

ROARSHOCK PAGE

www.roarshock.net

Volume 4, Number 6

San Francisco

June 31, 2002

June. Days are longest now. Roarshock Page continues the tales of long from... when... in these curious days of summer. Here is a lot of heat, but how much light?

OTTO WASSON AND OTHER ARCHETYPES

Last night after reading poetry, Lester Simon Dee and I and some of the others trekked down to our room. We smoked joints and passed the tequila bottle around. Otto Wasson came in with a small bundle wrapped in an embroidered cloth. He unwrapped the bundle, revealing a deck of Tarot cards (I had first met Otto earlier in the day. He had appeared outside the window. "Where's Lester?" he asked. "Don't know, not here." "Do you want to smoke a joint of some good pot?" "Sure! C'mon in!" "It's some good Hawaiian."). Now Otto spread the cloth on the table and placed the cards on top of it. "Aleister Crowley's Tarot deck," he proclaimed, eyes a-gleam. "Anyone care for a reading?" "I'd like one." Lester said modestly. "Aleister Crowley's Tarot deck?" I asked. "I've never seen that one before." "Oh! Ho!" Wasson exclaimed. "The Great Wild Beast who's number was six hundred and sixty six!" Richard Radagast - or one of the young fellows who had been walking with Lester when I had arrived - sat with chin on fist, brooding over the table, taking it all in. Sami Brunehilde (whom Lester privately called "that pine cone witch") was seated on the edge of Lester's bed, nursing the tequila bottle. The rest of us were about the room in varying states of beatitude. Lester picked up the cards and shuffled them, then handed the deck to Otto Wasson. Otto drew one card from the middle of the deck and flipped it over onto the table cloth. It was The Heirophant. "The Signicator," he said. Lester gasped. This was the trump that he always identified himself with.

We returned from the beach, and Lester went to the room that he shared with Joe Fight and Groucho Simmons. I went to my room, but Len Goethe was asleep and snoring, so I went back to Lester's room. Alan Aragorn - the famous illustrator - was there, along with petite Persephone Tarantula, who was the only young woman at the conference. Groucho was

pursuing Persephone aggressively, asking her questions that dripped sleazy sexual innuendo. She fidgeted rigidly on her chair near the room's center. Groucho sat on the edge of his bed regarding her intensely. He had thick oily hair that stuck out from his head, and a big black mustache that he applied wax to regularly. For a living, he wrote advertising jingles down in Tin Pan Alley. Joe Fight was reclined on his cot in one corner of the room. He was a poet; clean-cut, short and stocky. He had served as a helicopter pilot during the Vietnam war. Lester Simon Dee, eyes like shiny quarters, slumped in the opposite corner, behind the hunched animated shoulders of Groucho Simmons. Alan Aragorn was tall and ruggedly handsome, with dark eyes that brooded beneath a square-cut mane of dark hair. He had on rough clothes and a pair of weather worn knee high boots. He crouched by the door, looking ready to spring into action at any moment. I was seated in the furthest corner, watching all. Groucho made a rude remark to Persephone that obviously embarrassed her. "Don't you think that might embarrass her?" Alan asked loudly. "Embarrass her?! Naw! Never!" Groucho Simmons was having a good time. "But *this guy!*" he said, turning to point a dirty finger at Lester. "Look at this guy with the black holes for eyeballs!" "Well I *like* him." Alan said in a tone of absolute conviction. We all had to agree.

"I was flying bombing missions in Vietnam." Joe Fight said. "One helicopter got shot down. I escaped and got another helicopter. That got shot down too." "I worked on a fishing boat in Alaska for six months." Alan Aragorn said. "The only thing that got me through it was reading *The Lord of the Rings* and knowing that they were there suffering with me." "God, are you all right?" Persephone Tarantula asked Lester Simon Dee. "You look pretty out-of-it." "I'm fine now." Lester said with a wobbly voice, "Just wait until Friday. "Why?" she asked. "What happens Friday?" "Good Friday." he explained. "I always get violently ill on Good Friday... Catholics have a name for it." "...And the outcome is... The Tower!" Otto Wasson said, turning over the last card and gazing down at the Celtic Cross spread on the cloth before him. "Oh! You'll

have to have another reading to see what this means." All the faces in the room were attentively fixed upon the cards on the table. The face of Lester Simon Dee was determined and grim.

[Here, sonny. Care to try one of mine? Why not? So - I find myself in an incredulous position the morning of the final full day at Asilomar. The night was long, and my fever-pitched clarity of yesterday faded into a murky murmuring mirror, shaded in numerous ambiguous webs. I began to wonder about the relative wisdom or folly of conceptual art workings at Asilomar. The coherence that I had noted yesterday seemed now to be as tricky and shifty as ever. My position continued to vacillate from one extreme to another, and all the while I was unable to make my mind stick to the Work. I kept getting distracted. On this particular morning I was becoming increasingly aware of the look of depravity, of blind urgency that was shackled to my weary bones. I felt unworthy of the trust vested in me by the issuers of my Poetic License. My only hope was that somehow I could work through tomorrow, and bring things to a smooth, synchronized conclusion.]

Thursday night, being the last night of the conference, we all sat around singing and drinking. Alan Aragorn's baritone leading the rest of us in song. Alan put himself between the grateful Persephone Tarantula and the disgruntled Groucho Simmons. Late in the evening after almost everyone else was in bed, Alan, Richard Radagast and I sat around smoking large amounts of pot, and Radagast and Aragorn began speaking in funny voices. "You can make the whole world laugh by talking in FUNNY VOICES!" Alan boomed in a very funny voice. Richard laughed until tears rolled down his cheeks. While this was going on, Lester Simon Dee and Groucho Simmons were out in the parlor sitting and talking by the fire (although always afterwards, Lester claimed that he had been in the room smoking dope and speaking in funny voices, and that I had been by the fire talking to Simmons).

[This is Not My Pen. Last night at Asilomar, very high, very tired, "and no one got laid." That's OK with me, as I have reached some strange plateaus and some strange though subtle realizations. I have become a Zen Monkey since yesterday and a Har-Har-Har (though last night I must do battle against demon hallucination). Today I felt a vast sense of elated detachment and the world was new and wonderful. Now I am very tired and would like to sleep, but my room is full of trolls mumbling into pieces of paper, laughing and joking, playing guitars, and just sitting around being stoned. I think I'll take a walk down to the beach.]

"So, it looks like you are well upon the Path." Otto Wasson said, gathering up his cards. "You still have a lot of these things to work out, but then, don't we all? Really."

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

JUNE ALMANAC

6/1	1801	Brigham Young was born.
6/2		LAST QUARTER MOON
	1924	American Indians granted citizenship
6/6	1978	Proposition 13 passed by CA voters.
6/7	1848	Paul Gauguin was born in Paris.
6/10		NEW MOON
6/11	1910	Jacques Cousteau was born in France.
	1991	Mt. Pinatubo volcano erupted.
6/13	1865	William Butler Yeats was born in Dublin.
	1971	The <i>New York Times</i> began publishing the Pentagon Papers.
6/14	1922	Warren G. Harding became the first U.S. President to broadcast over radio.
6/16	1904	Bloom's Day, Dublin, Ireland.
6/17		FIRST QUARTER MOON
6/20	1782	U.S. Great Seal adopted.
6/21		SUMMER SOLSTICE
6/23		Midsummer Eve
	1941	Robert Hunter was born.
6/24		FULL STRAWBERRY MOON
		Midsummer Day
6/25	1903	George Orwell was born in Bengal.
6/26	1945	The United Nations Charter was signed by 50 nations in San Francisco.
	2002	Philip Whalen died in San Francisco.
6/27	2002	John Entwistle died in Las Vegas.
6/28	1577	Peter Paul Rubens was born.
	1712	Jean-Jacques Rousseau was born.
6/30	1520	Montezuma died.
	1997	Hong Kong transferred from British to Chinese sovereignty.

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

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 4, Number 7 will be available July 1.

ROARSHOCK PAGE

<http://www.roarshock.net>

Subscriptions, \$10 per year.

Published by:

Roarshock

North Beach Station

P.O. Box 330108

San Francisco, CA 94133-0108

email: roarshockpage@roarshock.net

Copyright © 2002, D. A. Wilson.