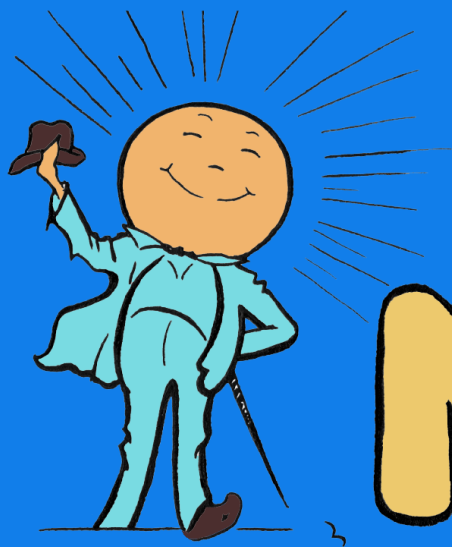


*"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"*



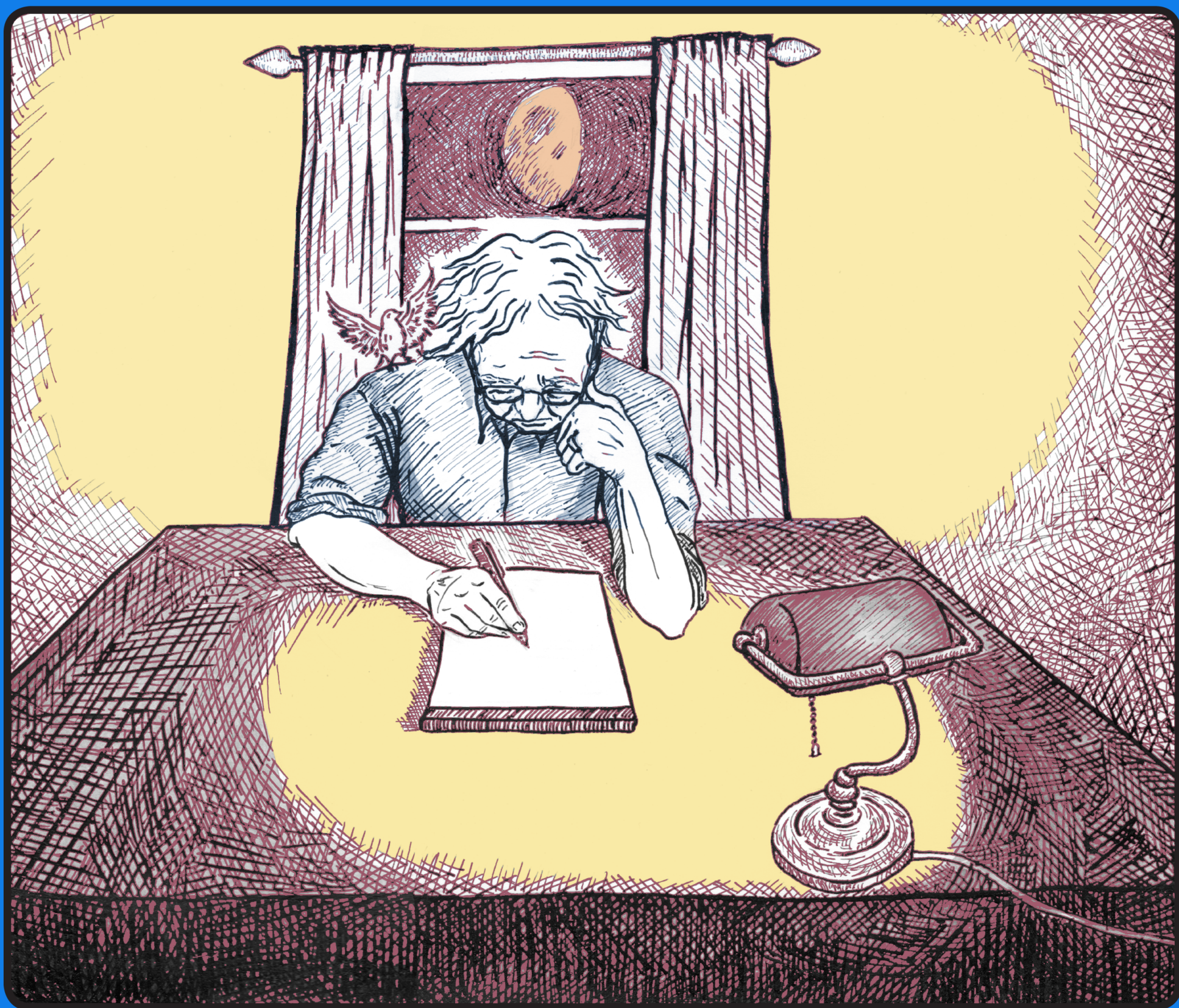
# GOOD MORNING

the why school? number

September 8th 2016

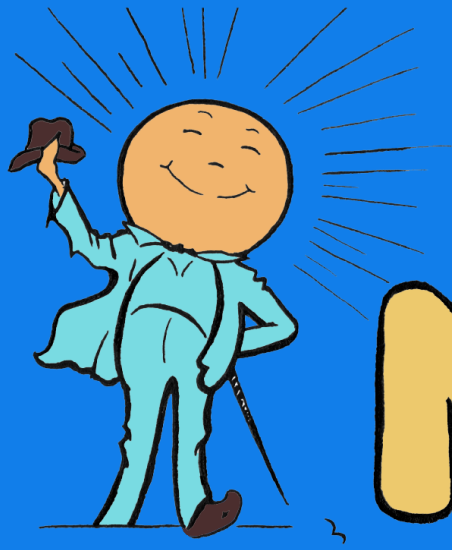
Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 No. 6



A little light, a few words, and an unflappable friend -  
sometimes all it takes to change the world.

*"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"*



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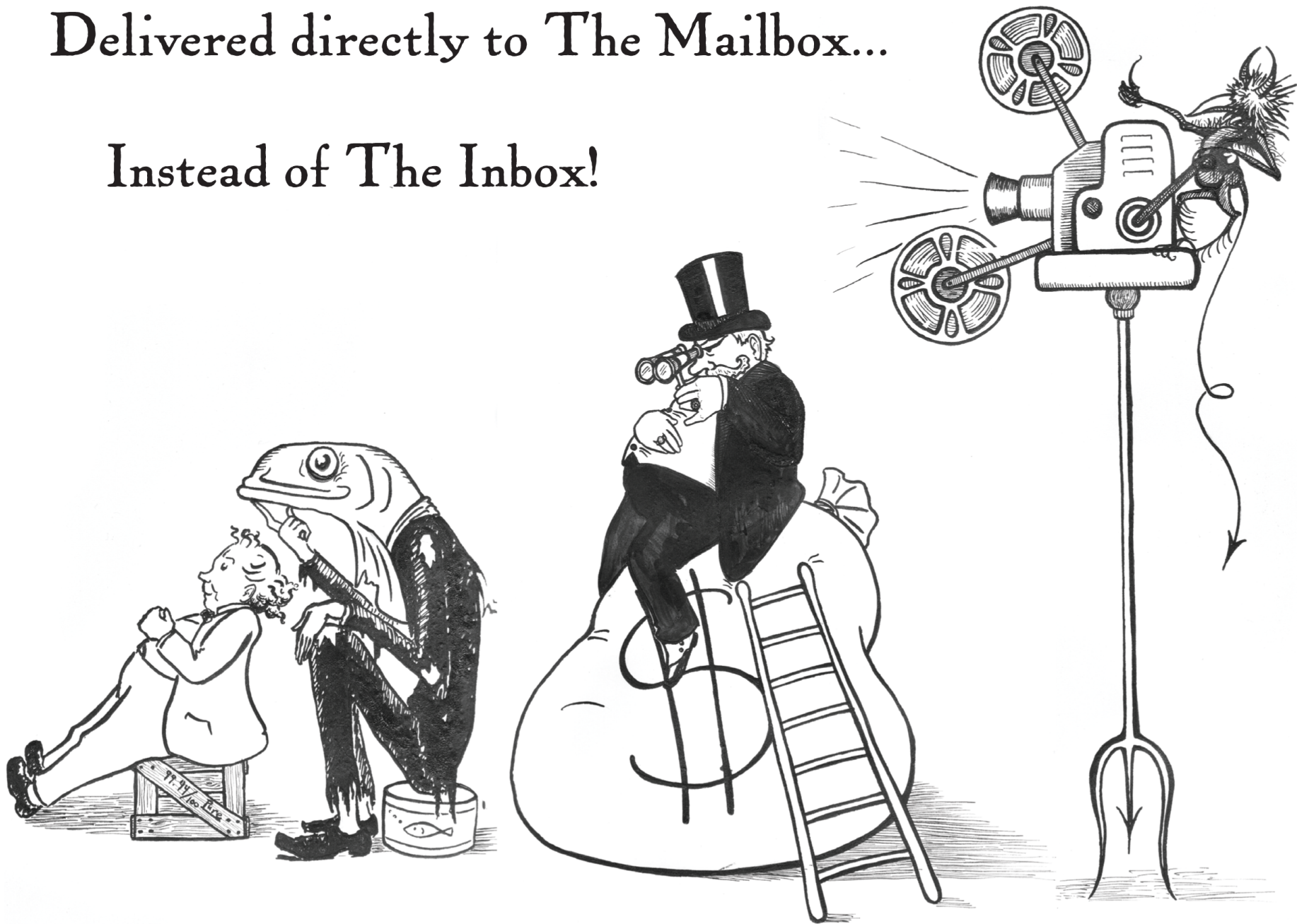
The Class War is Now in Session...

Have a Laugh While We Go to Battle!

Art Young's Good Morning...

Delivered directly to The Mailbox...

Instead of The Inbox!



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

Send 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>

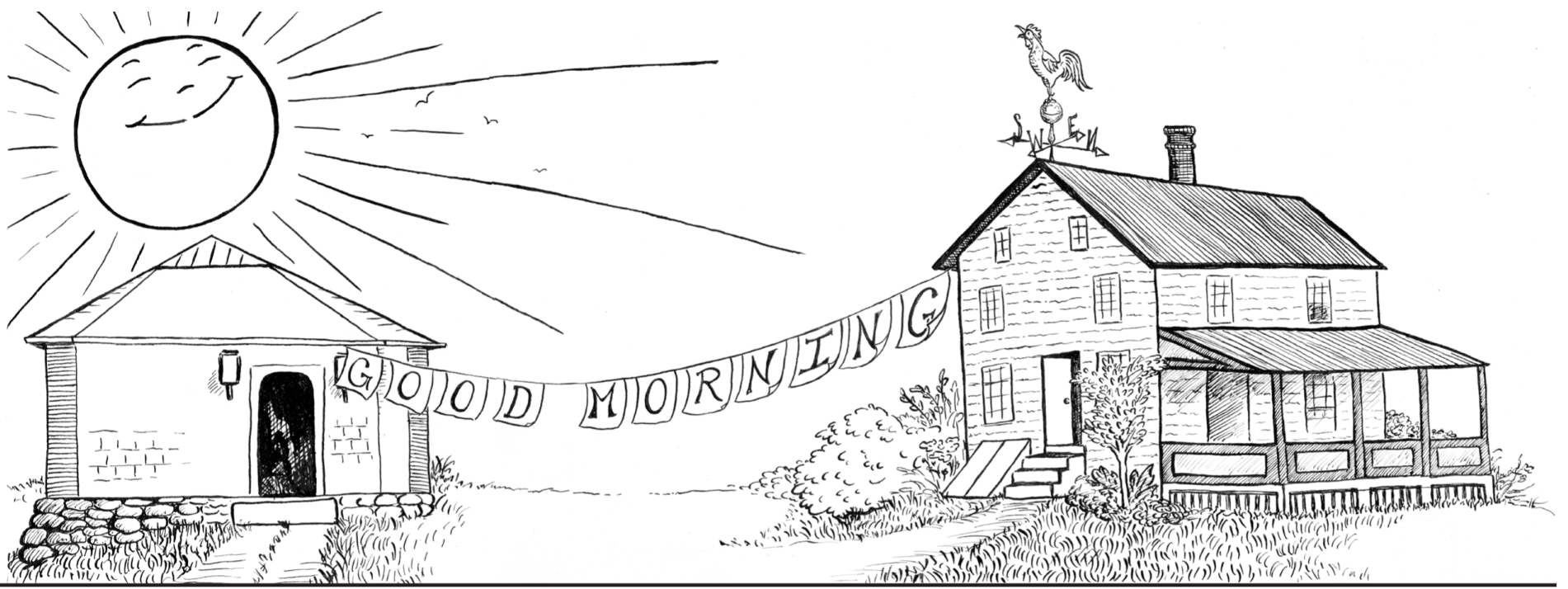
Enclosed find twenty four dollars (US only) for six issues (appearing every two months) of Good Morning.

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Or order at: <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org/store.html>



### COMMON CORED

An apple a day keeps the doctor away (although one would expect that this would more be about the dentist). An apple a day for the teacher keeps the bad grades away (although such might be construed as bribery in this day and age). An Apple a day means you can learn off of an iPad and not have to pay thousands of dollars for textbooks. An apple for Eve keeps the biblical zealots at play. An Adam's Apple isn't really an apple at all (although one can be the "apple of my eye"). An addition problem that adds up all of these fruits from the tree should be as simple as one plus one plus one plus one plus one. Instead we've found ways to drain the budgets of school districts everywhere by hiring companies to make up curriculums that get justified and codified as being important for our children but are really nothing more than elaborate schemes to fatten the wallets of corporations. How do you like them apples?

### COMMON BORED

Here's a thumbs up to all of the educational districts who have expanded upon the enlightening STEM education by making certain of STEAM education. Science...Technology...Engineering...Arts...Mathematics. Thank you for including yet another of the disproportionately discontinued and distressed subjects of learning. Plus, as an added bonus, it allows us to purposefully mistake the moniker as a celebration of steampunk. In other words, when ya go to school, kid, be a STEAM punk!

### COMMON SCORE

It is believed that the next major overhaul of the schoolyard, will be in the form of new scoreboards for all of the playgrounds. Why, you ask, beyond instant replay and to keep up with the internet jones, would we need to rip out hundreds of millions of dollars of fairly modern electrical gear? Well, because you can't teach math one way in school and expect anybody to understand an antiquated scoring system? How can anybody plan on counting by one, two, or three in basketball when they've not learned simple addition? Oh no, from now on we'll use giant video screens, with live-action new math, to keep track of the competition.

### COMMON GORE

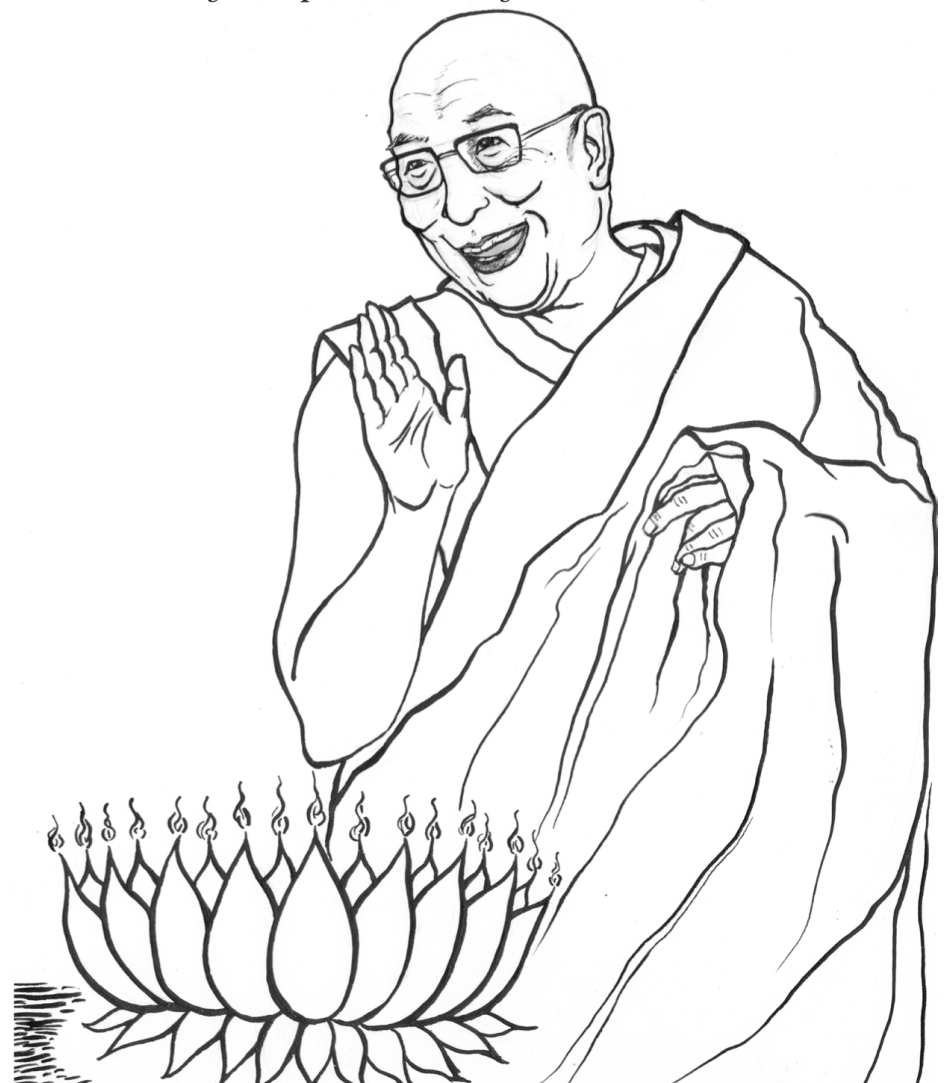
Of course, what it will take to finally bring this issue to a boil, will be like Dungeons & Dragons and heavy metal music before it - a good old fashioned murder that can be blamed on the anxiety and inability to rewire the brain to doing math in a more complicated manner. Problem solving at its finest!

### CUMIN CHORE

Yet, in this modern age of calculators and smartphones, there's still one avenue of fundamental math that has yet to be properly incorporated into schools - that of reading a recipe. Reports say that the number of home economics classes have plummeted, leaving little option but microwaveable meals and fast food revenues increasing.

Rather than bringing in the consultants to line the pockets of big business, let's get them to line the cloth self-brought grocery bags of the local produce store, so that children can learn what it is to eat a healthy meal, and eat something that isn't the soggy not-peanut butter and jelly sandwich that may have been made days ago.

In a time when more and more children have their only meal of the day in the hallowed halls of their elementary, our world will change for the better when they agree that an apple, is far more valuable than an Apple. Only then, will the chasing of a bank account no longer outpace the chasing of dreams.



## BETTER LABELING PRACTICES

We'd like to see more legal bills, and maybe all genres of unusually gluttonous invoices in general, have a lot more transparent itemization.

Instead of billing us landlubbers for "Research - 15 hours" or "Medicine - 3 units" we could read, "1/10th CEO's new Tesla" or "1/4 vacation in Bahamas".

It isn't enough to tell us the price of the uber-cliché gold toilet seat (which has remade an appearance in this election season - bad writing, bad bad writing), we ought know who benefits! Let us know that the delivery driver received 1/1000th of the price, while the CFO made 235/1000th of every device that gooses ya golden!

Maybe then we can start to slowly wind our way into some sense of transparency in government, so that we know exactly how our taxes are being spent. While we certainly won't agree with every expenditure, and that's just fine, at least the auditing eyes of the entire constituency will add an air of equality to the equation.

## BETTER LAPELING PRACTICES

If candidates are going to insist on wearing the little American flag pins during the course of the campaign, we believe it is time to amend electioneering laws to require them to also wear pins identifying the large donors.

We've seen the memes of candidates dressed like race car drivers with all of the sponsorship on their suits, but let's keep it a bit classier. There, right along side the flag, all of the corporate logos that align in a pyramid - highest bidders at the top, pseudo-big-players at the bottom.

Why hide it? What's the point? We the people know that there is so much buying and selling going on that we ought to be able to purchase penny stock in candidates, and have a Washington DC stock market that rivals Wall Street in New York.

It seems that greatest sin here is the hiding of everything we already know. So we're begging you - advertise accordingly - because we've found you out, regardless.



The Prices of Justice (Freedom Isn't Free)

## ROUND AND ROUND WE GO

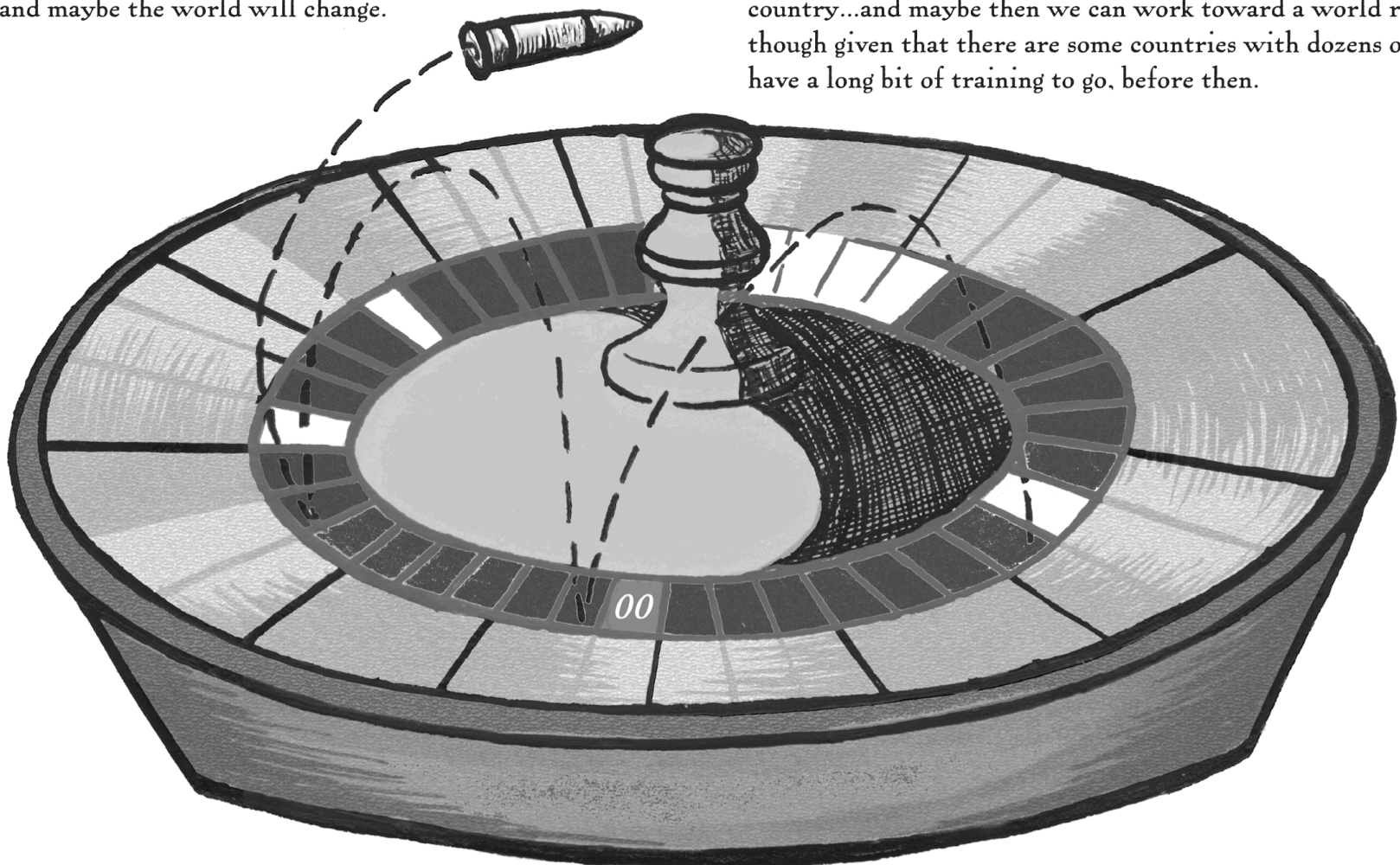
For about a decade, many folks liked to think about their lives as a game of Texas Hold 'Em. Cashing in on the popularity of the newest-yet-not-new card game, you could find poker chips for sale at nearly every corner store and farmer's market. But we here at *Art Young's Good Morning* think life is more like a roulette wheel (sorry, Gump, there's no chocolate when you're staring down the barrel of a service revolver).

The spinning, you see, is that of a planet rotating on an axis, with all of us spinning atop it like tops, waiting to fall. So nervous are we that another top will come along and crash into us, we've begun crashing into others, first - not realizing that when we're all spinning there is no means to knock another over without careening ourselves out of control. A chain reaction of crashing tops leaves all of us helpless and wobbling back and forth on the ground.

We get it - a nervous person with a nervous trigger finger is going to shoot before being shot, kill or be killed - but therein remains the problem - nobody who is spinning should be in the position to be the one who doles out punishment, much less a masked executioner.

But like the vacuum of not enough doctors in the world to care for the exponentially growing population, the level of qualification goes down, just to fill the seats that are needed - and all in the name of expending the budget this year, so that it isn't cut next year. We all need to justify our position, we are told - and sometimes that appears to be expending ammunition rather than expanding communication or expounding on ways to mitigate a situation without the concern of litigation or intimidation.

So, let's turn it around - take out the bench press requirement and add in compassion. Want to work out - lift the weight of fear and loathing from off the streets, try a playground workout with some of the neighborhood kids. Serve and protect rather than live by the mantra that the protestors get what they deserve, and maybe the world will change.



Traffic Stop Roulette: In Which Too Many Pockets Are Black

## LIKE A BROKEN RECORD RIGHT ROUND

Since we're so caught up in a search for meaning, having records has become paramount. We ought thank Guinness and their illustrious book.

Did you know that in the last election season, each Presidential candidate raised over one billion dollars for their campaigns. One billion dollars. Hadn't happened before. Record!

The Olympics like to tell the story of a "World Record" being broken. Pushing the body past extremes, hundredths of a second makes for the emotional-roll-the-heartbreak-music on corporate television channel (which spent record amounts to broadcast the "games"), and a dose of nationalism is injected because \*we beat the whole world\*.

But that is not quite where we're going with this read, enough words to potentially fill the b-side of this page (oooh releasing a single are we - is that what each Daily Good Morning post is - making the paper magazine our bi-monthly album? Such metaphors to consider...).

A broken record is one of two things - an image of the 1980s when the Parents Music Resource Center insisted on burning piles of vinyl of satanic music on vinyl. Given that so much music is now digital only, would a resurgence in such censorship lead to piles of iPods and iPhones and other mp3 players being sizzled in a toxic-fume celebration where (ironically enough) heavy metals would be smokily headed back into the atmosphere?

Alternately, the slight skip in the material makes the same ring play one lyric, one riff, over and over - and like a meditation, a mantra is born. But when does a mantra become a torture?

Over and over we've seen the same election season play out before our eyes - a two party system that often has people voting against rather than for...and in an age of against, the only way to turn it around is to vote for and the only way to do that, is to break our "U.S. Record" and have more than two major parties in this country...and maybe then we can work toward a world record - though given that there are some countries with dozens of parties, we have a long bit of training to go, before then.



*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

September 8th 2016

The text below, is the story that goes along with the image on the front cover of this very issue that you hold in your hands. It is the chapter after "Birdie & Bernie: A Conversation" - a previous dialogue which appeared on the cover of the "Bernie in Philly" supplemental issue of July 24th 2016, and which was released for the Democratic National Convention (and handed out to a small group of readers on-site). That previous dialogue, first appeared online in *The Daily Good Morning* on July 13th 2016 and quickly (as the kids would say these days - although to us 1919 throwbacks it would be but contagious) "went viral".

The response to "Birdie & Bernie: A Conversation" was so heartwarming, so genuine, so necessary. It was immediately apparent that Birdie, beyond being a messenger around whom we all rallied, was really the hopes and dreams of all of us. To be that close to Bernie, to be that brave, to be that peaceful, to be that free. In that way, Birdie speaks to Bernie as our surrogate - of The People, for The People, and on the wings that The People wish to have.

This second piece then, written on the eve of the Our Revolution launch, will not be the last.

\*\*\*

### Birdie & Bernie: The Knight Before Us

Bernie sits at his desk. Through the open window, the near-autumn night air keeps him awake. As does the page in front of him. A familiar and welcome friend, visits.

*Bernie:* It is good to see you old friend.

*Birdie:* You as well, old friend.

They chuckle. For the first time in years, Bernie feels his age.

*Bernie:* Has it only been a Spring and Summer that we've known each other?

*Birdie:* There are many who would say it feels like decades.

And that is what makes for old friends, like loves who can sit in the same room, reading books, and feel no need to speak and break the silence.

*Birdie:* Finishing tomorrow's speech?

A slight pause.

*Bernie:* Beginning.

The stump speech so easy to write. This...this should have been for the inauguration. A new dawn.

*Birdie:* So many things you can't say?

*Bernie:* Too many.

A breeze blows through, shifts the few sheets of paper on the desk. Words like "solidarity" overlap with "sustenance" and "self-sufficiency".

*Bernie:* A sea of beautiful folks who have grown into activists. Now we must all learn to organize... Together...

It is a candid moment, one not meant for the camera. One not of doubt but of an unexplainable regret.

*Birdie:* You dared to be a leader from the heart and so you opened the hearts of many. There are those who are hurt and those who will stand with you til the end of the world. In time each will understand the difference between running upon the sword and placing it down.

*Bernie:* Is it enough?

*Birdie:* You have given all of us the one word to speak at, and open the door of the heart to each and every person who dreams of America turning swords into electric automobiles and swingsets.

*Bernie:* It is just my name.

*Birdie:* No dear friend, your name now belongs to everybody. It is truly what they meant in the old days when they said names have power.

The philosophy is nice, but the revolution will happen in the streets and the voting booths, in the hearts not yet reached. We all know this to be true.

*Birdie:* May I stay and watch over your shoulder?

*Bernie:* If you like. But it is has been a long night's journey already.

Birdie understands. There are words that come from places that none of us know. The mouth opens, the mind knows. So too, with the pen. Writing is a solitary act, but the inspiration comes from all of us.

*Birdie:* Before I go, I have a message to deliver.

*Bernie:* There was some debate over your species...I do not think anybody mistook you for a carrier pigeon.

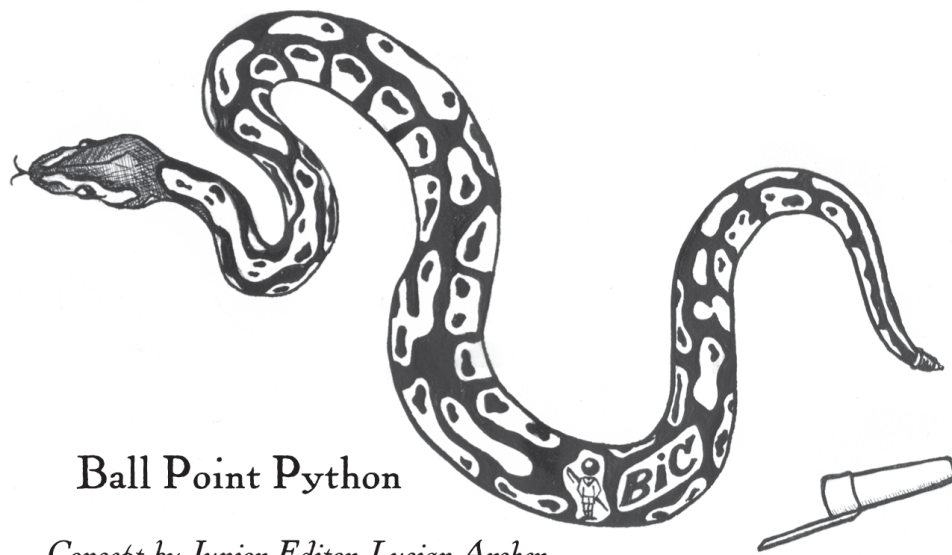
They laugh again as old friends do. May the quiescence afterwards have lasted until the first ray of sunshine beaked over the horizon.

*Birdie:* The people asked me to say, "We're still with you. So very many of us are still with you." One thousand great leaders will rise from this movement.

Bernie makes a note on the page and places down the pen. He looks up, finally, to Birdie.

*Bernie:* Thank you Birdie. That's worth all of the words in the world.

And thank you, Bernie, for starting Our Revolution. For that and more, we are #ForeverBernie



Ball Point Python

Concept by Junior Editor Lucian Archer



# An Imperial List

- 1) Votes for war
- 2) Opens military bases in foreign lands
- 3) Has 3x the hops and makes the people jump when she says jump
- 4) Trade policies are anti-worker
- 5) Supported Honduran Coup
- 6) Believes in American Exceptionalism
- 7) Provides weapons to ruling regimes or rebels or both depending on the highest bidder...
- 8) Believes in the American pint glass over the British pint glass

"She's an imperialist!"  
 "A wha...?"

## A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

*This was received in an envelope made of recycled hemp - .ed*

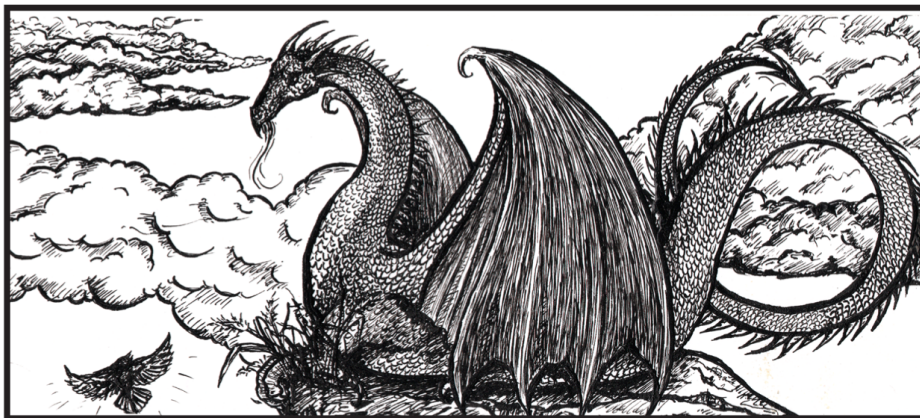
Dear Citizens of the U.S.,

We are writing to apologize for so adamantly lobbying for electronic voting machines.

Had we known that such levels of fraud and chicanery would occur, we would have gladly sacrificed more than our already fallen limbs to continue the practice of using paper ballots.

With sincere apologies, we bow our crowns, and ask your forgiveness.

With love and breath,  
The Trees



Queen Lear (Only The Fool Can Safely Speak Truth-to-Power)

*From an idea by William "Pop Pop" Heydt*



While The Superdelegates Were Busy With the Rig



...ging, They Could Do Nothing About the Siren's Song

THE BLOG OF  
CONVICT #9653  
(EUGENE V. DEBS)

“The labor leader who is not discredited by the capitalist class is not true to the working class.

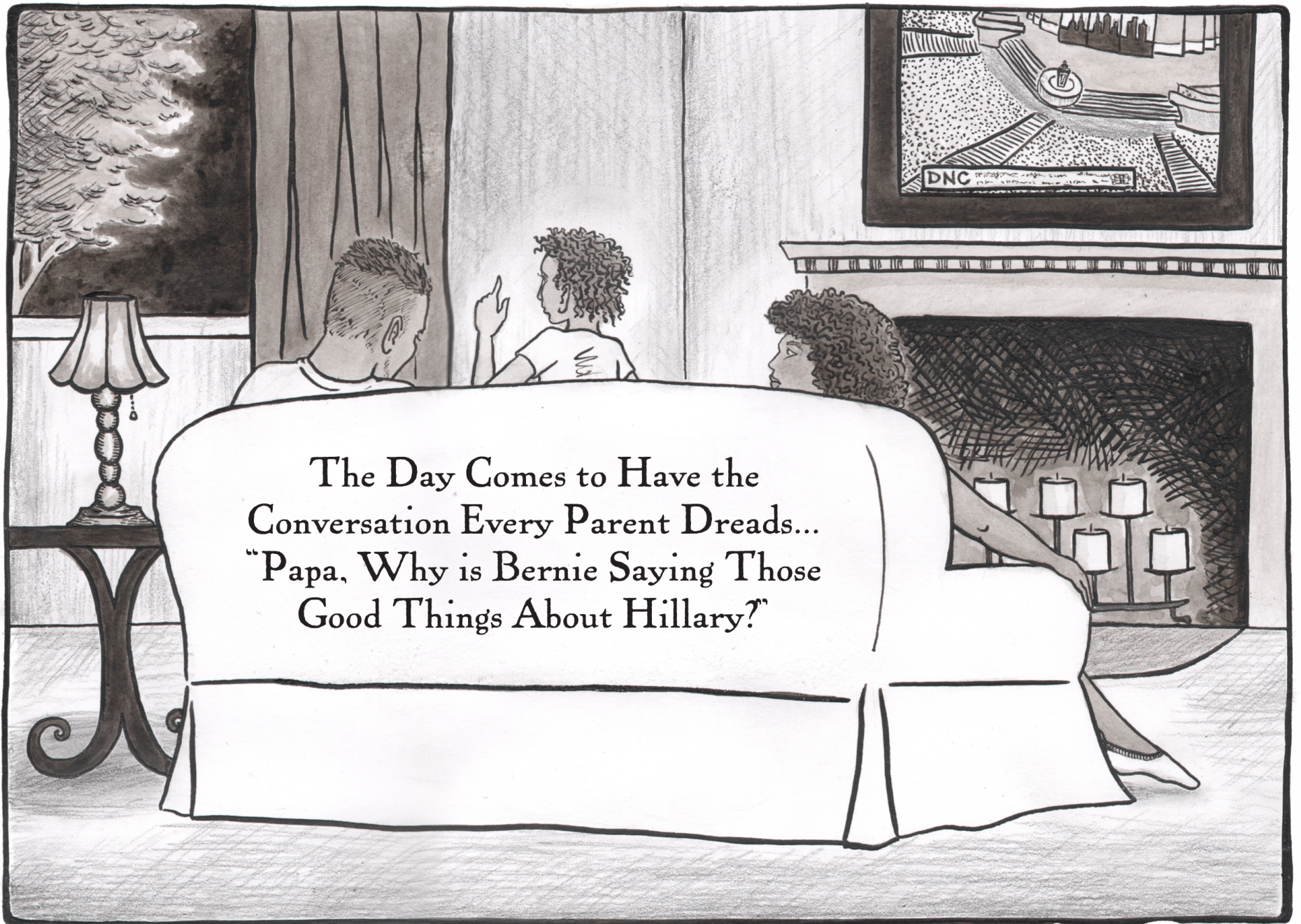
If he be unswervingly loyal to the working class he will not be on friendly terms with the capitalist class.

He cannot serve both.  
When he really serves one  
he serves that one against the other.”

(Speech at Chicago, November 23, 1905)



Human(ity) Shields



The Day Comes to Have the  
Conversation Every Parent Dreads...  
"Papa, Why is Bernie Saying Those  
Good Things About Hillary?"

The trio who have traveled through this election season together, await one final Bernie rally.

*Lucian:* Papa? *Papa:* Yeah, Kiddo?

*Lucian:* Remember that night I talked in front of all those people? *Papa:* Mama and I were very proud of you that night - speaking in front of those eighty people.

Barnstorm event in April. The National Campaign Coordinator asked who wanted to come up and say why they support Bernie. His hand flew first. The "oh cute" moment turned as he spoke fluently about Medicare for All, into a sea of phone cameras as he spoke about Hillary's tall-tale of sniper fire...

*Lucian:* Papa?

Years away from the birds and the bees, he asks a far more difficult question, one that needs a more truthful, without flowery language, response.

*Lucian:* Why is Bernie saying that about Hillary?

We were all there that Monday night of the convention - as delegates, as supporters, as activists, as newbies, as the old guard, as friends, as family - in solidarity. Birdie was there too.

*Papa:* Remember how Bernie talks about there being so many people in jail? How he talks about laws that allow people to make lots of money if there are lots of prisoners?

*Lucian:* Grrr...Capitalists!

*Papa:* Yes, capitalists are part of it. Sometimes, there are people who have done nothing wrong, but because now they can be used to make money, they get locked up.

*Lucian:* For a long time? *Papa:* I think everybody who has been in jail thinks every day behind bars is a long time...

We listen to Bernie speak of minimum wage, of campaign finance reform, of jobs and infrastructure, of being against the Trans-Pacific Partnership (which the party and platform is against - still a revolutionary).

*Papa:* There are over two million people in jail. Think of all those families that are separated. *Lucian:* That's a lot of people.

*Papa:* Bernie didn't have enough votes. So he could keep fighting, or he could compromise. He decided to stop trying to get votes, if people promised to make a law to stop private prisons.

*Lucian:* Will she?

We hope so. We want to believe so. But...

*Papa:* I don't know. Bernie is saying what he's saying, because if he can end private prisons, think about all of the people who will get out of jail, think about the people who will do things they shouldn't and instead of going to jail, they'll get a second chance, they'll get help for their minds and bodies.

*Lucian:* And their spirit. *Papa:* That's exactly it. Bernie decided he must do what was best for as many people as possible.

*Lucian:* But it means he has to say good things about Hillary? *Papa:* Sadly, yes.

The moment arrived when we wished the chanting of his name by those in the arena, and those on their couches, and those in the streets...lasted forever. Maybe in the best way, it still can.

*Lucian:* Can we all go out canvassing again?

*Papa:* Of course. Who should we canvass for?

*Lucian:* Bernie! Just like all the other days Papa, because we have to keep trying to change the world.

And with that, our family keeps chanting. #ForeverBernie

### THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



*"I finally understand it!*

*When they say a vote for Bernie or Jill, or no vote, is a vote for Trump...*

*It's one of those new math problems!"*

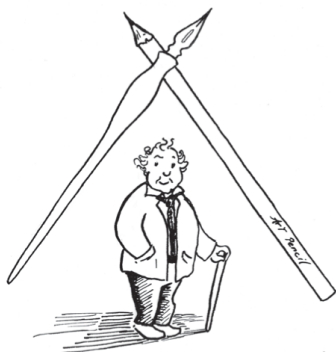
### TRY-ALLS AND TABULATIONS

With so many different forms of voting – paper, electronic, caucus, guess how many jelly beans are in a jar, etc. – it is no wonder that thoughts of voter suppression, repression, compression and wrong impressions occur during the election recycle.

So as not to simply seem like a complainant in this potential lawsuit (that even if won would never go back and create the unprecedented step of throwing out an entire election season and asking us to vote again) we have a suggestion. Take the coming year's military budget, cut it in half, and use the other half to create a secure, verifiable, receipt-driven, auto-registered-to-vote system that can be built, even by us nineteen twenties magazine editors, from the ground up, for half of half of half of half of half of what we suggested paying us. Yes, we can come in under budget (for it is what you learn when you have a century of no budget at all).

The only other option would be allowing nobody to vote and allowing a small group of wealthy benefactors the right to choose our leaders for their own benefit. The only downside might be the eventual insurrection which would lead to the resurrection of our democracy.

Of course, the need for resurrection, yes, intones that it is, presently, dead.



## Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



We've yet to determine if/where this piece was published – the original is unmarked – but given the style it would be likely 1900s or 1910s, and probably appeared in Puck or Judge (or possibly Life). What would be interesting, is if we could identify the publication date, so as to determine if the sleazy politician is anybody specific from the time frame.

Art Young spent his days between his home in Bethel Connecticut, his office and social activist circle in New York City, and decades covering Washington D.C. and the national conventions of the Socialists, Republicans, and Democrats. Art being turned off by the innuendo-laden, fat-cat, beltway lifestyle, is not a surprise.

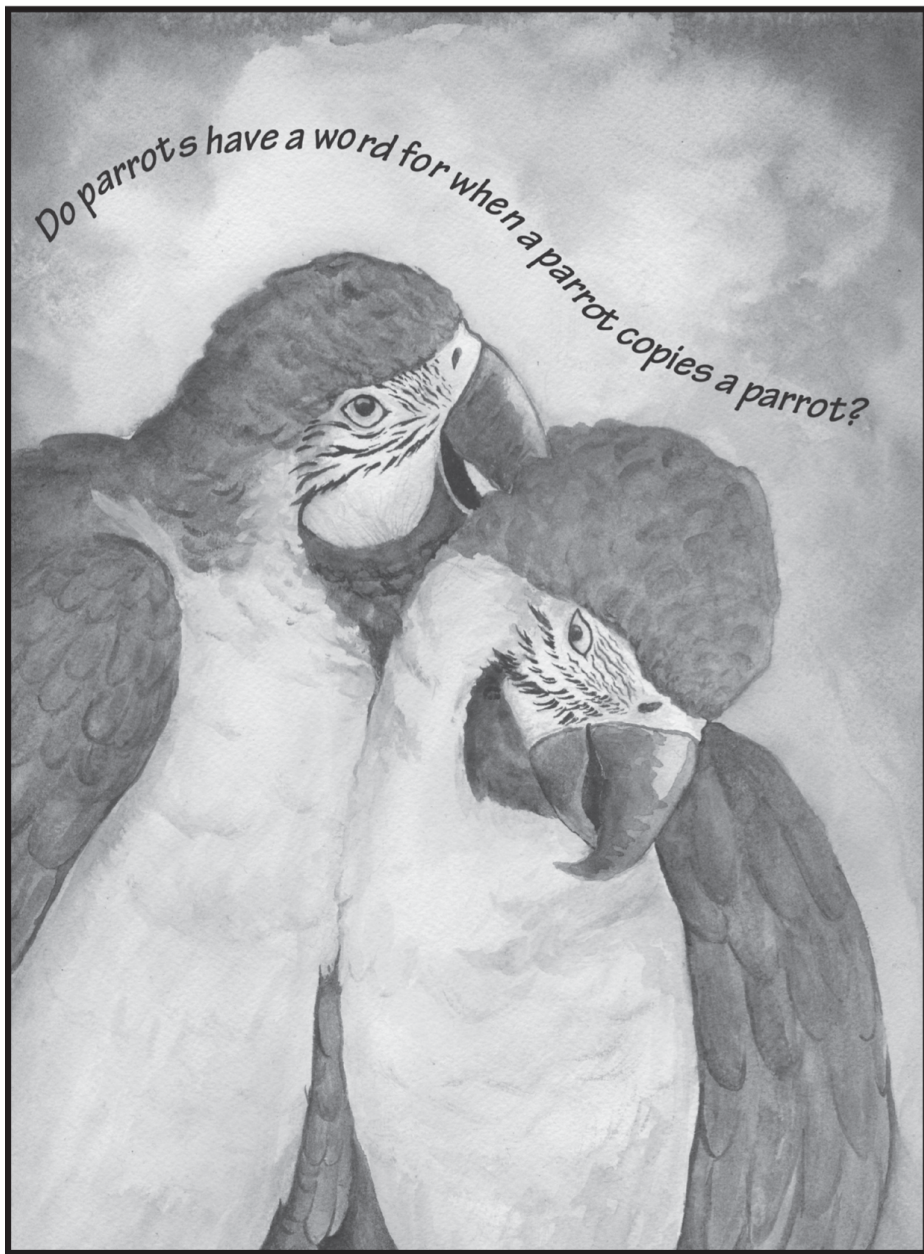
This piece came from the estate of Gilbert Jonas. "Gilbert Maurice Jonas (July 22, 1930 – September 21, 2006), was an American businessman and long-time fundraiser for the NAACP.

Born in Brooklyn, Jonas graduated from Stanford University in 1951, and earned a master's degree in international affairs from Columbia University. After a stint in the Army's public information office, he served as a public relations adviser to the African independence movement in the late 1950s. Later he became acting director of the Far East section of the Peace Corps.

From 1962 till the mid-1990s, Jonas ran the Gilbert Jonas Company, a public relations and fund-raising firm based in Manhattan...Active in progressive political causes, Jonas served as the N.A.A.C.P.'s chief fund-raiser from 1965 to 1995, helping to raise \$110 million for the organization during that period." (Wikipedia) His book, *Freedom's Sword: The NAACP and the Struggle Against Racism in America 1909-1969* with a forward by Julian Bond, is considered the definitive history of the organization.



"Second the Motion," said the Congressman.

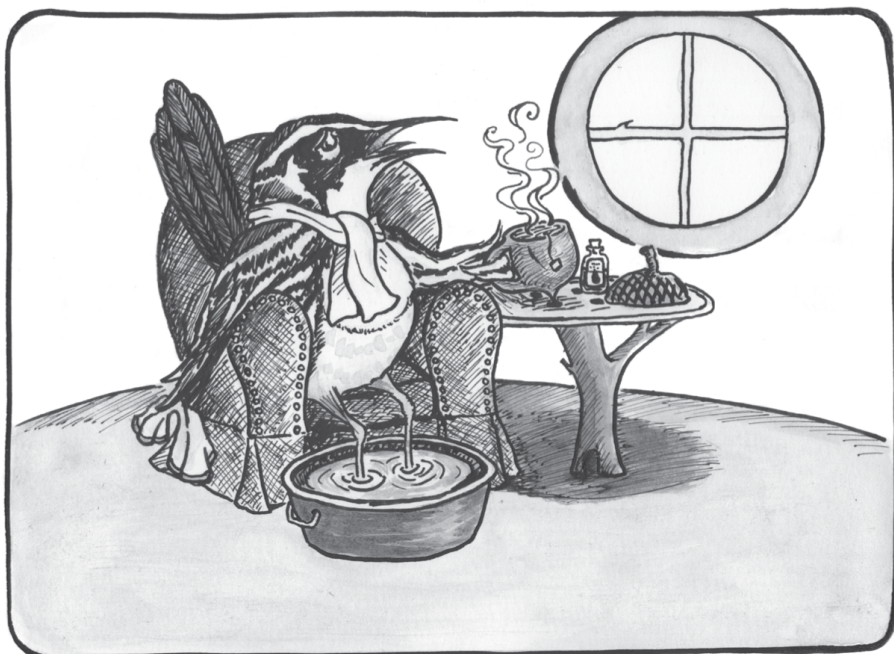


**IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE RHINOCEROS**

"Do parrots have a word for when a parrot copies a parrot?" One page, from a children's book we finished but never quite got around to publishing...

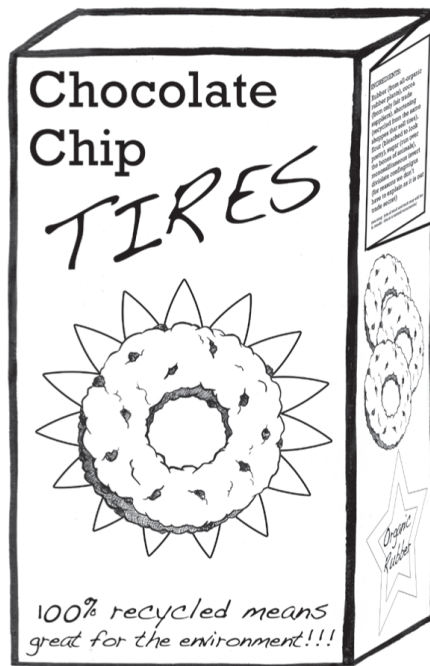
"In The Language Of The Rhinoceros" is a book of wordplay, wondrous creatures, and whimsy...

We'll publish a few of the pages here in the magazine and on Sundays (as they are in color) in The Daily Good Morning to be found at <http://www.facebook.com/artyoungsgoodmorning>



When the Yellow-Throated Warbler is sick... The trill is gone...

Our Favorite Products  
Now Available Thanks  
to the DARK Act



**INGREDIENTS:**  
Rubber (from all-organic rubber plants), cocoa (from only fair trade suppliers), shortening (recycled from the same shoppes that sell tires), flour (bleached to look pretty), sugar (run over the bones of animals), monosulfiteaneous invert diviolate confflegmigus (for reasons we don't have to explain as it is our trade secret)  
(note: crunchy bits are not pieces of road and rock - they are just textured chocolate.)

**OIL AND WATER DON'T MIX**

In grade school, they teach us that oil sits on top of water and that the two don't mix.

Why is it that they then fail to complete the lesson and inform us that the water becomes undrinkable, regardless?

(The answer appears to be so dangerous to the powers that be, that they will defend it with attack dogs and pepper spray).

With pipelines bursting at the seams, like the bombs bursting in air (or the seat of the pants of America at a Labor Day barbeque when we can run to the grocery store because the unionized cashiers still have to work), we call notice to the Dakota Access Pipeline and stand in solidarity with those blocking its construction.

**THE PUDD'N HEADS**  
(THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING  
AND WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

"My small-party  
opponent has  
raised three times  
as much money as  
I have?"

Well... Good!

Why good? Because  
it's less money in the  
pockets of the peasants  
when this is all over  
and I win regardless..."





Volume 6.06 - September 8th 2016

*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

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

[www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org](http://www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org)

[storyteller@garbanzoliteraryjournal.org](mailto:storyteller@garbanzoliteraryjournal.org) - fb: garbanzoliteraryjournal

*For the first time in the five year history of Garbanzo, the editors are taking over the space for a reminiscence of Gene Wilder, as well as a musing on his arrival on the next plane...*

Of course there are going to be an endless number of stories about the goodness of Gene Wilder. Here is another drop in the sea of blissful reminiscence.

As a teenager, my second job was working at a video store in Stamford Connecticut. A three-store mom-and-pop owned chain, we were the farthest north rental shop in the city, so that during snowstorms we'd watch people walk down High Ridge Road to come get whatever may be left on the shelf so as to pass the time (remember those pre-internet days?).

It was probably three months into my time there, when our manager Jeb took a phone call in the office, and then walked out to the front with a Western in his hand (the section probably least rented from by anybody other than our illustrious about-to-be guest) and said, "Gene will be coming to pick this up."

"Gene?"

"Gene." What a great setup.

About twenty minutes passed, it was a quiet night in the store, only one person browsing the new releases (Indecent Proposal, Sleepless in Seattle, Jurassic Park anyone?), when a car pulls up out front, the door opens, and yes, as this piece is being written now, it was not Gene Hackman, Gene Siskel, or Eugene V. Debs (natch), but Gene Wilder. In he strolled, singing a showtune I'd never heard and with Sparkle, Gilda's dog, perched on his right arm.

It could have and should have been the greatest sitcom entrance in history, with audience applause and an extended pause before he could deliver his line in tune with his song.

"Hi, I'm Gene Wilder, and I'm here to pick up a movie."

From what I understood, Gilda and Sparkle had been inseparable, as were of course Gene and Gilda. Still but a few years after her death, Sparkle went everywhere with Gene. Looking now, I see this quote attributed to Gilda, "I think dogs are the most amazing creatures; they give unconditional love. For me they are the role model for being alive." In hindsight, it adds an endearing touch.

Somehow the owner of Captain Video knew Gene. Given that they both lived in North Stamford, the owner a film buff (this was his hobby, not his income), it was not a big surprise. But who knew that Gene Wilder lived in Stamford (those pre-internet days again)?

Every few weeks we'd get a call, pull a film from the shelf, and have it ready. Some nights he'd spin in one door and out the other, barely saying a word, obviously in a rush to screen a film with friends. Other nights he'd stay and wander the shelves, always singing to himself, or often to us. Those nights when he would sing, were not legendary, but sublime.

It was later that first year, that Gene spent a Saturday afternoon signing VHS tapes of Willy Wonka & the Chocolate

Factory. We had advertised, and anticipated, for weeks. The event was a fundraiser for Gilda's Club - the foundation he started after Gilda's death. For those unfamiliar, from the Gilda's Club website, "Gilda's Club NYC complements the medical component by providing support and education for the cancer patient and their family to help them learn to live with cancer - whatever the outcome."

(In case you'd like to take this moment before continuing the read, here's the link to donate to Gilda's Club: <http://gildasclubnyc.org/all-project-list/donate/>)

He must have signed well over one hundred videos that day, while giving the same warm, enthusiastic, genuine smile to the dozens of families who came in with children running and exasperating, "There's Willy Wonka!" With each he would talk a few moments, touch a hand, personalize the autograph. I wondered then and now if each signature was a bit of bittersweet reminder, a bit of healing, and a bit of joy at being able to help others.

It was a simple event, just a small table, a chair, and Gene with a pen. Toward the end of the day, when the rush had subsided, I walked over with tapes, and asked him to sign one for me, and a couple of others for friends who couldn't get there that day. I stammered out something about Willy Wonka, and how I wished they had also made Great Glass Elevator into a movie because one film of him in the role was certainly not enough. And I thanked him, for making my childhood a better place.

In some way, the slogan for *Art Young's Good Morning*, "To Laugh That We May Not Weep" requires the gifts of every comedian, jokester, imp, puck, and absurdist to allow us to stand upon their shoulders for an instant or a moment, each and every day. To say that Young Frankenstein, Blazing Saddles, Haunted Honeymoon, The Frisco Kid are an influence, is to say that the freedom to laugh, is the greatest freedom of all - because it is one that may come entirely from within no matter the bondages, but can be encouraged by the words and actions of another. In this way, often our slogan is misunderstood. - that it means we will laugh, and never weep. In reality it means that we will laugh, to make it through to the other side of the weeping.

If this be true, then, writing these few paragraphs is just another way of saying one more thank you. Thank you for a unique memory, for being so very human, and for making all our lives, from childhood to adulthood, and for many generations to come, a better place. A better place by reminding us that in laughter there is no greater gift, especially in a modern world when there is so much to weep about - which today includes the passing of the kind Mr. Gene Wilder.

And with that, the scene is set. His hand held by his wife of a quarter century, Karen Boyer, and surrounded by his family, one last breath and chuckle leaves the body of Gene Wilder, and transports him to a place filled with light, joy, wings, friends of long ago...and chocolate?



*Gilda:* Well you sure took your time.

His eyes, adjusting to the light (you'd think there's be shades in the heaven welcome kit), see hair. A lot of hair.

*Gene:* Gilda?

*Gilda:* Congrats, Frisco Kid...ya made it!

Blinking, he sees the immortal (once as a comedienne, now as an angel) Roseanne Roseannadanna, a.k.a Gilda Radner, up close. Over her shoulder, he sees what appears to be the legendary pearly gates.

*Gene:* There's a heaven?

*Gilda:* There's a hell too - nice place to do stand-up, but ya wouldn't want to live there. No seasons...

She sighs

*Gilda:* I miss the New England autumns.

Gene laughs. Underneath the loud and brash exterior, she always was a romantic at heart.

*Gene:* Um...why is heaven a chocolate factory? This could be hell. I don't need oompa loompas for eternity.

*Gilda:* The Goddess is a big fan - we've been out here redecorating the usual entrance.

Gene whimsically smiles at the idea of such pomp just for him, but reminds himself that if he ever has an audience with The Goddess, he needs to say thanks.

It is then, he is tapped in the back of the leg.

*Gene:* Sparkle!

*Sparkle:* Arf!

*Gene:* Good to see you, too. Good to see both of you.

There are smiles all around.

*Gene:* Um...

*Gilda:* Don't worry. It's been twenty five years for me too. Been passing the time with Belushi. We're a thing.

Gene smirks.

*Gilda:* Speaking of, Richard's been waiting for you.

*Gene:* Pryor? He's here.

*Gilda:* Yup. He's been looking forward to it. Well, you know, not actively wanting you to die. But be warned, he's pissed.

*Gene:* Why?

*Gilda:* 'Cause he's tired of doing that same samurai sketch over and over with Jim!

They share a chuckle. Gene and Richard were never the best of friends, but maybe here, now, on stage again, that would change. Goodness knows they'd have time to work at it.

*Gilda:* It got better a couple of years ago when Robin showed up unexpectedly...but you two were the team.

They begin to walk toward the theatrical Wonka gate. Suddenly, Gilda realizes that she's no longer holding Gene's hand. She turns and finds him standing, solitary, about ten paces behind.

*Gilda:* You'll adjust. It doesn't take long.

After a pause that seems like an eternity, Gene begins to fall forward. At the last moment, he does that brilliant tumble, roll, and leap, like when we first meet him as the great chocolatier.

The heavens applaud. In walks the holder of the ultimate golden ticket, and with that note, Gene enters the great chocolate factory, in the sky.



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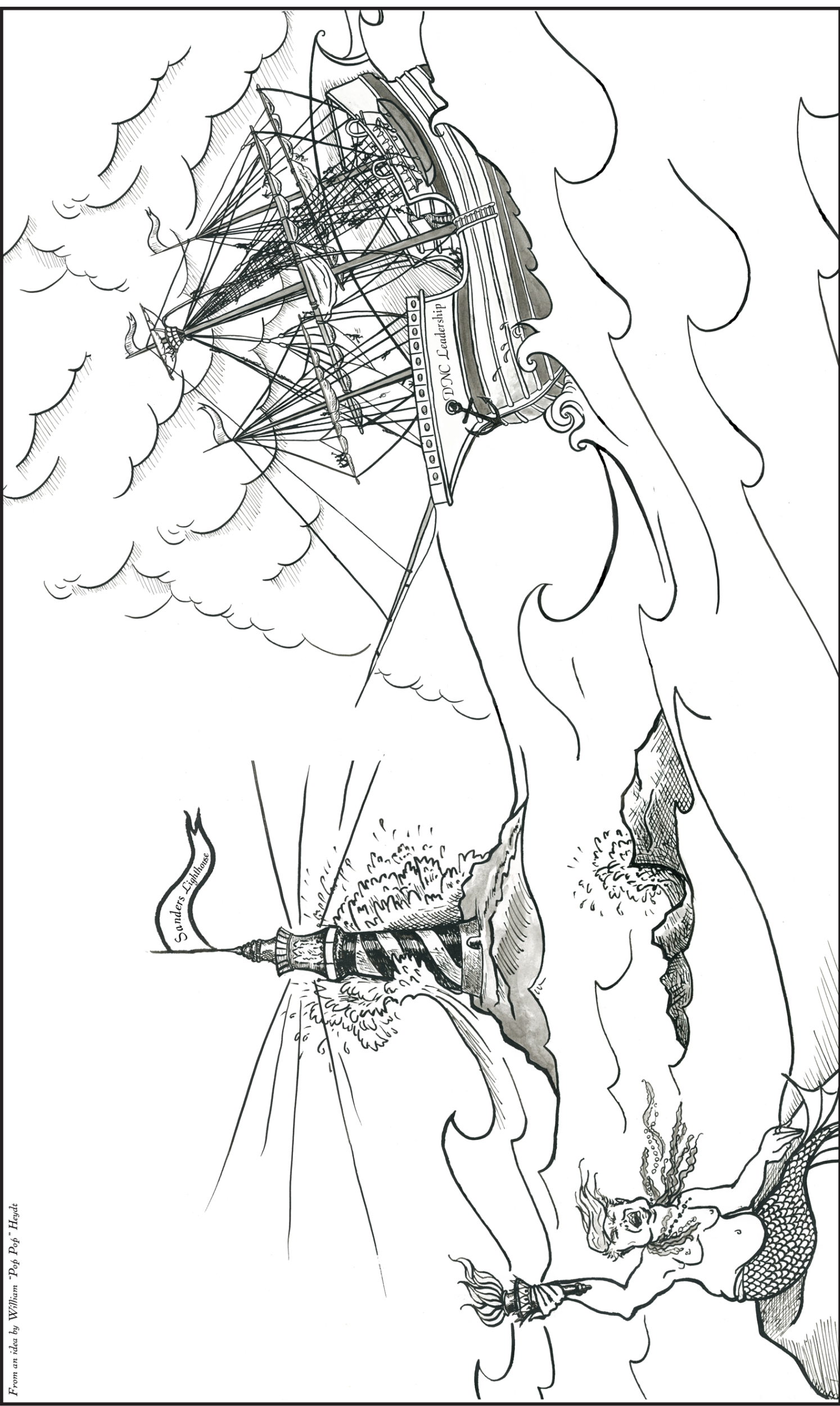
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From an idea by William "Pop Pop" Hight



While The Superdelegates Were Busy With the Rigging, They Could Do Nothing About the Siren's Song