

“Duh... Big  
Red Truck”

Greer Griffin

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Stock

What A Long Strange Trip Its Been...

## REVELWOOD WELCOMES THE NEW TRIPOD OF POWER



After a full year of anxious anticipation, the thrones of power vacated by Lady Cheron of Wolffe and The General were filled by Calador and The Vicar. The new Tripod of Power was welcomed at this years Pipe and Pint Tavern (Annos Revelwood 16) to the shouts and cheers of well over 100 partiers.

It was a difficult decision for the White Cups, as the competition was strong for these thrones. All the candidates were qualified to sit at the sides of the Iron Baron, however, when the final tally was struck, it struck Calidor and The Vicar.

After a six year hiatus, The Iron Maiden made a surprise appearance to castigate Lars Ratchettebreath. Lars was responsible for a coup attempt against the Iron Baron back in the early days of Revelwood. She was accompanied by a new masked dangerous beauty, known only as Sapphire. The image of The Iron Maiden and Sapphire greeting each other was burned deeply into the memories of all the shocked Revelwooders in attendance. It left quite an impression on Lars also.

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Before stepping down from their posts of 11 years for Lady Cheron and 15 years for The General, they made several proclamations, including, the installation of Rob 'O The Wood and Max the Minstrel as Band Leader and Assistant Band Leader of the Hot Irish Sausage. They also proclaimed Deryk MacLeod as the new Revelwood War Lord. It is his blessing/curse to be responsible for getting Revelwood its land at the Pennsic War. A task previously performed with much success by Stonewall.

After their acceptance speeches, Calidor announced the Beef and Beer event for Raven and The Vicar publicly paid off his guards with an ample supply of Vicar Brew and chocolate chip cookies. This latter action was received with mixed reviews as the rumor of conspiracy rumbled through the crowd. The first official proclamation for the new Tripod was the the announcement of Goody as head of the Revelwood Brewers Guild. Get it? Brewer. Head.

Hennessy, Geoffrey, Lachlann and James left the warm embrace of the Chalkman to join us at their first P&P. Here, Hennessy is still eating while Geoffrey talks to Brother Rodney about web sites, bytes and so on, and so on...



It is the opinion of this writer that Revelwood is in good hands for the next thousand years.

# ART FOR ART'S SAKE... MONEY FOR GOD'S SAKE

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The development of the Internet as an economic entity has reached a level well beyond the imaginations of even those people who invented it. [ed. note: Despite his suggestion to the contrary, it really wasn't Al Gore who invented the Internet. Although, it was in fact his wife, Tipper Gore, who brought our attention to the porn site, thereby making them as lucrative as they are.] The impact this medium has had on our way of life is unparalleled since the advent of the post office, or the telephone. Even television was less of an impact because it was limited in it's access. And access is the magic ingredient. For us at least.

The Revelwood Web Site is becoming quite popular. At least we, and the 7,000 hits since it's launch in March 99, like to think so. And becoming more popular means that more people are going to see it. And if the people see your artwork on the site, with a price tag, they may buy it. And if they buy it, you get money. And if you get money, you may buy the beer for some of the parties, or pay the phone bill, or spay the cat. See? Its a win-win (except for the cat). Here is what we have in mind.

We want to set up a place for our artisans to sell their art. There, that's simple right?

It will be a section on the web-site called "The Revelwood Duty Free Shop." On the page we want to sell original artwork created by Revelwood citizens. All types of art are welcome. If your art is candle making, sell your candles. If it



is brewing, sell your brew. If it is music, sell your recordings. The guild is asking for a 10% donation to help cover party expenses and the cost of running the web site. Here are the guidelines:

1. Only original artwork will be displayed for sale. **NO BRAND NAME KNOCK-OFFS!!!** You can not buy 200 nose flutes, paint a Boris on them and sell them as your own creation. This is art. Not QVC. You can produce a saleable item (such as the Vicar's Hard Cider Kit) and sell it as you own. Just don't take someone else's, change the packaging and call it yours.

2. To be included on the page, we need a photograph (or bitmap/jpeg) of the item; a description, the price (including shipping), any special instructions and the artist's name. Send this to me (The General) at the

P.O. Box listed below.

3. All checks must be payable to the **artist**. **NO CHECKS PAYABLE TO REVELWOOD or THE GENERAL!!!** Checks and orders must be received at:

P.O. Box 1

Stratford, NJ 08084

4. I will receive the order, record the amount of the check, seal it all back up in an envelope and mail it to the artist.

5. At the end of the month, I will give the records to the guild. Then I am out of it. If you don't sent the Guild your check for 10% of the order check, the Guild will come looking for you. Please don't let it come to that. Otherwise you may find this issue's Citizen of the Month at your door pulling the special collection can, with your name on it.

*(Continued on page 6)*



## Citizen of the Month

This month's citizen is none other than Silva, The Swiss Army Chick. This title is more than descriptive for Silva. As one of the three infamous guild leaders (affectionately known as the Guild Chicks), she is 1/3 responsible for some of the most successful Art Shows Revelwood has had the privilege of presenting. Silva is reputed to have the largest collection of power and hand tools in Revelwood. In fact, it was this claim to fame that first drew Saint Nick's attention to Silva. That and her incredible smile, flashing blue eyes, delightful laughter and 9 Horse Power Masonry Drill.



Silva has been with Revelwood since it's early days, back when we were being chased by one group of Purists or another. Silva was instrumental in establishing the first functional Revelwood camp at the War. She introduced the concept of the in-camp shower, set up the first multi-stove kitchen, and invented fire. Silva is a resource we could never do without. Fortunately, it doesn't look like we'll have to. She is one of us.

# High Language - The Cartouche

## by Q

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*[“The Cartouche” Continued from last issue. It is the history of the Cartouche in Revelwood High Language. The story so far: The IB, Q & Stonewall are sitting in the barn when the Queph Lord and a small group of Egyptian guards appear. Words are exchanged between the IB and the Queph Lord. We now join the story as the Queph Lord casts a spell at the IB...]*

The lights become a massive glowing cloud of purple vapor that engulfs the IB’s head. The Egyptian guards back off in concern. They have never seen the Queph Lord as animated as he is now, and they have never seen anyone act so cool in his presence. They are afraid.

In the opposite direction, Stonewall and I cautiously back also away, towards the Barn’s front door. We may have never seen the Queph Lord, but we sure as Hell have seen the IB before. We were very afraid.

Suddenly, with a bizarre whooshing sound, the cumulous cloud of purple smoke began to diminish in size. In an instant, it was apparent that the IB was inhaling the mysterious gaseous envelope. It disappeared between his lips as he sat back in his chair. With a wink and a grin, he blew out a huge purple smoke ring. It was perfect.

“IB... are you OK?” I said, bravely strolling back towards The Baron.

The IB chuckled and answered, “Its obvious this clown has never been on stage with The Vengeful Vicar.”

The guards were visibly distressed as they began to

murmur and chatter amongst themselves. On the other side of the room, Stonewall reached behind the bar and pulled out a pencil and a scrap of paper. He furiously wrote a High Language message on the torn surface. Then he stuffed it in his pocket. He looked up and smiled as if no one had noticed him doing it.

The IB looks at the stunned Queph Lord and scornfully says “So, is that the best you can do Dribblelip?”

Pith Dribblelip turned an exciting shade of crimson and yelled in a thunderous voice “NOW YOU DIE... YOU MISERABLE INFIDEL.” And in an equally bellowing afterthought added “AND IT IS LORD DRIBBLELIP!!!”

In a fine demonstration of Egyptian magic, Dribblelip cast his staff onto the floor where it transformed into a 9 foot giant King Cobra. With a steam vent hiss, it began to slither towards the IB. Undaunted, The Iron Baron gestured casually to the snake, and as it moved closer, he murmured something that the rest of us couldn’t hear. With a rigid tightening of its body, the snake stopped moving. It looked at the IB, then back at Dribblelip, then back to the IB. The snake drew up its massive head, nodded once, and took off after the Queph Lord.

I leaned close to the IB and asked him “What did you say to the snake IB?”

The IB didn’t answer at first. Together we silently watched the Queph Lord sprint around the inside of the barn, jumping over debris laden P&P tables, landscaping tractors and some newly discovered war archive boxes, with a 9 foot giant King Cobra snapping at his ass. At the completion of his second circuit, the snake noticed the guards and added

them to the frantic hurdle race. In harmony, the Queph Lord and the guards screamed “WAAAAAAAA!”

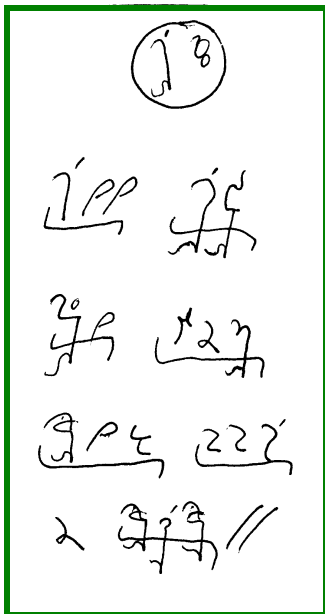
“C’mon, Q” the IB finally answered me with a shrug. “A snake in Revelwood? Like that’s never happened before.”

“IB! Here. Take this.” Stonewall says breathlessly as he scoots between the runners and hands the IB his scribbled message freshly drawn from his pocket.

The IB glances at it and shakes his head in wonder.

“Well you never know unless you ask. Right?” Said Stonewall.

“Let me see.” I said, reaching for the nearest chair and pulling it towards the IB. The IB watched one more lap of the race, then handed the torn paper to me. This is what was on the note...



Across the room, Dribblelip took advantage of the snake's interest in Phred and jumps up onto a pile of archive boxes. He flails his hands over his head and begins chanting.

“Bippity Bobbety Boo! No wait... Damn! That’s not it. No... Uhh... Bobbity Boo Bippity... Boo

Bibbop... Ah Hell.” The Queph Lord buries his face into his hands for a moment and then just as suddenly pulls them off and shouts...

“Bibbity Boo Calamazoo!”

Instantly, The snake turns to foam and dissolves into a long green stain that to this day still can’t be cleaned off the carpet.

There is a prolonged moment of near silence as the only sound in the Barn is eight Egyptian guards panting, bent over with their hands on their knees. Finally, Phred looks up and says.

“Dribblelip, you are a putz!”

A second guard gets enough breath together to look up and say.

“WE QUIT!”

With that, he and the other guards activate the amulet on their forearms and with a POP, vanish from the barn, the same way they had first appeared.

The Queph Lord squatted alone, precariously balanced on a rusted hibachi.

It was at this time the IB decided to make his move.

“Dribblelip, I’ve had it.” he says as he rolls Stonewall’s note into a tight little ball. “Now its my turn to give something to you.”

The IB jumps up from his chair and utilizing the now infamous Baronial Tackle, he, the Queph Lord, the hibachi and about 50 other Barn items crash into a rolling heap. There are sounds of a brief struggle, then an Egyptian exclamation of painful surprise and finally the familiar sound of a departure POP.

The IB emerged from behind the pile of debris brushing off his hands. He looks up and says,

“Hey Q... Got a smoke?”

I walked over and handed the IB a cigarette. “So, ahh, what did you do, IB?” I ask, also handing over my lighter.

“I mailed a letter.” The IB says with a sneer as he sits back down in his chair and resumes his original Baronial Smoke Break.

### POST SCRIPT

Pith Dribblelip appeared back in his own time with both knees skinned, his crown bent and no guards. It took two days of painful digging to get the letter out (in readable condition) that the IB had mailed.

Pith deciphered it, promptly went to the Pharaoh and sold him on the idea of the Cartouche, thereby saving the Pharaoh thousands of shekels in stone carving fees. The Pharaoh used the savings to pay for a war against the Ammonites, eventually adding their land on the Upper Nile to the Dynasty. That is how the IB changed the course of history.

Pith Dribblelip was paid handsomely for his idea in gold, slaves, camels and more guards. Unfortunately, while on his way to this new land to erect a temple to himself, Dribblelip was beset by a group of understandably disgruntled Ammonites who chased off his guards, beat him up and took everything he had. Except for his bent crown and a stinky piece of paper.

The End



### ART 'n' MONEY *(Continued from page 3)*

This is our chance to cash in on the income producing opportunities of the Internet. In our own peculiar Revelwood way.

As far as we can tell, this is a good deal for everybody.

To get this page up and running, we will need photographs or jpeg's of your art work, a description, pricing information (including shipping), an address that I send the order to and anything else you can think of that should be listed with your art.

The sooner we get this on the web site, the sooner the world gets to enjoy our art.

Don't delay! They need it.



Robbo demonstrates his versatility by abandoning the medieval shite and turning it up to 11.



Two (of three) Sweedes link up with the Hot Irish Sausage at The Chalk Man Pub.

# Page O' Links

## [A partial listing of various links off of the Revelwood Web Page](#)

### BERT, WE HARDLY KNEW YE

<http://come.to/evilbert>

And you thought Barney was bad? Get the real dirt on the darker side of Sesame Street's ambiguous duo. Winner of the 1998 "Webby" Award for wierdest site on the Web.

### ROB O' THE WEEEB?

<http://www.revelwood.org/bobolinks.htm>

Rob o' the Wood raided his bookmark file to send us this collection of some of his favorite sites.

### INDECENT IMAGES

<http://www.mindworkshop.com/alchemy/indcnt.html>

Get your mind out of the gutter, please. This is actually a gallery of pre-Raphaelite paintings (most of which would qualify as being indecent under the Communication Decency Act) that Brother Rodney stumbled upon. What he can't understand is why one of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles is so important to the world of art that there's a whole genre named after him!

### MODERN DRUNKARD MAGAZINE

<http://isis.netherworld.com/~moddrunk/index.html>

Here's a publication that's sure to occupy a place close to the hearts (and/or livers) of many a Revelwood citizen.

### CAREFUL, YOU'LL PUT YOUR EYE OUT

<http://www.io.com/~therion1/resources.html>

Velveeta sent us this link that provides access to more sites with things that can kill you than a Q clambake. This is a weapon collector's Nirvana. We always knew that woman was dangerous.

### THE CHALKMAN

<http://www.chalkman.com>

For those of you who attend the Society for Creative Anachronism's gathering known as the Pennsic War, The Chalkman is already a legend. For those of you who haven't been fortunate enough to visit The Chalkman, your life is not yet complete. Imagine a tavern filled to capacity with genius level musicians, known-world renowned storytellers, and a gathering of clever full-of-life people, watered liberally with one of the best home brewed beers ("The Burly Brew") to be made by bipeds, and you will visualize The Chalkman. The best part is that there are NO DUMBECKS ALLOWED. *The Burly Ten Pint Men* welcome you to visit their site and learn more about this truly remarkable and wondrous place known as The Chalkman.

### HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

<http://www.en.com/users/xvr27/otherguide2.html>

If there is one influence on the Artisan's Colony of Revelwood that can be traced to a single source, it is *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, by Douglas Adams. This five-book trilogy will tell you everything you need to know about human (and alien) behavior, the best places to drink in the galaxy and what to do in case you are subjected to Vogon poetry. It will even give you the answer to life, the universe and everything. What you do with it is up to you. Please, before you spend another day on this mostly-harmless planet, go to your local library and start to read these books. The knowledge and wisdom they will impart to you will make the world a better place for all of us.

# JUNK MAIL

PO Box 1  
Stratford, NJ 08084  
www.revelwood.org

Q, Tarani & The IB get caught up in a grooming frenzy at this year's Pennsic War.



JUNK MAIL IS A REVELWOOD PRESS® PRODUCTION



## FOR SALE... REVELWOOD E-MAIL ADDRESSES

Through a special offer by the Web Gnomes (and inspired by The Vicar) you can now get your very own **REVELWOOD E-MAIL ADDRESS!** For a mere \$6.00 per month, your Revelwood persona can be your personal e-mail address. Add a level of mystery to an otherwise bland communication experience. Confuse your family and friends! Let them know that you are proud of your fantasy life, and you're not afraid to use it! For details, simply e-mail The General at: [general@revelwood.org](mailto:general@revelwood.org)