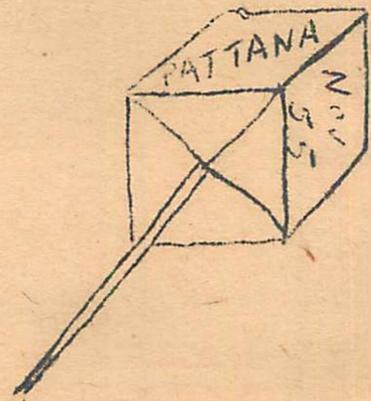
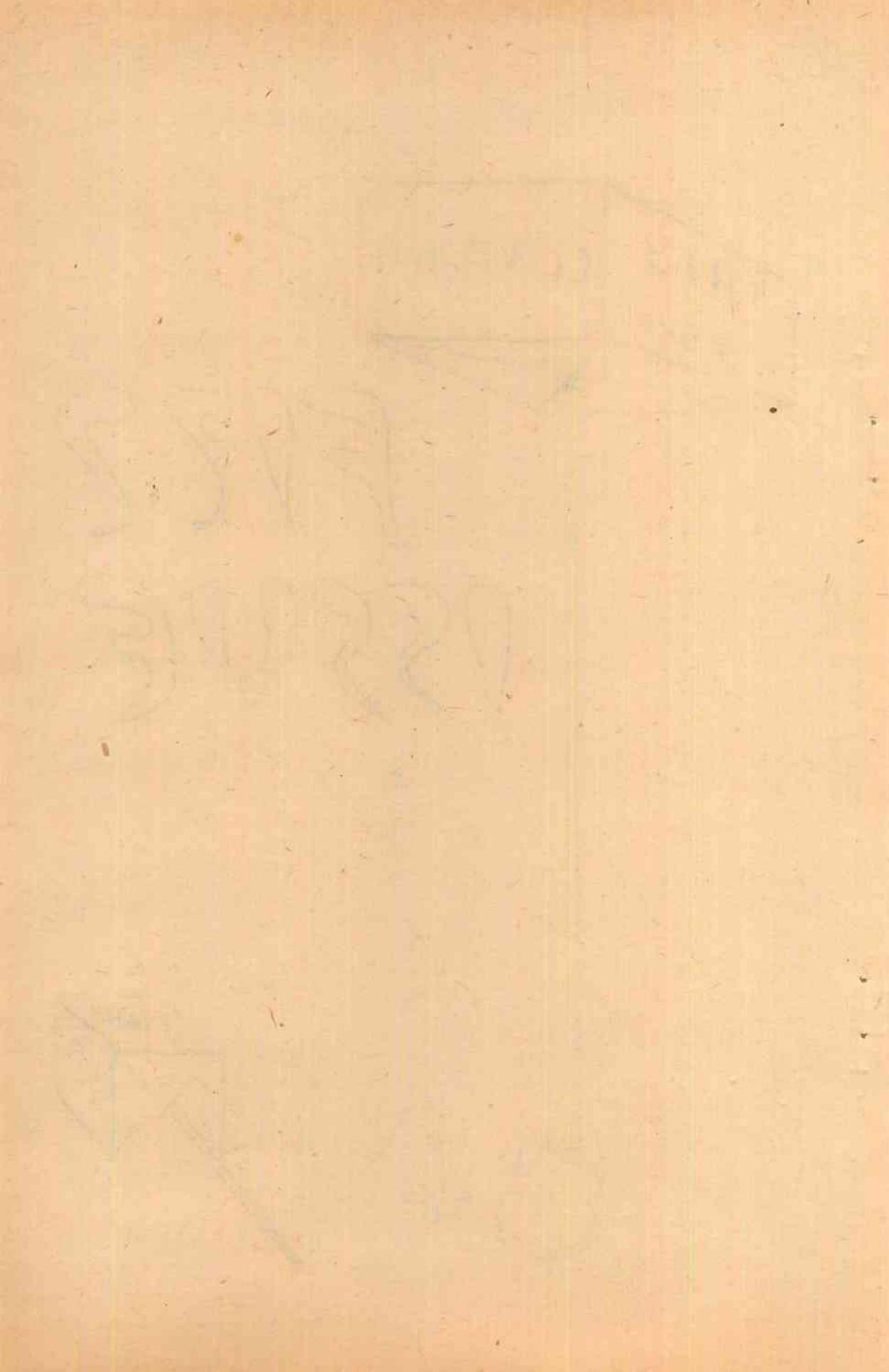




FIZZ
ISSUE





THE MOST EXPENSIVE FANZINE IN THE WORLD

by chick derry

Brush leaned across the bed and picked up the ringing phone.

"Nobody home."

Before he could hang up Len's voice shouted out at him.

"You gonna get that damn paper by tomorrow?"

"What paper?"

"For 'Squelch' the oppressive fanzine."

"Did I say I would?"

"Nobody else."

"All right. I knew I'd get shafted sooner or later."

"Stop griping. All the work's finished."

"Fine. Have plenty of beer tomorrow."

"Now who is shafting whom?" Lens hung up.

Brush went back to his PLANET STORIES and put everything but Ray Cummings and the girl in the bronze bra out of his mind.

Saturday morning Brush got up at his usual early hour of eleven a.m. and proceeded, by public conveyance, to the neighboring city of Washington.

From a nail over the door Brush got the warehouse key. He went into the paper warehouse with the ease of long familiarity. He worked here during the week.

When the filthy four had decided to revive their fanning with another sterling oneshot, he had promised the paper. Their last fiasco had taught them not to depend on Pop's source of supply.*

*(See Oneshot, Conny VII)

Buying paper was a costly thing. Besides, it would break the chain. Jug owned the mimeograph. Lens did the work. Pop illustrated, and up to now Brush had supplied the meat--or contents of their joint efforts.

Alas, he had to work. But even as he had promised, he had mentally ear-marked some paper to avoid the necessity of parting with any money. There had been a quantity of cartons which had gotten wet recently, and the usual procedure was to give the paper away. What better charity than himself?

The only problem was that the paper was odd sized, and he supposed they'd gripe about having to cut it. Some people were never happy.

* * *

As Brush packed several thousand sheets into a box, across town several men were discussing those very sheets of paper.

"Then you don't think the roof leaked accidentally?"

"Well, we're just making sure," said a young man in a gray suit.

"What did you do?" The first speaker asked.

"Since we don't want to give it away by hanging around, we marked it with radioactive tracers."

"Probably a needless thing. They're planning to pick up the stuff Monday."

The Gray man shrugged. "Maybe, but a lot can happen by Monday. In the wrong hands that paper could cause a lot of trouble."

"Indeed. How are you proceeding?"

"Simple. We got a buzz box on the tracers. Anyone moves it, we follow them."

"Play it close. Anyone who snatches that stuff will be playing for keeps."

"We'll let them get settled and nab the works, if we can."

"I think it's a waste of time. But luck."

"Thanks chief."

* * *

Brush lay on the couch in Len's cellar. He sipped his first can of beer with élan. (A non-fan nonentity.)

"If you could only spell," Lens said from his position on the floor.

"I know," Jug said, "you'd marry him."

"What a mistake that would be." Pop never looked up from his illustrating at the washing machine.

"It wouldn't be so bad," said Jug, cranking the monster resignedly. "He can cook."

"Maybe so—but my eyes aren't that bad." Lens carried the last stencils to Jug.

"While I'm admiring this lush nude of Pop's, someone open some beer." Brush dribbled ashes down his shirt.

"After all the work I had cutting that lousy paper," Lens said, "open your own beer."

"Peasant."

"Who wrote this." Pop held up a damp page.

"Stop worrying and slip sheet. This junk of Brush's takes ink lousy."

"You wrote it, why?" Brush held out a can of beer.

"You mean I spell that bad?" Pop swallowed noisily.

"It's worse than Brush's. I gave up trying to correct it." Lens neatly inserted a slip sheet as the pages popped into the receiving tray.

"Last page." Jug tossed his empty can into the corner.

"We are improving." Lens carried the pages to the center of the floor. There were already a score of neat stacks.

For the next half hour the four worked with comparative silence. The only sounds were the swish of paper and the click of the stapler, an occasional scrape and hiss as another beer was opened, and now and then a rumbling belch.

"A positive beauty," crowed Pop.

"The cover or the whole thing?" Lens wiped his glasses.

"Oh, the whole isn't bad either," said Jug. He chug-a-lugged half a can of beer.

"Might as well divvy up the spoils." Brush began counting out copies.

"Nice job--despite the cruddy paper." Lens ran his hands over the issue.

"Oh, well, share and share alike," Brush said, "four stacks each. Everybody foots the postage."

"I'd like to see certain faces when this drops into their mail box." Pop stretched energetically.

"Me too!" The voice was punctuated by the violent opening of the cellar door. Both windows crashed inward at the same instant.

The Gray man held a .38 revolver. From each window protruded the snout of a sub-machine gun. Around the Gray man bristled a veritable arsenal. A shot gun preceded another man down the cellar steps.

"Against the wall!" The Gray man snapped, and the filthy four complied with surprising speed. "Start burning those piles of paper."

While they were silently searched and handcuffed, the filthy four gazed with soul-torn eyes at the bier of their brain child. With all but one copy burned, the hard-faced men hustled the filthy four out of the cellar.

In the black car on the way to town Brush made a hesitant attempt at inquiry and got a curt order to "Shut up!"

After thirty minutes, they were ushered into a dark, looming building. Five minutes later the Gray man presented them to his boss.

"That them?" The chief asked. He sounded doubtful.

"That's them" the Gray man said.

The chief nodded.

Ten minutes of silence, then the filthy four were rudely pushed into chairs.

"Why did you take the paper?" A shot.

"It was damaged." An echo.

"Did you know it didn't belong to Acme?" Another shot.

"Yes." A smaller echo.

"Who does it belong to?" A third shot.

"I don't know." A small voice.

More silence. Finally the chief waved the retinue away. For a long time he sat in silence. He had the four brought back to the room.

"That paper you people used for your amateur exhibitionism was stored at Acme by the U. S. Government because of a shortage of space at the Treasury Department. That

paper was ear-marked for one-thousand dollar bills. The undamaged sheets you characters used for your piddling pollution would have been worth ten million dollars."

"My God!" Pop exclaimed.

"We're famous." said Jug, awed.

"The most expensive fanzine in the world." Lens whispered.

"Ten million dollars." Brush gazed at the ceiling.

"Take them away, the scum!" the chief shouted.

* * *

An hour later the Gray man felt the chief's wrath would have abated. He entered the office.

The chief sat back in his chair. With slow, methodical movements he riffled the pages of the only copy of Squelch in existence.

"You burned all the others?" The chief didn't look up.

"Yes." The Gray man said pridefully.

The chief sighed. "Too bad. Amateurish—but good. Yes, a pretty damn good fanzine."

The Gray man went out on tip toe into the night.

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It is the opinion of Derry and myself that you may wish to know more about the filthy four. Next issue of Conny will possibly describe how they met each other, or it may delve into their period of troubles, when the filthy four discovered women. Whatever the subject, more about this quadrumvirate will be found in subsequent Contours. Any fan who recognizes himself as one of the filthy four is either correct, or mentally disturbed. Most likely the latter. Even those who are correct are most likely mentally disturbed. Tcha.

HYPODERMIC

Reviews of the 72nd FAPA mailing, desperately typed on the stencil due to a seeming inability to organize my thots in draft form.

Jarner's HORIZONS. Offhand, and even after some thot, I can think of no fan cabbies or realtors. Or did Ashley drive a hack in Detroit? "Your luck can't last, Harry. Some day, in some store such as Golden's, a tenth or eleventh fander in Hagerstown is going to pick up a copy of Horizons or The Fantasy Amateur, listing the address of another Hagerstown fan--you. I wonder how safe the anonimity of a post office box is?

Eney's TARGET: FAPA! Am I accused of counselling that McCarthy should be removed from office by violent means? I can see why. What I was trying to do, in my mailing review, was to take an example of something I knew Bob was opposed to, blow it up to something even bigger than it is, and then ask Bob where he would stand in case of physical conflict against this mutually hated thing. I forgot to tell my readers that I wasn't talking about McCarthyism as it was, but as it maybe could have been in an "It Can't Happen Here" setting. No, Dick, I won't argue your point that talking is "doing something." I will, if you like, argue the tenet that there's "a time for talking and a time for doing," doing in this case meaning an unspecified something more than talking. "Anyhow, I never completed my MA thesis, and am quite content that it should remain unfinished. "You mention Ellison. Never in the hills of time have I been more surprised than when I met Ellison in Cleveland. He's probably still an obnoxious little SOB to many; he goes down in my book as a formerly obnoxious little SOB from whom many fans could learn a great deal in terms of manners and self-control. "Today's soldiers develop an alergy to needlework? For crying out loud, it was only in the Army that I got over my alergy. A shot affected me strongly before I got in the Army, much less after the series the Army gives during your first two months, and after my month plus diet of a shot of penicillin every four hours, I entirely lost my alergy.

"I named my parakeet 'Cheech.'"

Cox's and Ellick's **FATHERD**. Lee's disappearing acts at the Westercon sound much like the Lee at the 1952 Philly conclave. Fans never change, they just get more lecherous.

Danner's **STEFANTASY**. First mention I've heard of Chuck Higgins in almost 4 years. If only he'd been a fan! Are he and Carol and the Coles still the best things about life in the bay area? " I must be getting addlepatated. I had to re-read "Khartoum: a prose limerick" (Tony Boucher) three times before I got the point." Why do certain styles of type have connected letters, such as s-t in yours? Should they be used whenever the two letters appear in sequence? To me, it looks highly peculiar when these connected letters are used at a normal syllable separation, such as in the word "distributed." It looks peculiar in any case, but it looks peculiarist in these instances.

Boggs' **SUMMER BUTTERFLIES**. I'm more familiar with the Saturday morning butterflies.

Grennell's **GRUE**. Despite the fact that the Fickle Finger Writes sometimes got out of hand in preceding issues, I find this issue of Grue less interesting, probably primarily because of the absence of that section. " I'm beginning to wonder if maybe more fans didn't cut their pulp teeth (within the age group of you and I and Boggs) on Wild West Weekly than on Amazing Stories. I guess *WWW* was the first pulp I ever bought, tho Spicy Detective might have preceded it. " Seeing Grue back in *F.P.A.* was a pleasant surprise, particularly since I hadn't expected to see another issue before November or so.

Tucker and Grennell's **LE GRUESOME ZOMBIE**. I was convinced when I started to read this that it was a take-off on one-shots. About page four I became convinced that this was the real thing, and not a take-off at all. When you two descend to this level, you can hardly be told from run-of-the-mill faaans. Nonetheless, I liked.

Eney's **REEBIRD**. Noted

Carr's **DIASPAR**. Good issue. Your writing reads more smoothly than Stewart's.

"Anyone can be a hillbilly."

Wells' QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Ted White had written an article concerning the Cult for the issue of Conny which didn't appear last mailing. Now said article won't grace these pages at all.

Myers' FAPA SNOOZE. Better than barbiturates since it's not habit forming.

Jacobs' CAMPAIGN FLIER. All that good political hogwash wasted on a shoo-in candidate.

Geis's HEATHER ALE. Sorry, sport, but poetry just is not my dish. Nice production job, nice cartooning.

Martinez's MAMBO. Browne brings up a couple of points which could be discussed, but ends his letter in a fuggedead fashion, which makes me wonder if it's not rather stupid to comment. Browne is right, you know, in saying that FAPA is the inactive fan's link to fandom--at least for some fans. I hung on long enough to know. However, I believe FAPA would have been better off if I'd been dropped during those inactive years. When I regained the ambition to publish--which would have come with or without FAPA, I could easily enough rejoined, as Jacobs, Wilson, and others have done. After all, although FAPA may in fact be a service to the inactive fan, that is not its purpose. Its purpose, as far as I can determine, is to have quarterly bull-sessions. If you want to join the session, fine. If you just want to listen, borrow a participant's mailings, as Derry borrows mine. "When you're invited to a BYOL party, you do bring your own liquor, don't you?"

Woolston's MOONSHINE. Nothing I want to comment on here Stan, but I read your old mag--which is more than I can say for any previous issue. Keep it personal, I'd like to get to know you better.

Goslet's TERRAGON. Re Moskowitz's article, who would the rest of you rate as the ten greatest fans of all time. My list would include: Tucker, Ackerman, Moskowitz, Speer, Willis, and five others. No other fans I can think of rank near those five I named. Possibilities would include Glasser, Palmer, Jiggins, Jollheim, Madle, Rothman, Kyle, and Laney.

"Don't lean on me, I'm tipsy too."

Harness's KIDDIE KORNER C/W FAPESMO. It seems that I have nothing to say except hello.

Willis's WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA. Like most fans, I'd read bits and pieces of this in other fanzines. Was glad to see the entire article under one cover, and hope the same is shortly done with the Harp Stateside.

Croutch's LIGHT. I believe tax reassessments are outlawed in America (the U.S. of, that is) if the tax in question is over seven years past-due before suit is filed. " I like your cartooning. " Please, no more jammed pages like the "Light Flashes" page. Pretty please?

Cox's ESDACYOS. Widner back in FAPA? Glory! In my mind, YHOS ranks only just below SUSPRO and PLENUM as top fapazines. YHOS is, to me, the pleasantist of all, tho certainly not as erudite as many others.

Rike's BLOOD, SWEAT AND BHEERS. Why didn't Irene participate in this one-shot? Understand she has now left golden California, true? " Your fifth page, condemning Wegars and threatening to tear him down tomorrow, was very nice.

Jacobs and Rotsler's NORMANDIE NOTES (No. 1). You certainly didn't expect comment, did you? Enjoyed.

Ballard's WRAITH. Ghod but your ink is black. " My machine doesn't have a serial plate, due to the manner in which it was obtained. However, it's a Speedoprint, interior inking but no ink reservoir.

Economou's PHLOTSAM. A much better duplication job than the previous issue. ++ Too many ironing boards once, now too many cats. There should be some way to get the two together. Personally, I like cats; can't say the same for ironing boards. " Never had a bird come down our chimney, but once a squirrel dropped in. It was summer and the front door was open, so he didn't stay to visit. " Bloch proved to my satisfaction that the reason I laugh when reading him is because he writes humorously. The proof was "Cause to Read Joyce" in Hyphen No. 12, which was basically a serious article.

(cont.)

I'm not used to parties without beds.

(continuing with PHLOTSAM)...

“ Hip bumps on the door jamb...ugh! Buy a jeep! ”
Conny printed on arithmetic paper? Seems to me our school arithmetic paper was about the same quality, but larger in size. Of course, tho, I was smaller then.
“ I like your zine and your personality.

Danner's LARK. Re 3D movies in 1939c, don't you recall the glasses given out then, one lens red, one blue (or green)? Tho I didn't see any of the 3D movies, I remember the glasses, and the talk of how lousy the pictures—and the 3D effect—were. “ It's my understanding that all hecto/spirit colors are based on a purple die, hence the “purplish red, purplish blue” etc which you mentioned. “ Your experiences with the R.C. car dealer sound most unpleasant, but if you held a grudge against every group that included in it one person who had done you wrong, you'd have a lot of grudges. That's the trouble with putting people in niches because of the groups to which they belong.
“ The newsprint on which Conny appears was obtained from a large corporation which moved, and left a carton or more of the stuff in its old quarters. After it sat around for several months, Derry and I liberated it. Why the corporation wanted 6 1/2 x 10 newsprint is beyond me—they weren't in the school arithmetic paper business. “ There are (or were) two Winston Churchill's: one the ex-prime minister and historian, and the other, who was a well-known novelist around the turn of the century.

White's ZIP. Beautiful color work Ted. Also a fine article on color mimeo by Wells, which might someday have proven helpful to me if I hadn't already discussed the subject with you. “ I guess I'll make my other comments to you in person next time I see you Ted. Forgive me for such short comment on your rather long mag.

White's NULL-F. This hardly seemed like one of your fanzines with no color work at all. “ I remember Kennedy's Grulzak, and even the illo you reprinted, but I wasn't even in FAPA in 1948, nor was I one of the dead oliphants. “ Yes, DC's actifan is Briggs; actually I've forgotten whether he lives a few feet on the Maryland or the District side of the line.

Pamela, stop scrunching down in that seat.

Speer's DEMETER. It's always nice to have a magazine from Speer in the mailing, but it could be wished that it were more legible. Somebody please give Juffus a mimeograph!

“ You state we on earth are not on a space ship moving toward a goal. Still tho, speaking of gods and their handiworks, it's an interesting thot--and quite a trip!

“ TAFF is intended to rotate fans both from England to the US, and vice-versa. “ Tsk, LeeJ's Chaos is (IV), according to my count. “ Congrats on the daughter.

Wilson's EGO BEAST. This must be the poorest appearing fanzine you ever published Don. “ I wonder just how much Califan activity we should blame on the influence of the DPOF? “ Hm, I guess he's now the DOEOF. “ Proposed marriage to a '53 Ford? How hard up can you get? “ I, for one, would care for more material such as the two letters you printed. “ Ghod, I never thot I'd give out with a commercial for can openers, but here goes--Edlund Jr lasts well over 6 weeks, but it also costs more than two-bits. About six-bits, I think. “

Ryan's ELEVENTH HOUR. This question is addressed to FAPA greybeards: How does the current self-analysis kick-- "searching after motivations" as Wilson quotes McCain-- compare with the "auto-analysis" (?) series started by Rothman way back when? Somehow, I missed seeing any of this series--if I can use the term series so loosely.

McCain's BIRDSMITH. My apologies Vernon. As stated in Conny VII, Birdsmith 6 & 7 seemed quite poor to me. Issues 8, 9 & 10 have been excellent. “ As long as I'm on the subject, I've also enjoyed your "The Padded Cell" column in Psy. I hadn't read any issues of Psy prior to Conny VII, and didn't realize that at least some of your better (McCain-type) material was being diverted from FAPA. “ Sorry, but I can't say what Conover does in the music world, being only a passifan. Ask LeeJ. “ I like Monitor, in spite of its sometimes annoying habit of jumping someplace else just when I'm getting interested in the former program. Mainly, I use it as light background, and don't become too involved in the current program. Commercials distract me, and Monitor is relatively free of commercials--particularly so of obnoxious ones. “ I'd like to see the letter column continued in future issues.

We can get along without talking.

Hoffman's CHOOG. Chaotic. This does not mean either good or bad; it's just an observation.

Hoffman's GODS, GRAVES, & TV SETS. A self-executed one-shot in pictures? It's still just an observation.

Carr's GEMZINE. Looking back over the splotchy dark places on previous stencils, where I've liberally used correction fluid ("Blog"), I'm amazed that I was once paid for being a typist. Which should have something to do with Carr or Gemzine, but it doesn't. " I do get rather tired of having Mr. Carr's words of wisdom thrown out every so often--Calkins' writing (I agreed), Boggs vs the Bicycle Thief, and lord knows how many others over the past years. When you quote him, it seems to me as tho you expect us to bow down three times facing Seattle. Please man, if the man has something to say, let him say it without editing his articles down to a pitiful four words. " Slightly more seriously, if editing has been done, I think we would find that it was Mr. Carr's editing of your thots, over the past (how many?) years. I think the exuberance shown in your magazines is yours. A central core, so to speak. The crud, I would say, is a result of exuberance forcing the saying of something, but the only thing available is a mass of ideas intellectually accepted because of their source, but not assimilated. It would be interesting to know what kind of a girl you were before you met Mr. Carr. " All this maybe ties into the "secret place" in which to hide needed by each person--the Chinese Room. You must have noted the number of people that are beginning to notice "how you've changed" over the past years of your fan-ack. Is it because of a change, or is it because you're beginning to realize that here, at least, you're Gertrude and not Mrs. Frank? " I couldn't possibly agree with you more than in your expressed opinions of HYPHEN. Wilson should not like it, due to what he calls "the usual ring-around-rosy of name-dropping" but its credits, as you put them, of excellence of writing, brilliance of imagery, sparkling wit, maturity, casualness, friendliness, and rich social life cannot but be praised. As Hoffman put it, "Sixth fandom isn't dead, it's just moved to Ireland and England." " I disagreed with you on many points; I'll argue with you another day. " So you like thunderstorms too!

You forgot your shoes!

Martinez's THE OKLACORN! Noted.

Wells' FIENDETTA. If you've never had a mimeo that leaks you are indeed beloved by the gods. I have no trouble with the Speedoprint (it has no ink reservoir) but the A.B.Dick 78 will leak up a storm if given half a chance. It can't compare to Jug's baby tho. " "...the flavor of the vodka..."! Who do you buy your vodka from? From whom do you buy your vodka might be more grammatical, but this is a family magazine. " I've found most Ghunitarianians to be disghunited--disghustingly so. " Jupiter can sometimes be seen in the daytime. " The constitutional by-law provision is so wide-open that you could not only kick out a member, but dissolve the whole organization by that means. " Yep, I know now who you are, too bad the air force had to come along and grab you up. Is the Air Force language school located the same place as the Army's--Presidio of Monterrey, California. If so, Monterey is about mid-way between San Francisco and LA--or roughly 200-250 miles from each city. (As a matter of fact, Monterey is about midway between the two cities whether or not the Air Force Language School is located there. --Oops, I justed looked up Monterey, and it's much closer to San Francisco than to LA.

McPhail's FANTASY CHIEF. Hope you got that mimeo cleaned up Dan. " I eagerly look forward to the fairly extensive oldtalk you indicated might be forthcoming.

Clyde's GIRLS HERALD. One of the best parodies I've ever seen. This is really good. You know, I'd even be willing to receive the next issue to finish reading the serial.

Martinez's YE OLDE PHOTYGRAF ALBUM. Despite the cover, I had the impression this contained pics of the 1955 Oklacon. You're older than I thought Sam--I'd pictured you as being in your mid-twenties.

Martinez's FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION and CARD. Thanks for digging this out. Coswal would never have permitted the cards to go through FAPA when he was OE--they're not "identical copies."

Are fanzines part of the "do-it-yourself" craze?

Officialdom's THE FANTASY AMATEUR and FAPA BALLOT. Wells' advisory opinion sounds eminently sensible to me. We have an excellent slate of officers (or, I meant to say, candidates for office), and the healthy-ist waiting list I've seen in some time. Coupled with slow FAPA turnover at the present time, it should last a minimum of two years, even without additions. I spot no less than ten potential dead-headers on the list-- and hope I'm wrong.

Rotsler and Jacobs' NORMANDIE NOTES (no. 2). Fake fans!

I wonder if Anderson's HEATHEN was included with the mailing or came as a postmailing. In either event I have nothing to say except God what a big mailing. With postmailings, it comes to about 600 pages. It was enjoyable, but I've got to wrap this thing up and put it to bed, so postmailings won't be reviewed. Let it be known that I was pleased to receive: POO, "FORTY FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT", TORRENTS, QUIDNUNC, ISOMER, IBIDEM, LE PIRE, LE MOINDRE, and GASP. I have not received the results of the last FAPA election, and LeeJ, if you aren't OE, you're sure going to have an awful lot of fanzines to pass on to the elected OE.

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I have some Archer illustrations, and was going to insert one of them in this space. Layout, you know. They don't fit. There are, I find, certain difficulties involved in the use of this size paper. Another difficulty is interlineations. One of my favorites, spoken by Pamela Bulmer, is twenty letters too long to fit in the available space. Maybe I'll have to do like Hyphen, and run them down the page, which would give me room for approximately 40 more characters.

Whatever happened to interlineation-type covers? There wasn't a single one in this mailing.

Ah, the woes of being in FAPA. I've just filed away the last mailing, and it has taken up the last available shelf-space. Next week will probably be hammer and saw week, to build another shelf to hold another five years of FAPA. Fortunately, I have enough bare wall space to build enough shelves for fifty or more years of fapa. Not that I intend to!

Your bed squeaks and we have thin walls.

Fission & Fusion

The story of where and how Derry and I met, and how we got to the Philcon in 1947 has been told elsewhere. Even part of what happened to us there has been told. The story which remains to be told is that of the Nuclear Fizz. Hardly any of the story has anything to do with the Philcon or Philadelphia, but it starts there.

It was the Saturday before Labor Day in 1947, sometime in the afternoon. The place was the bar of the hotel in which the Philcon was held--the Penn-Sheraton, I believe it was. Derry and I had wandered into Philadelphia in Lobelia, his 1931 Ford coupe, early that morning, and had grabbed a room and perhaps two hours shut-eye before wandering downstairs to the meeting room to meet our first fans with the exception of each other. Within ten minutes, we had located the bar.

Altho we knew no fans, we shortly learned to spot them by their sensitive fannish faces. The name tags most fans were wearing also helped. Del Rey, in his usual forthright way was expounding to Tom Hadley on some subject, and next thing Chuck and I knew, we were also involved in the conversation. Talking dries the throat, and our beer glasses soon became empty, only to be refilled. Drinks at other tables were either more potent, or the fans at them had been drinking longer, or could hold less, but whatever the reason the conversation was getting loud. Frequent mention was heard of space-warps, atomic bombs, ray guns (water pistols hadn't been invented then, tho Jack Speer and a few others had heard of fireworks), spacesuits, U-235, and the like. One slightly drunken American Legionaire who'd strayed to Philly from the Legion convention in New York leaned over, read the words "Science Fiction" from our name plates, and said in an awed if not sober voice: "Hey, you guys must be them atomic scientists."

But this is about Nuclear Fizzes, not lost Legions.

Finding that, even at a science fiction convention, beer still tasted like beer, Derry and I decided to drink something else. But what? We asked Hadley what he was drinking, and got the reply that it was "a sort of Tom Collins." It sounded like it might have alcohol in it,

which seemed like a nice thing to put into drinks, so we asked the bartender for "the same thing that he's (with fingers pointed to Hadley) drinking." The bartender asked Hadley what the hell he was drinking, and after getting the recipe wandered off to make it, shaking his head doubtfully.

Sampling and liking the drink, we asked Hadley about its history. He said it had been given to him by a friend, had no name, and he thot he and the friend were the only ones that drank it.

No, we didn't pop right up with the name Nuclear Fizz. We didn't even particularly think that the absence of a name for the drink was a shame. The only thing we concerned ourselves with was memorizing the formula so that we could have more of the same in the future.

The Nuclear Fizz, having been introduced, was surprisingly dormant from the time of its introduction until the Cinvention in 1949. The Saturday night after Derry and I ran into the drink, we were at parties, where blended whisky was served---if you grabbed fast enough. Sunday and Monday were the same, and in addition, bars were closed---or served nothing more potent than beer, I don't recall which. At the Torcon, Hadley was absent and Derry and I were on a scotch and ale diet, which is not a bad diet at all considering the potency of Canadian ale. Derry and I had consumed a few between the time of the Philcon and the Torcon in Baltimore and Washington bars, but since we were relatively hard up, and since bars in the Hyattsville area serve only beer and wine, we largely specialized in beer. The naming of the drink occured during this period, tho neither Derry nor I remember who christened it. The name was obvious---we had first run into the drink during what stuck in our minds as the "atomic scientist" episode, and the fizz definitely has the effect of approaching, reaching, or passing critical mass as one more is added to the ones that preceded it.

Derry wound up in the Army after the Torcon, and, in fact, faded entirely from the Nuclear Fizz picture except for drinking a few in 1950 and again in 1955. By a miracle, I made it to the Cinvention, as did old Washington Science Fiction Association (WSFA) standby, Frank Kerkhof. Kerkhof's coming, I should explain, was not a miracle---he had a railroad pass.

At the morning session, first day of the con, Kerk and I spotted each other, and came to the conclusion that we should get something to satisfy our thirsts at the first opportunity. Came the intermission, we spotted Redd Boggs standing greenly in a corner, and invited him along. In the October 1949 issue of SPACEWARP, Boggs described our meeting this way:

"You ((Rapp)) say in your last letter that the Wash DC gang sound like more fun. Well, Pavlat and Kerkhof ... saved me, first day of the con, when Stein and I got up just in time to wobble to the opening session. During the intermission, P, K, and I went out and absorbed 3 Nuclear Fizzes (recipe on request) which cured my headache, bellyache, and sundry other aches. Wonderful pick-me-up."

Boggs also writes me on 13 June 1955:

"I have before me a page torn from a pocket notebook in which you wrote out for me the recipe for the drink, but Nuclear Fizz is written above it in my handwriting, not yours. I'm sure I wrote it there at the time, however. ... As I remember, you wrote this down as we sat at the bar of the Metropole hotel."

Like the young girl who discovers that she no longer fits straight dresses eventually overcomes her shyness, so with the Nuclear Fizz now that it had been introduced to two new fans, and had been mentioned in the top fanzine of the period. Only a few short months after the Convention, WSFA held its first of a long and continuing series of Nuclear Fizz parties. Since the first, the club has held one once every three to six months, including one which ran over forty hours, one in Philly at which Bob Tucker actually turned down a drink, and the Halloween party at Karen Anderson's (then Karen Kruse) from which three fans couldn't quite make it home.

What made the Nuclear Fizz famous, tho, was not WSFA's blow-outs, but continued mention of the drink in the fannish press. Probably the two most important of these were by Jacobs: "Robert Glenn Briggs—Fake Fan," which carried the cover line "We silped our Nuclear

Fizzes in the insurgent manner," and "The Ballard Chronicles (Instalment I) The Spectacular Saps Caper, Staring Wrai Ballard, Private Eye" which had Ballard saying, on the cover, "I silped my Nuclear Fizz in the insurgent manner."

I had largely forgotten the derivation of the verb "to silp" and stated in the last Contour: "...we didn't call it silping back in ((1947)). So far as I know, our esteemed prexy Jacobs dreamed this up...." On 17 May 1955 Jacobs writes:

"Don't you remember? You told me about silping Nuclear Fizzes when I was writing RGB-FF. Nuclear Fizzes are never drank, you said, but are silped, consumed as a combination between sip and gulp. Richard Eney further defines the term as the technique of drinking an iceless drink as tho there were ice cubes floating in it. It's Pavlat's fault!"

It probably is. I rather vaguely remember saying "silp" as a slip of the tongue one night at the club when my tongue was busy with other things (lapping the suds off my beer) and being pinned down by Lee for a definition. Not being willing to admit to being prone to slips of the tongue, I gave an explanation along the lines quoted above by Lee.

Four of WSEA's parties this year have been Nuclear Fizz parties. The last party was thrown for Pamela and Ken Bulmer, who spent about a week in Washington early in October, staying at Chuck and Juanita Derry's. The last party was significant because we discovered at the last moment that Pamela doesn't like gin. Chuck and I had plied her with vodka Tom Collinses two evenings before, and knew she liked vodka. Accordingly, vodka was taken to the party, and Pamela's Fizzes contained vodka instead of gin. (When vodka is used, the drink is called a Nuclear Fuse.) The results were excellent, and led to my favorite quote of the evening, when Pamela turned to me and said "You made this Nuclear Fizz in layers, and I've just gotten down to the vodka." Naturally, that was a lie.

For those who want to try it, the Nuclear Fizz recipe follows. The measures recommended suit most tastes, but can be varied at the drinker's discretion.

(Apply your discretion early; you won't have any after the second glass.) If you like them sweet, use more cointreau. Dry, use more gin. Weaker, more soda. For variety, use vodka instead of gin, or lime juice instead of lemon juice. Triple Sec can be used in place of cointreau, but it's not recommended. But DON'T use Tom Collins mix, DON'T use sugar, and DON'T shake--stir gently.

in an 8 ounce glass put

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 shot lemon juice | ice (lumps, not shaved) |
| 1 shot cointreau | 1 or 2 drops bitters |
| 1½ shot gin | soda to fill |

stir

silp

and ehod be with you

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Bob Briggs tells me a letter of mine to Rapp, setting forth some of the above, appeared in a recent issue of SPACEMARP. I decided to go ahead with this article regardless, since it was more complete than the letter I wrote Rapp, and since I'd already stencilled part of this article.

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This has been Contour Pattana (i.e., No. 8), November, 1955, property of Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md. Published for FAPA, also sent as a public service to FAPA waiting listers and a few others, if enough copies are available. Cover this issue by me, based on cover by Derry for a limited circulation one-shot. Interlineations by Pamela Bulmer, Derry, and me.

Last issue I forgot to credit the cover. It was by Derry, naturally. Boggs also complained (if so strong a term may be used) that he's missed Islandic numbers on Conny of late. Accordingly, number 6 is dubbed Nettera, and number 7 Pekka.

Would some gun fancier kindly come to my aid, and explain gun caliber designations. What does "magnum" mean in this regard? What is the difference between a .30-06 and a .30-30? Between a .30-30 and a .300?