

GOOD MORNING

Vol. 6 No. 3



--Rat-a-tat-tat--Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat-touille

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IT IS IMPOSSIBLE
FOR THE
IMPLICATION
TO BE ANY CLEARER.

SO WHEN WE
IMPLORE
WE ASK WITH
IMPORT...

WE HOPE A
SUBSCRIPTION
TO
GOOD
MORNING
IS NO
IMPOSITION!



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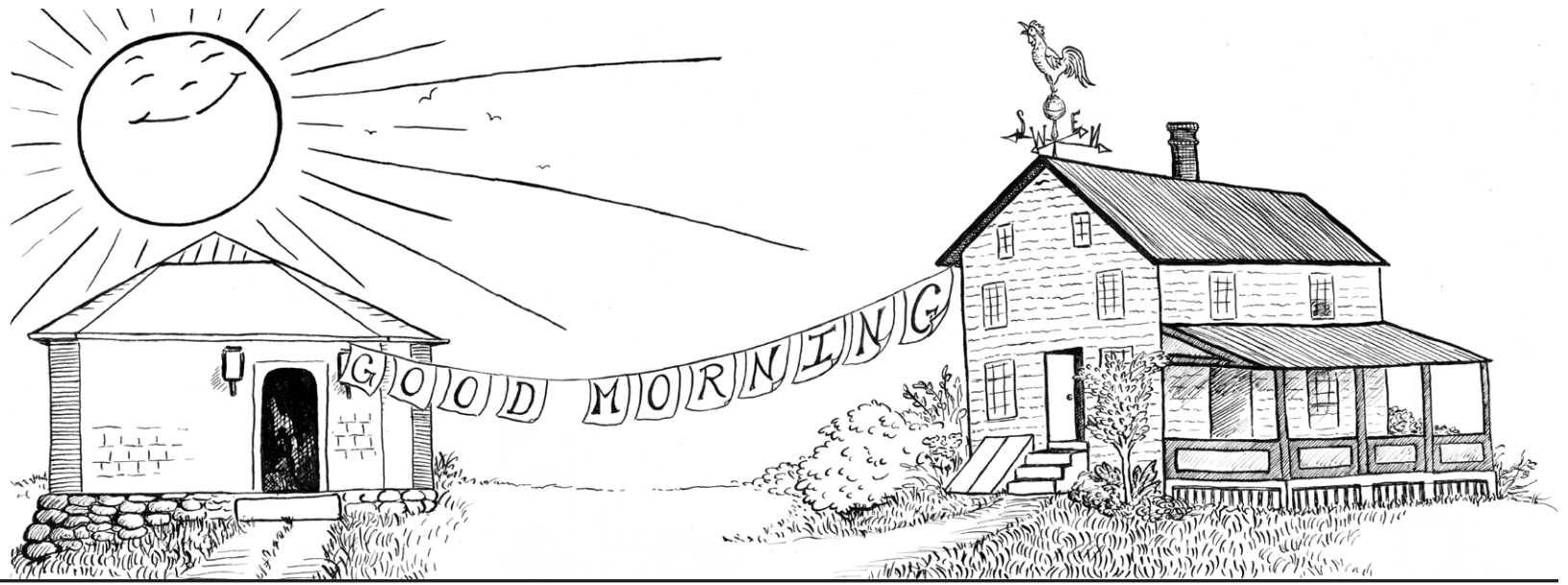
Never seen square fish eggs before. Who wants pointy caviar? Seems like capitalists have no end to their bizarre tastes...



Poor, Poor Fish. He doesn't know how to use a QR Code.

Scan this code with the camera of a smartypants phone or a QR Reader app and be taken to a secretive 'n secure internet location.

Once you have arrived, provide the password - "twenty four dollars" and six issues of *Good Morning* will be shipped to your door, chimney, post box, bunker, etc. over the next twelve months.



March 8th 2018

Vol. 6 No. 3

THE OLD GET OLD

The adults, have failed. The adults (given pause ergo a comma), should be able to honestly admit this failure. But then again, they don't see seventeen, twelve, thirteen, a few dozen dead, as any great loss.

So the adults have succeeded, especially in the age-old crime of forgetting what it is to be youth, disillusioned and proud. "Aw those kids, they'll get over having a few of their friends shot up. Back in my day we had to go to war and I lost far more of my friends than they ever will..."

And that is why we are here to talk over too-nearly the entirety of United Statesian Adulthood when we say - it is time to let the kids take over this fight.

THE YOUNG GET STRONGER

Adults cower. Having so few years remaining, they get squirreled away, saved for one last chance to roll the dice.

How inverted. That in youth we are impatient and in age reserved. Ought it to be the opposite that in youth we patiently toil and build our day to come, while those of us closer to death move with haste to breathe every last drop of sweat from the brow of the morn?

No matter, the children have now been pushed beyond the point of patience - and rightfully so - for they have accepted their fate of the last generation of childhood.

MAY TAKE A WEEK, MAY TAKE LONGER

Us elders sit around and speak of Coumbine, with the blame placed on musical tastes and video game choices, and sound like the out of touch nostalgics we swore not to be. At least now the focus is on the weaponry.

THEY'VE GOT THE GUNS

They've got the guns, and they are afraid that We the People are coming for them - but we've said it in these very pages that the powers that be will never take the guns of the people for they want the people to turn the guns on each other.

They can't keep us at each others' throats, with only knives - only guns bring the big show, get the great ratings.

And if they don't keep the people fighting each other, then we might very well realize that our focus and disdain ought be turned upward - not as in heavenly, but toward the eye of the pyramid, where the wealthy like to sit at the point, where, regardless of their actions, they feel heaven to be within reach.

WE'VE GOT THE NUMBERS

But which numbers are we looking for right now - millions in the streets, or a cacophony of dates for marches around the country?

Let's lay it out here in printed paper so that it survives the digital apocalypse.

The students called for a walk-out on April 20th (anniversary - though that seems the wrong word to use - of the shooting at Columbine).

Then, all of a sudden, the politicians and fundraisers of the Women's March decided that a rally on March 14th would be better.

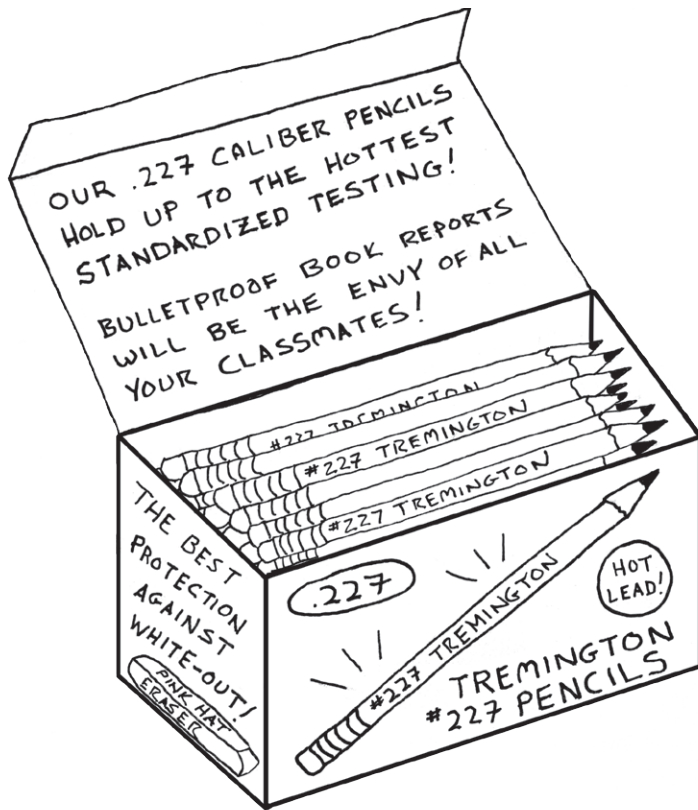
And while we'd like to say the more the merrier and all hands on deck, it is difficult for us to not see an opportunistic land grab - so as to plant a very centrist, Establishment Democrat (E.D.) idea of gun reform.

Do not let the adults, seeking fundraising and voters, co-opt the message. If that means staying home, then double down on April 20th, and feed the walking students.

THE ADVENTURES OF WOKRA



"Listen up Beefsteak, we wanna know - are you red like a Socialist or a Republican? 'Cuz with a relative named Golden Pear...you're a bit suspect..."



Maybe By Using Their Lingo,
We Can Trick The Government
Into Buying Pencils, Instead.

THANKS, WE WILL

Pry your gun from your cold dead hands? Sure, if you'd like. But we won't kill you, we'll just let the generation of rifle-size comparison die off, and leave a world in which the children-of-today see that the need for assault weaponry in the home, is far less important than not having barbed wire in the classroom.

Though, thinking upon it - why don't you take those guns to your grave. In fact, let us bury you with them - so that they rot and rust in the ground along with your archaic way of thinking.

DISARM YOU WITH A SMILE

So much uproar over the school security guard who, when faced with an active shooter, refused to go into the school and confront the problem.

Isn't it so very capitalism though, that we ask folks, even without the required or helpful tools, to do their job - even if it will cost your life? Isn't that truly the penultimate viewpoint of capitalism - that workers are cogs, easily replaced, and so what if you're killed in the line of fire?

The ultimate viewpoint of capitalism is, workers have all the fire and rebellion squeezed from their being so the difference between life and death is nominal, minimal, and subliminal.

But...beyond capitalism, is putting one's life on the line the modern expectation from a minimum wage employment? Are the folks yelling for a living wage, also the ones yelling that he should have gone in - or better yet, that it proves armed guards in schools will not serve the intended purpose?

The fight for fifteen is not just a number but a modicum of respect. Respect requires life to consider livelihood. And livelihood to respect living.

TEACHERS WITH ARMS

If we're going to permit teachers to bear arms, ought they also be allowed to bare arms? What about students? What about burquas? Are we to have dress codes that are more strict than gun laws?

TEACHERS WITHOUT ARMS

Maybe instead, we can offer those who feel the need to bear arms, all the firearms in the world, as long as they agree to trade out their human fleshy arms in return.

What good is a phone call Mr. Anderson, if you're unable to speak?

TEACHERS ARMORY

Speaking of The Matrix, imagine the conversation in the break rooms, as different departments compare the weaponry.

"We need guns, lots of guns."

The library shelves, no longer storing books, whoosh by, and all forms of heavy armaments are available.

"What's the dewey decimal for a .357?" one teacher yells out, leading to a shooting by the librarian who had already warned against excessive noise in the stacks.

*One Russian Hacker Bear is
the equivalent of far more than
thirteen Russian Social Media
Trolls...*



ARMORED TEACHERS

Given the already huge shortage of kevlar in the military, the union negotiates the second best thing - plate mail, head to toe for all teachers who are carrying.

Of course, this leads to the anachronistic difficulty of a holster on a suit of armor. We are promised a prototype by 2023.

SOLVING THE LOCK(ER) DOWN PROBLEM

Come High School, one of the simple joys (the seniority foreshadowing of the greater joy of receiving mail while in college... oh wait, that was for us...we didn't have email...not sure that Amazon counts as joy...) is having one's own locker.

A big hunk of metal, a door, the first private space that no parent can enter, and a simple padlock holds the teachers at bay (until they get the bolt cutters).

But most times, these grey and beige slivers of privacy are decades old and often smell more of last year's football team than wild roses.

So let's do this - rather than building barbed-wire parapets around campuses, let's tear out the old lockers and replace them with individual, bullet-proof compartments, into which each student can fit during the lockdown.

Once the shooter or shooters have been dealt with, a button is pressed and out of cold storage appear the students. No harm, no foul. Or death by forgotten combination.

BACK TO THE LIBRARIAN

We love libraries. We love librarians - to whom we always make a point of asking a question so as to continue to reinforce that they are still better than Google.

Yet, in a world that saw a string of mail-carrier shootings lead to "going postal" becoming engraved into the lexicon...for all of the days we hooliganized the elementary media center in search of readables...we'd have deserved at least a good tazing.

NEW MEANING OF CUT THE LINE

What else would we expect from years of yelling, "Don't cut!" We wind up with years of, "Don't shoot!"

NEW MEANING OF SHOOT THE MOON

What else would we expect from years of yelling, "Don't go out in the sun!" We wind up with years of Ra worshippers telling us the moon landing was faked.

THE TOWN OF CUT AND SHOOT

Don't cut? Don't shoot? Did you know that in Texas there's a town, just north of Houston, that is named Cut N' Shoot? Great flea market. Awesome people. Great name. Go visit.

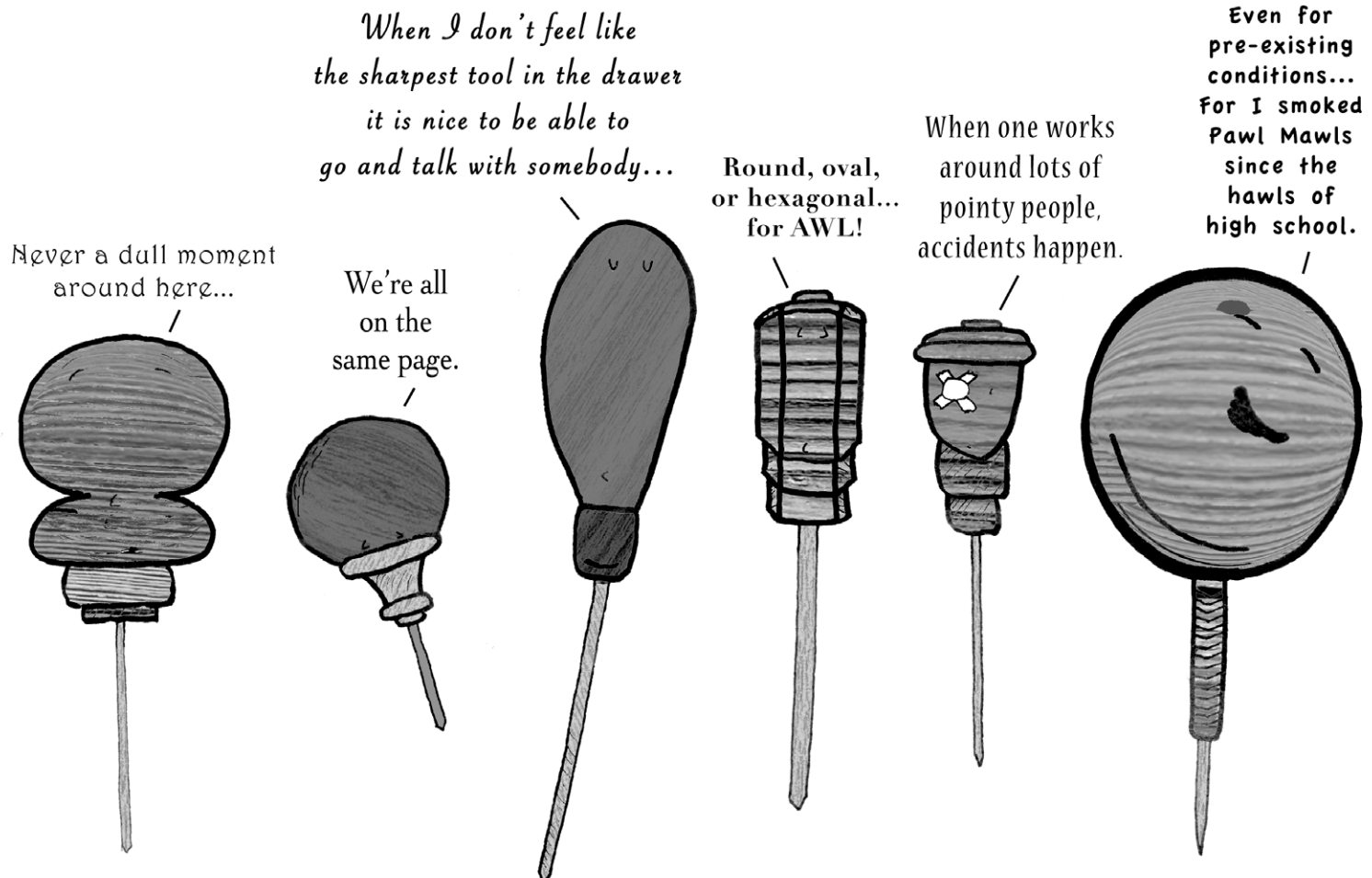
THE TOWN OF LODI

Did the best of you get lessened by cracking a Texas-sized joke about guns? Then here's one about New Jersey.

In the town of Lodi ("Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again...") Though this is a different Lodi - unless one prescribes to the theory that all towns by the same name are connected by a secret passageway hidden somewhere in the basement of the first town hall building) there is a business by the name of Luciano's. Actually two businesses named Luciano's.

Out front of the building, are two signs - one advertising guns, and the other advertising school uniforms.

Don't believe us? Google it. But ask yourself why you believe Google, over us.



As bookbinders, it is important to us to take care of all our employees. This is one of the many reasons why we ardently support Medicare for Awls.



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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March 8th 2018

"Don't shoot!"

"Hands up. Don't shoot!"

"Hold Your Fire!"

A triumvirate of police-film, buddy-story ad nauseous lines, that all have one other important trait in common - they all depend on the willingness of the powerful, to discharge their power, rather than discharge their weapon.

How did we reach the point, then, when so many lives are staring down the end of a barrel - and if this be true, are we all just poor fish in said wooden water trough?

"I'm unarmed!"

"I didn't do it!"

"I'm innocent!"

In a school shooting, it is likely rare-to-none that any of these phrases are uttered, certainly not spoken in any form of meaningful dialogue and instead as a spell, a shield, a defense against the very pinnacle of offense. In fact, for all the expressions and exclamations that occur during and after, there's really only one word that ever is heard above the din, above the chattering of one million cacophonous voices.

That word is "Why?"

In fact, it is like a chorus. An entire planet asking a question in an inglorious song.

And it is more than a word - it is a question - a search, a journey. An inquisition, but not in the Spanish-Pythonian sense.

For sadly, a question is not just a word, but a special kind of word which requires but one concrete event. Words in return. Notice how the problems only begin when one starts providing answers. That being said, enough of the yelling. It is time to sit down and talk.

They say that questions lead to answers, but we wonder what might happen if all we ever did was ask questions, forgo the formality of seeking an answer. Just keep asking - keep wondering - keep experimenting and maybe, just maybe, the solution will rise to its own level.

Asking questions of course, is the one which leads to the idea of lowering the voting age to sixteen, maybe even lower - and to this we'd like to add our voice as a resounding "Yes!" For so many reasons.

Like the Electoral College, news no longer travels at the speed of carriage or horse (insert antique and archaic internet super-highway joke here). Given the accessibility to the internet, and the

pace at which culture, pop or not, travels, there is a far more aware teenager base than ever before. In a darkened world, childhood does not last as long, and war and poverty come home to many, too soon.

More importantly however, it would move school curriculums away from preparing students for a business-world future, and back to offering education under the (again-archaic) term of "civics".

It is no wonder why classes in local government and involvement have gone by the wayside as corporations write the lesson plans. Broadly educated and imaginative thinkers are not the cogs needed within the wheels of capitalism. Labor history does not a good right-to-work-state worker make.

Student Council and Student Government is not, and has never been, a viable cover for pretending to be teaching how our government works, unless of course one is referring to the full-on sense of frustration and false sense of actually having any say in what happens in the hollow halls of Hubert H. Humphrey High. Maybe then, those structures have been more designed to discourage, rather than encourage, those who would wish to #ChangeTheWorld.

Imagine that, then, when teachers, folks who work in the field, those with experience, can once again teach - rather than making certain that funding is continued by the correlation and calculation of how well the number two *ahem* pencil is able to fill in the bubbles, as we keep our students within even larger bubbles.

Education is not meant to be prison. Prison is not meant to be a source of education. Houses of education are not meant to be prisons, nor preparations for same. If this is what remains, then we have failed our youth.

So as we consider the push and pull of the firearms debate, let's realize that the educated youth are already on the doorstep of history. It is time for the adults, who have failed in numerous ways beyond the safety of schools, to discharge their power, and cease using it as a weapon.

The youth deserve the opportunity to vote, to force politicians to listen or lose. For it is, after all, their future we are speaking of, and they have more of it coming to them, than us adults have coming to us.



THE BUTTON OF PRESIDENT v45

"North Korean Leader Kim Jong Un just stated that the Nuclear Button is on his desk at all times. Will someone from his depleted and food starved regime please inform him that I too have a Nuclear Button, but it is a much bigger & more powerful one than his, and my Button works!" President v45 Tweet January 2018.

Would Somebody Please Get A Tailor For The President Petulant Before We Go Nuclear Over A Polyester / Rayon Blend?

KEEPING IT BUTTONED UP

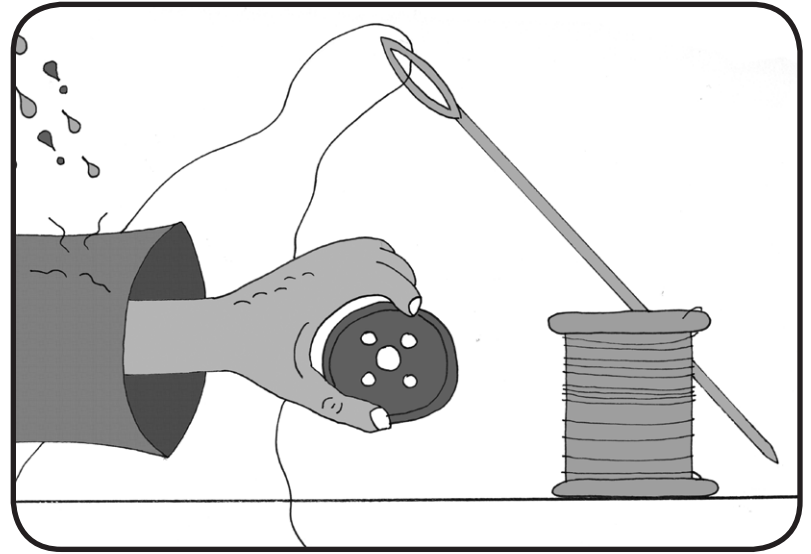
One could make the case, that having an endless stream of (sub)(un)(non)-consciousness is useful - the inner thoughts of a dictator, for the world to see, might be processed and re-processed and computer simulated (like is done with sporting events) to determine just when nuclear war might break out, or randomness takes over and a bill nobody saw coming is executive ordered.

But we have to believe, that what is happening, is so algorithmic, so dip-stick arrhythmic, that no prediction can occur when there is no predilection to patterning or partitioning.

Therefore, we think it best to destory the distraction, and find a way to prevent the terrible tweeting from turning on again tomorrow.

PASSING THE BUTT-ON

While we're not able to on this page (it is only seven, after all), we hope that as the pages turn, we're able to discover some manner in which the thumbs may be silenced.



Does This Button Make My Hands Look Big?

SNAPS

There are alternates after all, to the big-red-button-of-doom theory of diplomacy.

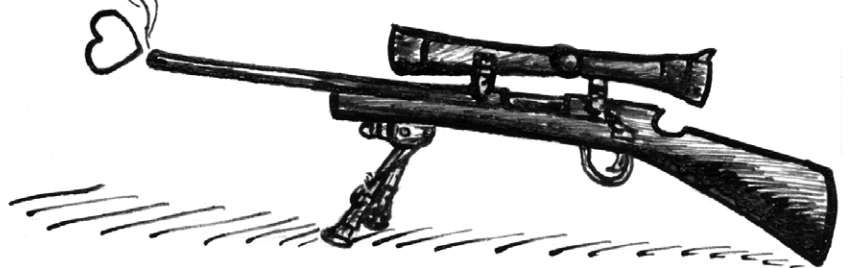
For example - snaps! Everybody prefers snaps - no worrying about fraying thread, no nimbleness of fingers required to maneuver the just-too-small buttonhole around the plastic or ceramic charm.

And certainly less frustration. There's a reason why kids pants start in simplicity - to lessen the possibility of full scale meltdown.

VELCRO

Or we can go 1980s suave - and take the route of Velcro Diplomacy. Who doesn't enjoy the repeated close and open, seal and tear sound that accompanied sneakers of a generation past? Who didn't sit, one day, and open and close one thousand times on end? Maybe, then, we can distract our war-mongering leaders long enough, with a pair of velcros, to prevent them from doing any real damage to the world...

Were you left behind by some modern cupid, or are you trying to tell us something?



THE WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

For our part, my people are just glad that they haven't yet invented the semi-automatic



harpoon. Though given the dwindling fish populations, it probably wouldn't help that much. That being said we don't really have school-of-fish shootings.

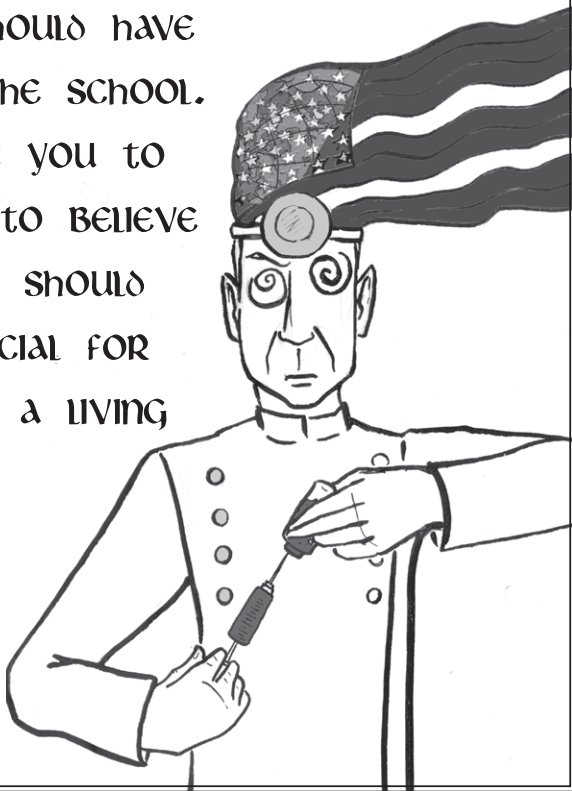
Gun ban? Gun restrictions? Gun control? Gun laws? Purchase limits? Background checks? Ammunition serial numbers? Gun show legislation? How many bills do you expect me to write? I have a re-election campaign to run.



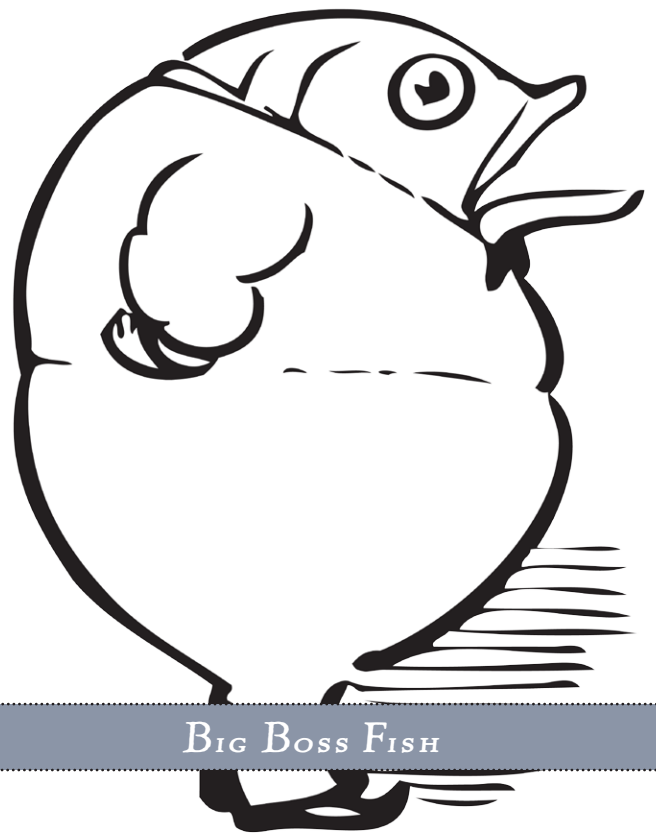
OUR SENATOR, PUDD'N HEAD FRED

the cabinet of DR. I. nation

We appreciate your willingness to agree that the armed security officer should have entered the school. We want you to continue to believe that lives should be sacrificial for less than a living wage.



If you're going to ban assault rifles, I'll start selling 3-D printers so folks can make their own.



BIG BOSS FISH

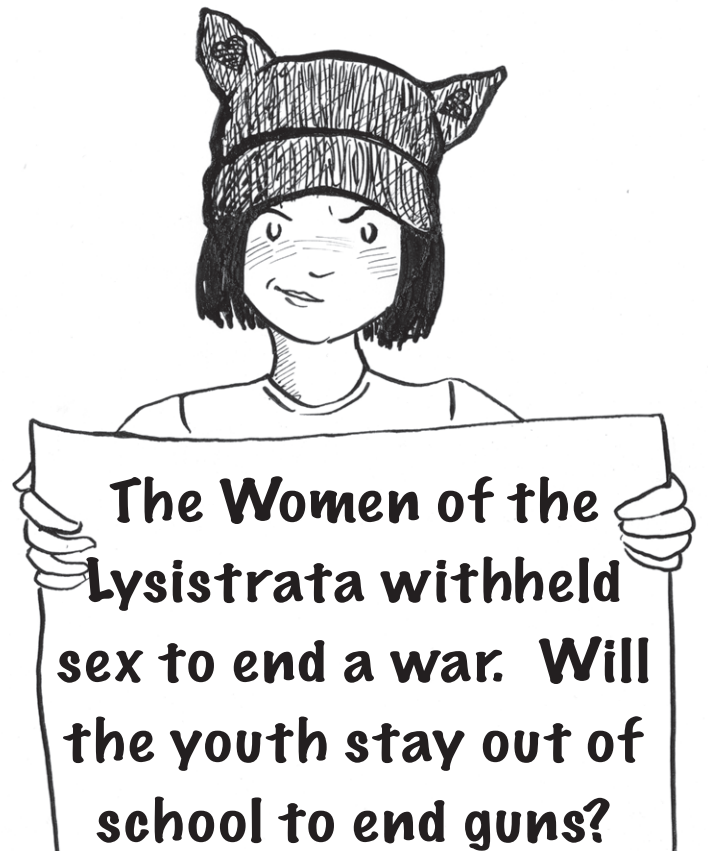
"There have been twenty years of revolutionary education, agitation, and organization since the Haymarket tragedy, and if an attempt is made to repeat it, there will be a revolution and I will do all in my power to precipitate it. If they attempt to murder Moyer, Haywood, and

their brothers, a million revolutionists at least will meet them with guns."

Appeal to Reason
March 1906

THE BLOG OF CONVICT #9653

VOICES IN THE STREET



Let us show you how to turn firearms into plowshares.

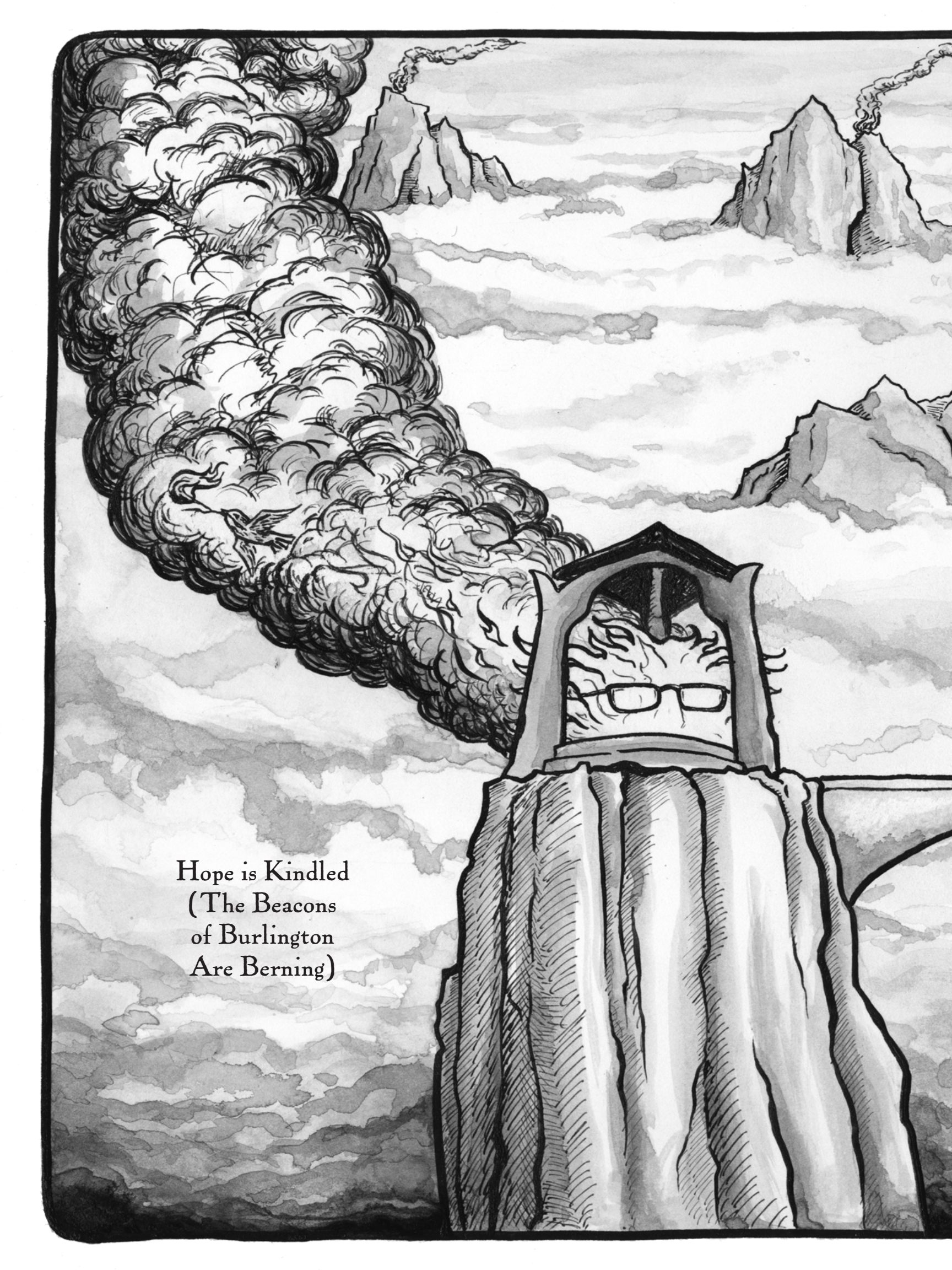


REVOLUTION GARDENS

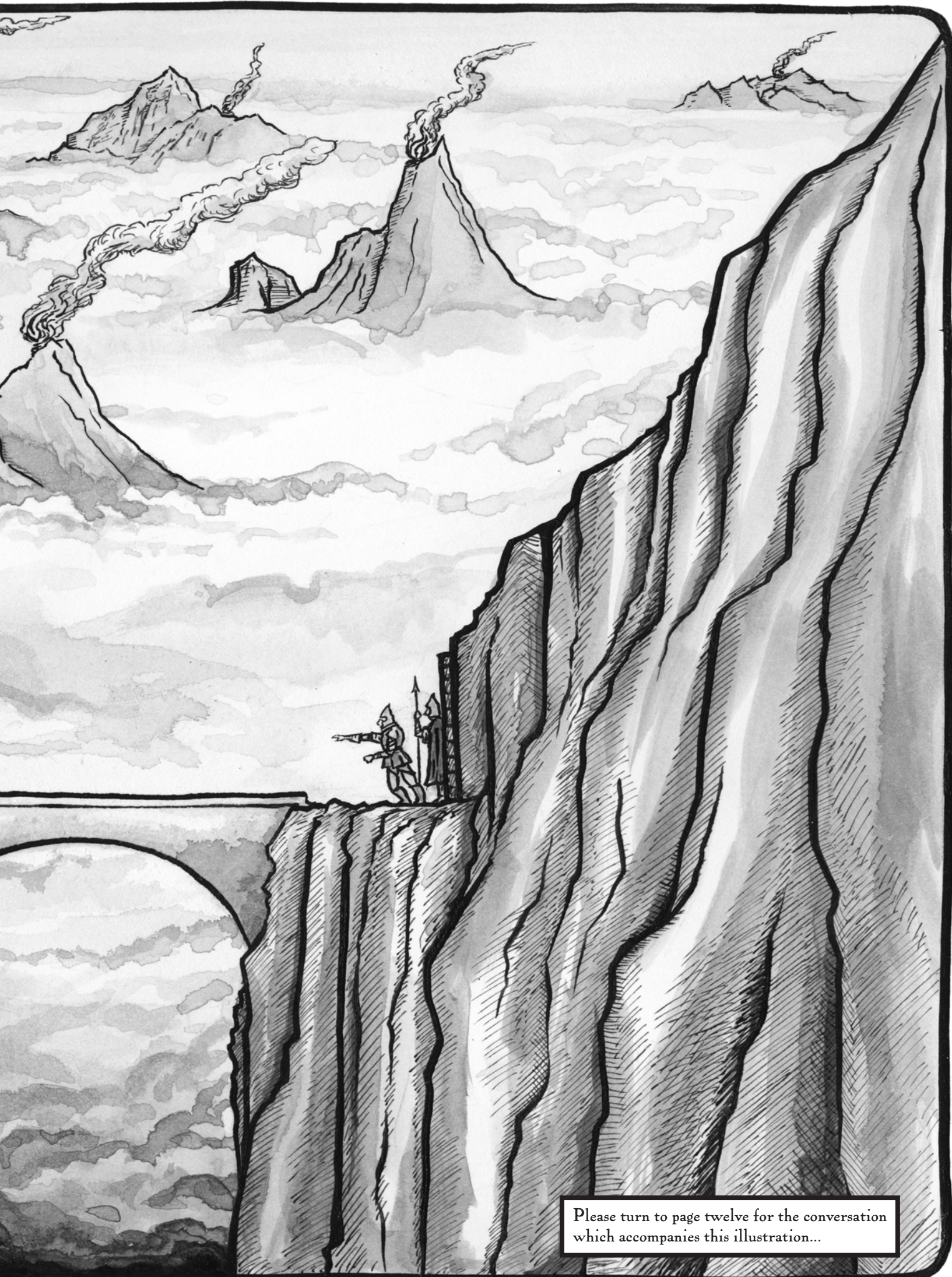
ART'S STAND UP (& FIGHT BACK) ROUTINE

Target Practice should be students having the chance to learn to drive in the parking lot of a Target, not being used as cannon fodder on a Tuesday afternoon when somebody finds the need to unload a few hundred rounds between lunch and social studies.



A black and white illustration. In the foreground, a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a long, flowing robe, is shown from the chest up. He is looking out over a landscape. In the background, there are several jagged, rocky mountains. Two of the mountains are smoking, with plumes of smoke rising into the sky. A large, dense plume of smoke or steam is rising from the left side of the frame, partially obscuring the sky. The overall style is that of a comic book or a graphic novel.

Hope is Kindled
(The Beacons
of Burlington
Are Berning)



Please turn to page twelve for the conversation
which accompanies this illustration...

BIRDIE & BERNIE: A CONVERSATION (Vol. 2 Ch. 1)
HOPE IS KINDLED...THE BEACONS OF BURLINGTON ARE BERNING

The mad steward, whose pride and desperation have led to his self-coronation as false king, brings the country to the brink of war and deeper poverty. From their separate journeys, our heroes have arrived in Dinas Cirith, where they seek to speak Truth to Power.

Birdie: Where is the grey wanderer?

Having battled the Hillaruk-hai through the depths of Michi Gan and Calif Ornia and then up the Endless Stair of Philad El Phia, our hero appears.

Bernie: Nearly seven stars and seven stones have passed. The hair is white, now, dear friend.

Birdie takes his usual perch upon our hero's shoulder.

Birdie: The people call for you to help depose Donalthor, so we may turn toward battling the greater evils.

Bernie: He will grant us no audience. He knows his time is short. Unlike the dwarves sing in their tales, gold is n'er long forgotten. At least not by him.

Birdie shakes his beak. A feather drifts gently in the air. Birdie realizes he needs to be more direct.

Birdie: The people know you are still fighting. We need you to know that we want you as a leader.

Bernie: The hands of the king are the hands of a healer. The people are rising. Their currents will lift the rightful heir.

Rumors have been long-standing and they have sparked dreams. Reports have surfaced and they have sparked nightmares for those that would stand against this movement. But dreams and nightmares both are fed by the reality of our days.

Birdie: Just say the word. We will mobilize.

Bernie: There are greater issues at hand - universal health care, for-profit prisons, affordable education, deportations and DACA, the cutting of medicaid, tax cuts, mid-term elections...

Birdie whistles a low tweet, punctuated by a chirp. What is the word, the phrase, the pull of the heart-string, which will move the head-strong?

Birdie: You are a beacon. You cannot deny this.

Bernie pauses. Looks toward the Montpeilenor Fields, and

upward to the peaks of Hart Ford, and all across the Ratty Lands.

Bernie: This is your realm, and the heart of the greater realm that shall be. The time comes of the Dominion of Humanity, thus Elder Kindred shall fade or depart.

Birdie: Not me, us. Of course. But don't mistake that even as our leader (which is exactly why we want you as a leader), you remain, simply, one of us.

Bernie smiles that smile we all know - the one that keeps us believing that there is a masterful move awaiting its play, five steps from now...to corner that mad steward king, and all the establishment bishops and knights and (c)rooks.

Bernie: I have to run.

Birdie: Yes, you do.

Something unspoken sits between the two. Birdie takes leave of his host to post upon a tree whose skeletal white branches reflect a time long passed, in the still fountain below.

Bernie: I have three Medicare For All rallies to attend today and a bill to present in the Senate. Be merry! We will meet again, at the turn of the tide. A great storm is coming.

Bernie sets stride to his steed and speedily stumps out of sight. Birdie whispers to none in particular...

Birdie: You are the storm.

Birdie flies to the top of Burl Ingtion. With a strike of the Flint, the word is set on the lips of the people across the houses and lands, sets the Voices of the Movement scrambling to set flame to all the pyres of the old ways and days...

The beacons, once twenty and sixteen, now twenty by twenty, are lit!

How will We the People respond? How will we, elves and dwarves and humans all, of Rivendell and Lothlorien, of Khazad-Dun and Erebor, of Gondor and Rohan, respond?

How will we raise our song, rally all voices to call and to knock, to speak Friend to all who will listen that the way to the new day is through #Bernie2020

Become a Beacon.

#ForeverBernie #HopeIsKindled



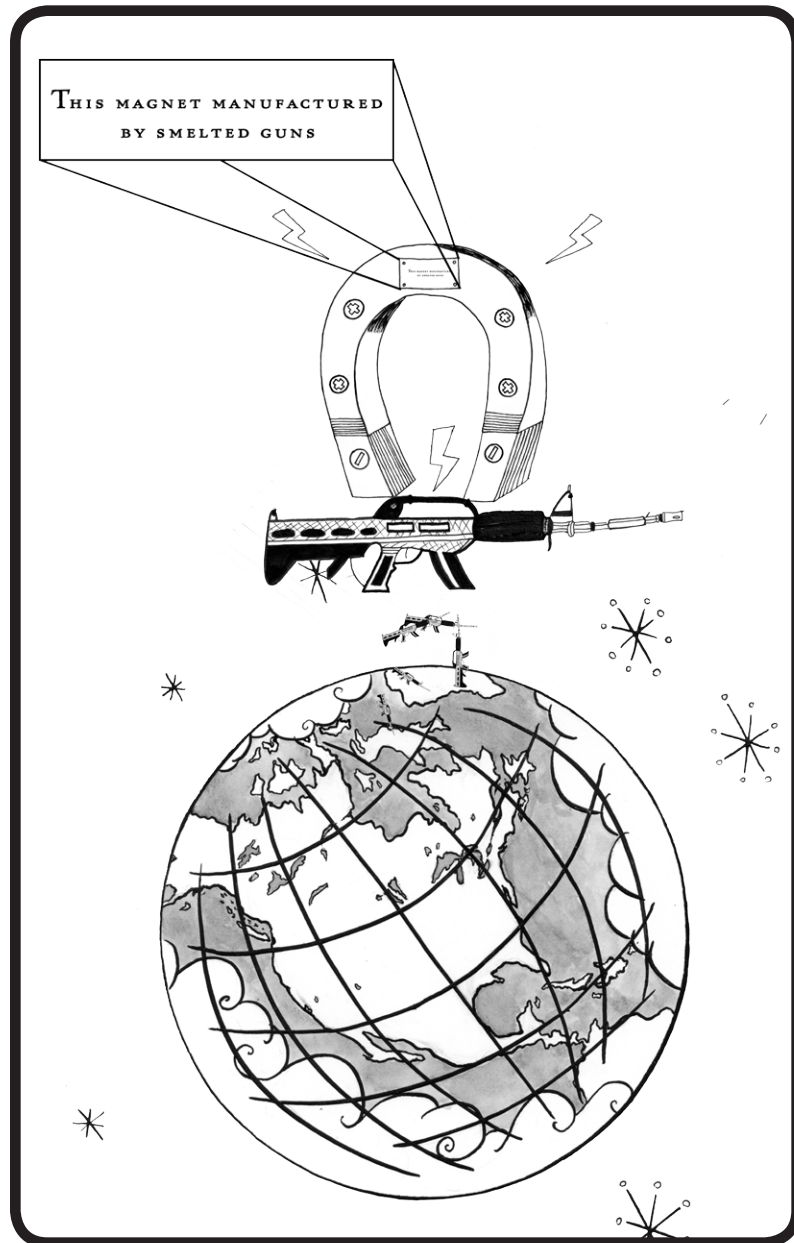
For When Your Guns Absolutely, Positively Have to Be There
 For the Next School Shooting...

BACKWARDS GUNS

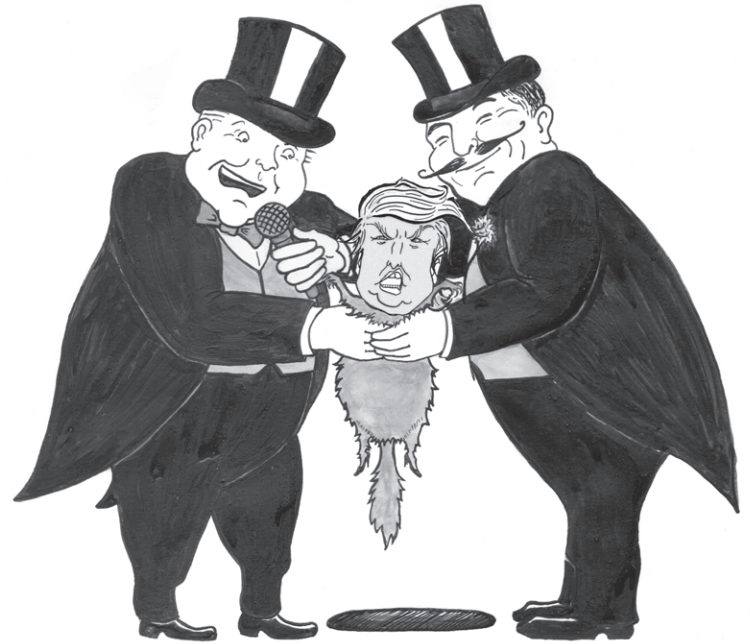
So now, Dear Reader, you've reached this section. You've presumably (which, as they say, you know what happens when one presumes - you make a pres out of you and me...) read the headline or title or header or whatever that short snippet of line above this section here, in boldfaced font is named, of which you are reading letter by letter as we type it (like schroedinger's typewriter - no letter appears until your eyes actually reach it).

Possibly you are thinking, "Yes, there are so many things about guns that are backwards" and a quick perusal of the kerfuffle that the country is now in lends to so many thoughts about what ought to be more forwards thinking than yesteryear.

But...that was not at all what we had in mind, beginning this section. No, for butter or wurst, our intent was much less grand. A simple question - why is the backwards of "guns", "snug"?



**The Solution We Dream of Offering
When We Come Across That Person
Who Can't Have the Rational
Conversation About Gun Laws,
Rights, and Responsibilities**



**"And the Prediction Is...
Four More Years of Capitalism!"**

FORWARD THINKING

There are certain words we try to avoid - not like the plague per se, but more like the nostalgia - that sinking feeling that a word is so weighted down by its previous incarnations and permutations, that a generation or two must pass before it can be used again.

Of course, waiting doesn't work for all words - for example, when can a new band again be named The Beatles?

But, words like "together" and the headline placed "forward" are so tinted with style-not-substance from recent elections, that it feels trite, contrite, and contralto to utilize them in any way, shape, or form.

It is why we go out of our way to assure we do not speak of an army of followers rising up against the status quo, but a sea. For a sea, even in its danger and drowning, can at least offer a cleansing and wash away all of the dirt that remains, long after the feet are quiet on the muddled campaign trail.

FOUR SHADOWED THINKING

Writers throughout time have considered how to tell the undead, not human, monstrous, from the human.

For example - vampires tend to have no reflections (unless of course you're a pretty modern vampire - because how would a vampire become so pretty if they can't spend those twilight can't-go-out-yet hours coiffing before heading out into the darkness...it is called Twilight after all...but we digress and divest).

Given the lighting in a press conference, and the incessant need for the present regime to spin and lipstick over everything, we wonder if there are so many shadows projected that we might look at it as a metaphor.

The four horsepeople (let's of course not assume that they are all one gender) could just as easily be the four shadows of the President v45 - Unshaven, Ungolfed (which, given the scoring is in strokes - this might refer to the ego as much as a tally), De-thumbed, De-funded.

Any of these is a possibility at any given moment but when the four are together...we need to beware.



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



As we've mentioned once before in these pages, in January of 2015, we were given the opportunity to publish the long-lost, and last, unpublished manuscript of Art Young - a tome entitled, *Types of the Old Home Town*.

To the right, is the illustration of The Railroad Station Agent, who is one of thirty-eight "types" in the volume.

To Art Young, the word "types" referred to those tendencies and character traits which stood out to a caricaturist (in the old school sense) such as himself. The characters one might see in any town, across the country.

In fact, the idea of "types" was used in his published work as far back as 1893, in his illustrations for the Chicago newspaper *The Inter-Ocean* (who, as an aside, had the first weekly full-color newspaper supplement - added in time for the Chicago World's Fair).

The *Types of the Old Home Town* manuscript, which Art began sending in 1935 to potential publishing houses, and continued to try until his death in 1943 (and was so important to him, that it is mentioned in numerous letters between his friends, written after Art's death), collected new work, but also a number of illustrations that had been published in a 1930s investigative journalism magazine *Today*, as well as during the 1920s in *The Saturday Evening Post* (yes, that slice of Americana we usually associate with the more ashean artwork of one Norman Rockwell).

That's not to say Art went milquetoast with his social commentary. While *The Railroad Station Agent* is not leftist-poignant, another image included in *Types*, *The Country Doctor*, certainly sounds full-on Art Young:

"In recent times the country doctor of pioneer days has become a colorful figure for biography and fiction. To have known him, to have lived next door to him is to recall his kind countenance, his fast horse, the mud splattered buggy, the readiness to serve his patients in town or far country by night or day. And to serve without much thought of the fee, brings up a contrast with this our own time and the economic pressure on all professionals who are compelled to forget sentiment, or serving for its own sake, and think of fees first."

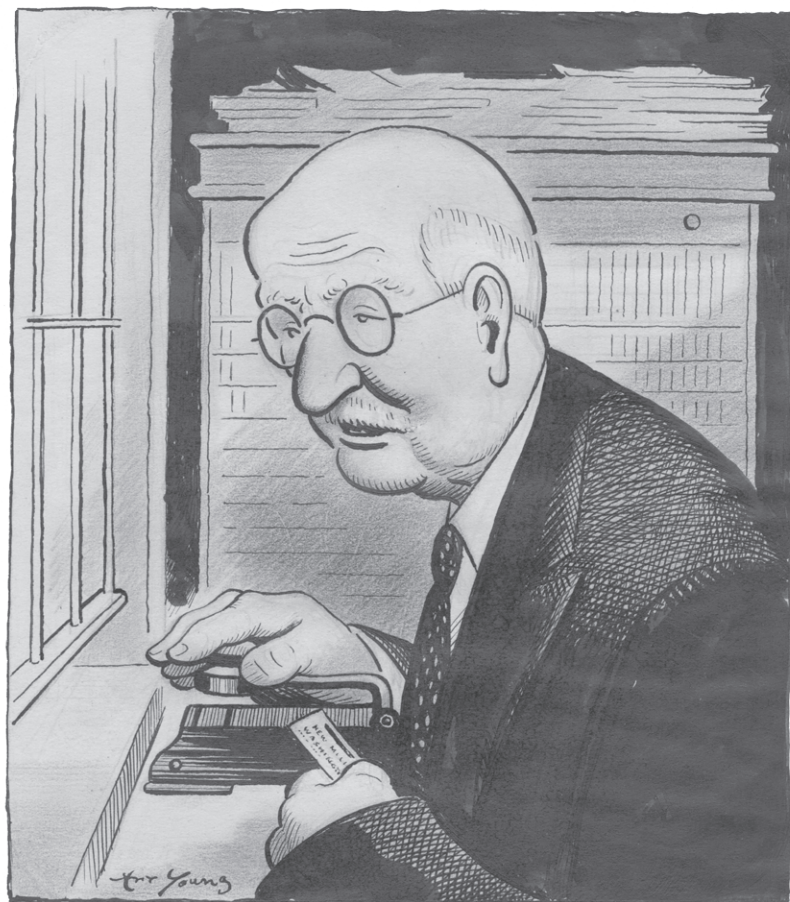
Along with the original manuscript, Art left a publisher's note, which gives us another facet of the meaning of the word as he suggests different possible titles for publication:

"The title: *Types of the Old Home Town*, or *Old Home Types*, just *Types*, or some other title "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgotten?" or "Back Home Again" or "Nostalgia".

Let's couple this with the final paragraph from the introduction (which we published) and that Art wrote, in 1941:

"And just to add insofar as these drawings and the accompanying comment have a definite origin, they date from that period of American life from 1880 to 1900 in a Wisconsin town where I grew up. I liked these characters, with all their faults and peculiarities, and the drawings are an offering to the folk record of our country."

But, just like we know that there are far more illustrations and writings that did not go into this final manuscript, so too, with



The Railroad Station Agent: For thirty years or more regularly before train time he would appear inside the ticket window and give answers to such questions as: "What time does it get to Milton Junction?" "Does it stop at Browntown?" And he asked at least one question himself: "One way or round trip?"

a little bit of observation, we know that Art's statement, about the lone source being Wisconsin, to be untrue.

Before the reveal, look at the illustration, what might it tell us, that not all of the pieces which are in the book, are from Wisconsin?

For those near Art's spiritual home of Bethel, Connecticut, the ticket in the hand is the give away. The two towns listed: New Milford and Washington are up the northern line and while train service has long since receded from those towns, there was at one time (and the tracks still remain for some freight work today).

So, then, it begs the question, was there a local Railroad Station Agent who fits the description above? On Art's walks through Bethel, he revels and reveals his interactions with the townsfolk, and his first autobiography *On My Way*, tells many tales of the town. Maybe one day, we'll know for certain - but for now we seem certain that this very last tome, was truly, the work of a lifetime.

Types of the Old Home Town is available through our website at <http://www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org> - all of the books are hand-stitched, hardcover, and individually numbered. We can assure you, that they are unlike any book you have ever held.



Feeding The Poor Is A Shell Game

UNITY GAIN

After the division of the 2016 primaries, the Establishment Democrats (E.D.) established (because what else would the establishment do but establish?) the Unity Reform Commission (URC - way too close to HRC) to try and find some way to... well...we won't speak for the E.D. but it feels as a way to convince the Bernie wing of the party, to vote blue, no matter who.

In audio recording, the term "unity gain" is applied to a device that is able to output audio at the same level that the audio came into the box.

When one chooses to apply Reverb to a voice, it is to soften the sound, cushion it in a sense. In politics speak, this is known as an "echo chamber".

When this occurs, and the lyrics need to be raised above the music bed, one utilizes Compression (in politics, not too different from repression) which squashes the breadth of frequencies in the tones so as to boost the signal and make it hearable across a wider platform. Music sounds good coming out of a department store speaker, because of compression.

To achieve "unity gain," to have no loss of volume when the transmission is filtered and modified and modulated, one must create a device, an audio box, that has a clear path of signal from beginning to end. One might argue then, that given the inability of the establishment to ensure a legitimized ballot box, there can be no unity gained, until paper ballots and a receipt system - not to mention a supported leveling of the playing field - is offered.

So as to finish with the metaphor and this piece before we reach the bottom of the page, it goes without saying that if the establishment continues with their hands on the Equalizer, there will be no unity.

For it is obvious that as a Mixing Engineer - they have lost their way. And maybe that is why, most of all, they could not allow Bernie to win in 2016 - because he is a Mix Master - bringing in voters from all walks of life and both sides of the aisle - proving that one does not need a fancy studio or a label with their promotional machine, to create a hit record.

SUPERBLY DELEGATED AGAIN

Preface - unless the Democrats remove all superdelegates, the change is not enough. But, let's talk this through.

In 2016, there were 712 superdelegate votes (although 716 superdelegates - trivia question for another time). We'll use this as our number for 2020 though it will likely fluctuate.

The URC says they have come to an agreement to be rid of about 60%. This would put the superdelegate total around 285 remaining.

Given that the DNC (Establishment Democrat or E.D.) bylaws state that every Democrat in the Senate and House, as well as a Governor, must be a superdelegate, unless the bylaws are being changed, take the 193 Democrats in the House, the 47 in the Senate, and the 16 governors - that's 256. Nearly the entire 285. The other 29 or so would likely be mostly under the "Distinguished Party Leader" tag.

So...removing the 400+ (which is around the number of the elected superdelegates portion which includes state chair and vice-chair) seems to be nothing more than a way of removing just about any chance of grassroots superdelegates as the remaining are all well up the establishment ladder.

UNITY LOSS

The opposite of unity gain. Also, the tepid URC.

UNITY CAPITAL GAINS

When the E.D. speak of the voter and vote gains they believe they are accomplishing through the URC, it is difficult to not think of Wall Street and the stock market, and capital gains.

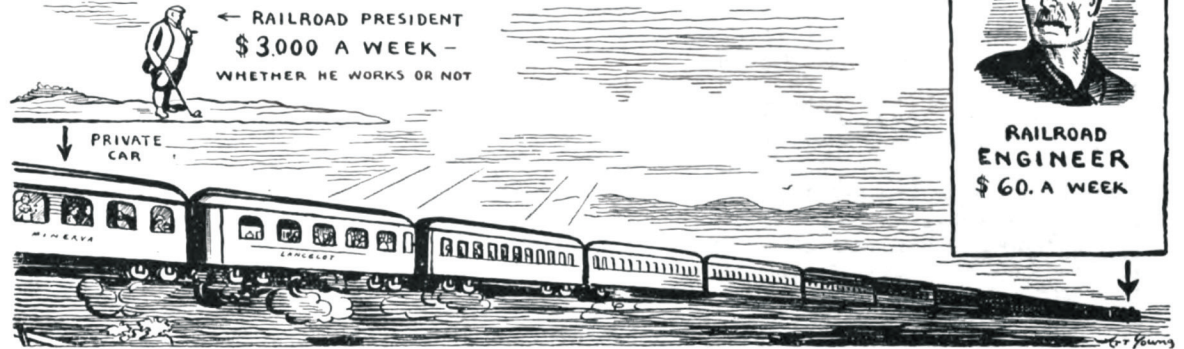
An ongoing point of taxation conflagration is the capital gains tax - what amount one has to pay on investment earnings.

This is all well and good, but compromises from the establishment are not investments in the future of the party, but charity meant for the public persona. And charity, as we all know, when it comes from corporations, is little but a way to offset tax weight at this time of year...

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

SO, LET'S JUST CALL IT...
YESTERDAY'S
GOOD MORNING
IN THIS CASE,
OCTOBER 1921

AREN'T WAGES REASONABLE?



FREE MEALS FOR THE KLAN

The insane asylums are overcrowded, but the question of what to do with the Ku Klux Klan is imperative.

We suggest an annex to every state insane asylum in the Union—where the Gizzards and Wizards and the Kooks and Koko Kolas can be taken care of at public expense. It will be cheaper in the long run than allowing them to run at large.



Whatever is done about the Ku Klux by the Government, we do hope they will be allowed to wear the top of the Klan's head piece. It will make a very appropriate cap.



Humanity: "What's your solution to this problem?"

Business Man: "A lot of bums. Beat 'em up, I say—beat 'em up."



**I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE ONE
REPUBLICAN FOR WHICH I STAND**

THE CLEAN ROOM

When repairing electronics, one uses a static free space so as to make certain no dust dynamically attaches to the device so as to create dirty connections. When repairing people, one requires a sterile operating environment so as to prevent viruses from causing infection and disease. When repairing a country, full of the infectious disease of dual-party dichotomous distraction, dastardly deeds, and the dirtiest of dirty connections this side of a dung heap... what type of space would be required so as to block out the static and the viral noise of the constant bickering that begs each and every to take a side? What room is clean enough, to provide us all the ultima thule of a new day?

SCRUB-A-DUB-DUBYA

Some would provide evidence that all it takes to wash from the hands the stains of the blood of millions...is time. And a good coat of paint.

President v43 has shown that this is, even to those who once publicly shredded his policies and human rights obliterations, utterly true.

If there was ever an end to the list of acts (like actors) and actions (such theatrics) that showed the (D) and (R) are the same, some item or event after which the list would no longer be needed (not that examples would not continue on a minute by minute basis) because it was so egregiously obvious-yet-ignored, then it would have to top the so-called-left leaning talk shows bringing President v43, like that old uncle with whom amends have been made, to talk about his portraiture.

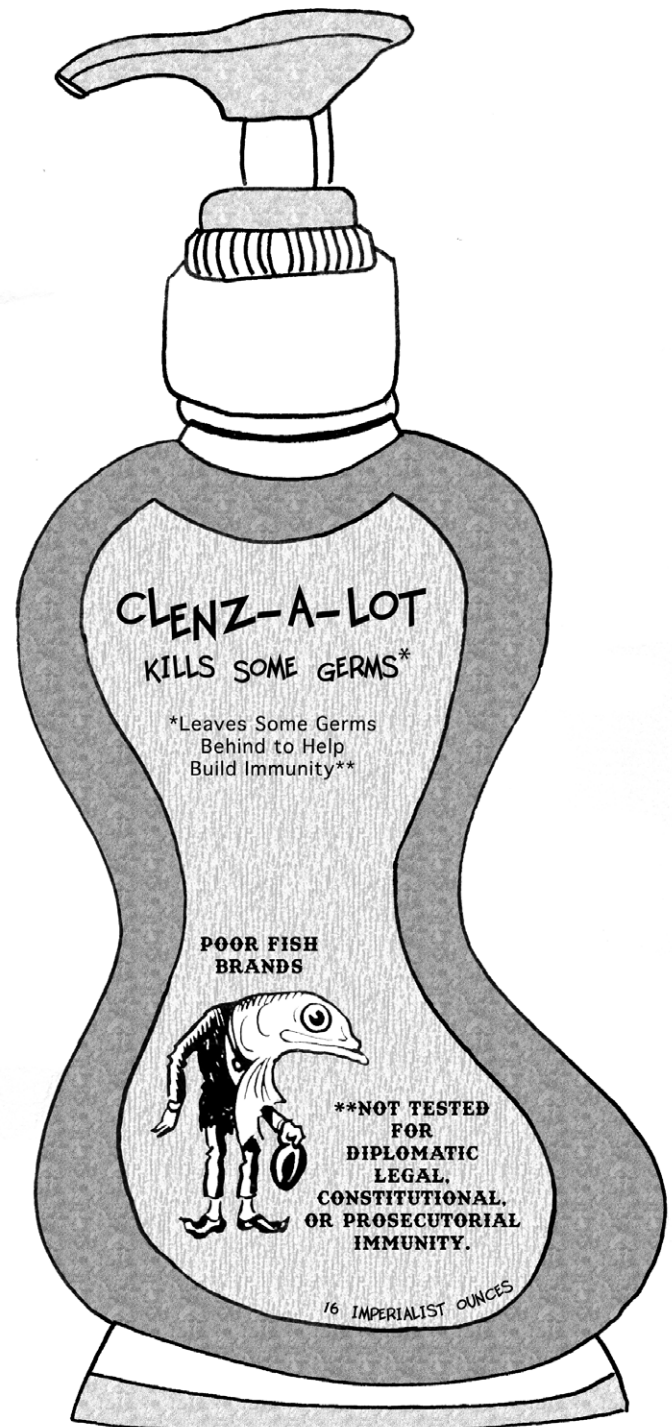
The problem is, the amends will never be made with the families of all those killed under his regime. Why then, should we be willing to forgive in any greater palette?

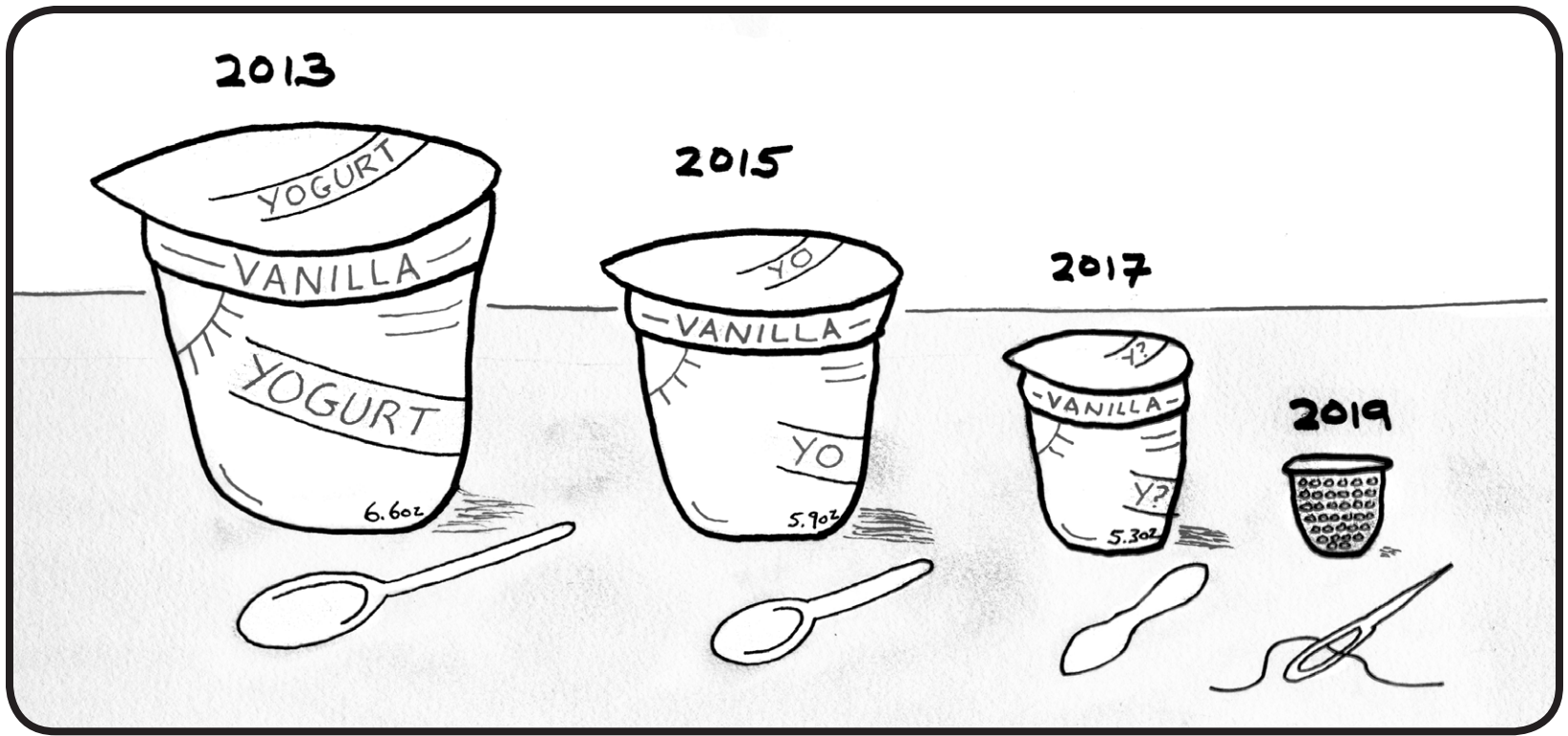
UNDER THE NAILS, TOO

Rub-a-dub-dub, three politicians in a tub - the Kushner, the News Faker, the Bannon-stick Maker. It appears that all of them are going down with the ship.

SCOUL SCOUR SCOUT

If ever there was a moment to hear the phrase, "Wipe that smile off of your face" or "I'm going to clean your mouth out with soap" it would be now. But we have to wonder, do White Supremacists only use Ivory, since it is 99 44/100% pure?





Why We're Investing in Thimble-Company Stocks

SHRINKAGE (AS IN STEALTH)

If eating the rich is the preferred feast of the poor, then wouldn't it make sense that corporations as people is just a preface to prevention of theft - because to steal the body of the business would not only be larceny, but kidnapping!

SHRINKAGE (STILL NOT THAT)

Most importantly we must make certain that any movement toward a social and political revolution continues to grow - and as attrition and exhaustion set in, what are we doing to encourage the youth to join the fight? Apparently, the country has decided it requires killing them - domestically, as opposed to sending them overseas.

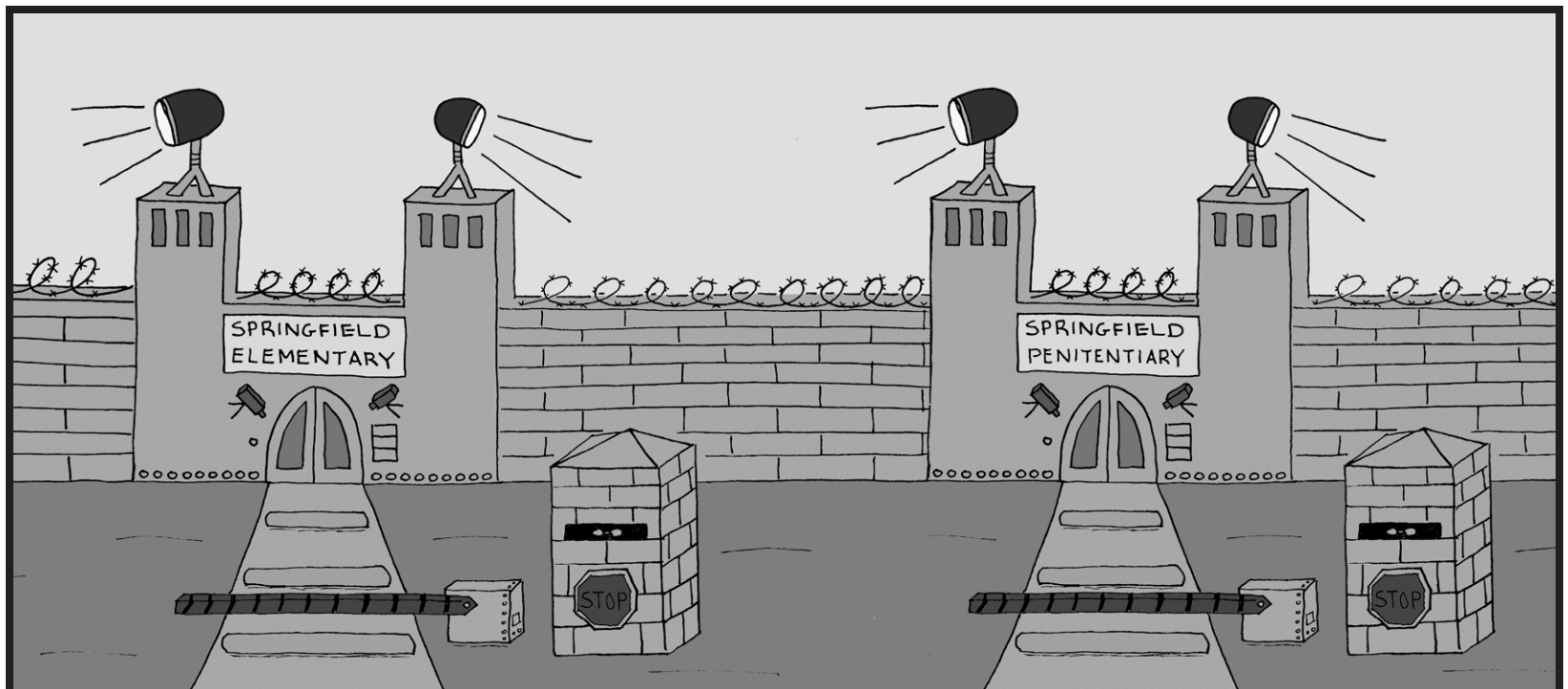
SHRINKAGE (AS IN FOOD)

The yogurt cartoon above (for those of you who only read the articles and don't even look at the pictures - we know your type - you shouldn't be embarrassed) is based in reality.

Have you noticed the subtle changes of orange juice from sixty-four to fifty-nine? Tofu from sixteen to fourteen? Packages that look the same and essentially feel the same, and cost the same...

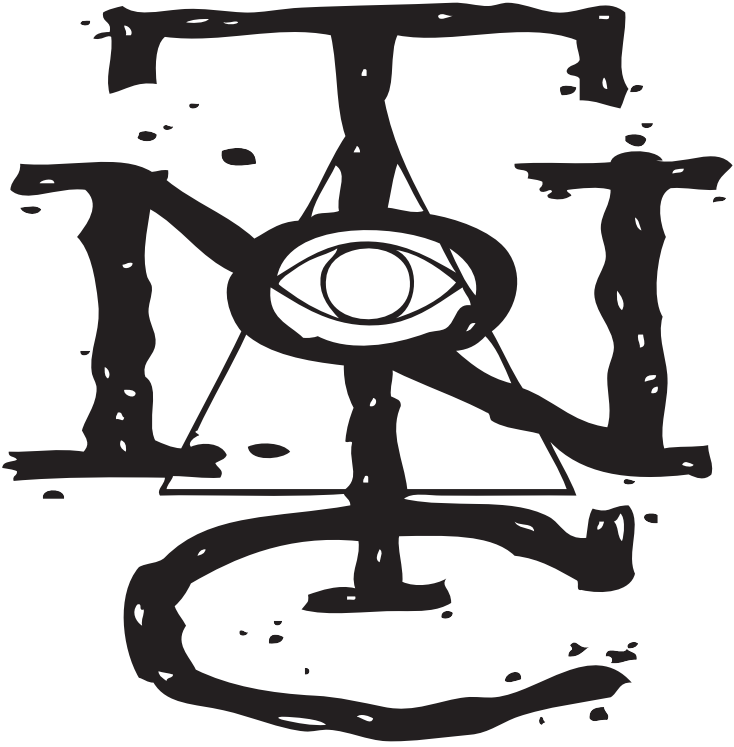
Stores have labels all over the shelves - "Lower Price!" "Bonus Extra Size!" and "Now Lower Price"...

We're thinking of an entire magazine of tags such as, "Now 25% less" and "This sale still more than at (insert store here)" that can be printed and carried to the store with us so we can assist our fellow shoppers...



"By Protecting Our Children Today...We Are Preparing Them For Their Future."

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FOR THE NEW WORLD ORDER



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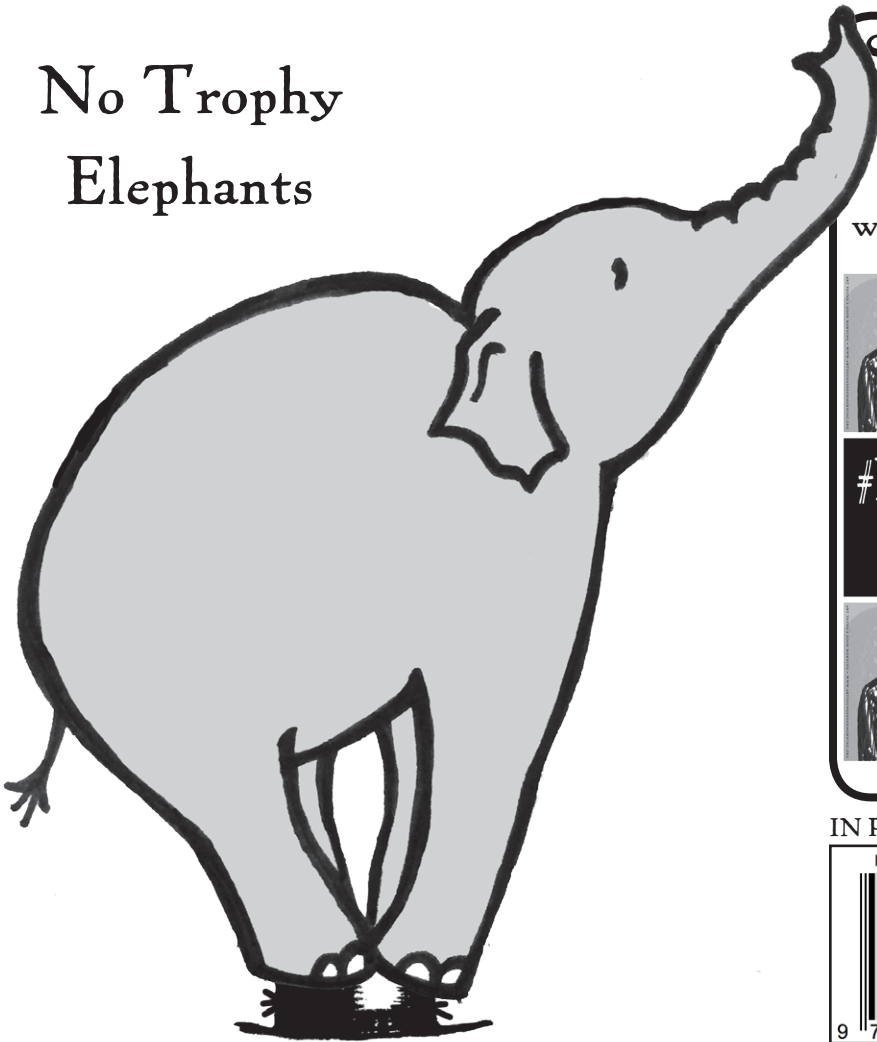


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ART IS THE FASTEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE VEHICLE
FOR INFLUENCING SOCIOPOLITICAL CHANGE

No Trophy
Elephants



SOMETHING ON WHICH
TO PIN OUR HOPES..

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

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

#FOREVER
#STILLS

THIS MOVEMENT DEFEATS
FASCISM

Change the World...

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

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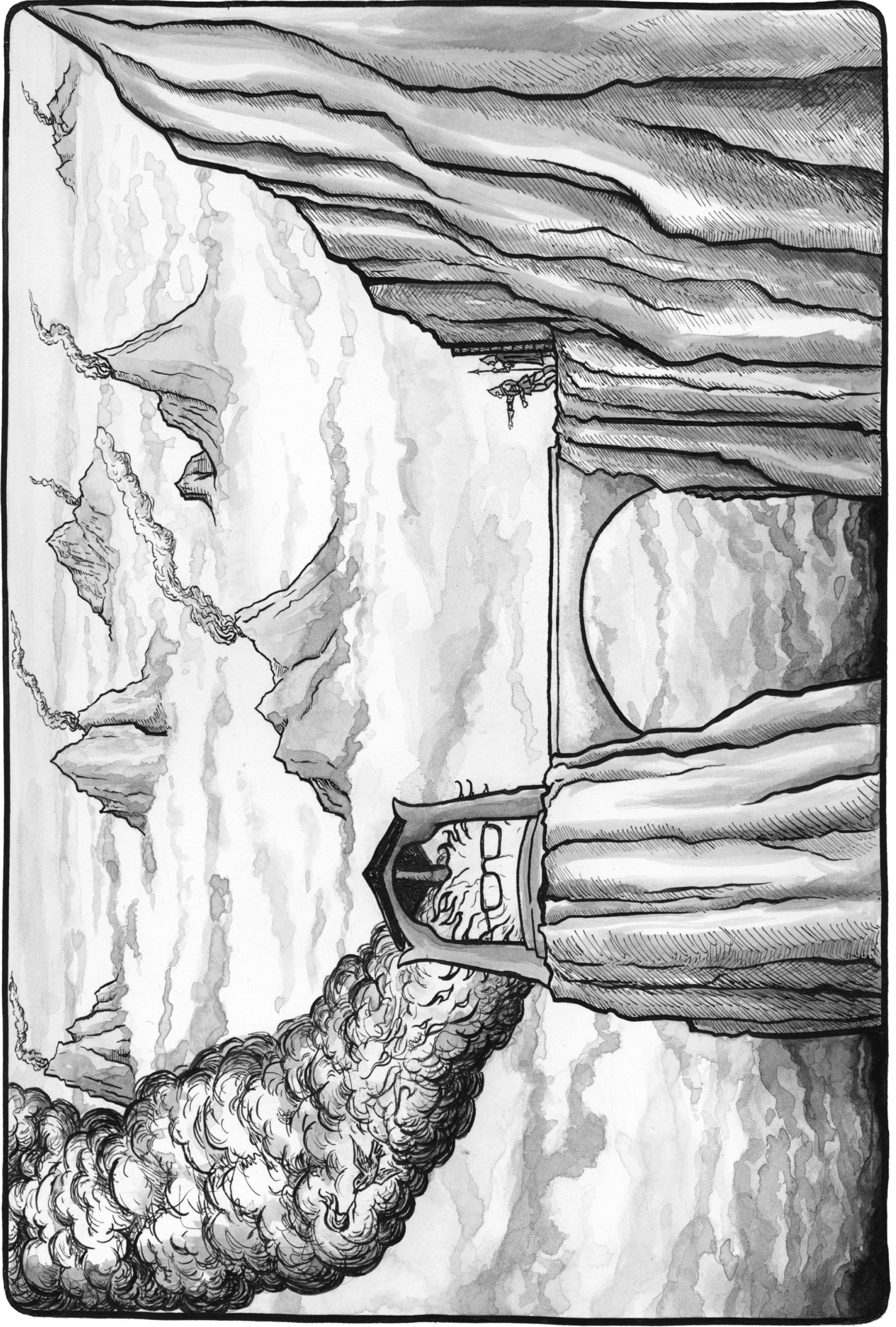
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Hope is Kindled (The Beacons of Burlington Are Burning)