

PROCRASTINATIONS FIVE RIGUE LIMET

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. Issue 5 published Thursday 20th March 2008. Future issues may be published. You have been warned.

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So, this is the fifth issue of this venerable fanzine (can I call it venerable after almost two years of publishing it?) and I'm pubbing my ish once more at an Eastercon. This one's coming out at Orbital, so it makes sense to spend some time talking about that. There are two articles: the first one being a discussion of my experiences of the guests of honour, and the second is essentially a plug for the panel items I am going to be appearing on over the weekend.

There's also a LoC that turned into an article from Silas, a piece of fiction from my good friend Vicki, an article on Tanith Lee by James and an article which talks about superheroes on the television by Steve Green. And now, onto the articles!

Articles This Issue.

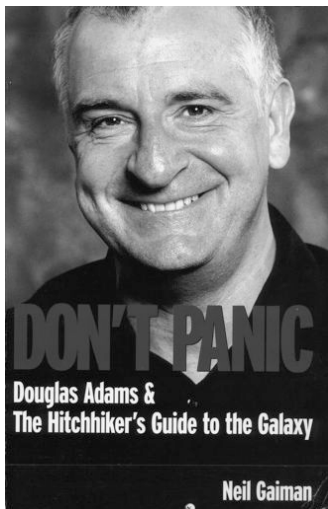
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Honoured to Meet You.

By John Coxon

Now, I want to start with a confession: I still haven't gotten around to reading the copy of Tanith Lee's *Drinking Sapphire Wine* that James Bacon recommended I read before Eastercon. I anticipate that I will have done so by the time I've caught a train to London on Thursday, but for now, I can't really say much about her, or her works, so I am not going to even attempt to do so – instead, I've handed the matter of including her in this fanzine to the ever-brilliant Mr Bacon and his article appears straight after this one!

But, the other three guests are guests with whose work I have had more contact. Out of the three of them, the first I read was Neil Gaiman, so I'll talk about him first. Now, I got into fandom through



Douglas Adams' books, in particular *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. It is a little-known fact that Gaiman wrote a book on this called *Don't Panic* in the 80s, and it is through this book that I first heard of him – not as a fantastic writer or an extremely talented storyteller, but as someone who had a lot of memorabilia.

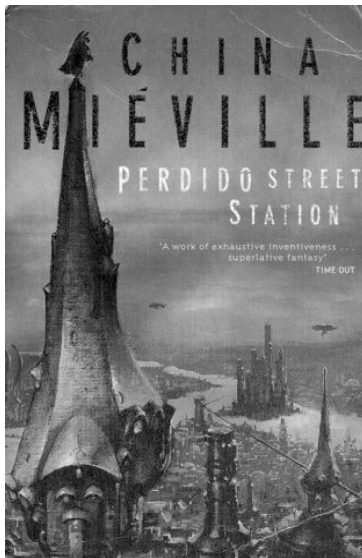
So, when it came to pass that I saw a copy of *Good Omens* in the school library, I picked it up, and read it.¹ It was a very good book, and so when I started picking books out of the SF section of Waterstone's, *American Gods* was one of the first books I picked up, and it was fantastic.

Another book by Gaiman that I read around the same time wasn't a book but a comic. *Sandman* was the title that launched the DC

¹ Sadly, the copy I read is no longer in the library, and no replacement has been bought. Which is a shame, because it's a damn good read, and you should read it.

Vertigo label many, many years ago now, and I read the first book at the same time as the first volumes of series like *Preacher* and *Hellblazer* when I started trying to get into comics as well as SF. The first volume was good, but later volumes provided such a depth and originality of thought and idea that I was completely blown away in an amazing tapestry of the fantastic and the surreal.

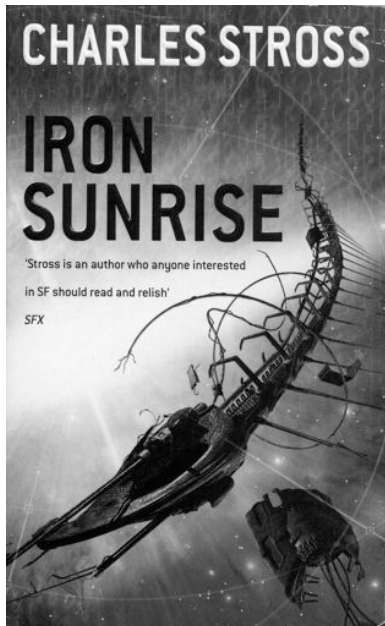
I could write a lot more about Gaiman's work, especially from this point of view, but I won't. Now, it is time to discuss China Miéville. The first time I experienced China's work was after having found one of his books in a charity shop in Derby whilst shopping with my then girlfriend, Jessica – a copy of *Perdido Street Station* was going cheaply so I bought it and read it.



It's a very well-written book, but also very long, and that might put some people off. Whilst the first half is a very descriptive volume, the pace greatly increases in the second half of the book which is a lot more action-oriented but flows from the first half of the book so smoothly that it took me about fifty pages to notice that suddenly, stuff was happening more quickly. The action is written as brilliantly as the description earlier in the book and the book is over before you're ready for it to end.

The pacing in *Perdido Street Station* is, however, vastly different to the pacing of *The Scar*, which is a much more consistently paced novel that's also well, well worth a read, and the idea of the Remade comes into even greater focus as we explore another giant city, Armada, this time a city even weirder than New Crobuzon. I recommend both books without a shadow of a doubt.

And, lastly, we have Charles Stross. Stross was the last of the three whose work I encountered, when I was bought a copy of *Iron Sunrise* by my parents around eighteen months ago. Since then, I have also read *Glasshouse* and *Singularity Sky*. Stross is, beyond doubt, the most SF of all of the authors invited to Orbital.



The ideas in his books are based in real-world physics far more than many other SF writers, in my opinion, but this interesting exploration of some of the ideas in modern physics is set against an environment filled with excitement, adventure and really wild things. The books are extremely fast paced, and reading them is a pleasure – the only disadvantage being that

sometimes you finish the book more quickly than you hoped you would!

The thing I loved most about *Singularity Sky* and *Iron Sunrise* was the Eschaton. I cannot really explain this idea adequately, so I recommend just buying the books if you want to find out what I mean. And with that, we have it – my take on three of the Orbital guests of honour. And now I will hand you over to James for his take on Tanith Lee.

Quite a K.O.

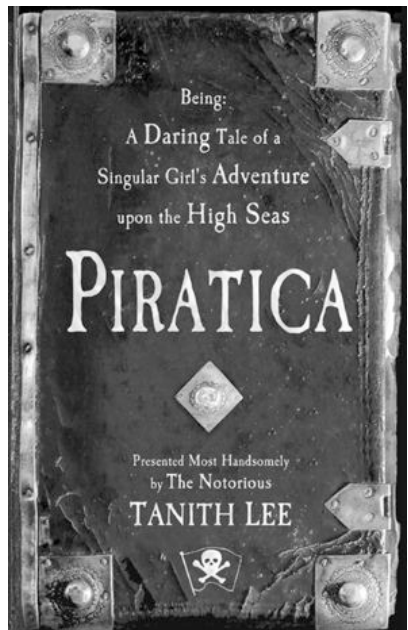
By James Bacon

Tanith Lee is a rare writer who can turn her hand to a variety of genres and mediums and make it look terribly easy. She is a master storyteller and has published over fifty novels and well over a hundred and fifty short stories.

Although her first published work was a children's novel, a fantasy called *The Dragon Hoard*, it was the publication of her adult fantasy book *The Birthgrave* that really set her off. This was the first part of a trilogy, but she hadn't finished that series before a second series – this time an SF one – was already on the shelves. Then *The Strom Lord* was out, which was another beginning of a series, known as the *Novels of Vis*, and then it was *Nights Master*, the first from the *Flat-Earth Cycle*...

You get the picture. This lady can surely write fast. She is a real genre-jumper and has published across the board. My favourite series is *Piratica*, which is odd in that it is set in the past but in an alternate world as opposed to just being a work of fantasy or historical fiction. It is set in the early nineteenth century and in a world where instead of having HMS (His Majesty's Ship) you have FRS (Free Republic Ship), as England is indeed a republic rather than a monarchy.

Lee has a lovely way of playing with the world, deftly altering words, but keeping their meanings or places clear, with a level of subtlety that is quite neat. Her character development and story in this series at times really plays with the reader's head, and I quite like that the protagonist of the book has memories that she believes are of the past, whereas her mother, Piratica, is an actress and she is remembering the plays in which she starred. It's quite an adventure as a sixteen-year-old girl heads off to bring reality to an imagined fictitious legacy. It's a great read as an adult and I cannot imagine what teenage girls make of it.



In person, Tanith Lee is equally impressive. She was guest of honour at Octocon, the national Irish Convention, in 2004. Lee didn't do many conventions, and at Octocon there were no shortage of hardcore fans who had travelled great distances to see her. She gave a very entertaining interview, was an excellent panellist and was inundated with things to sign. The general feeling was that Octocon, as a small Irish convention with a very relaxed environment, suited her, and I think that she felt very at home. The demand was great, and she was only too happy to oblige fans, who in some cases brought many many books.

To have her as a guest of honour at an Eastercon is quite a K.O., and to be honest, I am not surprised that there is a jump in memberships for the convention. Tanith Lee is hugely popular and has undoubtedly, along with the other guests and the London venue, helped to bring more fans together.

Lost in Space.

By Silas Potts

To discuss space travel at Orbital, come along to Tetworth, Sunday, 16:00 – Ed.

I normally read fanzines on the train home after a London pub meeting, and usually forget about anything I might comment on by the time I wake up the following day. This time I checked some information when I got home and scribbled some notes for a LoC, and then forgot about it for several months (until I was reminded at Picocon)!

There was an editorial comment in Procrastinations Four about some helpful hyperlinks in a LoC. The comment included the words “*the Space Shuttle Challenger accident that marked the first time NASA lost astronauts in space*”. Following some hyperlinks might have given a more accurate count of the number of astronauts lost in space to date.



Let's start with a little definition of where space starts, which isn't as easy as it may seem. The X-Prize is a good recent example that used the FAI definition of the boundary of space: the nice round number of 100km (328,000 feet), although this is quite low as the atmosphere can be considered to extend as high as 10,000km depending on how many molecules need to be around to still be considered part of the Earth's atmosphere. The US gives astronaut wings to someone who has been above the even lower altitude of 50 miles (264,000 feet). An astronaut is normally used to describe someone who has been in space, although NASA helpfully includes anyone on the Earth's surface inside a craft and intending to be launched to reach orbit, thus allowing all the Apollo 1 crew to be classified as astronauts.

For comparison with Challenger, the more recent Columbia disaster was obviously inside the atmosphere because it is the effect of the atmosphere on the orbiter during re-entry that causes the high temperatures. The Shuttle on re-entry started to feel the effects of the atmosphere much higher, but the heating inside the wing caused the disintegration to start at around 230,000 feet, well inside the atmosphere and under even the lower fifty-mile-high definition of the edge of space.

Concorde's maximum cruising altitude was 60,000 feet, and none of the regular passengers were classified as astronauts travelling in space. The Challenger disintegrated at about 46,000 feet

although the crew cabin continued a little higher, therefore none of the occupants were travelling high enough to have reached space.

So while NASA has lost astronauts, none of them have yet been high enough above the Earth to have been lost in space.

No Capes Required.

By Steve Green

You never forget your first love, and my own was comics. Not just the weekly anthologies peculiar to these shores, but the American superhero titles which in a past era were crammed into rotating metal racks in almost every corner newsagency. For every copy of *Valiant* or *The Dandy*, a glossy-covered and freshly-imported *Fantastic Four* or *Tales to Astonish*.



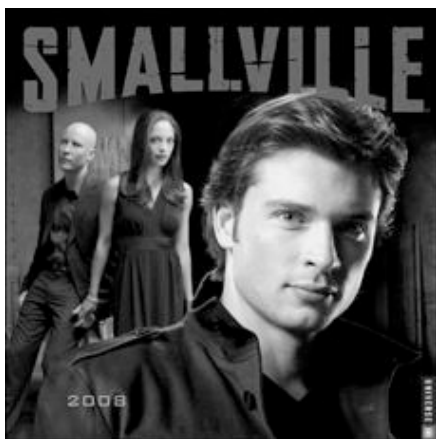
Shortly after I hit my teens, US TV executives finally wised up to the fact that comics were popular enough to merit their own series, thrusting their versions of *The Incredible Hulk*, *Spider-Man* and *Wonder Woman* upon the telesphere. That the last of these – Lynda Carter, a former Miss World USA in a shiny basque – proved the most accurate translation to screen pretty much sums up just how useless the rest of the field was.

By the early 1980s, the success of *Superman: The Movie* and its first sequel had upped the ante. TV networks tried to respond, but their hands were tied: soon as you bought the licensing rights to a major-league superhero and set aside the cash for minimal special effects, there was nothing left to license the requisite supervillains. Let's be

frank here: watching some bland goon in a spandex costume “battle” a gang of normal people is mildly more entertaining than stirring your own teacup.

Even the heightened cultural profile of Frank Miller’s *The Dark Knight Returns* and the Alan Moore/Dave Gibbons breakthrough *Watchmen* failed to persuade TV execs to shift gear, until the launch of *Smallville* in 2001 marked a signal change in screen superheroism – with DC aping Marvel by switching the focus from caped crusading to the more personal traumas of a teenage metahuman. Whilst the series remained in constant danger of fixating upon the “meteor

mutant of the week” format, its attempt to dissect Kal-El’s family life – previously as impenetrable as the quasi-“S” on his chest – was an obvious nod to the genre influence of Miller and Moore.



The background detail, of course, was the sudden availability of cinema-quality special effects for higher-budget TV series. Where once George Reeve would hop out of a window and hope his

audience would presume he could fly, Tom Welling could juggle tractors and catch passing bullets with an ease unseen. Indeed, the only manoeuvre this version of Clark Kent couldn't perform was slipping out of his civilian clothes (red and blue, natch) into the uniform we all know so well: franchise copyright turns out to be even more powerful than Kryptonite.

But this remained ersatz Marvel: there was still a crying need for a series in which the central characters amounted to rather more than the sum total of their multi-coloured gym shorts. We needed tortured souls, twisted egos, doomed affairs, acts of personal

bravery undermined by arrogance and self-interest – and all of this built into an intersecting cascade of story-arcs.

In other words, we needed *Heroes*.

And the next installment of that article will be published in the next issue of Procrastinations – Ed.

Beneath a Dragon's Wings

By Vicki Moignard

Vicki is an old friend of mine currently working on a novel, and this is the prologue, which I asked her for permission to include. This is not licensed under Creative Commons but her e-mail address is arthursbabelfish @ hotmail.com – Ed.

It started with the roar that shattered the sky. A thunderclap to herald his return rumbling through the darkest reaches of the kingdom. He forged its boundaries alone, the long and gruelling years of his reign echoing in that one cry. In remembrance of every sacrifice made and every battle that still raged. King of the sky they called him, a name no other would hope to claim in the ages yet to come. And though the words were long from existence, every creature over which his shadow fell knew them to be true.

But no such title could be borne without a struggle to prove his worth over the weak. Locked in an endless battle with the sky, the leviathan fought for his own supremacy; the very wind that kept him airborne ever threatening to pitch him to the depths of the seething ocean below. Sinews of iron laboured unceasingly beneath a parchment skin etched with the tales of age and battle that set the beast apart from his brothers. Brothers who would challenge his dominance and claim his crown for their own.

Shadows grew long as dusk snatched the daylight from the sky. But the beast's eyes never left the darkening horizon, there seeking the

island instinct told him was hiding just out of sight across the water. It was the place of his conception, and his children's too, in their turn; the breeding ground of a hundred generations. The scent of competition was ripe on the breeze already, beckoning him on with the promise of a fight for the mates who would reward the efforts of his agonising journey. Beside their eager bodies the perils of a flight over volatile seas were lost in insignificance.

And there it was, the silhouette of land rising from the waves, swelling like a bruise across the fire streaked canvas of sunset. A single wing beat set him soaring hastily onwards, thermals taking the strain from his aching muscles. The foaming ocean's jaws reached greedily upwards as he pitched and rolled among the currents. But this was a flight too familiar for mistakes, the air whispering across his skin like an old friend to guide him safely home.

Perched astride his back his single human cargo clung to the tufts of wiry hair that spiralled out from his spine. The thrill of the ride pulsed through her every cell, each beat of her racing heart forcing the adrenaline a little deeper. This was the craving of the months gone; an escape from the bitter taste of experience to a place where her senses could roam unfettered to a past forsaken with the ground. Here were the rush of the air and the roar of the sea; voices of nature to drown out the screams of guilt inside her head. It would never be enough to fill the aching void that tore through her soul, but it was the morphine, numbing the pain.

Yet the epic voyage of the pterosaur was at an end and she knew it, sure as she knew that the memories ebbing and fading with the flight could never truly be forgotten. He would be grounded by nightfall, seeking out a secluded cove in which to spend the hours preparing for a dawn that would find him staking claim over his old battlegrounds. Then she would be abandoned once more, left out in the cold to fend for herself in a world so utterly alien.

She never saw his eyes find the cave concealed among the jagged cliffs ahead, only felt reality shift as the pterosaur fell into the dive that would see him safely to earth. Coarse fur slipped through her fingers as nails scabbled across hide for any hope of salvation. But it was too sudden, the descent too steep to make together. Death had long been a dream, the final escape from the misery that refused to relinquish her from its solemn grasp. But nothing could prepare her for the black abyss awaiting the end of the fall that would surely claim her life; dashing her body to pieces on the granite jaws that gaped open below.

It seemed time was impatient to part the impossible duo as beneath them sea gave way to sand and scrub. At that moment, with knuckles blanched and muscle failing, her grip finally betrayed her and she fell; tumbling out of the sky as the wind buffeted and beat her fragile body. Fear rose in waves that crashed through her heart and smothered her airways with cold dread as she reached blindly for the pterosaur, only to find him no more than a memory. And as the darkness stole her mind and soul her last vision of the world was of the ground rushing up in a silent embrace as she plummeted forever on towards it.

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Mornington Crescent!

By John Coxon

I've only ever been to three conventions but this time around, I appear to have volunteered myself for six panels over the course of the weekend, and I'm going to talk about them now.

The first of the panels on which I will be appearing is on the Friday night at 17:00 in the Winchester, and is entitled *A Hitchhiker's Guide to Webcomics*. As most of my readers will know, a webcomic is a comic published online, usually on a regular schedule. This panel will probably aim to give recommendations for the better comics to

read and also a discussion of the artist/writer side of things, since one of the panellists is one. As such, it promises to be an interesting panel.

After that Friday panel, I have a panel-free day before three panels on the Sunday. The first of these is at 16:00, in Tetworth, and it will be a discussion of space travel. For this, I've been doing some research using the *New Scientist's* website as well as looking through lecture notes made at uni. Some of the stuff I've been finding is fascinating – stuff like the Japanese scientist planning to

The Drink Tank 163
Wheels Within Wheels



throw a paper aeroplane off the International Space Station, for instance. Come along if it sounds good to you.

After the 16:00 panel, everyone has to run for the 17:00 panel which is to be held in Winchester. Entitled *Who Are You Calling*

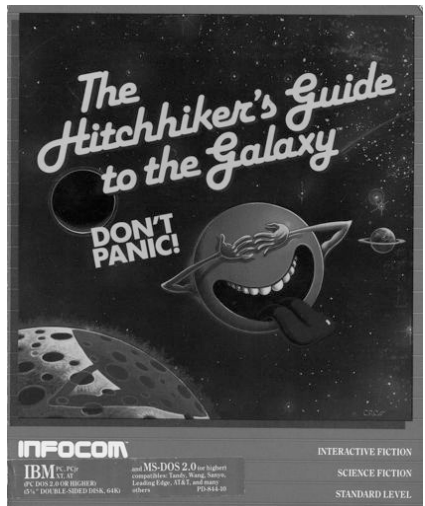
Obsolete?, it is another panel which will discuss, amongst other things, the fall of the fanzine and the rise of the blog. The list of panellists is a very good one and the discussion will no doubt be intelligent, witty and well thought out, so I have no trouble in recommending that item.

And, the last Sunday panel, which is to be held at 21:00 in Elizabeth, is called *Video Gaming on the Cheap*. The clue is really in the name – myself and a bunch of other video gaming fans will provide chat about gaming and clues on how to do it on a budget. Come along if either of those topics sounds good!

Soon, Monday will be upon us, bringing with it two panels. The second of the two, *Do Comics Make Good Movies?* is on at 17:00 in Elizabeth and features me and some other really cool people discussing exactly what we wrote on the tin. With films such as *The Dark Knight* about to come out, and films such as *Superman Returns* having been released in the last couple of years, this is an excellent topic to say 'YES!' to, but with turkeys such as *Hulk*, there are also plenty of reasons to say 'NO!'

Which brings us, finally, to the panel item being held at 13:00 in Commonwealth. Entitled *Hitchhiker: How a Radio 4 Comedy took over the World*, it will feature me, Dave Haddock, a very famous fan within *Hitchhiker's* fandom, due to his almost encyclopaedic knowledge of the series; Liam Proven and Sharon Lewis-Jones, both respected *Hitchhiker's* fans who have been extensively involved with the official appreciation society; and Neil Gaiman himself. I got told I was moderating this and thought, "Oh, well, OK then..." A month later, someone told me it was in a very large room and Neil would be on the panel, at which point I became suddenly very nervous and jittery. Neil is not only a very knowledgeable bloke when it comes to the topic, he's a very nice bloke, to boot. And so this panel should be a good one for anyone who is interested in the subject matter.

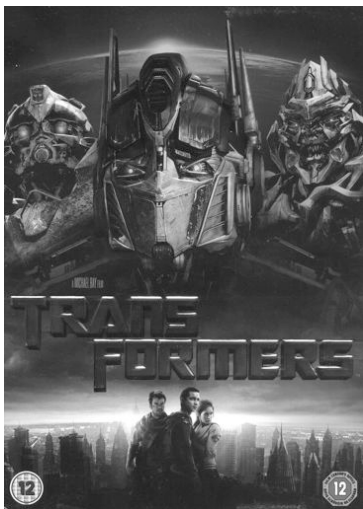
So, if you've seen any panels you like in my humble round-up, why not come along and have a peek? Alternatively, there is a bar...



Letters of Comment.

Chris Garcia, TAFF delegate and prolific editor, writes:

Hey, for some reason my name is all over this zine! One would almost think that this John Coxon fellow was either 1) a paid product placement type who has accepted big money from the Chris for TAFF lobby to get his name out into the English consciousness or b) just a Chris Garcia pseudonym! Both of these possibilities raise a lot of questions within me because I neither remember writing a check to Mr. Coxon or actually creating him. These things happen!



OK, I'm totally gonna blow it: I hated *Transformers*. Why? Because the cartoon in the 1980s was so damn good. I love Shia LeBeouf or however the hell you spell it, but the movie just didn't have that feel. I liked the effects, but I still kinda wanted that emotional tie-in to the product of the 1980s. Maybe I'm just old, too old to appreciate a good updating, but this one didn't work for me. Have you seen the cartoon where there's the Goth Kid dressed up as the Transformer? He changes into a hearse and says 'Get in if you want to save the world...even though the world is only pain.' It was quite funny...

I love *The Prisoner*. It was just so wonderful. You can see the seeds of *Twin Peaks* and *Buffy* and *Pushing Daisies* and *Lost* and *Heroes* and all of that in *The Prisoner*. I once went to a thrift store and saw that they had every episode on videotape for 25 cents each. As I gathered them up to buy, I noticed that they were all PAL and completely useless to me. I wept...gently.

And thanks again for all the wonderful plugs, Mr. Coxon. I shall remember this when I rise up and conquer all!!!

Cheers, Chris.

So, if you're not the person who created me, who was that bloke with all the cloning equipment under the mountain? I will forgive you for the Transformers thing, I think, because your reasoning is sound. In fact, "I just liked the cartoon more," is the only real reason I can think of to dislike the film. And yes, I have seen that cartoon – it made me laugh very loudly when I did see it!

I confess that I still haven't gotten around to watching The Prisoner – there are so many other SF shows to keep up with and to catch up on. I still need to watch Babylon 5, for Pete's sake! I will just ask why you couldn't play the PAL videos? Over here, all the video players will play both PAL and NTSC videos, so it should've been alright, I'd have said. I guess we'll never know.

On the subject of the plugs, don't expect to get away from me at Eastercon without getting me a pint! I'm looking forward to finally meeting you.

Mark Plummer, co-editor of *Banana Wings*, writes:

I don't think it necessary to include too many links to twentieth-century concepts that may be imperfectly understood by the younger generations of fans, but I would like to include this one: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Staple_\(fastener\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Staple_(fastener))

Yes, I know I'm probably sounding all retro and everything and it's not at all where you're at, but I don't think the time has entirely come to consign the humble staple to the where-are-they-now? section of the stationery catalogue. In my own personal act of rebellion, I unfold each paper copy of *Procrastinations*, whack a couple of Rexel 26/6mm through the spine, and then refold it.

And as we're on tips from the Shirley Road School of Fanzine Production (est. 2004), while I wouldn't disagree with the notion as advanced by John Purcell that it's OK to insert properly delineated editorial comments into letters as well as or instead of commenting at the end of the letter, I strongly suggest that you refrain from interjecting your remarks into the body of articles. It pre-empts the following letter column, but more importantly it breaks the flow of the article.

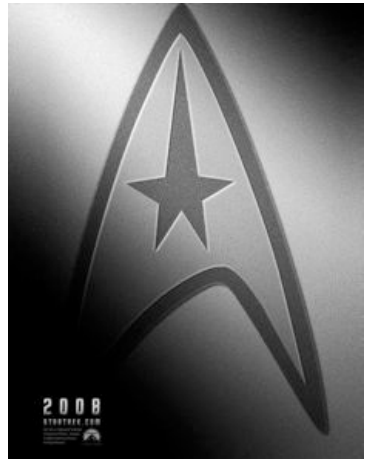
You have now received your two free introductory modules to our course. To purchase the remaining modules, please rush your cheque for £499 to the usual address.

Turning to the substantive content of *Procrastinations Four*, my own roots in SF come very much from TV – *Doctor Who* (Pertwee era), *Star Trek* (original), *Blake's Seven*, and, as they say, many more – although it's not the kind of TV that stands up all that well to adult viewing here in the twenty-first century. I watched original *Trek* quite a bit in the 70s (and possibly even late 60s) and I guess I was quite a devotee, but I hadn't seen any episodes for a couple of decades until BBC2 started screening double bills in the early hours of Saturday morning. I recorded a few out of curiosity – something to watch while doing the ironing – and, god, it's deadly, almost unwatchable really. I think that the quality of some of those shows had a lot to do with why so many mainstream/bookish/literary fans had such a downer on 'media' fans who they perceived as having nothing more than a groupie-like devotion to actors in not-very-good TV shows and, obviously, what the hell has **that** got to do with what we're doing over here? It's a view that I suspect persists in some quarters, despite the fact that SF telly has in fact gotten good in the last fifteen years or so and there's actually plenty of scope to have an intelligent conversation about it.

I have a sense that things really did change with *Babylon 5* which, as Claire says, we're currently working our way through (a few episodes into season 3 now). Maybe there are a few too many *Lord*

of the *Rings* resonances – to the extent that I sometimes find myself struggling over a particular facet that doesn't seem to have an obvious analogue in the Tolkien universe – and I was a little surprised at how much of it does work in a standalone way in which respect it's closer to those old reset shows like original *Trek* than I'd envisaged, but the arc story is interesting enough, with some still good visuals (i.e. cool spaceships) and an overall awareness of its place in the SF canon. Thus I am always pointing at the screen and drawing Claire's attention to a visual or scripted nod to some other SF work that Claire and indeed everybody else worked out when they first saw the show in the mid-nineties. The aliens are a bit rubbish sometimes, but the spaceships kinda make up for that.

As Claire says, we still haven't got our heads around the whole downloading thing, although maybe season two of *Heroes* will be the thing that finally gets me to learn how on earth to do it. I read a LiveJournal piece on the subject a couple of years ago, positing models for the way that it would change TV, and I was struck then that the author of the piece was in his mid-twenties and thus probably had no real experience of a world without video recorders. The example I always cite here – while worrying that in doing so I sound like somebody of my parents' generation talking about what it was like to live through rationing – is *Doctor Who*, at least as it was when I was watching it at the beginning of the seventies, where each episode was broadcast once, on a Saturday evening, and if you missed it, tough, it was gone. Most never even received a subsequent repeat.



I will now stop Being Old at you.

Best, Mark.

Well, last issue Claire wrote in, and this issue I have the pleasure of receiving a LoC from her partner on Banana Wings – I feel like I have finally made it to the big-time, in a strange way.

The first thing I would say is that I am a student and one day everyone shall join the staple revolution!!! However, Procrastinations is not, necessarily, the end of my fanzine editing, and fandom may well find that one day I publish a different zine which might be stapled. Oh, the suspense. I have taken your advice on the interjection of comments into articles – the thing is that I am far more used to writing responses to e-mails, and so it feels natural to write comments straight after the part I want to write comments about, if that makes sense. The informality of this zine is something that comes out in the way I think about editing it.

In response to the rest of your LoC, well, I agree. I know that sounds terribly boring, but I can't really think of anything to write other than that. The point about SF previously having been less than excellent is something that I think could be very easily argued – I like Star Trek: The Next Generation but the original Trek was badly filmed to say the least.

Downloading episodes will maybe become the future – the latest from New Scientist is that only 52% of Japanese teenagers still buy audio CDs, you know – but I can't see it happening until the current generation are the seniors. I think it's a good fifty or sixty years away yet, if I'm honest – I could well turn out to be wrong, but I don't think I am. Time, as they say, will tell!

We also heard from Lee Lavell, Jerry Kaufman, Caroline Mullan, Lloyd Penney and John Purcell.

Closing Remarks.

So, another convention, and another issue of *Procrastinations* is distributed, enjoyed (I hope) and used as toilet paper in households everywhere. I've tried to start experimenting with my format a little more, finally getting the content part right, in my opinion, with the last issue.

I have, this time around, opted for a shorter running length (and had to leave a couple of really good articles and LoCs out, much to my disappointment) because I think 36 pages is rather pushing it without a staple through the spine, and I've also opted to put pictures and suchlike in this issue. I would be very grateful for anyone's thoughts or musings on such activities – both the shorter length and the pictures are experiments and if the prevailing opinion is that they should be removed, I shall remove them!

For those people reading this who didn't attend Orbital and may have found my Mornington Crescent! piece a little lacking, I apologise, but I thought it was a good idea. I did try to minimise the amount of space it took up deliberately to avoid annoying people.

Acknowledgements go to Flick, for putting up with an incessant stream of questions mostly related to Macs and to Max, who wrote a damn good article that just wouldn't fit in the zine, much to my chagrin. Further acknowledgement goes to everyone working to make Orbital look like a very good convention. At the time of writing I am looking forward to it.

This fanzine is unstapled as a statement against the STFC fiasco, and in support of the continued operation of Jodrell Bank. Please, please write to your local MP to tell him/her to oppose UK Physics funding cuts, before it's too late.

<http://petitions.pm.gov.uk/jodrellfunding/>

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