



EN GARDE 6 \$1

("...Oh, it's a loooong, loooong way/ From May to September;
But it's a loooooonnger way/From September to May.....")

"John Steed Mrs. Emma Peel"

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EN GARDE is a personal-opinion-and-natter-zine. One with quite a number of opinions and quite a bit of natter. Particularly about that most watchable of Telly programs, THE AVENGERS and its most elegant and admirable leading characters.

Diana Rigg and Patrick MacNee

EN GARDE is available for quite a number of things.

It sells for \$1 for this issue, 7/shillings English or Australian equivalent, as well as 4DM(West German), 5 New Francs or equivalent in Belgian Francs to the appropriate agent listed in the above paragraphs. It is also...and primarily...available for some concrete show of interest. Letters of comment, contributions of clippings, photos, artwork, original articles and dissertations of some sort. For trade with your fanzine/amateur magazine, preferably on an all-for-all basis (please notify me if you wish to trade one-for-one or something, instead). It is also available to some selected people for past favours, kindnesses shown and friendship. It also goes to some fanzine reviewers, in return for which I trust they will mention EN GARDE sometime.

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Requiescat In Pace

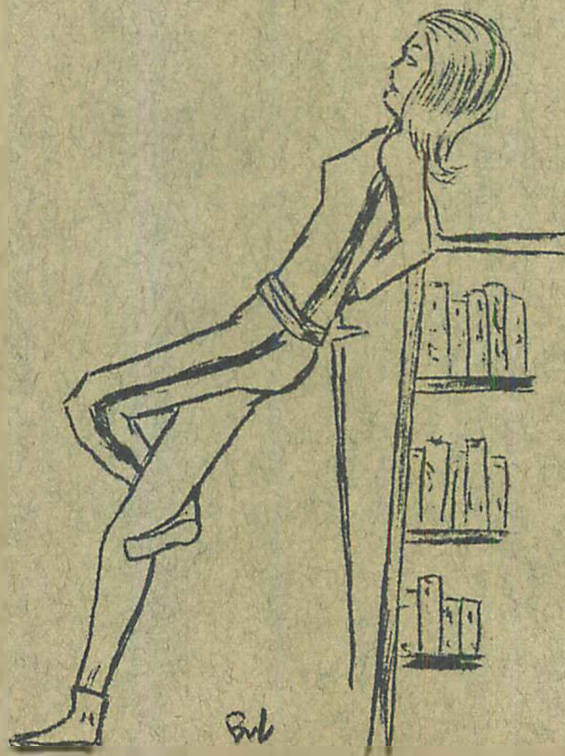
"The Avengers" -1961 to 1969

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TACKLING

-by ye editor-



Greetings and salutations to you all. This is the 6th issue of EN GARDE, the fanzine devoted to those scions of the theatrical and teevee world, Diana Rigg, Patrick MacNee, Honor Blackman, Linda Thorson, Patrick McGeehan, THE AVENGERS, THE PRISONER and whatever else might happen to interest me. Being the editor and publisher of a small magazine means not only is there quite a lot of work. It also means that the final decision as to what is and is not relevant and should be printed is entirely up to Gary Crowdis and myself. Period. Other people may complain or make suggestions or hope for different things...but the final decisions rest ultimately on Gary and myself, the ones who must do the work.

Vidi Veritas.

IT'S FINAL In case you haven't heard the sad news yet, the wheels at ABC have made the ultimate decision re THE AVENGERS.

Sic Transit Gloria. As of the end of February or the beginning of March (depending on when final decisions were actually made) ABC-TV of America decided against continuing THE AVENGERS into this year's new Fall season.

The odds against them continuing it were, quite frankly, astronomical.

The show has had very bad ratings for the past eight months, and has not ever been a strong puller at any time on any day.

This means that ABC cannot gouge the sponsors when said sponsors come looking for time on the air. In fact, the sponsors have been decidedly difficult to get.

For the sponsors want to spend their hard-earned dough on teevee time with X-millions of viewers...and potential customers...watching. For a show with only a few millions watching, they quite simply didn't want to bother. They want maximum exposure for their prime-time advertising slots. And since it is prime-time that THE AVENGERS were and are shown in, that means X-666 minimum as the tab for advertising, irregardless of how bad the ratings might be.

Of course ABC was getting a colour hour series of top quality for peanuts in the first place, and could at least break even on costs with only a few of the advertising slots paid for. For the series was bought from England for what is in the business known as incidentals monies. Cheap...simply because it is from overseas.

But this was not enough to save it. Not when ABC might (potentially) make a double fortune by fitting some domestic product into the (now vacant) time slot. With all the networks these days, all domestic product is at least partially bankrolled by the airing network itself. Which means not only do they make money selling advertising time, they make more money from the shows themselves. So, this fall some domestic "thing" will be aired in THE AVENGERS place...and probably get slaughtered.

That is if ROWAN AND MARTIN stay in the same time slot. R & W and GUNSMOKE are the two reasons why THE AVENGERS didn't even do as well in that rigged roulette game they call Nielsen Ratings this year as they have in the past, as well as the fact that the fetching Diana Rigg was gone and a large segment of cultist audience didn't bother watching it any more.

Also the series is beginning to slip in quality. This is not entirely due to Linda Thorson, hardly. As the series has progressed, she has been able to take hold remarkably well, both of the character of Tara King, and of the hearts of THE AVENGERS viewers.

But the basic idea is seven years old in England and the idea-men of the show are unmistakably being hard-pressed to keep it fresh and new. And here in the United States it is now nearly four years old, and US audiences jade faster than any other audience grouping in the world. Even I am aware of this "gray" lack of interest when watching the show. Reasoning expotentially, it follows that everyone else must be getting quite tired of it too...not because it is bor-

ing, but because it is now something familiar.

In other words, the pep of watching it has to a large degree disappeared from the average watcher's soul.

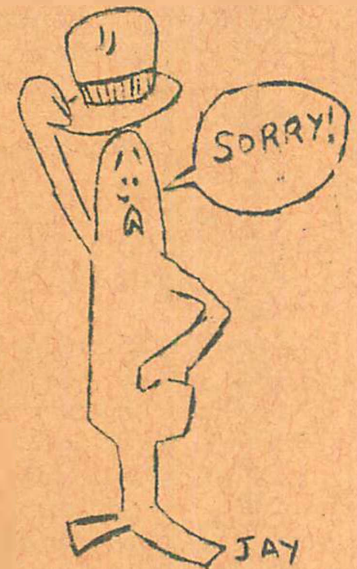
But none of these signs of advancing age in a quick-turn-over media such as teevee were half so important as two other disasters that befell the series.

First, Diana Rigg, a perfect nexus of femininity, sex appeal, beauty, poise, grace and sheer over-powering ability to carry off the half-serious and half-humorous tone of the show, left. When she left, much of the show left with her. Linda Thorson is a beautiful if young and talented lass...but she didn't have the already-formed personality that Diana Rigg was able to give to the show.

Still, Honor Blackman to all accounts was a truly unique woman. Every person...not most, mind you, but every person...who has seen both Honor and DiRigg thought that Cathy Gale had it all over Mrs. Peel, hands down. But Miss Rigg was nonetheless able to create a new and buoyant and kinky lass which blended in perfectly with the show's basic tenets and humour. And did a rather workmanlike job of creating her own cult of avid followers, of which this person and Gary Crowder must list themselves as numbering in the most avid portions.

As an aside, I wonder if anyone other than myself saw anything strange in the manner in which both Honor Blackman and Diana Rigg, mature and lovely lasses both, were able to form such a following amongst the young and high-school and college level and young adults. But Linda, herself a very young adult, has not gained such an acceptance in the same age groups.

At any rate, when Diana Rigg left the show, it was the beginning of the end. Whether THE AVENGERS could have rebounded if it had been younger and



more vigorous, both in idea and technique. Like teeth, maybe you can just grow so many new ones, and once you've had your share, they just aren't going to bud anew.

Also there must be mentioned the sad fact that England needed Yankee dollars themselves in order to keep THE AVENGERS alive. Production costs...though still only fractions of US equivalent production costs, are still very high these days. And THE AVENGERS (with THE PRISONER) is even more expensive to produce than the average.

Add to this the fact that English audiences have been far from enthusiastic about Linda Thorson and THE AVENGERS en toto this season, and you have the makings of a problem for ABPC, Ltd. ABPC is, if you have forgotten (shame! shame!), the parent filming company in England. The ones who have been doing all the work, taking all the risks and putting up the initial capital to film the show. In the past English reactions have warranted a big expenditure on ABPC's part, and anything they get from overseas has been so much frosting on the cake. Not so this time. This time ABPC wouldn't have filmed a single Linda Thorson AVENGERS if ABC-TV in New York hadn't bought, unseen, X-number of the new series. The English audience had become that jaded and the production costs had become so high that ABPC could no longer film THE AVENGERS without guaranteed foreign income in advance of filming.

The situation is even worse now, with steady rising costs over there and an even more bored English audience. If ABC-TV nixes the show...and they have...ABPC will not film any more AVENGERS.

Oh, maybe if Honor Blackman or Diana Rigg came back...and they've been after them both again lately, I understand. But those two lasses have had it regarding the show.

So, if you were thinking that they'd still be rolling around the English countryside in the most stately and elegant and humorous show around even though they're gone from US teevee screens...you can forget it. When the last show is put into the can this March, that's it.

What really did put the final stab wound into the carcass though, was the loss of John Steed.

Come this month, this March, Patrick MacNee will be living and working out of Malibu, California. He too has finally said "Enough!" after seven years of playing John Steed (if not the same character) for the idiot box. It is not the money, or the new leading lady, or even actually

the fact that his wife Kate Woodville lives in their apartment in Malibu. It is simply that even the well-known MacNee faithfulness has a limit.

Seven years of bowlers and brollies and vintage autos are enough for any actor, however drab might have been his prospects before the advent of THE AVENGERS. (In point of fact, though MacNee never achieved "Star" status before THE AVENGERS, he was one of the group of actors who were known as good within the field and was making a decent living in the theatrical world for all the lack of fame.)

Without MacNee and his urbane and witty creation, Major John Steed, ABC-TV can hardly be blamed for forgoing any further investment in a show with provably bad ratings.

It had survived the loss of Ian Hendry with ease. It had survived the loss of Honor Blackman with some difficulty, but did quite well with Diana Rigg and finally broke into the Yankee teevee market with her and the show. It even survived, after a fashion, the loss of our favourite 5-foot-ten elf.

But it could not survive the ultimate loss of John Steed.

In those seven years MacNee has probably done more to restore the western world's faith in the English character and the ability of the Englishman to survive all trials and tribulations a great deal more than has Harold Wilson and "Mac". He has almost singlehandedly brought Edwardian clothes back in style and taken the bowler out of the museums and back into the hat stores. And with his cohorts has managed to entertain me for many more hours than I would care to count, including re-runs.

During the course of that show, Honor Blackman helped initiate the boots for women fad, which has turned into a permanent part of the fashion complex for women. She and Diana Rigg have advanced both feminine equality where it counts and been in the forefront of fashions and style...and even grace. They brought a new era of refined female grace and appeal and sheer sex appeal to the small screen, all of it without any of the obvious standbys of exposure of the flesh or histrionic emotional overacting. And both they and Steed managed somehow to survive without becoming obviously "tough" or "brutal" in character, for all the minor civil servants that might be polished off during the course of a

They also managed to grace a show with a lamentably lacking quality in tee-vee shows...good taste. It is difficult to view current Yankee product without lamenting the lack of this simple virtue when it has been proven it can still exist upon a product designed for the boob tube.

Even before THE AVENGERS the usual teevee fare looked like glitzy sewage. Now it smells like it too.

So, though we'd all like to see THE AVENGERS continue, such is not to be. And the sort of AVENGERS that it would become, with no Steed and Mrs. Peel and Doctor Cathy Gale (PhD) nought but long-departed and fading memories, would very probably not be worth watching anyways. All things die, in their time, even empires and societies. Better perhaps that Steed and his vintage automobiles simply slip from the screen than be resurrected in shoddy form, as some second-class imitation. Better we should simply think of that witty gentleman and agent forever foiling the villains and forever lifting a glass with Mrs. Gale or Mrs. Peel. Better he should slip into that never-never land of memories than be kilt by a tawdry replacement.

Wherever old heroes like John Steed go, I'm sure there'll always be an Emma Peel by his side, or a Cathy Gale, and it's best that way....

Sic Transit Gloria Munday.

In the meantime I'm going to wait for the re-runs. Every half-decent sized area, including Detroit, will probably be soon showing the AVENGERS again. And though they may be ghosts, it'd be great fun seeing Mrs. Peel in kinky leather suit and the charming Steed of the old black-and-white shows. *Sigh*

OTHER CASUALTIES Also biting the dust at this time were quite a few other shows. Most of them ABC-TV shows in fact. It was not exactly a vintage year for ABC-TV.

Going the way of all flesh are "The Outcasts", one of the few westerns which came up at least to mediocrity at times. Making it the best Western extant on Yank teevee. Also "Judd For The Defense", a sort of Perry Mason for pre-school morons. N.Y.P.D., a Naked City imitation.

The real news, however, is that "Star Trek" has definitely been cancelled. The Star Trekkies may rant and rave and write again, but it's pretty definite this time. Even Roddenberry doesn't seem terribly upset this time. Probably because

he himself has been able to divert his energies into other channels. As for the show itself, it has become increasingly...like THE AVENGERS...apt to show it's age and bones. This is particularly true of Yank teevee shows because of the fantastic reluctance on the part of any producers and executives of a Yank show to attempt to alter the format and ideas of a show once it is off the ground. In fact, alteration of any facet of a show is an almost infallible way to judge whether the show is in trouble or not. A high-rated show produces the same old stuff time and time again, with absolutely no change...or improvement. This reluctance to alter continues usually until the public is so jaded that no amount of (usually shoddy) later change can save it from the scrap pile. STAR TREK is a perfect case in point. Though God knows I like the show and wished it all the best, it became too static too fast. And became another stuck-in-the-rut show. MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE is beginning to show the same signs of increasingly accelerating old age by the way.

I am not sure exactly how I would have handled STAR TREK if given the opportunity. But I know for one thing I certainly would have abandoned...and quickly....that gimmick where Captain Kirk and friends is always getting caught by the Other Side, etc. It is noteworthy that many of the very best STAR TREK shows were like "The Doomsday Machine"...in that the problem did not involve some simplistic contrived dilemma like getting Kirk and Speck out of an alien jail again.

What if.... The theatrical qualities of ST though were good. Sic Transit.



It would be a good deal easier to bear the loss of STAR TREK if it hadn't been such a ruddy good show for so ruddy long. There were some real dogs, especially the last year. But even there the show somehow managed to present some idea of the fantastic potentialities implicit in a real open-ended teevee drama dealing with real problems and real solutions. STAR TREK showed the producers and execs of the business that it could be at least marginally profitable...even in an era glorifying BEVERLY HILLBILLIES and GOMER PYE. To the many who really loved the show, the other unspoken statement is that it would have been a lot better and maybe financially more sound, if it had had fewer compromises and alterations grafted upon it by executive slobs trying to appeal to the morons and the slobs who do watch GOMER and HILLBILLIES by the dozens of millions.

In the beginning, STAR TREK attempted to picture what could happen in the future, the real-life problems that would be faced or would destroy us singularly or collectively. Our own ruthless emotions, alien environments and alien diseases, other cultures expanding to meet ours, the multitudinous threats which would be out there. In short, deal with problems and not just create melodramatic situations.

That much of this dream was lost is due perhaps to the fact that in a commercial medium such as the teevee, everything must be geared to the lowest taste and largest mass audience. And this in turn creates the conditions of necessity where we get esthetic cripples managing and running the teevee entertainment industry. Which in turn means that so long as the teevee remains so firmly fixed to the commercial-every-ten-minutes pattern of the present, and its resultant slavish

kowtowing to Nielsen's, teevee will not get any better.

Upon such a foundation of shifting sand, it is somewhat difficult to build a series of artistic and satisfying dramatic or documentary presentations.

But whatever the cause, a lovely idea was killed off. Not by the idea itself, that has yet to be even tested comprehensively. But by the cheapeners and hucksterers and esthetic amputees. The idea of presenting possible future problems and confrontations in a dramatic situation is even more valid today than it was then, because we came soooo close at times...

So, let Captain James T. Kirk and Mr. Spock and Lt. Uhura and Ensign Chekhov and especially the biting personality of Dr. McCoy go off to join in the reveleries of whatever Valhalla that heroes like them go off to. Maybe some day soon we'll see a more successful attempt to present real science fiction and literary values of all kinds in a teevee series than was allowed us here. But when it comes, its father will be the entire crew of the US Enterprise and the midwife will have been sired by Gene Roddenberry.

Let Lt. Sulu practice his fencing in that never-never land and Scotty find a plethora of engines to run and service and let Nurse Chappel find her own Omicron Ceti Three.

Maybe they'll even find along the way a tall bowler-hatted Englishman and a lovely redheaded widow with a lilting Yorkshire voice and the grace of a leopard. And they can sit down in the halls with the other heroes of legend and they will all lift a glass of the bubbly and drink to the notion that there must always be, somewhere in man's mind, figures and ideals bigger than all of life to which all can point with pride and say: "I'd be much the poorer man for nae ha known thee."

Love Live And Prosper. To the crew of the USS Enterprise. To John and Emma and Cathy and Tara. To you all, God bless and keep you.



APOLOGIES are due to Bjo Trimble. This somewhat personable and persevering lass quite some time ago undertook to help save STAR TREK from a fate akin to death...cancellation. To aid in this noteworthy project she formulated a set of rules, a guideline of Do's and Don't's for a letter-writing and show-saving advocate to follow. That she was one of the major individual saviors

of the show is a matter of record within the Star Trek fandom group. That her ingenious listing of Do's and Don't's was the main instrument of her contribution to the effort, apart from her own boundless enthusiasm, is also without question.

I must now confess that she is therefore the real author of the Save The Avengers petition and booklet I distributed late last year. With some editing and additions, the listing I presented is indeed the same one she used yea these some years ago to save STAR TREK. I used her petition without malice and indeed without even noticing that I'd failed to present her with the credits due her. And I used her presentation simply because it is the best such listing on how to save a borderline teevee show (or most anything else) that I have yet to view.

Besides which if I don't mention it she's liable to lift my scalp the next time I get out to Los Angeles....

She is also the responsible party for what must indeed be the definitive Almanac for STAR TREK. A beautiful offset thing (I saw some of the materials when I was out there this January), listing in complete form every possible form of information and data ever to flow across the boob tube on STAR TREK.

Out March 15, 1969. \$5.00 plus .25¢ postage and handling. For first class mailing include an additional .60¢, for Air Mail include another \$1.00, for overseas Air Mail include \$1.80 instead. Send the loot to:

Bjo Trimble
417 North Kenmore Ave.
Los Angeles, California
90004

THE PRISONER As you've probably noticed by now, the Prisoner section promised for this issue has not been forthcoming. Oh, it's here all right. But not in this issue. Why? Length.

Mr. Currie took the opportunity of seeing an intact presentation of a really complete run-down of THE PRISONER to do up just that. He has provided a summary of each individual show in the series, including LIVING IN HARMONY, the show not seen here in the US. This summary has managed to cover 69 pages of EN GARDE. Due to this, #7 will be THE PRISONER. And that's it. With what else I have on THE PRISONER and McGoonan, there obviously will not be room for anything else. And while the Currie summary may not present any explanations for FALL-OUT, the last episode, it does manage to present something rather unique for what amounts to a paean of praise to a single show. (9)

He has, after all, gone through the entire show blow by blow and given any future researchers what is probably the most complete study ever made of a single tv series.

So far as I know this is a unique and worthy tribute to one of the most absorbing series ever presented on the idiot box.

What is more, it will be available before this summer. Why is that important?

CBS has purchased nationwide showing rights to THE PRISONER again. There is therefore a very strong chance that CBS will take the unprecedented step of repeating a summer season fill-in, without any new materials being added to the series. The actual decision has yet to be made, however. And if given the go-ahead signal, the time slot and date has yet to be affixed. And I hope this time the local Detroit station doesn't preempt any of the shows for a Hillbilly And Country Music Special like they did this past summer.

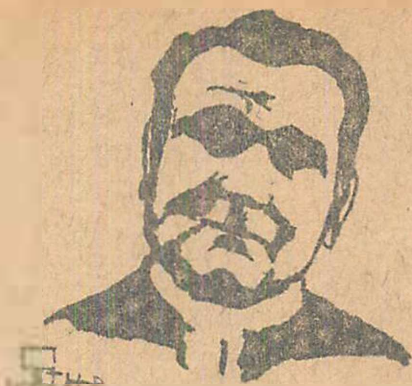
Pre-empt THE PRISONER to show yodeling ridge-runners singing? Aaarrrrghh...

In any event, THE PRISONER will be treated in some depth.

And to those long-suffering gentle and trusting souls who sent in money for the Mr. Speck meets Mrs. Peel Novel, "The Long, Long Distance Telephone Call", I can give only my heartiest condolences and most sincere regrets. Your subscription to that milestone story has been duly noted, and when it is published you will receive a copy of it. In the meantime I can only state that all rumours that I am flying to Mexico with the funds are vile rumours without substance in fact (there isn't enough money involved actually to fly me to Oklahoma City). And in the meantime, I'd like to keep all you long-suffering souls at least partially content by stating that all Novel subscriptions will cover all EN GARDE's until Novel publication. Until then I must reluctantly return any other subs to the Novel and request everyone to keep tight control of their monies until publication of the Novel is complete.

Oh, and Hank... Where's the ending?





ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE It was

brought to my attention that not everyone is aware to what the title refers to. Well, all mail sent out by Members of Parliament, all official government mail, Inland (Internal) Revenue forms, mail from the GPO (General Post Office) itself, all of this government mail is sent out free by the simple addition to the envelope of a notice, "On Her Majesty's Service." Naturally, as with the governmental mail here, use by unauthorized persons and in unauthorized cases is punishable, etc. Hence the title....

Anyways, the filming itself is proceeding apace, with the location shooting still taking place, as it will for some weeks. Then they will go to Pinewood Studios, the giant Rank lot, for the bulk of the footage. A "shot-on-location" movie essentially means that the cut-of-doors sequences will be shot on location. Everything else will be shot back at the studios. It is cheaper, easier and wiser to shoot all interior shots at a home studio. There (barring guild strikes) you can control absolutely the circumstances under which the shooting will take place. You have an assured supply of skilled craftsmen speaking your language immediately at hand, as well as extras and bit actors who also speak your language. And you can usually shoot miles of footage faster under these circumstances without burning out your principal leads. The usual scene, after all, takes many "takes" from which the editor and director can take their (10)

Pick. You can repeat scenes over and over again, even those involving large numbers of people again because you're dealing with natives of your own land and professionals accustomed to the work at hand.

But eventually the film is "in the can", the filming itself is done (hopefully) and the raw footage has to be processed via the editing table into something resembling a recognizable film and the sound mixed in along with the musical background (which is another story and another nightmare altogether). For this Umpteen Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling worth of exposed footage and miles of sound tape has to be eventually return a profit to the outfit that made it, or at least get so close to break-even that foreign and teevee sales guarantee black ink on the ledgers. If you're very lucky, the director and producer and principal characters and first-line technicians will have made it into an artistic pleasure as well.

Unfortunately, whilst the James Bond flicks to date have not been great cinema, they have been great financial successes. Therefore we can depend on a continuation of the James Bond Movie formula for the ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE (SECRET) that is, flic. We can depend as well on a big publicity campaign for the flic once it's ready to be released. Which is a double-edged thing, bringing both benefits and groans to us hard-core Diana Rigg fans.

The reason for the Hard-Sell campaign is obvious. The James Bond Flick formula requires a lot of moola for gaudy sets, elaborate gimmicks, lots of outdoorsey filming and pyrotechnic technicolor wide-screen. But this time they're lacking Sean Connery. Which means in turn that they're going to have to do more than play up George Lazenby big, big, big. They're going to have to play up Mrs. James Bond...Diana Rigg. For she is a probable "superstar" and they know this. To break even or make money, they're going to have to play her part up big and spread her across every movie section page in every newspaper in the western world.

And this means personal appearances.

Something she doesn't like at all. The thought of seeing her in person, of course stirs the emotions of every hard-core Rigg fan (myself included). But she isn't going to like doing this sort of thing and I anticipate that it's going to be ruddy hard for the usual grubby fan to get near her.

Oh well. At least with her in the flic we can expect at least a few moments of both visual beauty, auditory excellence and artistic merit. No matter how hard they try, no one could quite completely bury that Yorkshire rose beneath mediocrity. Which is exactly why she's headed for bigger things.

ASSASSINATION BUREAU You can just about stop holding your breath for that particular movie to appear. By the time you read this, it should be beginning to make the first-theatre circuit, the hard-ticket movie houses, the reserved-seat palaces. At which point we should be treated to some memorable cinema.

Naturally we are all glad that Paramount has decided to release their property now, but why not long ago? As stated previously, because after the Robert F. Kennedy assassination, it was considered to be none too politic to be showing films of assassinations titled "The Assassination Bureau". I'm surprised they haven't kept it shelved a couple of months longer, to let the "too-much-violence-on-TV" cries to die down a bit more. But they've released it, and reviews indicate that it is a good deal better than "The Jokers" and if mayhaps a wee bit less hilarious than "The Lavender Hill Mob", it is because Alec Guinness isn't in it and it's got "The Avengers" touch of melodrama fraught with peril and humour. In other words, we'll probably fall all over our seats but it won't appeal to everyone. Some people need some signal, such as a pie in the face, before they can believe that it's a humorous movie and it's all right to laugh.

But the reviews... But here, let me show you what I mean.

VARIETY, March 6, 1969

THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU
(British-Color)

Escapist comedy thriller: may be exploited for good returns.

Hollywood, Feb. 20

Paramount release of Michael Relph and Basil Dearden production. Directed by Dearden. Screenplay, Relph, based on idea from book, "The Assassination Bureau, Ltd." by Jack London, Robert Fish. Camera(technicolor), Geoffrey Unsworth. Film editor, Teddy Dervas. Musical score, Ron Grainer. Art Direction, Relph. Sound mix, Dudley Messenger, Ken Barker, John Dennis. Assistant Director, John Peverall. Reviewed at Paramount Studios, February 19, 1969. (MPAA Rating: M.) Running time: 166 mins.

Ivan Dragomiloff.....Oliver Reed
Sonya Winter.....Diana Rigg
Lord Bostwick.....Telly Savalas
General von Pinck.....Curt Jurgens
Inceville.....Philippe Noiret
Weiss.....Warren Mitchell
Madame Otero.....Beryl Reid
Cesare Sado.....Clive Revill
Popescu.....Kenneth Griffith
Muntzev.....Vernon Dobtcheff
Eleanora.....Annabella Incontrera

That dry, wry humor that flavored such British imports as "Kind Hearts And Coronets" and "Tight Little Island" -- seemingly a distinguishing mark for some of the better British comedies -- is again apparent to a degree in "The Assassination Bureau". In less skillful hands its premise of a 1906 international homicide organization meeting with a curious confrontation might have been dime-a-dozen stuff. Fused with the capable talents of Michael Relph, who produced and scripted, and Basil Dearden, who directed, under their mutual production banner, picture emerges as a somewhat unusual and clever comedy after an overleisurely opening. It bears the elements for a required smart exploitation campaign.

Producers have made handsome use of both extraordinarily fine interiors and interesting exteriors in London, Paris, Zurich, Vienna and Venice, which give added zest to yarn's unfoldment. Plotline, based on an idea from Jack London's and Robert Fish's book, "The Assassination Bureau Limited", is escapist fare throughout. Its chief protagonist, Oliver Reed as Ivan Dragomiloff, young head of the assassination ring, would be an apt opponent of James Bond.

As a comedy thriller, film stands high, if the spectator isn't too meticulous about expository details, particularly the whys and wherefores of a determined young femme reporter (Diana Rigg) who decides that a strange outbreak of highly professional



and apparently motiveless killings, must be the work of a single organization. She takes her suspicions to a big London newspaper publisher, Telly Savalas, who agrees to back her search in return for her story.

Without too much difficulty she makes contact with the organization, known as The Assassination Bureau, composed of a group of highly-skilled international killers and imbued with the "highest" motives. They kill only if they think the victims deserve to die.

First crack, she gives Chairman Dragomiloff, as imperturbable as they come and trained since childhood by his Russian father to succeed him, a healthy shock. She asks that the org undertake an assignment for her, coolly handing over the fee of 20,000 Pounds (it's in her little satchel). When Dragomiloff asks the identity of the intended victim, she names him. He accepts the assignment, seeing an opportunity to revitalize his flagging organization. To the leaders, then, he proposes a game: he'll try to eliminate the members of the Bureau and they will try to erase him.

One of the highlights of the chase transpires in a fashionable Paris bordello where Ivan and the femme reporter find themselves entrenched in an upstairs room with gas pouring in. It's frantic and funny. Other attempts on Ivan's life and his elimination of his Bureau victims are well handled. Finale takes place in a Zeppelin-style balloon, carrying a giant bomb, which two Bureau members intend to drop on a Middle European mountain castle where heads of state from all the European countries have assembled for a peace conference. One of the pair is Savalas, not only a Bureau member but with political aspirations to take over the Bureau to rule Europe.

Entire cast play their respective roles broadly and each gives a good account of himself. Curt Jurgens as a German general, also a Bureau member, and Annabella Incontrera, as the wife of the Italian member of the Bureau, whom she poisons to have a fling with a youthful retainer, are outstanding.

Technical credits also rate highly, including Geoffrey Unsworth's exceptional colour photography, Relph's sets, Teddy Darvas' deft editing and Ron Grainer's music score. A novel running feature is a series of old newsreel clips of pre-World War I days, coupled with some

of more modern genre."

-Whit-

Peggye Vickers also sent me a clip from the Dallas Times Herald...which town having the fortune to have the flic already being shown there. Aarrghhh...

"A Comic View Of Assassins"

-by Bob Porter, March 12, 1969-

"When you pass around your intrepid medals, the British are sure to be first in line. Like the lady journalist, Diana Rigg, who sets an organization of paid murderers against themselves, and all but sees World War I put into motion before her eyes in the witty, entertaining film that has come to the Capri Theatre under the deceptive title "The Assassination Bureau".

The film is based on a Jack London story and concerns a group of hired assassins who are pledged, by their constitution, to accept only assignments to kill those deserving to die. Power corrupts, though, the Bureau chief Oliver Reed would agree. This sets up a situation ripe for a droll sort of comedy, in the British manner, and that is exactly what director Basil Dearden and screenwriter Michael Relph have fashioned.

The title misleads. It sounds like a cut-and-dried thriller. There is that element in the film, but basically it is a comedy, or, more exactly, a romantic comedy - since Mr. Reed and Miss Rigg, at first on opposite sides of the fence morally, soon are struck down by cupid. Miss Rigg, playing not altogether differently from her role on The Avengers TV series, is an early day feminist. She is trying to break into the ranks of journalists and approaches a publishing baron, Telly Savalas, with a bold scheme.

She has figured out the method by which a secret assassination bureau operates and wants to expose the organization in print, thereby establishing herself as a reporter. Savalas quickly falls in with the plan. It is not long before he is revealed as a villain - which gives you an idea of the tongue-in-cheek approach taken here.

Meeting the bureau chief Reed she traps him into accepting the assignment of killing himself. Well, not actually doing the job himself. He proposes to his board that the assignment offers a test for the organization, which has somewhat gone to see, in a manner of speaking. Reed will pit his wits against

the rest of the board, all of whom deserve to die because they have lowered the standards of the organization as set up by Reed's late father, founder of the bureau.

It goes on from this point on a fairly predictable course. Reed, for all his profession, has a strong sense of right and wrong. He is built into a sympathetic character so you know that he and Miss Rigg are bound to come out on top.

Still, the film moves along brightly and amusingly for the most part. Another surprise, in addition to that deceptive title, are the plush and expensive appointments in the film.

Reed and Miss Rigg roam Europe and from Viennese Beer Hall to Royal processions the film fairly overflows with spectacular costumes, lush furnishings and large hordes of extras. It adds a great deal of visual impact to the film.

In addition to first rate wry performances by Reed and Miss Rigg, Savalas is entertainingly villainous, Kurt Jurgens huffs and puffs about as a stock Prussian general, Beryl Reid appears briefly as a Paris madam in a wild comic scene, and several other sharp performances come from minor players. All in all it is a British comedy that exports very well indeed."

Naturally any comments I might make as to why the Texans are seeing THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU whilst I linger in the frigid wastes of Michigan, sans lovely movie, sans Diana Rigg and even sans my lovely Carol, would tend to be jumbled and slightly profane.

I am therefore eagerly awaiting the arrival of the movie here in Detroit, and the opportunity to see the Yorkshire rose we all love so well.

I'll be seeing you.

HONOR BLACKMAN IS A GROOVE On Friday, March 21st, the aforementioned lass appeared on THE NAME OF THE GAME, a local Yank melodrama product purporting to be a thriller and mostly just being boring. Title was "An Agent For The Plaintiff". Translated that means someone who is working for the bod that's doing the suing. In this lil' melodrama Honor Blackman played Bethany Cromwell, a female solicitor (and no wise cracks, that's British for lawyer), who though supposedly representing Gene Barry and his newspaper empire was actually the Agent for the Plaintiff in the title, she was double-crossing Barry in other words.

And doing a nice neat job of it, too. She portrayed a hard-as-nails lass with a heart of pure liquid fern and a yen for goodies of every sort. Always an eye out for the main chance, as the British put it.

But all the time I kept hoping she would pull the little caper off. Not just because she is the predecessor to Diana Rigg, but because she portrayed such a vivid character, real-3-D type, and made Barry look such a nit most of the time by simply acting rings around him. THE NAME OF THE GAME suffers from the fact that both Robert Stack and Gene Barry continually vy for non-acting honors on the show. Wooden expressions and cardboard characterizations are perhaps the kindest words I could bear to present to their usual performances.

Maurice Evans played the executive who was in on the ploy with Honor, and Brian Bedford stumbled through his lines as her younger lover. Yes, she would have lovers all right. I have never seen such a, well, attractive and vital and sexy 40-year-old in my own many years upon this globe. Elizabeth Taylor (same age) looks like a plump cow next to her.

At any rate, ol' "Bat Mastersor" Barry had some nice repartee with Honor throughout the production, though Honor continually stole the show with sheer incisive delivery. Maurice, the wounded aging lover is shocked at her behaviour at one point and comes out with those ever-fresh lines, "How could you? After all I've given you?"

"You didn't give me a thing," she scathingly replied, "You bought and you received value for your money too!"

All the way through I kept wondering just how MacNee might have handled the scenes, and in this way trying to imagine just how Mrs. Gale and Steed might have gotten along. But it was hard, ruddy hard, because Barry was no MacNee and the plot-line itself was too badly handled ever to be an Avengers script. The entire production was filmed on the Universal City lots in Hollywood, by the way and looked about as British (they were supposed to be in London) as Van Nuys. Universal unfortunately makes impeccable garbage.

However, it is likely that Honor will be appearing in some other Yank teevee show soon. Working on the theory that she probably picked up a few parts here and there, it follows that we'll be seeing more of her. Good show

NOT SO GOOD SHOW I am referring to one Ralph Costantino, 712 West 30th Street, Lorain, Ohio (44032).

This gentleman, sometime in the middle of last year requested a copy of EN GARDE and sent along money. In my, alas, usual way it took a few days to get to his order, but one was sent along. He evidently appreciated the magazine, for he sent along some more money for some back issues. Being in the throes of one thing or another, it was quite some time, a few weeks anyways, before I would have gotten around to his order. He wrote in that period, somewhat (and reasonably) perturbed about the non-receipt of his magazines and not so reasonably angry about the matter. I sent along the mags in somewhat of a haste, and sent via separate letter an apology for the matter. He received the letter and immediately got very huffy because the magazines had not yet arrived, becoming more than a little abusive about it as a matter of fact. As it had been a long hot grueling and very unhappy summer all told, I was weary and unwilling to coddle prima-donnas of any sort. So I returned all the money he had sent to me, recounted in polite (not obscene) language just what I thought of people who could take neither apologies nor explanations like an adult or gentleman and requested that he return my magazines to me forthwith and don't bother me no more.

Well, to date he still has my money

but I still haven't gotten my magazines back. He did, however contact the postal authorities about the matter and protested that I had, quote, "maligned his character", unquote.

Now at least I know now why so much of my mail lately has been opened first.

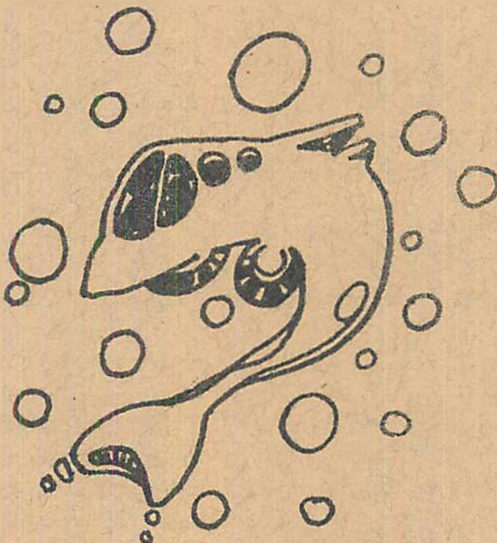
I am extremely sorry that the entire affair had to occur, but take the opportunity here to remind all of us how vulnerable all of us are if someone gets into the group who is prone to take his feuds and complaints to the postal authorities. We should all remember sometimes of how easily what we write can be taken in the wrong way by the USPOD. If Mr. Costantino is one of the latest ones to do so, he is not the first nor, alas, the last. But I can state that if you have any dealings with him, you do so at your own risk.

DIANA RIGG'S FRIEND Shall remain anonymous as far as the pages of this magazine go. As Gary Crowder once remarked, one of the beauties of EN GARDE is that it has refrained from indulging in the usual icky trivia and personality obsession so common in the commercialized "fan" magazines. It remains a policy of EN GARDE to stay as far from juvenality and gooeey gushing as is feasible. Surely we can appreciate the magnificent talents of Miss Rigg, MacNee and others without having to project their private lives into the public spotlight as well.

CONDOLENCES do, however, go to Miss Diana Rigg for the now-long-ago demise of her father late last summer. Her father's illness and subsequent passing away were the reason why she was unable to appear in "Paint Your Wagon", a musical due to begin appearing on the road in a few months.

Her brother, Hug, however, is feeling quite fit now. He was capability-testing a Kestrel jet for the RAF (shades of Peter Peel!) when it went into an uncontrolled power dive. He ejected in time, though and was quickly out of the hospital after that.

TED JOHNSTONE Otherwise known as David McDaniels is known to at least some of you as that Blackguard-OldGuard fan of Los Angeles and to some of the rest as the prolific author of many of the very best of the MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. novels. Particularly THE VAMPIRE AFFAIR and THE RAINBOW AFFAIR.



In the last-named, I mentioned in HARPIS #1 that Ilya and Napoleon met Steed & Emma, as well as most of the other fictional British crime-busters it seemed.

Well, when I was in Los Angeles this past January ted brought out a rather unusual music tape which contained a number of teevee themes on it. Nothing unusual in that, even though one of them was THE AVENGERS theme. Nothing special...until the credits on the back listed the cast of characters. Patrick MacNee as John Steed and Ian Hendry as Dr. David Keel. Would you believe it was from the '61 show?

Quite frankly it was schmulze, forgettable corn, without especial virtues of any note or even especial faults. It was a little discordant, a little loud, a little brassy, a little disjointed, a little patched-together. In short it was completely forgettable music. It's a miracle that even Honor Blackman and MacNee were able to save the show after it had been blessed with a theme song like that. Ted/Dave compared it to "v-tage" FOUR JUST MEN, which is to say very low and not too rhythmic.

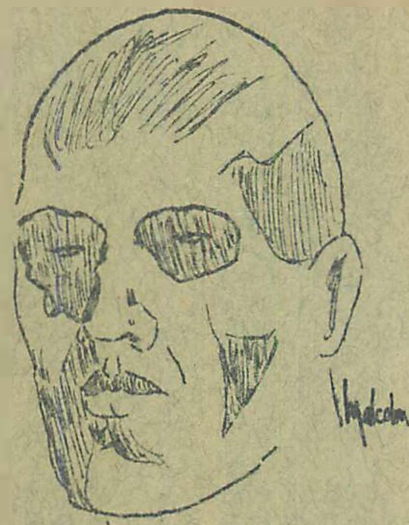
I'll take our own Laurie Johnson version any day. Especially some of those variations, one of which most people (including me) have taken to heart and termed the "Mrs. Peel" theme. I can hear the tinkling lilt of it now....

Mrs. Peel, You're Needed.

EMMA IS WHAT IT SAYS Kathy Rushman, Box 89, Pearce, Arizona, has a rather unique item for sale right now. Individualized sealing wax seals. She sent me one small sample that imprints "Emma" quite nicely, and can do much more complicated seals with relative ease. The small ones, lettering only, go for .50¢. If you have some elaborate idea write her and ask for a price on your special job. Kathy, for the enlightenment of those of you who are unaware of the fact, is the "Bish" who has been doing the Dirigg drawings for EN GARDE. She has two or four in this issue, and I wish to take this opportunity to thank her for continuing to enlighten the pages of EN GARDE with her art.

DETROIT TRIPLE FAN FAIR Most of you have by now either seen one of the fliers or heard about them, advertising this regional convention. This is a lil' thing being initially distributed by the Detroit Triple Fan Fair Committee, to promote our 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -day affair. As I happen to be publicity Director for this local regional convention this year, everyone on my mailing list is getting reminded of the existence of the Con.

As with most regionals, the gatherings will be somewhat less than the 1600-plus attendance of the past few WorldCons or World Science Fiction Conventions. Which is an asset in my book. One gets lost in the bigger Cons.



The Con itself will occur on the premises of the brand new (2 years old) Downtown Howard Johnson's Motor Hotel, located at the junctions of Michigan and Washington Blvd. in downtown Detroit. Before you start screaming or your stomach does flip-flops in agonized anticipation, let me remind you of a few truths. Howard Johnson has nothing to do with anything bearing his name anymore. He just charges for the use of it. Therefore, most long-distance travellers (and every science fiction is one of them types) know and recognize the Howard Johnson restaurant as a chancey place to eat, with an execrable reputation for service and food as well. Though many HJ's are culinary catastrophes, most of them are no worst than any other roadside restaurant and usually a cut or two above the bulk of them for all the reputation. The Downtown HJ may never win three crossed forks from the Guide Michelin, but it's a few cuts above the usual downtown fare, at least. So give it a chance, anyways.

As mentioned before, the Motor Hotel itself is brand-new, there is absolutely no one else booked for the weekend of the 6-8th of June and quite frankly it's not so large a Hotel that they could put any other conference in anyways. There are also four other major Hotels within



a three block radius and many more beyond that quick walking distance. But this is a smoothly operating Motor Hotel and there is really no reason to go elsewhere if you're visiting from out of town. Also, if ye'd mention that you're in for the Con, they are trying to keep all the registrées together on the top floor or two, so as to maximize pleasure for attendees and minimize discomfort

to the rest of the guests. We'll all be pretty much together, as the Hospitality Suite and such will be up there too.

Oh yes, and bring your bathing suit. The 14th Floor also houses their swimming pool!

And yes, there will be a Hospitality Suite, in addition to the regular program. There will also be a banquet and speechifying by Ed Hamilton, his gracious wife Leigh Brackett and that noted illustrator and comic strip artist; Al Williamson. The banquet, by the way, is not going to be another crummy Howard Johnson's meal. If for no other reason than that their chefs seem to be capable and good.

Guests of honor will be ol' World Saver Edmond Hamilton, Leigh Brackett his wife and the aforementioned Al Williamson. Leigh by the way is also an AVENGERS and Diana Rigg fan, thus proving at the very least her impeccable cultural taste....

Ed, Leigh and Al Williamson will be the recipients of this year's NOVA awards (given for especial Service and Achievement within the realms of Science-Fantasy Literature, Illustrative and Comic Art and Fantastic Cinema, in this case Illustrative Art for Al and SF Literature for Ed and Leigh).

Past recipients of the award include Roger Zelazny and Harlan Ellison. As an in-group aside to Gloria Lillibridge, if you could ever induce our mutual associate to show up at one of these affairs, however briefly, the entire committee has expressed the notion that they'd love to take that opportunity to express their appreciation to him for the services he has done for the Fantast-

ic in Cinema.

Membership (prior to April 15th) will be \$3.00, \$4.00 after that. Supporting or non-attending memberships may be purchased for \$1.00, and can be instantly converted to attending memberships by simply paying the balance at the door.

The Banquet will be \$6.00 apiece, but you can get both the membership and the banquet in advance for \$8.50.

Send your monies and inquiries to: Mr. Jack Promo, Treas. of the Detroit Triple Fan Fair, 4664 Toledo Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, 48209.

I'll be seeing you.

"THE AVENGERS" by Douglas Enefer, Consul Books 787, copyright 1963, 2/6 apiece. If you want I'll send you the publisher's address, but you might as well forget it. This is already a rare collector's item, exceedingly difficult to obtain due to almost total distribution being in England alone, small circulation and no one bothered saving them when they first appeared. Naturally the printer and distributor has been out for years.

But it's a nice enough book, and if accurate, presents the image of a vastly different Steed than the one we all came to admire so during his tenure as partner to Mrs. Peel/Di Rigg. For this is the old Steed, the one who had as his partner the incisive Honor Blackman as Mrs. Cathy Gale, PhD and leather-wearing kudo expert.

Basically the story concerns the tracking down of a ring of agents and murderers in Jolly Old Blighty. Steed and Dr. Gale do this basically by keeping relentless pressure upon the murderers and agents and relying on their reflexes to keep them alive when the pursued types strike back. Which according to Len Deighton is the way most agents do operate...by sticking their necks out and reacting before it can be chopped off. This novelization is not entirely the best spy meller ever written and it's not even much of a compliment to say that it makes the Norman Daniels AVENGERS books look bad. But it creates a hell of a different Steed from the one we all know, the perfect gentleman and shining knight.

In fact the real treat of the book was the visualization therein of Steed. We are so accustomed to the debonair and courteous Steed, the professional agent who would yet risk everything to save

his female partner, be she Mrs. Peel or "that chubby teenager" Tara King that it is difficult to visualize him deliberately abandoning his co-partner in order to pursue the enemy. It is this weltanschauung, world-view that the job at hand is more important than any single person's life that is at variance with the "established" character of Steed. In other words, there is basically a difference in the degree of professionalism to Steed. This Steed has the ruthless edge to him that we are accustomed to viewing in other secret agents, the cold-blooded willingness to sacrifice anyone and anything. Our Steed is willing to sacrifice too. But not in cold blood. Aye, thar bee thee rub....

Also Steed's relationship with Mrs. Gale, if accurately portrayed, is quite at variance with the one he had with Mrs. Peel. She treated him more coldly and he was more wary of her abilities and masculine traits.

In the book Steed was also very prone to use a gun if one is handy, as is Mrs. Gale. The trick brolly was there but it did not have the air of an essential part of his personality. The visualization of Mrs. Cathy Gale also left much to be desired. Enefer quite frankly portrayed her as something of a cold fish, not at all alluring and warm, a quality oft attributed to the character by British and Canadian correspondents. Even so she came through as quite a scintillating lass. Here's to Mrs. Gale, PhD, judo expert, leather-clad kinky and blonde. May she too always be there in that Valhalla hall of departed heroes and legendary figures. May she rub elbows with Dr. McCoy (a fair if ever there was one!) and match wits with Mr. Spock and still be able to sit back on the floor of her electric apartment and play chess with Steed and flip over the chessboard and answer the phone, thus entering into another adventure with Steed.

Hey! Can you imagine Steed, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Peel and Tara King all sitting around a table and Steed trying to figure out some way to keep everyone from going loggerheads?

The photos used for the covers are also somewhat unique. Would you believe a Steed, minus tie, in a sports coat, pleated slacks, no handkerchief in his pocket and hair too long and holding a pistol? The back is a very unhappy and very feminine Cathy Gale tied to a resting board, still from "The Undertakers."

Ah well, start looking for ye copy.

THE AVENGERS ANNUAL Another little gem recently acquired seems to be a bit of a rarity too. It is the first Atlas Publishing Company AVENGERS ANNUAL. A hard-bound 8 1/2 x 11 book crammed with stories, comic strips and groovy photos of the astonishing Mrs. Peel (DiRigg to you) and Steed/Pat MacNee. The second in the Atlas series is the at-present still-in-print Tara King/Linda Thorson AVENGERS ANNUAL. Preceding this effort some unknown publishing company produced a similar AVENGERS ANNUAL for the first black-and-white Diana Rigg/Mrs. Peel series season. That one had on it a scene from Castle De'Ath while this second, or colour season book just has an oil of Steed and black-leather-clad Mrs. Peel fighting with some types on the curving staircase of a castle. The photos inside this one are often in (gaspl) real live colour. Oh, that red hair, those pearly teeth, that fantastic complexion. Diana Rigg has easily what must be one of this era's most perfect features and certainly the most mobile set of features of the past five-ten years.

But quite frankly, apart from the photos (which are superb), everything else in here is not all that great. A good deal of the photographic excellence is due to the good offices of John Kelly. This unknown chap has done pix of Rigg repeatedly for publicity purposes for twenty dozen magazines and outlets and never ceases to please me. Miss Rigg is fortunate in having come together with someone able to capture so



much of her elfish charm and beauty with the camera. Next time you see a photo of Miss Rigg and if it's not credited, just examine it. Does it convey the splendid vitality of her whole body and mind? Does it grab you, baby? If it does, there is a very good chance it's another Kelly photo.

Good man, Kelly.

Anyways, the stories and such in the Annual are nothing to write home about. The art is adequate but their attempts to capture Mrs. Peel with ink and pen are for the most part merely pathetic. The less said about the story-lines of the some three or four story-comic-strips the better. Shudder, shudder, shudder...

The short-short stories are rather nicely put together, though, for all the fact that nothing is attempted in the realm of characterization. Ther is, after all, no room.

Anyone out in this neck of the woods is welcome to drop by and see it.

Eat your hearts out....

REQUIESCAT IN PACE There have been a few recent deaths of note within the science fiction field, of which a few words are appropriate.

John Wyndham, otherwise known as John Benyon Harris, author of dozens of popular science fiction novels (including DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS And OUT OF THE DEEPS amongst others) passed on a short time ago. We'll miss his spirit.

Boris Karloff, who used to frighten the bejeezus out of me and never quite seemed to be able to break away from his Frankenstein image.

Seth A. Johnson, little known outside of the NFFF, he was a gentle soul, not overly blessed with personality or vibrant talent, he was still a friendly old soul who devoted much of his later life to the NFFF and off-shoots of the organization.

Harold Palmer Piser, a retiree who put his whole remaining year or two into an attempt to completely index every science fiction fanzine ever published anywhere at any time. He had listed and catalogued at the time of his death the personal collections of a number of people including: Ed Meskys, Howard DeVore, Bill Mallardi, Ted White, Ron Ellik and was in the process of working his way through my collection when he sickened and passed on.

This is unfortunate enough, but the events that occurred afterwards call for some comment from me.

First off, Mr. Piser left specific (18)

instructions with a lawyer and close friend as to the disposition of the materiale in the event of his demise. He also attempted to leave some small estate to pay for the remittance of anything lying about at that time. But afterwards it soon developed that the fanzines lay about and were viewed scornfully by the lawyer and friend to whom he had entrusted their return. The details are still vague at this time, but it seems that the wife of the widow was quite pushy towards Ted E. White and Ted was somewhat shocked by her attitude towards the fanzines and the work Piser had devoted to the fanzine Index. She had at some time just simply taken this couple of years work out and burned it.

Also, to my own knowledge I had just heard rumours of his death until the date of the 19th of March when a Peter P. Peterson, the friend and lawyer mentioned above, wrote a short air-letter requesting clarification as to the disposition of my "manuscripts". On the 22nd a collect phone call was sent to my house (turned down) and a few moments later the wife of Mr. Peterson was on the line. They had not received my letter of the 20th requesting some information as to how much it would cost to re-mail the fanzines belonging to me. On the phone she was quite short and impolite, stating several times did I want the fanzines sent to my place or didn't I? I tried to inform her that I wanted to know how much it would cost, and if it would cost too much to remail 47 running feet of fanzines back, alternate transportation measures via one of the local Long Island fans might be advisable. No, she wanted to know whether I wanted my fanzines or not, did I want them shipped to me or not? No attempt to listen, act courteously, politely or intelligently. I could lump it or love being insulted. Abandon the fanzines or accept COD charges. That's all the choice I was offered and they either go out that day or not at all. I reluctantly accepted the COD.

She was not a very likable person on the phone. So little likeable in fact that I would like to hereby publicly announce my sympathy and support to Ted White in fighting with her if he so does.

Anyone who can't get along with her can't be all bad.

I'm with you Ted.

Sock it to her.

To date quite a few feet of fanzines have been returned, some of it COD and some of them paid for by the sendee. At the moment their costs are apx. \$7 and mine running a bit ahead of that figure. More is yet to come.

But the hostility that Mrs. Peterson has given, gratis, to members of fandom trying to retrieve their own property has pointed up one difficulty inherent in fandom itself. Anyone who isn't in it automatically dismisses all we do or print as garbage for one thing. Which means that however close friends the Peterson's might have been with Piser, they were "too busy" to deal with the materiale in the manner a member of the fannish microcosm would.

Moral: If you want to leave something fannish or science-fictional behind ye, have a fan take care of it. With the best of intentions a friend and relative could very easily literally dispose of not only your own projects as Piser's Index was so callously disposed of, but of other people's materiale as well.

It's also the last time I ever let any of my collection get beyond easy driving distance.

Remember my story the next time you lend someone something you want to keep.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS: Regional and World Conventions and Conferences in your area perhaps. May 9-11.

DISCLAVE: Skyline Inn, S. Capitol St., Washington, D.C., \$2.00 registration at the door. Contact Jack Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

June 6-8

PHHLANGE: Allegheny Motor Inn, 1464 Beers School Road, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania, 15108. \$2.00 at the door. Write Peter Hays, 1421 Wightman, Pittsburgh, Pennsy. 15217

June 20-22

SOUTHWEST CON 1969: Ramada Inn, 2525 Allen Pkwy., Houston, Texas, \$2.50 at the door. Write Tomy Smith, 1414 Lynnview Houston, Texas, 77055.

June 28-29

MIDWESTCON: North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45237. Write Lou Takakou, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236.

June 6-8

DETROIT TRIPLE FAN FAIR: Downtown Detroit Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, \$4.00 at the door. Write Jack Promo, 4664

Toledo Avenue, Detroit, Michigan 48209. July 4-6

WESTERCON/FUNKON II: Miramar Hotel, Ocean & Wilshire Santa Monica, California, \$3 at the door, \$1.00 for supporting (non-attending memberships). Write Ken Rudolph, Box 1, Santa Monica, California 90406.

And this is the Big, Big, Big One for the science fiction world: The only World Convention going around at the moment.

August 29-September 1st

ST. LOUISCON: Chase Park Plaza Hotel, 212 North Kingshighway, St. Louis, Missouri, 63108, \$4.00 at the door. Write St. Louiscon, Box 3008, St. Louis, Missouri, 63130.

A few words about each.

The MidwestCon is a strictly informal affair, everyone knows everyone else and there is little program as such during the entire weekend. It can be mighty lonely if you're unacquainted with the field but very warm if you are.

The PhHlangeCon is being held, you will notice, the same weekend as the Detroit Do. To those in the area I can heartily recommend the personalities involved and the sort of regional conference they would put on and can only wish that I amongst others had checked the fannish events more carefully before unalterably committing ourselves to the date of the first weekend in June. Apologies are hereby tendered to them.

But the absolutely biggest and most stupendous Do of the season will have to be the WorldCon at St. Louis. It'll be a gigantic affair, thousands of people. But you can also depend on your own favorite types of people being there in abundance, including lots of pro writers and BNF's. Heartily recommended as are the people putting it on. The Fisher's, the Couch's and their group of hardy and energetic souls in attendance.

I'll be seeing you there...

Am also planning to attend the WesterCon this year myself and hope to see many of the fine types I met last year at the BayCon in Oakland, Calif.

It's easily one of the best regionals around, ye might try attending.

I'll be seeing you. And to my Malyutka Krasaveo in Los Angeles, my dearest Carol, keep an ear warm for me.

Auf Weidersheia.

Shooting

Photos

from
the
teevee
Screen

BY
BODHAN
SYWAK



In this country all TV images are made up of 525 lines and are formed by a scanning beam moving horizontally across the face of the tube. Because the scanning time for a complete picture is no less than $1/30$ th of a second, your camera should not be set at any faster figure than this figure, or at least very very near to it, than is possible. Or you will not record the complete picture. This is a rule to keep, otherwise you begin to acquire black bands across the photo...invariably, it seems, right where the mouth is. This speed, fortunately, is also close to the shutter speed of the simple roll film cameras and to the slow-down speed of the Kodak Instamatic Cameras 304, 404 and 104. The normal speeds of the latter cameras are $1/60$ and $1/90$ seconds respectively. But they can be slowed down to a more reasonable speed by inserting a used flashbulb or cube in the flash hole. Obviously you cannot use a live flashbulb without wiping out the TV picture. This advice also applies to any camera of similar type.

When using a simple roll film camera, you will have to use a high speed film such as Kodak Tri-X film. Cameras with adjustable lens openings should be set at $f/4$ when using medium speed film such as Kodak Flus-X or Verichrome Pan film or any film of the same speed.

If you can afford it, the best policy would be to take at least a few photos off the telly right now. Set it at a particular speed and f stop and note it somewhere. When printed you can then decide whether to attempt to change the f setting.

At $1/30$ th it is not necessary to support the camera in any extraordinary manner. Just grasp firmly in your customary position, facing squarely to the screen. But a firm foundation can be of assistance. If a tripod is unavailable, tables, chairs and other solid platforms may be used. For any slower speeds, such as $1/15$ th, a firm support is absolutely essential. For you will always be chancing blur from picture action enough without adding arm quiver to it.

It is also quite possible to make colour photographs from the screen of your color TV. To do this you will need to use a high speed color film such as Kodak High Speed Ektachrome

The same shutter speed as with the ~~black-and-white~~ (1/30th of a second) coupled with the lens open to f/2.8 should do it. If your pictures turn out a little bluish, try using a No. 1A "skylight" filter.

As before the camera should face the screen squarely and be propped up in one way or another, by a firm grasp or a platform, if slower speeds are in any way necessitated.

In most cameras, unless your camera focuses down to two feet, you will wish to use a close-up lens on your camera so that the TV picture will fill the picture area. With a "one plus" lens on your camera and the focus set at five feet, a 21-inch TV image will fill the picture area very nearly from rim to rim when the camera is placed two feet from the screen.

However, the f setting is stepped down through this. Which means that you must either adjust the ~~f~~ stop or change the speed of your camera to 1/15 if at all possible.

In every case like this the camera should be set up on a tripod or table opposite the center of the screen. The brightness of the TV image should be advanced as far as possible while maintaining a good tonal balance throughout the picture. Contrast should be adjusted so that the maximum detail is apparent throughout the picture. It should also be set so that it is a little less contrasty than is usually desired for direct viewing. Pictures taken from the screen usually pick up some extra contrast during processing.

Extinguish any other lights in the room, as their reflections off the glass cover of the tube can spoil the picture. If using an exposure meter, hold it directly to the screen. Pick a setting that is represented by a reading halfway between those made of the darkest and lightest areas of the picture. If in doubt as to the proper exposure from your screen, squander a roll of film on a series of exposures one stop apart.

If taken during the day, try to cover the windows in some fashion, either by blinds or shades or by some type of screening. Not so much to cut down on outside light as to prevent any reflections taking up the screen.

For those who want to make home movies of TV programs, there is now available two high-speed black-and-white 8mm movie film types. These two types of black-and-white movie film are made by Fuji Photo Film of Japan in their Single-8 Instant-Load movie system. Fujipan R200 is a panchromatic micrograin film with an ASA speed of 200. Fujipan R50 is a moderate speed film of ASA 50. Both come in 50-foot rolls for continuous shooting in Single-8 cameras cartridges. These can only be used in Single-8 cameras, the Japanese equivalent of the American Super 8 movie system. After they are exposed and processed, Single-8 films are exactly the same size and format as Super 8 films and can be shown on Super 8 movie projectors.

Happy shooting!

--Bodhan Sywak--

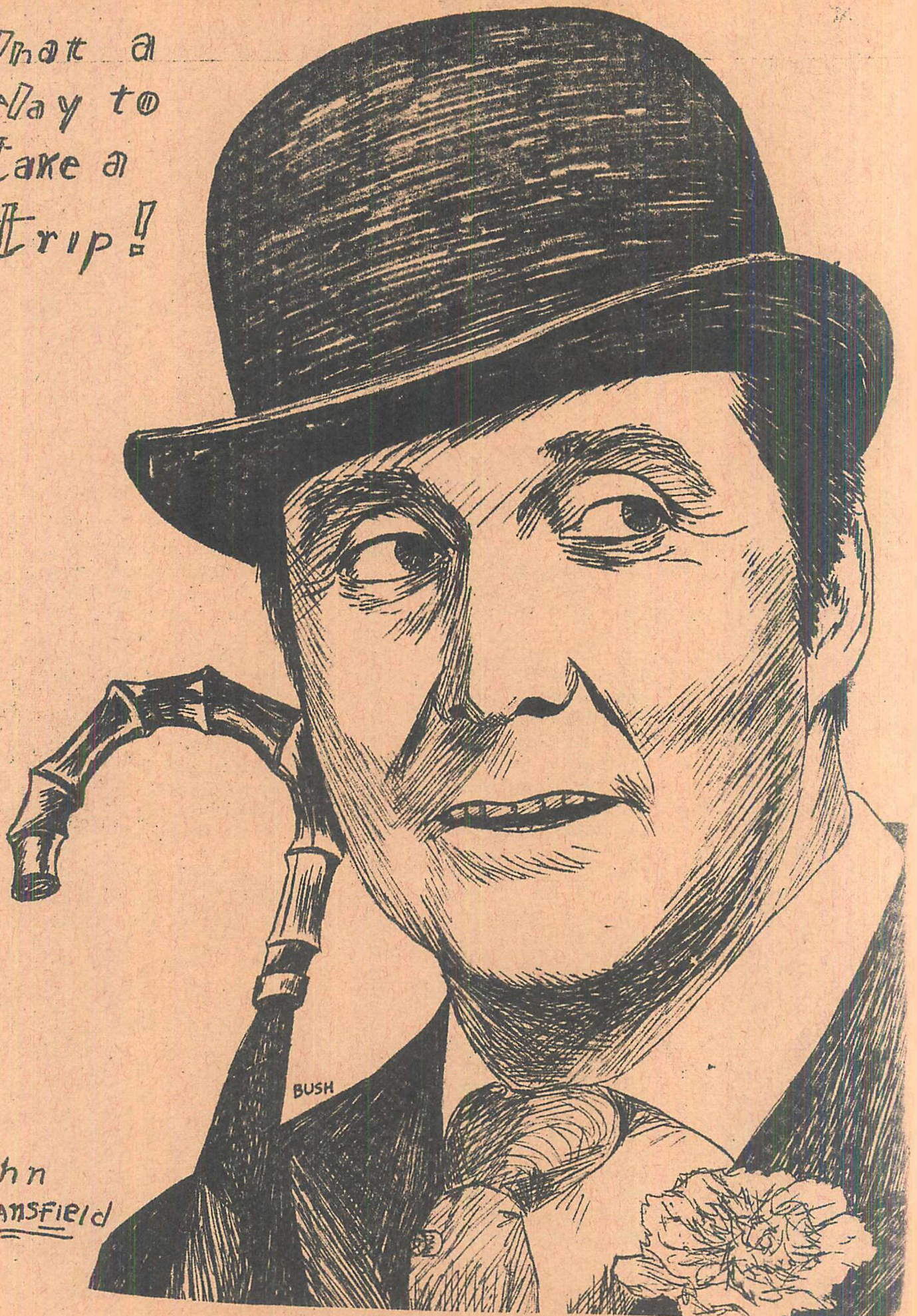
Editor: As a side note, Bodhan's nice little article was received by this Humble & Obedient Servant To Command about ten days before the publication in TV Guide on how to take photos - color photos at least - off the idiot box.

But they recommended 1/15 of a second at f 2.8 and did not recommend any specific film nor mention what to use to combat blue in your pix. They also had no mention of movie cameras.

A local cinema fan in the Detroit area has also gotten good results from simple Kodak color film, but he has one advantage most people do not. He has a much superior camera to work with, capable of very wide-open f settings, and is thus capable of using slightly slower color film than the average person can.

He has the opening credits from "Forget-Me-Knot" as a memento and I've seen them twice since he took them. It sort of makes me feel wistful and nostalgic already, to see the graceful Mrs. Peel in her cream leatherette jump suit and that fantastic smile and that lovely walk.... *sigh*

What a
Way to
Take a
Trip!



by
John
MANSFIELD

Early one autumn afternoon, armed with a letter of introduction from Dick Schultz, I approached the London offices of Mr. J. Hotton. Mr. Hotton is the public relations man for the "Avengers". He is also the PR man for ABC-Pathe and as such has many irons in the fire. While waiting to talk to him, I found that he had just come back from talking with Earl Mountbatten of Burma about a new TV special dealing with the Earl's life. With his other hand, he was working out advance publicity for the movie "MAYERLING", starring James Mason, Omar Shariff and Ava Gardner. A very busy man. His poor secretary, Susan Pike, a rather beautiful young lady, was running around being a very efficient girl. When I arrived, I was slightly concerned about the possibility that I might be handed a few things and then sent off. However, five minutes after sitting down, my mind was at ease. Mr. Hotton, talked to me for a few minutes and was very interested in what I was doing and particularly in the copy of EN GARDE #5 that I was showing around. Then he made the mistake of asking me what they could do for me.

Two things, in particular came to mind. First was publicity materiale and the other was a trip to the studio.

Regarding the publicity materiale, Mr. Hotton turned to his secretary and told her to give me anything I wanted. When I came down from the ceiling, the only question was where to start. Susan led me to that part of the office where all the publicity for the current season was set up so that it could be sent out to all the people who deal with the medium and who do advance publicity. I immediately ~~fell~~ sat down and started to leaf through this materiale. The only thing that prevented me from grabbing all this stuff and bolting for the door was the idea of the studio trip still hanging in the fire, and there was always the possibility of more. There was also the problem of trying to get all this across the Atlantic and the fact that I did not want to blow my cool and get thrown out. While I thumbed through a huge pile of stills and written material, Mr. Hotton was on the telephone contacting a Mr. Sawford-Dye, at the studios, about the possibility of getting me in.

In choosing what to take, I had several things to consider. From the stills I wanted key photos that showed (23)

action or scenes that could immediately be identified as being from a particular show. Since they all dealt with current shows, I was also attracted to the stills of Linda Thorson. Very nice. As to the printed materiale, the only drawback was in trying not to get repeats as I knew that the zine could print all it wanted but would have trouble with the photos.

Mr. Hotton then informed me that they were very busy at present as they had a delegation from Saudi Arabia visiting, and they were trying to sell them the series. However, they could possibly give me an hour on next Wednesday. They mentioned that I should contact Mr. Sawford-Dye upon my arrival. Almost as a second thought, Mr. Hotton suggested that maybe I should send the copy of EN GARDE along so they could get an idea of what I was representing. I gave him #5 and he promised to send it down through interdepartment mail. Clutching a handful of materiale I thanked them and waited for Wednesday. At my hotel.

* * *

On Wednesday, I proceeded upon a train to keep a 1:00 P.M. appointment with THE AVENGERS. One does not keep THE AVENGERS waiting.

I arrived about half an hour early, so I gave my name to the receptionist. She phoned Mr. Sawford-Dye and told me that he would be right down as he had been looking forward to meeting me. That sort of statement hits nicely. Until then I had thought I might be late and hence would be subject to a very quick tour.

While waiting for him to come down to the reception area, I took off my coat and noticed several pictures upon the walls. In particular those from the many fine movies that had been shot there. I was later told that the sound stages there were rented out to several studios and that such TV shows as THE SAINT, THE CHAMPIONS as well as all the Hammer horror movies had been shot there.

I had hardly got my coat off when Mr. Sawford-Dye appeared. After introducing ourselves we went up to his office to talk. Mr. Sawford-Dye has been with the studio for some 20 years and has been everything from office manager to Historian. Now he is Exploitation Manager and is responsible for getting products to tie in with the show. His latest coup was the all-

plastic furniture in an upcoming segment. Several interesting points came up during the course of our discussion.

THE AVENGERS is shot in about 12 days per episode, and the finished product runs 54 minutes long. The show is approached as a full-length feature movie digging at the Secret Service. The films are now being sold to 89 countries. When sold to a foreign country a print is made with all the background noises added but with all the dialogue removed. It is added by the country involved. Actually, Saudi Arabia, which bought the series while I was there, will take a complete film and then add the dialogue in Arabic across the bottom. All the shows are now being kept in the film vaults as needed except the first two series which were done as full-length plays, and shown live. The results were put on Video-Tape. These tapes no longer exist. Sorry about that.

After showing me the newest AVENGERS ANNUAL, which should be out in North America by Christmas, we went out for a drink and lunch. Highly civilized people, these English.

After a fabulous lunch we walked over to the studio where THE AVENGERS is shot. On the way, we were joined by Mr. Joe Dunn. Mr. Joe Dunn has been the fight manager for the show for about a year. Previously he worked on several movies. The Beatles HELP! and the James Bond GOLDFINGER as a stunt man and has appeared in several episodes of THE AVENGERS as a villain. Especially if he had a particularly difficult stunt to perform. I was most interested in how the fights were performed as they seemed to be a combination of several types of fighting. He told me that when he begins to work the Director tells him where the fight should start, where it should end, and what props he wants left standing. Joe then starts to put the fight together. He still has problems but the usual priority order then becomes acting over shooting angles over the placing of the cameras. The result is a credit to Joe. Probably his best remembered fight scene is where Steed had to take on a quick-change artist in the episode "Look-(Stop Me If You've Heard This One Before)-It's About These Two Fellows-". The reason it was so well done was that MacNee and Jimmy Jewel were willing to work after hours to get the scene just right. I asked about arranging the

fights and the ladies fights. He said that he had no problems there and that MacNee does most of his own fights. I thanked him and he left to work on a pulled arm muscle. A legacy from a past stunt.

~~Silent~~ Silent stage #5 is set in the back of the lot and, as we approached, I saw an unusual sign: "No Talking Around This Building While Shooting Goes On Inside". Later MacNee commented that There they were, the most successful TV show in Britain and they were in a stage where they had to stop production if two people talked near the building. While I was there production was stopped several times when aircraft passed overhead. They would be on the approach path to the local airport too.

I had already been on a TV sound stage: I saw how STAR TREK was put together last year in Los Angeles.

Nevertheless, I was taken aback when I walked in on the shooting of THE AVENGERS. The stage was very impressive and set up for a scene at Mother's latest operation center. This time it was to be an underground garden with many statues of females about. In their arms were the multi-coloured phones of Mother. The plot for this episode dealt with an Army plot led by none other than Christopher Lee. The title for the episode is "The Interrogators". Unfortunately Christopher Lee was not needed that day so I was unable to meet and talk with ~~Christopher~~ Lee. The whole atmosphere was very relaxed and we all talked between takes. It takes an average of three takes to make one scene. The crew was very relaxed and friendly and I was amazed at how few crew members there seemed to be about. They have hooked up a TV camera alongside the motion-picture camera so that they can see, on a TV monitor, exactly what the scene will look like. Hence, after shooting or after setting up a scene, the Director looks at the monitor, instead of the actors, to see how it is going.

I managed to have a look around the new car. It is a yellow 1926 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost costing about 3500 English pounds. Yet this one is rented from a nearby stockbroker for 30 pounds a day. The reason for the change is that viewers were writing in complaining that the villain has a car that can do 120 MPH plus and yet Steed keeps up in a Bentley that could hardly do 90.

Ergo, get a faster car. The License plate is K11976. I noticed that the car was in it's original condition - - lousy (or rotten) shape. The leather upholstery was a little frayed and the rear view mirrors and dashboard had seen better days. It was not really the shape of car in which I would expect Steed to drive. Another reason they changed the cars was the sad condition the last Bentley they rented was in.

Soon I was told that they were going to do some scene changes so that Mr. MacNee would be free if I would like to meet him. On the way, I cursed the bad timing of not being able to meet Linda Thorson. She was on vacation in Sicily. Being a fellow Canadian, I had hoped to talk to her about working in England.

Patrick MacNee is splendiferous and the very perfect model of the very perfect gentleman. The first thing I noticed about him was his superbly tailored clothing. Here one is used to a sweater and tie or sports coats and slacks. MacNee's suits - - and I am not entirely sure that is really the right word - - aura of perfection? - - are designed by him personally and are then tailored to him. His suits are somewhat special in that they all have a single button and fur "Chesterfield" collars. I'd give quite a good deal to have his kind of wardrobe. As he approached I was all ready to ask questions but he beat me to it. It seems that Mr. Sawford-Dye had shown him the issue of EN GARDE and MacNee had taken it home that night and read the entire issue. HE LIKES IT! He reads practically everything that he can get his hands on, fiction, prose, everything, as well as all his press clippings. He cuts these out and is very often quite distressed over the inaccuracies and idiocies injected into some of them. Yet he can never really do anything about them. Hence, when he saw the zine he was quite pleased to note all this information in one bound book and aimed at accuracy wherever possible. He liked all the articles and comments and cannot wait for more. Talk about starting out on the right foot! He then invited Mr. Sawford-Dye and myself up to his dressing room. He has two. One is in stage 5 and the other is a three-room affair in the main building, where we went. After seeing that we were seated, MacNee (25)

loosened up, took off his coat and vest and sat down with us. Even in this relaxed manner, he seemed to convey the gentleman elegance of Steed. We got down to discussing the show.

Patrick MacNee has been playing John Steed for about seven years now and really likes the series and the people around him. He does not really think that he acts as he puts as much "Patrick MacNee" into the character of Steed as he can. As a result, he hardly reads the scripts and, when shooting is underway, he will interrupt to change lines. His reason? Steed would never say/do that. I saw this happen and the finished lines are pure Steedian as well as pure MacNeeian.

He has had to change the character of Steed three times now as his leading ladies have changed. He said that Honor Blackman portrayed a very mature woman. Diana Rigg was a sort of crazy yet highly intelligent female. The current fair lady is young and eager and it is she, Linda Thorson, that has effected the most change in Steed. Steed has now become more tender towards his female lead and, as a result, tougher to the criminals.

Alas, MacNee now believes that the show is beginning to deteriorate because of repeats. The plot he was doing that week he had done before, as he had done the one before that. The technical side of the show is quite definitely superior to any other television product being produced and was getting better all the time. And yet, while I was there, he mentioned that he would be interested in working part time, in California's new live theatre (not movies) which he considers to be very exciting.

As to the current series, he thinks it is a fun series and views the entire thing as light comedy. When asked which shows he liked the best, he said that he enjoys those parts of the show where he is creating different images and presenting different ideas to the audience. He did enjoy doing the show based on "The Maltese Falcon" (LEGACY OF DEATH) by Don Chaffee. As well as the very funny scripts done by Dave Freeman - - in particular "The Rotters", an upcoming episode.

The question I really wanted to ask I saved for last as I considered it to be The Question. How did MacNee explain the relationship between John

Steed and Mrs. Emma Peel? If he answered this, then all the arguments would be resolved. So I asked it and, without pausing, he answered "Gentlemen never talk about Ladies in the mess." So back to the guessing board. He was very pleased to see that Dick Schultz and I and the other cohorts of EN GARDE take that much interest in the show. At this time we were interrupted by a stage call, and, as he had to change, Mr. Sawford-Dye and I left.

As I was leaving, Mr. MacNee gave me a quick tour of his main room. The walls were covered in abstract art in heavy frames. I would have loved to attempt to tell you about his furniture and drapery but I just don't keep up with that branch of fashion and I would not know how to describe them. He then dropped a blockbuster; he suggested that this may be the last season in the show that he may do. He thought it was getting more conscious and formula-bound, and there were getting to be constant repeats all the time. Therefore he was considering very seriously leaving the series.

I tried not to contemplate a Steed-less AVENGERS and tried to admire the light and airy room. There were no dark colours there, but rather a soft apple green overall effect.

In an alcove he has several photos. Some of the more prominent ones dealt with the show -- he had several of himself with his female leads. The biggest one was of himself with Twiggy sitting on his lap. He considered it to show something of himself and the history of England. I agreed. A large colour photo of his wife stood alone on the table. That in itself was quite a feat as everywhere there were books, pocketbooks and magazines that he was reading -- all at the same time. They covered the range from movie and horse magazines and trade journals to Yogi books. While talking with me, MacNee alluded to many references. He referred once to Sidney Poitier in "Lillies Of The Field", and referred to the more expected Ian Fleming. Over the door he had a large picture of the Kennedy's. The door was covered with several clippings; he called it his "hate list". This consisted of articles and pictures of several people that he had come across or had just discovered. I didn't recognize a single soul.

(26)

At this time of our meeting, he was trying to quit smoking and was praising the efforts of a particular doctor; as a result of these efforts, he was on a health kick. He weighed about 12 stone (12 X 14 equals 178 pounds).

Thanking him for the interview, we went back to the set in hopes of meeting some of the other people who are part of the show. These were Patrick Newell ("Mother") and Rhonda Parker (Mother's new buxom assistant).

When I managed to talk to Patrick Newell, I started to ask about how he interpreted the character of Mother. Newell answered that he was still developing the character but that "Mother" was sort of the picture of a Very British character -- the second son of an untitled family. Either that or the picture of a Steed promoted.

Patrick Newell is no stranger to the show as he was in one of the shows that starred that "other girl" -- Diana Rigg. It was entitled "Something Nasty In The Nursery". There he played one of the good guys who got his brain pumped by the villains via a drug-sprayed Baby Bouncer ball.

Newell is trying to present the picture of a cool Englishman in unusual situations. To illustrate, he has many stories to tell. During the episode in which Steed mounted the top of a bus to talk to him ("False Witness"), he was surprised to discover that after they removed the seats, there was quite a definite curve to the floor of the top level of the bus and, therefore for the three days of shooting, he had to combat a chair that always wanted to head for the side of the bus.

At another time he was to be found in the middle of a pool ("All Done With Mirrors"). The prep department had painted a life guards chair all white and had placed it in the middle of the pool. Just as he was getting comfortable, it started to rain. Everyone else headed for the buildings but all they did was hand him an umbrella. So there he was in the middle of the pool as the water got higher and higher. Sure enough, just as the rain was at its worst, a single stroke of lightning split the air. The next thing he knew they were all out trying to get him in. Someone recalled that pools were prime targets of lightning bolts.

As for his position in Steed's life Newell didn't like the part in which he answered the phone and said... "Yes....Yes....Yes.." Then turning to Steed he says "that's Grandmother." He tried to say the line so that one got the idea that Grandmother was either his Grandmother by relationship or the idea of that "Do you know a Grandmother?" The presence of a higher boss would sort of degnigate from his job.

Actually the idea of a higher boss is not really as bad as it sounds. Patrick Newell suggested that if there were ever a final episode (May he bite his tongue) they could use the idea of - As Steed is sent off into the jaws of Death, Mother turns to Rhonda and says, "Did I handle that Right?" Cut.

Patrick Newell is 36 years old and weighs 20 stone (20 X 14 equals 280 pounds.

His assistant is 21 and her vital statistics are 39-25-37. And is she ~~very~~ good looking! I learned that the relationship between Rhonda and the other stars has yet to be ironed out as she only started in this game a short time ago. Three years ago, she arrived in England from Australia. She had been making her living in several aquashows (she is a top swimmer). Before THE AVENGERS she was in very few shows as she was only a part-time actress. She got the job as the result of a lucky accident. She was just supposed to do the one scene where she walks in on Mother and Steed as they talk alongside the pool. Since it was a nontalking part she thought that was going to be that. However, the mail response from that little walk was so outstanding that now she is permanently Mother's assistant. The only regret is that it is a nonspeaking part and she has a very fine voice. She mentioned that she likes working with a professional like MacNee as there was so much she could learn from a pro like him. The only problem is that she can't really get too close to him! He may be 6 foot 1 inch but she is a bit taller than that.

As for her relationship with Mother, she said that she was just a devoted helper. Some people have all the luck.

As to Patrick Newell's relationships with the other performers, he thinks Patrick MacNee is really marvelous and is one of the greatest actors (27)

that he has seen in his 20 years in the business. As for Linda, he can't really say as he has so very rarely been in contact with or worked opposite her in the same scene.

After that we visited the wardrobe department. The costumes for all the actors in the current episode were out in front. In the back were some of the odds and ends of previous episodes. In one room I ran into rows of bowlers. Although MacNee and Steed share the same hat store - Herbert Johnson, 38 New Bond St., London - they keep the hats for the special shows. Some of these hats had stories of their own. One was cut in two by the prop department and a thin plate of metal was placed between the lining so that when the hat is cut in two by a guillotine in the "Games" episode, the effect of the armoured bowler is shown. Another was painted entirely blue for the episode "Super Secret Cypher Snatch". The biggest secrets of the prop department are still secret - the sizes of all the stars.

On the following Friday I managed to get to talk with Susan Pike, personal secretary to Mr. John Hutton. We discussed the mail situation.

All the fan mail sent to either the TV station or the networks appears at her office. The mail is sent by ship; this explains why there is such a long wait. The mail arrives at her office by the boxful literally. At the present time it averages around 2000 - 3000 pieces of mail a week. Most of this is requests for either a photo or an autograph. These can usually be taken care of within 24 hours. Letters asking questions or requesting further information are set aside for further action. The mail has finally reached such proportions that another girl will be needed just to work on THE AVENGERS. At the moment, Diana Rigg is still very popular.

I saw a letter commenting that someone had noticed that since Diana had left Steed had changed the picture over the mantelpiece from a cavalry charge to a quiet river bank scene. Mr. Sawford-Dye mentioned that both of these scenes have no known title and were just produced by the prop department when a request was made for a painting.

To return... In answering requests for pictures, a postcard-size photo is sent. For the autograph hounds, a roll-paper size of autograph slip is provided.

A real shame is that the girl who ~~was~~ all the answering of these requests has never been on the set or, for that matter, has never met the stars. Since she has to answer all the mail I think she should have at least spent a day around the set. It would certainly help.

Susan Pike is also responsible for getting all this publicity material out to the stations. For this she required an entire room just to lay it out. Then she has to take X number of photos that arrive, type out the captions, get them printed, cut them out, and tape them to the back of the correct picture. Then she adds the photos to the printed material and mails it out, to all the studios, all over the world. No wonder she keeps a great figure!

In wrapping this all up, may I say that I was very happy with the entire meeting. Everyone fell all over me in an effort to help. In thanking them I could not really start. I must say thanks to Mr. Sawford-Dye who took me

all over and made sure I met them all. To the stars who took time out of their work to talk to one of their goofy fans. I must say a very special thanks.

Last, I must thank Susan Pike who gave up a coffee break to help me go through the publicity materials and who tidied up after I had disrupted her filing system.

Things that really stood out were discovering that MacNee and Steed are practically the same person, the relaxed efforts of the crew and stagehands who turn out one of the most technically flawless shows on TV today, and last, the wonderful cooperation that exists amongst everyone. No wonder it's the show it is.

My only disappointment is that I was unable to meet Linda Thorson. I really did want to interview her.

Tara-ra-bcom-di-hey!

-John Mansfield-

S E R I E S S T A R L O S E S W E I G H T *Cleveland Plain Dealer
November 22, 1968-

There's a gleam in his eye that was never there before. He's taken to exercising every morning and his weight is down from 156 to 168 pounds. Yes, a very strange thing is happening to John Steed of THE AVENGERS.

In fact, everyone is beginning to gossip. Not just the viewers, but his personal acquaintances, one friend to another, behind his back.

And it's all the fault of that vivacious newcomer to THE AVENGERS - Tara King.

On the set of the series, Linda Thorson, who plays Tara, was reading one of her fan letters.

"Look, it says here that I simply must be in love with Patrick MacNee. What on earth can I reply?"

And in turn, Patrick MacNee, who portrays the very British Steed in THE AVENGERS, was noting - with raised eyebrows - a spate of the most endearing fan letters he ever has received.

What the letter writers have in common is a discernment of a new flavour in the long-running series.

There is a bond between the two principals - Steed and Miss King - that was not in evidence before. The hallmark of Steed's relationship with Cathy Gale (Honor Blackman) and Emma Peel (Diana Rigg), both of whom preceded Tara King as

the feminine member of The Avengers team, was mannerly affection. With Tara however, the bond usually is sealed with a kiss and a cuddle.

MacNee, who after six years would be pardoned if he were jaded with the series, admits that Tara is a tonic.

Wearing an outfit that has been taken-in at the seams to suit his newly streamlined figure, the 46-year-old Avenger was relaxing between takes at the Associated British Picture Corporation, Ltd. Studios at Elstree, England, when Linda Thorson came across and kissed him on the cheek.

"That," she said, brandishing a newspaper article, "was for saying those nice things about me."

"Absolutely true, every word I told the man," smiled MacNee. He continued, "Linda was just what I needed. Having her around has helped me regain my youth. Before she came, I was beginning to look like Methuselah. I had a double chin and (indicating) my stomach was out there somewhere. Well, I ask you, how could I carry on with the series like that?"

Checking his script, MacNee said, "My doctor gave me some pills to take to help me cut down on food. And, do you know what? I think it's the best thing that ever happened to me."

-Anonymous-

FAITHFUL

ADDITIONS

by Faith
Lincoln



Hail Richard (and others)!

The following are some real beauties of reviews, including some classics from VARIETY many years ago. The following is dated March 29, 1961. Yes, the very first episode! Gasp! Here it is, in fading print no less, copied off the retina of a poor soul who died of shock upon seeing it. Hold your breathe. Voile!

"THE AVENGERS"

With Ian Hendry, Patrick MacNee, Philip Stone, Catherine Woodville, Godfrey Quigley, Murray Melvin, Charles Wade, Allister Williamson, Moira Redmond, Astor Sklair, June Monkhouse.

Writer: Ray Rigby. Director: Don Leaver. 60 minutes, Saturday 10:40 P.M. ABC-TV from Manchester ((Editor: I understand Philip Saville had a hand in the production of the early shows when they were coming from Manchester, also.))

This new fortnightly skein made a patchy impression. As an opener, it failed to establish convincing motivation for the central character, and the careful realism of its settings and dialog threw into relief the trumped-up machinations of the plotting. David Keel (Ian Hendry), a young doctor, was suitably elated about the prospect of marrying his receptionist, Peggy (Catherine Woodville). Unknown to him a dope ring had delivered a packet of heroin to the surgery, making a mistake in the address. They tried unsuccessfully to snatch it back, and then decided to kill Peggy, who could have identified the gangster who had brought the snow. This they duly accomplished, and Keel decided to find the killers himself.

The trail led him to the apartment of a shady medico, who should have gotten the stuff in the first place, but he, too, had been murdered. Then a dubious character ((Editor: dubious character???!!?)) named Steed (Patrick MacNee) introduces himself, so that he could make contact with the gang. This worked, but Keel under Steed's guidance told them he wasn't doing business with them any more. So they decide to dispose of him as well. He was saved in the nick of time by the cops, and the installment closed with the big boss undiscovered.

Trouble with the segment was that it didn't clearly illuminate the purposes of the running characters. Keel just seemed a dope himself for falling for Steed's advice without asking a few obvious questions. And Steed's ambiguity as an undercover man with the gang, yet somehow on

the side of the law, just didn't make sense on this viewing.

Ian Hendry, who made his local television reputation in the "Police Surgeon" series, was sympathetic as the hero, and Patrick MacNee was dashing as his curious helper. There was some fine minor thesping, particularly from Moira Redmond as an addict looking for a fix and Murray Melvin and Godfrey Quigley as subordinate dope peddlars, and an equal amount of ham elsewhere in the cast.

Johnny Dankworth provided a monotonous jazz theme, which should drive a good few to a fix before the skein is through, and Don Leaver's direction was sharp and crisp. -Otta-

Gasp! Still alive? Well, the actual premier was on March 18, 1961 at 10:40 P.M., and here's a review of a later episode. Oh, by the way, the designer of the first episode was Alphonse O'Reilly, title and writer unknown. But here's the review of the MacNee/Hendry episode from THE STAGE AND TV TODAY (July 13, 1961).

"In this particular episode (July 6, 1961) the plot is reminiscent of a poor second feature with unrealistic gangster types, blonde hanger-on, and decent English chappie in hot pursuit of the criminals. Even the setting on the boat has been done for and the dialogue is like a primer for intending thriller-story writers.

Only there were no thrills, and the cliches thrown up in the ambling wake of the story should make the presenting company blush. Ian Hendry stern and resolute aided by Patrick MacNee, whose stylid suggests he might be better doing something of his own instead of playing a rather peculiar undercover man.

The plot does not even seem to try for reasonable credibility, which is a pity when an hour has been allocated to the task. Rather than cutting the story down to the exciting bone, an attempt seems to be made to fill out the hour slot.

Director: Roger Jenkins. Designer: James Goddard. Producer: Leonard White. Teleplay: Gerald Verner.

-anonymous-

Then, faced with a bomb, they went all kinky and debut was made in September '62 with Mr. TEDDY BEAR.

However, this first "Cathy Gale" episode was only one of 17 Honor Blackman episodes in the season, six of them having Julie Stevens (Venus Smith) and three with Jon Rollason (?) Who she?

But here's a review of the second year's opener from Variety, October 13, 1962.

"THE AVENGERS
(Mr. Teddy Bear)

With Patrick MacNee, Honor Blackman, Douglas Muir, Bernard Goldman, John Ruddock, Michael Robbins, John Horsley, Tim Briton, Kenneth Keeling, Michael Collins, Sarah Maxwell.

Producer: Leonard White. Director: Richmond Harding. Writer: Martin Woodhouse. 60 minutes, Saturday, 10:30 P.M. ABC-TV from Manchester.

A major personnel change was the main difference in this returned thriller skein. THE AVENGERS were originally a couple of daredevil hombres who shared the perils in alternate segments. Now John Steed (Patrick MacNee), who remains, is joined by a femme agent, Catherine Gale (Honor Blackman), and the coupling had quite an edge in this opener.

Steed, an undercover criminal catcher, has a fund of insolence and reckless good looks. As MacNee plays him, he's a positive and eye-catching figure, although he seems inclined to overdo the nonchalant imprudence in this one. The hinted romantic undertones with Cathy, who worked with him, gave extra bite.

The story concerns the hunt for a master-minding crook, Mr. Teddy Bear (Bernard Goldman) who would murder anyone for a price. He's cleverly killed a double agent during a TV interview, and this neat opening led to Cathy tracking him down and hiring him to murder Steed. In a deserted mansion, the crook spoke to her through a closed circuit television, the mike being hidden in a toy bear. The murder attempt was made by smearing Steed's telephone with poison -- but it didn't come off, match. The climax came with the crook trapped with Cathy in a locked room, his only escape suicide.

The action was energetic and satisfying, and the script was nicely supplied with apt lines. Loose ends, which existed, didn't obstruct in a production that relied on speed rather than logic. Richmond Harding's direction didn't loiter and Honor Blackman scored as the cucumber cool Catherine Gale, provocatively clad. Minor thesps were fine.

With Bernard Goldman standing out as the ominous death-dealer.

-Otta-

The dates of other Cathy Gale telecasts I could find were December 2nd, 1962 for DEATH ON THE ROCKS (directed by Jonathan Alwyn) and January 13, 1963 for IMMORTAL CLAY (directed by Richmond Harding).

-- Addenda on authors: Martin Woodhouse for SECOND SIGHT and Malcolm Hulke for WHITE DWARF. (Incidentally, the UNDERTAKERS led off the 1963-1964 Cathy Gale/John Steed 26 episode series.) Here's a review from Variety, October 16, 1963, of this 3rd year opener.

"THE AVENGERS
(The Undertakers)

With Patrick MacNee, Honor Blackman, Lally Bowers, Lee Patterson, Jan Holden, Patrick Holt, Howard Goorney, Mandy Miller, Ronald Russell, Marcella Markham, Helena McCarthy and Dennis Forsyth. Producer: John Bryce. Director: Bill Bain. Writer: Malcolm Hulke. 60 minutes, Saturday, 10:50 P.M. ABC-TV from Manchester.

The offbeat character of this mystery skein has made it a fad in some circles. Its return to the schedules, in top tongue-in-cheek form, indicated that there's still plenty of life in the formula. The partnership of Patrick MacNee, bowler-hatted, charmingly insolent, and unruffled as Steed, and Honor Blackman, who has a passion for leather garments and ju-jitsu as Cathy Gale, is now a well-oiled affair, the two playing together with well-judged sympathy. The scripts are conscious parodies of the genre, not expecting to be taken seriously, and Malcolm Hulke's "The Undertakers" was a good example of the breed.

In order to dodge death duties, wealthy widows were provided with substitute husbands when their own died. An organization, bossed by a millionaire, existed for the purpose, in cahoots with a firm of morticians who disposed of superfluous bodies. Steed and Cathy Gale were dizzily involved in unmasking them, and a rapid string of near farcical events led to the usual gun duel as a climax. Lomax (Lee Peterson) wanted to get rid of the organization's chief, Madden (Patrick Holt), and sent a killer and a coffin to his apartment. Idea was that he (31) would be shot, stuffed into the box,

and taken away for burial. Other ingredients included a wide-eyed widow, Mrs. Renter (Lally Bowers) who capered through the segment that anything criminal was afoot. And a torrid affair between Madden's wife and Lomax.

Brief was constantly suspended, and the plot didn't respond to investigation. Bill Bain directed John Bryce's production with a springy gaiety, and a strong team of supporting thespes gave sly substance, with Lally Bowers and Howard Coorney standing out. Only danger is that scripts will go overboard for the yocks, and the mixture will lose its tension. It wasn't always dodged in the one caught, but it was frolicsome enough to get by.

-Otta-

Next, Roger Marshall's THE GUILDED CAGE, networked November 9, 1963, had the following credits (but the review didn't even attempt to even hint what the plot was about):

THE GUILDED CAGE

Groves.	Neil Wilson
J.P. Spagge. . . .	Patrick Magee
Fleming.	Norman Chappell
Manley.	Frederic Abbott
Westwood.	Alan Haywood
Wardress.	Margo Cunningham
Benham.	Eric Connor
Hammond.	Martin Friend
Peterson.	Terence Soall
Gruber.	Geoff L'Cise
Barker.	Douglas Cummings

CONCERTO, by the way, was originally telecast March 7, 1964.

At the end of this season Honor went on to make screen history as Pussy Galore and the program took a respite, studying the trends and searching for a new female lead. On October 22, 1964, THE STAGE AND TELEVISION TODAY carried this article.

"SUCCESSOR TO CATHY GALE

Patrick MacNee's new partner in ABC's THE AVENGERS has at last been chosen. She is London-born Elizabeth Shepherd.

Elizabeth Shepherd will play Mrs. Emma Peel, widow of a test pilot, and instead of tossing villains over her shoulder with a judo show she will knock them cold with a karate blow."

(1)

((Editor: Evidently Julie Stevens, as Venus Smith and Jan Rollinson did not meet with much approval during their

stints as femme partners to MacNee's John Steed or they would have been given the nod. We would all appreciate some info on these two unknown lasses by some English type who recalls them. Here, by the way, is a listing from TV TIMES (date unknown, sometime in January, 1964) of a Venus Smith episode.

THE DECAPOD

Directed by Don Leaver, Produced by Leonard White, Settings by Terry Green, Teleplay by Eric Paice, THE AVENGERS theme composed and played by Johnny Dankworth. 60 minutes, ABC-TV from Manchester.

Patrick MacNee as John Steed.
Julie Stevens as Venus Smith.

Girl in shower. . .	Pamela Conway
Yakob Borb. . . .	Paul Stassinio
Stepan.	Philip Madoc
Bodyguards. . . .	Douglas Robinson
	Valentine Musetti
Cigarette Girl.. .	Valerie Stanton
Edna Ramsden. . .	Lynn Furlong
Ito.	Wolfe Morris
Harry Ramsden. .	Raymond Adamson
Guards Officer. .	Harvey Ashby

and The Dave Lee Trio.

Steed and Venus find "The Decapod" to be just as murderous as his namesake -- the ten-armed sea monster.))

But I couldn't find the thing on her sacking. But I did find on December 13, 1964 that THE HOTHOUSE was networked on ABC-TV Armchair Theatre starring Diana Rigg (surprise!). On December 14, 1964 -- the day after, a new Mrs. Peel was announced.

And thus we are in the midst of that marvelous fourth season with Emma Peel. Ah hah! Caught you. You were expecting the review of "Town Of No Return" from VARIETY. I fooled you. ((Editor's note: "Town Of No Return" was the British premiere show of Diana Rigg as Mrs. Emma Peel, hence the comment above.)) Chorkle, chorkle. If you've ever read any of my stuff in the fanzines you'll know my true colours are finally coming to the surface. I am a foul maiden to say the least.

Here are two reviews exhumed from THE STAGE AND TELEVISION TODAY, reviews of "Honey For The Prince" and "A Touch Of Brimstone". (Aaah, you say.)

COMBINED RIGHT MIXTURE OF
EXTRAVAGANCE AND MENACE

-by Michael Billington
2/24/1966

Last Friday night edition of THE AVENGERS (ABC, February 18) was vintage stuff. Just lately I thought the series had been losing its flair for the exotic and the absurd. An unwanted touch of scientific realism had even entered with white coated villains plotting away in laboratories. However Brian Clemens' "A Touch Of Brimstone" had just the right mixture of extravagance and menace.

The opening was riveting. An arm-chair backed threateningly towards the camera, swivelled round and was seen to contain Patrick Wyngarde at his most aristocratic. He switched on a television set and laid out his liqueur chocolates with great care while a bulky figure on the screen talked about Anglo-Russian relations. He watched with amusement as the man selected a cigar from a conveniently placed case. We saw the reason for his amusement when, as the man's argument reached its height, the joke cigar suddenly exploded.

This was a prelude to a plot about an attempt by the Hellfire Club -- modelled on the famous eighteenth century band of rakehells -- to embarrass the Government before staging a brisk coup d'etat. Preposterous? Of course. But what mattered was that the villains behaved as if they took it all seriously while Steed was able to point out the ludicrousness of the situation. "Follow that chair!" he cried, as a sedan chair packed with explosives flittered past at the Hell-Fire Club's annual rave-up. Earlier on he had explained to a shaken aristocrat his patent hangover cure, "National Anthem. It soon gets you on your feet."

Brian Clemens script was full of throwaway quips of this nature. At the same time, it managed to convey a strong sense of impending danger at certain moments -- as when masked figures encircled a gentleman who, rather unsportingly, wished to register a complaint against the Club. James Hill's direction was also deft and came close to accomplishing the difficult task of making an orgy look convincing.

Patrick MacNee's Steed is by now unimprovable. One's only regret is that he has not more chance to exploit his comic timing and thoroughbred appearance outside this particular series. Opinions about Diana Rigg's performance are divided. I feel that she has made a defin-

able character of Emma Peel, something without much help from the scriptwriters. And whatever her costumes -- last week she was a strikingly clad Queen of Sin -- she has looked constantly fetching. Friday's episode also had an immaculate performance from Peter Wyngarde as a villain straight out of DeBrett."

An interesting footnote to this episode appeared in the same newspaper (TSATVT) on March 3, 1966.

"....a story in ABC's filmed series THE AVENGERS was the cause of an ITA ruling that the programme had to be cut by one minute or shown after 9 P.M. The scene objected to showed Diana Rigg as Emma Peel apparently being whipped. Rediffusion chose in this instance to leave programmed schedules unchanged and cut the allegedly objectionable scene from "A Touch Of Brimstone" shown in London on February 18."

* * *

Now for "Honey For The Prince", from the same source, dated 3/31/1966 and reviewed by Bill Norris.

SHAMELESS LEG-PULL

If all the people who have "died" in the four years of ABC-TV's THE AVENGERS could be placed end to end, they could probably reach to Manchester. In this vein, Brian Clemens excelled himself with last Friday's story called "Honey For The Prince". I counted five corpses, four of whom were smoothly removed by Vincent (played by Roland Curram), surely one of the most accomplished killers ever to encounter Steed and Peel. The theme of the story was the oft-told one concerning oil, the concession of which the Other Side did not want this country to have and as usual Patrick MacNee was John Steed and Diana Rigg was Mrs. Emma Peel, and as usual they foiled the criminals, but not before it seemed as though half the cast had sunk to the floor in death throes.

It was a shameless leg-pull to end the present series with pantomime touches stolen from both the old and the new Arabian Nights plus a last fight in a harem between Mrs. Peel, who looked wonderful dressed -- or rather undressed -- as a slave girl and Vincent who had hidden himself in a giant honey pot.

Zia Mohyeddin played, to my great satisfaction, Prince Ali, who had an oil concession going begging, a love of cricket, and a harem chock full.

Definitely a man to keep in with. Ron Moody enjoyed himself as the organizer of QOF (Quite Quite Fantastic) and George Pastell was a fine villain with sneers and trickery well up to standards."

* * *

Here are some professional retards I unearthed in PTA MAGAZINE (the mouth-piece for the even bigger dopes of NAAB). This column -- "Time Out For Television" (by some anonymous idiot) -- makes you realize that CATCHER IN THE RYE is still banned in some schools, and why the American educational system is so very bad.

"THE AVENGERS ABC

Good things come out of Great Britain -- orange marmalade, tea biscuits, beautiful woolens, bone china, hairloom silver, to mention a few. But THE AVENGERS is not one of England's excellent exports. In savagery and absurdity, this wild, sadistic private-eye adventure series equals America's worst home-grown products. It is damaging goods that should be returned for a refund or credit on something less shoddy.

The British, we are told, relish THE AVENGERS for its "kinkiness", a term used to describe far-out dress or off-beat behaviour, especially involving sex. Although the relations of heroine Emma Peel and hero John Steed are carefully decorous, sexual innuendo pervades the heroine's dress and behaviour. A beautiful, aloof widow, Mrs. Peel wears suggestive, "mod" clothes -- tight, low-waisted, hip-belted pants, leather ensembles, and boots. An expert in judo and karate, she swaggers lustily into battle, kicking, throwing and chopping her way to victory over male aggressors. Probably the most incredible thing about this kinky part is that it is played by Diana Rigg, who for five years was a member of Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company.

Mrs. Peel's partner in solving mysterious murders, foiling weird plots, and punishing their usually demented perpetrators is played by Patrick MacNee. MacNee portrays Steed as a suave, correct English gentleman of wry humor, who wears conventional city dress, including bowler and tightly rolled umbrella. The umbrella makes a splendidly vicious weapon.

ABC has purchased twenty-two episodes of the series, which has been running five years on the British "telly". It's twenty-two too many. --June '66." (34)

* * * "THE AVENGERS ABC

--PTA Magazine, March 1968--

This series is veddy brittle and British -- on the surface and surface is all there is. The conversational style is based on a foolish flippancy, and the dialogue is so rapid you almost don't notice how meaningless it is -- just like all those supposedly meaning looks the cast is forever exchanging. The gaiety is punctuated, but not interrupted, by frequent gunshots and is complicated by all sorts of mysterious Bond-type mechanisms.

The acting (or is it direction?) We never know for sure which one is responsible) is bad beyond belief. Everyone hams. When the cast tries to appear smart and sophisticated (which is whenever they don't forget to), they are just sad; when they to be sad or frightened, they are just funny. They behave as if their perilous adventures are a high joke, which of course they are, but hardly a joke to get smug about.

The only compensation for these shortcomings is two beautiful women in the cast. Unfortunately they both spend most of their time standing about looking astonished, as if they too can't figure out why people are running on and running about so pointlessly.

It is customary to mask the wretched quality of such dramas by calling them spoofs. This, it is hoped, will be license for every sort of feebleness. And the publicity on this series has not shrunk from putting forward that thin, thin excuse. But a spoof is a thin, thin satire, and this show isn't even that. We have a better word for it: goof."

* * *

Your stomach still there? If so, read on to what a British child psychologist has to say. Denis Hartley, "Whose Finger On The Switch?", TV TIMES, November 11, 1967, page 14.

"....An acceptable presentation of violence, crime and espionage is the fantastic one used in such programmes as THE PRISONER and THE AVENGERS. Patrick McGoochan imprisoned in a dreamlike holiday camp of a village by mysterious jokers with a battery of electronic gadgets; Patrick MacNee and Diana Rigg

strolling wittily through equally far-fetched dangers; these make adults laugh and excite children with the same pleasant and harmless excitement as a good boy's adventure book may produce."

* * *

And that is a healthy and realistic antidote to witchhunters like John Pastore and those imbeciles (too kind a term for them) of PTA Magazine and the NABE. ("He clenched his fist. This show is too violent for children.")

Remember the episode "The Morning After"? The one that got halved thanks to a golf game? Well, some credits. Production design: Robert Jones. Script by Brian Clemens. Director: John Hough.

During the Cathy Gale days, Malcolm Hulke was one of THE AVENGERS best and most reliable writers. Though I found some of his writing credits in THE FILM AND TELEVISION YEARBOOK, I'm not sure if some are from THE AVENGERS.

Definite: THE UND RTAKERS and WHITE DWARF.

Doubtful: THE MEDICINE MEN, THE HIDE-OUT and THE TROJAN HORSE.

He co-authored these episodes - - but the collaborators are unknown. THE MAURITIUS PENNY, CONCIERTO and INTERCRIME.

Now mind you, Malcolm Hulke will always be dear to me for THE GRAVEDIGGERS. Even though I didn't see that show because of my sojourn at ~~Worcester~~ Andover, but its reputation is unlimited. To think that he could have co-authored HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE is impossible. ((Editor: HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE is that Tara King thing they aired March 17th, 1969. It had "Mother" telling two old crotchety aunts an adventurous story about Steed and a blonde Tara, with many "flashbacks" and such. Including clips from THE FEAR MERCHANTS (agent getting machine-gunned whilst phoning from fire-watch tower, Steed almost buried by a bulldozer in a gravel pit), THE BIRD WHO FLEW TOO MUCH and THAT thrilling fight sequence with Christopher Lee in NEVER, NEVER SAY DIE. The original story and characterization was almost completely covered up with dialogue from "Mother" and attempts to be deliberately comical and ludicrous. Subtlety dished out with a double-baited axe somehow loses some of its charm..... But THE GREAT, GREAT BRITAIN ROBBERY was originally one of the first two Linda Thorson/Tara King epys made by ABC, Ltd., with INVASION OF THE EARTHMEN being the other. ABC-TV of the USA didn't like THE GREAT GREAT BRITAIN BRITAIN ROBBERY nor the blonde dye job (35)

on Linda Thorson, so they found themselves with two hours shows already shot and no way to use them. So, they had Tara wear a "wig" for INVASION. And chopped the parody show, GREAT GREAT BRITAIN ROBBERY up into bits and pieces and over-ran it with Mother "inventing" an adventure to tell his aunts. A perfectly respectable way to save the 30 min invested in TIGGER, but it still erks me. I must echo Faith's comments as to the manner in which it was presented.))

I figure the script editor dug up INTERCRIME and hired the worthless brother-in-law of the Company President to hoke it up. The story itself was good..but the frame...YEECH! If only they'd kicked out Mother it would have been the very best Tara King eppy. But that idiotic frame.... And I did so much want to see Steed skewer that villain at the end.

I'm utterly sick of Mother now. Honestly, if they'd played it straight and allowed the hinted Hulke greatness to surface, it would have been beautiful - - but 99% of the dialogue and action was pruned away so Mother and his aunts could make faces and inane comments, leaving Steed and Tara maybe a total of 10 minutes. To make matters worse, the cretinous director figured, "If Quentin Lawrence used the rinky-tink piano to such beautiful effect, why can't I?" The episode answers why not. Another episode like this and I will not weep come September. I will be glad to see it go in the hope that the black and whites make syndication.

Anyways, adenda on the programs. Wherever possible the original British first showing date is noted as is the subtitles and any additions to the cast or characters and production credits. ((Editor: Since EN GARDE #3 is so very much out of print and the additions are so extensive, I'm using this opportunity to give a listing of the entire Diana Rigg/Mrs. Peel shows made.))

* * *

TOWN OF NO RETURN (Brit: 9/28/65
USA: 9/1/66)

Produced by Julian Wintle. Directed by Roy Baker. Photography by Ernest Seward. Film Editor Peter Tanner. Camera Operator James Bawden.

Steed: Patrick MacNee. Emma: Diana Rigg.

CAST

Brandon. . . Alan MacNaughton
Jimmy Smallwood. . Patrick Newell
Piggy Warren. . . Terence Alexander

Ticar. Jeremy Burnham

Mill Manson. Juliet Harmer

Saul Gruncy. Robert Brown

School Inspector. Walter Horsburgh

(Note: Did you notice who played the part of Jimmy Smallwood? Would you believe "Mother"? He also looked about 20 pounds thinner at the time.)

* * *

SILENT DUST (Brit: Unknown. Never shown here in the States.)

In Which Steed Watches Birds - -

And Emma Goes Hunting

Produced by Julian Wintle. Script by Roger Marshall. Directed by Roy Baker. Music by Laurie Johnson.

CAST

Omrod. William Franklyn

Juggins. Jack Watson

Mellors. Conrad Phillips

Croft. Norman Bird

Miss Snow. Joanna Wake

Clare Prendergast. Isobel Black

Sir Manfred Fellows-Charles Lloyd

Pack

Quince. Aubrey Morris

(Note: Though never shown here, it is known that this is a re-do of the Cathy Gale show, "THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME". The story is something to do with someone going around insidiously poisoning England by spreading doctored fertilizer about. He intends to depopulate England and then rebuild, with him and his cronies on top, of course. During one of the scenes Mellors laid the whip on our fair Diana/Mrs. Peel to such an extent that the British censors requested some editing be done, which was.)

* * *

THE CYBERNAUTS (British: Unknown. US: 3/28/1966)

In Which Steed Receives A Deadly Gift - - And Emma Pockets It

Produced by Julian Wintle. Script by Philip Levene. Music by Laurie Johnson (as usual).

CAST

Dr. Armstrong. Michael Cough

Benson. Frederick Jaeger

Jephcott. Bernard Horsfall

Tusamo. Bert Hwoui

Sensai. John Hollis

Oyuka. Kate Scofield

Lambert. Ronald Leigh-Hunt

Hammond. Gordon Whiting

* * *

DEATH AT BARGAIN PRICES (British: 10/21/1965. US: 4/11/1966.)

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson, Script by Brian Clemens.

CAST

Horatio Kane. Andre Kane

Wentworth. T. P. McKenna

Farthingale. Allan Cuthbertson

Massey. George Sellway

Marco. Harvey Ashby

Jarvis. John Cater

* * *

SMALL GAME FOR BIG HUNTERS (British: Unknown. US: 4/4/1966)

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson, Script by Philip Levene.

CAST

Simon Trent. James Villiers

Prof. Swain. Liam Redmond

Colonel Rawlings. Bill Fraser

Razafi. Paul Danquah

Dr. Gibson. A. J. Brown

Housegirl. Esther Anderson

* * *

DIAL A DEADLY NUMBER (Brit: Unknown. US: July 21, '66.)

In Which Steed Plays Bulls And Bears - - And Emma Has No Option

Director: Don Leaver. Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Script by Roger Marshall. Photography by Gerry Turpin. Camera Operator Ronnie Taylor.

CAST

Henry Boardman. Clifford Evans

Ruth Boardman. Jan Holden

Ben Jago. Anthony Newlands

Fitch. John Carson

John Harvey. Peter Bowles

Frederick Yuill. Gerald Sim

The General. Michael Trubshawe

Macombie. Norman Chappell

Warner. John Bailey

Waiter. Edward Cast

THE MURDER MARKET (Brit: 11/12/65. US: 5/30/1966.)

In Which Steed Seeks A Wife And Emma Gets Buried

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Peter Graham Scott. Script by Tony Williamson.

CAST

Lovejoy. Patrick Cargill

Dinsford. Peter Bayliss

Barbara Wakefield. Suzanne Lloyd

Mrs. Stone. Naomi Chance

Robert Stone. John Woodvine

Jonathan Stone. Edward Underdown

Beale. John Forgham

Receptionist. Barbara Rose

* * *

A SURFEIT OF H2O (Brit: 11/19/65. No US showing.)

In Which Steed Plans A Boat Trip (36) And Emma Gets Very Wet

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Script by Colin Finbow. Directed by Sidney Hayer.

CAST

Jonah Barnard. Noel Purcell
Dr. Sturm. Albert Laven
Joyce Jayson. Sue Lloyd
Eli Barker. Talbryn Thomas
Sir Arnold Kelly. John Kidd
Martin Smythe. Geoffrey Palmer

(Note: Almost nothing is known about this episode other than that bodies keep disappearing during electrical storms...and depressions filled with water are all there is left. Also note that Suzanne Lloyd appeared in both MURDER MARKET and SURFEIT.)

* * *

THE MASTER MINDS (Brit: Unknown. US: 7/11/1966)

In Which Steed Becomes A Genius And Emma Loses Her Mind

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Peter Graham Scott. Script by Robert Banks Stewart.

CAST

Sir Clive Todd. Laurence Hardy
Holly Trent. Patricia Haines
Desmond Leeming. Bernard Archard
Dr. Fergus Campbell. Ian McNaughton
Sir Jeremy. John Wentworth
Davinia Todd. Georgina Ward
Major Plessy. Manning Wilson

* * *

CASTLE De'ATH (Brit: Unknown. US: May 2, 1966)

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Script: John Lucarotti.

CAST

Ian. Gordon Jackson
Angus. Robert Urquhart
McNab. Jack Lambert
Roberton. James Copeland
Controller. Russell Waters

* * *

THE HOUR THAT NEVER WAS (Brit: Unknown. US: 4/26/1969.)

In Which Steed Has To Face The Music And Emma Disappears

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Gerry O'Hara. Script by Roger Marshall.

CAST

Geoffrey Ridsdale. Gerald Harper
Philip Leas. Dudley Foster
Hickey. Roy Kinnear
'Porky' Purser. Roger Booth
Corporal barman. Daniel Moynihan
Driver. Fred Haggerty
Wiggins. David Morrell

* * *

TWO'S A CROWD (British: 12/17/1965 US: 5/9/1966)

In Which Steed Is Single Minded And Emma Sees Double

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Roy Baker. Script by Philip Levene. Miss Rigg's costumes by John Bates.

CAST

Brodny. Warren Mitchell
Alicia Elena. Maria Machade
Shverdloff. Alec Mango
Pudeshkin. Wolfe Morris
Vogel. Julian Glover
Ivenko. John Bluthal
Major Garson. Eric Lander

* * *

TOO MANY CHRISTMAS TREES (What else to show on Christmas Eve? Brit: 12/24/65. US: 8/11/66)

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Roy Baker. Script by Tony Williamson. Photography by Gerry Turpin. Film Editor Richard Best. Camera Operator Ronnie Taylor.

CAST

Brandon Storey. Mervyn Johns
Dr. Felix Teasel. Edwin Richfield
Janice Crane. Jeannette Sterke
Martin Trasker. Alex Scott
Jeremy Wade. Barry Warren
Jenkins. Robert James

* * *

ROOM WITHOUT A VIEW (Brit: Unknown. US: 6/27/1966)

In Which Steed Becomes A Gourmet And Emma Awakes In Manchuria

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Roy Baker. Script by Roger Marshall. Production Design, Alan Hume.

CAST

Max Chessman. Paul Whitsun-Jones
Varnals. Peter Jeffrey
Dr. George Cullen. Richard Bebb
Carter. Philip Latham
Len Pasold. Peter Arne
Pushkin. Vernon Dobthoff
Dr. Wadkins. Peter Madden
Anna Wadkins. Jeanne Roland

* * *

THE GRAVEDIGGERS (Brit: Unknown. US: 8/4/1966)

In Which Steed Drives A Train And Emma Is Tied To The Tracks

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Quentin Lawrence (who put beautiful rinky-tink piano on the music score by inspiration). Script by Malcolm Hulke. Photography

Alan Hume. Film Editor Robert Best.
Camera Operator Godfrey Godar.

CAST

Sir Horace Winslip. Ronald Fraser
Johnson. Paul Massie
Miss Thirwell. Caroline Blakiston
Baron. Ray Austin
Miller. Bryan Mosley
Nurse Spray. Wanda Ventham
Sexton. Victor Platt
Fred. Charles Lamb
Sager. Steven Berkoff
Dr. Marlow. Lloyd Lambie

(Note: Ray Austin is the chap who
arranges all the stunts and fights in
THE AVENGERS, as well as the miniatures
and mechanical gadgetry.)

* * *

MAN-EATER OF SURREY GREEN (Brit: Unknown.
US: 8/25/1966.)

In Which Steed Kills A Climber
And Emma Becomes A Vegetable

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by Sidney
Hayer. Script by Philip Levene. Photo-
graphy by Alan Hume. Film Editor Rich-
ard Best. Rigg's costumes by John Bates.

CAST

Sir Lyle Peterson. Derek Farr
Dr. Sheldon. Athene Seyler
Laura Burford. Gillian Lewis
Alan Carter. William Job
Lemox. John G. Heller
Prof. Taylor. Edward Finn
Prof. Knight. Harry Shacklock
Dr. Connelly. Ross Hutchinson
Wing Commander Davies.
Davie Hutcheson
Miss Pearson. Donald Oliver
Joe Mercer. Joey Blanshard
Publican. Joe Ritchie

* * *

THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE (Brit: 1/21/1966.
US: 6/7/1966.)

In Which Steed Almost Outbids
Himself - - And Emma Is A Bird
In A Gilded Cage

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Script by Roger Marshall
and Miss Rigg's costumes by John Bates.

CAST

Georgie Price-Jones. Liz Fraser
Gregorio. Alfred Burke
Arkwright. Bernard Cribbins
Ivanov. David Bauer
Aunt Hetty. Sylvia Coleridge
Old Lady. Mary Merrall
Receptionist. Yolande Turner
Taxi Driver. Ray Martino
Russian. Maurice Browning
Fred Jacques. John Rutland

*

THE 13TH HOYE (Brit: 1/28/1966. US:
8/18/1966.)

In Which Steed Finds A Bogey
And Emma Gets The Birdie

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by Roy Baker.
Script by Tony Williamson. Photography
by Lionel Barnes. Film Editor Peter
Tanner. Camera Operator Godfrey Godar.

CAST

Reed Watson. Patrick Allen
Colonel Watson. Hugh Manning
Dr. Adams. Peter Jones
Jackson. Victor Madden
Collins. Francis Matthews
Waversham. Donald Hewlett
Prof. Minley. Norman Wynne
Man on TV Screen. Richard Marner

* * *

THE QUICK QUICK SLOW DEATH (Brit: 2/1/66.
No showing in
the USA.)

In Which Steed Has Two Left Feet
And Emma Dances With Danger

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by James Hill.
Script by Robert Banks Stewart. Miss
Rigg's wardrobe by John Bates.

CAST

Lucille Banks. Eunice Grayson
Ivor Bracewell. Maurice Kaufman
Nicki. Carole Gray
Chester Read. Larry Cross
Peever. James Belchamber
Captain Noble. John Woodnutt
Fintry. Alan Gerrald
Piedi. Davie Kernan
Bernard. Collin Ellis
Huggins. Graham Armitage
Snyder. Charles Hodgson
Bank Manager. Ronald Govey
Willi Fehr. Michael Peake

(Note: If any of you happened to
notice it, Ivor Bracewell was played by
Honor Blackman's husband, Maurice Kauf-
man. So far as I know his only appear-
ance in THE AVENGERS at any time.

I know nothing about the story of
this episode, and wish I did...Editor.)

* * *

THE DANGER MAKERS (Brit: 2/11/1966.
US: July 4, 1966.)

In Which Steed Joins A Secret
Society - - And Emma Walks The Plank

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by Charles
Chrichton. Script by Roger Marshall.
Photography by Alan Hume. Film Editor
Peter Tanner. Miss Rigg's wardrobe from
John Bates, shoes from Edward Raynes.

CAST

Major Robertson. Nigel Davenport

Dr. Harold Long. . . . Douglas Wilmer
Colonel Adams. . . . Fabia Drake
Peters. . . . Moray Watson
Lieutenant Stanhope. . . Adrian Ropes
RAF Officer. . . Richard Coleman
Gordon Lambie. . . John Gatrell

* * *

A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE (Brit: 2/18/1966. No
USA showing at all.)

In Which Steed Joins The Hellfire
Club - - And Emma Becomes A Queen
Of Sin

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by James Hill.
Script by Brian Clemens. Production De-
sign Bob Jones.

CAST

John Cartney. . . Peter Wyngarde
Lord Darcy. . . Colin Jeavons
Sara. . . Carol Cleveland
Horace. . . Robert Cawdron
Roger Winthrop. . . Michael Latimer
Willy Frant. . . Jeremy Young
Tubby Bunn. . . Bill Wallis
Kartovski. . . Steve Plytas
Pierre. . . Art Thomas
Big Man. . . Alf Joint
Huge Man. . . Bill Reed

* * *

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW (Brit: 2/25/1966.
USA: 7/28/1966.)

In Which Steed Becomes A Gentlemen's
Gentleman - - And Emma Faces A Fate
Worse Than Death

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by Bill Bain.
Script by Brian Clemens. Photography by
Alan Hume. Film Editor Lionel Selwyn.
Camera Operator Godfrey Godou. Miss
Rigg's wardrobe by John Bates.

CAST

Hemming. . . . Therley Walters
Benson. . . . John Le Mesurier
Group Captain Miles. . . Denis Quilley
Major-General Ponsonby Goddard. . .
Kynaston Reeves
Brigadier Ponsonby-Goddard. . .
Howard Marion Crawford
Vice-Admiral Willows. . . .
Humphrey Lestock
Sergeant Moran. . . . Ewan Hooper
Squadron Leader Hogg. . . Leon Sinden
Barber. . . . David Swift
Reeves. . . . Norman Scace
Walters. . . . Peter Hughes

* * *

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT (Brit: 3/4/66.
USA: 5/16/66.)

In Which Steed Takes A Wrong
Turning - - And Emma Holds The
Key To All

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music

by Laurie Johnson. Script by Brian
Clemens. Don Leaver directed.

CAST

Prof. Keller. . . Michael Goodlife
Burton. . . Griffith Davies
Withers. . . Michael Wynne
Pennington. . . Keith Pyott

* * *

A SENSE OF HISTORY (Brit: 3/11/1966.
US: 6/29/1966.)

In Which Steed Dons A Gown
And Emma Becomes A Don

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by Peter
Graham Scott. Script by Martin Wood-
house (who also wrote two wonderful spy
thrillers, "Tree Frog" and "Bush Baby".)

CAST

Richard Carlyon. . . Nigel Stock
Prof. Acheson. . . John Ringham
Dubois. . . Patrick Mower
Dr. Henge. . . John Barron
Grindley. . . John Glyn-Jones
John Pettit. . . Robin Phillipps
Millerson. . . Peter Blythe
Allen. . . Peter Bourne
Marianne. . . Jacqueline Pearce

* * *

HOW TO SUCCEED AT MURDER (Brit: 3/18/66.
US: 6/13/66.)

In Which Steed Becomes A Perfect
Boss - - And Emma Goes Seeking
Charm

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music
by Laurie Johnson. Script by Brian
Clemens. Directed by Don Leaver.

CAST

Mary Merryweather. . . Sarah Lawson
Sara Penny. . . Angela Browne
Gladys Murkle. . . Anne Cunningham
Liz Purbright. . . Zeph Gladstone
Henry Throgbottom. . . Artro Morris
Joshua Rudge. . . Jerome Willis
J.J. Hooter. . . Christopher Benjamin
Sir George Morton. . . Kevin Brennan
Barton. . . David Garth
Jack Finlay. . . Robert Dean
Annie. . . Sidonie Bond

* * *

HONEY FOR THE PRINCE (Brit: 3/25/66.
US: 6/ Never seen.)

In Which Steed Becomes A Genie
And Emma Joins A Harem

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music
by Laurie Johnson. Script by Brian
Clemens. Directed by James Hill. All
stunts arranged by Ray Austin. Miss
Rigg's costumes by John Bates.

CAST

Ponsonby-Hopkirk. . . Ron Moody
Prince Ali. . . Zia Mohyeddin
Arkadi. . . George Pastell

Vincent. . . . Roland Curram
 Grand Vizier. . . Bruno Barnabe
 B. Bumble. . . . Ken Parry
 Rommy Westcott. . Jon Laurimore
 Postman. . . . Reg Pritchard
 Bernie. . . . Peter Diamond
 Eurasian Girl. . . Carmen Dene
 George Reed. . . Richard Graydon

*

-- And that pretty much takes care of the first season with Diana Rigg as Mrs. Emma Peel. Whilst quite a few protesting letters poured into ABC in Manhattan, the powers that be decided to drop the show after a disappointing show on the Nielsen's. But they kept THE AVENGERS option open to replace one of the new season's probable bombs. Thus, come January, 1967, we began to view the first colour AVENGERS ever filmed. Starting with....

FROM VENUS WITH LOVE (US: 1/20/67.
 Rerun: 5/26/67.)

Steed Is Shot Full Of Holes

Emma Sees Stars

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Script by Philip Levene. Directed by Robert Day. Film Editor Tony Palk. Photography by Wilkie Cooper. Camera Operator Frank Drake. Costumes by Pierre Cardin.

CAST

Venus Browne. . . Barbara Shelley
 Dr. Henry Primble. . Philip Locke
 Ernest Cosgrove. . Paul Gillard
 Brigadier Whitehead. . Jon Pertwee
 Bertram Smith. . . Jeremy Lloyd
 Crawford. . . . Derek Neward

* * *

THE FEAR MERCHANTS (US: 1/27/67.
 Rerun: 6/2/1967.)

Steed Puts Out A Light

Emma Takes Fright

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Script by Philip Levene. Directed by Gordon Fleming. Photography by Wilkie Cooper. Film Editor Alan Hume. Production Design by Peter Tanner.

CAST

Pemberton. . . . Patrick Cargill
 Raven. . . . Brian Wilde
 Dr. Voss. . . . Arnette Carell
 Gilbert. . . . Garfield Morgan
 Crawley. . . . Andrew Keir
 Gordon White. . . Jeremy Burnham
 Meadows. . . . Edward Burnham
 Fox. . . . Bernard Horsfall
 Dr. Hill. . . . Ruth Truancer

Saunders. . . Duncan Mulholland
 Hospital Attendant. . Philip Ross

THE SEE-THROUGH MAN (US: 2/3/67.
 Rerun: 6/9/1967.)

Steed Makes A Bomb

Emma Is Put To Sleep

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music Laurie Johnson. Directed by Robert Asher. Script by Philip Levene. Photography by Wilkie Cooper. Film Editor Peter Tanner. Production Design by Wilfred Shingleton. Camera Operator Frank Drake.

CAST

Elena. . . . Moira Lister
 Brodny. . . . Warren Mitchell
 Quilby. . . . Roy Kinnear
 Ackroyd. . . . Jonathan Elsom
 Sir Andrew Ford. . John Nettleton
 Ullrich. . . . Harvey Hall
 Wilton. . . . David Glover

* * *

THE WINGED AVENGER (US: 2/17/1967.
 Rerun: 6/7/1967.)

Steed Goes Bird Watching

Emma Does A Comic Strip

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Script by Richard Harris. Directed by Gordon Fleming and Peter Duffall. Photography by Alan Hume. Film Editor Tony Palk. Camera Operator Frank Drake.

All drawings used in the story by Frank Bellamy (and what I wouldn't give for a few of them....).

CAST

Sir Lexius Clay. . . Nigel Green
 Prof. Poole. . . . Jack McGowran
 Arnie Packer. . . Neil Hallett
 Stanton. . . . Colin Jeavons
 Julian. . . . Roy Patrick
 Tay-Ling. . . . John Garrie
 Peter Roberts. . Donald Pickering
 Simon Roberts. . . William Fox
 Dawson. . . . A.J. Brown
 Dumayn. . . . Hilary Wontner
 Foethers. . . . John Crocker
 Gerda. . . . Ann Sydney

*

THE LIVING DEAD (US: 3/3/1967.
 Rerun: 6/30/1967.)

Steed Finds A Mine Of Information

Emma Goes Underground

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by John Kirsh. Photography by Alan Hume.

Special Effects by Peter Tanner. Film Editor Lionel Selwyn. Script by Brian Clemens from a story by Anthony Marriott. Costumes by Pierre Cardin.

CAST

Masgard. Julian Glover
Mandy. Pamela Ann Davy
Geoffrey. Howard Marion Crawford
Kermit. Jack Woolgar
Hopper. Jack Watson
Rupert. Edward Underdown
Olliphant. John Cater
Spencer. Vernon Dobtcheff
Tom. Alister Williamson

* * *

THE BIRD WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (US: 3/19/67.
Rerun: 6/16.)

Steed Fancies Pigeons

Emma Gets The Bird

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Roy Rossotti. Photography by Wilkie Cooper. Film Editor Peter Tanner. Camera Operator Frank Drake. Costumes by Pierre Cardin. Stunts arranged by Ray Austin.

CAST

Jordan. Ron Moody
Samantha Slade. Ilona Rodgers
Tom Savage. Kenneth Cope
Verret. Michael Coles
Twitter. John Wood
Cunliffe. Anthony Valentine
Robin. Clive Colin-Bowler
Mark Pearson. John Lee

* * *

THE HIDDEN TIGER (US: 3/17/1967.
Rerun: 7/28/1967.)

Steed Hunts A Big Cat

Emma Is Badly Scratched

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Sidney Hayers. Script by Philip Levene. Photography by Ernest Steward. Film Editor Tony Palk. Camera Operator James Bowden. Costumes by Pierre Cardin.

CAST

Cheshire. Romie Barker
Dr. Marx. Lyndon Brock
Angora. Garbielle Drake
Nesbitt. John Phillips
Peters. Michael Forrest
Erskine. Stanley Meadows
Sir David Harper. Jack Gwillim
Dawson. Frederick Treves
Samuel Jones. Brian Haines
Williams. John Moore
Bellamy. Roger Pritchard

* * *

THE CORRECT WAY TO KILL (US: 3/24/67.
Rerun: 8/11/67.)

Steed Changes Partners

Emma Joins The Enemy

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Charles Crichton. Script by Brian Clemens. Photography by Alan Hume. Film Editor Lionel Selwyn. Production Design Peter Tanner. Costumes by Pierre Cardin.

CAST

Comrade Olga Savonovitch
Negretiskina Volkowski. Anna Quayle
Nutski. Michael Gough
Ivan Peppitoperoff. Philip Madoc
Ponsonby. Terence Alexander
Percy. Peter Barkworth
Algy. Graham Armitage
Merryweather. Timothy Bateson
Hilda. Jeanna Jones
Winters. Edwin Apps
Groski. John G. Heller

* * *

NEVER, NEVER SAY DIE (US: 3/31/1967.
Rerun: 6/23/1967.)

Steed Meets A Dead Man

Emma Fights The Corpse

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Robert Day. Script by Philip Levene. Photography by Ernest Steward. Production Design by Peter Tanner.

CAST

Prof. Stone. Christopher Lee
Dr. Penrose. Jeremy Young
Dr. James. Patricia English
Eccles. David Kernan
Whittle. Christopher Benjamin
Sergeant. John Junkin
Private. Peter Dennis
Carter. Geoffrey Reed
Selby. Alan Chuntz
Elderly Gentleman. Arnold Ridley
Young Man. David Gregory
Nurse. Karen Ford

* * *

EPIC

(Otherwise known as "The Destruction Of Mrs. Emma Peel".) (US: 4/11/67.
Rerun: 7/21.)

STEED Catches A Falling Star

Emma Makes A Movie

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Directed by James Hill. Script by Brian Clemens. Alan Humes did the Photography. Production Design by Robert Jones. Film Editor Tony Palk. Camera Operator Tony White. Costumes by Pierre Cardin.

CAST

Stewart Kirby.Peter Wyngarde
 Damita Syn.Isa Miranda
 Z.Z. von Schmerk.Kenneth J. Warren
 Policeman.David Lodge
 Actor.Anthony Davies

* * *

THE SUPERIATIVE SEVEN (US: 4/21/1967. Rerun: 7/14/67.)

Steed Flies To Nowhere
 Emma Does Her Party Piece

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
 Laurie Johnson. Directed by Sidney
 Hayers. Script by Brian Clemens. Film
 Editor Lionel Selwyn. Photography by
 Ernest Steward.

CAST

Hana.Charlotte Rampling
 Mark Dayton.Brian Blessed
 Jason Wade.James Maxwell
 Max Hardy.Hugh Manning
 Freddy Richards.Leon Greeme
 Joe Smith.Gary Hope
 Jessel.Donald Sutherland
 Kenwitch.John Hollis
 Stewardess.Margaret Neale
 Toy Sung.Terry Plummer

* * *

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STATION (US: 4/28/67. Rerun: Never.)

Steed Goes Off The Rails
 Emma Finds Her Station In Life

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
 Laurie Johnson. Directed by John Krish.
 Script by Brian Sherriff. Photography
 by Alan Hume. Film Editor Tony Palk.
 Stunts arranged by Ray Austin. Costumes
 by Pierre Cardin.

CAST

Groom.Drewe Honley
 Bride.Isa Blair
 Salt.Tim Barrett
 Crewe.John Laurie
 Admiral.Richard Caldicot
 Ticket Collector.James Hayter
 Warren.Dyson Lovell
 Lucas.Michael Nightingale
 Attendant.Peter J. Elliot
 Secretary.Noel Davis

* * *

SOMETHING NASTY IN THE NURSERY (US: 5/5/1967. Rerun: 8/18/67.)

Steed Acquires A Nanny
 Emma Shops For Toys

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music
 by Laurie Johnson. Directed by James
 Hill. Script by Philip Levene. Film
 Editor Lionel Selwyn. Photography by
 Ernest Steward. Costumes by Cardin.

CAST

Mr. Goat.Dudley Foster
 Miss Lister.Yeotha Joyce
 Beaumont.Paul Eddington
 Webster.Paul Hardwick
 Sir George Collins.Patrick Newell
 General Wilmot.Geoffrey Summer
 Gordon.Trevor Barnister
 Martin.Clive Dunn
 James.George Merritt
 Nanny Roberts.Enid Lorimer
 Nanny Smith.Louise Ramsay
 Nanny Brown.Penelope Keith
 Dobson.Dennis Chinnery

* * *

(Out of Sequence) ESCAPE IN TIME (US: 2/10/1967. Rerun: 7/17/1968.)

Steed Visits The Barber
 Emma Has A Close Shave

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music
 by Laurie Johnson. Directed by John
 Krish. Script by Philip Levene. Film
 Editor Lionel Selwyn. Stunts by Ray
 Austin. Costumes by Cardin.

CAST

Thyssen.Peter Bowles
 Clapham.Geoffrey Bayldon
 Vesta.Judy Parfitt
 Anjali.Imogen Hassall
 Sweeney.Edward Caddick
 Parker.Nicholas Smith
 Tubby Vincent.Roger Booth
 Josino.Richard Montez
 Paxton.Clifford Earl
 Mitchell.Rocky Taylor

* * *

THE JOKERS (US: 5/12/1967. Rerun: 9/1/1967.)

Steed Trumps An Ace
 Emma Plays A Lone Hand

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music
 by Laurie Johnson. Directed by Sidney
 Hayers. Script by Brian Clemens.
 Photography by Alan Hume. Production
 Supervisor Peter Tanner. Film Editor
 Tony Palk. Costumes by Cardin.

CAST

Pendergast.Peter Jeffrey
 Ola.Sally Nesbit
 Strange Man.Ronald Lacey

* * *

"WHO'S WHO" (US: 5/19/67. Rerun:
8/25/1967.)

Steed Goes Out Of His Mind

Emma Is Beside Herself

Produced by Julian Wintle, Music by
Laurie Johnson. Directed by John Moxley.
Script by Philip Levene (who plays the
part of Daffodil in the story itself, by
the way...one of the Brit agents killed
off by the masquerading assassins.)
Photograph by Ernest Steward. Film
Editor Lionel Selwyn.

CAST

Basil. . . . Freddie Jones
Lola. . . . Patricia Haines
Major. . . . Campbell Singer
Kreemmar. . . . Arnold Diamond
Tulip. . . . Peter Reynolds
Daffodil. . . . Philip Levene
Hooper. . . . Malcolm Taylor

* * *

THE THIRD SEASON

(Otherwise known as the 3rd
Season, in which the tears of
incipient withdrawal symptoms
sometimes blurred the viewing.
For we all knew Diana Rigg
was leaving for good after
these last few shows. *Seb*)

"MISSION: HIGHLY IMPROBABLE" (1/10/68.)
Rerun: May
15, 1968.)

In Which Steed Falls Into Enemy
Hands -- And Emma Is Cut Down
To Size

Produced by Brian Clemens and
Albert Fennell, Executive Producer
Julian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson.
Directed by Robert Day, Script
by Philip Levene. Production Supervisor
Robert Jones. Film Editor was
Ernest Steward.

CAST

Chivers. . . . Francis Matthews
Rushton. . . . Noel Hawlett
Shaffer. . . . Ronald Radd
Susan Rushton. . . . Jane Morrow
Josef. . . . Stefan Gryff
Col. Drew. . . . Richard Leech
Gifford. . . . Nicholas Courtney
Sir Gerald Bancroft. . . . Kevin Stoney
Sergeant. . . . Peter Clay
Corporal Johnson. . . . Nigel Rideout
Blonde. . . . Cynthia Bizeray
Brunette. . . . Nicole Shelby
Henrik. . . . Noshier Powell
Karl. . . . Danny Powell

* * *

"THE POSITIVE-NEGATIVE MAN" (1/17/68.
Rerun: May
29, 1968.)

Produced by Brian Clemens and Albert
Fennell, Executive Producer Julian
Wintle. Music by Laurie Johnson.
Production Supervisor Robert Jones.
Directed by Robert Day. Script by Tony
Williamson. Photography by Ernest
Steward. Film Editor Tony Palk.

CAST

Cresswell. . . . Ray McAnally
Haworth. . . . Michael Latimer
Cynthia. . . . Caroline Blakiston
Mankin. . . . Peter Blythe
Maurice Jubert. . . . Sandor Eles
Miss Clarke. . . . Joanne Dainton
Charles Grey. . . . Bill Wallis
Receptionist. . . . Ann Hamilton

* * *

"YOU HAVE JUST BEEN MURDERED" (1/24/68.
Rerun:
6/12/68.)

In Which Steed Chases A Million
And Emma Walks Off With It

Produced by Brian Clemens and Albert
Fennell, Executive Producer Julian
Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson, Production
Design by Robert Jones. Script
by Philip Levene. Directed by Robert
Asher. Photography by Alan Hume. .
Film Editor Lionel Selwyn. Camera
Operator Tony White.

CAST

Unwin. Barrie Ingham
Lord Maxted. . . . Robert Fleming
Needle. . . . George Murcell
Rathbone. . . . Leslie French
Jarvis. . . . Geoffrey Chater
Skelton. . . . Simon Oates
Chalmers. . . . Clifford Cox
Hallam. John Baker
Morgan. Lew Crawford
Nicholls. Frank Maher
Williams. . . . Peter J. Ellist

* * *

"DEATH'S DOOR" (US: 1/31/1968.
Rerun: 7/10/1968.)

In Which Steed Relives A Nightmare
-- And Emma Sees Daylight
Produced by Brian Clemens and Albert

Fennell, Executive Producer Julian
Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Production
Design by Robert Jones. Directed by
Sidney Hayers. Script by
Philip Levene. Photography Ernest
Steward. Film Editor Tony Palk.
Camera Operator James Bowden.

CAST

Boyd. Clifford Evans
 Stapley. William Lucas
 Lord Melford. Allan Cuthbertson
 Becker. Marne Maitland
 Dr. Evans. Paul Dawkins
 Pavret. Michel Faure
 Saunders. Peter Thomas
 Dalby. William Lyon Brown
 Haynes. Terry Yorke
 Japson. Terry Maidment

* * *

"MURDERSVILLE" (US: 2/7/1968. Rerun:
 6/19/1968.)

In Which Emma Marries Steed
 And Steed Becomes A Father

Produced by Brian Clemens and Al-
 bert Fennell, Executive Producer Julian
 Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson. Pro-
 duction Design by Robert Jones. Directed
 by Robert Asher. Script by Brian Clem-
 ens. Film Editor Lionel Selwyn. Spec-
 ial Effects by Peter Tanner. Photogr-
 aphy by Alan Hume.

CAST

Mickle. Colin Blakely
 Hubert. John Ronane
 Dr. Haynes. Ronald Hines
 Prewitt. John Sharp
 Jenny. Sheila Fearn
 Croft. Eric Glynn
 Forbes. Norman Chappell
 Banks. Robert Cawdron
 Miss Avril. Marika Mann
 Maggie. Irene Bradshaw
 Higgins. Joseph Greig
 Jeremy Purser. Geoffrey Colville
 Chapman. Langton Jones
 Miller. Tony Caunter
 Morgan. John Chandas
 Williams. Andrew Laurence

* * *

"THE RETURN OF THE CYBERNAUTS" (2/21/68.
 Rerun:
 7/3/1968.)

In Which Steed Pulls Some Strings
 And Emma Becomes A Puppet

Produced by Brian Clemens and Al-
 bert Fennell, Executive Producer Julian
 Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson, Pro-
 duction Design by Robert Jones. Directed
 by Robert Day. Script by Philip Love.
 Photography by Ernest Steward. Film
 Editor Lionel Selwyn. Camera Operator
 James Bowden.

CAST

Paul Beresford. Peter Cushing
 Benson. Frederick Jaeger

Dr. Neville. Charles Tingwall
 Prof. Chadwick. Fulton Mackay
 Dr. Russell. Roger Hammond
 Dr. Garnett. Anthony Dutton
 Conroy. Noel Coleman
 Rosie. Aimi MacDonald
 Hunt. Redmond Phillips
 Cybernaut. Terry Richards

* * *

"THE 150,000 BREAKFAST" (2/28/1968)
 Rerun: 6/26/68.)

In Which Steed Dabbles In Tycoon-
 ery - - And Emma In Chicanery

Produced by Brian Clemens and Al-
 bert Fennell, Executive Producer Julian
 Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson, Pro-
 duction Design by Robert Jones. Script
 by Roger Marshall. Directed by Robert
 Day. Script from an original story
 by Roger Marshall and Jeremy Scott.
 Photography by Ernest Steward. The
 Special Effects by Peter Tanner.

CAST

Glover. Cecil Parker
 Miss Pegram. Yvande Turner
 Sir James Arnall. David Langton
 Mrs. Rhodes. Pauline Delary
 Judy. Anneke Willis
 Minister. Cardew Robinson
 First Assistant. Phillippe Monnet
 Second Assistant. Eric Woods
 Rhodes. Richard Curneack

* * *

"DEAD MAN'S TREASURE" (3/13/1968. Re-
 run: 6/5/68.)

In Which Steed Rallies Around
 And Emma Drives For Her Life

Produced by Brian Clemens and
 Albert Fennell, Executive Producer Jul-
 ian Wintle, Music by Laurie Johnson,
 Production Design by Robert Jones.
 Directed by Sidney Hayers. Script by
 Michael Winder. Photography by Ernest
 Steward. Film Editor Tony Palk. James
 Bowden is the Camera Operator.

CAST

Mike. Norman Bowler
 Penny. Valerie Van Ost
 Alex. Edwin Richfield
 Carl. Neil McCarthy
 Benstead. Arthur Lowe
 Bates. Iver Dean
 Danvers. Rio Fanning
 Miss Peabody. Penny Bird
 First Guest. Gerry Crampton
 Second Guest. Peter J. Elliott

* * *

"FORGET-ME-KNOT" (March 20th, 1968.
Rerun: July 24, '68.)

Complete credits listed on the
last page of the Dennis Kawicki
tape-script of the show, page
75. Happy reading...

* * *

And thus, some very very last min-
ute addenda, recently gleaned from a
number of sources.

Roger Marshall scripted WHAT THE
BUTLER SAW rather than Brian Clemens as
was reported in EN GARDE. Roger also
wrote at least one of the Cathy Gale
shows...THE GUILDED CAGE.

A propos the Cathy Gale season,
here are a few other authors.

Malcolm Hulke wrote THE UNDERTAKERS
and one or two unspecified others.

James Mitchell - IMMORTAL CLAY.

Eric Paice - DEATH ON THE ROCKS.

Martin Woodhouse - THE BIG THINKER,
A CHORUS OF FROGS, DEATH IN SILENCE,
THE GOLDEN EGGS (Am not sure on this
one but it could be THE GOLDEN FLEECE
under an alternate title), MR. TEDDY
BEAR and THE OMICRON FILE.

Patrick Magee, the villain of THE
GUILDED CAGE is better known as the
star of the otherwise sick MARAT/SADE.

And now some addenda on the Peel-
Rigg shows.

TOWN OF NO RETURN

In Which Steed Finds A Town Full
of Ghosts - And Emma Gets Into
Harness

BEATH AT BARGAIN PRICES

In Which Steed Fights In Ladies
Underwear - And Emma Tries Feinting

Additional Cast:

Professor Popple. . . Peter Howell
Glynn. Ronnie Stevens
Julie. Diane Clare

SMALL GAME FOR BIG HUNTERS

In Which Steed Joins The Natives -
And Emma Gets The Evil Eye
Directed by Gerry O'Hara.

Additional Cast:

Fleming. Peter Burton
Tropical Outfitter. . . Tom Gill
Kendrick. Peter Thomas

CASTLE De'ATH

In Which Steed Becomes A Stopping
Jock - And Emma Lays A Ghost
Directed by James Hill.

TOO MANY CHRISTMAS TREES

In Which Steed Hangs Up His
Stocking - And Emma Asks For
More

* * *

Oh yes, and here's one last
review of THE AVENGERS in yon olden
days, from THE STAGE AND TELEVISION
TODAY. Yon olden Golden days...

OLD SPARKLE

by Bill Edmund

Roger Marshall brought back
something of the old sparkle to ABC's
THE AVENGERS ("The Girl From AUNTIE")
on Friday night with a crowd of old
ladies knitting with Bernard Cribbins
calling directions like the leader
of a square dance and Emma Peel (Diana
Rigg) swinging on a perch in a cage.
I enjoyed seeing Liz Fraser as a
scatter-brained assistant to Steed
(Patrick MacNee) and Alfred Burke
with a goodly crop of whiskers. Did
I imagine that the case looked happ-
ier in this story?

-January 27, 1966

* * *

And thus, for the moment at least,
I bid you a fond adieu. I hope you
can use what I've copied here. Do
with them what you will -- throw 'em
out, or save on tissue for the powder
room.

Good Night Sweet Prince...and to
all of you out there in AVENGERSland.

- Faith Rudin -



Everyone
Should
Have a
Quest...

by
Bryan
Jones



Study for F and SF cover - "The Gadget Man"

ONE: It was only an obscure reference in a catalogue, indeed, there were no details. Only a terse listing: "THE AVENGERS, LAURIE JOHNSON ORCHESTRA, HBR/HST 9506 LP. At last, I thought, the long search is swiftly approaching an end! Now I know that the search was only beginning, a search that was to take me many months, and one that extended through many states and even thoughts of England...

But first let me tell you How It All Began. In the summer of 1967, I learned of the existence of a soundtrack album from THE AVENGERS. My good friend and fellow Avenger-ophile and part-time Jolly Green Giant, Mike Atkinson reported to me that it was on order for him in a store in Raleigh, North Carolina (which state being our joint residence). Indeed, that he had missed securing the last copy in Raleigh by a few days. I told him to put me on the reserve list when he next returned to Raleigh.

As time passed, hopes for the record began to wane. It was temporarily out of stock, it was hard to get, it was becoming very scarce, it was impossible to get. IT DID NOT EXIST?!?!?

Yes, for by this time we were checking that most complete of all record catalogues, the Schwann Catalog of Long Playing Albums. It was not in the Schwann! Doubt crept in now, and we wondered if the record was but a rumour. Now the search began, a search for the record, or even for a record of the record..or something like it.

It had the first expedition. It took me to the wilds of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, which is neither Rocky nor has any visible mount. A car, a 1963 Bel-Air station wagon was the transportation vehicle, and it was painted a white colour in order to make it more visible to the surrounding inhabitants, human and otherwise. As I approached the objective, I caught the scene. Records! Perhaps the game was afoot, even here. The area was filled with natives and I endeavoured to make myself inconspicuous and blend into the background. I checked my weapons: Wallet (trusty cowhide Lord Buxton convertible), camera, and ammunition for both. I was ready.

TWO: There loomed before me the great bulk of Tarrytown Mall, a huge jungle of aluminum and concrete and glass. Within that jungle might be my quarry. I knew the price for failure. (47)

But the rewards were great. I strode forward, dauntless.

There were many entrances, some of them no doubt traps set by the wily natives and storekeepers, or in the local dialect, Gyps. I therefore chose my entrance carefully.

My entrance was made through a door separate from any store, and I settled behind a column in order to gain my bearings (loaned to me by Capt. Quegg). I saw a Department Store, a Drugstore, a five-and-ten, and a discount store. The discount store looked most promising, and I moved towards it. Stopping occasionally to observe the odd hunting antics of the natives.

Within 15 minutes of searching, it became obvious that my quarry was not present. With a growing sense of being watched, and indeed, of frustration, I tried the other stores. Negative, negative, negative. Disappointed I immediately turned for home and home-base for refuelling and refit.

THREE: Raleigh was still negative, and Mike in Charlotte said Negative.

Now the attempt at Arlington, Virginia, a suburb of that quaint capital complex, Washington, District of Columbia. The best bet there was the store of Sears-Roebuck, or in the native tongue, Theaple-Cheaple. After studying the store directory, I took the moving vertical slidewalks to the 3rd floor, in the absence of a life. A large selection of records faced me, but nonetheless, The Album was not to be found therein. Steeling myself to more disappointment, I searched the entirety of downtown (Beautiful Downtown) Arlington. The Album was not to be found. I returned to base.

FOUR: Naturally, things began to slow down. Had it not been for a complete stroke of fortune, the search would have soon perished. Jon Greene, a fan of music, found (whilst searching through a pile of ten-for-a-dollar 45's) the theme from...THE AVENGERS!

On it were the magic words, "From the album." The search was once again in full hue! This time we had concrete evidence-the 45-and we had, most important of all, hope. The Schwann still did not list it, but the reason was possibly that the record was released through Hanna-Barbera, usually a children's releaser, and listed only in the Schwann Supplement-

my catalog for misc releases. As the Album was not a children's record, it was not listed in the supplementary, either. The next trip was to a local record shop in search of a second LP, the same as the one Mike had bought for himself. After searching the shop, we went up to the woman behind the desk.

"Have you the LP of 'The Avengers Theme'?" I subtly asked.

"I don't think so," she replied.

"Could you order it?"

"Let me check our catalog...."

She opened a green professional catalog and looked, first under "Theme For The Avengers", and then under just "The Avengers".

"There isn't a LP of it," she said.

"But Mike has it!"

"There's a listing for an LP...."

"There is?" And sure enough, there it was, in living black-and-white -- "THE AVENGERS, LAURIE JOHNSON ORCHESTRA, HBR/HST 9506 LP." A listing! Now if....

"Can you order it?"

"I can try."

She did, but once again it was as it had been before. It was scarce, it was impossible to get, sometimes they were pulled off the market as soon as they were released. The same story. So the search began, but this time with renewed vigour and hope.

FIVE: I suppose all college towns have a record shop where one can obtain nearly any record. Chapel Hill, North Carolina has a very complete one. I had not seen the album and was in the process of settling for lesser fare, the second "I, SPY" album (the one from Capitol). As

'STEED CURES OLD HABIT

Patrick MacNee, the suave British actor who plays John Steed on THE AVENGERS, has turned to self-hypnosis as a way of curing his smoking habit.

He was taught the method by his wife actress Katherine Woodville, who in turn had gotten it from an analyst.

MacNee tried self-hypnosis for three months and, lo and behold, he stopped smoking. Each day during this period he would spend every spare moment talking himself aloud: "I hate smoking, it's bad for me; I hate smoking, it's bad...."

There was only one difficulty. Although MacNee stopped smoking, he gained

As a matter of dogged habit, I asked the salesman the usual. "Have you seen, or heard of, the soundtrack album for 'The Avengers'?"

"Why, yes, we've had it, but there is no guarantee that we can get it again."

Now reports began to come in from agents in the field.

It wasn't in New York.

No sign of it in Baltimore.

Unknown in D.C.

Norfolk, Virginia reports negative.

Try a place in New York. They're specialists in imports...but no reply.

How about the Record Club Of America? This has yet to be tried. Then the news:

"It's all over Florida!"

"Florida? The original soundtrack?"

"Steed and Peel are on the cover."

"Florida? FLORIDA?"

And there the matter has unfortunately rested. We still are attempting to rescue the record through an agent in Florida. If anyone -- and I mean ANYONE -- in Florida or anywhere else reads this, please, in the name of humanity, Montessor, let me know! Let the editor of this zine know, or write to: Bryan Jones, 252 North 26th, Wilmington, North Carolina, 28401.

And hurry. I can't hold out for much longer.....

....Florida?????

* * *

--Los Angeles Times
Anonymous--

fourteen unwanted pounds.

But MacNee, like the character he plays in THE AVENGERS, is a very resourceful man.

Today he spends each free moment on the set at Associated British Pictures Corporation, Ltd. Studios in Elstree, England, muttering to himself;

"I hate food, it's bad for me; I hate food, it's bad for me; I hate food, it's bad for me....."

FORGET - ME - KNOT



"THE AVENGERS IN COLOR"

Behind the words stood a gold-plated Webley .32 with mother-of-pearl handle and sticking in the pistol barrel...a red English rose.

Cut to two Vionne champagne glaases, one of the hollow-stemed beauties on its side. Blurred and in the far background walked a bowler-hatted figure. Cut to close-up, he's beginning to open the bottle of Champagne in his hand (Moet et Chandon red seal)...when there is a pistol shot. The bottle is opened with a pow and Patrick MacNee looks inquiringly at the saucy Diana Rigg, in cream leatherette cat suit, her dark auburn hair upon her head in rich glory.

They cross to the table on which sit the two champagne glasses..he pours..and they clink their glasses together, on a rising boom from the background music beginning to swell in the air.

Cut to "THE AVENGERS" title, then we see two pairs of feet on the small Regency table. One in fawn boots, the other in finest Scottish elastic-sided shoes. MacNee puts on his bowler with a precise mathematical gesture and we see "starring Patrick MacNee" followed by a view of the back of a Regency chair, behind which appears a pistol-wielding Diana Rigg, who still pauses in her aim to brush her hair back in an insouciant gesture. "and Diana Rigg". Cut to full length shot of MacNee, he unscrews the shaft of his brolly and pulls out a very wicked looking blade and with a sextant-neuf and parry thrust nips a red carnation from a bunch in a vase and deftly throws it into Diana Rigg's hands with a single motion of his swift blade. She swayingly walks to MacNee and gazes deep into each other's eyes, faint smiles flickering at the corners of their finely drawn mouths, she places the blood-red boutonniere in his button-hole. Close-up of the carnation, "Produced by Brian Clemens and Albert Fennel." MacNee practices his golf with his brolly. "Consultant to the series Julian Wintle" and then to a quick shot of Diana Rigg suddenly placing her arms stiff and slightly out to her sides in modified gung-fu defense posture. Fade....

An overhead light is swinging wildly in the dark building, apparently a glass factory, long disused. Over the swinging of the light can be seen two men in earnest combat, the one is down, then the other. A right to the jaw, the one down throws a dusty bottle, he is up

and slams his left into his opponent's stomach. Another exchange of fists to the face, the one's cap is off and he is down again. The other man makes as if to leave, the one down quickly pulls out an odd pistol and fires it at the one standing and making as if to leave. There is a "schusehk" as the standing man suddenly puts his left hand to his left cheek, then he turns and bolts out the door.

Outside the night is heavy in the air, the running man leaps into a small taxi. "Taxi!" he cries entering.

The taximan puts his flag down and cheerfully asks, "Where to?"

The man, dazed looking and beginning to fretfully knot a handkerchief in his sweaty hands, admits, "I don't know."

Unnoticing of this dismay the taxi driver comments, "Cherry on. Spin around the park then?"

The distraught man urgently and very confusedly replies, "No, no, no, there's somewhere I have to go, someone I have to see. It's...it's...it's...very urgent!"

Turning around the taxi driver begins to be a little annoyed, wondering what sort of a freak he's got hold of this time. "Okay now, Governor, make up your mind!"

As the distraught man does and says nought, he adds, "Oh, come on now!"

The blondish distraught man twists and turns at his handkerchief and very excitedly says, "I can't remember where or who it is I have to see."

The taxi driver is somewhat distraught himself by now. "What's all this about?"

Surprised, the handkerchief-twisting man replies; "I can't remember that either!"

He stares wildly about him, leans forward and says, "I can't even remember who I am." He then bolts the taxi and leaves behind the knotted handkerchief on the seat. A very knotted kerchief.

THE FORGET-ME-KNOT

teleplay by BRIAN CLEMENS
directed by JAMES HILL

We see a dead-end street, a pleasant enough residential street, cobbles and housefronts. At one end there stands a single man...looking.....

Mrs. Emma Peel is sitting by the window of Steed's apartment, casual in sweater and slacks, her auburn crown glistening in the outside light. She is working a crossword puzzle and speaking to Steed. Steed is carefully concocting some esoteric drink in two brandy snifters.

"Two down", she says. "An abbreviated story, usually of an amusing nature." She pauses; "Eight letters."

Gritting his teeth, Steed manages to reply, "Many....quip???"

With finality, she says, "Antec-date", and puts it on the paper. She continues and then looks out the window. "Fifteen across... Tall man, well built, wearing a tweed overcoat."

Steed distractedly requests, "How many letters?"

Emma replies very seriously, "Man down there. Seems very interested in this place." At which point Steed very quickly abandons the liquid mixture and crosses to the window. The pair of them gaze down through the lace gauze of the curtains.

"There..!" she says. "You know him?"

A smile of sorts lights up Steed's face. "Sean! Sean Mortimer!" He leans forward and shouts down, "SEAN! SEAN!" But the blond man continues to walk distractedly and confusedly, taking no notice. Emma softly comments, "Something seems wrong."

On the ground, Steed exits from his apartment entrance and confronts the dazed man. "Shawn?" he questions. Shawn", he then comments positively.

"You know me?" the dazed man says. Only partly questioning, it is as if he no longer really has any curiosity.

"Of course I know you!" Steed replies.

"What's my name?" very seriously. Steed laughs, "Sean Mortimer."

Trying to place the name, the man looks mildly pleased with the discovery. "Sean Mortimer....."

Looking more serious, Steed takes hold of Sean and tells him, "Come inside. I think you need a drink." But as they enter, we see two men on motor-bikes, wearing thick dark goggles. They have been sitting and waiting there for some time already....

In the apartment Steed introduces the dazed Sean to Mrs. Peel. "Sean Mortimer", he comments, and takes Sean's gloves and coat and propels him to the big comfortable sofa. Sean replies,

to Steed, as if thinking Steed were introducing himself. "How do you do."

Steed carefully replies, "No, you're Sean Mortimer. This is Mrs. Peel." Sean is even more confused.

"Oh... And who are you?" he asks of Steed.

"John Steed," he states.

"Hah," Mortimer says, with no inflection of emotion at all. Mrs. Peel pulls Steed over to the side and asks; And who is he???"

"Don't you start," he interjects.

"I mean, what does he do?" she requests, nodding towards Sean.

"He's an agent in my department. He's been missing the last two weeks," Steed explains.

Half-laughing, Mrs. Peel states; "Missing on all cylinders." Steed finishes mixing a drink and hands it to the dazed Sean.

"Here you go, wrap yourself around that then." Sean accepts it.

"Hah..thank you," he manages to reply. Then he looks around. "You are...Mrs....Peel..." He manages to get out.

"That's right," she answers.

"Who are you?" he queries of Steed.

"You must know who I am!" Steed replies, sinking to his knees besides Mrs. Peel who has done the same. "You happened your way to my address," Steed finishes.

"Yes," he calmly states. "I walked all the way." Brightening, he continued, "The street looked familiar, so I turned down it." Looking worried, he continued with; "There's someone I had to see."

Mrs. Peel prompted, "Steed...?"

Looking dazed again, Mortimer replied quizzically; "Steed.... Who's Steed?"

Steed looked somewhat exasperated, and rose to his feet. "I'm not sure." But then he turned to Mortimer, all warm smiles and asked; "But we trained together. We were in the same organisation!"

At that Sean looked very disturbed and agitatedly began looking about.

"Organisation," he said, "that's it, something to do with an organisation. I had to tell something to somebody..."

Mrs. Peel prompted; "Tell them what?"

"The organisation had a traitor," he excitedly added. "That's it. There is a traitor inside the organisation!"

Steed leaned forward, "Who?"

Sudden dismay registered on

Sean's face. "Who...? I don't remember." He lapsed back into confusion.

Steed rose again. Mrs. Peel joining him, and he exasperatedly stated to her; "Stay with him. See what else you can get from him."

"Where will you be?" Mrs. Peel inquired of Steed. They moved to his desk, and he replied firmly; "Situation like this I ought to go and see Mother."

Emma looks quizzically at the smiling Steed.

Moments later Steed lithely leaps into the Bentley and roars out of Stable Mews...past those two mysterious goggle-wearing types in their caps, still sitting astride their motorbikes as before.

Upstairs Mrs. Peel is turning the coat Sean had worn inside out, looking for labels and information of some kind. "You know....", she points out in mild exasperation, "you must be President of Anonymouses anonymous. There's not a thing. Not a single scrap of identification. Not a thing to tell me who you are. Or where you've been."

Sean looked at her quizzically. "But you said you knew who I am...?"

She looked at him, her regal face poised in reflection. "I do."

"Sean Mortimer." He looked lost in the depths again. "You said it was Sean Mortimer." And looked a question at her.

"And so you are." She leaned forward, and questioned him intensely.

"What happened? Was it an accident? Did you get hit on the head?"

His face twisted with the effort of mental recall. "...No... I don't think so...."

"You've been missing for two weeks, you know," she supplied.

"Two weeks." He continued; "And a week has seven days... Hasn't it?" She smiled at him in encouragement and he continued his sifting process. "And your..name is...Mrs....Emma Peel?"

"That's right," she replied. "And the man who just left. Can you remember his name?"

".....Steed. John Steed...?" he softly asked of her.

"Correct," she returned.

"There was somebody else..Mother?" and he turned his face to hers in a silent query. Mrs. Peel got a very pained expression on her face as Sean returned to his own mental searching.

Sighing she said; "There's always Mother."

And outside the two ominous goggled men sat quietly....waiting.

We see the gates of an evidently palatial estate, bordered by a high and grand brick wall. Steed pulls up in front of them in his Bentley. The gate is opened by a stately gray-haired man, in rough-hewn clothes. Steed greets him respectfully and cordially.

"Morning, Giles."

"Oh, good morning, sir." He returns to his trimming of bushes.

"Is Mother at home?" Steed asks.

"Yes, Sir. Hasn't been out all week," the gentleman named Giles says.

"Poor thing," comments Steed. And then brightening asks, "How are the bulbs coming on?"

"Coming along nicely, Sir." Giles returns to his shrubs, Steed continues into the estate grounds. Suddenly we see a threatening figure tracing Steed across the grounds. A sudden burst of speed, a leap into the air, and Steed is suddenly down!

The beret-wearing figure has Steed in a neck hold and appears to have him quite well out of the picture. Suddenly one of the dying trees gives a quick burst of life and a section of bark flips up, exposing the face of a hawk-nosed balding chap shouting fiercely.

"No, no, no! 69! Your target is over there, over there, 69! Over there!!"

A soft feminine voice answers in some surprise, looking at the animated tree. "What?" she queries. "Oh...."

A figure of a man emerges from the tree as Tara begins to unloosen her hold on the prone (and surprised looking) Steed. The balding man begins to help Steed to his feet, making brushing motions over the dirtied suit all the while and occasionally casting wicked glances at the dark-faced and berated and chastised figure who had initiated the unfortunate incident.

"I'm terribly sorry about this, Sir. Terribly sorry... Why, it's you, Sir! I do hope you understand, Sir." He snarls "Hup!" at the black-faced figure and Tara braces to stiff Guards attention. "These new recruits, Sir. A touch over-eager."

"A touch?" Steed asks. But then he smiles and continues, "But no harm done." And puts his bowler back on.

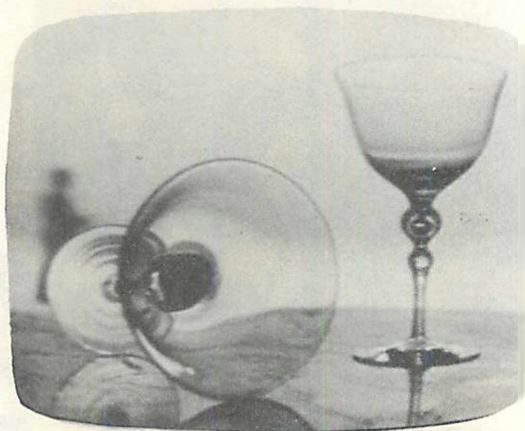
The balding man fawns a bit and says, "It's very sporting for you to take it like that, Sir."

"Not at all," Steed states. "It's a pleasure." He begins to walk off and the balding man says to his back;

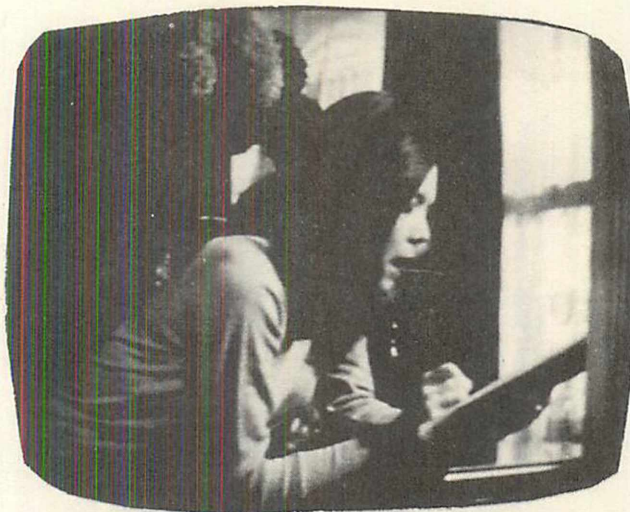


Lest We Forget...

... the Frontis



Forget-Me-Knot



"Thank you, Mr. Steed." The face of the figure changes slightly, and oblivious to the beginnings of a tirade about to start against her, a very dreamy look crosses the face. The balding man says, "Well....." but he is not heard.

In a comfortable corridor inside a building Steed meets a sombre-dressed individual and gives him his hat and broolly. As he does so he gives a happy cry of recognition.

"Jenkins!" he states.

"Oh, good morning, Sir," the quiet man replies.

"Is Mother busy?" queries Steed.

The dark-dressed type turns and comments; "At the moment, I'm afraid so, Sir, but if you'd care to wait?"

"Thank you," Steed replied. "You'll tell Mother I'm here, won't you?"

"Immediately, Sir," Jenkins suavely replied.

Back in Steed's apartment, Mrs. Peel and Sean Mortimer are standing, and Sean is abstractedly clasping a snifter of liqueur. His face is seriously set in concentration and he is trying to remember something....

"I see a big building. Dirty cobwebs. Glass..." he firmly states.

"Spectacles?" Mrs. Peel smilingly asks. "Or...that?", pointing to the glass in his hand.

Mortimer shakes his head in bewilderment. "I don't remember. I'm sorry."

"You're doing very well," she points out. "Just take it step by step."

"You're very patient," he adds.

"Hah! Not by nature!" she laughingly points out. She leans against the fireplace mantle, arms folded and Sean stands by her there. "Let's try a few word associations", she suggests. "Say the first word that comes into your mind. Black."

"White," he immediately returns.

"Up."

"Down," is his quick reply.

"Bed."

"Sleep" he rejoins.

"Attack?"

"Motorbike," he says, and as he does so, a faint glimmering light of some small revelation appears on his face. He whirls away from the fireplace and quickly faces Mrs. Peel again. "I see two motorbikes!" he emphatically states. "With two men!"

Below on the street beneath Steed's apartment window, we see the two goggled motorcyclists....still waiting. Then the sound of atinny telephone cries to

be answered. The darker-haired of the two picks up a telephone from the back of his motorbike.

"Gaul here," he answers. Faintly we hear a distinct voice upon the telephone, anonymous but clear.

"Sorry I couldn't get in touch with you before," the voice comments. "Been busy. How's it going?"

"Mortimer is still in Steed's apartment," the dark-haired man says. "Steed left some time ago."

"I know," the unknown voice points out. "He's here now. Waiting to see Mother. He didn't leave Mortimer on his own?"

"No," he softly states, "the woman's with him. Mrs. Peel...." He appears very nervous and adds, "Look, that drug may be wearing off. And if it does.... And he remembers..."

"I know," the voice quickly adds, "I know. All right. Move in and grab him."

"And...Mrs....Peel?" questions the goggled figure.

"I'd rather...she didn't have any happy memories," the voice chuckles. He hangs up with a click and the dark-haired man turns to his blond companion and smiles. The blond smiles in return and the dark-haired man pulls out an odd pistol as he gets off of his motorbike. The blond follows suit. A box on one bike is opened up and the dark-haired man takes out a number of small gelatin capsules and inserts them into his pistol. They thrust the air-pistols back into their jackets and briskly move towards the door to Steed's apartment house.

Up in the apartment Sean Mortimer is seated in a plush overstuffed chair whilst Mrs. Peel leans over him. They move to the fireplace again and Mrs. Peel begins to question him again.

"Now," she starts, "let's start again..." There is a ring to the door and she quickly goes over to the door to open it.

There stand the two goggled men!

The blond man raises his air pistol and begins to take aim...but he reckoned without the reflexes of Mrs. Peel, it appears.

She grabbed his lapels, knocking his gun up whilst reaching for him.

Then she levers him into the room and uses the chair as a fulcrum to throw him completely head over heels. He quickly regains his feet, but meets with a second disastrous surprise.

As he rises to his feet, Mrs. Peel comes up and aides him....rather quickly...in rising even higher...and falling right back into the couch. The crack when her foot got him in the jaw was quite audible, thank you.

But Sean dazedly began to make a move to help her and the dark-haired man raised his air-pistol and quickly shot Sean in the side of his face. Sean slapped his hand to his cheek and began to fall down. Mrs. Peel turned towards the other menace and before she could act, he quickly emptied two more shots into her. She slapped the side of her face and quietly and slowly fell onto the couch. The dark-haired man helped his partner to his feet and the two of them half-carried, half-dragged Sean Mortimer out the door with them.

Behind them, lying on the couch, lay the prone figure of Mrs. Peel....

As they go out the door, the dark-haired villain turns to his half-stunned blond companion and points to Sean Mortimer's coat, lying on the chair.

"Peter!" he commands. "Get his coat." They vacate and in a few moments we hear the sound of motorcycles revving up and departing....

And Mrs. Peel sleeps on...

Meanwhile, Steed is waiting quietly in the ornate sitting-room at Mother's establishment. A tallish well-built auburn miss in a mini-suit enters through the French windows. Steed turns to her and smiles his most charming greeting.

"Hello!" she almost-shyly says.

"Hello!" Steed returns. "Who are you?"

"I'm Tara," she states. There is a pause, and then biting her lip she says, "You didn't say it."

"Say what?" asks Steed, a slightly confused look on his face.

"Ra-boom-de-ay."

"I very seldom do!" he points out.

"Practically everyone does when they hear my name," she continues. "Tara, you see. Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

Steed smiles down at the now seated lass. "Incredibly subtle." They both smile at that.

"My full name's Tara King," she says and shakes hands with Steed. "Miss."

"Miss," Steed says, taking note of the prefix. "Well, it's very nice to meet you."

"You didn't think so a few minutes ago," she shyly adds.

"A few..." For a moment confusion reigns, then a great dawning light app-

sars on Steed's visage. "Oh! So that was you!" pointing out towards the garden, where he had been attacked.

"That was me," she admitted. "I'm terribly sorry. I'm training here, you see."

"So I gathered," Steed smiled.

She paused and looked at him very strangely. "You're John Steed, aren't you?"

"Yes," he openly admits. As she continues to stare at him, Steed quickly looks about for the source of this extreme degree of attention, and being unable to find anything about besides himself, adds: "My feeding time is 1:30."

She breaks off quickly and smiles back at him. "I'm awfully sorry. I was staring," she admits.

"Humn," he says. "You were."

"I know everything about you," she unexpectedly brings up. Steed looks suitably surprised, then slightly dismayed at this.

"Everything?" he quietly asks.

"Everything," she continues. As the dismayed look becomes more pronounced, she adds: "That is all in your file."

"On," smiles Steed, much relieved.

"Your name crops up almost every day in training. We're taught the Steed method for this and the Steed method for that..." She mimics some unknown voice, "No, no, that's not the way John Steed would have done it. Oh, yes, exactly, that's just how John Steed would have done it." She turns to him again, smiling. "You've rather a reputation. You're the head boy, the star pupil."

"Oh..." Steed uncomfortably says.

"You'd want my address and phone number," she suddenly says, and begins to pull out a pen and piece of paper.

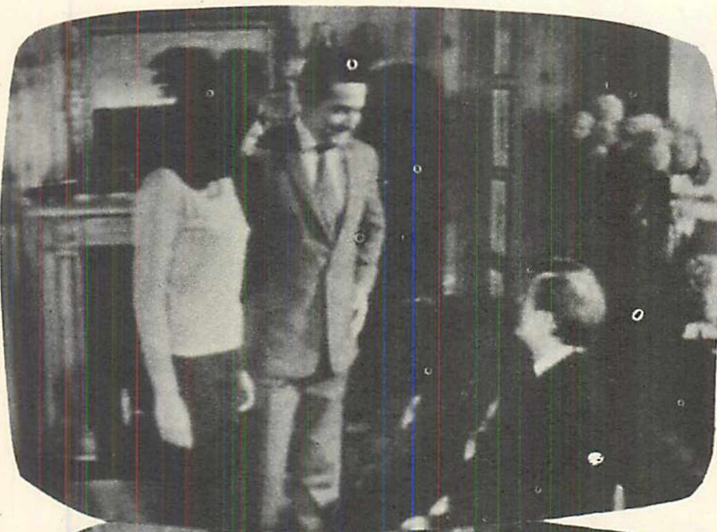
"That's very thoughtful of you," Steed manages to get out, shock registering on his face.

"I told you I saw your file and it told everything," Steed looked somewhat unenthusiastic about that bit of news. "Even your achilles heel."

"Rubber soled shoes?" he asks.

"The opposite sex," she says turning to look up at him. Then back to the paper she continues, "I was going to write it with invisible ink but I couldn't find any." She pauses and looks up at him again. "You do want my address, don't you?"

"Oh..." Steed says (it seems to be his day for saying Oh...). "A gentleman could hardly refuse."





Steed pulls out his wallet and is about to insert the slip of paper in it when Tara looks shocked at him.

"You're not going to put it into your wallet???" she cried.

"Of course not!" Steed reassures her. "Restricted information!" At which point he inserts the slip of paper in the heel of his shoe. Smiling, he once more turns to her. "There!" he reassures her.

A bearded man enters from a previously unopened door and calls for John Steed's attention with a "Steed?" spoken in a chopped tone.

Steed turns to the bearded man and smiles at him warmly. "Simon!" he says. "You two met? Simon Filston," he adds, turning to Tara.

She gazes icily towards the bearded man. "We've met," she states.

"Mother will see you now," Simon pointedly says and turns his back on Tara King. Steed begins to follow him into the other room and politely turns to Tara as he leaves and utters an impeccable "Excuse me," to her.

The two men enter the room, one half is dark, the other half bathed in an indirect light. A man is sitting there in a wheelchair, his back to the entering pair. Simon stays near the door and Steed enters further and very questioningly asks; "Mother?"

The figure turns, a stark visage of an indolent face, moustacheoed and fat. Then it breaks into a warm smile and happily returns; "John! Sit yourself down! Sorry to have kept you waiting." He wheels forward. Steed laughs a bit and adds a comment.

"Oh, that's all right. Hot line to Washington?"

"Luke warm line," Mother adds with a shake of his pudgy head. "Things are very quiet, I'm afraid." Then he turns to gaze at him very questioningly. "What are you doing here?"

"Sean Mortimer," Steed says.

"Mortimer's missing," Mother bites back in fast reply.

"Not any more," Steed replies.

"He's at my apartment."

Mother grasps an overhead bulb at this point and pulls himself up with it firmly in his grasp, and begins to very awkwardly make his way over to a ladder which contains some bottles of liqueur and mix.

"You shall want a drink, I imagine," he comments. When Steed starts forward to help him he rebuffs the aid in a quite hearty manner, very jovial.

"No," he says, "that's all right. I can manage. It's the only exercise I get. Got to keep fit." Once at the ladder he begins to mix a few drinks. "Mortimer's on the suspect list. I suppose you know that?"

"Yes," Steed returns. "If a man goes missing, we must presume he's defected." Mother rejoins.

"Understandable," commented Steed.

"Soda?" Mother asks.

"Thank you," Steed replies.

"What's Mortimer doing at your place?" finally asks Mother.

"Trying to remember," comments Steed. "He seems to be suffering from some sort of amnesia."

"Drugged?" asks Mother.

"Possibly," returns Steed.

"Brain-washed?" Mother probes.

"Perhaps." Mother gives him a glass of whiskey and soda.

"Cheers."

"Cheers." Steed continues, "One thing he does remember. It seems there is a traitor in the Organisation." The two men look at each other for a second.

"What do you need?" Mother asks.

"A team of experts standing by, Doctors, Psychiatrists, specialists in brain-washing."

"They'll be here," Mother states. "Go and bring Mortimer in."

Back at the apartment, Mrs. Peel finally begins to stir. She slowly and sleepily raises up, clutching the pillow to her drug-laden form. She lays it down and begins to abstractly walk about the apartment, very slowly and with a great deal of wondrement. She finds a pair of gloves... Mortimer's... on the bureau and puts them into the desk. At that point a figure comes to the door and unlocks it, entering. It is Steed, taking off his bowler and smiling at the puzzled-looking Mrs. Peel.

"Ah, Mrs. Peel," he warmly states. Looking about he adds, "Where is he?"

"Eh," she wonders. "Where's who?"

"Sean Mortimer," he smiles back.

"Sean?" he calls aloud.

"And who is Sean Mortimer?" Mrs. Peel irritated, requests of Steed.

"Now don't be ridiculous!" blurts Steed, a dram of doubt clouding his features. "I left him sitting there on the sofa."

"Nobodies been here," she commented and added, "certainly nobody named Sean Mortimer. Why, I would have

remembered." Steed was looking very unhappy and Mrs. Peel leaned on his shoulder and gazed limpidly into his perplexed eyes. "Steed?" she asked. "Have you been holding out information?"

Mother was exploding. He was on the phone and Simon, the bearded man was there with him.

Simon had the phone at the moment and he was talking very earnestly.

"What do you mean, Steed, you said he was there. How could he have gone? Mother's going to be very cross."

Mother wrenched the phone out of Simon's hands at that point. "John?" he asked. "Mother. Now what's all this about?"

Back in his apartment Steed was talking and Mrs. Peel was wandering about in the background. "It's Mortimer, Sir," he commented. "He's missing again."

You could plainly hear Mother reply to Steed over the phone. "I see," he thinly commented. "Where could he have gone?"

"I've no idea," observed Steed. "He just vanished. And mother..... That team of experts....."

The scene is back at Mother's and we hear Steed finish: "Are they still standing by?"

"If Mortimer's missing we won't be needing them," Mother bellowed.

Back at Steed's apartment, Steed winced a little and continued. "They'll be needed all right." Looking at the approaching figure of Mrs. Peel, "For Mrs. Peel."

Mrs. Peel sat down a pair of cups of tea by the talking Steed. "Here we are," she brightly said. "One lump or two?" Noises emanate on the phone, quite indistinguishable.

He smiles at Mrs. Peel, motioning for two lumps. "Ha, thanks," he very softly adds.

Back at Organisation HQ Mother turns to Simon and says: "Filston?"

"Yes, Mother?" he asks.

"Have everything Steed requires and have it standing by," Mother orders.

"Yes, Mother," Simon replies. And as Mother hangs up Simon leaves the room. In the other room, where Steed and Tara had met that morning, the bald headed instructor Burton stood. As Simon bowed through, Burton asked him: "What's the panic?"

"Steed," Simon bit back. "Bringing Mrs. Peel in."

And meanwhile back at Steed's..... (60)

Steed is helping Mrs. Peel into her bright red coat, to match her slacks, trying to bustle her into hurrying.

"A rather peculiar time of the day for a party, isn't it?" she asks.

"He's an eccentric," Steed wryly comments. "Party giver."

"Where did you say he was?" she requested.

"Mater," he sidestepped, "Professor Mater."

"And what's he Professor of?" she continued to try to discover.

"What's thatology you're interested in," Steed snapped his fingers.

"Anthropology?" she supplied.

"That's it!" Steed enthused.

"One of the best. Anthropologist!"

"But I never heard of him!" she cried, even more confused, as Steed buttoned her jacket for her.

"Way ahead of his time," Steed quickly supplied.

The scene is then outside of a shabby run-down building of some sort, industrial. In front of it are two motorcycles, one of them with a covered sidecar. The blond villain, one of the goggled men, is kneeling down trying to adjust something on the sidecar motorbike. The dark-haired villain emerges from the factory at a quick pace and motions to get moving with the motorbikes.

"Glad!" the dark-haired villain commented in a hurried voice, "The Boss just phoned. Got a job for us. Urgent."

The blond commented in a pained voice, "But mine's not working!"

"Then we'll take this one. Come on." As he hesitated, he bellowed: "Come on!"

Steed and Emma are on the road... Steed is driving quite fast and Mrs. Peel, by his side, still won't give up trying to discover what is going on.

"Rather on the spur of the moment, this party invitation," she observed.

"He's that kind of chap," Steed smiled at her. "Impetuous."

"And eccentric," she added.

Ahead of them the two motorcyclists have dismounted and are busily attacking a tree alongside the road with saws, constantly looking down the road for the approaching duo.

Back in the car...

"You said the invitation included me," Emma asked.

"Specifically," Steed returned.

"Well," she continues, "how did Professor whatever-his-name-is know I'd be at your apartment?"

"Intuition," Steed replied.

"Why did he want to meet me anyway?" she asked of him.

"He wants to examine you," said Steed.

"Examine me?" she asked.

"Yes," Steed filled in hastily, "he wants to examine your theories. On anthropology."

"Well how did he know I've got any?" she asked logically.

But just then a tree fell across the road ahead of them, Steed slammed on his brakes and with a screeching of tortured tires, the stately Bentley slid to a stop. "Look out!" Steed had managed to yell before he hit the brakes and as the automobile rocked to its stop, the bushes emitted the dark and blond-haired villains.

Steed, caught as he had begun to leap out of the Bentley went round and round with the blond-haired goggled villain, blow matching blow, unable to land a decisive blow.

After a quickly blocked grab for Mrs. Peel, the dark-haired villain found himself in the rear seat. Mrs. Peel quickly grabbed Steed's brolly, umbrella, and whammed it down on the seat, again, again, each time missing clubbing the goggled villain by scant inches. Decidedly off form probably due to the influence of the drug....

Anyways, the villain, in a panic, grabbed his air pistol by reflex and just started shooting at her. One hit her in the neck, she slapped at it, and as he shot one more into her, then another, she slowly keeled over into the bottom of the front section of the Bentley.

The dark-haired villain then concentrated his fire at John Steed. As if bitten by a mosquito, Steed slapped at the side of his neck, just before he could polish off the now frazzled and almost defeated blond villain. He very slowly sank to the ground.

The blond pulled himself out from under Steed and was helped up by his confederate. He handed him his cap and pointed at the unconscious Mrs. Peel with his air pistol.

"He'll wait," he told his bedraggled partner. He pointed at Mrs. Peel again and said, "Look, you take her around back to the glass factory." And so saying, he bent and fired four or (61)

five charges into the unconscious John Steed. Then we see the motorcyclist rev up and proceed down the road, presumably with the unconscious Mrs. Peel tucked away in the side-car-box. And as we are given a close-up of Steed lying on the cold, cold ground, we hear the sound of the Bentley's stately engine being started and then the faint sound as it disappeared into the distance. And Steed didn't stir....

Time has passed....

We see the composed face of Mrs. Peel, enchanting as usual. Morpheus is light about her face....

Her eyes open. After a second's pause she slowly lifts herself to a sitting position. She is lying fully clothed on a rickety brass bed, and on the bed with her is Sean Mortimer. She had been lying with her head on his hand. He smiled up at her.

"Who are you?" he finally asks.

She looks astounded at him for a moment...then, in dismay, puts her hand up to her mouth. Can't she remember???

And so we leave them there, the pair of them sitting on the side of the rickety bed, in the glass factory, each trying to discover what it is they have forgotten.... With the bare lightbulb burning steadily on...

The scene is at Mother's, inside the room where Steed and Mother had talked not too many hours ago. Simon Filston is standing by the step-ladder and Mother is in his wheelchair in the center of the room.

"Should have been here hours ago," Simon dryly commented.

With a great deal of irritation Mother put his fob watch away again. "I know! I know! I know!", Mother quickly returned. "Something's happened."

"Begging your pardon, Sir, but what could have happened?" he asked. "Steed was merely bringing Mrs. Peel from his apartment to here."

"You know the business we're in, anything can happen," he snapped.

"We've had no official contact from Steed for nearly nine hours." As Mother checked her watch again, Simon continued: "Well, Sir, according to regulations, we should put Steed...."

He was cut off by Mother yelling; "Don't quote regulations to me! I made them!" he bellowed. But then he paused and looked decidedly uncomfortable and fidgety.

"All right," he repeated. "Put Steed's name on the suspect list. Warn all agents he could be a possible enemy."

"Yes, Mother," Simon quickly replied. He scurried into the anteroom and ordered Burton to get cracking.

"Certainin, get a communique out to all agents immediately," he stated. "There's to be a new name put upon the suspect list."

"Whose?" Burton inquired.

"John Steed's," he replied.

"What!!?" exclaimed Tara, seated betwixt the two.

"Mother's orders," Simon explained. "Mother knows best."

"Not Steed," she objected, "I mean, what's he done?"

"Defected to the other side," Simon expectantly explained.

"You don't know that to be a fact," Tara angrily replied.

"No," Simon admitted, "but Sean Mortimer did discover a traitor in the Organisation."

"Steed???" asked Burton.

Simon turned to him with a puritanical face and stated: "Even the biggest of idols can have feet of clay."

The scene is now a darkened road, the prone body of Steed lying still in the leaves. Lights, from an auto, the car pulls up. Feet appear above the defenseless body... Whose?

But what has happened to the vibrant Mrs. Peel? She is still at the glass factory...

"This is really very strange," Sean noncommittally comments.

Mrs. Peel paces to his side. "Certainly a coincidence," she supplied. "That we both seem to be suffering from amnesia."

Sean turned around and looked at her, very puzzled. "What's Amnesia?"

"Lack of memory," she smiled wanly.

"Oh," he said. Then he continued,

"Who's lost their memory?"

"We have," she returned.

"Oh," he repeated. "Sorry. I'd forgotten."

Suddenly Mrs. Peel stopped her pacing and snapped her fingers in exclamation.

"Steed!" she cried.

"Steed..." echoed Sean.

"I remember the name Steed," she continued in a rush.

"Ooch," brightly replied Sean.

"That must be you then."

"I must be then...." Mrs. Peel said, (62)

but she didn't sound as though she were entirely convinced of the fact.

"How do you do," Sean politely offered as the next conversational gambit.

"Aye," Mrs. Peel mused.

"Now we're getting somewhere, eh?" Sean brightened.

"Hmmm," Mrs. Peel tried to think.

"Steed..." Sean began.

"Eh?" she abstractly returned.

"I remember another name," Sean laboriously stated. "Peel."

His face lightened considerably as he continued the rush of revelation. "Peel!! That must be me!" But then his face darkened. "No.... But what about Mother?" he asked.

"Mother," Emma queried.

"I keep remembering Mother...." Sean returned to his thoughts.

"Do you honestly think that could be either of us?" Mrs. Peel asked.

"Well, between either of us you're Steed and I'm Peel." But then Sean looked about him very much in the fog. "Where do we go from here?"

Mrs. Peel quickly crosses to the only door to the area they were in and gives a solid yank on the locked door.

"No way out I'm afraid," she commented. "The door's locked."

"There doesn't seem to be any other way out," Sean observed.

"There doesn't does there?" Mrs. Peel stated, looking about. "You know I don't actually remember now, but I think....we're prisoners."

The scene is one of fuzziness....

An echoing voice cuts through the envealouping fog...

"Look Sir!" a feminine voice supplies.

"Coming around, is he?" a male voice answers. The fog clears, we see that Steed...mimis his jacket, is lying face up on an examination table and a uniformed nurse and doctor is commenting at him.

"What's your name?" the Doctor bluntly asks. Receiving no reply from the dazed Steed, he turns to the very charming Nurse. "Did you complete the examination?" he requests of her.

"No physical injuries," she says and hands him a clipboard.

"Humph," he unkindly huffs.

"Probably drink." He bends near to Steed's face. "What's your name?" he demands.

Steed perplexedly stares at him and suddenly halts before answering.

"It's really very embarrassing... But I can't remember!" Steed observed.

"What were you doing on that country lane?" the Doctor nosed.

"What country lane?" Steed asked.

The Nurse looked plaintively at the Doctor, as he snorted in disdain. She said; "There's something terribly wrong, Doctor."

"One drink too many, that's what's wrong with him," he observed. He busied himself with his forms, and precisely commanded the Nurse. "Give him a sedative." To which task the Nurse began to busy herself.

The Scene is back at the glass factory. Mrs. Peel and Sean Mortimer are standing together, deep in thought. The pair have obviously been trying to find a means of leaving the locked room.

Sean sighed. "It's no good, Mrs. Peel," he commented.

"Peel...." A great light and a great joy light Mrs. Peel's face at that point, her face is transfixed with Discovery. "That's me!" she exclaims, putting her hand to her chest.

"And if you.... I mean....," Sean tries to sort out this newly discovered information. "Who am I?" he finally asks.

"I?" she bewilderedly echoes. But a look of determination and True Grit comes over her exquisite features and she dryly comments; "Now... I'm Emma Peel," she asks of Sean. "Right?"

"Right," he reluctantly agrees.

"Then you must be...." She turns to Sean with a great look of knowledge almost within her grasp, at the tip of her tongue, she is about to name Sean... but then she falters... Again.

Back at the Hospital....

The Nurse is preparing the hypodermic in a sterilizer, when suddenly Steed sees a face superimposed upon everything in the room. Those perfect eyes... That exquisite brow... The regal slant of those cheeks and ruby lips..

Then it vanishes, suddenly, before Steed can give form or name to that vision of Mrs. Peel. But the vision has left him profoundly disturbed. He has to do something, and he obviously won't be able to do it in some bed....

As the Nurse turns around, he is able to force a warm ingratiating smile upon the Nurse.

"Feeling better, Sir?" she inquires of Steed.

"I would," he croaks, "if I knew who I was. My pockets..." Steed (63)

makes some motion as if to check them.

"Empty," the Nurse supplies.

"Nothing to tell us who you are."

Steed ponders this for a moment, and then his face warms again in a winning grin.

"Would you do me a great favour?" he requests of her.

"Yes?" she prompts.

"I'd like a cup of tea." The Nurse grins back in warmth, won over by the suave Steed-ian manner.

"Of course," she says, and immediately leaves to go make up some.

No sooner is she out the door than Steed is off the table and grabs his coat on, grabs his shoes and yanks his feet into them and puts his hands on his bowler, prior to making a very quick get-away. But before he can put his shoes on, the Doctor suddenly re-enters the room.

"Where do you think you're going?" he indignantly inquires. In way of reply Steed quickly grabs him, heads him into a nearby wall and gives him the boot as he passes, forcing the good Doctor to emit a muffled "Aarrrrrgghh!" as his head makes contact with the wall.

Having promptly dispatched the officious Doctor, Steed proceeds with the putting on of his shoes, when his fingers encounter a slip of paper...

He pulled it out and slowly read the words aloud. "Tara King.... 9 Primrose Crescent...."

The Scene is an lovely if outlandish and very mod apartment. Tara King answers the phone. We hear the voice on the other end quite clearly.

"Tara..." the voice starts.

"Simon?" Tara asks.

"We've had news of Steed," Simon comments. "A man answering his description attacked a Doctor in a local hospital. Looks as though I was right," he observes, satisfied.

"You assume too much, Simon," Tara biting replies. "You really do." At which point she hangs the phone up and turns around to discover herself face to face with Steed!

"Don't move!" he whispers. "Is your name King? Tara King? Don't be alarmed. I want to talk, that's all. Just talk."

"I suppose you know you're on the Wanted list?" she points out.

"I knew it!" Steed exclaimed.

"The way I opened that lock, as if I'd been doing it all my life.

"I'm a burglar!" he agonized.

"They think you've defected," Tara explained...but already the notion that much of what she was saying just wasn't being fully absorbed.

"Defected??" Steed turned around in surprise. "...Who are they?" Steed then asked in bewilderment.

"The Organisation," Tara returned. "Simon says you've let Mother down badly."

"Let Mother down?????" Steed cried in surprise and pain. "I must be a thoroughly bad lot..."

Tara sat down, mentally preparing herself for whatever it was that was going to happen.

"You are John Steed," she said, enunciation each syllable exquisitely and carefully.

Steed looked back at her in surprise.

"Who's he?"

The Scene... A bottle comes sailing out of nowhere and joins quite a few other broken bottles in a melting kiln. It is the glass factory.

"He loves me...(bottle smashes)... he loves me not," slowly chants the ever-charming Mrs. Peel. "He loves me. (Crash!) He loves me not. (Crash!)" She pauses, a bottle over her shoulder.

"Steed..." she exclaims, revelation dawning in her eyes. "John Steed!"

"Me?" Sean Mortimer asks. But she stares at him without answering and he shakes his own head negatively. "Do you remember who he is?" he queried.

"Umh-humph," she tight-lipped spat out. More gaily, she commented; "We were going to a party together. We were driving along.... And there was two men..."

"On motorbikes?" Sean supplied, a small measure of remembrance briefly touching his troubled face.

A trace of dismay wreathed Mrs. Peel's face. "We've got to find a way out of here...."

But standing in the doorway was the dark-haired motorcyclist villain, the air pistol in his hand and a smug look on his face.

"No chance," he stated. "No chance at all." With that he exited again and left the click of the lock as his farewell comment.

Sean and Mrs. Peel looked at each other with worried frowns and looked about them....

"I'm John Steed," John Steed firmly commented to himself. The Scene was (6)

in Tara King's apartment. "I've worked with Mother," he continued. Steed looked about quizzically and Tara looked blank. "There's something missing to this... A woman!" At which point Steed clicked his fingers in recollection.

"Me?" Tara supplied hopefully.

"No," he emphatically stated.

"But there was a woman!"

The sublime perfection of Mrs. Peel's flawless features rose up before Steed again, blotting out everything but that. He bounded up off the couch in a sudden flurry of activity.

"My apartment? That's where it all started! My apartment!" And so he ran for the door, grabbed it open and....stopped. He looked bewildered. "....Where is my apartment?"

"Don't you remember?" Tara asked.

"No. Don't you?" he sallied back at her.

"I told you! You're a secret agent," Tara commented in a very irritated tone of voice. "Your address is restricted information!"

"But couldn't you find out?" he requested of her. She looked for a moment as though she were about to refuse, but quickly gave in.

"I suppose I could find it at Mother's...Steed?" She was quickly drapped in a coat by the eager Steed and moved in the general direction of the apartment side door.

"Good," he supplied, ushering her through the exit. "Phone me here as soon as you have it!"

"Oh well...." And with that she reluctantly went out, leaving Steed to hold down the apartment.

We quickly see Tara inside the house that Mother uses as a base. She is in the corridor outside Mother's rooms. Not a sound... She cracks the door open a speck... No one there.

She crosses the anteroom and duplicates the procedure at Mother's own room. Against the far lighted wall are a few uniforms on racks...and a set of files.

In a flash she has cracked open the files and is rifling them for a specific name. She pulls out a folder and after opening it, takes it over to the telephone on a ladder. She dials....

And we see Steed jumping up when the phone rings. The phone rings.... Which phone? There are a half dozen in the place!





The phone rings.... The one on the stand? No. The red one on the far shelf? The black french one? The ring burns and burns and finally he turns to the wall, finds the cord and follows it to a pillow, underneath which is the insistent phone.

Finally, his fifth "Hello..." finds himself tied with Tara.

"Steed?" she asks.

"Ah!" he sighs with relief.

"I've found it," she comments.

"Go ahead," he returns, in relief.

"Right," she states. "You live at 3 Stable Mews," and Steed writes it down on a little slip of paper.

"3 Stable Mews," he repeats, "Thank you very much, Miss....Miss..."

"King," she supplies. "Tara King. Bye." And thus she hangs up. And just in time. She turns around with the file in her hands and Simon is there.

"And what do you think you're doing here?" he asks of her. She coolly turns back to Simon, approaches him and hands him Steed's file.

"He's on the wanted list, isn't he? If I'm going to help catch him, I'm going to have to find out all I can about him. Won't I?" she asks, pure innocence pouring from every pore. And walks away from him, leaving him to put Steed's file away.

But as Tara is going through the darkened gardens outside... A figure raises an air pistol, there is the Phfft of it shooting, and Tara slaps her hand to the back of her neck. In a second she has slumped to the ground....

Steed arrives at his apartment, he opens it quickly and is through into it in seconds. He puts down his bowler and broolly out of reflex...and again he Sees Things. The kitchen alcove is suddenly filled with the splendid vision of Mrs. Peel hurrying through, green and white catsuit, cup of tea in hand. The vision fades. He looks towards the couch, the pillows still in a disarray. And again the Vision is there, those splendid features filling all the room before him. His overstuffed chair is suddenly a spot of light as he turns to it, for suddenly there is that perfect auburn-haired elf, dark blue with gold trimmed catsuit on, making notes on a pad. Steed wipes his hands across his perplexed face.

He looks towards the table and the TIMES crossword puzzle. "Sean Mortimer," he slowly speaks. "Anecdote. Mrs. Peel!" He snaps his fingers

in surprise. "Mrs. Emma Peel!

He races to his desk and grabs the phone lying there. "I must call headquarters..."

But then he stops, phone in mid-air, doubt racing over his face.

"Where is headquarters?"

Back at Mother's we see Tara rise from the ground, shaking her head. In moments she seems to be back at her apartment. She is preparing for a bath and has a robe on and her hair up in a towel. The side doorbell rings and she answers it, and Steed walks in.

He seems quite at ease and starts talking to Tara immediately on entry.

"Ah, Miss King," he supplies, "I'm terribly sorry to bother you again. But I want to contact Mother." He turns to face her, inquiring. "Do you have the number?"

"Steed," she says in a flat tone. "You're on the wanted list."

"You told me that," he returned, and turned, looking for the phone.

"Anyone on the wanted list turn them in at once," she coolly said. "Those are the orders."

"Yes," he quipped quickly, "we've been through all that. But you offered to help." He turned from her again, and as he continued sudden comprehension suddenly raced across his features.

"Surely you haven't....forgotten?" And as he spoke, she grabbed him at the base of the head from behind, a look of acute pain burning across his face.

"Sorry," she said, "but it's the rules."

Fighting against the pain, Steed managed to gasp a few words. "See you are using the single-handed death grip," he spat out.

"Oh yes," she answered. "It's recommended."

"Did your judo master teach you the counter-turn?" he asked.

"No...." she began, but then he had dropped, tilted, lifted an arm and in a second had managed to turn the tables on the under-clad Tara. He put one hand to the base of her head and pinioned her arms with his other hand and softly spoke to her.

"Highly recommended," he commented. "I hate to do this to you, I just want to send...you....to....sleep." She collapsed, her eyes turning upwards and he gave a self-satisfied "Hah". He places a pillow solicitously under head and then look about.

He quickly has a flash of inspiration and finds her hip-length Mod boots. A quick turning upside down...and out flutters a slip of paper.

"Mother's address," he pleasantly comments to himself. And mumbles, "To go there" to himself as he leaves Tara lying prone on her apartment floor.

In a moment or two Steed is sneaking through the gates of Mother's large estate.

As he stealthily creeps along, the gardener rises up a pistol in his hand. Steed kicks the gun out and quickly hits him unconscious. He then proceeds towards the house.

In the corridor outside the anteroom Giles, the one who had greeted him so warmly that morning, confronted him now with another pistol. Steed whipped around and with one good blow laid him quite definitely out. It was becoming a rather busy night....

Back in Tara's apartment, she had finally began to regain consciousness. Everything returned to her in a rush and as she sat upright she exclaimed: "Steed!"

She saw her boots on the table, and finding them empty of slips of paper, deduced that he had found Mother's address and gone there. She ran for her bedroom and her clothes...

Another agent of Mother's is in the waiting room, and as Steed pauses to look around, letting memories flood back over him, he comes forward.

"That's far enough, Steed." But even as he says that Steed tips his gun into the air by knocking a miniature cannon up at it, and then quietly bops him with his steel-reinforced bowler, the sound of contact making an oddly melodious gong sound in the air.

Steed then proceeds into the next room. There he stands, his bowler in his hands and gazes for a second at the wheel-chair and its occupant sit there in the half-darkened room.

"Mother?" he queries, as the wheel-chair rolls slowly forward. "I'm sorry to disturb you, I'm afraid there's been a, er, well, a bit of a mix-up."

Suddenly we see that it is not the obese figure of Mother but Burton, the balding instructor who had been teaching Tara King earlier that very day. A pistol is in his hand.

"Mother's not here," Burton dryly explains. "He's gone into hiding."

"I'm not surprised. Mother is vulnerable at the best of times. And (68)

with the possibility of a traitor in the organisation...." Steed supplied.

Burton stood up, pistol ready.

"I thought we'd found our traitor," he stated.

Outside, Tara King has arrived at Mother's in a rush, and is speeding across the lawn. As she runs, she suddenly strikes something yielding with her foot. After a double-take of some surprise, she bends down and discovers the body of the gameskeeper. Quite unconscious, she discovers.

Inside... Steed is talking to the gun-wielding Burton.

"Perhaps it'd be a good idea to hear me out," Steed pointed out.

"All right," Burton dryly stated.

"Well, there are gaps," Steed very carefully begins. "Blanks in my memory. But there's one thing I do recall, and that's Mrs. Peel. I was driving her along.... Trying to find... Somewhere..." Steed rambled.

"You were bringing her here, for psychiatric examination," he supplied.

"Of course," Steed agreed. "Yes, yes. We were ambushed on the road." He turns to Burton, his face frowning in concentration. "Now there were two men... That's right. And one of them said to the other... Take her to the glass house." Steed smiled ingratiatingly at Burton and continued.

"Well, you remember the glass house," he added. "That's where we did our basic training. The glass house! The glass factory!"

"Yes," Burton agreed. "I remember it," he added.

"Haven't been to the glass house for ages, be nice seeing the old place again," Steed enthused.

"Yes," Burton said. "Won't it?" And thus they left...

Seconds later Tara burst in the door to the anteroom and was about to continue towards Mother's room when Simon, the bearded one, pulled himself off the floor and snapped a terse: "Hold it!"

Steed and Burton are in a cary driving through the night. Steed is doing the driving; Burton remains very tense by his side, holding that pistol on him all the time.

"I'm going along with you," Burton comments, "but I haven't bought your story, you understand?" Steed looks at him and smiles encouragingly. "Take the next left turn," Burton continues.

And at the glass factory....

Sean Mortimer is in a very uncomfortable pose indeed, and Mrs. Peel gives him a slight pat on the cheek to confirm his positioning.

"You're sure it'll work?" Sean manages to choke out.

"No," she comments, "but at least it's worth a try."

"But suppose...." Sean begins, but there is a noise at the door and Mrs. Peel leaps into action, grabbing a ladle for handling hot bottles.

"Shhhhh!" she whispers. Then the blond villain comes through the door, his air pistol before him at the ready. He is confronted by quite a sight.

Sean stands there, mouth and face all twisted, one hand up in the air, finger in exclamation, the other behind him in duelling pose, standing on one foot. The villain just stands and has to stare at this odd sight.

He stares at it just long enough.

Before he can react, Mrs. Peel has caught him in the neck with the open Y-fork of the ladle, pressed him against the wall by the door and in a trio of quick, sharp, decisive karate blows, has the surprised villain lying on the straw-covered floor.

Sean hurries over and cries; "Now we can go out!"

Mrs. Peel tries the door and finds that it automatically snapped locked when it closed during the scuffle.

"Not quite," she informs Sean. But then she raises her hand...clasp the air pistol the blond man had been carrying. She smiles misceviously. "But we've got this!"

Back at Mother's.... Simon is talking on the phone, Tara is sitting in a chair, fidgeting impatiently, for all the gun Simon keeps pointed at her.

"Filton here," he explains over the phone. "Sorry to disturb you so late. Steed's just left here." A pause as noises emanate from the phone. "I wasn't compus mentis," Simon explains. "I'm not sure, Sir, but it looks as though he's taken Burton with him," Simon continues.

"It was the other way around!" Tara exasperatedly explains.

"What?" Simon asks.

"Oooh..! Filton!" Tara says, in a dudgeon of temper.

"Oh, it seems pretty conclusive, Sir, using Burton as a hostage. Steed must be the traitor," Simon explains.

"He's fired some sort of dart at me that makes you lose your memory," (69)

Tara explains, her memory sweeping back.

"Miss King is confirming it,"

Simon comments to the phone. "Steed fired some sort of dart...."

Tara gets to her feet and yells at the thick-headed Simon.

"Ooohhh," she cries in exasperation.

"It was Burton! Burton's the traitor!" And as Simon continues to look confused, she quickly knocks the gun aside, takes it and starts to leave. Then she turns back, hands him his gun back, and quickly darts out the door.

Burton...the villain...and Steed approach the Glass Factory.

"It can't be far now," Steed says.

"Quarter of a mile or so," Burton states without emotion.

In the Glass Factory itself...

On the bed lies the blond villain, his back propped up against the brass railing. He is quite unconscious as Sean and Mrs. Peel prop him up here and there. Sean puts his cap back on very neatly as Mrs. Peel carefully inserts the villain's thumb into his mouth.

"Aaahhhh!" she exclaims, admiring the incongruous pose of the victimized villain, they both smile and laugh at the sight.

The car pulls up to the outside of the darkened glass factory. Behind them some miles or so away yet, is the fast-approaching figure of Tara King, her Europa sports car whirling down the darkened roads.

Steed turns to Burton as he begins to open the door of the halted auto.

"Your directions were faultless," Steed says. "Which I must say is surprising. I don't think I'd have remembered how to get here." There is now an icy tone in his voice as he continues. "It's an awful long time since we used this place. Before you joined the Organisation, as a matter of fact. Remarkable you should know it so well." Steed is smiling, Burton is turned to cold chilling ice. "When did you defect to the other side, Burton?" Steed asks.

Burton gets out and motions Steed to exit also. They walk towards the glass factory itself.

"I suppose Sean found out you'd defected," Steed continued. "And then you used some sort of drug against him."

"That's right," Burton smiled.

"Why didn't you kill him?" Steed coldly asked.

"A killing would have stirred up too much too soon," Burton informed him. "Besides my orders were to test the

drug. It worked. It erases the memories," he enthusiastically added.

"Only temporarily," Steed pointed out.

"Well, it varies from person to person. And according to the dose used," Burton continued. "But it's close to perfection. But you're right. A bullet erases the memory completely." Burton happily qualified.

"Carl..." he called. "Carl!" he cried again. Then smilingly speaking, he motioned towards a decrepit section of the factory. "Looks like I'll have to do the job myself. There's a well over there," he supplies.

"Good place to hide the body," Steed wanly replies.

"Very good place," Burton agrees. But as they pass a wall, Steed whips around and sends Burton and the gun flying in opposite directions. The fight is on... But what of the other two villains?

The dark-haired villain slowly enters the room where the prisoners are being kept.

He stops...and sees his companion on the bed...sitting up...with his big thumb stuck in his mouth! He stops and stares, quite amazed.

It is at that moment that Mrs. Peel and Sean swing into action. Her first rush disarms the villain, but he quickly rebounds. Sean is bounced back by the villain, Mrs. Peel tries for the pistol she had captured earlier. Sean rushes the villain...and gets the dart intended for the villain in the side of his face.

Off he goes to dreamland again....

Mrs. Peel pounces on the villain as he tries for his gun. It is kicked away, they scuffle, she throws him off to one side. She attacks and is thrown away with a hefty blow, but she rebounds and kicks the villain against a far wall.

He stumbles on the floor in getting to his feet...and he spies the glass ladle, a long iron pole.

He rises to his feet with it in his hands.

Mrs. Peel checks her rush. Her full attention is on the approaching villain.

He advances slowly, moving the iron pole with careful twitches, all of Mrs. Peel's attention is on that long iron pole....

Outside Burton manages to come inside Steed's arms and lands a solid (70)

blow on Steed. Reeling back, Burton grabs a plank and bursts it across Steed's bowler-clad head. Steed goes down, in a lump.

Burton pauses for a second, his breath coming in short pants. He sees the open well nearby and bends over to grasp Steed by his lapels.

With a crunch, Steed crosses a right to Burton's jaw, Steed had been simply miming unconsciousness.

Steed follows up the groggy Burton with one jab after another and finally doubles him up and then straightens him up again in a classic one-two.

Burton slowly sinks to the debris-littered ground, just another piece of garbage on the ground.

Inside Mrs. Peel backs away from the villain, Sean wanders about a bit in the background, the villain slowly advances towards her.

He takes a swing.... Another! He swings around, down, then in a wide circle.

That's all Mrs. Peel needed!

She steps in quickly and kicks him in the stomach, and as he quickly folds, hits him in the head with her knee. The iron bar goes flying.

The villain dazedly retreats, and Mrs. Peel has quickly picked up the iron bar herself, now!

The villain backs up, Mrs. Peel very loosely approaches at a soft walk. He stands there....and she tosses the iron bar into villain's outstretched hands.

He looks amazedly at the weapon and as he looks back up at Mrs. Peel she takes one quick step forward and very calmly and deliberately lets him have a right cross right between the glazed looking eyes!

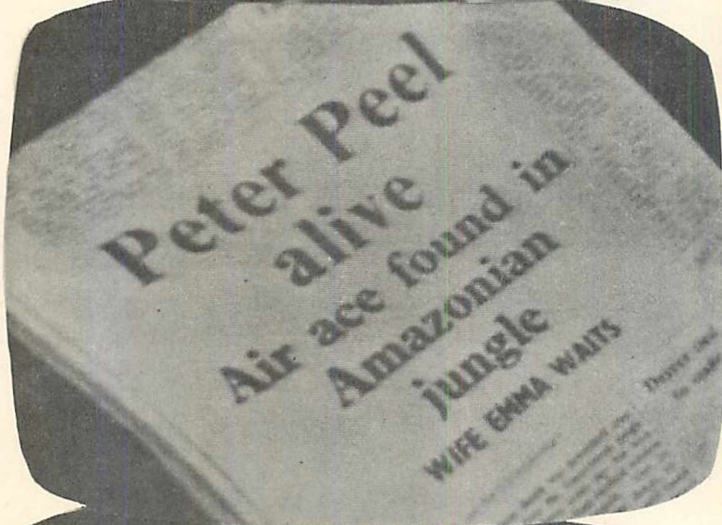
There is a soft twitter of music as he collapses to the ground in slow stages.

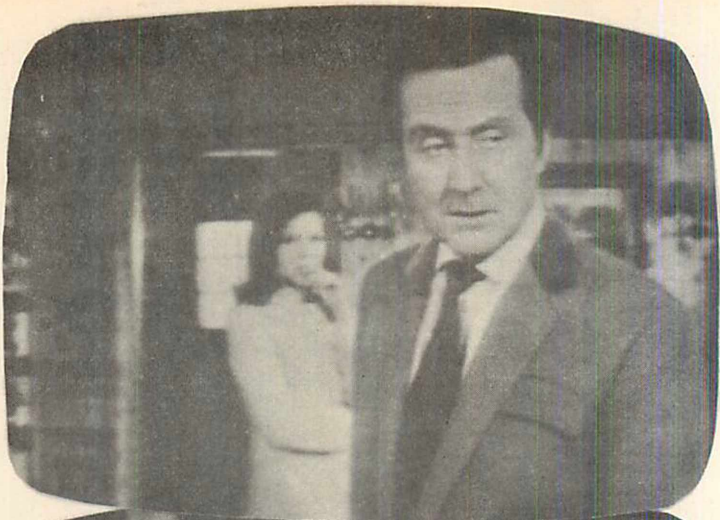
Outside Tara King has driven up in her Europa.

Inside the blonde man has awakened and somehow realized that all was lost. He bolted up from the bed, cap flying away, and dashed through the open door before Mrs. Peel could stop him in his flight.

He dashes out the door and is very quickly running across the fields...at the parked Europa and Tara King.

As he runs past, she swings her purse in a grand arc and belts him full in the face with it. He stops very suddenly...and smiling, collapses.





Such a beautiful smile!

Steed observed the man running and couldn't have caught him. He puts on a very puzzled expression...which slowly turns to a smile. Tara carefully removes a brick from her purse! She smiles cooly back.

Then, behind Steed, the recumbent Burton hastily scrambles to his feet. Steed is by the door, too far away. It looks as if Burton will make it! He runs for his car....

But Mrs. Peel has just emerged from the innards of the glass factory, an air pistol in her hand. She sees Burton making a run for it, quickly braces herself against the door jamb and fires one quick shot at Burton. A hit!

Burton slaps his neck, he pulls open the car door, pulls it shut and.... sits there, wondering what it was that he had been going to do.

Mrs. Peel leans nonchalantly upon the door jamb, twirling the air pistol in one hand as Steed sidles up to her all beatific smiles. Tara King walks up to the forgetful Burton in his car and is quite amazed herself.

"Amazing thing!" enthuses Steed to Mrs. Peel. "He had a head start on me, nothing to stop him getting away, and suddenly, he didn't get away."

Mrs. Peel smiles mysteriously and quips, "I think he forgot to."

Inside she continues twirling the air pistol whilst Sean walks around in circles in the background.

"...And speaking of forgetting," Mrs. Peel continues, "just to remind me...." A wistful and then mischevous expression passes over her face as she leans closer to Steed and leans towards his ear. "...Are you the man who..." she whispers in that ear, the last three words inaudible....but what she said, according to one lip-reader is..."Sleeps with me?"

A great smile crosses Steed's face and he turns to her, both silently laughing and returns, "I'm afraid so."

They both laugh with each other, a moment of tenderness betwixt them.

Sean has noticed them together there and comes over to them. He begins very earnestly, confused urgency in his voice.

"It's very important," he begins. "I must tell somebody... There's a traitor....in the Organisation...."

She turns to Steed inquiringly and then turns to Sean. "And who are you?" Sean almost answers...and then looks

very confused indeed as Steed and Mrs. Peel burst into open laughter.

We leave them there, laughing....

The next we see are headlines on a morning paper. Steed is talking on the phone, a wistful smile on his craggy face. The papers read:

PETER PEEL ALIVE

Air Ace Found In Amazonian Jungle
wife emma waits

An unexplainable look crosses Steed's face then, as if an entire lifetime of memories were all crowding through his mind in an instant's time.

"Yes," he says, "I've seen the morning's papers. Yes, it looks as though I'll be needing a replacement. As soon as possible. You know my tastes. I'll trust your judgement." And with that he lets down the phone very gently, sadness outlining his face.

Through the door bursts...the beautiful Mrs. Peel, resplendent in a yellow pants suit. She begins, "Steed...." and then stops stock still. She spies the paper lying on the desk.

"You've seen the newspapers," she slowly comments. Steed softly smiles at this vision and comments a noncommittal, "Yes."

She crosses to the desk and very quickly picks up the paper lying there. Steed sadly smiles at her and at the paper there in her hands. With the very faintest trace of a quaver in her lilting Yorkshire voice Mrs. Peel manages to comment, "Trust him to make a dramatic reappearance." She turns to smile wanly at Steed as she finishes.

"Found in the jungle," she almost gayly blurts out. Steed manages a broad smile and quips back.

"In the Amazonian Jungle," he very broadly enthuses, as if to point out how very gauche it is this season to be found in that particular jungle.

She shakes her head. "Wholly" she slangs back.

"Ridiculous," Steed chuckles.

But then she drops the paper like a hot stone and twirls quickly to the far wall. Steed remains where he is, the sadness returning.

"They've flown him back," Mrs. Peel quickly adds. "He'll be picking me up in a few minutes." Her hand is to her lips and Steed looks away from her.

"Here?" he manages to ask.

What is there to say. He turns to her as she walks slowly closer.

Hesitantly, yet quickly, she glances up at Steed and places her right hand on his chest. Her lips purse open and quavers. She leans slightly forward, her quavering voice held in check by her will of iron. She half-smiles at Steed, her cheeks rounding under that enforced grin.

"Always keep your bowler on in times of stress," she softly enjoins, very softly and very huskily. Her face saddens and she leans infinitesimally closer. She comes closer yet and practically whispers in his ear, her voice very husky and nearly inaudible.

"And watch out for diabolical masterminds," she whispers.

Eyeball to eyeball he manages to state, "I'll remember...."

Hair flowing in an auburn swirl of fire, eyes closed, Steed stands there, not trusting himself to speak further. Mrs. Peel leans closer yet, eyes still closed and she very quickly and very very softly places a very meaningful kiss upon his cheek. Just one.

Then she rushes away from him, her face strained.

Steed's eyes quaver even if his face does not, his voice is even and steady as he calls to her as she begins to leave. She is smiling, a last smile for the pair of them to share together and to hold in their memories. She turns towards him.

"Emma?" he softly asks. She looks inquiringly at him. Then she realizes that he has called her by her first name.

"Thanks," he dryly says, his lips tightening, his whole face turning to iron, a mask of iron. She looks infinitesimally sadly towards him and then rushes through that door without looking back.

* * *

Mrs. Peel hurries down the stairs and sees the very very modishly clad figure of Tara King coming in through the front portal. Tara is clad in hip-length Umber-coloured boots, a very micro-mini-skirt, V-cut front and an enormous fox stole/boa. She hesitantly comes through the foyer and is on the first step when Mrs. Peel arrives at the fifth.

"Excuse me," Tara begins, a look of some doubt on her face. "Apartment 3?" she asks. Mrs. Peel quickly smiles down at her, and then points with one slender finger upwards, looking towards the apartment she had just vacated.

"At the top of the stairs," she explains to Tara.

"Thanks," Tara replies and then the pair of women sidle past each other. At the bottom of the stairs Mrs. Peel hesitates and turns back towards the climbing figure of Tara.

"Yhhmm..." she clears her throat, and Tara looks back at her. "He likes his tea stirred anti-clockwise," Mrs. Peel explains, imitating the stirring of a spoon in a cup.

Tara confusedly mimes the motion and Mrs. Peel repeats it, shaking her head yes. And she turns away again....

Upstairs Steed is looking out his apartment window, through those gauze curtains. He watches Mrs. Peel advance to a new Jaguar. Beside it stands.... Steed???? Or at least the very model of Steed. Bowler, impeccable clothes, brolly, the refined manner in which he extends his arm to Mrs. Peel and seats her in the open-top Jag and then very quickly hurried to the driver's seat, without once showing his face to Steed. Steed stares askance at the remarkable resemblance.

A roar and then, hair streaming we see a closeup of Mrs. Peel gazing adoringly at the driver of that auto, happiness written over her entire face. They buzz down the road, and she turns to look up at Steed's apartment, and she laughs, as if at a private joke, radiant in this moment of reunion.

Exit laughing....

The door in Steed's apartment opens and he whirls. There stands the mod besomny figure of Tara.

"Mother sent me," she dryly says to the stock-still Steed.

"Ra-boom-di-hay!" he enthusiastically shouts, raising his arm.

She looks quizzically at him. "Steed?" she wonders, wondering if there were something wrong with him...

It is THE END.

Out to Chesterfield 101 commercial. Oldish woman prissily speaking, a tone of disapproval in her voice.

"Well," she says, "I hope they'll both be very happy."

.....***.....

-This script, copied from tape by Dennis O. Kawiski, with the aid of fallible human memory, the very complete Schultzfile of fetes from the show and a great deal of admiration for the loveliest woman in show business. -

FORGET - ME - K NOT

Credits and Cast

Produced by Brian Clemens and Albert Fennell. Executive Consultant to the Series, Julian Wintle. Executive in charge of Production Gordon L.T. Scott. Production Design by Robert Jones. Music by Laurie Johnson.

Directed by James ("Born Free") Hill. Script by Brian Clemens. Photography by Gilbert Taylor. Film Editor Lionel Selwyn. Fights arranged by Joe Dunn.

STARRING:

Diana Rigg as Mrs. Emma Peel. Patrick MacNee as John Steed. And as the new female lead, Linda Thorson as Tara ("ra-boom-di-hay") King.

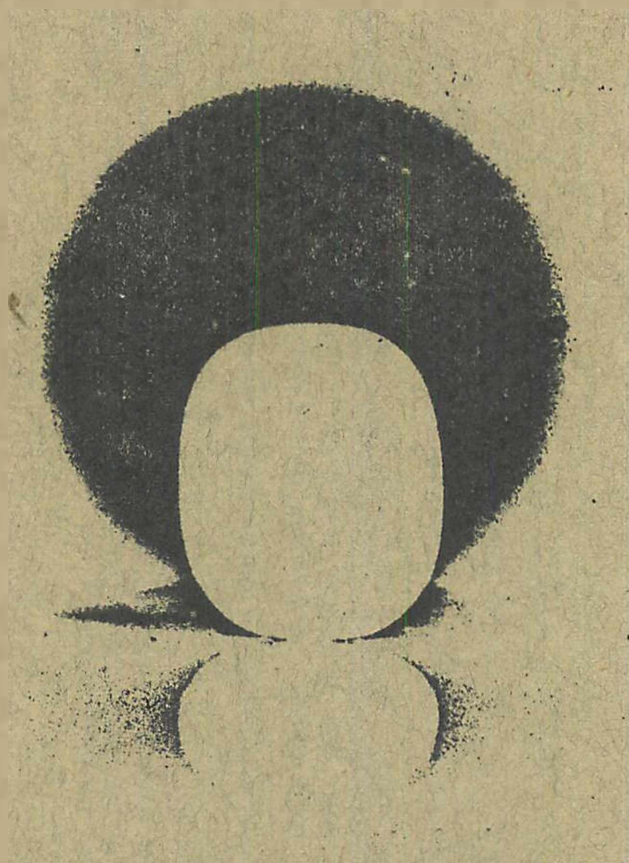
Cast Also Includes:

Sean Mortimer	• • Patrick Kavanagh	Dr. Soames	• • • John Lee
Mother	• • • Patrick Newell	Sally (The Nurse)	• • • Beth Owen
Simon Filson	• • Jeremy Burnham	Taxi Driver	• • • John Lissek
George Burton	• • • Jeremy Young	Jenkins	• • • Tony Thawnton
Karl	• • • Alan Lake	The Gardener	• • • Edward Higgins
Brad	• • • Douglas Sheldon		

The End to an Era



Steed - You could fire me for this, but...



I AM NOT A NUMBER.

I AM A FREE MAN.

Patrick McGoohan

"COMPUTER SHAPE" .. BY PAT HEIN

BY
DREW
SIMELS

There are simply too many similarities, unintentional or otherwise, between the two series of "Secret Agent" and "The Prisoner", not to warrant some type of discussion on it.

Both concern similar ideas: adventure, espionage and conflict. In fact, one can easily argue that one is merely an extension of the other, as will be explained later. But the most important similarity is the main character in both series -- John Drake in Secret Agent and the 'nameless' No. 6 in The Prisoner series. Now, the fact that both obviously worked for the government is not that important. It's just that both have similar characteristics. For both are exceptionally well-rounded persons. No. 6 continually working out on high bars and punching bags and that strange trampoline set-up. Drake was a karate expert and handled himself remarkably well with swords ("I Can Only Offer You Sherry" -1965), occasionally displayed some outstanding feats of athletics ("That's Two Of Us Sorry" - 1964), and strength ("You're Not In Any Trouble, Are You?" - 1965)("The Man On The Beach" -1965), and also was able to take a good deal of punishment and yet rebound with renewed ferocity ("Not So Jolly Roger" - 1966)("Sting In The Tail" - 1964). On the other side of the coin, both Drake and Number 6 quote poetry on occasion ("Hammer Into Anvil"-1967). Hand in hand with physical prowess is a phenomenal stubbornness all too apparent in every episode of The Prisoner. Once he has a goal, everything is channeled to attain it; this is more or less taken for granted in Secret Agent, where basically no woman would distract him. (There are altogether too many examples of this to bear mentioning.) However, probably the most blatant similarity between the two is an independence that is almost tangible in both shows. No. 6 is essentially a loner, sometimes forced by necessity, since no one in The Village can be trusted. McGoon calls Drake "the mysterious stranger" who comes alone to do his job. Both characters are bachelors living in fairly small but comfortable apartments. But besides this essentially external point, the most remarkable aspect is one far more internal. Both are so independent that they find it quite natural and acceptable to question their superiors and even do what they feel. In Drake's case, this resulted in taking and finishing assignments on his own hook

("A Room In The Basement" - 1964) ("Whatever Happened To George Foster?" - 1964). And, at times, even mouth- ing off to his superiors ("The Hunting Party" - 1966)("Dangerous Secret" - 1965)("The Outcast" - 1965). In references to No. 6's vague and ambiguous past, one of his superiors remarked ("Many Happy Returns"-1967) that he (No. 6) could be "very sceptical" on occasion, implying that he never took anything for granted from his superiors. The various No. 2's considered him to be their most important intern there, which might indicate that he was a very important agent indeed. And also both No. 6 and Drake share a common habit, that of finger snapping whilst walking.

Which leads me to at least sincerely believe that we're dealing with the same character, that of Drake and No. 6 being one and the same. There are some obvious arguments for this statement. One is that the same actor is playing both parts for the same production company (I.T.C.). Both apartments look similar and the office of both superiors are not strikingly different. To further illustrate this, I would like to point out a pretty strong linking point between two episodes: "Yesterday's Enemies" - 1964, and "Arrival" - 1967, the first Prisoner segment.

Drake's original assignment in "Yesterday's Enemies" was to apprehend the source of a security leak in Beirut. But when it was discovered that the suspected man, John Brett, a distinguished oil magnate, was merely passing on information supposedly in the service of his government to yet another Britisher, Edwin Archer, a retired British agent who was actually running an independent spy network, Drake was forced to wait for orders from London. Whereupon a 'representative' from London arrives to take Archer back to the city of London to stand 'trial'. What really occurs is that the 'representative' is merely an assassin who kills Archer by order of the London office. Drake was so infuriated that he explained what happened actually to Archer's wife. Which London had instructed him not to do. In the closing scenes, Drake stands in Admiral Hobbs' office. Obviously

pretty bitter about the entire affair and leaves in an angry state.

Now, is it not stretching the imagination only a little bit if we immediately cut to the beginning of The Prisoner? The trip to the office, McGoochan handing in his resignation to the background of crashing thunder? Certainly not. Considering the fact that in the "A, B And C" episode No. 6 claims that he left the service as a matter of principle, this would tend to bolster the argument.

However, in all fairness, I have to admit that there is at least one glaring argument against this. As with the rest of The Prisoner, No. 6's previous life, his name, is pretty well kept secret. As if McGoochan did not want to play up a similarity between the two. And besides, one whole episode ("Do Not Forsake Me, Oh My Darling" - 1967) told us that No. 6's last assignment before his disappearance was the search for a missing scientist who had preferred to disappear than finish perfecting a mind-transference device. However, this personally does not satisfactorily explain the 'matter-of-fact' explanation for his resignation.

Oh well, I do think that this was written this way to point out that a similarity between the two characters wasn't the main point of The Prisoner. But rather the question of Government versus Individualism.

There is one final similarity that I would like to mention that just can't go unnoticed.

Anyone who watched with any regularity Secret Agent may very well recall a very strange and fantastic episode entitled "The Ubiquitous Mr. Lovegrove" - 1964. In it Drake has a nightmare after an auto accident. Well, I cannot help but point out that "The Girl Who Was Death" seemed to be patterned after Lovegrove in that all of the strange nonsensical events were explained by one very small scene at the end. In Lovegrove, Drake regains consciousness and sees that he is being injected and is on a stretcher. In "The Girl Who Was Death" the camera pans to The Village storybook and No. 6 telling the children to go to bed. Confused as any viewer must have been up till that point, one should have realized that it had to be either a dream or a story within a story, since not once was The Village shown at any time throughout. (And The Village never had an Amusement Park.)

-Drew Simels-

Editor's Note* If my memory serves me correctly, did not the young lass once engaged to "No. 6" refer to him just once as Carl? This was also from "Do Not Forsake Me, Oh My Darling", but I do not have a tape of that show and thus cannot state with certainty either way. Does anyone out there have a recording of that particular show, and can tell me what she said...if anything?

RELATIONSHIP



BY
HANK
DAVIS

Editor's note: This tidbit was written before the last of the Prisoner showings in the United States. And before some beady-eyed type had finally discovered Mrs. Peel's maiden name.

Amazing.

I and my brother Richard (die-hard Rigg digger he; he will not even watch the Tara King episodes) had the same idea about Mrs. Peel somehow arriving in The Village, right after viewing the very first episode of THE PRISONER. The same idea that the editor of this rag did. What was Mrs. Peel's maiden name and what was #6's real name and is there any connection? Careful observation of Tara King's apartment has proven additionally mind-blowing.

What is the symbol of The Village? A Penny-Farthing bicycle, the one with the exceptionally large front wheel. And what is hanging on the wall of Tara King's apartment? Uh-huh....

Tara King is an agent of The Village conspiracy.

Improbable? Let us consider a few items. What is the probability that only a short while after Steed just happened to meet Tara King, the deceased (supposedly) Peter Peel would suddenly turn up in the Brazilian jungle? The proximity of the two occurrences strains credulity.

Item: Steed has, in the past, demonstrated familiarity with other agents, often recognizing them on sight. ("Escape In Time": "That's Tubby Benson. He's on our side.") Thus, it seems strange that Steed did not recognize Tara King and already know her name. Remember that, in the "Forget-Me-Knot" episode, Steed knew the name of everyone at Headquarters -- except Tara King.

Is Tara King an agent of whoever it is that runs The Village, a person who was sent to infiltrate Mother's agency? Note that she took definite steps to get Steed's attention. First of all by knocking him down, supposedly because she mistook him for her target (was she faking? Knocking him down deliberately?). Then, second, she affected a pose of being attracted to Steed ("I'm sorry. I was staring."). But was very stiff and unconvincing about being turned on by Steed. Obviously she was faking.

Did the Village want Mrs. Peel removed and replaced with one of Their Own Agents? If so, why?

The possible answer which occurred to me was mind-boggling.

What is Emma Peel's maiden name?

Mrs. Peel is quite tall. Her hair is auburn. We know nothing about her family or the extent of it other than that Daddy died and left her a nice bundle. Does she have a brother? If so, he would likely be tall and have dark red hair.

There is a well-known agent who is tall and "hath a lean and hungry look" (6 foot, 3) and has dark red hair indeed.

Before she married, what was Emma Peel's name? Was it...Emma Drake?

Now, let us consider the inhabitant of The Village about whom the most is known. He is never referred to as anything but Number Six, yet even the most casual inspection of him results in immediate recognition. He is either Secret Agent John Drake or a double of incredible similarity. It is definitely known that Number Six is a former Secret Agent. It may, therefore, safely be assumed that Number Six is, in fact, John Drake. And John Drake (aka Number Six) has numerous characteristics which we would expect of a brother of Emma Peel.

We know that They are keeping Drake prisoner in The Village in hopes of breaking him and obtaining information. What better way to break him down than by bringing a close relative -- such as a sister -- to The Village and threatening physical and mental violence against his kin?

And, at the same time, by replacing Emma Peel -- or Emma Drake -- with their own creature, Tara King, they can keep Steed under close observation at all times. After all, with John Drake gone, Steed is easily the greatest secret agent in England (there is that Bowdler fellow, of course, but we understand that he is retiring and changing his name to Sean Connery). Steed is consequently the man most dangerous to Them and their international Conspiracy. Obviously it is international, scooping up agents from every nation in the world, the way it does.

Consider: Peter Peel supposedly perished while testing a plane. In no previous reference to this accident

has the locale over which he was flying been noted. Yet, surely the flying of a British test airplane over Brazil would have been unusual, and we would have heard some such statement as "His plane disintegrated in midair over the Brazilian jungle," rather than simply "His plane disintegrated in midair." That Peter Peel's being discovered in Brazil was unusual is indicated by Mrs. Peel's statement at the end of the "Forget-Me-Knot", when she said, "He turned up in the jungle, the Brazilian jungle...that's like him," implying that her husband's turning up there was rather unusual.

If Peter Peel is a fake, they why did They make their task of hoodwinking Steed and Mrs. Peel more difficult by having their bogus Peel turn up in Brazil? Yet they could have done little different. If Peter Peel's plane was lost over England, they could not very well have their fake appear on the island; it is too small. And, as an excuse for not having sent at least a post card, he would have to be "found" in an uncivilized spot. Thus, the Brazilian jungle where Peter Peel, after being "lost" for three years, suddenly breaks surface. They very likely expected Mrs. Peel, a young bereaved widow, would be too overwhelmed with joy to stop and question how Peter Peel could have gotten to Brazil.

This, is true, is where they made their first major mistake.

For no flower prone to wilt is our Emma gal. Her shrewd mind probably went into high gear immediately.

Less than a year previously (perhaps slightly more: the time that John Drake or Number Six has been in The Village is difficult to estimate) her brother had mysteriously disappeared. Mrs. Peel is hardly the type to say que sera, que sera. She would have made inquiries. And the appearance of her husband -- and in Brazil -- so soon after the disappearance of her brother would arouse both her curiosity and her suspicion.

[illegible]

interesting! It is, therefore, difficult to resist the conclusion that the Dashing Duo are aware that Foul Play is afoot!

Consider that parting scene. Would not Steed have been considerably more bereft by Mrs. Peel's departure if she were, in truth, leaving for good to be with her husband. There is the stiff upper lip tradition but there are limits even to that. There is the possibility that Steed was considerably mollified by Tara King's arrival. This however, can safely be discounted.

We have observed in "The Curious Case Of The Countless Clues" one of Steed's old girl friends, the thoroughbred aristocratic Janice Flanders. In appearance, she was quite similar to Emma Peel. Tara King is simply not Steed's type, obviously.

Therefore, Steed's not being upset can most satisfactorily be explained by the assumption that he did not consider the parting to be permanent -- that Mrs. Peel was simply leaving on another case. In fact, Mrs. Peel advised Steed to always keep his bowler on in times of stress (a reference to the possibility of a blow from behind, from someone who was supposedly going to be his aide?).

Has Steed guessed that Tara King is a double agent? Is he operating with her in order to allay Their suspicion and also to keep an eye on her, lest she harm the organisation? And keeping her alive until the time comes for her to reveal all she knows of The Village conspiracy?

Steed and Mrs. Peel have, in the past, often split up to work on separate facets of a case. But they have always attacked the same case simultaneously. Can it be any different now? Obviously Mrs. Peel has gone with the man who (altered by plastic surgery, no doubt) claims to be her husband, fully aware that she is going into a trap. And equally obviously, Steed has stayed behind, fully aware that his new assistant is a double agent. Appearances to the contrary, the Dashing Duo has not been torn asunder and the two are operating together against what may well prove to be their most formidable adversary.

Admittedly, one flaw exists in my reasoning. Tara King herself. The identified agents of The Village that we have seen have been efficient -- almost superhumanly so. Yet, Tara King appears to be somewhat less than bright. If, however, we examine the record more

closely, we find that the clumsy Miss King is capable of operating quite efficiently when her life is in danger and is busy repelling all enemies. This contradicts her lacklustre appearance to such an extent that we are driven to conclude that her unprepossessing appearance is merely a pose, a sham. She is actually a conscious agent of the international Village conspiracy, and quite a deadly one too.

Where is Mrs. Peel now? In The Village, obviously, now under a number rather than a name, preparing to bore from within as soon as she joins forces with her brother, John Drake, or #6.

Only time will tell.

Will Steed, at some time in the near future, truss up his treacherous assistant and apply the thumbscrews in order to learn the location of The Village? Will he then attack from without as Emma Peel and Brother John Drake storm the establishment from within, their collective puissance bringing down the whole shebang like a badly stacked house of cards?

Maybe this will prove out to the longest example of purely spacious reasoning since William Baring-Gould "proved" that Nero Wolfe was the grandson of Sherlock Holmes and Irene Adler, "The Woman" of Canon fame. Maybe.

-Hank Davis-

* * * * *

MRS. EMMA KNIGHT PEEL

-by Lohr McKinstry-

Emma Peel's maiden name was Knight.

In the may 16, 1966 episode of The Avengers, titled "The House That Jack Built", scripted by Brian Clemens, this fact is revealed. In the episode, you will recall that Emma is induced to enter a computer-controlled room in an old house...one with literally no escape. After being subjected to nightmarish tortures of the mind, she manages to make hash of the logic centers of the diabolically-oriented computer and saves herself anyways. In the room from which she seemingly cannot leave, there is a closed circuit TV monitor. Newspaper headlines are flashed on the screen, and the first of them reads: "Widow of Test Pilot Takes Over Knight Industries - Result Of Father's Death". The second goes like this: "Professor Keller Of Knight Electronics Discharged For Incompetence." Finally the last, "Emma Knight Peel Sells Knight Industries."

Having revealed the motive, the rest of the segment is devoted to the revenge Prof. Keller intends to reap for Mrs. Peel's firing him. It turns out that Keller is long dead and his body is sealed in a large glass cube. His Computers are simply carrying out his programmed commands. When Emma finally sabotages The Machine and everything blows apart, so does the cube.

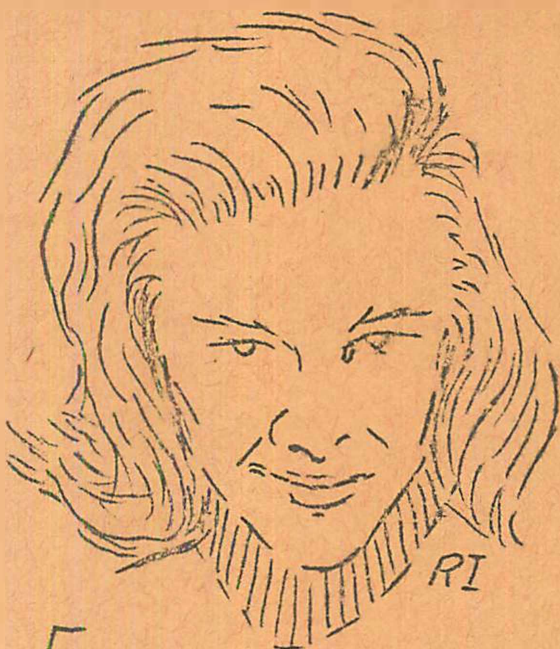
But the episode proves without doubt that before she became the villain-smashing Mrs. Emma Peel, she was just Miss Emma Knight.

Editorial comment: Dammit! Though logic be agin me, I much do prefer the heroically romantic notion of Mrs. Peel and Number Six taking apart The Village stone by stone. *sigh* Is there no justice in the world?

-R. Schultz-

news and notes





CATHY
GALE

BEYOND BELIEF is a semi-documentary study of that abominable series of sexually aberrated murders known as the Moors Murders, concerning a number of people like little kids. The murderers, Ian Brady and Myra Hindley used to watch THE AVENGERS during the Cathy Gale days for the sight of Honor Blackman in her kinky leather suits.

I could think of better endorsements. Still, as Alfred Hitchcock remarked upon hearing that a double-murderer had committed his second crime after seeing "Psycho"; "And what did he do before the first murder? Drink a glass of milk?"

Whilst some professional bleeding hearts continue to berate violence on the telly, I keep remembering that the cultured intellectualism of the Victorian era created Ypres, Verdun and Belleau. No single thing can be responsible for sicknesses like Ian Brady or Marshall Haig.

End of soap-box.

The following is a ABC, Ltd. official release on the early AVENGERS.

FILE ONE: BACKGROUND TO OPERATION AVENGER
Exhilarating, surprising and popular. How did it all begin? The first series went "on air" in January, 1961, with Ian Hendry and Patrick MacNee as amateur and professional undercover men (Conscience and Cynicism?) in hot pursuit of villainy. After a year it was grounded by the actor's strike. In May 1962, a new series - the first in the now familiar format -

went into production with Honor Blackman as a glamorous new version of Conscience, and Patrick MacNee as an even more sharply drawn avenger. It was screened in a 26-week season that ended in March 1963. Since then another series of 26 episodes has been in production at ABC-TV's Taddington Studios.

Usually it takes several months for a television series to make any real impression on public taste; for its own particular flavour to be absorbed as part of the popular folk lore. But to the delight of all who have had a hand in getting THE AVENGERS firmly fixed as a favourite Saturday night adventure hour, it's early success was a striking exception.

Two of the contributory factors to this success - and to the fact that THE AVENGERS has now grown into a 'rave' - have been the complete dedication and lively enthusiasm of Patrick MacNee and Honor Blackman. Despite working a seven day week for months on end (and often rehearsing two shows at once), both stars have sacrificed a great deal of their limited 'off' time to activities that help build the show. They throw themselves into judo and gymnastic sessions to train for their fights, stand by for endless costume fittings, and become involved in daily script discussions with the producer, directors and writers. On top of this they also manage to fit in all the personal appearances and press interviews which their popularity has brought in its wake.

The team behind THE AVENGERS are just as keen. They see their programme as a punchy, well-laced brew of the old thriller formula; an up-to-the-minute shake-up of a cocktail that has delighted high and lowbrow ever since it was first devised. They relish its bizarre tongue-in-cheek quality, and refuse to treat it seriously - except in their own terms; as an hour of slick, sophisticated and highly entertaining melodrama done in a light manner and great skill."

HONOR BLACKMAN REPORTING Unlike Patrick MacNee, I'm a native Londoner through and through. I was born here, went to school here and trained as an actress here - at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

Starting out as an actress can be a frighteningly frustrating experience for a young girl, so I count my early break as an understudy in the West End production of "The Guinea Pig" as a slice

of enormous good luck. It led to a film and eventually to a contract with the Rank Organisation that gave me a chance of playing a whole host of good parts. Unfortunately though, most of these were of the sweet, fair-haired English girl variety. So when the opportunity of playing a character like Catherine Gale came my way, it was like a breath of fresh air.

The first few weeks were extremely difficult. For a time I wondered if I hadn't perhaps bitten off more than I could chew. But then, with the enthusiastic support of my husband, Maurice Kaufmann (whom I'd married six months before), I began to cope with the task of licking Cathy into the beginnings of what she is now. Everybody had ideas of what she was going to be like. And all of us, including Leonard White, who was then the producer, wondered how the public were going to receive this 'way-cut' woman who was starting to evolve.

As far as we were concerned; the more she took shape, and the more our image of her crystallised, the more we liked her. Imagine our extra delight then when we found that people were thrilled by her way-outness - were even prepared to take more.

I have now grown to live with - and love - Cathy Gale. Projecting her image on the TV screen has, I am certain, helped the adjustment of public opinion to the acceptance of women as equal partners in life.

PORTRAIT OF CATHY GALE With her leather jerkin, breeches, and thigh-high boots, Cathy Gale is a symbol of the jet-age woman. But she is not all fashion-setter and sleek glamour girl. Under the cool and avant-garde exterior hides an intelligent, forthright and completely capable woman. As the old saying goes: "There are no flies on her!"

Unlike Steed, she is not a professional undercover agent. But her existence is known and accepted by Steed's superiors and from time to time they call upon her to assist them in a case. In actual fact - or in this case fiction - she is a professional anthropologist who returned to this country after her husband, a Kenya farmer, was killed by the Mau Mau. She is loyal, honest, compassionate, and essentially humanitarian. In as much as she is quick-witted and very able to look after herself, she is more than a match for anyone, including Steed. But her attitude to any mission is totally different. The end can never justify the means for her. She cares

about people and cannot use them as ruthlessly as the cynical Steed does. Also, unlike Steed, she finds it necessary to carry a gun - and knows how to use it. Apart from having a thorough knowledge of firearms, she drives a car (and motorcycle) fast and well, is an expert mechanic and photographer, and a dab hand at Judo. In many ways she is probably envied secretly by most women.

Her flat is modern and functional, predominantly press-button controlled. Her kitchen is superbly equipped and all the rooms have sliding doors. In the lounge there is a concealed cocktail cabinet and - a neat trick - magnetic chess board which reveals a telephone when reversed. To make life just that much easier, a television monitor screen shows her who is at the door, and her photographic studio contains the most modern equipment. We never see her bedroom; in fact, now I come to think of it, we never see Cathy relax at all - unless she is reclining on one of her uncomfortable-looking backless sofas to await the arrival of Steed with another deceptively simple job for her to risk life and limb in carrying out!

FASHION: PERFECT COVER FOR THE SUCCESSFUL AGENT All critics consider Steed's

taste in clothes to be the best on TV.

Patrick MacNee chooses most of them himself, as he feels they should reflect his own personality. The suits are custom made and never deviate far from what is essentially an Edwardian line. An evening coat in navy mohair has a black velvet collar and gold satin lining. Also for evening wear, he has a single-breasted tuxedo, with lapels and cuffs faced with black satin and edged with braid.

His everyday clothes continue this line of extravagance. A chain-striped Edwardian suit has cuffs and waistcoat edged with black braid and black braid buttons. Essential accessories are his bowlers; in black and brown, some with curly brims. His umbrellas are also specially made; one contains a sword stick, another makes an effective rifle and a third contains a hidden compartments which conceal maps, sextant and compass.

For more casual wear Steed has two Hardy Amies blazers in rough Irish tweed in a style which Patrick MacNee calls "Chinese admiral".

Right from the start of the new-

style AVENGERS, ABC-TV was convinced of one thing - that Cathy Gale should be a leader of fashion.

So when recording began in May, 1962 fashion expert Michael Whittaker was asked to advise on what line Cathy's clothes should take to keep ahead of current fashions throughout the '62/'63 Season. He designed four basic outfits for Cathy; predicted that man-tailored styles and high boots were coming into vogue. As this was absolutely in line with Cathy's character and the job she had to do, her entire wardrobe was planned with an eye to these trends. Patrick MacNee himself suggested that Honor Blackman should have a 'fighting suit' made in leather to withstand the rigours of her encounters with villains - and by the end of the season a legend was born.

The interest viewers showed in Cathy and her clothes grew so great that when ABC started planning the present season, they decided to seek the the most far-sighted and revolutionary authorities for aid so that that season might have on women's clothes the very greatest effect possible. So London courturier Frederick Starke was asked to design a completely new wardrobe for Cathy, and this was worn by Honor Blackman in fifteen out of the twenty-six episodes this season (eleven stories were completed before Mr. Starke's designs became available).

It has even been reported that Cathy's clothes have started a new fashion in pin-ups. The photographers of a leading Fleet Street tabloid have taken down their pictures of unclad ladies, and substituted elegantly dressed Honor Blackman.

THE MEN YOU NEVER SEE... Born and educated in Scotland, John

Bryce first came to London as a script writer. After a year with a film company he joined one of the ITV Companies as a drama story editor in the '50's. In 1960 he moved to ABC Television as a Story Editor on ARMCHAIR THEATRE. He moved on to THE AVENGERS when the Series first started and became it's Producer in December 1962. Of THE AVENGERS production team, he says: "We are very sensitive to criticism, and I keep a constant watch for the hardening of the arteries which means a 'formula' series. We must therefore always feel excited about what we are doing. We have to try harder. A year of hard work goes into making 26 episodes and if at any time we find it boring, that boredom would quickly show on the screen. (86)

THE STORY EDITOR Richard Bates is the third of four children of author H.E. Bates, but bears no resemblance to the Larkins family; although he was born in July 1937 near Ashford in Kent, where his parents have lived since they came south from Northamptonshire.

In October 1962, after two years as a freelance writer and twelve months with a film studio, Mr. Bates went to ABC-TV. He says: "In order to maintain the already high standard of THE AVENGERS I invited over a dozen top professionals to utterly just let their imaginations run riot, on new scripts. I wanted them to be exciting, but fun, unusual but comprehensive, different but still adventurous. Nothing could be too good, every episode had to be about something new and presented in an exciting way. I think that on most occasions we succeeded, and the final credit for the high standard of this present series must go to the script writers."

PUTTING AN EPISODE ON RECORD Months before an episode of THE AVENGERS is transmitted, work has started for the team who made it. The Story Editor has found the best possible available story. He has had endless meetings and discussions with the writers who create the adventures; chosen the one best able to present it. The idea may have come from the Story Editor or the Writer.

It may have started as only one word (diamonds) or a character (blind millionaire). Sorting out the 'story line' may have taken only a few hours or several months. And only when it has received the Producer's blessing can the Writer start work on the script.

VTR (Video-Tape Recording) PLUS SIX WEEKS. When the script is ready it is handed to the Director and his Designer. They read it and discuss it with the Producer, and any changes they feel should be made are quickly passed back to the writer.

VTR PLUS 4 WEEKS. The Director now gets down to the complicated task of translating ten thousand words on paper into a television drama.

During these early days he must decide exactly how he wants the sets built - and they may range from a graveyard to a private zoo. Once they have settled on this, and the Director is sure they will fit comfortably into the studio, the Designer draws up plans for

the construction department. At this point the Director turns to the problems of casting the characters. Here he is assisted by the AVENGER's Casting Director, Tony Arnell, who must be able to advise him on the abilities and limitations of every actor in the country. With only about three days left before the start of rehearsal, the Director ~~next~~ turns his attention to working out all the moves the actors will make, and how he will cover the scenes with his cameras.

VTR PLUS 2 WEEKS. The cast, with Patrick MacNee and Honor, the Director, Story Editor, Wardrobe Mistress, and Make-Up Supervisor, assemble in one of the large rehearsal rooms at ABC's Teddington studios. On the floor the shape and size of the sets have been marked out in coloured tape so that the actors know what room they will have to move in.

There will be a few props; a table, a chair, or two, perhaps a gun.

To start with, the cast will simply read through the script and then discuss it fully. Later that afternoon the Director will start getting the action. It will take at least the next five days to finalise the moves and dialogue. The actors may feel a point in a scene has been missed, or perhaps over-stressed. In which case the Director will call for the Writer - or in his absence, the Story Editor, - and any small changes will be made.

During the 2nd week rehearsals are attended by the Producer to see that the performances are to his satisfaction, and the Story Editor will check that no changes have been made which might affect the story. The cameramen, lighting and sound technicians also attend so that they may be aware of any difficulties that might arise as early as possible.

VTR PLUS 2 DAYS. The sets have now been constructed in the

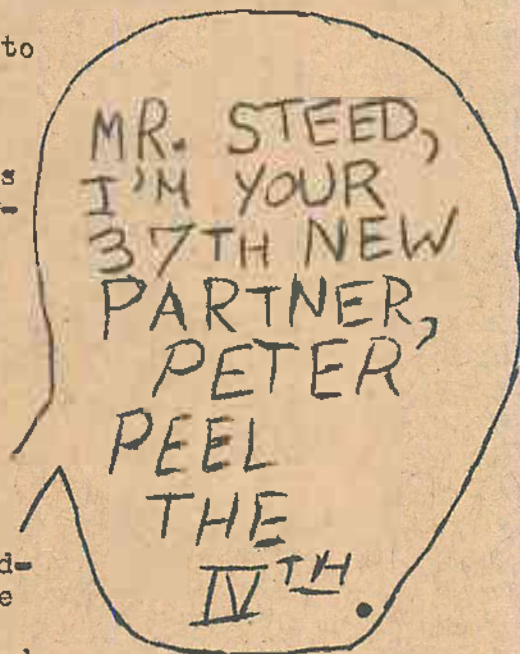
studio, and the most difficult part lies ahead - setting the cameras to the play. This takes a whole day; but by the end of it both cast and crew will know exactly what is required of them.

VTR. The day that sees the climax of the past six weeks of concentrated work has arrived. During the afternoon there is a dress rehearsal and then, in the early evening, comes the final performance. Everything falls smoothly into place, the video-tape recorders roll, and another episode of THE AVENGERS is in 'the can.'

INDEX OF OTHER AGENTS:

Principal Writers:

Brian Clemens - one of Britain's best thriller writers, and winner of the Edgar Allan Poe Award for thriller writing in the USA in 1963.



HW

Roger Marshall - worked in Hollywood on several top TV series. Has also worked on films, wrote the script of PRIZE OF ARMS.

Eric Paice - has probably written more scripts for television than anyone else in this country, and has contributed to THE AVENGERS since the first series began in 1961.

Malcolm Hulke - another long-standing AVENGERS writer. His work has also been seen in ABC's ARM* CHAIR THEATRE, and in the popular PATH-FINDERS series for children.

Martin Woodhouse - ex-doctor turned writer. Finds that his medical knowledge provides an inexhaustible supply of exciting materials for television.

Other contributors this season include: Philip Chambers, Rex Edwards, John Lucarotti and Ludovic Peters.

Directors:

Bill Bain - an Australian with more than thirty shows to his credit.

Kim Mills - worked his way up from crewing in films, joined the Drama Department of ABC-TV as an AVENGERS director in 1962.

Don Leaver - began as an actor with his heart set on being a television director. Joined ABC-TV on the POLICE SURGEON series. ((-Editor: the POLICE SURGEON telly series was relatively short-lived, but it gave birth to the idea of one of the characters, a Dr. Keel, continuing in his own series. The series was called...THE AVENGERS.))



Peter Hammond - another actor turned Director. In between has also turned his hand to writing. Helped to start THE AVENGERS, and has stayed with it.

Laurence Bourne - an Irishman who came to ABC-TV from the scheme for Trained Directors in Repertory Theatres sponsored by the Company.

HONOR TRAVELS BY PARTY LINE (Photo with accompanying text. Photo shows Honor Blackman climbing up the wing of a small private plane and another man giving her a hand into the cabin.) Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe, 39, is already aboard...and leaning out of the plane's cabin to help actress Honor Blackman, also 39. Mr. Thorpe and Miss Blackman, an enthusiastic campaigner for the Liberal Party flew yesterday from Elstree, Herts., to Barnstaple.

There they attended a fete held by Mr. Thorpe's North Devon constituency.

His wife, Caroline, 30, travelled to Barnstaple by train with her mother on Friday."

-Daily News, March 29, '68.-

It might also interest some of you out there to know that Honor Blackman's judo skills that made her such a favourite amongst the ladies is for real. In the March/April JUDO ILLUSTRATED a very short article was run on her judo skills and movie fame.

THE HONOR BLACKMAN STORY Few persons who have achieved fame as movie and television performers have done so much to popularize judo as Honor Blackman, who is featured on the cover of this issue of JUDO ILLUSTRATED. Not only has she thrilled audiences in the British Isles through her adroit squelching of offensive villains with effective judo techniques in a long-run television series, and in her recent "Goldfinger" movie, but she has written a book on judo to help women learn the art of self-defence. For two years, before she won the coveted role as the new James Bond heroine, Pussy Galore, in "Goldfinger", Honor Blackman was the rage of British television.

Every Thursday night, she kept millions of British males up past their normal bedtimes to watch her slam an

assertment of thugs into the wall on THE AVENGERS series. With her black leather fighting suit and hip-length boots, she also set a trend for kinky clothes that still dominates much of British fashion.

"I loved playing Cathy Gale, girl judo expert, because she got me away from the understanding-wife roles," says the curvaceous, girl-slim actress. "But I'm glad it's over. Each weekend I had to look down and count the bruises every time I crossed my legs."

Now under a long-term contract to Eon Productions, makers of the popular Bond films, Miss Blackman is enjoying a revitalization of the screen career that began more than 15 years ago when she was first signed as a star. Following the premiere of "Goldfinger", she has been sought for starring roles in more than a dozen international films.

Now a frankly admitted 37 years of age, Honor is considered to be the outstanding mature leading lady in British films. Born and educated in London, she was signed to her first contract in 1947 and appeared in starring roles in such early productions as "Fame Is The Spur", "Quartet", and "A Night To Remember." Then she was off the screen for more than six years.

"I'm not at all bitter that I have had to wait so long for success in films," says the forthright Miss Blackman. "It was a question of the film catching up with me. Frankly, I resented playing the perennial English Rose, and I'm afraid that, until just recently, screen writers didn't know about any other kind of woman."

As Pussy Galore, the hard-bitten personal pilot of millionaire Auric Goldfinger, she has encountered few of the cliches of British film-making. Dressed in tasty fur and white leather suits, with appropriately low-cut blouses, Honor manages to throw James Bond on his ear before succumbing to his charm. No other actress in the screen history of Ian Fleming's dashing hero can make that claim.

"Of course, there's nothing difficult about playing a girl like Pussy," she laughs. "There's no one like her in real life, so I merely had to give her the larger-than-life authority that distinguished Agent 007."

In the same way that she conscientiously studied judo for her role as Cathy Gale, Honor began taking flying lessons at Biggin Hill Airfield shortly after the film ended.

"They offered me one free lesson for publicity purposes during production," (89)

she says. "And once I had some free time, I decided that flying might be a useful thing to know. Now I have only six more lessons before I can apply for my pilot's license."

A blue-eyed natural blonde with an exciting speaking voice, Honor was recently asked to record her first LP album as a singer. Although she has never trained as a singer, her album - "All I've Got" - is expected to be a big seller in Great Britain.

In addition to her judo lessons (she is now in the Yellow Belt class) and her flying instructions, Honor is an avid soccer fan.

-anonymous-

As you probably realize these so-called "starring" roles in her earlier movies were character parts...good for her career but not putting her name on the marquee. I just wish I could see some of those early video-tape AVENGERS though.... *Sigh*

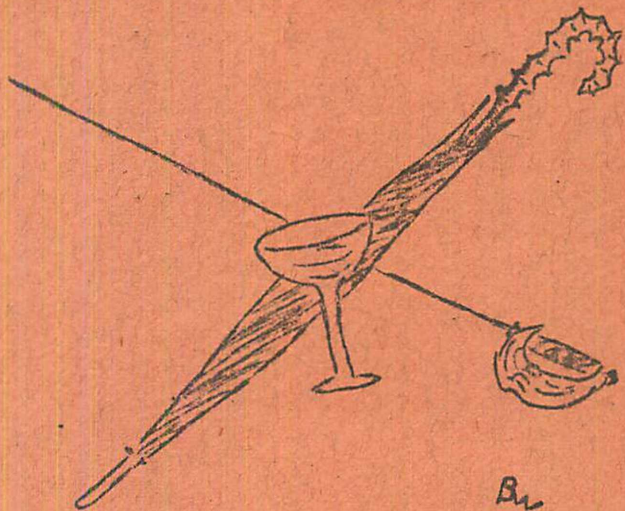
Meanwhile, Honor continues to be a regular face in the West End theatre world and in occasional television drama spots, such as ABC-TV's ARMOCHAIR THEATRE. Here's a mention of one such.

SECOND PLAY IN ANGLIA TRILOGY Three plays, all set in Chelsea and dealing with events that come to a head against the background of the King's Road in 1968, have been written for Anglia-TV by Kenneth Jupp. The first, "The Photographer", was shown by Anglia on the Independent Television network earlier this year, and the second, "The Explorers," will be shown next Monday. The third in the trilogy, "The Tycoon", will be shown in December.

Kenneth Jupp says that the plays are "very autobiographical" but only in the sense that they contain elements of his own experience, and deal with characters and spheres of life that he has known, even if only as a peripheral observer. He has never been a photographer, an explorer or a tycoon and none of the characters is based upon himself.

"The Explorer", which stars Michael Bryant, Honor Blackman, Jack Hedley, Francesca Annis and Anthony Nichols, was inspired by headline stories of a young British explorer who went from Chelsea to the Amazon where he was killed like all his predecessors over the years when attempting to penetrate the unknown jungle of the Matto Grosso.

This is not a true story, but in writing it Kenneth Jupp has drawn on



his own knowledge of Brazil, and he expresses some controversial ideas about the ethics of civilised man's attempts to encroach upon primitive worlds. He is primarily concerned with the Chelsea scene and the emotional jungle that a dead explorer, murdered by natives before the play opens, has left behind him.

Honor Blackman plays Lena Hamilton, the woman he left behind; and Michael Bryant is Erik Pettersen, the friend and rival.

The play is produced by John Jacobs.
Sept. 12, 1968

The above was an anonymous contribution in the Television section of the GUARDIAN. The following is from the Oct. 11, '68 EVENING STANDARD.

HONOR'S CHRISTMAS BOX Star Line-Up For
New £55,000 West
End Musical.

Former Avengers girl Honor Blackman will be hitting London in her new £55,000 musical in time for Christmas.

Honor, starring in her first song and dance role, is to open MR. AND MRS. in the West End on December 11.

The musical will first have its world premiere at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, on Thursday, November 14.

The West End theatre venue for the show will be announced shortly. Also starring will be John Neville and Hylda Baker.

Book, music and lyrics are by John Taylor, and the production is adapted, staged and directed by Ross Taylor.

The show is based on Noel Coward's plays, "Fumed Oak" and "Brief Encounter".

The cast includes Alan Breeze, Liz (00)

Edminston, Leslie Meadows and Ursula Smith, with a company of 20."

-Anthony Lewis-

Unfortunately, the musical did not quite make it really big time. It closed after a bit less than 8 weeks, and Miss Blackman is presumably open once more for offers. I can only hope that the less-than-8-weeks run did at least return the bulk of the investment to the show's angels.

On other fronts, I am still awaiting some word as to when TWIST OF SAND, the latest Honor Blackman flick, will be released.

Her last film, SHALAKO, was noticeable more for the execrable performances of Bridgette Bardot, Sean Connery, the writer, the director, the producer and the film editor, not to mention the bulk of the rest of the cast. Miss Blackman turned in one of the few enjoyable spots in the film.

SHALAKO proves once again that the Spanish make even worse Westerns than the Italians do. Brrrrrrr....

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, by the way, still seems to be having some difficulty in fulfilling orders for the #12 issue, with the two-page spread on the Diana Rigg AVENGERS. Calvin Thomas Beck quite frankly just has a very very shoddy file-system. Have patience and maybe send him a reminder.

But if you find a copy of #7 in some used-magazine place, buy it for the pair of lovely photos inside on page 56 of Honor Blackman and MacNee. She looks quite fetching in that all-leather get-up, but that is more because of the lass inside than anything else.

The article read thusly:

THE BIZARRE AVENGERS The Avengers are avant-garde, kinky, bizarre and tongue-in-cheek; they are exhilarating, punchy and habit-forming. This is how one writer described an hour of the slickest, most strikingly distinctive television ever seen in England.

John Steed (Patrick MacNee) is a wealthy, debonair man-about-town whose facade hides the "secret service" activities of a deliberately ruthless Avenger. He dresses Edwardian style with braided pin-stripe suits, cummerbunds and embroidered waistcoats, and he always carries one of three specially made rolled umbrellas. ... Like Bond, an equally unscrupulous counter-

part, Steed's prime consideration is to render his enemy unconscious with the least inconvenience to himself.

The best tailor is at his command, the top boot-maker and wine-merchant. He frequents the best clubs, plays bridge, bezique, polo, golf and croquet with equal aplomb and reads the Royal Edition of the Times. His elegant Edwardian clothes have set an entirely new fashion for men. Steed does not use any of the more obvious professional Bond symbols - the shoulder holster, the Walther automatic, the cases with tear-gas and hidden knives. Although he seldom uses firearms, he frequently encounters those less elegant individuals who find the need for such accoutrements. One macabre adventure, "The Grandeur That Was Rome" pitted Steed against a bizarre paranoiac who clothed global gangsters in ancient roman togas.

Cathy Gale, Steed's vigorous co-avenger, provided the utmost in way-cut roles for Honor Blackman, who had appeared for many years in "B" pictures as sweet fair-haired girls. With Cathy Gale, fashion expert Michael Whittaker created a new dominant female styled in man-tailored clothes - leather 'fighting suits' - designed to withstand the rigours of judo encounters with villains on whom she practised. Her high kinky boots have become a current fashion.

Cathy Gale, the sex-symbol of the jet-set, is cool, sleek and glamorous - yet completely capable of dominating her opponents. In one episode ((Editor - "The Undertakers"-)), her judo proved more than sufficient to deal with one villain (wrestler Jackie Pallo) who had just finished digging a grave for the redoubtable Mrs. Gale when he was hurled into it by a judo throw and remained unconscious there for the next five minutes.

Unlike Steed, quick-witted Cathy has a thorough knowledge of firearms and carries a gun in either a thigh or ankle holster, drives a fast car and motorcycle, and is an expert mechanic and photographer. She is more than a match for anyone, including Steed. She is envied secretly by women who wish they could treat men the way she does and dress in the hip Avenger style.

It takes time for a television series to make an impact and impression on public taste, for its flavour to be absorbed into popular folklore. One only needs to observe the number of kinky boots and leather jackets about to realize THE AVENGERS success." -Alan Dodd-(91)

The article just run appeared apx. March of 1965, CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN #7.

Additional info on Honor: One of the ARMCHAIR THEATRE shows Honor worked in appeared over here in '67. In fact most of the "ABC Stage '67" presentations were British teevee drama specials. The show in question was: "The Wide Open Door", a spoof starring Tony Randall and Honor Blackman. It was about a pair of mismatched types trying to rob a British bank, a 90-minute colour presentation. Originally aired in this country on the 20th of April, 1967.

It appears that at least one firm in England, D.Lewis, advertises one line of their boots as "Avenger" boots, styled on the original "Avenger" lasts, a form of modified riding boots rather than the more common jackboot or eskimo types more commonly seen on the legs of lasses these days.

E.H.Hausmann, columnist for a number of Canadian papers, had an article in the September 21, 1968 Toronto paper, and mentioned the automobiles being driven about the teevee screen.

IF YOU'RE A CAR BUFF Here's a rundown on the four-wheeled steeds you've been seeing on some English TV shows.

The Prisoner drove a Lotus 7, The Baron had a Jensen, The Saint drives a Volvo Sports, and Patricia Blake (in the Ugliest Girl In Town) drives a Toyota GT 2300 ((Editor-it bespeaks something for Ugliest Girl's taste that it also had the heroine driving a Japanese auto in England, home of the Jaguar, MG, Rolls Royce, Bentley, Astin-Martin and such.)).

Mrs. Emma Peel on "The Avengers" has a Lotus Elan D2, but her replacement, Tara King drives a Jensen 428, and will later use a Lotus Europa, bright red in colour. ((Editor-In private life, Miss Thorson drives a bright green Mustang... just about the only Mustang in England)). Steed, on the same show drove the classic 1929 Bentley (as anyone could tell), but now gets around in a 1926 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost which, for some confounded reason, is painted a bright yellow. (I don't have a color set, so I didn't know this until I read a press release, the same one that gave the rest of this data.)

In private life Patrick MacNee, who plays Steed, owns an "S" type BRG Jaguar."

...An additional note on Linda/Tara's automotive get-about. For her first half-season after FORGET-ME-KNOT she drove a Cobra... But here...

TEARAWAY TARA'S COBRA

ABPC Press Release

"Though Steed continues to drive a vintage Bentley, his youthful colleague Tara King projects her jet-set image in the new series of "The Avengers" with something very much more with-it. Tara's car is the high-performance AC 428 convertible, which sells in Britain for £4,752.

Steed maintains they don't make them like the Bentley anymore and sticks to his relic of the English motoring past, while Tara luxuriates in a car built for the girl who wants a bit extra, with a top speed of 150 m.p.h., and the amazing ability to dawdle at 10-12 miles per hour in top gear, as well.

The 428 convertible is a development from the A.C. Cobra, a luxury model which sold very well in the American market, and won the American manufacturer's Trophy three years running.

The new car is ideal for the tear-away stuff that the Avengers get up to on the country roads of Hertfordshire,

and Steed, though stubbornly hanging on to the Bentley, is sure to drive it whenever he gets the chance."

-Anonymous-

...But the world of Cathy Gale drew to a close and a new luminary was thrust upon the public. Diana Rigg.

FIT AND FIZZY

by Dave Lanning

TV Times (British)

"The world of Diana Rigg is 15,000 square feet, lit by high-voltage bulbs with pungent smells of cigarettes, make-up and mandarin oranges. This is Stage Four, Elstree Studios, the set for THE AVENGERS. Di's world. From eight in the morning until 5:30 in the evening. An unusual world.

Today there is an overgrown Boy Scout lying on a bureau with a bayonet through his chest and Diana and I are practising keep-fit exercises in a quiet corner.

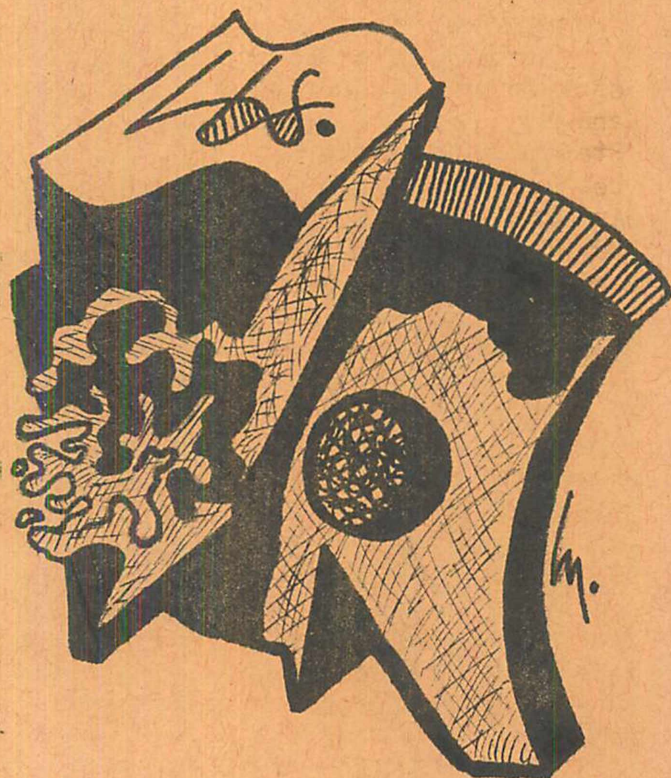
Not that I am worried about my waistline. Sunday morning soccer looks after that. Nor is Diana particularly concerned about hers. But she is rehearsing for an upcoming episode. And, as she throws herself meticulously into every aspect of her role, the only way to talk to her is....join in.

So we are bobbing up and down like sons of the sea and Di, 27, with copper-coloured mane billowing, is talking about life with THE AVENGERS and ignoring my gasps and creaking cartilages.

"It's the life of a mole," she says. "Alarm call at 6:30 a.m. Car waiting for me in the mews. Off to Elstree. In the summer, drove myself in mini. Learned to drive especially for this part, y' know. But the traffic going home...ugh.

"Get to studio. Breakfast. A bacon sandwich, cup of coffee. Make-up. Get hair done for first time. Harry follows me around the rest of the day with brush and comb. Hair like mine needs attention

(92) after every move. On



set, read lines. Never learn them. Memorise during rehearsal."

We are now practising touching our toes. I am distinctly uncomfortable and rather relieved when a cry of "Di, love" sends her scampering away to the set. There's a long, low settee on another set which I discover is fine for regaining composure. Diana, all leotard and lightheartedness, bounds back. Nothing mincing about this girl's stride. She positively gallops..... through life.

But now, she sits. Instantly relaxed, one leg tucked under like a confident schoolgirl, and taking small puffs of her second cigarette of the day.

"Yes, it is a long day," she confides. "But never dull. And I grab an hour's sleep at lunchtime. Just wrap myself in a shawl in my dressing room. Lunch for me is one mandarin orange."

In fact, Di sends out for two pounds of mandarins every morning. The brown paper bag usually finds a niche among the chairs, make-up, dressing gowns and other miscellaneous paraphernalia of the "principals' corner," just off the set.

Everyone helps themselves. Continuity girl, Di's stand-in, sound mixers, chippies. Hence the almost continuous sniff of mandarins on THE AVENGERS ad.

There's a community spirit generally about the series. Everyone contributes to a "Sweetie Box" on the Sound Mixer's desk. Di usually chips in fruit drops.

Lunchtime, Diana Rigg, alias Emma Peel, hits her dressing room camp bed. I head for a pub for a glass of what's worth waiting for.

Afternoon. Another brisk exercising session for Di - "just to wake myself up." Back on set for a long rehearsal and take.

I reflect: this is quite a girl. Serious. Yet delightfully fizzy and dizzy. Willowy, almost Amazonian, but devastatingly feminine. A down-to-earth Yorkshire lass (from Leeds) with a sharp sense of humour and a booming laugh.

Has the priceless ability to laugh at herself, too. Like the time she was playing Lady MacDuff in a matinee performance of "MacBeth". She relishes the memory of how, as Lady MacDuff, she is murdered and sinks to the floor as (93)

the lights dim.

"I had to crawl off stealthily under cover of darkness," she recalled. "But this time the lights went on again too quickly and the astounded audience watched goggle-eyed as the 'murdered' Lady MacDuff galloped off on all fours."

Five thirty. Studio day over. Di looks outside. It's dark. It's the life of a mole. She is still bubbling. The evening holds Di's only real meal of the day. Probably cooks it herself.

Her specialty is lamb, done with peaches and garlic. After her meal, probably a book. She doesn't watch television; doesn't even own a set.

Nights are strictly for sleeping. For recharging seemingly inexhaustible batteries. Tomorrow's alarm call is always just around the corner.

I, too, have had a hard day -- just keeping pace with this energetic unassuming actress that Emma Peel has transformed into an international star.

But I'm grateful for one thing. At least Di has not been rehearsing for a punch-up in THE AVENGERS. I wouldn't fancy my chances as a karate sparring partner."

-November, 1965-

* * * * *

Introduced and grudgingly accepted by the British still very much in love with Mrs. Cathy Gale, Mrs. Peel still made inroads upon the hearts of those who continued to watch THE AVENGERS.

Sometimes people appeared on the show who were celebrities in England and were complete unknowns here in the States. Such a one was Bill Fraser, better known as the Snudge of "Bootsie And Snudge", a British situation comedy team famed in the very late fifties and early sixties Over There. Hence...

'SNUDGE' IS A COLONEL

-Anonymous, DAILY NEWS-

"It was quite like old times. The eyes bulged, the moustache twitched and the voice spluttered "Not never, not nohow, suh."

Yes - Snudge. But a private performance only. The "Not never" was Bill Fraser's answer to our query if Bootsie and Snudge were ever likely to be seen on our screens again.

"I played Snudge for six years and that was long enough," says Bill. "I'm still trying to shake off that Snudge tag. I've done a large



variety of roles since then, but people still call me Snudge. Viewers have long memories."

Bill says his only regret about giving up Snudge is that he can't team up with Alfie Bass.

"We live quite near to each other and we meet regularly for a drink and a giggle," he says, "But it is still too soon after Bootsie And Snudge for us to appear together on television."

Although he has a comedy series running on BBC at the moment, Bill prefers straight character parts such as he has on THE AVENGERS story on Saturday: "Small Game For Big Hunters." He can also be seen on Friday in one of THE LIARS stories.

He's enthusiastic about his AVENGERS role as a Poona-type colonel who tries to re-create for himself conditions out East in the back garden of his English country home.

-TENTED-

Says Bill: "This colonel has covered over his back garden with a tent so that he can control the temperature. He has servants and lives life exactly as he did out East. It's a wonderful part."

Bill was able to use his own observation in portraying this character because when out

East for several years in the RAF and then on acting tours, he came across several Poona-type colonels. Snudge, in fact, was based on RAF warrant officers he met out East.

He plays this role wearing an eye-patch but it is not part of his make-up. He damaged his eye in his home in Mill Hill, London, and doctors insisted that he wear a patch. Fortunately it fitted in very well with the character of the slightly crazy colonel.

The exotic settings of the Colonel's back garden gives viewers a chance to see Diana Rigg in a sarong and Patrick MacNee swinging Tarzan-fashion through the trees.

-HER NEW WARDROBE-

In 15 weeks time THE AVENGERS' Diana Rigg has had only 3 chances to wear her new wardrobe, designed by John Bates at Jean Varon -- but from now until the end of the series in March, Diana will be seen in her new clothes."

-November, 1965-

* * * * *

TWO NEW SKILLS

*Anonymous, DAILY MAIL-
February 1966-

"As the ever-adventurous Steed and Emma Peel, Patrick MacNee and Diana Rigg have added two other skills -- archery and the trampoline -- to the scores in which they have gained some knowledge during the making of THE AVENGERS.

Their latest accomplishments are seen in Saturday's episode, THE MASTER MINDS. Neither stars professed knowledge of either bow or trampoline and a busy shooting schedule only left them time to acquire basic tips in archery from expert George Fisher and in tuition and use of the trampoline from stunt director Ray Austin.

Great proficiency as archers was not acquired, though each star had to shoot a couple of arrows. Diana noticed that -- like Patrick -- her bow arm curved naturally inward when she adopted shooting stance. Consequently, when they let their arrows fly the bow string forcibly struck this part of their holding arm and they both ended up with nasty bruises.

It is perhaps surprising that Patrick has not used a bow before, for through his Mother's family, he can claim descent from the legendary Robin Hood.

"I think Robin would excuse me though," quips Patrick. "I don't think that he could have managed the weapons of his ancestors."

Diana also turned in a fairly competent performance on the 'tramp', although she sustained grazed elbows and a 24-hour bout of stiff muscles in mastering the art.

Despite these hardships, Diana found the trampoline exhilarating and tremendous fun. So much so that Patrick, who had looked on enviously as his co-star rubber-balled to

the ceiling, decided that he too wanted to try the sport.

-KEEPING FIT * REGULARLY-

Ray Austin thought that as the trampoline had proved such a success with the stars it would be the best means of keeping them both fit for their rigorous escapades as Steed and Emma, so permission was obtained for the exercise machine to be retained at the studios for the run of the series.

Now whenever a fight or otherwise strenuous sequences are scheduled for THE AVENGERS, Patrick and Diana spend what free moments they can trampolining to get in trim.

Indeed the tramp kick has secured such a hold on them that they are planning to go three-ways with Ray Austin in a trampoline of their own."

* * *

Another show from those Golden days when Mrs. Peel and Steed defeated diabolical masterminds in black&white.

NIGHTMARE SANTA FROM THE AVENGERS

-by Kari Anderson

-Stage & Television Today

-December 30, 1965

"Patrick MacNee in fantasy land; John Steed having his mind got at by extra-sensory influence or telepathy, or something, so that his nightmares turned into reality. Christmas twisted into sinister shapes, dressed up in Dickensian costumes, one of which made Emma Peel (Diana Rigg) a fetching Oliver Twist -- and incidentally, fitted her out with tight trousers appropriate to the most vigorous fight scene I have yet seen her play.

Steed was cast as Carton, headed, presumably, for the guillotine. All these panto-like Christmas festivities and gambolings were counterpointed by sinister machinations of the gang resident in the stately home to which Steed and Emma came as guests. Four of the villains, seated about a table with a likeness of Steed in front of each, kept putting him to sleep, trying to get at his mind and to force him to reveal some unspecified secret. With Emma's help, he kept them at bay. The whole fantasmagoria reached its peak in a room where Emma's fight with the gang -- Steed lying unconscious most of the time -- was reflected in a myriad of distorting mirrors.

The whole show -- "Too Many Christmas Trees" -- was a visual feast for which director Roy Baker is to be

thanked. Tony Williamson's script achieved a nice blend of comic and sinister. Patrick MacNee moved through it all with his traditional aplomb. Diana Rigg is beginning to show her stuff as Emma, still recognisable as having been created in Cathy Gale's image, but with pleasant and amusing idiosyncrasies all her own.

The three "baddies" -- Jeanette Sterke, Alex Scott, and Robert James -- had evil written all over them. Edwin Richfield, psychiatrist, had all the marks of the sinister character he wasn't, while Mervyn Johns was all affable and hospitable host until he was revealed as the king-pin of the gang, Steed's nightmare Santa Claus. Barry Warren was the worried young man who had got Emma and Steed into the house, and met a nasty end in the Great Expectations room when he took fright and tried to help them."

* * *

The end result of all this? A success that astounded everyone, including Diana Rigg herself. TV Times--the TV Guide of England -- ran a 3-part "interview" of Diana Rigg, which ran heavily to reprints of press releases and some real tidbits of information garnered either personally or by intentional cribbing from other personal interviews. Since this is EN GARDE #6 and #2...where the DiRigg "profile" appeared...is so very long out of print, I'm reprinting it intact for the benefit of all our new readers.

THE GIRL BEHIND EMMA PEELE

by Henry Gris

TV TIMES

Oct. 1967

...."The two worlds of actress Rigg... above, as Emma Peel of THE AVENGERS; a series seen in 40 countries; men feast their eyes on her while muttering endearments in 22 languages. Right, Diana as she is to herself...."

"Diana Rigg has returned to Shakespearean acting -- she is the female lead in a film version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

As far as she was concerned, it was the most wonderful thing that had happened to her in years.

She had been Emma Peel's alter

ego so long she had to get away - - or else.

"I had become paranoid," she assured me, "with an underlying urge to pack and run. It is a curious thing. People who have never been subjected to it can never really understand what it means.

"I can only describe it as a sense of panic that seizes you when you are Diana to yourself and you are walking down the street. An instant later, you are somebody else to a lot of people who behave as if you belong to them.

"If you are quite a private person, which I am, this seems an intrusion on my privacy. I just have to run."

"Mind you," she adds, with an apologetic smile, "I am not ungrateful. I will be the last to minimise what television has done for me. It is a phenomenon, a miracle medium that can accomplish in six months what takes six years on the stage. Suddenly, you are famous. Suddenly, everybody knows you.

"The point is, though, that you are not yourself. Only the other person you portray in the series. That person is of necessity imposed by television, one-dimensional. You ask yourself - - is it worth it?"

It should be. In the three years that Diana Rigg has spent in THE AVENGERS she has been catapulted into a position of bargaining power.

Hollywood producers have offered £100,000 to work in one film. It seems they would go higher, if that is what she wants. But she has turned them down.

"So far I have not been offered anything I want," she says. "I don't want a long-term contract. As an actress I will work where and for whom I want, if the project is exciting enough.

"If a script is good and they have a director I can trust, then I will do it."

Really it is a matter of time. The big, international film-makers are confident they will have lassoed this high-spirited long-legged English girl long before Emma Peel loses her hold on the masses - if ever she does.

THE AVENGERS is eagerly watched each week in 40 countries, and Emma Peel (Mrs.) is the series irrepressible whimsical Amazon of the jet set. Men feast their eyes on her while muttering endearments in 22 languages, and their women try to emulate her - - but they never will, of course.

Consumption of champagne the world over has been increasing ever since John Steed and Emma Peel began toasting each other in the bubbly stuff, from the television tube.

"Avengerwear" - - Emma's fancy "eat" suits and things - - is reaching the shelves and racks of department stores all over the world.

"Emma Peel's" international fan mail, still growing by leaps and bounds, promises to assume astronomical figures before the winter is out.

Diana never touches this mail and has enlisted mother, in Leeds, to head the Emma Peel fan mail operation.

Says Diana: "We have this room at home, measuring 20ft. by 15ft., and it is full of letters. More are delivered each day - all addressed to me.

"I am supposed to answer them. But I can't, and that worries me deeply. I get persecuted by the mere thought that there's an obligation which I am not willing to fulfill.

"That is where mother comes in. She reads, and she answers. And I feel ashamed. But I can't help it.

"People have made up their minds to identify me with a fantasy of theirs on television. In their minds they want to have a relationship with me based on fantasy which can take any form.

"I have heard from my mother that there have been letters from children saying: 'You look like my dead mother and so I write to you.' I think that is terrifying."

The story of Diana Rigg is, in a way, the story of two women - the real one and the imaginary one. They are identical twins.

The conflict within this beautiful and intelligent young woman, who is just a little older than 29, reminds me of the case of Sean Connery, alias James Bond.

In Connery's case, though, there was resentment. Connery, the man, gradually developing such a passionate hatred for the image he had created that he refused to continue as Bond even at a million dollars a throw.

He made his last two Bond films under protest. Bond made him a multi-millionaire, but you cannot escape the feeling that he would settle for half this amount if his identity remained - that of himself and not of the slick, women-loving, superb and deadly Secret Agent 007.

Emma Peel has some of the same qualities as 007, well-screened and suppressed, to fit into a family-watching hour on television.

The imuendo, contained in the name has been a source of Diana's unconcealed unhappiness.

Asked what imuendo, she blushes and confides in a conspiratorial whisper: "Believe it or not, Emma Peel is a phonetical transposition of "M Appeal", the M in this case standing for Men. In other words, "Men Appeal." Isn't it a scream? Sorry that I blush."

She adds wistfully: "I wanted to be Lady Peel, not for any grandiose reasons, but simply because it seemed to get some rather good comments over on the English aristocracy. Of course they wouldn't do it."

"They" being the producers who have been running the show like a tightly-run ship.

Not unlike Sean Connery after "Goldfinger", Diana Rigg said goodbye to THE AVENGERS on the last day of a contractual stay at an ITV studio in Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire, last August 31st.

"They" were highly hopeful that she would be back, if not immediately, then later.

The production schedule could be stretched to accommodate her, she was reminded. A new regime was taking command of the series, and this, it was felt, would offer Diana an incentive.

She was not sure. But on the last day of the last batch at the close of shooting at 5:20 p.m. she produced a bottle of her favourite champagne to toast her co-star and co-workers.

They had become a closely knit family, and she would miss them if she were not to come back.

"I am devoted to Patrick," she says, referring to co-star Patrick MacNee, who plays John Steed. "I'm frightened of minimising him by talking about him, because it always sounds so glib, but he's an extremely generous and gentle and marvellous man."

They are comrades-in-arms on television. Off screen they are the best of friends, but that is all. MacNee married a second time during the series. Again to quote her, she is "totally committed" to another man.

Diana is similarly devoted to a number of other people on the series, including her stand-in, Diana Enright, and her double, stunt-woman, Cyd Child, (57) mock. Diana would be out in due time.

who resembles her so much that all three directors of the series have dared to have Cyd perform her stunts in full-face and semi-close-up.

Viewers have yet to write to complain that the girl hurtling herself through the air at an adversary is not Diana Rigg.

And then, there's Diana's studio chauffeur, John Taylor, who is also her "Man Friday".

"I wouldn't know what to do without him," she says. A confidante, he also does her shopping while she is working, and has the ability to always be there when needed.

Diana didn't join the series under duress. She was tested for the role, as were others after John Steed's leading lady Cathy Gale (actress Honor Blackman) left the series - - ironically for a Bond flick. "Goldfinger."

Why did a promising young Shakespearean actress her services to a television series Shakespearean actors have looked down on with patronising dismay? To quote the lovely Diana: "I did it because I had left the Royal Shakespeare Company knowing that if I renewed my contract and stayed on for three or four years, I would have progressed and played good parts, but I was yearning for additional scope."

"To accomplish this I would have to plunge into the deep end. And nothing seemed deeper than this. I was right. Nothing is deeper."

* * *

Part The Second

* * *

Before dawn in a delightfully feminine bedroom the phone jangles. The young woman sleepily answers. Then struggles out of bed. Just like a scene from THE AVENGERS.

But the call was from the telephone service Diana Rigg instructed to wake her. It's still only 6:30 a.m. She gropes through the house, takes her luke-warm bath, drinks a glass of lemon juice. Into the street by 6:50 a.m. - without a touch of make-up. "I've got no vanity at that time of the morning."

North London's suburb of St. John's Wood is still fast asleep and there's no one to catch sight of Diana Rigg below her perfectly groomed best. Except John Taylor, her chauffeur. He arrives a few minutes earlier, but his instructions are never to ring or

"I'm never late," she shudders, "comatose that I still am, and I hate that sound of the bell - at this ghastly hour."

Off to the studios in Boreham Wood, Herts. She reads the morning paper on the way.

"It isn't my paper," she says. "It's John's. I don't like it but it's the only paper there, so I read it. Every morning." Apparently it had never occurred to her to ask John to bring her a paper. And so...another day in the life of Emma Peel.

This has been her routine since she became a television star. Diana moved to this house, a lot more compatible with her status, from an old mess cottage she has lived in for five yrs. Not that she was so concerned with status symbols. Diana Rigg couldn't care less about such things.

She simply fell in love with the old house in St. John's Wood. And her accountant approved of the move.

At her new address previously lived the artist Augustus John; and once Dame Laura Knight.

There, Diana Rigg now lives in the style and comfort of her private world revolving around a specially designed kitchen and window boxes sprouting home-grown herbs.

The House is out of bounds. Except close friends. Not that she is a recluse. She feels that her life is her "own ruddy business". But when in the mood, she will readily explain that she is very jealous of preserving her own privacy.

She insists on leading a life she considers right for her; not concerned with what she defines as "other people's social consciousness. I like to do because I wish to, not because I ought to."

Diana was born in Doncaster, in Yorkshire, on July 28th, 1938. She had spent the early part of her life at Jodhpur in Rajputna. Her family was in the Indian Government Service. Later, she was sent home to school at Great Missenden, in Bucks. Eventually, her parents returned to Yorkshire to settle in Leeds, where they now live.

There, Diana finished her education at Fulneck Girls' School, enrolled at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (The RADA) and two years later graduated to an acting career. Was she withdrawn as a

child? "No, I don't think so. I had the ability to withdraw and I still have it. But above all I always had a strong sense of personal identity.

"One thing that I never did was dream. I was always very practical. I grew interested in the theatre when I was small but not because it offered me an entrance to a world of fantasy, but because it gave me a chance to assert myself. And I loved its freedom. I thought of it as a challenge."

Diana reflects: "I can still remember the first time I met an audience on these terms. I was an understudy at Stratford-on-Avon, when I was called in to replace the principal in "All's Well That Ends Well." Her name was Priscilla Morgan.

"They gave me maybe an hour's rehearsal. By a coincidence my parents were out front that night. I didn't tell them that I was going on, so that when I came out and started speaking, they thought I was just walking on. Then they realised, and sort of clutched each other in absolute fear.





"My first was of a different kind. I was simply not sufficiently prepared and so I was annoyed with myself. Still, the audience was very kind as it always is when an understudy takes over and doesn't want to make a complete mess of the play, and I was led forward and allowed to take a sole bow.

"I played it for about a week, I guess. And it was about the end of the week only that I began to enjoy it."

Then Diana was 20 years old and earning £7 10shillings a week. "To make ends meet, I was living on faggots, scraps of meat put inside intestines you still get at the butcher's in the provinces. Poor people's food. They cost fourpence each.

"Four times a week, my dinner would consist of two faggots and maybe some potatoes and another vegetable, and fruit. And you know what? I was very healthy. And very happy."

Diana had an old second-hand bicycle for transport around Stratford. "And not only did I make the £7 and 10s. stretch, but I could never do without perfume. I guess I was so very young and this particular perfume was very heavy and musky and made me feel extremely sensual....I never changed my perfume in all these years!"

Her faggot-eating period came to an end when she moved to London to appear in the London productions of the Royal Shakes-

peare Company.

The bicycle went. Now she drives a green Mini. She lived in the mews cottage, all this still modestly. No more faggots, but all the perfume that she felt was required, by a young actress, not too bad-looking.

She took a small bottle - when she travelled to the United States, appearing in "King Lear" and "The Comedy Of Errors" on alternate nights.

The company also toured the Continent, as far as Moscow. From her experience on this tour comes Diana's boundless admiration for actor Paul Scofield.

"He's been my ideal since I first saw him on the stage. I was working with him in "King Lear" when I became aware of his sense of identity, a strong totally compromising identity."

She says: "The beauty of it is that here is a man who has just won an Oscar in an Oscar-winning film and Hollywood is after him. What does he do? He's gone back to Stratford. Obviously, he doesn't care for the money. And he's right. Of course. It's your beliefs that matter.

"In a way I followed his example when I agreed to film "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Peter Brook was doing it and I believe in him and I grew up with him, so I had to answer his call. Professionally speaking, I am part of his troupe.

"Even though I think I'm too bad for the part. The pay? Obviously a pittance by comparison with what I'm making, but then, money is so transitory.... I will not forget that I could, when forced to, live on £7 and 10 Shillings.

Part The Third

Tourists at Athens airport could swear that the young woman killing time in the long drab waiting room by stopping at souvenir counters to inspect, for the umpteenth time, the pseudo-Grecian vases for sale..... Emma Peel.

She wore her auburn hair loose, letting it flow to her shoulders in the manner of the star of THE AVENGERS. And her mini-skirt revealed a pair of very feminine, familiar and beautiful legs.

"It was not easy to say I was not Mrs. Peel," Diana Rigg recalls, "because I dislike lies. But I would have had to explain why and what I was doing there, and it was a long story."

Actually she was changing planes, going from London to a little-known place in Western Greece.

Eventually a shaky little plane which

flies up into the mountains over some breathtakingly lovely countryside delivered her there, to make the trip worth her while.

Two days later, she took the same route back to London and Boreham Wood, Herts., to resume where Emma Peel had left off.

It was an unconventional way to spend two days off the series. "I go to the craziest places for the weekend," she said, dismissing all attempts to explain herself.

In the case of the Greek place, a British film unit was there shooting "Oedipus. The King", and lots of friends were there.

One weekend last winter she flew to Zurich, rented a car at the airport and set out, a map in her lap, for Klosters, the Swiss ski resort.

"I drove through the night, with the craziest Swiss drivers whizzing past me over the ice-covered road," she said. "It twisted its way through the mountains, and I just hung on the wheel and prayed. I could have turned back, but I didn't. Too proud."

Until this experience, she had never motored on the Continent before, much less had crossed snow-covered mountains by herself.

All of which seems to indicate that, not unlike Emma Peel, Diana Rigg is a rather unusual person.

It was she - and not Emma Peel - who helped to launch the mini-skirt, in an attempt to be different.

"The designer and the other men were horrified," she said, chuckling at memories of production executives looking aghast at the abbreviated skirt she was wearing and which she wanted Emma to wear.

"They pulled their hair...said you can't do that, it's impossible...I argued that one must look forward and not back and by wearing these brief skirts, one was looking forward.

"In fact, one was creating fashion very avant-garde, rather than remaining at the tail end of last year's styles. And it turned out that I couldn't have been more right."

Not that she has profited financially from the so-called "Avenger-wear" that mirrors her ideas. After all, she's an actress!

Nor does she care to identify with an image. "I never wear the clothes in the series outside," she said.

"But there's a style there that I

think is common to both of us, and I have no intention of changing my appearance after Emma Peel is no more. After all, it was I who affected her."

She has no intention either of abandoning the mini-skirt, which, as far as she is concerned, was from the beginning Diana Rigg expressing herself.

Where the tastes of Emma Peel and Diana Rigg meet is champagne. Emma loves it, Diana loves it. And, for the record, she loved it before she became Emma Peel.

"I'm always very well stocked," she said, "but I never drink it at the studio.

"The stuff Patrick MacNee and I drink on camera is bubbly lemonade, very harmless. I don't touch the stuff then. You mustn't when you work. At home, well, that's another story..."

Diana's secret passion is to cook, and to have friends come to her house in London's St. John's Wood to enjoy her meals, without much ceremony, exquisitely prepared with the help of her home-grown herbs.

"I'm not joking," she proudly expounded on the subject of her herbs. "They are all mine, and they all grow in window boxes outside my kitchen. Every window has its own herbs."

"Left to right, I have sage, thyme, marjoram, rosemary, which is very beautiful, chervil and two kinds of mint, sorrel and my bay trees.

"Bay tree leaves are marvellous for fish....true mine are more like baby trees. And basil, and fennel, and chives. And that's it. Except that they all live and prosper, outside my kitchen windows in London." The secret passion of Diana Rigg....

"I had always wanted to grow my own herbs," she said. "This was my obsession. So I got the address of a herb farm 95 miles out of town, and one morning I went there.

"A little lady took me around and she muttered under her breath and said they would never grow in London's smoke. I said I'd like to try anyway. So, she shook her head and gave me what I wanted.

"They came in little pots, as I brought them back to London they were all looking sad and sick.

"So I put them in larger pots and stuck them in my window boxes and every day I watered them out of a jug. And the miracle came to pass."

Diana Rigg has become enriched

as an actress in the years at Stratford-on-Avon; on tours and the three years that she has played Emma Peel in THE AVENGERS.

She tells about the director she met at a party who told her he had a marvellous script for her. She had it sent over.

"Well, if I wasn't the girl who comes tearing through the door with a gun in one hand and a flamethrower in the other," she reported in mock despair, "I was the sexy siren sneaking through the door in Veronica Lake style. I lost my temper, for the first time.

"I sent them a message saying that I couldn't do it."

-Ende-

...One bit of information, by the bye... The illustration heading up the News & Notes section this time is drawn by Jim Steranko. Steranko is one of the leading comic book illustrators and writers going around at the moment, and amongst his other expressive chores, puts out an uneven but entertaining comic book called "Nick Fury of S.H.I.E.L.D." (or at least did. He now only does the covers, alas.) Nick Fury's feminine cohort for some time now has been one alluring lass full name of The Contessa Valentina Allegro de Fontaine. Known as "Val" by Nick and referred to as such by Nick Fury and known as "The Countess" by more uncouth types like myself.

At the moment Steranko is very busy on little things like "How To Draw For The Comics" and "Talon" and such.

Naturally her points of similarity to the Emma Peel we all admire are too numerous to mention.

Diana Prince, aka WONDER WOMAN, continues to emulate Mrs. Peel also, tho the comic has become all flaky with trips back to Lesbos Island to fight the God of War, etc. And she also "guested" in the Lois Lane DC comic book and without even trying hard made that finky female reporter look sick.

Ah well. Nobody is perfect.

Oh yes, and here are some credits.

LINDA THORSON: Thus far, THE AVENGERS have been it.

DIANA RIGG: RSC work, Stratford and the Aldwych Theatre, London, a pair of telly dramas and THE AVENGERS. To date, "A Midsummer Night's Dream as the tall Helena. Sonya Winter in "The (LUL)

Assassination Bureau" and Tracy, the wife of James Bond in "On Her Majesty's Secret Service."

PATRICK MACNEE: Some stage (rep) experience, he entered films in 1942 in "Life & Death Of Colonel Blimp." In Royal Navy '42-46. "Hamlet". "The Fatal Night." "Dick Barton." "All Over The Town." "The Elusive Pimpernel" (with his cousin David Niven). "The Girl Is Mind." "Flesh And Blood." "Small Back Room." "Scrooge" (the best version of the Dickens Christmas Tale...the Alstair Sims version is punky). "Three Cases Of Murder." "Battle Of The River Plate" (known over here in the states more often as "Pursuit Of The Graf Spee.") To Hollywood in '57. "Les Girls" for MGM in '58, with the vivacious Kay Kendall. Starred in thirty teevee plays in Canada '52-'58. Other teevee since '58 include 3 Playhouse 90's, 2 Hitchcock's and over 50 teevees in Hollywood and New York City. And then to THE AVENGERS.

HONOR BLACKMAN: Otherwise known to most of us as Mrs. Cathy Gale, that fascinating lady so fondly remembered by all Britishers.

Film debut in '47 for the Rank Organisation. "Fame Is The Spur."

"Daughter Of Darkness." "A Boy, A Girl and A Bike". "Quartet." "Diamond City." 1950-51.

"So Long At The Fair." Conspirator." "Green Grow The Rushes." 1952.

"Come Die My Love." 1953.

"The Rainbow Jacket." 1954.

"The Glass Cage." "The DeLavine Affair." 1955.

"Breakaway." "Dead Man's Evidence." 1956-57. "Suspended Alibi." '58. "The Squeeze Peg." 1960.

"Four Just Men" (teevee film series, 1960.) "Probation Officer" (another teevee series. "Man Of Honour" and quite some others, '61-2.

"Ghost Squad" (another telly film series). "A Matter Of Who", a full length film again, '62-3. Thence on to THE AVENGERS.

After that to "Goldfinger" as Pussy Galore. "Secret Of My Success" in 1965. "Moment to Moment," (in Hollywood). "Life At The Top" (back in Old Blighty). Just finished "Twist Of Sand" and "Shalako".

And that's News & Notes for this issue. See you next issue. -End-



Here		*	
Thare	Bee		
		Thyggers	

BUSH

Being the Letter Column

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ENGLAND

Re: THE PRISONER. Last Saturday's eppy ((Editor-HAMMER INTO ANVIL.)), with #6 taking over #2's mind was incredible. Reminded me a little of that movie THE SERVANT. I was stoned (on some very good hash) when I saw it, and perhaps my own mind wasn't completely where it should have been, but the idea of #6 striking back seemed absolutely perfect.

And about time. I'm going to find out the name of that episode and vote it for the Hugo, although its elements were less science fictional than THE PRISONER usually is. The utter-hopelessness-of-it-all theme of the show is what usually bugs me about the show, in spite of the incredible atmosphere of reality/unreality it manages to generate. And the photographic quality is fantastic, especially in color.

Which brings me naturally enough to color in THE AVENGERS. In the play ~~THE WINE~~ HARRY DRUMMOND (Clarence Darrow) makes a short speech on the advance of technology, to the effect that there is a gain-and-loss effect in operation. We gain the telephone but lose, to some degree, privacy and the charm of distance. Same goes for color. AVENGERS looks better in black-and-white (as does STAR TREK to my way of thinking), but colour is here and the majority of people seem to like it. Alfred Hitchcock's PSYCHO wouldn't have had one-third the impact in color, so it was made in black-and-white, as was WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

In still photography, color washes out a lot of definition and graduation of shadow, but color gives the photo more brilliance. If the brilliance is of a cheap sort, it is certainly closer to the brilliance of life. "2001:" wouldn't have made it in black-and-white, because it isn't a b/w picture, the whole concept is built around real-life color. Still, more photo prizes are won with b/w shots than color.

I prefer b/w for THE AVENGERS (no doubt recalling the crisp materials we saw in the first Diana Rigg AVENGERS). The imposition of color by the networks onto all shows is a foolish one. But I think the rage for color will die down eventually and a sense of proportion will set in. I hope so anyways.

((Editor- We are likely to see more b/w shows in the future more as a matter of economics than anything else. The networks have ignored the wishes of the educated and esthetic minded minorities thus long, they'll continue ignoring them until doomsday or until they suddenly need the support of the educated minority. As it is, the bill for a night's teevee viewing to the networks is more than the annual budget of some of the smaller "nations" in the UN right now. Under these kind of conditions it won't be long before they start going back to a few hours b/w and low-budget fare on a general basis.

By the way, those of you who are interested in nominating THE PRISONER for a Hugo award, don't forget that you have to nominate a specific episode, and not the entire series. Me? I'm nominating that fantastic final eppy of THE PRISONER, the one where we discovered nothing and everything, all at the same time. The title is "FALL-OUT" in case you've forgot.))

Harry Warner, Jr.
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THE
SAINT

All your reprints from newspapers and magazines cause me to wonder how much support you must be giving to clippings bureaus these days. But it's nice to see how informative and inter-

(23)esting a batch

of interviews and reviews become when they've been edited down to their really interesting and important statements by a discerning editor. Then there was the thrill of kinship with whoever wrote that editorial for the Greensboro Daily News, because there was at least one other viewer that night who had the same experiences as me -- distorted reception during the late stages of that final episode and mystification over the similarity between the husband and Steed. (Sudden, horrible suspicion which I'm almost afraid to put onto paper: Can it be that the producer saved a bit of money by using Steed's stunt man for the role of Mr. Peel that time?)

Thought the review of COMEDY OF ERRORS the best thing in the issue. I missed it, but just in the past month have acquired a UHF antenna on the roof and now I'll be able to pick up any such delights from NET. (It's a sort of channel roulette when you pay the man to climb up on the roof and hook up an UHF antenna in Hagerstown. We're 60 air miles from the nearest UHF channels, UHF doesn't carry nearly so well as VHF and reception is totally unpredictable until the antenna is up there and connected to the television set, varying from terrible to pretty good within a few feet from one house to another. My fifty bucks could have been a useless investment until Hagerstown gets its own UHF station some time next year and a local educational outlet via the State Department of Education the year after that).

But I turned out to be in the right spot, got good reception on a half-dozen UHF channels, and mediocre pictures but tapable sound on a few others. Naturally, this augments my chances of profiting by any syndication THE AVENGERS might achieve in this general area. In fact, I'm clinging to the faintest of hopes about the Hagerstown station, which probably won't have colour-casting facilities. Could that mean that they'll be in the market for older stuff filmed in black and white like the earliest AVENGERS episodes? But I wonder how much adjustment Miss Rigg makes between her stage appearances and her work for television, even onto Shakespeare. After all, there's an enormously greater impact of the tiniest elevation of the eyebrows or tilt of determination for the chin when the viewer sees a semi-close-up or closeup of the face on a screen. When we laugh at the oldest movies, with their frantic arm-waving and foot-stamping to depict emotion, we forget that these are survivals of the older school of acting. When most of your audience was seated fifty or a hundred feet from your position on the stage, you had to supplement the subtler forms of emoting with gestures that could be observed by the nearsighted people in the balcony.

Gary Crowdus brings up a good point about how useful black and white photography can be for melodrama. I wonder if the colour couldn't be turned down at the transmitter, to retain just a trace of color for night scenes, obscure corners in dimly lighted cellars, and so on? It is too much trouble for the viewer to keep running to his set to adjust the little dial that does the same thing for his set, as the scenes switch back and forth, and besides, he might get himself badly irritated if it's true what they say about X-rays from colour sets. The human eye doesn't pick up much color when incident light drops below a given level (remember the argument in Astounding long ago when Campbell claimed there were no colors at all visible on a moonlight night and some readers challenged him?) but colour film retains some suggestions of colour even when it's vastly underexposed.

I'll refrain from pronouncing any kind of judgment on the new heroine, Tara King, her future, and the general prospects for THE AVENGERS. But I'm not encouraged by something else I've been watching more regularly, midnight syndication of THE MAN FROM UNCLE six times weekly over a Washington channel. I hadn't realized how badly that series declined in its latter days, until I began watching these repeats which are mixing older and newer episodes, indiscriminately. All are introduced with the same credit materials, and the copyright information doesn't come on until the very end, so I am not influenced by these factors. I can usually spot one of the episodes from the final year within three minutes, always within ten minutes, because not only did the plots and dialog deteriorate; the pacing got shot to inferno, slowing down until it became almost a parody of its old self. I wonder if there are any examples of a television series that improved year after year? I can think of none, in my very limited experience as a video viewer, although some seem to have held a fairly high level over a

period of several years. I suppose that the powers are convinced that if it's too highbrow it fails to be successful at first and are scared to tinker with something that is successful from the outset, so it either degenerates into increasing repetition of itself or is downgraded into less imaginative ways of doing things.

And many thanks for the pages from "DEAD MAN'S TREASURE." Did you take them off the television screen yourself?"

((Editor: Yes, I did. See the Sywak article earlier in this issue.

And according to my information, they did use MacNee's double, one Anthony Dawes by name, in the final epilogue sequence of FORGET-ME-KNOT. The part where Mrs. Peel/Miss Rigg appeared to go off into the Sunset with what appeared to be a perfect double to John Steed/MacNee.

Regarding repeats of THE AVENGERS showing up on local stations. You'll probably have them. American Television International, 165 W. 12th St., NYC, NY, 10036 (telephone CIRCLE 53635) has 83 shows up for nationwide sale. A little quick arithmetic points up a few facts. That 83 includes every Tara King eppy, right down to BIZARRE, the kiss-off show. (Though their ads in the trade papers specifically mention only Diana Rigg and Pat MacNee.) And that 83 includes the full gamut of Mrs. Peel shows, including all the black-and-white, those that we never saw here in the States as part of the total. (And the ads mention only the colour shows, of course...the ads don't exactly lie, you understand...they just don't point out all the confusing little details.....). It is extremely interesting to note that they're boosting the colour aspect and using Diana Rigg/Mrs. Peel specifically as a selling point and disregarding the Tara King shows which are part of the package. Very.

..And here's from a later letter from the Hermit of Hagerstown. You'll recall that on the backpage of HARPIES #1, there was some mention made of an upcoming THE NAME OF THE GAME show which was featuring the untamed Honor Blackman. Read on...))

...I missed the Honor Blackman episode tonight, unhappily. Hagerstown has had a very calm campaign for the mayor and council election, up to today. But today one side published a newspaper advertisement accusing the mayoral candidate for the other side of using City funds to build a parking lot for his supermarket. There were threats of reprisals and mutterings about libel and I finally got stuck with the job of writing a rebuttal. It took a couple of hours in a high level policy conference to get the materials together; I thought for a while I had wandered into some of the earlier scenes in the movie version of Ten North Frederick, because I encountered machinations that are normally off limits to newspaper people. So I got home hours after I'd expected, and the best I could do was to tell seven people who is going to be elected mayor.

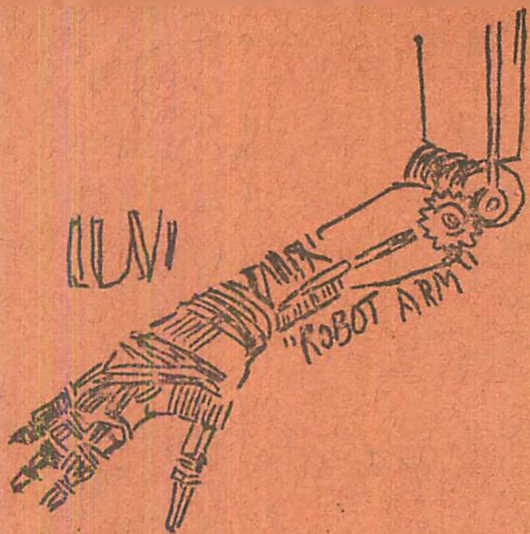
Thereby making me a prophet without Honor.



Zuber

Faith Lincoln
P.O. Box 303
Irvington
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For all it's wealth
of data on the
theatre, movies &
television, the
Lincoln Centaf



Library in New York is very poor when it comes to British TV, their equivalent of TV Guide, TV Times is only available from the middle of January 1966. Some other stuff I got out of THE STAGE AND TV TODAY, which reviewed about one out of every five episodes (if you think that's bad, they reviewed maybe one out of every twelve Cathy Gale things). Of course the British newspapers don't help any, all they list is the show's title, no episode description, cast, titles only. When I have time I'll finish going through TV Times and get the casts and directors (and the British generally lay off re-runs).

Scanning those TV Times, I learned something interesting about British TV -- When the program went to colour in 1967, they occasionally showed black-and-white re-runs. They know quality, why doesn't ABC? What I would give to see those black-and-white eppys again. If all the crud shows on TV can have re-runs, why can't the quality AVENGERS?

To those who think THE AVENGERS too violent, I say merde! Sure murders may abound, but honestly, who can believe in any of the killings? Especially when not one drop of blood has ever been shown on the screen. And I have yet to see someone emulate the crimes on that show by building a cybernaut to bump off his enemies. And if someone did, I say more glory to him, if he's that smart... 'Sides, who on earth can possibly take that show seriously?

Ah yes, nostalgia. Would like to add a little of my own.

The cybernauts moving in for

the kill while Steed yells, "Mrs. Peel, throw me the pen!" in THE CYBERNAUTS. Mrs. Peel, saronged, fighting off the villains while Steed, emulating Tarzan, swings down on the vine in SMALL GAME FOR BIG HUNTERS. Mrs. Peel, with a wiggle, trying to learn if the wench is the guilty party in WHAT THE BUTLER SAW. The discovery of the burnt space ship and Mrs. Peel giving it to Steed while the plant closes in on the house in MAN EATER OF SURREY GREEN. The marvellous fighting done by the sexiest Oliver Twist in history, in TOO MANY CHRISTMAS TREES. Mrs. Peel jumped by the secretaries, a scream, then they come flying off while she tells Steed to nab the Boss, she'll handle them, in HOW TO SUCCEED AT MURDER. Liz Fraser thumbing through the judo book as the Auntie comes at her and Steed fighting the Russian whilst discussing the cab fare, in THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE. And the partition sliding into place with Steed confronted by his enemies and Mrs. Peel worried for him in TOWN OF NO RETURN.

I could probably fill a page with nostalgia.

You know, I really hate myself. Back in early '66, my parents ruled that I should attend this concentration camp disguised as a summer course ("to improve the little darlin's mind"). Well, I got stuck in that place from June 28 to August 11th, and the firmest rule was bedtime at 10:00. I got sick of it and sneaked into the lounge to watch WHAT THE BUTLER SAW, did I catch hell. Practically got kicked out. I so hate myself for going to that place and missing those AVENGERS. *Sigh* My soul for another chance...

In one of my rare journeys to New York an old London Times and THE STAGE AND TV TODAY explained why the "Second Season's" scripts were monopolized by Levene and Clemens. When THE AVENGERS was first purchased by ABC an argument arose over the payment of overseas royalties to scripters. Negotiations between the Writers Guild and the studio collapsed into a boycott, so Clemens and Levene had to deliver practically all.

While Levene may be an excellent writer (witness THE CYBERNAUTS and SMALL GAME FOR BIG HUNTERS), he tends to resolve all the problems in a mad scientist's lab or as a hoax. While this is all right with me, three times in a month becomes far too monotonous (FROM VENUS WITH LOVE, THE SEE-THROUGH MAN and ESCAPE IN TIME).

Brian Clemens can also use his diabolical imagination, but he has a tendency to rush the ending and not exploit the

situation to the fullest. THE JOKER, whilst it did have its moments, could have been far far better had he played it more for spooks than for spoof.

The new script editor, Terry Nation, once did the teleplay for Dr. Asimov's CAVES OF STEEL. Which was seen only in England, ~~was it?~~...

Mother, in the present series, seemed a very interesting character -- He had the cutest smile and could be really funny when allowed. I'd have loved to see him feign on his own.

Oh yes. I believe I told you that BBC's "Out Of The Unknown" series recently dramatized "The Naked Sun". To add insult to injury...us having to settle for Irwin Allen is both insult and injury...they had that "Caves Of Steel" back in 1963. A version that so pleased the good Doctor Asimov that he personally gave them the green light for "The Dead Past" -- Can you imagine that happening in Hollywood? Impossible. Other shows have been from Simak, Ballard, Brunner, etc., stories. All of which, I am told, were extremely faithful to the originals. The show is in colour ("The Finest In The World"), yet no plans exist to network it in the States. And I need not mention that British TV is far and away much better than the American product. And this station is government owned and operated, catering to no sponsors. I'm wondering.... Do you think any sort of letter campaign to one of the major networks to import this series is at all feasible? What do you think?

But I dunno....

You know, back in 1963 THE AVENGERS Story Editor, Richard Bates said, "I wanted them to be exciting but fun, unusual but comprehensible, different but still adventurous. Nothing could be too good, every episode had to be about something new and presented in an exciting way. I think that on most occasions we succeeded, and the final credit for the high standard of this present series must go to the script writers."

"The final credits...must go to the script writers." And who were they? Brian Clemens, Philip Chambers, Rex Edwards, Malcolm Hulke, John Lucarotti, Roger Marshall, James Mitchell, Eric Paice, Ludovic Peters and Martin Woodhouse. And of these ten only Brian Clemens still wrote regularly for the Tara King shows -- unless you consider Malcolm Hulke "the author" of the (167)

hoker-up INTERCRIME, HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE ("The Great Great Britain Robbery").

And how "different but still adventurous" were they? At times some of the plots were more appropriate to comic scripts of BATMAN.

The two killers in LEGACY OF DEATH... Almost like they'd do anything to please us -- Sidney and Humbert would have been hilarious if introduced for only a few minutes, but stretched across the space of an hour? At times they seemed to say "Remember how great we were? Remember?"

The folders for Mrs. Emma Peel and Mrs. Cathy Gale in PANDORA. Steed telling Dr. Jaeger, "I had an Aunt once, she was a maniac with a knitting needle." (Remember? In THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE? Remember?) The background piano in HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE, so reminiscent of THE GRAVEDIGGERS. In THEY KEEP KILLING STEED the multiple Steeds trying to smash the conference (Remember how we put finis tn that plot in TWO'S A CROWD? Remember?)

At other times it was just a journey down the old mill stream. Don Chaffey created some eerie scenes in STAY TUNED, but the ending... The assassin breaking his conditioning at the crucial moment was so standard (THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, THE IPCRESS FILE, I, SPY.....), don't you expect more from THE AVENGERS?

And they have yet to equal the brainwashing of ROOM WITHOUT A VIEW, the pinnacle of that gimmick.

Or in FOG, they could have kinked up the plot by really having the murderer be a present day Jack The Ripper -- Then Tara could have been disguised as a harlot to be used as bait....

Or how long did it take you to see the wool pulled over Tara's eyes in REQUIEM?

Then there was Mother. At first he struck me as amusing, but later this combination Ironside/M got on my nerves, especially when I figured out his true purpose.

In the Golden Age, Steed and Emma would arrive at the scene of the crime and make witty remarks/dialogue. Now Steed and Tara go to Mother and get briefed, cutting the conversation down. At other times they get split up more and more often, coming back to Mother -- usually separately --

-for instructions. That protects the script writers from straining their little gray cells and coming forth with true humour - - Just use Mother as a buffon.

Then I think far too much footage is given over to Tara, and not enough to Steed. But then I am a girl and it is my female instinct.

((Editor-Then God Bless female instincts.... Linda Thorson is undoubtedly a very talented and lovely lass, but the formula of THE AVENGERS had come to demand a very bright and witty repartee, in very large part created ad lib by MacNee and his female cohorts, first Honor Blackman and then Diana Rigg. Miss Thorson ("that besony teenager" according to one Ohio source) just quite frankly lacked that ability to trot out scintillating repartee and puns and sight gags as did the redoubtable Miss Rigg and Blackman. And this was her essential failure as a replacement for Diana Rigg and Honor Blackman. She was an actress rather than a comedienne and THE AVENGERS demanded a gifted comedienne rather than an actress.

The other failure lay more in the direction the show took after Brian Clemens and cohort Fernell took over complete control of THE AVENGERS. No doubt pressured by an edict to "Americanize" the show even further than it had to date been diluted, they abandoned tongue-in-cheek and switched to broad farce, relying on slapstick and "cuteness" far too too often. At times...as in LEGACY OF DEATH where they parodied The Maltese Falcon, I thought they were superb. At other times, such as HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE they were simply farcical without being humorous, and gave us a pallid middle-ground like YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH where nothing quite seemed to come off properly, neither humour nor farce nor suspense.

What really makes me cry is the fact that LEGACY and others proved that even under an "Americanization" edict the imagination and talent was still there. And rarely before has the photography and sound track and other technical details been more satisfying (for all the mikes that showed occasionally in some shows). But robbed of the great comedienne the show's concept called for and suffering from the sluggish blood associated with the final months of any extremely long-running teevee series, it was unable to sustain its flashes of fire and brilliance. A sad case of almost all the necessary ingredients being present, but in the final analysis succumbing artistically to its flaws even as it succumbed ratings-wise to the onslaught of LAUGH-IN and GUNSMOKE on the American telly. I could have wished better of the series, and a more esthetically fulfilling final season for this superb television series. As it is, we can only await the reruns and hope to see more of MacNee, Rigg, Blackman and even little Linda Thorson in the years to come. Requiescat In Pace, AVENGERS.

You've had a very long run and a very good one indeed....)))

And that's it, folks. Another EN GARDE all wrapped up. The next issue may or may not be out Real Soon, and it may or may not contain the Currie listing for THE PRISONER. Tune in next time and find out....

EN GARDE officially (and pontifically) supports the following Good Causes.

Bob Shaw for TAFF

Heidelberg in 1970
Los Angeles in 1972
Boston in 1971

I am not a number! I am a free man!

I'll be seeing you

---more ~~T~~ACKING---

-- or Malyutka Krasavac Annex

THE NOVEL Has been, unfortunately, indefinitely and probably permanently, postponed. The author, Hank Davis, never did finish it. After much prolonged procrastination, he has been inducted into the Army and is presently scheduled for overseas duty. Which is a rotten shame all the way around.

The Novel exists, many people at the BayCon last year saw it then. Alicia Austin can swear to its existence, as can Shirley Meech and other Star Trekies of honourable reputation and note. But it has never been finished.

It remains a fantastic piece of work, humorous, gripping and fascinating in all of its multitudinous facets. But it has never been finished.

Artwork, beautiful illustrations, exist and are on hand for The Novel from Alicia Austin, Ron Miller and Bernie Zuber. A superb bacover has already been printed on cover stock (and shall be used later in EN GARDE). But...

Therefore, I am very regrettfully deciding to reluctantly abandon the Novel Project. As a result thereof, I am offering two alternatives to those unfortunate souls who placed their trust and money in my hands. They may either continue to receive EN GARDE, their monies being placed as subscription beginning with the next issue (naturally all subbers have received #5 and will receive this issue as well). Or they may receive the full amount of their subscription, no questions asked and apologies heartily given.

If anyone wants to try finishing the Novel, or wants to publish it in its unfinished (but still superb) state, they shall receive my aid and comfort to any degree requested by them. But I can no longer rely on the project reaching fruition and can no longer in good conscience keep the monies sent me without in some way attempting to resolve the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Again, my heartfelt apologies. Your money awaits you, if you wish it.

DIANE DEMCHUK 419 Dallas, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107 has for sale a small series of glossy photos, 3 X 5 of Diana Rigg. Some of them feature Patrick MacNee as well and all of them are quite lovely shots of the famed and lithe Miss Rigg. They go for \$2.00 a set of 10 and the supply is not what I would term unlimited.

JOHN MANSFIELD The one who was going to put out the Tara King/Linda Thorson fanzine has dropped out of the project, and quietly folded into the night. He sent me what little materiale he had on hand, and about 15 cruddy stencils, evidently assuming that I should fulfill the obligations he had taken upon himself. The materiale is fair and the stencils are unusable, and the act of sending the matter to me fairly reeks of bad faith on his part. I can only hope that no one got stung on subscriptions to the thing.

THE HAROLD PALMER PISER AFFAIR After receiving all of my fanzines back (re pg. 18 this issue), the lawyer for the Piser estate sent me a bill for \$17.32 for postage. Meaning that he has not spent a single penny of his own or Piser's money in fulfilling the obligations he was supposed to fulfill. Peterson thus shows himself to be one of that large group of lawyers who believe they should make a profit on everything, including friendship.

POCKETBOOKS Out at the moment are two pocketbooks of interest to us all. One is "The Assassination Bureau, Ltd." by Jack London, an unfinished story finished by Robert L. Fish. The cover and bacover photos are superb and the story is very different from the movie (which is opening in Detroit this week...finally). The other pocketbook is THE PRISONER (Ace, 67900, .60¢) by Thomas M. Disch, a superb novelization of the theme and manner of the show itself. Disch has done the best novel about and based upon a teevee show that I have ever read. Beautiful! (Assassination Bureau is available from Berkely Medallion, XL719, .60¢).

