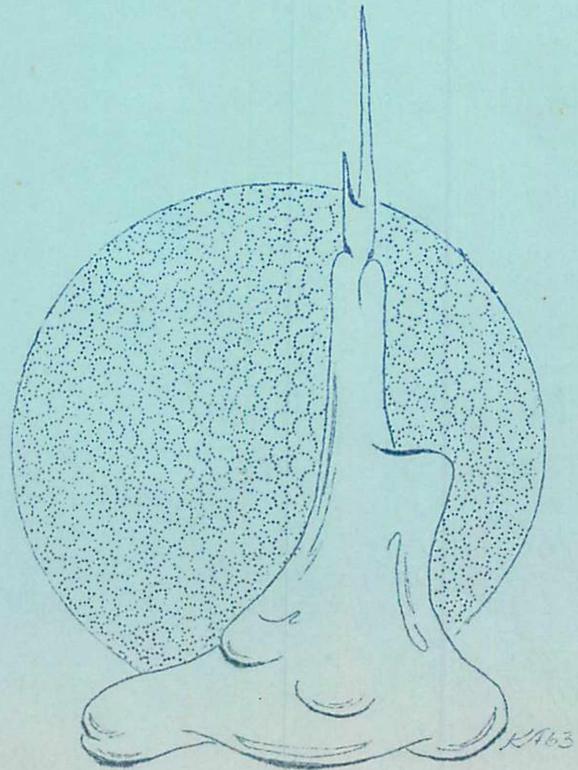


The Zed

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Number 802, published for the 62nd mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California.

ROY MOI TO POAO;

Of course, that's what I get for living in Orinda: I'm at a convenient halfway point between the publisher and the potential slaves. But be it understood that the Rhodomagnetic Digest is not in any sense my fanzine. I just let them use my place to assemble it. So, one Sunday last month, the livingroom was immobilized under fans, beer, and a perfectly incredible number of sheets of paper.

I felt as though there had been some sort of temporal dislocation. Not just on account of the Rhodo itself; why, I once saw an issue of the old Rhodo when the following issue wasn't even overdue. But there was Alva Rogers discussing the Knaves, and the date of Paul Freehafer's death -- yes, this has been discussed a bit recently, I know -- but right there talking to Alva and folding Rhodo pages was Art Widner. Yes, the very same Art Widner.

I tell you, it was just too much. I went out for spaghetti fixings and picked up the latest story by Rog Phillips.

Along there somewhere, somebody got the idea of paying back Norm Metcalf for the catalog of picked nits he'd responded to the previous Rhodo with. They all liked the idea, and spent around half an hour selecting the choicer crudsheets to make Norm's copy with.

To forestall nitpicking about that heading, I will admit that when I had it half typed I realized that "rhodomagnetic" is ultimately derived from a word spelled with an omega. But I decided the hell with it. One mark for erudition will go to each REB who correctly identifies the source of the phrase.

WHILE I'M AT IT, DICK ENNY--

I forget in which apa you misunderstood me to be claiming "Eriudite Bastards" as my property. What I was actually claiming was the Perfect Fanzine Title which I'd concealed in the preceding paragraph. I was afraid some REB might work it out and use it. I'm saving it for Miriam Knight in case she wants it. If not, I'll put it up for grabs.

Jack Harness, I recognize your dream-chess reference but can't locate STAR SCIENCE FICTION #1 to check it out. By the way, remember that story I ran a year or so ago about Abscissa Syzygy, Quincunx Tesseract, and 14 plastic tablecloths? I polished it up and sent it to Galaxy. Pohl rejected it but commented that he'd always wondered where the Quatt Wunkery was, and now he knew.

Small note to fill the stencil: this is my nice new electric portable that's the same size and mass as my old manual portable. Everybody guess how much I needed the \$4 I won playing poker at Boucher's on New Year's Eve before I went to Bill Donaho's party.

OTHER MAILING RESPONSES -

Ted White: I certainly do find it necessary to fuel myself with alcohol at conventions. I can do without sleep much more easily and recover more quickly. You may remember that I had to go on the wagon halfway through the Chicon, when I was afraid my swollen ankles indicated a kidney infection. The result was the most painful exhaustion I've ever suffered.

Fred Patten: Thank you for all the lovely egoboo.

In any properly run universe, Samuel Gompers would have invented rubber boots.

FEN DEN FREUDE

Freude, schöne Telefunken,
Platter aus Elysium;
Wir Gestetnen, Heyer-klunken,
Himmel brachte Heiligt Rum.

Feuerwasser bringen Lieder
Was gemacht die Rafter ring,
Alle Fenschen, Corflu-Brüder,
Schmeerp und Schnog und everything.

Femme der grosser Wurst geslicen
Machen slurpisch Pizzalein
Mit Chavela's Chilispicen,
Dish was suiten Jubal fein . . .

I know for certain that I invented the first line of this farrago, but from there on I can't say whether any given word or phrase is by me or by Walter Breen. We did it in the course of a GGFS party at the Rogers' last month. Maybe some day we'll finish it.

STARTING THE YEAR OFF RIGHT

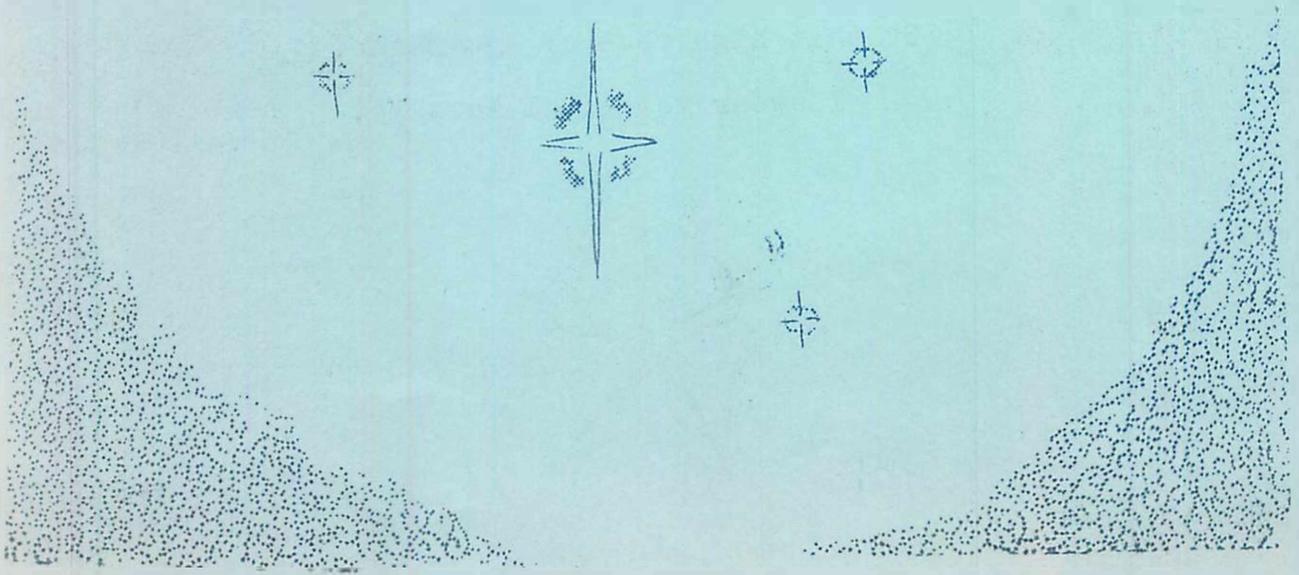
Going home from a party the evening of New Year's Day, I looked to see if something I'd noticed on the way to the party was still there. It was, so I took it home with me: a, er, wild veal carcass that had probably been killed less than 24 hours before. Damn it, I couldn't leave all that meat there to rot, could I? So, after phoning a friend for advice, I spent the next two hours gutting the beast and cleaning up the useful organs. (We gave the heart, spleen, and kidneys to the cats.) I cut the head off then, too. With a six-inch-blade kitchen knife. Next day I skinned it, and the day after that my friend came over with a meat saw and helped me finish the job. The animal can't have been a year old yet; it was male and hornless. The meat was tender and delicious. I didn't have enough room in the refrigerator for all of it, so I took some over to Bouchers', with the proviso that they should have us over to help eat it. Tony had never cooked wild beef before (neither had I, except for a steak someone gave us once) and all the cookbooks contradict each other. He's promised to write out the recipe he evolved; it was splendid.

The dressed weight excluding liver etc. was 27 pounds; the liver weighed $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. It's almost all eaten now. I wonder if I'll ever taste "wild veal" again; it doesn't seem likely.

But I think the real value of the incident for me is not just getting to eat something rare and tasty. It's the sense of accomplishment - that, almost single-handed, I successfully dressed a large mammal. My experience was limited to the times I'd watched people clean trout, and the single time I cleaned an eel. It was a filthy job, and at times I had to hang onto my gorge. The stink was dreadful. I now have real first-hand experience of the literal meaning of the word "shambles." But I finished the job, and I couldn't be prouder of that meat if I'd invented it.

PARTY, PARTY, PARTY

The Futurians skipped a meeting just before New Year's Eve and had a party at Bill Donaho's. It was only the second time I'd been in his new place, way up in the El Cerrito hills. The other time was his housewarming. Both times the place was full of LASFS members. We sure throw great parties up here, to get people from so far away. the New Year's party lasted all night; Poul and I had planned to spend the night with some other friends in El Cerrito to avoid driving home when it was drunk out, but he sack'd out on the floor without really meaning to and by the time he woke up it was past noon. We got home around 2:30 in the afternoon and I, after cleaning up and changing, turned right around and went to another party in El Cerrito. (That was when I noticed the "veal" carcass.) I might not have gone to that one except that I knew Russ and Evelyn Ernst would be there and I hadn't seen them in so long. I invited them to come to Little Men's meetings, but Russ is too busy in rehearsal for a little theater production of Macbeth. Evie did come to the last meeting, though, and is becoming very enthusiastic about the more decorative and dramatic aspects of science. We showed a Bell documentary movie about Telstar, and Evie loved it. Who knows, she may even become a fan.



REPLY

The love ye tender me, sweet sirs,
I would not take unrightly;
To accept so dear a gift incurs
A debt that's not paid lightly.

It were too heartless to requite
Your loves with mere rejection;
Nor will I soil me to recite
A farce of sibs' affection.

I would not have such love from ye
That I may not return it;
The little ye may have of me,
I pray ye not to spurn it.

The rose Guillaume might not attain
For standard rides above ye:
By that high rose of Aquitaine,
I swear ye all, I love ye.