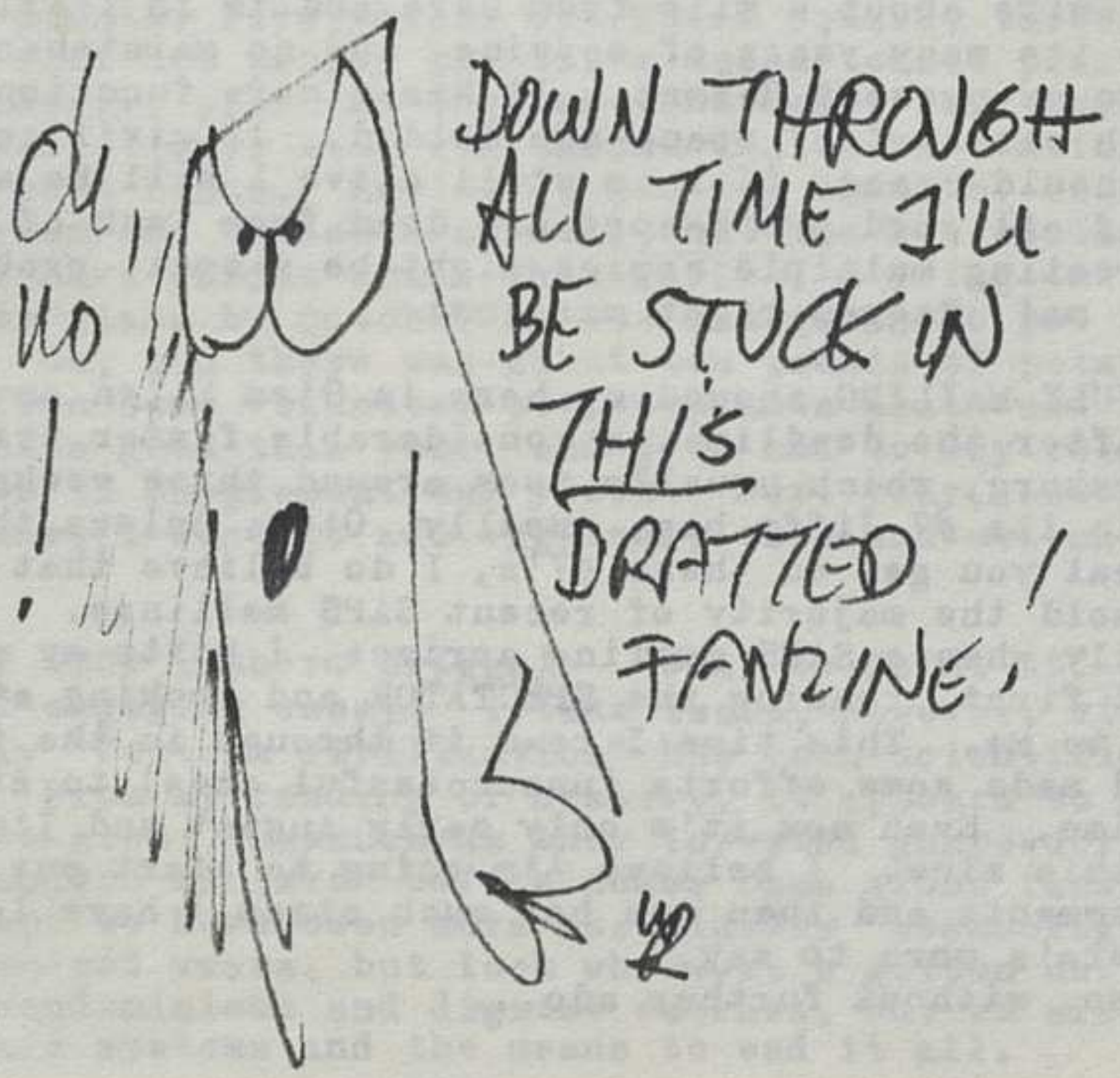
DOOR KNOB

October 1985



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DOOR KNOB Volume Two, Number Eight. Still a successor to HERE THERE BE SAPS and continuing its numbering. The publisher and staff writer also continues to be Robert Lichtman, who still resides at P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442, (707) 935-1396, and this issue is for the 153rd mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, October 1985. Still a member: fwa. Our cover illustrations are persistently by William Rotsler.

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AFTER ONE FULL YEAR of word processed SAPSzines, I've had to come to a halt because I no longer have access to word processing equipment I can use for such frivolities. There's something somehow satisfying about getting back on the old manual typewriter. For the occasion, I went out and purchased a new ribbon to enhance legibility. I found out that, at least in Sonoma Valley, it is no longer possible to purchase a ribbon for a manual typewriter in anything other than a cotton ribbon fabric. Apparently gone are the days when one could acquire a premium silk ribbon which would provide a cleaner image than this and would last considerably longer. It did cost more, but it was more than worth it. Perhaps with the arrival of home computers and word processing programs (and cheap dot matrix printers) has come the eventual end (or serious decline) of the manual typewriter.

This typewriter is an amcient Hermes 2000 portable which must date back to the '50s. It was built in Switzerland and is solid as a rock, despite the time when one of my sons attempted to crush it with a kitchen cabinet. I found it for $10 at a garage sale. What appealed to me about it was that not only was it a Hermes, but it had the same typeface as my previous Hermes, a 3000 portable I purchased new in Los Angeles in late 1961 after returning to life at my parents' house following some time spent living and working in Berkeley after my first year at UCLA. The 3000 went to The Farm with me, concealed under the bed of our converted mail truck/camper. It now resides with my ex-wife about a mile from here and is in fairly poor condition after its many years of service, and no maintenance, on The Farm.

I love my present Hermes. It has a more functional look than the 3000, which was sort of space-age molded. If civilization as we have known it should cease, if I am still alive I will be able to pub my ish even if all word processors are dead from lack of current. (Of course, creating multiple copies might be a small problem.)

Look, ma! Ragged right margins!

THE JULY MAILING showed up here in Glen Ellen on April 22, just <u>one week</u> after the deadline, a considerable faster trip than that from Bloomsburg, which usually took around three weeks. It was just swimming in its #7 Jiffy bag. Really, Otto, unless there's some special deal you get on these #7's, I do believe that a #5 would probably hold the majority of recent SAPS mailings.

Usually when a SAPS mailing arrives, I blitz my way through it rapidly at first, reading the SPECTATOR and looking at the comments addressed to me. This time I read it through in the first week I had it and made some efforts (unsuccessful ones) to start this zine at that time. Even now it's only early August and I'm hot to get going on this zine. I believe I'm going to start out with some mailing comments and then see how much steam I have left and whether or not there's more to say.

And so, without further ado...

SPECTATOR #152: I'm a little disturbed at your comments that appear to indicate that once we have five waitlisters, you're going to let them all in SAPS. Now I know that the OE is Ghod, but it seems to me from reading the comments in the last few mailings, since this subject was brought up, that there's some division in the membership as to whether or not we should expand our ranks. Looking at this objectively, without considering what good people any or all of the waitlisters might be, I think we should continue to discuss this for a little while and perhaps put it up to a vote of the membership along with the next Pillar Poll.

RATAPLAN #30 (Leigh Edmonds): I'd already received and read a copy of this you sent direct, and I have a problem with attempting to write letters of comment to general fanzines in the form of mailing comments. I have enjoyed every issue of RATAPLAN I've received and in my mind it's the premier Australian fanzine currently coming out. So imagine my shock when I read, not long ago, that you were putting it on the shelf and starting up THE NOTIONAL. You sent me the first issue of that and while it has glimmerings of brilliance in it, the fact that I haven't read any of the things it's reviewing limits its appeal. I think I prefer your more personal writing, even though a case could be made that the reviews etc. in THE NOTIONAL are also personal writing. They just aren't as engaging, at least to me. I'm sure this won't discourage you from your endeavour, and it's my guess that Australian fandom <u>needs</u> something like THE NOTIONAL or you wouldn't be making the effort. Good luck in getting it off the ground.

YEZIDEE II:8 (Diane Crayne): If your total view of fandom really is only LOCUS, SAPS and the Cult (the Cult!), what a strange perspective you must have.

It will be ancient history, mostly, by the time this mailing appears, but right now I have a pretty hot garden going. I have three zucchini plants, five yellow crookneck squash, three bell pepper plants, four hot pepper plants, a dozen tomato plants (four each of cherry, pear and regular tomatoes), four cucumber plants (three varieties), some red onions that aren't doing very well, and some pole beans. Earlier I had two kinds of lettuce, kale, turnip greens and radishes as well, but the hot weather got them all. If I have garden space this fall--I'm going to try and move to a bigger place by October or so--I'm going to put in some winter greens. Oh, and there was about ten pounds of potatoes I got to dig up from some volunteer potato plants that Just Appeared. Gardening has been good this year, and I've had to buy relatively little from town to supplement our yield. Next year, assuming I have garden space, I want to add eggplant, okra and melons to our summer crops.

ZAP Summer 1985 (Robert Briggs): "What We Point At" was an interesting and engaging essay. I take issue, however, with your belief that only "Western civilization" has been scientific and technological. From my reading of history, it appears to me that the Chinese were also, inasmuch as they invented gunpowder and thus the means of "modern warfare" before nukes came along (and computers). Perhaps we have been more sustainedly "technological" in the last few hundred years, but look where it's gotten us. We may have highrise condominiums and digital watches, but we also have computer guidance systems and the means to end it all.

I was astonished to read that The Long Tomorrow, by Leigh Brackett, is about a future in which the Mennonites and Amish have taken over the world scene by being "best fitted to survive." I lived near both these sects during my years in Tennessee. They had wonderfully neat and tidy homesteads on some of the country roads to the south of The Farm, down in Lawrence County, Tennessee, and were highly regarded by the locals as excellent farmers. The highways in that part of the state have extra-wide shoulders to accomodate their horse-drawn buggies, and the hardware stores in town were always well-stocked with such things as kerosene lamps and their component parts. Still, they were not totally immune to the culture around then. Often one would see the younger Amish riding back from town passing around two-liter bottles of Dr. Pepper and large bags of potato chips.

Jefferson Swycaffer: I disagree that our culture is not concerned with science fiction. I believe just the contrary. I think America is obsessed with its science fiction and takes it seriously on some level or other. Our inventors invent the very devices written of in science fiction books in this and previous centuries, stopping only at the (so far) technologically impossible. Since the movie, ET, a few summers ago, our movie screens, TV sets, and mass media has been inundated with aliens of every sort, even in (perhaps especially in) commercials. What I think Robert was saying was more along the lines of science fiction still not having "mass" critical acceptance by the "literary establishment."

RIP FAN WINKLE #5 (Harry Warner Jr.): Enjoyed reading of your adventures in the used book jungles of your area. There's nothing quite like the joy of pawing your way through acres and acres of the things and finally coming up with a few choice jewels (hopefully) for all your effort. My best story along these lines dates back to around 1960, when I was living and working in Los Angeles still. I was poking around in the science fiction section of a bookstore on the outskirts of downtown when, lo and behold, I uncovered a little pile of SLANTs, the fanzine published by Walter A. Willis before HYPHEN. I recall it was five of the seven issues, but I don't remember which five and, of course, I no longer have them since my fanzine divesting before moving to The Farm in 1971. I do remember that they were only 35¢ each and that WAW was just as croggled as I was when he heard of it.

The "special class of dogears" you describe where when the offending pages are uncreased are larger than the other pages in the book comes not from the cutting or binding machinery at the printing establishment responsible, but rather from the incredible machine that folds the printed sheets into signatures ready for binding. As a sometimes folder operator myself, as well as cutting machine and binding machine operator, I have special knowledge of this annoying phenomenon.

While FAPA does have numerous overseas and Canadian members compared to SAPS, and this does present a problem unless the member is willing to go to the expense of airmail in presenting current mailing comments in his or her FAPAzine, there is a solution which I'm sure you've noticed as one of the more annoying parts of participation in FAPA, and that is: no mailing comments. While FAPA has more than twice the membership of SAPS, I believe that I got at best five or six mailing comments on the two contributions I've made since rejoining. That's not too many, and it lends credence to the often said adage that in FAPA there may not be egoboo suf-

ficient to sustain life. I think that I am in FAPA to be amongst certain of the members whose work appears nowhere else more than for the few comments my efforts result in. I think that if about a dozen key (for me) members were to drop out either through disinterest or death, I would too.

Your comment to me (note that I'm enough of a BAFF not to be able to adapt to the times and say "yct" or even "raebnc" to the zines in that category) concerning your being sure you have all or most of the issues of SATA, but that locating them would be an impossible task leads to me wonder aloud in print just how you do organize your fanzines. Or do you just have random piles here and there like geological formations? Since you've been active in fandom much longer, so far as I know, than any other member of SAPS, the answer to this question should be interesting.

Our nation's business schools have turned out several generations of avaricious, bottom-line-oriented MBAs who now essentially run American business, the older generation having most gone away through retirement. This accounts for the change in attitudes you mention in your remarks to Kristi regarding job expansion rates in a community; how Hagerstown after years of cautious growth is now trying for a plant that will employ 10,000. These new-breed MBAs are so uptight about short-term results, because they fear for their jobs, that taking the long view has gone out of fashion on management levels. These people are the ones responsible for things like the rash of mergers we've seen in this decade, the callous closing of long-established local plants to move their functions to cheap labor in the Third World, and the like. As I write, it's in the news about how Spring Hill, Tennessee, is going to get to have the new General Motors "Saturn" manufacturing plant located just outside its city limits. I have some knowledge of Spring Hill, as it's on the way to Nashville from The Farm and I drove through it on many occasions. (I used to know some of the people quoted in the media recently.) I think it's going to be destroyed in its present form (a small country village of 1,100 on the old main route to Nashville bypassed by the interstate some 15 years ago or more) when this auto plant comes in. Of course, the growth-at-all-costs turkeys who run Maury County (where Spring Hill is located) must be partying like crazy over this one. I can see them talking about it at the bars and ribs joints. This is the same county that has Hooker, Du Pont, Monsanto, and other polluters, and has one of the highest cancer rates in the State, if not the nation.

SPAGHETTI #9 (Nancy Rapp): Since the population of The Farm was entirely vegetarian, no animals were kept there for food production with the exception of the first three months when some chickens were on hand to produce eggs. That was on the "Martin Farm," a 1,000 acre plot just around the corner from the plot eventually purchased that became The Farm's original owned land. When we all moved from the Martin Farm over to the "new land," as we called it then, those chickens were left behind and continued to exist in the wild for a year or so before they were picked off by poachers and other animals.

Foods were dried in solar driers from time to time on The Farm, but not until around 1977 or so did this get organized on a community level and community drying facilities were built. Most of what was dried in those was fruit. Earlier on vegetables were also dried, although this was abandoned when the community discovered that, mostly, it didn't <u>like</u> dehydrated vegetables.

Other than some experimental windmills from one person's knowledge and some photovoltaic later on, there was no home-grown power on The Farm, and we had a curious system whereby regular electrical power was converted into DC to run household lights (and a few appliances) in the community. Places that needed AC power to run equipment, like the print shop, vehicle repair shop, gristmill, food processing, and clinic, had that form of power. The rest of the community had to make do with light from old taillight bulbs for years because Stephen had a "thing" about AC. I hear that with the decommunalizing and liberalizing of 1983, such things are no longer taboo. The Farm did have some solar stuff happening, like the aforementioned food driers, but this technology was slow in getting accepted by The Farm, where the quickest expedient, in this case buying power from TVA, stuck around for years and years too long. The community gave a lot of what I would consider lip service to the notion that things like alternative energy were Good Stuff, without actually funding projects as a community to make it happen.

The Farm had a clinic staffed by, at first, the few nurses amongst our early population and backed up by a doctor in the nearby town of Mt. Pleasant (home of Monsanto, the most polluting industry in all of Maury County, where they produce fertilizer components from phosphates stripmined from the surrounding area and inject their wastes into deep wells threatening the regional water supply, and the home of the highest incidence of cancer in Maury County, which supplies most of the cases for that statistic). These nurses were backed up by the midwives, who tended to get into community health care in their free time between birthings. As time went on, the community had a few of its own doctors for a time. (Neither of them are there anymore.) As for dental care, in the early days there was one lady who'd been a dental technician, and she cleaned all our teeth and did checkups. The actual dental work was done off The Farm until around 1977 or so when one Farm resident had learned enough off at dental school to start doing some level of fillings and the like. We (at times I) bought supplies for all this at the wholesale level and that was one of the areas in which The Farm was somewhat more together in some ways than the outside society.

I for one don't envy you your "luck" for getting to live by TMI now that it's started up again. But then I live in California where Diablo Canyon is cooking right along and its second unit has been approved to start up, and all this about two miles from an earthquake fault and in a plant whose construction standards are still suspect. Whoopee!

Your comments to Roy about how close we are to Orwell's predictions are just what I would have said if I'd noticed his comments. Good on you for saying all that stuff, and with such restraint.

COLLECTOR July 1985 (Howard Devore): Your ongoing adventures in dealing with the Post Office are always entertaining, especially since I've been trying to get on there myself -- I've taken three clerk-carrier tests in the past few months and I'm already on two rural carrier area lists (three towns in each area) -- and kind of look forward to getting to deal with such a boob-laden bureaucracy.

Other than that I don't have much to say to you except that I generally do enjoy your contributions and am glad you're in SAPS.

COSMIC DEBRIS #27 (Nicki Lynch): My degree came rolled up in a cardboard tube, too, because I graduated at midterm and there was no graduation ceremony scheduled until June, so they mailed it to

me. I still have it, although the cover for the mailing tube has disappeared long ago, when I lived on The Farm, and because of this there was for several years some little mouse turds living in the tube along with the diploma, and also cobwebs, and there are little stains on the diploma that may be mouse urine.

I agree totally with your review of "Prizzi's Honor" including the part about the attitudes towards women, which were the most offensive part of the movie for me. Because of this, and also the violence, I didn't take my children to see this movie, but would recommend it to adults without reservation.

"Chattanooga is a real red neck place" is definitely no understatement. Of the larger Tennessee cities, I found Chattanooga and Memphis to be the most overtly red neck, while Nashville and Knoxville were somewhat mellower in this regard.

One of my favorite memories of Chattanooga was the time I was hitching back up from delivering a driveaway car in Atlanta and got let off at the intersection of two interstates (24 & 59?) on the northern end of town. No one stops here on purpose because it's not an offramp or onramp, it was late in the afternoon and starting to go into dusk, and it was threatening rain. I stood there for a long time, then started walking towards Nashville. I had to walk for quite some distance to get to the next set of ramps, and only then did I get a ride. But it was worth the wait, because the person was going all the way nonstop to Music City and thrust an enormous joint at me, already lit, once we took off. A good ride...

THE BELLIGERANT BELLE, O' COSE! (Suzi Stefl): "Horvorscope" was enjoyed. The few non-fans I have shared this with also chuckle and generally agree. Even about their own sign!

It was interesting to learn that you, too, are a single parent. I only have six years to my credit instead of the twelve you've got under your belt. I have four boys, ages 14, 13, 11 and 8. My ex-wife lives about a mile from me and we each have two kids. There's a lot of back and forth, though, especially in the summer. Do you have contact with the fathers of your two kids?

TYPING PRACTICE #4 (Lyndon Baugh): You certainly have a narrow viewpoint if to you "the NASA dreams of today" and "the conquest of space" are "99.999999999999...% of reality." To me, and I'm sure to Joseph Nicholas as well, that's only a very small part of reality and, despite my innate interest in seeing it eventually happen, it's a very expensive one, made even more so by its intimate connections with our military. I'd much rather see peace on earth and good will to men, and all that this implies, before stepping out into possible contact with more together species than our own.

TENTATIVITY #5 (Mike Gunderloy): "Heavenly Blue" is supposed to be the most psychactive form of morning glories, but "Pearly Gates" was also much in favor back when I knew folks who ate such things. I never tried them, myself, because people I knew who had mostly all reported unpleasant body sensations accompanying the psychedelic effects and, in some instances, overweighing them.

VOMBIS (Roy Tackett): Your comments about the green valleys that appear in periods of relatively high precipitation in your area reminded me of two cross-country drives I went on once.

In 1970 Dick and Pat Lupoff moved from Poughkeepsie, New York, to Berkeley, California. Before the move itself, at a going-away party

being held for them in Berkeley (they were going away from their house-buying visit to get it together and move), they announced that if anyone at the party wanted to travel back and drive out with them, they would give that person a 1965 Volvo sedan. At that time being self-employed and desirous of taking a little vacation to "get away from the business," I accepted this intriguing offer.

Thus it was, some weeks later, that I found myself flying to New York's Kennedy Airport (my first cross-country plane ride), being met by the Lupoffs and taken to Manhattan for dinner with the Silverbergs and others (Terry?) at an exotic Indian vegetarian restaurant somewhere in or near Green Witch Village. I also remember a going away party for the Lupoffs (and welcome to New York for me) at Ted White's in Brooklyn sometime during this visit. I took the Volvo on the last day by myself and drove down to Manhattan on back highways, driving through New York towns to "experience" them (so different from California), crossing over into Manhattan from Yonkers on Broadway and then driving the whole length of Broadway down to the Village where I miraculously found a parking place at the hitherto legendary (to me) corner of Bleeker and Macdougal. I spent the rest of that day wandering around lower Manhattan, drinking carrot juice from sidewalk vendors, enjoying my first visit to that city.

The next day we were off in a two-Volvo caravan. There was me driving the 1965 122S sedan and the Lupoffs in the 1967 wagon, the three kids split between the two cars (which was the point of all this actually). "We" included at least two other adult passengers, one of whom was a strange male hippie with whom the Lupoffs had somehow connected up.

Everything about the trip was a delight, except that the strange hippie had the curious habit of waiting until everyone was done with their business at gas/restroom stops and then going off for a lengthy facilities visit himself, delaying everyone. We talked to him about it, to no avail; and we finally got fed up with it enough to ditch him at a gas station in Reno. But I digress.

It was summer during this trip and as we went west, the temperatures got hotter and hotter. We arrived in Salt Lake City near midnight and it was over 90 degrees out. The residents of this desert town were all up and out cruising the business strip which was replete with every fast-food franchise restaurant known to man. We decided this was not the place to stop for the night, even though it was late and we were all tired, so we pressed onward out across the Bonneville Salt Flats, bound for Elko, Nevada, the next town of any consequence.

As we drove across the flats by moonlight, thunder and lightning started occurring behind us, slowly catching up with us until as we neared Elko it began to catch up with us. No sooner had we pulled into Elko (at something like 4 a.m.) and gotten into our motel rooms but one real gully washer of a storm struck and poured vast amounts of rain on the town before passing on heading west.

The next day, driving across Nevada, all was changed. The weather had become temperate, there were many impromptu lakes that had overnight come into existence, and long unwatered vegetation had also overnight sprung into life, so that the desert was a patchwork of greenery and just-sprouted wildflowers.

Several years later, driving out from The Farm to California in a VW bus which we were transporting to sell in California, my ex-wife, ten-month-old son, and I encountered a similar occurrence in the same general area. We were on old US 50 and had camped out for the night at the top of an 8,000 foot (plus) mountain pass just into Nevada from

Utah when we saw thunder and lightning moving hundreds of miles away across the desert and headed our way. It was some time after we finally fell asleep for the night that the storm hit like gangbusters and woke us up, dumping considerable rain on us before continuing in its westward path. The next day, the same transformation of the environment had occurred as we drove across Nevada.

The weather is certainly a Wonderful Thing.

SPACEWARP #138 (Art Rapp): A particularly good quover this time. I'm impressed that you sold an issue of SPACEWARP for $50 to a collector and certainly hope that it wasn't your only copy of that issue, thus breaking your set (if you have a complete set). Your mention of Ray Nelson reminds me that I visited him at his Big Cat Bookstore several months ago and hung out with him for a while. I hadn't seen him in several years and we caught up on things. When I asked him why he dropped SAPS, he said that he would get the mailings and read them and then find that he had nothing to say. (A problem I've experienced myself at times.) Therefore he felt that it was unfair to hold a place on the membership roster that a more enthusiastic individual might occupy. I commiserated with him, and then went on to try and talk him into doing some Globbly cartoons for TRAP DOOR. He said that he mostly drew racoons and cats these days, but he would try. (Actually, the first issue of this zine run through SAPS--as opposed to the one that appeared in SPACEWARP the mailing before I joined--had a Globbly on the cover.) I haven't heard from him since, but I suppose he is considering it.

What is "CAPA"?

Being a vegetarian, sometimes I add soy-type bacon bits to my spaghetti sauce, but I don't like to do it often because it kind of takes over the flavor.

POR QUE! #90 (Doreen Webbert): You might think you were kidding about going to your local print shop with my zine and asking them to make it 8½ x 11, but actually you can do that at copy shops with up-to-date equipment.

THE SIXTH QUARK VI (Jim Woosley): I wonder which part of the Buffalo River you were on in your canoe? The Buffalo ran not awfully far from The Farm and often we would take our kids there to a place off the Natchez Trace where the water was shallow. The place was called "Metal Ford" on the signs that line the Trace. Have you been to that part of the river?

THE PUZZLE MONKEY #6 (Burnett R. Toskey): I don't have any comments to make on your zine, but I can't let it go by without mentioning that my 14-year-old saw your cover and pronounced it "interesting."

THE COLONIAL COMMENTATOR #9 (Leigh Edmonds): You're certainly correct that there are a lot more Trekkies and other kind of "fringe" fans around the conventions than there are "our" kind of fans. This seems inevitable as conventions become bigger and bigger business and so their committees (or proprietors) diversify the program even more to attract a crowd and thus assure a healthy bottom line when it's all over. SAPS is definitely a backwater when you view fandom from this perspective, but it's our backwater.

I don't know if I'd go around machine gunning dogs on the street, but I do agree that in some areas it's out of hand. Where I'm living at this writing, there's a lot of wild cats of the household variety due

to one former tenant who left her two pregnant cats here when she moved out and never came back for them. There are at least two or three generations of the critters around here and they are uncatchable. If you try, they either claw you or (more often) run into the blackberry thicket at the back of the property and can't be chased.

JUST MAILING COMMENTS (Meg Stull): Sorry to hear about your and Ed's fathers. My own father went through an operation some years back where an orange-sized cancerous growth was removed from his abdomen and so far he seems okay--although he has recurrent heart trouble, too--but I'm hoping he hangs in there for a while longer.

Rising costs are definitely a factor in fanzine production, but for me the way to go is to reduce my print and keep my pagecount down to what will go for the two-ounce rate. At that standard, I'm able to put out a 36-page half-legal fanzine in 250 copies for a total cost of under $150 per issue, and that with the US copies bulkmailed (including about 35-40 mailed back to myself for readdressing) and the overseas copies sent third class. I'm into this instead of trying to develop a subscription base because it keeps me freer and I can pick my own mailing list by "whim." So far I've gotten at least 40 letters back on each issue and lots of fanzines in trade, and have established a reputation for having an entertaining and engaging fanzine that people seem to look forward to.

OUTSIDERS #107 (Wrai Ballard): Shmoos did indeed give milk and tasted like chicken, and I suppose they were a fine outlet for aggression since they loved to die for you. But as I recall it was not necessary to be aggressive with them. All you had to do with them was look at them and they would fall over dead. They were telepathic and would <u>know</u> you wanted them dead.

BASINGSTOKE #44 (Carol Ballard): From what I understand, folks who work for agencies like Manpower get something like less than 2/3 of what Manpower charges the employers. So if you work for them and receive $5 per hour, they are probably collecting at least $8 per. I personally find this offensive and to me the only good thing you can say about such jobs is that they are a way to find a permanent position if you can impress the company Manpower sends you to. When I lived at The Farm, there were periods when cash flow problems would dictate that some men and women would go work Manpower jobs up in Nashville on a rotating basis. I got to work at a place called Nashville Sash & Door (on Second North, Jim, half a block up from Broadway) under a black foreman who had me and others unloading incoming materials from boxcars and flatcars. In order to break the tedium I would volunteer to be the one who climbed up the stacks and cut the bands holding them together. The boss was sufficiently impressed with me that he turned me on from time to time to free or cheap deals on surplus or slightly damaged goods, such as windows and doors. He also gave me standing permission to come get kindling from their scrap bins, something I took him up on many, many times, as it was <u>excellent</u> kindling being all light-weight sash and door material, usually white pine. (You almost didn't need to use paper to start your fire; you could sometimes start the scrap by lighting it with a kitchen match blowing on it ever so gently to get it to catch.) Often I would load up the back of a pickup or van with this stuff, since there was a lot of it, and turn my neighbors on to this exceptional kindling.

MEMORY LANE #3 (Elinor Busby): Though I've been wearing alarm digitals since they became cheap enough to buy the watches on a disposable basis (I seem to be rough on them and they last only an average of 1½-2 years before something happens to them), I do still have a "dress watch" around. It's a Wittnauer I purchased new (on sale for $35 in 1968 money). For the past ten or more years it hasn't had a wristband, and the times I've had to press it into service between digital watches (since I always wait for a sale) I've found it difficult to remember to wind it.

I take eggplant and cut it into rounds. Then I margarine both sides of the rounds and lay them down on cookie sheets. I sprinkle a little soy sauce, some garlic powder to taste, and some Red Star T-6635 Nutritional Yeast on the side facing up, and then put them in an oven preheated to around 400°. (That temperature can be lower if you have time to spare.) Watching them until they begin to brown a little on the bottom, I then turn them over and apply the same seasoning to the other side. I cook them until almost crisp. Sometimes they do get crisp due to uneven heating or *sigh* inattentiveness (a polite term for spacing out). My children like them that way, but I prefer them just short of that. I often vary additional seasonings to the above, such as curry powder or perhaps Hungarian paprika.

Noticed where you said that you had tapes of "Sara," the TV show with Geena Davis. What did you think of that show? I saw maybe half of them when my kids elected to watch it. I found the plot lines not all that terrific every time, but the actors and actresses doing that show seemed especially good in bringing out the inner being of their characters. Or so I thought. I enjoyed "Buffalo Bill" too--Dabney Coleman always plays the same character and it's kind of a kick seeing him pull it off. I wonder if he's like that himself?

I haven't reread "Soul Catcher" to check it out firsthand, but I think that the "elements of fantasy" one could attribute to the book are actually more like the exposition of Indian "legend" which one may or may not consider "fantasy."

RETRO #68 (F.M. Busby): You've been getting really good shelf space in the book stores in my immediate area. The Walden and Dalton stores which are at opposite ends and different floors from each other at the Santa Rosa downtown mall have a good selection of your titles, and the Books Inc. (a local chain in the Bay Area) had even more selection. I've never read any of your professional writing, I blesh to admit. But in this respect you are hardly alone among fans. I've hardly read any, say, Benford, either.

"You wanna talk comix, hey?" you say. Well, the latest comics event in my life is that I finally got a copy of Howard the Duck #1 and thereby completed my collection of that title. I've been faunching after one of these for years, but the price has been up around $10 or more. I got it for $2.50 at a comix store that was having a half-off sale and was interested to hear its collectible value had fallen so in recent months. Still, I have the set because I enjoy the character (and will be the first to admit that some of the plotlines in the books were real cliche and silly, nonetheless). I think Howard will endure over the long run.

Thanks for the confirmation that Lars Bourne dressed up Square did indeed show up at the Baycon. This is a memory I've been unsure of for years; glad to know it Really Happened.

To lawyers, the law is a game to be played by long-established rules. There are some untrustworthy lawyers just as there are such in every field.

VOICES FROM THE PAST #8 (G.M. Carr): While I'm half-Jewish, I'm not offended by your editorial this issue. I agree that Jewish people, at least "officially," are supposed to honor ancient grudges forever. To me this seems uncompassionate: to blame the present-day representatives of a religion, nation or even race for the stuff that happened to go down long ago. Jewish people are hardly alone in this sort of righteousness; however, I will refrain from naming names to keep the peace. As far as Bitburg was concerned, I could see both sides of the argumen and mostly stayed out of it.

In your comments to Briggs, you accuse news casters of being "dishonestly manipulative" and that they provide "a totally garbled version" of commentary on things like Presidential speeches. This is a pretty one-sided attitude. I believe newscasters are mostly sort of left-middle at worst, middle-right at other extreme, and that what freaks you out is nowhere near as out there as what you'd read in the left-wing "near underground press." But then, this is in character for you; as long as I've been reading your fanzines, and I believe I was reading GEMZINE at the tail end of the '50s, you've been more conservative than me; and while I'm probably not as conservative as you on some subjects, I might be a little more so than I used to be. Not on everything, mind you.

PANPIPES #4 & #5 (Kristi Austin): I guess I would say I'm in SAPS for egoboo,but that's a very broad term, fannishly speaking. Getting a good exchange going in the mailing comments, so that they are interesting to read and not too ingrown, is egoboo to me. I like to do my part and am enjoying busting out this issue. -§- Why do you hate to talk about child-bearing and -rearing? Surely all all-female group events don't dwell on this. I've been in the same room (party) with groups of women who were able to stay off these topics without becoming insipid and boring. -§- I'm a single SAPS member. Wanna go dancing?

RETURN OF BOG #4 (Otto Pfeiffer): As I said in my comments to you earlier, in your official capacity, I believe we should vote on whether we want to expand to 30 members. How about the next Pillar Poll? I think we can wait that long and arrive at this important decision democratically. -§- Glow worms are not the same thing as lightning bugs. Glow worms exist on the ground and have a larger glowing area than a lightning bug, but it is a duller glow. I used to see them in the summer back in Tennessee. -§- If it would help get WRR out in the near future, maybe you could reprint my mailing comment to Roy Tackett a few pages back as an article, if it appeals to you. I could polish it up a little for you.

PENSEROSO #8 (Redd Boggs): Mick Jagger is definitely not part of the Beatles, and never was, but he also was never part of the Grateful Dead. No doubt I won't be the only one this mailing to tell you he was and is the lead singer of the Rolling Stones.

TIT F'R TAT #6 (William Austin): I love it where you say "Life on earth always seemed like going on a picnic." I try to keep that in mind myself, though with greater success at some times than others. If I'm not thinking (brooding) about myself, it helps.

Best to all, see you next year.....

Robert