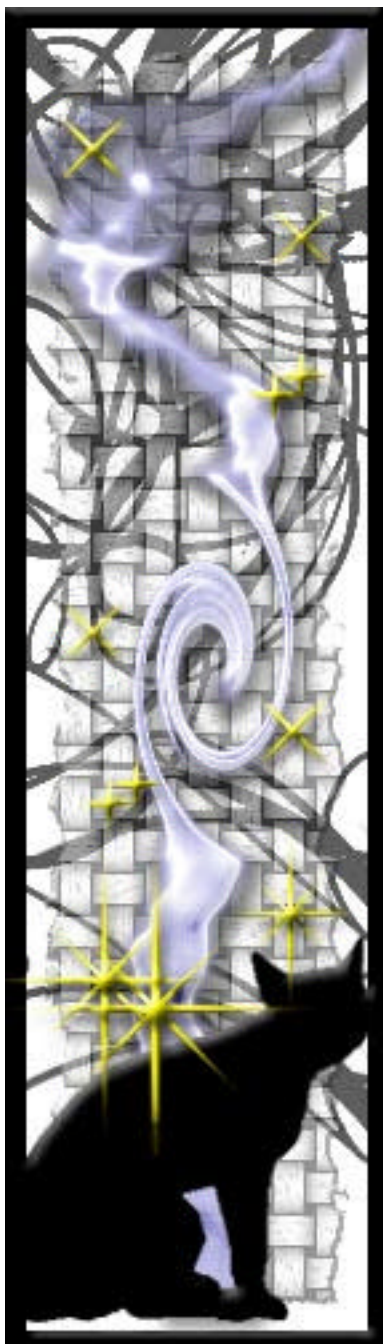


BLACK CAT

A
"HAPPY NEW YEAR"
#0 TRIFLING FROM
01/03 DEEDEE AND
ALAN WHITE

SUMMING IT UP

or: Trying to remember if 2002 was worth the price of admission.



You'll find no profound observations here.

Oh crap, another year upon us! The older I get, the faster they come; boasting the come-hither promise of untold potential, yet leaving with the hangdog scowl of time wasted and mispent opportunities. There's not a morning I don't stare bleakly into the mirror in search of the latest wrinkle, bag, sag or blasphemous calamity staking claim to my once noble visage in the never ending terraformation occurring from one end of me to the other. Fortunately, I've gone so blind I really can't see much of this anarchy running riot; but then, DeDee is on hand to point out every bit of it!

I'd like to think each wrinkle tells tales of daring-do, good times had, wallowing in unfathomable excess and walking away unscathed; but alas, I've forgotten nearly all of it. Yet, at this point, what have I got to complain about? DeDee and I have been married a lucky 13 years; a fine and cozy roof shelters us from the elements and we have a TV in every room! While we once feared not having the funds to retire, we are now assured we won't live long enough to do so anyway!

Dancing with Senility

Someone said there is a balance to nature and they might be right. Why, for every hair I lose from my head, there must be three appearing in the most appalling places elsewhere on my body! Fortunately, every degradation my body endures is directly proportionate to the degeneration of my eyesight, thereby rendering me unable to witness this. . . this rubbing elbows with Prince Sirki.

Yes, I had the stroke a couple years back but have yet to really milk it for what it's worth. I must learn that when confronted with the suitably gullible, to evince a more fragile stance and begin every sentence with "Since the stroke. . . (cough, cough)" But till then, I'm content to come home from work, make notes of innocuous odd jobs to do around the house and by golly, on the weekend take some pride scratching them from reality, and if I'm lucky, have some time left over to work on some new art.

On the Bright Side

This new year is ours do with as we will, a clean slate waiting fitfully for the moving finger to write and move along. If the truth be told, circumstances at the end of the year are proportionate to the amount of energy spent making it so and thus, having no excuses to do otherwise, my resolution for 2003 is to put more time and effort into my job, my art, my wife; accomplish more things and perhaps this time next year there will in fact be tales of daring-do, good times had and that little something that makes life worth living. Happy New Year!

We sometimes neglect those we'd rather be sitting with and having a chat, so here is a Happy New Year Howdy from the three of us! All art by Alan White and ©2002 Rampant Nun Productions.

Please drop a note or visit the website: vegasite@aol.com • www.fansite1.com

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CHAT NOIR?

We neither have, nor want pets. Oh, we're quite spoiled alright, self indulgent and elude responsibility at every turn; no doubt about that. The very thought of endless cans of tuna, the word "Kibble" has never been a part of our vocabulary, the concept of a ummm, "Litter Box" is too horrible to imagine. Not to mention those things best whispered between the covers of an H.P. Lovecraft novel like "Hairball", "Poop Scoop" and "Anal Sac".

Having said that, we have a cat.

Joyce Katz told us "You don't choose cats, they choose you" and no doubt she's right. This scrawny, disheveled, woe begotten excuse for a fleabag appeared on our back patio where our pleas of "Scram", "Be Off With You" and "There's a Plague Here" were to no avail. Hell, I didn't want to touch the thing - who know's where it's been or doing what with whom?

Oy, the constant mewling! Which, remembering DeNiro in "This Boy's Life" I'd answer with "Shutcher piehole!" which alas, had equal effect. I guess it was DeDee's nurturing instinct that lead to putting out the first bit of food. Actually, it was like chumming the water for the great white. OK, I gave in too, after a fashion. The weather was getting chill, so taking a large box, made a cat house and filled with cushy bits. Surprisingly, she took to it quickly and while off on adventures during the day, would return by night to catch a few Zs (or whatever cats catch).

OK, OK,... make a long story short, she finally got in the house and there you have it. A bath, some basic grooming and voila; a quite attractive cat! She'd already been de-clawed/spayed (phew!).

In short, we still don't have a pet - she's part of the family.

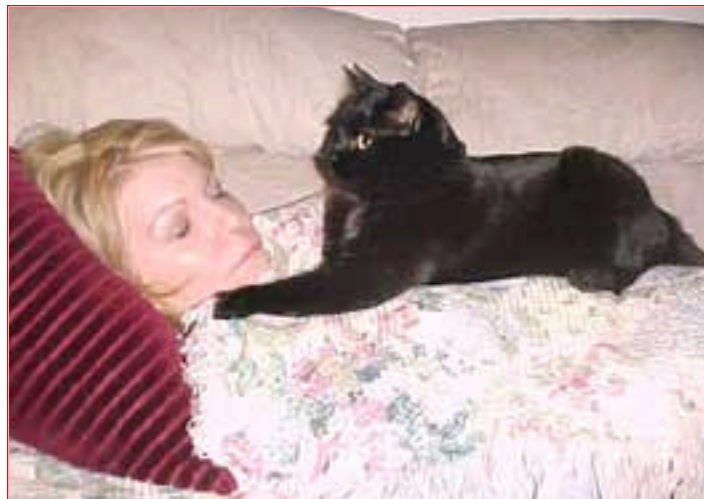
After Effects

So here we are, DeDee, me and "Piehole" who, by the way, sleeps on DeDee's head (remedy appreciated).

I've spent hours and mega-bucks in search of the holy kibble that would catch the critter's fancy, to no avail. She goes for *Fancy Feast Whitefish and Tuna* plus *Chef's Blend* crunchy bits to the disdain of all else.

Were I the single guy, the place for hot chicks is PetSmart! Even in my dilapidated state, a guy scratching his head in the cat department is an instant chick magnet! Memo to self: *carry cat pics*.

After several weeks of deciding Piehole was a keeper; we let her out in the morning and by cracky, she comes back at night. . . That's a good indication of a new resident. It was time to spring for a collar and name tag. Rhinestones? Of course.



DeDee and the "Pie"

PetSmart has an automated tag engraving machine, much like a video game on which you can select style of tag and type your info right on the screen. People gather 'round to see the machine actually engrave the tags, so as I was typing "Piehole", this gal, in a voice fit for cracking rock, shrieked: "PEEHOLE? THAT'S RUDE!" ■

on movies...

I've no room for another explosion, or massive attacking army; I'm all done. Here's a list of the films seen in 2002 we enjoyed and would see again.

**Shower • The Ring • King of the Jungle
Memento • Shadow Magic • Ghost World
Almost Famous • My Louisiana Sky • Smoke
The Man Who Wasn't There • Monsters, Inc.
The Anniversary Party • Amélié**

Hmmm. . . the list was shorter than I thought. Oh well, here's a list of my 10 favorite films (no particular order):

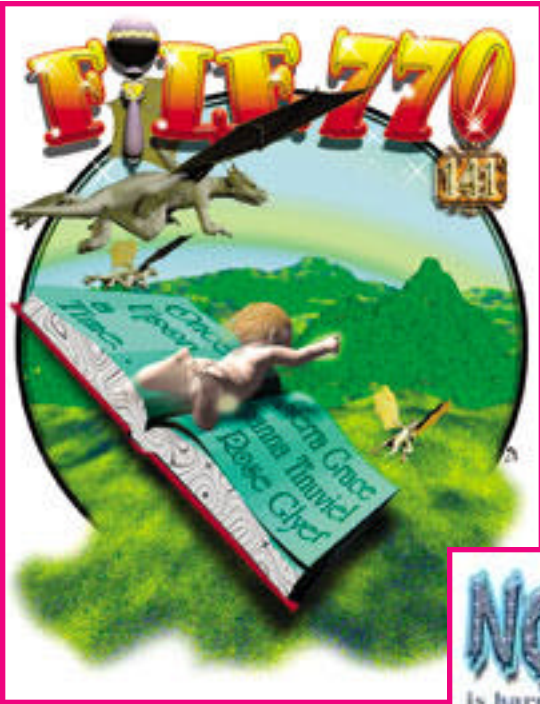
**Things to Come • The Wild Bunch
Bride of Frankenstein • Cinema Paradiso
My Dinner with André • King Kong
Juliet of the Spirits • Casablanca
Singing in the Rain • Yojimbo**

Current fave actors:

**Timothy Spall • Alan Cummings,
Belinda Blethyn • Phillip Hoffman
Stanley Tucci • Harvey Keitel • Steve Buscemi**

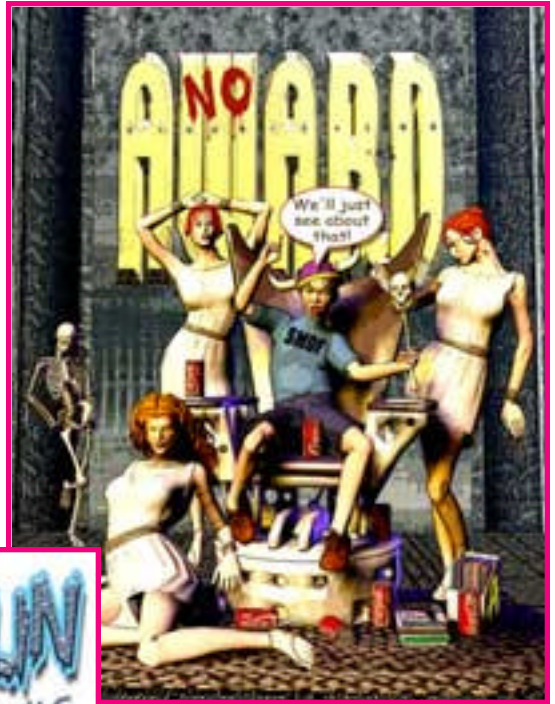
We like movies; lots of movies. Growing up in the 50s with the ubiquitous TV Tray left its mark. I still crave a movie with dinner before getting on with the evening's business. We've tried the regular cable set-up, NetFlix and video stores with mixed results. This year we're jumping into the satellite dish and see what happens. Between Sundance and IFC we should be in moviefan heaven. ■





the GALLERY

Here are a few
of the covers
I enjoyed creating
in
2002



These covers were created
using one or more of the
following software:

Photoshop 6
Bryce 5
Poser 4
Typestyler 3

On a Mac G4



Larger versions can be seen
on my website:
www.fansite1.com

There is a terrific selection
of PDF fanzines
for download at:
www.efanzines.com



Attention Fan Editors:

A big selection of
FREE ARTWORK
is available on-line
at my website:
www.fansite1.com

Both color and
Black and white.



On Reading

I could read before I hit the floor.

The 50s was a great time to be a kid and the school library allowed me to devour the Dr. Seuss stuff, the Mary Poppins series, *The 21 Balloons*, *Flying Saucer Under the Apple Tree* and all the comics I could find. My grandmother had a wonderful collection of books: *Tom Sawyer*, *Treasure Island* and others, all with art by the Wyeths, Howard Pyle, Saul Tepper, Dean Cornwell and Norman Rockwell. And of course, the Maxfield Parrish pieces on every wall.

The 60s exploded with great stuff: the Burroughs books with Frazetta and Krenkel covers and Ace flip-books. Like so many others, my epiphany came visiting the Ackermansion. I chewed through everything from 1984, to Smith's *Coming of the Rats*, subscribed to all the digests and so on. Nothing was better than turning a few pages before turning in.

Something happened in the mid 80s. With the advent of the desktop computer and my being inexorably chained to one for life (much to my surprise), my reading material became that of software manuals, tutorials, how-tos and related material. Bedtime reading was no longer a pleasure, but a necessity and incredible drudge.

When the 90s came, we wound up in Las Vegas and thought I'd mastered everything. Photoshop, Quark XPress, even Tpestyler and Acrobat produced new versions, with manuals as big as phone books. Who can sit up in bed with books you can hardly lift? OY! Plowing through these things was the way of it and what's worse - when I got into 3D art, it was truly brain buckling! The learning curve and I have never been intimate and cracking a book at bedtime has become an instant knockout!

All is not lost.

I've gotten fond of books on tape and CDs borrowed from our local library. The trip to work is shorter with a cassette playing; now working on the computer is more interesting with Kurt Vonnegut in the background. Not only that, but keeping up with popular culture is so much easier. Just finishing "*About Schmidt*" in time for the release of the movie is such a treat.

Dedee still has the power to crack a hardback at bedtime and has been the only one of us to add to our library. She has also taken advantage of the books on CD for her daily travels and trips to visit the folks in California. The library's assortment of books on CD is thankfully growing larger every week to quench her ravenous appetite.

And so, invention being the mother of necessity, we've been able to keep moderately up to date with reading material, even if we only let our ears do the reading. ■

Magazines I've subscribed to in 2002:

**Renderosity • American Photographer
Inside Photoshop • Inside Quark XPress
Computer Arts • 3D World • Mac Addict
Rolling Stone • Photoshop User**

DeDee's Christmas Project

Dedee's idea of creating a family photo album on CD would take a year to complete and would be well worth the effort!

She gathered family photos from relatives near and far and scanned over 600 of them. Then, importing the photos into Quark XPress, wrote captions for each. At last, with Christmas drawing near the pressure was on. Arranging the photos chronologically, deleting the duplicates, Phew! She then printed the Quark document to an Acrobat file and using Toast Titanium, burned a dozen CDs; one for each relative.

With only minutes to spare, I was making the labels in Photoshop 6 and squishing them on the disks, popping them into new jewel cases and away they went to California for each jolly recipient.

This is when technology makes things so wonderful! Now DeDee's hooked and looking for other projects. ■

Alan's Project

Dare I mention this at such an early point, but since the 60s, I've been taking photos of fan events, conventions and fans. To make use of these before they rot away, I've started a somewhat biographical piece covering my 43 years in fandom.

Much like my "*Where Do I Go From Here?*" published in *Delineator* back in the 80s but with much more detail. And so, I am calling to fans everywhere, to contribute photos, anecdotes and (scans of) memorabilia to be included. If you've got it, now's the time to share. We ain't gettin' any younger and this stuff ain't gettin' any fresher! Those donating material will get credit for every bit of it and a copy of the finished production.

Don't be in a hurry for this to wrap up. I doubt it will be finished in ought 3!

Our first plea. . .

Anyone having photos or material from the 1965 Westercon (XVIII), please drop an "e"! ■

KEEP IN TOUCH!

OVER AND OUT!



Start Over 