

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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At the start of 2017 — watching and participating in the Dawn of a New Era for the world, or so it sure seems. Obviously, the world constantly changes, but 2016, the year just past, was a time of wrenching upheaval in so many directions, and ROARSHOCK PAGE would actually welcome some simpler, less complicated times, which are not what we are likely to experience. So we recall an old adage from Ken Kesey & The Merry Pranksters, “Nothing lasts.”

GIANT MOUNTAIN

The Giant Mountain of San Francisco could be accessed via certain hidden roads continuing on above the summits of Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill, Pacific Heights, west of Twin Peaks, and there may well have been (and probably were) additional routes from other high places in the City. All these diverse paths converged on a hollow sandy plane, the approaching paths fading out behind in obscurity and shadow. From this plane, the dark sheer slopes of the Giant Mountain rose into the æther, it's higher reaches out of sight. The cliffs were split by a canyon with a narrow, long and winding road running into it, and following this road up from the sandy plane through the canyon with a sliver of sky far above, eventually it opened and flowed out into the higher plane, which was a landscape of rolling grassy California slopes, green in the wet season, golden in the dry. On this plane there were jumbled stones and broken sculptures and structures resembling the ancient heads of Easter Island, the standing rock of Stonehenge, and other relics both familiar and hauntingly unknown, and seemingly from the far future, and the deepest reaches of antiquity. From this plane, the higher reaches extended into the upper air with the summit of the highest peak obscured by cloud. The road that went up there was reduced to a small footpath which only the most hearty, brave, or foolhardy dared to climb. It was rumored, and said, that at the ultimate summit the peak had a round space and that was a meeting place for rather influential beings, greater than and/or less than ordinary human beings. Call them gods and/or angels and/or dæmons, and/or extraterrestrials; call them time travelers and/or

archetypes of the collective unconscious. Whatever they are called, they have cosmic pull in arranging the fates and storylines from amid all the chaos of the universe. From the top of the mountain, or so it was said, and with nearly perfected vision, one could see the promised land. Sometimes the extravagant beings (whoever they might embody or represent) came down from the peak onto the higher plane, and there sometimes encountered ordinary people who had found the hidden roads and with courage had followed the canyon road to that plane. Such meetings could be most enlightening or terrifying for the people and/or for the gods. If one looked over from the edge of this plane, it was like looking over the edge of a cloud or a dense bank of high fog, and see far below the sparkling jewel of San Francisco, with the other glittering Cities of the Bay and the Golden Land of California beyond. Day and night, whatever era this view revealed, changed and depended on the hour, day and year when observed, and on the weather.

Many times I climbed the Giant Mountain in dreams and always was surprised to have arrived there. In the midst of lucid dreams, perhaps I was driving a tomato red Jeep, or a small white Toyota pickup truck, or a little red Geo Metro LSi, or a Science Fiction tank, or the Big Truck that gets sent out when MUNI buses break down. Sometimes I was pursued by bad guys, as in some melodramatic cinematic scene, bouncing across the hills and skyline of the streets of San Francisco, then around some hidden turn and up a steep drive, its sides heavy and thick with hanging brambles and ivy, and emerge onto the hollow sandy plane, and speed from there up the treacherous canyon, screeching around the narrow upward spiraling curves until I would arrive on the rolling expanse of the higher plane. No bad guys could follow me there as they had no map and did not know the way, so I would stop my vehicle, get out and walk around, looking out over the views, feeling the breeze blow, sometimes hot and sometimes cold. I saw the little trail that went way up to even further impossible heights, to the highest peak of the Giant Mountain, always obscured by cloud, but I did not climb up there. It was not yet the time for me to go that high and look out upon the promised land. Even though this was in my dream, it was currently best to get the feel of my feet on

the grass of the higher plane. I got to know the hidden road fairly well and would often travel back and forth between the mundane world (as mundane as San Francisco *ever* is) and the higher realm of whispering grasses and silent sands. If I saw a swirling cloud surrounded by lightening and thunder approaching, I understood it most likely concealed a god, and would quickly leave and return to the land below, having a feeling that was the most wise and prudent thing to do.

Near the close of 2016 (which was a most strange and remarkable year), one day I chanced to be scanning news headlines via the inter-webs and saw one that said a giant mountain had been photographed above San Francisco. I felt a thrill up my back and out through the top of my head — the thrill of knowing that in this year the land of dream had moved into the same spaces as the land of waking dreams. The photograph, as was explained in the news story, had been taken on a clear day by a news helicopter hoovering above the south bay. The image of the huge mountain looming over the City was said to be a reflection of Mount Tamalpais, refracted and distorted through the camera lens. While that might *in fact* well be, I at least also saw that this was a historic break-through in the veils of time and space. Since the photograph was published, I have not seen the hidden ways or been up to the Giant Mountain, which leads me to suspect that in this year my world, that still seems so familiar, has actually transformed into a different universe.

— D. A. Wilson



JANUARY ALMANAC

01/01	2017	NEW YEAR'S DAY
01/04	1958	The first artificial Earth satellite, Sputnik 1, fell to Earth after 3 months in orbit.
01/07	2015	Charlie Hebdo massacre in Paris.
01/08	1947	David Bowie was born in London.
01/12	2017	FULL MOON
01/14	1967	A Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In occurred at the Polo Field, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.
01/15	1929	Martin Luther King, Jr. born in Atlanta.
01/17	1946	First session of UN Security Council.
01/18	1932	Robert Anton Wilson born in Brooklyn.
01/21	1525	Swiss Anabaptist Movement was founded in Zürich.
	1535	French Protestants were burned at the stake in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris.
01/23	1950	The Knesset resolved that Jerusalem is the capital of Israel.
01/24	41	Roman Emperor Caligula assassinated by his own Praetorian Guards.
01/25	1759	Robert Burns born in Alloway, Scotland.
01/27	2017	NEW MOON
01/28	2017	CHINESE NEW YEAR 4715 YEAR OF THE ROOSTER
01/29	1880	W. C. Fields born, Darby, Pennsylvania.
01/30	-516	Construction finished on the Second Temple of Jerusalem.
01/31	1862	Alvan Graham Clark discovered white dwarf star Sirius B, companion of Sirius.
	2010	<i>Avatar</i> became the first film to gross over \$2 billion worldwide.

Calling for Contributions! ROARSHOCK PAGE invites submissions of art, photographs, poetry, and micro-prose, to be considered for inclusion in future issues.

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