

*"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"*



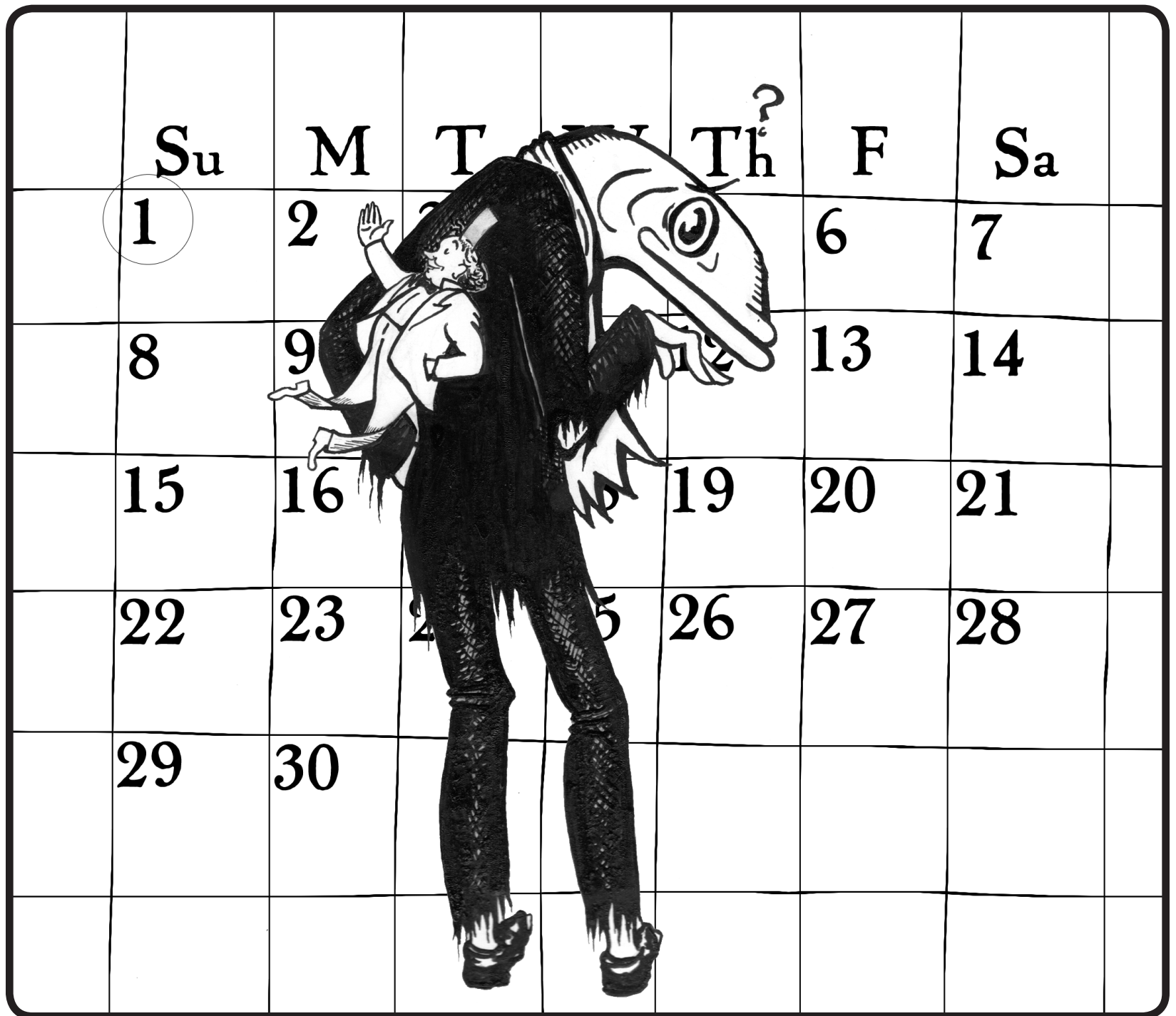
# GOOD MORNING

the Poisson D'Avril number

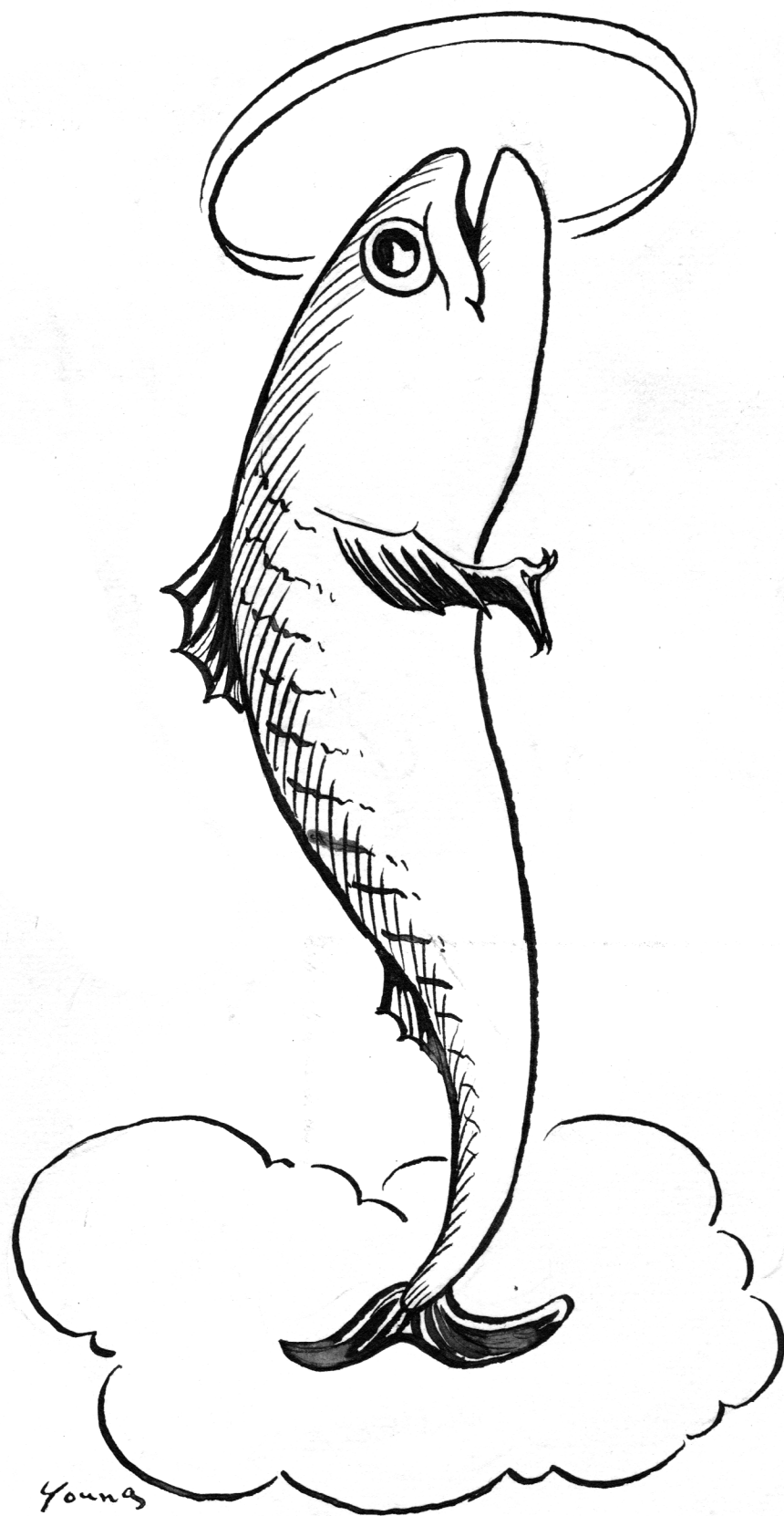
April 1st 2016

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 No. 3.141592653



Monkey on My Back



Subscribe now to our magazine and you'll be assured of going to Heaven.

Get a three-issue subscription and we'll include a brass ring. Go for a six-issue subscription and we'll throw in one for a friend. This way, if you don't actually qualify for the pearly gates, your disguise will get you in.

All rings hand-crafted by our very own imps.

Not-so-fine print:

Of course, we're not the wealthiest of all the magazines so you'll go to Heaven as a mackerel... but it's better than Hell. Which would be, we suppose, the equivalent of a fish fry.

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

Send Good Morning (and my brass ring) to:

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Seraphemera Books 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel CT 06801  
You can also order at: <http://www.seraphemera.org/goodmorning.html>

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### FISHOLUTION

We're the eels that slip into the room in the middle of the night, the sloshy sounds that convince your mind to dream of sailing seas, And we apologize.

You see, this wasn't the intent. We are not akin to childhood sleepover jokes in which the poor friend who fell asleep first, had his hand gently placed in a bowl of warm water, under the auspices of belief that he would pee in his sleeping bag.

No, this was simply an attempt at asking one more time to think of us as eels, of brilliant creatures, who have survived for millions of years, throughout all turns of history. Imagine what could be learned, if we met over language and tea...rather than being thought of only as Unagi?

### FISHZILLA

We get it - youth is a time of fish sticks and macaroni and cheese. Being able to reach the shelf with the Lord Van de Kamp was something akin to a Fishy Communion or a Tartar Mitzvah.

But yes, finally, finally - it has been matched in the lab - processed and folded over and soy-ed out to the extreme. My goodness, it brings back all those quick dinners after soccer practice and Saturday afternoon lunches with the original Juicy Juice and Cheetos that didn't stain like the newer ones did later on in life.

So yes, certainly, we're asking the Gardein company for a sponsorship (we are just following that every issue of Good Morning asks for something) but in this instance, it's about promoting a life or death choice for our brethern.

### FISH-O-MATIC STATIC

Imagine it - living your life in the same pool when all your parents wanted for their poor spawn was to get out into the world - find warmer coves, seek better barnacles, a school of great experience and a life free from hooks. Is it too much to ask that one have a larger fish tank so as to be a bit longer, a bit more glistening than the generation which came before?

Yet there you are, in an indoor pool, with no quiet from the constant grind-whirr-hummmmm of the filtering system. The drugs pumped into the water (not at all unlike human water systems full of all the opiods and mood modifiers that people flush down the toilet.

And, eventually the tub is drained, the baby wishes he or she could run out with the bath water, and through a pipe, that leads to even a sludge filled pond or two. But alas, flopping and slopping like that martyr at the end of the Faith No More "Epic" video, all that remains is a cool floor, and the whoosh of a cleaver on its way.

### FISH HEADS ARE NOT ROLY POLY

*If it hasn't been obvious by now, this issue is being written by one Poor Fish - who has overtaken the offices of Art Young's Good Morning with an insistance of a Poisson D'Avril number, as a supplemental in the catalog of our great or grate magazine.*

*So, given that Poor Fish has begun to catch up with the times socially and politically, but the computerization has not yet caught on, we negotiated a return of our nibs and keyboards in return for being the typers and drawers and facilitators of what you see before you now.*

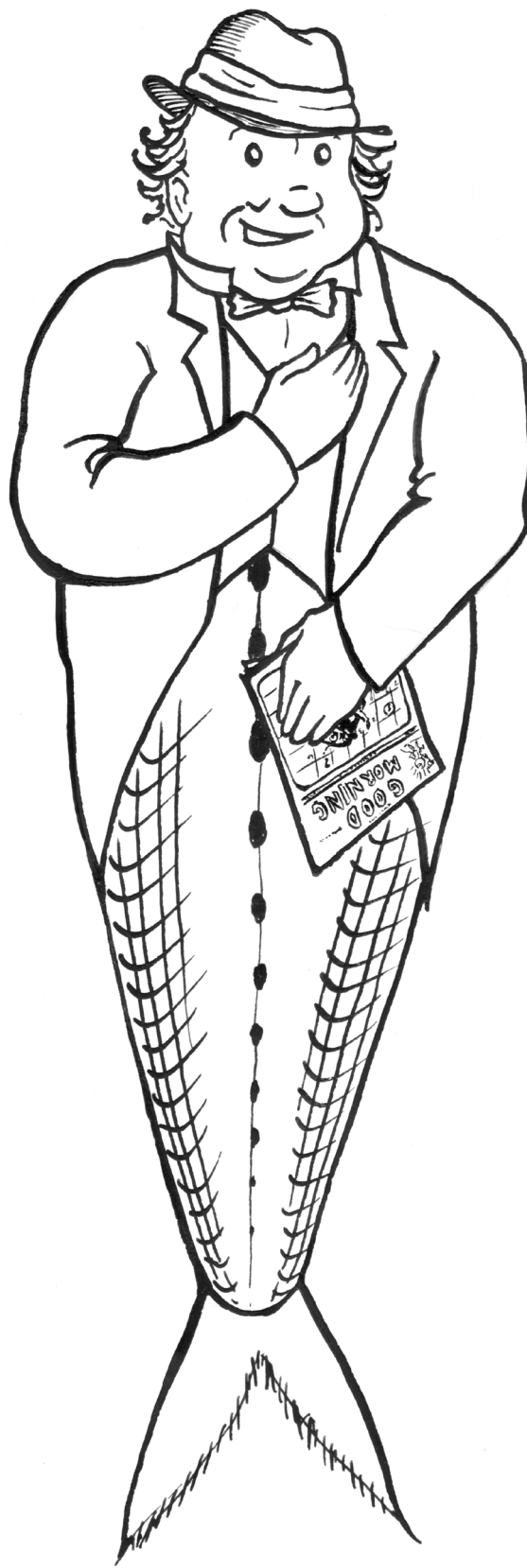
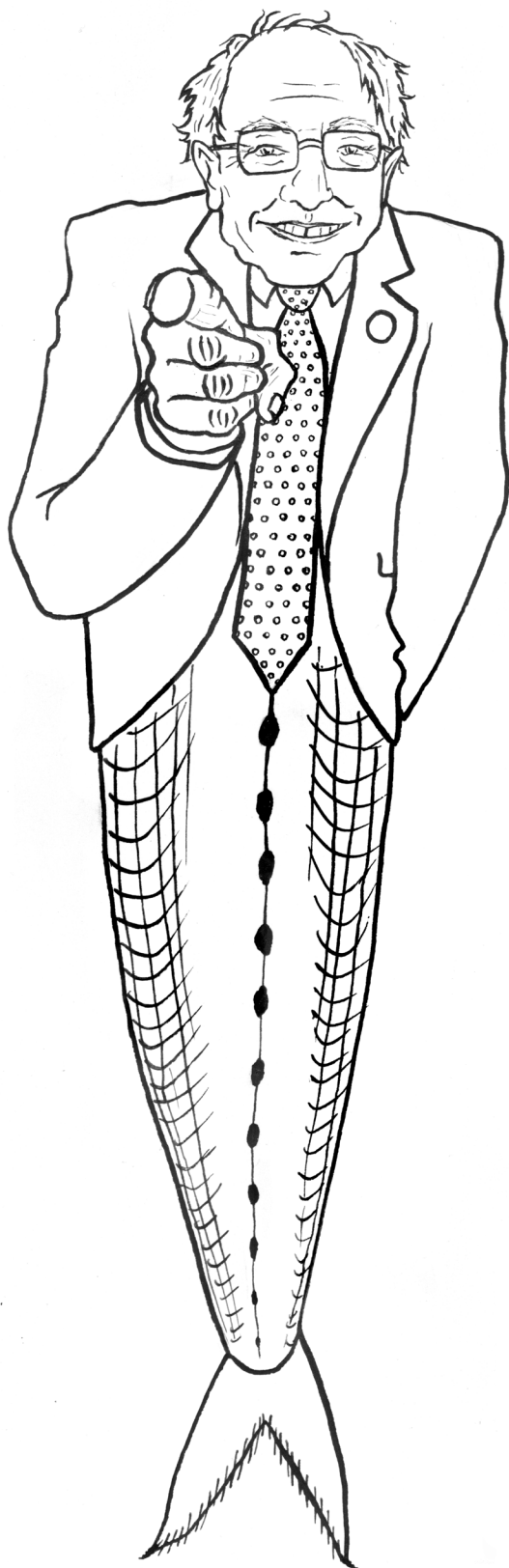
*We hope that you'll forgive us for being so lax in security as to fall asleep in the inkwell and typewriter wheel and to allow the fins and dorsals of outrageous fortune to place these pages before our beloved readers. - The Editors of Good Morning*



Willie Bite

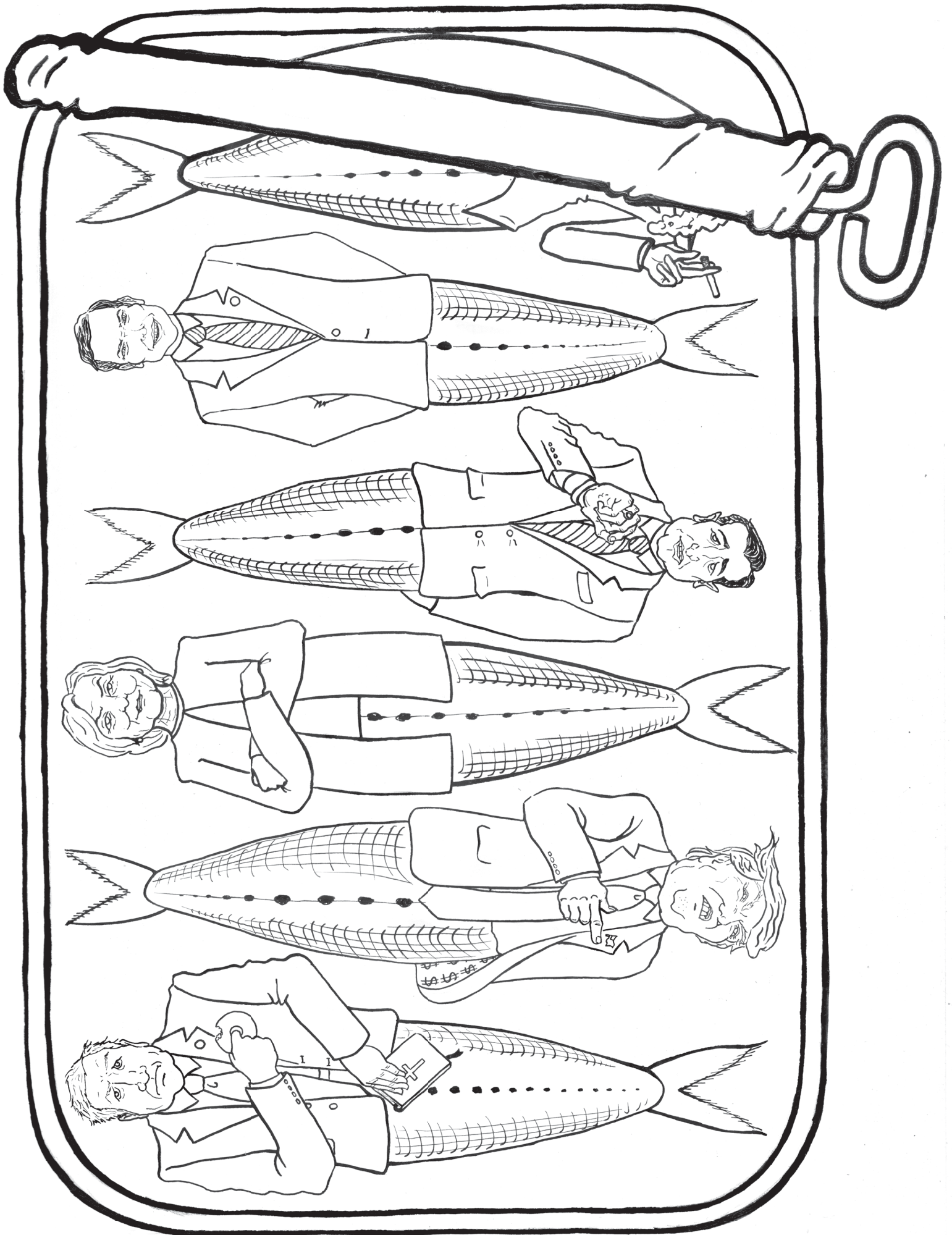
Poisson D'Avril or "April Fish" is similar to April Fool's Day with one major tradition -

- 1) Sneak up on someone
- 2) Tape a fish to their back
- 3) Run away
- 4) Yell "Poisson D'Avril!"



You can copy/scan these fish and use them (you have our permission and blessing) or visit our facebook page and download printable files like the \*jokefish\* above at:  
<http://www.facebook.com/artyoungsgoodmorning>









*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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April 1st 2016

You've said it. Don't deny. Sorry to put words from our gills to your mouths, but it is inevitable. You've been suspicious of something going on in the office down the hall or around the corner or in your neighbor's house because that red car keeps pulling up at 3am or the curtains are always drawn (but not quartered) and without thinking you've exclaimed, "Something smells fishy!"

The flippant colloquialisms we all use, to describe something we are experiencing...yet with no thought as to their origin or stereotype, they roll off the tongue (for those who have tongues) without a care.

How do you think that makes most of us feel, we who live in the lakes and oceans, rivers and streams, ponds and puddles? We who adorn your tanks in dentist offices, and sacrifice our freedoms for plastic bags so your children can be excited come carnival time?

It's speciest, no other way to describe it. It is a speciest statement that starts like all other -ist statements in the world... because one doesn't put themselves in the place of the other and think - would that hurt me?

It starts in youth, shells and coral may break my bones... but names will never hurt me...it's a boast that for most of us is just not true. You ever seen fish bones? You ever been on a boat to see

somebody freshly caught and filleted? We're made of cartilage and little prickly-pear bits of shard and rib that wouldn't withstand the side of slaw much less the side of a tidal wave of words. We are gentle creatures (for the most part) - why else would the most common of us be known as Sole...

Yeah Kurt Cobain said that it's ok to eat fish because we don't have any feelings - but I can assure you after spending nights crying in my quiet coral enclave - we feel hurt too. Maybe you've never noticed fish crying because we live our lives in water, and the waves just wash away the weeping which flows forth each time we hear another insensitive remark...

Would it be too much to ask, to just remove the phrase from the standard lexicon so that those of us who swim around all day don't have to be thought of as stinky? Are we so naive as to think that if we were to start using deodorant that you'd appreciate all of the extra aluminum in the water supply? Is there some middle ground we can reach so that our effervescent selves are not thought of as the coefficients to all nefarious behavior?

What we're saying is - if you're going to go so far as to eat us, must you also heap disdain upon us as a species? Can the oysters finally be more than pearls, the lobsters finally more than their tails, and the sharks more than their fins? Once we've reached that point, maybe we can move forward with eels being more than unagi, and shrimp more than scampi, and whitefish more than that thing your grandmother used to get from the deli that was all dried up but delicatessens don't even sell it much any longer because that generation has mostly passed and...

Would it be better if we were to sport deodorant when we walk out on land (whether because our crustacean brothers and sisters have already mastered the art of legs, or when the rest of us finally evolve beyond flippertude and Flipper on the tube)? Which leads one to think, why is it that we can't be rough and tumble like the winged creatures - we get "smells fishy" they get "flip the bird"? Poor Fish is a blessed fish no doubt - all jabot and fancy wearing that he has become, even if he hasn't quite yet grasped concepts past the point of knowing they aren't quite so good for all the people. You see, we don't have a one percenter population in regards to money - we're unequal more in the realm of how many teeth the other has and whether they want to eat us.

But he's trying. He's trying so that he can make a better world for fishy and human alike. So bear with him for having taken over the magazine for the week, and suggesting we all celebrate Poisson D'Avril. Know that his small two-chambered heart is definitely in the right place, even if he hasn't quite grasped income inequality and living wage versus minimum wage. Maybe there's some place to begin by comparing the immigration concerns of humans with the invasive species populations in our waters. Or maybe it's just as simple as the fact that we spend so much of our lives in schools - always learning, regardless of where we're going. It's a far better method and statement than that "it is not the destination but the journey" slogan that we once saw on a poster that along with a bunch of other trash was dumped into the sea. No, for us, it's neither the journey nor the destination because it's all the same thing - it's all a chance to learn with our schoolmates, and by working together, the swimming against the tide gets easier for everybody.

Looking at it that way, maybe that's the most important commonality we have at all - a deep and abiding understanding that only when we swim together, can we get upstream, past the waterfalls and the rocks that would otherwise dash our dreams as we head to the better place of calm waters.

### THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



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

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

## HAVE WE "TRUMPED THE SHARK" YET?

We're not going to comment on how Joe (that was the name of the shark dontcha know) went and placed himself in a cage all for the seventies entertainment on Happy Days only to become the butt of a long-running joke. He wasn't even properly credited, either - as if he didn't deserve all of the accord for looking so menacing and suspenseful in an otherwise trite moment where nobody properly expected Fonzie to die.

Yet, here we are, faced with another phrase that one might look upon as being speciest. So we're asking everybody to change the cliché to "Jump the Trump".

It's the moment in your favorite show when you scream that even it being a dream sequence would be better than what has occurred. When the viewer begs for some action to happen to undo all of the horrible storyline that has unfolded. "Please, let the main character be in a coma and about to wake up," we plead.

So too, have been The Krakrumpen's hate filled diatribes that have roused a rabid response (and shown the rest of us just which neighbors are to be avoided at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and well any time of the year).

How many moments have there been when one has thought, "Ok, this is it. This is the moment when he reveals that his entire campaign has been a ruse to see just how depraved a portion of the population truly has become."

Was it the calling on his supporters to attack protestors? Was it the commentary on any number of races or skin tones? Was it the insistence on warfare? Was it the press conferences from his own palace already built and ready to glitter under the hot lights of the salivating media conglomerate? Was it the president of CBS googley-eyed that while T-Rump was bad for the country he was great for advertising dollars? How many moments can one count during which you lost a ten-spot, turning to your friend and saying, "Okay, get ready, here comes the big reveal..." Only to be... disappointed. Or frightened.

So please. In this time of electioneering crisis, let something positive come from this campaign of disdain - let "Jump the Trump" end the suffering of sharks everywhere, and maybe soon we can do something about that misunderstood land shark...

## THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

*"With a sixty hour work week split between three jobs, having to hop a bus from one and bicycle to the other, it turns into about one hundred hours all in all. It's a shame there's no way to get paid for all the travel - maybe then it would take less time!"*



## STEREOFISHING

If you've read this far and are looking for the best playlist for your time out on the lake - we're sorry - we may have misled you, or miscast our role. But that's exactly our point - the typecasting of sharks everywhere.

Speaking of that land shark (see column to your left) why is it that sharks are either bloodthirsty or played for comic effect? When will we open up minds to realize that a dramatic shark is long since needed in film and television. If you ask us, we can point you in the direction of quite a few who have the proper acting chops. We mean chops. Chops.

## THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

*"When you have breakfast at the same place every day for forty years, it's true everybody knows your name..."*

*...until you have been going to fifty years and then everybody forgets."*



## THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

*"It's strange to be getting dressed for an expensive fundraiser."*

*Makes more sense to lower the price and give through Super PACs so as to hide where the money is coming from."*

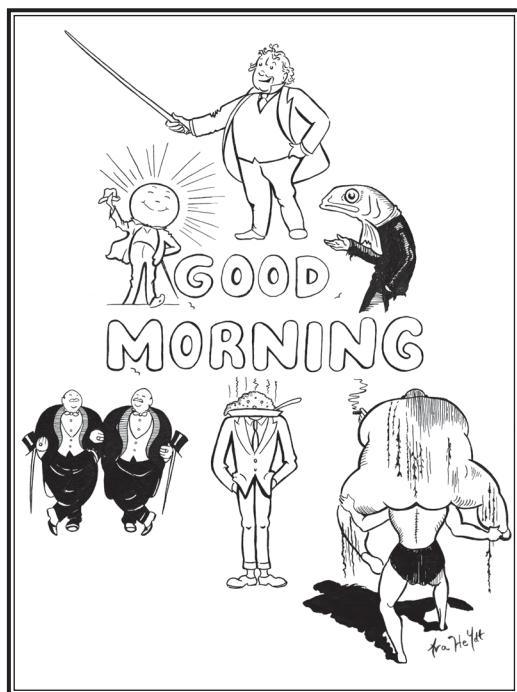


If fish had fingers, they'd reel us in...but it leads one to wonder - when they tell you that you're eating fish fingers, just what, exactly, are you putting in your belly?



Or maybe there are fish with fingers, grown in laboratories to which only a few have access...sworn to secrecy, memories erased, so that none will know of the hands of Cod.

# EAT MORE BOOKS



## *The DAILY* **GOOD MORNING**

EVERY TWO MONTHS NOT NEARLY ENOUGH HUMOR AND WIT TO SATISFY YOUR NEED FOR A HAPPY DAWN?

THEN VISIT US ON FACEBOOK AND LIKE US TO RECEIVE OUR DAILY POSTINGS! ALL YOUR FAVORITES ARE THERE - POOR FISH, PUDD'N HEAD FRED, ART, AND THE CAST OF POLITICAL CHARACTERS...

- WEDNESDAY ART CLASS - THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH
- BLOG OF CONVICT #9653
- SAME AS IT EVER WAS SATURDAY
- COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS ON SUNDAY

AND IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND COMPLETELY...FREE OF CHARGE!

