough, we're able to look past the waste, the filth, the pollution...and relegate the problem to over-zealous private prisons which will use their quarter-an-hour maximum wage worker population to patrol the highway-sides and clean that which we unthinkingly discard, all the while advertising and marketing that we had better listen up, or we, too, will be doing their dirty work.

ACCLIMATED

Yet, we've become accustomed (or maybe accosted, or even costumed) to the smell of diesel, the aroma of the burning refuse, the scent of something we can't quite place but would never be considered for the candle of the month club.

So quickly, it becomes so very easy, to not need to do a little extra - create remote controls so we don't have to walk to change the channel, and inadvertently train people to not want to take the point-three-seconds to split plastic and tin, from food scraps.

ACCLIMITIZED

The short film goes something like this. True sci-fi with both fiction and science.

"I have come from the past, to make certain our species has survived! Show me your arts, your imaginations, your beauty!"

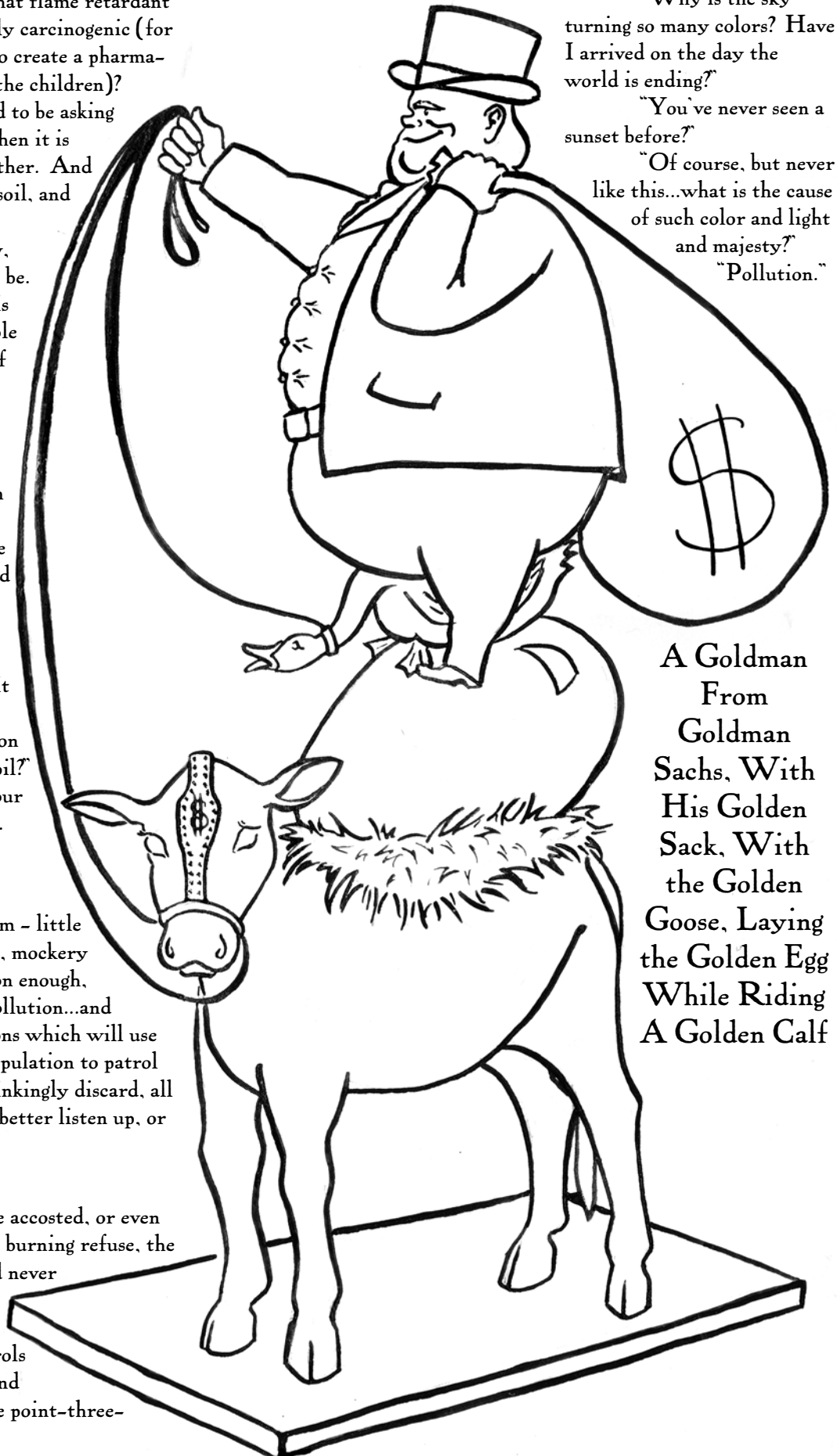
And after a day of adventure, the traveler and the tour guide, sit on a park bench.

"Why is the sky turning so many colors? Have I arrived on the day the world is ending?"

"You've never seen a sunset before?"

"Of course, but never like this...what is the cause of such color and light and majesty?"

"Pollution."



A Goldman
From
Goldman
Sachs, With
His Golden
Sack, With
the Golden
Goose, Laying
the Golden Egg
While Riding
A Golden Calf



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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November 1st 2017

Let's talk about floods, shall we? Or maybe wildfires? Earthquakes? Hurricanes in Ireland? A repugnant redundancy, that has led to a conversation of re-dun-dunce...see?

To clear up the confusion, in the battle of science versus religion...if we continue to debate the age of the world, and spend ages on *The Word*...we will get nowhere. So let's (as one must do to all good art as tastes change), reframe the imagery.

That the behavior of the planet is changing (has changed from just decades ago), is irrefutable - and the only time anybody tries to make a case for the behavior of humankind having no effect on the air, sea, land...is when there is a profit.

Oh, and you thought by religion, we meant in the ancient biblical sense? Hardly, Hardees. We're speaking in the modern gliblical sense, of Capitalism.

So, let's break it down, one-two-three-four style, with a Thou Shalt Not Pollute, nor take Mother Earth's name in vain, even as you clog her veins with plastics and sludge, cholesterolic fracking waste.

How dare we continue to justify a world in which we make a grocery list, annotated with footnotes such as, "Strawberries - as long as they were not grown in California" For who wants fracking wastewater to be the irrigant of their fruit?

Fracking waste is safe you say? Then tell us what is in it. Do not hide behind the mask of "proprietary information" and the financial foibles that, giving up the recipe, would leak into the marketplace. For goodness sake, this isn't Coca Cola or KFC!

Who are we to attempt to bend time with "short term profits" and "long term projections" when the real long term is long after we have passed from this planet and there is no recourse left. "Well, that chemical was created by Poison Poisson Industries back in 2013 and they are all dead and the company has been bought and sold so many times there's really no direct line of command to hold responsible and the chemical is out of patent so really nobody owns it now." Are we so shallow and grave that we care more about a gluttoned lifestyle now, than a desert and famine for those yet to come?

But at the heart of this matter, is whether or not the burden of proof is in the beholden, the beholder, or between the here and now, and the now and then. And so we ask - what would be enough for those who doubt, to hsee the polluted sunset light (see how we turn this around on the viewer), as if the television camera is no longer pointed at those who would tell us truth, and insist we are only faithful (or patriotic, or loyal, or a true citizen, or...) if we

stand unquestioning? For those who are so lauding of freedom, we sure are quick to give our intellect and safety, over to the whims of others.

So let's talk about floods, shall we? And by floods we speak of Texas, Florida, Puerto Rico (and that's just recently).

If we take down the waterlogged wooden frame of old, in which the debate is whether or not effects are human-made, then we must reframe and replace it with the idea that what is happening to our planet - be it climate change, a climate cycle, the whims of an angry deity, the flatulence of the flying spaghetti monster and godzilla...is, actually, irrelevant.

If one cannot believe in science (and somehow there are many who will not - we do not deign to say can not) we must lighten the burden of people to be assured that their ability to live, is buttressed time and again, by a backup strategy that ensures the life of each and every, is not dependent upon the willingness to break one's back in wage slavery.

Our lives are but short on this rock, and years should not be spent battling insurance companies who will gladly find any way possible to not pay out a claim when a house is washed away (try debating whether wind or water was the cause when the majority of people do not have flood insurance).

How we put a corporation, tied to a Wall Street stock price, in charge of deciding whether or not a family gets to rebuild the roof over their head, is no different than how we allow a company to have the life or death decision as to whether or not a person has access to the medication keeping them alive...

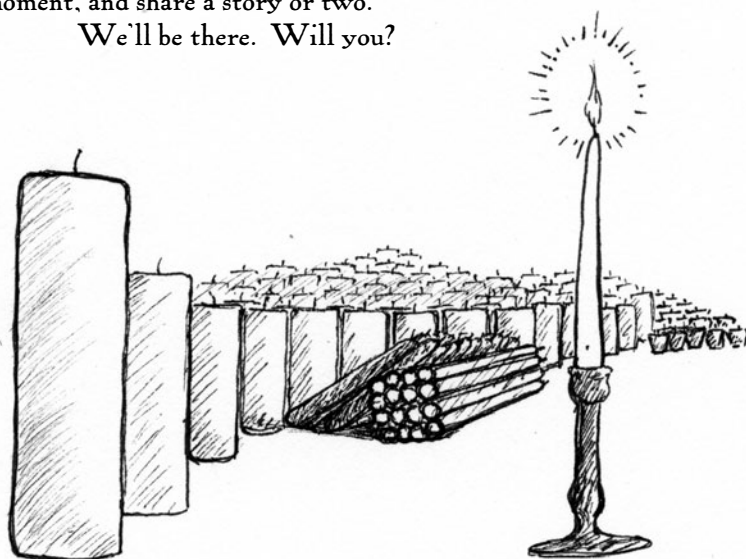
Starting to see the convection of the connection here?

It is long past the time, for each and every one of us to decide, whether we can put away our differences of opinion (for we can live in peacefulness without agreeing on everything) and agree that we must protect the planet from the snide and simpering fate of those who see dollar signs like scores of video game highs.

Few issues truly have an effect on each and every person - but there is no doubt that coast to coast, the waters are rising and the fires are rising and the pollution is rising...are we to be so naive, that taking steps to preserve and protect, aren't important to all?

Just think about it. Think about it in a manner that no longer requires confrontation, but simply a willingness to work toward a goal - maybe that's the one reason that all of this capitalist breeding has brought us - that if we work hard, truly, utterly, difficultly, beyond the call of duty or pay scale - we'll find a common ground on which we can stand...and then realize that we wish to stand in a place, safe to take off shoes, kick back for a moment, and share a story or two.

We'll be there. Will you?





"Not my fault you can't tell what I am, lady.
I'm The Great Dis-re-spectre."

CLIMATE DOLLARS

We're somewhat curious as to just how much money it costs to sell out an entire species or three hundred? Just how many cars and fancy steak dinners can make a person no longer think about lost habitat here, and extinction there.

One expects that the bidding must start at a million? Two? Ten? But, given that kind of dollarhood is out of our neighborhood, we can neither confirm nor deny the existence of those who would end existence.

Do we have any readers who might write in and show us a cancelled check, made out to all the low bidders, who buried those rusted and rustic barrels under the foundation of the elementary school, or took bolt cutters to the "no dumping" sign so that every couch, chair, and hairy pillow, found its way to the side of the road, just off the clearing where the kids used to swim way back, whenever?

We suspect we won't be seeing many letters - so if you would - ask around at your holiday table. Ask for stories of pollution and see what the family says. It'll sure break up the monotony of another candidate versus candidate conversation like last year.

CLIMATE COLLARS

We see evidence in the trend of popped collars that there is, a subliminal acceptance of the changing of the temperatures. Why else would the wealthy be so hot under the collare?

BERNIE IN THE CITY

RIVERSIDE CHURCH - NYC - AUG. 28th, 2017

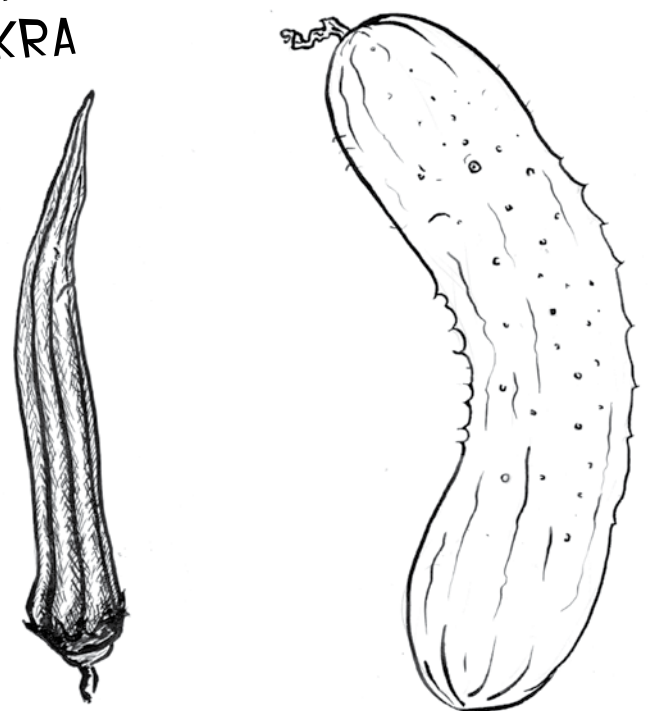
It is easy to come up with an audacious dream, it is an entire other story to be able to see it through into action. And so it was that we here at the offices of *Art Young's Good Morning*, set out with the goal of handing out two thousand copies of a special issue that folks would hold open when Bernie took to the stage.

In the photo below, one can catch a small glimpse of how the plan (ahem the centerfold makes this easy), *unfolded*. We handed out about fifteen hundred copies, and the downstairs was a flurry of Bernie Blue centerfolds waving and squawking.

This would not have been possible without those who helped fund the printing side of such an endeavor. The following is a list of folks who each chipped in and in return were in the wrap-around cover cartoon that graced the print publication. Thank you, for your support and encouragement and financial help, Cathryn Smith, Connie Pazaras, Debbie & Robbie A. Collins, Jacque S. Milano (Madalyn Critz and Zoe Critz.), Jane Jenab, Jenn Morandi, Jill Guthrie (Henry & Katja), Kat Crippen (along with John Tangeman, Kristen Norbut and Nick Hohn), Lynne Guido, Patricia Drake, Rebecca Daly, Rick Lawlor, Ron Lawlor, Sheri A. Thomson, & Stevelly Fabian.



THE ADVENTURES OF WÖKRA



"Listen up Cucumber, you may have convinced the others that you're a vegetable, but I know for certain that you're actually a fruit!"

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

If we could get an understanding of the difference between "weather" and "climate change"

it would be a really good way to make this conversation so much easier.

"Weather" is daily and "climate" is long term and not as local.



You want us to define those terms so as to simplify the conversation?

That's not very lawyerly of you and so we're not going to stand for anything of the sort.

Definitions change...just ask the Oxford dictionary of 1902.



OUR SENATOR, PUDD'N HEAD FRED

the kabinet of dr. i. nation

TRUST US, WE'LL TEACH YOUR CHILDREN ALL ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT CLIMATE CHANGE EXISTS.

WE'RE WRITING THE CURRICULUM NOW...

IT IS FULL OF HAND-PICKED, CAREFULLY CHOSEN SCIENCE, THAT WILL LEAVE NOTHING TO THE IMAGINATION



We've stepped and slept on the melting permafrost of Siberia.

Watched giant sink holes open where once there was solid land...

But who are we to warn you...

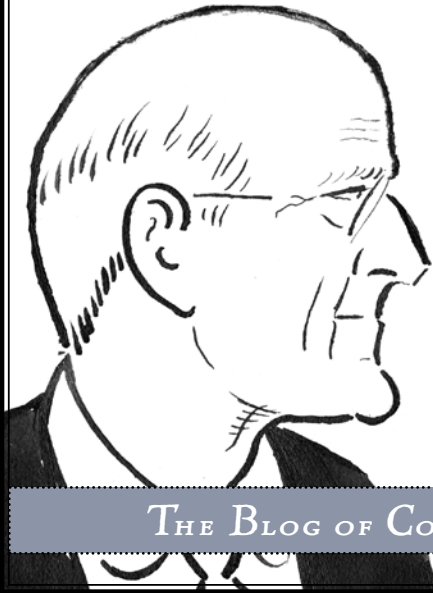


THE RUSSIAN HACKERS SPEAK

"Man is the product, the expression of his environment. Show me a majestic tree...possible only because the soil and climate are adapted to the growth and culture. Transfer this flower to a cellar filled with noxious gases, and it withers and dies. The same law applies to human beings;

the industrial soil and the social climate must be adapted... and, above all, an impeachment of the capitalist system."

Address at Grand Central Palace, New York, December 10, 1905



THE BLOG OF CONVICT #9653

VOICES IN THE STREET



Do you know where your food comes from? Would you be able to grow enough of your own, to live, year after year?

If not, that the climate has changed, should be of much import to you...



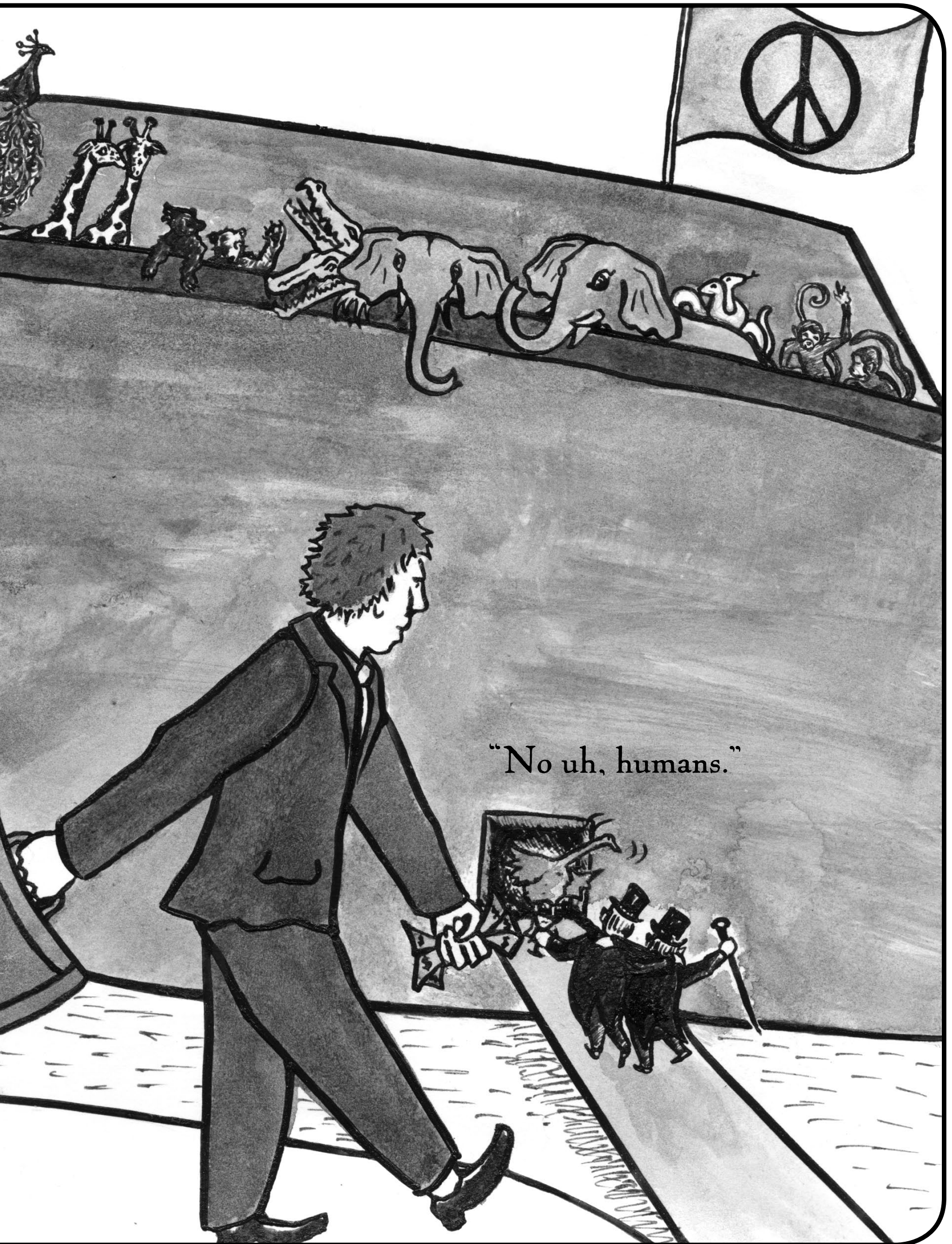
BROOKE FROM #REVOLUTIONGARDENS

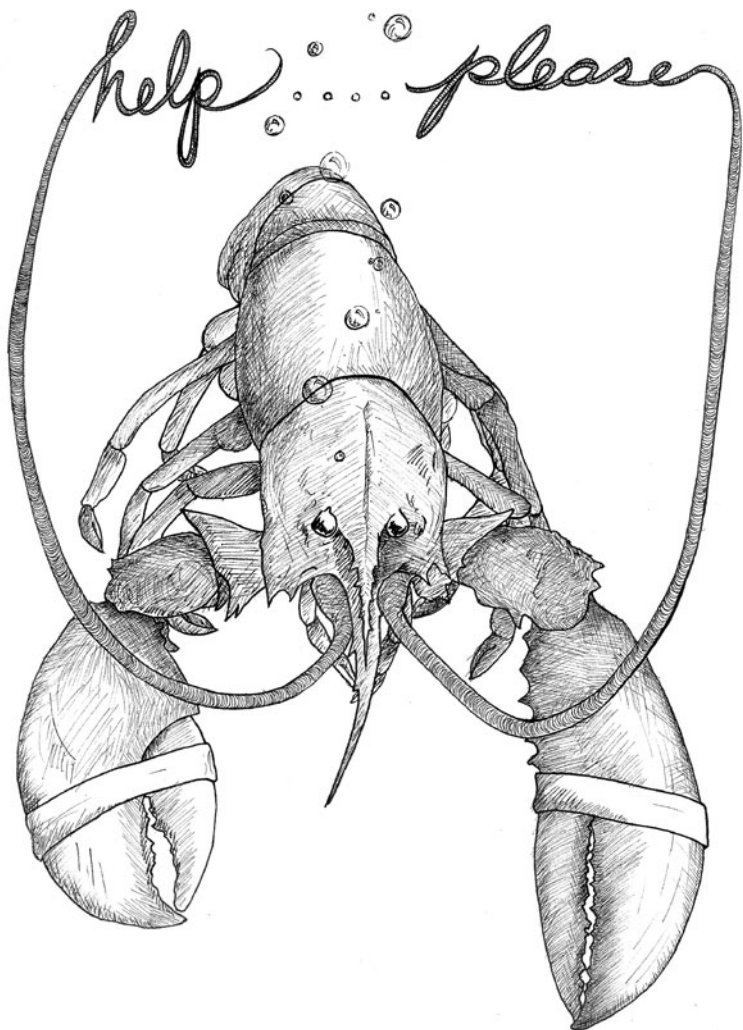
THOSE WHO KNOCK DOORS

We've come to speak with you about your lauded saviour - Reducing Your Carbon Footprint...









LIMATE - FOR WE HAVE TAKEN THE SEA

What is the process of a hurricane forming and what are the items which keep it from becoming a monster such as the type we saw multiple times this summer?

The first protection of the winds spinning up to higher speeds, is wind shear - that which pushes against the swirling around the eye. Against these storms, there was little to no wind, to help dissipate the vortex.

The second, is a moving front - so that the storm consintues its journey, and goes as quickly as possible from ocean to land - where there is no longer energy supplying the storm. Against these storms, was little weather movement, causing the storms to sit over water and land, longer.

The third, is the temperature of the ocean - and in this season, the temperatures have been abnormally high.

Whether or not one wishes to agree on a cause, the fact of the matter is undeniable - that the ocean temperatures which feed the storms, have had more fuel to add to the cyclonic fire, than in most seasons. Why would this be the case?

CLI

Also known as Command Line Interface.

MATÉ

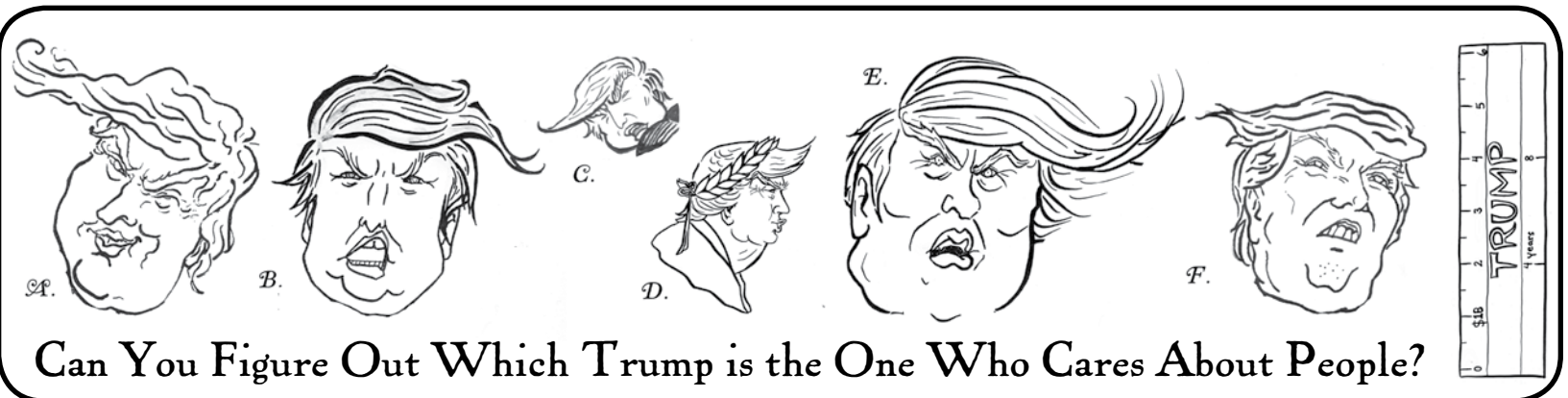
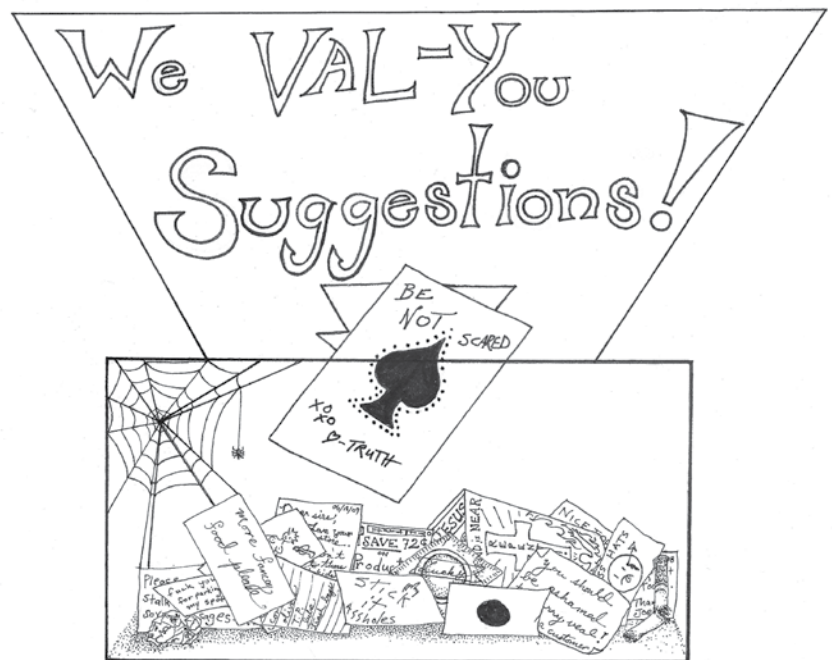
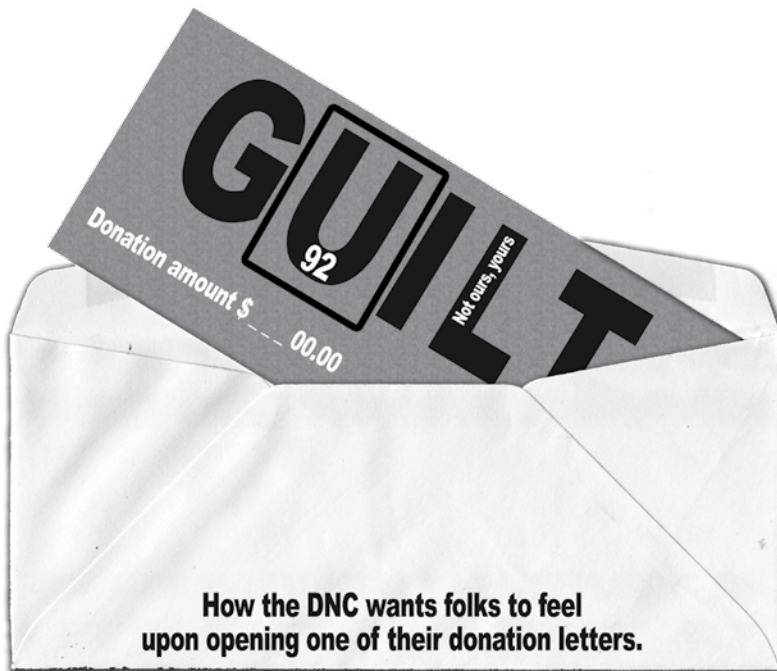
A tea-like drink that is popular in Argentina. Much cleaner and healthier than coffee, but with the same caffeine buzz.

WE HAVEN'T HAD A BLOODY LEAD IN...

0	1	2
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...DAYS





CLAM AID CHAINS

"So, you think we capitalists don't believe in Climate Change? Nothing can be further from the truth. That's simply our public stance.

In private, we believe in it. We believe in it so much we've invested more than most. We've invested with the knowledge that our return on investment is going to be superb.

We'll keep extracting the oil, selling water, raising electricity rates in the summer months when the failing middle-class can turn up the air conditioning, sell relief supplies when hurricanes take out coastlines...oh we believe...and our belief is being repaid in diamonds not spades.

And, not only do we believe, but we're advancing it. We have the means and the funds to help continue to pump chemicals into the land, air, and sea. Change all the regulations so we'll look like 1970s Manhattan again.

Do you know how much profit margin there is on unsold gas-masks from the latest terrorism scare, when bought in bulk, and repurposed for low-quality air days in big cities? No, you don't? That's why I'm a hundred billionaire and you're not!

Because I can see the future, and it is not only murder as your prophet Leonard Cohen once proclaimed, but war, famine, disease, and all of those who cannot afford the finer things such as food, fighting over the few scraps left.

Climate Change is glorious. I wish I had trademarked it!"



OH SAY CAN YOU SEA

When we were children, our parents would take us to the beach for the first time, and, setting us up for a parable, pause, as we were walking away from the shoreline, thinking of heading home.

"Never turn your back on the sea."

A warning – the power of the ocean, the undertow, wearing life-jackets, creatures that can sting or bite, unseen objects in the sand below.

Years later, our literature teachers would add to this, with *The Awakening*, by Kate Chopin.

But it took decades, to realize the real heart of the lesson.

This was not about tidal waves or tsunamis, the perfect storm or jaws...but that turning our back on the sea, meant ignoring the pollution, the over-fishing, the pipelines, the extinctions, the oil spills, the unseen objects in the sand below...

No, never turning our back on the sea, meant that we needed to have the back of the seas, the rivers, the aquifers, the reservoirs, the oceans. And that such protections, could never be let lax for even a day.

"Never turn your back on the sea" was just a parental way of trying to tell us all, not that water is death...but Water is Life.

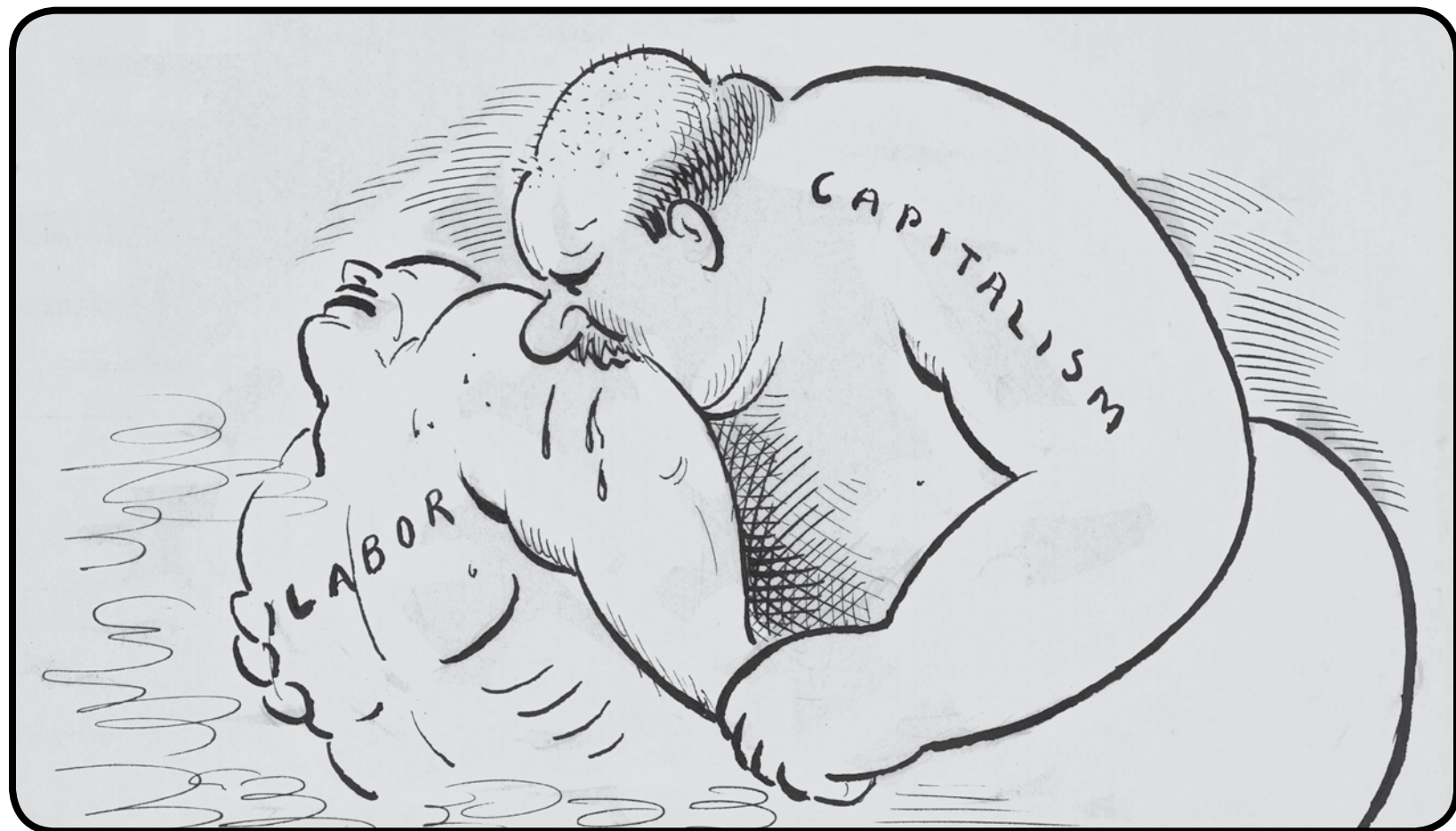
ART'S STAND-UP (AND FIGHT BACK) ROUTINE

*Issuing assurances
of insurance
reassurances
ensure insurers
sure-fire sureties
while assuring
that the faster
the customer
falls through
the fissures,
the further it
fosters pfizer's
pharmaceuticals.*



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



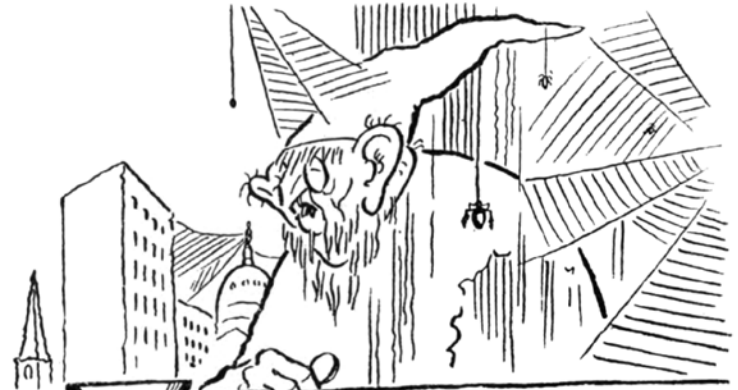
"It's called Capitalism, but in reality it is Cannibalism" An Art Young original, likely from the 1920s, though apparently unpublished. Inspired by Dante's *Inferno*...as were so many of Art's illustrations..."I saw two shades frozen in a single hole / packed so close, one head hooded the other one; / the way the starving devour their bread, the soul / above had clenched the other with his teeth / where the brain meets the nape." (Canto XXXII, lines 124-29)



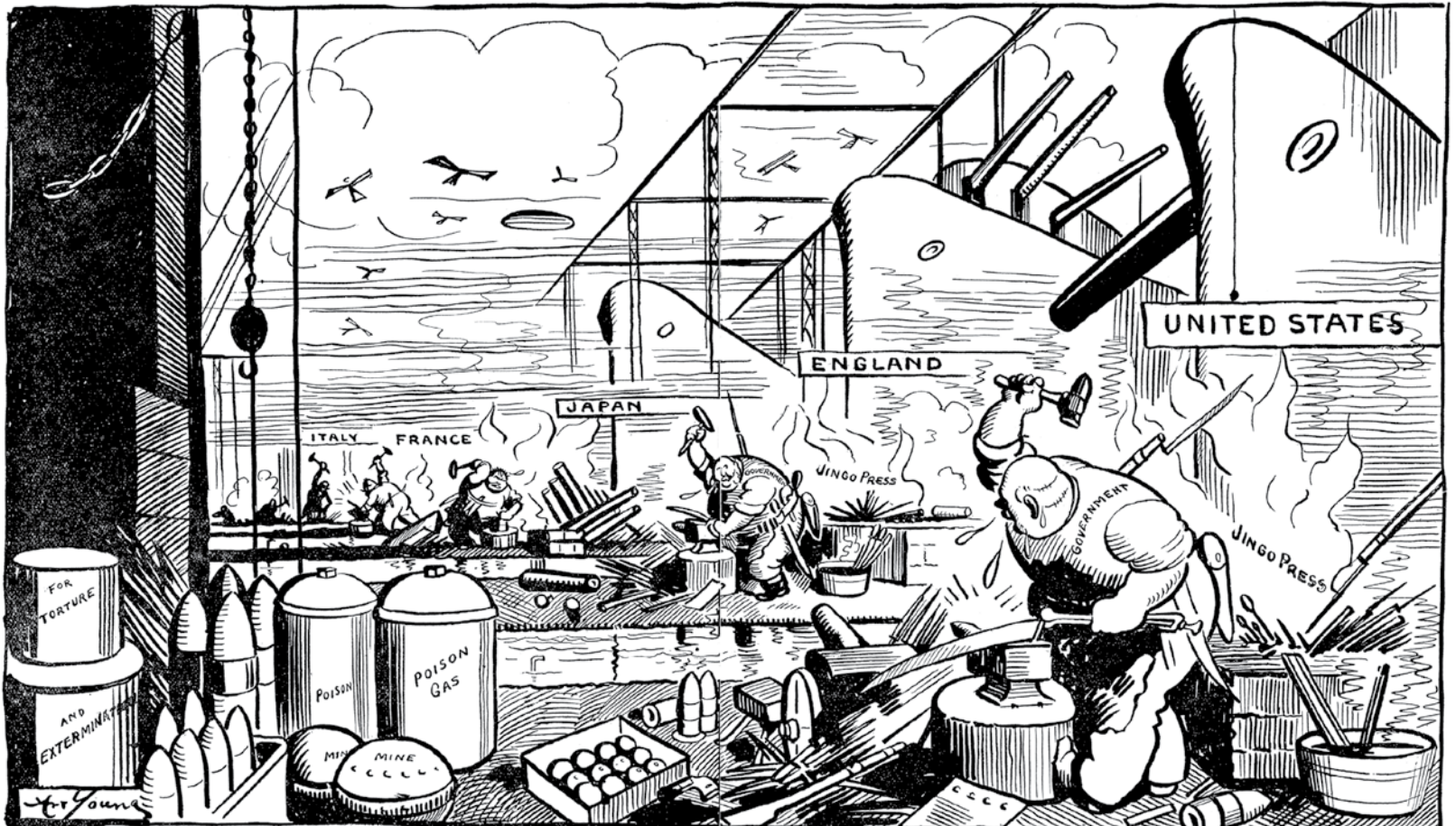
"We'll never stand for it in this country—not by a damn sight! Why, this man Lenin wants to make slaves of the Russian people."

"THE GOLDEN AGE" SOUNDS TOO CAPITALIST.
"VINTAGE" SOUNDS LIKE A CAPITALIST'S W(H)INE...

SO, LET'S JUST CALL IT...
YESTERDAY'S GOOD MORNING
IN THIS CASE, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1921



IT IS
Infant: "Is this where I check my brains?"



Who Said "Disarmament"?

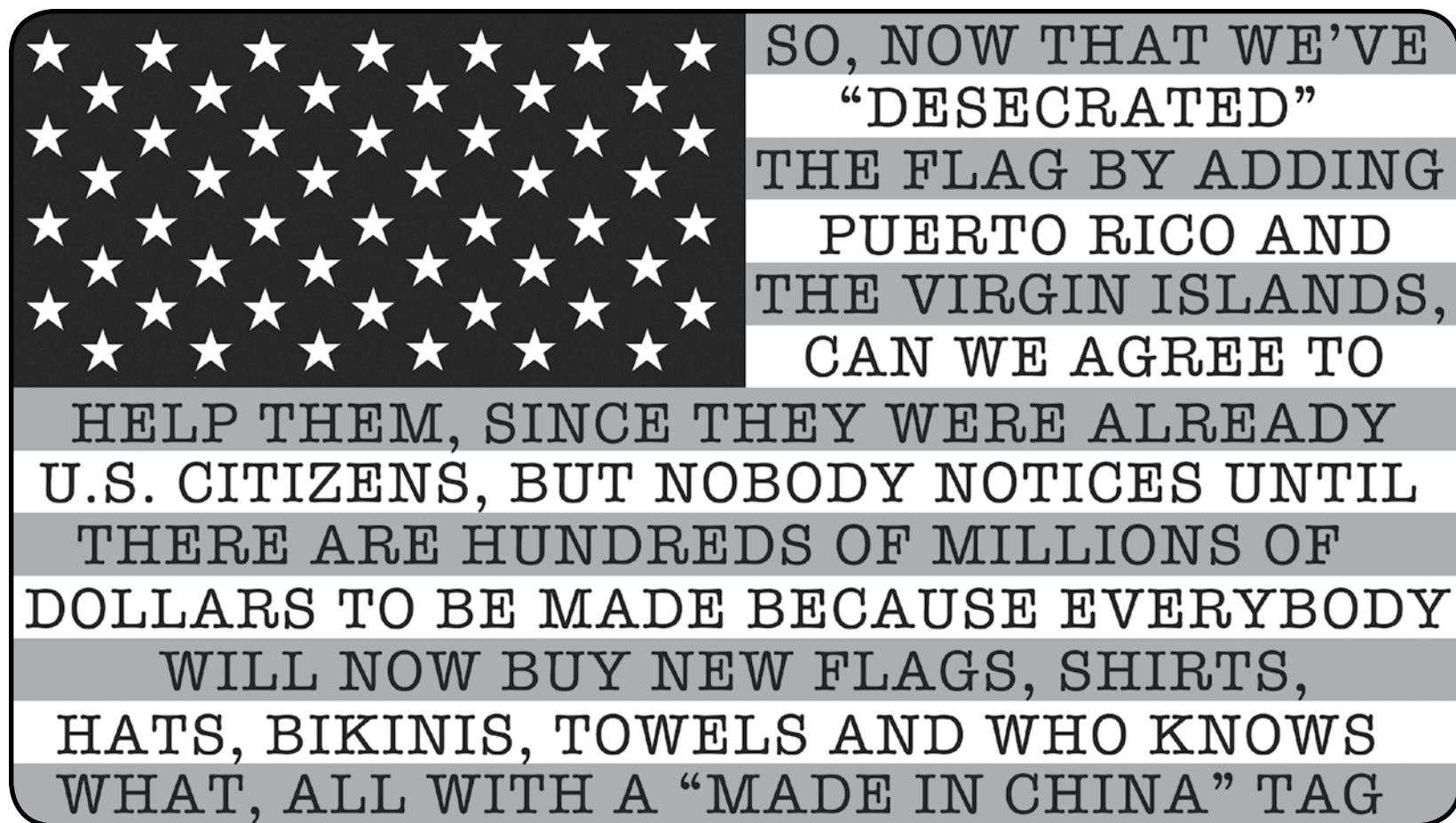


OPEN THE FLOOD, GATES

Would it be too much, to ask the man who created Windows (stolen from the graphical interfacing of the Macintosh) to cough over a few billion of his dollars?

Likely so. For, as some would say that the same computers on which we can lay out this magazine (let it be noted, Macintosh) are also the chains and shackles of our modern age.

If that be so, would it not follow that computers, foreseen as such an integral part of our advancement, were little more than an obvious way to pac-man and pong us into an easily watchable surveillance state? If so, that money is under lock and key, forever.



FLOOD

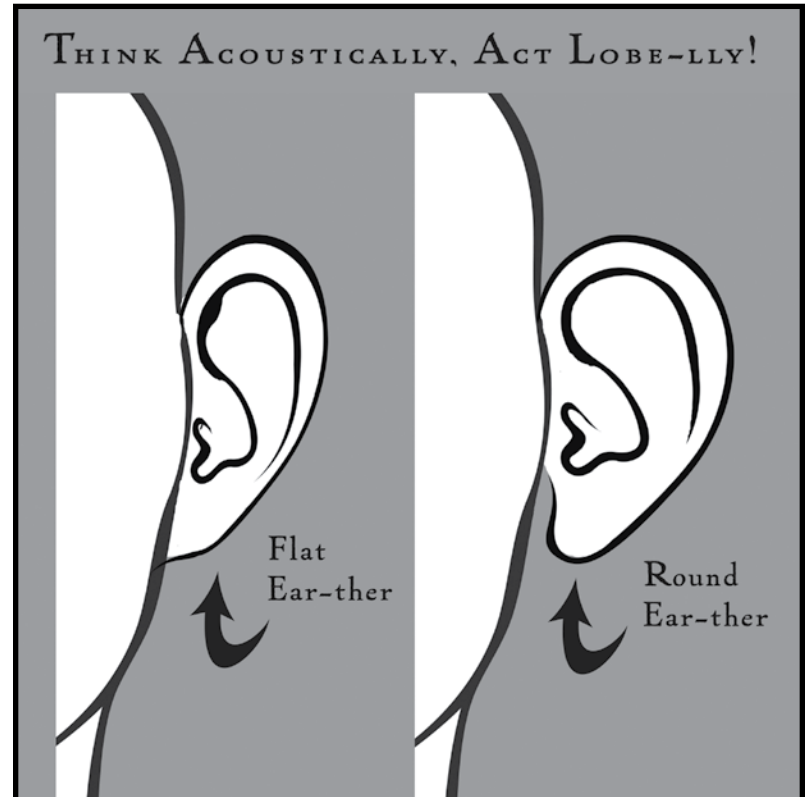
Mark Ellis (born 16 August 1960), is a British post-punk and alternative rock record producer and audio engineer. Flood's list of work includes projects with recording acts like New Order, U2, Nine Inch Nails, Depeche Mode, Gary Numan, Ministry, Thirty Seconds to Mars, Erasure, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, PJ Harvey, Foals, A-Ha, Orbital, Sigur Rós, The Smashing Pumpkins, The Killers, and Warpaint. His co-production collaborations have included projects with Brian Eno, Daniel Lanois, Steve Lillywhite, and longtime collaborator Alan Moulder, with whom he co-founded the Assault & Battery studio complex. In 2006, his work with U2 led to his sharing of the Grammy for Album of the Year for *How to Dismantle an Atomic Bomb*.



FLOOD (PART II)

He is not to be confused with Mark Ellis, the bassist from the British mod revival band The Lambrettas from the late 1970s and early 1980s.

According to producer Mark Freegard, Ellis' pseudonym, "Flood," was given to him by producer Chris Tsangarides during Ellis' early days at Morgan Studios and while The Cure was there recording. As a young studio runner, Ellis was responsible for responding to numerous requests from the recording artists and staff for tea and bacon sandwiches. Ellis kept up with the numerous requests for tea while the other runner remained largely unavailable, leading to Tsangarides nicknaming them "Flood" and "Drought," respectively. --Wikipedia



CLIMATE SENSE

But really it is just a dollar here, and a dollar there. Sometimes the pennies from heaven aren't enough to feed the family of four - so maybe the actual meaning is, "Pennies from heaven are but a way to indicate your time has soon come and the good people of your religion are not going to feed and clothe you in your time of need."

A difference between a reusable water bottle here and a disposable one there. Multiply that over millions and millions of experiences every day, and those very same water bottles ring around the earth some uncountable number of times or can be stacked all the way up to heaven.

Or fill Mariana's Trench. Or create a crinkly plastic wall along the border of...well...the entire United States, so that all of the pollution and corruption and destruction we are propagating... will stay here.

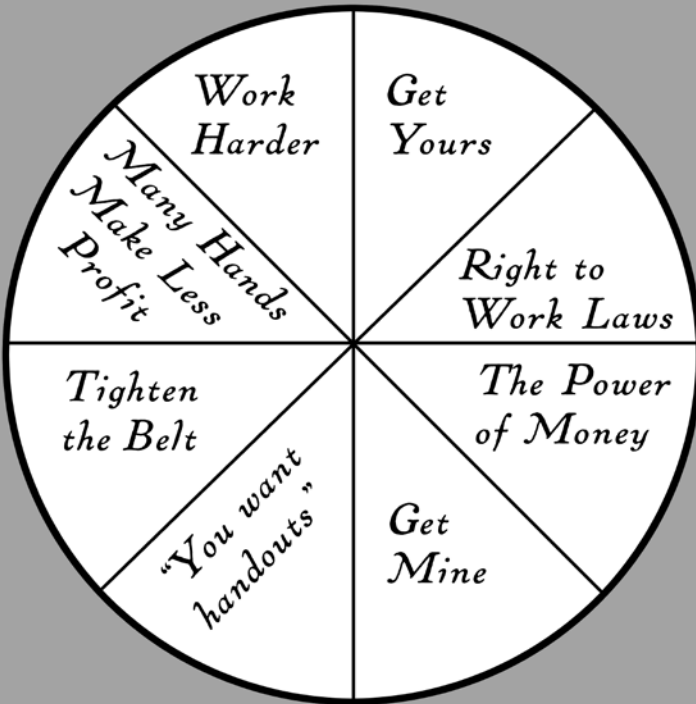
But of course, that's the real dirt of it - that even if the rest of the world holds true, and cuts emissions, transmissions and military missions, we'll do enough damage to take down the rest of civilization right along with our exceptionalism selves. Yes, it is true - this country 'tis of thee is the sweet science land of liberty which knows destruction better than any other. And we had hoped to see Paris, before it all went crumble.

"We are stopping cold the attacks on Judeo-Christian values. They'll say Happy New Year... They'll say other things...Guess what? We're saying Merry Christmas again. - DJ Trumperlake

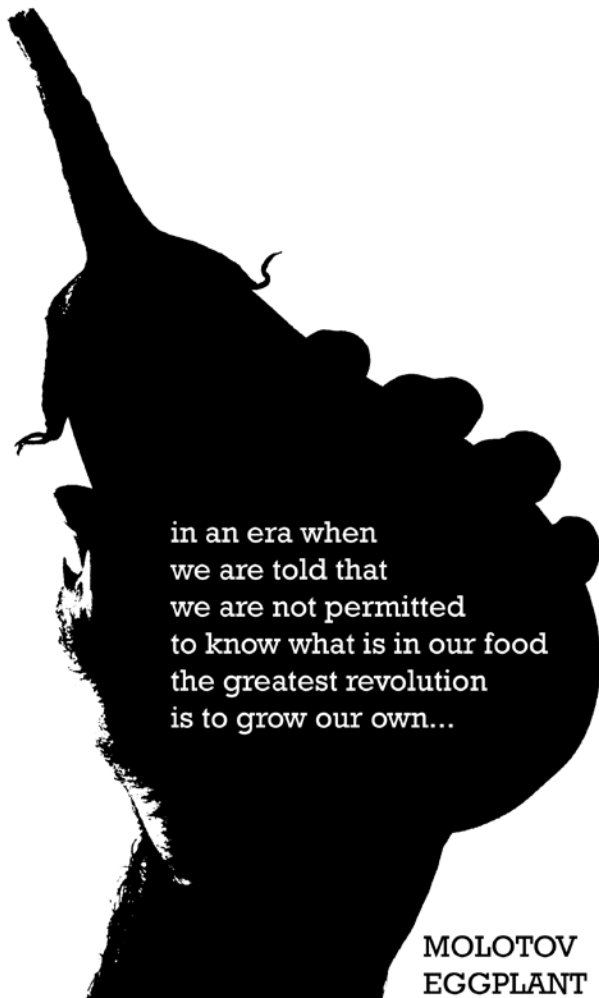
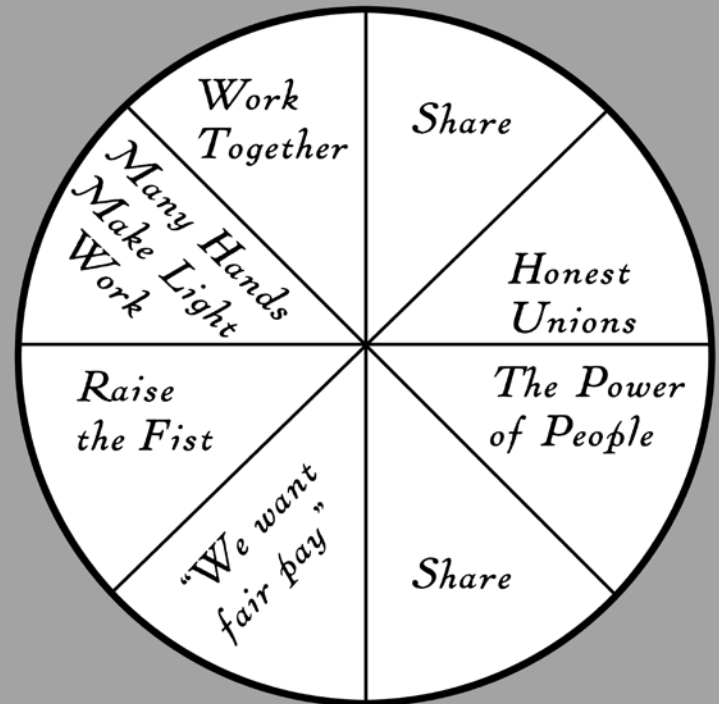


SPIN THE WHEEL OF POVERTY

Capitalist Style
(How to Grow Wealth)

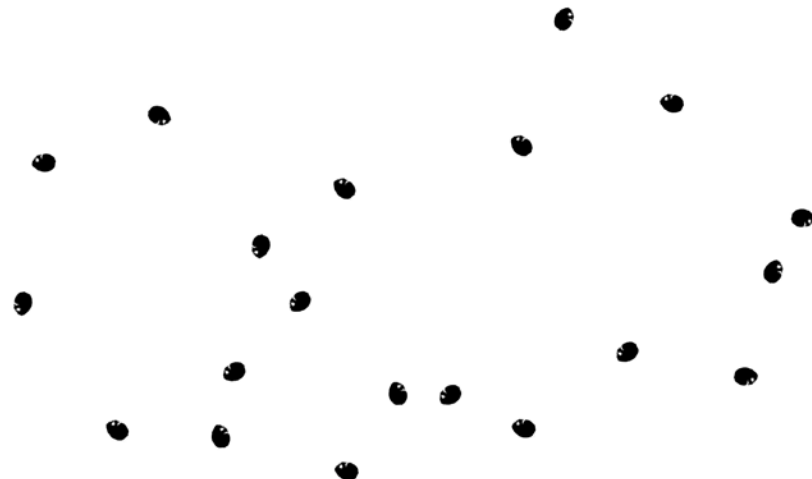
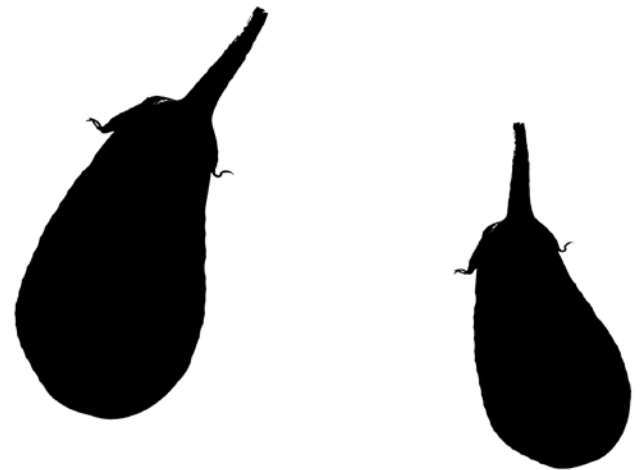


Socialist Style
(How to Grow Community)



in an era when
we are told that
we are not permitted
to know what is in our food
the greatest revolution
is to grow our own...

MOLOTOV
EGGPLANT



SINDBAD AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

As the sun rose on another day of Sindbad's labor, yet long before his eyes had adjusted to the slivers of light, his nose thought it had noticed the presence of the sea.

"We are going to need to turn around. We have reached an ocean," he spoke to The Old Man of the Sea.

"Nonsense" came the reply, as the laughter sat heftily on Sindbad's shoulders. "We are headed exactly where we need."

Sindbad looked down to see that the ground had changed from packed earth to sand, and it was no wonder his steps were feeling even more belabored than usual.

"I can not swim with you on my shoulders," remarked Sindbad, seeing a glimmer of a possibility that his freedom was nearing.

"You will not need to swim," replied The Old Man. "Today you will not work as much as you expect."

As the walk continued, and the daylight illuminated all around, Sindbad saw that yes, they had walked into an ocean. An ocean dotted with the crumbling remains of the buildings of a great city, from not-so-long ago.

"The ocean has risen and flooded the city! What has happened to the people? What is behind such destruction?"

There was silence for a moment, before The Old Man looked down upon Sindbad, and as he would on rare occasion, looked his steed in the eye.

"You see it as destruction, I see it as an opportunity to supply all which is needed to build a new city."

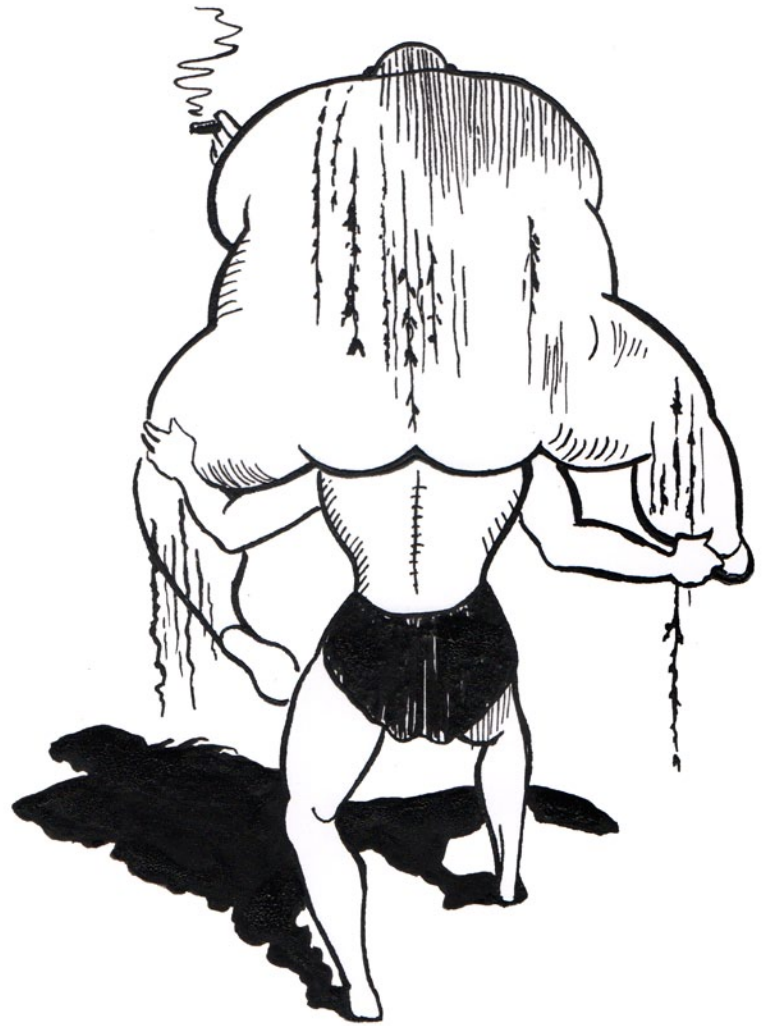
"But the people..."

"The people will supply themselves. They always do. There are forever enough people to build what I envision."

And therein holds the shackle which keeps the people from banding and bonding into just as great of an ocean.

Sindbad looked Westward. He could not deny that building inland would serve the greater needs of humanity, for a longer duration.

"There is good land that we walked through, three hundred miles West of here. We should return there and start immediately."



The Old Man of the Sea cleared his throat, and shifted his weight backwards, just enough to force Sindbad to stumble. In the time it took, for him to regain his foot, The Old Man spoke.

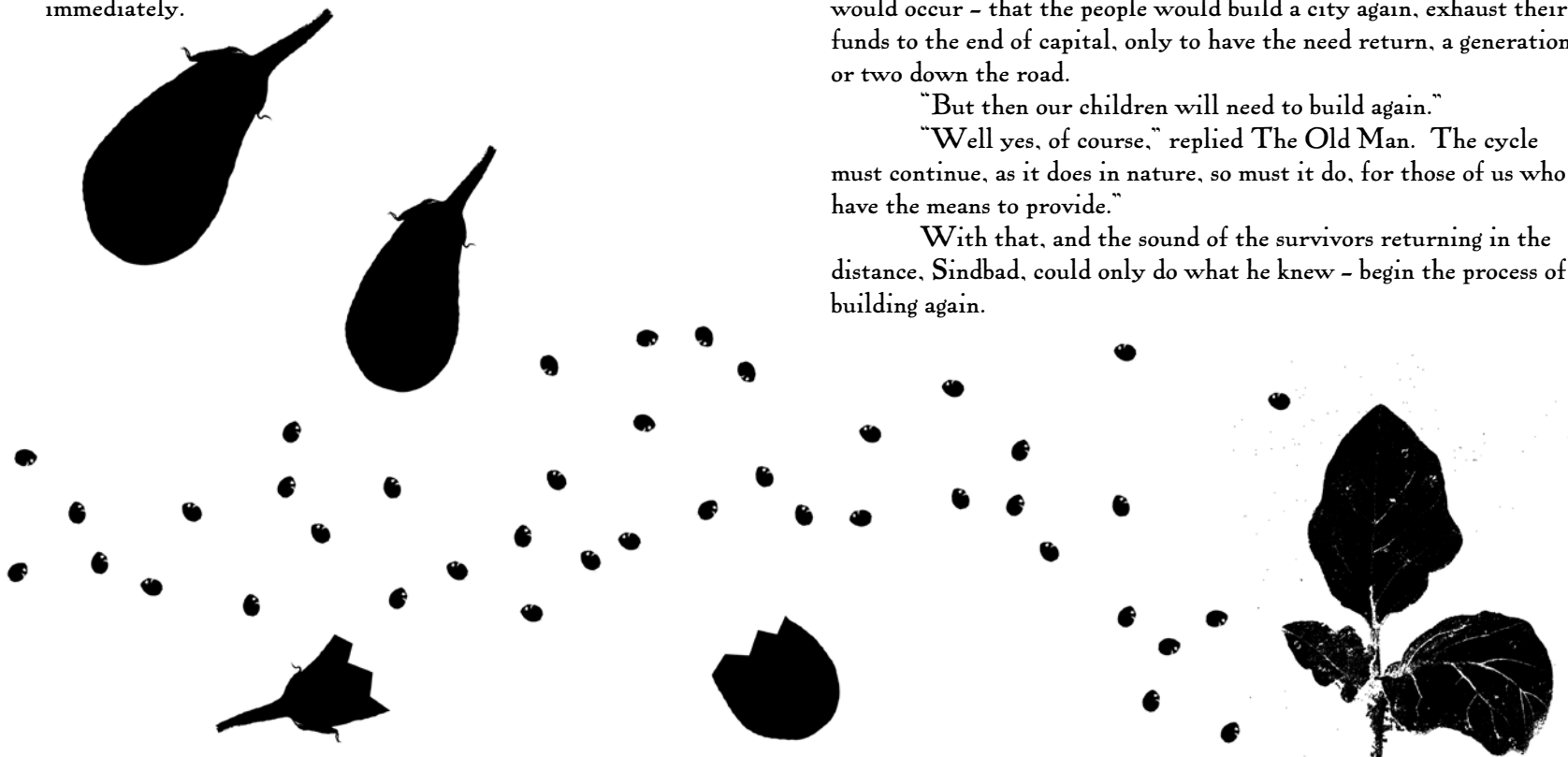
"Oh no my dear friend, why would we ever go so far away? Humankind loves their beachfront property. And it has three times the value. We will go just out of reach of the water, and begin again."

Sindbad, long enough a charge with no charge, saw what would occur - that the people would build a city again, exhaust their funds to the end of capital, only to have the need return, a generation or two down the road.

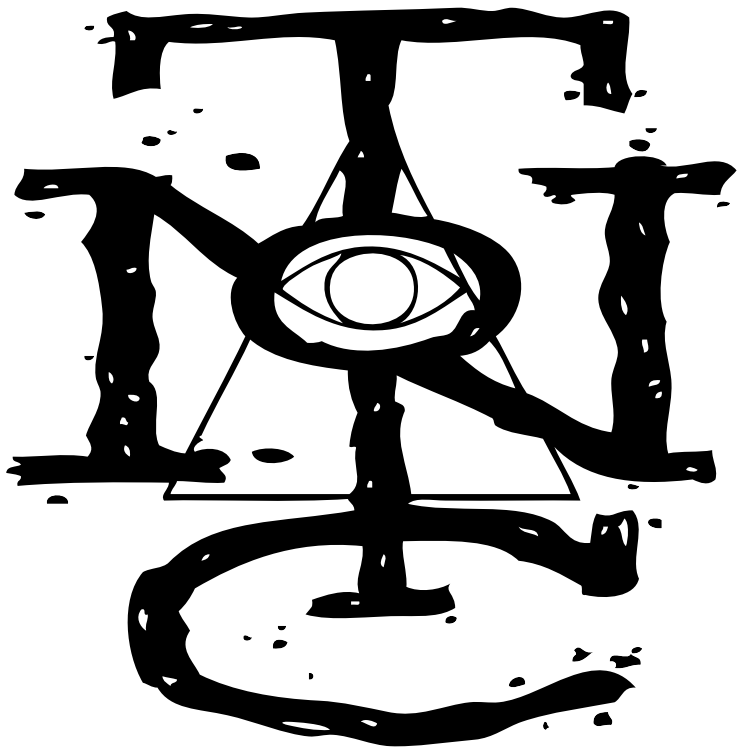
"But then our children will need to build again."

"Well yes, of course," replied The Old Man. The cycle must continue, as it does in nature, so must it do, for those of us who have the means to provide."

With that, and the sound of the survivors returning in the distance, Sindbad, could only do what he knew - begin the process of building again.



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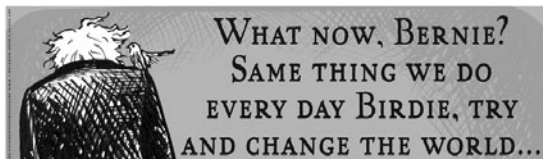
ART IS THE FASTEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE VEHICLE
FOR INFLUENCING SOCIOPOLITICAL CHANGE



SOMETHING ON WHICH
TO PIN OUR HOPES..

SOMETHING TO SHOW
WE'RE STICKING TO OUR BELIEFS...

WWW.ARTY-
OUNSGOOD-
MORNING.ORG/
STORE.HTML

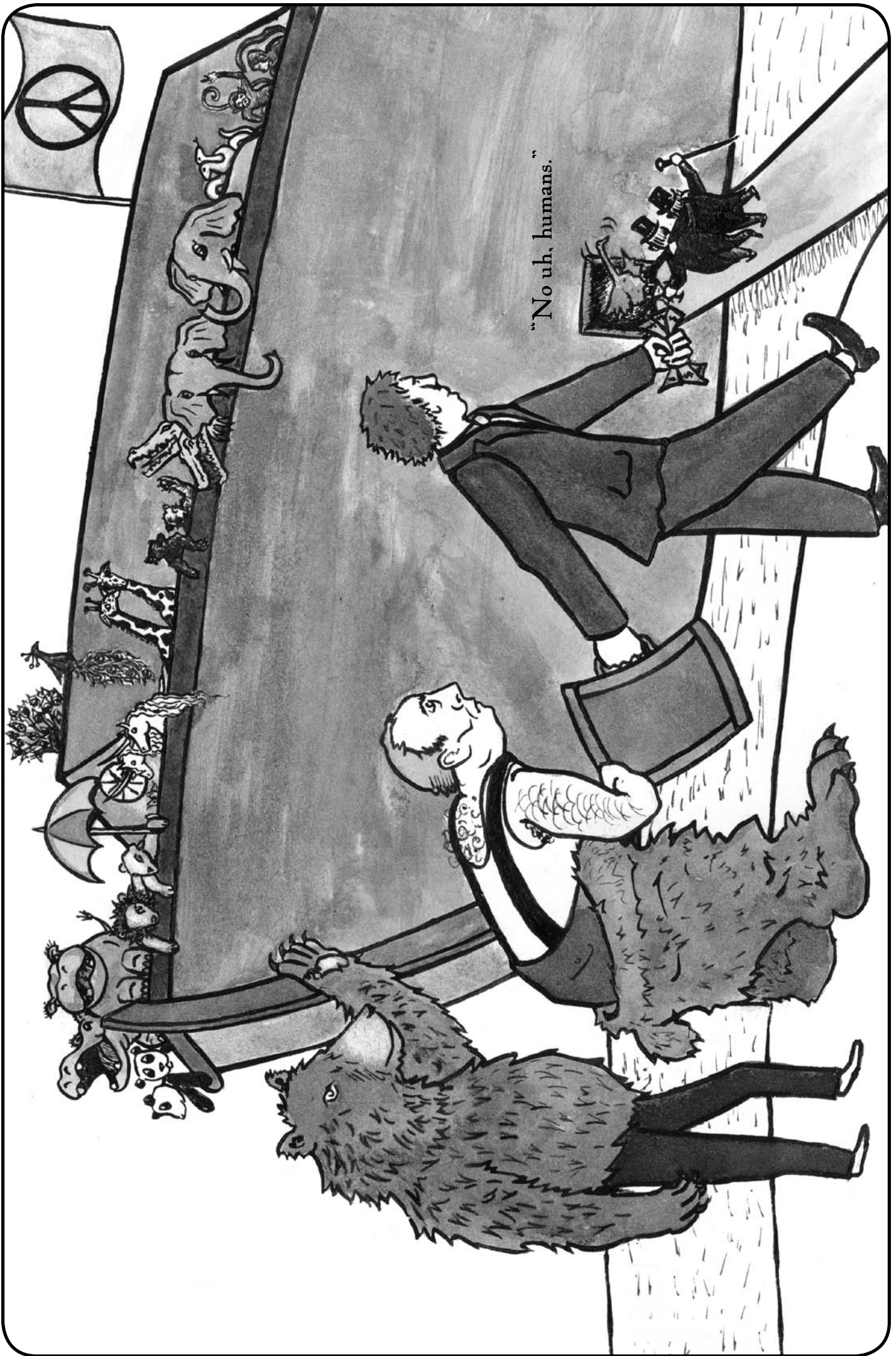


IN PRINT:



DIGITAL:





"No uh, humans."