



*. . . and furthermore #24*

*30 December 2006*

Welcome to the special end of the year issue of **...and Furthermore #24**

**30 december 2006**

This zippy little addendum zine comes to you from John Purcell  
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This fanzine is available at [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com) for free eye-tracking and downloading. As always, it is mightily appreciated if you would kindly loc your friendly, neighborhood fan editor. Really. It is. Otherwise the smof patrol will be snooping around your computer, and who knows what *they* might do to your hard drive!

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## my days in the band, part 2

In our last episode, we left our guitar-slinging hero about to step out onto the collegiate stage, not knowing who or what was out in the audience.

After graduating from St. Louis Park Senior High School, I began my collegiate wanderings at Concordia College way the hell and gone in Moorhead, Minnesota. My reason was obvious: they had a dynamite music program. When I visited the campus in April of 1972 with my parents – Concordia was one of a half-dozen schools interested in me as a potential music major (the Naval Academy at Annapolis was another, as were St. Olaf College, Augustana, University of Wisconsin at Beloit, and the good, old University of Minnesota, Minneapolis – my parents and I were struck by the “feel” of Concordia. I remember dad saying “This place has a nice feel” a few minutes after we starting walking across the commons. I had to agree. Concordia has a pretty campus, and its enrollment numbers were growing. Plus, I got a music scholarship (of sorts – a “merit scholarship” they called it) that basically covered books and a few other essentials from Concordia.

So I became a Cobber.

Yeah, you read that right. The school nickname was the “Cobbers” because back around the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, there used to be a humongous cornfield across from Old Main (every college in America has a building named “Old Main”), and that’s where the nickname came from: corn cobs. Makes sense now, doesn’t it?

At any rate, I began my studies as a music major, with the trumpet as my primary instrument, but decided to change to an English major in my sophomore year because they wanted to make me into a professional trumpet player. I really didn’t see myself as a music teacher; I wanted to

write music, not teach it. It’s funny when I think about it now, since here I am teaching College English and sometimes use my guitar in class to illustrate



*the little red star is  
where Moorhead is,*

certain things, such as the concept of audience (expectations of, knowledge of, etc.) or the rhythms and natural melodies of language. Chances are that if I had stayed at Concordia and graduated from there with a Bachelor’s degree in Music by now I would have been teaching music for 28 years, probably at some podunk high school in Montana.

But I didn’t stay there. After my sophomore year, I transferred down to the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis campus, to pursue my English degree.

While ensconced in Cobberland, though, I had fallen in with a bunch of other music and vocal majors who had formed a fifties band, and began playing around the Fargo-Moorhead area. Marshall Weiss was the main instigator, had a fine high tenor voice so he was the lead singer. We called the band Marshall and the Doo-Wops, and we did the typical 50s songs: “Rock Around the Clock,” “Hound Dog,” “Silhouettes,” “At the Hop,” “Tell Laura I Love Her,” and so on. It was kind of fun, and I learned some valuable lessons, notably in terms of singing harmony: blending, listen to others, don’t overpower, balance. As a guitarist I learned the fine art of playing a little something where needed, again not being flashy or overpowering. A good band listens to everything happening inside it, each member working to create a seamless product. These are lessons that I still practice today, and will use even more once I get to really working with this 4-track recorder I now have.

Like I said, I transferred to the main campus of the University of Minnesota, which was some 45,000 students strong. A huge school, I felt more like a number than a scholar. At Concordia, its enrollment of 2300 ensured that each student was able to be treated with interest and received solid, consistent counseling from faculty. At Minnesota, I felt like I was in a meat processing plant: you go in at one end, get mused up and smushed around, then spat out at the other end, wrapped up in a neat little package. That's not education.

However, two fortuitous events happened while I was a student at Minnesota: 1) I met more Minn-stf members – first encountered during my freshman year at Concordia when I went to Minicon 7 during Easter Break of 1973 – which was a lot of fun; and 2) met Bill Fischer in my Intermediate Russian class.



I began a long, wondrous relationship with the Minnesota Science Fiction Society by hanging out in Coffman Union during lunchtime with not only my high school buddy Steve Glennon, but also with people like Jerry Stearns, Reed Waller, John Berry, Nancy Read, Patricia Wrede, and others whose names escape me right now. It was a fun bunch of folks. Needless to say, Steve and I started attending Minn-stf meetings, and I discovered that people played *music* there later at night: this is how I met Nate Bucklin, Fred

Haskell, David Emerson, Susan Ryan, Mike Wood, Blue Petal, and others. Even more neat people. Ensuing Minicons thus became even more fun, which was A Good Thing, of course.

As far as meeting Bill Fischer in my Russian class... well, this is something else to relate.

We hit it off splendidly. His sense of humor was extremely fannish, he loved reading science fiction, but he never attended Minn-stf or Minicon, no matter how much I implored him. Bill is the guy who, in the middle of our Russian class, picked up an unsharpened pencil, looked intently at me, and then said very solemnly, “очен карандаш” – pronounced “OH-chen KAR-ahn-dahsh” - which translates into “very pencil.”

Bill also played guitar. As a matter of fact, he was one half of a folk duo called Johnson and Fish, his friend Michael Johnson being the other half. They had played some college campus gigs, but wanted to do more. Bill invited me to sit in with them at one of their rehearsals, which led to more, and eventually they both decided to add me into their “band.” Thus was born Johnson, Fish, & Company. I was Company, playing rhythm and lead guitar, adding some harmonies and occasional lead vocals. And so it was that at the beginning of the disco boom, I made one of my patented non-career defining moves: I joined a folk trio.

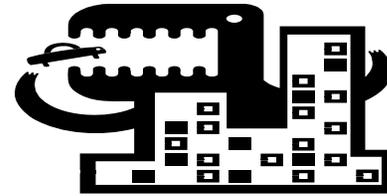
We all wrote songs. Bill and Mike had some really nice ones, too; one that I still play once in a while is “Nobody” which has a very nice melody and even nicer harmony lines. Mike had a wonderful tenor voice. Bill sang high harmonies, and I went low with my mid-range baritone/low tenor. Thanks to my years playing in high school marching and jazz bands, plus Marshall and the DooWops, our voices blended very well together because we *listened* to each other as we sang. Our three-part harmonies on “Nobody” were really lovely, I have to admit.

It goes without saying that I kept writing songs, now at a breakneck pace. Ever since, I have kept all the songs I have written in 3-ring binders; some of those early ones from 1975 are beginning to crumble, so a few years ago I invested in a batch of clear sheet protectors to preserve these gems. With Bill I co-wrote a couple of wonderful ditties, one of which I used to play at Minicons or Minn-stf parties: "Progression in Green Major." Bill and I wrote that one for Mike because he couldn't play an instrument, but he did own an autoharp with color-coded chord keys. Use your imagination here. Bill wrote most of the lyrics, Mike sang the lead vocals, and when we played it once at an open-microphone night at the Coffeehouse Extempore', the song garnered loud applause. A slam on commercialism in popular music, it had a catchy beat and only four chords: G – Em – C – D. That was it.

We had fun. In fact, it was with Bill and Mike that I had my first exposure to being in a real recording studio, Sound 80 Studios in Minneapolis. We recorded three of Bill and Mike's songs: "Nobody", "Lumberjack Stomp," and "K-knock a-Knockin'." They were good songs. We were in there for four hours or so, with each of us kicking in \$200 for the studio time. I no longer have a cassette copy of the results, but Bill might.

Our little trio played mostly open-microphone nights at coffeehouses on the U of Minn. west bank, like the Extempore, and also down at the Whole in the basement of Coffman Union on campus. Nothing much came of that group, but it was a lot of fun. Bill confided to me a few years after we sort of dissolved by mutual lack of interest – and conflicting lives (Bill and Mike were both married with children, and I was mostly a college student) – that Mike thought I was trying to supplant him as lead singer. Nothing could have further from the truth. Mike had the best voice of the three of us, and I used to crank out songs designed for his vocal range. *\*sigh\** Even so, the two years that Bill, Mike and I played together will always remain in my memories as some of my favorite years.

**Next issue:** the Great Doldrums.



## Monster Crunching Numbers

For no real reason other than 'tis the season to be number crunching, I have been playing around with figures. Specifically, my interest has been the number of fanzines, locs, and articles that I produced during calendar year 2006. The total number is staggering, and I am really surprised at how it has all added up. Check this out:

*...and furthermore* issues of 2006

| issue | date                   | page length |
|-------|------------------------|-------------|
| 1     | Feb. 23 <sup>rd</sup>  | 4           |
| 2     | March 6 <sup>th</sup>  | 6           |
| 3     | March 28 <sup>th</sup> | 6           |
| 4     | April 8 <sup>th</sup>  | 4           |
| 5     | April 28 <sup>th</sup> | 5           |
| 6     | May 15 <sup>th</sup>   | 5           |
| 7     | May 25 <sup>th</sup>   | 5           |
| 8     | June 18 <sup>th</sup>  | 7           |
| 9     | June 27 <sup>th</sup>  | 8           |
| 10    | July 5 <sup>th</sup>   | 8           |
| 11    | July 19 <sup>th</sup>  | 6           |
| 12    | Aug. 1 <sup>st</sup>   | 6           |
| 13    | Aug. 10 <sup>th</sup>  | 6           |
| 14    | Aug 25 <sup>th</sup>   | 6           |

|               |                        |                  |
|---------------|------------------------|------------------|
| 15            | Sept. 5 <sup>th</sup>  | 6                |
| 16            | Sept. 13 <sup>th</sup> | 11               |
| 17            | Sept. 25 <sup>th</sup> | 8                |
| 18            | Oct. 8 <sup>th</sup>   | 2                |
| 19            | Oct. 12 <sup>th</sup>  | 8                |
| 20            | Oct. 27 <sup>th</sup>  | 6                |
| 21            | Nov. 10 <sup>th</sup>  | 6                |
| 22            | Nov. 30 <sup>th</sup>  | 5                |
| 23            | Dec. 16 <sup>th</sup>  | 9                |
| 24            | Dec. 30 <sup>th</sup>  | 10               |
| <b>totals</b> | <b>24 issues</b>       | <b>153 pages</b> |

As if that output wasn't enough, remember that other fanzine of mine? Well, here are its numbers:

*In A Prior Lifetime* issues of 2006

| issue         | date             | pages            |
|---------------|------------------|------------------|
| 7             | January          | 16               |
| 8             | February         | 20               |
| 9             | March            | 20               |
| 10            | April            | 22               |
| 11            | May              | 20               |
| 12            | June             | 20               |
| 13            | July             | 20               |
| 14            | August           | 18               |
| 15            | September        | 30               |
| 16            | October          | 20               |
| 17            | November         | 25               |
| 18            | December         | 24               |
| <b>totals</b> | <b>12 issues</b> | <b>255 pages</b> |

letters of comment: 168

articles written for other zines: 6

- “Doofus” – appeared in *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #74
- “How I Found Fandom – Again” – appeared in *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #85
- “Two Years and Counting” – unpublished yet (sent in to *Vegas Fandom Weekly*)
- 100-word article “The Attack” for *Drink Tank* #64
- “Super-Size that Big Mac for me, Please” \_ for *Drink Tank* #94
- “Happy 100<sup>th</sup> Issue, Chris!” – appeared in *Drink Tank* #100

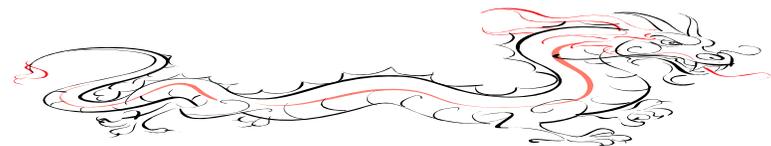


Needless to say, this is a substantial amount.

What really bothers me, though, is that I could have written two full novels in the time I produced all of this fanac! Whatever the hell was I thinking ??

But this certainly is illuminating. Maybe now I can understand why someone like Jan Stinson says that my name is cropping up in fanzines all over the map (well, she sort of said this in her latest issue of *Peregrine Nations*), and it may be indication of what's gonna happen in Austin in a few short weeks.

It will be interesting, that's all I can say.



the last dangerous letter-column of 2006

Date: Sat, 16 Dec 2006 22:14:44 -0800

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

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

There's the Frank Wu cover I saw at that BASFA meeting! I liked the idea of calling it "Fossil Record". That's just me. *Fossil record is a good title, and a double-pun, to boot.*

"Crocodile Rock" is one of the five greatest songs ever written. The other four? "The Ballad of Elvis & Priscilla" by The Red Elvises, "London Calling" by The Clash, "El Paso" by Marty Robbins and "Watching the Detectives" by Elvis Costello. I just had to clear that up. *I know the last three well, but my personal list of five greatest songs ever written includes "Bohemian Rhapsody" by Queen, "Roundabout" by Yes, "A Day in the Life" and "Eleanor Rigby" by the Beatles, and "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" by Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young Gifted and Black.*

I do love a lot of late 1950s music, and Roy Orbison is my favourite. "Crying" is one of those most beautiful songs ever written (and the cover done in the film *Mulholland Drive* in Spanish is even more gut-wrenching). Neither of my parents could sing, though Pops could play the guitar pretty well and was in a Punk band back in the day. I got a lot of my musical love from him, especially for old country and punk. He also loved Hair Metal. I have a streak of that in me (yeah! RATT!!!). And Herb Alpert. He was my Dad's favourite. He would play the 8-Track all the time when we were in the truck on the way to drive-in every Friday and especially when we were on our way to Yosemite. Herb's daughter Aria went to Emerson and lived on the same floor with me Freshman year. I got to meet Herb and my Dad was so jealous. She was also good friends with Pearl Loaf...aka Pearl day, Meatloaf's daughter. *This is cool, and right in line with this zine's music emphasis.*

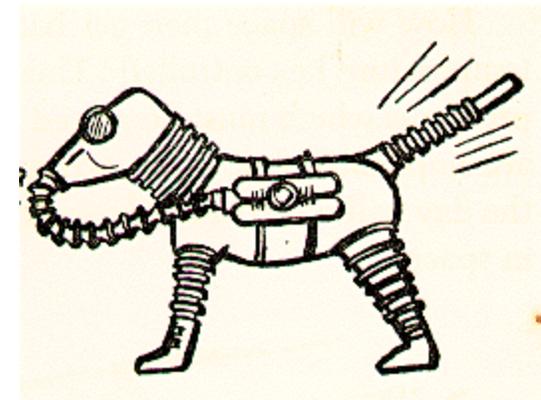
You mention baseball. My Giants haven't done too well, though I think getting Dave Roberts and resigning Ray Durham were both good moves. Bagwell was done last year and no one wanted to say so for sure. The 'stros are pretty much screwed for next year...unless they sign Zito. The As did OK, but they'll always contend no matter who they have.

Good short ish, my Brutha! Less than 45 days before we tear Austin a new one!

Chris

*Austin won't know what hit it. You make it sound like we're going to give the city an enema, which may or may not be a good idea.*

*Another familiar name crops up again, our good baseball buddy from out East, Eric Mayer, who also has much to say about last issue's music autobiography. Which is the whole idea of doing something like this zine, isn't it?*



From: Eric Mayer <[maywrite2@epix.net](mailto:maywrite2@epix.net)>

To: [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)

Subject: And Furthermore 23

Fascinating music stuff. I was a huge fan of rock music back in the sixties and seventies. When the kids came along, and with less time and job concerns, and extra expenses I kind of lost track of what was going on, but

in the old days following music was a big deal. I could never play anything, though and as for singing...well, I'm not even sure what a note might be as related to the sounds I can make. A couple years ago, my nephew tried to teach me the chords (not many) for "You Really Got Me" by the Kinks but I couldn't even make my fingers work to get a single decent sounding chord!

Like you, I was into British Invasion music rather than American. Except for the Doors and Credence Clearwater. The Beatles were like the Gods of rock. My friends and I followed everything they did. We bought British music magazines like *Melody Maker* and *N.M.E.* The bands back then were amazingly inventive. It was always exciting to buy a new album because you were never sure what you were going to hear and it might well be like nothing you'd ever heard before. *This is exactly why I believe that the Beatles were so important – and still are – to rock music: they constantly grew and experimented musically, exploring new sounds and textures in their work.*

My personal favorite was the Kinks. I actually got to see them live a few times in the early seventies. (The Beatles were almost too good, too universal, to be a personal favorite.) My parents had a similar record collection to yours. When I was tiny, I liked Mitch Miller. (Also, novelty songs which were popular in the fifties like Purple People Eater) I still am a sucker for musicals, but I never liked Sinatra or -- God forbid -- Ray Coniff. My dad played trumpet. He would sometimes play things like "Stardust," but I was never wild about trumpets. I tried to play one in the third grade and it was a disaster.



Music wasn't a big deal to me, really, until for some reason -- curiosity -- I picked up the Doors first album. Wow! This was different than my parents' music. I actually got started on the sixties late. But that worked out because there were already a lot of great British Invasion albums in the dollar bins at the local department stores.

I admire the skill it takes to play. My nephew, in high school, has taught himself guitar. And I mean to say he can really play. I'll be visiting and hear him downstairs and after I'll ask, "So what was that CD you were playing?" "Oh, that was me." *Sometimes my folks asked me this question, and I'd have the same response as your nephew. Their eyebrows would rise, and off they would go, leaving me to continue my "practicing."*

Anyway, thanks for the issue. Now I'm watching the baseball news and hoping the Yanks are so stupid as to trade their 22 year old center fielder Mielky Cabrera for a setup relief pitcher who finished last year with a sore arm.

Best,

Eric

*Well, with Randy Johnson possibly moving elsewhere, the Yankees are once again in the market for whatever they can buy. Man, there's a LOT of money exchanging hands this off-season!*

*Hey! Here's an unexpectedly musical lot from a rather creative person, the lovely Frank Wu!*

From: "Frank Wu" <[garlo999@hotmail.com](mailto:garlo999@hotmail.com)>

To: [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)

Subject: loc

Date: Mon, 18 Dec 2006 15:10:15 -0800

I was in a band in high school, I admit in public for the first time. Not really much of a band - just me singing (if you can call it that) and my pal Tom Brennan on drums (and occasional keyboards). Sometimes we'd have a guitarist (Mike Makucevich or Gary DiBlanda), but mostly we had the novel and minimalistic sound of really good drumming and really bad singing. We never played live, and we performed atrocities on the Beatles and Stones. We also wrote our own little monstrosities. *But those little monstrosities were your personal classics, remember that.*

Naming a band is always the hardest decision. We called ourselves "The Stoney Leaves" - after the Rolling Stones (of course), but also the Stone Ponies (Linda Ronstadt's band, with which she did the Mike Nesmith song "Different Drum") and also a band called the Leaves, which did the original (or at least an early) version of the song "Hey Joe," later notably covered by Hendrix. Also the name suggested the "organic" feel I wanted in our music. We did some things I thought were pretty bizarre and clever at the time - like singing through a snare drum to get an echo-y sound. There are still tapes somewhere, somewhere of us recording our songs for an album we called "Connecticut Driving Music."

I now present for you the lyrics to our best song, never published before anywhere (remember, I was pretty young when I wrote this):

*Whenever You're Near*, by Frank Wu © 1988 (roughly)

*Like the grass when it's finally poking up through the snow  
Whenever you're near, my confidence grows.  
Like a song that I made up when I woke up this morning,  
That's how I feel, whenever you're near.*

*I remember being little, the breeze through the window,  
Rolling, cooling, across my face,  
Waking me up to a bright summer morning,  
That's how I feel whenever you're near.*

*I always feel so peaceful around you -  
I wonder do I do that to you, too?*

*I remember when someone took me to play in a stream  
I would slip on the rocks in my bare feet  
The tadpoles would always slide through my fingers  
It's exactly the same with you and me,  
Exactly the same with you and me.*

*The clay upstream would melt around my feet  
It was the softest and warmest thing that I'd ever seen  
But when I scooped some up, it ran through my fingers  
It's exactly the same with you and me,  
Exactly the same with you and me.*

*Every thing I know, everything I've shown you -  
All these things are wrong.  
Everything I've said, all these thoughts in my head -*

*All these things are wrong.  
But everything I feel, way down in side -  
All these things are right.  
And every drop of love, coming down from above -  
All these things are right.*

*I remember being peaceful, I was sitting so quiet  
Sitting with you, in your darkened room.  
I closed my eyes, and I opened my ears.  
I could hear things I'd never heard before.  
Distant cars on that highway sound like little waves,  
Little waves, dying on the shore.  
I swear I could hear, way down by the sea,  
The moon was rustling through the trees.  
The moon was rustling through the trees.  
And that's how I feel, whenever you're near.  
Yes, that's how I feel, whenever you're near.*

*Not bad at all, Frank! I can kind of hear a melody that goes along with these lyrics. The question remains, though, does the whole song hang together still all these years later? That's what I've asked myself about songs that I wrote back in the 70s through the 90s.*



And so, once again another year-end zine comes to a close.

I thank all of you for making 2006 such a fun year; it has been most enjoyable, and I so look forward to meeting a bunch of you in Austin over the weekend of February 9-11, 2007 for Corflu 24.

Until then, have a happy New Year.

**John Purcell**