

ROARSHOCK PAGE

www.roarshock.net

Volume 11, Number 6

San Francisco

May 22, 2018

Pinel School was a great educational community experience. Northern California, San Francisco Bay Area 1960s — a heady environment with a sense of adventure and resourcefulness and unlimited creativity. Pinel was out in the then countryside and ranches near Briones Hills outside of historic Martinez. Remarkably the school existed from 1962 until 1978. A much longer run than many of the institutions of the era. A generation of children were educated in unique ways. A shining success in that place and time when so much experimentation and trying of new things was going on. Marking 40 years since the closing of the great Pinel School. ROARSHOCK PAGE presents the first section of a long poem *The Last Pinelian (The Summer of Madness) The Summer of Madness (The Last Pinelian)* by D. A. Wilson which was composed at that rural Martinez location at the time. Published here for the first time, the poem will continue over the summer issues of this year's RP.

The Last Pinelian (The Summer of Madness)

Dedication – For all pinelians everywhere, you know who you are

I.

I am the last Pinelian.
All the others are gone.

You are the strangers.
You are the intruders.
Don't you realize how much this hurts?
Each day I become lost further,
engulfed by your grand ideas.

I flash on childhood memories,
on growing up and shouting out loud,
on the joys and pains of childhood.
On all the good people,
the beautiful people –
Ray and Jim in the afternoon
playing game after game of Tavli
Sally with her autoharp or piano.
Guitar players, flutes and recorders.
Rock-n-Roll bands, all the fine music.
Alice giving me a background in academics,
writing my first stories,
not being able to write at all.
It's gone.

And my illusions that it still exists
are being shattered
quickly.

Remember building the Temple of JTEL
with Nathan and Kevin,
making speeches
from its roof.
They want to tear down the Temple of JTEL.
David, quit crying over the past.
This is just how life goes.
You'd best get used to it,
but I can't help it.
This place is my childhood.
This place is my home.
I love this place.
I shouldn't be deprived.
This isn't fair.
Why do good things have to end?
They're going to tear down the Temple of JTEL.
We worked on it two years, sweated on it,
got our fingers squashed hammering nails into it.
They're going to tear it down.
Gee, you folks seem like good people,
so how come you're tearing me down?
I sit here
after the glory.
All alone, writing, crying.
And my past,
only memories
and dust.

First Interlude: Long Sunday Night

They go running all over your mind.
A mad stamped to the center of your brain.
Cry and we all will cry.
Laugh and we all will laugh with you.
I have no need for insane speech makers.
You cannot hide among the jumble of music.
The mind branches run wider.
And still faster we go.
And now I'm slipping through the floor.
This may SEEM meaningless.
And this may even BE meaningless.
But I don't give a good God damn.
This is MY poem.
And it's fun!
(Well, ahem
Now that I have gotten that off my chest
perhaps I can continue
like a civilized human being (??))
What wrong did you bequeath?
Through what shade-less corridors
do you now attempt to run?
Nowhere! Nowhere!
You have nowhere to run!
PREPARE TO BE CONQUORED BY OUR
love in waves and splashes waves and splashes...
(Wooooaa! Almost got caught up
On that treadmill of letters)
So, kick back awhile longer.
And awhile longer...
And one more while longer...

II.

Hot Monday afternoon.
Been doing things that had to be done.
Things are OK right now.
Hot and dry.
The land is
waiting.

Or so it seems to me
with just the faintest breeze
stirring the leaves
of the trees.

The other night
I was asleep.
It was midnight
When a furious knocking began at my door.
It was David Israel
and some friends
and we got stoned
and talked about
the past.
He hadn't known
that Pinel
had closed,
but the things we remembered
had me smiling
– like the time when Daniel and Sterling
went nuts one day after school
and tore the place up,
broke windows, spilled paint everywhere
and were busted, completely and absolutely.
What an incredible thing that was.
I remember well, I'm the one who discovered it
and busted them. I wonder what possessed them? –
David talked about lots of people
helping me to recall them
– Pinel in its heavy party days
Stephan and Roysel
“and his old lady.”
The Fort Wars.
The Underground Fort
was the baddest.
Jon Sage's suicide charges
down the hill.
We never got beat. –
“Naw! The Scorpions!” said David.

This year is now half gone.
Much has happened to me.
Much of it here,
but here,
here...

(At one point in the narrative the hippie
gets up and blows his brains out.)

Batcha John Muir
Trucked through here
When this valley was still wild.

I have seen bulldozers swallow the land.
I have seen Pinel
“a small non-graded school in a rural setting”
slowly surrounded
by the ever-growing slobbering
suburban city monster.
In ten years' time (IF that long)
Walnut Creek, Concord, Pleasant Hill
Will be just as much the city
As San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley
with only the thin bare ribbon
of the hills in between.
What would you say, John Muir?
If you could walk through this valley now?
Would you get on your knees and cry?

— D. A. Wilson

[To be continued in the next issue of ROARSHOCK PAGE.]

MAY ALMANAC

- 05/01 2018 MAY DAY
05/02 1972 J. Edgar Hoover died in Washington, DC.
05/05 2018 Cinco de Mayo
05/07 1794 Robespierre introduced the Cult of the
Supreme Being at National Convention as
new state religion of the French Republic.
05/08 1930 Gary Snyder was born in San Francisco.
05/10 1824 National Gallery London open to public.
05/11 1720 Hieronymus Karl Friedrich von
Münchhausen, Baron Munchausen was
born in Bodenwerder, Electorate of
Brunswick-Lüneburg.
05/12 1937 George Carlin born in New York City.
05/13 1917 Three children reported first apparition of
Our Lady of Fátima in Fátima, Portugal.
05/14 2018 Tom Wolfe, New Journalist, died at age
88 in New York City.
05/15 2018 NEW MOON
1936 Wavy Gravy born East Greenbush, NY.
05/16 1843 First major wagon train set out on the
Oregon Trail from Elm Grove, Missouri.
1866 The United States Congress established
the nickel.
05/18 1948 Chip Roberts was born in Ohio.
05/20 325 The First Council of Nicaea was formally
opened, starting the first ecumenical
council of the Christian Church.
05/23 1533 King Henry VIII marriage to Catherine of
Aragon declared null and void.
05/24 1941 Bob Dylan was born.
05/28 1936 Alan Turing *On Computable Numbers*
05/29 2018 FULL FLOWER MOON
05/31 1996 Timothy Leary died in Los Angeles.

<http://roarshock.net/may.html>

Calling for Contributions! ROARSHOCK PAGE invites
submissions of art, photographs, poetry, and micro-prose, to
be considered for inclusion in future issues.

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 11, Number 7 will become
available June 11, 2018.

ROARSHOCK PAGE

www.roarshock.net

Published by:

Roarshock

North Beach Station

P.O. Box 330108

San Francisco, CA 94133-0108

roarshock@aol.com

Copyright © 2018, D. A. Wilson

