Editorial.

First things first — I need to apologise to Steve Green for claiming that last issue was the first to feature fan art. That’s untrue, in fact: Procrastinations #6 featured some of his artwork, and damn fine it was too.

With that rather unfortunate mistake corrected, on with the editorial. While I’m on the subject of artwork, I am trying to include more art in Procrastinations right now. I’m partly achieving this by scouring both Flickr and DeviantArt for Creative Commons-licenced artwork, but I would really appreciate fan art from people reading the zine. If you’re happy for me to ask you for art, please tell me, so I can let you know next time I’m putting an issue together.

Last issue was an issue of many firsts. This one is, perhaps, an issue of fewer firsts, but it’s a first in one important way: look at that cover art! As always, España has been very kind to me and made me extremely happy indeed — I am a very, very lucky man (and fanzine editor).
I am perhaps slightly fond of themes in fanzines. This issue of *Procrastinations* is no different, as I asked people to talk about different fandoms. I’ve gotten a wide range of responses, featuring no less than three Hugo Award winners giving their thoughts on the subject. A 3:2 ratio isn’t bad, right? It’s pleasing to get locs from some people that haven’t written in before, so thanks to everyone who did pen their opinions on the last issue. If you enjoy this issue, please get in touch! If you disagree with something, write in and start an argument in the lettercol – we’re always looking to have debates, as I’m sure you’ll agree.

I am writing this editorial the weekend before Olympus 2012 hits London Heathrow. The convention has sold out – that is, they’ve reached the limit allowed by the hotel, which is a phenomenal achievement. Well done to everyone involved! I will be in attendance, as will Jacqueline Monahan, who wrote an article in the last issue of *Procrastinations*: this is because she is the TAFF delegate, so many congratulations to her.

On the subject of TAFF and Eastercon, I’m using this weekend to write a TAFF newsletter that will, among other things, have a list of the fan fund programming and activities that are happening over the convention. Look out for it on [taff.org.uk](http://taff.org.uk), [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com) and also on paper at Olympus 2012 itself.

I have to cut this editorial short now, since the day is currently running out and I should really try to grab some sleep at some stage, or I’m not going to be able to get much more done this weekend! Please do look out for the TAFF newsletter over the course of Olympus, and come to the auction and the quiz and all the other things we will be doing. The fan funds are only made possible through the incredible generosity of the fans who support them.

See you in the bar!

*Procrastinations* is edited by John Coxon.
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When I’m Not a Science Fiction Fan.
John Coxon (editor, Procrastinations; ex-President, Leicester Sabres)

I got into science fiction fandom when I was about 14, went to my first pub meeting at 16 and attended my first Eastercon at 18, in 2007. This is all well established in entries on LiveJournal, posts to alt.fan.douglas-adams and various articles in fanzines. What hasn’t received any writing so far is what happened to my fandom during my undergraduate degree, shortly after my introduction to convention-going fandom.

When I went to university, I spent around £60 on joining student societies (which translates to about twenty societies in all, roughly speaking). I joined the public speaking society, I joined Astrosoc, I joined the curry society, and I joined the real ale society. However, I did not join the science fiction society (snappily named LUSFAF). Neither did I take part in the other SF group, which was called Cult Combined Media (there was a schism, resulting in two; all very complicated). Both societies mainly consisted, as far as I could tell, of watching episodes of Futurama in between films I’d already seen, so I abstained.

What I did do, immediately upon getting to university, was sign up for the Games Society, which is also known as the Leicester Sabres. Whilst I was a member of the Peterborough SF group, I had been introduced to the world of roleplaying games. Andy ran a Call of Cthulhu one-shot, and Tobes put together a Talislanta campaign in which I got to fly a dirigible! So, I went along, hoping to get into a roleplaying campaign and have a little fun.

I ended up playing a roleplaying game called Fireborn, which was released by Fantasy Flight Games. This was at the time that Fantasy Flight Games was making their reputation as a company with a typo problem to rival the Grauniad. This was bad to the point where both the magic and hit points systems were replaced by our GM, who felt they were too broken.
However, despite the issues with the rules, the game was fantastic. Our GM was amazing and she took us through an immersive urban fantasy set in modern-day London. I played a private investigator who was supposed to be more brain than brawn, but who regularly got so lucky with his pistol that I often played more of a role in fights than our group’s close combat ex-services character. It was incredibly good fun, and I immediately fell in love with roleplaying games.

Come the summer of my first year at university, I had been persuaded by certain factions in the Sabres that I should get back into Warhammer 40,000. I had previously collected Necrons, when I was around 12 years old – so when I came back to it at the age of 19, I picked up right where I left up. I bought a Necron army and painted the whole thing before getting back to university.

Second year saw a *Dungeons and Dragons* (3.5) game set in the world of *Total Annihilation: Kingdoms*, run by a new GM. It was, again, incredibly good fun – I played a drunken crusader who basically did whatever he wanted as long as he felt it was all for the best (chaotic good ftw), up to the point where I befriended a pirate captain through a mutual love of fine wines and he came to rescue us later in the story arc.

I also played a character called Doctor Dynamo in a game of *Mutants and Masterminds*. Doctor Dynamo was a great character, who could wield the power of electromagnetism to do things like flying around in a Delorean I found. And, in a shocking twist, the leader of the superheroes in the alternate dimension we found was actually my double, so we made a formidable electromagnetic team!

In an example of my gaming fandom and my SF fandom colliding, I actually met Chris Pramas at Recombination at New Hall, Cambridge in 2007. Chris is the founder of Green Ronin, the company that publishes *Mutants and Masterminds*, and we appeared on a panel together (I think it was about world building) late one evening. It started out pretty serious, but quickly devolved into discussions of goats with lasers.
Third year saw me continue in the same D&D roleplay, but also join a *Star Wars* roleplay (Saga Edition, natch) run by my housemate, Josh. I played a pilot who was a total and utter arsehole, and it was incredibly rewarding. I also collected a Space Marine army, on the basis that Necrons are really, really hard to play well with!

Fourth year was the climax of our *Star Wars* game, which was extremely satisfying. I got to drive an AT-ST, which is always the highlight of anyone’s day. I also played a sniper in a game called *Spycraft* (which is, surprisingly, about spies). That one only ran for a few sessions, which was a shame as my character was a total psychopath and it was fun to watch the GM’s facial expressions as I conducted my spying with gruesome results.

Since I’ve returned to university for my PhD, I have joined two roleplaying campaigns. The first is a game using White Wolf’s *Scion* system, in which you play the child of a God walking on Earth. You
go from hero (fairly sane) to demigod (not quite sane) to god (hot damn, I can throw the moon). In another example of fandoms colliding, this is a game set in a dystopian, alternate-history Britain that has taken a fair few cues from Perdido Street Station by China Mieville.

The second is a fantasy game set in a fictional, Iron Age-esque archipelago containing five islands. We have to get some relics and activate some temples and save the world, which is very exciting. I have an axe which is made of shiny strong stuff, and a shield, which isn’t. I hit things. With my axe. (I’m a caveman, I figure intelligence is a secondary skill.)

So, there you are. That’s my confession. I may appear to be all science fiction fan at conventions, but when I’m at university, I’m a gamer through and through. I love games, and the escapism they can give me.

Recently, however, that’s become less and less true. I’m still fully immersed in my gaming, but LUSFAF have recently elected a new council. What that means, in short, is that they’ve created the position of Conventions Rep and also introduced a book club. As a result, I have joined the society, and I am taking part in the book club! We meet once a month (not during vacations, due to the high level of undergraduates) and read two books for each meeting.

Over the Easter break we’re tackling Mistborn by Brandon Sanderson and His Majesty’s Starship by Ben Jeapes – I have purchased both and am looking forward to reading them.
So far we’ve read and discussed:

- *The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells. I had never read this, and I’m glad I have, although it didn’t really do much for me.
- *Hunger Games* by Suzanne Collins. I was surprised by how much I enjoyed it, but I didn’t really care about the boy back home, which kind of spoils the book.
- *Embassytown* by China Mieville. I recommended this because I wanted to read it. I found it slow at the beginning (as with *Perdido Street Station*) but ultimately rewarding.
- *Feed* by Mira Grant. I’d already read this for the Hugo Awards last year, but I loved it so I didn’t mind going back. Zombies!

The book club is encouraging me to read a lot more than I usually make time for. I’m finding that I’m making a lot more time for literature than I was before, which is probably due to the fact I now have a deadline by which I have to have read the novels in question. It sounds weird, but now that there’s pressure to read the books by a certain date, I’m really enjoying reading for pleasure again.

Perhaps I’m a science fiction fan all the time.
In a Corridor, Darkly.
Claire Brialey (editor, Banana Wings; Hugo Award winner, 2011)

I haven’t got a different fandom, as such. As hobbies go, science fiction fandom offers enough to fill far more than my available time. I’ve got other interests and enthusiasms, of course. There’s ancient Egypt and mystery fiction and Christopher Marlowe and tall buildings and psephology and Parliaments, and history and politics generally.

And they all have points of connection for those who care, often involving arcane detail. This happens professionally as well; most of us talk shop, and I assure you that if you get together a group of civil servants who’ve managed legislation, several of them will be impressed for seconds by my enduring mastery of numbering amendments in the House of Lords.

But nothing else beyond SF has inspired me to be more than an enthusiast, to join a fandom. In some cases, it’s what I’ve seen of the fandom around my other interests that puts me off wanting to have any greater connection. I imagine that all too many people say that about SF fans – but if you don’t feel the call of community as well as the underlying interest, these probably are not your people.

I nearly joined Richard III fandom once. I went with a school friend – the one who got me into SF fandom – to a local event something like a one-day convention without the fun, and listened to some papers and drank bad coffee in a draughty hall, and didn’t really talk to many other people although they seemed pleased that some youngsters had come along.

But it felt rather like a faith, and with no purpose beyond believing. Even if we could change opinions, change the teaching of history – and I felt no such missionary zeal in that initial encounter, although perhaps we would only later be inducted to the true cause – it didn’t seem enough. Neither, as fan activity, did scholarship. I also suspected that my opinions on the man himself went outside the tenets of faith. So I resolved to pursue this interest by continuing to
read around it quietly by myself and occasionally mutter about the hack work of Shakespeare – which you’d expect anyway, from someone so ravished by Marlowe at an impressionable age.

As it happens, one of my favourite mystery authors has actually written about Richard III fandom. And romance fandom. And ancient Egypt. I met her once, and gosh-wowed a bit. She has a flourishing fan base of her own and I got newsletters for a while; I liked her and still enjoy her books a great deal, but I’ve never wanted to join a fandom for a living individual either.

So I haven’t got a different fandom. But a different fandom has sort of got me. Every now and again there’ll be a post on a social network somewhere or a comment in a fanzine or someone will remember in the course of another conversation that there was something they meant to ask me. They were watching a Doctor Who DVD, they explain, and in one of the extras they saw what looked like my name on the credits. Was that me, by any chance?
Some of them do think they recognise me, at least when prompted by the credits to check. Some will extrapolate from recognising Noel Collyer (whose fault it was) and work out that I’m in it too. Some people who know me now have, on my behalf, cheerfully asserted that of course it isn’t me. But it is; check IMDB.

Some 20 years ago there was a fan who was also an animator, writer and filmmaker who had a plan to make a short comedy film that commemorated the first episode of Doctor Who – or, in his script, the lost pilot. This was Kevin Davies, who had worked on the BBC television series of The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy and whose CV also includes Blake’s 7, Terrahawks, Spitting Image, and Who Framed Roger Rabbit? He lived in the same part of London as Noel and so – with other friends, SF fans, and even professionals – we got roped in to spend most of another Sunday drinking bad coffee in a draughty hall while each trying to remember our lines. We didn’t really expect anyone to see it beyond the initial screening it was made for; our SFnal imaginations had failed to envisage DVDs, boxed sets, and the need for all sorts of extra material to fill up the rest of the disks.

All fandoms have things in common, and I get on better with the sort of people who recognise fan tendencies in themselves and in others, regardless of our actual interests. But, even so, some fandoms still strike me as strange. Really, who’d have thought there were so many people out there who actually watch the extras on their DVDs? All the way through to the credits, too.
Alternative Fandoms.

James Bacon (editor, Journey Planet; Hugo Award winner, 2011)

I wonder what it is to be a part of a fandom. Do some people have a clear definition of what it is? Is it more than just a close association of hobbyists, or enthusiasts? Is it a fraternity of some sort? Is it really a community? Mates I see or don’t see that often, but through our shared interest, I get on really well with.

What’s the definition of fandom? The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction define fandom as “the active readership of sf and fantasy, maintaining contacts through Fanzines and Conventions.” That’d be it. Not too specific, then. It would be wrong to say that science fiction readers possess a superior or better defined fandom to others. We don’t. The term now applies to so many people, in many different subjects and genres. To assume superiority is to wander a patronising path, I think.

I think there are many groups of people who pursue a pastime that is their own fandom. I am currently looking at elements of comics fandom. Interestingly, many people actually equate fanzines with this fandom, or at least being an important part of it. According to Superman, the Complete History (by Les Daniels), Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster created a bald, telepathic villain named "The Super-Man," who appeared in Siegel’s fanzine, Science Fiction, published in 1933.

The first British comics fanzine seems to be Ka-Pow by Phil Clarke and Steve Moore, which I understand came together from a meeting at the 1965 Worldcon, Loncon II. However, Merry Marvel fanzine and Heroes Unlimited were produced by Anthony Roche in Dun Laoghaire, Ireland in 1967. Heroes Unlimited, especially, seems to have been a seminal work. It featured interviews with professionals, and was very literary minded. Conventions also occurred, and Comicon in Birmingham in 1968 seems to have been the first British comic convention, run by fans.
Comics fandom doesn’t have as tangible a line of history as SF fandom, and of course, things like Eastercon and Worldcon are hard to compare to. Having said that, San Diego Comic Con is a genuine non-profit organisation, just like Worldcon. Despite the convention’s worldwide reach and size it is still, at it’s heart, a bunch of fans doing their best.

Today, fandoms have (of course) grown out of the web. John McMahon, an Irishman, manages a *Hellblazer* website called Straight To Hell, as well as administrating an active forum called Voices From Beyond. I loved John Constantine as a character and during Garth Ennis’ run, for around forty issues, it was really important to me as a comic. I have been up and down with subsequent writers on the comic, so I probably found the forum about ten years too late. Then, a period when I was really disliking it (about four years ago) saw me wander away. I wasn’t fannish enough, I expect. Or maybe I was too fannish.
That’s what happens with hobbies. Many people have them, and some get involved and stay. This is why the St John’s Ambulance have long service medals, and we have the Doc Weir Award – because many people drift in and drift out. I have been able to investigate areas of interest, and even get people to write about them, with Journey Planet. This is especially true of things like our Sherlock Holmes issue, where there are established societies and organisations. In fairness, they give SF fandom a serious run for its money, and I am able to poke my head in and have a look around, and then come back out again. That’s cool, because I don’t have time to devote to another fandom, but I do occasionally like to go there.

Interestingly, even within SF fandom, we are selective about what we mean. We need to learn to adapt, change a little and embrace others, rather than define and exclude or discriminate. I am currently exhausted and worn out after a phenomenal weekend at Arisia in Boston. With 3,000 fans, it felt in many ways like a smaller Worldcon – but most importantly, it strongly featured many elements of SF that are usually sidelined. There were anime and manga and steampunk and comics and alternative lifestyles all alongside the books, but it was done with a stylish balance that satisfied fans of these areas, while not being over the top in any single direction.

I am tired of having the ‘they are not us’ discussions with people. I remember being scoffed at, at a Novacon, as I explained that people who go to events like Collectormania are fans. Collectormania provides very similar things to say, an Eastercon. There are social spaces, they have panels, they discuss and talk. The forums are their letter columns. Many elements of fandom are there, and at MCM expos, and at Kitacon, and at Thought Bubble. They are also book readers – when we can give away thousands of books, it proves that.

I like this stuff, and I like the fandom that I hang out in – it’s pretty nifty. Not sure it’s the same as the Science Fiction Encyclopedia’s definition though, but as a fan says: ‘It’s all good’.
Now is the time to write about *Inspector Spacetime* and the fandom that has grown up around the show that has been on since 1962.

You see, I know you’ve all been fans for decades, dating back to the days Bernard Fox was the Inspector. You used to play Inspector and Associate with your pre-teen crush-down-the-street when you were a kid: Your Horsebot-3000 toys have never had the chance to gather dust. The history of *Inspector Spacetime* fandom is dark and twisted, and there’s always just enough room for one more.
The first milestone in *IS* fandom had to be when the producers noticed the growing attention the series was receiving, largely because they ventured out of the offices one afternoon. Every attempt was made to take advantage of the growing fans’ interest, and so the first tie-in was the infamous Inspector ‘All-Lead Baby’s Plate” which sold in great numbers in the poorer parts of London.

This was followed by the candies and the candles and the canned hams. These *Inspector Spacetime* items were collected and some even hoarded, which lead to shortages in canned hams in the mid-1960s. A series of pantry explosions in the mid-1970s were even linked to collectors holding on to Canned Spiced Hams.

It wasn’t until 1965 that the first *IS* novel appeared on the market – Ayn Rand’s *Inspector Spacetime in an Objectivist Adventure with the Blorgons*. The novel, the only thing Rand is remembered for today, is highly collectible. It launched a long series of novels, which helped to launch the careers of fans who tried their hand at selling fiction in the *Inspector Spacetime* universe. Without those novels, the world would not have authors like Charles Stross, China Mieville, Christopher Priest, or Neil Gaiman. In fact, the entire timepunk movement of the late 1980s (and the rise of the timepunk conventions in the last few years) would probably not exist.

The first known *Inspector Spacetime* convention was held in, of all places, Ottawa, Canada, in 1969. It was attended by twelve Canadians, seven Americans and a Briton. The convention, InspectorSpaceCon, was considered to be a flying success. The Guest of Honour, Christopher Lee, enjoyed several brandies and a cigar in the bar on Friday evening, twice exchanging words with fans who had attended the convention. The next *IS* convention would be held four years later in Brighton as a part of Christmascon, the annual British National Science Fiction Convention. Eventually, this would spin off, and the *Inspector Spacetime* convention circuit would be established. The first American *IS* convention, DARSIT-2, failed, however – mainly due to Murial Wells, better known as the universally despised companion Jeffrey. It would be almost a decade
before a large scale Inspector Spacetime convention would take place in the US again.

Of all the Inspectors, some have been very popular with the fans, such as Stephen Fry, who played the seventh Inspector (of whom billions of words of often filthy fan fiction has been written). On the other hand, Graham Chapman, seen as a weaker Inspector, gained a long run of material made by fans using him as the focus. Then there was the annual “Inspector Spacetime Companion for a Day” contest where young fans would write stories using the Inspector and the winner would be allowed to make a cameo on the programme. It was from this project that the legendary Easter episodes were born.

After the long lay-off following the Seventh Inspector’s departure, the books became the only official materials. Three legendary novels, Lionel Farnthorp’s Inspector Spacetime and the Fear of Flying, Alan Dean Foster’s Valley of Tripe, and the terrifying Beagles of Westminster by Doris Lessing, all kept the series alive in the minds of fans. The success of television historian Kevin Brownlow’s re-construction of the original Inspector Spacetime movie, directed by Lewis Gilbert and running nearly seven hours, also gave more matter for the fandom to digest.

In the interim, the legendary fanfic zine But When... began, and many have pointed to it as a reason that the executives at the BTV considered restarting the series: First, with the US television movie with Steve Carrell; and then the return with Mark Williams to a regular series.
It was after the re-launch that *IS* fandom began their many web-based projects, including the BOOTHBABES project (which began with the Gernsback-winning book *Chicks Dig Inspectors*) and the gigantic canon codifier Wikspector. These groups would evolve into many conventions around the world, including the US, the UK, Canada, Australia and even two in Montevideo.

The explosion of *Inspector Spacetime* fandom lead to the growth of spin-off fandoms dedicated to characters such as Constable Reggie (who is celebrated in the fan-created webseries *Reggie-side*), and to the various spin-off series. The 2009 Christmas present that every kid had to have, the Ride-n-Rhyme FE-Line rapping robot kitty, was easily the biggest selling of all *IS* merchandise up to that point.

*Inspector Spacetime* is everywhere, as the recently released LEGO sets (see below) will testify. Of all the fandoms that are out there (like Warfield Mars, Disoriented, FOUND, and Community) *IS* is the one which seems to have taken off and come all the way into the mainstream.
My Life as a Media Fan.
España Sheriff (editor, SF/SF; cover artist extraordinaire)

My fandom is convention fandom. Or literary convention fandom, I guess. Or just, y’know, ‘fandom’, as most people I know refer to it. That said, I have always been a big believer in Big Tent Fandom. During the Core Fandom brouhaha of a few years ago I was amazed at the nearly pathological drive to narrow the definition that seemed to motivate some folks. They appeared to be striving to find a pure strain of fannishness; one that encompassed the smallest amount of people possible without disappearing entirely.

Now, this urge is not limited to fandom. You see it in most subcultures, geeky or otherwise. Listening to music enthusiasts, particularly those belonging to especially obscure subgenres, discuss who or what fits into their particular corner of the scene can be eerily similar. All the same, the appearance of this phenomenon in our little corner of the world always fills me with dismay.

Although I occasionally attend and enjoy two relatively small lit-centric conventions (three if you include World Fantasy), I find I prefer a general interest convention with a range of activities. Baycon, Loscon, Worldcon, those are more my speed. The written word is what brought me to fandom, and what keeps me here, but I’m a social creature and I like the dance, the masquerade, random panels on subjects I never knew about. Although I don’t personally participate in filk or gaming, I enjoy knowing they are represented, and while I rarely make it to the various screenings, or the all-night anime room, it’s usually with some regret that I miss them because of other things I want to do. I like that even in a relatively small subculture my fannish friends have a whole plethora of interests that I have yet to explore, but could any day.

I have written elsewhere about my first encounters with SF, from my parents’ bookshelves; Burroughs, Judith Merrill’s amazing Year’s Best collections, etc. But my first encounter with fandom as a social expression was through media. Although maybe fandom isn’t the right word; I should say that it was my first encounter with the
fannish experience, the expression of enthusiasm for a specific piece of culture.

It was the 1984 show *V*, which arrived in Spain when I was nine or ten years old. At that age my core group of friends at school was centered on two other girls, one Dutch, the other from Gibraltar. Obviously we were the ‘foreign’ kids, which wasn't bad as such but certainly must have contributed to us ending up as a group, particularly since we all spoke English.

Known in Spain as *Los Visitantes*, the show was huge; all my friends watched it, we talked about it and had favourite characters. In my case Martin (and later Phillip) played by Frank Ashmore – in retrospect an odd choice for a preteen crush, but I’ve always had a soft spot for fifth-columnists. I also desperately wanted to grow up to be Jane Badler, who played the unrepentantly evil but utterly fabulous Diana. Some day I need to get myself a Diana costume. Another was Michael Ironside, whose work I love to this day, although I still have to check whether I am watching him or John Saxon.

We made up endless games around the show. We would play the various characters, making fun of Donovan’s (Marc Singer) flaring nostrils during tense scenes and the obvious heart-throb that was Kyle Bates (Jeff Yagher). These games were loosely plotted, with the story shifting and morphing as new elements or ideas where introduced. There was a lot of shooting, running around, and play-acting: Proto-LARPing, I suppose.

We bought trading cards from newsstands which also carried dedicated magazines about the show, and collected them in albums sold for that purpose. During lessons, all three of us made our own *V* zines, complete with word jumbles and “spot the difference” games. I remember very little except that mine was illustrated in some way and went by the name *Polvito Rojo*, the Spanish name of the red dust that the brave resistance fighters use to defeat the alien Visitors (spoiler!). In a way, this was my first foray into fanzine fandom.
V was not the only time I became obsessed with a show. Where my enjoyment of V was as much social as for the show's content, the X-Files was the first show I watched religiously. I followed the gossip and online chatter; I even belonged to some forums and one of the incarnations of DDEB (David Duchovny Estrogen Brigade). I remember scanning photos from magazines during the first wild and woolly days of the web when, hard to believe as it is now, most content was offline first, and fans were the main source of this sort of information.

But without a doubt the first show that grabbed me by the heart and truly obsessed me was Buffy. I have since, of course, become a huge Whedon fan, but Buffy was the first time I would have called myself a show-specific fan. I frequented The Bronze and other online forums, dissected the stories with my friends, and cared about the characters. Although I shared my obsession with my friends, some of whom are also convention attendees, that fandom was separate from my regular identity as a fan – the online activities and the conventions that other fans attended did not overlap with my usual fandom at all.
Doctor Who is perhaps the biggest experience in my life as a media fan. After watching the series as a kid on GBC (Gibraltar Broadcasting Corporation, the only English-language channel available to me at the time) I positively vibrated with excitement when the 1996 movie aired, and was over the moon with the 2005 relaunch and its subsequent success. This prompted me to attend Gallifrey One, the Doctor Who convention based in Los Angeles. I knew practically no one and I roomed with complete strangers. In spite of this it instantly became my favorite convention outside of Worldcon, and is now a major part of my annual fannish life.

Congoing literary centred fandom is my home. It’s where I have wanted to live from the first time I became aware of its existence, and it’s where I hope to always return to. But it isn’t the whole story, and neither is the stream of media fandoms that weaves in and out of my fannish history. Costuming, steampunk, Magic: The Gathering, comics, fanzines: All these have at one time or another consumed large portions of my brain, soul, and/or wallet. Surely in the years to come I will stumble across other areas that I can only guess at now. Fandom is multifaceted, diverse, and always growing and changing, and I’m very glad of that.
Randy Byers writes:

Hi, John. It’s way past time that I locced one of your fanzines, isn’t it? I’ll have you know that I read Procrastinations Nine in an idyllic location on the Olympic Peninsula, in a secluded beach resort where the only sounds were the ocean waves, rain, and the soft flipping sounds of fanzine pages turning. Made me feel right warm and snuggly toward your publication, it did.

*It’s always useful to have the environment on my side when it comes to the Coxon fanzine experience! That sounds completely and utterly wonderful, I’ll have to try it sometime – any chance of doing a Corflu on a beach?*

However, first of all I have to mention that I came to a sudden realization about transatlantic paper sizes on this trip, because all I had with me on the fanzine front was Procrastinations, the latest Banana Wings, and the latest Trap Door – and they were all the same size! Well, okay, now I’ve actually lain them one on top of the other and I see this isn’t true. But is your zine and Banana Wings made from folded A4? I always think of A4 as being substantially taller than US letter-size, so I would think there’d be a more noticeable difference even when folded, but maybe I should just step away from the bong.

*A4 and letter paper are actually fairly similar in size, or at least, I think they are. I can’t tell the difference between the two unless one is laid on top of the other, either.*

Anyway, as to the contents, I have to admit that I don’t really care for theme issues in general, and the theme of heroes really wasn’t doing it for me as a concept. But the pieces that people turned in ended up being more interesting than I had snottily expected. I probably most identified with España’s reservations about the very idea of heroes, but Kim Kofmel reminded me that my own "heroes" would probably be teachers – at least in the sense of people who had
a direct impact on me as role models, although inevitably family and friends score pretty high on that front as well. I had two high school teachers and one college professor in particular who probably did more than anybody to encourage me to write. I don’t know, maybe that actually makes them villains!

Other than that I’ll just say that I like your editorial presence, and I like your sense of design. I’m curious about your epubping efforts, although not enough so far to even Google "ePub format". I’ve always been vaguely anti-PDF as a way of transitioning to electronic publication, although I’m now beginning to think that e-readers that can handle PDFs will prove me wrong. We shall see. Let a thousand formats confuse the issue! (So to speak.)

At the moment it’s only two formats that are confusing my readers, but we’ll see how many more I can collect! I don’t like reading PDFs on a screen, but ebooks are a lot more comfortable, and so I like being able to easily export Procrastinations to such a thing – although I think if it was difficult, I probably wouldn’t continue.

Mike Glyer writes:

Personal heroes. Do I have any? I think Espana Sheriff pretty much sums up my thoughts. There are people I admire, who have enriched my life, inspired and influenced me in some way. Would I call them heroes? Probably not. John Lennon meets all those criteria but he had a lot of faults. I cried when he was murdered. Something went out of my life although I certainly never met him. But I remember seeing a film he’d made, where he had invited onto his estate a young hero worshipper who had been hanging around outside. Lennon told him – roughly (if I recall rightly) – “What I do has nothing to do with you. You have your own life. If you want to do something you have to do it for yourself.”

Do heroes have faults? Maybe, but when you know about them, they seem more like just remarkable human beings rather than heroes. Of course, when I was a kid I knew nothing about Mickey Mantle except that he hit home runs for the Yankees so he was a hero to me,
at least at that time. Later Eugene McCarthy struck me as a hero for speaking out against the Vietnam War. If he’d actually won the presidency and had to do the things that presidents have to do my opinion would probably have changed.

Chris Garcia mentions Harry Warner. I read All Our Yesterdays when I was just getting involved with fandom and that absolutely sealed the deal for me with fandom. And Harry’s incredible generosity and kindness with his loccing showed me the true spirit of fandom – or what I hoped to find in the faanish alternate reality. The fact that Harry was almost as much of a faanish recluse as me didn’t hurt either.

I agree with Kim Kofmel that academics are worthy of admiration. Pursuing knowledge, valuing reason and intelligence in a world that grows dumber by the day and brags about its ignorance. If I could do it over again, I’d aim to become a college professor.

One artist I admire excessively is Ray Davies, formerly of the Kinks. The Kinks were my favourite group and Ray Davies is a musical genius. Another musician, you note. Writers don’t come as near to being heroes to me because I know a little about what they do. I have no musical ability at all. It might as well be magic as far as I’m concerned.

One thing for sure, with the title Procrastinations, you never have to apologize for your schedule.

*Thanks for the comments, Mike! I’m trying to get better about the scheduling, but real life keeps interrupting. It’s incredibly irritating, but one day I’ll get back into fanzines properly.*

Lloyd Penney writes:

Thank you for *Procrastinations* 9, and its fontastic front page. I do like that font. What is it? (Ah, Angelic War. Must look it up.) More comments once I get past the ToC....
Eighteen months between issues? What’s the name of this fanzine again? Not to worry, you’ve been busy. School, TAFF and those dastardly sinus infections. Great to see you in Toronto and again in Reno. When we did our CUFF trip report about an eon ago, without many fanzines in Canada, we went straight to a trip report zine, and claimed several bounties for CUFF, several groups who would give $500 for a full trip report. I believe they later revised their bounty qualifications for TAFF or DUFF reports only, so it’s worth having a look at those bounties once you’ve got your compiled issue available.

Yeah, I’m aiming to complete my trip report before the next Westward TAFF trip; we’ll see how that goal fares with my PhD, but I’m fairly confident. I just need to send it around to people who are finer editors than myself, and get them to take out some of the awesomes that are in there.

You did ask me for a Reno trip report, and I did write one up for you...didn’t I? My memory is notoriously bad...let me know if I did or didn’t. I do know, however, that our TAFF votes this time around are in.

Hurrah for TAFF votes! Jacq is in the UK as I write this and appears to be having a fantastic time. And yes, you did write me that Reno report, unlike some others I could name....

I may too jaded to have heroes, but I will agree with Chris Garcia on the examples set by his first two heroes. Harry Warner Jr. did indeed respond to every fanzine to make their editors feel good about their initial tries if they were new, and their continuing zines if they were experienced. Seeing I have been in the locol now for over 30 years, what better example for me to follow? Harry was a journalist, and I was trained as one...I think both of us enjoyed seeing our byline in these publications. I know I do. And Forry...he was always pleased to see you, always smiling, always happy to be involved. Fandom can be pretty nasty at times, so Forry provides the fine example that would make our fannish activities more positive and enjoyable for everyone.
I am sure that if anyone was able to have lunch with Jesus, He’d have lots of questions for his lunchmate. You can imagine those questions as much as I can. We do have three excellent TAFF candidates this time around, and it was difficult to choose.

*Can you imagine having lunch with Jesus? It’d be terrifying, with Him knowing what you were thinking before you knew it yourself!*

I may have told you before that Yvonne and I met Douglas Adams at a long ago Worldcon. We knew he was tall (and that we aren’t), but we didn’t know how tall until we had to strain our necks to look up at him. We told him we’d read the second Hitchhikers’ book – he said not to worry, the third one would be much better!, and he was good to his word. He joined folks like Jim Henson and Jim Croce who died far too young.

*I think you may have told me that before, but I’m still very envious.*

The lettercol...looks like I’ll stay in the minority about Star Trek and Sherlock Holmes, and stick with what I like, crotchety old fan that I am. You are right, though, that the Brett adaptations of Holmes did forget much of, or glossed over, Holmes’ predilections for violence and drugs. Who knows about another Torcon? I have some suspicions...

*Oooh, you’ll have to share them with me sometime.*

I must leave soon, for even though it is Friday, it’s also my designated Christmas shopping day, and Yvonne has told me what presents she’d like. It sure isn’t the warmth of Reno now, and we sure could use it. Yvonne and I wish you the happiest of Christmases and Hogmanays, and 2012, with some luck, fingers crossed, will a better year for everyone. Thanks for the zine, and see you again.

*I can imagine the Toronto area gets kinda cold at Christmas. I still wish I was there, though! Thanks for writing, Lloyd.*
Credits.

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This fanzine is unstapled because I am too excited about getting to see España to do any stapling...