

THE ALL-NEW

LIGHTNING ROUND

VOLUME 4 WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S 2018 ALREADY? NUMBER 2

MORE STRANGENESS THAN ROD SERLING'S NIGHTMARES

ABOUT THE FOURTH OR FIFTH REMAKE OF THIS ISSUE

THINGS JUST KEEP GETTING STRANGER

This is definitely not when I planned to have this number out.

But here it is, just past the Ides of March, heading toward Easter (and April Fool's Day, coinciding — coincidence? I couldn't say for sure) and a quarter of the year over.

It is at once too fast to measure and nowhere near fast enough to suit us. (I'm sure you can suss out what we mean by that last remark...)

I have started a series of vlog posts on my YouTube channel, showing up periodically, so if you hunger to see my fizzog on your computer screen, you can do so by looking for my channel, by the name of AlexanderFilmWorks on YouTube.

You need not do so; I only do it because I have to look at myself in the mirror each day, and repeated exposure gives me a little bit more of immunity.

Besides, I hardly ever scare dogs

and small children anymore.

The channel is, for a good part, about making movies on the cheap. By "on the cheap", I mean using basically what you have in your closets, your garage, and your wallet as your resources. Bankrupting your family, going in hock to your friends (and frenemies), and paying interest to credit card companies and six-for-five to less ethical lending sources is not the way to do this and have fun.

We'll see how this develops...

And now, we proceed with a truncated issue of Lightning Round...



LOC 'N' LOAD

Due to circumstances mostly under my control, there is no Loc 'N' Load this issue.

If this is where you turn first, I abase myself for your amusement and edification.



IN THIS ISSUE

Editorial.....1
Colophon.....1
LoC 'N' Load.....1
Contributors..... 2

COLOPHON:

This is The All-New LIGHTNING ROUND Volume 4 Number 2, sometime in the supposedly almost spring of 2018. (Assuming I get my stuff together...) Since this is a science-fiction fanzine, science and science-fiction WILL be mentioned, or even discussed in its pages.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

This is another Totally Superfluous Publication by Alexander Bouchard, who is sad he was too young to be one of Murrow's Boys. Two spaces after a period (I'm old school, yo.). Edited by Al Bouchard. Published by Megan Bouchard. Resident mascot/distraction/cuddle kitty: Babe Ruth Bouchard.

eFanzines.com has copies, and others available by whim. (It should be noted, I can be very whimsical.)

Letters of comment, threats, invitations to be Guest of Honor at conventions, salacious propositions, one-liter bottles of club soda, and artwork (I can handle most formats) should be addressed to:

AL BOUCHARD

586 KINGLET ST.

ROCHESTER HILLS MI 48309

Email can be sent to :

ajlbouchard@gmail.com.

Yes, I can be bought. If you have to ask, you probably can't afford it.

No fans were killed or maimed in the production of this fanzine. (Better you shouldn't ask...)

{NOT QUITE} THE LAST WORD...

Well, it's delayed, and has been delayed a few times, but it is out. Not precisely the way I wanted it, but it's out.

I have not slipped into the Glades of Gafia, nor have I been marooned in the Circle of Lassitude. I have, to steal one of my favorite lines, managed to "endeavor to persevere".

(Without declaring war on the White Man's Government... yet.)

Mostly, I can say with assurance that things are more like they are now than they have ever been. And President Eisenhower would probably agree with the general sentiment that the current occupant of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue SW is less fit to be there than a full-grown silverback mountain gorilla.

Pity we can't ask him, he being dead and all...

As things stand, our return to convention-going is limited to Worldcon in San Jose and to return to Archon, in St. Louis, in October, the local cons here in Detroit have morphed into less than attractive alternatives. Confusion, which happens in January, usually coincides with a blizzard, or other meteorological phenomena capable of equivalent chaos, panic, and despair, and Conclave (which has officially changed its name to *Continuum*, for reasons about which I am not aware) is too close in time to Archon, which we definitely prefer.

Since finances are definitely a consideration, and husbanding what filthy lucre we have is a more-than-full-time occupation, this is probably the limit of what we'll be able to do in the rapidly-approaching year of 2018. {Editor's note... It's heee-re... @}

As I tap the keys on my computer, we're digging out from approximately eight inches of snow, with temperatures in the low single digits Fahrenheit,

Additions Since I wrote the above,



we've had days in the 50's, and days below zero. Seems to me Mother Nature's off her meds again.

But that's Michigan for you. All four seasons, not just in one day, but before noon! Definitely a "hold my bheer" moment.

More to come... I hope.



TIME WAS INVENTED SO EVERYTHING DOESN'T HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE...

WHY, THEN, ISN'T IT WORKING?

People we know are dying, getting horrendously ill, losing children, parents, siblings, or other relations, beloved fur babies, jobs, getting married, divorced, having babies, and other major life changes as things go.

The political situation is going to hell in a handbasket, our allies are now against us, our enemies think we're either too weak to stop them or too deluded to suspect their overtures of friendship, the United Nations (which organization we had a major hand in founding — thank you, Eleanor Roosevelt) has declared us no better than a "developing" third world country, Human Rights Watch and Amnesty International find us at the level of a banana republic dictatorship (which the Cheeto in the White House longs to

become, from all evidence), and the Banana Republicans in Washington, D.C., seem no more eager to do anything except condemn Hillary Clinton and the Democratic Party and collect their (substantial) paychecks and benefit packages.

I laugh because I dare not cry;

I curse because I cannot act.

**AJL Bouchard,

"Less Than Hope"

© 2018, unpublished.

Five Haiku

*in wide long orbit
starting from the Kuiper Belt
earth killer arrives*

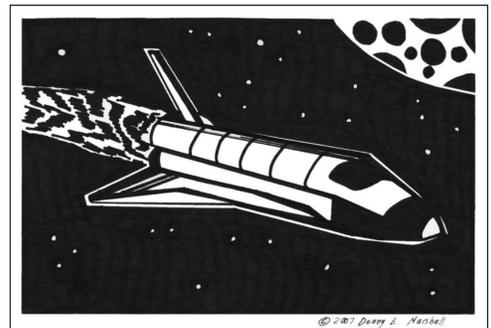
*martians seen future
move all to the new planet
unoccupied Earth*

*aliens arrive
with the aid of time machine
crushed by dinosaurs*

*do we really know?
first contact has not occurred
stone age visitors*

*time machine finished
go far into the future
surprised Earth is gone*

* Denny Marshall



CONTRIBUTORS

ARTWORK

Denny Marshall: Pg. 2