

LIGHTNING ROUND

FAST & FURIOUS FANNISH FUN

NUMBER ONE - FEB/MAR 2003

DOES ANYBODY REALLY KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?

An attempt at explaining why I'm doing this

As you may be able to tell, this is the first issue of this iteration of a more frequent fanzine. Since my regular zine, *scopus:3007*, was intended to be a quarterly, but has averaged somewhere around an issue a year, you can tell how far good intentions have gotten me. (At least up to this point.)

Nonetheless, I continue to try again - I "endeavor to persevere". With the capability of turning computer documents into PDF files, and Bill Burns' site at efanazines posting them and hosting them for all and sundry to peruse, I could conceivably do a fast bi-monthly (or even monthly) fanzine, primarily on the Web.

Of course, this would imply that those who want a paper copy only of a fanzine are not worth the stamp to mail it out to them. This is not the impression I wish to give to anyone.

The primary distribution of *Lightning Round* will be Web-based, but there will be paper copies available.

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT...

What this fanzine is designed for is to serve as an outlet for my essays on various and sundry topics, with space available for clarification/rebuttal/retraction/reconsideration *et al.* If I want to

knock President Shrub for some bonehead maneuver he's signed off on, I'll do it... if I want to take the unpopular side in an argument, I will... if I want to (*gasp*) discuss science fiction, I will!

I welcome letters, and wouldn't mind artwork and a guest columnist or two, but the initial concept was that if I had to, I could fill the whole fanzine myself.

That's why this effort isn't going to be more than eight pages total. Six would be more likely, with four a definite possibility.

The space I have to fill is the least of my worries, after all...

SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM

This subhead is apropos of nothing; I just like the "Spam" sketch from *Monty Python*.

RULE NUMBER SIX: THERE IS NO RULE NUMBER SIX.

Hmmm... I seem to be in a Python mood just now.

Ah, well. Stranger things have happened. (Even to me.)

Nudge, nudge, wink, wink, say no more, say no more.

FOUR CATS? THAT'S NOT TOO MANY...

The story of how we ended up with four cats is a bit of a complicated one... I'll start as near to the beginning as I can.

When Megan and I got married, she had one cat. She had two, but one had gotten lost when she went

camping.

To make a long story shorter, when I came to visit her, this cat, whose name was Petoskey, came over to me when I was sitting on the couch, sniffed me, curled up in my lap, and went to sleep.

Suffice it to say that this event helped Megan make up her mind that I might be a keeper.

About six years ago, after Petoskey's buddy, Kodalith, had died, we brought home Ada Jane. Ada was about a year old, we figure, and she beat up on Petoskey for no reason at all.

When we had to have Petoskey put down because she was nineteen and a half years old and having seizures, we were thinking of getting another cat for Ada to play with. Little did we know...

One of Megan's co-workers had a female black cat whom he had rescued, and she had a litter of five kittens. He had managed to find homes for two of them, and we went over to pick one.

Yes, I said "one". That was the plan.

The mother cat came over, sniffed Megan's leg, jumped into her lap, and began licking Megan's face. Naturally, she fell in love with the mother. Matt, the co-worker, said that he was going to take the cats we didn't select to the city pound the next day.

A side note: Megan is about the most tender-hearted person when it comes to animals that I've ever known. When she heard this state-

ment, her immediate reaction was “You can’t do that! They’re all so sweet!”

Need I say that we went home with four cats that day?

In the ensuing time, we found a home for one of the kittens with a friend of ours... her son came over to look at the cats, and one cat, the male kitten, wrapped himself around the son’s wrist like a fuzzy bracelet. “I guess I’ve been picked,” he said, and so he had.

We now have four little darlings... Ada Jane, who is none too pleased with the whole arrangement, the mother, who we named Gabrielle, and two female kittens, Gigi and Mimi. Each has their own personality, each has their own little quirky behaviors, and they’ve grown on us to a point that I don’t think we could give any of them up.

Yeah. Like that’s going to happen.

SHUTTLE DOWN

The first of February wasn’t exactly a blue-ribbon day for NASA. The loss of *Columbia* with all hands aboard, and the ensuing games of “Who Knew What” and “Who Can We Blame” by the media haven’t done anything to improve the situation.

We also have the question of the sort of vehicle are we going to use to move out into space. The Shuttle, it seems to me, was basically a low-earth-orbit truck, hauling up parts for the International House of Pancakes Space Station. ~~Some-~~thing of a better system than the Soyuz vehicle the Russians use as an escape boat, but not much.

The Shuttle does need to be replaced. A SSTO (Single Stage to Orbit) type vehicle, which could take off and land like an airliner, would be ideal, but the “best scientific minds” I read about in the *Wall Street Journal* say we don’t have the technical capability to do it.

What we need, I think, is some “outside the box” thinking, a Kelly Johnson/“Skunk Works” type of operation. Where the ideas -- and the money -- would come from are

questions I can’t answer... but I think the questions should be asked all the same.

Answers? That’s not my area.

CHICK FLICK WEEKEND

On the cable this weekend, on the non-premium movie channels (American Movie Classics and Turner Classic Movies), there are marathons of movies that fit the theme of the day. There was Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, and Randolph Scott in *My Favorite Wife*, Rock Hudson and Doris Day in *Pillow Talk*, and Christopher Reeve and Jane Seymour in *Somewhere in Time* later on.

Some of these movies I like, but I don’t intend to be watching avidly the entire weekend. (Even if I could.)

Last year, this would have been

around the time of Corflu in Maryland. I couldn’t make it then. It’s still doubtful if I can make this year’s Corflu, in Madison, Wisconsin.

Hell, I wasn’t able to make it when Ditto was in Ann Arbor, a half hour’s drive from here.

Well, I can hope...

I AM NOT PROGRAMMED TO RESPOND IN THAT AREA...

Don’t you wish you could just say that sometimes? I sure in hell do.

TH-TH-TH-THAT’S ALL, FOLKS!

At least for this introductory issue, I’d say. So, write if you get work...

And hang by your thumbs.

—@

Legal Language

This is *Lightning Round* #1, February/March 2003. This is a more frequent fanzine from AlexanderPress, a wholly owned subsidiary of Bouchard Unlimited.

With any luck, and the kindness of whatever deity you may be holding dear, this publication may come out every other month. (Sooner, if possible.)

This is a science fiction fanzine. This means science fiction and/or science fiction fandom may be mentioned from time to time.

You’ve been warned.

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Use no hooks – it makes them soggy and hard to light.

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