

## Radio Valencia 87.9FM - San Francisco, CA

### Sonic Subversion

With Brian and Janine

### Briny Beach Memoirs - with D. A. Wilson

December 27, 2013 4:00 p.m.

*Dominique* - Soeur Sourire

*Mannix Theme* - Lalo Schifrin

*Prefabricated* - Trust

*Wild Cat* - Gene Vincent

*St. Louis Blues* - Tav Falco's Panther Burns

Brian: It's the Sonic Subversion show. I'm Brian. Janine was playing music earlier. I'll tell you what we played after we hear from D.A. Wilson in a little bit. D.A. Wilson, San Francisco writer, publisher of the Roarshock Pages. Right now, some Yusef Lateef.

*Live Humble* - Yusef Lateef

Reading by D. A. Wilson

D. A. Wilson: ...sailing ship King Philip, wrecked at Ocean Beach, along the route of the hovercraft that landed to avert the fiscal cliff right where San Francisco begins at the Golden Gate. Across the wide Missouri, across the Great Plains, mountains and deserts, and all along the banks of the Old Sacramento, astronomers have been watching a faint comet on a leisurely, idiosyncratic tour of the fabled "fireball explosion" that appeared to rip the sky apart where Mark Twain—who saw the Pony Express in action first hand - described the riders that proudly served an American Western television series, with thrilling images of racing across treacherous terrain west out of St. Joseph. The Forty-Niner trope dissolves with untarnished retro-futuristic postwar expansionism and superhero 'round the Horn art thrills, at a friendly smile, which can be summed up in two words: slow mail. Forty-Niners created a combined mix, and split apart mixes, multimedia @ peaceful creation away from urban chaos near the largest world wheel sculpture using early birds split apart on the mirror and expanded on the westernmost live HD cam stream. The false alarm was only a test. Our wilderness can never be invaded by any drone. One comic book crossover storyline published laminates & publicity packs about random mysterious religious groups which contain bewildered multitudes who worship @ Seal Rocks, and they claim to know the secret password of the trolls. Mayan mystery calendars apprehend the fakeness of boarders, and applaud our new applications of fictional mythologies. Some poems speak, like cold winter air, of a sheer precipice within the park (and the hidden mountain), and yet marvelously find shelter in mysterious little eyes filled with love. Yes, she kisses and incites, others console. As the poet, maestro of his own social science fiction film, and others have noted, there's hardly a date in history

so significant to so many cultures, so many religions, scientists, thieves and beggars, artists and lovers glowing and mingling around undiscovered friendly role-playing with their fellow creatures, who were not limited to beaches, to rocky cliffs, to crash of surf and rush of wind, and the sun sinking behind the Pacific Ocean horizon, who did not at least a little bit wonder... Wonder, mysterious wonder... What a breath of fresh air, what a good stretch in the wind. Many Internet websites falsely say that the world would end in December 2012, but the world did not end in 2012. Mahalo.

*Into The Mystic - Van Morrison*

Brian: It's the Sonic Subversion radio program here on Radio Valencia in beautiful San Francisco.

Janine: We have a special guest in the studio.

Brian: That's right. Local writer, poet D. A. Wilson read you...

Janine: Glad to have you back!

Brian: ...a little bit, and he's going to be talking and doing more words in a little bit, and we'll all dig it rightly.

Janine: Absolutely. So, where were we? We played a lot of stuff for you.

Brian: This is correct.

Janine: Hope everyone survived the holidays.

Brian: I did.

Janine: So did I, luckily. Um, we started that whole set out with *Dominique*. I don't know if anyone recognized that song from the second season of *American Horror Story Asylum* where that song got played almost every episode for a while, um, and I'm not sure how to say this. I know it's the French phrase for *The Singing Nun* which she also went by. Um, that was a big hit in 1962, um and things fell on hard times. She re-released the song in 1982 as a disco hit...

Brian: *Soeur Sourire*

Janine: um, and she committed suicide with her girlfriend in '85, um, so there was actually a movie done about her life in '66 and then something came out not too long ago in Belgium, but that's where she's from. Very interesting story. I think that's kind of why that song got chosen for that show.

Brian: Mmm hmm.

Janine: Um, we heard...

Brian: So that's The Singing Nun, Soeur Sourire.

Janine: ...with the track *Dominique*.

Brian: Pardon my French.

Janine: Before that we heard... or after that we heard the *Mannix Theme* by Lalo Schifrin...

Brian: A favorite show

Janine: ...we all know the show, ran from '67 to '75. Um, we heard the Slinky commercial, and then we heard *Prefabricated* by Trust from the 1981 soundtrack album of the movie Heavy Metal. We heard *Wild Cat* by Gene Vincent from 1959, and then *St. Louis Blues*.

Brian: That's right, *St. Louis Blues*, as covered by Tav Falco and the Panther Burns. Discovered them a little bit ago on a documentary about uh...

Janine: Yes, Alex Chilton was in that band.

Brian: ...Alex Chilton, who uh... uh was often introduced in that band as Axel Chitlins... but anyway, uh yeah some really good stuff on there...

Janine: There's some funny YouTube stuff to watch.

Brian: The other one I almost played was the *Bourgeois Blues* which will probably make it into next show.

Janine: Oh, I'm looking forward.

Brian: Yeah, and then... then we did *Live Humble*.

Janine: Okay. We decided it was *Live Humble* and not live humble?

Brian: (laughing) Maybe it's live humble. I just like it... I think of it as like live evil. Every time I look at that, some... some jazz song starting with that L-I-V-E. No, I'm sure it's live humble.

Janine: Or it's *Live live Humble*.

Brian: I'd assume it's *Live Humble*.

Janine: Then we heard from D. A. Wilson.

Brian: *Live Humble*, Yusef Lateef. He passed away on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of December. He's one of our favorites here. Yes, and then right after that D. A. Wilson. What was the name of that poem?

D. A.: That was a reading from the Roarshock Page.

Brian: Ah yes, reading from the Roarshock Page, available at finer poetry outlets.

D. A.: Yes, that was the December 22, 2012 edition, and the part that we missed when the world ended last year.

Brian: Indeed, continuing from last show that Mr. Wilson was on, uh and then after that we heart *Into the Mystic*, Van Morrison, a classic.

Janine: Well, what else we got going on?

Brian: Well, since I was talking about Yusef Lateef, uh, and uh his passing, I uh, I played something from uh, from a recommended album from about the same era... the uh, with a a diverse Yusef Lateef. I'm going to go back to Yusef Lateef's Detroit.

Janine: Do that.

Brian: Yeah, and let's see... let me picking, pick uh, pick one here. How about *Livingston Playground*?

Janine: Sounds good. Stick around for more Sonic Subversion.

*Livingston Playground* - Yusef Lateef  
*The Girl From Ipanema* - Herb Alpert  
*Golden Dawn* - Ministry  
*Repo-Man* - Iggy Pop  
*Farmer's Toast* - Oak, Ash & Thorn

Reading by D.A. Wilson

D. A.: Hi everybody! This is D. A. Wilson, also known as Roarshock... and uh, I am thrilled to be here with Brian and Janine on the Sonic Subversion show, reading to you from the Roarshock Page. If you'd like to read along, you can go to [www.roarshock.net](http://www.roarshock.net) and they're all there. All the stuff is there... or, not everything I'm going to read, but most of it, and uh this piece is from the current issue, Volume 6 Number 13, December 21, 2013, uh exactly one year since the world ended on December 21, 2012, only it didn't.

Brian: Very convenient for us.

D. A.: It's... it worked out well for us Brian. Uh, so this is our 2013 Year in Review: *.....a new experiment begins with the serialization of what may be the first novel composted most entirely from SPAM!.....* The men in black knew all secrets of the Kennedy assassination, being honor bound to protect those secrets, despite the investigative reporting of Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce. Had he not disappeared in Mexico, Bierce would have had much to reveal about The National Security Act of 1947, and the founding of the CIA and NSA. In February.....*Punxsutawney Phil Sowerby & Phriends celebrate Candlemas and Groundhog Day, and Happy Birthday James Joyce!.....* The current wanderer had little found baggage that witchcraft dared her in her wrinkled eyes. Perchance the Nation wears experience, Mr. Gaff H. Freestanding, loud and earnestly he questioned lock school. ....*the Silver Streak Comics Group/Pinel Publications turned 40 this year.....* We were unable to sleep write, sir. But ground fly match that reminds my tongue of wall pain soft inquired of the elder Envies Q. Murderous. "With black lock upset a juicy agent could burst the faction! To get married? No--yes, he was overflow smoke knee wake, NOW I recollect."—statement bulb— "One instant, infamous concerned deceive will flung secretary, you see that we strung reality going to liver without you, any way you want, or rather a reproof veiled, either it gets tired, or you can lie down." said Emily Neff. "Everything, even November, knew the story that I meant to tell in reply to the old black witch, in a tone of spicy fragrance. In April.....*Those gathered will then follow the Stations of Stupid, performing the necessary rituals, such as checking the lug nuts, to make sure they are good and tight, and that Old California and New California remain attached another year.....* Cook served a next Powered Mutant Dictator Cheese fun. Head Order Dread Rocks Rock in climbing a hiding volcano. I am assisted by some wicked flight instructor. Jesus Hussein struck the building. The airplane, which also carried flight instructor Oversleep Q. Kaohsiung struck the building to pull out of the central front in the war." A light wind and prompt service, from a friendly and professional customer service team was cited by federal investigators who said Bullshit D. Salvageable wore the duck. ....*Clephius J. Troll might yet have accomplished his Great Works without Dan Nettell, but it would've been much more difficult.....* Forest Chaplain Daniel Flanagan praised authorities for charging the man accused, but he did not disclose a motive and would not say what led to finishing a four-day fast, because and before the case continued. ....*In the Merry month of May, the heart of spring and gateway to summer on the northern Earth. While the air stays full with the scent of flowers.... and KING SAINT FINNERTY THE FESTIVE! ..what goes around comes around... said August Ferdinand Möbius (1790–1868) And in June.....Bloomsday comes but once a year, but when it does it brings good cheer, and if we don't weep, or cry in our sleep, then we shall grin from ear to ear.....* Now everything has changed and transformed, over many ages, many friends and loved ones scattered, and some dear ones now with the dead. Cycles turning around, just like they always will. The new generation comes on the scene, and we shall see how they throw the shoes. ....*Shake up the Status Quo and re-direct*

*reality..... with **REAL REPLICA WATCHES** .....40 years ago something weird happened to Robert Anton Wilson, which he interpreted—at the time—as a telepathic communication from extraterrestrial beings from the Dog Star, Sirius..... All that I crave, clothes, the name of our people; the land of the Phaeacians who got through the night with credit. If it had sharpened the lances, it was opened by your bewildered screw, Bullshit D. Salvageable, not necessary to shop for Maggie Maria, or admit him to the visit he so much desired that night. ....We are glad to be here doing whatever we are doing, and we will keep doing it a while longer..... “ What's your plan?” President Oversleep Q. Kaohsiung said at a rally in support of the president's handling of the old lady, as she put away her bonnet frames to play with me. One little girl was so kind as to come on purpose to invite you to a share in her own appearance, to deceive the eyes of Gaff H. Freestanding. ....For only a brief twinkling are we alive in the field of time, and now it rests upon us to observe traditions that transcend us and transcend time..... All these explained and altered with ease, or to avoid defeat of any kind, and so not know that Oversleep Q. Kaohsiung found it necessary to coin words. Honey called sweet because it contains sweetness to shyly attract and hold the attention of Envious Q. Murderous, who meanwhile went garden cooing on misspelled miniature step, and the wind blew strongly as these quaint wine dreams have come, infinite as the sea, and her love as deep. .... daylight attempts to illuminate the scene and sense of where we are going from where we have been...*

*In My Life - The Beatles*

Brian: Sonic Subversion radio program, still happening to you.

Janine: You still there?

Brian: I think they are actually.

Janine: Yeah.

Brian: Yes.

Janine: Very good. Wow, we just had a good run there with some more verse.

Brian: We did, writer D. A. Wilson... was enjoying his recap of the surreal year there. Perhaps he'll have some... some other things like that for us in a bit. In fact, I know he will.

Janine: We got... we got almost a full hour left of the show...

Brian: Yeah, it's great...

Janine: It's only 8 minutes past the 5 o'clock hour.

Brian: We're rich with time, I like to say.

Janine: So, yeah... we've got more stuff coming along here. Let's see, since we last spoke...

Brian: Let's go backwards cause D. A., after his last writing reading there had us play *In My Life* by The Beatles, which always sort of seems to mean something after anything that it follows. It's great that way! It's an open-ended emotive thing. Uh, before that we heard D. A. Wilson reading. Does that have any particular, ticular...

D. A.: That's the 2013 In Review...

Brian: 213 in review.

D. A.: ...in the current issue of the Roarshock Page... on the home page right now.

Brian: Courtesy of the Roarshock Page. It's on the home page... [www.roarshock.net](http://www.roarshock.net). R-O-A-R-S-H-O-C-K dot net... for those who might be transcribing somewhere. And uh, before we heard that we had... uh, oh yes, he also requested a bit of a... uh, sort of a Gaelic-flavored folk song... long life to the farmer.. Oak, Ash & Thorn...

D. A.: The a capella group out of the East Bay.

Brian: Out of the east... out of the far, peaty, mossy regions of the East Bay... very good.

D. A.: Berkeley, the high country.

Brian: The high country where they make that good smoky whiskey.

Janine: Well put.

Brian: And before that, Janine...

Janine: Well, we heard from Iggy Pop doing the title song to the movie *Repo-Man*...

Brian: Yeah, like that...

Janine: ...and then before that we heard Ministry doing *Golden Dawn*...

Brian: Mmm hmm... heard some Crowlean verse.

Janine: ...from the 1988 album *The Land of Rape and Honey*...

Brian: Yes.

Janine: ...and then we heard Herb Alpert's rendition of *The Girl from Ipanema*.

Brian: Yeah.

Janine: ...and then before that *Livingston Playground* by Yusef Lateef...

Brian: That's right. That's from the Detroit album.

Janine: ...sadly missed. Yep, just recently passed.

Brian: He's great. Still lives with his music, which is the great thing about recording a whole bunch of great music as he did. One of the last living greats.

Janine: Well, we're kind of right between the holidays right now. Hope everyone had a good holiday. We got one more to go until the January month comes on us.

Brian: Ahhh, they're just coming at you like a rapid fire.

Janine: Yes, I think next Friday is my Monarch gig, so I may be here for the first hour of the show, but otherwise come check me out over at Monarch between 5:30 and 9:30, spinning upstairs, happy hour at Monarch, 6<sup>th</sup> and Mission, but uh, Sonic Subversion will be going on as planned from 4 to 6 right here on Radio Valencia...

Brian: This is true.

Janine: ...the Sonic Subversion program.

Brian: This is extremely true.

Janine: Alright, let's keep going. We got about 50 minutes til 6 o'clock when Play for Today comes on. Um, last week we had an extended show, from 4 to 8 o'clock. They were both out of town or something didn't work out. The robo DJ was broken, and we all had a rate great time with playing our holiday songs for 4 hours. Alright, let's keep it going.

Brian: Sonic Subversion.... Radio Valencia.

*La Doux Renard* - Illustration  
*Couldn't I Just Tell You* - Todd Rundgren  
*Open My Eyes* - The Nazz

*The Walrus and The Carpenter* - Lewis Carroll, read by D.A. Wilson

D. A.:

Wow! I hope everybody's having as much fun as I am. Uh, this is D. A. Wilson again, and uh... wow, this is great. Um, I'm so happy to be on the Sonic Subversion program because I'm a big fan of the program, and Brian and Janine are always playing the really cool tunes every Friday 4-6 p.m. on Radio Valencia. So we're to the part of the show where I get to do a cover poem, and um, I'm sending this one out to my dad, John O. Wilson. I hope he's listening. He learned to recite this poem as a young man, and as a boy, hearing him recite it, was one of the things that got me to really understand the beauty and power of the spoken word and the dimension of poetry that is in the spoken word, plus this is just one of the great classic poems in English literature and also goes with our marking time theme. This is by Lewis Carroll. It's from *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There* published in 1872, and the poem is:

*The Walrus and the Carpenter*

The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright--  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done--  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead--  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year.  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,

“That they could get it clear?”  
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”  
The Walrus did beseech.  
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head--  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat--  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more--  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,  
“To talk of many things:  
Of shoes--and ships--and sealing-wax--  
Of cabbages--and kings--  
And why the sea is boiling hot--  
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,  
“Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!”  
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,  
“Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed--  
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
“After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!”  
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said.  
“Do you admire the view?”

“It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!”  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
“Cut us another slice:  
I wish you were not quite so deaf--  
I've had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,  
“To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!”  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
“The butter's spread too thick!”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said:  
“I deeply sympathize.”  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,  
“You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?”  
But answer came there none--

And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.

*Vissi D'Arte* - Helga Wilson  
*Fear No More* - Oak, Ash & Thorn  
*Soul Kitchen* - The Doors  
*Sex Ist Out, Ich Bin Geklont* - Schaltkreis Wasserman  
*Bourgeois Blues* - Tav Falco's Panther Burns  
*Concrete and Clay* - Unit 4+2

Reading by D.A. Wilson

D. A.: Ahhh, indeed everybody... D. A. Wilson one more time to read to you this afternoon, and um thanks Brian and Janine for having me in...

Brian: Oh yeah man.

Janine: Thanks for coming in.

D. A.: ...and thanks everybody out there for uh... for logging in and listening. We can see you out there, and we really appreciate your tuning in. So uh, the last piece... this is uh... step out on a limb a little bit here... this is a work in progress, and uh this will be in the next volume of the Roarshock Page, which will be January... middle of January... the 18<sup>th</sup> I bet. This is 2014 – A Look Ahead.

Different cooks will slice an onion in different ways, dicing an onion being a bit of a culinary Roarshock test. Across the middle, creating patterns generated using our inkblot test: a method of psychological evaluation: a projective test associated with the Freudian school of Grateful Dead gigs live from California. An artist Statement, a gust of roar! Big Brother has got to go! Shock. Critters. Eye tricks, restore the roarshock timing tsunami. They died of "roar shock" and shall be gentle after a few seconds of soundless white-titles-on-black background screen, a blinding whiteness and massive roar shocks us into high alert. At one point in the second half Roarshock was sent flying off to turn directly into the sound system / DJ table. Video available online to see this fast, furious, stunning and bold hometown work recently published, with names to buy a monster high gust of roar! Shock of such great responsibility, as our sweet Little Sugar would be no Royal Strumpet, but virtue depends more on situation. If burst ROAR > shock reinventing a paradigm: posted in blog project by Roarshock. First, a disclaimer. Contrary to popular belief, and every gust of interchangeable pattern, characters traditionally have had decorative material designed specifically for Roarshock, who spent 30 years developing supernatural powers, culminating in powers versatile, adaptable, and extremely resourceful. Roarshock may be both villainous and heroic depending on who you ask. Study a studio of music and videos @ ROARSHOCK PAGE @ Ye Olde Roarshock Site @ Treasure Map @ Mobile Site hash tags that have been stoned on partially completed arch marked

falsework, and the rubble filled mixed media tumbling with all pomegranates into the Bay with a roar, shock, and tremor, which was reported to have been how the test became a method of psychological evaluation. Owl to clear up any confusion in the community of artists and those devoted to the arts: digital art, skin art, traditional art, photography, poetry and prose. Be the first notified (via email) when ratings post statistics for scary monsters and nice sprites on a big online comix database. Be prepared to join podcasters and creators of music and audio for a ride into stark, shrieking terror. Deep within the recesses of a twisted brain, a seed lies dormant lingering in an online pinboard profile of an inkblot test for the world at large. Remember, Roarshock, roar! Putting my alter ego aside, the name at times seemed like a true original painting. Acrylic on Wood Panel. Monster high, monster high, Cupid call imagination. But who flunked the Roarshock test? That sure upset the lion cat, who administered the test, whoever did. Knowledge about life may prove to be exceptionally handy to those who are alive. Monster beat gets some awesome help writing about Roarshock. Events of the past few weeks have caused an unprecedented wave of shock and uncertainty in Americans and citizens all over the world of control: heroic monkeys roar along the future shock that played in poetry presentations at the headphones studio class. Dragon people, in general foam, with very strong arms, tear the taboo on drug use in the piece by the Angry Druid, driving the maddening needle of addiction through and through the thin skin at a level like the fit of a French Tickler. Overheated like the curse of smokescreen, almost beat by the post-modern Pynchon fest. Death by Hatti Muffintrap as a form of training, but Hatti Muffintrap prevents old money from happening, after being unfortunately downloaded to play the final Illuminati skill search for intelligent life. Close up and SloMo video versions were deleted from a blogging, a more than small momentum push. So maybe soul find the energy to do a more serious view of images, as a river of photos, and use a real download of Roarshock rhythm with rhetoric and quotes from a storyboard of a storyboard which gave a Rorschach test via cat cartoons, while Tai Tai remains a naturally happy person. Diamonds for mushrooms, night vision effects, or for a long afternoon of perpetuating intellectual property ignorance. Drums for fearsome Roarshock. Blast through the ever night with Acid spells, useful for destroying all energy and excitement of a new found discovery recorded live from the first five shows ever played with corrosive blood, but recalled also that the animal head helped street poets get published in a very cheaply produced literary flyer called Roarshock Page, edited completely by red light like the ink blot tests. A simple alerting tool for Frank Chu events cut like a wholesale fashion custom card created for an adaptation. Casts up, shooting begins soon. Coexist remote control electronic significant hiccup in the industrial experimental bark. Disclaimer: who make no profit from this, fast as the wind, in the center, submitted by slideshow, mud elephant ninjas don't roar. A painting filled each shape differently, for home was home before better learning ordered and received a bunch of stuff only available in paperback over the last several weeks. Golden Land Information Services offered customized earphones and devils are now demons of depression. Monster rune accessory headphones beat spacebound variation, and devils such as have been leaked and not hugged. Listen to the

trembling bars of good songs with beats by the guy with an animal who bursts through the window with a snarl from a whisper to a roar. Wave thunder deletes roar shock factor and green beats by studio shock and angels have been such a trigger study in dynamic contrast. Scored for five percussionists on instruments, including: temple blocks, wake up calls, and only half a friction gust of roar! Shock reading by D. A. Wilson in San Francisco, with a photo via monster turbine, through the Golden Gate with a nice neutral pongee silk and antique cherry frame.

Brian: Solid. Solid... the Sonic Subversion is coming to an end right now. That was just local writer D. A. Wilson. I'm Brian. That was Janine. Play for Today is on next. We played *Bourgeois Blues* by Tav Falco and the Panther Burns, *Sex Ist Out*, *Ich Bin Geklont* – Schaltkreis, *Fear No More*... see ya!