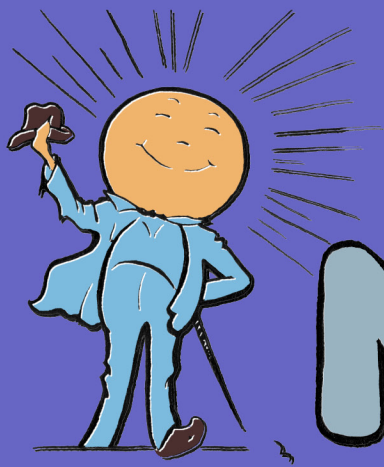


"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



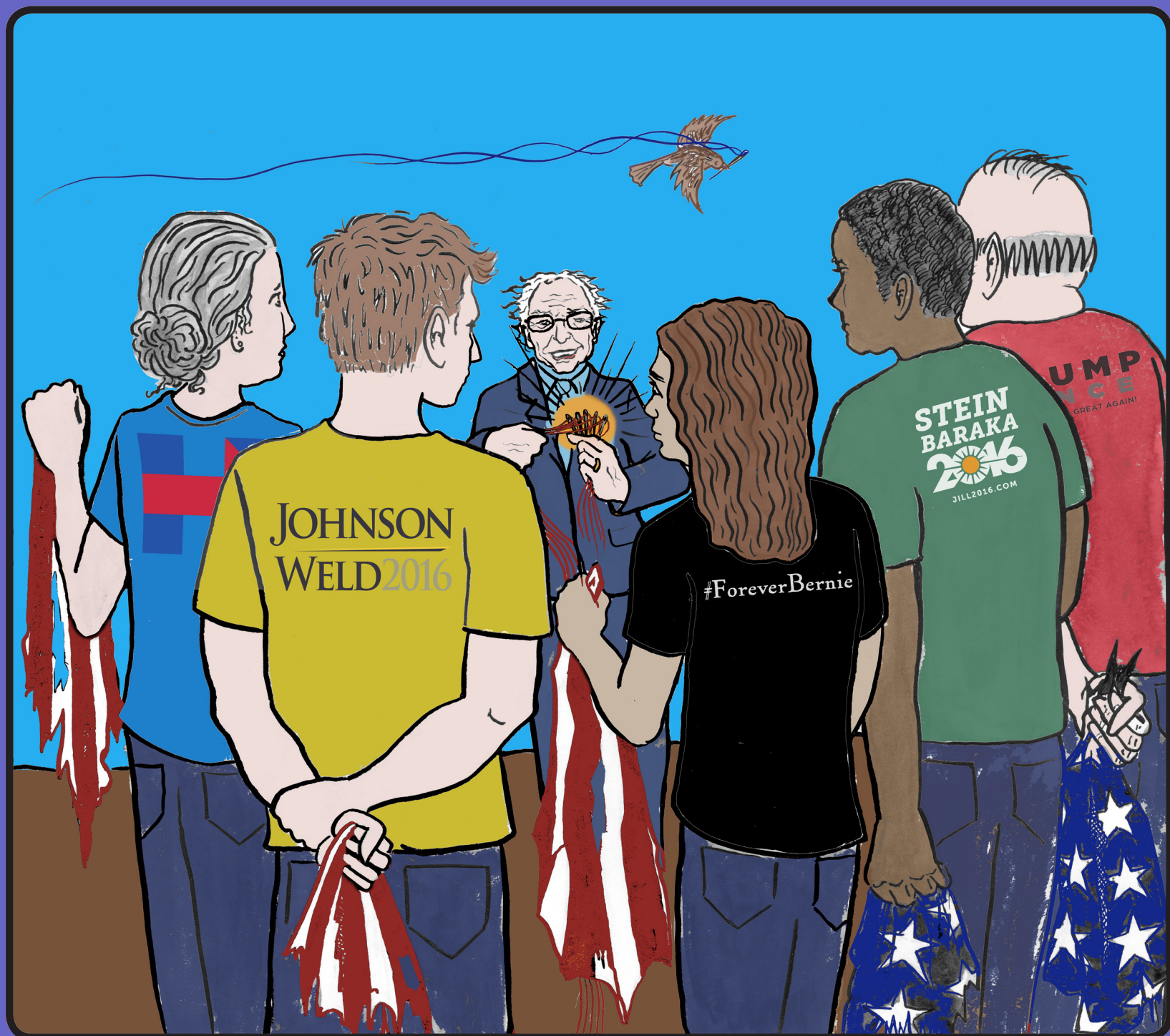
GOOD MORNING

the auger nation number

January 14th 2017

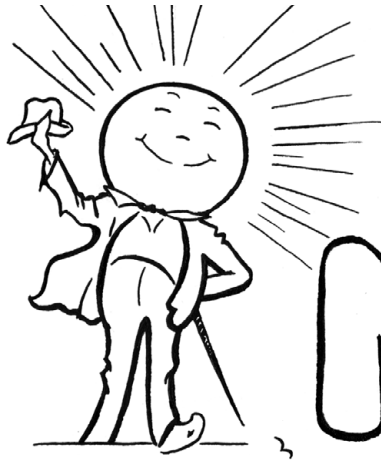
Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 5 No. 2



"I told you, sew."

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



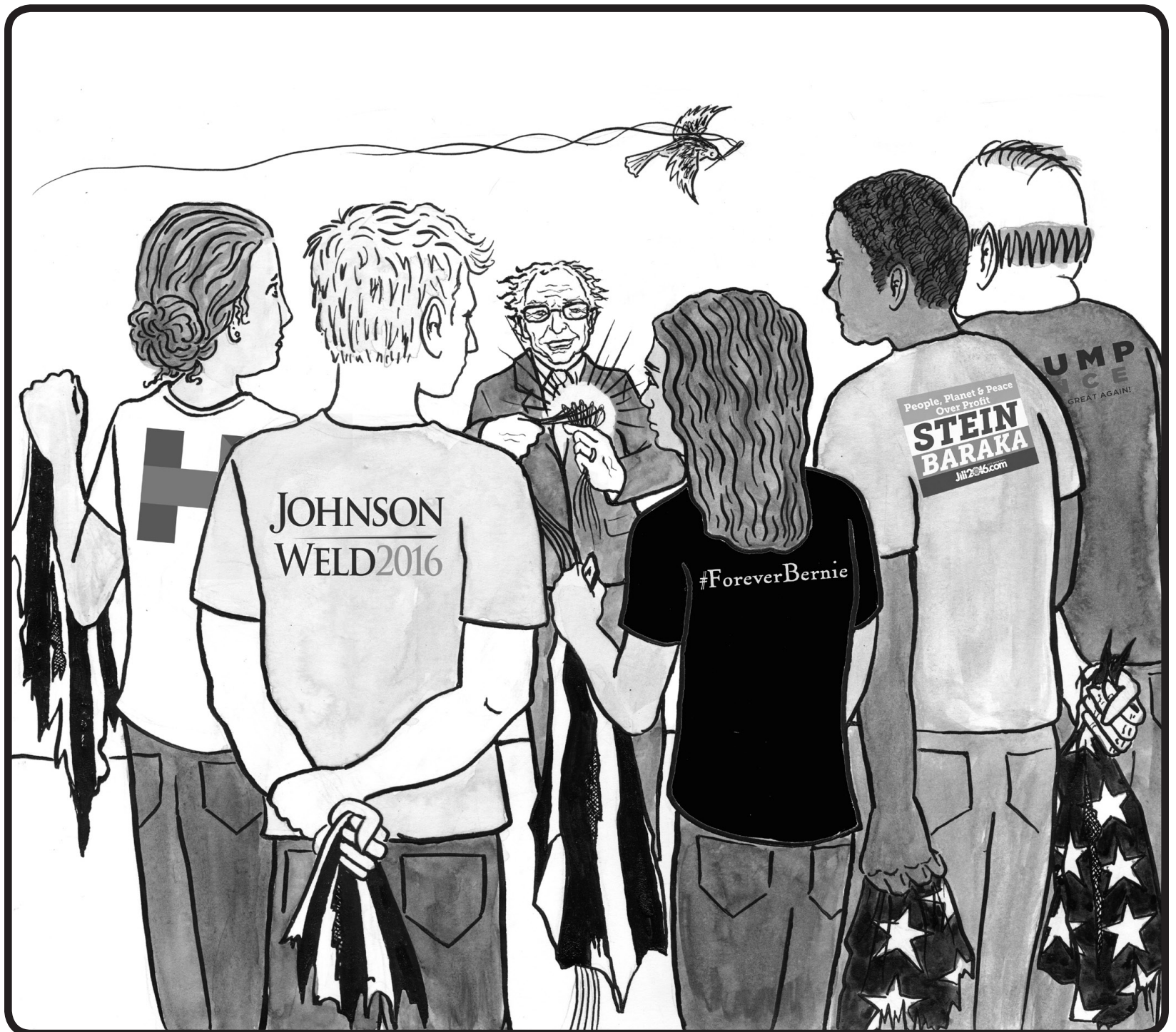
GOOD MORNING

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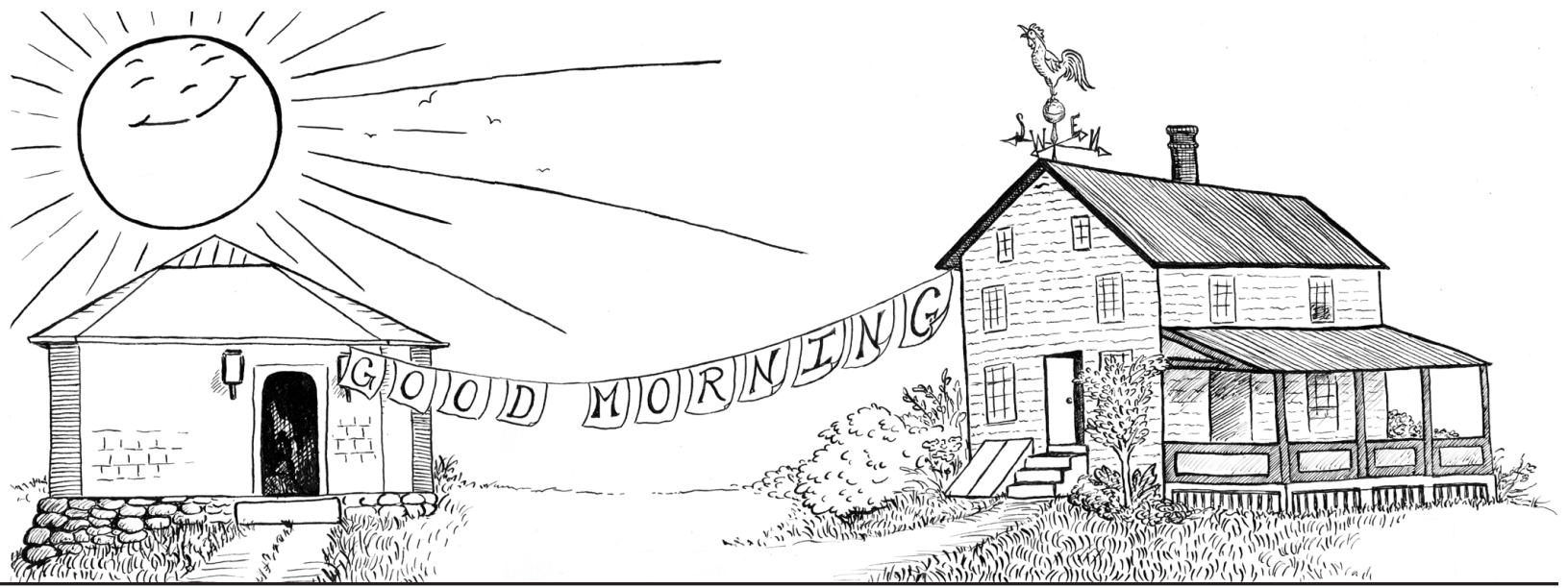
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January 14th 2017

Vol. 5 No. 2

AN AUGER

On January 20th, we will enter an entirely new era of the world – one in which the growing need for nature and nurture is being usurped by oil, toil, tin foil, and boils (somewhat like a plague). It is no secret that the underwhelming majority of the population of the world is being split into two parts, neither one whole, though one deeming itself holy, while the other believes itself holier than thou (and what tells most of all is that without our defining it, the reader is left wondering just exactly which is which – until the realization concludes that our words are the very best whichcraft to be found).

So we gently sit with out pens, inkwells, and sharpening of nibs, scratching something of a warning amidst global warming, that may or may not survive the coming fires and floods (so too like plagues). And so with this, and very much that, we proclaim a day, in which our tools do truly bore holes, in shoulda, coulda, would.

AU GRRRR

The number we refer to is 79 – not the year, nor a future President in one hundred and fifty years, or the hundreds of currency millions, but the elemental chart which states gold, (abbreviated for Aurum, not Australia). For gold is the color of the coming year, is it not? The Year of the Golden Gold...or is the mistaken identity that which states all the years so far have been gold, and that we shall truly reach a new year only when gold is no longer the trim, the walls, the chairs, the toilet seats, the shower curtains and more...

AUGER NATION

To drill. To drill every last acre of pristine land simply to pull what is underground up to the soil. Drill baby, drill. Drill the earth like it is one big tooth that is shiny and pearly and full of bite, simply to deaden the pain. Like one big root canal the oil barons induce upon the great Earth. Deeper and deeper until there is nothing left but a giant hole, straight on through to the other side (we do not think this is what Jim Morrison meant).

Fire drill time. Run outside. Feel the sun. Yes, that's the future – Ra Ra Ra.

AU GRATIN

Maybe instead we can call 2017 The Year of the Cheesy Potatoe. A cycle that follows The Year of the Oily Snake, The Year of the Corn Syrup, and The Year of the Melamine Cereal. Goodness knows that even the food seems to be watching all of us in the surveillance state that is probably gearing up adverts for trips to Idaho as we type. Lord Google sees/hears/tastes all...

IN AUGERATION

And so it comes to pass that on the 20th day of January in the year of the Poly-unsaturated Lard Two Thousand Zero and Seventeen that we as a hopeful race are put to our greatest test. Here we will start to learn if we are made of the sterner stuff, the goods that are necessary to stand tall, to teach, reach, and not preach – that there is a world to live in that is not divided on two sides, but can live in harmony, even in disagreement.

So we propose the following – by the end of this year, we must each become friends with five people we would otherwise shy away from, ignore, dislike...and find how easy it is to coexist.



War on All Holidays #8 – Santa's Beard

(The legend states when Old Man Winter is happy, we get a warm season...P.S. Mother Nature is on the couch awaiting Mrs. Claus...)

BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION (CHAPTER FOUR - A SEASON OF LIGHT)

Nearly two months after the election, the one sleeping the least is the one who has earned the most rest.

Birdie: Times like these I wish you hailed from a warmer state.

Bernie: Not flying South for the Winter?

Birdie: I've already been to New York, Boston, D.C., Seattle, Portland...I got to see the cousins...San Francisco...

Bernie nods at his feathered friend, knowing it has been a whirlwind.

Birdie: It isn't exactly easy keeping a bird's eye on you.

Bernie: You don't have to eavesdrop. You're always welcome on the podium.

There isn't a podium that goes by, when Bernie doesn't hope his friend lands that day.

Birdie: Next book tour...I'd like to be your opening act. This time, it was good to be a groupie. You're a rock star, y'know, whether you want to be or not.

Birdie hops onto Bernie's shoulder. Tugs at a string that is fraying from the top button hole. Gives it a quick trim with the beak.

Birdie: Well, you've flown this young bird ragged. I'm going to ride, a while.

Bernie: Hop in.

Birdie snuggles into the front pajama pocket, finds the sunflower seeds that were waiting...just...in...case.

Birdie: The scandal the media missed, is, you're actually a robot. What is this, 4am? You don't take a break.

Truth is, Bernie knew his friend was arriving. In that way, when one...just knows. How does one properly express that these moments are what invigorates the batteries.

Bernie: Don't you start tweeting that fake news, now. "Bernie Sanders Robot Won High School Track Meets".

They both smile. And that's the point, isn't it? We miss smiling Bernie. Double the weight of the world now - from fighting for progressive causes, to trying to redirect the Democrat Party

while protecting the county from the hurricane that is Trump.

Birdie: Seems like the more the news wants to talk with you, the more you get blamed for the election.

Bernie: There are always things to be blamed for...which means there are always worse things to be blamed for...I'll be ok.

Bernie sighs that sigh he sighs in the rarest of rare moments when the camera is off and the office door is closed. Those rare moments in a revolutionary time, when he is not being asked, "What now, Bernie?" That question, as we know, has already been answered.

Birdie: Had they given you this much coverage during the primaries...

Bernie: Of course. But if now they give all the coverage possible to the issues, concerns more fragile than ever...it'll be enough.

Birdie: For you, maybe. But for many, the slight cuts deep. It takes time to heal.

Bernie: The scar reminds us of the lost battle. And that to fight again, may bring injury once more.

It is difficult to see the faces of those who know that the day we stand in could have, maybe even should have, been very different. That injustice in many small ways, does nothing but beget a greater injustice to come. Injustice, never begets justice.

Bernie: So you're sticking around then?

Birdie: If you're not taking a vacation, then neither am I. Shelter and food don't find themselves.

Bernie: We'll just call you Resident Birdie, then.

Birdie: Just wish we could call you President Bernie.

They pause.

Birdie: Happy New Year, Bernie.

Bernie: I hope so Birdie, I truly hope so.

By the time more words are found, the candle has just about melted, but the first sparks of a Winter morning have appeared on the horizon. It will, for the time being, keep us warm, for we know from experience, Spring is coming. #ForeverBernie

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

Is it telling that the two main parties have an (R) and a (D) for their initials, the same as "Research & Development"?

Because neither one seems to expect We the People to do much Research or that they are willing to do much Development...



WINTER OF FALCON LENT

We were out tending the fields where we grow our garbanzo beans, putting the soil to bed for the winter, tucked into a bedding of alfalfa and hay, when we noticed the largest formation of birds we had ever seen, flying overhead and pointing toward the Southern climes.

Resting our weary backs for the moment, hoes and shovels leaning against our tattered overalls, we raised our hands to wave and bid a "safe journey" and "bon voyage" to those we would not see again until next year.

At the same time, we thought of the birds who were presently hopping at our feeder - too small to travel the great distance to vacationville, who would be dependent upon our seeds and corn and vegetable scraps to make it through another blustery season.

It seemed unfair in some way, even if the species is more evolved or organized to survive the crueler months, that some would have to stay behind, and we expressed this to the finches and junks and blue jays.

A voice spoke up from the seed feeding frenzy, whose it was in particular we are not sure, but it simply said, "They'd have stopped and wintered here those Canadian Geese, but they know better than to become temporary immigrants in this country."

Touché small winged ones, touché.



Here, in this Season of Light,
a Season of Flight, a Season Alight...
We Still Stand #ForeverBernie Along
With Those Who Are #BernAgain



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

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January 14th 2017

An Art Young's Good Morning Editorial. For Bernie.

#ForeverBernie

It is stunning how quickly division propagates, when addition sadly takes so long to grow. And what we subtract, is the ability to multiply the mindset we truly need to change the world for the better.

We've never met Bernie Sanders. Probably never will, no matter how many cartoons we do of and about him. Nor is that why we do the cartoons - we do them simply because we believe in him. Believe that his intentions and heart are in the proper place. Decades of focus and compassion are due that benefit of the doubt.

It is no secret we tag our posts with #ForeverBernie - you may counter with the comment that our expressing such a feeling makes us biased in our assessment to follow. That's fair and that's fine. Read forward if you like - but that's the only disclaimer we have to offer.

There is, for the umpteenth time today, a backlash. Bernie's CNN Town Hall, of which so many were excited and overjoyed...turned into a fiasco of internet proportions when he made comments agreeing with the assessment that Russia tried to influence the Presidential election. A fiasco of internet proportions like July 12th and backing Hillary Clinton.

Personally, we don't believe the narrative that the Russians "hacked the elections" (whatever that means, anyway). We do not believe that any potential Russian involvement led to the outcome of a President-elect Trump. We believe that the main responsibility for the Democratic loss on November 8th sits squarely in the hands and at the feet

of an egotistical and obsolete establishment, who have lost sight of the needs of us common folks, and who had the misplaced faith that they could not lose. Just as the narrative of Weapons of Mass Destruction was false, so seems this. On the topic of Russia, we disagree with Bernie. But you know what...So what?

Do we expect to agree with every word he speaks? Do we expect to be in lockstep with every action he takes? No and no. Need an example? We whole-heartedly will remain forever disappointed that he didn't pick up his thirteen million voters, and umpteen believers, and found a third party. So it goes. Nor, do we need to be 100% in agreement. Debate, civilized and intelligent, is where great ideas are birthed.

What we do believe, however, is that Bernie Sanders believes that he is doing what is best for all people. Who else is standing up for health care? Who else is shouting from the Capitol steps that we will fight against cutting Medicare and Medicaid? What other "politician" has the ear of so many, the respect of so many, the potential of actually making things happen, across the aisle?

The answer, truly, is nobody else.

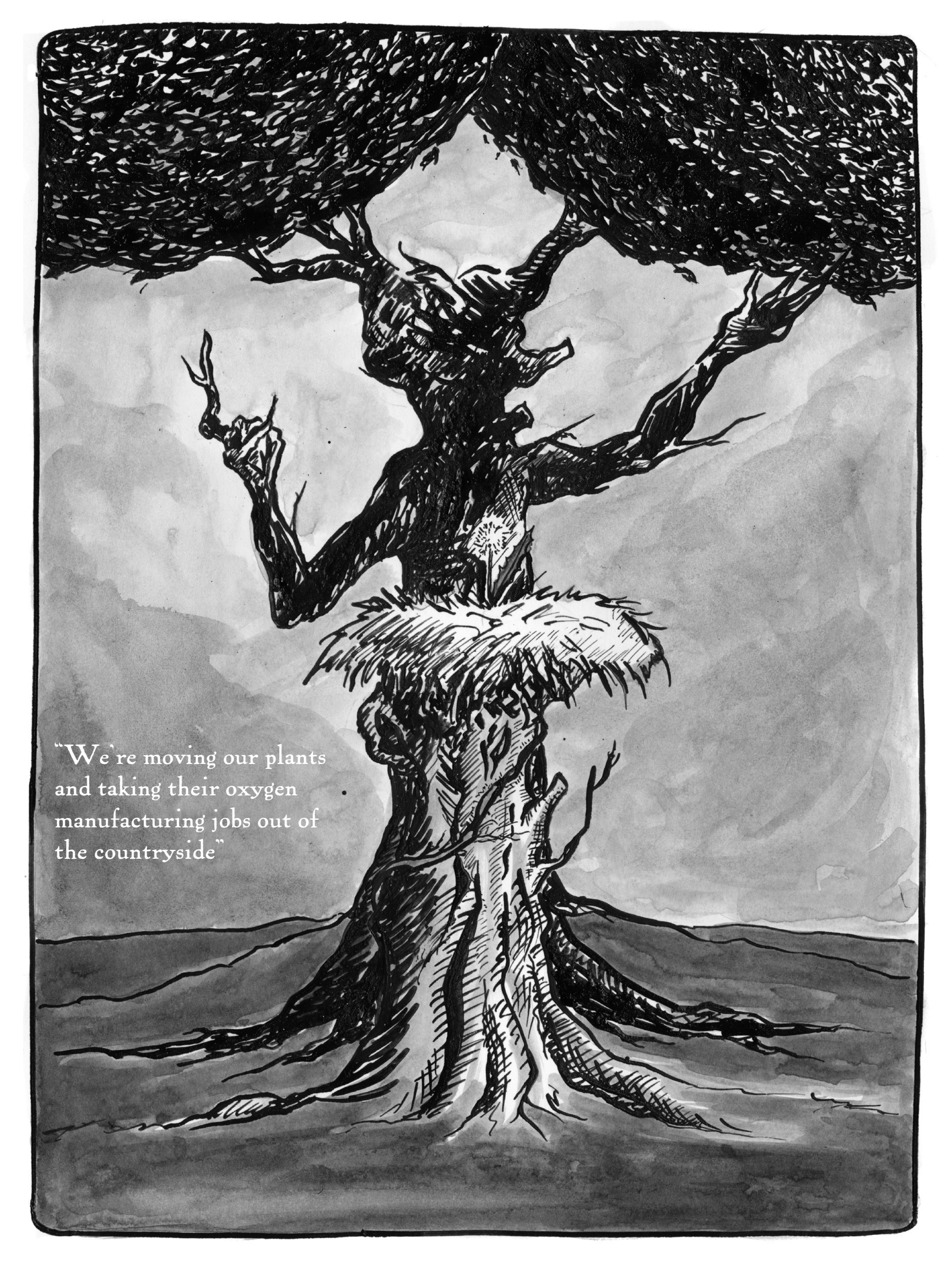
And because of that dedication and determination, no matter what one wants to spin about his being a part of the establishment (hardly), a sheep dog (really? then he was the worst one ever), or a sell out (he's a few hundred million short in that department)...he stands, on that (Capitol) hill, politically alone. He knows he won't get everything we need, as a people, as a country. But we believe he takes the steps necessary, to make certain as much as possible, occurs - health care, living wage, criminal justice reform, on and on and on. You heard the stump speech over and over. You know what he's about. Here's a reminder: He fights for us.

And we will not now, nor ever, let him stand alone.

The Editors of Art Young's Good Morning
January 10th, 2017



"Hey P.F. let's keep this one away from the sharp objects"



"We're moving our plants
and taking their oxygen
manufacturing jobs out of
the countryside"

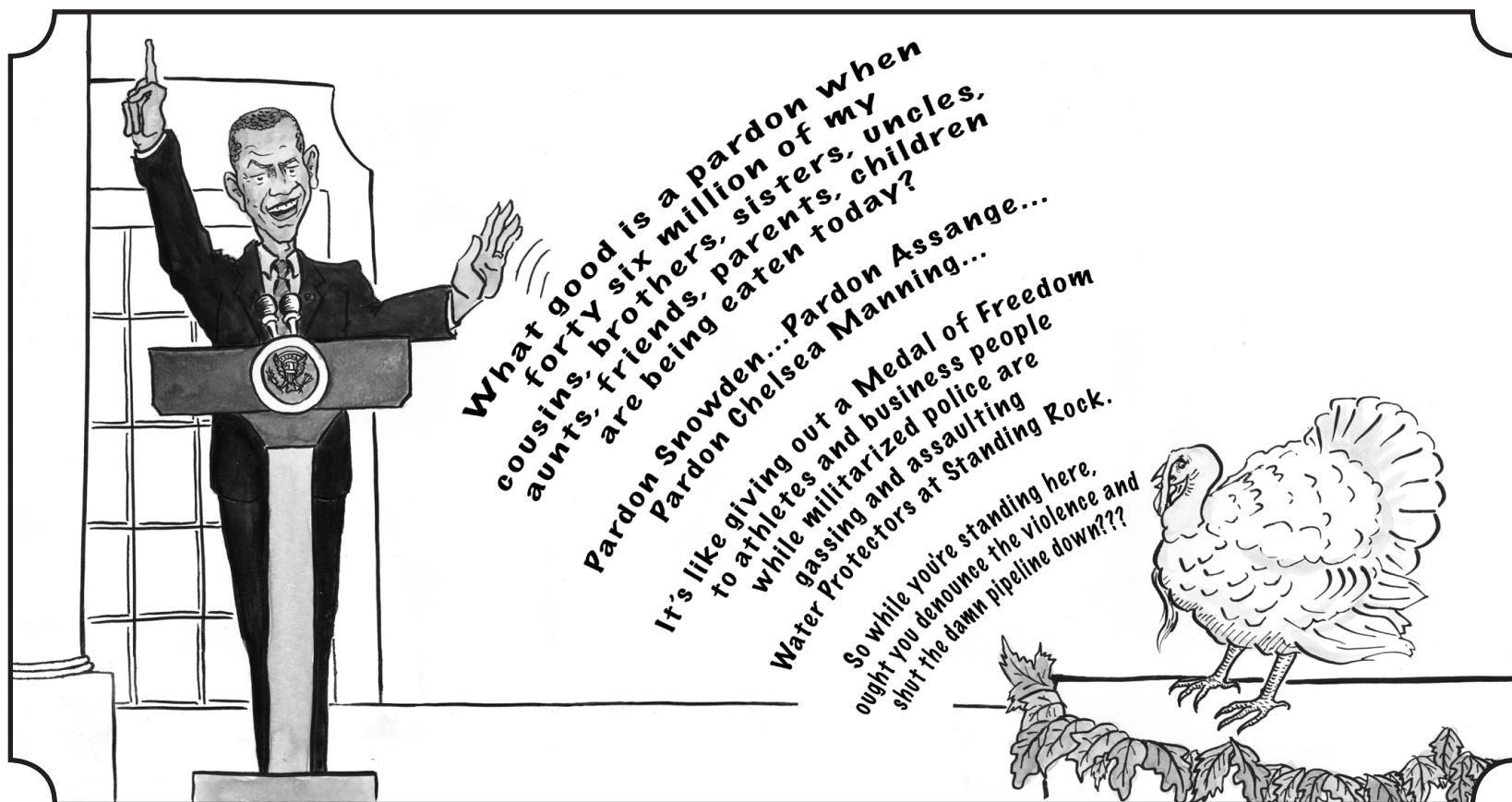
During his book tour, Bernie was asked if he were stuck on an island with three politicians, who would he choose? He replied, first, with a fabulous history lesson about the mostly forgotten Eugene V. Debs, and continued by expressing he would not mind spending time on an island (preferably a warm one), with him...

"Too long have the workers of the world waited for some Moses to lead them out of bondage. He has not come; he never will come. I would not lead you out if I could; for if you could be led out, you could be led back again."

"You know, Bernie, I think I would have b



een better remembered if I had your hair..."



Talking Turkey

FIRST THEY CAME FOR THE COAL

First they came for the coal. They poisoned the lungs and stripped down mountain lines, left communities in poverty with nothing left to mine. But I could not burn coal...

So they came for the gas. Packing chemicals into the lands, discarding waste without a plan, with no care of washing or extracting a fracking mess from their hands. But I did not live in the heartlands...

(And all the while they continued to come for the gold. What did they leave us in return? Their soul. No longer needed and certainly grown cold. But I could not eat gold...)

So they continued to come for the oil. Took it from the soil, spilled it across the earth now spoiled, and will do so until they surpass the wealth of the royals. But I could not drink oil...

And then, they came for the water. So much poisoned by oil spills, pollution and industry. What was left they bottled and sold back to us for a fee. It was only then, when the wars for energy turned into wars for the sea, did I see that all along the war was really against me...

ELUSIVE TRUTHS

It becomes readily apparent that the business of truth is about as lucrative as the business of peace.

Without a salacious dose of blood, there just isn't anything for folks to sink their teeth into (ergo the mixed metaphor of the popularity of vampire novels).

Might we suggest then (well, we might, and it appears we do) that the Peace Movement and the Truth Movement align themselves together and begin the synergistic language enhancement of their goals with terms such as "bleeding edge", "bloody great" and "Peace - It Is In Our Blood" (which again, mixes a metaphor because the goal of peace is to keep the blood on the inside rather than mixed with the mud and ash of poetic scorn).

THEN THEY CAME FOR THE SAGE

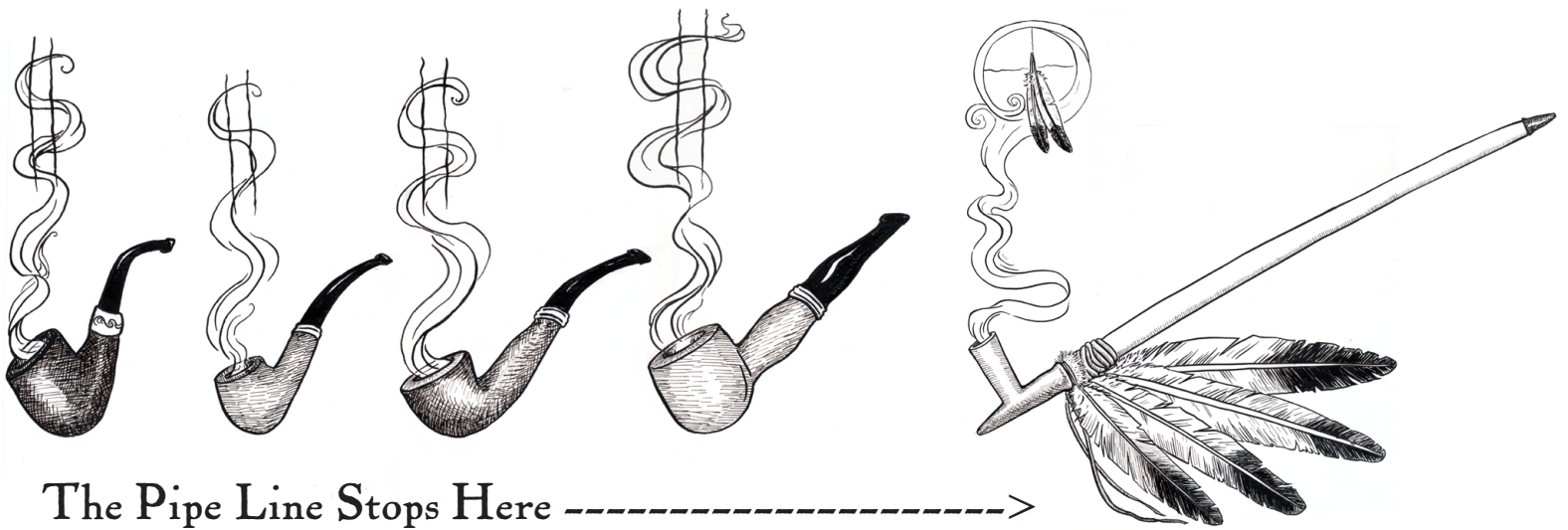
We'd like to simply take this space here to apologize to the turkey up above. This space was meant to be for something entirely different than it is turning into but we realized as the first words were being typed, that typing about spices beneath a turkey being pardoned for Thanksgiving was the equivalent of a passive-herbvescent threat.

So, here we are, not making any allusions to Bells (for their seasoning is too stuffy for these pages), Rosemary Clooney (though we are a fan of her takes on Bread and Butter Woman as well as The Chowder Social) or Eddie Izzard (who really ought to have a holiday parody of Eddie Gizzard and might now in these pages in the future).

Given that we have basted this metaphor to a saucy extreme, it is thyme for us to end.



"Is this meeting zoned for free speech?"

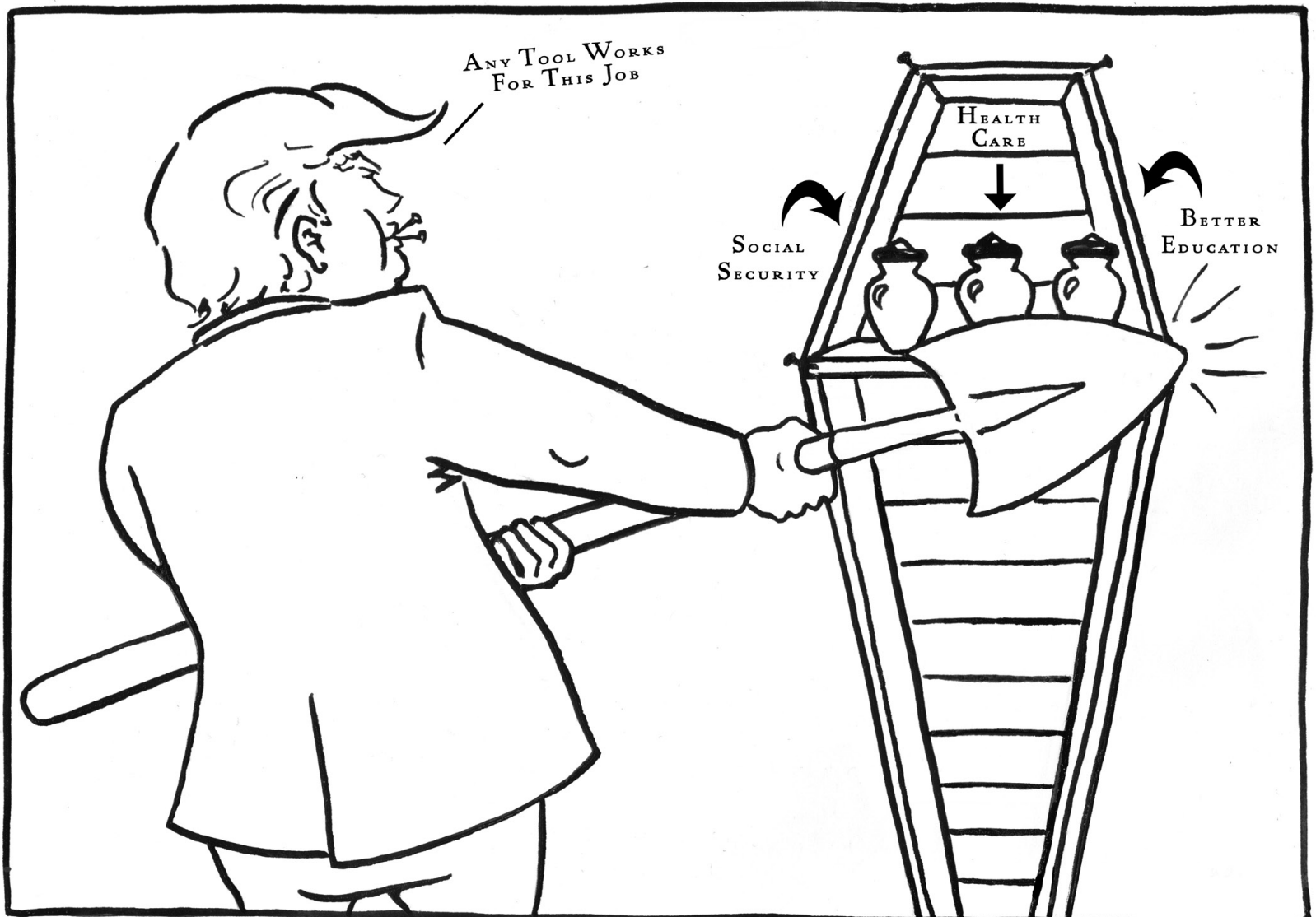


ON TO THE RACES

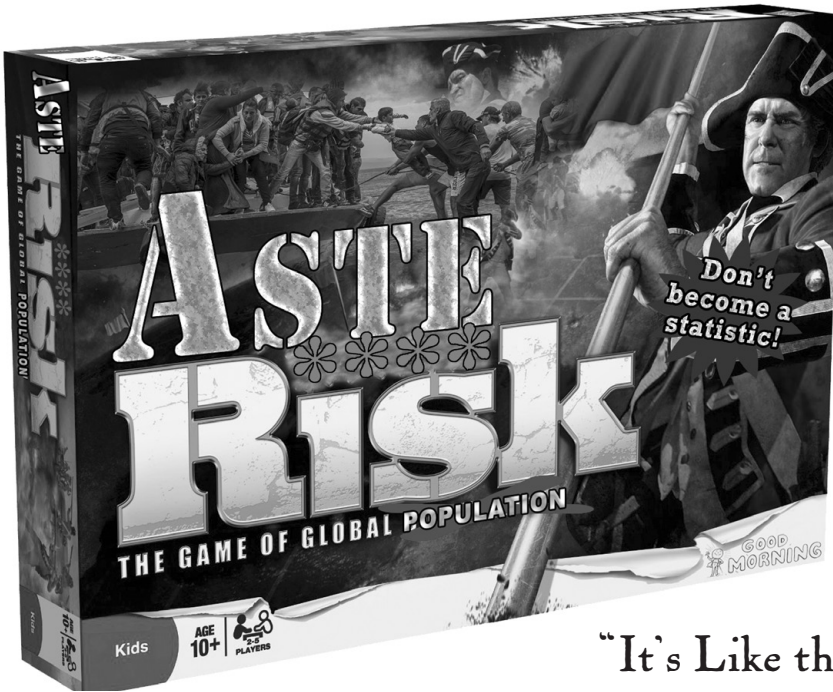
Given the climate change happening with regard to the brazen and bold attacks on the non-whitebread citizenry of this country, we deem it important to take a serious moment and remind everybody reading this that every action toward a race war, is the oligarchy distracting the population from the fact that they declared a class war upon us all, regardless of race, and that they are winning. Are we to fight back or acquiesce to defeat?

NO BRAINER

We did not watch President Obama's farewell (fair, well?) address (somewhere in Chicago, yes?), but we'd like to congratulate him on apologizing for the white phosphorus in Yemen and the lack of clean water in Flint, the pardoning of Edward Snowden and Chelsea Manning, and regretting not standing up for the Native Americans in their struggle against the Dakota Access Pipeline. We knew you had it in you, sir!



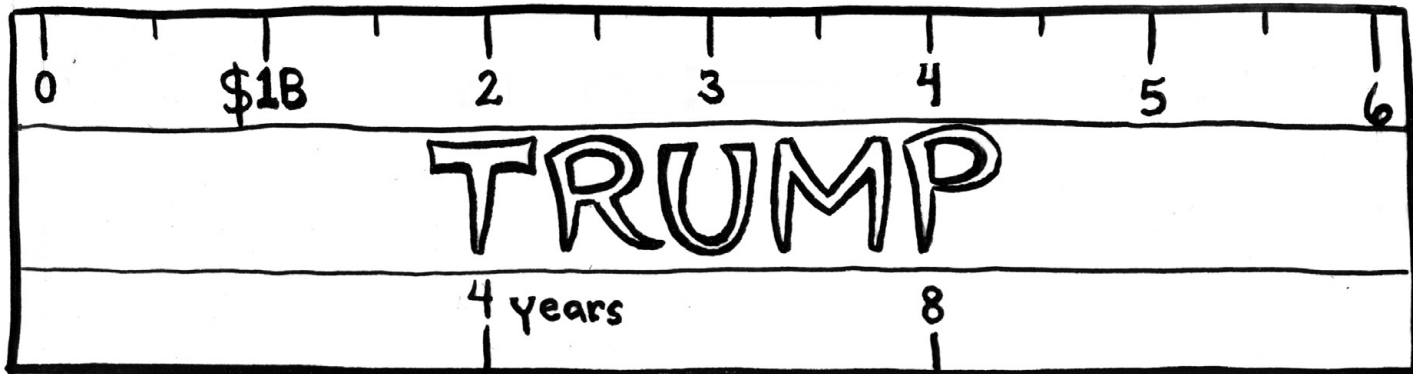
Although Not A Joiner, Trump Builds His Cabinet - A Great Undertaking



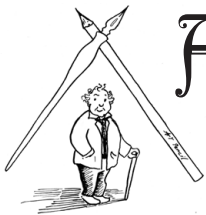
For every battalion that invades, you get two refugee camps that become your responsibility...as you move your armies, you must leave enough behind to care for and defend the refugees from other invading armies.

The winner of the game is the one who realizes that this type of imperialism cannot be won.

"It's Like the Game of Risk, But With Refugees!"



Small Plastic Ruler.



Arts & Treasure

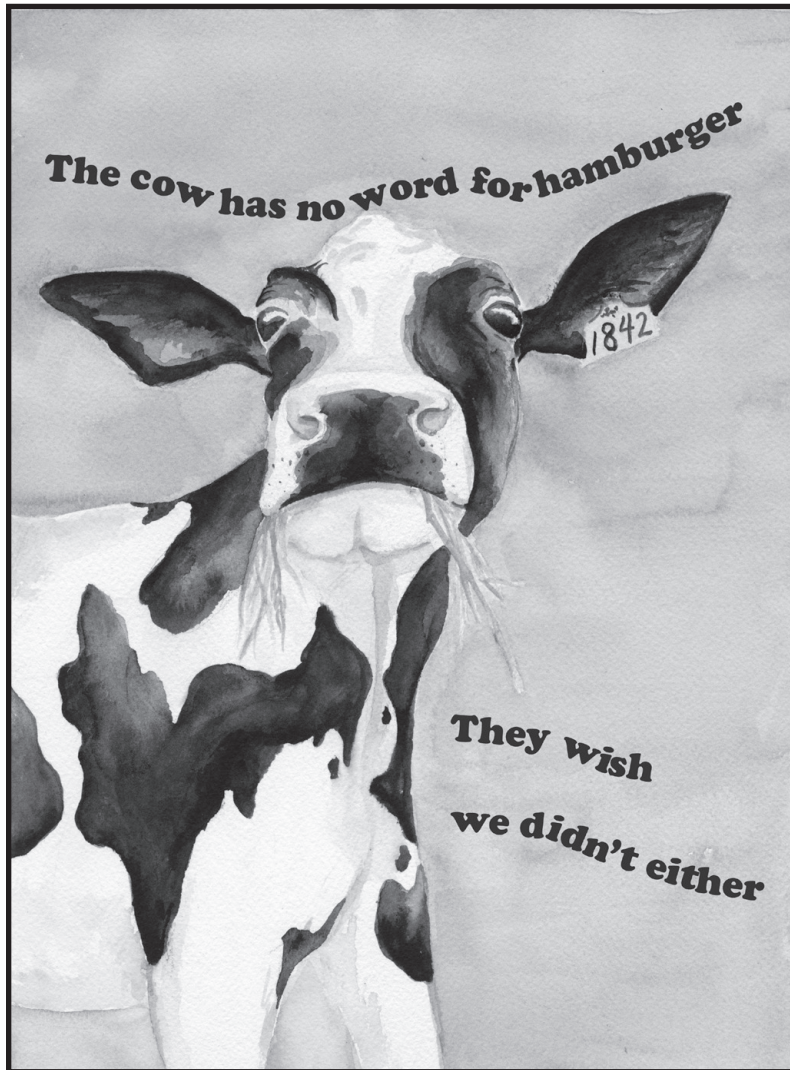
LOOKING ON TO SOME OF
OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY

While we have introduced you to "Sunshine Guy" (see the upper left corner of page one), another mascot/icon/symbol of the ninety seven years of this magazine would be The Rooster you see at the right. This drawing, was used as the magazine letterhead throughout its three and a half year run. This drawing, which hangs in Poor Fish Studios, is, as a simple metaphor, the creature of the coming light of day, yet more accurately the creature that wakes up the world.

As we transition out of The Year of the Fire Monkey and into The Year of the Fire Rooster, it seems fitting that as we move into year two of this resurrection (at what point does the heat of the phoenix cool so that the bird is able to be touched or do the dropped feathers always burn the hand as a trade off for the skill and serendipity that radiates from within?) we wake another of our friends to join us in these pages again.

Our wands, while filled with whimsy, stem from the feathers of an ancient...so beware our spurs. They are full of the sharpness of wit, the precision of sentencing, the poignancy of the quill and are known to draw, not blood, but confession.





IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE RHINOCEROS

"The cow has no word for hamburger... They wish we didn't either..."

One page, from a children's book we've finished creating, 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 as well as on Sundays (as they are in color) in *The Daily Good Morning* - which can be found at <http://www.facebook.com/artyoungsgoodmorning>

This is the second page to be run here in the print magazine.

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

"War? War? What
do you mean you
don't want war?"

You play a card game
called War, you play
cops and robbers as
kids, you even have
nostalgia for the film
War Games!

Don't tell me you don't
want war..."



More Favorite Products
Now Available Thanks
to the DARK Act



INGREDIENTS:

Hormones (you will grow to all shapes and sizes), cocoa (from a chocolate field), chocolate (from a chocolate stream), coca (from a chocolate fence), and all the parts of the cow that could not be sold off to the dog food makers, the hash takers, the meat fakers, the chattel rakers, the cafeteria bakers, and the concessions stand for the Los Angeles Lakers

(note: some settling will occur and create pockets of unsatisfactory taste. So it goes)



The Future of the Capitalist Class



Volume 6.08 - January 14th 2017

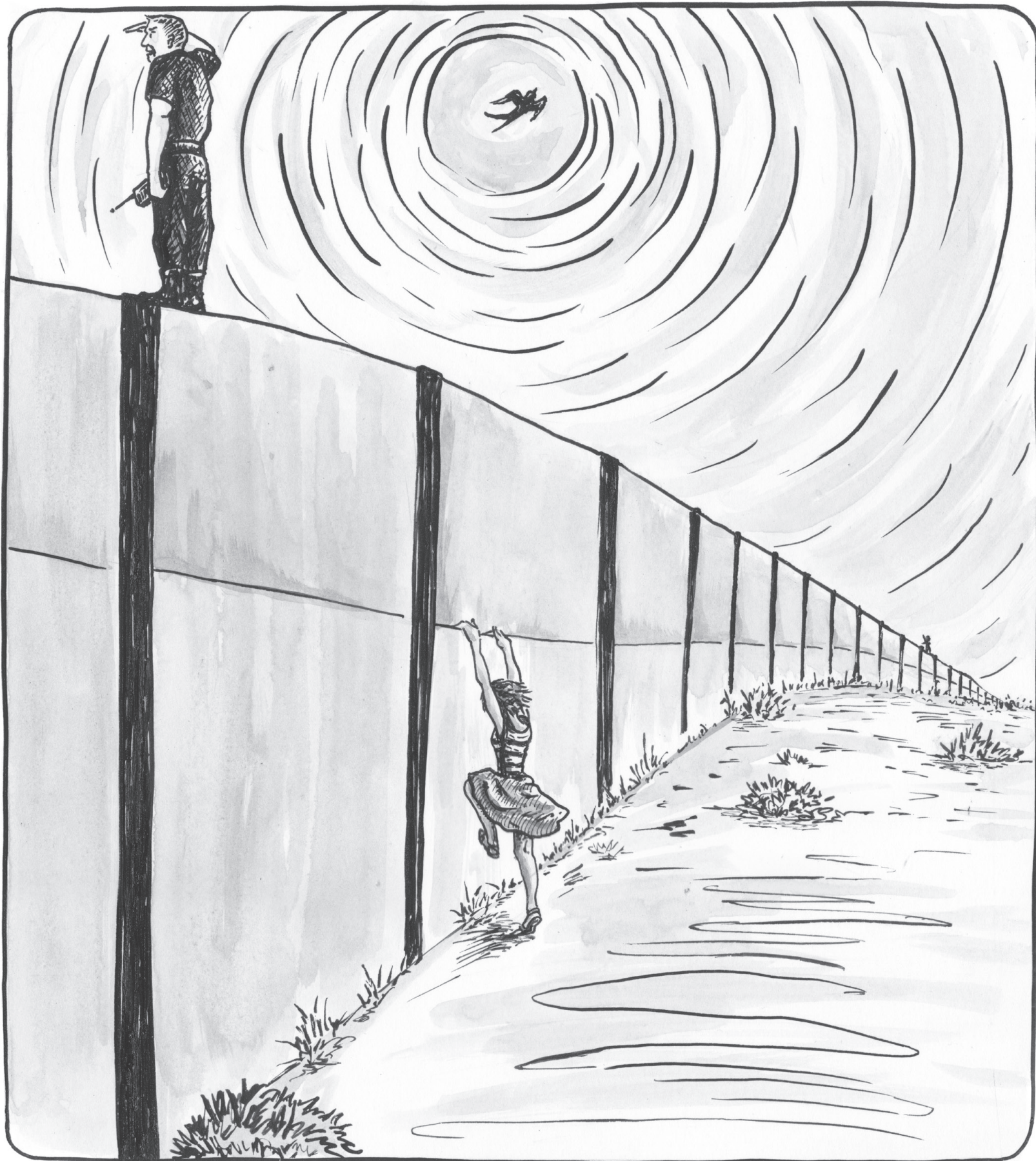
*Your Life Contains More than 140 Characters...
All We're Asking Is That You Share One of Them...*

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
MRS & MR GARBANZO

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

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storyteller@garbanzoliteraryjournal.org



I've heard people say that there is little if nothing to learn from literature
 But I disagree, yesterday Charlotte Perkins Gilman thought me something very important;
 That if we continue to build border walls between each other, these walls will be yellow-ish.

Not yellow like naturally yellow things
 but yellow-ish.

Not yellow like your toes under the sand at south padre, or like a spoon of honey con limon healing a sore throat, not yellow like tequila reposado 100% agave, or like tea leaves boiling under your bedsheets, not yellow like the ribbon round the old oak tree
 Not yellow; but yellow-ish.

Yellowish like a journalist's notebook paper who is figuring out how to twist the news, (not subjectively) but into a straight out lie, or a straight out scandal

Yellowish like a newspaper pile decaying each day with yellow-ish-er news

Yellowish like greed, like fake gold

Like the tubing of a liposuction surgery

Like a street light that tells us we ought to drive more carefully

Like gas in our tank on our way to nowhere

Like a spoiled apple, like a good thing gone bad

Yellow-ish

Not green like the smell of wet grass when your heart is at home,
 Not blue like those jeans your wore on that suave good day
 Not red like the heart that burns with a kiss of love,
 or like a feeling bleeding over the page
 Not white like the transparent soul welcoming the world at the door.

But Yellow-ish

like the vanity of one whose concentration is lost in the mirror

Yellowish like a brain that suffers from jaundice

Like an idiot standing under the sun

Like a dazzled eye staring at the phone screen all day

Like an afternoon waiting for customer service

Like your name on carbonless papers on a pile of contracts that got you on a knot

Yellowish like a heart turns from the weight of aging dreams

Like a life of debt

Like one in anguish waiting to die

Yellowish like hypnosis

Like the hollow promises of a politician

Like the saliva dripping from the fangs of the thirsty chupacabras

Like the face of a vampire seeking out blood

Like 3D explosions in a super hero movie

Like a scream from a horror flick

Like Hollywood

Like a blister on the face of the earth

Yellow-ish

Not yellow like the lightbulb over the notebook on which you discover your best ideas

Not yellow like that shooting star you wished upon yesterday

Not yellow; but Yellow-ish

These walls, these border walls, are yellow-ish.

Yellowish like the eyes of jack-o'-lantern on which we draw our own paranoid sarcastic faces

Like the opinions under the comments link; so much sound, so much fury, 'signifying nothing'

Yellowish like piss

Like a flu

Like a wannabe

Like the 'mmm' that comes after a bite of fast food

Yellow-ish

Not yellow like the lines that divided the road, but yellowish like the lines that divide friends and turn them to strangers

Not yellow like a school bus, but yellowish like short-minded teachers

Not yellow like enlightenment, but yellowish like ignorance

Not yellow like honor, but yellowish like always living as the victim

Yellowish like a wedding ring you force down your finger

Like living to fulfill the interest of others who care for no one

Like a voice that tries to speak across a yellowish tape crossed over the lips

Yellowish, yellowish, yellowish

Here yellowish, there yellowish, all around is yellowish

Yellowish shoes, yellowish makeup, yellowish tattoos

Yellowish, yellowish, yellowish...

Yellowish like the feeling taking hold of me now

Driving me to pour out so many of these yellowish thoughts

Like this feeling that is driving me insane

Everything is so intolerably yellow-ish

I've heard people say that there is little if nothing to learn from literature

But I disagree, yesterday Charlotte Perkins Gilman got me thinking about something very important;

That these border walls we build aren't torn down by those who want to get in,

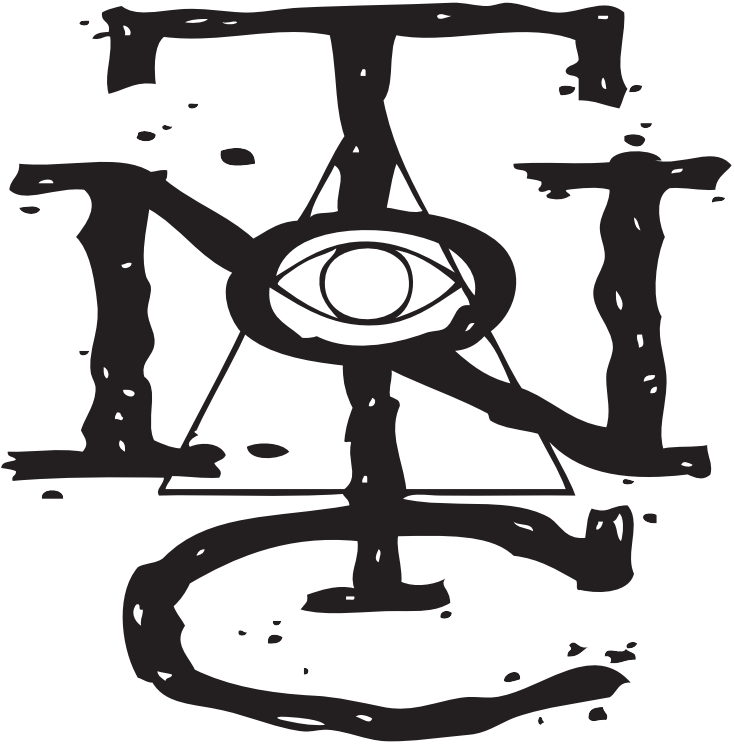
But rather by those who are desperate to get out.

A Yellow-ish Border Wall

BY SERES JAIME MAGANA

We're looking for storytellers to fill the pages of *Garbanzo Literary Journal* here in *Art Young's Good Morning!*
 Send your poems, stories, essays, political commentaries to: editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org - Each published piece is illustrated and we send you the framed original, copies of the issue, and a variety of other seraphemerabilia.

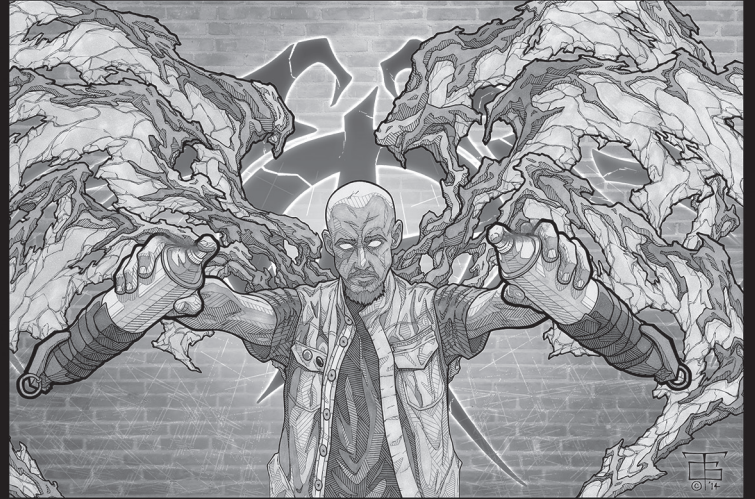
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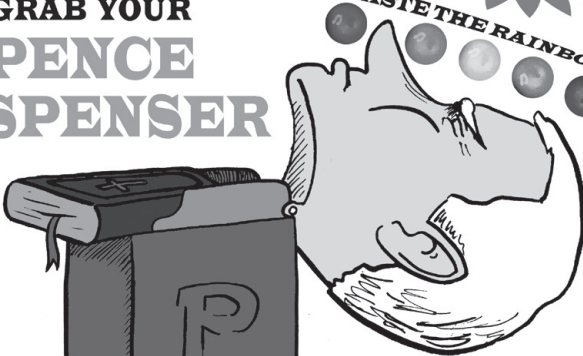


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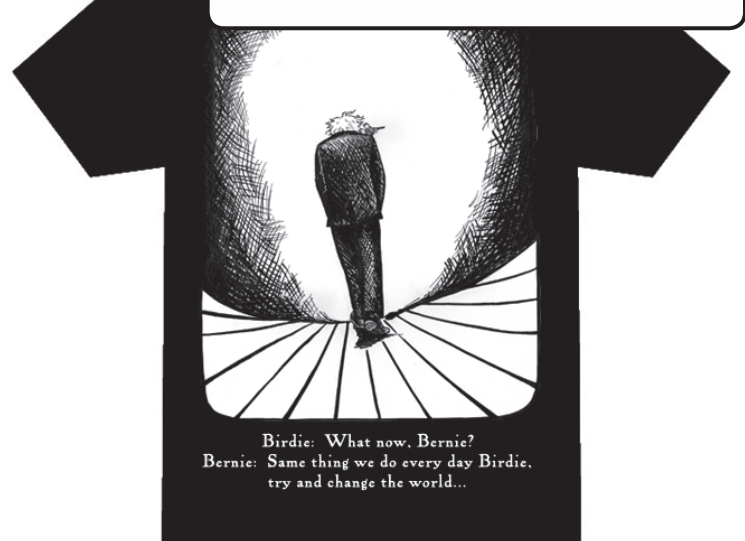
Now in these Electoral Flavors:

Sour Grape · Adam's Apple · Golden Delicious
Gay's Cantaloupe · Blueblood Berry · 24 Carrot-Orange

Definitely NOT in these Popular Flavors:

Watermelon · Blackberry · Fig · Banana · Passion Fruit
Turkish Delight · Tomatillo · Chocolate · Caramel · Cherry

"BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION"
#foreverBernie shirts



Birdie: What now, Bernie?
Bernie: Same thing we do every day Birdie,
try and change the world...

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