

# ROARSHOCK PAGE

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**H**appy Halloween and many healthy frights from ROARSHOCK PAGE. Always a scary time of year, 2017 promises to be spookier than usual. Bwah hah hah!



## HALLOWEEN QUESTION

*"In computing, the Halloween Problem refers to a phenomenon in databases in which an update operation causes a change in the physical location of a row, potentially allowing the row to be visited more than once during the operation. This could even cause an infinite loop in some cases where updates continually place the updated record ahead of the scan performing the update operation." — Wikipedia (2017)*

The amazing and truly outrageous BR steps out from the shadow into the firelight and she's all decked out in the best Halloween costume ever with a long flowing black cape blood dripping fangs black mascara with a chalky pancake foundation of face paint. She holds in her hand an old school flashlight and it's bulky beam is as an extension to a walking broomstick magick wand of storytelling. Her white leather cowgirl boots send sparks flying as she stomps her feet hard on the tundra. The electricity wires are down in the Diablo and Santa Ana winds igniting forests and grasslands carried beyond the deeds and thoughts of Hollywood on the sirocco. There goes the Ackermansion burning in black and white, falling like the House of Usher beneath the night sky and the mocking laughter of Vincent Price floating on the sky, and deep inside an internal landscape Peter Lorre wants to know why you don't watch where I'm going? The long and winding road that leads up through the crags of the California and Carpathian Alps in the highlands of Transylvania. The ancient pagan Celts studios-

ly carving turnips into hollow grinning skulls through which firelight can shine and in the town square of the typical mountain village, the Inspector General Daniel C. Nettell, Lord High Comp-troller of Everything, has gotten the crowd of villagers whipped into a frenzy. As they stand about waving pitchforks and torches, hear Old Dan shouting out, "Let's go up there to the Castle! We'll find MacGregor and make him tell us what he knows!" Grrrr-roar-shock! The crowd surges from the town and up the path as wind and rain and snow swirl up. They prove without doubt that a riot is an ugly thing! Lightning flashes and crackles about the castle. The inanimate golem of Dr. Frankenstein becomes imbued with "life." Zombies are all about us. They are Zombies because they took way too much Scoot & Meth! & Beak! & Ghostbusters! It made them nod off and then it made them tweak! Whole civilizations crumbled and fell against the onslaught of designer dope. Our only hope at redemption being enough mushrooms and pot to overgrow the governments and corporate oligarchs. We are not their slaves or their serfs! The castle burns as the riotous peasant mob again descends the mountain. Will they turn against Dan Nettell and rip him to shreds? Or will they rightly follow him to glory? A baker's dozen of vampire leprechauns march into the backroom of the speakeasy for their annual Lodge Meeting (you guess of what Order). The original broadcast of Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre *War of the Worlds* adaptation plays loud on the radio. Yes, they are leprechauns with all associated powers and capacity for trickery PLUS the undead powers and capabilities of vampires, and it's a bad combination. These Lucky 13 are employed by the bakers in the night kitchen (who look like Oliver Hardy) who are up all night drunkenly baking cakes for the morning feast, and their mission is to sow chaos and mischief throughout the night, and also to drink a lot of blood, stout, and whiskey. In the morning when we eat the cake our daily bread we are closer to the spiritual world and may receive advice and wisdom from the Dead, and we surely do need it. The classic movies explain it all and the great old books, and the lives of Byron and Shelley ( and we must never forget the Halloween contortions of Jerry Garcia). Did you know that Christopher Lee Troll once drank 6 beers in 66 seconds because someone said that he could do it? Queen Zoe fears naught from the secret files of Area 51. She's not from around here. She's from another dimension like a gem truly outrageous, she likes to dance,

dance and thus defeat the forces of deceit and evil dilly, dilly. BR swirls out of the fire and smoke, but wait, infernal bullets fly through the dry Las Vegas air. Bats whirled about the night sky and fear and loathing descended on Las Vegas in a rain of bullets from an evil eye in the sky. Many cried and died and flew away. Even an orange orangutan loosed upon the land could only limply lash the leather whip in his right hand while clutching tightly a pitchfork in his left fist. From the points of the fork drips the archetypal bad brown acid. Not specifically too good. What say you to that, pumpkin head? Did I scare you? Bwah! Hah! Hah! To be a pumpkin head is not a treat. Anyone with any sense, who could, drove at least as far as Pahrump in the Kingdom of Nye in the high desert and the Great Southwest before even thinking of stopping. No one knows when, or if, the disastrous fire will shine again through the eyes of Jack-O-Lantern. Tonight Tom Petty and Fats Domino are leading the Halloween Band. Master of Ceremonies Dennis Banks new Ancestor Chief. Be put on notice Jacks of all trades and every little nick in imitation of Old Nick, never more will you bully and abuse our girls and boys. That ancient custom of hierarchy and male supremacy has ended and slowly the mother power in nature shall heal the earth. Morning shall come again and we will return to light, but Halloween always has another layer. Pumpkin Jack-O-Lantern carved in ingenious ways and plenty of frights imagined and real. Beware of Broccoli Head and other goblins and delinquent teenagers doing damage and theft and violence at the Creepy Amusement + Scary Park attraction (with *two* haunted houses!) Beware the beast with a million eyes and tiny little Ojos Negros as you flee in fright and horror watching the flickering center line along the lost highway. Feel the burn of those two black eyes as they get closer... Closer... CLOSER!... ..Tag! You're IT! ... Too serious to be joked about. BR holds her flashlight under her chin the beam casting dark shadows and light. She intones, "...And since that night, no one ever went down that road again."

— D. A. Wilson



## NOVEMBER ALMANAC

- 11/01 1973 Leon Jaworski was appointed as the new Watergate Special Prosecutor.  
 1984 Indira Gandhi was assassinated.  
 11/02 1868 New Zealand officially adopted a standard time to be observed nationally.  
 11/03 2017 FULL BEAVER MOON  
 11/04 1952 US government established the NSA.  
 11/07 1908 Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid reportedly killed in San Vicente, Bolivia.  
 11/09 1313 Louis the Bavarian defeated his cousin Frederick I of Austria at the Battle of Gammelsdorf.  
 11/10 1793 A Goddess of Reason was proclaimed by the French Convention at the suggestion of Pierre Gaspard Chaumette.  
 11/15 1926 24 station NBC radio network began.  
 11/18 2017 NEW MOON  
 2017 The Great Dickens Christmas Fair opens.  
 11/19 1969 Apollo 12 astronauts Pete Conrad and Alan Bean landed and became the third and fourth humans to walk on the Moon.  
 11/22 2005 Angela Merkel became the first female Chancellor of Germany.  
 11/23 2017 US THANKSGIVING DAY  
 11/25 1963 President Kennedy buried in Washington.  
 1963 Lee Harvey Oswald buried in Fort Worth.  
 11/28 1582 In Stratford-upon-Avon a £40 bond was paid by William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway for their marriage licence.  
 1925 The Grand Ole Opry began broadcasting in Nashville, TN, as WSM Barn Dance.  
 11/30 1886 The Folies Bergère staged its first revue.

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

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

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