

EN GARDE FOUR 50 CENTS



- "Breathes There The Soul Of A Man So Dead,  
Who Has Not To Himself Hath Said;  
Mrs. Peel - We're Needed!" -

# EN GARDE

#4

"AN EYE ON THE WORLD OF POPULAR CULTURE"

The Magazine concerned with quite a number of things,  
but primarily with that most watchable of telly shows,  
"The Avengers", and its most elegant personalities,  
Patrick MacNee and  
Diana Rigg

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## ABC TELEVISION'S the avengers

This magazine is available for: .50¢ (price changing to .60¢ for #5, no subs taken for #6 due to Annish size); clippings and news; photos of Diana Rigg, "The Avengers", et alie; letters of comment; contributions of any type, including artwork and articles; trade for your magazine (all for all basis preferably); or simply for services past, present or future.

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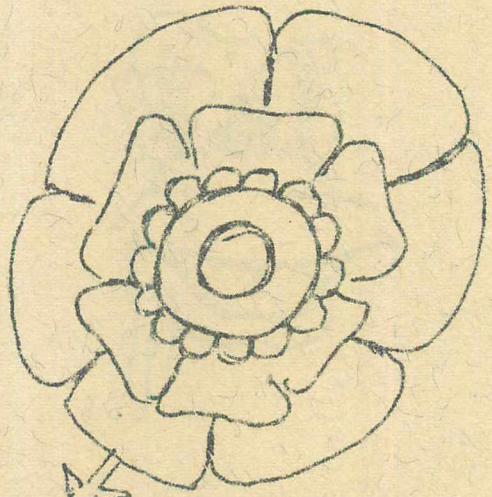


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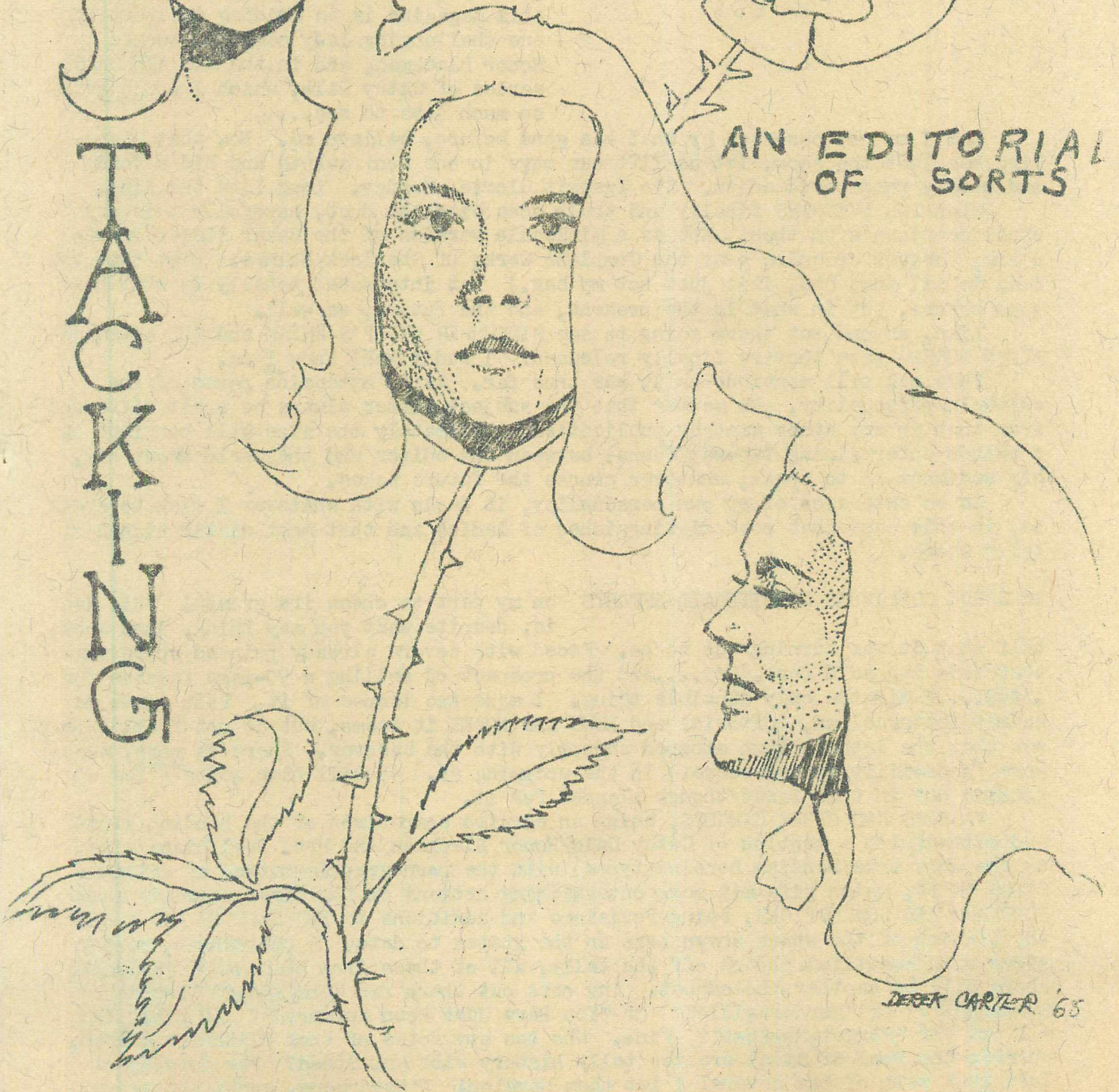
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TACKLING



AN EDITORIAL  
OF SORTS



DEBRA CARTER '65





A FEW PEOPLE have the wrong idea about the status of EN GARDE.

There have even been a few notes made that now that Diana Rigg has left the show for good....a fact that I mentioned back in October of '67 when Rigger Digger #1 came out, by the way....that EN GARDE was evidently going to fold up its tents in the night and slip away to the next oasis or whatever.

Not so. The zine remains infatuated with THE AVENGERS, including the new and maybe not quite so cool team of Steed/MacNee and King/Thorson. And with the person of one Miss Diana Rigg, wherever she may be. Also an integral part of this magazine is an abiding interest in one challenging lady commonly termed Honor Blackman, and in the old AVENGERS series of Cathy Gale, which I would ever so much love to see.....

But I am not obsessed by what has gone before, believe me. Now that Diana Rigg has left the show, let us lift our mugs in one fond salute and bid a fond and dearly remembered adieu. Sic Transit Gloria Munday. Long Live the King.

When THE AVENGERS finally and truly does bite the dust, hopefully this mag shall continue even then. Not as a miniscule version of the Baker Street Irregulars, forever crooning over the Complete Works Of Sherlock Holmes. (Not that the idea is all that bad, it's just not my bag.) Not interested totally in what has gone before, but in what is the present, and the future, as well.

Like, anyone out there going to see MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM and THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU when they're finally released? I ruddy well know I am.

This mag will continue as it has thus far. As an extension perse of the editor's personality. No matter that the subject matter always be a bit different from that in any other amateur publication. Ultimately the zine will continue as a rather entertaining two-way funnel between the editor and the world about him, his audience so to speak, whatever course the future takes.

As an extension of my own personality, it deals with whatever I wish to speak on, in this case that most distinguished of ladies and that most distinguished of telly shows.

EN GARDE CONTINUES DESPITE ALL EFFORTS on my part to check its growth! This ish is, despite what you may think, just about half what it was turning out to be. Faced with covers already printed up saying that this mag sold for .50¢@....and the prospect of selling a 90-page fanzine for .50¢@....I did the only sensible thing. I made two issues of it. This issue is mainly lettercolumn, editorial and NEWS AND NOTES it seems, but do not fret. Worry not that the lettercolumn stopped abruptly with the bacover. There is more, much more (eeeeeeiiiyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy) in the upcoming #5. #5 will have quite a few goodies not in this issue though planned for it.

TASSELS AND OTHER GADGETS, being an edruite comparison of the Bondian story and method(with a mention of Cathy Gale/Honor Blackman and Mrs. Peel/Diana Rigg as the only true Bondian heroine types) with the pornographic method of writing. FILMS ON TV, which gifs mit some entertaining notions on the first season's shows. ADDENDUM AND CORRECTIONS, being revisions and additions to TWO SEASONS AND A HALF, the listing of the shows shown here in the States to date. A photosheet, both sides with beautiful photos off the telly, all of these from DEAD MAN'S TREASURE. There will be another photosheet. Any opts out there for "The 50,000 Pound Breakfast"? Or "Murdersville"? Or "You Have Just Been Murdered"? Ah hah! You all opt for "Forget-Me-Knot"? Fine. Who has any fotos of that clinch clinch, wherein the Peel of Steel creates telly history with Mr. Steed? The developers lost that roll of the several I let them develop! ("Nevermore, quoth the Raven, Nevermore!")



\* SouthWestCon, June 21-23rd, in Dallas, Texas. For science fiction, movie comic art, ERBurrroughs fans, with panels and mucho other programming, an Art Show even! Registration is \$2.50, write Larry Horndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas, 75006.

\* Writer's Workshop in Science Fiction & Fantasy, a College Credit Workshop thing at Clarion State College in Pennsylvania. Address inquiries to Robin Scott Wilson, Director, Clarion Writers' Workshop, Clarion State College, Clarion, Pennsylvania, 16214. This is for real, visiting staff will be Judy Merrill, Fritz Leiber, Damon Knight, Kate Wilhelm and Harlan Ellison. If you're serious about writing the stuff and are a college student anyways, it might not be a bad idea to at least inquire.....

\* Perkeo-Con/HeliCon II, in Heidelberg, Germany, on August 2-5th. For info, write Gert Zech, 69 Heidelberg, Mönchhofstrasse, 12-14, Astrong, Recheninstitut, West Germany. (Naturally, you know of course, that this magazine definitely favors Heidelberg in 1970 for the '70 Sci-Fi WorldCon. Of Course!)

\* Ozarkon, in St. Louis, Missouri, over the July 26-28 Weekend. The place to write to for info is: Ozarkon, c/o Leigh Couch, Route #2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri, 63610. This one will have Harlan Ellison as Guest of Honor, and is being put together by the same group that is bidding against Columbus, Ohio, for the site of next year's WorldCon. If nothing else at least you get to see the Fishers and they're nice people. A good regional Con.

\* DeepSouthCon VI, in New Orleans, Louisiana, the weekend before the Baycon WorldCon, August 24th & 25th. Guest of Honor will be Daniel F. Galouye. For info, (\$1.00 for memberships), write to John Guidry, #5 Finch Street, New Orleans, La., 70124. The New Orleans sci-fi group is putting together an organization to bid and handle a WorldCon in a few years, by the way, so they're putting together these regionals to Get Their Hand In, as it were, to build a foundation of experience.

\* BayCon, Friday through Labor Day, as usual. This year it's at the Hotel Claremont, Oakland, California. It's the 26th World Science Fiction Convention (26! Count 'em! 26!), and is the big to-do of the sci-fi world. There will be four straight days of programming and quite a good deal of it, as usual, will get down to the nitty gritty. Why write, how to write, who to try to peddle it to, why try to peddle it to him, what are we doing to the field of general literature, what is science fiction aiming for these days, is the New Wave crass emotionalism with no plot, sex in sci-fi, where did all the science go in science fiction?, as well as the more frothy stuff like schticks by Harlan Ellison, costume parties, a fashion show of the future, films, a huge hucksters room with lots of goodies ranging from silent film stills to 1st editions of SIAM and ERBurrroughs and Thrilling Wonder pulps as part of the vast middle ground, more programming on the legalities of possession of property in outer space, space medicine, libel laws on what you write, and whatever else they can jam into the thing between the periodic breaks sheer Naturalistic necessity would demand. Plus a banquet with Philip Jose Farmer as Guest of Honor, an Art Show with attendant admirers, artists and mind-bending Art, special meetings of the Hybareans, Burrroughs, Tolkien, FAPA, and other off-shoot groups. Hopefully not the crowded attendance of 1600 like at the NYCon last year, but Big! Hopefully Gene Roddenberry will entertain us once more with another STAR TREK episode before it's due to be shown on the idiot box. Last year it was "Amok Time" and as mentioned previously, the difference between real honest-Ghu colour film and even the colour telly is enormous. For information on all this write: BAYCON, P.O. Box 261 Fairmont Station, El Cerrito, Calif., 94530. Membership is for \$1.00 for foreign, \$2.00 for non-attending, \$3.00 for attending members. Join right now and receive the progress reports. And you had better reserve your room right now, as the Hotel has evidently already filled up all the single rooms and all classes of other rooms are rapidly approaching the fill-up point.

NO NO NO NO! Someone out there please tell them that at the moment I do not have any fotos (or photos) of Diana Rigg, Patrick MacNee or any combination thereof for sale, trade, rent or whatever. I initially had a small batch of photos from ABC's kind offices to sell, the profits from said transactions going to feed the TOFF or Takumi Shibano Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund. A Takumi Shibano

A somewhatly listing of the Blackman/Cathy Gale shows, a thus-far untitled article by my co-editor on the first of the colour series, the "Second Season" of "The Avengers". Some material on "The Prisoner", hopefully (and I hope everyone saw and read the "Prisoner" article in the May 25-31 issue of the TV Guide). A little article on "The Saint", which needs re-writing right now at present, and the usual editorial natterings, NEWS & NOTES and that cancerous lettercolumn. Hopefully this will all be together in time for the MidWestCon, the last of this month of June. Don't you know what a MidWestCon is?

OF OZARKONS AND BAYCONS AND CABBAGES AND KINGS The following are a partial, alas, listing of most of the upcoming conventions, conferences and thus scheduled for the next few months. Most of them are straight science-fiction Cons, unless mentioned to be otherwise.

\* Annual Dinner Meeting of the Albuquerque SF Group, June 15th. For info, contact Gordon Benson, P.O. Box 8124, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87108.

\* Triple Fan Fair, in Detroit, June 15 & 16th. For info (membership is \$3.00 by the way), contact Tom Altshuler, 14501 LaBelle, Oak Park, Michigan, 48231. Guest of Honor is Harlan Ellison. There'll be panels on Horror Films, serial films, comic books and comic art, regular science-fiction, plus a number of Oldie Movies that you just can't hardly find anywhere anymore (I remember, for instance, that the original silent "Phantom Of The Opera" has been one recent tidbit delivered up at one of these now-annual Triple Fan Fairs).

\* Toronto Triple Fan Fair (not to be confused by the Detroit...and original... TripleFanFair) to be held over the weekend of July 29th-July 1st (their Dominion Day and hence a long weekend-type Holiday). Evidently a very big production, and if I weren't going to the MidWestCon...which is occurring on the same Weekend.... I would certainly attend. Mucho films, mucho displays, plenty of panels, the city is throwing open a small park for some of the film showings, and quite a few films from the telly, including STAR TREK and (curses!) THE AVENGERS, probably Rigg/Mrs. Peel shows if Mansfield has anything to say about it. I might add that the difference between seeing one of these colour shows shown as a film versus even the attractions of the colour telly set is analogous to the difference between a home brownie movie reel and "Dr. Zhivago" in full screen ultracolour. \*sigh\* Contact John Mansfield, CFB Rockcliffe, Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA for info.

\* MidWestCon, or MidWestern Convention, last weekend in June (29-30th), at the North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45237. Registration is \$1.00 payable when you arrive. Apart from the banquet, nothing in programming is scheduled. A very informal, relaxed, sort of thing, where everybody knows nearly everybody else (usually) and we all swap friendly little exaggerations, speculations, ideas, dirty stories, rumours and general gab. Not really recommended for anyone who isn't at least a little familiar with science fiction fandom already. But if you live in the area anyways, you might drop by. We're usually congenial people who are remarkably adept at persuading House Dicks to join the Convention, and such, and swapping stories of Beastley(s-On-The-Bayou. Rates at the Motel are \$8.00 single, \$10-12 double, a limited number of 3-bedroom and kitchen suites available from \$ 26.00. Reserve early as it really isn't all that big of a motel and there are always other people stopping at a Motel, you understand.

\* International Convention of Comic Art, on July 4-7, in New York City. For info, write SCARP, c/o Bill and Linda Parents, 15-D Arcasia Rd., Hackensack, N.J.

\* Future Unbounded ( the F-Un Con ) (And no, it's not "that Westercon being put on by the 'losers'", to be held July 4-7th, at the Statler Hilton, Los Angeles, California. This one, though, is really a Westercon in a Clever Plastic Disguise, though not put on by the ex-Pan-PacificCon Committee. (Oh, where, Lamont Cranston, are you when we need you now?) This is a regional Con and it sounds like a good one. You can even get a single room at the Motel, instead of a double, when you ask for a single... For info, write F-UnCon, c/o 1050 N. Ridge-wood Place, Hollywood, California, 90038. Maybe Bill Rotsler will tell us How To Make A Nudie Movie.....

(I'll be in pain all MidWestCon Weekend long, thinking of that Avengers film I'll be missing seeing. It only hurts when I laugh....)



is a middle-aged Japanese gentleman, who is scrute, bi-lingual, witty, married, and practically the founder of Japanese science fiction and Japanese science fiction fandom. The Trans Oceanic Fan Fund was and is that effort to bring said Oriental gentleman over to the states for the '68 WorldCon. It has met with a certain appreciable amount of success, so that by putting himself in hock for a few years as well, his charming missuses (singular) can come over as well. But just barely successful. I am looking forward to meeting the gentleman.

**LETHARGY: PRELUDE TO DEATH?** Now, those in sf fandom all know of the splendid history behind TAFF, the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Full of Near Things, great visitations by great people, warm feelings and the natural growth thereby of a good deal of affinity between Yank and British fandom. Though not a TAFF trip, I don't think that anyone can deny that the WAW (Walter A. Willis) With The Crew In '52 drive was the legitimate predecessor to the entire TAFF idea. Once Walt Willis actually was able to make the trip from soggy Belfast, North Ireland to Chicago for the '52 WorldCon, Fandom flexed its muscles, so to speak. It made Fandom realize that collectively we could put up the necessary capital to bring a Britisher over and to send a Yank to one of the British EasterCons. Many didn't believe it, actually, but the notion was there, and finally TAFF as a self-perpetuating organization finally got off the ground a few years later with Ken Bulmer, then Don Ford (an American) going to the other side of the big pond.

We've since been treated to people whose names strike sparks in the memories of every long-time fan and every fan who has read of the visitations. The Old Guard especially should remember these with fondness.

Ron Bennett, that resplendent Yorkshireman, and the invisible elephant, one Cecil by name. (And who now recalls That Metal in Prescott, Arizona, where the owner stuck a .45 Buntline Special in Bill Donaho's belly button? And the tea-drinking contest at the SolACon and busty Djinn Faine winning over the game Karen Anderson and Ron sneaking out early?) Eric Benteliffe, with that explanation of the thin line between a Mersey and a Merseyside accent, and that invisible spirit over his shoulder you could have sworn looked like Terry Jeeves. (And who, besides me, remembers Eric passing Italian bread sticks from the Banquet table to the semi-famished non-Banquet attendees in the Balcony?) Don Ford and Robert Madle, respectively the first two Yanks to win TAFF and go to England. (And who now recalls the emotions stirred by the sudden realizations by fanzine fans that they were outnumbered by people who they considered fringe fans at best? And Don Ford's remark about not knowing a fanzine if it was to come up and bite him in the leg and the ones who offered to do just that? And Ford's excellent shots from the EasterCon in London, including the Easter Munday Marches by the Ban-The-Bombers into Trafalgar Square back in the Old Days when all they wanted was for the British government to stop shooting the filthy things off all the time and ditch that expensive prestige item?) Ella Parker and her promises, unkept, to bring Wally Weber to heel with an 11-foot bullwhip. (Who today can recall what a SCaW stands for? Who today can even recall the last CRY OF THE NAMELESS that you've seen?) Ethel Lindsay, ah, and do you know what a Tammy is or does? Ron Ellik, another Knight of St. Panthony and now gone forever. Art Thomson practically spraining his wrist drawing Atomcreatures on name cards. Thomas Schlueck, the first German to win, and tales of the MarquesteinSchloesCon, the first Con to be held in an authentic castle?

But the first ones, the early winners, those are the ones we remember most splendidly. They made impressions that lasted. They were pioneers in the truest sense of the word, breaking trail for those who followed after. And realizing the effort and devotion necessary to get together \$500 plus so that they could Pond-Jump, they responded magnificently.



Wasn't Your Sense Of Wonder re-awakened by some of the thots evoked by the TAFF winners in their trip reports? Don't you wish you had one for the last TAFF winner?

Come to think of it, when's the last time you've read a TAFF report?

Ask yourself truthfully, the last time you met a TAFF delegate, did you think that this was famish history in the making, did you feel just a little choked-up inside, did you feel anything at all, as a matter of fact?

Isn't Trans-Atlantic travel just simply becoming a little bit too passe? At the '57 WorldCon in London, history was made. In '65 in London, there was another sort of history made, differing from the appearance of some 50 Yanks. At the '65 do, there were very nearly enough Yanks and Germans to swing anything that they could have possibly wanted. There are very likely going to be over 180 Yanks at the '70 WorldCon in Heidelberg, if not more. A few years back, a proposal was promptly shot down in German fandom to start up a mini-TAFF to send German fans across to England for the EasterCons. The counter-arguments usually stated that in view of the fact that a German fan can quite easily enough put together the wherewithal to go England on his own, the idea of a TAFF-type fund for such a purpose was ludicrous. There would be no enthusiasm for such a fund, in short.

Unpleasant though it may be to think of it as such, and completely untrue as regarding the still very great majority of young fanzine stf fans, the emotional climate over here is very near the samething. That is, if you really want to go, you can go, period.

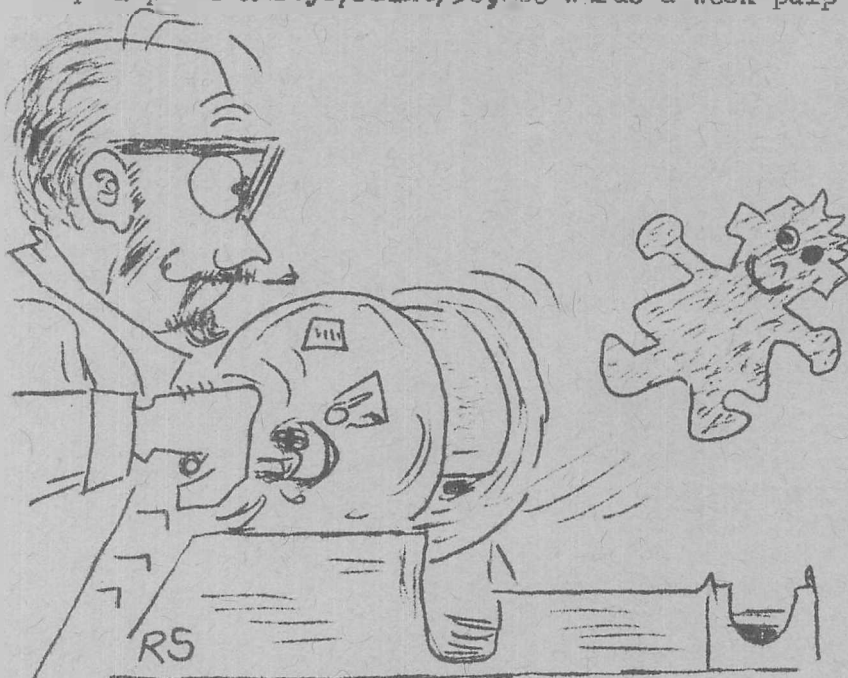
That everyone is rich enough these days to afford to go to Jolly Ol' England is an erroneous notion. But the feeling is that if you really want to go, only a certain amount of personal aggressive action and thrift is necessary on the would-be travellers part. And who remembers that TAFF only got off the ground in the mid-fifties and caught fire only during the Eisenhower "Agonizing Reappraisal" (as they termed the mini-Depression back then). That in the past two decades, hundreds of fans who have remained in fandom have matured and are quite literally in the midst of their peak earning period. By nature most of fandom will always be composed of young - eager - and poor neo-fans. It is all well and good for people like myself to feel a bit flush and content ourselves with the thot of going to Europe in '70 for the HeidelbergCon. The singular I, so to speak.

But all in all, this attitude is held by the majority of Old Guard and more mature fans - and the attitude is passed on to the young. It produces a certain casual acceptance about TAFF. We just don't feel strongly about it anymore. And don't think for a moment that this attitude isn't caught and reflected at least in part by the TAFF winners themselves.

This sort of casualness just can't produce the stoic/outgoing schizoid personality necessary for the Enthusiastic TAFF Winner, that heroic figure who is equal parts Martyr/Saint/50,000 words a week pulp writer/Teastmaster/Jolly Good

Boddaw Well Met/Super-Fan. This unique figure enlivened immensely everything he appeared at. And she, as well. Not only during their hectic tours overseas, but afterwards in those Omnibus tones dedicated to reliving those Overseas trips. A way of taking the non-TAFFers along with him/her on that fantastic trip, so to speak.

One point was mentioned in Bruce Pelz's FAPazine, ANKUS, that TAFF reports have become few and far between.





He mentioned that out of six published or about to be published ( Ron Ellik's THE SQUIRREL CAGE is due out shortly - alas, posthumously), only the afore-mentioned Ellik omnibus and the Don Ford TAFF BAEDFCKER are from the Yank side of the Pond, with four going to the British.

It is a truly horrendous thing to say, believe me, but it is quite possibly a necessity for a TAFF delegate to gif mit some sort of report on his trip in order for some sort of enthusiasm to be re-generated for the next series of TAFF Pond-Crossings. In the aforementioned present ease, economically and time-wise, with which the late '60's era fan, maybe the notion of TAFF should be reconsidered.

Under the circumstances present, where ease of travel is producing apathy and lack of TAFF reports is not re-generating enthusiasm for the notion, I propose something simple, for the present.

That we reduce the trips to one every two years, rather than As Soon As Possible, which seems to be the present method. If nothing else, this would make the TAFF delegate a rarer creature than he is, at least, and maybe give some of these people a chance to write something if they should happen to feel like it. But if trips from Chicago to London are to become as commonplace as trips from Chicago to New York are today, the notion comes to me that we should definitely shelve the notion, in vivo, so to speak, until TAFF for some reason becomes a viable notion once more.

Maybe to send someone from America to Luna for the first real LunaCon?

\* Erroneous data...do you realize it took me almost five minutes before I could recall Bjo's name before she took the moniker Trimble and the gent that went with it? And who can recall the name of the third gent who was running for TAFF back then? Bjo, Don Ford, who won it, and.... And no, it wasn't the man who put sex in Essex, Chuck Harris. And who remembers.... But this thing is getting much too long.....

AMATEURS THEY'RE NOT The group I'm talking about is the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, a some 30-year old grouping of amateur journalists (okay, fan zine pubbers). The members have to keep up a certain page-count, activity, per year, mail all copies in to a central distributor (OE, or Official Editor) who then quarterly mails out bundles of all he has received to all bona-fried FAPA members. 65 members at present, the dues are \$3.00 per year and it is very probably the most sparkling diadem on the brow of science fiction fandom. The waiting list is 15 or more people long and the one on the bottom can safely figure on waiting four to five years before he/she makes it into the hallowed halls of FAPA. Besides keeping publishing credentials up to date over said years.

You might say that it is a somewhat exclusive sort of organization.

Despite a large amount of deadwood, both mental and publishing-wise, the ash-to-calorie content in FAPA is quite low, and the quarterly mailings are usually witty, coherent, entertaining, irritating, engrossing, hilarious, fascinating and sickening all at one and the same time, depending on whose fanzine you're reading at the moment.

If you out there are interested, I'm affixing some mailing comments in 60 copies of this thing, extra pages will be supplied to any interested in reading my own paltry efforts, for .06¢ in postage and a request. Only the FAPA copies will have them actually bound into the fanzine. And only the FAPA copies will have the little notice in them that this is a FAPA-postmailing.

THERE ARE GOODIES AVAILABLE By which I refer to various things like posters, toy cars, buttons, bumper stickers and copies of EN GARDE.

The buttons are the following: black letters on pink, saying, "Mrs. Emma Peel LIVES!"; black letters on yellow, saying, "Hands Off Emma Peel" (or she'll break them off, is the obvious unsaid addition).



By the time of the Midwest Con, I should have yet another button available for all you milling hordes out there. Prices on all buttons are .30¢@ in person, .35¢@ via mail.

Mr. ~~7662711-1st~~ Robert Firebaugh (see address change in lettercol) has for sale some nice bright posters for the bumper of the car, bright red letters on a dark blue back, saying that: "Mrs. Peel - We're Needed". Please write him and not this address for your bumper stickers.

There are a pair of posters available from this address, 3½ feet by 5 feet magnificent things, 2000 square inches and such like. One with the lovely Miss Rigg in Emma Peeler (the blue one from the cover of THE FLOATING GAME pb, the one with no sleeves and the hip holes and the watch chain and watch stretching between the two hip holes), holding bowler and umbrella and looking very very lovely indeed. The other is a studio portrait, full face. Do you recall the sequence in the colour frontis for THE AVENGERS, where after shooting out the cork and drinking a glass, they go into the credits...and you see the back of a Regency over-stuffed chair. Suddenly Diana Rigg whirls around, goldplated pistol in hand? This is the sequence they used for a full-face portrait and a lovely job it is, too.

However, admittedly the price is Too High, consisting as it does of \$12 per poster. Nonetheless, they are for sale and if anyone else figures they can get 5 by 3½ posters made up for less, they are decidedly welcome to try. There are a number of independent outfits that will make up the smaller size poster for a good deal less, but even then they are not Cheap, running in the \$4 to \$7.50 range and quality and actual square inch size varying wildly, according to what the equipment and break-even point is of each outfit. The usual size is 2 2/4 by 1½ to 2 X 3, with quality being a sometimes thing, excepting the more established (and well equipped) outfits. A little arithmetic shows that these are still by square inch less than half the size of the giants, but at \$12 I guess some compromises are necessary.

I shall have to look into the matter of having a few of the smaller posters printed up, to see if anyone is interested really in them.

In the meantime, you might take a look at the listings from Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, N.Y.C., N.Y., 10003. They have one of the smaller type Diana Rigg posters made up in quantity (from the price, probably they had to have 500 or more printed up, with breakeven point around 350 sold). Incorrectly labeled Diane Riggs, for sale at \$2.50 plus .35¢@ postage and handling. The photo is one I have in my collection, a genial and pleasing thing, Diana Rigg, full figure posed shot, legs spread, wearing the hip-holes EmmaPeeler mentioned above, one arm on hips, the other with small Argo .22 automatic in air, big bright toothpaste ad smile.

For those of you who do like large posters but not the price, I am currently raffling off a duplicate I had made of the full-face portrait poster. About \$4 to go and the raffle will be held. .50¢@ per chance, three for a dollar. My co-editor will draw the lucky number from a deck of cards, he'll open the envelope showing who is which numbers, notifying both the winner and Yho Hble Srvt To Cmdr, as to where to send the poster. Simple, yes? No.

There is also available a Corgi model car Gift Set #40, known as "The Avengers Auto Gift Set". It is simply enough a pair of to-scale automobiles and a pair of figurines.

Ah, but what autos and what figurines. Though the box features the '29 Green Bentley convertible, the box itself contains Steed's other Bentley, the '27 red LeMans 4½ Litre convertible ("There is, by definition, nothing wrong with a Bentley, My dear Mrs. Peel"....Steedian quote from DEAD DUCK), also Bentley, of course. Sitting in the Bentley is a gray-suited figure...obviously supposed to be Steed/MacNee, though not looking too much, if you understand what I mean. And three little black furred, malacca handled umbrellas.

Also, a white Lotus Elan S2 convertible, supercharger, etc., movable bucket seats, raisable side windows. And a standing figure, white beattle cap, black hair, white sailor suit and obviously supposed to be Incomparable Mrs. Peel/Diana Rigg, but again more care shows in the car than it does in the figurine, alas. The Lotus Elan should be powder blue according to the colour series, but maybe it was different in the first black-and-white series. The thing goes for \$5.00 per, and for that plus .30¢@ postage and insurance, I'll mail a set on to anyone lacking the



proper large Metropolitan area Hobby store that carries the Corgi line of model automobiles. At your service.

At the present time I am taking no advance subscriptions for EN GARDE #6. There will be an EN GARDE #6, make yourself comfortable on that point. But the price maybe a great deal more than the current \$5.00 for EN GARDE. It will be due out, approximately, on the beginning of September. For a reason.

Yea these many Moons ago, when I was in New York City to attend the NYCon, the 25th World Science Fiction Convention, I dropped by ABC and conned them out of some photos. Taking them back to the overcrowded NYCon, I found myself the center of attention of some hundred avid AVENGERS fans, all rabid at the sight of so much pictorial loot. That, my dear friends, was the beginning of EN GARDE.

So, naturally, the BAYCon issue...#6...will be the 1st Annish, in actual fact. A scrawny, ill-fed and poorly mimeographed #1 came out that October, and things just haven't been quite the same in Festung Schultzhaus since.

I have often wished I were more literate, and more able to easily grasp the subtle relationships others can easily see in the Real World about us; as well as in the Never-Never-Land of the telly box. If no one else has been, I certainly have been sadly aware of how much better each word or phrase or page of EN GARDE might have been. But, lacking this touch of genius, perhaps I've not failed so badly after all. '99 and 100ths of everything on the Telly is pure unadulterated whateveritis, but maybe between us, me and you, the audience out there, it has been great fun enjoying something that isn't. One kind soul thought that I had a great heart working on EN GARDE like this for so little return. Maybe not in physical return, but it is jolly good fun.

A toast. To the fairest of Yorkshire roses, who, like a neutron busily scurrying about in the pile, has chipped off this particle called EN GARDE, all unintentional.

YOU DON'T NEED LSD TO TAKE A TRIP AND HAVE YOUR MIND BENT OUT OF SHAPE I refer, of course, to that most engrossing, stupefying and fantastic of movies, a sure contender for next year's ACADEMY AWARDS (if you happen to consider that an honor), and sure to be the most talked-of movie of many years.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. By now most of you have read other reviews, or, hopefully, made Herr's Kubrick & Clarke & Co. a bit happier (and richer) and seen it yourself.

Basically the plot itself is almost nonexistent, the entire movie following rather a kind of pre-ordination in everything that happens. This is very nearly The Ultimate Picture, much less the Ultimate science fiction movie, not for the subtlety of its actors or interchange of its plot, but by the deliberate usage of what can only be conveyed by motion picture film. There will be a book out very shortly, written by A.C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick titled 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. But don't believe it.

Like an LSD high, there is almost nothing in this movie that can really be presented to someone else through any other medium than the eye. Words just literally falter and die in their descriptions, for Kubrick made this film to utilize the eye, and the mind, and as an aside, the ear, in as Ultimate a manner as possible. Special effects are mentioned, spaceships, moon ferry's, space stations, the bitter black-white contrast of anything under the airless arc of sun beating through space. Words, again, merely words. I say that the Blue Danube...in contrast to what we might more expect, like music concrete, or existentialist "dawn music" from a wireless set...suited the entire movie more perfectly than is imaginable. Again, it

is just words. And words just do not describe the almost sublimely co-existentialist manner in which the Blue Danube swells and beats and grows and by some weird magic of the manner in which it is used, accentuates and makes ever larger than life what is happening on the screen. The Gregorian chant of sheer frictioning turbines and wordless voices that compromises much of the other music the movie has just does not achieve this tremendous blend and heightening of the "high". Once seen, there can be no way any person on earth can think of 2001 without the swell and rise of the Blue Danube.

Again, words beggar the method and impact.

One can say that Keir Duella and Gary Lockwood and HAL 9000, the computer, are the threads upon which the pearls of special effects are threaded. Again words can not describe the visual impact of the inter-relationship aboard the Jupiter vehicle.

It has flaws, pauses, thinly drawn segments, but they do not intrude. Even that irritating Gregorian Chant of the Machine becomes part of the process. It opens in 4 million B.C. A featureless slab appears on the scene...and man takes the first step towards man-ness....and he does it by learning to use a bone as a club, to kill animals....and other dawn-men. In exultation, he tosses the bone in the air and it is a spaceship, and we begin one of the most beautiful sequences of the film.

We journey through the space station, thence to the Moon, then to the site where they have found...another featureless slab.

18 Months later we are aboard the Jupiter vehicle. And against the dreary background of solitude...aboard the most fascinating vehicle in history. This is also one of the points few seem to understand. They conceive of Keir Duella and Gary Lockwood (formerly of THE LIEUTENANT, a fair-to-middlin' telly series of a few years back) as the stars of the movie. They are not.

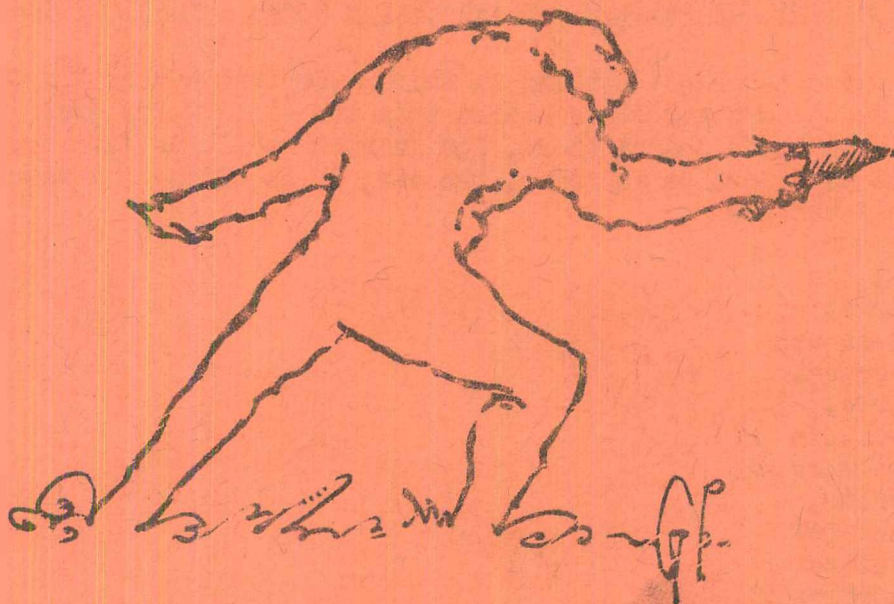
Science, or rather Progress (complete with capital letter) or your own favorite term, is the hero. Man is greater than man because he has not merely extended his reach, but multiplied his abilities by a fantastic gogoplex of mentality, a species extending itself deliberately into Eternity, yes, Eternity! As the representation of this Man Plus Man Ultra Man Times Man Times<sub>n</sub> Man, Keir Duella and Lockwood are merely representations of Man in the Mass. At their side is the Representations of Man In The Masss In The Singular...HAL, the terrifyingly calm-voiced computer that is the ship to all intents and purposes.

While Duella and Lockwood are men, HAL is Man. Though flawed...and how human, how Manlike it is to be flawed...HAL is Man distilled into a vital essence, with Science, Progress, man's outward reaching, all a part of him.

For you see, Science, the idea that we can do More, is the hero. Not Duella or Lockwood. This is, of course, the theme of all true hard-core science fiction.

That though there might be main characters and these main character/s might seem to be part of the standard "hero-Struggle" relationship, the real hero is always the notion that Man's Spirit - i.e., in this society, Science - can and given the chance, will, overcome all obstacles. This is in fact the verbalization of man's pride in himself and his faith in what he may accomplish.

In the course of the film, HAL malfunctions, becomes a bit insane actually.





HAL then deliberately destroys Gary Lockwood and attempts to do the same to Keir Duella, but fails. In failing, Keir Duella is forced to kill HAL, to un-key his Higher Brain functions, to take away its volition.

Here we have the unique spectacle of both sides losing and winning, because both HAL and Duella ultimately represent the necessity of Man going further than he has before. But Duella must win, for without Man's physical presence, it cannot be said that he has gone there. A physical representative of Man, must be there, wherever There happens to be.

In the end, Jupiter is finally reached, and finds another Monolithic slab floating in space about Jupiter. Reaching the slab in a mini-scout, Duella is obviously taken on a Trip by the slab.

Here begins the negation of what Man has achieved to date. Duella, all unwilling, slides into some weird surrealistic landscape in which he slides Between. Here again, verbalization breaks down in the face of what is essentially a completely visual experience. To state that it is like falling endlessly between two infinitely bottomless cliffs close to each other is like saying that there is a great deal of energy released in the Solar Phoenix fusion reaction.

For that also is not all. On parts of The Trip, sparkling entities - for all their shortness, one obtains the indelible impression that even Here - wherever Here is - there is sentience of some sort. To tremendous (again, words do not do justice to what is heard and visualized) sheer expanding noise (the sound of a Supernova heard in a vacuum?) accompanies Expansion, multicoloured, enormous, all-consuming Expansion. Are we in at the birth or death of Matter, the Universe, or is this a tape-reel of Infinity reversed and the Universe played backward to the guffaws of Essential Molecular and Atomic Movement?

In short, once again words are beggared to describe what is occurring. Can you describe Green to a blind man, or Die Pastorale to an embryo in vivo? For "special effects" can do nothing to establish a one-one relationship to reality when Mind conceives of what is/has occurred. One might as well describe a piano as something that is shipped in a sturdy wooden box. (And how do you describe the "Hammer-Klavier" in reference to that description?)

Considering the manner in which Heads describe a psychedelic experience induced by one of the mind-bending drugs, the natural thought springs to mind as to how close the Trip approaches This Trip? I can only say that it is a Very Bad Trip indeed, if so. For Kubrick, not content to rest on his laurels of "Dr. Strangelove", has used what is Available, in cinematic techniques, to produce a Whole New Ball Game in film-making.

In the end, it seems that Man, in the person of Keir Duella, is defeated. He...appears....in a Closed System. That is it. He is there. Period. The sound of his breath is counterpoint of what has occurred.

On...and now occurs one of the most (or will soon be) controversial sequences in the film. By cunning cinematic work, Kubrick shows us Allergy. In scene after scene, we suddenly become cognizant of one fact. And only one. Keir Duella will never leave this stylized, comfortable, well-lighted and charming French Provincial room again. He will live here, grow old here, eventually lie down in extreme ancient age and die there. Comfortable, well cared for, never to want for anything or to see anybody or anything again. Except for Truth. The Truth of what is His Situation, but more important, Why?

In dying, the Monolith reappears before his Death Bed, and this ancient dying hulk of humanity points a finger///accusatory?///at the Monolith. To the now suddenly slowly rising strains of The Blue Danube, we once more Feel and See. We hear the Blue Danube, but is only part of an attack upon the Sense of ourselves. Once more we see Earth, Earth viewed from Space...and Duella is once more an Embryo in vivo (or in vitro if you prefer). He looks upon this world that once more was his and more essentially upon the world of Man.

The Blue Danube rises to soaring climax upon climax, the world revolves, the embryo - the reBorn Man - looks upon it. Curiosity? Complacency? Unknowing Gaze? A mistiness surrounds the embryo through all this, as if he were the source of his own light. And the Blue Danube rolls on - into The End. There is no clear-cut End. There is never an End, you realize on contemplation (and how prophetic is that thought). This is the Story. It is not unsatisfying. It is not that Keir Duella is become a Star in the firmament. There is no End.

There is rather a Promise.

That Promise is Kept by the Alien. Machina ex deus or deus ex machina? For implicit in The Promise and in its Keeping is that even in Eternity there Is Not An End.

Man, singular, plural, aggregate, definitive, adjective, noun and pronoun, Man, sentence, the non-Randomness factor of Matter, call it what you will, it will go on. There is Purpose. The Search for Purpose.

In Keir Duella being literally Re-Born, complete with womb, transparent fluid sac, the flight, the long, long, long years of his (?) Imprisonment (?), he is all unheard Given The Promise and in ultimate fruition, The Promise is, for him as a personal lonely sentence, Kept.

Arguments as to the validity of my visualization of the end of the movie are welcome, send to the editorial address.

But whatever happens, you will not soon forget the movie. "2001".

STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS! There is a slight error on page 5. For info on the Toronto TripleFanFair, do not write John Mansfield. Instead direct your inquiries to? Peter R. Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada.

ALWAYS PROBLEMS Due to difficulties at The Shop, who hble & obt srvt to cmnd has been placed on the Second Shift, due to lack of other personnel in my classification being available. This is liable to continue indefinitely and for quite a while, into the next year (barring a possible Strike this September).

This has, quite naturally, cut the beejezus out of my "Avengers" viewing schedule, not to mention my living routine. Due to conditions beyond the control of this station, correspondence with this station is liable to be even more erratic than usual.

HIGHLY ILLOGICAL Herein a partial listing of STAR TREK fanzines and organizations.

Attention is especially drawn to PIAK-TOW, WHICH recently ran a mind-warping pair of drawings showing - Would You Believe The Peel Of Steel and The Vulcan, Mr. Spock? In light of that notion, I respectfully dedicate the facing page's drawing to all those misguided souls who consider Mr. Spock The Greatest.

INSIDE ST	PIAK-TOW	ST-PHILE	ST National Fan Club
Bjp Trimble	Shirley Meech	Juanita Coulson	Craig Highberger
417 N. Kenmore	Apt. B-8	Rt. #3	40 Brucewood Drive
L.A., Calif.	260 Elkton Rd.	Hartford City,	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
90004	Newark, Delaware	Indiana, 47348.	15228
\$1.00 per @.	19711(5 issues	.50¢@	Dues \$1.00 and two .06
	for \$1.00)		stamps.

LEONARD NIMOY NATIONAL	DPOCKANALIA	OMICRON CETI THREE	VULCANIAN
ASSOCIATION OF FANS	Devra Langsam	Lyn Veryzer	ENTERPRISES
Peggye Vickers	Sherna Comerford	773 Keith La.	Dana Friese
122 W. Carolyn Dr.	83 Lincoln Ave.	West Islip, Long	360 E. 19th
Garland Texas 75040	Newark, N.J. 07104	Island, N.Y. 11795	Brooklyn, N.Y.
\$2.00 per year plus	.50¢@, #2 is now	Local Club, \$2 dues.	11226. Dues
four .06¢ stamps.	available.		.25¢ a month.

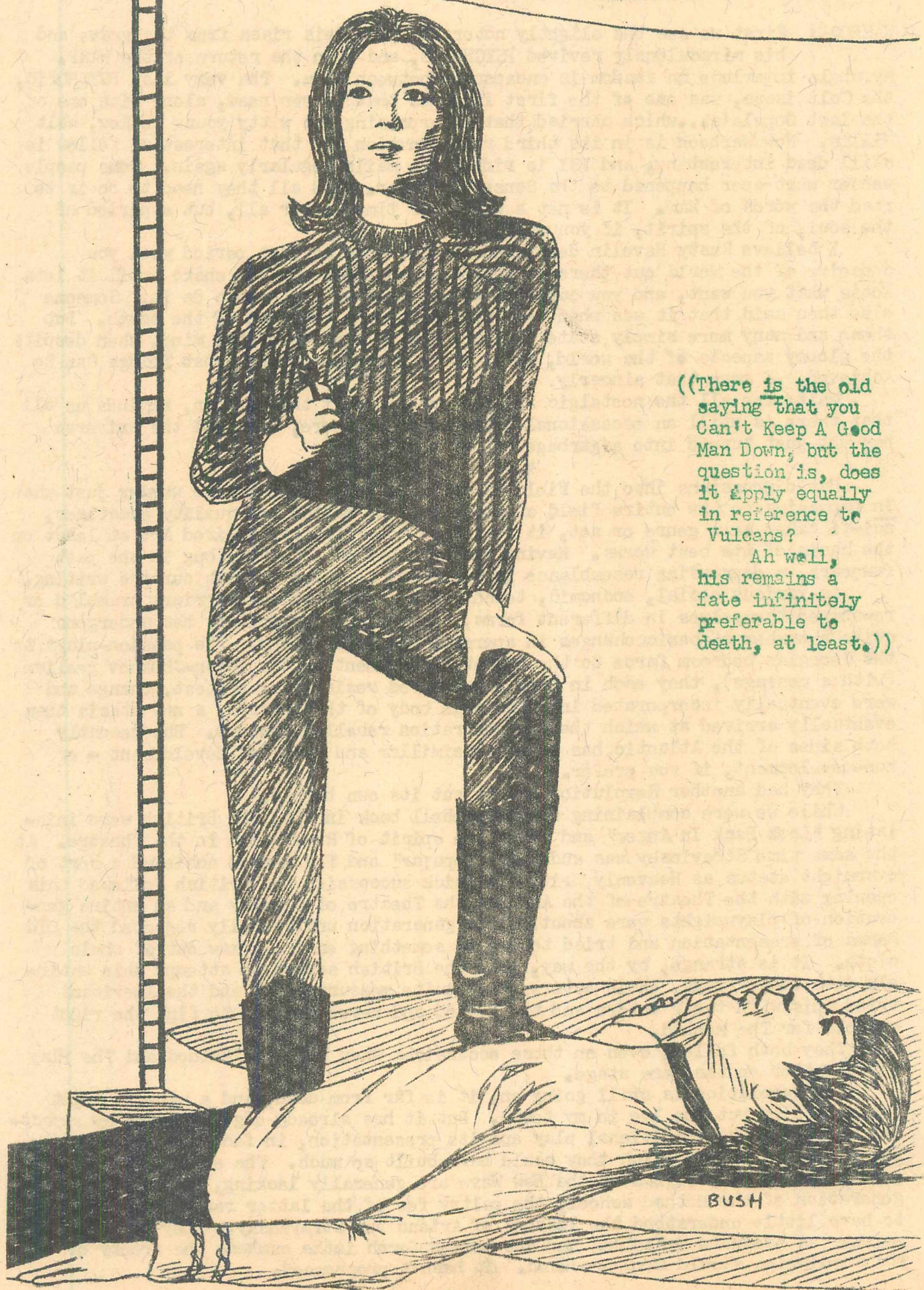
There are others, but these seem to be the closest things to being really viable and active enterprises. (Pun unintentional.)

Those wishing to write Diana Rigg, Patrick MacNee, Linda Thorson, Julian Wintle, Brian H. Clemens, Albert Fennell are given the suggestion of sending their missives to the above, c/o A.B.P.C., Broom Road, Teddington, Middlesex, ENGLAND. Honor Blackman, c/o G.A.C. Redway Ltd. 35 Davies St., London W.1, ENGLAND.

I bid you all adieu.

( 14 )





((There is the old saying that you Can't Keep A Good Man Down, but the question is, does it apply equally in reference to Vulcans?

Ah well, his remains a fate infinitely preferable to death, at least.))

BUSH



## FAPA SIC TRANSIT

WARHOON: First we see the slightly notorious Dick Geis risen from the grave and his miraculously revived PSYCHOTIC, and then the return of the HARP. My whole interlude in fandom is encapsulated between them. The very last PSYCHOTIC, the Cult issue, was one of the first fanzines that I ever read, along with one of the last Oopsla's...which carried that enterprising and witty young fellow, Walt Willis. Now Warhoon is in its third reincarnation and that interesting fellow is still dead interesting, and PSY is riding the mails regularly again. Some people wonder what ever happened to the Sense Of Wonder. But all they need to do is to read the words of WAW. It is not a period of time, after all, but a period of the soul, of the spirit, if you will.

I believe Rusty Havelin described the SOW once as that period when you conceive of the World out there as something to reach out and shake until it lets loose what you want, and you conceive of yourself as the one to do it. Someone else then said that it was when you saw Heroes upon the face of the earth. But these and many more simply state that the SOW is a state of the mind, when despite the gloomy aspects of the world, it is still someplace where Great Things Can Be Achieved. I mean that sincerely.

Walt, for all the nostalgic and sad overtones of this column, reminds us all that there is still an occasional bright star up there, that all the universe has not just turned into a garbage pit of the Gods.

\* \* \*

His digressions into the Field of writing, however, makes me wonder just what is happening to the entire field of the Arts? No matter the quality sometimes, sci-fi taken as a genre or not, it qualifies under the capitalized Art at least on the basis of its best works. Having become a bit of a Theatre bug in the past few years, a depressing resemblance is beginning to shape up with our pro writing.

As various social, economic, technical and philosophical barriers crumbled or re-shaped themselves in different forms, the Art of play-writing has undergone quite a number of basic changes in approach and methodology. The passion-plays to the Georgian bedroom farce to the Operatic treatment to the Ibsen-Chekhov realism (with a message), they each in turn encountered resistance, protest, change and were eventually incorporated into the main body of the Theatre, a new stasis then eventually arrived at which the new generation rebelled against. But recently both sides of the Atlantic has seen a dissimilar and parallel development - or non-development, if you prefer.

They had another Revolution and it cut its own throat.

While we were complaining about Campbell back in '56, the British were initiating "Look Back In Anger" and an entire spirit of Revolution in the Theatre. At the same time Stravinsky was suddenly "popular" and The Method achieved a sort of overnight status as Heavenly Writ. In quick succession the British followed this opening with the Theatre of the Absurd, the Theatre of Cruelty and an entire generation of playwrights were about. This generation unilaterally rejected the Old Forms of presentation and tried to create something entirely new out of whole cloth. It is strange, by the way, that the British seemed to attempt this entirely with their plays, their actors never quite measuring up, and the Americans tried this with their actors and the Method and never seeming to find the right vehicle for The Method.

They both failed, even on those occasions when both the Method and The Play got together on the same stage.

The Revolution is still going on, it is far from dead, and a miracle might yet hopefully put the lie in my teeth. But it has already dug its grave by rejecting whole-hog the traditional play and its presentation, in fact that vast and ready structure upon which they could have built so much. The so-called second generation of playwrights of the New Wave are generally lacking, as are the 2nd generation of the Method school, the paltry few of the latter reaching us proving to have little understood the lessons of Artaud and Stravinsky. They have received neither an adequate schooling nor are coming forth in the numbers the frenzy of The Revolution should have produced. It hasn't progressed.



Rather, a sort of eerie stasis has crept into the works of the Revolutionists, unnourished by flesh of new writers. Their works are achieving a weird and glittering instability and rhythm, much like a made-up corpse, put through exacting paces by the barely-seen puppet-strings up above.

There must be some sort of feed-back system in operation for a successful revolution, including support from the ranks of those in the Old Theatre. It must be willing and eager to use anything and everything in the old system that each writer considers worthwhile. Caught up in the fire of something New, such was not the case.

The similarities between that New Wave writing and our own New Wave is all too obvious. They concentrated wholly on achieving communication, a rapport between audience and actor by entirely new methods. Story-line, or plot, symbolism and allegory itself, and most peculiarly, dialogue in a meaningful manner, was all completely rejected.

They set out to create Moods, Emotions, full-blown on the stage, by ritualism, stark make-up, nonsense dialogue, nonsense allegory, anything they happened to think would go over.

Similarly the New Wave has all but rejected Science Fiction in lieu of character development and mood development with a sometimes fantastic background. The scientific outlook on the Universe is sheer Poppycock. They shout down with Gernsback while really they're attacking the notion that Discipline of Self is necessary in order to come to grips with the big Universe out there. Science is more than a gimmick, however, it is a means of looking at things, a means of grabbing what is out there and holding on to it.

Instead the Character has become all important, and even that has tended to become secondary to the vital need to create a Mood. Which is all well and good, any Art form tends to become static and turgid. But this intense preoccupation with Form and Delivery to the deliberate exclusion of the story as a means of writing smacks too much of burning one's bridges behind one.

The turning of F&SF into a "little magazine" of mood-art is one sad example of what can happen if one line of thought or writing is followed too exclusively. Other mags on the other hand just might look healthier, ANALOG being example of one-line writing that will come a cropper one day.

This new emphasis on characterization is definitely a healthy enough reaction against the Nth generation of hard-line stf. But it is unhealthy to follow it exclusively. As unhealthy as it has been for the theatre to split into two non-viable organisms, one traditional and one New Wave. The Traditionalists are not receiving the New Blood that they so desperately need. The New Wave is not receiving discipline and form but is engaged in an incestuous relationship with itself (or vampiric) and will not willingly have anything to do with the old forms and presentation. In those narrowly bounded areas like the interchange between the Aldwych company and the Stratford company of the Royal Shakespeare Company occur, legends of capability and vigour are being formed in our time. This is what should be happening all over, blast it!

Similarly, the New Wave (even when written by the Old Wave, so to speak) presents us with this great feeling of sheer dynamism and energy...and no goal. It fairly bursts with its too-incoherent attempts to say something while elsewhere speech is stifled with Tradition. There already seems to be signs of an incestuous in-breeding mechanism at work, reinforcing all these bad exclusionist principles of writing, excluding the dialogue, the plot, etc.

On the other hand, the Old Form, not only in stf but in mainstream where it is more evident, is rapidly going to pot. There is some incomplete blending of Mood and Plot to be seen, but not enough cross-over writing is being attempted. It all seems to be either pretentious crud or sheer pulp pap.

The mechanism by which this New Wave can be reconciled with the older folk is nowhere in sight. No one who writes New Wave is interested in "retreating", and none of the old types can perform the blending or they'd be doing it.

It is sheer and literal (and literary) waste.

All this talent being engaged in incest and all the Old Forms wondering why they're being left out in the cold and frankly I haven't the foggiest as to why?

Will someone tell me?

NULL-F As long as you're going to continue to spread your own existentialist version of reality in lieu of the truth about that Lincoln-bought-with-NYCon-Funds bit, let me point a few minor details which perhaps escaped your attention. One, I never started that rumour. I first heard of it last year very shortly before the PhillyCon when I drove out to Toronto, and then found that it had preceded me home to Detroit, when I got back. It was an improbable rumor, and I stated that when queried at the Toronto SF group's meeting. I also stated the truth to the best of my ability when queried as to what had happened to the NYCon monies, including the fact that no mention of financial status had come from the NYCon Committee. You could have found this all out quite easily, of course, by simply writing. Or in a hurry, by phoning Howard DeVore, who would have been happy to act as messenger. My own phone is unlisted, which is why I mention Howard, for one example. A speedy reply would have resulted from this address, of course.

Unfortunately you choose to believe a rumour instead of seeking the truth.

An interesting thought is whether such a thing could have gotten started if any sort of impromptu financial report had been put forth. Even so, it is extremely doubtful whether anyone actually believed that you would be so cold, callous and greedy to actually do anything like that. But that bit of dirt was evidently gleefully passed on by much of fandom and I leave it to your imagination as to why so many people could almost believe that of you.

Of course, after the snotty way you bugged Ben Jason for the TriCon monies and financial report, etc., and then sat on your duff since the NYCon regarding those particular monies, it is small wonder that some people thought you were just deliberately sitting on the report. Any cracks made about dirty kettles in NYC were liable to be considered to be dead apt.

Come to think of it, just where is the NYCon financial report?

But, if you wish to give me credit for forcing you to perform the common courtesy of telling fandom where the NYCon monies were, far be it for me to deny you this simple pleasure. I'll be more than glad to take the honor of being the one who got you to do something you should have done a long time before anyways.

It isn't everyone who can get free egoboo from Ted White.

\* \* \*

Speaking of NYCon monies, it might be interesting to hear your explanation as to what happened to the program booklets of all those \$2.00 members who never received one. Just because they didn't attend, is it now policy that they do not become entitled to what they've paid for? One might almost say that you disregard other people whilst bleeding copiously from any slight which you think affects your own self. Almost. But we here in FAPA know you better.

There is also another story going the rounds to do with Dirce Archer, some Kelly Freas art, etc., but unlike some irresponsible types, I'm going to wait until I know a few of the facts in the matter before shooting my mouth off.

\* \* \*

You might also mention to Mr. Porter that is is not exactly the Correct Thing To Do, to threaten other people via the mails, regarding that "shut his mouth" bit in SFWeekly. I trust the notation is received at your own address as well. Not that I'd snitch to the Postal Bolezei about it, fandom being too close and well-knit a group for such actions to be tolerated. It's just not good form, as the British say. Naturally libel suits are held in much the same low regard for much the same reasons, regardless of whether libel actually existed. Once again, it should be possible for intelligent mature adults to make their points without undue recourse either to slander or to outside forces.

\* \* \*

I might also take this opportunity to thank Mr. Porter for responding in the best traditions of fandom and fair play, for rising above the petty feuds of our time. If he had sent me a copy of the SFWeekly where he accused me of spreading false and malicious rumours about you, I'm sure I would have been quite unnecessarily upset. So, thank you, Mr. Porter, for never sending me a copy of the SFWeekly wherein you accused me of spreading false and malicious rumours.

In the spirit of that unselfish move by Mr. Porter, I'm granting him the consideration he gave me and am not sending him a copy of this FAPAcolumn.



It's always nice to know that there's always someone trying to put fandom on a new moral plane, isn't it?

\* \* \*

Oh, come now Ted, such modesty ill suits you. You mentioned in NULL-F that you aren't interested anymore in my Union activities, but your own witty and sparkling comments in the NULL-F before this one belie your present comments. Why, the last time I heard about the subject from you, you seemed to be positively incensed over the present labor-management system! So, I shall simply continue a bit with those observations which you found so interesting.

First off, if you really wish to engage in an intelligent discussion on the faults in our present labor-management system, I'm sure we'd all be very interested in some constructive notions from yourself. Also, though not really necessary, some knowledge of what you're talking about might be considered desirable.

Therefore, I'm sure we'd all like to know your own bona-fides on the subject, either in the realm of actual experience as a member of a shop Union member or as a member of management's team. Or at least some notion of the research you have actually undertaken on the subject.

On my own side, I am unfortunately unable to make broad sweeping judgments and all-encompassing statements, being involved somewhat deeply in my own lil' power struggle at The Shop.

Of course I've spent at least some time in and out of a number of Unions, and have worked in environments ranging from that equivalent to an 1880's sweat-shop to a very up-tight UAW Skilled Trades shop. Each plant and its labor-management problems have to be investigated anew, for there are just too many differing forces in each situation.

I am still working for the same Company I wrote about yea these many moons ago in FAPA. The notes themselves were published partly out of catharsis, partly out of a need for FAPA pages. Nowadays it reads very, very one-sided. As might be expected, considering the "Now-ness" of the struggle then. The balance of power in The Shop was undergoing deep changes at the time and emotions were running high at the time. Later, they became even more charged. Positions on both sides, however, have changed dramatically since then.

In 14 months the Union membership filed 261 grievances. To those who know production shops, this is a great deal. Not even one of the major plants of the Big 3 auto manufacturers accumulate that many written grievances in that short a space of time. This period immediately followed that period wherein we became a UAW shop by secret ballot vote. Under the heady aroma of powerful backing, the Union membership did quite literally begin to push - hard - on the Company.

In Forced Arbitration of those few of the grievances which were not settled (in the shop); a better than 60% showing was made by the Union, a better than average score, and for such things as Company violation of contract and illegal firing procedures. The Old Guard of management showed itself to be unadaptive, and quite unable to respond to this new flexing of muscle on Labor's part in any other fashion than that which used to work in the "scab" shop days of yore. The result was two-fold.

Labor managed to rub Management's nose in the dirt a few times, including two wild-cat walk-outs for which they were unable to punish anyone. And the management changed. Personally, I think for the better.

Two of the Old Guard, that seven-eight hold-overs from the two-garage-shop days, left. Another was kicked upstairs. One was moved aside and has the equivalent job of filing paperclips. The old owner sold out, after viewing the future set-up, and the management shifts occurred when the new ownership moved in. The new President is a younger man, two outside Wheels have revitalized things a bit, and management responds to Union pressure these days not only more swiftly, but on a whole more intelligently as well.

Of course attitudes are hardening about The Shop again these days, but that can be accurately attributed to the fact that Contract deadline is nearing and negotiations are involving substantial fringes and contract language never before seen at Inland Tool & Mfg. Every "retreat" by someone else means \$\$\$\$ to the other side, you see. Still things are better. And I'd say that management is far healthier than it ever has been there, as well.

Only careful thought is going to show the way to a better labor situation.

-Yhos, Dick Schultz-







# THE PRETENDERS LAST CASE

## *or The Civil Service Has Its Moments*

by dave studer

Mrs. Steel and I had just returned from Brighton, where we'd finished up our toughest case, and were coming in my front door when the telephone rang, leaving us no choice but to answer it. It was the Ministry, naturally.

"What's up?" asked the adorable Mrs. Steel, reclining on my tweed couch in her electric jump suit (or was it my electric couch in her tweed jump suit?).

"The Ministry has run up against another vexing problem, Mrs. Steel, and they've asked us to begin on it straight-way," I urbanely replied.

"Oh blast," she murmured, rolling onto the expensive oriental rug for some pushups, "And I don't suppose we have time for a magnum of two of bubbly either?"

"Sorry, ole girl, but perhaps when this one's over, we can paint the town a tasteful blue-grey.

"One would think that after saving the new flying amphibious tank truck, we'd have a spot of time off, But I suppose duty does come first."

"You know, Weed, I've been thinking," she brightened up a bit.

"Oh? Well, can't complain about progress."

"Thanks loads. But really, what would you say if I told you we should start thinking about retirement? After all our exploits, returning the stolen power gems; recapturing the escaped cameleopard, and refloating the pound, with me karate-chopping seven hundred villains with evil designs and you umbrella-bonking as many more, don't you think it's about time we found paying jobs? This volunteer work with the Ministry is all good and well, but my inheritance and your sweepstake winnings are about all gone."

"Capital idea, Mrs. Steel, really first rate. As soon as we've finished

this latest victory for justice and the Queen, we'll hang up my bowler and your boots and find jobs."

"Our only talent seems to be saving Britain from mysterious dangers, and making brilliant, witty conversations.

"We've never done anything else together, except for keeping alive the image of Britons as puritans by avoiding all physical contact. Do you realize that in all this time you've never even grabbed my knee? Think, Weed, think what this has done to our image in the United States. No wonder we're only summer replacements over there."

"Ah-ah, Mrs. Steel, business before pleasure! And the show only lasts an hour each week. We simply don't have enough time."

Suddenly there was a knock at my impressive antique oak door.

Mrs. Steel outraced me to the door, and opened it to find two Americans. I knew they were Americans because of their blue jeans, football sweaters, and bubble gum.

"Come in, come in," I cried, gesturing grandly. "You must be the CIA men the Ministry said were working on the case with us."

"Well, yes, yes indeed, we are that. And you are John Weed. I'm Kenny Rubenstein and this is my partner, Alexander the Scot.

"Pleased to meet you, Scot," I told the other man.

"Why is there air?" was his only reply. Seemed like a cryptic sort of chap, but I decided to try again before judging him too harshly.

"Gentlemen, this is Mrs. Steel, my cohort and constant companion."

"Pleased, Mr. Rubenstein, Mr. Scot. Is this your first trip to Britain, Mr. Scot?"

"I started out as a child."

I had a suggestion.

"Let's get down to business. The Ministry wants us to trace a missing object for them."

"Ah, well, cool, and yes." That was Rubenstein's answer. I think.

"Like, what's missing?"

Mrs. Steel shook her glowing auburn locks at him disarmingly.

"The Minister of Defense has lost his personal dirigible."

"Dirigible?" asked Rubenstein.

"Yes, old boy, dirigible, blimp, balloon, zeppelin. The Defence Minister has lost his personal dirigible."

I tried to get my point across in simple language, but I had a feeling we weren't getting through. He kept making tennis serves with my tightly furled Bond Street umbrella, swatting my bowler up and down the room. I said nothing to him, feeling that Anglo-American relations were more important.

At this point Mrs. Steel was on her hands and knees on the floor, purring and rubbing against my legs. I pretended not to notice.

Rubenstein suddenly snatched my trenchcoat and pulled it on.

"Let's get with it, baby. How long has this balloon been missing? C'mon Scotty."

"Right, right."

It took a while to sort out what he'd said, but as he leaped onto his motorcycle, I shouted: "It's been missing since 1923!"

I don't want to go into detail, but when he heard that something in his American mentality couldn't quite handle the idea of searching for a dirigible missing for these 45 years. His motorcycle missed my drawbridge and he ended up in the moat. We later dredged up the motorcycle, but he was never found.

Alexander the Scot missed out on the accident because when Rubenstein left, Scot was arm-wrestling with Mrs. Steel across my leather-topped desk. She took four falls out of seven for the victory. Rule Britannia and all that.

Later, she and I cleared up the mystery, which had been left uncovered due to a tremendous backlog of cases (there's one concerning some chap named Fawkes, who was in the fireworks business which no one wants to tackle right now).

The balloon, which was a demonstrator given to the then Minister, left with him when he retired. (Mrs. Steel's brilliant, logical mind deduced that). It had been used to hold up the southern end of the Isle of Man since 1923, when it sunk due to the Depression.

But we still had to find work. We racked our brains (figuratively, of course) for weeks. Then Mrs. Steel came up with a perfect solution.

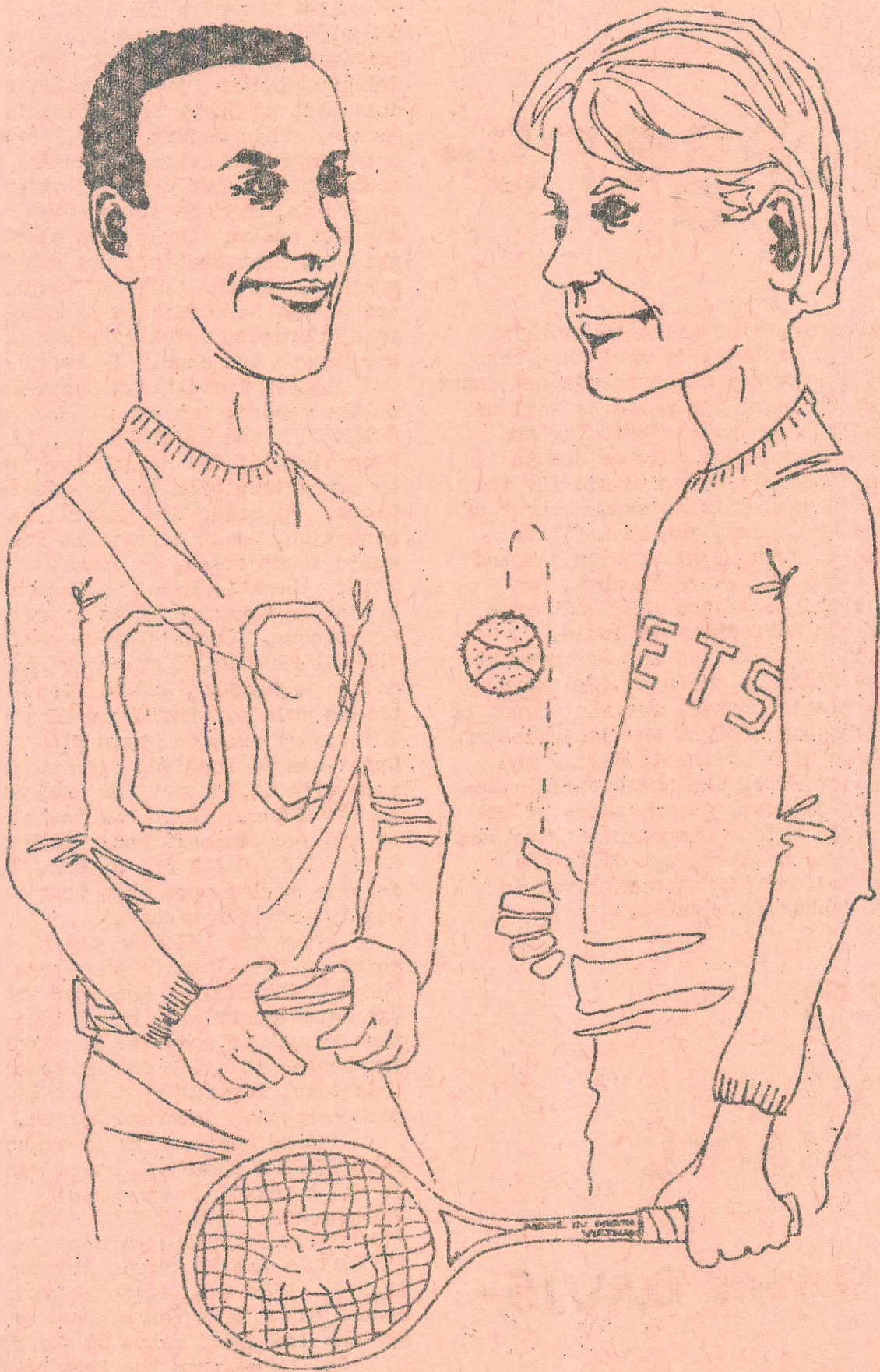
I'm a checker in the local fish-and-chips shop, and she pumps gas down at the corner. I've married a Cockney girl who lives on fish and chips and she's having an affair with a judo instructor from Liverpool who sells encyclopedias on the side. On weekends we both teach University courses in criminal psychology, to keep our hands in.

Never know when we might want to make a comeback. Perhaps in color, too.

-dave studer-

carleton university  
THE SUPPLEMENT  
January 19, 1968







# the Avengers-

The Avengers, like all esthetically pleasing creations, is more than the sum of its parts; which should not deter us from praising the parts as well as the whole. No small credit for the bubbly charm of the show is due to Laurie Johnson's superb music for the show. No enterprising manufacturer of records has, alas, yet seen fit to provide us Avengerphiles with a sound track album of the telly show, but three versions of the AVENGERS theme itself are currently available.

All three follow the arrangement that we heard on the show (and heard is the proper phrase, for the advent of Tara King has brought the inclusion of her theme with the music during the closing credits, and these three antedate the change), in the sense of the same sonic things happening at the same time. Two, however, use different orchestration from that employed in Laurie Johnson's version.

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VINYL

- HANK DAVIS -

The first of these is UNDERWORLD (Fontana Records; MGF 27565, mono; SRF 67565, stereo; both \$4.79) by the Reg Guest Syndicate. Reg Guest is a British pianist (jazz, I believe) and does most of Dusty Springfield's arrangements. This record tries for unorthodox instrumentation, employing a transichord (sort of an electronic accordion, say the album notes) and six and twelve string bass electric guitars. Interesting, but not terribly musical. In the AVENGERS theme here, one of the bass guitars is handling the melody proper, which is given to strings on the show. I prefer strings.

Almost inevitably, James Bond is on the record; the JAMES BOND THEME, GOLDFINGER and THUNDERBALL. Like other recordings of the music, they suffer by comparison with the soundtrack versions. By using his unusual instrumentation, Guest manages to make the music sound fresh, at least. THE SAINT theme is here. A lack of variation in dynamics makes it rather monotonous. Guest's group performs THE MAN FROM UNCLE at a sprightly pace. Enjoyable, even if beat overwhelms melody. The theme from BURKE'S LAW wasn't much to begin with and Guest can be forgiven for not doing much with it but not for including it in the album. Guest has included two of his own compositions: UNDERWORLD and GUYS, GUNS, DOLLS AND DANGER. Kindness forbids saying more than that they are highly undistinguished.

After the AVENGERS theme, the high point of the album is the theme from THE RATCATCHERS. I know not who or what The Ratcatchers are, but I liked the tune enough to generate hopes of running across it again in the future; this time, hopefully, incarnated in more congenial instrumentation.

Second best of the treatments of THE AVENGERS theme is, surprisingly, at the hands of Jerry Murad's Harmonicats. (GREAT THEMES FROM TV AND MOTION PICTURES; Harmony Records; HL 7423, mono; HS 11223, stereo; both \$1.89). Like the Reg Guest disk, this record has a mere ten numbers on it, but the low price makes up for it.

The theme from The Show comes off nicely with harmonicas, I was pleasantly surprised to find. The three harmonicats are backed up by an organ and rhythm section, which includes an electric guitar that comes unpleasantly



close to drowning out the harmonicas at times.

Many Avengerphiles may be repelled by this version of The Theme, for non-musical reasons. Some imbecile has included supposedly sinister sound effects; and not very good ones. Just before the music begins, a gun is heard firing. It sounds like a cap pistol to me. Then what is supposed to sound like a skidding car (but doesn't) screeches from one speaker to the other, crashing glassily. Then the music starts, but the sound effects continue, unfortunately. I mentally tune out the sound effects when I listen. Others may not want to take the effort.

Instrumentation varies from band to band. The three harmonicas, with only drums for support, perform a thoroughly enjoyable rendition of THE PINK PANTHER. Also on the album is the theme from THE SPY WITH A COLD NOSE. Forget it! THE PETER GUNN theme comes off nicely. On this band, a wordless female chorus is present which, happily, manages to stay out of the way. BORN FREE is here, but does not sound its best on harmonicas. And this time the chorus is cloying. MOON RIVER is another song that is not suited to harmonica treatment. GEORGY GIRL is played in sprightly fashion, but the female chorus louses things up by singing "Hey There, Georgy Girl" and nothing else at all too frequent intervals. Curiously, there are cuts in the melody. Harmonicas alone do WIVES AND LOVERS and CHARADE. They do as much with the former as anyone can be expected to do. The latter comes off pleasantly melancholy. Finally MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BY is enjoyably done and this time the chorus of girls enhances, rather than detracts.

The cover deserves special comment. A lass is shown, dressed in leather (insofar as she is dressed), with long black hair streaming down her shoulders, one conquering foot placed on a heap of incapacitated villains, and a harmonica in one hand. Mrs. Peel, she ain't; but she apparently can take care of herself.

The best version of "The Avengers" theme appears on THEMES FOR SECRET AGENTS (London Records; SP 44076; available only in stereo; \$6.79) by the Roland Shaw orchestra. Shaw follows the orchestration on the show quite

closely. The brass is a bit harsh; which is true of most of the other numbers on the disc.

Also making the scene are five Bond themes: THE JAMES BOND THEME, FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, THUNDERBALL, GOLDFINGER and MR. KISS KISS BANG BANG. With the exception of FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, all are performed mechanically and sometimes hysterically. They do not make a very good showing alongside John Barry's original versions.

Shaw's performance of THE MAN FROM UNCLE is more gratifying: a bright brassy and moving number. I SPY comes off nicely, though I was irritated by the electric guitar punching out the beat at a volume disproportionate to the strings. THE IPCRESS FILE has that guitar again, sounding remarkably sour this time. THE SAINT sounds very tired. Shaw gives us a surprisingly slow and dragging version of the theme. THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD is very tender and lyrical. OUR MAN FLIT has a bongo section which is far too long, followed by that damned guitar at its sourest.

Throughout the record, Roland Shaw gives the impression of trying too hard. There are strings on most of the performance, but the other forces of the orchestra tend to shout them down. Things just don't blend, though this may be due to the record being a "Phase Four Sound Spectacular," with undue emphasis on sound.

The front cover of the album is a posed photo, and shows one bald bespectacled gent in a lab smock, who is playing with vials full of colored water, plus one obvious bad guy with a rifle, plus another gent who looks alarmingly like Sean Connery (which is probably intentional), plus three remarkably scroungy looking dames. Much to be preferred is the back cover. A photo montage of secret agents, including the Dashing Duo of Steed & Peel. Also shown is another cool couple, namely Culp & Cosby. Ilya & Napoleon are also on board, for those who like that sort of thing.

-hank davis-



# Mit Schirm, Charme und Melone



TWO ARTICLES FROM "BRAVO" MAGAZINE; TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN H. LEWIS .....



Hier sagt Diana Rigg den Männern die Wahrheit. Und sie verrät, wie der Mann ihrer Träume aussieht. Millionen Fernsehzuschauer kennen Diana als die kaltschnäuzige Super-Agentin Emma Peel in der TV-Serie, "Mit Schirm, Charme und Melone". Unsere BRAVO-Leser lernen nun eine andere - die private Diana kennen: scheu, gefühlvoll, entwaffnend ehrlich.

DIANA RIGG:

Ich hasse schöne Männer!

BRAVO: Diana, in Deutschland hat ihre Serie "Mit Schirm, Charme und Melone", wie eine Bombe eingeschlagen. Die Leute reißen sich darum, alles von ihnen zu erfahren. Es gibt nicht viel von ihnen, was ihre Fans noch nicht wussten. Es sei denn, wir sprechen über...

DIANA: ...die Liebe!

BRAVO: Ja, genau! Woher wissen Sie, was ich Sie fragen wollte?

DIANA: Oh, ich kenne die Männer. Ich sehe es ihnen an, wenn sie mit solchen Fragen kommen. Und dann denke ich, "Vorsicht, Diana!"

BRAVO: Vorsicht? Warum?

DIANA: Vorsicht vor dem Thema. Es ist sehr schwierig, darauf zu antworten.

BRAVO: Diana, haben Sie einen Traummann?

DIANA: Natürlich. Jede Frau hat mehr oder weniger einen Typ, von dem sie träumt. Aber sie behält ihn für sich.

BRAVO: Wie sehen Sie ihren Traummann? Ist er ein Draufgänger? Ist er schüchtern? Darf er unerfahren sein? Oder ist es der berühmte Junge mit den grauen Schläfen?

DIANA: Er soll attraktiv sein. Das ist natürlich wichtig. Damit meine ich aber gewiss nicht Ausserlichkeiten. Für manche Leute ist Jean Paul Belmondo lässlich. Für mich ist er sehr attraktiv. Er liegt rein vom Gefühl her genau auf meiner Wellenlänge. Eine Frau spürt so was. Ich mag an ihm seine Ironie und seine uneitle Haltung. Er hat grossen Mut, er selbst zu sein. Was das Alter betrifft: Ich halte es für nicht so wichtig. Und erst recht nicht, ob graue Schläfen hat. Das ist mir egal.

Here Diana Rigg tells men the truth. And she reveals what the man of her dreams looks like. A million television viewers know Diana as the impudent super-agent Emma Peel in the tv series "With Umbrella, Charm and Bowler". Readers of BRAVO will now learn about another -- will meet the private Diana: shy, sentimental, disarmingly honest.

Diana Rigg:

I Hate Handsome Men!

BRAVO: Diana, In Germany your series "With Umbrella, Charm and Bowler" has gone off like a bomb. People fight to learn everything about you. There is not much about you that your fans would not like to know. So, let us talk about...

DIANA: ...Love?

BRAVO: Exactly! How did you know what I wanted to ask you?

DIANA: Oh, I know men. I see it in their faces when they come with such questions. And I think, "Be careful, Diana!"

BRAVO: Be careful? Why?

DIANA: Be careful with that subject. It is very difficult to answer questions about.

BRAVO: Do you have a dream man, Diana?

DIANA: Of course. Every woman more or less has a type she dreams about. But she keeps it to herself.

BRAVO: How do you see your dream man? Is he a daredevil? Is he cautious? Could he be immature, inexperienced? Or is he the celebrated young man with gray temples?

DIANA: He should be attractive. That is important, of course. By that I certainly do not mean on the exterior, however. To many people Jean Paul Belmondo is ugly. To me he is very attractive. He lies exactly on my wavelength purely from emotion. A woman feels something so. I like in him his irony and his unconceited behavior. He has great courage to be himself. As far as age is concerned, I don't consider that so important. And all the less whether he has gray temples. That doesn't matter to me.

BRAVO: Müsste er ein Sportstyp sein, stählern, durchtrainiert?

DIANA: Es gibt wichtigere Dinge! Wenn er ein gutes Gewicht hat, na schön. Wenn er dünn ist, auch. Ich mag aber nicht die Sorte Männer, die sehr fett sind - aus Trägheit fett - und sich dann auch noch unwiderstehlich verkommen. Meist sind es auch noch die, welche hinter mir her pfeifen. Übrigens: Muskelpakete hasse ich, genauso Schönlinge. Sie leben ausschliesslich in der Erwartung, bewundert zu werden. Das ist sehr anstrengend!

BRAVO: Und seine Haarfarbe? Wie soll ihr Traummann seine Haare tragen?

Dürfen es lange Haare sein? Oder ist die Farbe seiner Augen wichtiger?

DIANA: Nein, nein - das ist alles nicht entscheidend.

BRAVO: Müsste ihr Traummann ein Salonlöwe sein?

DIANA: Er sollte in Gesellschaft kein Spielverderber sein. Er sollte auch ohne Riesenmengen Alkohol ein netter Unterhalter sein. Wichtig: Er darf auf keinen Fall versuchen, "eine Schau abzuziehen". Ich kann es nicht leiden, wenn Menschen in Gesellschaft sich plötzlich anders geben, als sie in Wirklichkeit sind.

BRAVO: Wie oft sollte er ihnen sagen, dass er sie liebt? Einmal am Tage? Otter?

DIANA: Immer dann, wenn es nötig ist. Ein Mann muss fühlen, wann eine Frau so was hören möchte.

BRAVO: Darf ihr Traummann Schwächen haben?

DIANA: Oh, er muss sie haben. Ich halte Männer, die von sich behaupten, dass sie ohne Schwächen sind, schlichtweg für unausstehlich. Ich weiss, viele Männer behaupten gern etwas Derartiges von sich. Meist sind es Verklemmte oder Hampelmänner. Jeder richtige Mann hat auch Schwächen. Er muss stark genug sein, um diese Schwächen zu-zugeben; dann wird er für mich liebenswerter.

BRAVO: Stellen Sie sich vor, Sie hätten ihren Traummann gefunden...

DIANA: Wunderbar!

BRAVO: ...Sie hätten ihn gefunden und lebten mit ihm zusammen. Sie sässen nun gemeinsam beim Frühstück. Dürfte er bei dieser Gelegenheit eine Morgenzeitung lesen oder sollte er sich in jedem Moment um sie kümmern?

DIANA: Ich würde ihn darum bitten, sich nicht in jedem Moment um mich zu kümmern. Natürlich sollte er lesen, wenn

BRAVO: Must he be a sporting type, well-disciplined?

DIANA: There really are more important things! If he has a good build, then fine. If he is thin, the same. I do not like the kind of men who are far - fat from laziness - and thus keep themselves from being attractive. Most of them are also those who whistle at me. Moreover: I hate packages of muscles, and just as so handsome ones. They live exclusively in the expectation of being admired. That is very tiring!

BRAVO: And the color of his hair? How should your dream man wear his hair? Could it be long? Or is the color of his eyes more important?

DIANA: No, no, - all that is not critical.

BRAVO: Must your dream man be a ladie's man?

DIANA: He should not be a wet blanket at parties. He should also be a good conversationalist without quantities of alcohol. He must be no means try to "steal the show". I cannot stand it when men at parties suddenly begin to act differently from what they really are.

BRAVO: How often should he tell you that he loves you? Once a day? More often?

DIANA: Always when it is necessary. A man must sense when a woman would like to hear it.

BRAVO: May your dream man have weaknesses?

DIANA: Oh, he must have them. I consider men who claim of themselves that they are without weaknesses simply insufferable. I know, many men readily claim something of that sort about themselves. Most of them are puppets. Every real man also has weaknesses. He must be strong enough to admit these weaknesses; then to me he becomes worthy of love.

BRAVO: Imagine that you have found your dream man...

DIANA: Wonderful!

BRAVO:...You have found him and lived together with him. You sit together at breakfast. May he at this time read a morning paper, or should he tend to you every minute?

DIANA: I would ask him to not look after me every minute. Of course he should read when he wants.



ihm danach ist. Er würde mir dann Gelegenheit geben, darüber nachzudenken, wie ich am schönsten mit ihm den Tag verleben könnte.

BRAVO: Sollte er Sie immer und überall beeindrucken?

DIANA: Das wäre das Langweiligste, was ihm einfallen könnte!

Furchtbar!

BRAVO: Aber wir sprechen doch von ihrem Traummann. Sollte er ihnen nicht wenigstens Überlegen sein?

DIANA: Typisch, ihr Männer! Warum, um Gottes willen, muss ein Traummann denn Überlegen sein? Ich fände es herrlich, wenn er verwundbare Stellen hätte. Er liesse mir die Illusion, dass ich ihm wenigstens ein- oder zweimal bei einer Dummheit ertappen könnte. Es würde ihn für mich sehr anziehend machen. Etwas anderes ist es mit dem Grad seiner Intelligenz. Man muss alle Frauen von dem Irrtum bewahren, dass es nur gescheiterte Männer gibt. Das ist ganz sicher ein Fehler. Es gibt sogar Männer, die den Intelligenzgrad eines mittleren Orang-Utans mitbringen. Meist halten sie sich auch noch für sehr geschickt.

BRAVO: Soll er ihnen Wünsche erfüllen, mit denen er nicht einverstanden ist?

DIANA: Er sollte das nicht tun. Ich würde es für inkonsequent halten. Ich glaube, dass ich auf solche Wünsche auch verzichten könnte.

BRAVO: Könnten Sie sich vorstellen, dass ihr Traummann sich gewisse Unarten zur Angewohnheit gemacht hat, und musste er solche Angewohnheiten ihnen zuliebe aufgeben?

DIANA: Das kommt darauf an. Wenn ich sicher wäre, dass diese Angewohnheiten zu ihm gehören, wie die Streifen zu einem Zebra - dann würde ich sie ihm lassen.

BRAVO: Wieviel Freiheit dürfte ihr Traummann für sich haben?

DIANA: Jeder!

BRAVO: Verlangen Sie die gleichen Rechte wie er?

DIANA: Natürlich. Wir leben doch nicht in Mittelalter.

BRAVO: Und Eifersucht?

DIANA: ...Ist das Salz der Liebe!

BRAVO: Welche Eigenschaften sind für ihren Traummann wichtig?

DIANA: An erster Stelle Intelligenz. Dann Grosszügigkeit. Toleranz und eine gewisse Erziehung. Wer gut erzogen ist, hat auch zwei weitere Eigenschaften, die eng damit zusammenhängen:

He would then give me the opportunity to think about how I could best spend the day with him.

BRAVO: Should he try to impress you : all the time and everywhere?

DIANA: That would be the most tiresome : thing that could happen to him.

TERRIBLE!

BRAVO: But we are speaking of your dream man. Shouldn't he be considerate of you at all?

DIANA: Typical, you men! Why, for God's sake, must a dream man be considerate? I would find it wonderful if he had vulnerable spots. He would give me the illusion that I could trap him in a mistake at least once or twice. It would make him more interesting to me. In addition, there is the degree of his intelligence. All women must be kept from the error of believing there are only intelligent men. That is quite surely a mistake. There are even men who bring along the IQ of an orangutan. Most of them consider themselves very intelligent as well.

BRAVO: Should he satisfy those wishes of yours that he doesn't agree with?

DIANA: He shouldn't do that. I would consider it contradictory. I believe that I could give up such wishes.

BRAVO: Can you imagine your dream man making certain bad manners into habits, and would he have to give up such bad habits for your sake?

DIANA: That comes to this. If I were sure that these habits belonged to him as the stripes of a zebra -- then I would leave them alone.

BRAVO: How much freedom would you allow your dream man to have?

DIANA: All!

BRAVO: Would you demand the same rights as he?

DIANA: Of course. After all, we aren't living in the Middle Ages.

BRAVO: And jealousy?

DIANA: ...Is the salt of love!

BRAVO: What qualities are important for your dream man?

DIANA: First of all, intelligence. Then generosity. Tolerance and a certain education. Whoever is well educated has in addition two more qualities which are closely connected:

Toleranz und Anpassungsvermögen.

BRAVO: Haben Sie noch etwas vergessen, Diana?

DIANA: Ja, etwas vielleicht noch: Verschwiegenheit. Mein Traummann sollte kein Schwätzer sein. Das wäre ein Prüfstein für mein Vertrauen zu ihm. Ich kann Männer nicht leiden, die ihre Eroberungen und die Schwächen ihrer Freundinnen mit Unbeteiligten durchhechen.

BRAVO: Diana, stellen Sie sich bitte folgende Situation vor: Ihr

Traummann erklärt Ihnen in allen Einzelheiten die technischen Voraussetzungen für die Landung eines Raumschiffes auf dem Mond. Nachdem er sorgfältig alles erläutert hat - etwa zwei Stunden lang -, sagen Sie ihm ungerührt, dass Sie den Anfang seiner Erklärungen nicht begriffen haben. Wie sollte er reagieren?

DIANA: Er sollte einen Weltatlas nehmen und ihn mir über den Kopf hauen. Nach zwei Stunden! Ich glaube, das wäre eine Situation, in der er nicht anders reagieren dürfte!

Tolerance and adaptability.

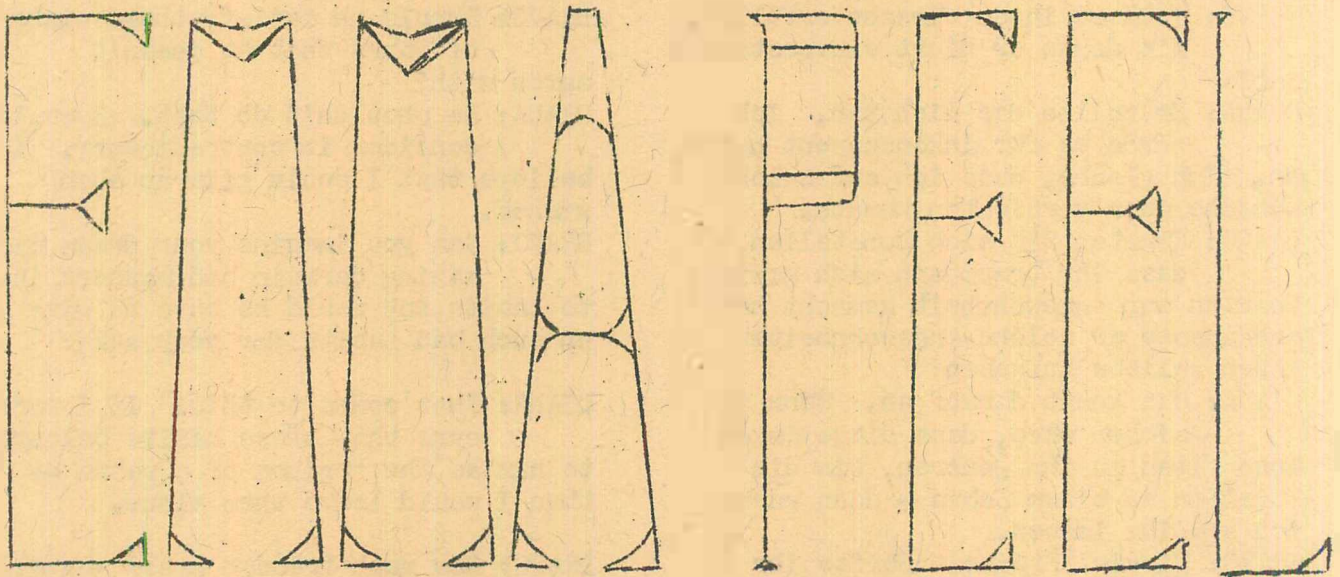
BRAVO: Have you forgotten anything else, Diana?

DIANA: Yes, perhaps something else: discreetness. My dream man should not talk too freely. That would be a test for my trust in him. I cannot stand men who dissect their conquests and the weaknesses of their girl friends with outsiders.

BRAVO: Diana, please imagine yourself in the following situation:

Your dream man explains to you in all detail the technical conditions for the landing of a rocketship on the Moon. After he has carefully explained everything - perhaps two hours in length -, you tell him calmly that you did not understand the beginning of his explanation. How should he react?

DIANA: He should take an atlas and hit me over the head. After two hours! I believe that would be a situation where he would not dare to do otherwise!



Wie lebt man als  
Gangsterschreck?

or:

HOW DOES AN AVENGER LIVE ?



Sie hat es geschafft, die weiblichen Fernsehzuschauer genauso zu begeistern wie die männlichen. Jedes Mädchen möchte einmal Emma Peel sein, und jeder Mann liesse sich gern mal mit "Schirm, Charme und Melone" von ihr aufs Kreuz legen. Wie das Privatleben von Emma Peel aussieht - zeigt Euch BRAVO auf den nächsten Seiten.

Das sind die Dinge, die Diana Rigg am meisten liebt:

- 1) Blumen und Pflanzen. Überall. Sogar in der Küche.
- 2) Eine Harfe, aus Griechenland mitgebracht. Diana liebt alte Instrumente und alte Musik.
- 3) Ihr französisches Kochbuch, nach dem sie am liebsten ihre Abendmahlzeiten "komponiert".
- 4) "Sergeant Pepper", ihre Lieblings-Beatles-Platte.
- 5) Trockenen Champagner schätzt sie zu jeder Tageszeit.
- 6) Ihr Maskottchen ist der Teddy. Seit zehn Jahren schleppt sie ihn mit herum.
- 7) Von ihren Antiquitäten ist der Schaukelstuhl ihr liebstes Stück.
- 8) Bücher aus dem Mittelalter. Jedes Stück eine Kostbarkeit.
- 9) Zigarillos. Manchmal raucht sie die schwarzen Dinger sogar wirklich.
- 10) Die Matrosenmütze ist das Symbol für Dianas Segelledienschaft.
- 11) Spielkarten, wenn Freunde kommen - Poker ist "Emmas" grosse Schwäche.
- 12) Und das Bein, das im Hintergrund aus dem Rahmen fällt? Es gehört dem Diana Liebt. Und dessen Namen sie nicht verraten will - bis zur Hochzeit!

She has managed to captivate female television viewers just as much as the men. Every girl would like to be Emma Peel, and every man would gladly sacrifice himself once for her with "Umbrella, Charm and Bowler". On the next page BRAVO shows you the private life of Emma Peel.

1) These are the things Diana Rigg loves most: ((Pictured)).

- 1) Flowers and plants. Everywhere. Even in the kitchen.
- 2) A harp, brought from Greece. Diana loves old instruments and old music.
- 3) Her French cookbook, from which she most likes to "compose" her dinners.
- 4) "Sergeant Pepper", her favourite Beatles record.
- 5) Dry champagne, which she treasures at any hour.
- 6) Her little companion is the teddy bear. She has carried him around with her for ten years.
- 7) Of her antiques, the rocking chair is her favourite piece.
- 8) Books from the Middle Ages. Each one is a valuable collectors item.
- 9) Cigarillos. Sometimes she even smokes the black things.
- 10) The sailor's cap is the symbol of Diana's passion for sailing.
- 11) Playing cards, when friends come - - poker is "Emma's" great weakness.
- 12) And the leg extended out of the picture frame in the background? It belongs to the man Diana loves. And whose name she will not reveal -- until her wedding!

((Editor: I must note here that the photo where all this is mentioned is a full two-page color thing - very mind bending - and sitting in the antique rocking-chair is a frankly incredible Teddy bear. Gray, tatty, worn, loveable, and wearing a pair of sunglasses (foster grants?) and holding a can of sun-tan oil spray. Also shown though not mentioned is expensive perfume, Miles Davis records and an incredibly mini-skirt on our most delectable and gracious bird.))

Emma bleibt im Studio, Diana geht nach Hause.

"Von dieser Wohnung habe ich jahrelang geträumt," strahlte Diana Rigg, als BRAVO sie in London besuchte. Mit den Gagen aus ihrer Fernsehrolle als Emma Peel in "Mit Schirm, Charme und Melone" hat sich Diana ein zauberhaftes Zuhause geschaffen. Teils mit alten Möbeln, teils modern eingerichtet, herrlich gemütlich, eine stille Insel im Häusermeer der 8-Millionen-Stadt. "Sie hätten das alte Gemäuer sehen sollen, als ich es mietete", erzählte Diana. Wenn sie sich daran erinnert, muss sie heute noch lachen. "Es war ein Witz aus der Zeit der Königin Viktoria." Mit Hilfe eines geschickten Architekten ist daraus entstanden, was Diana ihre "geliebte kleine Welt" nennt. Ein stilles Nest im Stadtteil St. John's Wood, wo der Grosstadt-Lärm schon verebbt. In dieser Wohnung erinnert nichts mehr an das knallharte Karate- und Judo-Mädchen Emma Peel, vor dem jeder Gangster kapitulieren muss. "Beruf und Privatleben werden streng getrennt", ist der Grundsatz des Stars. "Emma Peel bleibt im Studio, Diana Rigg geht brav nach Hause."

Emma remains at the studio, Diana goes home.

"I have dreamed of this apartment for a year," Diana Rigg beamed as BRAVO visited her in London. With the salary from her television role as Emma Peel in "With Umbrella, Charm and Bowler", Diana has made an enchanting home for herself. Arranged partly with old furniture, partly with modern, exquisitely comfortably, a quiet island in a sea of houses in a city of eight million. "You should have seen the ruins when I rented it", Diana told us. When she reminds herself of it, she must still laugh. "It was a joke from the time of Queen Victoria." With the help of a skilled architect, there has arisen what Diana calls her "dear little world". A quiet nest in the part of the city called St. John's Wood, where the din of the metropolis already is dying away. In this apartment, nothing is suggestive of the ruthless karate and judo expert Emma Peel, before whom every gangster must capitulate. "Professional and private lives must be sharply divided," is the maxim of the star. "Emma Peel remains at the studio, Diana Rigg goes bravely home."

((Captions to five lovely photos.))

((Scene inside the living room, bookshelves, magazine bench to rear, antique velvet couch in foreground, Holland ceramic tea service on coffee table, Miss Rigg in modified Mao suit and slippers on couch, holding her toy poodle.))

Nichts findet Diana gemütlicher, als an verregneten und vernebelten Wochenenden viele Stunden auf dieser "Traumwiese", einem samtbezogenen Sofa in ihrem riesigen Wohnraum, zu verbringen: Sie liest (aber auf keinen Fall ein Drehbuch), hört ihre Lieblingsplatten, trinkt ab und zu einen Schluck Champagner und schmökert in Kochbüchern, um sich neue Rezepte auszusuchen. Mit Vorliebe probiert sie neue Gerichte aus und überrascht ihre Gäste damit. Ihre Kochkünste stehen bei Besuchern hoch im Kurs. "Ich koche leidenschaftlich gern. Und ich koche gut", versichert sie. Am allermeisten aber genießt Diana Rigg, dass hier niemand ruft: Achtung! Aufnahme!

Diana finds nothing more pleasant than spending many hours on this "dream meadow", a velvet-covered sofa in her huge living-room. She reads (but never a script), listens to her favorite records, now and then takes a sip of champagne, and browses in cookbooks, picking out new recipes. She is fond of trying out new dishes and surprising her guests with them. Her cooking skills are highly rated by her visitors. "I cook enthusiastically. And I cook well," she declares. Most of all, however, Diana Rigg enjoys the fact that here no one calls: Attention! Shooting!

((Barefoot Diana in white flowing ankle-length white gown, standing at the edge of a large stream, staring high at the clouds overhead.))



Für den Vorspann der Serie lässt sich der Regisseur immer neue Gags einfallen. Mal zeigt er Emma im hautengen Anzug mit der Pistole im Anschlag. Dann im wallenden Gewand: Nicht nach Ganoven, sondern nach Wolken spähend.

For the lead-in to the program the director thinks of newer and newer gags. Once he showed Emma in skin-tight apparel with pistol ready. Then in a fluttering gown: not watching thieves, but clouds.

((Miss Rigg is sleeveless single, dark, pendant, smiling over what looks very much like a step-cake. In the kitchen, hatch, pantry's, wall-stoves, oodles of accessories and the like, all very shiny. Including her winsome smile.))

Von den Kochmischen hält Diana nichts. Sie sorgte für eine Küche, die so gross ist, dass sie für ein kleineres Restaurant ausreichte. In der Mitte steht der Elektroherd. An der Wand Backofen mit Bratöhre und Grill. Kühlschrank, Tiefkühltruhe, Geschirrspülmaschine und sämtliche raffinierten, elektrischen Geräte. Als ihr Partner Patrick MacNee vor kurzem mit seiner Frau bei ihr zu Gast war, lobte er: "Du kochst zu Hause so gut, wie du im Atelier putzelst."

Diana thinks little of cooking alcoves. She likes a kitchen which is so big that it would suffice for a small restaurant. In the middle stands the electric range. A baker's oven against the wall. Refrigerator, deep freeze, dishwasher and similar clever electrical appliances. When her partner Patrick MacNee and his wife recently were her guests, he praised her: "You cook as well at home as you fight in the studio."

(( Barefoot, graceful, and calm looking, Miss Rigg is before a large two-pane picture window, clad in a lace-motif see-through dress of very mini-length and (of course) a body-suit, two-piece, a few semi-Georgian houses in the court below.))

Den Blick aus dem riesigen Fenster ihres Wohnraumes über die sonntagsstillen Hufe hat Diana besonders gern: "Von hier aus kann ich sogar Bäume sehen." Da Diana 1,72 meters gross ist, kann man sich vorstellen, wie hoch das Fenster ist.

Diana especially likes the view from her huge living-room window over the Sunday-quiet courtyards: "From here I can even see trees." Since Diana is 1.72 meters ((5' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ')) tall, you can imagine how high the window is.

((Stretched across her big, big, big double bed, sheets ruffled, clad in flannel semi-Ton-ji suit pajamas, looking as charming as ever. Poopsie The Grey Ghost is on the bed probably wondering what this nut with the camera was doing.))

Oft dauert ihr Arbeitstag zwölf Stunden und mehr. Nach Drehschluss tut ihr meist jeder Muskel einzeln weh, denn die Fernseh-Ganoven machen Diana das Leben nicht leicht. Wenn sie nach Hause kommt, sinkt sie querst aufs Bett, um sich zu entspannen. Zwergpudel "Poopie" kuschelt sich daneben.

Her working day often lasts twelve hours or more. After the shooting stops, almost her every single muscle aches, for the television villains do not make life easy for Diana. When she comes back home, she first falls on the bed to relax. The small poodle Poopie lies down next to her.

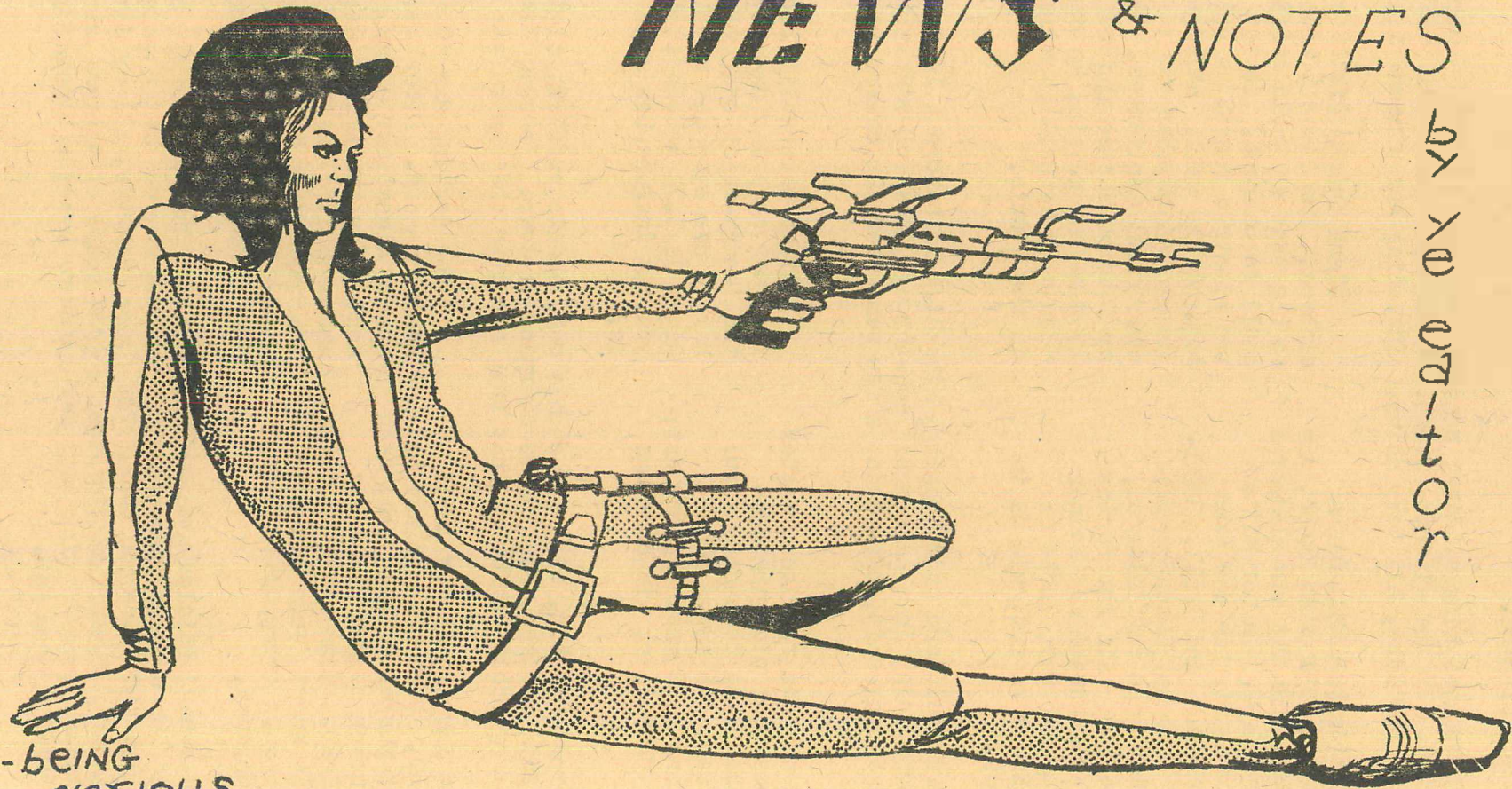
((There are two other articles available from BRAVO, but as they are merely re-re-rehashes of the press releases already re-re-rehashed in the pages of EN GARDE, I thought I'd spare you them. The fotos, however, all by John Kelly, are quite superior, showing imagination, a good sense of balance and color and obviously a certain empathy with that fey creature known as Diana Rigg. John Kelly is obviously A Good Man.))

would you believe in a 5-foot, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches tall elf?



# NEWS & NOTES

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DEREK CARTER '68



## IN WHICH WE READ OF ODD THINGS

As usual, this is the odd-bag, the jumble of misc. things and various press and magazine mentions of The Yorkshire Rose and other people connected with "The Avengers", or just because of obstinate Editorial frenzy.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, #12, (price .35¢) a quarterly journal for the Monster Movie buff primarily, ran a two-pager on The Avengers. Generally the article itself was just a re-write of the Press Releases ABC-TV has handed out, but one page consists of a lovely foto from "The Living Dead" episode, and the other has a charming shot of Rigg & MacNee in costume. If unavailable in your area, write to CoF, c/o Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Edited at 509 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y., 10017. Editor is our ol' Calvin Thomas Beck, by the way.



TV Guide also ran an article recently (May 4-10 issue) on Kate Woodville, the little lady who got herself bumped off in the very first issue of "The Avengers". Naturally this made her fiancée, Dr. Keel very unhappy. So he teamed up with a British Secret Agent named John Steed....and "The Avengers" set out to avengerly remake British telly. Kate herself later became Patrick MacNee's second wife. The article does have its inaccuracies, re "The Avengers".

The second article of interest is the one from (May 25-31) last week, concerning "The Prisoner". The article explained not an awful lot actually about the show itself, but commented somewhat on MacNee's drive to be his own master as far as acting goes. I hope not a single one of you out there missed the first show. If you did, you'll regret it. The thing is the sheerest blend of spy thriller and straight science-fantasy that I have ever seen on the boob tube. Like "2001", it is so much a visual-with-sound experience, words start becoming absurd in describing it. "The Prisoner" should be on everyone's must list for this summer. It is also very nearly the only thing on the boob tube, apart from our own "Avengers" and a straightforward spy thriller of fine quality, "Man In A Suitcase", which unfortunately happens to be opposite STAR TREK. Oddly enough, all three are British.

Something to do with quality, I suppose.

Emma And The Emmy: Or How Not To Win An Award On The Idiot Box. As most of you out there know, there were two categories in the annual Emmy Awards presentation that I was looking, hopefully, for. "Best Dramatic Actress" and "Dramatic Series" with our perennial charmer Diana Rigg and "The Avengers" out there plugging. James Doussard, of the Louisville, Ky., COURIER-JOURNAL (May 19, '68) had this to say about our favourites.

"Dramatic series? Largely on the basis of episodes before Diana Rigg quit, the choice is "The Avengers", that perennial mid-term dike-plugger from England. "Mission: Impossible" probably will win, and it's not a bad show except that it has fallen into too steady a pattern for pleasant weekly viewing.

Diana Rigg gets our nod for female in a so-called "dramatic" series for her role as Emma Peel on "The Avengers", also a "comedy" in our opinion."

Came the fateful hour (or two), and apart from some improbably labored non-humor put together as Master-of-Ceremonies routines by the above MC's, the blackest hours came after they had read the winners.

Damn "Mission: Impossible"! And though she doesn't deserve it, being a lady in the finest sense, I felt a few similar moments of reaction for Barbara Bain, the female lead.

I might add that due to her appearances this year, Diana Rigg will eligible

be for next year's "Emmy" in Dramatic Female Lead. There is an unfortunate tendency apparent both in the Academy Awards (and, bighu, in the Hugo's as well) and in the Emmy's to give Awards to individuals for a time-period when really what they've done isn't all that hot. But there is a certain cumulative effect in operation, and it is exceedingly possible that Diana Rigg (on her Way Up in the entertainment world, so to speak) might get an Emmy next year. The date may say 1968, but the award will actually be for what she has done before that.

Which is a sad commentary on Oscars and Emmys, no matter how you slice it.

There are Diana Rigg/Mrs. Peel re-runs on the idiot box right now. Watch 'em and weep, Jackson, for more moons than I care to contemplate, they're all we're going to see of her.

By the bye, Leonard Nimoy, a contender for the Emmy for Male Supporting Actor, for his work on STAR TREK, was beaten out by Milburn Stone. In case the name does not ring a bell, think of the dirtiest idiot on GUNSMOKE. (And no, I don't mean Marshall Dillon!) Festus. An Emmy?

There is also now a 5th book out, on "The Avengers". The telly show it isn't, but this one doesn't seem quite so out-of-step as the Garforth books. Hank Davis, that inestimable Southrun Gentleman from the U of Kentucky, put his finger on the main discrepancy between the previous Garforth books and the "reality" of the Telly show we all know and love so well. The Garforth books had good to fair ideas, at least adequate handling up to really superb touches in places, as well as some game attempts at the sort of dialogue we associate with the Perfect Pair. But essentially the Garforth Steed was literally a callous, cold-blooded, opportunistic professional who really didn't care all that awfully about what happened to Mrs. Peel. I mean, that it wasn't all that vital a Thing between himself and Mrs. Peel. Keith Laumer, despite some super-slickness of handling and obvious usage of many mode s from the Retief Galactic Diplomat series, managed to put across the notion that though he was still a cold, callous, opportunistic professional, he would really care. I mean, something Vital from his life would not be there anymore and so forth. Fortunately, the Retief type of story fits well into the Avengers mold, not a perfect fit by any means, and Laumer has a great deal of discipline needing to be coaxed into his system vis-a-vis those endings of his - they just don't hang together very well. For that matter, most of his material I've read lately and far from lately showed a definite drop in quality as the end approaches. He just doesn't carry off his finale's off as well as he can his witty repartee and basic plot handling in the beginning and middle.

But essentially, Laumer did a much better job than Garforth. The major difference between Laumer and Garforth on the one hand, and Peter Leslie/MacNee on the other, is that the Berkley series have all tended towards one outlook on Steed. That he is more than a little slow on the draw sometimes, and if it wasn't for his female partners he would have become a DSC (Posthumous) some time ago. Not that "The Avengers" telly shows presents Steed as any Sherlock Holmes either, but there is a definite difference in degree and intent, his disasters seemingly more in the line of bad luck than stupidity, in the Telly series. Science Fiction Times also ran a review of the book, which they (I hope...too late to get word from them first) surely won't mind if I reprint herewith:

THE AFRIT AFFAIR: THE AVENGERS #5, by Keith Laumer. Berkley X1547, 1968, 128 pp. 60¢

"After a hiatus of six to eight months Berkley has issued another in their (superior) series-in-answer-to-Ace's-U.N.C.L.E. series, of Avengers adaptations. It was well worth the wait.

Well known science fiction satirist Keith Laumer has taken the authorship from John Garforth (Laumer has two other TV-into-novel adaptations to his credit: The Invaders, Pyramid R-1664; and Enemies From Beyond, Pyramid X1689; and succeeds in maintaining the typically British atmosphere that, with the underplayed humor has gained the program its large and devoted following. (Maybe Diana Rigg has something to do with that too....)



This novel, appearing after Emma Peel has been replaced by Tara King on the telly, is a treat for us Emma Peel fans, still featuring the only authentic Avengers team us die-hards will recognize. It also features the sneaky devilish Afrit -- Master Criminal, arch fiend and sheer meany.

What's an Afrit, you ask? Let Keith Laumer entertain you as he reveals the answer."

- D. Paskow -

REMEMBER BACK WHEN... For those who remember the Good Old Days, here's an old clip that Bodhan Symak dug up for me. "American Girl Watchers Sit Up And Take Notice When Hazel Court Dashes Across Their TV Screens".

Hollywood - Not since voluptuous Hazel Court dashed across TV screens in a mini-nightie in "Dick And The Duchess" has a British actress created such a stir with American male viewers as has Diana Rigg.

Diana plays the appealing Mrs. Peel, heroine and co-undercover agent with John Steed (Patrick MacNee) in "The Avengers", a sophisticated spoof on all the current spy nonsense.

To welcome back the charming Miss Rigg, I placed a call to her in her flat at Knight'sbridge, a district just outside London.

"Hello, Diana, I hope some of my colleagues you've already talked to were astute enough to welcome you back on behalf of all us American girl watchers."

"Oh (she laughed, well, some of them were women so they can be excused that."

"I guess you've heard the series has been well received over here."

"Yes, we're very pleased about that, delighted and rather surprised. Especially on the basis of its being an English series, without any sort of compromise towards making it an English-American product."

"Have you received any offers to work here as a result of this popularity? "

"No, not that I've heard of."

"That's strange (sheer negligence on the part of our producers, I thought), Tell me, Diana, have you ever been in the states?"

And so on and so forth and son. The interview (if there was such a thing.... it reads to me like he just hoked the thing up from the Press Releases) went on and on and on. No wonder American journalism is in such a state. This one was by Paul Henniger, Los Angeles Times, about January, '67. I've many more clippings like this, some of them with some unaccountably lovely stills of the lovely Miss Rigg, but the writing itself lapsing forever and forever into utter inanity and sloppy re-writes of the publicity hand-outs. It is no wonder that the few reporters who actually go out and actually see the people they write about are able to command by-lines with its consequent prestige and money. Robert Musel is one that springs immediately to mind.

Naturally when Miss Rigg returns to the states this Fall.... Oh? You didn't know? Yes, she's coming back with the Royal Shakespearan Company troupe, probably to Lincoln Center and those terrible acoustics, this Fall. I have no idea what roles she will be playing, or even whether the Company will stick to Shakespearan pieces. (How would you like to see Diana as the title character in Shaw's "Major Barbara"? ) It is sad that we shan't get to see that Paul Scofield fellow in King Lear.

After he won the Academy Award, an interviewer asked him a few questions on how he has managed to stay in such great shape these years. He attributed it to work, etc. But if the truth be known, our fairest Yorkshire rose can take some of that credit. In the final scene, you'll recall King Lear carried his youngest, and now dead, and most loving daughter across the stage. The fair Cordelia. And guess who played Cordelia....

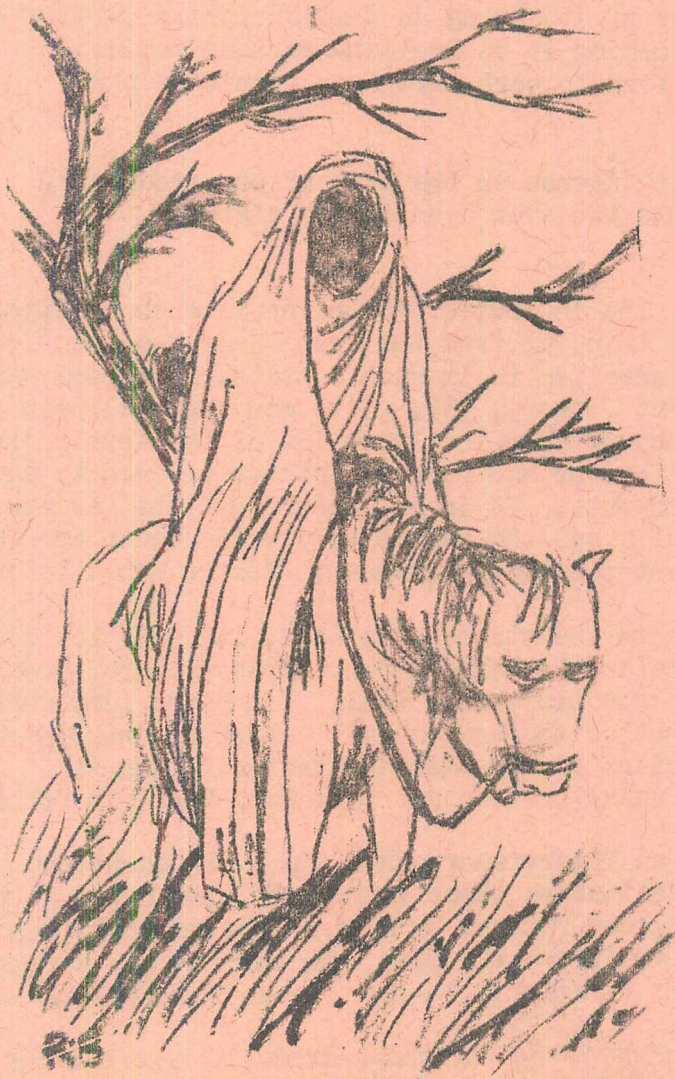
I mean, have you ever tried carrying 5' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " of red-haired elf around a big stage like the one at Lincoln Center? Builds the body tone, etc.

At any rate, your two Hbl' Srv't's To Cmnd, Messrs. Schultz et Crowdus, naturally have some reasonable expectation of being able to see and briefly mayhaps interview the busy Miss Rigg. (And there's this pseudo-French restaurant over on 7th near the Center where they have lovely almond crab and lobster newburg at not too ridiculous prices and a mediocre wine list that does however include some fine Chablis and a few good champagnes like the Krug and Tattinger to go with the ol' crab and lobster.....)

Oh well. If successful, naturally details of the interview will be included in the first available post-BayCon issue of EN GARDE. Also up in the air is an editorially suggested interview with the Grand Old Man of the RADA, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, one John Fernald by name.... Who happens to be the Director in charge of the metropolitan Detroit area Oakland University dramatic school and the Meadowbrook (University) Theatre.

Oh yes, we do have plans.

DO YOU RECALL YOUR WILLY THE SHAKE VERY WELL? And no, I don't mean the part where in a dramatic ~~sequence~~ sequence, Paul Scofield/King Lear ~~enters~~ enters upon the scene of carnage. I mean that long, long ago time when I mentioned in RIGGER DIGGER #1 that CBS was paying the preliminary bills for a long telly special colour presentation of "A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT'S DREAM" starring of course The One And Only D.R. Actually The Fairest Of Them All just played the part of Helena (with David Warner of MORGAN! fame as Lysander) which is Juicy, to say the least, but if you remember the story not exactly the one and only person of import in the thing. Starring with her was the entire Royal Shakespearan Company.



After the telly showing, the flic would reappear in the reserved seat movie houses in Big Screen presentation. As mentioned before, the telly is nice, but even colour palls before the Real Thing of a screen showing.

This was filmed back in October, and this Editor at least was sort of wondering just what happened to it. Read on, the following is from TV Guide.

"A clutch of high-minded specials heralded by CBS for this season, such as Royal Shakespearan Company performances of "King Lear" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," never reached the air for want of sponsors. The network's chief programmer, Mike Dann vows that viewers can look forward to these shows next season, sponsors or not. "We've made an \$8.5 million commitment in this area," he says. "As management policy, we're making every effort to intensify cultural and dramatic programming." One of the leftover shows, "From Chekhov With Love," with Sir John Gielgud, and a recently taped, hour-long recital by pianist Vladimir Horowitz, luckily have already landed a sponsor (Connecticut General Life Insurance) and probably will get early-September air dates."



What they mean actually is that there are willing sponsors, but all of 'em want to put up a "prestige" special at about the same price a series show is sold for per show, per hour rather. The difficulty is that per se a Special does not have the established sets, actors and actresses and crew already established. Each special is in effect a prototype, and in any industry a prototype always costs more than something off an assembly line. Of course I have some comments to make on networks that deliberately try to make each Special more elaborate -- and costly -- than the last one..... But that's neither here nor there.

Come this fall, then, CBS will definitely bring out AMND, and we can then confidently look forward to seeing it the way it should be shown, in the movies.

THERE IS SOME FILM FOR SALE Mr. Ronald M. Roccia is putting up for mail auction a tidbit of interest to all hard-core AVENGERS fans. Note the auction bit. Not a decent price, just an attempt to get as much as possible for it. At any rate, what he has for sale is that 60 second leader advert for "The Avengers" that we started seeing both this January and last January in advance of the re-appearance of the show. It is, as mentioned, in colour, 16mm, sound, and it is a dandy little promotional strip of film. He wants me to advertise this so I'm advertising. He also says he might be able to pick up some actual AVENGERS episodes, which is good work if you can do it.....

Grouch, grouch, grouch.....

Write the above sirrah at: 911 Chester Avenue, Yeadon, Pennsylvania, 19050.

HARLAN WON AN AWARD The Writers Guild, a broad cover organization for the chaps and ladies who write the material for TV and radio have their own awards yearly. For Best Dramatic-Episodic, there were two STAR TREK shows amongst the five nominated. Gene Roddenberry's "Return Of The Archons", and Harlan Ellison's "The City On The Edge Of Forever". Which of course won. Frankly, despite the fight Harlan got into the Desilu outfit that puts out STAR TREK, I'd say that it was indeed easily the Best. If it isn't at least nominated for the forthcoming "Hugo" this September, it'll be a shame.

Which leads me to wonder whether Harlan might find his material improving if he were to try a little co-authoring with a few people. Harlan does tend to be an abrasive personality at times, but if he were to try it, his own dramatic talents might flesh out a bit more.

Now mind you, Harlan is a groovy writer at times, but he tends to be all guts and fire and lacking in a certain amount of discipline and cohesiveness.

Enough said. I'll see him at the Triple Fan Fair in a few weeks anyways.

MAMA MIA! That's the statement when I received a very large clipping photo of one Honor Blackman. Off the coast of Malta, on the deck of a yacht, and wearing a bikini. Before you become too blase, remember yonder lady is not no spring chicken no more, being within a few years of Elizabeth Taylor, by the way. And Liz should look so good in a bikini. 'Tis a pity that her movie roles haven't really done so well by her, as they should. The ex-Mrs. Cathy Gale, Avenger-extradinary, just never seemed to catch fire in the flicks like she did on vid-tape (and I wonder just how much of that was just fetishism and leather suits and what-not). The clipping read:

"Sighted Off The Coast"

Actress Honor Blackman strikes a fetching pose while sailing off the coast of Malta where she is working in her latest film. Honor, who made her first movie in a James Bond epic, is portraying one of several persons searching for a fabled treasure in "A Twist Of Sand".

And nary a mention of her previous (to "The Avengers" films, ranging from a somewhat possessive Circe in "Jason And The Argonauts" to a philandering Mrs. in "A Night To Remember" to a dizzy housewife in "A Girl, A Boy And A Bicycle". All down the drain at the flick of a press-writer's typewriter. Which simply illustrates the oft-told tale of the "Overnight" success who has been plugging away in the business for two generations.....



"Mrs. Peel - We're badly needed!  
The Other Side are striking at  
England with a terrible monster -  
a creature that eats bowlers and  
brolly's!"

Which is as good a time as any to remind you people that an awful lot of good open-handed defense teaching concentrates on landing one or two good first blows and then rapid-fire continuing the attack, without let-up. This is a sort of rephrasing of the notion that first you get the man down and then you kick him when he's down. Actually, if you can daze your opponent and you're fast - really fast - it doesn't much matter what you do to him next. Sooner or later he's going to fold up, a' la Boris in "Mission: Highly Improbable" and the Doctor in "Murdersville". Once you're on top don't even stop to think, just keep hitting. The advantage a trained person has, of course, is that he is trained to be faster, knows at least partly by instinct the right places to hit, etc. Can be counted on to daze his opponent (or her) and to follow it up with a minimum amount of pain to the winner. (Every time I see someone hitting someone else in the head with a closed fist on the telly I keep thinking of the medical bills of having the bones in the hand put back together again.... Of course over there it's the National Health scheme, but still....)

BRIT VIDPIX NO THREAT IN US This is the somewhat inaccurate statement by a Mr. Dann, network VP for VARIETY, that interesting news weekly with that strange outlook on the world.

"Hollywood, April 2nd, 1968"

"The threat once posed by British vidpix of making serious inroads on Hollywood's telefilm industry by sales to the U.S. networks no longer exists. That was the view expressed by CBS-TV program V.P. Mike Dann, who admitted that "there was a time when we really felt the English market would cut in to Hollywood production, but I do not believe that's going to happen."

Dann declared that "up to this time there hasn't been a single successful series made in England for the U.S. market," and he added, "This makes it evident that England's contribution to the American tv scene will be essentially for use of British product only on a low-budget hour or as a summer replacement."

The network exec remarked that there has been considerable discussion and a lot of experimentation the past several years, to determine whether British production groups could successfully turn out shows for the American

Still, I expect that I shall anticipate seeing the flick when it finally comes out. Maybe by then the newspaper strike here in Detroit ( now going through it's 200th day ) will be over and I can get to read some reviews of what is new on the silver screen.

"AVENGERS STUFF REALLY WORKS Canton, Illinois,

(AP) - An intruder in a Canton store was pursued and stunned Wednesday night with a well-aimed karate chop by a store employee who said he only did what they do on television.

"I've been watching THE AVENGERS on television and I just tried to do what they do," said Billie R. Vaughan, 27, an employee at the auto supply store. "And it worked," he said.

The karate victim was being held for questioning by police."

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There is also an unconfirmed report that similarly a middle-aged grand-mother chopped up an intruder in her house with much the same enthusiasm and probable lack of precision.



market. But the attempts have failed, he said flatly, and as a result Hollywood is more dominant in the TV film industry today than it ever has been.

Dann continued that webs may buy British series because of their low budgets, but said that "tv networks base their leadership on circulation success." This cannot, he said, be achieved, by programming at low budgets, asserting that programming solely for low budgetary reasons "is never the wisest choice in the history of the entertainment business." "It is not a cheaper, but a better show that makes it," said Dann, adding, "There seems to be no real competition at this point to the Hollywood industry from England, or any other place abroad."

Herr Dann continued on in this vein for a bit, pointing out that the Hollywood sound stages were never so full of work. I might point out that though there is an awful lot of film being shot for a huge number of hours on the telly, and the ratings might not be too bad on some of them, quantity doesn't make quality, per se.

I wonder what he considers "Secret Agent" and "The Avengers", if he says there was never a successful Brit-series? Also Nielsen-ratings do not a good show make, shall we say. Obviously Dann's only criteria for judgment is the Nielsens. If he can sell the series for a big profit or price, it's a good show, period. The webs were never able to get top prices for their Brit products, but that has never stopped me from liking them. It is interesting to note that THE PRISONER and MAN IN A SUITCASE are both British and both being aired here by CBS, though as summer replacements, and that Dann is still program head. His comments about cheapness not being a good criterion of use was probably directed at ABC.

The old "Blue Coal" network, ABC, recently had a merger deal with AT & T shot down by the Federal government, under its anti-trust statutes. Once the merger was dead, the some 75 million \$\$\$\$ that AT & T was going to pour into the network naturally evaporated. In the light of their newly-discovered (and relative only) poverty, ABC has been going through some Agonizing Reappraisals.

#### "U.K.'S 'FINEST AURA' IN U.S. TV"

"Economy Minded ABC Slots Three" by les brown, Variety, 3/13/68

Over the past two or three years, the British have chipped away at Yankee resistance to their video product. With every sale of a series, hopes have been raised overseas for a major breakthrough on this side, but always the imports have been relegated to standby service by the U.S. webs, to be patched into their schedules as midseason or summer replacements.

Now an economy-minded ABC-TV has broken the ice, and the appearance in that network's starting lineup next fall of no less than three vid-series filmed in London may well prove the historic opening the foreign tv companies have been waiting for. Screen Gem's "Ugliest Girl In Town," calls for a London setting and will be shot there with a predominantly American cast in the principal roles, and 20th Fox's "Tales Of The Unknown" will be made in Blighty by Hammer Films, specialists in the horror-suspense genre, per "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane" and "Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte".

But the big wedge for Britain - and for that matter, other foreign companies - stands to be "The Avengers, since of the three it alone represents actual native product of U.K. television. The series for several years has aired there commercially on British ABC-TV meanwhile doing a couple of replacement tours on American ABC. It is now verging on the distinction of being the first import TV series ever to be part of the big premiere season in America.

#### FILLS DEVELOPMENT VOID

The U.S. ABC is encouraged with the way the series has been progressing in the numbers marts ever since it became the "Custer" substitute in January, and of course the show has the added attraction of costing considerably less than a domestic telefilm entry. Finally, it catches ABC in a year when its program development has been slight, leaving the web without many intoxicating American-made products to choose from in drawing up its blueprint for '68-'69.

At any rate, the web seems confident that the lighthearted meller will hold its own in the Nielsen sweepstakes next fall opposite "Gunsmoke" and "Star Trek" ((Editor -"Rowan And Martin Laugh-In" resisted movement to another date and having higher ratings than "Star Trek," got its way. "Star Trek" is now in a suicide slot late on Friday nights when the youngsters do not get to see it. Apropos of which, NBC is only filming 13 episodes of STAR TREK in its present shooting schedule.)) Monday nights, at least on a cost-per-thousand basis. No one's expecting it to win the time period, but considering the lower program investment vis-a-vis the competition, it doesn't have to.

"Avengers" is streamlining two ways for its new status in the U.S., first in casting Linda Thorson as the new femme lead, by which it's expected to get a certain exploitation life this spring, and second by moving outside of London to shoot in other European locales. That's to give it some of the continental flavor that will be missing from primetime when NBC's "I Spy" goes off the air next fall.

As for the other two series, "Ugliest" & "Tales", while technically they represent American product made in Britain, either or both - if they succeed - can help to dispel Yankee skepticism regarding the receptivity in the sticks of English dialects and folkways.

#### BRIDGING THE ACCENT GAP

Consciously or otherwise, American television has steadily been tuning the Yankee ear to the accents of Britain - invariety shows, specials, desk-and-soda talkfests (Arthur Treacher is a regular on one), newscasts, summer replacements, and, of course, the movies.

The big breakthrough for Britain may not occur next year, but it cannot be too far off. Price- especially in a time of great cost-consciousness - is decidedly in its favor.

NBC-TV appears to be gearing for that eventuality. Last week it entered into a three-way coproduction arrangement with Norman Felton's Arena Productions and Lew Grade's Associated Television Ltd. in the creation of a new hourlong tv series to be made in England. A whodunit suspenser, it's tentatively titled "The Strange Report," and is scheduled to go into production this June so that it would be ready for midseason duty, if necessary. But there's no question that, as a coproduction and with Felton involved, the web has the 1969-70 season in mind."

Mr. Les Brown (without his band of reknown?) also wrote another bit on the money crisis at 1330 Avenue of the Americas (ABC-TV) a few weeks later, and what it has done to ABC. While I have long claimed that becoming more and more gaudy and star-ridden and expensive is a one-way road for telly production, the thought does occur that evidently America is not yet sick enough of the pap they've been getting, and a defeat for ABC at this time could "prove" to telly Wheels that low-cost production is No Good. Per se.

#### ABC JOURNEY INTO UNKNOWN

Can Cheaper Fare Be Competitive? by les brown, VARIETY 3/27/68  
An item of no minor interest this year will be whether three networks continue to comprise the major league of television, or whether the number will dwindle to two, with ABC-TV operating in a lesser league all by itself. The question should find an answer next fall when the junior network's prime-time schedule-on-a-budget goes into rating combat with CBS and NBC.

The shakes have gone up in bigtime TV beyond corporate ABC's ability to play on the same terms as its competitors - the condition having arisen to a large extent from two consecutive seasons of Nielsen slippage by the web, but complicated by the collapse of the merger with International Telephone and Telegraph, the weakening of the whole advertising market the latter half of last year and, most recently, the attempt to float a \$75,000,000 debenture in a frightened money market due to the gold crisis.

At the tv network, where program failures have meant losses in the millions, compromises have been made. Wherever the web has been strong - as in sports - all efforts continue to be made to build it even stronger. But



where it has been weak, as in large areas of primetime, the overhead has been reduced, namely with cheaper programming.

Whether ABC-TV can be truly competitive in the numbers war with, for instance a pair of taped throwbacks like "Dream House" and the Don Rickles gameshow opposite a marquee-laden, pretentious "Name Of The Game" on NBC-TV and the costly "Gomer Pyle" and movies on CBS - or with the economical British vidfilm, "Avengers", against the old warhorse "Gunsmoke" on CBS and "Hennie/Laugh-In" on NBC - will tell the tale of whether ABC has become only a side issue to the main video event.

In the public mind, at least as represented in the press, the network that seemed to have achieved parity with the others three years ago has already slipped back into another league. That was evident in the aftermath of the Rusk-Fulbright hearings. CBS was scorched in the prints for having passed up live coverage of the event, while ABC, which didn't carry it either, got off virtually scot free. It isn't that the press gave the junior web special dispensation because of its fiscal state, but that it has come to expect less from ABC. There is already a double standard for tv performances. If ABC is going to cover the political conventions in 90-minute digests, that is merely duly reported; but if CBS or NBC were to make the same decision, they'd be flailed for shirking their broadcast obligations.

#### PULLING BACK

As to the budget tone of ABC's primetime, it indicates a pulling back from the hard competition even in a year when two vital carryover hours from the current season stand to be weakened by NBC program maneuvers, so that the projection of Nielsen averages for next year stand to be lower than they are currently, with ABC a distant third. "Big Valley", which has always performed nicely at 10:00 pm Monday nights, will have to face a movie on NBC next fall. And with the movies practically guaranteed 35 share or better, and always murder on hour-long story forms, "BV" may not maintain its present level. Nor, it would seem can "Judd" on Friday's, which this season had it easy against NBC's "Bell Telephone Hour", but next year will have to face an hour of commercial melodrama in "Star Trek".

#### COULD SURPRISE

Of course, where the new economy shows are concerned, it doesn't necessarily follow that expensive conventional programming has more success-potential than inexpensive conventional programming. ABC could pull the big surprise and send the sages of Broadcasting Row and Madison Ave., who are ready to count them out of the running, back to their projections to figure what went wrong. Still, anyone given to playing the odds and tracking the Nielsen trends could be forgiven for having doubts at this time anent the return in prime-time of such yesteryear generic faves as the big giveaway show (Dream House) or the Groucho Marxian quizzer (Don Rickles); or for that matter, the introduction to video of a musical situation comedy serial (That's Life) without a widely-known Star and going upstream of the trends which, putting it mildly, have shown original musicals on tv not to be overwhelmingly popular.

#### SEPARATE OR EQUAL

ABC, to put it simply, is trying to live in the same neighborhood with NBC and CBS, but cheaper. If it can pull it off, it will create a revolution in the tv business. Two of its new series next fall will be produced in London, "Journey Into The Unknown" and "Ugliest Girl In Town". Reportedly, "Journey" is costing about \$125,000 per hour episode, versus \$200,000 or better for a domestic anthology, and Ugliest is said to be coming in for



\$65,000 per negative, against a norm of \$80,000-\$90,000 for a domestic half-hour comedy.

The English-made "Avengers", going into the new lineup after three tours as a replacement, is understood to be costing \$110,000 per hour segment, as against the estimated "Gunsmoke" tab of nearly twice that. The Rickles show and "Dream House" are said to be carrying production tabs of less than \$35,000, putting them into the bookkeeper's dream class with "Dating/Newlywed Game" while "Operation: Entertainment" is a \$75,000 entry or thereabouts, which is like getting an hour for the price of a half. As for "That's Life," it's reportedly budgeted well below the normal primetime variety show.

At those prices, the shows don't have to realize 30 shares to succeed. In today's market, it doesn't really matter how many viewers are delivered as long as the cost-per-thousand comes out right. ABC may well find itself operating comfortably - and profitably - in the 25-share zone. But, here's the rub: At that level of performance it would be out of the Big Game and no longer an equal competitor to NBC and CBS. And once having dropped out, ABC may find it a long road back."

\* \* \* \* \*

'AVENGERS' AS YANKEE BOODLE DANDY  
a feather in Britain's tv cap

London, April 2, Variety

Promotion of "The Avengers," the wacky British tv thriller, to a primetime slot in the fall schedule of America's ABC-TV is seen here as an important breakthrough for British video exports.

Rob Norris, managing director of Associated British-Pathe, which handles overseas sales on behalf of the makers, Britain's ABC-TV company, regards the new importance being accorded to the series - the first from Britain to get a peak fall screening - as being significant in two respects.

To clinch the deal Norris, an emigre Yank, made two trips to New York during the last four weeks, with filmclips and forthcoming production plans for the series. It's persuasive pitching before the ABC brass resulted in the purchase of a further 26 skeins, to give "Avengers" its fourth American screening.

His sales coup, Norris figures, should open the door for a view of British product as being more than mere replacement stock.

Although he's not disclosing the dollar value of his sale, Norris added, "The decision to buy British because it costs only half as much as American product is no longer true". He feels that point has now been reached where British product can be judged simply on its tv value, with no account being taken of its place of origin.

Norris said that the possibility of extending the format to feature film length was very much in everybody's minds. "As a major feature it could have considerable market value," he said. "We have lots of ideas, but at present our difficulty would be in finding time in the middle of production schedules, which keep us fully occupied with producing and delivering episodes according to contract."

In terms of output, if not financial return, "The Avengers" measures up as Britain's most successful video export, Norris figures. With 83 episodes screened in 74 countries, it has so far grossed nearly \$10,000,000 from overseas markets, chiefly America. It has now passed the breakeven point in recouping initial outlay and the web is anticipating substantial profits from future sales which can be used to finance and develop new projects."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AVENGERS GO EAST

In the light of the internal political turmoil prevalent behind the Iron Curtain, it is interesting to note that four countries from the Communist bloc - Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Czechoslovakia - have just taken a step calculated to form firmer the cultural link with the West.

They have all agreed in principle to buy a "fair number" of episodes of that



elegantly capitalistic British television series "The Avengers".

I understand that when the series was first offered to the Eastern European countries, it was flatly rejected by all of them. But by sheer dint of hard work and the persuasive talents of Mr. Tony Gorzynski, a Polish emigre who has been in charge of the operation, they have at last been persuaded to change their minds.

The sale is something of a breakthrough for ABC-TV, the company responsible for "The Avengers". None of their films has ever been sold before behind the Iron Curtain, where, as one of their officials put it, "They tend to go for more down-beat stuff which shows how repressive the capitalistic system is."

— no byline, Evening Standard, 3/15/68

- \* - \* -

RE-STAFF (AVENGERS' FOR FRESH LOOK;

- NO byline, VARIETY, 8/2/67

ABC-TV's multi-million dollar earner, "The Avengers", which is at present the basis of the station's enterprise in the vidfilm business, is to undergo a change of production team. When 10 segments of the current in-production series are complete it is expected that Julian Wintle will leave the show.

Wintle took it over when "The Avengers" switched from videotape to film and subsequently scored its breakthrough in the Yank market. Taking over will be John Bryce, who was producer and editor of the series in tape form; Gordon Scott a staff producer and Jack Greenwood, former Merton Park studio chief.

ABC thinking in changing the production team is that the move will inject new ideas and thus keep the show alive. Bob Norris, Associated British\*Pathe execexec who sold "Avengers" in many countries throughout the world, points out that the show has been around for seven years and in that time has progressively changed.

Such changes are not made as criticism of the production staff, he says, but the station believes it's right to inject new creative thought into a show if it is to stay up with the times."

THEN THE HUSBAND POPPED UP! As you all well know by now, the Mr. Peel who gave our Mrs. Peel her matron name popped up out of, all places, the Amazonian jungle. At least it wasn't too bad a kiss-off for the slender elf we know as Mrs. Peel. I wonder how many of you noticed, however, how the "Forget-Me-Knot" episode managed to keep Peel and King separate until that final scene on the stairs?

Search your mind and memories carefully, you'll notice a few things. Like, Steed met Tara King at Mother's, yet you never saw Tara King and Mother together. She was always out in the drawing room or something. Then, after the Peel of Steel had been chopped down the first time by the anesthetic gun, she and Steed were separated. After that, Steed fought the game fight to regain his senses (it is interesting to note that Mrs. Peel was the very first thing he was able to recall, though not her name) and Mrs. Peel tried to escape from The Glass Works. In the course of Steed's wanderings he encountered Tara King, etc., etc. But even at the end, after Steed had arrived on the scene of the Glass Works, Tara King followed...but never joined Steed. She whacked one of the villainous bods with her lead-brick loaded purse, but you'll also recall that Mrs. Peel knocked that one out...then he leaped up again. And you never saw Rigg or MacNee in any frame of film that showed him making his getaway. Similarly, when Steed congratulated Mrs. Peel on zapping the Head Villain, Tara King was never actually in the same frame of film. Ergo, the "Forget-Me-Knot" episode had previously been filmed as a straight Steed/Peel thriller, without the presence of the busty Linda Thorson/Tara King. Then, faced with the Ultimate Reality and Horror of an "Avengers" without Mrs. Peel/Diana Rigg, someone very, very bright indeed conceived of the notion of re-working that show and throwing Tara King into it. It was then a simple matter to secure the game Miss Rigg's co-operation in filming the last 3 1/4 minutes, including the only actual point in the entire film where Rigg & Thorson/Mrs. Peel & King actually appeared on the same frame of film, the now famous stairway scene.

As a send-off show, I doubt very much if it could be improved on, and as a ~~piece~~ of (fairly) painlessly introducing the new femme, it cannot be beaten!



## "CANADIAN GIRL IS 'AVENGERS' STAR

The young lady in the bubble bath above is Linda Thorson, a twenty-year old Canadian girl who will soon be seen on television screens here in "The Avengers", one of the most successful series ever exported from Britain across the Atlantic.

For seven years, first in the hands of Honor Blackman and latterly Diana Rigg, the feminine lead in this series - Emma Peel - has been a kinky mod girl, addicted to judo and muscular skill. But now "Emma Peel" goes out and "Tara King" comes in as a warm, feminine and sexy young lady, who will do some fighting, but will be known to scream for help on occasion. She will rely more on brains and intuition than on brawn.

### PLUM PART

More than 200 actresses were auditioned for this plum part, and it finally went to 20-year-old Linda Thorson, who began shooting the new series of "The Avengers" at the end of October at Elstree Studios of Associated British Productions.

The new series will be seen in Canada on CTV stations around December and January. Patrick MacNee, who has played the part of "John Steed" since "The Avengers" started in 1961, continues in the starring male role.

Linda Thorson was born Linda Robinson in Toronto in 1947, and went to Bishop Strachan School, in Toronto. She has a sister, Barbara (a student at the University of Toronto) and two brothers, Grant, aged 7, and 18-year-old Martin, studying at the University of Waterloo. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Robinson, live on a farm in the Caledon Hills.

Linda, who came to Britain in 1965, and gained honours at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, is an expert at riding, swimming, diving and water-skiing. At the Granite Club in Toronto, she was juvenile ice-skating champion.

Diana Rigg is leaving the series to concentrate on her acting career in the films and the theatre, particularly in Shakespearean roles."

STAR Sunday magazine, October '67

There is more, much more, elsewhere, on how the professional reviewers felt after the changeover, and some later estimates of Linda Thorson, which will be printed in this issue later, if room permits. But first some editorial thots....

After half of a season of Linda Thorson (and a much revitalized scripting and film presentation, by the bye) I've a few thots on Tara King/Linda Thorson. She is, in the finest sense of the word, a highly skilled actress. Being somewhat new to the business I feel she has let herself be pushed around a bit too much by the *Wheels That Bee*. That blonde hair bit is one portion of that. She had perfectly good natural hair of a nice flinty brown shade, long and straight in the modern fashion. AEPU changed her to blonde, curly-haired (a la Harlow, no doubt) and lo, And Behold. Seeing her like this, it dawned on The Powers That Be that she looked astonishingly artificial. Surprise, surprise! So, they changed her back to her natural shade in which (again Surprise, surprise!) looked more natural.



As they had already invested a few hundred thousand \$\$\$\$\$\$ in a few episodes in which The King was blonde, this meant little strategems like her wearing a "blonde wig" in INVASION OF THE EARTHMEN, to name one example. A little trickery to save umpteen thousand feet of very expensive sound film, not commendable, but excusable in the face of what that film would \$\$\$\$ cost.

Again, though the camera work and editing has tightened up considerably, they are still using scripts obviously bought for "Emma Peel" and will continue to do so for some time. "The Case Of The Countless Clues" strikes me as a perfect example of an adaptation of an "Emma Peel" script. "Invasion Of The Earthmen" was another where the "Emma-Peel-isms" showed through. Considering the fact that the scripts were already paid for (as is natural in the industry these days), the use of them can hardly be considered base. If nothing else, the sight of a Linda Thorson in leather (fetishism again, but whathell) was quite commendable. As a much younger "John Steed" once commented, the sight of a woman in leather does tend to excite the hunter instinct.

Then again, the shooting schedule of the Linda Thorson series of "Avengers" has been frantic to say the least. She started, in actuality, in October of last year, and baby, putting together an hour show takes a bit of work! That should be capitalized as Work. And \$\$\$\$\$. There have, literally, been two sound stages going at the same time, using one actor and actress at a time, trying to shoot around the scenes where both must appear. (Of course, this was the same situation in the final Emma Peel/Diana Rigg shows, with Diana filling a heavy schedule elsewhere and MacNee commuting between Malibu and Elstree Studios.

This in itself is responsible for much of the shoddy continuity in the last half-season's Emma Peel/Rigg shows, and under pressure for 26 more Linda Thorson/Tara King shows in double-quick time, I'm afraid that the continuity of the King/Thorson shows suffered as well.

Am sorry to say it, but this rush work will probably show up in the forthcoming "King" shows this fall. If nothing else, this rush-rush-rush has altered the pace and method of the shows, tending to break the pair up more and more, in order to shoot around the absence of the other partner. Ah, for the good old days, even if they might not have been all that golden.....

So. We are faced with the prospect of a young and pretty lass who is a good actress - but is laboring under some burdens. As VARIETY noted:

"Miss Thorson is a pretty dish and an able actress. However, if her debut show is an indication, it appears that the series will suffer sharply from the loss of the intriguing relationship between John Steed and Mrs. Emma Peel. It is obvious that Miss Thorson is going to be much more the femme foil and less the strong and willful second lead portrayed by Miss Rigg.

Without the tricky chemistry of the Steed-Peel relationship, the series stands to lose a great deal of the sophistication that so far has parlayed it into a winner. Sans the occasional change of focus afforded by Miss Rigg, MacNee falls more and more into the tired line of womanizing agents, a role that was pre-empted by James Bond and has never been done better." - no byline, March 27th, 1968 -

Indeed. For with Mrs. Cathy Gale/Honor Blackman and Mrs. Peel/Rigg, the relationship was never explicitly spelled out. Frank Penn, of the Ottawa Citizen put it succinctly: "Miss Thorson, who clearly has no desire to wear any other woman's shoes, is playing it as an all-girl role. It's a technique for which she is unquestionably well equipped, but where Miss Rigg added a piquant touch of mystery to her relationship with hero John Steed, Miss Thorson leaves a viewer wondering only how long it will be before Steed gives up chasing villains and zeroes in on Linda. // As a result, the absurdly flimsy typical "Avengers" plot simply looked absurd without the diverting bits of business Miss Rigg introduced to persuade us everything was on a high comedy level. // Maybe Miss Thorson really ought to try on at least one of the Rigg shoes. // For a start."

There we have another hint. Miss Thorson does not have that perfect mugging ability, that understated phrase to go with the overstated rising of the eyebrow, that Diana Rigg could use so effectively. Linda just isn't a comedienne!

This then is the real "trouble" with Linda Thorson. She just isn't a comedienne, a past master of the art of clowning. She can do a lovely double-take, has lovely carriage and balance, but she just doesn't instinctively use her entire face, body, carriage, voice, manner, et alie, into a single line. Linda would be superb as a stage, live stage, actress. Give her a few years out there, West End, National Theatre, Royal Shakespeare, whatever, she should be able to perfect quite a few bits of the trade. But right now she just hasn't had the chance to Survive, shall we say, as a comedienne.

Sad, so sad, but tis true. Linda just hasn't got the zip we're accustomed to experiencing with Diana Rigg. Zip.

THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU Should be just about done, if not already being rough edited. The AB you will recall is that flic in which our own Diana Rigg plays the part of a crusading female Reporter in the turn of the century. But here, let me give you some clippings.....

#### OLIVER LOVES TO WATCH FILMS - EVEN BAD ONES

Oliver Reed, now starring with Diana Rigg and Telly Savalas in "The Assassination Bureau", gets a chance as chairman of the strange bureau to do something he has not done before . . . present a dashing, elegant, slightly tongue-in-cheek, sophisticated schemer with romantic undertones - or as he describes it, "a typical David Niven part."

Tally with a splendid physique, Reed's feminine following is rapidly increasing, just as his reputation with the critics as an actor to be reckoned with each film.

He is unusual among actors, in that he has no time for the theatre. He is essentially a man of the cinema. He loves watching films - even bad ones - and loves working in them.

This he has done without a break since 1966, and before that he was learning his job the hard way.

Thanking his uncle, Sir Carol Reed, politely, for advising him to get his training in provincial theaters, he did the opposite, got a job as an extra in the film studios, and worked his way up from there.

That he did his homework well is proved by the fact that today he is asked to play heroes, villains, modern or period parts . . . and to contribute powerful character studies on television of such off-beat characters as Debussy and Rossetti.

Oliver is happy to take things as they come.

"I never play," he says, "I just get involved; and take it from there."  
- no byline, Philly Bulletin, May -

Which means, of course, that it was just a re-write from the press releases. Between the Press Services and the Press Releases, I fear that most newspapers have about as much use for a real reporter as a duck does for a Thunderbird. A sad state of affairs. Accompanying the article was a photo, Diana Rigg and Oliver Reed in what looks like a Laundry room, and they've just slid down the chute. Captioned: "HOW TO ESCAPE - Oliver Reed sheds his coat as Diana Rigg prepares to succumb in a gas-filled room, a scene from "The Assassination Bureau," now being filmed at England's Pinewood Studios."

Next we hear of one of those tete-a-tea's where the movie's star or stars Meet The Press.

"Diana Rigg met Press at Hilton Hotel pour to mark her role in Par's "Assassination Bureau", in which she appears opposite Oliver Reed in pic directed by Basil Dearden."

- VARIETY, May 2nd, '68-

"'Avengers' Heroine Lowers Hemline  
FROM MINT TO MAXI FOR DIANA  
by William Otterburn-Hall  
Philadelphia Bulletin, 4/21/'68



"There ought to have been champagne on ice waiting for us, but the refrigerator in her dressing room wasn't working. Diana Rigg apologized for the lack of hospitality, ordered a fresh supply on the phone, and explained that she seldom eats lunch but always likes to have an A.M. bottle of bubbly on hand to put some sparkle into the day.

"If you think this is a legacy from "The Avengers", you would be right. Miss Rigg, now 29, is a different girl from the rather shy, rather solemn Shakespearean actress who first stepped into the space vacated by Honor Blackman's kinky boots.

What's more, she's the first to admit it.

"Emma Peel did a lot for me," she said, curling up on the sofa in long pale slacks and striped blouse, hair piled high in dark copper coils. "Apart from making me known over most of the world.

"For one thing, I used to be very shy about talking about myself. I hated it. So much so that everyone at the studio protected me for more than a year before I started giving proper interviews - I think they were afraid of what I might say. I would always try to speak the truth, you see.

"I still do. You've got to be honest in this business. The public believes in you. They believe what they see on the screen, and they believe the person they see - even if the events are rather far out. If they didn't believe in Emma, I'd have counted myself a failure."

\* \* \*

Miss Rigg can scarcely count herself a failure if you judge by the letters she receives wherever "The Avengers" is still playing. She was about to fly to Germany to receive an award as the TV personality of the year, even though she couldn't speak a word of German and the series has some quite unpronounceable title there. ((Editor - it's really very simple. Mitt sch-erm, Sharm uunnd mee-lone-e. Say it to yourself fifteen times real fast and I can guarantee you that in 99 cases out of a hundred you're mispronouncing it.)) And in America she is "very strong - particularly with the campus set, where they tend to intellectualize the whole thing."

We were at Pinewood Studios, where she is starring in her first major film since quitting "The Avengers". It is called "The Assassination Bureau", and features Miss Rigg as a girl reporter with a nose for news (vintage: the Edwardian era, 50 years ago) who tracks down the leaders of an international gang of assassins, led by a trio of rogues played by Oliver Reed, Warren Mitchell and Curt Jurgens.

It is labeled a black comedy and from the script - littered with explosions, chases and corpses galore - you might expect her to be indulging in those karate exercises. But no, sad to report, Miss Rigg doesn't even chop suey, even though the film is set at a time when women were just beginning to be emancipated.

"She's a crusading sort of girl," she said, "But I only thrump people with my handbag!

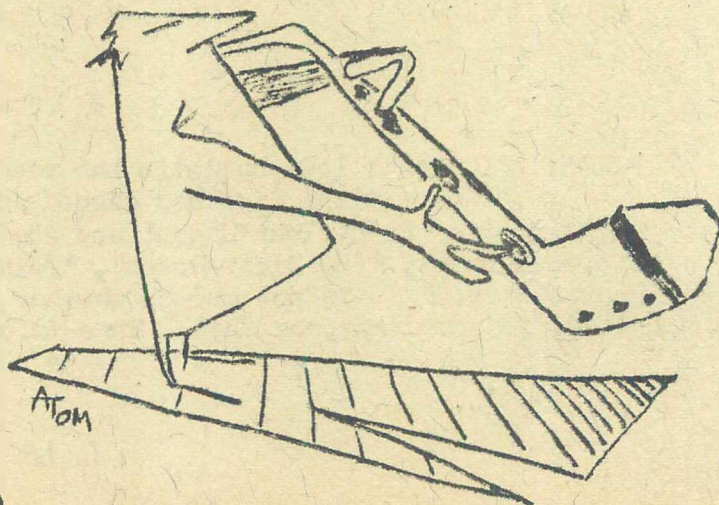
"It isn't that I don't want to play that type of woman any more, the Emma Peel kind. If it's a beautifully written part and a lovely script, I'd be in there fighting again.

"But generally scripts of that kind just aren't any good.

"This film? It sounded fun, and it's been fun. The Avengers was fun too, but after two years I knew I'd have to leave it before I went stale.

"I had no idea when I took over from Honor that it would make me a name like this...but in the end I found myself riding a vehicle that looked as if it would go off into the rosy sunset forever and ever.

"Mind you, if I had known it was going on for two years for me,



I'd still have done it. I wouldn't knock success like that. Actors who spend years building up an image and then trying to tear it down only do so because they think they haven't realized their own potential. They get bitter about it.

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Miss Rigg speaks with the candor of her native Yorkshire - she was born in Doncaster, and after a brief sojourn in the realms of repertory and modeling, joined the Royal Shakespearean Company. Last year she filmed "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with them.

She was already making a name for herself opposite the big guns like Paul Scofield when she was snapped up for the small screen.

"My career seems to have followed a pattern of breaking one image and founding another," she said. "Long skirts at Stratford-on-Avon, mini-skirts for Emma, and now I'm back in a maxi again. You can almost gauge my career by my hemline!"

"But I like films: they're grander and bigger than all the rest."

She pursed her lips, and pondered for a moment. Then: "You know; I learned a lot from that TV series. Really I did. I was very shy at the start, and Emma was anything but reserved."

"Development is a curious thing: I'm always very worried when I come to a difficult scene - I think every actress is. But my capacity for concentration has improved and that helps dispel your fears."

"And Diana Rigg, who has never looked to me as if she was frightened of anything, smiled a confident smile and reached for the phone to see where her champagne had gotten to."

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PARAMOUNT NEWS RELEASE-"Paramount's" "The Assassination Bureau" Winds After Shooting In London, Venice, Prague."

"Principal photography has been completed on Paramount Pictures' comedy adventure film "The Assassination Bureau at Pinewood Studios in London. The motion picture, which also was filmed on locations in Prague and Venice, stars Oliver Reed, Diana Rigg and Telly Sebalas.

"The Assassination Bureau," a Relph-Dearden Production in Eastmancolor, was directed by Basil Dearden and produced by Michael Relph, who also is production designer and author of the screenplay, based on an idea from a Jack London novel.

Reed is cast as the head of the Assassination Bureau, an international band of dedicated killers who eliminate only those they consider deserve to die. Miss Rigg plays a determined girl reporter who presents the organization with its most bizarre and dangerous commission - the assassination of its own chairman. Savalas portrays Lord Bostwick, an ambitious cosmopolitan newspaper publisher, who is vice chairman of the Bureau.

Also appearing in the film are Curt Jurgens, as Germany's Bureau representative; Philippe Noiret, as the member from France; Warren Mitchell, Switzerland; Clive Revill, Italy; Kenneth Griffith, Roumania, and Vernon Dobtcheff as the Russian. Beautiful Italian actress Annabella Incontrera is cast as the too-loving wife of the Italian Bureau member."

Paramount Pictures Corp.

1501 Broadway, NYC, NY (10036).

May 15th, '68.

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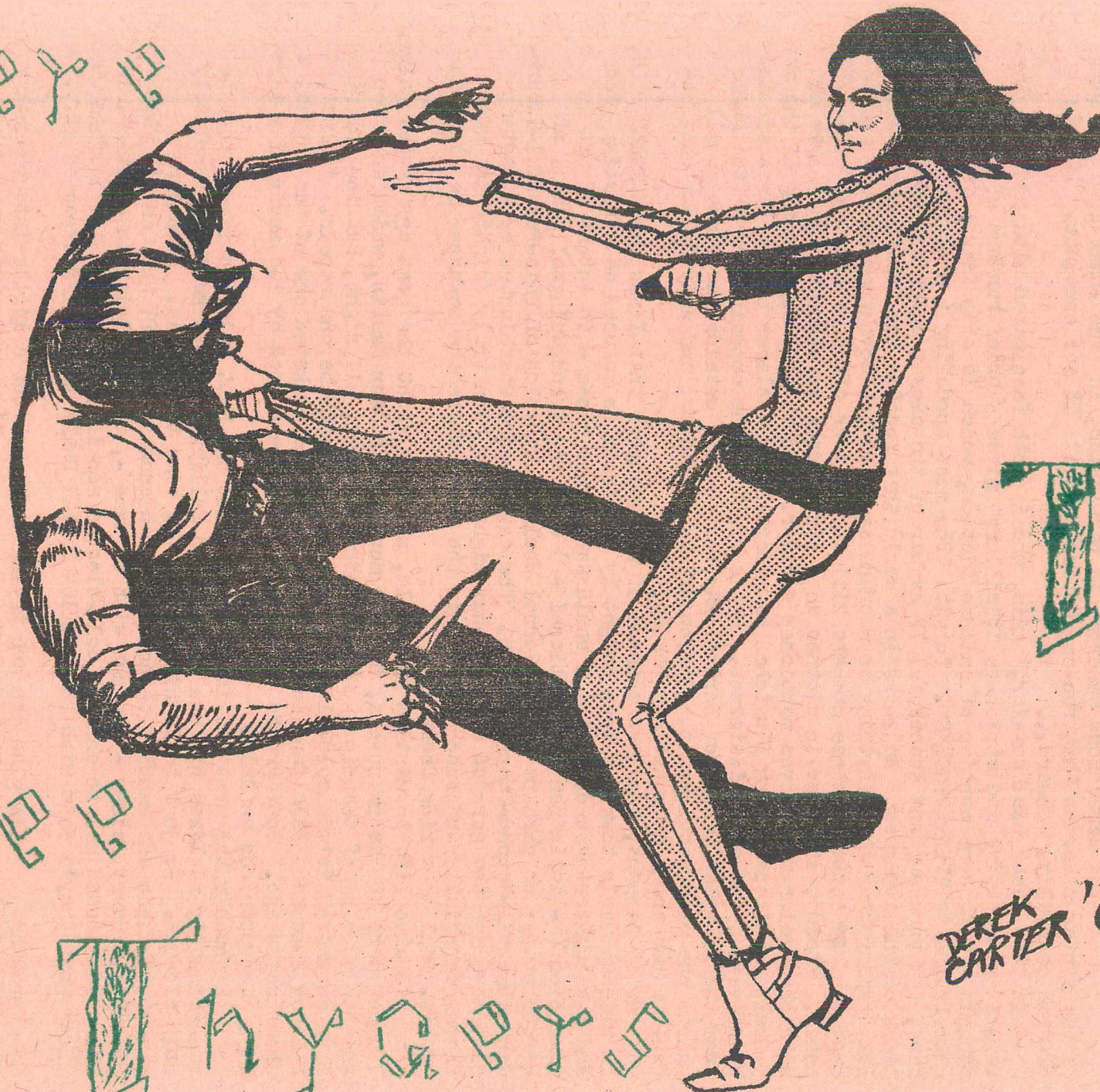
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FLASH! FLASH! A late bulletin has reached me, with the bare facts being thus: Diana Rigg has signed already to do her next picture. The title right now is "Paint Your Wagon" and she'll be starring opposite Lee Marvin ("The Professionals", "The Dirty Dozen", "Point Blank", "Sergeant Rykker" and many many others.)" It is not known whether "Paint Your Wagon" is a comedy, period piece, modern drama, or what. More info in #5, I presume.

-Ye Editors,  
Schultz & Crowds -



Hey



There

Be

Thy

DEREK  
CARTER '68



.....Being, of course, the lettercolumn. This lettercol is most sincerely dedicated to that most winsome lass, Diana Rigg, for whom all these words are in actuality intended, and tendered with the most loving regard.

Bob Toomey To point out, as did the late Flannery O'Connor in one of her fine 595 White St. short story collections, that "everything that rises must converge, Springfield, Kingsley Amis who made something of a splash in the world of Mass. (11198) science fiction a few years ago with his admirably partisan "New Maps Of Hell," also wrote a critique of spy stories in general and the James Bond Syndrome in particular, in "The James Bond Dossier." Is the syntax clear on that run-on sentence above? If so: continue. If not: re-read carefully. Onward...

In "The James Bond Dossier," Amis, who is both fascinated with and well informed in detective and espionage "thrillers" gives a brief rundown of both schools - with some mention of science fiction, which is only fair - and finally gets around to "THE AVENGERS". To wit: "The most appealing ( - no pun intended here, I'm sure - ) and successful TV avatar of the secret agent has been John Steed of The Avengers. He moves in a world that recalls the German expressionist drama rather than anything so mundane as a British Govournement sub-department (the 00 section) whose members kill at least as often as they are officially asked. Steed's interest in clothes is a significant irrelevance that links him with the senior detectives mentioned earlier. And on the very evening of the day I drafted this paragraph I watched him identifying a claret by his first sip and being very sound about Sauternes. He is right at the opposite end of the scale from the wretched Inspector Barlow, who has no life outside The Force at all unless the plot requires it. Barlow drinks only beer, and only drinks that because a pub scene is sometimes needed."

As it happens, the last episode of The Avengers that I saw was MURDERSVILLE, in which a whole town has been bought by criminals to be used as a resting place and a slaughter-ground. This, I would say, comes close - in intent if not in execution ( - again pun unintentional - ) - to the Grand Guingnol school of horror story; or perhaps to the Cornel Woolrich mutation of This-Peaceful-Suburb-Contains-Evil-Beyond-Comprehension. The satiric edge was blunted by a certain blatancy, but the germ of a story that might have been truly frightening was there, especially and successfully, in the scene where the townspeople close in on Mrs. Peel in a ring formation.

I'd also like to mention Matt Helm, which is about the best spy series going. I speak here of the pb novels, not the movies with Dean Martin, which are from another country of the mind. Martin looks the part, all right, but the scripters have destroyed Helm's cold-blooded, intelligent image beyond repair. In fact, I believe some Matt Helm fans actually organized and picketed one of the movies, a short while ago. Sour grapes to them; never judge a book by its movie, I always say. Any opinions on Helm?

((Probably the most realistic thing about the Matt Helm stories is that he occasionally realizes his own frailty and fallibility, and he isn't completely cold-blooded. He just tells himself all the time that he is. Much more convincing than the maudlin attacks of conscience in THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD. Harry Palmer - the man with No Name -, the Len Deighton creation, is the cold-blooded man to end all cold-blooded men if you ask me. And I cried when I saw what they'd done with THE BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN though I'd expected it...))

Bob Vardeman  
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I'm glad you are trying to branch out a little into the other British shows. For some reason they do spy stories much better than Americans can. SECRET AGENT was one of my favorite shows while it was on, primarily due to the realism and good acting of McGoohan. He seemed to me to be what a spy would actually be like. Another face in the crowd most of the time

but a competent and swift thinking agent when the time came for action. Most of the spy-type shows depend so heavily on sex. Not once do I remember seeing any femme fatale spy (or even the upstairs maid) kiss McGoohan. This would



have to be one of the cardinal rules of spy work - don't get involved. And yet I would hardly describe the show as Victorian or prudish.

Did McGoochan ever go on to film the year's worth of shows about a man trapped in a British village? The man was supposed to have been a spy and the townspeople all agents for the other side and were going to try to pump him of information. Or something like that, anyway.

THE SAINT I found only moderately entertaining but still better than the saddlesoap operas that abound on the boob tube.

Your mention of Peter Leslie being listed as co-author of MacNee's books reminds me that Leslie has also penned a SECRET AGENT novel entitled "Hell For Tomorrow". The plot was tenuous but the writing was so well done it didn't matter. As I haven't read either DEADLINE or DEAD DUCK I can't comment on how much either Leslie or MacNee put in, but it seems to me that unless you've read some other works done solely by MacNee that it is impossible to say that just how much he did contribute. Obviously Leslie wrote the bulk or he would not have been mentioned (ghost writers don't get too much egoboo), but it sounds to me like it is a case of tacking a celebrity's name on something to get it to sell. But then I'm a cynic.

While I was researching part of an article for TRUMPET on sf on TV in the '60's, I came across a NEWSWEEK article on THE AVENGERS and some of the troubles ABC ran into finding enough material in what they bought to show on the boob tube. Seems some was a little too risqué for their taste. (( - Editor - this was the NEWSWEEK article in #3's NEWS AND NOTES - )).

It is really strange about EPIC. I'd have sworn it was titled THE DESTRUCTION OF MRS. EMMA PEEL. I remember seeing it not too long ago, too. How did this confusion of names come about? The name EPIC - even when connected with the show - rings no bells with me while the other title does. It was one of the better episodes ( under any name ) but I think I'll continue to mentally file it under TDOMEP.

Your covers were nothing less than superb! Naturally. Whilst Mrs. Peel is ~~doomed to the Horrible Fate or replacement~~, we can always hope that Linda Thorson will live up to the fine standards Diana Rigg has established. And that Miss Rigg will go on to bigger and better things in the future. P.S. I personally found nothing wrong with RIGGER DIGGER as a title (EN GARDE could be about most anything from fencing to politics) but I must admit I first thought it was about old time sailing ships when I heard the title mentioned.

((THE PRISONER is the series Patrick McGoochan put together about the man trapped in the nice little British village. He retires from a High Security Post and you get the impression that he's never absolutely sure that he isn't in the middle of Wales rather than the Urals or T'sin Chi-kuang T'pin. You don't know and this is one of the wonderful things about the show. Unlike most shows where everything is spelled out in words of one syllable or less, nothing is spelled out in THE PRISONER. Unfortunately only 17 shows will be shown this summer - on CBS - that's all there were made. But at least there is a conclusion of sorts - if you can follow it.

About the two MacNee-Leslie pocketbooks, DEADLINE and DEAD DUCK - my heart wants to say that MacNee is the guts behind the two stories, but my logical reasoning states that Leslie probably did do the bulk of the work. I still find too many of the pedantic touches of Steed/MacNee within to think that Mr. MacNee just gave his name to the pair.

One reason for the title confusion in EPIC is that the TV Guide did not mention the show title by name but did give the name of the movie Z.Z. van Schrnark was producing - "The Destruction Of Mrs. Emma Peel" - so that most everyone who didn't watch the beginning real close thought that was the show title. TV Guide has a nasty tendency to leave out stars names, show titles, other info in their quest to save space.))

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, Maryland (21740)

So her husband turned up alive and well in Argentina or someplace close-by. I managed to see the final 13 minutes of tonight's episode, after almost getting killed by oncoming cars

as I hurried home from work. I wonder if the final four or five minutes were plagued by severe distortion of the soundtrack all over the network, or just on the Washington station that provides the best reception here? And I am anxious to learn from EN GARDE or some other source if I was crazy or if there really was supposed to be a strong hint that the man with whom Mrs. Peel went driving off with, just after Steed had actually referred to her by her given name, was the spitting image of Steed himself?

However all that may be, I was delighted with the third EN GARDE. If it won't break up an eternal friendship between us, I hope you'll consider the comments in the May issue of HORIZONS as the equivalent of a LoC on the FAPA-distributed EN GARDE. It seems like a small recompense for such a large issue. But if I start writing individual LoCs on FAPA publications without some reason of extreme urgency, I'll start falling back on my genzine LoC obs even faster than the present alarming rate.

Preliminaries away, I'm ready to say that this latest EN GARDE is of uncommon interest because of the critical time at which it arrived. Knowing that there was an epoch when Diana Rigg was an interloper, an intruder in a role that someone else had made her very own, might help me to take more philosophically the fact that Diana Rigg is now superseded by a third heroine. I didn't see much of the newcomer in those final moments of tonight's episode, but I liked the way she moved through the new version of the ~~new~~ version of the closing routine over which the credits were superimposed.

In a way, the most interesting and valuable thing to me in this issue is the item that probably impressed a lot of readers as dry stuff to be glanced at hastily and instantly forgotten: the week-by-week listings of the titles, casts, and synopses of the episodes on American television. It helped me enormously to figure out how much I'd missed and when I started to watch as much of each episode as work permitted, and most important of all, it convinced me that I'd retained a great deal in my memory. I've always been skeptical of all forms of audio-visual education, on the theory that the mind doesn't retain mind-pix and spoken words nearly as well as it recalls what is read. But maybe I need to revise my theories, because I find that just these scant plot outlines and in some cases the names of the characters are enough to make me remember very clearly a lot about some of these episodes. I couldn't have remembered without these clues, I'm sure. Maybe some day you'll be able to retrieve this sort of full data on the episodes shown only in ENGLAND. There's always the faint chance that they'll be syndicated over here some day, and if not, our remote descendants might be able to pick them up in whatever future century the transmissions complete their journey around the circular spacetime continuum and get back to earth again.

I also await with a lot of interest the comments by Gary Crowds on the colour episodes. My interest in film-making is strong enough for his technical discussion of the photographic techniques to mean something to me, and he seems to have done a better job than most of the professional reviewers whom you quote in this issue at the difficult art of writing independently of the press release facts.

Don't forget to send a copy of this issue to Honor Blackman, wherever she may be. If I'm right in my assumption that her career is in danger of fading, it might be at least psychologically helpful at this time of change in her acting life, and if she's making a career comeback, she still might appreciate the ego-boo. Curious thing, I remembered reading the 1964 TV Guide article about "The Avengers", after I read it here, even though I'd assumed that I first heard of the series after it appeared on the American network. It must have been quite sensational in Great Britain to have been made the subject of a TV Guide article: I can recall only three or four other examples of that magazine featuring one particular British series that wasn't definitely scheduled for American networks at the time of publication.

Rob Firebaugh is quite convincing in his criticism of that episode ((You Have Just Been Murdered - Ed)). But I wonder if it is really useful to complain about plotting logic and motivation in this type of television drama? The whole pacing and atmosphere of any commercial television program is too hectic for the



viewer to appreciate the construction when it's good or to spot the flaws when they exist, at the time that the stuff is coming over the air. It's the medium and the way it's used, and it can hardly be criticized in the same way that you'd dissect a play during the intervals between acts or a book which you'd leaf through after you'd just read it. There are some things wrong with some television dramas that are perfectly evident during their presentation (such as a total lack of originality or a 15th century explorer who is wearing a wrist-watch, etc.). But to try to dissect an episode in the analytical light of memory after it's shown and pick flaws in it then is somewhat akin to watching a fight in a television drama with the sound turned off. The punches look awfully phony when you can't hear the grunts of the fighters and the thuds as the fists strike flesh but you're tampering with the overall effect by turning down the volume control. And I suspect that you're also tampering with something that should be remembered as a totality when you ask about the purpose and coherency of each 15-second scene in an Avengers episode.

Covers: Splendid. I think most women look entirely different with their hair up and Miss Rigg is no exception. Her appearance didn't change nearly as much for the adventure when she had her hair hidden in a covering (& - a Beatles cap, for THE WINGED AVENGER show - Editor)) to make things easier for the trick photography involved in her running around upside down on the ceiling. Please pardon two -ages of comment..it's so inadequate.

((Hardly inadequate. Comment is literally the life's blood of any amateur editor, even more so than monies. Without out any amateur journal is quickly dropped. I will add here that comment includes that particularly personal type of audience response from those physically about him that people like my co-editor has to survive on for his film mag CINEASTE. It may not be letters or praise or encouragement of any sort, but response is necessary.

Therefore, let me thank you.

As stated in the editorial and elsewhere, you'll have a chance to re-view many of the Emma Peel/Diana Rigg AVENGERS this summer - once more, dear friends - as ABC has decided to take advantage of the popularity still present in their letter pile for the unique Miss Rigg. Watch 'em and weep. It'll be the last of Mrs. Peel unless your area has someone showing them as re-runs.

Have a listing (partial, alas) of the Cathy Gale AVENGERS shows in this issue elsewhere, as well as some addenda and corrections on the American viewed shows and some bare info on the four missing Rigg/Peel black-and-white shows.

Honor Blackman is far from dead theatrically. From listings sent me, she is a regular star-billing performer in ABC Armchair theatre and such hour-long drama shows, as well as keeping her hand in the live legitimate theatre. She recently finished acting in some Italian "thing" (I hesitate to call the standard Italian film fare a movie much less cinematic art...Fellini and such only being exceptions to prove the rule).

As for criticism of a telly program.... Well, I feel that irregardless of the limitations placed on the viewer and critic in comprehensively dealing with his subject, the idea of criticism is still valid. At it's highest, the TV show can be High Art. Just as most of it is beneath criticism in an artistic sense. Therefore, as with any Art Form, the telly show can be and should be judged. And if necessary, judged to be found wanting. It is considered by the networks and their advertisers, of course, as merely a commercial medium. A series of adverts spaced out with something intriguing enough to make large numbers of people watch the adverts. Period.

But the cinema is basically a commercial medium also. Being commercial need not mean denial of the Art Form principal. It's just easier to deny it. Therefore criticism should always be one of the foremost duties of any person (or fanzine) dealing with an Art Form. My own rather large Blind Spot in regards to THE AVENGERS and general deficiency in critical expression must take at least partial blame for the to-date astounding lack of such critiques in EN GARDE. THE AVENGERS is good . . . one of the very best ever to date . . . but never let it be said that I am totally blind to the minor faults of the show. I just wish I could get hold of some more intelligent critiques of THE AVENGERS.

Any volunteers out there?))

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Apt. 65  
N.Y.C., N.Y.  
10027

Alas - Miss Rigg is going back to legit theatre and will be leaving THE AVENGERS. Pity. Of course, the people who sneered at her for leaving the sacrosanct halls of 'pure' classicism can't afford to eat lunch with her anymore..... What I'd love to see is the fresh character who never saw the TV series trying to get cute with her between scenes of a rehearsal....

Back when Miss Rigg was doing her Cordelia, Lear was played by a man name of Scofield. Wonder what ever happened to him?

If you're going to do another of these things, I hope you have better luck dealing with ABC and ABPC in future.

I can well understand, even though I regret, Rigg's going back to legit. For one thing, no matter how much fun it may be at first, doing the same character constantly becomes first a strain, then a bore. To constantly look for new things in the character, to find a more interesting way to present the inner processes, especially in a limited context, is tedious work unless the writers are brilliant. And nobody can cut Shakespeare, let's face it. In 400 years, there are still new things being found in Hamlet by new generations of actors, but it is a process of generations. Then too, the situations are becoming a bit too much in the series, as a result, the whole thing has lost some of its bite, despite the excellence of the actors.

Of course, there's the question of audience. It is tremendously exciting and very useful to the actor, to have a group of warm beings out there and to get the feedback from them.

Repertory has its own special excitement - tonight you're a clown, tomorrow you're a prince, after that a doctor, lawyer, merchant chief, and so on. You've usually got two plays in production and two in rehearsal, all requiring different ideas and energies - the excitement is tremendous, and very gratifying when you're in rehearsal and something really starts cooking.

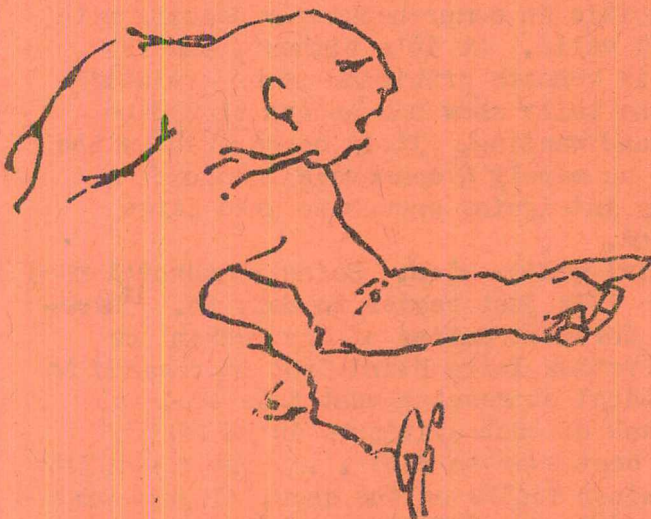
So, I can see why the lady would go back to it. I'd enjoy making a TV series, I think, but only for one season, at most two. Then it's time to saddle up and mosey on to new pastures and deeper thoughts and ideas.

((Thank for the first season's Profile Press Releases from ABC. If nothing else, it was dead interesting spotting the ways they've changed the wording in the releases from season to season without really saying too much more.))

Derek Carter  
c/o Al Guest Animation  
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I've done my best to achieve Di's features and count the present attempts as something akin to a 50% success - but she isn't exactly the easiest of ladies to capture. Excuses the gun - ((see NEWS AND NOTES this issue-Editor)) - but being an Englishman and possibly somewhat closer to the spirit of The Avengers and the aura of England in which it was produced, it didn't seem to go amiss. The entire series of the Emma Peel reign came as a complete change to that of Cathy Gale - feelings back home when she first appeared (and that seems a long time ago - I've seen all the ones over here ages ago - I've seen some in fact in some cases twice before I came over ) were very miscoc. But soon they were straightened out.

A few bibs for you: - Patrick MacNee played a Lieutenant in "Battle Of The River Plate" - and Bond's superior "M" was also in the movie as a captive on board the Graf Spee.





"The Importance Of Being Earnest" first appeared on English I.T.V. about 3½ years ago if my memory serves me correctly - had beautiful Art Nouveau decor and Patrick was brilliant (of course).

Patrick McGoochan... This lad played a nasty s.o.b. in some film saga about a Canadian fishing village way way back.

Did a fine job in "The Grave Fellow" - prison warder for a condemned man - the only lodging in town was with the condemned's wife ( and in one scene the only bed was - yes, well, it was all fun plot wise).

There is a comic book out on "Secret Agent" ( if you think my ~~50¢~~ was a bit short of the mark you should see this garbage ) under the Gold Key imprint ( K.K. Publications ) - just appeared August 1966 - then a lapse until #2 appeared in '67.

((Apologies to Derek - I was sure he had mis-spelled the McGoochan movie mentioned above but I was wrong. The film was "The Quave Fellow". McGoochan's other film credits are listed in NEWS AND NOTES. As well as a listing of credits for a large number of other people like Honor Blackman, Pat MacNee, etc., etc.))

Bjo Trimble  
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90004

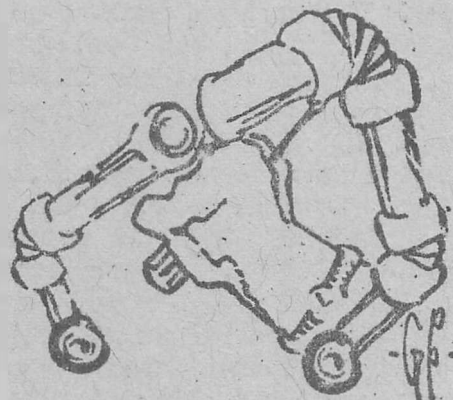
Gee, mini-skirts, dresses and culottes (the jump suits ) are so passe' around here they are almost dull. Almost, I said; John nearly ran our VW into a bank window watching a leggy Eurasian in a brilliant yellow minidress walk across a street. Then there's the red-head in our crowd, who has a purple miniskirt...or a long blouse, I'm not sure which.

Nobody, my dear, ever had the childhood one reads about in books. Nobody in this world ever had the childhood advertisers on TV would have you believe in. And if I had my childhood to live over again...I might do it. I dunno. It was rough, with 5 stepfathers at various times ( some of them with interesting ideas... ..either to kill me or other things...), and yet, in between ducking and running, I had something of a childhood after all. I had a neighbor's fat Palomino horse to ride through tall, wet morning grass. I held and nursed sick cats and puppies and babies 100 chicks when the incubator (as usual) went out, and fell out of barns and out of treehouses, and off horses, and nearly killed my sister in a game, and had stitches taken in me, and got sick eating wild onions every spring...I tore my clothes, got pine gum in my hair, got into clod fights, and learned how to grow flowers in my very own Secret Garden. I also worked my backside off, creosoting chicken houses, delousing hens, cleaning out stables, fighting off brush fires and doing all the family cooking and ironing.

I was finally caught, shod, and half-tamed long enough to be introduced to the mysteries of lipstick and hair-does ( which never worked on me ) and to learn to keep my legginess out of the way of coffee tables, other people's feet, and small animals. The freckles never went away, nor did I ever achieve any grace, but I guess I did have a childhood, and I think that almost everyone else did, too, and if it wasn't one they wanted: TS again; that's the way the ol' cookie crumbles.....

Marriage is the same way; it hardly ever turns out to be "happily ever after" or even what you'd planned on. But, as John says, whatever else it is or isn't; with me he's never been bored! So perhaps it's only your way of looking at the same thing I might be looking at: we see entirely different things because we are looking for different things.

Could be what you demand out of life, too. I don't demand from life: I hope for, and work my ears off, and if I get half of what I'd dreamed of, I figure that I'm playing the odds and for once they've come out in my favor. I demand a lot from people, though, which is my problem, because I see so much in them, and can realize what they don't ( or don't want to ) in that I can see the



capabilities they don't ( or won't ) use! They feel this demand, and react against it. All but John, which I guess is why I married him.

Perhaps that's why I don't need a religion. I know who I am. I'm not just that funny, fat, freckled gal over there; I'm the only Bjo in the world. And I know it. It doesn't often comfort me, because we are a herd animal, and we rather wish for company of our kind...and I don't have any. But I don't need anyone to tell me who I am, either, so maybe I'm just as well off, huh?

There is time for everything worth anything. I'm saddened to think that you can't see that. My grandmother used to say, "If the angels call the end of the world right now, I'm sure the Good Lord would rather I be caught enjoying one of his miracles ( a sunset, flower, small child, etc. ) than be stuffed away in my stinkin' kitchen washing dishes!" Perhaps I'm of that opinion, too. Until you've dropped everything to pick up and hold a small warm body against you, and had a small hand pat you on the back, you don't realize or really know how fast time is moving! You work at a job for the privilege of buying the time you need for other things; that is the way it works in our world. How you spend that time

is up to you...but don't complain, in this world of complaints and misery, about no time, until you've visited a children's ward in a hospital and used your talents to draw cartoons for them ( just as a for-instance). Then write to me about nobody having time.

My grandmother ( who was a wise old hill-country "herb doctor" ) used to say another thing, and she'd never read *Candide*: "Accept the best in this best of all possible worlds... ..mainly because it's the only choice in worlds we've got!....and you'll always have nothing but the best." Think about that for a moment, and ask yourself how often, for your own convenience at the moment or from sheer laziness, you have settled for something less than the best?

Never say 'die', say 'damn!'

((Or as one sweet innocent young thing (and should that be in caps?) once said, "If they're going to walk over you, make sure you leave teeth marks."

I feel a mite more human these days, thank you, Bjo. My weekly pep-me-up dose (not The Dose ) every Wednesday has done wonders, I might say. Even with Tara King.

If anyone ever draws a good caricature of Linda Thorson she will be all eyes. Just two painted-on eyes. She has adorable carriage and balance and grace and all that, but if she could only do something about those eyes.....))

Clay Kimball  
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Carolina  
#7241

Are you really happy that "Lost In Space" lost its audience so drastically when "The Avengers" came on? The implications don't sound too good to me - are the same people who were watching L.I.S. now watching "The Avengers"? Unlikely I would think.

And why do you always spell it 'evial'?

I've received the AVENGERS ANNUAL, published by Souvenir Press, distributed by Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co. Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London S.W. 9, England. It is hardback, 96 pages including covers, endpapers are the series of stills that opened the show last year ( or were they behind the credits? Or both? ). It contains 4 features, 4 text scripts ( by Peter Leslie ), 4 picture strips ( drawn by John Stokes ) and 3 editorial features. It has many fine photos, several in color.





There's a comic paper in England called TV 21 that features comic strips of some TV shows - mostly kiddy shows such as "Thunderbirds" and "Stingray". It has some interesting art - rather like that in "DIANA" magazine - but the stories are pretty juvenile. (Will send some copies if you'd care to see them.)

Speaking of frustration, how's this: I work from 3 till 11.00 P.M., thus don't get to see of these AVENGERS shows. It's enough to make you give up working.

I was a great fan of SECRET AGENT also (as well as the old English titled half-hour DANGER MAN ), so don't mind if you expand a little bit to fit him in. They have other shows of interest also, as you'll see in some clippings.

((True to his word, Clay sent on the mags. Glossy things in lithographed full-color spectrum, lovely art, dramatic artistic techniques present and the most abominable stories imaginable. Just like the DIANA versions of THE AVENGERS.

Obviously the story writers are evil ( or is that evil?) types.))

Danielle Dabbs  
1011 Edgewood  
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You mentioned that there were several outfits dealing with working scripts from TV shows. Have you ever received any further word on "The Avengers"? I haven't received any answer from the source I tried. Do these people furnish ABC scripts only, etc., or can one obtain "Outer Limits", scripts from "Twilight Zone" and so forth?

In the last lettercolumn, Mr. Warner was a bit vague on VTR's ((Video Tape Recorders)). I have been looking ( sigh ) at them for several years.

So, as far as I know (which is not that much ), SONY makes the cheapest (?) ones on the market as of January '68. They begin at \$700 (anyone willing to part with that much ?). However, for \$850 you can buy a model with duplicating facilities. Actually, with this model, an accessory and another \$850 identical model you can make duplicates. All of SONY's videocorders use the same tape (interchangeability) and, if you can find some, computer tape  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide can be used on them. The tape SONY sells for the VTR's is \$40 for 60 minutes.

I don't know the prices on computer tape, though.

At the MIA Convention (anyone else go?), I talked with the AmPEX representative. At present their cheapest model is \$1195....SONY's cheaper: but he ( the representative ) said that they were going to try to market for the ordinary buyer a model at about \$450. Next year!

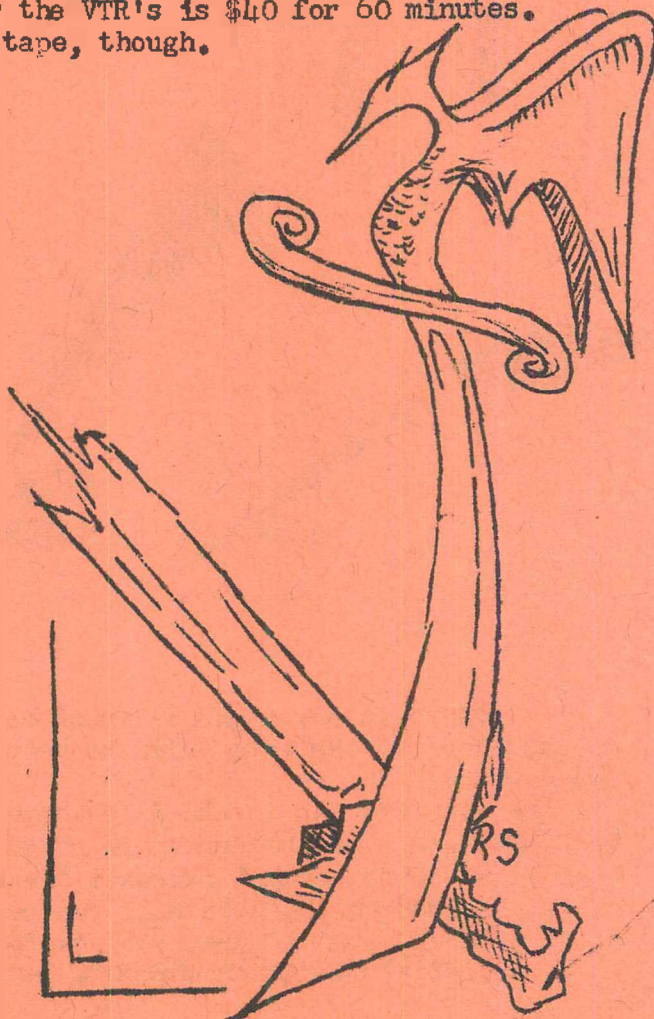
AmPEX tape is rather expensive, being twice as wide as SONY's; but this proposed models....I don't know.

So, if you want to tape AVENGERS with Diana Rigg - - tough. Especially if you're not wealthy - maybe it will repeat a few years later.

If the price isn't already out of reach, there is the color VTR. The cheapest I know of is GE's at \$3495. I asked and was told it was still rather experimental ( even if it were perfect, it's still too much for me!).

I'm looking forward to AmPEX of SONY's \$200 model some years hence.

((No further word on those script outfits. If nothing else, obtaining any is a chancey affair at best, the market for TV scripts being far more spotty and unpredictable than for even the crummiest Grade B movie. Add to that the difficulty involved with THE



AVENGERS being a British studio production, and you have some idea of the nixes you can run into trying to obtain a script. So ABFC has proven to be rather distant in more than geographical terms. Especially regarding scripts, much less such ordinary hand-outs like fotos. C'est la cotton-pickin' vie.))

Rob Firebaugh  
3402 Crittenden Ave., N.W.  
Roanoke, Virginia (24012)  
(Note Change of Address)

I still have a few bumper stickers left, .30¢@ sent folded, .35¢@ sent flat, stating (of course) that "Mrs. Peel - We're Needed". Hurra, hurra, hurra...  
Print this if you dare.

### "ODE TO MRS. PEEL"

As the Avengers has gone a-Miss,  
I sense that I have been remiss,  
Sitting here in my humble abode,  
I do dedicate to Mrs. Peel this ode.

Steed will never be the same,  
Indeed, will he remember his name?  
Without Mrs. Peel to query "Ste-e-d?"  
What will be his fame?

Tara King may be of royal-ty,  
But that does not satisfy me.  
After much consideration I think  
That she is truly a fink.

With the departure of the lovely creature  
This show has lost its main feature.  
But I must begin myself to reconcile,  
It is that or -- exile!

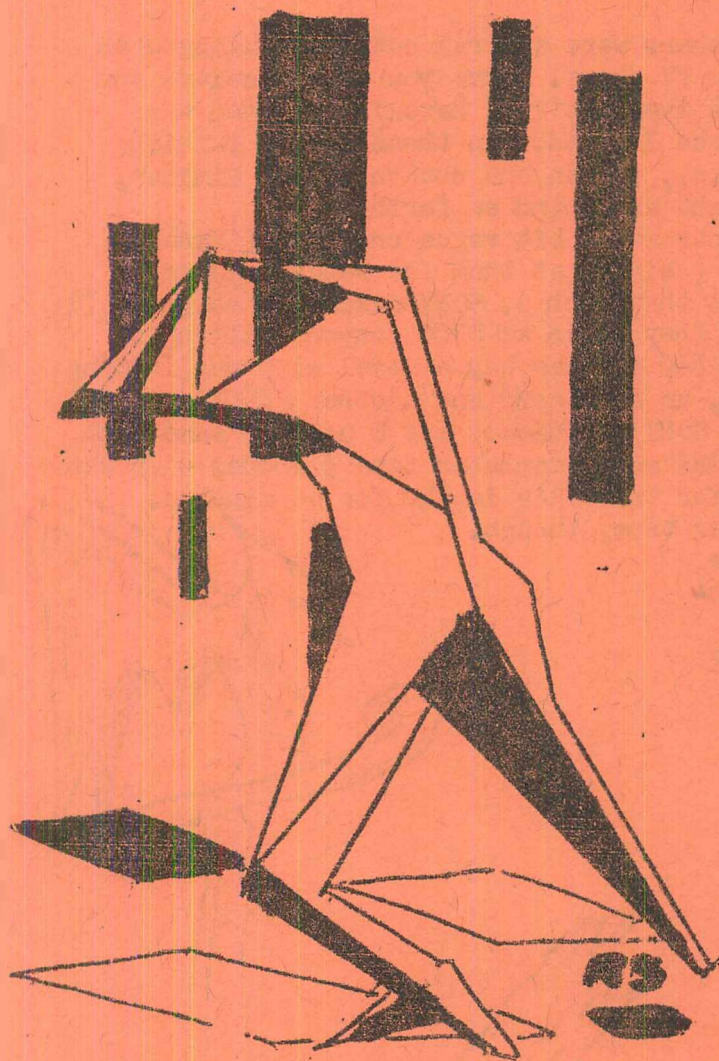
However I am all aglow,  
For I am in the know,  
That that winsome lass,  
What with skill at her defensive task,  
Will never, never be knocked upon her...

\*

For all you lovers of poetry (are any of you still out there?), it might interest you to know that I sent this to Miss Rigg. I have not heard from her, but I did receive some sort of communication from Inter Pol. It seems they want me to cease and desist from sending junk through international mails. There was also something about a meter but as how I was out nickels, I just said whatheck and paid the fine.

((Here stands a man all much bemused/His finest works they failed to amuse./N'eré by the Arts Guild to be hired/'Tis proof enough His poetic license has expired.

As with the man in the illo above, Mr. ~~Firebaugh~~ Firebaugh has no doubt lost his head over the departure of the loveliest lass around from the boob tube, such signs of jysterical neuroses are not conducive to taking stock of one's self. Besides which, when will you people out there discover that Diana Rigg is still with us, even if Mrs. Peel isn't? Personally I prefer the Real Thing to a ~~political~~ (alas) "gangsterschreck". Mrs. Peel is dead! Love Live Diana Rigg!))





Graham Charnock  
1 Eden Close  
Alperton  
Wembley  
Middlesex, England

I felt sure it must be a spoof at first, until I realized that people just don't waste time and effort on a 50-page spoof. Then I accepted it as what it was: an obsessional-fanzine. On the one hand one can't help but admire someone who can produce so much about so little; on the other hand one can't help but wish that such enthusiasm and enterprise were directed towards something not quite so intrinsically

worthless as a television show.

"The Avengers" never really meant much to me, when it was shown in this country, and only one really sticks in my mind and that because of the science-fictional plot basis (which producer and writer must have thought very daring at the time): The Earth intercepts the usual meteor storm, the mermaids bring with them dormant seeds from deep space, the seeds germinate (or whatever odd biological thing seeds do together) and the plants take over people's minds and bend their wills to suit the plant's own end. Which is, of course, to rule the world. Hackneyed stuff as science fiction even according to the general public's usual dim view of the subject. Steed and Mrs. Peel were really only extras in this one, subordinated to the plot (which producer and writer must have thought very etc., etc., etc.). Even the special effects (rubberoid tentacles confront a screaming Mrs. Peel) were old hat; one felt the production company had just bought a job-lot of props from "Day Of The Triffids".

The title doesn't stick in mind, but no doubt you could quote chapter and verse?

I seem to have a vague impression that the series was better when it starred Honor Blackman. But that was long, long ago and far, far away, and I was ever so much younger then and probably watched it more.

About the only telly series which I've felt anything like enthusiasm for was "The Defenders" which was good, thinking entertainment. Of course there are all too rarely the individual "one-off" programmes which transcend entertainment and extend the medium as an Art and which are perhaps as worth getting excited about as anything, but one could hardly produce a fanzine on them.....

("The Defenders" started off fine here in the States, but quickly ran afoul of Sarnoff's Fourth Law of Television. "When one can so very easily just set up straw men and take pot-shots at them, why bother with anything else?" In other words, they quit dealing with Man, Society and the restrictions - Laws - which Man puts on himself and why and drifted off into Perry Mason-type acquittals of distasteful types, unreal concepts and non-valid situations. They ended up as the sort of unreal sensationalistic Defender of already-defended Truths that "Judd For The Defense" has yet to reach. Reach upwards, that is. Judd is modeled after F. Lee Bailey, a real-life shyster lawyer and loop-hole finder, and I haven't yet decided whether this slimey pretentious egoist named Judd is an accurate presentation or not yet. If it is, Bailey ought to sue.

"The Man-Eater of Surrey Green" was the show you remembered, and my own thots at the time of viewing were, to quote, "Well, maybe their budget was kind of small that week....." as far as the props go. I've yet to see any of these rubberoid monsters that actually looked like they were any more danger to anyone than a ruptured duck. I wonder how many feet of film they blew on that show where the inimitable Diana Rigg couldn't keep from giggling.....))

Ann-Louise Gates  
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I feel rather as if this note should come black-edged. I saw the "Forget-Me-Knot" episode of "The Avengers" last night. While I have a dozen logical criticisms to make of the ending, I am afraid that I cannot make my emotions fit my reasoning. I was

a little stumped.

However, I must admit, I cannot offer reasonable alternative endings, either. Even without Diana Rigg, I would have preferred the character of Mrs. Peel to continue. Though, Miss Rigg is an example of the proverbially hard act to follow.

I am probably more of an "Avengers" fan, than I am Diana Rigg oriented. But I concur whole-heartedly with my room-mate who now calls the program "The Avenger". Diana Rigg was perfect.

((For myself, if Miss Rigg had to leave the show - and she felt she really had to, that is obvious - the less the next character resembles Mrs. Peel the better. If for no other reason than this, any imitations of Mrs. Peel or the type of character would invariably become second-rate imitations, shoddy goods, or whatever your own term of non-endearement might be. For Diana Rigg made the part of Mrs. Peel her own, anything else is, Q.E.D. an imitation and because it is an imitation, a poor one.

The back-files of TV Guide are littered with the skeletons of series which died a premature death when a major star left and the producers put in an imitation of said major star. MacNee/Steed deserves better than an imitation, anyways.

Thorson/King may still be finding her way, so to speak, but at least this is an entirely different character. She deserves better than to be case as an imitation too.

For those unknowing (or the British with short memories) Miss Rigg herself was accused of "imitating" Blackman/Cathy Gale, just be wearing those kinky (and creaky and sweaty) leather suits, et all. Fortunately she soon made it obvious that Mrs. Peel was no imitation.))

Andrew Jay Mangravite  
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Yeadon, Pennsylvania  
19050

Concerning Patrick MacNee's pre-"Avengers" TV appearances, you might be interested to know that he appeared in an episode of "One Step Beyond". The title was "The Night Of April 14th". MacNee played Eric Farley, whose wife

has a premonition of disaster concerning a trip to America on the "Titanic". The date of showing of this show in the Alcoa series was in the '60-'61 season. Barbara Lord played Mrs. Farley and I recall that the show used stock footage from either "Titanic" or "A Night To Remember".

That Corgi gift set which you mentioned is easily obtainable in the Philly area. However, a friend of mine ( who owns a Hobby Shop ) claims that Corgi may discontinue production ( no great shock now that Diana Rigg is no longer connected with the show). The two cars in the set are produced separately, however. The Bentley is a part of the Corgi Classics series and sells for \$3.50. (The convertible must be demanded - they also make a green hardtop '27 Bentley). The Lotus ( with it's proper powder-blue color ) is available in the Corgi racer series. (It has several numbered decals on it, however.) The Lotus sells for (I believe ) \$2.25. Both these series are extremely popular and I doubt that they would also be discontinued.

((I might add that I'm still willing to obtain one of the Corgi "Avengers" Gift Sets and mail them on to them for \$5.20 the set. This is, of course, of use only to those without access to a Metropolitan area hobby store which should certainly carry them.))

Harry Nadler  
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Salford 7  
Lancashire (England)

The very fact that your line arrived today carrying stills from the Avengers episode THE MASTER MINDS, and that ABC here are at present re-running the series with this very episode as tonight's programme prompts this letter.

We are very envious of the fact that you have the chance of seeing The Avengers in the USA in colour, whereas we have only a black and white channel service on the commercial webs at present. ABC always announces The Avengers as being "Filmed by ABC in colour and brought to you in black and white!"

Incidentally, the inside cover blurb seemed to suggest that your backcover scene was cut from MASTER MINDS....whereas it wasn't in that story at all.

((Ah, yes, well, it's this way.... The bacover photo is, as Harry mentioned, not at all from THE MASTER MINDS. Instead it's from THE HELLFIRE CLUB (See the Addendum and Correction to TWO SEASONS AND A HALF earlier in this issue). As mentioned last issue, this was one of four shows cut from the Yank schedule at least partially because of some risque ( for TV, that is ) scenes. I know it had to be risque....if it was just blood and gore that would have been sure to pass any Yank censor's board....))



And thus ends EN GARDE #4. There were hordes more letters written, but the page count is already past belief, and I hope to put some in the forthcoming #5. This is, as usual, yet another non-Profit publication from KriFarTat Publications, Unltd.

Long Live And Prosper





"It's interesting to note that the best of the spy shows — despite all kinds of outright sexual gags and a lot of camp jokes — is the British series, "The Avengers", in which the hero invariably has a genuine respect for his companion and in which the heroine, hippy and unbelievable as she is, is a grown-up and real woman all the same."

Gene Marine  
Ramparts Magazine

