

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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New tellings of old tales long ago and today, Roarshock Page brings them all to you.

LESTER SIMON DEE

I looked up and found myself facing the rather gonzo Lester Simon Dee. He was smoking a cigarette that hung out of the side of his mouth, and he was wearing a black leather vest, old jeans, and scruffy brown shoes. On his left shoulder was tattooed a Dead Head, and on his right shoulder was tattooed a brand new red and gold lightning bolt. "Let's take a walk down to the beach." Lester said dryly. We walked through the wind and occasional drops of rain. Lester handed me a joint. He was always handing me joints, and I was always handing him pieces of paper. "I didn't mean to freak you out." Lester said defensively. "I can't help what ideas get into your head!" "I didn't say that you were *trying* to freak me out," I replied. "But you did plant those ideas in my head with your *power of suggestion*." "Well! Shit!" he yelled, exploding in anger. "If you're going to play these games, you've got to *think for yourself*, and not fucking *blame me* for your bad trip!"

"So, how was your trip?" asked Cuthbert Hobbeson "Goose" Goostonsen, the Conference Director, when we finally saw each other in the Lodge. "I was wondering if you were going to make it all." He grinned behind his shiny glasses and bird-like features. "Well, you know," I said. "This Anthology has taken all of my energy. But it has gone to the printer now... should be done after the conference." "Yes." "Goose" said. "Lester mentioned *the toll you were paying* at the Preliminary Meeting. He said you sent your regrets, but could not attend as you were suffering from nervous exhaustion." "Ain't it the truth!" I laughed, as images came back to me of sleepless nights, and running from pay job to production office and back again, and of ever longer lines of Beak that made my nose hurt inside and set my mind for psychotic blink. "I really need a break." I told "Goose" truthfully.

Lester Simon Dee, quite hung-over this morning claims to have gotten "puking sick" last night on Jack Daniels

whiskey. "Bats!" he yells. "Bats!" (Lester just ran off down the path to the beach, screaming something about bats. Otto Wasson is somewhere out in the swamp in his hoover-craft.)

I looked up and found myself facing the rather gonzo Lester Simon Dee. He was smoking a cigarette that hung out of the side of his mouth, and he was wearing a green sleeveless sweater, old brown pants and shoes. The first thing I noticed about this fellow - other than the odd way that he looked at me a-skance - was the tattoo on his shoulder. It was the same skull and lightning bolt that adorned the much faded Grateful Dead tee shirt I was wearing. (I still wasn't sure if this was the same guy who at the Preliminary Meeting had said by way of self-introduction: "My name is Lester Simon Dee. I am interested in the work of Hunter S. Thompson, and writing about altered states of consciousness. If anyone needs a ride to the conference they can ride with me, but I'm warning you now, *I drive like I drive!*" "*Who is this pretentious freak?*" had been the first thought that flashed through my brain.) "Do you have a cigarette?" I asked. "I wouldn't want one, except that I don't have anything better to smoke." "Oh!" he exclaimed. "We'll have to do something about that!" He motioned me toward the door and we walked down the hill to where my Beat old Volkswagon was parked. We got inside, and from out of his cigarette pack, Lester produced a large joint. I was ripped after the first hit, but we kept passing it as the car became filled with smoke. "God." he said. "I sure wish I had a hit of the Rapid Aging Process now." "RAP?" I said. "I've got some RAP." "You do?!" he exclaimed in genuine surprise. "That's like telling a starving person you have food!"

Lester and I had been assigned the same room. "Why did you disappear like that?!" he demanded, more than a bit angry. "I was worried you'd been killed!" I calmly explained, "I disappeared because I thought that you wanted to kill me." "What?!" he exclaimed, greatly exaggerating his considerable surprise. "You need a Human Sacrifice." I said. "If you are to succeed in your latest caper; your plan to Metamorphasize Norman Stieglemeyer into a God!" "Oh! I never did!"

Lester protested. "You took too many drugs you freak! Where did you get that fucking weirdie idea?!" I don't know, but strangely I didn't have it anymore. We smoked two joints before we smoked two joints, and we drank tequila, but our usual sense of comradeship was not fully restored. He hadn't forgiven me for *thinking* that he wanted me dead, and I still wasn't convinced that he was as innocent as he claimed of involvement in my freak-out. Lester gave me a Stress Pill, and when I slept, I felt like I'd sleep for a week. In the morning their were knocks on the door of the maids wanting to come in and clean the room, and Lester's voice telling me the maids wanted to come in and clean the room (though he didn't care), or that I'd miss lunch, but on I slept. When at last I did rise in the afternoon (in time to get a box lunch), I went down to the beach for awhile to eat and watch the waves. When I returned to the Lodge, I sat down, here at this table in the front room and began to write.

This is my first writing at the Asilomar Creativity Conference, in the afternoon just before the first group meeting I will attend. I arrived here last night at the stroke of midnight, having ridden to Pacific Grove on the Greyhound. I departed Oakland at 5:23 PM, waited for an hour at the San Jose depot where a strange drug burnt freak bummed a quarter and tried to converse in code. Then on to Monterey, where all the other passengers got off the bus. I was dropped off on a deserted corner in Pacific Grove. "How do I get to Asilomar from here?" I asked the driver. He pointed forcefully into the west. "Just go that way!" he said. The bus sped away. It was a good long walk. The sky was midnight blue with some hurrying clouds, and a wind off the ocean that squealed and blew. I came to the sea shore and the white and swirling dark waves were crashing with thunder. The wind was tugging, ripping right through me. I felt transparent. Forces of nature became personified briefly before my mind, even as I passed through the Beachward Arch (that is the Gate to Asilomar) and moved towards the lights of the buildings on the grounds beyond. I turned the corner of the administration building and was face to face with Lester Simon Dee. He looked very surprised to see me. He had good reason: I had originally planned to ride with him to the conference, but I had then disappeared without any word, three days earlier. Of course, I had a good reason: I thought that he wanted to kill me. "**There he is!**" Lester exclaimed, pointing me out to two young men who were walking with him, and greatly exaggerating his considerable surprise. "Oh!" one of them said, recognizing me. "**The Mystery Man!**" We all laughed, and then walked back together to the Lodge that had been reserved for the Creativity Conference.

-- Z. S. Roarshock, *Book of Adjustments*

MAY ALMANAC

5/1		MAY DAY
5/3	1919	Pete Seeger was born.
5/4		LAST QUARTER MOON
5/5		CINCO DE MAYO
	1965	First gig played by The Warlocks, at Magoo's Pizza Parlor, Menlo Park, CA.
5/7	1946	Bill Kreutzmann was born.
5/12		NEW MOON
5/13	1846	U.S. Congress declared war on Mexico.
5/15	1936	Wavy Gravy was born.
	1948	Brian Eno was born.
5/16	1912	Studs Terkel was born.
5/18	1910	The Earth passed through the tail of Halley's Comet
	1948	Lee Roberts was born.
	1980	Mt. St. Helens volcano erupted..
5/19		FIRST QUARTER MOON
	1780	It was dark at noon in New England.
	1945	Pete Townsend was born.
5/20	1506	Christopher Columbus died.
5/22	1859	Arthur Conan Doyle was born.
	1972	Richard Nixon became the first U.S. President to visit Moscow.
5/23	1785	Benjamin Franklin invented bifocals.
	1981	Jerry Garcia Band, Keystone Berkeley
5/24	1941	Bob Dylan was born.
5/26		FULL FLOWER MOON
	1878	Isadora Duncan born in San Francisco.
5/28	2002	Mildred Wirt Benson, who created - as Carolyn Keene - detective Nancy Drew, died at age 96 in Toledo, Ohio.

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

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