

... *AND*

*FURTHERMORE*

*Issue # 23*

*16 December 2006*

## ...and furthermore #23

16 December 2006

The fanzine that seems to fill in the gaps - just like road crews that shovel tar into potholes - to ensure a smooth journey through the world of fanzine fanac, produced by that middle-aged guy over there wearing the bright orange vest over a black “Kinky Friedman for Governor” t-shirt, **John Purcell**, who resides at **3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845**

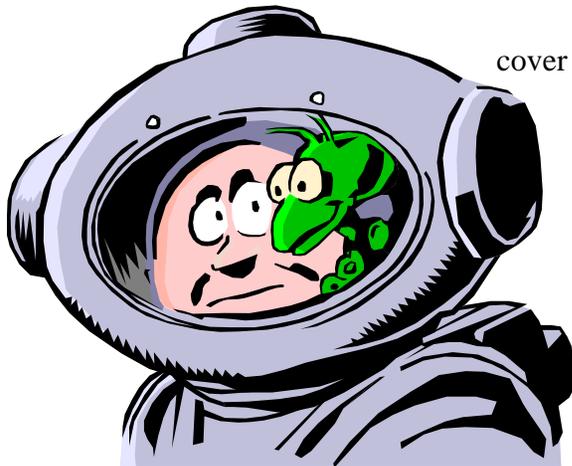
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This fanzine is available at [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com) for free eye-tracking and downloading. But it is mightily appreciated if you would kindly loc your friendly, neighborhood fan editor. Really. It is.

### *Art Credits:*



cover art by Frank Wu (I'm calling it “Dinosaur Rock”)

page 2 – clip art; page 3 – image googled “Elton John albums”;

page 4 – image googled “guitars” and “Fender Reverb Amplifier”;

page 5 - [http://www.cornerstorecomics.com/images/af\\_beatles\\_cartoon\\_box.jpg](http://www.cornerstorecomics.com/images/af_beatles_cartoon_box.jpg)

pages 5 & 9 – imaged googled “garage bands”;

pages 6 & 7 – image googled “guitars”;

page 8 - [sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/1949-1953.htm](http://sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/1949-1953.htm);

## *My Days in the Band, Part One*

**I remember when rock was young  
Me and Suzie had so much fun  
holding hands and skimming stones  
Had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own  
But the biggest kick I ever got  
was doing a thing called the Crocodile Rock  
While the other kids were Rocking Round the Clock  
we were hopping and bopping to the Crocodile Rock**

Elton John & Bernie Taupin, "Crocodile Rock" (1972)



When I was a lad growing up in suburban Minneapolis – St. Louis Park, to be precise – I loved listening to the radio and watching that newfangled invention, the television. As a matter of fact, I still remember watching episodes of *The Ozzie and Harriet Show* mainly because at the end of each show Ricky Nelson would play and sing one of his songs, complete with his backing band.

This fascinated me: he could play guitar and sing at the same time! More importantly, he looked really cool doing it, too, and the girls seemed to dig it a lot. Of course, I was only five or six years old at the time and didn't really care about the girls, but that guitar thing... yeah, that was what it was all about.

Besides Ricky, I also liked Roy Orbison. Never cared for Elvis then, but at that time, remember The King was stationed in Germany, finally coming home to make some truly terrible movies with formulaic soundtracks. **Yecchh!!** It wasn't until the 70s that I came to appreciate Elvis and his early recordings from 1954-1958.



*A wonderful album! I prefer his early work more than anything else he's produced. Personally, I think **Madman Across the Water** is EJ's best album of all.*

My interest in things musical is probably attributable to my parents' musical tastes. Neither one could play an instrument or sing to save their lives, but they nonetheless loved music. Dad had an assortment of classical and jazz LP's, his two main music interests, and mom had a bunch of recordings of Broadway shows: *My Fair Lady*, *South Pacific*, *Oklahoma!*, *West Side Story*, and the like. To be honest, the albums of theirs that I liked the most were the Ahmad Jamal, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, and especially the Harry James records. The Sinatra stuff was okay, but I think I wore out the tracks on all of dad's Jahmal and James albums (which he eventually gave me when I hit high school). The *West Side Story*

album was cool, too, but that Harry James stuff... Man, that guy could play! Then when Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass hit the airwaves in 1963, that got me going, too. I really loved the mixture of Mariachi and samba with a touch of jazz thrown into the mix. There was even a pop sensibility, too, but it was the sound of the trumpets that really got my interest. Alpert was no James, but it was still enjoyable music.



So it was that for Christmas of 1963, at the tender age of nine, mom and dad gave me a guitar. It was a full-sized Kingston nylon string acoustic guitar, and I could barely get my arms around the thing. I know now that it probably cost them all of \$20 at Record Lane down at Knollwood Plaza, but I didn't care. It was my **first guitar**, and I loved it!

I'm not sure if it came with the guitar, but I remember getting an LP at one point back around then of *Play Guitar with the Ventures* – it had “Raunchy,” “Tequila,” “Walk, Don't Run” and “Memphis” on it, and taught how to play the lead, rhythm and bass lines, complete with notation and charts.

To this day, the only track I still remember how to play all the parts (rhythm, lead, bass) is “Raunchy,” with bits and pieces of “Walk, Don't Run” and “Memphis” lingering on in my memory.

I had that guitar until my junior year in college, when the neck was so warped (no truss rod running through the neck into the body; it was a cheap guitar, remember?) I could have shot arrows from the strings. The action was terribly high, and so I learned to really press down **hard** to play clear notes, a habit that was difficult to break when I

finally got a *real* guitar in high school: a Guild 4½-inch hollow-body semi-coustic with a Johnny Smith neck attached; when the original neck was removed, they made the cutaway even deeper so I could play up to something like the 28<sup>th</sup> fret, or some obscure number like that. It was such a beautiful guitar, and I cherished it until I was forced to part with it in 1987. (More on that later, probably in next issue's installment of this musical autobiography.)

The amplifier that I got to go with my Guild was a Fender Reverb; it wasn't that big, but it was a powerful tube amp that put out a lot of volume, and I loved using the reverb effect. I had a little practice area down in the basement - which was half-finished – and used to really crank that sucker up; so loud, in fact, that dad told me once that when he came from work one day, he could clearly hear me playing one of my latest compositions from a block away, and the walls of the house were vibrating. That, I could believe. The bit about the birds wearing earmuffs didn't fly, though.



But back to my story. Six weeks after getting that fat-bodied acoustic for Christmas, on February 8, 1964, the Beatles performed live on Ed Sullivan.

Okay. This changed everything, as far as I was concerned. I still loved Ricky Nelson and Roy Orbison; however, the buzz about this new band from England was huge. My brother and I watched the Sullivan broadcast down in our basement on a “portable” Motorola black-and-white television because we wanted to see what all the hoopla about these guys was about. There was a major problem,

though, that spoiled our efforts: the stupid-assed girls wouldn't stop **SCREAMING!**

It was so damned annoying. There were times when the screaming subsided to the proverbial low roar and you finally could hear the music, but for the most part, my brother and I were baffled by the female reaction. But what we could hear we liked.



This changed my dream of being the next Ricky Nelson. Now I wanted to be in a **band**.

Thus it was that through junior high and high school - besides playing cornet, baritone, French horn, tuba, and trumpet in school bands - I continued to play guitar, probably beginning to write my own songs around the age of 12 (this places us in 1966). In high school I played guitar in the jazz band, which was a lot of fun, and also started noodling around on the piano and drums in the practice rooms. I pretty much taught myself how to play those instruments. It shouldn't be a surprise that I started college as a music major, and I will go more in depth on that time period in the next issue.

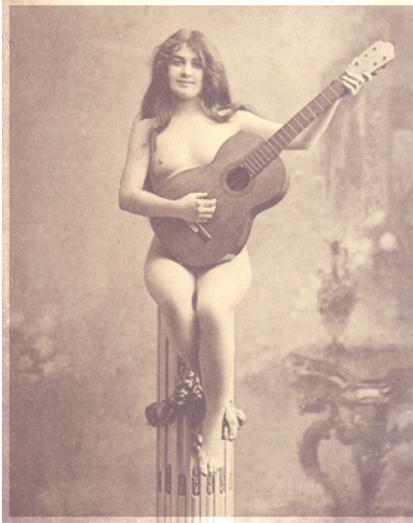
After the Beatles exploded on the music scene, it is no exaggeration to say that every kid in America who owned a guitar wanted to form a band and be the next Beatles. It seemed as though every single

street sported a garage band; this is how all the great ones began, right? Right. I was in a garage band myself during high school; Willis and Bob Sewell lived down the street from me, and I used to take my guitar and amplifier to their house and we'd all jam on the latest hits from the radio. This is how we learned to play "Kicks" and "Hungry" by Paul Revere and the Raiders, "Not Your Stepping Stone", "House of the Rising Sun," anything by the Kinks, Rolling Stones, Animals, and Yardbirds, besides the Beatles, of course. We were children of the British Invasion, preferring those bands over the sappy stuff produced by the Beach Boys, Jay and the Americans, and such. (Okay, the Grass Roots were alright, but still...) That British take on rock 'n roll was fun, and my garage band - I forget the name, which is probably good since it was probably something stupid - began picking up old Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis songs from the mid-50s; by 1970-1972, we were in the thick of some of the greatest rock and protest songs ever written.



Kids all across America cut their guitar eyeteeth this way, and I was no exception. Like Lennon and McCartney, we would write our own songs. Most were really dumb and simplistic, but what did we know? We thought they were great, cool, and some of our girlfriends would hang out with us while we jammed and practiced.

Nothing substantial ever really came out of that particular garage band, but it was a beginning. Besides being a great learning experience, it was so much fun, and whetted my appetite for more.



An early groupie. Music and sex have **always** gone together.

To this day, I remember my years of playing guitar throughout high school with great affection. Once in a while Mr. Lysing, the marching band director, would have me play bass or guitar parts during band concerts. That was cool, and much fun.

Besides, girls started to take more of an interest in me once they saw that not only could I play the guitar, but that I was also in a band.

Never underestimate the power of a guitar as a chick magnet. It really *does* work!



In the next issue, I will write about my college years in a 50s band – Marshall and the Doo-Wops – and getting involved in Minn-stf's music scene.



## letters to the editor

*I am going to try a bit of a different format here. Since the majority of us on-line faneds tend to simply cut and paste e-locs into our zines, I think I'll include the header lines that show date and time, from, and to. It might be an interesting way to track who writes and when they write. Some enterprising soul some day – but not me, faith! – may endeavor to do a study along these lines: what time of day do fans perform their fanac, and what kind of fanac is it: loccing, producing zines, writing arkles, etcetera. It might be interesting.*

*Or simply a massive waste of time and money. Sounds perfect for academia!*

*Therefore, with that out of the way, here is our first contestant, all the way from the west coast of this fine land, our good friend, **Mr. Christopher J. Garcia!** (sound of one hand clapping)*

Date: Fri, 1 Dec 2006 08:52:34 -0800

From: "Chris Garcia" <[garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)>

To: "John Purcell" <[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)>

It's that time of year and I've been working on my Year End Index/Review zine. I do a lot of zines. It's not until I start to look at each one that I see how much I've been doing. It's like Stephen Wright used to say: "It's a Small World, but I wouldn't want to paint it!"

Happy Anniversary to you and yours. Sounds like a good Thanksgiving too. I love Turkey, and this year we had a real turkey dinner at my Uncle's

instead of going to Temecula and the Pachanga Casino buffet like we did last year.

I love Harryhausen. I don't get the station, but I'll go and watch them from the video store. I love Clash of the Titans, if only for Burgess Meredith screaming 'The Kraken!'. Jason & The Argonauts is great, as is the battle sequence from Spy Kids II that was inspired from it. *{Sometimes when we let out our dog Fossey from her kennel in the morning, one of us will say, "Release the kraken!" And she'd explode out of the kennel, running roughshod through the house and out into the backyard. You'd do that too if you had to go to the bathroom really bad.}*

Be tough, but fair to those student's whose fates you hold by a thread. It sounds like this is one of those years when a class has a connection. My class at Emerson was like that.

Must run. There's Computer History to be done!

Chris

*{Many thanks for the loc, laddie. The semester is now over and done, so now I can relax a bit. This was a good semester with a lot of very bright students. A couple are in one of my 1302 section next term.}*

**And now, let us turn our attention to someone recovering from eye surgery:**



Date: Sun, 3 Dec 2006 13:04:24 -0500

Lloyd Penney <[penneys@allstream.net](mailto:penneys@allstream.net)>

To: "John Purcell" <[j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)>

Subject: ...and furthermore 21 & 22

Some people must have been wondering where I've gotten to, especially not having written much lately...it's been a combination of work, voice-work and medical problems. I've had work at a couple of trade shows, I have rehearsals for another radio-style programme coming up, and I will be seeing a retinal specialist tomorrow to see what's happening with my eyes. My optometrist says I may have a detached retina, my ophthalmologist says I might have a hole in my retina, and the retinal specialist will get to be the tie breaker, and determine just what I've got, and what can be done to fix it. There's no use worrying until Dr. Verger gives me the lowdown, so I can catch up with writing. Here's comments on *...and furthermore 21 and 22. {I posted Yvonne's e-mail about your laser eye surgery to Trufen, and with everybody else, here's to a speedy recovery, Lloyd! Like I said in the posting, I am a bit afraid of the size of your locs once you're back in the fanning swing of things.}*

21...Oooh, shiny rocketship! In so many ways, that is classic SF to me, and probably, that's what I'll read for the rest of my life. Life's too short to do otherwise. *{You've got that right, friend.}*

The few renfaires I've been to have been quite enjoyable, but have bordered on the corny. That might belie my sagging abilities to drop the disbelief and play along, more than the people working the faire to get a little too far into character. Right now, the Toronto area does not have such a faire...a long-time event was shut down without warning by the faire's owners in Maryland, and another event was held down the lake in Burlington, but only once. There is now a two-day event held as Casa Loma in Toronto each year, and that is now a symbol of expectation that something bigger will come about soon. There are promises...I hope 2007 will see a new faire around here. Former local fans now living in Vancouver are trying to get a new faire on the go in their new city, and they have just

now having some success in getting some backing. I wish them all the luck they need to get it going. *{Ren Faires are fun; we enjoy going to them.}*

Composing a loc in my sleep? Ah, if only that could be true. I could comment on what I didn't read because my eyes were closed at the time. The DVD I was working is on a short hiatus because the producers realized they just couldn't get it ready for the Christmas season they way they originally wanted. I have finished voicework for one student production, and will be starting another one tomorrow as I write.

The rabid squirrels came from Fraggie Rock? Not the Jim Henson property, I must think. I'd like the control box for those remote-controlled squirrels, just to see what they can do. As long as they don't juggle their nuts, they're fine...*{There is an animated video on-line of a squirrel singing "Do your nuts hang low/do they jiggle to and fro?/can you tie them in a knot?/can you tie them in a bow?" Use your imagination.}*

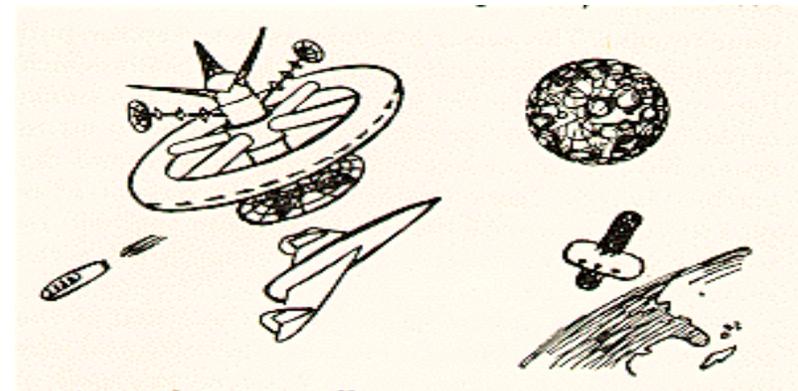
22...I'm not flashing through these two issues, they're just short, really... *{Neither am I. My height is just right.}*

I wouldn't consider myself an anthropomorphic fan, or furry, but I admire the art that combines an eagle and a fox into one creature.

You probably know from your time living in Minnesota that Canadian Thanksgiving is held in early October. The harvest is a little early further north, understandably, and it also allows a few paycheques to come in before you have to consider what to buy for Christmas. However, that doesn't stop me from having a second turkey dinner...fans who used to live here, but now live in New Jersey, come up to celebrate American Thanksgiving with friends up here. We do the full dinner, turkey, stuffing trimmings and anything else people bring around, and we stuff ourselves to bursting. Two turkey dinners in the fall are definitely better than one.

A couple of years ago, our local convention, Ad Astra, started plans to celebrate its 25th anniversary in 2006, and decided on an all-star cast of guests. Our main guest was to be Ray Harryhausen, and with the number of fannish animators in Montreal, the choice was a popular one. Not long after we were authorized to make the announcement that Harryhausen was to come to Toronto, Ray told the committee that he had to cancel. Turns out

that Ray has two agents, an American one and a British one. The commitment to come to Toronto was negotiated by his British agent. His American agent sniffed at the deal, and set about to arrange a better deal, and the better deal was the appearance in Dallas in March of this year. Dallas' gain was our loss, and it now appears that we may never have Harryhausen here ever. We also had Ray Bradbury scheduled as a guest via satellite, and that deal fell through as well. The convention had a fine 25th anniversary celebration, but it was nothing like what could have been. *{Well, I didn't get up to Dallas to meet Mr. Harryhausen, so I am sorry to hear of your GoH woes. My suggestion is to go for the lesser-known stars of the sf multiverse. I can think of a fanzine fan from deep in the heart of SouthCentralEastern Texas who'd make a crackerjack Fan GoH...}*



Short zines get short locs, but then, I think they were good issues, and thank you for them. December may be my catch-up month, with lots of people refraining from zine composition to worry about Christmas shopping. Like the song says, we wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year. I doubt you'll have a white Christmas, but then, that's probably the main reason you're not in Minnesota any more. Have the best of times, and see you next issue.

Yours, Lloyd Penney

*{No doubt, I don't miss scraping off cars, shoveling snow, and driving on packed snow and ice. These people down here don't know how to drive}*

*in a light rainfall; the Good Lord only knows what they'd do if it actually SNOWED here.}*

Date: Tue, 05 Dec 2006 22:58:27 -0500  
From: Eric Mayer <[emayer00@epix.net](mailto:emayer00@epix.net)>  
To: [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)  
Subject: AF 22

Quick note. I've been trying to rip through to the end of the first draft of the next mystery book before beginning a big legal writing job, which is bearing down on me. I hate having my train of thought interrupted so to speak. I'll get back to the book in three months and won't remember what's going on in it. *{Good luck! I really want to rewrite a couple stories and send them off before the next semester cranks up.}*

Don't tell me about turkeys though. We're vegetarians. However, our anniversary is November 27 so close to yours. Fifteen years in our case. *{A belated happy anniversary to you and Mary.}*

*The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* was huge for me and my friends. Man, that was the first move I think we saw where the fantasy stuff all looked real. I mean, they used to tape bits of cardboard on lizards and expect you to believe they were dinosaurs. (Or so it appeared) We were inspired later to do our own stop motion clay animation using an 8 mm movie camera. Only our figures melted under the broiling lights. So whatever the plot was, our characters all gradually devolved into formless blobs as the story progressed. Also, doing stop action with fire is tough. We had to keep lighting and extinguishing and relighting the set for every frame. *{You know what they say about kids playing with fire and 8mm film...}*

**BASEBALL NATTER ALERT :: BASEBALL NATTER ALERT**

Well, so far I'm happy the Yanks aren't overpaying lousy players. I wish Boston would end up with a bigger payroll then I wouldn't have to read all the complaints about the Yanks buying the championship. What championship? By the end of next season the Yanks might have their own Liriano in Philip Hughes. He hasn't yet pitched above AA though. He

actually strikes people out. I don't know if the Yanks have developed a power pitcher of their own since Ron Guidry.

Best, Eric

*{MORE BASEBALL NATTER ALERT: The winter meetings are heating up big time with lots of money flying. We may have to watch out for the Cubs and Angels next year. Jeff Bagwell retired yesterday – Friday, December 15<sup>th</sup> – which is more bad news for the Astros since Clemens probably won't return now that Pettite has gone to the Yankees.}*

== = = = =



And so yet another issue of *...and furthermore* bites the dust. Like I mentioned earlier, next issue will contain the next installment of my rock and roll/musical autobiography covering my college years and recapping some of my musical endeavors while I was active in Minn-stf. So until then, I remain strummingly yours,

*John Purcell*