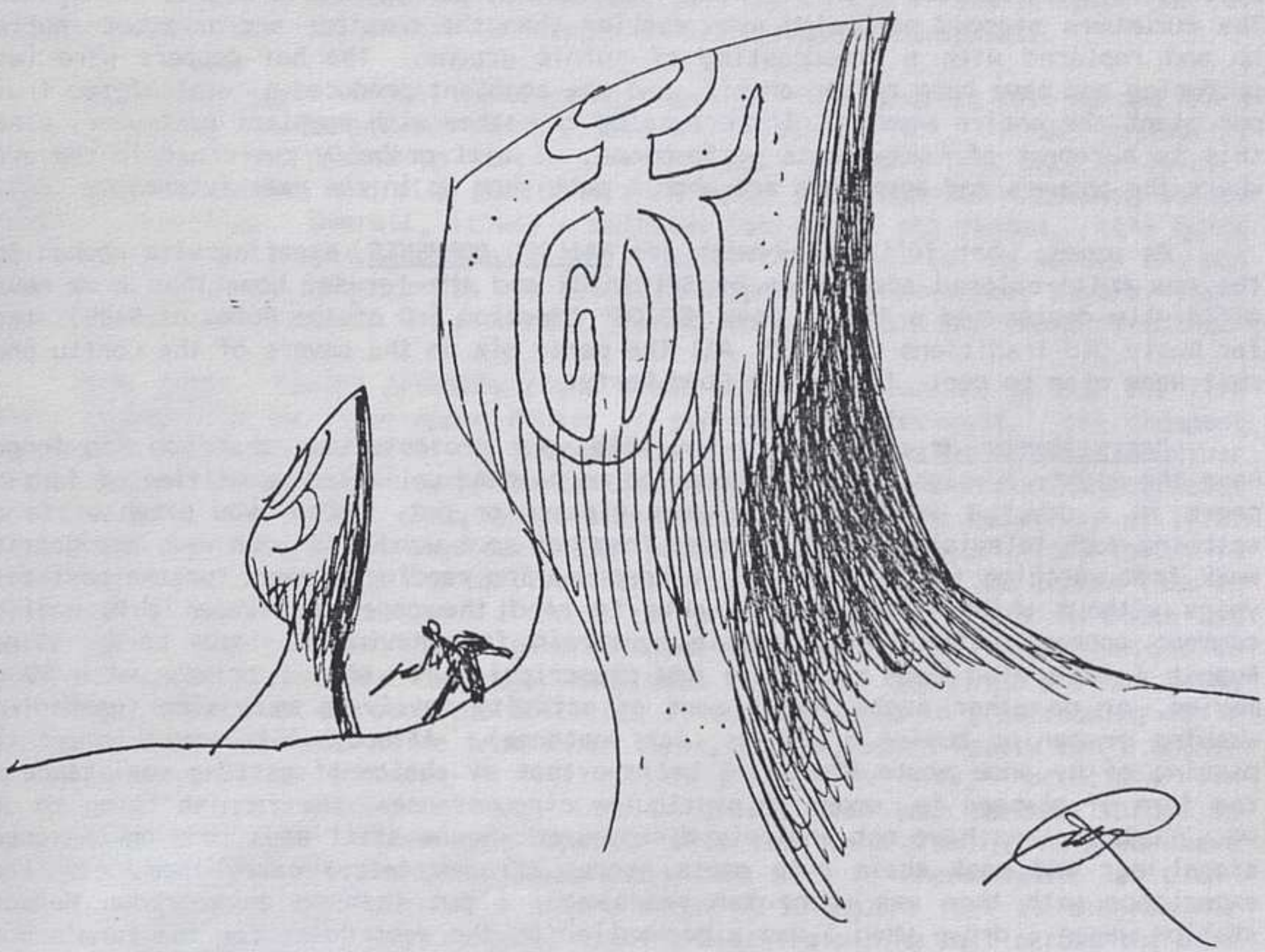
DOOR KNOB

Vol. 2 - No. 20
October 1988



DOOR KNOB Volume 2, Number 20. Published by Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, for the 165th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, October 1988. Relentlessly a founding member: fwa. For many years now, our covers have been courtesy of William Rotsler, Trufan.

This issue marks five continuous years of Making The Mailing. The first "issue" of this zine, then called HERE THERE BE SAPS as those of you with good memories will recall, appeared within the pages of SPACEWARP #131 in the 146th mailing, January 1984. I was on the waiting list at the time. I followed that with the second issue in the following mailing and I've never missed a mailing since, my longest streak in any apa. According to my records, as kindly provided some time back by Art Rapp, I had a zine in every SAPS mailing from #48 through #64; however, that's only a 17-mailing streak. (Art indicates I had another zine in the 68th mailing, the last zine I put through SAPS my first time around. This leaves my activity in the 66th mailing a mystery. Did I have pages in someone's zine? Art?)

By the way, I'm still seeking copies of the five SAPSzines from my first incarnation that are lacking in my files. I'm looking for THE BEM & I #1 (48th mailing), HERE THERE BE SAPS #4 (51st), INVERSION LAYER (53rd), UNUSED COVERS #1 (54th) and WATLING STREET #9 (56th mailing). I'd also like to get a copy of whatever I did to maintain my activity credit in the 66th mailing. I hope someone will come through. (Beyond this, I'm looking for old OMPA, FAPA, N'APA, IPSO and APEX publications of mine. I have some of these, but I have significant gaps.)

My garden was something of a disappointment this year. The tomatoes pooped out only six weeks or so after they started producing ripe tomatoes and are going to be pulled out in another few weeks after the remaining fruit ripens (I'm writing in mid-September) and replaced with some fall vegetables, perhaps collard greens and kale. The cucumbers stopped producing even earlier than the tomatoes and have been pulled up and replaced with a broadcasting of turnip greens. The hot peppers were late producing and have been rather anemic, and the eggplant produced a total of two fruit per plant the entire season. I'm not going to bother with eggplant next year, since this is a repeat of last year's performance. I will probably put chard in the area where the peppers and eggplants are when I pull them up in the near future.

As usual, what follows herewith are MAILING COMMENTS, starting with egoboo for the new multi-colored appearance of SPECTATOR and the fervent hope that I am never officially designated a BFOT! Does "DOTOS" (Section 5-D of the Rules of SAPS) stand for Dusty Old Traditions Of SAPS? All the party pix on the covers of the Corflu one-shot were nice to see. That was a Good Party.

Harry Warner Jr.: Whenever you make your protestations that you "no longer have the mighty eyesight that once enabled me to read unlimited quantities of fanzine pages in a day," I wonder if you wear glasses or not. Also, you often write of watching much television in prerecorded form and so I wonder if your eyes are getting weak from watching too much TV. I've been wearing reading glasses for the past five years without which I wouldn't be able to read the page upon which this mailing comment appears without considerable eyestrain from having to focus hard. Since August I have also been wearing a new prescription for when I drive, watch TV or movies, or do other arm's length sort of activity involving my vision (gardening, washing my car or buying groceries, for instance). Although like you I lament the passing of my once acute vision, I believe that my choice of getting assistance in the form of glasses is, under my particular circumstances, the fannish thing to do. ⚇⚇ Curb feelers have not entirely disappeared -- one still sees them on the occasional car and most chain auto parts stores (Kragen, etc.) carry them. My last experience with them was when, ten years ago, I put them on an enormous Mercury station wagon I drove when I was a bookseller on the West Coast for the Farm's book publishing company so I could park under any of the varied circumstances that came up, as I travelled to many towns up and down the coast on a schedule calling on bookstores, natural food stores and other outlets for Farm books. I found them quite useful. ⚇⚇ When you say you "haven't had the attention of a physician for seven or

eight years," one wonders if you mean you haven't even had routine health appraisal physicals? Harry! ɷɷ The apartment next door from which so much stuff emerged must have had a passageway through to the Chorp dimension. What else could explain the masses of Stuff that were removed therefrom?

Burnett R. Toskey: The deal you have for your Toshiba copier is astonishingly inexpensive. I believe I'm going to have to see if something similar exists here. When I publish an issue of my genzine it's anywhere from 4,500 to 6,500 legalength copies and the cheapest I can get it for is 3¢ a side. ɷɷ I envy you your ability to reread such authors as Shaver and Wilcox and enjoy it, too.

Nancy Rapp: Although going through what you're going through is a helluva way to achieve it, congratulations on being One Of Those Persons Who Can Eat Anything (like me). I think it would be Wonderful if Art Rapp could be convinced to take you out to supper everyday and buy you whatever you want, but at today's prices I'm afraid the next thing we'd hear from Bloomsburg would be the sound of the Rapps filing for bankruptcy and being forced to sell off their fanzine collection and septic tank to make ends meet. They might even miss a SAPS mailing or two in the course of it all. Perhaps instead Art should get you a microwave and make sure that a wide variety of microwavable goodies are on hand in your freezer at all times.

Art Rapp: Penmanship is, too, stressed in schools, at least in the local grammar school where all my kids went after we migrated here from Tennessee. True to family tradition, all of them got low marks on penmanship. Where I work currently, we joke each other about who has the worst handwriting. I believe I'm right up there in this competition. My excuse is that I learned how to type when I was 14. Then I became a fan when I was 15, and doing all that fanning on a typewriter caused me to lose the ability to do handwriting. Even now I can only render just enough "longhand" to sign my name on a check or other documents; my "handwriting" is actually a sort of crabbed printing and sometimes even I can't read it later on. ɷɷ Naming Bloomsburg's fraternity row "Sesame Street" is most appropriate.

Mike Gunderloy: OOPSLA, the fanzine, was published by Gregg Calkins and had a total of thirty issues between January 1952 and September 1961. It was noteworthy as the fanzine that picked up Walt Willis' column, "The Harp That Once Or Twice," after QUANDRY folded, and also published much other good material including editor Calkins' ramblings. Overall, it was a mainstay fanzine of 6th fandom. It's quite possible that the people who created the computer conference called OOPSLA are not fans at all. These coincidences are bound to happen. For instance, several years ago I saw an advertisement in a medical journal for a tranquilizer named "Prozine."

G.M. Carr: You're probably right about people not wanting to buy the life style represented by fixer-upper houses in run-down neighborhoods. The cheapest housing in Sonoma County is in two places: certain enclaves along the Russian River in the western part of the county (Monte Rio, Rio Nido) and in certain neighborhoods in Santa Rosa, the county seat, where street drug dealing is a major way of life. Even though (if I could get together a down payment) I could almost afford to buy in these two areas, I'm unwilling to live there with any of my kids and expose them to that sort of environment. ɷɷ I think the proliferation of typos in books and magazines is due not only to a general lowering of literacy (which I blame on television mostly) but the fact that many more books and magazines are now being published, which must stretch the abilities of those engaged in proofreading for a living to keep up with. Aside from sheer typos, though, which really don't bother me that much, is the increase in illiteracies ("it's" for "its," "principle" for "principal," etc.) creeping not only into books but even such mundane things as advertising copy. ɷɷ I hope your hassles with your land-grabbing neighbor have worked out to your satisfaction. Apparently this sort of encroachment isn't unusual. My parents were once able to add about 40-50 square feet to the rear of their lot when an uphill rear neighbor built a block retaining wall across the back of his property, but built it straight across, ignoring a little "jog" in his property line (probably to save money on the wall). This left a piece of high land at the far rear of my parents' lot. They built a retaining wall around it and spent a lot of time levelling that small area and filling in around the retaining wall's

interior. They planted the area and kept it free of weeds (often employing my labor in this latter chore). After seven years they were able to "take" the property under some law concerning abandonment. I don't recall that the neighbor ever protested, but I do remember my father crowing over what he considered a great accomplishment (and in those seven intervening years, on more than one occasion, having paranoid thoughts out loud about "what if" the neighbors tried to Get It Back).

Meg Stull: Thanks for sharing Mr. Yawstedder. When I lived in Tennessee, I would often overhear similar conversations among the farmers and other good ol' boys. I also used to see people sign checks with an "X" and once was a witness for such a signing. As a city person (before Tennessee I lived entirely in urban areas: Cleveland, Los Angeles and the Bay Area) this was all new and quaint to me.

Nicki Lynch: Yes, I would really like it if I could specify where my tax dollars were to be spent! Off the top of my head, I believe that education would be my top priority, but medical research would certainly be right up there, too. ∞ One of the first times I was ever in Atlanta was a time (in 1976, I believe it was) when I'd taken a driveaway car from California whose delivery destination was Atlanta. It was the best trip I could arrange at the time. After delivering the car downtown, I walked over to a nearby on-ramp for the interstate. I was hungry but the only place I spotted to eat was a Varsity. It was getting on in the day and I wanted to try to get to Nashville (where I had a place to stay for the night before heading back to The Farm the following day), so I went in. I don't remember what I had, but I remember it being better than I had expected. Fortified, I proceeded to get a ride out of Atlanta which left me off at the side of the road, on the interstate, where I-24 and I-59 split northwest of Chattanooga. It was getting on towards evening and it was a terrible place to be let off. I had to walk to the next exit on I-24, quite some distance. There wasn't much at that exit and I found myself once again down on the interstate itself. It was beginning to shower lightly as I finally got a ride. The driver, an Easy Rider type, correctly gauging the situation, promptly whipped out and lit up a huge joint and took me right to the door in Nashville. ∞ I liked "Roger Rabbit" quite a bit, and have seen it three times all the way through (all at matinees) and one additional viewing of the opening cartoon. Like you, I particularly enjoyed the melding of cartoon characters from all over. One time through was quite enough for the story line itself, but I had to see it again and again to catch all the special effects to my satisfaction. I missed "Bull Durham," but caught and sort of enjoyed "Crocodile Dundee II," though I fully agree with your assessment that it's not as good as the original. Other recently seen and enjoyed (each in their own way) movies include "A Fish Named Wanda," "Big," "Babette's Feast," "Tucker," "Vincent," "The Last Temptation of Christ," and even the remake of "The Blob."

Elinor Busby: I think you have to have watched "Moonlighting" from its beginnings to be hooked on it. That's the situation with me and, while there's an occasional lame show (as all series will have), it's what keeps me watching it -- you know, to see what happens next. My current lady friend's experience -- of trying out some shows to see why I liked it -- parallels yours. ∞ I make somewhat more than $8.63 an hour and while I have an apartment, a car, and "occasional amusements," I'm not able to set anything aside for retirement other than what accrues as an employment benefit. But then, I have kids which probably account for well over $200 a month in additional spending. Did the article in the paper say one could have kids and still save money on $8.63 an hour? If so, can I get the recipe?

Carol Ballard: I'd tend to agree with Mike Gunderloy's statement that "deliberate underproduction is one cause of poverty," in that underproduction would tend to increase prices in line with the laws of supply and demand. However, I would question the experts you refer to saying underconsumption is a cause. Underconsumption could not be a cause but an effect created by the increase in size of the ranks of the poor, both working and nonworking, who just can't afford those products because they're so underpaid. Especially the more expensive "underproduced" ones...

Those interested see article on The Farm in WHOLE EARTH REVIEW #60, Fall 1988, now at newsstands. "The usual slander," said Ina May Gaskin in a recent telephone interview. ∞ Holiday best wishes to all; see y'all next year! --RL