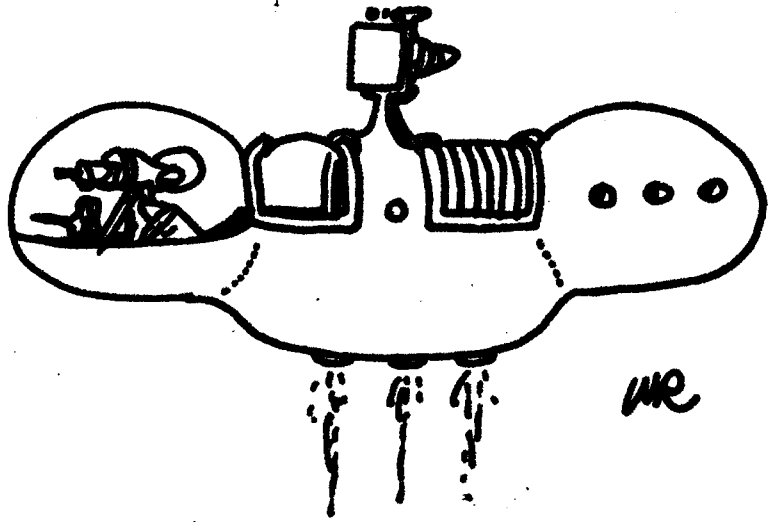


And now you've turned to
CONFERENCE CALL 44, poor
soul! You might as well
read on to the end. This
is Operation Crifanac 619
and

It's Eney's Fault



There we were in Los Angeles while my Selectric sat at home being picked on by a Trained Mechanic of IBM. I will not say that no gentleman would have left a faithful servant so, 'cause that wouldn't be true, and besides the thing works better now --

no more decapitated letter-tops, or have you already noticed? At any rate, I bet I can write a shorter conreport on Westercon XXIX than Fred Patten did on Aussiecon, even if I throw in items such as a question whether everybody noticed that Doc Savage now has a new cover-artist.

SPLASH GOES THE HYATT

Thursday: None of that nonsense about starting the con on Saturday for Sherna and me. As far as we were concerned, the fun started Thursday morning when we visited Lion Country Safari, one -- I think the first -- of the places which cage the visitors (in their cars) and let the animals run free. If that isn't a thumbnail description of a Worldcon, come to think of it...

Even in form, the convention should have been thought of as beginning with the LASFS meeting -- my fourth, by the way, which obliged me to apply for membership. Now if I just don't get blackballed, I will no longer be a fannish Outsider...

And the con certainly had begun a few hours later, when a bunch of us tried the (revised) game of KINGMAKER: I played rather poorly, not being familiar with either the game or the others' style of play, but Frank Gasperik, between luck and good management, soon got into such a powerful position that he had to stop short of using all his advantages in order not to beat the other five of us single-handed...

Friday: There is too something more humiliating than being a bloodmobile reject.

They agreed to take my blood, all right, but they told me they were going to fractionate it because it was too Impure to be used (as blood). Maybe it would be better to let that line stand unexplained, but the reason was that I'd been in a high-malaria area -- the Mekong Delta has several varieties of plasmodia, including *falciparum*. Giving blood hurt more than the last time: technician explained that that was the effect of the new gimmick of coating the needle itself with anticoagulant. Didn't bother me too much. For the statistically minded, it took me seven minutes to fill a pint...

Most of the others seemed to come through it well, though the preliminary jokes were recognizeably stress-situation humor. Only reaction I noticed was Biv Kanter, and that seemed more a touch of giddiness than anything else. I saw, had my old Lab Tech instincts triggered, and asked if she wanted me to ask somebody to meet her. Lucky I had a second to think and put the question into that form: when I first noticed she was feeling poorly, I was at the point of asking whether I should tell Marty...

We tried to help with the Art Show, but after initial setup things went so

slowly that many hands obviously weren't needed and Sherna and I drifted off to make ready for the Dungeon Expedition I'd been looking forward to!

Our party that evening was supposed to be a West Coast Characters' expedition to Level IV of Carnelian. If you know some of the Chaotics we have on the East Coast you'll appreciate it more when I say that it was, by about an order of magnitude, the worst D&D Session I have ever been in on from either side. Owen Hannifen's Dwarf Amazon, Gimel, realized how very bad the vibes were and when the party ran into the first heavy opposition -- which was also guarding the first decent treasure -- slammed the door on the enemy and led the party back to the surface.

Saturday: I think that Bobbi Ambruster's effort to get me on the program was actually a Sneaky Ploy to get me to attend the program. It was a panel on The Military Mind in Science Fiction ("The Caissons Go Rocketting Along") to which I contributed only a little: pointing out that the conventional treatment of The Military was sort of like hyperspace -- something the author invoked and assigned properties such as would be convenient for helping the plotline along -- and that (citing a few experiences with Creepy Types in Viet Nam) it now provided a replacement for the last generation's stereotyped villains. Bloodthirsty lecherous Blacks and crafty amoral Chinese wouldn't do now, in other words, but bloodthirsty lecherous GIs and crafty amoral CIA men were easily plugged in in their places...

(Passing thought: speaking of ethnic stereotyping triggered a thought of counterstereotyping. Just how much rewriting -- very little, I think -- would it take to arrange a film version of *The Skylark of Space* in which "Blackie" DuQuesne is in truth black or, as EES would have said, colored? Oh, well, back to the con--)

The Art Show was rather disappointing -- Stasia hadn't finished the work she was doing for it, for just one thing -- and the Huckster Room was quite blah... I'm assuming that by Saturday afternoon they were at their best, with everybody having arrived and nothing sold&removed yet. They can't all be winners, I know, but the preceding two years had gotten my expectations up pretty high.

Some nice parties -- particularly appreciated Jim&Stasia's coffee room -- which I couldn't enjoy because I had one scheduled myself. Just barely had a chance to meet Betty Bandy and start talking to her about a very interesting problem in a story she's working on when I had to go off to run another Carnelian expedition.

The Hannifens had determined to do Cure Serious Wounds on the Dungeonmaster and their Characters wanted to see what they'd missed. The local Chaotics were of course improving the protection of the Junior Executives' Dining Room after the abortive raid, but the return was so fast they were caught flat-footed: the heaviest fight was with a pack of wandering Werewolves, I think. Gimel, Arnulf, and company made off with a nice bit of gold, some curious magical gadgetry, and the satisfaction of saving all the kitchen supplies except for one Thief who had been partially cooked and eaten.

Sunday: "Whither the Worldcon?" It was a good chance to do some rabble-rousing among the elite of fandom, so I cheerfully denounced the expansion and inflation of the Worldcon, telling all that when we start thinking of 5000 attendees and a 60-80 person staff and a budget of \$70,000 or so we were talking about something with no more right to the name "Worldcon" than SF Expo or the Perry Rhodan convention had. (Cheers.) I really hoped we'd get a hassle started, just for the fun of it, but I didn't get the chance to use a line that would have made Chalker go Straight Up: that treating a Worldcon as a profitmaking enterprise was as immoral as throwing rock concerts for teenagers.

(Only 37 more parts to go!)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Dick Eney / Richard H. Eney, 6500 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. 22307

Change of address effective 23 September 1976 to:

Dick Eney, 6038 Ninth St. N., Arlington, Va. 22205

Be sure not to forget "St. N." Arlington unfortunately has a Ninth Rd. and Ninth Pl. as well. Comes of setting up the road grid before the developers get thru building, probably.

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Prosperity and Happiness to the goodfolk of this Realm!

Vuong Manh, Mandarin of the Second Class, Chancellor of the Exchequer, herewith does you to wit that as of the xxiii day of the ix month the address:

Dick Eney, 6500 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. 22307 // (703) 765-8132

will be no more his own. (Mail will be forwarded, but delay is sure.) Rather there should be used a new address:

Dick Eney, 6038 Ninth St. N., Arlington, Va. 22205 // (phone to follow)

Pray you omit not "St. N." Arlington unfortunately also has a Ninth Rd. and Ninth Place as well. I would you used my mundane name in addressing correspondence, out of respect for the general level of psychic development among mail sorters...

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Change from: Sherma M. Comerford
38 N. Main St., Hackettstown, NJ 07840

Change to: Sherma M. Comerford
6038 N. Ninth St., Arlington, Va. 22205

Effective date: 23 September 1976

= = = = =

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Peace to those to whom this shall come!
Mistress Moira Maureen ua Seamus, Lady Green Hills, O.L., O.B.T.
(Sherma Comerford, 38 N. Main St., Hackettstown, NJ 07840)

is removing as of the xxiii September to the Canton of Aster,
to the south of Myrckwould
(6038 North Ninth St., Arlington, Va. 22205)

= = = = =

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