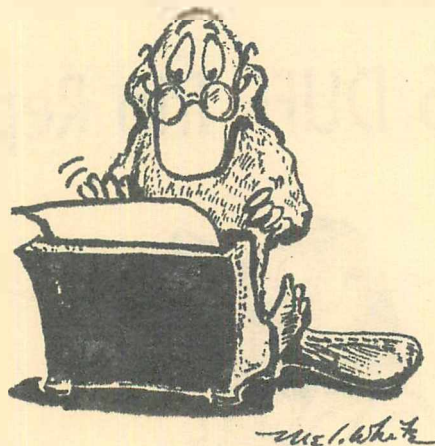


# *Duffbury Tales*

1985 DUFF Trip Report



*by Marty Cantor*



#### DEDICATIONS

To all the DUFF voters, who made it all possible.

To Jack Herman, administrator, host, tour arranger, and jolly well good at all of these.

To the Aussiefen, a fine bunch of people.

To the Aussiecon II concom, who made the con special for us.

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Robbie Cantor. Artwork by Mel.  
White. Layout by Pat Mueller.



For reasons which I do not now remember I was a supporter of the Australia 1983 Worldcon bid. Prior to the voting at Denvention II, I was trading HOLIER THAN THOU (then in its infancy) with several Aussies and had even met a few in person.

Ken Ozanne, along with his wife, Marea, and their son, Alex, were in the United States in 1981 -- I had gotten to know them as LASFS visitors (back in 1976, I think) -- and at Denvention Ken expounded what I remember as Ozanne's Law: "During a con you will always be running into the same few people, over and over again, no matter how many other people you meet." Ken more or less proved this law by being one of the two people whom I was constantly running into throughout the con (Neil Kaden was the other).

Along with Ken and the recently-met Marc Ortlieb I seemed to be spending a lot of time at the Denver con in the Aussie bidding suite and I was one of the few non-bidcom members admitted to the suite after the voting results were announced -- a sort of commiseration party as it were.

It was around this time that I decided that running for DUFF would be a good idea. Being of a somewhat practical bent, I realised that running at an early date would be futile. I was in a couple of apas (APA-L, LASFAPA), had been active in MINNEAPA and AZAPA and I had recently joined the FAPA waitlist. However, with HOLIER THAN THOU still in its relative infancy and nowhere near the major fanzine that it would one day become, I knew that I was not well enough known to stand a good chance of winning DUFF. And just to run for the sake of running seemed silly to me, a waste of time.

So I announced my intentions to run for DUFF in 1985 -- not the most earth-shaking of announcements. After all, I was relatively unknown in fandom, so who really cared?

One of the people whom I met for the first time at Denvention was Mike Glicksohn. Mike had been receiving HOLIER THAN THOU since its inception; when he chooses to loc, he has been consistently interesting. In fact, I credit Mike and Harry Warner, with their

early locs, and Alexis Gilliland, with his cartoons (responding with them after issue 2), for giving me the inspiration to continue with HTT. Getting their material showed me that there was a fandom out there that was not only responsive to my efforts but also willing to send me good material. As HTT #21, with all of its 126 pages has shown, fandom is still responding.

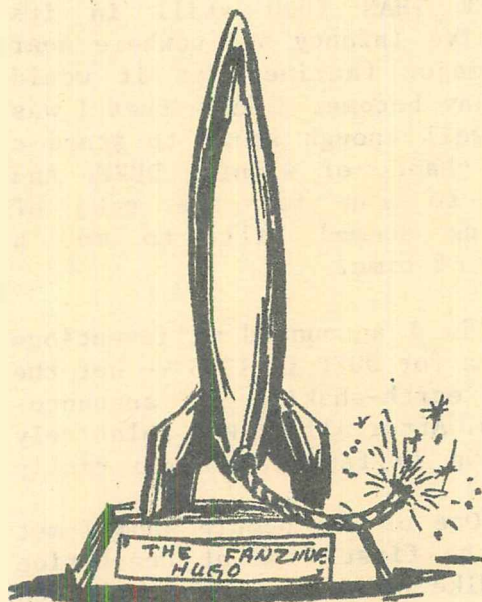
Mike and I were both supporting an amendment to the WSFS Constitution, or maybe we were against it, I no longer remember, but it was an amendment to change the Fanzine Hugo. One of the results of our support/opposition to this amendment was that we were attending all the WSFS Business Meetings -- *early* in the mornings (for me, comfortably so, for Mike, dreadfully so). Another result came about after this amendment was defeated: Mike and I agreed to collaborate on another amendment, one that would remove the semi-prozines from the Best Fanzine category (giving them a

category of their own) and returning the category to the amateurs.

History will show that our amendment failed at Chicon IV. It will also show that Richard Russell's amendment passed. Mike and I laid the groundwork for this by working on our amendment in public for almost a year. At Chicon, when it looked like Russell's amendment had more support than ours, we collaborated with Richard, modifying his proposal with much of the language of our own. The three of us felt that this would make Richard's amendment even stronger. When Mike's and mine failed, we wholeheartedly supported Richard's, which did pass. It was ratified at Constellation the following year and took effect at L.A.Con II the year after that.

As a result of this amendment an amateur fanzine won a Best Fanzine Hugo for the first time in over a decade. When Charlie Brown's LOCUS won the Best Semi-Prozine at the same ceremony, it was the first time in many years of his collecting Hugos (formerly in the Fanzine category) that he was not booed by disgruntled fanzine fans during the awards ceremony. The annoyance felt by fanzine fans, naturally, was that it was not one from their ranks of amateurs who had been winning the award set up for amateurs. When Charlie won in the Best Semi-Prozine category, I was one of the fanzine fans who applauded.

At the last WSFS Business Meeting at Denvention, Glicksohn and I were sitting near the back of the room, contributing commentary and voting as appropriate. About half-way through the meeting one of the Australians present at the con (I forget whom, but I believe that it might have been Carey Handfield) brought in a stack of flyers announcing the Australia in '85 bid. I looked at a flyer, grabbed a handful (which I commenced folding -- as did several others) and told Carey(?)



and Mike that I was supporting the bid. I guess that this made me one of the first American supporters and workers of/for Aussiecon II. I had been a strong supporter of the '83 bid and felt that Australia deserved another Worldcon. Going to a Worldcon if I won DUFF was just another good reason to run in '85 and it strengthened my resolve to do so.

After I returned to Los Angeles, I announced both my support of Australia in '85 and my DUFF in '85 candidacy in my apazine and in HOLIER THAN THOU.

■ ■ ■

Chicon IV was a milestone in my life -- I went there as a 47-year-old, more-or-less confirmed bachelor and left in a lovely emotional turmoil, thoroughly in love. I met Robbie on the Sunday evening of the con, and it was mutual love at first sight. In late September she arrived in Los Angeles for a two-week visit with me. She got into town late on a Thursday night -- the next morning I proposed marriage and she accepted. We were married at LASFS the following January on the 30th. Her two-week visit was probably the world's longest two weeks as she did not go back to Ottawa for about a year and a half.

This change in my marital status did not alter my resolve to run for DUFF. Rather we decided to change my solo bid to a joint bid for the two of us. The big problem which this presented to us was the necessity of getting across to the voters the fact that DUFF would pay for only one of us and that we would take care of the other's expenses ourselves. We felt that it would be unfair for DUFF to pay for two people; it would be too draining on the fund even if the rules allowed for such a thing. Actually, the rules did not, at the time, address the question, but tradition holds that only one person has his or her trip paid for. This is *now* written on the

ballot. We were afraid that many voters would vote for other candidates because they would not understand that we were going to cover half the costs of the trip.

Now, this was a gamble on our part. You see, when we came up with the joint bid idea, we were living on my meagre income. The gamble was that Robbie would land a job which would pay enough for us to save enough money for the trip. My automobile had been dying of senility for some time (and still is) and I needed to start an Individual Retirement Account since my place of employment did not have a retirement plan, but here we were with only my slim income proposing to pay all of this money towards a trip to Australia instead of where it *ought* to go.

As Robbie had come across the border as a visitor, she was not allowed to work in this country. This changed when she married me and finished the paperwork which made her a Resident Alien. She was now able to work in the USofA -- provided she could find a job. So she looked for one. And looked.

With nothing much being available through agencies, she decided to call the Canadian Consulate General in Los Angeles to see if they knew of anything. As it turned out they had a temporary (six week) position open -- if she could qualify. One of their secretaries had broken a foot getting off a bus and would be off for six weeks.

Robbie went down to the Consulate, was found to be qualified (with all her background working for the Government in Canada, this was not surprising), and did such a bang-up job that she made the person for whom she was subbing look horrible at the job. The permanent secretary, faced with a choice of early retirement or probable firing if she could not live up to the standards Robbie had set, took early retirement. Robbie applied for the now-open permanent

position and got it. And a damned good job it is, too.

I still do not have an IRA and my aged automobile still seems to be collecting grey hairs faster than I do (one of these days I must wash the car and see if its hairs go away), however, this trip report is witness to the fact that we saved up enough money for the two of us to make the trip to Australia.

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It has been said that fan fund winners have the pleasure of their trip and then come back to the dog-work of fund administration. This is not true for Robbie and me. You see, we are of the conscientious persuasion, so we did a lot of administering before the trip.

This particular phase of our DUFF administration began with the call from Jerry Kaufman telling us

of our victory. Actually, as Robbie was out somewhere-or-other, I took the call. I was so stunned by the news that I did not, at first, understand what it was Jerry was calling about -- I thought he was somebody else. Then I caught on.

You see, I have recently been involved in one of fandom's all-time major feuds. Unfortunately, one of the other major participants in the feud was another of the DUFF candidates in the '85 race. This feud involved TAFF and a previous TAFF administrator -- AND I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO DISCUSS THE DETAILS OF THIS FEUD HERE. I have an amicable working arrangement with the current North American TAFF administrators to advance the causes of both TAFF and DUFF. I feel that DUFF is best served by its administrators cooperating with TAFF for the betterment of both, so mention of this feud is made only for the historical



record and for the one effect it had on our DUFF trip.

The main fallout, which affected us on our trip, was that our path kept intersecting that of Ted White (Aussiecon II Fan GoH) and Ted, on the "other" side of this mess (from me, not Robbie as she disagreed with me, too -- though this did not seem to prevent her from becoming a recipient of Ted's ire), had conceived an intense dislike for both of us. Fortunately, as both parties seemed to prefer to ignore the presence of the other, there were no untoward incidents on the trip. I was a bit nervous, though, until I saw that Ted seemed determined to ignore me -- just as I was determined to ignore him. I, for one, did not want to embroil our hosts in this imbroglio.

As another result of this feud, I felt that many voters might vote for another candidate in reaction to the position which I espoused; this despite the fact that Robbie was also on the other side. After all, I was very vocal (as it were) in espousing my position and the majority of the feud participants are fanzine fans. And I am better known in fanzine fandom than is Robbie, with fanzine fans probably making up the bulk of the voters. From what I can ascertain, the position I took in the feud was the minority position, at least it appeared so to me. I think that the vote went down to the wire (we won on the last ballot, one vote over the number necessary) because of my public stand. Jerry Kaufman *may* have a better reading on this because of his position as vote tallyer; however, as it is improper for me to pry into the details of the vote (all that I need to know are the names of the voters so that I can keep them notified of future DUFF things), this I shall never know.

And it really does not matter. Robbie and I won the race and we will do everything we can to make DUFF a continuing,

successful fan fund.

After I got over the shock of the news of winning DUFF I started (along with Robbie) making plans. I contacted Jerry Kaufman, and here I must publicly thank him for helping make the transition to the new administration smooth. He emphasized that we were now in charge of the North American portion of the fund and could handle things "our way". Still, we did ask for advice from experienced old hands.

One of the first things which we did was to have Rick Foss (of Ladera Travel) set us up with aeroplane reservations. I then called Jerry to tell him the cost of one ticket and Ladera's address so that he could send the money there. Jerry was holding all of the DUFF funds for a month so that he could use some of them for a few last minute things (the aeroplane ticket and mailing out of vote results being a few of them) -- we told him we would set up a separate interest-bearing account in a few weeks and would accept the DUFF money then.

When I asked Rick (at a LASFS meeting) what it would cost for a round-trip ticket from Los Angeles he inadvertently quoted me the fare to Sydney and back. While we were flying into Sydney, we were returning from Melbourne (traveling there overland), which made the fare a bit higher than the standard Los Angeles-Sydney roundtrip. It was this lower fare that I quoted to Jerry. After Rick corrected himself (calling from his office), we paid the rest (\$50) of the DUFF fare from our own funds at the same time as we paid for the second ticket and reimbursed ourselves for the \$50 when the DUFF funds came down from Jerry.

One of the things we decided to do was to make public a complete accounting of *all* income and disbursements. My early thoughts about doing this in double entry

bookkeeping form were probably more formal than was needed and I have decided not to do it this way after all. But we will issue complete financial reports every now and then. This will be done in **HERE WE GO 'ROUND THE DUFFBERRY BUSH** (several issues will be out by the time this trip report is pubbed), an informational newsletter which we will issue several times a year.

Jack Herman is the current Australian DUFF administrator, and a very helpful one, too. Jack stayed with us during two different segments of his DUFF trip (once when he arrived in the country and again just after L.A.Con II). A very interesting person. It is Jack we have to thank for the Australian arrangements for our trip. When Ken Ozanne visited Los Angeles in July of '85, we made arrangements to stay with him in Faulconbridge during part of our stay in the Sydney area. We notified Jack of this (he had earlier been told of our general itinerary) so that he could finalise things for us. When he called on July 27th, he told me that everything was set except for the last night of our stay. I expressed our preferences for that night and he said it would probably be no problem.

I should say here that there was one over-riding necessity which determined where we could stay during our trip: a cat-free environment. You see, it is not just our (mostly my) aversion to felines which makes a cat-free environment necessary, it is the fact that we are both quite allergic to the beasties. Our proposed last night in Australia turned out to be in a house with cats, but we felt that, for *one* night, it was survivable and we *did* want to spend at least a little time with the Ortliebs. After all, the four of us were going to be far too busy during Worldcon to spend much time together.

I mentioned earlier that I

had met Marc Ortlieb at Denvention II. I found him an enjoyable chap and wished, at that time, that I could have found the time to get to know him better. And Cath stayed with us one night on her way to Constellation (when she was still a Circosta, before her marriage to Marc) and made quite a good impression on us. So a stay at the Ortlieb residence on whatever night was available was in order. Despite the cats-in-residence.

Going to Australia involved the expenditure of some personal money and the making of some arrangements. Both Robbie and I needed some clothes fairly soon anyway and we took the trip as a good excuse to speed up the purchases. I, especially, needed a new sweater if I was going to southern Australia during their winter and a warmer pair of shoes. And we needed a new suitcase -- one with wheels preferably. Usually when we go to Worldcons (which is generally every year), we spend the entire con in the hotel, so almost any kind of suitcase would do, but since we would be travelling about in Australia, we really needed something more, er, mobile, as it





were. What I bought was very inexpensive, but I felt it would hold up for the trip. It did and is still in good shape.

Actually, our carry-on luggage held quite a bit, but carrying more clothes than is usual for us plus carrying things for the DUFF auction made a larger suitcase essential. I also got a larger carry-on bag. We planned on making one laundry pit-stop in mid-trip, thereby halving the amount of clothing which we would have to otherwise take. This left more room for DUFF stuff. It also upped the weight of what we were carrying -- books and fanzines and things are HEAVY!

HOLIER THAN THOU, for the second year in a row, was up for the Best Fanzine Hugo. Our feeling was that if we won this time (a big "if", as the competition was formidable) and the concom followed tradition, there would be two rockets to bring home (Robbie and I co-edit HTT; tradition provides for both editors of a winning zine to get rockets: instant bookends). We were hoping that there would be room for these in the suitcase. As is now known our worries were for naught.

Arrangements. For starters, somebody to house-sit. Elyse Cook volunteered (after being asked) for that chore. We also needed someone to automobile-sit our poor, aging transportation. Mark Sharpe was good enough to look after that item. The problem I initially foresaw as the biggest one turned out to be no problem at all: time off from work.

In the retail tobacco business most shops are small. Unless they are situated in enclosed malls, most tobacco shops operate, usually, with one full-time clerk and whatever part-time help is needed. Where I work now I am the full-time clerk. And I only started there shortly after the DUFF race was decided. The question was, how to break the news to the boss that I needed two plus weeks of vacation only five months

after starting the job in a business where one week is the norm for annual vacation. However, things managed to sort themselves out and, although I only got paid for part of my vacation, the boss found help to cover my absence. His brother and the shop's former owner split my time between them. This probably worked out better than if I had stayed in my previous job, where I was manager of the shop.

In the past when I've returned from vacation I always had a lot of "putting-things-back-together", which was a real pain, but there was none of that this time. (In one way, the problems of past vacations were my own fault: I run a store intuitively -- out of my head -- and it is difficult to get others to understand exactly how I want things done.)

One of the things which we decided upon before we went was a fiction -- I would be the DUFF winner and Robbie would be travelling with me. This, though, was just for the purpose of properly dividing our personal funds from DUFF money. I carried *only* DUFF money and handled all DUFF expenditures; Robbie carried all of our personal money. When I needed money for a personal expenditure such as converting our pre-supporting memberships in Britain in '87 to attending memberships, it was done with the money which Robbie was carrying. This system worked well for us and I would recommend it to all multiple-person fund winners.

All good things come to an end; this prologue, first-drafted in the "less hectic" time before the trip, will now give way to the report of the trip itself.

**A**s you now know, though, that is not exactly the way I write, so, before I report on the trip itself, there is the usual "week before departure" stuff through which to go, and I have my own patented version of it.

I used to be *deathly* afraid of flying. I "cured" that by just going up in a damned aeroplane -- the first time to go to Denvention II. So now I have no trouble getting into an aeroplane -- no jitters, no white knuckles. But I do not think that my innermost mind really accepts flying: starting about a week or so before I am to take an aeroplane ride, I wind up with a psychosomatic illness.

One year it was arthritic hands.

This year it was gastro-intestinal upset.

So I get on the aeroplane and I guess that my mind finally accepts the inevitable as, every year, the symptoms just fade away soon thereafter.

Other than this usual (so to speak) malaise, all other things went well during the last week. Naturally, though, being a worry-wart, I constantly drove Robbie to distraction in ways only a worry-wart can do. I see no need to detail all of these worries as nothing untoward happened. We got our \$A travellers cheques and some Australian dollars; we got the three pounds of gourmet jelly beans; we took care of the dry cleaning and other laundry; and we got to the Van Nuys Fly-Away bus early enough to get a good seat selection for the aeroplane when we arrived at the airport (LAX).

My mind, still doing weird things to my gastro-intestinal tract (not at all helped by the news of very recent aeroplane crashes), had not allowed me to eat much during my last day in the USA, so I was a bit light-headed and hungry when we arrived at LAX.

Immediately after checking in at Air New Zealand, we stashed our carry-on bags in a locker and headed for a food concession.

The Bradley International Building at LAX is all shiny and new, but the food served in the concession restaurant is the same old not-very-good-and-overpriced fare that I expect at airport

restaurants. We had some food anyway, despite the fact that the ticket clerk had told us that a full-course dinner would be served after take-off. *My* stomach needed food *now*, and I did feel quite a bit better after eating.

And I was not feeling too happy about having a full-course dinner served to me at 11:00 p.m. I mean, that is bedtime for me, four and a half hours after my usual dinner, and I do not sleep well on a full stomach. Such, though, is the airline's schedule, so I waited to see what would happen.

In the meantime, after eating, we repaired to the departure gate waiting area -- me, to smoke a pipe and work on this trip report; Robbie, also to smoke a bit and work on comments for her next LASFAPazine. We expected to see some fans on this flight (Mike Glycer, for certain) so we expected there to be some smoffing before we left.

Only Glycer turned up before we enplaned, so I guessed that I was officially off to Worldcon. By that I mean that I have been on the same plane as Glycer going to Worldcon on all flights (save one) I have taken to get to the con. If I am not mistaken, it was only the flight to Chicon IV where Mike and I planned to be on the same flight. On this flight to Australia, Robbie and I had purchased our tickets the previous March, and I did not know that Mike would be on this flight until about two weeks before the flight.

And so we were off.

But getting into Honolulu at 3-bleeping-30 in the morning was no great thrill. I mean, I was trying to sleep and they made us get off the aeroplane for "security reasons". Great security: when we reboarded the craft later somebody had snatched Robbie's pillow.

Travelling east to west (actually from Hawaii it was more northeast to southwest) makes for a *very* long period of darkness

when one's journey commences at 10:00 p.m. Twelve hours after departing from Los Angeles I saw dawn tinging the horizon (it had been doing so for awhile -- umph, at 570 mph going away from the sun, I daresay I believe that somebody must have lubricated the damned sun-raising mechanism with molasses). I have been awake for several hours and I am wishing that they would serve breakfast! After all, if I were still in civilisation (Los Angeles) I would be having lunch in less than an hour. Fortunately this would be the only portion of the trip where I felt this sense of dislocation.

Oh, well, I guess that one cannot have *everything* (even if one *has* won DUFF). I still maintain that the only civilised mode of travel is by private railroad car. Somehow, though, I do not think that this would have been appropriate for this particular journey. Pity.

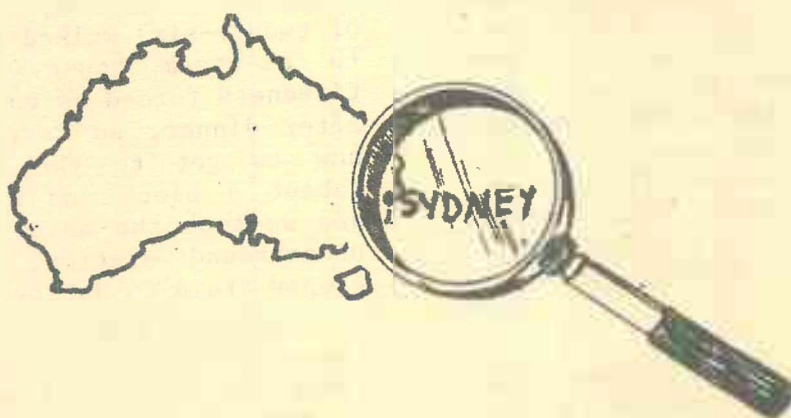
Next into Auckland, approximately on time. Two memorable occurrences in the airport whilst waiting to reboard the aeroplane. First, Robbie found original formula Coca Cola being dispensed at the snack bar. Second, a sign which proclaimed, "Emergency Fire Exit Only", prompting me to declaim to Mike and Robbie that the sign pointed the way for all emergency fires to leave the building. It seemed disgustingly funny at the time -- remember, I was tired. I guess so were Mike and Robbie as they groaned at the utterance.

Thence to Sydney, also on time. Being honest blokes we declared on the customs forms that we had both food and excess tobacco plus some cigars -- we were directed to a special desk. Manhandling a balky cart (which seemed to take a perverse pleasure in suddenly shooting off at right angles to the direction of push) with our luggage on it we made it over to this desk. I immediately mentioned that the food was three pounds of jelly beans, we were about 25 grammes over our pipe tobacco allowance, and we had six cigars. We were immediately waived/waved through with no duty charged and smiles on the faces of the officials.

Jack Herman was waiting just outside the customs room. A handshake from me, a hug from Robbie, some hellos, and we were then joined by Mike Glycer. Jack graciously arranged transportation for Mike and then led Robbie and me to his automobile, thence to his home whilst we discussed the areas of Sydney through which we were passing (which discussion resumed during our drive to downtown Sydney later in the day).

We spent a few hours at Jack's house, discussing DUFF, showing him the auction items we had brought along (transferring them to his care as he would be driving down to Melbourne), and talking about the arrangements for our stay in Australia.

Needing a hot shower, I went and took a very refreshing one whilst Robbie went out and walked



around Hurstville (the suburb in which the Hermans reside) for a while.

It is the custom of Sydney fen to meet every Thursday evening at the Galaxy Bookstore; so, as Robbie was not feeling tired and I was renewed by the shower, Jack drove us into Sydney City Centre where the bookstore was located. On the way he dropped by his mailbox at the University of Sydney. The university had a lovely campus which we toured briefly.

Jack was looking at the mail which he had removed from his mailbox when Robbie said, "that one looks familiar". It turned out to be the letter to Jack which Robbie had mailed about two weeks previously. So much for the speed of aerogrammes.

We continued on toward downtown with Jack talking about Sydney (including some of its history) as we drove.

The Galaxy Bookstore had recently moved to larger quarters around the corner from its previous location (now occupied by Budget Books), so we went to Budget Books first. After a little while, Jack and I went around to Galaxy leaving Robbie talking about "Doctor Who" with a patron and the clerk at Budget Books. The first person to whom Jack introduced me was Galaxy's proprietor, Shayne McCormick (whom I remembered from her visit to Los Angeles). During my visit to the bookstore I was introduced to Terry Frost, Blair Ramage, Wombles, Gerald Smith, and others whose names escaped both my memory and my note-taking. I had previously known both Terry and Gerald through their contributions to HTT -- it was good to finally meet them in person. This experience was repeated with others later in our trip; I assume it is common to other faneds who go on these trips.

Rick Foss (LASFS member who works for Ladera Travel in the Los

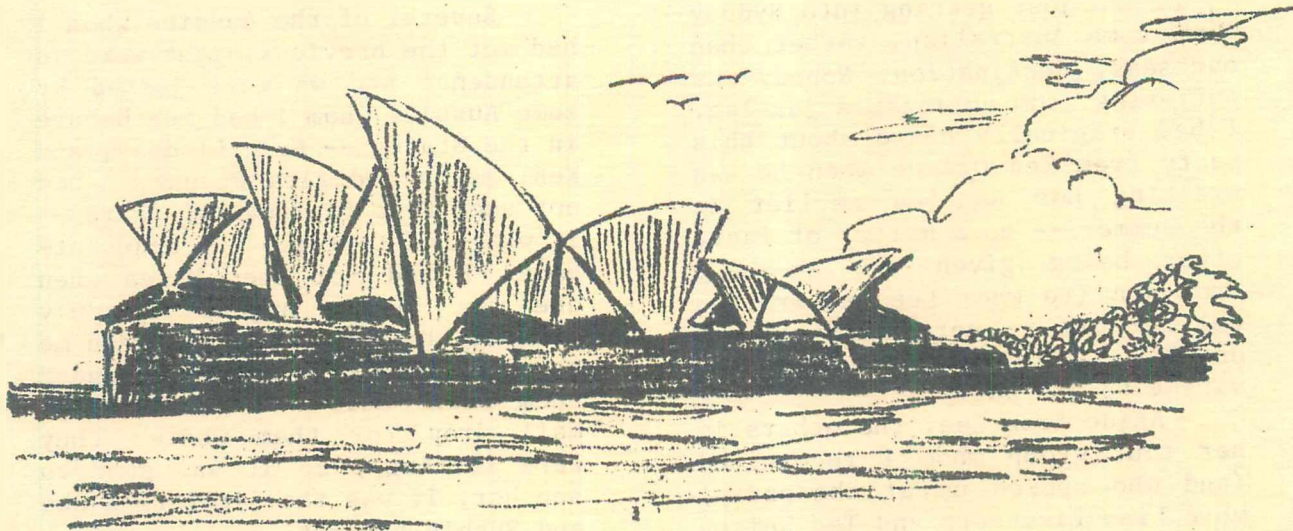
Angeles area and who set up the Aussiecon trips for most of the LArea fen who went to Melbourne), with the ubiquitous Mike Glycer in tow, also made an appearance a short time after I arrived. I am afraid that my tiredness (still evident despite my being slightly refreshed by the shower and rest at Jack's) was still in force as I do not retain too much of an impression of most of the people whom I met that evening (other than their general friendliness). Gerald introduced himself to me, recognising my likeness from several caricatures which had run through HTT.

During this visit, I convinced Terry Frost that he should stand for DUFF. I pointed out to him that I was not showing any favouritism towards him by this -- it was just that no candidates had yet announced, the filing deadline was drawing near, and he was known to some extent on both continents. I also told him we would be looking for other candidates to run against him.

At about 6:00 p.m. several of us (including Robbie who had eventually come into the shop) went around the corner to a coffee shop, a place where many fans would meet preparatory to going on a dinner expedition. It was at this coffee shop where Jack introduced us to his wife, Cath. As Jack and Cath had a previous dinner engagement, they left us there (they had earlier given us the key to their house).

A bit later sixteen of us (eventually growing into a party of twenty-six) walked a few blocks to a steak house. My growing tiredness forced us to leave right after dinner, so Terry showed us how to get to the train depot (about a block and a half away) and we took the short walk to the underground station, taking the proper train to Hurstville.

During Robbie's perambulations earlier in the day she had found the Hurstville train depot, so when we arrived in Hurstville



by train that evening, she led the way back to Jack's house.

After a relaxing bit of writing, enlarging upon the notes which I had taken during the day, I collapsed into the bed.

Friday morning, *very* early (4:45), it was raining. Both Robbie and I were thoroughly awake by 5:30 a.m. It was still raining. When we finally left the house at 9-something the rain had stopped and the clouds were leaving for wherever Sydney's clouds go after drying themselves out. So I carried with me an unneeded umbrella -- at least I did not get rained upon. I saw no more rain until I got to Melbourne.

Where we went was to Sydney City Centre to wander around for a while to try to pick up the flavour of the place. All of the locals whom we knew were working during the day so we felt a little bit of solo sightseeing would not be amiss.

We got as far North as the Opera House. Mostly, though, we just ambled along from Town Hall train depot to the harbour and back again.

I *like* downtown Sydney: it has about it a cosmopolitan verve, a feeling of briskness. Of course, this was winter, and I expect that things (or at least pedestrians) move slower during the summer.

Downtown Sydney has more than a hint of San Francisco about it (as does Melbourne, for that matter, even though both Australian cities are quite dissimilar to each other), also a bit of Chicago and quite a bit of the 1950's Los Angeles financial district on a crisply clear winter day. Except that Sydney is *much* cleaner than these American cities, at least the part of it which we saw.

By one of the clock we were back at Jack's house -- at least *my* feet were tired and we wanted to rest up for the party that night.

This party was being hosted by Baltimore fan/travel agent Lee Smoire. Her group of fans was to be flying in from the States at 6:00 p.m. and starting a party for all available fen (at the Hyde Park Plaza Motor Inn, across Hyde Park from the section of Sydney where we had wandered around earlier in the day) at 9:30. The way that I figured it, Lee and her party would probably jet-lag out of the party soon after it started, leaving it up to the *'ahem'* well-rested locals to carry on. We intended to carry on.

Misinformation on my part, above. After the party started I found out that Lee's tour group had been in Australia for a while

-- it was just getting into Sydney from some Australian, rather than overseas, destination. Nobody was suffering from noticeable jet-lag. I had originally heard about this party from Ken Ozanne when he was visiting Los Angeles earlier in the summer -- as a matter of fact, after being given the go-ahead from Ken (to whom Lee had written telling him to get the locals in on it) I did some discreet inviting to the party.

Aside from Lee, the others in her tour group whom I recognised (and who showed up at the party) were Lise Eisenberg and Ted White. I recognised the faces of some of the other tour members, having seen them at one or another Worldcon, but I did not remember their names.

Several of Rick Foss's tour group were present: the usual loud-tie-wearing Rick himself, the ubiquitous Mike Glycer (madly taking notes as was I, or was that taking mad notes -- makes no difference either way as I see it), the usual Fred Patten reading the usual Fred Patten-type book (at least he was reading *something* which looked like a book) in a corner, Nola Frame, Louis Elver Gray and Amy Thomson (who had just joined the tour after some independent touring during the past two weeks.

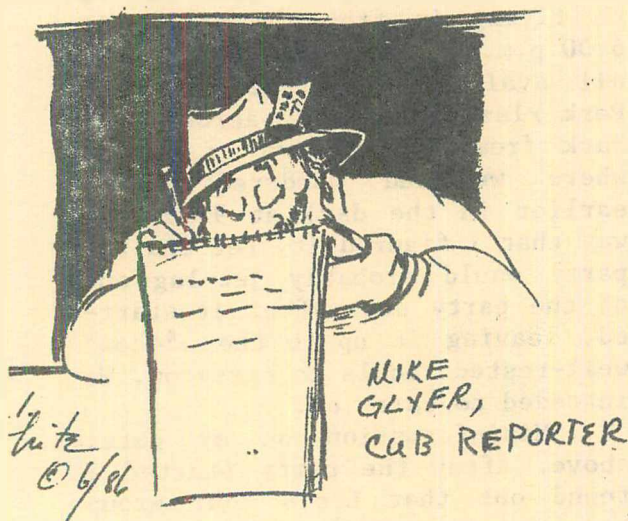
Several of the Aussies whom I had met the previous night were in attendance and we were joined by some Aussies whom I had met before in the States -- Eric Lindsay, and Ken, Marea and Alex Ozanne. I had not seen Eric for several years -- it was good to renew our acquaintance. I had not seen Marea when she was in Los Angeles in July although Ken and Alex had seen me at a LASFS meeting (where I handed them their mail -- I had been a mail drop for them whilst they were touring), so it was good to see her. It was the first time she and Robbie had met.

It was at this party where part one of an amazing discussion took place. The object of said discussion being the scheduling of the Cantor's pit stop for laundry. It was not until later on during our trip that the absurdity of the situation fully manifested itself to us.

(As an aside, as mentioned before, we had planned to keep the weight of what we were travelling with to a semi-reasonable level by cleaning our clothes about half-way through the trip.)

The discussion also seemed to include our travel plans from Canberra to Melbourne, there being a problem with the carrying capacity of Jean Weber's automobile which was supposed to carry Robbie and me and our luggage on that trip. Participants in the discussion, aside from Robbie and me, were Ken, Eric, Jack and Gordon Lindgard.

What we decided was that we would be met in Canberra by Jean (Eric would be with us on the train), there would be some touring of Canberra but no meeting with other fans as all other Canberra fans would have already left for Melbourne, laundry at Jean's place that evening, and departure from Canberra the next morning, caravanning with Gordon Lindgard (who would drive down to Canberra) so as to take the excess stuff which could not be carried in Jean's small automobile.



Only fans seem to invent these kinds of logistical nightmares -- and absurd (but workable) solutions to them.

The party gradually dwindled, and the Herman and Cantor families took their sleepy leave (at least I was tired) around midnight.

Saturday morning we were up at 6:30, leaving for the Hurstville station (driven there by an only-just-awakened Jack Herman) at 8:30. We purchased tickets to Springwood (which is about a mile before Faulconbridge) which seemed a bargain (\$7.50 round trip for each of us for a two-hour each way trip). We travelled from Hurstville to Central -- we had been this way before (usually going past Central to Town Hall station), and transferred at Central to a train for Penrith (where we would transfer again to a train for Springwood). We could have taken a non-transfer train to Springwood had we wanted to wait around Central for a while. Not being railroad station devotees, we did not consider waiting, instead opting for the possibility of getting lost in Penrith. This is not what happened.

Penrith's platform was crowded -- we made our way to an official-looking person and asked him how to get to the Springwood train. "Back that way, over the pedestrian overpass above the train you just got off of to the other side -- better hurry, the train is ready to depart." We ran (me huffing and puffing) and made it with about a minute to spare. The first open doorway was for a smoking car. Good. (There were not any smoking cars on the train to Penrith.)

Except that I discovered, upon opening my tobacco pouch, that I was a bit low on Tobacco. I had left most of it, along with many of my belongings, at Jack and Cath's. We felt that there was no need to carry everything for a weekend in the Blue Mountains, and we would be going back to Hurstville the next day, staying

with Jack and Cath on Sunday and Monday nights before leaving for Canberra.

I have known the Ozannes for several years; they have visited Los Angeles many times and were early members of LASFAPA (a Los Angeles based apa). I agent for Ken's magazine subscriptions in the U.S.A.; Ken agents HTT in Australia. Naturally, a visit to the Ozannes was a must.

Faulconbridge, population 2,000, is a one and a half hour train trip due west from Sydney in the Blue Mountains. It is home to several fans: the Ozannes, Eric Lindsay (except when he is staying with Jean Weber in Canberra), Ron and Sue Clarke, and John and Diane Fox, amongst others. More good reasons to spend a weekend in the country.

We left the train at Springwood, meeting Ken on the platform -- he was awaiting a train to Parramatta. We hellowed, goodbyed and followed his directions to a taxi.

The bus shelter near the taxi stand was, um, interesting. To put it another way, I have never seen anything like it. Robbie took a picture of it. She took more pictures of it on our return trip (when I copied the inscription on it).

Let me set the scene: we walk up to this long bench with a high backboard and a roof. I place my bag on the bench and notice the colour painting on the backboard -- anthropomorphised fish boarding a train at a train station. I point out to Robbie that one of the fish has a pipe in its mouth; she points out a crab with a pipe in a claw. Seeing the signature, I tell Robbie that the painter's name was Finney (I am, after all, addicted to puns). I then notice an inscription on a side wall.

"The Fish"

"...old timers say in 1883 the engineman's name was John Heron nicknamed 'Herring'. The Fireman 'Salmon' and the guards 'Pyke' and 'Trout'.

"Some think this is a fishy story but George Finney's cartoon of 1938 suggests that there must be something in the old legend after all."

Talk about local colour!

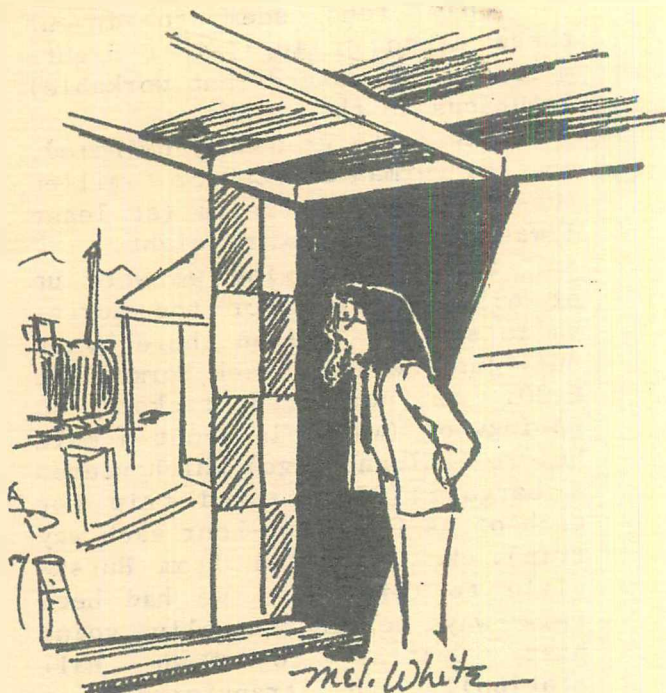
(Ken later told us that one of the trains going through here is called The Fish with the following one being called The Chips.)

This was topped, though, by an early experience at the Ozannes. You see, by descending a steep path, we followed Alex into a narrow canyon behind the Ozanne manse. At the bottom are two small pools and a waterfall, and this is on Ozanne property. I mean, how many fans own their own natural waterfall? Not an amazing fact but definitely an unique one. I was still sort of bemused by the taxi stand when we got to the waterfalls -- my sensawunda was definitely tickled by the events of the day so far.

After the waterfall walk, I called Ron Clarke -- he said that he would be by the Ozannes' either that evening or on Sunday morning. Then we were taught the card game UNO by Marea and the four of us (Marea, Alex, Robbie and I) played that for a while. Then Marea and I played some Chinese checkers (which I had not played since I was a kid) whilst Robbie took a walk around the area with Ken who had returned. When they got back the game ended in generalised conversation.

Alex mentioned that Eric Lindsay was encouraging him to stand for DUFF and that he had decided to do so. As he was drafting his platform, I told him of the other necessities before his candidacy could be considered official.

On top of a bookshelf was a pile of fanzines -- HTT #21. We had mailed them to Ken at the end of April, but he had received them just the week before we visited. We piled them into Robbie's rucksack so that we could distribute them to fans as we saw



them on the rest of our trip. Eric visited briefly -- we got the wonderful news of further complications about our laundry (Laundry Discussion Part II) and our transportation from Canberra to Melbourne. I was hoping that this would not turn into an epic.

I ended the evening playing scrabble with Marea.

Early to bed (10 p.m.), early to rise (6:30 a.m.) -- it was *cold* in the house on Sunday morning. Showered and etcetera'd, made a large breakfast, wakened Robbie (who was mostly up anyway), and we took a bit of a walk around the neighbourhood. A bit of a saunter right after breakfast, good English tobacco in my favourite briar, the air mountain crisp -- *this* is the only time that I like a chill in the air.

During our walk we noticed a brightly coloured bird (a red-breasted hangnail, for all that I know). Robbie decided to photograph it; immediately, it flew up from the side of the road and onto a tree branch. For the next minute, no matter what angle Robbie tried, all she could see was the bird either hiding behind a clump of leaves or showing its rear end. Eventually, though, it



turned to look at the sun and she snapped a shot. At the time I hoped that *something* other than just the tree would show up when the film was developed -- what we actually got was a bird-shaped blip, *very* small with distance, in this rather large tree.

Faulconbridge, at least the small part of it we saw during our walk, is a most interesting place. The main road is on the crest of a wide ridge. Meek's Crescent (off which is located the Ozanne residence) tapers slightly downward toward the north before it swings east -- there is a further drop-off on the northern side of this street. The Ozanne house is on a small table of land just below the road with their land dropping off below the house, the back property line being 780 feet from the street, part way up the side of the hill on the other side of the canyon in back of their house.

The history of the development of the area bears some telling. Although this is from memory and may be slightly faulty, here is the approximate gist of it.

You see, all of the development of this area is on top of this very long ridge which bisects the entire Blue Mountain chain, the ridge top being the first way discovered to traverse the mountains from east to west. As Sydney grew, it needed access through the mountains to its west. Eventually a rail line paralleled the ridge road, and settlements grew up along the ridge.

Many years ago lots of cabins and such were built as vacation retreats. Nowadays, the one and a quarter hour train commute finds many ridge residents living in very nice newer houses and working in Sydney. Thus there is this long string of villages and towns peopled mostly by commuters and retired people.

The flavour of the place is "mountain-resort", and I found it exceedingly pleasant. But, then,

my *ideal* place to live is a semi-country setting with city amenities. I could enjoy living somewhere on this ridge.

At about 10:30 a.m., Ken and Marea took us for a spot of sightseeing, first along the ridge (where we could see, in the distance, the tall buildings of downtown Sydney) and then to Echo Point, further west along the ridge. Ken mentioned that this was considered one of the more scenic views in Australia; indeed, it was most impressive as, looking past Solitary Mountain (which rose out of the valley floor some miles from the escarpment atop which we were standing), we could see the opposite rim of the valley, some 25 miles away. Robbie took many pictures, some of which were of birds (probably of parti-coloured flip-hips for all of the difference it makes) which were pecking at feeding stations conveniently placed just outside of plate glass windows on one wall of a small souvenir shop perched at the edge of the ridge, overlooking a stand of tall trees. Convenient, that is, for those who want to waste film on close-up



photos of twenty-toed flipdiddles and uncrested burblers and other feather-brained things. *Our* pictures did not come out well.

Thence it was a short drive to the other side of the ridge, a bit outside of Katoomba (the largest town we saw on the ridge), to Govett's Leap, where there was a slightly less spectacular view. Still in all, there was a full view of a very thin 660 foot high waterfall.

On the way back to Falconbridge, we tried (and failed) to find the turn-off to John and Diane Fox's place. So, unfortunately, I was unable to indulge in one of my lesser base fantasies -- dropping in unexpectedly on people who live far away.

We did, though, drop by to see Ron Clarke. We delivered him a copy of HTT 21 and a copy of TIME MEDDLER 4, and visited with him just briefly. As we had thought, he had dropped by the Ozanne house whilst we were out sightseeing, so our coming by enabled us to meet him as he would have been unable to get to the Ozannes' again later in the day before our return to Sydney. His wife, Sue, was in hospital with one of their children, said child being in the midst of a very bad asthmatic attack, and Ron was taking care of the other children.

Unfortunately, Robbie had used up all of her film on "scenic" snapshots of birds and views and suchlike, so there was no film left for snapping Ron. He, though, Polaroided us.

There was one more stop on the way back to the Ozannes', this time to pick up genuine Aussie hamburgers (good, but not magnificent), chips (thick, soft, and greasy -- they lacked perfection only in not being tinged green) and a bottle of passion-fruit soda (quite refreshing -- I wish that it were available in the U.S.A.). This was consumed at their home. Whilst eating, Alex informed us that he was no longer a DUFF candidate as the beginning of the

trip would interfere with his high school final exams.

We then grabbed our bags and went off to Springwood to record the Taxi-stand (it was on our return here that I finally copied the legend). Robbie took more pictures of it as she had loaded her camera with film which she had in her rucksack at the Ozannes'.

According to Ken this taxi-stand/bus stop was constructed/painted last year -- it commemorates one of the trains which goes by here.

We then went to the train platform to await our train. We talked with Ken and Alex for awhile whilst waiting. Mostly I was asking (and getting answers) about the history of the development of the ridge. Too early came the train, but there would be more conversation with the Ozannes at Aussiecon.

The train had a most comfortable smoking car *and* it was an express. A quick transfer at Central (we were becoming old hands at this, to me, foreign method of travelling around a big city), and a taxi to the Herman manse from the Hurstville station. Usually we walked to and from Jack's house and the Hurstville station, however, with my jam-packed overnight bag plus a backpack full of HTT 21s, we were in no mood for a walk at this point.

Once at Jack's we relaxed for the rest of the evening, mostly with talk as I had utilised much of the train journey to catch up on my note-taking.

About 6:00 p.m., a long-time penpal of Robbie's came by for a few hours. He joined in on the conversation.

Another early to bed, early to rise thingy; we are early risers anyhow, so we wanted to be rested for our last day of sightseeing in Sydney.

Monday morning we left for the station at 8:00. Our destination was the Taronga Park Zoo. To get there required a change of

trains at Town Hall Station, with the second train depositing us at Circular Quay. We had walked to the Quay on an earlier foray of investigating downtown Sydney; this time we took a ferry from it as the zoo is on the other side of the harbour.

Circular Quay is in a small bay with the Sydney Opera House on its east exterior point and the Sydney Harbour Bridge having one end of its west exterior point.

Whilst the view from the ferry was very nice, I must say that the Opera House is nowhere near as spectacular close-up (either the front view we had from the ferry nor the back view which we had on Friday) as it is usually shown (an aerial view). It is, actually, rather small. Nice, though -- just not magnificent.

What was magnificent -- superb even -- was the view of downtown Sydney from various parts of the zoo.

The zoo is sited on a point of land which projects into the harbour and is built on the side of a hill. In walking from one to another exhibit one often sees a panoramic view of downtown Sydney -- at other times it is just a slice of it. At all times, in the crisp and clean air, it is breathtaking.

Taronga Park Zoo is small but growing; it is nicely landscaped. When the ferry docked we took the bus to the upper entrance, our plan being to save our feet by walking mostly downhill, ending up at the lower entrance near the ferry.

We have been both been to zoos before, therefore we mostly ignored the fauna of non-Australian origin (except for the bears -- Robbie has a thing about bears), concentrating on the Australian animals. The Nocturnal House was a general highlight. However, as I have a thing about wolves and dogs and such, I, er, went ape over the dingo exhibit. I must say, though, that many Australian birds are colourful in

the extreme and this zoo must be a bird-lover's heaven.

We planned to see a bit more of downtown Sydney before going back to Jack's, mostly a bit of a wind-down to end the sightseeing. Robbie wanted to check out a surplus store she had noticed on Friday.

I had not planned a busman's holiday, but, when would I ever again get to Australia? Eric Lindsay had mentioned to me the Sol Levy Tobacconist shop on George Street, so we gave a go at visiting it, too. It had been founded in the 1890's as a cigar-making shop. Now it was quite a nice full-service shop.

The shop-keeper showed me a medal that the original owner had won for his cigar-making prowess, and Robbie bought some cigars for herself.

We then crossed the street to Central station, thence a train to Hurstville. We purchased a few items in Hurstville (including some gourmet ice cream for the evening's dessert) and had a taxi take Robbie's developing headache and my aching feet (and us along with them) to Jack's.

Jack, making a flying visit prior to running some errands, took out his DUFF trip pictures for us and we vicariously enjoyed what he had seen.

We then eliminated some of the laundry epic by doing some laundry at Jack's. This meant, unfortunately, that some laundry would have to be done at the con. \*sigh\* Even organised people encounter glitches.

Jack had told me that Colin Fine (an English fan who I had met at previous worldcons) was in Sydney, staying at Andrew Taubman's. I called, but Colin was out, so I left a message for him to call me if he came in before 8:00 p.m. Colin was on the Britain in '87 bidding committee and I was the committee's North American agent, so there were a few things which I wanted to discuss before the con in Melbourne.

I then fell to working on this trip report. Ken Ozanne, previously seeing me industriously scribbling in my notebook, had commented that I seemed to be doing nothing but writing this trip report, looking like I was trying to catch up to a point where I would be doing nothing except writing in my trip report about writing my trip report -- *ad nauseum*.

Knowing my sieve-like memory, I had decided that the only way I was going to remember enough of these details to enable me to write a decent report was to record things as I went along. I was carrying a small note-pad for note-taking during the day. Then, as I had the time, I expanded on the notes in a larger notebook. In effect, this larger notebook was a first draft of the trip report.

Colin called back, sometime around 6:00, and said that he would be down by train (he was staying in a part of Sydney called Newtown -- or New Town, my notes do not differentiate too well twixt my various scribbles). Soon thereafter Jack and Cath returned, so we indulged in lots of conversation and, eventually dinner. Later, around 10ish, I fell asleep in a chair in the living room. Robbie then indicated that sleeping in bed would be in order, so that we did, after packing everything except last minute stuff.

It turned out, according to what Jack told us the next morning, that Colin showed up around 11:00, having gotten onto the wrong train or some such. By that time, though, I was completely dead to the world.

Robbie was supposed to set the alarm for 4:45 a.m.; somehow she erred. I awoke at 5:25 and suddenly realised that we were late as we had to be leaving Jack's at not much later than 6:45 if we were to catch the 7:30 train out of Central. So I rushed things (it takes *me* much longer to get ready in the mornings than it does Robbie) -- shower, shave, shampoo,

style, etc. During the trip Robbie's hair was its usual extremely short self -- at least *that*-style of hair requires much less work than does my longish mop.

We left the house just about on time, though (after eating breakfast a bit on the fly), making the Interstate train (four cars in length) with ten minutes to spare.

Eric Lindsay had told me he would be on the train, but he was not (four cars is not much to go through to find somebody). I did not worry too much about this, expecting to be met at the station by Jean Weber, and I had seen a picture of her in one of Jack's photo albums, so I expected to be able to recognise her.

On the train, one thing which struck me as a bit unusual was that, when the conductor came around to collect tickets, everybody seemed to have a different type of ticket/document to hand to him. Jack had purchased our tickets beforehand so I assumed they were all right -- and they were. Worry-wart-itis struck again, and again for no cause.

The train initially headed west (more worry-warting -- were we on the correct train?) then turned south. Sydney's suburbs seemed interminable although not as much so as when we had headed straight west on our trip to Faulconbridge.

Eventually the countryside became lightly wooded, thence pastureland. Pastureland is probably the same almost everywhere. However, there was one sight which I doubt could be seen outside of Australia. Alongside of one field of grazing sheep, I saw an emu.

As we got into hill country, it became quite forested, much of the area recovering nicely from the widespread forest fires of past years -- many growing trees with lots of foliage had badly burned trunks.

Eventually the way dropped out of the higher forested hills into lower hills which were grassy

instead of heavily wooded. Scattered all along our trip had been small towns and villages, most of which still had vestiges of when Australia still used civilised measurements (signs giving the altitude of the town/village in feet) before it went metric.

We pulled into Canberra a few minutes after noon. I was not, at first, quite certain that this was Canberra. After all, this was the nation's capital city, so I was expecting not only more of a big city grouping of buildings but at least a very impressive railroad station. What I saw was a *wide* scattering of buildings and a very ordinary small platform for passengers. I asked another passenger who was about to leave his seat to get off the train if this was Canberra and he said it was. We gathered our things and also got off the train. And there was Eric, along with Jean. Properly met.

Jean's auto is rather small -- four adults fit nicely but it was necessary to be creative when it came to luggage. Of necessity we went immediately to the hotel in which a room had been reserved for us.

The room to which the hotel clerk sent us turned out to have an occupant still. The woman at the desk apologised, mentioned that the person still in the room should have checked out already, and assigned us another room, to which we promptly repaired to dump our stuff.

The Ainslee Hotel is rather small. Until its recent remodeling, however, it had been used by local fans for many cons. Their prices were now too high so it had been abandoned by fans as a con venue. But it was quite all right for the two of us for a night.

Jean and Eric then took us to a shopping centre in the Civic section of the city where we had a light lunch. Thence it was a short ride to the top of Mount Ainslee from which we were able to see much of the city with Jean pointing out various landmarks.

They then took us on a bit of a tour of the city. Driving by Parliament we saw an anti-nuke demonstration across from the building. There is *lots* of construction in progress in Canberra. As Eric said, "The National Bird of Canberra is the construction crane." During the remainder of that and the next day Eric and I punished poor Robbie and Jean.

We sort of got off the road we wanted at one point (there are *lots* of traffic circles and other impediments to sane driving in this city) and found ourselves heading out of the city. A stranger may not notice this too much as possibly the best single word that can be used to describe Canberra is "scattered". So we decided to continue along the road we were on to see the sights a bit to the south of Canberra. Actually, either of two possible sights: the Tidbinbilla Nature Reserve or the Tidbinbilla NASA facility. As time was short we opted for seeing just the Reserve, about 30 km southwest of Canberra. We did have an interesting time there, mostly with the kangaroos.

When we got to the Reserve, we noticed an emu walking along the road just before the parking lot next to the Visitor's Information Centre. We pulled into the lot and parked. I opted to stay in the car (as it was cold and windy outside) whilst the others decided to go over to photograph the emu at close range.

Emus have a reputation for being aggressively friendly, but this particular emu had probably never heard of it -- it would not let our lot approach too closely. What transpired then was Robbie, Jean and Eric trying to approach the bird and it moving away from them -- in *my* direction. The bird eventually was more or less herded right past the car in which I was sitting. Ironically, I was closer to it than the others ever managed. Had I the camera I could have gotten the frontal shot which Robbie did not get. The whole epi-

sode was, shall we say, amusing.

After the others came up I got out of the auto and joined them to go into the Centre.

At this point I feel I should mention that Robbie's memories (and notes) are a bit different on the chronology of the above. According to Robbie, we went into the Information Centre *before* she tried to photograph the emu. 'Sfunny how memories of the same incidents can differ.

The concept of the reserve is interesting. Different animals are kept in separate, fenced-off areas which are multi-acres in size. Visitors are allowed to wander through the various sections (these sections are divided by fences with self-closing gates where the paths cut through them).



The wild 'roos were amazingly un-nervous of us although they would not let us approach them any closer than a few feet. There was one exception to this, though, and that rather brief. Jean had pointed out to Robbie that a certain mother 'roo had a baby in its pouch. Robbie then crouched down and moved slowly to a point where she could photograph this.

When Robbie stopped and waited for the mother 'roo to turn around, a small 'roo slowly hopped over to Robbie. Robbie reached out her hand to him/her/it and the 'roo stretched out his/her/its neck so that he/she/it could sniff Robbie's fingers. It would have made a *great* photograph, but Robbie had the camera rather than me. Damn! Had I been carrying the camera that would probably have been the only photograph which I felt needed taking during our trip (which, after all, was why Robbie was carrying the camera -- I do not feel any compulsive need to record things on film).

Were the day not getting aggressively winterish (at least to me), we would have stayed longer in the Reserve. As it was, after leaving the kangaroo section we went back to the car and drove over to the koala section. I stayed in the car to keep warm whilst the other three spent a half hour looking at koalas. We then headed back to the hotel.

Robbie decided to take a short nap before dinner (we were meeting Jean, Eric and Kim Huett in the hotel steakhouse for dinner at 6:30 p.m.), so I went down to the lobby to transcribe the notes from my small notebook into the larger one. I had just begun this when a person came into the lobby, approached me and asked, "You're Marty Cantor?" It turned out that he was Chip Hitchcock from Boston. He was doing a solo tour of Australia prior to Worldcon and had recognised me from previous Worldcons. As Worldcons are often a blurry time for me, I had only vaguely recognised him. We talked for a while and he joined us for dinner (we were minus Kim Huett, though -- Kim met us later in the lobby).

After dinner and conversation we all split up for the night. Kim went with us for a brief visit to our room so that I could give him his copy of HTT 21 and so that Robbie could take his picture.

Wednesday morning, up at 5:30

(actually 5:15, beating the clock by 15 minutes). Breakfast in an almost deserted dining room (it had just opened) sitting by a large picture window, then met in the lobby at 7:50 by Jean, Eric and Gordon Lindgard. Considering the size of both autos (Gordon's Honda was smaller than Jean's tiny Ford), we needed both autos so as to take both the luggage *and* all five people. Robbie rode with Gordon and I rode with Jean and Eric; the luggage and fanzines and the rest of the impedimenta rode wherever we could find the room into which to stuff it.

There was frost everywhere as we sped away from Canberra. Gordon led the caravan whilst I sat in the back of Jean's car making shaking squiggles, bringing my notes up-to-date.

Eric had supplied walky-talkies for the two vehicles; they turned out to be necessary a few times. Mostly, though, we did not use them.

We made a pit stop in a place called Yass. I asked if there was a No. Eric thought that there was one in Victoria.

The countryside was gentle rolling hills -- pastureland -- with trees sparsely dotting the landscape.

We had a mid-morning snack break at Gundagai. We *were* supposed to stop at The Dog Sat on The Tuckerbox, five miles before Gundagai, and Eric (who was driving) *did* stop there. But Gordon was in the lead and drove on by. Too much of a lead as we could not raise him on the walky-talky. We found Gordon and Robbie, eventually, in Gundagai. So it was there that we had a pit stop for petrol, nibblements and other biological necessities.

Australia is a brown land. However, with the recent winter rains, much of the landscape seemed the greenest of green. Some of it so brightly green that it almost hurt my eyes to look at it. This part of New South Wales is agricultural country -- I had not

been in farm country since I had lived in Fresno (which is in California's Central Valley) in the early '60s. It was an interesting change of pace from our time in Sydney.

Aside from the continuing overcast and the overwhelming green of much of the land, the other constant of this drive through New South Wales was road construction. The Australian Bicentennial comes in 1988 and the government wants a four-lane highway connexion 'twixt Sydney and Melbourne by then. Jean does not feel that the road work will be finished in time.

Our next rendezvous was the town of Holbrook. So as to avoid the confusion we had at our last stop I recommended that we (both cars) pull off the highway at the first off-ramp into town if there was a by-pass (as there was at Gundagai) and stop at the first petrol depot we found, no matter which side of the road it was on, no matter if it was open, closed or a burnt-out abandoned hulk. There *should* be some certainties, after all, if we were not to hopelessly lose each other on this trip. With my wife and my luggage in the other auto, getting unduly separated was not desirable.

We made Holbrook, our auto second (as usual), and found Robbie and Gordon waiting at the *second* petrol depot (although it was the first on our side of the road and only slightly after the first on the road). As Eric said, "At least it was the first *abandoned* station."

We took a lunch break at Wodonga, leaving there at 1:30, our trip from Canberra to Melbourne being slightly more than half over. We had crossed the Murray River just before entering Wodonga, so we were now in the State of Victoria.

A few kilometres outside of Wodonga, Gordon (who was, at that point, following Jean's car) blinked his headlights. Communication via walky-talky was garbled.

After a bit, Eric noticed that they had pulled off the road. Eric kept on, but eventually decided to stop. As Gordon's car did not reappear we turned around and headed back to Wodonga. Checking in several service stations and not finding Gordon and Robbie, we returned to the road to Melbourne, hoping that we would see them at our rendezvous in Benalla.

We got into Benalla and found the proper petrol station, but no small Honda.

I was busily worry-warting away like mad.

"They left five minutes ago," answered the attendant to the appropriate inquiry.

I grabbed the walky-talky. "Robbie, do you read, do you read?"

"Loud and clear -- we're across the street," she replied, they having just driven back.

We sorted things out and then stretched our legs.

Our trip was being cut into short bits with frequent stops not only so that we could lessen the possibility of getting separated but because Jean's back bothers her if she sits in a car for too long a length of time. Personally, I did not mind all of the stops (as my impatient self usually would) as it gave me a chance to see more of the country at a standstill and also gave me a chance to have even more time with interesting people. I had known Eric from his visits Stateside; Jean, though, I knew only through her fanzine.

In Sydney, Eric had mentioned that our frequent stops would not only ease Jean's back, but would also allow me to have smoke breaks (Jean is allergic to smoke and there would be no smoking in the car). I pointed out to Eric that pipe smokers need more like an hour to two hours for a smoke break rather than the five to ten minutes used by cigarette smokers. I also pointed out that I knew there would be no smoking in Jean's car so I had planned on not



being able to smoke from the time we left Canberra until after we arrived in our hotel in Melbourne. As other fans have gotten to know, I do not intrude into the air of those who are bothered by smoke -- in return I ask the favour that those who mind my smoking allow me my smoking pleasure when I decide that I want to smoke.

The next leg of the trip was to Euroa, and petrol for Gordon's Honda. We decided two things: Gordon would from now on follow our more slowly driven auto, and we would stop at a certain rest area 100 km down the road. The last hop from there would be to the Southern Cross Hotel, our destination in Melbourne.

The highway in this area was *very* nice: smooth, well landscaped, clean, and with nice views. But it was a bit breezy and quite chilly when we made our last stop (5:08 p.m.) before our final destination.

We arrived at the Southern Cross Hotel by 6:30 p.m., registered, and unpacked in our room. A quick bite to eat in one of the hotel restaurants, and then off to register for the convention.

I will not attempt to list all of the fans we met, acquaintances old and new, as it



would be as boring as the biblical list of begats. Obviously, though, names will appear here and there as this report continues. Also, were I to be writing down the names of those I met at the con, the listing of names would be *all* that I would be accomplishing, and I was not at Worldcon just to compile a list of names.

After registration, I did spend some time acquainting myself with the programme items on which I was to appear. Then I just wandered around seeing who I could. To state the obvious, many fans had not yet arrived. There were also rumours of those fans who had arrived but were not in the immediate area.

Around 9:30, I went down to the lobby (registration was on the mezzanine level) to work on this report, hoping that some fans I wanted to meet would wander by. None did. Wandered around a bit more even though the tiredness and pain in my head said it was time to go to bed. I finally heeded *that* call at 11:00 p.m.

The next thing I knew it was 6:30, Thursday morning. I had breakfast at 8:00 outside of the hotel, and talked to Forry (Forest J. Ackerman) a bit in the lobby (I had said hello to him at dinner the previous night).

I started looking for specific fans and had little trouble meeting many of the Aussies on the HTT mailing list, all of whom were invited to my gourmet jelly bean party later that night (this party being a Thursday night Worldcon tradition with me). In fact, I was meeting them so fast and thick that it was becoming a sensory overload.

At one point, before she could stop me, I *again* introduced Robbie to Malcolm Edwards. The story here is that my memory becomes super-seivelike during cons; I introduced Robbie to Malcolm five times at ConStellation -- Robbie told me this after that con. Naturally, I remember this after-con comment of hers --

putridly, at L.A.Con II I again tried to introduce her to Malcolm, but she successfully resisted.

This time, Robbie did not notice Malcolm (who was standing in a queue a bit behind her), so I finished the introduction before she could stop me. She then pulled my beard.

I went over to the table where one could get banquet tickets -- the concom was providing them free to the fan fund winners. I had never bothered before with Worldcon banquets. However, as I felt the DUFF winners should be available to do whatever the concom wanted of them, I got the tickets which entitled us to sit at the head table. Our only problem was the possibility that we would be placed next to Ted White. When we spoke to Marc Ortlieb about this, we emphasized that there should be some distance 'twixt Ted and us. As it turned out, there was no problem.

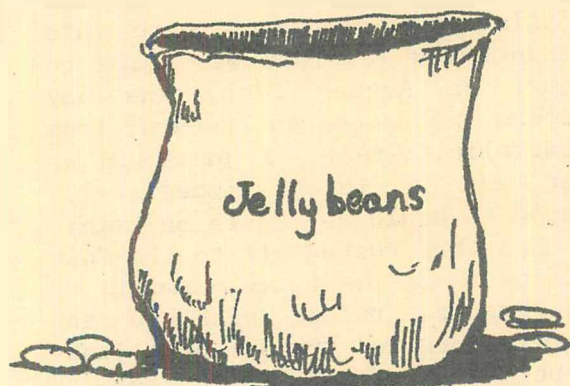
I went back to the hotel room for a bit and noticed that the message lamp on the telephone was lit. I called the desk and found out that there had been a call from the building manager of our apartment in North Hollywood. With visions in my head of the apartment burning down, I called him back. No fire. Rather, it was about another tenant in our building. It seems that finally, after too long a period of bothersomeness from this tenant, the landlord was attempting to oust this annoying creep and he needed a letter from me for his (the landlord's) court case -- a letter listing *my* annoyances with this tenant. The landlord was going to court on August 27th, -- the day *before* we were to return from Australia. Great. I promised to get off a letter immediately. *Maybe* it would get there on time.

I then rushed off to the Post Office down the block, bought an aerogramme, rushed back to the hotel, borrowed the use of a junky typer in programme ops, rushed a

messy letter, and posted it in the lobby. Thence to lunch, some work on this report, and Opening Ceremonies for the con.

At the Opening Ceremonies, the concom had all of the special guests of the con (which included the fan fund winners) seated in the front row of the auditorium. After a short visual presentation, some tables were rapidly lifted from in front of the stage onto it. Concom chairman David Grigg then invited the special guests to leave their seats and to arrange themselves at these tables, facing the audience. The special guests were: Gene Wolfe, pro GoH; Ted White fan GoH; Bob Shaw, who might have had a special title at the con but to us was a fan legend who became a wonderful person after we got to know him; FFANZ winner Nigel Rowe; GUFF winner Eve Harvey and her husband John; Race Matthews, oldtime Aussiefan who is now the State of Victoria's Minister of Police and Culture ("Minister of Pigs and Prigs" as some Aussiefen put it), who was to give the welcoming speech; and Robbie and me as DUFF winners. I had a chance to speak with Race a bit before the ceremonies began as we were seated next to each other in the front row. On stage, though, except for a few brief remarks from Gene Wolfe, a few remarks from David Grigg and the full-fledged (and very interesting) speech from Race, all the rest of us had to do was to stand when we were introduced.

As far as I am concerned I



believe that this allowed those who had not met us before to see who we were so that they would know our looks later on if they wanted to talk to us.

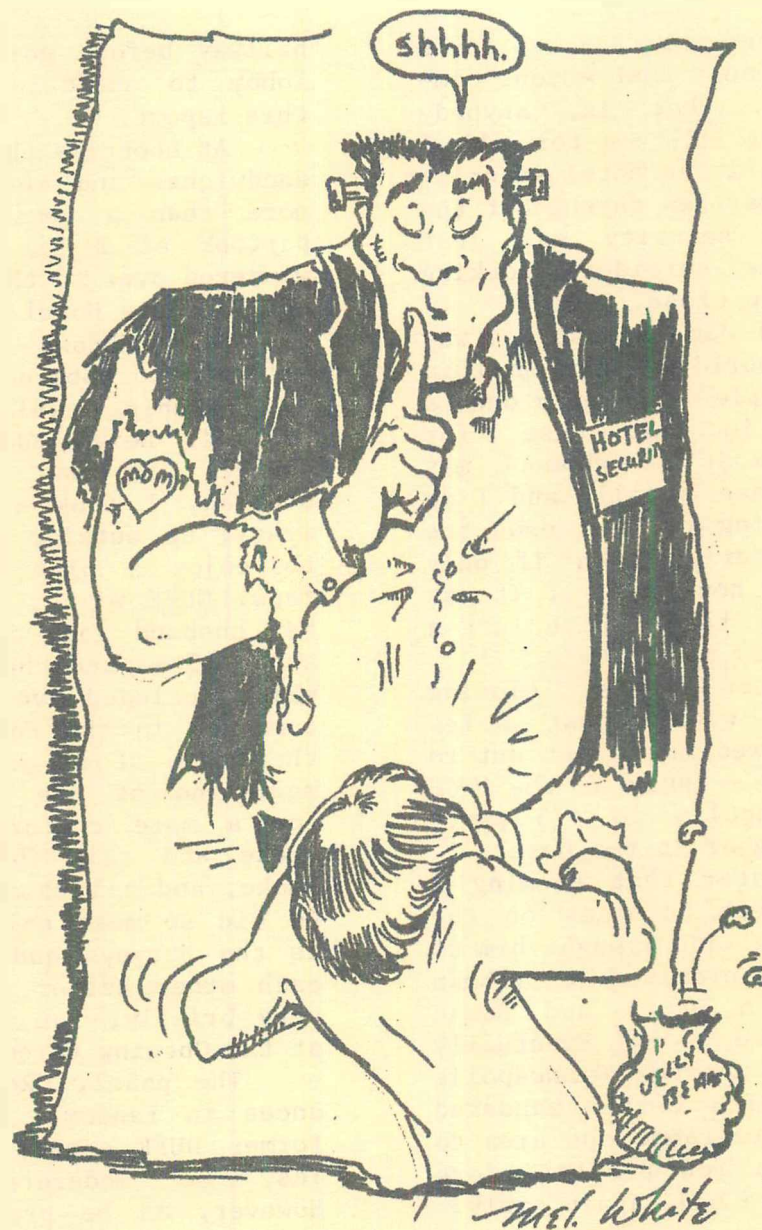
Needless to say, programme items like Opening Ceremonies and banquets are things which I never usually attend. There were lots of firsts for me at this Worldcon.

After the Opening Ceremonies, I spent the rest of the afternoon meeting fans and generally socialising. I invited all of the appropriate fans I met (those on the HTT mailing list, fanzine fans, etc.) to the jelly bean party.

One of the fans I met at this time was one I had been looking forward to meeting for quite some time -- Joseph Nicholas. His last letter to me was a short paragraph demanding to be removed from the HTT mailing list -- he was quite upset with my stand on the TAFF brouhaha. Previous to this, though, we had gotten along well in personal correspondence. I thought that some personal discussion between us might clear the air -- "repair relations" was how he put it. Unfortunately, his con commitments prevented us from talking too much at this time; we did, though, see each other at other times during the con.

I took an early dinner (my usual wont) and put in a short session working on this report before the party-goers arrived.

At one time or another there were some forty or fifty fans who partook of the unusually flavoured jelly beans which I had brought around the world for their delectation. Just before the party closed down there were in attendance many people I did not know; previous to that, though, it was mostly Aussies who were invited into the arcane rituals of a jelly bean party. Um, that is a bit of a strong way of putting it. Let me say, then, that all that is provided are jelly beans rather than the liquid refreshments which are more usual at Worldcons.



At 10:30 p.m., hotel security showed up saying that we were too noisy; there were too many people in the room; we could use any of the function rooms which were set aside for the convention; and we had fifteen minutes to cease the disturbance.

As we were almost out of jelly beans, we closed the party -- the first time that I have ever had a party closed by hotel security.

First, it was *not* unduly loud -- it could not be heard more than two doors 'down the hall even though our door was open. I do not have a loud voice; when I have to shout to make myself heard my

throat aches and my throat was not aching.

Second, it was only ten-bloody-thirty, hardly late at all, much too early to be told to stop being noisy (which we were not, anyway).

Third, had the concom done its job properly, hotel security should have been contacting them, not us, if there had been complaints about party noise.

Fourth, as we like our sleep at night, we *never* request a party floor and the relatively quiet jelly bean parties have *never* generated complaints on non-party floors at any other con.

Fifth, obviously the hotel

had not blocked the fans, so it is the hotel's fault that anyone complained. If, that is, anybody complained at all -- for all I know (especially as hotel security was closing parties throughout the con), hotel security was just wandering the corridors looking for parties to close.

Sixth, I came almost halfway around the world to put on this party for people I see only once a year (and, in this case, for Aussiefans, most of whom I may never again see at all) and I do not like having to shut down the festivities early (even if only about a half hour early). It was not the jelly beans which left a bad taste in my mouth.

At least this closing (accomplished within just a few minutes) allowed me to get out to other parties -- such as the *MUCH* louder Minneapolis in '73 party two floors higher in the hotel.

A bit later that evening I ran into Joseph Nicholas on the mezzanine level and brought him to the room for a promised jelly bean or so. Judith Hanna and Roman Orsanski tagged along. Eventually we adjourned to the Minneapolis party from which I then wandered down to the programme ops area to natter with a few people before toddling off to bed, again early.

Friday morning I was up at the crack of an awakening Robbie (she had set the alarm for 6:00 or so) and left the room for breakfast at 8:00.

I decided to try the Pancake Parlour, a place for which I had a discount coupon. On the way there, I met Ken Colbert (from O'Connor in the ACT [Canberra]). He decided to treat the DUFF winner to breakfast -- I record this here to encourage others to repeat this generous gesture for any other fan fund winners during their fund-winning trip.

Back to the hotel, tea in my room, and then I managed to hand out three copies of HTT in the

hallway before going down to the lobby to scribble some more on this report.

At noontime the hotel put out sandwiches and coffee for a bit more than a nominal fee and I partook of a bit of both, then wandered over to the Fan Lounge in the Victoria Hotel.

Valma Brown is exceedingly allergic to tobacco smoke. As she was running (along with her husband, Leigh Edmonds) the Fan Lounge, it was a non-smoking section. I took a chair and set myself up outside the door so as to enjoy a pipe and talk with fans. GUFF winner Eve Harvey and her husband John came by (it was about 45 minutes before the panel which included Eve and me was to commence in the Fan Lounge), and the three of us adjourned to the mezzanine of the Victoria Hotel for a more comfortable area to smoke and talk (both Eve and I smoke, and all three of us talk). We did so most enjoyably indeed, as the Harveys and I got to know each other better -- we had met, very briefly, for the first time at the Opening Ceremonies.

The panel, "Regional Differences in Fandom", was hosted by former DUFF winner Paul Stevens. Yes, he moderated it, too. However, as he provided all the panelists with champagne, "hosted" is a correct word here.

All of the current fan fund winners at the con were on this panel, and the audience was both attentive and of a moderately decent size. We did not solve all the world's problems but we did seem to entertain our audience.

After the panel was over, I carried some of the DUFF auction material being stored in the lounge back to my room, this with the assistance of Lucy Zinkiewicz. Lucy is a Melbourne fan who recently got onto the HTT mailing list. I then disposed of another copy of HTT 21, this copy going to Lucy.

I then decided that I would probably have to eat a light meal

fairly soon if I were to last until the late banquet meal. So I again tried the Southern Cross Coffee Shop. This place may or may not be owned by the hotel.

It is in a shopping quad attached to (and partially beneath) the hotel. However, both the hotel and all of the other shops in the quad have a luxury-type decor, but the Southern Cross Coffee Shop looks like a run-down '40s beanery. One wall is covered with what looks like aluminum foil (although it is probably wallpaper) and it is rather poorly applied to the wall.

The shop also appears to be run by amateurs -- nobody seems to know quite what to do and they give the impression of ineptly trading-off behind the counter jobs. The first time I ate there (right after they opened for breakfast) I was their second customer with only a few people entering after I did whilst I was there. The five staff eventually fumdiddled my rather simple order to me.

On this second visit, my order was taken by the third person to ask for it; I was busy trying to find out what was available ("Do you have any sandwiches?" "What kind would you like?" "What is available?" "Just

about anything.") During the last answer I received about available sandwiches I noticed a listing of same posted on the back wall (and a dozen sandwiches does not equate with "Just about anything") and told the cretin who had bandied tomfoolery with me instead of pointing out this list that I would study it for a moment.

Selecting a simple cheese and asparagus sandwich on untoasted bread (no need to complicate things by getting something toasted), I placed my order and was eventually served.

The problem seemed to be that they did not really appear to know the entirety of their jobs, just part of them.

But, enough on one of the few low-lights of the con, it was getting later than I wanted it to be and I wanted to spend more time talking with fans before the Banquet was to begin, so I went up to the lobby and did just that.

The Banquet was scheduled for 8:30. This would be my first time at a Worldcon to attend one of these things. Considering that the con had reserved a space for me at the second table (along with the other fan fund winners), I naturally went along with their plans. The size and shape of the tables precluded the concom from



having all of its special guests seated at the same table as I had originally understood.

I must say that the concom gave us very special treatment and that I, for one, appreciated it. In an early letter to the programming people, we placed ourselves and our services at the disposal of the concom. We were placed on various panels, but the workload was not onerous, leaving me plenty of time to meet convention members.

During the early evening hours the fans were milling around both the lobby and the mezzanine level, so I spent all of my time milling around with them, engaging in lots of conversation.

And I surprised myself in one thing -- I was spending almost no time hanging around the Fan Lounge. I attribute this to several reasons: the Fan Lounge was a non-smoking area and it was two windy, and sometimes rainy, blocks from the Southern Cross Hotel. Anyway, I was able to meet many fans of *all* persuasions, not just fanzine fans, as more fans were hanging out in the Southern Cross than were hanging out in the Victoria.

At 7:30 the cocktail/hors d'oeuvres part of the Banquet opened. I mingled for some twenty or so minutes in this area which was just outside of the banquet hall. Just before the hall itself opened, Irwin Hirsh guided several of us (fan fund winners) to our reserved table in the banquet hall, thus allowing us to avoid the crush of people who would be trying to find good seats/tables. I consider this courtesy just another example of the thoughtfulness of the concom towards its special guests.

At our table were GUFF winner Eve Harvey and her husband John, FFANZ winner Nigel Rowe, Irwin Hirsh, Maureen Garrett from Lucasfilm (and an old friend of ours from LASFS -- Maureen drew the cover for HTT 1) and several people from Fox (I gathered that

they had been very helpful with films and such for the con, so they were given three seats at the second reserved table).

At the first table were the Pro and Fan CoHs, Bob Shaw and several concom people including the Chairman, David Grigg. Aside from these two tables, all the rest were non-reserved (although, of course, one needed to have purchased a ticket to get into the Banquet).

Before the food service began, Ed Bryant came over to me, apologised for giving me a package at this inconvenient time, ("but I might not see you before the Fan Fund Auction") and gave me some autographed material for DUFF/GUFF.

During the food portion of the Banquet I talked a blue-streak with John Harvey, who was seated on my left (Robbie seemed to be doing the same with one of the Fox people, who was seated to her right).

The talk portion of the Banquet was composed of a few short speeches by some concom people plus a long and enjoyable talk by Bob Shaw. Bob had not come to Australia prepared for a long talk; he had expected to be merely one of a series of speakers who would be speaking for five or six minutes each. Upon being informed (I believe that was earlier in the day) that he would be "it" (the main entertainment), he rallied to this daunting news and thoroughly entertained all of us.

I left the Banquet immediately after the speeches so as to do something (I have since forgotten what it was -- there is no mention in my notes -- but I remember that I was in a hurry to do it), thence to the Britain party for a short while. Very short as I was tired. So tired that I went to bed and never noticed when Robbie got in.

Saturday, as was our wont, we were up early. Left the room at 7:30 and again breakfasted at the

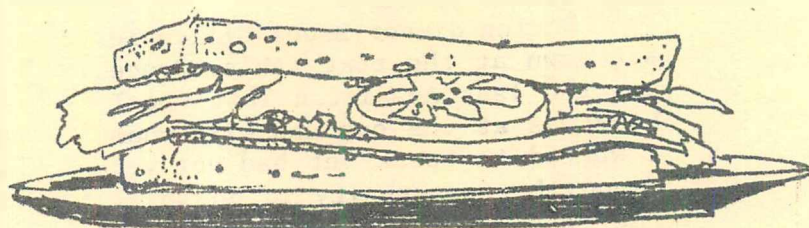
Pancake Parlour, this time trying something new to me: pancakes with ice cream. For those who have not tried this I should explain that the ice cream is used in lieu of butter and is placed atop the pancakes with syrup being poured over both the ice cream and the pancakes. My notes say this: "Delicious enough, as I first write this, to probably repeat the taste sensation on Sunday morning." Which I did -- and also on Monday and Tuesday mornings. When I like something, I *like* it.

I then went back to the hotel and confirmed our Air New Zealand reservations for the following Wednesday. Damn! I did not want to go home as I was on an emotional high and was thoroughly enjoying myself. This necessary telephone call was a reminder of the end of all good things.

At 10:00 a.m. I took the DUFF auction material from my room to the function room where the Fan Fund Auction would be held at 10:30. I did some sorting of what I had once I got there. the auction started on time and raised A\$1,460.50 altogether, of which the DUFF share was A\$865. Other monies went to FFANZ, GUFF, the Shaw Fund, and Capcon (a future Aussie Natcon). Some of the DUFF material was designated by the contributors to be shared with other fan funds, so Jack Herman and Robbie and I decided that it should go to GUFF. Our reasoning was that GUFF has such high expenses (*very* expensive aeroplane fares, for one thing) that it can only send its winners around the world every *other* year instead of the annual basis of all other fan funds.

GUFF got a reasonable amount of money at the auction, so when Robbie, Jack and I got together later we decided that DUFF, having raised a lot of money for DUFF Australia (an almost embarrassingly large portion of the auction money went to DUFF), would share a bit of its large part of the auction with FFANZ and the Shaw

Fund -- we gave them A\$100 each. I guess that Jack, being controller of DUFF Australia funds, could have made the decision himself. However, it is the measure of the man that he consulted with the North American co-administrators on this matter.



After eating a sandwich for lunch (served by the hotel) in a foyer on the mezzanine level, I crossed the foyer to the Britain table and helped out there for a while. Sharing table duty with me was Joseph Nicholas -- we did converse for a bit but I spent more time talking to people about voting for Britain than I did talking with Joseph. I regret that I never did have the time to talk to Joseph as much as I wanted to -- there were always other things coming up for both of us.

At 2:00 p.m., I walked over to the Fan Lounge -- I was scheduled to moderate a panel on the Care and Feeding of Fan Artists. On the panel were Valma Brown and John Packer. Deleted from the panel was Alexis Gilliland. He had been inadvertently scheduled on two panels occurring simultaneously and had decided to opt out of this one. He did not feel up to circumventing natural law by trying to be in two places at the same time.

The discussion was sprightly, with Joseph Nicholas (from the audience) sparking some vibrant pro and con on a variety of things. A good time *seemed* to be had by all.

A bit after the panel ended, Robbie showed up to pull some DUFF table duty (this was when Robbie, Jack and I decided on the DUFF money disbursements to FFANZ and the Shaw Fund).

I then went back to the Southern Cross. Deciding that I was hungry, I went into the hotel restaurant and joined Larry and Fuzzy Pink Niven who were having a late afternoon tea, buffet-style. Mostly we talked about their Australian experiences on this trip (they had left the States a week before we did).

During dinner Bruce Gillespie sat down at the next table. Bruce was the last Aussiefan left who I knew was at the con and with whom I wanted to speak but had not yet found the opportunity to do so. I had said hello to him briefly in the Fan Lounge just before leaving it a half hour earlier, so, when the Nivens left, I joined Bruce and we talked for a while.

By my standards, Aussiecon was a comparatively small con (the other Worldcons I have attended were much larger). The result was that I had little trouble running into the people I wanted to meet. I ran into *everybody* with whom I wanted to converse and could do so at length most of the time (if I so desired), usually many, many times over.

There seemed to be fewer pros in attendance than is usual at a Worldcon, and I guess that is easily explainable: it is an expensive trip. The pros I did see were those who I know are readily accessible to fans (Larry Niven, Bob Silverberg, Gene Wolfe, etc.), so the first-time Worldcon fans who were not overcome with awe were probably in seventh heaven at the opportunity to talk with these pros -- if they could get up the nerve.

At previous Worldcons, I have not usually spent much time with pros for a variety of reasons: either I did not know them, or had nothing to say to them, or they were busy with other obligations. At my first Worldcon (Iggy in '78) I was slightly in awe of pros as I had been a fan for only a few years at that point and knew only Niven and Pournelle.

Since that time I have not

only gotten to know many pros (including getting to know both Niven and Pournelle better -- especially Larry who graciously consented to be one of our nominators for our DUFF race), but I have gotten to be completely relaxed and at home in fandom.

The con was small enough so that Pro GoH Gene Wolfe was able to stop to talk to people occasionally without being continually pressured to be doing something somewhere. Gene is on our DUFF mailing list, but I met him for the first time (other than a hello at the Opening Ceremonies) when he stopped to chat whilst I was sitting in the Southern Cross lobby.

I was ostensibly working on this report whilst sitting in the lobby after dinner, but I was actually mostly talking to fans -- and talking and talking..... Time passed, as is its dastardly wont, so I eventually went off with Terry Frost before going upstairs to help out at the Britain party. Malcolm Edwards and Chris Atkinson were going off to count ballots so I helped by serving punch and pretending to be a bartender. Chris and Malcolm soon brought back the news that we had won, so Robbie and I now have the pleasure of trying to save money for a trip to Britain in 1987.

I turned into a pumpkin a bit later than had been usual so far during the trip. With Robbie having set the alarm for 7:30 a.m., that was the next thing I became aware of on Sunday morning: the alarm.

I repeated my breakfast at the Pancake Parlour and then spent my usual "free" time working on this report in a public area. In this case, much of the time was spent talking to Bob Shaw -- he was waiting for the moment when he would break a lifelong habit by attending a programme item. Unfortunately my voluminous notes have failed to record the topic of this historic event.



When the Britain table opened Sunday morning I converted our memberships to attending. I told Colin Fine that I would be available to help out at the table after I had eaten.

I am sparing all of you a blow-by-blow account of all of the meals and the things eaten, but I feel that I should point out why there may seem to be an inordinate number of mentions of going off to eat. I eat a lot at cons, more so than at other times. There is no truth, though, to Robbie's assertion that I am just a travelling stomach -- I do not even weigh 150 pounds. I am just hungry most of the time.

Walking away from the Britain table I was accosted by Deedee Lavender with a message from Robbie: "Get over to the DUFF table in the Fan Lounge by noon." Bloody hell! I was supposed to be helping Britain today, not going through the wind machine to the Victoria.

I got myself through the hurricane (at least it was not raining) and found out that I was needed at the DUFF table so that Robbie could go elsewhere for something and so that Jack could go collate WOOF. I grabbed a sandwich from the Victoria mezzanine food dispensary, then, despite some desultory repartee with a few fans, spent the rest of the time actually writing on this report. When Judith Hanna sat down behind the table I lit a pipe and returned to the Southern Cross.

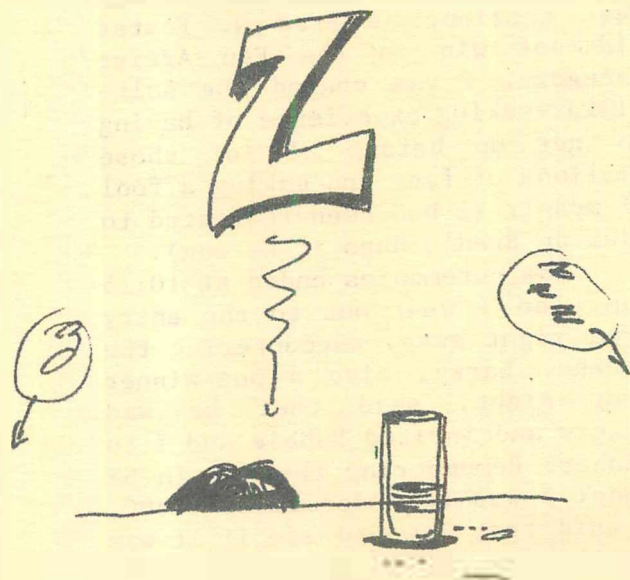
At the Britain table there were enough fans to handle things so I just wandered around and spent the rest of the afternoon and early evening meeting and re-meeting fans, mostly Aussies.

In the Fan Room I had broached an idea to Bruce Pelz: having S.C.I.F.I. (the L.A. Con II organisers) support FFANZ in the same manner as it supports DUFF, TAFF, GUFF and SEFF. Bruce liked the idea that the first FFANZ winner had already produced a trip report and that, as a

fanzine fan, the second winner (Nigel Rowe) was likely to produce a trip report. As treasurer of S.C.I.F.I., Bruce's input is likely to sway the organisation to this good end. I introduced Nigel to Bruce and left them to sort things out.

That evening I ate early, went up to my room to shower, had a cup of tea and relaxed a bit by scribbling a full page of this report in private. Then I dressed and went down to the lobby to mingle whilst awaiting the Hugo Ceremony. I also invited GUFF winner Eve Harvey and her husband John as our guests at the ceremony (provided, of course, that the concom had not already reserved space for them). As it turned out, the concom was still thinking of its fan fund winners as special guests and all of its special guests had front area seating (along with the nominees) at the ceremonies.

The awards got off to a late start -- over an hour late -- caused by glitches in the technical programme. They never did get it quite right even after they did start, which prompted me to opine to Eva Chalker Whitley (who will be doing the Hugo Ceremonies in Atlanta) when I was speaking to



her later at the Britain/Phoenix victory party (Phoenix won NASFiC) that all of this technical folderol was not even nice in theory -- even if these special effects would have worked well.

My meaning is that it is unfair to the nominees to allow several generations of butterflies to multiply in their stomachs -- GET ON WITH THE AWARDS! Let somebody toastmaster for a short while and then get on with giving out the awards -- save all the special effects and half-time entertainment for a programme item after the awards ceremonies for those who need that sort of thing and let the rest of us nervous types get (or not get) our Hugos so that we can then go out and party.

Eva seemed to agree about keeping the award ceremony short and restricted to the awards themselves.

Mentioning this later to David Grigg (Aussiecon's chair), he said that my opinion coincided with that of a large minority of the concom. Too bad that their view did not prevail. Maybe this "purification" of the awards should be something on which I should crusade. Nah. I do not have the time to crusade for everything.

As everybody should know by now, HOLIER THAN THOU did not win Best Fanzine. As Brad W. Foster did not win in the Fan Artist category, I was spared the salt-pillar-making experience of having to get up before all of those millions of fans and making a fool of myself (I had been requested to pick up Brad's Hugo if he won).

The ceremonies ended at 10:15 p.m., so I went out to the entry area right away, encountering the Nivens. Larry, also a non-winner that night, said that he was hungry and invited Robbie and I to dinner. Remembering the Sex in SF panel I was to moderate at 11:00, I said that I would see if it was still on.

In Programming Ops the

information was that it was. I told Larry and he and Fuzzy Pink started off. I then went back into the room which had held the Hugo Ceremonies (and was scheduled for the panel) to check if the panel was still to be held in this room. Tux-and-tails adorned Marc Ortlieb (who had MC'd the ceremonies) said that I could cancel if I wanted to. I did.

— I ran off to find Robbie; she was feeling quite out of sorts and did not want to be doing much of anything at that point. So, I ran off to find Larry -- I, at least, was hungry. As usual, I guess. I found him in the hotel lobby, so we went to the hotel restaurant and consoled our stomachs (which also helped ease our non-Hugo-winning status). As always Larry and Fuzzy were comfortable to be around -- they are relaxing companions.

Earlier in the day, before the Hugo Ceremonies, another of the sour notes of the con occurred: somebody had posted a sign on one of the con bulletin boards, a sign I promptly removed. It stated that the Hugo Losers Party would be in Room 1221. That was our room number.

There was no trouble as a result of this posting, and, as nothing else untoward happened at any later point, the bad vibes were soon damped out of my mind.

Leaving the restaurant after dinner with the Nivens, I went to my room to start an after-meal pipe and did a little bit of party hopping, especially the Britain/Phoenix victory party mentioned earlier. Sometime during the evening, I found out that the Sex in SF panel had occurred even though I had not been there to moderate it -- longtime mainstay of this panel, Peter Toluzzi, had also not attended. In fact, *none* of the scheduled panel members were there. I understand that an audience *had* turned up and decided to put it on themselves. I do not know whether I should apologise to them for not being

there or applaud them for their initiative.

The first party I attended that evening was the L.A. in '90 party. However, upon discovering that it was entirely a no-smoking party, I left and went up to the fifteenth floor where the Britain/Phoenix party had been moved from its previous location (where it was strictly the Britain party) on earlier nights on the seventh floor. Its new site was *very* large.

This, the State Suite, was rented by the concom using the \$2,000 sent to them by L.A.Con II. It was then turned over to whatever groups needed an extra-large party suite. The previous Thursday I had attended the Minneapolis in '73 party in it.

In the smoking section of this large suite I talked with Eva about several things (I have already mentioned our conversation about the Hugo Ceremonies) and then smuffed a bit with Jack Chalker, basically about other Worldcon bids, with emphasis on another Worldcon in Australia.

As several Aussies were participating in/listening to the conversation, this is possibly a partial reason why the Perth in '92 bid announced at the Hugo Ceremonies earlier in the evening became the Perth in '94 bid the following day. I know that other American fans did some talking to the Perth people so they probably had quite a bit of input concerning good years for "foreign" Worldcon bids.

I ended the evening with a brief visit to the L.A. party, thence to bed.

I woke up later than my usual wont on Monday morning and had breakfast at my, by now, usual place, the Pancake Parlour.

During the course of the con Robbie had consistently left the hotel room before I did; she was working for the con and was starting her work early in the morning (starting early is something which

she also does in mundania). Both of us were scheduled to be on the same programme item this morning. So, after finishing breakfast, I went back to the Southern Cross to find her. This programme item was going to be held at one of the hotels to which I had not been yet. As Robbie had been to the Sheraton Hotel before, I thought that we might walk over to the hotel together.

As I expected, Robbie was in Programming Ops and that is where I found her. I also found out that the programme item (Vogon Poetry Contest) had been rescheduled from 12:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. Robbie and I were to be judges at this event.



Cath Ortlieb, in her capacity as a member of the Programming Committee, had notified us in Los Angeles of the programme items which the committee proposed that we be on (we were to write the committee if we objected to anything). I had never heard of Vogon poetry so Robbie explained it to me.

Shit!  
Media stuff!

However, upon reflection, I decided that it was possible that I might enjoy myself as a judge of this event (and maybe not insult some people with my opinions) so I agreed to be on this programme item.

Robbie and I braved another wind tunnel and got to the Sheraton a bit early, and history (of sorts) was made as I attended/participated in a media-related programme item. I survived. Even though it was fun ("...points added because it did not rhyme..." "But it *did* rhyme!" "Points off, then."), I doubt that my attendance at media-related programming will ever become commonplace with me. There is really not much which interests me in that part of fandom.

For those not in the know (a category which still includes me, I guess), Vogon poetry is from The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy. Supposedly it is something which is so bad that sophonts will do just about *anything* rather than listen to it. When Robbie told me about this I saw the putrid possibilities inherent in this, and that is what persuaded me to accept this assignment.

There were nine contestants in the competition and we awarded seventh, eighth and ninth prizes. The ninth place winner, naturally, was the "number one" winner. He had delivered his "poem" in a "language" that was just gargles with an assistant giving the English language "translation" as he went along. "Points added for accuracy of translation." "But the translation was *not* accurate." "Then we will give you tenth place."

It was *that* kind of programme item.

After we finished this bit of tomfoolery Robbie and I headed back to the Southern Cross. I had a sandwich for lunch and spent the rest of the early afternoon pretending to be working on the notes for this report. The actuality, as usual, was mostly talking to Aussiefans.

After a while, though, I ran into Jack Herman. He handed me two Aussiecon II' t-shirts which had been donated to DUFF. On the back of both of them were the autographs of many of the SF authors

who had attended Aussiecon II. The intention was that I should get the rest of the authors to autograph the t-shirts and then auction them in the U.S.

I managed to get all of the other authors attending the con to sign the t-shirts except for two. Had I tried this earlier in the con I am certain that Frank Herbert and Ted White (with somebody *else* getting him to sign) would have been happy to sign the shirts.

In mid-afternoon I went over to the Fan Lounge in the Victoria. There I went through the box of leftover DUFF auction items and selected a few things to take to Los Angeles, leaving the rest for Jack to use to raise money in Australia.

Irwin Hirsh handed me a small number of SIKANDERS (his fanzine) to mail for him in the U.S. He later gave Robbie the postage money for this.

A programme item soon started up in the Fan Lounge -- an off-the-cuff talk by Bob Shaw. Very enjoyable as expected. When Bob finished it was time for a Fan Lounge programme item called What is This Thing Called Fandom, a panel which I was to moderate. Panel members were Robbie, Maureen Garrett and Malcolm Edwards. Malcolm had been in the Fan Lounge earlier but had had to run off a bit to do something and had forgotten about the panel until it was too late. He apologised for this to me when I saw him on Tuesday morning.

I tried to get Joseph Nicholas to stand in for Malcolm, but he was not really that interested. The panel, even though short-handed, seemed to be generally well-received. We did not manage to define who is or is not a fan, but we and the audience seemed to enjoy the conversation.

Ah, yes, the audience. I had fully expected to have the panel dropped due to lack of attendance. In a hard-to-find location in a secondary hotel, late (4:00-5:00)

in the day on the Monday of the con (always a wind-down time in my experience), and on a fannish topic, I was surprised to see so many people remain for this panel after Bob Shaw had finished with his talk.

We ended the panel a bit early as several of us had to be at the Closing Ceremonies in the Southern Cross, an event which we all made it to on time.

Again there was special seating for the fan fund winners, and we were individually called to the podium and given a small gift (a small pewter platypus in our case). I am not a public speaker, but I did thank the wonderful people who I had met and the concom for making this the most wonderful time of my life. I sincerely mean this.

After the Closing Ceremonies I did something which I rarely do at cons, especially at cons away from Los Angeles: I participated in a fannish food expedition.

I hate fannish food expeditions for the reason that when I am hungry, I am hungry and I dislike waiting until the expedition is ready to leave. I also dislike being away from a con as long as most food expeditions usually take.

Making this an even more unusual event for me was the composition of the expedition: *all* Los Angeles fans. Hey! I see these people at least once each and every week back home, and, at cons away from Los Angeles, I rarely spend much time with fellow L.A. fans because I prefer to spend my time with fans I usually see at most just once a year.

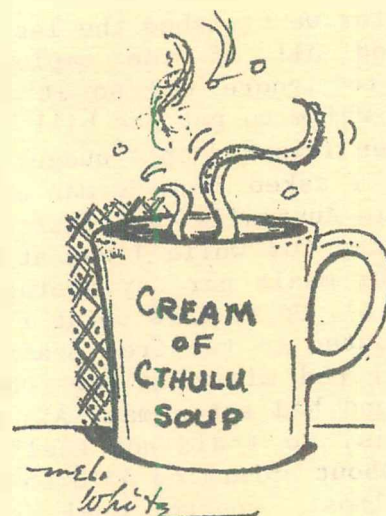
The come-on which got to me was that we were going to be eating Chinese food (a particular passion of mine, and one that had not been indulged for too long) and we were going to leave *right now* with the restaurant being just around the corner.

We were a sixsome composed of the Cantors, Bruce and Elayne Pelz, Mike Glycer, and Fred Patten.

With this group it is not at all certain which is the more important: the food or the smoffing.

Still another reason for having dinner with this particular group of people was that I would be having an opportunity to dine with Robbie. Robbie and I always do different things at cons, rarely seeing each other, rarely intersecting. I was feeling the need to spend some time with her. Since she was going on this food trip, I went along also.

As I have mentioned, I like Chinese food. Actually, it is Cantonese which I prefer, having little liking for the other Chinese cuisines as I prefer my food to be more subtly spiced and more delicately flavoured than is usually found in Chinese cuisines other than Cantonese. In some respects it can be said that I grew up on Cantonese cuisine, and, when I cook with my wok, it is for Cantonese which I opt. The restaurant to which we went was a bit of a hybrid with both Cantonese and Mandarin cuisine. The quality of the food was very good (we had ordered mostly Cantonese), but the service was dichotomous/contrasting.



Like the high class restaurant it was, we got a lot of fussing and immediate attention with the teapot being exchanged for a fresh one every few minutes.

At one time or another every waiter and waitress in the restaurant did something for us. Yet we were expected to eat out of bowls (lower-class style) rather than plates (a higher-class style of eating allowing the rice to be placed on the plate next to the entree rather than having the entree dumped on the rice in the bowl). Nevertheless, rather than each of us serving ourselves from each entree as it arrived, this office was dextrously performed by the waiter who brought the dish.

The cooks lacked the timing consistency expected of such a high grade restaurant -- at times we had three entrees on the table at once (after a gap of some time from the previous dish which had itself arrived right after we had finished the dish just before it).

No forks were provided (although I assume that we could have gotten them if we asked) as there seemed to be an assumption that those eating at this high quality level would naturally be proficient in the use of chopsticks. None of us asked for forks; personally, I have been proficient in the use of chopsticks for as long as I can remember -- I know that I could use them as a young child.

After we finished the last of the food all of the employees seemed to ignore us, so it took quite a while to get the bill.

When I worked up a budget for my trip I asked Jack Herman about prices in Australia. We settled on A\$40 a day for while I was at the con (four meals per day averaging A\$10 each). Up to this point I had been treated to two free meals at the con, had missed a few fourth meals, and had eaten many A\$5 and A\$6 meals. So I did not feel too guilty about splurging A\$18.65 for this almost superb meal even though I still maintain that fan funds are not meant to be posh outings. I do not think that the fans who contribute to the funds are going to mind a few small luxuries here and there on a fund

trip. These things, though, should not be overdone. Anyway, Chinese food *is* a fannish institution, even if this particular meal was quite a bit above the average quality of Chinese food consumed by most fans. *\*sigh\** Thinking about this now I find I am again hungry.

After this fine repast I walked back to the Southern Cross with the others (although only Robbie, Elayne and I arrived there right away as the others stopped to have some ice cream). I wanted to spend as much time as possible saying some final goodbyes to those fans who had not yet left the con. Thence to the dead dog (or dead wombat or dead whatever -- I never did find out what was the official designation) party.

Somebody brought in some Pavlova (an Australian dessert I had eaten for the first time at the Banquet) and decided that the DUFF winner should have the first piece (I told you that these Aussies are wonderful people). Robbie seemed to prefer sitting on the floor talking to somebody, so, instead of giving her the piece which had been handed to me, I immediately and totally absorbed this flavourful piece of heaven. Anybody can win my heart forever by giving me more of this wonderful stuff.

After a while the crush of people in the suite got to be too much for me, so I wandered out into the hallway. I mentioned to Larry Niven (who had wandered out with me) that a small group of people who preferred talking to shouting would be a nice kind of group with whom to party. He replied that as his room was on a party floor he would volunteer to host it.

We split up to find some compatible/companionable fans and soon re-met in his room. A short while later Fuzzy entered the room and was taken a bit aback at seeing a small party in progress.

As Fuzzy seemed slightly sleepy, Robbie and I, also tired

and sleepy, took our leave. We wandered around a bit more but soon went to our own room. Our con-long lack of sleep was taking its toll and we really wanted nothing more at that time than to crawl into bed and listen to our bodies. This we did.



And slept very soundly. The next thing I knew it was morning again, this time of a Tuesday variety. Breakfast, then packing was the order of the early morning. We did these things in the indicated order and then gave our bags to the Bell Captain to hold until noon, at which time Cath Ortlieb was to pick us up.

Robbie went to check out and I went to find a chair in which to sit and (how did you ever guess this?) work on this report. The usual Hah! I spent most of the rest of the morning talking to fans. Robbie found me and I gave her some DUFF money to cover the few DUFF-related incidentals of the hotel room.

We were spending our last evening in Australia at the Ortliebs. Cath showed up a few minutes before noon and we loaded our things into the auto. Marc had been finishing up some con details at the hotel and we had a double armload of things to put into the car.

A brief stop at an appropriate shop for Marc to drop off some film for developing, then off we went to East Burwood, the suburb of Melbourne in which the Ortliebs live.

Also visiting Marc and Cath for varying lengths of time were Charlotte Proctor of Birmingham, Alabama, Bob Shaw, Linda Lounsbury and her husband Phil Martin of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Lise Eisenberg of New York fandom. They were not all there when we arrived, but once Charlotte and Bob returned from their walk this lack was rectified. Jack Herman and his wife Cath were pulling up to the kerb for a short visit as we drove into the drive.

We unloaded the car amidst smiles and hellos and other expressions of fannish goodwill. Cath Ortlieb then took our orders for take-out food and drove off for the vittles leaving the rest of us to natter whilst awaiting the arrival of the food. Fish and chips seemed to be the order of the day for everyone -- except me, of course. I feel fish is not fit for human consumption. Besides, seafood makes me ill, so I opted to again try an Aussie hamburger.

My original plan was to give Marc any of the leftover DUFF money so that he could send it back to Jack. With Jack being there, however, I figured out what my expenses would be for the short remainder of the trip and I gave the rest of the money back to Jack. Jack handed me back A\$20 "just in case". As it turned out, when I got back to Los Angeles I had *exactly* that A\$20 bill left. I put it into the DUFF North America account. As of this writing I do not know the exact financial

status of DUFF Australia but I do know that Jack will report that I was quite frugal with DUFF money on our trip.

DUFF Australia should be quite healthy, financially, considering the money raised at the auction plus the sales at the DUFF table in the Fan Lounge. Naturally, though, DUFF requires a lot of money insofar as travel between North America and Australasia is not cheap and most winners take longer trips than we did.

The Ortlieb residence is non-smoking. As the day was remarkably warm for a winter day (it was also quite clear), though, several of the smokers (joined by a few of the non-smokers) stood on the front porch for a while after lunch, with only Bob, Charlotte and I doing any actual smoking. When the shadows began covering the front porch, Bob and I took our pipes (plus a chair for me) to the backyard and nattered for a little longer.

Everybody except Marc, Charlotte and I eventually drove off to visit a waterfall or some other such wet thing, so I spent some time actually getting some words down on paper. In fact, I got my notes finished as far as the Hugo Ceremonies. During the whole trip I tried not to be more than a day behind reality in my note-taking and I was mostly successful at this. My memory is quite sieve-like at the best of times and I just did not trust myself to remember too many details if I allowed myself to get too far behind.

I also spent some time talking to Charlotte in my role as DUFF administrator. Charlotte is in charge of the Confederation (Atlanta in '86) Programme Book and is also in charge of VIP arrangements. I not only wanted her to have space available for a Fan Fund overview/article and space for a DUFF winner bio in the Programme Book, but I also wanted her to be aware of the nice things

that the Aussiecon II conglom did for its fan fund guests, this in the hopes that similar things could be done for the fan fund guests at Confederation.

I told her about providing space for a TAFF/DUFF auction (and having a couple of runners/money collectors available plus some people to man the head table and keep records, etc. -- I was assuming that the TAFF and DUFF administrators would make arrangements for auctioneers) and about having some fans available to pick up the TAFF and DUFF winners from the airport. Not a limo, of course, but at least some sort of transportation.

Free memberships and hotel rooms would be nice, too. Also putting them on appropriate panels (obviously this would be decided after the actual winners had been determined so that their precise areas of expertise would be known) plus introducing them at the Opening Ceremonies would be nice. With fan fund winners being international ambassadors of fan-nish goodwill, conglom exposure of them to the con membership makes it easier for them to meet other fans. In my case it gave me an emotional high which lasted well beyond the con.

I did, though, neglect to mention to her the need for a TAFF/DUFF sales table. If there is a fanzine room, however, with a fanzine sales table as at Chicon IV, ConStellation and L.A.Con II, this will not be necessary.

I have since contacted Patrick and Teresa Neilsen Hayden (current TAFF North American administrators) about coordinating our funds at such things as TAFF/DUFF auctions at Worldcons and such so as to make things better for both funds. I expect we can work well together in this. This will make things easier for our respective winners at Confederation. They, of course, will be in the spotlight whilst the North American administrators remain in the background.



Later that evening I solved one of fandom's great problems: how to get American pipe tobacco to Bob Shaw without either Shaw or the giver having to pay any duty on it and without Shaw having to go to America for it. It is really a very simple solution involving the giver going to Australia and not smoking as much as usual, thereby having some tobacco left over. It also involves Shaw travelling to Australia to meet the giver.

This solution meets all of the requirements: Shaw does not go to America and the 100 or so grammes of tobacco are completely duty free. It also costs several thousands of dollars to accomplish. But then, what is mere money when it comes to solving a fan problem?

The fact that it would be cheaper to pay the duty on the tobacco if sent directly to Bob from America is simply too un-fannish to contemplate.

Neither Robbie nor I smoked as much as usual on our trip. However, my tobacco is English (as is one of Robbie's). On the other hand, Robbie's main tobacco is an aromatic, so we gave Bob all that remained of the supply Robbie brought with her. There was plenty more at home and there would be little chance to smoke twixt now and our return as pipe smoking is not allowed on aeroplanes.

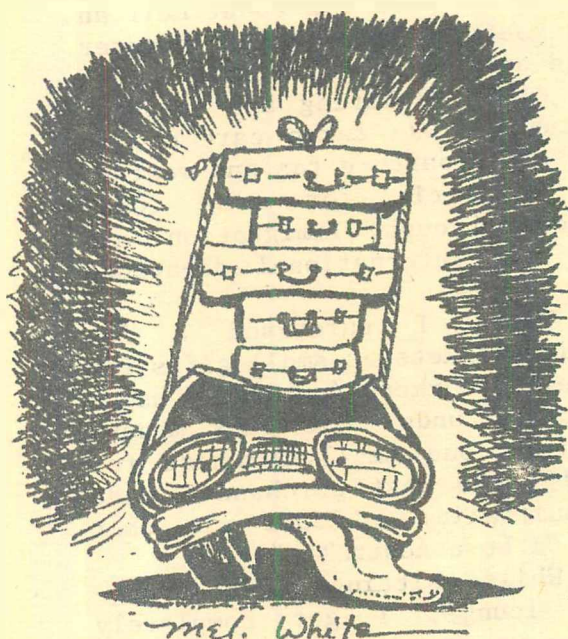
After dinner we nattered for several hours. We also took group pictures using the last three shots in Robbie's camera.

The Ortlieb manse sports what is, in effect, four bedrooms (with two of them ostensibly serving as den and library). Robbie and I turned the living room (which has doors at both of its entrances) into a fifth bedroom. Everyone got to bed at a little after 11:00 p.m.

I always shower each morning, and working on my hair takes a bit of time. With several other people having to use the facilities (though, fortunately, not the

toilet as it had a separate room of its own) I, therefore, purposely got up earlier than the others (6:00 a.m.) to the jingling of Cath's portable alarm clock and got myself ready before the others were fully up.

All of us were leaving the house to go into Melbourne and the car, a large station wagon borrowed from Cath's father, was just not large enough to carry all of us plus the luggage (Linda and Phil along with Robbie and I were heading for the airport -- either immediately as in our case or later after sightseeing as in their case). Bob and Marc took the tram into Melbourne at 8:00 a.m. in order to lessen the space problems.



The rest of us piled into the auto. We barely fit. Sort of. The luggage along with Linda, Phil, Robbie and I were dropped off at the Victoria Hotel. From there we would take a bus to the airport. I purchased bus tickets at the hotel front desk and, whilst rushing outside to catch the bus (which was already loading), I called a fast "hello, goodbye" to Bob and Marc who were just then arriving at the hotel after their tram ride. Bob, Marc, Cath, Charlotte

and Lise were going for a spot of sightseeing down the coast -- they were arranging themselves in the car as our bus pulled away from the hotel.

Yesterday had been clear and sunny, today was overcast with scattered rain. Many people claim of the areas where they live "...if you do not like the weather, just wait a few minutes..." I have seen this to be true only in Melbourne, never any place else. The only judgement I made at the time was that I would be happy to get back to summery Los Angeles, even though that was the only reason I wanted to leave at that time. Leaving was bitter-sweet. I really wanted to stay at Aussiecon II forever.

We were early at the airport and had to wait for about half an hour before the ticket counter would open for our flight.

After ticketing and checking in luggage was taken care of, we paid our departure tax and went to the cafeteria for some food, thence through Immigration and into the international departure area.

There I purchased a few Aussie trinkets as small gifts for my fellow workers (naturally using personal funds, not DUFF money) and made one small purchase for myself, the last purchase I made in Australia: a lapel pin that said "I Love Australia".

Whilst sitting in the departure lounge, I got completely caught up on my note-taking. And the rain outside began coming down harder. It did not let up at all during the remainder of our stay.

The flight was delayed for an hour and a half or something like that so I was quite done with my note-taking before I noticed that there were some fans around. The first one I saw was a New Zealander, but the rest were Americans. All told there were about twenty Americans on the flight, most of them from Lee Smoire's tour. This group was missing the fourth module of the

full package (the New Zealand part) and were either going home or to the NASFiC.

Mike Glyer was on the flight. I should have guessed that this would be the case considering that he always seems to be on the same Worldcon flights as I am, but he was not going back to the States. Rather, he was going to be touring New Zealand for a week. Ted White was also on the flight, however, when he saw Robbie and me talking with the large group of fans waiting by the window he backtracked to the other end of the lounge and took a seat there.

Most of the fans were leaving New Zealand on an earlier flight than the one we would be on, returning to the States via Nandi, Fiji. Our flight was leaving later, going via Tahiti. I do not know why, but I had just assumed that we would be going back through Honolulu, the same way we had come out. No complaints from me, though. Anyway, just how much can one see of a place from its airport?

Our flight from Melbourne was an hour and forty minutes late in arriving in Auckland. This was no problem for us as we had expected a three hour layover twixt aeroplanes. The earlier flight from Auckland, though, the one being taken by most of the fans, had to be held until our aeroplane arrived. I guess it was off one aeroplane and onto another for those people; Robbie and I were able to take our time in the international lounges (even though we made our seat arrangements as soon as we could get to the proper desk).

During the flight to Auckland, we had a small party on board, a *very* small party. You see, we were in seats just behind what are called crew seats, seats with what seemed like almost 50% more legroom. These seats are curtained off late at night so that members of the cabin crew can rest there.

Anyway, as our seats also had

these extra feet of legspace available, we invited a few fans over to join us in conversation whilst all of us were standing up. Alexis and Doll Gilliland were in the seats just behind ours, so they joined in, too. It was quite easy to "party" whilst standing up, especially as we were not blocking the aisle in case somebody wanted to pass by us.

In most international airports one does not really get the flavour of the country one is transitting through, as one leaves the aeroplane via a connecting tunnel and is kept in an air conditioned transit lounge during one's stay. This is not the case in Tahiti.

At Faaa airport we exited the aeroplane via stairs down to the tarmac. The time was 5:30 a.m., the temperature was 95°F, and it was muggy. Several gendarmes were lounging around, making certain that we walked into the transit lounge rather than wandering away. Robbie grew up in the French culture of Quebec -- she was bemused by the uniforms which the gendarmes were wearing.

Faaa airport is a rather unique place, at least to me, and not only because of its name. There is its setting. Walking up to the transit lounge one is impressed by its real, not fake, tropical setting. Tahiti is a mountainous island with little flat land. From the other side of the airport the land rises in hill after hill until the verdure disappears into the clouds, a view which can be vividly seen from the panoramic windows in the upper story of the transit lounge. Incidentally, the only part of the transit lounge which is air conditioned is the section set aside for first class passengers -- it is at the far end of the upper storey (some of the cooler air spills out to the rest of the upper floor).

Much of the rest of this rambling lounge is of three-walled construction with each room having

one wall completely open to the outside, leading out to lavish plantings, lots of humidity, and probably many creepy-crawlies (the squashed remains of many could be seen on the floors). Flaws in paradise, if you look, yet the hour I spent in Tahiti was more memorable to me than all of the other time which I have spent in all other airports put together. The real flavour of the place defies capture in words. Suffice it to say, I was enthralled by the place.

It had a spell about it. (Mornings are sort of magical to me, anyway.)

Seven hours after taking off from Tahiti we arrived in Los Angeles. Home again and with it some problems.

Such as Robbie losing her green card (later found under her seat in the aeroplane) -- I will let her tell about it. This did force us to run around the terminal building a bit before we were able to leave to catch our bus to the Van Nuys Fly-Away terminal.

Also such as having to get a new battery for my Mazda the next day and the day after that again having to take the auto in for service on its alternator as it was still having the same problem which caused me to take it to the garage in the first place. The second time around they rechecked the electrical system and found that they had misdiagnosed the problem. Fortunately, they apologised and gave me back my old battery (after properly charging it) and deducted the cost of the previous day's work from the second day's bill. The auto worked well after that -- until, that is, its usual next problem.

Still, it was good to be home, good to be back in Summer.

#### SOME FURTHER THOUGHTS

Herein are a few general and particular observations and some other stuff, all of which I want

to be in the trip report even though they do not particularly lend themselves to placement elsewhere in the main body of what I wrote in the report.

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**A** is now apparent, I enjoyed my DUFF trip immensely. At Worldcon I was floating. The Aussie fans were exceedingly friendly and the concom treated the Fan Fund winners just as well as they did the Pro GoH and the Fan GoH. In return, Robbie and I tried to be as helpful as possible to the concom. Aside from the programming she was on, Robbie treated the con as though it were L.A.Con II½ (working her butt off in Programming Ops and anything else that needed doing -- the same kind of workaholic overdoing that she did in 1984). Instead of retiring into my room to hide every once in a while, I climbed out of my usual introspective self and spent most of my waking hours in the areas where fans were congregating, the better to talk with any fan who wished to converse with me. One could say that I was playing the part of International Fannish Ambassador of Ghoodwill -- and I enjoyed every minute of it!

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**O**ur pictures were in the Programme Book and we were introduced at the Opening Ceremonies, so lots of fans (mostly younger Aussies) came up to me for conversation. I hope that I gave a good impression of North American fandom. Ghu knows, I was emotionally high enough to do the job. I daresay I do not believe that I was particularly smartass during the con so I do not believe that that aspect of my personality would have been offputting too many neofans.

I had the unusual, for me, experience of being asked for my autograph many times during the con. Though I soon got used to it,

I do not believe that my autograph was, or is, very valuable (which has nothing much to do with the fact that it tends towards illegibility) and I was surprised by those who thought it was because of my being the DUFF winner. That has little to do with real fanac in fannish circles and, in a short while, I will merely be one of a long line of DUFF winners. But it *was* an interesting experience to be treated almost like a BNF.

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**O**ne time when I was talking to Malcolm Edwards he excused himself and started across the lobby of the Southern Cross. After half a dozen steps he turned around and returned. "I keep seeing people I know, but when I get closer it is someone else, usually an Aussie."

I noticed the same phenomenon; modified a bit in my case by the fact that some of the Aussies I saw looked a bit like some other Aussies who I already knew.

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**K**en Ozanne's Law goes something like this: at any large convention there will always be one or two fans into whom one is always running. I have observed this law in action at previous Worldcons.

Aussiecon II, although small when compared to recent Worldcons, was still a large con. Ozanne's Law did not hold for me at this con, though, as I was meeting almost *everybody* again and again and again. I ascribe this to my avowed purpose of making myself available to anybody who wanted to talk to me. As a matter of fact, I was much more gregarious than is my usual wont and I think this paid off, at least to me, by increasing *my* enjoyment of the con. After all, if the concom and so many of the con members were treating me as a special guest of honour I felt that I should at least reciprocate and act like one.

Those of you who see me at LASFS and at cons and who know me a bit may find my claims of being introspective and retiring to be a bit off the mark. I am not the painfully shy and retiring person I once was, that is true, but I am still not outgoing with strangers. You should realise, though, that I met many of you in print before I met you in person, and, as I first met many of you in the Fan Room/Lounge at various cons -- a place where I am comfortably in my element -- all of these things made me more relaxed, more receptive and more open when meeting people in the flesh for the first time. Except for my openness towards everybody at Aussiecon II, I still go to cons and do not talk very much with people who I have not before met unless I find out that they are

fanzine fans. I have not yet been to a con since Aussiecon II. When I do go to one (the upcoming Loscon will be the first), I will find out if I have changed in this regard.

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Winning DUFF has widened my fannish horizons somewhat. I am still, primarily, a fanzine fan. Now, though, and probably for a time much longer than my term as North American co-administrator of DUFF, I am also a Fan Fund fan. Fan funds are ghood things and I hope that I can help further their cause.

And I would surely like to visit Australia again someday.

---Marty Cantor

