

NOVEMBER 1964

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No. 7

(.too hand-t)

There's not going to be a lot from me this issue, largely because there's nothing much to report on, which wouldn't normally stop me, but also because we're suffering from a severe lack of stencils at the moment, and I've got to fit this and Charlie's article on to four. I don't yet quite know whether I shall be able to do it. Still, it can always be serialised I suppose

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Things are coming along quite well, and we're beginning to accumulate quite a few spools of exposed film. Now that the cold weather is beginning, I am beginning to feel quite sorry for our stars, for coats would spoil continuity...

* * *

Charlie has asked me to appeal eloquently on the subject of more contributions. Normally when I talk about money, I could bring tears to your eyes, but at the moment I am not feeling particularly eloquent. So I shall just say that our contributions seem to be dropping off rather dangerously. Now we are filming in 16mm every penny counts.

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Have you bought a raffle ticket yet?

* * *

Since we formed Group 65 I have become aware of a rash of imitators. Like the group of cine enthusiasts who prefer the unusual 9.5 guage of film, and who call themselves Group 9.5. But it had gone too far now. World Record Club has just issued a disc of beat music called Group 64. We shall sue, of course.

(.too hand-t)

* * *

THE WAITING GAME

by Charlie Smith

It was a mistake. And with all our experience and prior knowledge, we should have realised that it was a mistake from the outset. The group had been meeting for some Saturdays past at Oxford Circus Underground Station before starting the day's shooting. We had been arranging to meet at times varying from nine o'clock to ten-fifteen, but somehow we'd never managed to start setting up the camera for the first shot of the day before eleven o'clock at the earliest. Either ideas-man, Lang Jones, had left his tripod at home and had to persuade Pete Taylor to take him back to the sheltered climes of Ealing on his motor bike to collect it, or we suddenly

found we didn't have any film for the day and had to spend the whole morning looking for a shop that stocked the particular type we required. On top of this, of course, people were late. It's a funny thing, but I never came to realise just how unreliable people are until I came into fandom. We would arrange to meet at half-past nine and always be sure in our own minds that everyone wouldn't be present until at least ten.

This particular day, however, we had really excelled ourselves. We must have been out of our minds. In a completely misguided moment, a moment of sheer idiocy, we had agreed to meet at half-past nine, while Ivor, our revered director, Pete, our star, and Chuck, our highly organized cameraman, were to meet half-an-hour earlier so that they could go and view Pete's office as a prospective shooting site. We need an office for a psychiatrist half way through the picture.

Lang and I arrived at Oxford Circus in our usual punctual manner at nine-thirty to find a young fan, little Stevie Moore, waiting in the usual place; we have our own particular column now. We stood chatting for a while and were shortly joined by Des Squire, our stills photographer. This position of course gives him free licence to go round all day, thrusting his camera most offensively into people's faces and making the most horrible buzzing noises with it, so that you're never quite sure when he is taking a picture or not. It makes it difficult to get into a suitable pose - leaning nonchalantly over Hungerford Bridge, chin resting lightly on knee, philosophical, thinking various profound thoughts - when he is continually taking candid shots of the members of the group, doing the sort of ridiculous things everyone does in a mad gay moment of wild abandonment. It destroys the image.

Five minutes later, Elizabeth appeared and we chatted some more, though it became painfully obvious that we were giving surreptitious glances more and more often at our watches. Lang was beginning to cast dark baleful looks from out beneath his dark baleful eyebrows; he was muttering something about "a system of fines" into the luxuriant growth of his three-week-old beard. Still, we were encouraged by the thought that Pete, Ivor and Chuck were out doing their bit to ease the progress of the film, even if we were kept hanging around.

This dream was rudely shattered when Ivor's wife, Oola, suddenly appeared at our sides and thrust a 16mm camera into our hands, saying, "Ivor's ill in bed with a cold and can't make it. He thought you could carry on by yourselves with the shooting script."

I'm afraid she must have thought us very uncommunicative as the news stunned us for a second. That meant that Chuck and Pete must be looking over the office....mustn't they? Oola chattered gaily for a few more minutes and then went off to look after her ailing husband.

We just looked at each other for a moment. "Well, Pat's assistant director; he'll have to take over for today." Suddenly, I began to cheer up. Ivor had been chucking the word "dispensable" around for the past few weeks, whenever anyone said he would be unable to turn up for filming. Now we'd be able to see if our director was also dispensable. As long as Chuck was there we should be all right.

Soon afterwards, Pat, our boy-wonder turned up, round about ten-fifteen, and we broke the glad tidings that he was to direct the day's shooting. He was somewhat startled, but secretly rather flattered and pleased. We then explained that Pete and Chuck were off looking at the office and should

(continued next page; right-hand col.)

ACKERS DEPT.

ASSOC. MEMBERS

TED FORSYTH . . . -	£1 . 0 . 0
JIM GROVES . . . 3/-	£1 . 5 . 0
ETHEL LINDSAY . . . 2/-	10 . 0
GEORGE LOCKE . . . -	£1 . 0 . 0
PETER MABEY . . . 2/-	£1 . 4 . 0
ELLA PARKER . . . 3/-	£1 . 6 . 6d
KEITH OTTER . . . 3/-	£1 . 5 . 0
NORMAN SHERLOCK . . . -	£1 . 2 . 0
TED TUBB 5/-	17 . 0
TED BALL 2/-	10 . 6d
ALAN RISPIN . . . -	11 . 0
RON McGUINNESS . . . -	1 . 0
PETER WHITE . . . 11/-	£1 . 11 . 0
CHARLES PLATT . . . 1/-	1 . 0
Total - £12 . 4 . 0	

* * * *

Group 65 has, unfortunately, lost another member. Elizabeth Blethen has had to return to America. We are sorry to see you go, Elizabeth, and it's not just your money we miss!

I just hope that someone manages to step efficiently in to the position that Elizabeth has vacated. It's a funny thing, but the two non-fans we had in our team were its two most efficient members. There's something very profound there, if I can only get it....

Well, I guess that I'd better sign off hereabouts, and let Charlie finish off the bulletin for me. I'm sorry this issue is rather late, but things are a bit hectic. And if I don't get a job soon, the next one will probably be even later...

Best,

Lang.

the monthly bulletin
 of group 65
 was produced :
 by
 Lang Jones,
 36 Winscombe Cres,
 Ealing,
 London, W.5

COMMITTEE

FRANK ARNOLD 5/-	£2 . 2 . 6d
SANDRA HALL -	12 . 6d
LANG JONES 12/6d	£3 . 5 . 0
IVOR MAYNE 26/-	£4 . 2 . 6d
MIKE MOORCOCK . . . -	£3 . 4 . 6d
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CHARLIE SMITH . . . 12/6d	£3 . 5 . 0
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PETE TAYLOR 35/-	£4 . 7 . 6d
DES SQUIRE 12/6d	£1 . 16 . 6d
ELIZABETH BLETHEN 17/6d	£1 . 12 . 6d
Total - £32 . 2 . 0	

EXPENDITURE

To date - £8 - 4 - 6d

This month:

Developing -	£5 . 7 . 4d
Film -	£3 . 16 . 2d
Stills -	14 . 6d
Total - £18 . 3 . 0	

Total money taken - £44 . 6 . 0
 Total in hand - £26 . 3 . 0

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be back at any moment. The effect was spoiled, however, by the appearance of Pete, hot and breathless, still clad in his kinky leather gear that he wears when he's on his bike (he says). "Aw sorry fellows," he says, panting.... "But I had this trouble with the gasket," broke in Lang, rather bitterly. Pete looked at him most oddly, as if to say, "So what's the matter with you?" After all it's a star's privilege to come late. It's part of the temperament.

We gradually explained that we had been waiting since nine-thirty under the assumption that he had arrived at nine o'clock. Lang was still muttering darkly about instituting a system of fines, though this time with a new vehemence. Pete looked contrite.

Then it hit us! Where was Chuck? Had he chucked the whole thing? I think we were all rather surprised that he had stuck with us so long - four weeks of

waiting around underground stations, of tramping the streets of London looking for film, of fumbling mismanagement that seemed to gog all our efforts at increased efficiency.

Now here we were; we had film, an actor and a director; but we had no cameraman. Chuck had made himself totally indepensable since he had been with us and it seemed impossible to go on without him. If he wasn't coming we might as well give up for the day.

Feelings began to show and more bitterness began to cloud our conversation. It was now quarter to eleven. The underground station had certainly lost its original charm.

Pat suddenly found himself saddled with new responsibility. As director-for-the-day we reckoned it was up to him to find out what had happened to Chuck. We knew he was on the phone but we didn't know the number; Ivor knew the number but he wasn't here and he wasn't on the phone. The film school, on the other hand, where Chuck worked as a lecturer, should be open and should know his number. And if all else failed, there was always directory enquiries. The only snag was that we weren't too sure of Chuck's last name. We knew it was pronounced 'Despins' but this might not be too much help, especially if we got hold of one of the typical unhelpful operators.

Off went Pat, with two threepenny bits clutched in his hot, sticky hands. Every now and then in the middle of a conversation we would catch glimpses of him frantically dialling or shouting into the mouthpiece. We knew he was happy though. Pat has this peculiar bent and we knew he derived many of his kicks, perverted though they may be, from telephones.

Suddenly the conversation trailed off. A strange apparition appeared in our midst. A young man, prematurely old, eyes bloodshot and dazed, gazing vaguely round as if trying to establish new contact with the world around him. Chuck had arrived for filming, complete with hangover. And it was only just past eleven.

"Look, people," he said, his voice sounding as if he had a mouth full of nails, "I can't start doing anything until I've had a cup of coffee and something to eat. I'm just not up to it yet."

I went over to the telephone box to get Pat; he seemed strangely loath to leave it. Then we set off for the nearest Lyons or ABC, Lang still muttering about fines and the unreliability of people in general. He seemed vaguely disenchanted.

However, I derived a certain amount of unfair satisfaction in watching Chuck order and then try to eat the most obscene-looking fried egg I've ever seen in my life. "It's not the egg itself; it's all the fat that surrounds it that's putting me off."

It seems that there's some justice left in the world after all.

* * *

Ellie