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JW Fraser '81

SWILL™

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EDITORIAL



VIVA, MAPLECON!

As I write this month's editorial, it is fast approaching that time of the year when Ottawa fandom holds its own regional convention, Maplecon. Maplecon has a special place in the heart of this magazine, since (unbeknownst to its con committee) it is solely responsible for the idea of SWILL. Without Maplecon there would be no SWILL and fans would be deprived of a major source of toilet paper. This is how it all began, sorta.

One evening in October of last year, a few days before Maplecon 3, Lester and I decided we were going to do something for the con. What, we hadn't yet got around to deciding. I bounced a few ideas off of Lester, none of which he liked. That is until I mentioned the Detroit "Boycott Chicago in '82" campaign. Lester liked that, and a couple of hours later, the "Infamous Maplecon 3 Slandersheet" emerged from my typewriter. The slandersheet was run off and copies were distributed at the con, much to the dismay of the con committee. Oh, well.

But the slandersheet also gave rise to the idea of producing a nasty, one-shot fanzine for the worldcon, called: UP FANDOM. We made all sorts of plans for the 'zine, articles, the cover, ect. It was going to be really controversial. (It still will be, when it comes out. Date still: to be announced.)

Well, a couple of months went by. Lester was trying to improve his score on a video game called "Missile Command" and I was working on producing a perzine. UP FANDOM sat on the back burner until news about the slandersheet began to leak out of Ottawa.

Ottawa fandom, it seems, was rather

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Cover by Vaughn Fraser

annoyed about the slandersheet. In true fannish tradition, the rumours abounded. Maplecon was supposed to be suing for libel. OSFIC (Ontario Science Fiction Club) was supposed to be suing for misrepresentation. The authors of the slandersheet had supposedly been found and were going to be dealt with in a non legal fashion. Seriously dealt with. All these rumours were unfounded, of course. Still we laid low for a couple of months just to make sure.

But as January came about and I still hadn't produced a fanzine, I got an idea. I decided to do a one-shot nastyzone as a trial run for UP FANDOM. Lester agreed and in February SWILL #1 appeared. It was to be a one-shot, but certain things developed. It was warmly recieved by the students of York University, which both of us attended.

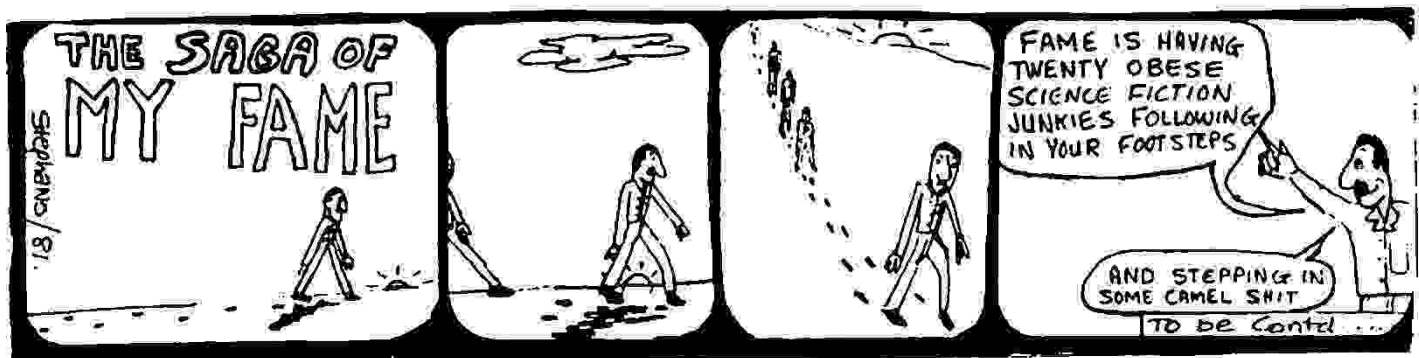
In particular, we began to recieve material from one student named Stephano. Lots and lots of material. At present, I still have enough Stephano material to do an entire, full sized SWILL containing nothing but Stephano. In light of this development, I put out another issue of SWILL, and have (barring the communications breakdown due to the postal strike) continued to put out an issue every month since.

So Maplecon is rather special to us here at SWILL. I have attended two of the

three Maplecons that have been held to date. I enjoyed the first one, but Maplecon 3 was a great disappointment. It was as the slandersheet describes (see inside back cover of this issue) a comics con, not a SF con. But it appears that this year's con committee has learned from the errors of last year's disaster. From the fourth hand reports I'm recieving out of Ottawa. It appears that this year's con will most definitely be a Science Fiction con. Steps have been made to curtail the numbers of dealers at the con. In fact, the red tape and restrictions on dealers at Maplecon 4 are as sound as any by the federal government on foreign investment. Thus, I doubt that there will be any dealers from outside of Ottawa at the convention. This is fantastic because it will halt the number of grubby little pre-pubescent munchkins that'll show up at the convention. It'll also cut down the number of mediafen and overweight Trekkies at the con too. Plus, I hope that they will have a con suite this year. (They didn't really have one last year.) Maplecon 4, seems to have returned to the stage it was at after Maplecon 2. Comics have been returned to their rightful, inferior place, in the natural order of things.

So thanks Maplecon, and good luck this year. Sorry, but I'm not attending. It's too far and I don't trust prophecies based on 4th hand info. (even my own).

neil williams



PISSING ON A PILE
OLD AMAZINGS

...a modest column
by Lester Rainsford

(Still lost within the
bowels of the Canadian Postal
system. ed.)

BUK RIVOO

by Illy Litrato

(Suffering the same fate
as Lester's column. ed.)

THE THREAT FROM BELOW

A GUEST COLUMN
by David White

Readers of sf, unite.
Help stamp out the biggest
threat to us, we know of. I'm
referring to the assinine cre-
tins known as teenage fans.
Theses little twerps tend to
do nasty things that give the
rest of us a bad name. It's
not enough that when I go into
my favourite sf. bookstore
that I have to shoulder my way
through hundreds of pimply,
fat munchkins, but when I see
the last copy of a book I want
and reach for it, one of these
twerps always places its grub-
by paws on it first. Then it
stands around till I leave,
and replaces it. These ass-
holes of the miniature variety
have little cash to spend, so
they read the fucking books in
the store, leaning on the coun-
ter, or squatting on the
floor. They make it as diff-
icult as possible to get past
them. These little herds of
turds also seem to crop up
where-ever I go. If I lower

myself to taking public transit,
these cruddos choose to sit be-
hind me and natter in top voice
about how "wonderful" the latest
Star Drek novel is, and how it
typifies sf. Then they turn the
conversation to the sf. master-
piece (in their puny minds) Star
Bores, and explain how Lucas
managed to single-handedly bring
decent sf. to the screen. As for
classics like 2001, that's below
their dignity, as it is older t
than they, and as such is vintage.
Well, I say we should exterminate
all the little fuckers! If we
wipe out all the under 18 fans,
we will hve no worries. They
will cease to bother us. So next
time you see a myopic, pimpled
twerp reading The Gods Themselves,
stick your foot through its eyes!

THE SHAPE OF THINGS THAT ARE

a short, but nevertheless
absorbing column
by Andrew Hoyt

How do I hate Star Wars.
Let me count the ways. I hate
the way starships rumble in the
vacuum of space. I hate the way
light energy weapons have a back-
fire. I hate the way ships whip
from one star system to another
in a matter of minutes. I hate
the expression of supralight speed.
I hate the way effects have stars
doplering the wrong way. I hate
the way ground based fighters
simply jump into space and fly
around at great velocities. I
hate the way people build robots
that can only be understood by
another robot. I hate the way
actors never stop to eat or drink
(except in a bar). I hate the
way the man in the plastic mask
sounds like he's speaking though
a reperator, even if he is. I
hate the way spaceships have no
toilets. I hate the way storm

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

READERS BEWARE!

a guest book review
by Reginald Planetage

The Book of Vile Darkness,
by Unknown Authors, compiled
by A. Rogers, published by Van-
Sham Press, Toronto, 1982 re-
lease (275 pages; hardcover).

"This mystic text contains
much of the arcane knowledge
of midieval myth, magic, and
folklore. Bound in impressive
black leatherette with gold
trim, this compilation is a
curious addition to any 'Lib-
rum'. Chapters one through
four on the subject of ineff-
able damnation require study
of a period of no less than a
week to glean this most chaot-
ic exaltation!"

THE TORONTO SON

In all fairness to this
book, one must answer the que-
stion of whether the text is
worth reading. The criteria
which must be used is, the eff-
ect of The Book of Vile Dark-
ness upon the reader. What
will the reader learn from the
book and/or how will he be
differant after reading it?

The following statistics
give the approximate reader
response of 100 Book of the
Month Club subscribers whom
were mailed a copy of the text,
at random, as part of a pub-
lishers' survey.

- 3% of the readers suffered
no ill effects whatsoever.
- 19% of the readers incurred
a criminal record within
one day of recieving the
book.
- 20% of the readers reported
horrible nightmares and
occult experiences.
- 25% of the readers were driv-
en totally insane.
- 35% of the readers went into
a coma for three to five

days, and of the peoplle in a
coma, roughly half died a torm-
ented death while the other half
recovered to report that they had
thoroughly enjoyed the book.

Of the survivors, those who
read past chapter five were sho-
cked to discover that their hair
had turned totally white, that
they had lost all intrest in sex,
that any metal objects that they
touched began to rust instantly,
and that they had an uncontrol-
able urge to preform a ritual
blood sacrifice of the family
house pet.

The one reader who managed
to get past chapter six of the
text noticed a hairy wart-like
growth on his lower lip had form-
ed and that he'd began to grow a
long tail-like appendage. He
chanted uncontrollably until his
death, ten minutes later.

RESERVE your copy of The
Book of Vile Darkness NOW! Just
send \$9.99 to Van-Sham Press,
4266 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ont.,
CANADA. (Makes a fine Xmas gift!)

AFTER THE "WORLDCON"

Earlier this month(Sept.) I
attended the "Worldcon" in Denver,
U.S.A. I have to admit that I
had an excellant time at the con.
I saw some old friends, made some
new ones, and generally had a lot
of fun. Of course, I also had a
lot of negative feedback on the
editorial that appeared in last
month's ish, which was distrib-
uted at the con.

The editorial postulated that
the "Worldcon" should more aptly
be titled American, since it is
the American's national convent-
ion. Well, I still hold to that
opinion. I talked to a lot of
fen at the con on this subject
and it hasn't shaken my opinion
one milimetre. (Though I do take
back all my comments on the nast-

iness of the Baltimore in '83 bidding committee. They are not at all the anti-foreign fan devils I made them out to be.)

Still, the "Worldcon" is just an American. Of the 39 "Worldcons" held to date, only seven of them have been held outside of the U.S.A. Two of these were held here in Canada. Thus, only five "Worldcons" have been held outside on North America, and only one has been held in a non-English speaking country (Heidelberg in 1970.) Yet American fans still insist that their national convention is a "Worldcon".

At Denvention II, I met a lot of fan from many nations. Australia, Britain, Europe, Japan, and South East Asia. There were even fans from Africa, though I didn't run into them. The fact that so many fans from different countries attend the "Worldcon" is one of the reasons that the Americans insist that it is a Worldcon.

But, the International science conferences are not held in one country predominantly, they travel all over the globe. So shouldn't our "international" conference do the same, at least once every four years? Should the four year rotation ever get passed into the Worldcon const-

pg. 6

itution, we will then have a true Worldcon. But until that day, a real Worldcon does not yet exist, except in name, though not in spirit.

Neil Williams

Andrew Hoyt (continued from page 4)

troopers' armour explodes in a flash of magnesium, while rebels' cloth withstands supernovas. I hate the way Leia Orgasma always has makeup on. I hate phoney-looking aliens. I hate little green aliens that sound like Grover and Fozzie rolled into one. I hate light sabers that automatically end at a certain length, and make a stupid buzzing sound. I hate the way hands are bionically replaced, and yet less serious wounds are left to kill. I hate planet exploding beams that come from a dish ariel. I hate convenient little entrance hatchcs that destroy great big ships. I hate the force. I hate carbon encoating suspension materials. I hate reaction engines that have no reaction. I hate automatic gravity. I hate planets that support life, and creatures that live in asteroids. I love the fucking movies.

Below: a new SWILL comic strip.

THE ADVENTURES OF STARCAPTAIN BRUCE



LOCS (letters of coment)

Due to the mail strike, I only have some old locs this ish. They are all from the same person(?). Two arrived before the strike and the other two arrived just after the strike. They are not wonderful, but here goes anyway.

Sir Swill,

Between marijuana harvests on our commune there is not much to do, so I fill my time balling my girl-friend Sarrah, reading Swill, and fixing my old blue jeans. I like SWILL cuz it makes great patches for my old blue jeans.

Ruby Beroach
(Last of the Hippies.)

uh-huh? an interesting application there. but what happens if you get caught in the rain, or horrors of horrors, wash your clothes? ed.

Sir Swill,

I dig rock and roll music, sex, good Nepanese Hash, and Swill. I was rapping with my friends at the commune and there is just one thing that we don't get. How come you charge money for Swill, man? Did you sell out to the system? Don't you believe in free Swill man?

Ruby Beroach

free swill? look man, we charge a buck when we can get it, 50¢ otherwise. most of h the copies are traded or given away. like, have you ever had to pay for one yet, man???

Sir Swill,

I was spaced out in a Loblaws supermarket the other day when I suddenly experianced

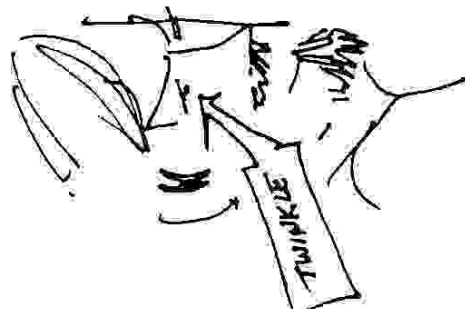
a revelation. Like wow man!!! I found myself reading Swill, issue #4. Far fucking out, man. I suddenly realised the meaning of the cover man. (the cover said: ONE SWILL--12 GRAMS--New). I meditated on this really good Columbian pot and the cover sent this message to me...and the cosmos. The cover said...(Are you ready for this, man?)...it said...(okay, don't get your pee hot)...it said...(Is this magazine buggef by the R.C.M.P. narcs, man?)..I'll tell you what it said, soon as I light up another spliff.

Oh wow, my eyes are burning! I am electric in outer space! I'll tell you what the cover said now. But, before I knew it I had smoked all twelve grams of the Swill and had forgotten what it had said. That is a bummer, but like wow, I gotta say that this Swill shit is a real good high!!!

Ruby Beroach

(Hey man, like no comment. like, i'm stoned myself and this has gotta go to press in the morn-ing. ed.)

The hell with the Endnote. This is the Endnote. SWILL lives and I am wonderful, I think, maybe. Blorts and nurkles. ed.



POCKET OF A
PUNK ARTIST

By W. W. W.

SUPPORT SCIENCE FICTION READER'S RIGHTS! BOYCOTT MAPLECON III!

Every year, true science fiction fans are degraded by the travesty of a 'sf convention' mounted by an incestuous unholy alliance of Ottawa pseudo-fans and comic book fanatics. This farce of a money-grubbing grasp for our money is solely designed to enrich the pockets of of stupid slothbrained comic book collectors who use this ill-begotten gains to buy more of their purple little picture books with stories for morons who read out loud.

Why do true sf fans have to put up with twits who think Superman and Batman and the rest of the fucking horde are up there in literary merit with EE Smith and Leguin and the rest of the sf greats? Why must true sf fans have to listen to eager beaver dipshit talks about Green Hornet wants to screw Robin?? Or does wonder woman use vibrating tampons???

Furthermore, there is also at this convention a dealers section. These dealers, who sometimes have the idiotic idea that they are sf 'fans', are really one of the biggest assholes to screw true sf fans that there is.

Have you ever tried to buy a used book? You know what outrageous profiteering prices these leeches charge for even torn copies of Ivar Jorgensons Ten From Infinity? A cocksucker book if there ever was one? Go to Bakka books in Toronto and try to buy a copy of Niven's Shape of Space. Just try to. Why are used books so expensive? Because it is a plot!!! A fucking ploy by assholes who try to get rid of their useless old paperbacks, and want more money!!! These capitalist swine rip-off the true sf fan by denying the true sf fan many old good books. Also, many used sf bookstores run by these leeches sell comic books, thus perpetuating this swinish breed.

Look, if you are a true sf fan, why don't you leave now and let the rest of the fairies screw themselves in the ass and jerk off over Green Hornet in heroic poses? Let the bastard fucking toad-spawn be fed to chickens!! Stand up for sf rights!!!

Sincerely yours, The Ontario Science Fiction Association
club
the motherfuckers

(A paid fan-political announcement)