

... and

Furthermore #22



30 November 2006

Here is yet another issue of that intermediary fanzine - *...and Furthermore* - from deep in the heart of SouthCentralEastern Texas, from none other than that intrepid faneditor – who also happens to drive a 2003 Dodge Intrepid, come to think of it -

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this fanzine is available at www.efanzines.com , a most worthwhile endeavor if there ever was one.
Thank you, Bill Burns, for the service.



art credits:

dream_whizper (from www.fanart-central.com) – cover;
sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/1949-1953.htm – 2; clip art – 3;
image googled “Ray Harryhausen – 3; still image from *Jason and the Argonauts* – 4; sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/gifs/ship3.gif – 5;

Since you've been gone...

So, it's been a week since Thanksgiving and five days since our 17th wedding anniversary. Both were celebrated quietly. Of course, we had a wonderful dinner on both days. For the traditional Purcell turkey day oink out, I had bought a 21.92 pound turkey to feed our brood. At 39¢ a pound, that was quite a bargain. The problem was that Valerie has never tried cooking a bird that large before; it took about six hours in the oven, but it was well worth the wait. With the stuffing, green bean casserole (with onion rings on top, of course), smashed potatoes, cranberry & fruit salad, home-made biscuits, and gravy, we were suitably stuffed by the time the dust settled. Of course, we had apple and pumpkin pie afterwards, but those were consumed much later. It was a yummy day.



I believe we still have something like 10 pounds of left-over turkey left. Seriously, gang, that was one big-assed bird!

The anniversary dinner was my turn to cook. So two days after our tryptophane overload, I grilled a boneless pork loin, with garlic-buttered Vienna bread toasted on the grill, plus baked potatoes, and an Italian salad. Another delicious meal. Nowhere near as elaborate as the Thanksgiving feast, but still good. Now here we sit, bloated yet sated, pledging to try and really begin exercising more by taking the dogs for walks, and so forth.

Well, you know how it goes: the spirit's willing, but the body needs a nap.

Again.

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Conversation between my wife and I from Thanksgiving morning:

"Geez, this bird is *huge!*"

"Well, you said 'buy the biggest turkey you can find.' So I did."

"Yeah, but... Holy shit! Look at all the fat I'm removing here."

"Whow! No wonder it weighed so much."

"Obviously, this is one bird that never used the weight room at the turkey farm."

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Thanksgiving Weekend Harryhausen Festival on AMC



We are unabashed fans of the work of Ray Harryhausen. The picture above was ~~stolen~~ ~~purloined~~ taken from the Digital Tutors website, which sponsored the Ray Harryhausen Event in Dallas, Texas, held on March 30, 2006. In our estimation, the work of this legendary special effects wizard is *non pareil*, so when we discovered that AMC channel was running yet another Harryhausen festival (of sorts; only three films this time) last Friday night (Nov. 24th), we had to watch. The selected films were some of my all-time favorites: in

order, they were *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* (1958), *Jason and the Argonauts* (1963), followed by *Mysterious Island* (1961), which in my mind is the weakest of the three, although it is still a lot of fun.

They could have picked some more obscure films to show, such as *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* (1954), *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers* (1956), or *The Valley of Gwangi* (1969), which very rarely is aired, but is yet another example of Harryhausen's marvelous touch. We have a DVD of *Clash of the Titans* (1981), which is Valerie's personal favorite. Mine is *Jason and the Argonauts*, mainly because of that climactic battle with the skeletons. Incredible workmanship, and my jaw still drops every time I watch this movie. Just flat-out, inspired film-making.



Watching those movies again reminded me of when I was a kid seeing some of them for the first time. The earliest one that I remember seeing at the old Hopkins Theater – when it only had **one** large screen – was *The 3 Worlds of Gulliver* (1960), and I don't think I missed any new ones from then on out. Once the earlier movies began running on late-night television when I was high school, I simply had to watch them.

Superb stuff. So much fun, and these movies definitely laid the foundation for my love of fantasy and science fiction.

Thank you, the Powers That Be at AMC; here is one viewer whom you have made so happy. Let's do it again Real Soon Now.

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Letter of Comment with commentary

It has been relatively slow here in terms of getting locs on the 21st issue of this zippy little fanzine, but our good friend out west, Chris Garcia, once again rose to the challenge and sent in the following loc. He talks about two of my favorite topics: food and Quireflu!

12 November 2006

Sounds like you had a good time hangin' with Naomi and Dr. Benford. I've met Naomi, I think, though I've never been graced with a chat with the good Doctor. **{Uh, Chris, the phrase "the good Doctor" will always refer to Isaac Asimov, although I am sure Dr. Benford is suitably flattered by your deference.}** I figure I'll get a chance at some point. I seldom get fannish visitors around here, though once in a while they'll show up at BASFA and I'll get a chance to chat with them. It was really nice to have a chance to chat with Bug when she came through on her TAFF trip. **{That would be fun. I would love to meet her someday.}**

College Station sounds like my kind of town. I live in Santa Clara, which is a bit too big and commercial to be a college town, but the area around Santa Clara University has the same feeling I had when I lived nearish to Westwood. **{Living in a dominantly college area – called Aggieland, for the uninitiated heathen who live elsewhere - does have its perks. My favorite aspect of living here is the available variety of ethnic restaurants: anything from Asian to Indian (subcontinent, that is) to Italian to good, old-fashioned Tex-Ass BBQ.}**

That's the one thing I must do when I'm down for Quireflu: some form of Texas BBQ. Of course, I've been eatin' Texas

food since I was born: I mean, the enchilada is Texas' state food, as I hear it. I have still never been to a Ren Faire.

{Go to one! You'll enjoy it. Especially the people wearing only chain mail who really shouldn't be wearing only chain mail. You won't regret it – going to a Ren Faire, that is; your eyes might burn and fall out from the other thing I mentioned.}

With the cancellation of the TAFF race, I can afford to spend a little extra travel time next year. I'll be at QuireFLu and NaSFic and I might take an extra week and go and meet some of the good folks in Southern Fandom. I've been reading the BESFA Shuttle lately, and I'd love to visit. Plus, I'd love to pay visits to folks like Guy and my good friends 'round Stone Mountain.

Anyhoo, I must. There's TAFF race zines to be . . . oh. . . never mind.

CHRIS

{Fret not about the TAFF race, young one. There shall be more races to run in your life. Trust in your fate, you will.}

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"Hey! Did you hear that smell just then?"

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As fall semester winds down to its frantic end, I find myself in the assumed position of controlling the fate of my students. This semester has had more students being more agitated over their final research projects than I've ever seen before. I really don't understand why this semester's batch of students seems to care more than previous students that I have had in class.

Maybe it is because I actually instilled within their collective breast the desire for academic excellence, that to write clearly with grammatical correctness is a skill that will get them through life and help them succeed in the future.

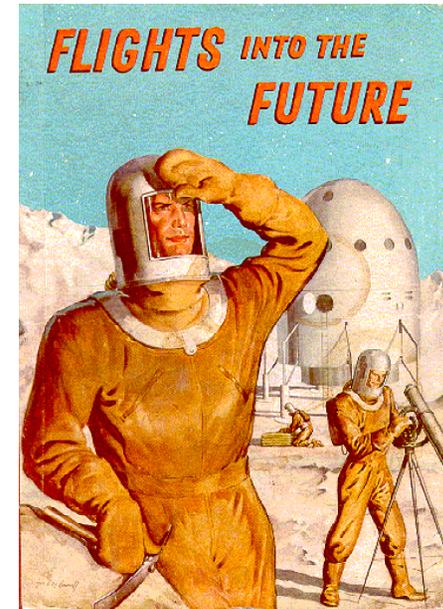
Nah. I would hope this is the case, but I doubt it. Methinks it is merely a reflection of their desire to get a good passing grade so that they don't lose out on their scholarship funds.

Face it, these kids understand that, more than anything, the world revolves around the power of the almighty dollar. However, overall I really have been impressed by their sincerity this term and, as usual, I will miss the ones who are finishing their studies here at Blinn College and moving on to bigger and better things in either the workforce, or going on to further studies at schools like Texas A&M University, Sam

Houston State University, or the University of Texas.

Good luck to all them, says I. They are a good bunch of kids, and I wish them well.

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Thus, yet another little zine ends. I do so hope you folks enjoyed the diversion; I always do. Now it's onward to working on another research paper that's due a week from today.

Ciao, *John Purcell*