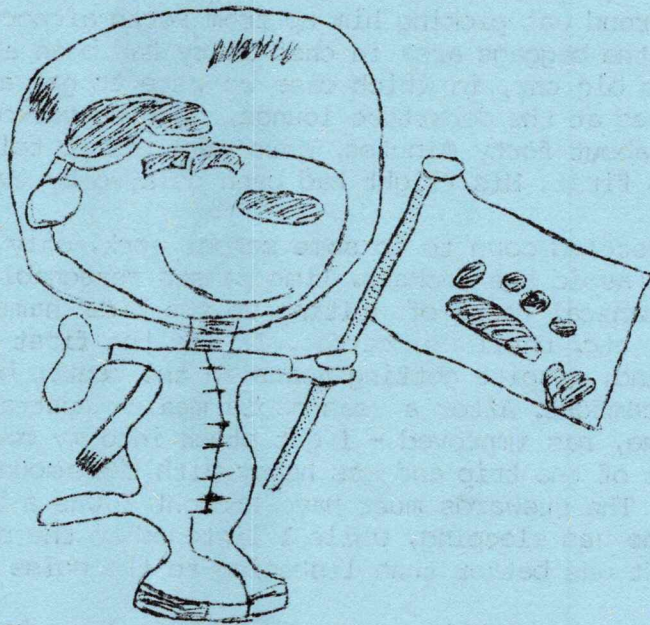


BEAGLE'S



WORLD

RESISTED

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BEAGLES' WORLD REVISITED #33

Produced by Catherine Ortlieb of P.O. Box 215 Forest Hill, Vict 3131 for ANZAPA.

WE'RE OFF

(Will I ever get to Perth? Part 2)

After obtaining our seating allocation - despite being very early, the only suitable non-smoking seats we could get were in the centre section of the Airbus - we had a cup of coffee. At about seven we wandered off to look for Mark Linneman, who was due to catch an Ansett flight at around the same time as us. Talk about alike minds; we met him looking for us. We sat and nattered for quite a while until it was close to our departure time. As Terry Stroud was picking him up from Perth airport, we were going to meet Mark in the baggage area in case Terry had been able to borrow his brother's big car, in which case we were to get a lift to the hotel. When we arrived at the departure lounge, we discovered that our flight had been delayed about forty minutes. Marc went off to tell Mark of this but Mark found us first. His flight had been delayed by two hours!

I settled down to do some school work, only to have to move three times to avoid the smokers. Time passed reasonably quickly as I completed the mechanical tasks of writing up the kids' names, the titles of their options, etc. until we boarded. It was the first time we'd travelled in an Airbus and, despite getting seats in the centre block, I was very impressed by the comfort. After a reasonable meal - Australian Airlines, T.A.A. at that time, has improved - I got stuck into my corrections. I worked solidly for most of the trip and was happy with the amount I got done before we arrived. The stewards must have thought I was a bit strange. Everyone else around me was sleeping, while I listened to the classical station, working away. (It was better than listening to the noise of the aircraft.)

[I.T.A. Yes, I'll grant that classical music is marginally more interesting than listening to aircraft sounds.]

It was very warm when we arrived - well over 25°C - too warm for me, especially when it's still that hot after midnight. Obviously the airline felt that, after such a long trip, everyone needed a little exercise. They parked the plane well away from the terminal. The airport lounge was very crowded. Marc went off into the crowd to get our luggage while I stayed with our overnight bags. Suddenly I saw an unexpected but very welcome sight - Terry Stroud. With Mark's delays, we hadn't expected Terry to come out to get us, but we certainly appreciated it. There wasn't much to see as we drove through the dark Perth streets - I mean, it looked like any Australian city - except for the strange "blue light" structure which we were later told was the new casino.

(ASIDE:- My only complaint about Swancon was that they didn't give directions to Miss Maud's Hotel. They didn't consider those of us who were unfamiliar with Perth. We drove around the city a few times before finding a phone box, where we looked up the address. Considering it was well after 12-00 midnight (E.S.T.) and we'd had a "rather hectic day", we really just wanted to get there as quickly as possible.)

When we finally reached the hotel registration desk we were given a message to go to Justin Ackroyd's room, where there was a gathering - Jack Herman, Cath McDonnell, Carey Handfield and others. We only stayed briefly

as we were so-o-o-o tired. Sleep was delayed by a quick return to the registration desk to get the towels which hadn't been put in the room. The Alpine scene on the wall behind the bed didn't bother us - after all, it takes a lot to out-kitch our bedroom wallpaper. I don't think I suffered from jet-lag, but my internal clock was obviously out of wack. The rather loud air-conditioner really didn't help me sleep either. Despite, or maybe because of, this, we were up reasonably early so we indulged in the wonderful breakfast that the hotel put on. No one could complain about the delicious food - there was something for everyone. It was quite a surprise to see so many fans up that early.

(SILLY ASIDE:- Today (22/8) was the last day of Term Two so some teachers decided to have a formal dress day - that way the kids would get a 'formal education' ((See. Living with Marc has had a bad effect on me.)) I was a bit annoyed at first, as Rene, the laboratory technician, who is also a Richardian, and I had already planned to wear black clothes and a white rose. For the unenlightened, August 22nd is the anniversary of the betrayal and death of brave King Richard III at Bosworth in 1485. In order to keep to my original plan, but in keeping with the others, I added a white bow tie to my outfit. It was interesting as a number of students and staff asked why Rene and I were a little different and, for their pains, received a potted history lesson. I still did get some odd looks sometimes after I'd explained about the rose and Richardian badges.

Anyway, it was a successful day, as quite a few teachers dressed up. When some of the kids complained about us dressing up, we replied that they had their out-of-uniform days so we have our out-of-usual-dress days. Boy they're no fun.)

Back to breakfast at Miss Maud's - it was confirmed that I was day marshall for the first day - as I had requested. Sally Beasley was nervous about how well the programme would run and was keen to have it start on a high note. One of the few good things about Aussiecon Two was realizing that I got to meet a lot more new people through working on the convention. This was certainly true at Swancon too. I really didn't know many of the Perth fen and this was a great introduction to them. (I'm actually very shy around people I don't know.)

(ANOTHER SILLY ASIDE:- Why does the Post Office eat white roses? I don't have an answer, but the last two visits I've made to the Post Office wearing a white rose, I've lost the rose. It makes you wonder.)

The programme started a little late because the ABC were meant to turn up and take part. After fifteen minutes and after learning that they had previously proved to be unreliable, we got the show on the road. There was certainly none of the sort of pressure that there had been at Aussiecon. One of the panels got cold feet, especially after one of the panelists was forced to drop out. As the programme item that was on before it was running well, with plenty of participation from the audience, I told them they could run their panel for a shorter period, but that they should still run it, as there would be people who would want to see the panel. I then told Grant Stone, who was running the first item, that he could run ten minutes over.

The media panel, when they got their confidence, went very well and we kept acknowledging each other for the rest of the con. The rest of the day was quite easy after that. Things ran smoothly because the programme was well-organised and the participants were co-operative. I really enjoyed myself and didn't feel pressured at all. Sally was more nervous than I was, but I found the programme to be a good balance of serious, silly and very fannish activities.

Sorry, but this blasted computer course is taking up so much of my time that this is all I can produce now. It's driving me crazy, though I admit that I am learning something. How useful it'll be, I'm not sure, but - gosh, oh horror - I've caught myself talking "computerese". Corrupted!! Anyway, I hope my next contribution will catch up on the backlog.

Until then,

Take care,

Bath

P.S. Hmm, all this space to fill.

Just to illustrate how this course is getting to me I'll mention how I reacted to a friend's number plate as we were about to head back to Melbourne.

I was waiting at the car when I noticed it 'BSC -130'. I immediately thought of BASIC, line number 130. "Is it a REM statement or a function?" flashed through my mind before I could stop myself. I

think I O.D. on computers during that week. I still can't understand why people enjoy doing this but I might when I understand more.

Bye again,

Bath.