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MONTHLY BULLETIN

AUGUST 1964

GROUP 65

No. 4

I know I said that this bulletin would appear on the first of each month. It's the postal strike I tell you....

At the twelfth meeting we welcomed our latest new member, Peter White. It was finally decided that as we had heard nothing from Nell and Dick, they were no longer interested in staying with the group. And so with a sigh of regret at the 32/6 that they managed to lose us, we scrubbed their names from the list. This left us in the position of being without a female lead. This was a pity because Nell would have been admirably suited to play the part. But then Mike mentioned someone whom he thought would be suitable, and it was agreed to invite her to the next meeting. This meeting was rather a strange one in that it started very quietly, and then suddenly broke into ferocity towards the end.

At the next meeting, probably our largest up until then, we said 'hello' to our new female lead, Claire Peake. Although being of a completely different physical type to Nell, Claire will be equally suited to the part. At this time Charlie was in the process of duplicating copies of the shooting script, and as he was absent from this meeting, it meant that we had nothing to show Claire, and nothing upon which to have the usual heated discussion. It had been impossible for Charlie to attend, nevertheless a very unfair vote of censure was urged by Lang Jones. At this meeting it was decided to have the next one at the home of Sandra Hall, and there to shoot off an experimental film, to see how it came out. It was decided also to take a few unofficial stills, to see how our cast actually looked in two dimensions.

And so the next week we deserted our usual pub meeting-place, and after stopping at a nearby off-licence, Group 65 plus Ted Tubb and Claire Peake, made its way to Sandra's flat.

After the libations had been poured, there followed a couple of readings into a tape-recorder; a procedure that gave rise to much laughter. Still, everybody was surprisingly unself-conscious, considering that this was the first reading. Especially Pete Taylor (the Shirley Temple of Tooting Common) whose cries of "You're dead! You're all dead!" still curdle my blood whenever I remember them.

After this came the laborious procedure of arranging furniture and lighting so that we could take a shot of a complacent Ted Tubb behind a desk and looking very efficient. Then after this we took some shots of a scene between Claire and Pete Taylor. On this particular evening we shot only six feet of film, and I seem to have got myself another job; that of official timekeeper and footage counter ("It's twenty to eleven and we've shot four feet of film!") This evening got off to a good start; whilst incompetently

loading the camera, I feel that I exposed quite a good proportion of the film. As we had exposed only six feet of film out of fifty, it was decided to leave the equipment at Sandra's and continue next week.

The next meeting was much like the last, even to the stop at the off-licence. This time however, Mike Moorcock for some strange reason bought hundreds and hundreds of tins of Pepsi-Cola besides our usual alcoholic purchases. This time we finished up the film with expert guidance from Peter West. At this meeting the idea of filming in 16mm was brought up again. This was something on which I thought we had decided at the first meeting, but it seems as if this point will push back the deadline for shooting.

S I T U A T I O N S V A C A N T

So far we haven't had an exactly overwhelming response to our encouragement of last issue. I will repeat the list here so that everyone can see just what is still going. Every time I spoke to anybody about this after the last issue, they just said blankly, "What jobs?". Some of the filled jobs have a question mark after the name of the person concerned; this is because, owing to the inhumanly efficient organisation of Group 65, I am not sure whether they will be doing them or not.

PRODUCER - Lang Jones

DIRECTOR - Ivor Mayne

ART DIRECTOR - Designs sets, helps pick locations, wardrobe, etc. Responsible for choice of furnishings etc.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - Pat Kearney?

ASSISTANT PRODUCER - Call-sheets. Arranges lunches, tea-breaks, etc.

LOCATION MANAGER - Pete Taylor

CONTINUITY GIRL - Pat Kearney

LIGHTING CAMERAMAN - Lights all the sets, decides what aperture to use, where to use reflectors. Largely decides how a shot will look.

CAMERA OPERATOR - Pat Kearney

GRIPS - Pulls dolly around and helps operator

ASSISTANT LIGHTING CAMERAMAN - Helps with holding reflectors, putting lights into position.

SOUND MIXER - Lang Jones

SOUND RECORDIST - Lang Jones

SET DRESSER - Arranges sets and locations as Art Director said they should be.

PROPS - Responsible for buying or hiring props as necessary, and for having them on hand when needed.

MAKE-UP - Face make-up, hair grooming

WARDROBE - Marjorie Smith?

STILLS - Des Squire

EDITOR

CUTTER

Pete Taylor is our Locations Manager, and in this capacity it fell upon him to try and obtain permission to film in various places. And so in this new King-size bulletin, follows his account of such a visit to the West End Central Police Station.

NOTHING GOING ON

PETE TAYLOR

"Let's see," says Ivor, "you'll be making tea, pushing the camera dolly, carrying props, running errands, oh - and you shall be Locations Manager m'boy, you'll have to go out and get permission to shoot (film-wise) in the streets. O.K. Pete, that'll keep you busy-busy. Go out thar and locate!

"Thanks Ivor, sorry - Chief!" I reply humbly, as he leans back comfortably in his canvas-backed chair, and go forth with resolution in my heart, and shooting-script tucked next my skin...

LATER Scene: West End Central Police Station, Saville Row. Yrs. truly standing on steps to entrance. I wipe the perspiration from my palms, take a deep breath (need to after quick double-Scotch - they maybe keep a breathalyser handy just inside door: "...drunk in charge of a pair of legs m'lord." "Disgraceful! Sentenced to ten years absolute sobriety!")

I step inside and address the Desk Sergeant.

ME: Uh - er.

DESK SERGEANT: Mm? (His eyes meet mine and slide wishfully back to what could be a girlie mag held just below desk level.)

ME: Gabble gabble amateur film group gabble permission film during rush hour Oxford Circus gabble only few minutes or so gabble minimum inconvenience to public (pause).

D.S: Mmmmm...(subtle alteration to tone of voice). I think our Traffic Officer is the man you want to speak to. Your name? Take a seat, Sir, and I'll ask him to come down.

Yrs. truly takes the proffered seat. "...Ask Him to Come Down.." Imagination boggles. See Traffic Officer as majestic figure, swathed to near suffocation in gold braid, richly robed and wearing Belt of Office, consisting of 24 carat car keys and delicately chased silver RAC/AA badges. Sweet-toned klaxons sound off afar as He descends in regal majesty from his Inner Sanctum of Traffic Orderliness to give hearing to a mere mortal's plea for aid...

Muse suddenly broken by voice saying, "Mr Taylor?"

HE has come! Just about to prostrate myself before his Awful Presence when I suddenly realise that I'm addressed by perfectly ordinary-looking P.C. carrying a clip folder. Traffic Efficiency oozing from every pore, a no-nonsense 'what's all this about then' air. I'm ushered into small ante-room, and the door closes behind us.

TRAFFIC OFFICER: Now how can we be of assistance to your unit, Sir?

I warn to this man - he has a Soul for the Arts and wishes to put his House at our disposal.

ME: Gabble amateur film group rush-hour Oxford Circus etc. etc.

Silence. T.O. permits slight smile to play about lips. Anxious moment. He leans back in chair.

T.O.: In effect then, you are asking us to permit you to contravene the Street Acts, which enable us to deal with Buskers, Itinerant Pedlars and the Like. Well, we certainly shouldn't be able to sanction your obstructing the footpath or roadway in any circumstances, as obviously it's our job to prevent these things happening. However...

He removes a Paper from his file and puts it before me. Form No. 833 METROPOLITAN POLICE - FILMING IN STREETS.

T.O.: If you read through this, it'll give you a good idea of our requirements of conduct and let you see what we have to put up with from the commercial film companies. We've er...had our little differences with 'em in the past... (spoken with not a little relish).

I take up Form No. 833, and read carefully through the Four Commandments (very long ones at that) of Street Filming.

Briefly, THOU SHALT NOT: Stage Crimes e.g. Smash and Grabs; interfere with operation of Parking Meter Schemes (in case they turn nasty and swallow the equipment?); impersonate Police Officers or vehicles; cause annoyance or obstruction; dazzle passers-by with lighting; foul the footway (we're not dogs!) with cables, wires etc. THOU SHALT: cease filming at the instigation of the Police, and preferably film at a time when traffic, both vehicular and pedestrian, is lightest, e.g. on a Sunday morning. Well, there goes my well-earned Sunday lie-in.

I peruse away to the end, assume a well-versed expression and suddenly remember...

ME: I don't think I mentioned that most of the shooting will be done from the third floor of a building overlooking the scene. Only the actors will be at street level. On a traffic island actually ... middle of Oxford Circus.

On a traffic island - Oxford Circus!! T.O.'s eyebrows shoot up - I sense I've said something sacriligious.

"How many actors will be standing on the traffic island?"

"Only one." (A look of visible relief from T.O. as a chaos of stampeding film-extras subsides in his mind.)

"What does he do?"

I describe the plot briefly, and eulogise eloquently on the artistic importance of a traffic island - Significant Stuff.

A warning note in his voice again.

(continued on back page)

THE CAST

I think now would be a good time to give a list of the cast.

Lt-Col SPENCER - USAF, one of the people working on the space-shot in which is sent up his friend Newman. - **TED TUBB**
Col NEWMAN - The main character of the film - **PETE TAYLOR**
PSYCHIATRIST - who has been called Jelnek, Sinclair and Finklestein at various stages of the proceedings - **MIKE MOORCOCK**
THE GIRL - **CLAIRE PEAKE**

There will also be parts of several of the menacing **NIGHT-MEN**, but we have not yet chosen these.

FINANCES

This time, as usual, the column on the left contains contributions of the last month, that on the right has the total so far.

TED FORSYTH	3/-	9/-			
					<u>GROUP 65</u>
JIM GROVES	9/-	12/-	FRANK ARNOLD	15/-	25/-
ETHEL LINDSAY	3/-	8/-	SANDRA HALL	5/-	12/6d
GEORGE LOCKE	-	9/-	LANG JONES	15/-	35/-
PETER MABEY	-	9/-	IVOR MAYNE	15/-	35/-
ELLA PARKER	5/-	15/6d	MIKE MOORCOCK	10/-	37/-
KEITH OTTER	5/-	13/-	PAT KEARNEY	17/6d	35/-
TERRY PRATCHETT	4/-	12/-	CHARLIE SMITH	15/-	35/-
NORMAN SHERLOCK	5/-	14/-	MARJORIE SMITH	15/-	35/-
DES SQUIRE	2/-	12/-	PETE TAYLOR	15/-	35/-
TED TUBB	4/-	12/-	PETER WHITE	8/6d	15/-
SUNDRIES	-	3/3d	SUNDRIES	10/-	

EXPENDITURE Two photoflood bulbs 'Photolite No. 2' - 15/-
 Film developping - stills - 7/6d. Total - 22/6d
TOTAL - £21 . 4s . 9d

That's all for this time round. See you.

S T O P P R E S S

Lang Jones

If anybody wants to come along, we shall be shooting on Sat, Aug 8th at Oxford Circus. 9.0a.m.

..... The Monthly Bulletin :
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.....
 Lang Jones,
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 Ealing,
 London, W.5 :

"You know the public, sir. They've only to see a well-known face from the movies and before you know what's happened there's a Crowd (the last word spoken with some anguish). "Is your chap well-known?"

What a question - I see his face every morning just before applying shaving lather. I smile self-deprecatingly.

"Well er - no" (reluctantly) "You see we're all amateurs to a man. All I have to do is stand on this traffic island..."

He gives me a studied look.

"Oh, you're doing the standing about bit then?"

He's definitely not impressed. I can see that. I drop my Best Profile aggrievedly. Momentary silence. He scoops his papers into order, and I realise that the interview will terminate shortly.

"Let's put it this way," he says suddenly, "if the equipment is out of sight, and there's your chap (he refers to me in the third person, but I'm sure it's unintentional) "...there's your chap loitering for a few seconds before moving on. That's hardly breaking the Law from the point of view of the man on the beat. As far as he's concerned there's Nothing Going On!"

Eureka! Pure Logic! He pushes back his chair with an air of duty performed. We rise together. I stuff Form No. 833 into a pocket and we exit from office. "Good afternoon then sir," and he hurries off to lock horns with Stupendous Productions Inc. who want to take over Greater London for three weeks location shooting The March of a Million Zombies. Not with his permission they won't!

I emerge from the police station into daylight, and, with untold numbers of hidden film cameras trained on me from third-floor windows all about, hurry discreetly away, looking for all the world as though there's Nothing Going On.

MONTHLY BULLETIN - GROUP 65

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