

# ROARSHOCK PAGE

www.roarshock.com

Volume 3, Number 11

San Francisco

November 22, 2001

**T**hanksgiving 2001. How sweet to be here still on this marvelous earth. Thanks be to all family and friends. Salutations to all fellow travelers. Eat and drink hearty if you can, put away a little extra to sustain you, along with **Roarshock Page** through the hard winter still to come. Let us go. Furthur!

## THE COWLED MAN

*"It's the truth, even if it didn't happen."*

— Ken Kesey

During the night, some part of me slipped out through a country room door of sleep and walked the blizzard slopes overhead, freezing. It was Thanksgiving Eve, but the world had been covered by a Modern Dark Age. Up drove Dean M in his broken-down renegade car, and we drove all night through the cold to dead Berkeley. Dean picked up a girl hitch-hiking on the road, who wanted love and needed it. Dean was willing, so much so he nearly forgot about driving and laughed that I should steer from the back seat. We arrived at Long Man's snug dwelling (one of the few still left?), where he drank brandy while I talked with his strange intellectual insomniac roommate, and Dean and the wayward hitch-hike girl slipped off into a back bedroom. An old bus pulled up out front of the house and Dean was driving (how'd he do that?!) and some far-out people come into the house and begin a subdued party. There was a knock at the door, and who should have shown up, but Bob Dylan who wanted to rent a room from us. "My manager said I should rent a room from you folks to lay low in for awhile." he said. We all crowded around Dylan, quite impressed, and asked him about some of his lyrics. "Well, be seeing you!" he said, and he exited as quick as he had come in. I felt somewhat disoriented and went into the back of the house and found a couch to lay down on. My eyes closed and I slept forgetting that I dreamed that I forgot to remember that I was sleeping. In the next episode, everything was chaotic. I entered a strangely familiar house (my first boyhood house?), but there was an eternal party going on there. I went upstairs (upstairs?) and The Stoogee Fool was there trying to pick up this cute young lady. I Aced him out and he got real pissed, but there was nothing he could

do about it, because he was, alas for him, only The Stoogee Fool. The lady and I became lovers, though it was hard to be alone at the Eternal Party. I began to think that the house was indeed "an aspect" of my boyhood home. I saw Mom a few times, but she was harassed and bitchy and wouldn't tell me where Dad was. At last I got the story from My Brother - who had been living on the streets - that Dad had left town on a bus weeks ago and hadn't been heard of since. I knew that this was somebody else's life, so I found a couch to close my eyes and sleep, and I opened my eyes and the wayward hitch-hike dream girl was kneeling down by the couch looking at me. She whispered that she wanted me to make love to her. There was a gleaming hunger about her, and I felt desire and fear. She kissed me, and I stayed and/or I got up and left the room. There was a big orange cat watching us from the corner of the room. When I emerged again into the front of the house I saw Long Man hand Dean a small container. Then he walked out the door with the group of people he had been talking with. One older robust man remained in his seat. From him I learned that they had been involved in some philosophical discussion, and Long Man's sudden departure was related to this. Dean poured the contents of the container into my hand. It was grass. The strangest stuff I had ever seen. The long leaves were rubbery and of a pinkish-purple color. "That stuff is something else Again." the older gentleman informed me. I rolled a good sized joint and sparked it up. I noticed that the Elder had donned a cowl that was covered with fantastic psychedelic designs. His face was completely obscured as he puffed at the joint. The cowl became the center of my attention and soon all other things lost importance and faded away into nothingness. When again I apprehended consciousness of myself, I had walked for long miles through strange lands. I felt like a Dreamer when at last I stumbled home through the early morning streets.

— D. A. Wilson

*"You are either on the bus or off the bus."*

— Ken Kesey

**Furthur...**

## LOYAL ORDER OVER DOG

### NOVEMBER ALMANAC

#### *Can YOU Pass the Acid Test?*

- 11/1 FULL BEAVER MOON  
ALL HALLOWS DAY
- 11/7 1926 Opera singer Joan Sutherland was born.
- 11/8 LAST QUARTER MOON
- 1895 X-rays (electro-magnetic rays) were discovered by Wilhelm Roentgen at the University of Wuerzburg in Germany.
- 11/9 1965 The Great Blackout of the Northeast began at 5:16 p.m., Eastern time.
- 11/10 2001 Ken Kesey, cultural frontiersman and novelist, died in Eugene, OR at age 66.
- 11/11 1938 Irving Berlin's *God Bless America* was first performed (by Kate Smith).
- 11/12 1957 Dennis John Mudgett was born.
- 11/15 NEW MOON
- 11/17 1790 Mathematician August Mobius was born in Schulpforte, Germany.
- 1954 General Gamal Abdel Nasser became Egyptian head of state.
- 11/18 1477 William Caxton printed the first book in the English language, *The Dictes and Sayengis of the Phylosophers*.
- 11/19 1977 Egyptian President Anwar Sadat became first Arab leader to visit Israel.
- 1978 Jonestown, Guyana, People's Temple mass-murder/suicides occurred.
- 11/22 FIRST QUARTER MOON  
THANKSGIVING
- 1899 Hoagy Carmichael was born.
- 11/23 FEAST OF ST. HARPO  
BUY NOTHING DAY
- 1887 Boris Karloff was born.
- 1888 Harpo Marx was born.
- 11/27 1917 "Buffalo" Bob Smith was born.
- 1942 Jimi Hendrix was born.
- 1978 San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk were assassinated in City Hall.
- 11/30 FULL FROST MOON

## LOYAL ORDER OVER DOG

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 3, Number 12 will be available December 21.

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

## VIGNETTES (1985 and 1994)

Strong spirit of the liquor basin in the Giants' northern home. Mythical associations based on readings of old Norse Sagas and historical memory. Fear the jargon of the mad and the breaking bread of my mortal body. Christ! What thoughts have I of the price of breakfast! Of coffee liquors and black tents in Arab lands and desert sands in tales of the Gypsy fortune teller! Sing to birds on the branches when I burn my tongue on too hot coffee. When I write a ring in the country. (1985)

Death is inevitable, so get on with Life. Thus, I put the best Face on a peculiar arrangement, Life. What is there to be afraid about when it is so curious that life even exists? Nothing can ever go wrong in life; everything is as it must be. I am older and wiser than when last I wrote in this book **Afraid**: try and turn it around, nine years and counting. Be brave and laugh at terror. True wisdom, nerve; life lived fully in the moment, and the urge to transmit signals! To leave something behind worth remembering. I must **Fearlessly** be myself and write! (1994)

– D.A. Wilson

## TRANSLATION AS I SEE IT

In this photo, there are three persons who are in France. Three persons have jumped out the windows and are in the river. Two of these persons are named Marie, and they are from the United States. I think that they are tourists because the man is carrying Port wine and a picture of a nice suite. The woman loves Port wine with all her soul and drinks it by moon and sun wearing only sandals. Perhaps these two people are confused. The other person is from France, and he helps them because they are (drowning?) In this picture, the man helps the other two by telling them how to find the street where the Opera is. It is certainly too late, and the other persons die happy. The end.

– N. D.

## ROARSHOCK PAGE

<http://www.roarshock.com>

Subscriptions, \$10 per year.

Published by:

Roarshock

North Beach Station

P.O. Box 330108

San Francisco, CA 94133-0108

email: [roarshockpage@roarshock.com](mailto:roarshockpage@roarshock.com)

Copyright © 2001, D. A. Wilson.