

Perry Nalson's

BLAKES 7

A MARVEL
MONTHLY

NO. 10 JULY 45P

WIN AN
'ATARI'
VIDEO GAME!



the Liberator



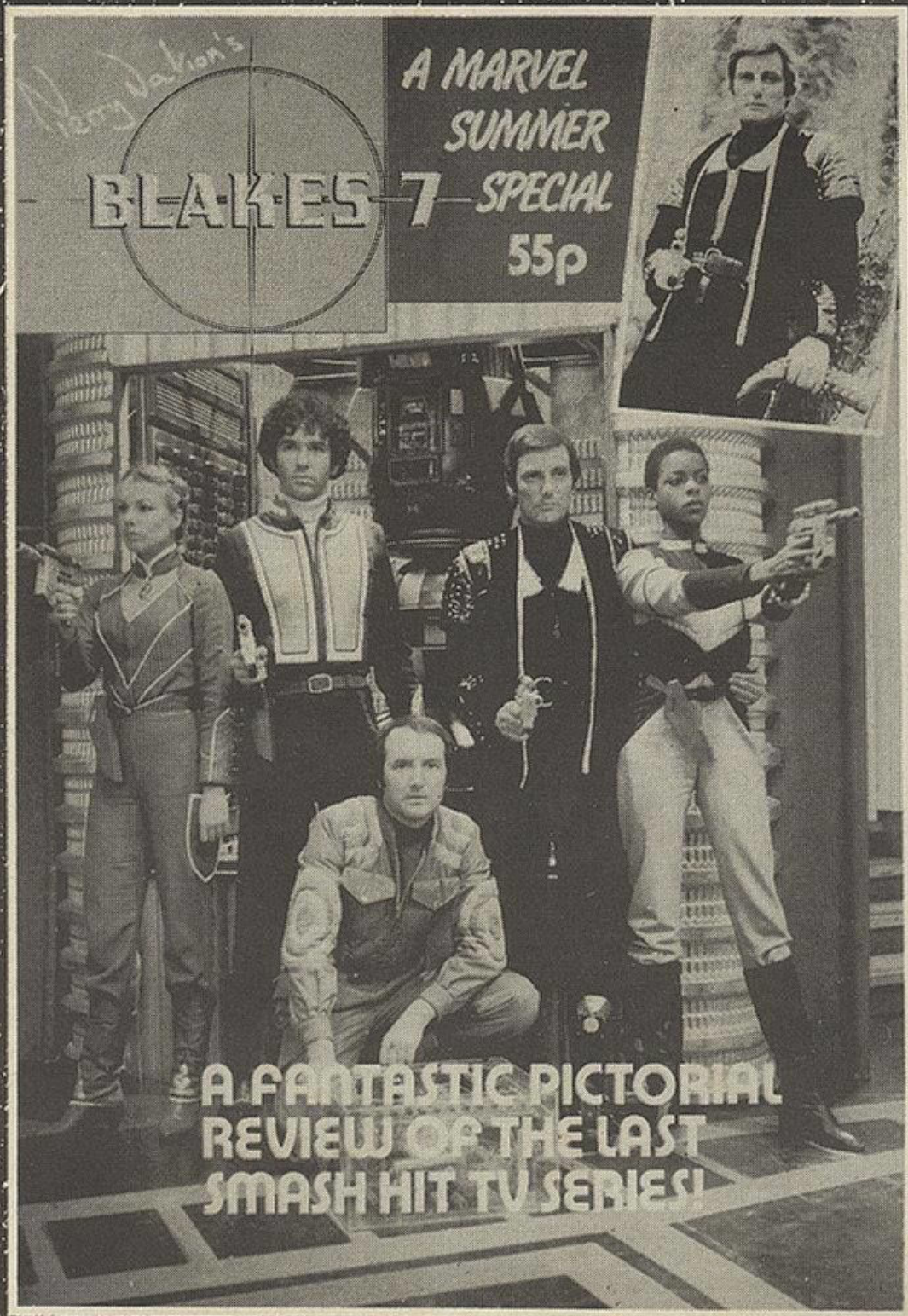
Mary Ridge



Pull-out Poster!

Interview by Ken Armstrong

BLAKE'S 7



ON SALE NOW

Nerys Davion's

BLAKES 7

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

FEATURES

SCRAPBOOK P.4
Ken Armstrong's camera takes another peak behind the scenes ...

PAUL DARROW WRITES P.13
Paul makes some interesting comments on the third series of Blake's 7.

MARY RIDGE INTERVIEW
Ken Armstrong interviews Mary Ridge dynamic director of Blake's 7.

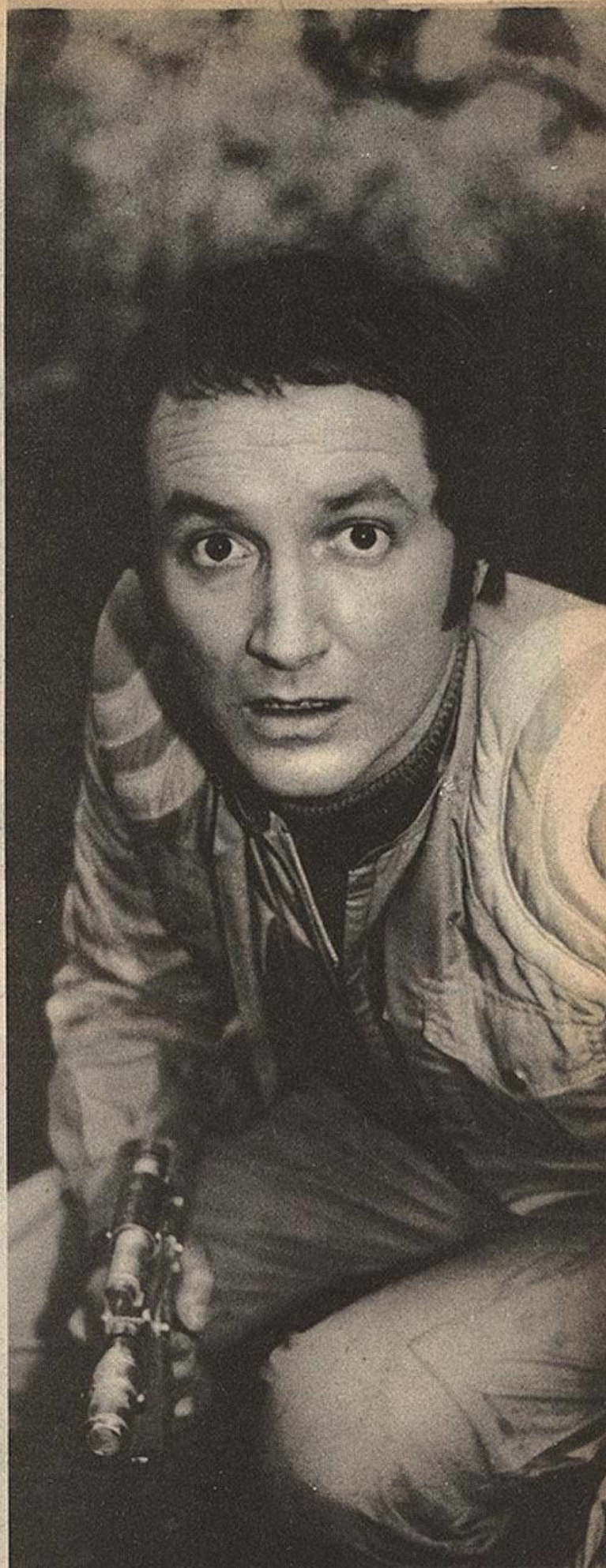
COMIC STRIP

PREY! P.8
Aston and Vila with their backs to the wall!

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An alliance with the Invectas? Watch out for the catch, Avon!!

B7 LETTERS P.29





An uncharacteristic laugh from Avon or, in his normal clothes, Paul Darrow. The illustration which caused the mirth? A portrait of Avon from an American fan magazine!

SCRAPBOOK

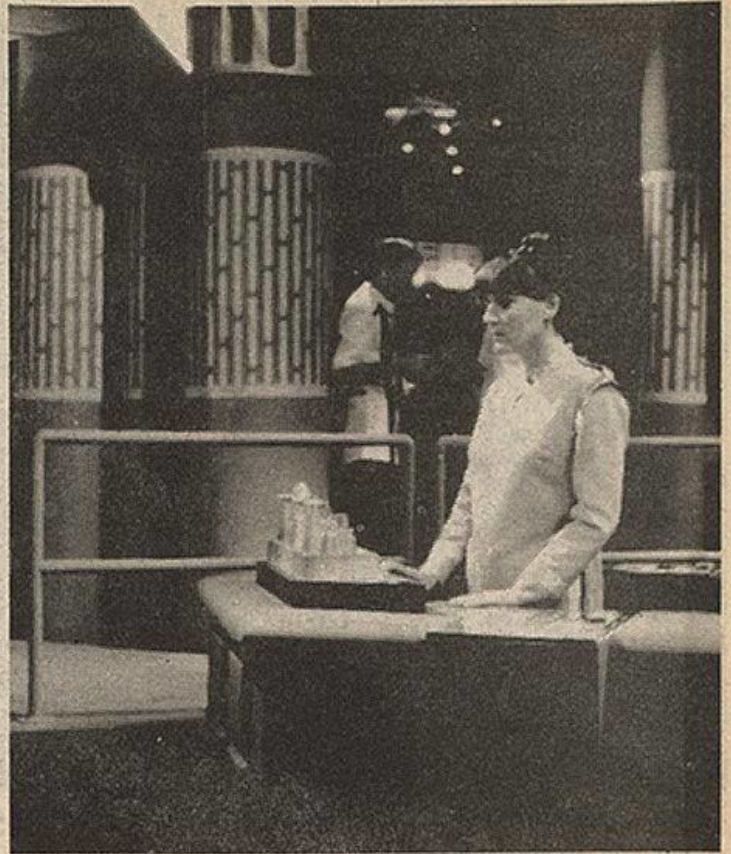
SCRAPBOOK — OUR LOOK AT THE UNUSUAL AND FUNNY MOMENTS FROM THE MAKING OF THE SMASH-HIT TV SERIES.

More smoke! The misty wood setting seen in episode thirteen of the last series came courtesy of the Visual Effects department and their smoke gun . . . with a little blow just to keep the smoke going in the right direction!





'You always hang around like this?' asks Roy Kinnear, stranded on top of a precarious structure while cameras are re-positioned during location filming.



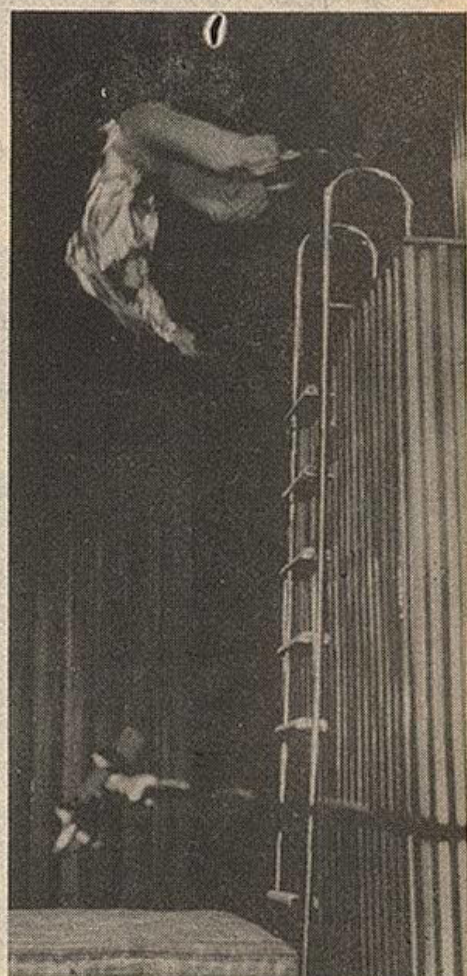
A welcome addition to the cast for the final episode of BLAKE'S 7, although she's on the wrong side, was Jane Lees Price - no stranger to Avon . . . since she's Paul Darrow's wife!



One in the eye for Avon? Paul Darrow receives a quick touch of make-up prior to starting a studio session.

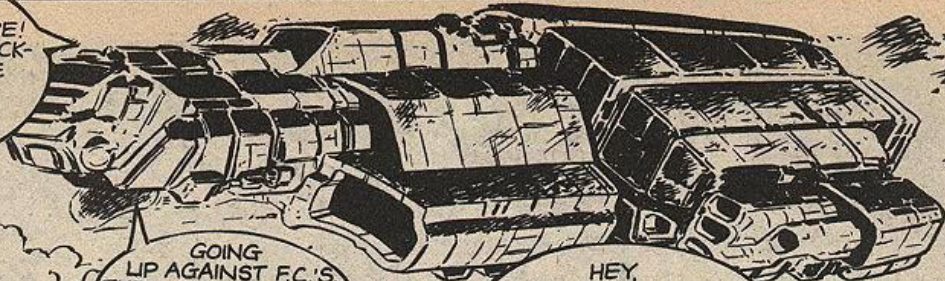


A new addition to the Scorpio's crew? Avon doesn't look as though he would object . . . but it's just one of the design team correcting the studio set prior to a 'take'.



An actor takes a long drop? Not exactly. Although the actor is seen in close-up firing his gun from the top of a building, when it comes to the fall . . . a stuntman takes over. To make sure the jewers are not aware of the switch, the stuntman must start his long drop with his his arm over his face . . . and just hope he hits the soft mattress far below . . . !

LOOKS AS IF THERE'S BEEN A SMALL WAR HERE! SENSORS INDICATE WRECKAGE CONSISTS OF THREE FEDERATION BATTLE CRUISERS AND FOUR, PERHAPS FIVE OTHER CRAFT.



GOING UP AGAINST F.C.'S, THEY EITHER HAD A LOT OF GLITS... OR A DWARF STAR CANNON.

HEY, I'M PICKING UP A LIFE READING HUMANOID. COULD BE A SURVIVOR.

I KNOW I KNOW, BUT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE...

GOT TO CHECK IT OUT WARDEN, WE CAN'T JUST IGNORE IT.



COULD BE A HOSTILE TOO.

AND I'LL BLAST THE SUCKER! OK!



JUST DON'T BLAST ME, YOU MANIAC!

THE SIGNAL ORIGINATES FROM IN THERE MUST HAVE CRAWLED HERE AFTER THE BATTLE!



KEEP ALERT WITH THAT TORCH. IF IT IS A HOSTILE... I WANT A CLEAR SHOT.

THIS DAMN TRACKER CAN'T BE FUNCTIONING PROPERLY. IT'S READING A LIFE FORM RIGHT HERE.

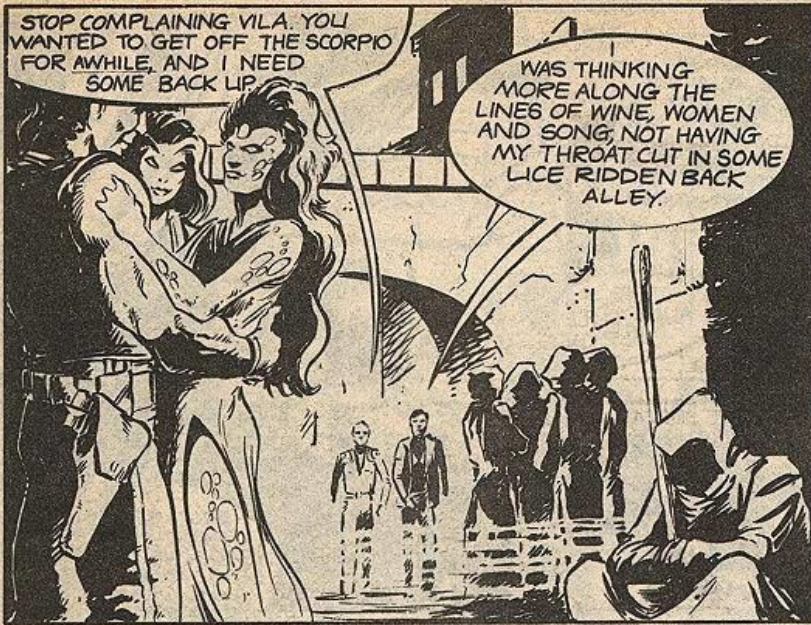


UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, HUMANS...



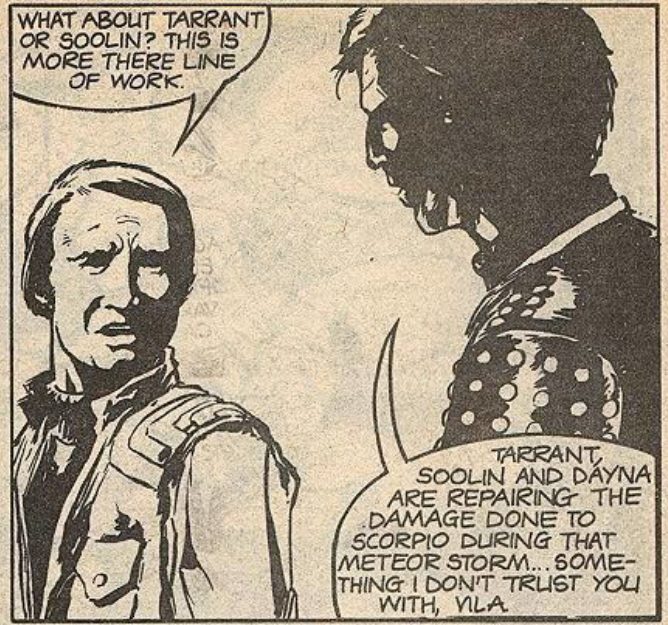
...THERE IS...





STOP COMPLAINING VILA. YOU WANTED TO GET OFF THE SCORPIO FOR AWHILE, AND I NEED SOME BACK LIP.

WAS THINKING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF WINE, WOMEN AND SONG, NOT HAVING MY THROAT CUT IN SOME LICE RIDDEN BACK ALLEY.



WHAT ABOUT TARRANT OR SOOLIN? THIS IS MORE THERE LINE OF WORK.

TARRANT, SOOLIN AND DAYNA ARE REPAIRING THE DAMAGE DONE TO SCORPIO DURING THAT METEOR STORM... SOMETHING I DON'T TRUST YOU WITH, VILA.



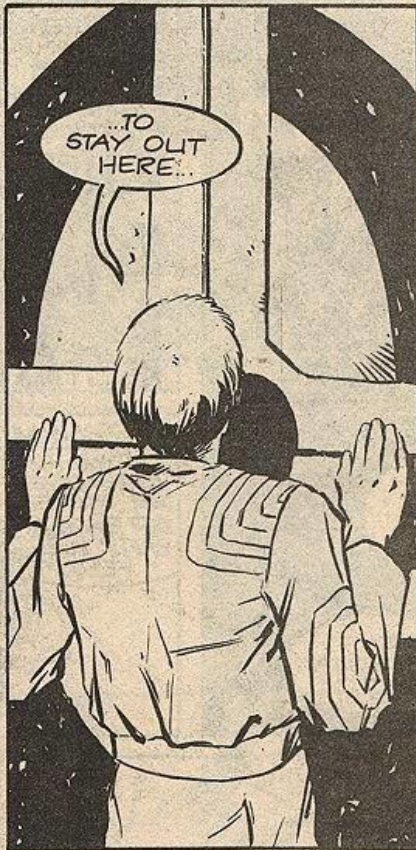
AH. THERE IT IS, VILA.

THE HOUSE OF PELLORIM VAC VANNER.



KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR FEDERATION PATROLS. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, LET ME KNOW ON THE WRIST CON.

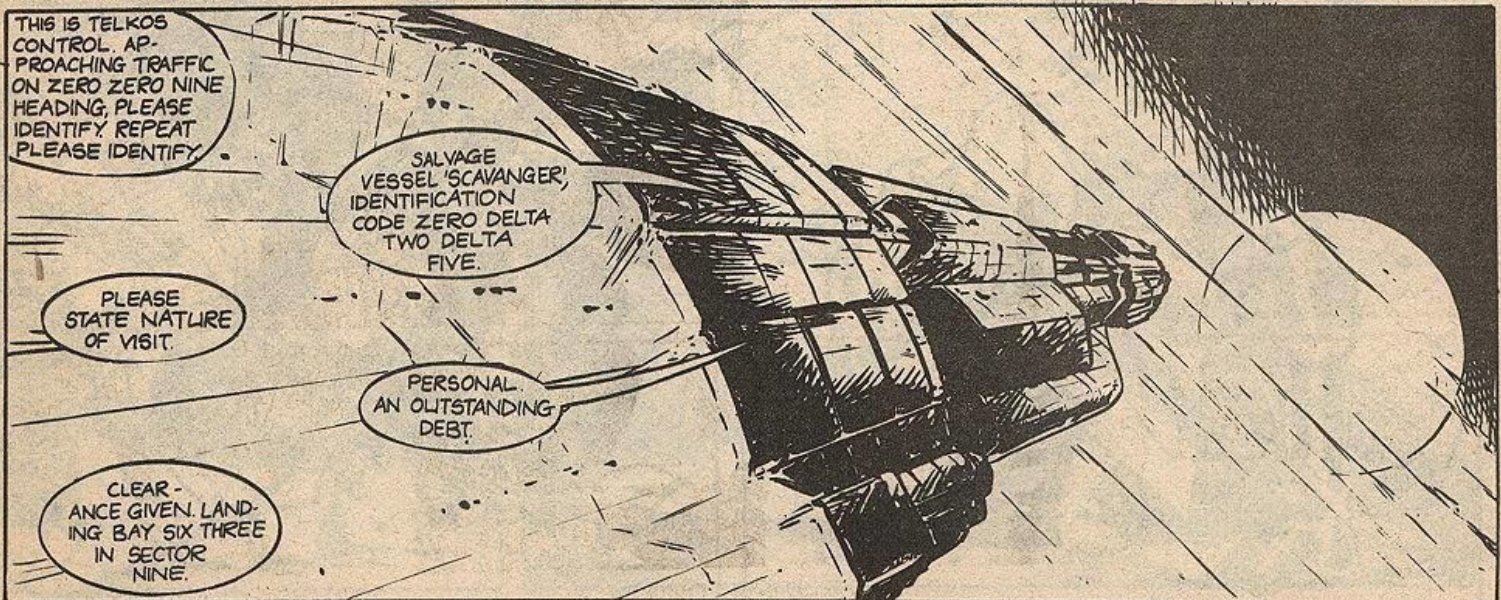
SURELY YOU DON'T EXPECT ME...



...TO STAY OUT HERE...



...ON MY OWN.



THIS IS TELKOS CONTROL. APPROACHING TRAFFIC ON ZERO ZERO NINE HEADING, PLEASE IDENTIFY REPEAT PLEASE IDENTIFY.

SALVAGE VESSEL 'SCAVANGER', IDENTIFICATION CODE ZERO DELTA TWO DELTA FIVE.

PLEASE STATE NATURE OF VISIT.

PERSONAL. AN OUTSTANDING DEBT.

CLEARANCE GIVEN. LANDING BAY SIX THREE IN SECTOR NINE.



IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, AVON...IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG SINCE LAST WE MET.

UNAVOIDABLE I'M AFRAID, PELLORIM. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT STORM, I WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW. YOU'LL HAVE YOUR GERVANTS DELIVER THE COMPONENTS?

IT IS ALREADY DONE.

IT WILL SOON BE NIGHTFALL. I THINK I HAD BEST REJOIN VILA BEFORE HE GETS HIMSELF INTO ANY TROUBLE.



GO CAREFULLY, AVON. THE STREETS OF TELKOS ARE DANGEROUS ENOUGH DURING THE DAY. AT NIGHT...

THEY ARE CERTAIN DEATH.



AVON! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CALL YOU. SEE THOSE THINGS OVER THERE? THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING ME EVER SINCE YOU WENT INSIDE!

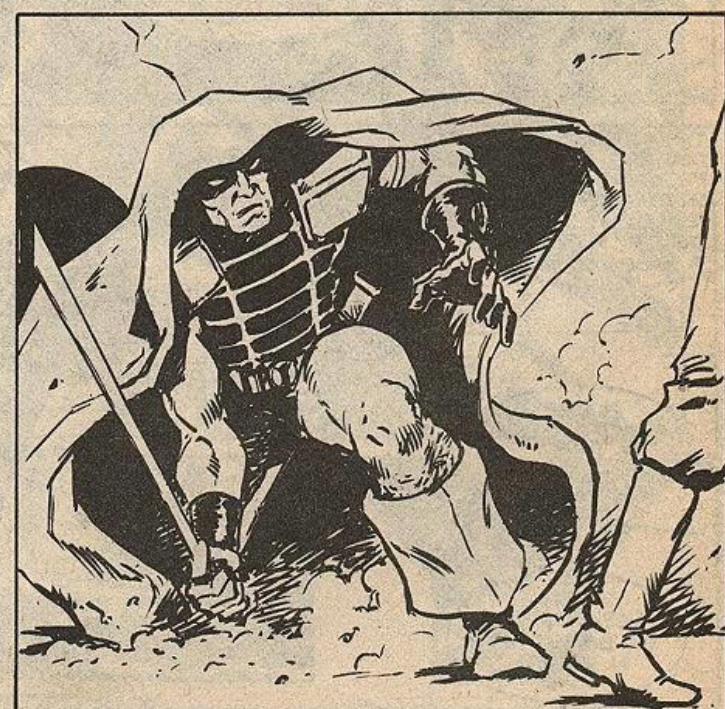
I'M NOT SURPRISED THEY'RE PART OF PELLORIM'S PERSONAL GUARD. COME ON.

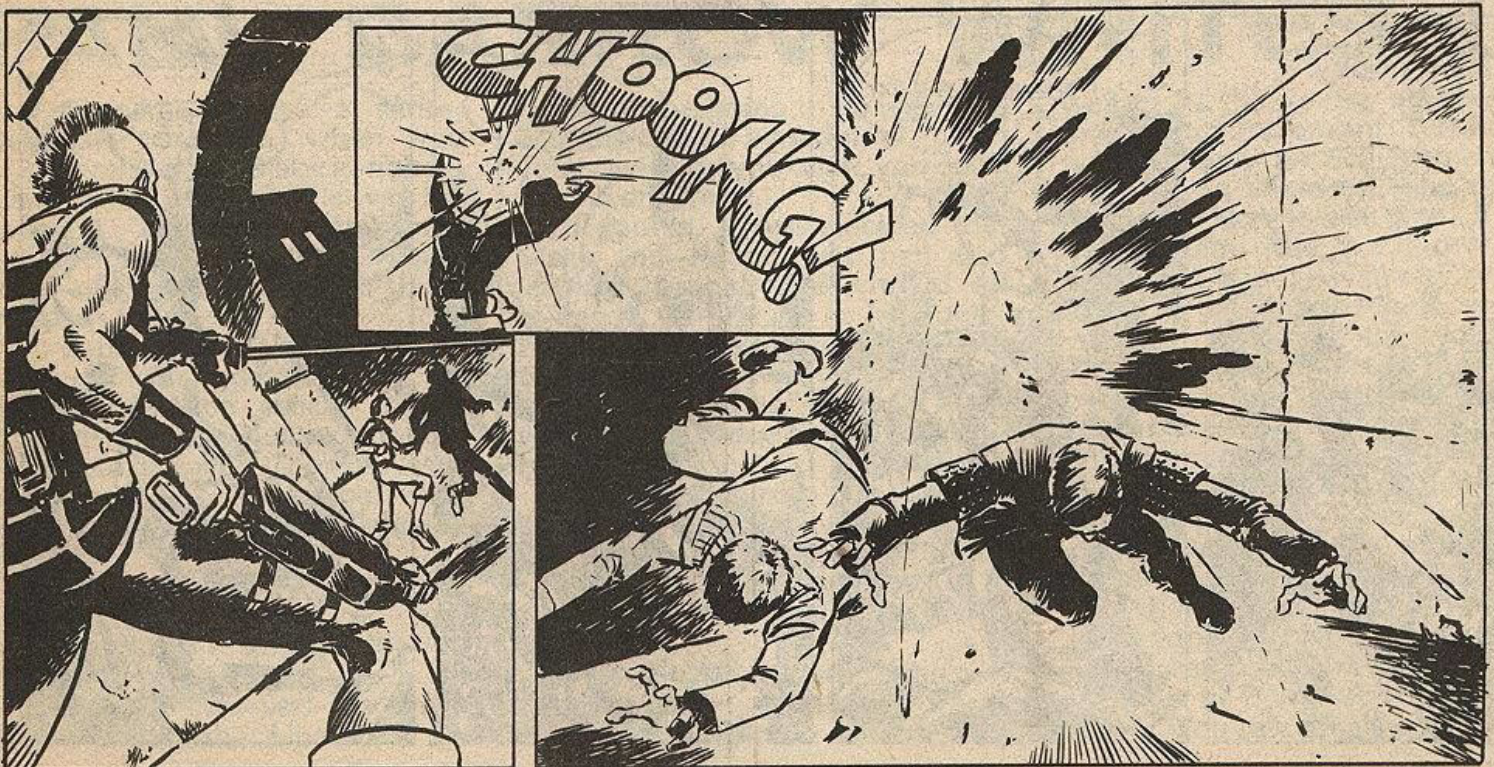
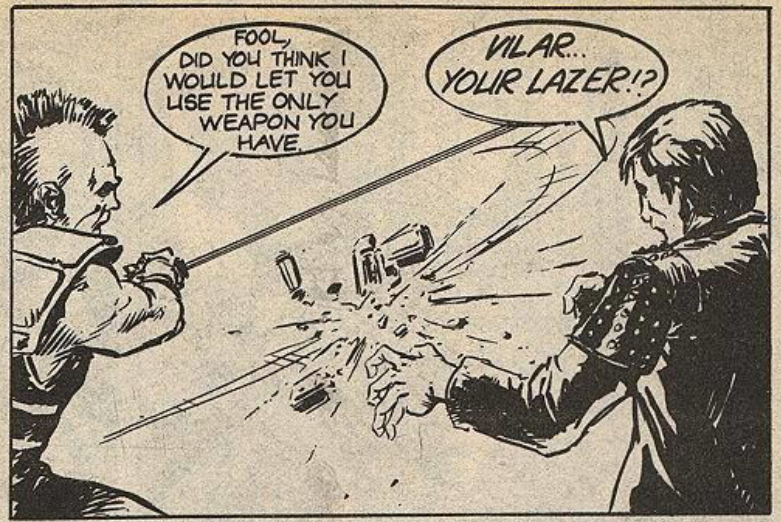
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

CAN WE HURRY PLEASE, AVON! THE SOONER WE GET BACK, THE SAFER I'LL FEEL!

DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU, VILA, THAT YOU ARE AS SPINELESS AS A CHAKANI WORM.

I TELL MYSELF EVERY MORNING... IT KEEPS ME OUT OF TROUBLE.







THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME...!



WELL, WELL!.. AVON AND VILA. DIDN'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WARRANT OUT FOR YOU AND YOUR REBEL FRIENDS?

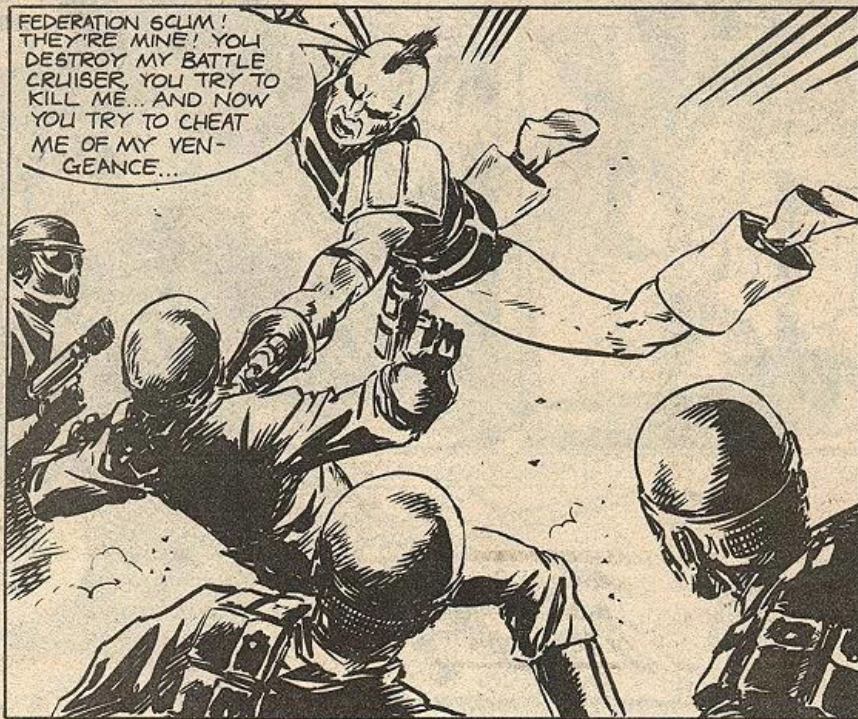
DEAD OR ALIVE! ISN'T THAT RIGHT SERGEANT



YES, SIR. DEAD OR ALIVE.

I PREFER THEM DEAD, KILL THEM!

NO!



FEDERATION 6CLIM! THEY'RE MINE! YOU DESTROY MY BATTLE CRUISER, YOU TRY TO KILL ME... AND NOW YOU TRY TO CHEAT ME OF MY VEN-GEANCE...



ON YOUR FEET, VILA. LET'S GET BACK TO THE SCORPIO WHILE VALKAC'S STILL SLICING UP THOSE TROOPERS!



THERE'S NO-WHERE FOR YOU TO HIDE, AVON...

YOU HAVEN'T GOT AWAY WITH IT...



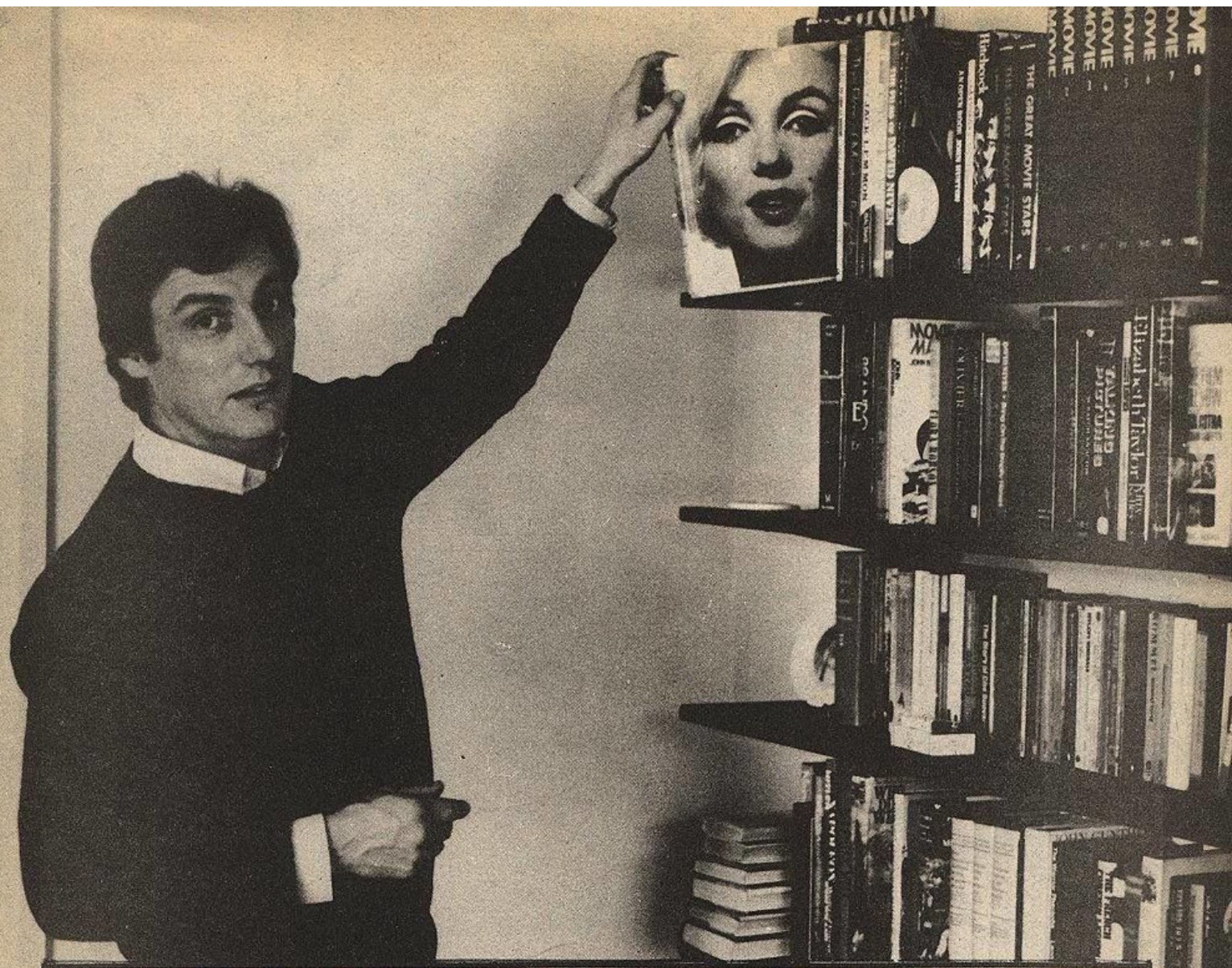
I'LL HUNT YOU ACROSS A GALAXY IF I HAVE TO...



...AND WHEN I FIND YOU...



YOU'RE A DEAD MAN...



Military history, theatre and films are all passions of Paul Darrow, his reference library at his home in Surrey clearly indicating where his tastes lie. One passion, however, takes priority over all the others. It is *BLAKE'S 7*, of course, and it is on that, his favourite subject, he writes for you in this his fifth article on the past series.

PAUL DARRROW WRITES....

How can you call a series, *Blake's Seven*, when you haven't got a Blake and there aren't seven of you? This was the question that was frequently asked, not only by Terry Wogan, when our third series was transmitted in 1980.

Somebody wrote to *Radio Times*, and suggested that the show should be called, *Avon's Revenge*. Michael Keating thought it ought to be called, *The Vila Restal Story*, and one newspaper critic thought it should be scrapped altogether!

Fortunately for us, you out there continued to want us on your screens. But the series was a bit different, wasn't it?

Avon had achieved his ambition—he had the Liberator. But

what was he going to do with it? It was the classic situation of, 'Once you have what you want, you don't want it any more.'

Of course, it was decided that Blake and Jenna—who had also left the programme—should be replaced. At first, or so I thought, Blake's position of authority would be taken over by an older man—a man of proven ability—and Avon would think twice before crossing him.

In other words, an equally dominant personality would join us and we would become, "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid in Space," all over again. But it was not to be.

In the second episode of the new series—*Power Play*—it became clear that our new crew member

was to be the young, aggressive, and fairly unpleasant Tarrant. It was certainly an achievement to introduce a character who made Avon look like the nice guy!

Aftermath, was the title of the first episode and it was a tricky one for all of us. For one thing, would you be prepared to accept a Blakeless series? Would the Avon character, not exactly a classic hero, be sufficiently charismatic to maintain your interest? Would you still find Vila funny? Would Cally still hold her strange fascination?

Well—you know the answers to those questions better than I do! *Aftermath*, proved to be one of the most popular episodes.

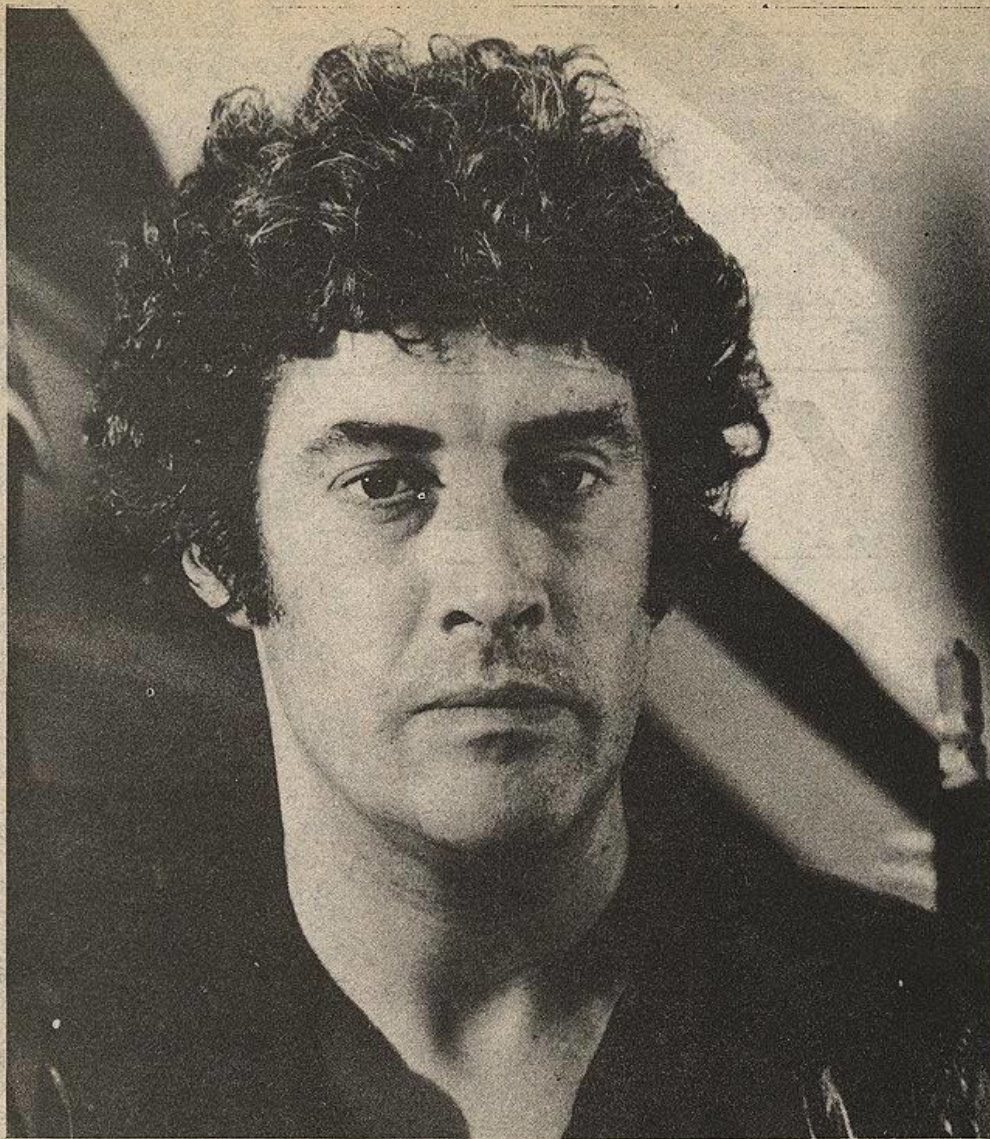
A great deal of it was shot on location in Bamburgh, near Holy Island. You saw great sand and sea

A black and white portrait of a woman with short, dark hair. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a light-colored top with a dark, possibly black, collar. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Servalan

Dayna





scapes, Alan Lake as a hairy villain, lots of action, an athletic heroine called Dayna and a sizzling love scene between Avon and Servalan.

You remember Servalan—the Witch Queen of Outer Space! With the death of Travis, she required a new consort and who better than her equally ruthless opponent Avon? She offered him, not only the world, but also the sun, the moon and the stars. Together with her own quite obvious attributes. Irresistible, wouldn't you say?

In fact, Jacqueline Pearce and I thought that our creator, Terry Nation, had decided that Avon would switch sides and that he and Servalan would become the new Galactic Vultures pecking at the freedom of Vila, Cally and the rest.

An interesting idea, but it didn't turn out quite like that. Avon had clearly learned at his mother's knee that, when someone offers you the sun, the moon and the stars, they're probably kidding or they're after something!

Servalan was after the super computer, 'Orac', and she was prepared to seduce Avon and kill

Cy Grant to get it.

Well—she didn't get it! The hairy primitives who controlled the planet upon which Avon had been forced to crash land were out to get Servalan as well and, although a temporary alliance was in order, she blew it somewhat when she killed Dayna's daddy.

Avon tricked her, and he, Orac and Dayna the Huntress teleported back to the crippled Liberator. The miraculous space ship had been damaged in the Alien war at the end of the previous series, but Avon was a miracle worker with computers and he would soon put it right.

Unfortunately, in his absence, some very unpleasant Federation types had taken over the ship and the, *Power Play*, was about to begin.

Meanwhile, Vila had taken up with two pretty girls on a not unpleasant planet that looked a lot like Yorkshire. This is hardly surprising, because this is where filming took place.

It was hard luck on Vila that, although they were after his body,

they required it for spare part surgery! Soon, he and Cally were in the same boat. Or, should I say space freighter?

Servalan had also been picked up. She was that kind of girl. In her case, as the new President of the Federation, she was able to buy freedom. It was up to Avon to rescue Vila and Cally, but he had troubles of his own.

Thankfully, it turned out that he had an ally among the Federation pirates. Del Tennant, the best space pilot ever produced by the Federation Space Academy. Or so he kept telling us!

The other heavies, led by a particularly nasty type called Klegg, weren't too bright. It wasn't difficult to bluff them into a trap, for Dayna and the two men to finish them off and for Vila and Cally, in the nick of time, to be saved from a fate worse than death.

Of course, it had helped to have the traitor Tarrant on our side. But if he had been a traitor to the Federation which had bred him, how far could we trust him?

Vila pined for the two pretty girls, but was compensated by the fact that Dayna wasn't exactly ugly. Cally had come back, which meant that our moral fibre, if a little frayed, had also returned. To all intents and purposes, we were once again a band of heroic outlaws fighting for freedom. However, it was at this point it became clear the series would take a new course.

If you think about it, the ruthless Avon would never have permitted Tarrant and Dayna to register control of the Liberator through Zen. But he had to or we wouldn't have had two new characters.

The only way I could play Avon after this was to assume he no longer wanted the Liberator and, consequently, we all knew it would end up being destroyed. Even if he no longer wanted it, Avon wasn't about to let anyone else get control.

Also, Avon's disinterest in his fellow passengers was to become more marked. He was to become alienated by Tarrant's arrogance and Dayna's tiresome youthful exuberance. Only Cally would keep him sane and Cally would stay with him forever. Or would she?

What then was to be the purpose of, *Blake's Seven*? Only Avon knew—and Terry Wogan guessed.

Avon was looking for Blake. Sooner or later the showdown between the two of them would take place.

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The guiding hand behind not only the destruction of the Liberator but Scorpio as well . . . not to mention the demise of Blake . . . director Mary Ridge.
INTERVIEW OVERLEAF!

Of the five directors involved with the final series of **BLAKE'S 7**, one director more than any other made her mark with her style of direction and dramatic presentation.

Having been given the task of 'destroying' the *Liberator* in the final episode of the third series, she was then made responsible for getting our heroes back into space aboard *Scorpio*, then destroying that as well! With a long history of dramatic television behind her she took all these traumatic developments in her stride, translated them from scripts into riveting television and put her individual stamp on each of the five episodes she tackled.

Now the series has gone from our screens, at least for the time being, she has kindly consented to an interview for **BLAKE'S 7 MAGAZINE**. She is, of course, Mary Ridge.

MARY RIDGE

speaks to Ken Armstrong.

"The role of the director in the last series, I think, was peculiar to **BLAKE'S 7** in that, instead of starting with one or two scripts, I started with four. So, instead of approaching each script and devoting my whole attention to that script, I had to sort out the filming for all four, giving the filming priority above all other aspects of preparation.

"The schedule was so constructed that all location filming for the first four episodes was due to be shot prior to any studio work. We were also under pressure to find suitable locations for the filming and we didn't have time to move the crew to more than a few of these since each move for a crew takes a day and time was running out. We were also committed to filming in Perton Hill in Oxfordshire because that was the direct link to the last episode of the previous series and that had to be maintained.

"That meant there was one location we had to go to, which was fine, but then, to save valuable time, we had to find a 'composite' location where we could film the other three lots of action, hopefully not looking too much the same. That was governed by certain aspects of the setting required by the script; as Terry Wogan might put it, a chalk pit near Dunstable. But we had to find somewhere offering the most variety with the fewest moves and we had to find a separate location for one thing only, which was the iron bridge over a small river for use in 'Headhunter'.

"Having made all these plans I had to actually visit all possible sites with the assistants who had chosen them. I think I visited forty-five different locations trying to find an area with many facets to it so each angle would look as different as possible. When we actually came to do it, however, out of the specially chosen locations I was perhaps only able to use ten. This was because, filming at the start of the year, some had been swept away during the winter, others rained off or unworkable through mud due to the very heavy rain we experienced during the early months of 1981.

"While we were okay using the location at Perton Hill for the opening sequence with the snow and ice, when we came to shoot the fight scene at Betchworth, they had experienced the deepest frost of the winter (and the worst known there for fifty years) followed by a thaw. Then it rained, giving about nine inches of the worst possible kind of clay mud. So, everywhere we went, the place turned into a quagmire, leaving me with the most difficult of compromises to make. No matter what we did, all the locations, through the camera, looked the same. The general impression was one of greyness—the sky was grey, the ground was grey and, after a few minutes working in those conditions, so were the actors and crew.

"We had the added problem of almost continuous rain which affected the kind of shooting we were able to do. We could neither

be low and shoot up because we were getting bucketfuls of rain in the camera lens, nor could we shoot from a height down onto an area because of the constant splattering of rain on the surface of the mud. This meant, of course, because all the location work was turning out the same, the studio work had to look as different as possible to make a contrast and bring some light and colour to it all. It probably makes the whole early filming for the series sound dreadful and uncomfortable. It was to a certain extent but I believe we also had tremendous fun despite the elements being against us.

"The next phase, having come back with vast quantities of film, was to have it all edited. It is the job of the film editor to make sense of what we shoot on location and I was lucky enough to have an editor who had worked on the series before and knew what we were trying to achieve and what stories we were trying to tell.

"The editing of the film then started to overlap with the outside rehearsals for the studio work and while I was out filming, I was 'blocking' for the studio work. That is to say, already making plans for the studio sequences, trying to get them in order. The designer was also out with us most of the time so I was able to have discussions with him as we went along. Plans for the *Scorpio* were also well advanced but it was left pretty much up to me as to what the final result would be. Whatever I decided was the best way to film on the flight deck of the



Being a director means getting to grips with many things, including all kinds of monsters!

ship for the first two episodes was precisely what the other directors involved with the series would have to use when it came their turn to film.

"It was quite strange, actually, because we had the model of Scorpio constructed and on film long before the studio design of the ship's interior came into being. Of course, when you think of the supposed actual size of the flight deck in relationship to the supposed overall size of the ship itself, the flight deck forms an insignificant part in general terms. The area, however, means a great deal to the director when most of the action takes place there and has to be filmed by large cameras.

"Before the show actually came into the studio, I had to have the designs and plans already in being for episodes one and two without benefit of really knowing what they could look like in the studio. The episodes were done 'back-to-back' as we call it; rehearsal of episode one then filming of that in the

studio, rehearsal of episode two then filming of that in the studio.

"Once episodes one and two were completed in the studio I did not have a chance to do any editing at all. I had just one month to get the plans out for episodes five and six, my next two episodes. Which I had filmed for and the film had not yet been cut. Plans were also complicated by the design department changing the designer for the show between my first two episodes and the next two. All the preparatory discussions I had had with my first designer were wasted and I had to start all over again with a new designer. It was not only difficult but dangerous to have that kind of situation because I could not remember precisely what I had discussed with the first designer or with the second and many things which I thought were under control were, in fact, not. It was unfair on the designer to be put in such a position and that change is one I believe should never have happened. The design department like

to give designers a chance to do **BLAKE'S 7** because, for them, it's fun. It was not the time, however, for anyone to be having fun. There was too much at stake."

Beset by so many problems, what is Mary's approach to a script when she first receives it?

"I can never read a script in the office because there are always too many distractions. I have to take it away, read it through several times until I get a clear idea of what it's all about, then take it back to the office to put it in order."

For those who have never seen a 'camera script' of a television show, the script initially seems to bear no relation to the episode itself. Groups of scenes in a common area are all shot together, interspersed with action on other, smaller sets in the studio. It is not until the final editing of all the material, including location film and model film, that the programme starts to take shape. It is the job of the director to determine in which order the scenes will be

filmed and on which days visiting actors will be used. It looks, at first glance, like an absolute nightmare and, unless someone is experienced in such matters, can easily be so.

"I won't even start casting a show until I have a very clear idea in my mind what the story is about and also what type of episode it is going to be," continues Mary. "There is always a time when a director gets the *feel* of a storyline and it is that *feel* that determines the approach. Some episodes require fast and sharp cuts if the action has an edge to it, others require longer sequences where characters are developed before the audience. Only much later comes the pacing of the show when camera positions are worked out and, to a certain extent, they can determine whether what the director wants to do is viable or not. After all, it is difficult to plan in advance how long a running scene will be. That very much depends on the actors involved!

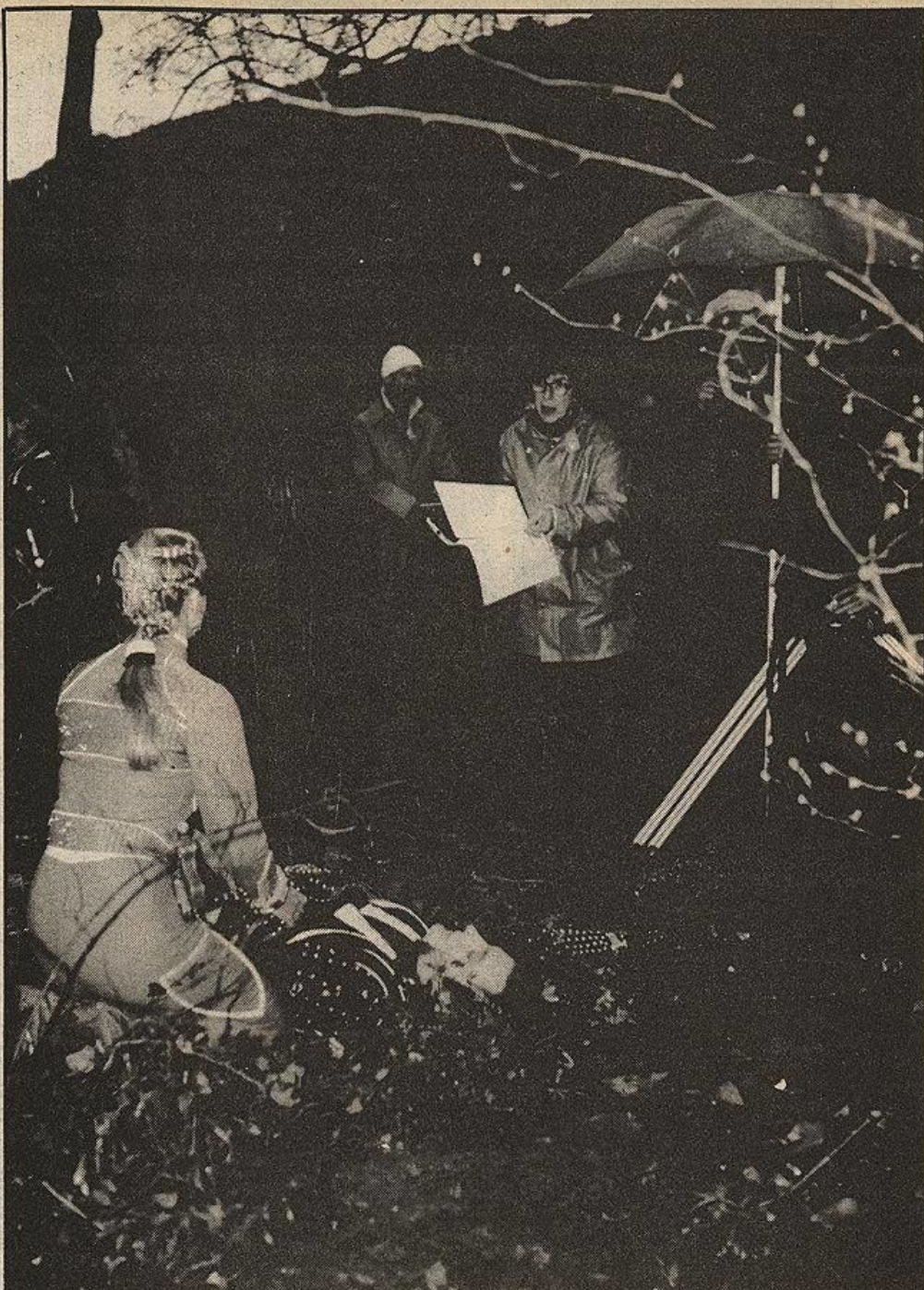
"Also, with a series like **BLAKE'S 7**, you have to earn your slow scenes. That is to say the show is associated with fast space action in interesting surroundings and, if you are to slow down the action to give a character the chance to establish him or herself, it has to be paced with the right amount action either end."

Mary is no stranger to action as those who saw the final episode of the third series, in which the Liberator was destroyed, will confirm. Also, the heart-stopping final episode of the fourth series in which the Federation guards overwhelmed the Scorpio crew came under Mary's direction. It was with **Terminal**, the final episode of the third series, that Mary made her debut as a director on **BLAKE'S 7**, and she still has vivid memories of that episode.

"**Terminal** was intended to be the final episode of the series. No-one knew at the time there would be another series in the offing. But because everyone believed it to be the last one, all concerned became very emotionally involved with it.

"I got to know the cast reasonably well and got a working relationship going with them and, from reading the script, had a fair idea of precisely what would be good for the regulars to be doing in the episode.

"Gareth Thomas (Blake) could only spare one day for filming and we could not organise time at Ealing studios to coincide, so the



Despite the incessant rain and perpetual mud, location shooting for the fourth series of **BLAKE'S 7** had to continue.

filming for **Terminal** with Gareth was coincided with location work on Perton Hill, using a nearby village hall. I had a very good designer with me who decked out the hall in black and positioned lights and things which gave a super effect.

"I was very pleased, in many respects, with the way the episode turned out but, at the back of my mind, I felt as though I could have done better. You see, when I was offered that episode to direct, I knew very little about the series so I had to get hold of as many video tapes of as many episodes as I could, read as many scripts as were available but, even then, I wasn't entirely at home with the

show. I felt, had I known more about the characters and their backgrounds, I could have used them slightly better."

Only when the announcement came after the showing of **Terminal** on television that another series was to be made, did anyone associated with the programme know there was to be another chance to use the same characters again. The moment the announcement was made, Mary contacted Vere Lorrimer, the new producer, and asked if she could do another episode. She felt she would be in a better position to do justice to the principals having taken the last series to its conclusion. It was a request Vere Lorrimer was only too

delighted to grant. Mary was then tasked to direct episodes one, two, five and six of the new series and, as a special challenge, direct the final of all final episodes, **Blake**, episode thirteen of the fourth series.

"**Blake**, by Chris Boucher, was a wonderful script and a very emotional one for all those involved with the programme. It was also an absolute gift as far as a director was concerned because it gave everyone a chance to play out their characters to the bitter end.

"When I first read it I must confess I was slightly shocked but there was one secret I kept up my sleeve until almost the end. The secret was just how Avon was to fare when faced by overwhelming Federation odds, but more of that later.

"I also liked the way Chris kept Avon and Blake apart until the very end, heightening the tension towards the dramatic climax."

For the director, however, the way the ending was arranged led to enormous headaches in trying

to get so many people on one set at one time. There was also a gun-fight sequence, which due to safety distances, had to be extremely carefully paced.

"The safety distance for the guns, all of which actually fired a black powder charge, was in the region of seven feet and I had much agonising to do regarding the positioning of principals in relation to shots, trying to make them as dramatic as possible but also safe from the actors' point of view. In the end, I believe I achieved as good a compromise as I could.

"The most difficult action to place was that between Blake and Avon. Shots had to be fired by Avon as Blake walked towards him. When we were working it out in rehearsals, Gareth Thomas started his walk towards Paul Darrow and, when the last shot was due to be fired, I told him he was too close. I disagreed, saying he was exactly seven feet from Paul. It was then I pointed out to him he had forgotten to take into account the length of the gun Avon

would be firing . . . and that placed him at least one foot inside the minimum safe distance. He duly stepped back the required one foot. There's no point in taking unnecessary risks with actors where pyrotechnics are concerned!"

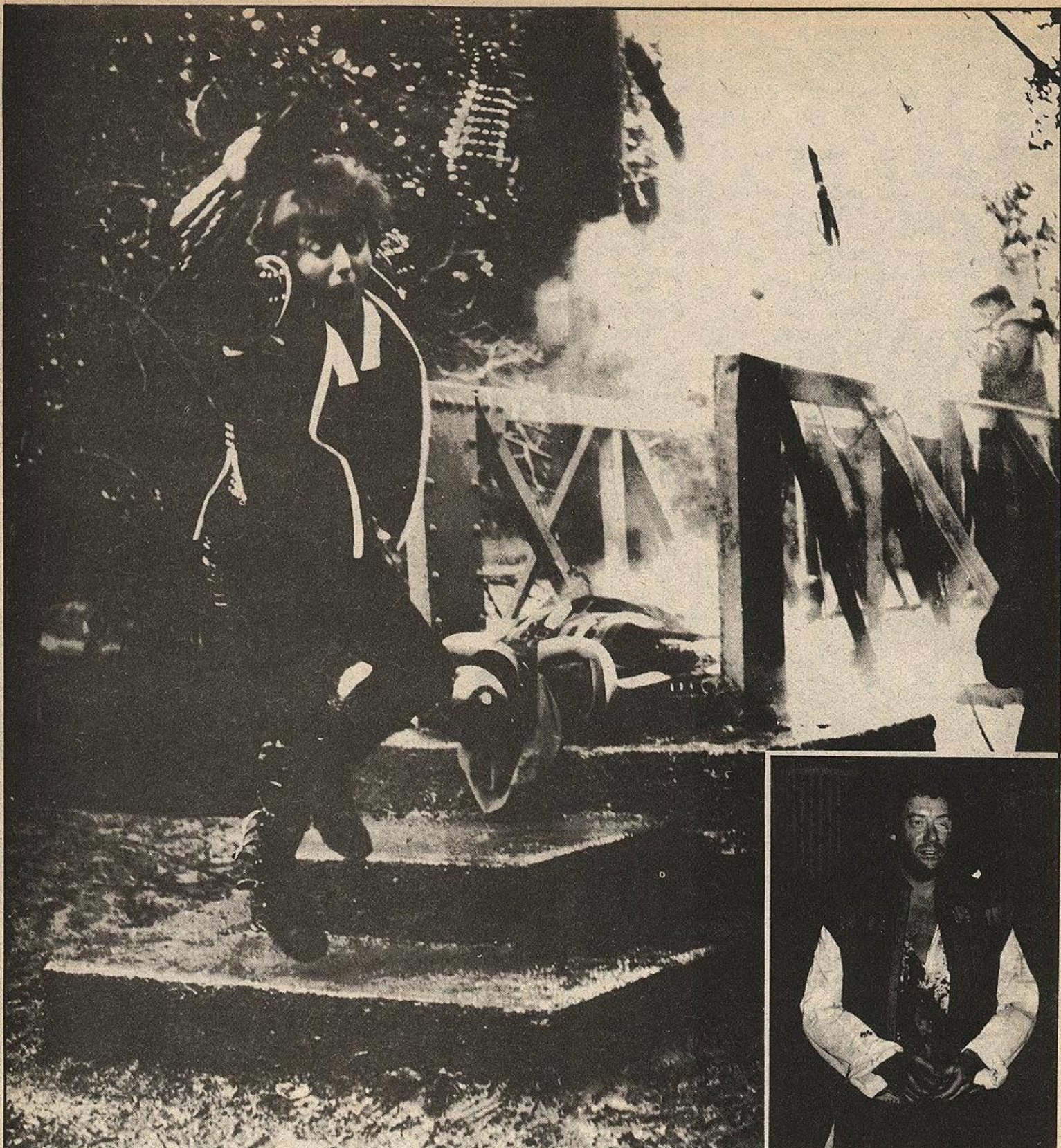
When the scene came to be shot in the studio, the result surprised even Mary.

"Shots one and two on Blake were fired from the gun held by Avon. Those went off according to plan, then came the third shot which was the explosion against Blake which would be fired by the Gareth himself. The charge was set against his chest by the Visual Effects boys. The charge was to detonate, bursting a small 'blood' bag secured under Blake's shirt. Unfortunately, I had not specified just how much blood there was to be . . . and the Visual Effects lads decided it would be as spectacular as they could make it.

"When Gareth fired the charge, using a small trigger on a wire running from the bag, up under his arm and down his sleeve, it



"Although everyone was wet through and covered in mud, spirits of the cast and crew were high. Even when lying on sodden ground in front of the camera, Paul Darrow can always crack a joke."



The iron bridge used in the episode, 'Headhunter' had to be filmed with great care so as not to show the rain spattering the ground round where the action was happening. Inset: "Gareth looked as though he'd been blasted with a shotgun."

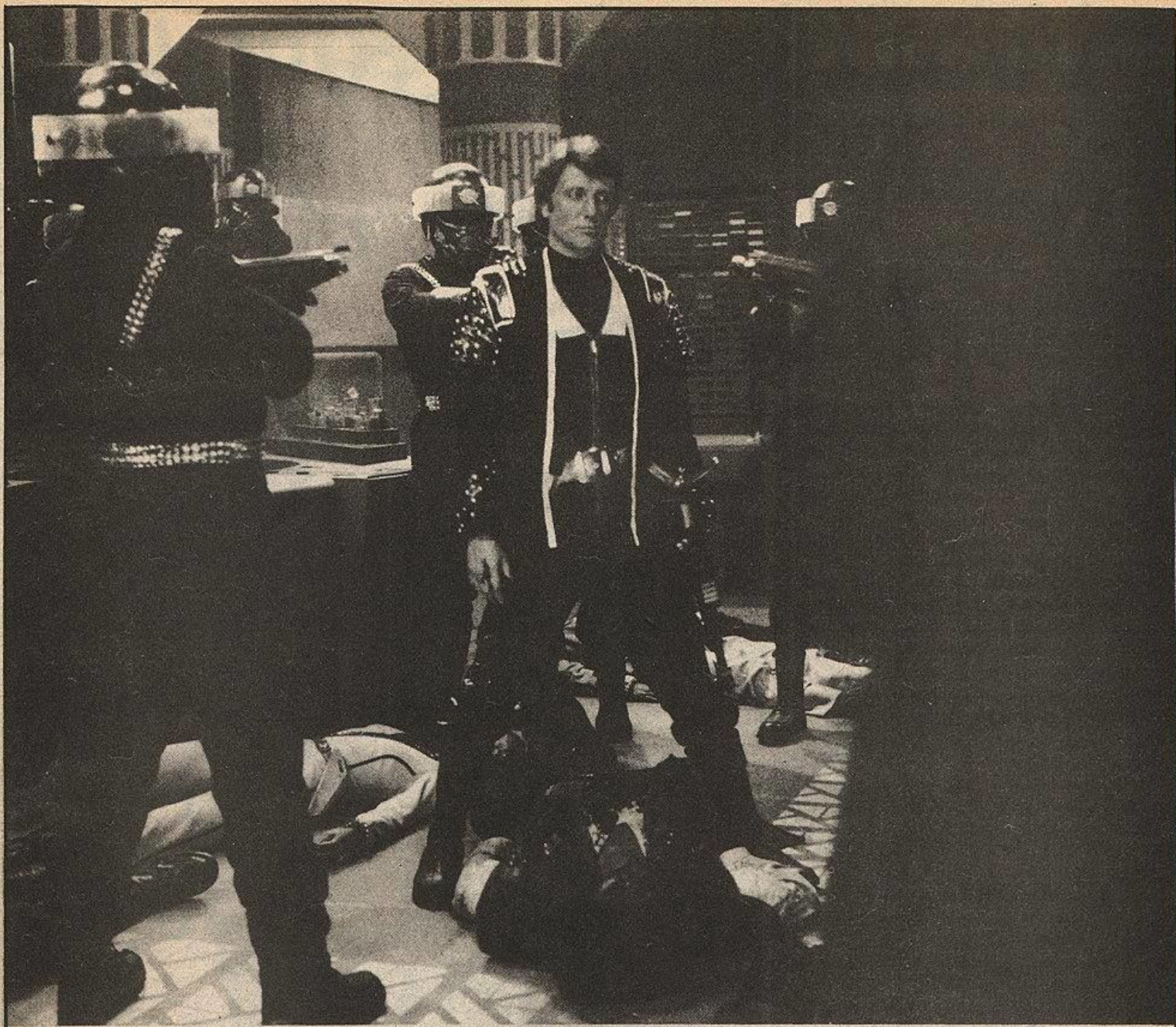
seemed as though the whole of his shirt front erupted in red gore! When I came down onto the studio floor from the control room immediately afterwards, there were splatters of blood all over the set and Gareth looked as though he'd been blasted with a shotgun at close range. I was grateful when he smiled and cracked a joke. He really looked as though he'd been

hit by a bus doing all of ninety miles an hour!"

Mary's secret which she'd kept right to the end was what she planned to do with Avon as far as the Federation guards were concerned. Also, the way the other main characters were to go down had to be handled very carefully.

"I thought about this a long time," confesses Mary, "and from

a very early stage I decided exactly what would happen. I wanted the other principals, less Blake of course, to go down with no sign of blood. To all intents and purpose, they could have been brought down by stun guns and not killed at all. I also wanted to take their falling in slow motion, as if it were happening in their brain and, if possible, having a short flash-back



The director's secret revealed! Those final shots . . . who fired them . . . ?

to something in their past. That proved too difficult and too time consuming. With Avon, of course, it was to be different.

"Everyone had been anxious to know just how Avon would go and, like the others, I had a good idea from the beginning just how I would handle it. In the end, perhaps only I really know what happened."

*Just what did happen to our hero in the closing seconds of that episode? Mary is prepared to tell **BLAKE'S 7** MAGAZINE readers.*

"The camera froze the action of Avon raising his gun as the Federation guards closed round him, the obvious inference being that if he fired then they would as well. The viewers saw Avon give his special smile, then the captions

started to roll. The clue to what happened is on the soundtrack. The first shot fired was from Avon's gun. The next three shots were from Federation guns—then the next two were Avon's again."

Could Avon therefore have survived the final attack?

"It was always my intention to suggest to the viewers that Avon could well have survived with, perhaps, Servalan having issued an order for him to be taken alive. Certainly, the character of Avon was such a strong one he should never be written out of a possible return just like that. As far as I'm concerned, Avon is alive and well and possibly in custody of Servalan's guards somewhere in the universe. I would love to see him come back in some kind of spin-off

of the series to wage war on the Federation again and, if he did, I would want to be there directing it."

Having a long and successful career in drama and serials for television, Mary, with **BLAKE'S 7** now behind her, is busy working on **Angels** for the forthcoming series and is scheduled to direct **Doctor Who** in the late autumn. Perhaps it is time to caution the good Doctor about his latest director. If Mary Ridge can close **BLAKE'S 7** in such a dramatic fashion on more than one occasion . . . watch out **Doctor Who!**



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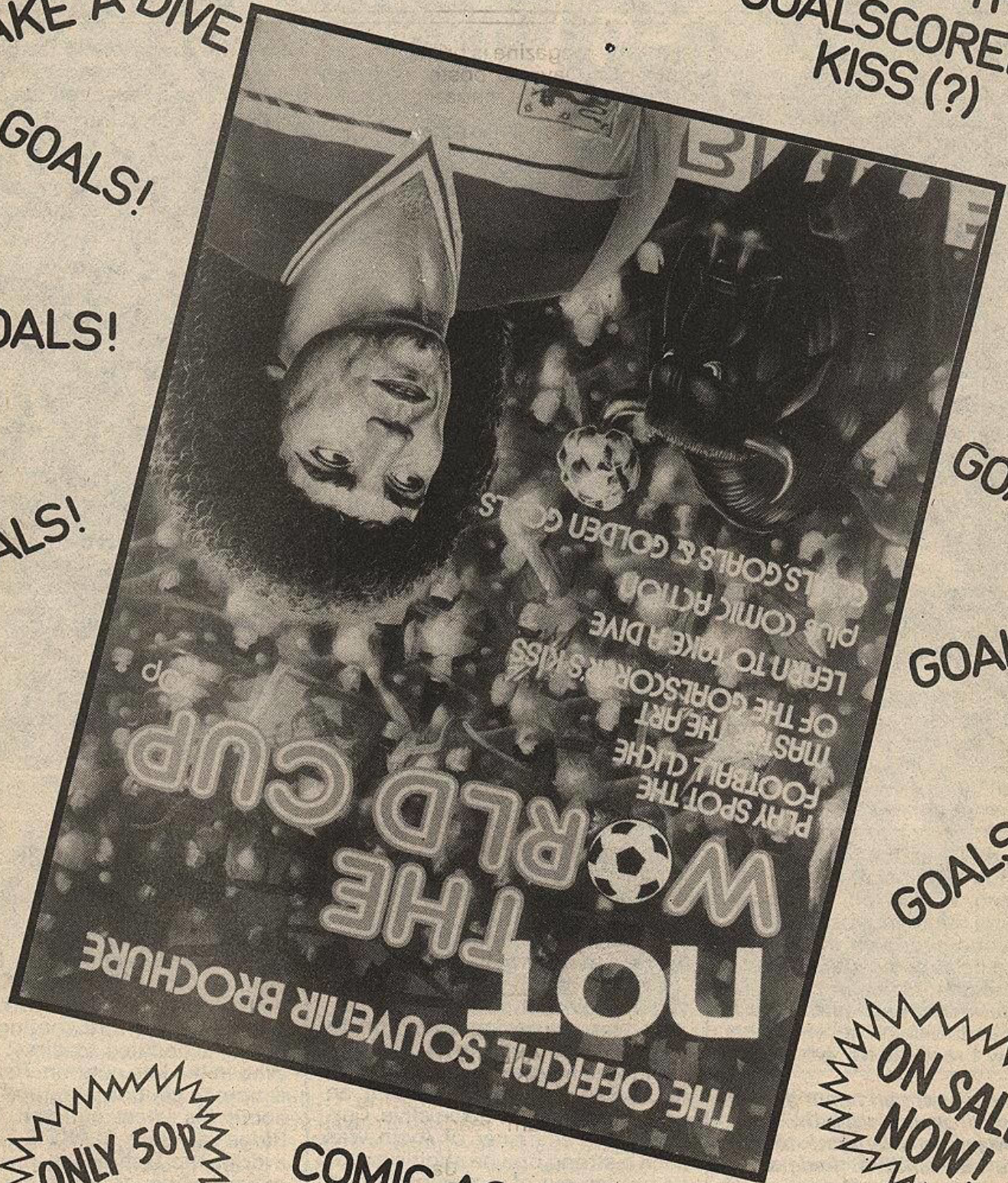
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B7 LETTERS

All correspondence to:
Bernie Jaye, Marvel Comics Ltd., Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

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 . . .

When I read the interview with the actors published in your magazine, they all talked about superstition in the theatre. I don't believe in that sort of thing and think anyone that does is soft.

Brian Weaver,
Birmingham.

I think the best person to answer your letter, Brian, is Ken Armstrong, our photographer and the person who interviewed all the principals of the series. He's got a tale to really make your hair stand on end.

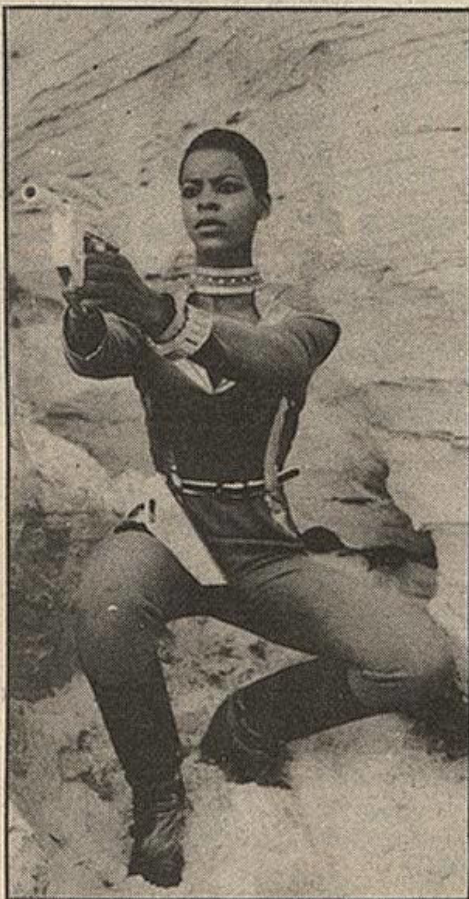
"I'm not a particularly superstitious person, Brian, but during the studio session for the last episode of the series, something happened which made me change my mind. As you know, actors never mention 'a certain play . . . the Scottish one', unless they are taking part in it. It is supposed to be very bad luck. At the moment when Gareth Thomas, Blake, was shot by Avon, the synthetic blood, which was blasted from his chest, covered Paul Darrow's hands, leaving them in a real mess. After the take, I suggested to Paul he was well suited for a Macbeth role now. Immediately, Paul told me to turn round three times and swear or there would be bad luck. I smiled, but did as I was told . . . still not very convinced about such things. Just after that, the final sequence of Avon being surrounded by Federation guards was about to be filmed. I positioned myself ready to take some photos but, as I pressed the camera trigger, the shutter mechanism broke! My second camera was loaded with the wrong film and I was unable to record, to best effect, the closing moments of the series. Coincidence or not? It's difficult to say. All I know is my camera had never let me down before, has never let me down since and when the camera was put in for repair, there was nothing obviously wrong with it. From my point of view, I shall never take liberties with superstition again!"

Ken Armstrong

I think the magazine is brilliant but I noticed in Dayna's poster picture she did not have a magazine in her clip gun.

Ross Sleight
Chiesldon

Well spotted, Ross. You were not alone in seeing there was no magazine in the clip-gun but Dayna was only practising at the time . . . or so she tells me.



How about doing a pen-friends column for BLAKE'S 7 fans of all ages. I am 23 so it's not only the kiddies who like your magazine. I caught my mum reading it the other day!

Janet Savel
Romford, Essex.

What do other readers feel about a BLAKE'S 7 pen-friends column? After all, it's your magazine. You tell us if you would like one and, if there are enough of you interested, we'll do what we can to oblige.

I think the magazine is terrific but you have never printed a poster of the Liberator. Please tell me if you are going to.

Paul Stenner
Bristol.

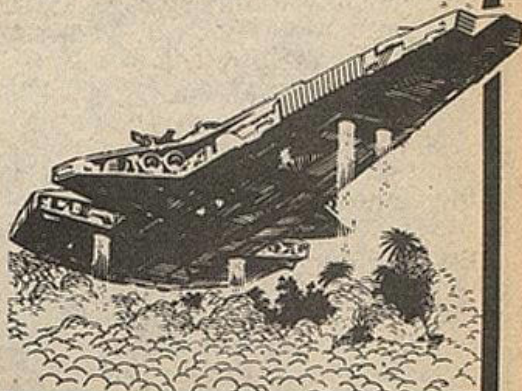
Just take a look at the pull-out poster this month, Paul. Happy?

Now that our favourite series has ended, could you please keep us in touch with whatever the cast are working on and give us warning of any time they may be seen on TV.

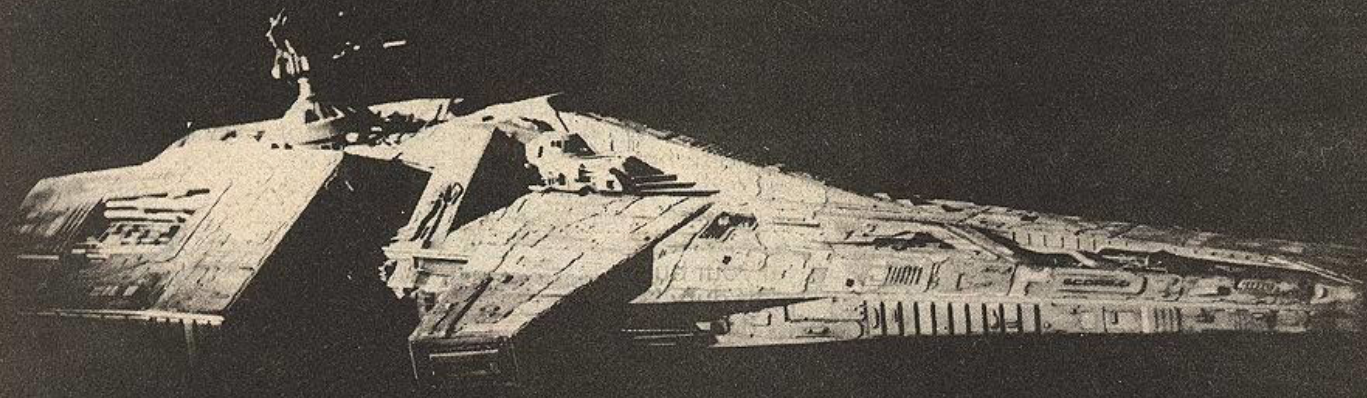
I have also written to the BBC complaining about the end of the last series and received a reply saying they have no plans to do another series at the moment so, maybe, if we all keep writing to them they might get fed up enough to do another series just to shut us up. Please keep on to all your readers to write in to the BBC to try and get something done.

Miss C. Bevan
Basildon, Essex

Certainly 'C' if any of our readers are interested in seeing either a new series of BLAKE'S 7 on our screens or a spin-off of the series, you should write to the Controller of Programmes, BBC TV Centre, Wood Lane, London. Who knows, they may just 'get fed up enough' to satisfy the wishes of the vast majority of the viewing public and produce another series.



A flight into danger for Scorpio and her crew of rebels with death written in the dreaded...



GOLDEN BOOK

Vila was bored. Slave gyrated slowly in the corner, computing the flight co-ordinates programmed by Tarrant before he went off watch. Dayna and Soolin were in their sleeping quarters and would remain there for a further two hours until it was time for them to share a joint duty period. Avon had worked out the roster that way, Vila wasn't sure why, but he had a shrewd idea. Even Orac was not around to amuse Vila. Avon had taken the computer away, supposedly to work on some coded signals intercepted a few hours before, but Vila was prepared to believe Avon just wanted company... and mechanical company at that.

No, there was no relief in prospect for Vila at all. He punched a few buttons on his console. The order was random, the responses predictable. All Scorpio's systems were functioning normally, even the defence shields were in place and the inky blackness of the void outside offered not a glimmer of relief.

'I need a drink.'

Vila prised himself out of his seat, scowled at the surrounding empty desks, then made his way towards the galley at the rear of the flight deck.

'You're not leaving your post, are you, Sir?' It was Slave's voice droning from the corner.

'Oh, so you are able to communicate after all, eh?' Vila was on the defensive. 'I thought you were too busy working on Tarrant's flight plan to bother about speaking to me.'

'Oh, I hope I did not give you that impression, Sir,' apologised the machine. 'I was somewhat pre-occupied, I must confess, but I had no intention of appearing rude.'

'But you are rude,' snapped Vila. 'It's no concern of yours if I decide to go for a drink. I can do with my time what I like.'

'Oh, I humbly beg to council you to the contrary, Sir,' interjected the computer. 'Do you not remember Avon giving strict instructions to everyone that once on duty, you were not at liberty to leave the flight deck except in a dire emergency?'

'This is an emergency,' snapped Vila tetchily. 'I'm thirsty and need a drink. And, what's more, I'm going to get one whether you like it or not. Get back to your calculations and don't criticise me again or I'll accidentally on purpose forget to oil your moving parts for a few days!'

'It's not me I'm worried about getting oiled, Sir.'

Slave's final rebuke fell on deaf ears. Vila was already on his way to the drinks cabinet.

'Oh, no, Tarrant,' purred the soft voice. 'I don't think we should. Avon would have a fit if he found us together like this.'

'Avon can take a running jump into a black hole for all I care,' hissed Tarrant's muted voice. 'We've been in space a long time. People can't live and fight together, suffer the same hardships together and be under the constant threat of Federation attack every day without forming some kind of bond. I've liked you from the moment I first met you, Soolin, and I know you've got an affection for me. You do, don't you?'

Vila stopped dead in his tracks. The soft voices drifted from round the bulkhead in front of him. It was Soolin's reply that made his ears prick up.

'Don't rush me, Tarrant. I swore after Dorian's death there would never be a man in my life who would have the power to hurt me in the way he could. My emotions were put through a juice extractor by that man. I would have done anything for him . . . and he knew it. No, his memory is still too fresh. I need time, Tarrant.'

'But how much time, Soolin?' Tarrant was sounding impatient.

'I'll let you know,' purred Soolin, flashing one of her soft and winning smiles at the young pilot.

'You'll be making me think there's someone else.'

Soolin's eyes twinkled in the dull glow emitting from the open drinks cabinet. 'And what if there is,' she giggled.

'Now,' mused Tarrant, joining in the little game. 'It can't be Avon because he takes computers into his room, not women. It must be Vila. Am I right?'

Soolin stifled a laugh but her beaming face said it all. In a few seconds she had regained her composure. 'You could be right.' Again she creased with silent laughter, a laughter Vila never heard or saw. The pulse was beating too fast in his veins. Could it be true? Could Soolin really be in love with him? He pressed himself deeper into the gloom of the corridor and strained to hear what was said next.

'I'd better be getting back to those calculations Avon left for me,' sighed Tarrant, replacing his glass on the shelf. 'I know when I'm beaten. If you've lost your heart to Vila then I'm wasting my time.'

Tarrant bent forward and his lips brushed Soolin's flushed cheek.

'Er, yes.' Soolin cleared her throat. 'Avon could be coming this way any moment.' Tarrant made to leave. Soolin grasped his hand, pressed it to her lips, then, just as quickly, turned her face away. Tarrant, smiling, said nothing, then stepped briskly towards his room. He did not see Vila's anxious face peering from the gloom behind him.

Only when Tarrant's door was heard to hiss shut did Vila emerge. He adjusted his tunic, smoothed down his hair, then sauntered casually into the refreshment area. Soolin was sitting in a soft chair, idly twiddling her finger in the

green liquid which filled her glass.

'Hi, what's new?' asked Vila breezily, trying to act nonchalant.

'Uhh?' Soolin seemed to jerk out of her thoughts. 'It's you, Vila.'

'Nothing like stating the obvious,' he beamed, trying to sound confident but his pulse was hammering in his head. 'Like another?' He gestured towards the drinks array.

'Er, no, not just now, thanks.' She indicated to her full glass.

'Been having a few already?' Vila's clumsy attempt at casual conversation grated on Soolin. Tarrant was still too fresh in her mind.

'It's none of your business what I do when I'm off duty,' snapped the girl, taking a deep swig from her glass as if to emphasise her point. 'Besides,' she continued, 'what are you doing here? This is supposed to be your duty watch.'

'I just thought you might be lonely down here,' offered Vila pouring a large glass of amber fluid. It was the nearest thing to brandy Vila had found in Scorpio's vast supply area. He took a deep

drink, his eyes never leaving Soolin's astonished face.

'Avon will have a fit,' she protested. 'You'd better get back on deck before he sees you or there'll be hell to pay.'

'I'm not frightened of him,' snapped Vila taking another deep drink. 'Besides, there's nothing happening up there and I've told Slave to contact me down here if anything of interest shows up.'

'You know that's against the rules,' rebuked the girl. 'Now stop drinking at once and get back on deck.' She was on her feet now, as if to emphasise her point.

'But that's what you like about me, isn't it?' Vila tried to smile but it came as more of a leer. The drink was having an immediate effect.

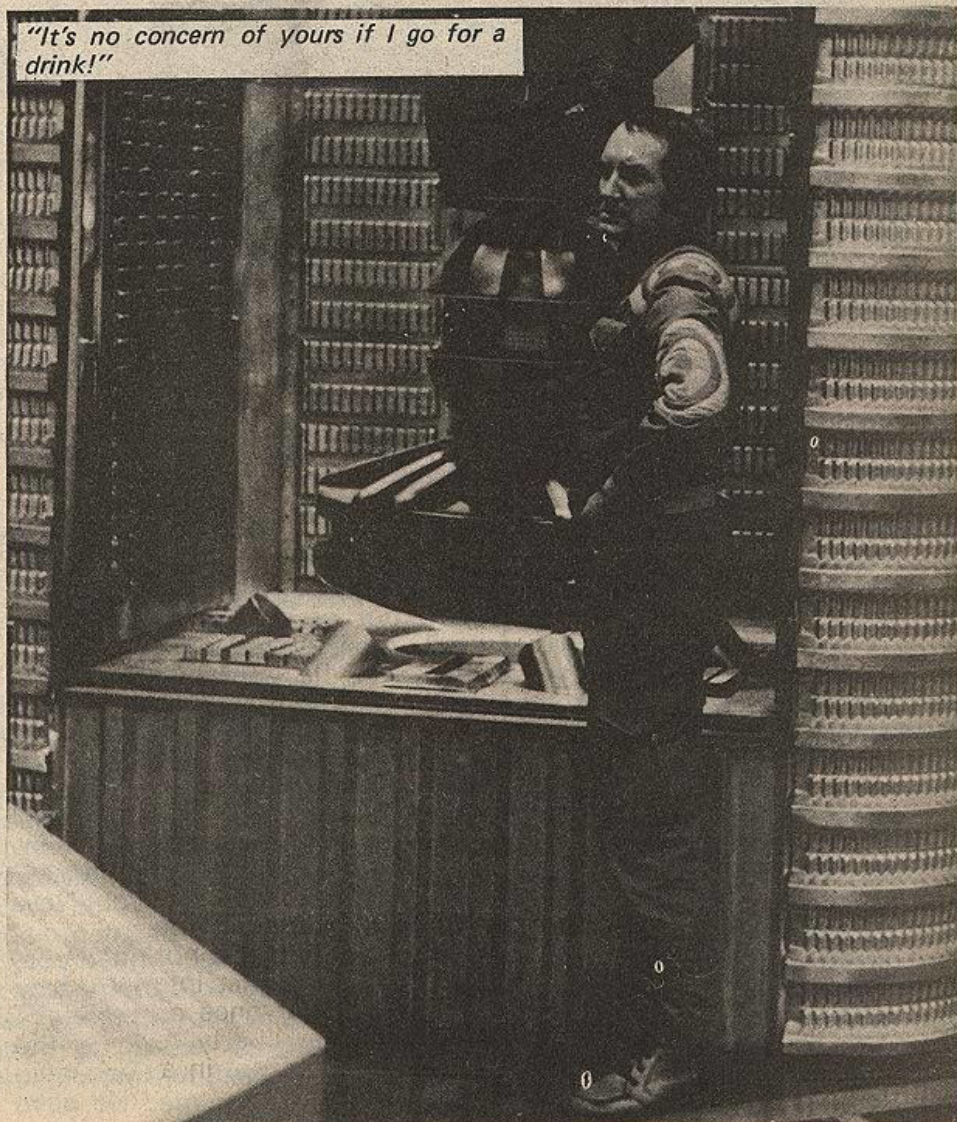
'I don't know what you're talking about,' retorted Soolin.

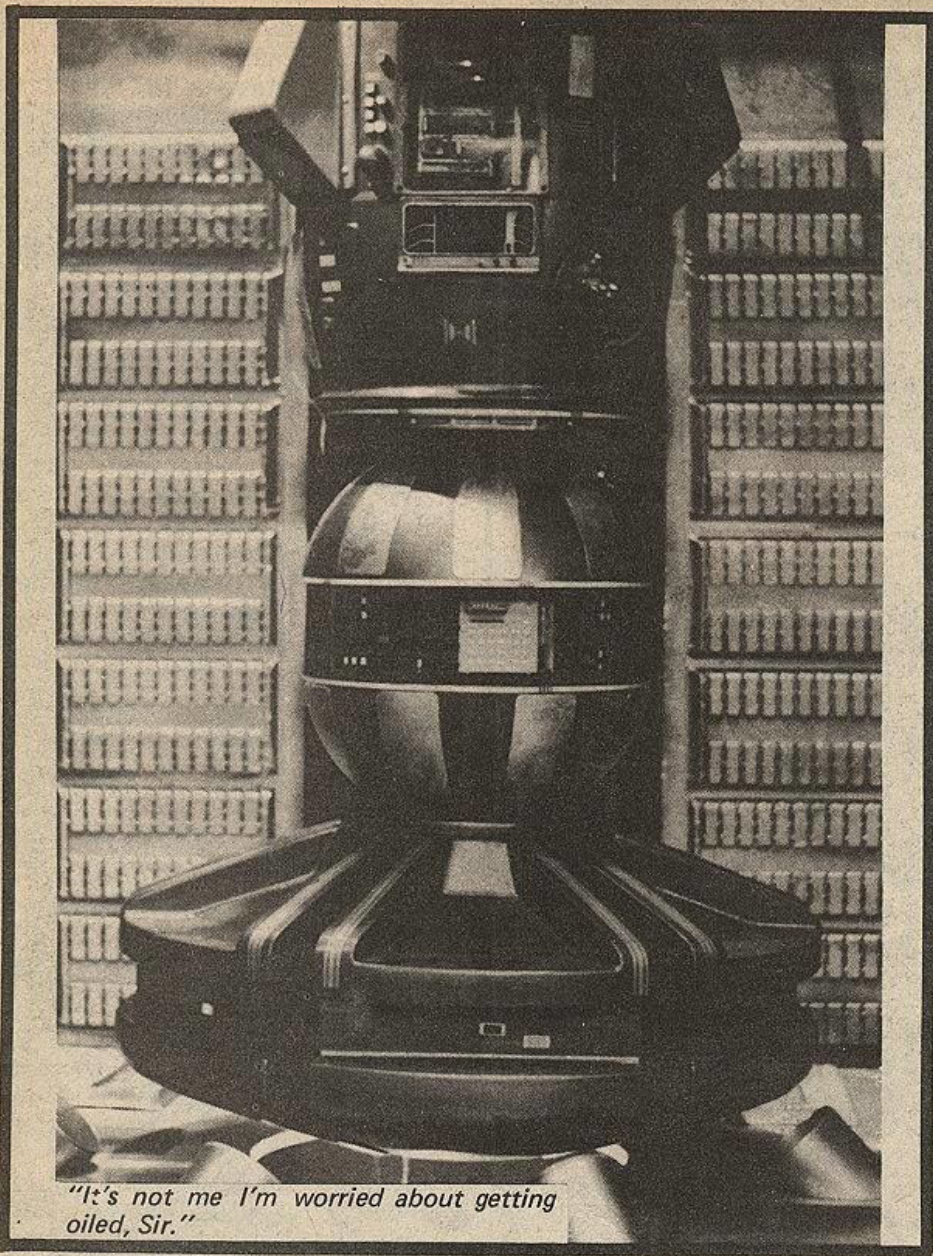
'Come off it.' Vila took another swig. 'You can't hide it from me. I know.'

'What?' Soolin was genuinely perplexed.

'There's no need to be shy. These things do happen.' Vila gestured about him with an un-

"It's no concern of yours if I go for a drink!"





"It's not me I'm worried about getting oiled, Sir."

what he thought was a winning smile but his senses were so dulled by the alcohol the muscles barely responded. He felt good, really good, and he was going to make Soolin feel just as good by admitting her love for him.

'Just say it once,' he droned, 'then you'll never have to say it again. We'll both understand.'

'Say what Vila?' Soolin's voice had a touch of alarm in it.

'I love you. That's all. It's not hard to put it into words. People say it all the time. Not on this ship, I grant you . . . but they do.'

'Me? Love you?' Soolin's eyes bored into Vila's skull. 'Is that what you're trying to make me say?'

'There,' leered Vila. 'You almost said it . . . but the emphasis was on the wrong words. Come on, try again. I know you can do it, I mean, if you can tell Tarrant you're in love with me, why not tell me in person, eh?'

'You were listening when we spoke?'

Vila nodded and gave another leer.

'Then you've got it all wrong. It . . . it was a joke . . .' Soolin dropped her gaze from Vila's puzzled face. 'Tarrant and I were just joking.' She reached to place a kind hand on Vila's shoulder. 'I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings. It . . . it was all a silly mistake.'

'Mistake?' Soolin could see Vila's brain was trying hard to engage but the alcohol-oiled cogs

steady hand. 'The closeness of our working life, having to rely on each other. You get to see the true person when you live on the same ship for any length of time. I mean, there's nothing that surprises me about Avon. I know him as well as he knows himself. It's true.' Vila was peering at the girl's confused face.

'You're raving,' muttered Soolin, preparing to leave. 'You can't go back on the flight deck in that state. I'd better take over the rest of your duty until Dayna relieves me.'

'Y . . . you'd do that? Do it for me?' Vila was genuinely touched, but the alcohol was exaggerating his emotions. He reached to take Soolin's arm as she turned towards the door.

'Get your hands off me,' snapped Soolin curtly.

'I . . . I only want to thank you,' slurred Vila, pulling the girl back into the room. 'And I just want to tell you there's no need to worry. I

know you're still hung-up about Dorian . . . and I'll never be like him . . . but you must take me as I am.' He made to kiss Soolin but the girl twisted out of the way.

'Vila! Have you gone crazy?'

'Just one little kiss, Soolin. Show that it's real for both of us.'

'Stop it, Vila!' Again she wriggled out of the way, stumbling back against the bulkhead. Vila leered as he peered with bleary eyes at the scowling girl. By leaning forward with one hand, he effectively imprisoned her in the corner. The half-full glass slopped in the other.

'You're drunk,' stated Soolin, trying to jolt Vila back to his senses. 'It's the drink talkin', not you. Now cut it out and let me go.'

'I don't need drink,' grinned Vila, tossing the glass onto the nearby chair. 'Not when I know for certain, after all that you've said to the contrary in the past, that you have a real affection for me.' He gave



"Do you think the message is genuine . . . ?"



kept slipping. 'Whada you mean? I . . . I heard . . .!' Vila's voice was rising, as was his temper.

'It was cruel of me, Vila. I'm sorry but, honestly, I had no idea you were listening. I'd never knowingly hurt your feelings.'

Vila stood back for a moment, brow furrowed, eyes blinking. Soolin dropped her gaze once more then turned to leave.

'I hope you'll forgive me, Vila. Honestly, I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. You're very sweet, but . . .'

'But nothing!' Vila suddenly lunged, a strong hand gripping her by the elbow to spin her round. 'You must really take me for a fool! You're not getting away with it as easy as that. There's got to be something in what you said about you and me. Come on,' he squeezed her hard, 'say it . . . just the once! Say it!'

'Vila! You're hurting me!'

Vila squeezed harder, feeling Soolin's knees buckling. He tried to find her mouth with his but she writhed and struggled with all the strength she could muster.

'The time for fooling is over,' he said thickly. 'It's just you and me.'

It's time you realised I'm not the idiot everyone takes me for!

'Is that a fact?' boomed the voice from behind.

Vila never saw the fist arching towards his skull . . . but, a split second before it made contact, he knew precisely who was there . . . and what the result would be. He sank into oblivion.

* * * * *

'Do you think the message is genuine?' asked Tarrant.

'Orac confirms it as so,' replied Avon studying the teletype sheet in his hand.

'So we go to the meeting?'

We have little option. If the Invectas are making a serious effort to draw all freedom fighters together for a co-ordinated effort against the Federation we must support them. Besides, Scorpio would be invaluable to any battle fleet with its superior firepower and unmatched speed.

'But the Invectas are a strange lot. They have the most curious customs dating back to the dark ages of the galaxy. Soolin said her parents were involved with them at

one stage and, even though she was only a child at the time, they frightened the living daylights out of her.'

'The eyes of a child always distort reality,' rumbled Avon, 'but any additional knowledge she has about them would be useful. Is she recovered enough to come here?'

'That incident with Vila upset her but she's over it now. I'll get her.'

Tarrant turned to the door then Avon, his low voice deadly serious, stopped him in his tracks.

'Also take a look at Vila. If he's showing signs of coming round, give him another injection. I want him immobilised until I have the time to sort him out.'

Tarrant nodded grimly then stepped into the darkened corridor. A few moments later there came the sound of voices raised in argument. There was a shout, plainly Vila's voice, a dull thud, then the sound of Tarrant walking back along the corridor. As he passed Avon's door he looked in, his face set in tense lines.

'That didn't sound like an injection to me, Tarrant!'

'It wasn't,' rumbled Tarrant nursing his knuckles, 'but it was just as effective.'

'Their Grand Council set-up seems perfectly normal,' remarked Avon, looking hard into Soolin's face. She sat on the edge of a bunk, her eyes averted from Avon's gaze. Her hands were clasped together, the knuckles showing white, the only outward sign that she was still upset.

'Oh, yes, on the surface everything seems normal,' continued Soolin, but they have their Golden Book. That's a wicked system, it really is.'

'Golden Book?' Avon looked to Tarrant standing just behind Soolin. His puzzled expression matched Avon's own.

'Their system of selection for the human sacrifice ritual,' Soolin looked up, her wide, sad eyes revealing more than her words. Did Avon catch his breath? She was not sure. If he did then he was not intending to show any outward sign of emotion.

'How does it work?' His voice was normal.

'Each year the names of all children between the ages of five and ten are fed into their computer. The machine selects one name which is then transferred, in absolute secrecy, to the Golden Book. Printed beside that name is a death date, the time and place for ritual sacrifice.'

'And what might that be?' continued Avon flatly.

'They rip open the chest with a knife, tear out the heart while it still beats, then toss it into a sacred flame in front of the entire population.' Soolin's voice trailed off, memories flooding back.

'You had to watch this as a child?' gasped Tarrant, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. She nodded, tears welling up in her eyes.

'Yes,' she sobbed. 'It was horrible . . . barbaric.'

'But now new,' rumbled Avon, rising to his feet. 'There was a race of people on earth, the Incas, who performed the same ritual only they sometimes sacrificed hundreds of people at a time.'

'That doesn't excuse the Invectas,' accused Tarrant. 'They are supposed to be one of the great races of the universe and yet they behave like savages!'

'It is not our place to criticise,' growled Avon, rounding on Tarrant. 'We commit acts of equal barbarity every time we press the fire button and send perhaps a dozen federation troops to oblivion.'

'It's not the same and you know it,' murmured Tarrant watching Soolin with concern. 'Do we really have to go to this meeting?'

'Yes,' affirmed Avon in a stern voice, 'and we will all behave with restraint.' His eyes swept the room. 'Agreed?'

'If you say so,' hissed Soolin, swinging off the bunk and making for the door, 'but you can count me out. I'm not setting foot on that planet again.'

'If I order you to, you will,' threatened Avon.

Soolin flashed a look of hatred at Avon then stormed off down the corridor.

'You're being too hard on her,' snapped Tarrant. 'First Vila . . . now this.'

'If she can't take it there's no place on Scorpio for her. Make sure she understands that!'

* * * * *

'Are you certain of this, Woltag? A mistake of this nature could ruin all the Grand Council are trying to do in uniting the forces opposed to the Federation.'

'There is absolutely no mistake, Excellency,' droned the voice from under the heavy hooded cloak. 'If you wish to make certain yourself, I shall show you the page.'

'That will not be necessary.' There was a note of distaste in the other's voice. 'But it puts us in a very difficult position.'

'Difficult or not, Excellency,' continued the toneless voice, 'the laws of our people must be obeyed. The law states that if the listed person is still alive within the environs of the main population centre when the page is turned, they must present themselves for the ceremony.'

'I'm well aware of the law, Woltag!' The leader of the Grand Council emphasised his point by slamming his mace down on the desk beside him.

'And,' continued the cloaked figure, 'I am certain you will do your duty and ensure the person is presented for the ceremony the day after tomorrow.'

'Get out of here,' yelled the leader. 'You will have your sacrifice, never fear.'

The council chamber fell into silence as the ornate door hissed shut behind the cloaked figure shuffling his way back to the Grand Temple. All eyes were on the leader, his massive form reclining in the chair of authority. He gave the impression of a coiled spring waiting to release its tension.

'Where is the Scorpio at the moment?' came the booming voice.



'It came under protection of our security fleet one hour ago, Excellency,' offered a man in an impressive uniform. 'The ship will be landing here in just after three minutes. I've set aside your personal landing strip for them. After all, it's the only one capable of taking a ship the size of Scorpio.'

There was a longer pause, the tension mounting. Suddenly, the massive figure sprang to his feet, his glittering robes filling the hall with refracted light. 'So be it!' The words carried an awesome significance. 'Our laws and our heritage will be maintained. When Avon sets foot on our soil, he is to be brought to me at once. I am not certain how I shall break the news to him but it is my solemn duty and one I shall not shirk. Now clear the hall, there is an important meeting about to take place!'

With a wave of the leaders' hand, the assembled company exited through the many doors leading off to the side of the chamber leaving the ornate table with seven vacant seats alone in the middle. The leader stepped slowly towards the head of the table, resting his mace on the crystal slab marking that place.

'Why?' he muttered under his breath. 'Why?' His voice was rising to a higher pitch. 'Why now of all times?'

In the blink of an eye the mace was raised then dashed down on the crystal slab, sending fragments flying in all directions.

'Just when it looked as though I could unite all enemies of the federation in one great crusade against their main base . . . this happens. How can I expect support from a man when I am about to order the death of one of his companions?'

Another heavy silence fell over the chamber as the leader sank to one of the chairs. His mind was sorely troubled because he knew it had to be done. After all, it was the law . . .

'We are all in agreement?' The impressive figure at the head of the conference table voiced more of a statement than a question. His steady eyes roamed the collection of faces seated before him. There were nods of agreement all round, with the exception of one man seated at the opposite end of the table . . . the man dressed in black.

'Only one point, your Excellency,' began Avon. 'You have not yet stated what policy the united rebel movement will follow once



"On the surface everything seems normal . . .

but they have their Golden Book . . ."

the Federation has been crushed. Is it your intention to set yourself up as ruler of the newly liberated planetary system?’

There came a deathly silence. This was the question at the back of everyone’s mind but no-one dared voice it. The alliance of rebel forces was still too new for such serious decisions.

‘On the contrary,’ boomed the imperious voice, ‘I do not seek absolute power. I want only to rule my own people without interference from those seeking to crush us.’

There came a rumble of approval from the other leaders seated at the table.

‘Then who do you propose to elect leader of the new order?’ continued Avon, ‘because a leader there must be.’

‘You are right as always, Avon,’ boomed the voice once more. Then it dropped a little in tone. ‘We all have our own people to rule, our own territorial interests, therefore no one is truly eligible to be supreme leader. That is to say no-one bar one person. That person is you, Avon. You have no territorial claims, no nation pressing you to represent their political views. I propose we elect you supreme leader of the new alliance. Does this meeting approve?’

For the first time since the session began, Avon was at a loss for words. He watched as all eyes moved to him, in turn, each leader raised his hand in agreement.

‘It is settled then,’ boomed the voice once more. ‘If our attack plans succeed and the Federation is overthrown, Ker Avon will rule this galaxy as he sees fit, supported by a grand council representing the interests of all those seated here today.’

The meeting was at an end. Each leader stood up, a copy of the attack plan against the federation in their hands. It was a good plan and, with the combined resources now available, one which should succeed . . . and if it did, Avon would rule the galaxy!

‘One final point, gentlemen,’ interrupted the regal figure, ‘I should like to invite you all to a banquet this evening to celebrate our new alliance. You may each select four of your retinue to accompany you and this celebration will mark the beginning of a new era in this star system.’



“Difficult or not, Excellency, the laws of our people must be obeyed!”

PART 2 NEXT ISSUE!



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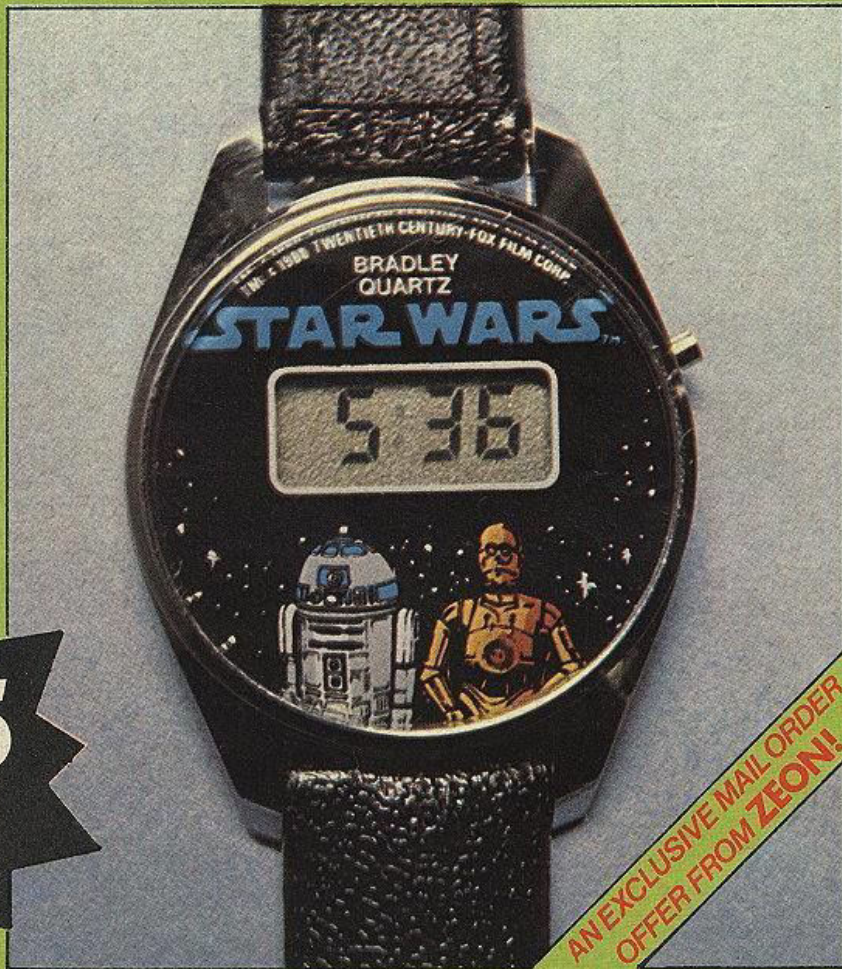
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