



Revenant 1

# Revenant 1



Yet another fanzine from Eric Mayer, January, 2012 mail: [groggy.tales@gmail.com](mailto:groggy.tales@gmail.com)

## The Ink Stained Wraith

Call this fanzine *Son of E-Ditto*. Or *Grandson of Groggy*. Or maybe *E-Ditto Senior* because bits of *Revenant* sat on my hard drive for years before I published *E-Ditto*. I kept telling myself I wasn't a faneditor any longer. What do I know after inhaling spirit duplicator fumes for a decade?

Back when I first conceived of the zine the title was more appropriate. I had just recently returned to fandom. More or less. Probably "less" when you figure all I do is read and LoC ezines.

Some of the contents I planned made better sense then too. I figured I could answer the question we always ask friends we haven't seen for awhile: "So what you been up

to?" Not that anyone asked. I let *Revenant* moulder and answered the question no one asked in articles scattered here and there, including *E-Ditto*.

There were articles I would have liked to run in *E-Ditto* but which couldn't have been presented properly in faux ditto. Like the small press comics material in this issue.

The simplicity of *E-Ditto's* format appealed to me. I have no desire, or ability, to make *Revenant* more elaborate than it needs to be. But be honest, how much purple prose can anyone take? Besides, I couldn't keep publishing seventeen issues a year. Well, probably I could, but I didn't want to wear out all seven of you who read my zines

So here's another semi-perszine but designed for electronic reading. Appropriate, since returning to fandom I've confined myself to the electronic sphere. *Revenant*, like *E-Ditto* it will run for a year, probably six issues. That's not too many, even for an insubstantial electronic shade.

# Words and Titles

Words with an aura of exoticism have always attracted me. Some words just have style. "Foetor" expresses unpleasantness better than "stench" does. "Coruscate" almost sounds like glittering light. In the sixth century Constantinople Mary and I imagine for our mystery novels, my alleyways have about them a foetor and my seas coruscate. All too frequently, as I discover upon rewrite.

"Revenant" is another word I've always liked, used as an antiquated term for ghost. What is more antiquated than a ghost? It's from the French, "to return." What could be a more apt title for a fanzine from yet another one of those people who've been away until drawn back to fandom by the Internet?

Actually, there is probably a better title somewhere amongst all the hundreds of words and phrases I've read over the years, that have caused me to stop and exclaim -- "What a great fanzine title!" Unfortunately those words aren't there right now, when I need them. I've noticed words have been avoiding me rather too often lately.

But anyway, *Revenant* seemed perfect. Maybe too perfect. Had it been used already? It would certainly be a faux pas to publish a fanzine named *Revenant* only to be told that the title had already been used back in 1948.

So I Googled. No doubt all knowledge is contained in

fanzines but Google has a superior search algorithm.

Most of the fanzines listing and archives turned up nothing. Then, deep in the electrons of the online index to the Horvat Collection, at the University of Iowa -- in Box 65 -- I saw -- *Revenant!* It was credited to Lee Gold, although, when I asked her she couldn't recall the zine, but thought maybe it had been for an APA.

Searching further I found a reference to a *Revenant* from Jack "Spear" in the Bruce Pelz collection, but with no date or other information. And there was yet a third *Revenant*, in the Coslet-Sapienza Fantasy and Science Fiction Fanzine Collection, published for FAPA in the fall of 1954.

What is faanish etiquette when it comes to re-using titles? It's been done certainly. Ken Ozanne used Mary's *Crabapple* title a decade after she did.

Heck, I liked *Revenant*. So I've used it. If I've trodden on ectoplasmic faanish toes let me know. (I need a loccol!) If it comes to it, I can always change the name to *Groggy*. Or *Foetor*.

The cover is a scan of the reduced and rather poorly photo-copied drawing that I used as a cover for the one genzine I published, back in the late eighties, *Deja Vu*. It ran six issues as I recall and included work from small press and mini-comics folks as well as fans.

I can't be sure about the number of issue because I don't have most of my old fanzines readily available. I left them in Rochester, many years ago, in the "archive".

# Groggy Fanzine Archive



The Groggy Fanzine archive is conveniently located directly below the entrance to the former Irondequoit Mall, just north of Rochester, NY.

The archive features an extensive collection of fanzines from the early seventies through the mid-eighties.

Although I never collected fanzines, I did accumulate them. As an active letterhack in the nineteen seventies, I was inundated with zines, none of which I could ever bring myself to throw away. After all, even the most splotched and incoherent crudzine is someone's baby. And more often than not, an only child.

The collection is not large by some standards but since I happened to enter Fandom during its Golden Age (don't we all?) it is of considerable historical interest.

The Archive was formed in the late nineteen eighties, when the house I was renting was scheduled for demolition due to a construction project. Rather than hauling my fanzines to my new residence, I resolved to leave them to posterity.

This decision was partly an outgrowth of some extended conversations about TAFF a few years earlier.

The archive is designed with an eye to the ages. A thousand years from now, archaeologists interested in our

late twentieth and early twenty-first century culture will surely concentrate on excavating the ruins of the best exemplars of our way of life -- shopping malls. Thus, the Archive is well placed to serve as a King Tut's Tomb for some future Howard Carter, without any accompanying curse, aside from a few stray gobbets of hectograph gel.

During the dark ages to come, disguising this repository of all knowledge as a holy mall will protect it from the ravages of fundamentalist consumers who are sure to be burning down the universities where most such archives are stored and in their ignorance, depriving mankind of the

monumental works of fans like Warren Johnson and Aljo Svodoba, not to mention myself.

In the meantime, the collection is readily available to today's scholars.

Packed securely in natural cardboard, in a cement walled basement, further protected by tons of fill, capped by weather resistant asphalt, the archive is easily accessible by pneumatic drill and backhoe.



*A couple months ago I briefly tried to explain a bit about my attitude to fandom in a post to a Yahoo Group. Mike Meara asked if I'd touch it up so he could run it in his excellent perszine A Meara For Observers. I did and he did. But it seems to fit so well in this series of essays that I'm going to reprint it here.*

In our own little corner of a fandom that has grown too large and diverse for comfort, fans sometimes refer to \*us\*. He is -- or is not -- "one of us" they will say. Like obscenity, \*us\* is hard to define but easy to recognize. I would guess that if we all made a list of who constitutes \*us\* our lists would have a very high degree of agreement.

Unfortunately there's always that bit of disagreement where our perspectives on fandom don't quite overlap. Here's an example. More than a quarter century ago a bunch of fans got into an argument. At that time I had been -- I thought -- an active fan for more than a decade. I'd published a couple dozen zines, and contributed hundreds of locs, articles and illos. So I got it into my head to express my opinion on the dispute. Several fans told me to bugger off, I wasn't entitled to an opinion because I didn't go to conventions, rarely saw fans in person, and thus wasn't a "real" fan. Only a "paper" fan.

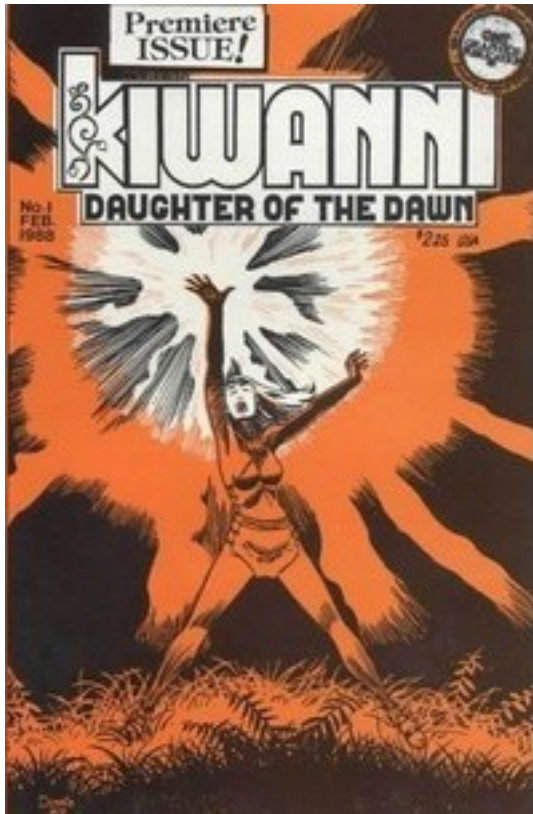
That upset me, a lot. It changed my entire perspective on fandom. I had put so much effort and time



into fanzine fanac it had never occurred to me that I might not be considered a full member of the club, even if I was even more of a hermit than Harry Warner.

Now, years later and maybe a little wiser, I understand why, from some people's perspectives, this would almost necessarily be so. How can we fail to feel closer ties to people we have actually met? But at the time I was offended, to put it mildly, and that experience insured that I never again will be naive enough to consider myself "one of us."

Heck, I'm not even a paper fan anymore. I'm just an electronic ghost.



## ADVENTURES IN SMALL PRESS

I can recall only vaguely the first time I set eyes on *Kiwanni*. The memory is muted like a hand-tinted postcard or a two-color comic book cover. The cave girl wore orange and black. I neglected to fix the moment in my mind. How could I know I might want to examine it twenty years later?

Where did I get my initial glimpse at issue one of *Kiwanni, Daughter of the Dawn*? It might as well have been at Tim Corrigan's place, out in the sparsely populated hinterlands near the New York/Pennsylvania border. I went there often enough to gab about small press ventures. We had certainly discussed my comic book script. The first issue was dated February 1988 so I would have left my car beside the dirt road next to the rural mail box for "C&T Graphics" and walked back along the frozen ditch at the side of cornfield to where the ground sloped down into woods.

There, on a patch of land that could neither be farmed nor developed, Tim had built a home for himself and his family out of plywood and tar paper. A single solar panel in the roof supplied power. The amenities consisted of a chemical toilet. It was the perfect dwelling for man squeezing a living out of self-published comics.

During the eighties small press comics, as they were called, had exploded. In fact Tim's focal point newspaper, *Small Press Comics Explosion* (or SPCE) regularly sold 6,000 or more copies. Shops specializing in comics along with the distributors serving them proliferated, due at least in part to a new distribution model under which unsold copies were no longer returnable by retailers.

I was attracted to offerings from a variety of small publishers scrambling around in the shadows of behemoths Marvel and D.C. Who needed Spider Man and Superman when there were alternative heroes waiting on the shelves of the specialty shops? Maybe Morty the Dog, Neil the Horse, and the Flaming Carrot weren't going to save the world, but they were certainly saving comics.

In those heady days you could earn a living doing your own comics, if you printed enough titles every month, even if you only made \$50 or \$100 on each, provided you could live in a plywood box out in the woods and fetch water from town.

Having to drag myself in to a poisonous office every working day, I rather envied Tim but could never have endured what he did. Even waiting for the monthly orders to arrive, not knowing whether I'd sold sufficient copies of Diggers, Mighty Guy, and SPCE, to put food on the table would have been impossible.

So I didn't pay much attention to the business aspects of comic book publishing. I naturally gravitated to the "faanish" fringes of the explosion. Mini-comics.

Starting in 1986 I wrote and drew dozens of mini-comics -- small books formed by a printed sheet cut in half and folded to make 8 pages. Under the "Groggy Comics" imprint (a name for your press was de rigueur) I cranked out nine issues of King Cotton, at least a couple of Bad Cat, Remarkable Rutabaga, American Splinter, and Stick Dick as well as a mini-magazine called Frazzle along with assorted other titles.

My mini-comics, like most, were amateur undertakings, although typically they sold for a quarter to help defray costs. A few artists like Brad Foster, with his beautifully drawn and produced Goodies series nudged minis toward commercial viability but I wasn't in Brad's drawing league and never looked at comics as anything I might dabble in professionally. Until Tim asked me to write the script for a book he had in mind.

He had decided the title would be "Kiwanni, Daughter of the Dawn." The story would feature a cave girl, sabre toothed tigers, mastodons and dinosaurs because the artist he had lined up excelled at rendering scantily clad women and animals. (Not scantily clad animals, I hasten to add. It



wasn't a furry comic.)

Tim and I both realized that humans and dinosaurs had never co-existed, my own childhood favorite Alley Oop, notwithstanding. But with an artist who was so good at animals, it seemed a waste not to let him put a dinosaur or two into action. My solution was to have aliens invade from



another dimension, opening up rifts in space time through which could wander whatever creatures the artist felt like turning his pencils to.

We had high hopes, or at least as high as possible for a black and white book with a two color cover. The sales ceilings for comics were determined pretty much by the way they were printed. Full color comics had unlimited sales potential but a publisher like Tim couldn't afford the steep printing costs. The next best thing was to put a full color cover on a black and white interior, but that was beyond the budget for C&T Graphics as well. There was generally a limit to how many copies of a cheaply produced comic you could sell, although Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird had hit the jackpot with their Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.

In the end, the first issue of Kiwanni sold a couple thousand copies which wasn't bad. Once all the discounts and retailers' and distributor's cuts were accounted for and the printer was paid, the publisher, inker, penciller and writer each ended up with about \$75. Which wasn't that good.

Luckily I wasn't in it for the money. To me it was simply a new creative adventure, a journey into the uncharted territory of the comic book script. The format Tim used resembled a movie script. I was supposed to write dialog and any narrative. It was also up to the writer to describe what was to be shown in each panel and the general layout of the panels on the pages.

I was literally able to heed the admonition "show, don't tell." And it is amazing how much can be shown by a

gesture or a fleeting expression, particularly if someone else -- someone with artistic talent -- is doing the drawing.

No doubt, I made a lot of decisions about visuals which properly belonged to the artist. I couldn't help myself. My prose has always been highly visual. I love scenery. I loved to conjure up images in my mind. Suddenly I had at my disposal someone with the ability to transfer those pictures to paper intact, without dropping and breaking them as I invariably did.

I had no idea, though, how well the transfer would turn out. I was startled when I saw the drawings made from my script. At the beginning of the comic Kiwanni is fighting a Tyrannosaurus on a glacier when aliens appear -- monstrous air-borne sacs covered with tentacles. Cthullu's dirigibles. And when I slid the stiff drawing paper from the big manila mailing envelope that was exactly what I saw. Exactly. the artist had not drawn just any old glacier, or someone else's Kiwanni, or his personal notion of floating aliens, he had sketched out the very scene I had formed in my own imagination.

A psychologist might have a mundane explanation. Perhaps my mental picture had not been nearly as complete as I supposed and I mistook the artist's details for my own.

Nevertheless, I was struck as I have never been by the mysterious power of words, these magical symbols by which we can transmit our own thoughts, the images in our own minds, into the minds of others. We often assume we are doing so, but here was proof.

I had probably been just as startled a few weeks



earlier when Tim told me about the artist. He said that he was a fellow from California, named Donnie Jupiter.

The name was familiar. But not from the comic book scene.

A decade before, during the punk rock era, while I was living in New York City, I had picked up a single by a band called the Twinkeyz. Aliens in Our Midst turned out to be one of my favorites. More new wave than punk. Psychedelic garage music. A weirdly infectious mixture of electronic noise and semi-recited science fictional lyrics. The lead singer and songwriter had been called Donnie Jupiter.

So when Tim mentioned that name my reaction was: What? Not the Donnie Jupiter?

Well, actually, how many Donnie Jupiters could there be?



The transformation from punk/new wave to small press comics made sense. Both shared a do-it-yourself attitude and often made up for technical crudity with energy

and idiosyncrasy rarely matched by commercial products.

Still, what were the chances I'd end up working on a comic book with a stranger whose obscure record I'd admired ten years before?

Better than the chances of Kiwanni matching the success of the Ninja Turtles it turned out.

The first issue did well enough but then...something happened. The small press explosion was about to become an implosion. There were too many comics being published and too many distributors and specialty shops. Bigger distributors began to gobble up the smaller ones. Small press publishers couldn't get their efforts into the shops as easily as before. Precisely how C&T Graphics was hit I can't say, but hit it was. The second issue limped out into the world as a stunted digest sized book (less expensive to print even then a regular black and white) and died.

The remaining three scripts for the planned five book series were never drawn, except for a few pages, quite possibly to the great relief of Donnie Jupiter who must have been making five cents an hour considering the outrageously intricate scenes I wanted.

I had enjoyed my venture into scripting and subsequently tried to sell some new ones, based on my own ideas, to other small press publishers. One proposal was a superhero historical. Not long after the fall of Rome, when the surviving Eastern Empire has become a bastion of Christianity, a slave comes across a magic ring, once the property of Julian the last pagan emperor. The ring allows its owner to summon the old, deposed Gods. This gives the

bearer super powers, of a sort, depending on which God happens to show up, and what kind of mood he or she is in, and taking into account that the Roman Gods were an unreliable and unpredictable bunch to begin with, given to bizarre behavior, and almost certainly not very happy with or interested in a world that has rejected them for a fellow who died on a cross.

I thought the idea had possibilities but publishers didn't agree, not surprisingly since I didn't have a very good grasp on what I was doing. Thus ended my career in comics. I drifted away from small press entirely and into assorted other interests, serial hobbyist that I am.

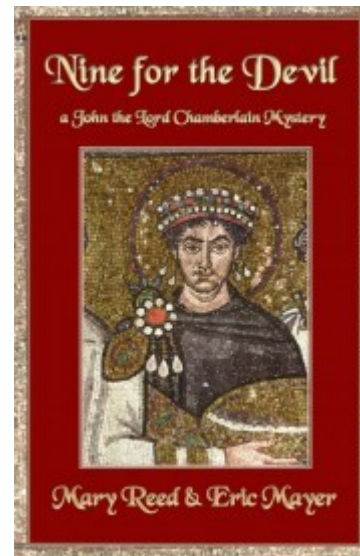
Then one day, in the early nineties, Mike Ashley contacted my wife Mary and wondered if we could produce a historical mystery for an anthology he was editing? He needed the story quickly.

"Historical" and "quickly" are words that tend not to go together, considering how much research is necessary before writing can even begin. I immediately thought of placing a mystery in the early Byzantine era because I already knew something about sixth century Constantinople. I had done enough research for the abortive comic book to prop up a 2,000 word story, which was the length desired. And so we hurriedly co-wrote the first tale featuring as detective, John, Lord chamberlain to Emperor Justinian using the background I'd amassed for the comic. "A Byzantine Mystery" appeared in 1993 in The Mammoth Book of Historical Whodunnits. These co-authored mysteries turned out to be considerably more successful

than my comic book efforts. The first Byzantine mystery was followed by six more short stories in anthologies and Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine and eight books from Poisoned Pen Press. Next spring, more than twenty years after Kiwanni, Daughter of the Dawn was published, our ninth Byzantine novel will be out. It's called Nine for the Devil..

One secret I have never revealed, until now, is that John the Lord Chamberlain's mother is a cave girl.

*This article originally appeared in Chris Garcia's Drink Tank 2008 Annual.*



If you're curious about what two fans are up to professionally, the first book, chronologically, in our Byzantine mystery series

## **Four For A Boy**

is available for kindle for

**99 cents.**

<http://tinyurl.com/bvtzyxu>

# Post Script

The Kiwanni comic affected one of the more professional projects I was doing in the late eighties and early nineties. In my spare time I sold articles and essays to magazines. One of the best paying was Write! a magazine for high schoolers. I interviewed YA author, CNN's Jeannie Moos, and Jane Yolen. After working on Kiwanni I suggested an article for the how-to section about writing a comic book.

The piece turned out pretty well. I was able to supply bits of the script with matching drawings. Everything was fine until the article appeared.

My phone rang. The editor yelled at me. He was in a panic. Furious. How could I have done this to him? I lived in the east, of course, but the magazine's subscribers were mostly in the midwest and they were more strait-laced out there Why hadn't I told him?.

Told him what? I didn't have a clue.

About the nekkid woman of course! Somebody had actually bought the zine. Some parent had seen it. Filth! Obscenity! Write! was ruined! Pushing pornography!

After much sputtering (on the editor's end) and stuttering (on mine) it finally dawned on me. Offense had been taken at a panel showing Kiwanni bathing in a forest pool. The usual scene. She was half-turned, back to the viewer, her hands and foreground foliage strategically placed. There was less to see than in a Sears catalog bra ad.

The mere suggestion of nudity (nude, nudge, wink,

wink) must have been too much. I would never have guessed.

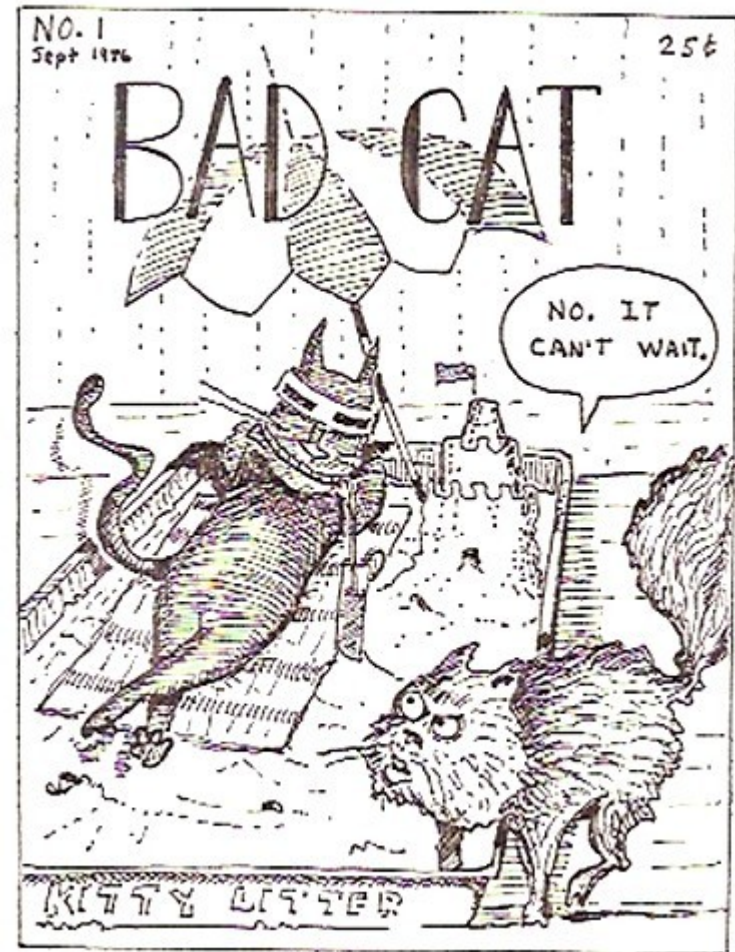
When the editor finally saw the issue I subsequently sent him, he agreed that it was considerably less than lubricious. Nevertheless, knowing his readership -- or the parents of his readership -- he would never have run it had he known about Kiwanni's demure bathing scene.

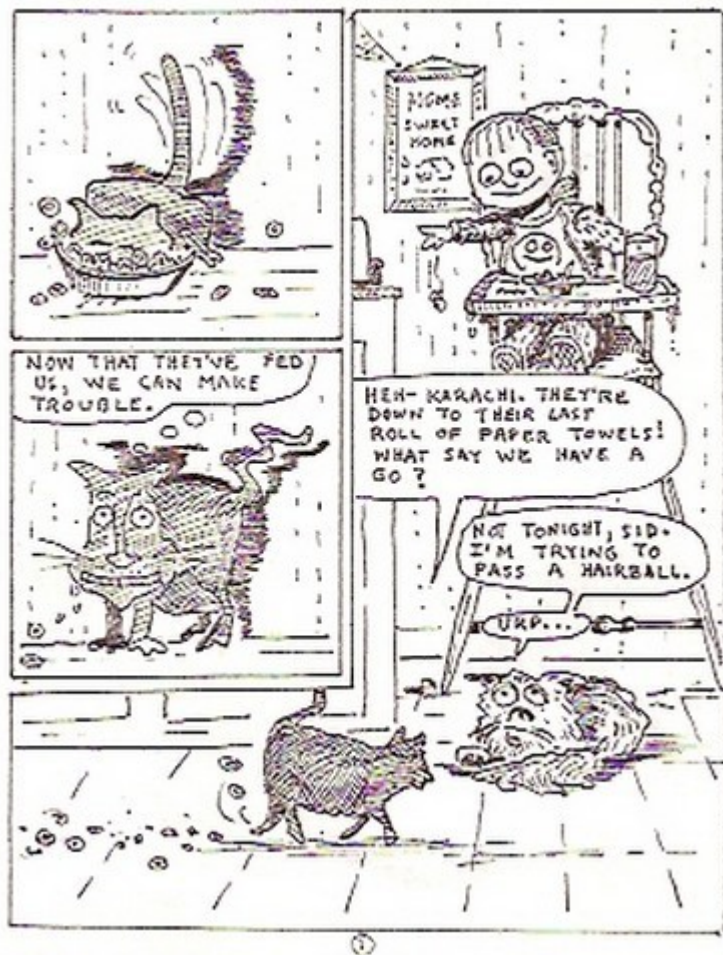
The poor girl had a tough life.

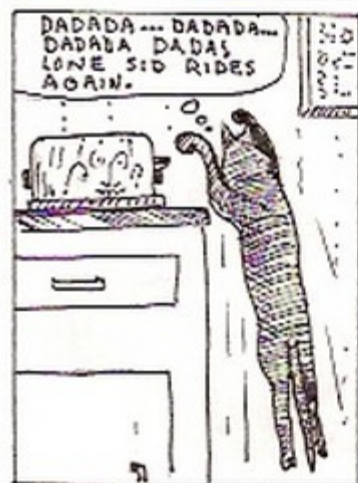


*Here's one of my mini-comics. There were three issues of Bad Cat as I recall. Sid and Karachi were based on the two cats I was living with at the time. Staid, elderly Luna, whose official, pedigree name was Mr Karachi something or other, and Rachel, who was younger and quite a character. Rachel was a male. My kids named him.*

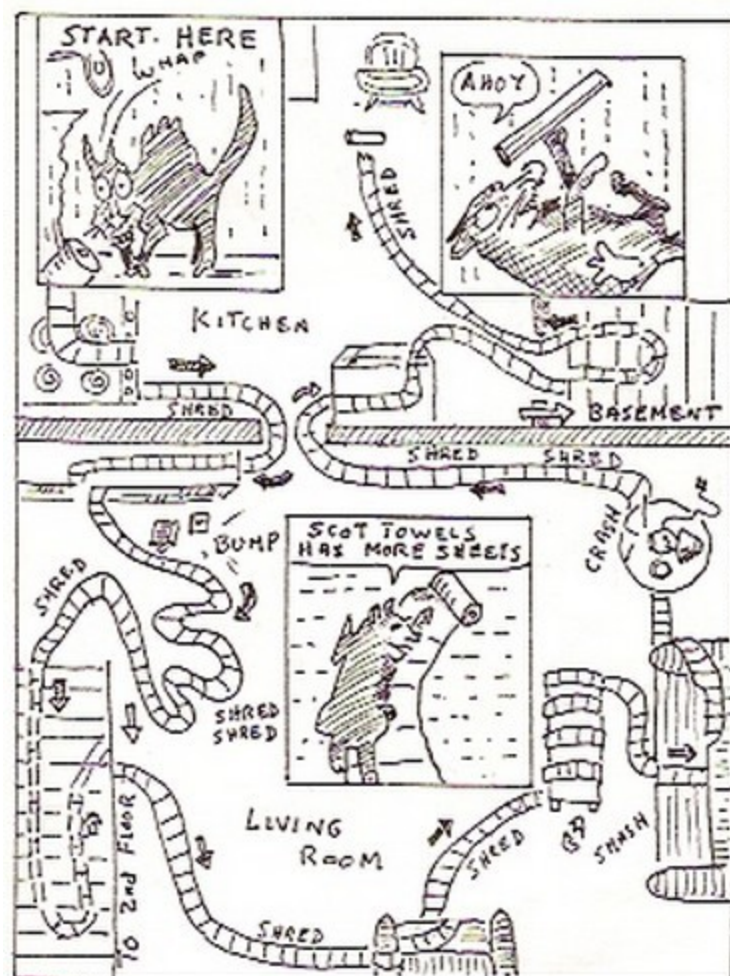
*Each mini-comic page was a quarter of an 8 1/2 by 11 sheet of paper. I drew the cartoons the same size with felt tip pens. What you see here is a scan of a poor photocopy. Where the original drawings are I couldn't say.*







③



④



5



6



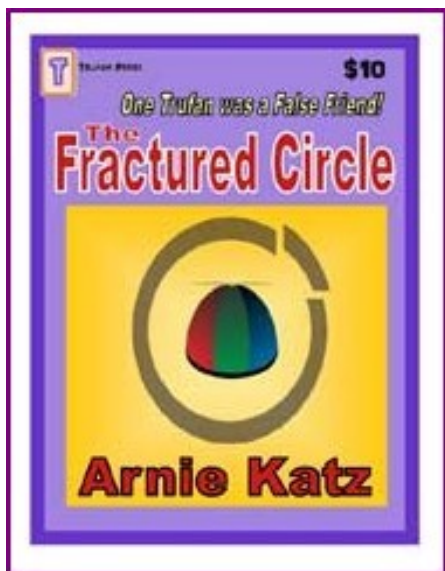
BAD CAT #1 © 1986 By ERIC MAYER  
GROGGY COMICS FROM ERIC MAYER  
1771 RIDGE ROAD EAST, ROCHESTER  
NY 14622.

7

*There are plenty more mini-comics where that came from.*

*"Oh Ghu no!" you all exclaim.*

*Well, I'll have you know Groggy Comics won the Small Press Comics Explosion award for Best New Publisher. Okay, Okay, The SPCE publisher was a friend. But still, after all my years in fandom, where I couldn't even win an egoboo poll in my own fanzine....No, I'm not kidding. But Groggy did finish second and I think I placed fairly high in the fanwriter category. Sheesh. Good thing I fan for the money rather than the egoboo....*



Since Mary and I write mysteries I probably shouldn't be talking about Arnie Katz' faanish mystery, *The Fractured Circle*. Writers make lousy reviewers. Especially when they review the sort of thing they write themselves. The reviewer always ends up complaining that the author didn't write his story the way the reviewer would have.

So let me get that out of the way. If I'd written this tale of fannish betrayal in Las Vegas I'd have worked in a lot more glitter. Instead of interrogating suspects in their homes and over the phone, track them down for a grilling in a casino or on a neon-lit street. Arnie opts for realism over

dramatic contrivance. In one respect the story is almost too "real." It seems to me that any actual group of fan suspects would be a lot more eccentric than Arnie's characters. And I include myself.

But enough of that. This is a mystery. A member of a fan club betrays a DNQ and costs another club member her job. P.I. Frank Blaine -- himself a fan -- has the unpleasant task of discovering who ratted a fellow fan out to an employer. During his investigation he is forced to explore ethical questions along with clues.

Although the detective is a P.I. this is more a classic puzzle mystery than a hardboiled. There are no fisticuffs or men bursting in with guns. The puzzle is elegant. The major clues are clever, simple, and arise naturally from the context -- for instance one involves fandom and another involves Internet communication. (I think I can say that without giving too much away).

This is one of the few pieces of faanfiction I've read that avoids a feeling of cartoonishness. (Another is Dave Locke's *Through a Glass Greenly* in Earl Kemp's eI <http://efanzines.com/EK/eI14/#greenly>)

*The Fractured Circle* is a serious treatment of an important ethical question and a well crafted mystery. It's great to see that some of us can still undertake a major creative project and still come up with something that hasn't been done before. Does fandom care about that sort of effort these days? If you do, read *The Fractured Circle* and send Arnie some comments.

# LOCS ON E-DITTO 17



## NED BROOKS

It Goes on the Shelf:

<http://fanac.org/fanzines/IGOTS/>

Great last issue! I remember that cover. Excellent explanation of the hecto process. I only tried it once myself, with a Heyer hecto - this was about 1/8-inch of synthetic gelatin on canvas, stretched over a folding steel wire frame. The gel bed was 14 inches long so that legal-length paper could be used. The problem of the gel being too wet or not wet enough was just the same, but the gel was tougher. I did not have your determination - and no artistic ability. I used the hecto once and produced a hideous 1-page legal-length fanzine. Then I gave the device (the frame folded and the gel rolled up - the whole thing would go in a shoebox) to another fan and got a 2nd-hand spirit duplicator, which I used for years even after I got a mimeo.

I had more energy back when I was wrestling with hectography. I also swore a lot and consumed a lot of beer. Ortleib's was only 99 cents for a sixpack. Perfect for an impoverished faneditor. When my gelatine mix began to get tough it would no longer absorb any ink, but even at it's toughest I can't imagine the mess I would've made had I tried to roll it up.

I don't think I ever saw any specifically "hecto" carbons. I used ditto carbons. I tried to make a page of spirit-duplicated text just recently, but it seems that the carbons have passed their use-by date. Some of the mimeo stencils have stuck together and become useless as well.

I wonder if new ditto masters are manufactured these days? As I mentioned, more than thirty years ago most of the supplies I found seemed past their prime.

#### BRAD FOSTER

Jabberwocky Graphix:

<http://www.jabberwockygraphix.com/>

Sigh, it's the end of an era....well, at least the end of the year.

New year. New zine!

And yeah, 17 issues is a good run for a zine, especially one which, as you noted, had a very structured theme going for it. I think you've played with that theme well, now time to go on to new ideas.

That's the way I feel. I'd rather try something new before totally running out of ideas for the first format which did have limitations.

I am looking forward to seeing what you come up with next. You've been dropping hints here and there, not sure which were just joke ideas thrown off, and which might have been serious. Maybe a 3-D zine? Hey, yeah, as a one-shot, do it all with the old red/blue color shift. Only the read old timers who still have some of those glasses around (like, umm, me), will be able to see it! If anyone wants a "straight" black version, they'll have to pay for it... yeah, that's the ticket!

Is it actually possible to print 3-D zines? I still recall the first 3-D comic I saw. It was a small Mighty Mouse comic for which I saved up cereal boxtops. Man, the day that arrived was so exciting. Sound silly to say that now, but back then things that seem trivial today were amazing.

GREG BENFORD

Website:

<http://www.gregorybenford.com/>

Sorry it's your last. I liked the ditto/hecto effect. Indeed, I published VACUUM (at age 13, in one issue) with hecto, then VOID 1...ironic origin for a fmz that went on to mimeo and fame, with many coeditors. Brother Jim & I were teenagers while pubbing VOID and are now 70: yet I'm quite nostalgic for the skills necessary to wonk out 25 or so copies (all hecto could yield for us).

So VOID spanned the whole gamut of fanhistory. Hectography did require skill. And for some reason it was oddly satisfying to acquire the skill, utterly antiquated and useless as it was. I will say, however, that it is lucky co-editing a hecto zine did not result in you and Jim being estranged for life!

I too was shocked by Bob Sabella's death. He was on the threshold of doing great things...

Yes, I am sure he would have soon had some novels to add to the nonfiction books he's had published. And what can anyone say that isn't a cliché? It is hard to believe.

LLOYD PENNEY

Yvonne likes peanut butter on celery.

At last someone with good taste!

She's also had peanut butter and sardine sandwiches.

Well...uh....

I won't go beyond that, might spoil your lunch. Yvonne and I have both cut down drastically on the amount of soda we drink, and I think we're a little better off for it, if only financially. I didn't get that job I mentioned, I'm going for another big one, and I did have a short-term assignment that fizzled after five days because the client's client got a little confused as to what they were to do. So, I am still looking. It's not a good time to look, the week between Christmas and New Year's, but I must find something very soon. I am in the midst of the letter-writing campaign I mentioned, and I am getting caught up, slowly but surely.

At least you are getting some nibbles. Here's hoping by next year at this time you'll have been well employed for most of twelve months.

I read something on my Facebook feed about the disposition by the government of *habeas corpus* and other basics that democratic law is based

upon. It's easy to see how bad things are, especially through the magnifying lens of the Facebook feed, but I thought they can't possibly be doing this. Well, they are, and I am horrified by this. The land of the free looks a lot less free right now.

It's sad. And I'll bet the majority of people today couldn't tell you what habeas corpus is let alone why it is perhaps the most vital bedrock of a free society.

I'm done here, and you are too. Don't cut yourself off entirely; you might get the urge to pub your ish again, and don't deny yourself. So, it's not goodbye, but see you with the next title you decide upon. Whenever it is, see you then.

Sounds like good advice to me.

## Into the New Year

"Righty tighty! Righty tighty!" Mary cried.

I said a word that wouldn't have been very nice, except it came out as a splutter thanks to the icy water spraying my face.

"Righty tighty!"

Mary's aware how I can't tell my left from my right, especially under pressure, particularly water pressure.

I twisted the stopcock beside the commode in the other direction -- whatever that was -- and the spritzing

subsided. My soaked hair hung down over my eyeglasses and droplets fell off my beard onto the tiles. Plop. Plop. At least icicles hadn't formed yet. My beard's white enough as it is.

Just one more of my adventures in plumbing.

Mary began mopping the floor. The bottoms of her jeans were soaking up more water than the mop. At least the flood hadn't made into the kitchen very far.

When Mary calls upstairs and says, "Come down quick, I want you to look at something," it isn't usually what one might hope for. This time she showed me the rivulet running down the pipe feeding the toilet tank. It sparkled cheerily. Out in the woods it would have been scenic.

It me took only an instant to diagnose the problem. "It's leaking."

I knelt down for a closer inspection. "Floor's wet," I observed keenly.

"Can you see where it's coming from?" Mary asked.

"Yeah. From under this brass whatchamacallit. Wait, it's plastic. Seems to be loose. Let me give it a turn--"

The crack of breaking plastic was followed instantly by the hiss of spraying water and incoherent choking sounds intended to be curses.

Much righty tighty-ing later, as I wiped my face and eyeglasses and tried to stop my teeth from chattering, Mary -- trusting innocent that she is -- asked if I thought I could fix it.

"With the right tool."

"What's that?"

"A plumber."

So our friendly plumber came to call, for the second time in two weeks. The toilet proved less of a challenge than the furnace had.

Yes, Mary and I exchanged furnace zone valves for Christmas. Now, for the New Year we have fixed up our commode. Since the plumber had to come out to fix the leak, we went wild and had him fit the tank with brand new fiddly bits, to use the technical term. All this on top of the beautiful shiny well pump we treated ourselves to in the spring.

At midnight, December 31, we're going to turn up the thermostat and flush the toilet.

And resolve to be less extravagant in 2012.

## What's Next

Where is this year's fanzine headed? Apart from my not belaboring you with as many issues as last year and keeping each issue to a reasonable size?

I have an idea, just as I did with E-Ditto. But E-Ditto strayed off-course and Revenant might well do the same. Part of the interest in starting a new fanzine is seeing what unexpected direction it ends up taking. . -- Eric

# Revenant # 1

A Snoutypuss Press publication

Cover and Bad Cat by Eric

Brad Foster p. 20

Donnie Jupiter p. 7, 11

Tim Corrigan p. 8

Randy Reus p. 13

Eric p. 9

From Eric Mayer, [groggy.tales@gmail.com](mailto:groggy.tales@gmail.com)