

# THE CUBBY MISSALETTE

## THE AGING ISSUE

24



GOLDFARB



Bean



Emily



Brian



Jason



Jol



Tristy



Karl



Bill

Where were  
you 20  
years ago?



# It's hard to believe it's been 20 years

since we assembled the first Missalette in that flat in the Mission which came to be called Cubby Control. Aside from living and aging, have you done anything for that long? Not sure if there is anything else I've done for 20 years. I certainly haven't ever held a job that long. Yeah, there were a few years when we didn't make a Missalette, but we always came back to it. We've had so many people help us throughout the years, but for us to achieve the 20-year mark, I have to say I couldn't have done it without Jol. And Jol and I could not have done this issue without Rani. We hope you enjoy this issue about aging, regardless your age. —Brian



Brian & Jol in 1997 assembling the first Cubby Missalette in Karl's kitchen.

This *Aging Issue* was first conceived and promised back in 2010. In typical Cubby time, we are pleased to finally bring it forth seven years later! The occasion of our 20-year Cubby retrospective seemed to be the perfect opportunity to delve at last into this long-shelved subject, as Time seems to be of the essence around here and none of us is getting any younger. So with deep gratitude for our personal longevity and that of the Cubby—an abstract concept that we loved so much that in the fullness of time it became tangible—we offer now this meditation on Aging and 20 years of manifesting The Cubby. We hope you'll find in the following pages some pearls of wisdom, flashes of inspiration, and a few good smiles to take with you on your path.

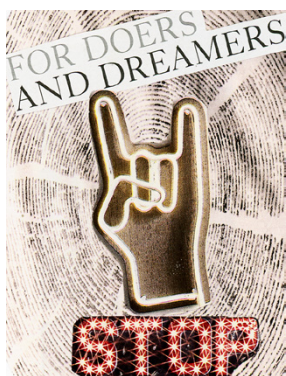
This issue was made possible by the miraculous intercession of designer-in-chief Rani Goel, a kindred Cubby spirit whose amazing energy and talents have injected new life into this old project and renewed the editors' joyful commitment to the Cubby cause. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts, Rani! I also want to thank my Mom and Dad for the succor and sanctuary they provided me during my work on this issue; and Dr. David "Feeling Good" Burns and Sharon Jones for crucial help in rekindling my creative fire after a dark spell had nearly extinguished it. —Jol

# ***Aging: if it isn't your problem, it will be***

## ***A letter from Doug to the Cubby***

About 8-10 years back, when Facebook broke out of being a niche market, I started getting notifications from people I went to high school with, at a Calvinist private high school. One gal who was a lost friend of mine contacted me and commented: "You still look the same." After she had connected me with many others from my school, I understood what she was going on about. Apparently a lot of our friends from high school now have a lot of jowls, less hair and a lot more around the middle than I have over the years. I wasn't exactly popular with the kids back in the day and tended more toward the black clad poets and party kids from other schools as it was clear that I

wasn't going to get laid by any of my classmates. But I think I went much further and got to experience a lot of far out things those guys never dreamt of and never gave a second thought about doing.



Admittedly, I am now hundreds of miles away from our blessed Bay Area, living as a humble rutabaga farmer in Pima County, Arizona, a place not worth visiting let alone pulling up stakes from the Bay Area to inhabit. But yeah, as the years have advanced, I guess being a hipster, going to midnight openings or map parties or warehouse shows or underground cinemas or improv music shows or playing fake keyboards in a Wings cover band or running into that guy from the Champs or Paul Pena or the Penns at

Midtown or any of that shit recedes into the mist of nothingness once you have settled down with someone you really love and have sprouted a sprog (or two, I guess, but I've only got one). Hell, even Bill settled down and has kids now, dammit, and I remember him being super-duper cynical on some days- especially at that Embryo show so long ago. But despite having a shit job trying to get infected people the care that their stinging genitals so mercifully require, I guess I'm happier as a dad with a surefire relationship than sleeping on the streets of the city I love so much. I really miss you guys and as the fog and wind of July and August fade into vestiges of yesteryear, sometimes I miss that misery.

Perhaps moving on and shifting goals is inevitable and perhaps loss and regret are the only real constants in the human experience but getting old and suffering is probably a much better option than not being around at all. ♦





by David De Maio

## What do you really think about aging?

A few questions to ponder from Rani Goel

1. What do you look forward to in regards to aging? Why?
2. What do you fear about aging? Why?
3. Did you ever feel "old" or "past your prime" even when you were a lot younger than you were now? What was that about?
4. At what age or stage do "children" really become "adults"--and what makes this so?
5. Do you have elders in your life that you speak with and respect? What do they teach you?
6. What's the difference between aging and evolving?

*"I don't waste as much time as I did when I was young.  
I don't have as much time to waste as I did when I was young. (I'm too busy  
and mortality is a consideration in a way it wasn't before.)" -Will CRAIN*



# Gay Aging by Daralt

## **Age. How old are you?**

A very common question asked in the gay community. Over thirty? Not interested! Age is a curse in our community. You start fading away at 30 and by 60 you are invisible. Time is not the only culprit. Age comes to you from many sources during your trip down life's path.

The AIDS crisis brought age to those that it did not afflict with its death sentence, those that had to carry on and bury their scores of loved ones who fell to that awful curse. Every week there was another death and you got hit with more age. Age kept piling on until you just couldn't carry it anymore. Run away, hide from it all. But where? We hid within ourselves, many of us. Curled up in the fetal position in the corner of a dark room, all alone, crying our hearts out. Age came for us, even as we hid. It found us. And when we did finally come out from our hiding, we looked in the mirror in horror, as the young man who came out of hiding was looking back at you as an old man.



And now, the old man in the mirror is the only one who will look at you. You go out and you see that all the young men you knew were replaced by new young men. But no one sees you. You have become invisible with age. Eyes are quickly averted when they do look at you. Everyone's looking in trick mode, not humanity mode.

## **Humanity, what the Fuck? I can't have sex with Humanity - you're just old.**

The younger generations are enjoying life with no concern about what happened before them, but they seem disconnected, not fully aware of what us old men went through. Because this age that we carry, this age is a battle scar that will not heal, and the scab on this scar is ripped off constantly by the callous and uncaring way we are treated by those who are too young and ignorant to know or care about what had devastated the older generation. "What is a Shanti?," my new younger roommate asked me, "Is that another political person?" he asked. Then I tried to explain it to him and was cut short with "Oh, I'm not interested."

I went to my room to sit quietly on my bed. ♦



# STILL BORN

by Jaméz L. Smith

Sometimes I wish I'd broken out of my  
shell sooner than I did.  
Often, actually.  
I was a late bloomer. And very insecure.  
An oppressed child,  
by family, by peers,  
and, ultimately, by self.  
Where most experimented with flight in their  
teenage years,  
didn't discover my wings until my early twenties.  
Scared. Alone. Yearning.  
When I realized I could fly, I went kinda wild.  
Like Storm with the Mohawk  
Or Dark Phoenix  
Art reflecting life  
Life imitating art  
Validating my being  
But, had I broken out sooner  
I'd likely be dead now.  
It was a different time  
A different world  
A.I.D.S.,  
the newest phenomenon to threaten existence  
My newly released hedonism  
would have surely infected me  
As were so many others more  
confident than I.  
Still, sometimes I wish.  
So much I longed to experience  
So much I never learned  
The unwalked paths  
Haunt me like the ghost of my fallen brother  
The loves never requited.  
Sensations never felt.  
Experiences that never shaped me  
Desires I cannot squelch  
I close my eyes  
and with perfect hindsight  
I wince at missed opportunities  
mis-steps  
imagining how much happier I could have been



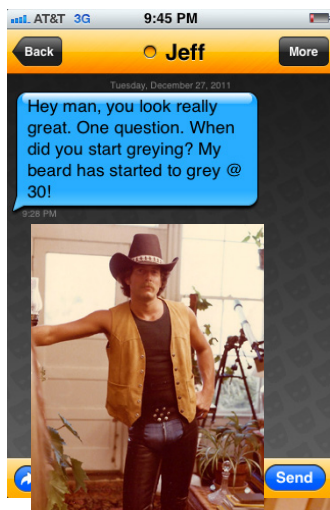
"Lost Ideals" by Jaméz L. Smith



# Infinitely, More Than a Number

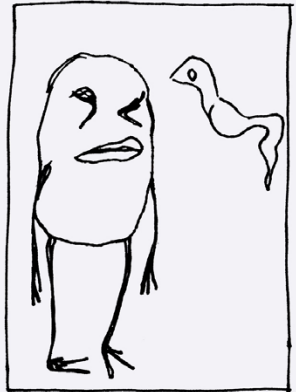
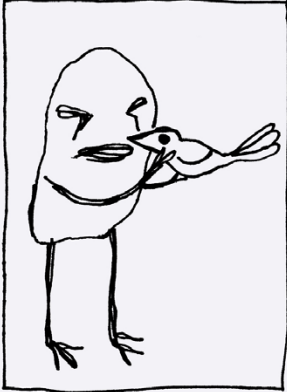
By Jaméz L. Smith

So... I met this guy - at a party.  
Real cutie.  
Really into me,  
like I'm really into him.  
He touched me comfortably,  
Respectfully  
Seductively  
He held me close - silently  
long before kissing me  
and when he kissed me ...  
I felt it in my balls.  
Our rhythms synched naturally.  
"Is this ok?"  
"Do you like that?"  
Foolish questions never asked.  
He held me down hungrily  
Lifted me exaltingly.  
"I need a break." he'd announce,  
then seconds later shout,  
"Oh God, I can't stop touching you!"  
He'd tackle me again  
and again.  
I didn't want him to stop touching me.  
As we showered off together  
a foolish question never asked  
pierced through waning lusts.  
"How old are you?"  
So, I told him.  
His body stiffened.  
His ample cock shriveled.  
We finished showering silently.  
He jumped out first.  
Was half-dressed before I'd toweled dry.  
I thanked him for his  
hospitality  
and politely let myself out.





One day...



40 years later.



- Aisha Ali

How many  
minutes old  
are you?



Make every  
minute count!

Do you know how many days (and hours)  
you've been alive for? Find out here:  
[calculator.net/age-calculator.html](http://calculator.net/age-calculator.html)



# CUBBY BLAST FROM THE PAST

## EMBRYO COMPILATION 3: ADVENTURES IN HOME MADE MUSIC, THE

01/23/07  
The Embryo Compilation 3: Adventures in Home Made Music  
Cubby 7 <CD>

Released in Sept. 2001, this collection is 3rd in a series being done by request from The Cubby Creatures. The collection even includes a "protest song" against the "Summer of dot com Love" called "SAN FRANCISCO" (Track 10). It's a real mix of soothing stuff (Oahu's track 4), metal-ish rock (Lower 48 on #7), creamy folk (Minna's track 14), soundbites about killing people (Coolidge on #18), and cheese ("The Andy Peters Show's" - "The Vegan Song").  
- Cynthia Lombard

440 581  
EMBRYO COMPILATION 3  
Embryo Compl... (A Library)

Thanks to KFJC's DJ Mitch LeMay, I recently discovered that the Foothill College radio station had been supporting the Cubby all through the years we were making music. Here are some of their reviews of our CDs Embryo Compilation 3, three sides of cubby, and Make Your Own Song. —Brian



01, 14, 16

## CUBBY CREATURES, THE

11-28-01 PRESENT

CUBBY CREATURES, THE  
"MAKE YOUR OWN SONG"  
THE WORLD OF THE CUBBY ENCOMPASSES MUSIC, A ZINE, AND EVEN A MONTHLY CABLE TV SHOW. 10 MEMBERS PROVIDE KEYBOARDS, DRUMS, BASS, GUITAR, VIOLIN, & REEDS. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC THEY INVITE YOU TO WRITE YOUR OWN LYRICS & JOIN THEM ONSTAGE AT THEIR NEXT GIG.  
-TRINITY

436 014  
CUBBY CREATURES, THE  
Make Your Own Song... (A Library)

## CUBBY CREATURES

APR 23 2003

three sides of cubby  
45 rpm

### "Three Sides of Cubby" -45- <Rodent Records>

Endearing, low-key SF craftsmen follow the "Who Remembers Kathy Barra?" EP with this 3-song gem, a tilt-a-whirl quirk of clarinet, guitar, woodwinds, voice collage and chamber pot acoustics provided by drummer Jason Gonzales, bassist Brian Weaver, keyboardist/guitarist Bill Fisher, violinist Emily Davis & Dave Dunstan (sax), Karl Soehnlein (clarinet). Side A's "Fly" is one of the best NICK DRAKE covers extant, all soft sway and a sort of tear-filled joy, delivered with the CUBBY's own kind of butterfly kiss.....Side B illustrates the range and soft lurch of a unique outfit from Old World aesthetic/laboratory experiment to New World AM/pop ready (circa early 70s), Sid Kroft-inbued singalong machine. CUBBY CREATURES are somnolent and otherwise giddy, cleverly poised on a marquee somewhere between TIN HAT TRIO and the SLOW POISONERS, occupying that thin line between funeral and wake, grief and abandon. Microphones, studio space generously donated by members of THEE MORE SHALLOWS and the CHANTIGS. Cute menace, soporific humor.  
MITCH



# The Naked Ladies Bloom in August

OR

## Music at Different Ages

by Mitch LeMay



I remember the lightning that struck me in a muggy courtyard,  
visiting my brother Jeff in the last stages of terminal cancer, circa 2005 -  
talking about music (as we always did - and he was a classical buff above all else),  
and simmering in a frustrated rage at the abominable and stinking quality level of healthcare for  
those without money, I blurted out,

***"Wichita Lineman is the greatest pop song ever!"***

His eyes lifted and his cigarette turned red at the edges.  
He eyed me for just a second, and said,

***"I totally agree. Those were the best chord progressions ever written."***

And he was right. About Jimmy Webb and ten thousand other things.  
And he played me Chet Baker and Nico and Paul Butterfield and Leonard Cohen when I was in  
3rd grade. And lots of Berlioz, Schubert and John Barry in 4th grade.

And Glen Campbell was one of the Wrecking Crew graduates that had some commercial success  
as a solo artist.

But his talent exceeded any genre, and he remained always what he was...  
a self-trained guy who worked his ass off and played until his hands were bleeding to escape  
Arkansas, a bad family, the writ of obscurity and the *habeus corpus* of poverty.

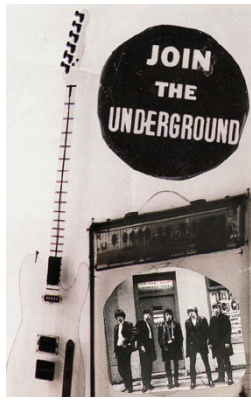
Glen Campbell was not just another manufactured handsome face for network television. He had  
paid his dues with session work that future wanna-be types could only gasp at. So let's at least  
deign to acknowledge his contribution to country/pop/musical artistry. As for Jimmy Webb, that is  
*another essay....*

Yet therein lies Music at Different Ages. Because long ago I accepted an unspoken commitment  
and cultural responsibility for a lot of the music that came before me - not for personal gain, but  
in respect for those who participated in that past and had bothered to take the time with me to  
grasp and (at times remotely, oftentimes vividly) attempt to seize the heartbeat of a previous day  
- particularly when that passion - or the present day corollary - seemed so wholly absent. Also  
because of an inherent curiosity, about history, origins and influences - as if R I Y L (coupled with  
D I Y) had arrived as a package deal in the DNA assortment I was given.

I used to avow that there just were not very many good music books - books about modern pop-  
ular music, post World War II, American or otherwise. And there really weren't. For example, be-  
fore his death, there were only *two* books that were worth a damn about Elvis Presley. The Jerry  
Hopkins biography, *ELVIS* (1970) and the material in *MYSTERY TRAIN* by Greil Marcus (1975).  
Many books came later, of course. But that is astonishing, when one considers the impact and  
essential importance of the man on the music and the cultural mores of the entire Western World.

The many books that came later - about Elvis and many others - came with their own revisions  
and latter-day mirrors with smoke, and like fading handbills and mortality, drew on the diminishing





returns of not-so-primary source material. And no matter the sexual, socioeconomic and existential elements of the music, whether it was Chuck Berry at Chess, Jerry Lee Lewis at Sun or the Everly Brothers at Cadence (small local labels all) - all the great original and uniquely regional sounds of the post-War era ended up in the ownership bins of vast corporations - co-opted as fodder for tasteless reissue packaging (such as 'jingles' to sell high fructose corn syrup beverages, sleek cars, sunscreen lotion and gratuitous pharmaceuticals), and/or the leasing of classic material to a derelict film industry that has long since ceased to either produce its own music or anything much else of merit for music itself to accompany.

To inquire as to the Music at Different Ages is as much research as it is redemption, because what you find is not what most people think (about the music, if they think at all); for what is there for the uncovering can truly trip the floodgates of our collective amnesia, remind us who we actually are and where we really came from. And it matters most because we *have* forgotten, and because we are as a culture lost in that ignorance; willfully, it might be said. Capitalism, when it eats itself, feasts on memory as the main course - analog intelligence in the modern vernacular - because endless commodity and shareholder profits are fundamentally opposed to reason, logic or qualitative reasoning. The best customers (after all) are anchorless, adrift and culturally agnostic (faithless is even better, unless it refers to branding). In the secular world, spiritual but NOT religious.

The nature of Music at Different Ages is also a study in the evolution of music rights (ranging from creative control to listener access to the swindle of digital downloading) and wrongs.

Indeed, just when the mechanics of making records seemed to be achieving a modicum of balance, the corporate music industry sawed itself in half so as to dictate digital death to artists.....

In a new film by Texas musician Rain Perry, the struggle by recording studio owner Mark Hallman to stay open in the age of streaming becomes manifest. Or, as Perry herself says,

***"Everybody can make a record.  
Nobody can make a living.  
Now what?"***

This is not a jeremiad about the usual heroes and villains, though to create something original and to have it stolen from you for ill-gotten gain would seem to be a basic operating principle in the shark tank we swim in. That thieves outnumber artists is a given. But The Naked Ladies Bloom in August. They always do. The *Amaryllis belladonna* of creative musical expression, though usually humble and tentative at the outset, flowers nonetheless on leafless stem and promises anew that THIS age will have its music and its time and its own inevitability. Because the past is IN the present and vice-versa. We might not have royalties, but we have each other in the late Summer of our musical discontent. And the setbacks of the moment will recede into background and lifeless sound bed, for every age feels the need to frolic or froth at individual predicament, and to somehow speak for us all with meaning.

R I Y L ['recommended if you like']



# INFO IMP: ORIGINS

A fairy tale/comic book idea/super hero story by Brian Weaver

Once upon a long, long time ago (was it in the distant past or the present future?), there lived a most mischievous man, a master manipulator of information, a freakish factfinder, a scampish strategist of statistics. This man once had a name known to few, but most came to know him as the Info Imp.



The Info Imp was once a normal man, but one rainy day in the library where he worked, an earthquake struck just as he was about to play a practical joke on a most innocent and unsuspecting coworker. The stacks shook, the shelves swayed, and the books bucketed, burying the man who would become the Info Imp.

As the dust cleared, and the rubble was removed, there was no sign of the impish informationist. He was considered missing in action, labeled lost in librarianship, and his collegial colleagues cried over this casualty, because now they had so much more work to do themselves.

But the duplicitous dude was not dead, merely temporarily interred. See, so many books and bound volumes, serials and shelves, magazines and manuals, catalogs and quartos, handbooks and hardcovers had fallen on top of the tricky intelligencer that he plummeted deep into the earth. It was there in the hot depths of the underground that the rascally record keeper transformed into the Info Imp. His only company in this subterranean bed where he lay were the single-celled halicephalobus mephisto nematodes with whom he commingled, combining his knowledge and mischievousness with their power to survive extreme heat, cold, dehydration, loneliness, and lack of light. These worm-like nematodes wiled our weary worker, entering his ears and eyes, saturating his skin and soul, and mingling with his mind and manner.

Time seemed not to exist in this subsurface sanctuary. But it did pass – days, nights, weeks, years – and as it did the lowly librarian became something else altogether. He was still a man, but not like he was before. He was more. And when he finally emerged from under the ground, the world did not seem the same. But really, not so much had changed. It was the subterranean survivor who had transformed. His ears, eyes, skin, soul, mind and manner had transmogrified, as had his perception of purpose.

He was now the Info Imp. ♦

# ***A Reading from the Cubby Bible from the letters of Charlie Danger to the Lo Chang Gang***

AGING can be a challenge in a society that's flooded by anxiety-producing messaging from myriad industries attempting to make big bucks off of insecure people, and spending big bucks to put us all into that category. Advertisers are paid to lay the groundwork for our social anxiety and then reinforce it from cradle to grave by convincing us from many different angles that growing older and its natural effects are symptoms of a horrible malady, that aging itself is a disease, and that Nature and her processes are cruel, unnatural, and to be avoided at all costs.

Youth, meanwhile, is celebrated and held up as the standard of beauty, and gods help those in our society who age out of that beatific state, especially the ones who do so in the spotlight, who live and die by the camera's lens and the tabloids' headlines. For them every gained pound or greyed hair is a potential unmasking, a drop of blood in the shark tank. And the media are all too happy to shred those unfortunate youths who dare to grow up in the unforgiving eye of the media-consuming public, which itself suffers from this constant pressure of staying forever young looking, and attempts to satisfy its morbid hunger by joining in the bloodless mastication of their heroes as they're brought low by Time.

By equating youth with beauty and old age with ugliness, the "beauty industry"

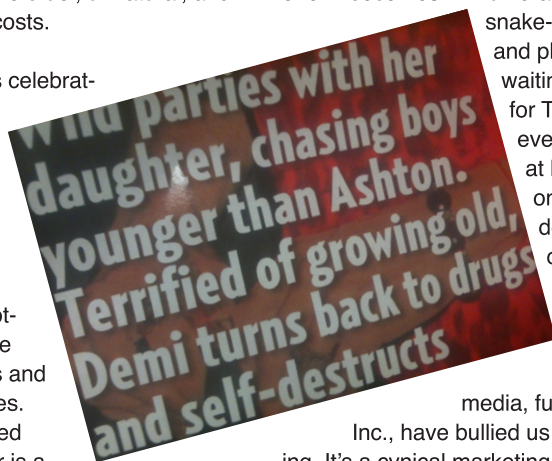
programs us with self-defeating attitudes that pit us at odds with nature and the natural progression of our own lives. As Lao Tzu teaches us in the Tao Te Ching (the primary text of the Lo Chang masters who helped bring the true meaning of The Cubby into focus for us), "When people see some things as beautiful, other things become ugly."

Trapped in this circular vortex of self-loathing and merciless judgment of others,

one becomes vulnerable to a host of snake-oil salesmen and plastic surgeons waiting impatiently for Time to bring everyone around at last to pounding on their doors in desperate search of relief from the unrelenting anguish caused by all of these attitudes that

media, fueled by Beauty

Inc., have bullied us into internalizing. It's a cynical marketing strategy that works very well for the industries sworn to defending "beauty" and "fighting aging." To take the most natural, universal, and inevitable process and to pathologize it in our minds--to frighten us with ourselves and the inevitability of living our own experience--is evil genius, as it creates an enormous market that potentially includes everyone in the world, and has prospects for unlimited expansion. Everyone will age in the fullness of Time, and as long as Beauty Inc. can convince us that there's something wrong with that process, that it's cruel and





unusual, that there's something scary about it, and something ugly about it too, they've got an ever-growing customer base.

Fortunately, there is hope. As with nearly everything else, critical thinking skills are one's ticket out of the vortex of self-loathing and other-judging. With these skills, along with a healthy sense of self-worth and realistic attitudes that align with nature, one is capable of seeing through Beauty Inc.'s chicanery. We have within ourselves the power to grant ourselves immunity to its scare tactics, and ultimately, to realize that aging can be a joyful and rewarding process worthy of honor and celebration.

How different would our society be if we embraced life in all its stages and respected our fellow travelers at every stage of the life cycle rather than shaming, ostracizing, and discrediting those members of our society who have earned that precious wisdom and priceless perspective that only aging can impart?

If, as individuals, we open our hearts to our elders, if we listen to learn, if we cultivate respect for every leg of the human trip, and if we resist the pressure to devalue those who are further out on life's gangplank than ourselves, then we can enrich our own life experiences in myriad ways, not the least of which is gaining a healthy acceptance of our own selves. We can appreciate others' journeys more fully as well, along with developing a deep reverence for, and oneness with, the Great Nature that directs all things.

The con artists behind Beauty Inc., who's sole goal is to separate us from our dollars, can only do so by alienating us from the Great Nature, by separating us from the wonder of our own lived experience. By recognizing that we are not, in fact, under siege, and that "fighting aging" is akin to fighting nature (something else Capitalism excels in), we can end this cognitive

dissonance and its consequent anxiety.

By recognizing that the aim of this toxic industry's campaign of setting us against ourselves is rooted in no truth or reality except that industry's wish to capitalize on us, we can reject its crazymaking logic and its fraudulent value system, thereby freeing our minds of unrealistic expectations and impossible desires, clearing the way for a full and healthy enjoyment of life, as well as saving us a shit-ton of money that would otherwise be poured into the perverse and bottomless pit of deluded hope.

If it's possible, as individuals, to reclaim our birthright--which is to age peacefully and without debilitating anxiety around the subject, as well as to learn and benefit from the counsel of our elders--then maybe it's also possible to change our society. How can we fight Beauty Inc.'s campaign to instill fear in us all?

We can loudly reject the pushers and purveyors of age-related terror at every turn, whether it be the tabloids that trash its subjects' appearance or the products that promise to freeze our faces forever in the freshness of juvenescence or to preserve our bodies in perpetual bloom; whether it's the flatterer offering comparisons to others whose appearance has been more obviously marked by time's passage than our own or the abuser who would attempt to wound us by calling out the signs of our aging. By proudly proclaiming our age instead of plastering or plasticizing or dyeing our exteriors to hide it, we're modeling the only true beauty there is, the beauty of Nature, not one part of which is superior to any other part. We can offer a respectful ear and a sympathetic eye to our elders, thereby giving them the opportunity to share their wisdom with us and feel validation through our attention, bringing them untold relief at a phase of life when they may have fallen victim to society's disrespect, disdain, and neglect. In so doing, we reinforce our

own healthy sense of self, paving the way for own smooth movement through the successive chapters of our lives, and effectively overwriting the unhealthy programming of Beauty Inc. We can celebrate our changing exteriors rather than desperately clinging to the outward appearance of youth.

**“See things as they are, without trying to control them,” Lao Tzu tells us.**  
**“Let them go their own way and reside at the center of the circle.”**

By owning our age, we ennoble ourselves and model a true grace that’s only achievable through living in harmony with Nature. We need look no further than the bizarre and oftentimes alarming plasticized faces of stars who’ve succumbed to Beauty Inc.’s unreasonable demands, to witness the folly of buying into such a value system. Looking neither young nor healthy, these stars convey only artificiality, while ironically, their ability to convey emotions via recognizable facial expressions cuts short their ability to perform effectively. Despite the loss of their fortunes, they have fooled no one, and render themselves and their careers victims of the poisonous set of beliefs to which they’ve subscribed. Let us instead embrace the signs and tokens of aging that our friends, family, and we ourselves manifest as we travel together around and around the sun. Let us rejoice in what wrinkles,

scars, grays we’ve garnered. These are the souvenirs of our journey that we carry with us; let’s be proud of them and show them to the world unabashedly.

**Let us honor these badges of survival where we encounter them and teach our children to do the same. Let’s wear them with honor, not conceal them in shame.**

Let’s not be fooled by those who would profit by robbing us of our joy and compromising our wonderful wholeness. Our teacher tells us to be glad with what we have and to celebrate the way things are. By simply realizing that we have all we need, we see that the whole world is ours. Let’s not give it away to Beauty Inc. ♦



image by David De Maio

# AS I WALK ALONE

by 'Mutt' Musson

As I walk alone,  
Among the sea of faces,  
My presence appears to leave no traces.  
Yet there are those times when I actually see  
Other faces looking back at me.  
With a nod and a smile,  
I walk on by, and see other faces not even try.  
Some faces look frightened, worried, or scared,  
And I can see some faces that seem to care.  
As our life paths cross,  
While we tend to our own,  
Each of us like a dog on a bone,  
Looking for love,  
Or maybe a home,  
We sometimes miss what we have already been shown.  
We live most of our lives looking straight ahead,  
And those who are just too blind to see,  
Are already dead, according to me.  
When did you last look up at the stars?  
How long would it take for you to find the planet Mars?  
Look up!  
Look around.  
Do you even bother to look at the ground?  
Have you noticed that's what lays at your feet?  
Slow down some,  
And take a peek.  
I know there are others that also see,  
And I know that they too,  
Are somewhat like me.  
Hard nuts to crack,  
Is what they say,  
Yet they try to break us anyway.  
I cannot be bought,  
Rented,  
Or sold,  
Though there are those who can be so bold,  
To try to shove me into their mold.  
And the sea of faces keep passing me by,  
Though I try at times to avert my eyes,  
I still look and hope to see,  
If other faces are looking back at me ♦

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- Jackie, Minnetonka subscriber

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**As The Cubby and The Cubby Missalette celebrate their 20 years of existence,** The Cubby Missalette's editors-for-life, Brian and Jol, interviewed one another to commemorate the milestone, reveal what's kept The Cubby ticking all these years, and hint at what magic may lie ahead.

## **Brian on Jol**

**Brian:** How do you think you've changed and/or not changed in the last 20 years since our Cubby beginnings?

**Jol:** Superficially, my hair's going grey, I've earned some awesome laugh lines on my face, and while my skin's lost its youthful glow, elasticity and plumpness, my body's more athletic and, in my humble opinion, sexier. At least, I'm more secure in it, which segues into the deeper changes time has wrought. I'm more confident and better know and appreciate who I am; I'm less self-destructive, give more of a fuck about things that really matter (Nature, the Tao, family, animals), have a better grasp of my *raison d'être* (to promote good ideas that would avert the looming planetary climate disaster and to be a voice for our fellow earthlings, the animals); I eat healthier, think healthier, make better life choices, and better appreciate my family and those friends who've revealed themselves over the long haul to be true. I'm less concerned about fitting in, more comfortable in my own skin, and happy where I'm at in life, even without having acquired any of society's trappings of "success;" I'm more sensitive and in touch with my feelings, I can let myself dance, and I'm a better, more experienced lover (but happily no longer compulsive in trying to accumulate such experiences).

**B:** What still inspires you to create Cubby-related art?

**J:** Your perseverance in it, of course, is critical. A few years ago when we "took the black," so to speak, ordaining ourselves Cubby Preachers, I came to see it as a sacred duty to hold space, for as long as I live, for the Cubby, which after all is a container for all of the fun overlapping interests we've each loved to do and been interested in since our respective childhoods. I've put so much of myself into The Cubby that it's become rather indistinguishable from my sense of self. And as I put myself into it, interest gathers over time, and what I get out of it becomes ever more priceless. It's like a Fountain of Youth for me, not in the sense that it's stopping Time's march across my face, but deeper than that, in the sense that it keeps me young at heart, because I can always tap into this wellspring of creative exuberance. It's not about the nostalgia at all; it's about constantly doing something new and keeping alive this abstract concept that we love and staying connected to all of the things we love to do. When I heard the recent Cubby Control Records 20-year retrospective that you did on KFJC in May, I was like, "Wow, the Cubby really does exist." It was amazing and surprising that this concept we'd invented had in turn spawned so much exciting creativity and had over time become an undeniable thing, a force in the world,





enough to fill a 3-hour radio program and still have plenty left over.

**B:** If someone came up to you and asked, “What is this Cubby thing all about?” how would you answer?

**J:** It would be a different answer every time. I don’t think I’ve ever defined it the same way twice, but right now I’d say the Cubby is an ever-unfolding alternate (sur)reality that combines art, music, and psycho-spiritual expansion.

**B:** What is your favorite Cubby creation from the last 20 years?

**J:** Besides the Cubby itself, I’d have to say The Cubby Missalette, issue #24 (the forthcoming Aging Issue, for which I’m writing this response right now) and the forthcoming, as yet untitled rarities album.

**B:** How do you age?

**J:** Authentically, with every fiber of my being, and with my focus always on self-improvement. Some folks accumulate self-destructive habits or thought forms, which over time, in a very literal display of karma, result in the kind of aging that people fear, the hardening of attitudes and hearts and arteries, all consequences of these self-destructive beliefs and behaviors. However, I think a better way to look

at aging is to know that we have the potential to become better versions of ourselves every day. Instead of adding pills and problems, we can subtract them, simplifying our lives until we get down to the basics of our true natures. This challenge keeps life fresh and exhilarating, and it keeps me in adaptation mode. And adaptation is key to survival, as you know. I’m not trying to maintain anything except for my body; everything else is fair game for overhaul and evolution, and I try not to cling to anything, especially beliefs. The obvious exception is the Cubby, which is like my life raft on the uncharted and violent sea of life.



**B:** When’s the last time you heard from Huck Forest and what was he up to?

**J:** He’s working on his rhyming and rapping skills, as when we last spoke he was in the process of gathering members for the Cubby’s first hip-hop outfit, a project which he’s calling The Lo-Chang Gang. He’s convinced that if he produces a really earth-shaking single, he might be able to convince you to release it on Cubby Control Records, in spite of your well-known apathy/antipathy for hip-hop. So just





a heads-up: you should expect his proposal to be scurrying across your desk in early 2018, once all the hullabaloo of #Cubby20 is behind us.

**B:** Do you think the Cubby ages?

**J:** I think it evolves as we go around and around the sun, but it doesn't age like people do, though it responds to our aging with its own evolution. William Faulkner famously said, "The past is never dead. It's not even past." I think that statement applies somehow to the Cubby, in that the Cubby's never really past or dead. It's a singular moment exploding across time and space unlimited. It's as damn near timeless as a body of work, or a life force, however you want to look at it, can be, in my opinion.

**B:** Do you have any Cubby-related regrets?

**J:** I have myriad Cubby-related regrets, just as I have innumerable personal regrets, and yet, at the same time, I have absolutely no regrets about any of it. So there's a paradox for you. I guess I understand that everything that feels like a regret is really a signpost or souvenir of something that I've learned. Sure, I'd like to go back and do it all over knowing everything I know now, armed with that 20/20 hindsight, but I'm also aware that I wouldn't know all that I

know if I hadn't first made those mistakes that culminated in that regret. So I'm grateful for the regrets I have, as they show me where I've grown, what I learned that I hadn't known, and how I'm in a better place now than I was when I did (or didn't do) whatever it was that I now regret doing (or not doing). So in sum, somehow, I regret nothing.

**B:** Where will the Cubby be 20 years from now?

**J:** Hopefully right where we last put it. If all else fails, remember to look under the bed. ♦

## Jol on Brian

**Jol:** When I was younger I used to worry that time would change us, that age would make us less awesome somehow, but now when I look at you, I'm happy to see the same Brian Weaver I've always known and loved. How have you managed to stay so young at heart?

**Brian:** Well, that's very nice of you to say. I'm not sure I've made a concerted effort to stay young at heart, but in many ways I \*am\* the same person that you met at Waldenbooks in 1994 and with whom you started creating Cubby art in 1997. And that person wanted more than anything to just make music, write poems, publish zines, and otherwise live the life of an artist. I think one of the most important realizations I've had since those days in the late 1990s



is that it's OK to continue making art for myself. Initially I believed that some sort of fame or critical recognition was needed to validate my creations. Of course, I do still make my works available for all to see and judge either online or by selling them at the Zine Fest or other events; and I send my music to media for review and college radio stations in hopes they'll play it on air. But the difference is that these days I don't care if anyone notices because the feeling of having created something that I like is what's most important to me. I think the other realization I've had that has liberated my mind and my creative process is realizing what I do well and not well, and what fills my heart with joy and what does not. This has allowed me to better focus my attention and time on projects that I feel I can best accomplish. For instance, I've realized I'm not a good writer and I'm a terrible poet, but I'm a decent songwriter and lyricist when I have a specific concept to write about. I've also realized that forming fictional worlds is something that brings me immense joy, and it's what I've spent most of my time working on with my current band REPTIEL – and it hearkens back to the rock operas the Cubby Creatures wrote and all the characters we created for the Cubby Bible and CubbyVision.

**J: To what do you credit your personal longevity?**

**B:** I'm only 46 so I'm not sure I'm qualified to speak about longevity in terms of how many years I've lived on Earth. But in regards to my relatively long personal commitment to creating art, I will say that my situation in life has allowed me to continue devoting time and energy to my projects. I was talking to my dad (who is now 82) on the phone recently and he asked me about REPTIEL, and I was telling him we were recording another album, and he said "You're really lucky to be able to do that." And I responded a bit defensively saying, "Well, yeah, but it also takes an incredible amount of work and dedication." Ultimately,

though, we're both right. I'm lucky because I don't have kids or other personal commitments that require a lot of time and money; I have friends that are in similar positions in their lives as me who can commit time and money to the project; and I have a job that makes me enough dollars to pay for a rehearsal space, studio time and duplication of CDs. On the other hand, writing and rehearsing the music takes a tremendous amount of thought, effort, and time. And I worked my ass off to get my master's degree in library science and have moved my way up over time in the library into a full-time management position, which is a rather demanding position but pays well enough to support my artistic ambitions. Oh, and did I mention I don't have kids?



**J: Most bands, even hugely successful ones that are highly incentivized to continue making music, don't make it to the 20-year mark. To what do you credit the Cubby's longevity? What has incentivized you to continue making art, music, cubby magic, love, etc?**

**B:** Well, beyond what I described above regarding my liberating personal realizations and my lucky/hard-earned position in life, I think there's a certain flexibility with the Cubby that has allowed for its longevity. And part of that is to your credit, Jol. I remember you saying once that the Cubby Creatures could be like the Plastic Ono Band where it doesn't really matter who the members are, just that they create and play their music under the name and with the same general ideological principles (e.g. everyone's an artist, it doesn't matter how well you play your instrument, revolution through inspired living, etc.). The Cubby Creatures went through a number of members, and after they broke up we started the Cubby Preachers with a whole new batch of players, and now we're releasing *Jesus Christ, You're Crazy* and the Cubby Creatures rarities album. And feasibly, we could restart the Cubby Creatures or start something new like the



Cubby Teachers. And personally I've never stopped thinking that the Cubby is a cool concept. I feel like since we've established the concept and the band, we might as well keep creating under those names. That is basically what inspired me to start Cubby Control Records.

**J: What do you want your personal legacy to be?**

**B:** I want my legacy to be all the music and all the Cubby art I helped create. I want it to be the fictional universes I helped conceive (e.g. the Cubby Bible and Hobbitozz). I only hope that all those works will be available in some way for future individuals to stumble upon. Oh, and it would be nice if I was remembered at the library as someone who helped the public satisfy their informational needs.

**J: What advice would you give the young people of today?**

**B:** Make your own song.

**J: How has your 20 years in the Cubby affected your sense of reality?**

**B:** It has enhanced and altered my sense of reality. For example, some of the characters from CubbyVision, like Huck Forest, Mr. Fantastic and Ronald Bonemaker, were characters, but in a sense they were real too. We wrote about them in Cubby Bible chapters, they made appearances at some of our shows, and I still think about them in terms of what are they doing now. Similarly, some of the songs we wrote like "Who Remembers Kathy Barra?" and "Everyone Be Nice to Suzie" produced characters that ended up being portrayed in CubbyVision

or at various events. So the Cubby Universe (or "Cubbyverse"?) is this weird place that's part of this world and partly not.

**J: What would you do differently if you could go back in time and change some decision you made?**

**B:** That list is pretty long, but as it relates to the Cubby, I REALLY wish we had recorded our rock operas *The World of Tina* and *The Telethon for the Benefit of Suzie*.

There wasn't ever really a decision to not record them in their entirety, but listening back to all the old Cubby rehearsals and unreleased recordings, it's a decision I wish I (or anyone, really) had made.

**J: What's different about your worldview today from your worldview in 1997?**

**B:** I'm way more pessimistic about the fate of humanity now than I used to be. But I'm still very optimistic about the power of art. It's a matter of whether the best aspects of humanity (art and love) will prevail over the worst aspects of humanity (fear, hate and greed).

**J: How do you feel about the aging process?**

**B:** It's done great things for my mind and terrible things to my body. At some point I fear it will do terrible things to my mind as well, at which point I will be ready to die.

**J: As you look forward to further aging, what intentions for living do you bring with you?**

**B:** Continue loving my wife. Continue making music. And continue to Cubby on. Oh, and at some point I need to figure out to whom the Cubby Archives should go. ♦





## I Met a Man, by Mutt Musson

I have met the hollow man, and the naked one.  
I have met the quiet man, and the guarded one.  
I have met the happy man, with friends galore,  
And I met the man who had it all, but still wanted more,  
I met the man who was frightened about what might be,  
And the man so angry that he refused to see.  
I have met the family man, who loves his kids and wife,  
And I met a man who felt so burdened that he was not very nice.  
I met a man on the street today,  
That refused to speak, because he felt he had nothing to say.  
I met a man who was on top of his game,  
And I met a man who was quite insane.  
I met the man who was sure and proud,  
Then I met a man who said he was too, but he talked too loud.  
I met a man so full of rage that he could not see.  
And I met the man so broken that he would rather not be.  
I met a man with an ego so large,  
He felt certain that he was in charge.  
Then I met a man with an ego so small,  
That he often felt that he was not here at all.  
I met a man who was such a fool,  
Then I met a man who was actually cool.  
I met a man who loved his life.  
And then I met a man who had lost his wife.  
I met a man so consumed with sorrow,  
That he wished today would be his last tomorrow.  
I met a man who had lost his love,  
And I met a man who hated the world, just because.  
I met these men as I traveled through space,  
And one day I realized that they shared a face.  
It shook my soul when I began to see,  
That all those men are actually me

◆



JESUS CHRIST, YOU'RE CRAZY



Get your copy at  
[cubby.net/jcyc](http://cubby.net/jcyc)

Out now on Cubby Control Records, the new album by The Cubby Creatures, *Jesus Christ You're Crazy*. Gentle yet biting libretto juxtaposes loaves & fishes with miracles of the mind and other modern horrors, as poor Jo-Jo mistakes his own weirdness for a propensity to emulate the ultimate weirdo - Jesus Christ. Musically solid, with inspired instrumentation throughout (Emily Davis on violin is tremendous); Part One is the five songs individually, Part Two is the opera proper, but the ambient stuff in Part Three should not be overlooked.

– DJ Mitch LeMay, KFJC

## **Preferred Reader, or How Brian Weaver Smashed Capitalism and Led the Way to the Cubby by Jol**

*Author's Note: As director of the Cubby Saints Project, I'm delighted to announce the induction of Brian T. Weaver, co-founder of the Cubby, into the pantheon of Cubby Saints. The following commemorates his life-changing philosophy and relates how he cleared a path to the Cubby and made liberation from corporate slavery possible for all of us.*

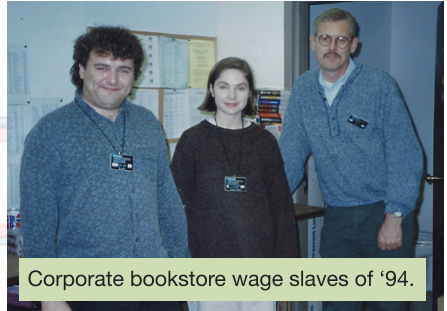
Back when we were baby Cubbies, embryos really, we used to talk about how awkward it is when people ask, "What do you want to do with your life?" That's something that people in their 20s would ask one another in those days. You were a new adult, perhaps freshly liberated from your parents' expectations, maybe just out of school. Your whole life was still a blank slate, your perspective as yet unsullied, the horizon spread out wide before you, life's banquet beckoning to you to come and sample everything, the sky representing no limit.

As we aged the question posed to us morphed slightly into the annoying, and in my opinion unforgivably vulgar "What do you do?" as it's assumed by your 30s that you're on your career path and your job is now your identity. You're expected to see life in more practical and realistic terms as you've learned by now, or you're coming to learn every day that it's not necessarily all about you (and yet you know in your heart that somehow it is still about you; it's your life, after all. So what does it represent? What do you stand for?).

The underlying implication of "What do you do?" is usually that what you do is synonymous for how much you make and "what you're worth" and therefore how suitable a husband or wife you could make.

I've always hated both of these questions, maybe because I never had any good answer for them. I'm an Aquarius, and being a late bloomer comes with the territory. From what I've read, we Aquarians don't really peak until our 70s. That's both good and bad news to me. The good is that I have something to

look forward to for a long time yet. I can build to my climax very slowly and enjoy the ride. The bad news is that until I get to my 70s I'm condemned to be flailing around a lot, perhaps appearing to most folks like a ridiculous loser; and then there's also the fact that I have no guarantee that I'll even make it to my 70s. At any moment I could be cut down before my late-blooming prime and exit the earth without ever having achieved my full potential, leaving those who survive me with the impression that I was nothing but a pitiful fool who couldn't ever get his shit together. This possibility is sometimes terrifying to me, not because I worry so much about the opinions of these others but because I genuinely want to be self-realized and often feel like it's a long way off; so while I'm patient enough with myself on the one hand, I'm anxious on the other, and reluctant to invest too much faith in Time and the Great Nature's benevolence, as taking it slow seems a bit of a gamble.



Corporate bookstore wage slaves of '94.

In times of doubt, however, I will often recall the immortal wisdom of Brian Weaver, and find in it the morale boost and spiritual sustenance that I need.

While the Cubby Creatures were incorporated as a band in 1997, I'd actually known Brian Weaver for three years by that time. When we first became acquainted, I was fresh out of college and Brian was still attending. We were both English majors, and we'd both moved to San Francisco at the same moment in time, July 1994. We'd both acquired jobs at a bookshop, where we supposed we'd be basking in the literature we loved all day every day. The reality of Waldenbooks was quite different, however and we both soon were disillusioned when shortly after our being hired that summer, the fun girl who'd managed the store up until that point was replaced by an older gay man named Larry. When I say older,



I mean older than our embryonic selves. I reckon Larry's actual age was not far off from where we are now, but nevertheless he seemed older, even older than our present selves. Perhaps this was because he didn't have a Cubby of his own into which he might retreat for the upkeep and rejuvenation of his soul. Instead, he was a real corporate man, a button-down shirt tucked into Dockers topped with a Cosby sweater. He had ambitions of rising up in the hierarchy of Waldenbooks into some grand echelon of middle management. He chain-smoked his way through an endless pile of plan-o-grams and Preferred Reader charts. He sat us down and put terror in our hearts, as he announced that our job performance would hereafter be measured by how many Preferred Reader cards we sold per day. This was a far cry from the literary splendor we'd expected our lives to be when we'd naively applied for this job, and by the end of my tour of duty there I was nearly suicidal with despair and anxiety. Worsening matters, the shop was located in the Marina, and the clientele was comprised mainly of Yuppies whose short, impatient and condescending dealings with us revealed an unconscious negation of our humanity. Or maybe it was conscious. Regardless, they didn't seem to know that we were real human beings standing before them. They seemed to look right through or beyond us, as if we were phantoms. Of course our canned Preferred Reader sales pitch didn't help matters; as we'd hear it roll off our tongues it seemed as though maybe we were becoming robots, as though maybe our humanity was slowly being drained from our bodies, turning us into corporate automatons. Fortunately, Brian and I had Jason and Rico to show us the ropes, and the four of us did a great job of reminding each other that we were human beings, and that there were more important books out there than Ron Goldman's then best-selling memoir of how O.J. Simpson slaughtered his son. Our spirits were sustained through an unending discussion of music and the books we really did love and admire, and Rico's furiously scribbled doodles comically skewering the soulless Yuppies who looked down their noses at us. Jason regaled us with tales of his band Dolores Haze (this was before Rico joined the band and Brian



and I became its groupies). I kept track of Larry's "Larryisms," the over-the-top exclamations and proclamations that would issue forth from his tar-stained mouth with dependable regularity, such as "Aaaaaaigh! Attack of the carts!" when a cartload of books rolled toward him in the stock room seemingly of its own volition, or "Time is of the essence around here," his application of a universal axiom to a very specific set of Waldenchores. Small as these revelations of personality were, we lived for these moments of queerness that would occasionally slip through Larry's corporate rigidity and cigarette smoke. We looked forward also to regular guest appearances by Dictionary Man, a long-haired, stinky, presumably homeless fellow who would march in muttering to himself and head directly to the reference section where he would grab a dictionary and set forth on a loud, disconnected, obscenity-laden rant full of disconnected sentences that were disconcerting enough to clear the immediate area of the well-heeled clientele, whose alarmed reports and complaints to us would fall on deaf and smiling ears.

These seminal experiences helped cement us into the Yuppie-baiting, Capitalism-hating working-class heroes we were destined to become. We were figuring out what we didn't want to do with our lives. We did not want to sell our souls to a corporation or live and die by sales metrics or become disconnected douchebags thinking our money or position made us better than others. We did not want to bury our selves in sales reports and suppress the creative light inside of us, or find ourselves growing old in meaningless stasis. And then Brian Weaver came up with the answer, the perfect response to the hackneyed question of "What do you want to do with your life?" He had given the matter some serious thought one night and realized that in order to be happy and fulfilled in his life, he would need to continue doing the things that made him happy. Furthermore, he actually identified the activities in life that made him the most happy. He shared his findings with us, and I never forgot the brilliant response he devised for those who would pry into his future ambitions and dare to ask him, "What do you want to do (with your life)?" "I want to read, I want to write, and I want to

play guitar," Brian said, and would continue to say as long as people kept asking. The simple honesty of the answer caught a lot of folks off guard. Instead of naming a job, Brian listed three activities essential to his personal fulfillment and happiness. Reading and writing and playing guitar had always floated Brian's proverbial boat, so he realized that in order to be a fulfilled human being and the best Brian Weaver he could be, he would have to find a way to read and write and play guitar for the rest of his life.

So what did Brian Weaver go and do? He stayed in school until he became a bona fide Master of Library and Information Science, and he went on to be a superstar librarian at the SF Public Library. He continued writing, songs and lyrics and fiction, and he even formed a writing group that quickly evolved into The Cubby Missalette, which he continues to write for and publish to this day, and which you now are looking at! And as for the guitar branch of his holy trinity, I don't think the sun has yet risen on a day that Brian Weaver didn't pick up a guitar or a bass or a sitar and make music with it. Not only that, but he's never stopped playing in bands, and generally has been and continues to be an active member of multiple concurrent bands at any given time. In addition, he went on to found Cubby Control Records, thereby enshrining his musical passion and creating a vehicle through which to share out his favorite music to the world.

Twenty-odd years down the road, I still marvel at Brian Weaver's clearheaded realization all those years ago concerning his destiny, as well as his resolve to stay plugged in to all of his favorite activities all through his life. When authority figures and other adults, and even some of our peers were looking on our youthful pursuits of our bliss as trivialities which we'd eventually be forced to surrender to Time and its realities as we "grew up," "became adults," and joined the "work force," Brian Weaver stood firm in his resolution to stay true to himself and his big Weaver heart. To my mind, Brian Weaver is the very picture of a successful person. He's held onto not only his his pen, guitar, and books, but also his ideals, his youthful joie de vivre, and his integrity. He's used the aging process to firmly ensconce himself in all of his favorite activities, and in return, he's been continually fortified and

renewed by them. Thanks to Brian Weaver, the notion of success has been redefined for me and anyone who cares to take a look. It's not about playing sold-out stadium shows, selling multi-platinum records, or getting his face on some glossy corporate rock magazine for Brian Weaver. In fact, Brian's success at staying true to his loves over such a long stretch of time illustrates the falsity of all those trappings that society calls success.

Over time we've all seen the hollowness of that dream revealed again and again. It killed Kurt Cobain, who ironically wore a shirt reading, "Corporate rock still sucks" on the cover of Rolling Stone, sardonically warning us of his own impending doom, the consequence of having taken their bait. Capitalism's metrics of success continue to kill, as we've witnessed anew in 2017 through the sad fates of Chris Cornell and Chester Benington.

Capitalism cynically programs us to worship wealth and fame, programming us to be consumers from cradle to grave. We knew a long time ago that we didn't want all that, and time has only reinforced the necessity of finding a viable work-around. Brian Weaver figured out the way out of the corporate, capitalist matrix, and his way turned out to be the way to the Way.

And so here we stand, a tiny band of unknowns, whose Missalettes are largely ignored, records unplayed, deities disappeared and fans tuned out. By all metrics, we've been rejected by the culture we live in, denied any encouragement or acknowledgment; our life's work dismissed, our labors of love rebuffed. Cubby Control's been boarded up and all its denizens have been dispersed to the far corners of the states. And yet you can still find Brian Weaver writing, publishing, playing music, and holding space for everything he loves, and holding open the door for anyone who wishes to join him in that ethereal space. And as soon as one does enter the Cubby you'll find a new Cubby work of art being created. ♦





Thank you to everyone who contributed to this compendium of age-related reflections, as well as everyone who's been involved in The Cubby these past 20 years, and all who have shared their art and their hearts in the many pages of these past 24 issues of The Cubby Missalette! We hope to bring you many more chapters in this ever-unfolding book of The Cubby before we finish up aging. And we welcome your thoughts on this or any issue whatsoever at [cubbymissalette@cubby.net](mailto:cubbymissalette@cubby.net).



Cubby benedictions!





**“‘Remember when’ is the lowest form of communication.”**  
—Tony Soprano

## **AT THIS AGE**

I need new memories  
My regrets are haunting me of late  
The things I could have done  
The turns I could have made  
The chances never taken  
I need new memories  
The old ones are keeping me up at night  
Clouding sunny days

—Jaméz L. Smith

If only, when one heard  
That Old Age was coming  
One could bolt the door  
Answer “not at home”  
And refuse to meet him!