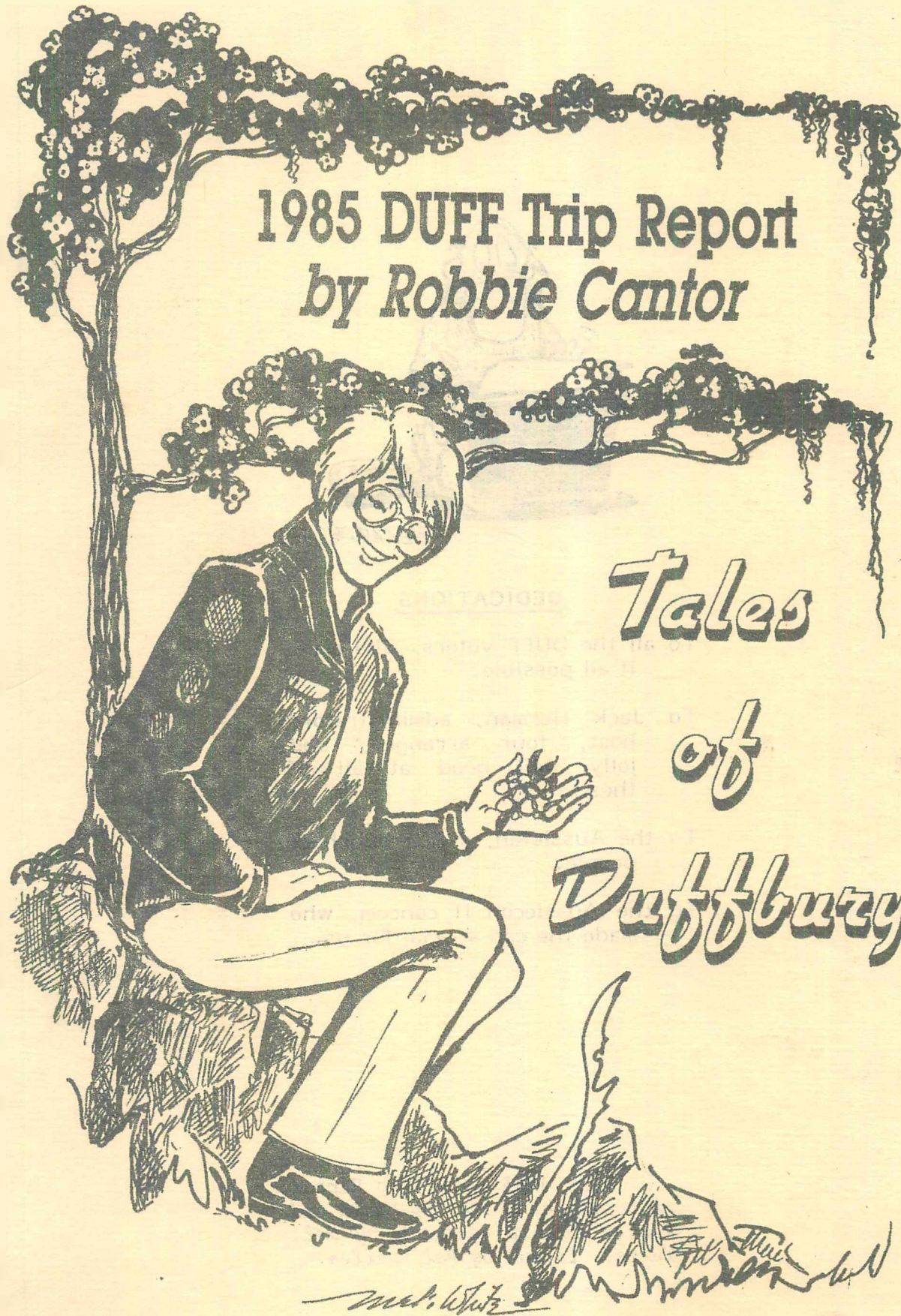


1985 DUFF Trip Report
by Robbie Cantor



Tales
of
Duffbury

M. White



DEDICATIONS

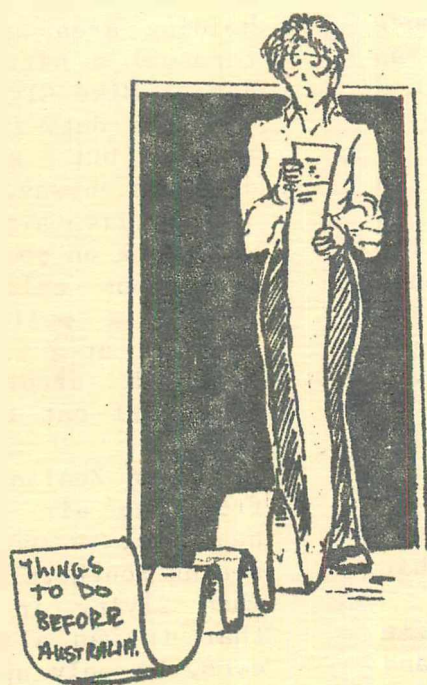
To all the DUFF voters, who made it all possible.

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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When I first came to Los Angeles, Marty told me he was running for DUFF and asked me if I would like to run as a tag-team. My basic reaction was, what was DUFF. Once he explained it to this mediafan, I said it sounded okay to me. After all, I had penpals in Australia and it would be nice to actually meet them. And so we entered the race as a duo going for the price of one. And, somehow, we won. Now the actual planning for the trip began.

Much of our plans were left to Jack Herman to set up based on some suggestions by us and the rest were mostly handled by Marty. But I did my bit, too. I went down to the Australian Consulate General twice to arrange for our visas and searched out the needed information about money and traveller's cheques, not to mention going to Deak Perera's to actually obtain the Aussie money and traveller's cheques we expected to need.

And, of course, there was all the last-minute stuff, not just for the trip itself but to clear

the decks of any little worries that might spoil the full enjoyment of the trip. Like getting someone to look after the car and the apartment for two weeks in our absence. Like cleaning up the place so the house-sitter wouldn't be disgusted by our sloppy house-keeping. Like getting the August distribution of LASFAPA out of the way (I contribute *and* print zines for some of the other members). Like making sure I saw the last half of "The Two Doctors" at Eric's place so that I wouldn't forget the first half in my absence and have to see *all* of it again. Like replacing the lenses of my glasses since one of them had gotten scratched the week before. Like picking up jelly beans for Marty's traditional Thursday night Worldcon party.

The Tuesday of our flight was *busy*. I had to do a complete laundry, finish cleaning the apartment, pack everything and be ready to leave at 5:00 p.m. for Mark Sharpe's place of work. Marty, as usual, took the laundry to a laundromat for drying.

We had arranged for Mark to look after the car in our absence so he was to go over to the Van Nuys Fly-a-way to see us off and take charge of the Mazda. (He would meet us on our return.) We arrived at the Fly-a-way just in time for the 6:00 p.m. bus to LAC and the trip was truly begun. The bus ride was about one-half hour so we were at the Air New Zealand ticket counter before 7:00 p.m. (our flight was for 10:00 p.m.). We arranged for a window seat for me, as I did not want to be disturbed by Marty or anyone else everytime someone had to go somewhere, and hoped that the aisle seat would be empty so that Marty could spread into it.

Due to the amount of time remaining before our flight and the fact that Marty was hungry (as usual), we went and fed ourselves before going to the boarding area to settle in for the duration (or, so it seemed). At about 8:30 we were joined by Mike Glyer who gave us the latest copy of FILE 770. After a quick glance through it, I continued reading the second section of the August LASFAPA and Marty resumed note-taking on the trip. But it was nice to be on the same flight with Mike Glyer for a Worldcon trip again.

We enplaned around 9:15 and, only 10 minutes late, the plane pulled away from the terminal. Marty, as it turned out, found himself penned in as the aisle seat was filled. One hour after take-off we were served dinner. It was quite good but far too much for me, though Marty cleaned his plate thoroughly despite the fact that he had been worried about being able to sleep right after eating. They did show a movie after the meal, but I had decided that the best way to survive jet-lag was to sleep as much as possible and so managed to miss "Witness" yet one more time.

We had a stop-over in Honolulu and we were asked to disembark for security reasons and to allow them to clean the plane,

so we wandered about in the holding area and into the empty terminal a bit. We didn't get as far as Mike Glyer did, so missing the open duty-free shops and "the tree", but we're not really drinkers anyway.

By 1:45 a.m. Honolulu-time we were back on board and, after some mysterious calls for "passenger Clay", we pulled away from the terminal at 2:05 a.m. heading for Auckland (after an interminably long taxi out to the appropriate runway).

New Zealand is very pretty from the air -- all green and beautiful -- and I get so tired of seeing Southern California's brown when flying in and out of L.A. that it was a real treat for my eyes. We only spent about an hour in Auckland airport, arriving at 9:00 a.m. and embarking at 10:15, but I managed to pick up a pin of the dog from the Footrot Flats cartoon series (it's a New Zealand series that Bruce Pelz introduced me to) and I got to admire some really neat multi-coloured, multi-patterned rugby shirts. Marty assured me that these would no doubt be available in Australia so I refrained from getting one right then, but promised dire things if he was wrong. I also discovered that New Zealand has the little Colt cigars, just like Canada does, which I like so much. The U.S. doesn't seem to carry them in spite of the fact they are manufactured by an American company. Again Marty was very sure they would be available in Australia and, since I was already over my allowance for tobacco going into Australia, I passed up buying them.

I did not pass up a chance to have a real Coke -- since the Coca-Cola company had made the switch to "New" Coke, I had been trying to subsist on fruit-flavoured sodas as a substitute. It was a relief to be going to parts of the world that had not made the switch -- I would get to drink *my* favourite once more.

We arrived in Sydney just before noon their time on Thursday the 15th of August (Wednesday simply disappeared somewhere along the line) and, after passing through Customs (they were nice and didn't charge us extra for the excess tobacco we both had), we were met by Jack Herman. We took a few moments helping Mike Glycer arrange transportation for himself to his hotel and Jack gave Mike directions on getting to Galaxy Bookstore and the Hyde Park Motor Inn. Then we proceeded to Jack's green "rustmobile", which he declared had been recently derusted. He drove us to his home in Hurstville which is a suburb to the southwest of Sydney's centre.

Once at Jack's place, L'Hermitage, he went over what arrangements had been made for us: train tickets to Canberra for the Tuesday following, who was to meet us, who would drive us to Melbourne on the Wednesday, etc. Marty then hauled out all the stuff we had brought with us for the DUFF auction at Aussiecon II, including the Hawaiian shirt, autographed, that I had gotten from John Nathan-Turner, the Producer of "Doctor Who". Marty then opted for a shower, while I decided on a brief walk to acquaint myself with the neighbourhood: the location of the Post Office, the train station and such.

On the way, I watched a bit of lawn bowling being played at the lawn bowling field just down the street from Jack's. In Hurstville's business district, in the building housing the train station in fact, I bought a stuffed Kangaroo to send to my little boy for his birthday at the end of August. When I stopped at the Post Office, I picked up a box to mail the stuffy in as well as some commemorative stamps for a friend in San Jose and some regular stamps for other mail I planned to be sending while in Australia. I also got my mother a commemorative envelope, pre-stamp-



ed, which honoured 75 years of Girl Guiding in Australia.

Keeping in mind that we were all supposed to head for the Galaxy Bookstore that evening, I turned back towards Jack's with only a brief stop at a chemist's for some insoles for my boots. The clerk commented on my "Doctor Who" patch on my jacket and we talked "Doctor Who" briefly before I requested specific directions back to Wright Street (to confirm my own impression of where I was -- I had been right). Another customer promptly offered me a lift! I thanked her, but declined -- I was having a darn good time navigating on my own.

Once back at Jack's, I changed shirts, brushed my teeth and was ready for the trip downtown. Jack drove us (we had not yet met up with his wife Cath McDonnell) and we stopped by the University of Sydney to pick up his mail. This permitted him to give us a fast tour of some of the campus. It also allowed me to see him pick up the letter I'd mailed him two weeks before.

We kept the visit to the campus short because the wind was destroying Marty's coiffure which was making him irritable. Then it was on to the Galaxy, one block back of Hyde Park and one block

away from Bargain Books (which was in the location Galaxy had had previously), where a friend of mine was the manager. Jack took us to Bargain Books first so that I could see Tony (Howe) and he and I got to talking about "Doctor Who". Marty and Jack continued on to Galaxy without me.

One of Tony's customers joined in the conversation (which is how I met Phillippe Cahill) which broke up only when Marty came back from the Galaxy with Terry Frost who he wanted me to meet.

So I was dragged off to meet fans at the Galaxy (this is the usual meeting place of Sydney fandom on Thursdays). I managed to also end up seeing Mike Glycer and Rick Foss who were also there to meet fans, preferably Aussies. I bought a couple of Aussie s.f. books and talked some more with Phillippe who had come over from Bargain Books. It turned out that he writes for Dallas Jones's DATA EXTRACT and we exchanged addresses in order to begin a correspondence.

Then Marty and I were taken away to a Milk Bar nearby, by Terry and gang, where the local fans were congregating prior to a dinner expedition (also normal Thursday behaviour). It was there that Cath McDonnell caught up to us and we finally met. She and Jack departed after giving us instructions on how to get back to the house from downtown via the trains. And the rest of us headed for the Mars Steak House to eat.

I had baby lamb chops, which were quite good, and talked with

Terry Frost on my right and the fellow into D&D right across from me. When the meal was over and we had finished divying up the cheque, Marty and I headed for the nearest train station, bought our tickets and headed back to Hurstville and bed.

On the Friday Marty and I woke up at our usual early hour, well, actually, *my* usual early time of 5:30 a.m. I got dressed and led Marty out to the kitchen (there were no lights on and we didn't want to wake anyone searching for the switches in the dark), where we arranged some breakfast for ourselves. Then I read some Bloom County books of Jack's while Marty pored over the map book to try and orientate himself. We had a tour/shopping trip to downtown Sydney planned and he didn't want to get lost.

We caught the train from Hurstville to Town Hall station (which was where we had caught a train coming out of downtown the night before) around 9:20ish and watched the scenery go by for the 20-minute ride to downtown. It was interesting for me to see peaked roofs and brick buildings once more. Once in town we simply wandered, stopping to look or buy anything which struck our fancy and taking pictures of anything that looked interesting or funny. There was one pair of signs whose juxtaposition was especially funny. It was definitely a "road thingie" (signs located usually by roadsides which are incongruous or just downright absurd considering prevailing conditions).

We ended up down by Circular Quay and the Sydney Opera House where I bought an Aussie patch, a pin and a wallet which would take Aussie money for Marty (he found his own too small for the various-sized bills). Then we headed back to Hurstville in order to relax before the party planned for that evening at the Hyde Park Motor Inn. This also allowed me time to shower, write more post-



cards and do some more reading in LASFAPA.

But before all that, I decided on one more tour of downtown Hurstville. This time I took the time to windowshop properly. I had discovered, to my delight, that Australia still has the Phantom, The Ghost Who Walks, and picked up a cartoon book of him on my perambulations. He's been a favourite of mine since I was quite young and I had been sorry to see him disappear from my local comic stores.

We ate supper that evening with Cath, Jack and William, their housemate. Jack cooked something whose name eludes me, but it was very good. Then it was into the car and off to the party which Lee Smoire was throwing for her and Rick Foss's tour groups as well as the Aussie fans.

There were relatively few Aussies actually in attendance at this party. We did see Eric Lindsay, Ken Ozanne and his wife Marea and their son Alex, as well as Gordon Lindgard. Eric, Gordon and we tried to work out an arrangement to get all of us, Jean Weber and our luggage from Canberra to Melbourne the week after. The Ozannes talked to us about our upcoming visit to their place on the weekend. I also talked a bit with Dave Stirrup, who is also from the Blue Mountains just like the Ozannes. The party was nice, if short on Aussies, and we talked to all sorts of American fans, both old friends and strangers, for several hours.

Mind, we stayed longer than intended as Cath had gone out for food and we had to wait for her return before we could depart. So it was that we headed back to Hurstville at around midnight, hoping for enough sleep before our trip to Faulconbridge the next morning.

Jack was good enough to drive us to the station with our specially diminished luggage (we would be coming back to Hurst-

ville) in the morning and we headed for Central Station where we would transfer to a train bound for Springwood (the stop for Faulconbridge if one wanted to get there at certain times of day). On the trip Marty and I both noticed that the graffiti lining the tracks was rather more colourful and creative than we had been used to in L.A. It was done in such a way as to make it look almost like metallic-coloured tubing in multi-colours shining in the sun.

Ken met us briefly at the Springwood station before catching his own train to Parramatta for work. He gave us directions for getting to the taxi-stand and said he'd see us that evening. The taxi-stand was right next to a bus shelter with an intriguing mural of fish boarding a train. It was quite a sight. Marty was specially taken by it.



After a short taxi-ride we got to the Ozannes's and his wife, Marea, greeted us at the door. She prepared some bacon and eggs to assuage Marty's hungry stomach and Alex emerged from his room to join us as we ate. Afterwards, Alex took us for a walk through the woods to the waterfall on their property. It was a delightful hike though we had to cut it short in deference to Marty's tiredness.

Once back we all sat down and

played Uno -- a first for Marty and me -- until Ken's return from Parramatta. Ken and I then took a tromp around the property and saw some of the spectacular sandstone caves while Marty and Marea played chinese checkers. By the time we got back Eric Lindsay and Dave Stirrup had shown up to pick up Alex for a trip into Sydney for a party being thrown in honour of the American fans.

For supper Ken cooked T-bone steaks with stuffed potatoes, then Marty and Marea played Mastermind and Scrabble while Ken fiddled with his computers and I watched the Australia-Britain test match (cricket).

Marty and I retired at about 10:00 p.m., well before Marea but not too much before Ken. Which meant that we did not get to use the telescope that Ken had set up in hopes of giving us a chance to do some star-gazing. Alex, it turned out, did not get back in until about 4 or 5 a.m. -- just before I woke up for the first time at 5:30 -- and would report that the party the Aussies threw for the Americans was strangely bereft of Americans.

I refused to continue this nonsense of waking up early and determinedly went back to sleep after waking at 5:30. I woke again at 6:30 when Marty went to take his shower and at 7:30 when he came back into the room to announce that it was great outside and would I like to take a walk.

I would and we did -- just a little one, around the block as 'twere. When we got back and while I was munching on some oatmeal cookies and milk, Ken came out to the main room, having just awakened. We made plans to go for a drive to Govett's Leap. By the time we were almost ready to go Marea had gotten up and decided to join us. So, after saying goodbye to Alex, we all climbed into Ken's car and headed up the ridge -- one of the only two ways across the Blue Mountains. Our first stop was Echo Point at Katoomba where we



saw the 25-mile wide gorge on that side of the ridge and a rock formation called the Three Sisters, not to mention lots of beautiful birds -- parrots, I believe. There were feeding stations set up outside the windows of the Tourist Information building facing the gorge and each one had its fair share of these gorgeous blue and red birds.

After taking a few pictures of the view and the birds, we headed off for Govett's Leap, stopping in Katoomba at the Paragon Restaurant to buy some of their famous chocolates (some strawberry and coffee filled ones). The chocolates were absolutely delicious -- I had six to everyone else's three. By the time we got to Govett's Leap, I was in a *very* contented mood and the scenery just enhanced my mood. It was fantastic! I expended the rest of my roll of film on it before we started back towards the Ozannes's.

We had been hoping to stop in Boolaburra on our way back to see Diane Fox, but we couldn't figure out the way to cross the railroad tracks so we settled for only getting in a visit with Ron Clarke further down on the route back. His wife, Sue, was at the hospital

with a sick child and not expected back 'til evening, so we sat and chatted a bit with Ron while two of their children played video-games.

Then it was back to Ken's and Marea's with a stop along the way to get lunch -- hamburgers, chips (french fries to Americans), potato scallops and, for me, a quarter chicken. The lunch was delicious and *quite* filling. Afterwards, Ken and Alex drove us down to Springwood Station. Marty made notes about the fish mural which he'd been so struck by on our arrival while I took pictures. Then we bought our tickets and headed back for Sydney after a much too short visit which was extremely pleasant. I hope we can get back someday and do a proper job of seeing the area and visiting with the fans in the Blue Mountains.

The train trip back was uneventful and we got back to the house just before Jack, Cath and William. While waiting for one of my penpals, Wayne, to come over for a visit, I wrote some post-cards and chatted with Marty and William. Jack was typing his zine for CRAPA-PI. Wayne arrived about 5:45 p.m. and we sat and talked for a bit, catching up on each other's news since our last letters. He stayed long enough to have supper with us and then I walked him back to the train station around 8:30 p.m.

Monday, Marty and I set out on our own for Taronga Park Zoo: train to Town Hall Station, change to train for Circular Quay, then ferry to Taronga Park and a bus to the top entrance of the zoo so that we could walk down through the zoo's grounds. The zoo being set on the hillside this turned out to have been a wise move. We were quite tired by the time we got to the bottom and had seen kangaroos, wallabys, tigers, elephants, all sorts of birds -- parrots, quail, rosellas, cockatoos, condors -- seals, hippo-

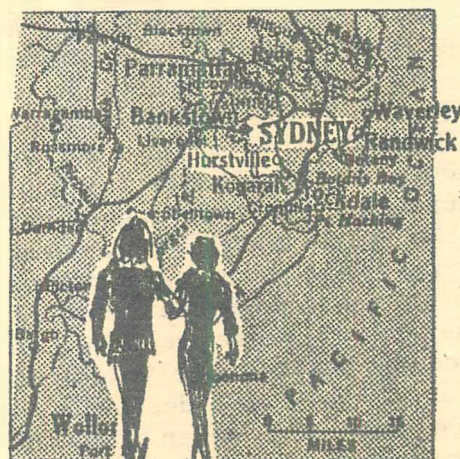
tami, flying foxes, bears, a red panda and lots of others.

It was a lot of fun and an enjoyable, if tiring, stroll. Probably my favourite sight was the red panda -- something else besides myself which likes cooler temperatures.

We returned by ferry to Circular Quay and took the train to Town Hall, so that I could look through a surplus store. Then we strolled down George Street to the Sol Levy tobacco shop so that Marty could "talk shop" with the proprietor. After, we walked over to Central Station and took the train back to Hurstville, and I got to see my first skinheads ever. Punk is fairly common in L.A. but skinheads seemed to have disappeared before I ever arrived and we never had them in Canada before I left (too cold perhaps).

In Hurstville, before returning to the house, we bought some Norgen Vaaz ice cream for our hosts.

After supper we watched some Rugby League football and a sort of talk show while waiting for Colin Fine to put in an appearance. By 10:00 p.m., when he still hadn't and Marty had fallen asleep watching t.v., I decided that with a 4:45 a.m. wake-up time it was best that we both retire for the night.



It seems that Colin appeared about 11:00 p.m. after having gotten the wrong trains. Oh, well.

The next morning was somewhat hectic because I set the alarm wrong and instead of 4:45 Marty woke up at 5:24. Panic time! However, with me making his breakfast for him we managed to be all done in lots of time for Jack to drive us to Central so we could catch our train to Canberra.

The train trip to Canberra was long -- 4½ hours -- and relatively peaceful. Marty made a couple of forays down the length of the train in search of Eric Lindsay who thought he'd be on the same train with us, but didn't find him. Eric was, though, waiting for us in Canberra with Jean Weber -- he'd taken an earlier train the previous day. On the drive to our hotel, they pointed out some of the sights.

At the hotel there was a small bit of confusion as the room they gave us had someone's things still in it. It turned out that the previous occupant had not yet checked out so the hotel gave us a different room on the second floor.

Jean and Eric then took us over to a shopping centre to get some food -- mostly hamburgers all round except Jean who had a salad sandwich -- before we headed off to do some more sight-seeing. We went up to Mt. Ainslie's look-out point and got an overview of Canberra -- a thoroughly planned city. Then down into the city to see some of the major sights. Unfortunately, while trying to get into the diplomatic area, Jean discovered that they were making new roads again and she couldn't get there from where we were, so we ended up heading for Woden. In view of that, we decided to continue out past Woden (one of the three major parts of Canberra) and visit the Tidbinbilla Nature Reserve.

Even before we got to the Information Center on the Reserve,

we passed an emu by the side of the road. Once we had picked up a map of the Reserve and some helpful hints about where to find some animals, Jean, Eric and I retraced our route to get a closer look at the emu. Whereupon it shyed away and headed back towards Marty who was back in the car! Giving it up, we piled into the car and headed off to the Wildlife Enclosures to see some 'roos in their native habitat. The Ranger had said that the wallaroos were shy but we'd be able to get quite close to the Red Kangaroos. Well.....

The wallaroos were all assembled (or at least a mob of 'em were) near the entrance to their enclosure and the Reds were nowhere to be seen! The visit to the Grey Kangaroos (also clustered near the gate to their section) was the most interesting, though. At one point, as I was trying to get near one of the 'roos which had a joey in her pouch in order to take a picture, one of the smaller 'roos hopped over and sniffed my hand. Naturally, I had the only camera in the group and this moment went unrecorded. **sigh**

In the waterfowl enclosure we saw some Black Swans. At least, Jean, Eric and I did; Marty was too cold and in a hurry to get back to the car. In the koala section, they had a map on which the Rangers spot the locations of koalas for that day. Or at least where they were in the early morning when the Rangers go out trying to spot them. Since they're nocturnal and don't move much during daylight, they're usually nearby to the locations they were spotted in in the morning. Two of the koalas spotted on the map were indeed still in those locations so we got some distant views of them (the distance of the treetops from the ground). We also saw some more 'roos hopping through the bush.

On the drive back out of the Reserve we saw several more mobs of 'roos and three or four emus,

but all from a distance.

Back in town we drove past the Canadian High Commission (it was closed so we couldn't drop in) on our way back to the hotel where Jean and Eric left us so we could get ready for dinner later that evening in the hotel's steak house with Eric, Jean and Kim Huett. As it turned out, we had dinner with an American fan (Chip Hitchcock) joining us in place of Kim, who didn't arrive until later when we were chatting in the lounge.

Jean and Eric left early as we were going to get an early start in the morning for the drive down to Melbourne. After a short talk with Kim up in our room (during which Marty gave him the latest copy of HTT), we went to bed ourselves. There was, after all, this 7:30 a.m. start the next day to think about.



Wednesday, after we'd had breakfast, Eric, Jean and Gordon Lindgard arrived. Various arrangements of the luggage were tried out before it was realised that there simply wasn't one which would leave three seats in both cars empty. It was decided that the back seat of Gordon's Honda would be put down and the seating would be three in Jean's car and two in Gordon's. Which meant I got to ride with Gordon and Marty travelled with Jean and Eric. Each

car was provided with a walky-talky and we pre-arranged meeting points before starting off.

Gordon ended up by-passing the first meeting point, though, because of new road work -- the road he expected to go through town no longer did so. Though we couldn't hear *what* was being said over the WTs, Jean and the other two did manage to work their way back to us. Similar problems existed with the WTs until almost the end of the trip. At one point we tried to tell them we were going back for gas. They couldn't understand our message and when they saw us pull off they pulled off as well to try to find out what was wrong. But we'd already gone back to the last town and they couldn't find us. Meantime, having filled the tank, we were once more headed for the next meeting point thinking them to be 15-20 kilometres ahead. They weren't. They were behind us. So when we got to the meeting point and found no one there we checked further along before retracing our steps to the original meeting point to find them just pulling in. Oh, well.

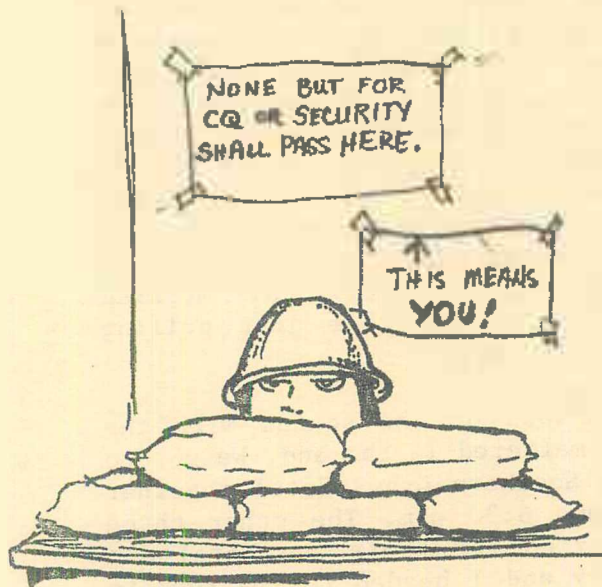
None of the snafus with the WTs mattered in the end. We got to the Southern Cross Hotel together around 6:30 p.m. The other three departed for their own hotel and Marty and I headed to the room to unload our stuff so we could get to dinner and then register for the convention.

Almost immediately upon entering the Registration area I found Bruce Pelz and we nattered a bit before I went to the appropriate registration line -- where I found Joyce Scrivner and could see Fred Patten just down the table from her. It was nice to see familiar faces from North America as well as the Aussie ones.

Once registered, Marty and I went and got our panel information from Marc Ortlieb and Paul Stevens who were on the Information table.

That's when I discovered that they had me moderating one of my programme items: Real Fanzines Don't Eat Fiction. Yipes!

After a short briefing for moderators (consisting of here's who's on your panel, here's some meal chits, find them and sit down and talk -- oh, and get them to the panel on time please), I went and searched out Carey Handfield to find out who he wanted me working for. He sent me in the direction of the CQ (con ops) where I found people like Ben Yalow and John McDouall and Peter Darling. There wasn't much doing right then, but I let them know I'd be back first thing in the morning Thursday and wandered a bit before retiring at 11:30 p.m.



Thursday morning I zipped down for the 7:30 a.m. opening of the CQ room and then life got hectic.

I did a fast errand for John McDouall to the stationers, helped Mark Linneman sort out his thoughts about who would be the Area Marshalls in what areas, helped man the CQ room, and then attended the Opening Ceremonies -- as required by our being DUFF winners. We had to sit up at the Head Table and be introduced as guests of the con. I almost went blind from all the flash bulbs going off as people took photos of

the Head Table guests. My situation was not helped in this respect by being next to Gene Wolfe since, of course, everyone wanted his photo. We were the last two people at the Head Table on the end away from the podium.

Once the extremely entertaining and interesting Opening Ceremony speech by Race Matthews, Australia's Minister of Culture, was over and the con officially underway, it was back to the CQ room in time to be asked if I had any advice to offer on how to sort out the problem of assigning gophers when there was neither a gopher coordinator nor a gopher hole (this request was from Peter Darling and David Grigg). I offered to do the paperwork to set up a system whereby volunteers could be run out of the CQ and sat down to do that. I finished it up, described the system to John and Ben Yalow, had signs posted to get all our errant gophers back to CQ so that they could be briefed on the system and took a short break.

During said break, I took a fast run through the Hucksters Room which produced several new pins for my collection and a free t-shirt from Mike McGann, one of our art contributors to both *HOLIER THAN THOU* and *TIME MEDDLER*. Then it was back to the CQ in time to charge off to the Australis Ballroom to be an Area Marshall for two panels -- *Designing Universes* and *Collaborations: Real, Wishful or Why Not?* Both panels ran smoothly and finished on time. The only snag was that we still hadn't worked out a smooth system of getting fresh water and glasses as panels changed.

By the time the second panel had ended and I had checked back in at the CQ room to see if I was needed, it was time to go up to our room to join the traditional Thursday Jelly Bean Party in progress. I spent most of my time talking to Martin Morse Wooster and a couple of others before the Hotel Night Manager arrived and asked us to close it down because,

a) it was late, and, b) we had too many people in the room. So we did and I wandered a bit before going down to the Mezzanine to see if I could help out any. Then to bed at midnight.

Friday, I started by taking a fast jaunt out of the hotel to find the Victoria Hotel and the Fan Lounge which was supposed to be therein and where I had a panel later. I also located the Pancake Parlour restaurant for which I had meal chits so that I could feed the panelists on the panel I was moderating later in the day. Then it was back to the CQ and to work at getting the gopher system more or less successfully off to a start. After which I left the CQ in Ben's hands so that I could pop over to my first panel at the Sheraton -- Real Fanzines Don't Eat Fiction -- with Terry Hughes and John Tipper.

We sat in the Sheraton cocktail lounge beforehand discussing what we would talk about in the panel, which was to be about whether or not there was a real division between media and so-called mainstream fanzines. Terry asked lots of questions of John and I about what media zines were like since he was pretty well unfamiliar with them and our discussion was quite lively and informative.

To start the panel I erroneously introduced John as the editor of MULTIVERSE, then asked Terry if he wanted to be termed as the representative of Falls Church Fandom. Terry said it was too big a burden to bear and we went on the actual panel.

I had Terry describe faanish fanzines and tried to get John to describe media zines. But he deferred to Nikki White who was in the audience (the actual editor of MULTIVERSE), so she came us and joined us.

The discussion was fairly well attended for being so far away from the main hotel -- about 30 people I'd guess -- and they

seemed interested in what was being said during the one hour panel. There were quite a few questions (always a good sign). The general consensus among the panelists was that media fanzines were the training ground of the faanish fanzines, called mainstream by the panel description, was a fading light in fan pubbing. There was no agreement about why the separation of the two types existed but we all felt it was a shame if it affected relations between the two types of fans.

Immediately after the panel I had to make a mad dash for the Victoria Hotel, about five blocks away, in order to get to my next panel which started at the same time that the first one ended. My orientation sheets had "you may be a little late for this one" marked down beside this second panel. I practically jogged the entire distance with one of the audience making the run with me as he wanted to attend the panel as well. I plunged into the room about five minutes late to find Marty, Eve Harvey (GUFF winner), Nigel Rowe (FFANZ winner) and moderator Paul Stevens already seated sipping champagne (which was offered to me, but on an empty stomach....uh,uh!)

This panel was Regional Differences in Fandom and Paul had us each run through how things were in our parts of the world: me for Canada, Marty for the U.S., Eve for the U.K. and Nigel for New Zealand, with Paul filling in for Australia. It was an interesting topic and drew a crowd. We finished up discussing fannish drinking habits in various parts of the world, much to the amusement of our audience.

After this panel I sat at the DUFF table for a bit and helped sell things for the benefit of the various fan funds. This was my first time at the table and it passed quietly enough with no problems that I couldn't handle. At 4:00 p.m. I charged back to the

Southern Cross for a duty shift in the CQ.

Duty shifts in the CQ consisted mostly of making sure gophers were assigned where requested, answering phones and trying to solve problems that might arise -- often by connecting the person with the problem with a committee member able to fix said problem. I sort of enjoyed the atmosphere of the CQ, though occasionally it got quite hectic as we would try to do six things at once.

This particular shift in the CQ was panic time. Send out gophers fast because the previous shift had not gotten sent out -- the people on duty in the CQ had overlooked reading the instructions on gophers. Fortunately, the omission was not earth-shattering. Most sections of the con had grabbed off some more-or-less permanent workers and the need for gophers was primarily as runners or movers.

At about 7:50 p.m. I left the CQ for the Banquet which Marty and I, as DUFF winners, were expected to attend. We were at a table with Eve and her husband John, Nigel, Maureen Garrett and some guests of Maureen's. The food was absolutely the best I've ever had at a convention banquet: the lamb was juicy and succulent, the vegetables were tasty and the dessert *fantastic*. Dessert was Pavlova, an Australian creation -- light and sweet. Scrumptious! And it was followed by a delightful after-dinner speech by Bob Shaw. If all after-dinner speeches were such marvelous entertainment I'd attend more of 'em.

Afterwards I wandered back into the CQ and helped out until lock-up. Then I took in the Britain in '87 party. Having voted for them, it seemed reasonable to go to their party. I ended up talking with Roger Weddall for a couple of hours about conditions in Canada as opposed to the U.S. and how similar Australia was

which was making me feel right at home.

Around 3:00 a.m. I realised that I had to be up by 7:00 a.m. and scooted back to our room. On getting in, I discovered that the alarm was set to ring at 6:00 a.m. and resigned myself to less sleep than hoped for. At 6:00 when the



alarm went off, I waved a feeble hand in the general direction of the controls and it stopped. I got up and went to take a shower. When I came out Marty was bitching that I had let the alarm ring *twice* (I had obviously only hit the snooze button) and I replied that it was his own fault for setting it so early. This is when I discovered that no one had set it deliberately and that I *could* have changed it to 7:00. If I had only known!

Since I was up the obvious next move was breakfast and I went out to the just-discovered-yesterday Pancake Parlour, where I tried their Canadian plate which Lex Nakashima had described to me Thursday evening. It consisted of a short stack of pancakes, what they called Canadian bacon (and Canadians call back bacon), and a choice of either fried banana, fried pineapple or fried egg. I can see where fried egg might be perceived as part of a Canadian breakfast, but the reasoning behind the fried banana or fried pineapple *still* eludes me. But the short stack with just the bacon was quite good.

Back at CQ, I got the place opened up and straightened up for the new day, sending off the first batch of gophers before I myself had to head off for the Fan Funds Auction. As co-DUFF winner I was expected to auction at *least* one item, but I had very little time before I was due at the Sheraton to be an Area Marshall. As it worked out I auctioned off the shirt from John Nathan-Turner, the Producer of "Doctor Who", which I'd picked up from him at a con in San Jose. The winning bid was A\$100.

Immediately following the close of bidding on this item, Dallas Jones and I headed off into the fresh air so as to get to his panel -- the first one I was Area Marshall for that day -- and also to get some time to talk more having only met briefly on Friday when I was on duty at the DUFF table.

His panel was Best of British, meaning t.v. shows, and he was to explain "Doctor Who" -- a bit of an awesome task at best, but even more so when you only have five minutes. We arrived before anyone else and had fun figuring out the lighting and sound systems -- the lights would only turn on if the switches were flipped in the correct sequence it seemed.

About five minutes before the rest of the panelists were to arrive, Jonathan Post showed up saying he had come to check on the projector for his noon panel. This was an interesting development since the first panel only started at 11:30 a.m. I called back to the CQ and tried to get the problem sorted out.

After talking with Cath Ortlieb we determined that someone had misread the amount of free time between panels in that room when scheduling Jonathan. The solution proposed was to begin Jonathan's films at 12:30 and push back the next panel by one half hour, so that they would start at 1:30 rather than 1:00 p.m. A

projector was found and set up, as was the screen (a real bitchy one to work with it was, too), and a projectionist was shot over from the Southern Cross.

[It was someone I had just hooked up with Tech Services the evening before when he volunteered his services. He had worked L.A.Con II's film programme and he certainly worked his tail off for Aussiecon as far as I could see -- from Wisconsin or some such place. Short, stout, long hair -- name eludes me, of course.

There were a lot of fine people like him at Aussiecon, volunteering their time to help make things run smoothly in spite of having paid a small fortune just to *get* to the con. There was Doug Girling from Vancouver who helped with the Art Auction and ran errands for all of us; Margaret Rumbolt, an Aussie who gophered long hours with a cheerful smile always; and so many others. One fellow came in for just the one day on Sunday and was pointed in my direction by our computer person, Robyn Johnson (Aussiecon I Chair), because I was a fellow Canadian. I chatted briefly with him and then put him to work with the technical people who were rearranging the lights and such for the Australis Room. He was only to help with the one project; he worked all day, from job to job, and was absolutely thrilled with it all -- he came back and did it again for the last day of the con. I sent people for various errands and almost everyone I asked smiled and went, even if they were *not* volunteers. A *very* nice group of people attended Aussiecon, by in large.]

Anyway, Jonathan's panel got started on time and ran smoothly (though he had to hold up starting the films until we had finished with the recalcitrant screen). However, the next panel in the room, the H.A.M.I.L.L.S. club meeting, had not been warned by the Programming Sub-Committee that their panel had been shifted by a

half hour. These things happen at the best of times and it *had* been hectic.

The club had arranged for Maureen Garrett to come speak to their audience and they were understandably worried about keeping her waiting in a hallway, but everyone managed to keep their noses in joint and I got a chance to talk to the fellow in charge of H.A.M.I.L.L.S. (he had been Maureen's guest at the Banquet the previous night). I enjoyed the opportunity and managed to get a picture of him with the fan in Darth Vader costume (Steve Altman). He then took my picture standing with Darth.

Then it was time for the comics panel Has SF Been Satisfactorily Represented in Comics? It was also time for the sound system to disintegrate totally. In spite of the fact that the sound person had left at 1:00 (some two hours earlier), I was able to get some of the microphones functioning at least well enough for the panel to go on.

I had to nip out quickly at 3:50 to get over to the Victoria and do another stint at the DUFF table. The DUFF table was at the back of the Fan Lounge which was the location of the fan panels. This is also where I got to see Joseph Nicholas and Judith Hanna as well as John and Diane Fox, not to mention where I met Dallas for the first time. I wasn't able to spend as much time there as I would have liked but the time was quite worthwhile and, because of the set-up of the con, I got to meet a lot of fans in the Southern Cross. But there were some, it seemed, who could only be seen in the Fan Lounge or on their way to parties.

Anyway, at about 5:30 p.m. I headed back to the Southern Cross and reported in to the CQ to get my evening assignment -- Den Mother for a group of Masquerade entrants. I didn't have to report for that duty until about 7:30 p.m. as the Masquerade had been

pushed back until about 9:00 so I stuck around the CQ helping out John and his crew.

At the Masquerade assembly area photographers (professional and fan) were milling about outside waiting to be let in and Marc Ortlieb and his crew of trusties were trying to get set up. Elayne Pelz was there as was John McDouall, Shayne McCormick, Charlotte Proctor, Paul Stevens and others. Dave Butterfield was helping at the door with one of the regular red-shirted security people.

Elayne requested gophers to fetch cups and straws. I sent two "Doctor Who" fans off to raid the ice machine cup containers on each floor of the hotel and another person off to the CQ to steal the rest of their straws. Lex Nakashima showed up to help distribute ice water to the contestants and, soon after, the photographers were let in.

There was a sort of runway area arranged on one side of the room so the photographers could take pictures of the contestants who wanted to do a walk through and the other half of the room was reserved for the contestants to finish preparations: putting on costumes, repairing costumes or whatever.

My entrants included two duplicated entries: Darth Vader and Pyanfur Chanur. The Darth Vader and Pyanfur who belonged with other Den Mothers arrived before mine did. In fact, my Darth Vader never showed at all even though we called out his name a few times. My own bunch consisted of Automan (Warren Stewart), the Diplomatic Representative of the Kingdom of Oz (Marjii Ellers), a Sandman (Andrew Hawkins), an Elfquest ensemble (Tricia Oswald, Lynette Maher, Lea Arnold and John Heather), Pyanfur Chanur (Barbara de la Hunty), a Klingon Mercenary Tribble Hunter (John Clark) and the missing Darth Vader.

I was there to help them with any problems, make sure their

costumes were tucked in properly and verbally run them through the procedures so that they could go on confidently. I did my best to accomplish all of those tasks. I also helped another costume get fixed up -- an enormous original design of a winged demon. The wings kept slipping out of position a bit early and it took two or three people to get them re-hooked.

The masquerade began and the contestants began to move. Calmly and fairly smoothly because of the preparations of the Den Mothers and other workers. The only problem seemed to be that some of the early contestants were going on and off the stage too fast for the audience and judges to really get a look at them. The word was passed and the rest slowed their pace a bit.

Once my group had all gotten onto the stage, I left the backstage area (where I had stayed until my last person went on) and joined them in the contestants' seating area. I brought the Sandman his glasses at the same time. Then Lex and I distributed water to any of the contestants who had already finished and were thirsty. This caused me to miss the performance of Kathy Sanders and Philip Mercier (from Canada). Ah, well, I missed Marjii's performance as I was backstage with the rest of my group when she went on and she was one of *my* contestants, as 'twere.

But I did manage to see the rest of the show when I wasn't helping take care of the needs of the costumers. This last included sending a runner to tell the backstage crew that the wings on the demon were not going to clear the doorway and the supports for the stage curtains unless people did some fancy dipping at the right moment.

And then came the wait while the judges deliberated. During this time there was a live band, Slippery Jim and the Ratettes, who, in fact, had actually given a



performance before the Masquerade as well. They were quite decent, doing filks set to rock tunes as well as some straight rock music -- mostly early stuff.

The judges came back and announced the various winners -- two of mine were among them. The Klingon Mercenary Tribble Hunter was given the award as Most Humorous and Pyanfur Chanur was Judges' Choice. The huge demon (costumer Lewis Morley's work) won for Best of Show and Best Workmanship. With ample cause, too. It was truly magnificent!

There was only one costume based on the Guest of Honour's works and that was Famulimus from "The Sword of the Lichtor" as portrayed by Nick Stathopolous; it won for Best S.F. Kathy Sanders and her friend Philip won for Best Presentation with their performance of two of the characters from the musical "Cats".

Once it was all over, we herded our charges back into the assembly area so that more photos could be taken and so that they could get whatever help they might need, either to get out of costume

or to locate their own things which had been left behind when going on stage.

I checked the CQ to see if all was going smoothly and then went to the Pancake Parlour with Bruce and Elayne Pelz, Lex Nakashima, Fuzzy Niven, Michelle Coleman-Butterfield and David Butterfield. We sat talking and generally relaxing while having our "midnight snack". Afterwards I went back to the room and crashed for the night. Sunday was due to be hectic.

Once I got myself out of bed the following morning, I had breakfast, again at the Pancake Parlour, and went up to open up the CQ. John McDouall arrived shortly after I did and we agreed to conspire to keep Ben Yalow out of the room this day since he'd been seeing nothing of the convention other than the WSFS Business Meetings and the CQ. We thought it was time he saw more of it, so when he arrived we chased him out -- I think it was a bit of a surprise to him.

Around 9:50 a.m. I headed for my next stint on the DUFF table in the Fan Lounge. Since Marc Ortlieb had informed me earlier that I didn't have to attend the panel I was scheduled for, I have Seen The Light, if I didn't want to, I opted out.

Jim Gilpatrick, the moderator, had explained the panel to me the day before. He said it was a humorous panel aimed at "converting" a "media fan" from the audience into a "trufan". I explained to Jim that I could only be on the panel if he wanted a Devil's Advocate since I'd be useless at pretending to convert anyone into a "trufan". He didn't seem too delighted by the idea of having a Devil's Advocate but later that day, Cath Ortlieb found me and asked if I could be Devil's Advocate on the panel!

When Marc came back to me on the Sunday saying I could drop out if I wanted, I felt they probably

didn't need a Devil's Advocate and I certainly needed the extra time. Which gave me a free block of time until 2:00 p.m. So, of course, I spent two hours on the DUFF table instead of one and then I reported back to the CQ.

I actually spent most of the day in the CQ even though I was an Area Marshall from 2:00-8:00 p.m. The area I was in charge of was, after all, just around the corner in Ballroom A of the hotel so I could go back and forth very easily. The first panel in Ballroom A had some slight problems getting started because they decided to switch their slides from their own carousel to ours at the last minute. But underway they did get, eventually, and otherwise things went pretty smoothly.

There was the matter of having to take one panelist's remote control for the slide carousel away, but we gave him a slide operator so he had no problems continuing. The problem he *did* have was that he told us his presentation was a half hour in length and then decided to take an hour. Since he started a quarter hour late, there *wasn't* an hour of free time available. I had to cut him off so his next panel (on which he was simply one of the panelists instead of the only panelist) could begin.

The Hugos had been scheduled for 8:00 p.m. but that was moved back to 9:00 as I found out at 7:30 when I went to assemble in Ballroom A as the Hugo nominees had been told to do. So I went back to the CQ for an hour. Neil Kaden was good enough to give me a neck and shoulder rub as I was quite tense. I did *not* really want to be in the Hugos -- Hell! we might win! No way I wanted to get up in front of everyone if I could avoid it.

Anyway, we were in place up at the front when it all began with Neil Kaden seated with us as our guest. They started with some of the "lesser" awards (at least to *some* people), so we got to see

LOCUS collect for Best Semiprozine, Dave Langford collect for Best Fan Writer, Alexis Gilliland collect for Best Fan Artist, Terry Carr collect for Best Pro Editor, and FILE 770 collect for Best Fanzine. Thank Ghod for Mike Glycer!

Unfortunately, he announced that he wouldn't allow FILE 770 to be placed in contention for 1986. Hopefully, this will not foul things up too much. I am not prepared to have HTT win one of these. At least, not yet.

The ceremonies had been going at a good pace so far in spite of a problem with the slide projectors -- the carousels were in the five machines in the wrong order. Since they were being run fully automatically and could not be switched to manual operation, this meant that the names of the nominees were appearing on the screen in the wrong order. Marc Ortlieb, who was mc'ing, decided to press on in spite of it all.

At the point where they took a break in the award-giving for readings from the John W. Campbell Award nominees, I decided that I was tired of freezing to death and fled the hall in search of pretzels and other heat-giving foods. I found them in the CQ as well as someone willing to give a warm hug. Within a half hour my system was back in balance and I was no longer so cold. And the Hugos had let out. Oh, well, I could always read the winners in the daily newszine.

The programming sub-committee had planned a panel with Marty on it called Sex In Science Fiction, but when the Hugos were moved back an hour they cancelled it. When this was announced to the people who showed up anyway, the audience decided to hold the panel anyway. A very successful impromptu panel it turned out to be from all reports.

I did not attend, though. I stayed in the CQ until it closed for the night and then headed for the L.A.Con III party. They had

had a problem with their party flyers being taken down earlier in the day and I had narrowed the suspects down to hotel staff. A little deduction led to the conclusion that the hotel objected to the word "wine" so we removed it from the new batch of flyers and these stayed up.

The party itself was kind of fun and I collected my Marilyn Pride rock from Lex who had picked it up for me from the Art Show. Around 1:00 a.m. I told Marty I'd be coming up soon and went back to talking with Doug Girling, a Vancouver fan. Not too much later Bruce Pelz announced he was falling asleep and could we all throw ourselves out soon.

Doug and I went up to my floor, which turned out to be his as well, talking all the way. And then we stood and talked. And talked. All the while listening to the strange noises from the elevators and the ice machine. Quite spooky and funny in the wee hours of the morning. We were joined for a short while by one of the tech services volunteers (the guy from Wisconsin whose name *still* eludes me), but he pushed off to bed and left us talking.

Eventually, one of the elevators arrived and stayed. And stayed. We couldn't see inside it from where we were standing so we moved to find out what was going on. There was the Bellman with the morning papers! A quick look at the clock and we realised we had been talking for several hours. It was 4:00 a.m. Me, who promised to be right up! Yipe!

So we headed off to our separate rooms. I got scolded by Marty for my lateness until I pointed out that staying up arguing about it wouldn't help. So we both went to sleep.

Monday, I awoke at 7:36 a.m. and rushed through dressing so I could make it to the CQ on time. I grabbed the little packs of cookies the hotel always left in

the room, a couple of small cans of Coca-Cola and was off while Marty was still showering.

The programme for the day had been so completely changed that they issued a new schedule which was available at CQ and elsewhere. By the new schedule, my first panel was the Vogon Poetry Reading at 11:30 instead of 12:30, so I worked in the CQ until 11:00 and headed over to the Sheraton with Marty, who had not yet been over to that hotel.

Marty had been sure he'd hate this "media" programme, but he got into the swing of things very early and appeared to have a lot of fun. Most of the poetry was disgusting but not necessarily bad. However, there were two stand-outs who had the audience groaning and we therefore had only to choose between them for 8th and 9th place (in Vogon poetry, the lower the placement, the better -- or something like that). The final placement had one fellow who gargled his poem (with translator providing words in English) which

could have passed for a cooking course for monsters come in 9th and another (Ian Gunn) who recited snatches of phrases and songs from U.S. t.v. shows in non-existent order come in 8th.

I went back to the CQ while Marty headed for the Victoria. About 1:30 p.m. I headed for the Fan Lounge in the Victoria as I was due to sit at the DUFF table for a couple of hours before my last panel. During the first hour of this time, the panel in the room was Humour: Is Fandom That Funny? One of the highlights of this panel was Joseph Nicholas demonstrating the Astral Leauge initiation test followed by Judith Hannah also trying to do it. Judith, unfortunately, got stuck.

Bob Shaw had a natter session after the first panel and then it was the panel What Is This Thing Called Fandom? with Marty as moderator, myself, Maureen Garrett and Malcolm Edwards as panelists. We started about a quarter hour late with Malcolm missing and got in a good half hour discussion (in spite of some people refusing to shut up in the area behind the panel table) before having to close it off early so that those who had to be at Closing Ceremonies could dash back to the Southern Cross. This group included Marty and me, so we charged out at the jog.

Marty and I were seated in the front again -- this was getting to be kind of nice, front seats for all the main events because of our being DUFF winners. The ceremonies went quite smoothly, though they held one surprise for us.

The committee had arranged for small gifts for *all* their guests including Marty and I, so we got to go up and say thank you. As this came after the Chair thanking all the people who worked on the con and his singling out Elayne Pelz and myself for our invaluable assistance, I was more than delighted to get a chance to say thank you in return. Most



specifically a chance to say thank you to them for letting me work the con.

The committee, the staff of the con, in fact all of the Aussies had been absolutely marvelous to us during not just the con but for our entire trip; it was nice to have an opportunity to thank them publicly. And, for letting me, the incurable workaholic, work their convention, there simply weren't enough thanks in the world. It was great to operate on a more or less normal level throughout the con and thus *not* get the all-too-common migraine caused by too much time on my hands.

After the ceremonies, we went to dinner with the Pelzes, Mike Glycer and Fred Patten at a Chinese restaurant near the Pancake Parlour. The food was superb and the service excellent. And the conversation was, as always with Mike Glycer and Bruce Pelz involved, *very* enjoyable.

Then it was back to the CQ and help close it up for the night. Once it had closed, we all headed for the Dead Dog party. I went in company with Marty and Bruce Pelz but ended up sitting on the floor with John McDouall and ??Chris?? Strong (lovely memory for names I have, eh?). Eventually we decided to wander and got told by Marty and Larry Niven that they were going to Larry's room if we cared to join them. John and I said we'd do so in a bit and continued on. I wanted to show him some of the pins I got in the dealers room and help him check out the security Dead Dog party.

As an aside, John McDouall is the world's cutest and cuddliest male. It's a damn shame that neither he nor Marty would let me take him home. **sigh**

Anyway, the security party was quiet enough so we went up to Larry's room for some quiet conversation. Soon after, Fuzzy got in from dinner, and Marty and I went off to bed -- an early night for a change.

Tuesday morning, after my shower, I did some packing, then Marty and I went to breakfast together before coming back to finish packing. Once that was out of the way, we checked out, putting our luggage into the hotel's storage area to await Cath Ortlieb's arrival with transportation to their home.

Now there was time to just relax and say goodbye to people as they passed. At 11:30 I went up to the CQ to say goodbye to my special gang of nuts (though I had already said goodbye to Ben -- he left Monday). They tried to chase me out thinking I'd come back to work some more, but I told them I'd only come to say my farewells while I could and they settled down.

Soon after, Cath arrived in her father's station wagon and we piled in and headed for the Ortlieb abode. There was quite a gang there to greet us: Lise Eisenberg, Phil Martin and Linda Lounsbury, and, once they got back from their walk, Charlotte Proctor and Bob Shaw.

Cath went out to pick up lunch for the bunch while Phil and Linda went on a separate errand. After a fish and chips lunch, Cath, myself, Phil, Lise, Linda and Bob all went on a sightseeing tour to Murchison Falls through some very beautiful countryside. On our return, Marc prepared supper (Shepherd's Pie) and the evening was one of quiet chatter and some star gazing. This last activity was kind of exciting for me. For the first time in my life I managed to pick out specific stars with only spoken instructions. In the past I've always had to have them literally pointed out. So I got to see the Southern Cross and was able to pick it out easily any time that I chose to look that way again. Considering my abysmal failure for all of my life to *ever* find the Big Dipper, this was really something.

Marty and I had the living room couch while Charlotte and



Lise had cots in the Library, Bob had a cot in the den and Phil and Linda were off in another bedroom. Marc and Cath got their own bed, of course.

Wednesday morning, bright and early, Marc and Bob departed to catch a bus in order to catch a train into downtown Melbourne. This was so that only seven people with luggage for four would need to fit into the station wagon for the trip to town where four of us would be departing the group in order to catch flights out of Australia for home. The logistics for use of the only shower had been worked out the night before and by 8:30 a.m. we were all ready for the trip to the Victoria Hotel where Phil and Linda were leaving their luggage for a bit (until later in the day when it was time for them to head to the airport for their late flight) and where Marty and I were to catch the bus to the airport (we had an earlier flight and would not be able to sightsee as the other two would).

We arrived just in time for our bus and encountered Bob and Marc on our mad dash to catch it. The first bus we got on was just to bring people to the main depot where a larger bus awaited to take us to the airport. We were too early for check-in for our flight

so we took turns wandering about with the other watching the luggage. Once we were able to check the luggage through, we went and paid the departure tax and then had lunch. After which we went through the security checkpoint to the departure gate area. There we did some last minute shopping while waiting for them to post exactly *which* gate our plane would be using.

Once we got to that gate we encountered several fans who were also heading home via Auckland -- though we were connecting to different flights in New Zealand. On the plane we found ourselves just in front of Alexis and Doll Gilliland. We ended up talking together for much of the trip to Auckland. In New Zealand, the fannish group broke up. Most of the fans, including the Gillilands, headed off for their connecting flight to LAX via Nandi and Honolulu, while Mike Glycer headed out of the airport for a one week visit to New Zealand and Marty and I settled down to await our connecting flight. During the wait I bought one of the New Zealand rugby shirts that had so enthralled me on the journey to Australia and which had *not* been available in Oz, in spite of Marty's assurances that they would be.

The flight to Papeete was spent by me sleeping. Faaa Airport, though, was stunningly beautiful and well worth waking up to. I was very sorry my camera was out of film and so got left on the plane. If I'd realised what I was going to miss I would have brought it out and bought more film *just* to get some of the magnificent scenery on film.

Then the final flight to L.A. Again I slept most of the time. The only incident worth mentioning on the return trip was my temporarily losing my Resident Alien card on board the plane just before getting off in L.A. When I got to Customs and Immigration and found it missing I quite panicked.

I ran back and checked our route from the plane as well as doing fast check of the plane itself, but to no avail. The Customs and Immigration agent was nice enough to let me into the U.S. on a temporary Visitor's visa and when we checked with the Air New Zealand desk upstairs they were able to find my card on the floor of the plane. It meant I would have to take the Alien card down to Immigration within a week or two to have the Visitor's visa cancelled out, but at least it was found.

Thus passed our DUFF trip into history. But what a crazy, wonderful, exciting trip! One to remember always. The people who were *so* nice to us and *so* great to meet. The scenery, the places. Personally, I want to go back as soon as can be managed to take in the rest of Australia. There's so much we missed.

---Robbie Cantor

