HERE THERE BE SAPS

April 1984
SAPS #147



fannish celebrity roast

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HERE THERE BE SAPS Volume Two, Number Two. SAPS #147, April 1984. Born Again Apa Hacker responsible is Robert "Bob" Lichtman, PO Box 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442. Cover: Ray Nelson.

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TO EASE THE BURDEN for future fan historians who may run across this publication, separated from the cosy confines of SAPS #147, it should be noted that the first issue of Volume Two of this 'zine appeared within the pages of SPACEWARP #131 in the mailing prior to this one.

In that issue, I revealed myself for the old-timey apa-hacker that I potentially am and provided the curious reader with some history of my involvement with the Mother Literature as well. But for the half of the current SAPS membership who I don't know (and I assume vice-versa) perhaps some more personal data is in order...

Born August 27, 1942 in Cleveland, Ohio, the oldest of the two sons of my parents. Moved to Los Angeles in 1951 where I lived until 1965, with a brief time-out in 1961 when I lived in (mostly) Ray Nelson's attic in El Cerrito. Upon graduation from UCLA (BA in English Lit, a pretty useless line of endeavor in hindsight), moved to the San Francisco Bay Area, settling in San Francisco. Got there just in time for the beginnings of the Haight-Ashbury era in which I participated in my own humble way.

In the spring of 1971, I moved with my then-new, now-ex wife to an intentional community in Tennessee called "The Farm," founded by followers of hippie guru Stephen Gaskin, of which I was one. We had four children, all boys, before separating in late 1979. This period of my life may be of interest to some SAPS members, who should so indicate in their mailing comments. Specific questions are invited.

Following up a job offer from Paul Williams, I moved back to California in June 1980, settling in the small Northern California town of Glen Ellen where I remain to this day, poor but rurally situated as is my preference. I live with two of my four children as a "single parent" and juggle my life around this situation. Fandom reentered my life after a hiatus during my Farm days and has now settled in to the point where I have now published two issues of a genzine entitled TRAP DOOR.

This is brief but fairly inclusive. It certainly doesn't tell the reader much about what I am, though, and that will no doubt have to be revealed through ongoing publication.

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THE CONTINUED EXISTENCE of SAPS after 36 years is certainly evidence that the famous saying of an eofan named Hugo applies

here: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose!" With that in mind, let us proceed on to the heart of any apazine:

MAILING COMMENTS

(These comments are on 'zines in Mailing #146. If there's no entry for your 'zine, just assume that it left me speechless.)

TIT F'R TAT #1 (Austin): Since previously my only knowledge of you was through barely-remembered references in old issues of FLABBERGASTING (Toskey), it was a pleasure to find you talking about yourself.

Your interest in genealogy made for good reading... I've often suspected, when I've thought about it at all, that no doubt way back in my family's past someone, somewhere had a job going around lighting street lamps in Germany. That's my father's side of things. On my mother's side, all known trails lead to the vicinity of Transylvania, so perhaps I'm part vampire...?

YEZIDEE #2 (Crayne): Your comments on the yellowing, brittle Fibretine you found in old fanzines in your garage reminded me of a slightly different thing I encountered recently when I borrowed a set of my earliest genzine, PSI-PHI. Published 1958-1960, the means of reproduction was primarily ditto with multi-colored pages. Here, while the paper was still in good condition, the colors had faded unevenly. The purples and reds were still strong, but the blues and greens had faded and in some cases were almost entirely gone. Needless to say, this made for an unusual appearance. The most annoying loss of color was in issue #3, which contained Bjo's "Super Squirrel" comic strip. When I borrowed the set, I'd hoped to xerox a copy of the strip for my own files but some of the colors were too faint to permit this to happen...the xerox wouldn't pick them up at all. *sigh*

COSMIC DEBRIS #22 (Lynch): I've never seen The Police in concert and envy you your wonderful seats at the Knoxville concert. Seeing them in rock videos is nothing like being there. Also, having driven from Chattanooga to Knoxville myself a time or two, your mere mention of that trip as "terrific" brought back a rush of highway memories

THE COLONIAL COMMENTATOR #6 (Edmonds): Three TV stations? That's not too many!! Nonetheless, there are parts of the United States where that many stations (or even fewer) are all you can receive with an ordinary TV antenna due to the lack of stations, forbidding local geography (hills and distance), or whatever. When I was in Tennessee, I could get four stations: one for each "network" plus the educational channel. A fifth station existed out of Nashville, but it was UHF and its signal didn't make it to our feeble antenna. (Some of our neighbors got it.)

Here in Glen Ellen, some fifty miles from San Francisco, I could get 17 stations if I had a decent antenna hookup. I don't, though; instead of that I am connected to the local cable system, which provides 12 channels. This is primitive

as cable systems go: some in surrounding communities offer up to 30 channels. Of course the USA is world-renown for having too much of everything and the latest thing here is to have a backyard satellite dish antenna with which one can receive over 100 channels. However, at a bottom line price of around $1,500 to purchase one of these marvels, poor people like me have to "make do" with our 12 channels...

Anyhow, congratulations on having a color set, which definitely makes a lot of difference in your perception as you appear to be noticing.

OFFSPRING OFFERING #1 (Austin): Why San Antonio? I wondered when I noted your parenthetical "not by choice" on your final page. Of all the cities I have visited in Texas during my book-selling years on the road, San Antonio was the least hospitable, most uptight and most visually boring of all. True faceless urban development, Texas-style. Move to Austin, Austin...

In response to your plea, you should know that someone <u>is</u> compiling a glossary of fan terminology. It's called Fancyclopedia III (there've been two prior editions in 1944 and 1959) and it will be published presumably in time for the World SF Convention at Disneyland over this coming Labor Day weekend. I haven't seen any ordering information for it as yet, but it will definitely tell you more about fannish terminology than you may even care to know. Or maybe not.

So why <u>are</u> you living (not by choice) in (gak!) San Antonio??

WORDS IN THE WIND #3 (Stull): There's a shyness and also a braveness that shines through this narrative of your physical body condition. What a difference from your writing in the last mailing about your tentative disaffection from SAPS! I get a much fuller picture of you this time around. God bless and hang in there!

I'll have to agree with you that there is a world of difference between general fanzines and apazines, though as with Redd's contributions there's a blurry inbetween area. This time around in my fannish reincarnation, I'm having difficulty relating to a certain level of apazines--the level we used to characterize as "comments-upon-comments-upon-comments-upon..." Quite the opposite of you, I'm finding apahacking much less appealing to me this time around. Perhaps it's because it's ultimately personal at its best and I have quite enough in-person personal stuff going on in my life and it's hard to let more in that "just" occurs in print.

Something in me is a latent editor and I prefer doing my genzine, TRAP DOOR, to this effort. Not to denigrate this, but there are more possibilities to me in creating the "package" that is TRAP DOOR--not only its physical appearance but its state of mind as well--than in doing mailing comments and personal essays for a small group. (TRAP DOOR goes to 225.)

I know what you mean about commenting on "fanzines" that get sent through apas. They somehow don't seem to belong there and they demand a different sort of response. Dave Rike's RN #3 in this mailing is kind of like that, good but hardly a SAPSzine at all.

THE NOTHING MAN #8 (Toskey): "Waste my time" in SAPS? Well, if I thought that I wouldn't've rejoined at all. I'm giving it a shot. But as I indicate above, I have a different feeling about this type of fan activity than I did when I engaged in it before, and my gut feeling putting this zine together so far is that it's somehow not as satisfying as doing my own genzine. There's a certain number of folks in SAPS currently whose output I want to see and interact with, and I'm warming up to the rest. It takes a few mailings to mesh in, after all. But I'm going to be surprised if I stay in SAPS anywhere near as long as I did the last time (Art says I was in one mailing short of 10 years).

Where is L. Garcone these days? What happened to your old multilith that used to produce the nice headings for FLAB?

ZAP (Briggs): From your remarks in this and also the last mailing, I take it that the role you have carved out for yourself in your performance in fandom is that of our own homegrown Archie Bunker type. Well, carry on...

SPACEWARP #131 (!!) (Rapp): Your not poetry was not unenjoyed. Like you, I was told as a kid that eating candy and cake would ruin my teeth and make me fat, and while like you I like frosting with a little cake underneath it and desserts with whipped toppings, also like you I haven't gotten fat (yet...at 41) and unlike you my teeth have not gone all to hell. What does this say for our parents' credibility?

THE SIXTH QUARK #2 (Woolsey): A fan from Nashville! I spent a lot of time from 1971-1980 being in and around Nashville. When I lived at The Farm, down near Summertown in Lewis County, I came to Nashville every week for a few years to buy the groceries for the entire community. I was given a budget within which I had to cover whatever staple items were needed and then, if I had any cash left over from careful buying--which meant being up to date with the prices charged by all the food wholesalers in Nashville, Columbia and Lawrenceburg--I could turn everyone in the community on to some bulk spaghetti for a spaghetti dinner, or something else unusual in whatever the current Farm diet was.

At still other times I came to Nashville to buy hardware and scout for lumber deals. Once again, there were many wholesalers and prices varied wildly depending on item and jobber. I also went around from time to time to large construction projects where carpenters and other laborers from The Farm were working and filled up my truck--I was then driving a $2\frac{1}{2}$-ton truck with an 18-foot box on it--with salvage lumber, drywall, etc. Whatever could be had.

But one thing I never came to Nashville for was to interact with other fans. Oh, I knew there were fans around--I even saw a review in AMAZING (I think) for a fanzine being published by someone out of Loretto of all places--but I was not "into" in-person fanac at that time. Towards the end of my time in Tennessee, I used to come--almost like a pilgrimage--every few months to the Great Escape comic-book and used-sf store out

near Vanderbilt University (on Broadway around 20th as I recall) to get my copies of Howard the Duck. I'd be browsing around, maybe seeking out second-hand Philip K. Dick books, and would get into conversations with people who looked and acted as though they might be Local Fans, but I was careful never to let on that I was anything other than a fellow Reader, lest I become ensnared into some local fan den of iniquity.

One time local fandom almost came to me. I was minding my own business in the Farm's print shop, cutting paper on the old Seybold paper cutter with its huge cast iron flywheel, and this guy comes in to get a bid to print up his book. He turns out to be from somewhere around Franklin and he does science-fiction books--has his own small press--I'm sure you must know who I mean even though I can't think of his name. Anyway, I kept a very low profile through his visit because he was Really Into talking about sf, and I'm kind of lukewarm on the subject myself then as now.

Well, did you discover fandom while living in Nashville? How does one go about discovering fandom in Nashville, anyway? I realize not much of this has anything to do with your zine, but I'm on a good ol' apahacking roll right at the moment and your zine's comment section here is the beneficiary. But now for something completely different...

SPAGHETTI #3 (Rapp): Your comments on bursting water pipes and piling on of blankets reminded me of times while living in Tennessee when there would be the odd night when it would get Really Cold. It got down to 15 below the first winter we were there, when we were living in a school bus with our six-month-old child, and the wood stove we had was one of those tiny #40 potbellies which goes out if you don't feed it every 15 minutes or so--and you have to feed it stuff no longer than 8" or it won't fit. Well, we had a lot of quilts and Indian blankets and the like in those days that we used for decoration as much as warmth, but on those super cold nights we got them all together to cover up us and our kid and when we'd get in under all those covers it felt rather like being under a concrete comforter--we could hardly move. And even after all that, my feet would still be cold!

It was kind of an adventure living through it, though, even though it might have semed like a hard way to go. I was kind of into the winter months--I've usually found it easier to get warm than to get cool--and I never adjusted to the god-awful humid stifling 100+ degree Tennessee summers. Even the cool afternoon thundershowers were no consolation.

This past winter I spent Christmas in Southern California which was having perfect fall-like weather and not too much smog.

Your Chinese horoscopes were a lot of fun. See my birth date elsewhere in this issue.

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As you can see, miniaturization is not limited to the field of micro-electronics. Each page of this issue is reduced from a full-sized page of type. Until next time.....