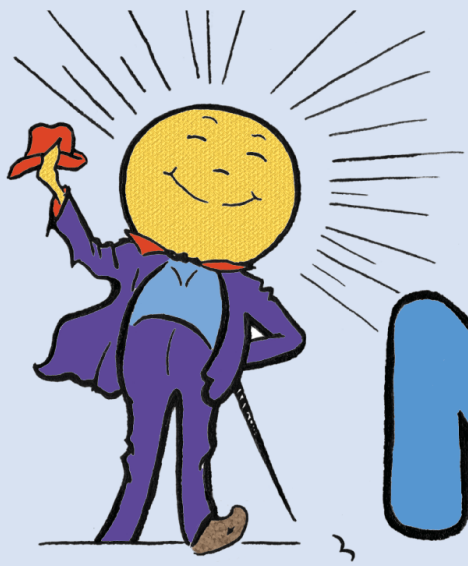


"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



GOOD MORNING

the audacity number

November 1st 2015

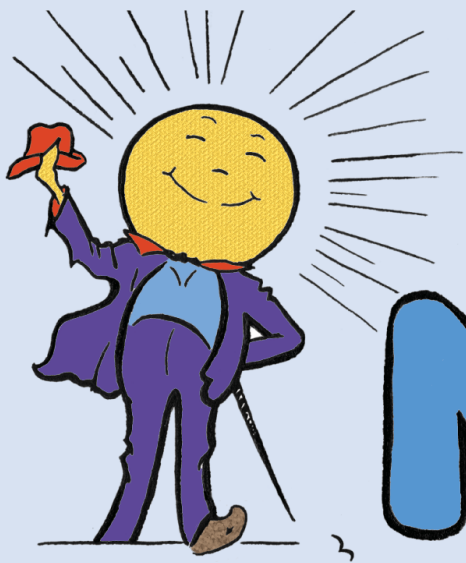
Founded 1919 by Henry Arthur "Art" Young

Vol. 4 No. 1



Pull Yourself Up By the Bookstraps!

"To Laugh That We May Not Weep"



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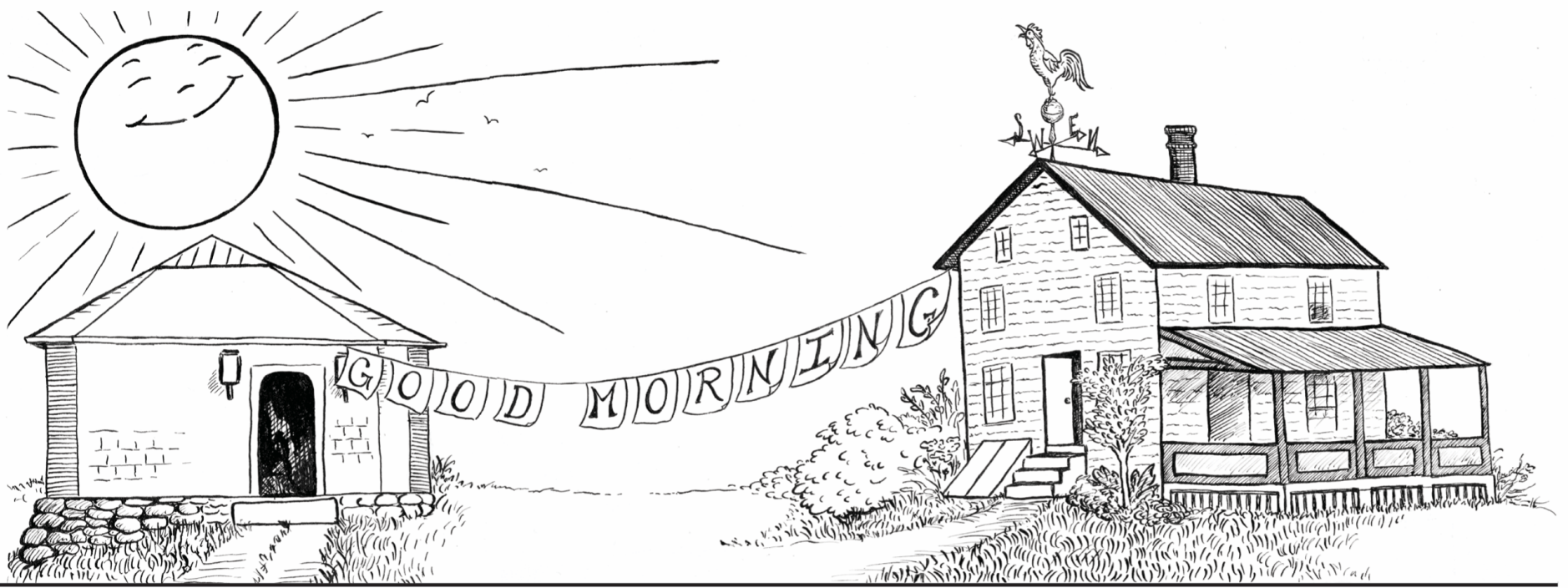
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PARTING WORDS

In his final broadcast, Jon Stewart was certain to mention that the best way to battle against the fecal odor that runs rampant in the media is to be vigilant. As he memed, "If you smell something, say something." And while Mr. Stewart's words have been known to be divisive down particular and particulate party lines, we here at *Good Morning* are certain that the wafting aroma of post-breakfast blues is a malady that can fall upon us all. As such, we've met plenty a jolly old soul who have informed us that such scents can only be noticed in the countryside, and that they as city-dwellers were protected by their aromatic candles, disinfectants, deodorizers and all around anti-septic living.

PORTING WARDS

Recently the progeny of some socialite (a person who is essentially famous within a sphere of influence that vacillates with the heartbeat of the daily bank statement) was asked to tone down her Instagram posts due to their excessive and flaunting nature. For those of us that have been on this editorial staff since the beginning, that Insta-Gram was not some new fangled way to measure out corn starch, was a bit disconcerting. But having partaken in due-diligent research, we can wholly (yet not holy) agree with the parental bourgeoisie, for after all, we wouldn't want the working classes to think that wealth were fun or anything other than hard knocks and hard times.

SORTING WEIRDS

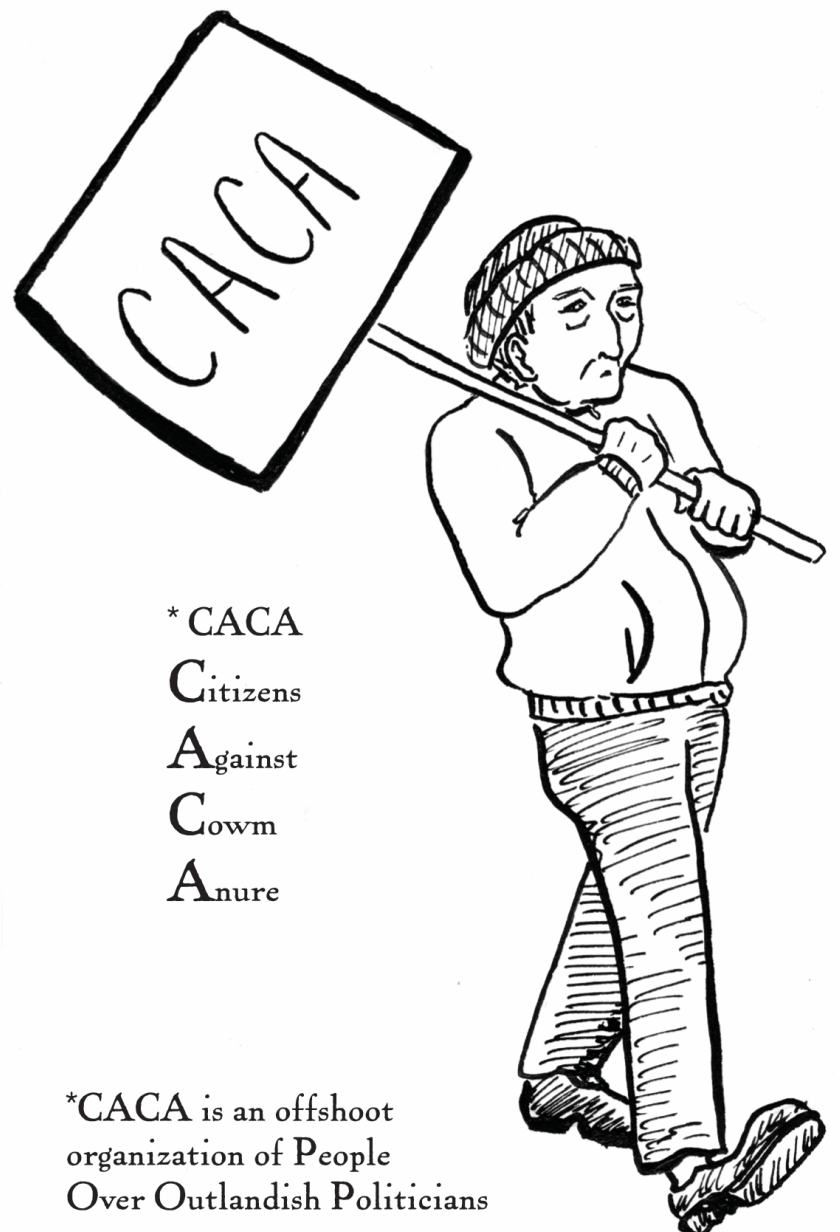
We ask as the holiday season approaches that when cleaning out the closet so as to make space for the upcoming Santa-tastic haul, that one does not use the local donation house as a dump. Please consider rather than dropping off bags full of holey-and-not-holy linens that a true gift would be to give up a little of what you still might use, so as to really feel that spirit of giving.

SPORTING WOUNDS

The local haunted house venue, in preparation for the just-passed spooky-season, found that their buildings had been, apparently unauthorizedly, turned into an indoor miniature golf course during the off months. A stack of used scorecards on the desk, a check written to the sum of four hundred and thirty two dollars and fifty cents, and a thank you card from Dr. Frankenstein's Monster and The Mummy for not leaving them alone with only The Wolf Man as company for the past ten months.

SPURTING TWEEDS

It has been said that the fashionable man of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would have worn himself a fanciful tweed blazer, often with appropriate elbow patches, as if to add just the most choice gesture of victorian street urchin to an otherwise finely tailored suit. Yet, it goes without saying that as with all things, fashions do change and we wonder if it isn't time to bring the tweed back, as long as it can be retrofit to hold digital tablets in a pocket, and be cut to fit over a bulletproof vest - for all your protest-march needs.



*CACCA
Citizens
Against
Cowm
Anure

*CACCA is an offshoot organization of People Over Outlandish Politicians



Tramp - to walk steadily; march; the sound of heavy steps, typically of several people

A QUIET STRENGTH

In the wake of members of Black Lives Matter taking the Seattle stage from Mr. Sanders, and his peacefully standing by and allowing them to speak, there have been numerous folks who have stated their desire to not see Mr. Sanders as President of the United States of America (the governmental official, not the band who brought us "Lump" even though it does rhyme with... "He's Trump...he's Trump...he's Trump, he's...") based upon their incredulous gasp-erations of "How could somebody who didn't stand up and forcefully take back the stage, ever deal with leaders such as Vladimir Putin?"

To us, it would seem like allowing the famous bear wrestler, tiger catching, asteroid destroying, nuclear fission discovering, Chuck Norris defeating, Taco Bell burrito eating record setter to scream, yell, kick, throw gorillas and otherwise make a fool of himself while Mr. Sanders remains zen, might actually be the best foreign policy action we've seen in a long time. Nothing like being unable to be rattled and making the bully feel foolish, all in the same graceful action, so as to garner support for a better day. Such a strategy, when it comes to dealing with the attacks of the boorish, works remarkably well. We know this, from experience.

WE'LL ALWAYS TAKE THE VAGABOND

In the 1880s, the phrase "on the tramp" was a slang expression meaning "on the lookout for employment". Have we got a job for you!

SOMETHING IN THE NAME, MAYBE?

Upon election and faced with the daunting task of filling roles within his cabinet and administration, might we go ahead and prematurely suggest that Mr. Sanders take a flight of fancy with a bit of name-otism.

Colonel Sanders would be a certain shoo-in to head up any needs in the agriculture department, while Deion Sanders (a true two-sport star) would lend versatility. He could be paired up with Barry Sanders, who retired too soon - although that's beneficial here as he probably hasn't been quite so rattled by concussions like many politicians. From there President Sanders would have to reach out a bit and put forth an offer to British Comedienne Jennifer Saunders to lead the USO. Dame Cicely Saunders, who founded the Hospice movement, would be a well-deserving Surgeon General. Old Expos' pitcher Scott Sanderson could continue to lead the charge to get children outside playing, while character actor William Sanderson would be available for any role needing to be filled.

While this may appear absurd at first glance, imagine the roll call of Sanders, Sanders, Sanders, Sanders, Saunders, Saunders, Sanderson, Sanderson and for an added bonus, Xander Cage.

If any of these names are unfamiliar to our readers, we apologize for gathering a gaggle that might require a bit of Google to untangle...or, go and visit your friendly neighborhood librarian, coffee house, barber shop, or other friendly environment in which one might purchase a conversation for the cost of a "Hello".

PIFFLE AND POP

Piffle and wiffle and pop, squibble and squabble and slop, pffffbt and phooey, blather and kablooeey, shazaam kazaam and kablam. Higgledy piggledy, bibbledy bobbledy, sneezes fabrezes and snot. Abracadabra, reach out and grab ya, pow thwack thwacke whamm zap and sock! Be bop faux fop, banana nana bow bop, bee bye bo berry.

Squawk, squawk, squawk - we respectfully submit this as our proof of subversion in the case of emergency that there is a Trump presidency and there needs to be a quick and easy way to determine our guilt in proclaiming that bluster and bustle and bluffer and buffoonery doth not a presidential stature make (no matter the number of votes bought, sold, folded, mutilated, spindled, or otherwise made to appear out of the air and/or from the chads of dead people in the states of Illinois, Ohio and Massachusetts).

Ergo, you can reach us at the aforementioned address and the upside is that at least all these years later, we don't have to worry about mailing privileges being revoked.

EXASPERATION AND PERSPIRATION

If competition is ninety-nine percent ivory soap perspiration then campaign season is one hundred and thirty seven percent exasperation and, frankly, conflagration.

SPEAKING IN TUNGSTEN

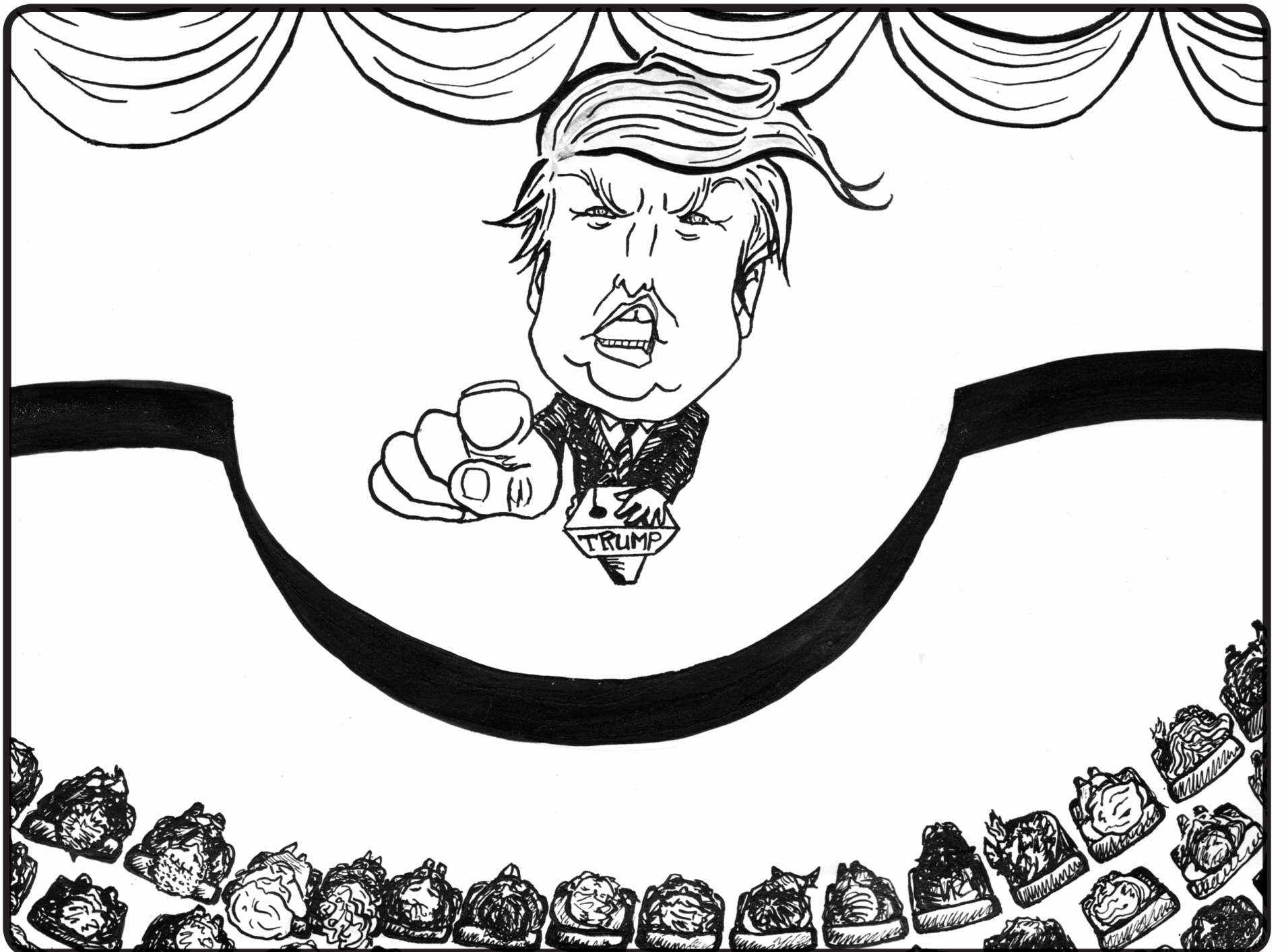
If one were looking for a heavy metal to describe the current state of politicians, tungsten would probably not be it. However, it would be a fitting rearview mirror given that its elemental symbol is W. Numeral 74.

We feel glum at a missed opportunity during our publishing repose, to have not walked around previous elections with a periodic table entirely blocked out except for a big W. Bush? No, Tungsten! Don't you know the difference between an element and elementary?

UNDER BLOOD PRESSURE

Maybe this is simply a matter of like objects attracting, but is it possible that given the mountainous salt intake across the lands between the sea and shining sea, that with blood pressures up so high, it is simply not possible to not be attracted to the fiery brand of non-commitalism that is being pulpitized and podiumized?

Thinking farther upon it, and re-reading that previous paragraph out loud, we cannot overlook that the word podium is but one letter off from sodium. If this is the case, what is it in our diets that cannot digest all of the vitriol being fed to us, leading to no choice but to imbibe far more than our share of mint flavored Immodium?



Trump - the suit which rules over all the others



*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.

www.artyoungsgoodmorning.org - editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org

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November 1st 2015

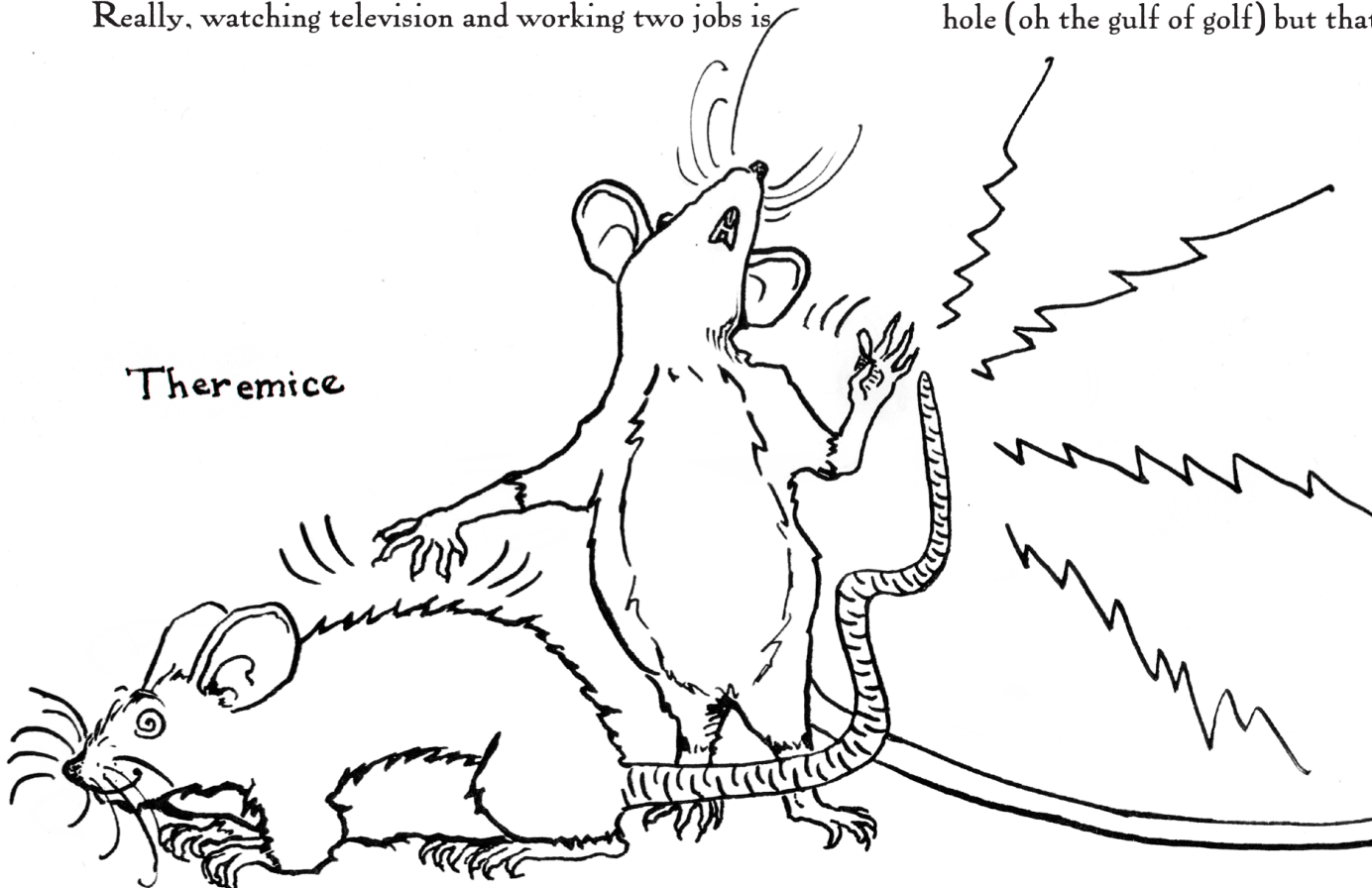
Well, we're back. Back after a nearly ninety-four year hiatus. New knees, new trees, and the same 'ol please-please pleas for a better world (and funding...but we'll save that until after a few more paragraphs pass us by).

What has changed since we last spoke? Well, a whole lot of nothing wrapped up in the same wolf's clothing that big business has always worn while out scaring up the governmental pasture. All the while, keeping us worker bees at bay (no wonder the honey bees are dying out or flying away).

The rich get richer (and they've mostly yet to buy a vow-el or a conscience), the wars get warrier (warriors?), the media gets falsier (falsies?), the politicians get grimier (grimy or grimmer, you choose!), and us folk get poorer - we whose backs are the tracks on which the trains of labor chug-chug-chug away while the banks and the stockbrokers shove off with the majority of the pay.

Yet beyond the gulf of wealth, we're led to distractions and compaction of our selves, into little insular worlds in which we subsist on insulin and desist in reaching out or standing up for insurrection.

Really, watching television and working two jobs is



all the majority of our species is good for? How'd we lose that conversation?

But Art Young believed the better world was coming, and so without further ado we continue his work - his legacy of standing and speaking and creating on the side of suffrage, ending child labor, humanism, anti-capitalism, anti-fascism, anti-racism, and actual not arbitrary, armored, or ancillary justice for all.

Because "for all" is a non-negotiable term...not an implication of most, and then when you get to 50.1% there's a rounding up (and here's where our school trained minds of mathematics and lettered A, B, C, D, F - oh poor "E" - grades says 100% but what we really mean is...) like cattle rustled into the slaughterhouse...yet not even for food but for fat to be rendered unto the victoried majority. For in this opinionated age, at which point each finger is but a press away from a microphone, we had better find some sort of common ground to stand on. While our diversity is a badge of beauty, it is also being abused as a tool by those who would prefer to weaponize our individual cultures and sell them as a communicable yet incurable disease so that we continue to build walls and fortresses and doors without keys so that in the end they will watch as we self-imprisonate ourselves, one and all.

Danger Will Robinson's neighborhood. If where there is a will there is a way, let us make certain that it is a will with which we drive forward, and not the last testament of those remaining few who understand that true freedom falls way far afield from any patriotic or patronizing lingo...

So with that, we're back, and please, call it a comeback. Call everybody ya know and spread the news and share the wealth and remember the words of Eugene V. Debs, "You need to know that you are fit for something better than slavery and cannon fodder."

In doing so you can join us in swearing the most important oath of them all - The Hypocritic Oath - in which one dedicates their lives and eyes and lines to calling out hypocrisy wherever it tries to pop up from its go-fer hole and convince us that it is cute, adorable, and completely innocuous. No, dear friends, it is anything but - for we are not discussing the little furry critter who joyously impedes the progress of those who hit the little ball into the little hole (oh the gulf of golf) but that sleight-of-hand and slight-of-

moral media bombast that tells us to go-fer it all, and leave none for anybody else.

P.S. Just like Art, we almost forgot to ask...even though you can get Good Morning for free, consider a subscription or a t-shirt. We'd appreciate at least having a few dollars for nibs and ink (yes, that's right, this isn't digital and pixel, but textured and bristol board) and the fancy textured paper the printed versions are on (no plain copier paper here, friends). Besides, in the long run, aren't a few pennies today worth the poignantly pointy arrows that will continue to be sent into the world from out the pens and potions of our little studio this side of Bethel?

Proof that there are billionaires in the world who donate to charities without the concern or thought of a tax break...



WHERE'RE ALL THE SUPER HEROES?

Walking into the local submarine sammich shoppe we attempted to order a hoagie but were met by an employee who was caught in the industrial grinder. Given our penchant for passing on both the animal as well as the dairy, we asked for extra olives (branches), thinking that it might only be fair to get the equivalent quantity in non-flesh.

However, we were met with a small sprinkle, somewhere between what we would have liked and what one reasonably ought to expect. Make it a three theory and the triangle is completed by how many olives we were ravenous for at that very moment (there's an equation to calculate it but we won't bore you here and now...maybe later).

Upon seeing the disappointment wedged on our face, at the dilapidated nature of our he's-just-a-po'-boy-nobody-loves-me, he shrugged and told us that he, too, had a corporate mandated equation for how many of those tasty treats he could give, we didn't want him to get fired over an olive and we agreed that it was all a bit spuckie.

So, food in hand, all we could muster (being all hot and flustered) was a bit of a Damn Janet mic drop - "And super heroes / Come to feast / To taste the flesh / Not yet deceased... / And all I know / Is still the beast is..."

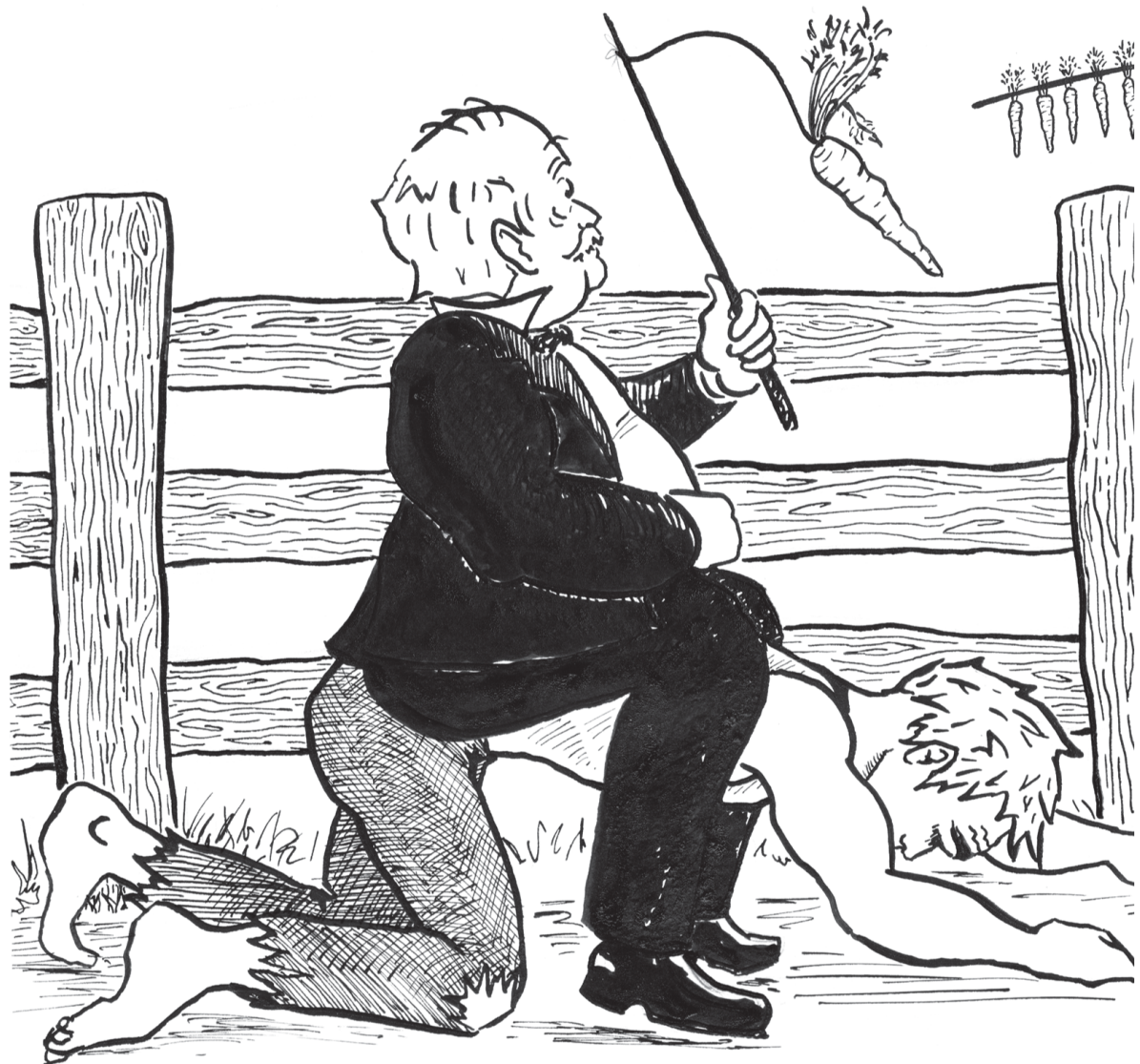
IF THAT'S THE POINT, WHAT'S THE SCORE?

In one of the Presidential debates, there was a moment in which our vision became a bit blurry and the old teevee show Match Game appeared in some ghostly form, hovering over the stage, with a whole bunch of 1970s glamour and pizzazz.

It was Charles Nelson Reilly (whose hyperbolic and most delicious memories are greatly preserved in our childhood visions - and must not be undone by the reality causing castings of going and looking on YouTube) who prevented people from sweeping all six answers because there was no possible way he would agree with anybody else, even when everybody else was agreeing with each other...so too, so

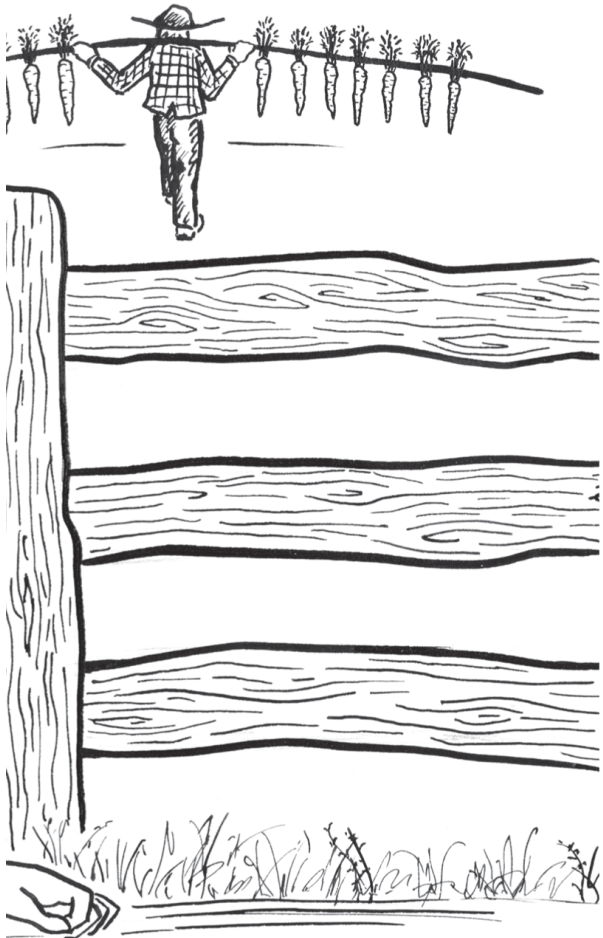
many candidates trying to stand out from one another so as to win a supposedly useful poll of but a few hundred people that would follow the next day and mean...something? In this vision of taking what's in the box over what's behind the door, it was as if Press Your Luck was pulling a Max Headroom and taking over the airwaves. Thinking upon it, wouldn't this actually be something to consider as a way to get the disinterested watching - pull an '80s icon out of the floppy drive bin and boot him up to bring a bit of future to the campaign trail? Goodness knows there was enough discussion of ways to ramp up the dystopian society so, ought we show them how it is really done with a dig-dig-dig-digital moderator-tor-tor? Bladerunner anybody?

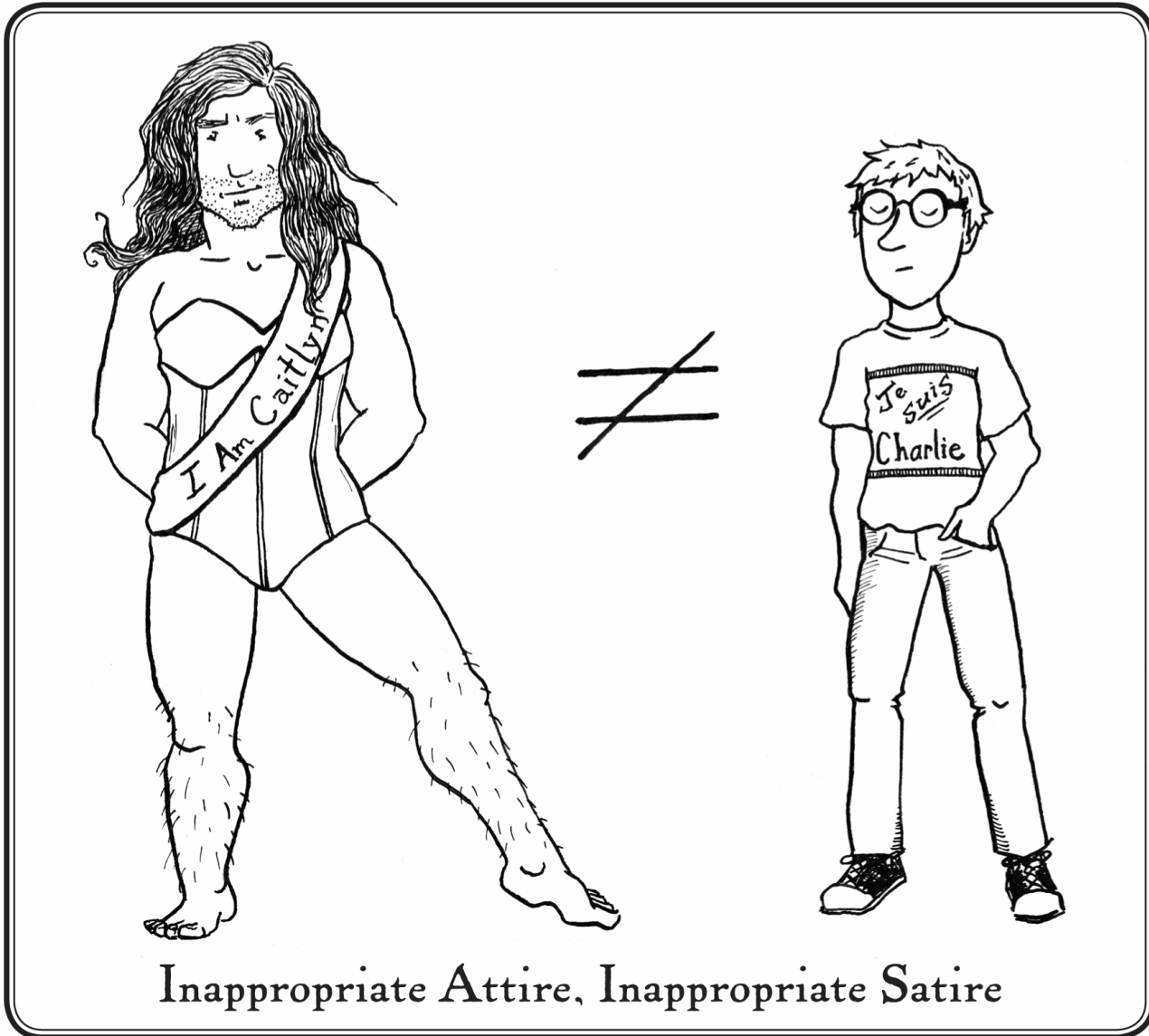






When one is hungry,
abundance is not the goal.





WE ARE WHAT WE WEAR?

The Next Big Thing © ® ™ etc. comes through town and to afford taking their show on the road (ten performers, two crew, food at Waffle House and four to a room at the Motel 6) the merch stand has \$45 shirts, \$55 hats, \$75 limited edition posters, and \$125 signed copies of the 180g vinyl. All these prices exorbitant, because half the crowd downloaded the last three albums for free on wedeserveyourart.com.

WE EAT WHAT WE ARE

It was remarked recently, within earshot of our lunch, that "they eat their own". If this be true, it is no wonder that those who eat what they own, are always full of the most gaseous form of indigestion - for they eat far too much delicacy for even their rich rich bellies to handle.

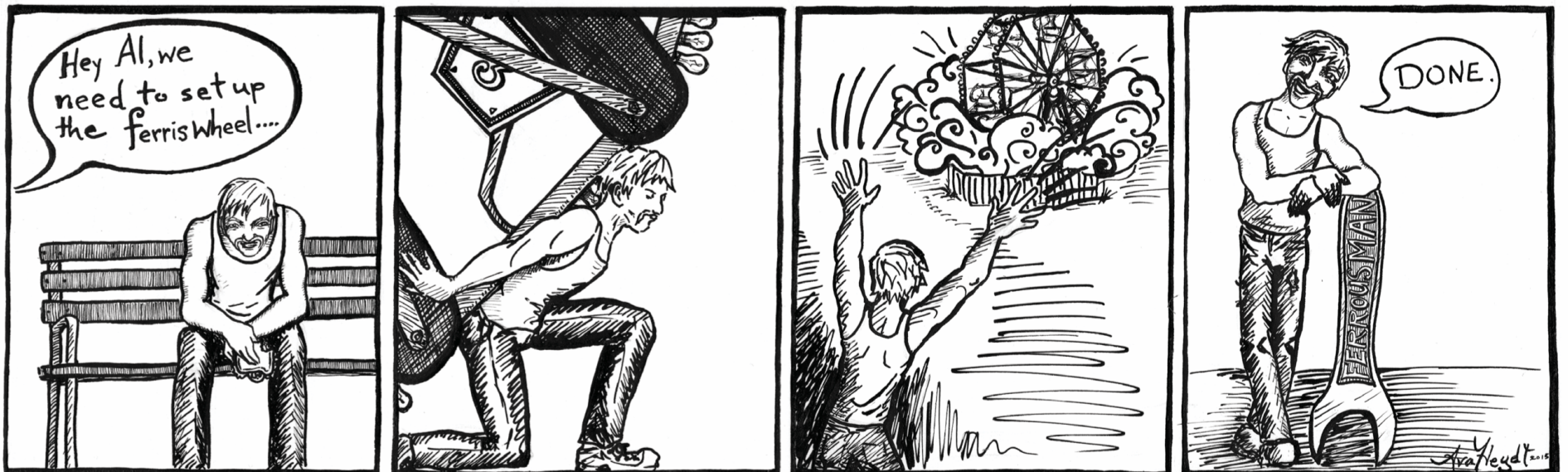


ALWAYS ABOUT THOSE WHO PAY

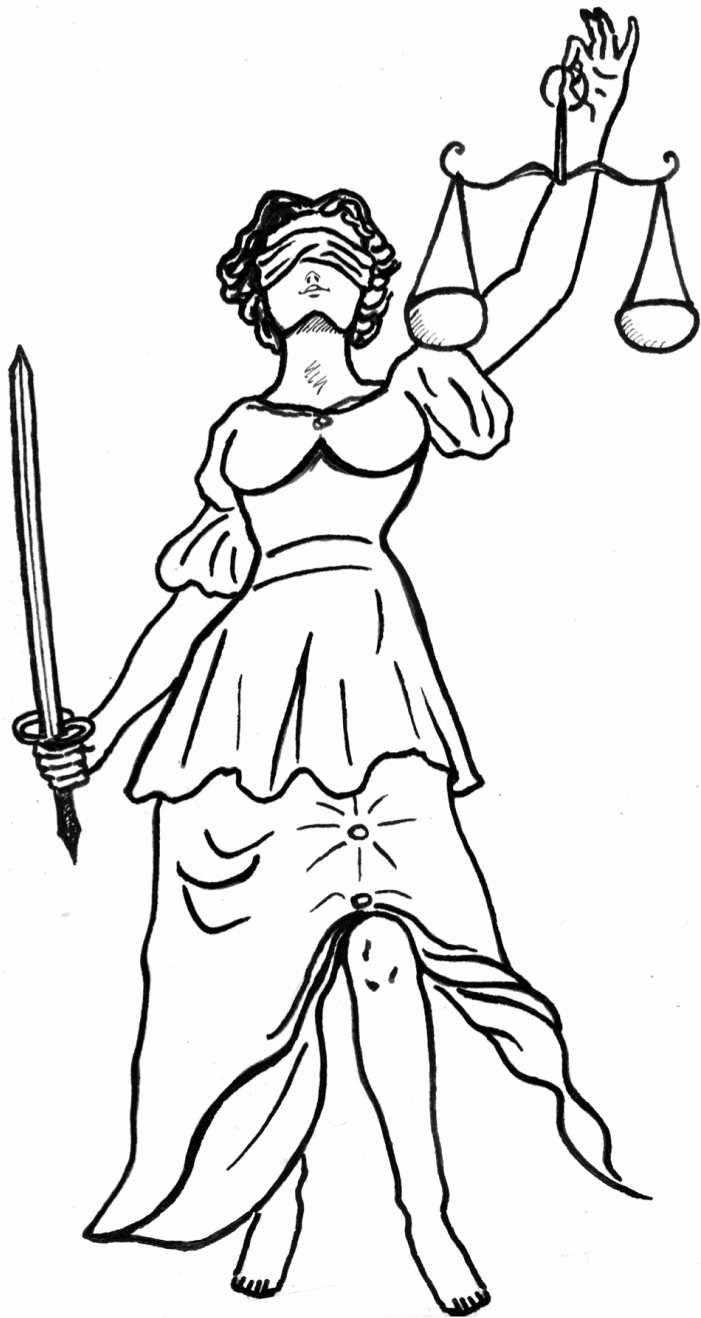
It seems somewhat unfathomable that any group of people who dare to call themselves a civilization, would ever be in a position to require a conversation about why having a prison, that has a stock price, and thus all of those market-based concerns such as pleasing the investors, consistently raising capital, cutting amenities so as to cut expenses...would be a dangerous proposition.

Yet, here we are, in the midst of such a chat, having to determine just what the best course of action might be. In some manner, we wonder if the conversation hasn't begun sooner, simply because it seems like something so logical, so sensible, that we can't possibly believe ourselves to be so inhumane - on both sides of the ball. We must attend to the violence of criminals, but what of our inability to rise above and be better than them?

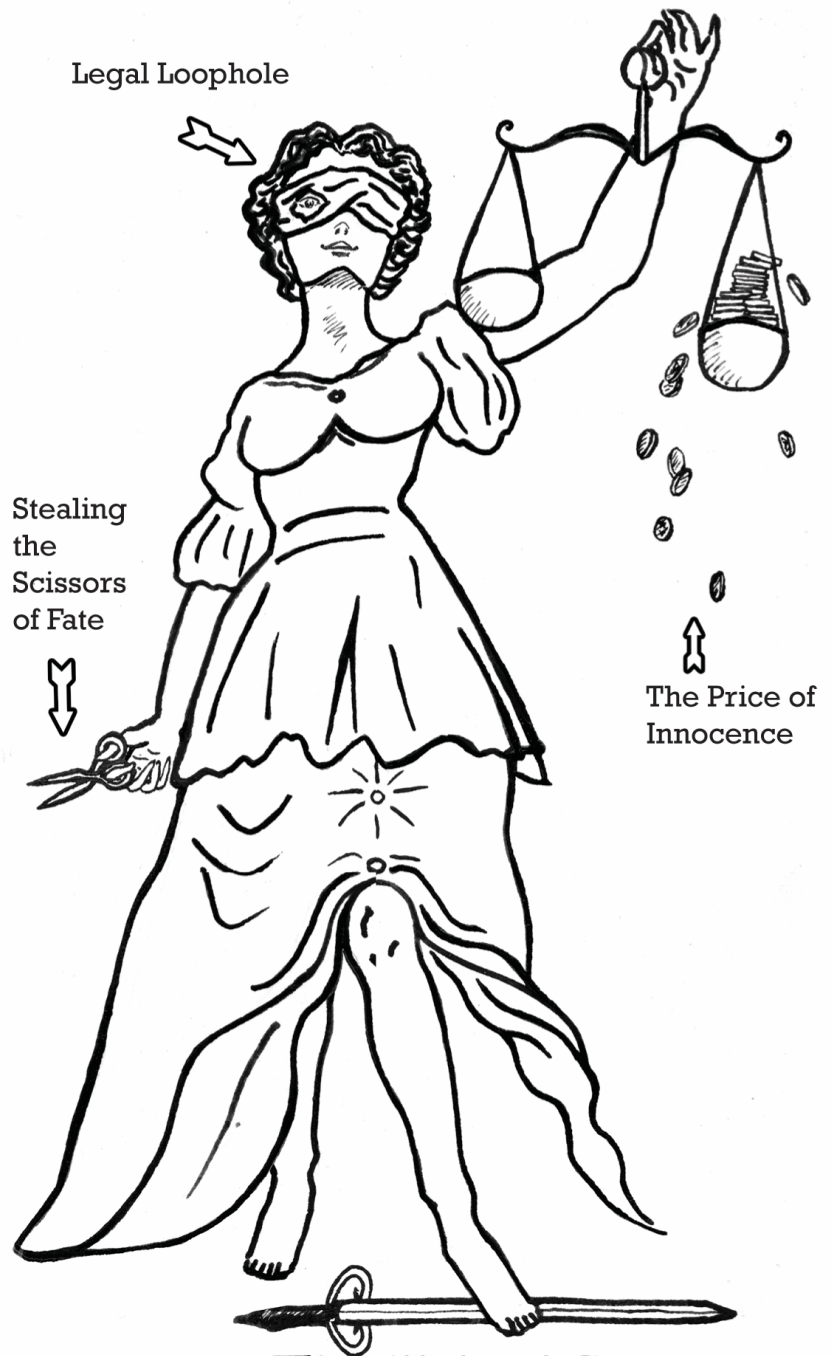
But, what is to be expected from a society that considers one person killing another person to be evil, yet acceptable when it is an entire battalion on foreign soil killing all sorts of people. So, the conversation isn't really about money (although every constipation comes down to the green indigestibles) as much as it is about our poor choice of which members of our truly neo-nascent society are given the power to play the role of beatific deity, and cast aspersions on who sees tomorrow from the ground rather than the from within the soil.



It is Far More Incriminating When the Intent of the Powerful is Criminal



The Justice System



The Ill-legal System

GET THEE TO AN ENCYCLOPEDIA?

In the future, sports such as the Americanized-version of football, will be forgotten, given its penchant for causing massive amounts of brain destruction in the long term. One can fathom, possibly, that in an age of scrawny athletes, there wasn't so much concern. But in this, when science is this close and nearer to creating super beings out of protein powder and an injection of *non nod wink wink* vitamin B12, one has to step back and realize that as times and bodies evolve, that unless we make choices otherwise, the sanctity of sport will be entirely replaced by the spectacle of gladiatorial combat - even when racing to the front of the lunch line (*pshhhr* we need a janitor in cafeteria three - fourth grader impaled on the fork rack *pshhhr*).

We hope that such realizations and decisions to back off the need to be so-called manly might also lead to the lessened need for saluting - goodness knows that slamming a hand into the head is no good for the producer of the motion nor anyone who may disagree within a few thousand mile radius.

So, what say we all dial it down (see, we're getting some of this modern lingo already - a bit of buzzword for the buzzcuts of the BuzzFeed generation) and make certain that as we move forward, there's a little less need for the inevitable death on national teevee.

STRANGE CELIBATE BEDFELLOWS

On the occasion of Pope Francis visiting the United States, it was observed that atheists were treating a religious leader with more reverence, than the extremist versions of the political right. It seems worth noting this for the laughter it will bring one hundred years' time.

YET LIKE THE ODDFELLOWS

It seems a bit impossible, to us at least, that the same Pope who had all the non-believers a-twitter would then turn on him in the next tweet, for meeting with one of his followers (who had been in the national news-sauna). We don't expect everybody to agree with each others' takes (and we don't expect everyone to agree with all our takes). However, this all-or-nothing need - either believe in my views one hundred percent or you can't be on my side, is exactly how this two-party system took a stranglehold on our fifty-stars consciousness in the first place.

CUT BY THE FELLOWS

You know, the Fellowes company makes decent paper cutters, and we occasionally use their other items. This is not an advert but a call for sponsorship.

NINETY YEARS WAITING - GONE PHISHIN'

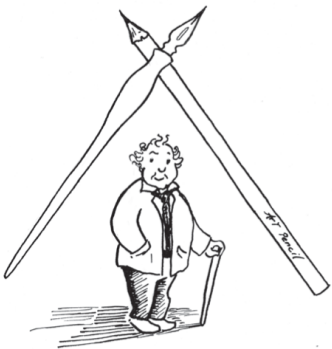
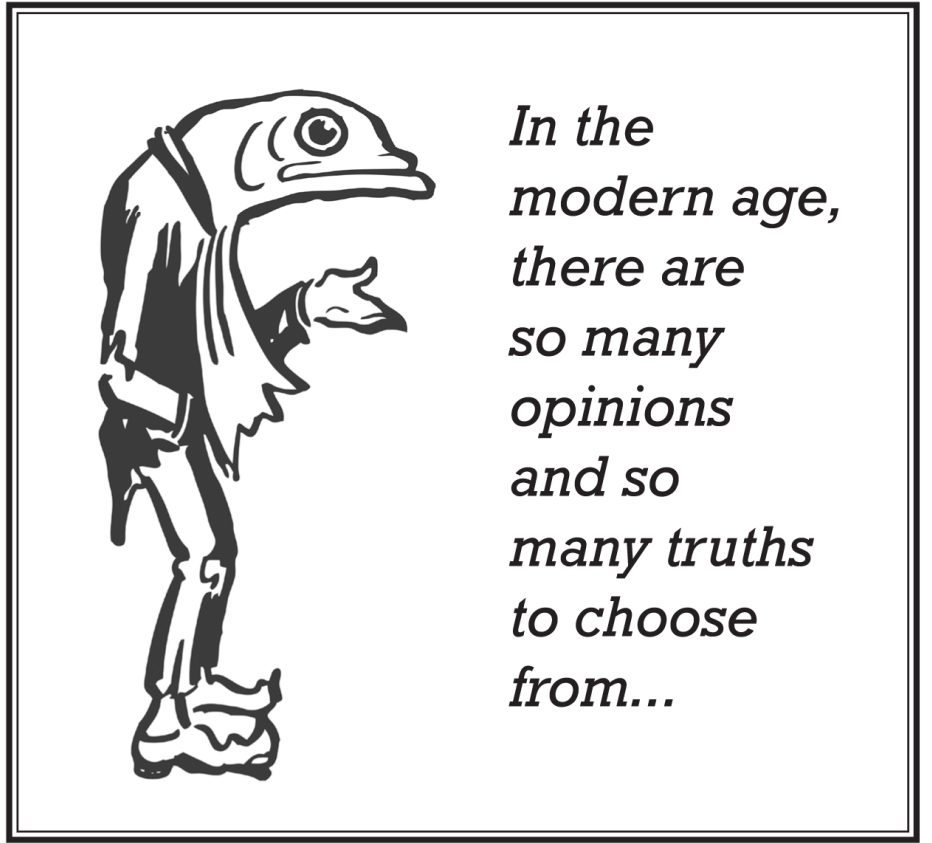
When one awakens after nearly a century, there's a bit of care involved in how we must go about trying to reel in new readers, given the majority of our previous readership, is, well, likely dead - although we've got a fairly reliable line on the whereabouts of good 'ol Homely Fred Beasley (see *Types of the Old Home Town*) who may be hiding out back in an in-law apartment on Chestnut Ridge...

So, speaking with friends of ours, and detailing our plan to "Go Fishin' for Good Morning" their eyes grew wide and their hands flailed just like two baboons.

"No no no...you can't go fishing for customers, because that sounds too much like 'go phishing' and that's illegal!"

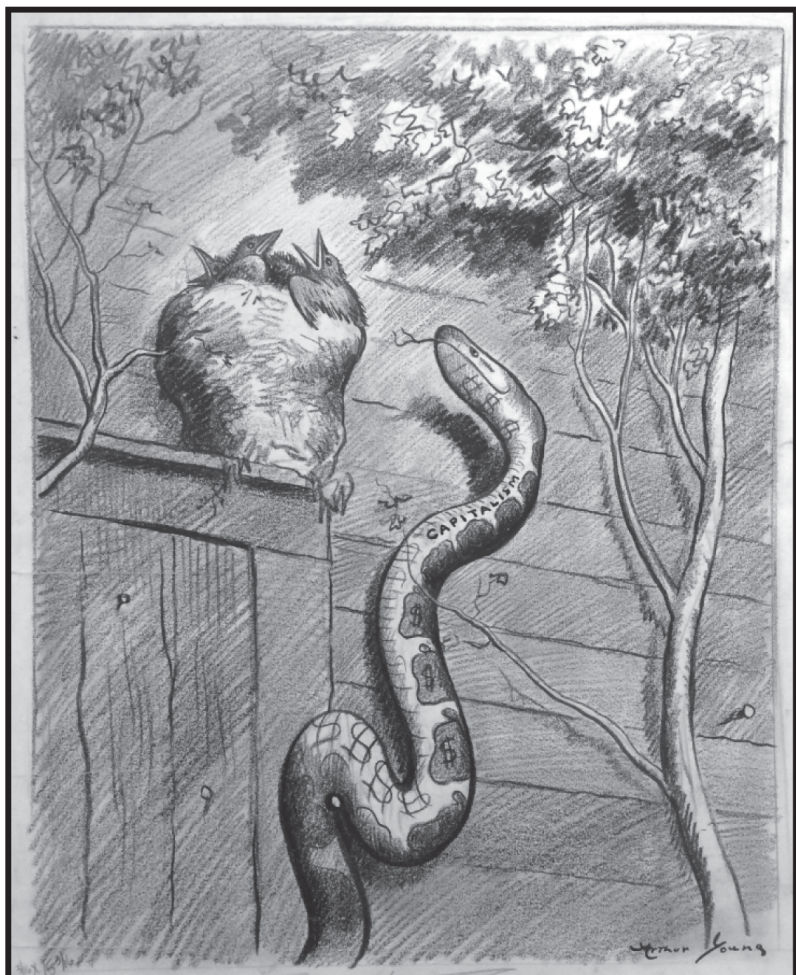
Caught up on the nomenclature and pathology of the whirled widened spider web, it became abundantly visible that even "Looking for fish" might not do, as we'd wind up with something that resembled a Woodstock out on our front lawn. That being said, we're probably more akin to Phish than a thief, at least if we continue to do our job properly. So, grab a line, and join us for the further adventures of Poor Fish - not a zombie or paste after all these years.

Who is this Poor Fish? Well, "The secret is out. The Poor Fish made famous by cartoons and epigrams...is Art Young himself - at least, so Art Young modestly put it yesterday evening at the Debs Auditorium of the Rand School." (The New York Call Friday January 7th, 1921). And who might argue with that?



Arts & Treasure

LOOKING ON TO SOME OF OUR FOUNDER'S LEGACY



The Sanctity of the Home

Most of Art's takes on Capitalism and all the related ills, pills, wills, and passing off the responsibility of bills onto the rest of us, appeared in the form of the fat-cat capitalist image that we've come to know so well, and has been immortalized with Rich Uncle Pennybags from the long-lived board game, Monopoly (although Art was not the originator of that specific illustration). However, there were two other metaphors for the capitalist system that occasionally found their way into his work.

One, which appeared a handful of times, was the Vulture - in some modern parlance he might be referred to as the Vulture (Venture) Capitalist. Another symbol, used more sparingly, can be seen in the image to the left - that of the snake.

This piece, *The Sanctity of the Home*, first appeared on the November 2nd, 1912 cover of the early radical/Socialist magazine *The Coming Nation*. During the months of September through November of 1912, as *The Masses* was dealing with the resignation of Piet Vlag (founder of *The Masses*) while reorganizing and finding a way to convince Max Eastman (who would revolutionize the rebellious magazine) to take over as Editor (accomplished by the infamous letter, "You are elected Editor of *The Masses*. No pay."), Art lent his talents, on a weekly basis, to a publication that has been referred to as *The Masses*' "country cousin" (Kent Kreuter and Gretchen Kreuter in the *American Quarterly* Vol. 19, No. 3 Autumn, 1967, pp. 583-586).

Notice the snake's spots are money bags, and notice the signature in the lower right - the occasional variant on the traditional Art Young - with Arthur Young. This piece now hangs, back at home, in The Art Young Gallery, but a mile from where it was likely illustrated.



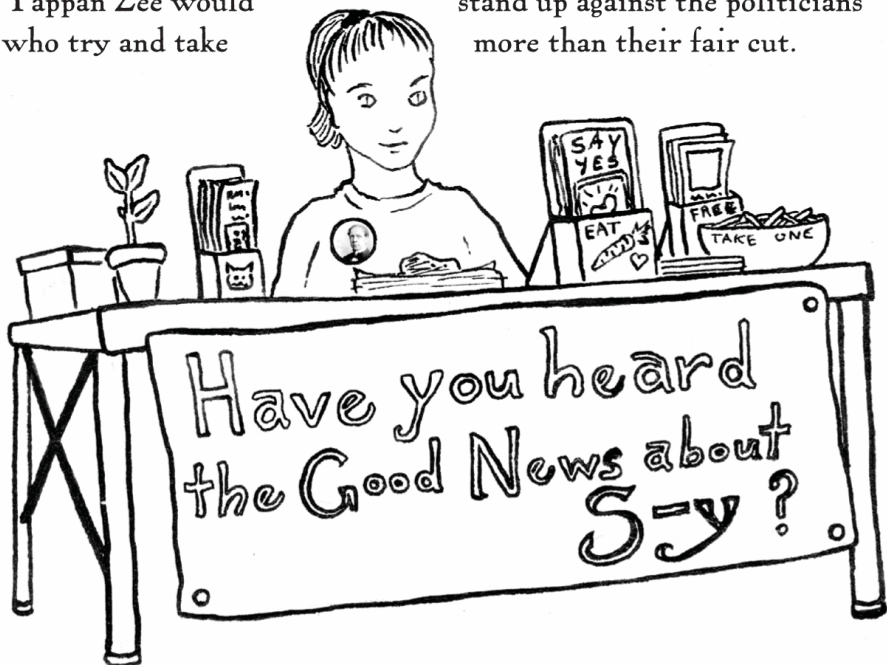
"Whatdoya mean? Of course I love animals...I have three dogs at home."

Ronald McHipster

HELLS BELLS, PAY A TOLL FOR THEE

The brass tacks is, you see, a tax predicated on the tack (or lack of tact) that everything is taxable. For example, we pay for the car, we pay to fuel the car, we pay for the maintenance on the car, we pay for the roads the car drives on, we pay to register the car, we pay each year on utilizing the car, and then, when we've finally begun to feel as if there's a free trip to the grocery store (where the inflated prices will deflate the wallet once again - oh yes, don't forget we drop quarters into the little slot whirrrr buzz hustle to fill all four tires in three minutes, too), along comes a plan to bring back tolls.

Because then they'll bring back trolls (although we hear this has already been done - see our anachronistic misunderstandings of fish on page twelve), and for each bridge we drive over not only will there be tolls to pay above, but those to pay below. Although, pondering on it, we're quite certain that 'ol wart-nose under the Tappan Zee would stand up against the politicians who try and take more than their fair cut.



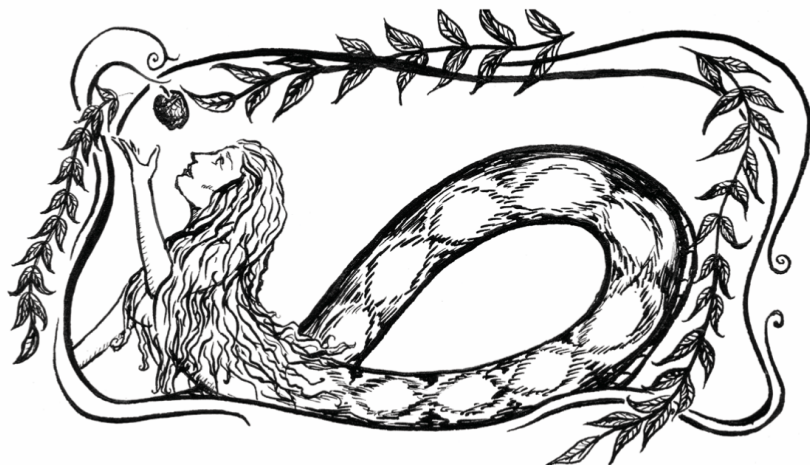
Candidates We Haven't Seen #4

If you're looking for a public servant who is great at negotiating any situation, look no further than Charlie "Nails" Rotten. Who else do you know who can run the sound board while simultaneously making certain the bouncers respect the mosh pit patrons, all the while ensuring that the take at the door is enough to pay the bands ten percent over their promised fee (even with dinner being included on the rider!). Merch guy, manager, roadie, postering, and changing a string on a bass or a drum head mid-set...all-around experience makes for an all-around natural leader.

FEEDBACK LOOP-DEE-LOOP

Beeeeeeeyoooouuuuup. Bwah bwah bwah, wheeee-ooooo! Check check, can ya turn the monitors down a bit? Thanks!

We like letters of praise, poise, parse, purse (whether of the money holding kind or the terse lips - more our vintage than a duck face or a pout). Send us something nice via editor@artyoungsgoodmorning.org or even better via a snail with wings - 211 Greenwood Ave Suite 224 Bethel Conn. 06801 (we're not certain if the postal service still has the ability to deliver to a Conn. and not a CT, but we suggest finding out the experimental way!)





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

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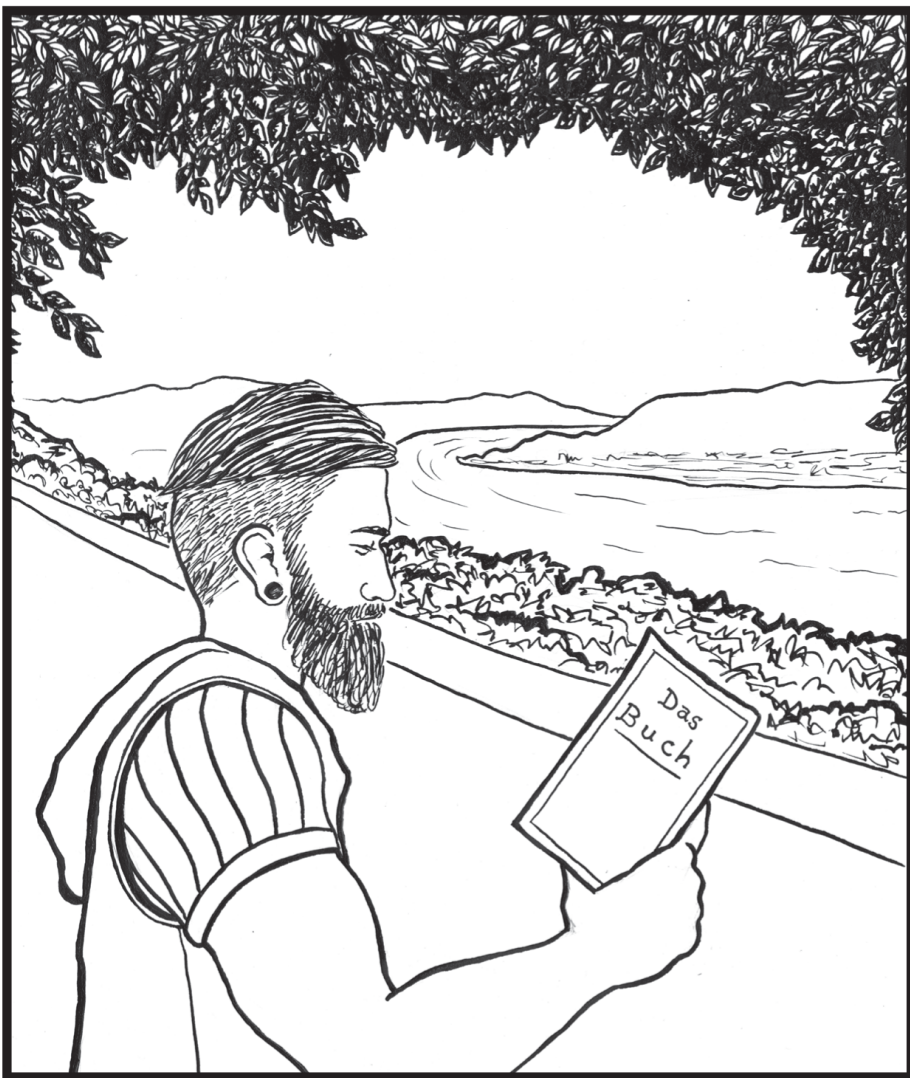
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Volume 6.01 - November 1st 2015

In Cincinnati, men are red striped straws with short cropped hair and sun kissed smiles. They ignore the brightly colored ads of coca-cola and orange sodas that stretch like Titans over the vast sides of brick buildings. They are found in trances of internal thought: on the green hill of Eden Park overlooking the gleaming black Ohio River; in poetry readings with red cushioned, straight backed chairs; on street corners with their money attempts of clashing colors on cotton canvases or plastic bags filled with marijuana. They speak like machine guns with fast, punctuated words that bounce and zing and echo. Men that hold witty comments like forest fire's smoke - choking and turning everyone away except those prepared to handle them. These men that know the neon signs of last night's promise are the same men that walk the sunset road to nowhere. There are no children that dangle from their arms and wives are a distant thought, like a fading cloud in the August sky.

Cincinnati Men BY L.N. HOLMES



Placed on a pedestal
of marble and gold
perfect and poised

admiring this
statuesque
work of art

this unobtainable,
god-like image
of beauty, strength

everything I'm not

desire rippling
underneath my skin
admiration and awe

I want it
more and more

look---

but don't touch



Gallery BY ASHLEY ROCKHILL

A bakery down the way named Ele-fant got me to thinking; strangely mixing images, though I guess that's not unusual when one is, by nature, disordered. Childhood memories of hot, fresh cinnamon buns from Mom's oven and then, the circus coming to town. Not any old circus. The Big Tent. Three Rings. Ringling. Barnum. Parading elephants, with the baby holding on at the tail end. Spectacle. I love Spectacle. I love homemade cinnamon buns.

When my brother Bruce and I were 5 and 10, our parents took us to visit The Big Tent. We couldn't go in, we couldn't afford it. But the circus train arrived promptly, by tradition, on Sunday at midnight. And we were there. Our house at 714 Washington Avenue sat right next to the tracks. An amazing parade of fire and elephants, and clowns and roustabouts, and lovely ladies and high flying gentlemen ensued. Though we lived in the 60's, TV couldn't beat it, except maybe at the RCA Pavilion at Robert Moses' over-the-top World's Fair in New York in '64. Somehow there, Mom, Pop, me and my brother got in ahead of the line and went on air - in color. I love the Spectacle of color. (Remember the first NBC peacock?) RCA had introduced black & white TV at the '39 New York World's Fair. Black & white was all we had at home the first time we visited the circus.

On visiting morning, before Sunday school, and after hot, fresh cinnamon buns with a vitamin C shot of orange juice, we stopped by the back lot, as so many children did, dressed for Church in our starched white shirts and pressed black pants. Town kids were always encouraged to water the elephants. Great promotion. At the end of the circus's run in a nearby field across the tracks, the townspeople were openly invited to the final Spec, tent flaps unfurled while tent poles were lowered for the move to the next town. As we entered under the Big Top, with wonder and knowing that it was a big deal (it was free!), we were surrounded by

performers, roustabouts, and elephants, all draped in silver sequins. Mesmerizing and unforgettable.

But, I found the smaller tent we passed by, while walking the Big Tent grounds, even more mesmerizing and more unforgettable. It was the Sideshow. With its ballyhoo. We couldn't afford that either, and I'm sure it was probably not for a working man's family from South Jersey to attend anyway. Pop liked it, Mom sheepishly. I especially liked the huge canvas banners, heralding the bearded lady, the iron man; the publicity of it all. I liked the fonts. I didn't run away to join the circus, but I did follow my longings. Working in the theater, for over 35 years now. Early on, I got to oversee the designs for the front of theaters. At that time, Fraver was omnipotent. Fraver was a graphic designer who knew just how to capture a show. In images and fonts. And I got to join in the process.

I long for lettering, for Giambattista Bodoni and Alberto Tallone, for illumined religious texts, Las Vegas neon, hieroglyphs, for secondhand Fraver posters, and a book I can hold in my hand. A manuscript, a screen play, a letter, a note. I'm always interested in a book's typeset. And I read the acknowledgements first. How can we continue to email in Helvetica when there are so many choices? How can we not commend the people who make an author a best-seller?

Why am I thinking about circus and Broadway posters? With my age and a certain loss of memory, I notice more. I think more. I play more. I notice small gifts: a leaf fallen in the town park; the children of a busy restaurateur running about in his cafe; an almost forgotten Broadway tune sung by Dorothy Loudon; another

leaf, turned bright orange. My mortality and the Spectacle of that. A shower, a christening, a watering - of plants, creatures, deserts, and my hands before dinner.

It's raining outside my window today, each drop falling into, perhaps, Pandanaram Creek, graceful birdbaths, or some monumental font. If I look closely, I can read what the drops say, like reading tea leaves or taking notice of a bird's migration or of climate change. (Did you know that Walmart sells Diet Water in China?) I keep thinking of the letters "A", "E", "I", "O", "U". (What is the "Alphabet" now, Google?) The vowels make us move. The fonts make us feel.

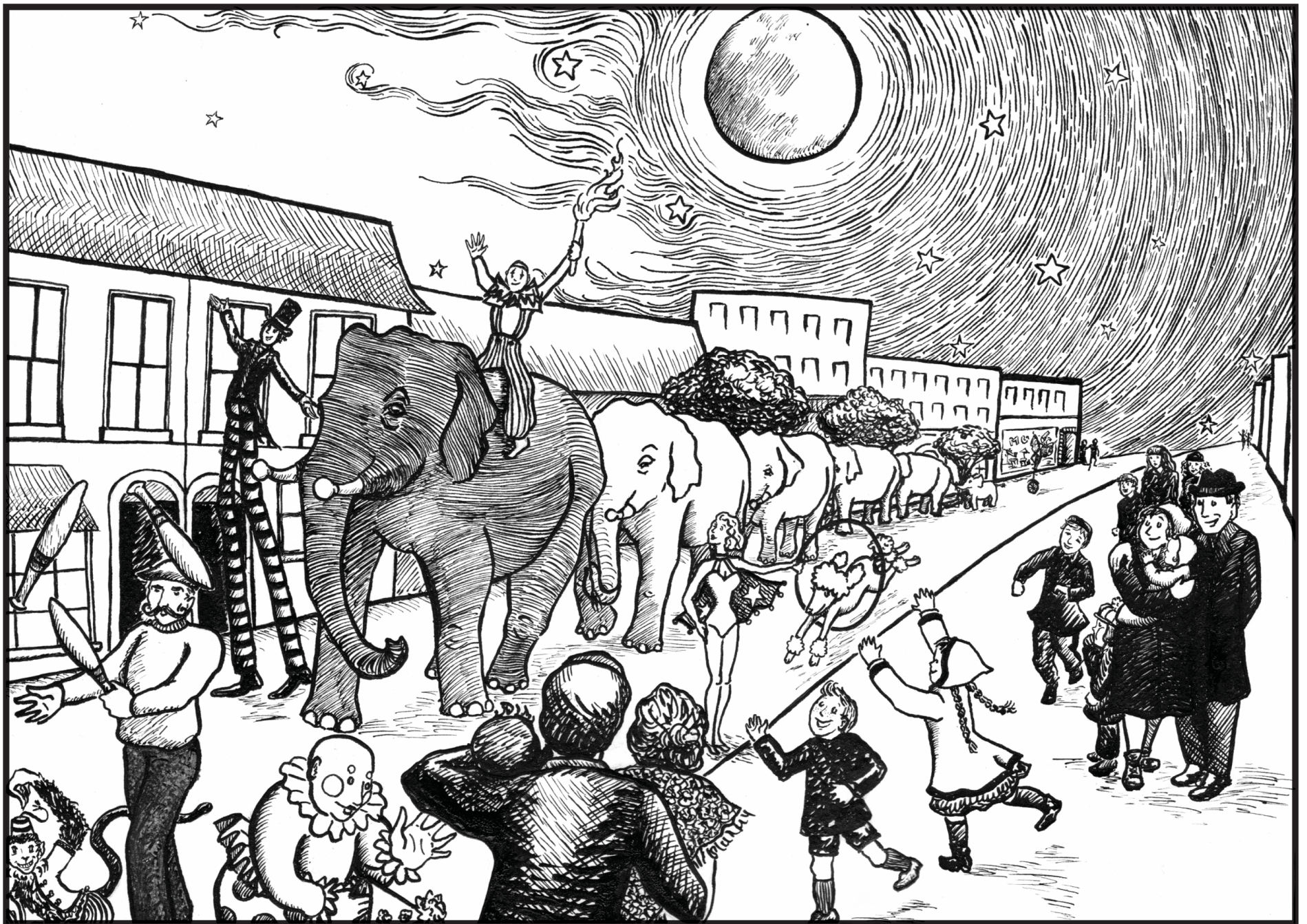
Please take a memo:

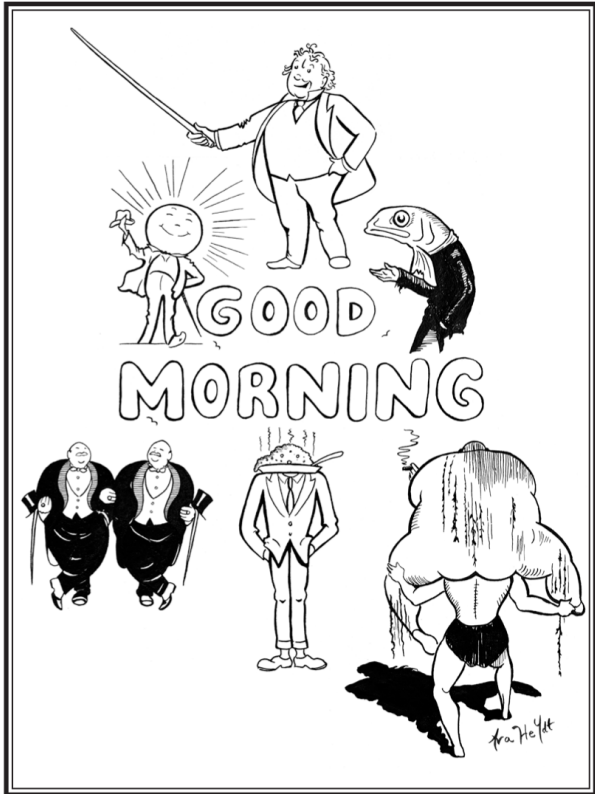
Dear...

Elephants communicate by touching. So does Spectacle. So does a book and its typesetting. So do I. I'm terribly sorry that I rarely see you. Terribly. But I do notice the font of your invitations to dine. I'm off to Ele-fant to buy today's bread, sign a bearded lady on to perform on New Year's Eve, then take a shower. Then, I will consider dinner. Consider.

Please sign the email with hugs. And if you cc: me, don't use Helvetica.

A Watering of Fonts BY TED KILLMER





THE COMPLETE GOOD MORNING

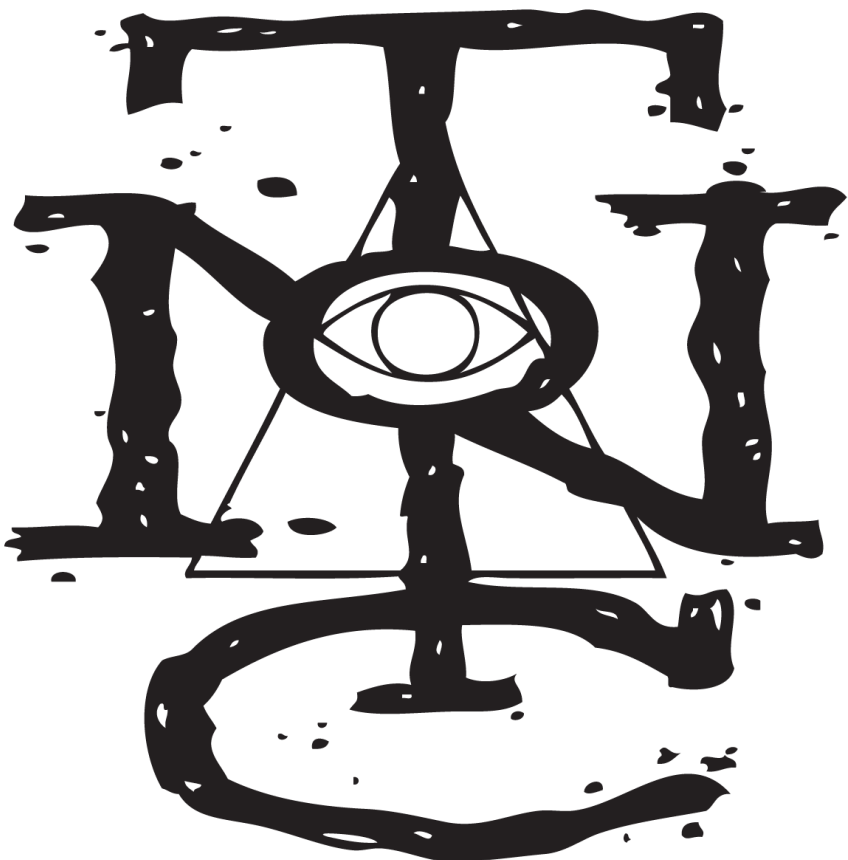
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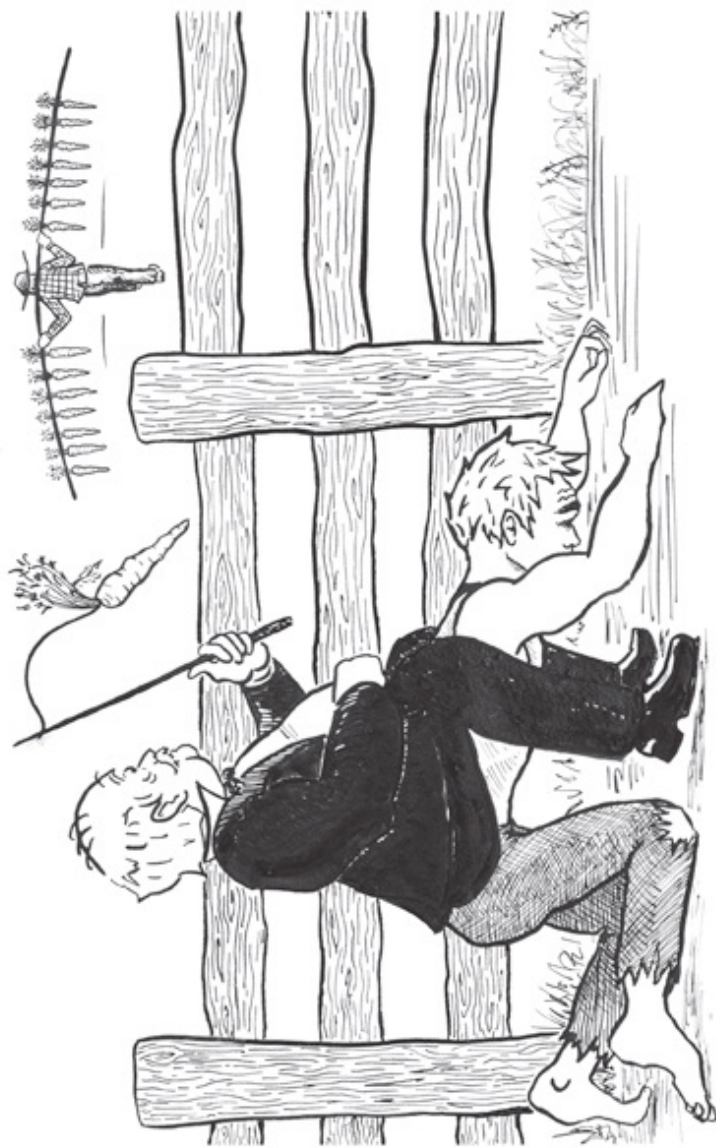
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FOR INFLUENCING SOCIOPOLITICAL CHANGE



When one is hungry,
abundance is not the goal.

