



Members of the Committee are not allowed to buy raffle tickets. Everybody else is, though.

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Letter from Ron Bennett:-

"The film ploy (sorry, that's habit I guess) sounds intriguing. Hope it's not the old one about the guy who hasn't really left the earth's surface (((it isn't))). Can see no reason, apart from the obvious two (One: the possibility of offending someone, either by personal reference or pornography; and two: lack of quality), why the film should not end up on the worldcon programme. ...."

Well, from the first point of view, we are ok. As to the second, I am hoping that when the film is finished, we shall have some kind of viewing. It will certainly be shown to London fans before the con.

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Forget about Home and Wilson. Salve your civic conscience by buying a Group 65 raffle ticket.

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And I think that's about all I have to say, so now I shall hand over to Frank Arnold.

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NOW ON EARTH DID WE COME TO GET LUMBERED  
WITH ALL THIS LOT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

The unexpurgated history of Group 65 thus far, by Frank Arnold

"Let's all get together and make a film for the Convention," said Lang Jones enthusiastically. "It would stir up a terrific amount of enthusiasm in London fandom, don't you think?"

We all sat bolt upright and blinked, wondering if we had heard aright. Enthusiasm - in London fandom? The word hadn't been heard for years. Then up spake bold Pete Taylor, the captain of our crew. "I think it's a great idea," quoth he. "Why don't we organise a group to support it and a committee to raise the money and work it out and select the cast and the camera-crew to actually make the film, and then appoint officers to publicise it among the fen and tell the world what a good thing it's going to be - now lemme see, the committee is the important thing - mustn't have too many members - get in each other's way - talk each other down - never get anything done - we ought to have private meetings somewhere, I think - "

"Good Lord, man, you can't have private meetings here," roared Mike Moorcock, his wide-flung arm illustrating the crowded vastness of the Globe. "We'll have to find some other place if we want quiet discussions in private - ye Gods, listen to it -" the uproar in the saloon bar was indeed deafening.

"That's a thought!" agreed Pete. "We don't know of a better pub - let's face it, there isn't one - and a restaurant wouldn't be suitable either - it's a pity there isn't some place we all know - a clubroom, for instance, but we'd have to pay rent -

" - some place where we could get together and really talk business without all these interruptions - "

"Why don't you come round to my place?" interjected I, butting in without being asked. "There's plenty of room, and I've got arm-chairs nowadays, and I can lay on tea and dog-biscuits for everybody - bring the girls as well if you like - "

So the whole shower dropped right on top of me at Cambridge Gardens one evening in April, and straightaway was appointed a working committee and its officers-to-be. We decided that membership of the group supporting the venture should be open to all, but membership of the committee should be by invitation only from the original self-appointed members. This was intended simply to keep numbers down to a practical size, so that practical business could be discussed in a practical manner (did I hear faint snorts of derision?) All the same, we wanted to make it clear to all supporters and interested parties that they should not take it to heart, or suppose that they were being excluded from something good, if they were not invited to join. Membership of the Committee is not so much a privilege as a prison sentence: Mike Moorcock was sentenced to be Chairman, Charlie Smith was sentenced to be Treasurer (which makes him successor to the great Charlie Duncombe, which prompted some idiot to make a marvellous joke about Charles the First and Charles the Second, which had 'em rolling in the aisles!) Lang Jones was sentenced to be producer of the fillum, Ivor Mayne the director, Marjorie Smith the Wardrobe-mistress, and I myself was condemned to be Honorary Secretary ("Why me?" Because you're the one who can read and write, of course!), Head Potman, Chief Bottle-washer and Dogsboddy-in-Ordinary to the Group at Large. We then cogitated that the group needed a name of some sort, and since it all began with a film to be shown at the World Convention of '65 we called it Group 65 - simple as that.

It was finally laid down, in the public interest, that all the deliberations and decisions of the Committee should be laid bare before everybody at the Globe on Thursdays - there should be no secrets, nothing hidden from those who wanted to know, although we could not guarantee against the deafness or inattention of listeners.

The course and destiny of Group 65 were settled at that first meeting. Since then it has been mere work, week after week of it. The ordeal began when Mike Moorcock summoned the group to a tryst at his local, a snug little place under the shaded brow of Campden Hill, and asked us what we thought the film was going to be about.

Would it be fiction or non-fiction? That set me dreaming - I've often dreamed of a pleasant little documentary flick about London's STF associations, its fandom and its tourist landmarks - Wells' in Regent's Park, the White Horse in Fetter Lane and suchlike monuments - and in my innocence I thought that this was the moment to get it mooted. So I voted for non-fiction - a proposal that was turned down by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  votes to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; those who are puzzled by the half-votes may breathe again - one member was equally enthusiastic about both suggestions, so we gave half a vote to each, making ten votes in all out of ten present, and fiction won the day.

At the second work-meeting Mike asked what sort of a story we would like it to be. Some of us already had nebulous ideas of a sort of a story, and random concoctions floated about in a haze, until we finally settled on a vague, dubious, unwritten opus called Nightworld, about a cosmonaut who gets the willies. When we woke up from our opium-dreams we discovered that this tale originated with Mike Moorcock himself, and here the man's latent Napoleon complex began to show itself - oh yes, he's got one all right, for all that he cultivates a resemblance to Trotsky. Cunningly, under the guise of seeking out the committee's opinions, he steers us round to the conclusions he had come to in the first place. Anyway, we were all quite satisfied with the idea of Nightworld as a filmable story - at least, Mike convinced us we were all satisfied - and several minions were packed off to the salt-mines to write scripts. Eventually Mike's own script was adopted, to no-one's surprise.

Casting presented little difficulty. Pete Taylor has long been known for his natural histrionic capacities, and this is the hour for his working debut - oh yes, Pete is our Cosmonaut, the very man. Committee member Diane Goulding was the instant choice for leading lady, the mysterious, nameless Girl who appears in the man's visions and helps him out of his troubles. Mike Moorcock volunteered to be the Consultant Psychiatrist, and Ted Tubb was invited to be the Security Officer. That settled the leads - the supports, at the time of writing, are still to be picked. Also at the time of writing, and even before the trial-shots had started, Diane Goulding had to withdraw from the production, to our regret, and a welcome recruit, Clare Peake, has been appointed in her place.

Furthermore at the time of writing, the first trial shots for the film, both interior and exterior, have been taken, and I expect to be chucked into the river at any time, in the cause of film art. Not all the working details have been settled yet and Lang Jones, who is an expert on this sort of thing, is constantly clamouring for volunteers to the many tedious, dirty, boring and irritating little jobs that seem to be inseparable from film production. I wish him luck, and he'll probably have it.

From the foregoing the gentle reader may tend to suppose that this venture is being carried on in a spirit of larking, joking and general hilarity: it is, but this is inherent in any London fandom venture. Under all the fun there is a serious and painstaking job going on, and those who support the venture, or have an interest in it, or even just wish it well, can be sure that the goods will be delivered on time, and they will be good.

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### THE FUNDS

<u>ASSOC. MEMBERS</u>	
TED FORSYTH . . . . .	3/- . . . . . 20/-
JIM GROVES . . . . .	3/- . . . . . 22/-
ETHEL LINDSAY . . . . .	- . . . . . 8/-
TED BALL . . . . .	- . . . . . 8/6d
GEORGE LOCKE . . . . .	1/- . . . . . 20/-
PETER MABEY . . . . .	3/- . . . . . 22/-
RON MCGUINNESS . . . . .	- . . . . . 1/-
KEITH OTTER . . . . .	3/- . . . . . 22/-
ELLA PARKER . . . . .	3/- . . . . . 23/6d
CHARLES PLATT . . . . .	1/- . . . . . 1/-
TERRY PRATCHETT . . . . .	2/- . . . . . 20/-
ALAN RISPIN . . . . .	- . . . . . 11/-
NORMAN SHERLOCK . . . . .	3/- . . . . . 21/-
TED TWBB . . . . .	- . . . . . 12/-
Sundries . . . . .	- . . . . . 3/3d

You may be wondering about that enigmatic name, Elizabeth Blethen at the bottom of the Committee list. Elizabeth is not a fan, but she has read science-fiction for years, and she just happened to come along once, and has stayed ever since. She has so far been extremely efficient, and promises to be a most useful member of the Group.

I notice that with this bulletin, my typewriter has been tearing great chunks out of the centres of letters. I hope that this isn't too obvious when the thing is finally duplicated. I guess I shall just have to learn to press a little less hard.

<u>COMMITTEE</u>	
FRANK ARNOLD . . . . .	20/- . . . . . £1 . 17 . 6
SANDRA HALL . . . . .	- . . . . . - . 12 . 6
LANG JONES . . . . .	7/6d . . . . . £2 . 12 . 6
IVOR MAYNE . . . . .	17/6d . . . . . £3 . 2 . 6
MIKE MOORCOCK . . . . .	15/- . . . . . £3 . 4 . 6
PAT KEARNEY . . . . .	7/6d . . . . . £2 . 17 . 6
CHARLIE SMITH . . . . .	7/6d . . . . . £2 . 12 . 6
MARJORIE SMITH . . . . .	7/6d . . . . . £2 . 12 . 6
DES SQUIRE . . . . .	5/- . . . . . £1 . 4 . 0
PETE TAYLOR . . . . .	5/- . . . . . £2 . 12 . 6
PETER WHITE . . . . .	5/- . . . . . £1 . 0 . 0
ELIZABETH BLETHEN . . . . .	15/- . . . . . £- . 15 . 0
Sundries . . . . .	- . . . . . - . 10 . 0

### EXPENDITURE

Developing 100' 16mm film - £2 . 4 . 0  
Telegrams - 21/-

### LAST MONTH

£3 . 12 . 4d

TOTAL CAPITAL - £36 . 6 . 6

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### THE CLUBROOM

I have just come from a day of tramping round from estate agent to estate agent, looking for premises that would be suitable for a clubroom.

So far I have not been lucky, but my spirits are much higher than they have been since I started. I have found that estate agents are no good for this sort of thing - ads in the local papers are much better. I have seen several adverts for basements

at very reasonable rates. I have phoned for two, too late unfortunately, but I am going to visit another tomorrow. If the people concerned don't object to having their basements turned into a clubroom instead of storage space, then I see no reason why, in the near future, we shouldn't - at last - have a London clubroom.

But; clubrooms cost money.

I think that there is no reason why we shouldn't obtain a perfectly adequate clubroom, with electricity and running water, in a central area, for as little as two pounds ten a week.

Now there have been many ideas given me on how to raise this money, but I think all of them are rather unrealistic. I think that there is only one really satisfactory way of doing this. That is to have the London clubroom supported in the good old communistic way by London fans. In other words, don't let this venture be supported by a few philanthropists, have the costs spread out as thinly as possible. At a rent of £2 . 10s, if only half the fans in London responded, it would cost them only 3/3d per week.

Now the system could be instigated, if we do get a clubroom, in which those fans who were prepared to contribute weekly, could be given keys. In other words, they could be the ones who were allowed to use the clubroom when they wanted. But we must, somehow, raise that weekly rent!

London has always wanted a clubroom. With a little work on the part of some of us, I see no reason at all why we should not have one within a month. It just remains to be seen whether the enthusiasm towards this idea is as pronounced as it seems.

I'm sorry if this is a bit garbled, but apart from composing on stencil and being very rushed, I am trying to compress it all into a small space.

But what I would really appreciate, is for anyone who is at all interested in this, to say what they think of my ideas, and to offer any suggestions. I would also like to know who would be interested in supporting this venture. I expect you will hear more from me on this subject in the near future.

Best,

Lang.

MONTHLY BULLETIN - GROUP 65

FROM: Lang Jones,  
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TO:-

Ella