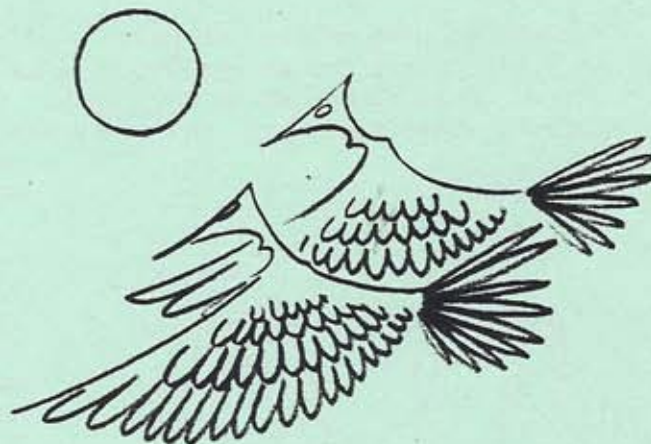


DIASPAR



DIASPAR



This is DIASPAR #23, February 1985, from Terry Carr, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland CA 94611. Entropy Press #383. Member: fwa. The artwork is mostly from Redd Boggs' ancient file circa 1950, which he gave to Dave Rike and from which Dave allowed me to rifle the drawings by John Crossman, Richard Bergeron (above and page 6), someone named Galewaert, Dan Adkins, and Dougherty (not Walter J.; I seem to recall his first name was Robert). The Ray Nelson cartoons were done for Dave last year and I grabbed them because they so perfectly fit with a conreport about Corflu II.

Defy the deros with Dianetics.

We all know how sf conventions have become Impossible in the last decade or so because so many non-print-media fans go to them and clog the halls with bodies (and mouths) inhabited by people dressed in costumes from sci-fi movies or comics. No matter how high their ears point or how tight their Princess Leia buns are, these 80s fans aren't quite what most of us mean when we say "fan," and besides, they usually think fanzines consist of articles on the supposed sexual relationships between the parents of the heroes and the parents of the villains. Maybe they're right about heroes and villains coming from the same genetic stock, but who cares -- that's been true among fanzine fans for decades, or it might as well have been, and despite that we haven't had any villains lately except for those we refuse to talk about.

Corflu-the-convention was invented last year to bring fanzine fans back together again, to give them a place to party and even talk sercon when they wished, without all them other people. Corflu I was held at the Claremont Hotel in Oakland CA and was a terrific convention; there were a little more than a hundred people there, but everyone was a fanzine fan and therefore a real person. Everyone knew each other already except lots of us knew the others only because we'd read their fanzines. The parties were great anyhow: not only did all of us meet people we'd theretofore known only through fanzine print but also there were a lot of people who dropped by at the parties whether or not they'd ever had anything to do with fanzine fandom. There were, in fact, people who came with their wives, husbands, or friends just for the parties; they had never walked the walk but they could talk the talk after about half an hour. Corflu I was a great convention.

Which made a lot of us wonder if Corflu II could be even nearly as good: the novelty was passed so we might not have people dropping in for a night of partying, and this year's Corflu (February 1 to 4) was held in Napa, an hour or so north of here, which would further cut down on the attendance, for psychological

reasons if none other: it makes a difference, when you're considering dropping in at a convention for an evening or a day, whether the con's going on a mile up the street or in some town an hour away. If you're thinking of going to it from New York or even Cincinnati, you're probably given pause because there won't be any shuttle buses from the airport to this town where the convention is.



Made in 1947; I figure
it's worth a cool
million.

But we needn't have worried. Last year's Corflu was so much fun that it got a lot of word-of-mouth advertising, so that this year everyone came back who could, plus quite a number of others. Ted White and Dave Hartwell came from the east coast, Bill Bowers came from the Midwest, and Phil Palmer came from England. We had our usual contingent of fans from Seattle and Vancouver, and Elmer Perdue maintained the fannish honor of Los Angeles. Altogether there were close to a hundred people there.

I drove up with Ted White and Dick Ellington, arriving about 1:00 p.m. on Friday. Debbie Notkin was handling convention registration; she handed each of us a "badge," which in this case was a disc on a small chain to be worn around the neck. I quickly joined the clasp behind my neck and Debbie said, "You know, you're the first man who's been able to do that; I usually have to do it for them." I said smugly, "Hey, I wore a lot of ankhs in the late sixties."

We went to the function room where the program book was set out on a long table and collated our own copies. This became an instant tradition last year at Corflu and makes a lot of sense to me: why should the con committee have to collate them for a bunch of fanzine fans who could probably do it in their sleep? (And probably some of them did, the second morning.) There were eighteen pages, neatly done on a copier, with a cover by Jay Kinney, the usual necessary information like a guide to nearby restaurants, plus seven pages of reprinted and new material on "Origins of the Fan Ghods" by Don Wollheim, Jack Speer, Art Rapp, Elst Weinstein, and Charlie Belov. I thought it was an appropriately imaginative item for Corflu's program book, and done better than LACON II's history of the LASFS, which somehow neglected to mention Charles Burbee. I liked the Corflu Weapons Policy too, which warned us that "The most common weapon in use by fanzine fans is sarcasm" and gave us such rules as "Don't run with your cutting wit; you could injure yourself or others when you fall." We were also informed that there was a ban on "pontificating without a license, punning attempt to feghoot, arguing without a coherent viewpoint, laying guilt trips with malice of forethought and assault with a deadly silence." I think all those rules got violated many times during the weekend except for the one about silence; there was very little of that.

Program book in my hand (and pocket program in my pocket), I went off for lunch in the coffee shop with Dave Hartwell. Corflu's disc-badges gave one's name and, instead of home town, the title of your fanzine; because Dave has never published a fanzine I checked his disc and found FIAWOL written beneath his name. Dave said, "I thought they'd list The Little Magazine, but this is what they gave me." "Well, you'll have to pub your ish soon," I said, and looked around for Dick Ellington, whose disc listed FIJAGH; I thought it might be appropriate to sit between the two.

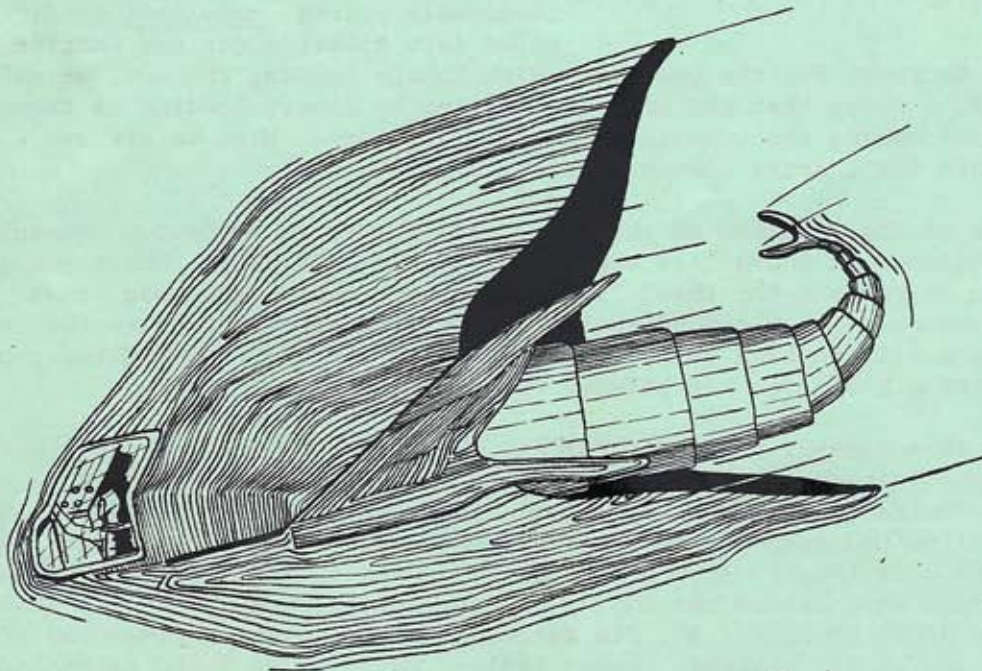
Dick wasn't around, but Loren MacGregor came in and sat with us. We chitter-

chattered and started getting into our silly modes. At one point Loren said, "You know, I can't read my old fanzines; they're too lousy," and I told him, "I have the same trouble. I can't read your old fanzines either." Dave chortled and said, "Saintly Terry Carr."

Later I went back to the meeting rooms, one of which had many tables full of sample issues of fanzines through the ages, brought by Art Widner. He more than one-upped the fans who argue about which 1929 or 1930 fanzine was The Very First by displaying a copy of a Lovecraft a-jay publication from 1911. ("Not a perfect copy," said the sign next to it. "This is a Xerox copy of a hektographed magazine.") Looking at it, I thought idly that it would be nice if I could whip out one of Branwell Bronte's homemade magazines, but perhaps I was pushing the definition. The display ran on through SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, CHANTICLEER, INNUENDO, WARHOON, and many more recent fanzines right up to a couple that had been published a week before. There were of course some huge gaps and I decided to go out to the car and bring in the additional fanzines Art had asked for; I added to the tables things like THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, SPACEWARP, STELLAR, GRUE, SPACESHIP, and SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN. Art said, "We still don't have an issue of HYPHEN; I was hoping you'd bring one." My heart sank: I hadn't thought to do that. The display was severely compromised, but I told Art there was so much good stuff that no one would notice. "Well, I notice," he said sadly.

Dave Rike came into the room (it was designated the Fanzine History Room) and I pointed out the centerpiece display, a very ancient open-cylinder mimeo that was practically the Ultimate Simple Mimeograph: it seemed to consist of a drum, a roller, and a handle. It was in great shape, though, and Dave admired it for a while. Then he got a dolly, went out to his car, and came back one after the other with three or four more old mimeos, which he put on display on other tables.

I went next door to the Art Show, which I'd seen listed in the pocket program. I didn't know what to expect, except I doubted there'd be too many unicorns in it.



Glewaert 49

What it turned out to be was a bunch of fanzine covers, including a dozen or more by Brad Foster, plus most of the drawings you see in this issue. Much as I like Brad Foster's art, I was most pleased to see an original John Grossman drawing -- that was something I'd never seen.

In the same room was what amounted to the hucksters' room, though here too I found things you don't often see at your average convention. Oh sure, there were science fiction and fantasy books for sale, but they were things like a first edition of Creep, Shadow! (\$100.00) sitting cover to cover with tattered Ace Doubles featuring novels by John Rackham and Howard L. Cory. There were also stacks of various fanzines for sale. (I ended up buying Leigh Edmonds' EMU TRACKS OVER AMERICA and Steve Bieler's Prelude to Pulp.) On the next table I was delighted to find a box of old porno paperbacks: Campus Flagellator and things like that. You may not think those are fannish, and you may be right, but they sure beat back issues of Starlog.

I went off with Robert Lichtman to get sercon in Ted White's room, where the usual crowd was gathering: Art Widner, Victor Gonzalez, Dave Hartwell... Ted was handing out copies of this year's Pong Poll, in which he asks people voting in the Fugg-head of the Year category to vote only on the basis of fanzine fanac rather than naming the fan you like least in your local club. Victor studied this, then asked Ted, "Why didn't you just call the category #2 Fugghead of the Year?"



So I said to him I said,
"Burbee....."

Many more of the weapons rules were broken in the next hour or two, and eventually we decided it was time for dinner. We decided to follow Jeanne Bowman's restaurant guide in the program book, and chose a Chinese restaurant that Jeanne's friends had told her featured "no atmosphere, reasonable prices, excellent food." We piled into Robert's car and Charlie Brown's, which Dave had borrowed for the weekend. With Robert leading the way, we made our way across Napa, a drive that was made interesting by Robert leading us through yellow lights and making the occasional sudden left turn. When we arrived I told Robert, "You sure don't drive like a vegetarian."

Two-thirds of the comments on the restaurant proved to be true. Atmosphere? What? -- in a restaurant whose only sign outside says CHOP SUEY? Where you get no chopsticks even if you ask for them? The prices were cheap, that was true: four or five dollars average. But the food couldn't be called excellent where the most exotic dish was a mild curried beef. I decided what the hell and ordered chop suey, which was something I'd never had before. It was okay.

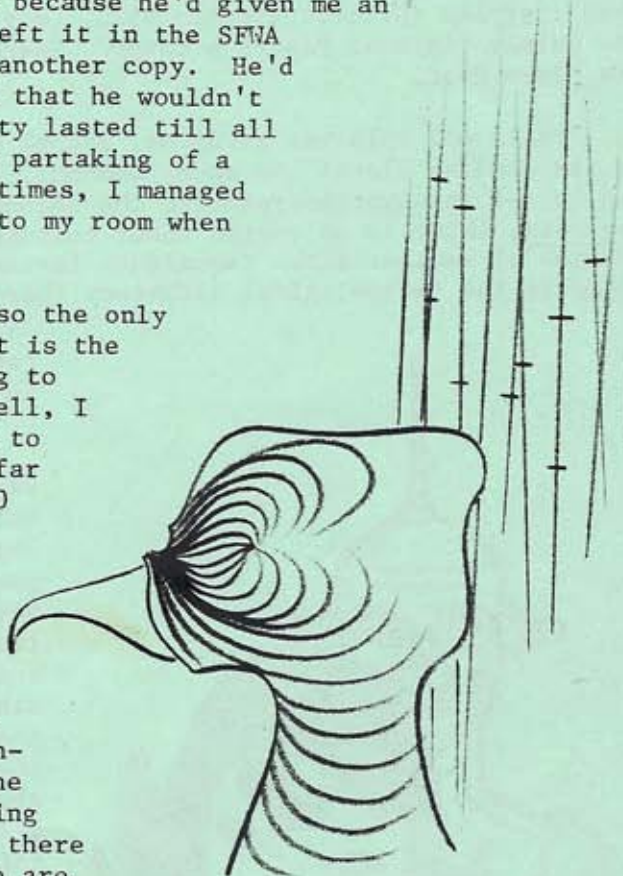
Returning from dinner, we headed for the consuite, which was rapidly getting crowded. I suppose there may have been, during that night, seventy or seventy-five people: Jerry Kaufman, Suzle Tompkins, Dave Rike, Lucy Huntzinger, Phil Palmer, Shay Barsabe, Allyn Cadogan, Amy Thomson, Jim Kennedy, Pascal Thomas...say, wasn't that Bill Bowers over there? It was, and he gave me a copy of the new OUTWORLDS. (Numerous fanzines were handed out during the convention: Mike Horvat's ARGOSY 1, Sharee Carton's RIGHT UP THERE! #1, Jim Kennedy's MONDO, plus fanzines run off in the Mimeo Room during the weekend: Lenny Bailes' WHISTLESTAR 2 and Allyn Cadogan's GENRE PLAT, and at least one written during the con: Pascal Thomas' WAIT FOR THE

RICOCHET 7. In addition, Lilian Edwards and Christina Lake had sent over from England copies of THIS NEVER HAPPENS 6, each in an envelope addressed to someone on their mailing list.)

When Bill gave me the OUTWORLDS he fixed me with an intent gaze and said, "Now Terry, don't lose this. I'm going to watch you, and if you leave the room without it, I won't send you another one, so be very careful." He was chiding me because he'd given me an earlier issue at the worldcon and I'd left it in the SFWA suite so I'd written to him asking for another copy. He'd sent it, but he wanted to make it clear that he wouldn't waste copies on me forever. ...The party lasted till all hours -- well, till dawn -- and despite partaking of a specific for short-term memory several times, I managed to remember to take the OUTWORLDS back to my room when I left.

The specific worked well, though, so the only conversation at that party I can recount is the one when Victor asked me, "Are you going to write a conreport on this?" I said, "Well, I intend to, and I even bought a notebook to write choice phraseologies in...but so far the only note I have says, 'Arrived 1:00 p.m.'" Victor nodded understandingly.

Maybe I should mention the physical circumstances of this convention in order to give you a sense of place. Corflu II was held at the Napa Valley Holiday Inn, which is a nice motel with only two floors; the consuite and most members' rooms were in the same area of the second floor, thus making Corflu II what I call a horizontalcon: there wasn't much need to use elevators, which are usually the bane of sf conventions. And we were all in rooms so close to the consuite that we could go back and forth in a minute if we had to; that sure reduced the problems of fans going to the consuite bathroom while thirsty fans waited for the chance to get at the bathtub full of Cokes, beer, and bottles of wine. My room was thirty feet down the hall from the consuite, with Ted White's room next to it. It was a very nice setup, probably similar to those at the Midwescons of the 50s, and I did take advantage of my ability to go pee in my own room -- in fact, during one such expedition I dropped off the copy of OUTWORLDS. There were also a jacuzzi and heated swimming pool in the central courtyard for those who cared. The weather was sunny all weekend except for one night when we had some rain; but for the most part God seemed to smile down on the convention.



Saturday morning -- or Saturday afternoon, really: the Corflu committee had better sense than to schedule any programming before noon -- naturally I got up late, and while eating breakfast missed Cheryl Cline's workshop on rubber stamp techniques, then one on page layout and a discussion group led by Mike Farren on "Alternatives to Print": "Video Rules, OK?" says the pocket program. At 2:00 p.m. Ted and I were to give a workshop on how to hand-stencil artwork and lettering work, and I had remembered to bring my collection of lettering guides, shading plates, and styli for this. Unfortunately, we couldn't commandeer a

mimeoscope in order for us to demonstrate what we were talking about to the two fans who were interested enough to attend and ask questions, so mainly we made a few general statements and answered questions that were so specific that we knew the questioners were probably busy producing fanzines that very weekend. Indeed, Lucy Huntzinger wanted to do the lettering for Pascal Thomas' WAIT FOR THE RICOCHET cover; when I brought out one of my first lettering guides, one of those rulers that had the alphabet cut into its center and could only be used well with a pencil rather than a stylus (price: 35¢ in 1952), Lucy grabbed that and while Ted and I talked she calmly finished Pascal's cover. Pascal later photostenciled and ran it off in the Mimeo Room.

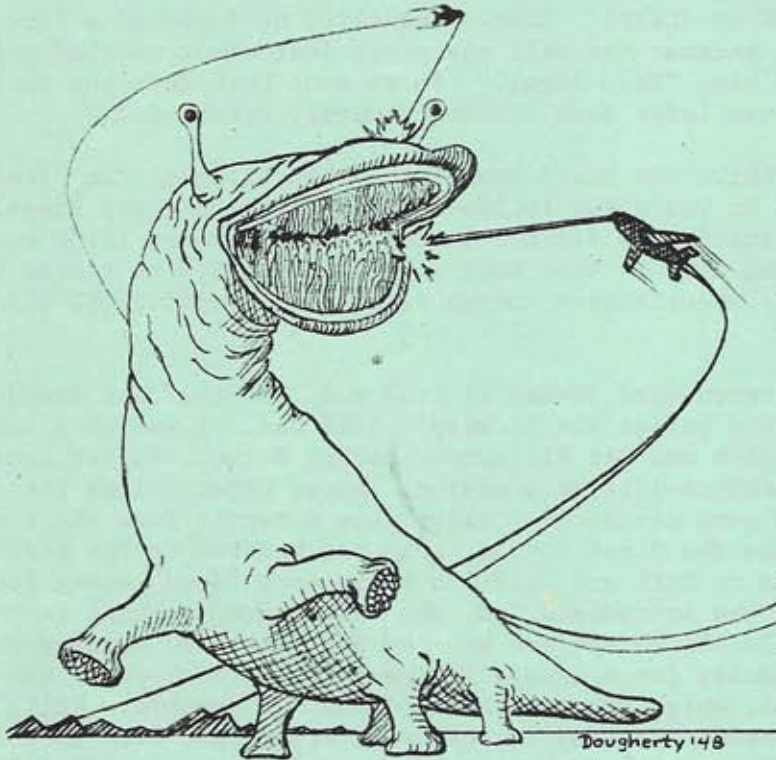
While all this was going on, Rachel Holmen sat listening to us talk about how to use shading plates and such, meanwhile working with the portable computer in her lap to set the hyphenations for the second issue of her trade publication Truly Portable, which is of course about computers. She later said she'd found our discussion of ancient mimeo techniques fascinating, but mainly at the time I was just enjoying the technological dichotomy there. You may think tech innovations are decidedly peripheral to your life, you mugwump fan you, but they turn up all the time in in-person faan circles.



Ted and I ran through everything we had to say about Paleolithic mimeo techniques before half an hour was out, so we closed our workshop and went across the room to join the panel on "Fandom to Prodom" that Dave Hartwell was leading. At Corflu I, there were always two panels going on at the same time and often one group would finish early and join the other, so we felt we were acting well within the instant tradition of a year before. And indeed we were, because we found Dave talking about how when fans begin working in pro publishing they're almost always better prepared for it than are the new assistant editors carrying shiny B.A.s from Harvard. "Those just-graduated English majors don't know anything about layout, and you never see them visiting the art department."

When Dave's hour was up he segued into the subject of fan feuds and gave the chair to Jerry Kaufman, who was to lead this discussion. Jerry quickly brought up Topic A and just as quickly dropped it, by acclimation. Throughout the weekend, hardly anyone discussed this subject for more than a minute: the fans were at the con for a good time, they were already much in agreement about the subject that filled so many fanzines last year, and they were in no mood to rehash everything. Indeed, the pocket program listed this discussion as being about "Feudin' & Fussin' & Fandom and when to ring down the curtain." The fans there already knew the answer to that.

For dinner that night a bunch of us decided to try a nearby Mexican restaurant listed in the program book guide. Pat Ellington arrived just as we were setting out -- she'd had some work to finish up before she could come -- so I caught a ride with her and Dick. The restaurant immediately reminded me of the one the previous night that had apparently been named CHOP SUEY: the sign outside this one said MEXICAN



RESTAURANT. The food was good enough, though, if you added a sufficient amount of hot sauce.

Halfway through dinner, Pat asked me if I could explain what everybody was feuding about in the fanzines that occasionally crossed her line of vision. I managed to condense it to no more than thirty seconds, and felt pleased with myself. Dick said, "When you ask Ted he says he doesn't want to talk about it, then tells you why for half an hour."

Back at the party in the con-suite, the joint was jumping. Another twenty or thirty people had arrived that evening: Grant Canfield, Lizzy Lynn, and God knows who all else. Bill Bowers spotted me and asked where my copy of *OUTWORLDS* was; he seemed

disappointed when I told him it was in my room. Jeanne Bowman was there, and the moment she saw me she said, "Are you going to kid me and give me a hard time again?" "Of course," I said, though in fact I hadn't realized I'd ever done that.

"Well, this is one time when I don't need it," she said. "I'm handling liaison with the Holiday Inn, so earlier tonight I saw the manager and tried to warn him that we'd be up partying all night so they shouldn't put anybody in the nearby rooms unless they were with the convention. He just looked at me funny and said I shouldn't wear this cap, it makes me look too butch. Too butch? -- I thought I looked demure." Jeanne was wearing something that looked like a golfer's sunshade; she didn't look butch. "We had a conversation that wasn't too friendly, and he finally said they'd already booked some people near the party and he was going to leave them there and see what happened." We grimaced.

Kathryn Cramer came in with her parents and Dave Hartwell. Kathryn was one of the writers at Clarion West last summer, and Dave had mentioned Corflu when he'd been in Seattle a week before. It happened that her father, who teaches physics and writes the science column for *Analog*, had been invited to a physics conference in Big Sur that weekend, so they decided to stop on the way down to drop in at the convention. We had a jolly talk, if a bit strange here and there. Sometimes I believe Kathryn thinks in nothing but higher math -- I don't mean she can't speak English, but the thinking is all math. (Except when it isn't.)

The party was called to order at some point for the Guest of Honor Drawing, another Corflu tradition: The Guest of Honor is chosen by the mixmaster, who was Suzle this year, picking a name out of a hat Saturday night. The Designated GoH then has a little over twelve hours to write a speech for the Banquet Sunday afternoon. Allen Baum got the call this year, and we all cheered and asked him for his autograph.

Sometime later, at an hour of the morning, I found myself out in the hall, where a hall party was rapidly gathering and laughing a lot. Naturally that was

when somebody down the hall stuck his head out the door and yelled, "PIPE DOWN HERE! DON'T YOU KNOW PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO SLEEP?" Slam. Actually, he'd picked a fortunate time to get us out of the hall, because the hall party had just about reached critical mass: we were just starting to sing "Teen Angel." So we went back into the party and sang it there. (Jeanne Bowman was later seen looking demurely frazzled.)

At one of these hours Ted White was heard announcing that although the pocket program said that at 11:00 a.m. he was going to lead a discussion on Group Minds, he maintained this was a base canard: he did not intend to be awake at 11:00 a.m. "There's no such thing as a Group Mind at that hour of a convention," he stated very firmly. I said, "Of course not. People have enough trouble with individualistic minds at that hour."

And indeed the convention reconvened Sunday at 1:00 p.m. for the OGhu Awards Banquet & Auction. The food was a buffet and it wasn't half bad. I was at a table with Elmer Perdue, Art Widner, Dick and Pat Ellington, Rachel Holmen, Victor Gonzalez, and Heather Wright for this precedent-setting occasion. Among other things that happened, no awards of any kind were presented. Allyn gave a report from the committee, mainly saying that unlike the first Corflu, this one had run in the black and there would be contributions to TAFF and DUFF and maybe some "seed" money for Corflu III. Speaking of which, she introduced Ted, who had started talking last year about holding Corflu III in Falls Church and had won the bid literally hands-down: there hadn't even been the necessity for a vote. Ted went to the microphone and told us about all the plans he'd made, which were so far nebulous but dynamic. (Bill Bowers had been, during the weekend, distributing campaign fliers for his bid to hold Corflu IV in Cincinnati. When this was mentioned, he stated firmly, "You'll get no wimpy bid from me!" Assuming he'll win the bid next year, all of us hope to see Martha Beck there.)

Then came the Guest of Honor speech. Last year, Pascal Thomas had been GoH and he'd given his speech in French, with a translator interjecting renditions in English; this year Allen Baum spoke in English, Pascal translated everything into French for us, and Lynn Kuehl then translated into What He Really Means. Example: Allen opened by saying, "I'm delighted to have been chosen Guest of Honor and I'd like to thank the convention committee and all the members for this opportunity." Lynn's translation: "Hi."

They went on like that for a while, with Allen giving a Guest of Honor speech so generic that David Gerrold would have been consumed by envy. It was a terrific speech, every bit as good as Pascal's had been last year: on the record of its first two cons, Corflu now holds the record for best GoH speeches anywhere. Evidently there's something to be said for Guests of Honor who learn only hours in advance that they have to prepare speeches for the banquet: fanzine fans learn how to compose on stencil early, and this ability has served the first two GoHs very well. (I hope Lenny Bailes get his name drawn soon.)

After Allen's speech and before the auction, the committee declared a bathroom break; hordes of attendees took advantage of it and I managed to meet a number of fans while we stood side-by-side at urinals. Another Corflu innovation, I suppose, though to be honest, I've met a lot of people while I was peeing at previous conventions. (Once, when I was toastmaster at a Nebula banquet, I went into the men's room to do some nose-spray, and when Robert Lichtman asked what I was doing I said, "Practicing my lines.") Pat Ellington took the opportunity to go to the bar and buy glasses of white wine for herself and Rachel Holmen: "I can't believe they scheduled a banquet in the wine country without wine being served," she said.

The auction went off splendidly when everyone returned. Jerry Kaufman and Tom Whitmore did the auctioneering and it was all good fun. What gets auctioned at a

fanzine-fans' convention? you may wonder. Well, fanzines of course, and mimeographs, and a variety of other stuff. There were a lot of items that tied in with Aussiecon II: Qantas posters, for instance. (Ah, those cute stupid koalas, so much like the fans we might have been.) And some things that were more mainstream to North American fans, like a boxful of seventies fanzines that Dave Rike bought because he'd been gafiating during that period. There were also various books both sf and not, but they were all collectors' items of one sort or another. Some of them, in keeping with this year's worldcon, were about Australia: when Cooper's Creek by Alan Moorehead went up for auction I said loudly, "Great book!" and Dick Ellington bought it for \$5.00. I hope he'll enjoy it as much as I did.

Eventually the banquet broke up. That evening Ted and I and several others gave up on the pocket program and went to the motel restaurant for dinner. We had highly edible food even if it was a bit pricey. ("What the hell," said Ted, "I ate for five dollars the other night; I guess I can splurge.") While we were eating, the Ellingtons said goodbye and left for home; apparently a lot of people had decided not to stay for the dead dog party, because when we got up to the consuite a little later we found it populated comparatively sparsely. Still forty or fifty people there, though, and the party went on till most if not all hours. I was out in the hall with several people when Jeanne Bowman left the party. "Are you leaving?" someone asked, and she said yes. Various people said, "Ah, that's too bad," and "We'll miss you." She started down the hall and I called after her, "Jeanne, you're such an asshole!" That cracked her up so much she nearly fell down laughing. Well, I'd promised to give her a hard time.



A little later Victor started trying to convince Ted that the Ted White Group Mind was a real thing. "You know, we all follow your rules," Victor said. Ted looked thoughtful for a moment. "I've never even seen any of my rules," he muttered. Then he laughed. "That must be because they're written on my back."

Eventually, when Ted decided to call it a night, the rest of us dutifully went off to bed too. Corflu II was over, and again it had been a great convention.

"Theo and I have a family mythology about who Luke's mother is: Ella Vader."

-- Ursula Le Guin, 7/27/80

If I gave the impression earlier that "horizontalcon" was my coinage, I made a mistake: Carol coined the term at 1978's Octocon in Santa Rosa. A little later she wrote:

"The obvious advantage of a Horizontalcon is that nobody worries about elevators that run on cables with split ends crowded with frayed fans spilling beer on your shirt while they hand you a pen that doesn't work with which to autograph a story you had published while you were still in mint condition. At Horizontalcons you leave your room to attend a panel that's half over by the time you find your way through the coffee shop; 'whither science fiction' becomes even more of a moot point when you can't even discover where it is now."

The WHICH or THAT Show

by Carol Carr

First, a quiz:

In the following phrases, would you use "which" or "that"?

1. Our Father, _____ art in Heaven,...

(Answer: Who art in Heaven, since He was supposed to have been made in our image, or whatever.)

2. Colder than a _____'s tit...

(Answer: Which's is sexist in this context; that's is correct.)

Serious now. Which can be substituted for that but that cannot be substituted for which. More on this later. Jacques Barzun says:

"If for example we write 'the schools which educate our children,' there is nothing but the absence of commas to tell you whether the clause means that some schools educate or that all the schools educate."

Fowler:

"If writers would agree to regard 'that' as the defining [restrictive] relative pronoun, and 'which' as the non-defining, there would be much gain both in lucidity and ease." [no shit -- c.c.]

Carol elucidates further, with examples:

(1) the schools that educate our children (some, not all schools educate our children: restrictive)

(2) the schools, which educate our children, (all, not some schools educate our children: non-restrictive, but a blatant lie)

And yet another:

(3) Abyssinian cats, which have lovely fur and table manners, are seldom seen holding an umbrella at bus stops. (All Abyssinians are terrific.)

(4) Abyssinian cats that have lovely fur and table manners... (Some have the mange and eat with their paws.)

Again, one could use "which" in (1) above (the absence of commas would convey the meaning), but one could not use "that" in (2).

Subject: Hewlett-Packard Laser Printer
A Berkeley Experience

11:15 left office.

Arrived ASUC Computer Store 11:30.

SalesKid already out to lunch. Metaphorically.

Slack-jawed, slack-eyed, slack-voiced. Babinski reflex absent.

At my request to see printer print, SalesKid touched Hewlett-Packard touchscreen with slack forefinger. Either (a) Hewlett-Packard touchscreen computer was not hooked up to Hewlett-Packard laser printer or (b) printer does not respond to SalesKid or (c) printer prints quieter than ear can detect. In answer to query, SalesKid looked in my direction slackly and either (a) did not comprehend or (b) had already exhausted store of knowledge and was conserving energy for chewing of noontime food.

At my request SalesKid did not lend me pencil with which to jot down notes, although he gave no verbal indication that he would not do so.

At my request SalesKid did say, albeit in slack manner, that he did not have literature on said printer. In retrospect I realized I should not have asked for "literature," as that might have reminded him of his undone studies and pushed him further into withdrawal.

Summary before closing: At this point I had no experience of the following: the laser printer printing, literature on the laser printer, a pencil with which to jot down notes.

At my request SalesKid told me, reluctantly, that (a) the printer used special paper and (b) the printer did not use special paper.

The printer is in the shape of a tall Canon copier and has the same pull-out drawer for paper (capacity of 80 sheets, I learned later, not from SalesKid). When SalesKid wandered glassily off to the side I reached into the cabinet on which the printer was sitting and removed a sheet of paper on which the printer had at some time printed. Said sheet of paper is on my person; it is folded and slack.

On way back to office purchased and consumed Vietnamese vegetarian burrito. Hit the spot.

Carol.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
THIS CONCLUDES THIS
EDITION OF TERRY CARR'S
LATEST FANZINE...

PLEASE LEAVE THE
IMMEDIATE AREA
IN AN ORDERLY
MANNER...

EGRESS

PLEASE DO NOT ACTIVATE
YOUR CRITICAL FACULTIES
UNTIL THE PULP DUST
HAS SETTLED

YOU CAN RECLAIM
YOUR SENSE OF
WONDER IN THE
OUTER LOBBY

Wotah

