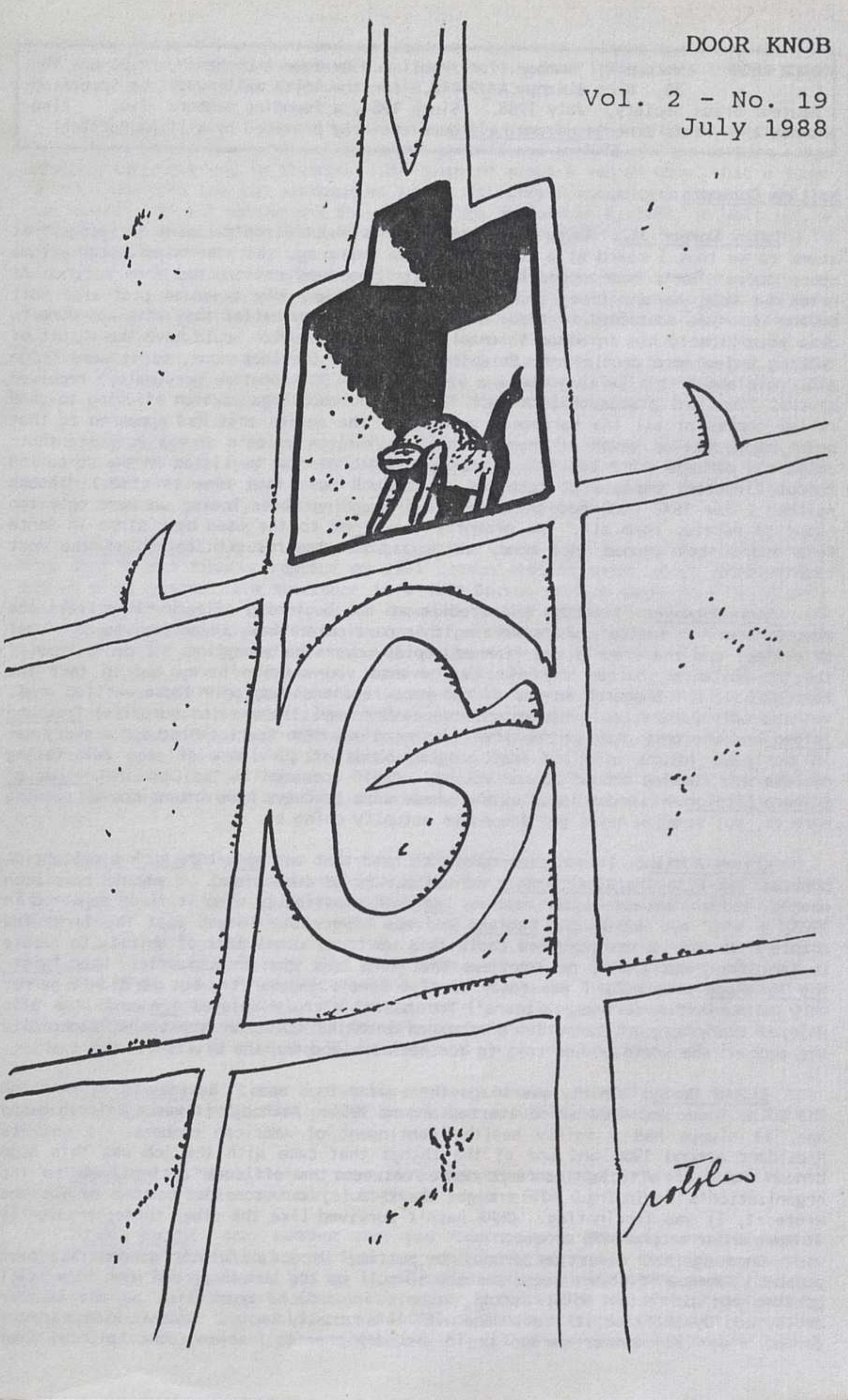
DOOR KNOB

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DOOR KNOB Volume 2, Number 19. Published by Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, for the 164th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, July 1988. Since 1984, a founding member: fwa. Also since 1984, this zines's covers have been entirely provided by William Rotsler!

Mailing Comments

Harry Warner Jr.: Regarding your comments about Elron's recent "writings," it seems to me that I heard at a convention some years ago that the massive ten-volume space opera that's been appearing under his name was constructed from a bunch of notes he made at one time, and that it was considerably expanded plot-wise well beyond what was contained in those notes. It's been my belief that this was done to draw attention to him in a non-Scientological fashion which would have the result of sucking a few more people into Scientology through the back door, as it were. One side note about this is that about a year ago TRAP DOOR (not me personally) received several identical pieces of junk mail from the Hubbard organization offering to send review copies of all the hardcover volumes of the series that had appeared to that point, some six or seven of them, as well as various Writers of the Future anthologies and perhaps other books. (I suppose TRAP DOOR must be listed in the so-called Fandom Directory because it receives other junk mail from time to time.) Though neither I nor TRAP DOOR had any interest in reading these books, we were only too happy to receive them all. We promptly took them to the used book store in Santa Rosa where they turned into money which was put towards publication of the most recent issue.

Norm Metcalf: Although the credits at the beginning of each "Star Trek: the Next Generation" indicate who's writing that particular show, there seem to be a pool of writers and the credits are flashed rapidly over the storyline. I don't know if they're building towards any of those events you mention here, and in fact the Ferengi have not appeared in any of the more recent shows, only those earlier ones. ∞ The only Robert Louis Stevenson I've read in my life was (no surprise) Treasure Island and the only Jack London I've ever read was "The Scarlet Plague," a story set in the near future in which small ragtag bands of survivors of some devastating disease are roaming around Sonoma Valley. (This appeared in the Conklin Omnibus of Science Fiction.) London is an author whose work I always have intentions of reading more of, but somehow never get around to actually doing so.

Kristi Austin: It's disheartening to read that the sequel to such a delightful book as Tea With The Black Dragon turned out to be such a dud. I should have been warned, though, because after reading Tea enthusiastically when it first appeared in 1983, I went out and bought Damiano and was never able to get past the first few chapters of it. I was ready to chalk this up to my usual lack of ability to relate to fantasies, but then I read reviews that were less than enthusiastic. When Twisting the Rope came out, I was ready to give Bertie another try but it didn't garner very enthusiastic reviews, either. Too bad: I truly enjoyed Tea and I've also enjoyed everything of hers that's appeared in MAINSTREAM over the years, especially the account she wrote of her trip to Northern Ireland and the Willises.

Elinor Busby: Thirty years ago there were four apas. Besides SAPS, FAPA and the Cult, there was OMPA which started around 1954. Although it was a British based apa, it always had a fairly healthy contingent of American members. I was its President around 1960 and one of the things that came with the job was this huge binder full of official correspondence between the officers dating back to the organization's beginning. This might sound dull, but considering the people who wrote it, it was fascinating. OMPA hasn't survived like the other three; apparently it went under around 1975 or so.

Once again I never got around to putting in a fall/winter garden this past season. Somehow it always seems a shame to pull up the summer garden when it's still putting out perfectly edible stuff, albeit in reduced quantities as the weather cools, and by the time it's all done with it's usually too wet to deal with a winter garden. My 1988 summer garden is in and doing well: seven tomato plants, four

cucumbers, three hot peppers and two Japanese eggplants. There's nothing ready to pick at this writing, but certainly by the time you read these lines I'll be flush in vegies and looking for friends to help with the surplus.

G.M. Carr: It's interesting that the Daily News Digest article on earthquakes in Southern California, when talking about predictions in 1983 of "one or more large earthquakes" occurring in November 1987 "plus or minus 4 years" (boy, what a fudge factor!) mentions the two earthquakes in the relatively unpopulated Imperial Valley and ignores the 6.3 earthquake that took place on October 6, 1987, in Whittier, a very populous area, which did considerable damage. (I wonder if it was a warning to former president Nixon to stay away?)

Your comment to Crawford: Ecological balance includes considerations of survival of the fittest and over-grazing. However, if by referring to this you mean for it to serve as reason for it to be okay for some people to sink below a reasonable level of survival, then that's where we part company. I think mankind has sufficient potential smarts above the dictates of natural law that he can, if he chooses, bring everyone up to a comfortable level by levelling distribution of income. (Don't mind me, Gertrude, I'm just a Democrat (or worse).)

Rocky Willson: I have to confess to being a little bit of a Frank Zappa fan, too. In addition to his own earlier albums, I remember "Wild Man Fischer," a Zappa persona who performed pop songs a cappella including appropriate noises for the musical breaks. He only did one album, but that was enough!

Wrai Ballard: You already know, but this seems like an appropriate place to note that I did finally replace my 1971 Datsun station wagon which I'd had for nearly eight years. Its successor is a 1980 Datsun station wagon in considerably better condition. The new car has a somewhat smaller engine than the older one and a five-speed manual transmission instead of an automatic, and so I'm getting 29 miles per gallon as opposed to around 21 on the older vehicle. When I got back from Corflu, it had been checked over, tuned up, adjusted and had its oil changed. As with any older vehicle, one inherits whatever maintenance the former owner had been deferring, so since buying it I've had the brakes and front wheel bearings replaced and purchased a new set of tires (it came with Michelins, but nearly used up ones which I've now replaced with Continentals which have the long wearing qualities of Michelin without the stiffness). I hope that by now you've had success in locating a new vehicle yourselves and that we'll be reading of it in your zines in this July mailing.

Carol Ballard: I'm not learning Microsoft Word, but I can see that soon I will be wanting to learn Word Perfect 5.0. The main advantage to it over Version 4.2, on which this is being written, is that it allows you to mix fonts of different sizes and it will automatically hold constant margins and appropriate line heights without a lot of fooling around on one's part other than specifying what the margins should be in the first place. It comes with a series of fonts, and in addition I have nine disks full of Hewlett Packard "soft" fonts in Times Roman and Helvetica for use on my laser printer. At this point I'm waiting for them to work out the bugs belatedly being detected in the program before I get a copy myself. My Word Perfect maven tells me that the .0 versions are always the buggiest.

Otto Pfeifer: It was depressing to read of your financial and health problems, but good to read that you've found some possible new future selling refineries.

Meg Stull: "When welfare pays more than minimum wage, welfare benefits can always be reduced." Are you taking attitude lessons from G.M.?

Lyndon Baugh: Your comment that you "learned more about typoing for typing lots of apazines than from school lessons" reminded me of my own experience. I took typing in the 9th grade and got up to maybe 35 words a minute after an entire year of coursework. I discovered fandom the summer between 10th and 11th grades and by the following summer I'd published a handful of fanzines (three issues of a genzine and my first SAPS publication) and engaged in a lot of correspondence and my typing

speed had gone up to around 55 words a minute. By the next summer after that I'd published a dozen other fanzines and my typing speed hit around 70, where it remained for many years. Active participation in fanac definitely does exercise the synapses. When I reentered fandom in 1980 I was still typing around 70 words a minute, but since 1980 and much fanac and also much word processing for money I can now maintain around 85-90 words a minute on easy straight copy or white heat first drafting. I've been clocked as high as 97 words a minute on employment related tests. That was on a Selectric, too! And I think I'm much faster on a computer keyboard than on a typewriter, even a fast typewriter like a finely tuned Selectric. I must be hitting peaks of over 100 words a minute. However, I can't sustain that for long...

Nancy Rapp: Insert a good word for Nancy here. We're all pullin' for ya! Threes and eights all over you. Hang on, Sloopy! (Don't forget your pages!)

From a Letter from rich brown

"I find that 'Star Trek: The Next Generation' addresses at least one of the problems I had with the original. The Enterprise is clearly, inferentially run along Naval lines--the ranks (Admiral, Commodore, Captain, Commander), certain turns of phrase ("You have the Com," Kirk always says to the ranking officer when he leaves the bridge), all say that things are run along lines similar to the Navy. I could never believe (even with both my eyes shut real tight) that, if the battleship U.S.S. Enterprise were to discover some new island in the Pacific, the Captain and his top five officers would get in a dingy and go investigate while the rest of the crew sat around twiddling their thumbs...but that's exactly what happened on the starship Enterprise every time they came across something new and potentially dangerous. In 'the Next Generation,' Picard is a captain who acts like a captain; they have an 'away team' whose job it is to go into those potentially dangerous situations. This makes more sense to me."

Memories of the SAPS Party

Kristi Austin, William N. Austin, Wrai Ballard, Carol Ballard, F.M. Busby, Elinor Busby, G.M. Carr, Nicki Lynch, Otto W. Pfeifer, Burnett R. Toskey, Art Widner and me. Thirteen of the 27 names on the April SAPS roster were under one roof on Saturday, April 30, 1988, during Corflu 5, the "convention for fanzine fans," held in Seattle this year. I doubt if such a proportionately high number of SAPS members have been together under one roof since possibly the early days of the New Jersey Spectators who founded the apa. I'm hoping that one of our SAPS historians will do the necessary research to see if this set any sort of record.

In addition, there were SAPS spouses Dick Lynch and Frank Carr. I was meeting many members for the first time and many others for the first time in many years. (In some cases there's some uncertainty. Wrai insists that he met me in perhaps 1964 at the San Francisco worldcon. I don't remember.)

As I observed to at least one person during the evening, it was just like reading about a SAPS party except you were actually there. Here was the famous chocolate mousse, here the meatballs. Food abounded and there were even massive leftovers. A oneshot occurred that Wrai and I had commenced the day before, when I first landed at the Ballards' house, where I was very kindly being allowed to crash during Corflu (and herewith *PUBLIC EGOBOO* to Wrai and Carol for this kindly provenance)

One thing I was wondering about before the party, however, knowing about where Wrai and Carol often spend their weekends sans square back plaid sports shirts, proved to be wrong. Now the rest of SAPS can be told: they <u>do</u> wear clothes at the SAPS parties at Wrai and Carol's.

With the end fast approaching, there's only room left to hope that you all have a fine summer with a bounteous harvest in your respective gardens (those of you as has them) and good times dancing in the streets, cruising down the avenue, whatever suits your fancy. See you in the fall with tales of How It Was. ♥♥♥♥♥ --RL