



What the FUCK?!

THE CUBBY MISSALETTE

september 2010

featuring

Brian Bizzy Barefoot
Chad Tolson
Lindsey Donner
Cozy

Bonus

Frank Morris Susa
jol
Dane Patterson
E Devietro
Mary Thompson
Rani Goel
101

Bill Burns
Slow Poisoner
Jack Waters
Peter Cramer
SKJ

with

Cover Art
Foreign Exchange
Homo Will Inherit
The Cubby Bible: The Gospel of St. Cozy:
The Ghosts of the Gassed Geese
Shoulder Roll
Divorce the State
Why Would Anyone Vote that Way?
Oil Man
A Word to the Unworthies
Medication Nation
Too Much Junk in our Trunk
Why the Dog on Neptune Made of
Cheese Matters
Apocalypse Soon
Tree Monster vs. Rock Monster
Supernova: A Post-Warholian Rant
Breathe
Sodom on the Hudson

edited by conor yates and joel perez
published by the cubby

the cubby missalette's mission = to : probe the zeitgeist. penetrate the fog of mainstream media's lies and distortions. question authority. generate unconventional wisdom. incite empathy. experiment liberally. catalog amazing things. promote the Cubby and its causes. feature the words and images of radicals, maniacs, freaks, dorks, queers and weirdos, as well as others. sew seeds of love and health. facilitate the self-authorization of the individual spirit. honor truth and offer hope. shake and stir.

the cubby missalette, first published in 1997, was conceived as a refuge, platform, play space and grow house for radical thought, challenging imagery, and psychedelic vision. It was designed to be a lifelong project, periodically revisited, chronicling the ever-unfolding Nao, utilizing whatever materials and talents happen to be handy, and bringing together a chorus of voices all testifying to the zeitgeist and prescribing good medicine for humanity. The Cubby Missalette welcomes your thoughts at thecubbymissalette@gmail.com.

** The Cubby Missalette is a product of the Cubby, a semi-organized organization whose ongoing mission = to: free minds. collect wisdom. promote understanding and harmonious coexistence. provide a safe space for the creative spirit (which we deem holy). espouse radical ideas. foment evolution. crusade for justice. manifest fantastic occurrences. achieve communal and respective goals. develop better ways of being. offer salve for the creative spirit. facilitate quests for personal raisons d'être. nourish souls. feed minds. improve Selves. know others. live symbiotically with earth. provide collective support for revolution through inspired living.

www.cubby.net

thecubbymissalette@gmail.com

65 of 250

HOMO WILL INHERIT by Lindsey
Donner

I'm not worried about people. We have always been as stupid as we are now, blindly manhandling one another and the earth, ranting about the afterlife, making altars to the unlikely outcomes religion promises. We are destructive, and yet we make the most beautiful things: bridges that bend in wind. Tunnels below surging rivers. Poems that ring out from the famines, the holocausts, the wars, the prisons. Mechanical hearts. Instant coffee.

It is in our nature to create problems, so that we may solve them to our satisfaction. No matter the calamity, a Noah or two always wades through the flood, plucking g/God's creatures from the oily waters. It would be imprudent to question the motive. Anti-capitalist, even.

What worries me is that there are so goddamn many of us that it's impossible to mobilize the actual revolution that needs to happen to rescue first the physical earth and second, the intelligence of the individuals young enough to drive the first electric cars. Instead of revolution, particularly in America, we're being overtaken by a seething bigotry masking itself as religious renaissance.

It's historically common to turn to bigotry when confounded by massive failure. But history also tells us that it's part of reformation, not the END of it. I'm scared that my people are willing to invest the idea of futurity in Glenn Beck, a TV personality marauding in front of the Lincoln memorial on a day schoolchildren memorize for a real reason.

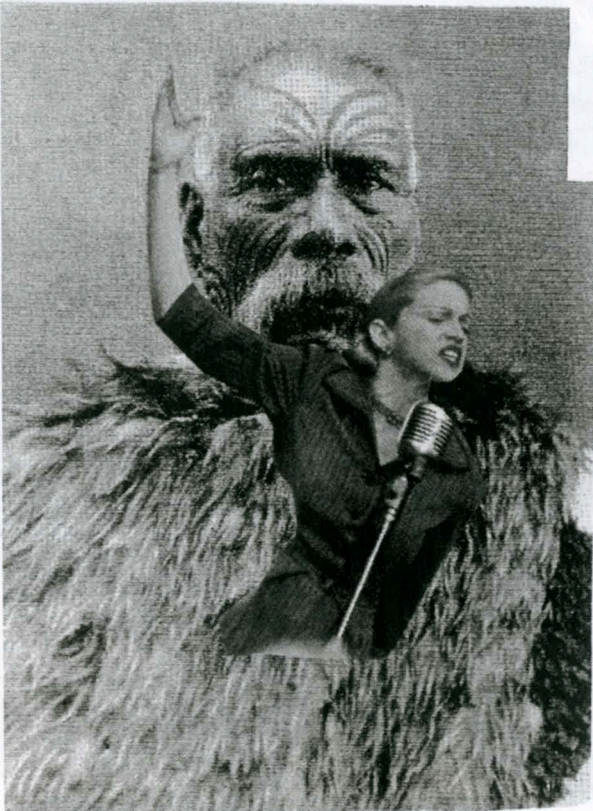
It's not that nothing good will come of this; it's that nothing will come of this at all.

Wrote Mark Doty in "Homo Will Not Inherit:" "the spirit's transactions / are enacted now, here--no one needs / your

eternity. This failing city's / radiant as any we'll ever know, / paved with oily rainbow..."

It is the keening now that we must both love and urgently want to keep.

- August, 2010, all rights reserved
<http://wellversedcreative.com>
<http://lindseydonner.com>.



from the Cubby Bible
The Gospel of Cubby St. Cozy
THE GHOSTS OF THE GASSED GEESE

The great tragedy of the summer was the murder of all the geese in Prospect Park's lake. The lake is only three blocks from my current residence on Saint Paul's Place. They were rounded up for the crime of living within the legislated 7 miles of the airport. Two years after the Sully Sullenberger affair this is our official human response. The geese were gassed and their bodies were placed in plastic bags and dumped in a landfill. This happened three weeks ago.

Last night Bonus and I went for a walk in the park. It was a late, chatty night: cocktails and no dinner, although he'd been cooking for his clients all day and, by extension, I suspect able to feed himself now and again, whereas I was subsisting on a protein shake, cliff bar, and a couple handfuls of roasted unsalted almonds from the big bag I bought on Monday when Bonus showed up at my job around lunchtime and we went to Whole Foods.



We were noticing how hot and still and quiet everything was at the lake, as though the geese had been the nightlife luminaries all along and without them even the ducks were refusing to come out. Only a single bat flew over us and several airplanes, some going to JFK and others to Laguardia.

I closed my eyes as we remembered the geese who once were. Conor touched my leg and I jumped thinking I was being touched by the ghost of a gassed goose. We noticed the trash all around the grassy lakeside nook we'd found to sit in to enjoy such reveries, fearing that rats or serial killers were lurking behind the dead tree which overhung our vista. We got up and removed ourselves to my apartment, where I, hungry and overtired, and he, suddenly very hungry, clashed briefly and went to bed mad at one another, mainly he at me and for the first time. Personal love is such a delicate thing. And it's so hot out.

Shoulder Roll by Bonus

A little "let's go along with it" what the fuck, why not? Everything is unfolding and unfolding and you can't stop it. I wish it was one way, I wish it was another way, I'm going to bend my knees and square my shoulders and this unfolding is going to rock me. What the fuck? I'm going to lift my feet and let it happen, what's the worst, why not? What's the difference between a hard why and a soft fuck? Fuck the humans, fuck each other. Let's get along, what the fuck, why not?



Divorce the State

A Solution to the Same-sex Marriage Problem Everyone Can Get Behind

By Frank Morris Susa

That recent Federal Court ruling overturning CA's Proposition 8 was at best a necessary evil and at worst a diversion from a better strategy for solving the same-sex marriage problem. I say necessary because it is always best to eviscerate explicit injustice and discrimination from the law whenever possible. I also say evil because—as a tactic in the fight for justice and equality for LGBTQ (a.k.a. queer) people—the ruling hurtles us further down a path that takes us in the wrong direction.

State involvement in determining who should get married is bogus. Marriage should not be a power of the State. As long as the State is involved in deciding who can get married the underlying injustice and discrimination that is inherent in the old-fashioned model of marriage will be perpetuated.

The crusade to legalize same-sex marriage only seeks to empower the State to be more

involved in our lives and in a perverse way extends and reinforces a centuries-old way of thinking about class and privilege. The vision of justice that same-sex marriage proponents want is incomplete. They want certain rights for themselves, and they don't see that their goal will re-draw the lines between the haves and the have-nots. Achieving state-sanctioned same-sex marriage will do nothing to advance the rights of ALL individuals or afford protections to the underprivileged.

Marriage undeniably has its place in society and I even believe LGBTQ people should have equal opportunity to participate in the ritual and ceremony of marriage. As one of my like-minded radical friends put it, "I love weddings." But weddings and marriage are not the same. Weddings are events that two people co-create to ceremonialize and solemnize their vows to one another. I wish we could focus on making marriage about these vows, about the promises two or more people make to each other, or in other words, make marriage totally private, i.e. between the parties involved and not involve the State one iota.

Ceremony, pageantry, declarations of love, sanctification and even legal compacts between two individuals if they so choose are all fine, but there's no inherent need for the State to be licensing marriages whether they be gay or straight. Let whomever bond however they wish and let's empower the People, not the State, to make it official.

I say, let us form a movement to divorce the State from being a part of any marriage. Let people who wish to marry handle all their issues privately. Contract law is robust enough to legalize so-called 'unions' between two people. And the state doesn't have to be involved at all unless the contract is violated or one party wishes to dissolve it.

It's a solution that should work for everyone if we all think about it a little more. Fundamentalist religious people can have their anti-gay churches, gay people can have their shared property, liberals can have their fun suing each other in court. Libertarians can get on board because we're calling for more rigorous separation of Church and State. Anarchists should also agree

because nobody will be denying anyone access to anything. Even polygamists can get in on the fun.

Divorce the State and make marriage a completely private affair. It's the only way for us all to get what we really want.



Why would anyone ever vote that way? by aj

I speculate that a good half of Americans, and not necessarily the good half of Americans, don't really consider who or what they're voting for. They don't particularly think about the issues or know about history or politics or government or much of anything, really. And they watch ads and they're swayed this way and that way by sound bites and news anchors and then they pick a side, like it's a football game, and they root for the team and they maybe show up and vote. Somebody wins and the crowd cheers. A big fucking game, a big fucking joke to them.

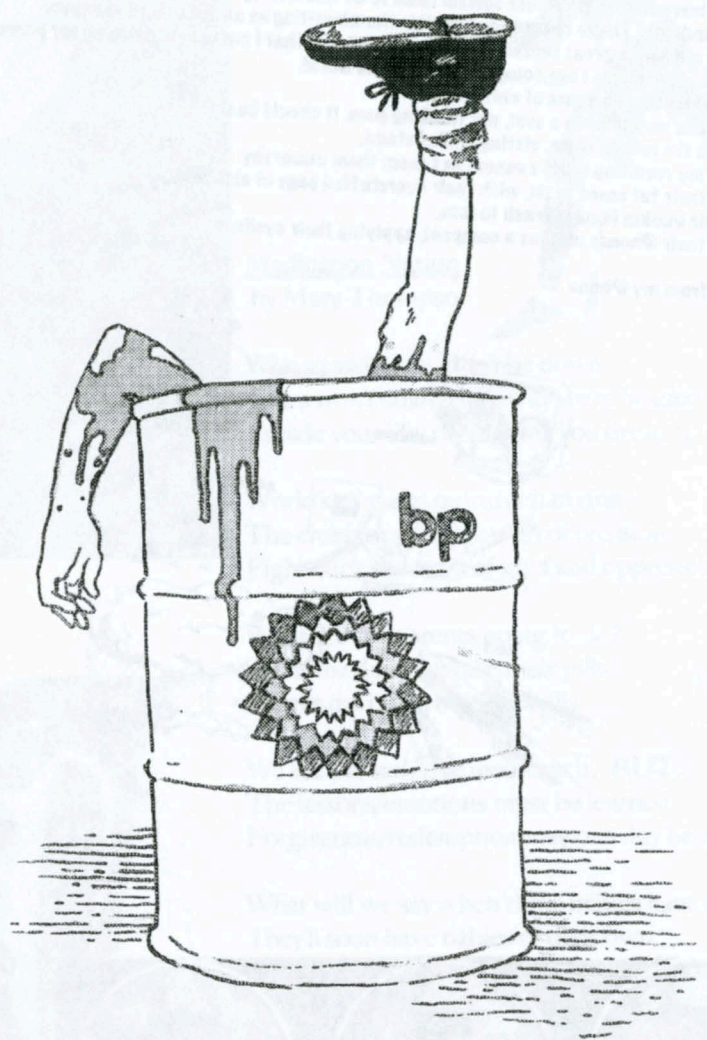
These people thought a smug fake-cowboy oilman was cute because they hate smart people. They hate smart people because they themselves aren't smart and the smart people have something that they don't have, which would be smarts. These people hate everybody who has anything that they don't have, this is their way. They elevated him to the presidency where he was able to bend the whole government into pulling off a really smart oilman deal, sinking (oops!) the country in an o mess while so doing.



The same people hated Clinton because not only was he super smart but he also got blowjobs. The people who hated Clinton because of his smarts also really hated him because of his blowjobs, because they never got such blowjobs before in all their lives. And now they hate Obama, because he's black and he's smart and he has the audacity to be president. These people make up outrageous shit and spew lies all over the air waves because our poor little country decided a long time ago to protect the freedom of speech and so there is nothing to stop the dishonest from using that freedom to spread lies, and to shout loudly in order to hide the fact that in all their words there is not a single good idea.

And the result is we are now a "3rd-world" power, the world's most pampered beggar, producing nothing, consuming anything. Our democracy's been weakened as the intelligence of our population has declined. We send weak people to Washington from our weak home states. The hate that sprouts like Indian-cursed weeds from every piece of earth from one side of the continent to the other has infected every aspect of public life, as people have let their intellect be guided by their hate.

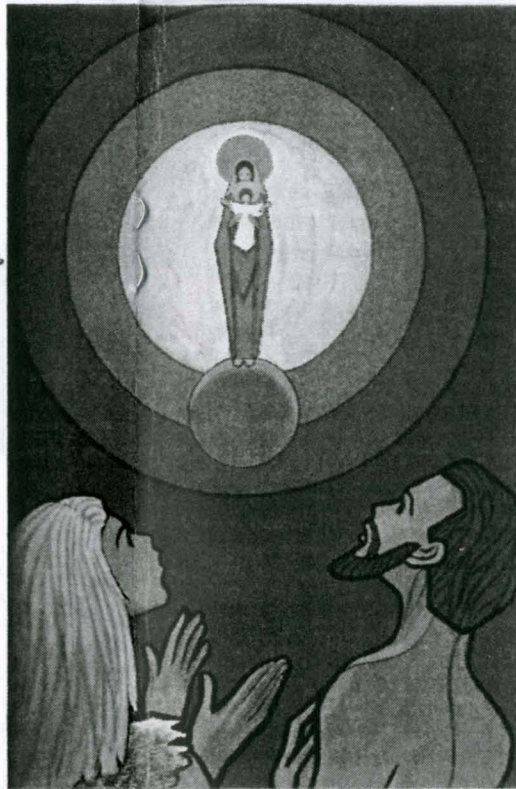
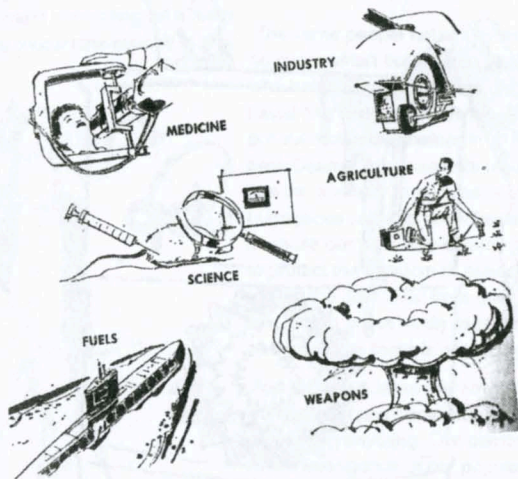
I would ask these Americans to please stop hating and learn to love Obama.



A Word to the Unworthies by Jol

This has made me into an elitist.
 I have learned that it is more comfortable to do this sitting down.
 Independently, I have come to regard this thumbwriting as an important endeavor.
 It fills me with a great sense of worthiness- a belief that I am herein fulfilling my purpose,
 And that therefore I am doing my best for the world.
 With this comes a sense of entitlement.
 If anyone should have a seat, my thinking goes, it should be me!
 And so the rest of them, sitting while I stand,
 Incur my revolting mind's venom as I deem them unworthy
 With their fat asses to sit, with their overstuffed bags of shit to sit,
 In their Dunkin Donuts trash to laze,
 With their iPhones used as a compact, applying their eyeliner.

Sent from my iPhone



Medication Nation
 by Mary Thompson



Why so sad, now, don't be down.
 Tears won't change the way we're headed
 Facade your life, don't show you dread it.

World's climates quickly changing
 The children struggle with depression
 Fight back the tears of grief and oppression

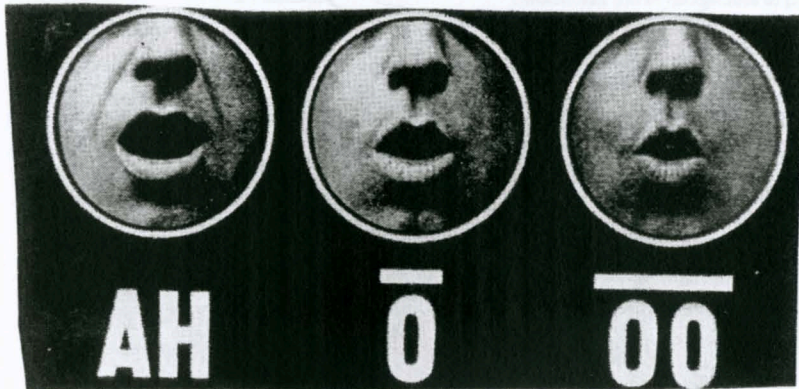
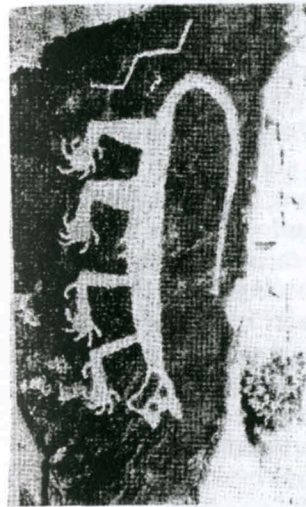
What are the parents going to do?
 Trust the doctors, take their pills?
 Forget the cause of all life's ills.

We see the sadness, medicate it. BUT...
 The lessons/emotions must be learned
 Forgiveness/redemption may one day be earned.

What will we say when these babies have grown?
 They'll soon have babies of their own.
 Feeding life's lessons from the one's they've been shown.

Once, just once, look around and see the
 Happy smiles on tragic faces

What ...
 The ...
 Fuck?



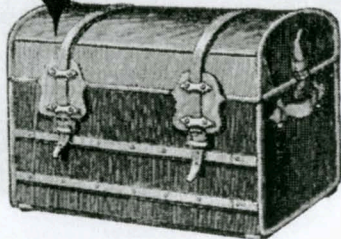
Here's WTF is going on. We have way too much junk in our trunk.

At this time in America, we have found ourselves **stuffed**. Full. We overdid it. We binged. We've been doing this for a while.

Bingeing and purging like the bulimics we are. We love to get our fill but are ashamed of it. We like to acquire things and stuff and status and money, but we're also a bit ashamed of the desire. We go back and forth about it. Notice how we have a hard time talking about money? It's not "polite" to talk about money, yet, we need it. **We just don't always need so much of it**, but we have this itchy, nagging, unsettling fear that it's going to run out and **we'd better stockpile as much of it (and stuff) as possible. We get high on money, food, sex, media,** collecting "friends" on social networking sites...more, more, more!

We turn up the **quantity while the quality suffers**. We overflow in one area, and create a lack in another. The thing is, **there is enough** for everyone, if only we loosened the fear grip and shared. But that's not how this country's mindset works. The mindset of this country is take what you can, and grab your gun to protect it. **Life, liberty and the pursuit of stuff.** It's hard to go against that. It's tempting to go to the other extreme and go for a stuff-free life and think of ourselves as pure and go for the illusion of holy, white minimalism. The fact is, we like stuff. **Stuff isn't bad.** It's great. Food, sex, money, media, social networking...etc. are great examples of stuff that is relevant now.

The question to ask is, **how much is enough? WTF are we gonna do about the overstuffed trunk?** We are going to take a deep breath. **We've got to be honest.** Look deep inside and tease out the excess. Learn to let go of the stuff that doesn't work anymore, regardless of the labels we put on ourselves about what we're all about. **Find the treasures and throw out the trash.** We're going to learn to embrace and live that unfamiliar word "balance" and we're going to **pay more attention to the things that make our hearts sing with delight. What if our closets were smaller and our lives were fuller?** What if we put money, sex, food, shopping, face-booking in it's place. Again, not stopping or avoiding these resources and tools, but seeing and using them for what they are. **We each have a precious gift and a desire that runs deeper than acquiring stuff and allowed ourselves to take a tiny breather over-consumption to hear what the all about and feed that?** behind our "shameful" "holy" purging, get our eyes and see the our trunks. Find it. That's **WTF** I'm gonna Love, Rani

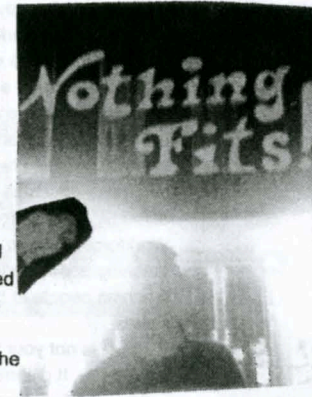


Why the Dog on Neptune made of Cheese MATTERS.
(This is an egotistical rant)

ALL YOU KNOW IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD.

Lately I have completely stopped watching television. I have stopped reading newspapers. I have stopped listening to anything anyone has to say about politics or economics. Primarily because I have come to the personal conclusion that all of it is complete and absolute bullshit. Actually, bullshit would stink thereby allowing one to know it is not something to consume.

This conclusion has grown within myself because slowly over the years I have come to realize that the media in all its forms is designed to distract, derail and obliterate any information that would free the population from their total complacency anchored in consumerism. The way this is observed, is to read between the lines. When one is subjected to television, one only needs to begin to ask why is THIS the information I am being fed? What OTHER information could be in the world? What is the PERCENTAGE of the information received as opposed to the OTHER information not received? A picture begins to emerge: squabbling politicians and financial statistics, celebrities breaking perceived social barriers, sex and violence. This is NOT what is really going on. This is a small percentage of all that transpires in the world. However, it makes up nearly all of what media is rendering within our minds through a constant onslaught of narrowed information built on 50 years of momentum as fact. Television is a highly sophisticated tool used to hack the human brain through words, images,



and flashes of light in order to further steep the population into complacency. For more insight into this, one only needs to research Ian Sommerville, Brion Gysin and William Burrough's work on what they call the "Dream Machine." And also to research the mechanics of Neurolinguistic Programming. Of course, there is a lot of anti-information flooded around these topics. A researcher would have to be savvy enough to identify and then cut through a lot of derailing propaganda.

At this point, I feel that my Ego is being self-amplified. I feel guilty for that. Perhaps that is the Big Brother program running in myself, shutting me down. Perhaps there is an anti-virus program running in the reader of this piece that is now pointing the finger at me asking "So, does that mean that you are a 'saavy researcher'?" But see, this is what is so sinister about trying to out these thoughts. Our egos have been so programmed to engage the anti-virus, firewall, shutdown sequence that we cannot get the information that might be beyond the other person's Ego. We must be able to see beyond our idea of ourselves and others in order to pass this kind of information. Orwell's 1984, most commonly read in high school when we will not understand its full psychological depth, describes doublespeak well. I ask: Where are all the DaVinci and Shakespeares today? We should have at least one. They must have been born but are living in trailer parks, drunk, thinking they are bad humans. They represent the biggest threat to the ruling class's control. Art's role in driving society forward is essential.

This is why I think the Dog on

Neptune that controls everything on Earth is important. Well, actually, I made that up. As ridiculous as it is, I know this to be a fact as much as I know that the President of the United States is actually in some sort of control. When I overhear people complaining that the president is or is not doing his or her job, my first deep-in-the-gut thought is: but that person has NO control at all. That person is only there to distract us and to make us think that we know what is going on. The true fact may be that there are seven wizards in an underground pyramid who control everything. There are meetings where Saddam Hussein and George Bush both kneel at the feet of these wizards. The wizards point to Bush and say: "You, George Bush will attack Iraq. And Hussein, you will try to fight them off. Your CIA will take care of the trigger point for mass population compliance by destroying the two towers in New York." blah blah....

Yes, of course the world may be just as dumb as it looks, humans straining on the verge of control and power all squabbling over whatever they think is important. But, if our dim history might illuminate even slightly, it is that the gap between the ruling class and the masses has been growing exponentially as those who rule refine their social technology to better control their subjects.

Now, if you will excuse me, I am going to go put on my tin-foil hat and wait for the agents to come break down my door to take me to room 101.

-Love

"Education is imposed ignorance."

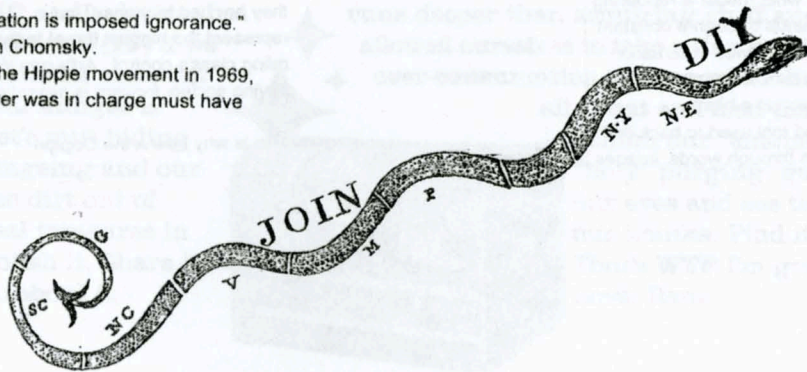
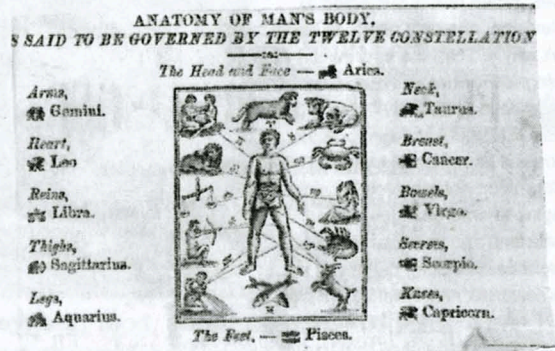
-Noam Chomsky.

After the Hippie movement in 1969, whoever was in charge must have

learned that the way people are educated is too dangerous and upsets the balance of power. From what I understand and have seen, the way people are educated in Universities was radically changed after 1969. Now I hear, concerning education, catch-phrases coming out of the big-media-mouth like: Workforce Training. That is not teaching people to think, that is teaching people to be one-tracked slaves.

"Culture is not your friend. Culture insults you. It disempowers you. It uses and abuses you. None of us are well treated by culture. It fetishizes objects. It preaches endless forms of false happiness. Endless forms of false understanding. It invites people to diminish themselves and dehumanize themselves by behaving like machines: Meme processors of memes passed down from Madison Avenue and Hollywood and what have you." How do we fight back? "By creating art."

-Terence McKenna.



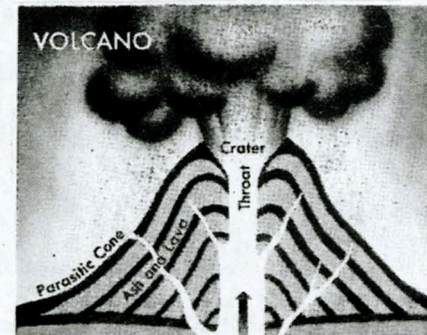
Apocalypse Soon By Bill Burns

Thank God,
They say the world is coming to an end.

Well, I'm ready
I'm getting tired of it.
It's been going down hill.
Since the day I was born.
Actually, the earth must be sick of us.
And it may burst open.

THE APOCALYPSE !

The greatest show on Earth.
I don't want to miss it.
It will scare the shit out of us,
If anyone is left.
We will have to pick through the ruins and
Maybe eat barbecued road-kill ?



We'll have to go back to square one.
We are just too civilized to survive.
Some kind of End is Coming!
Fire, wind, water, atomic bombs?
It's carved in the Mayan Calendar
Twelve, twenty one, twenty two
And this Era is over! Ka-put!
Those primitive Mayans were smart,
Smarter than we are.
We haven't a clue what's going on.
But, please God,
Let me be here when it happens.
If we're all wiped out
It will be something to remember.



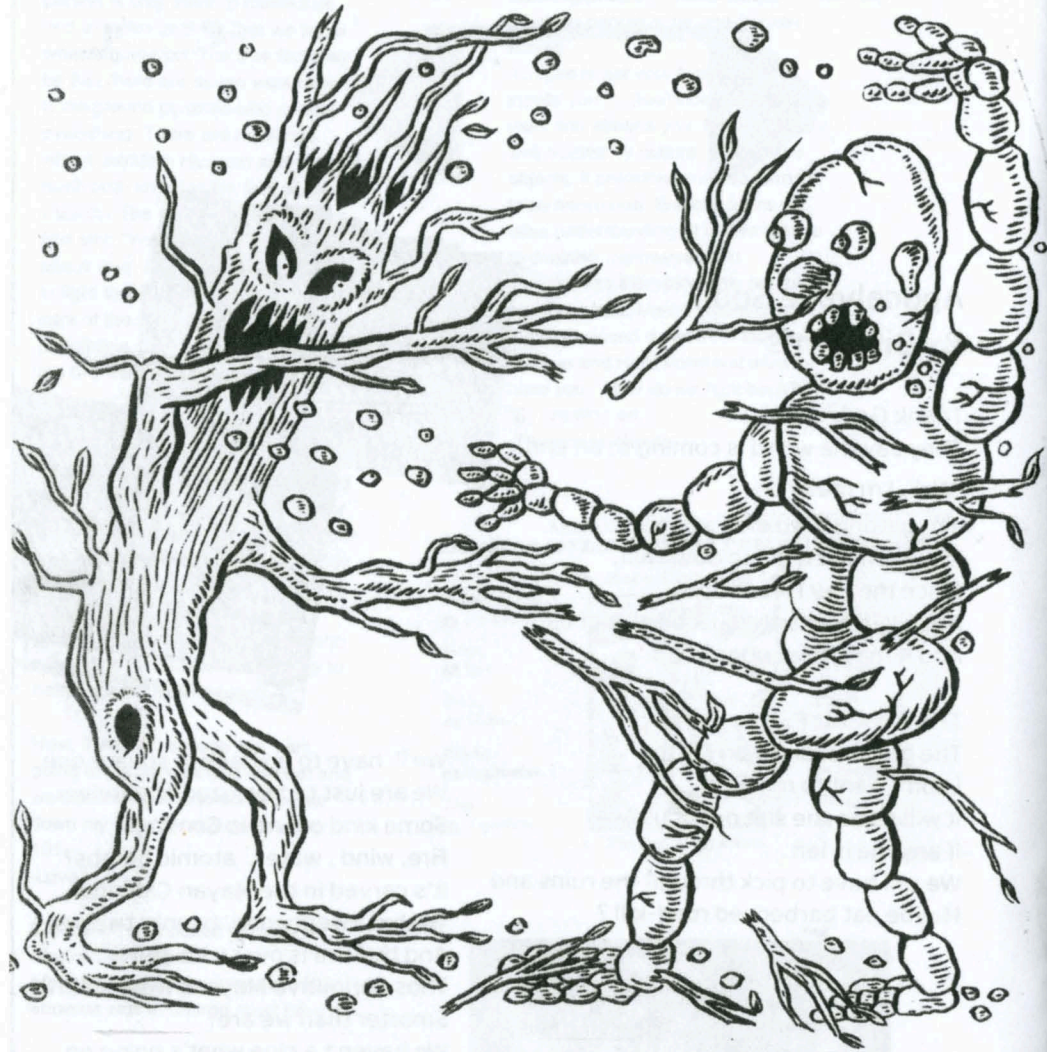
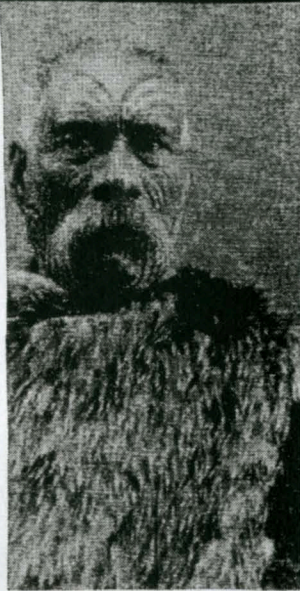
INTIMACY ON THE INTERNET ISN'T IMPOSSIBLE, BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY VIRTUAL REALITY IS STILL JUST VIRTUAL.

SHE'S A STAR ON FACEBOOK BUT ONCE THE COMPUTER'S TURNED OFF SHE'S JUST ANOTHER SUCK-TOY DRAWING INSPIRATION FROM WENDY WILLIAMS AND INTELLECTUAL STIMULATION FROM THE VIEW.

SHE HATES THE MENTION OF WARHOL. HARBORING RESENTMENT OF ANYTHING ABOUT THE 60'S SHE SENSES THAT SHE MISSED SOMETHING, NOT REALIZING HOW THOROUGHLY ENTRENCHED IN ITS RESIDUAL INFLUENCE SHE IS BY SIMPLY BEING BORN AT THE TIME AND IN THE PLACE THAT SHE WAS. AND BECAUSE SHE'S TOO LAZY, TOO AFRAID AND TOO STUPID TO DO HER HOMEWORK FOR FEAR THAT ANY CONTEXT POSSIBLY DERIVED MIGHT SPELL THE END OF THE POTENTIALLY ORIGINAL. IN RESPECT TO CONTEXT IT'S ALL GAIN.

"I HATE..." IS A PHRASE THAT MANY OF HER SENTENCES BEGINS WITH. HER SENSE OF SOCIAL SUCCESS AND FAILURE IS SO STRONG SHE DOESN'T EVEN BOTHER TO CALL YOU BACK UNLESS SHE SMELLS SEX, DRUGS, OR MONEY IN THE MIX. THE LITTLE PRICK'S GOT NO FUTURE BUT WHAT DO I CARE - I ALREADY GOT MY PAST.

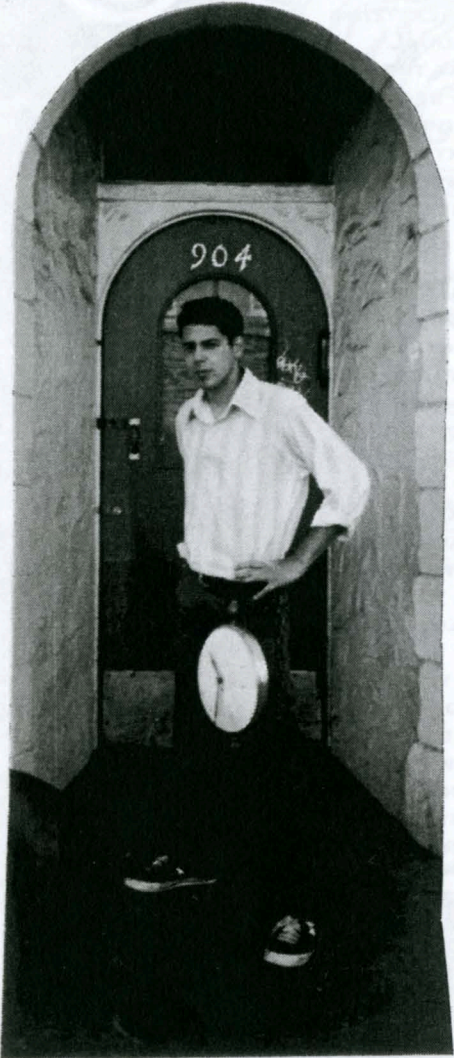
WHEN A STAR HAS EVEN AN INKING OF ITS OWN RADIANCE IT THREATENS TO GO INTO A SPIRAL LOOP OF SELF INCENDIARY SNUFF AND REIGNITION. WHEN I FIRST MET HER MY IMMEDIATE IMPULSE WAS TO NOT GIVE HER THE TIME OF DAY. IT'S A SELF DEFENSE MECHANISM I'VE HAD FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER. MY THINKING IS THAT SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW GOOD LOOKING SHE IS HAS NO DAMN BUSINESS HAVING HER VANITY REINFORCED BY OTHERS. THE PERSON WHO IS THAT SECURE WITH HER OWN POWER OF ATTRACTION IS A SEVERE DANGER TO HUMANITY, AN INDIVIDUAL SO DANGEROUS THAT SHE CAN ACTUALLY COCKBLOCK HERSELF. THE GREEKS CALLED THIS TYPE "NARCISSUS".



TIME is running out.

You can tell because
you're AGING.

The Aging Issue
next time in the Cubby Missalette
Coming XMAS 2010



thecubbymissalette@gmail.com

Because time heals all wounds but age.

breathe

