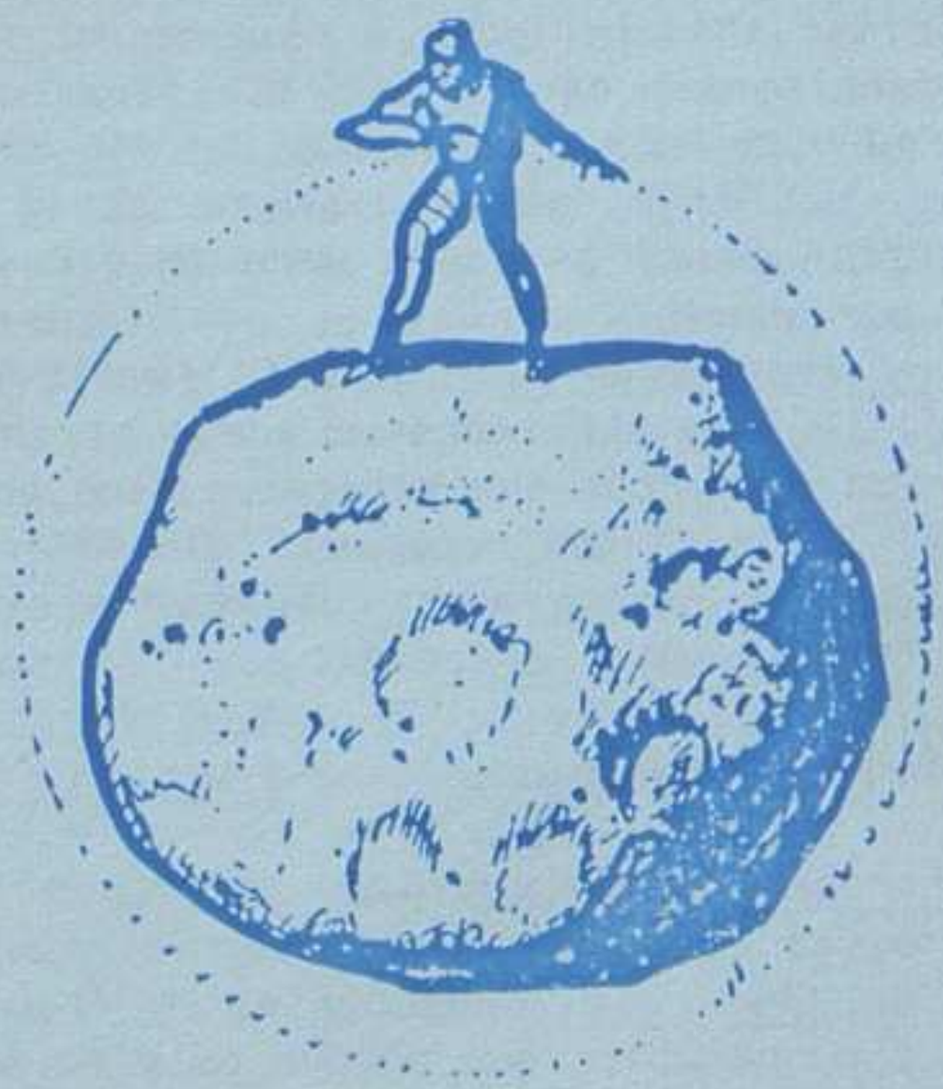
DOOR KNOB

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DOOR KNOB Volume 2, Number 18. Published by Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, for the 163nd mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, April 1988. Some things are forever: The editor is still a Founding Member: fwa. And our covers continue to be by William Rotsler.

Since time is rather short this appearance, let us move right to first things first, i.e., **MAILING COMMENTS:**

Rosemary Hickey: Welcome to SAPS! How does it feel to live on a street named after Buck Rogers' nemesis, the Emperor Ming of Mongo? My experience with Bakersfield is entirely as a motorist trying to Get On Through. It's gotten better over the years. When I was a young fan living in Los Angeles and would travel north to party with the fabled Berkeley fans, Highway 99 ran right through the center of town. It's now called Union Avenue, I believe. After the torturous drive over the old pre-freeway Grapevine, Bakersfield was a place to stop and gas up, perhaps grab a bite to eat, and then head on up the road. (In those days, Highway 99 ran right through your old home, Modesto, and on a foggy valley night I once almost ran into the back of a train which ran on tracks in the center lane of Highway 99 there.) Later the freeway bypassed the town and it became less intimidating, and for a time there was little in the way of businesses along the new freeway and Bakersfield could be ignored entirely. And now of course Interstate 5 runs to the west of town and one need never be in Bakersfield unless out of perversity or sentimentality.

Harry Warner Jr.: Since I can't count myself an avid reader of science fiction and fantasy these days, I would be quite upset to find myself suddenly in the fandom of 1938. There would be little in most of the fanzines of interest to me, with my minimal attention to Developments in the Field. On the other hand, I might find much of interest in the machinations of the Futurians, or at least some aspects of their politics. The fandom I prefer, that of what we loosely call "fannishness," really began about forty years ago with fanzines like SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, VAMPIRE and then SPACEWARP, grew even more widespread through "6th fandom" with fanzines like QUANDRY, CONFUSION, FANVARIETY, PEON, SNULBUG and OOPSLA, and probably reached its heights about thirty years ago when I first discovered and joined fandom. (Of course, there was Tucker before, during and after this period. A case could easily be made that Tucker more or less invented fannishness as a focus for fanzines.) As a fannish retread, I find that fandom now is very much like it was thirty years ago in that the fannish strain is still present, but it's not as dominant as it was back then. I think there's just as many "fannish fans" as there were thirty years ago, but the rest of fandom has far outpaced our growth.

Where the frost goes in my frost-free refrigerator (well, actually not mine, but it comes with the apartment) is into the recessed areas at the bottom under the vegetable bins. About twice a year I remove the vegetable bins and use an old, very absorbent towel to get the water out of those recesses. Other frost-free refrigerators I have known have had this same arrangement. Whether a sign of breakdown or the normal state of affairs, it's a small price to pay for not having to, gak, defrost.

The mind reels at the prospect of Ed Wood editing A Wealth of Fable. No wonder you pulled out.

Your amusing tale about The Sporting News reminds me of how I've been receiving the San Francisco Chronicle free of charge for well over a year. One morning in October 1986 a sample copy of the Chronicle showed up at my front door. A wrapper covering it had a postage paid card on which one needed only to write in one's name and address to receive a free 30-day trial subscription. "What the hell?" I thought, and sent in the card. Thirty days came and went, and I began expecting a bill to arrive in the mail or a carrier to come knocking at my door demanding payment for further issues. Nothing happened. About three months later, my youngest son (who was then ten) reported that someone from the Chronicle had called that day and, learning I was not home, told him they would call again later. I'm still waiting for that call (or a bill, or for it to stop coming), but I'm not about to call them. I've learned from several of my neighbors that they have the same arrangement. You have to hand it to the newspaper: it's a great circulation-builder!

Meg Stull: Thanks for telling me about NEWKEY but as I mentioned in the last issue, I now have a computer at home and have WordPerfect there as well as at work. I now have steady work, too, processing words for the City of Santa Rosa. They got WordPerfect about a month after I started there. I had some exposure to it from various friends before I started working there, enough to be able to jump ahead of everyone else there (who were having to unlearn CPT word processing), and have assumed the position of Office Computer Guru. This has meant that I've been able to carve out lots of time problem-solving in WordPerfect, which is great for me since it's helped me learn the system just that much faster. Currently at work I'm much in demand for designing forms, which I do with liberal doses of Line Draw. We have laser printers at work, too (as I do at home), and my handiwork comes out looking good.

Art Rapp: I guess now that you're 63, your memory of early SAPS history is starting to fade. Otherwise, you wouldn't have made the gross error of stating that Lloyd Alpaugh was the first SAPS OE, when "everybody knows" that Ron Maddox put out the first mailing and then, no doubt horrified with the prospect of getting stuck with the job, moved to Africa. For those who've complained about late SAPS mailings under Otto's regime, it should perhaps be footnoted here that Maddox was over six months late getting out the first mailing. They didn't mess around with minimal lateness in those days; they went all out.

Kristi Austin: Yes, "teeny tiny Happy Faces," not "minuscule Mr Yuks." They are part of the wide variety of special characters one can access with WordPerfect and which the laser printer will produce. It's fun to be able to speak of receiving £100,000 as a prize in the Irish Sweepstakes, for instance, or having paid only ¥5,000 for a grapefruit the last time you visited Tokyo. You can also comment quite effectively on how you "♥" Ursula LeGuin or Gene Wolfe. ☺☺ FAPA has 65 members and it's very unusual for it to have a 700 page mailing these days. That mailing was large because it was the 50th anniversary mailing, the 200th. A more normal mailing is 250-350 pages. The mailings are smaller than you would expect from 65 members, but the activity requirement in FAPA is eight pages a year as opposed to our six pages every other mailing. Many members are "graceful deadwood" (people like Sam Moskowitz, Jack Chalker, Elmer Perdue, Helen Wesson and Bob Silverberg, for instance) producing only their minimum requirement, but since some of these members date back to the earliest days of fandom, are active nowhere else, and write interestingly, it tends to create a sort of forum available only there. FAPA is also quite international in flavor these days with five Australians, four Swedes, four Brits and a couple of Canadians. A Norwegian fan has just climbed aboard the currently very short waiting list. While the interaction is markedly less than in SAPS -- relatively few members do mailing comments on any sort of regular basis-- all these other factors make it add up, at least for me, as a place where I want to hang around. If you're interested in more information, or in applying to the waiting list, you can contact me; I'm the Secretary-Treasurer. (Besides me, fellow SAPS who are also in FAPA are Howard Devore, Norm Metcalf, Harry Warner Jr. and Art Widner. Redd Boggs is in FAPA, too. I wish he was still in SAPS.)

Elinor Busby: As you might expect (from my performance in the recent past), I quite agree with you about a deterioration in the blue collar standard of living." In another apa where I'd raised this issue recently, one person wrote: "In your discussion about how it ought to be possible to be able to afford a house etc., are you describing an ideal or do you also have ideas about how this could be done? & if so I'd be interested in hearing them. It's not clear to me how the rich have been 'putting the squeeze' on everyone else - like in my life, for instance - what do you mean? I'm not sure that I share all these ideals - being so rich one can support a non working spouse is almost a luxury. And one income big enough to buy a house is a pretty big income!" My response was much like yours with the addition of much four-part harmony; but what astonished me about these statements is that they came from someone in her early 30's who works in the banking industry. As you said about Nicki typoing "Lewis" for "Willis," "How soon they forget!"

I loved most aspects of living in the city when I did, but some other normal features of urban life, I can definitely do without, such as long lines at the grocery store and general crowding, not to mention the increased possibility of your

person or property being violated in some fashion. And mainly, at this point I think it's better for my kids for them not to be raised up in the city. Glen Ellen is only a little over an hour's drive from Berkeley and San Francisco. So, overall, while this part of Sonoma County is not as rural as I would like, it's a good compromise. When I'm done raising up my kids, I tend to think I might gravitate back towards the city. Or maybe not. The pull to move further out into the country is almost equally strong. It would partially depend on how I would be supporting myself. If I can handle the boredom factor in working under my present circumstances long enough to be "vested" in their retirement program, that would be desirable.

Agree with you about Nixon v. Reagan. (Now there's a Speer comment for you!)

I hope your parameters are doing better by now. (And another!)

F.M. Busby: The Breeds of Man is getting thorough distribution around the parts of Sonoma County I frequent. I've seen it in all the Waldenses and Daltonses and other bookstores. Most prominently, I saw it last week on a Thrifty Drugs newsrack where it was one of only six "sci-fi" (their term) titles on display. It was in the wire rack on top of the tier, and below it was a Heinlein, a Chalker, a Clarke and two recent Star Trek novels.

Rocky Willson: A fascinating tale of your life in the fast lane as an imitation White Boy. At least you probably got paid well for dressing up, unlike poor Nicki Lynch who has to slave away in the mall in Chattanooga all dressed up for minimum wage. American life is certainly a study in contrast and injustice.

Welcome to SAPS!

G.M. Carr: Thank you for including your trip report in this mailing. Particularly entertaining, for some reason, was your story of dispensing toilet paper in the Holy Land. Saint Gertrude, f'sure! I'm glad for you that you got to make this trip. oo I'm also relieved to hear that you seem to be doing well after your surgery.

Dian Crayne: Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon lives in Monterey with his wife of many years and their four children. I saw Calvin and India for the first time in many years at the memorial service held in Terry Carr's memory last May 30th. Except that his hair had grayed, he looked pretty much the same as the Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon of old.

Regarding the equation of height to penile length: one single mother of my acquaintance who had at the time I knew her a three-year-old boy with an enormous one told me that the boy's father had the largest one of her acquaintance and he was only about 5'6".

Mike Gunderloy: What were the early '50s like? Well, I turned eight in 1950, so I'm probably not the most objective observer. The first pop music song I remember noting as it came out and ascended the charts was "The Tennessee Waltz" in 1951. This was pre-rock and roll days and I can well remember being turned off by much of the music of the time, particularly songs like "Shrimp Boats" and even "Shh-Boom." About 1954 I discovered "race music" stations in Los Angeles and from then on (to my parents' regret) my life was filled with songs like "Work With Me, Annie" and it was almost anticlimactic when rock and roll burst into the mainstream. In sports the given was that the Yankees would always make the World Series and probably win the pennant. It was a blow when Cleveland bumped the Yanks from this verity in '54 (?) and went on to win the pennant in four games. I remember thinking the Communist scare was highly over rated, and I was one of only two kids in my fifth grade year to wear a "Stevenson for President" button amidst scads of mindless "I Like Ike" button wearers. When I was 12 I wore pegged black chinos and pink&gray shirts. When I wore jeans, they were "Billy the Kid" brand. My father had a big 1950 Oldsmobile 88 fastback coupe with a V-8 and Hydramatic; I remember how roomy it was. I know this is mostly about stuff rather than cultural currents, but as a kid that's what I remembered.

What makes you curse about Word Perfect and what version are you using?

Everyone Else: In the words of the Old Apahack, "raybunuck." Y'all have a good spring and early summer.

--Robert