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## Guest spot:

### **Taiga! Taiga!**

by Elaine Cochrane

**(Elaine wrote the following for *Weeders Digest*, her contribution to *The Secret Garden*, the gardening apa. Here's all the latest news from 59 Keele Street.)**

Recently it has been made compulsory in Victoria to register pet cats. (It's been compulsory for dogs for years.) This is intended to aid local authorities in controlling stray and feral cats and irresponsible owners, and I have no quarrel with that.

One part of the legislation allows cat owners to be fined if their cats are on other people's premises without permission. I wasn't expecting any problems there — the offended person has to go through a complaints procedure first, and Robert, whose back fence abuts our side fence, said long ago 'I like your ginger cat. I used to have a mouse before he started coming around' — but it did get me thinking about how I could restrict the moggies to the back and side yards if I had to.

In mid-April, Theodore, the ginger cat who really does think he's Ghod's Ghift, went and got himself locked into a factory some five minutes' walk away. On a Friday, so he had to wait there until dawn on the Monday before I could ask for him back. The extraction of said mog, which was not successful until the Tuesday evening, involved great courtesy on behalf of the factory management and workers and the use of Bruce's very long arm to reach behind a stack of pallets to grab him by the scruff of the neck. So I started thinking seriously about how to fence the yard, and rang a fencing contractor to come do a measure and quote.

Then, a week later, Oscar, who is large and fluffy and twelve years old but who still thinks of himself as the starved six-week-old kitten that John Bangsund and Sally Yeoland found under their house, disappeared between a Saturday afternoon and 3 a.m. the following Monday. Still don't know where he was, but he was very pleased to be home again — not least because from the flood in the litter tray he obviously had not had a pee the whole time he was locked in wherever.

(These events had precedents. Julius vanished without trace. Sophie once disappeared for eight days; we have Sophie because TC spent five days locked in the office building next door and he was replaced before we found out where he was; we lost count of the number of times Lulu was locked into the factory across the road. (They have a mouse problem.) To say nothing of fight injuries (apart from the usual abscesses, Theodore once got a claw in the eye and Muffin died from FAIDS), and the danger in crossing roads (Lulu's fate.)

By the time the fencer turned up I'd managed to work out something feasible and affordable. I blocked off all the spaces under and through the fences, and wired heavy stiff clear plastic to the six-foot wire mesh fences and gates where the roses haven't climbed yet (the same sort of plastic can be nailed around tree trunks to protect the trees from possums — the common brush-tail is cat-sized and roughly squirrel-like, and can be destructive). I tied shade cloth above the part of the back fence between our toilet and our office neighbour that was within cat jumping distance, and chicken wire blocking access to the toilet roof, and had the fencer put up swimming pool safety fence (closely spaced vertical bars with no horizontals apart from the top and bottom struts) on the tops of the brick fences that were within jumping distance. (One of these fences is between our yard and Robert's, so I had to ask permission. His only concern was that the mice would come back.) I also had to cut down my crepe myrtle, which Polly used to climb to jump over the back fence when she was too lazy to go through the cat hole cut into the fence, and the trunk of the long-dead peach tree that they all (except TC, who's too arthriticky) used to get onto the toilet and laundry roof.

Theodore got out the first night, but I found the spot and blocked it. He got out again a week later, but I found and blocked that spot too. Since then it has worked, for all except Polly. Unlike the rest of the household, Polly is slim-line, and she just jumps to the

top of the low (five-and-a-bit foot) brick wall between our yard and Robert's, and dissolves her bones and pours herself through. When I told Robert he wanted to know if she'd eat mice like Theodore did. (She does, but she's not a great mouser because she's blind and deaf on one side.)

Theodore was pacing the yard like a caged tiger at first, but except at dusk, when the mousing switch comes on automatically, he now seems reconciled to the loss of his huge territory. The others aren't too worried.

## Stuff you gotta watch

### Mailing comments

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#### MAILING No. 169, FEBRUARY 1996

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##### Alan Stewart: YTERBIUM No. 39

Re the *Herald Sun* article about the Wangaratta *Star Trek* gathering: What does a 'roaring hoard' sound like? A screaming stockpile? A caterwauling cache?

I've read two books on your Feb.-Apr. reading list: Greg Egan's *Distress* (see review elsewhere in this issue) and the Chandler *From Sea to Shining Star* collection.

Of your 'TV and Video' list, I've seen *Back to the Future III* (just as enjoyable as the other two, although I enjoyed *II* more than *I* or *III*). Of your 'Films' list, I've seen (and recommend) *Ed Wood*. I'm astonished that the Astor crowd didn't appreciate *Ed Wood*: I would have thought the film was made for a hip, with-it audience (us).

##### Cath Ortlieb: YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED No. 44

Don't mind my whinge about your 'Continuing Disasters Among the Ortliebs'. This is the most exciting section of each mailing. What will befall Cath, Marc, Natalie and Michael *this* time? Will Superman save them from a collapsing building yet again? Can Batman get the virus antidote to Burwood *this* time? Thank ghod the answer is yes.

Surely head lice can only have struck Natalie if they are turning up all around Melbourne? Only two cases occurred the whole time I was at primary school. Obviously head lice, like polio, almost disappeared in the 1950s. If head lice are returning, what other 'eradicated' oddities are also returning?

I think I made some crass remark at a recent K&Ms showing that I hadn't yet read in ANZAPA about the loss of Ursula. Sorry. It always takes me awhile to catch up with the mailings. The worst part about cats dying is that they usually need euthanasia. Only one of our cats has died overnight; another was killed by a car and another disappeared. But with the others, there comes a time when we have to tell the vet to Do It. See Elaine's Guest Spot for news of feeble attempts to give our cats long lives.

Good news about the success in finding new kittens for the household.

##### Eric Lindsay: KINGDOM OF THE BLAND

Thanks again for *The Secret Guide to Computers*. Windows

95 has made some sections of the book out of date, but it fills a lot of holes in my meagre knowledge.

An example: On one of those radio programs answering people's questions about computers, the commentator used the term CMOS for ten minutes without explaining it. I reached for my *Secret Guide* to find out something I didn't know before. It turns out there is a virus that turns off the CMOS each time you turn off your computer, but does not switch off your date and time settings. Confuses the computer service division no end.

##### Jean Weber: WEBER WOMAN'S WREVENGE No. 49 JEANZINE No. 109

Thanks for Dropping some Well-remembered Names in your trip report. It's a pity that Linda Bushyager has stopped publishing fanzines again. Weller sent her current address. Maybe she will swap a letter or two.

Thanks for the copy of Here&Now. Eric warned me not to run it under Windows 95, so I've installed it on Elaine's computer (Windows 3.1). It still won't read the diskettes that Doug Barbour sent me. I'll write back to him Real Soon Now to find out what he thinks he's sending me. He's sent paper versions of the same material, about 20,000 words of pure Barbourese, so I'd like to be able to read his diskettes.

Thanks for Paula Johanson's piece. Ted Sturgeon was one of the most vivid people I met during my trip to America in 1973. I was privileged to be part of an audience listening to him tell stories about the three great editors he had written for. (Campbell and Gold are the two names I remember; surely Boucher was the other.) He hoped to visit Australia in 1975, but even in 1973 he had no money. He's one author I have yet to read extensively; Paula's recall of 'The Golden Helix' whets the appetite.

I'm always annoyed with myself because I read slowly. The advantage of this 'handicap' is that I can slow down my reading speed enough to read poetry and 'poetic' prose. That assumes the writer can convince me that it's worth my while to make the effort.

##### Gerald Smith and Womble: RAMBLINGS No. 1

I'm still hoping for *your* Top 100 Authors, Gerald.

George Turner has sent me a list, but has squibbed it: he's opted for a Top 100 Novels. When constructing my 'Top 100 Writers', I made an immediate off-the-cuff list of 25 super-favourite writers. Looking around the book shelves produced a total of 140 writers, which I cut back to 100.

I'm not particularly 'diligent' in preparing my lists, because I keep them up to date week by week. All I have to do at the end of the year is compile my Best of the Year from the lists that are already there. The only difficulty I have is with my Favourite CDs for the Year. Usually it takes more than twelve months to listen to a year's CDs. I still haven't compiled my CDs list for 1994.

**John Newman: COLLOQUY**

You don't say which types of software you sell. If you set up in business in Melbourne, sold the sort of software in which I'm interested, and took the trouble to know what you were talking about, you'd have my custom. Once the word got around, you'd make a fortune. If you were able to set up a bug-free Windows 95 system, you'd make a vast fortune.

**Leanne Frahm: SUNBIRD No. 5**

Thanks for your Report at Fifty. I hope I can say next year, on my fiftieth birthday, that 'I'm feeling and looking fitter than I did at forty'. Feeling better, certainly, thanks to the chiropractic profession. Looking better? I can't stop my hair from going grey or the hairline from receding. Nothing stops the waistline expanding.

I'm still trying to extract a copy of your little book from the dreaded Justin Ackroyd. No luck so far.

Re your reply to Weller: I don't know what it's like where you are, but these days in Melbourne you could buy a computer package as amazing as hers for a reasonable price. Real prices keep hurtling down.

As somebody has probably already told you, the poem recited at the funeral in *Four Weddings and a Funeral* is by Auden, not Yeats. 'Stop all the clocks' is the first of two poems under the title 'Two Songs for Hedli Anderson'. I would have rung to tell you this, but your phone number does not appear in ANZAPA.

**Lyn McConchie: FAN'ATIC Nos. 51 and 51.5**

I don't know whether to be envious of you for seeing all those places and people in America, or sympathetic because of all the travel you had to do. Exhausting and exhilarating.

**Michael O'Brien: MODULE Nos. 118 and 119**

I assume you saw Tim Bowden's TV documentary about visiting Antarctica. The first and last episodes give lots of good publicity to Hobart. Elaine is much more adept at chatting to local people than I am. She discovered that one of the women who runs a printery in our street spent a year in Antarctica at Casey and a year at Macquarie Island. Her family shouted her an air round-trip to Antarctica for her birthday; as she flew over the continent she was so overcome by nostalgia that she felt like jumping from the plane.

When last I looked, McGill's still stocked the SF magazines, but they no longer appear in suburban newsagents. When I discovered the SF magazines in the

early 1960s, they were all in the newsagents. I assume this is also happening in America; the circulation of all the magazines is dropping rapidly. Do *Slow Glass* and *Minotaur* stock the magazines? I guess so, but I should never assume anything about the Ackroyd Empire.

Best line of the mailing: 'Some people are talking about a hung parliament; personally I think most of them should be drawn and quartered.'

We spend all day flinching as the phone goes. Why would anybody want to carry a phone all day? Paradise is escape from the telephone.

*The Age* has just made its first addition in more than twenty years to its daily comics page: *The Phantom!* But what a travesty of the comic book I once collected. It is credited to 'Lee Falk', but two unknown artists put their signature to it. The artwork is atrocious.

Your friend 'Kate': surely she spends all her life in perpetual rage! To judge from the letters page of the *Age Green Guide*, the TV channels treat any good program with absolute contempt, cutting bits here, changing transmission time there, and dropping transmission for weeks at a time. No wonder I watch almost no television.

The only Quatermass production I've seen is the wonderful *Five Million Years to Earth*, one of the few SF films for which I feel any affection. I've never seen any of the Quatermass TV series or the other films that were based on them.

**Sally Yeoland: LE CHAT PARTI No. 22**

The worst part about election night is that the Coalition in government is proving to be very much worse than we thought they might be. Costello and Howard are exactly the fascist swine I always thought they were, except when handing out election promises. Because most people expect politicians to break election promises, they might even get away with mayhem. I never thought I'd miss Keating, of all people, but the new mob make him seem like an apostle of truth and light.

I haven't asked you recently about your strained finger. I assume that it has slowly healed, but I should have asked.

It sounds as if Tia and Lolly are even more effective dictators than our gang. Lining up at the bedroom door at 9.30 p.m.! Do they wear watches?

Who precisely is supposed to employ all these sacked public servants? About a year ago, Phil Ruthven, Australia's media futurologist, was cheerily predicting a hum-dinger of a recession/depression during the next few years. He based his prediction on his elaborate theory of 'cycles'; he didn't predict that the new government would deliberately create the next depression.

When I was in America, I found ducted heating hard to get used to. Most Americans set the home thermostat much too high for an Australian who is accustomed to rooms warmed by stand-alone heaters. Americans who visit here in winter feel cold; perhaps we should warn 1999 visitors to stay in air-conditioned hotels or head straight for the Great Barrier Reef instead of bunking down with Melbourne fans after the world convention.

**Terry Frost: WEST BRUNSWICK, 3055**

I hope that moving has in fact made life much more

bearable. It was a bad move to stay at the scene of the catastrophe.

Losing one's cat is another matter. It's too late for us to be saying sorry, but right this minute is the first time I realised that Emma Peel had died. Cats do that quite often around here, but the monotony of the occurrence doesn't help much. TC is on his last legs — it's his legs that have nearly packed up, whereas the rest of him is surviving. He's still eating well, and he still give Polly or Sophie a whack around the ears if they try to steal his electric cat mat. (Geoff Roderick has lent it to us to keep TC happy during winter.) TC can hardly get to his water bowl, let alone stagger outside. We just don't know how many days he has left.

Your description of your Sydney holiday almost gets me to break my ban on interstate travel. It's 21 years since I've visited Sydney. Might be nice at this time of the year, especially as paying work has suddenly become scarce. But that means I can't afford to spend money. There goes the Sydney holiday.

I wish I could get worried about the Ditmar results, although I agree with you about most of the Perth results. You worry because you don't receive the Ditmars you deserve; I can never work out why anybody gives me them in the first place. I'm grateful for occasional manna.

#### **Weller: BURY MY SOUL AT EXIT 63 No. 30**

Surely you could construct your new computer *à la carte*? All the people at the store had to do, surely, was install another memory module to take the processor up to 16MB? I say this out of near-total ignorance. Last time we bought a new computer, we commissioned our friendly local brilliant person Richard Hryckiewicz to go out there and buy everything for us. We paid him for his time. This saved us a mega-headache. (For instance, when our monitor wouldn't do anything, Richard worked out that the video card hadn't been attached correctly. We might never have figured that out.)

But isn't it fun spending all that money on one gorgeous gigantic toy, even if it takes many hours and yet another return to the store to get it to work?

Yes, *The Coodabeens* were axed nationally. I doubt if anybody except Michael O'Brien bothers to listen to 3LO on Sunday nights now. I wasn't a regular listener to *The Coodabeens* because I listen to Radio National on Sunday nights, but they were were pretty sharp when I did hear them.

Re publicising A. in 99: I like the idea of naming it TramCon. Of course, if this happened, Kennett would close down the tram service on 1 August 1999.

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### **MAILING No. 170, APRIL 1996**

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#### **Marc Ortlieb: THE MIGHTY WURLITZER No. 170**

Did I say congratulations on your ascension to almighty power? I didn't vote for you, but because of recent happenings at the Yeoland-Bangsund residence, even Sally must be relieved that she didn't win.

Very sorry to see **Noel Kerr** disappear from the apa. One of Alan Stewart's more notable achievements was luring Noel back. I must ring Noel to find out if the Ken Bull listed recently in the *Age's* Deaths column was ANZAPA founder member **Ken Bull**.

Thanks for remembering that **Red Boggs** was, however briefly, once a member of ANZAPA. He was one of the three or four best writers in FAPA during my ten years there, but I had forgotten his stay here.

#### **Eric Lindsay: KINGDOM OF THE BLAND**

I've bought System Commander, but unfortunately only after I had reinstalled Windows 95. I suspect I would have to go back to Windows 3.1, put on System Commander, then put back Windows 95, etc. Not that I can understand the instructions that come with System Commander. They make claims for the ease of installing and operating this program, but then warn that Windows 95 scrubs System Commander after it is installed under System Commander!

I've reached a compromise that enables me to run the two remaining DOS programs, WordStar 6 and WordPerfect 5.1. Under Windows 95, right-click on the MS-DOS icon for the program, open PROPERTIES, open PROGRAM, click on ADVANCED, click on MS-

DOS MODE, then click on 'Use current MS-DOS configuration'. When I want to use WordStar or WordPerfect, the machine reboots to DOS, then brings up the program. This is the only way I can use the printer under either of those programs. When I leave either program, Windows 95 reboots.

Since I don't play computer games, I haven't discovered whether this procedure gets around the horrible problems people are finding when they try to play DOS games under Windows 95.

Thanks for the warning about Windows NT. This is the program that Richard Hryckiewicz was praising as being much better than Windows 95. At least W95 is easy to install; it's a pest because without careful quarantine procedures it captures and overwrites major files from the previous DOS and Windows programs.

#### **Michael O'Brien: MODULE No. 120**

Melbourne's 'loss of innocence' (i.e. the moment after which we said 'Yes, it could happen here') was either the Russell Street car bomb or the Clifton Hill shootings. The former had the greater impact on me, although the latter happened only a mile from our house. It seems that 'it' (the Port Arthur shootings) was more likely to happen in Tasmania than anywhere else, since it has the highest rate of unregistered gun ownership in Australia. At least that's what the newspapers now claim.

The real 'loss of innocence' has been the widespread shooters' rallies throughout Australia, and my realisation that a large percentage of our fellow citizens are

Grade A loonies who need a gun in the house to feel safe.

I'm curious. Just *why* did Keith Curtis strike us off his list of acquaintances, when we were the greatest of buddies until about 1979 or 1980? When Space Age Books fell through in 1985, and before Slow Glass Books was anything more than a gleam in Justin's eye, Keith should have been in a position to step in as supplier of books to Melbourne fandom. Most of us have never heard another thing from him; never a book catalogue, never a 'I thought you might be interested in . . .' phone call. Strange.

For some reason it's 'Champaign', not 'Champaigne', Illinois. Champaign and Urbana are twin university towns on the vast plains that stretch from Great Lakes to Arkansas. It's said that the highest point for hundreds of miles is the top of the freeway overpass at Champaign-Urbana.

Jeff Kennett doesn't need modern technology to institute a repressive dictatorship: all he needs is a two-thirds majority in both Houses, which enables him to change the State Constitution any time he likes. Which is what he does regularly.

I've never heard of *The Beano* or *Dandy*. The comics I craved in the late 1950s were Disney comics, especially *Uncle Scrooge*, or super-hero comics such as *Superman* and *Batman*. I saw almost no English comics, and the only Australian comics I remember were those drawn by Keith Chatto, who seemed to me the best artist in the field. I recognised Carl Barks's style, but his name was not made public until many years later. When I was twelve I decided I was too old for comics, so I sold or gave away all of them except the *Uncle Scrooge* comics, which I still have somewhere.

How could anybody be nostalgic about 1987, or even 1977? They are just an eye-blink away! 1967, maybe. Third year Arts degree; the best results I ever achieved. I read *ASFR* every month. I was just about to send off my subscription to John Bangsund, join fandom, and change my life absolutely.

As offshoots of *Star Trek* fill up more and more television time, they give me more and more excuses not to turn on the TV set. Add sports telecasts to *Star Trek* offshoots: they've left almost no watchable time on the box.

The point of Port Arthur is that loonies we have with us always, but until recently we haven't given them semi-automatic rifles to play with!

I like the idea of your Radio Round-up, but since I never listen to commercial radio, I'm not interested in radio's potential to make money for investors. If I were dictator, I would get rid of commercial radio, and leave only the ABC and community stations. Current federal government attacks on the ABC could mean that many Australians who have gained access to Radio National only in recent years will have their brains cut off again.

#### **Leanne Frahm: ANOTHER FROGGIN' FANZINE No. 1**

Have I missed something? Which 'new graphic and fonts pack and destop publishing program' did you receive as a Mother's Day present? Or do you mean MS Works? I had that on the computer for a few days, but MS Office made it unnecessary to keep it.

The other day I saw the Corel Travelling Road Show, Corel's presentation of its new products. I arrived too late to see the demo of WordPerfect 7, but I did see a mindblowing presentation of Corel Ventura 7, which should be available soon. As long as Ventura 7 doesn't inherit the bugs that makes Corel Ventura 5 almost impossible to use! Among other features, Ventura 7 will have all the drawing capabilities of Corel Draw 5 as standard features. And like any other Corel product, it will have the standard 10,000 pieces of clip art and several hundred fonts.

'Where did you say the Worldcon was in 99?' The Corel Road Show was presented in the room that will be the main auditorium for Aussiecon III: the ballroom at the World Congress Centre, Flinders Street, Melbourne. Very comfortable facilities.

Okay, which fonts did you use *this* time? Not that it's much use telling me, since the same font probably has a different name in my system. The great thing about getting into fonts, which I did only a year and a half ago, was gaining access to good old Baskerville. In the early 1980s I used Baskerville for every Norstrilia Press book. My other favourite is Garamond.

Elaine and I are self-employed, but we're not entrepreneurs. We think ourselves lucky to earn the equivalent of a good salary each. There were plenty of years (such as the early 1980s) when we had to split the equivalent of one salary between the two of us.

I haven't got to the paper-burning stage yet, since I'm not yet fifty. Even if I do, I will also keep all the letters, which go back to late 1967.

I'm glad you can describe the overhead whizzo docket-carrier better than I ever could. The last place in Melbourne that I remember such a system in action was Cheshire's giant basement book store in Little Collins Street. (Cheshire's went broke in 1972.) When the overhead whizzo was mentioned in a radio program recently, a listener rang to say that such a system still exists in a Hattam's store in a beachside suburb. They should charge customers to see it working.

If you want to settle for Corel Draw 3, you can buy it in any Melbourne software store for under \$100. Of course, if you want to start at the top, you would need to buy Corel Draw 6 (for Windows 95 only) at about \$680. But wait! There's more! Corel Draw 7 will be released soon! The nice thing about Corel is that it keeps each of its Draw programs (from 3 onwards) in production. And that's because each of them offers a quite different CD-ROM of 10,000 pieces of clip art and several hundred fonts.

Re Ditmars: why do you need a conspiracy theory to explain what can be explained by sheer incompetence?

You can keep frogs and snakes all to yourself up there in darkest Mackay. Great story, though.

#### **Marc Ortlieb: STAIRWAY TO CLEVELAND No. 2**

Your list of apas: Item 16 was, I think, *The Grong Grong Gazette*. You'll have to ask Randal Flynn, since he's the only person who might remember its name.

Web pages and fanzines: Thanks for putting into words matters that I've been thinking about (sort of) but can't make sense of. My standard response to Web pages, the Net, etc. is: 'Nothing exists until it is written

down.' None of the millions of words that are flashing about out there exist until somebody makes a paper copy. Nothing exists without its history; the Net could be seen as wiping out the possibility of creating history. Mass brain evisceration. Except, of course, that many people are grabbing information from the Web and using it in real documents.

The problem with Web fanzines was discussed at Arcon: the Web fanzine cannot be sent to any particular 'reader'. All you can do is offer it and hope that somebody reads it. The essence of the fanzine is that I send it to the people I want to see it. And (as far as I can tell) the only way I can send a fanzine over the Net to a particular fan is via primitive ASCII. The whole pleasure of publishing using a computer — multiple fonts and DTP — has been lost! Until everybody on the Net has a layout-reading program, fanzine editors in particular have been sent back to the Stone Age.

'Where are those crispy paper letters we used to get before the Net?' I still get them, because I publish a paper fanzine for people who are still (mainly) not on the Net. The long-letter response to the latest *TMRs* has been wonderful. I have another 100-page issue sitting there already, but no money to publish it. I also have a 100-page *SFC* in the folder, but no money to publish it.

Here is where I hit my pet obsession: money, and the lack of it. The two most recent *TMRs* cost more than \$4000 to print and post. This sum helped to bankrupt me for the rest of the 1996. Yes, I realise that it would cost less than \$1000 to buy a modem, join the Net, and set up a Web page. But if I published that way, I would save nothing.

When in doubt, do nothing. Since I'm broke, that's what I'm doing. At least literate people still have apas to play around in.

### **Sally Yeoland: LE CHAT PARTI No. 23**

I can hardly say to you 'What a lot has been happening to you and John lately!' because I've already heard most of these events directly from you and John. I had not heard the whole story of John's mother; thanks. You have a great ability to bring people in your fanzines. I haven't met John's mother since 1974, but I feel that I know her quite well. Now we find that she is just up Gold Street, in Sambell Lodge. I don't know whether she would know us if we visited her, but perhaps she has heard as much about us from you as we've heard about her.

And of course, we already knew about your new Big Adventure before you wrote about it in ANZAPA. To me it sounds like taking a running dive from the high tower, but when the crocodiles are snapping at your heels, you have to take that dive. Now that I know that you are moving to the Geelong area, I hope we will still see you and John from time to time. It's just that we miss the weekly Friday night dinners at Eastern Inn.

### **Gerald Smith and Womble: RAMBLINGS No. 2**

'Windows with speech' sounds interesting. This computer came with a program called 'Talk-to Plus', which I haven't explored. Tell us more about the program that Womble is using.

Thanks for the information about Margaret Nicholls.

I met Warren only a few times, and Margaret only once. But any death in the SF community is a blow to us all, especially when that person is (as you say) from our age group.

You're wrong, Gerald. The new Australian government is much worse than any of us had feared. I don't see how any worker can survive the next three (or however many) years. I might work freelance, but the amount I can charge per hour depends on the going salary in the industry. Since publishers are skinflints, they will do their best to reduce salaries in the industry to the bare subsistence level that prevailed until the mid-1970s. The horror! I wake up at 5 in the morning thinking how ghastly life in Australia is going to be over the next few years.

(For confirmation of my worst fears, read again your own account of rumours and sackings in the Taxation Department.)

Re authors: *Everybody* can do something that I cannot do, but I don't feel 'awe in the presence' of a good plumber, carpenter or tax accountant. Writing is just another craft; and it's the world's worst-paid craft. I would have more respect for writers if they didn't have such an inflated idea of their own importance. (Wynne Whiteford excepted, of course. George Turner has an ego, but it's an ironical ego. And Roger Zelazny was so modest that he rarely discussed his own work.)

There is no such thing as the 'real world', Gerald. There are only various versions of the real world. The one we have to suffer is the one imposed on us by the most powerful and ruthless people in society. Every action of one of these people diminishes me. I don't forgive any of them. What I'm interested in is the peculiar process by which most people allow a small number of other people the right to wield power over them. All that the majority have to do is disbelieve in these people, and their power disappears. After all, the share market is a fiction that works because people believe in it. All people would have to say is 'Shares have no value' and stop buying them and immediately they have no value. Money itself is a fiction: just pieces of paper. The people with power have no more physical resources than the rest of us. They are in no way better people; usually they are lazier, more profligate, more self-destructive than people such as us, who actually do the work in society. But they retain power by gulling people, which is why the advertising industry is so important to shysters like Kennett. We may be currently covered by dog shit (the products of Kennett, Howard, Costello, Court, etc.) but I refuse to call it anything but dog shit.

And why do you rave about 'Saving! Saving! Saving!' As the economy is currently set up, our economy depends on everybody spending! spending! spending! as fast as possible.

You've got it wrong again, Gerald. Kennett's crime in staging the Grand Prix at Albert Park is the resumption of public land for private purposes — to give vast amounts of money to his best friends. The selling of public resources, such as water and electricity supplies, is also unforgivable.

**David Grigg: MEGATHERIUMS FOR BREAKFAST No. 11**

I got grumpy from answering Gerald Smith (see above) but then you started to talk about music and I felt all gooey again. As I look into the maw of the hellish Australia that is being created today, my only consolations are good friendships, good books, good music and, to a lesser extent, good films. In really bad times, music comes first.

But I feel inside myself absolutely no ability to perform music. I cannot sing. Congratulations on overcoming your doubts and joining the choir.

I have two different versions of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Which one do you want? It must be more enjoyable to perform than to listen to.

For my comments on the Web, see my reply to Marc Ortlieb. Yes, it's cheap and easy to publish on it; but how would I ensure that anything I might publish would get to the people I want to reach?

**Alan Stewart: YTTERBIUM No. 40**

You have a rich and varied life, Alan. I've never been propositioned by a prostitute, and we haven't had a major fire in Keele Street for years. There was a time about fifteen years ago when there was a fire every week in Smith Street. Perhaps the protection racket moved to blacker pastures.

You have an entertaining way of filling your pages with non-original material. But remember that you're no longer OBE. Marc might get shirty about the padding in your contributions.

You've misinterpreted the ending of *Inverted World*. If I find a spare copy, I'll send it to you so that you can read it again.

You're right, Alan. Peter and Elizabeth Darling did turn up at ANZAPACon II, didn't they? Perhaps they will turn up briefly at Aussiecon III.

**James Allen: EDITORIAL TO KALIEN 25**

Thanks for the trip/convention report. This doesn't inspire me to travel to WA by road, but everything I hear about Western Australian conventions makes me want to experience at least one of them in my lifetime (after the matter transmitter is invented).

When I tried to offload my duplicator a few years ago, I had great trouble finding anybody who knew what a duplicator was. This was less than ten years after every office still used one. Like you, in the end I gave mine away to somebody who (a) knew what it was, and (b) knew where to get supplies of ink and paper for it. We also gave away the old XT computer; the bloke who took it knew what to do with it. For us, it was just taking up space.

**Terry Morris: HOLD THAT TIGER!**

We miss you and Hung at Nova Mob. Is there no way you can get from Oakleigh to Brunswick and back again? At least you've stayed in ANZAPA.

Yes, the story of Melbourne is the persecution of the Western suburbs by the Liberals because they don't vote Liberal and the ignorance of them by Labor because they always vote Labor. You'd think the western suburbs electorates would swing occasionally to gain extra parks, perks or public transport.

All pedlars and phone salespersons bug me. Elaine is even ruder to them than I am. Religious converters are special pains in the neck, if only for their assumption that you can't work out your own religious views for yourself. Yes, I know I grew up in an evangelical Christian tradition, but at least Church of Christ people didn't go knocking on people's doors. (Except, I suspect, during the Billy Graham Crusades of the 1950s, which were Really Important Events that Would Change Australia. Billy Graham and Royalty: our heroes in the 1950s.)

Well-written books of history have good plots, but there are few well-written books of history.

Yes, books implore you to keep them, even if you know you'll never read them again. 'But what if you need to look me up again? Please keep me. Please keep me.'

We bought a CD-ROM player because most new software (or at least the complete version) is published on CD-ROM. However, the CD-ROM version of Microsoft Office proved to have bugs that disappeared when we reinstalled Office from the 3.5" diskettes (all 32 of them).

**Cath Ortlieb: YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED No. 45**

Family disasters: it's the amazing diversity of life at the Ortliebs that keeps us reading your contributions with breathless excitement.

But chicken pox! — I can remember chicken pox. If any of us caught chicken pox or measles or diarrhoea or any of those other childhood diseases, it would always be on the first day of the holidays, on the day of the Sunday school picnic, or at some equally inconvenient time. Once we were at Carrum beach with my Auntie Dorrie. I emerged from the shelter shed, stripped ready to plunge into the water, when my aunt spotted my spots. 'Yes,' she said, 'it's measles all right.' I didn't go swimming that day.

Natalie's accidents are a bit more creative than ours were. My sister Robin was always falling over, but she did little damage. I was so reluctant to hurt myself that I didn't break a bone during my entire childhood. (I waited until I was 35.) Jeanette was always doing hair-raising things, but never suffered accidents. She did nearly die, however, when she was a kid, because the inexperienced young doctor at Syndal failed to recognise peritonitis until it was nearly too late. Another two or three hours and we would have been minus one sister.

I wouldn't want to put you off *The Prestige*. Some 'horror' is mere blood and gore, but there is a special kind of horror literature that contemplates the basics of life and death. Chris achieves a transcendent effect in his last few pages. More magic than horror, perhaps; at least, it's something beyond science, although consistent with a Wellsian scientific viewpoint.

**Weller: BURY MY SOUL AT EXIT 63 No. 31**

It's a bit hard to believe that there is no computer version of Scrabble. The game-playing members of this apa have probably already sent you their versions of it.

Thanks for the office cat stories. British fan Maureen Kincaid Speller called her fanzine *Snufkin's Bum*.

Snufkin is one of five cats at the Kincaid Speller residence.

The *Grolier Encyclopedia* is much more detailed than *Encarta*, but because of some peculiarity it runs under Windows 95 but won't run under Windows 3.1. And even then you must make sure that you don't install a later Quicktime (which enables the animated graphics) over the Quicktime that comes with Grolier. Nobody has solved the problem of movie sequences on CD-ROMs. Each program seems to have a different version of Quicktime, and Microsoft offers a different program again. They all clash with each other. For this reason, nobody could run the Bob Dylan CD-ROM (which might explain why it's currently marked down from \$100 to \$10), and the Quicktime on the Rolling Stones *Stripped* CD is different from the one that comes with the *Grolier Encyclopedia* and the *SF Encyclopedia*. When Malcolm Fraser said in 1977 that life wasn't meant to be easy, he was prophesying the personal computer.

Okay, you've got us all intrigued. Finish the story. Who were the *IASFMS* slushpile readers who rode in your car? What wonderful gossip can you tell us about them?

Thanks for Linda Bushyager's address.

Reading your last few pages reduced me to Wearily Wrung-out and Wrecked. Would Sandy survive? Would your parents survive? Would your Uncle Harry survive? Would anybody remotely connected with the Weller clan survive? They did.

#### **Justin Semmel: POLLYANNA**

People who undergo late adolescence really get stuck into it in a big way. Between the ages of 25 and 31 (my late adolescence) I also did a lot of amazingly silly things that I couldn't have done before then, and wouldn't do now. The important thing is not to do anything disastrous, like getting married, while your head is temporarily disconnected from your body. Enjoy all that Deep and Meaningful Stuff while it seems deep and meaningful.

One thing about your account worries me. At least I never got stuck into religion, apart from playing with *I Ching*. And I've certainly never done any self-affirmation. My code is: 'I never feel safe or secure, because the universe is out to get me.' Reassuring religions can do horrible damage if you let them.

Sorry if I sound patronising. I'm just having a laugh at a former version of myself. I didn't bother with drugs, but I consumed awesome quantities of spirits and wine during the two or three years when I needed them. I agree that a person can do amazing things when empowered by the feeling 'I have nothing to lose'.

I haven't read any of the books you mention. I've

heard a couple of tracks by Aimee Mann (impressive), and have Jeff Buckley's enjoyable but fevered *Grace* album. I haven't seen any of the films on your list.

#### **Jeanne Mealy: LAND OF 10,000 LOONS**

Our newspapers hail the start of the next Ice Age each time mid-winter overnight temperatures descend to 2°C (about 35° in ancient Fahrenheit). Newspaper writers would die of purple prose if they encountered Minneapolis weather.

It sounds as if your fifteen-year-old cat is showing the early symptoms of diabetes or kidney disease. Check these out.

I still can't get over the attendance figures for American regional conventions. In the early 1970s, when it began, Minicon fitted its name. It was one of those comfortable small conventions that made people glow when they wrote their convention reports. Attendance each year was about 200. Does any of the old cosiness remain?

I haven't seen *Babe* yet, but I do know that it was filmed on an *Australian* farm, and that it is, apart from the variety of accents, an Australian film. Never confuse us with New Zealand: they have green grass in summer, while ours is brown.

The orthotics only cost about \$300. The entire process of getting my feet fixed cost well over \$1000. The rest of the \$2000 was made up of the usual amount on I spend each year on chiropractic/massage. It was my masseur, Paul, who used a method of pummelling the bones in my foot into submission so that I could walk painlessly again. I still have pain in the foot occasionally, but this time last year I still faced the possibility of suffering acute foot pain for the rest of my life. 1995 was the Year of the Foot.

I still haven't seen *Edward Scissorhands*. I tried watching *Batman* when it was first shown on TV, but it was unwatchable. *Ed Wood* is the film for which Burton should be best known.

Yes, I would like to see a copy of *South of the Moon*, or at least a listing of apas that cater to people interested in classical music. Is CAPRA (the cinema apa) still going? I was a founder member in the 1970s. I take it that APA-45 disappeared some years ago.

No, you won't feel warm enough in most Aussie homes, but I guess you found that out before and after Aussiecon II. Nevertheless I trust that you and John are coming back for Aussiecon III.

I'm a bit surprised that your WisCon report does not mention more Australian fans and writers. Lucy tells me that there were quite a few there.



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## BOOKS READ RECENTLY

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These are books read since 1 March 1996. The ratings are:

\*\* = Books highly recommended.

\* = Books recommended

☞ = Books about which I have severe doubts.

\*\* *Distress*

by Greg Egan (1995; Millennium; 343 pp.)

The book that should have won the Arthur Clarke Award, but it wasn't nominated. *Distress* is a series of dramatic metaphors loosely connected by a plot. The first metaphor in the novel is that of the man who dies, is revived very briefly, and in that moment realises the full horror of his own mortality. The book's other vivid metaphor is that of the island that is made of living matter; the main character descends through the middle of the island, as it dissolves into its constituent living particles. The Theory of Everything, which seems to be the main point of the novel, is shown to be a McGuffin; the main character's experiences during his stay on the mid-Indian Ocean island give him a small key to understanding. A novel that carries echoes of Benford and Bear proves to be a refutation of everything they stand for.

\*\* *Eccentrics*

by David Weeks and Jamie James (1995; Phoenix; 198 pp.)

Jamie James adds a journalist's touch to David Weeks's research into the nature of eccentrics. Weeks found, rather to his surprise, that he was the first person to investigate the subject. Giving a structure to his research proved difficult. *Eccentrics* do not end up in institutions, since they prove to live happy, enjoyable and long lives. The story of formulating research criteria is as interesting as Weeks's conclusions. James, I presume, provides the concise, chatty style and the examples for the historical chapters.

\* *Permutation City*

by Greg Egan (1994; Millennium; 310 pp.)

This is a hard slog, even for an Egan fan such as me. Egan's images for the main characters' ideal city seem to be unoriginal and hardly worth exploring, while the splintering of viewpoints destroys most of one's interest in following the story. For some other reader, the ideas and images might congeal into illuminating metaphors; for me, they just congeal.

\*\* *The Blue Mountain in Mujani*

by Aina Vavere (1988/1990; Penguin; 173 pp.)

Published by Penguin Australia, this fine collection of short fiction about growing up Latvian/Australian was mainly ignored when it first appeared. A pity, since this has the humour and sharpness of observation and dialogue that are hard to find in most Australian general fiction. The main characters are not satisfied with the restrictions of the traditional life style; on the other end, they don't

easily come to terms with things Australian. Vavere lets us experience that knife edge without making easy conclusions.

\* *No Gifts from Chance: A Biography of Edith Wharton* by Shari Benstock (1994; Penguin; 546 pp.)

This was supposed to be the authoritative biography of Edith Wharton, because Benstock was the first writer to have access to the letters from Wharton to her lover during the affair that biographers had not even known about until recently. *No Gifts from Chance* shows that great biography is not founded purely on exhaustive research. Benstock remains outside her subject; she hurries through many matters that should have been explored, and provides too much detail about Wharton's endless wanderings around Europe. Benstock's Wharton is an insider within a lost world of privilege; the author of *The Age of Innocence* was both fully inside and totally outside her own society. Benstock never gets to grips with that outsider quality in Wharton, for that would mean getting to grips with the fiction itself. Benstock is unwilling or unable to do this.

\*\* *Faith Fox: A Nativity*

by Jane Gardam (1996; Sinclair-Stevenson; 312 pp.) Even so perceptive a critic as Brenda Niall (in *The Age*) was inclined to belittle this book because it seemed to deal with minor, domestic matters. A baby is left alive after her mother dies; the characters are trying to work out what to do with the baby. This approach ignores the major, muscular nature of the prose itself; the best prose I've read this year. Gardam has an astonishing ability to create character through dialogue, then weld dialogue and description of landscapes into a metaphor for the world as it is today. Yet Gardam's writing is without pomposity; she does everything through skilful prose and brilliant story-telling.

\*\* *The Memory Cathedral: A Secret History of Leonardo da Vinci*

by Jack Dann (1995; Bantam; 487 pp.)

In writing a novel that seems to account for Leonardo da Vinci's adventures during four years that are lost to historians, Jack Dann has avoided the temptation to write a Moorcock-style SF or fantasy novel. Instead he has attempted to recreate the contradictory chaos of Renaissance Italy, and later the sixteenth-century Ottoman and Arab world. We know that many of Leonardo's inventions might have been built if somebody had had the money and vision to do so. When Leonardo falls foul of nearly everybody in Italy (this process is the most interesting section of the novel) he finds himself whisked off to help found a new empire based on his inventions. Most other SF writers would have made this into a wish-dream narrative; instead Jack Dann constructs an interpersonal labyrinth of betrayal and counter-betrayal. Despite all

the adventures and derring-do, *The Memory Cathedral* is about trying to remain humane within a dehumanised world. But it's a great yarn as well.

\*\* *The Wasp Factory*

by **Iain Banks (1984; Futura; 184 pp.)**

Kev McVeigh wrote a superb essay on this book in my other apa, Acnestis. I hope he'll give me permission to reprint his essay. *The Wasp Factory* keeps undercutting expectations from one chapter to another. I kept thinking I knew what Banks was on about, but I realised from reading Kev McVeigh's essay that I hadn't twigged at all. The naïve-child style works particularly well here: the protestations of innocence (doesn't every child kill a sibling or two when he feels like it?) combined with some wonderfully nasty images gives a sort of airiness to the narrative that stops it from being oppressive horror. I never quite knew what was going on; all suggestions welcome.

\*\* *Lilian's Story*

by **Kate Grenville (1986; Allen & Unwin; 211 pp.)**

Kate Grenville is the first credible successor to Patrick White in Australian fiction. Other would-be Patrick Whites have tried to remind his prolix ambiguous prose, therefore missing White's real concern, the innermost soul of the secret person. Grenville's *Lilian*, the secret person who talks to us in this novel, is said to be based on Bee Miles, a famous Sydney eccentric of the post-war years. Grenville retains the superficial aspects of Miles's life: the background of privilege, the ferociously heterodox opinions, the vagrant's life on the streets, her monstrous weight. What she adds is a complex, finely written inner life, the tale of a soul trying to find some relationship with the world. Very funny, very poignant. A recent Australian film is based on this novel, which is unfilmable, so I've avoided the film.

\*\* *The Moth*

by **James M. Cain (1949; Robert Hale; 356 pp.)**

I can't remember how I came upon this novel. It's an Australian printing of the first British edition; not rare, I suspect, but an interesting curiosity. This edition of *The Moth* suggests that James Cain was doing pretty well in Australia in 1949, although the novel itself is no longer reprinted. A great pity, since it is a major novel about surviving in America through the Depression. The 'moth' of the title is the story-teller, an ordinary chap who seems guaranteed a good living until the Depression hits him and his family. Investments made by his father become valueless. Keeping a good job depends on marrying the boss's daughter. The main character escapes the situation, endures all the vicissitudes of hobo life during the Depression, and fetches up in California, where he begins a new life. A very American tale, but made attractive by Cain's knowledge of the practicalities of staying alive and his brisk, self-mocking style. Cain's work always seems ripe for a major revival; I hope that when it comes *The Moth* will be given back its rightful rank as a major American novel.

\* *Temples of Delight*

by **Barbara Trapido (1990; Michael Joseph; 318 pp.)**

A novel I bought because I read its first paragraph while browsing in a book shop. '[Jem] had appeared, "like a dropped acorn", halfway through the term, halfway through the week, halfway through the Silent Reading Hour.' The relationship between star-struck Alice and Jem, the brilliant girl who gives not a fig for anyone, makes the first half of the novel a sparkling entertainment. With the disappearance of Jem from the school and seemingly from Alice's life, the book bogs down, and never recovers. Which wouldn't have been so bad if, beneath the brilliance of Trapido's bantering observation, she hadn't revealed a heart of pure Mills & Boon. If you like conventionally romantic novels, you'll probably like the second half.

\*\* *I Served the King of England*

by **Bohumil Hrabal (1989; Chatto & Windus; 243 pp.)**

Nudging *Faith Fox* and *Lilian's Story* for best novel of 1995 is this bracing breeze of a novel by the major Czech novelist of the generation that lived during World War II. Like many of the best novels I've read in recent years, this is told from the viewpoint of a *faux naïf*, a chirpy little chap who aims to become a head waiter, then during the ups and downs of the Nazi Occupation becomes first the owner of a restaurant, then a prisoner in the world's most easy-going prisoner-of-war camp. All these high jinks have, no doubt, a vast layer of meaning for the book's Czech readership. For me, the author has a great ability to be inside the main character and outside him. Hrabal 'paints' the mind of the main character, blending it like an art object into his picture of the land itself as it survives that period between 1920s and the late 1940s. A book of many intoxicating pages.

☞ *Shroud for a Nightingale*

by **P. D. James (1971; Sphere; 323 pp.)**

From the sublime (Hrabal) to the mechanical (James). It's as if P. D. James bought a textbook on how to construct a mystery novel, then painfully built one. Creak, grind, creak. There's not much point solving the mystery if you don't give a stuff about any of the people who are threatened or who might have dunnit.

\*\* *Court of Memory*

by **James McConkey (1983; Dutton; 338 pp.)**

An odd book. It's made up of personal essays written over more than 25 years. Some are brilliant; some are not. It depends on what you think of the literary persona of James McConkey, an American academic who seems determined to show himself as the best of all possible people — but humble, oh so humble: self-abnegation from a great height. Despite my feeling that I was being conned by a humourless Garrison Keillor, I was fascinated by some fine prose. McConkey's relationship with his father, and then with his own family, informs many of the book's best pages. He writes some very sane things and tells some vivid stories, but also lapses into unconvincing theories about memory.

📖 **Fantastic Alice**  
edited by Margaret Weis (1995; Ace; 291 pp.)

It's a long while since I've read any of the vast number of original fiction SF anthologies that are stacked in boxes all over this room. I picked this one because it's a (relatively) recent review copy, and because the stories claim to pay tribute to my two favourite novels, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*. I can't begin to guess what Margaret Weis told her authors when she commissioned these stories. Criminal misdirection, I would call it. Nearly all the authors plump for itty-bitty pieces based on some of the images from Carroll's books. A couple try to emulate his jokes. The horror! Only Peter Crowther uses Carroll as a valid take-off point, and even his story ('Conundrums to Guess') is just a story.

\*\* **In the Presence of the Enemy**  
by Elizabeth George (1996; Bantam; 477 pp.)

Like all mysteries these days, *In the Presence of the Enemy* is at least 200 pages too long. Given that annoyance, it's the best novel Elizabeth George has written since *For the Sake of Elena*. Better still, it's the novel she's been aiming for since *A Suitable Vengeance*, her extraordinary debut. Everything works here. The book is about its characters, not the mere solving of a mystery; but to solve the mystery one has to reinterpret the whole situation, not merely a bunch of facts. It sounds trite to say that every character is closest to his or her 'enemy', to the person who can hurt most. George has a great ability to dramatise (sometimes hair-raisingly) the damage that parents and children and husbands and wives can inflict on each other; the laceration of interrelationship within interrelationship.

\* **Love in Vein**  
edited by Poppy Z. Brite  
(1995; HarperCollins Voyager; 433 pp.)

I might have liked this anthology a lot more if I hadn't read two Ellen Datlow anthologies on a similar theme (a special recommendation for *Blood Is Not Enough*). Datlow shows that an editor can produce a theme anthology while persuading her

authors to leave out most of the clichés associated with the theme. Poppy Z. Brite does not have this ability. She seems to enjoy many of the clichés of vampirism/eroticism. Fortunately, a few of her writers have an original turn of mind. Jessica Amanda Salmonson ('The Final Fete of Abba Adi') also has wit and style. Where might the vampire legend have come from originally — perhaps a few millennia before Transylvania? Other four-star stories are 'Queen of the Night' (Gene Wolfe), 'In the Soul of a Woman' (Charles de Lint) and 'The Alchemy of the Throat' (Brian Hodge).

\*\* **Dirty Laundry**  
by Paul Thomas (1996; Mandarin Australia; 271 pp.)

One of the few enjoyable review copies I've received recently. This is a heady mixture of mystery, adventure and satire which works because it is never settles down into a category. A routine murder mystery becomes a free-for-all exposure of the peculiarities of the New Zealand's governing classes, which in turn becomes an exhilarating knockabout search-and-find caper.

\*\* **Dark Places**  
by Kate Grenville (1994; Macmillan; 375 pp.)

*Lilian's Story* (reviewed above) gave Lilian Singer's version of growing up under the influence of her father. *Dark Places* gives Albion Singer's version of the same events. What a technical masterpiece! Grenville not only brings to life a male character, but gives validity to an entirely unsympathetic character. Singer is the ultimate Victorian head of the household; as he says of himself, his aim in life is 'domination and reproduction'. Nobody within his orbit must be allowed independent action or thought. Grenville tells the story from Singer's viewpoint while remaining unsympathetic to everything he says. To do this, she shows how his civilisation makes him into the madman he becomes; yet somehow we can still see through his eyes. Yet another proof that Kate Grenville has made herself into Australia's leading writer. of fiction

— Bruce Gillespie, about the end of June.

## FAVOURITE FILMS 1995

- 1 *Runaway Train*  
Andrei Konchalovsky (1985)
- 2 *Barton Fink*  
Ethan Coen (1992)
- 3 *The Crying Game*  
Neil Jordan (1992)
- 4 *Ed Wood*  
Tim Burton (1994)
- 5 *Dirty Harry*  
Don Siegel (1971)
- 6 *The Fugitive*  
Andrew Davis (1992)
- 7 *Four Weddings and a Funeral*  
Mike Newell (1992)
- 8 *Babette's Feast*  
Gabriel Axel (1987)
- 9 *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (complete)  
Nicholas Roeg (1976)
- 10 *The Bad and the Beautiful*  
Vincente Minelli (1952)
- 11 *Pursued*  
Raoul Walsh (1947)
- 12 *Once Upon a Time in the West*  
Sergio Leone (1969)