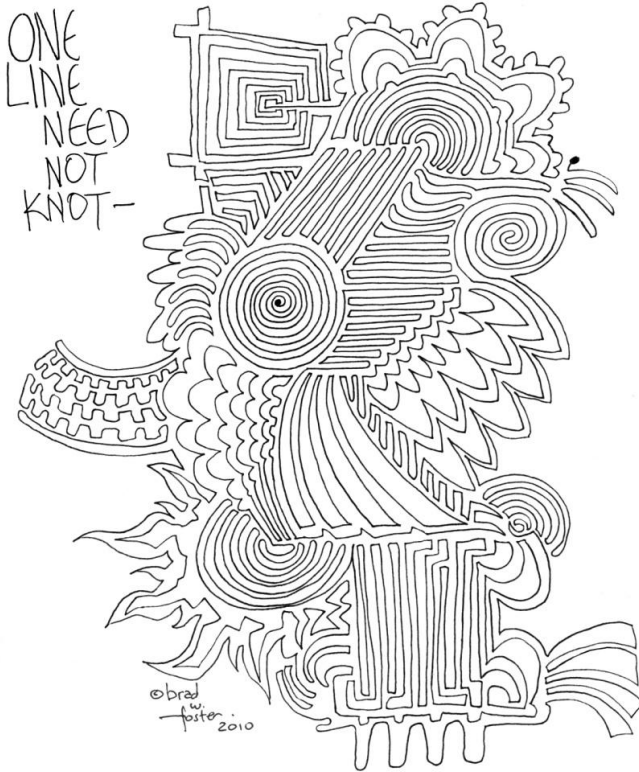


One Swell Foop #2



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ONE SWELL FOOP #2 (February 2011), the journal of recreational insanity, comes from Garth Spencer at 82 East 40th Avenue, Vancouver, BC CANADA V5W 1L4, garthspencer @ shaw.ca.

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NEWS: Check out my new website at www.vcn.bc.ca/~gartho.

Monkey Mind

Ed Hutchings passed away this month. I knew him as a gentlemanly white-haired member of the B.C. Science Fiction Association, with some association to a film society, who played a Mad Scientist role at one of our past VCons. But he was much more:

Ed had a very interesting life. He started his working life as an electrical engineer, moving on to become an oboeist with the Toronto Symphony. Later he moved to Vancouver and attended UBC where he got his PhD in Mathematics and taught for a spell at VCC, UNBC and various other educational institutions. He did computer programming code as well and he was also a glass blower for a short time! :-)

In addition to his connections with BCSFA, Ed was involved with the UBC Film Society and a poster he designed for an SF film festival will be hung in their gallery in a place of honour. He was involved in the SCA for a while with the Walshes too! Among his many interests, Ed had a passion for pipe organs, obscure science fiction and French comic books as well as a knowledge of and a love for gourmet sushi and Japanese dishes! He kept in touch with a few of his BCSFA friends, even after his mobility and his budget didn't allow regular attendance at FREDs.(Debbie Miyashita)

Ed lost his fight with leukemia on February 22, 2011. Debbie Miyashita has set up a Facebook page for Ed Hutchings to contact his friends and family.

Passing Our Time Pleasantly

R. Graeme Cameron and I have both been periodically involved with collecting fanhistory. After mixed results from posting decade-by-decade chapters at fanac.org, I have about decided to try again by going back to regional narratives, and posting them in wiki format on Wikispaces. Real Soon Now.

Being broke over Christmas, I decided to get creative and make up Fannish Calendars. By combing through back issues of newsletters I acquired gems like National Hobby Month, Appreciate a Dragon Day, Emperor Norton Day, National Humour Month, Walk Around Things Day, and so on; as well as useful things, like reminders of the next postal rate hike, or a good time to prepare materials for your tax return. (In Canada, anyway.)

Web presence:

I have finally posted a personal website again, at www.vcn.bc.ca/~gartho. I made an earlier attempt to post this at the Shaw.ca server, and it appears I will have to post a mirror site **again** in order to use my domain name for it.

From my Facebook correspondence:

Christmas - The truth about Santa is that the original Saint Nicholas found himself overwhelmed, trying to give to everybody; so he invented the world's first franchise. Like most mass movements, it started mutating into something utterly unlike its origin, and the founder lost control. Thus we not only get a Santa utterly unrecognizable as the original Father Christmas, but we also get seasonal employment for otherwise unemployable round bearded men. I blame the Belgians.

Art Is Whatever You Can Get Away With - Andrew Brechin, a performance artist in Vancouver, likes to feature photos of toilets in Vancouver, on his Facebook page. I finally commented, "Garth no savvy interior design aesthetic. Just like clean toilet."

Andrew also recommends the H.P. Lovecraft Historical Society (www.cthulhulives.org), which, among other gags, offers Elder Ghod carols on CDs - where the Cthulhu Mythos meets Christmas. I blame the Belgians.

Memory Control - Robert Sawyer started a discussion of the classic Star Trek episode which ends with Spock inducing Kirk to forget a lost love. I'm in the market for selective, therapeutic amnesia treatments. Let's start a lobby!

Popular Entertainment - Jacqueline Mason's narrative of Las Vegas clubbing moved me to comment: "*Give me a nice Unitarian monastery any day.*" Some of my friends in Vancouver are club kids, they enjoy loud dance clubs, particularly on Sanctuary and Sin City nights. I fear dancing until I'm three drinks drunk, and I'm afraid of losing my hearing. Maybe there should be classical-music and formal-dance clubs. Maybe there are ...

On "Tron": "*Disney [I wrote] is a Trojan horse promoting the return of absolute monarchy; they have been for a long time. I suspect they are paid agents of the Monarchist Leagues of the British Commonwealth, or at least the kind of American plutocrats who want to subvert all things American. Of course they feature princesses and other grifters. Wait for the comedy where they go into long Pythonesque riffs about their constitutional duties.*" No response. (I blame the Belgians.)

Wikileaks - I suggested: "*Let's all start the Julian Assange Fan Club! British members are encouraged to give him aid, comfort and crash space!*" (This I wrote before he was briefly incarcerated.)

"Let's play Quality of Life! My quality of life is "*Garth not understand, what him talk about? Unresolved external reference, him not compute*". What is *YOUR Quality of Life?*"

Jan. 28: Is there such a thing as a peanut butter liqueur?

Jan. 30: (to Andrew Brechin's invitation to "make up a story how we met"): *We met as interns at the Justice League of Vancouver research offices. You beat me out for the position of Brainiac Computer Jockey and Secretary to the Heroes, while I went on to an unsuccessful career as an office temp. If I'm not careful I'll get written into the next Marvel Comics relaunch as your psychotic arch-nemesis bent on revenge.*

Jan. 31: (talking about the Queensland floods with Jean Weber, I wrote) ... *there are still developers who insist on putting subdivisions on flood plains, aren't there? Or have they not been hunted down yet??*

... maybe we should export some of our mountains to you? We're oversupplied with mountains, at least here in BC. Until the infrastructure is in place, though, will Queensland offer incentives to builders who put houses on raised platforms, like stilts? Or foundations that float during floods, like pontoons? (When the big earthquake hits and half of Vancouver slides into the sea, I want a house that automatically deploys a dirigible balloon ...)

The Fourth Estate – I wrote about our less impressive, daily free papers: *“I've been sardonic about news, and news-like substances, since I learned how newspapers started, and realized what they have become. Metro and 24 Hours are on a par with National Enquirer, just not as blatant.”*

Earlier I had written about weather reports versus other news: *“Remember that weather people think they are newsreaders. Newscritters think that ‘news’ has to be an eye-catching sensation. That is because ‘News’ is defined as whatever a) fills the spaces between ads and commercials, b) draws attention, and incidentally draws consumers’ eyes to the ads and commercials.”*

When Worldviews Collide – after Potlatch this year, Gary Farber started posting photographs he had taken at the convention. Apparently, though, some people cite copyright or privacy violation as their objection to having their picture taken.

I joked, *“One day I'm going to open a booth at a convention labelled REALITY OFFICE, offering to sell people realities tailored to their favourite prejudices and worldviews. Some people might get the joke.”*

Original Zombie Jokes

Garth Spencer

Q: What does a vegetarian zombie say when he sees a grocery store?

A: “GRAAINS!”

This one got a lot of Facebook response. Andrew Brechin wrote:

“Funny you should mention that. My personal theory is this: given that zombies' diet is mainly meat, and being dead can't possibly help their digestion, I expect they have a lot of colonic blockage. On top of that, they have appalling diction. So when they sound like they are saying "BRAAIIIIINS", I think they are really saying "BRAAAAAAN". Come the Zombie Apocalypse, my plan is to arm myself with a bag of fruit 'n' fibre muffins, and test my theory...”

Steve Fahnstalk wrote: *“but if you give them "BRAAAN" they'll become unclogged and faster on their feet.”*

Q: What does a railroad conductor want when he turns into a zombie?

A: “TRAAINS!”

Q: What does a civil engineer get excited about when he turns into a zombie?

A: “DRAAAINS!” “CRAAANES!” “MAAAINS!”

Q: What does a zombie investor want?

A: “GAAAAINS!”

Q: What does a gamer do when he turns into a zombie?

A: “GAAAAMES!”

Q: What distracts a contractor when he turns into a zombie?

A: “FRAAAMES!!”

Q: What does a pyromaniac make when he turns into a zombie?

A: “FLAAAMES!”

Q: What do you get when you cross a zombie with a lexicographer?

A: “NAAAAMES!”

And on and on it goes ...

**Karl Johanson says
“There’s not much point
in throwing cheese at the moon.”**

Names for Your Characters

Here are the names I want to use for characters:

Norman French
Social Norm
Special Ed
Charlie Horse
Crystal Methe
Milton Keynes
John O. Groats
Heath Row (nah, that’s a real person ...)
Stanley Park
Victoria Falls
Alice Springs
Calvin Klein
Tommy Hilfiger
Donna Karenina
Alexander Holburn

Suggested by other great minds:

Lloyd Minster (J. Herbert)
Tomson Highway (C. Hinz)
Hamilton Cleves (L. Zeldes)



Locs

Taral Wayne, December 1, 2010

1) Certain people do take the "modern" arts seriously -- and I don't mean just people receiving grants and those who make lavish salaries handing grants out. I don't mean gallery operators or speculators either. That goes without saying. But there *is* a fan base for Isadora Duncan, Phillip Glass, and wines that cost more than a Nissan. In many cases, they represent a class of people with too much money or too much access to the public's money at least, but I think that at the root of it is a poor education. The poor things were mostly likely brought up without the advantages of watching *Scooby Doo* on TV, reading *X-Men*, eating at McDonalds, playing with transformer robot toys, and finally graduating to Nintendo. Divested of the rich cultural tapestry the rest of us enjoyed, their hungry minds grasped on the first thing that came along.

((Well put. I take your point, I myself just fail to grasp either modern dance or abstract art.))

2) If you install Welsh and Chinook "Jargon" as official languages, why reform English spelling. Besides, the Welsh have the worst system spelling in the universe. "*Wllghoufleiragmeaoffh*" would be pronounced "mustard" -- if there was such a word in Welsh.

((No, that's Erse or Scots Gaelic you're thinking of. Welsh spelling is actually phonetic, in the same way Polish is – for somewhat different values for the Latin alphabet.

((Of course the Imperial Anarcho-Fascist Party has mutually redundant and contradictory planks in its platform. The alleged security measures at airports and border crossings are redundant, seeing as they merely molest innocent bystanders, and contradictory, in that they will radicalize previously conformist citizens and businesspeople. I say nothing about the HST.))

3) I don't think Canada would let you take BC or Alberta out or Confederation. First, if BC is gone, where would elderly Canadians go when the weather in the rest of the country wears them out and they need to retire? Secondly, if Alberta is correct (and I'm not saying it is), then the rest of the country would go broke without the oil. Thirdly, if you take Alberta, you might as well have Saskatchewan too. It's too wide for a buffer zone. Finally, the PM would go from having about 42% of the seats in Parliament to having around 16%. One other thing you should consider, the new nation of Albertic Columbia-Washington would be overwhelmingly Tory. You would be giving Steven Harper not just the majority he's always wanted, but a life-long crown and throne.

((Ah. And here I thought I was just being silly.))

4) For your business proposal I suggest you go into mutual credit default swaps. Not only will no one know what you're doing, neither will you. Best of all, when the business goes tits up, you can apply for a multi-billion dollar bail-out. As of this writing, I've been waiting 11 weeks for *my* check...

Greg Slade, December 1, 2010

We may both have encountered visitors who don't understand how bargaining or tipping works (and how different the ratios are in different countries).

Back in the last millennium, when I worked in retail, I used to be offended when people would come into our perfectly normal store, with

price tags and everything, and expect to be able to haggle on price. Now, I'm thinking that what I should have done is counter-offered with a price as far *above* the ticketed price as they wanted to go below it.

((Were these “new Canadians”? If they were, I would suspect they just came from places where every purchase had to be haggled. If not, I wonder what universe they were living in.))

My Arts Proposal: For years I have wanted to work up a new style – call it Celtic-Haida Fusion, with Norse-Polynesian Accents. I've been having trouble getting started.

Oh, no. Don't mess with that stuff, man. You think you're making a funny, only to learn that there really is such a thing. I once worked with a wannabe musician who kept wondering aloud about what style of music his band should play. I suggested (with as straight a face as I could manage) that he get into Polka-Heavy Metal Fusion. The next day, he came back with the name of a band (Swedish, if I remember correctly) which plays exactly that. You just can't out-bizarre reality, no matter how hard you try.

*((Actually there are **already** totem poles at Vancouver International Airport that incorporate Haida, Celtic and Chinese motifs.*

((I'm actually more likely to make progress on a modern Tarot (based on actual modern images - The Scientist, instead of The Magician, for instance).))

Incidentally, does anyone really take modern art, contemporary dance or wine critics seriously?

I take them every bit as seriously as they deserve, and I'm still waiting for somebody to critique a wine using interpretive dance. It's something which *must* be done.

My Fannish Proposal: A further Modest Proposal is that this fannish group would encourage everyone to work up their own Crank Theory, something to send up the incoherence of science education, while illustrating how to do real science.

There are some truly brilliant examples out there, like the "Dark Sucker" theory, which has been archived on the Internet in dozens of places. I've also seen a truly brilliant piece arguing that the reason it's hot in the tropics and cold at the poles is due to friction between the Earth and the atmosphere. Personally, I'd like to see something similarly brilliant (with appropriate pseudo-evidence) arguing that extracting oil from the Earth is damaging the clockwork mechanism which makes the Earth go around, and that's what causes earthquakes.

*((Yes, I could probably trawl the Internet for crank theories, but I wanted to get people **generating** their own, for fun. To be **creative**..))*

Is television just an addictive drug nowadays?

Was it ever anything else?

Lloyd & Yvonne Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON, M9C 2B2, December 22, 2010

Many thanks for *One Swell Foop* #1. RSNG is dead, long live RSNG! And all the other titles you've used, too. I will smile at some vintage Schirm on the front cover (I've made chili like that), and then delve beneath...

Ideas, especially witty and intelligent ones, always entertain. They are fun toys in the playground of the mind, and when we play with them, we create more toys. That's what all of this is about. Why do we call it common sense when it seems to be so uncommon? It's not anyone foreign or autistic or anything like that, it's everyday people who don't seem smart enough to read the destination sign on the front of a bus or streetcar to see where it's going. People simply get on a bus in the stupid assumption that it's going where they want to go, and they get upset and angry when it doesn't. And, that's just an example of what I see every day.

As for a religious proposal, I'd propose The Aggressive Uncertainty Principle... I don't really know, *and neither do you!* Faith is one thing, but certainty is devoutly to be wished for. We're not going to get it, and

no one is going to tell me with any certainty that they know what does on in the afterlife. We also have to tell the adherents of any of those religions that radicalism, or sins in the name of that religion are the fast track to hell, or equivalent.

Any political proposal you put down will have a small group who will want to belong, but will be vaguely dissatisfied, like the Red Tories or the NDP Waffle. Make your platform as inclusive as possible, with as many planks as the platform will take. Some may be upset by this idea...yes, French is our second official language, but providing services in other languages like Punjabi, Mandarin, Portuguese, Polish, Ukrainian and others with greater numbers in an urban area than French would not only make sense, but would make our society more inclusive of these immigrants and others, and make the social mosaic more of a melting pot.

Television is a brain-numbing device designed to urge and persuade the general public to continue to consume and spend to drive the economy. I can't explain "reality television" any other way. Rarely is quality television available, and when it is, it's shown once, and then infomercials are brought in to numb your brain once more. Why else would the US government be trying to get rid of public television?

Lyn McConchie's reason for on-line letters is my own. I write anywhere between 250 to 300 letters a year. Add in the costs of paper, and envelopes, and printer ink, etc., and I could be spending upwards of \$500 a year or more. E-mailing locs is more cost effective, and time-effective, too. Once I send this out, you'll get it in minutes instead of days. I do long for the days of a letter in the post, and when I got started in loccing fanzines, that's what I did, but hurray for the speed of e-mail.

My loc...not much has changed for me, except that I have applied to two jobs at the Law Society, and hope that my previous contract will get me in there permanently, fingers crossed. Also, I've had a fair number of non-paying voice gigs lately, but still nothing professional. Still hoping, though.

Great steampunk alphabet! Right now, R is definitely for repurposing, which is what I am doing with old chain jewelry, and remaking them into

pocket watch chains and fobs. Finally, I am making something I think I can sell in a dealers' room.

Great fanzine list...got most of them, at this point, I've got enough to keep me more than busy. Randy Byers is still involved with *Chunga*, as are Andy Hooper and Carl Juarez. The problem is you never really know when the next issue published by anyone on the list will arrive in your mailbox. I can confirm that both Rich Brown and Chester Cuthbert have passed away.

We're trying our best to keep our heads above water, but there's a lot of pressure to consume and buy, often by the same companies who will only hire you for a contract. Freedom 55? More like Freedom 85, if I can find work that long. We do need a certain yearly income, plus a sizable amount in the bank, and the only people I know who have that have it through fame, or an inheritance. Help me, 6/49, you're my only hope. The demise of Western civilization is right on schedule, if not ahead of schedule, and who's in charge of that destruction? It is, itself.

Being positive, especially when you have little to be positive about, is probably the way to go, especially if you need help from friends. People seem attracted to more positive types, and there's the beginnings of networking. It's worth it.

I have to think about heading off to work, so off to work I go, hi ho, hi ho...take care, and see you with the next issue.

*John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St., No. 409, Los Angeles, CA 90057, USA,
January 7, 2011*

... Of zines you mark "current?" I can speak about some. *Askance* and *Bento* are, I believe, ongoing, only. Late. *Bento's* Levine & Yule were at Aussiecon IV; they often distribute an ish at the Worldcon, not this time. *Challenger & Chunga* are ongoing. *Home Kookin'* is one of many Katz titles that have run vigorously and vanished. *FOSFAX* is, I believe, ongoing but frequent. *The Knarley Knews* is ongoing. *Littlebrook* I'm unsure of. *No Award* hasn't appeared in a while; I keep nagging Cantor. *Plokta* is, I believe, ongoing, only late. Bruce Gillespie zines take so

much work they're all infrequent; Stinson's joining him on *Steam Engine Time* was supposed to help but she's had troubles, so I dunno. ...

Brad Foster, bwfoster@juno.com, January 14, 2011

Sorry for the long delay in responding here, just bad timing with other things going on, and the fun fannish stuff got put aside. (Not to mention that, if there is something in print, it sits out here where I can see it. E-zines tend to vanish into the long list of emails and such and don't catch the eye as quickly.)

But, I'm working this week to go through EVERYTHING in my inbox and start this year out with a clean slate, which gives me more to fill up again.

"One Swell Foop"? While I like the title, I've also liked the titles "*Royal Swiss Navy Gazette*" and "*Sercon Popcult Litcrit Fanmag*", and those didn't last too long. Let's see where this one ends up!

Loved the "Mullah Kintyre" joke. I'm going to have to remember that one for later use...

[I] Also enjoy the "Steampunk from Alchemy to Zeppelins" article. Though I wish there had been some explanation why the letter "X" was skipped over. Was impressed at how you managed to get something of value for all the others, what happened to good ol' crossed-lines?

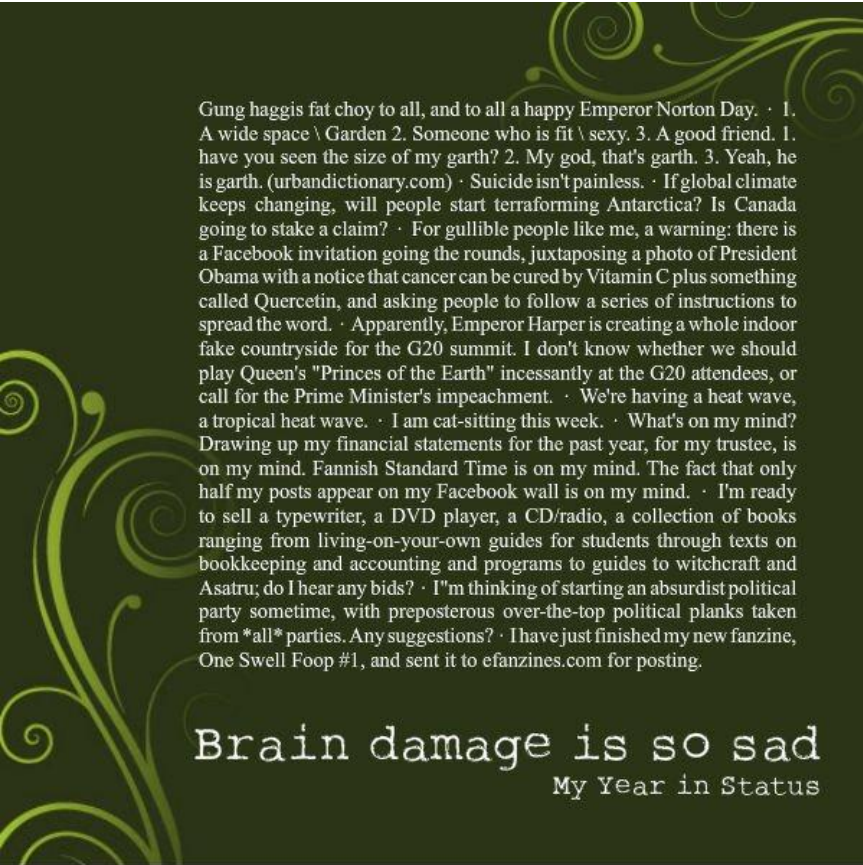
And regarding the keeping of a list of current fanzines. Well, I guess that would depend on how you define "current". Is a zine that hasn't had an issue out in six months, or a year, or two, still on the list? When does it get removed? I know Guy Lillian kind of works on that with his "Zine Dump", putting in place holders for zines that haven't had a new issue since he last did a review. Lots of titles in that list that I've never heard of, guess it just goes to show how strong zine pubbing still is.

And since I'm not doing much of the publishing stuff myself, I'll still work to keep my fannish credentials in order by sending out some artwork when I can. Attached here should be two pieces of small art I hope you can make use of in future issues, if for no other reason than to

allow me to add the title "One Swell Foop" to my list of publication credits, and confuse the heck out of future biographers.

And that, as they say, is a wrap!

WAHF: Alan Stewart, Guy H. Lillian III, Purple Crow, Syd Spencer, Bruce Gillespie



Gung haggis fat choy to all, and to all a happy Emperor Norton Day. · 1. A wide space \ Garden 2. Someone who is fit \ sexy. 3. A good friend. 1. have you seen the size of my garth? 2. My god, that's garth. 3. Yeah, he is garth. (urbandictionary.com) · Suicide isn't painless. · If global climate keeps changing, will people start terraforming Antarctica? Is Canada going to stake a claim? · For gullible people like me, a warning: there is a Facebook invitation going the rounds, juxtaposing a photo of President Obama with a notice that cancer can be cured by Vitamin C plus something called Quercetin, and asking people to follow a series of instructions to spread the word. · Apparently, Emperor Harper is creating a whole indoor fake countryside for the G20 summit. I don't know whether we should play Queen's "Princes of the Earth" incessantly at the G20 attendees, or call for the Prime Minister's impeachment. · We're having a heat wave, a tropical heat wave. · I am cat-sitting this week. · What's on my mind? Drawing up my financial statements for the past year, for my trustee, is on my mind. Fannish Standard Time is on my mind. The fact that only half my posts appear on my Facebook wall is on my mind. · I'm ready to sell a typewriter, a DVD player, a CD/radio, a collection of books ranging from living-on-your-own guides for students through texts on bookkeeping and accounting and programs to guides to witchcraft and Asatru; do I hear any bids? · I'm thinking of starting an absurdist political party sometime, with preposterous over-the-top political planks taken from *all* parties. Any suggestions? · I have just finished my new fanzine, One Swell Foop #1, and sent it to efanazines.com for posting.

Brain damage is so sad
My Year in Status

The Mullah Kintyre in the Bush

Shortly after the Mullah Kintyre (the only Scots Muslim) moved to Canada, a cousin from Scotland came over for a visit. They went vacationing in a hunting lodge, and when they arrived in the lobby, the cousin stopped still in lobby, paralyzed with shock.

“Great Scott, what’s that?!” he cried, pointing at the fireplace. Over the fireplace was hung the stuffed head of a moose.

“Ah, that’s a müs,” said the Mullah. (His accent was much stronger back then.)

“If that’s a müs,” the cousin said weakly, “What can yer cats be like?!”

***If Egyptians figure out how to rebuild their country and achieve prosperity and independence, will Canadians follow their example?
(Garth Spencer)***

How I Got This Way



“Oh, right, Albert ... it’s that time again, is it?”

At some point I suppose I’ll have to confess why I’m still single. (Maybe I should have published this on time in February.) The reason is pretty dumb and laughable for a man my age, once I drag it out and put words on it.

I’m frightened of being abused again, psychologically and emotionally. I’m just as frightened of being accused of abuse.

Realistically, the worst thing I’m likely to face is living and dying alone. I can serve that sentence standing on my head. Being alone is far better than getting emotionally dependent on someone who suddenly turns cold and contemptuous, *and doesn’t tell you why, for years*. That was what my last relationship turned into.

Well. Eventually I got a clue as to why that happened: in fact, why half the women I’ve known *at all*, even in family or work situations, turned cold and contemptuous for no visible reason. Some people simply *won’t* sit you down and spell out what they want. I guess that’s just life. And I am a somewhat clueless man; I *need* things spelled out in plain language. So ... I guess some people won’t tolerate that. I am also given to frequent spells of lethargy and depression. And after all, no one is obligated to put up with depression.

Ultimately, though, I’m just not putting myself out there, nor making myself a valuable catch. Again, the reasons are pretty dumb and

laughable, for a man my age. For one thing, I'm such a bad judge of character, it's entirely possible to land myself with another Girlfriend from Hell.

For another thing ... my nightmare is that if I had a career, a personal estate, or any status, then the Girlfriend from Hell would pop up and claim I had sexually abused and beaten her. Maybe that's the real reason I've never earned more than \$35,000 per year?

This is all just paranoid of me, I know, and therefore silly. Why am I writing about it here? So that when the inevitable catastrophe happens, I will have broadcast my story as widely as possible.

Also this must be the first half of a comedy routine, only I need your help to figure out the punchline.

Reviews

I'm not going to do reviews this issue, because then it would take FOREVER to get this fanzine done.

Why You Got This

No particular reason, I just feel the need to use up electrons.