

ROARSHOCK PAGE

www.roarshock.com

Volume 2, Number 4

San Francisco

April 30, 2000

This issue of the ROARSHOCK PAGE brings you Walpurgis Night Rock, but where is the Goddess?

THE BEDLAM BOYS ON THE BEACH

"Attention, please! Attention, please! Fellows!" A voice called out and the men arranged themselves in a loose circle. Spectek was at Anton's left and "Wheels" was at his right. Rolph was directly opposite Anton in the circle. The man who had called for attention stepped into the center. He looked suspiciously mainstream and normal among the wild company assembled there. "Greetings, everyone," he said. "I'm glad to see you all here. I'm Gilbert Burrows - most of you know that - and I'm the organizer of the gathering this year. To get around the group camp attendance limits, and to protect our New Heathen identity, half of you have been registered under the auspices of the Neal Wiggins Society (an extremely wealthy, alas fictional anthropologist). The rest of you are lucky charter members of that cult to every man's man, the Stan Mayberry Club. Community food and any ritual items can be placed in the Great Hall." Burrows indicated a big twelve-man tent next to the cook area with fierce heathen banners fluttering from poles erected before it. As for ritual items, Anton had been instructed to bring along candles, incense, and a bottle of mead (and had also followed Spectek's advice and brought along a good bottle of single malt). "We've got a lovely ritual planned for you tonight." Burrows continued. "What's her name?!" someone yelled and the circle coarsely roared hoarse laughter. A man stepped forward. Anton recognized him as perhaps the wildest of the bicycle messengers. He had a great bushy beard and extremely long tangled hair, dark deep-set eyes and a large red nose. He was wearing a helmet which had great rams' horns jutting out from the sides, like a Viking war helm. He held a long hollow horn in his hand which he was continually refilling with cans of Guinness Pub Draft. "I hear the Scotsman walked over the Highlands looking for peat in the bog," he said. "That's Keltic Braga." Spectek said, leaning towards Anton and speaking quietly. "No

one listens to what he says, because no one *understands* what he says." "Now I know that some of you are here this year for the first time." Burrows stated. "You'll have to be initiated. We have some final preparations to attend to. We ask that you remain in camp, and then when nightfall is complete, you will be conducted to the beach. I guess that's it. It's time for our salute." Burrows stepped back into the circle. Everyone turned in a counterclockwise direction and placed their right hand on the shoulder of the fellow before them. They all then simultaneously leapt forward one pace and shouted out: "Faggot!" Then the circle dissolved into laughter, small groups heading off to various tents, some returning to the cook fire. Gilbert Burrows, Jay "Wheels" Woods and several others heading off together engaged in quiet, earnest discussion. There was a lot of horseplay going on over in the kitchen area and the liquor was beginning to flow very freely. One guy was circulating around, handing out tiny bits of something that each recipient quickly and eagerly placed on the tip of his tongue. Anton saw "Wheels'" friend Ted take a tab and a long drink from a big bottle of Old Bushmills. Then he dragged his sleeve across his mouth and staggered off to his tent. Anton was beginning to feel antisocial and unknown. He went to his own tent and sat down cross-legged in the doorway. He poured Scotch into his brass pack cup and gazed at his reflection in the amber liquid in the failing light. The drink was weighing heavy on his brow, he felt melancholy and weird, when he became aware that someone was standing before his tent. Looking up, he saw that it was Rolph. "I brought you over something you might need tonight." Rolph said, and he held his hand out towards Anton. There was a small package resting there in the palm of his hand. Anton squinted at it in the gloom and recognized it to be a foil wrapped condom. "Rolph!" he ejaculated. "You are one *fuck* of a funny guy!" "Hyaw! Haw! Haw!" Rolph was nearly doubled over with laughter. "I pull that condom joke on all the guys! Gwaffah! Giffahgh! HA! HA! HA! Actually. Gaw! What I really came over here for was to see if you needed a bit of the Rapid Aging Process tonight." Anton brightened. "Rolph." he said. I do believe that some of

that would be in order. How many doses do you think I should take?" "One" Rolph said. "This stuff is scientific."

Looking out over the top of the cliff, Anton could see the churning black ocean and the heavy clouds rushing in from the west on the night sky. He heard the pounding crash of the waves against the sand and felt the wind flowing passed his ears. Several hundred feet below him was the beach and on it was a great fire pit. The flames had died down and the pit was covered with a floor of glowing red coals. At the north end of the pit many candles burned. A large group of men were gathered in a semicircle about the pit, facing the candles. Smoke rose from the group. They were smoking cigarettes and pipes and burning sticks of incense. Anton reached into his coat pocket, realized that he had unconsciously placed some of his own ritual supplies therein. He removed a stick of incense and the stub of a candle. He struck a match, cupping it against the strong wind, and lit the incense and the candle. The flame flickered, but did not go out. The thin line of pungent incense scent invigorated him. Again he focused his attention on the beach scene. Sounds were rising from the men grouped about the fire; vague, quiet chanting, accompanied by beating drums and the hint of subliminal flutes. He heard other noises, and for the first time he became aware of a second group of men on the beach. They were to the south, gathered together in a tight circle - like a football huddle - arms about each other's shoulders: the neophytes awaiting initiation. Suddenly, there was a thunderous bang as a firecracker exploded. The little huddle broke and the men began moving in a staggered line up the beach towards the fire pit. They clutched fluttering candles and smoky incense sticks in their hands. The men around the bed of glowing coals separated into two groups on either side with the candle alter behind them, and watched the newcomers approach. The indistinct chanting continued, swirling up into the sky. There were further explosions, and then a flare burst in the air, illuminating the beach with phosphorescent light. More fireworks and flares were incinerated and exploded, raising an awful din as the men struggled on, twisting shadows on the beach. They looked to Anton like lost soldiers fighting their way across a surreal battlefield. The chanting and the wind and the ocean's roar were one. The exploded rockets were punctuated units of time and space. The ocean water was black as ink, and reflected like obsidian. Now the initiates had reached the fire pit. They seemed to dance or glide across the coals. Each added his candles and incense to the alter and melted into the larger group. Anton felt another shift...

-- D. A. Wilson, from a work in progress

APRIL ALMANAC

- 4/1 APRIL FOOLS DAY
1920 Toshiro Mifune was born.
- 4/3 2000 Terence McKenna died in San Rafael, CA.
- 4/4 1968 Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated.
- 4/5 1997 Allen Ginsberg died.
- 4/6 1483 Raphael was born in Urbino, Italy.
1520 Raphael died in Rome.
- 4/12 1947 David Letterman was born.
- 4/13 1743 Thomas Jefferson was born.
1921 Margo Skinner was born.
- 4/16 1889 Charlie Chaplin was born in London.
- 4/17 1790 Benjamin Franklin died.
- 4/18 1906 San Francisco Earthquake and Fire.
1955 Albert Einstein died.
- 4/20 1745 Philippe Pinel was born.
- 4/23 1564 William Shakespeare was born (traditional).
1616 William Shakespeare died.
1993 Cesar Chavez died.
- 4/26 1958 Daniel Nettell was born.
- 4/28 1950 Jay Leno was born.
- 4/29 1863 William Randolph Hearst was born.
1992 Rodney King riots erupted in Los Angeles.
- 4/30 WALPURGIS NIGHT
1980 Secret Founding of the Gerard Baldwin Chapter, Legion of Dynamic Discord, in Pleasant Hill, CA. Members present included: R. Hansch, D. Nettell, D. A. Wilson. Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia!

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 2, Number 5 will be available May 1.

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

ROARSHOCK PAGE, the complete Volume 1 is now available in a special edition from Golden Land, \$10.00.

ROARSHOCK PAGE

<http://www.roarshock.com>

Subscriptions, \$10 per year.

Published by:

Golden Land Information Services

North Beach Station

PO Box 330108

San Francisco, CA 94133-0108

email: goldenland@earthling.net

Copyright © 2000, D. A. Wilson.