

# PROCRASTINATIONS TWO MASTURBATIONS

Procrastinations is written (or, in some cases, merely edited) by John Coxon.  
Credit is given to material that is ~~ripped-off~~ gratefully accepted from others.  
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Future issues may be published. You have been warned.

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## WARNING: THIS FANZINE IS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT. ISH.


After a very positive response to my first and third issues, I bring you a second. My theme came about when I was extremely drunk with James ([@jamesb](#)) and Tobes ([@tobesv](#)) at Flick ([@flickgc](#)) and Mike ([@drplokta](#))'s wedding reception. Thanks go to the former two people for suggesting the concept and thanks go to the latter two people for their hospitality and kindness.

I hope you enjoy this issue. The warning at the top is a bit OTT – it's not all that explicit or shocking – but serves as a warning that it does contain stuff that could be construed as being slightly dodgy.

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# iPhone.

By John Coxon  
 johncoxon

I want an iPhone.

That's a true statement. I really, really want an iPhone. It's a very, very shiny piece of kit and I harp on about it a lot when I'm allowed to. In fact, more than I go on about girls. This led me to a shocking realization – I'm not, in fact, bisexual.

I'm technosexual.

You all know it's true. I'm looking at that iPhone thinking “phwoar<sup>1</sup>, I'd love to stroke you, love to gently use my fingers to tap out a text message on your elegant frame...” and I want it. I dream about it at night, dream about sliding that slider to the left and unlocking it, dream about pressing the button to call someone and having it ring softly into your ear before hanging up just so that you can press the button again.

Of course, it's not just useful as an object of my sexual desires and lust – it's also useful for this ‘communicating’ thing that I've heard so much about. It makes it easier, for instance, to arrange a threesome – just start having phone sex with one person, put them on hold whilst you start with another, and then use the function that allows you to merge the calls and bingo! You've arranged a phone threesome. From there, it can only be two seconds from the real thing, right? Right?

Google Maps comes included with this phone, and whilst it's not been announced, I'm sure there must be a way to use this to find deserted areas to go to fuck wildly (or even not-so-deserted areas, if you're into dogging). YouTube is a prominent feature but sadly there are no reports of PornoTube or XTube compatibility yet – this is something I suspect will be fixed by automatic upgrade via iTunes.

To the more obvious things, you can carry up to 8GB of widescreen porn on this machine – admittedly, if, like me, you have over 100GB and it's

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<sup>1</sup> My dictionary didn't recognize the word ‘phwoar’. A curse on both its families.

all in .wmv, you'll have to do some video converting and some picking and choosing, but that shouldn't be too much hassle and those train journeys will go so much faster with a bucketload of porn readily available to you.

And let's not forget the obvious, the iPhone's Safari browser. This will let you access pornographic material wherever you are in the world, as long as it doesn't use JavaScript (and those interactive porn sites that do are usually just a waste of time anyway, let's be honest!).

There is, of course, as with all things, a slight problem. The silver shows up the stains too easily, and after you've been taking advantage of all these features then you'll want to wash the outer casing with a damp cloth as soon as you can get your sweaty hands on one. Also, if anything gets into the inner compartment, you're screwed, because Apple's products are notoriously hard to open and trying to explain how the dirt came to enter the machine to Apple's technicians will be an entertaining procedure.

In fact, if anyone gives me an audio recording of them trying to arrange servicing for an iPhone that has fallen prey to this sort of behaviour, I'll put it on my website as a follow up to this article for my readers' amusement. Remember to warn Apple you're recording your conversation, and MP3s only please!

## **Folly Of Youth.**

By James Bacon  
jamesb

So it was my second Octocon, my third convention, and I was eighteen. The convention itself was rather excellent, we had loads of gophers and we had stacks of free drinks (soft drinks, but even so, free was a great price). Anyhow, everything was rather excellent and I enjoyed the company of many of my friends, most of whom were older and wiser than I, but looked out for me (you know what I mean, John).

So I met a girl. No, I met a lady. She was much older than me, by maybe ten or fourteen years – I'm not really sure. She was a nice, well-built lass, who was in a frisky skirt, sheer nylons and a decent pair of court shoes. I was interested. A friend was interested in her friend, so it was good. It was the end of the convention and we were all sitting round big tables celebrating its success. It was dark and I was young, slim and possibly charming.

My hands drifted up her skirt, and I knew this to be a good thing. An older lady had to be a sure thing – no strings attached hassle. It moved from the heaving bar area to the car park, the four of us, then we split up [*Awww, what? – Ed*], and I ended up in the back of a Ford Granada Estate. Things happened fast and I remember there being nylons all over the place.

I wasn't as well paced as I am now, but it was very satisfactory from my point of view. Being a youth, I was full of it and talked no end of shit as we made out, at high speed. I really enjoyed blowing my load, and, big bonus, the lady seemed to really enjoy her orgasm lots, although I was no expert.

Grand, I thought, that was lovely, and within minutes, I was looking to get back to the bar, and that was OK, as the lady decided to head on herself, but wanted to meet up again. I wasn't offended by the idea of further sexual encounters [*Speaking as a current eighteen year old, if you had been, I would have been worried – Ed*], so thought that was grand. We swapped phone numbers. I hugged and held her as that's what she wanted but I just wanted to get that shit over with and get back to the bar.

The con, so when I got home from work on my first day back, my dad had some messages for me to contact a lady. Cool, I thought, although I hadn't expected to hear so soon. I returned the call that evening, and the conversation went all sort of really wrong.

I started off thinking about arranging another fuck. I asked about the sex, but this wasn't her priority. Hers was getting to know one another

better, and doing stuff together. At last the proximity alert defence mechanism started to bleep and I realised that perhaps this lady wanted some sort of relationship. Jesus. I sort of explained that all this was happening a bit too fast for me and asked if she could ease off a bit. I don't think she took any notice.

By the end of the week, my dad came to me and asked what the story was with this lady. I said I had made an error of judgement and that she wanted something I didn't. His discretion and aplomb attitude took me strangely by surprise, and he started to run interference for me. I am not sure what he said, but he was liable to say anything. For instance, at one point he told me to tell someone he knew that he was fighting as a mercenary in Chechnya. So I imagine I might have been shipped to Bosnia or something [*Wicked excuse to get out of talking to women – Ed*].

I spoke to Anna, a goddess at 32 – she was absolutely beautiful, intelligent, amazing and sexually incredible. She was also a great friend through the SF crowd. She said she would speak to her at the next Irish Sci-Fi Association meeting, chat with her woman to woman, get her off my case and explain I am just an uninterested boy after some tail. So, at the meeting Anna went off to one side for a private chat. I was pleased, my problems over, thank goodness.

That was until Anna returned from this private chat with this lady and abused me mercilessly. Apparently, with some intuition and deduction, a number of situations, all rather unfortunate, were presumed to have occurred.

1. In the throes of frenzied nylon fetish orgasming, I said I loved her.
2. She was of limited experience with men.
3. I was the first male (I won't say man) who possibly made her cum.
4. I was what she was waiting for, and she would have to have me.

The veracity of these details was beyond me totally and I immediately denied belief, but those wiser than me could see that I had erred on the side of fuck up. This was a big fuck up. Anna was more annoyed with

her than me though, as the lady didn't realise I was a horny young boy who had no intention of settling down. She thought such a naïve approach was laughable compared to my own lustful errors.

Things seemingly calmed down a bit, and everything went back to normal.

Then there was a party. Everyone who was anyone was invited, and there was good food. It was Anna's flat and her partner had invited the lady, he being the SFnal link. The motivation for such an invite may in retrospect have been devious, and Anna was a bit annoyed. I was after all under her wing.

The party went really really well and Anna advised that I should show no interest, keep a safe distance, and if I wished flirt with her a bit. This turned into some light petting which really has to be said was the one most amazing thing that came out of this whole sorry train crash of a situation. Gosh she was beautiful, and I would have married her there and then. Her partner was sloshed and thought this was all great. He was a good friend, so it was all good.

Some time in the early hours of the morning after much consumption, the lady said that she had a story that she wanted to share with everyone. It was called *Waxing the Moon*. I knew this was shit, but Anna said to be cool, and she sort of held onto me, and giggled and such to alleviate some of the tension that was obviously visibly building up about me.

So, *Waxing the Moon*. Imagine loads of Barbara Cartland. At the end of the story I didn't exactly piss my pants, but I could have done. One or two sycophants complimented the story. I thought they were mates.

She then stood up, came over and slapped my face. Not hard, but hard enough. I sat there and took it. Anna stood up and said that wasn't acceptable behaviour, and asked her to leave.

Tension was awesome, two women, one psycho, one my protector: very different, yet both strong, sizing up, I thought. But the lady eased and decided she should leave.

Just as she was about to leave she approached Anna, who clenched a fist, ready to strike, and the woman kissed her on the cheek. Anna said later that in her eyes it looked like she was going to rip her cheek off with her bare teeth. Obviously some of her frustrated anger was directed at my protector.

One of the sycophants got up and offered to walk the lady home. They left.

I had a great story, and the rest of the party was awesome. Anna left her partner and all that was SFnal, and that included me. I still miss her, although I have emailed her a couple of times this year and she responded. The sycophant and the lady got married. They have kids. I am happy for them.

## **Teenage Wasteland.**

By Cardinal Cox


I admit that I did have sex, albeit rather incompetently, with another person whilst I was a teenager. I was seventeen and she was in the year above me at school. We first ended up snogging drunkenly at her eighteenth birthday party. Despite the fact she fancied the guy who did the technical stuff with my band, we ended up going out a handful of times – probably more to do with mutual deprivation than any real lust. As a result of this, my first fumbling attempt was on the river bank, at night. According to local legend, if you are caught, the statute still stands for transportation to Australia for punishment. I knew nothing then. I had to wait until my twenties for some wonderful women in their forties to give me the training I needed.

I have discussed first times with some partners. For one, there was a boy in her class that all the girls used. For another, it was a boyfriend's

sadistic father. A third lost her virginity at thirteen to see what the fuss was about [*At that age, probably not a lot? – Ed*].


So, anyway, number one and I split up afterwards at some stage, and I, being a cunt, acted like one. To ease the blow, she gave me a pile of Guy N. Smith books (and that isn't a euphemism). But, I got my revenge – she married the technical bloke.

## **Atheism.**

By John Coxon  
johncoxon

This is essentially an almost direct reprint (things have been edited slightly) of a LiveJournal entry which can be found and commented upon at <http://johncoxon.livejournal.com/264888.html>. I make no apologies for the blatant reproduction of content and laziness of this article purely because the reason I include it is because I found it very interesting reading. The question I asked people on my friends list was, “Are you an atheist or do you know of an atheist who was waiting until they were married to have sex?” The reasons I asked this are lost in the mists of time (it was the end of December which is a fairly significant length of time ago) but I was interested to hear people's contributions to the subject. The posts are attributed by handle only.

“I waited until committment-similar-to-marriage-but-not-actually-the-legal-official-thingy if that makes sense. When asked about religion I tend to say I'm agnostic rather than atheist – not that it's exactly right, but it's the closest label if I don't want to get into a long discussion.”

– darth\_tigger

“I am an atheist, or at least that's the most convenient mainstream term; at the time I first had sex I thought of myself only as agnostic, if I labelled myself as anything at all. I have never been sure if I would get married, so I certainly wasn't waiting for that; and in practice I waited only for a person and a time in my life that felt right. (That said, as it turns out I have only had sex with people with whom I have also had long-term committed relationships.) I was 16, so legal but young!




In deciding to have sex the first time, I was steered by advice and conversations I'd previously had with my parents (especially my mother), who inevitably helped to set my moral compass as well as helping me to work out what I thought about things myself. The things I was thinking about then were:

- What I wanted to do, combined with what I felt comfortable about doing.
- Any potential impacts on other people, including my partner.
- How important it was to me to trust my partner.
- Being responsible physically (using contraception etc.) as well as emotionally.
- What I felt about all the things that might happen next.

Hope this helps. I'm just as interested, myself, in people who do have personal religious beliefs but choose either to ignore what their religion says about sex before marriage or feel able to interpret their religion in a way that makes it OK for them. Are you writing a fanzine, by any chance?" [*Whatever makes you say that? – Ed*]

– fishlifter (C)

“I am an atheist, and it never entered my mind not to have sex for any religious reasoning, such as awaiting the sacrament of marriage to do so. I have never seen or heard any non-religious advice advising that one should get married before having sex, and generally it’s another one of those wonderful rules that Christians mostly ignore and is therefore another reason to question the validity of any advice/rules given by said church. I have seen (in the media) the young Americans who say that they want to remain virgins until marriage, but I assume that this is driven by Christian religious fundamentalism.”

– jamesb

“Not marriage, no, but love and a stable relationship.”

– simbagirl

“I'm an atheist and although I consider myself to be quite a nice guy, my history does show that I tend to sleep with people on the first date. It's a mutual thing, though, and I wouldn't be bothered waiting a bit. I could never wait until marriage, though. Not even for the one.”

– skh

“I recall a conversation with a born-again Christian who was convinced only marriages within a church were legal, which meant Ann and I weren't married. Never did manage to persuade him otherwise. And no, we hadn't waited.”

– stevegreen


“I do know several atheists and agnostics who don't believe in sex before marriage. The reasons for this vary: They might believe that keeping sex within marriage ensures that the parties involved are less likely to be emotionally hurt, or, they might got for it on the idea that monogamy reduces the chances of STDs, or they might be thinking about the risk of pregnancy, and by only having sex within marriage they ensure that any child they might end up having has a (hopefully) secure ‘family unit’ waiting for it. There are also many people, religious and otherwise, who don't think you should have sex with someone you don't love, by getting married first, you ensure that they're "the right person".

It might also be worth examining the *difference* between the various religious views on marriage: Many Christians, for example, believe marriage to be a sacrament, and therefore to join two people in wedlock also joins two souls in heaven, and before God. On the other hand, Muslims do not take this view and see marriage purely as a contractual measure (which is why the general Muslim line on divorce can be far more open than the view of many Christians): The Qur'an also teaches against promiscuity, and for a lot of Muslims, to confine sex within the confines of marriage eliminates the possibility of promiscuous sex being performed: Might non-religious people take this view too? What do you think?

Now that's probably what I would say to one of my pupils if they ask this question (and thank you to you for asking it, because the issues

surrounding pre-marital sex is on most R.E. syllabi, so it probably will come up at some point!). What I wouldn't say is:

I knew this guy in first year at Glasgow who was an Atheist and said he didn't believe in sex before marriage. In truth, he was an Atheist who couldn't get laid and was using it as an excuse...”

– the\_barlow

“I can't say that I'm a 100%-dyed-in-the-wool atheist, but only because I can't disprove a deity's existence any more than it can be proven. That said, I'm as close to atheist as an agnostic can get without a copy of God's suicide note.

I didn't wait until marriage for a few reasons. The most obvious is that, being gay, I can't marry another man in this country. That's a throw-away answer. The other, more relevant, ones are that I saw no reason to deny myself a pleasure I deemed myself responsible enough to enjoy. I wasn't going to do anything with someone against their will or harm anyone or myself. I wasn't planning on marrying anyone until I was at least 30 and saw no need to deny myself at least 13 years of potential partners.

More than that, I can't see any reason to wait until you're married unless you just *want to*. If one is safe and responsible and has a consenting partner, then I don't see how it's something "so special" that it can be shared with someone with whom you plan to spend the rest of your life. It's a cliché argument, but would you purchase a car without taking it for a test drive? I wouldn't want to spend the rest of my life with someone with whom I was exceptionally sexually incompatible. It's a very important part of a relationship and, as I don't want to marry until I'm sure I want to spend the rest of my life with them, I think it's rather important to be sure.

Exceptionally long run-on sentence there at the end, but it's 9AM and I'm still awake. That's the only excuse I can give.”

– tytal

# Liaisons.

By Max  
hawkida

In the big wide world, I'm under the impression that one night stands are reasonably common. They're largely brief liaisons that are forgotten or regretted and take place in dark alleys at the back of clubs, strangers' homes or cars, and anonymous hotel rooms. Sometimes they might be the mistake indulged in after the office party, or ill advised cases of friends getting more than friendly after a few drinks.

In fandom relationships seem to get a whole lot more cerebral in some senses. It appears to be fairly common knowledge that an awful lot of sex goes on at conventions, and it's almost inevitable that fans who meet at one con will cross paths at another. So what are the rules? If you're going to be meeting up in six months then does a night together leave you indebted to one another? In fact, if the morning after doesn't involve retrieving underwear and making a hasty retreat, never to be seen again, then what does happen? Should you go to breakfast together? Spend the next day in each others' company? Pretend nothing ever happened while sharing secret glances for the next day or two? Is news of such conquests supposed to be spread or hushed up? Does a night together imply there's a proto-relationship forming? Does what happens at a convention stay at the con, or does it leak into the outside world? It's not so much open for debate as different for each encounter, depending on the individuals and their circumstances and desires.


I had a one night stand at a convention that turned into a 1,800 night stand (or so), otherwise known as a relationship. There were no known parameters at the outset and it was a bit of a surprise, though not an unpleasant one. But where does that leave me at the next convention? What are the rules? Where's the checklist? I want to know where I stand! I want a checklist with all the options laid out and the opportunity to weigh things up ahead of time!

I mentioned this to John. He laughed and insisted I write it. It's not meant to be taken entirely seriously, but hey, it could be used. If you spot omissions or mistakes or simply want to rant about the

inappropriateness of such things, drop me a line. I've got a vague plan to keep the form up to date. Enjoy.

*[The latest version of Max's application form can be found at [http://docs.google.com/Doc?id=dcq8nrcn\\_14g5qf3m](http://docs.google.com/Doc?id=dcq8nrcn_14g5qf3m), and a copy should have been included with this fanzine. – Ed]*

## **Just Three Words.**

By Tobes Valois  


My good friend the Reverend Jim De Liscard has a theory. Actually he has many theories, but it is beyond the scope of this article to explain, for instance, why the pyramids are clearly stylised puffin beaks (the rest of the statues of the puffins lie under the sand). If you disagree then I suggest you go to Egypt with a shovel *[I'm going SCUBA diving there... – Ed]* and try to prove him wrong.

Anyway, back to the point. Jim reckons that you only need to know three words in any language to get by.

The first of these words is “beer”. Being able to ask for a ‘biere’ or a ‘birra’ is obviously a vital asset to anyone’s happiness. Also, it is flexible, so that you can use it in a couple of different ways. Say, for example, you are in a bar in France. You say to the barperson “biere”, and happily consume said beverage. Then, to your delight, you discover a rather attractive young woman at the bar close to you. “Biere?” you can enquire, and if she answers in the affirmative, you can attract the barperson, and order a beer for your new acquaintance.

The next word is “blowjob”. Having bought the subject of your lust a drink, you can attempt to cross the language barrier and, hopefully, take things to another level. If you judge that things have gone well, you can enquire “blowjob?” in the local lingo. If your evaluation of the situation is well judged, and you are a lucky bastard, this is as far as you need to go.

However, there will be times when you find that you have pushed your luck a little too far, and the object of your desire responds rather more violently than you anticipated. This is when you find that knowing the word for “ambulance” comes in handy.

Obviously this is just a theory, and any injuries sustained by Jim during his continuous six months of snowboarding were the result of particularly tricky manoeuvres in a half pipe, and certainly not incurred as a result of plying women with beer and asking them for blowjobs. Oh no. Absolutely not. The fact that he came up with this theory at that time is a mere coincidence, and he will sue anybody who suggests otherwise.

### **Ways to tell you’ve drunk too much, No. 42**

“A pint of Mary Ann Best, please.”

“I’m sorry, we don’t have any.”

“A pint of Special, then.”

“I’m sorry, we don’t have any of that either.”

“Huh, call yourself a Mary Ann pub?”

“No, sir, we call ourselves a dry cleaner’s.”

### **The Rear Pages.**

The following masterpieces were written by a motley collection of people at Picocon, the one-day convention held at Imperial College, London. I present them in this fanzine for your pleasure and delight.


“There is nothing like  
The tightness of the arse  
Clinging tightly  
To the hardness  
Of my cock  
Pushing hard  
Squealing loud  
Lubing up that circle round

Sliding it in  
Squelching as it comes out  
My foreskin mutilated  
Her rectum round  
So much to look forward to  
My triumphant finale.

So much misfortune  
Haemorrhoids hanging.  
On the sheets, the dark brown stain.”

– James Bacon (jamesb)

“There is a young man from Bruges,  
Whose anal dimensions are huge.  
He could manage a tonne  
Of stuff in his bum  
But sadly he’s a bit of a prude.”

– John Coxon (johncoxon)

“There was a young lady from Breidal  
Whose arse was incredibly unstable.  
One day in the park  
She let out a huge fart  
And blew squirrels off Great Auntie Mable.”

– Stefan Lancaster (stefzilla)

“I love my inflatable sheep  
Though its arse is incredibly weak.  
If I shaft it too fast  
The plastic won’t last.  
A ‘blow’ job you’ll hear for a week.”

– Anon

“The joys of being a bottom  
Are all too easy forgotten.  
But if you seek a rope  
Or a gadget to grope

Be sure that our Douglas has got 'em.”

– Anon

“There was a young fellow called John  
Whose penis was always hard on.  
He could swallow a brick  
Whilst his arse held a dick  
No wonder they called him ‘cocks on’!”

– Anon

“There was once a young man from Madras  
Who liked intercourse up the ass.  
His friends thought it heinous  
To enter his anus  
So he had to make do with a glass.”

– Douglas Spencer (dougs)

## **Closing Remarks.**

Drunkenness is helpful when it comes to fanzines. This fanzine came about as a result of several moments of drunkenness, both at Flick and Mike’s wedding reception, at the bar at Contemplation and also in the articles themselves (James mentioned drunkenness and so did Cardinal Cox). I am glad for alcohol! It makes my fanzines better!

Thanks go to all those who contributed, both those who wrote specific articles and those who wrote things which were later included in the zine. I’m glad I was able to do this issue, even if it was almost a year from initial concept to publication!

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