

and furthermore... #3
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post-AggieCon 37 issue

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An electronic fanzine from:

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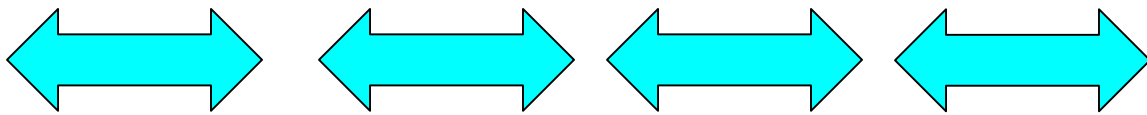
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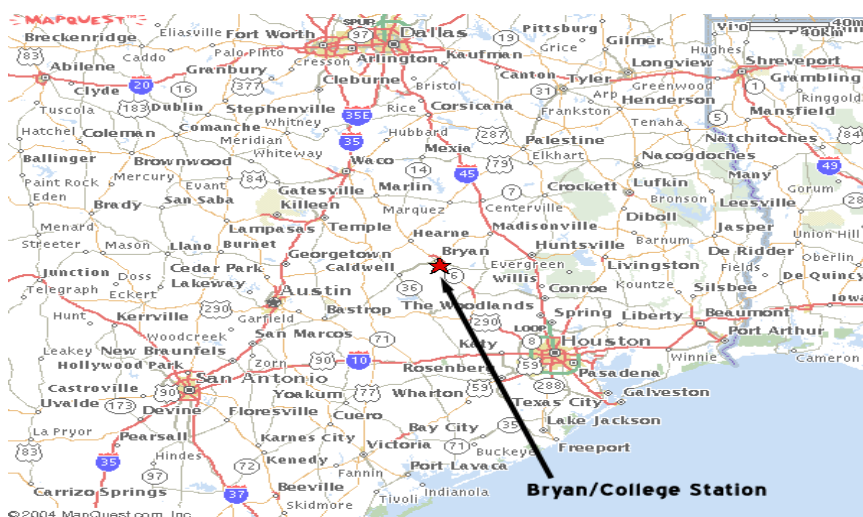
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Duh, which way did he go, George? Which way did he go?

It is springtime: a time when a fan's fancy turns to thoughts of attending cons and pubbing zines. And since this past weekend was Aggiecon 37 here in the deepest, wildest parts of Southeastern Central Texas, otherwise known as College Station, this all means I get to write up my quick impressions of the con just ended.



Overall, considering this was my first real scientific convention since Minicon 27 way back over Easter weekend of 1992, I had a good time. In some senses, I was

disappointed - not enough truly "fannish" things that I was so damned used to back in my heyday as a fan up in Minneapolis, and there was like nobody there that I really *knew* (which frustrated the piss out of me) - but it was very cool to see my old Minn-stf buddy, Steven Brust, who was Aggiecon 37's Writer Guest of Honor. I will admit here and now, that if it wasn't for Steve being there, I might have still attended, but Aggiecon 37 would not have been as much fun.



The con site: the Student Center in foreground, Rudder Tower behind.

In all fairness to the purveyors of this con, my fannish expectations were way high due to my fannish pedigree: long-term fanzine fan; con fan from the mid-70's to the early 90's (which means I'm a multi-Minicon veteran, to say nothing of Wiscons, Windycons, Byobcons, and other regional cons, plus two Worldcons under my belt (1976, 1978); active member in the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc.; lived for a year in Los Angeles, and rarely attended LASFS meetings and doings; and did other stuff like apa memberships. You get the idea. I had done stfnal-type stuff for *A LONG TIME* in a hotbed of fannish silliness, thus there was this part of me that wanted the old fannish magic to wash over me like a cleansing flood, rejuvenating my aging fannish mind and body.

It didn't happen. I mean, it's been 14 years since my last con. What the hell was I expecting? The Spanish Inquisition? As if Jerry Kaufmann and Suzle Tompkins were gonna be there...

There were glimmerings now and then of the old spark, but I didn't know anybody, and in my opinion, that is a major contributing factor to a convention's success. Now, don't get me wrong, but it was so tight to sit and talk with Peter Mayhew (yup, Chewbacca was the Media Guest of Honor) for about fifteen minutes or so on Saturday afternoon during a slack time in the huckster room, where there was a lot of fun stuff for sale, plus the art show had some extremely nice work (the photoshopped pieces impressed me, along with some cracker-jack oils, prints, and mixed-media art pieces); however, I really must relate my favorite moment of the con here since I'm saving my proper con report for *In A Prior Lifetime #10* (the April, 2006 issue is now under construction).

It happened at exactly 1:47 PM on Friday, March 24, 2006, in Rudder Tower, room 301.

After getting the name badges for my son and myself (I had pre-registered two weeks earlier), a quick glance at the events calendar revealed that Steve Brust was signing autographs one floor up from where I was standing. I didn't need a nanosecond to think it over. Up the elevator, out the door, a jog to the right, and I was in room 301. Steve was sitting at a table with a couple other regional writers, and he was wearing his trademark cavalier hat. He never saw me coming. I hailed him with a hearty, "Brust, you old horse fart!" and stood there in front of him.

Steve's eyebrows knit in consternation, deeply quizzical about this sudden intrusion. He then looked closer at me, then said, "I get the feeling that I should know you."

"Yeah, you should," I replied, holding out my badge. His eyes went wide in shock and his mouth gaped in a big O under his graying, bushy moustache. The words came out slowly, but distinctly:

"Oh..... my.....God....." Then Steve stood up and we firmly shook hands. I was sort of expecting one of those long-lost, how-the-hell-are-you kind of handshakes with a complimentary quick, manly hug of camaraderie, but there was a table between us. Even so, it was quite good to see the old horse fart again.

From that point on, I knew that no matter what developed, my weekend was now complete. I had stunned the Brust. Left him speechless, in fact. Even now as I sit here at my desk writing this, copy-pasting photos off the Internet to make this zippy little fanzine look good, I'm grinning.

Yeah. Aggiecon 37 was a decent con. You can read all about in the next issue of *In A Prior Lifetime*.

See you folks there.



Steve Brust and friend.



Next year, same place, different cast of weird characters. Should be fun.

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW? I EVEN HAVE A LETTER TO INCLUDE THIS TIME!

Let's get right into it with the first ever Lloyd Penney-style loc in this fanzine:

Dear John:

Well, I said I'd get caught up, and here's my attempt. I've got issues 1 and 2 of ...*and furthermore*, and some comments will follow.

1...The Alex Schomburg artwork for the cover reminds me so much of the great adventures that enthralled me when I first started reading SF. Rockets and robots, adventures out by the Rim, what dangers lurk in deepest space? In many ways, SF has become so sophisticated, I barely recognize it. Like so many, I have memories to comfort me, and I will grab a book off my shelf every so often to relive those adventures in space. Looks like you did much the same thing with the Pohl/Kornbluth book. I have a half-dozen Pohl/Kornbluth books on my shelf, but I don't have *The Space Merchants*. I must one day catalogue my books so I can take it to a book store and know exactly what I have on my shelves, and what I don't. *I'll be damned; I just looked at the small print on the cover of #1, and sure enough, it's Alex Schomburg's name. I never noticed.*

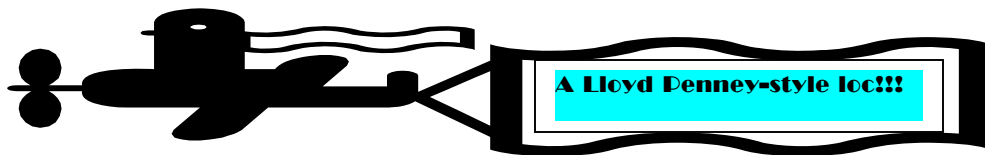
True, we are all marketers. We all have something to sell to something else, whether it is an idea, a product, or ourselves. I remember growing up being a little disgusted with the peer demand to wear the right clothes with the right brands, so I rarely wore anything with a brand name on it. Same with today; if anything I own has a brand name or logo on it, it's because I believe in the product or organization behind the logo. I prefer not to become a walking billboard for a company who just happened to make the clothes I wear. That's why I look skeptically at kids today who trumpet Enyce, Phat Farm, and other names just by wearing them. *At my age, with my middle attempting to match my age – despite my constant and futile attempts to battle the bulge and contain the outward advance - I tend to settle for clothing that simply FITS!*



Going back to the moon sounds real romantic, but only if Dubya can get warmongering out of his veins. The space station isn't finished, but already, NASA in is the wind-down phase of the ISU programme. It's not finished, and they're winding down? What's going on here? Finish the project and get it working; the work has just begun. *No kidding.*

2...I would have been in that initial group of loccers, but I wind up responding to everything I get, I have an evening job which often chews up a lot of spare time, and I have an occasional daytime job which can be a day or two weeks, depending on the needs of the client. I am taking a day to try and catch up with lots of zines, and it's been an enjoyable day so far. *Writing locs to everything you get in the mail and read on-line is a bad habit. If you don't watch it, Lloyd, you'll get even more behinder. Like you say here, sometimes it feels great to catch up on zine reading, writing, and loccing.*

Blogs aren't for me, either. So many people are writing in their blogs, who's got the time to read them? Would I be writing for an audience of perhaps none? So many bloggers use pseudonyms, so who knows who's writing or reading or commenting? I keep hearing these days that blogs are just starting to become passé, mostly because people have less and less time to put anything into what becomes an online diary. I keep hoping for a retro movement that will mean that people will write zines again. (Then, I'll be really swamped...) *Told ya!*



Advertising is so pervasive now, I'm sure I'm not the only to just turn off the TV and ignore any advertising that comes through the radio, newspaper, telephone, Internet, mail or any other avenue advertisers have to invade your privacy and get their message to you. I have memories going back to just before kindergarten, but I realized fairly young that I wasn't going to get my way because I was a kid, and that if I bided my time, I'd get my way eventually. I wasn't disappointed, either. Just be a good boy for a certain length of time, and you'll get your own way. I followed the trend, and was disappointed when the products advertised didn't live up to the hype. Does resisting the avalanche of advertising take a slannish mind? No, just an intelligent one, and you know the advertisers are counting on the less intelligent minds so they can make a living.

And with that, I'm caught up. (I should not say that, I've got *Vegas Fan Weekly* and *The Drink Tank* to make sure I'm not.) Take care, and see you next issue.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

I tend to ignore the ads in all media, too, unless it's an entertaining advertisement; they're more of an annoyance than anything else. We're supposedly intelligent enough to filter out the fluff and retain the necessary information needed to survive.

And so ends this issue. Thanks to all one of you for responding. – John Purcell