

The Benevolent Order of Scurrilious Monks

Abbot's Report

Winter Solstice, 2004

Monks are Encouraged to Examine Breasts!

Here's an excerpt from an Email from Brother Lemonade (Rhonni Perry.) *As a person that has always made lemonade out of lemons, I've decided that there must be an enjoyable way to remain cancer-free. Consequently, I have developed a class which teaches couples how to do breast exams. The first Brother Lemonade class was held at TRF in November, and went well. I have medical professionals currently double-checking my class material, so by the spring I should have course material*



ready. For 2005, I'll be at GARF, NYRF, and TRF. Classes will be available during those shows. Any one wishing to learn to do a Brother Lemonade Exam should email me at brotherlemonade@boosm.org

Brother Mutha Performs Indoors!

Here are excerpts from a press release from Smee and Blogg Productions: *"Raven Lunatics" is the first theatrical production of Smee and Blogg, who have been touring the country for twenty-six years as the Singing Executioners, carving a career out of macabre song parodies and physical humor. Al Olson and John Doering, both writer/performers, have also appeared as Eustace and Floyd, a comedy country show. This Christmas production is an expanded version of the material presented twice in Missouri and once in Oklahoma and is suitable for all ages.*

Previously presented as an "Edgar Allen Poe Christmas Show" at the Kansas City, MO Dickens Fair, it introduces Titus Grimmley, mortician, and his ever faithful assistant and gravedigger Bloggsworth, as they celebrate the Yuletide in a series of songs and sketches dipped from a bubbling cauldron of Poe, Dickens, Clement Moore, Jingle Bells and Elvis.

The Rose Marine Theatre is located at 1440 N. Main Street in Fort Worth, just south of the Stockyards. Performances will be at 7:30 pm on Wednesday, December 15 and Sunday, December 19. Ticket prices are \$12 adults, \$10 students and seniors



and \$6 children 5-12. For reservations and information call 817 808 SMEE.

As an added note of interest, Brother Mutha also reports that he recently made a big score on *Ebay*. He spent \$150 on a set of very old football cards that he thinks might be worth more than his house.

Life Appears to Exist Beyond the Renaissance!

The first print edition of Brother Geek's magazine, *Women's Racing Journal* went to press in November. Brother Geek (Joni Massengale) reports: *The mag is really taking off with readers. We're out in 45 states (missing Alaska, Hawaii, North Dakota, Montana and Wyoming) and we also have them going to Ontario, British Columbia, Quebec and ...?!?...Nigeria?!?* Brother Geek is one of many of us who is finding out that life can exist outside of Renaissance Festivals. Its possible to become an authority in another entertainment venue in a relatively short time. Back in February, in an on line version of the magazine, Brother Geek correctly predicted nine of the top ten finishers in this year's NASCAR standings. The magazine's web site is womensracingjournal.com You can send Joni Emails at brothergeek@boosm.org

Brother-Can-You-Spare-a-Dime Lets Everybody Slide!

Brother Can-You-Spare-a-Dime (Ray St.Louis) has expanded his rides empire by building giant slides at the Sterling Renaissance Faire in upstate New York and at the Georgia Renaissance Festival south of Atlanta. A recent Email from Ray says, *(This is a photo) of the first slide built in 2003 in Georgia. Anybody who's spent any time in Great Britain can*



see immediately that it's modeled after the British Helter Skelter rides. The Sterling slide starts from a tower but doesn't wrap around, instead it goes off into the woods on trestles and then down a hillside. We believe it's the longest slide on the festival circuit (160 feet).

As for Brother Pompadour's rides in Tuxedo, I have taken them over only as a favor to my brother since he finally realized that the ride business is brutal mistress and not a place for the feint of heart. The Blue Moon Monastery survived all the hurricanes with only two large trees blown over and a ton of downed branches but no serious damage to buildings. We would have escaped any substantial flooding of the property were it not for a new neighbor on the backside who illegally brought in a city crew to pump millions of gallons from his property onto ours without our permission.

Miscellaneous Tidbits

Brother Breakfast (Bernie Heisfield) was invited back to the Colorado Renaissance Festival this year when promoter Jim Paradise finally realized that he could no longer do without his breakfast services.

Equipped with a food booth with all of the amenities, Bernie was able to re establish his breakfast business as well as the Bizarre Bazaar and he also helped Brother Prehensile (Bill Swain) as a server at the ice cream social. Brother Charles (Chuck Dixon) recently underwent surgery for cancer. Apparently, the cancer was detected early and the surgery was successful. Brother Pompadour (Dennis Cooper) has bought a bar near his home in Bangkok, Thailand and he is, no doubt, his own best customer. Suzan Stewart and Brother Donald have gone their separate ways in their separate Airstreams and our Abbot has returned to a life of solitude. Last winter, The Food God (Victor Smith) opened up a Pie Shop called *Pie Girl* in Ithaca, New York. He's making nutritious savory and desert pies in a shop that has no association with any renaissance festival. As further evidence that life goes on after Renaissance Festivals, for the first time in 25 years, Brother Who (Magical Mystical Michael) did not perform at any Renaissance Festivals in 2004. Although we can't say for sure, we believe that the same can be said for Brother Hood (Rush Pearson) and Brother Doctor (Danny Lord.) The rest of us are finding it increasingly difficult to book our shows. This demonstrates a trend in the industry. Older, experienced entertainers are being phased out and replaced by younger, usually inferior, entertainers who are willing to work for far less money. If we don't start building our monasteries soon, they're going to get rid of all of us.

Martha's Dragon Takes Flight

Brother Pluck's (Martha Gay's) band has a new recording available for purchase. Cantiga's new CD



Martha's Dragon has just been released. They've been working on it for over two years and they feel

that it's their finest album to date. For your convenience, they're selling it at an online record store www.cdbaby.com. You can order it there and pay with a credit card and also listen to the first 2 minutes of all the tracks if you like. There's a 10% discount if you get more than one. The www address is: <http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/cantiga4> You can send Email to Brother Pluck at martha@boosm.org.

Mayhem Murdered

Many of us heard the story earlier this month on the network television news programs. During a performance by the heavy metal band *Damageplan* in an Ohio nightclub, a deranged fan jumped up on stage and started shooting. The network anchors told us that guitarist Darryl Dimebag Abbot was murdered but what they didn't say was that Jeff Thompson died along with him. Jeff Thompson was better known to many of us as Mayhem MacGregor, a drummer for the Scottish band, *The Rogues*. Mayhem had



organized and hosted the Scottish Games at Scarborough Faire for many years. He stood six foot seven inches tall and weighed well over 350 pounds. Mayhem dropped out as a contestant in the Scottish Games because nobody could ever come close to beating him. At the time of his death, Mayhem was working as a bodyguard for *Damageplan* and he died protecting his friends. Greater love hath no man.

Bro Ro Mo is Counting the Hours

After ten long years, Bro Ro Mo (Ron Moses) will be released from the Texas State Penitentiary on January 14. Here are excerpts from some of his recent epistles: *To all the Ren friends, especially the B.O.O.S.M. buddies who have written to me during this darkest decade of my life, I thank you with all my*

heart. Your words and efforts to get them to me often made the difference in the quality of the day I received them. Forgive me for not being out there with you to partake of the sadness and euphoria of Renaissance Faire life. Words fail me in my desire to describe how much I have missed all those wonderful



times and places and Ren-faces. My special heartfelt thanks to our Abbot who has been ever faithful to his flock, including the bad boys like me....I thought I might petition you with a plea for perhaps a bit of help, from the S.M.E.R.F if

that were possible to assist my effort to start from scratch....(and to)...get me on my feet and...out of Texas where I have no desire to stay one minute longer than I have to....It may turn out that fortune will favor me in those first few days, but just in case, I'm seeking whatever aid I can find. ...until I have my feet under me and moving in a positive direction. May the elves of merriment and prosperity be with you always. Bro Ro Mo..

Soooo....We are hereby reactivating the Scurrilious Monks Emergency Relief Fund. (S.M.E.R.F) When Bro. Ro Mo is spit out of the bowels of the Texas State Prison system, he'll be without a home, without a car, without any clothes apart from those he was arrested in and without money. If you can find it in your heart to make out a check to the Benevolent Order of Scurrilious Monks, your donation will be tax deductible and every penny will be given directly to Moses upon the day of his release. No one is under any obligation to contribute. This is a free will offering, a voluntary opportunity to help out someone who is probably worse off than you are. Even if you don't want to stuff a buck into the return envelope, you may wish to send Moses a postcard or letter before his release. The address is:

Ronald G. Moses

721655 Ramsey

1100 FM 655

Rosharon, TX 77583

Don't send money to this address. Money is contraband in jail. When he becomes a free man, Bro Ro Mo will be able to receive Email at

moses@boosm.org

THE LONG RIDE

I am
on a deep
and dark
subway somewhere.

The clamor
of clacking tracks
and steel screech
draw my nerves
taught
as the ice cubes
in my gut
dissolve.

I am standing,
not sitting,
and swaying to
the far from gentle
rocking motion
created
by extreme speed
of the train.

Far ahead,
a pinhole of light,
too bright
for eyes accustomed
to long darkness,
expands
and my hands
tremble
as they fumble
for a hold
upon anything
that will keep me
from falling
back
into the abyss.

--Moses