

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



GOOD MORNING

the Doxy of Roxbury number

March 18th 2016

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 Supplemental

**THERE ARE 126 DAYS TO PHILADELPHIA...
WE'VE GOT A FEW HUNDRED DELEGATES WITH 25 STATES TO GO...
THE ESTABLISHMENT DEMOCRATS ARE AFRAID OF US,
MAINSTREAM MEDIA IS IGNORING US...
WE'VE GOT MILLIONS OF DEDICATED SUPPORTERS
AND WE'RE WEARING SUNGLASSES...HIT IT!**



The Blues Sanders

ed. note - Readers, this is a special issue, recounting the day and musings of March 18th, 2016 when Hillary Rodham Clinton took her traveling archaic roadshow to Connecticut for a fundraiser, that likely raised one-point-five million dollars.

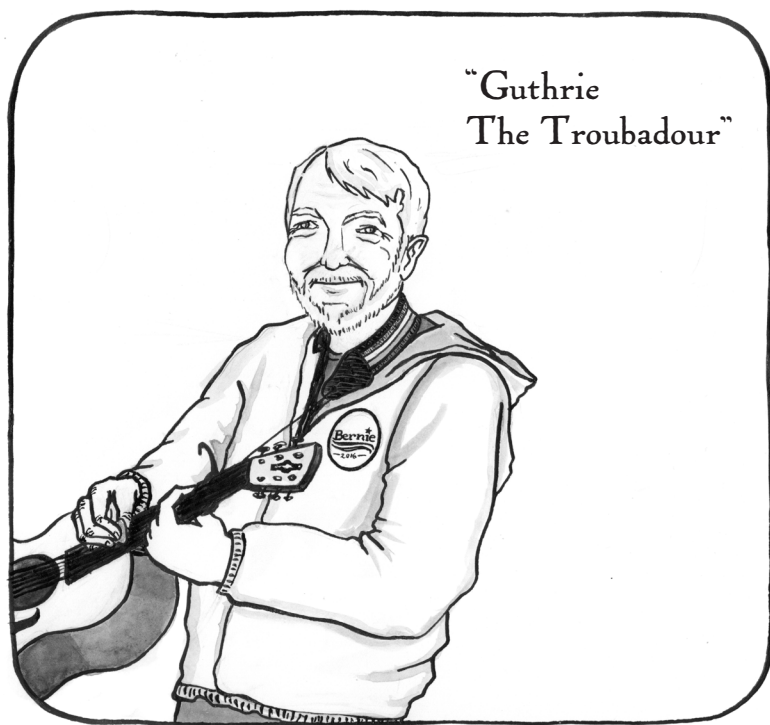
PRELUDES AND TACITURNS

Toward the end of February 2016, it was announced that Hillary Rodham Clinton, self-proclaimed heir apparent to the United States Throne would be attending a March 18th event in Litchfield County Connecticut so as to collect the tax and tithe due to her from the blue-blood peasantry of the County of the Fair Fields, and the lands West of Sir Chester, in the Modern York.

It was not until the 16th of March that we were able to uncover the location and destination of said taxation-so-as-to-show-representation. Set at 88 Good Hill Road, in Roxbury, Conn, the home and grounds of real estate developers with old ties to the royal one, we set afoot to try and make some showing of a voice of dissent.

Dissent, which includes the fact that our statement of being "unable" to divine the stage upon which the once-and-so-called-future queen would reign, is not quite completely in the spirit of full disclosure. You see, it would have been very possible for us to know sooner - but that would have required a minimum payment of \$2700 - the fee to audience. While we are solvent, and we are continuing to create pages upon pages of our beloved *Art Young's Good Morning*, that is a bit above our subscription base (although feel welcome to order one thousand subscriptions for all your closest and not so dearest friends so that we may attend the next gala).

Alternately, get one six month subscription for yourself and one for somebody else, and we'll donate \$27 of it to Bernie.



"Guthrie
The Troubadour"

THE GATES OF HILL

So we trek to the trees of New England, the small one-market town of Roxbury. One would think that this peace and quiet (or "bucolic" as every cliché likes to say) wouldn't betray a scent of sulfur, but that aroma is unmistakable. And even though our last trip was 1933 (See our publication *Art Young's Inferno*) we'd know The Gates of Hill...we mean Hell...anywhere...

This, ladies and gents, is what you are greeted by for \$2700 and up - a quarter-mile driveway and house hidden in a grove of tall pines. Do they make the guests walk up or will there be helicopters?

WHAT'S THE SECRET REALLY?

Wouldn't you brag about having the cash to attend?

A car pulls up with New York plates, out step five people dressed to the preppie 88s, while everybody else out and around and working in the town is in sweatshirts and work boots, and...

"*Art Young's Good Morning*...can I get a quote from you about the Hillary event?" We are a respectable 97 year spry publication after all...

The first two in the line of five, approached as they are exiting that one-market, turn and look at the others. The third in line laughs. I try to hand a business card to the fourth..."No comment," he says. "But you are going to the Hillary event right?" The fourth then smiles, while the fifth provides a terse "Yes".

"Are you getting your photo taken with her?" I inquire, wondering if these are the cream who go the \$5400 (the price of a photo with the candidate) route or the lesser mash. No further comment is made and I realize my mistake - they are the mash and to make them realize they haven't quite climbed high enough...was rude.

Your faithful reporter wishes to apologize herein but they never gave me their names. So, untitled wealthy folk, may you sneak a selfie when nobody is looking, so that you can say you were there.

Send us a copy?

WHEN DO FIFTH STRINGERS PLAY?

Not long after the Five For Hillary leave, another car pulls in, two gentlemen get out, and after opening the hatchback, a giant camera emerges, one of the sort that photojournalists use even though an iPhone, in this daylight, can capture just as decent of an image.

They are an endangered species, those vintage journalists in this day and age. Maybe that's where we'll continue to hold our advantage - for the nib pen and inkwell don't seem due for a product refresh for at least a few years or a century.

Knowing what we've planned, it seems a good idea to chase them down and point them in the direction of...

Hopping out, the rejected-by-the-previous-group truct in hand (have you met our "tructs" yet?), it becomes a little side-eye and code speak..."You all here reporting on the Hillary event?" "Yes." "*Art Young's Good Morning*, satire magazine, don't worry we won't get in your way."

"You guys press? What paper?" is the inquiry made - although looking back it could have come off as a dig like, "Dude man your gear is so gearish - you must be old school!"

"News-Times" is the reply - ah, the Hearst newspaper for the Western portion of the state.

"Well, you might want to wander down the road to the green...say around 3pm...it might be worth your time." And hopefully your money because it is unclear if that telephoto is attached to digital or film.

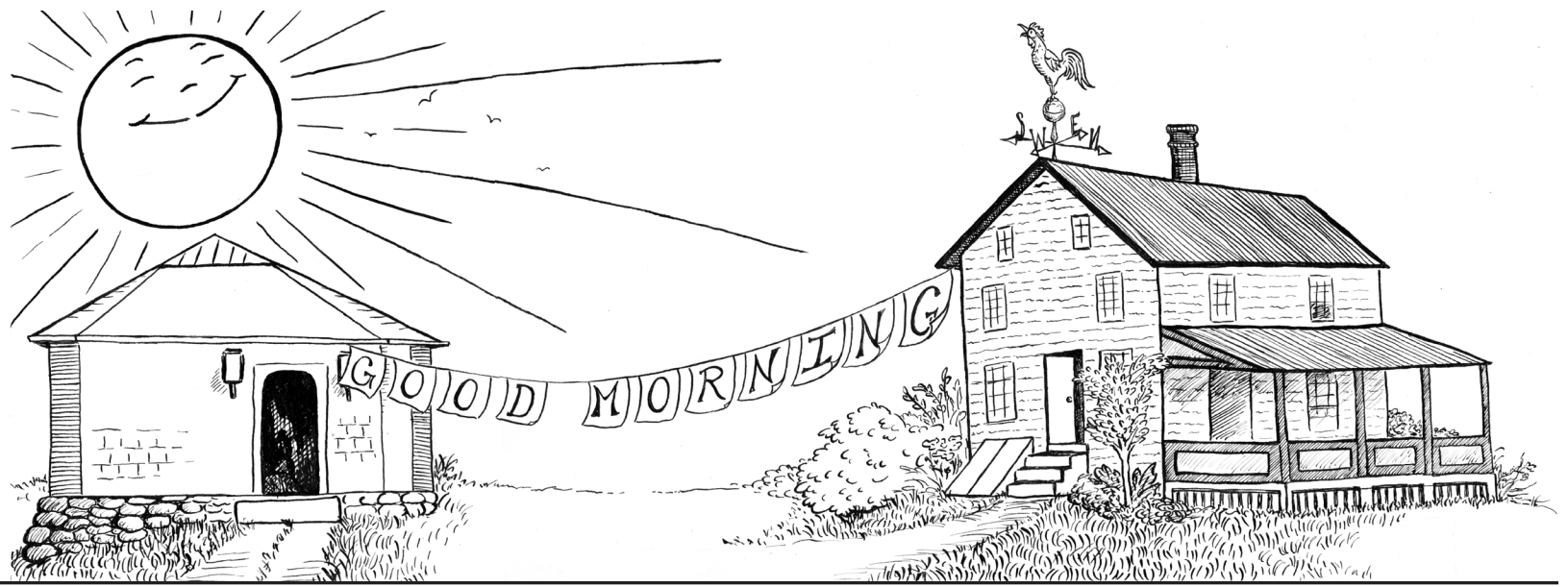
Remember kids, always talk with reporters.

Maybe...

WHAT, YOU LET THAT GO?

Did you catch the scrye-by-omission in the first article? We hope so. But in case not, we'll point it out. Let it be notated that we disagree with the judgment of the location of the event. For, we can't find anything Good (in that) Hill(ary) anywhere. We are working on an application for a street name change, pronto.

Please send all suggestions to us here at editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org and we'll make certain to send them along to the Roxbury powers-that-be.



March 18th 2016

Vol. 4 - Supplemental 1

BUT SHE SHOULD NOT BE NAMED

Look, we're well aware that the mainstream-mass-media has a penchant for ignoring that Bernie actually exists. That he can draw twenty thousand people to a rally and nobody covers it because...is it not news? Nah.

We get that they will go to great lengths to not mention his name. "Well, Hillary Clinton has a primary tonight because there are other candidates who might be running but there might not be anybody running who can run against her so even if there is somebody running against her that might be a viable candidate they really aren't a viable enough candidate to mention."

But we're not going to slide down the printer rollers to that level. We are a journalistic entity. We're one of only two magazines to actively endorse Bernie Sanders - the other being The Nation - who failed to do us the solid of mentioning this fact and said they are the only mag to endorse The Bern. And being a journalistic entity, we will not hide that Hillary Clinton exists. She exists, she might be running for president, but since there are other, better Bernie choices Sanders...no need to mention who...

THIRTY-SIX HOURS IS NOT ENOUGH

Trying to organize any rally is difficult enough, near impossible when there's about a thirty-six hour notice of location. Add in four post-meridian on a get-out-of-work-for-the-weekend day...and one realizes they certainly know how to plan these things for least detection and intrusion.

Will anybody show? Thankfully it isn't like being a promoter at a club, or the band going on-stage - each having to feign their own satisfaction to hide the embarrassment of only four people showing up. The promoter blames the band for not advertising, the band places it on the promoter. We only need a handful today.

Years ago (you know in the ancient 1970s) Alice Cooper (before they were the big to-do) had been playing huge shows all over the west and mid-west, only to find themselves thrown into Max's Kansas City in New York. Max's...well it might as well have been the root cause of the "If you can make it here you can make it anywhere" statement.

Alice and the crew show up, high on their horses, only to have four people in the club. Undaunted, they get on-stage and go full energy, full show, because they wanted to give that to the handful of folks who bothered to attend.

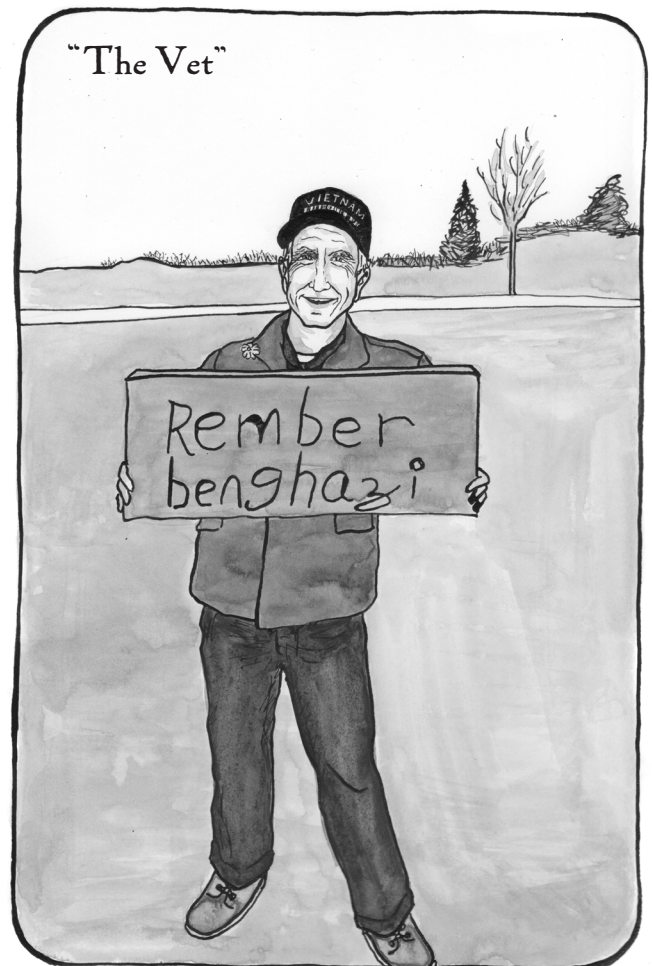
Little did they know that one of the four...would later sign them to their first major label deal with A&M. Always give it all.

ENOUGH OF THAT - SPEAK PROTEST TO ME

Although advertised as thoroughly as possible, we begin with just two of us - a dear companion from our Brookfield/Danbury group didn't want for this pen-man to ship alone. We'll go by codenames here, because it makes us seem all stealth and ridiculous. So he gets bequeathed as Guthrie The Troubadour.

Given the presence of secret service at The Gate, although surprisingly no german shepherds or cerberus in sight, we go the route of setting up our shoppe on the village green (which came with entirely undefendable boundaries given that it is a town square, in the shape of a triangle, with roads on all sides).

As we're walking over, having driven past the sirens and guardians but a half mile away, he asks, "Are you terrified?" "Yup." And in that exchange alone, maybe one realizes all that is wrong with the state of politics and democracy in action.





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

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March 18th 2016

THE GEOMETRY OF SANDERSIAN SPACE

At the corners we posted Bernie yard signs and we started our action on the side of Route 317 (map not included). Guthrie The Troubadour started in on the guitar, these hands held the tall "Honesty, Integrity, Compassion" banner, and before long the horns are honking, folks are waving, the thumbs are pointed skyward, and one is reminded there are kindred in this world, in every locale.

What led me to feel as if we were in for a battle? That just because H. Clinton was having an event, there would be nobody but her fans in town and in tow? Even though logically there's no reason for that to be the case, it still felt overwhelming, it still processes something deep inside - and somewhere in the midst of the wind shear that kept trying to set the banner off like an outrigger, the eye corners became quite and very moist.

If you have not stood at a crossroads, with Bernie signs and songs, a smile on your lips, and a willingness to make eye-contact with passing drivers...try it, please very much try it...because it will set your enthusiasm alight in the moments when it flags and wains and seems that there are no reserves left.

SPEAKING OF STREET CORNERS

Is it too much to consider this issue dedicated to The Doxy of Roxbury? Now, before you get all up in arms when you've Google-y-eyed the definition, let us have an opportunity to explain!

Would it be so far afield to say that anyone who sells something they have, to another, to be prostitution? Our dear founder Art Young once did a lovely cartoon showing the newspaper as the "House of Mental Prostitution".

So, mustn't it follow then that, given Hillary Clinton's penchant for selling her support to the highest bidder...that she has sold herself well beyond any politician ever? Oh wait, that being the case, is it possible that she has nothing left to sell, in which case she can't possibly be a doxy of the sort? Or for an establishment politician, there's always something left to sell...so when she loses, does the fire sale of all remaining political capital, become a berning?

SPEAKING OF NEWSPAPERS

The reporters joined us, interviewed us, took a large number of photographs and spent a good three quarters of an hour chatting.

The next day's newspaper - a huge article, but no photo of us, and our two pithy quotes were in the last column.

To be a Hearst newspaper, one has to follow the no-Bernie rules. Our dear Art knew of the Hearst racket, all too well.

ARRIVE THE CAVALRY ON BERNBACK

Not long later, a third of our crew arrives - a surprise because originally she stated she was having to back out. Viggie appears and adds a fire to us - the laughter starts up again and the jokes keep bouncing amongst our band of three - because it's the only way to stay sane, in the midst of a frozen day. Soon after an extended multi-honk from the opposite direction brings into our ranks, she who we will call The Glasses.

We are joyous rally-goers, who appreciate each other's company. Viggie turns at one point and says, "Was that a Mercedes which honked for us?" "Does that count as two since they can purchase a second vote?" As we jokingly call out points, or tallies, or "Quick kids, roll up the windows so the Socialism doesn't get in!" A thumbs down, we realize, is the same no bueno of hanging a horseshoe with the open end down (for those who have no equine or south in your blood - always hang a horseshoe open side up, so that the luck does not flow out). So for all you negative types, turn that thumb up for your own good.

It's a difficult journey to find this pleasure in each others' company while espousing this Bernie opportunity. So often with a bunch of political folks thrown together into a mix, more often than not, not everybody will get along. Egos will clash and more than anything credit is wanted, most often where it is not due.

Which leads to an interesting quote that came up last week during a Bernie meeting. It reads, "There is no limit to what you can accomplish if you don't care who gets the credit." In conversation it was attributed to a sign from the desk of Ronald Reagan (although the origin of the quote is somewhat unknown).

Don't quickly discount strange bedfellows.



READY FOR THE TEMPEH AND FRIES

One final snippet, before the heart and tears of this story. About 4:15pm, a car pulls into the shoulder and starts calling over to us. The wind whipping, threatening to fly us like kites on the sails of six foot tall banners, makes her difficult to hear.

Banner in tow, closer to her car she says, "I know you're for Bernie, but I'm trying to get to the Hillary event and I'm lost!" A paper, must have had directions, turns over nervously in her hands.

"No problem. Just go to the stop sign, make a left, and go up the hill - you won't miss the police presence and balloons."

We have different beliefs, but that's no reason to send her in the wrong direction. However, ponder this - the red, white, and blue helium balloons, tied to the gate, were a bit unnecessary given the phalanx of red and blue flashing lights.

ed. note - This one's for you who said peaceful protest was impossible, no longer possible, not possible...and continued protesting was going to turn you away from voting for Bernie. The question is, however - does peaceful equate to complacent...and were you really just trying to shut us down?

IS PEACEFUL PROTEST POSSIBLE?

It was unexpected to have as much push-back as we did, via the internet, and in a phone call from a stranger.

"Don't you have better things to do with your time?" "You should be phonebanking!" "You should be canvassing!" "It'll make us look bad!"

In some ways it was more unexpected than the one passerby who rolled down his window and with the vehemence of teeth screamed the stereotypical, "Get a fucking job you lazy fucking moron. What the fuck do you know..." at which point he turned right and, thankfully, did not turn back around - for his leaning out the window to his waist, while he was one hundred feet past, lent to an image of being assaulted. Of all days to have taken the Leatherman off my hip, with but my hands to protect me. Why had the Leatherman been removed from the belt? Because proactively thinking over-zealous mind thought, "in case we are approached by the security detail, don't want to give them a reason to state that one of us is armed." Remember that paragraph a couple of pages back about walking to the green in the first place?

So, if you're scoring at home, and the judgment of being unable to hold a peaceful protest was due to the behavior of others... well, then it appears you proved your point.

Yet, from our point of view, we had a beautifully peaceful protest, in fact we have the blueprint and trophy-tales to prove it. So please, keep reading past the point of premature electionation (somewhat like declaring a primary over with half the country yet to vote, neh?) and let us show, how democracy and civil discourse is still desired from many faces and facets of civilians.

IS PEACEFUL PROTEST SURPRISING?

What would you like to hear first? That the First Selectwoman of Roxbury came by to take our photo and with our assurances of a peaceful protest, we were told that the town building that was just across the way was open and we were welcome to use bathrooms or to get warm if the need arose? Bathrooms - a signpost of peace!

How about the State Trooper who drove past and stopped on the shoulder asking what we were doing. "Exercising democracy and our freedom to hold signs and sing...Hillary's people are at the top of the mountain and we're at the bottom...kind of says it all, doesn't it?" He smiled, obviously having expected a much different reaction, maybe even nervously relieved it was an exchange to laugh that we may not fight, and drove on his way with a chuckle.

Ought we talk about the license plate "1*WBY" which is probably the vehicle of the Mayor of Waterbury (nice perk for being the top shmo in any town) who circled around three times in the scary large Tahoe, only to give us the thumbs up and a smile and a wave and a honk. Why then were you visiting with Hillary? Because it was a social responsibility? Can't anybody stand up to her?

These are snippets, garnishes on the deep tales, the ones that reach farther into the vision as to why so much needs to be shifted, not simply changed, in an election season in which so many state, more than any other concern..."I'm afraid for the world in which my children will grow."

BUT IS PEACEFUL PROTEST REQUIRED?

At about 5:30pm, a large red pickup drives near and pulls onto the shoulder. Rolling down the passenger side window he happily displays a piece of cardboard, large enough to proclaim in Sharpie - Remember Benghazi.

He tells us he had been up at The Gates of Hill and had been standing there with his sign. We start talking and he turns off the ignition and decides to chat with us. Out jumps a gentleman wearing a Vietnam Veteran cap, his medals, and a jacket with a number of decorations on it. And if your reaction was just "Why would you talk with this guy?" Then already, you've lost the thread. Remember those previously mentioned bedfellows?

There's a whole realm of folks who are Republicans, who are fiscal conservatives. We think of them as "local republicans". They aren't anti-abortion, anti-immigration, racists. They are folks who have voted the party ballot for decades, because they believe in a economic restraint. These are the people that we, as Bernie supporters, need to be talking with. Yes, seriously. Why?

Glad you asked.

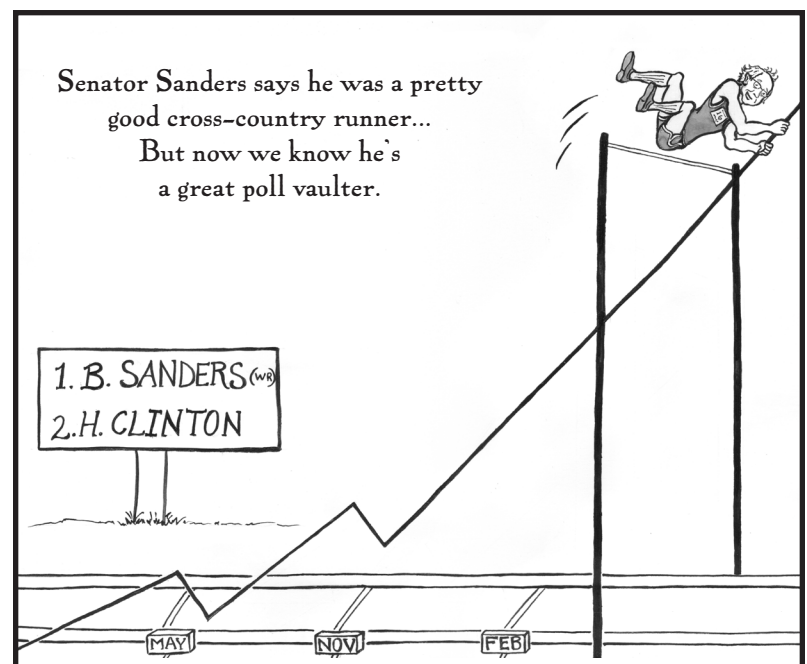
They don't want to vote for Trump. They are Republicans, but they aren't racists - and after decades of just clicking the "R" line in the voting booth, they're at a standstill. They'll never vote for Hillary - they still hold Bill against the left, and she's anathema to them. So who does that leave right now? Bernie. This observation comes by experience.

It began with, "There's no way he can win," then "You don't really think he can win," to "He's doing better than I expected." And all the while we throw in a factoid or two, and just leave it at that. Oh, you want more about Bernie? How's he feel about this issue or that issue? Oh did that seed we planted weeks ago sprout just like the Springtime which is sproing-aproing-sproinging into March and quickly into April? Who me? Orly?

So yes, we here at *Art Young's Good Morning* are asking you to respectfully speak with Republicans. We like to call it Republicanbanking.

They like banking. It goes well, right?

Oh and, after about ten minutes, The Vet readies to sally forth, but not without first a hug from both Viggie as well as The Glasses... and words about how much money Hillary had been raising that day - "She should take all that money and donate it to St. Jude's and we'd probably find a cure for cancer."



WHAT IS REQUIRED, IS CIVIL DISCOURSE

But our new friend there, well he done gone and inspired us. We four hop in a car, just as the rest of the *Art Young's Good Morning* crew arrives, and up the half mile incline we drive. As we reach the crest yes, the driveway is watched over by a gauntlet of large black SUVs, yet unexpectedly, there are cars parked all along the road and the side roads and...and apparently \$2700 doesn't get you a parking space on the grounds. So, even the wealthy deal with the horrors of stadium parking like the rest of us bleacher bums.

Yet, there, waiting for us, a couple of hundred yards from the entrance, are spaces for our two vehicles. We park, unload and unfurl banners, now with *The Illustrator* and *The Three Kids* tromping along, not to mention *The Scarf* who we all knew in passing. Now up to a dandy party-of-nine, we notice a security detail starting to head up the road toward us, obviously aware that we're not delivering sails and Bernie signs to be used as placemats for the third dessert of caviar and diamond-encrusted raisins.

Does \$2700 get you a meal? Appetizers? Those little cups of snack mix one used to get on airplanes in the 1980s? Could somebody who has attended one of these, as well as reads this magazine, get in touch with us so that we can accurately report to our readers if the finger foods are really made of the fingers of the 500,000 dead Iraqi children that Hillary's BFF Madeleine said was perfectly acceptable? I mean hell (and literally we mean Hell) that's like five million bites for a night like theirs.



Placing the six foot tall "Honesty, Integrity, Compassion" banner on the ground next to the feet of *The Three Kids*, and asking *Viggy* to keep an eye on them, these feet walk out into the road, these ears hear them say something to the effect of "Must be here for Bernie" and thinking of how to show we're here for nothing invasive, I put my hands up and keep walking..because I'm five and it seems like a game of cops and robbers.

And it hits me.

There's only one reason this is going so well right now, and it likely has to do with the color of my skin.

We're all afraid. We're all unsure what the next move will be by the other, when the situation is heightened. But taking for granted that talking my way in and out of anything, is at least starting from a point of safe...is...is privilege. And it takes everything I have, as I keep walking, to hold back the waterworks.

This is what they mean, this is that moment. This is a thought nobody should ever have to have, and that's why it is important to have it, right now.

Later that night, chatting with a friend, recounting the day's events, I look at her and say, "How different would it have been were you, or your husband, walking down that hill?" And we know what the conversation is about, we know that it's about skin color, but it has to be more than knowing what we're talking about, it has to be talking about what we're talking about. It has to be more than speaking in fear of Trump, in fear of what world her children will grow in - because that's the result. We need to speak of, and speak to, the cause.

And when I want to shake my head and not think about why my hands up practically ensures my safety, but doesn't guarantee the same for another...I must think about it. Because when I don't want to think about it then I very easily can decide I don't want to talk about it. And if I don't want to talk about it, then when am I going to say the words that it is not right for the color of a person's skin to be the determining factor in their chances of living or dying. But even that sounds so trite, so understated, so not understanding - that it is "not right". That it is not fucking right is no better. But at least speaking it, being willing to talk about advantage and disadvantage, problem and even-if-not-solution-yet... is a step. Talk about it, create conversation, civil discourse - and maybe we'll get it wrong ninety nine times, but we can't get it more wrong than we already have it and let's head for the hundredth go around in case we do finally get it right. A fear of getting it wrong should never be the closed-locked-bolted-barricaded door on trying to get it right - especially when we're talking about life, and the potentiality of death.

This resonates through like a chord-struck-wrong and the molecular structure of the body has forever been modified. To realize that there are people in this world with the same intentions as ours, but they could have guns drawn on them simply because...you don't come back from that.

In each of these moments it starts with us. It starts with leaving a memory for these officers so that the next time they are faced with protestors, maybe-just-maybe they recall that last group - we gave each other a chance, and maybe we can do it again.

That's the point of this protest, don't you see. Pave a way back to democracy - because democracy is honest discourse, no matter how difficult it feels. Because it's time to talk about race and privilege and liberty and freedom and find a place where, while we all might not get along right away, at least we're willing to listen and try. 'Cause we here at *Art Young's Good Morning* promise you - there's a common bond to be found with each and every one of us - and it's a heaven of a starting place when ya find it.

"Not here for any trouble" to which the officer calls back up, "Neither am I."

Never been in the presence of Secret Service, but been in the line of sight of state and local police. But it has been a long time, and never in a situation where we're one-on-two facing each other down on a street near the location of a presidential candidate.

We reach each other, first action is introduce myself as myself, not as a writer or editor or from the magazine - just a name and a hand and a gesture of familiarity. For it is so much more difficult to think of us as protestors, problems, dangers...if you know a name.

"What are you looking to do?" he inquires, we'll call him

Officer B. "Stand here with our signs and sing. What would be a location that would make you comfortable?"

We discuss the public field on the side of the road, about halfway between where our little party is standing at our vehicles and The Gate. It would get us closer to The Gates of Hill than one would have figured. "Don't go near the cars, and don't harass the people," he requests. No reason to disagree with that. We're not exactly a visually frightening crew.

We part ways and these presently writing arms start flailing and gesturing for everybody else to continue walking down from our parked cars to our negotiated vantage point. Fears subsided, we get in line and we start to smile and make eye contact with everybody walking to their vehicles. One party goer tells us that it was just as "cold inside as it is out here". Was he indicating the temperature or the icy staes of the other attendees?

YEAH WE'RE HIPPIES, SO WHAT?

Two more stories to tell - one about singing, one about children.

Guthrie The Troubadour has written an amazing song "Bernie Is Our Man" and at the end it segues into "This Land is Your Land". It gets ya in the feels not only from all the videos we've seen of the Bernie rallies, or Bernie's recording of it (somewhere between spoken word and...spoken word...) but as we've all been a part of that circle, in summer camp, in first grade music class (for those of us who are old enough to have still had music classes in elementary school) or around a campfire.

As we stood in our designated area, those who wine and dined continued their walk of shamefulness to their vehicles, having spent \$2700 and up for this. Rejoice however, as little did they realize there was a concert thrown in afterwards (why didn't we put a tip jar out with a sign reading "You just spent \$2700 on Hillary, can ya spare a buck for us?"). After sixty or seventy people passed, another group of eight began their cardiovascular test.

What's sad is, that there were cars parked all along the quarter-mile driveway and up an absurd incline and here were folks in their seventies and eighties having to walk back to their cars a good half mile. Part of me wondered, and had we known, could we

have offered them rides up the hill (love the entendre)?

In this group, however, one of the women was noticeably different. Not dressed to designer eighty eights, her straight long-brown hair and colorful flowing dress (yet darker, earthier, tones), flashes the mind's eye to a sight of her forty years earlier, tie-dyed and fancy-free.

You could see in her eyes the struggle. You can instantly see the familiarity with the song. Maybe it was the barely perceptible change in step, or the head that might have nodded on the inside but never quite made it out because that was something from long ago.

But then her stride quickened, she got herself a few feet out in front of her friends...and with a slight grin and a sigh, she started singing - not loud enough for anybody to really hear it, but it was more than just mouthing the words, because you can see it in the face, the jaw, and the eyes.

We make eye contact - and she's singing. She's singing a song that takes her back, takes her back to a time when...when her soul was alight. And maybe, just maybe, maybe in that moment, she remembers that age when she would have been standing where we are - and maybe as she walks past, she'll carry that past forward, into this future we're all seeking. And as she walks past, while the wind is still chilling us through, it all seems worth it, for that one quiescent moment when as a team, we raised up the opponent in our victory.

THE CHILDREN - BETTER THAN AL(B)RIGHT

Let us end with the future.

Once we were ready to depart, it was worth taking a jog down toward the officers with which we had spoken earlier, just to say thank you - again with all the intent of planting that seed for whoever the next people are, with whom they will cross paths. They're directing traffic to send the non-chauffeured visitors home, and once the line of Mercedes and Tahoes slows we spoke.

Officer M, closer to me at this juncture, saw the rainbow Bernie sign in my hand and said, "You have an extra of those? Been trying to get one."

"You can have this one, if you like."

He quickly looks around, grabs it, and throws it into the open window of his cruiser. We smile, he says thanks, Officer B. shakes his head with a smile and these frozen toes wheel and start back up the trudge.

Once back to the family, the story about the sign is relayed and a chorus rises of "You should have given him a button". Great, but we ran out of buttons giving them to everybody else.

That's when the five-year old says, "Papa, there's still the one on my coat, you should give him this one."

Sure enough, tacked to his Bernie blue winter coat, is a Bernie blue button. Gently we unhook it, a smooch on the forehead seals the deal, and with assurances of a quick return, an uplifted canter gets this delivery boy back down in a jiffy.

Bemused at the sight of a third trip in their direction, but not wanting to draw attention to the fact that we've outed a Bernie supporter in front of Hillary's Secret Service detail, it becomes a slight of hand, handoff, with the simple words, "Our five year old wanted me to come back down to give you this as well."

No words were needed in reply, just a nod.

With that, a bunch of folks who all gathered in the rolling dales of Roxbury, for one day, in a situation that will never again be repeated, headed off in all of their own directions. And the day went on.

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



*"It's okay to protest
and to hold up signs
but it would be nice
if everybody would
take their water
bottles home with
them afterwards,
unless of course
they're standing tall
against trash cans
and clean parks and
recycling."*

CAPITALISM (BELLA CIAO)

Em

Again this morning

We woke up hungry

B7

Bella Ciao Bella Ciao Bella Ciao Ciao Ciao

Am

How was it possible

Em

We had no money

B7

Em

Though we had worked for all the week?

We saw them laughing

Those cloven devils

Bella Ciao (x3)

They bathed in hundreds

They bathed in millions

That smelled like blood of laborers

Then we saw Bernie

Senator Sanders

Bella Ciao (x3)

He stood among us

He stood up for us

How could we not stand up with him?

So we are marching

Onward toward Philly

Bella Ciao (x3)

We'll storm the castle

Of politicians

Who act like petty kings and queens

In the homes and...

In all the hearts of...

FEEL THE BERN (x3)

This one's for Bernie

And for the people

Who will sing this victory song



Sung by

Italian Partisans
heading off to fight
against the fascists
during WWII.

Rewritten with
hope, for a modern
battle to extinguish
fascism before it
rises to a new height.

And we'll raise Bernie

President Sanders

Bella Ciao (x3)

We'll change the future

For everybody

Stand together one and all

We'll end the race war

We'll end the class war

Bella Ciao (x3)

We are meant for

More than their servitude

And to catch their cannonballs

So if you see us

Let's sing together

FEEL THE BERN (x3)

Take back the country

From corporations

Keep it where it does belong

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WHICH RAN FROM 1919 - 1922...NOW BACK FROM A 93-PLUS YEAR HIATUS.

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