

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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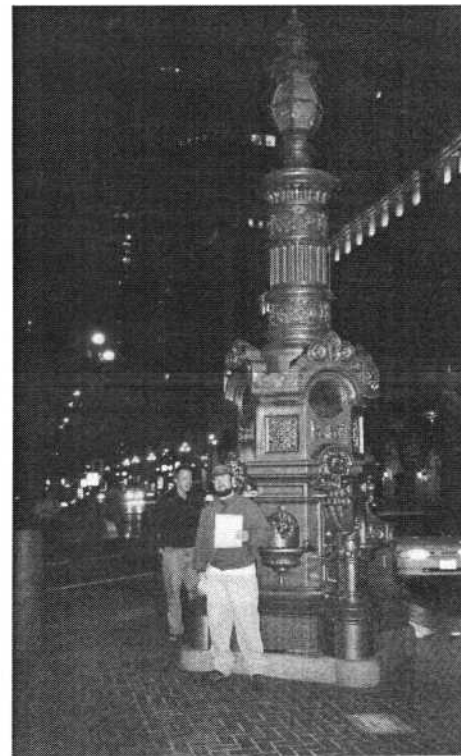
San Francisco

October 9, 2000

Today I, D. A. Wilson, publisher and editor of Roarshock Page, celebrate a full 40 years of breathing on this planet. From this vantage point, my life looks like a kind of Rorschach Test. I look back down the years through layers of memory, acquired knowledge and experience, personal mythology, dreams and poetical thoughts. I think of the family, friends, and traveling companions known along the way, both intimately and as distant strangers. I recall the artists, musicians, scientists, writers: the teachers both living and dead who have brought light, learning and inspiration to me all along the path (many of my greatest teachers I never knew personally; many of them lived before I was born). Now, at 40, I find myself poised at the world's edge, alone and with all humanity (with all species of life) crossing the threshold into a new millennium; into a new aeon of seemingly limitless possibilities, yet paradoxically situated in a world that seems teetering on the brink of environmental and social catastrophe. I can't help but feel optimistic, even as I fret and worry about the merciless chaos that lurks in the dark (or burns brightly through the ozone hole) ready to smash all in an instant (or slowly wear down and degrade the holistic ecosystems of life until all feebly expires). I feel sometimes that I live in a world of free will and meaningless nihilism, where there is no meaning beyond my appetites and the ugliness or beauty of my own thoughts; and yet, I have often known and cannot deny that the universe is as a play, and we follow the paths of destiny, led on by an unseen power, call it what? Call it God. Which is it? Both, and neither. It's a paradox that my rational mind rejects, but my experience tells me that it is the way things are. This is a glorious universe, in all its beautiful and sublime splendor - infinitely mysterious - and I am so glad to be 40 and alive, and still with a chance to do good work, and put in more than I take. This is the 23rd issue of Roarshock Page. For nearly two years I have been putting out this double-sided sheet of words and occasional illustrations, just about one a month. I have reached into my old notebooks and long neglected files finding poems and pieces of prose, to glimpse other times and emotional realities. I have borrowed from friends and found meaningful quotes. Sometimes an illustration or facsimiles of source documents have been appropriate to include. The Almanac has evolved and changed, but been a standard feature of The Page. Many readers have told me that they look at the Almanac first when reading a new issue of R.P. Themes have emerged, some for single issues, some continuing over months and seasons of time.

Some issues have been "put to bed" ahead of schedule, and have looked sharp and slick and made me proud. Others have been finished late, cobbled together and printed on the fly, and my feelings have been mixed about the results. I have distributed this paper one, two, three copies at a time. Another paradox and irony that in the new era of mass communication, I make my mark upon the urban landscape one eyeball at a time. The paper sheet finds its way circulating out in the faintest trickle each month from San Francisco's center, even while its electronic image flickers on the web, all around the world. I am a very private man, but I will continue to put forth my most intimate poems and dreams, my emotional hopes and fears, and thoughts about the world and what to me is right and wrong in it. I hope, dear readers, that this effort will touch or move you in some way, or myriad ways, and that we can consider new possibilities of hope and reality together. The Great Work (the evolution of life, mythology and art) is well under way, and towards pushing it further, I will do what I can.

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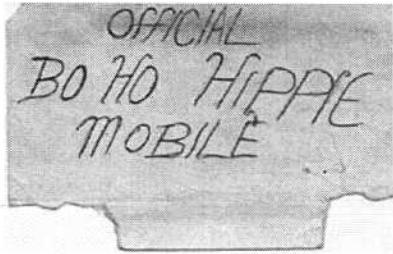


*D. A. Wilson with Roarshock Page
Lotta's Fountain, San Francisco, 1999*

He [Crowley] is concerned to influence individual minds through unofficial channels, bringing creative thinking to those normally felt to have no right to it. -John S. Moore, "ALEISTER CROWLEY AS GURU" (1994)

"A working class hero is something to be."

- John Lennon



The Phoenix dealer said, "Save the one with the heart for a rainy day." Well, I suppose. It is cloudy outside, although it's after 4 in the afternoon. I'll take it. I did. Nice buzz through dishwashing time, but then the gas attack came and I was in for a long night. The whole City exploded with the diarrhea out my ass as I felt the pain and sorrowful woe of everyone who ever lived there. Oh! I thought I was going to die then, and all the poets who had died drunk where there to greet me... but I didn't. I lived. And my dear sweet wife awoke and told me that I was hallucinating. What a relief, I could live! But for two hours I lay in bed awake while the old side eye flickers put in a rare and unexpected appearance. I heard a couple making love in an apartment near by. The archetypal Chinese dreams of the thousands of sleepers all around marched across the ceiling and the walls and my skull while this son of old Europe waited and endured in the solitary night. 1980's

I'm 35 years old (equidistant between 20 and 50), riding a 49 Line bus as an early autumn night fades into dawn. The bright round moon (three nights past the full) still hangs high in the western sky. Early riders like me stoically on their ways to works. The destitute homeless always on the streets, and as the light grows, the first students, knapsacks full of books, board the bus on their ways to schools. I grabbed this notebook (one of numerous miscellaneous notebooks I've fitfully, intermittently, written in over recent years) rather than the current one I have been using. So rather than work on those projects (the outlines of a novel and coffee roasting notes), I have returned to the old format tried and true: freestyle journal entry. As I have reflected frequently of late, it is now 20 years since the real conscious start of my writing "career." Poems in September '75 and the regular journal entries very soon after that. It would be grand if I could return to that tradition; notes recorded as keys to memory.

San Francisco, October 10, 1995

OCTOBER ALMANAC

- 10/1 1908 Henry Ford's Model T was first sold.
- 1921 Lisbeth Roessler born in Cincinnati, OH.
- 10/2 1869 Mohandas (Mahatma) Gandhi born in India.
- 1968 California's Redwood Natl. Park established.
- 10/5 1936 Vaclav Havel was born in Prague.
- 10/6 1928 Chiang Kai-shek became president of the Republic of China.
- 10/9 1635 Roger Williams was banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony.
- 1940 John Lennon was born in Liverpool.
- 1960 D. A. Wilson was born in Walnut Creek, CA.
- 10/12 1875 Aleister Crowley was born in England.
- 10/13 1884 Greenwich was established as the universal time to calculate world standard times.
- 10/14 1066 In the Battle of Hastings, King Harold II, last Saxon king of England, was defeated and killed by William of Normandy's troops.
- 10/16 1947 Bob Weir was born.
- 10/19 1960 The U.S. embargo of Cuba began as the State Department prohibited shipment of all goods except medicine and food.
- 10/24 1861 First transcontinental telegram in America was sent from San Francisco to Washington.
- 10/25 1983 Island of Grenada invaded by U.S.
- 10/27 1787 The first of 85 Federalist Papers appeared in print in a New York City newspaper.
- 10/28 1919 Alcohol Prohibition began in the U.S.
- 10/31 HALLOWEEN
- 1887 Chiang Kai-shek was born in Chekiang.
- 1984 Indira Gandhi assassinated in New Delhi.
- 1992 Jerry Garcia's last "comeback" concert in Oakland, CA.

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 2, Number 11 will be available November 7.

D. A. Wilson's chapbook, *First Hours of a Rainy Day and Other Poems*, is available from Golden Land, \$10.00.

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