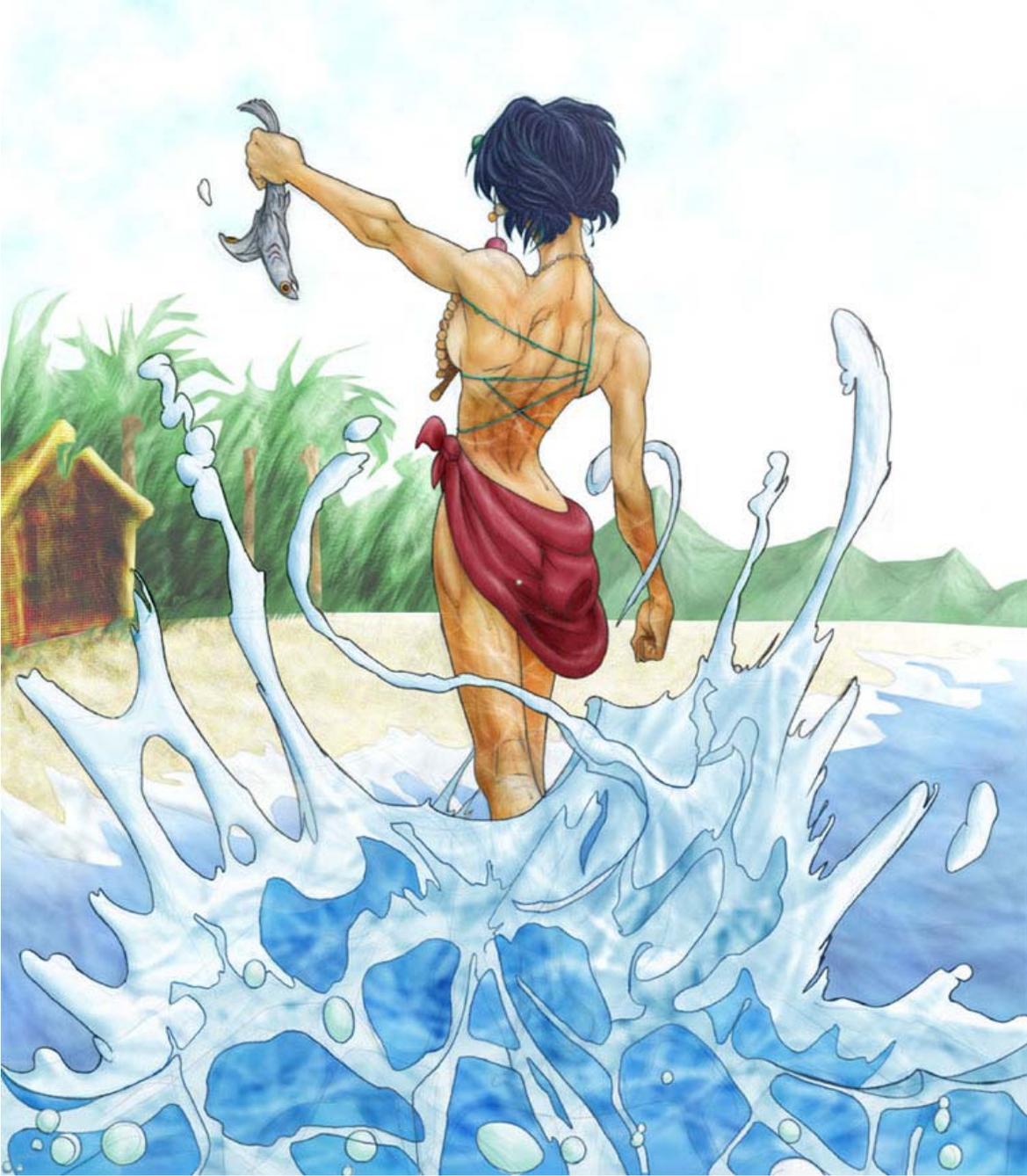


**... and furthermore #25**



**10 January 2007**

Ah, if only fishing always looked this good, I'd be off to the lake or Gulf Coast more often. Otherwise, welcome back to the fanzine that doesn't know when to quit – or does it? – the snappy little addendum zine to *In A Prior Lifetime* known as *...and furthermore*. This is the 25<sup>th</sup> issue, dated January 10, 2007, and spews forth like sputum heading for the nearest spittoon from none other than that pseudo-Texan,

John Purcell  
3744 Marielene Circle  
College Station, TX 77845

contact information: e-mail = [j\\_purcell54@yahoo.com](mailto:j_purcell54@yahoo.com)  
homepage = [www.geocities.com/j\\_purcell54/PriorLifetime.html](http://www.geocities.com/j_purcell54/PriorLifetime.html)



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page 5 - [sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/1949-1953.htm](http://sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/1949-1953.htm) ;  
page 9 - [sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/gifs/ship3.gif](http://sun3.lib.uci.edu/~jsisson/gifs/ship3.gif)

member: fwa



## MY LIFE IN THE BAND, PART 3

### **THE GREAT DOLDRUMS**

After my two-year stint in Johnson, Fish, & Company, a folk trio formed at the height of the disco craze, my musical endeavors took a bit of a nose dive and leveled off at about thirteen fathoms down. No longer was I playing in a group. However, the year was now 1977, and I was actively attending Minnesota Science Fiction Club (Minn-stf) meetings, which usually degenerated into parties during which a lot of club members played guitar and sang songs into the wee

hours. This was tremendous fun, and I enjoyed it.

But I was no longer a part of a “real” musical group. Did this disturb me? A little bit, but in retrospect, I really don't think it bothered me all that much. For most of my life I have always been a bit of a loner, so the possibility of being a solo artist didn't bother me. However, I really did want to form my own band.

Being active in Minn-stf, though, was a huge help. Playing and singing along with Nate Bucklin, Reed Waller, Mike Wood, Fred Haskell, David Emerson, Kara Dalkey, Lee Pelton, Jerry Stearns, and a whole slew of other talented people in the club helped to sate my musical needs. There was one

time when Nate, Reed, Kara, and Lee had Runestone performing semi-regularly, and they needed another amplifier to use on stage, so I let them use my Fender Reverb for a while. It came back just fine and dandy after serving time in Runestone. I heard them once in a bar somewhere in south Minneapolis, and was impressed. They are all wonderful musicians, and they played a nice variety of rock from the late 50s into what was current as of the late 70s, adding their own compositions to the mix. Lee was their lead vocalist, and one of their songs was a version of "Summertime Blues" with Lee singing it *a lá* Peter Lorre: "You can't drive the hearse 'cos you didn't work a lick!" Good stuff. I guess you could say that by association, thanks to my amp being in the band, that I was part of Runestone, but that would be stretching the truth big time.

So my main musical outlet was basically writing songs and playing some of them at Minn-stf and Minicon music parties. This was fun, and I noticed something very interesting: bit by bit, my songs were getting more complex, less formulaic, and more consistent in quality. The quantity was way up: between 1975 and 1979, I wrote 127 songs = an average of 25 songs a year. While a lot of them were crap – Sturgeon's Law, folks – a fair number were pretty good and were well-received at parties. But this just goes to prove that the more you do something, the better you get at doing it. My music was beginning to reflect the effort and passion that I was putting into it during that stretch of my life, learning in the process just how much I truly love writing music.

The funny thing was that a few of these ditties became standard music party songs that I played: "Progression in Green Major" (which Bill Fischer and I co-wrote during the Johnson, Fish & Company heyday), "Dressing by the Window," "Right Between the Eyes," and "The Walking Tour" (an instrumental). This was cool, and I look

back at those years with great fondness – and supremely rose-colored glasses, I am sure. Like any proud father, I am proud of those songs.

Recently I have been going through my song files, and in re-playing them – to refresh my memory and performance ability – I have discovered that some of these songs have withstood the test of time well. (Aside: If I feel brave enough, I might play some at Corflu 24. since I'm bringing my acoustic.)



*Me, back in the day. – photo © 1980 by David Dyer-Bennett*

Throughout most of the 1980s I stayed active in Minn-stf, attended numerous conventions, and kept writing and playing music. My productivity eventually slacked off to correspond with a decline in con and club functions attendance by the end of that decade, but I never completely gave up writing music.

So it went. My first marriage ended in 1988 – a whole 'nuther story there, children - and after I re-married in late November of 1989, my involvement in Minn-stf and conning dwindled even further. (Read: near-nothingness.)

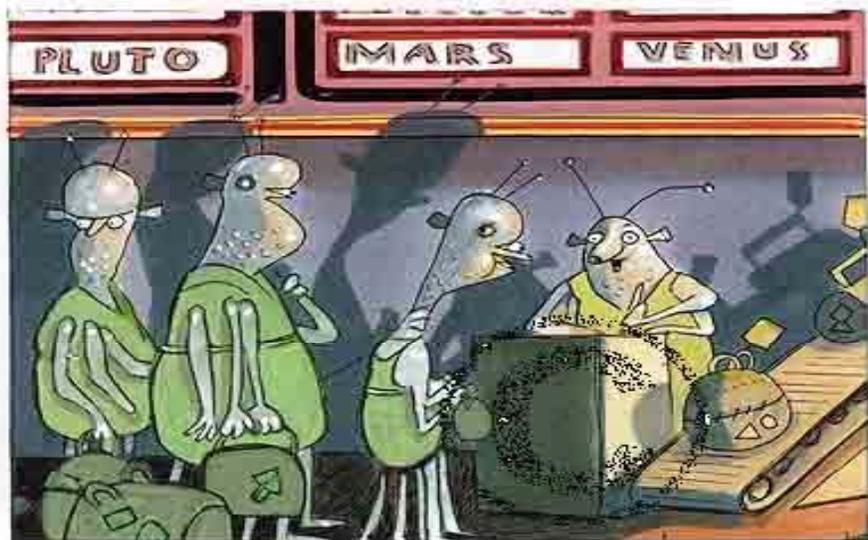
Valerie and I moved to Des Moines, Iowa, in 1990, hooked up completely by accident with a couple that was active in the Des Moines Science Fiction Society (see *In A Prior Lifetime* #13), then Josie was born on

February 3, 1991. Needless to say, my stfnal contacts drifted way off into the void after that. However, I did enjoy one last convention before wandering into the Dales of Dafia – as opposed to the Glades of Gafia – that being Minicon 27 over Easter weekend of 1992. Josie was all of 14 months old, and spent most of her time slumbering in a baby back-pack I wore during the con. One night I managed to croak out “Right Between the Eyes” since I was battling laryngitis at the time. Even so, it went over well thanks to the lead guitar work of Nate Bucklin. Man, that guy can play the guit-fiddle!

And that’s the story of what I call my Great Doldrums period: didn’t do much musically in groups, but kept writing on my own, kinda slipping as my interest and involvement in fanac ebbed due to personal and family commitments.

Next time: **Faith & Re-Birth.**

*letters from  
readers*



"Secreting or Non-Secreting?"

*The section in which I get to play smart-ass and make assorted comments without fear of being interrupted by the people that I am interrupting. Makes sense to me. Ask me if I care that it makes sense to you. Good. Since we're at the bottom of page 4, it's too low on the page to start one of these electronic epistles. Oh, lookee! Now the layout looks better. Onward to the locs:*

From: "Lloyd Penney"

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

To: "John Purcell"

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

Subject: ...and furthermore 23 & 24

Date: Fri, 29 Dec 2006 13:30:22 -0500

The story of my life...the hurrieder I go, the behinder I get. Which means that I have two issues of ...and furthermore to deal with, issues 23 and 24. And, you know what that means...

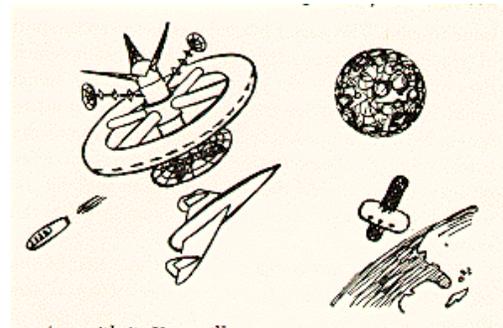
23...Nice Stones concert artwork on the front cover. Oh...that wasn't what was meant? Well, it's the first thing that came to mind... way to go, Frank! *{A close approximation of the Stones, though, you have to admit.}*

Ah, music has never been in my life, even when I wanted it to be. I wanted to learn the guitar, or the drums, or perhaps trumpet or sax...no said my parents, and I took one year of accordion. That seemed to cure me right there. Also, growing up, I never had money to buy the music I wanted, so I did without, and relied on the radio to give me what I wanted, at random. I still do today; CDs still aren't cheap. *{I would think that playing the accordion would cure anybody of wanting to be musical. Then again, it's done wonders for Weird Al Yankovic.}*

We hope Christmas was a good time in the Purcell household. It was an easy time for us because for the first time in a long time, there was no pressure to hurry up with our own Christmas, and rush off to where the in-laws gather. This year, Christmas was leisure-filled, we enjoyed our presents and had a neat little breakfast, and then gathered at a hotel across the highway from us to enjoy an extremely good Christmas afternoon buffet. This took the pressure off

Yvonne and her sisters from preparing Christmas day dinner. Afterwards, we met at Yvonne's sister Monique's place to open some presents and have a few coffees. We're definitely going to do the same thing next year.

My loc...my right eye is still healing from the surgery, and I am slowly weaning myself off Prednosolone corticosteroids eye drops and Tylenol. My next ophthalmologist's appointment the end of January will be an important one...once Dr. Berger (got his name wrong) decides, my right eye is good, it'll be time to determine what has to happen in my left eye to prevent the same thing from happening. It'll probably be some quick laser surgery, I pray. One of those radio-style shows...because of the surgery, I had to cancel out on one of them, but there have been opportunities come up- already that I've responded to. Now to see if they are interested...



24, just freshly arrived this morning... More about a life of music. I envy you that; there was so much I wanted to do in high school, like music and theatre arts, but for some reason not yet clear to me, they were denied to me. I asked why, and never got a decent response. They did give us tests in earlier grades, so perhaps I was deemed unartistic, and was therefore banned from taking those courses.

Chris Garcia was in a punk band? Can you see him with a Mohawk? Nah, neither can I.

Great figures for producing good stuff for all of us to read. I did some calculating of my own, and this is letter of comment No. 266 for the year. I'm actually past the mark I wanted to set for myself, 260, and can probably hit 270 before we ring in the New Year. *{Don't you have a life? A real job? Oh, wait a minute; that's on your docket for this year, it's true. Sorry. Never mind.}*

What a great segue...Yvonne and I hope your Christmas was a good one, and here's to a great 2007. It's the Year of the Boar...and I, according to the Chinese horoscope, am a Boar. No remarks, you... And Yvonne is a Dragon lady. No remarks, me... Take care, and see you next issue.

LLOYD

*{Your e-locs are never boring, Lloyd. (Sorry! I really couldn't help myself. How could you possibly expect someone like me to ignore an opening like that? How many years have you been in fandom, Lloyd?}*

*Here's somebody expressing his musical opinions, which was completely unexpected, but appreciated nonetheless. To quote my Corflu 24 roomie, Chris Garcia, here is "an loc" from a Hugo-winning fan artist.*

From: "Frank Wu"

[<qarlo999@hotmail.com>](mailto:qarlo999@hotmail.com)

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

Subject: RE: Craak!

Date: Fri, 29 Dec 2006 13:09:51 -0800

You and Chris Garcia are both on craak.

For the best rock and roll songs of all time, Chris picked "Crocodile Rock" by Elton John, "The Ballad of Elvis and Priscilla" by the Red Elvises, "London Calling" by the Clash, "El Paso" by Marty Robbins, and

"Watching the Detectives" by Elvis Costello. You picked "Bohemian Rhapsody" by Queen, "Roundabout" by Yes, "A Day in the Life" and Eleanor Rigby," both by the Beatles, and "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" by CSNY. Pshaw.

What were you THINKING? *{Quality?}*

"Watching the Detectives" one of the five best rock and roll songs of all time? Pfffft. It's not even the best Elvis Costello song - gimme the raving "Pump It Up" any day. Because a rock song should, well, rock. And Chris almost hits it with "London Calling," but "Train in Vain" hidden on the same album is way better. And the Beatles get two of the top five? Don't think so. Their "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" - source of your pick "A Day in the Life," is the most over-rated album of all time (their only one I don't have on CD). The production is slick and clever and innovative, but the melodies and songs themselves are trivial and inconsequential. A cover (or plagiarism) is the sincerest form of flattery, and what band in their right mind would ever want to play these songs live - how can you rock out to the anemic "Fixing a Hole" or "She's Leaving Home" or "Within You Without You" or "Getting Better" or "Mr. Kite" or "Good Morning Good Morning"? That's half the album of the weakest material the Beatles ever wrote, with the possible exception of "You Know My Name (Look Up the Number)", which was relegated to the B-side of "Let It Be". Sgt. Pepper's is a bunch of glitter and sparkle glued onto crude cardboard cut-outs. Over-rated, I say, over-rated. Gimme "White Album" or "Abbey Road" any day. Now, in the list of top fifty songs of all time, the Beatles would own, like, 6 to 50, but my Top Five Greatest Rock and Roll Songs of All Time are:

1. "Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)" by Darlene Love. The most emotional song about the most emotional time of the year. Phil Spector at his Phil Spector-ish. David Letterman, pshawing "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree", said that this was the greatest rock and roll Christmas song of all

time. An understatement: it's simply the greatest rock and roll song of all time. I feel like I need to go to a trauma center and have all my vital organs checked after hearing her sing. (The way I could only listen to James Brown's "Live at the Apollo" once, because I had to check to see if I still had all my teeth afterwards, and I hate going to the dentist.)

2. "The Letter" by The Box Tops, about which Lester Bangs, played by Philip Seymour Hoffman in the film "Almost Famous," said that, at a minute and 58 seconds long, it took the Box Tops less than two minutes to accomplish what it took Jethro Tull hours to not accomplish.

3. "Gimme Shelter" by The Rolling Stones, with guest vocalist Merry Clayton. When they warn us that "Mad bull lost its way," it's chilling to the bone. Merry reportedly sang so hard on the record it induced a miscarriage. Again, the sincerest soul singing should cause physical harm.

4. "Burning Down the House" by Talking Heads, live version on "Stop Making Sense" not the bloodless studio origin, with its purposefully stilted but annoying phrasing of "I'm an ordinary guy."

5. "Sister Ray" by Velvet Underground, which dares us to stop listening after 2 minutes and then thunders on for another 15. Admittedly, though, "Sister Ray" had to fight off one off the raunchiest live versions of Jonathan Richman's "Roadrunner" and the raunchy live version of the Allman Bros' "Whipping Post" - neither of which would have been possible without "Sister Ray" - to grab the last seat on the last chopper out. Oh wait, was it best songs of all time? Not "rock and roll" songs? Dang.

Sorry. My bad.

Then delete "Sister Ray" and insert "Una Voce Poco Fa" from "Il barbiere di Siviglia" by Rossini. And delete "Burning Down the House" and insert "Serenade No. 10 in B-flat for Winds," K361, by Mozart, the piece about which Salieri in the film "Amadeus" says: "This was no composition by a

performing monkey. This was a music I had never heard, filled with such longing, such unfulfillable longing. Seemed to me, I was hearing the voice of God." Though if you really want to hear the voice of God, listen to Elvis' take on "How Great Thou Art." But please... Leave the rest, especially the Darlene Love. Don't you dare touch the Darlene Love.

FRANK

*{Frank, Frank, Frank, Frank.... Whatever can I say? "Sgt. Pepper" may have some anemic songs on it when considered in retrospect, but when taken in context (1967) and what was then considered "state of the art" recording techniques - it was all done on 4-track, for crying out loud! - that album changed the way bands wrote and recorded their music in the studio. Its influence is mind-bogglingly seminal in rock and roll. Simply put, it **changed everything**. Rock music changed forever the day "Sgt. Pepper" was released. Without "Sgt. Pepper" or "The White Album" or, even more importantly, "Revolver", bands like the Doors, Jefferson Airplane, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Talking Heads (love their stuff, FYI), and numerous others may never have emerged as quickly. In fact, the Rolling Stones have noted "Sgt. Pepper's" influence on their music, as well. (\*)By the way, you can **HAVE Darlene Love**.*

*Love ya, Frank!}*



*Not to be ignored, here's another middle-aged fan who is busy working on yet another mystery novel, **ERIC MAYER**:*

Date: Fri, 29 Dec 2006 21:37:59 -0500

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

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

Subject: AF 24

I'm enjoying your account of playing in bands. Kind of like a vicarious music career. My dad played trumpet and wanted me to play but I took some lessons in the fourth grade and had no aptitude nor lungs for it. (Besides, what's with an instrument you have to let the spit out of?) He played in the service toward the end of the Second World War. Got him stationed in Hawaii where the band played on the radio. When I was a kid I remember him playing "Stardust." He used to say his biggest thrill was being yelled at during a rehearsal to "get it right, kid" by Bob Hope who was touring.

As for your first college...I've got to say...Cobbers? I guess that college doesn't sell much athletic gear. *{Actually, they did. Any school sells a mess of clothing – t-shirts, sweatshirts, sweaters, hoodies, etc. – nowadays since it's such a major part of a school's budget as a main income generator from alumni.}*

You inspired me to look at my writing efforts for the past year. I don't keep good records but I can estimate. For example, I keep mostly of my blogs in a file on my computer and a quick count shows over 54,000 words. Not quite enough for a novel. Probably if you added in the short comments I leave on other people's blogs. It's a very different sort of writing though. I don't think I could produce a novel by working fifteen minutes at a time. But, sometimes I wonder if I should try it and see.

I did 10 issues of my eAPA zine which tends to be 8 pages long, mostly mailing comments. I did a few original columns for David Burton's Pixel and at least a couple short pieces for Chris Garcia -- a 100 worder and a cemetery thing I recall. David reprinted a lot of blogs and you reprinted my scary cat tale.

This will be my 66th LoC. Weirdly enough, last year I wrote 66 LoCs. Mostly to three faneds though - You, David and Chris. The LoCs are, frighteningly enough, about

35,000 words. I also did the first draft for the new mystery novel, around 77,000 words, plus a lot of rewriting on our Victorian occult thriller which was drafted the year before.

Hope the New Year is a good one for you. I'll be interested to hear what you think about Corflu. You're going to get some FAAN Award votes. Don't ask me how I know...

ERIC

*{Ah, shucks...'tweren't nuthin'. (\*) Your loc wordage reflects how I feel about what I produced. If I had spent that loccking time working on fiction, I could have produced a decent-sized novel. Productive little buggers, aren't we?}*

*Now to bring this issue to bed – actually, to wake up with, since it is now 8:45 AM on January 11, 2007 – here is a loc from a lad of note from Down Under:*

From: "Bruce R. Gillespie"

<[gandc@mira.net](mailto:gandc@mira.net)>

To: "John Purcell"

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

Subject: Re: loc on Scratch Pad 65

Date: Mon, 1 Jan 2007 09:06:32 +1100

Thanks for the loc, even though I haven't been sending you paper copies of my magazines. I must send you copies of issues that feature your comments. *{Makes sense.}*

Paul Ewins, local fan, put it well, when looking at our cat photos: "They come in colours as well, you know." A couple of years ago we were down to the three prima donnas, Sophie (black) and Sophie and Violet (grey). Theodore was our most recent orange cat, and he died in late 2003. It's only because Flicker and Harry (father and son) were strays who needed a home that we quickly acquired two black cats to add to Sophie (died 2006). And Archie became the last cat on purely through force of personality.

Candidates for DUFF are not exactly abundant, so keep an eye out for the next race from America to Australia. My guess it will be for 2008, so that there is a race to bring someone here for a 2010 WorldCon. Also, you could tell from *Banana Wings* how much Claire and Mark enjoy their trips to Australia.

BRUCE

*{How I would LOVE to go to Australia and New Zealand some day, even if it meant being a DUFF candidate. This is an appealing proposition, I must admit, but I am not sure about the feasibility, let alone the affordability, of such a venture. This possibility gets back-burnered for further consideration.}*

*WOW! No loc from Chris Garcia?!? Can't be. I could have sworn he sent in an loc. Oh, well. He will make up for it, I'm sure.*

*Thank you, my loccking friends.*



I just love funky old science fiction artwork like this to the left. It brings back memories of reading that crazy Buck Rogers stuff when I was a kid.

+

Well, that pretty much wraps things up for this issue. I thank you folks for reading, writing in, and what-have-you. For those of you who will be in Austin, Texas in a mere 28 days, I look forward to meeting you. It should be a lot of fun.

So until then, have a great new year, and I'll probably have the next issue out by the end of January with the final installment of my musical biography.

All the best,

*John Purcell*