

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



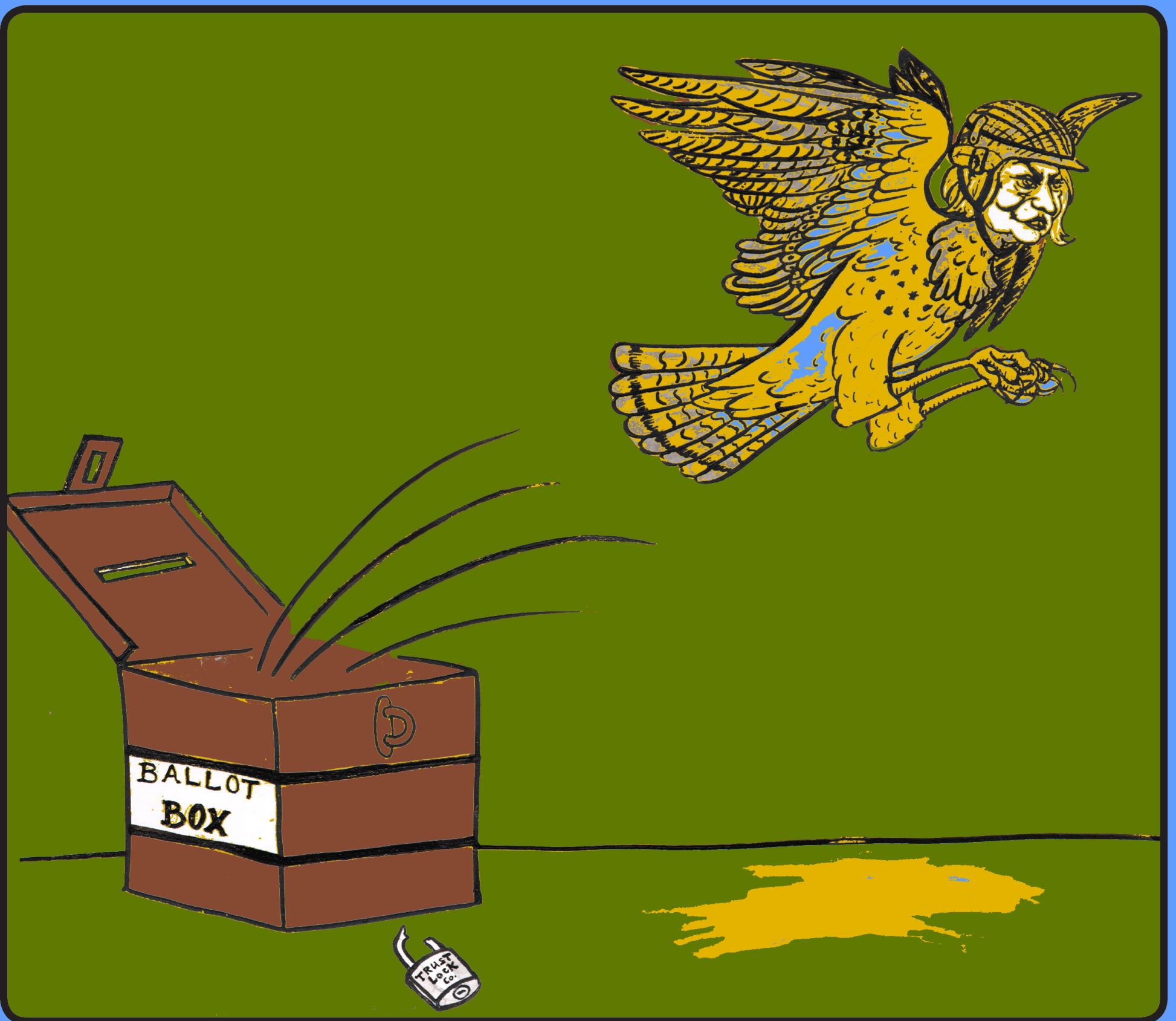
GOOD MORNING

the convention number

July 1st 2016

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 No. 5



Somebody Flew The Coup

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



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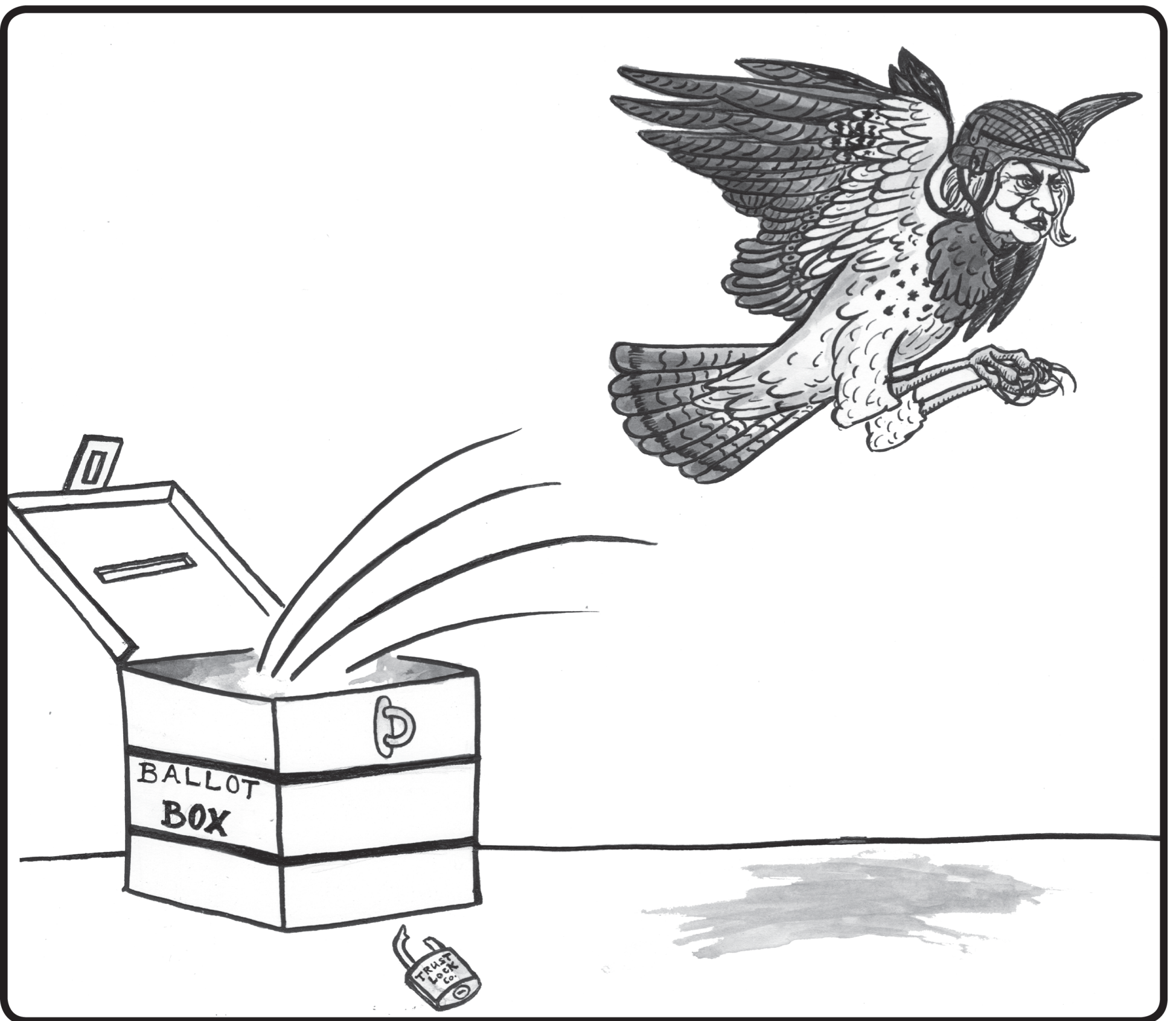
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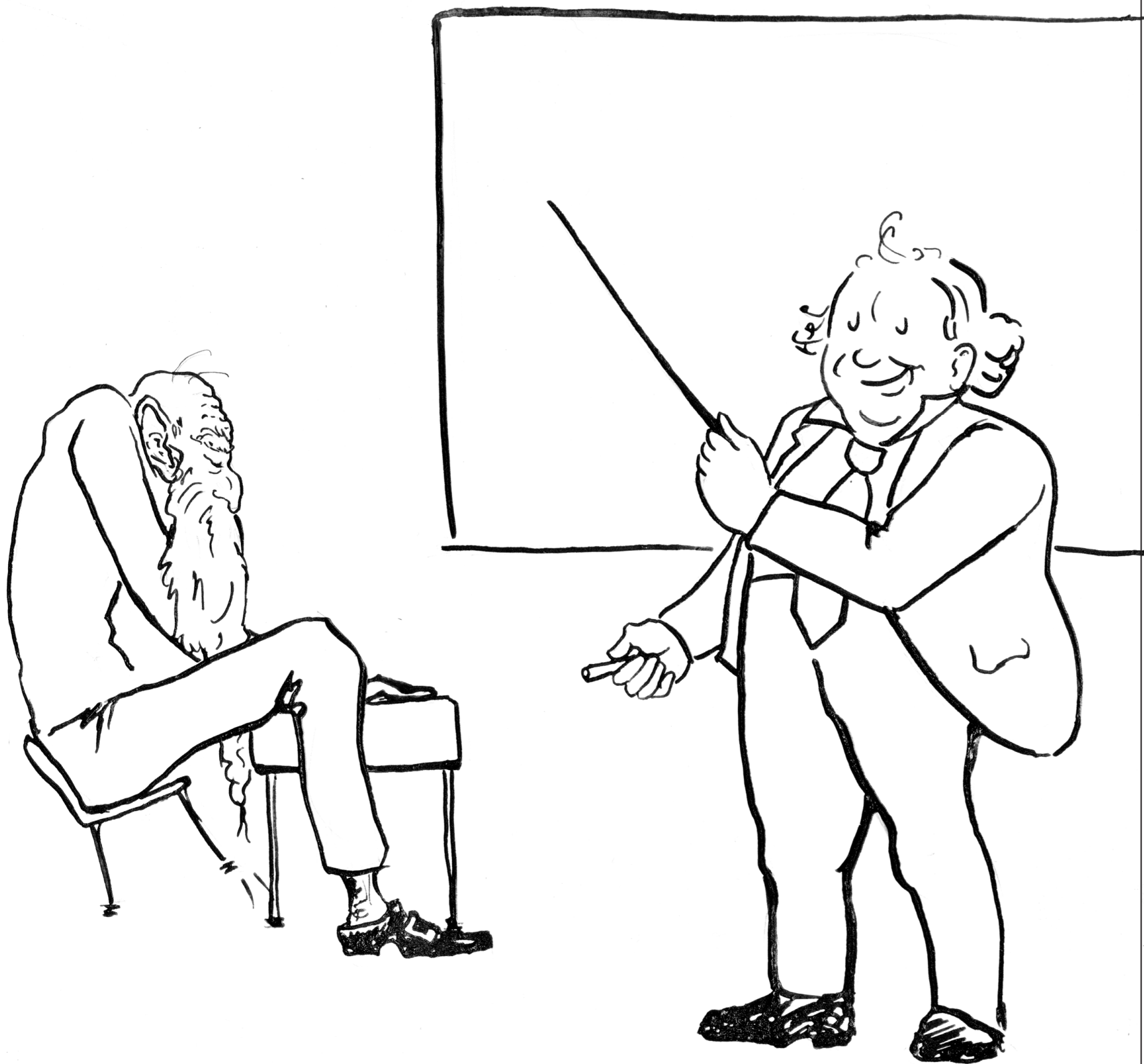
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Somebody Flew The Coup

A Little Bit of Remedial Satire

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CONVENTIONAL COOKING

Come the convergence of an unknown number of people outside the Democratic National Convention the end of July, one wonders whether or not there will be an accompanying feast.

Given the explosive nature of propane and camping stoves, it would be unlikely that a cookout might be co-ordinated.

One could consider having Food Not Bombs come in, but that might lead to an even greater justification for having all of the protestors arrested (given the numerous cities which have the penchant these days for arresting those who are feeding the hungry).

But then again, thinking further on the likeliest scenario to come to fruition (is that like a fruit salad flambé - fruit + ignition) maybe the best plan is to just bring all of our foods together, throw it all into a giant crock pot and show the world what happens when it is left to simmer just a bit too long.

CONVECTIONAL CONVENTION

Convection is the "concerted, collective movement of groups or aggregates of molecules within fluids" with the end result of producing and transferring heat.

Given the opportunity presenting itself, it will be interesting to see if the powers that be realize that this is the safest type of cooking available and to allow all who gather to eat in peace.

Because that's all we're really looking to do - be it outside the gates of a convention, or in our own homes - to eat in peace. Why then, does the Democratic Party, now-failed defender of the rights of the people, make it so difficult?

CONVENTION PREVENTION

As the old saying goes, a fence to keep some out of a fancy feast, can also be used to keep attendees in.

While it would be interesting to ask the hoi polloi to come sit side by side on a picnic blanket, it appears that any such interest in getting their loafers dirty, is lacking.

That being said - have you seen the shoes of the establishment? They've changed the little space on the tongue and now it holds million dollar bills instead of just a penny!

UNCONVENTIONAL INVENTION

Of course, this is a perfect opportunity for the raw diet folks to be out in full force - but might we suggest a better ending? How about the world's largest sun-baked cake in the shape of a giant Bernie face - hair and glasses and the whole to-do? How could the mainstream media avoid showing a three hundred foot wide cake?

ERGO, THE PRESSURE COOKER

Of course, the one food preparation method that should have been banned decades ago is the one that most of us know from our grandmother - that of the whistling, wheezing, rattling, rummaging, entirely frightening, metal cook-pot that is now known for being the deliverer of horrific catastrophe at a marathon.

However, given the amount of shenanigans and questionable conduct that has led to this point, it seems impossible to fathom that at the entire convention, ringed in the fading light of the future of this country, there would not, could not, should not be a whole host of people in whom the pressure has finally built just a bit...too...far... And while we do hope peaceful protest is all which occurs from July 24th through July 28th, we find it unlikely to be the result. The

only question which remains is - who is the agitator, and are they held to task...



SINBAD AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

When Sinbad finally found the strength to lift his head, albeit ever so slightly, from under the immense heft of the Old Man of the Sea, the world he viewed was rather different than what he remembered from that age ago, a no-longer-discernable number of years, since the last time he tried to peek.

"How did we end up here in this new time?" questioned Sinbad aloud, mostly to himself, but knowing he'd receive an answer from his charge.

"It does not matter," responded the Old Man of the Sea, "we still have our contract."

"We haven't had a contract since the first year we worked," said Sinbad, and then stumbling over the next word, "...together."

The Old Man of the Sea replied, as he had done so many times before, in a manner that spoke of recitation rather than belief. "When that first contract ran out, we failed to negotiate another. We tried. Well, maybe we tried. You did not seem so keen on finding an agreement under which we both could prosper as we saw fit. As the initial contract stated, and as rules go, you must continue under the previous binding clauses until new ones are enacted."

Sinbad, not needing to reply to this conversation that had occurred numerous times before, kept walking onward, waiting until another topic was broached.

"How long would you say we've been walking, time passing as it has, to bring us back to awareness right now?"

Stunned that the Old Man of the Sea would ask for his thoughts or opinion, Sinbad chose his words, not carefully, but pointedly. "Longer than I have agreed to walk," which sounded almost like a reminiscence, and partly an attempt at turning the tide. But tides from one man, against one of the sea, is never fair odds.

"There are far fewer trees now, whenever this is."

The Old Man of the Sea, not one for foliage, sighed that sigh he gave when he was about to give a lesson, unasked for and unwanted, as if Sinbad was just some child, staring at a chalkboard.

"This is why, you see, that you will forever carry me toward the places we are going. You look for the trees, and I see lumber. You look to the sky and see stars while I see airplanes. You look to the earth and see gardens where I see buildings."

Feeling his legs starting to quiver from the distance they had covered today, Sinbad stopped walking. He spotted a decent sized boulder, and placed the Old Man of the Sea down, so that he was sitting comfortably.

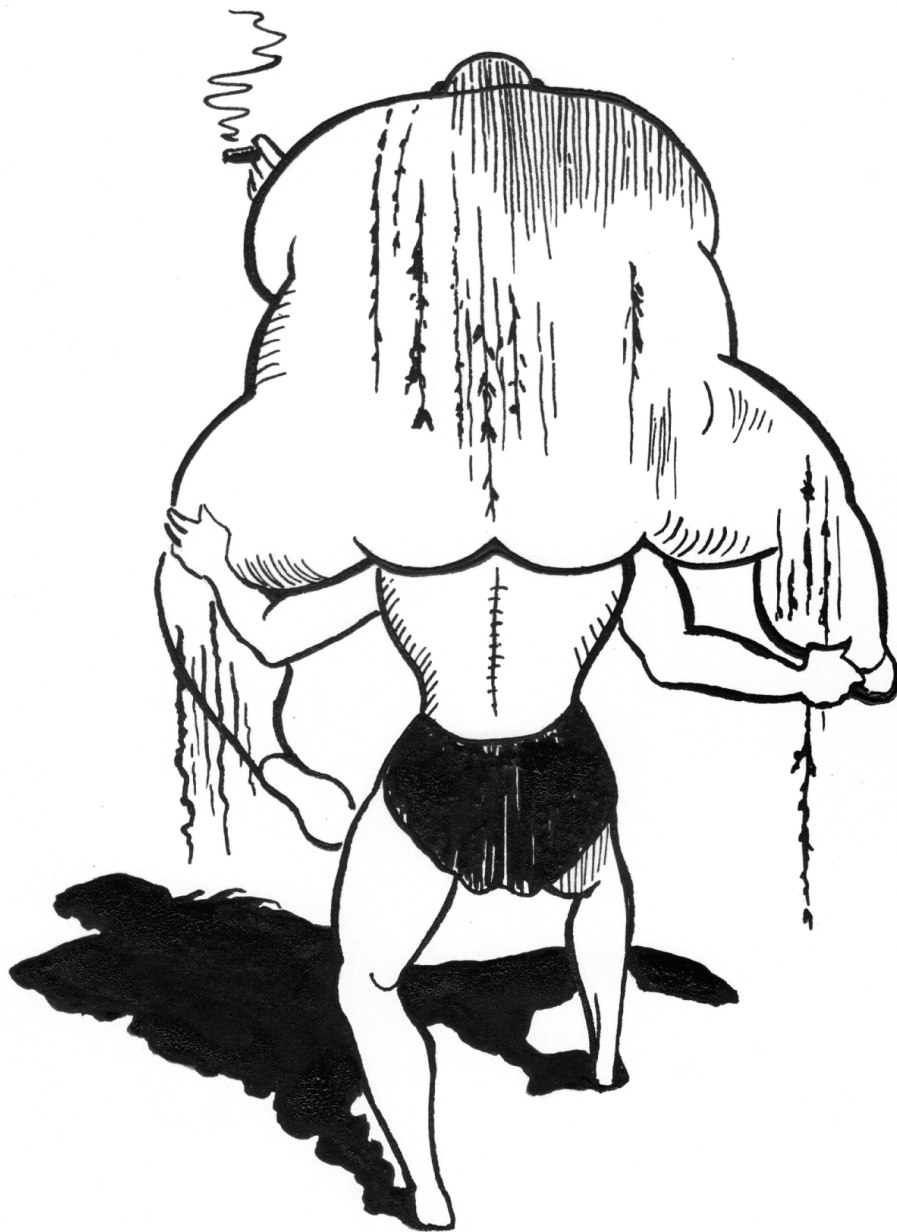
"Will you not run?"

Sinbad gazed off into the distance. There was something out there, certainly, but years of being trained to fear that there might be nothing else...had made him wary.

"All these years of work. All these years of gentle complaint. Each day you place me down ever so politely and yet... yet again once you have rested you lift me back to your shoulders and continue on. Do you even know why?"

"When are we?" questioned Sinbad. "How many years has it been?" Was there meaning in the number? Was there a riddle to be solved by adding the digits? Was there some way of gauging that if he had been able to endure this, for so many years, that anything could be endured? But isn't that exactly the problem - why is the striving for suffering so easily equated with the act of growth?

"I have counted, each day going up the sun and coming back the moon. But not like you, Sinbad. Not like you. To you these acts were poetry. To me, these acts were like the counting of coins. To be recorded. To be invested. To be saved."



But a number, a number was still not forthcoming. How could this be - the Old Man of the Sea was so fond of his tallies. So fond of that balance sheet, and that final column, in neatly ordered stacks, added together and calculated, as if all the life of the world depended upon the result.

"It has been nearly one hundred years. Nearly one hundred years in my employ. Seems impossible does it not?"

A century - a time frame for which there is even a term to denote its passage - one which holds some sort of magic. A magic that would mean celebrations and reminiscences of founders and forefathers...yet here they were. The same worker working for the same boss, on the same journey...

Sinbad thought of screaming over how this could be, what lies he was being told so as to once more weaken his resolve to leave.

"I am going to leave you now," said Sinbad to the Old Man of the Sea. "I am going to go my own way, without your burden upon my shoulders."

"What?" replied the Old Man of the Sea. "Without me, you have no work, no means."

"I must learn to do without your means," said Sinbad, as the sea winds began to drown out the conversation, as so often would happen on these walks.

"Yes, but where would you find meaning," countered the Old Man of the Sea, so that as always, they walked on, together.

*** "Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea" regularly appeared as a serial in *Good Morning* from 1919 - 1921. Originally written by Ellis O. Jones and illustrated by Art Young. This is their first new adventure in our pages ***

BACK TO THE GATES OF HILL

In 1892, our founder Art Young, released his first fully illustrated book, somewhat a great-grandfather to the present day graphic novel. This book, *Hell Up-To-Date* (or *Hades Up-To-Date* for the wealthier crowd. Seriously.), a modern take on *Danté's Inferno*, saw the reporter R. Palasco Drant traveling through the infernal regions, noticing all the updates that modern times and technologies could afford.

Come 1901, Art would revisit Hell, this time with the Rev. Hiprah Hunt as the narrator and travelogue. This resulted in *Through Hell With Hiprah Hunt*.

By 1933, Art needed a third trek, this time without the pen name (the first two were really he, just in disguise). For *Art Young's Inferno*, he found himself horrified – the capitalists had taken over Hell, Satan but a figurehead ruler, and just like on earth, money and greed ruled the day so as to dole out punishment – mostly to the poor (want a cool popsicle – you have to pay for it – otherwise you must suffer in thirst).

It appears time, given this ongoing trilogy (and taking a queue from one of our idols – *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*) there needs to be a fourth book added. The title is still in the works, but it would begin with the realization that Hell, and the capitalists therein, have now come back topside. The first chapter would safely be known as *The Gates of Hill*, with the scene taking place outside the unclimbable wall to be built in Philadelphia.

JERICHO, IS THAT YOU?

As the initial scene plays out (think of it as that pre-cursor which rolls before the credits), Donald Trumpet would arrive.

He, who has just been through his own Republican Convention the week before (and was swindled out of the nomination through some obscure Article 145, Verse 19, subsection [c], footnote 14.3, addendum [2016:1.5.14:2.6.9]), parts the crowd not by raising his hands, but by the brownshirt security force that he has brought with him, and walks up to the gate.

Once there, without podium or teleprompter, he announces his third-party candidacy, and insists that if the gate is not opened to let the voices of the progressives be heard, that we all ought vote for him – as he, too, is an anti-establishment candidate.

As the whisper goes through the crowd, and the long, prolonged, windy speech continues, the results of the bean dinner (presently rumored via social media, to be held prior to Hillary's speech), begins to grumble through bellies everywhere.

And there, upon pavement and parking lot where the final battles of the United States of America will be held (the zombie apocalypse but a game of tag in comparison to the potential incitement-due-to-no-indictment), a slow rumble begins from the back, the ground begins to shake, the pavement frack-tures not from the drilling for natural gas, but from the most natural gas of them all – and the Trump-ets do blow, the walls come down, and the castle, is stormed, once and for all.



The Repro Man



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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July 1st 2016

Do you ever reach that moment when you're at a loss for words and you stare at a blank page and wonder, "What are we going to write for the editorial?" Us neither, because goodness knows there are a lot of issues with the world that ought be covered.

And maybe that's something that has been forgotten in the distrust, diphtheria, and diarrhea that has begun to blot this campaign - personalities taking precedence over the public concern.

Until the last couple of days when there has been rumbling about Bernie Sanders introducing a bill to end the practice of the privatization of prisons, the need to do so has been relegated to a footnote - in debates it was barely mentioned. Bernie alluded to it in his stump speech, and his "jobs and education, not jails and incarceration" is a mantra that should be taken up by everybody. Let's step back - and explain one of (and there are many) the reasons we can not and will never support a Clinton. Even if we take at face value her claims of wanting to end private prisons, it is laughable (especially since she has made more mention of it in *tweets* than in speeches or debates), given that she gets money from lobbyists for this particular industry. Can we believe this to be true? Hardly.

From financial filings, we find that Richard Sullivan of Capitol Counsel provided Clinton's campaign with nearly seventy thousand dollars in the fourth quarter alone of last year. Sullivan's company is a registered lobbying organization for BI Inc. - which if you follow the trail is a part of GEO Group.

Further, she has made no mention at all, that it was Hillary's lobbying in the 1990s, along with Bill, that led to the signing of the Omnibus Crime Bill of 1994, which opened the dams of legal justification for the flooding of inmates (especially minorities) behind bars.

Responsibility. It is not one of the latin words in the Clinton family crest.

If you look to the next page in this issue, you'll see our newest expression of outrage at the trading of people, like stocks.

A previous cartoon (published in these pages in March of 2016) went something like this:

- Step 1) Privatize prisons...
- Step 2) List prison companies on the stock exchange (cxw, geo, hrc, etc)...
- Step 3) Find judges to invest and buy shares in said companies
- Step 4) Have same judges send people to jail for minor infractions when a fine or probation used to suffice
- Step 5) Profit.

For that's what it is - using people as a revenue generator, by locking them up. It is a worse crime than the machines in The Matrix who lock up everybody - for here we are, humans imprisoning humans, for the benefit of the greedy.

Can you imagine - being arrested for a crime you know you didn't commit, and knowing that your innocence or guilt might be decided by the stock market?

Too much of a stretch you say - hardly...

In Pennsylvania, two now-former judges, Mark Ciavarella and Michael Conahan, were found guilty of receiving money from the owner of two private, for profit, youth detention centers. One fifteen year old was sent to a wilderness camp for a comment made about an assistant principal on social media. Another received five months of boot camp for stealing from a major chain retailer. The list, goes on and on. The detention center is still in business.

Yes, our slogan is "To Laugh That We May Not Weep" but sometimes there's little to laugh about, other than uncomfortably. Maybe in this case, there isn't even that stifled chuckle that makes one sit on their hands and look back and forth (like hipsters) to see if it is ok to laugh.

Too soon? Too soon to laugh about the ridiculous incarceration rate in this country that puts us with the highest number of prisoners...in the world? Too soon to talk about why there are countries under iron-fisted rulers who have less prisoners than the United States (That's because they just kill them ha hah ha, right?)? Too soon to find that there's no humor in a decades old process that purposefully, not accidentally, has targeted those who have less financial means to be found "not guilty".

The price of freedom should never be the equivalent of an Armani suit and a Rolex watch and Bruno Magli shoes and a Dead Cow briefcase to hold the briefest of briefs when the verdict is decided not by the skill of the debater but by the finances of the jailer. The mood of the judge. Or even the truth of the situation, much less the need to fill a quota or contract with the local incarceration entrepreneur. This is but one change, long shorted and overdue, to the people of this country.



Thomas &
Gerald...

...still at it

A FORTUNATE SUN

It feels like so many of the major primaries happen during the frigid months. Sending canvassers out into the snow and frost, knocking on doors bringing results such as "You're letting the heat out", "The door is frozen shut", and the jackpot of "Can I offer you some coffee." Ergo, Bernie Badges such as "Canvassed in Blizzard".

One ought figure that maybe the southern states going first is simply a meteorological concern. If only there were such considerate considerations made. How is it again that we prevail upon others to prevent cruel and unusual punishment yet can't be bothered to protect the rights to a fair and open election?

Then it turns around and the conventions are held in the heat. If one million protestors were to turn up, would that be four million water bottles by the end of the week? Ten million? Or would all of the environmentalism win out, only reusable containers on hand, metal and bounceable, with a lightweight spiral pattern not too unlike throwing a football a good fifty yards downfield and into the waiting hands of a receiver. Hey officer, want to play catch?

By the end of the pavement proselytizing, one might actually be begging for the security detail to turn those high blast water cannons upon us for a free refill (is it as illegal as having rainbuckets at our homes?), before we're launched thirty feet backwards into the streets. Who knew that protest could be so refreshing, even without a buffet?

A FORTUNE IN SIN

We would like to see research done (although not do it ourselves - yes, sloth, you called it true) on which of the seven deadly sins, is not the most deadly, but the most economically viable in this age.

Yes yes yes, of course "greed" would seem to be the obvious answer here - an industry unto itself as the corporations sit around in their machinations and invent and divest into new methods to tax and siphon every last cent from our meager paychecks.

Yet, isn't "pride" right up there - the need for beauty products, plastic rubbery modification surgery?

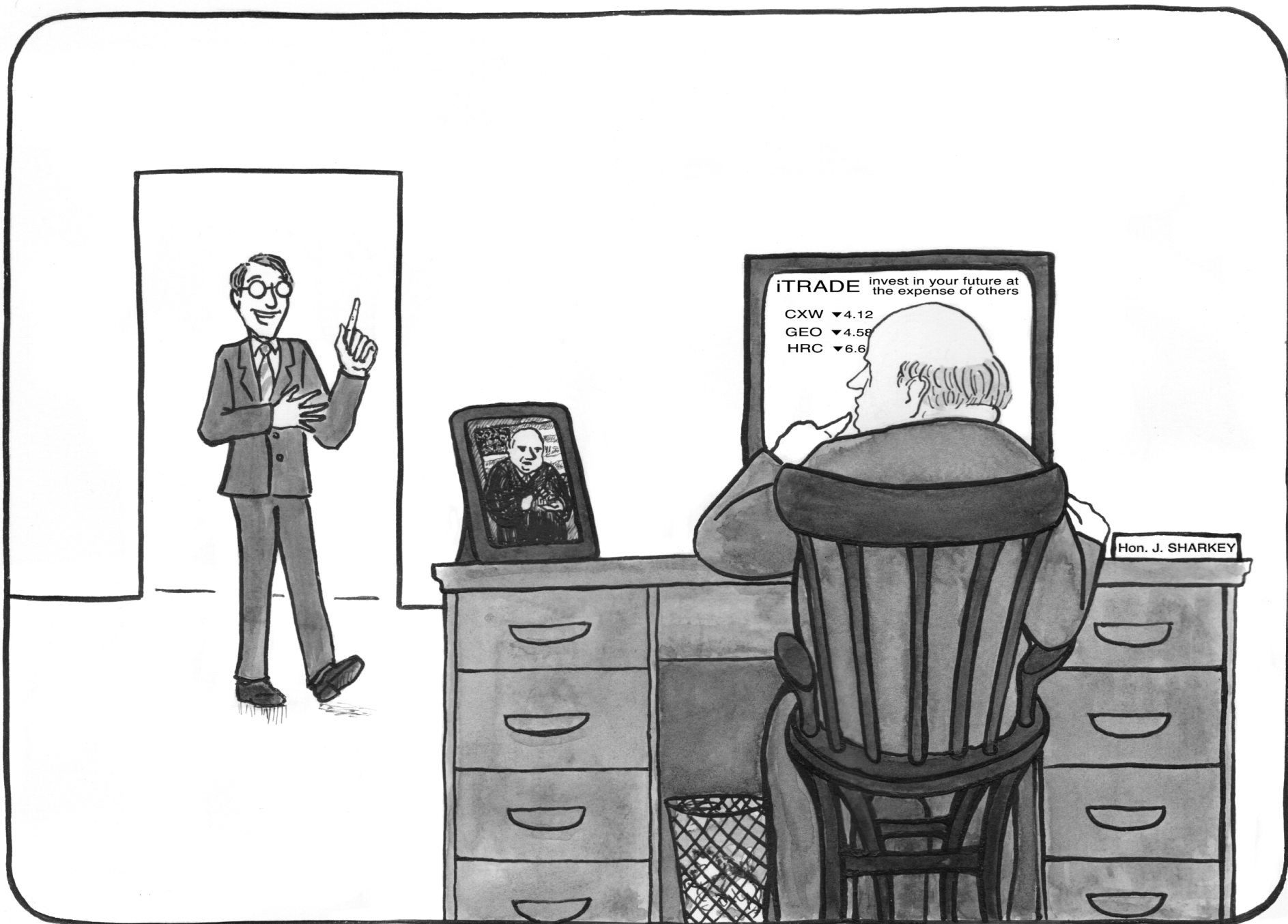
Could it be "sloth" - that which allows the marketing mantra of "selling the fear" to get lazybones up off the couch and into a whole industry of products meant to make getting rich, quick?

Maybe it is simply "lust" - for nothing sells like sex, yes?

Or "envy" which makes us keep up with the Jones-es, Gates-es and Buffets?

There's certainly nothing like "gluttony" to sell more more more! How Kerouac's "go go go" has been usurped...

But given the tens of millions of dollars made by former Secretary of State Clinton, by espousing "wrath" and the sales of armaments to foreign countries, we have to believe that sex has lost the mantle to war. Who knew that investment could be so repressing even with a cliché?



Clerk: "Did you see that CXW is down 12%?"

Judge: "Well, I guess a whole bunch of people are going to prison today."

At the Democrats' luncheon for gun control...



Rep. Esty: I'll have the pepper steak please.



Rep. Esty: Steak! Steak!

It Isn't Truly a Protest Until So



I said steak, not spray!



Bystander: That's why Hillary uses her own server!

Somebody Gets Sprayed in the Face

FLAVORED BY THE WEEK

We're thinking of releasing some sort of promotional commemorative something or another in honor of the upcoming convention - something we can carry many of in a satchel as we run from the tear gas, but has both a memorable and functional bent. We figure issues of the magazine, even tracts, are weighty in large quantities and don't have much purpose other than reading material while chained to one hundred other protestors while waiting to be processed.

True, it would be rather capitalistic, but wouldn't one want a souvenir Poor Fish bandana that can be used to staunch the bleeding from a shrapnel wound?

How about Poor Fish bandages, ready to help cover any bug bites that might occur from spies in the crowd?

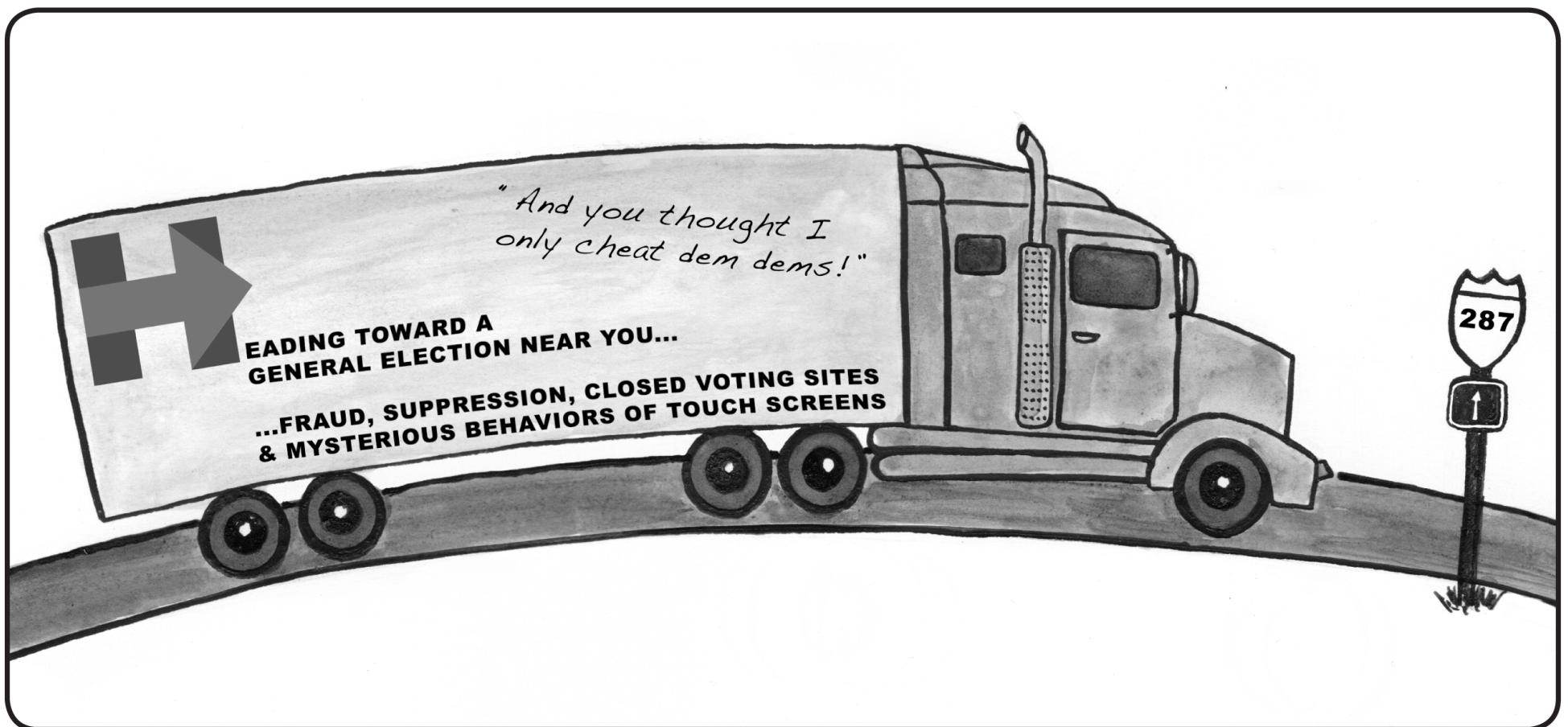
Maybe Poor Fish branded "Capitalist Disguises" based on the old glasses and nose jokester, but with a fold out top hat and a monocle and enough fake money to make it seem as if one is just out watching the round up of the activists for sport (not unlike a hound on foxes).

Or better yet, we could settle on high-end Poor Fish seltzer, in numerous flavors - although to be environmentally conscious we'd have to work in the old-style spray bottles, somewhat resigned to yesteryear other than for clowns and grandparents. (But as an aside do you know that their real moniker is that of "Soda Syphon" - there's a band name for ya!). Because hey, can one really be arrested for spritzing an officer on a warm summer's day when he or she must truly be suffering and sweltering underneath that militarized swat gear that turns ordinary citizens into just-this-side-of-Robocop while promoting a fearsome and foolproof attitude that those with the batons are the ones truly in control of the situation.

Maybe then the best sales opportunity would be string and twigs, which can be fastened like a marionette to the security detail, in the hopes that they'll finally realize that they are but puppets in a class war they needn't be a part of, in which they are defending the wrong side.



We've Been Phonebanking So Much,
We Even Call Voters in Our Dreams...
But at Least We Nailed
the Pronunciation of the Name...



The Big Rig

TRI-SICKLE, TRYCYCLE

The potentiality of a third-party, roaring onto the scene during this election season, has us quite excited. To finally do away with the lame-worm duality of having either a Republican or Democrat be the inevitable President, with the inevitable bi-partisan bickering and shenanigans, might be the most long-standing effect of the campaign of Senator Sanders.

Given that we have hundreds of flavors of soda, one would like to believe, we are finally grown and evolved to where we can have more than two nationally known candidates. While we might not yet be many of the European countries who are able to have a parliament full of numerous parties owning seats, there must be a time coming when our politicians can work toward senatorial coalitions as handily as they do for those that fight wars.



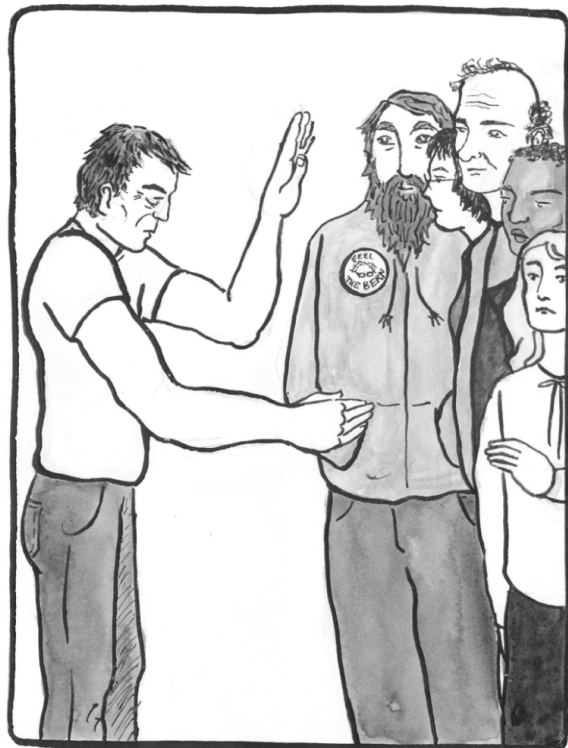
I am angry.
I feel maginalized.
Of course I want an easy excuse.



We all do, even though we take pride in working hard. Blame is always easiest.



Then I realized, that I was being played. Being turned into a soldier not to defend country...



...but to pad the bank accounts of politicians, all of them, no matter the "side" they take.



If you'll forgive me, I would like to Feel the Bern too.



...

QUADCOPTER QUADRICEP

Not unlike flexing a leg muscle that four-fifths of the population doesn't have or can identify if they have one (maybe if they had one that was noticeable they'd learn the name), the need to stand strong and hold the line for Bernie's campaign, might be the most important task we ever undertake in our lifetime.

If he can stand up there, day in and day out, and now, once the mainstream media believes it is all over, convince them to give him all the air time he couldn't get before, then what is it to us to keep the stickers on the bumper, and keep our social media feeds full of truth, policy, and dreams of a better day?

Let us call it four of a kind to defeat the full house of queens over kings that Hillary and Trump are trying to sell us as the Emmy-winning reality television series for the year twenty sixteen.

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



"It is odd that the United States Government doesn't pay any mind to the fact that the citizens of Puerto Rico voted to become a state..."

...think of all the money there is to be made from having to sell new, fifty-one star flags, to all of the citizens..."

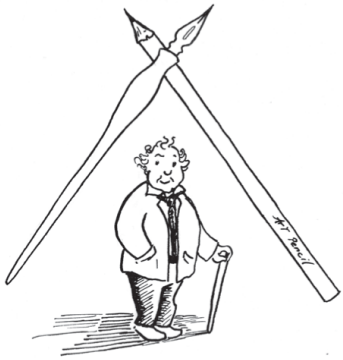
THE PUDD'N HEADS (THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING AND WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

"Peace?"

"PEACE???"

"You people want peace?"

"Peace would destroy the U.S. economy!"



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



"To my surprise requests for drawings arrived from respectable magazines which had not looked in my direction before. When I heard from Tom Masson, then associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, that his chief, George Horace Lorimer, wanted me to contribute to that conservative world-popular weekly, I said: "Honest, Tom, you don't mean it!" He assured me that Lorimer did want some Art Young cartoons.

I knew, of course, that my kind of propaganda would not appeal to the makers of this magazine with its editorial devotion to Big Business and Big Profits. But I thought of something else which might find favor there. For a long time I had contemplated a series of pictures to be called *Trees at Night*. Often I had made sketches toward this end, after walks under the stars on the roads near my place in Connecticut. The first sheaf of these pictures - eleven of them, as I remember it - were sent for Lorimer's approval, and I got a prompt acceptance. After a few were published, I was asked to draw additional ones. For more than a year the series ran, usually every other week.

My conception of trees showed them as fantastic, grotesque, humanized, or animalized, with trunks, limbs, and foliage tossed in gayety or inert and solemn against the night sky. They were not propaganda as that term is generally understood, but I have heard people who liked them say they read sermons in them all. For this series I received \$75 each. I have a large scrap-book filled with complimentary letters, poems, and tree-ideas evoked by these drawings..."

- Art Young: *His Life and Times* (Page 384)

"The Midnight Joy Rider Disturbs the Old Forest" ---->



FAVORED BY THE MEEK

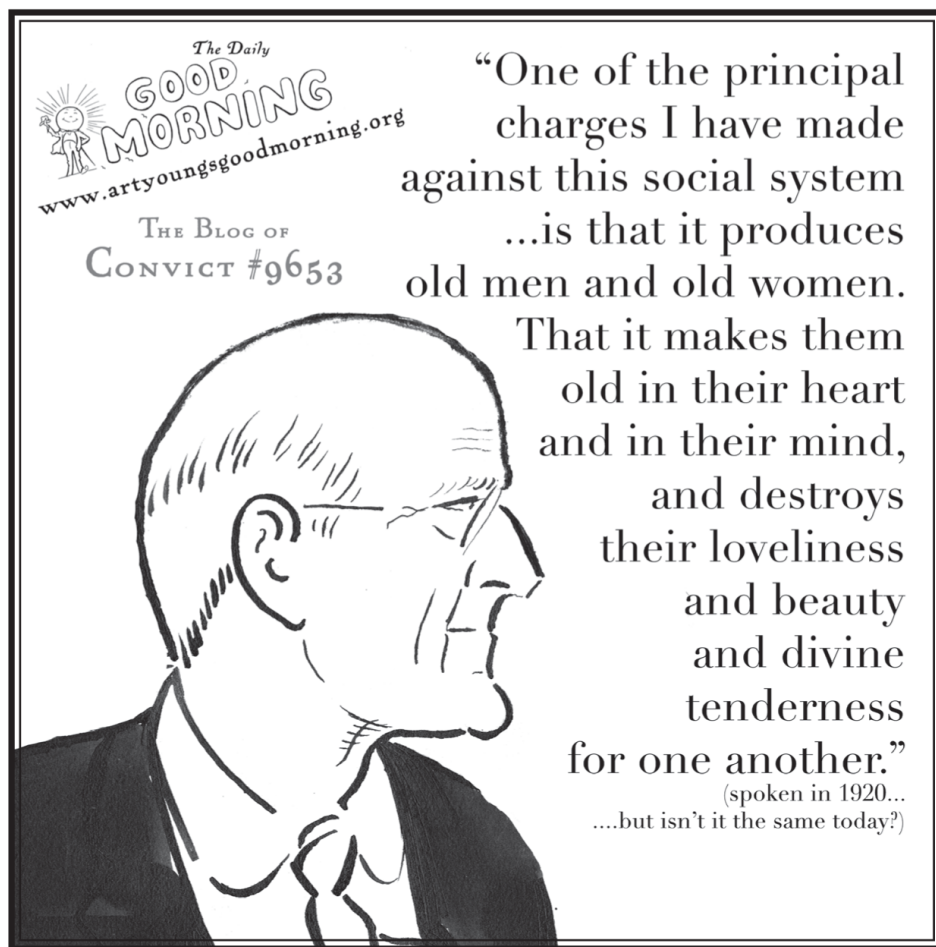
Often injured (financially more than physically, and certainly rather spiritually as he watched the deceit and decrepit Democratic National Committee leave no stone quarry without bodies in their wake), Silas Berner wandered into Philadelphia with only his clothes and a lantern to guide his way.

He had heard of something happening, some gathering by the docks, or the parks...it was unclear - the people on the television spoke in circles as if somebody was cutting the sound on every other sentence, as if some part of the story was missing. So, having nothing else to do, with little work to be found for a weaver (once threatened by automation, he was now the result of once-domestic companies, packing up entire factories and taking them overseas), he began to walk. Oh, if only he had learned Dreamweaver!

What was unknown to all that he met, was that this was where he grew up as a boy - a town in which he knew every nook and crannie, now replaced with convention centers rather than factories. Work for laborers dried up here, and there was little to be done for bettering a life given the pay that was offered for being a food vendor for sporting events or musical shows.

It was odd, he pondered to himself, how the factories had fences to keep the workers in, while the new structures had fences to keep people out. Not unlike a medieval castle, he considered. A maze of highways and interstates, rushing in all directions, pulling the people every which way but centralized, together, communal.

But there, surprise to his eyes, were thousands, tens of thousands, more people than he had ever seen gathered, chanting some song that seemed familiar to his heart, and already on the tip of his tongue. He sang with them. He marched with them. He screamed



with them. He rallied with them, until in a moment, his eyes went dark.

But he had completed his task - his tragic story woven into the fabric of history - for he knew that what would happen next, was not only a next chapter, but somewhere early in the book, and a tale that could even have many volumes to tell...and certainly was not the eppie-logue that the newspapers once tried to sell.



Bernie's Yearning - Democracy's Last (Ice Cream) Stand...



Volume 6.05 – July 1st 2016

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

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
MRS & MR GARBANZO

Published by seraphemera books in Bethel Conn.

www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org

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Why is my race your foe needling you to lord over me,
saving me from my own savagery?

Why is my skin color a phobia gnawing at your innards,
making door locks snap as I approach?

Why is my punishment swift revealing deep seated prejudices,
exposing unrecognized biases?

Why is my street flashing "blue"
when verdicts and fines from the 2008 meltdown are reversed?

Why is my excessive "heat" normal
when straight powder has a lighter sentence than crack?

Why is my wanting to explode unexpected
when a child or brother of mine is killed?

Why is my disinterest in school surprising
when suspension leads to a Juvenile Delinquency record?

Why is my broken home shocking
when a JD record forces Family Services to see if mom is at home or
work?

Why can't you see how I feel when redlining my community
continues as Hudson City Bancorp pays \$33M to make redlining
allegations go away?

Why can't you see how I feel about
democrats wanting a piece of Dr. King
when they created a welfare system
making fathers abandon their children?

Why can't you see how I feel about republicans
when they just want another mockery of the Civil Rights Act?

Why can't you see how my heroes are athletes and entertainers,
not your pandering leaders?

Why can't you see how I feel when the NBA, reacting to LeBron
going pro out of high school, forces players to wait till 19, while
PGA, AHL and MLB do not?

Why can't you see how your rise from poverty
didn't require you to deal with what I do?

Why can't you see how your decades of
pensions and home appreciation were denied me?

Why can't you see how your decades
of opportunities were never mine?

Why can't you see how I feel
when you just see me as another deadbeat or dealer?

Why can't you see how my constant smile and nod
responds to your hurtful put downs?

Why can't you see how I just want
you to be truthful?

Why can't you see the difference
is the difference within you?

Why can't you see your problem
doesn't emanate from me?

Why can't you see I'll respect you
when you respect me?

No point our talking
if you won't hear me.

Color Blind (For Real?)

BY QUINCY HULL A/K/A "Q"

& MARC LIVANOS A/K/A PANHANDLE POET

Submissions for *Garbanzo Literary Journal/Art Young's Good Morning* are open throughout the year.
Each issue of *Good Morning*, will contain one to four writings as a part of *Garbanzo*. At present,
the publication schedule is every two months.

Submissions can be emailed to storyteller@garbanzoliteraryjournal.org
or mailed to Seraphemera Books & Music 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel, CT 06801

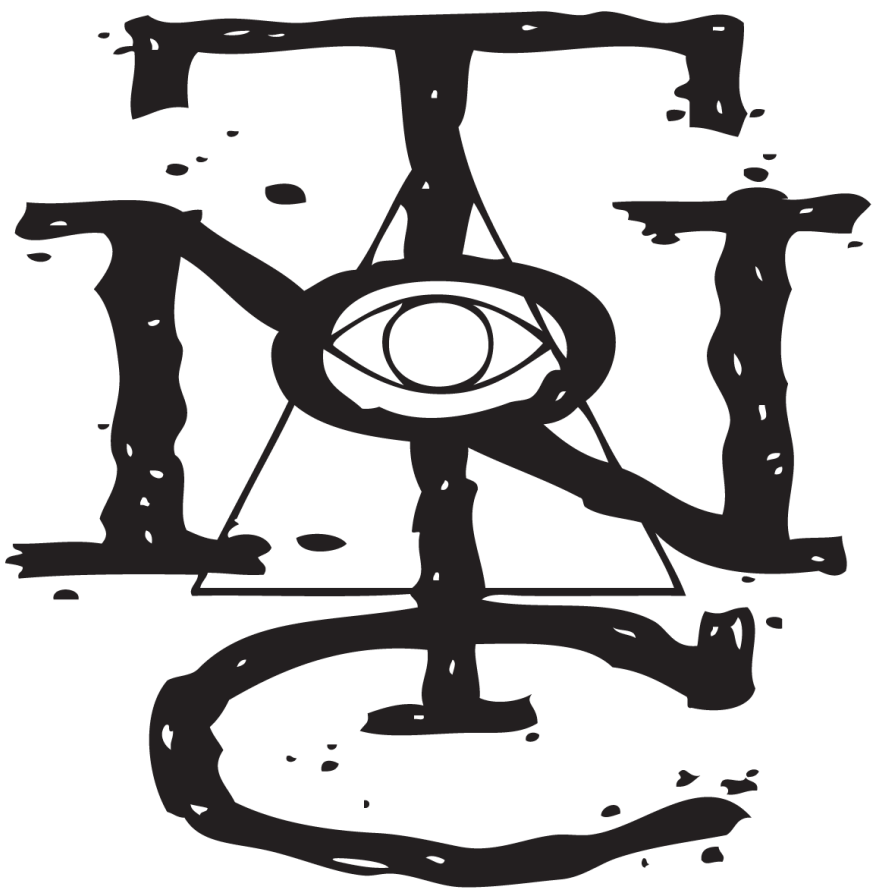
Compensation will be in the form of ten copies of *Good Morning*, as well as the framed original illustration,
to be crafted for each piece, and published in *Good Morning*.





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FOR THE NEW WORLD ORDER



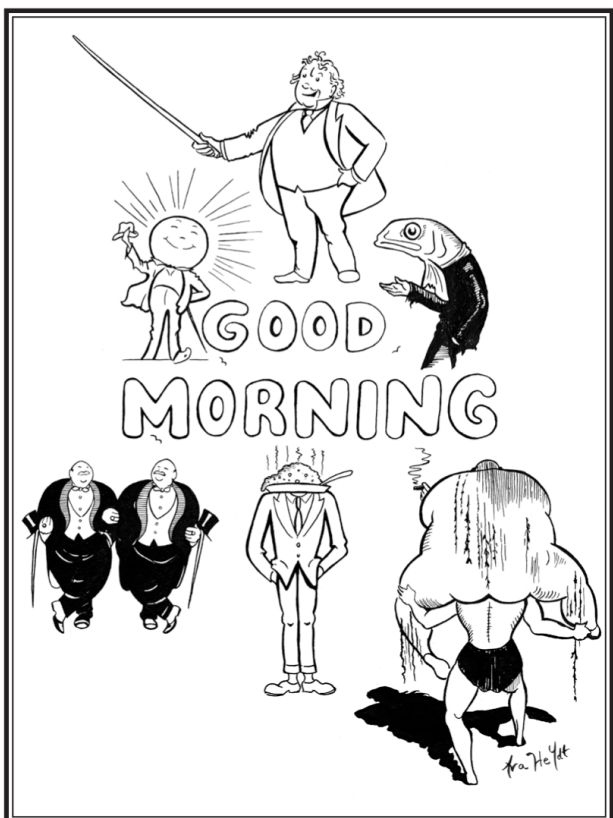
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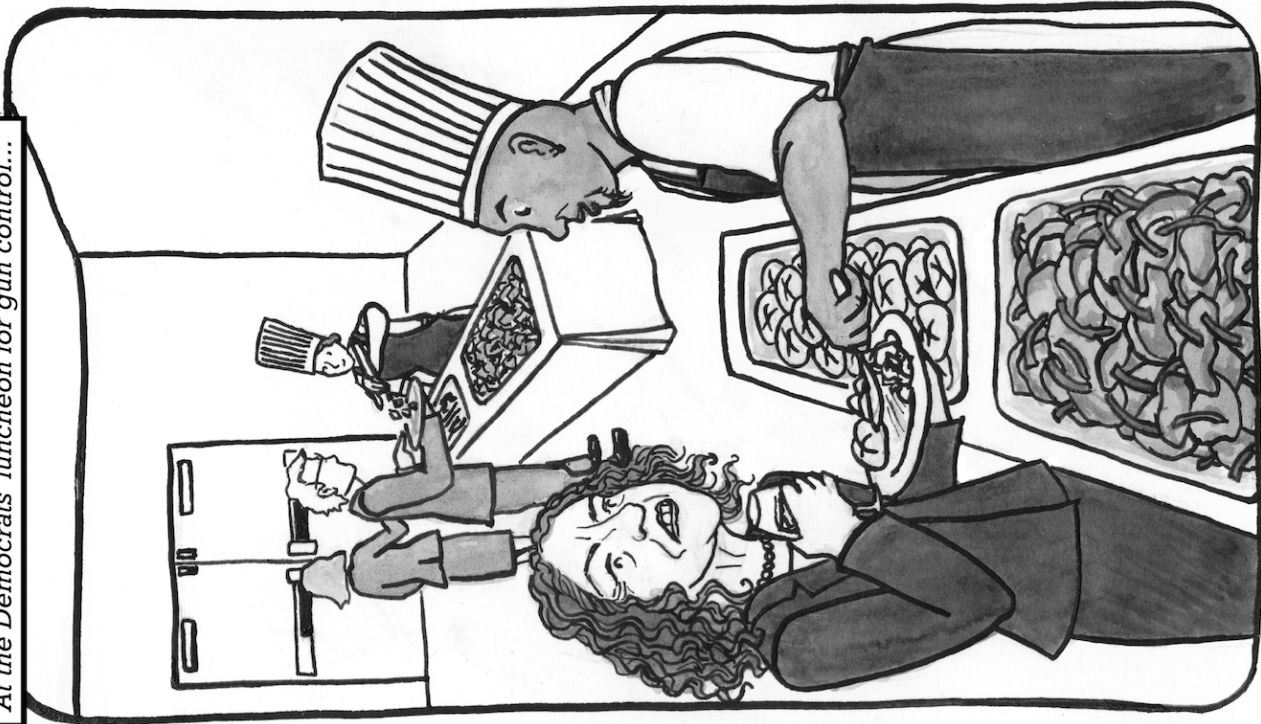
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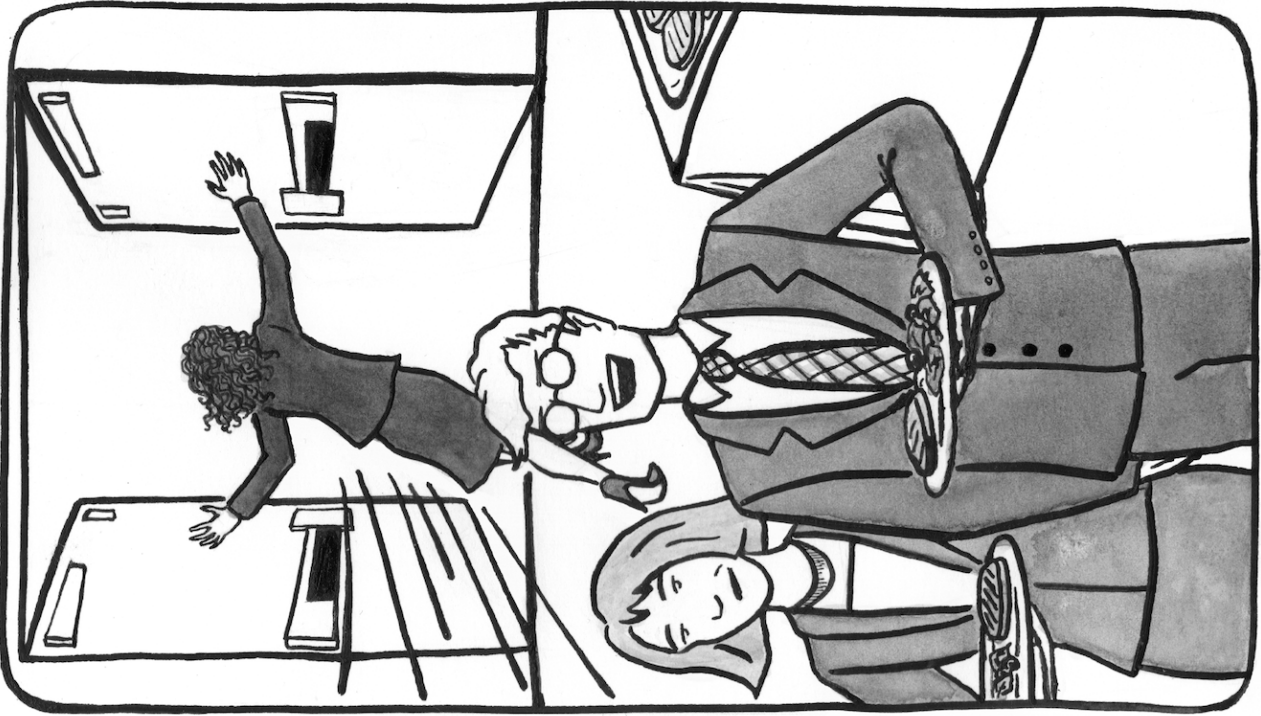
At the Democrats' luncheon for gun control...



Rep. Esty: I'll have the pepper steak please.



Rep. Esty: Steak! Steak! I said steak, not spray!



Bystander: That's why Hillary uses her own server!

It Isn't Truly a Protest Until Somebody Gets Sprayed in the Face