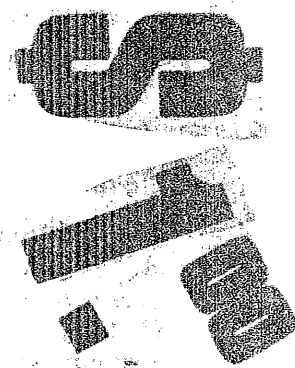
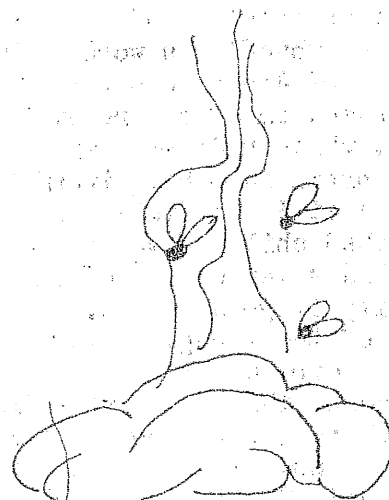


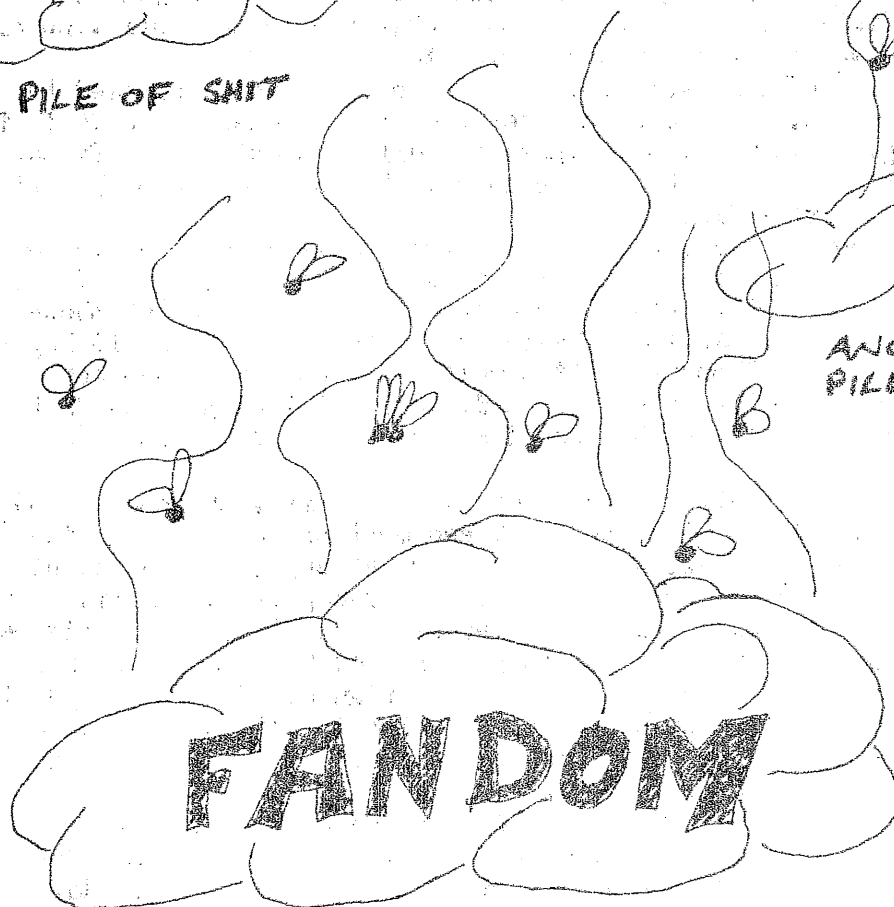
SWILL



A PILE OF SHIT



ANOTHER
PILE OF SHIT



FANDOM

[PREFERRED BY 8 OUT OF 13 FLIES OVER ORDINARY BRANDS OF SHIT]

Vol

1

No. 2

GUEST EDITORIAL

Reverend B. Jeramiha Jones
1st Fundamentalist Church of Iowa

Have you ever noticed how much SMUT there is in science fiction? No! Of course not! That's because you're all godless perverts! That is why you are not totally repulsed by all those old Amazing and Thrilling Wonder Stories covers of WOMEN FLYING AROUND IN SPACE IN THEIR UNDERWEAR!!! Disgusting! Filthy! (And you wonder why Thrilling Wonder Stories was so thrilling.) Because every pubescent male was JERKING OFF at the covers, that's why!

Smut is rampant in science fiction. Just look at those permissuious societies created and the hedonistic, perverse shipboard activities of the crews in A. B. Chandler's works. Or just look at the Kelly Freas cover of the DAW edition of James Schmitz's the Lion Game. The heroine is dressed, or rather undressed, in a most revealing costume, about to be attacked by some alien beast, which undoubtabley is planning to rape her and stick its filthy, repulsive, hairy organ into her virginal vagina and commit a wholey, indecent act of beastiality! And this book is displayed in bookstores in the full view of pure, untouched children whose clean minds are ripe to be warped.

And science fiction fans wonder why their genre is not respected by the majority of good, clean, lawbidding citizens. Why? Because it perverts the minds of the young, polluting their precious bodily fluids! It is filth. Dung. Garbage. I know, for I have made an extensive study into the effects of reading this degenerate fiction.

Oh yes, I've been to those hedonistic rituals dalled science fiction conventions. I have seen the hideous practices of these followers of Satan. Drinking! Smoking the killer weed! And pre-marital sex abound at these gatherings of the godless! As these heathens pay homage to their idols, the science fiction writers. Those parasites whose sole purpose is to corrupt the minds of wholesome youths with their seditious writings that leads their inocent victims down the dark path of self masturbation, blindness, and sticky fingers.

Yea, I have been in their temple of carnal pleasures, the convention suite where drunkenness and lust rule. Teenagers, and most science fiction fans are, are turned on to liquor and sex, naked back-rubs, skinny dipping, and wild orgies. Young twisting bodies writhing on the beer-cap strewn floor.

Yea, I have been there. I have been seduced by wanton, nubile sixteen year olds. Been dragged into their pagan groping matches. Drunk my fill of Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters and squirmed with unrightous delight and softly moaned as the cigarette butts burned holes deliciously into my flesh. Cracked the whip over the prone bodies of demonic sinners with urgent anticipation, passion filling me with each strike.

Yea, I have dwelt in the den of science fiction smut, witnessed the dark depravity of fandom. I have fucked, blown, committed acts of sodomy and beastiality that I may educate you on the utter filth of science fiction and its semen covered hordes which I have attempted to save from the dance of Satan.

Editor: Neil Williams
Columnist: Lester Rainsford

Contributors: Rev, B. J. Jones,
J. Goobly, P. Leninski

Art: Stephano, N. Williams

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FAN "ART"?

Have you ever been to a science fiction convention art show? If you haven't, consider your eyes lucky. If you have, don't whine to me. If I can take it so can you. But for the benefit of those persons who've been fortunate enough not to have seen fan "art" a quick tour of what you'll find in your average con art show. Dozens of poorly drawn, ineptly painted portraits of Mr. Spock. Oodles of misproportioned sketches of Yoda. Smear-paint starscapes, unfunny cartoons, and other assorted drek. Plus a few pieces of good commercial art. (Note the word commercial, we'll get back to that later.) But in the main what you see displayed is garbage. Absolute rubbish in fact. Shit that one should be too embarrassed to display in public. Still, these morons persist on doing just that.

Here, if you don't believe me, take this for an example.



See what I mean? Now that is not art, is it? Of course, it isn't! I'll admit that it may be cute and maybe even mildly amusing, (after all, it was drawn by me), but it's not art. Nonetheless, in a fan "art" show it sold for \$10.00. Do you believe that? Well it's true, anyway. Some turkey actually paid ten bucks for the above graffiti. Now let me tell you, the namebadge # (including namebadge holder) cost me about 15¢. It took me probably a total of an hour and a half to conceive and draw that on the namebadge, incolour. So figuring at minimum wage of three bucks an hour plus a dollar bonus for creative thought the entire namebadge should ~~not~~ have cost only, \$2.65, at most three bucks. The minimum bid I placed on it was 50¢.

This is why there is so much drek in these con art shows. Because almost anyone can draw something that at least looks sort of like a person, or a dragon, or the starship Enterprise which some idiot will pay outrageous sums of money for. In other words it's a way to make a quick buck.

Above, I mentioned that fans produced good commercial art. Well, yes, some do. There are also some very good to excellent fan cartoonists, many of them better than some of the cartoonists who work for major newspapers. But no matter how well done commercial art is done, it is not ~~not~~ ART. I can hear the cries, "I know a fan who can paint as well as Kelly Freas!" Sorry but I consider Mr. Freas to be a commercial artist too. Very few of his or any other magazine artist's works would I consider to be comparable to that of a Van Gogh or Dali, or even a Tom Thompson. I'm not saying that these artists can't produce such masterpieces, not at all. In fact, some probably do. All I'm saying is the stuff you see, the stuff you glorify is not ART but either commercial art or drek.

Neil Williams

PISSING OF A PILE OF OLD AMAZINGS

...A modest column by Lester Rainsford

I'm going to ask a question, because none of you fart-assed, dog-eared, snivel-fingered, tadpoled twerps out there (who laughably enough pass as 'readers') saw fit to entertain this question in the doubtful recesses of your putative skull.

Swill is a pile of shit. You know that. I know that. Granted, the Editor doesn't, but how can you tell her from shit?

So what is someone as brilliantly perceptive as I doing writing a column for this magazine more fit for polishing the hind ends of swine than for a trendy table in Cabbagetown II? Why, in short, is my illustrious name appearing in this literary running sore?

Well, Dear Readers (who didn't ask this question, but deserve an answer to it in any case, even if I have to ram it down their throats), fuck right off.

I'm sorry I didn't mention Guelph in the last column. Consider it ~~rectified~~ rectified.

In any case, life must go on, although it is somewhat disappointing to see people die suddenly in car crashes, thus robbing you of the opportunity to gloating 'I told you so'. This is about the only good that I can see in cigarette smoking: when the smoker lies in the cancer ward, a gaping hole where his/her/its lungs used to be, kept alive by clear plastic tubes connected to the innards, you have a lot of time and almost unlimited opportunity to smirk and breathe deeply, thus impressing the fact on the dying puffer that your lungs still are capable of oxygen uptake, and that non-smokers will live to be at least 366 (time units your discretion), while addicted, pathologically-brained smokers, dependent in at least three-quarters of their life processes on nicotine, will probably hack their last at about 27 years of age. Clearly, Darwinian selection rules OK.

Which brings us to the matter of the back cover on this issue. Note please that it is Physics that rules. As we all know (because Isaac Asimov probably said it), the ranking in the sciences is: physics, astronomy, sociology, numerology, tea-cup reading, biology, biochemistry, and chemistry. I invite a rebuttal from any chemist or biologist with sufficient temerity to challenge the obvious truth and correctness of this natural order. However, just to make this tough, this must be a written argument. Back to your stick-and-circle printing practice books, kiddies and IUPAC members.

Now that spring is finally here, we may well expect to see the sap rising; and, sure enough, SF cons are springing up all over the place. Or should that be sci-fi cons. They obviously give everyone a bad impression of fandom. Obnoxious horders relieving themselves on light standards, then licking it up again (is this the ultimate in recycling?). Ugh.

Everyone could use a little social conscience, and it's time you ~~use~~ used your teensey-weensey one. I am, of course, referring to the Save-the-Trekkie fund. If somethin isn't done very soon, these inoffensive, stupid little creatures, often sporting pellets of strange designs ('Spock rools ok'), are really a menace to no one but lamp standards. When caught, the strictly should be thrown back. Only in this way may we preserve the asininity of these squint-eyed, lop-eared critters for the amusement of future generations.

Well, I'm glad you liked this month's column. You're probably only about as stupid as you look, or maybe just a wee little bit more so.

NEXT MONTH: Another wonderful column

THE AVERAGE SF. FAN

Question: What is a fan?

Answer: Someone who reads science fiction while stuffing oneself.

Q: How can you spot a fan in a crowd?

A: Just look for the zeppelin wearing the Trekkie shirt.

Q: Why are fans so fat?

A: They read a lot of sf.

Q: Why don't fans move their lips when they read?

A: Their mouth is full of food.

Q: What is a fan's favourite reading material?

A: The list of ingrediants in a Vachon cake.

Q: What is a fan's second favourite reading material?

A: A potato chip wrapper.

Q: Do fans ever read science fiction?

A: Only when they run out of Vachon cakes and potato chips.

Q: Why do fans think that trashy sf. is great literature?

A: They are suffering from potato chip and Vachon cake withdrawal.

Q: What happens when you hit a fan with a horse's legbone?

A: The shin hits the fan.

Q: What happens when you hit a fan with shit?

A: You get shit all over the place.

Q: What are fandom's favourite sports?

A: The hundred twinkie dash, the 60 second pizza devour, and the hop, skip and burst.

Q: Do fans participate in any normal sports?

A: Yes, swimming.

Q: Why do fans like to swim?

A: Fat floats.

Q: Why are fans prohibited from Atlantic Beaches?

A: The last time a fan jumped in, New York City was flooded.

Q: How can you tell a male fan from a female fan?

A: Beats us.

Q: Why are fans virgins?

A: They can't tell either.

Q: How can you tell there's a sf. convention in your area?

A: You call 967-1111 forty two times, and it's busy every time.

CONTINUED

THE AVERAGE SF. FAN (CONTINUED)

Q: How else can you tell there's a sf. con in your neighbourhood?

A: The sound of dying potato chips keeps you awake all night.

Q: How can you tell there's a fan in the room?

A: You can no longer inhale.

Q: Why are fans obnoxious?

A: You're not edible.

Q: Why do fans dislike mundanes?

A: They recognise their inferiority.

Q: Why are mundanes superior?

A: They are more intelligent.

Q: Why are fans so dumb?

A: Their brains have been smothered by the fat.

Q: Is fandom, childish, moronic, and unsuited for survival?

A: Yes.

Q: If fandom is that unfit, shouldn't it cease to survive?

A: Yes.

Q: Why does it survive?

A: Fandom is secretly supported by all major potato chip manufacturers and pizza chains.

Q: Is there anything we can do to stop this?

A: No, unfortunately.

Q: What do you do when you see a fan?

A : Steal his Vachon cake and watch him croak from sugar deprivation.

J. S. Goobly BSc, Xenobiology

J. S. Goobly is a science student at York university. He loves to do nasty things to his experimental animals. He is the inventor of the ratmobile, a cart propelled by 50 rats that have been tickled under the tail. A great lover of music, Mr. Goobly has perfected a version of the Muppetphone using live chickens. His small business, TOAD AEROSPACE LTD (A research company to examine the effects and design of vehicles for hardlanding toads on tarmac from a height of seventy metres) is doing quite well, though the success rate for its ~~victim~~ subjects is rather low, to say the least. J. S. Goobly is on the Humane Society's Ten Most Wanted List and is the SPCA Animal Enemy Number One.

THEY SPACE TRIBLES, DON'T THEY?

Let me introduce you to two terms, OSFIC and Euthanasia. OSFIC is the abbreviation for the Ontario Science Fiction Club. Euthanasia is a form of murder known as mercy killing; like putting the cat to sleep. Now if any of you have a gram of brains in your skulls you should, possibly, (it's within the realm of credulity), be able to put one and one together and realise that I'm about to suggest that OSFIC be snuffed, bumped off, or otherwise put to death. If you haven't yet realised this, well that's what I am suggesting, fool!

Why am I proposing a lynch party for OSFIC? My reasons are as follows.

What is OSFIC? Supposedly it is the Ontario Science Fiction Club. Note, the key word is ONTARIO. To my knowledge, there are no OSFIC members from outside the Toronto area. In fact, there are damn few members at all. OSFIC is but a small segment of Toronto fandom. An almost dead group, that is about as active as your average comatose patient. By all rights it is dead and, really, should be dead. But no, it continues to live, slowly dying.

Whatever OSFIC, in its deteriorating state, presently is, it is not an ONTARIO science fiction club. It's not even the Toronto science fiction club. It is a blank. Nothing but a few parasites living off the empty husk of a once great organisation. There will never be another Ontario science fiction club, in the true sense of the name. Local fan groups are the rule. Local fan groups won't support a provincial group, they prefer their independence. Thus a real provincial club is not foreseeable in the near future.

But—some turkeys are presently attempting to "Revitalise" OSFIC. Why, I don't know? They like the name I guess. These pricks have no intentions of trying to create an all provincial club, or even an all Toronto club. Fine, they're not imperialists. Still, they're pompous asses since they call their little Toronto fan club, OSFIC. If these people were imperialists, I might support them, especially if they planned to even unify Toronto fandom, (something that needs to be done if we're ever going to see another good con here), although I'd have had great doubts as to their success. Imperialism isn't very fashionable these days, just ask the Soviet Union and the United States, they know. But since these morons have no such plans I can't even consider the possibility of supporting them. To be truthful, I must attack.

At present, OSFIC holds meetings and puts out a newsletter, sometimes. (If they can agree on who should put it out.) They produce no fanzines and hold no conventions. They don't even assist in the organisation of cons that other groups put on. They are—a non-group.

Therefore I call upon Toronto fandom to crush, once and for all, OSFIC. Put the name to rest. Even though it can no longer do so in dignaty, let it die. It is the only kind thing left to do. Don't let the vampires have their way! Euthanasia is often an admirable action. Or perhaps, we can get the assholes who wish to prolong the existence of OSFIC to wise up and change the name. But such an intelligent move from these people is rather too much to hope for.

Never-the-less, however it is done, OSFIC MUST DIE!!!

Neil Williams



THE AMERICAN WEIGH; OR, A GRAM OF BRAINS IS WORTH A POUND OF SHIT

A lot of Americans believe a lot of silly things; but, as Abraham Lincoln pointed out, you can fool some of the people all of the time. And, as H.L. Menken once said, no-one went bankrupt underestimating the intelligence of the American public.

So it should not be too suprising to see that Libertarianism is quite popular down in the States. This typically American (read: brainless) philosophy is puffed up to ridiculous proportions in L.N. Smith's book The Probability Broach.

There are no doubt people who haven't read this book. There are also people who have never fallen into a sewer; both classes can consider themselves lucky.

Is this book sf? No. It is propaganda. Beside this book, Mein Kampf seems reasonable, lucid, and logical. The writing style is dismal, the characters cardboard, and the plot preposterous.

For those of you not swimming about in sewers, let me outline what this book is about.

In 1987, the U.S. is in sad shape. It is in dismal shape. We are then shown a Libertarian world where everything is WONDERFUL.

Moral. Libertarianism is WONDERFUL.

Ha ha. Hee hee. Ho ho.

For instance, in the Libertarian world (henceforth to be called OZ) science is WONDERFUL. The only trouble is that Ms. Smith knows as much about science as a Californian knows about igloos. The science in this story is not Omni-level; it is Scientology level (Sorry, Mr. Hubbard). (Well, not really sorry). Why science in a Libertarian world would progress faster is difficult to see. Note that Einstein came up with relativity, the photo-electric effect, and E=Mc while working in a patent office. A Swiss Government patent office.

Would Maxwell have thought of the electromagnetic equations earlier if he wasn't being taxed?

In fact, the science in this story is all gadgetry. For instance, 'Electrically heated streets' are mentioned. A simple, back-of-the-envelope calculation shows that to melt the snow off the streets in a medium-sized city would require a steady power drain on the order of a gigawatt.

Perhaps they have never heard of snow shovels. Of course, these are Libertarians.

Other curiosities abound, such as fusion powered dirigibles travelling at 500km/hr-l. Perhaps Ms. Smith has never considered the etymology of 'dirigible'. It means 'not rigid'. A kilometre-long dirigible travelling at half a megametre an hour would quickly become like a patchwork quilt: one patch here, another one there, and several more patches elsewhere.

This should not be surprising. Americans are conscious, subconsciously, of their abysmal lack of culture and sophistication, and so they tend to retreat into gadgetry. ('We're not barbarians—we invented whitewall tires!!') Sure. And Attila's men decorated their horses, you know.

That's the trouble with this book: it makes no convincing case that OZ will be WONDERFUL. It simply says so. I'm sorry, but this is nonsense. I could write a book where penguins have taken over the world. I, too, could claim that it was going to be WONDERFUL.

CONTINUED

THE AMERICAN WEIGH (CONTD.)

Oh, well, The Probability Broach was written for believers anyway. For nonbelievers, have you ever considered a penguin for a boss? Unless we accept it on blind faith, we clearly see that OZ would not work.

There is another neat thing: the perverted emphasis on guns. It seems that guns solve every problem. Just think how wonderful it is to have your own gun. Is someone blocking the elevator door? Bang! Is someone sitting in the washroom too long? THROW A NUCLEAR HAND GRENADE OVER THE PARTITION!! BOOOM!!!

Or art criticism: "Dali sucks." Bang! Pow!

Yes, Americans love guns. It is, of course, their constitutional right to bear arms. A pity, though, that they have no right to carry brains; and most of them don't

People like President Reagan are against gun control. This is why others shoot them. With guns.

Americans, in fact, seem to think that firepower solves everything. Just look at El Salvador. These idiot Yanks think that, by propping up a murderous, repressive, anti-freedom, right-wing junta (pronounced 'junta'), they are making the world 'safe for democracy'. Safe for the American multi-nationals, in any case.

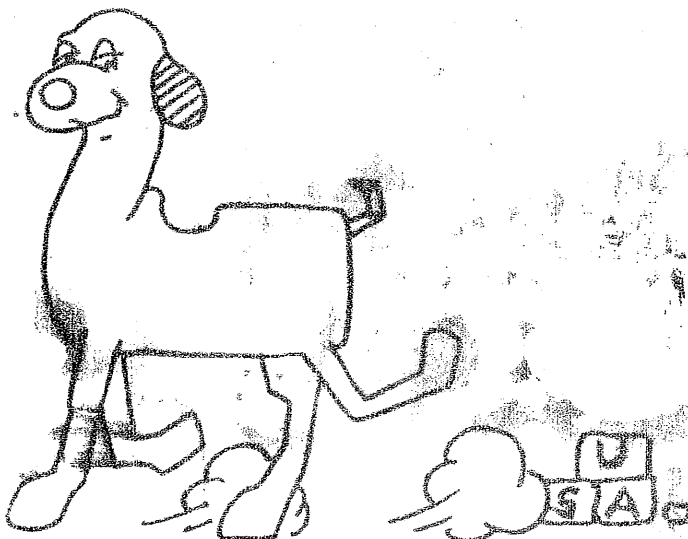
Isn't American democracy wonderful? Don't we all wish to preserve the American Way of Life: Jack Oswald, Charles Manson, Richard Nixon, Son of Sam, 1,096 murders in Detroit, lynchings, murders, intolerance, Monkey Trials, motherhood, and apple pie.

Look, you stupid Americans. Why don't you take your offensive, moronic gospel shows, which actually clutter up Canadian airwaves, and stick them where a Chihuahua can't see? Why don't you take your buses with the golden eagle on front, and turn them into roosts for pigeons? And old-time preachers? Take your flag, your Pledge of Allegiance (no, not Lemon Pledge), and your whole damn 'grey-hat nay-ha-shun', and rotate it through n-space, so your asses wind up where your ears are (but who will notice?).

Observe that even Kalahari bushmen have progressed beyond the stage America is at today.

Smarten up, America, or you'll be sorry: do you see any Neanderthals about today???

P. I. Leninski, B.Sc.



To the ass--hole who calls himself editor of the most vile, disgusting obnoxious piece of crap (in the guise of a zine) that i have ever puked on while reading.

Dear Neil,

Congrats on finally getting SWILL published, i know you had trouble finding someone stupid enough to run it off for you. Not that i can blame anyone for refusing to print it, i mean who wants to get attacked by hordes of deranged mediafen riding rabid dragons (now getting attacked by sheep is another story). Now on with the critizism:

The article on mediafen left out a few things that i feel should have been mentioned, you stated that they don't know how to read, i have to disagree with this as i personally meet one that could. i mean, really it happened at a con in TO, there she was reading the latest issue of Richie Rich, i mean that's a start, maybe in a while she won't need to look at the pictures so closely to understand the plot, although i doubt since she has two strikes against, being female and a media fan.

The article that really pissed me off was the pissing on a pile of old Amazings. i like to wear silk panties on my head and a bowler hat on my buns and while i don't fornicate with dragons, i do fuck sheep and i'm no depraved whacko, just ask my shrink. Also in Lester's travelogue, he fails to mention Guelph, land of the sheep and home of all the true fen in the world. i mean if you don't live in the big G you can't be a fan, since youv'e never been to the infamous GSFG annual Ear-B-Q., where we always have at least a dozen cats roasting on the spit and bheer for all,

Thrash the trekkie is a fun game but i can't believe that you would reccomend it for the whole family, no lamb of mine is allowed to associate with any trekkie, you never know what filthy habits or diseases the kids will come up with. i do agree though that they should be allowed to view the bodies as an example of what can happen from watching too much TV. The other game mentioned fun with Fritz is of course a standard schoolyard diversion which i am sure we all played at one time or another, it's nice to know that the old games are not forgotten.

The last article, the Ottawa slander sheet is a misnomer in that it is not slanderous to tell the truth. i especially agree with the statements made about the blood-sucking dealers who always crawl out of the woodwork at any con, they are nothing but parasites who pray on the fen in their quest to make money at the cost of all that is holy to the true fen.

Keep up the good work and don't stop kicking the mediafen in the balls

George Oliver Dowright

G O Dowright

Letters Of Comment

Hey, we got some locs on the first ish of SWILL. All three of them. Comeon you mutherfuckers send us more, or else Lester will shit on your face.

Mr. Williams,

Thank you for your imaginative and creative debunking of Sci-Fi fans. Being of the new elite minority; a Sci-Fi abstainer I am always pleased to see the pompous idiotic trivia person exposed for what he really is. Sci-Fi fans are merely obnoxious people who are unable to interact socially because they are profoundly ignorant and therefore they memorize such tidbits of wisdom as the number of the starship Enterprise and maintain that their obscure knowledge is the justification for their arrogance. These fan type people need something, no matter how irrelevant to mankind in reality, to make them feel compitant with the rest of the human race from which they are alienated. Thank you for exposing these narrow witted ninnies.

Stephano
of no fixed address

you're most welcome. we're always pleased to serve the public. by the way, your spelling is almost as bad as ours. illiterate. ed.

Neil,

I really liked it, but don't tell anyone I said so, or that I've read it.

Scrotum the Unwashed

sorry scrotum. ha ha. you should have known we'd print it anyway. tell you're brother Unbathed that we want another article. ed.

scummo,

I hear from Les that you and he are putting out a scandal sheet. Very nice of you to send me a copy, shit head. No, seriously (hah) if you have a copy left, I would like to see it. I also offer my services as a world-famous writer to you. Columns written, and insults perpetrated at no charge. If you don't mind, I would like to contribute to such a prestigious publication. Lemme know what you want, and when you want it, and we'll see what can be done. I have great credentials for the job. As soon as I figure out what they are, I'll let you know. Send me a copy of the 'zine.

Tim Parker
Kuntata, (near ottawa)
ick!!!

zine and editorial requirements posted off. to any other world famous writers out there, send us your stuff, send us your shit, we'll print it! Note: all world famous writers must submit their world famous writer's lisenace with their first submission. ed.

ENDNOTE: To all you turkeys, bozos, and then the select few who are smart like us, send us articles and locs. We welcome submissions and we'll print almost anything. SWILL costs \$1.00 in canada and \$1.25 in yankland. Subscription rate \$9.00 per year.

~~OKS~~

and:

IUPAC SUX!