

JUNK MAIL

Organizing Revelwooders is like herding cats... some hiss at you, some run away yowling, but most just ignore you and lick their paws."

Rob O' the Wood

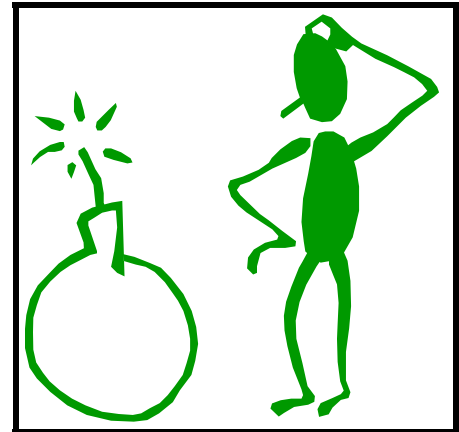
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The General
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Rob O' the Wood
Q
Photographs: Tarani
The General

IT'S A MAD STAMPEDE FOR POWER

Five Way Race for Tripod Seats

Through the official Revelwood word of mouth system, Junk Mail has learned that five citizens have announced their intent to sit along side the Iron Baron at the next Pipe and Pint. However, there can be only two.

The alleged citizens are Calador, Conner, Jung Mei, Olaf and The Vicar. However, it is not clear who is seeking which throne. It has been recently discovered that one of



the citizens has not declared the specific throne of ambition. He didn't say if it was the Physical Throne, The Spiritual Throne or the Baronial Throne itself. Therefore it would be inappropriate to presume anything.

It is also interesting to note that so far, there have not been any women declaring an interest to be seated on the Tripod of Power. However, there is still time. The Art Show (June 12) will provide the forum for the declared candidates to further describe to the White Cups and the Citizens of Revelwood their intentions and provide an idea of their vision of the future of Revelwood.

As the process continues, Junk Mail and the Revelwood Web Page will keep you informed of all the late breaking news. Remember, stay with JM & RWP... "It's Everything We Want You To Know!"

To Hell and Back

As promised, the White Cups brought us a little taste of their world at this year's Party at the End of the Universe... it was down to Hades we went. The sights and sounds at Dante's Inferno Room were wickedly wild as the most unusual collection of demons, devils, anti-Mormons and lawyers wandered about in

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High Language

By Q

[ed. This is the first installment in a series to teach the art of the High Language. The High Language is the official written language of Revelwood. Currently, it is practiced by an enlightened few. However, it should be understood and used by all citizens. To that end, Q has reluctantly agreed to explain this ancient form of written communication. The bribe was enormous, but worth it.]



nce upon a time, it was different for Revelwood. Believe it or not, we weren't loved, cherished respected and well, to be frank feared as we are today. Now, if we aren't able to dazzle them with our footwork or baffle them with our bullshit, we just wear them down by sheer numbers.

Back then, we were at the mercy of the boring, long winded Pettycrats and Exploitive Snakes who strode about in really nice garb. And I'm here to tell you, we were "brought up" to the high table more than once. In fact, I can not even tell you how many places we were kicked out of. It is important for you to understand how it was then. I mean, getting kicked out of a royal muckity muck encampment is one thing (or in our case multiple things), but to get kicked out of Neolithic barbarian camps is another thing (or in our case multiple things). It became apparent to us very early on that we needed a way to communicate complex ideas amongst ourselves in a quick, concise, and above all private way.

Then, one night, there was a freak thunderstorm at The Barn... no, no, that's not right..., that's how we found Kerry.

No, I remember now, we were enjoying a moment of lucidity, something we were quite unfamiliar with when it hit us. We thought of the famous Chinese poet, Chun Kai Chee who gave his people the art of writing. Mr. Chee had to sit in a swamp for 17 years meditating until a bamboo grove grew out of his arse.

Mr. Chee also had 47 children so it is very possible that the word "meditating" was a missed translation.

Then we thought of "Woden" who told the Gods that he would tie himself upside down to a tree and pluck his eye from his head to get the secret of writing. OK, so maybe he wasn't the smartest Viking we know. Or maybe he was. You never heard of old Leif bringing mathematics to his people. With the Vikings it's always kill another, and another and another. That's how they count.

Right, anyway, we saw how the ancients developed writing and decided to leave the Gods alone and stay out of the swamps. In typical Revelwood fashion, we faked it. After all, it's just a bunch of symbols for a bunch of sounds.

So... I closed my eyes and discovered a list of symbols, something around twenty-six that we could all use. Hmm... OK, so here are the symbols...

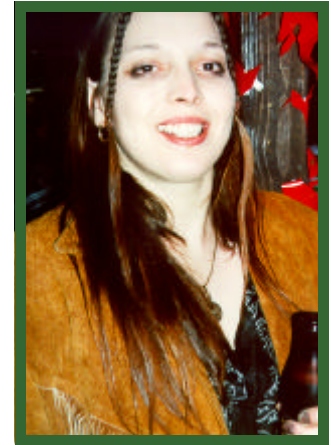
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Citizen Spotlight

Justine

Intriguing words, fascinating jewelry sculpture, killer illustrations and a lightning quick wit. These four descriptions fit together as one in this month's citizen, Justine.

Justine is one of the newer citizens to grace our roll call. However, new or not, she certainly hit the ground running. In her first year as a citizen, Justine labored furiously to mold and sculpt the first ever metal Revelwood citizen pins. These are now prized collector's items. She is a thought provoking poet, and excellent fiction author.

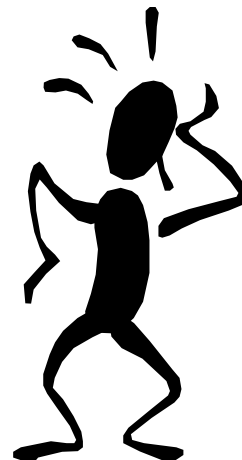


Just don't leave her work where the children can see it. They grow up fast enough. Justine's quick wit has been known to stump the best of them. Even Stonewall has flinched. That says a lot. Justine is a professional mural artist and her work can be seen in a medieval theme restaurant in Northeast Philadelphia. Actually, it can also be seen on the General's base drum head. Justine painted a great traditional Jack In The Green face which he displays proudly.

An active member of Vykland, Justine continues to enjoy the blessings of both groups.

Lady Cynthia's Brain Teasers

1. There is something in Missouri;
In Alabama it always appears.
It happens twice in every moment,
but not once in 7 years.
It's always in timber,
but never in a tree;
It never goes to you,
but always comes to me.
what is it?
2. In marble halls as white as milk,
In skin as fine as silk,
In a fountain crystal clear,
A Golden Apple does appear.
No doors are there
to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in to steal the gold!
What is it???
3. If it's the same distance between first and second base on a baseball diamond as it is from second base to third base, then why does it take longer to reach third base from second??





AT THE PIPE 'N' PINT

BY ROB O' THE WOOD



The leaves are all silver in moonlight
All in the Pinelands oor the sight
Air be crisp and time be right
Let s meet at the Pipe n Pint tonight
Let s meet at the Pipe n Pint

Where we drink and dance and carry on
And buy indulgences by the pound
The Vicar sells them for a song
To sing at the Pipe n Pint tonight
To sing at the Pipe n Pint

Chorus

*So raise a glass to Revelwood
And raise your voices higher, O'
This is the only life for me
All night at the Pipe n' Pint are we
All night at the Pipe n' Pint*

Q and the Boys of Bedlam
Pluck from the air a sonorous gem
And Rob o the Wood and fiddlin M
At the craic at the Pipe n Pint tonight
At the craic at the Pipe n Pint

The Tripod of Power, Lady Cheron
The Gen ral and bold Iron baron
Say Cretins and harpies and bugaboo
spawn
Begone from the Pipe n Pint tonight
Begone from the Pipe n Pint

Chorus

Yarns at the bonfire, Ol McRobb
And Skylar sing, the ladies sob
Now Stonewall must console the mob
The Girls of the Pipe n Pint tonight
The Girls of the Pipe n Pint

Olaf is ogling the sweetwine
But Sortia keeps his hash in line

Ten maidens all ripening on the vine
We drink at the Pipe n Pint tonight
We drink at the Pipe n Pint

Chorus

Slainte Tarani ! to loud cheers
St. Nick and Silva serve the beers
And Anya brings the crowd to tears
And cheers at the Pipe n Pint tonight
And cheers at the Pipe n Pint

While Conner is wailing a mad tune
Kerry and banjo bay at the moon
The gathered began and not to soon
To howl at the Pipe n Pint tonight
To HOWL at the Pipe n Pint

Chorus

Up with the larks and the cuckoo
Fiona sings of lovers true
And Rua whips up an Irish stew
To eat at the Pipe n Pint tonight
To eat at the Pipe n Pint

Poor Taq is feign to join ye
The found him with angels in a tree
So hoist a pint in memory
Of friends at the Pipe n Pint tonight
Of friends at the Pipe n Pint

Chorus

[ed. Rob O' the Wood respectfully requests we learn this tune as it will be debuted at the Art Show and played frequently at this coming War.]

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confused frivolity. In keeping with the true nature of Hell, all the creature comforts were missing. If you asked for ice for your drink, the bartender would pass you a warm cola product and respond “Dante was an idiot. There is no ice in Hell.” The same held true for toilet paper, coffee creamer and extra pillows. Hell is, apparently, not for the weak of spirit, or the weak of bladder.

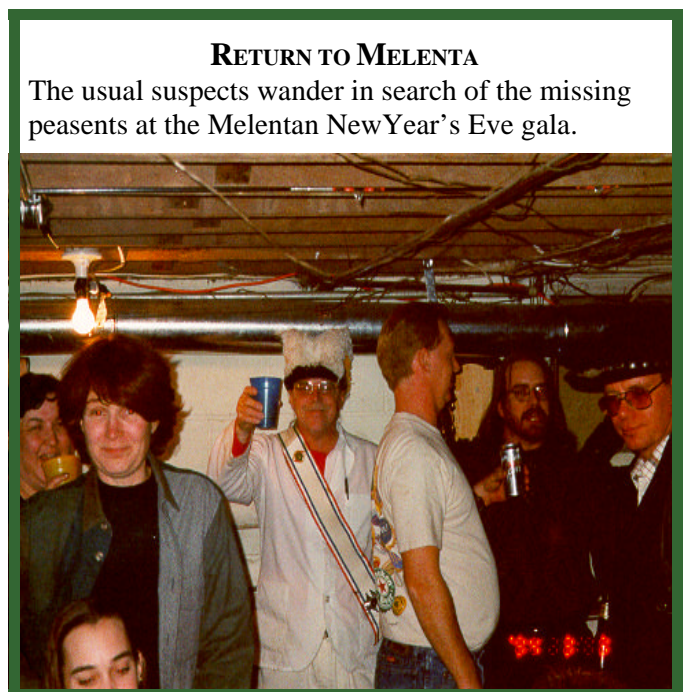
The creatures of Hell made it all worthwhile though. Krakesbone revealed his true nature as Satan, or Frank Zappa. We’re not sure which. Saran Saran twisted many a horny little devil’s neck as they tried to find the starting point of her diaphanous garment. The lawyers were plentiful as was expected, but not nearly as hoped. A beautiful Medusa and a walking sex toy store named “Fetch” helped keep things interesting. However, one of the scariest nightmares had to be the Evil Tooth Fairy. My neck hair is rising just remembering her.

Her name was Caries (medical term for tooth decay) and she was quite a beautiful but disturbing sight. Dangling around her neck was a plastic specimen bag filled with extracted teeth, bits of bloody gums and a section of recently removed wire braces.

With her giant slip-joint pliers, and her rusty pointy stick, she would seductively slide up to you, wantonly gaze into your mouth and mournfully declare “Ooooh... I must have that one.”

She even scared Q. That says alot.

Jen and Tom drifted into Hell on wings of flame and Duke Sir Edmund revealed his true identity as the Horn Master. I guess we knew it all along. Tricky devil.



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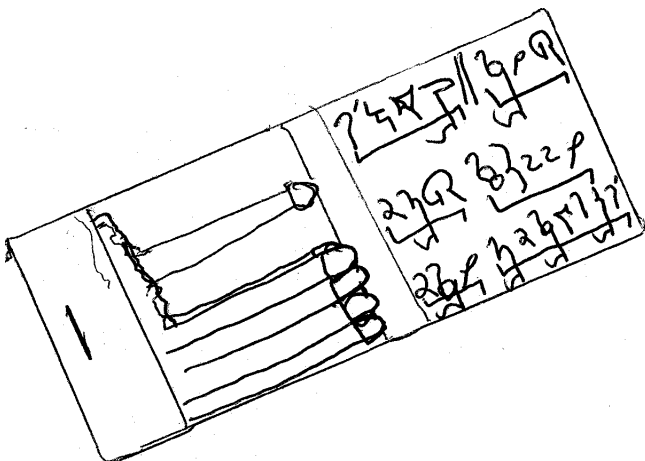


Ha... You don't get it that easy. This isn't like learning the Bodhran you know.

There's still more background to go. The reasons for using the language is as important as how it is written. Whatever the Hell that means.

The first manifestation of High Language (or "Revelanguage") was very tight. There was no room for spaces, capitals, periods or even proper spelling. Just the shortest way possible to communicate an idea, usually while inebriated. Actually, that explains a lot about how it looks. Part of the reason for the brevity was that we had to use whatever was laying around. This included match books, your hand, beer labels, etc.

In fact, this is a copy of the first message ever passed in Revelwood. The translation works out



to be "EXCUSE ME, BUT THE GENTLEMAN SITTING TO YOUR RIGHT IN THE RED TUNIC AND THE MAN SEATED ACROSS THE TABLE FROM YOU DRESSED IN THE BLUE CLOAK ARE UNDERCOVER AGENTS WORKING FOR THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT"

The recipient of this message was saved from a horrible fate. However, right at that moment Stonewall showed up. But that's another story.

The messages were always short and right to the point, giving as much information as space allowed. Also, the information was always strategic in nature and we used it mostly at the War. Thus, the first application of Revelanguage came to be known as Battle Language." It was terse and to the point. No frills, no bullshit. "Keep alert. She is really a he."

The Battle Language was always urgent. It needed to be read immediately. In fact, no good ever came out of ignoring Battle Language.

The only person to ignore battle language was Olaf. And to be fair, the only reason was because he was blind from liquor. Some argued that even if his eyes did work, his brain was too pickled to make sense out of any visual signals anyway.

Be that as it may, the fact is that because of his ignoring the message, he was found standing out in that field with his pants in his hands, dancing in circles and screaming at the top of his lungs those immortal words "Whoowee Ish Shoooooper Dooooopell!" This later became known as "The Story of Olaf and the Keg of Doom."

The second manifestation came to be known as "Public Service Announcements" and grew directly out of the Battle Language. It differed in that the text was written on common signs, but described something completely different than the standard sign text itself. Usually it was added to the sign's regular message and instructed the Revelwooders how to interpret, ignore, manipulate or generally get around the sign's intent.

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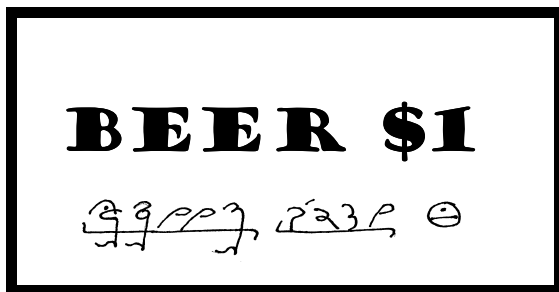
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This type of information often allowed literate Revelwooders to enjoy something that others would miss, or warn those same Revelwooders to stay out of an area that was sure to bring calamity.

Here is an example of that kind of sign:



or



The Numbering System

The numbering system was also devised during this time. And although it can be a bit unwieldy for the novice, it becomes more expressive for the enlightened. Revelnumbers are similar to Roman numerals except that the Revelnumbers are written vertically rather than horizontally. Also, numbers may be expressed in several ways. The numerals are expressed like so...

- = 1
- = 5
- = 10
- = 100
- = 1,000
- △

If the smaller of the two numbers is above the larger, then you would add them together:

$$\overset{\bullet}{\bullet} = 7$$

If the smaller number is below the larger number, then subtract.:

$$\overset{\bullet}{\bullet} = 4$$

If a number is placed within another number, then it designates how many of the larger number there are:

$$\text{⊙} = 30$$

Here are some examples of complex numbers:

$$\overset{\bullet}{\ominus} = 54$$

$$\overset{\bullet}{\ominus} = 276$$

$$\square = 1,999$$

Next Installment: The Cartuche

Personals

LOST: IB's 2 Liter Growler. Porcelain style finish. Sentimental value. Reward offered... the opportunity for more Vicar Brew.

WAR NEWS: Deryk MacLeod has announced that he wishes to serve as the Revelwood camp seneschal. Please contact him with your War camping information, as well as to volunteer to help fix up our encampment. Contact him through the Revelwood Green Pages or at deryk_macleod@hotmail.com.

