



"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"

the bread rises too number

GOOD MORNING



March 21st 2017

Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 5 No. 3



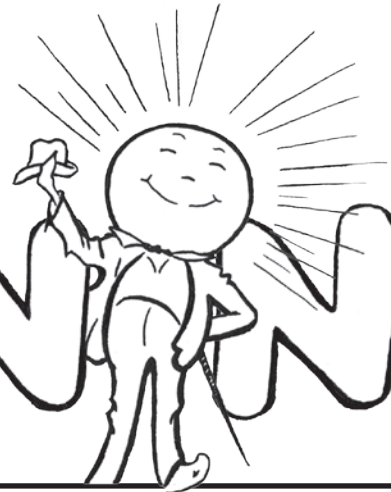
The Only Golden Showers That Capitalists Care About



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As Mr. Punch would say...

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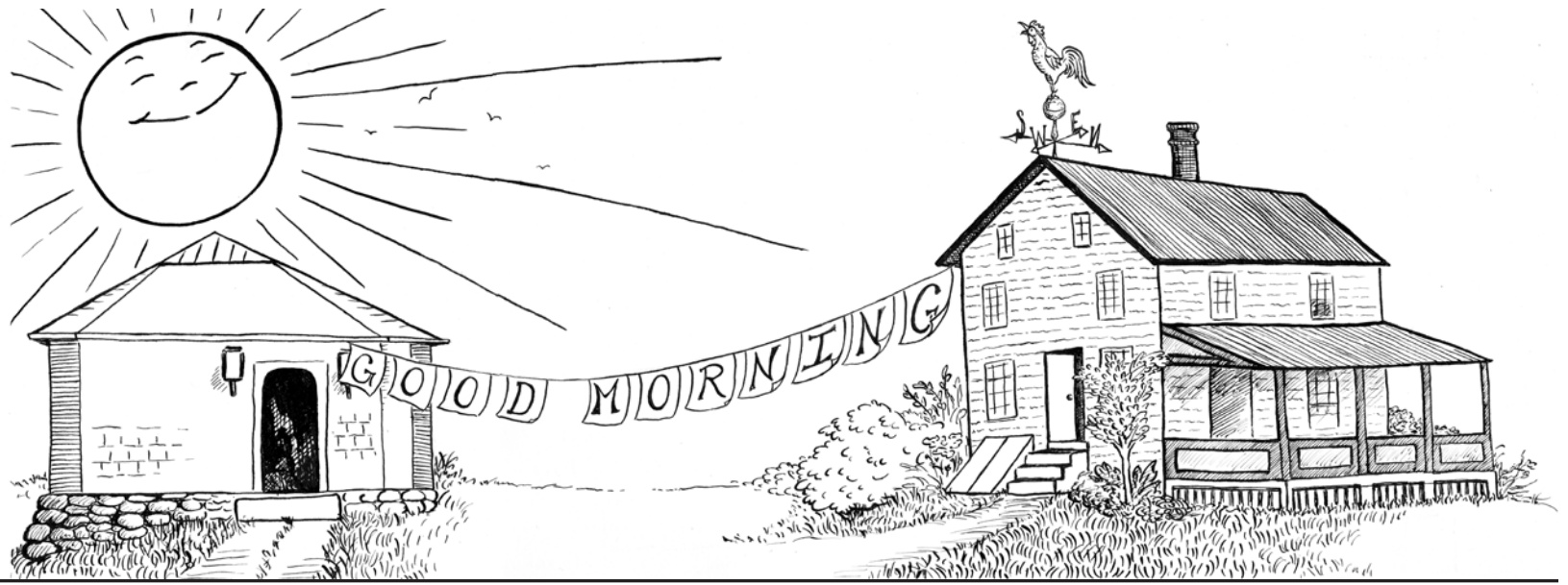
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THE YEAST INFLECTION

What makes us rise?

It is a poignant question – for it is one so very necessary in this age. We posit, then, that the key to being risen is not the belief in a religion, but the energy put forth by those still living – the words and verbs and adjectives spoken on street corners, at rallies, in voices no-longer-hushed.

What has moved the people to action at all moments in history has been, not only charismatic leaders, but those who can be heard over the din, whose megaphone is their passion, and who in times of uncertainty, lend a comforting air, even as the battle against the heirs-to-the-self-induced thrones, continue to raise the wrong kind of bread.

Train our voices. Reach more ears. Speak all truth. Raise a sea to raze a kingdom.

THE BEAST INVECTION

Is it the heat – cooking and exciting, leading to the metabolization of sugar and thus fermentation? Is it the dough, finely needed, flavored just so, and thus once it has sat in a warm quiescent oven, an unstoppable leavening? Certainly, it is both of these actions upon reactions, but more importantly it is the voice and cadence, speech and invocation of something that is in the way the whole is kneaded, set firmly into place, all pockets emptied, and when we face the despotic beast, we will already know that nothing can stop our rising yeast.

THE LEAST CONVECTION

There is not a hungry one amongst us, who does not fear that all foods will cease, and we will spend all our sugars on trying to keep one another from man eating man, in a dog eat dog spiral to the bottom of the dish.

Break bread with each other now – meet your neighbors – realize that they are on our side. Break bread with those whom the government would turn us against – each against each simply for something to eat. Let each other be the least of our worries, while we storm the capitalist feast.

THE PRIEST CONNECTION

Bread crumbs to bread crumbs, flour dust to dust, and somewhere in the back rooms of dining halls and White House cafeterias a benediction is pronounced in such a way so as to make speaking in forked tongues seem like an official language. Let them have their world of flourish and filth. Let them alone on their own private island. Let *them* eat cake.

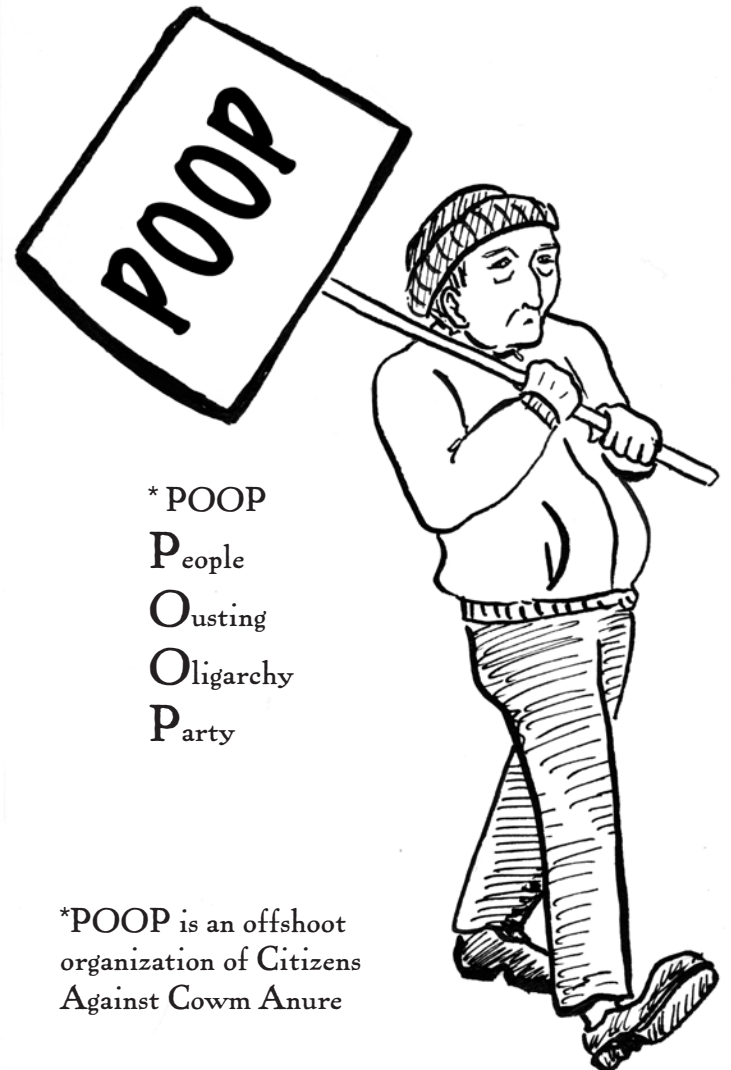
THE FEAST INSURRECTION

For us we need not the aspartame and splice and everything that sits on a gold plate with gold silverware (which makes it very not much silverware at all).

Send us those who will eat with their hands – and more importantly share what they have, even when it is not much.

Pass away the hoarders of wealth, the purveyors of stealth, and the invaders of the little lives we lead in which we ask for little but enough bread to feed those around us.

Plant a garden, send around the seeds...what we're growing here, is not just wheat and barley, but a garden in which the goal is that there be enough for all.



* POOP

P eople

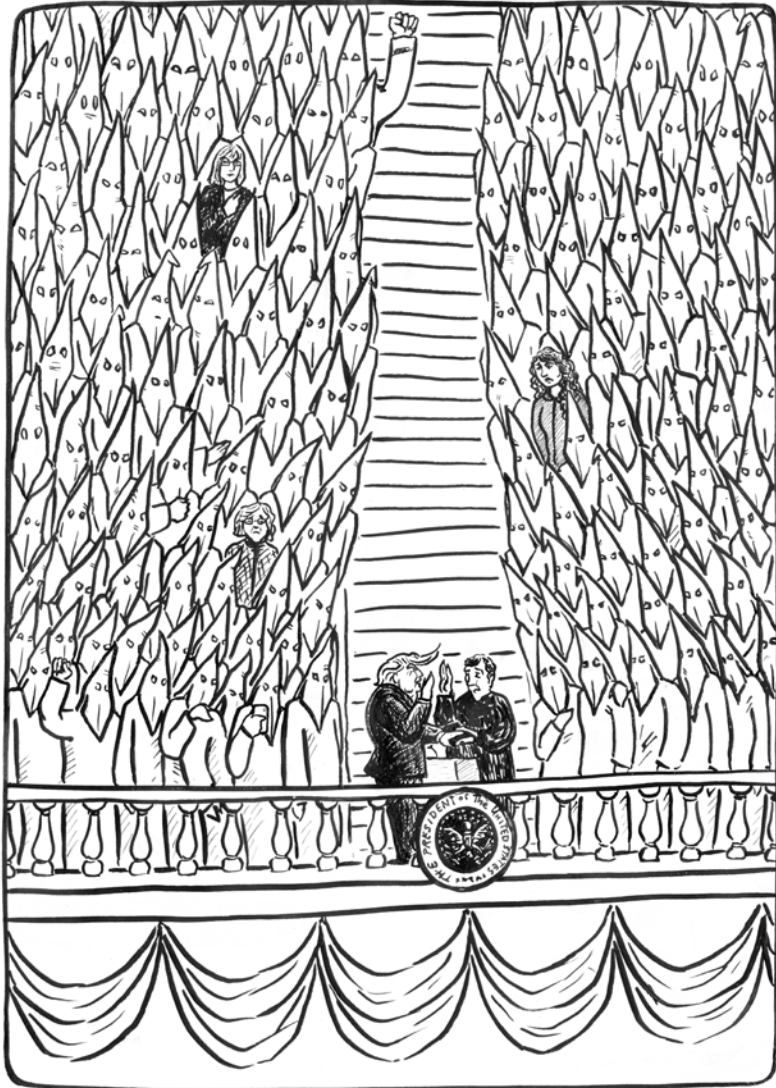
O usting

O ligarchy

P arty

*POOP is an offshoot organization of Citizens Against Cowm Anure

When the Inauguration is Shrouded in 140 Characters... Be A Face In The Crowd...



FOR WHOM THE BREAD TOLLS

Yet another form of taxation, which appears at the Toll Housex plaza, the pay-by-the-mile funding of the infrastructure, will be a thing of the past – for travel will only be permitted once it has been logged and confirmed and approved by the local under-secretary of the police state.

It is, less expensive you see, to keep everybody bound in their own homes, unable or not permitted to leave their homes nor drive anywhere, than it is to continue to repair potholes and gutters and paint double yellow lines. It has been deemed less expensive to just not utilize the roads at all – and in our new country the cheapest way, is the best way.

Taxes, that once paid for infrastructure repair will now be funneled to those who have taken on the workload of three hundred, five hundred, one thousand – for if one cannot drive to work, who can fill all of the open administrative positions? Why, only the Cabinet members of course – and if they are, literally, taking on the jobs of hundreds (if not actually doing the jobs of hundreds) then shouldn't they also be getting the salaries of all of those people?

You wouldn't begrudge a billionaire's club of a couple of dozen high-ranking officials, their rightful pay scale, would you? For when we ask for whom the bread tolls, we know that it tolls, and rolls, somewhere a descendant of the Kaiser, for we.

FOOD IS NOT A RIGHT, IT IS A FUEL

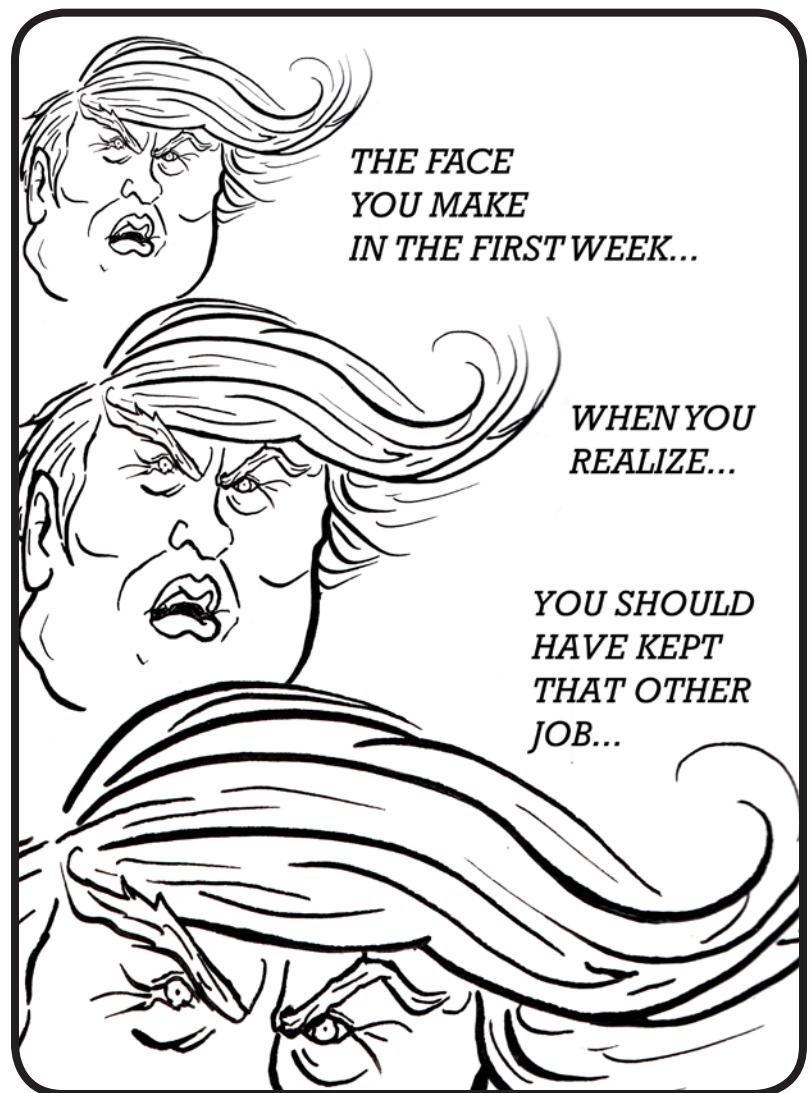
And as such, like coal and oil and propane before it, thou art to be taxed and surcharged into oblivion. If it is made of matter, you must not believe that it matters, nor that you matter – for anti-matter is anti-capitalist and that just can't happen here.

And so we will not feed the anti-profit communities, nor will we let the not-for-profit communities feed the hungry or the homeless or the starving masses begging to eat for free because free is not allowed here in a country of freedom. Free? Are you dumb? Ergo, Free-dumb.

And so stop thinking you will meet in parks and hand out home cooked meals without fees. We are a Fee-dom, a fief-dom – and you will be surcharged and permitted into an endless spiral so that those who can afford to feed others will no longer be able to afford to feed themselves. And on that day, when the bread lines that stand in stalemate for hours and hours to find that there is no bread but that which lines our capitalist pockets, none shall go hungry again – for thou shalt all be dead.

So please, enough with the picking of fruits off of trees, and harvesting that which has been sown by our great industries and factory farms. Let us send away all of the field workers so that those who remain starve, while the food on the vine rots, other than that which is picked by our hand picked and bred (oh the pun doesn't hurt – well, maybe you, if not the capitalists) servants who we have been assured would never try and harm us nor turn against us for we have all the food and all the shelter and all the clean water – and there would be no place for them to go.

We wealthy don't need millions of people – just enough to stock our mansions.





Hey Betsy, Valentine!

Here's your portrait by Helnwein...

Hey Betsy Hey Betsy!

You've been around three weeks and that's a little too long
You're cheating on the answers and you still will get them wrong
Why can't you say good-bye and leave our schools alone...

Oh Betsy, you've no pity, we clearly understand
You take away our funding and you give it to the man
Oh Betsy, sitting pretty, billion dollar ma'am...

Hey Betsy, you're so fine!
Your charter schools reduce my mind!
Hey Betsy! Hey Betsy!

'Cause when you say you won't cut, we know you always will
You'll leave it to the teachers who will have to foot the bill
All you want to do is turn the children into clones...

Hey Betsy, you're so rich!
Your charter schools they make us twitch!
Hey Betsy! Hey Betsy!

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

*What if it turns out the Right is
right and healthcare isn't a right!*

*While at the same time the left is
also correct and healthcare is not
a privilege either!*



*What if healthcare
is a compassion?*

*And maybe if we
had more of those,
the rights and
privileges would
just find a way
to take care of
themselves...*

BATTERED AND BREADED

Crumbs.

Not even R. Crumb could have seen our country go this
Gonzo.

When all that is left are crumbs, what are we going to do?
Are we going to fight our neighbor for them? Or are we
going to share?

Because there's really no greater question right now - will
we stand together, or will we let the power brokers play us like we
are all but pawns for their entertainment?

So, stand. Refuse to be battered and breaded, refuse to be
fried. Choose instead, to be friend. Choose instead, to forgo the
need for a shred of one's own power, and agree to defend each other.
Not financial interests, not commercial interests, not manufacturing
interests. Each, other. Each other.

PANKO

An aside though - why is it that nobody has the nerve to
stand up and say, "Hey, you know that nuclear reactor that has been
leaking into the ocean for a few years now...are we going to make
some attempt to do something about it, or are we going to let the
radiation just kill folks off...quietly, without reproach, without any
notice or news coverage.

Is it a money problem? Is it a population problem? Is it that
we're all too polite to say to another country, "You know, one minor
environmental disaster on a technological scale such as ones we are
capable of and the entire world is trashed. You need to let us help."

Then again, we now need to face the exact same concerns
here. Without an EPA, the American Capitalist is about to
pollute and sewage enough land and water to make certain we poison
the entire world. But then again, maybe that's the plan, Japan.



A Burst of Humor, Satire and Fun...

With Now and Then a Fleeting Beam of Wisdom

UNDER THE PICTORIAL AND LITERARY DIRECTION OF
AVA DAWN HEYDT AND MARC MOORASH

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March 21st 2017

There was a catchy title attached, like "Bernie in Trump Country" or "Let's Continue to Sell the Divide Even While We're Pretending to Cross the Divide" but for some of us the shock and awe of seeing so-defined "Trump supporters" cheering for what Bernie has to offer...is no surprise.

Let's jump back to this time last year - thousands upon thousands of Bernie supporters, making phone calls, knocking on doors, standing on street corners and handing out buttons while carrying yuge banners. You get the picture. You may have taken that photo. You may have been the subject matter.

You get the subject. You know why it matters.

For those who are uninitiated, when you get a "turf" (a listing of the houses where one is going to knock), you don't always know the political leanings of the person behind the door. While the point of canvassing in a primary is to reach those who can vote in the primary, in a state such as ours where one can change parties up to a few weeks before, sometimes the list has independents or Republicans. The turf printout tells you the supposed party affiliation, but it isn't always correct.

That being said, decked out in Bernie gear, the face you meet, says quite a lot in the first few seconds when the door swings open, eyes you up and down and...

...and to cut to the chase, in a contentious battle for the nomination of the donkey-party, there were more doors slammed in faces by President v45 Runner-Up supporters, than there were from President v45 supporters.

Ask around, and everybody has a story or twenty.

Because one year ago, Trump supporters and Bernie supporters weren't all that different. The foundation was the same - an anti-establishment tirade. It just happened that the core perspective of why, was diametrically opposed. The result - only self-centered fools would run an establishment candidate against a populist and expect to win. Hey everybody, it looks like the Democrats will try it again in 2020. Second verse, same as the first, a little bit louder a whole lot worse.

But if we had a dollar for every time somebody said, "I can't vote in the primary because I'm registered Republican, but I'd love to vote for Bernie in the general election. I'd never vote for Hillary, so if it is her, I'll vote for Trump"...well,, while hyperbole, it felt like we'd have maxed out our individual contribution level and would have had to start a Stupor-PAC.

So when the mainstream media trots out some coal miners and finally allow them to see the Bernie Sanders, man, myth,

legend, face to face...all we can scream is - had you done this one year ago, as opposed to hiding him from the eyes of those who don't have the internet to help Feel the Bern...none of this would be necessary.

So, this is on you, mainstream media, who rarely, if ever, mentioned that Bernie was drawing tens of thousands of people to his rallies. Do you think all of those people, were Democrats?

No, you sell division because it gets you ratings, and now that your malarky has brought the most destructive regime in United States history, you think you can haul out a togetherness like it is some stunning revelation? Go home CNN, you're drunk and we don't want to party with you any longer.

Enough is enough of media, and political parties creating division. Enough of the either/or, or even the talk of a third-party, because even that is being used as a wedge, being touted as the coming of Revelation rather than a revolution.

No, when we see Bernie Sanders sitting on a stage and discussing, in civility and politeness, compassion and concern (how does that man have the strength to not break down in tears as person after person tells him of their troubles), we know that he doesn't need a political party to win - what he needs is for all of us to throw off the shackles of political parties and realize that if we must insist on a two-party system that right now in United Statesian political discourse and history, it is truthfully:

- 1) We the People
- 2) Those in Power

If we are going to survive one hundred million deaths, by an infinite number of cuts to the programs and resources that help We the People, simply put food on the table, a roof over our head, and pay for a band-aid and aspirin, then we had better learn this real quick-like - that most of us actual do stand together - and it is easy to realize as soon as we turn off the noise, we mean news, we mean noise.



DANISH

Is there really nothing more positive to be said than, "Well at least the Netherlands didn't vote in their fascist candidates who are riding the wave of anti-refugee hatred, and anti-immigration fear mongering"?

And yes, we know that the Danes, are from Denmark. We have a globe, friends. A globe - the thing that accurately shows the shape of the earth as opposed to a map which is a book form and vague representation in a lesser-dimensional manner?

Maybe that's the point of the new flat-earth movement that is sweeping the world - to take us back into something that more resembles Abbott's Flatland - where those that are two dimensional can't open their minds to fathom that there is something both above and below the horizon.

So it goes, we suppose, that the pendulum of science swings back toward the extreme of anti-science. Anti-sense. Antithesis. Antipode. Antediluvian. Anti-diluvian. Anti-depressant. Antigone. Antebellum. Ant-Man. Antietam. Anthony and Cleopatra. Antipathy. Anti-pasta. Anti-matter. Does it matter? Please now return to the top of page three.

CUPCAKES AND RAGAMUFFINS

We figure the homeless problem will be solved soon, as soon as we start seeing the street-sweepers appear, working overtime from their low paying wages out on the tenth block of the Camino Real.

Kilroy, however, is not coming to save us, his Golden Gloves have been melted down and turned into yet another goblet to serve the king.

Kilroy *was* here, no doubt, and Kilroy found himself to be everywhere - and the wars and rubble that we have permitted behind the scenes for so long...have finally come back for us.

What could we have expected? When there are no more lands in which there is money to be made selling arms, of course the arms would be sold in our own streets, and an excuse found to utilize the surplus against us.

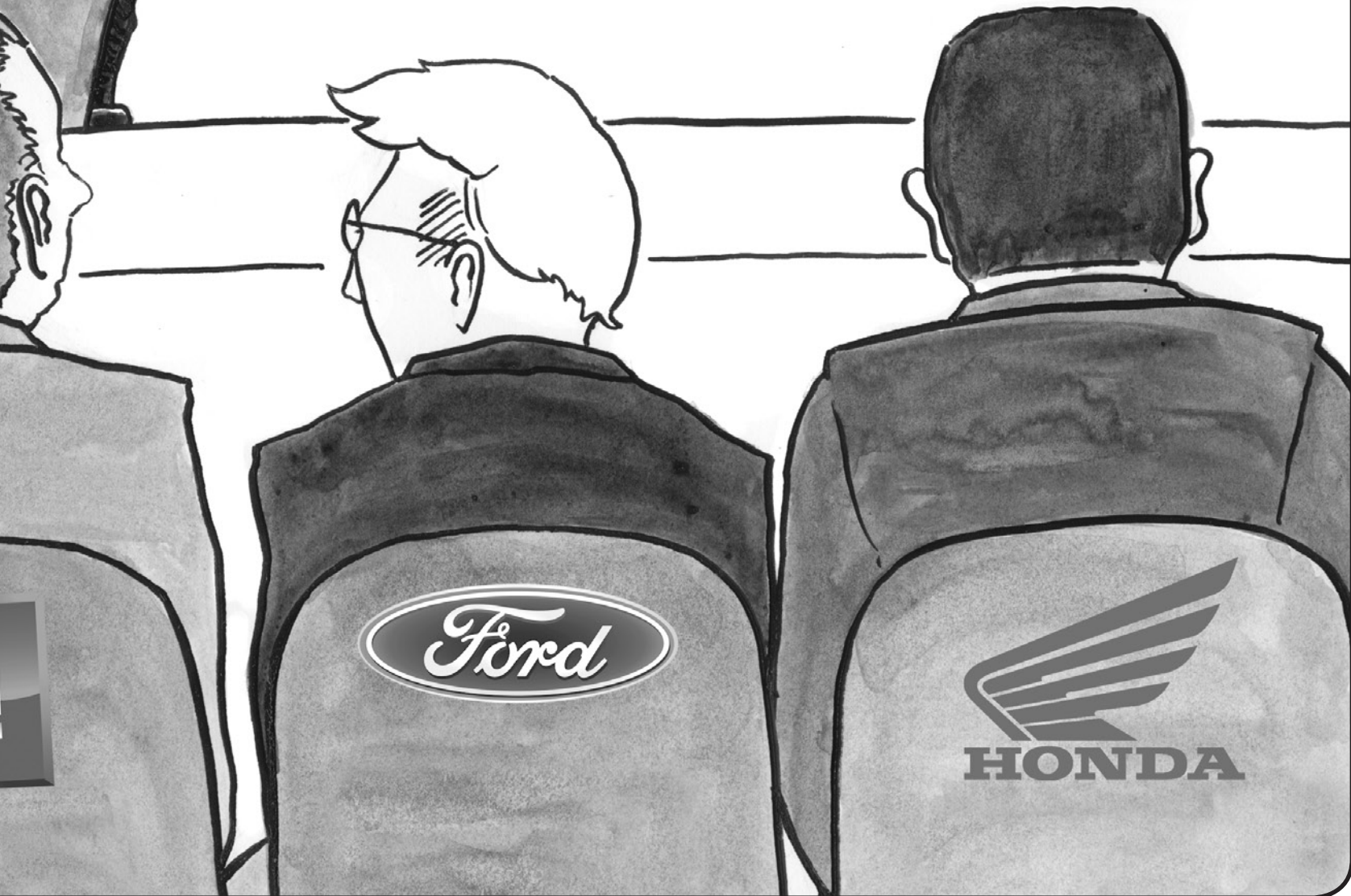
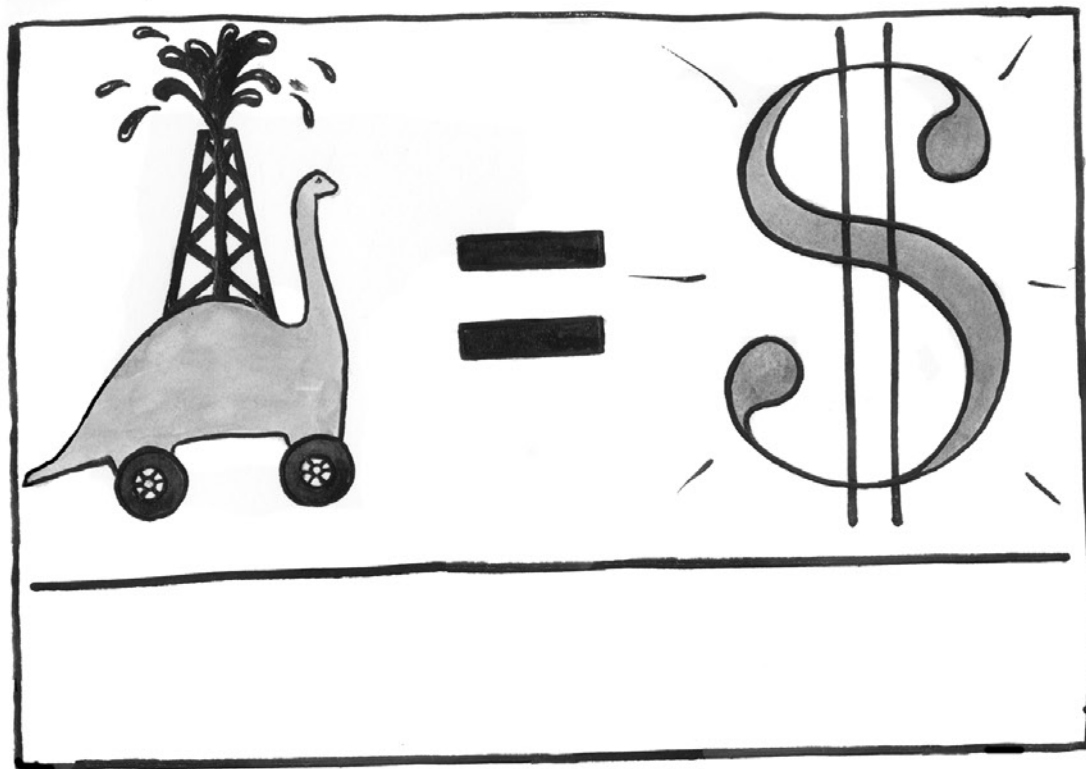
Not one single war was to protect our shores - yet every single one was to further The Feast of All Devils - the international battle of a few families of extremely wealthy means, who seem to have turned each of our lands into another movement on a board. Little did we know our childhoods of playing Risk, would turn out to be so true...



"The People Have No Clean Water!" "Let Them Drink Oil!"



"We've worked very closely with all of the government regulation
Today, we are proud to present to you our 2018 mod



agencies and new administration and we know you'll all be thrilled.
del which gets a spectacular three miles to the gallon!"

BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION (CHAPTER FIVE - LOVE BIRDS)

The early morning begins with a tap at the window. Tap twice, tap four times, and he appears. Bernie slides open the window, and while a chill gets in, the house is warm.

Birdie: Is it possible that one of these days I'll catch you still asleep?

Bernie: Not likely.

Winter has finally set down in the Vermont hills. Food becomes more difficult to find, shelter a bit more damp, the impetus to get up and go out into the world a bit more resigned. The struggle is similar, be it human or bird.

Birdie: Saw the debate the other night. CNN is still giving you all sorts of face time...

Bernie smiles a moment, then frowns. He raises his eyebrows, glances side-eye. Makes a surprised expression, lifts the left hand with the pointer finger outstretched...and then laughs.

Bernie: When you reach my age, the skin doesn't hold a poker face so easily.

On the kitchen table sit those familiar yellow pages Bernie was always carrying up to the podium, but rarely, if ever, seemed to reference. Newspapers are open to articles about immigration agents following school buses. Raids in multiple cities.

Birdie: You're the face that's launching one thousand faces and factions versus fascism. One million. Thirteen million. More.

Bernie: Senator Cruz was very kind to agree to the conversation. One of many we all need to have. Even if we disagree on the method. We need to at least agree on the reasoning. At least the path must be cleared.

A roll of stamps sits partially used. A bag from Phoenix Books sits empty. A box of chocolates sits closed, albeit with ribbon undone.

Birdie: There's no wonder why millions think of you as their adopted Grandpa. Still looking out for us.

Bernie: I hope they're weren't all expecting cards for Valentine's Day. I'm a little bit late.

Birdie: You've got that email list though. You could send

everybody a digital Valentine. Better than the DNC using the list to ask for money.

Bernie, through the dawn's early light, gives a small smile... Footsteps announce family from down the hall...

Jane: The people know you love them because you're on C-Span in the morning voting against Devos, on CNN at night calling for health care, not just health insurance for all, and then early the next morning defending Elizabeth Warren and reading the words of Coretta Scott King. They don't need a holiday to feel it.

Birdie: Though we'd certainly not mind celebrating a Presidents' Day with you...

They pause, look out at the strains of orange coming up over the hills. Another sunrise, another day with so much to do. So much hatred to think about, it sometimes stifles the love.

Bernie: Birdie brought a friend to visit. *Jane:* Birdie?

Birdie: Thought maybe this Winter was going to pass without much snow. Difficult to fly with ICE on one's tail.

Birdie flies over to Bernie's shoulder and takes a familiar perch. Pecks him playfully.

Birdie: That's who put me up to flying down to your podium.

Bernie: The things we do for love, yes?

Jane reaches out and slides open the window. The not-yet-Spring day is already beginning to warm.

Jane: You're more than welcome to come in. There's enough breakfast here for all.

Birdie's friend and traveling companion flies over and lands on the windowsill, looks up at Birdie and quickly hops onto Jane's shoulder. Jane gently closes the window.

Birdie's Friend: She was wrong about why girls come to your rallies. It isn't for the boys. Just as the boys don't come for the girls. We all go to see the rock star. The benefit of going first is simply that we then get to introduce the ones we love...

And that's why we fight on. Because love deserves a chance. #ForeverBernie

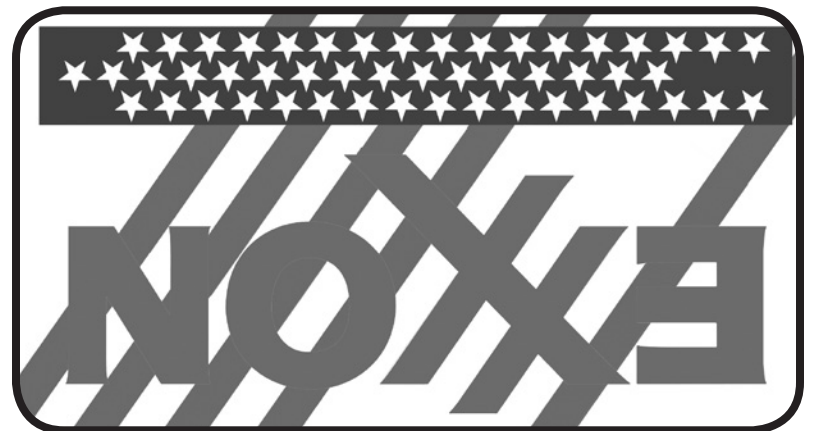
THE PUDD'N HEADS
(THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING,
SENATOR FRED, AND...
WE HAVE YOUR NUMBER)

*You want health care?
Well, you'll notice that
we're not doctors who
are writing the law.*

*Maybe if you had
elected doctors they'd
find some way to keep
your standard of living
high, but as lawyers,
we're not held to any
oath to do no harm.*



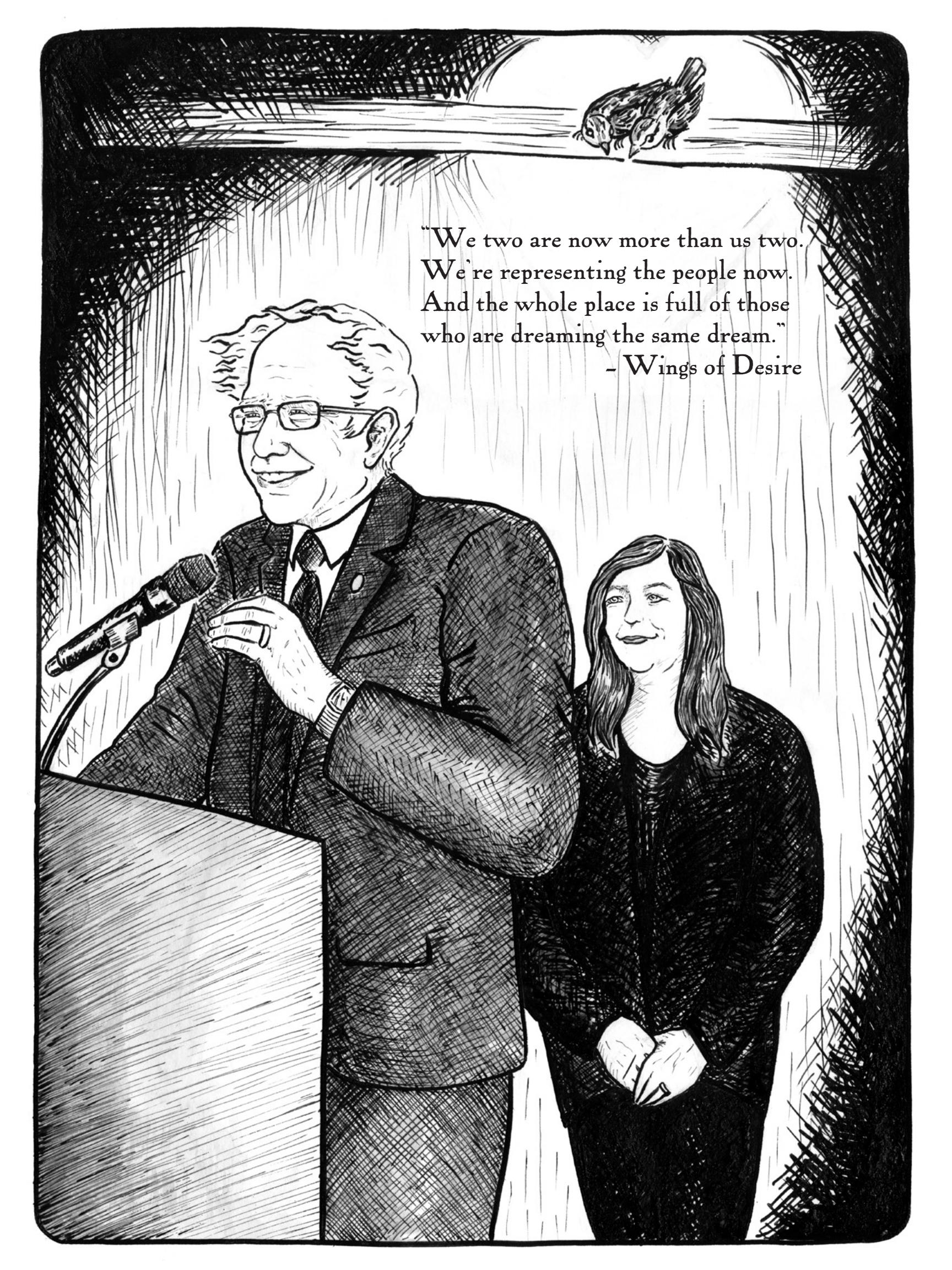
A Country in Distress



OIL AND VINEGAR

To dunk the bread, one must have properly prepared the crust. If the bread is too soft, then the oil will soak in, and make for little but a soggy mess.

However, if the loaf is toasted just so, or of a type that is made with slightly crunchy exterior, then the seasoning will sit only in the soft middle, now firmed just a bit to catch the flavors, and allow for those who are dining, to not become soiled with the oil of the rich, and remind them that piss and vinegar will win.



"We two are now more than us two.
We're representing the people now.
And the whole place is full of those
who are dreaming the same dream."

- Wings of Desire



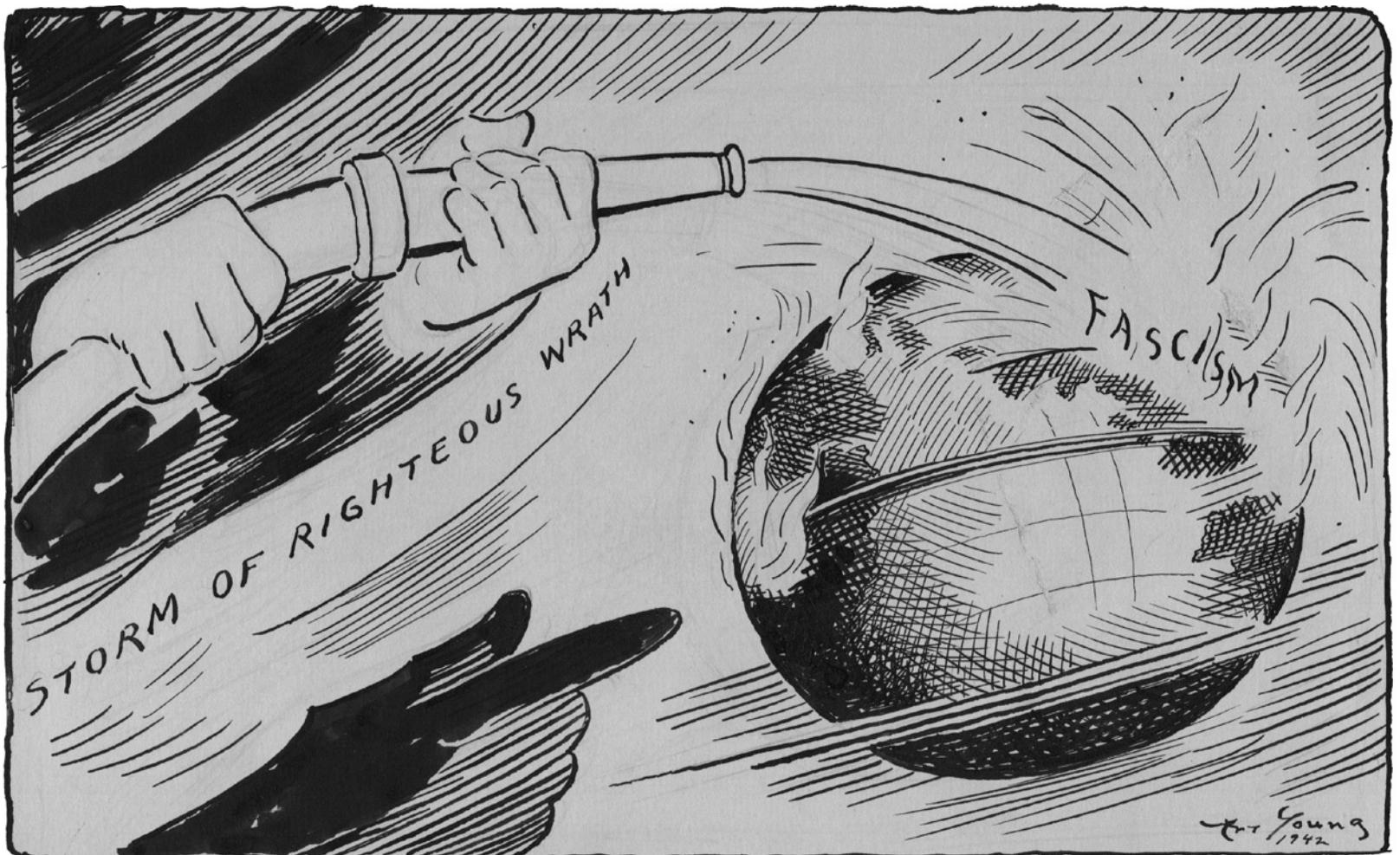
ART'S STAND-UP (AND FIGHT BACK) ROUTINE

*Fahklempf fascists
fretted fetid
flatulence for
future fascism...
fearing facts,
flattened funds,
and the fight
facsimile fuhrer-
following forces
face from
fortuitous
forces of
#ForeverBernie*



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



"To Be Extinguished - Everywhere"



DON'T BE A DIP, OKAY?

On Super Bowl Sunday (typed here simply because we do not have permission to use the phrase - which must be licensed from the Professional Gladiator League which is a multi-billion-dollar-a-year non-profit organization...) we held The Avocado March... because... We Have To Begin Somewhere In Agreement...

We may not agree on immigration or the wall (or even on the taxation to pay for it)...but on the day when more avocados are eaten than any other day...can we start with the common ground that a more expensive guacamole is unacceptable?

A 20% tariff, means higher prices on all imports...the people pay more, not other countries, not the wealthy...

BREAD BOWLS

What if every non-profit entity that made hundreds of millions of dollars or more, had to donate an equal amount of food, clothing, and shelter to those in need?

BREAD STICKS

What if every soldier were forced to leave their weaponry behind and simply carry food behind enemy lines. Would the breaking of bread, be enough to cease war? Or would it never work because the enemy we're fighting against, is one we've created and funded to make certain that the war continues?

BREADED BREAD ON A BREADSTICK

The ultimate carnival food - a fan favorite of the giant turkeys whose legs get taken for fairs everywhere...

BREADBEARD THE PIRATE

Oh look, we've finally reached the bottom of this section.
YARRRRRRRR!



It rained all night the day you won, the pundits wondered why Hell had frozen over but Steve Bannon doesn't cry

Oh! Steve Bannon, you so want World War III
You're such a stunning specimen of white supremacy

You had a dream the other night, a triumph of the will
But Oh! we saw Steve Bannon, a-trolling next to Hill

Oh! Steve Bannon, you so want World War III
But you are just another cult of personality

Each morning that the sun does rise, an order you produce
Signed and sealed by forty five, you steal the golden goose

Oh! Steve Bannon, you so want World War III
You've hired all your cronies for corporate duopoly

We'll soon live in a police state, where everyone will bow
The poor for sure will starve to death, but up will rise the Dow

So if we do not soon stand tall, the country it will fail
Steve Bannon surely is the Captain Ahab to our (white) whale.



Volume 6.09 - March 21st 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

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www.garbanzoliteraryjournal.org - fb: [garbanzoliteraryjournal](https://www.facebook.com/garbanzoliteraryjournal)

storyteller@garbanzoliteraryjournal.org



We Joyfully Present to You... The Winner of the
2017 Art Young Memorial Award for Poetry...

In peace I wake and see
The chaos that surrounds me
Injustice seems to rule this day
Every morning the same exhausting hopelessness
Of an unseen tyrant
Who has clouded the world like a shadow
Crowds upon crowds in utter dismay
Yet there's a tale once whispered
That love leads the way.

Believing this I notice an indescribable solace
Of an unseen light that rolls away the darkness
Somehow I know it must be true
That love leads the way.

I observe the world through a dusted window
Darkness looms in every corner
Many a man's soul
Once bright and full of longing
Now consumed with despair
Poison seeps into the abyss of the heart
Still love must lead the way.

I scramble for strength
To move through this day
Making way into the world
In the world I dread
The same world that contains the souls that I love
I have a hope
That love leads the way.

I journey down the path laid before me
Observing well what I see
A good, charitable man
Who thinks not of himself
Yet none think of him

A tender, merciful woman
So sweet in love and grace
Yet mercy is not received
Sweet children basking in innocence
No knowledge of wrong or right
Yet introduced to evil far too soon
The beasts of the earth
Witnessed in every place
Beasts that are easily forgotten
Even in this could I say
That love leads the way.

Evil prevails in every road I walk
And no hope to redeem the souls who mourn
Their cries so timid that none can hear
That none will hear
When all seems lost on this path
How can I say
That love leads the way?

I reflect on why I hope
Why I believe in the path of love
I recall what I witnessed
All it takes is a small spark to ignite a flame
To light up the way
To restore the hope of the world
One seemingly insignificant change
Within a soul so void of love and grace
Ignite a fire and let it bring heat
A man will trust again
No longer closed off to others
When trust is honored
A woman will forget her sorrows
Will smile again
When compassion is received
Children will laugh and play
When permitted to enjoy life
Their pure essence preserved
Freedom for the beasts
As they run in the wild
All shall be well in the world I can now say
That love leads the way.

Venturing back to my place of rest
Recounting all my weary eyes have seen
When one shines brightly
Around all the places we dwell
To warm up the inner life
Of every cold and lonely soul
To give hope and life to just a few
Will be enough for the many.

Start living for the sake of others
Become the radiance that you long to see
And then you can know
That love will lead us on
And then you will say
That love leads the way.

Love Leads The Way

BY CHRISTOPHER J. NEISEN

Your words in papery lights?

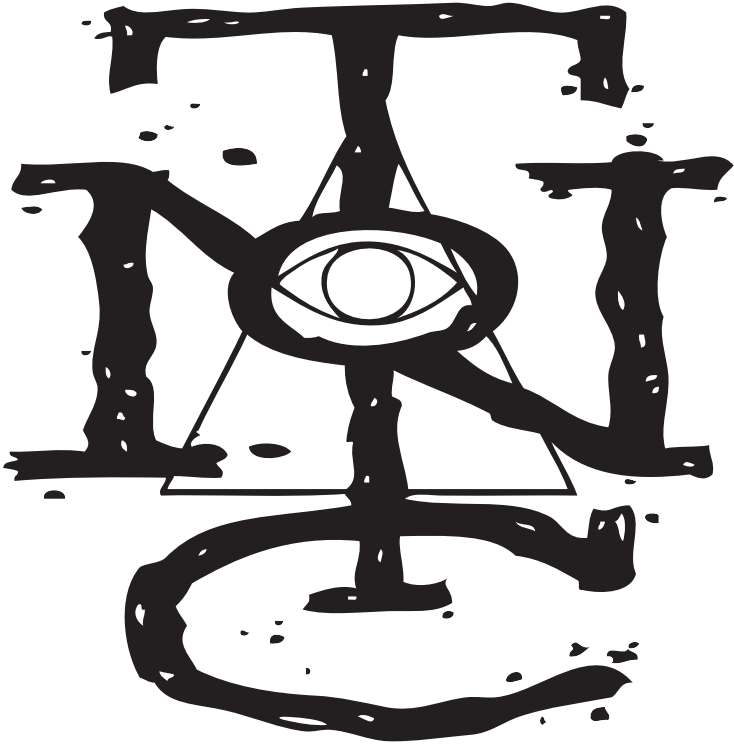
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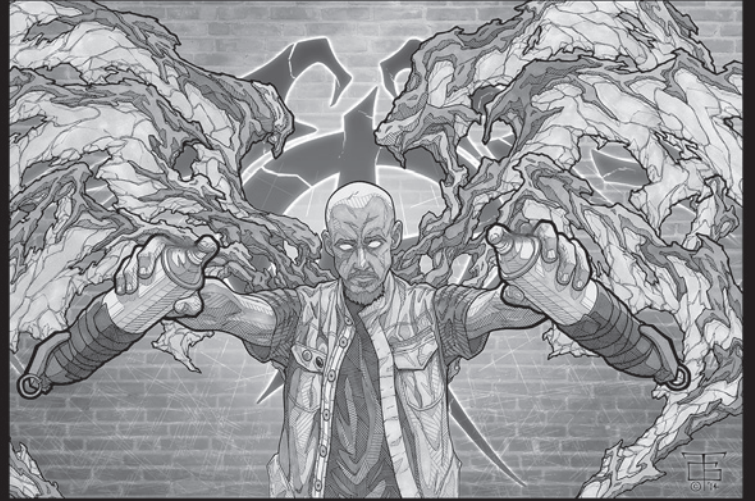
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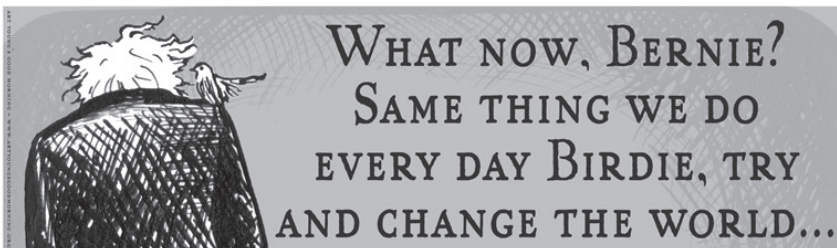
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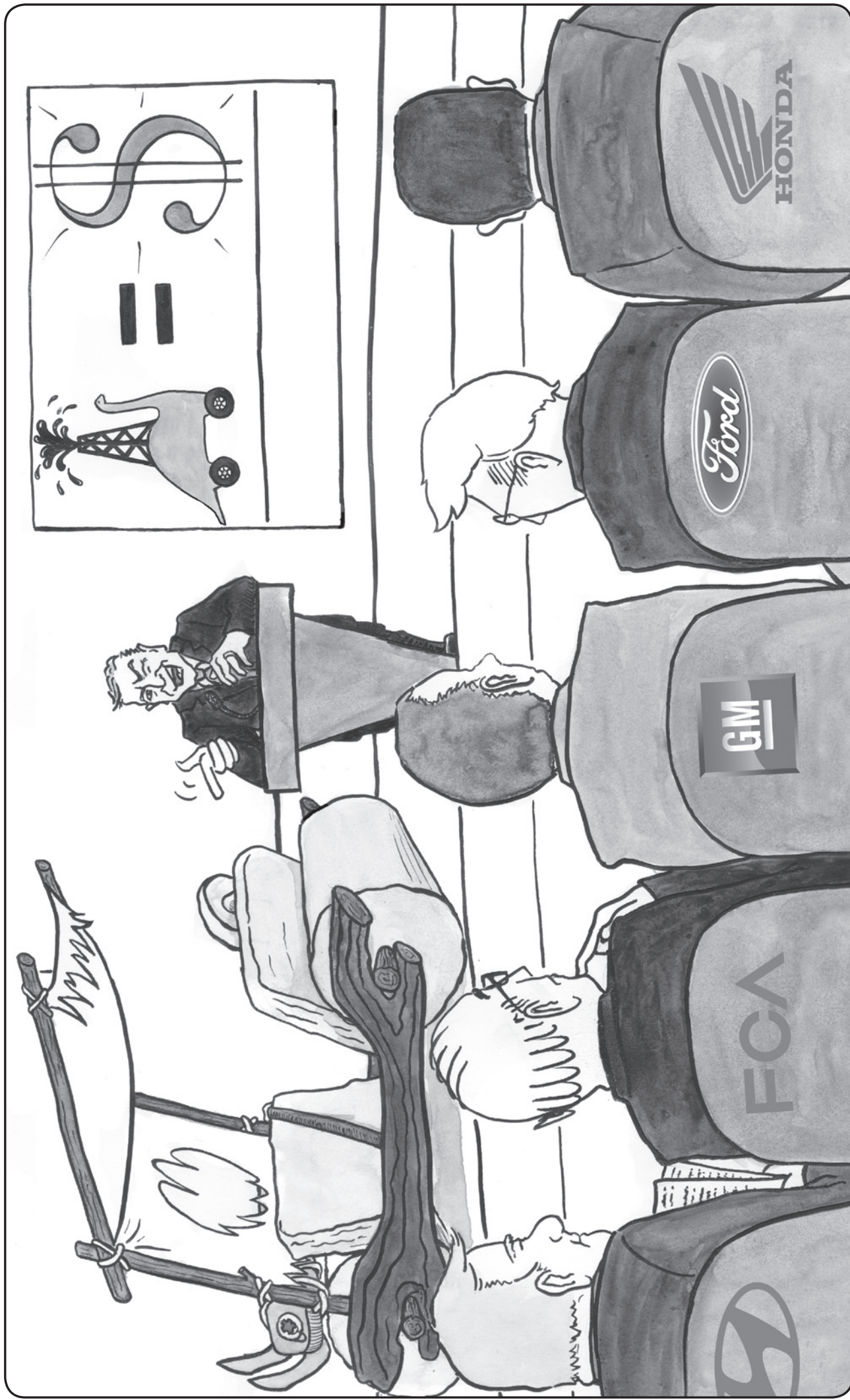
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