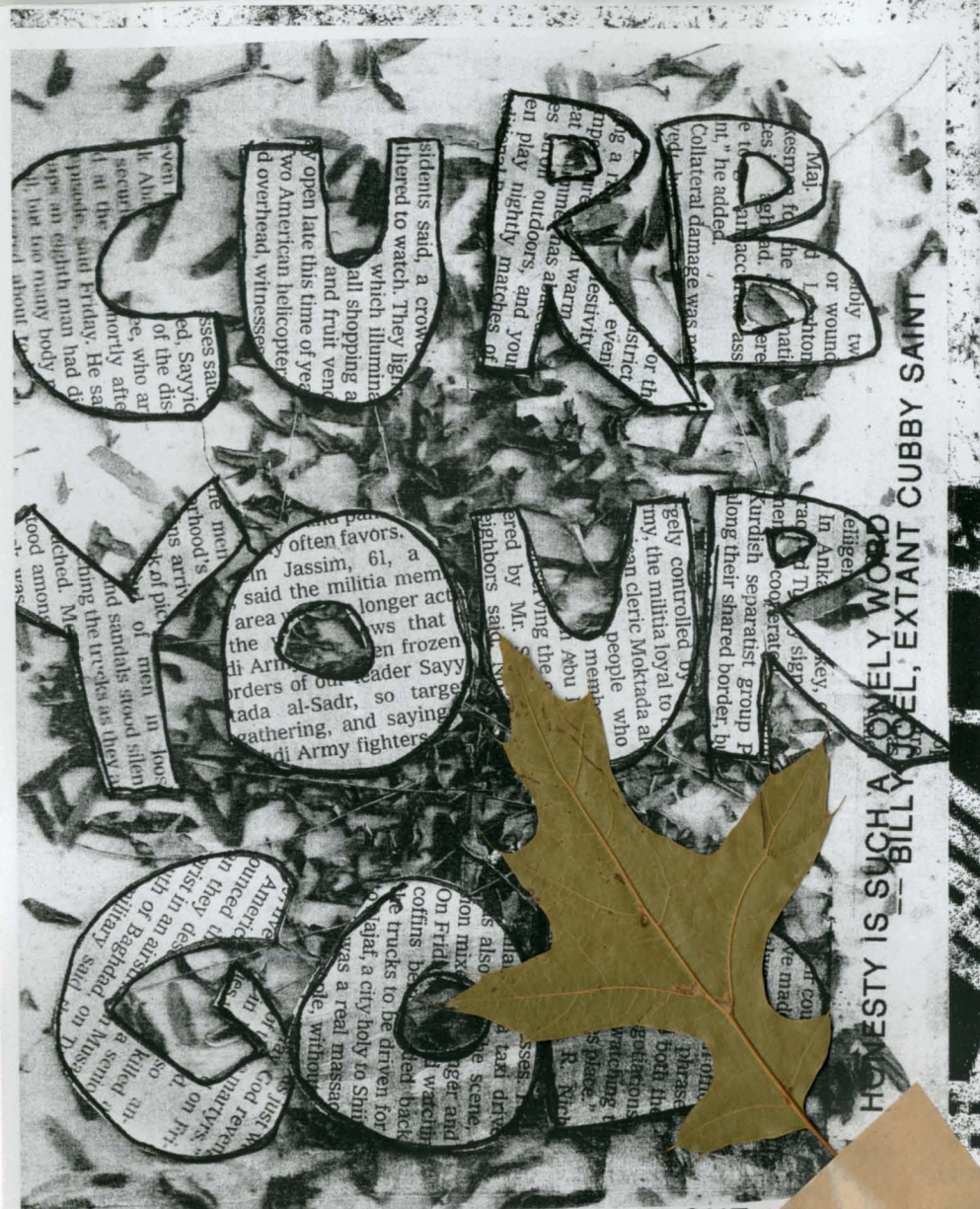


CUBBY MISSALET 19

VOLUME ONE





CUBBY MISSALET 19 VOLUME ONE  
EDITED BY BRIAN WEAVER AND JOL

Bean's Waterhog Doormats  
WRITTEN BY BRIAN WEAVER, CHARLIE DANGER,  
HUCK FOREST, JASON GONZALES, JOL,  
K. MANFRED, AND YESENIA PADILLA  
VISIONARY Born in a great Steak House.

## READING FROM The Cubby Bible

### THE REAPPEARANCE

Brian Weaver stood alone in the kitchen of Cubby Control on the night of the tenth anniversary of the Virgin Mary's appearance; with his butt against the formica countertop he ate mac 'n' cheese directly from the saucepan in which he'd cooked it. He watched the clock on the oven as its digital green numbers heralded the approach of midnight. He wondered without much hope, but with enough hope to still wonder, whether the Virgin might be as observant of the date as he was and whether she might appear to him again on this special night. The Mission was eerily quiet, not a siren or a note of revelry to be heard through the open window.

In the ten years since the Virgin's visitation Brian had often wondered about the hallucinatory aspects of that event and wondered if it had actually happened or whether it might have been the product of not enough sleep, too much Barenjaeger, a particularly grueling migraine, a styrofoam container of Farolito salsa that had gone bad and grown moldy in the fridge and was served at a party by accident, or of some queer combination of all of the above. In truth he had little memory of the event and so had come to think of the first book of the Cubby Bible as the definitive rendering of the visitation, so much so that when he thought he was remembering that moment he was actually remembering the story, in much the same way as one's mind's eye can fail to conjure a mental image of a living face but can remember a picture of that face quite well.

As midnight rolled around Brian retired to his room to play guitar. He looked up at the Black Virgin statue that still stood in a nook in his bookshelf, and he strummed quietly, making up a little song about how he felt abandoned by the deities who had one ordained him special and promised to illuminate his path in life.

But his path still seemed as dark and foreboding and beset by hostile obstructions as ever, and Cubby Control seemed to be an empty nest, the hollow remnants of a cocoon that had gestated a moment now almost entirely forgotten. "The Cubby is dead," it was being said, although not to him; he'd just heard it indirectly. And yet here he still was, surrounded by the detritus of that moment, the dried flowers of its long-past blossoming: the posters and flyers announcing Cubby Creatures shows; the Cubby flag hanging in his office; the bad thrift-store art that Jol had collected during his residence in the apartment and left there to be an eyesore for the ages. It was all still there, and Brian had done his best not to change a thing, so perfect had it all seemed at the time and so perfect did it seem even now. But now he felt alone in it, and he wondered silently to himself whether the fellowship of the Cubby might have been half of its charm. Hadn't the Cubby offered a certain insulation from loneliness, and wasn't that a major reason he had chosen to devote his life to it? Now even Bean had moved out, opting to share in BK's debauched existence south of Market.

At a quarter past midnight Brian started to feel sleepy. He laid his guitar carefully back in his case and stripped down to his tighty whities. Pulling back the covers to reveal his sheets, he thought of his beloved Alissa, who was away visiting relatives that weekend. As he felt the chill of the cold summer air on his bare flesh he took a deep breath and reached for the window to slide it shut, hearing as he did so a rustling of leaves from the backyard. "Probably a cat," Brian reasoned. But then he heard, amidst a second chorus of rustling leaves, what sounded like a whisper calling "Hey." A tingle went through Brian's body as all of his sleepiness left him. He strained his eyes to see into the dark corners of the yard but he saw only the shadows and the bending boughs of trees. He let out a soft "Hey" of his own but got no response and so he called out louder "Hey" and then, after a moment called "Hey" even louder.

A few seconds passed, during which Brian hurriedly threw on some sweats, a pullover, and his slippers, and then again Brian thought he heard a soft voice whisper from outside. This time, though, he thought he heard it whisper his name.

The coda of that book was the perfect conclusion.

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Dashing out of his room and through the kitchen and through the little utility room that had never been of much use, Brian was out on the back porch in ten seconds flat. "Hullo?" Brian called as he stepped down first one step, then another, onto the ground level. "Hullo?" he asked again as he wandered into the overgrown weeds and tangled hanging branches. He repeated his question as he traversed every square foot of the yard and peered into every dark corner and behind every tree and under the stairs that led up to the upstairs neighbors' back doors. And after several minutes of this he became convinced that his imagination had been playing tricks on him and that he was indeed very much alone in his backyard. He went back inside, conscious of the adrenalin from his adventure subsiding

and of the sleepiness returning to his body.

At that moment, the phone rang, startling him. He let it ring again, wondering who could be calling at such a late hour. He picked up the handset and held it to his head. "Hullo," he said.

This time he received a reply. The voice on the other end was Jol's. Jol was calling from Brooklyn, where he now lived. He said he'd been up late drinking and smoking pot with his neighbors across the street when he'd remembered that it was August 17, the day of the Virgin's visitation. That had spurred Jol to undertake some reflection and remembrance of his own. He'd started thinking about how he'd left the band and San Francisco because he'd felt the need to get out of the collective to find himself but how, ironically, he found himself lonely and isolated and disinterested in all that New York had to offer, longing instead for the camaraderie of the Cubby.

He said he'd long ago given up believing that the supernatural incidents related in the Cubby Bible had ever really happened in physical fact but that he nevertheless found them to be emblematic of "the place where we were at." Brian was skeptical, wanting to believe that indeed they had been touched by divinity.

Brian and Jol continued the conversation for a good hour, rehashing the good old days and remembering the state of creative ecstasy they'd felt back then as they'd stayed up so late with Rhachel Shaw and Joe K. and those Dolores Haze boys, and how they'd played music and drank cape cods and smoked cigarettes until the sun itself would finally show up to complain. And they agreed that what they'd found then was a fulfillment so satisfying, so joyous, so unexpected that they'd wanted to hold onto it forever, to institutionalize it, to keep it going, to share it with as many people as they could. They had for a time, it seemed, been lifted up by a wave of inspiration that had come to them all of a sudden, as if by magic. And it had felt like an act of God, and so they had come to believe that it was, and they had become zealots, born-again in this god of their own creation, proselytizing their pants off, and in Jol's case, with his pants off.

They wondered then, realizing all this as they stood talking into phones, alone on their separate coasts, how it had ended up like this, with once-involved people drifting off in different directions and rumors circulating, where rumors about the Cubby still circulated, which was almost nowhere, that the Cubby was dead.

"I'm not sure how that's happened with everybody else, but the weird thing is I still believe in it as strongly as ever," Brian said. And to his surprise, Jol agreed.

"I think that maybe it's not something outside of us but something inside of us," Jol said.

"Or maybe it's a combination of outside forces with that something in us."

"Or maybe the Cubby is just the sense of meaning that we impose upon the world, our own subjective reality."

Brian laughed. "It's funny that we still haven't defined what the Cubby is."

"Well, in that first Cubby Bible that we wrote at Puerto Alegre, the Virgin Mary says the Cubby is God."

"True," Brian said. "But maybe that was just a metaphor." And at that moment the doorbell rang. "Oh man," Brian said. "Someone's at the door. I can't imagine who it would be right now." And so Brian said goodbye to Jol, telling him they should talk again soon, and Jol suggested that they co-edit a Missalette like in the old days. And Brian went to the door and peeked out before pressing the buzzer to unlock the front gate, and who he saw there made him gasp, shiver, and shed tears.

"Bonemaker!" he cried. "You're alive!" And he buzzed Ronald Bonemaker in.

Be proud  
of who  
you are.





It's breaking news in the cubby universe: Ronald Bonemaker is alive and running for president. Assumed dead for the past seven years, Bonemaker's recent resurfacing act eluded local detection but electrified the cubby's base, much of which has already pledged allegiance to Hillbama in '08.

Where was Bonemaker through all these torturous Bushy years? And what's his plan for Iraq? Those were the big issues we pledged to tackle when we sat down at a Starbucks with him. Here's a *Cubby Missalette* exclusive interview with Ronald Bonemaker, alive and running:

*cubby missalette:* so first, let me just say that it's great to have you back.

Thank you. It's great to be back.

So last time we saw you was in the backseat of Brian Weaver's car as he was "rushing" you to the hospital after you'd taken a bullet for Huck Forest. Once he'd reached the hospital, though, he looked back to find only your bloodied clothing, which he dutifully carried in to the emergency room. We all thought you were dead.

Yeah, I read about that on Cubby.net. Pretty weird, that. I mean, what were you all thinking, that it was *Star Wars* or something?

Well, I guess we sort of thought that you'd pulled an *Obi Wan* on us. [Bonemaker laughs.]

As far as I know, that only happens in the movies. I'm really surprised that a bunch of grownups would think that could happen in the real world.

he still believes  
in PEACE!

**BONEMAKER:**

*Alive and running!*

well, the Cubby has always had a supernatural quality to it, and you always sort of struck us as a bit otherworldly, so I guess we just thought that maybe you'd just...

Vanished into thin air, eh? It's just so funny. It's so absurd.

Yeah, I guess so. But you know, our disbelief was pretty suspended at that point, and what with all the visitations from deities and whatnot, we weren't feeling particularly tethered to the material world. We thought you might have been, you know, assumed into Heaven or something.

Well, let that be a lesson to you then. Corpses don't just vanish in real life, at least in my experience. There's always a body. But in my case there wasn't, simply because I was never a corpse. I was, however, quite naked as I crawled out of Brian's backseat. [Bonemaker laughs.]

Why did you take your clothes off?

I just felt really constrained. I was gasping for breath. It was just very primal. I felt death at my proverbial elbow, and I had to face it naked. It was instinctive, it was animalistic. It was like I was in 'nam again.

**BETER OFF  
DEAD?**



A Plan For The Easiest Thanks  
IS HE TOO LATE FOR 08? Giving  
Ever

That's very impressive. So where did you go? Why didn't you let Brian take you to the emergency room?

All due gratitude to Brian, I'm really not fond of Western medicine. Ever since my beloved Lo Chang master Yarlow Hand died in the hospital after a routine gall bladder surgery I've been quite wary of such places. I felt pretty confident that I stood a better chance of survival on my own. And besides, I didn't have any health insurance, so I figured even if the doctors managed to keep me alive I'd be basically screwed for decades down the road just trying to cover the costs. By the way, did you see *Sicko*?

Yeah, good stuff.

I'd give Michael Moore a top position in my cabinet. I'd make him the chief of staff or something like that...something really big. But I digress. Returning to my "disappearance" I did what any highly trained survivalist would do—I escaped into the dense foliage adjoining the hospital parking lot and finding shelter in the underbrush I dressed my wounds with leaves and mud and animal leavings.

**BONEMAKER:**  
*Alive and running!*

Leavings? Like shit?

Yes, shit. I will say shit as president, by the way. Shit is a good, strong word. America is ready for shit. I think I might use the word shit in my campaign slogan. Like "Bonemaker: He's Not Scared of Shit" or something. But anyway, all covered in this shit, I pulled myself up the slope and into the backyard of a kindly gay couple who, to make a long story short, respected my wishes to not be taken to the hospital and not be reported to anyone. As far as I knew, I had been the victim of a government-sponsored assassination attempt. And so I told Hiro and Gene, scrawling it on paper as my windpipe had collapsed and my esophagus had clogged up and my lung had blown out, etcetera, and they kept me hidden...for many months.

It was a wonderfully productive time for me, during which I forgot politics altogether and recalibrated myself with the Universe. Hiro and Gene didn't even own a television, so I was able to completely tune out for a while. I realized how much the campaign had taken me away from gardening and the chang bodily disciplines, and having rediscovered those pleasures I was momentarily really glad to be out of politics.

OK, so then what happened?

When I finally ventured out into the world and got a look at a newspaper, I felt like I'd woken up from a dream into some dystopian nightmare. It's as if the very opposite of what I'd been campaigning to bring about had come to pass. It was the most terrifying moment of my life. And that was only two months into the Bush presidency!

Yeah, it only got worse.

HE DID WHAT?



CAN HE REALLY  
?



Now, there's an understatement. Right away there was fear mongering and saber rattling from the White House. And this was before 9/11! I realized that I had to get out of the country before the dumbing-down of the national dialogue turned me into a raving maniac.

*But gee, why didn't you let us know you were alive? We were feeling the same way. We could have used the inspiration or at least the good company in our time of misery*

[Bonemaker becomes serious and pensive.]

Well, it's a little embarrassing to talk about, but the truth is that I was in love with my running mate in the election, Suzie Potsniff, who as you know took over the campaign for me after my "assassination" and really gave it her all in those last couple days leading up to the election. The whirlwind weeks and days leading up to that November had thrust us together in such constant proximity and under such intense emotional conditions that we found ourselves sort of melting together, as if into one super being. Our united ambition, our joined strength, our synchronized striving ignited a passion that proved unquenchable. We professed our love and our mutual intentions to build a life together. Politics had indeed made bedfellows of us, but there was nothing strange about it at all. It was, in fact, the most logical affair of my life. But four months later, I learned from Suzie's "Record Buying Advice" column in the *Bay Guardian* that she'd become a lesbian.

*Yeah, I remember the heading of that column: "Sapphic Itch." Must have hurt. The opening line was "I needed Bonemaker like fishes need mopeds." Devastating.*

Oh, I was devastated. My *raison d'être* was gone.

But fortunately I had the teaching of my late Lo Chang master to fall back on. Yarlow Hand had instilled in me the virtue of detachment, especially with regards to matters of the heart. And so while my own future seemed suddenly vacuous and devoid of any prospects, I knew that I must let go of the outcome I'd visualized and allow my love for Suzie to take a new form. Clearly, she needed her freedom to scratch the itch she referred to in her piece, and I knew that my "death" had been instrumental in allowing her to thusly express herself. And so I came to see my "death" as a sort of metaphor and a sort of opportunity to be reborn, so to speak.

CAN HE REALLY CHANGE YOUR LIFE

OR IS THAT ALL UP TO YOU?

And so eager to get away from the Cubby and all its reminders of my unattainable love, I headed abroad, to seek solace in the breast of my heritage, to be cradled by the land of my ancestors, the font of my bloodline—yes, I speak of France.

Wow, France. And then what?

(to be continued in volume 2)

# An Interview with Thee Druggles

*Thee Druggles have made a splash recently by playing a handful of shows in the last several months in San Francisco and releasing a song on the latest Embryo CD compilation, Embryo 4: Homemade Music by Bay Area Musicians. And they're currently putting the finishing touches on their debut full-length CD, Space God Pills. But Thee Druggles are not just like any other rock band. They have particular methods to their madness and specific messages for the masses. However, rumors abound regarding these methods and messages: that Thee Druggles are members of a secret society, that they sing about esoteric traditions of ancient religious cults, and that they believe the initial moon landing was faked. Can it all be true? In an attempt to separate fact from fiction and get to the heart of The Druggles' methods and messages, I decided to go to the source and sent some questions in an email to Doug, Jason and Alec, the three main creative forces behind Thee Druggles. I don't know if I succeeded completely in getting to the heart of the matter, but I did receive some very interesting answers. — Brian Weaver*

**BW:** Who are Thee Druggles?

**AW:** A need filled.

**DW:** Thee Druggles consist of Matt R. on drums, Jason Y. guitars and backing vox, Alec W. guitar and vox, Brian W. bass guitar, and me, Doug, on lead vocals. Songwriting was handled by Jason, Doug, and Alec, with a late burst of creativity by Brian.

**BW:** What's the deal with the "Thee?"

**JY:** Well, there are Druggles, and then there are *Druggles*.

**AW:** The second "e" serves as a doorknob to unlock the music and the lyrics. The doorknob therewith can represent anything you want.

**DW:** The "Thee" is in cuz the umlaut is out. "Thee" is a tip of the hat to all things archaic and esoteric. It was popularized by Thee Headcoats and Thee Mighty Caesars. The word "thee" is really the formal second person article in older English usage, commonly seen in the King James Bible. Although by the Jacobean era it was already considered archaic. It connotes dark musty places lit by candlelight wherein mysterious activities take place. A more common archaism for "the" is rendered as "ye" but this is a misunderstanding of the old Anglo/Germanic letter edth which was their letter for theta which looks like the letter "y." Anyhow, it evokes mystery and all things dank and eldritch.

**BW:** What is a Druggle?

**AW:** A participant who is able to admit to being dazed and confused, at times, globally positioned within the military-industrial complex.

**JY:** Yeah, a Druggle is a conscious, awake, living, breathing human aware of the sociohistorical-political matrix that we're all caught up in, and who understands the need to communicate the situation to others, in this case via rock music.





**DW:** A Druggie is a member of our band. Is that what you're asking? Or do you want to know the origin of the word "druggie"? OK. That came deep in discussion of the theory that Theodore Adorno, of the Frankfurt School, was the secret author of the work of the Beatles. Either Adorno or the Tavistock Institute. Anyhow, the Beatles were the candy coating on their message of generational disruption and youth rebellion, and Adorno's knowledge of the psychological effects of music on adolescent brains triggered the upheavals of the Beatles era, commonly referred to as the 60s. Well, how to make adolescents of today buckle under and take those prescription antidepressants? It would take a new Beatles with a pro-drug message, Thee Druggles. Um, OK, so our sound and our lineup is more Stones oriented and our main substance of abuse has consistently been bottles of Sierra Nevada. Druggles sounds better than Beerles or Rolling Bottles or what-have-you. For a crucial link to the story about how the Beatles were really the insidious puppets of Adorno, please see [http://www.illuminate-news.com/rock\\_and\\_mc.htm](http://www.illuminate-news.com/rock_and_mc.htm) for the full true and shocking story behind the story. Also, Theo Adorno died two days before the murder of Sharon Tate. Coincidence, or an effort to silence a co-conspirator? By the way, Merck, Pfizer, Novartis, Sandoz, Wellcome Burroughs etc., we ARE expecting a check sometime SOON!

**BW:** I hear Thee Druggles are a conspiracy rock band. Is that true?

**AW:** Con = together. spire = breathe. There's a lot of breathing together when 5 bipeds collaborate on sonic frequencies. So, sure, lots of conspiring goes on in order to properly play and sing.

**DW:** Thee Druggles hear a lot of conspiracy theories like "The Federal Reserve controls monetary policy in the US" or "Jews control the media" or "the head of state of the United States is a complete imbecile" or "Dick Cheney wants to Nuke Iran so Halliburton can make MORE money" but of course we all know that there's no such thing as conspiracies. Like when Thee Druggles all show up to a rehearsal studio at the same time, it's a coincidence. So to answer your question: Thee Druggles are not a conspiracy band.

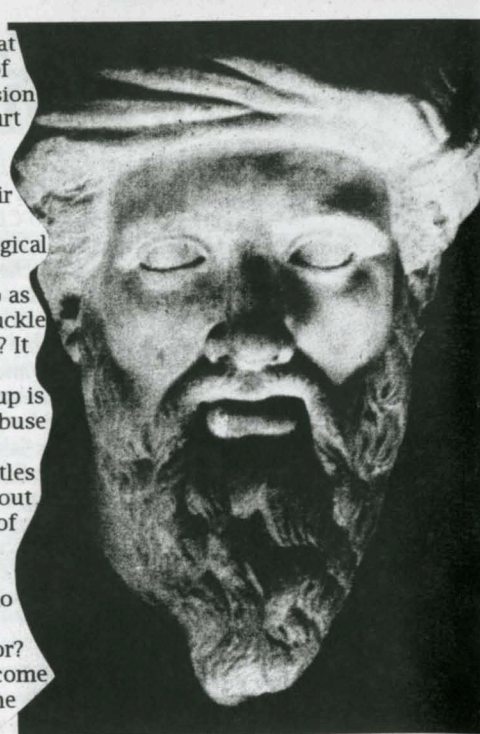
**BW:** Rumor has it you are all part of a secret society. Any truth to those rumors?

**AW:** No. However, maybe it's safe to say that we just seek a kind of psychic warfare vis-a-vis some, if not all, of the tracks we've got on offer.

**DW:** Well, that depends on what you mean by secret society. The greatest one of the secret societies claims to have started as a kind of labor union or guild among medieval stonemasons. Thee Druggles began as a speculative discussion society among workers at the nation's largest video news clipping service. If that speculative discussion group then developed its own series of bloody sounding oaths of secrecy and dark rituals filled with multiple layers of meaning, well, isn't that how all discussion groups end up? Either that or talking about what's on TV. Anyhow, given the similarities in musical tastes and experience in music, a band was inevitable.

**BW:** Some critics have said that your song "A Rocky Freedom" is the song that "unfortunately" never gets old. Can you explain that.

**AW:** It has at least one decade if not several more decades of relevance given the fact that the world's largest embassies are being built and have already been built in Iraq. The adventuring and the occupying continues on that tract of land, the second largest known oil reserve on earth. The song is also able to function on different levels because it's almost a hootenanny for our country's imperialist troops and the above-law mercenaries. It's like a smart bomb because it takes in more than expected. It can be likened, flavor-wise, to a packet of Alacer Corp's Emer'gen-C poured directly upon the tongue.



**DW:** "A Rocky Freedom" was written and even performed before our President bravely landed an S3B ASW plane on the deck of the *USS Abraham Lincoln* to declare "The Mission" over. So, essentially, if you tow the party line, that song should have lost all relevance as of May 1, 2003. And yet we still have a war going on. Exxon Mobil has made more profits than ever in its existence every succeeding year; Halliburton has lost track of more government money than most countries extract through taxation and billionaires are paying even less taxes while N'Orleans is still a wreck. Go figger. And oh, I guess US troooooooooops are still dying to keep things that way. So, sadly, that song won't look dated 'til Bush and Cheney are hanged for war crimes in Nuremburg. God, I'd like that song to look dated.

**BW:** What does 2007 have in store for Thee Druggles?

**AW:** The official end of the Druggles is in 2007AD. Endings are deceptive (the king is dead/long live the king).

**DW:** In 2007 either Thee Druggles will conquer the world or the world will conquer Thee Druggles.

**JY:** We're releasing a short album on CD, titled *Space God Pills*. It's been finished for awhile but these things take time, you know, like most Great Works. Also, a period of disappearing from the public eye.

## The Book of Roscoe: 48 Months in the Wilderness by K. Manfred

There was much talk, eventually, of where his time had gone. But when Roscoe Cash, Jr. first dropped from sight, it was not immediately understood that he had "disappeared."

Forty-eight months ago, after attending a Cubby Creatures rock opera, Roscoe announced he would no longer make art. In a kind of ecstatic post-show trance, he claimed that the opera had been a religious experience. The Cubby Creatures preached, "Do not seek followers for they will lead you nowhere," and Roscoe took this as a revelation. He packed away his slideshow and cancelled his cell phone plan. (He had been an early adopter; now he was an early retiree.)

No one heard from him.

Readers of the randomly distributed missives he'd posted over the years at first imagined that Roscoe's absence had something to do with drugs. Roscoe's historical pursuit of altered states was well documented. Over the years he had claimed many "favorite" drugs. There was talk that he was seeking even more transformative and defiant doses of mythical substances, probably in an undeveloped land.

The even smaller number of people who had traveled from city to city with him, devotees of *The Lost Lots of San Francisco*, his impassioned, perverted and (some would say) pathetic slide show, rejected the obviousness of the drug-explanation. Roscoe, they determined, was too broke for such an adventure. Plus, he was a lousy traveler. It was unlikely he'd gone to Mexico to eat





peyote buds or to the Amazon to scrape hallucinogenic bark off of jungle trees. Really unlikely.

A group of naysayers emerged. They'd always been there; they were the ones who had never quite found Roscoe's "presentation" very "sympathetic." When the slideshow started getting press attention, the naysayers began to move aboveground, uniting under the banner "Roscoe NO." They posted claims in the so-called yuddosphere boasting they'd run Roscoe into retirement. A typical posting:

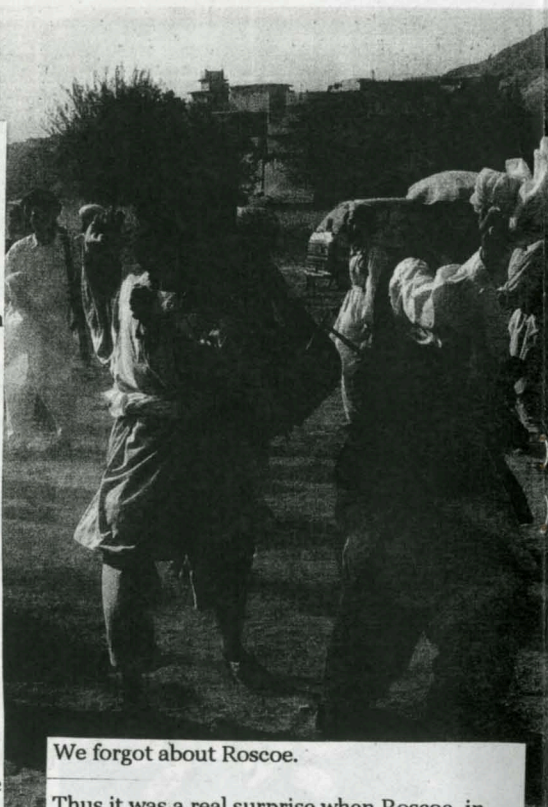
*"He is mired in his own fraudulence and thus ashamed. At last he has gotten the message. His silence is our victory."*

The naysayers were angry types, and also strangely beleaguered when you stopped to think about it. What did Roscoe ever do to them? But they had a forum, and they were linked by their yuddle-chip-implants and their shared disdain of slideshows in general: "Really old school," they called slideshows. "So old there's no school." They were mean, lonely people, when it came down to it.

Charlie Danger, reached on another coast, issued a statement that he hadn't seen Roscoe Cash, Jr. since the notorious "Moneyball Fiasco," which had been the fascination of the New York tabloids for two days one hot summer. You may recall that Roscoe, desperate to raise money to fund his slideshow, briefly ran an illegal wheel of fortune in the Lower East Side, seemingly unaware that the Lower East Side hadn't been a safe place for gambling dens for a good 15 years. He was arrested; unflattering photos (nose-picking, bad drag, etc.) ran in the papers; the trial dragged on for months. "Roscoe lives in the past," Charlie Danger's statement read. "I suggest that's where you look for him."

But no one found Roscoe in any of the past places he'd lived. Roscoe didn't surface. Theories were floated, transmitted like the common cold; everyone got a taste of them, but none lasted more than a season.

So it was determined that Roscoe had disappeared. Vanished. The thing is, when people vanish, and don't show up for a while, everyone eventually loses interest. We only like mysteries we can solve. The rest we forget about. Unsolved mysteries get a little boring, don't they?



We forgot about Roscoe.

Thus it was a real surprise when Roscoe, in late 2004, a few weeks after Election Day, emerged. Rather, he announced his *imminent* emergence in a missive with the shocking title, "Why I am Now a Gay Republican."

*Attention, gays, queers, gay-lovers and queer-bait: The president bought the presidency again, the guy they told us to vote for lost, and the opposition can't be found at all. Follow the power. It's time to join the winners.*

It seemed that Roscoe had undergone a political conversion. On top of that, it turned out, he was still living in San Francisco. Hiding in plain sight, if you will. His headquarters had relocated 1.9 miles from the place he and Claudine the saber-toothed kitty had last called home. He was joined by bike messenger and notorious boy-toy Marck the Gay, who was also claiming this new political position.

The shock waves were profound. The media commenced an investigation, turning up footage of Roscoe doing very un-Republican things, like carrying protest signs in front of City Hall and other domed structures. A group called the Queer Bait Veterans for

Truth released documentation hinting that Roscoe had recently been seen in New York City at underground activist meetings of thought-dead groups like THROW UP and The Cocksucking Avengers.

A new firestorm engulfed Roscoe. Who was he? Was he to be believed? Had he reinvented himself, or was he simply washed up? Was he a sellout or a secret agent? Roscoe lost weight and then gained it back, plus some. He took up smoking, and then quit again. In public statements he claimed to be "in development," but no one could get him to elaborate. Marck the Gay tried to help but he wasn't the most articulate political spokesperson. When asked his position on tax cuts, he answered, "Dude, I'm uncut."

The last straw fell when Special Prosecutor Evel Dada leaked a so-called Secret Report claiming that Roscoe's intention all along had been to infiltrate the halls of power to bring them down from within. Roscoe was banned from Republican gatherings everywhere. He issued one last missive, which stated simply, "All I wanted to do was go back in the closet. Becoming a gay Republican seemed the best way to do it."

But this time, Roscoe didn't disappear. He just stopped leaving the house.

Which brings us to today. Recently, the Book of Roscoe, an ongoing project of the Cubby Missalette, reached Roscoe Cash, Jr. and asked for an interview. Knocking on the door of his apartment, which is surrounded in part by a swamp, we waited patiently while the man himself made an appearance. He was in a pretty good mood and didn't ask for money, though he hinted that visitors generally brought him Girl Scout cookies or Dulce de Leche, as a courtesy. We apologized for only bringing wine.

We were invited in. The room was very smoky and we quickly had a contact high. Banned poetry and esoteric spiritual documents lay scattered around. Roscoe claimed that he was reevaluating the events of the past 48 months, beginning with his understanding of that Cubby rock opera that had originally sent him to his solitude. "I think I misunderstood it," he said. "I can be kind of literal. I decided to be a follower, but I picked the wrong people. Changing the system from within is good for some folks, but I really can't function anywhere but underground. Figuratively speaking, that is."

Still, Roscoe Cash Jr. is nothing if not an obsessive type, and sure enough a new obsession was revealed: "I'm studying the Cards," he said. He produced a series of fortune-telling decks, each a variation on the others but all unique. He talked at length about "reading the weather" and "listening to the street." This devotional study had been more powerful, he said, than any of the various chemical concoctions he'd imbibed in over the years. It's worth noting, however, that he seemed really stoned when he said this.

Near the end of our interview, Roscoe showed us his diary, which revealed a startling fact. It seem that he had drawn the Hermit card for an astonishing 1,124 consecutive readings. "That's why I'm keeping indoors," he said. "Four walls and a roof." (At this point, from the other room, Marck the Gay shouted, "It's cool, we're having a lot of sex these days." And then, "Did I tell you I'm uncut?")

Roscoe agreed to do a reading on the spot. "Look, I'll show you," he said, shuffling a deck and then drawing nine cards. One by one he flipped them over, and one by one it turned out that none of them were the Hermit. I wondered if Roscoe might indeed be the lying fraud some had always said he was.

Roscoe, to his credit, seemed truly astonished by the results, and claimed the power of The Cubby must have something to do with the fact that the Hermit didn't appear. "The spell might be broken, perhaps by your arrival," he said to me, the representative of the Missalette. He pointed to a card and said, "Here, in this spot, it should be the Hermit." That spot was occupied by a different card, "The Hanged Man."

I asked him the obvious next question: what did that card mean?

"It means," he said, "That I have to start making art again." He stood up, waved away some of the smoke from around his face and with a smile, he spoke. "Perhaps," he said, "Perhaps we should see what's going on outside."

THE END







# Divine Tips

by Rhoda

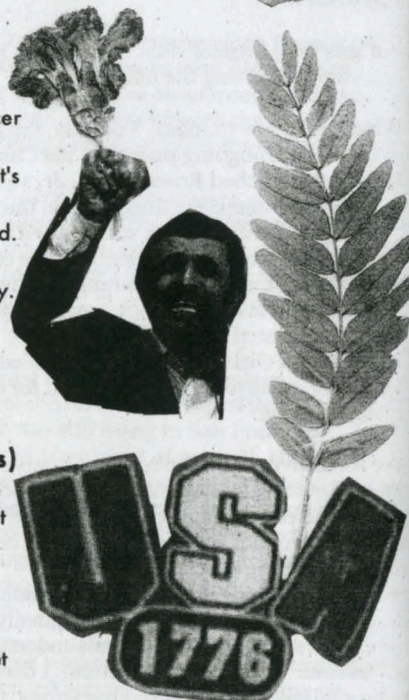
It's easy to get discouraged these days. Earth itself is endangered as homo sapiens continue to exacerbate global warming. Ice caps and glaciers are melting, polar bears are drowning, and Al Gore won't stop eating. But that's not all the bad news: there's ethnic cleansing to digest and capital punishment to consider and the unchecked spread of disease among the poor to fret about; furthermore, overpopulation makes you feel claustrophobic, trees are burned and logged for boxes; toxic Chinese imports babysit our kids, Iran's nuclear-ambitious, and Russia's freaking us out. And worst of all, of course, is that the world's big three religions, working together with Big Oil, have plunged us into a nightmarishly convoluted holy war in which all parties have deemed themselves righteous instruments of God. It doesn't get much worse than this, folks, but here are some tips on how to make it better.

## 1 War is Stupid; don't do it.

Got a beef with another country? Take it to the soccer field. Really, war is never just, and it's never necessary. If there's one absolute I can get behind, it's this one: War is bad. Period. It's an earthly manifestation of Hell that humans have manufactured. Teach your kids, tell your representatives, demand that your candidates in '08 make peace their priority. Resolve to have peace at all costs, and make it so. Oh, and read *Johnny Got His Gun*.

## 2 Support the Troops (by telling them to stop participating in stupid wars)

...especially this stupid war, which even the people who started it blame on "bad intelligence." They got that right! What would be really smart is to bring those boys and girls home and put them on the frontlines of the environmental cleanup. There's a world economy that needs to be converted to the green side, kids; let's get out of the sandbox and get to work!



"The biscuits I serve my family."



## 3 Don't Beat Your Kids.

God, how I wish I could smite the assholes I see smacking their children around. Whitney was right; children are our future. And parents, you don't own those children; they belong to the world. You are only entrusted with their care by accident, so if you're not treating your kids right, you bet it's my business.



## 4 Mind Your Own Business.

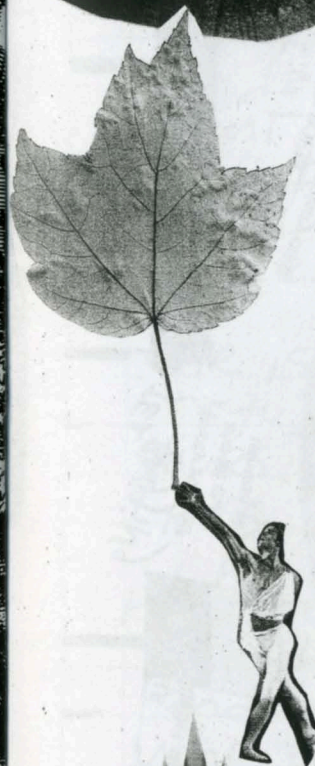
If you focus on perfecting your way of being, it's a full-time job. And when you've attained perfection everyone around you will take note and be inspired to follow suit. But all that time you spend gossiping about your neighbor cuts into your own self-improvement regimen; so while you're busy picking apart his/her faults, you're just getting uglier, kid.

## 5 Don't believe all you read...especially the Bible.

It's just a book. It's written and passed down by flawed humans just like you—maybe even more flawed! Why do you believe them more than you'd believe your own senses?

## 6 Don't Hate.

It's one of the most disturbing social trends I've noticed—the culture of hating. It seems that the art of admiring our betters has been completely lost. The fashion now is to covet one's neighbor's goods and attributes so jealously that one actually feels justified in hating one's neighbor for having what one does not. The result? More uglification. Instead, make a practice of admiring truth, youth, and beauty; cultivate respect; strive for perfection.





2B pretty in pink

WEEK FROM

19

TO

19

## VORKWEEK BEGINS

A.M.  
P.M.

DAY OF WEEK

FROM "TEEN ANGST POEMS"

STANDARD WEEKLY TIME RECORD FORM 11-42

WEEKLY HRS BY CHARLE DANGER

EMPLOYEE'S SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

(TO SUBSTANTIATE TIME WORKED)

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REGULAR RATE 5.00%

REGULAR RATE	EARNINGS-A
REG. MIN. COST	

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## EXCESS

Meza Old Man

by Charlie  
Danzon  
9/16/07

Mean old man  
with your beaten, bullied dog  
WALK the STREET like  
a DARK and bilious cloud.  
Rant and SWEAR,  
Fill the CANINE'S EARS  
with CURSES, UPBRAIDS,  
TEERS and BARKS.

He is yours  
to do that with,  
yours because you own him.  
He's your dog,  
his man's best friend,  
His time depends on you.  
Oh, where did you come from,  
and who barked at you?  
who beat you down,  
and who ever knew?  
About it so little of memory / tests  
But there you are now  
and I can hear.

Chlorophyll molecules



## Pastiche I

Its long and skinny, green dream exploding from its brown head.  
Scaly down the shaft, or trunk, or whatever, trunks are for bags and kidnapped children  
Fronds fall and brown on the grass-patched dirt, dry and prickly but not fun to stomp,  
Palms don't belong in San Francisco, and they certainly don't belong here.

You're so cool, in your Risky Business sunglasses from Walgreens  
That you stole while I bought us American Spirits because you are not yet eighteen,  
I capture you, for just a moment, sitting on the 49 Mission-bound,  
Headed to Dolores Park to drink 40s and score some pot.

C-shaped, Black and wide, sometimes I like to wear it over my eyes like that StarTrek guy  
But that's only when I'm by myself. When I go out I wear it on my head, it's not useful,  
It doesn't hold back my hair, but I think it's pretty, black on brown, a wide strip strapped  
To my head, flattening my bangs and making me feel like an extra in a Jean-Luc Goddard flick.

Baby, we're seeing other people like we're B and S bookworms,  
And I think it's ok, because I still love you, and you love me,  
At least I think you do, and even if you don't, it doesn't really matter  
Because summer nights in the City are cold, and your bed is so warm.

## BEATLES BEARS

## Pastiche II

Its long and skinny, green dream exploding from its brown head.  
You're so cool, in your Risky Business sunglasses from Walgreens  
C-shaped, Black and wide, sometimes I like to wear it over my eyes like that StarTrek guy  
Baby, we're seeing other people like we're B and S bookworms.

Scaly down the shaft, or trunk, or whatever, trunks are for bags and kidnapped children  
That you stole while I bought us American Spirits because you are not yet eighteen,  
But that's only when I'm by myself. When I go out I wear it on my head, it's not useful,  
And I think it's ok, because I still love you, and you love me.

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At least I think you do, and even if you don't, it doesn't really matter.

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Headed to Dolores Park to drink 40s and score some pot  
To my head, flattening my bangs and making me feel like an extra in a Jean-Luc Goddard flick,  
Because summer nights in the City are cold, and your bed is so warm.

-Yesenia Padilla



**WAR  
IS  
OVER!**



2836 - JOHN LENN  
COLLECTABLE POS  
SIBLE TALKING 18"  
ACTION FIGURINE  
NEW Plays 2 famo  
sayings All we are  
saying is Give Pea  
Chance and Power  
the People in John  
voice. ONLY \$49.00



RINGO  
1996 XMA  
ORNAMEN  
(Already a  
Collectable  
ONLY \$27

# The Yudrog Cometh

## An Update from Huck Forest about Some Weird Things that Happened Recently

It's been a while since those Yuddle people pulled their crap on my show. I'll tell you, that really freaked me out! I mean, who do those suckers think they are taking over the Cubbyvision broadcast? Anyway, I've been pursuing my usual path toward world community, but lately I've been spending a lot of time down at Half Moon Bay. I put in for a transfer from the Civic Center Carl's Jr. and got sort of a sideways promotion to night manager down here, and one thing's for sure - it's a different world. The surroundings are much more conducive to achieving 100% inner-peace (one of my main goals) and contemplating mystic developments (another very high-ranking goal). I like to spend my evenings before my shift practicing Lo Chang on the beach. One thing's for sure, executing the Fist of Fire three hundred times in a row while the waves crash and the seagulls sing gives me a bona fide natural high that leaves me feeling some definitely cosmic forces coursing through my soul. That's no bull. Sometimes, it makes me late to work because I'm a bit distracted by the forces. Plus, I have to change out of my gi and in to my uniform in a hurry, but I think Master Dildeaux would approve.

Besides that I want to tell about something exceptionally trippy that happened recently. As it turns out there is more to this whole Yuddle thing than just a bunch of jerks trying to interfere with the spread of global positivity by messing with artists. The way I found out about this was equally as trippy because I didn't expect it. That's like two really trippy things combined into one!

So, the other day, I had just come out of the natural foods store, Gaia n'Stuff, and was walking down the street minding my own business when I saw an old guy sitting under a shady tree playing a conga drum. As an appreciator of international musical grooves, I stopped to check him out. The guy had a crazy head of white hair, all kinds of stubble, missing teeth and a big scar down his cheek. He was dressed in a white t-shirt and dungarees, which made him look kind of like an old sailor, especially because he had a little spider monkey on his shoulder that was playing the *claves*. As I listened, I noticed he had this weird way of playing where he made this kind of "wooo" sound with the conga by running his finger over the top of it. So the beat would go something like "bong dippy wooo dippy" or "dippy dippy bong woوو." Needless to say, I was getting into it, starting to boogie, when all of a sudden he started singing:



It was off the coast near the Farallones  
The *Ronnie Oswald* 'twas all alone  
They were hauling Hyundais from Korea  
Merry crewmen feasted on fajitas

The wind blew hard and a wave came rolling  
As tall as a redwood, as fast as a gelding  
Sent t' *Oswald* tumbling keel over lee  
Beef strips and peppers flying freely

All aboard felt mighty Neptune's trident  
As icy sea filled the dining compartment  
'Neath the surface the *Oswald* left us  
with nary a sign 'cept the odd floating bolus

Shore folk told it was a fluke of nature  
That steered the fate of the *Oswald's* rudder  
But no one believed tales of a creature  
For whom consuming is the primary feature

For ten thousand years in a stony crypt  
A terrible force of consumption had slept  
Fleets of economy cars have made him stir  
The practical and sensible served as twin spurs

All this is told in the book of Yuddle  
How all earth's beauty flamboyant and subtle  
'Tween slime covered lips shall one day pass  
And exit as sludge from his inhuman ass.

The Yudrog has risen from his watery tomb!  
Everyone shall know the Yudrog is come!  
Yudrog! Yudrog! Yudrog! Yudrog!  
You cannot choose but to live in his bog!

All those he toucheth so hungry will grow!  
Their mouths gaped wide crying, "Give me some mo!"  
More they shall stuff 'til there's nothing but bone!  
And Yuddles shall reap what long they have sown!

I felt a little start at the word "Yuddle" and I opened my eyes (when had I closed them?) to see that the world had gone into a kind of soft focus. The air reeked of tuberose and sandlewood. Then there were all kinds of wavy lines and the odor changed to something like Ben-gay, kind of like when I get a sports massage from Kenneth and he applies a special ointment that he imports from the Orient. The rhythm of the conga had become a sonic blur of bongs and woos. I felt my body wriggling in odd ways and I looked over at the old sailor and he had risen from his stool and was himself wriggling. At that point, all I could hear was woos, one after the other. I looked over and saw that the spider monkey had transformed into a silverback gorilla and that he was playing what could only be a soprano saxophone. As the gorilla launched into jazz fusion-like series of squeals and honks, the old sailor was approaching me and

tearing off his t-shirt to reveal on his flabby, mottled torso a huge tattoo of a hideous creature with at least thirty eyes, bat wings, assorted tentacles and feelers, and, worst of all, a glistening, fleshy orifice in the center of its lumpy head. Into the orifice went a steady stream of school teachers, political activists, conscientious objectors, nonprofit organization associate coordinators, an array of multicultural, working-class families and, more than anything, lots and lots of talented, politically conscientious artists. All of them headed for this thing's highly questionable bowels.

The old man continued to gyrate and flap his elbows. As he turned around I saw another tattoo of the beast on his back, this time with its dorsal side facing outward. It was covered with a frightening assemblage of fins, scales, warts, boils, and hair. From the bottom of this hellish thing's abdomen protruded a shiny segmented anal tube with a valve made from seemingly alien technology. Out of the valve the monster was crapping out row after row of SUVs, management consulting firms, overproduced emo rock mp3s, unmanned surveillance drones, numerous new Michael Crichton novels, low budget infomercials for personal effectiveness courses, orange juice from concentrate, and piles and piles of maxed-out credit cards, unpaid cable television bills and practically obsolete 3.5 inch floppy disks. It was a horrible vision and I could do nothing for a moment but convulse and stare into its endless void.

But the flaming rhinoceros within me had had its fill of this crap. Within me I felt the awesome tension of Lo Chang's eternal spring mechanism reach its limit. And for that instant before the release, the world went silent. In that moment, I was transported to a better place where I could feel myself awakening on a sunny morning in a soft bed in a rustic cabin. The smell of seitan bacon wafted into the room and I rose to peer out of the window onto a lush wooded valley. That was it and I let loose a Fire of Fire that finally tore the fabric of this horrible dream asunder.

But as I shook myself back into regular consciousness the old man, conga drum and monkey were gone. All that was left of the scene were the shards of a shattered pair of *claves*. I was also completely nude except for my tatami sandals. A few yards away a jogger had stopped and was staring at me like I was crazy. There was no way I could explain what had happened and it was also sort of cold, so I ran to the nearest large bush and hid. Using the survival skills I had learned in my Lo Chang training I was able to quickly create a pair of crude underwear from the branches and leaves of the bush. Although it was a bit scratchy, it provided complete coverage of my genitalia and buttocks, which was no easy task.

As I made my home it was easy to ignore the gawking and laughter because I was deep in thought of the latest assault of the Yuddles. It was clear they meant business and that their methods were insidious and totally weird. Much worse they seemed to be harkening the arrival of some awful thing called the Yudrog, which was definitely not into environmentalism or conservation. It was a creature wholly bent on the mindless consumption of everybody and everything positive and artistic. Worse it would leave behind a bunch of things that emit negative vibrations. Since I had recently seen Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth* I felt a need to protect the ecology of earth from those kinds of vibrations. I knew I had to contact my friends of the Cubby to straighten this stuff out. So, when I got home I pulled a fresh gi from the closet and got ready to go.



We thought it morally unconscionable that the church enjoys such an unholy monopoly on the declaration of saints. Why leave it to the boobs in charge of religion to determine our icons and idols when we, the people, are desperate for good role models and perfectly capable of finding our own? We think we the people deserve all the inspiration we can get, especially the areligious amongs us, so we here in the cubby decided to take matters into our own hands and start declaring our own cubby saints. It's our way of recognizing the inspired trailblazers whose legacies continue to serve us and whose spirits never cease to a-muse us. We're proud to introduce the following newly minted Cubby saints:

## CUBBY SAINTS



OH YOKO!!

### John Lennon

**status:** lived from 1940 to 1980

**cred:** Beatles founder, Yoko discoverer, Peace Advocate, arguably martyred (by government, celebrity, or other sinister apparatus)

**legend:** started Beatles, got more popular than Jesus, dated crazy Japanese artist, endured persecution by Nixon government, was shot on the streets of his adopted home New York City by deranged fan (or CIA operative, depending on your politics)

**patron saint of:** rockers, mockers, talkers, wearers of glasses, longhairs, potheads, hippies, burnouts, househusbands, misunderstood screeching Japanese girls and their admirers, frustrated solo artists

**great line:** "I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together."

### Harvey Milk

**status:** Revered Martyr, lived from 1930 to 1978

**cred:** first out-gay elected official, died by assassin's bullet.

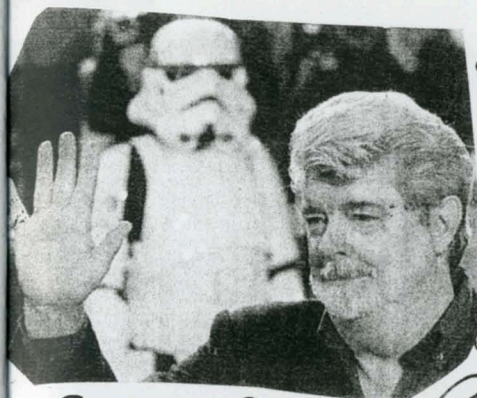
**legend:** gunned down by Twinkie-crazed straight white guy in SF's City Hall (see 1978).

**patron saint of:** fags, queers, trannies, the oppressed, the promiscuous, health-food advocates, anti-dogshit crusaders

**great line:** "If a bullet should go through my head let that bullet go through every closet door."



BANGIN AT YOUR CLOSET DOOR



### George Lucas

**status:** Extant Cubby Saint, born 1944

**cred:** creator of "Star Wars," dark lord of tie-in merchandising  
**legend:** arguably the greatest of the Baby Boomers, he revolutionized movies and life on earth with his postmodern popular mythmaking

**patron saint of:** indie filmmakers, entrepreneurs, wearers of bushy beards and their admirers, "star wars" geeks, gaming enthusiasts, special-effects wankers, action-figure nerds, alternative-spirituality dorks, ewok lovers, diabetics, Natalie Portman, bears

**great line:** "Well, the Force is what gives a Jedi his power. It's an energy field created by all living things. It surrounds us and penetrates us. It binds the galaxy together."

Currently undergoing beatification:

Chris Crocker, Tim Gunn, Leigh Bowery, Henry Winkler, Roseanne

### George Harrison

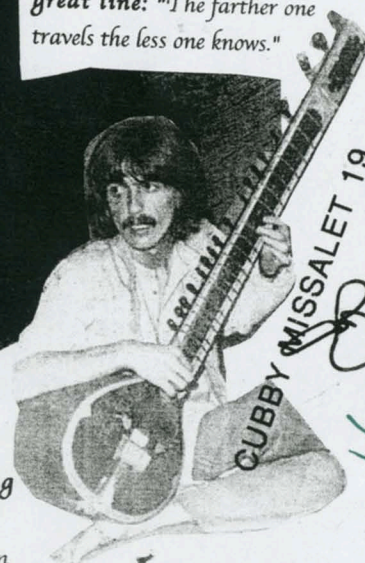
**status:** lived 1943 until 2001

**cred:** "the spiritual one" of the Beatles, he brought Eastern philosophy to Western pop

**legend:** Quiet George strummed out some of the band's most moving work ("Something," "Here Comes the Sun," "While My Guitar Gently Weeps"), dabbled with the sitar, then took his mates to India prompting an Eastern explosion in the West; later he awesomely fought off knife-wielding wannabe assassin

**patron saint of:** seekers, east lookers, gurus, longhairs, sitar players, supporting players, Wilburys, cancer patients, self-defense instructors and practitioners, the self-taught

**great line:** "The farther one travels the less one knows."



CUTE Feet too!

CUBBY MISSALET 19 16 of 200







The artwork is a complex, layered composition. It features a variety of geometric patterns, including a large diamond grid in the upper center, a circular mandala-like pattern in the lower right, and several areas with parallel lines and zig-zags. These patterns are overlaid with dark, organic, and somewhat chaotic textures that resemble ink splatters, mud, or weathered stone. The color palette is primarily earthy, consisting of various shades of brown, tan, and beige, with some white highlights where the patterns are more pronounced.

CUBBY MISSALET 19  
VOLUME ONE