

The Cubby Missalette

#23



Cubby Missalette 23

produced and compiled august-september 2016
by the cubby collective, worldwide

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the editors offer their heartfelt gratitude to:
cannaday chapman, liz costello, peter cramer,
rani goel, brock keeling, andy peters, the slow
poisoner, rico dominguez, eric redhawk jacs,
sf zinefest, the cubby, bernie sanders, gene wilder,
henri rousseau, erik satie, all of the extant and
transcended cubby saints and all of you happy
revolutionaries fighting for social, economic, &
environmental justice whilst dancing to the music
of your own blessed hearts.
may the cubby be with you always.



andy peters' "jive turkey"



A pair of poems by Elizabeth Costello...

War Pigs

(with apologies to Geezer Butler)

My brothers, my sister, and me. We
knew all the words to War Pigs. *Yeah!*

Just like witches at black masses, we
sang while we did the dishes. *Oh yeah!*

Dripping grease from fetid sponges
while the war machine did lunges

We gripped the rack of plastic glasses
declaring death and hatred to mankind,

That we may live again by
Ozzy's purifying truths.

Justice, voiced by vengeance, pants
and hair, leads us there. We prayed:

That the masters of dread be relieved
of their stripes, that the mongers follow
dollars down the black drain, that the
colluders of conformity hear this,
our refrain:

*On their knees the war pigs crawling
Begging mercy for their sins
Satan laughing spreads his wings!
Oh lord, yeah!*

Animal Nature

If you leave crumbs
by the stove the
mouse will

creep out to eat them.
She'll build a nest
of your hairs and strings

and generate a thousand
babies

with keen black
eyes and sparkly

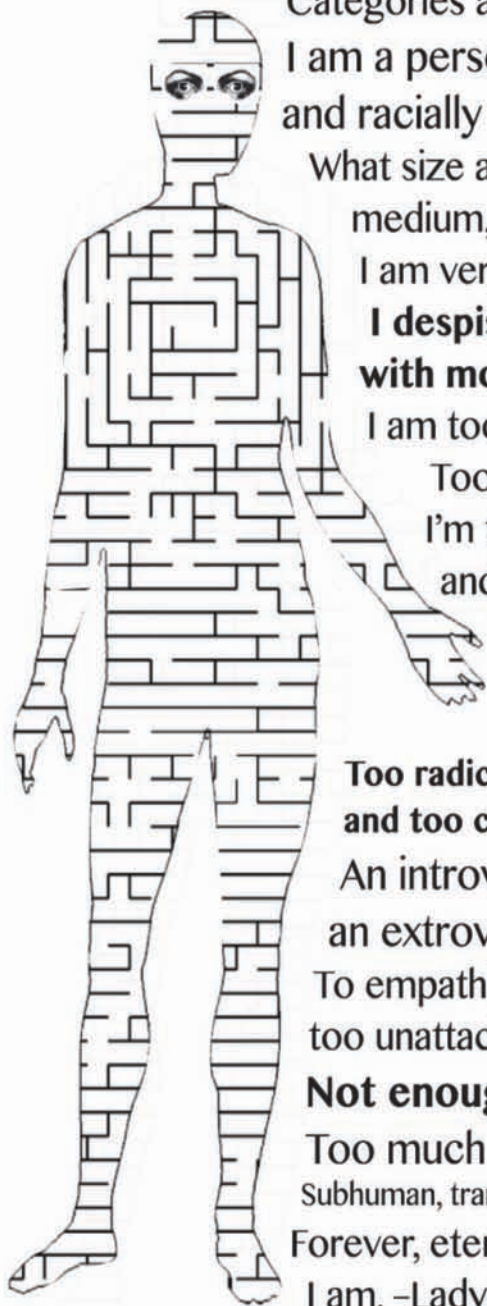
teeth they'll snap
out holes in packages
and chomp down all
the sugar, popping
out their droppings

till the box is full
of charcoal shrivelings
where crystals once were
crystalling.

You know—
friends, it's nothing
personal.



Imprisoned by the paradox of not fitting in.



Categories and checkboxes fail me.

I am a person of color and also “white”
and racially unrecognizable.

What size am I? I wear a size small,
medium, large, x-large.

I am very mean and way too nice.

**I despise humans and fall in love
with most of them.**

I am too feminine to be masculine.

Too masculine to be feminine.

I’m too gay to be straight
and too straight to be gay.

They tell me I’m too much
and to tone it down.

And they tell me I hold back.

**Too radical to be conservative
and too conservative to be radical.**

An introverted extrovert and
an extroverted introvert.

To empathic to be aloof and
too unattached to care enough.

Not enough of this to be that.

Too much of that to be this.

Subhuman, transhuman, superhuman, womb-man.

Forever, eternal, I am. I am not.

I am. –Ladyshackles.

ANDREW
GOLDFARB

BY the NUMBERS

TO GET ANYTHING DONE SO FAR IN LIFE
I'VE HAD TO CULTIVATE NUMEROLOGICAL OBSESSIONS



I DECIDED TO DRAW
1,000 EPISODES OF MY
COMIC STRIP "OGNER STUMP"
...I'M UP TO 136



I PERFORM AS "THE SLOW
POISONER" ONE MAN BAND...
AND I TRY TO PLAY AT LEAST 31 GIGS EVERY YEAR



I USUALLY PLAY A SHOW ON MY BIRTHDAY

I USED TO BOOK THEM DELIBERATELY,
BUT AS OF LATE IT HAPPENS WITHOUT
MY EVEN TRYING



THIS YEAR IT WILL BE
MY 48th BIRTHDAY

AND MY 480th SHOW

“I Still Don’t Understand What the Cubby Missalette is About”

*a potential Cubby Bible chapter (perhaps in the Book of Brian)
by Brian Weaver (a factual fictional character in the Cubby paracosm)*

Two years ago after tabling at the 2014 SF Zine Fest (or half-tabling, as it were), the librarian where I work who oversees the library’s zine collection, and who had purchased a copy of the latest Missalette (*Cubby Missalette #22: The Cubby Preachers Missalette*) at the Zine Fest to add to the collection, ran into me at work in the elevator. We were talking about the Zine Fest and the *Cubby Missalette*, and she said to me, “I still don’t understand what the *Cubby Missalette* is about.” Before I could say anything other than, “Really?”, the elevator door opened and she stepped out before I could adequately respond.

I guess if I had more time I would’ve said something like, “Well, sometimes the Missalettes have themes and sometimes not; and we usually ask our network of friends and previous contributors to submit something; and we’ve been writing our own bible, which is sort of autobiographical but also includes all these fictional characters we’ve invented; and “the Cubby” is, like, this higher power we’ve imagined to be within ourselves that we tap into to inspire our creativity; and it’s about the idea that everyone is an artist and has something unique and valuable to express; and “the Cubby” is also in reference to the collective of folks who have for the past 17 years published the Missalette, written and recorded music as the Cubby Creatures and Cubby Preachers, developed and contributed to the cubby.net Website, produced a cable access show, and organized numerous performances; and it’s about living an inspired life; and...”

But then I got to thinking. “Wow, that’s a lot to explain. Maybe it should be simpler. Or maybe I shouldn’t have to be explaining anything at all. Why isn’t the Cubby Missalette self-explanatory as to what it’s about? Does it need to be?” And then I became even more existential and wondered, “Do I even know what it’s about? Why do I make this zine?” I had only sold a handful of copies in the two days at the Zine Fest, while the woman sitting next to me had a steady stream of buyers throughout the weekend buying her zombies-in-Oakland comic (which, BTW, is really

cool), so I was already feeling a bit introspective, questioning the purpose of my artistic endeavors, and wondering why I do what I do. Also, at this point I was pretty much operating on my own. I had received a few submissions from old-school Cubby faithful, but I assembled the zine myself, attended the Zine Fest by myself, and no one came to visit or pick up a copy while I was there, except a few friends from work. So I was feeling a bit disillusioned with my creative endeavors even before I ran into my colleague in the elevator at work a few days later whose off-hand comment sent me into the I-hole (that is "Introspection hole," in which subjects experience profound distortions in or complete loss of aspiration awareness, sensations of floating or flailing, incertitude, and total loss of time perception.).

Of course, this was not the first time I'd questioned my artistic endeavors, and it wouldn't be the last. I have these kinds of doubts all the time. But now that I'm in my mid-40s, it seems when I question myself about my creative activities, there's the sentiment that "Maybe I'm too old for this," in addition to the usual, "Maybe what I create is complete shit."



But I always come back to the same thought: It doesn't matter, and I don't really have a choice.

Allow me to explain (and to wax philosophical for a moment). Life is essentially a matter of how we spend our time, right? Sure, most of us have to work, which eats up the majority of our time. And some of us have children, significant others, friends or family obligations to which we commit varying amounts of time. And of course we have to eat and sleep.

But the way we choose to spend the remainder of our time is something each of us gets to decide (to varying degrees, of course, depending on where we're born, and in what socio-economic and religious setting we're raised). So maybe we read, watch TV, garden, take a class, cook, play a sport, go to the gym, go out dancing or drinking, go hiking, have sex, masturbate, post to Facebook, travel, take drugs, pray, go to church, or we do various combinations of those things or whatever other activities that suit our fancy.

And then there are people who like to tap into their artistic side. Of course, artistry can be expressed through many of the activities listed above (in that sense, maybe "creativity" is a better word), but I'm talking about the creation of something from nothing – a song, a poem, a painting, a film, a story, a zine, etc. – with the end result being a manifestation of one's imagination and personal insight. I definitely enjoy doing some of the activities I listed above, but creating art is a drive in me that I've felt since I was a child banging on the out-of-tune upright piano my parents had in the living room and tripping out on the reverberating sounds it made. It's this undeniable feeling of needing to create and the sensation of accomplishment after completing the creation that compels me. I don't really get this feeling with other things I do, like finishing a book or cooking a meal, or listening to a new record, or finalizing a project at work. I enjoy the feelings of achievement or insight those other activities provide, but it's not the same as creating something yourself that is a unique expression of yourself.

So the conclusion I always come to is whether it's worth my time or whether I'm too old, or if what I create is complete shit really doesn't matter. I continue to create because I need to, and I enjoy it, and it's the way I choose to spend my time (or my spare time). It would be nice if others were interested in the art I create, paid for it, were inspired by it, told others about it, but in the end, I'll keep writing songs, making zines, and recording music regardless. I mean, I could probably have everyone to whom I show my artistic creations tell me, "That shit sucks," and I'd still continue making it. As the Cubby Creatures sang in their song "Sexual Buddha" on the *Blessed Invention* album, "Shit, and I'll call it art." And as far as what the Cubby Missalette is about, hell, I don't know. I'm just glad there's a 23rd issue.

SPACE + GOD + PILLS + THE DRUGGLES = SPACEGOD PILLS

A new release from Cubby Control Records, *Spacegod Pills* by The Druggles, is about to hit the stores. It is a very special release with a rather interesting story that deserves some explanation...

Whoa, those guys were a trip – Ty Segall

If you lived in San Francisco in the early- to mid-oughts, and don't remember The Druggles, then you were not part of the underground garage-prog, con Spiro-rock scene. The Druggles ruled that scene with their particular insight into conspiracy theories and their definitive garage-prog style.

The Druggles began as a Beatles cover band, replacing the Beatles lyrics with their own lyrics about drugs and conspiracy theories. The Druggles name came from a discussion about Frankfurt School honcho Theo Adorno and Dr. John Coleman's premise that Adorno actually composed all the Beatles tracks (even though he died before Sgt. Peppers, but that still credits him with *Revolver*, *Rubber Soul*, *Beatles for Sale*, *Help!* and a slew of amazing singles such as "I Feel Fine," "We Can Work it Out," "I'm Down" "Day Tripper" and his best evs hit: "Paperback Writer"). As Druggles lead singer Doug Welch was heard to declare during this discussion, "God, that guy was indeed the best songwriter outta the Frankfurt School, I mean have you ever heard Hannah Arendt's shitty singles, and Herbert Marcuse's foray into surf rock was completely forgettable, but otherwise he did some good writing while at Santa Barbara."

Eventually The Druggles began writing their own music, narrowing the subjects of their songs to U.S wars for money and oil; the influence of fraternal organizations, political think-tanks, and intelligence networks on contemporary and historical events; economic totalitarianism; faked space explorations; and the worldview forced upon humans by government, media, and religion.

By the late oughts, after the Druggles had recorded the songs that would comprise *Spacegod Pills*, Welch claimed to be seeing Men in Black at Druggles shows. Soon he was not even showing up for rehearsals, afraid to leave his house, reporting that he had been abducted by government agents and warned not to sing Druggles songs anymore.

Brain warning: This product contains celestialine.

Severe brain damage may occur if you take:

- more than 23 caplets in 24 hours, which is the maximum daily amount

- with other drugs — — — containing celestialine

- 3 or more alcoholic drinks every day while using this product



Fearing for his life, Welch left San Francisco (after the infamous “Walkout Show,” at which Welch, halfway through the show, jumped off the stage at the Make Out Room and fled the club yelling “They’re here, they’re here.”), and moved to Tucson, Arizona. Rumor had it that he lived in an aluminum foil-lined cave in Saguaro National Park, and according to an individual who lived in a neighboring cave at the time, “He was working on a homemade OVNI, whatever the hell that means!” Coincidentally, there was band playing in Tucson at this

time called *Otto and the OVNI*s.

A year after moving to Tucson, Welch returned to San Francisco convincing The Druggles they had to record one last song, the track “Las Manos Invisibles,” written by Druggles guitarist Alec Way. The next day, early in the morning, Welch knocked on the door of Druggles bassist Brian Weaver and told him to lock the *Spacegod Pills* & “Las Manos Invisibles” masters in his safe. This is the last any member of The Druggles would see Welch. A mutual friend of Welch’s and Jason Yakich’s (lead guitarist of The Druggles) who lived in Tucson reported meeting with Welch at a bar and Welch told him he was headed to Mexico. No one has heard from Welch since.

The master tapes given to Weaver have their own story. After Welch stopped by Weaver’s home (known as Cubby Control, since it was, and still is, the headquarters for all things Cubby), Weaver threw the master tapes into a safe. A couple years later (not long after starting Cubby Control Records), wanting to release the album, he attempted to open the safe but could not remember the combination. After numerous attempts, Weaver gave up, hoping he would eventually remember the combo. Then last year, the combination came to him in a dream (a really strange dream, Weaver claims, which involved traveling to a planet called Progkp). After retrieving the master tapes, Weaver was then able to work with recording engineer Jai Young Kim (JYK) of Feast or Famine Records to prepare the album for release. (JYK was the original producer/recording engineer of the *Spacegod Pills* album.) Ironically, the combination to the safe was simply 6-6-6.

Weaver acknowledges that the lyrical content of the music may bring unwanted attention to Cubby Control Records, but he’s willing to take the risk. As he stated in an interview with *Roll a Stoney*, “I’ve been wanting to go to Mexico for a while now to look for Doug, so this could be the opportunity.”



DOWN BELOW WORLD

Down Below World is the tentatively titled album currently being written by the band REPTIEL to be released on Cubby Control Records. It is their third album to take place in the Hobbitozz Universe, which begins with the album *Hobbitozz ... A Land That Never Was*, released in 2015, and continued by *(The Planet of) Progkp*, which is currently being recorded at Light Rail Studios in San Francisco. The following is an email sent out by REP-

From: Brian Weaver <cubconrex@gmail.com>
To: Alec <alec.xxx@xxx.com>; Jason <jxxx@xxx.com>
Sent: Monday, August 22, 2016 11:13 PM
Subject: Down Below World songs/story line

Dudes, I've been thinking about the Down Below World album and the songs we've written so far and the story line and possible additional songs we can add to fill in the gaps (which is what I was talking about at rehearsal). Also, since most of the songs on this album are proving to be rather long, and a lot of the story is being told in them, I'm beginning to think that we won't need as many songs for a full album as we did for *Hobbitozz* (15 songs) and *The Planet of Progkp* (14 songs).



We have 5 completed songs as of now (listed below), and I'm attaching some jams we've done that I think could be possible contenders for other songs on the album (or could be combined to be contenders), including a jam from our most recent rehearsal.

Most of what I've written below is based on the lyrics and/or conversations we've had at rehearsal. But I've taken the liberty of embellishing in a few places. I've also noted some gaps in the story, which is background information about how the Down Below civilization came to be (though not sure this necessarily needs to be spelled out in song) and of course the ending, which we

really haven't figured out (though in our last rehearsal I was talking about Sine's goal being to awake Thos -- see my note at the end).

Anyway here's what we've got...

A Really Deep Groove

(approximate time: 3:15)

After making his way along with the Spirit Usher to the Temple of the Avian Aliens on the Planet of Progkp and being initiated as Aleph Adept by the Elven Souls (who are the Avian Aliens, since that is how they were referred to by the ancient Progkpians), a sonic boom strikes the temple and a groove opens up in the earth, down which Sine falls deep into the planet's layers.



It's an Alternate World (approximate time: 8:25)

Sine has arrived in an alternate subterranean world and meets some of its inhabitants who are in the midst of a strange ceremony in honor of a god they call Thos. Upon seeing Sine, these Down Below Dwellers, who comprise the Cult of Thos, encourage Sine to let go his thoughts and surrender his soul to Thos.

Deep Below (approximate time: 5:30)

The Thosians continue singing to Sine, telling him how they came to live in the Down Below World and how they came to believe that there is an ancient god named Thos who lives in the planet's core but has been forgotten for generations by the rest of the Down Below Dwellers. They believe if they can awaken Thos, she will lead them out of the Down Below World and onto the surface of Progkp where they will be able to breathe the pure clean light air and no longer have to live in the dark oppressive underworld of Down Below. They believe Sine has been sent to help them find Thos and so they encourage him to come with them in search of her.



Note: supplemental information not in the lyrics -- the stories and legends passed down through generations by the Down Below Dwellers tell how their ancestors once lived on the planet's surface but were forced underground when the air became unbreathable. There are conflicting tales about why and how the air became unbreathable and whether that was the only reason the Progkpians had to abandon the planet's surface. One common thread in the mythos is that there was a race of peaceful and powerful beings who had arrived from a distant planet many ages prior to the events that made the surface unlivable, and they were the ones

that "buried our bodies in soil and bone," thus saving as many of the Progkpians as they could since they knew the surface of the planet would soon be uninhabitable due to the damage the Progkpians had done to it. In some of these tales, which may be apocryphal, it was these Avian Aliens who planted the seed of Thos in the minds of those they buried to give them hope that they would one day be able to return to the surface of their planet.

Ja'roque (approximate time: 5:35)

Some members of the Cult of Thos (aka Thosians) bring Sine to Ja'roque, a mystic/shaman/seer covered in soil, ash and muck who has the power of group teleportation via a ritualistic ceremony around a fire (amongst other powers, of course). The ceremony's participants dance, chant and sing, encouraging Ja'roque to breathe in the smoke of the fire and exhale it into the cavern thereby transforming the smoke into a mind altering magical concoction and inebriant. When the group awakes, they wonder where they are and whether they've been teleported deeper into the planet, closer to the core, and thus closer to Thos. Ja'roque leaves the group with some departing advice: "Do what you

will do," and "will what you do do."

Preserved in Amber

(approximate time:
6:45)

Wherever it is the group has awoken, they notice glowing lights, which they see are coming from large pieces of amber containing mysterious lifeforms. Members of the group warn Sine not to look the lifeforms in the eye, but that he must give them the breath of life. With eyes closed Sine approaches the large pieces of amber and breathes onto them. The amber stones begin to crack, and these ancient lifeforms who have resided here for millions of eons break free and reenter the earth. These lifeforms communicate with Sine and the Thosians telepathically, reading their brains, and make them feel what it is like to transcend joy and pain and to be perfectly sane. It is in this lucid state of mind that Sine and company (or maybe just Sine himself) will be able to find Thos.



Note: This is as far as we've gotten in the story. Since Sine is the spirit of the Druid of the Wood, whose fate is to forever provide sustenance to all living things in Hobbitozz, and in order to do this, his spirit is taken from his body and ushered to different worlds in the Hobbitozz Universe, and each world presents a different spiritual/mental test Sine must pass (and each test he passes fortifies his mind so that he can continue to give life to Hobbitozz, which takes great strength of mind), then ultimately the Down Below World is another test that Sine must pass. I've been considering that this test could be to find and waken the god Thos in order to help the Thosians and the rest of the Down Below World civilization to find their way back on to the surface of the planet. However, I'm open to other ideas if you guys have any. Another option I've been considering but can't figure out how it would work is that Sine, after receiving lucidity from the lifeforms preserved in amber, Sine realizes that Thos does not exist, and must convince the Thosians to abandon their faith and make their own way to the surface of the planet. Or perhaps there is another ending?



A reading from the Letters of Charlie Danger* to the Cubby Collective

4 September 2016

My friends,

It's been nearly 18 years, seven aliases, and 23 addresses (17 physical, 6 email) since I said goodbye to Florida Street and went off on my big mission, which was to figure out what my mission was.

I stayed away from y'all a long time, but I swear it was nothing against any of you. It just took me a long time to figure out what my mission was.

As great as it was to be at the helm of the Cubby Creatures once upon a time, I was distressed in those old days by the fact that i didn't really have what the French call a *raison d'être*, which is to say a reason for being. I'd grown up repressed and Catholic, on a colorless cul-de-sac of tacky-tacky stucco tract housing, in a pretty standard bourgeois 1980s American suburb. What the Hell did I have to say to the world? I looked deep inside myself and saw nothing but fast food.

To further complicate things, as the Cubby was being born, I was just "coming out of the closet," which involved a process of re-evaluating everything I'd been raised to believe, or wear, and a moment-by-moment, real-time auto-debunking of all the lies I'd been telling myself and society'd been telling me since back when I was on the teat. I had to tear down the ego facade that I'd presented to the world for 23 years, find and root out all the homophobia and self-denial, and then rebuild my Self with whatever worthy construction materials were still there after the editing process. My lack of experience, or conviction, or any purpose larger than my ego's aggrandisement or the moment's sexual fulfillment were, to my mind, my Achilles' heel.

I was hungry for answers, for meaning, for knowledge of the world, but misled by my ego I went looking in all the wrong places.

My path's been so tricky and brambly and treacherous and confusing that the original mission, of discovering my mission, became itself obscured over time, and more than once I almost gave up on ever achieving that which nature and nurture and the universe--which is to say the Tao, or **the Cubby that contains all things**--had pulled me out of the cosmic stardust and



ordained me to do, which is to say my special purpose. Fortunately, there's no mission like the Mission, and ultimately my enduring faith in the deep, deep magic of those old Florida Street follies, and in the Cubby--an abstract concept that we loved, and that I still and always will love--sustained me to the climax of my story, wherein I finally figured out my mission, via the intercession of a fabulously plumed messenger in sparkling spandex: the superhero I'd always dreamed would swoop down and save me from the horrors of 21st Century America; the Fulvous Falcon, my millennial lover, alighted in my life one February night and embarked with me on a new path that's led me directly and quite by surprise to the long-awaited discovery of my *raison d'être*!

Now after all of these years on the proverbial and literal road--the map of which is now inscribed on my face for any that'd dare to peruse it--I am loath to spend too much time on a preface when I have such exciting news to deliver. As Larry--the harried manager of the Waldenbooks where the Cubby Kids met back in 1994--used to say, "Time is of the essence around here." And Larry's words have never rung more true than in 2016, in which we've already seen dramatic climate-related catastrophes occurring all around the world, including right here in the U.S.A., where floods are wreaking havoc in Louisiana at this writing, and where, in Florida, rising sea levels are already causing much grief, as was evidenced by the recent rescue of Huck Forest from a "watery crypt from Hell," which is how he described the S&M basement in South Beach where he'd been briefly trapped last weekend after a pipe burst.

And so to avoid digression, in the spirit of getting straight to the great news of the Cubby that I've literally waited nearly half my life to deliver, I will here forgo the details of my 18-year odyssey and provide only the most peripheral overview of my self-imposed exile in order to deliver you more immediately to the good part of my story that I am writing to share with you:

I ostensibly lived in--and more accurately was proverbially chewed up and spat out by--New York City. The well-oiled machine of Capitalism had its rank, ugly head there, and I knew going into it that I was venturing into the belly of the beast that we Cubbies had always decried. But I still wasn't sure what I wanted with it or why I was there. Did I want to heal it or kill it?

It was a sick fascination that drew me there like a moth to lights, a lifetime of FOMO and the unrelinquished boyhood fantasy of being famous. In retrospect, New York City was one big Ego trip for me; it functioned much like Willie Wonka's factory, where folks are in time undone with perfect poetic justice by their own foibles.

In New York I plunged into the works of Ayn Rand, trying to make sense of the forces that govern our economic system; to understand



the reason for all this greed; to grasp the supposed virtue behind all the selfishness that evidently fuels this incomprehensible world. Taking a cue from my hero Ronald Bonemaker, I faked my death. Then, unlike Bonemaker, I reinvented myself as a cold-hearted Capitalist, somehow performing the mental gymnastics of (at least going through the motions of) celebrating a system that was actively squeezing me to death.

With my value system thus totally out of whack and my moral compass so topsy-turvy, I sought to assuage my economic anxiety through drink and random sex, which made having relationships difficult and even violent at times. From his deathbed, Anonymous Bill scolded me via email for my life choices. An early and vocal critic of the Cubby Missalette, Bill had nevertheless concluded about it, "The praiseworthy thing about your paper is not its quality but the fact that you are doing it," (tepid encouragement that somehow sustained the editors of this zine through many an issue), and he had over time become a great correspondent and friend of the Cubby and me.

"Charlie, I'm sorry you ever read ayn (.greed personified get all you can don't believe in charity especially get all the money you can and piss on others_) Rand," Anonymous Bill wrote to me. "She gave licence to all her cult members including Allen Greenspan to behave like might is right and survival of the fittest, you are in this life for yourself and no one else. Many people were sucked in to her excessive babblings. To give is to receive. Plant a good thought in the back of your mind and forget it..it will grow."

He passed away just a few days after that, as I later learned. His last words haunted me as my life in New York spun out of control, and I saw it was time for me to die again as well.



Leaving New York was straight-up ego death. Los Angeles, where I went to accept a charitable offer of temporary shelter in an old lover's shed, was a sprawling, Hellish wasteland of asphalt where what was left of my Ego quickly evaporated in the pouring sun. I rode my bike through it, day after day, convinced every moment that I'd be directly splattered into roadkill, and not particularly minding. Having thus resigned myself to the meaninglessness of my life and the inevitability of death, I sank into a depression so deep that I eventually couldn't tell if I were awake or sleeping or dead altogether, and the only message I could muster for the world was "Don't wake me if I'm dead." At this nadir of my character, **Fulvous Falcon** discovered me--actually I stepped on his foot in a bar as he stood in line behind me--

and somehow, thank the Cubby, he saw some light still flickering in me that I didn't even remember had been there. He saw somehow through the great Wall I'd been building into the gooey sweet center at the heart of Charlie Danger. And he set about the hard and often thankless--even punishing--labor of opening up my heart chakra and eradicating my resting bitch face, a hard scowl baked into my face by 40some years of Gen-X angst.



After our whirlwind courtship, Fulvous and I threw all our collected things in storage and embarked on the road trip of a lifetime across America. We visited sanctuaries and hot springs and forests and rivers and shrines from California to Atlanta, where we ended up eating mushrooms in a forest and receiving our marching orders from the great Tao: to devote ourselves to Ma Gaia, the good Earth who sustains us and makes us possible!

Thanks to Fulvous, I have found my *raison d'être*, and it is this: to help save life on Earth as we know it. It's rather simple and pretty basic, but it's something that we all share in common and that we're all going to have to start thinking about, as our natural environment is deteriorating rapidly, with myriad direct and indirect consequences on countless species and ecosystems to come!

Fulvous has helped me to connect a lot of dots and to realize that the conspiracy theories we filed away with our X's were actually not so far-fetched or far removed from the truth--which is actually just as horrible as anything Mulder and Scully had to face. He's helped me see how the global conspiracy of the oligarchs keep the population sick, chemically dependent, enslaved, impoverished, and at war from cradle to grave; he's helped me to see the inter-

relationships between Big Pharma, Big Agriculture, Big Oil, and Big Government. Along with Bernie Sanders, an American hero who's historic campaign in 2016 has been the highlight of my lifetime observing American politics, Fulvous and Bernie have ripped the blinders from my eyes and shown me behind the veil of power.

I return to you now as an activated Gaian, convinced that there's no more time in my lifetime for ego trips, that doing the work of Gaia is indeed all that matters, all that is conscionable to do with oneself at this critical moment in Earth's history.

Our work as Gaians is to facilitate cultural dialogue and education around environmental-justice issues; to break people out of systemic conditioning; to encourage critical thinking, mindful consumption, and ethical investment of resources; to conserve nature and demand that our natural resources be duly honored, protected, and repaired. My great news is that anyone can be a Gaian, and it doesn't require belief in any supernatural deity to be one. It only requires what Ayn Rand might describe as rational self-interest.



My great news is that there's a solution to the self-doubt and general sense of nihilistic purposelessness that seems to be the birthright of our generation. We were spoonfed a lot of toxic bullshit, but it's never too late to reject it and decide upon a new psychic diet--and a new nutritional diet as well. There's a *raison d'être* beyond all doubt that each and every one of us has an opportunity and intrinsic duty to share in, and that's the stewardship of Earth and her inhabitants. I've found nothing more gratifying to the soul, nothing more satisfying to me, than reorienting myself toward Ma Gaia and all the terrific species she houses.

My great news is that you're hereby invited and encouraged to join us on our Gaians' mission.

We fervently urge you to do the world a favor and check out the Gaians Handbook, Volume One--now available--and get linked up with the Gaians' page on Facebook for updates!

Plant a good thought, nourish it, and it will grow!

*Charlie Danger is not in any way affiliated with or related to the notorious sexting pervert, compulsive cheat and lifetime Democrat Anthony Weiner, whose unfortunate sexting moniker "Carlos Danger" has caused me quite a bit of personal awkwardness.



Rest in Purr-fection **Bean the cat** (cubby mascot since 1997)

The good thing about bringing pets into your life is that they make wonderful company. The great thing about bringing pets into your life is that, provided they aren't used as accessories, they allow you to focus on someone other than yourself. Bean helped me learn that lesson during her 19 years in physical form.

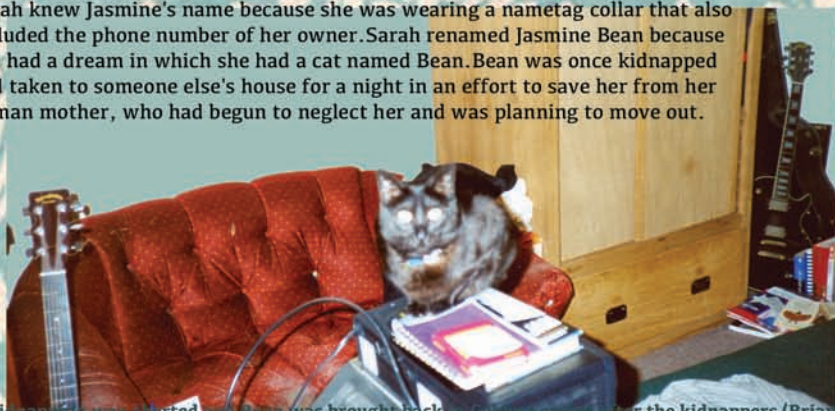
During her time on earth, Bean slept by my side; acted as the unofficial deputy editor of SFist; listened to my woes and nonsense; graciously watched my midnight improvisational dance moves; and was even the muse for a song by the Cubby Creatures called "Bean (Is a Super Rodent)," which was performed at venues like Bottom of the Hill and Cafe Du Nord.

On August 5, after agony had replaced the light her eyes, I put her to sleep. It was awful. But I'm glad I got to be her pop for so long (and an even better dad to her during the last two-plus years of her life). And now I get to be sad. Just sad. I get to feel sad. Another gift she gave me.

If you have a cat or dog, go home and play with them tonight. Let them sleep on the bed. Buy them a chew toy or some catnip. Let them drink from your water glass. (Bean used to do that and it drove me batshit.) Spend a little more time with them. You'll miss them when they're gone.

--Brock Keeling

Bean fun facts: Bean's original name was Jasmine. Sarah found Jasmine in the Panhandle Park. Sarah knew Jasmine's name because she was wearing a nametag collar that also included the phone number of her owner. Sarah renamed Jasmine Bean because she had a dream in which she had a cat named Bean. Bean was once kidnapped and taken to someone else's house for a night in an effort to save her from her human mother, who had begun to neglect her and was planning to move out.



The kidnappers was aborted and Bean was brought back to Cubby Control. For the kidnappers (Brian and Jol) realized what they were doing was really stupid and that they should just take care of Bean themselves and demand that she stay at Cubby Control when her mother left... Bean was the second longest inhabitant of Cubby Control (when it was on Florida St.) after Brian. She lived there for almost 14 years. She never lived there for 17 years... We're not sure when Bean was born, but it was probably in 1995, meaning she was around 20 years old when she passed last year (Aug. 2015)