

"I'm going to shove that tipper so far up your ass... it'll come out your nose!"
Alexandra to the General

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Pennsic Proves Playfully Painful

Revelwood Enjoys Mixed Blessings

In what proved to be a Pennsic War filled with a wide range of emotions, Revelwood found itself not knowing whether to cry tears of happiness or of anguish. So we did both.

First the good news... Calidor and his construction crew made it possible for Revelwood to access Kerry's Island safely and easily with the installation of the new Calidor Causeway. This Physical Throne marvel was so expertly designed and constructed as to be safer than most of the other bridges in the entire Cooper's Lake Campground. Unless it is disassembled and carted away by bridge burglars, it's a safe bet that paleontologists will be discussing this engineering feat well into the next millennium. Kudos to Calidor and his crew.

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REVELWOOD'S SELF-APPOINTED LEADERS

AN ESSAY BY MISTRESS MEER

I was asked to write an article on the self-appointed leaders within Revelwood, and it took a lot of thought. First I had to think of some of them, then the impact they had, positive and negative. I chose three leaders to study and these are the results that I came up with.

My first victims, er, subjects are Van and Alexandra. They have taken on the responsibility to provide a kitchen and shower for the Revelwood campsite at Pennsic, also the shower will be put up at the Barn. The cons that I have seen or heard in regards to this task are really only one complaint. Van and Alexandra had a very strict schedule and set of rules in regards to the kitchen facility. One was the meal schedule, they had an itinerary set up for when meals were. Now as we all know Revelwood is not a beast of

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time management or coordination, so this caused annoyances for some members and for Van and Alexandra whom at times were hurt by the other's seeming lack of cooperation. Second were the rules that if you got coffee you had to drink it in the kitchen area. I know that there are times when I get up in the morning and want some coffee, but I do not want to be bothered by other people. That is right, bothered. That is how I feel at the time. So a little more freedom from rules and regulations, and understanding and patience from others would have helped avoid these little problems. Also since this is a new area bugs need to be worked out. Now the pros of this endeavor are: People DID have morning coffee, they had a place to hang out that was there own, they had a place to eat if they didn't feel like going out. They could be clean! They knew that they could have a fall back point where friends would be there for them, and there are more points I am sure. Overall Van and Alexandra are self-appointed leaders that are GOOD for Revelwood.

Second is Goody and Mike the Mage. They stepped up to the plate and took over the "Warlords" positions. The downside that I see to this isn't anything major. The newsletter they sent out for pre-war information was funny and entertaining, but, there were a few things put in there that could offend someone. Granted not a "normal" Revelwooder or anyone with a good sense of humor, but you still get the ones who HAVE to be offended. As far as the positives, there are many. Although I did not go to the war I did see how much organization, planning and general concern Goody and Mr. Mage provided to ensure Pennsic was as simple and fun as possible for all going. I have heard nothing but good comments from the people I have talked to who went. These two are FANTASTIC for Revelwood. Sorry that this report on Goody and Mike is so short, but as it is said in comics "Nuf said".

Third is The General. Yes, this man was a Throne Holder (Physical Throne for those who don't pay attention) and he is "The General" and G.A.S. (General Administrative Services), but still he is a self-appointed leader. He writes the Junkmail and no it is not a requirement that he do it, nor was it a requirement that he had to help start it in the first place. He took this in of his own free will and continues to write the Junkmail for Revelwood by Revelwood. Now on to the Goods and Bads. Bad items that I see are this: He was a Throne Holder. This causes a problem for those who do not see the people behind the Thrones. There are a lot of people who think "If he is/was a Throne Holder then nothing I can do will impress him." Second he is "The General." I know when I joined Revelwood this man was the most intimidating person I met. He is tall, large and in charge. He can seem imposing and overbearing, which is not the case as I later came to find out. Third he writes the Junkmail, which is a very well and professionally written newsletter. Since it is well written it can make one feel that whatever they want to add will pale in comparison and won't get put in the newsletter. Now on to the Goods: First, the General put The Junkmail out for Revelwood and his hopes was for Revelwooders to write in and have their voice, to express themselves to all of Revelwood. Second, The General supports those who are creative or want to be creative. He may love your idea ,he may like it and have suggestions, he may hate it, but no matter how he feels he WILL support your right to self expression. Third, Since he writes most of the articles for The Junkmail he can give very sound advice for improvement if you look to him for it. He may even make suggestions if you're not looking to him for it. This could look like he is a "know-it-all" but that is not it, he is trying to support you. So I feel that this self-appointed leader is VITAL to the creativity and self-expression of Revelwood. Now these are just my opinions and thoughts. If you do not like them or feel differently. Then write your own damn article for the Junk Mail!

IF YOU ARE NOT RECEIVING GENERAL MESSAGES ON EMAIL, THEN IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE GENERAL DOES NOT HAVE YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS. PLEASE BE INCLUDED BY WRITING TO:

general@revelwood.org

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Another wag of the happy tail to Goody and Mike the Mage for their direction of the preparations of the Revelwood Camp. The banners were well displayed for all the naked people to see. The entrance way was inviting and well lit. Most of us were well lit too but that wasn't their fault. Praise and thanks was also given for the transformation of Deryk's Home for Wayward Boys into the Party Tent. I have flashbacks of one late evening in there where almost all of Revelwood, a substantial number of Chalk Men (and women), Stonewall's Doppelganger and possibly a sheep or two



partied until it all faded to black. It was so sweet being in that condition and not having to travel far to crawl back home.

It should go without saying that The Hot Irish Sausage greased up the Chalk Man with the usual benches set aside for the musicians. We were also proud to present a quarter-keg of the Vicar's Dark and Lovely Ale to the Chalk Man for distribution. It vanished in record time and was replaced by a new Chalk Man beverage Hennesy called "The Raspberry Something." It was, shall we say, rather sweet to the palette, like a cube of sugar soaked in maple syrup, or a liquid Twinkie. The IB

immediately went into insulin shock and Conner couldn't stop smacking his lips for almost an hour. But we drank it and were grateful.

Another moment of delight occurred after our visit to Vykland's encampment at the crest of the newly opened camping area. It was a very, very, very long climb up to the camp. But Revelwood is dedicated to visit certain camps and Vykland is one of them. When we arrived, although Gunnar was engaged in a medical emergency with one of his warriors (fortunately it turned out OK), we were made very welcome by fellow citizens Justine and Xu. We played and partied until we were able to recover the buzz that was lost on the journey in. Hence the name "Buzz Kill Hill."



However, so as not to lose the much desired state-of-mind, Van generously offered to transport Revelwood back in his van. That is when the fun began. All eighteen of us with instruments packed ourselves into the back of Van's van. Oh, did I mention there was a wheelchair also? After we packed ourselves so tight that The Vicar and Max are



now engaged, someone said we had to get out. So we did. Then someone said we had to get back in for a picture. So we did. Then the camera didn't work. Then someone said that we would have to go through the Troll checkpoint and that they wouldn't allow this many people to go through because they would have to check for medallions. So we got out again. Then someone said we didn't have to go through the Troll check point so we got back in again. As you can imagine by the time we were done, those who weren't crippled decided to walk anyway.

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“REVELWOOD PEERS UNDER THE HOOD”

ART SHOW CONTEST WINNERS

In the last issue of the Junk Mail, a contest was held for the best second-person telling of a Revelwood legend. True to form, there were no losers. Here are the entries which both won a case a Guinness each.

Knight of the Long Knives

Greeting friends, I am Taizong Meer and I am going to share a story with all of you that I have heard. It involves treachery, cunning and heroism. It is a tale that I feel is of great importance, and this has happened for the good of all Revelwood. But consider closely to what you are about to read for you may need to watch for this in the future and it may be up to you to defend Revelwood.

One

Q stood in the room thinking back upon what has brought him to this meeting. He remembered getting the letter in the mail telling of a meeting to be taken place. One of great importance for the future of Revelwood.

The letter was odd for several reasons. It was not signed and there was no return address on the envelope to begin with. Second was the message itself : "The future of Revelwood is at stake, we are on the verge of a great change. Therefore it falls upon our shoulders to ensure it stays along the correct path. You are one of those invited to protect the future. Do not invite others to join. This is already being taken care of. Tell no one of this letter, you must, I repeat must, destroy this once it is read. Below are directions to where the first meeting will be and what you must wear. If you do not come that is fine, but be warned if you try to tell anyone of this. The others along with myself will know and you will be dealt with."

No one signed the letter. The outfit he was suppose to wear was a cloak of a gray material. He knew from the instructions that all the cloaks were of the same cut and style. Also he was informed to not keep it in his house, but to hide it somewhere far from anywhere he would frequent.

At the first few meetings there were discussions of the changes coming. Ideas for the plan they would carry out were being put out for discussion by all in attendance. When the plan was formulated the preliminary actions had to be carried out. One of the members informed them all that each would be given a task or two to ensure the plan was carried out.

A member stood before those currently assembled and spoke. "There are a few others to come and we will wait for them to begin. Time is on our side." He paused and again spoke softly. "For now."

As the member sat, Q slightly squeezed the bag on his lap. Thinking again of the circumstances that brought him here with this package. He remembered sitting in his basement drinking coffee and having a quick smoke, when he saw an envelope pushed underneath his door. He saw no one in the window and did not remember hearing anyone walking around outside.

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Cautiously he rose from his barstool and walked towards the door. Noticing he was shaking slightly, he paused to gather his wits "What's all this then?" He mumbled while bending to lift the envelope, keeping one eye on the door. Once again there was no return address, only his name. Opening the letter he was not quit sure what to expect to read this time.

"Your task for now is this. Gather a sample of your blood on the night of a full moon. Then you are to go to the Grove in the forest and face southwest. You will walk forward three feet, then dig a hole four feet there. In this hole you will find a package. It's contents shall be nine long knives, and eight samples of blood. Take all of these with your sample to the faerie circle. Call upon the Fae and request them to place an enchantment upon them. They will know what it is to be. Agree to whatever their price is, we need this enchantment."

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Needless to say, next year we're asking Van to bring an eighteen-wheeler.

Now for the less-than-good news... On Wednesday evening at the Chalk Man, there was a very tense moment when a non-performing Revelwooder decided that their seating was reserved also. However, due to the way it was handled by the rest of a very embarrassed Revelwood, it turned out to be a non-event. The shrieking curses stopped and within minutes the party was back in full swing. This was very much appreciated by the Chalk Man group as they had never had such an incident happen in their establishment before.

The second bit of unpleasantness was more personal. That is because it happened to just one person. The next night, about 30 minutes till dawn, Q and I stumbled back into camp. I crawled into my tent and as I touched down onto my pallet just barely conscious, I heard Q fumbling about, bumping into things outside his tent, snickering and giggling as his brain tried to catch up with his body. His brain was on a five-second delay. Suddenly, I heard this wail of pain as Q shouted out "Oh My God.... My Eye!"

Before I could respond, someone screamed out from inside their tent. "Keep it down will you, I'm trying to sleep!"

Q continued to lament, but in a much softer voice, "My eye... my eye."

It seemed that Q soundly poked himself in the left eye with the pointy end of his wine skin while trying to take it off.



Jabbed it real good too. The next morning he could not see out of it. He couldn't even open it. He was reluctant to go to the medical tent because as a nurse, he knew what they were going to say. "Go home. Pennsic is too dirty for an open eye wound." He wasn't going anywhere. So he decided to treat himself.

Q washed it out, took lots of pain killers (God knows there were enough of those to go around) and in true Revelwood fashion, made an eye patch from an old piece of leather. Tarani stuck a Boris sticker on the patch in case he got lost. This way whoever found him would know where he belonged.

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He read the letter again to make sure what he read was what was actually on the letter. Thinking to himself that there was to be a full moon on this night, he prepared for the task which lay ahead of him.

As the final members arrived the meeting began, another member starting it. This was the way of their meetings thought Q. No one member was the leader, each knew when and what they should say or when they were to start the meeting. He remembered when he had started the meeting. He did not go there with the intentions of being the primary speaker, but that is what he ended up to be. When he stood and began speaking it was as if another were inside his head saying what must be said. There were no feelings of violation accompanied by this, only warmth. Since no names were mentioned at these meetings he had assigned a name to each one, as had the others. And it all seemed to be uniform amongst them. His name was Future, the others were called Past, Present, Physical, Mental, Spiritual, Positive, Negative and Neutral.

Past was the one who had called the meeting to attention. "This will be our last meeting before the event will be carried out. I will now tell you of how our cloaks were made. The we will ensure that the tasks of the sheathes and knives were carried out."

Motioning with one hand towards Neutral "Neutral has gone out on a night of the new moon with the pixies to gather the wool for them." Past then motioned towards Negative. "Then Negative went amongst the Dark Fae known as the Sluagh to have it made into the fabric and dyed. Then we made the cloaks ourselves, the knowledge of the seamstress planted into the heads of those who did not know the art"

Stepping more into the light of the candle, Past continued "As for the knives. You received the blood and purified it with the Nymphs, correct?"

"Indeed" answered Spiritual "I gathered all of the blood including Future's and the Nymphs along with myself performed a rite of cleansing."

Nodding then turning a cloaked head towards Positive "You gathered the metal as instructed?"

"Yes I did." Positive replied "I sought out the Trolls and asked them to mine and then refine the metal, on the first of the month." Positive shifted slightly "I also agreed to the terms of payment."

Q could not imagine what the price was that Positive paid, or of the others. Remembering the words of the Fae "Tell no one of the cost or your life is forfeit." He was sure they also received similar threats.

"Of course," he heard Physical saying in response to Past's question. "the Dwarves were more then happy to form the blades." The hooded head of Physical tilted to one side. "It seemed as if they already knew what the knives were suppose to be used for."

"And what of your task Future?" Past asked looking in Q's direction

"It was not an easy task calling upon the Fae, but I did it." Q shook his head briefly as if thinking to himself. "At first they were not willing to enchant weapons. Then out of nowhere they suddenly agreed." Then lifting the bag slightly he added, "I have brought the knives as instructed."

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"Good" replied Past moving on to the next person "and what of your task Mental?"

"It was performed exactly as instructed." Mental replied. "I gathered the hides from deer that I had hunted alone and sky clad. I then took it before the Elves immediately afterwards to be tanned. From there I placed them high in the tree called Old Man by the Elves."

Past nodded slightly "I then gathered the leather and went to the Gnomes to be made into sheaths." Past then looked to Present "And your task?"

"I found the sheaths and took them to the Dryads to be embroidered with the symbols shown" Present then placed the sheaths on the table.

Each member reached out to get their sheath each knowing which was theirs for the taking. Q then placed each long knife in front of the member it belonged to. Then all stood around the table grabbing their weapon and lifting it slightly so the tips met.

"The next time that we meet it will not be in cloaks. We will all know who is here now upon sight and what we are suppose to do when the time comes." Past's voice rose in volume. "Although many will not know of our deed on that night we will forever be known to each other as the Knights of the Long Knives"

With that the members started to leave the meeting. Q being the last to leave, pausing momentarily to take in what has happened and to think about what was yet to come.

Two

It was the third annual Pipe and Pint in the year 1984. Q was standing near the new throne for the anointing of the first Baron of Revelwood. His title was to be the Iron Baron and all had felt that he was the right man for the job.

Q knew the procession was going to be a grand one and it was to start shortly. He looked about the room seeing the large choir assembled for the ceremony. A large orchestra was also present. He was impressed by the dignitaries present as well. The Czar of Russia was seated next to the Queen of England off to the left of the stage. On the right was the President of the United States sitting with the Emperor of Japan.

As he looked in that direction the First Ambassador to Japan caught his eye and waved. Funny, Q thought to himself, the Ambassador seems a little nervous. Just then the trumpets blared loudly announcing the start of the ceremony. The first part of the procession were the trained Llamas. They marched in, lifting their knees high into the air. This was followed by a short performance, which was very similar to Irish step dancing.

Following the Llamas were the golden camels, they were not as showy as the Llamas but impressive nonetheless. After the camels came the flame eaters and then jugglers. There was a brief pause as the Choir sang two songs about the glory of the Iron Baron. Their voices lifted the spirits of all who were present. After the Choir stopped it signaled the entrance of three mighty sorcerers, who placed spells of protection upon the Throne.

The orchestra played three songs, followed by two more songs of The Iron Barons greatness. At the end of the last

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song Q stepped forward. "Lords and Ladies, Brothers and Sisters, and Commoners, we welcome you to the Presentation of the Throne and Crown to the Iron Baron." Q paused as the crowd loudly cheered. He felt that his ears might burst from the yelling.

As the crowd quieted down Skylar made his way to the stage accompanied by Vicar. Skylar carried a purple velvet pillow. Laid out on top of it was a crown. The craftsmanship was unequaled. Then gems laid into it were priceless. When one looked upon it they had to squint from the radiance it gave off.

Vicar stood off to Q's left and Skylar his right. Then Q raised one hand towards the back of the room. "And now I give you," he paused to take a breath "The IRON BARON!" Q had expected a loud yell once again, but was shocked when it was only silence. He then looked up and realized he was kneeling deeply as were all those in attendance. The Iron Baron was gliding into the room, it seemed as if his feet only brushed the floor beneath him.

As the Baron moved towards the stage Q stole glances around the room and saw that the visiting dignitaries were also on their knees, paying homage to The Iron Baron as if they were loyal subjects themselves. The room was deathly quiet as everyone seemed to hold their breath not to disturb the air that the Baron was gracing by his presence.

A faint light was seen behind the Baron which illuminated him as if he were an angel sent to rescue them from the evils unleashed into their folds. When his foot touched the first step of the stage and he started to ascend to his throne, faint chimes could be heard in the distance. As he reached the center of the stage he turned towards the audience and spoke in a voice filled with warmth, compassion, kindness, authority and power, all wrapped into one perfect package. "Rise my family." All immediately stood upon command to please their new Baron.

Q stepped forward and with a brief nod to The Iron Baron proceeded. "Be it known to all here on this eve that this man before you, of humble birth but noble heart is to be made your Iron Baron of Revelwood." Q then motioned Skylar and Vicar forward.

"My lord Baron we present to you, your crown of leadership." Q motioned toward the pillow "Forged by Skylar himself."

The Iron Baron looked at the crown and smiled approvingly to Skylar, who then turned towards The Vicar. The Vicar took the crown gently from its resting place and spoke "Let it be seen by all peoples, to all directions that this man who I place the crown upon has been named Iron Baron, is now the Guide of our people." With that The Vicar placed the crown on The Iron Barons head.

Once the crown was upon his mighty brow the crowd once again erupted in a joyous cheer. The Baron let them go for a brief amount of time and then motioned them to quiet down so he may speak. "Thank you loving friends. I accept this duty of service to all of you with a happy heart and only hope that I may live up to it." With that the crowd began to cheer again.

It was then that Q knew what his task was to be. He noticed that Skylar and Vicar had left the stage and he then leaned over to The Iron Baron. "My Lord Baron I fear that your life is in peril at this time. We must step aside and ensure you are safe." Q looked around the room "Skylar and Vicar have gone to ensure we will have a safe room to

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finish the necessary paperwork to ensure your ascension to the throne."

The Iron Baron turned towards Q smiling warmly and said. "Of course Q. I trust that my life is safe in your hands."

Leading the Baron towards the stairs, Q stopped and motioned towards them. "After you Lord Baron" the Iron Baron nodded and climbed the stairs. The sight that greeted the Baron was not what he expected to see. The room was dimly lit and there were eight figures standing before him, hands upon the hilts of the knives which rested on their hips.

Q looked towards the others and knew instantly the names of the others. Cheron spoke to the Trolls, Tom to the Dwarves, Vicar performed the ceremony with the Nymphs, The General hunted and spoke to Elves, AK had assisted in the making of the sheaths, M worked with the Dryads, Stonewall had gone with the Pixies to get wool, and Skylar had whispered with the Sluagh.

"What is the meaning of this?" Q heard as the Baron's back was to him "I was told there was paperwork to be done and I am greeted by a menacing bunch of mongrels." As the Baron turned to leave Q drew his Long Knife and pointed towards the Barons heart.

"You are not leaving until our business is concluded Lord Baron." Q said pushing his knife closer to the Baron's heart. M stepped forward placing three blank pieces of paper on the table. However, the pages were not completely blank, for at the bottom of each was the following:

"Signed by the royal hand of _____" with the Iron Barons signet ring marking underneath it.

The General then said, "You will sign these official documents"

The Iron Baron drunk on his power only scoffed "You expect me, The Iron Baron, to sign a blank paper?" He laughed again "I answer to none and you will all let me depart now!" As the Baron tried to move past Q, he felt the knife press hard against his chest, then he felt the others press against him.

"You will sign now " spoke Vicar

"And then we will go down and smile as though we had the best of time up here" added Cheron

The Iron Baron then turned towards the table, signed the three pages and went downstairs with a smile.

I have written this story so that all will know of the happenings in Revelwood. I have spoke with Q and he still does not know who sent him the letter. I have also inquired of the other Knights. Many refused to talk about it and the others do not know the letters origin either. I feel in my bones that one day another secret order will be called upon. And you my Brothers and Sisters may be called upon to be a Knight for the cause of Revelwood.

Signed,

Taizong Meer of the Ping Dynasty, Ambassador to Japan

REVELWOOD PEERS UNDER THE HOOD CONTINUED:

Mims & Tom's Entry



The story that I am about to relate is of one particular trip to Ireland when a certain few in Revelwood that had come together to form a band, went on a trip to Ireland. While enjoying the local establishments along the way our illustrious and sometimes absolutely insane friends in this band decided to have a picnic.

They thought that lunch on a panoramic cliff overlooking the beauty and serenity that Ireland calls its own would be a wonderful memory and maybe even a good photo opportunity. But to get there they would have to travel along a path to the place where there was enough room to eat. No problem to these brave and daring souls. And so carrying their instruments they set off. Now if you will picture The Iron Baron of



Revelwood, toting his own keyboard, actually traversing a twelve inch path that hugged the steep vertical wall that was this picturesque cliff. With no handholds, no rope tied to an eighteen inch spike hammered into this sheer rock face, our very own Iron Baron walked out to this flat spot to eat his lunch and maybe get a good picture of the band. There is one point that I have neglected to mention about this VERY SMALL twisting path.



In one spot you had to make a small leap to stay on this path, then continue on to the spot where they could luncheon on this cliff. It was about SEVEN HUNDRED FEET UP! These crazy people risked their very lives body and soul for the thrill of playing in the clouds.

As the story goes Q was there with the Iron Baron when an errant piece of plastic tried to blow off this seven hundred foot cliff, so Q goes grabbing for it chasing across this shale covered ledge so it doesn't blow away. I think that I myself would have let it fly!



To picture Q chasing a small bit of plastic with no thought to how VERY high up they were on this sheer wall of granite that had at the bottom sharp rocks jutting up, just waiting for the sacrifice of that American tourist is in itself comic and yet to picture any person that I know that high up running and grasping the air for a piece of cellophane is the most terrifying scene I could envision.



Then for them to walk back across this twelve inch shelf still trudging all the instruments braving the natural hazards that Ireland has to offer if you step one inch the wrong way, gives one a new respect for these band members. These are both shots of the 700 foot drop, pretty far down if you ask me. The lengths they will go for their band, huh?



Well if asked today you will see the Iron Baron shudder at the memory with something akin to terror. He still cannot believe how insane they were (are?). I personally think that is the scariest thing I have ever heard. I will someday see this ledge where the Iron Baron risked his life and I will forever be in awe of the people that make up Revelwood. For I would NEVER walk out on a ledge where the only thing between me and a seven hundred foot fall was a twelve inch shelf that someone has called a path. Much less to CARRY anything



That may make me a coward but I can live with that! So BRAVO to those bold and brave, clever and daring and ever so suave Revelwooder's.



Your balls are definitely bigger than mine! And you are all **CRAZY!**



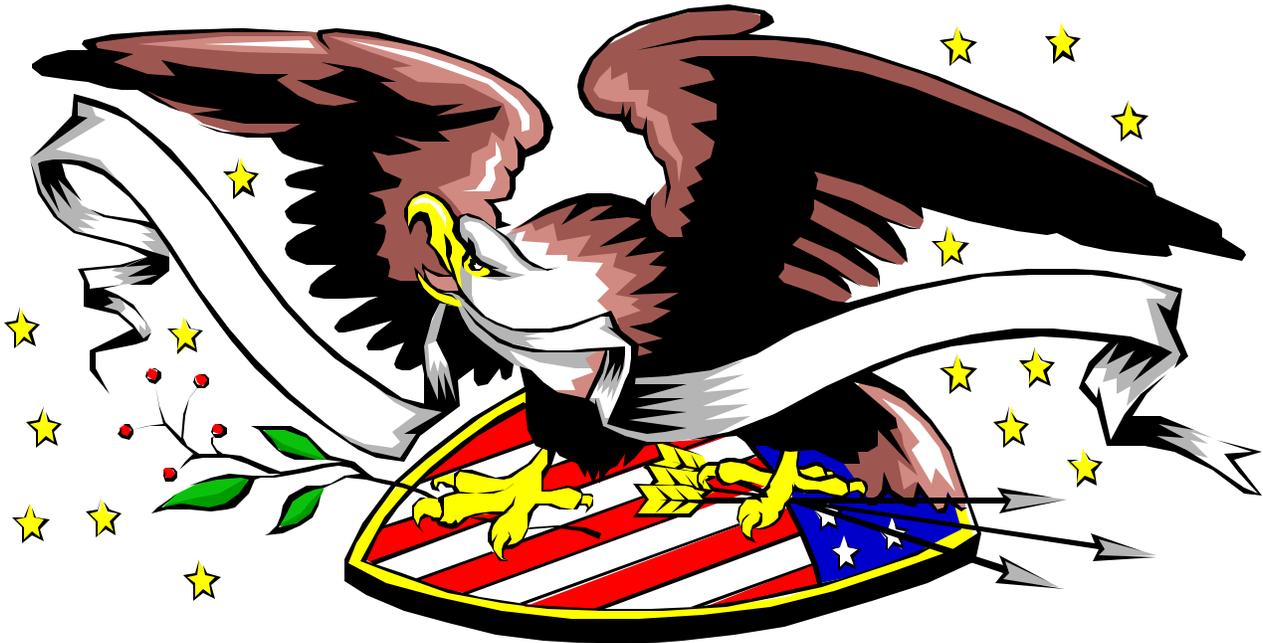
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General Douglas MacArthur