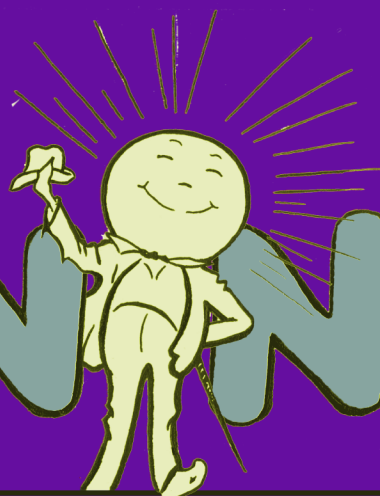




"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"

the anti-fa la la la la number

GOOD MORNING



January 8th 2018

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 6 No. 2



Anti-fa la la la la (The War on Christmas)



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Anti-fa la la la la (The War on Christmas)

EXTINGUISH CAPITALISM - WITH THE HELP OF A LITTLE BIT OF POINTED HUMOR...



Help us continue to shine a light upon the shadowy beast that puts
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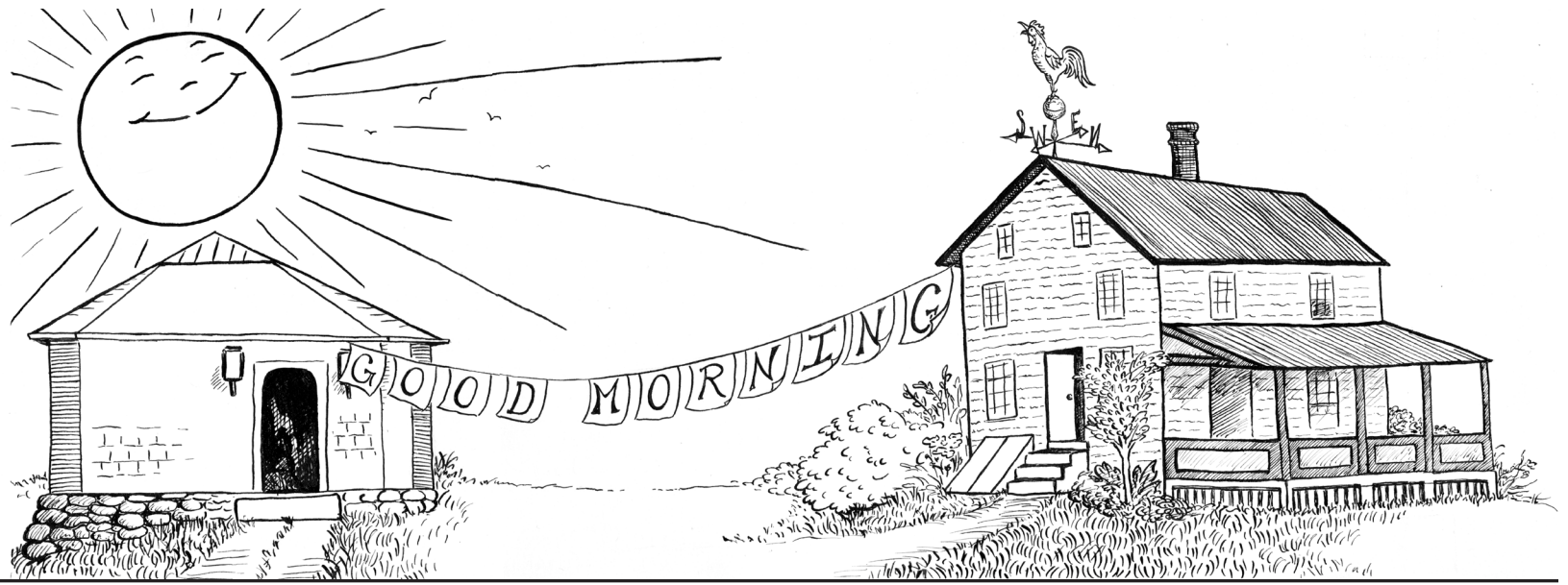
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January 8th 2018

Vol. 6 No. 2

TIS THE SEASON...

So here we are, sitting at our desks, breathing in deeply, listening for some sign that this holiday season is greater than the previous holiday season, and that because it is so great, there is nowhere for next holiday season to go but...but where?

When one returns to greatness, isn't that the pinnacle, like a star or an angel perched precariously atop a tree? The problem with reaching greatness is...one can go no further. Or if one can go further, are they truly great?

Sure, we could get hierarchical, with great, greater, greatest - but therein the problem persists. At what point is there nothing more to do, problem solved? Point stated - we are not looking for great, like some seasonal holiday. We are looking for compassionate.

DECK THEM ALL...

That being said, this being the Anti-fa la la la la number, we would be remiss to not speak to punching a nazi. It was, once in the comics pages around the Second Great War, all the rage of fine characters such as Batman, Superman, and of course Captain America (he being a bit biased after all).

As far as we can tell, Poor Fish has never punched a nazi, though not because he'd be against it per se. Mostly, it's that fish fingers don't make a properly solid fist - which is why one doesn't see fish fists for sale in the frozen foods section. Which, in some manner, is an evolutionary survival trait, after all.

DON, WE NOW OUR GAY APPAREL

One might consider that President v45 would prefer to change this line in the song, as he would likely never, never ever, be spotted in gay apparel. Though, that would make for a rather impish cartoon.

INSERT OBSCURE LATER VERSE HERE

Certainly, one could imagine that President v45 would grit his teeth and get through the early verses to hear the latter, "While I tell of Yuletide treasure" line.

Treasure? Where is that treaure? Is it in the Vatican? Is it in a country that the United States has a military base (likely, as we have so many)? Can we find a reason to start a war with that country to find their Yuletide treasure?

Problem, is, our military and establishment have spent so long of a time touting Muslim countries as the enemy, how ever will they find the cover to attack a Christian Yuletide-celebrating people? Stay tuned, for the further adventures of "War Creators".

LA (GUESS WHICH ONE OF THE EIGHT)

Deck the Halls is quite capitalist. Eight "la" in the chorus? Might one send a couple over to Silent Night, which could use a bit of cheering up. Maybe, "All is calm, la la, all is bright, la la la"?

What about Little Drummer Boy. Would that make it a little too Hey Jude for your tastes?

One could insert a few into, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing...fa la la la la la la la laaaaaah" although that seems to need all eight, which in and of itself is very capitalist - to take it all and leave the working song with nothing.

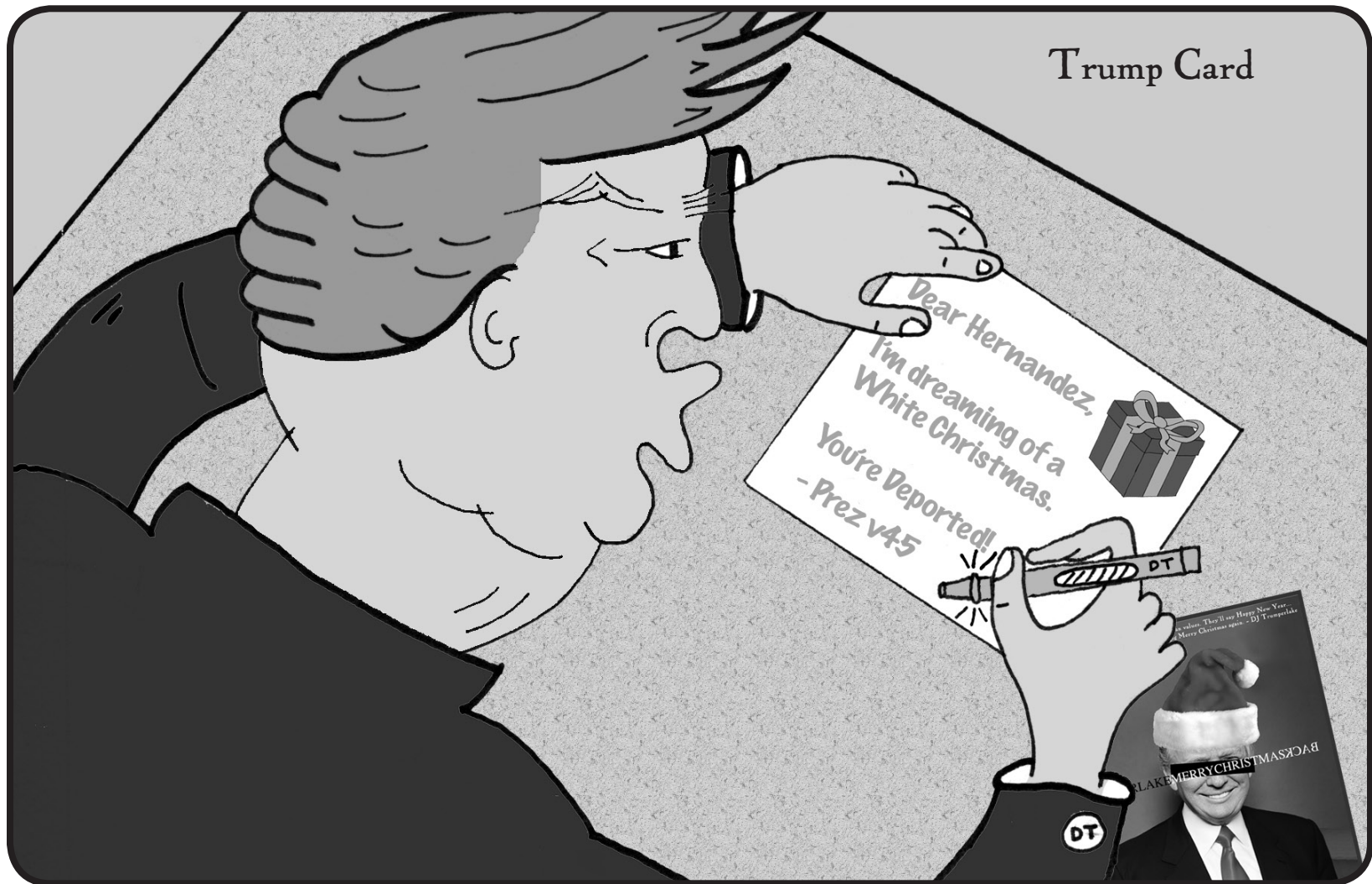
So which of the eight - we're aucitoning them off for charity, and we can't sell all of them - this is a once in a lifetime opportunity. Own a little portion of a carol, sung an uncountable number of times a year...but offering a chance for you to say, each and every time, "You just sang something that is mine."

Or maybe we'll get lucky, and the winning bidder, will share the one, with us all.

THE ADVENTURES OF WOKRA



"Listen up Celery, vegetables are supposed to be nourishing. We all know you take more calories to digest, than you provide!



A LITTLE SNOW COLORING

We've eschewed and rued and become unglued in these pages before, over the co-opting and corrupting of colors and their induced and reduced meanings - that Republicans have claimed Socialist Red, both money and environmentalism claim (De)Forest Green. So, we're going to ask if everybody would mind if we become a bit more...particular in the particulates of participatory pigmentation.

Republicans, we offer to you Pantone PQ-17-1463TCX (Tangerine Tango) for exclusive Socialist rights to Pantone 200C. We figure you probably wouldn't want Pantone PQ-18-1759TCX, also known as Jalapeño Red. We also decided not to offer you PQ-18-1763TCX, High Risk Red.

We realized of course, that there's no need to offer the Establishment Democrats (E.D.) anything for their color, as they would never use anything but Pantone 18-4043 TCX, also known in the colloquial as Palace Blue. We believe that the "I'm With Her" logo was a slight variation on Pantone 19-4150 TPC, commonly thought of as Princess Blue - with a slightly more red nudge so as to make it Queen Blue.

As for you capitalists out there, we'd like to suggest a Pantone PQ-2266C, which is more of an Olive Drab, than an Evergreen. Given the connection of militarism and excessive profit, a nice camouflage tone would really highlight your I. Leave Eden, also known as Pantone 19-6050 TCX for the environmentalists.

Not leaving the Green Party out, we suggest something not too subliminally related to the HR Block square, and certainly not something like a Pantone 16-6444 TCK, that is a Poison Green (through many Establishment Dems might think this is fitting). Maybe then, go with a Pantone 15-0146 TPX, Green Flash (but potentially not "in the pan").

BUT NOT THAT COLOR

Don't eat the brown acid, don't eat the yellow snow, but without a doubt it is time to eat the green greed of capitalism.

PRIMARY COLORS

Twenty years ago now, which is a generation and then some in terms of voters and their allotted history, an "Anonymous" author wrote a book by the title of this section. Eventually revealed to be penned by columnist Joe Klein, it was a fictional account of some very accurate events in the first campaign of President v42 - aka Slick Willie Clinton.

Interestingly, this is known as a Roman à Clef novel (French for "novel with a key" - according to Wikipedia...And while we're here, please donate to The Good "W" today as they keep information flowing and fact-checking 25/8/367).

A Roman à Clef is released under the guise of fiction, while describing true events. Something a bit more current would be The Devil Wears Prada. A bit more historical, might be Animal Farm.

Something a bit more edgy might be On the Road, or even Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. One might argue in the present climate, a Roman à Clef novel, is the only way to stay alive when describing the insider events of the Game of Thrones which has become the United Statesian political system.

COMPLIMENTARY COLORS

Everything but white - that which does not play well with others, is the useless crayon (because white on white paper is a fool's errand). Maybe we ought to seek a virus that will turn everybody blue or purple or anything but orange...as long as we're all the same, and won't change us back until we learn our lessons...

TWO EYES MADE OUT OF COAL

Frosty is, after all, a man of labor – two eyes made out of coal – not a miner himself, but his sight is crafted by those who toil under the mountains.

Of course, given our many conversations about energy and that which is clean and renewable, what will happen to the descendants of Frosty – with no more coal coming out of the ground (and let's not forget Santa and his stockings)? Will the snow-people evolve to see through other means, or will going solar, render all of them, not only as a puddle, but blind...

FROSTY, YOU...YOU ARE...

"Frosty the Snowman / Knew the sun was hot that day / So he said, "Let's run / And we'll have some fun / Now before I melt away..."

"Frosty the Snowman / Had to hurry on his way / But he waved goodbye / Saying, "Don't you cry / I'll be back again some day..."

Frosty the Snowman – vampire, or the subject of the holiday upon which there is a perceived war? Or is it all the oil industry saying solar energy is the weaponry, that kills Frosty?

"I Told You'd I'd
Bring Coal Back."





A Burst of Humor, Satire and Fun...

With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF

AVA DAWN HEYDT AND MARC MOORASH

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

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January 8th 2018

Over time, it has not been uncommon to refer to the coming of the year, as a precipice on which we sit. Each era ebbs and flows and the alarms raised counterbalance the aeons of solitude with the events of the multitude. Yet, as 2018 knocks upon our door without ever intending to await our invitation (like an ICE home invasion), it seems fraught with peril to not speak upon the perilous days ahead.

And so, as we humans like our rounded off beginnings (maybe in another counterbalance to our little lives rounded off with a sleep), we who're base-10 finger counters in a growingly base-16 hexadecimal world...we set upon us a prayer or a promise or a plea of potentiality for January 1st and beyond.

We're not really in need of slimming down (in fact our print magazine happily just expanded to twenty pages), and while we might exercise our free speech more and more, it appears that the weights upon independent journalists (which is every single one of us reading this right now) will be pushing us farther and farther into the ground. The gravity of the situation is astounding, isn't it?

Our resolve then, has never been in question - and when we say OUR we're referring to all of us, who have spent the past year, two years (better divided by Trump era, Bernie Campaign era, and the dark ages before), with our eyes watching from all parapets, with vigilance outstanding, sometimes out standing alone in a field. OUR resolve is stellar...and exhausting.

So, we're thinking there needs to be more this year, than the standard resolutions. We're longing for something more this year. Resolutions won't suffice. We need Revolutions. And not just those which go round and round again, for where this madness stops, nobody knows. But we need the wheel ground to a halt, for it is determined to keep grinding us - crushing people beneath it, like charnel or chattel or chaff from wheat.

How, then? The question everybody asks. Like some equational solution can just be had. Sadly, if we could plug an algorithm back into the matrix and change all the zeroes to ones, and all the trillions and billions to stack overflows which cause the machine to crash... we would. One giant calculation will not save the day, though the wealthy and the greedy are trying to consolidate power so that one economy may rule us all. Where is the one ring in this

New Year, Frodo? In this not Middle Earth, it is within all of us. Every single one of us, in this mixed up and matted metaphor, matter. Each of us, is The One, each and every day, if we so choose.

It is no longer acceptable for a country to be so technologically developed, yet moralistically stunted, that the push of a button can destroy all other countries, with only a breath of "Oops." To pollute one ocean is to pollute them all, to fill with particular particulate matter the air over one region is to scar the lungs of all. Smokestacks do not stop at border walls, just as cruelty is not fazed by border checkpoints. As one people are bombed with white phosphorus the hatred burns stronger in the hearts of millions more. A practiced isolationism like a practiced indifference to children there because they are not children here, shows a trait that has no place in the future. A future which may be far off, but we must begin to preserve the sand, which will become the bricks, of the first foundations of peace, even if they are nameless millennia away.

So, as it becomes more and more apparent that countries can only bring destruction, it is up to We the People, to bring peace. We can depend on none but ourselves - big government, big media, big pharma, big police, big military - all are big, because they believe that they can convince us all, that we are small. Yet how can seven billion people be small? We are being gaslighted into control, and it is time to light the fire that brings that gas to burn.

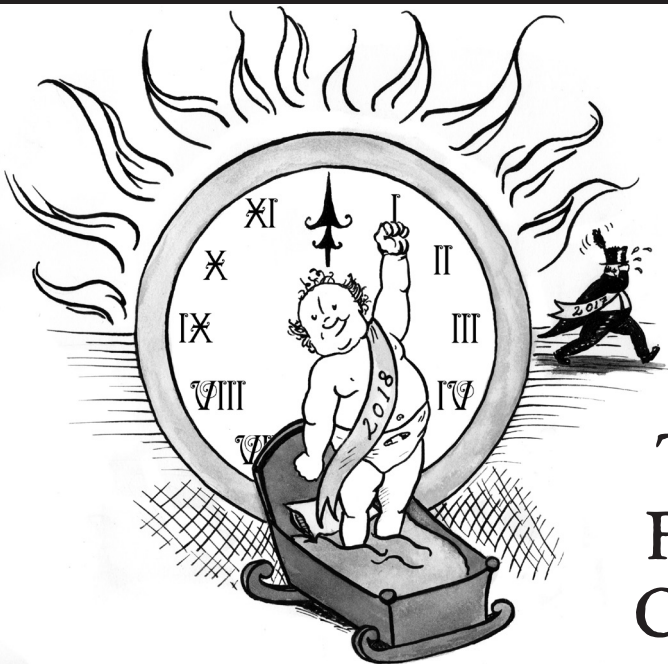
The big machines will fall, when we become their rusted gears and fragile belts of turning. When we poison the fuel, and starve their supply lines. We are controlled by our money, because they want it all, and when there is not enough we keep the little we have to ourselves. Let us be one creature then. Let us band together and care for all of us small people, so that the creature we become is not a beast that will slay or be slayed, but one that rises in this universe, seeking a better day, and reaching higher than ever imagined - because standing on the backs of the shoulders of the people we see - would mean reaching the sun and beyond.

There is no better sea of people than those we have met through the pages of *Art Young's Good Morning*, and those we will meet in this new year. When we have a sea, who needs an army - for a sea will become an ocean, vast and endless, and wash away all of that which has sullied the good name of humanity.

To a better day.

Happy New Year, from all your friends and family, here at Art Young's Good Morning. #RevolutionsNotResolutions

Here's
to
2018...



Time
For A
Change



TAXMEN (With no apologies to The Beatles)

Let us tell you how it will be
Fifty one of us, we're all for Me
'Cause we're the taxmen yeah, the taxmen

That corporate rate was much too small
Might as well make it nothing at all
'Cause we're the taxmen, yeah the taxmen

You want healthcare? Then nothing to eat!
You want food? Then crumble the streets!
You want education? Then no more police.
You want anything? It's all to fleece!

You ask us what we want it for?
Nothing. We just want some more.
'Cause we're the taxmen, Capitalist taxmen!

With nothing left, you'll all soon die
Not even pennies for your eyes
'Cause we're the taxmen, Capitalist taxmen!

SAX MEN

One can and ought trace this tax debacle back to the legacy of one Slick Willie Clinton who ramped up the once slow, deliberate merge between the Democrats and the Republicans, into one government under none, in debt to as many as possible as long as the rich get richer. Incarceration for profit, drug wars, to the modern age of medicate for profit with no regard to the needs or well being of the patient. All tied up in a nice little bow as sexy sax man pied pipered the people of this country into a smarmy abyss.

HACKS MEN

Hackers? Or more along the line of the Paul Ryan type who have taken an axe, a hacksaw, and a piano wire to that which we believed to be the basic tenet of his so-called-professed religion - Love Thy Neighbor.

Is this love them so much that you would put them out of their misery from living in a polluted and poisoned world? Or maybe it'll be Mitch McConnell who stands up and says to all good Christians - "You want to go to heaven, yes? We're just helping you get there quicker!"

Maybe Marco Rubio and his altruistic standing up for the increasing of the Child Tax Credit will continue to smile and say, "More of it is even deductible, giving you more money to spend this holiday season." When is the last time we heard a politician asking us to save money? It is always that the government gives us more to spend more while corporations pay less to keep more.

Or maybe it'll be Teddy, not Roosevelt but Cruz (though admired in the same bottom of the barrel around here) who finally just gives us what we want for Christmas - an honest accounting of the fact that the goal is to leave just enough for all of us, to keep a workforce that can be replenished as each falls, and with enough free time on our hands to still procreate and continue the wage slave trade. Mad enough yet to fight back?

FAX MEN

To whomever figured out how to finally make fax machines not use that curly paper. Huzzah! Twenty years later...

JACK'S MEN

We are Jack's bitter taste buds, promised a life sweet, and substituted at the last minute some herb that has taken the savory sammich and turned it into a meal that would have been at home on the palate and plate of our great-grandparents and is probably a delicacy in some palatial palace where the palatino embroidery balances the pastoral beauty of gold-rimmed everything.

That's not to say we're unthankful for any meal, given that starvation is the gift-wrapped present of the season according to Amazon-dot-com. "No it wasn't," you say, you say that it was some gag toilet plunger with a poop emoji cup and flange, or a retro-video game system that sells childhoods back to those who can still afford to remember a childhood?

Our point exactly - as we have discarded scraps that would be a feast in other countries and our consumerism is funding the wars that starve children who wouldn't know a candy cane from a sky made of lemondrops - for the lack of food drops is appalling.

MAX MEN

Mad Max was Mad but not because he was crazy - no (and let us clarify we picture Tom Hardy in this tale and not the truly mad Mel Gibson who never met a Christmas story that he couldn't flay into a bloody mess) but because he was downright pissed at the system that had turned his world into an oil-starved, food-needy, tribal wasteland and hoarded that which we ourselves are quickly losing - water.

It makes one wonder, as the snow falls and the ice thickens, yet in other places melts and scorches the earth - if the pollution of the water isn't a grand corporatist plan simply to speed up the profitability of selling the water back to us. Sure seems like that's what Nestle has in store...and while it sounds too conspiracy-ish to be true, would we be willing to put it past them in an age when an acceptable side effect of depression medication is worse depression?

PAX MEN

Peace. That's all we're asking. A nice plate of peace, with a non-chemical-induced-non-flourescent-red cherry on top.

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

A War on Christmas? With there being wars in so many parts of the world, we can't decide if it



is a ruse to distract from actual wars, or if they seriously believe that there are people who have time to wage war on a holiday...

Well, we like war as it is profitable, but we like Christmas too - as it is also profitable.

In some way a War on Christmas would be the most profitable war ever conceived, right?

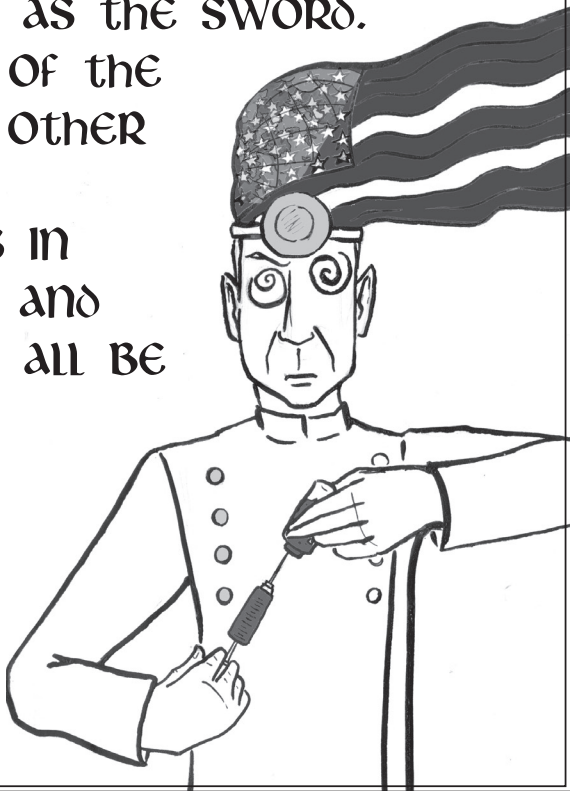


OUR SENATOR, PUDD'N HEAD FRED

the kabinet of DR. I. nation

WE WILL WIN THE WAR ON CHRISTMAS WITH THE PEN AS WELL AS THE SWORD.

GET RID OF THE TALK OF OTHER WINTER HOLIDAYS IN SCHOOL, AND WE WILL ALL BE SAYING, "HAVE A MERRY XMAS VACAY" AGAIN!



We're rather disappointed by the fact that we were in the news cycle at just the wrong time so that there were no Russian Hacker action figures as the hot toy this season. A bear to wrestle a Putin action figure perfect.

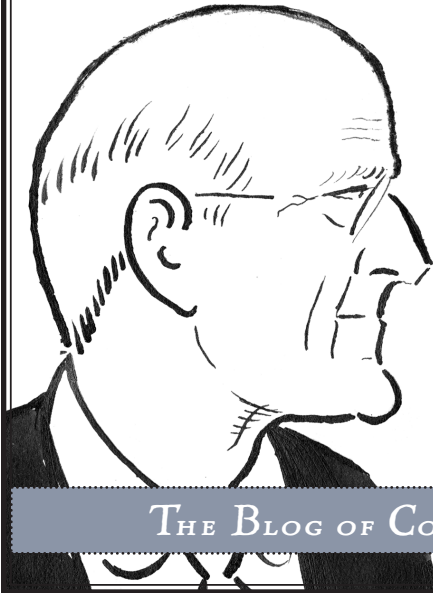


THE RUSSIAN HACKERS SPEAK

It was in 1886 that Martin Irons... defied capitalist tyranny, and from that hour he was doomed. And thus it has been all along the highway of the centuries, from Jesus Christ to Martin Irons...He was an agitator, and as such shared the common fate of all. Jesus Christ, Joan of Arc, Elijah

Lovejoy, John Brown, Albert Parsons and many others set the same example and paid the same penalty.

*Martin Irons, Martyr
December 9th, 1900*



THE BLOG OF CONVICT #9653

VOICES IN THE STREET



The War on Christmas began with the martyrdom on the cross. Without the War on Christmas, there is no Christmas. So give us war!



THE SHEETHEAD

ART'S STAND UP (& FIGHT BACK) ROUTINE

Mistletoe Missletoe Missing the Mark. Missletoe Mistletoe Makes a Spark. Mistletoe Missletoe Under One We Kiss. Using the Other We Hope You Miss. Mistletoe Mistletoe is a Parasite. Just Like the Wars the Missletoes Fight.







TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CAPITALISM

Twas the Night Before Capitalism, when all through the house
Every creature was stirring, not a hand on a mouse.
For the Black Friday deals had been emailed all week
And now it was time for good shoppers to peek.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While the glow from their iPads, messed with their heads.
And Mamma on her Chromebook, an iPhone in my lap
Just renewed our Prime Membership, why would we nap?

When out on the lawn, there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my desk, from binge watching Dark Matter.
Away to the window I flew like The Flash
It wasn't Green Arrow, but an Amazon drone crash!

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Showed our Samsung flat panel, shattered and blown.
When, what to my now-weeping eyes would appear
But a tricked out new sleigh, with voice control gear!

With a shiny red driver, so lively and spry
I knew in a moment it must be \$antAI.
More rapid than Trump Tweets®, instructions they came
He whistled and shouted, called them by Brand Name:

"Now Siri, now Echo, Alexa and Robin
Control the devices from Vespas to logins!
Turn all the lights on, make music so hot
'Cause I've a sleigh full of toys for parents and tots!"

And then just like that, he stood next to me
Flashed a red laminate that read Amazon Key™
And unsealing a box with a flick of a knife
Styrofoam peanuts flew o'er both me and my wife.

We gasped at the package that \$antAI had brought
Whoever had packed it, had given much thought.
"Work of the elves! They don't make toys any longer!
They all work in the warehouse, the pay scale is smaller!"

"I've cut my work force, nearly forty percent
Brought up my earnings, stock price heaven sent!
North Pole Holdings LLC, is a corporate success
It's all thanks to you, and your shopping excess!"

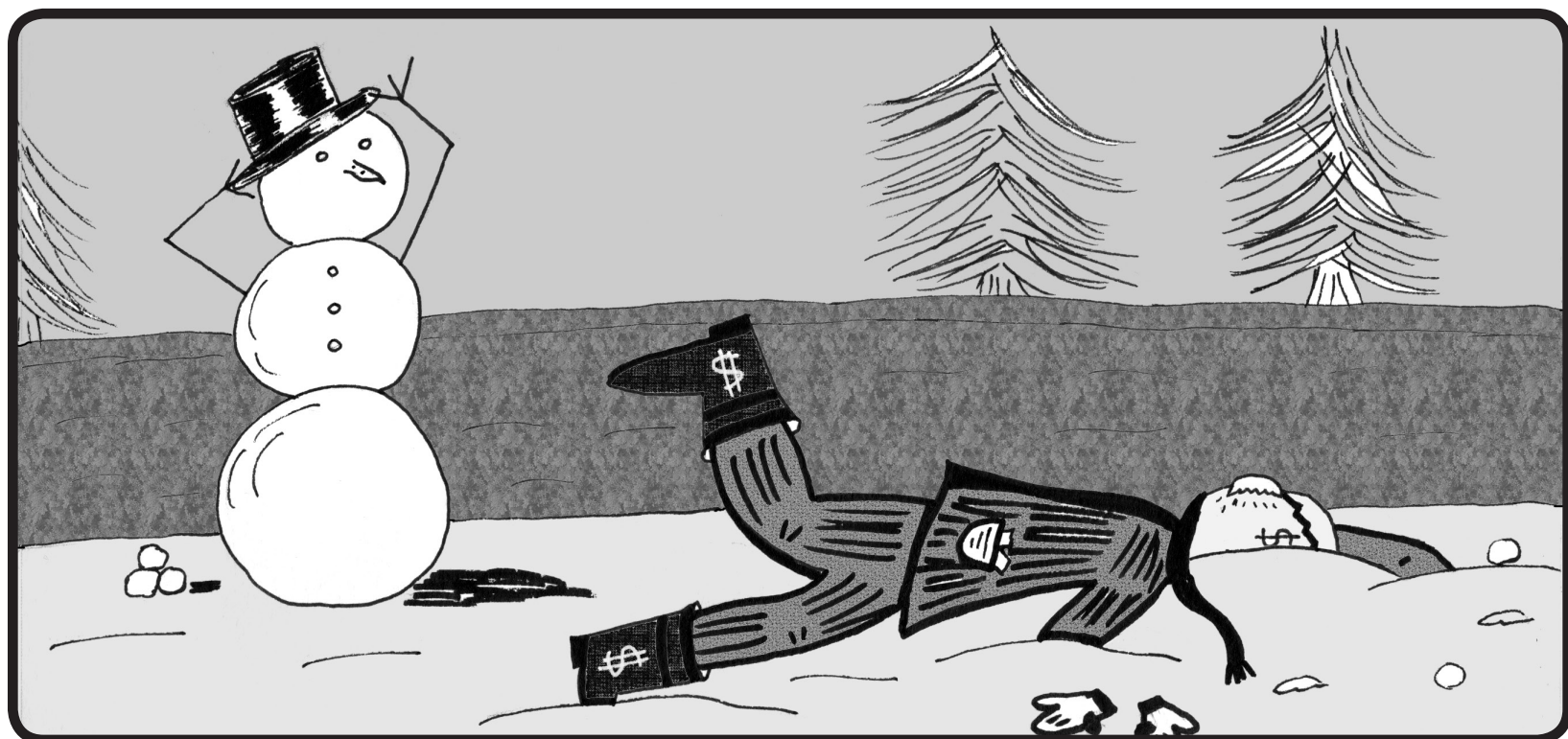
"They've no more insurance, or retirement savings!
They're no longer skilled labor. They don't like it? Exchange `em!
They'll work too few hours to earn overtime
That's what they get for trying to unionize!"

"But enough of the CEO corporate review
Let's get on with the presents and all I've brought you!"
And then just like that, he quickly unboxed
Such amazeballs we didn't care that we'd been doxxed.

He started old school, with the childhood retro
Teddy Ruxpin is back and Tickle Me Elmo.
My Little Pony, and new Star Wars toys
Oh how it paid to spend, girls and boys!

Next was the rare Nintendo Classic Edition
He had every last thing for which we'd been wishin'!
He also brought Hatchimals and Lego galore
Never in our lives had we seen such a score.

And as I wept again, he sprang to his sleigh
Quickly checked email, and Facebook reach for today
Then he exclaimed, as he faded from sight
"Shop Well on Black Friday, We Can Deliver Same Night™"



How Socialist Snowmen Acquire Their Top Hats

TWAS
THE NIGHT
BEFORE
CAPITALISM



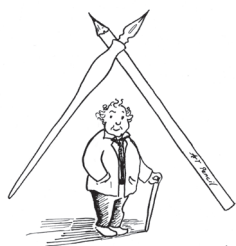
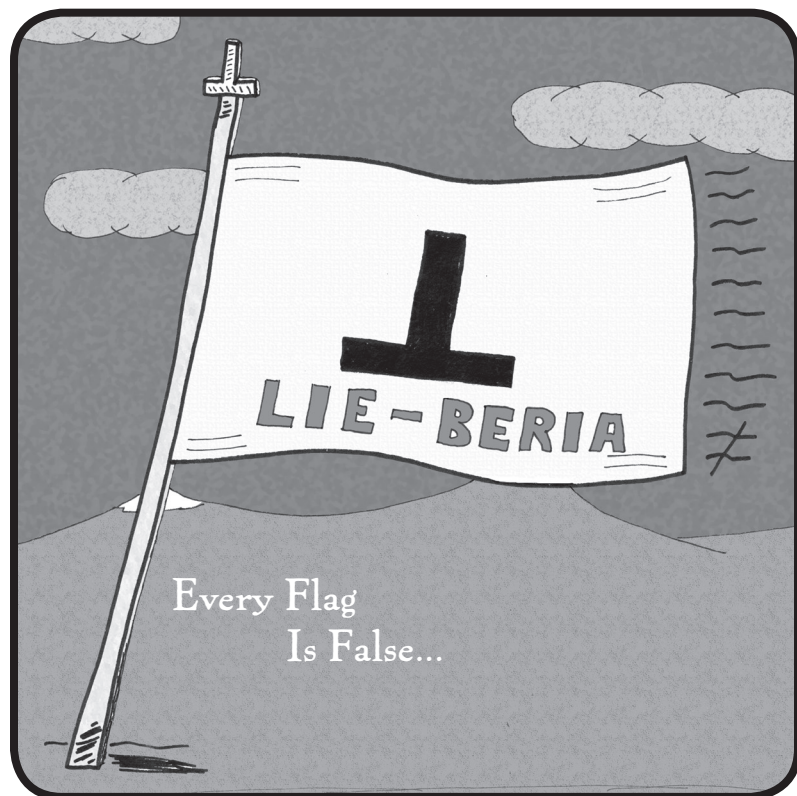
KEEP THE FIST IN PACIFIST

Yes, we are a part of the War on Christmas (though this is, admittedly part of a greater insurgency against all holidays - but that's for another time - this is the "Anti-fa la la la Number" not the "You Say You Want a Revolution With Fireworks Number"). This might go against our pacifist nature, but given that there's a fist in pacifist, we feel it ok to be a part, rather than apart, of a war on a holiday that has come to represent consumerism, and thus capitalism, better than any.

So yes, if we are to be on the front lines (there's that war lingo again, it is, sadly, colloquially, inescapable - like children and little plastic and green military figures created from the expansive and expensive extension of the oil industry) against capitalism, we must be in the trenches for the War on Christmas. One cannot have one, without the other.

OTHER FLAGS FLOWN

It isn't that we necessarily wanted to pick on Liberia. We could just have easily chosen the rather stately but floundering under the Establishment Democrats (E.D.) Conn-ecticut, or even the United King-dom, lorded over by a Queen, or maybe even Ital-lie. Modern countries are boundaries and chains, no matter the size.



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



Mr. Rabbit: I understand that some of you ladies have very few children. There's Mrs. Cow, for instance, who I am told only has one a year. Now that is all wrong. Last year at our home, Mrs. Rabbit and I had sixty-three children and we are proud of them.



The illustration to the left, is *Mr. Rabbit Addresses a Crowd* - published nearly one century ago in another January 1st edition of *Good Morning* on January 1st, 1920.

Art had a knack for the personification of animals. In fact in the very same issue of *Good Morning* from 1920 there's an exchange between a Mr. Giraffe and a Mr. Turtle (and isn't it fancy that if one flips or clicks to page sixteen of this issue, that very image appears). Yet, these whimsical drawings always had an undertow of social commentary.

It is very possible that both Mr. Rabbit as well as Mr. Giraffe and Mr. Turtle were originally published elsewhere, likely in *Life Magazine*. Art's illustrations always had a place in *Life*, thanks to Art's friendship with the founder and co-editor of the magazine, John Ames Mitchell.

Art speaks often of Mitchell in his first auto-biographical book, *On My Way*:

"The editor, John Ames Mitchell, was looking at some of my drawings that I had submitted to him.

He said: "Young, where did you get that archaic style of yours?"

I don't remember what reply I gave him, but I remember my chagrin because I didn't know what archaic meant. When I got home I looked in the dictionary and felt a bit displeased. Here I was, a man commonly thought to be "ahead of the procession" in ideas, who was for progress and change, and with little reverence for tradition, and yet my style was "archaic," reminiscent of the ancient past.

But as the years went by I began to care not at all whether my style was archaic or futuristic, whether it was like the early eighties or the crude cuttings of cave-men I couldn't do anything about it. I'd have to sink or swim with my own style."



First (And Last And Always)
Church of Christ, Socialist
Christmas (Rise Up The) Mass(es)
December 25th, 2017

Opening Invocation
"Not Me, Us"
Sanders 3:9

Liturgy of the Rise from Bondage
"Capitalist, You Are Not My Master"
Debs 7:1

"Where do we go from here?"
King 12:3
"From voting illegally to illegal voting."
Anthony 7:2

Homily Against Greed
"Oil Makes the Blood Boil"
Tarbell 9:13

From the Ministry of the Industrial Revolution
A Reading of Psalm 69
Jourgensen 92:7



Catechism
"From Catechism to Manifesto"
Marx 9:9

Raising of the Voices
Happy Xmas (War is Over)
Lenin 3:25

Liturgy of the Pacifist
A Light in the Darkness
Keller 18:31

Communism (Eating the Rich)
To Laugh That We May Not Weep
Young 5:3

Closing Invocation
"All the Sharks in the Sea"
P. Fish 3:2

Closing Song
Bella Ciao



In conjunction with #RevolutionGardens
who reminds us this holiday season
that to cultivate change, the action is,
"Hoe, Hoe, Hose"



THE TWELVE DAYS OF CAPITALISM

To understand, one must consider whether or not there can be Christmas, with consumerism, and would Christmas have survived for two thousand years, without capitalism.

A little frankincense, a little myrrh, a little gold - a few wise men investing in their future by gifting some hefty valuables to a baby born-into-political-power...and voila...it seems like the case is closed before the umbilical cord is even cut. But let's be fair about this, let's look deeper, and see if the hallmark of Hallmark really has moved the day beyond redemption.

Let's try from the other direction - through the spectacles of Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade - and that ultimate scene in which Indiana is the wise professor who realizes that the Holy Grail, would not be of gold and silver, of emerald and ruby, but a simple cup. In a time when greed is a soon-to-be-dying breed, the smaller the cup, the easier it is to have it runneth over. By runneth over they mean workers - seven billion replacements at hand.

And there is where the power and the glory have been well served on silver platters this and every holiday season - we workers of the world, who work long hours for simple pay, and then are asked to turn around and spend said money just to keep a roof over our head, or what little may be left on gifts...and so how might we ever get ahead? Not ahead of each other - that's a fallacy not worth fighting for, but ahead of the game - so that we might have a little free space, to help undo that which holds all of us down, together.

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

SO, LET'S JUST CALL IT...
 YESTERDAY'S GOOD MORNING
 IN THIS CASE, JANUARY 1ST, 1920



To You: Merry Christmas and
 Happy Days.

GOOD MORNING gets lots of spiritual comfort from far and near,
 but what we most need, with printing, paper and engraving bills
 staring at us, weekly, is cash.

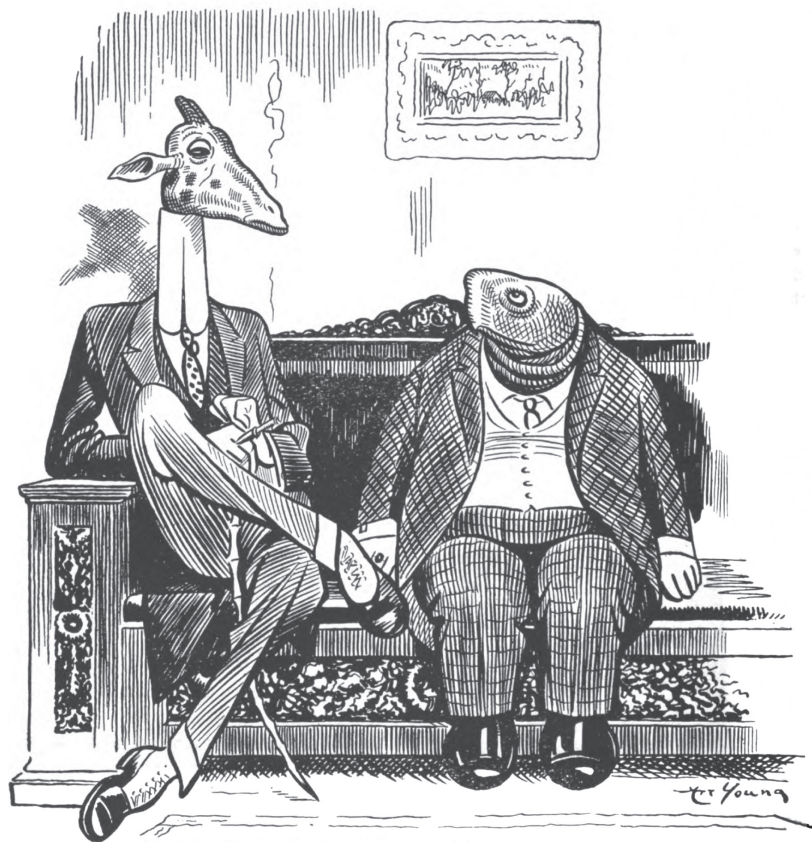
Good Morning has arrived at the threshold of 1920 and at this
 season of giving, doesn't mind telling its readers of its material needs. Of
 course we want more subscriptions, but we will be glad to receive slippers,
 neckties, a tub of drawing ink, hose (size 11), nuts, raisins and other things
 we usually present to ourselves. But we would carol one of those sweet
 peans of joy if someone would gladden this New Year with a large-sized
 check for

GOOD MORNING.

'LAY NOT UP TREASURES ON EARTH'

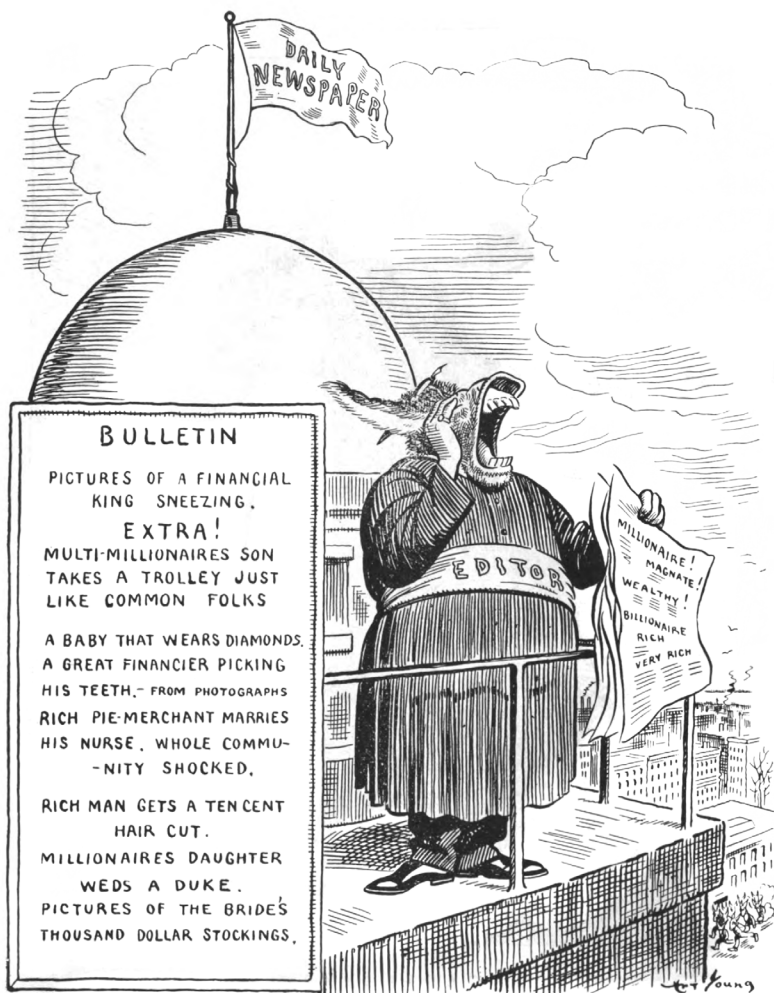


While God Wasn't Looking



That Point of View

Mr. Giraffe: When I look around me and see the misery there is in the world, I am appalled!
 Mr. Turtle: Say, when you see anything disagreeable, pull your head in!



The Religion of the Press

DONNA BRAZILE

(To the tune of Rocky Raccoon - with still no apologies to The Beatles)

Donna Brazile, worked for The Shill
To help her defeat all her rivals
Donna had come, with the Vict'ry Fund
For which she ought be put on trial

But one rival it seemed,
was dreaming big dreams
And stealing the voters a-plenty
His name was Bernard,
a Vermont Senator
But everyone knew him
as Bernie



He drew the YUGE crowds, it got pretty loud
In stadiums 'cross the country
But the DNC screamed you're making a scene
Do what we say, you must stand down

But Bernie was hot, we all thought he had a shot,
as her poll numbers sank to the bottom

D'da d'da d'da da da da
D'da d'da d'da da da da
D'da d'da d'da da d'da d'da d'da
Do do do do do do

Spin doctors came in, said she could win
But we all knew she wasn't able
We said, "You have met your match
Trump will win and that's that."
Sure enough we all watched it on cable

And now Donna Brazile, wrote with a quill
A tell-all which they'll say is libel
But no matter the tale, when the book is on sale
There's no chance for the DNC revival
Oh yeah, yeah

D'do d'do d'do do do do
D'do d'do d'do do do do
D'do d'do d'do do do d'do d'do d'do
Do do do do do do



The Joke Is On You, Small Business Saturday...

8 NIGHTS GOOD, 12 DAYS BETTER

We're frankly a bit surprised that capitalism hasn't truly instituted the Twelve Days of Christmas, given that the eight days of gifts of Hanukkah is leaving the paltry Christmas morning in the dust. What? Could they not get Santa to deliver 'round the world and back again for almost a fortnight? Were his overtime rates too high? Would the elves not negotiate a unionized contract that would multiply the output of toys or increase the number of workers? Would Santa not go for employing more elves, because... he's the man in the suit? Are the elves, elves, because they are malnourished from low starvation wages versus the fat cat North Pole capitalist that has given himself an honorific to make it seem as if he is benevolent - that of "Saint" Nick?

But c'mon, if you're really going to make capitalism shine, you need shopping that will both have an effect on the bottom line of the fourth quarter, and start off the new year with a veritable shot in the arm - think of all the extra post-New Year shopping to help get that stock price out of the frigid winter time blues? And further, why are we having to explain the economics to you - isn't this something that should have been thought of and implemented in think tanks and boardrooms everywhere? Cyber Monday is a pittance in comparison.

PARTRIDGE AND A PEAR TREE

So, we're confused as to how a "partridge in a pear tree" is one gift, for day one. Isn't the partridge, separate from the pear tree - making this two gifts? Do the maids a-milking come with the animals they are milking, or are they just the labor - being passed along from capitalist to capitalist, as some grand Christmas gift of servants from one house to another - for goodness knows we don't know anybody who could afford all those gifts...

THE OLD SANTA VERSUS SATAN GAG

There are quirks of language, such as: hear and here; to, two, and too; or there, their, and they're...but very few like the dual men in red. Which makes us wonder if really we should be referring to the latter as St. Lucifer, to balance out the St. Nick.

Astounding, no? The North Pole as a complete opposite to the fires of Hell (the most South of the South Poles one could argue - when we start thinking on an x, y, and z axis - but getting out of that dichotomy is an entire other issue...both of the magazine, and in general). Those who are naughty are punished makes one wonder if Santa, is the earthly spy for Satan - "Hey Lou, here're all the children that have been bad this year - you might want to keep a specific eye on Little Jack - he'll likely be yours down the line. Make certain you read my handwritten notes. Poker on Friday Night? Hahahahah that joke never gets old."

Though after all of that thinking, and writing, and typing, maybe just as much an oddity is that the reverse of God is Dog... which is why Goddess is so much wiser - for backwards, she is Sseddog, which as far as we can Google-search, has no meaning whatsoever. And anybody who can have a playground-mockery-resistant name, is certainly one to be worshipped...any time of year.

SEVEN DAYS TO REVOLUTION

One of the many reasons we find Kwanzaa to be a fitting celebration for a new and coming age, is that in its creation, it didn't seek to be a longer duration than the other holidays, and even places purpose in each of the days - the seven core principles.

Yet even more importantly, it speaks to this quote, by the holiday's creator, Maulana Karenga: "You must have a cultural revolution before the violent revolution. The cultural revolution gives identity, purpose and direction."

IN MEMORY OF MEESTER ORANGE - KEYBOARD CAT AT ART YOUNG'S GOOD MORNING

Our offices are very feline-centric. One of our publishing cats recently passed. We hope you'll allow us a personal page to remember him, where we laugh, but mostly weep. This is for Meester...

Meester "Meep" Orange, a.k.a The Meepster, our elder and alpha cat passed away on December 11th, 2017, after a long battle with old age, and the tragedy of one's mind and kindness and purr, outlasting the body.

Meester was born...well, we don't know. Likely somewhere around 1999 or 2000, giving him a generously wonderful long life of eighteen or nineteen years. But, as with so many of our pack, he came to us as a stray.

His name began more as an identifying moniker from the other outdoor residents of our condo complex in Texas - Meester Orange, One-Eye, Grey, Stripe-Tail and more. He had been, according to a neighbor, around for five or six years, when he first started wandering inside our place in 2005, to see what might be found on a dinner plate - after which he'd strut back outside again, on his adventuring ways.

Over time, these dinner visits became campouts. A snuggler at heart, sunlight would bring his yowling at the door to head outdoors, and evening, with a "tehkh tehkh tehkh" call from the stoop, his return. Some nights there were places to be, but often enough, indoors was home.

After a few months of this arrangement, it was discovered (details be spared) that one Meester Orange was in need of a vet visit and worm treatment. At this, it was made abundantly clear that he now had humans. This seemed to be a worthwhile agreement to all parties involved.

Often, this would lead to daytime adventures together.

One such moment that is forever remembered is a day when an unleashed and uncollared, not-too-big-or-too-small dog started growling at this Meester-owned-human. Truly, from out of nowhere, arrived from who-knows-where, a galloping Meester who stared down and stalked that dog until it ran off. Protecting his human.

Not long after, the ballad of Leona and Daniel was written - Leona, a pregnant stray mama cat needed an emergency c-section. A bedroom turned into an incubator, bottle feeding kittens, and so on. Meester became a quick-learning papa cat, bathing the eventually lone surviving kitten Daniel, cleaning her crusted eyes while Leona healed. A family of three felines was bonded, and was only the beginning...but that's other stories for hopefully other long-away-days.

From house to house he traveled, and there have been many rooftops under which we've paused, making each location feel at home, regardless of the circumstances or location. Waiting at the door, sitting directly to my right at feeding time - there was Meester. On the desk, on the keyboard, in demand of skritch - there was Meester. Perched on the scanner, asleep at my head - there was Meester. Meester meester, my best buddy in the world, you are missed upon the keyboard, no matter how many times I asked you to move. Going away forever was not what I meant.

We love you, elder cat. We miss you. More than these simple words express. More than the heart can handle right now. What I wouldn't give for one more opportunity to skritch your belly with the knowledge that you would, in your sabertoothed way, chomp down on my hand, with the greatest love bites of all. And of course, Mandarin misses those fierce ear chomps, too.

With Love from All of Us.



OLD WORLD HORROR
FOR THE NEW WORLD ORDER



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

This season, with a little help from *Art Young's Good Morning*,
remind your friends and family that Jesus...was a SOCIALIST!

REWARD

FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE APPREHENSION OF —



JESUS CHRIST

WANTED - FOR SEDITION, CRIMINAL ANARCHY-
VAGRANCY, AND CONSPIRING TO OVERTHROW THE
ESTABLISHED GOVERNMENT

DRESSES POORLY. SAID TO BE A CARPENTER BY TRADE, ILL-
NOURISHED, HAS VISIONARY IDEAS, ASSOCIATES WITH COMMON
WORKING PEOPLE THE UNEMPLOYED AND BUMS. ALIEN —
BELIEVED TO BE A JEW ALIAS: 'PRINCE OF PEACE, SON OF
MAN' - 'LIGHT OF THE WORLD' &c &c PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR
RED BEARD, MARKS ON HANDS AND FEET THE RESULT OF
INJURIES INFLICTED BY AN ANGRY MOB LED BY RESPECTABLE
CITIZENS AND LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

Art Young

SOMETHING ON WHICH
TO PIN OUR HOPES..

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

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WHAT NOW, BERNIE?
SAME THING WE DO
EVERY DAY BIRDIE, TRY
AND CHANGE THE WORLD...

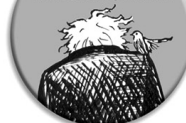
#FOREVERBERNIE
#STILLSANDERS

CHANGE
THE WORLD

Change the World...



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

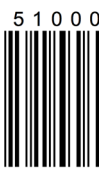


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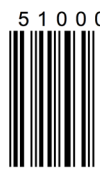
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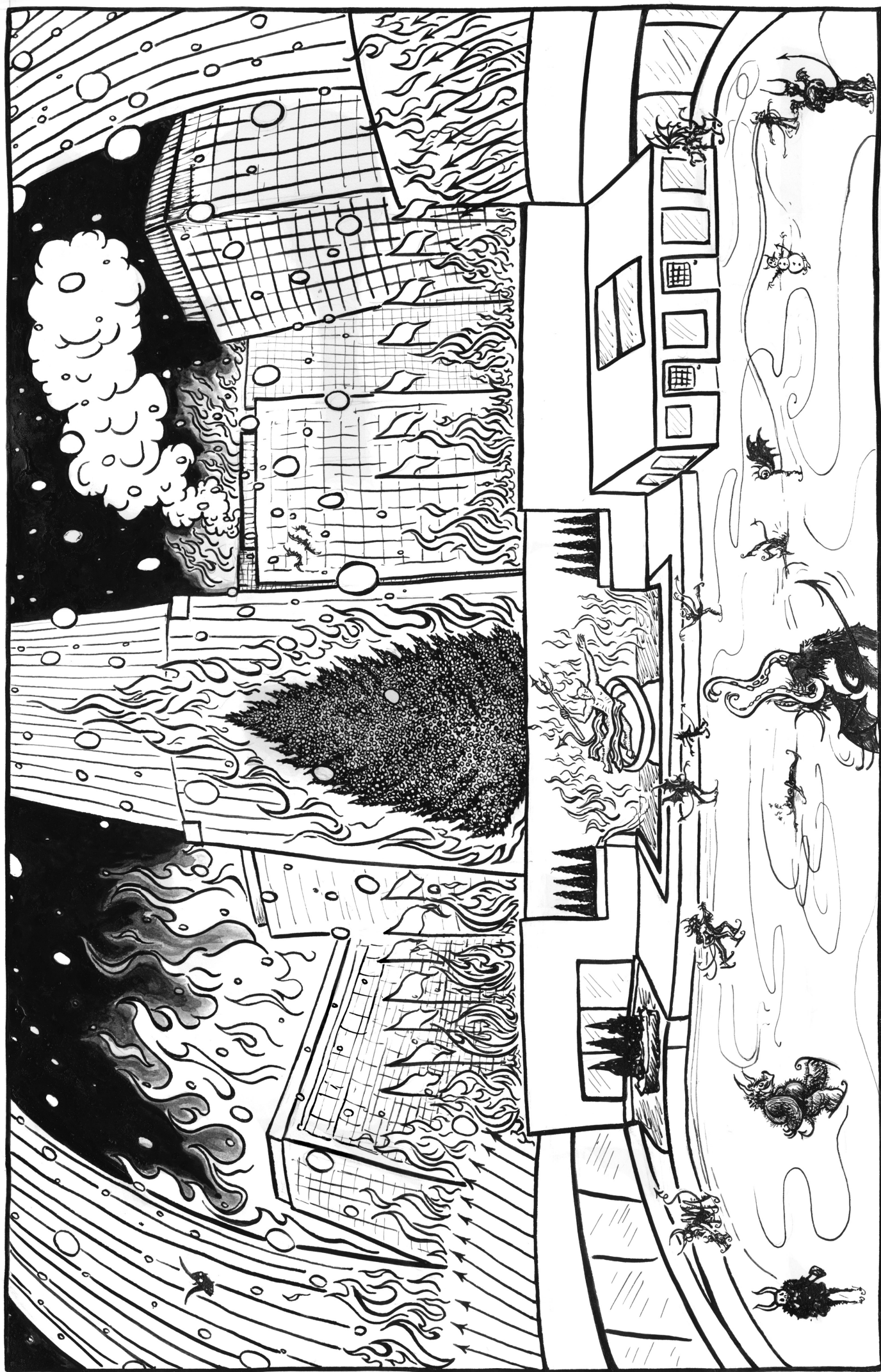
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