

# CHALK MAN

“What about me?”  
The Chalk Man’s crew cheer as described by Hennesy of Chalk Man

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Cheaper by the Pound...

## Hot Irish Sausage Sells Out!



In a blatant display of wanton commercialism, those crafty purveyors of melodic Pennsic memories have broken all records (literally) for selling out. Revelwood’s War band premiered it’s first CD titled “Knowne World Tour.”

The CD began as most Revelwood projects do... “Wouldn’t it be cool if...” This time it turned out to be very cool. It demonstrated the resourcefulness and energy that is possible within Revelwood. Beyond the music, many talents were incorporated in this project including accounting, coordination, distribution, graphics, promotion, packaging, and writing. This was a monumental effort performed by many persons who did not get their names on the CD. As a result of their efforts both at home and at the War, the Hot Irish Sausage will present to the Guilds a substantial amount of money that will go a long way in helping us share our art with the rest of the planet.



The unnamed artists are Alexandra (accounting at the War), Vaninmoyman Guiseppi Bartholomew Vanaducci (Van) and Mike the Mage (distribution at the War), Delvorcia (promotion at the War) and Tarani/Mimosa/Silva (packaging).

The production of the CD was a wonderful experience. The musicians shared some very special moments.

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Especially The Vicar and Mike. While setting levels on the computer Mike would hear The Vicar softly whispering into his microphone “I Love You Mike. I Want You. Now.” This of course unnerved Mike to no end as he was trying to get someone’s level adjusted. Mike would look up in astonishment scanning the room to try and catch the culprit. The Vicar, anticipating this would start talking at the nearest person, as if he had been engaged in a conversation all along. Made Mike nuts.



Another benefit of this enterprise was realized at the War. After three months of rehearsal and recording, The Hot Irish Sausage played like the professional musicians they are. The songs were tight, changes made on time and the vocals angelically harmonic (that of course diminished as the night wore on and the beer wore out).

All-in-all, it was an amazing accomplishment. And it is just the beginning.

[Tarani wrote the following story a couple of years ago at the onset of the winter hiking season. I immediately lost it. Then I denied I ever got it. Then I confirmed I had it but said I already printed it. Then I lost it again. Then I denied it again and finally came across it while planting some tulips. Here it is. Late, but not too late. My apologies to Tarani. And to Q whose life was made just a little more miserable by my aberrant filing system. ed.]

## Travel Guide

By Tarani

The first official woods walk of the New Year (1999) began as normal as things can be in Revelwood. Q, Tarani, Keira, The General, Lady Cheron, Tam, Bandit and The IB all bundled up for a trudge through the dusting of snow. Just after passing Old Man Oak, Bandit the faithful hound picked up a scent and took off. About the same time Cheron noticed strange tracks in the snow.

“What do you think they are?” She asked.

“Looks like a variation of the North American Squawking Velociraptor. Small by nature, but flightless. Pack hunters. Seems to be a dozen or so.” Q answered.

I looked at Cheron and said, “Bandit went after them.”

Just then we could hear The General calling to Bandit who was joyfully barking away from somewhere up ahead. Q took to the trail with Cheron close behind. It took me a bit longer because Keira decided stomping out all of the tracks would be wise so we wouldn’t be followed. But then she was stomping the raptor prints, not ours.

“There they go.” Tam’s voice rang through the trees. “A whole flock of them.”

“Don’t get too close.” Q cautioned. “They’ll poke your eye out.”

I arrived in time to see Bandit ruffling the last of the bare blueberry bushes trying to flush out any whom still dared hide from her. The ever-faithful Revel-hound had saved the day.

“Don’t think those turkeys will be back soon.” A familiar voice was heard to say as we continued our trek into the wiles of Revelwood. But as I paused to look back I wondered if they meant the raptors or us.

*Next time on Trail Guide... Cheron Battles the Mighty Fanged Tree Squirrel – or – IB’s Iceberg*

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## I Shoulda’ Been a Sailor...

By Cassi

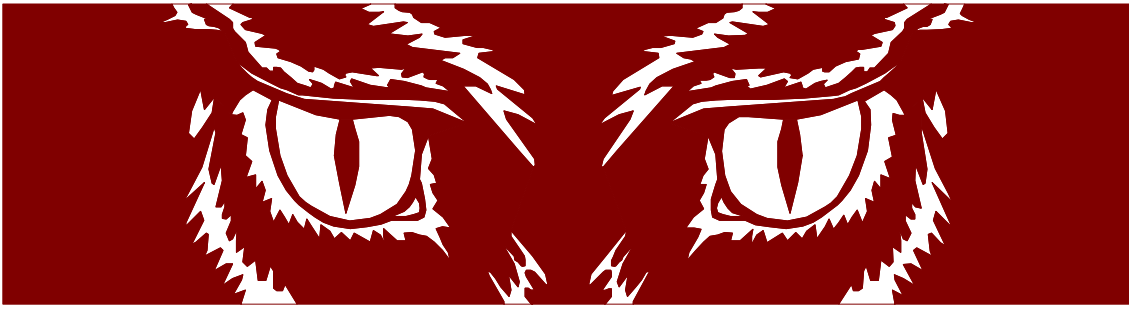
The day dawned perfect in Downeast Maine. Indian summer was in full swing, 70 degrees with sunshine, and color everywhere the eye could see. Have you ever been to the perfect coastal resort town off season? You know the one, where it feels like you stepped back in time about 50 years as you walk down the tiny streets? Look past the tacky souvenirs in the windows, towards the hand carved driftwood pieces, and the pastel oils in the galleries, you remember how it feels?

The people are friendly; the breakfast is huge and cooked just right, and no one is pushing you out the door as you dawdle over coffee....remember? So come along with me after breakfast, strolling in the fresh ocean air towards the pier, and find your way to the dock where the catamaran waits for us. Did you bring your camera? Don’t worry about it, I have plenty of film. Let’s find a place on the rail on the port side, near the stern, out of the way of small children while we head out of the harbor. Bar Island, who lent its name to the tiny town, looms closer as we gather speed aiming for the open sea. On the starboard side, we watch the coast unfold in dazzling autumn colors, dotted with the estates of the ridiculously rich. Some of those mansions up there are over 100 years old, we hear, and some shrouded in tragedy...(but that’s another story).

Do you have your sea legs yet? Are you laughing with me as the cat plows through the 6 foot swells at 40 knots? (or clinging to the rail in terror with each wave?) No matter, the object of our voyage is in sight, and our fearless captain cuts the motor to an idle. “Eyes sharp,” he calls out, “scan the horizon for signs.” And then....and then....”Whale!” you cry out, pointing straight out at 9 o’clock, as the big humpback surfaces with a blow of spray. “Thar she blows!” echoes all around you as the others catch sight of the huge animal breaking the surface of the sea, but you saw her first, by gumption, this sighting is yours.

And what a creature she is....40 feet at least, maybe 50, as she turns slightly and begins to dive....but what’s that?!! Another blow, some 20 feet away, as her calf comes into sight. Smaller than Moby...er....mama....only 30-35 feet long, but coming further out of the water, as if the sun feels good on his back. As he dives, you turn to ask if I got any of that on film, because once you sighted the first whale, all other things on the ship around you ceased to exist. Of course, I did get some of it, and will continue to try for more and better over the next hour or so as the captain and crew follow the whales, and we learn about whale-prints and how to guess where they might surface next. (Whale prints: a circular pattern of calm

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# KATRINA

by Deb Stevens

A long dark hallway...A grotesquely elongated shadow at the far end.....Appears to be a cat; twists, melts, becomes an unknown thing. It turns....red eyes. Huge, glowing, blood-red eyes.It starts to smile, impossibly the smile stretches into a hideous grin that covers the (face) things head except the eyes...the red, red eyes.

A large bedroom, moderately furnished. Photo on nitestand, illuminated by a small nitelamp; a man smiling, a woman with her eyes cast down. The man is in the bed, alone, thrashing in his nightmare. He begins to moan (screaming) and pulls harder at the sheet. The sheet is wet (it's blood, oh God, it's blood) with his sweat, and as it touches his face, he jerks awake. The scream escapes before he can stop it, he looks wildly around the room, she's gone (again) and he is alone. The dream always comes when he is alone (where is she?), only when he's alone (WHERE is she?). The door opens, she stands there with a glass of milk.

"Peter?" she asks, concerned. "Oh, Peter, it was the dream again, wasn't it? Oh I'm sorry I wasn't here, baby, you were so peaceful when I woke up. I went to get some milk, do you want some?" It comes rushing out, too fast, almost as fast as his heartbeat, thudding in his chest (milk?).

"No", is all he can say.

Annoyed now, she approaches the bed. "No, what?", she says. "No, you don't want any milk, or no, it wasn't the same dream?" She eyes him critically, noting the flush in his face and his grip on the sheet. "When are you going to talk about this? It's obviously freaking you out, you have to do something."

He doesn't answer, only stares up at her. He can't see her eyes, they are (red) in shadow, lately they are always in shadow. "Why can't I see your eyes, Katrina? At night I can never see your eyes." he says, disentangling himself from the sheet and sitting up slowly. The shadows move with him across her face, eyes dark, mouth pouting.

"What are you talking about? Are you trying to make this about me?, she says, angry now. "How long have you been having this dream, anyway? All your miserable life, I bet. Well, that's it, I've had enough. Either you work this out, somehow, or we're finished."

He does not reply, at first, but is still trying to see her (red) eyes. The silence is dark, brooding. At last he says, "I think it is about you. I only started having the dream after we got together. I don't know what it's about, or why, but I'm pretty sure it IS about you. And I'm scared."

She stares at him, unsure of how to respond. "Tell me," she says.

"The first one was the first time we made love. It was just a flash, a shadow on the wall with red (blood-red) eyes. When I pulled out of it, you were in the bathroom. I forgot it." He sighs, lights two cigarettes, gives her one. "Until the next one, of course. Three nights later. "That one started to have a shape. And of course, the red eyes. Blood-red eyes that kept getting bigger and bigger. You were in the living room, getting us a smoke." He inhales deeply, on his cigarette, watching her.

"You're saying that you never...." she broke off, thinking. "But...."

"That's right," he answers, "never before we made love, and never when you're in the room with me." He paused, then added, "And only after we make love. Weird, huh?"

"Yeah", she says, "that definately qualifies as weird." She crosses the room, sipping milk, and stubs out her cigarette. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

He sighs, looking up at her. "Well, what was I supposed to say? I keep having this dream, or vision, or whatever it is, and it scares the living crap out of me. It only happens after we make love and you leave the room, and it's getting (darker) more freaky every time it happens. Tonight, the shadow started to look like a cat, and the (red) eyes were huge, and it started to grin and it's face started to melt and...."

He stops, and crushes out his cigarette. Her back is to him, now, and he's suddenly uneasy.

As she puts down the glass, the shadow on the wall keeps moving and she begins to turn. "Do you believe in demons?" she asks quietly. "Why," he answers slowly, watching the shadow, "do you think I should?"

"Oh, absolutely." she answers, turning and smiling, and the rest is lost... is lost in his screams.

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*[ ed. note. Deb Stevens, a.k.a. Cassiopia, a.k.a. Keeper Of The Flame is one of the original Revelwood citizens, from the ancient days of yore when the Forests were still being charted and the Pipe and Pint was the only party. "Cassi" as she was affectionately known helped Revelwood become a popular and familiar part of the Society for Creative Anachronism, especially at the Pennsic War. She was given the title of "One Shoe" by the Tuchux in a bizarre ceremony.*

*Deb currently resides in Maine keeping the bears company.]*

# JUNK MAIL

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The Vicar leads a moment of quiet prayer and reflection upon a politically poignant sheetwall depicting the artist's opinion of Revelwood



## JUNK MAIL ISÆ REVELWOOD PRESS@ PRODUCTION

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water among the swells caused by the motion of the whales' huge tail while diving).

The captain and crew are experienced with these whales, and slowly turn the ship in big circles so that everyone on board gets to see the whales up close. As mama comes in for a closer look herself, your eyes go huge...just beneath the surface, parallel with the boat, you can see her profile as she swims with us on her side for about a hundred yards before turning away and diving. No, I didn't get that on film, that look was all yours.

All too soon, it's time to head back into the harbor, and the ship begins to turn and leave the whales behind. As if to say goodbye, the calf makes a leap  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way out of the water, and then sinks from view, and mama gives a final blow into the sunshine, and dives. As we head back into the bay, thoughts around us turn to lunch menus and shopping strolls in the town at least partially abandoned by time, but we are thinking the same thing, you and I: We should have been sailors while we were still young enough to do the rough stuff for 20 hours a day, we should have bought that fishing boat and just taken off.... into the sunset.



Back of the Bus will appear next month. If there is room.