

Radio Valencia 87.9FM - San Francisco, CA

Sonic Subversion

With Brian Cox

Special End of the World / Winter Solstice / Yule / Sonic Subversion

with D. A. Wilson

December 21, 2012 4:00 p.m.

Poet D. A. Wilson and other guests join Brian and Janine for this very special installment of the Sonic Subversion Program.

Brian Cox: Alright folks, it's the Sonic Subversion show, Special End of the World edition. I hope you're enjoying the end of civilization and mankind as much as we are. We'll get right into music of that subject matter right away.

Hole in the Sky – Black Sabbath
Symptom of the Universe – Black Sabbath
Electric Sleep – Black Sabbath
Merry Xmas Song – Pink Floyd
Mr. Soul – Buffalo Springfield
I'm a Living Sickness – The Calico Wall
War of Distortion – The Leaves
New Age – Velvet Underground

Sons of Anacreon "Greeting" (from "Naughty Bits" 2002)
Oak Ash & Thorn "To Anacreon in Heaven" (from "Out on a Limb" 1980)
D. A. Wilson "First Hours of a Rainy Day" (San Francisco, 9/5/1999)

I Don't Live Today – The Jimi Hendrix Experience
Circle Sky – The Monkees

Brian Cox: Hello folks. It is still the Sonic Subversion show, and man that first hour is going down easy and kind of fast. We have some literary guests in for our second hour. More on that after. We're playing some songs about some cycles completing in circles, completing, as our poet friend will also have some things about and did as you heard earlier. We just heard "Circle Sky," the live version by The Monkees. I believe that was in Salt Lake City, Utah in 1968 and, you know, before that I played the band that The Monkees did a tour in '67 opening for... having opened for them, which was The Jimi Hendrix Experience doing "I Don't Live Today." Before that we heard some poetry by D. A. Wilson, and before that we had some stuff that D. A. Wilson will tell us about and what it was when he comes on in a minute. As it goes, I'm going to play one more song about cycles completing. Let's see... I'm going to select... I brought both the stereo and the mono version, has many of my favorite themes in it, including cycles and the universe working, repetition of cycles and, of course, the I Ching, which is all about the repetition of cycles. This will be "Chapter 24" by the Pink Floyd from The Piper at the Gates of Dawn. This is the mono version.

Chapter 24 – Pink Floyd

Brian Cox: It's the Sonic Subversion show, and uh, we have local writer D. A. Wilson with us in this very studio. How ya doin' D. A.?

D. A. Wilson: *(in the distance)* Hi Brian. How are you today?

Brian Cox: Whoops... try that again.

D. A. Wilson: Hi Brian.

Brian Cox: Hello.

D. A. Wilson: Ah, there we are.

Brian Cox: Much better with those things turned on rather than not...

D. A. Wilson: Indeed.

Brian Cox: ...which mine was briefly during that last song. I apologize if you heard me say Yes, I'll accept a swig from that lovely flask.

D. A. Wilson: A little dram on the hip...

Brian Cox: A dram on the hip as it were.

D. A. Wilson: ...the dimple pinch...

Brian Cox: Very nice.

D. A. Wilson: ...for the, uh, the solstice today.

Brian Cox: Yes... yes.

D. A. Wilson: So, it's great to be here today again, Brian, on your program.

Brian Cox: Why thank you. I appreciate you coming in here. Now some music that I don't think I... in our... Janine and I get in our... our frantic back and forth back here, and we write down our songs and say what they were, but I don't think I quite, adequately wrote down what you had before, uh, which let's see, was right after, uh, "New Age," by the Velvet Underground.

D. A. Wilson: We did uh, we had a little snippet of introduction from The Sons of Anacreon, one of my favorite groups, now sadly out of business. That was from the turn of the century. I'm not sure which century, but it was the turn of a century.

Brian Cox: Of A century...

D. A. Wilson: Indeed.

Brian Cox: It's often weird times when those turn.

D. A. Wilson: Yes, and then we went into the great Bay Area a capella group Oak Ash & Thorn, doing their rendition of "To Anacreon in Heaven..."

Brian Cox: Very good.

D. A. Wilson: ...which is the, uh, the tune that Francis Scott Key swiped and then replaced with the, uh, lyrics we know as...

Brian Cox: *(laughing)* Is THAT the story?

D. A. Wilson: Yeah.

Brian Cox: Well see, that's new to me. That's great. I would've thought that was some sort of other way...

D. A. Wilson: It's an English drinking song.

Brian Cox: Oh, oh wait... I have heard that. OK, yes... thank you. Once again, the musical knowledge coming to you through Sonic Subversion. Knowledge is the most subversive thing.

D. A. Wilson: Absolutely, and yeah, we... we want to spread knowledge as much as we can. Yeah, so I often hear those lyrics when I'm at a ball game or something and they do the anthem before the game...

Brian Cox: *(laughing)* That's beautiful.

D. A. Wilson: ... and uh so, and then we went into a recording of me doing my poem, kind of my signature poem, "First Hours of a Rainy Day," and that was a recording from... it says on the piece of paper... I think it was 9/5, no... let's see, what was it here... that recording was from 9/5/1999. That's correct, yeah...

Brian Cox: Very good, very good.

D. A. Wilson: ... and that was about the time that I put out my uh, my book of poems with that title, and uh, so now I'm happy, since I was last with you Brian, I've relaunched my publication, the ROARSHOCK PAGE which..."

Brian Cox: Very good. I am a subscriber, at least digitally.

D. A. Wilson: Thank you.

Brian Cox: I would like... I should subscribe to the printed... Is there a printed edition or is it just digital now?

D. A. Wilson: I'm holding the printed edition right here in my hand.

Brian Cox: Ooooo, the printed word, as legitimate as you can imagine.

D. A. Wilson: It uh, yeah, this was about... around the turn of the last century, and I'm pretty firm on that...

Brian Cox: Yes.

D. A. Wilson: ... and uh, I did a literary street flyer, basically...

Brian Cox: Cool!

D. A. Wilson: ... one page, which is a nice format, and then I had a website, so this has been relaunched. It went sort of in a state of hibernation for a decade, and I've relaunched with Volume 5 in October, and uh, the cool thing is there is still the street flyer which you can perhaps find various places around town, uh, but there is also the totally revamped website which makes it interactive so that there are different sections on the website. For example, there is an almanac. There is always an almanac section on The Page, but uh, the online almanac is much expanded and continues to expand, linking to encyclopedia articles, etc.

Brian Cox: Far out.

D. A. Wilson: There is a general archive section...

Brian Cox: Oh good.

D. A. Wilson: ... with an art gallery that's growing. So in any event... and there are ways to interact... So...

Brian Cox: Where do we find it?

D. A. Wilson: Ah yes, that's a good idea... www.roarshock.net... very simple, so go there and look around.

Brian Cox: R-O-A-R-S-H-O-C-K dot net.

D. A. Wilson: Yes, and the uh, The Page is there, the entire backlog of The Pages are archived there, all the way back to the very beginning, which was Vol. 0, No. 0, and that came out December 24, 1998.

Brian Cox: Ooooooo, very good.

D. A. Wilson: So we're back, and uh... so I'll read a piece now from there. This was the inaugural return issue, Vol. 5, No. 1, October 9, 2012, my birthday, and uh this was a piece from that.

NORTH BEACH STATION

Feet firmly on the ground, the green lawn of Washington Square. In San Francisco, I have lived most of my life high above the air - In walk-up apartments, and surveying the City, the Bay and Environs from the eagle's eye view of downtown high-rises. To actually touch the earth, nourishes my soul, and I have spent long interludes on the grass in the open heart of North Beach. It was here that people gathered after the Great Quake in 1906, and where I saw them gather again following the Little Big Quake of 1989. On the north the twin spires of Ss. Pietro e Paolo @ 666 Filbert Street tower over the park. In the west the din from MUNI and other traffic on Columbus Avenue rising steeply beyond to Russian Hill. Mario's Bohemian Cigar Store Cafe to the south serving espresso and grilled eggplant sandwiches that are always the same, always good. Telegraph Hill with Coit's Tower atop rises to the east, and at its foot, looking out over the park, the little postal box that ROARSHOCK PAGE for years has called its North Beach home. Other picnic memories, of brown paper wrapped bottles from Coit Liquors sipped on the quiet. The fragrance of California marijuana floating on the breeze from the sidelines of the park. Grim faced junkies mustering enough gumption to go Uptown in search of "a drag." Sitting on the grass with Vampyre Mike, drinking malt liquor and reading comic books, agreeing that Reed Richards was definitely a guy "who needed to be taken down a few pegs." Saint Stupid's Day concert and my daughters joining in singing "Bohemian Rhapsody;" the "Jesus Smack-down" wrestling contest (Jesus v. Jesus & Jesus v. Buddha - "I'm Buddha. I'm usually into Peace & Love, but this Jesus IS going DOWN!"). That was the last time I saw Ken Kesey, who showed us how to get high in the park without drugs!!!! (You roll up in a ball and hug your knees, hyperventilate, and then leap upwards toward the sky with an exploding head. I wish I could remember the name of that technique!) One question remains, and the answer as clear as day, but as dark as a moonless night: Why does Benjamin Franklin preside as a statue in the center of Washington's Square?

Brian Cox: I've asked myself that a million times, especially when I used to gaze upon that very same statue from Coit Liquors. So uh, we're going to play some music that you've selected next. Thank you for listening to Sonic Subversion. We're going to hear more live poetry from D. A. Wilson in a little bit. It's Sonic Subversion.

She Was Golden – Brass Farthing

Unbroken Chain – Grateful Dead

Jesus Built My Hotrod – Ministry

The End Of The World – Skeeter Davis

Two Tribes (Annihilation mix) – Frankie Goes To Hollywood

Happy Donut – Dieselhead

Brian Cox: It's the Sonic Subversion show. Bring out your dead. D. A. Wilson, what was that song you were just playing?

D. A. Wilson: That was "Happy Donut" by San Francisco's own Dieselhead.

Brian Cox: Yes. I'm a fan of Happy Donut every now and then. Sometimes I get a bagel and coffee there in the early morning hours, depending on what neighborhood I'm in.

D. A. Wilson: Indeed.

Brian Cox: Which location do you think they were thinking of? Haight Street?

D. A. Wilson: No, I think they were thinking of 3rd and Townsend.

Brian Cox: Oh, very good. So um, before Dieselhead and "Happy Donut," what did we play? I was playing... oh, it was "Two Tribes." Janine played that. She's out entertaining guests in the green room right now, but "Two Tribes (Annihilation mix)." That was Frankie Goes To Hollywood from some time in the '80s. Before that, we heard "The End Of The World" by Skeeter Davis, and before that I played "Jesus Built My Hotrod" by Ministry, and before that "Unbroken Chain" by Grateful Dead.

D. A. Wilson: The mighty Phil Lesh.

Brian Cox: Yes, Phil Lesh on the vocals there... and before that we heard "She Was Golden" by Brass Farthing. That was another one of D. A. Wilson's contributions musically to the show, just like the last "Happy Donut" there, so now uh, Mr. Wilson is going to do some stuff, and I want to say hey thanks across the street to Carousel Consignment for listening in. They're our new neighbors over there at the old Mike's Fashions, and I hope they keep that Mike's Fashions sign out there. So D. A., what've you got going for us man?

D. A. Wilson: So this next piece here, we're going to, um, it's the solstice today...

Brian Cox: It is December 21st... yule...

D. A. Wilson: ... and uh, end of the long calendar and we're starting...

Brian Cox: ... the 4,000-year Mayan calendar, circular calendar, circles repeating.

D. A. Wilson: ... and I feel great!

Brian Cox: Yeah, me too.

D. A. Wilson: So this... this second piece, we're going to reach back, though, to the... to the last of the quarter of holidays, Halloween. This was uh... this appeared in the

ROARSHOCK PAGE October 31st issue... and uh, but it's still... it's about, you know, the cycles and the turning of the wheel of the year in the cosmos.

Brian Cox: Oh very good.

D. A. Wilson: So here we go with this one.

HALLOWE'EN

Farewell the lighter half of 2012, hurtle we now into the darker half. Light great fires in the night, show the stars that we survive. Light the beacons on Teufelberg - Teufelberg - The Hill! Teufelberg - The Sky! Teufelberg - Berlin! The Shire of Teufelberg was named for Mount Diablo ("Devil's Mountain") which dominates its scenery. The Shire stretches eastward from the Oakland Hills to the Brandenburger Tor. Here find memorandum for the Shire of Teufelberg (East Contra Costa County, Concord, Martinez, Moraga, Pleasant Hill, Port Costa, Walnut Creek, Antioch, Lafayette, Orinda, Canyon, Clayton, Clyde.): All harvest to be brought in, foods and the fruits of our labors carefully inventoried, and stored securely against cold dark winter days that lie ahead. First of the four "quarter days" of our year, this Festival goes back much further than few dare contemplate. See David Lynch fly high, like a dark knight of cloud consciousness, from Teufelberg, Berlin, over the deep ocean of mediation and lost ruin of fair Atlantis, to Mount Diablo, California. Followed - by a longshot - by David Sieveking on magick carpet, girded with movie camera, boom microphone, and mantra. This night the veil between worlds at its thinnest point of the whole year. Let us now recall the directions of The Dreamlands: Out of the North, out of the Plateau of Leng. Out of the East, out of the City of Celephaïs and The Forbidden Lands. Out of the South, out of Isle of Oriab and the Fantastic Realms. Out of the West, out of the Port of Dylath-Leen, the Town of Ulthar (where no man may kill a cat), and the ruins of ancient Sarnath. The Fortunate Isles of the Western Sea still excite the imagination, for they "abound in fruit and birds of every kind... these islands, however, are greatly annoyed by the putrefying bodies of monsters, which are constantly thrown up by the sea" -- According to Pliny the Elder (Natural History). It was ever thus! The dramatis personæ of the Mythological Cycle invite our attention, especially at this time of year, when the physical and supernatural worlds are close and magical things do happen. We are not consumers, we are human beings! Not pumpkins, nor turnips! See Paul Kantner hallucinating on the Kearny Street sidewalk - Inside the "Lusty Lady Theater," River Phoenix takes in the peep-show, while Vincent Price smiles wryly from an adjacent booth. Ignis fatuus, Mr. Jack-o'-lantern! Apples red as port wine float in the old wooden wash basin. Have your woman fetch you one, and get her in the mood, receptive to new worlds. Trick-or-treat? Whirling of the Wheel of the Year. Hobbits, Orcs, great golden dragons with witches on the wing! Witches writhing wildly on broomsticks! Wizards reading runes - at work on mighty conjurings of praeternatural Faeries! Bank and stoke your fires well, and we shall ride-out the long night until November dawn. Our shelters shorn up, prudent insurance when storms are likely. In the buckets and bubbling cauldrons, as we

gaze opaquely deep into the past, among the smoke and flame we might see bright glimpses of our future.

Brian Cox: Far out man! Alright, should I introduce the piece of music you've had next, or do you want to... or just play it?

D. A. Wilson: You could... play it. I'll remember what it was after it plays.

Brian Cox: It was track 9 from this.

D. A. Wilson: Oh, OK. Play it... play it! We'll talk about it later.

The Rope – Brass Farthing (from “More Songs About Dogs & Beer” 2010)

I'll Be Home For Christmas – Milla Milojkovic (live in studio)

(clapping in the background)

Milla: Thank you San Francisco.

Brian Cox: And that was not a recording folks.

Janine: Live!

Brian Cox: That was live in the studio.

Janine: And in the place!

D. A. Wilson: Real radio.

Brian Cox: Mr. Wilson, what was the song before “I'll Be Home For Christmas” sung ever so wonderfully a capella by Milla.

D. A. Wilson: Oh, that song was another song... oh here, I'm not on my mic.

Brian Cox: Yeah.

D. A. Wilson: That song... here I am. That song was by Brass Farthing, and it's called “The Rope” and a little birdie told me that if you go to The Dickens Fair, Brass Farthing plays a couple times a day at Mad Sal's Dockside Ale House...

Brian Cox: Oh beautiful.

D. A. Wilson: ... one more weekend.

Brian Cox: And Milla, what about your music career. What're you doing? Put those phones on. Do you want to give your whole name?

Milla: Milla Milojkovic, and I'm studying in Chicago... grad school, so I'm not doing much with music...

Brian Cox: OK.

Milla: ... but I was around San Francisco a lot as a jazz singer so, you might recognize me... probably not.

Brian Cox: Well thank you for giving us that bit of yuletide cheer.

Milla: Thank you.

Brian Cox: Yeah, so now, speaking of the yule and/or Christmas, how about some more songs about circles and cycles coming to completion, huh? Well at least this next one is a cromlech. That would be in the... in the proper Britannic, I believe... cromlech, which means stone circle. You can also use it to refer to one of those dolmans or a uh... or one of the uh, the 3 walls with a stone slab on top type constructions. Either way, a stone marked ancient grave in the ancient British isles. Cromlech by the Wolf People. Cromlech is also used to describe a stone circle and, of course, stone circles have everything to do with circles, cycles of life coming together and, of course, mapping when the solstices happen. Any good cromlech should have a stone placed right where the sun rises on the... on the winter solstice or hell, it's not a good cromlech.

Cromlech – Wolf People

Queen's Privateer – Sons of Anacreon (from "Pull My Finger" 2002)

Brian Cox: Faced days without beer?

D. A. Wilson: Arrrrr! It's a sad fate. That was a fortuitous little uh, uh mixup... got us to hear the uh...

Brian Cox: Yes, I hit play on that before I meant to.

D. A. Wilson: The Sons of Anacreon doing "Queen's Privateer." So, I'm going to conclude here with today's piece. This is uh, today's ROARSHOCK PAGE, Vol. 5, No. 5, and again go to www.roarshock.net. Go there now and keep going back because it was launched October 9th and it's... it keeps getting more all the time.

LAND'S END (Abridged)

According to Mayan calculations, a current cycle of the world will end in December 2012, with some disagreement over whether the wild and rocky edit screen will break apart @ Sutro Baths' ruin live HD surf cam, or watch a hovercraft land on San Francisco's Ocean Beach, as part of a mad ride past the event horizon. Already considered pre-historic evidence indicates that Land's End was a seasonal campsite for Native Americans, with a strong emphasis on fiction and jazz music, and a long line of

books into the Outer Richmond, and separated for other years of history by a group of young, discharged mental patients—said once to have dwelt in Hyperborea—who came to argue for the South of Market nightclubs, and the new wave industries of Media Gulch. Which would be fine, were it not for the reality shortage, and the impending and demonstrated result of too much real-time video game play-acting shoot-'em-ups, and too many ear buds and brain spouts, and sprouts and gouts, that eerily hurt too many, and help no one. Not even a blessed angel in disguise. We need to get off MUNI and take a walk in the open air. Along Land's End Trail to find memories of many journeys. See a small child, your father, walking with your grandfather long ago. The fogs and blues of ocean and sky last forever, and north and west the memories of old lost Lemuria. Bring your camera, and reunite with your loved ones in an attempt to top that horse-and-rider mail delivery found @ Land's End Labyrinth. Only a cable car and a 38L ride away. Walking slowly in the Winter Solstice light, out of the silence of the wind's roar, here you may encounter a terrifying giant stepmother, or a troll, who may hand you a sieve and tell you: "Go, fill it at the Well @ Land's End and bring it beneath the Golden Gate Bridge, plunged into mystery that portends the end of the most beautiful places I have ever seen over the Pacific Ocean, above rocks populated by lounging seals! There once was a cat named Silvarah who ruled many worlds, and even in lost Lemuria! Consult the ancient, pre-Atlantean Book of Dzyan by the Mahatmas. This place in time ascribes the truth of the Ascended Ones and Great Humanity which claims that survivors of sunken Lemuria live (or lived, or yet will live!) inside of Mount Shasta in Northern California! These Lemurians dwell hidden within a complex of tunnels beneath the mountain, but occasionally are seen walking on the mountain dressed in white robes! Secrets kept and secrets ignored! Remember: The Bay Bridge, the Richmond Bridge, the Carquinez Strait bridges, the trolls and tolls! Tough, tough trolls. The Golden Gate Bridge has that pot of true gold and this San Francisco landmark grins in all and any weather and has many lives." So while digesting that oracle, and looking for a way ahead, we recapitulate that this page focuses on the Pony Express route that operated from timbers...

Brian Cox: Timbers.

D. A. Wilson: Hold on a second.

Brian Cox: Your page is missing.

D. A. Wilson: Page is missing. You're going to have to go online and read the rest... www.roarshock.net. Thank you Brian and thank you Janine for having me here today.

Brian Cox: Indeed. Did you have a song you wanted us to end with here?

D. A. Wilson: That second to the last cut there.

Brian Cox: Alright, very good.

Janine: Yay!... wooooo!

D. A. Wilson: I was just getting warmed up.

Dieselhead hidden tracks at the end of "Ice Chest"; "Hummingbirds" (Soul Sisters) and "Root Coot Coot Coot!" (from "Dieselhed" 1993)

(in the background as we fade out... Sons of Anacreon "Dickens' Cider" (from "Pull My Finger" 2002)...)