

BLACK BIKE EIGHT

Produced and so on by Leigh Edmonds of PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, AUSTRALIA for the fabulous 100th mailing of SAPS.

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I've been sitting here, you see, and waiting. I've been filling in time by whistling and thinking up funny little stories to amuse myself and holding my breath and still the last mailing hasn't turned up in the old letter box down the road at the post office. This must be getting into some kind of all time record, almost three months for a piece of mail to float its way from the US to here.

Months ago I wrote to Dooreen and arranged for her to run off this issue on the resident offset machine thing and we had it all worked out except that I was hoping to do pages and pages and I need the mailing to do that and since I'm not going to be inspired, so it would seem, by outside sources I am going to have to fall back on the old internal ones which seem to have been reasonably low of late.

And here I am at the last moment, pushing the deadline once more, and doing all the running off here which means that I'm going to have to airmail the completed 45 copies and that is going to cost money. But you don't see me complaining because that's all part of the price of being a member of SAPS

A WEEK LATER: The Saps mailing still hasn't turned up and, well, if I weren't such a serene person I might begin to worry what's happened to it. I've seen John Foyster three times in the last week and each time his greeting has been "Have you got your SAPS mailing yet" to which I answer "No" and he then says "Neither have I" and then we go on and discuss other things like what to do with Lesleigh Luttrell when she gets out here and the AUSTRALIA IN '75 film we are making at the moment.

So, seeing as how there is so little that I can think to write about I may as well write about that.

This film we are making is something which we hope to have ready for a showing at the LA Con, it is a sort of parody of Melbourne fandom and an attempt to break up the bidding committee for the Convention. There is this Black caped figure with a big floppy hat who goes around bumping off members of the committee but our hero comes along in the end and saves us.

We started shooting film for it about three weeks ago, when a few members of the committee got together and did a scene where the villain rushes into a public loo and changes into his costume. We stopped the camera after he had run in and then he came out and changed, went back in again and we started the camera and out he ran with his cape flowing and looking rather nasty. While we were shooting the first bit a taxi driver pulled up to look at us and so we wrote him a part on the spot and straight after the villain rushes out we have the taxi driver coming out and looking very puzzled. The loo is right down the bottom of the city and we thought that it wouldn't be used very much but you'd be sorta surprised at the number of men who seemed to come from nowhere to use it just as we were about to do a take. They'd stand and look at us for a moment and then go in and take their time about it while we stood on one foot and then stood on the other foot.

Later on in the day we went into the city proper and took pictures of some of the committee getting onto trams and walking

and come to here

into the city today and have a look at the filming of the sequences wherein our hero appears and saves the day. Tomorrow is my big day, the filming of the sequence where I get mine and end up six feet under.

After all the filming and editing is done we have to work on the sound track which is the part I'm interested in and hope to have some say in. Well, we'll see.

The only other interesting thing that has happened to me in the last few weeks is getting to see the Concorde when it was out here. As I have probably said somewhere before I work for the Department of Civil Aviation and one of the engineers I work for happens to be good pals with the Chief Security Officer out at the Airport where the Concorde was for a couple of days. So he arranged for us to be able to get onto the apron where the Concorde was, not to get too close or be able to touch it unfortunately but close enough to be able to piss on it if I so desired, which I didn't particularly.

A group of engineers and a couple of clerks including myself took most of the afternoon off and drove out to the airport where this Security Officer met us and drove us over to the apron where the Concorde was and we got out of the car and watched while they ran the engines up and began taxiing out to take-off. Everybody had been telling us how noisy the Concorde is and, sitting on the apron there with it's engines running at just below taxi power I had to admit that it was loud but not very much louder than any other jet.

We had the car parked sort of parallel to the plane and I had the impression that when it started to move it would cut across in front of us and we'd once again see it from the side, it seems that everybody else thought the same thing - all except for the security officer who was wise enough to stay in the car. Boy were we ever surprised when it turned away from us and showed us it's tail. I stood there and thought to myself in dazed wonderment "I'm going to be looking up it's tailpipes" - and the next thing the jet blast hit me along with all the grit and much from the apron and I threw my arms up to cover my face. The force of the blast pushed me up against the car and if it hadn't been there I would have been blown along like a leaf. Then, as suddenly as the blast had hit me it disappeared and I got, shaking, back into the car and I reckon that at least I have the distinction of being one of the very few people in Australia to have almost gotten demolished by a Concorde - there are a few people who have had a ride in a Concorde but even fewer who belong to my club of having experienced the blast, which we later worked out to be somewhere between thirty and forty miles-per-hour.

After that we drove over and parked on a taxi-way parallel to the runway and about 1200 feet from it. We stood around for a few minutes and then we saw the Concorde coming and heard it's noise. As it came level with us it's nose was up and it took off, as it climbed away we could see the after-burners like little lights shining from it's engines. The noise was reasonably loud but nothing like expected after all the publicity I'd heard. Earlier on in the year I'd been down at an airforce show and seen a couple of Phantoms doing their stuff and they were really noisy. I had expected something far worse and instead it was a lot less, still a lot noisier than a Boeing 747 but still nothing to shout the house down about.

So after that we got back into the car once again and went for a guided tour of some of the airport facilities and got stranded on a taxiway while we watched planes landing and waited for a clearance to cross. While we waited a little Piper Musketter putted it's



start here

around and all that sort of thing. We wanted to take a scene where some of us got onto a tram so we waited around on a tram stop and at least a tram came along so while the camera was rolling we got on and waited for the tram to move off. Then one of the other people rushed up and yelled for us to get off, but we had been under the impression that we were going to catch the tram to one of the hotels where we were going to do some more filming and were a little surprised. Anyhow we jumped off just as the tram started to move and there was David Grigg waving his ticket around complaining and there was me almost getting run over by a car in the rush.

Then we set up this shot where we were going to walk across a road and the camera was going to sort of use us to show a very nice scene which just happens to be behind us. So we started walking and the camera started rolling and what the final result is that we have a very nice picture of a truck with some feet poking out below it.

The last thing we did that day was to go up to the proposed consite hotel and do the bumping off of one of our committee. Though everybody had a ruff idea of what was going to happen the people who were being filmed were seperated from the camera by a very wide stretch of road and it was very hard to work out what we had to do next and there was a great deal of running back and over the road again. We got the impression at one stage that we were supposed to be walking around a corner into view and doing such and such and so we did it and when we went back over to where the camera was we found that we'de got it all wrong and that, even if we had got it right there was a great big post hiding us from the camera. But we got it all sorted out and filmeð in the end and then we did the filming of the demise of Robin Johnson and there was our black caped villian waving a fishing rod around in the middle of the Botanical gardens and there were also lots of people driving past in their cars and looking very amused by the whole thing.

A lot of time on our first day was just spent getting used to the way you do thing while a camera is getting pointed at you and so the second day we spent shooting went much better. This time we started outside the Post Office in Melbourne where there were lots and lots of people standing around to look at us.

Then we went to a park where we proceeded to run over Peter House and have a nice little fight scene with some stunt people that Peter works with. Peter hasn't been doing stunt work very long so we all sat and watched while Peter was run over time and time again while he got his movements right and the car gradually built up speed. All this time the other people were working out the routine for their fight and if I didn't know that they were faking it I would have been pretty sickened, as it was we all found ot rather good fun to watch.

When we actually came to filming the fight scenen the people doing it put a lot of gusto into it with lots of screams and groans and we all agreed that it was such a pity that we weren't filming it with sound as well.

After that we went back to the hotele site and did some filming which will continue the story on from where we left it off the previous time. There is a chase scene with the remaining members of the committee chasing our villian through the park and we gave lots of children a big thrill. We were supposed to not be able to find him among the trees and all the kids were yelling to us where he was, it sort of reminded me of the pantomines I used to go to when I was very much younger.

If I get these stencils cut in time today I'll go

way up to where we were and waited as well. On the radio in the car we suddenly heard lots of static and a voice dimly in the background and then a voice from the control tower saying that they could not read that signal somebody was sending and so we looked across into the cabin of the plane and saw the pilot playing with his radio and then more static and then the tower repeated it's earlier message. This happened a couple of more times and then there were no more planes coming in so we got a clearance to cross the runway and off we went and the plane was still sitting there buzzing static and looking kind of bothered.

That night I saw Robin Johnson and I was going to wow him with tales of what had happened to me but unfortunately he didn't seem too impressed which was not as good as I had hoped for my ego.

It looks like I'm only going to get four pages done for this very special mailing, I would have liked to have done many more but, well, I haven't had much of a chance and my chief source of inspiration hasn't come. If I had allowed myself more time and planned to write a couple of articles you would probably be reading a much larger issue than this, but so it goes - which reminds me that the book I'm reading at the moment is the Kurt Vonnegut play "Happy Birthday, Wanda June" and even though I haven't read very much of it I am very much enjoying it, as I enjoy all Vonnegut.

KAPUT.

