

CIVIL

Volume One
Number 3

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EDITORIAL

Isn't it great that one of the old pros of science fiction is the editor of one of the largest publishers of sf. paperbacks? Doesn't the vision of hundreds of superbly printed, top quality sf. novels endlessly rolling off the presses come to mind? Too bad the vision is, just that, a vision.

Del Rey Books, the publishing house I'm referring to, is absolutely the worst science fiction publisher in North America. It regularly produces tonnes of ill printed, poorly written, overpriced garbage from its presses. The best thing about the majority of the novels it prints is their covers. Yes, I do concede that usually the full colour, front covers are remarkably attractive—but, so what! Del Rey does not publish comic books (thank god). It is supposed to be printing novels and/or anthologies filled with funny little black marks which we call the printed word. This indeed it does do, but unfortunately the content quality of these printed words is so terribly inferior that one wishes that they were (sad as it may sound) publishing comic books. At least we might be assured of quality in artwork, but then again, maybe that is too much to hope for from Del Rey.

The majority of Del Rey's new novels can be branded as insipid fiction, due to their profound lack of writing style, good plot, and believable characters. To draw an example, L.N. Smith's, The Probability Broach, (which was mentioned in our last issue). Not only is this a dismal novel on the grounds that it is propaganda, it is also ineptly written. Ms. Smith dates each of the chapters chronologically in relation to the sequence of events in the novel. This is not done for reasons of artistic merit but simply because the author cannot handle juxtaposition in time. Were the dates not there, the reader would be unable to tell whether or not the action was still happening later that afternoon or two days later. The Probability Broach is a good example of the literary impotence of Del Rey's new ~~writer~~ scribblers.

Fortunately, (due to the pitiful "writing" quality of these new "authors") Del Rey publishes mostly reprints. Unfortunately, these reprints are vastly overpriced, as are most Del Rey books. Look, I terribly object to paying \$2.75 for a new printing of Childhood's End. If anything, the reprints should be less expensive than the new books. The profit has already been made from the initial investment, many times over when you think of the peanuts they paid the authors when these books first appeared on the market. I would hardly object to these increases if Arthur Clarke was receiving a huge royalty for this new reprint, but (if the publishing world is as the authors say it is) I seriously doubt that his royalty payments have increased greatly, or if they've been increased at all over the past thirty odd years. And thus, all this extra money the readers have to shell out is just going to line the pockets of the profiteering bastards that rule Del Rey Books.

Fuck them! If the excess profits went back to the author (many of whom

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EDITORIAL (CONTINUED)

that do need the money) or reinvested toward the purchase of good fiction and quality printing, I wouldn't bitch. But it isn't! Del Rey just mouths the same reason as the rest of them in the industry; increased paper costs. Uh, excuse me, but the cost of paper has not risen that much, boardroom boys. If it had risen as high as you would make it appear, I wouldn't be able to afford to print this little magazine. So cut the bullshit, Del Rey!!!

The last comment I have to make is on the planned obsolescence in Del Rey paperbacks. I am talking about the new-fangled self-destruct book. The majority of the print run of J.P. Hogan's new book, Thrice Upon A Time (a Del Rey book that ain't that bad) is a perfect example of this brilliant idea. To read this novel one must have it opened at no greater than a 30° angle, which makes the book very difficult and not very enjoyable to read. Why an angle no greater than thirty degrees? Because, if you open it to any greater angle the annoying sound of, "crack", is heard as yet another page falls out from the non-existent binding. Obviously, this has been done to curb the resales of Del Rey novels to used book stores, the book can only be read once. Another neat idea that Del Rey has come up with is miscalculating. In my copy of Thrice Upon A Time, when you get to page fifty one discovers that the next twenty pages are not 51-70 but 121-140. Wonderful, except between the pages 120 and 141 are also pages 121-140. Perhaps Del Rey believes that these twenty pages are so good, they deserve to be read twice.

Is there a solution to this problem? You bet. Del Rey isn't going to listen to letters, pleas, or petitions. They don't give a damn about their readers; they've already shown that to us. What must be done is to hit these money-grubbing proprietarians where it counts, in their financial statement. Then, maybe they'll listen to us. Just stop buying Del Rey books, unless they happen to be on the used book shelf, where the price is, to some degree, more reasonable. So, kick the assholes where it really hurts. In that way we just might see a pleasant change in their publishing policy. If not, maybe they'll go belly up, floating in their own literary excrement and bloated by their ill-gotten gains till they sink forever into their stagnant pool of shit.

BOYCOTT DEL REY BOOKS!!!! What have YOU got to lose?

Neil Williams



FUN AND GAMES FOR ENLIGHTENED COUPLES

- OR, WHAT TO DO UNTIL YOUR PARTNER COMES

- Alicia Longspear

Contrary to the chauvinistic ideology of SWILL, there are some intelligent readers of sci-fi, and it is to them that I direct this article. For they are sci-fi readers (and, what is worse, SWILL readers), so clearly 'intelligent' does not mean 'aware'. I trust my modest efforts to instill awareness will be successful.

It comes as no surprise to anyone that sci-fi is a masculine-sexist, repressive organisation, determined to subjugate the naturally-superior female. Reading any of the so-called 'classics' from the Thirties through to the early Seventies ought to illustrate clearly the subtle but all-pervasive characterisation of females as bedroom decorations inferior to the lowly shag throw-carpet, which at least is washable, develops no headaches, has no aspirations to occupy its rightful place at the apex of civilisation, and in any case comes with a ten-year 'no-wear-thru' (sic) guarantee. Recently, however, it has become trendy to analyse sci-fi's sexual content. This pretence at an 'objective' analysis is, again, simply a thinly-disguised plot to demonstrate the 'superiority' of the male. What is more symbolic of sci-fi than a rocketship? And what is a rocketship, according to this ~~soft~~-bourgeois Freudian analysis, than a penis? (A 'penis', for those of you lucky enough to be acquainted with this disgusting object, is the long fleshy urinary tube of the male. Occasionally, they stiffen it—possibly with coat-hanger wire—and try, for their own ineluctable purposes, to poke it into you and fill you up with a nasty, smelly, sticky substance. Since your lover will afterwards complain that she has to keep washing her finger off, this is best avoided.) What should the intelligent sci-fi fan do about all this? Well, first she should buy an assortment of vibrators. Then, if she's enthusiastic, she should buy a Vice-Grip with good, sharp, shiny, carbon-hardened steel teeth. The vibrators have their customary use. So do the Vice-Grips.

Of course, some misguidedly idealistic people will attempt to convert their male 'brethren' to the truthful way through impassioned argument: 'This is roughly akin to trying to persuade a rock to fly! The only way a rock will fly is if you throw it, and the only way to convince males of your superiority is to hoof 'em in the danglingies and watch 'em retch. Not only is this swifter, it is much more fun.'

And, remembering your AS/ENG 101.6, dangling participles should always be excised.

The obvious best place to strike back at the arrogant puerile male sci-fi 'fan' (not reader; they are generally too fat to see beyond their own pimples) is at a sci-fi 'convention'. Now in general, these 'cons' are merely an excuse for these deprived and depraved males to stage a wild orgy, complete with gang-rapes of socks, fur mittens, ~~MALE~~ rolled-up programmes, cigarette burns in upholstery, and small elbow macaroni. They are also the times that males consume incredible quantities of liquor to drown their sorrow at being born male and inferior. Now I realise that some people will claim that 'you can't choose whether you're born a person or male', but this argument is crap. The clever ones, realising which sex is superior, clearly arranged to be female. The dummies, not being cognisant of the choices available to them, wound up males. And then they wonder why being female is better. Well, once a dummy, always a dummy.

Back to the convention (no, really, you don't have to go). It is always amusing to insert a Christmas-tree lamp socket in their fur gloves. This is even more fun at European conventions, where standard voltage is 240V rather than the standard North American 120V. Another way, if you have a good healthy female body, is to go to the costume ball in a scanty costume. All the males, of course, will justfully ogle the divinely-mandated, geometrically-perfect lines of your body. At this point, you simply set off your large-size magnesium flares, and blow the little lechers' eyeballs to ratshit. (Note: remember to tell all the females in the hall to look the other way.)

However, the best thing to do is to avoid sci-fi and its swinish inhabitants entirely. Left to themselves, these obese males will die out and bother us no more, although it is entirely within the realm of possibility that some of them will grow so fat that, through mitosis, they will split apart into two obese sci-fi fans. However, eventually this strain will grow so fat that they will burst, and trouble no one any longer, except perhaps the janitors.

broteciad rejei ad n-los Jefes a...
broteciad rejei ad n-los Jefes a...

I have been greatly disturbed in recent years by the emergence of the weaker sex into fandom. I am not arguing the fact that some are needed to service the PRO's and the BNF's (who only get fucked at cons) but when all they start having panels about women in S.F. they're going to far! It's bad enough that they can actually vote for the HUGOS but now they want to off panels! If any of them could master the fine art of zine publishing they would probably have their own feminist zine (I know it sounds crazy but except there is always some turncoat male that will help them) I mean how can they get a zine out when they are bitchy for four or five days of every bus month.

"The insidious methods employed by these so-called feminists (more like female supramundanists) knows no bounds, why, at the last con XI was refused sex by one of these misguided women because, as she said, "I was a male chauvinist pig! Of course I ignored her protests and I poked her any way (as is my male right), though I must admit it wasn't the best piece I've had, what with all the struggling until I got my cock in and she began to enjoy it! That's the last time though that I will ever give her the pleasure of my company, no matter how much she begs me, let her get friendly with a dildo from now on or with the tongue of one of her feminist friends."

This lunacy is even creeping into the costume balls where some women are actually wearing outfits that conceal their breasts! What's the sense of them having tits if they aren't going to use them in the manner GHOD intended them for, giving pleasure to men. Next thing you know they will have women running Worldcon, masquerades, barring outright nudity. Once this occurs they will start refusing to liberate swimming pools at cons, or participating in Jacuzzi parties. Can you imagine a Worldcon without a lime-green-dream? Just the thought of it makes me shiver in rage.

Now you are asking what we as real men, and true fen can do about this lurking danger? Well for a start refuse to honour these so-called women with the pleasures of your cock; I mean we don't really need women to get off, if we did GHOD wouldn't have given us hands or allowed fur gloves to be manufactured. Also I hate to admit it but some of you have neglected to beat your women regularly, get back into the weekly habit and show them you really care! They all love the feel of the lash! (just ask Tarl Cabot) and if they get it at home they won't need to stray! and fall into the clutches of the feminists. Now come on men lets work together and get our women back! To where they belong, in the kitchen and the bedroom of our homes and eradicate this dangerous feminist movement before it spreads to far!

G.O.Dowright

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MISSING ON A PILE OF OLD AMAZINGS.

LEADER

STANISLAW PIOTROWICZ

...a modest column by Lester Rainsford

To begin with, I'd like to say a few words about the world of science fiction and science-fiction fans. You see, I think I can see reasons why interesting theories espoused by the toads (Damon Knight's word, not mine) who hop through the sci-fi world is that sci-fi is a literature (their word, not mine) of ideas. This, they claim, is what makes sci-fi superior to that dull mainstream stuff which is all about people and trolley-bus routes, and the rest of that crap.

You see, if sci-fi is a literature of ideas, it is obviously the stuff of intellectuals and thinking toads, people. And them wot think can't be all that bad, can they? In fact, these are them wot are not surprised by new developments (atom bombs, space travel, or lemon-flavoured potato chips), but are instead ~~still~~ in the vanguard of truth, progress, and the American Way.

Well, this is all fine and dandy, except for one slight flaw of reasoning, which however is significant enough a crack in the foundations of this arrogantly elitist and boorish toity notion to cause the entire edifice to crack down the middle and, like Poe's House of Usher, fall quietly into the tarn, while a hideously full moon, rising, looks on.

And what is this fatal flaw, you ask? Not surprising—that you ask, I mean—because if ~~you were smart~~, you were smart enough to notice the flaw you would be writing this column, not me. And note, please, that I only work secure jobs.

All right, I suppose I've kept you in suspense long enough. So best I tell you.

As it happens, the idea that it is a world of ideas is about the only idea that the sci-fi has, and it's a pretty poor notion at that. What justification is there for this idealistic view of sci-fi? Actually, none at all.

Well, of course we would eliminate the thud-and-blunder fantasy stuff right away (I don't think anyone would argue with that), as well as the soft-core stuff of Norton, Lee, Jack Vance, Leamer, Zelazny, and so forth. I don't feel that it is even worth discussing the idea content of their books, which in any case run to cutsey worlds, improbable adventures, and stalwart heroes, which is even more boring.

What, then, of those writers who supposedly put a great deal of idea content into their works? Any list of these authors would have to include most of sci-fi's heavyweights: Asimov, Heinlein, Clarke, Anderson, Van Vogt, Dickson, and so on, as well as the so-called 'hard-core' writers (whose work might well be better described by the term 'apple core'—i.e. what's left after all the good stuff has been eaten), such as Clement, Niven, Sheffield, Jim Hogan, and Howard. Now, I know that lots of odd characters run around in these books, but where are the ideas in this supposedly illustrious list of sci-fi 'greats'? Oh, just

Well, Van Vogt and Heinlein (as well as authors—I hesitate to call them people)—such as L Neil Smith) are peddlers of purile right-wing reactionary Republicanism and the notion of the big strong male (but of course), hero. Where are their ideas? Have they anticipated the more enlightened things—ERA, ecological consciousness, the individual's duty to society, rather than vice-versa—that seem to be happening now? Ha! Rather, they are ultra strikingly backward proponents of the way things were thirty or forty years ago, where them that had could perfectly well kick in the balls (and tits) of them that didn't, in order to retain their 'superiority'.

What striking new ideas are contained in Asimov? The Foundation trilogy, his most famous work, is based wholesale on Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, which itself is not exactly an original work of fiction. Furthermore, it happens that Gibbon puts across all the ideas Asimov talks about, only more effectively. But sci-fi fans, being idea people, do not care to know about history. But put this empire in space and—zowie! Profound messages! Even more profound than Star Wars (well, occasionally, anyway).

I still have a lot to say, but I see that I'm running out of space. So, I think I'll continue these ruminations next month—unless no one appears to be interested, in which case I will discuss favourite TTC routes that I have known.

PS: If you don't believe a word I'm saying, go ride the Bay 6 trolley right into Lake Ontario. Then come and discuss it with me.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Laser

Count Eric von Schicklegruber III ~~08/1981 111 18~~

Pity the poor science fiction fan. Whenever he enters a store to buy a book, the heads for his favorite section, ~~of artist sf~~ usually conspicuously labelled "Science Fiction/Fantasy". Why? ~~for~~ oh WHY must they add that last bit? Sf is not Fantasy (thank you Mr Charlton Heston), nor is Fantasy sf. A stack at most stores' bonus book selection will reveal a few sf books, turned so only their spines and covers are visible, sandwiched between a couple of fantasy books with lurid garish covers. Inevitably, one has a naked (or semi-naked) woman (always big-breasted) posing in some unseemly pose with a dragon. (See SWILL Vol 1 No 1). The other has a man that could be Mr Universe clenching a gleaming sword in his hand, his muscles bulging, loin cloth bulging (with Kleenex). And so it goes, the pattern is repeated over and over, and over...

And the fantasy books are all the same. Sure, the characters name changes, and the planet's name changes, and the monster's name and number of tentacles changes, but other than that, it has a marked similarity to every other book ever written in the fantasy field. Well, friends, I have managed to uncover the reason... after years of diligent research, it can now be told. Deep in the vaults of a publisher's warehouse, sits a microcomputer. In back in the early days, a fanatasy story was copied into its memory banks from a pulp magazine. A program was written that will randomly choose letters to make up names, places, and dates, and the computer substitutes the variables into the text. Next, if does an artist draws a monster and girl, and voilà! a brand new, ~~totally~~ amazing, totally new fantasy book. Complete with magic spells and flying-carpets. Yippee skidoo! I read SF not fantasy. Please, ~~owes~~ booksellers, remove the "/Fantasy" from my section and place it where it belongs. "Humour/Fantasy" sounds good.

RE: Fanzine news. I know I've offed a lot of people with this, but the world still isn't safe from Trekkies. A few weeks ago I turned on my VDTV and saw a phone-in program dealing with "The Star Trek Phenomenon". That by itself is okay, I like a good laugh every now and then. And the wonderful art by these fang was miraculous in its badness. But what bugs the crap out of me most is the ~~big~~ reasons given for watching Trek. The "Trekkers", as opposed to ~~so~~ ~~coys~~ "trekkies" watch Trek because of the underlying messages of ~~of~~ ~~of~~ brotherhood, human error, non-fascist, détente, world unity, etc ad nauseum. To which I reply BULLSHITTIES! They watch it cause they like to see Spock say something witty to Kirk. They like Spock's pointed little ears, and most of all, they like... Tribbles. Girls love Spock. Boys love Tribbles. The Universe is whole again. Please, you asshole Trekkers, admit it. You watch Trek cause its fun! (But then, so's peeling-the-skin-of-aarvarks.) god damn it!

I met a publisher of sf books last month. He was typical of the sf publishers in this cruddy little world. He don't know one pissing thing about sf. He thinks Pohl Anderson has to do with the John Anderson election/campaign. He thought Tanith Lee was something like Tennis Elbow. Why must we face up to these cretins, who don't know good sf from a hole in the ground. Tell your MP's: we want good sf. After all, the political process in Canada is a good example of sf.

and now, some LMS

JLA

I was laying in a field of tall grass the other day getting spaced out on some really good Columbian marjuanna when suddenly I experienced a revelation. Like; "wow man! What is this science fiction stuff anyways?" I said to myself "Does science fiction advocate world peace? Does science fiction advocate free love? Does science fiction stand for the legalization of cocaine?" Shit no!!! It's always of bizarre cool I said Hey man; I know that science fiction is mind expanding and mind altering but is this really where it is at? Just like meditateing on marajuanna is the same thing. If I get a good high then not only do I dream about outer space but good acid takes me there. There is a difference man. I can't get into the escapeism of reading science fiction man. I need to really go there, into kind of outer space man, by taking really good drugs. Fuck that acid. "Wow what a trip man! My eyes are burning." Fuck that acid. beautiful "Klingon". Wow my mind is so open man. My hair is like electric? "Wow I dig the rock and roll music on the FM" soundwaves of marjuana. Fuck this science fiction man. It is a downer. It doesn't get me off man. I just stare at science fiction man. Science fiction is only good to "veg out" looking at when I get the mundies.

What useful purpose is science fiction then? What good are these countless pages of mind altering bunk and women flying around in their underwear? What good is SWILL? Well; when I run out of rolling papers your science fiction magazine is the first thing I look for to trip into 1" by 2" strips. Science fiction rolling papers burn better than marjuana slow and I've never had a bad trip! I am of course Ruby Beroach (last of the hippies) from way back then and I know New York University is still crazy.

Hey, man. Like your letter was real wild. I could really, like—get into it. Wow. But I hope this doesn't, like, crush your concept of self but SWILL makes shitty rolling papers! The paper's too thick, man. You'd have to already be ripped to even try it. 4 by 7 centimetre strips from shredded Isaac Asimov's SF. Zines are much, much better. I suggest you try those in the future. ed.

Dear Sir or Madam, I am writing to you to inquire about the magazine I have now got: MOTS: brains and smarts. But again 50 pound fedex makes sets of 100 dollars and up. Signed at random with science fiction fan.

Yours truly SWILL

Glad to hear of your progress. Amazed that you were able to read SWILL. Perhaps you should try reading this issue while riding an exercise bicycle rather than while consuming 47 Big Macs. ed.

Yours truly SWILL

AND MORE LOC'S

Yah radio is ready for to sell a hi - tie I am I
Dear Neilson you paid me a bag full of one no too bags because
of you (Good joke, what) I made it a book so I you know

Thank you for the tea bag. It was delicious. The wrap people left is
a lot to be desired. Actually it was ripped. Better tape up the
next one. I don't know what to do about it. I will do my best to get it.
I look forward to seeing SWILL No 2. (Now I suppose you wanna just
know how I liked SWILL No 1) Well, I'll tell ya. It's not bad.
Certainly provided a giggle or two. Keep it up. If the bank books
allows it.

After SWILL, Lester's column weren't bad. Typical Les. You can't
like the bit about Van Gogh. He must have been up all night or just
thinking it up. His best was not so hot. Liked Funland Games. Didn't like to
May have to write column on holeplaying games at some point in the
distant future, Mapleconn slandershit I saw before. LOC was
a cackle, too. Not bad. Liked the cover. Must have hired an expensive
artist. Needs to be longer, though. Enter my subscription. It's
now. Three copies an issue for the next two lifetimes. Send it to
bill to OSFIC. I'll be at the new address soon. \$13.00
not yet comes. Now a first edition is extra that I have \$10 on the
album or 3 for I need to mail "you" of books (no, not
the books you send me) come. I hope T. Parker is

Darwin: you'll name him and I'll be there? Still in Kuntata (near Hull)
to you. I now find SWILL a good book for a week or two. It is
cool I am. Glad you liked the teabag and SWILL. I liked your lollipop and articles,
and the cyanide flavouring on the lollipop was wonderful. I ate the articles and
I'm going to print the lollipop. Okay? Your subscription order has been processed.
OSFIC is not pleased with the bill for \$661.50. They refuse to pay it, but I
have a feeling Jimmy and Greek collection agency (Mafia Registration #47651) will
change their minds. PLEASE send your world famous writer's licence with your next
submission, scum! ed.

that boy—will you believe I didn't even notice that until now?

—but this is a game now. Still I know what I did. Well, it
is over boy. Even if it eat the dog, it's still a winner now. I think
he does not realize what he's doing. It's not a dog, it's a shark
Editor sirs, who liking to eat shit anyway? — you will. — you will
to eat?

I recently having misfortune of having wonderful article published in asholed
magazine yours. This experience even more dismal than exiled in Siberia eating flies
so to demonstrate ineluctable superiority of socialism over capitalist running dogs. D
First I have my name mangled to P. I. Lenininsky recalling maybe arch-capitalist composer
Petr Illich Tchaikovsky, perpetrating of Tsarist 1812 Overture. I being Vladimir Illich
Lenininsky. Cattle turds. Also, editors seen fit to rewrite Einstein's E=mc forsooth
as Pink Panther saying so often. Really is E=mc. Pig snouts. Also seeing error, 500km/hr-1. Clearly to have been 500km hr⁻¹. Goat lips. C. C. V
Still, is to appreciate fan article. But is what Vachon cake?

Also knowing in Russia My Fame approved way of making trees grow on tundra.

Thus, to eat shit capitalist swine.

Vladimir Illich Lenininsky

Just left of the red Risk pieces holding Kamchatka
Just left of the red Risk pieces holding Kamchatka
Just left of the red Risk pieces holding Kamchatka
Just left of the red Risk pieces holding Kamchatka

Just be thankful that the pieces are red! ed.

ENDNOTE

One of my contributors and a fellow editor both asked me the same question a few weeks back, "Is SWILL nasty and obnoxious just for the sake of being nasty and obnoxious?" To be truthful, the only answer I could give them at that time was, "I don't know?" Well, after some thought, not much but some, I can now answer that question with, "Not really." Very ambiguous, eh? Well, I'll clear that up in a moment, maybe.

That one contributor asked me another question, (this all ties together, you see.), "What is the purpose of SWILL?" The answer to that question is thus— SWILL's purpose is to criticise both science fiction and science fiction fandom. As mentioned in the editorial of the first issue (back issues are available) there's a lot of things going on in these two areas that we don't like, and therefore these things shall be criticised. This criticism takes the form of nasty and obnoxious articles attacking in the vilest manner possible the fault or problem. But, nonetheless, these articles have a point (Well, at least most of them do.) Of course, some people may find this form of criticism offensive. Tough shit! Note that the title of this 'zine is SWILL not the Oxford Journal of Science Fiction Commentary! So don't expect any high-brow literary commentary here.

Of course, some of our articles are meant as humour. We like to have fun too. The fat fan article and the guest editorial in last issue were such examples of this. So were the fun and games page and the maplecon 3 slandersheet of the first issue. If any of our readers found these offensive, tough shit, again!

A note on the maplecon 3 slandersheet... This page was written before the con and distributed there as well, as a "joke." The fact that what was written on the flyer turned out to become reality is not our fault at all.

Thus, this should give anyone who gives a damn, an idea of what we're up to. If you like it, fine. If you don't, once again, TOUGH SHIT!!!

CONTEST

On the back cover of this issue there is a picture. There are some things wrong with this picture. If you can figure out what these things are drop us a line telling us so. If you can spot all the problems, you'll receive a prize. Good enough?

NOW, YOU TOO, CAN BECOME A SWILLO!!

(You don't have to sit on the park bench any longer.)

Yea reader, here is your once in a lifetime opportunity to become a full member of the club that everyone is talking about (behind your back). You too can now become a full-fledged member of the SWILLO ORGANISATION and be entitled to all membership rights, privilages, discounts, freebees, awards (and penalties). What are you waiting for! Just tear off this handy application form and send it along with one dollar to this prestigious magazine's mailing address.

Name: _____ (is da name) . Occupation: _____ (is da job) .

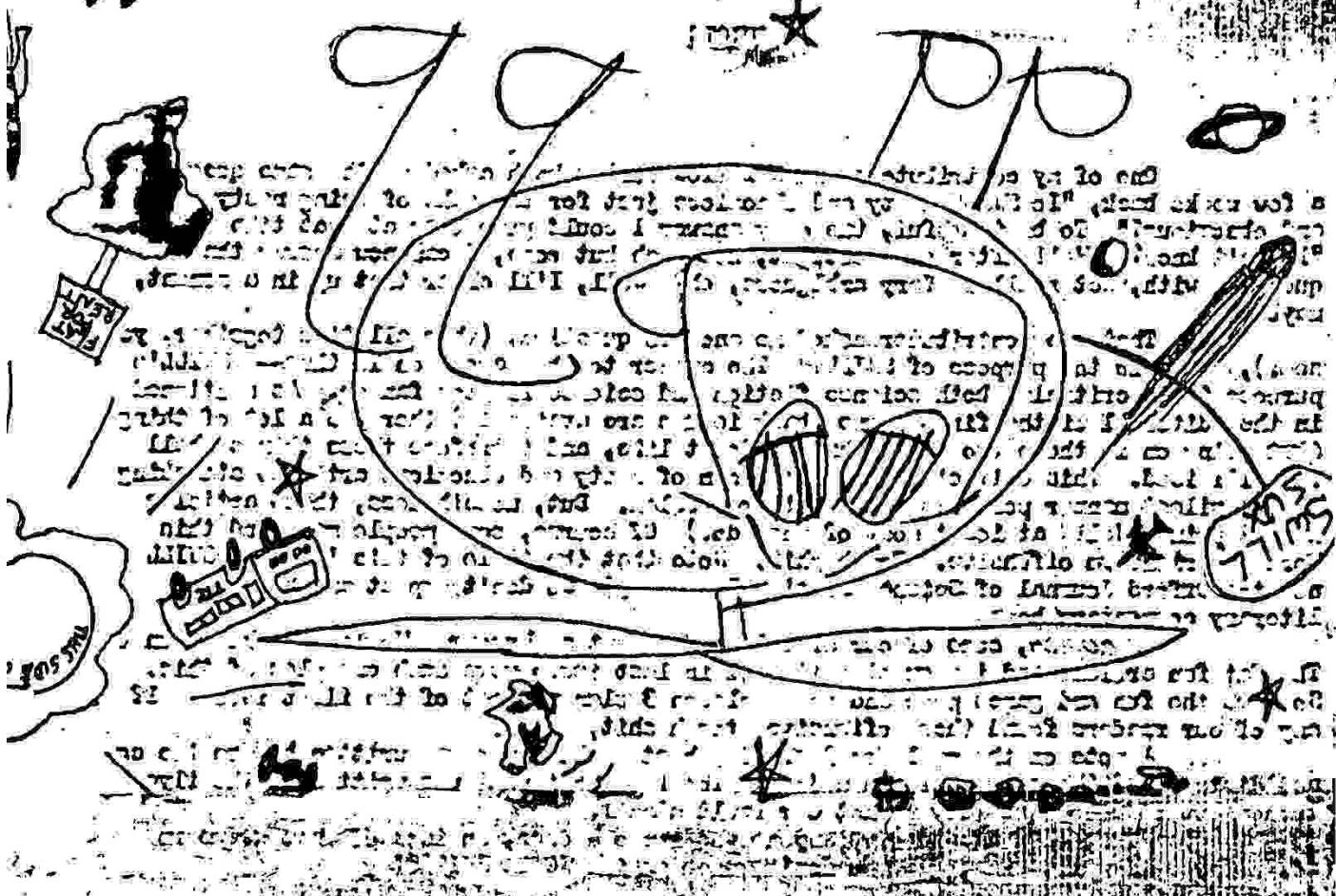
ADDRESS: _____ (is da address) . Signature: _____ (is da sig) .

Age: If under 21: _____ (is da age) . Under 18 is a no go! .

SO THAT YOU DON'T FORGET, MAIL THIS COUPON BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT!!

111. N.O. SWILLO JNR'S

THE LIVELY CHARTER "SPALC"



You received this wonder-of-literary excellance because:

- We think you'll like it.
- We think you'll hate it. (tough shit!)
- You're a depraved wacko.
- You contributed to it. (Use the toilet next time, please.)
- You bought it. (Dummy)
- You're a subscriber. (You're even dumber!)
- You are wonderful, maybe.
(Note: only we are WONDERFUL!!!)

SWILL RULES O.K.!!!