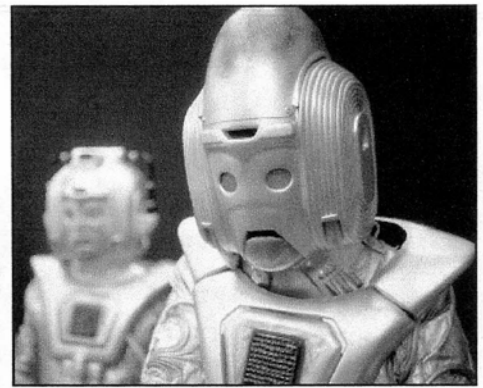


Tides of Time

Issue 28
October 2002
£3.25



The magazine of the Oxford University Doctor Who Society



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EDITORIAL

We are the DocSoc, and this is our magazine. But *what* are we? Well, we're a bunch of people who enjoy well-made TV from all eras, with a slant towards the retro and *Doctor Who*. Our magazine is a bit retro in look as well, though I hope many of you have taken the chance to have a colour covered version! On the other hand, maybe I should consider getting hold of one of those printing machines with the purple ink and the big drum you had to turn by hand, for maximum retro effect? What *were* they called?

Those of you who know the editor will probably now be expecting all this to lead into some savage denunciation of commercial products versus the supposed purity of home-made, non-profit-making stuff. But I make no apology for believing that *Who* should again be shown on the BBC and be free at the point of use. No matter how good the annual grand's worth of audio plays and books and spin-off videos, these can only be a stop-gap. Without a new TV series, the current boom of productions cannot last. However, I should point out that several of our members are well-known for writing for the mass market, and many more buy the books, and good luck to them all.

DocSoc is an abbreviation for *Doctor Who Society*, though we have hopes that D. Phil. students will join by mistake. In the past, we preferred *OU Who* – a deliberately meaningless name intended to show that we're broad-minded when it comes to material. But it was perhaps a bit too meaningless! Certainly, what we show is entirely up to YOU, though *Who* will always be our core, if for no other reason than that lots of people don't remember it on TV before McCoy, or even with him, and want to see the stuff.

There is a heavy *Doctor Who* slant to the stories and articles listed opposite. This reflects the interests of those altruistic souls who contributed articles; next time we may get 25 pages on *Star Cops* or *Ace of Wands* or something. When I joined DocSoc, I felt like a real wet-behind-the-ears youngster because I wasn't old enough to remember *Who* on TV before Tom Baker's last season, or *Blake* before season 4! Now, I feel antediluvian (I shall refrain from developing that word with reference to post-'89 *Who* books). I wonder if the new generation wants, never mind *wants to write*, articles and stories on 80's-or-earlier series, especially non-*Who*. The 90's were, with possibly one 84 minute exception, a British telefantasy desert. This must have had its effects.

I've been editing *Tides* since 1997. I've genuinely enjoyed working on this magazine. I've marvelled at the wonderful things people have written. I'm very grateful for the experience! But I've said all I have to say and I'm getting wildly anachronistic. This is an undergraduate magazine. It needs new blood. Keep reading, and keep **writing**: your copy will be received with aplomb by my successor. Thank you and goodnight. *Mat*.

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING #35604 (DOCTOR WHO): VERY IMPORTANT

A. Owing to continued public worries over the triple jab (that is, *The Three Doctors*), the Department of Health has recently issued the following guidelines concerning the recommended dietary level of Jon Pertwee. The upper limit has now been set at 12 Pertwee episodes per month (PEPM) for men / 6 PEPM for women. Tests on mice have shown that exceeding these limits will make the subject:

- (1) no longer able to take anything seriously.
- (2) enter a pseudo-catatonic state which only really obscene special effects will be able to penetrate.
- (3) believe the real world is strangely devoid of colour.
- (4) unable to stop saying "Monster!"
- (5) build up dangerous levels of sexism.
- (6) compulsively approach completely innocent monsters in pubs and attack them.
- (7) punch Martin Jarvis savagely in the groin.



B. Severe Pertwee addiction will lead to the patient developing a natural resistance to regular Pertwee, so much so that he or she will adulterate even a 150% Pertwee-by-volume story such as *The Claws of Axos* with some *Worzel Gummidge*, *Carry on Screaming* or the actor's little-known porn film appearances. If you see any of these poor unfortunates, do not approach them. Lock yourself in your house and phone (a) the police and (b) Martin Jarvis.

C. The upper limit for Pertwee intake for **women** is set rather lower than the male limit, at 6 PEPM. There is a significant body of gynaecological opinion that exceeding this level will result in more or less instant death.

D. The recommended dietary intake of Pertwee per month is thus 6-12 episodes, depending on sex. However, one should not attempt to drive or fly a car, hovercraft, gyrocopter, milk float, motorbike or Mars rocket until the effects have worn off. At least 1 hour is needed by the brain's phagocytes to eliminate the memory of each episode consumed. Even at this level, one side-effect is becoming unable to stand more than five minutes of any Davison story other than *Earthshock* or *The Five Doctors*. This is harmless (and, many would say, beneficial).

E. The usual cure for patients exhibiting compulsive Pertwee symptoms, such as those listed in section (A) above, is a savage beating with a rubber dinosaur. This is now available on the NHS.

F. The dangers resulting from bingeing on Pertwee are as nothing compared with the risks of abstinence. All of us require some Vitamin P in a balanced diet. The severe medical problems faced by those who abstain from Pertwee for moral reasons or whose monthly dietary intake drops below four episodes include:

- (1) pretentiousness (theoretically at life-threatening levels).
- (2) Terry Nation.
- (3) pessimism / believing all technology is evil (cf.2 above).
- (4) political correctness (projectile).
- (5) buying one's own copies of audio adventures.

G. Fortunately, the latest medical research indicates that one can maintain a healthy Pertwee intake without having to watch *The Sea Devils*. After many years of experimenting on Derek Newark in an underground laboratory, scientists have developed a pharmaceutical extract of the scene from *Inferno* in which the Doctor and Greg Sutton save the world and then get big hugs from their waiting and deeply impressed womenfolk. Further active ingredients are made from clips which cumulatively show women starting a story as assertive and distinguished scientists and ending up as creatures composed of nothing but legs. This wonder drug can either be taken in pill form or cut with crack and smoked.



H. Rumours that the same scientists have also produced a pill which contains all Pertwee in a single 'hit' are obviously untrue: such a substance would clearly be fatal to the human metabolism. In fact, the British Government is currently negotiating a treaty according to which all countries will reduce their Pertwee stocks multilaterally to episode 3 of *Planet of the Daleks*, which would be kept underground.

George Cormack

SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND

Read in... And read out. Read in... And read out. Other things and *The Prisoner*.

I saw a cartoon once in which a student was pulling a little tiny book out of a door in the spine of a giant, eight-foot high book. The title of this cartoon was *Secondary Literature*. Quality aside, I always thought that the books should be the other way round. The secondary literature is generally far larger than the primary text. Think of the Paul McGann *Doctor Who*: 84 minutes. Out of this, Byzantine tonnages of closely-printed sandpapery pages have been dragged, all interpreting the ideas of the original. How many *Blake's 7* based stories elevate minor characters (*Gan and Cally save the Universe*, &c.) or add greater depth to cultures or relationships portrayed in only the sketchiest of terms in the original, or, come to that, wildly misinterpret according to the fan writer's own agenda?



Sometimes interpretations are based on comments by authors expressed externally, such as in interviews. For instance, elsewhere in this magazine, I have a story featuring the *Doctor Who* BW era companion Ben Jackson. It relies for its dénouement on a piece of information from the mid-60's scriptwriter's guide, an aspect of the character never revealed in the televised stories. The story should (hopefully!) work for people who don't know everything there is to know; fanfic should be accessible to people who only have basic knowledge of the original; obscure continuity should be a bonus for the audience, not a prerequisite.

I'm getting ahead of myself. Writers' own comments are especially important when a work is unfinished or perceived as deficient somehow (as is often the case with both *Doctor Who* and *Blake's 7*). Authorial statements are prized, because they appear to offer a far more reliable guide to what a text, or TV show, or whatever, is about, than internal clues which we might well be misinterpreting in the light of our own psychology, political allegiances, areas of expertise, sexuality, knowledge (or lack of knowledge) of the period or of critical theory, or whatever. Nor is the authorial persona of a text, TV show or whatever necessarily identical to the author.

We also look for more solid ground if we particularly like a text, TV show or whatever, because naturally, unconsciously and inevitably we will want others to like it as well. Therefore, we will seek to justify our object objectively (!), whether by comparing or linking it with some other object, or by referring to the judgement of a mutually respected arbiter of taste (as long as it is

favourable), or to some supposedly scientific measure such as TV ratings or readership figures or longevity.

And if we do like something, we can close our eyes to its faults - as has been seen most clearly in recent times with *Babylon 5*, which had bad dialogue long before its final season. Some people never lost faith, but the vast majority who really liked it in seasons 1,2 and some of 3 will be able to tell you precisely when the scales fell from their eyes. And then there is the original *Star Wars* trilogy, in which, let's face it, there is some rough stuff. But every last second of the films makes us care about the characters, and every part of the technical work oozes with craftsmanship, care and effort. Therefore most people are prepared to ignore such faults as there are to the extent that they don't even notice them (I watched *A New Hope* dozens of times before I noticed the stormtrooper banging his head, and that was only because someone told me). But we may seek to use fiction or criticism as an apologia, giving something we like greater depth than it actually has in order to compensate for its faults, trying to make it look if the original creators really had those ideas but not the resources or time or technology to realise them, and thereby proving that our own interest in these originals is valid. This is pretty harmless, and if the new is better than the original, all well and good (*Buffy*!!).

"Target" *Doctor Who* books, for instance, with just a little imaginative input from the reader, were gateways into endless worlds. Even without an allowance for this some were better than their originals. Models may have more potential than could have ever been realised, potential which can be developed either while reading or in writing to promote their strengths, not shore up their weaknesses. Of course, writers can use fiction as well as non-fiction to *expose* the weaknesses of a model, or even to demonstrate that they could have done it better. All this is an enjoyable creative activity. The human capacity for reading one's own inclinations into a text has no doubt led to people perpetrating all kinds of atrocities in the name of religion or the law, but I doubt any mass slaughter has been caused by people fervently believing Patrick McGoohan's character in *The Prisoner* to be John Drake from *Danger Man*.



The fan fiction writer has to analyse before extending. He or she has first to know what is being

extended, in order to make the story recognisable to his or her readership. This information is what we call *continuity*. If you have zero continuity you have two



completely different stories. The original author or creative team establish the continuity but they do not have a monopoly over it. They may write (or whatever) for all kinds of reasons that they are not personally aware of;

creations can be greater than the sum of their parts; symbols do have different meanings for different people and anybody viewing or reading anything invests a part of his or her own self into it. All this is unavoidable. It does not mean that all interpretations are valid, but if they are supportable and not contradicted by anything within the text, TV show or whatever, then they are at least as valid interpretations as the authorial.

Take, for instance, Rover spheres from *The Prisoner*. Rover was originally to be a robot, but the prop was unreliable and it ended up being dumped into the Traeth Bach estuary. Upwards of a thousand balloons (take it from somebody who's owned one, they burst pretty easily) were employed instead – can, therefore, they be used as part of a theory about *The Prisoner*? A lot of actors appear more than once in the show as different characters, no doubt because they were under contract (or friends of McGoohan). So can anything be made out of their reappearances? *The Prisoner* came to an end prematurely, so how much can be read into *Fall Out*? As I said to someone in the Prisoner shop in the Village once: “Maybe the Mona Lisa only looks like it does because the Florence art shops were out of lime green paint that day.” Authorial choices are *never* entirely up to the author. Further, even when the author didn't intend something to have meaning, this doesn't mean it doesn't. Just because the author did intend something to have meaning, doesn't mean it does, or that it only has the meaning he or she wanted it to have. McGoohan, of course, has said almost nothing about *The Prisoner* since it was filmed, just as he has never returned to Portmeirion.

The image behind the gradually-forming pennyfarthing bicycle behind the closing credits of *The Prisoner* is a series of busts on columns stretching away into infinity. Why? What does it mean? Does it signify anything at all? No other show generates so many questions and so few answers. Here, then, are some commonly-held theories about what it means.

The Prisoner is an allegorical adventure about a man trying to escape from a TV programme or several TV programmes, like *The Truman Show*, which it inspired (to some degree). *The Prisoner* is a satire on 60's TV, or 60's culture, or 60's politics, or any combination of these. No! *The Prisoner* is an existentialist manifesto, designed to prove that the search for meaning is ultimately meaningless, and that knowing this is the only release. Rubbish – OK, so it may be saying that the only meaning is that there is no meaning and that the search for meaning is meaningless and futile (“answers are a prison”), or at any rate impossible for the isolated Everyman character, but confronted by this, the only response is despair and destruction. *The Prisoner* is an

exercise in wanton surrealism for its own sake. Or is it a deliberate insult to the British public or political establishment thanks to a core group of Irish Republican sympathisers subverting an initially fairly straightforward concept? No, it's a sick act of revenge against the viewing public and TV establishment made by a man who was sacked from the show that he loved (*Danger Man*). It's like a book described in *Harry Potter* which was bewitched by an evil wizard as a malicious prank, so once you started, you couldn't stop reading it, even though the words were absolutely meaningless.

Rot! It's hyper-realistic, an attempt to portray a perception-bending Sixties-style drug experience. Alternatively, it's an evil child fathered by the warped brains of a few mentally abnormal individuals: calling it surrealism for surrealism's sake would be charitable. No, you fool, *The Prisoner* is really and essentially an orthodox spy story co-written by an ex-S.O.E. operative and based on real retirement and/or education centres for agents, in which the methods of the spies are unorthodox (like *The Avengers*) but not that unbelievable in an era of rapidly-advancing technology. It's a fable about a man who's dead and/or trapped in limbo. It's about the fight between the Ego (Number One – or do I mean Six?), and the Id (Number Six – or do I mean One?). Or is it a fight over the Nietzschean super-ego (Number One) waged between materialism (Number Two) and philosophy (Number Six)? Is it a coming-of-age or self-discovery allegory? I don't care, it's just funny.

FUNNY!? *The Prisoner* is a rallying call to preserve our personal freedoms in the face of globalisation, ever more advanced surveillance technology, political corruption and media manipulation. Or maybe it portrays the Buddhist search for Nirvana and the end of the painful cycle of reincarnation; leaving the Village is just a metaphor for metempsychosis; whether the white pieces or the black pieces win the game, they can't escape from the board. Claptrap. It's about a man whose desire to preserve his individuality leads to total isolation. *The Prisoner* is throw-away television which has no meaning, was never intended to have any meaning and which was knocked up out of bits and pieces lying around Borehamwood studios by barely-interested people with better things to do. Oh, and *The Prisoner* has been a core “text” for several Media Studies courses at universities on the other side of the Atlantic.



What conclusions can we draw from this? *The Prisoner* might say, “What conclusions can we draw from anything?” In *It's Your Funeral*, the computer tries

to explain why the Prisoner climbs the bell tower every day – he’s certainly watching, waiting for something. Or perhaps he just likes the view. The core of that episode’s plot is people who deliberately give their actions false meanings in order to confuse the Observers, and (in, say, *Chimes of Big Ben* or *Hammer into Anvil*) the Prisoner often does this himself.

It’s a bit of a cop-out, but I would suggest that *The Prisoner* is about the nature of the *search* for meaning, involving the viewer in the quest. The characters who cease to question lose their individuality. Some want to know how to get out, and again we participate, even taking up the challenge ourselves (my method for destroying Rover Spheres is to wait for them to immobilise your stolen Village taxi and come close, then to blow the fuel tank using a copy of the *Tally Ho* as a fuse). For all his flaws, we share the Prisoner’s hostility to restrictive authority; we too do not believe that “questions are a burden” and “answers are a prison”.

But are there answers? In the episode *The General*, the Prisoner says that the question “Why?” is unanswerable. And it is, by a computer, but what about a person? My favourite answer to the question is “Why not?” This is a sort of optimistic existentialism – just because there isn’t an objective answer, that doesn’t mean that there isn’t a subjective one, or that the search for one cannot be (a) fulfilling or (b) pleasurable.

What about the ending? The Prisoner returns home. He gets into the car he built himself. He drives off, doing the same thing that he does at the beginning of the story (except that the original car had been sold to some American by that stage, and they had to use a different one). Is he, therefore, trapped in something? If

Note: as you’d expect, there are lots of Prisoner websites out there. Try <http://members.aol.com/joebrae/prisoner.htm> for starters (it’s where a lot of the images in this article came from). Or you could just look up Jenny Agutter pictures on Google instead.

so, what is he trapped in? A TV show? Life? The sinister plot of the people running the Village / the world? Can these three be separated? I would say that, according to the show, they can’t – not only because surveillance is omnipresent in the story, but also because the whole story is televised for our benefit. Before the story begins, the Prisoner is free, but once he is recorded he will live forever as an image trapped inside a recording system. Is the only way out to annoy the audience (= *Fall Out?*) so much that the recorded image is never seen (=reincarnation conquered?) and one enters a state of awareness and non-suffering? The Prisoner does perceive past the false images with which he is presented. This happens in every episode. But, like the layers of masks worn by Number One, what you find when you do this can still only be a reflection of your own nature and personality: absolute truth is elsewhere.

The Prisoner is about the nature of perception, like this article. Everything appears (!) to be pregnant with meaning and every second encourages the heuristic process and makes asking “Why?” a challenge worthy of its hero as well as the defining need of its villains. That there is no one correct answer does not invalidate the question. It does not render perception unimportant by giving an answer which would be to some extent false (as all closure, and all last episodes of things are to some extent false as well). And *The Prisoner* makes whatever it is that’s going on enjoyable, which is perhaps the most important thing. Lots of stuff in the show doesn’t have any significance *that I can see*. Did the writers have one tenth of any of the above in mind? Does this “theory” say anything about the rest of telefantasy? Well, your guess is as good as mine.

Matthew Peacock

DocSoc: The Missing Adventures (by *Tides of Time* Staff)

None of the following extant *Doctor Who* stories or episodes has been shown since Michaelmas 1997, taking into account the MT 2002 termcard and official Sunday and extra-curricular meetings. The earliest story in the list for each Doctor is printed in bold type. Mat has underlined the ones he can’t remember ever seeing at DocSoc (i.e. from MT ’93 onwards). If anybody does spot any inaccuracies, please let the new editor know.

Dr Who and the Daleks (Cushing)

The Keys of Marinus
 The Dalek Invasion of Earth
 The Romans
 The Web Planet
 The Time Meddler
 The Daleks' Masterplan 5,10
 The Ark
 The Celestial Toymaker 4
 The War Machines
 The Underwater Menace 3
 The Moonbase 2,4
 The Enemy of the World 3
 The Wheel in Space 3,6
 The Mind Robber
 The Seeds of Death
 The Space Pirates 2
 Terror of the Autons
 Day of the Daleks
 The Curse of Peladon
 The Sea Devils

The Mutants

The Three Doctors
 Carnival of Monsters
 Frontier in Space
 Planet of the Daleks
 The Green Death
 The Time Warrior
 Death to the Daleks
 The Monster of Peladon
 The Genesis of the Daleks
 Planet of Evil
 Pyramids of Mars
 The Android Invasion
 The Face of Evil
 Horror of Fang Rock
 Image of the Fendahl
 The Invasion of Time
 The Armageddon Factor
 The Creature from the Pit
 Nightmare of Eden
 State of Decay

Warrior's Gate

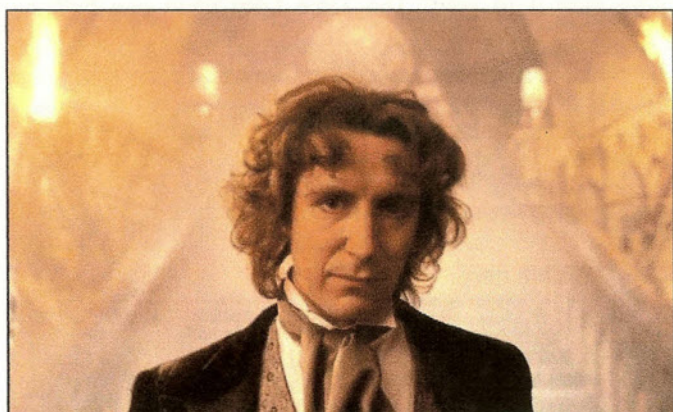
The Keeper of Traken
 K-9 and Company
 Four to Doomsday
 The Visitation
 Time Flight
 Arc of Infinity
 Mawdryn Undead
 Terminus
 Enlightenment
 Warriors of the Deep
 Frontios
 The Twin Dilemma
 The Mark of the Rani
 The Two Doctors
 Timelash
 Terror of the Vervoids
 The Ultimate Foe
 Time and the Rani
 The Happiness Patrol
 Battlefield



We’re sure everybody reading this list will find plenty of stories which they feel shouldn’t be there. We agree!

RELIQUARY MAN

(with apologies to Andre Jardin and Philip Segal)



It was with a certain sense of melancholy that the Doctor bid his twenty-second century friends farewell. Not that he would have been prepared to relive those truly horrific few days of, well, illness (his mind stepped carefully around the words 'attempted mutation into a Kaled hybrid') - but there were precious few people on this world or any other who would have been prepared to save his life twice... No, it wasn't that, particularly. Why would he be so keen to leave these people?

Two things: one, he needed a holiday. Or convalescence of some sort, anyway. He wasn't in particularly bad physical health, but he did worry about what precisely might have been left behind in his mind. (*Not to mention: he hadn't been himself lately*). He grimaced slightly as he caught his reflection in a battered gilt-edged mirror inside the Ship: it'd be a while before his hair could return to its usual wildness, and for the moment he looked more like a closely-shorn soldier dressed up as a Victorian gentleman. (Or somebody else familiar... his memory slid over the image). He scooped up a slightly misshapen fedora, and donned it. It wasn't much of an improvement.

Secondly, leaving matters sartorial, he needed to pay just a little more attention to the bigger picture. Charley was out there, perhaps needing his help, perhaps managing to settle down and lead a life of her own; but he couldn't afford to let the Web of Time be distorted any further than it already had been. He had to find her, wherever he'd left her in that moment of mindless madness, track her down and return her to her own time, to that disaster of 1930. (He already felt part of him quailing at the thought: but the job had to be done). And then what would he do?

What indeed?

Chandra cat-stepped round the mausoleum-like space. No way could this homage to Gothic gloom have fitted into a box measuring two cubic metres: but never mind. There was too much that was interesting to worry about that. Her godfather kept his library well stocked, no doubt about that. Needed a little organising, though, at least. Perhaps its owner was a bit scatty at times. Scrolls, papyri, heavy hardback tomes, trashy

paperbacks, dynabooks... this place out-weirded that Bodleian place Random had shown her round once, by a hell of a lot.

A door thundered shut in the distance.

Damn. She swore mentally. Would she have time to sneak out? She edged back into one of the nearest shadowed corners, and froze as the Doctor strode past her, looking distracted and *truly* ridiculous in that hat. He didn't seem to notice her. Some unhealthy engine-trumpeting sound made itself heard a few moments later. She wondered for a moment what it could mean. Was she stranded?

Co-ordinates guessed and plugged in to the TARDIS' navigation systems. Right. Time enough to read a good book, the Doctor thought to himself, and strolled down one shelf-lined corridor.

There was a heap of rather old books lying on the floor, looking a little scuffed and scratched. The Doctor sighed angrily. If cats had a doghouse, Ulysses was definitely in it. "Ulysses?" he called out. "It's no use trying to hide, I know this place better than you..." Some movement above caught his eye: he looked up at a newly-formed niche in a bookshelf above him. "You're in for a lot of - *oof!*"

A thump, and he'd hit the floor, senseless.

Chandra sprinted like a mad thing along the stone-flagged corridor, still holding the staser with which she'd stunned him. There was a console-thing dead ahead: maybe she could stop this thing and get off. Unless she got lost on the way. (Gods, no.) No - there it was, thank the gods...

Almost before she'd broken cover, something hit her ankle hard from behind, shattering on the armorform's heel: she hit the deck, rolled over, cursed, and swung round to get a bead with her two pistols on her assailant.

The Doctor, even with a laser-sight pointing at each heart, just stared back at her with faint disdain. "Just what d'you think you're doing on my ship, Chandra?"

She lowered the guns with a sigh. "Investigating."

Well, the punishment fitted the crime, all right. Now she was still investigating, but on his terms. He'd said something about a 'causal anomaly' (that sounded a little too like some of what Uncle Geronimo mumbled on about), and put them down... wherever this was. Some Victorian town somewhere in France, tucked in a little valley that wouldn't have seemed out of place in Wales. Pretty as a postcard but, boy, it was boring: like something out of a silent 2D movie, or something. At least she wasn't wearing a frock: in fact, these togs were pretty slick. "Look out for anything odd," the Doctor had said. "Anything that doesn't seem to belong to this time." *Everything* here was odd for a denizen of 2144, for gods' sakes. Including her.

She'd almost run down a skinny little dark-haired guy before she realised it: the guy just muttered something and mooched on at high speed. Except that he'd dropped some big black leather portfolio-thing. She turned tail and caught him up. "Sir? You dropped this."

He grabbed it hastily, almost feverishly, muttering his thanks. "I must go, I have an appointment to keep." He fumbled for a pocket-watch in his waistcoat, nearly dropping the portfolio in the process.

She stepped forward. "Shall I carry that for you? It'd be no trouble, only you looked a little overburdened there..." (One good deed for the day: and why the hell not? Maybe he could tell her about anything strange).

He peered with large dark eyes down a beaky nose. "Ohh, very well, if you must. You are -?"

(Deep cover, she told herself.) "Cornelius Pollard, at your service."

"Alexis Clerel. Delighted." He didn't look it.

"...then he just grabbed that case back off me and stomped in," she said later, peering into a glass of country wine. "Nothing unusual about that."

"What did you say his name was again?" The Doctor seemed to be racking his brains for something.

"Alexis Clerel, I think. Nobody famous, I presume?"

"Wait. If that's who I think it is..." The Doctor's face lit up. "Of course. Alexis de Tocqueville. I met his father, once..."

"Tocqueville? Smegging hell. I read his book, *Democracy*. Random lent it me, just for a bit of interest. He does go on a bit, but he's good. So that was *him*."

"I'm pretty sure I've got his complete works knocking about somewhere, myself. Consider yourself privileged: even I haven't met him yet."

"Privileged, my backside," Chandra scowled. "He was *bloody* rude."

"He wasn't famous for making friends easily," the Doctor conceded. "Still, I've been meaning to have a chat with him ever since some of my early years on Earth... give him an insider's view on the French Revolution, that sort of thing. Tocqueville senior and I once traded some rare stories from the Reign of Terror, you know. But I never did get round to it."

"No time like the present," Chandra suggested.

"Or the past." The Doctor grinned, raising his glass. "Cheers."

Chandra was about to reply when a bright white flash made her flinch violently. Blinking, she barely saw a grubby little oik hold out a small square of white card in her direction, over the Doctor's shoulder.

"A bob for the magic portrait, guv'nor," squeaked the lad. Eleven, was he, or twelve? "Look, it's painting you."

She handed over some coin or other (metal money: another oddity) and took the card from him. Sure enough, it was her face in that clearing image: a 2D photograph, of rather mediocre quality.

The Doctor leaned round, looking stern. "Where did you get that machine?"

The urchin took the defensive. "Here and there, sir."

"Who gave it to you?" The Time Lord fixed him with a stare.

The urchin looked at him oddly. "Some mad church guy, pretty old-looking. Called himself Montquerin. How d'you know?"

"Never mind. Run along with you." To Chandra he said simply, "That makes six."

"Six what?"

"Six impossible things I've seen so far: plastic objects before even Bakelite's been invented, mass-produced items a good half-century and more before their time. Polaroids aren't invented until late in the twentieth century..." He pointed to Chandra's photograph - "so how does one just happen to turn up in an obscure French town in 1853?"

"Something to do with this 'Montquerin' bloke?"

"A lot to do with him, I'll bet. With six anachronisms before tea-time, there's one very likely culprit..." The Doctor frowned, and scratched his head absently. "The problem is, he has the perfect alibi. The last thing I heard of him was that he was in prison, somewhere in the far future."

"What if he'd escaped?"

"It's not impossible, especially with things being the way they are. But even if he had, I, well... appropriated a part of his own TARDIS. He shouldn't have been able to travel to this period."

"If an expert says it's impossible, he's probably wrong, as the man says," Chandra said. "So there's a dangerous ex-convict on the loose, right? I've dealt with those sorts of people before. We track him down, stake him out, nice and quietly does it, wait for him to make a false move, and we're sorted."

The Doctor contemplated his wine-glass. "If we're lucky."

"Luck's got nothing to do with it, godfather. This comes straight out of the Cavalry's textbook."

Later, Chandra peered once more at her Polaroid image before pocketing the photo. One for her to show to Random: her friend would probably find it hard to believe, though.

She was about to tell the Doctor about this, only to look up and find he'd disappeared. Damn. Where had he got to? Where, for that matter, was she meant to go: back to the Ship, or what? She stopped at a street corner, trying to think.

Gunfire suddenly rattled, off to her left. Her hand went, unthinkingly, to one of the stasers holstered under her coat.

Automatic gunfire. Hang about...

Anachronism number seven.

The Doctor.

Jesus H. Christ. If he was caught up in that...

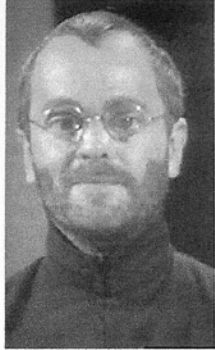
This was going horribly wrong, horribly quickly. She turned ninety degrees left and ran like a nutter before she could let her mind run on any further.

End of Part One

THAT'S WHAT I WANT!

Merchandise based on successful television programmes seems to be sold everywhere, but how much of it is actually useful? In an attempt to find the answer, *Tides Of Time* boldly goes where no one with less money than sense has gone before and flicks through the pages of the latest *Telefantasy Innovations Catalogue* to find the latest must-have items (all credit to Daniel Saunders for the original idea and many of the contributions, and thank you to all the other people who nominated products).

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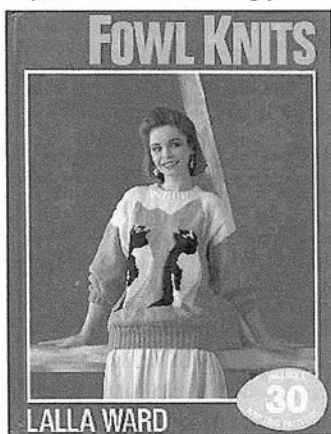
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Cloak and Dagger

```
++query (object unknown)
-scan unknown object
++scanning...
++please wait
++data output (object unknown Log#3421) [artefact mean
height: 10 spans artefact mean width: 4 spans artefact
colouration grey/blue/black artefact constituents anomalous
artefact textual scan//
-halt
++input ready
-map on datastream reference anomalous constituents
++artefact constituents anomalous visual data input/atomic
level scan:
    Visual Scan Input (Primary Constituents)
    Carbon/Steel/Silica
    Atomic Scan Input (Primary Constituents)
    None
++datastream ends
```

“None?”

```
-scan for high-energy field output
++artefact non-standard: scan data unreliable
-proceed with primary function
```

“I believe that we shall have to look into this personally.”

* * *

“What do you think it is, Doc?”

“I’ve told you before about that, young man. And I’ve already told you, I haven’t the foggiest idea.” The old man glared down at the machine. It was a simple low rectangle shape, devoid of any protuberances or features of any kind, a matt grey box six inches high by one and a half feet by one foot, resting flat upon, or rather about half an inch above the damp soil.

Steven prodded it with the Doctor’s stick, and the box twitched slightly. The old man snatched the stick back irritably, glaring at his companion. “Imbecile!”

“What? I’m just trying to find out what it is. The Chumblies were harmless enough.”

The Doctor snorted in disgust, turning to lock the doors of the Ship, all the while keeping himself between the mechanism and the entrance to his craft. “Indeed, and just suppose you try thinking of alternative possibilities for a change, hmm?” He bent down closer to the box, muttering to himself. It wasn’t anything he recognised, which under the circumstances was definitely a good thing, but it had undoubtedly shown a rather closer interest in his Ship than he felt comfortable with under the circumstances. They’d recently run into two rather different breeds of old acquaintance, neither welcome, and it was an unpleasant reminder for the old man that he, and his rather unique vessel were getting quite well known in this particular galaxy, and that the majority of those familiar with him were liable to welcome a return visit with open arms - bearing all manner of weaponry.

Abruptly, the box began to glide away. Steven shot him a questioning look.

“No, no, my boy. It’s far too... er, very unlikely that that device is self-controlled. Whoever dispatched it is almost certainly already aware of our presence on this planet.”

“Well, if it comes to that, where do you suppose we are? It certainly doesn’t look like any planet I’ve heard of.”

“Humph, small wonder there.” The Doctor straightened awkwardly, putting a hand to the small of his back. The planet - or at least the valley they had landed in - was quite unusual in appearance. The ground, most of which seemed to consist of a rather damp, slightly sticky soil seemed fertile enough, but the vegetation was uncharacteristically sparse. Possibly the ground had been artificially fertilised to await the arrival of farming crops, but that seemed unlikely. There were occasional clusters of plant life, not merely bushes but collections of bushes, but they seemed to show no inclination whatsoever to spread evenly across the surface. The soil seemed the same everywhere, there were no large trees to take the moisture from the soil, but for some reason the plant life grew well, almost lushly on a few, widely spaced islands of green, eschewing the remainder of the ground entirely. He stroked one hand down his cheek thoughtfully, gripping a lapel with the other. There was something... some elusive thought.

“Doctor!” A low purring sound, electronic. He turned as Steven’s grip on his arm tightened. The thing approaching them was familiar... but in all the wrong ways. He cursed his erratic memory and glanced at his companion’s face. Conflicting emotions passed across it. Fear, rage, bitter thirst for vengeance. The Doctor snapped his head back at the creature. *Daleks!* Except it wasn’t. No, not in the least. He frowned. Ludicrous. How, precisely, could he have mistaken such a creature for a Dalek... especially after he had just beaten the Meddling Monk, saved his grand-daughter Susan who was even now walking towards them.

Steven took an uncertain step towards the giant panda. They’d been extinct for centuries, the last captive pair killed during the invasion back in ’64, so how... this must be a colony world, and the smuggler walking towards him now had somehow got one of them out. One of what? He scowled fiercely. What on Earth was happening? Giant pandas?

“Where the hell did I get that from?” The Doctor held out a hand to him.

The Doctor watched Steven reach out a hand towards the figure. He’d always known they’d find him sooner or later. Foolish to suppose otherwise. Except that... his eyes flicked down to the reconnaissance robot they’d found probing the outside of the Ship, the robot that had now passed behind its master and was hidden from view. He gripped his stick more tightly. The robot that he could see through the ghostly image of the... the image that became more solid even as he thought of it. No, concentrate on the robot, not on what you have to look through to see it. Or at least see it for what it is. He brought his eyes slowly up the form, studying the terrain behind it. Somewhere there had to be a real shape, there had to be something there. Steven was shaking hands with the figure now, and the Doctor thought he saw something of a giant paw in the image’s hand where it touched Steven. He felt a surge of anger.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" He took a step toward the image in turn. This was intolerable. Rage flared through him, and the figure smiled.

"This demonstrates amusement- joy, is that correct?" The Doctor moved closer, raising his stick threateningly.

"Desist from this charade at once. Either show your real self or go away and stop bothering us. Immediately, sir!"

"We find it curious that a being as old as yourself has not yet learned to control mere hormonal imbalances of emotion."

"What do you know of me?" the old man seized Steven by the hand and pulled him back. Steven blinked. The creature seemed to make itself irrelevant to him. There was something... a spark of fear in the Doctor's eyes.

"So you fear knowledge that you are old, is that correct? Or is it merely that you fear knowledge of any kind concerning yourself?"

The Doctor's knuckles were white on his stick. Steven put out a hand. He'd been warned that the old man could sometimes become angry to the point of psychosis, but had never seen it in the old buffer till now. "Easy, Doctor. What do you want with us?" It was almost impossible to look at the figure. Try, and you found it was just standing to the left or right of where you happened to be looking, and your eyes fixed upon some phantom of your own imagining.

"You fear being used by others, being exploited or made to suffer for their own fell intents, is that not correct? Such a great number of things it is that you do fear."

"Does our fear interest you so much?" Steven deliberately looked away from the figure. If it wasn't going to show its real self he certainly wasn't going to allow it the satisfaction of seeing him fight for a glimpse of it.

"Your emotions interest us greatly. We have them, of course, but we don't tend to pay much attention to them any more."

"And that, I imagine, is your first mistake?"

The Doctor seemed to have mastered his feelings again. He eyed the nebulous shape critically. "Logic and reason, hmm? And what, pray tell, does your logic and reason tell you to do with us - even assuming that you have the ability to do anything?" He whirled then, the key of the Ship driving home towards the lock, and then twisting away, a strong metal rod pressing down on his arm. The old man stared at the arm, at the rubber disc on the end of it, his eyes slowly moving along it until the shining metal appendage disappeared into a cloak of feathers.

"Oh, we have the ability."

"Why do anything? What do you want us for? We're just peaceful travellers!" Steven stepped back towards the Doctor. "Let him go!"

"We want to suck out your brains." The voice began to laugh.

* * *

"I'm really getting tired of this."

"Oh, and what would that be, my boy?"

"Being tossed into uncomfortable cells and left to await death by some maniac who spends far too much time composing their death threats."

"Hmph, well, young man, to be perfectly honest with you, I don't think that was too elaborate a threat."

"Suck out our brains?" Steven grimaced. "Well, I'll grant you it's short and to the point, but it's also overwritten, overused, and unnecessary. I mean, why do it?"

The Doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, then grinned. "They're obviously short on teeth."

"I don't find that particularly funny!"

"Neither do I, young man." The old man looked at him severely. Their captors had left them along for the moment, after a rather long and uncomfortable journey. The cell was round, white-walled, without windows, and with a single wooden door at the top of a flight of steps. On the other side of that door was... Steven cradled his forehead in his hand, his face creased with pain.

"Steven! What is the matter, hmm?" The Doctor crossed the floor hurriedly, lifting Steven's head and looking concernedly into his eyes. They seemed wrong somehow, not unusually dilated or contracted, but just... wrong, in some way he could not fathom.

"I don't know Doctor... it's just..." He held out a hand in front of his face, stretching the tendons. "My memory."

"What about your memory, young man?"

"I don't know... yes I do." Steven looked up at the Doctor. "The journey here... from the TARDIS, across the... well across... oh... the journey..." he scowled. There wasn't any way to ask without looking a fool. "Do you remember it?"

"The journey?" The Doctor sounded incredulous. "Of course I do, Steven, of course I remember. We... er... that is to say we..." His face darkened. "These people, whoever they are, would appear to have tampered with our memories in more ways than one." Steven looked relieved.

"I thought it was just me."

"Nonsense young man, there's nothing wrong with your mind at all. Now come along, get a hold of yourself!"

"The young man's brain is in good order, you are correct, Doctor."

"Oh, I'm glad you heard that." The Time Lord swung round angrily. "All the better to suck out, I suppose, hmm?"

"Quite so."

The robed figure descended the stairs, a straw in one hand, a small hand-drill in the other.

"You seriously think I'm going to stand by and let you do that to him?" Steven looked up. Now it was the Doctor. Wrong. Wrong. He was too... too everything. Too young.

"You can't stop me." The figure walked across the floor towards Steven, a smile playing across his face. It was one face now, not the shifting mass of before. A bland face, a cold face, but one face. Steven tried to move, tried to run, but there was something... straps holding him down, securing him to the floor.

The Doctor stepped in front of him, pulling a gleaming metal dagger from beneath his cloak.

"I can stop you and I will." The figure looked at the dagger, wickedly sharp, light glinting on its blade, and laughed.

"That cannot harm me."

"Oh no?" enquired the Doctor. The young man with the pleasant, open face gestured back at Steven. "He believes it can."

"It's not about belief!"

The figure was angry now, its features changing as rage swept across them. Emotions.

"I thought you had got beyond being influenced beyond such primitive hormonal drives?" The Doctor was taunting him now, the dagger held low, his eyes bleak. "Fear of death?"

"You are mistaken."

"Oh no I'm not. The moment we landed here that box of yours started playing tricks with us, with me. It threw up a memory, blundering around my TARDIS like that, and threw up someone I associated with that memory." The man with the stick of celery in his lapel grinned now, glancing back at Steven. "You fed us images, emotional states, tried to establish some sort of rapport with us. Now why, that's what I asked myself. To confuse us, deceive us... or to taste the meal, hmm?" They were standing face to face now, the Doctor looking into an eyeless mask. "Or perhaps to season it. You feed on minds, don't you? You can build machines easily enough, but minds are another matter. So, you need to make the minds you feed upon as little like machine minds as you possibly can, need to induce emotions, vulnerability." The Doctor sneered, one finger rubbing his cat badge. "Well, young man, the best way to catch a mouse is to put some cheese down." He raised the knife, and Steven saw the figure in black actually flinch.

"Stop that!" The Doctor half turned his head, speaking over his shoulder, his Scottish lilt appearing and fading in the course of one word. "You're not Steven, any more than this creature here. Wake up!"

Fitz started, and then felt pain. He screamed. Something was tearing up through his brain, ripping through synapses, burning neurons... and then gone. The Doctor was speaking, his voice harsh.

"People have a very distinct set of neuroses, and I have a very good memory for minds, Gods of Ragnarok. You're only perceiving the world through our perceptions of it. All I needed to do was make myself see Steven, and make him see himself as Steven, and you very carefully fashioned your psychic attack, beautifully well crafted to cut straight through the defences of astronaut Steven Taylor... but really rather pointless as an attempt at controlling the mind of Fitz Kreiner. Now, you've spent quite enough time in my brain on and off over the years - I'm sure you can see yourself out."

"Ah, but ya see, it ain't that easy, Doc." The figure spat out a carrot.

"Oh please!" The Doctor grimaced. "Be a trifle more imaginative." He swept a finger to his lips in an exaggerated gesture of consternation. "Oh, I do beg your pardon, I quite forgot - that's your particular disability, isn't it?"

"We shall feed upon the imaginations of others. Interfering with our perception threshold will only delay the inevitable, Time Lord. There is nothing that can stop us. We shall feed upon you, shall..."

"...suck out our brains? Yes, thank you, we'll let you know." Fitz got to his feet.

"What's happening here, Doctor?" The Doctor sighed.

"Melodrama to the left and questions to the right. It's quite like old times, isn't it? Only with one major difference- back then I didn't have a neat little padded cell already built in order to put you in." He gestured about himself. "This will do nicely to keep you tucked away until I've got time to deal with you properly."

"Fool! This is your prison, in the very depths of your mind, and you will never emerge again! Never! Neither you, nor your companion! Now that his defences are broken I shall..." The

Doctor smiled again, and turned to Fitz. "I'm sorry about this, but wake up again. Wake up!"

The Doctor started, and then felt pain. He screamed. Something was tearing up through his brain, ripping through synapses, burning neurons... and then gone. The Doctor was speaking, his voice cold and determined. The Doctor looked at him. "Er... I know you're probably terribly busy right now, but..."

"You're right, I am terribly busy," the original Doctor snapped. "I'll explain later." He turned to the Gods of Ragnarok, holding out the surveillance robot. "Not really your sort of thing, is it?" He smiled. "Or perhaps you're not who you think you are either?" Fear. He felt it then, a sharp tongue of fear, but this time not inspired by the Gods, but emanating from them. They had studied his fears, and they had learned the lessons well. He toyed with the knife. "Well now, here we are. Locked deeply in my subconscious mind. We've landed on a planet, met aliens, been captured by them, and we're all locked up in a dungeon. All that remains is the last part- escape. Except," his voice dropped low, and caught with suppressed excitement, "what happens if the Doctor or Doctors doesn't make it out, can't save the day? What happens then? The others stay locked in the cell forever?" The two Doctors beamed at each other. "Of course, that would never happen while I had companions to protect, but if, by some strange miscalculation on my foe's part there was no one apart from the Doctor, you never know what desperate measures I might stoop to, hmm? I'm afraid I do tend to feel overly responsible. Without me, no one could ever escape. Of course, it's not like that really." He paused. "But it is in here." Terror now. The Doctor admired the knife thoughtfully, and the other Doctor stepped forward and walked smoothly into his own back.

"Yes, it's all right, you are the Gods of Ragnarok - but you forgot your own plan!" the combined Doctor laughed. "You attacked me in the vortex, through up all manner of psychic illusory worlds to make me give entertaining responses... and suspended your disbelief a little too thoroughly in the process." He pointed at the robot. "My robot, not yours!" The figure turned then, running for the stairs, grabbing at the key, breaking it off in the lock. "Oh, I wouldn't worry," the Doctor remarked. "The Doctor would be able to open it for you in a flash with his sonic screwdriver." He turned the knife over and stabbed himself in the primary heart, twisting the knife quickly across to cut the spinal cord and imbed in the secondary heart.

* * *

"Ow!"

"Doctor? What on Earth are you doing?" Compassion's voice boomed down from the rafters. First he put himself in a trance for hours for no readily discernible reason, and now this. She was rapidly losing patience with the Doctor for only the second time in as many days.

"Oh, sorry, I just prodded myself with this biro." He had drawn a line horizontally across his shirt as well, she noted. Beside the erratic Time Lord, Fitz shrugged.

"Any particular reason, or just a sadomasochistic urge we should have been warned about before joining up?" The Doctor smiled, tapping the side of his head.

"Oh, just daydreaming."

William J. Ramsden

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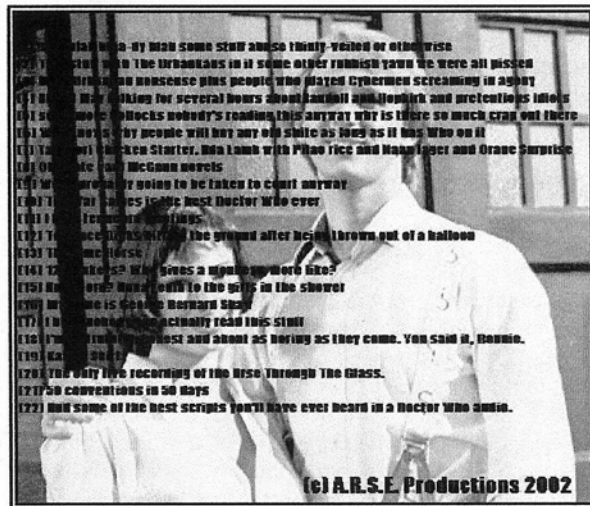
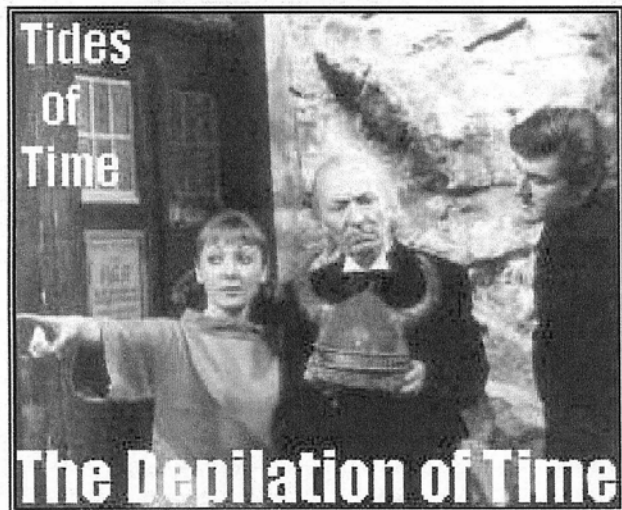
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For each CD or DVD sold we will donate an extra year to the BBC in which they don't have to make any Doctor Who themselves.

I can't make your dream come true forever...

Doctor Who: The Movie seems to attract a lot of debate these days, and that's putting it mildly. According to a recent poll, readers of *Doctor Who Magazine* seem to have acquiesced with the canonicity of its Doctor sufficiently to clamour for his reappearance in any future silver- or small-screen *Doctor Who* productions. And yet luminaries of *Doctor Who*'s old guard – Victor Pemberton, Terrance Dicks, Tom Baker – have, in the same magazine, denounced it. More than 9 million Britons, a significant proportion of the *Eastenders*-viewing public, were sat in front of their cathode-ray tubes to see 'that bloke from *Withnail and I*' on a motorbike, on that Bank Holiday Monday a little over six years ago, and yet the movie ad vanished like an embarrassment into the corner of BBC Worldwide's budget reports marked 'flop' before the New Year 1997 edition of *Radio Times* had been turned into bog rolls. So who, or what, are we to believe on the subject of the TV Movie? Well, how about someone who was in short handmade Laura Ashley shorts when *Survival* hit the screens, and who was only converted to *Who* thanks to those 84-and-a-half minutes of madness on 27th May 1996? Let's begin...

The Story

It isn't one of the best, on that count I agree with the critics. But it's no worse than some of the most mediocre things that were dreamed up under the late John Nathan-Turner's era. Watching *Black Orchid* was interesting, but it left me feeling at the end a little bit, "Well, so?" The Movie has the incarnation of pure evil and a global apocalypse to contend with. Now *that's* got 'wow factor': besides which, anyone who's read the behind the scenes book *Regeneration* will know that Segal's previous attempts at *Doctor Who* for the 90's were either as dull as ditchwater, or highly implausible. Americanised? Well, of course it is, it was meant to wean viewers of *Roseanne* for a night, rather than preach to a number of already converted Britons. But if you look for it, there's enough tongue-in-cheek humour of a distinctly British kind to raise a laugh, especially on the cut scene the BBC has included on the new DVD (plug plug), and the Americans, given half a chance, adore that sort of thing. Don't take it so seriously! This is what family entertainment for the year 1996 actually looks like, you know... Parenthetically speaking, I know that the Movie was shown rather too soon after *Dunblane* for the BBC, but if you're going to have shooting, the Movie doesn't glorify gun culture, just gives a sharp reminder of its consequences... why and oh why did they cut that sequence?

The Actors

First off, Paul McGann *is* the Doctor. The Movie was quite explicit about the transition between the Seventh and Eighth Doctors and the Movie was sanctioned by the BBC. So, it's canonical. Secondly, although a post-regenerative story is never the best example of a day or two in the life of the nation's favourite Time Lord, there were some promising signs about the new Doctor's character development. Unpredictable without being totally psychotic; full of intelligence which is both humanistic and alien; possessed of a sense of danger without being overly dark: a recipe for the perfect Doctor, surely? McGann plays the role as to the manner born. And thirdly, what the hell's wrong with having a bloody attractive film star playing the Doctor? It's worked since (think of *The Curse of the Fatal Death*).

Oh yes. Grace. I thought it took guts on the part of Jacobs and Segal to have arguably the first 'professional' companion since the days of Liz Shaw. A thirty-five year old career woman is hardly totty, blonde or no, and considering that the most traumatic thing to happen on the morning of December 31st 1999 is that her boyfriend moves out and some good-looking weirdo stalker who claims to be an alien sort of moves in, her reactions to the even weirder events later that day are fairly realistic.

Eric Roberts' Master isn't quite Delgado, but portrays the Gallifreyan-in-an-American's-body rather well, and even if he's not your cup of tea, well, he doesn't descend to Ainley's silliness in, say, *Logopolis*, does he? I think, of the Masters I've seen, that he's pretty cool.

The Production Values

Let's face the truth, guys. The old TV *Doctor Who* had some extremely well-written stories as well as some real clunkers. But the BBC simply does not like science-fiction. Some individual series have managed to worm their way out into the drama budget, and they've been almost uniformly awful (*The Last Train*, *Crime Traveller*, *Invasion: Earth*, *Strange* etc.). The problem is that the BBC simply hasn't got the money. This is why after half the dramas or documentaries you now see on television there's evidence of the Beeb's having gone cap in hand to the Yanks. WGBH, A&E, the Discovery Channel, you name it, they'll be sponsoring it. The Americans, on the other hand, have seen that SF and fantasy is a money-spinner, ergo the proliferation of *Buffy*, *Angel*, *Andromeda*, *Stargate* (which, incidentally, has the same production designer as on the *Doctor Who* Movie, Richard Hudolin) and all the clones thereof. In that light, the TV Movie was remarkably true to the spirit of *Who*, what with the TARDIS being *even* bigger on the inside, but with no wobbly sets. If you're going to stop *Who* from becoming the subject of ridicule and of stupid Knock, Knock jokes, the lavishness of the TV Movie is the way to go about it. And do remember, (no) thanks to the wranglings between the BBC and Fox, although Segal and co. had lots of money to play with, they had very little time in which to produce a finished product, so go easy on them, eh?

The Music

Whenever one looks at film reviews, there's often very little mention of the quality of the soundtrack, unless it's by a known name, say John Williams (whose backing music to *Attack of the Clones* or any other *Star Wars* episode must rate as thoroughly overblown and overrated). And yet it can make all the difference. The score, as written by John Debney and friends does err in the John Williams direction, but with far less schmaltz and a little more British absurdity at times. It's pacy, it's heroic, it pastes over some of the plot holes almost as effectively as the snappy direction and visual editing and I, frankly, like it a lot. The use of Puccini's *One Fine Day* as a unifying musical theme isn't the first time opera has featured in *Who* (Debney does it with greater discretion than some) and if nothing else it shows that McGann is far better than Pertwee at carrying a tune!

To conclude: don't watch the TV Movie as a *Who* fan. It's not old *Who*, it's something new. Just be entertained.

Saraquazel

...but I can make it come true tonight.

Doctor Who: The Movie had good production values and performances. It was popular in Britain but wasn't allowed to capitalise on its popularity. On this much, most people seem to agree. When the DocSoc showed it live (clever old BBC, putting it on a Monday), 65 people turned up at our old room in Mansfield College, though admittedly not one of these casual attendees came back the following week. Buy Mat a drink and he'll tell you how he happened to mention to Terrance Dicks, across the table at Paul and Caroline Cornell's wedding reception, how he knew someone who had got into *Who* through the TV Movie (guess who that was!). Terrance was amazed. Buy Mat a lot of drinks and he'll try to convince you that the mid-90's BBC saw sales of *Who* product drying up. It turned out that 84 new minutes were enough to reinvigorate the merchandise market so the BBC didn't feel the commercial need to make any more. The moral of this story is of course that you should never buy Mat drinks.

One can, though, certainly be forgiven for seeing the Movie as a sop to a then-vocal pressure group and producer, churned out by the highly efficient American TVM machine like a prototype GM buffalo and then dumped because it wasn't meaty enough for the US burger industry: a low-risk, low-cost, low-interest investment by the BBC. But what exactly was wrong with it? Did it fail because the Americans alone didn't like it? If so, why didn't they?

Should it have taken less than three or four sections (between US ad-breaks) before McGann appeared – and almost the same number again before his character knows who he is? Do the cuts *improve* the Movie by getting McGann on the screen sooner? Should it have been a regeneration story at all? The idea of coming back to life is integral to the plot and highly appropriate, of course, to a TV revival. This means that having Sylvester as the Doctor at the beginning of the film makes sense. But McGann is a far better actor than McCoy and deserves the maximum amount of screen time. One could be forgiven for thinking that the main reason McCoy has been worked into the film is as a fan-pleasing tribute exercise trying to right the wrongs of *Time and the Rani* and to give the whole thing canonical legitimacy. Hence the film does not start with, say, the dying Doctor being wheeled into the hospital, his possessions being examined by somebody, who finds an urn containing... Three minutes tops, and then you have loads more time for McGann to interact properly with more than one other character as the film proceeds naturally towards a climax rather than an arbitrary, poorly-explained deadline. The latter was of course due in part to the script's last, late-in-the-day rewrite not having been finished – the original threat to the Earth was to be not that Eye of Harmony silliness, but a comet, which you can still see in one of the wrap-round, *Babylon 5* style, TARDIS scanner images.

Can you stock a story full of continuity *and still* expect people not to judge it in terms of earlier *Who*? I'm not sure you can. On top of this, the TV Movie keeps giving the impression that it's wasting time. There are very few fully-rounded characters in it: perhaps only two, in fact. Lee is hardly three-dimensional and we find out nothing about the Master during the course of the Movie except that he's nasty and he's dying. There are plenty of little cameos but the breathless pace of the middle of the story, often praised, but probably really there to cover something up, means that none of them amount to very much. The notable exception is near the beginning: Michael David Simms as Dr. Swift, trying to conceal what he thinks is medical negligence.

However, before this gets out of hand, it is worth pointing out that the inevitable result of this sort of armchair re-writing is that sooner or later you will find you have knocked down the whole edifice and built one of your own and some people do just this. It is very difficult to look at the TV Movie and pick out just one thing which could be changed for the better without having to change a lot of other things to fit. This homogeneity is to the Movie's credit and it means wishful thinking about changes leads very quickly to frustration. It's futile, anyway. We can't turn back time, not even 84 minutes of it (it is ironic that the resolution of the Movie's plot is to do precisely this, wiping the last two days out to start again). Yet, we try. We fervently wish the Movie could have been more successful. Not necessarily better or different, just more successful. It's exactly the same debate as the one we've been having about Colin Baker for 16 years and about Sylvester McCoy for 13.

Surely setting the Movie in Britain wouldn't have bothered the American audience? It would have given the show something special compared with American Henry Ford sci-fi. The main, and probably sole, reason for setting the story across the pond was economic: Universal contributed megabucks and had a ready-made production line; the BBC, for their part, handed over one or maybe even two soiled fivers and then went back to pressing all the self-destruct buttons on their drama department not marked *Pride and Prejudice*.

Should the Movie have been this or that; done this or that? You can ask a million "what if" questions about it and never answer any of them. Or you can say instead that the 8.99 million non-fans who saw it in the UK probably now remember very little about it. Loads of people will tell you (try it!) that, a few years ago, there was a *Doctor Who* movie on TV; OK, it wasn't brilliant but the bad stuff was all the Americans' fault. They'll also almost certainly say that McGann was good and should do some more.

The TV Movie is history. Its chance came and went six years ago. This is 2002, and under Greg Dyke, whatever you may think of him, the prospects for the BBC Drama budget look a little brighter. Six years ago non-soap TV drama was dominated by the ITV 9pm slot; the declining advertising market and the cessation of Nineties shows with no obvious replacements mean that this is no longer the case. Rumours abound about 2003, the Fortieth Anniversary. The BBC *will* do something to mark it, it's commercially inevitable. What form this will take is anybody's guess. But I'd be willing to bet that even the TV Movie's sternest critics in the fan press wouldn't mind seeing Paul McGann don his curly wig again. After all, a lot of them are writing stories for the eighth Doctor already!

John Amos

The Gold Pirates!

The year is 7714. Andrass Gamma was a cold, unwelcoming planet, inhabited by the warlike Andraags. The Andraags were pirates. Not just any pirates, though, they were in fact, Gold Pirates. They would plunder any planet, just to seize their supply of gold.

Commander Jerprass, of the Twelfth Attack Force, arrived at the Andraags' military HQ. "Right lads, he said. "Our supreme controller has ordered that we attack the planet Zapherrass. It's highly rich in gold. We are to plunder the planet and to bring back as much as we can back here. We will meet at the launch bay in fifteen Rells, is that clear?"

"Yes sir," the troops responded.

The Doctor, now in his sixth incarnation, was at the controls of his space-time machine, the TARDIS. Beside him stood an elderly lady, Dr. Evelyn Smythe, who had been his travelling companion on many dangerous adventures. "So, Doctor, where are we going?" she asked.

"I'm taking you to Earth in 1840, Evelyn. I'm sure you'd love to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria."

"I hope we don't overshoot, or arrive a few years early. Remember what happened when you took me to the court of Queen Mary?"

"Evelyn, I promise, this time nothing will go wrong."

On the surface of Zapherrass, a wheezing and groaning filled the air and a dome-like object materialised. This was, in fact, a Type Ninety Time Transport Capsule. It belonged to a Time Lord called the Colonel, and his lovely daughter, Leora.

"Dad, what are we doing here?" Leora asked.

"We've been sent by the Celestial Intervention Agency to stop the Andraags from getting their hands on all this gold."

"I thought that Time Lords were forbidden to interfere?"

The Colonel let out a deep sigh, and looked at his daughter with a look that said, you've got a lot to learn. "Oh daughter of mine, you haven't met the Doctor yet."

Leora replied, "Yes I have. It was only last week. Remember when I had the Gallifreyan flu?"

The Colonel shook his head in despair. "Not that kind of Doctor. The Doctor, my oldest friend. I wonder what regeneration he's into now? Anyway Leora, he does nothing but interfere."

The Colonel locked the TARDIS door. Then he set off, with Leora, across the wasteland, towards the main city of the Zapherraarns.

In the Doctor's TARDIS, the time rotor was coming to a halt. "We're about to arrive on the Earth in 1840," said the Doctor.

The TARDIS materialised next to the Colonel's. The door opened and the Doctor emerged, followed by Evelyn. She gazed around the barren wasteland, then turned to the Doctor.

"Doctor," said Evelyn. "This is not Earth."

"I was wondering when you'd notice that."

"Well, if this isn't Earth, then where are we?"

The Doctor was silent for a moment or so, as he gazed around at their surroundings.

"The planet Zapherrass," he replied eventually. "Home of the rich, and peace-loving, Zapherraarns."

"So there won't be any trouble here?" Evelyn asked.

"Hopefully not," said the Doctor. "After that nightmare business with the Archaeologist on Milaarnax VI, we could do with a holiday."

The Colonel and Leora arrived at the city of the Zapherraarns and were met by Councillor Tynaal. "Who are you, strangers?"

"I am the Colonel, this is my daughter Leora. We've been sent by the Time Lords to help you fight the Andraags."

"The Andraags!" exclaimed Tynaal. "They're not about to attack, are they?"

The Colonel turned to Leora. "That's the beauty of having a TARDIS in good working order. We can get here before the invaders arrive." He turned back to Tynaal. "We received information that the Andraags are coming here to steal your wealth of gold."

"First Voga, now us. When will their villainy end?"

"When will whose villainy end?" asked the Doctor. He and Evelyn had just arrived at the city gates.

"The Andraags, of course."

"Not them again! I thought I had seen the last of them after that business on Vandratanas VI."

The Doctor turned to the Colonel. "By the way, Colonel – who is that young lady with you?"

"Oh, silly of me," said the Colonel. "Doctor, this is my daughter, Leora. Leora, this is the Doctor."

"Pleased to meet you," said Leora.

"The same here," said the Doctor. "Now, Colonel, what's this about the Andraags being on their way to steal this planet's gold?"

The Colonel was silent for a moment. All of a sudden, the roar of rocket thrusters shattered the peace. "Too late for explanations, Doctor. They've arrived. Now it's up to us to stop them."

The Doctor, Leora, Evelyn, the Colonel and Tynaal ran to where the Andraag ship had landed.

"Massive, isn't it?" said Evelyn.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "And so is their Empire."

The Andraags marched out of their ship, followed by Jerprass.

"Let me try reasoning with them," said Tynaal.

"It's impossible to reason with them," said the Doctor.

"There's no harm in trying," said Tynaal. He stepped forward. "I am Tynaal, leader of the Zapherraarns. I beg you, in the name of peace, to stop this act of war now."

Jerprass turned to his troops. "On my command, fire!" The Andraags aimed their weapons and fired. Tynaal was thrown back by the force of the blast. He fell to the ground, dead. "Does anyone else dare to oppose the will of the Andraags?"

There was no reply.

"Good, now we shall collect what is rightfully ours – this planet's gold."

Leora stepped forward.

"Leora, what you're about to do, stop it at once," said the Colonel.

"Dad, I'm no longer a little girl. I can deal with these invaders."

Leora stared directly at Jerprass. "Are you going to leave this planet, or must I use force?"

"What is this, the female of the species opposing the will of the Andraags? It's not possible" roared Jerprass.

"I repeat, are you going to leave? Or must I force you?"

Jerprass roared with laughter. "You can't stop us, no-one can."

Leora snatched her father's laser pistol. She took aim and fired. "This is your last warning," said Leora. "Leave while you still can."

The Andraags ran for their ship. Once they were inside, Leora aimed the laser pistol at the ship. And fired. The Andraag ship exploded in a ball of fire.

"Well done, Leora," said the Colonel.

Leora turned to the Doctor. "May I travel with you?" she asked.

"Don't be silly, Leora," said the Colonel.

"I'm not being silly," said Leora. "Well, Doctor, may I?"

"If your father has no objection, then yes," said the Doctor.

By now, Leora was jumping up and down with excitement. "Can I, father, can I?"

The Colonel sighed. "Oh, alright, it'll do you good to see the universe at first hand." He turned to the Doctor. "Please look after her, she's my only daughter, you know."

"Leora will be safe with me," said the Doctor.

The Doctor, Evelyn and Leora entered the TARDIS. Seconds later, the battered police box faded away.

Alan Whitten



The Avengers - The Movie - Revisited



The Avengers Movie flopped big time. In fact some might say flopped is too weak a word. From memory, it lasted less than a week in the cinemas in Oxford (even less than *Mission to Mars*). But why? "Who cares?" might be a legitimate answer, after all it was a clearly a flop. Well, if you consider the sizeable cult following *The Avengers* still has, not to mention the popular appeal at the time of broadcast, then it's possible there may be something to be learnt from the ability to take all that "brand-value" and turn out a disaster movie. After all, the *Batman* movies, whilst not exactly critically acclaimed, were enough of a success to justify producing several. And what would fandom be without rumours of big budget movie comebacks?

The Plot

Was the film let down by a thin plot, or one uncharacteristic of the series, along the lines of *The Saint* movie? An evil mastermind plotting to destroy the world with weather, bit of internal infighting and intrigue for good measure. Pretty standard fare for a thriller/action movie, not Oscar winning, but certainly enough there for an entertaining yarn. Not to mention the fact that the idea of controlling the weather for dastardly purposes crops up in the original series - *A Surfeit of H²O*.

The development of the plot also sees a number of set pieces from the original series. The sword fighting scene in Trubshaw's is from Steed and Mrs Peels' first scene together in *The Town of No Return* (although then Steed comes out on top). Infatuation with Mrs Peel is from *The Joker*, itself a reworking of an earlier Cathy Gale story, *Don't Look Behind You*. The Escher-style interior layout comes from *The House that Jack Built*. Doubles - *Who's Who*. Gun wielding grannies - well, take your pick. Could this be one of the weaknesses of the film, that it's more a collection of scenes from the series rather than an attempt to stand on its own two feet?

However, generally the plot holds together, and this would be the type of thing to get up a fan's nose rather than get in the way of a mass audience. There are also some nice original touches, such as the training village and the swarm of robotic bees. Certainly there are plot holes, but there always will be when trying to keep a sense of pace. (If anyone wishes to criticise the plot on grounds of silliness, I refer them to *The Winged Avenger*).

The Script

If the dialogue was written out on paper then it would hold its own. Some of the repartee between Steed and Mrs Peel feels like it was written for Macnee and Diana Rigg. Some of it was, and was lifted straight from the series, but mostly it is solid reliable stuff. On occasion, it does border on cliché, and the constant references to tea are somewhat infuriating. This is presumably to make sure we all know its set in England. Wouldn't it be simpler if US films set in England just had a five second intro saying "England" and then a photomontage of Beefeaters, the Queen, fog, bowler hats and Big Ben?

Again we have the question, is it similarities to the original series which sink the film? But it is down to the script to convince us that we are seeing those characters we already know. The greater risk is similar to lifting ideas for scenes, a tendency to stick the script together rather than write it as one story. Whilst weak in places, the script is as much of a continuous work as the plot.

The Acting/ Direction

The script is, of course, only part of the way in which the characters are created. The rest is down to the acting and direction. It's here that things seem to go downhill. There are some satisfactory performances, Jim Broadbent is quite convincing as Mother, Sean Connery is OK as Sir Augustus, although his script is a bit weak and there is a touch of hamming it up going on. It is, however, the two leads which really sink the film.

Fiennes' Steed lacks depth and is unconvincing. Steed is a suave action gent with an eye for the ladies. In the hands of Fiennes, he becomes old-fashioned, camp and appears to have borrowed Sherlock Holmes' flat for the week. Similarly, Uma Thurman as Mrs Peel seems wooden and dizzy, not independent and resourceful, an error which some standard issue techno-babble does nothing to rectify.

A great deal of the original series appeal is the chemistry between Steed and Mrs Peel, which the two leads fail to recreate. Indeed it is odd that the script portrays them as strangers initially, when in the series they know one another from the start. Instead of straight into action the film heads into a number of "getting to know you scenes" which slow things down and contain some truly cringe-making dialogue. It goes to prove, once again, that without at least reasonable acting it does not matter how much is spent on the effects or the big names, a film will be in serious trouble. It is not so much that it is not Diana Rigg and Patrick Macnee on screen but that the characters as portrayed are unconvincing in their own right.

In spite of the bad acting, the film is watchable, and at points, good fun. Watching it, it is hard to see quite why it received the reception it did. There were far worse contemporary films (*Deep Impact*, for example), and it certainly had the backing in terms of money and hype to survive. In essence, I think, it comes down to the facts outlined in the opening paragraph. *The Avengers* has a reputation, and whilst the film pays attention to the "history" it does not make sure the modern bit, the actors, is up to scratch. The result: people get all nostalgic and are then let down.

With the fortieth anniversary of *Doctor Who* coming up, I think there is a warning for us all there.

James Davies

Chance would be a Fine Thing

Cause and effect is a tyranny with absolute power and time is its practical manifestation. If you have two space time events, and one is the cause of another, then, it appears, the causal relationship requires that one must have existed before the other. Hence, Time. If, therefore, you only knew enough, you would be able to show the precise chain of events, starting with the creation of the universe, that caused any event anywhere in the universe at any point of its existence. You would know what was going to happen, and what to do about it.

Many people have tried to acquire precisely this knowledge only to discover that it is equal and equivalent to the four-dimensional size of the universe itself. Some have concluded that it must be vested in God, indeed that it must *be* God, and thus they decide to let Him worry about the complicated stuff while they go and get on with something else, on the basis that people who spend all their time trying to work out where they came from don't look where they are going.

Those who don't give a toss about any of this are of course in the majority as usual. But there are also people who hold the view that just because you can't know everything, that doesn't mean you have to know nothing, even in an infinite universe. One such race were the Gallifreyans. Wanting to make the universe better, they built predicting machines so large that they had to be housed in purpose-built alternative dimensions, each tacked onto our own dimension by a portable gateway popularly known as a TARDIS. The predictions of these machines, which worked with limited data, turned out to be inaccurate. Attempts to use their predictions as a basis for action foundered on unforeseen results. So the people of Gallifrey (who with considerable wishful thinking had renamed themselves Time Lords) added to their capability a vast illogicality generator called the Matrix, which would use intuition to predict the mechanically unpredictable.

The Matrix worked fairly well as a prediction engine, since it was composed of real space and matter and existed in real space and in conjunction with real matter, thereby being subject to the same forces of cause and effect that the rest of the universe was. Unfortunately, this meant that it couldn't be truly illogical because its matter and energy were part of logical space-time. In addition, the Gallifreyans' previous decision to build extra micro-universes only meant that the size of their problem (the universe) increased each time they tried to solve it. In addition to this, the four-dimensional portability of the TARDIS devices and early, over-confident attempts to change things, made cause and effect more complicated still. The Time Lords therefore abandoned their ultimate project – to understand, and thence to control, cause and effect in order to make the universe better – except in the case of a few romantic individuals who meant well, and a few more who didn't.

Some notable individuals have, however, decided that if cause and effect is a logical tyranny then it must be overthrown. Tyrannies are generally evil, especially ones which rigorously enforce the law that the only guaranteed result of doing something is to waste energy. Espousing free will, the rebels decided that the inexorable, theoretically fully predictable causal relationship between A and B was not only boring, but an insult to sentient species who continually fought to raise themselves above nature. They were also annoyed when it looked as if some people weren't getting what was coming to them: after all, *they* wanted to avoid getting what was coming to them as well.

Therefore, in an epoch-unmaking meeting on the planet Meltrun in the year 3378, the Campaign to Undermine Logical Tyranny (C.U.L.T.) was formed. Their predecessors, such as the Microsoft™ research unit on Logopolis, had made use of the very effect the Time Lords had accidentally discovered. By extending the universe into vacant bits of nowhere, they succeeded in prolonging its life by delaying the moment when it had to face the consequences of its actions. Less constructively, others had simply tried to vandalise Time with paradoxes (or, failing that, to vandalise the Microsoft™ research unit on Logopolis). But C.U.L.T., possibly the most gifted collection of anarchists and tyrannicides ever assembled, decided it was going to make blind bloody chance real.

The inaugural meeting was nearly also the last meeting. Someone on the floor at the back raised the perfectly valid point of order that if they did indeed manage to make blind bloody chance real, then they would be its cause and it would take immediate effect, so logic would instantaneously cancel illogic out of existence and the whole project would be a waste of time. The C.U.L.T. vice-president then demonstrated the real need to overthrow cause and effect by shooting the objector in the face. "Illogically," he said, "that just shouldn't have happened." He went on to demonstrate that as none of them had a clue how to create genuine random chance then it probably couldn't be created, and therefore its existence would be entirely self-justifying, because there would be no reason for or explanation of its existence.

Then, a chubby bloke in a monk's outfit made a suggestion. As the existence of illogicality was itself profoundly illogical, it was probably self-generating. Therefore it must already exist somewhere, and all they needed to do was to find it and spread it about a bit. Somebody else picked up on this and pointed out that as the creation of the universe was illogical, it having no cause or effect (except upon itself), its nature was therefore illogical, and therefore the existence of logic and illogicality was illogical in both cases. Illogically speaking, illogicality could exist, but logic couldn't, so by its own logic it must have already destroyed itself. Cause and effect must therefore be a faulty model for predicting the behaviour of the universe, probably based on some psychological need of the organic brain to find patterns in everything. This received a standing ovation from the floor and a vote of thanks from the chair. The meeting then settled down to watch some old episodes of *BUGS* and as far as anyone knows, they have been doing so ever since.

RELIQUARY MAN: PART II

There's a mad gunman on the loose in nineteenth-century France: can the Doctor and his new friend stop him? All will be revealed!

There was a tap at the door.

"Come," Alec barked, not without some indignation. The door opened a crack, to reveal the flustered face of one of the servants.

"Sir? There's someone to see you... an Englishman, I think."

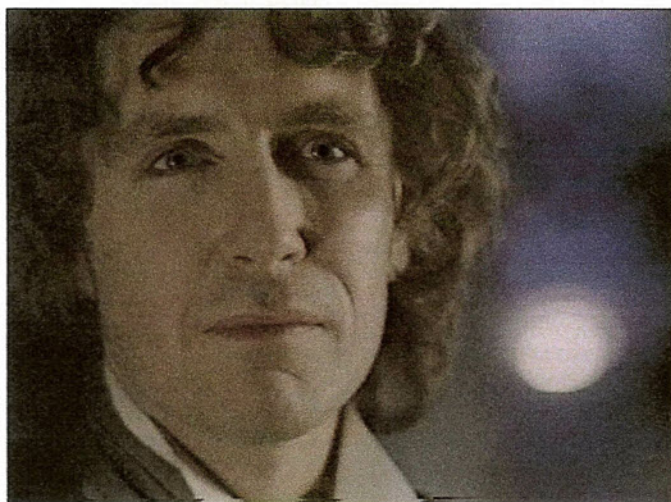
Alec paused, his pen in mid-air. "English?"

"He speaks French very well," the maid added. "He called himself..."

"Show him in, for goodness' sakes," Alec sighed exasperatedly. No doubt that Pollard fellow had returned for a chat. So incorrigibly *honourable*, these English: one of their slightly irritating virtues.

But the man who walked through Alec's study door was assuredly *not* Cornelius Pollard: boyish and vulnerable in aspect, perhaps, but with the lonely sagacity of Alec's old tutor. Alec stared at this well-dressed young man in considerable perplexity. "And who are...?"

"Nobody you'd remember," the man replied with a wan smile. "I'm called the Doctor."



Chandra stalked the streets of Tours with a new determination. The Doctor had had the luck of the devil yet again: whoever had fallen victim to the guy with the machine-gun, it hadn't been him. Which left the question - who had it been wielding the gun, and where was he now?

Well, she had her suspicions: and with a mad escaped convict in town, the best place to look was the street, and the best person to ask was a local. If only that kid who'd taken her photograph (she had another careful look at the Polaroid) had hung around long enough for her to ask a few more questions about this mysterious M Montquerin. Well, you couldn't always get what you wanted. She'd just have to follow the cooling trail of anachronisms...

Talking of which, there was one just over there. The girl playing in the alley there, skipping a bright pink nylon rope held by two of her fellows; mauve might have been invented this century (though probably not before 1853), but Chandra was fairly sure nylon hadn't. This was clue number eight, then.

"Excuse me..." she began, walking over to them.

"Sit down, do." Alec cleared his throat, coughing for a few seconds. The Doctor peered at him, concerned. "Another physician, here of all places - Dame Fortune must be smiling on me. Or did Dr Bretonneau send you here as a second opinion?"

"I'm afraid I'm not that sort of doctor. Though I can tell you're not a well man... if you'll permit me?" The strange man reached over the desk, and took Alec's left wrist in a strange grip, taking his pulse. "Hmm. Time hasn't been treating you too kindly. Still, as long as the spirit is willing, you may surprise yourself yet." The Doctor released his grip, and smiled.

Alec felt a little weak. "What are you, exactly?"

"More of a historical opinion than a medical one. You're writing a history of the Revolution, or so I've heard: it so happens I have a few apocryphal stories on that era which might interest you."

Alec was all but aghast. "How did you know about...? Only a few close friends know that much about this work. If I didn't know better, I'd say you'd read my mind."

"Indeed," said the Doctor inscrutably. "Why not go for a stroll and discuss it all?"

Rue des Promesses. Chandra smiled inwardly at the street-sign. Promises without actions: the place was a slum. Still, this was the place that held promise of finding that madman Montquerin.

Aha: an electronic lock on some old storehouse there. That made nine. Chandra patted her pockets down, but - drat - found no lockpick. Only one thing for it, then.

She scanned the street to left and right to make sure nobody spotted her own anachronism, then shot out the lock with one staser-bolt, and pushed the door open, quietly. Training the laser-sight around the simple shed-like room, she saw nobody there; but revealed in the light from the open door was a truly extraordinary sight.

She nearly laughed: this truly knocked the Doctor's penchant for Victoriana and Edwardiana into a cocked hat.

A gruff voice made her turn sharply. "What are you doing here?"

At Alec's initiative - for the stories this Doctor had to tell truly fascinated him - the short stroll became a rather longer walk.

"My tutor was always fond of giving his lessons during our walks in the country," the Doctor was saying: "he told me once that the exercise was good for the body, the discourse for the mind..." he held out a hand to indicate the valley floor below - "and the views were the best food for the soul."

"Far be it from me to disagree with him," Alec said, a little short of breath after the long climb. "Though on the subject of landscapes to stir the soul, the best ones are to be found in America, I think."

"A matter of taste," said the Doctor, sitting down on his spread-out coat, and using his hat as a fan. Alec followed suit, noting as he did so a rather melancholy look on his new friend's face. "Sometimes, you have to say to yourself... there's no place like home."

Alec gave him an odd look, and then scowled as a buzzing sound reached his ears, swatting unseen flies out of the way with his hat. The Doctor craned his head round idly, as if trying to pinpoint the sound... and then froze.

"Alec," he said, deliberately, "duck."

"What -?"

"Get down-!" A hand shoved him flat to the ground, as the buzzing became a droning roar and something with huge wings swooped over them, the downdraft buffeting them both.

Alec looked, uncomprehending, at the retreating shape in the sky.

"What *was* that machine?"

"Something that shouldn't be here," the Doctor said, grimly, getting to his feet and slinging on his coat any old how. "A glider fitted with a petrol-fuelled internal combustion engine. It'll come to be called a 'microlight' in the twentieth century. I've got to get to that pilot before he causes any more mischief." He started off down the hillside at a run. Alec thought he heard him conclude his strange tirade with a, "Mortimus, you little *idiot*," but he could have been wrong.

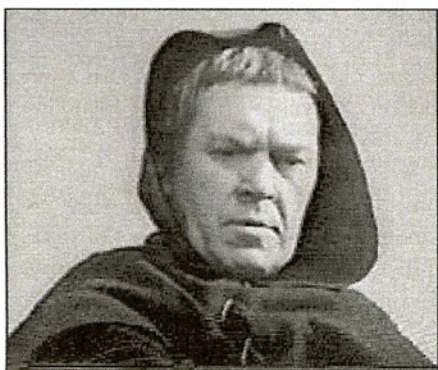
"A horse, for pity's sake, a *horse!*" Father Montquerin bawled, pelting down the streets of Tours as if pursued by demons, his robes flapping wildly.

A voice checked him in his tracks. "Hold on, just a minute." Montquerin turned on his heel, and stared in furious horror.

"Hello, Mortimus," said the Doctor, his face impassive. "Keeping well?"

Montquerin - the Monk - snarled in frustration, looking ready to use some very un-liturgical language, before a slight kerfuffle in the gathering crowd heralded Chandra's arrival.

"Here, I tell you - that's him, look, in the black robes. It's him you



should be arresting, not me." Chandra's strident tones rang above the general muttering.

"Perfectly well," the Monk replied, recovering some of his composure, "until you showed up, Doctor. Always interfering with your so-called good intentions, your Web

of Time and all that nonsense. Well, I won't put up with it any more, I really won't." The Monk snorted in derision. "I should have marooned you more securely on Tigus."

"I thought you'd have more difficulty leaving FDSS 32541, I must say," the Doctor replied tartly.

"Playing the innocent, are we?" the Monk sneered. "You were the one to sell me out to the Time Lords, you traitor!"

"I promise you, Mortimus, I had nothing to do with that," the Doctor said quietly.

"Then how do you explain a dozen crack troopers materialising on that ice-planet to arrest me *half a minute after you left*? I spent *fifty years* locked up in Isthada, fifty years *you* should have spent for *your* meddling, Doctor: incarcerated in a living hell of a planet, with the universe's worst ruffians laughing at me." The Monk's voice cracked in incongruous grief. "They confiscated my TARDIS, and everything in it, you know... all my collection, my reliquary of artefacts... Such beautiful little things, Doctor: weapons, toys, printed matter - you would hardly believe there could be such craftsmanship in a mass-produced item, but even they are not identical. Earth produced such marvellous little toys in the twentieth century..."

"Deely-boppers?" said a sceptical Chandra from behind him.

The Monk carried on regardless. "Would you forbid me from spreading a little amusement among the populace?"

The Doctor's face was set. "If I had to. So how did you get out?"

"Contact with the home planet was lost: we took the opportunity to surprise the guards and commandeer their vehicles. I got the only one that didn't work. It took me as far as this time-zone, with as

much of my old reliquary as I could smuggle in, but no further. I fear the rest of my collection has gone down with Isthada itself."

A manic expression crossed his drawn features. "So I'm going to create it anew. Earth will have a new, more advanced civilisation than anything seen this side of the Galaxy. Your friend Alexis de Tocqueville will write a work that will change the way people think, thanks to me. There'll be peace, happiness, and freedom for all... and I shall be able to live without fear, at last." A pathetic look was in his eyes. "I don't want anyone to be able to hurt me any more."

The Doctor looked at him with genuine pity. "You poor madman. Driven insane by other members of your own kind... I know how that feels."

"Spare me," the Monk retorted, close to hysteria. "You couldn't imagine it. You don't understand me, you can't understand my plan: you'd want to destroy it..." He reached into one of his sleeves and in a single instant had produced a pistol: a Walther P99, in mint condition. "I'm going to destroy you before you can do that."

"No you're not."

"What are you going to stop me with - righteous indignation?"

"Something more substantial than that. Sorry, Cornelius." Like a conjuror, the Doctor produced from one of his own pockets a rather familiar weapon... one of Chandra's stasers.

"You duplicitous traitor...!" the Monk growled, his grip tightening on the trigger.

Chandra threw herself at the Monk with a roar: the Monk, blinded by his own rage, turned and fired.

Somebody in the crowd screamed as Chandra fell.

Almost without thinking, the Doctor loosed off a single staser-bolt at the Monk. The latter had hardly hit the floor before the Doctor was at his companion's side. "Chandra...?"

Chandra groaned. "Nice work, Doc... ow."

"Are you all right?"

"Not bad, considering. Ow. He got the other gun... the one you managed not to pinch while I wasn't looking, right in the power-pack, too. What'd you do to him?"

"I just stunned him. He should stay unconscious until the authorities work out what to do with him."

"But -?"

"Without a vessel, he's not going anywhere fast. Let's get out of here, shall we?"

"I second that. Urgh."

The crowd was finally beginning to disperse. The unofficial militiaman who had apprehended Chandra in the Rue des Promesses was standing guard over the inert body of the Monk, when a little boy turned up on the scene. Seemingly no more than five or six years old, dressed in blue and yellow, but with a look in his eyes that belied his appearance, he asked in all innocence the fallen man's identity. The militiaman told him. The little boy, after a few seconds, noticed that the Monk's pistol still lay on the ground where he'd dropped it, and picked it up. "Bang, bang," he jeered, waving it about... Then, before the militiaman could protest, the little boy aimed the gun at the Monk and in an insanely precise grouping shot him as he began to stir, a round passing through both his hearts in turn before a *coup de grace* buried itself in his cerebrum. "One for the Time Runners," said the boy, smugly.

FIN

Un Drame d'Alexandra Cameron

Coiffures par Mme La Guillotine de Paris Son par Napoléon III

Déjà Vu

At the moment the argument in fandom (in as much as it actually exists as a coherent entity) over "continuity" in *Doctor Who* seems set to continue indefinitely. The debate is, however, flawed, because an all or nothing approach appears to have been adopted by people on both sides of the debate. As a result, some people argue each story should be completely independent of all the rest, while others want every adventure to feature old monsters, characters, and settings and numerous references to past adventures (and preferably explain previous continuity errors for good measure). However, this doctrinaire approach means that the different ways that "continuity" can be used are not examined in terms of their own benefits and disadvantages.

It is often argued that even short references to past adventures will distract and confuse the "casual viewers." This is probably overstating the case, as anyone who does not regularly watch the programme is not likely to notice such references. These are more likely to confuse the "casual fans," people who watch the programme every week (if it is on!) and possibly even buy some of the spin-off merchandise, but who do not have an encyclopaedic knowledge of the show. Obscure continuity references are likely to sound vaguely familiar to them, but they will have to struggle to remember what is being referred to, distracting them from the narrative (I am speaking from experience here, both from reading some of the more inaccessible *Who* novels and from watching *Star Trek*). More importantly, these references often hold up the plot for no good reason and so have no real narrative value.

Sequels and returning characters pose even more problems. Again, the argument that these alienate the "casual viewer" is probably wrong. From my extensive research (i.e. conversations with my parents and their friends who were around when the series was actually being made (bet that made some of you feel old!)) they remember more than some fans seem to believe. In any case, sequels tend to explain whatever needs to be known to understand them, often so concisely that they make it seem that the Doctor's familiarity with his foes is just a convenient plot device to explain how he knows their weaknesses. Compare and contrast *Revenge Of The Cybermen* with *Silver Nemesis*: in both the Doctor knows from the outset that the Cybermen are vulnerable to gold. The only difference between the stories is that anyone who saw *Silver Nemesis* after *Revenge* would know this too, while viewers of the earlier story would not know about this weakness even if they had seen all the earlier Cybermen stories. Anyway, if it is assumed that non-fans will not watch sequels to stories they have not seen, then why are stories like *The Curse Of Fenric* and *The Celestial ToyMaker*, which are "sequels" to non-existent stories, not criticised? If people (fans and non-fans) can understand these from information given in the programme, why not sequels too?

A more accurate criticism of sequels is that they narrow the Doctor's universe; if he can travel through all of time and space, it seems unlikely that he would keep meeting people he knows. This would not be so important if it was not for the fact that much of the programme's individuality is hinged on this point. Most dramas, even science-fiction ones, are tied to one area in time and space; if *Doctor Who* limits itself in the same way simply to reuse old monsters, it shows a lack of imagination and originality on the part of the production team.

It is also often argued that reliance on old monsters and characters prevents the programme developing. While I am not sure that it ever changed as much as is sometimes claimed, the return of old monsters does seem to encourage the reuse of the many elements from the stories they were in (for example, the large number of plot elements from Sixties Cybermen stories that appear in *Earthshock* and *Attack Of The Cybermen*),

something which again shows a lack of imagination. However, while repeating past successes is unimaginative, altering characters and monsters beyond recognition can be similarly unimaginative (why did the author not just create an entirely new character or alien race instead of changing an old one beyond recognition?).

Despite all this, continuity does have a place in *Doctor Who*. It can add a sense of coherence to the ongoing story; while it is unrealistic for the Doctor suddenly to tell his companion about an adventure he had several centuries before, it is likely that they would discuss recent adventures that they shared. When used sparingly, for example in the brief remarks about recent stories common in the sixties and early eighties, this makes the relationship between the main characters more realistic than when the TARDIS crew make no reference to their adventures, as if they were not at all unusual or distressing. As the stories referred to are recent, they are unlikely to confuse viewers. Similarly, while frequently returning the Doctor to England at the end of the twentieth century may be unimaginative, it makes sense that once confronted with a problem there he turns to his contacts with UNIT for resources he would not otherwise have access to.

Similarly, sequels can be entertaining if they are used in a way that does not diminish the original or make the new story merely a repeat of a previous one. An example of a good sequel is *The Evil Of The Daleks*. This uses the viewers' knowledge that the Daleks are the most evil and dangerous of the Doctor's enemies (although this is reiterated anyway), but does not build directly on the events of previous stories. Similarly, while the Daleks' ultimate aim here is the same as in several past stories (conquer the Earth), their method of doing it is original, providing suspense and plot twists as their true plan slowly becomes clear to the protagonists and through them the audience. Again, the setting of the story is original, because all previous Dalek stories (bar the odd scene in *The Chase*) had been set in the future, on alien worlds or both. The story also enhances the Daleks by highlighting the differences between the Daleks and the Cybermen, their chief enemies for playground attention at that time. Unlike the logical Cybermen, the story implies, the Daleks' success is built on emotions, but negative ones: hatred, anger, even fear. As a result, the story not seem like a repeat of past adventures, yet is entirely consistent with them.

Continuity is therefore one of many tools that a writer is able to use. Banning it or forcing its use makes as much sense as forcing all stories to have a certain number of characters, monsters or jokes. If used well it can greatly enhance a story, but if used inappropriately (especially if it is used to support a weak story) it can have disastrous results.

Daniel Saunders



The Picture of Doctor Who

The fighting in the dark, slippery tunnel was desperate and savage. Pike and his crew, loaded with gold, were trying to hack their way down to the beach. His Majesty's Revenue and the militia, coming up the tunnel, were trying to reach the church. There was no room to swing a musket, let alone fire one – so the soldiers unfixed their bayonets and fought hand-to-hand. In the middle of all this was the Doctor, and Pike himself, who was more interested in getting even with the old sawbones than saving his own life. He was so obsessed with fighting his way to the man who had led him into this trap that the Squire, Pike's erstwhile ally and dupe, got to Pike before Pike got to the Doctor. The pirate's brief struggle with the Squire gave the captain of the militia enough room to draw his pistol and shoot Pike in the back. The death of their leader and the amount of noise made by a short-barrelled pistol discharged in a confined space shocked the rest of the pirates into surrendering. Ben, who had followed the soldiers, only now managed to reach the Doctor, who had been punched and kicked during the fight and then shoved against the wall of the tunnel by a militia man. Ben picked him up and carried him down to the beach, where Polly and the TARDIS were waiting.

The Doctor seemed to recover a little when he entered the TARDIS; he set the Ship in motion and sank into the nearest chair. Ben started telling Polly how they had got away, but all the time they kept glancing anxiously at the Doctor.

"So they're all dead?" said Polly. "The Churchwarden, Kewper, Cherub, Pike... All the ones who wanted Avery's treasure."

The Doctor, leaning back in his chair, opened his eyes a fraction. "Superstitions are very strange, you know. Especially when they seem to come, to come..." He was having great difficulty breathing. He tried to loosen his cravat but the effort was too much for him: Ben had to do it.

"Thank you, my boy," said the old man weakly.

"Let's get you somewhere where you can lie down, sir."

"Our room's nearest," agreed Polly. Both of them suddenly realised that they had no idea where the Doctor's own quarters were – or whether he even had his own room.

The Doctor let himself be picked up and carried out of the console room. He felt incredibly frail and thin to Ben and Polly, who had each taken one of his arms. But when they tried to get him through the door of the room where they had dumped their things when they came

aboard, he reacted violently and tried to free himself from their grasp.

"Come on, mate," said Ben, trying not to drop the old man. "You need to put your feet up for a bit."

"Yes," whispered the Doctor. "But not here. I need... need my own room."

"We don't know where it is" said Polly.

"Down... down... as far as you can go. Straight on all... the... way." The Doctor's eyes closed, and they felt his body go limp. Ben looked at Polly, who shrugged. "We'd better do as he says," she said.

"It could be miles, Pol. Are you sure you can make it?"

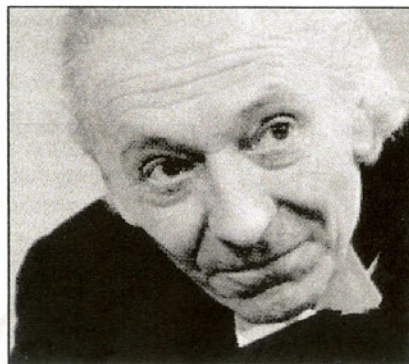
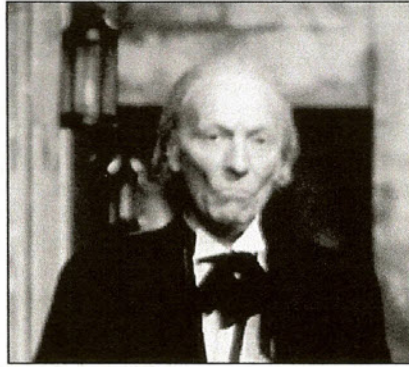
"Of course I can make it," she snapped, straightening up and taking most of the Doctor's weight by herself. Ben grinned and they set off down the corridor.

It took a while before their route started to descend. Every few feet they would pass a pile of books, or a bit of furniture, or an old painting lying on the floor. The corridors were well-enough lit at first by the glowing, opalescent roundels set into the walls, but as they progressed the light from these grew a little dimmer, perhaps because of the thick layer of dust over everything. This wasn't so bad, though, because fresh footprints, presumably the Doctor's own, were distinct on the dusty, dirty floor, and they were doubly reassuring, as they showed the way both forward and back. Occasionally, a side corridor branched off, but there weren't many of these, and all the doors they passed were shut.

The Doctor's eclectic collection of objects was casting deeper shadows now. Polly and Ben were tired but making steady progress: the Doctor, however, was still unconscious. A threadbare Edwardian sofa offered them a chance to set the old man down and gave all three of them a break.

Polly was trying to take the Doctor's pulse, but it was so slow that she suspected she was doing something wrong. Ben ventured over to the nearest side door and opened it; beyond it was an Elizabethan long gallery with a line of marble busts on either side. The whiteness of the marble figures, some of whom, Ben thought, looked a bit Roman, stood out against the

black oak panelling and the darkness outside the room's many windows. He tried another door, and this time he was hit by light so strong that it pushed him backwards. There was a strong smell of new-mown hay, and wild flowers, coming from somewhere in there. Ben closed the door: the aroma lingered on in the passageway for a while.



He looked over to Polly and the Doctor. "What the hell is this thing we're in? What's all these rooms about?"

The Doctor opened his eyes. "Memory," he said.

"Whose memories?" said Polly, trying to keep him talking. "Are they yours?"

"Not memories, child, *memory*." The respite seemed to have done the old man good – or maybe the chance to give a little lecture had bolstered his flagging spirits. The Doctor's hands moved in a feeble approximation of the flamboyant gestures he usually made to emphasise things. "Memory," he said again, more clearly, "as in a computer." Polly had been working for a leading computer scientist for a year but the job had turned out to involve (to her chagrin) mostly typing and making cups of tea. On the other hand, all three of them had had plenty of recent experience with giant computers with minds of their own.

The Doctor leaned back onto the settee again: for the first time since he had returned to the TARDIS, his eyes had something of the familiar alertness about them. "We're close," he said. "Look for a room with double doors."

About five hundred yards further on, the corridor widened out into a hall, or vestibule. The lighting here was as bright as it had been in the console room, as if to show that they'd arrived. The promised pair of double doors was on the far side of the vestibule; the Doctor broke free and tried to make it there on his own, but halfway across the room he sank to the ground, clutching his chest. Ben and Polly half carried, half dragged him through the double doors, into – nothing. Void. The room was suffused with a soft light that had a pinkish tinge, but they couldn't see the walls or floor, not even around the doors they had just come through.

The Doctor stood up. His face was still ashen, but his back was straight and his breathing was regular. He stretched his arms and walked around a little.

"I call this the Zero Room," he said. "It gives me protection from all outside influences. It takes the weight off me." As if to demonstrate this, he relaxed into a sitting position without the need of a chair.

"Will you be OK now we've got you here?"

The Doctor looked at Ben as if he was about to correct him for linguistic imprecision, and they took this as a good sign. "Yes, I'll be all right." He sighed. "Painful memories and physical damage can both build up in a person, especially a person who has lived as long as I have. In here, I can renew myself. If I need to keep information, it can be transferred into a TARDIS memory location, where I can find it if I really want to, and keep it safely locked up when I do not." He sighed again. "I have to spend so much more time in here than formerly."

"Those rooms," said Ben. "They were your memories." His mind was racing.

"The TARDIS translates thought into matter. I can then, if I wish, physically delete it by jettisoning the room."

Polly suddenly swayed on her feet: if gravity had been working, she would have keeled over. She hadn't slept in days: apart from everything else, she'd spent most of the evening running from rock to rock on the beach trying not to get caught by the rest of Pike's crew. "I'm... I'm going to go and lie down myself," she said, yawning. "On a real bed, if you don't mind. Ben?"

"There's something I want to speak to the Doctor about," he said. "Are you going to be OK finding the way back on your own?"

"No problem," said Polly. She left the room, looking briefly back at them as she went through the double doors.

Ben closed them behind her.

"Doc?" he said. The Doctor grimaced a little, but said nothing. It took all of Ben's courage to ask his question. "This room - can other people use it, or just you?" The Doctor still said nothing. "It's just, well... You know I joined my first ship when I was fourteen? Rough old tub it was too: seasick, I was, all the way to Aden. But it didn't matter. Couldn't live at home no more."

The Doctor leaned back and closed his eyes. "Try going off to sleep," he said. "We'll both feel a lot better in the morning."

Matthew Peacock

Spooks: A New Hope?

As I write this, the first series of *Spooks*, BBC1's MI5 drama, has just finished on a wave of popularity, with applications to join the security services well up and a second series commissioned as a matter of routine. But it has had its critics, not least after the finale, which tried to clear up too many loose ends, had some ludicrous plot elements and some pretty poor dialogue to boot, leading one reviewer to ask, "Is this just *BUGS* with pretensions?"

Well, I liked *BUGS* for its nonsense and entertainment value: it revelled in its own crappiness. *Spooks* was blander fare, especially in the casting (Hugh Laurie and the criminally-underused Jenny Agutter excepted). Peter Firth's section chief worked well only as Hugh Laurie's straight man; the personal lives of the three young agents (Matthew Macfadyen, Keeley Hawes, David Oyelowo) failed to excite much or any interest. Nor was the show as captivatingly insane as *24*, for all its split-screen effects, which came over mainly as a cheap rip-off. The nods to contemporary events were tacky: one might compare *The Professionals*, also made at a time of heightened terrorist activity, giving the bomb-damaged British public something heartening without claiming to have answers to the real world's



problems. British TV today, in comparison, has to be, it seems, intrusive, supercilious and arrogant.

Spooks only really came to life thanks to Hugh Laurie; the first two episodes were unwatchable due to impenetrable dialogue, poor characterisation and wafer-thin plotting. However, it was not without its moments, and at the end of the day, it didn't turn out to be the cop-show-but-with-a-new-gimmick that it could so easily have been. *Ultraviolet* it isn't, but these days anything even a little different from the vast morass of run-of-the-mill TV should be welcomed with open arms.

M. Khan

Reducing Crime, Disorder & Fear

When he was younger, he'd thought 'old eyes in a young face' was a compliment, a mark of wisdom. He had spent hours, days trying to perfect a look of wisdom, of worn suffering beyond his years. Foolishness. There may be art to growing old gracefully, but only an idiot spends his life learning how to grow old. Like most things, that of which our ancestors spent their lives in patient pursuit can later be acquired instantly at the push of a button. Old eyes in a young face was no longer a compliment to him, but 'young eyes in an old face' was somehow far more terrible.

He looked over at Constable Trew... Trew something. He'd never been terribly good on names. The lad was either Cornish or Welsh... probably Cornish, and, incidentally, terrified. For that matter the sergeant wasn't exactly skipping over daisies at the moment either. Dying old men in gutters weren't exactly unusual, but they usually smelt of meths and urine, not baby powder and biscuit. They weren't usually wearing rotting bibs with bunny rabbits on either. He'd tried to get some sense out of the man, but all that had been forthcoming was a cracked, wheezing noise. Sergeant Morelock found, if he rolled it around his head a couple of times, it sounded like "Ma-ma! Ma-ma!" He almost doubled over a drain grating at that point. Horrible...

To be sure, the old man in young clothes would make most people think of insanity or theft... or probably both, but then most people wouldn't have seen the skeletal overturned perambulator... or the wizened mummified thing behind it, one hand snapped clean off by the fall and still wrapped around the push bar of the pram. He shook his head urgently. Don't theorise. Don't theorise. Facts. One corpse... possibly over fifty years, so not... no, don't theorise. Leave that to CID.

"Call the station. Get someone over here pronto." The voice was crisp, efficient, and sounded almost unaffected by what had happened. He responded to the tone of authority, almost took his radio from his pocket before he realised the voice to be his own.

"Right Sergeant." Trew... moved away hurriedly, not so much for communication as simply for escape, and he turned his attention back to the... to the survivor. Then he heard a sound behind him and twisted, the fear making his stomach muscles tighten painfully. A noise like the sinus pain of breathing in on a cold day. Nothing. He turned back.

A small man in a dark jacket was examining the old man, gently closing his eyes. The Sergeant swallowed.

"He's had it then?"

"Indeed." The man looked as if he thought that was probably a blessing, in the circumstances, but something else in his expression suggested he was toying with all sorts of imaginary red-hot meat hooks. He stuck out a hand. "Chief Inspector Ferret, CID."

"CID?" He was supposed to check the warrant card or something, wasn't he... not just... but other more emotional thoughts crowded out the procedure. "What the hell happened here then?"

"We might know that in a moment, Sergeant. My young frie... my DS is having a look round. What happened?"

There had been a baby crying. A young woman, perhaps a mother, perhaps an older sister, perhaps nothing of the sort, perhaps nothing at all, pushing a pram along the road. Morelock had pointed her out to the Constable. Classic domestic scene. Sort of thing we're fighting for. Shouldn't join the force if you're going to keep harping on about police

states and that kind of rubbish. Would be a bloody good thing in his view.

"The baby, Sergeant...?" The voice was gentle, but seemed to somehow remind you it was only being gentle because it chose to be so.

They'd driven on, given the girl a cheery wave - which she'd answered with a single finger - and turned the corner. Then had come the scream. The screams. Terror and incomprehension and unknowing rage.

"What happened, sir?" He frowned, then stood, dismissing the body with a chill air that shocked Morelock, even through the... even through that. Must have seen a lot of death. Happens to murder investigators, he reminded himself. They get more interested in catching the killer, saving the next victim. A corpse can't get hurt; a corpse is just a nice labelled bag of evidence. Constable Trewith had been in CID for a bit, just six months, then transferred back to Uniform, lost the chance of going up to Detective Sergeant, said he wanted to prevent crime, not go sight-seeing at it. It was an attitude Sergeant Morelock whole-heartedly agreed with, and yet the man's callous dismissal of the body still affronted him, for all he could see no logical reason why.

Ace half looked, half sniffed her way into the abandoned factory. She'd played in places like this as a kid - and she'd spent enough time running from real monsters in them in the forties and watching some American airhead fighting monsters in them on TV in the nineties to know they were trouble. Besides, it made sense... Except it didn't, not really. If you're trying to fit in on a planet or a time not your own you blended in, made sure people did see you but didn't remark on it, you didn't go somewhere no one else would ever go, because if you did that when you were seen, and it was when, not if...

"Who's there?" The torch light nearly blinded her. "Come on, police!" She resisted the urge to make some wisecrack. The other thing about infiltration is to remember who you are pretending to be. She hadn't known too many police officers, but felt it fairly certain that they had a slightly different attitude to their own profession than she and the gang had had back in the old days...

"You took your time. I'm with DC Ferret." The man relaxed, let the torch beam fall enough to let her see his face. Acne, slightly bulbous eyes and trembling lips. She almost laughed. The man - the boy, hardly looked like a fascist oppressor. More like a neurotic fish. "Ace."

"Constable Trewith."

"Well, constable, there's not much here. Is the Do... is he still outside there?" She walked past him, headed for the exit. A very bright noise shone momentarily in her ears.

"It must be time distortion." The Doctor was sitting in the gutter. More police cars had arrived now, along with a small blue hatchback whose black suited occupants were trying to look as inconspicuous as it is possible to look whilst wearing hearing aids and talking about greyhounds to their personal stereos. A few policemen had looked at him curiously, but as no one else was arresting him, they all assumed someone else knew him.

"A chemical or nanotechnological solution would be more effective, of course, but even that would require considerable time to achieve this degree of ageing." Morelock nodded. It wasn't just a gesture of blankness. He knew - in general principles - what the little man, who definitely wasn't a policeman, was talking about. He couldn't have explained it

himself, of course, but once it was explained, it became self-evident. "Some form of extremely localised and powerful temporal acceleration." He nodded to himself. "Have there been any unusual events recently?"

"Unusual..." How a man could ask that kind of question sitting next to a dead mummy pushing a geriatric along in a pram was something upon which the Sergeant didn't even want to speculate. "Nothing much. Bit of a drop in street crime... we've got more officers on the beat now."

"And is that cause or effect?" The man's face crinkled into a smile briefly, a sad smile, then became bleak once more. "And does your Criminal Investigations Department have some explanation for this drop, Sergeant?"

"You mean the one you said you belonged to? Not really. Unless they've all moved to London." The little man looked at him strangely. "What is it?"

"Just a theory. Where have Ace and that young Constable of yours got to?"

"Jesus Christ!" Ace looked across the second floor. She'd completely missed the ladder till Trewith had swung the torch back, following the noise, and there it had stood in one corner. She supposed she'd registered the low ceiling as she'd entered the building, envisaged a second floor, but by the time she'd failed to find any stairways or obvious lift shafts the image had faded away from her. The image before her now was definitely unlikely to fade too quickly.

"Do you imagine it was the same thing that killed the woman?" His voice seemed unnaturally calm, a shock too deep for panic. She moved over to one of the bodies. There were eyes in this one, wide, staring. Maybe it had been a kid, like the baby out there. Maybe...

"Looks like it. Look, you'd better go and find the Doctor."

"The Doctor?"

"The Detective Chief Inspector... D.C... see? Never mind." He swallowed, and nodded, then turned back.. "Are you sure you'll be all right here on your own?"

"I'll be fine."

He left, leaving her the torch. She shut it off. Somehow a circle of light that only showed you a small glimpse of where everything else was - especially given that most of everything else consisted of decayed corpse - and yet allowed anyone in the dark to precisely pinpoint your own position without revealing their own, didn't seem that much of a comfort. "I'll be fine," she repeated to herself. Something cold bounced off her eardrums. Oh no you won't.

The Doctor made it up as he went along. The thing had targeted criminals. Obviously a creature with a sense of justice, albeit a warped sense of justice. Perhaps even taking the form of a policeman? He glanced at Morelock at his side. "A missing policeman?"

"Constable Trewith? But he's not missing... he's just..."

"Constable Trewith appears to be 'just...' quite a lot, if his file is anything to go by. When he disappeared from CID in mysterious circumstances an old friend of mine asked me to investigate. "It's a little curious that he suddenly turns up here walking the beat, isn't it, Sergeant?"

"He wanted to prevent crime, not..." Morelock turned cold. "What do you mean, he 'disappeared' from CID? He was transferred."

"Something was transferred."

"Something? He was kidnapped by aliens and cloned, was he?" He hoped his voice sounded ridiculing. He really didn't want to sound as if he was taking this seriously.

"Yes yes... that's certain." The Doctor looked a little irritable. "That isn't the issue. The fact is that ninety percent of 'alien abductions' are hoaxes, or alcohol induced. Five

percent are extra-terrestrials 'having a laff', to use your current Earth vernacular, and five percent are probably genuine."

For some reason a faintly embarrassed look crossed his face at that point, as if he were remembering something slightly foolish that he'd rather forget. "There's clear evidence in his case that he was abducted, the problem is that the race in question do not tend to make a habit of returning their abductees."

"Oh no?" Morelock laughed, falsely. "And which race would that be, then?"

Ace hoped the Constable would find the Doctor soon. There was definitely something in here with her, something shuffling, crawling, and occasionally screaming out a whisper of pure, high pitched sound that drove her brain through a coffee grinder. So many times she had felt the urge to switch on the torch, to shine it after the latest sound, to banish the dark, the territory of monsters. Except in this case it clearly wasn't. The thing wasn't playing with her. It seemed... and she was not certain how she knew this... it seemed frustrated, angry. It couldn't see her. It didn't know where she was. The light was her enemy, not her friend. Which was why it was an illogical, but certainly understandable, reaction for her to be immensely relieved when another torch beam came bouncing up the stairs.

"Ace?"

She didn't answer straight away. The thing might be close to her, and having the Doctor on hand to avenge her death didn't appeal nearly as much as having the Doctor by her to save her from it. She headed for the torch, stepping lightly over the bodies. The sound of the city at night easily covered her footsteps, and that was all she needed. When she was close enough to make out his shape, and that of the burly, thick moustached police sergeant beside him she accelerated.

"Professor, where have you been?"

"Collecting testimony." His voice was grim as he passed the torch over the floor. "No doubt it thought it was helping you, in its own way..."

"Do you know what's going on?" Stupid question. He always does. Smug git.

"I had hoped a certain young Trilcafek Quester might fill in some of the gaps." His voice rose then, addressing the surrounding shadows and, almost unwillingly, a figure stepped out of the night.

"Trewith." There was no surprise in the sergeant's voice, Ace noticed. He sounded beyond surprise. He sounded... disappointed.

"I know you, Doctor." The voice was the Constable's, but it was overlaid with a kind of hissing shriek. "We are on the same mission."

"The same mission?" He sounded revolted. "Killing? Or do you call this justice? These people might have been criminals... petty, self interested, unbalanced... some of them even actually evil, but if you seriously imagine that you can justly mete out death as a punishment for everything from murder to... to unpaid parking tickets then you must have a very odd mind!"

"Oh, I do." He did look like a fish, Ace realised. The eyes bulged in pretty much the same way the Sergeant's were now. "A very odd mind, but I have come here for justice."

"And what right do you have to inflict your idea of justice on the population of an alien planet?" He was furious now, she saw, his eyebrows twitching violently, eyes blazing with a dark fire. "Even assuming..."

Trewith cut him off. "None whatsoever. What I did to that woman out there was not justice. The people of this mudball, good or evil, are of no account one way or another. That was merely a signal. A signal that the net of justice was tightening

around a criminal who I have hunted for a very, very long time.”

The Doctor snorted in disbelief. Beside him Morelock looked blank, as if the cumulative shocks of the evening had drained all the emotion from him.

“The ability to take on the form of a human? Ultrasonic communication? Time conductivity? “You’re not seriously expecting me to believe anyone other than a Trilcafek did this?” He stopped then, his eyes widening momentarily. “Another of your kind?”

“He killed twenty-five in my own country, then sixteen more across our world, then he fled. He is obsessed with his dream for the innocent, that he will kill anyone corrupt, anyone who does not match his moral standards for the good of those that do. He is a monster.”

There was a cold nobility in its voice, Ace decided. For a moment, just a moment, she did see its point about itself and the Doctor. Then she remembered. It hadn’t even bothered to deny killing the woman and the child, didn’t try to reconcile that with its claim to be trying to catch a criminal, because it didn’t consider humans worthy enough that their lives were of any importance.

“You killed them for a signal? Just to show this... thing that you’re on to him?”

Trewith nodded to her. “I needed to see the expression in his eyes before I was sure.” He was looking at Morelock now, the shriek of his voice growing higher, less controlled. “Needed to see the terrible realisation in his eyes that the chase was over. For weeks I have had to endure that cant, protecting from crime rather than solving it, just lock up all the evil people, kill them... I had to pretend I agreed, accept him, learn about him, I had to know.”

The blast was instantaneous with the last word. Heat. Cold. Ace screamed as, for a moment, she felt her flesh wither, her skin shrivel and blacken, her strength fade and die... then the Doctor was there, one hand gripping her by the arm, life, youth, time itself flowing back down into her once again as they weathered the edges of the storm.

Morelock had responded in the same moment. It was impossible to see the battle, merely two policemen, one thin, one fat, staring at one another in frozen hatred, yet in some way, somehow through the everlasting time the Doctor brought with him she could feel the two waves of time beat against each other and fall back. They were evenly matched,

Trewith stronger, more hate-filled, but Morelock’s mind driven by a terrible fanaticism and a deeper experience.

“You slew the innocent and you dare to come here to judge me.”

Trewith laughed hollowly at that. “Innocent? Cattle. You play at protecting these... game counters.”

“I protect life.”

“You are a killer!”

Trewith stepped forward now, his eyes alight as he pressed home the advantage. “This... your game offends me. I have

seen Trilcafek children dying, their lives pressed from their bodies because you thought them guilty of some pathetically feeble crime and I come here, I come to Earth to find you playing a protector of life... a protector of these weakling scum? You mete out summary justice? Very well.”

The Doctor swung his umbrella through the time field. It crumbled, the two time fields combining drawing centuries from it in seconds, unweaving fibre, molecules, atoms themselves until only the handle was left, gripped uselessly in the Time Lord’s hand, but at the same time something else, something quite different, began to happen.

It began with Morelock. He had been standing closer to the Doctor, and so it had been more his time-field that had struck the umbrella. It was difficult to see in the torchlight, but it seemed as if he were becoming greyer, less definite, then darker in colour. Ace shone her torch towards him... but it didn’t seem to illuminate him properly, not shining on him but through him, and he was darker because she was no longer truly seeing him alone, but the night behind him also. Trewith saw, his smile of triumph growing... then fading as he realised that the same, although slower, was also happening to him. He looked wildly at the Doctor, but there was no longer any compassion in that face.

“I believe you manipulate time by... in a sense drawing it into yourselves? You leech time out of people, push down a sort of temporal osmotic gradient of sorts, am I right?” It was almost a conversational

tone. Almost. “I admit I was curious to see the effect of passing something not of this time through that field, something lower down the gradient than yourselves.”

The steel was plain now, and the wraith-like figures that remained stared at the Doctor in naked terror. “You’re being sucked into a space-time vortex now. I’ve been there. It’s not a pleasant place.” And then they were gone.

William Ramsden



This Is Not The End

It most certainly isn't. As I write this, for instance, Channel 4 Teletext (sci-fi news, page 118), has quoted Lorraine Heggessey, Controller of BBC1, saying that she is behind embryonic plans for a new series of *Doctor Who*. As with all these things, it makes sense to phone up the council and ask them to deliver 25 tonnes of road de-icing substance to your house, so you can take the latest *Who* rumour with a great big pinch of salt. But new *Doctor Who* is still being discussed in the Great Halls of Power, that cannot be denied.

It's nearly the end of the magazine. Congratulations! You've made it through 25 pages of analysis, fiction and (some might say) humour, through the strongly-held and mischievously-held opinions of all kinds of people. You're looking forward to going to bed or the pub. I hope you will bear with us just a little longer. After five years in the job, on and off, I wanted to put a few things down about how *Tides of Time* gets made.

First of all, altruistic people send in articles. If I listed everybody who's contributed to *Tides* since Issue 21, I'd fill up the rest of this page. I should mention here my friend Alasdair Prett, who passed away just as *Tides* 26 had come back from the press - an edition of the magazine which featured an article on his wedding six months previously. But if I had to pick out one or two favourite articles, Alice Dryden's piece on *Get Smart!* in *Tides* 22 definitely deserves a mention, not only because it was so well written, but also because it set the standard for a whole host of further 'feature' articles on individual, off-the-beaten-track series, the rarest and most prized writing of all, because they involve the greatest amount of research. For fiction, Dave Bickley takes some beating: his Colin Baker story in *Tides* 26, which got published professionally soon afterwards (we're still waiting for the royalties, Dave) is my own favourite. The people in the photocopy shop liked it too, always a good sign. For a personal take on *Who*, Mark Boyes' encounter with Liz Sladen (*Tides* 25), has, I think, yet to be conquered.

I have, of course, written the odd article myself. I still look back with fondness to a bit of filler in the rather primitive *Tides* 21, two pictures, one of a wounded alien from *The Two Doctors*, the other a confrontation from *Attack of the Cybermen*. The first was the basis of a very short story about the Doctor's anti-Sontaran baked potato oven and in the second the Cyberman was telling Colin Baker "If your name's not down, you're not coming in." This led to all kinds of things like the page 3 "funny" and, oh dear, the back covers, which were an entire underground culture in their own right, and which will one day confound great archaeological minds. If you want a fuller history of this magazine, consult Matthew Kilburn's comprehensive article on the subject in *Tides* 25.

Then articles have to be prettied up, which involves much trawling of the internet for images, a fair amount of scanning, and occasionally image capturing off videos. I started off doing this at OUCS, before investing in the hardware. But no amount of kit has enabled me to get the page numbers right - I've never quite managed it. This time I tried separate text boxes for each number, which sometimes worked and sometimes didn't, depending on whether my copy of Word '97 was in the mood to follow the bottom margin settings or not when the time came to print out each article. I've also tried Word's own page number feature (useless) and printing out a page of page numbers, cutting them up and gluing them to the master copy prior to photocopying. Once I even used rub-down transfers. But even then you have to cope with the vagaries of photocopiers which don't copy/print right to the edge of a piece of paper... Of course, it wouldn't be so bad if I had bigger bottom margins, but the last zillion and a half years of editing and co-editing the magazine has been a battle against White Space in all its forms. *Tides* articles now generally consist of 1,000 - 1,200 words per page, after much experimentation and bloodshed. Oh, and it took me three years to work out how to get rid of spurious blank pages at the end of documents by reducing everything on them to 1 point. You see, a useful tip after all!

Photocopiers are the life and death of any student society. Some of them cost money, some of them (in colleges or, for the cunning, in other places) don't, but for a magazine with pictures you have to use decent kit. There aren't many good photocopiers about in this 'ere town, and some are good one week and bad the next. For my final edition as editor, I decided not to expose myself to The Toner Curse, or the agony of having high-quality original images mangled by Photographic Reproduction. At one stage the idea was that issue 28 would be laser printed by the good offices of Al Harrison, but, almost inevitably, Word '97 documents created on one machine don't look the same when loaded into Word '97 on another - it won't recognise the fonts, the margins will go all over the place, the images will fly off in all directions. So, apart from one or two text-only pages, like this one, *Tides* 28 ended up being printed out on my trusty Hewlett-Packard 710 - a rather archaic piece of kit, and an inkjet at that, but sturdy, and with a built-in photo-enhancing system. That various bits of *Tides* 28 are in colour was another last-minute decision, a sort of tribute from me - I haven't finished doing the covers yet so I hope the ink cartridge (thanks, Linda) holds out a little longer. Still, it's managed 7 so far plus 20 Sylvester McCoys (see opposite!) and an awful lot of Paul McGanns, which seem to have got everywhere.

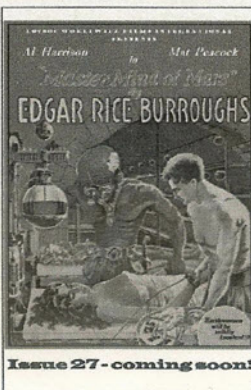
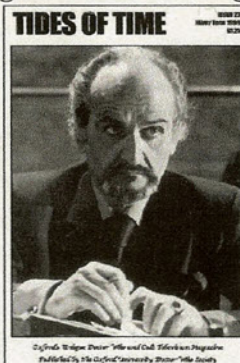
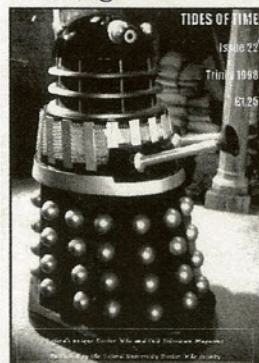
Editing *Tides of Time* isn't martyrdom - though it does take a bit of work. The satisfaction you get, though, when you see that stack of completed magazines, is enormous (as I write this, I'm still waiting to feel it). And *Tides* has always made a small profit for the Society, generally enough to pay for each year's stall at Freshers' Fair, which will make you feel even better. I'm looking forward to seeing what the new editor makes of it - it's about time things like the contents page had a new look, and there's of course far too much Impact Font about.

Here's looking forward to *Tides of Time* issues 29+.

Mat "wondering one last time if the page number will come out" Peacock.



Above : former DocSoc President Caroline Symcox marries Paul Cornell at Keble College on 13 April 2002.
 Below right: an early picture of Caroline advertising giant train sets. But who's the other guy?
 Bottom right: one of the guests at the wedding was Terrance Dicks.



Left: the front covers of *Tides of Time* 21 (co-edited by Dave Bickley, Al Harrison and Mat Peacock), plus issues 22, 23, 25, 26 and 27 (24 was edited purely by Al).

The final three images are the back covers to *Tides of Time* issues 23, 25 and 26.

And that's it! "No more words."