

# The RIGGER

## DIGGER ONE





THE RIGBY

ONE DICKER





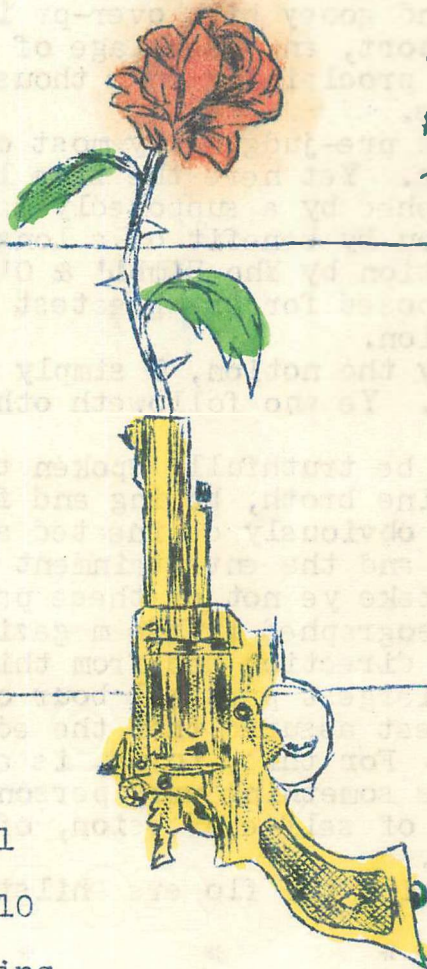
# The RIGGER

## DIGGER ONE

OCT. 4, '67

NUMERO UNO

FOR .40<sup>+</sup>, LOC,  
TRADE OR CONTRIB.



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Art: by Richard  
Schultz

This is an informal personal opinionzine edited and published by Richard Schultz, at 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan, 48234, U.S.A. It is published (at a loss) for the furtherance of the editor's wishes and a desire to admire some public personalities.

This issue is being distributed as a Post-Mailing to the August, 1967, FAPA Mailing. Loch Heim!



## TACKLING

According to the dictionary, tacking refers to the process of sailing by which one sails against the wind by continually veering at it from varying angles, a method of slanting away from the onslaught of the wind, yet making progress against it.

I can think of nothing more apropos to describe my emotions in promulgating a fanzine built around a public personality. In this case, Miss Diana Rigg. She of "The Avengers" show, as well as Mr. Patrick MacNee, the male lead of the series.

For the very notion of a magazine (even an amateur effort such as this) built about a "star" makes one automatically envision pimply juveniles, sticky and gooey with over-praising and gross distortions of the truth. In short, an assemblage of immature personalities collected about and proclaiming in a thousand variations how absolutely fab so-and-so is.

Faced with this pre-judging by most of my peers, some bods might just forget the idea. Yet here the zine lies before you. It is edited and mimeographed by a supposedly mature adult tax-payer. It is thus presented to you by benefit of a long history of amateur publishing and a determination by Yho H'mbl' & O'bt S'vn't To C'imm'nd. A determination composed for the greatest part of a simple and calm respect and admiration.

To ye who decry the notion, I simply point out that I carry no evangelical banners. Ye who followeth other roads; Take that road; I follow my own.

Also, it might be truthfully spoken that I hope never to see T&R become some saccharine broth, boring and false. The topics under discussion are very obviously delineated as being Miss Rigg, "Avengers" and Patrick MacNee, and the entertainment field in general. If ye be not interested, partake ye not of these pages.

Also, this mimeographed little magazine, this fanzine, will continue under this direction and from this address only for so long as it remains for the largest part a labour of love. If it ever ceases being so, you may rest assured that the editorship shall be passed to more willing hands. For this, to me, is a most enjoyable project. It patently fulfills something very personal and pleasurable. It allows me a modicum of self-expression, of course. Bit it is mostly simply an enjoyment.

Enjoy, enjoy, pick the flowers whilst thee may.

\* \* \* \*

ONCE UPON A TIME This whole hang-up started inauspiciously enough, believe it or nay. The classic method is (I suppose) to get a hollow pit in the stomach region on first sight. Or is a distress of the peptic region? Or is that heartburn? Watching TV one tends to forget. Watching TV does lead to excess gastric acid at any rate.

In the neighborhood of March, 1966, the gladsome cries of much of Detroit science fiction fandom led me to turn on the flicker box to view "The Avengers". It was a Monday night. There was this cracked pot on the show that night who had decided to do in Mrs. Peel for various slurs and insults.



Being of such frame of mind, he rigs this semi-ghostly manse with a computer (if the boys from IBM saw it they must have cried untrollably for an hour). Also, he rigs it with a few ghostly touches like identical rooms and a corridor built on a nearly frictionless turntable. The trick being that once within the manse Our Emma will invariably find herself returning to the same room, regardless of where she goes. The idea being that Our Emma wouldst slip her Peel so to speak.

Naturally the ingenious Mrs. Emma Peeled her way out of that trap and talked the computer into fusing its circuitry. Hari-kari as performed by The Liberator. (In-group joke. The Liberator is the tag name Honeywell Electronics is boosting. It's a computer by means of which some outfit can convert their filing systems from the usual IBM-directed botch into FORTRAN coded systems and back out into their old IBM system if need be again. Very versatile.)

At any rate, the show was extremely entertaining. With bells on. As good as THE BARON or I, SPY it appeared. But it didn't end until 11:00 at night and I had to get up at 5:00 A.M. the next morning for work. Somehow or other I didn't gamble that I'd be seeing very much of the show.

I didn't.

From that disinterest to this present bright warm flame? People change, or they wouldst be truly unlivable to each other. Hopefully they mature, their values alter, and once in a while they obtain the guts to honestly enjoy something they might once have decried as being intellectually below them. Hopefully, this was the case with THE AVENGERS.

TV was below me. For that matter, most of it still is. But the eight or ten hours a week the set is on to what I want to see is very carefully culled beforehand. Before it had ended its 1966 season, the old black-and-white AVENGERS had taken hold of my imagination.

For there was something there to take hold of. There is the unforgettable high style, the high flair and finesse with which every word and movement in the show became endowed. I loved the humour, the puns, the dry one-liners, the telegraphed punch-lines and the flakey straight-faced deliveries. But throughout all of ~~of~~ this, it was constantly noticed how the leads took the comparatively little offered them from a basically limited script and turned it into a delight to the eye and ear. It became more than just another adventure show. Did anyone else feel that the black-and-white shows were a trifle more tightly written?

Just one Honor Blackman show have I see, the one where she was recruited into the Russian spy network with disastrous results for aforementioned network. Just one show. The numerous and learned British members of science fiction fandom inevitably proclaim the old shows to be oh, so much better, you know. Mayhaps. But indeed the shows presented here were so much better than the usual W. Steland fare, that the effect was shocking.

Not always great, but usually good.

Thus it rose Phoenix-like from the ashes of ABC and has fallen back again. The ratings were quite steady....but below the twenty-five million or so per night that the wizards of the Polls proclaim to the break-even point. But it was quite possible to fall in love with it anyways.

It was entertaining, even the corniest shows. Which is more than may be said for the majority of mass entertainment these days.

Only one thing makes the days pass more slowly. The supposition that THE AVENGERS will be back with us. Alas, for only one more spring, and then final final final final blackout.



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I know, I know, ABC says it has no plans to bring THE AVENGERS back. But consider these public facts.

ABC has bought and put in the vaults thirteen (13! Count 'em!) of the colour shows.

ABC is considered a hard-nose in money matters. Can you see ABC shelling out the \$\$\$\$ necessary to purchase thirteen more of the high-priced shows and have them filmed if they intended never to use them? For the key word is the "never". For the AVENGERS are due once more to rise up as a Spring replacement for some bomb.

Considering the new season and some of the leggers left over from past seasons, ABC will be very lucky indeed if only one hour-long show turns turkey. This is not necessarily a knock on ABC. If anyone gets knocks, it's the whole industry for pursuing the mythical Average Man and the ephemeral Mass Audience trick. If nothing else, this endless pursuit for the biggest possible audience leads to endless pursuits of the Perfect Show for everyone. Imagination conjures up an hour-long color series about this lovely teenaged nun with a sordid past who meets Jesus Christ on Beach Red at Tara a after being introduced by William Shakespeare. More on that subject later.

In any event, it is no secret in the industry or elsewhere that each of them are already viewing some pilots and laying production on for some series to replace a few pre-selected bombs. When ABC already has a "Second Season" fill-in that can practically guarantee a devoted audience (however small...probably over 15 million anyways), it would take a sterner mind than mine to believe that THE AVENGERS shall never see life on the cathode tube again.

Those of you whom I talked with at the New York Science Fiction Convention will recall that I was very much more emphatic on the matter than this. That I quoted some named and stated which show would be replaced with Mrs. Peel and Steed and their Amazine Electric Adventure Machine.

But good taste, common sense and the Michigan Libel Laws prevent me from being more specific in print. If any of you appear at the OctoCon I'll let ye have all the info I have.

For those who haven't heard of it before, the OctoCon is a very informal small gathering of thirty-five or forty Michigan-Ohio-Indiana science fiction fans. The fourth annual OctoCon will be held at the Greentree Inn, 1935 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio, on October 7 and 8. Frankly, unless you live right in the immediate are, I'd not reccomend that a new fan attend. Generally speaking it's an old cronies convention, and there's no program whatsoever.

So, I view THE AVENGERS returning in the Spring. Sometime shortly after New Year's, I believe. Before then, Rigg is scheduled to appear on CBS, but turn to NEWS AND NOTES for that information.

THE AVERAGE MAN AND OTHER FAIRY TALES FOR THOSE YOUNG IN HEART Whilst in this frame of mind, let me comment a moment or two on a few apt similes. Publishing and Television, and won't they ever learn the lessons of the other?

For yay these many moons, we have watched the decline of the printed page. At least in science fiction fandom, have loudly decried the Passing Of An Age.

Thirty years ago, the oft-repeated quotation goes, there were over thirty five pulp magazines in regular production at any given moment. As well as the great semi-pulps like BLUEBOOK of fond memory, ARGOSY when it was an all-fiction pulp and others. Intermixed with them on the stands were a host of other regular mags which as a matter of course padded out it s pages with some tale from an author's pen.



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There was the Romance pulps, the forerunners to the Confession mags. There were the Westerns, those glorious shoot-em-up's. There were the Air War mags, with daring aces flying their rickety Spads and Sppwith Camels into the turbulent sky. There were Pirate mags, Jungle stories, and a double score of detectives. They ranged from Oriental Quarterly to THE SHADOW on down to DIME WEEKLY. In that group were the old stalwarts of the science fiction field, AMAZING, ASTOUNDING and THRILLING WONDER.

Most of the fiction in the pulps lacked a great deal of originality and polish, but they were charming. Plus decidedly cheap for the times. Don't forget that apart from radio and the movies the pulps had the entertainment field to itself. For vaudeville had all but died out and the Great Depression had moved the great mass of Americans out of their favorite movie seats. They just couldn't afford to see a movie every weekend. But a pulp could be read and re-read and even traded for some other pulp.

Well, evolution happened. The movie houses boomed during the war, and two enemies of the pulp appeared in their infant form. The TV set and pocket-books.

Today the process is all but complete. The Confession mags super-slick fiction, fan mags like Movie Life occupy one wing of the fiction field. The super-super slicks like TIME and POST elbow out much of the rest of the mag line. Squeezed in-between as a minnow between whales, lie the remaining fiction mags. The handful of science fiction mags, a few things like ELLERY QUEEN and THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. and that most strange of all the pure fiction mags, the FATE and Flying Saucer group.

For fiction still sells like hotcakes. But when people read, they read the latter-day pulp, the pocket-book. They read millions and millions of them. What crumbs fall off that lavish table is what the fiction magazines share of the market amounts to.

Whilst the science fiction fans and publishers bemoan the death of science fiction, an interesting phenomena occurred next door, so to speak. The birth of the specialty mag.

Evolution continues, for now the giants are threatened by the multiferous spread of the special interest zine. Next time you're down to your local magazine rack, notice how many mags there are for which there is, in the very nature of the thing, a limited market.

Ski buggs and buffs. Hi-Fi addicts. Racing and Drag and Mickey Mouse (well gadgeted) car enthusiasts. There is a needlepoint mag or three. Bird-watching, conservation, photography, guns and shooting, hunting and fishing, football, baseball, soccer, curling, astronomy, cooking, curling, karate.....

You name the special interest group and today it has at least one if not more magazines.

One point of these magazines I'd like to rub in some people's noses. They all make money. A profit. The ggetus. The clink and shift.

They do it by ignoring the unviolatable rules promulgated by the big slicker magazines and concentrating on the specialty market. If, by Ghod, there was some way any of the science fiction mags could capitalize on such a procedure you can bet your bottom dollar that they'd be doing it. But to do so they'd have to stop being fiction mags, laddy.

So, at least the authors and many of the editors have turned to the pocketbook field to recapture some of the audience the mags are missing. It's about the only way they can find to do so. The fiction mags just plain simply have too small an appeal base and too small a capital base to elbow aside the big magazines any.

But an interesting thing is occurring in TV or will be noticed in a few years.



8/ Attempting to appeal to everybody is creating its own herd of frankenstein monsters and any harried TV executive you can corner will be more than glad to bend your ear about the many problems besetting him. Chiefly they're tied to finances. They have to charge impossible rates for the four or five hours of prime time, and to justify these rates have to rake in so-and-so many million viewers per show to create an image to the advertiser that he's getting his money's worth.

No, I don't believe pay-TV is coming.

The rest of the network time is so much garbage they fill up with quiz games and re-re-re-runs of I LOVE LUCKY (or is it LUCY).

The Great American Wasteland of song and story.

Costs to produce a show have zoomed and zoomed and zoomed again as each network has tried to outdo the other. Quite frankly, when friends speak longingly of the old live dramatic shows, I wonder how they'd stand up against today's souped-up spectaculars. Name stars, color, full of expensive gadgets and gowns and the hidden costs of endless miles of film that was clipped from the shows that see the air. I wonder how well they'd stack up against a modern shoot-em-up for sheer overpowering effect. The overpowering is the key word. Not good but just overpowering. The story has gone and the flak work has taken over.

Basically this is why they folded anyways. People would rather watch GUNSMOKE or Bilko or Lucy than Chekov or Wagner or distressing dramas detailing the sorrows of illegitimate children. For you have to sit there and think a little bit to appreciate such shows. That's uncomfortable. It's much more comfortable to turn off your mind and watch the umpteenth umpteenth bit of trouble Hoss gets in on BONANZA.

But a diminishing point is eventually reached in this frantic rat-race to capture the Average Man. At some point the "entertainment" is so gimmicked and rigged to appeal to the largest possible audience that it loses its appeal to anybody. I will admit that TV, like government, is usually just exactly what the people want, and since the "People" watch BEVERLY HILLBILLIES we shall get many more BEVERLY HILLBILLIES and imitations.

How they cry, can they afford to do otherwise?

Aside from snide comments on how they dug themselves into this rat-race in the first place, let us wonderingly consider a few minor but salient facts.

The ubiquitous poll-taker can no doubt give us many statistics on the average income of the many levels of the TV viewers. I wonder if he could give us the average income of the type who usually watches a moderately intelligent show like 21ST CENTURY? CBS PLAYHOUSE? THE AVENGERS? Furthermore, what such a viewer might more willingly spend his money on?

Such a study might save one or two shows per network which would otherwise be scrapped. For an advertiser would more willingly spend his money to reach the desired audience, rather than sheer shotgun effect advertising.

But a more thought-provoking one is the thought of specialty-aligned formats for shows. The specialty mags do not try to capture the mass of the market. Just some of it. And they make money.

The idea of the steady viewer. The viewing levels of THE AVENGERS, as an example stayed fantastically steady all Spring. With less of a dip for the summer re-runs than might be expected.

Assuming that the ratings systems are accurate (and there is a little something to start an argument over!), that means that the greatest part of that audience was what amounted to a captive audience. Week after week, for that hour each night, the advertiser could really sock his message (with variations) to these people, and really perform the sort of saturation dreamed of by many Madison Avenue men.



How well could an advertiser be sold on the idea that he isn't reaching hordes and hordes of millions of viewers with small effect but hitting 15-20 million with nearly devastating effect, for a TV show? Personally I tune out the ads with my automatic scanning device called a brain, but Madison Avenue says even I don't tune everything out all the time.

How would an advertiser like the notion of a captive audience as opposed to the normal Big Ratings Average Man audience?

For that matter I could make some comments on the effectiveness of TV advertising, but no one else seems to believe them.

Maybe this is all naive thinking, but it is obvious that the idealization of the mythical Average Man is running the networks straight up against the law of diminishing returns. Where to next, Mr. Network? More of the same and more of the same after that to solve the problems that more of the same is creating right now?

Speaking of their problems, it might be quite helpful if the all but unapproachable scripting heads could be reached by the professional writer more easily. Knowing some forty or fifty tolerably well through science fiction fandom, the common complaint of the author is that he isn't known to the scripting head. They commonly refuse to even bother with someone who hasn't sold two or thirty scripts before to the networks. In short, if you're not a member of the semi-permanent staff, your stuff is not even read.

And we have the objectionable condition wherein the writers of each new season are very much the same fleks who managed to kill off a goodly proportion of last year's series.

Do you ever watch a show and feel that you've seen it before? You probably have, thirty or forty times, and even the present "author" probably couldn't tell you who wrote the original script that they all keep pirating.

NOTHING IS SACRED Including the magazine you hold in your sweaty palms at this moment. To be abysmally frank, who editor would appreciate it very much indeed if you out there would contribute something. Artwork, yes! Letters! Thoughts on the various personalities and questions raised. Anything at all!

I'm hoping that Ted White will do a complete dissection on the aging corpse of the Garforth AVENGERS pocketbooks. The quality of the aforementioned literary miscarriages fairly shrieks for an above-average example of the merciless critique. And if anyone can do a neat knife-job on a piece of spoilt meat like the four Garforth Berkley novels, it is our own Ted. Indeed one might nearly surmise that it is a case of the White man's burden.

Any clippings or articles you yourself might write are welcome. If nothing else, this editor can attempt to aid you in tightening the article or whatever up. I may not get gold stars as a wielder of the blue pen, but as editor of this raging zine I do enjoy some perogatives of power.

Anyone care to loan me their copy of YANDRO wherein Ted White expounded on THE AVENGERS? My YANDRO sub is long long dead.

FAPA, YOU IS SO LUCKY This copy is being post-mailed to the August, 1967 FAPA mailing. I hope to gain a few fine capable sturdy souls thereby. Besides FAPA hasn't heard from me in quite a while. Thusly, you are getting this because:

☒ FAPA member. You comment or ☐ FAPA Waiting Lister. Ditto.  
this is it, baby. ☐ Send money, word or out.

☐ I know ye. ☐ You're great. ☐ Egoboo in here. Hunt.  
☐ Trades. If you don't want to ☐ Andy Main signed your name as  
trade, tell me so, please. ☐ a member of AVENGERS fandom.

☐ Great Unwashed Avengers Fandom. ☐ Contributor or aide.



DIANA RIGG---



---NATCH

NEW  
AND

NOTES



BREAK OUT YOUR WILLY THE SHAKE'S The following is a quote from a recent TV Guide. "Diana Rigg and David Warner will appear in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream on CBS..."

That was it, for the moment. I immediately wrote CBS requesting some type of information on the matter, photos if they had any, all based on the assumption this was to be a CBS Playhouse presentation scheduled for sometime this fall. They have yet to answer my letter, but I might be able to obtain some type of favourable reply in a future missive.

For more information has sped my way. In the Tuesday, September 19th, 1967 edition of the Detroit NEWS, the TV columnist had a mite to say on the matter. Frank Judge, the columnist in question has held his post for some years, and though somewhat bland, is generally reliable. He stated:

"Diana Rigg, the cute-looking spy who won a loyal following in ABC's "The Avengers" will be back on television this season - with the Royal Shakespeare Company.

She will appear as Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". The comedy will be the first of a series of CBS Specials by the English Company. No air date has been set.

Starring with her as Lysander will be David Warner, who was seen with Vanessa Redgrave in the movie, "Morgan!"

After its telecast on CBS, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will play in movie theaters on a reserved-seat basis.

The production is now in rehearsal in England, with filming scheduled to start on location later this month in Stratford-Upon-Avon."

First off, I suppose you all know that Miss Rigg spent some two years with the Royal Shakespearean Company prior to leaving to find more grassy fields, so to speak. If anything can be said for the Company, (and a great deal can) you learn dramatic discipline there. After a gruelling course there, one is ready for most anything. In many ways working with the Company might be said to parallel Darwin's Theory Of Evolution.

The Fittest Survive; All others perish.

Faced with the task of keeping up with these professionals, our Miss Rigg managed to grow and become an excellent craftsman in her own right. When ye watch her in a show it is exceedingly easy to lose sight of the fact that it is all a play. A Professional always makes a job look easy.

At any rate, it should be much like Old Home Week for Miss Rigg whilst at Stratford-Upon-Avon. But I do sincerely wish I knew the acting credentials quite as well of Mr. David Warner. Only in one respect can I classify his talents.

He's a professional too. And a darned good one.

The "Morgan!" referred to above was a singular movie, with a very bitter-sweet tone to it, a tragi-comedy with a laugh a minute. But for all the laughter, you could see that Morgan's marriage was going to pot and would stay there simply because he was what he was. Morgan. That strange wild, half-naive, half-foxy Innocent of Nature. Vanessa played his wife, and you could see the hurt and joy that living with Morgan brought to one. She could not have loved him if he were any different sort of a half-man-half-boy-half-gorilla....but she could not live with him as long as he was that way. You see, Love does not conquer all or solve all the problems. Sometimes it can just make things worse.

A very strange, very sad, very funny movie. Vanessa was good, oh she was so good. But David Warner was stupendous.



12) In all respects I would state that he is a perfect type for Diana Rigg to come up against. Unlike the losers of this world, the very jealous Gods of the mediocre, the Winners, the Go-Aheaders compliment each other. If even moderately well handled, the show should be a real masterpiece. A case of the sum of the parts becoming greater.

YOU SEE, THEY HAVE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES THERE..NOT STARS I can hardly leave the thought of "Morgan!" without some thoughts on the type of film art at present and lately arriving here from Jolly Old England. For at this period, the tight little rainy isle seems to be exceptionally fortunate in putting forward a large number of especially beautiful members of the acting profession. Beautiful in the sense of being quite good.

For with the exception of our Miss Rigg, one common point of these lovely souls is that they are really not so very very handsome, or voluptuous.

I refer to the Redgrave's, Vanessa, Lynn and Michael, David Warner and Rita Tushingham.

Ah, the memories that phlanax stires.

THE GIRL WITH GREEN EYES, the evocation of sorrow and insight. In all respects, you journey with this wild fey Irish sparrow and for all the pain she garnered you can only say; "This is her. She would not trade a moment of the heartbreak for then you must trade some of the joy as well. And after all, Life is the mixing of the two. And she did gain the mightily thereby". A beautiful movie.

Lynn Redgraves, who backed up Rita in the above of course is now a full-blown star in her own right. This has come about because of "Georgy Girl". Some parties talk of "sudden stardom" but do not realise the background laid beforehand. For Lynn shone in Georgy Girl. You see, she seemed to realize that beauty came from within. If you didn't really believe in it, it wasn't any good, you see. And Lynn has it, Really, just a little bit more mayhaps than her sister Vanessa.

Ah, now there is a big, bony strange woman. The part in BLOW-UP was really too young for her, but it made her a "Star" I suppose. It is really a pity that so very little of her showed up there. The potential she could bring forth.

BLOW-UP was a something that were so vary, vary strenge. The whole movie lay in that final set, the tennis match and the invisible tennis ball. He could still pick up the invisible ball there at the end, but it had lost its flavor, the ball dissipated even then. He knew by then there was a real world out there. The world of fantasy had lost its savor. Back there was no turning but he was no more the strange unreal lad he had been before. He obtained what he had wanted and found what he had been unable to obtain had turned all other things to so much dust.

Michael Redgrave must be mentioned, if for nothing else for his A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. He is a man with few parallels. Without being portentous he presented his brief and won the case before the eyes of the world.

An outstanding phlanax. But then the English actors and actresses always did have a strange fey way of showing us the trouble a person so does delve himself onto.

At any rate, he over six foot tall, David Warner is, a very especial necessity for males playing opposite Miss Rigg. His blond very craggy good looks should go well with the unreal perfection of that may well be England's Most Perfect Face.

The old dialogue of how impossible it 'tis to paint the Perfect Face may be more than an old B-movie cliché. Along with such worn phrases as how important it is for an artist to suffer.



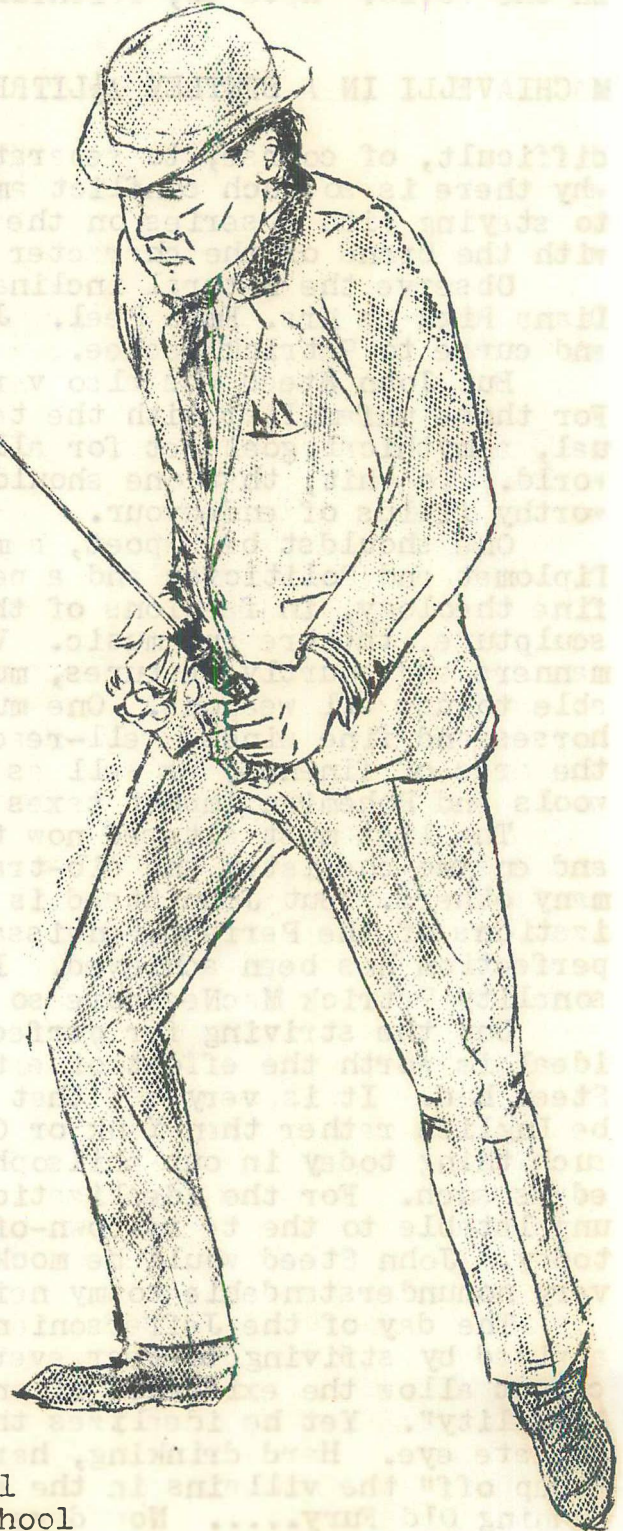
For, after trying my hand at it a few number of times, I must admit myself mastered by the difficulties Diana Rigg presents. I can hold no brief for myself as an artist in any case, as my work doth evidence. But I must state that Diana Rigg has the smoothest fine face in English acting. It is quite difficult to draw it in line style, at least, because it is so very flawless. Congratulations Miss Diana Rigg. The artists of the world may wind up detesting you for presenting such a perfect visage before them.

By the way...another difficulty. Have any of you ever noticed before that she has the very slightest, the merest hing of freckles? Freckles.

I cannot get over it. Can you imagine a gawky big skinny girl, very nearly shapeless, perhaps in some rigid school uniform, and afflicted with this big wide band of freckles across her face?

Yet the thought lends reality to my caution to all my compatriots here that a public personality as is Diana Rigg must be viewed in all four dimensions. Not only is she a vital soul with its individualities and eccentricities. She is above all a woman. She is young and all the world of consequence very nearly lies at her feet... She has a family, with a mother and father and relatives, including mayhaps an Aunt Maude who lays constant inunctions before Miss Rigg that she really ought to get married.

She has a past, too, you see. A childhood, growing up and up and up and up and all the problems that such a state means to a sensitive and intelligent girl. A girl who found herself quite literally head and shoulders above her classmates and peers. I wonder how she managed to handle these other girls at this sensitive moment in time? When the "pack" inclination wouldst be to exclude her? Whether she had pig-tails, did she go to Leeds University for a spell as I have heard? Was she a Public School girl? The Public system is the British private school system.





14) You see, after all, we've so very little to go on. Only this do we have where much of the world is ignorant; This much we have discovered from her roles as portrayed on the telly; This much we know besides the yearning to know more; We know it is worth the while to know her the better. We feel it is worth our while to know her for has so very, very much to offer us.

At any rate, I expect that aside from a Shakespearian Company, the Great Unwashed Avengers Fandom shall very shortly have the greatest knowledge extent of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream". We shall very likely be the most well versed assemblage on that subject in the world. Have to, faithful lads and lassies.

MACHIAVELLI IN A BENTLEY 4½ LITRE Patrick MacNee, I feel, also has a great deal to offer us. It is very difficult, of course, to separate the actor from his role. Which is why there is so much conflict amongst the professional actor's level to staying with a series on the telly too long. One becomes marked with the brand of the character portrayed.

Observe the natural inclination of most AVENGERS fans to think of Diana Rigg as Mrs. Emma Peel. John Steed was obviously a similar boon and curse to Patrick MacNee.

But John Steed was also very much the perfect Renaissance Man. For those unfamiliar with the term, it refers to that perfect individual, a mythical goal set for all learned gentlemen in the Renaissance world. To wit, that one should be gifted and conversant in all worthy fields of endeavour.

One shouldst be a poet, a minstrel, a great warrior and tactician. Diplomat and Politician and a person adept in the arts of amour, in fine theology, in fashions of the day and the great arts, of painting, sculpture, theatre and music. Versed exceedingly well in medicine, manners and courtly gestures, multi-lingual, murderous in armour and able to use all weapons. One must be a gourmet, a connoisseur of fine horses and fine wines, well-read and a superb manager of economics and the arts of finance, as well as farms, ships, spices, silks, Flemish wools and Bohemian import taxes and judger of fine stones.

The list must altered now to include ballistics and virtuousology and enzyme chemistry and dio-transistor electronics and journalism and many others. But John Steed is obviously one of this age's characterizations of the Perfect Renaissance Man. Not necessarily because such perfection has been achieved. It was not, even for the mythical personality Patrick MacNee wore so well one hour a week.

But the striving for perfection, the realization that such an ideal is worth the effort of extension of one's self, was what John Steed had. It is very sad that such a latter-day Renaissance Man must be English rather than Yank or Canadian to be believable. We have no such thing today in our philosophy, at least that couldst be acknowledged as such. For the idealization of such well-rounded perfection would unpalatable to the tears-down-of-images that passes for a spirit here today. John Steed would be mocked, and called a goof, because he is so very nonunderstandable to my neighbors.

The day of the Jeffersonian Common Man has arrived, but he has arrived by striving to tear everything down to his level, it seems. He cannot allow the existence of any other ideal but his own version of "equality". Yet he idealizes the soulless visualization of the "cool" private eye. Hard drinking, hard shooting, hard loving, etc., and will "bump off" the villains in the end. I'll be judge, I'll be Jury, said cunning Old Fury..... Nowadays this image is slicked up to include the emotionless cunning of James Bond. But the slick facade of James Bond



resembles more closely that of Mike Hammer than John Steed. There is the matter of finesse and style, at least. And motivation.

John Steed expands his universe, he searches and attempts greater achievements for their own sake. James Bond dresses well, shoots well and knows his Pommards. All because it is useful, his manners and image is merely something useful to him. A businessman dealing with cold meat? And Steed the intellectual? Mayhaps.

Naturally the next question one must ask must be just how much of John Steed was Patrick MacNee and vice versa? It is one thing to be independently well off as John Steed, and quite another to be a long-time professional actor named Patrick MacNee who managed to land himself a lush role and a few very good years as the male lead of THE AVENGERS.

Again that word professional. Patrick MacNee was another. The man was as obviously alive and multi-faceted as Diana Rigg, the Red-graves and a few exceptional others. Someone once said that everyone had at least a hundred hours of conversation in them. People like Mr. MacNee, once unbent, I can well imagine discoursing intelligently and relevantly for weeks on end.

There is something there, you say to yourself. When you pick it up and shake it, it doesn't rattle.

It's exactly the few souls who don't rattle in science fiction fandom that essentially make it so interesting and worthwhile.

And again, one must realize that Patrick MacNee has more than three dimensions also. Apart from the Now and the personality and smile we have seen, we realize that the clothes (which do so positively help to make the man, at least in part) are merely a vehicle for the personality inside. What made him an actor? Did he go one of the old-line Universities, or one of the red-brick's? What sort of a life has he led? Was he in the Army and the War?

I simply don't know anything about the man apart from that splendid front he put on once a week, however much character shone through.

There is one thing you out there can help me with. Anything you might have in the way of articles is carefully solicited. Some of you might have something no one else has. Simply because it was nationally published, or whatever, do not assume that it was either noticed or clipped out.

Please send them in, or at least let me know what you have. I'll write ye and tell ye whether anyone else has offered the info to me.

..PLASTIC EMMA, RIDING ON THE DASHBOARD OF MY CAR.... Really she doesn't, but the tune seemed appropos. The line itself refers to a somewhat anti-religious ditty titled, "Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus, Riding On The Dashboard Of My Car". Which itself refers to the nonunderstandable and very superstitious practice of some types here of placing plastic figurines of Christ, Infants of Prague and the such on their dash.

The plastic Emma, however, exists.

At New York I was informed that there existed a Corgi Toys Gift Set #40. Originally it came out for last year's Christmas Season, but evidently never caught on over here. It does not surprise me.

The set itself consisted of:

One red with black trim 1927 Bentley LeMans  $4\frac{1}{2}$  litre (four on the outside, side horn, etc.) approximately  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches long.

One gray-suited figurine, rubberoid, wearing a bowler and driving said Bentley LeMans. Right hand seat.

One black rolled umbrella with malacca handle, about an inch long.



16) One white lotus Elan S2 with movable black bucket seats, a raisable hood or front bonnet, approximately 4½ inches long.

One standing white suited female figure, bell-bottoms to trousers, white Beetle-type cap and white gloves....naturally supposed to the figure of Mrs. Emma Peel.

The painted rubberoid figurines are rather flakey, no features, poorly painted, as is the wont with such mass-produced dolls. Don't expect very much from them.

On the other hand, the automobiles themselves are made sturdily of thick and tough metal, the tires are little gems, set beautifully on their axles. Every detail of the autos is perfect. The minute steering wheels, the door panels, the tail-lights, the wire rims for the Bentley tyres, oh they are a delight to the eye and finger-tip.

Unfortunately the set I bought cost me nearly \$5.00. It was also the last such set in the store.

George Young, who sold me the set there, is a fan and friend and has promised to look into the matter of any additional sets. But do not bet on either receiving an unlimited supply through him or receiving any reductions in price. Therefore the sets would only sell spottily even amongst really hard-core AVENGERS fans.

If interested, I'd suggest you phone some of the Hobby stores in your area and first discover if they deal in the imported English CORGI toy line. If they do, the next step is to ask about this set, by name. Or as THE AVENGERS set. If unable to find any such supplier in your vicinity, write in and I'll try to either get one or put you in touch with someone who can purchase and mail a set to ye.

PATRICK MACNEE, BELLES LETTRES I now introduce to ye the surprising figure of Patrick MacNee, novelist.

Yes indeed, our own John Steed is a writer. At least a co-author.

With Peter Leslie, Mr. MacNee has authored a novel. The English outfit of HODDER books has published two (count 'em, sob, only two) pocketbooks by Patrick MacNee. The theme was....guess! That's right. THE AVENGERS.

The two are DEAD DUCK and DEADLINE, both superlative mystery-espionage novels, worthy of standing on their own feet without the use of the characters of Steed and Mrs. Peel. In this they are decidedly different from the Garforth foursome. Whose outstanding feature is a reasonable supposition that they would never have been sold to any pb outfit if the characters had not been Steed and Mrs. Peel.

One wonders, of course, how John Garforth fell into the choice slot of palming his unsaleable rejects off on the public as AVENGERS novels. Thoughts of being related to the publisher, compromising photographs of the chief editor resting in some solicitor's office, 23% of the outstanding shares of Berkley being owned by Aunt Beatrice and similar ideas spring to my mind. Certainly they were never sold on their intrinsic merits, for they have so very few.

I've read DEAD DUCK thus far, and shall attempt a critique of it in the next issue. Despite my obvious blind spots in reference to the novel. But I've never yet seen DEADLINE. Yet I am already recommending both to your wondering eyes.

As stated previously, they are excellent mysteries/espionage thrillers, quite worthy in their own right. Even more excellent in my own mind is the satisfying atmosphere and the characters as presented therein. It emphatically and exactly recreates the personalities of John Steed and Mrs. Emma Peel.

Quite expectedly John Steed is the main hero of the book, make no doubts about this. Emma Peel is definitely a "talented amateur", and is more henchwoman than hench to Steed. As to be expected from John Steed, or Patrick MacNee. But the characters are still John Steed and Mrs. Emma Peel. To a "T".



It was an exceedingly refreshing experience, viewing the world from out the eyes of John Steed. Not only does the world-view of the excellently intelligent Renaissance Man come across, but the whole story is tightly written and well detailed and edited.

Heartily recommended.

Now comes the difficult part, obtaining copies. A few steps have already been made in that direction.

First off, the English price is 3/6', or .49¢. In Canada remainders have been flogged off for .50¢@, but the supply is evidently erratic and unsure. A few will be obtainable from there, thanks to a kind-hearted Canuck or two. But for the main-source, it shall probably have to be England.

For this I've written to a pro book dealer there, a Ken Slater by name, inquiring about the possibility of obtaining quantities from him. If so, the price will be cover price, plus a few pence more per book for what it costs him to handle and mail them. So, I guesstimate that by the time I add my own mailing costs to send them to you, the price will be about .65¢. We shall see. Those who want copies are advised to put their name on the list immediately.

THEY DON'T WANT FANS They just want some anonymous twenty five million viewers per show. But then you can hardly blame them. Are you confused? Well, what I refer to is ABC.

As you might be aware, this network is the one that put out THE AVENGERS. Surprise! Surprise! Well, as some of you might be a mite peeved at me, I hadst better explain that I received a mile dressing down at ABC when I dropped down there, Tuesday, September 5th. It develops that a gaggle of AVENGERS fans had practically descended on ABC en masse and they informed me in no uncertain terms that they were not equipped to deal with large groups of enthusiasts.

So be warned. You approach ABC in person only at your own risk, and of course only one at a time. Play it very gently, match.

Ye might do better writing this address and requesting a few AVENGERS photos. Ask for as many as you feel they might part with and you might get more than one or two.

American Broadcasting Co., 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York City, New York, 10023.

For those who really do appreciate photos of Rigg, MacNee, et al, turn to the back of this opus and mail in your money fast, fast, fast, don't stop to think, just send in your checks and money orders. Stamps very reluctantly accepted.

It's for a good cause, really it is. The TOFF Fund to bring Takumi Shivano to the Berkley World Science Fiction Convention in '68. To be held in Berkley, California.

Takumi is easily Japan's best-known pro and fan, and one of the first extant science-fiction fans in his country. The Los Angeles groups started the Fund, and are doing all they can to bring him over here. So they're holding auctions, sales, pun-funds and change-jars and other gimmicks, with lots of goodies going on the block. Whilst at the New York City World Science Fiction Convention held there this past Labor Day weekend, I pledged my bit for the Cause. Namely, that my duplicate Rigg-MacNee photo stills would be flogged for cash. Instead of pocketing the monies, and helping to pay for this thing, the loot will be sent to the Fund. And believe me, they'll be going over the books, too.

I'm just a big sentimentalist at heart.

It is immensely comforting to feel that one has at least one fine feature to show the world. I wish I had another.



MRS. PEEL IN PASTEL TONES There is a long and venerable tradition in England that concerns one of the facets of life their youngsters are accustomed to. I speak of their old line adventure magazines aimed at the young juvenile market. There is at least the EAGLE for boys and DIANA for the girls, amongst other lesser followers in the genre.

Fortunately the English publishing business has a long way to go yet to reach the present American state of affairs. Here the expenses drive out all but the largest firms, not to mention ruthless competitive practices by everyone here from the Prestige book publishers on down. What with lower artist's rates, lower writer's rates and a larger margin for the publisher, the tight little isle is dotted with hundreds and hundreds of publishers and magazines and printers and binders.

The thorniest problem facing these outfits, alas, is the fact that prices are rising and one by one the lesser firms are starting to bow out.

But for the moment these magazines continue, colouring the ideas and thought patterns of England's young in their own unique way.

Imagine if you can a Sunday-Supplement-sized magazine of about forty pages. The covers are wrap-around....in color---and feature on both covers the adventures of whoever happens to be riding high at the moment. Inside two-color comics take over for another five or seven pages, with like number at the end. Between them lie articles and the all-important juvenile adventures. Not comics but feature-stories, with youngsters getting and out of scraps and trouble to the eternal pleasure of the readers. In one EAGLE I remember reading one about a youngster whose father was hot on the trail of some hi-jackers on the M1. Another who was willy-nilly taken on an adventure on and across the floor of the Pacific with a 400-foot high robot. There was some three or four serials therein. The girl's stories in DIANA were along much the same line, investigating a house supposed to be haunted but really a fence's warehouse. Some small-time teenaged hood blackmailing the schoolkids for pennies and shillings whilst his father muscles for a stolen-car outfit.

Well, it seems that DIANA at least had a cover-cover strip of.... Would you believe THE AVENGERS? But here is Robert Latona to tell you about them.

"...I was forced to leave at home...those issues of DIANA with the AVENGERS pages. But never fear, I've written home already to have someone exhume them from my Fibber McGee comic closet, and get the same off to you this weekend.

Reproductions would be fine, but this I think will give you some problems. The art is really and truly a thing of beauty, like nothing you've ever seen before, because it's done entirely in watercolors -- no pen and ink lines at all. That means you'd have to pay a bit more for halftone plates, and I doubt if even these would give you a decent reproduction. I'll leave it up to you to see for yourself.

There were twelve issues with the AVENGERS altogether, but the stories were pretty bad. Each issue had only two large-size pages, and there were about 3 or 4 distinct adventures..out of a total of 24 pages! But the artwork, like I've said, is really something else.

You'll see for yourself.

You mention the publicity photos you obtained from ABC. Is that our ABC-TV or the Associated British Television people? It would be great if you were in touch with Julian Wintle, or somebody directly connected with the series. I would do/pay/trade almost anything to get a hold of one of the scripts.

Hold everything! I almost forgot. I have at home another comic, a British edition from about 1961 or 62, called TV CRIMEBUSTERS.



Which features an AVENGERS story, a montage of drawings and photo-<sup>119</sup>graphs (the effect isn't really so good) of the series before our Mrs. Peel was introduced. I assume you do know about the original format, with Steed playing second banana ... it wasn't too good. At least, though, it accounted for who was avenging whom."

Not only will this whet the appetites of some of you, but there is more yet. There was a third AVENGERS comic series.

I'd heard that Ed Aprill, Jr. had something in the AVENGERS comic strip line, and he offered to show me what he had. Rather than write him, I visited him and saw the series first hand. As I live in Detroit and he lives in Ann Arbor, the distance was no real problem.

I'm glad that I took the time and trouble to visit him. Not only did Ed and I have a refreshing chit-chat with many absent souls being knifed in the back (old fannish custom), but I learned more about his problems in reproducing old comic strips.

You see, Ed has been taking many of the old strips, daily and Sunday, and having them professionally printed and bound into attractive books, softcover, of course. THE SPIRIT, TARZAN OF THE APES and others have been re-done to date. FLASH GORDON, PRINCE VALIANT and some few more are either in the planning stage or thinking stage. A real stinker for him is the fact that printing costs for him run the per book price out of this world....\$4.50 to \$5.00 apiece, say. And he gets them in 500 copy lots. He was asking how an AVENGERS book would sell, even at such a price and I told him the honest truth. I would estimate that the first eighty would sell as fast as the word got out. After that, it would be up to the Gods and Fate.

Before Ed puts such a project into the Thinking Stage he must know quite a good deal more. For example, all he has is ten pages of photo-proofs from the publisher. He received these ten pages in a large batch of other British comic-strip material. The batch included MODESTY BLAISE, GOLDFINGER and a half-score of miscellaneous items. Ed does not know whether there were any more of this particular group of stories on the AVENGERS theme. Whether he will be able to obtain them. And whether they will number enough to make up at least a 64-page book. At the time we talked, I did not realize that these were not the DIANA strips that Bob Latona mentioned. And we did not know of the TV CRIMEBUSTERS thing, either. For the ten pages Ed has is definitely not suited to water-colors, that's for sure. They are average and very hard pen-and-ink sketches, more suited to the daily strips we are used to than anything like a soft watercolor DIANA.

As far as I know, it would be possible to reproduce these comic stories for ye....but at a ridiculous price. Hundreds of dollars at the very least. Note the plural in hundreds.

A cheaper method for much of the work would be electro-stencil. This would suit my mimeograph just fine, be cheaper, but would be utterly unable to tackle anything along the line of those DIANA strips.

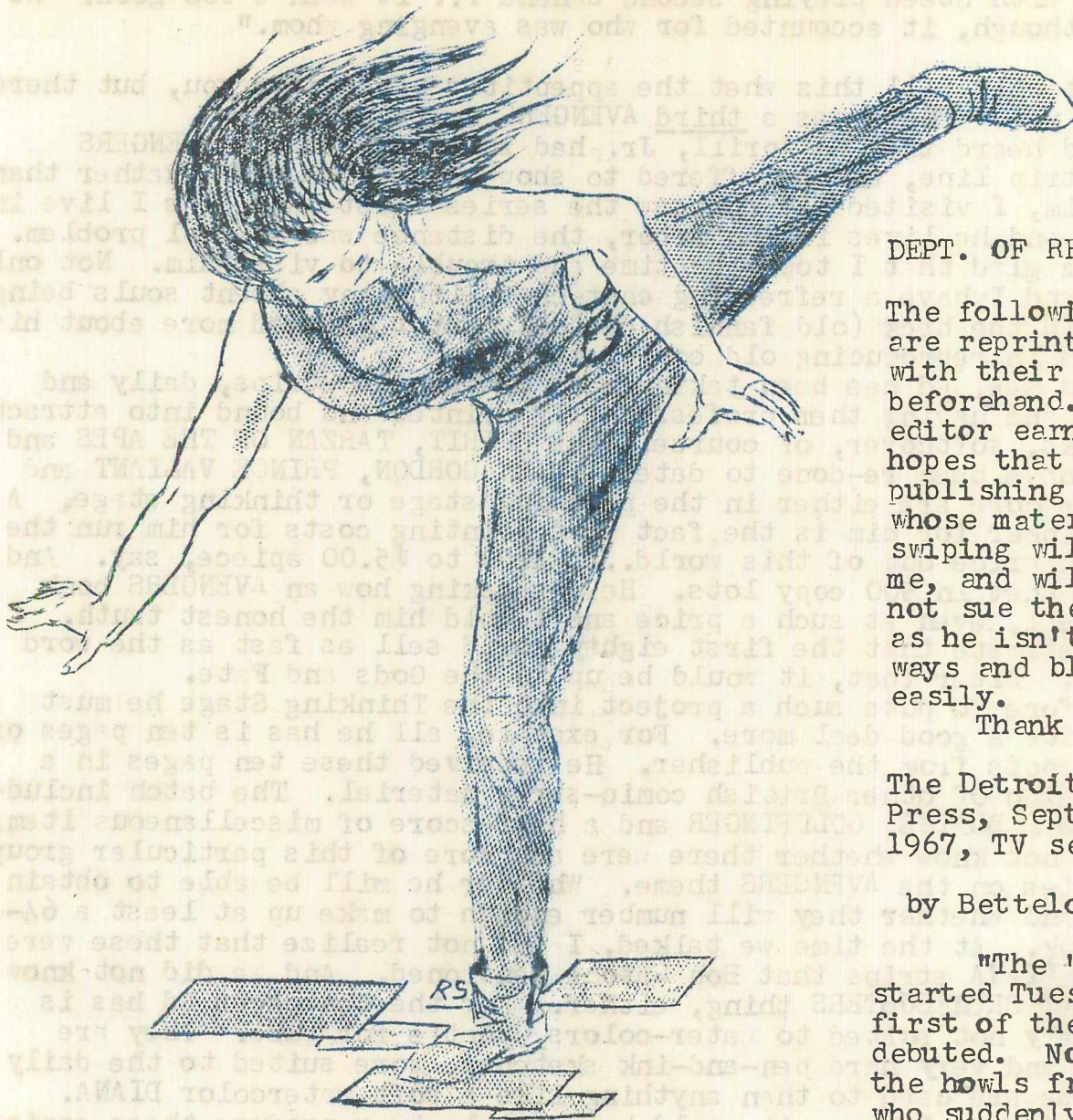
This is one of those things that will remain very much up in the air until some firm idea has been reached of the extent of AVENGERS appearances in comic form. You might write Ed Aprill, Jr. at 5272 West Liberty Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan (48103) and let him know if ye think \$5 too much for a book which would probably feature all three sources of AVENGERS comic-dom.

Or write me. I'm not much of a masochist but tell me anyways.

There is the legal line to be discovered as well, of course. But Ed assures me that receiving permission from the British publishers is no problem. Unlike their American counterparts, their rapacious appetites do not include giving the threaded stock to amateur folk who would be no commercial competition to them.

Here's a liberal cocktail of hydrocyanic acid to Yank publishers.





# DEPT. OF REPRINTS

The following clips are reprinted entire, with their credits beforehand. The editor earnestly hopes that the pro publishing concerns whose material I'm swiping will forgive me, and will please not sue the editor as he isn't rich anyways and bleeds quite easily.

Thank you all.

The Detroit Free Press, September 7th, 1967, TV section.

by Bettelou Peterson.

"The "season" started Tuesday as the first of the new shows debuted. Now comes the howls from people who suddenly realize their "favorite" program isn't going to be around anymore.

Loudest protests are from "The Avengers" fans, a small but steady group who enjoyed the high-styled English-made series. ABC has used it twice as a "Second Season" sub for some disaster. This year there is no word of "Avengers" in the wings for January. And if it should be resurrected, it would have to be in reruns. The show is no longer in production.

Diana Rigg; who was Mrs. Peel did not want to do another year and would have had to be replaced. (She was the Second Mrs. Peel. Honor Blackman originated the part.) Patrick MacNee, who was Steed, is heading for New York looking for work."

Also mentioned was "The Saint", another high-style English mystery which happened to appeal to me also.

"The Saint" is another show whose departure will be noted. It had built up a substantial following and even reached the top 10 rated shows.



But as TV puts its year together, a show popular in the summer has no chance of return until the following January at best."

(21)

As pointed out earlier, ABC has already spent the geetus for 13 of the colour shows, and is hardly likely to throw that sort of slick down the drain. She was quite accurate otherwise, however. In another article which I wish now I had clipped, the 13 shows were all filmed by August of this year and in the vaults of ABC. Rigg then went out for some other work, finding the choice plum mentioned previously. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" prize.

Since the shows for more "Saint" adventures have already been filmed Over There, it is highly probable that both of them will be seen on the screen this January.

But BONANZA just hangs in there, as well as GUNSMOKE and BEVERLY HILLBILLIES and PEYTON PLACE. No wonder Howard DeVore terms it "The Comic Book That Turns It's Own Pages". Nowadays even Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck have more appeal and they've turned into a pair of suburban finks!

Pardon me whilst I slash mine wrists.

The best method, I've been informed, is to first fall the tub with scalding water. Then you turn off the lights, firmly clasping a nice sharp razor (Buy Sheffield For That Edge That Counts). You turn off the light so you can't see all the purty purplish colour the bath-water turns. Then, with your skin entirely anaestherized by the very hot water, you slash in a line following the artery. By following the artery line, you insure that no one can just pin it back together again. From authorative reports the method is entirely painless, and I have recommended it to quite a number of unkind souls. Unfortunately they have tended to ignore my heartfelt advice and continue to hang in there. You do a person a favor and they still don't appreciate it.....

If any of you desire any further medical tips, just call on your local neighborhood quack. Thank you.

CLEVELAND AMORY IS MY KIND OF CRITIC He cuts deep, but most of the time the reading public does not realize how deep. The system is referred to as, correct me if I am wrong, faint praise. The manner by which he assigns a show to the wastebin is usually underlined by a semi-phrase referring to the fact that the show in question has some things in its favour.

Rather like the Britishism nee someone who hates dogs and small children can't be all bad.

I hope to get the first Cleveland Amory critique of the old black-and-white AVENGERS, but at present here is the last one, referring to the colour shows so recently interred.

THE TV GUIDE, April 29th, 1967. By Cleveland Amory.

#### THE AVENGERS

A year ago, when this British adventure story first crossed the TV see, we told you we liked it. But we kidded it for some of the plots - particularly the one where, in a simulated jungle in the wilds of England, a group of disposed rubber plantation owners decided to let loose on the local population 1000 tsetse flies. Compared to this season's AVENGERS plots, however, last year's tsetse flies were nothing. In recent weeks we've had: (1) the story of a pretty girl named Venus who believes there is life on Venus but, just to make sure, causes an awful lot of death on earth, (2) the story of a "see-through" man who not only invented a formula for invisibility but goes around disputing, via murder, the fact that seeing is believing, (3) the story of a Captain Crusoe who flies valuable missile documents out of



22) the country by virtue of the fact that he is a parrot, and also runs afoul of the International Exhibition of Caged Birds whose organizer is - now get this - Edgar Twitter, and (4) the story of a professor who not only makes "duplicate" people but even the kind of people who can't be killed. One of them is run over and killed by a salesman, then escapes, and is run over again - whereupon the salesman shouts, "I've killed him! I've killed him again!"

The producers, it may be said, have done the same with their show. All this plot nonsense has been at the expense of what was once, despite its satiric overtones, a genuinely engrossing adventure story. And for this show to be killed not once but twice is doubly sad because its two principals, Patrick MacNee (Steed) and Diana Rigg (Mrs. Peel) deserved better. Originally in a previous British TV show, MacNee, as John Steed was only the second lead-anurbane and witty henchman for the main character; When British audiences began clamouring for more of the henchman and less of the hench, however, MacNee and Steed were given a series of their own, "THE AVENGERS", and, with bowler and broolly were soon on their merry way. As for Diana Rigg, she too rose from the ranks - succeeding the first feminine star of the series, Honor Blackman. And she is now easily not only the most beautiful but probably the best actress on the TV screen on either side of the Atlantic.

This season, though, according to an official release, the producers decided to make Emma more "ladylike" - always, in our opinion, a mistake. In any case, she no longer employed karate but changed to gung-fu. She still, however, has her marvelous touches. Starting to aim a pistol, or jump a wall, or whatever, she starts, then quickly fluffs her hair, then re-aims or re-jumps.

Ah, the pity of it, a fine actor, a great actress, a good, adult, sophisticated show - all gung-fu."

Unfortunately it appears that "The Avengers" will die not two but three deaths, the one very, very final. For it will end with next fall's "New Season" at the latest. Also, unfortunately, the comment on the colour shows by Mr. Amory seems justified to some extent. They did not seem as tightly written and plotted as the black-and-white's. More as if they were indeed deliberately attempting to attract a larger Yank audience (as one Britisher put it). On this temporizing attempt to build an audience over here by "Americanizing" their show, some bit of the blame for the show's death must be inevitably laid. For they did ever so slightly lower their writing standards, it seemed (though for our sake, Thank God, not the acting). But even then they were much too esoteric for the bland American audience; Even then their standards were too far above the usual moronic interest levels to mesmerize that mythetical entity, the Average Viewer.

I might also note that it was the Mad, Mad, Mad eye-doctor who was doing the dirty work on the odd bods in "From Venus With Love".

That the "See-Through Man" did not invent the formula precisely, but did invent the chain of thought that allowed the mechanizations necessary to make people think there was an invisible man about.

That Captain Robinson Crusoe (the parrot) didn't fly the documents out but carried the decisive data in his little pre-coded brain and gifted larynx.

However, on "Never, Never Say Die" (the one with Christopher Lee playing the Mad, Mad Professor) he was quite accurate.

Also, unless my memory takes me for a turn, that original TV show that MacNee played a very second-Banana henchman in was the old, old, old live "Avengers". The ones with Honor Blackman.

After all, "The Avengers" is something like eight years old over there, and some English I know fondly, remember things like micro-phones bouncing overhead whilst the villains threaten to torture Honor



Blackman. Doors opening before a karate kick could throw them off their hinges. A bottle of Guinness (with beer still in it) on an abandoned Nazi death device, left since the Blitz supposedly, and Steed trying to defuse it without knocking the half-full bottle over. MacNee talking to Moscow on a wall radio and the microphone pulls out and leaves Steed there talking into a mike very obviously not connected to anything. (23

They must have been a strange combination of paradise and hell to produce, though fab to watch.

It also reminds me of that one Honor Blackman show, and how she leaped out of her auto and right into a quartet of deadly types and put on as pretty an exhibition of judo and karate as it has ever been my pleasure to view. There was a girl who always seemed to be wearing leather. Which must have delighted the fetishists no end.

A real fun show. You were always wondering what one-line groaner or gadget they would trot out next. Always with that odd flair, of which so much lingered on into this series. Honor Blackman's very patent talents never showed up to benefit in "GOLDFINGER" and only sporadically in "Room At The Top".

HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE THE COMPETITION John Mansfield, that spy from Canadian Intelligence, that wandered about much of the New York SF Convention, has sent me a very interesting article clipped from his local Canadian paper. Many thanks.

It doesn't mention her "Ban-The-Bomb" views, but does mention her stint with ~~Derwin's Evolution Machine~~ the Royal Shakespearan Company and her modelling. Read on, MacDuff.

THE TORONTO TELEGRAM, week of June 9-16, 1967 by Robert Musel.

#### MISS RIGG NEEDS VERY TALL LEADING MEN

London - The only thing that can keep Diana Rigg from becoming an international film star is the shortage of tall leading men. She insists she is just 5 feet 8½ inches, but anyone who has seen her television series, The Avengers, will note that wearing sandals she is eye-to-eye with her co-star, Patrick MacNee.

And MacNee is 6 feet 1.

Miss Rigg has heard all the usual horror stories tall girls are told when Hollywood makes its offers: How Ingrid Bergman (5 feet 10) had to stand in a hole in the ground for love scenes with one famous star and how another name celebrated on motion picture theatre marquees climbed on a box to kiss her tenderly in another film.

If an actor can't stand on his own two feet to kiss Miss Rigg they are either going to have to get another actor or cut out the love scenes. In her early career as a Shakespearan actress ("I was the tallest Cordelia in the world") she had all the sloping about with bent knees she is ever going to do. From now on she is going to look the world right in the eye — and a tall world it will have to be.

Miss Rigg was talking off the set of "The Avengers" in which she plays the widowed Mrs. Emma Peel who, for reasons never revealed by the scriptwriters, joins John Steed (MacNee) in his bizarre adventures. Although she leaves the show at the end of the present filming in August, she was pleased by news from the United States that ABC-TV has signed it into next year.

MacNee, who claims descent from the original Robin Hood, speculated that perhaps before the final fadeout this summer, the scriptwriters also will decide for whom he works. And more important, his exact relationship with Mrs. Peel.



24) "I'm a special agent of sorts working presumably for some department of the government," he said, "But they've never felt it necessary to make it more specific than that or even to give me a background. I gather I'm a wealthy bachelor. But the show's a great success as it is, so perhaps it will end some day without my ever knowing."

Miss Rigg said it was surprising how few people remarked on the lack of romance in the series. She and MacNee maintain a friendly formality. They never kiss though he infrequently will peck her on the cheek. He never calls her Emma, always Mrs. Peel. For that matter, she never calls him John, always Steed or Mr. Steed. In one episode they were in a hotel room together but, to quote the royal motto, "Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense" -- "Evil to him who evil thinks".

"Nothing was supposed to have happened," Miss Rigg said. "It's left up to the audience to decide whether we were intimate in the past or might be in the future. Right now I simply get patted from time to time like a good horse."

Recently Miss Rigg signed for her first starring film role, the Royal Shakespear Company production of Midsummer Night's Dream. She will be playing opposite David Warner who is a safe and comfortable 6 feet 3. She is considering, among other offers, a Hollywood contract that would earn her a total of \$1 million for seven years.

Her agent thinks she can do better. Her fan mail from the United States on The Avengers swamped her British studio and for a while she was driving around in her little car with sacks of letters in the back seat. She answers a few with the aid of her family, but the sheer volume has defeated her.

Miss Rigg studied at the Royal School of Dramatic Art and won a contract with the Royal Shakespeare Company when she was only 20 after a brief career as a model. "I turned up on a rainy day in a shapeless raincoat and Wellingtons (gumboots) and that was that as a model." Since tall comediennes don't happen very often in show business, Miss Rigg soon found herself with leading roles in King Lear, Midsummer Night's Dream and The Comedy of Errors and toured the United States and Russia.

Miss Rigg never discusses her private life. Obviously a gay and beautiful girl of 28 who likes Champagne, gambling and the company of swinging people must have boy friends. Miss Rigg admits to one serious romance but says she does not believe she will ever marry the man.

She does not think her attitude at all unusual. But then she's the kind of girl who forgets door keys from time to time and has to smash her front window with a milk bottle to get inside. She doesn't think that's unusual either.

What unusual habits? It sounds perfectly normal to me. But then I'm termed an iconoclast by my neighbors anyways. Most souls who are physically out of the "norm" tend to fall into one or two patterns. Either they seem to go around subserviently trying to apologize for being different. Or become very independent minded and acquire what I term a healthy sense of identity and proportion of values. They comment frequently that they are the way they are and those who become irritated are free to go elsewhere. Indeed that seems to be what a proportion of the Rigg appeal is based upon. That she feels herself to be worthy and anyone who steps on her gets teeth marks on their feet.

A rather refreshing doctrine of life after the forever-on-about of the normal Yankee of mob culture. "If everyone thinks that's right, why then that must be right" leans heavily on my soul.

On which note I take leave of you out there. Will try to have #2 out about this time next month. We shall see.

Yhos, Mr. Richard Schultz



# Here there Bee thygers

No doubt ye art wondering just what connection the title above has with what amounts to a Trading Post corner. I'll be glad to tell ye. None.

In the next issue, this will be the lettercolumn.

At the present this section is composed entirely of descriptions of stills, the publicity photos I was able to garner from the kind offices of ABC. These are all duplicates of some photos I am keeping in my own collection. These duplicates are therefore being offered for sale, to interested parties. Alas, if only I could keep the money to defray the cost of this boondoggle....

As explained earlier in the magazine, whilst at the New York Science Fiction Convention, I pledged support to the TOFF Fund by promising the monies from any extra still photos for the Fund. What fund, you ask?

The Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund, a charitable collection designed to gather in the geetus necessary to bring over (and return) one Takumi Shibano. Takumi is pretty well acknowledged as the number-one Fan Face (to use an archaic term) in Japanese Science Fiction Fandom. He is credited with birthing much of present Japanese SF Fandom and mid-wifeing at the arrival of home-grown Japanese S-F.

In any event, quite a number of types have gotten together to raise the loot to bring him over. I am now in that number, natch.

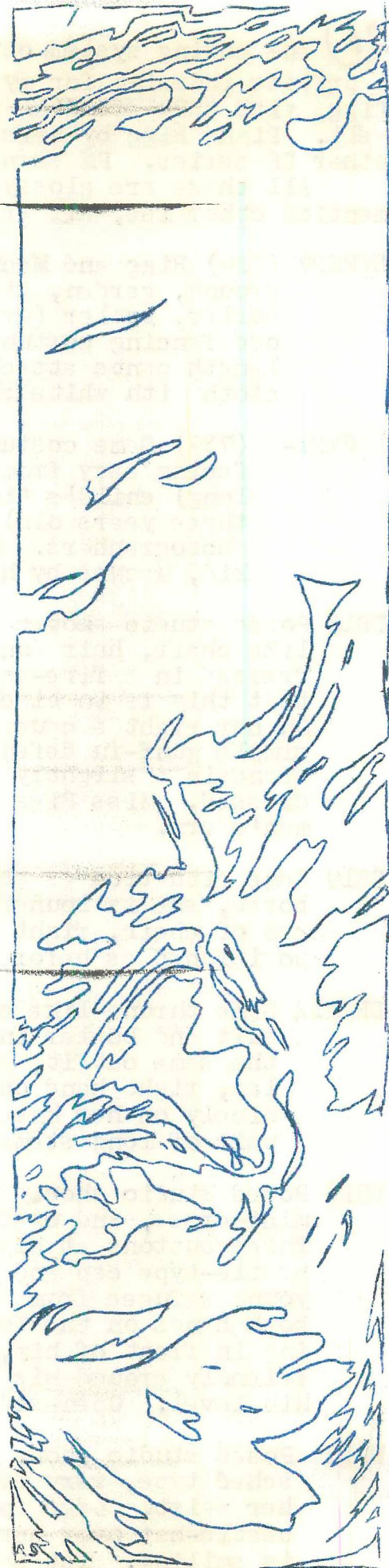
Working on that premise, let me establish some sort of price for these things. Apiece they're - .50¢.

Five for - \$2.00.

Eleven for - \$4.00.

Checksm money orders (and very reluctantly) stamps will be accepted. I advise against sending very much money in cash. In fact, I'd be happy if ye didn't send any cash at all, but that'd be asking too much.

Please list alternates wherever possible, or advise whether you want me to remit the unused balance back to ye.





26) The coding system obvious in my listing of these photos is simply a private indexing for my own reference. DR system stands for Diana Rigg, with DRPM standing for photos with Patrick MacNee in them as well. Diana Rigg by herself is listed as DRA, to differ them from the other DR series. PM stands for Pat MacNee and Ø stands for misc.

All these are glossy black-and-white publicity stills, unless I mention otherwise, all are 8X10 size.

DRPM27 (7X9) Rigg and MacNee. Outdoors posed shot, castle in background, garden, etc. MacNee in gray suit with chesterfield collar, bowler (gray) and broolly in right hand. Rigg is in an odd fencing costume consisting of a jump suit with the thigh-length pants attached to a pair of white knee boots. Velvet cloth with white sleeve pipe and edging.

DRPM24-A (7X9) Same costumes on both Rigg and MacNee. Same estate, facing away from castle. In foreground is a small (5½ foot long) child's "London Taxi", with small blond child (about three years old) in front seat looking very askance at the photographers. Rigg, hands on hips, is smiling down at the kid, MacNee by her side.

DRL8 Posed studio shot. Rigg is standing in front of large throne-like chair, hair done up in bouffant uplift style. She is dressed in a fire-engine red silk lounging pajama outfit (alas that this is in black-and-white...so use your imagination). On her right a caucasian in loose Tong So Doo outfit stands in simple gung-fu defensive pose. On her left an oriental man also stands in a slightly different defensive posture, he is similarly dressed. Miss Rigg has a hand lightly resting on each gentleman's arm.

DRL9 Same situation as above, and costumes. Rigg is looking very bored, she is lounging in the throne-like chair, right leg over arm of chair, right hand near face in relaxed pose. Two types positioned as before, more open defensive postures.

DRPM14 Same throne-like chair, MacNee is sitting in it, with dark suit and bowler in left hand, held aloft a bit. Rigg is in the same outfit, right leg thrown across chair and MacNee's lap, right hand on arm of chair, MacNee has right hand very nicely on her knee. Living it up. (My God, she's got a pair of long stems on her, though!) Lovely.

DRL6 Posed studio shot. Miss Rigg is dressed in textured light cloth mini-dress, and over it is a patterned cloth coat cut very split. Three buttons at hip, in front, wide collars. She's got on a beetle-type cap and textured hose. A very dissolute looking young refugee from a TB clinic is seated in that throne-chair, both hands on the arms, legs spread wide. Miss Rigg is standing in front of him, practically on his knee, right arm very friendly around his shoulders, left hand held in front of her at Hip level. Open-sided low heel shoes for Miss Rigg.

DRL7 Posed studio shot. Same costume for Miss Rigg. Tall moustached type, very sporty looking, is behind rigg, his hands at her waist. Legs apart, Miss Rigg is pulling down that beetle-hat over her head with both hands. She is smiling. He is smiling. Ist Das Nicht Eine Gnidge Frau? Ja, Das Ist Eine Gnidge Frau!



- DR20 Posed studio still. Some very neat, well-dressed young husky clean-cut ruffian type is standing with his hands behind his back. Neat dark suit, light-coloured shirt, curly blond hair. His head is getting massaged by Miss Rigg's right hand and he is looking very patient about the whole thing. Miss Rigg has her hair in that bouffant up-lift style and is in a very large-patterned mini-dress (you can tell it's the best mod gaudy style) and tinted hose, with those open-sided low-heel shoes. She has her right hand in his hair, left hand very jaunty on her hip.
- DR21 Same neat young ruffian is looking very askance at things, very unsmiling. He is seated in a Regency chair and has Miss Rigg draped across his lap in the above costume. She looks very distressed, right hand to her temple, head back and gazing at the ceiling, other arm limp. No doubt she's just noticed the run in her tinted hose.
- DR25 Fashion shot. Rigg is in a very fetching high-waist Directorate-style pure white evening gown, ankle length, bouffant high-lift hair style slightly different from the above one, hair pulled back more straighter from face. She is leaning back into the arms of a short stocky Negro who is wearing the costume of one of Great Britain's weight-lifting Olympic team. Miss Rigg is gazing slightly to her left and above, very relaxed, her full lace sleeves lightly lifted by the negro's hands to waist height. (Close observers will note that underneath the background paper there is a small box, very artfully draped and concealed. The weight-lifter is standing on it and Miss Rigg in front of him, and she's bare-footed. She is a tall girl, after all....)
- DR23 Much the same pose, Miss Rigg is looking at camera, and oh, what a perfect face.
- DR24 Again the same costumes. Miss Rigg is standing slightly in front of the negro weight-lifter, right hands out and held together, left hand on her waist, in very typical quadrille movement pose. She's looking haughtily at camera. The difference in height shows up more clearly here, he lacks his box.
- DRPM28 Posed studio still. Miss Rigg in an EmmaPeeler suit, eyes closed and leaning on MacNee in dark suit-bowler-brolly. Our negro weight-lifter has been joined by a caucasian (also very, very muscular as is the negro) in a similar weight-lifter's costume. They are "pulling" on MacNee's furled umbrella. MacNee is smiling and looking over his shoulder at Miss Rigg.
- DRPM29 Practically the same pose, Miss Rigg is looking very straight at camera, weight-lifters look serious.
- DR22 In another EmmaPeeler suit, Miss Rigg is being held completely aloft and above the head of the negro weight-lifter. One hand at hips, another at armpit, and he makes holding her aloft look so easy..... He's smiling, Miss Rigg has very smile on.
- DRA26 Full face publicity still, Miss Rigg is looking directly into camera, head slightly tilted, slight smile on face. Only face and shoulders shown. Very recommended.
- DRA24 Very much the same shot, only she is smiling quite openly now.



- DRA18 From knees up, posed studio shot. Miss Rigg is in slightly-navy style coat, with buttons on left shoulder, three more at left hip, very dark heavy material. Miss Rigg has both hands to her cheeks, smilingly lightly.
- DR26 Posed studio shot. Facing camera, and wearing a black ribbed turtle-neck sweater, brown curried cloth jacket, same material belt over very slightly ribbed black tights, with hip-length suede leather boots with Tudor slits at knees, is our Miss Rigg. She has a swagger-stick in her left hand (hand at hip), right hand on shoulder of bod in jockey uniform, complete with goggles and cap. Her right boot is being held stirrup-fashion by the jockey and he looks extremely distressed over the situation.
- DR27 Same costumes as before, only now the jockey is on the floor on all fours and Miss Rigg is astride his back, much as horse and rider. The jockey still looks unhappy.
- DRA2 (7X9) Outdoors posed shot. Miss Rigg is "driving" a London Taxi, looking over her right shoulder at camera. She's wearing a very silky sleeve-less blouse and silk pants, and is smiling.
- DRA1 (7X9) Same as before, closer shot. She is looking very mischeavous over her right shoulder, leaning out a bit and showing a mere hint of decollatage. Delightful smile.
- DRA28 Close-up shot of Miss Rigg, smiling, looking off to her right, very toothbrush smile. Recommended.
- DRA9-A-B Miss Rigg in an EmmaPeeler suit, full figure posed studio shot. The suit is the sleeveless one with the watch and the holes at each hip shown on the cover of the Garforth novel, THE FLOATING FAME. This one is a side view, her hands on her upper arms, looking over her left shoulder at the camera, a small pistol (.22 Beretta looks like) in her right hand, a sly smile on her face.
- DRA10 Same costume as before, posed studio shot. Miss Rigg has the small purse-gun in right hand, left hand on hip, she is facing the camera, legs in wide stance, very broad smile.
- DRA13 Same costume, closer shot, from knees up only. Steed's umbrella is cockily held on right shoulder, left at hip, holding Steed's bowler, rim out to you. Very broad smile again.
- DRA12 Same costume, also from knees up view. Umbrella handle behind head now, bowler being tipped to ye with her left, as if in a soft-shoe routine.
- DRA16 Same costume, but it's outside with a wastle in the background. Full figure shot, thumbs hooked into those holes at the hips, hair blowing very free and wild in wind, looking to left, legs slightly apart.
- DRPM18 Outside posed shot, close-up of Miss Rigg and MacNee in their "working clothes". Miss Rigg is wearing the same costume as above, but with a full-length sleeved jacket on and zipped up to the throat. MacNee in grayish suit, bowler, broolly, looking to his right at her, she is looking ahead, fiddling with that watch on that chain, hair blowing free. Very nice.



- DRPM24-A (7X9) Outside posed shot. Castle in background, MacNee is supposedly pushing a vintage auto (older than his 1927 Bentley at any rate) along. Miss Rigg is in the driver's seat and smiling down at the grinning MacNee. Same costumes as before, Miss Rigg still has that jacket on. (It jolly well gets nippy in England, ye know.)
- DRA15 Clip from THE FEAR MERCHANTS show. The illo on the cover of the Garforth, THE DEATH OF GLORIA MUNDAY showed her in the same costume, and is a clip also from that show, showing her finally getting rescued by Steed. In this clip she's tied to the chair and looking straight ahead (indomitable spirit and all that). Black suede pants, grey-black suede jacket with sleeves disappearing into gloves.
- DRA14 Same costume as above, only this is a posed studio shot. Hips up, Miss Rigg is facing us, left hand on her hip, right hand holding slightly aloft a 1780's Horse Pistol. Ho, ho, stand and deliver, your monies or your life!
- DRA23 Clip from THE FEAR MERCHANTS. Scene is the anteroom (darkened) of one of Raven's competitors. The competition is being done dirt to by this outfit, ye remember, by playing on their deep hidden fears and driving them over the brink with that fear. Emma Peel is in that FLOATING GAME jump suit, with jacket on, and looking slightly afearedly to her left. Very dark room.
- DRA31 Clip from one of the old black-and-white shows. Close-up of a frightened looking Mrs. Peel in black leather outfit.
- DRA24 Clip from THE HIDDEN TIGER. Mystified Emma is framed by a scenery composed of glassware tubing, from the agricultural research station. Close-up shot.
- DR6 (7X9) Clip from THE HIDDEN TIGER. Cheshire, the head of P.U.R.R. is consolingly patting Mrs. Peel on the hand. Scene is the HQ of P.U.R.R., where Mrs. Peel has gone to "report" a missing tabby cat. Miss Rigg is blowing her nose into a very small handkerchief in the manner of weeping females, she is sitting on a couch, Cheshire is standing, giant cat statue in background.
- DRPM2 (7X9) Clip from THE HIDDEN TIGER. Steed is explaining to Mrs. Peel about his visit to what he discovered was the cat-lover's HQ of England, P.U.R.R. Mrs. Peel is holding the cat-shaped pamphlet he was given and looking very wry at a gesturing Pat MacNee. MacNee in charcoal wool suit, Rigg in lavender mini-dress with no sleeves, if my memory serves me right.
- DRA5 (7X9) Clip from the show were the nasties were using that parrot titled Captain Robinson Crusoe to smuggle the necessary secret data out of the country. Rigg is posing as a model for this somewhat nutty photographer, and is swathed in a Union Jack, seated next to the caged Capt. Robinson Crusoe, and she is holding a pitchfork in her right hand. And wearing a godawful black floppy hat. She represents the Spirit of Agriculture.
- DRA12-A-B (7X9) Clip from one of the old black-and-white shows. It's an action shot, where Mrs. Peel is fighting this young balding type in a very much-to-the-death conflict thing. She is being thrown over his hip at this second, with a tight neck hold by him on her.



DRPM19 Clip from "From Venus, With Love". Miss Rigg is strapped to an examining chair, in the eye doctor's office. But she's actively kicking the silver-clothed assistant villain in the chest. In the background right MacNee (with the bowler on yet!) is winding up to deal him a clobbering blow. Scene is from where the Doc had been getting ready to do in Mrs. Peel with his laser, but Steed (much in the fashion of the 7th U.S. Cavalry) has come to the rescue just in the nick. Steed in brown suit, Miss Rigg in blue, dark blue, EmmaPeeler with white stripes, assistant villain with goggles on.

DR10 (7X9) Same scene as mentioned last page, bottom. Mrs. Peel is fighting a balding young karate expert in the basement of a building. Definitely a villainous type. Anyone who would hit a Mrs. Peel has to be a villain. Miss Rigg is flying off, face very contorted and in pain, young chap is in the follow-through of a sword edge blow to her head or neck. Chap in sweater, Rigg in black leather.

DR11 Revenge at last! Head over heels goes the baddie. Miss Rigg has just delivered a neatly executed smashing blow with the sword "point" of her hand and it must have stung a bit.

DR13 Another clip from "From Venus, With Love". Scene is the garage of the eye-doctor. She had just discovered the fancily-Rigged auto of the doc's and the silver-clothed assistant villain has pounced on her. Scene shows the EmmaPeeler-suited Miss Rigg in the process of aiding the asst.villain in a graceful flying maneuver (or throw if you must use the crass description) over her left thigh in a perfectly lovely leg throw. Nice action shot.

DR9 (7X9) Clip from unknown black-and-white show. Very fetishist if ye ask me. Scene is underground dungeon type, Miss Rigg is wearing a somewhat abbreviated one-piece outfit, a collar with sharp protruding nails on it and very high, long button-up shoes-boots, and long, long black gloves. She seems to be beating the bejesus out of some chap in a semi-trapeze-artist's costume.

DRA3 Shot on shooting set. Miss Rigg is in her black leather suit, seated on a fold-up chair between takes. She's holding an immense 5-foot tall teddy bear and smiling up at the Thing. Is there no end to what a publicity photographer will conceive of?

DRPM6 (7X9) Clip from "Escape Into Time". This is the one where they were following some types and they kept disappearing on them. Mrs. Peel is gazing wonderingly at the black band-aids making a small cross on Steed's cheek (wondering who has been shaving him, no doubt). MacNee in dark pin-stripe, bowler and brolly, profile shot. Miss Rigg is in beetle-type cap, with that blue heavy cloth coat with the three left-shoulder buttons and the three left-hip buttons.

DRPM8 (7X9) Clip from some unknown show I don't recognize, hair styling makes me believe it's from the colour series. It is outside, Steed is in heavy coat, etc., and is leading a Berkshire type English shepherd dog, umbrella in right hand, Rigg to his right. Miss Rigg is in a white cream ribbed turtle neck sweater and herring-bone patterned cloth mini-coat, tinted hosiery. It has the phony trees, etc., characteristic of a studio set trying very hard to look like the outdoors. Miss Rigg is standing legs apart, arms at side, very displeased look on her face.



DRA22 Do you remember the colour show wherein Mrs. Peel and Steed <sup>(3)</sup> ran afoul both of the forces of S.N.O.B. but those of Nutski, the head of the Russian Counter-Int in England? Someone was busily bumping off Russian agents and Nutski sent an incompetent to bump off Steed and Mrs. Peel in revenge. The upshot of the meeting was that Nutski sent one of his boys off with Mrs. Peel and a junoesque proletarian female agent off with Steed. Eventually they tracked down S.N.O.B. and Steed was captured by the nefarious group. Mrs. Peel to the rescue! This one shows Miss Rigg in a fencing costume...which she just Peeled off a S.N.O.B. female agent. She is retrieving the mask and foil of the woman behind cover of the door, and will then join the fencing lesson...and save Steed.

DR5 (7X9) Clip from that S.N.O.B. thing. Trying to track down the last movements of Grotski (one of the victims) Mrs. Peel goes to a doctor and has just learned she has said she is suffering from the same ailment as Grotski and that is bunions....he's a foot doctor. Nutski's agent was being dealt with outside the door you will remember. Pastel green suit, purple turtle-neck sweater, creamy golden ankle boots for Mrs. Peel, she's in the doctor's chair and looking somewhat dismayedly surprised. The bespectacled doctor is about to tile her back.

DRPM1 (7X9) Clip from unremembered show sequence. Close-up of Steed and Mrs. Peel, facing each other. Both seem to be listening to transistor radio type things, with the ear plugs and all, including the long cord from radio to ear plugs. Miss Rigg in light buff suit, white-cream turtle-neck sweater, has a quizzical expression, asking MacNee something, and MacNee is replying.

DRPM22 Obviously an old publicity release photo of Miss Rigg and MacNee. MacNee in formal tuxedo with bow-tie, holding Miss Rigg's left hand. Miss Rigg in hair-do more gentle wave than drape as seen in the past series. She's in very rich-looking hip-length fur coat, very toothpaste smile on both.

DRPM23 Same as before, both looking a bit more alive. Miss Rigg is "adjusting" MacNee's bow-tie. You can now see the sleeve of Miss Rigg's brocaded-patterned formal evening dress sticking out of the jacket.

#### STEED FANS!

How would you like MacNee and Twiggy shots? MacNee protecting Twiggy with a drawn sword (S8)? Or Twiggy protecting MacNee with a Thompson Machine Gun (S9)? Or how about a clip from THE JOKERS, with MacNee standing up in the Bentley and looking very worried (S3)?

I also have in my own collection such other goodies as some rather superb photographic portraits of MacNee, a beautiful job of photography if I do say so myself. Also with his then-white bowler from "From Venus, With Love" (the results of his bowler getting zapped by the eye-doctor's laser-gun). Steed about to get bull-dozed into a gravel pit in a scene from "The Fear Merchants". Other twiggy shots, Steed about to discover his brolly's been tampered with and a bomb set into the frame (the Captain Robinson Crusoe parrot thing).

Go on, girls, Figure out some way to bribe me out of them. Try offering me something. Anything. Money?

Also, as a curiosity item, do ye remember "The Destruction Of Mrs. Emma Peel"? (Easily the best of the colour series). Do ye remember the aging male star who was constantly switching from one



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theatrical costume and make-up to another? He took photos of Mrs. Peel and Steed whilst peddling by disguised as a vicar on a bicycle. He captured Mrs. Peel and transported her to the Z.Z. von Snerk Studios whilst posing as a London taxi cab driver. He was the bald vicar at the "wedding scene", the undertaker at the "funeral scene". He played the roles of a cowboy (who Mrs. Peel outdrew in a western saloon set), an Indian, a Prussian officer (with machine gun), Alexander of Macedonia (and got his ears pinned by our Mrs. Peel), a returned Confederate officer, and then, in the final set, a sinister pale creepy Transylvanian Nobleman type. One of the old silent-movie creeps.

Very effective actor. Did anyone happen to catch his name?

It follows, therefore, that I have some photos of the said unknown actor. Two stills, both of which contain four "poses" in them of the same actor. Ø1 has the aging actor as he was in the show, him as the creepy Count, the Prussian Uhlan and as he really is, sans make-up. Ø2 has him as the returned Confederate hero, the London Taxi Cab driver, the American Indian and as the "vicar" who was performing Mrs. Peel's wedding on that hill in the studio. Yes, "The Destruction Of Mrs. Emma Peel" was quite easily the best of the past season's "Avengers".

All ready for the next?

- ENDE -

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Mr. Richard Schultz  
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