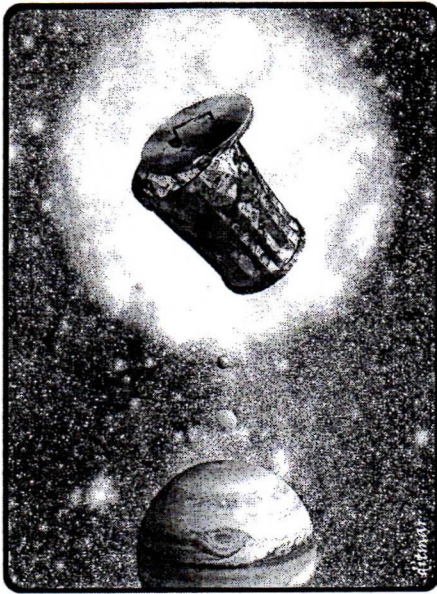


# Out of the Bin



'Space Bin' Artwork by Ditmar

## Issue #18 November 2003

A Newsletter from MERV BINNS  
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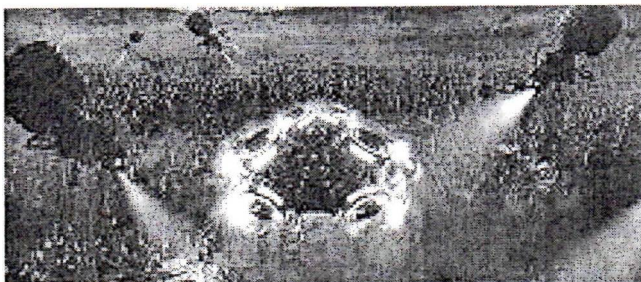
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Dear Readers,

Well we finally got some rain here and the gardens are looking good, but the government is keeping the water restrictions on, at least over the summer. That makes watering all my plants a bit of a pain as it all has to be done by hand with a watering can. But I guess I will just have to live with it.

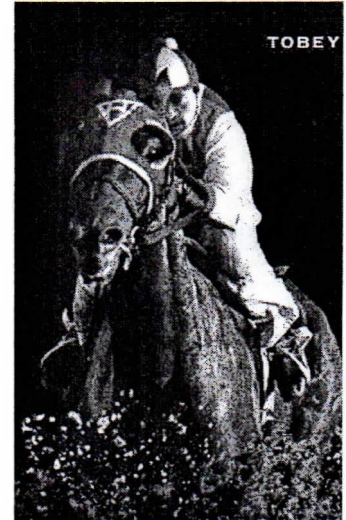
### MOVIES

Our movie going has included *MATRIX REVOLUTIONS*, which turned out to be visually spectacular but the story, what there was of it, was shallow and inconsequential. Okay, special visual effects are great and this movie has some of the best and most spectacular stuff I have ever seen. The battle of the humans trying to save themselves from the invading machines is tremendous, but there has to be more to a movie than pretty pictures, surely.



As minor fans of horse racing, both of us having been to the races, myself many times with my parents years ago, and having seen a few Melbourne cups and my mother's family having relatives in the game, we were particularly interested in the movie *SEABISCUIT*.

This American racehorse was on the scene in the same era as our own Phar Lap and the moviemakers captured the time, during the Great Depression and all, very well. A program on TV about the making of the movie revealed the tremendous efforts that the makers made to put it all together. The camera work during the races was great. The actors were good in their roles, but Tobey Maguire (*Spiderman*) as the jockey was outstanding. A tale of triumph over adversity is well told and results in my kind of movie, which we both enjoyed greatly.



The real SEABISCUIT

There is nothing much else that we can really afford to see at the theatre this year, but I must see on the big screen the new Russell Crowe Napoleonic naval adventure, *Master and Commander*. Meanwhile we are waiting anxiously for the third and final *The Lord of the Rings* movie, *The Return of the King*, which we believe will commence in Melbourne on Boxing Day, 26<sup>th</sup> December.

Long time fan friend of us both, and a founding member of the fan group *Austrek*, Geoff Allshorn, whom we recently caught up with at CONTINUUM, had open heart surgery a few days ago as I write this. We hear that the operation was quite successful and we wish him all the best for a speedy recovery.

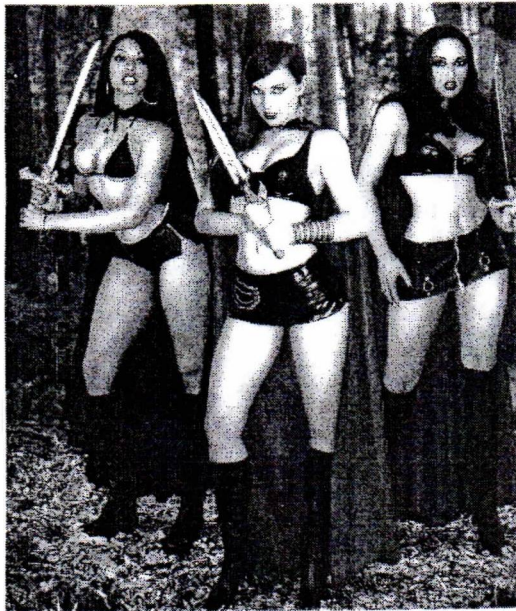
This issue is probably the last that we will get time to do this year, so we will take the opportunity to wish all our friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



## LETTERS AND ZINES

A letter from **Timothy Marion** in New York, along with his zine *Terminal Eyes #10* arrived recently. Tim got the idea that I really liked the Star Trek movie *Nemesis*, but in fact I did not think it was a great "Star Trek" movie at all, but neither did I think that it was as bad as reviewers and other people's comments merited. However after reading Tim's scathing and knowledgeable letter pointing out all its faults, I am quite prepared to accept that it is an almost total disaster. Apart from the inconsistencies of Star Trek chronology as we know it from the TV series and other movies, that occur in other epics, including *Enterprise TV* series, there are many other things that Tim points out do not "compute". SF moviemakers most of the time ignore the laws of physics but there are some real clangers in *Nemesis*, as well as dialog that is just not appropriate. It is quite remarkable how much Tim is able to point out in the movie that is just simply wrong. I will not reprint Tim's letter, but I am sure that he will not mind if I send any of my readers who would like to really know just how bad this movie is, a photo copy of Tim's letter.

## Terminal Eyes 10



WOW! Fanzines ain't what they used to be! *TERMINAL EYES* sports a full colour cover photo of three busty babes from a movie parody of *The Lord of the Rings*, which is a fair indication of Tim's major interest in life. A man after my own heart! I am talking about movies and TV of course, what else would it be? First up, I am impressed by the volume of material that Tim and the likes of Michael Waite and Bruce Gillespie, get into their zines. Tim's comments on movies, politics, life, other people's zines and more are a great read. I cannot comment on everything of course, but thanks for printing my letter and friend Elaine Cochran's was a point well taken. Your production and illustrations add to the pleasure of reading - that is, as much as I can make the time to read. Being a cat lover, as it seems many SF fans are, I guess you would relate to our experiences with Truda and John's cats that we mentioned in *Out of the Bin #17*. Finally I will just mention that we had a rare blackout here recently, just a local one, not nearly as extensive as the one in your Northeast area, which we saw on our news here at the time. Most likely the demand was too much in our area, although the streetlights were still on and either a transformer blew or some nut ran his car into a pole, causing trouble in a restricted area.

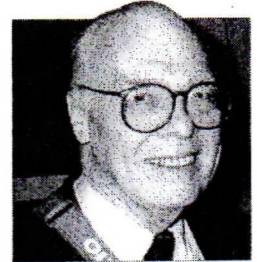
We tend to blame the government for selling off public utilities when such things go wrong, but we do not have much to complain about apart from the big bills we get at times. Apart from resetting all the clocks after the two or three hours we were without power, no damage to our computers or such was done.

A letter from long time Sydney fan friend **Graham Stone** confirmed that the first SF con I went to was in Sydney in 1954. I also met a guy there named **Dave Cohen**, who was a bookseller and he used to advertise in the old Melbourne SF Club magazine *Etherline*, which Ian Crozier edited and I duplicated in the 1950s. Graham regretfully advised me of the passing of Dave recently, who was I believe 90 years old, and the disposal of Dave's extensive SF collection. So often we hear of instances where deceased's collections disappear into the wild blue yonder, but in this case Graham indicated that a lot of Dave's collection, if not all, found a good homes.

We have made many friends in SF fandom over the years and it has been great to catch up with a lot of them at conventions over the years. Especially last year during the Melbourne SF Club's fiftieth anniversary celebrations and, sadly, at John Foyster's memorial gathering. The way some of us keep in touch is with our fanzines and it is great to receive such as **Leigh Edmonds** *LIKE A LIZARD DRINKING* (at least this time) *XLV*. You may recall that Leigh was set upon by a couple of muggers a while back and is still living with the pain and problems of the broken jaw he received. However a drug he has been prescribed named Neurontin is helping and that plus simply keeping working at projects has helped a lot. He will be a busy boy with the job of writing the history of Barwon Water, a water and waste authority, which we hope will help keep the wolf from the door.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Regretfully we have to have to announce the recent passing of another famous SF author, **HAL CLEMENT**, whose real name was Harry Clement Stubbs. His first story was published in 1942 and a new novel, *NOISE* was published only a few months ago. I regard his novel *MISSION OF GRAVITY* as one of the best SF novels I ever read and I regret that I have not read more of his stories. To me Clement wrote real SF and not fantasy masquerading as SF. Stories based on scientific fact and theories and yet exciting and a real joy to read. His earlier books *Needle* and *Iceworld* were a couple of the novels that I cut my SF teeth on. He was not one of our most prolific writers, but what he wrote must be regarded as some of the best SF written.



"Hal Clement"

Photo and signature from  
John Clute's *SF: The  
Illustrated Encyclopaedia*

Time marches on and it does not seem possible that I attended my first World SF Convention in Toronto, Canada, TORCON, in 1973, so long ago. This year's World Con was again held in Toronto, TORCON3. Looking at the photo line up of the Hugo Winners there are still a few familiar faces including Charles Brown, Dave Langford, Rusty Hevelin, Joe Haldeman, Spider Robinson and Craig Miller. Not all of those were actual winners but were accepting for others, though the novel winner for these awards was there, Robert J. Sawyer for *HOMINIDS*, proudly holding his award trophy.

That's all (for now) folks!

Merv B