

# PROCRASTINATIONS SEVEN THE WHOOSHING SOUND

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Ironically, given the title, this issue of Procrastinations is the one that I've finished the furthest in advance [*it was so easy to write that a couple of weeks before Eastercon – Ed!*] Several months have passed since Procrastinations #6, and I should probably mention that I am editing LX's newsletter, this year, entitled *The Voice* – issues will be appearing at strategic positions throughout the convention on a regular basis, and if you feel like submitting any content please feel free to come and bug me.

This issue, it feels slightly like I'm selling out, because I've reprinted an article I originally wrote for ZZ9's magazine, *Mostly Harmless* – however, I am really stoked about the new *Hitchhiker's Guide* novel by Eoin Colfer that's coming up, so I wanted to include it. I apologise in advance to anyone who gets both MH and this publication, but you can always skip it and move onto the contributions (which are particularly awesome this issue, if I do say so myself!).

## Articles This Issue.

And Another Thing... by John Coxon .....	2
Lazlar Lyricon II by James Bacon.....	5
The Slippery Slope of Fanzine Writing by David Haddock.....	7
Eroticon VI by Claire Brialey .....	9
Letters of Comment .....	12
Closing Remarks .....	20

# And Another Thing...

By John Coxon

*[If you are a ZZ9er, you may want to skip this article – it's an abridged version of an article that's due to appear in the next issue of MH – Ed.]*

As people who will read ZZ9's online news feed will be aware, on Monday 9th March, Penguin held a reception in their offices in London to announce their plans for the Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy's sixth novel, And Another Thing, and let people meet Eoin Colfer (it's pronounced Owen, just in case you're wondering!) and discuss things with him. I was lucky enough to receive an invitation to this event, and duly threw on my Don't Panic T-shirt before climbing on a train to London and spending the day happily wandering around comic book stores with James Bacon prior to the event.



Arriving at Penguin was somewhat awe-inspiring – their office building is many floors high and it dwarfed James and I as we entered the reception to be greeted by three people manning a table of security passes.

Beside the woman wearing a dressing gown as Arthur Dent was a Disaster Area groupie by the name of Hannah who promptly greeted James and I, sorted our passes out and lead us up to the tenth floor, where the reception was due to take place. Hannah works for Puffin (the children's literature arm of Penguin) and is a massive, massive fan of the Guide, and so she was charged with looking after the 'fans' – that's me, James and a chap called Matt who I'll mention again later.

We walked from the elevator to the reception and it was immense – there were pink and blue lights everywhere and smoke machines were being used to create an effect that really made me feel I was in the middle of the television series. The light and smoke, along with the people in fancy dress, gave the event an alien atmosphere. This, combined with the aura of sophistication being created by those

people who were wearing cocktail dresses and the like, made for an extremely cool environment.

I started to mingle with the people assembled – at this point I was introduced to Matt, who I mentioned earlier. He’s an Artemis Fowl fan and the webmaster of artemis-fowl.com, and it was extremely good to meet him. I was also introduced to Maggie Phillips (for those who don’t know her name, she works for Ed Victor Ltd, the agency that represented Douglas Adams whilst he was still alive). As it turns out she’s read the book, and she and I chatted about what Eoin had done with the novel and whether she liked it or not. As it turns out, she thinks he’s done an absolutely brilliant job and thinks the book is a good Guide novel – this encouraged me greatly.

I also met several other people – some of the women who worked in sales and marketing, a chap called Colin, who writes blurbs for Penguin’s books, and also Eoin’s agent and his editor, who were also both very positive about the sixth novel. Oh, and last (but not least), I met Eoin himself, accompanied by Adele, who is in charge of his publicity – however, that was after the presentations had been given.

Three speeches were given during the evening – one was by Eoin, walking into the room accompanied by two silver-clad women who are shown in the photograph posing with me – and the other two by execs at Penguin. The first exec talked about



this being, “the most important sequel in publishing history,” citing figures that put Douglas Adams’ total sales at 16m books and Eoin Colfer’s total sales at 18m. The second exec talked about the dustjacket for the new novel and also talked about a collaboration

with Pan Macmillan, the company responsible for publishing the first five novels in the series, mentioning the upcoming rereleases (more information will be available through ZZ9 soon).

Eoin spoke. He told us he was a member of the readers' clique when he had been at school, a band of friends who weren't sporty and who enjoyed books. One day, a friend of his brought a copy of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* in and recommended it to him. He was used to reading big, thick tomes and so was a bit doubtful about this slim volume, but he read it and he was hooked. He described it to us as the best thing since Monty Python, and a "work of complete satirical genius."

He got to the end of the fifth book and everyone had died, there were no loose ends. He heard rumours that Douglas was working on a sixth book and waited eagerly for it to be released but, of course, it never was. He even wrote a sequel to *Mostly Harmless* in his head.

Then, one day, he was totally shocked to receive a phone call from his agent asking if he wanted to do the sixth novel in the really very increasingly inaccurately named trilogy. The next time he spoke to his agent, he heard himself say, "yes," and the rest, as they say, is history. He concluded by sharing with the assembled people the beginning of the plot of the sixth novel, which I won't spoil here (the details are contained in the full version of this article, in MH).



After the speeches had finished, the cover was released (it's on the left) and we all cooed over it. I especially like the understated "Part Six of Three" on the cover – as it turns out, that was Eoin's idea!

All in all, the evening left me feeling like Penguin were optimistic and eager to get this book right. Everyone I talked to was really excited about the sixth novel and the people I met who had read it all spoke about it in a way that made me want to read it, too. When I first heard the news that the sixth novel was due to come out, I admit I was cynical, but since that reception, I'm now quietly optimistic and looking forward to seeing what the future holds for Douglas Adams' trilogy.

## Lazlar Lyricon II.

By James Bacon

"Jesus, that was a while ago," I realised suddenly after agreeing to do a report of Lazlar Lyricon II, in the Scotch Corner Hotel in Darlington. Even just saying those words, a flood of sensory memories come back, be it the strange smell in the gents, the strange smell in Tobes' room, the taste of those late night burgers, or just the warmth of the convention.

Unfortunately, two conventions always blur into one. The Scotch Corner Hotel was the auspicious venue for LL2, as well as being the fantastic venue of Inconceivable 5, Inconsistent. So, I shall try and pull apart the blurred memories. If I remember correctly, myself and James Shields decided to go by ferry and train, and arrived on the Friday morning. It had been an adventurous trip and we were shattered upon arrival.

Then, there was a room party. Stef, Anne and Elvis shared a room in which they had a room party, and it all went very badly to be honest, in a variety of ways. First off it was the Unnaturally Wide Awake Club, UWAC for short, and it only began when the bar closed, so everyone was already fairly well drunk, and on the floor. Along with the odd body was the Twister mat. Stef was armed with the Super Soaker of doom, he would pump it until what water was inside was a mist, and he would eject this mist at high velocity, at anyone who fell asleep. Wag was insane – he filled a carrier bag full of water, ran

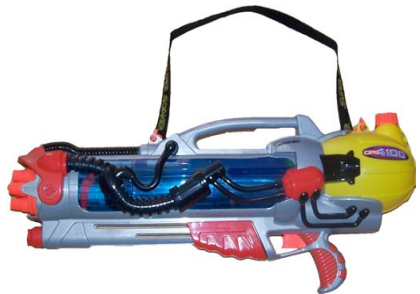
around proclaiming that he wanted to empty his sack, and then threw it at James Shields.

Then there was Tobetta – I knew a girl called Lorretta, so it only made sense to take off Tobes' clothes and dress him like a girl. Anne offered the skirt and bikini bra, a rubber duck, and some sweets for his boobs. Then came the hairspray, green stuff left over from the fancy dress disco, where Stef and Elvis had dressed as baby Vogons. As Stef tried to sneak a look up his skirt, Tobes tried to address his modesty and uttered the words, "at least I still have my dignity." The response was uproarious, but eventually, after my sides were splitting, we gave him a snorkel and goggles and washed him off.

We tried to attach newspapers to Squaddie's door frame across the corridor, and fill the the gap with rolled up newspaper that we had in a black bag. That went badly, and the virile soldier stormed out in blue Y-fronts and charged up and down the corridor while we cowered. He eventually went back to Squadetta, who was perhaps one of the better memories of the weekend – she wore these stunning pink checkered tights, which were just awesome, and a grey gymslip type dress, she was the cutest thing.

Then, of course, we tried the same on Simo's door, and everything went really wrong and he went mental. He broke into the party room and had a tremendously furious tirade at everyone for making so much noise. Anne said sorry, and meanwhile the people hiding in the cupboard collapsed the floor.

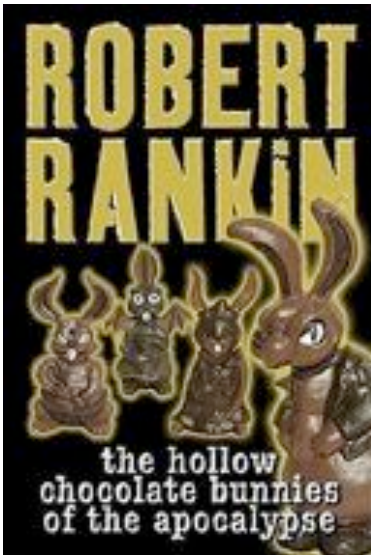
The room was a mess: stacks of Super Soakers, cans strewn about the place and the belongings of the roomers just everywhere. There was also an odd smell from the floor, where the fluids from Wag's sack had soiled the carpet. It looked like someone had thrown a grenade into the place. It was brilliant.



# The Slippery Slope of Fanzine Writing.

By David Haddock

I joined ZZ9 soon after Douglas Adams died in 2001. I knew the Official Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy Appreciation Society existed, I had seen the adverts in the Pan paperbacks, but I had never really thought of myself as a fan club joiner. The death of Adams had such an impact on me that I felt the need to make contact with other Hitchhiker fans, and ZZ9 seemed the best way of doing that. Reading my copies of Mostly Harmless (aka MH), the ZZ9 magazine, I noticed that the editor was always complaining about the lack of entries for the competitions, and so I decided to enter the next one.



The competition turned out to consist of writing a review of a Robert Rankin novel, with the prize being the latest one in hardback. Unfortunately I had not read a Robert Rankin novel – however, I did not let this deter me. I had resolved to enter the competition and enter the competition I would. My review would not be a particularly long one, but I had read the backs of a few of his novels, and so felt confident in complimenting the standard of the blurb as well as commenting that if I won the competition I would, at last, be able to read one.

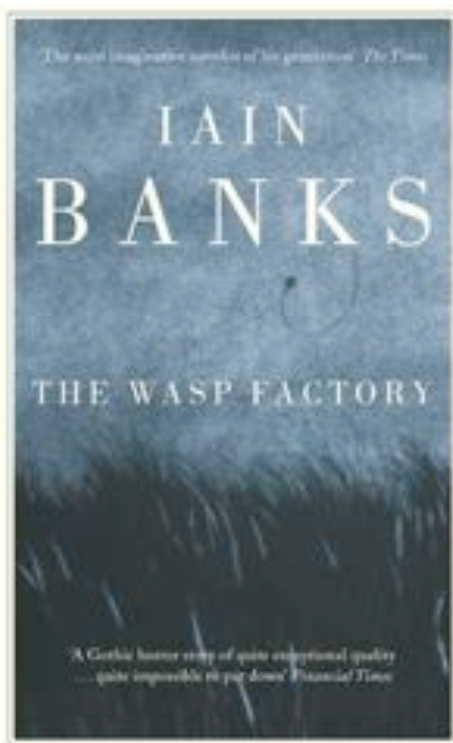
I waited eagerly for the next issue to arrive. Turning to the competition page first I found that there had only been two entries. “Aha, a good chance of winning,” I thought, but the next sentence dashed my hopes. My entry had been disqualified for admitting that I hadn't read any Robert Rankin, and the winner was the other

entrant. What an injustice I thought, and immediately rushed off to email the editor.

Letting the editor of MH know your email address is probably a bad move. From entering the competition I started writing articles for the magazine and from there ended up on the committee for a couple of years. Although I have now managed to extricate myself from organising the club, I still write for the magazine, and reckon I have written over 50,000 words of Adams related content.

As well as being an Adams fan, I am an Iain (M.) Banks fan. I had found issue #1 of a fanzine called The Culture for sale in a bookshop, become a subscriber, and even written a few articles for that before issue #13 never appeared. Missing my usual Banks fix near the end of 2003 coincided with me wondering if anything was going to happen to mark the 25th anniversary of the publication of The Wasp Factory. I resolved to start my own fanzine which I never would have done without my experience on MH.

So, The Banksoniain first hit the Internet as a PDF delivered fanzine on 16th February 2004. There is a print run, usually about 7, unless an issue coincides with a convention I am attending. If John puts this in his Eastercon issue you might find a copy on the Satellite 2 convention table where Iain Banks is guest of honour. The February 2008 issue saw issue #14 released and my rough Banks-related word count passed 100,000.





It was ZZ9 that was my entry into convention going fandom. Eastercon 2003 was the first I think, and having ZZ9ers to meet is a useful fallback. Which is why I found myself sitting in a bar with a number of fans at Picocon 25, about to do what turned out to be a particularly fiendish quiz, made more difficult by my somewhat inebriated state. I also found myself agreeing to write an article for follow ZZ9er John's fanzine, Procrastinations. The fact that I didn't get round to it until after Picocon 26 I think makes it truly appropriate for the zine's title [*Both of them! – Ed*], and is my homage to Douglas Adams's approach to deadlines.

So all this from entering a competition in Mostly Harmless. Be careful what you resolve to do, you never know where it might lead. I even have a title for a Charlie Stross fanzine – Stross Relief – but I have resolved not to start that whilst the other two are still going.

## **Eroticon VI (October 1991).**

By Claire Brialey

Eroticon VI was a *Hitchhiker's* convention. Oh yes, it was. It also never actually happened. At the end of Lazlar Lyricon in 1985 someone commented that although it would be fun to do that again the only other word in *Hitchhiker's* that ended in 'con' is Eroticon and, well...

Several years later it seemed like a better idea, and since Lyricon had been almost exactly before my time – my ZZ9 membership would have been processed by then if only the committee weren't busy running this convention thingie – I was determined not to be left out for this one. But it turned out that ZZ9 didn't really want another convention and most of the proto-committee didn't really want to run one either.

And yet we had the name. And while part of the fun in running Eroticon VI, the *Hitchhiker's* convention, would have been the name that made people think it was about something else – why not run the convention that people thought it would be? Or so evil genius

John Philpott thought. I was young and foolish enough to rather want to run a convention. And John's arguments could be oddly compelling; this is the man who at around this time also convinced me to wear a fur bikini for a convention masquerade. (Just accept that his powers of persuasion were alarming, and don't ask.)

Eroticon VI. Sex in science fiction. "The most fun you've ever had with your clothes on. (Clothes optional.)" The first convention I had ever run. Confusingly, many of my own memories and the collective ones I can tap into from my increasingly middle-aged fannish friends find it difficult to distinguish between this and VoCon, the actual *Hitchhiker's* convention I ran with the same people almost exactly two years later in the same hotel – which was remarkably cheap for reasons we didn't question at the time but simply assumed that it was because it was located on a somewhat unprepossessing road junction somewhere on the outskirts of Gravesend.



But if you concentrate on some of the other memories you have more carefully suppressed, it's fairly obvious which con was which.

The encounter in the lobby between the hotel manager, the respectable elderly woman leaving the hotel restaurant, and one of a number of our attendees who had chosen to wear mostly leather straps, chains and buckles for the Friday evening disco-and-fetish-party, for instance: that probably wasn't VoCon.

Following a number of such, er, imaginative costumes displayed on Friday evening, John and I have promised fellow committee member Tina that we will vet the masquerade entries for pornography, although we are permitted discretion when it comes to smut. We have both interpreted this diktat more liberally than Tina may have hoped, and we have only inspected the costumes, not the scripts.

And so Neale Mittenshaw-Hodge, last seen in a dirty raincoat under which we did not care to probe too closely, pursues demure Alyson around the performance area; she is dressed as Little Bo Peep, he is now wearing little more than an inflatable sheep. John and I avoid exchanging glances.

Octarine perform a strip-tease in the masquerade in order to publicise their convention Inconsequential. Rob the Fish wins a prize for Best Use of Socks. Simo drops his trousers to reveal a red G-string, exciting some acclamation from the judges until he turns round and they realise who it is. This is the first manifestation at this convention of Simo's penchant for bizarre underwear. John and I edge away from one another and hope that Tina won't appear just yet.



Towards the end of that night's disco, Simo and equally unlikely sex god Ivan reappear wearing little but hotel bath towels around their waists. I decide to accost them before Tina does, and muse that it could be worse. It is worse: they remove the towels to reveal their new novelty codpieces, bought the week before at Albacon for this very occasion. Simo is a woodpecker and Ivan is an elephant.

On Sunday, I am relaxing in the Ops room with official nice girl Julia. At least half of the convention is having Sunday lunch, and the rest is having turkey read by Mike Cule. Simo, for it is inevitably he, materialises in the Ops room. This time he is wearing a sheet. We have some idea as to what is coming next, but perhaps fortunately our imaginations are not up to the reality.

Simo is now adorned in a white lace crotchless playsuit, complete

with red underpants which demonstrate quite how crotchless it is. I look at Simo. I look at the underpants. I look at the sheet. Here at last is something I am prepared to deal with, and I calmly instruct Simo to return the sheet to his room when he has finished with it. Simo departs to surprise Mike Cule, and Julia and I finally give in to the urge to point and laugh.

Simo eventually appears at the dead dog party clad in a curtain, which he whips off to reveal a close-fitting Union Jack lycra body stocking with strategically placed holes. No, not really. But it could have happened. It could. In fact, I'm sure if you read some of the other con reports, it did.

At Eroticon VI I was 21 and had been in SF fandom for four or five years. I was, of course, still older than John Coxon is now [*Only just - Ed*], which I gather is the official test for being old enough to know better. From this early conrunning experience I learned both enough to go on to run other conventions, and not enough not to. I have many reasons to remember it fondly – and those all make me suspect it's best not to remember it too well.

If someone else ran it now, I really don't think I'd go (and that might also be true if it were really a *Hitchhiker's* convention), but it helped make me the fan I am today...

## Letters of Comment.

**Jerry Kaufman writes:**

Thanks for sending along the newest issues of *Procrastinations* [#5 and #6 - *Ed*] – they made enjoyable reading.

Any one of the Guests of Honour at *Orbital* would have been a fine choice all by him or herself – to get all four at once seems overwhelming. I've read at least one book by each, and enjoyed most of what I read. My only failure to enjoy a book by any of them

was when I tried to read one of Tanith Lee's earlier works, and gave up after several chapters. I can't say exactly why, but it bored me. However, the only reason I tried it was that I'd read several of her more recent volumes, set in a dark fantastic version of Paris. These were beautifully tragic, bizarre and complex.

We've been devoted followers of *Smallville* here. I've enjoyed the touches of humor, the foreshadowing of Clark's eventually transformation into Superman, the beauty of both male and female performers. I haven't been a comics reader for decades, but can still remember many of the details of the Superboy/Superman universe, and can usually explain to Suzle who's who. (I was fooled, though, by a character from Krypton who's been showing up to rescue Clark when the writers couldn't figure out how else to save him - I was sure the guy was J'onnn J'onzz, Manhunter from Mars.)

I'm not terribly fascinated by zombies, generally. I have fond, if vague, memories of *I Walked with a Zombie*, one of Val Lewton's low-key horror movies from the fifties, and set on a Caribbean island. And *Shaun of the Dead* was pretty funny. But generally, no. The idea does not appeal as much as, say, vampires. Your average vamp is much more of a self-starter and is more goal-oriented. Zombies are into process for its own sake.

Recent films have emphasized the concept of vampire gangs or families. But I think this is contrary to the independent spirit of the vampire. Zombies, on the other hand, are not only mindless, they're mindless in groups. If you see one by itself, that's because it's a scout for some mob of zombies that is just around a corner.

I started tossing the above paragraphs from the top of my head, but I think I've stumbled on some good ideas about what zombies might mean. I'll have to give it some thought. Maybe I'll even get to the point of coming to conclusions. So thanks for the stimulation.

Yours, Jerry.

*Any fanzine that can induce its readership to think and come to conclusions is clearly a fanzine to be reckoned with! I'm glad that my wafflings provided food for some useful thought, you'll have to send me any conclusions you do come up with...*

*In terms of vampires against zombies, neither is a genre I'm fully familiar with – I'm become far more familiar with the zombie flick due to the regular Leicester events run by Terror4fun, but vampires are a genre neglected in my movie education so far. I suppose I have some experience with vampires, in that I've read a couple of the Discworld books that feature them!*

*I must confess that I haven't watched much Smallville but my little brother owns most of it on DVD, so I'm going to get around to it eventually, honest!*

*I've only read one book by Tanith Lee, Drinking Sapphire Wine/Don't Bite the Sun, and I thought it was truly excellent, but I should really expand beyond just one novel! That's my trouble – I read a book by each of the GoHs at a given convention and then never seem to find the time to follow up on it. There is so much stuff to read and so little time to read it in!*

**Eric Mayer writes:**

Something died under the house today. There's just a crawlspace under there and the stench in the kitchen was about enough to make me gag. I was thinking about that when I read Procrastinations #6. No, not as a comment on the zine, but in reference to the zombies stuff. Those sonofaguns must smell really, really bad. I mean, they are dead and rotting, aren't they? How could they sneak upon anyone? We don't have Stink-o-Rama but I'm thinking for zombie movies a theatre could collect a couple days of roadkill and... well... I guess that would depress popcorn sales. Not that I can understand how anyone can eat popcorn while watching zombies anyway. Did you eat popcorn while watching those films?

I've been thinking I really should send you a loc more often (which would mean, let's see, twice...) but then you put out an issue about zombies, which is all quite interesting, but mainly because I haven't seen or read much about zombies so I have no "views" on the issue. (I did love *Dawn of the Dead*, obvious as the whole thing was) Plus, it pretty much screws up my usual loccing strategy. You know, reading about such and such reminded me of something that happened to me once. OK. I could say, I'm reminded of the time, when I was in fourth grade, that some zombies hiding behind the monkey bars in the playground, jumped out when I was leaving school and chased me halfway home, until I though to open my Davy Crockett lunch bucket and throw my half eaten baloney sandwich at them, slowing them down just enough. (Zombies love slightly "off" baloney sandwiches.) But you probably wouldn't believe me.

*Zombies!!!* sounds like a neat game. I always like games where the playing area is a different configuration each time. Couldn't you cheat and agree to place the Helipad at an accessible distance? Heck, our Monopoly rules after a while were half our own. Which is maybe true for many people when they play the same games a lot.

Interesting thoughts by Steve Green. Yes, zombies probably say a lot about our culture. One could make a movie where millions of mindless, dead zombie voters elect a nearly mindless and nearly dead candidate for president. Oh wait. That movie's playing right now.

Congrats on the FAAn award. I haven't been able to keep track of who is considered a new fan. I voted for you on at least one occasion but probably not last time since I figured you weren't new any longer! (I also once voted for someone who was new to me but had been around for decades....)

I'm fine with pdf reading. Electronic zines don't require staples. I wore out my wrist and put a dent in my hand stapling my zine.

Best, Eric.

*I get the feeling that anyone counts as a New Fan if they've not yet won a FAAn Award!*

*That's a sharp satire on the current state of American politics, but of course, that movie ended in January, much to the relief of many people I know watching the inauguration. It was fascinating to see people's reactions to what was happening, but it didn't seem all that momentous to me, since I'm not an American citizen and it has no real bearing on my life. Maybe I'm cynical, I guess, and it's awesome that Obama got the job, but I just don't feel as elated by it as I know some of the people around me do. But that's a secret...*

*Zombies!!! is a neat game but I must confess I think it's only good in small doses, unlike some of the other games I've picked up over the years. I think you need to play it slightly differently (relying less on the helipad and more on the other way to win, collecting twenty-five zombies) in order to get the most out of it, so we'll see – and the expansion packs are awesome so that's good!*

*And I hope, as a child, you got therapy for the day when you were chased home by zombies. That's not something any kid should have to experience – maybe we should set up a charity.*



**Lloyd Penney writes:**

Many thanks for Procrastinations #6. And, congratulations on winning a FAAn Award! The egoboo can't be beat, and you know you're doing something right.



I'm going to be a wet blanket here... I've never really enjoyed horror movies or novels in any form, although seeing older movies with Vincent Price or Peter Lorre or the like were fun to watch. I have tried to read Stephen King, without success, so you can understand that for me zombies are a non-starter.

Yet, not indulging in the interest doesn't mean I'm not aware of how others enjoy it. I know that San Francisco has a huge annual zombie walk, and Toronto has one, too. I guess it's a great excuse to stagger about in bloody make up, and freak out some passers-by. Is there a zombiecon in Britain? I am certain there's been one in California, or there's one coming up.

It is reassuring to see such a positive take on Star Trek from Lee Lavell. We can look back at Trek from our sophisticated present and think it cheesy, but as Lee said, in the mid- to late 60s, it was ground-breaking. I did see the original run of Trek on the NBC station from Buffalo, New York, and it caught my eye and imagination much more than any previous SF programme. The show got me intrigued, and the books on the show told me about fandom. The Next Generation was perfect for those Trekkers who grew up with the original, but wanted something better to stimulate their need to know what happened next. The Borg do look zombie-like, but I see them more as flesh puppets, programmed for assimilation for their own greater good.

Chris Garcia must liven up any convention he's at. I saw some of Chris at LAcon IV, but Yvonne and I were there on holidays, and we saw a lot of the con. I hope to see more of Chris when he comes to my fanzine lounge in Montréal. Think you might come to Montréal too, John?

I fully agree with you about books and fanzines, that in a perfect world, they'd all be on paper. But I understand the economic realities, and know that .pdfs are the next best thing to paper; at least, they represent on the screen the way the publication would look if it was on paper. I've learned to get around .pdfed zines, and

put both the .pdfzine and a WP programme on the same screen. When next I buy a computer monitor, I would like a flatscreen model that can swivel from the usual landscape orientation to portrait; it would make putting both the .pdf and Word on the screen easier to deal with. I am writing this loc on a PDA with a keyboard, and Adobe Reader for Palm, which also allows me to see at least most of the .pdfed zines on this little screen. It's not all that convenient, but when you have little space, it's the way to tackle

those zines. On my way to and from Las Vegas this spring, I wrote five locs on the PDA, and all zines were on the PDA as well.

Anyway, I am done for the moment. I am doing what Chris Garcia often does, compose this at work. I'm now working at a printing plant not far away from home, and it's a slow day. I'll take this home eventually, and send it to you and my LiveJournal. Many thanks and see you next issue.

Yours, Lloyd.

*Thanks very much for your kind words about my FAAn award!*

*I'm always going to prefer paper fanzines, but having said that, there are some zines that work best as a PDF. Take Jack Avery's From Alien Shores, for instance. I don't think that*



would work nearly as well as a printed fanzine as it does on the computer screen and I really like it even though it very rarely talks about anything I know about! Another interesting fanzine that wouldn't work on paper is Phlizz by Chuck Connor, since it is designed to work in a web browser – neither one has released an issue #3 as far as I know, though, so I don't know what to conclude about that. I think both were excellent but both were still improving and being tweaked so it's a shame neither has progressed beyond their second issue.

Chris really, really livens up any convention he goes to. I've only seen him at one convention but I can extrapolate from what I know of him to fit others! I think he might be something akin to the American equivalent of James Bacon, both in terms of his enthusiasm and his willingness to dive in, and also in terms of being a genuinely great guy who's awesome to share a drink with.

Sadly, I'm not going to be at Montreal – it's prohibitively expensive for a student who's having trouble finding work in the holidays. The flights and the membership and the hotel all add up to a cost that is just a little on the expensive side for a weekend (or even a week) away... It's a shame, it really is, since I'd absolutely love to go to French Canada and see what it's like to be there, and also I'd love to pick up some G linotte maple rum (that stuff was gorgeous at the room party at last year's Eastercon) but I'm content in the knowledge that Worldcon will probably rotate back to Montreal before I'm too old to go to conventions and I'll get to see what it's like then, when I have the means to do so.

I think that horror is a genre I often steered clear of due to my dislike of blood and gore, and I'm beginning to rectify that. They're still not my favourite films, but having said that, they're pretty damn good.

**I also heard from Robert Lichtman and Ian Watson.**

## Closing Remarks.

I mentioned, at the beginning of this issue, that I was excited about the new *Hitchhiker's Guide* novel by Eoin Colfer that is coming up shortly (on 12th October, in fact). It seems an appropriate time to mention that there is a talk by him on the subject of that novel on the Saturday at 12:30, and I am very excited to hear what he has to say about the novel.

Whilst we're talking about the Guide, it seems an appropriate time to plug a convention I'm currently involved with running – Lazlar Lyricon III, being brought to you by ZZ9. There is a LiveJournal community available at [community.livejournal.com/lazlarlyricon3](http://community.livejournal.com/lazlarlyricon3) and news will be put there as and when a venue and date is finalised (we're close, but sadly it's not going to be ready to announce for Eastercon).

Last issue, I promised two things: firstly, a slightly longer issue #7, and secondly, a one-shot fanzine. The longer issue #7 is here, and ready to go – I keep streamlining the way I write this fanzine, and as the people who've been with it for a while will remember, it has gone between anorexic (issue #1, at 12 pages) to rather plump (issue #4, at 36 pages), with a couple of style changes along the way. I think that I've found my equilibrium point with this issue, and I'm happy that I've done so in time to start experimenting with a different style (the newsletter at this year's Eastercon).

The next issue of Procrastinations should be released in time for Constitution ([constitution-con.org.uk](http://constitution-con.org.uk)), due to be held in Murray Edwards College (formerly New Hall), Cambridge, which is being held 31st July – 2nd August. See you there!

This fanzine is unstapled in anticipation of *And Another Thing* by Eoin Colfer.

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