

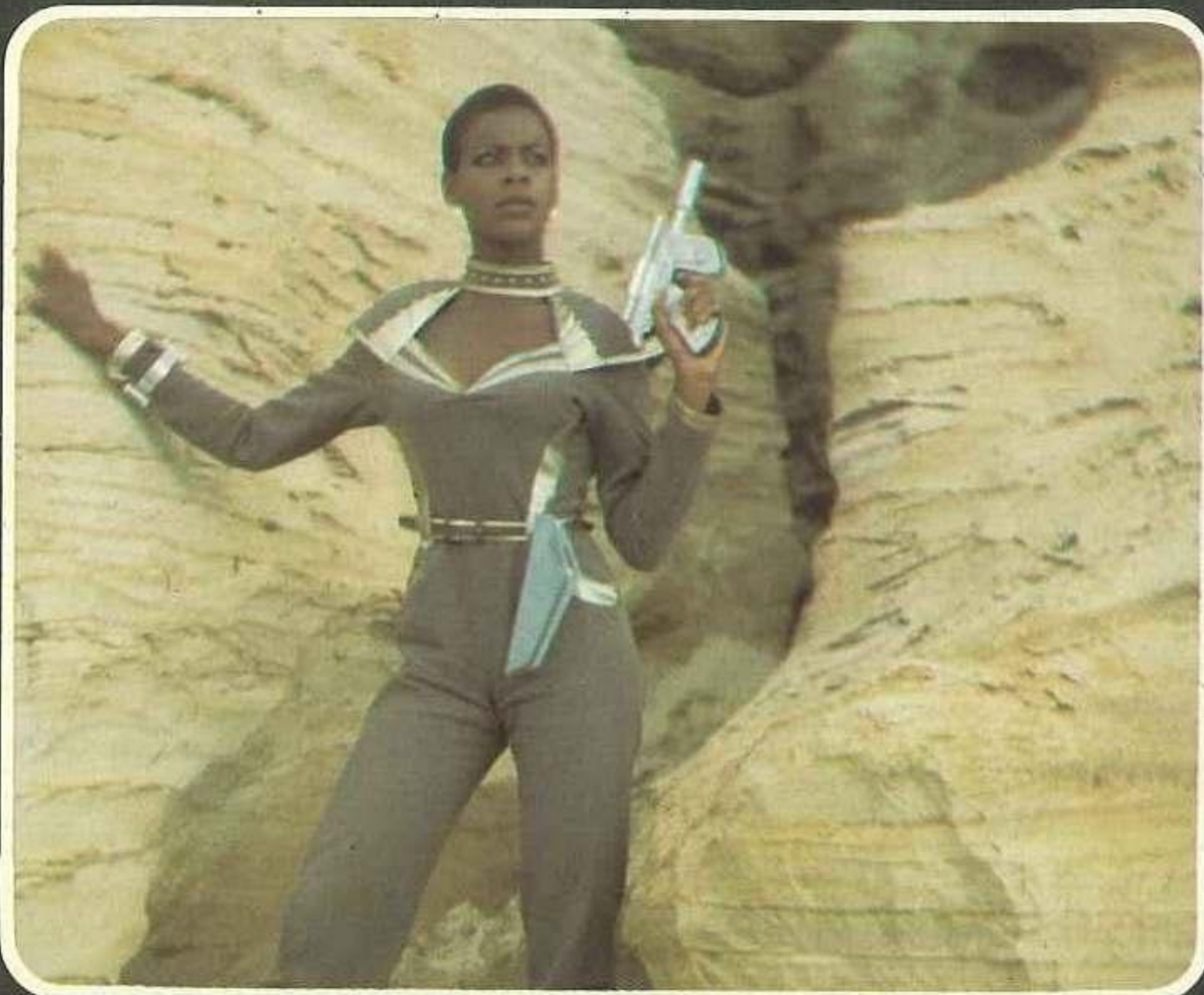
*Nery Davion's*

# BLAKES 7

A MARVEL  
MONTHLY

NO. 13 OCT. 45P

*THE NET  
CLOSES -  
Scorpio's  
crew  
trapped!*



*PAUL DARROW WRITES  
EXCLUSIVELY FOR YOU!*

*STAR  
PROFILE  
INSIDE!*

*FREE  
COLOUR  
POSTER!*

*FRUIT GUM SECRET PART 3*







**SOOLIN**



# BLAKES 7

Editor: Bernie Jaye, Art: Floron Florenzo; Neil Diamond.

Consultant Editor and photographs: Ken Armstrong

## FEATURES

**SCRAP BOOK** ..... P.4

More candid shots of your favourite tv stars from the other side of the camera.

**PAUL DARROW WRITES** ..... P.15

Paul Darrow concludes his summary of the series which confirmed him in the role of the legendary Avon.

**SHUTTLE PAYLOAD 2: SPACE LAB** ..... P.30

We examine the possible developments of the space shuttle.

## COMIC STRIP

**ALLIANCE** ..... P.7

Treachery calls for hard action in the fight to win the atomic star cannon.

## TEXT STORY

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Dayna has been captured by Bounty Hunters. Can the crew of Scorpio rescue her?

## LETTERS

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The thoughts and feelings of fellow readers.

## QUIZ

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Answer the questions and then check your fan rating!

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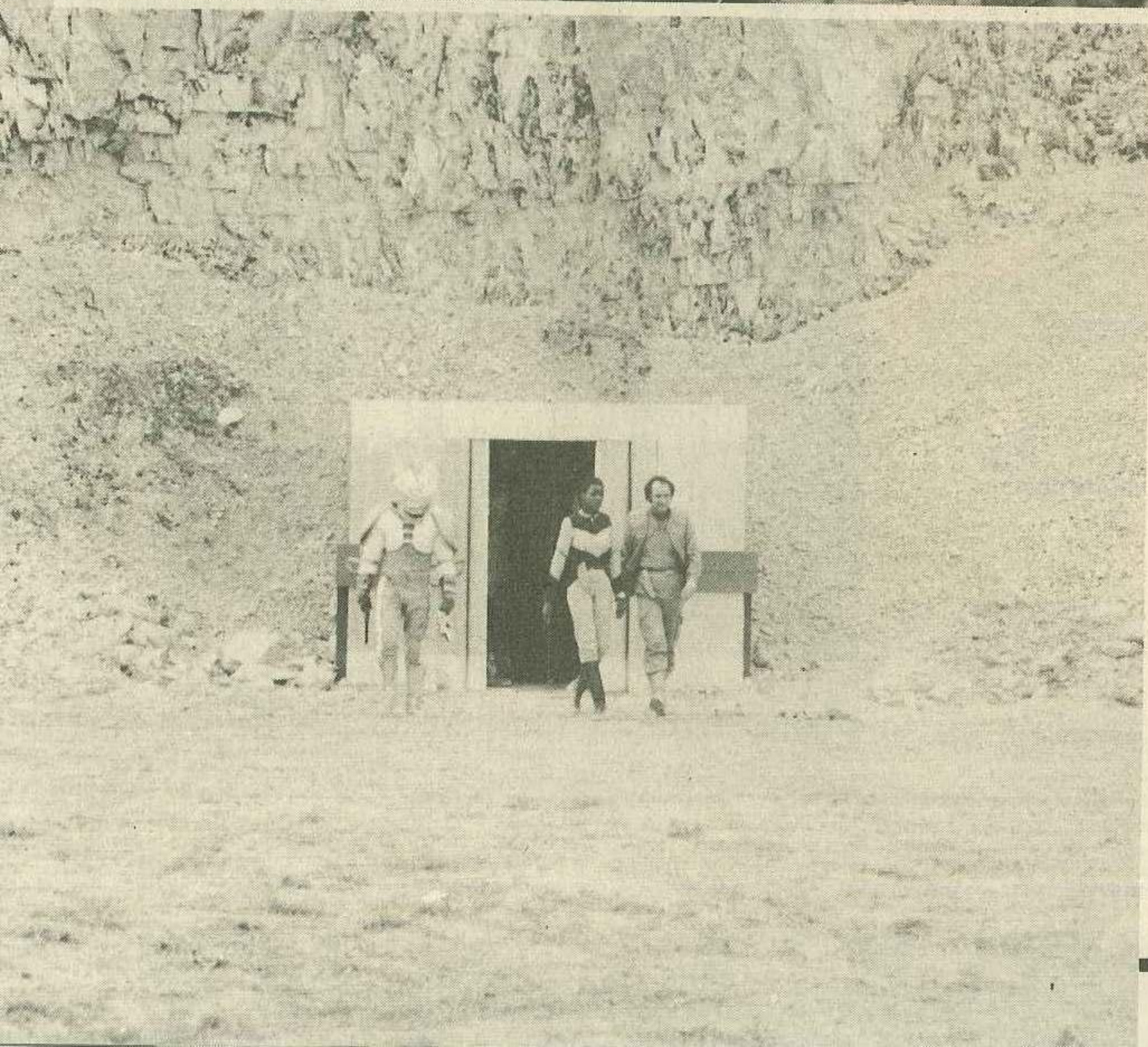


# SCRAPBOOK

MORE CANDID SHOTS OF YOUR FAVOURITE TV STARS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAMERA.



▲ Avon putting on weight? Perhaps Gareth Thomas is just trying to restrain Paul Darrow from telling Mike Keating what he thinks of Mike's latest joke?



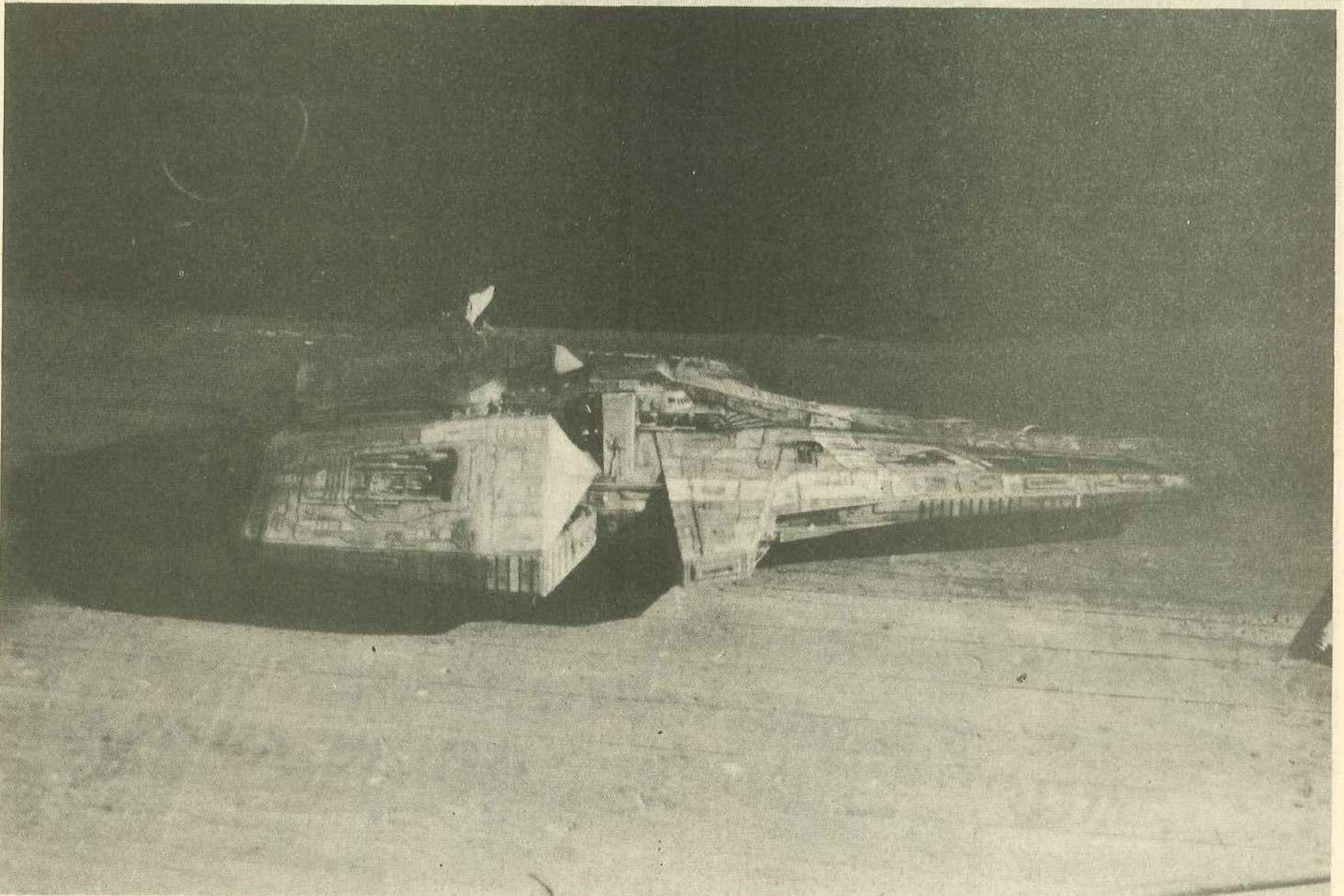
◀ It's amazing the things you find in the middle of a quarry! Vila and Dayna are not emerging with a Space Rat from a large Doctor Who police box . . . however much it may look like it. In fact, the entrance to the Space Rats' lair was moulded into the fallen rock at the foot of the quarry face.



*A quick snapshot for the family album. These three lucky youngsters managed to borrow their space heroes for a few minutes to record their meeting on location near Poole, Dorset.*

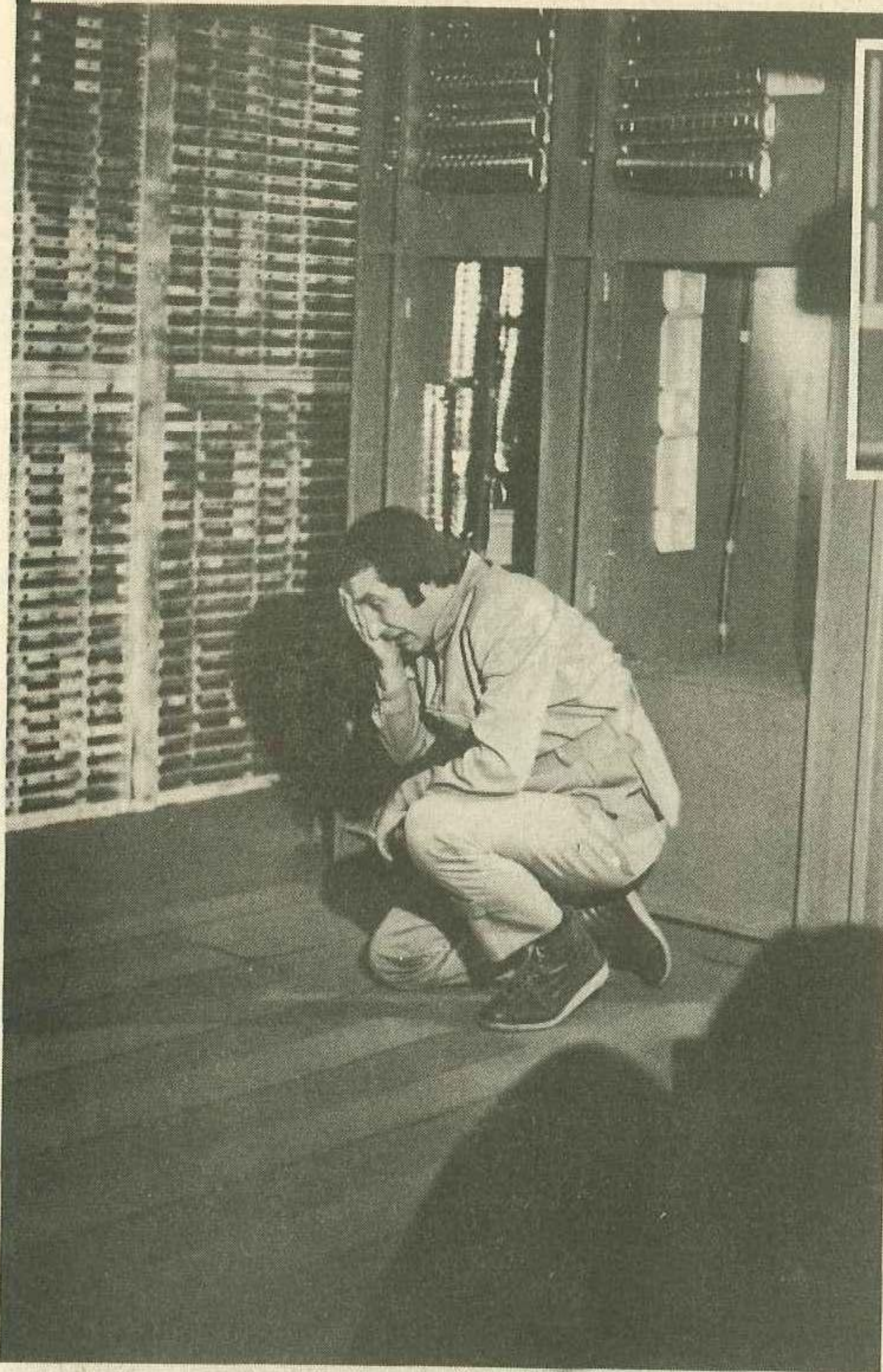


*Scorpio grounded? During filming of special effects sequences, the model Scorpio waits to be placed on the frame which will hold it steady while the camera moves round past it, giving the impression of the ship actually flying.*





# SCRAPBOOK



▲ A light-hearted moment for Paul Darrow during filming of the fateful episode 13 of the series when his wife, Janet Lee Price, joins him on the set.

▲ A scene which ended on the cutting room floor. When Avon went looking for Vila on the shuttle in order to kill him, Vila hid until Avon had passed... then emerged crying. The emotion, however, was thought too strong for our tv screens and was edited out of the programme.

▼ 'We're here, where are the camera crew?' At least, that seems to be what Betty Marsden and Jacqueline Pearce are saying during a lull in filming on location.





# ALLIANCE

A MEETING ON A DISTANT PLANET — AN AGREEMENT REACHED BETWEEN AN INDEPENDENT WARLORD AND THE CREW OF SCORPIO. A DESPERATE PLAN OF ACTION AGREED AGAINST A FEDERATION CONVOY. AND INTO ACTION FLIES THE ALLIANCE!

SCORPIO IS INDEED A POWERFUL SHIP, AVON. WITH ITS WEAPON SYSTEMS THE ALLIANCE CANNOT FAIL!

SCORPIO WILL DO ITS JOB OF DESTROYING FEDERATION ESCORTS GOWAN. JUST ENSURE YOUR FLEET PERFORMS AS WELL WHEN WE SIGHT THE CONVOY.

CONTACT, AVON! IT IS THE CONVOY!

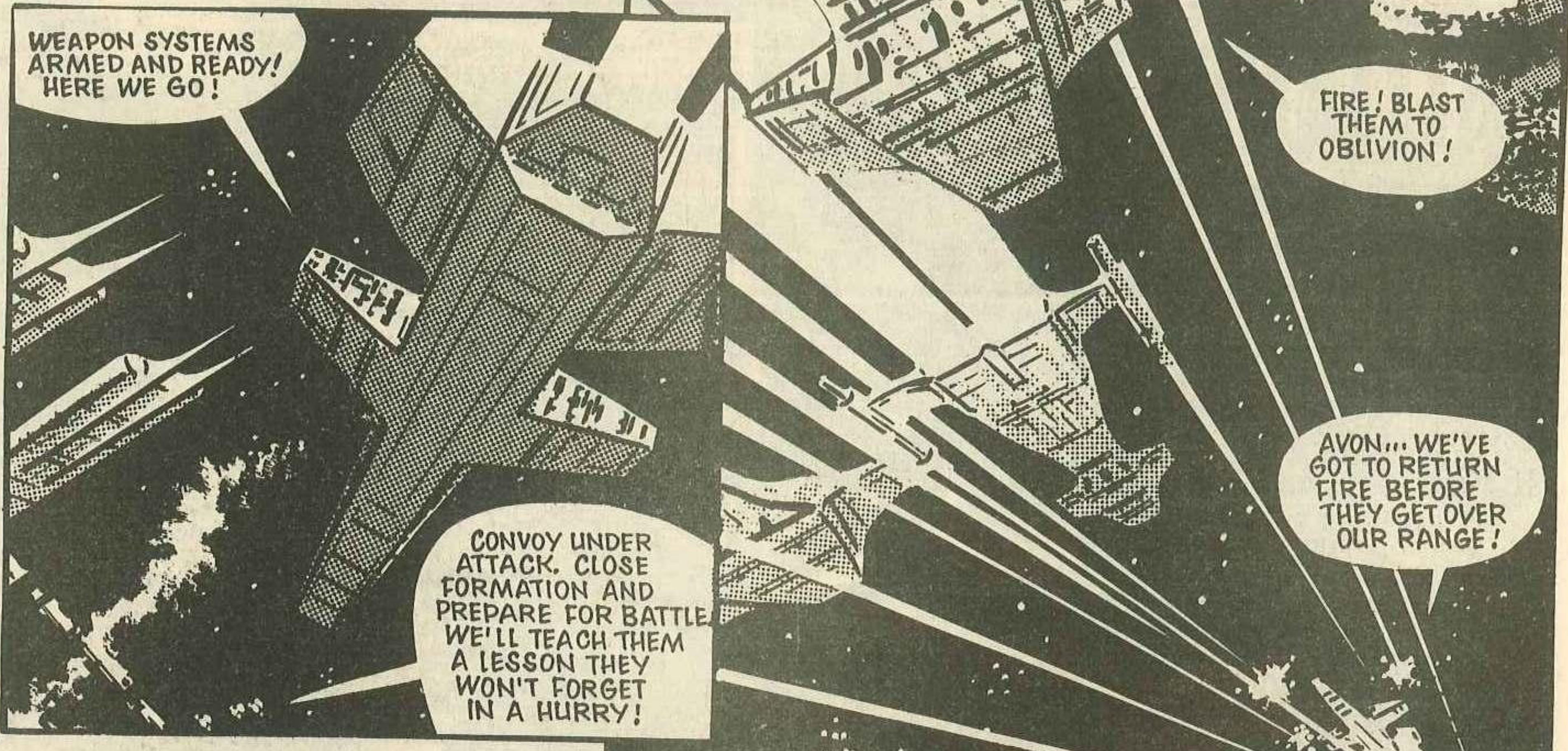
THEN IT IS TIME TO RETURN TO MY OWN SHIP. YOU'RE CERTAIN SCORPIO CAN DEAL WITH THE ESCORTS!

HAVE NO FEAR GOWAN. SCORPIO WILL DRAW THE FEDERATION FIRE AS YOUR SHIPS ATTACK. DO AS WE AGREED AND WE WILL WIN!

TARGET CRAFT IN SIGHT. STANDBY TO ATTACK!

UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT APPROACHING FROM SECTOR TWO!



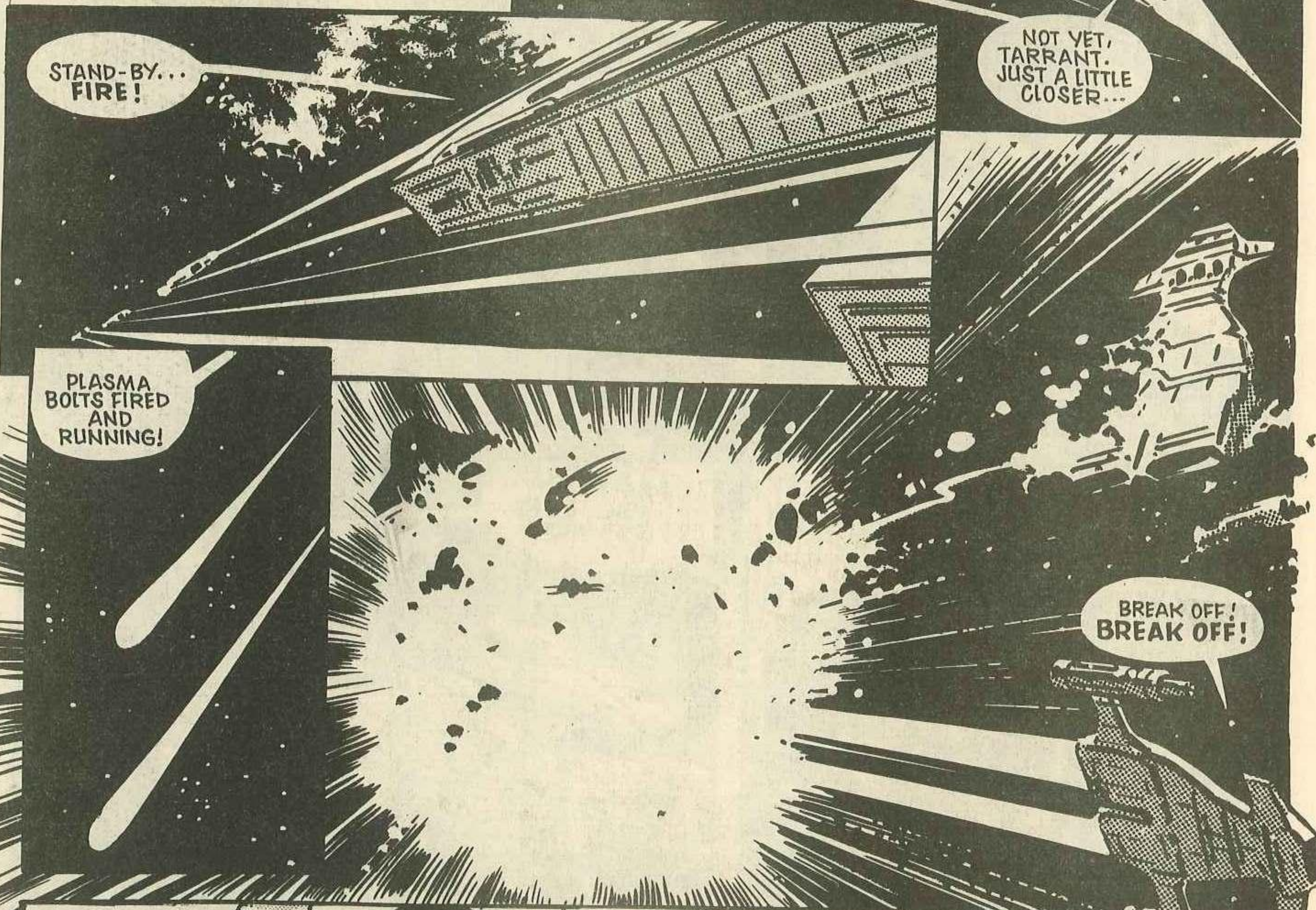


WEAPON SYSTEMS ARMED AND READY! HERE WE GO!

FIRE! BLAST THEM TO OBLIVION!

CONVOY UNDER ATTACK. CLOSE FORMATION AND PREPARE FOR BATTLE. WE'LL TEACH THEM A LESSON THEY WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY!

AVON... WE'VE GOT TO RETURN FIRE BEFORE THEY GET OVER OUR RANGE!



STAND-BY... FIRE!

NOT YET, TARRANT. JUST A LITTLE CLOSER...

PLASMA BOLTS FIRED AND RUNNING!

BREAK OFF! BREAK OFF!



WE'VE SMASHED THEM, AVON!

GOWAN AND HIS FLEET ARE BOARDING THE MAIN TRANSPORT NOW. EVERYTHING IS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! FEDERATION SHIP MAKING FLANK APPROACH... AND FAST!





WE'RE HIT! WHERE THE DEVIL DID HE COME FROM?



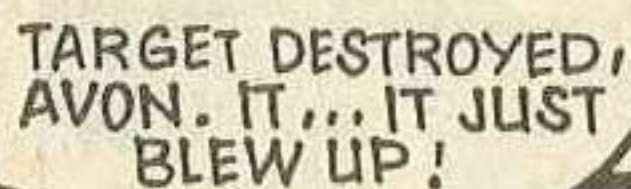
I DON'T CARE... BUT I KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING! FULL THRUST, TARRANT!



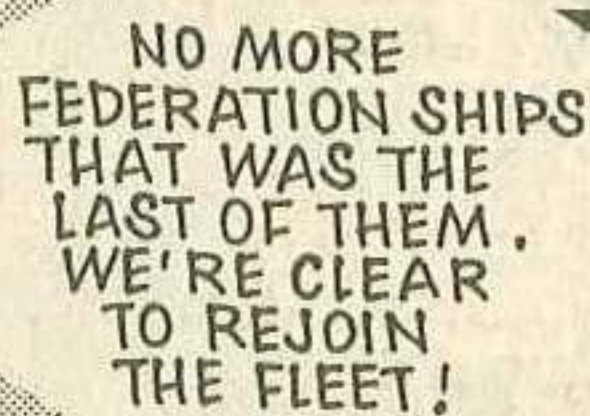
MILLIONS OF POWER UNITS GENERATED A POWERFUL HEAT TRAIL BEHIND SCORPIO AS IT SURGED FORWARD...



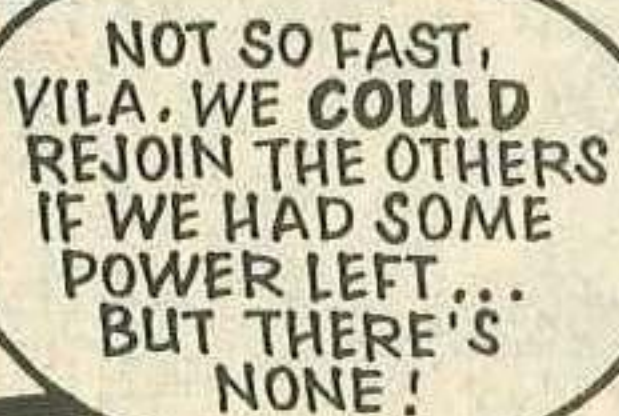
AAARGH!



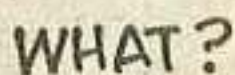
TARGET DESTROYED, AVON. IT... IT JUST BLEW UP!



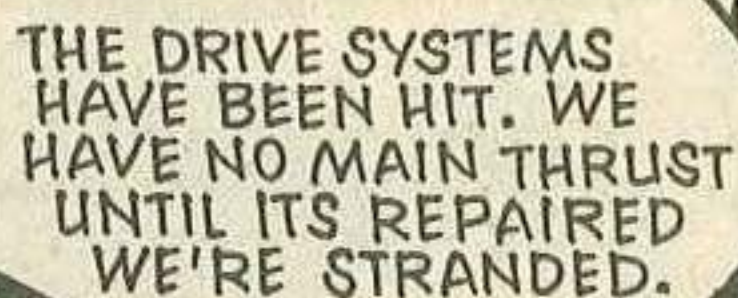
NO MORE FEDERATION SHIPS THAT WAS THE LAST OF THEM. WE'RE CLEAR TO REJOIN THE FLEET!



NOT SO FAST, VILA. WE **COULD** REJOIN THE OTHERS IF WE HAD SOME POWER LEFT... BUT THERE'S NONE!




WHAT?



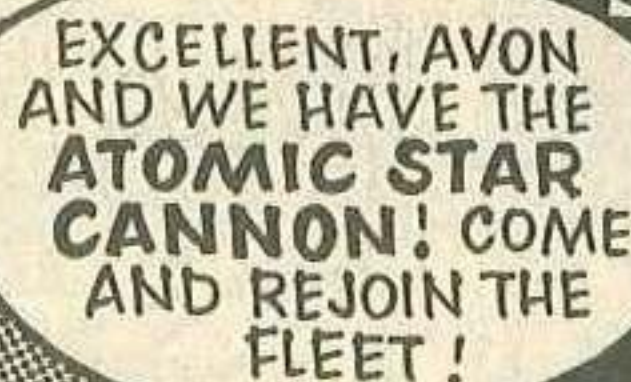
THE DRIVE SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN HIT. WE HAVE NO MAIN THRUST UNTIL ITS REPAIRED WE'RE STRANDED.



TIME TO CALL ON OUR FRIENDS FROM THE ALLIANCE!



COWAN... THIS IS AVON. THE FEDERATION SHIPS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!



EXCELLENT, AVON AND WE HAVE THE **ATOMIC STAR CANNON!** COME AND REJOIN THE FLEET!



I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T, COWAN. SCORPIO'S POWER DRIVE HAS BEEN HIT. WE NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE TO REJOIN YOU.



YOU MEAN THE ALL-POWERFUL SCORPIO CAN NO LONGER FLY? ARE YOU SERIOUS, AVON?

IT'S PURELY A TEMPORARY THING, COWAN. NOW SEND ASSISTANCE IMMEDIATELY. YOU KNOW YOU NEED SCORPIO'S PROTECTION.



WHAT? WITH THE ATOMIC STAR CANNON IN MY POSSESSION? MY SHIP IS NOW MORE POWERFUL AND DEADLY THAN SCORPIO EVER WAS.

ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU'RE PREPARED TO LEAVE SCORPIO STRANDED HERE... AFTER ALL WE'VE DONE FOR YOU AND THE ALLIANCE?

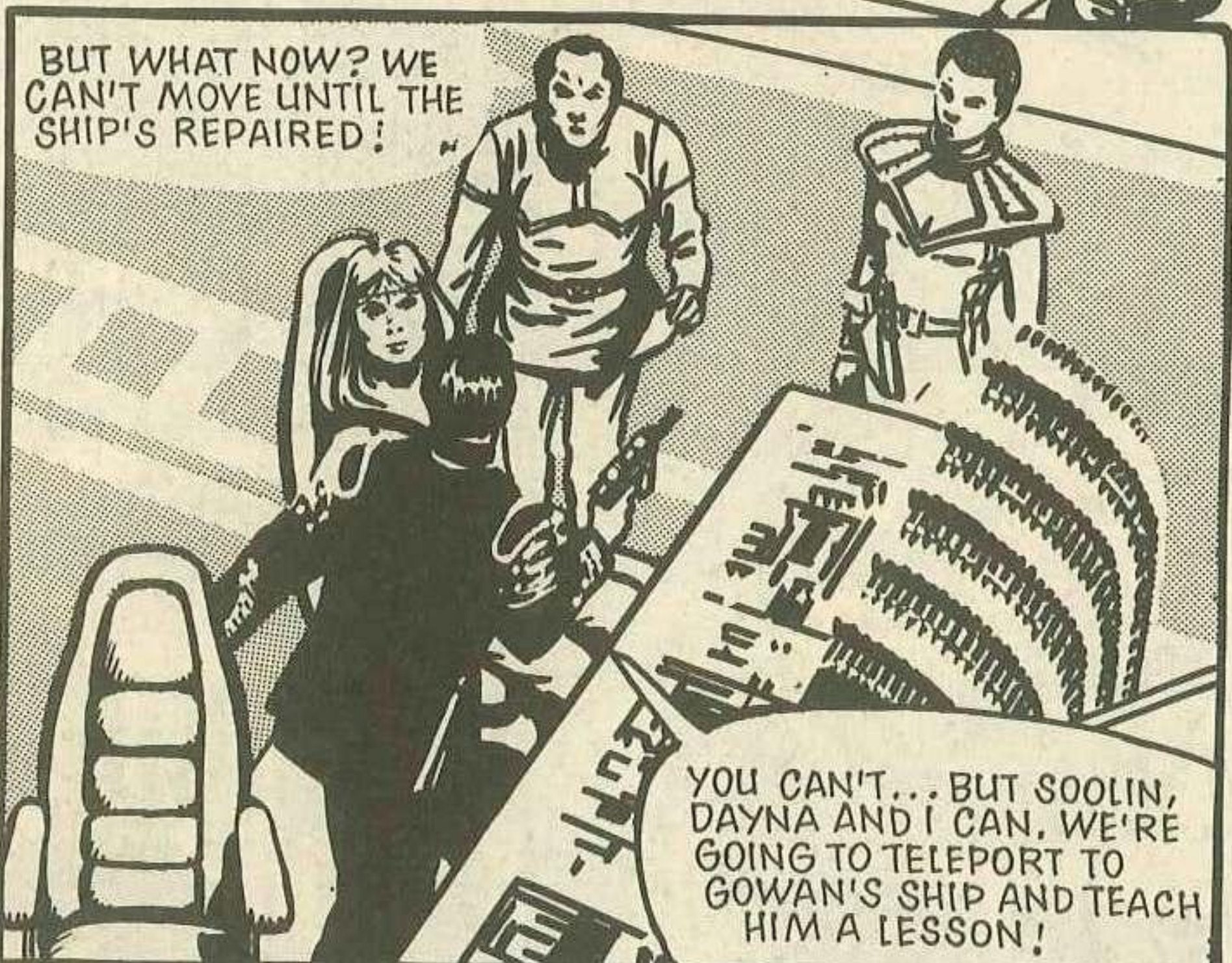


YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE, AVON. I NO LONGER NEED THE ALLIANCE TO SUCCEED. NOT NOW I HAVE THE CANNON. GOODBYE, AVON. IT'S BEEN NICE WORKING WITH YOU.



TH- THEY'RE LEAVING WE'RE BEING LEFT HERE TO DIE!

THAT DOUBLE-DEALING SWINE! GOWAN WILL PAY FOR THIS. SO MUCH FOR THE SO-CALLED ALLIANCE!



BUT WHAT NOW? WE CAN'T MOVE UNTIL THE SHIP'S REPAIRED!

YOU CAN'T... BUT SOOLIN, DAYNA AND I CAN. WE'RE GOING TO TELEPORT TO GOWAN'S SHIP AND TEACH HIM A LESSON!



GOWAN'S AT MAXIMUM TELEPORT RANGE NOW... AND MOVING FURTHER BY THE SECOND. YOU'LL TELEPORT INTO SPACE!

THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE. DO IT... AND DO IT NOW!



TELEPORTING! GOOD LUCK!



JUST THEN, ON GOWAN'S BATTLE CRUISER...

THE ATOMIC STAR CANNON IS READY FOR TEST FIRING, GOWAN. WHICH TARGET DO YOU WISH US TO ENGAGE?

SINCE THE THEFT OF THIS DEVICE WAS THE BRAINCHILD OF AVON... WE SHOULD DO HIM THE HONOUR OF BEING ITS TARGET. SIGHT IT ON THE SCORPIO!

AVON THINKS HE CAN LEAD AN ALLIANCE AGAINST THE FEDERATION THEN BECOME SUPREME RULER... BUT IT WILL NOT BE AVON WHO WILL RULE... IT WILL BE ME!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAN SPEAK UP!

B-BEHIND YOU!

G-GOWAN...

HE'S TRYING TO WARN YOU ABOUT ME, GOWAN... THE MAN WHO HAS COME TO KILL YOU.

A... AVON  
B... BUT...  
HOW...?

TELEPORTATION GOWAN... THAT'S HOW. UHHH?

KILL THEM! BLOW THEM TO ATOMS!

FIRE SOOLIN... FIRE!

I'M NOT BEATEN YET, AVON. I STILL HAVE THE CANNON AND YOU WON'T TAKE THAT FROM ME!

WRONG AGAIN GOWAN. I'LL TAKE IT... AFTER I'VE TAKEN YOUR LIFE!

NO-ONE CHEATS AVON...!



AARRGH...!

A STREAM OF ATOMIC STAR PARTICLES BLASTED OUT INTO SPACE... THEIR TARGET AN INNOCENT CELESTIAL BODY WHICH WOULD BE NO MORE...

KAZ!

PHEW! I'M GLAD WE WEREN'T ON THE RECEIVING END OF THAT! AT LEAST WE'RE SAFE NOW.

I WISH WE WERE DAYNA. IN FACT THE DANGER IS JUST BEGINNING.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE ATOMIC CANNON'S CREATED A BLACK HOLE WHERE THAT PLANET USED TO BE... AND WE'RE BEING SUCKED TOWARDS IT. UNLESS WE GET OURSELVES OUT OF HERE SOON... WE'LL BE CRUSHED TO NOTHING AS WE ENTER THE HOLE!

TARRANT... VILA YOU MUST TELEPORT US OFF THIS SHIP IMMEDIATELY!

IMPOSSIBLE, AVON. WE'VE NO POWER LEFT.

IT'LL TAKE AT LEAST AN HOUR TO GET THE CIRCUITS WORKING AGAIN, AVON.

JUST THEN ALARM KLAXONS SOUNDED...

WHAT IS IT, SLAVE?

SLAVE'S RIGHT! SIX OF THE BEGGARS COMING IN FAST! WE'VE GOT TO OPEN FIRE!

IN AN HOUR WE'LL BE DEAD... SUCKED INTO A BLACK HOLE. GET US OUT NOW!

I HUMBLY BEG TO REPORT, SIR, MORE FEDERATION SHIPS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE... A FULL BATTLE FLEET.

WAIT, VILA! TRY THAT...





NOTHING!  
NOT A  
DAMMED  
THING!



MAYBE IT'S  
THIS ONE...

THERE'S NO  
TIME FOR GUESS-  
WORK, TARRANT!  
WE'RE UNDER  
ATTACK!



THEY'RE  
HELPLESS! TIGHT  
FORMATION  
ATTACK!

THIS HAS  
GOT TO WORK!  
FIRE, VILA...  
FIRE!

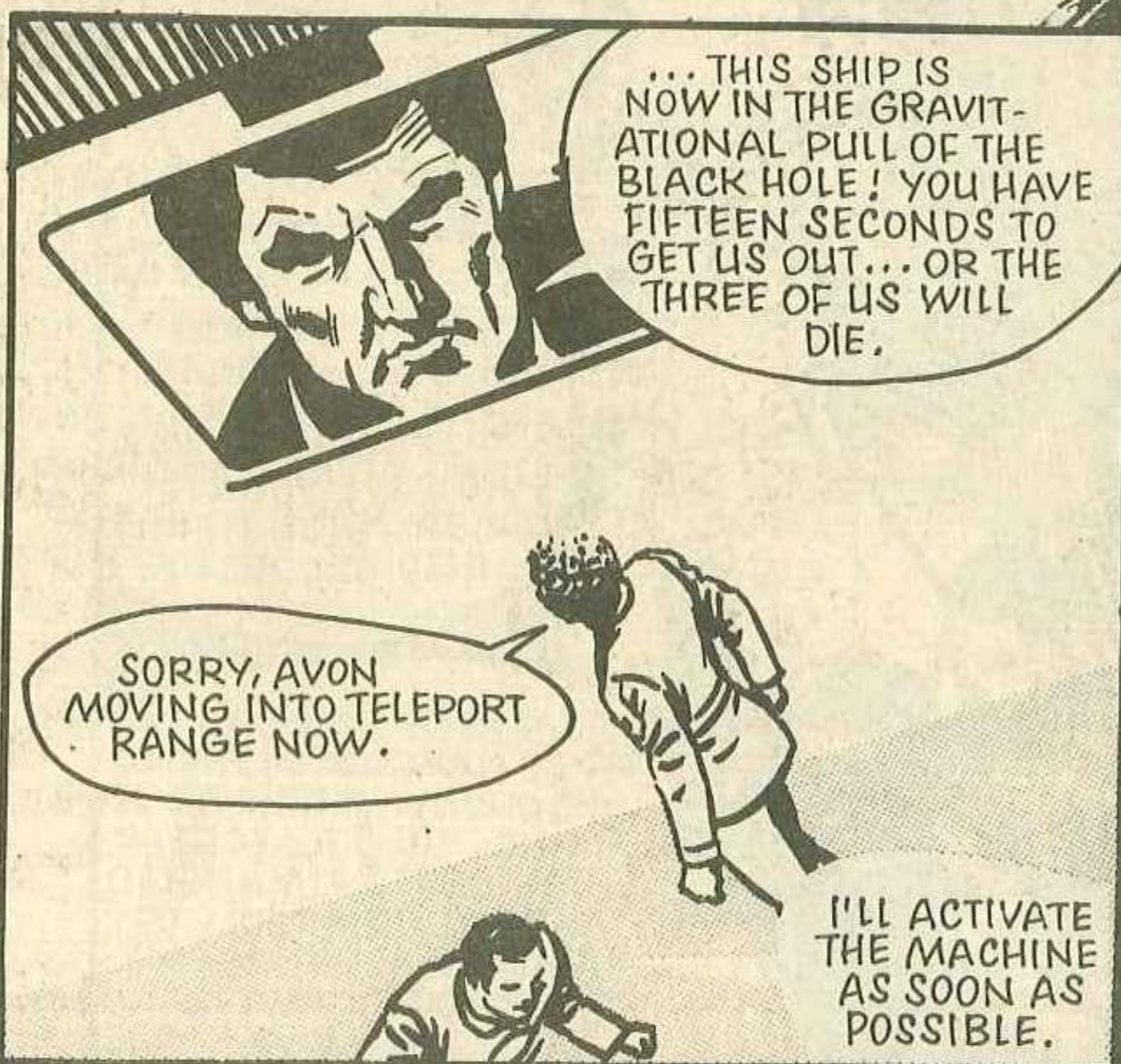
SCORPIO SHUDDERED AS EVERY  
WEAPON SYSTEM WAS TRIGGERED.



YOU DID IT  
VILA! DESTROYED  
EVERY LAST  
ONE!

FANTASTIC  
WASN'T IT. AND  
WE'VE GOT OUR  
POWER BACK!

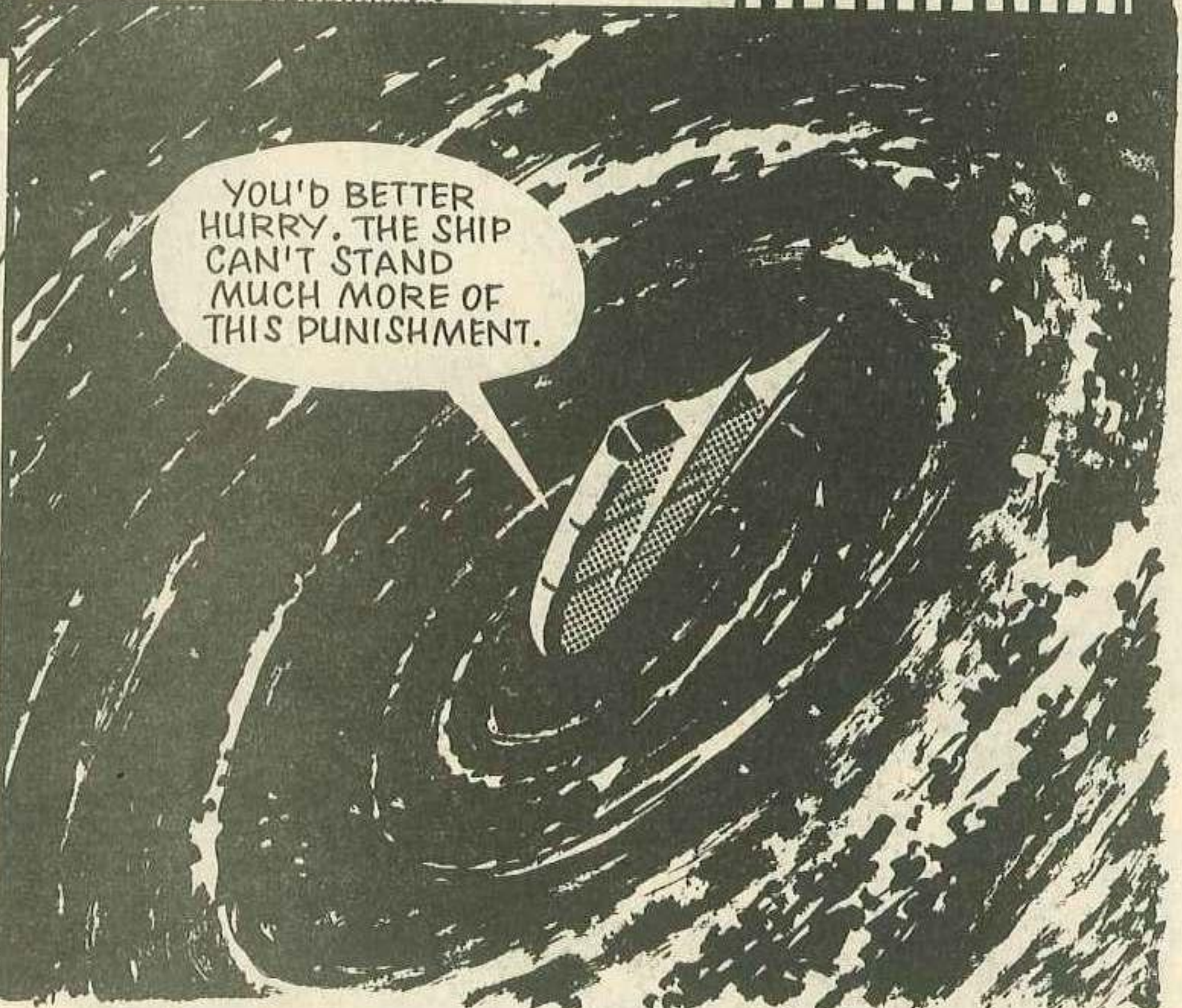
WHEN YOU'VE  
QUITE FINISHED  
CONGRATULATING  
YOURSELVES...



... THIS SHIP IS  
NOW IN THE GRAVIT-  
ATIONAL PULL OF THE  
BLACK HOLE! YOU HAVE  
FIFTEEN SECONDS TO  
GET US OUT... OR THE  
THREE OF US WILL  
DIE.

SORRY, AVON  
MOVING INTO TELEPORT  
RANGE NOW.

I'LL ACTIVATE  
THE MACHINE  
AS SOON AS  
POSSIBLE.



YOU'D BETTER  
HURRY. THE SHIP  
CAN'T STAND  
MUCH MORE OF  
THIS PUNISHMENT.



CAN THEY REALLY GET US OUT IN TIME...?

IF THEY CAN'T YOU WON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT IT. WE HAVE ABOUT FIVE SECONDS TO GO.

THE TELEPORT CAN'T LOCK ON TO THEM. THEY'RE STILL OUT OF RANGE!

SCORPIO'S TRAVELLING AS FAST AS SHE CAN GO WITH THEM. DAMAGED ENGINES KEEP TRYING!

VILA... WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING?

GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE! I'M GOING TO NARROW THE TRACTOR BEAM. IT'LL GIVE US MORE RANGE WITH THE TELEPORT, BUT...

... IT COULD MEAN WE PULL OUT ONLY ONE PERSON FROM THE SHIP.

THAT INSTANT...

UH? AVON... WHAT'S HAPPENING!

YOUR HANDS GIVE ME YOUR HANDS...!

FOR THE TRIO, TIME AND SPACE STOOD STILL AS THE TELEPORT BEAM FOUGHT TO DRAG THEM FROM THE DISASTER AND DEATH...

TWO SECONDS LATER...

VILA... YOU DID IT! THEY'RE SAFE!

THAT'S ONE YOU OWE ME, AVON. IT WAS MY BRAINS THAT FOUND A WAY TO SAVE YOU AND TURN DISASTER INTO SUCCESS!

SUCCESS? HOW CAN IT BE A SUCCESS WHEN THE ONLY WORTHWHILE THING, THE ATOMIC STAR CANNON, IS A MANGLED MESS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLACK HOLE? NEXT TIME YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER, VILA!



Paul Darrow concludes his revealing summary of the exciting series which confirmed him in the role of the legendary Avon!

## PAUL DARRROW WRITES...

'Gauda Prime', the product of Chris Boucher's imagination was a frontier planet, reminiscent of the Old West, inhabited by settlers – like Soolin's family – and those who were determined to unsettle them for gain.

As Avon correctly surmised, it was the time of the Bounty Hunter. The Federation version of Law and Order was clicking into gear and the remnants of, *Blake's Seven*, would be unwelcome intruders.

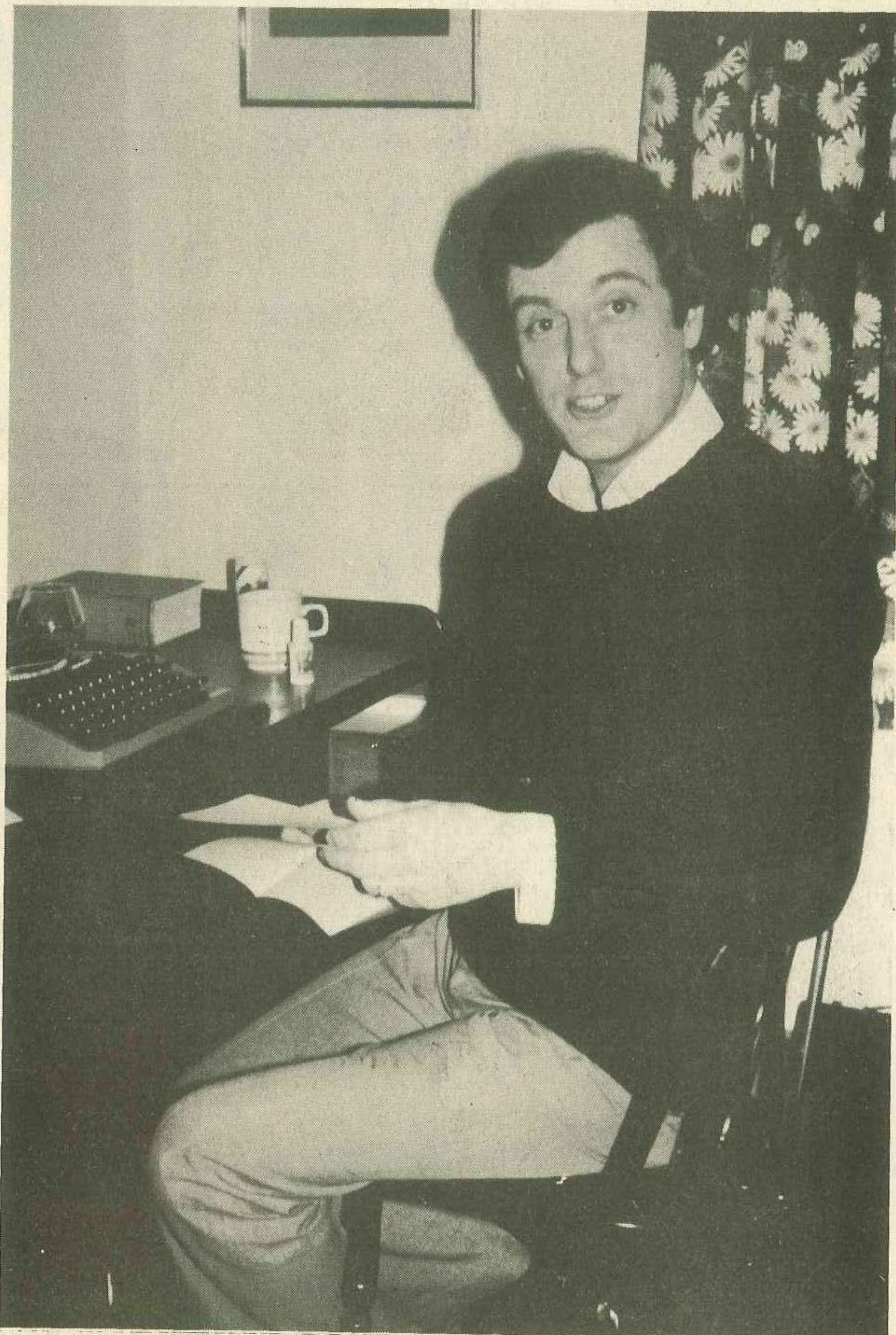
This was a curious choice of location from which to launch our eponymous hero's last crusade. But Blake *did* choose the place – and the time – knowing that Avon would be forced on to this unfamiliar ground to face the final confrontation.

Blake was a curious character. A moral giant, but naive in his belief that, once evil was destroyed, good would inevitably take its place. His iron will and faultless conduct was linked to stubborn disbelief when confronted with man's inhumanity to man. In short – Blake was a dreamer who failed to wake up to the nightmare of reality. Though his intentions were honourable, he was unable to face the awful truth. He lived by the Maxim – 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you.' Avon, while agreeing with this in principle, would have added – 'But do it first!'

Blake stood for honesty, decency and courage – the strength of spirit in adversity. The Dunkirk spirit. Avon could never forget that Dunkirk was a terrible defeat!

If you think about it, they should have been on opposite sides. In the end, it was proved that they were. Blake was too good for this world – or Universe – and was never likely to achieve success with his methods. Avon, on the other hand, was prepared to fight fire with fire, match terror with counter terror. Not particularly admirable, but effective. Somebody has to do the dirty work so that the rest of us can keep our hands clean!

Terry Nation, our creator, and Chris Boucher, our script Editor, while aware that, *BLAKE'S SEVEN*, was a Science Fiction adventure series primarily intended to provide fast moving entertainment on dull Monday evenings, were clever enough to add something extra to



Every fan letter receives personal attention from Paul . . . in between writing for this magazine of course!

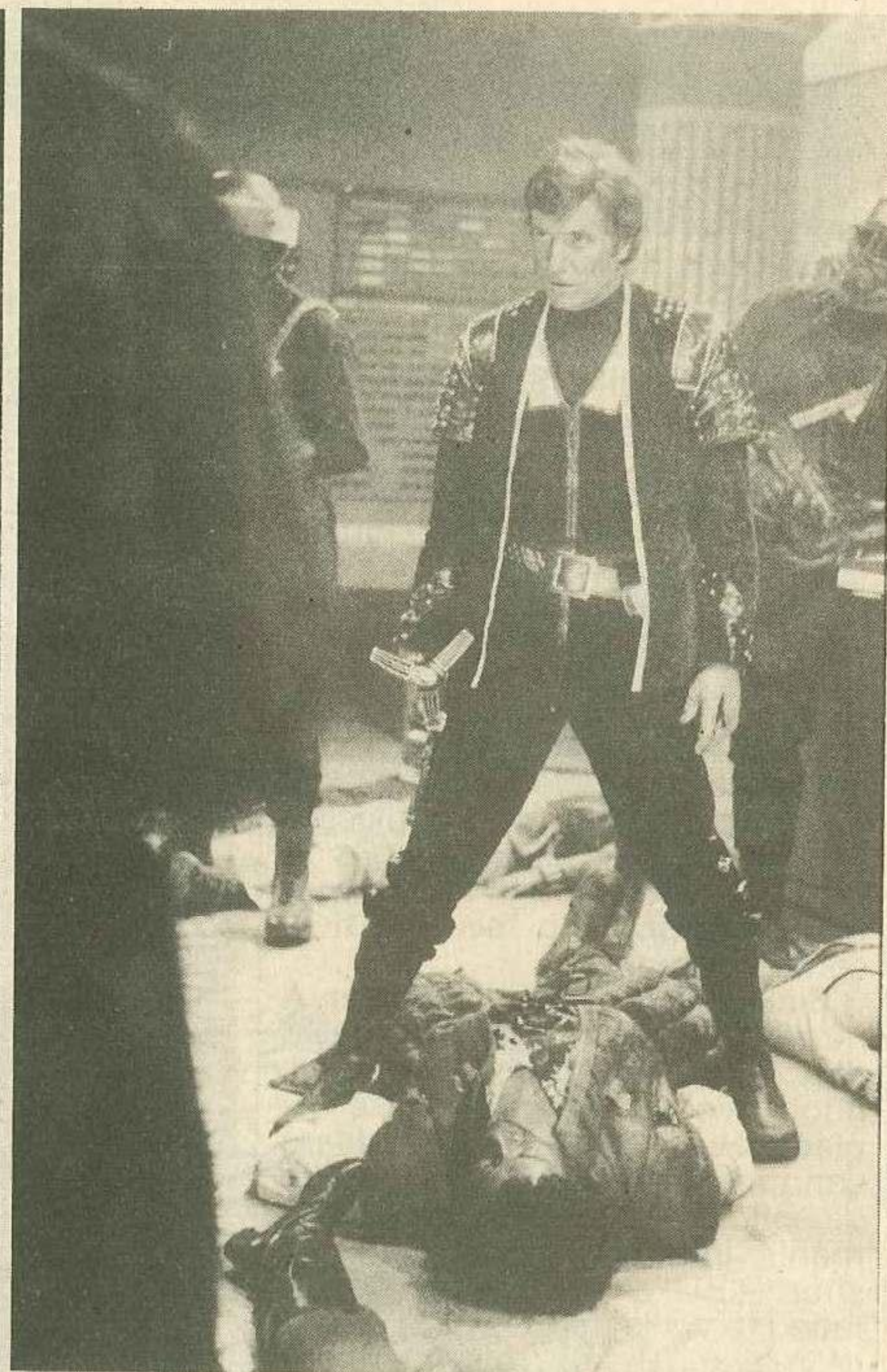
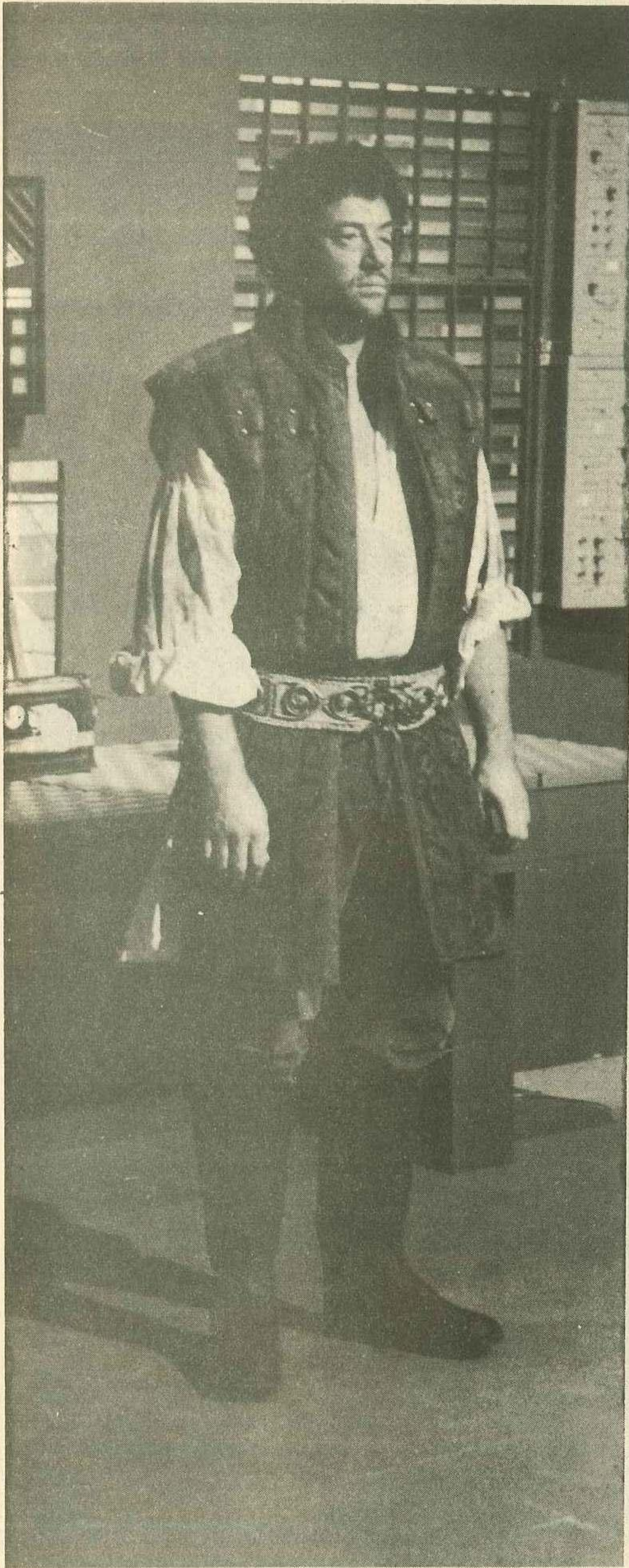
an all familiar format.

They added a hint of unpleasant reality, touched upon the darker side of our lives and, most importantly, nudged your imaginations. Perhaps this is why, despite all its faults, despite its lack of money and resources, despite the inability to compete with American 'block-

buster', series, *BLAKE'S SEVEN*, struck a chord of sympathetic recognition in so many of you.

One thing we appeared to have in common with 'Star Trek', was that we succeeded in convincing you that, *BLAKE'S SEVEN*, was not just another unmemorable, 'cops and robbers', drama.





ABOVE:  
*'That fierce loyalty manifested itself when the series came to its bloody conclusion ...'*

LEFT:  
*'Blake was a curious character. A moral giant, but naive ...'*

RIGHT:  
*'... we succeed in convincing you BLAKE'S 7 was not just another 'Cops and Robbers' drama ...'*

OPPOSITE:  
*'... Avon in black leather and armed to the teeth ...'*





As I have said, the series had many faults. But it gained a fiercer loyalty from you than many other much vaunted, and forgotten, action shows. That fierce loyalty manifested itself when the series came to its bloody conclusion.

The BBC has been threatened, cajoled, and threatened again as so many of you have attempted to force it to revive the series. It is as if the BBC represents the Federation and Servalan is chuckling in the corridors of TV centre.

That *BLAKE'S SEVEN*, is at an end seems certain. Avon – in black leather and armed to the teeth – no longer watches Cup Finals on the Main Reception TV set. Security men no longer back away as Tarrant zooms into the car park. Jenna, Soolin, Dayna and Cally no longer draw wolf whistles from extras and floor assistants. Vila no longer provokes knowing smiles as he trips over a camera cable on the Scorpio flight deck. Slave, Zen and Orac are forever silent.

What began in a chalk pit in Surrey ended on the dusty floor of a studio at White City.

The confused edgy, sometimes incomprehensible relationship between Avon and Blake was severed.

Blake, physically mutilated during the course of his fight against oppression, was blown away by Avon. Avon who was outwardly untouched, but inwardly. . .?

Little had we realised as we set forth so optimistically on our great adventure that it was to end in a kind of tragedy. But in Outer Space there is no such thing as, 'an end'. You just keep going on and on to infinity!

And that is what, *BLAKE'S SEVEN*, will do! In the mind's eye if nowhere else.

*BLAKE'S SEVEN*, was unique.

It was unique because, for half its life, it lacked a Blake. For half its life it was dominated by the kind of man we have all been brought up to fear and distrust. Yet – he maintained our interest.

It was unique because it brought together an odd, but fascinating, group of people and reminded us that, if the present is a little un-

happy, the future is decidedly bleak.

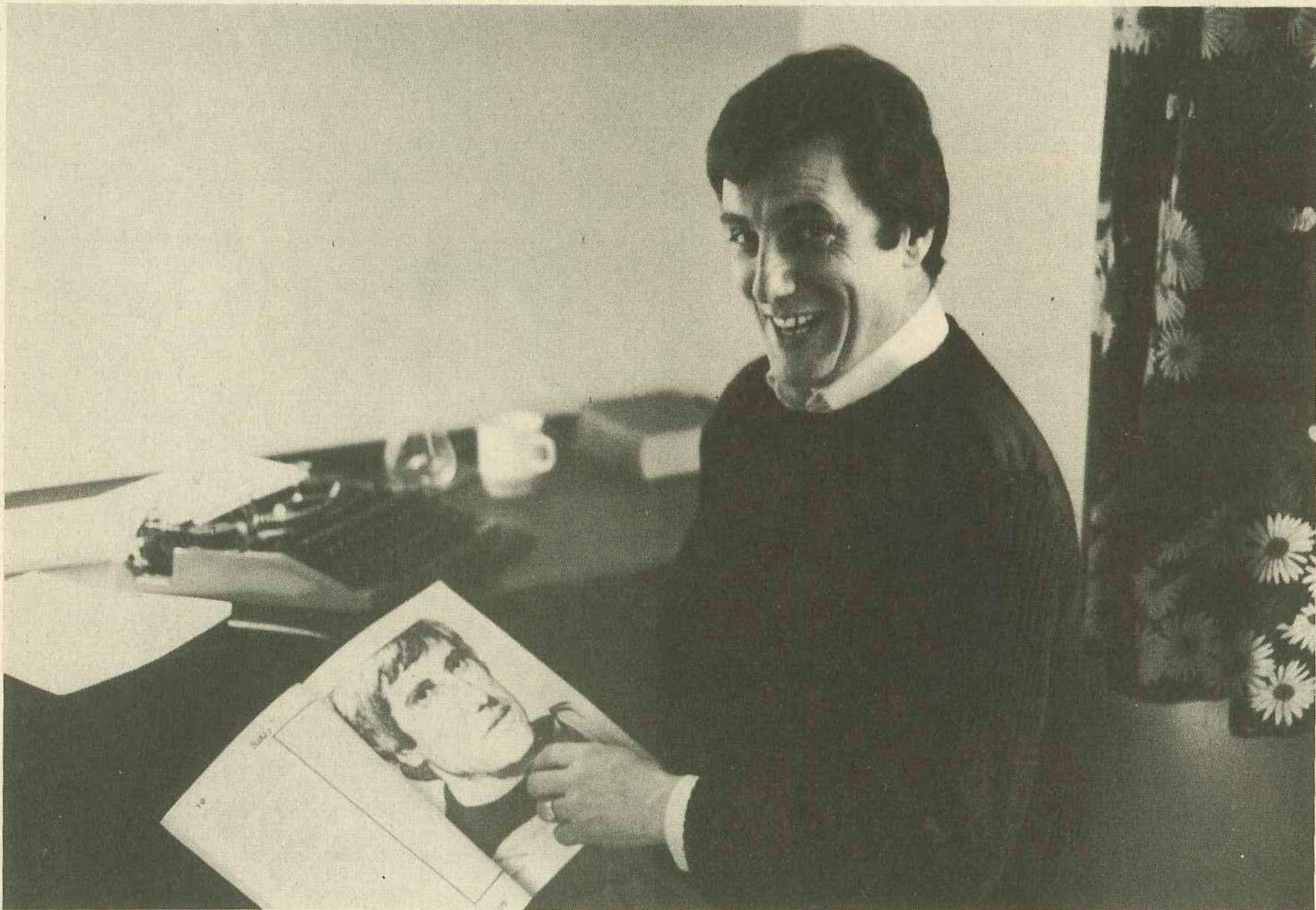
So it was an honest series in everything that it set out to do and, thankfully, you responded to that honesty.

Of course, a lot of people thought it was drivel and one or two episodes might be quoted to prove their point. But most of the people I met – they range from a bus conductor in Brixton to an eminent translator of Ibsen – thought that, all in all, it was a pretty good show.

All of us who took part in it are glad that we did. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely and, not unimportant, got paid for it. What was most pleasing was that we seem to have imparted that enjoyment to you.

And – no payment can compete with the feeling I got when a little boy said to me after the final episode –

'All right, Avon, I know you're still alive and hiding out under the name of Paul Darrow. But, don't worry, I won't betray you to the federation!'



'All right, Avon, I know you're still alive and hiding under the name of Paul Darrow . . . but I won't betray you to the Federation!'



# MARVEL SUPER-HEROES



YOU WANTED IT...  
YOU'VE GOT IT!!

EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES

## THE AVENGERS



FREE  
COLOUR  
POSTER!!

FEATURES!  
COMIC STRIPS!  
TEXT STORIES!



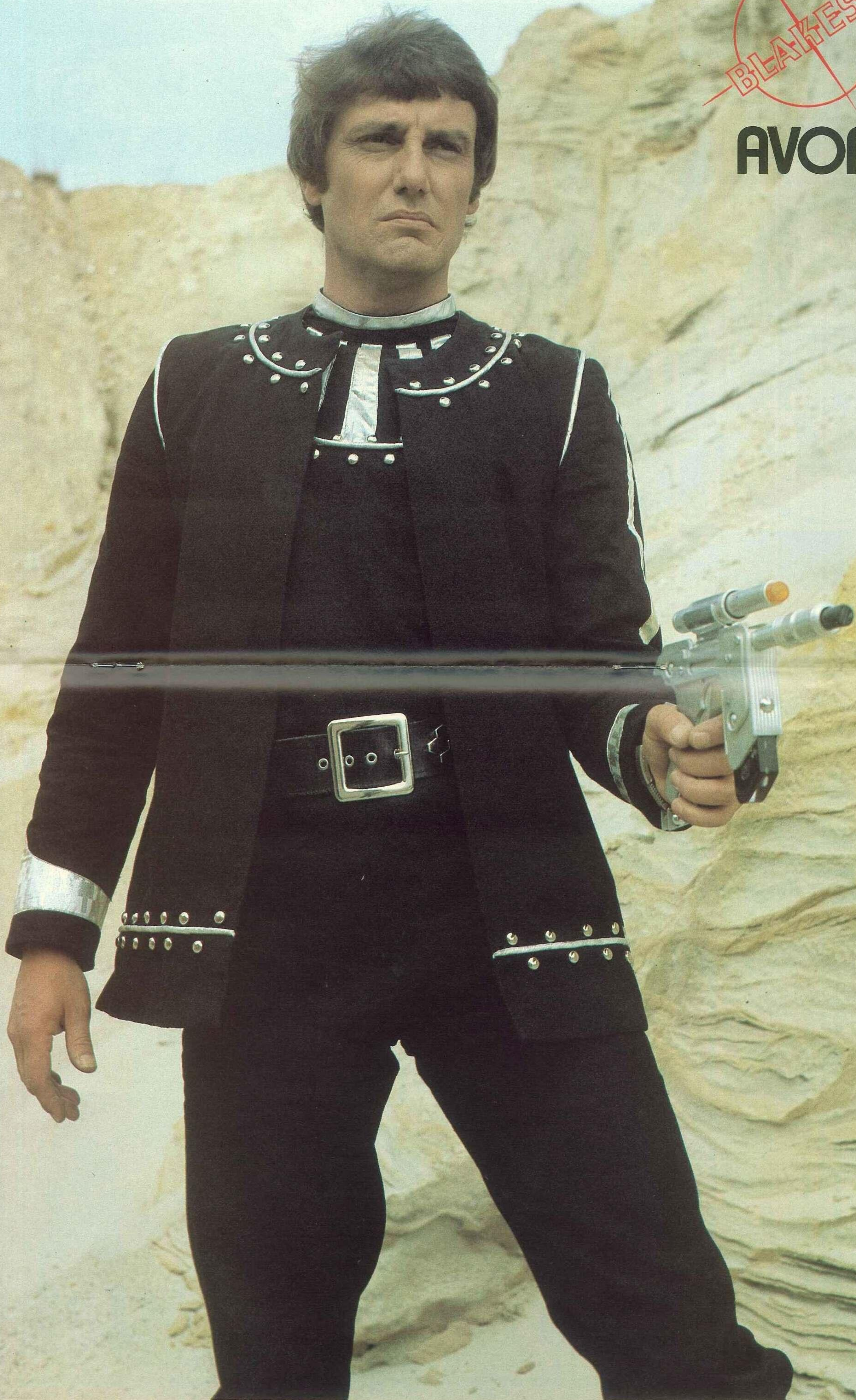
SUPERHERO ACTION  
AT IT'S BEST...





~~BLAKE'S 7~~

AVON





## FANTASY FEVER

Britain's first and only fantasy media magazine is already gearing up for the Summer of Madness. Between now and the end of the year most of the scheduled major movies will be in the fantasy genre.

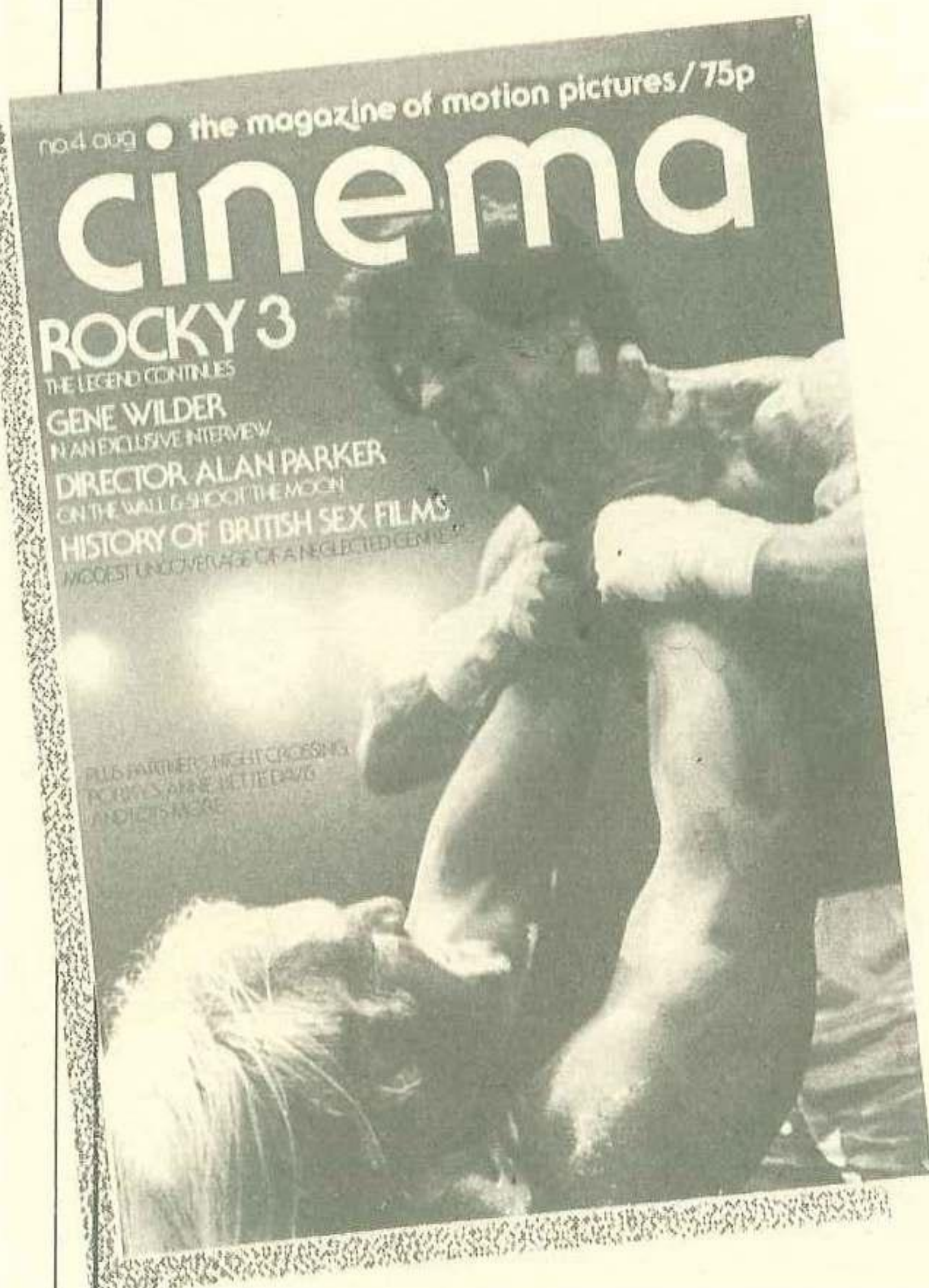
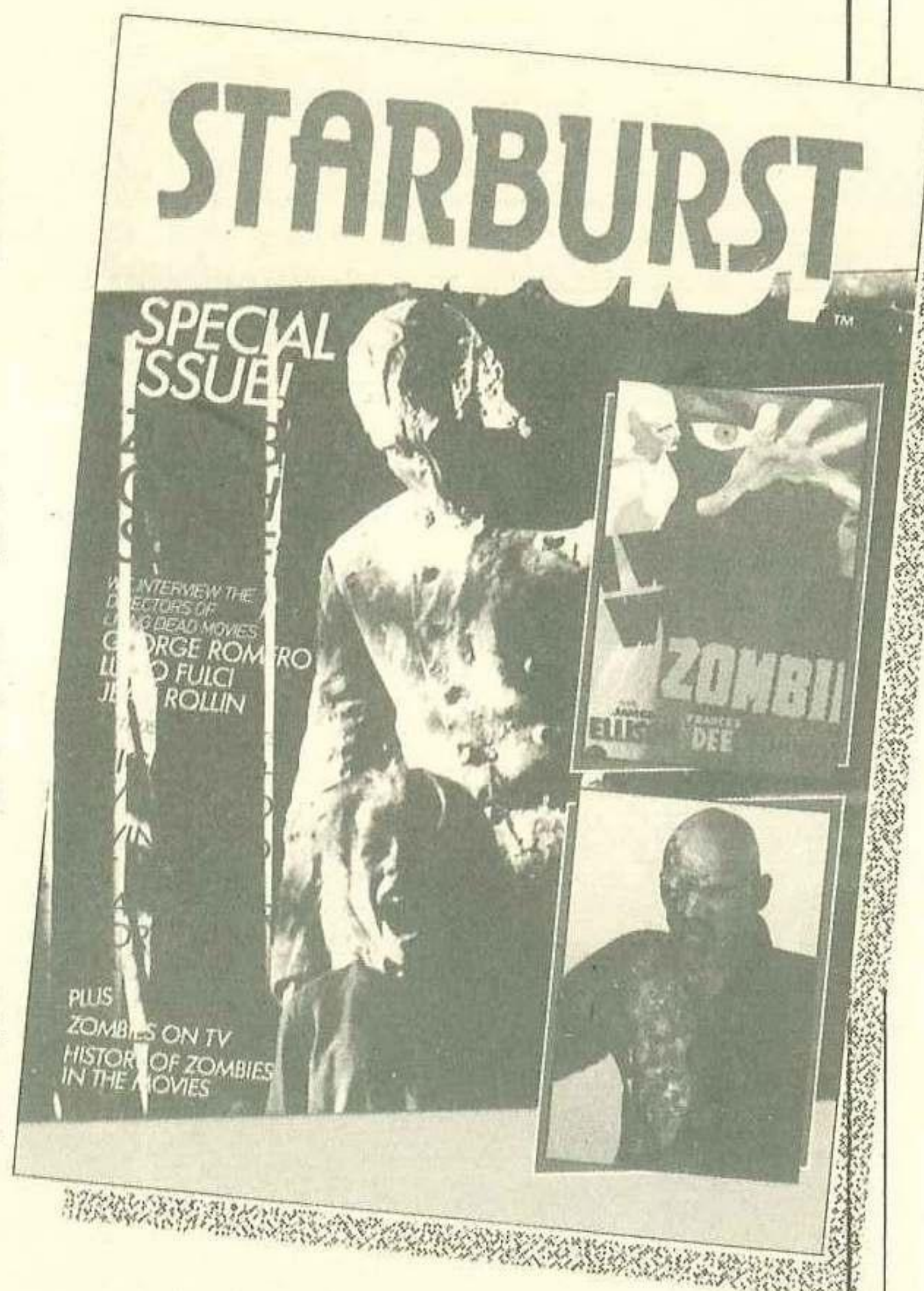
*Star Trek 2, The Secret of Nimh, The Thing, Poltergeist, Blade Runner, ET, Dark Crystal, Tron and Videodrome* are among the biggies lined up for pre-Christmas release. Not to mention *Revenge of the Jedi*, slated for an '83 opening.

During the next few months *Starburst* will be covering the making of these pictures and presenting in-depth interviews with stars on both sides of the camera. In short, detailed coverage of the most prolific corner of the film industry.

*Starburst* is changing format to cope with the overload, beginning with our big fiftieth issue. And the new-look *Starburst* is just too good to miss.

So place a regular order with your newsagent now and make 1982 the year of Fantasy Fever.

**Starburst: The Magazine of Cinema and Television Fantasy**



the magazine of motion pictures / 75p  
**cinema**

**COMPLETE COVERAGE**

Unlike the other film magazines available in your local newsagents, *cinema* does not restrict itself to one narrow aspect of the movie business. Among its colour-packed pages you will find features on the art movies as well as the exploitation films, interviews with producers as well as directors and stars, previews of coming attractions and retrospectives on movie classics.

*Cinema* does not include token coverage of the video scene in an effort to boost flagging sales. The specialist video mags offer a more complete picture than any film magazine ever could.

What *cinema* offers in each 64 page, monthly issue is information on movies—past, present and future. Pure and Simple.

What film fan could ask for more?

**Cinema: the magazine that *understands* movies**



It's very important you keep us informed of what you would like to see in your magazine, what you think of the features and stories and what your views on the programme are. We want to give you the monthly magazine you want to read. So, keep your letters coming and, remember, each letter receives personal attention.

Here are a selection of the letters we've received so far...

At last! As a true fan of BLAKE'S 7, I was delighted to see the superb poster in the centre of the July issue of the magazine. Well done, but what about more photographs in colour of the original cast, not forgetting ZEN!

Partick Welland, Somerset.

*Keep buying the magazine and we'll keep producing what you like, Partick.Ed.*

Terrific! That's the only word to describe the magazine. The stories and features are of the best but the FREY picture strip in issue number 10 didn't really seem like a BLAKE'S 7 story to me. It looked more like a super heroes type of thing. Keep to the sort of stories we've seen before and I'll be a devoted fan of the magazine forever!

Caroline Clark, London SW13

OH! That Paul Darrow, he really does some things to me. It's fantastic that he's writing for the

magazine and I like the way he has outlined all the stories from the series. Now that he's not on television anymore, can you tell me what he and the rest of the cast have been doing? I'd really like to know.

Bernice Pellham, Nottingham.

*Watch out for next month's super issue, Bernice. A year after the last episode was made we'll be interviewing the cast to find out what they've been up to. As you're really keen to know about Paul, though, I can tell you he's been appearing throughout the country with two other super stars in a play...but more next month! Ed.*

Can you tell me, if you know, why the costumes of the cast changed during the last series of BLAKE'S 7? I really liked Avon's black and white one with the silver studs but I've noticed he sometimes wears another one.

Alan Willow, Dorset.

*During the filming of the fourth*

*series of the programme, Alan, there were three costumes worn by Avon. The first was the one of which you speak, the one with the studs. The second was a much lighter one for wearing during the summer months (see poster pic in this issue) and the third was a type of space overall worn for one episode only. From time to time Avon was also seen in a spacesuit but that was in addition to his main costume. Ed.*

In the photographs you print of Soolin, she never seems to have the same hairstyle very often. Can you tell me why this is?

Geraldine Pate, Richmond, Surrey.

*The make-up department of the BBC managed to change Soolin's hairstyle for each of episodes in which she appeared and it is from those episodes that our photographs of Soolin come. Ed.*





# So you think you know Blake's 7?

Many of the fans of the superb television series not only know all the characters who have appeared in many episodes of the programme but can also quote lines of dialogue from specific episodes. We thought it would be a real challenge for you to try your hand at identifying characters from the fourth series and determining the title of the episode in which they appeared.

There are no prizes for getting them all right, just the satisfaction of proving yourself a true fan of the series . . . so there's no point in cheating by going back over your previous issues of the magazine.

Go on, give it a try and find out how much you really know about the fourth series of your favourite programme then check your fan rating with the answers at the end.



1. When Vila got himself into a spot of bother with a thermal lance, this pretty young lady came to his assistance. The questions are.

- Who was the lady, her real name?
- Her character's name?
- In which episode did she appear?
- Who wrote the episode?

2. These three fearsome gentlemen were also in the same episode as picture one. The questions are:

- To which race do the three belong?
- On which planet were they encountered?

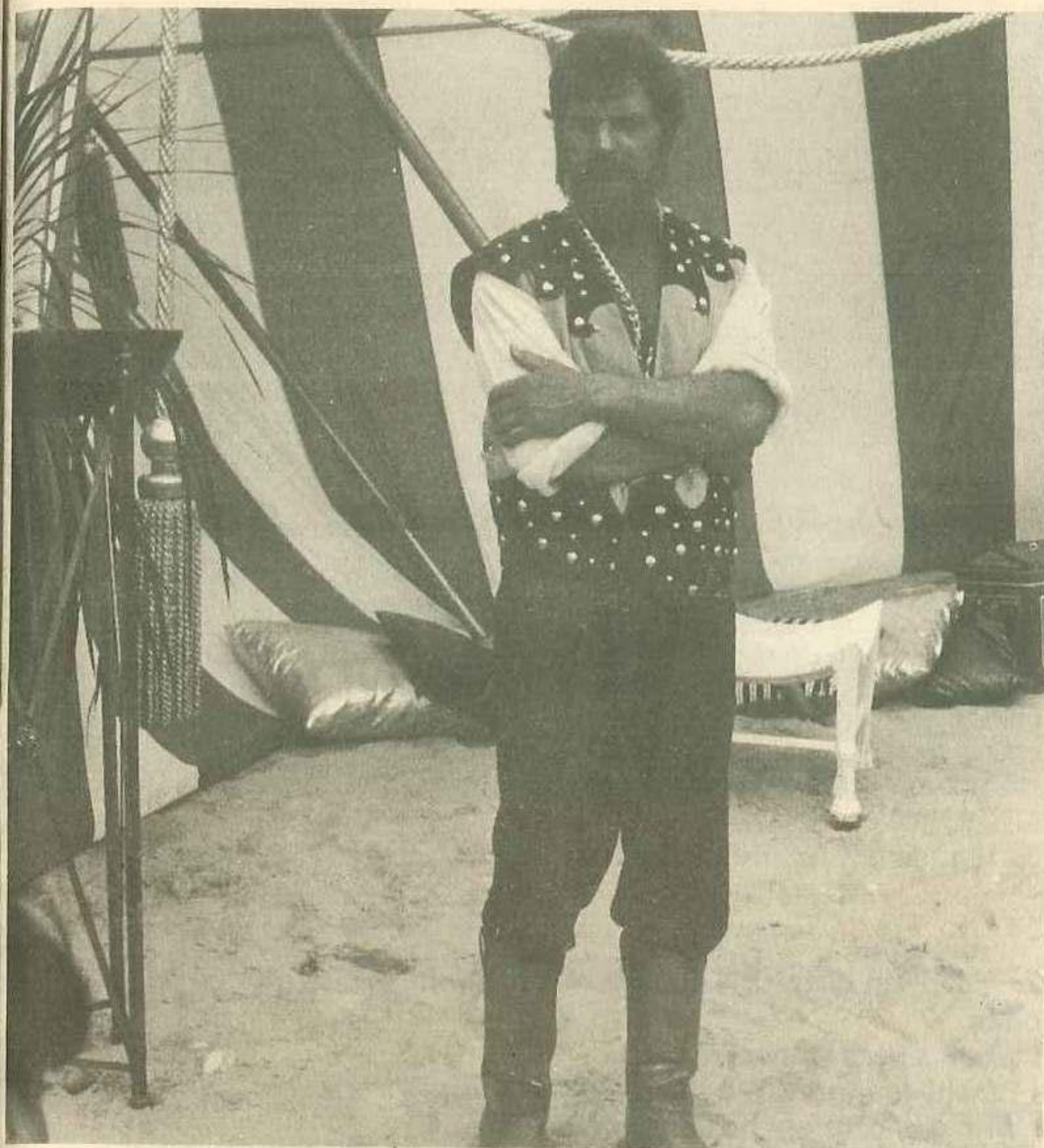


3. Vila in trouble again! Can you remember the following:

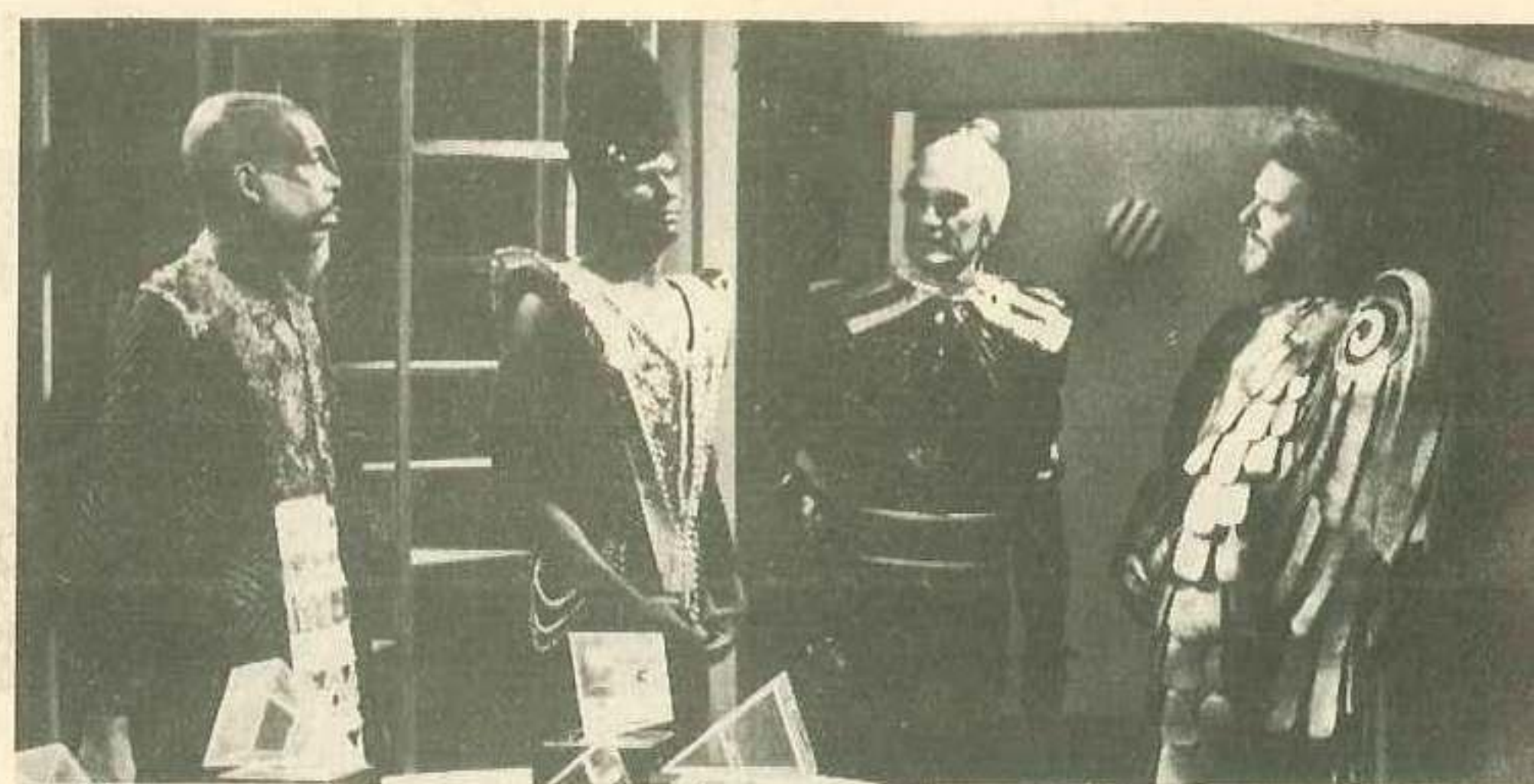
- In which episode did Vila fall foul of the Federation?
- Beside which machine was he arrested?







4. This mean-looking character was eventually shot by Avon.  
 a) Who was he?  
 b) What is the actor's real name?



5. These gentlemen gathered for a meeting with Avon.  
 a) Who are they? Their title became the title of the episode.

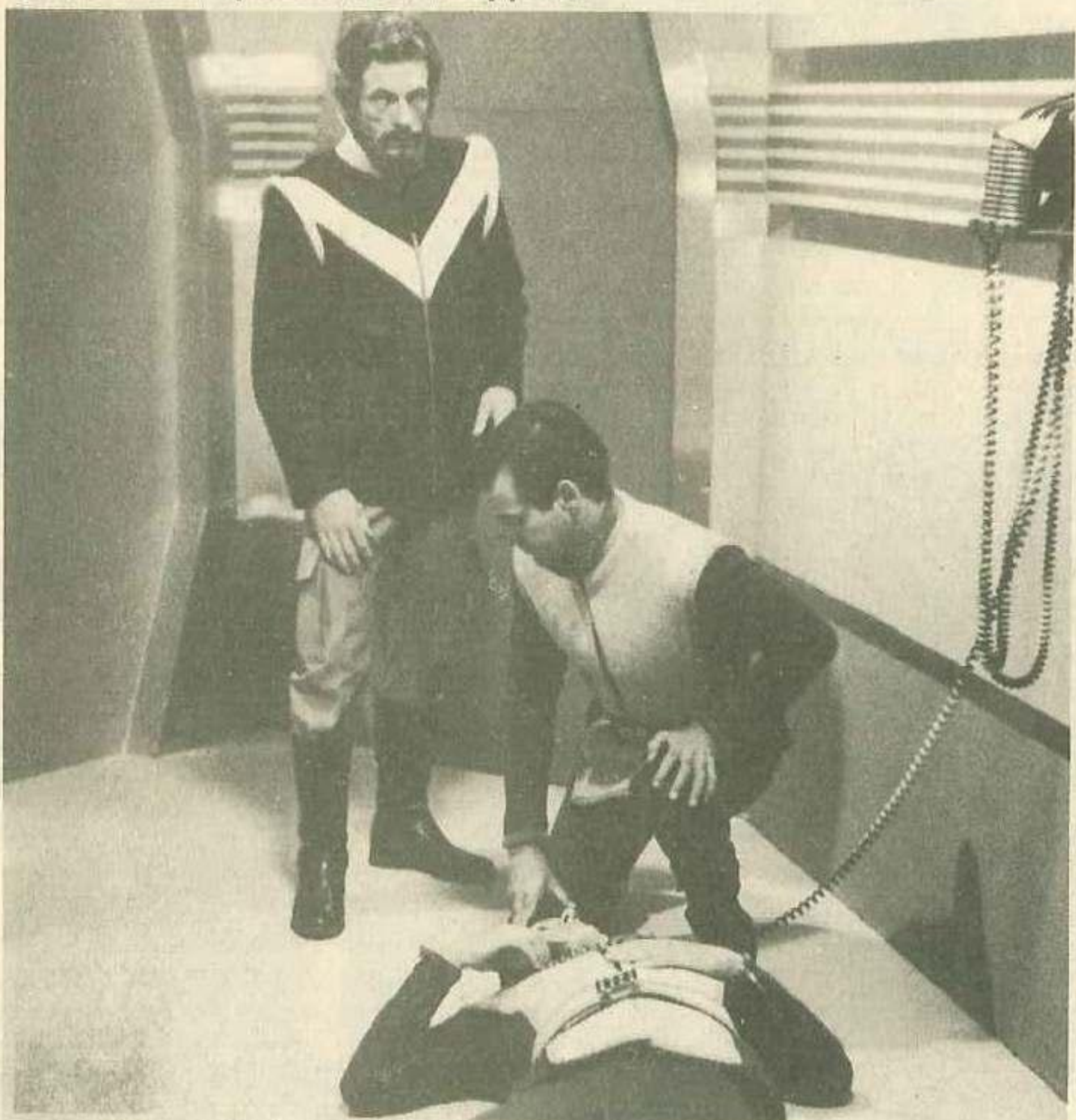


6. Stratford Johns was up to a lot of tricks during one episode of the series.  
 a) In which episode did he appear?  
 b) What was the name of his character?

7. Futuristic Hell's Angels were encountered by the Scorpio's crew.  
 a) Can you remember the name of these motorcycle menaces?  
 b) In which episode did they appear?



8. A deadly game against television images took its toll of several characters.  
 a) What is the name of the character wearing the beard?  
 b) In which episode did he appear?







9. There was a great deal of fast talking when Vila and Avon encountered this character and his chum.

- a) Who were the two scientists who tried to kill Avon and Vila?
- b) What was the title of the episode?



10. A charming young girl with bright pink hair stole Tarrant's heart, much to the annoyance of her father and Avon.

- a) What was her name?
- b) Who was her father?

11. Surrounded by sumptuous delights, this lady was in the market for Avon.

- a) Can you name the character?
- b) What is her real name?
- c) In which episode did she appear?



12. A lady in distress is in need of a soothing drink, offered by Soolin.

- a) What is her real name?
- b) In which episode did she meet the Scorpio's crew?
- c) Who was causing the lady so much agony?



13. An impressive natural backdrop set the scene for one episode. a) Can you remember the title of the episode? b) A bonus point if you know the name of the film location spot.







14. During one episode, and one episode only of the fourth series, Orac was strapped to his small bench during a flight on Scorpio.

- a) Which episode was that?
- b) Where was Scorpio flying to?



15. Soolin and Dayna were attacked by two men when Vila failed to keep guard.

- a) In which episode did this happen?
- b) Who shot the men?
- c) A bonus point if you know who wrote the episode.

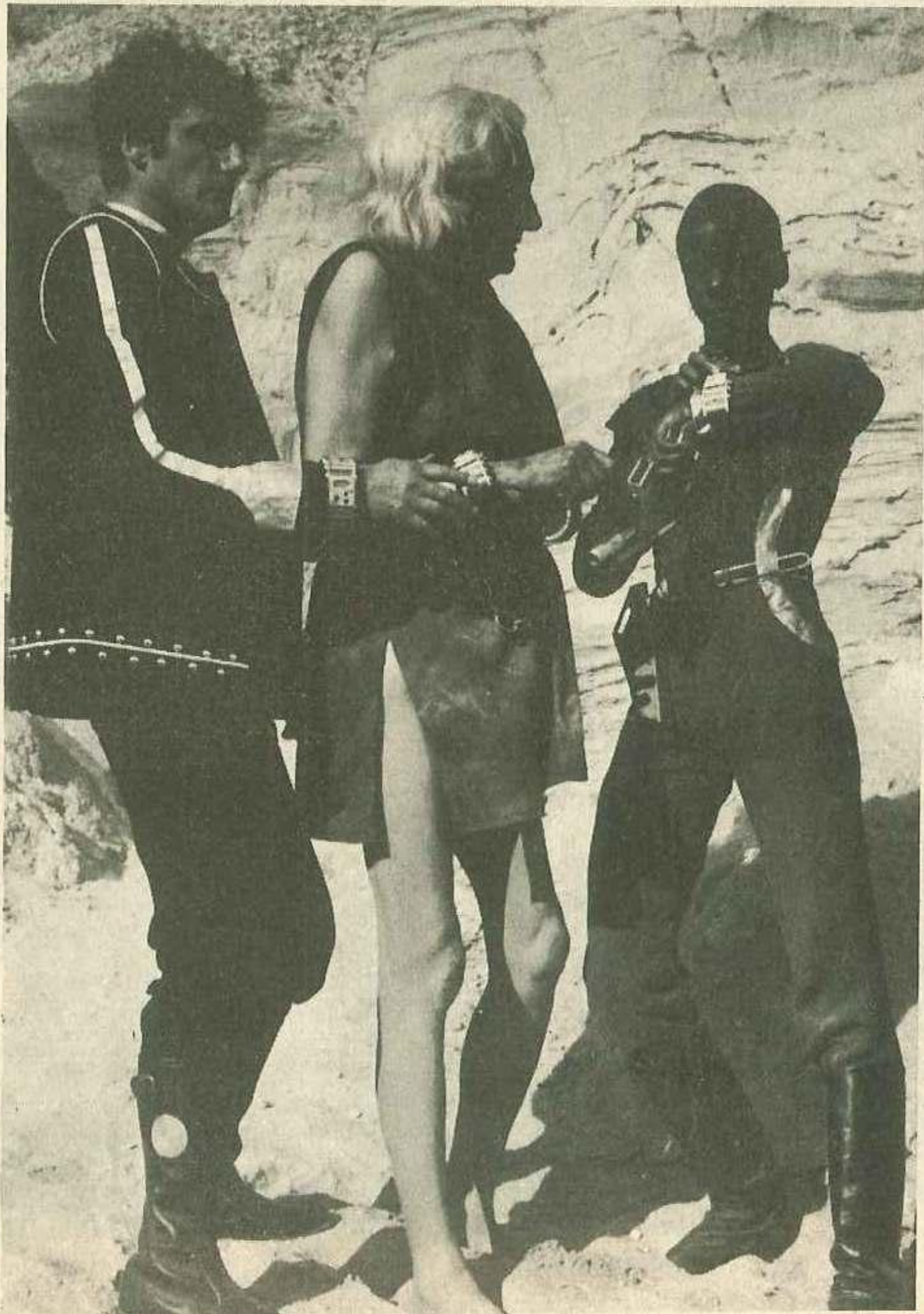
16. Vila is seen here applying his skills to opening a box, watched by Soolin.

- a) What is in the box?
- b) What was the title of the episode?



17. Dayna came to Avon's rescue when Avon tried to escape from his captors with a friend.

- a) Name the character with Dayna and Avon.
- b) What is the actor's real name?
- c) In which episode did this incident take place?







18. There were problems galore for Vila and Tarrant when this man was taken on board Scorpio.

- a) Can you name the character?
- b) What was the man doing before he fell to the floor?



19. Tarrant in trouble again! He is breaking some traumatic news to his friends.

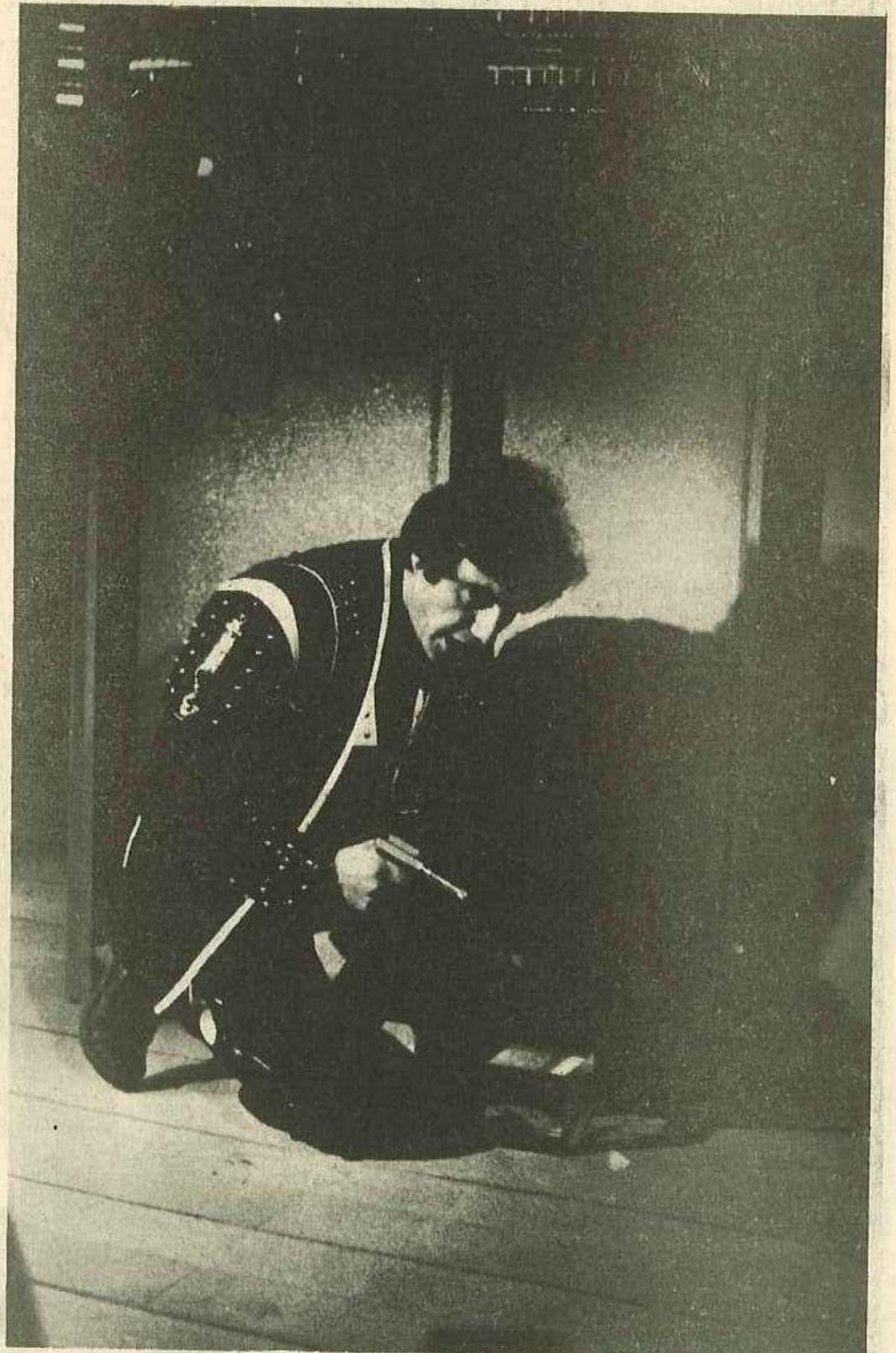
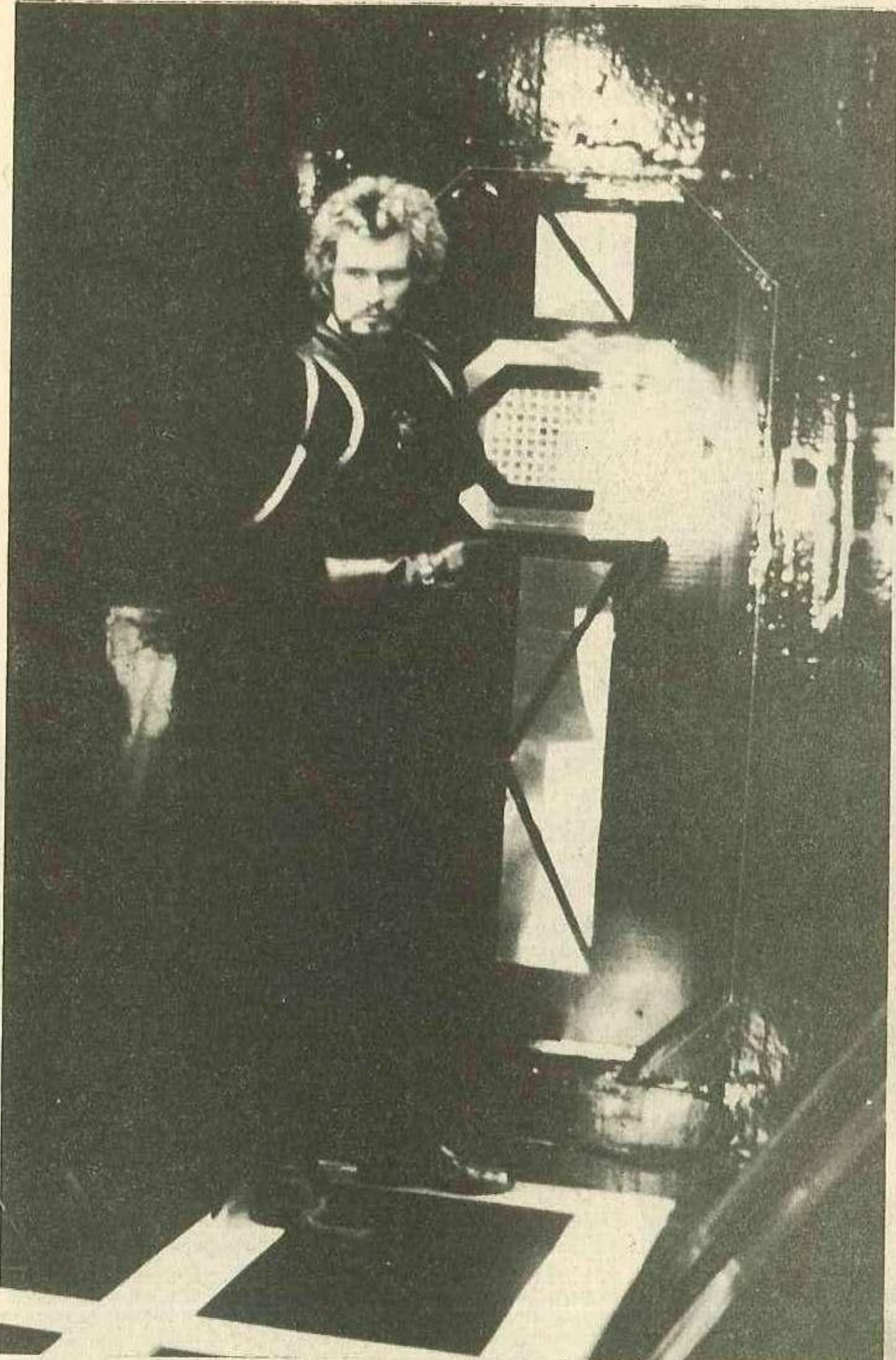
- a) Who has Tarrant just met?
- b) How did Tarrant get in such a mess?

20. This awesome character proved a real threat for Avon and his crew.

- a) Can you name the character?
- b) What was the title of the episode in which he appeared?

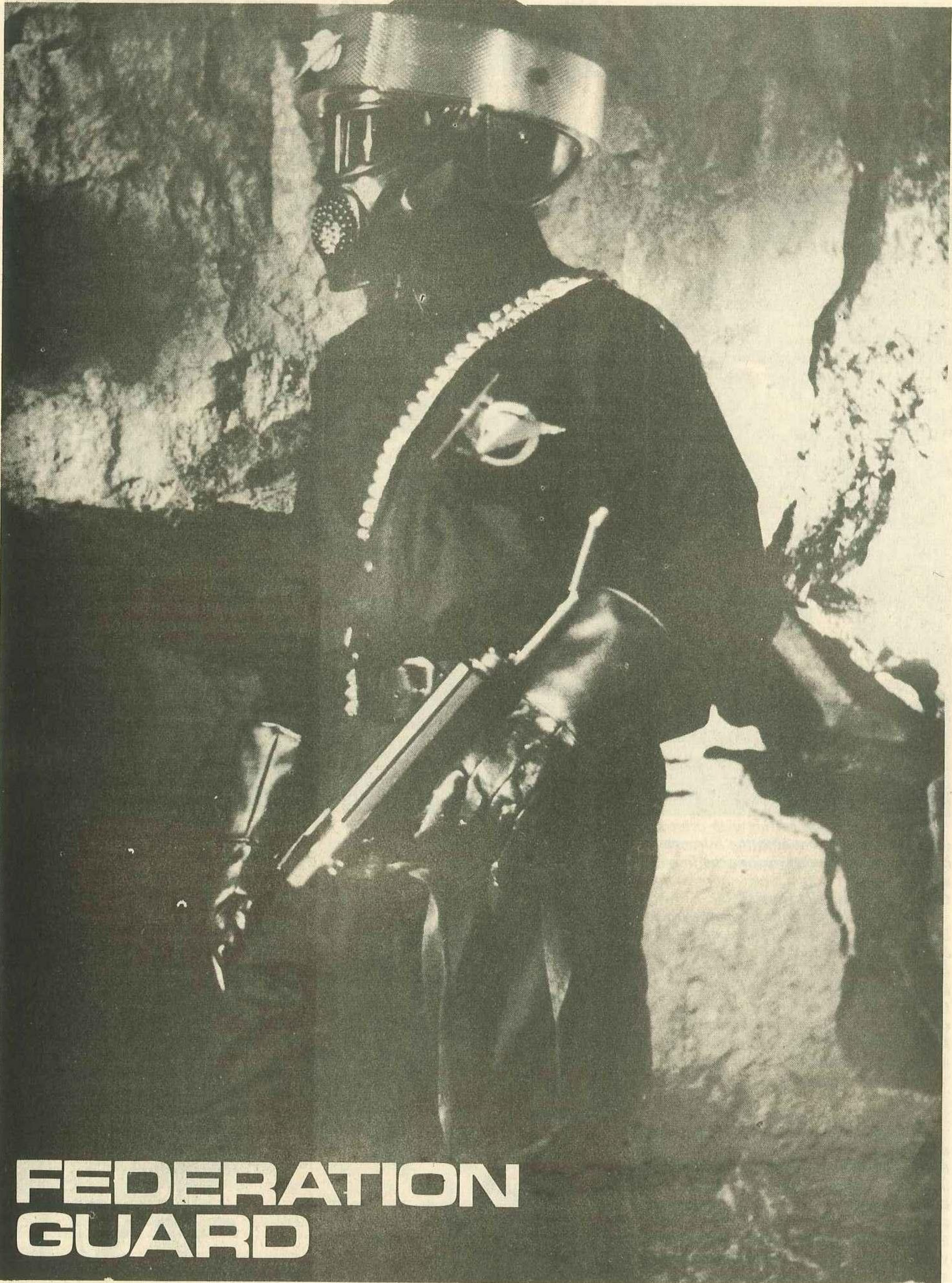
21. A small cube proved a real problem for Avon.

- a) Who was with Avon the ship when the cube was discovered?
- b) Why was the cube such a threat?
- c) Can you name the title of the episode?



How well did you do? Check your answers against those listed on page 38 and make up your own mind!



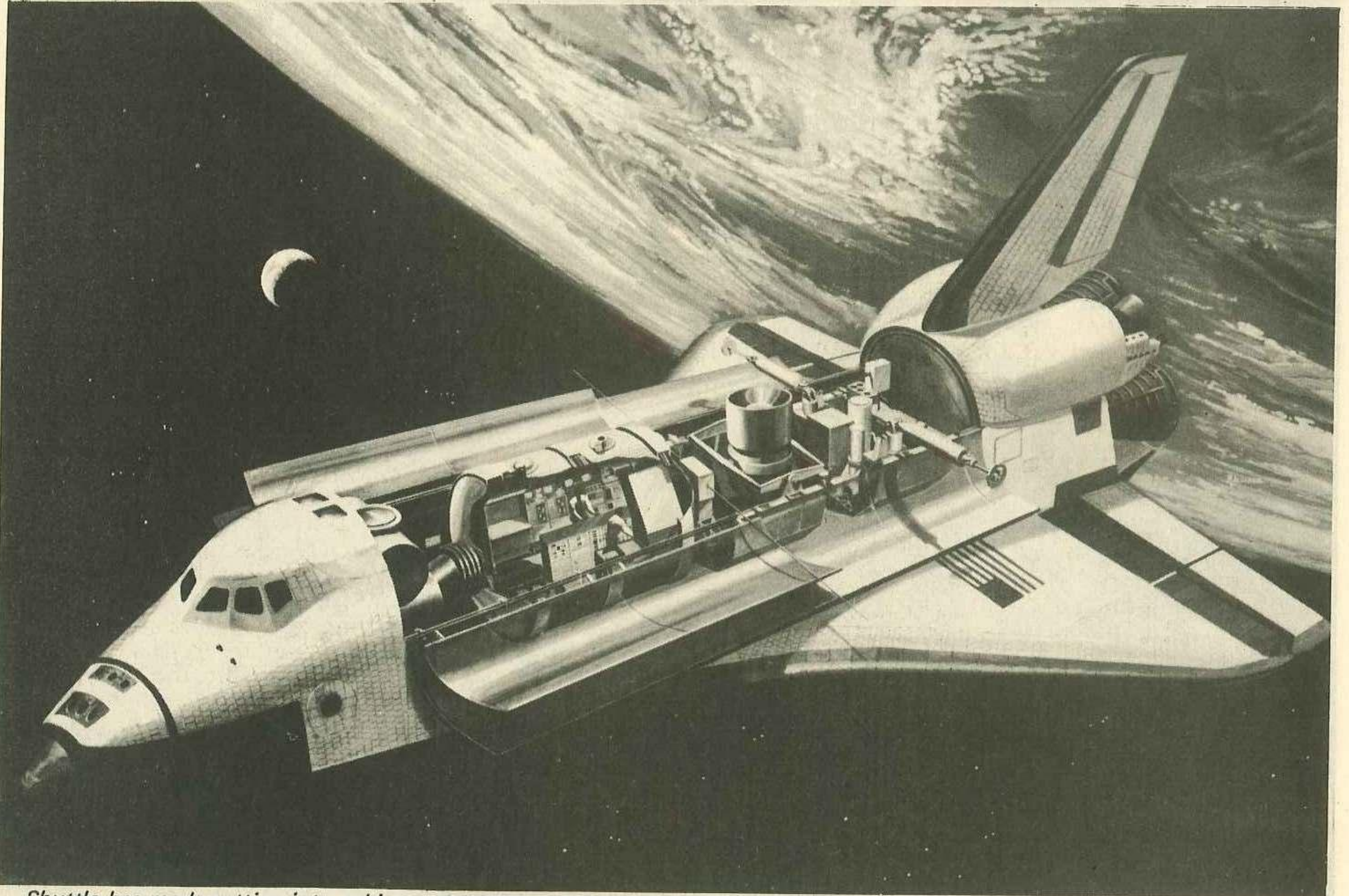


# FEDERATION GUARD



# SHUTTLE PAYLOAD 2: SPACELAB

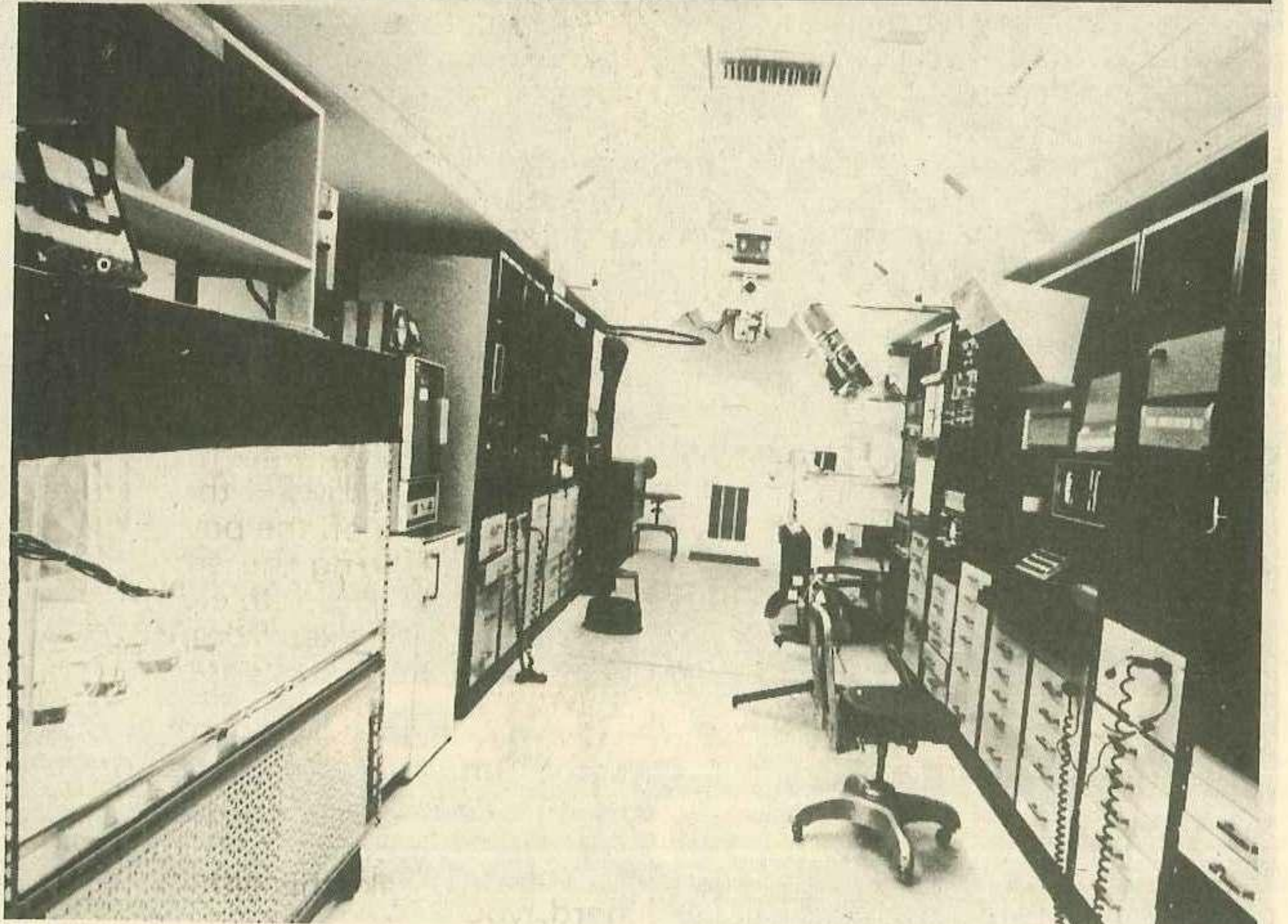
Turning fiction into fact, we present another in our occasional feature series about the Space Shuttle. This time we examine the possible developments of Shuttle payloads.



*Shuttle has made getting into orbit so cheap and simple that even the Europeans can plan on putting up major experiments and they don't come much more major than the station called Spacelab!*

*Seen here inside Shuttle's cargo hold, Spacelab is at present not designed to be a free-flying station; but could easily become one with the addition of a separate power source. At the aft end of the hold are two experiment pallets (one of them a small telescope) which would be operated by the technicians from inside the main cylinder of the lab.*

*Spacelab's interior — is here seen configured for a number of biology experiments in the mock-up of the lab at Johnson Space Centre, Houston. The entire project is a co-operative effort among the European nations and, although the person hasn't been chosen yet, the first Briton to get into space will do so in Spacelab.*





# QUANTUM JUMP

## part 2

Dayna teleported to the surface of the planet against Avon's orders and was captured by Bounty Hunters, Avon discovered the situation and reverse polarity on Dayna's teleport bracelet in order to kill her before she revealed the whereabouts of Scorpio.

Unknown to him, however, one of the Bounty Hunters had the bracelet and consequently died a cinder. The remaining Bounty Hunter advanced on Dayna, whilst back on board Scorpio . . .

'A small craft departing the atmosphere on a direct course,' called Soolin in a cold voice. 'It would seem the bounty hunters have heeded your warning, Avon.'

'And why not?' sneered Vila. 'After all, if he can do that to a member of his own crew, what would he do to them?'

Vila's eyes blazed with hatred. He stared hard into Avon's face for a few moments until the returning cold stare caused him to avert his gaze. Vila's flash of bravery did not last long. Tarrant, however, was in no mood to permit Dayna's death to go unanswered. He squared up to the black-suited figure.

'Dayna first which of us will be next? Answer me that! It's quite clear you're prepared to sacrifice anyone of us just so you can go on living . . . and for what?' Tarrant took a pace nearer the dark figure. 'I was always taught to believe when someone lost their self-respect their days were numbered. No-one can live without a clear set of values and a sense of right and wrong.'

Tarrant's whole form was rigid with hatred, his clenched knuckles showing white. Avon remained as composed as ever, his icy stare seeming to cut through Tarrant's hatred. Avon's voice matched his look.

'Our days have been numbered ever since we took up arms against the Federation, Tarrant, or had you forgotten that? And, as for conscience, would you have preferred to have gone charging off to the surface, gun in hand, only to be cut down by bounty hunters?'

'I could have handled two of them,' protested Tarrant.

'And what if there were more waiting just round the corner? Waiting for some fool to make the gallant move. Someone like you!' Avon's accusing finger was only inches from Tarrant's face.

'But you *murdered* her!' yelled Tarrant.

'I put her out of her misery,' said Avon softly, turning away from the

threatening form of Tarrant. 'You know what bounty hunters do to their victims.'

There came a long period of silence in Xenon base control room. At length, it was Soolin who spoke, breaking the tension.

'It's hard to accept, but I think Avon was right. I don't think I would have liked to die the slow death that kind dole out to their victims.'

'I don't need your approval,' hissed Avon with ingratitude. 'I did what I know was right and that's an end to it. If it will solve your consciences, however, I propose we teach those bounty hunters a lesson.'

Avon had everyone's undivided attention.

'You mean go after them? There was a note of disbelief in Vila's voice.

'Why not? Dayna should be avenged and, if Soolin's reading of the scanner was correct, we know precisely where the hunters are heading.'

'What are we waiting for?' asked Tarrant grimly. 'Let's go!'

As the others made their way to the silo, Avon was the last to leave the control room. Glancing about at the machinery he wondered if the others had yet guessed his real intention. He had not proposed this mission to avenge Dayna's death. No - he wanted the bounty hunters dead, just in case they ever decided to pay Xenon a visit again.

\*\*\*\*\*

'We should be safe from your friends here,' growled the bounty hunter, flicking off the power drive switches, bringing the small craft to a halt in a meteorite cluster one thousand spicals from Xenon. 'It's time you answered some questions.'

Dayna, laying crumpled in one corner of the small flight-deck, could only wince at the prospect of what was to come.

'You can make this either easy or hard, you bitch.' The knife was in

the man's hand again. 'It's up to you.' The bounty hunter, a gleam in his eye, took one pace towards his victim before the alarm bells sounded. The man cursed then turned to check his instruments.

'That's all I need,' he growled muttering another curse under his breath. 'Can't they leave me alone to get on with the job?'

Dayna craned her neck to see what was on the small display screen but the large blip meant nothing to her. It was obvious a ship was approaching but which ship? Who was on it? Could it be Avon and the others coming to rescue her? As soon as the thought crossed her mind she dismissed it. Avon would never risk his own neck for someone else. No, the ship must belong to friends of the bounty hunter. But who? The question was soon answered.

'Why have you left Xenon, Vastal? The terms of your charter clearly stated Xenon was to be your main area of search.' The female voice was all too familiar.

'Servalan!' hissed Dayna under her breath. Now she was certain there would be no escape.

'I have achieved a partial success, Commissioner,' rumbled the bounty hunter into his transmitter. 'I have succeeded in capturing one of the terrorists on the charter.'

'Who . . . WHO?' The female voice was raised to a piercing pitch.

'The one they call Dayna, Commissioner.'

'Oh!' There came a long pause. When the voice began again, in it there was a clear note of disappointment. 'I shall send a boarding party to collect her.'

'Sorry, Commissioner,' retorted the bounty hunter. 'She has already cost the life of my partner and, as yet, she has not answered all my questions. I need time to work on her.'

'I know what *work* you have in mind, Vastal but the same results can be achieved in less time and with less bloodshed on board my





*I shall send a boarding party to collect her . . .*

ship. Prepare to receive a boarding party immediately.' With that the communications were cut.

'Bitch!' exclaimed the bounty hunter, slamming his fist down on the console. 'You're all bitches!' He bent forward to drag Dayna to her feet. 'Why should the Commissioner get all the fun?' Besides, I have a score to settle with you.'

Dayna saw the knife sliding from

its sheath. She had to think fast.

'You'd better not try anything,' she shouted. 'I don't think the Commissioner would pay a fee for a corpse. Do you?'

For an instant the knife seemed to freeze in mid-air. Dayna heaved a sigh of relief. Her judgement had been right. It was money which motivated the bounty hunter. In reality he cared nothing for his

one-time companion.

A gentle thump against the side of the ship indicated the boarding party from the Commissioner's ship had arrived. Vastal grunted, shoved Dayna back against the bulkhead then made for the airlock.

'No funny business,' he warned. 'I need only one excuse to use this.' He patted his sheath. 'Only one . . .'

'Intercept course set and maintained,' stated Orac. 'The flight computer has been programmed to follow the other ship's route and predict an intercept time.'

'Why does Orac treat Slave in such a disdainful way?' asked Soolin. 'After all, they're both computers.'

'Try getting Orac to admit that,' quipped Vila. 'He only ever admits he's a machine when he's trying to emphasise human failure, not when discussing other machines.'

'Your comments bear no relation to the mission in progress,' retorted Orac, his lights flashing in the gloom of the flight-deck. 'If you have some specific instruction I will process it for you but kindly contain your remarks regarding performance to areas beyond reception range of the inferior machine.'

'Hark at him!' exclaimed Vila. 'He's getting more like Avon every day!'

'Did someone mention my name?' The cold, stern voice caused Vila and Soolin to turn in their seats. Avon was entering the flight-deck with Tarrant. Their expressions were grim.

'Oh, it was nothing,' said Vila, trying to dismiss the question. 'Only Orac up to his old tricks again.'

Avon scowled at Vila as he took his seat. He scanned the controls then turned to Tarrant. 'So far the system is holding. Just keep a check on flight altitude and speed during manual realignment and the problem should not occur.'

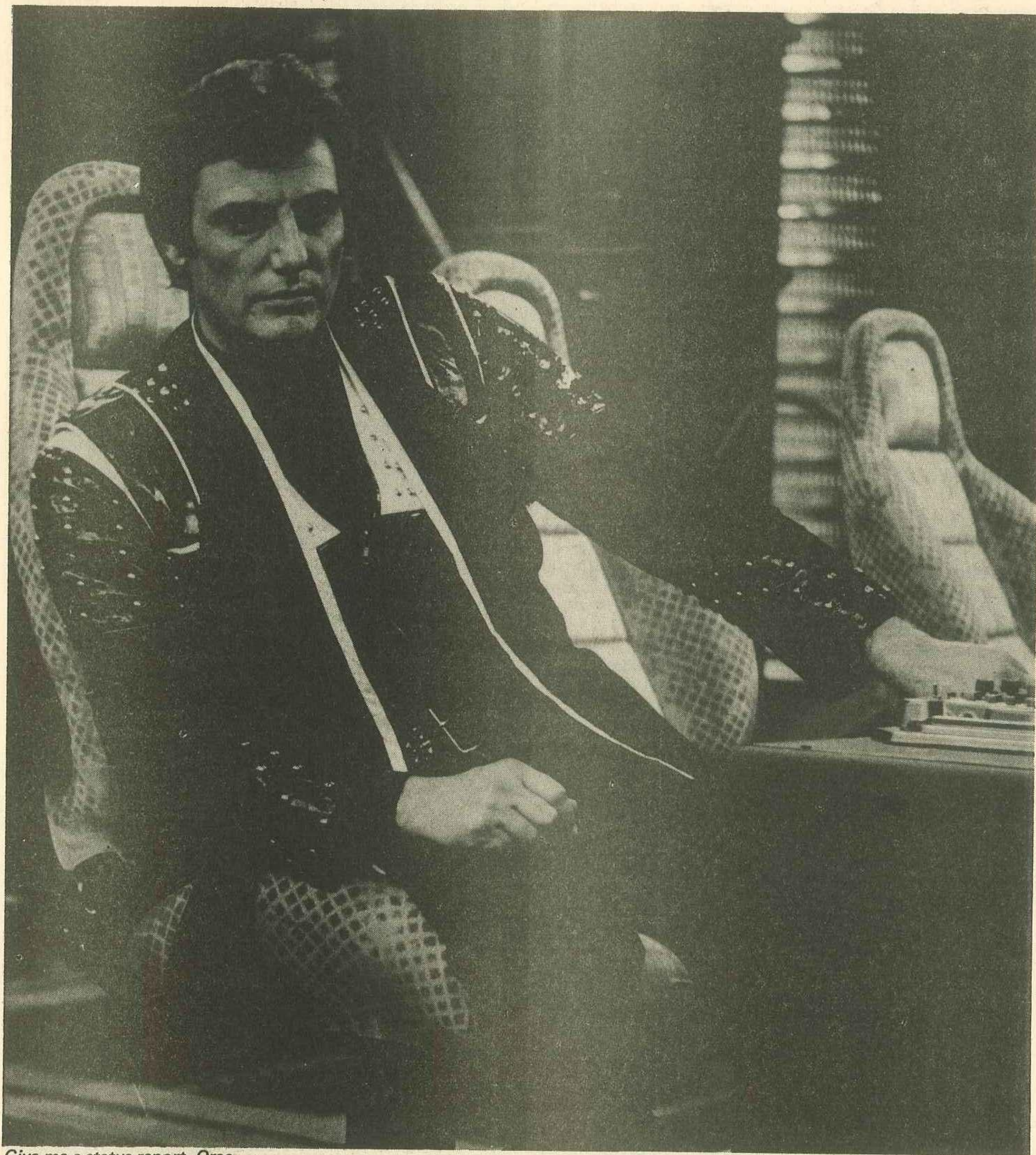
Tarrant nodded, adjusting the controls carefully. Vila looked with some alarm at Avon. 'What problem? Are you saying there's something wrong with Scorpio?'

'Not at the moment,' snapped Avon irritably. 'Now tell me, what is our progress in relation to the other ship?'

'I haven't checked,' confessed Vila. 'But Orac seems to have everything under control.'

'Give me a status report, Orac,' snapped Avon, 'since Vila seems incapable of doing his job at the moment.'





*Give me a status report, Orac.*

'The craft has been located and is currently stationary in a meteorite cluster four hundred spacial ahead,' replied the computer.

'Er ... may I also add, Master, with your permission,' droned Slave, 'there is another craft co-located with the first.'

'Why was I not informed?'

screached Orac. 'I require all current data to be effective!'

'Er, you were rather busy arguing with Vila,' replied Slave in his dry tone. 'You may also have missed,' continued the flight computer, 'that the other ship belongs to the Federation Security Commissioner. The one I believe you

call Servalan.'

There was a second's pause before Avon pressed the emergency button. Lights flashed and machinery whirred into life as Scorpio's defences were activated.

'Force wall initiated and all electronic counter-measures



switched to high power,' called Tarrant, heaving back on the controls. 'Starting evasive action course now!'

'Have they spotted us?' shouted Vila, strapping himself into his seat.

'Hard to say,' replied Soolin, shouting above the clamour of the warning claxon. 'But we should know any minute!'

Avon stared grimly at the screen ahead. It was blank but, he knew, any moment there would come a transmission. As ever, he was right. When it came, however, it was more of a surprise than he ever dreamed.

'Avon . . . can you hear me?' The thin, female voice coming from the flickering screen was closely followed by a face the crew knew only too well. 'Avon, it's Dayna. I . . . I've been ordered to give you a message.'

Although it could not be seen, it was obvious there was a gun levelled at Dayna's head. The constant flickering of her eyes to one side made it all too obvious. As all watched with stunned expressions Dayna cleared her throat and raised a small piece of card to read the message written on it.

'You are to surrender yourself with the rest of the crew and the ship to Commissioner Sleer within the next five earth-standard minutes or . . . Dayna gulped, ' . . . something very nasty will happen to me.' Dayna's wide eyes looked straight out of the screen at the crew. There was a deep sadness in them. On Scorpio's deck, all eyes turned to Avon.

'Does Servalan really believe she can threaten me like that?' There was no hint of emotion in Avon's voice.

'Look, Avon,' began Vila, rising to his feet, 'you thought you'd killed Dayna once using that teleport charge . . . now's your chance to make amends. Do something to save her!'

'Shut up, Vila!' snapped Avon. From the tone of his voice there would be no further discussion and Vila knew that.

'You murderer,' seethed Vila, slamming himself back into his seat.

The screen crackled into life again. 'I can see you have as much soul as when we last met, Avon.' The voice and face on the screen belonged to Servalan. 'I'm sorry I shall have to resort to other measures but I was prepared for

that.' Servalan allowed herself a faint smile, one which never reached her eyes. 'As you will see, unless you surrender, not only will your pretty female friend meet an untimely end . . . the picture cut to a scene of Dayna being strapped into a metal chair with electrodes sprouting from a helmet being placed over her head, 'she will also reveal all your secrets before she dies.'

Avon visibly tensed. His eyes never left the screen.

'As you will have gathered, when her memory cells are scanned, everything you have done, said and planned will be on micro tape. All the secrets of your ship, your base and any allies you have gained along the way will all be mine. It is a shame the process destroys the brain cells during the extraction of information . . . but these things cannot be helped.' Servalan smiled more openly into the transmitter. 'The choice is yours, Avon. Will you turn your ship around and surrender or risk the Federation knowing your every secret contained in this girl's brain?'

The screen flickered more noticeably. Servalan's smiling, composed features were scarred by flashing lines. An instant before the picture vanished, her expression changed noticeably. That same instant, Avon realised there was something wrong.

'Tarrant, are we moving out of transmission range?'

'Not on the figures displayed here.' Tarrant pointed to his console.

'Check the relay override!' ordered Avon, shoving himself out of his seat as he made a lunge for Orac.

'There is something wrong,' called Tarrant. 'The calculations don't add up!'

'Orac,' yelled Avon, 'what's the problem?'

'As you predicted, Avon. The inferior machine piloting this ship has failed to respond to the manual override in the relay circuits. The ship has commenced a parabolic curve.'

'And the speed,' questioned Avon, a hint of excitement in his voice. 'Is it constant?'

'Negative. Speed increasing with progress into the curve. The angle is also becoming more acute.'

'Could it be turning into a loop?'

'It is a possibility.'

'Is there any limit to the speed to

be achieved?'

'Negative. It is increasing at a constant.'

'How soon before quantum jump?'

'I estimate eight-point-seven minutes . . . Scorpio time, that is.'

There was a long pause while all on the flight-deck digested the information. It was Vila who broke that heavy silence.

'If we are in a declining loop and about to make a quantum jump . . . he paused to permit his own brain to catch up with his words, 'we will either overtake ourselves . . . or end up crashing into ourselves!' Vila's final words were announced with a note of hysterical disbelief.

'For once you could be right, Vila.' Avon's matter-of-fact reply came as little comfort to the troubled crew. 'Orac, which is it? Do we go forward or back?'

'Are you referring to time, Avon?'

'Naturally.'

'I cannot compute. C . . . cannot compute. Insufficient data. I repeat I have intneiciffus atad . . . The computer voice trailed away.

'That's it!' Avon sprang towards his seat.

'What? IN THE NAME OF GOD . . . WHAT?' screamed Vila.

'Backwards! We go backwards! Tarrant, when I give the order, apply all available thrust and keep it at full thrust until I tell you to switch off. Understood?'

'Forward thrust?' yelled Tarrant above the rising din. 'But . . .'

'I gave an order, Tarrant. OBEY!'

An instant later external vibration rose to a deafening pitch. Vila was not sure if he heard Avon speak or whether it was all in his mind but he thought he heard Avon mutter. If it was indeed Avon, the words were quite appropriate.

'If the calculations are wrong, we're about to be turned inside out!'

Moments later, Vila was quite certain the calculations were wrong.

'Are you able to hear me, Sirs? Can you respond? I'm deeply sorry to disturb you but I require some information.'

A series of low moans greeted Slave's words. It was Vila who made the first response.

'S . . . Slave . . . where are we?'

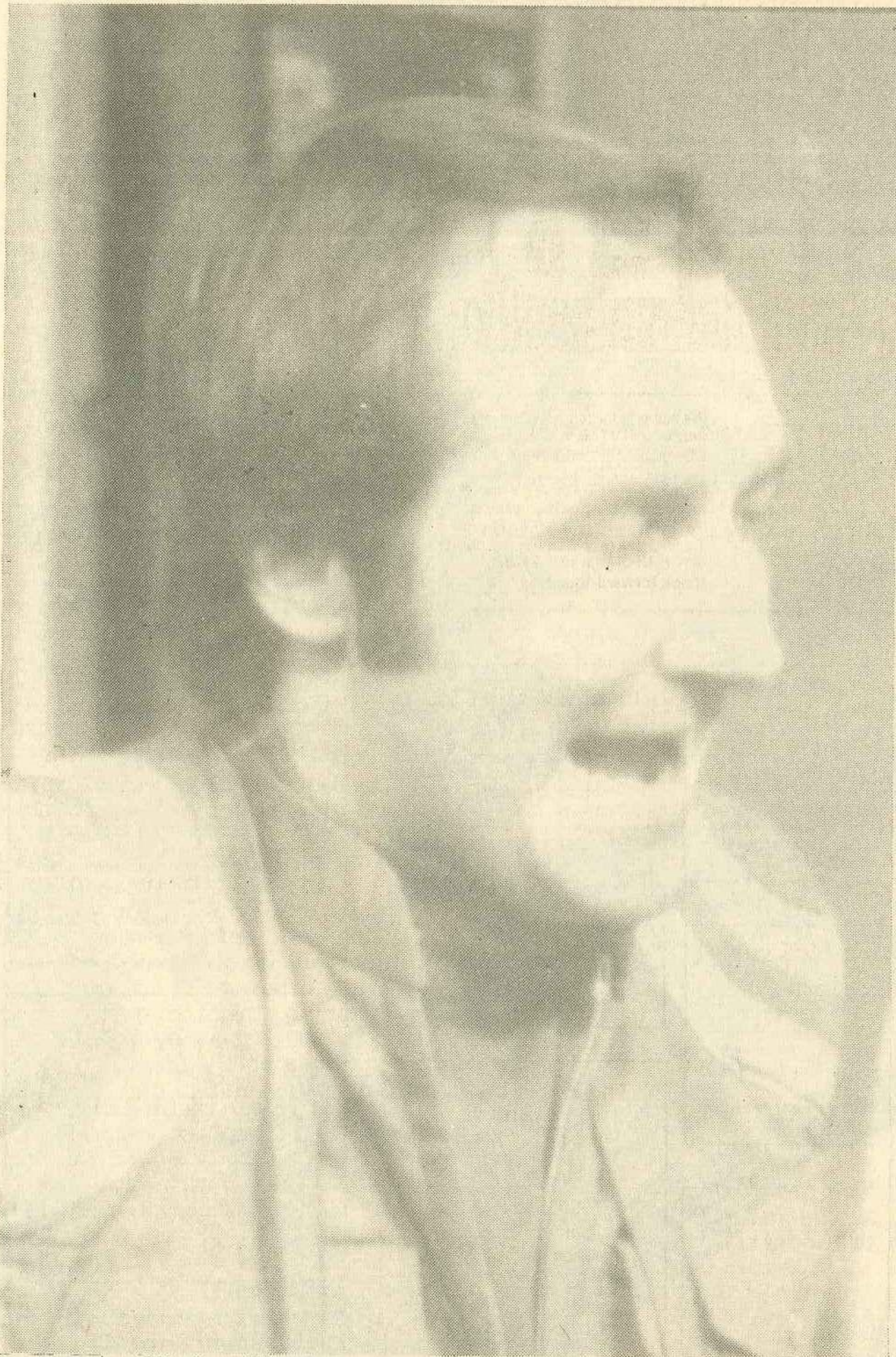
'Two thousand spacial from Xenon, Master, but I'm afraid my orientation system is of little help in navigation. All data banks seem





*I'm sorry I shall have to resort to other measures but I was prepared for that.*





*In the name of God . . . What . . . ?*

to be blank. Could I trouble you for some assistance. I really can't explain what's happened . . .'

'I can,' groaned Avon, heaving himself from the flight-deck floor. 'We've arrived at the other end of our quantum jump. What time and date do you compute this to be, Slave?'

'Oh, I'm afraid I can't answer that question, master,' said the computer in flustered tones. 'I have no reference.'

Avon grunted then leaned to

where Orac flickered. 'And what about you, Orac?'

'A precise place, in co-ordinates, date and time can be computed from the stellar navigation resources I possess,' retorted the computer.

'Then get on with it,' replied Avon tetchily.

'Poor Dayna,' said Soolin with a catch in her voice. 'We've left her somewhere in time in the hands of that evil creature, Servalan.' She looked round at the others. They

were getting over their shock of a time-leap, and the miracle of their survival, but reality was also dawning on them. 'Will she ever forgive us?'

'I believe she may,' said Avon, rising from his position beside Orac, a small calculation device in his hand. 'I've just had Orac's confirmation of date, time and place. I suggest you adopt action stations. We have some work to do.'

'I . . . I don't understand,' said Vila, his face a picture of perplexion.

'Questions later, Vila,' beamed Avon. 'Tarrant, switch all weapon systems to maximum power then calculate a course to take us round the dark side of Xenon . . . somewhere above base will do nicely.'

It was with a puzzled frown Tarrant did as he was bid.

'Ground scanners switched on,' confirmed Vila. 'The base area on the surface is as clear as a bell. Now, tell me, Avon, just what am I supposed to be looking for?'

'Just report when you see anything, will you?'

Vila scowled again then returned to studying the monitor. A moment later he was rubbing his eyes in disbelief. 'A . . . Avon . . . look. He pointed to the movement on the screen. D . . . down there. I'd recognise that shape anywhere. It . . . it's Dayna!'

Avon permitted himself a smile. 'Then ease us upwards, Tarrant. Half speed will suffice and keep your finger on the firing button.'

An instant later, the shape of a small space vehicle loomed large in Scorpio's weapon sights.

'Fire!' ordered Avon.

'Plasma bolts fired and running,' replied Tarrant automatically.

On the deck of the small craft, the two bounty hunters grinned at each other as they contemplated the riches awaiting them once their capture of the terrorists led by Avon was confirmed. Just then, all alarm systems blared into action, but too late. Streaking toward them were two bright balls of light . . . stemming from a shape with which the pair were all too familiar. It was the shape of Scorpio. Seconds before the bolts struck, the pair screamed to each other.

'How? How did they know we were coming?' They were not to be granted an answer before the plasma bolts turned them to so many fractured atoms.



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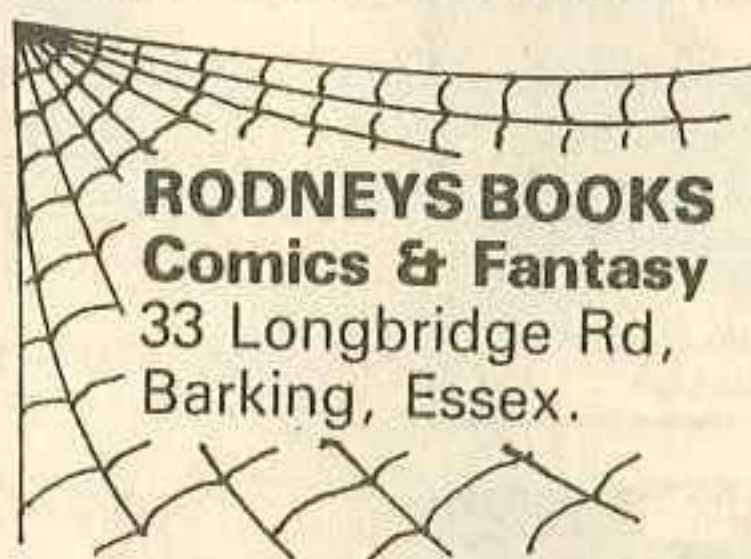
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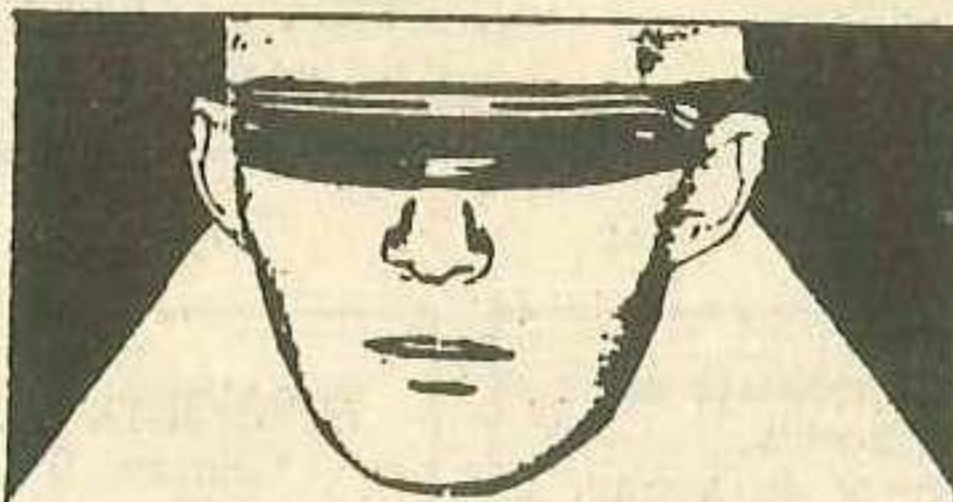
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MC14

# ANSWERS to B7 QUIZ

1. a: Juliet Hammond Hill.  
b: Pella.  
c: "Power"  
d: The author was Ben Steed.

2. a: The Hommiks.  
b: Xenon.

3. a: "Games" by Bill Lyons.  
b: The Crusher.

4. a: Benos.  
b: Peter Attard.

5. a: The Warlords.

6. a: "Games".  
b: Belkov.

7. a: Space Rats.  
b: "Stardrive" by Jim Follett.

8. a: Academician Gerren, played by David Neal.  
b: "Games".

9. a: Egrorian and Pinder.  
b: "Orbit" by Robert Holmes.

10. a: Zeeona, played by Bobby Brown.  
b: Her father was Zukan.

11. a: Ohnj Verlis.  
b: Betty Marsden.  
c: "Assassin".

12. a: Lynda Bellingham.  
b: "Headhunter".  
c: Muller, the scientist.

13. a: The episode was "Games".  
b: The location was Winspit, Dorset.

14. a: "Blake" was the episode, number 13.  
b: Scorpio was en route to Gauda Prime.

15. a: Again the episode was "Blake".  
b: It was Avon who entered and shot the bounty hunters.  
c: Chris Boucher was the author.

16. a: The head of Muller's android.  
b: "Headhunter".

17. a: Nebrox.  
b: Richard Hurndall.  
c: "Assassin".

18. a: Muller.  
b: Muller had tried to strangle Tarrant before Vila hit him across the shoulders.

19. a: Tarrant has just met Blake.  
b: Tarrant was badly knocked about when Scorpio crashed.

20. a: His name was Cancer.  
b: "Assassin" by Rod Becham.

21. a: Vila was on board with Avon.  
b: The plastic cube contained a speck of neutron material. It was preventing the shuttle craft leaving the atmosphere.  
c: "Orbit" by Robert Holmes.



How well did you do? If you count one point for every correct answer, on our scale, you will fall into one of the following categories:

Score 35 to 48 – Very good! Obviously you're an avid fan!

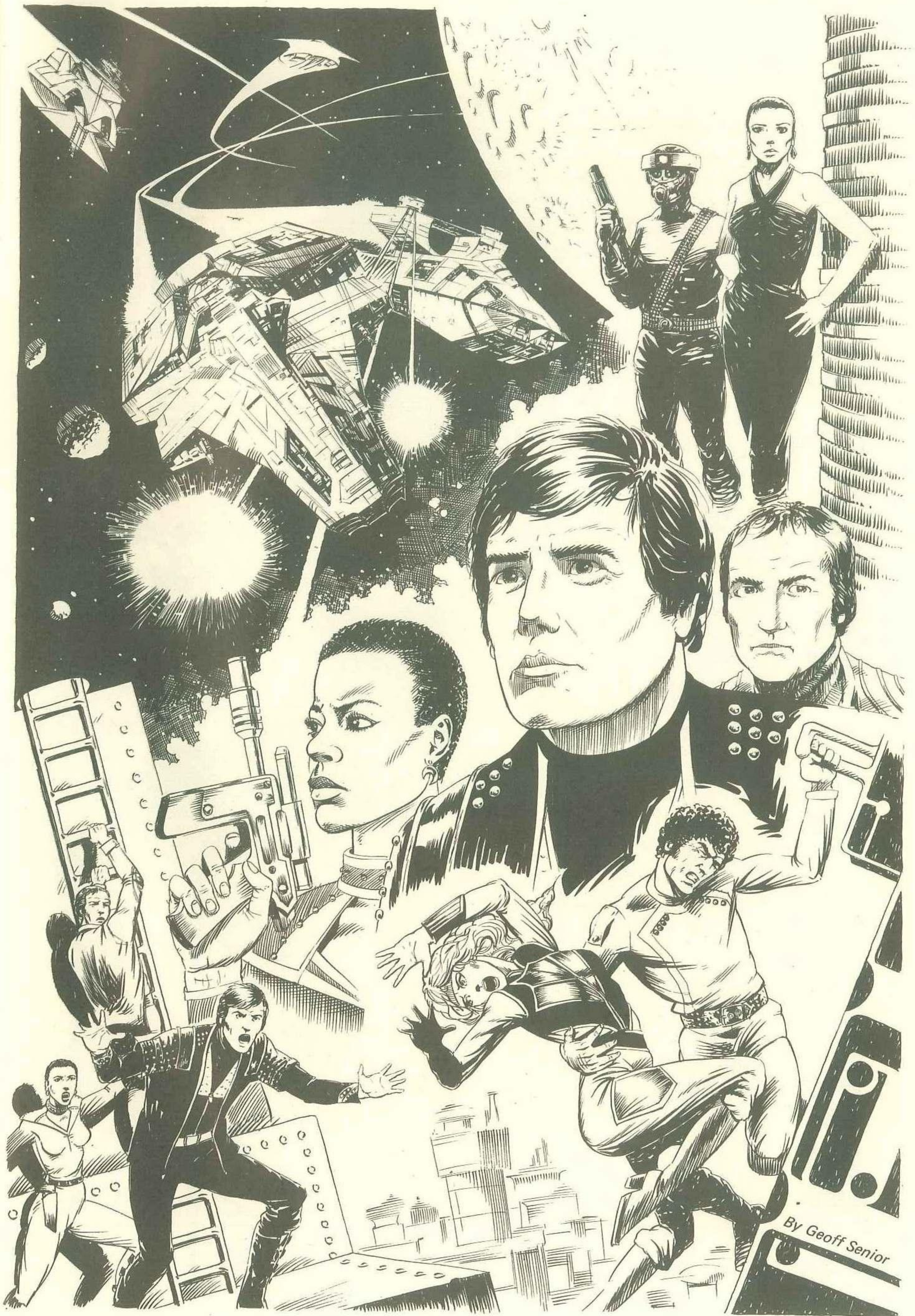
Score 20 to 34 – Not bad. A series of repeats on television would help you remember more.

Score 10 to 19 – You must have been asleep during most of the programmes!

Score less than 10 – Blake who? Better start reading from issue one of this magazine again!







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