

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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Days between now and then, or then and now. In the fullness of time, Roarshock Page looks around the dimensional corners of relativity, hoping not to be poisoned, or shocked, or shot, or blown up with bombs, or bulldozed into the ground. Because there are much better ways to party, and still the potential for love and breathtaking beauty.

GUALALA TIME

"I think we had better set up that tent I brought along," I said. "A place to hide; just in case things get weird." We were sitting at the table in the camp, an hour after having eaten the paper. The fog had lifted and bugs were beginning to buzz about. "Good idea." Lester said. I got the pack tent and took it out of the duffle bag. Spreading it out on the ground, I began to fiddle with the stakes and poles. There was the sense of a strange hum in the rapidly heating air. "Hey! What's with this thing?!" I looked over at Lester. He was zipping up the door of the tent. The zipper came loose from the flap material as he zipped. "It seems to be dissolving before my eyes!" he exclaimed. I rushed over, as Lester touched the mosquito netting of the door which began to dissolve. I recoiled as the tent appeared to fade in and out of existence where it lay on the ground; it expanded and contracted, and sounded a crackle in it's own sudden wind. Frantically, I picked up the two parts of the tent pole and fitted them together. I picked up the two parts of the tent pole and fitted them together. I picked up the two parts of the tent pole and fitted them together. I picked up the two parts of the tent pole and fitted them together. I picked up the two parts of the tent pole and fitted them together... I picked up the two parts of the tent pole and cast them to the ground! Lester looked at me - a-skance - from across the fallen tent. I explained my experience, fitting the tent pole together over and over again. He told me that I had only fitted it together once before throwing it to the ground. I was in a state of profound shock. I could not explain the way I felt rationally. The bizarreness of the events had put me in a state of mind that I had never before experienced. I concluded that for the present it was useless and dangerous to try and understand. I could

only act. Time did not exist anymore. Time had stopped. I turned on Lester accusingly. "How did you do this?!" I demanded. "I didn't do anything!" he retorted swiftly. "I don't know what's going on anymore than you do." I watched as this young man turned grey and old before my eyes and began to spit his teeth out on the ground. "I think it's time we take a walk down to the beach." he said. "I don't know!" I said. "Come along." Lester said, and he was young again. "Just a little further down the road." he said... We started down the road to the beach, only it didn't go there *anymore*. We walked through a grove of trees and on into the same grove of trees which we walked through into the same grove of trees and on and on, like watching the same scene in a film over and over the same film in a scene over and over, until finally we burst the bubble and stumbled into grassy meadow region with sparkling river on our right. We were on the other side of the wooded area the other side of the wooded area where the road ran down from the car camp. We stood to one side as the Forest Ranger drove up in his green forest ranger pickup truck. We flagged him down. "Excuse us, Squire." we said. "We would like to buy some... firewood!" We took the fire wood to the camp, and then started down the road to the beach, only it didn't go there *anymore*. We walked through a grove of trees and through the grassy meadow with the river on our right. We came to a stop in the dry bottom of a side creek bed. Lester, with a pleading urgency in his voice, stated that we didn't want to continue *that way*. Then he turned his head in a cockeyed angle and began speaking in another voice: a voice that was not his own. Fire gleamed in his eyes as the voice said things that danced around the edges of explaining reality, and illusion; illuminating tantalizing bits and pieces. These revelations all slipped away again with the sound of the voice, and all that remained was the memory of something forgotten that had seemed important... We walked back through the grassy meadow and back through a grove of trees which we walked through into the same grove of trees, and on and on, until finally we burst that bubble and were on the other side of the wooded area where the road ran down from the car camp. We stood to one side as the Forest Ranger drove up in his green forest

ranger pickup truck. We flagged him down. "Excuse us, Squire." we said. "We'd like to buy some... firewood!" The Forest Ranger peered out at us. "Oh." he said. "You wood, wood you?"

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

[Note: One theory of this text oddly suggests that Lester Simon Dee was - if not literally, at least archetypally descended from - The Cosmic Kid, euphonious hero of a short novel by Richard Sneed that appeared in the magazine *Fantastic Stories*, Volume 23, Number 5, July, 1974.]

LAST TWO EMAILS RECEIVED

"Free Debt Reduction" and "Jesus Saves"

(A holy new concept in banking)

-- N. D.

EASTERN THOUGHT PROCESSES WEST:

RICE WINE AFTER THE BOMB:

NATIVE MEDICINE MEN:

EUROPEAN IMMIGRANTS AT MONTEREY

A Japanese painting. A Kabuki player. A samurai considering suicide. The tomb of a king. A wounded soldier resting in a hospital tent. Hiroshima and Nagasaki gone in flashes. Small men in black suits building cars and computer television sets. A Turkish coffee house where old men sit about smoking waterpipes; they don't see the skeleton off the wall, wreathed in roses. Old Jer grins in the window. Confucius say Chinese scholars pour over old yellow parchments, as nine million people march on Peking waving portraits and banners. Iranian students with bags on their heads chanting: "Down with Shah!" Gandhi pours sand on the heads of Stalin and Ho Chi Mihn. The waves crash on the rocks along the coast of Monterey, trees bend in the breeze. Wind blows secrets through long box passages of hidden meanings of innermost mind (maybe). Easy Rider looks upon gonzo plastered placecards bragging about in absolute pagan technicolor. Rice wine did create nightmares and throat burns. The smoke is dark death that don't cut no corners. You had better watch it! You Artist! You Writer! Once removed to the second power of being quite deranged, and standing with fear in a circle of pentacle. Forget not the Grateful Dead, or you will die!

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

"Everything could undergo conversion except the artists. How can you convert disorganizers of past and present order, the chronic dissenters, those dispossessed of the present anyway, the atom bomb throwers of the mind, of the emotions, seeking to generate new forces and a new order of mind out of continuous upheavals?" -- Anaïs Nin

AUGUST ALMANAC

8/1		LAST QUARTER MOON
		LAMMAS DAY
	1931	Ramblin' Jack Elliott was born.
	1942	Jerry Garcia was born.
8/3	1492	Columbus set sail from Spain.
8/3-4	2002	Terrapin Station - Grateful Dead Family Reunion at Alpine Valley, Wisconsin.
8/6	1809	Alfred Lord Tennyson was born.
8/8		NEW MOON
8/9	1995	Jerry Garcia died.
8/11		Dog Days end.
8/13	1330	Gunpowder invented.
	1831	Blue sun observed throughout US South.
8/14	1941	David Crosby was born.
8/15		FIRST QUARTER MOON
	1771	Walter Scott was born.
8/16	1939	Last stage performance at the Hippodrome vaudeville hall in NYC.
8/17		Cat Nights begin.
8/19	1839	Daguerreotype process divulged.
8/22		FULL STURGEON MOON
	1917	John Lee Hooker was born.
	1947	Donna Godchaux was born.
8/23	1947	Keith Moon was born.
8/25	1918	Leonard Bernstein was born.
8/27	1912	<i>Tarzan of the Apes</i> was published.
8/28	1828	Leo Tolstoy was born.
	1920	Charlie Parker was born.
8/29	1607	Strange noises heard in the London sky.
8/30		LAST QUARTER MOON
8/31	2002	Lionel Hampton died in NYC.

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

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North Beach Station

P.O. Box 330108

San Francisco, CA 94133-0108

email: roarshockpage@roarshock.net

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