

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



GOOD MORNING

the springtime for h number

May 8th 2016

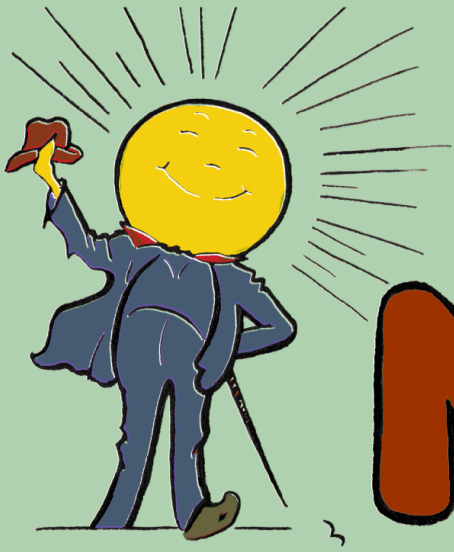
Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 No. 4



The Infernal Kitchens at a \$353,000-a-plate Fundraiser

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This issue, we're asking you to subscribe to something other than Good Morning (although you can still do so if you like). Instead, support the movement that is trying to bring about a truly just and equal country for all.

As we like to call it, a Better Morning.

www.berniesanders.com/donate





May 8th 2016

Vol. 4 No. 4

CALL A SPADE A SPORK

We were digging out a garden (maybe in our yard, maybe in our mind) and realized that beyond the existential debate as to whether the shovel in hand was real or but a Fig Newton (sorry, not an endorsement drop as they aren't vegan) of our imagination, it became apparent what was truly occurring.

We have reached a campaign when acceptable misdirection has peaked – in which the honest candidate, is not the recipient of the most votes. Honesty, sayeth Styx, is not always the best policy.

Is it possible then, that the foreign policy concerns of which Clinton backers continue to call out Senator Sanders, is being misunderstood due to the cadence of the phrase? That they're not speaking about the geographic "hot spots" of the world, but that the policy which is foreign to the Clinton-campers, is that very same honesty, which the Sanders-backers revere?

IT IS WHAT IT ISN'T

So, if the above paragraph is true, then this paragraph is not, by definition, untrue – even if what we write is completely the opposite of what is written above.

Would it be confusing then to step out of the stream (which waters our garden) and realize that fly fishing is now the method with which media attempts to hook our attention, draw the line in the sand so that there's something to fight over, and inevitably sink lower and lower into the mire?

The future, then, is not to stare at the screen and take information in like some beer-funnel but to go out into the world and report ourselves. A sea of investigators, forever still.

CLUBBED WITH DIAMONDS

Of course, the money is the same weapon we've been railing against for ninety-seven years (Happy 97th Birthday to us on this May 8th issue. What you forgot to bake us a cake? That's ok, just make it up to us next year).

When the jewels come out to pave the way for a coronation, we can be assured that not everybody will get to travel that road and we'll be fighting to be certain it does not steamroll over our garden.

COLLECT ALL THE HEARTS

So as we all stand up and battle the Queen of Spades, it is of upmost import that we realize that the only way we win, is to shoot the moon. The mainstream media may keep the eyes glued to the incomplete news, but we still have the opportunity to reach all the hearts – something that the alphabet soup of channels, cannot.

THE JOKER

This, is the people, actually. Batman and Steve Miller don't get to corner the market on the definition, nor do game shows of the 1970s.

We, are the wild card. We, are the Puck. We are the music makers and the dreamers of dreams and all that jazz...and rock...and industrial...and birdsong.

But we've started late, and we're running really hard to catch up to a history that has passed us by without our voices preventing what must now be undone.

This is the more difficult path. This is the more trying method to change the world. But that's why we keep fighting, keep pushing, keep voting, keep strong.



ENCOURAGING SIGNS

Amidst the co-signing crisis of sometime-to-come in the next decade or three, it will be revealed that the algorithm which determined just how far to push the poor before they would start to rebel, had mistakenly upped the coefficient of the cosine, rather than the sine (tangents aside, the algebraic equation left so little money in the world, that nobody but the wealthy could afford to buy a home).

There, with millions, hundreds of millions of people out on the streets, and equally as many houses, buildings, businesses, offices, storefronts, shopping malls, sitting empty and unused, the people congregated at the gates of the wealthy, to see whose move would be next.

What good had all the property become if few could afford to rent it? Home ownership had long ago been consolidated into fewer and fewer hands. Ever since the housing crisis of the turn of the millennium, subtle changes to law, and protections for the large-scale rental agencies had assured that all of the roofs that were no longer in the hands of individual owners, would never again return to the open market.

Why then the positivity of possibility? Well, the supply and demand is simple – when there's no longer any realistic access to the supply, and the demand is all which survives and thrives, there is no need to calculate – the equation will be balanced once again

MANAGED EXPECTATIONS

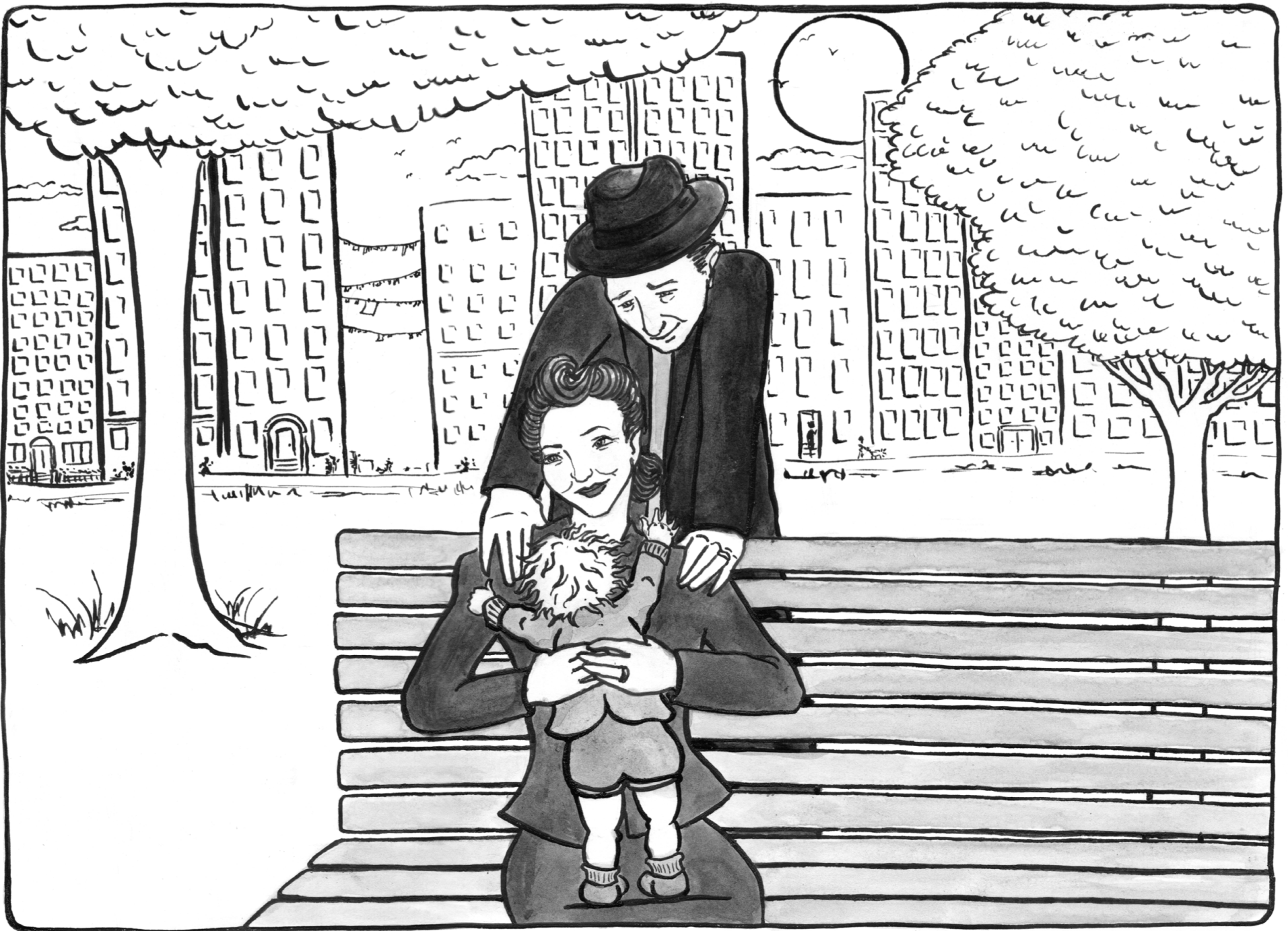
It is one of those phrases that gets used for the first time somewhere after early childhood and before wholesale bitterness is mixed in with the school-lunch feed.

Tied in with that inevitable backhanded guidance counselor compliment of "he has a lot of potential" (which is really a way of saying you're really not doing well enough at all), we are told that given our lack of skill, time, money, connections, or other, we ought to have "managed expectations".

So we work on those expectations – a nice house, a fast car, an attractive mate who buys into having two-point-five kids (which is disturbed that he/she would agree to half a child), becomes the house which is a bit run down, the car that is a bit too used.

We settle more often and we settle for less. We settle in places we don't want to be and we settle for pennies on the dollar in nearly everything we do – and eventually, the expectation is that everything we do, we know, we say, we have to offer...is worth nothing, nearly nothing at all.

So having reached these realizations, we here at *Good Morning* offer up one key ingredient in the instructional recipe we call reclaiming the edge of the world from the media – it is beyond time to realize it isn't the expectations that need replacing, but the management.



Today we are thankful to Dorothy & Elias for naming him Bernie...
Because the phrase "Feel the Alvin" just isn't the same rallying cry.

UNDER A FORT ASUDNER

Did you see the one about the tens of millions of bees which were found dead after a field was sprayed with Monsanto products?

Did you read about the good deeds being done by refugees instead of acts of crime?

Did you watch the story about the medicinal cures that come from plants rather than chemicals?

Did you hear about the judge who was sending children to jail because he was getting kickbacks from the corporate-controlled prisons?

Did you see the one about the presidential candidate who drew tens of thousands of people to a rally and then did it again and again?

If you haven't seen these, then it is time to realize that all of the news media that is being pumped into our homes, isn't really news at all. It is reality television - manipulated by stagehands where money is the driving creative force behind what gets greenlit (oh the mixed metaphor of greenlit being moneylit) and what is removed to paid YouTube viewing.

WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT LINE

Last week, we were speaking with the President of the National Sentence Administration (whose slogan is "An Entirely Different NSA"), when our pocket computer booped, our Pavlovian brain beeped, and without thinking we reached, opened, read, and said, "Look at the subject line of this email!"

Our interviewee frowned, and shook his head in a manner that indicated this might very well be the last interview he gives us. He confirmed this with the simple reply, "Why is there no predicate line as well? Isn't there more to communication than subjects? Or is it all really Me, My, I?"

You want the streets cleaned up? You want government cleaned of corruption? You want the mouths on television washed out with soap? You want all your secrets scrubbed from the internet? Look no farther than the loading dock of the local high school where Roosevelt "Squeaky Clean Rosie" Rossum has kept the wrestling team staph-free since 1983.

Candidates We Haven't Seen #5



Her staff stated that Bernie was going to campaign like a "Brooklynite".
That could only mean one thing...schmear tactics!



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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May 8th 2016

What a conundrum, right? Who to vote for if Bernie doesn't get the nomination? Actually, there's no conundrum at all since the conversation isn't even potentially relevant until after the Democratic Convention at the end of July. So, let's stop right there with all of the what-if-ism-ing and get back to the revolution. Revolutions have life or death, without much space for the in-between. All of this talk of alternate plans serves no purpose. We will deal with the shenanigans if it comes to such a turn.

Revolutions start spinning, rather than revolving, when outside forces seed doubt, rather than determination. Produce theories, instead of actions. Attempt to argue that you've closed down the conversation by not accepting an option, when by the very definition of revolution we've opened the door to much more than was previously imaginable.

As a child, we used to drive past the "Hubbell" sign on the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut. Large sign made of bushes (yeah, maybe Bushes given that they came from Greenwich).

This was right around when the Hubble Space Telescope (yes, we knew that one and the other were not related) was launched into space and the images coming back were blurry. Apparently (and here we stop for a history lesson) they ground the lens wrong, it was off by 1.3mm, but it was enough to send back blurry images and require a visit from an Astro-Optician.

We used to joke about trimming the hedges to read "Focus Here". Yet, in that same regard, and double meaning, the lit flag poles and shrubbery became an internal point of concentration, a self-altar of determination. Driving past in a state of confusion or torment, one could simply whisper, "Focus Here" and be reminded that this too shall pass in the left lane while one slows down and unwinds, in the travel lane.

So, here's a little star * to be used as a focal point for the time being. Focus * Here.

We focus on all of the changes that need to occur in this land, which is your land, which is my land, which is our land - heaven and hell and purgatory and earth. Where we are fed a race war, to hide a class war.

We focus on making certain that every single person has a chance to be heard - not through the false megaphone of that which is social media, but through the quiet spark which is the act of standing up to vote. Why it is easier to set up a facespacetweet-o-gram than to actually vote? Is it because it is preferable to have us fighting behind screens, than organizing in the streets?

When Bernie states that this is a "political revolution", he's trying to use those words to remind us that there needs to be a rallying cry always, a rallying point certainly, an icon and an altar in each one of us that keeps the beacon lit for today, tomorrow, the future both near and far, for generations and those which come after we are gone.


In the midst of writing this, word started to spread that the Democratic National Committee is beginning to stack the Democratic Convention deck against Bernie - filling organizational roles with strident establishment toe-the-line party members. This should not come as a surprise. In some way, we should welcome more conniving and denying, because the greater the wall, the higher we will climb.

A question to ask here is why the fear - not our fear mind you (albeit that's another question), but that of the opposition. Why spend so much time and energy needing to...rig the system? There's only one reason - power fears the loss of its power because it knows its power is built on falsehoods. Truth. Always. Wins.

We've watched as the sensationalist media culture around us has allowed for more untruth to prosper and fester - in these pages, and in each of our hearts and voices, we become something that the simple song of sixpence of mainstream media can never become - we become chorus and movement, orchestra and conductors of our own greater future.

Who to vote for if Bernie doesn't get the nomination? Why Bernie of course - because the nomination is already his. He's already changed the conversation and enlivened millions of us who have learned what it takes to not be silent, to be involved, to pay attention, to stand up and to rally.

Bernie will win, and Bernie has already won. Bernie is victorious because he has become the focal point we have always needed. For the rest of our lives and then some, this little bird of ours, will forever be our little guiding star. Focus then, Berniecrats, Bernie or Bust-ers, Berners, Bernistas, Sanderistas, Bernonauts, Burlington Pilgrimage Crew, Phonebankers for Bernie, Canvassers of Your Town, Canvassers of Multiple States, Those Who Have Sacrificed Friendships and Families, Those Who Have Gained A Whole New Bernie Family, Those Who Have Donated Time and Money and Enthusiasm and Our Soul to the Revolution.

Focus, those who will never give up. Focus  Here.



**THIS MOUSTACHE
IS FASCIST**



**THIS MACHINE KILLS
FASCISTS**



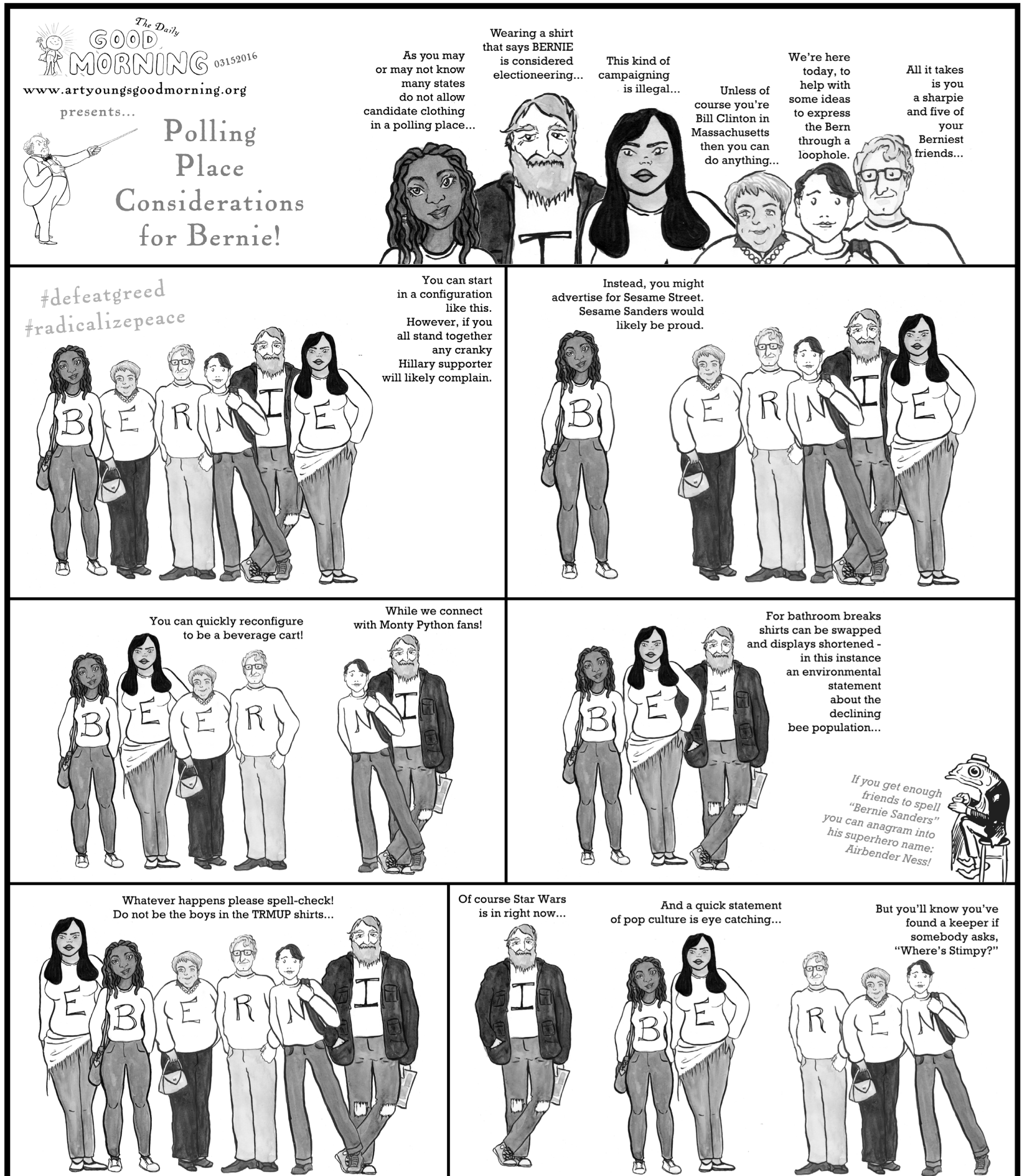
**THIS MOVEMENT DEFEATS
FASCISM**

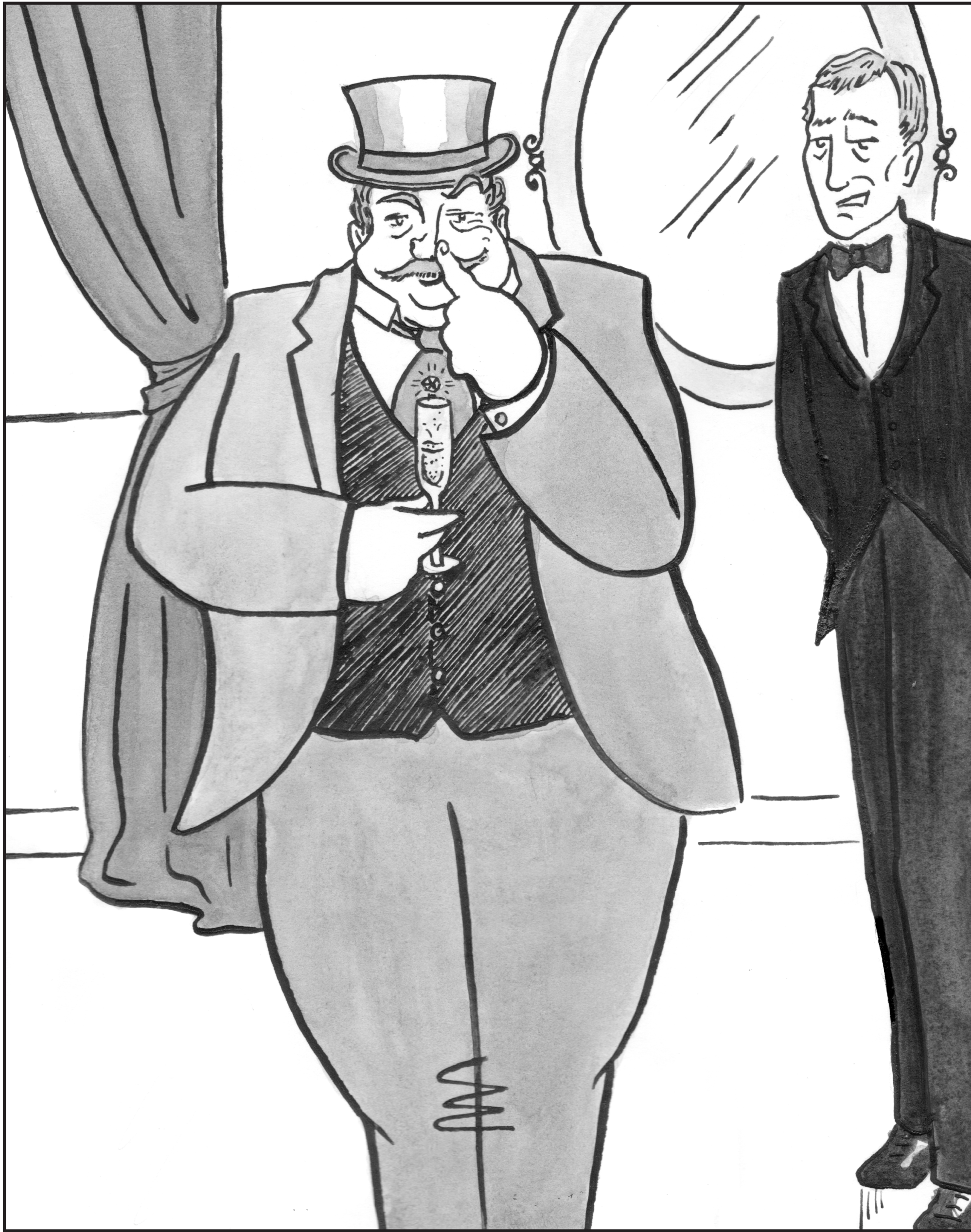
HAVEN'T WE SEEN THIS BEFORE?

Yes, the below cartoon has already been released into the wild (though it was kind enough, for the cost of a snack, to come back and pose for another photograph). Location tracking? On our Facebook page, where you can find a daily dose of the *Art Young's Good Morning* brand of humor.

HAVEN'T WE SEEN THIS AFTER?

So far, four months of daily posts have been making their way into the world. It creates a library of cartoons (Cartoon n. An antiquated form of modern meme. Derived from a humorous song, sung when driving. Often, looney.) that can be used to discuss many a political situation. Check some out, today.





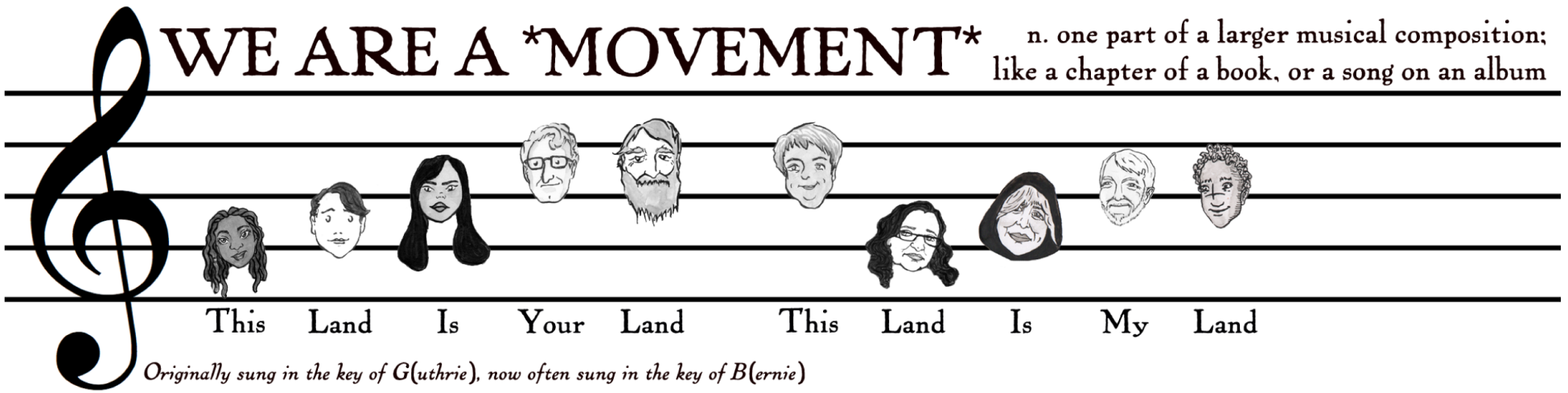
Servant: "He has your eyes sir." Sir: "He has my eyes."



res. And my money. He is destined for great things."

WE ARE A *MOVEMENT*

n. one part of a larger musical composition;
like a chapter of a book, or a song on an album



THE UNFORTUNATE CHILD

With all of the hand-wringing over hard-wrangling of children, and the incessant wistfulness (which in some manner is the opposite of our beloved whimsicality) of a time long ago, imagine what it must be like to grow up in not-the-golden-age not-the-good-old-days not-the-glory-days not-the-best-of-times.

Yet the choices we as a country make, for the benefit of our children (and our children's children), seems to be devoid of much thought and concern for what we are leaving behind.

But maybe there's the problem. Why are we leaving anything behind? Ought we be leaving things forward? Shouldn't what we be leaving behind, be that which our children are going to outgrow – such as the bigotry and racism that creeps into so many places?

Given the youthfulness of parents, and grandparents, given that there are more great-grandparents now than ever before, shouldn't our foresight be that much greater as we can see how our collective choices have an effect on that many more people that are close to us, even if not everybody is quite ready to make the leap into seeing the need to make community choices based on everybody?

Because, you know, community, really isn't the same as communism just because it shares the first five letters. Explaining this, given the penchant for poor spelling in our age – for which we blame the computer spell checkers (who get their revenge via auto-correct) shouldn't be a problem at all.

THE DISPROPORTIONATE CHILE

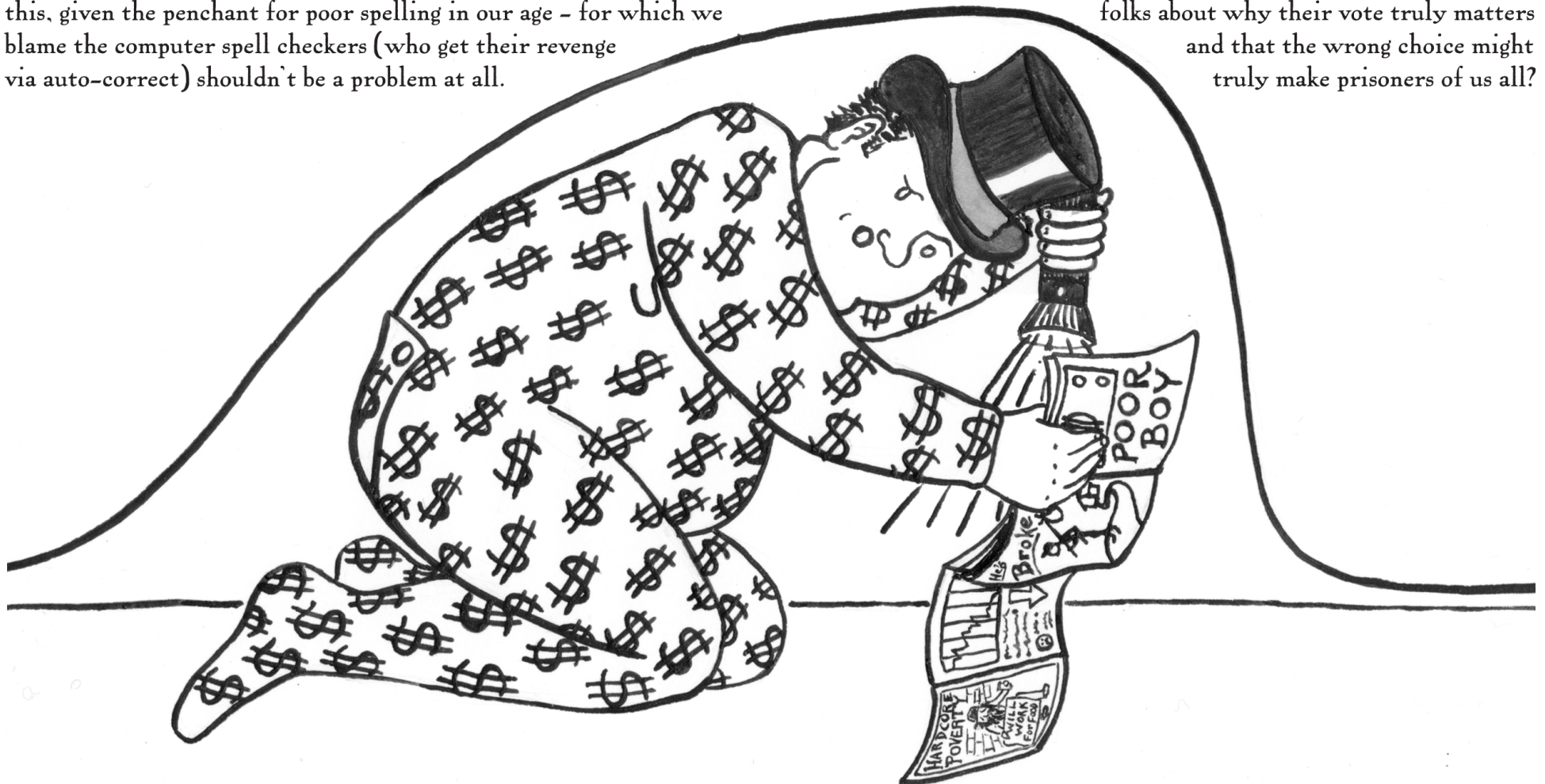
As things go, we're spilling over into the next column, with a riff on what came before.

We were out canvassing for Bernie, knocking on doors, having civil conversations with Trump supporters, while Clinton supporters were more likely to slam doors in our faces (Cruz supporters mostly didn't know what to do with us and Kasich supporters were non-existent), and afterwards wondered – given the interest in having conversations with us, what if we just started canvassing issues?

What would it be for you, a Saturday afternoon, a couple of folks knock at your door and say, "Hi, we're with *Art Young's Good Morning*, and we're out informing our community about some of the great issues we face as a country. Are you aware that this country has more than two million prisoners, a disproportionate number of which are minorities?"

"Would it surprise you to know that the law which was passed, which allowed the privatization of prisons, and the culture that money can be made off of prisoners, was signed into being by Mr. Clinton and publicly backed by one Mrs. Clinton that is now running for President?"

In this manner, do you think we might be able to reach more folks about why their vote truly matters and that the wrong choice might truly make prisoners of us all?



Bedtime Indiscretions of the Wealthy

HEAVEN CENT

Given the economic climate of 1914 versus where we stand today in 2016, it's time to instate an incremental tax upon churches, in a vein similar to that which people are paying.

Corner church with twenty parishioners and barely enough tithe to keep the heat on in Winter? Low. Maybe nothing. Megachurch like Joel Osteen's which repurposed a basketball arena for Sunday Mass? Something that ensures the homeless and hungry in a fifty square mile radius are no longer homeless and hungry.

Beyond the need for laws and loopholes to be updated and closed, shouldn't a church have to live up to its teachings? Of course, if one just wants to come out and admit that Capitalism is the capital C which is followed instead of Christianity, then it's a whole different ballgame.

Because then, you're not a church but a corporation and if you're a corporation you have personhood and so you'll be able to at least faux-legally still conveniently forget to give back to the community which raised you up in the first place.

Round and round we go, where we stop - everybody knows...because this hoarding of cash for a rainy day, is going to end come the day when the unwashed masses have nothing left but parched lips. What will remain of your parchment then?

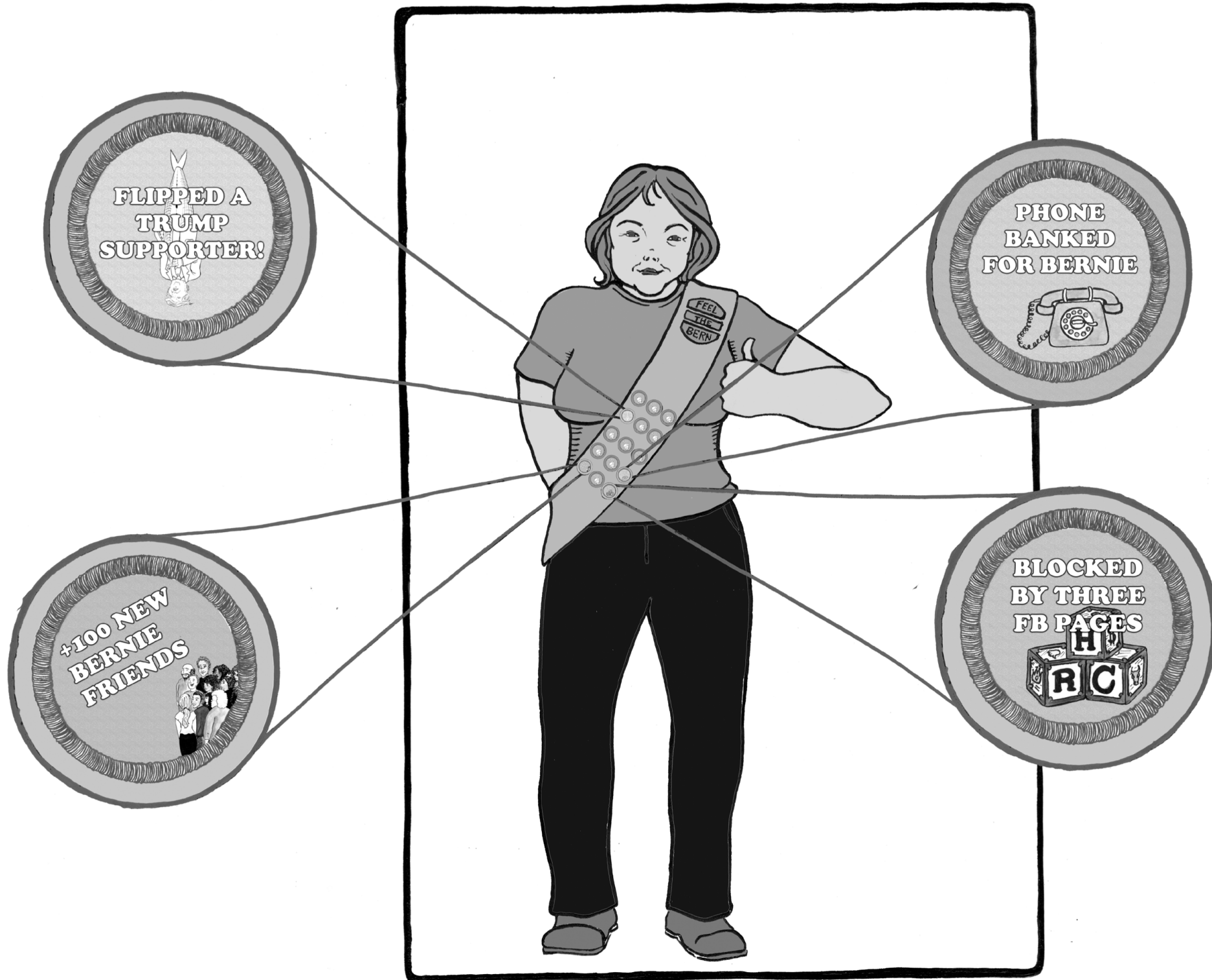
HELL BENTO

It isn't as if the minions of Hell have it any better than the altar boys and parishioners on their road to heaven.

Down below, near where the center of the earth is still warm thanks to the molten core, the capitalists have taken over and The Devil is but a defacto figurehead of a ruler (See Art Young's Inferno for the first report on this changing of the three-headed guard dog) who is still tossed out for parades and hellevision appearances on all the popular talk shows of the day such as The Furnace View, Eat the Press, HEL Today, and our personal favorite Good Morning Seventh Plane (although please don't mistake favoritism for sponsorship - their rates for thirty second spots was...hellish).

Does that mean that we are finally strange bed-fellows with the torturers and eternal punishers down below? Is it time to realize that a call for an end to the crony capitalism and inordinate wealth is also a cry for the lawlessness and disorder to properly return to the infernal kitchens, so that restoration, rejuvenation, and reconfiguration on the most desirable beachfront property in the human universe, returns to its dusty nostalgia of yesterday?

Yes, we're here to say - stop the development of Hell - let it remain the quaint countryside of demonism that it once was.



Have You Earned Your Bernie Badges Yet?

THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH



Given two candidates versus one hundred flavors of soda, it is good to have the important decisions simplified for us.

AROUND THE OFFICE

Meester Orange sits patiently by the left arm, and on an occasional occasion, rubs a jowl and tooth over the hand, causing some sort of typographical anomaly such as sddfffsa to occur.

At first, it was immediate nature to scruffle him with one, while the other diligently tapped the delete key in an effort to remove the space (bar) oddity.

But, in a moment of clarity (or maybe that which all editors seek – a moment not of rushing to finish an issue) it became apparent that such erasable actions were actually an inadvertent attempt at censoring our elder cat from expressing his views to the world.

Ergo, a policy change around here – here being the feline inundated desks and floorspace which we rent from them for the price of tuna and kibble and clean drinking water (for all creatures have the same rights and needs, yes?).

So, as all cats go, while this is being written, there is zero interest in applying feline logic to the problem – a cat, being directed, is not a cat at all. So, hereafter, let it be known that all typos are the result not of error, but of errant whisker, being pressed against the hands of an editor who is simply trying to get typeset set in some type of fashionable manner and a cat who is simply trying to make a beeline for a byline in the world.



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



In Art's own words from his autobiography:

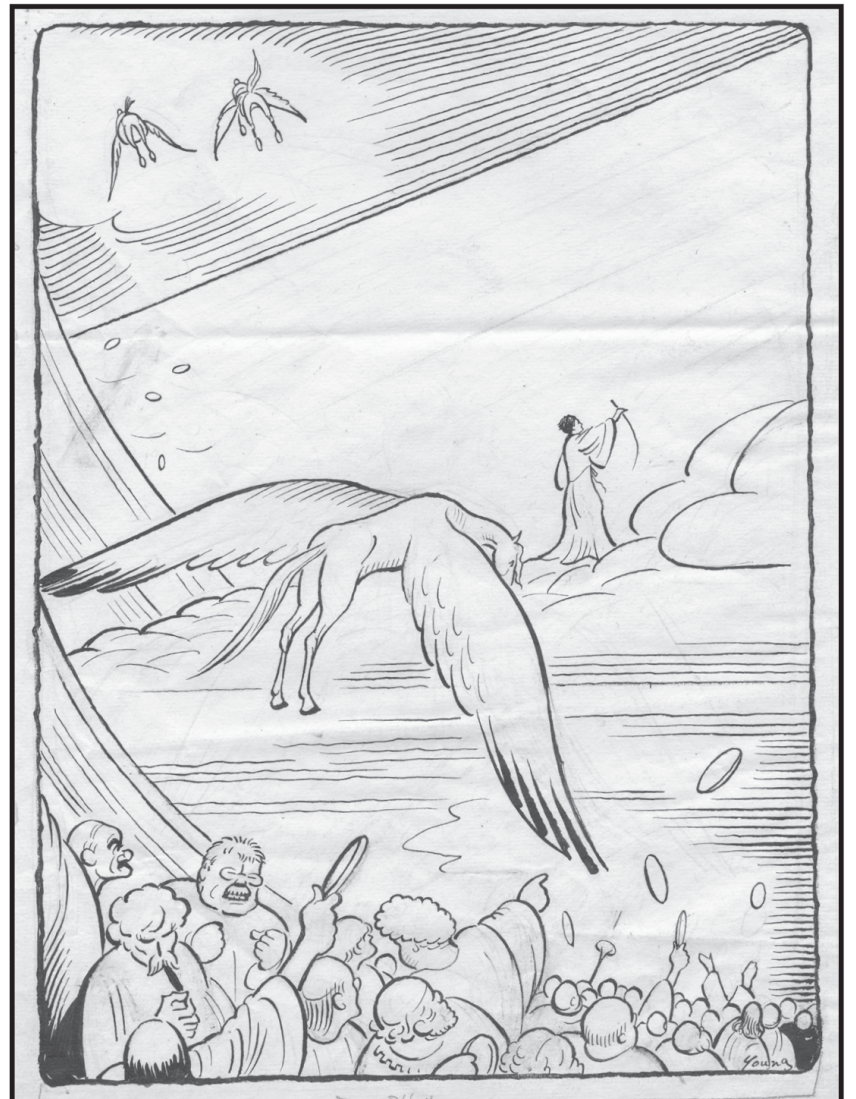
"Illustrating a book by that brilliant West Coast satirist, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, entitled *Heavenly Discourse*, in 1927, it dealt with conversations by outstanding dignitaries and some interlopers in the celestial regions. For this volume I enjoyed doing some portraits of God, a venerable old gentleman with long white whiskers. I showed him at the wheel of the universe, steering a course through space; in a general's uniform, sounding a call for preparedness; and exhibiting impatience with Aquarius for his unintelligent manner of answering prayers for rain from Denver."

But to explain the reason why these two would work together, let us point out a bit from Wood's June 1916 essay, as published in *The Masses*, under the title, "Am I A Patriot?"

"And we are opposed to war because it limits life still further. Because it cuts off arms and legs and husbands and fathers and liberties and loves. Materialistic reasons all, but sufficient ones.

Why try to add to them the pretense that we are interested in any such indefinable ideal as honor? I have been asking everybody I know for the past two years to tell me what honor means. None of them has come across with a definition yet. Nobody knows what honor is: and so, of course, every man with ideals will fight for it. Ten million men are fighting for it today, when every last one of them would rather be doing something else.

Here's for a bold, bad move. Let us chuck the whole thing, not even pretend that we stand for it, and set out straight for the things we want. Let honor and such truck go to the devil – we'd rather have lungs and livers and whole faces and whole families and a whole material existence."



A POETRY RACE IN HEAVEN

HICKORY SWITCH, CEDRIC DIGGORY, DOCK

Given the lack of tall timekeepers in our modern world, the nursery rhyme starts to have a bit of a digital meaning:

Hickory Dickory Dock / The Mouse Ran Up The Clock

Are we referring to our pocket computer, and if so, is this a one button or two button variety of the pointing device. But wait, those don't have such peripherals.

The Clock Struck One / The Mouse Fell Down

Hickory Dickory Dock

Is it possible then, that a nursery rhyme from all those centuries ago, was really a prophecy of the potential downfall of the entire technological corridor into our future?

If so, which "one" are we speaking about? Is this an hour, possibly like thirteen, as the one comes after the twelve (as such Nostradamus-esque entreaties always seem to have some twist, some turn in our thinking which makes it malleable to the modern age)?

Maybe "Clock" is a metaphor for somebody, a Voldemort-esque character who is waiting to strike down the unfortunate boy who just wanted to win the Tri-Wizard Cup and inadvertently got in the way of an angry angry noseless man (he never did get over not being able to have his nose pierced in his new body).

Or, potentially, the fallen mouse was Mickey, had Congress not gotten caught up in changing the entire copyright and public domain law just to protect Disney from losing their ride on the cheese train.

Regardless, may we find a way to be safe for a while, even if it means we simply don't wind the clock further. There is some safety in stopping time for a while, even if just to catch a breather, before inevitability starts again.

HAUNTER GATHERER

Often, while gathering the piles of research which go into these blurbs and blobs of text (that unfailingly try, yet rarely succeed, to match the design and charm of the illustrations that catch the eye and make one stop sipping their teas), we come across more than enough stories and tellings, to work one hundred pages over. The key of course, and we reveal it now so that you might begin practicing, is to find the few in which any humor still remains.

PUDD'N HEAD FRED

To keep Poor Fish company, Art had begun to introduce other characters into *Good Morning*.

Pudd'n Head Fred, was a take on members of Congress and is, according to his one appearance, second cousin to the Poor Fish.

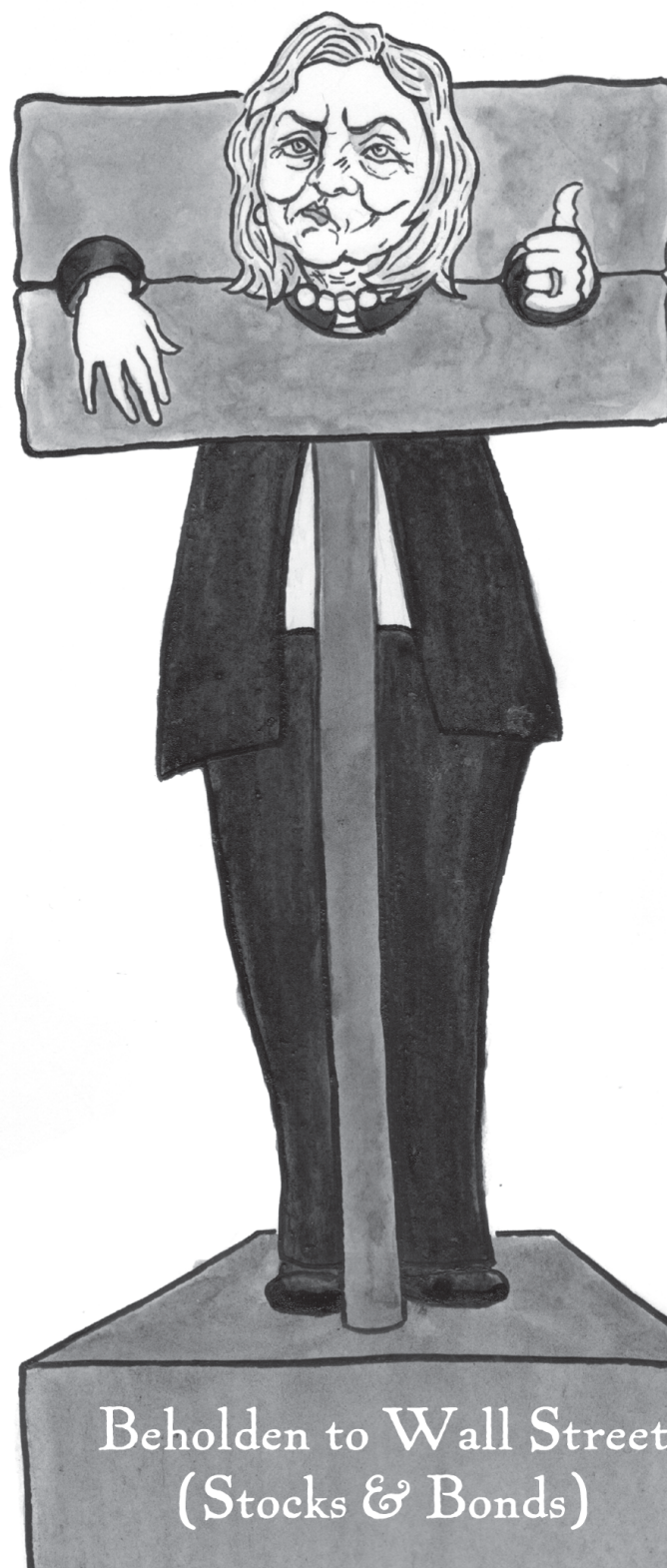
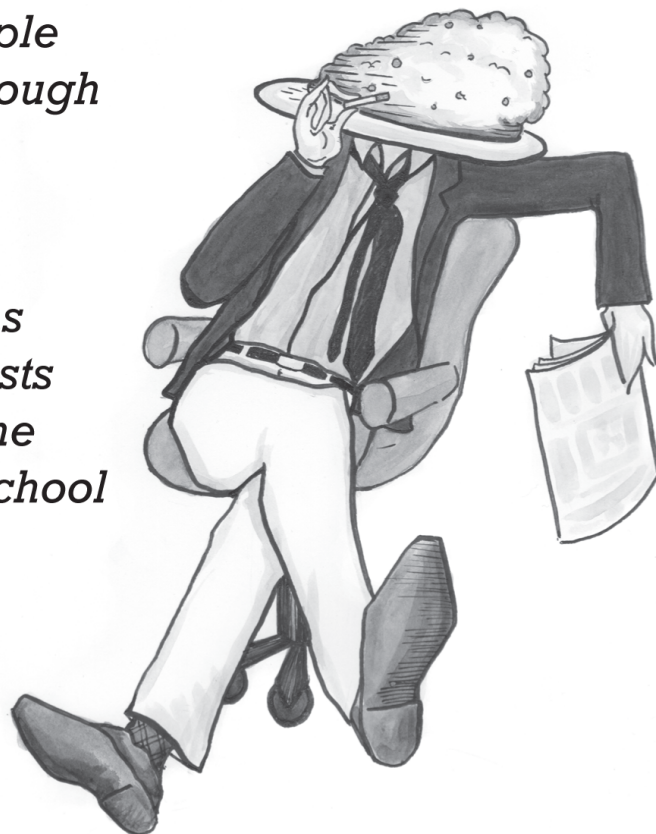
He first appeared, in 1919, in the image reprinted below, and then once solo, in Sept./Oct. 1920.



"Back in the day, to keep people away from the polls, it was enough for some folks to think that their vote didn't count..."

...or that enough other citizens were voting in the best interests of everybody so as to make the trip to the local elementary school gymnasium, unnecessary.

Now we have to actually not count their vote. Damn, you voters are causing unexpected expenses."





Volume 6.04 - May 8th 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.

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When it snapped Mama yelled
across the yard to Mrs. Mac who pulleyed

the new line tied to the old
back to Mama, who untied

the flittered and secured the new.
Then she parted the sea

of clothes, light from dark,
into the steaming water

tossed in a cube that blued it,
such alchemy blanched my soul.

On the ribs of a board she scrubbed
til her knuckles bled and lower back rebelled.

After a cup of tea and a biscuit
she ferried the washed to the window

in a willow basket, leaned it
against the S-shaped iron guard.

Like a shoemaker tonguing nails,
she teeth-snapped clothes pins and flapped

my father's shirt, pegged it until it floated
on Bronx breezes. Our lives swung

from that line: cabbage rose aprons,
Hopalong tees, railroad overalls.

From my classroom window, I could read
my family's story writ against a witless sky

and knew Mama was safe until
the weight of our daily lives rent the line again.

How to Fix A Second Floor Clothesline
BY LIZ DOLAN





My younger brother, Bruce, likes those annoying, everlasting Easter candies called peeps. I have never understood why, but then whenever you meet a "why" in the road, you take it, or so I think. He will only consider the yellow ones, not others; a purist. It's now Easter weekend, though dates once marked as the time of creation and also the birth of Christ. The calendar is certainly fickle. Perhaps my brother should rather be enjoying old-time chocolate babies, biting "off with their heads" like the Queen of Hearts. Birth and death do ultimately join in sweetness. Ask any Mexican.

Another Bruce in my life was the lead dresser of a much-missed Old Vic & Broadway star. Oxfordshire's George Rose played Captain Hook in a "Peter Pan" revival - swishing, swashing, buckling, and impeccably British. In other words, a gay charmer. He was known for his adventurous ways, which is why he died of a bit too much leopard pawing. That aside, every night Mr. Rose rose to his peeps and at the curtain call bowed gracefully with his hat in place. Which, oh brother, is the real story here.

Mr. Rose was also impeccable in his delivery of a character, even down to his choice of underwear. During rehearsals, Bruce would scratch his head about this or that not working for Mr. Rose, because something was amiss. It was his hat. How could he play "the greatest villain of all time", "the swiniest swine in the world", and "the dirtiest dog in this wonderful world" if a damned, huge, broad, plume laden hat couldn't stay in place?

Well. After swishing down a spot of rum, I took it upon myself to solve the problem. "Peter Pan" evolves from Victorian English fairy tales, luscious in their impudence, spriteliness, and charm. So, what was needed were real Victorian hat pins, of which I had two in my possession. I swaddled them carefully, babes in arms, and sent them over with Bruce to the stage door.

On opening night, I was invited to join Mr. Rose in his dressing room after the show. I expected it to be mobbed, but there were only eight people asked to be there to celebrate. Delightfully, "Georgie Girl" Lynn Redgrave was one of them. In his dapper Victorian dressing robe, Mr. Rose immediately strided over to the door to greet me, extending his hand. "Ted!" I had never met Mr. Rose. A very amiable Captain Hook in a wonderful world, I thought. At that moment, I would have walked the plank for him.

With a cheery toast and introductions all 'round, Mr. Rose took me aside. "Ted," he said, "You saved the show. Thank you." Unexpectedly, he curtsied toward me, and gave a sly wink to Bruce. I'm flying!, I thought.

It must be eons back, since Never-Neverland has been so-so long ago, that I flew a babe named Jey Boy. We'd start slowly, then slash and flash and swish and swizzle, running full on from the front to the back of his family's vast downtown loft and way beyond, giggling all the way. I called it "Peter Pan-ing". I'd always land him in bed. "One in the meadow, two in the garden, three in the nursery fast asleep." I know I couldn't do that today. I certainly can in my mind, though.

There are peeps that one just can't get out of one's mind, like my brother's holiday obsession, Jey in my arms laughing and free, and a lovable Hook for storytelling - most definitely an ability shared over jellybeans and rum.

"Does anyone still wear a hat?", mused Sondheim. "Oh yes," I answered at a late night party at the Limelight, "with the help of peeps and hat pins." Oh brother.

A Brother Who Likes Peeps

BY TED KILLMER

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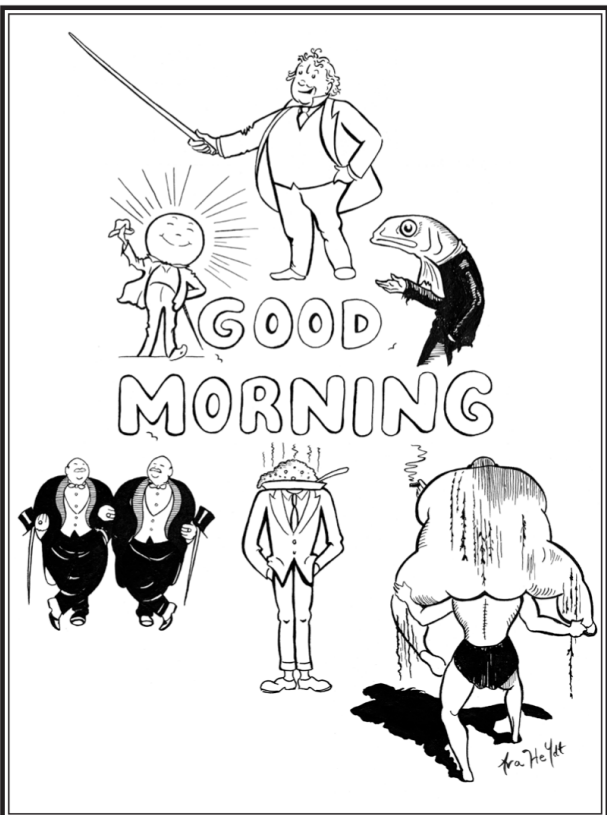
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Servant: "He has your eyes sir." Sir: "He has my eyes. And my money. He is destined for great things."