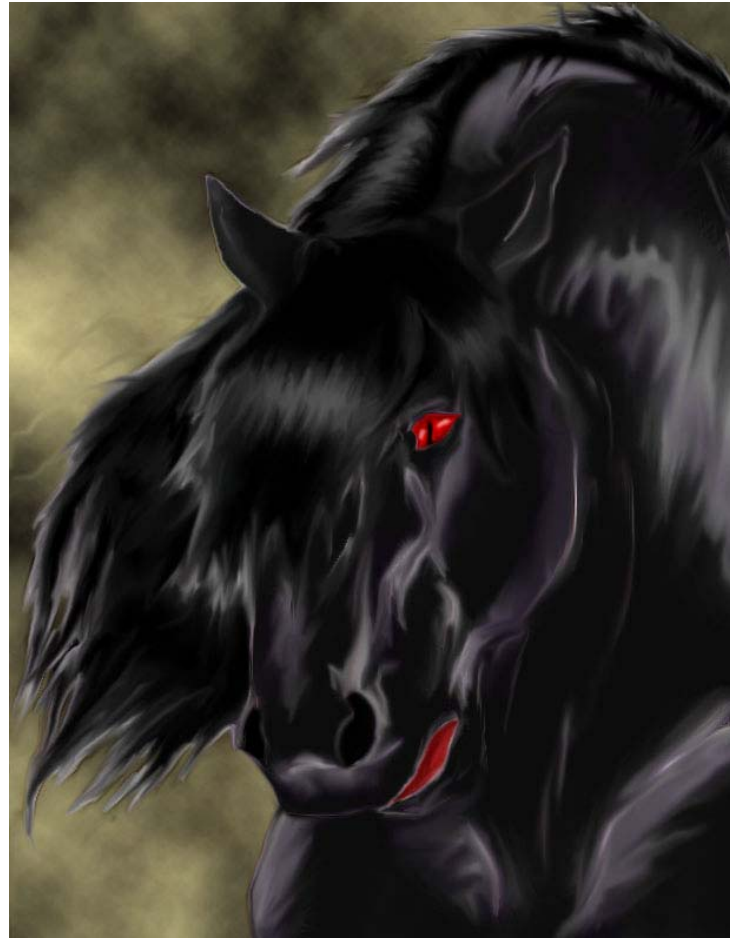


and furthermore #21



10 November 2006

The latest issue in a line of many issues from a person who has many issues of his own, none other than that fanned from deep in the heart of deepest, darkest SouthCentralEastern Texas, John Purcell, who resides at the following abode – not made of adobe brick or PDF – 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, TX 77845

contact information: e-mail: j_purcell54@yahoo.com

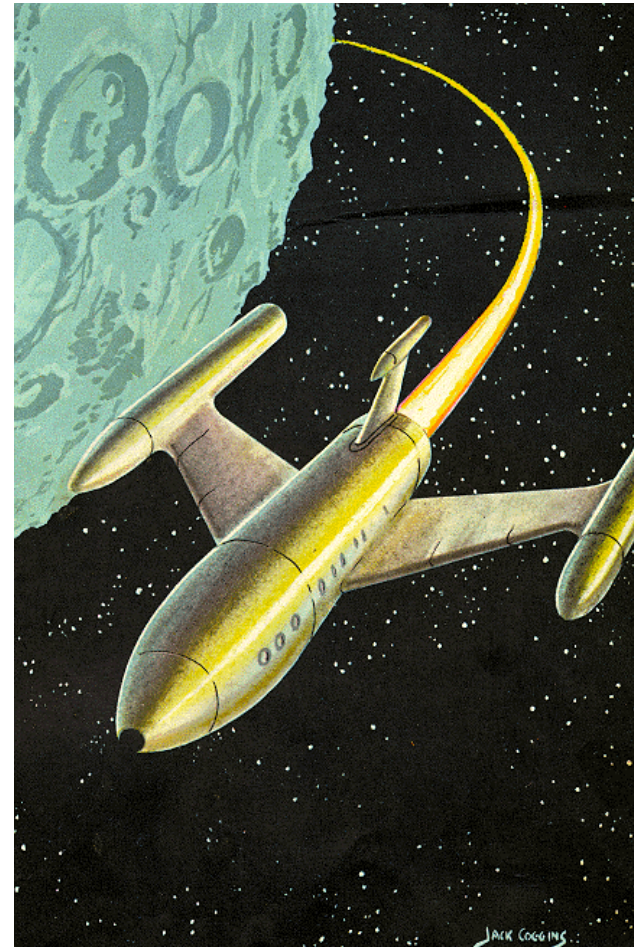
homepage: www.geocities.com/j_purcell54/PriorLifetime.html

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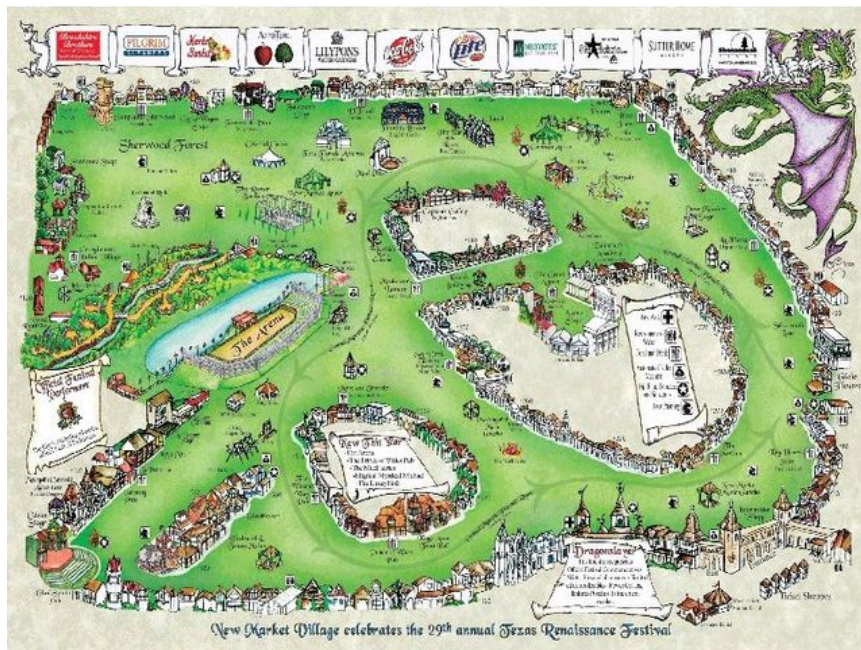
This fanzine is available for free downloading by request
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So my family didn't go the Texas Renaissance Festival this past weekend. That's okay. There are still two weekends to go. We'll probably do the last weekend of the RenFest because that's when vendors will drop their prices to clear out as much stock so that they don't have to transport as much to the next festival. Instead, we had just a typical quiet weekend in College Station.



Map of one section of the Texas Ren-Fest site. From their website.

For example, Sunday night I had dinner with Greg Benford. Well, not just him, but also with Naomi Fisher, who was also

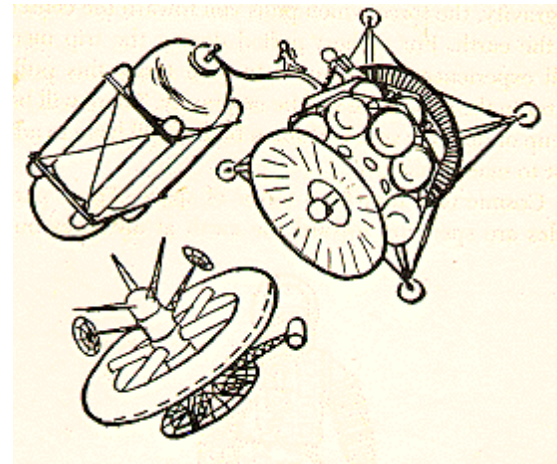
in town over the weekend. The eminent Dr. Benford was in town to present a public lecture under the auspices of the Chemistry Department at Texas A&M University – which is interesting, considering that the man is a physicist at University of California, Irvine – on the evening of Monday, November 6th, and he had e-mailed me a few weeks ago informing me of this and suggesting we get together. So we did. Having Naomi Fisher in town also – a lovely lady who has been to many a con and is way more into con-running than I will ever be – was an added treat. The restaurant recommended to us by the gentleman behind the desk at the College Station Hilton was closed, so we ended up just down University Avenue at the Texas Roadhouse, which, as usual, provided a delicious steak dinner. The music was too loud, though, which made it difficult to carry on a conversation, but did not detract from the enjoyment of watching the nubile, young, college-aged waitresses line-dancing to a few of the songs. Gawd, but I *love* living and working in a college town...

Anyway, something really interesting is beginning to happen here. In September, Guy Lillian III e-mailed me the week *after* he had been in College Station, dropping off 25 boxes of fanzines for TAMU's science fiction collection at Evans Library, curated by Dr. Hal Hall, himself a fairly long-term fan (gotta connect up with him, too). Guy chided himself for not thinking of contacting me before he came here so that we could meet. (Guy and I had been in Lasfapa together back around 1980-82, and it would have been fun to talk with him

and flip through the boxes to see what was being donated.) I agreed with Guy, called him a bastard, and haven't heard from him since. (Hmm. Note to self: Self, work on those interpersonal skills.)

And now Gregory Benford comes to town, letting me know in advance so that we can get together to chat. Naomi Fisher, a long-time con fan, who looked vaguely familiar but we couldn't figure out where we might have met (except possibly at Windycons in the early 1980s), made the evening even more pleasurable. The three of us had a grand time discussing our personal fannish histories, the current state of con affairs, worldcon dates, old fanzines, this year's TAFF race and the potential fall-out from the cancellation of Eastercon 2007, and so on. I had fun. Thank you, Greg and Naomi, for a wonderful time.

But what I find interesting is that this is twice now that sfnal people have contacted me when they are coming into town. Or afterwards, but that's alright. Living in Aggieland apparently does have an advantage due to the attraction of Texas A&M University; there are so many pros and fans in academia that the odds of one of them coming here for seminars and conferences is not as much of a long-shot as I originally thought. So saying, if any of you folks reading this might be coming to College Station – or nearby Houston, for that matter – for some professional gig, let me know a week or so in advance; I would love to get together with y'all.



letter column

Literally. I have received only the following loc – which I am happy to get, believe me – from one of fanzine fandom's premier letterhacks, Mr. Lloyd Penney!

November 7, 2006

It is definitely interesting wandering the TAMU campus sometimes. An excellent case to illustrate this statement is the following story:

Two years ago, one night I had just finished one of my evening doctoral classes and was walking past Evans Library on my way to the parking lot. Coming in my direction were a couple international students, chatting about something or other in their native Korean language. They didn't seem to notice I was coming, so engrossed were they in their discussion. When they were about twelve feet from me, a gray squirrel bounced down from one of the nearby trees and meandered directly in front of them. This normally would not be a significant event, but this little feller had one of those small, tracking boxes attached to a harness around his little body. I had seen this before; the veterinary school does this to track their movements and nesting habits on campus.

But these Korean students had apparently never seen such a rig before. They stopped dead in their tracks, their conversation abruptly halted by this odd sight. They stared at the squirrel, stunned into silence. As I continued past them, I made the following casual comment:

“What’s wrong? Haven’t you ever seen a remote-controlled squirrel before?”

The look on their faces was priceless. They looked first at me, then back at the squirrel, their mouths agape, eyes wide in wonderment. To this day, I’m sure they are still trying to figure out what purpose the Department of Homeland Security has in mind for remote-controlled squirrels in the war against terrorism.

