

and furthermore #8

June 18, 2006





Let's all float our way through the ether and find ourselves outside the airlock of our favorite little addendum zine, **and furthermore... #8**, from that intrepid space-faring, land-locked faneditor, John Purcell, who resides at

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This is the **June 18, 2006, special Father's Day** issue, intended for those fine folks who find it nestled among its astronomical neighbors at www.efanzines.com . This zine may also be acquired via request from its creator via e-mail: j_purcell54@yahoo.com

Home-page -- under construction, but it is nonetheless up -- is as follows:

www.geocities.com/j_purcell54/PriorLifetime.html

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art credits:

cover - www.starbase1.co.uk/scifi/daedelus28.jpg; "The Three Graces" by George Grie - 2; image googled "Cowboy Choir" - 3; photo by Valerie Purcell - 4; clip art - 5, 6, 7; image googled "thunderstorms" - 7.

This fanzine will see you at Corflu #24 in February, 2007
This fanzine supports Hollister in '08 - TAFF support To Be Announced

CURRENT NEWS

I am very depressed.

An announcement posted on Trufen.net on June 15, 2006, noted official information about the next Corflu, the fanzine fan's Worldcon. It will be held on February 9-11, 2007, at the Doubletree Hotel in Austin, Texas. Membership rates are \$50 attending, \$20 supporting, so send your US dollars to Pat Virzi, 618 Westridge, Duncanville, TX 75116. For you Britfen, it is £30 UK attending, to be sent to Ian Sorensen, 3 Portia Place, Motherwell, ML1 1EL, UK. (aside: As soon as I get paid for my summer teaching (see below), I will be sending in my supporting money, and convert to attending this fall.) A preliminary membership list and more info can be found at www.Trufen.net.

The convention's official nickname is Corflu Quire since a "quire" is 24 sheets of paper and this is the 24th Corflu. This is what has me bummed out. I no longer can call the con "Corflu Lone Star" and use the 🍷 emoticon. Therefore, in retaliation for this development, I include the following picture of a Cowboy Choir:



Take *that*, you emoticon-swipin' varmints!



Life in Hell

or, “what I did on my first three weeks of summer vacation”

This summer has been one for the books, and summer doesn't officially begin until June 22nd, which is six days away as I write this. Already here in SouthCentralEastern Texas the daily temperatures have been averaging in the upper 90s with humidity to match, so The Land That Time Forgot has been ratcheting things up a notch or three. This has included a run-in with yet another recently discovered denizen of the region, a wheelbug. These not-so-little critters aren't poisonous, but do have a nasty stinging proboscis that can inflict a nasty wound that may require anywhere from 2 weeks to 6 months of recovery time; this apparently depends on whether or not you're allergic to stings. Bites, actually, since the proboscis has 7-12 razor teeth.

We saw this Harryhausenesque beastie on our driveway one night a couple weeks ago, and trapped it in a glass jar. While doing so, it reared up on its hind legs and made like it was going to attack us. At first we thought this was interesting, until we read the details about it after photo-matching it on a database of Texas insects. My wife took the following close-up of the captured wheelbug while sitting at the computer:



As you can easily see, it gets its name from that wheel-cog-like ridge on the back of its thorax. Not only that, but I should let you gentle readers know that this is a life-size photo. I swear, it looks like something straight out of some B-rated Sci-Fi film from the early 1960s that *Mystery Science Theater 3000* would heckle to death.

The other thing of note that has made this summer a living hell has been the lack of income for me since Spring Semester ended four weeks ago. This past week I actually began a summer teaching gig down at North Harris Community College, and will most

or hunting with him and they were always at his shows. A lot made a living at art one way or another. He'd inspired them to see art as a career.

Just to do the famish thing I'm mirroring my blog at Live Journal. Same stuff but there I may add fan content! %-(:(o [15 May 2006]

Well, I first thought about converting this zine to an html format, then decided to forego on that idea, opting instead of setting up a homepage, the URL for which is on page 2. Much easier- and quicker – this way. I'll leave the webzine format to those who have the time to create them. () Very cool to hear about your dad's student's successes. Inspiring them like that must have made him feel quite successful. If I can inspire just one student to be a successful writer, that would make me get all warm and goosy inside.*

*And now here's a mini-version of a Lloyd Penney-style loc from the originator of that rapidly popular format, **Lloyd Penney** himself!*

Finally catching up, finally getting on with things, you know the routine. I've got issues 6 and 7 of and furthermore..., and here's what I had to say about them.

6...I remember my graduation...my parents made a rare trip to Toronto for it, and I got to wave my diploma aloft for a little while. It took me a little while to actually find a job, since most employers don't like to hire recent grads, don't care what they say.

I hope Pat Virzi will get going with her soon, and we can all find out what her version of this fine convention. I think want to brave an international next year's Corflu will have a lot more showed up in Toronto this year. (About locals, so not many from elsewhere you can see from earlier in this issue, get out to the fannish press. I will, of along whatever I learn.]



Corflu 24 website plans are for her a lot of people didn't boundary, and I expect than the 26 who half of that 26 were came to visit.) [As info is beginning to course, help to pass

Give the fanzine room at Aggiecon a try. I know R'ykandar Korrati runs a fanzine lounge at some Seattle conventions, and Garth Spencer does the same for VCon in Vancouver most years, with mixed results. [I have some good ideas as to what I'd like to try. Since Garth and Chris Garcia have done this sort of thing, I plan on soliciting their input.]

7...Ah, the Washington Nationals, formerly the Montreal Expos. The really sad thing is that not too many Montrealers seem to miss the Expos. I guess they're happy with the Canadiens and the Alouettes as their local professional sport teams.

What is a zine these days? Whatever I point to and say it is, I guess. Zines can come in so many electronic forms. I may be tempted to dabble in, of all things, (gasp), LiveJournal

to have it do something I have in mind. Not to worry, I won't be setting up a blog, but more of a repository...

Your e-mail address will be changing in 2206? *[I like to plan ahead.]* I hope there'll be something better than e-mail by then...

Not much of a loc, but it does tackle these outstanding two issues, and you're probably working on issue 8. I hope I can get it in on time. See you soon! *[9 June 2006]*

You made the cut-off easily, my northern friend, and I thank you. My feelings about the Montreal Expos are mixed, but I think the problem is that Montreal is not a baseball-oriented town. Like you note, they have the Canadiens and the Alouettes, two wonderful sports franchises (hockey and football). () A zine is a zine, says I. It really doesn't matter if it's in either electronic or dead-tree format. In fact, I have now begun getting a lot more paper fanzines, which makes me pine for the olden days when I found two or three fanzines **A DAY** in the mailbox back in my **This House** heyday. I really don't care what format they come in, I still enjoy reading fanzines.*



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This is what is happening outside right now. As you can see, I did not take this photo – could have if the digital camera was here, but it's in Galveston with Josie, who *surfed* yesterday (she's down there for the weekend with a friend's family) – but this is what a thunderstorm looks like in Texas as it rolls across the prairie.

Two weeks ago we watched a particularly nasty cell swirling directly above our house; it was fascinating to see clouds converging around a focal point, funneling upwards into the dense cloudbank while hardly any rain fell. The wind picked up, the temperature dropped something like 15 degrees in less than half an hour, and we felt like we were back in Iowa. Nothing really developed out of that cell, but it sure felt good when the heat dropped down into a bearable range. Even so, Valerie had a wonderful time running in and out of the house screaming, "It's a twister, Auntie Em! Grab Old Yeller and throw him in the cellar with the kinfolk!"



Life can be interesting around here. Until next time,

John Purcell