

THE INSURGENT MANNER

Being a one-shot put out by Karen and Poul Anderson, Miri and Jerry Knight, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, and Ed and Jessie Clinton.

Speak, Miri!

Hello to science fiction fandom; Call me Miri. I am very high, nay, even unto drunk. I am in no condition, skwee. Karen and I are having a very good party, which is DNG. Oh, dear God, this is the 100th mailing, than which I had planned not to miss. I'm That Way when I'm high, but I do love you all! Lots. And I'll be in FAPA soon again with all my family.

*****Knight's in Old Berkeley and all's right with the world!! Only it's Orinda, home of the Fabled Andersons, and this formidable one-shot is the product of the redoubtable Nuclear Fizz, well-known Sneaky Drink of Berkeley Fandom (which includes Orinda, as if you didn't know).

Berkeley is a Way of Life - KKA

We have been sipping no more than 3 of these (no, pardon me, silping) in as near the insurgent manner (Karen is dictating to me here) as we could imagine, and as you can determine at a glance, as it were, everyone is truly looped. Major topic of discussion as per this inst. seems to be the Westercon XV, which all present attended in Force, as it were. Oops, I already used that. Mrs. Anderson has tuned in a local folk music program on the FM. It scarcely seems in tune with the gathering. And with that final note, I must turn the typer back to Karen, who says, "I could take over for a second here".....

What I (Karen) was going to say is that I just tuned in to Gert Chiarito's (the same Gert) Midnight Special in case there was anything interesting going on; but the local Ethniks are terribly serious. Not like filk

A Nuclear Fizz is a TALL drink.....

singers at all. Harking back to the Westercon, remember The Big Red Cheese the saga of Captain Marvel? Not what I'd expect to hear on the Midnight Special. I think We have lots more fun when we sing.

Comments?

Jeez, it sure feels funny to be a Drunk. My name is Calvin Demmon, and I have honestly really never been as Drunk as I am now before. Really. I feel Funny As Hell. I mean, before this DNQ party here, I had never really ever drunk (or "drank") enough liquor or anything to feel all funny like I do now. Perhaps some of you might be interested in how the Big Cheese behind the Shadow FAPA feels right (right) exactly now when he is more drunk than he has ever been in his life, which is Plenty. He feels all funny, like when he had an anesthetic when he had his Wisdom Teeth extracted once. A few moments ago he went into the Anderson Bathroom and I was talking to myself in the mirror. I absolutely Never have ever done anything like that before, & this surely proves, or "proves," that I'm a real lousy drunk. The fact that I've had to use nearly a pint of corflu on this small paragraph would bear up this observation. "Nuclear fiz zes give relief fastfast!" as my godd buddy Jerry Knight just said, the bastard. GEEZ, AM I ever drunk? I've never been drunk before. Honest. A while ago you could count the times I had ever had anything Alcoholic to drink on the fingers of your left hand, if you had any. -- calvin demmon

Alcohol is very drunk making. -- Ed Clinton

And so we sip our nuclear-fizzes in the insurgent manner. To sip is to drink an iceless drink as though it had ice in it. The insurgent manner I leave to your imagination. Nuclear fizzes ("How can anyone get plastered on three drinks?" asks Jerry Knight) is the original Maiden's Peril. Somebody pour me another Nuclear Fizz. (We're making them by the pitcher: two waterglasses gin. one of curacao, two of soda, one-half of lime juice, ice oh, LOTS of ice)

The mix is heavy on the gin this time. You can tell that it's alcoholic when you drink it therefore it's no longer a true Nuclear Fizz. THOSE just taste like awfully good lemonade. That's why they're so sneaky. . . . (Si man i yulma nin encuan-tuva?)

In any case we (specially MF namely Karen) are having loads of fun. Poul just told MIRI (egobbo) Don't be so sercon; and now he's carrying her toward the bedroom, pursued by a bear and cries of "For Pete's sake." What Pete has to do with all this I haven't the faintest idea. They're all (bear included) back in the living room now. Apparently it was strenuous for a minute there. There is a cat on my lap at the moment. I don't think she can stand to stay while I type. What, still here? Cat, I'd think you were drunk like the rest of us, since you've so much contradicted your own nature as to sit on the lap of a person who is typing; but you don't drink. You're a drag.

A fool's bolt is soon shot. KKA has spoken, with help.