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THE TIDES OF TIME

CAROLINE JOHN 1940-2012
The Tides of Time
Issue 36  Summer Vacation 2012

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Aptly Named
I'm struck by how appropriate a name The Tides of Time is for a student society magazine. Though no one or thing can escape the march of the ages, that march is at double time for an Oxford undergraduate. Every three years, the undergraduate body basically renews itself (and seems to be paying higher fees). Though there are some of us that cling to Oxford well beyond our undergraduate days, it is not our place to guide the boat (or mix its metaphors) - merely to whinge about how the water was choppier in our day.

As such, I'm very happy to introduce John Salway, who's helped me greatly with this issue and seems to have not been scared off doing so again. I'm also glad to see fresh additions to the committee – Jonathan, Dan, and Leah. You've all been doing a great job so far and I'm sure you'll continue to do so, keeping the Society alive and kicking for the next year.

To the Freshers reading this issue in a few months time, I welcome you to the Society and hope my cocktails weren't too sweet. You've got a lot of good times ahead of you, some of which will hopefully be with us. If you do, maybe consider helping out with the meetings next term. Volunteer a room in your college, write an article for Tides (*hint* *hint*), bring the DVD one week, or even join the committee. The Society can't exist without you and if you want it to exist, it'd really appreciate a little help. At the very least, Mr. Nash is looking for a replacement and at least one of you will have seen Yes Man and thought it was a good idea.

The tides of time don't just bring new beginnings, though. They also wash away the past. There have been many losses in the past year, most recently Caroline John, all of which have been felt deeply by the fan community. Thank you to all those that are and have given so much from their lives to entertain the rest of us. Your inspiration will never be forgotten.

Adam Povey
Editor

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Let me venture to put forward a few claims which may or may not be, to varying degrees, somewhat controversial within the realms of Who-related discourse. Firstly, that the Cybermen have been by far the greatest villains to emerge from the entirety of the Doctor Who canon - historical and modern. Although perhaps somewhat outclassed by the Daleks in terms of general popularity, the Silver Giants by and large still command a sizeable portion of fandom who, I hope, were similarly disappointed by the veritable massacre that resulted from their first meeting with the former (one that put even the mighty Raston Warrior Robot to shame). I would also maintain that the Cybermen benefit from a far more subtle kind of body horror (albeit one whose rather morbid implications have only been fully explored within the realms of the audio adventures and novels rather than on-screen) than the more overt threat of violence and militarism embodied in the Daleks, and one which as a result makes them more interesting and effective monsters over all.

Secondly, it is my contention that the overall trend in terms of quality of Cybermen stories over the course of the classic series was one of general decline. The 80's did of course bring us the gem of 'Earthshock' which, although I consider at least a little overrated in hindsight, is certainly on a par with most of Troughton's Cybermen adventures and the better stories that surrounded it and is a marked improvement on their rather unfortunate showing in 'Revenge of the Cybermen'. But on the whole, I just don't think that later stories like 'Revenge' or 'Attack of the Cybermen' can hold a candle to the likes of such earlier classics as 'Tomb of the Cybermen' or 'The Invasion'. By the time of 'Silver Nemesis', we are treated to the rather depressing sight of supposedly superhuman cyborg beings being slaughtered on mass by small gold coins fired from a slingshot (especially unimpressive given that the inferior 'unaugmented' human would most likely come away from a similar encounter with at most a nasty bruise – surely not the Cybermen’s finest moment, all things considered).

My final claim then is that the Cybermen witnessed in their début story 'The Tenth Planet' constituted the best realisation of idea of the species as a whole, and that all major deviations from this initial conception have been to the detriment of the design overall. This is the claim to which I wish to devote
most attention, since the response of the average modern viewer upon seeing these early models is mostly likely to be something resembling mild bemusement and a relief that the design was swiftly dropped upon the Cybermen’s next appearance. One commenter writing at the former Outpost Gallifrey notes that the Cybermen of ‘The Tenth Planet’ “look as if they are made of cobbled together bits of prop and ski masks”, while a reviewer elsewhere complains that “The accordion chest devices are also a lot more clunky, so much so that I keep thinking the Cybermen are going to break out into a quick burst of ‘The Irish Rover’”. Since some combination of the descriptions above is unlikely to yield within the reader’s mind the image of a suitably terrifying monster (yet alone one that, I maintain, is far better realised than its 80’s or 21st century cousins), I hope the reader will thus indulge me a little further while I spell out my case in a little more detail.

Let us first of all leave aside all technical considerations. Yes, thanks to the wonders of modern television, we can now see in glorious detail the cellotape holding the Cybermen’s helmets together, while their stealthy entrance to the base, hidden under the parkas of murdered base personnel, is rendered somewhat ridiculous by the huge lamps balanced rather precariously on their heads. Interestingly, the fact that on today’s screens the actors eyes can now be seen through the blank eye-sockets has been cited by some as an surprisingly effective if unintentional reflection on the creatures lost humanity; certainly one that fares rather better than David Banks’ curious silver chin*. One of course does not watch classic Doctor Who chiefly for its costumes or special effects, and thus I discount the greater professionalism of later models as being a serious point in their favour.

My first claim in favour of the Cybermen of ‘The Tenth Planet’ then is that their underlying design was the most effective that the show ever came up with. In partial tribute to the society of days gone by (and in equal part to save myself the effort of rewriting their claims), I quote Alastair Harrison and David Bickley in their review of ‘The Tenth Planet’ in this very magazine during the year of 1998 as noting that, “Possibly the most effective feature of these early versions is their human hands, a horrifying emphasis of their former, human nature”. Further absent at this point are the great bulky helmets of the later models; instead a simple dully coloured funeral gauze is stretched tightly across the skull, creating a morbid, almost mummy like look and one which emphasises the human form trapped beneath in a way no later design has been able to match. Particularly unnerving is the way in which the Cybermen’s jaws simply drop down and hang open while a stream of words simply pours out. Although this feature was at least partially retained by the early Troughton models, the sight of the human jaw is itself more effective than the simple metal slot seen in ‘The Moonbase’, since it is at once more human and as yet as a result even more unnatural and frightening.

Though wary of sounding too harsh, I do believe that, for the vast majority of their appearances, the Cybermen of the Troughton area may as well have been nothing more than extremely dangerous robots. The last human features are finally lost behind an all-encompassing suit of steel, and the voice (to which I shall shortly return) becomes a simple robotic monotone buzz which, while certainly effective, is far
less distinctive, and the plots shift increasingly away from emphasising the Cybermen’s focus on sheer survival and their attempts to ‘help’ and upgrade the human race in favour of more simplistic ‘invasion’ or ‘base under siege’ stories. Post-Troughton by contrast, the issues seem to run entirely the opposite direction. The voices, though modulated, are entirely human and thus run through the entire range of the emotional spectrum, while the loosely fitting silver jumpsuits make them appear more like futuristic paratroopers rather than overtly mechanical creatures they are supposed to be.

Now the Cybermen of the 00’s not only appear to be little more than robots, that’s what they essentially are. The notion of gradual upgrading is replaced by the implantation of a human brain within an entirely mechanical body; something which I feel detracts from the overall concept of the Cybermen even if I can’t quite put my finger on exactly why it does. My best guess is that the gradual evolution of the original Cybermen was a better reflection of people’s fear about the dangers of technology and the slippery slope that even the most innocuous actions can lead to. In a similar vein, while I admit that the design of ‘The Tenth Planet’ Cybermen is a little haphazard, to say the least, it adds to my mind a valuable, almost Frankenstein-like quality to the proceedings. Rather than any carefully designed plan, these creatures have obviously been mechanised slowly and gradually, perhaps without any overarching plan in mind except the replacement of failing bodily organs with spare parts. The Cybermen of the 80’s may well be just a little too smooth, shiny and well designed given grotesque blend of man and machine they are intended to represent.

But even if I can wholeheartedly agree with Harrison and Bickley on the effectiveness of the Cybermen’s appearance, their summary of the voices as “ludicrously camp” is perhaps somewhat less encouraging. The “Microsoft Sam through a faulty pitch-shifter” effect certainly takes some getting used to. One of the most common criticisms seems to be that the voice isn’t menacing enough, or just comes across as plain bizarre. But why would the Cybermen sound menacing in the first place; they would seem to have no particular interest in doing so, since at this point any plans of universal domination appear to be absent. Indeed, the strange leaps of pitch and changes in delivery that characterise the speech patterns are best seen as a reflection of the Cybermen’s unsuccessful attempts to mimic the delivery of a natural human voice. They correctly understand that in normal human conversation our pitches and tone of voice may vary in response to our feelings and our topic of discussion, but because of their emotionless nature, they remain oblivious to the natural patterns which these variations take, and their attempt to force them in to their dialogue artificially leads to the curious and unnatural delivery seen on screen. Rather than the simple, emotionless buzz of the Troughton-era Cybermen, this failed attempt to mimic the characteristics of human speech while lacking the basic emotional requirements necessary to do so is to my mind for more intriguing and creepy all things considered, even if takes a little getting used to on the first viewing.

Of course, if the vocal style serves to reinforce the emotionless nature of the Cybermen, it also helps that this emotionless nature is actually written into the script. Granted, this wasn’t too much of a problem for most of the Troughton era, putting aside the occasional slip (witness the sarcastic Cyberman in ‘The Moonbase’ – “clever, clever, clever”). But, much as I love him, it’s certainly a good thing that David Banks is good enough to tell us on screen that he is an emotionless being,
because we probably wouldn’t be able to gather that fact from either his acting or from his other dialogue alone. Unlike in later stories, the Cybermen of ‘The Tenth Planet’ aren’t really trying to slaughter people on mass or conquer alien worlds. Their motivation is primarily survival. One could even read their attempts to upgrade and thus save humanity from the weaknesses of emotion as bizarrely altruistic. After all, why should we object to having removed from us those features which result in our experiencing pain, fear, sadness, loss, etc.? It is this lack of understanding that leads the Cybermen to offer their upgrading process as almost a reconciliatory offer for their planned destruction of Earth, offering the human race what they can only conceive of as ultimately beneficial arrangement.

'The Tenth Planet' is probably not the greatest Doctor Who story ever written (indeed, for a story that introduces both the Cybermen and sees the departure of the First Doctor, it’s notable that both are entirely absent from Episode 3). But I do maintain that it presents us with the best realisation of the Cybermen as a race ever to grace our television screens. The above defence is perhaps a little brief to stand alone, and thus is perhaps better viewed as a point of departure or a stimulator of thought rather than a systematic evaluation. Nevertheless, in spite of its limitations, I stand by its basic premises. When the former John Lumic proclaims, “This is the age of steel!” in the episode of the same name, I can only hope that his statement indeed reflects the future of the Cybermen within the world of Doctor Who. But might I then suggest that the inauguration of such an age would perhaps be best served by looking back to the best of the past?

*Although I would personally more likely believe that the wild staring eyes beneath the mask are less of an artistic choice and more a reflection of the actors themselves trying desperately to sync their mouths to the off screen vocals, with varying degrees of success.*
I will begin this review with a confession. When I first heard that Sumo Digital had developed a fifth Adventure Game, quietly made free to download from the official Doctor Who website last Halloween, my reaction was broadly along the lines of “Meh”. Readers who read my articles in issues 34 and 35 of The Tides of Time will recall that I was underwhelmed by the lack of ambition shown by the developers and by the number of opportunities that had been wasted in the last four attempts. So when I eventually got round to downloading and installing the 818Mb file (a process which took me nearly an hour to complete if I recall correctly) you would forgive my reluctance to actually start a new game. Nevertheless, I had heard that this latest entry was a substantial improvement over the previous adventures, which, having now played through the episode, is a statement that I broadly agree with.

This time round, the TARDIS has managed to collide with another spaceship, causing it to crash somewhere in London on the evening of November 4th 1605, which coincidentally happens to be the eve of the infamous Gunpowder Plot. The Doctor decides to track down the ship with Amy and Rory (his first appearance in the Adventure Games), partly because he presumably feels a bit guilty about the whole accident, but also because lesions in the fabric of time have started to appear in the area, which is a Very Bad Thing. Upon further exploration, it becomes apparent that a mysterious person has become involved with a conspiracy by some religious fanatics to assassinate King James I through explosive methods. To save London from disaster, The Doctor himself must infiltrate the plotters and find out what really happened that night...

The basic premise is much the same as the last four adventures. You take control of either The Doctor, Amy, or Rory at particular times in order to find items to pick up and characters to talk to, with the occasional puzzle or minigame thrown in for a change in
pace. Most of the time, you will be sent off on errands to fetch a particular item or two by the residents of London Town. In doing so, the plot advances in a linear fashion and the story unfolds in the manner of an extra long, interactive episode of the TV show. A key difference is that there are no more trading cards of previous Doctors, companions or jelly baby flavours to collect, although you might be lucky enough to stumble across a very creepy Easter egg during your travels.

In my previous reviews, I always maintained that the stealth-based sections remained the Adventure Games' greatest strength. Happily, there are plenty of opportunities for sneaking around, although the difficulty has been increased by a lack of checkpoints during these parts. If spotted, immediate death will usually follow and the player will be forced to repeat the entire scene from the beginning, which may be frustrating for some people. Despite this harsh punishment, sneaking past enemies generally isn't too hard and helps provide some variety to the proceedings.

Compared to last set of adventures, there seems to be many fewer minigames than before. The most prevalent of these is a kind of criss-cross puzzle that must be completed to close the lesions. These are relatively easy to begin with but become much more challenging later on. The vast majority of the game is spent exploring the environment, into which the developers have spent a lot of time working on. The maps are much larger than before, which justifies the large file size and longer download time, and although the storyline is still as linear as ever, you have a much greater degree of freedom than before. Rather than being forced to walk along a strict path all the time, you're able to explore the streets of London for yourself and mostly go where you like. However, this also means that players will spend a lot of time wandering round in circles looking for a key item, since the game will rarely give any clues as to where to find each object. Loading times for each area can take up to a few minutes, but are largely dependent on your computer's speed.

The controls are another massive improvement over the previous games. Gone is the awkward 'mouse only' scheme where one must hold down the left-click button to move forward, and instead we have a more sensible set-up where movement is controlled by the WASD/cursor keys and the camera view is rotated by moving the mouse. The mouse is also used to navigate through menus, although the cursor seemed to be slightly slow to respond to my mouse movements. The graphics appear to run more smoothly than before, although Rory's messy hair appears to be rather poorly rendered. I also noticed a lot of stuttering during the cutscenes, although this appears to be down to my laptop's limited processing power.

As would be expected for a title produced for a corporation with an educational remit to fulfil, an impressive amount of time has been spent researching all aspects of Jacobean life, which the player can learn about by finding additional items with facts associated with them. The political and religious motives behind the plot are revealed through lengthy conversations with key members of the conspiracy, all of whom are keen to explain their roles in detail and reveal their enthusiasm for treason in a way that I actually found to be quite sinister. As expected, Matt Smith, Karen Gillan, and Arthur Darvill provide the voices to their respective characters and all the other characters have good voice artists assigned to them, despite there being a good number of mockney
accents and one boy being voiced by a man clearly three times his character’s age. The script itself is generally quite well written and even has some terrible puns thrown in for good measure.

There are a number of glitches and problems with the game, some of which are severe enough to bring the experience to an abrupt halt. In one street, it is very easy for the player to become trapped behind some vegetable stalls, with no option but to return the main menu and reload from the last saved point. Fortunately, the game automatically saves your progress every time you enter a new area or complete a major objective. In a few other places, it’s quite possible to walk through walls and off the map, although the player is then quickly reset in the correct place. The subtitles which appear at the bottom of the screen also tend to contain a number of minor grammatical errors.

Whereas 'City of the Daleks', 'Blood of the Cybermen', 'TARDIS', and 'Shadows of the Vashta Nerada' could potentially be completed in one sitting, 'The Gunpowder Plot' will probably take most players as long to finish as it took to complete all four previous adventures combined. This is partly due to the significant number of fetch quests the player will be given, but also down to the longer plot and larger maps to walk around and get lost in. The storyline is by no means perfect; the ending feels somewhat morally dubious and may leave some fans of the show feeling slightly dissatisfied. Nevertheless, despite still having some problems, I thoroughly enjoyed playing this particular episode, which now happens to be my personal favourite out of the five. Normally, this would be the part where I would declare this to be “a step in the right direction”, and that I would hope the next adventure builds on the strengths of 'The Gunpowder Plot'. Unfortunately, it has recently been announced that there are no plans to make any further episodes in this series and that efforts will now be focused on other video game projects, including a title for the PlayStation 3 and Vita. It still remains to be seen whether the next Doctor Who-themed piece of software to be released will be worth the wait.
The 1978 serial 'The Stones of Blood' is a journey into the British past, not physically, and not into recorded history, but the past as perceived by the writer’s and viewers’ minds. The serial was written for broadcast around Halloween, the eve of the Christian festival of All Saints (or All Hallows, hence the name), which coincides, not entirely by accident, with the beginning of winter according to Celtic folk traditions. It is one of the so-called quarter-days, which lie about half-way between the solstices and equinoxes and therefore make realistic markers of the seasons for an originally agricultural society. As the threshold to the harshest time of the year, the beginning of winter attracted a rich folklore of darkness and death, which is still reflected in modern Halloween traditions. It seems appropriate therefore, that a Halloween story should draw on such traditions, both ancient and modern. David Fisher's script is well researched, and within the context of a Gothic science fiction tale set entirely in the present day, glimpses of things half-known and half-forgotten draw the viewer into the depths of imagined history. In the following, I have tried to follow up some of these glimpses, in a somewhat random manner, and by no means exhaustively.

The Place

"The Nine Travellers?" “Oh, it's a local name for them.” (Romana and Prof. Rumford, episode 1)

The Tardis lands in a field in Cornwall, near a place called Boscawen (which is never seen) and its stone circle, the Nine Travellers. These are modelled on the stone circle of Boscawen-ûn in the parish of St. Buryan in the far west of Cornwall, also known as the Nine Maidens. Indeed, an early draft title of the serial had been 'The Nine Maidens'. Boscawen literally means 'settlement by the elder tree'; a village of that name, implied in the serial’s dialogue, does not now exist in the area. Despite Romana’s surprise (and that of many other
visitors), a number of stone circles in Britain have the numeral ‘nine’ in their name, although most of them are obviously larger. There are several in the west of Cornwall alone. The Nine Maidens at Boscawen-ûn consist of nineteen upright stones up to 1.4 m high, set in a slightly oval shape about 22-25 m in diameter. They have not been excavated to an extent that would make them easily datable, but they are thought to belong to the Late Neolithic/Early Bronze Age, and more specifically the latter part of the third millennium BC (i.e. the time between 2500 and 2000). Unlike the stones in the serial, they are not within walking distance of the sea. The circle has been written about since at least the 14th century, and was first studied in detail by the Rev. Dr. William Borlase (1695-1772) for his Antiquities of Cornwall, published in 1754, the first systematic archaeological survey of an English county. His fieldwork is referenced by Professor Rumford in episode 1, who gives 1754 as the year of the survey. She never mentions his first name, but later in the episode, the caption of his portrait refers to him as Thomas Borlase (1701-1754), suggesting that the character has been deliberately altered. Also, the real Dr. Borlase died of illness in old age rather than being crushed by a falling megalith. (That such things could and did happen has been shown by a medieval skeleton under a fallen stone at Avebury.)

For the purposes of television, the part of the Nine Maidens (or Nine Travellers, as they were renamed) was played by the King’s Men in north Oxfordshire, part of the Rollright Stones complex. These are more impressive in size, more accessible from a main road, and, perhaps most importantly (for the purposes of television logistics), closer to London. They form an almost exact circle with a diameter of about 33 m, made up of a large number of closely-set stones (now 77), the tallest of which is over 2 m in height, and they are of a similar age as the Nine Maidens at Boscawen-ûn. The stone setting inside the circle is fictitious and was constructed from fibreglass for the serial. In reality, the space inside the King’s Men is empty. The Nine Maidens in Cornwall do have a large standing stone inside, which is located noticeably off-centre. Neither circle has an altar-stone, but there are many other such monuments where a stone lying on the ground (for whatever reason) is interpreted as an altar by local folklore and public imagination.

The suggestion that the stones of a circle or similar monument are not countable is also quite widespread; the motif is old. The 9th-century History of the Britons (sometimes attributed to a monk called Nennius) contains a chapter on the wonders of Britain, one of which is a large mound of stones that can never be measured to the same length twice (section 73). Although there is no suggestion that the stones of Boscawen-ûn ever defied counting, such a legend has a well-documented history at the Rollright Stones. Another widespread belief is that stones leave their place and walk, usually to a particular place at a particular time; this association too, is shared by the King’s Men at Little Rollright, but not by the Boscawen-ûn circle. At the Cornish site, on the other hand, there is the reputed Giant’s Footprint in a rock near the circle, a large hollow shaped like an oversized foot. This is a natural feature, one of many similar ones in the weather-worn Cornish granite.

The moving stones of the serial, which leave large imprints in the countryside, are identified as the alien Ogri in episode 3, an name which associates them with the ogres, ugly giants of John Blight’s sketch of the Boscawen-ûn circle, 1864.
The origin of the word ogre is not entirely clear, but it may ultimately (and round some corners) derive from Latin orcus 'hell'. If so, the ogres may be imagined as distant relatives of the orcs of some Old English and early modern literature and (hence) modern fantasy. Both British and Irish mythology suggest that these islands were at some time inhabited by giants, and according to Geoffrey of Monmouth in his 12th-century History of the Kings of Britain, these were especially plentiful in Cornwall (i. 16). The Ogri are identified by the Doctor as the models for Gog and Magog (or indeed, as these characters themselves). Gog and Magog were originally biblical characters, but found their way into British folklore and legend. In Geoffrey's account of the (human) settlement of Britain, they are apparently rolled into one as the character Gogmagog. According to this story, Brutus (after whom Britain came to be named) and his followers arrived in Britain as refugees from the Trojan War. Corineus, one of the party, quite enjoyed wrestling with the giants who inhabited the land. The settlers defeat the giants in battle and capture their leaders, and Corineus is awarded the most powerful one, Gogmagog, to fight. He gets the better of the giant and (unlike the Doctor with the Ogri) picks him up bodily before throwing him into the sea. The continuing significance of this story is reflected in the 20th-century statues of Gog and Magog in the London Guildhall, which replace a succession of such pairs (formerly called Corineus and Gogmagog) going back, via the 18th century, to the Middle Ages.

**The Druids**

“I always thought that druidism was founded by John Aubrey in the 17th century as a joke. He had a great sense of humour, John Aubrey.” (The Doctor, episode 1)

The original druids were an iron-age priesthood in western Europe, mostly associated with the Celtic inhabitants of Britain and Gaul (roughly equivalent to modern France). We have little information about them: no archaeological finds can be securely tied to their activities, and the few contemporary historical sources were written by their enemies, mostly the Romans who conquered much of North-West Europe in the first centuries BC and AD. The Doctor is not entirely precise in suggesting that only Caesar and Tacitus wrote about them, but Tacitus is the main source for the druids in Britain in particular (Annals xiv. 30), and Caesar, while writing about their customs in Gaul, claims that the druids originated in Britain (Gallic War vi. 13). There is no evidence that ancient druids ever used stone circles as places of worship. Purely hypothetically, it is not impossible, as the monuments would have
been old by their time, but no surviving sources, historical or archaeological, suggest that they did. The Roman writers make much of the idea that druids practised human sacrifice, and it is still a matter of debate how much of this happened, and how much was hostile propaganda.

The man who linked the druids with stone circles was John Aubrey (1626–1697), a pioneer antiquary and apparently an acquaintance of the Doctor’s. He dedicated 30 years of his life to writing a 4-part work called *Monumenta Britannica*, which was completed in 1693, but never published. In this he interprets the major stone circles at Stonehenge and Avebury as temples built by druids. Although we now know that about two millennia passed between the building of the stone circles and classical reports of the Druids, that was not obvious at Aubrey’s time. In fact he broke new ground in suggesting that these were not monuments built by known historical peoples like the Romans, but by the people who had inhabited the land before them. It must also be remembered that the time-depth of human history was believed to be much shorter in Aubrey’s time: up to the 19th century it was accepted knowledge in Western Europe that the age of the world could be calculated from the Bible and was less than 6000 years. According to this view, history as we know it began after Noah’s Flood, which was believed to have wiped out all previous human culture. In the 17th century, after much scholarly research by Archbishop James Ussher (1581–1656), this event was dated to just after 2350 BC. Considering that over 2000 years of history (going back from the present) were also known already, that leaves a rather short span for the entirety of prehistory, the extent of which was just beginning to be uncovered. Consequently, it made sense to ascribe a religious-looking prehistoric monument to the priesthood who were known to have been around immediately before the beginning of recorded history in their region (as written by the Romans).

Since Aubrey’s work remained unpublished, his idea only gained currency through the work of his disciple William Stukeley (1687–1765), who developed and published Aubrey’s ideas and was the first modern man to publicly call himself a druid. He was also a minister of the Church; which was not seen as a contradiction and in some neo-druidic organisations still isn’t. Neither Aubrey nor Stukeley ever visited Boscawen-un, but both were aware of its existence. Also, Aubrey had probably seen the Rollright Stones and Stukeley definitely, and both regarded them as druidic monuments.

Ideas about the druids developed in the following decades, and following classical models, they included a high regard for poets, called bards. The most important proponent of these ideas was a Welsh expatriate in London, Edward Williams, better known under his pseudonym Iolo Morganwg (‘little Edward of Glamorgan’). He invented not only a whole system of druidism, but also much of the evidence he used to support it. His work was very convincing, and it was not until the mid-19th century that the extent of his forgery was fully recognised. Much of it is intermixed with genuine material and is so good that it caused confusion for a long time even after being exposed. Iolo Morganwg instituted the organisation which became the Gorsedd of
the Bards of Britain, still in existence and counting among its members Queen Elizabeth II and Rowan Williams, the recent Archbishop of Canterbury. The Welsh word originally denotes a meeting place or a king’s court (literally a ‘high seat’). Iolo’s first gorsedd ceremony was held in London in 1792 in a temporary stone circle set up for the occasion. The alleged ancient Welsh triad of the ‘three chief gorseddau of Britain’ (noticed by Romana and quoted in full by Vivien) suits Iolo’s purposes, as it lists stone circles among alleged early gorsedd sites. There really is a collection of medieval Welsh triads of this kind (from a 14th-century manuscript), listing early medieval sites and mythological characters in sets of three, perhaps as a mnemonic device for use by poets. This particular triad, however, first appears in one of Iolo’s manuscripts, where it is attributed to a 16th-century original, but given how convenient it is for his purposes, he most likely wrote it himself. It is also quoted in the writings of the Welsh historian Thomas Price (1787-1848), who credits it to Iolo’s son and editor Taliesin Ab Iolo (1787-1847). Price, whose work was used by scriptwriter David Fisher, may be obliquely referred to by Professor Rumford in episode 1 (as Thomas Bright, who had surveyed the Nine Travellers).

Iolo’s Gorsedd was by no means the only druidic group of the 18th century or later. Originally these were either concerned with the mutual benefit of their members, or with the understanding of ancient wisdom, real and perceived; in the 20th century, a spiritual dimension developed. While there was (and is) a strong element of ritual in many of their traditions, modern druids have never been involved in blood sacrifice. Vivien defends these real groups (for the benefit of the television audience) when she asserts that the serial’s fictional British Institute of Druidic Studies has ‘nothing at all to do with real druids, of course, past or present.’ On the other hand, the idea of human sacrifice practised by the ancient druids, whether real or not, never quite left popular imagination, and it was adopted from by Romana and quoted in full by Vivien) suits Gothic literature, the parent genre of this serial.

The Goddess

“Goddess of war, death and magic. Beware the raven or the crow, Doctor. They are her eyes.” (de Vries, episode 1)

The serial is strongly female-led, with most of the protagonists being women, including the main villain. It therefore makes sense for the latter to appear in the shape of a goddess. In course of the story, she is referred to by a number of names, some more transparent than others. When she meets the Doctor (and we meet her), she uses Vivien Fay, a reference to Arthurian mythology. Viviane is one of the various names of the woman who seduces Merlin and imprisons him for eternity; in Thomas Malory’s influential 15th-century work Le Morte D’Arthur, this prison is a stone (iv. 1; although the lady’s name is given in a different form there), a direct counterpoint to Vivien’s fate in the serial. Vivien is the form of the name used by Tennyson in his 1859 romantic poem on the subject, Merlin and Vivien (part of his Arthurian cycle Idylls of the King), although here the prison is a tree. The surname Fay recalls another Arthurian character,
Morgan le Fay, who is portrayed as a sorceress by Malory, the sister of King Arthur who plots his downfall (iv. 14). However, when she is first mentioned, in Geoffrey of Monmouth’s 12th-century *Life of Merlin*, she is an enchantress of a more benevolent kind, a shape-shifter and healer in an otherworldly ‘island of apples’ (i.e. Avalon), where Arthur is taken after his final battle. Despite many of the later stories, she never quite loses this aspect, and she reprises this role near the end of *Le Morte D’Arthur* (xxi. 5). Morgan’s by-name *le fay* underlines her magical roots. The word comes from an old form of the French word *fée* ‘fairy’, which also (ultimately) underlies the modern English word *fairy*. The French word in turn goes back to Latin *fata*, a name for the goddesses of fate. This may serve as a reminder that the original fairies are not the small winged creatures of the Victorian imagination, but something altogether more powerful (as the Torchwood team had occasion to find out in ‘Small Worlds’, 2006). Morgan le Fay is of course also referenced in the first name of Vivien’s earlier alias, Morgana Montcalm. On the other hand, the surnames of her three personas in the portraits do not seem to contain further allusions: there is no obvious connection between the name Montcalm and Cornwall, and Señora Camara is explicitly stated to have been come from abroad. It is quite possible that these were married names, prescribed by the conventions of the times (unlike Vivien Fay, whose first and last names both carry meaning, and who appears to be unmarried). Even as married women, these two seem to have preferred the single (or widowed) life, and the unfortunate fates of their husbands (one killed on his wedding night, the other on the passage from Brazil) recall the fates of Merlin and Arthur, in principle, though not in detail. The title of the reclusive Mrs (rather than Miss) Trefusis suggests that she, too had once been married, but the name gives away little else. Trefusis (or Trefuses) is the name of a Cornish estate near Falmouth and hence the name of a local family. Given the strong feminine theme of the tale, it may be worth mentioning that it was also the married name of a prominent lesbian pioneer, but Violet Trefusis (1804–1972) was anything but a recluse. In Doctor Who, the name reappears in *The End of Time* (2009-10) where a Mrs. Trefusis is one of the women who resurrect the Master.

Further back in time, before the dissolution of the monasteries, we learn that the Nine Travellers were owned by the convent of the Little Sisters of St. Gudula (an inconspicuous place for an unmarried woman to live); by implication, Vivien would have been a member, if not the leader. St. Gudula was a 7th-century Frankish nun and is the patron saint of Brussels, at first sight a slightly surprising choice in Cornwall. There is, however, St. Gulval’s church near Penzance, which appears to be dedicated to an otherwise somewhat elusive early medieval female Cornish saint Gwelvela (or Welvela, Wolvela, etc., depending on the medieval source). This dedication probably reappears at a place called Gulwell in Devon, which has been reinterpreted as St. Gudula’s holy well.

The Druids know Vivien as the *Cailleach*, as *Morrigu* (which they are able to pronounce), and as *Nemetona* (slightly altered to *Nemintona*, perhaps accidentally); later the
Doctor also adds Ceridwen to the list. All these are much more overt references to the folklore and mythologies of the Celtic regions of Britain and Ireland.

Cailleach is the Irish and Scottish Gaelic word for an old woman or a nun, but also a witch or a hag. The word ultimately comes from the Latin pallium cloak, veil (Irish caille), so originally just denoted a woman who wore such clothing. It can still be used as a purely descriptive term, but it has also attracted a number of folklore associations. It appears in the name of the Scottish Cailleach Bheur, a seasonal character, associated with winter - the period beginning at Halloween. Her name, in turn recalls the southern Irish Cailleach Bhéire, who is renewed periodically, and takes a number of husbands in succession (who, unlike Vivien’s spouses, each live out their natural lifespan). In Scottish Gaelic cailleach-oidhe, literally ‘old woman of the night’, is also a name of the Tawny (or Brown) Owl. This sheds a different light on Vivian’s quiet approach in episode 1, and her subsequent explanation that she had once been a Brown Owl acquires meaning unrelated to a modern youth organization for girls.

The Morrígu (or more usually Morrígan, probably originally meaning ‘nightmare queen’) is a shape-shifting battle goddess from Irish mythology, as written down in the early Middle Ages. She appears in several stories, where she sometimes takes the form of a crow, and is part of a female trinity of similar powers. Nemetona (‘she of the sacred place’) comes from an earlier period, a goddess from a relatively small region in the continent, which also makes this connection. Ceridwen (whose name is not fully explained) belongs to Welsh mythology, as collected in medieval texts. She was a also a shape-shifter, as well as the guardian of the cauldron of inspiration and poetry, and is said to have been the mother of the semi-legendary 6th-century bard Taliesin, who is still admired by modern druids. Modern views of Ceridwen, which see her as a mother goddess, are heavily indebted to the interpretation of Edward Davies (1756-1831), a contemporary and critic of Iolo Morganwg; he is also cited by Price. Davies associated the character from the medieval story with what he thought to have been the original goddess of the druids; he also linked her into biblical history, suggesting (among other things) that she represented the memory of Noah’s Ark, and that stone circles symbolized her body and, by implication, that memory.

Vivien’s real name, finally, is Cessair of Diplos. There is no Celtic connection to the name of her home world, although it is interesting that it seems to recall Greek diplous, which means ‘two-sided, double’ as well as, quite appropriately ‘two-faced,
double-dealing’. According to the early Irish *Book of Invasions*, Cessair (really pronounced *kesser*), was the granddaughter of Noah, who led a group of her followers to Ireland on the edge of the world, in the hope of escaping the flood. Needless to say, it did not work. There is an interesting thought experiment in this, though, considering the assumed date of the Flood in about 2350 BC (according to early modern thought), and the real age of the stones circles at Boscawen-un and Little Rolright (around the same time according to current knowledge), which corresponds to the time during which the ship carrying Cessair of Diplos was marooned in Cornwall. Any conclusions are left to the reader.

Coda

“The Nine Travellers. They’ll have to be surveyed all over again.” (Prof. Rumford, episode 4)

The serial is set in the present, but as I am writing, that present is already the past, and is therefore worth a brief discussion. In 1978, modern druids may have been more part of the public imagination than they are now. Druids had performed summer solstice ceremonies at Stonehenge since 1912, which had attracted a growing number of outside attendees. From 1974, a music festival developed nearby, providing a focus for contemporary counter-culture; this grew until Stonehenge was closed to both druids and festival-goers in 1985. The site was reopened for solstice celebrations in 2000, but the druids no longer play a major part.

Also at the time, and less benevolently, modern paganism in all its forms was still regarded with suspicion in the press and in popular consciousness; there were rumours that some groups practised blood sacrifice and were perhaps even responsible for ritual murders. Recent depictions of that theme in popular culture (some in a more tongue-in cheek fashion) included the 1973 classic film *The Wicker Man*, in which the eponymous sacrificial structure is based on an early modern illustration inspired by classical accounts of the druids. Not much later and on television, the Goodies faced beheading by churchman-cum-druid Jon Pertwee in the 1975 episode ‘Wacky Wales.’

Academic opinion has also moved on. When the Doctor explains to Romana that stone circles are ancient observatories, he expresses an interpretation which had been developed in the 1960s and was widespread in the 1970s. It has since been shown that there is no strong evidence for any astronomical significance at the Rollright Stones or many other circles. While it is clear that some prehistoric monuments (e.g. Stonehenge, but not only stone circles) are aligned with points of the sun’s annual circuit, it is no longer believed that these monuments were designed as complex scientific instruments.

The Rollright Stones were investigated in detail only after the filming of the serial, beginning with a survey in 1981. It is possible that by the time the scripts were written, this was already being planned. Finally, another monument in the Rollright Stones complex inspired Penelope Lively’s novel *The Whispering Knights*, published in 1971 and probably familiar to some of Doctor Who’s younger audience.
Sources

“I do have my academic reputation to consider.” (Prof. Rumford, episode 4)

I have used a lot of bits and pieces to compile this, scholarly and otherwise, and too many to list. My most important sources have been Ronald Hutton’s recent books on the druids, especially those of the post-Roman kind, Leslie Grinsell’s studies on the folklore of prehistoric monuments, Geoffrey Ashe’s Mythology of the British Isles, the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, the Encyclopedia of Celtic Culture (ed. John Koch), a variety of language dictionaries, and of course ‘The Stones of Blood’ BBC DVD and its extras. Several of the 18th-century primary sources are freely accessible on Google Books, e.g. Thomas Price’s Literary Remains and Iolo Morganwg’s Barddas (but not, unfortunately, Borlase’s Antiquities of Cornwall). A number of relevant texts, both medieval and early modern, can also be read on the internet, in translation as well as, in some cases, in the original (try especially www.maryjones.us and www.sacred-texts.com). I am grateful to Matthew Kilburn for providing Who-related materials and useful comments, and Ruth Arstall and Inge Milfull for nitpicking over my drafts. Needless to say, any embarrassing errors or criminal oversimplifications are entirely my own.
In terms of Doctor Who, 2011 held a completely new experience in store for me and I’ll admit that before these two events happened, I was as sceptical, cynical and scathing as the next person but I gathered my courage and embraced the geekery of Doctor Who fandom. Oh yes, I went to my first conventions. Given that I had never attended a convention of any sort before and that I had a habit of viewing them as ‘geek fest’, I needed to start slow, so I kicked things off with Utopia – a weekend affair of which I attended one day in Heythrop Park, not all too far from Oxford, with the Oxford University Doctor Who Society. Having enjoyed this experience, I took it up a gear with Regenerations – also a weekend affair down in Swansea.

I feel, however, that before I begin, I should point out a key different between my two conventions that will inevitably come to affect my evaluation thereof: I attended the entirety of Regenerations, but only half of Utopia. The most obvious way in which this impacts on the appraisal can be seen in the guest lists: the line-ups for both conventions were formidable, but Utopia suffered from my one day attendance. Yes, I got to see Louise Jameson (Leela) and Katy Manning (Jo Grant), but Manning was (unsurprisingly) late and featured mainly on the second day anyway, on which I also missed Wendy Padbury (Zoë). Nevertheless, having said this, I feel that although Utopia had some serious companions going for it, Regenerations outshone it by a mile: Jameson and Padbury were there as well, but were supplemented by Anneke Wills (Polly), Frazer Hines (Jamie McCrimmon), Matthew Waterhouse (Adric), Sarah Sutton (Nyssa) and the companion of all companions, Sophie Aldred (the almighty Ace).

The Regenerations guest list did not stop there. They had people representing the Big Finish Audio stories and people whom I would describe as ‘blink and you’ll miss them’ characters (another reason for the Tenth After her eventful visits to the 'Utopia' and 'Regenerations' conventions, Sara James reports back and relates the story of a most peculiar family portrait.
Doctor’s call of not blinking, I find): characters that may feature relatively heavily in a particular episode or story and that deserve more attention than they are generally given. Utopia was also rich on these kinds of characters – perhaps a little too rich, one might argue – and although both conventions had a fair share of both Classic and new actors (a dichotomy that Utopia interestingly resolved in bringing members of the Jones family from both Classic and new Who – that is Jo Grant and Professor Clifford Jones and their grandson, Santiago – together for a panel) but Regenerations had something that Utopia just could not top: they had a Doctor.

Yes, Sylvester McCoy, the Seventh Doctor, was there in all his charisma and humour, leading a panel that was meant to be an interview, but that turned into a one-man spectacular that threatened to overshadow everything else that happened that weekend. It was, quite simply, sublime and he even managed to get a little spoon playing into the talk, as he does with everything he is in (tangent: I cannot wait to see how he has managed to get them into the forthcoming film adaptation of ‘The Hobbit’, in which he plays Radagast the Brown, if it survives Peter Jackson’s editing). The fact that they also had his main companion, Ace, there, made the convention irresistible – especially to me, a die-hard Seventh and Ace fan – and it would only have been more so if Terry Molloy (Davros, 1984-8) had not had to cancel.

Regenerations, therefore, had more gravitas: it felt bigger, more serious, more substantial and this quality owes itself not merely to the guest list, but also to the feel, the atmosphere that permeated the air for the entirety of the convention. For me personally, a big contributing factor thereto was how the respective conventions handled the two big events in the Who world that came to overshadow any Who-related event last year, namely the untimely passing of both Nicholas Courtney and Elisabeth Sladen. My judgement on this particular issue may be slightly coloured by the fact that I was much more a fan of the Brigadier than I was of Sarah Jane and that I was consequently a little annoyed by the fact that Sladen’s death gained much more coverage than Courtney’s. That is not to say, of course, that Sladen did not deserve the coverage she got, but rather that Courtney did not deserve the lack of coverage he got and that I suspect he would have received, had not a bigger name died two months after he did. All the same, both conventions happened after both had departed this life and the divide was clear: at Utopia, there was a video tribute to Sladen; at Regenerations, there was a tribute to Courtney. This may be explained by the fact that, as I understand it, Nick Courtney was much more involved with Regenerations than Liz Sladen ever was, but even then, the way in which the tributes were carried out was dealt with so much better at Regenerations. Whereas at Utopia, the tribute consisted mainly of a video montage squeezed in at the end of the first day, at Regenerations, the tribute took place at the very beginning of the whole weekend. It cut the opening ceremony short, but no-one minded: before welcoming everyone properly, the organiser, Cary Woodward, spent a few minutes retelling some of his memories of Nick Courtney and this was followed by a minute’s silence and then a minute of applause. It was beyond words: the whole room (including a number of Courtney’s fellow stars) was greatly moved by the absence of the Doctor Who regular and the moment of thunderous applause spoke volumes and moved me, for one, to the edge of tears. No matter how much affection I have...
for Liz Sladen, the tribute at Utopia just didn’t do the trick.

The difference in atmosphere did not, however, stop there. Strange as it may seem, walking around the Village Hotel in Swansea, there was a strange, familiar, familial feel. You mingled with guests and fellow geeks alike. Everyone there had the same intentions, got the same jokes and had an amazing amount of fun. When I was there, the second half of Season Six was being aired for the first time and so, as if quite ordinarily, everyone sat down in the main event room and watched the live broadcast of ‘The God Complex’ with a funny little extra clip at the beginning put in by BBC Wales (as we were in their jurisdiction) basically saying, ‘This programme was made by BBC Wales – aren’t we great?’ And again, when I say everyone, I mean everyone: stars and fans sat together and watched the latest episode of Doctor Who. Wills sat next to Aldred who sat next to McCoy and all of them were surrounded by fans and this, apart from being one of the most awesome moments of my life, only serves to highlight the intimate nature of the event, in which, Regenerations vastly outshines Utopia. Heythrop Park was close by and pretty, but it was much too spread out. There, I spent most of my time running from one end of the hotel to the other as the main convention hall and the autograph room were in two completely separate wings of the vast building, whereas on the very first morning at Regenerations, as I was heading to the opening ceremony, I passed Anneke Wills in the corridor as she headed the other way. I double took, hesitated, looked to my boyfriend and asked uncertainly, “Was that...?” and he replied, “I think it was.”

At both events, the stars of the show were undeniably lovely and never felt that you were hogging, or worse, wasting their time, but the familial, intimate feel at Regenerations amplified this. Take Louise Jameson, for instance. I had met her at Utopia and had made some sort of impression: when I asked her to make out one of my autographs to my brother and proceeded to tell her that he was the reason for my Who fandom, she changed the subject to ask about my relationship with my boyfriend. Had we met through Doctor Who? Yes, (I cringe) at our university’s society for the show, no less – I try to drag the focus away from our relationship to the fact that Oxford University Doctor Who Society were in attendance, but to no avail. It is therefore understandable that when I found out that she would also be coming to Regenerations, I worried that I, or worse we, would be recognised by her. Everyone told me that my worst fear would not be realised; that
Jameson must meet thousands upon thousands of fans and would therefore not remember two people from Utopia. Fast forward to four months later. My boyfriend wants Jameson’s autograph again. I protest, but resort to hiding behind him in the queue. I am forced to show my face, however, when I get her autograph myself. She smiles, makes a little small-talk and, just as she had done before, suddenly comes out with her burning question, “So where have I met you two before?” I die inside as my boyfriend informs her and die even more when she asks how our relationship is going. In that moment, I am not sure who I could kill more: Jameson, for remembering, or my boyfriend, for proceeding to tell her that we’re at Regenerations to celebrate our sixth monthiversary. Unbelievably embarrassing, yes (especially when Frazer Hines and Nicholas Briggs get a hold of it and – with a beer in their hands, I might add – tease us about it later), but if one were less neurotic, less easily embarrassed and less secretive than me, then it would be unbelievably sweet. Not just that she vaguely recognised a fan, but that she remembered a detail about their lives and asked after it. It goes without saying that my only fear now is that she, Hines and/or Briggs will remember the next time I dare to show my face at a convention.

Although this example highlights the lovely, good-willed nature of the convention guests, it, in turn, serves to reiterate the overall atmosphere of the two conventions. The guests often commented that everyone who goes to conventions, be they fans or stars, were part of the same, big family and although this message was preached at Utopia, as it was at Regenerations, the latter made it come true. This is, I feel, a perfect opportunity for me to move on to the title of this article: how I met my mother. As I afore intimated, Ace, a.k.a. Sophie Aldred, is my favourite companion, just as my favourite Doctor is Sylvester McCoy. Apart from Ace’s inherent awesomeness, this is largely due to the fact that when I was young, her stories with the Seventh Doctor were the most recent: I was born after the cancellation of 1989 and therefore, Ace and Seventh were the most modern characters and thereby the ones that I could most easily identify with and love. It did not just stop there, however. When, in primary school, we watched *Words and Pictures* and the presenter, Sophie Aldred, come on the screen, I was the only five-year-old who would shout, “It’s Ace! It’s Ace! IT’S ACE!” whilst the others would just stare at me and politely ask who Ace was. No-one else knew who Ace was, but she was my childhood idol. She was a beautiful, strong young lady from a slightly lacklustre area of London who stood up for herself and took nonsense from nobody. Oh, and she took a baseball bat to a Dalek and an anti-tank rocket to another and won... both times (Rose, Pond, SJS, etc., eat your hearts out). Needless to say, meeting Sophie Aldred was therefore a big deal to me. In fact, my boyfriend took me to Regenerations because we had found out that Aldred had been at Utopia the year before we went (the pain!) and she certainly wasn’t a
let-down. After she mentioned being a bit of a fan-girl when she met Lis Sladen, I had fewer qualms about being a bit – okay, a lot – of a fan-girl when I met her. We chatted, I told her about Ace having meant so much to me growing up and still meaning a lot to me and then... and then... I got to have my photo taken with her!

Not just her, of course, but also with McCoy and it is the most awesome thing ever and not just because it is Ace and the Seventh Doctor, but also because of what this Facebook comment (by a Who fan, I might add) demonstrates: “I saw this, and I thought, oh, Sara and her family, and I thought her dad looked a bit old, and then I looked again ... !” The number of times both believers and non-believers alike have seen that photo and said something along the lines of, “What a nice family photo!” is astounding and cannot owe itself simply to the fact that it is taken in what could be mistaken as a family portrait style. In fact, one visitor to my room (where I naturally have the picture framed on my mantelpiece) felt the need to apologise for presuming that McCoy and Aldred were my parents by telling me all the reasons why she made the mistake: apparently, I have his nose, her eyes, face and hair. Could I therefore be the secret lovechild of late 1980s Who? I think the evidence speaks for itself, n’est-ce pas? (disclaimer: contrary to the aforementioned strong photographic evidence, neither Sophie Aldred nor Sylvester McCoy is the biological parent of the writer, no matter how much the writer may like to believe it).

There you have it: how I met my mother. It was just one part fantastic of one completely unforgettable weekend at Regenerations and although I enjoyed my time both there and at Utopia, for me, Regenerations would win hands down in a competition between the two. There is perhaps little explanation for it: I just had a better time at Regenerations than I did at Utopia, despite the latter being imitable fun as well and perhaps the latter does suffer from the fact that I didn’t spend as much time there as I did at Regenerations. Perhaps it’s down to Regenerations’ superior guest list (and authentic Classic Daleks), but either way, which one will I be telling my children and grandchildren about? Regenerations, and how I met my idol and their (great-)grandmother.
Across
1: A limping Darth Vader; all mixed up.
3: Bigger on the inside.
9: No! Not the...
12 and 25: Home to Fitz, Anji, and 6 down.
13: Profanity from the New Adventures.
15: Apply this to Pertwee and Davison, it equals McGann.
16: Members include Captain Hawkins, Corporal Bell, and Brigadier Bambera.
17: How many Nimons have you seen today?
19: Patrick Troughton.
20: The First Doctor, initially.
24: Miss Grant – or is it Jones now?
26: Ruler of Skaro’s most famous species, initially.
29: A TARDIS-killing intelligence – or the buildings where the Time Lords keep their Looms.
30: Malfunctioning and useless robot companion.
33: The gift of Rassilon – how Time Lords cheat death.

Arranged by Thomas Keyton

Down
1: Viking leper colony in space!
2: “There’s no Noddy.”
4: Seven’s winning card.
5: Skarosian trigonometry?
6: Blonde contemporary-Earth companion with a crush on the Doctor.
7: William Hartnell.
8: The reason to be wary of the Number 22 to Putney Common.
10: The corpse worn by the Master when he dressed for the occasion.
11: Arguably Doctor Who’s genre.
14: The magazine that tells us when Doctor Who is on.
18: First this, then London, and most recently Gallifrey – places have a suspicious tendency of catching fire when the Doctor’s around.
21: Trakenite for “fly trapped in honey” – what an efficient language they must have!
23: One of these was owned by Caecilius, and could only have boosted Ten’s ego.
27: The Eleventh Doctor, initially.
28: Time Lady or enemy of Godzilla?
31: Professor Smythe cut short.
32: How to measure a story’s popularity.
Matthew Kilburn goes back to 1981 – a remote age, when video recorders were rare, computer games almost unknown, and newspapers were in print and not online. When Russell was Rusl, before T was for Television, Oxford was Hoxford, and Cherwell readers were addicted to

Russell T Davies is a talented fellow. If he wasn’t a writer and producer, he’s said he’d probably be an illustrator. The first edition of his book of e-mails with Benjamin Cook, The Writer’s Tale, was liberally decorated with his cartoons, his plans for the 2008 series of Doctor Who delineated in vivid coloured marker pen. Back in 2004, he designed a logo for Doctor Who which was vetoed by BBC Head of Drama Series Mal Young as too 1980s sci-fi and insufficiently like the title cards of other BBC dramas. Whereas in other productions directors might hire storyboard artists to visualise scenes, with Russell T Davies episodes of Doctor Who they were more likely to find that the executive producer and head writer had provided frame-by-frame suggestions of how action should be realised on screen.

Doctor Who under Russell T Davies often resembled a brightly-coloured comic strip, painted in primary or natural colours. Comics ran in Russell’s blood. He has proclaimed his love of Charles M. Schulz’s Peanuts and of the British humour titles of the 1960s and 1970s. It’s not a great surprise to find that Russell’s student activities in Oxford drew from his love of comics. He’d already been immersed in theatrical writing and performance as a teenager in Wales, recognised Oxford studentdom as a domain with its own social hierarchies and star systems, and rather than retread old ground by making his mark as a playwright and actor, turned his attention to the student press.

Within a week of his arrival at Worcester College, Stephen Russell Davies had carved a place at ‘Oxford’s biggest student sale’ – the university’s only weekly newspaper at the time, Cherwell. By the end of the decade the age of the freesheet had dawned, but in 1981 Cherwell was priced at 5p, though often bulk-ordered by college JCRs. On 16 October 1981 volume 171 number 2 of
Cherwell featured a cartoon showing three dons half-way up a mountain and one climbing to the summit, illustrating a story about the alleged eccentric behaviour of four Oxford academics on their expedition to the Himalayas. It was signed ‘RUSL’.

‘Rusl Davies, W. Glamorgan’ was the credited author of a letter published in issue 57 of what was then Doctor Who Monthly, cover dated October 1981. It’s long been speculated on grounds of style and content that the author of this missive was the future Russell T Davies. The letter praised the comic strip End of the Line, written by Steve Parkhouse and drawn by Dave Gibbons. There are similarities between the situation in that story and that encountered by the tenth Doctor, Martha and Jack in Russell’s script ‘Utopia’, twenty-six years later. The use of the name ‘Rusl’ and later ‘Rusl Davies’ by the Cherwell artist suggests that correspondent, writer and artist are the same person, and as his profile rose during his time at Oxford and more biographical details were revealed it’s clear that this is the case. His student self will be Rusl Davies for the remainder of this article.

Rusl’s one-frame cartoons continued to appear throughout the next four and a bit terms, but it is his strip cartoons which have more relevance to his later career. In the same issue of Cherwell as his mountaineering cartoon appeared part one of The Adventures of Jessica Chrome, which ran for the entirety of the year under various titles. For the first two terms it had two rows of panels, but was reduced to one in Trinity 1982.

Jessica Chrome might be named after a variety of nail varnish, but she is arguably the prototype of Russell T Davies’s hero figures. When introduced, she is a fresher at Oxford – or, as it is renamed from the second episode, Hoxford. In her first year, she usually appears as sturdily-built, round-faced, wearing a blazer over a V-necked sweater, and in a long skirt, with a satchel over her shoulder. Her companion is fellow-first year Virginia Pole, a shorter, altogether mousier young woman whose distinguishing features are her glasses and her pointed nose. If her hair was inked in, the indebtedness of Jessica and Virginia to Peppermint Patty and Marcie from Peanuts would be very obvious. Indeed, early in their acquaintance the overawed Virginia addresses Jessica as ‘Miss Chrome’ much as Marcie calls Patty ‘Sir’. However, despite her diminutive stature, Virginia perhaps owes most to the artist himself; a self-portrait published in Cherwell early in 1983 suggests this.

Jessica’s initial dress sense makes her a tidier version of Marcie Hatter, the heroine of Russell’s 1991 BBC 1 serial Dark Season, whose style was crustier but who was as was rarely separated from her purple holdall as Jessica was from her satchel. Like Marcie Hatter, like the Doctor and like Captain Jack Harkness, Jessica displays character traits which shouldn’t make her endearing, but which are overcome by a bewildering charisma. She is established as immensely wealthy, to the extent that in early instalments she is seen walking along surrounded by money, much as Pig-Pen in Peanuts attracts dirt. Her treatment of the devoted Virginia is appalling, particularly in the early strips. (“I love mixing with the lower classes. You’re so refreshingly common!” “You’re not bright, you’re hardly young, but you most definitely are a thing!”) However, she is calm in the face of danger, acutely perceptive when the authorities fail to notice overwhelming crises, and her beguiling self-confidence allows her to speak to would-be alien overlords on equal terms.

The alien overlords are the S.A.V. – the Standard Alien Villains. They are small and dome-shaped, almost literally mouths on legs, and wear helmets. There are definitely echoes of the late 1960s/early 1970s children’s television series Hattytown, where most of the characters were talking hats. On the understanding that Hoxford is the cultural capital of the world, the S.A.V. leader, who addresses his underlings as “darling” and
admits he “always was an old drama hack at heart”, decides to blast it into space, where it eventually settles on an asteroid. Russell would use a similar device in Doctor Who, when Royal Hope Hospital is transported to the Moon in ‘Smith and Jones’ in 2007; though it’s also reminiscent of the format another series which Russell and his readers would have remembered, Space: 1999. Hoxford is eventually piloted back to Earth by the multitalented Jessica, and it’s tempting to see in this a dress rehearsal for the much-derided flight of Earth through space in ‘Journey’s End’.

The Jessica Chrome saga, unfolding as it does in the early 1980s student press, includes a number of political jokes. The aliens’ ally on Earth proves (predictably) to be Margaret Thatcher. There are frequent jokes about the SDP, who broke away from the Labour Party in 1981 and for a while looked likely to be a dominant force in British politics. Cherwell, while reporting a lot of political meetings, sometimes displayed a bias towards the Labour Party, but Jessica Chrome displayed no political commitment; as Jessica explains when Virginia asks why she doesn’t make jokes about Labour, “there are certain things one doesn’t need to make jokes about.” Hoxford’s interstellar engines are powered by feminists breathing hot air into a furnace, which will be of significance to those critical of the gender politics in Russell’s later work.

Jessica Chrome is helped by its creator’s response to Oxford, a mixture of the received wisdom of the age and the distinctively inspired. There is a tripartite division of students into hacks (of various types), ‘bright young things’ of privilege and partying, and the rest. Dons wear academic dress, are rarely without a wine glass, and spend most of the time asleep. The architecture has unsuspected potential: for example, the Martyrs’ Memorial serves as a missile launcher. Rusl Davies was reading English, and his response to compulsory Old English seems to have been to name the “camp as a row of tents” alien leader Byrhtnoth, after the heroic leader of the Anglo-Saxon forces at the Battle of Maldon in 991, recorded in verse.

Conventional student activism is bound by formal procedure and needs to be circumvented by Jessica’s brilliance. Here, Jessica Chrome might owe a little to John Kent’s 1970s political satire Varoomshka, which ran sporadically in The Guardian. There, a beautiful blonde woman, usually wearing very little, proved indispensable to the ageing grey men of British government. While draped over their furniture, she embarrassed and baffled them with innocent but awkward questions which cut to the heart of issues they would rather have avoided. Jessica, however, is swathed in a skirt of doughtiness and is a woman of action.
rather than decoration, leaving Alex Ambition, the unimaginative JCR president introduced towards the end of Hilary 1982, trailing in her wake.

Jessica’s apparent amorality was never far away. During Hilary 1982, in a clear homage to Blake’s 7’s ‘Orbit’ (1981), she seemed tempted to eject Virginia into space, but instead got rid of the Examination Schools in what must have been authorial wish-fulfilment. At the end of term came her Invasion of Time moment, as she aligned herself with the aliens, and Rusl promised his readers that he would return in Trinity with The Treachery of Jessica Chrome.

The format of Jessica Chrome changed in Trinity to a single row of panels, though these could include as many as eight. During the vacation, Argentina had seized the Falkland Islands. Whereas Byrhtnoth and his aliens had been presented uncertainly as an analogue of the Polish Solidarity movement, they were now a military junta with Hoxford’s students as beleaguered Falklanders. Jessica soon breaks with the aliens and steals their files, but Byrhtnoth strikes back with his secret weapon – a robotic replica of Jessica, known as Anne Droid. This was a joke which evidently didn’t need to wait for Anne Robinson.

Despite hanging by her fingers from Carfax Tower, Jessica is able to destroy the robot when it angers her with a sexist remark. Byrhtnoth then unveils his secret weapon, which is (of course!) a Disintegrator Gun. Jessica strikes back by organising a student army, telling students that they are facing an accommodation crisis as “they don’t understand alien invasions”. The Disintegrator Gun’s rays bounce off the Bright Young Things in the back row and destroy the aliens. While Virginia and Alex celebrate, unaware that exams are imminent, Jessica heads off to Port Stanley to sort out the Falklands crisis.

The strip betrays a lot of Oxonian neuroses. Women were still a definite minority in the university in 1981 – only 29.8% in the 1980/81 academic year – and the jokes about feminists and women’s capabilities demonstrate an awkward awareness of male privilege, though also anticipating the throwaway sneer towards lesbians made by Stuart in Queer as Folk. The mockery of the SDP and of Solidarity perhaps reflects anxiety on the left that many of their hopes about the socialist world are wrong. Jessica herself represents the idea that someone at university, or in any other institution, understands what is going on and is more suited to the place than you are – and Virginia, at least at the start, represents the undergraduate who feels that she is sure to be found out. The depiction of the Bright Young Things seems to be based on a controversial article about student lifestyles which appeared in The Sunday Times. The introduction of Alex Ambition allows Virginia to show some self-confidence and berate the bureaucratically-minded Alex for his lack of imagination, which is refreshing after several instalments of servility.

Jessica Chrome returned in Michaelmas 1982, but she was never the same again. The Doctor Who-minded might assume she underwent some mishap in the South Atlantic and was forced to regenerate. At the start of Michaelmas, gone were the long skirt
and sensible V-neck jumper. The new Jessica had the same hairstyle but was taller and had slightly more angular features. Her coat was longer and was worn over a short dress with a wide belt and large buckle. The first appearance of this version of Jessica was in an editorial cartoon where she stared down irately at a decrepit gowned don in his armchair, who told her ‘Of course I’m not sexist, you silly girl. Now get back on my knee and finish your essay!’

The comedy adventure serial format of the first Jessica Chrome story was abandoned in favour of standalone stories, and the science fantasy tropes were dispensed with. Perhaps Russell had been struck by the thought ‘Life on Earth can be an adventure too,’ and the series now concentrated on the realities of student existence. Within the eight panels of the first strip Jessica had inadvertently talked a fresher to death by describing how he should seek to live his life. She was no longer implacable and infallible, but prone to mistakes.

Jessica and Virginia now appeared to be sharing a set in their unnamed college – once again in Oxford rather than Hoxford. Virginia became the voice of reason, sometimes sanctimonious, to Jessica’s exasperation at the men pursuing her or her panic at what the world might hold after university. Jessica can still bring out the fantastical in her universe: she has a personal visit from Santa Claus (in which Virginia refuses to believe) and she illuminates her way through an all-night essay crisis by kidnapping a Bright Young Thing from the Oxford Union and putting him in the corner of her room. On her way to the Union, long coat billowing behind her, Jessica is once more a Russell T Davies heroine, in whose wake would run the tenth Doctor and Captain Jack Harkness.

It was not to last. Jessica Chrome disappeared from Cherwell at the end of Michaelmas 1982. Rusl was now a student media establishment figure; since Trinity 1982 he had received a staff credit as ‘Graphics’, suggesting he was an influence on the dramatic improvement to the paper’s layout that year. However, more space was being given in Cherwell to a new cartoonist, Sarah Dixon, whose style owed more to satirical cartoonists like Ralph Steadman and Gerald Scarfe than Rusl’s, whose drawings were closer to the illustrators of children’s humour titles like The Beano, The Dandy and Whizzer and Chips or more short-lived but more outrageous 1970s comics like Krazy. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Rusl Davies was willing to admit that there is no point in being grown-up if you can’t be childish sometimes. Perhaps this is why from 11 February 1983 his staff credit disappeared, followed in the next issue by a curiously snide interview in which it was reported that Isis had turned Rusl down because he was too “commercial”.

So, apparently, ended Rusl Davies’s involvement with Cherwell – but this was not the end of his appearances in the student media.

For statistics on gender ratios at Oxford see Paul Bolton, Oxbridge ‘elitism’, House of Commons Library Briefing Paper SN/SG/616 (2 July 2010), p.5. All images are photographs from Rusl Davies’s cartoons as printed in Cherwell in 1981 and 1982. They are reproduced for citation purposes only.
Stranded aboard the Game station in the midst of a Dalek invasion, the Dalek Emperor offers the Doctor a terrible choice. The Delta Wave generator he has created will indeed, if activated, destroy the entire the Dalek fleet. But the victory comes at a terrible price. Since the range of the wave cannot be readily limited and its targets not distinguished, should the Doctor indeed follow through with his plan, then the entire human race will perish along with his oldest enemies. ‘I want to see you become like me’ mocks the Dalek Emperor, ‘Hail, the Doctor, the great exterminator’. And yet when push comes to shove and the Doctor, surrounded by the invading forces, must finally choose whether or not to push the fateful lever, he cannot bring himself to carry out his intended action. Given the choice between coward and killer, his answer is ‘coward any day’.

What might moral philosophy have to say about the Doctor’s choice in this situation? We can certainly sympathise with the Doctor’s decision; there seems to be some kind of categorical difference between failing to act to prevent an injustice and acting to actually create one that manifests in a fundamental distinction in terms of moral responsibility over all. Should the Doctor pull the lever, the extinction of all life on Earth can be traced directly to his choice. Yet, after his final decision, it is not he, but the Daleks, who are in the position of making the final choice regarding the destruction of Earth, and though one may certainly be able to predict their choice of action with a high degree of certainty, it is still the case that the final decision rests not in the Doctor’s hands but in the Daleks. And does this not, in some way, mitigate the Doctor’s responsibility?

At the same time however, we must surely be tempted to question the wisdom of the Doctor’s decision. In acting, the Doctor would indeed have destroyed both the Daleks and the human race, but would have saved countless galaxies from the evil of the former. But by refusing to, he not only fails to save the human race (who will be exterminated by the Daleks), but further fails to prevent the survival of a species who
will most certainly move on to produce untold greater misery throughout the galaxy. Such criticisms are by and large representative of the positions advocated by Utilitarian Philosophy, which was developed by Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill in the 18th and 19th century, and which holds that actions are moral to the extent that they promote the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number, immoral as they fail to achieve this standard or serve to subvert it and create pain within the world. Since such an account judges the morality of an action purely on the basis of the state of affairs it brings about, it follows that who carries out an action, and what ‘rights’ are broken in the process, are largely irrelevant to moral considerations. (1)

For the Utilitarian, the Doctor’s choice should be considered deeply immoral. Indeed, the Doctor’s own moral inhibitions are likely to be written off as little more than a kind of moral indulgence or selfishness; an unwillingness to act to bring about the greater good simply because the pain that will be caused as a result of it will emanate directly from his own actions. Since failure to prevent an action is, on Utilitarian considerations, just as bad as acting directly to bring about a similarly negative state of affairs, it follows that the Doctor should be held accountable for every single one of the deaths that would result from his failure to destroy the Dalek army. And if this is correct, then the Doctor’s reluctance to play the part of killer seems far less moral and upstanding than the casual viewer may initially have thought. (2) But while it is certainly the case that the
Doctor's moral reputation comes out rather the worse for wear if judged by Utilitarian considerations, it is also my claim the Doctor's case is an excellent example of one of the most powerful objections to the Utilitarianism put forward in recent years, namely that the detached and emotionless moral calculation it requires represents nothing less than a fundamental attack on the integrity of the individual. Bernard Williams, perhaps the most famous expositor of this particular line of critique, seeks to criticise the notion that ‘man as a utilitarian agent [can] come to regard as one satisfaction among others, and a dispensable one, a project around which he has built his life... it is absurd to demand of such a man, when the sums come in from the utility network which the projects of others have in part determined, that he should just step aside from his own project... It is to alienate him in a real sense from his actions and the source of his action in his own convictions’.

What exactly is Williams trying to say here? One interpretation of the argument from Integrity is that it is attempting to draw attention to the kind of angst and suffering individuals may feel after acting on a decision even they may agree is the moral one overall. If the Doctor were indeed to have pulled the lever, then he most probably would for the rest of his life have suffered the crippling guilt and agony of having destroyed the entire human race. Whether such emotions are rational or not is beside the point (although any philosopher who failed to empathise with the Doctor's plight on the basis that he committed the right action would surely be one with an impressive lack of empathy). The simple fact is that they exist, and thus must surely be factored into Utilitarian considerations.

This line of criticism is correct as far as it goes, but if it serves simply to highlight and aspect of Utilitarian calculation that the Utilitarian philosopher may have overlooked (namely the emotional response of the individual actor) then it hardly represents an attack on the Utilitarian position so much as an improvement or reinforcement. Furthermore, it seems difficult; no matter how much suffering the Doctor may endure as a result of his action, to argue that this justifies the survival of a Dalek force capable of mercilessly wiping out vast swathes of the galaxy as well as the human race itself. There must surely come a point at which the sheer scale of death and destruction must outweigh these kinds of emotional responses, and if this is all the argument from integrity is basing itself on, then surely it entirely fails as a viable of critique of the Utilitarian position.

Thankfully, the point Williams is trying to make, while not entirely distinct from the argument above, is one based on an altogether more subtle and nuanced case. To explore it more fully, we might consider such an example as the one below. It's Valentine's Day 3928 and Rory Williams has been treating his wife Amy Pond to a relaxing and romantic at the Eye of Orion. Furthermore,
Rory has for the past few weeks been busily ensconced in the TARDIS library reading up on the great Utilitarian works of such philosophers as Mill and Henry Sidgwick. When Amy thanks him for giving her such a wonderful day, Rory feels himself to be in a position to proudly proclaim ‘don’t worry, it was no problem. I could see that Utilitarianism required it of me’.

Yet what on earth are we to make of such a response? Amy would certainly be justified in being more than a little puzzled by it; indeed she might be seriously hurt. For Rory’s comment implies that he does not consider his actions justified purely on the basis of his relationship, but that they simply reflect the best way by which he can maximize the abstract utility of the entire universe. Indeed, if Rory believed that he could best contribute to abstract happiness by taking an entirely different woman out on a Valentine’s Day trip to the Eye of Orion, then it seems he would have been motivated by exactly the same concerns to do this instead. And surely such a perspective would serve to alienate Rory from any kind of emotional relationship.

When we enter into a relationship with a loved one, it seems that we want their kindness and devotion to be motivated by some kind of special emotional connection we have with them, and not be motivated by the belief that acting in such a way simply happens to provide the best way for them to maximize the utility of all sentient beings in the universe and is thus justified on these grounds. In response to this kind of argument, some Utilitarian Philosophers have attempted to resolve the difficulty by drawing a clear distinction between Utilitarian decision procedures – the way we choose what action to do – and evaluative tests – the way we determine what is right and wrong. In a two level model such as that outlined by R. M. Hare, Rory is perfectly justified in acting upon the kind of natural emotional impulses the rest of us feel, since in everyday life these impulses do indeed allow him to live the kind of complete and fulfilling life that would surely come off best when judged by Utilitarian standards.

But this distinction simply delays the inevitable. For Hare also advocates the engaging in of ‘critical reflection’ or ‘level two thinking’ in times of calm and reflection, in which we evaluate the decision procedures we act upon in everyday life and try to determine whether they do indeed serve to maximize total utility. Yet it will hardly do for Rory’s devotion to his wife to be motivated by such intuitive procedures in everyday life, and yet for him to calmly mediate between such intuitions and others when settling down with a glass of port for an evening of critical reflection, since these thoughts cannot simply be forgotten when one returns to the daily grind of everyday life. Simply put, an emotionally true and fulfilling relationship must be one justified on something other than the greatest happiness principle, since anyone adhering to that principle must necessarily destroy the mindset that is required as a prerequisite for any such relationship to take place.
It is this kind of argument that has led some Utilitarian thinkers, such as Peter Railton, to argue one step further; and to thus proclaim that the best utilitarian world may well be one in which people do not act upon, or are even aware of, Utilitarian principles at all. Let us consider how Railton’s position might be applied to the Doctor’s own ethical dilemma. Railton certainly cannot deny that the Doctor’s action is, all things considered, the wrong action to take, for the usual Utilitarian reasons outlined above. But, leaving aside the question of whether or not the Doctor should be blamed for his action (since blaming somebody is in itself, on this account, to be judged by the pleasure and pain that such a response will induce), Railton might well state that the kind of moral sensibilities that motivated the Doctor were justified despite their misleading direction in this case. How can this be the case?

Railton’s distinction may initially seem peculiar, but it follows quite naturally from the kind of case we have already discussed regarding Amy and Rory. Perhaps if Rory could have maximized total happiness by taking some woman other than Amy to the Eye of Orion, then his decision to take his wife anyway could have been the wrong action in that case. Yet the distinction is irrelevant, since by acting purely on the basis of emotional and intuitive ties, Rory can build up a successful relationship with Amy that results in a far deeper and more fulfilling happiness than could ever be formed as a result of directly considering means to the greatest possible happiness, even such a relationship ultimately prevents him judging the utility maximizing course of events in every single case.

In the same way; if the Doctor makes his decision ultimately as result of the kind of humanity and compassion that have motivated him over the course of his life to save countless lives and defeat countless evils, and if we cannot strip him of this characteristic without destroying his integrity and alienating him from the moral characteristics that not only shape and define his life but further give rise to these very actions, then it is surely wrong for the Utilitarian to complain about the Doctor’s decision in this case, since it is guided by principles which allow no exceptions and yet which still result in the best possible states of affairs overall in the long run.

Thus it might then seem, on first glance, then that the Integrity objection can be met; that Rory and the Doctor can, in their respective situations, continue to enjoy the kind of commitments and projects they do without being condemned by the Utilitarian philosopher. Yet we must surely pause and consider just what a bizarre position the Utilitarian has had to adopt in response to our criticisms. Where the Utilitarian once advocated that one act so as to maximize total utility, he is now forced to advocate the principles utter absence in the minds of its adherents so as to allow them to build up the kind of emotional relationships that lead to happy lives. At the very least, such a philosophy is deeply impractical. At worst, a
philosophy that advocates the maximization of happiness and yet whose very acceptance in the minds of individuals serves to sever them from the emotional commitments required to live a happy and fulfilling life is built on an inherent tension and contradiction, and is then surely no satisfactory moral philosophy at all!

What we have attempted in this article then is to argue that a certain strand of Utilitarian critique that might surface in response to the Doctor’s choice at the climax of ‘The Parting of the Ways’ is in fact reflective of a far deeper flaw at the heart of Utilitarian theory, one who’s emotional shallowness and over abstraction leads to the acceptance of the principle serving to subvert the very aims of the principle itself. This argument, of course, does not in itself answer the question as to whether the Doctor’s actions are in fact right or wrong. One might well accept the Utilitarian conclusion while rejecting the reasoning by which it has reached it. Indeed, some philosophers, including Bernard William’s, would most likely agree that the Doctor’s decision is probably the wrong one to take, while expressing doubts as to whether any kind of rational moral decision procedure could ever provide an ultimate answer to cases in which all the options are equally atrocious and have been forced to fall back on the kind of intuitive decision making the Doctor himself employs (‘a moral nose’, to use a Nietzschean phrase). If such problems have occupied moral philosophers for centuries, then it seems that on the Utilitarian account the suffering of these various beings can be traced directly to yourself to the extent that the amount of money you have corresponds to that which they lack to counteract their suffering. But if this is true, does morality not then become an over-riding burden, stripping individuals of any sense of autonomy and freedom?

(2) Although beyond the scope of this essay, the failure to distinguish between positive and negative responsibility in Utilitarian theory has itself been a source of considerable criticism, chiefly on the grounds that it makes adherence to the moral lifestyle almost impossible. If you consider the spare change currently sat in your purse / wallet, and then consider that at this very moment that money could be going to help homeless people, abused animals or the poor abroad, then it seems that on the Utilitarian account the suffering of these various beings can be traced directly to yourself to the extent that the amount of money you have corresponds to that which they lack to counteract their suffering. But if this is true, does morality not then become an over-riding burden, stripping individuals of any sense of autonomy and freedom?

(3) I should note that, while my Philosophy tutor agrees the kind of argument outlined above does indeed provide a viable critique of the Utilitarian position, he takes it be somewhat less devastating than I do (i.e. he holds that, even if Utilitarian philosophy were to advocate its own immediate abolition, this would not in itself serve as an adequate refutation of the Utilitarianism). I obviously differ with him on this point. Readers are invited to make up their own minds.
There are lots of books in the cultural and media studies sectors dealing with *Doctor Who* nowadays; but this wasn’t the case in 2004 when Dr. David Butler of the University of Manchester convened the conference ‘Time And Relative Dissertations In Space’ to examine the cultural impact of the original series and anticipate the new. There were one or two representatives of the society which publishes this very magazine among the contributors, and subsequently our papers were corralled by David into a book, which was published in 2007, well after *Doctor Who* returned to production.

My chapter in *Time And Relative Dissertations In Space* (still available from Amazon etc...) was inevitably overlength - you’ve seen how many words I can write for *Tides* – and several thousand words had to be cut. There are therefore many omissions in the published text of ‘Bargains of Necessity: *Doctor Who, Culloden* and fictionalizing history at the BBC in the 1960s’. Returning to the text now I can see that David was right to insist that they be cut; there were too many redundant quotations which didn’t add much to the argument. There were, however, several tangents with which I hope to do more.

Here are presented two section which were omitted in this form from the published text – I need to do something more with them, but thought they might be of interest.

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**Writing the Doctor Who historicals**

For most *Doctor Who* writers, their imagination was more valuable than research in libraries. There is enough in John Lucarotti’s depiction of the Aztecs’ social structure to suggest that he may have read George C. Vaillant’s *The Aztecs of Mexico*, published by Penguin in the UK in 1950, but if so he simplified what he learned to serve an audience of children and tired weekending adults. Alan Barnes has argued convincingly [in *Doctor Who Magazine*] that the foundation of Anthony Coburn’s research for ‘100,000 BC’ was actually a novel, William Golding’s *The Inheritors*. Coburn had been a member of the BBC drama script department before its dissolution, and one of the department’s roles had been to read books with a view to their adaptation on television; Coburn continued to read books for this purpose as a freelancer after writing ‘100,000 BC’ for *Doctor Who*. (BBC WAC, C18/195) Dennis Spooner claimed that ‘The Romans’ was heavily influenced by *Carry On Cleo*:

“We had the same researcher, and the ‘Carry On...’ films were never very
serious with their research... Gertan Klauber was in both; that wasn’t a coincidence – that’s where it all came from!’


The contrast with Cotton’s approach is marked. In the 1980s Doctor Who fan critics would group Spooner’s ‘The Romans’ together with ‘The Myth Makers’ and ‘The Gunfighters’ as comic stories, probably contributing to the decision of publishers W.H. Allen to commission Cotton to novelize Spooner’s story. The unfavourable reviews revealed the difference between Cotton’s and Spooner’s priorities. Spooner’s stories were more lighthearted and tended to exploit rather than challenge audience expectations based upon perceptions of history rooted in popular culture. ‘The Reign of Terror’ establishes a shaky parallel between the Revolutionary France of 1793 and Nazi-occupied Germany of the early 1940s, with its story of an underground network smuggling British agents and government opponents out of the country, under the noses of a government whose values are presented as alien. Napoleon is brought on, ahistorically, in the final episode as an aside, to inform the viewer of what happened ‘next’, brushing aside the regimes that immediately followed that of Robespierre.

‘The Romans’, after having the Doctor indirectly inspire the Great Fire of AD64, concludes the section of the story involving the non-regulars by showing Nero’s servant Tavius holding a cross hung around his neck, collapsing the time between the reign of Nero and the triumph of Christianity three centuries later, as well as playing up to connections that the audience might make between ‘The Romans’ and near-contemporary cinema such as Quo Vadis?, The Robe and Ben Hur, which all intermixed the struggles of early Christianity and the hardships of life under Roman emperors of the Julio-Claudian line. Cotton’s Doctor Who serials, meanwhile, play with form to subvert audience expectations: Greek heroes became country gentleman soldiers going through the motions of a stagnant war, while the legendary figures of the American west are exposed as petty villains.

History, science fiction and BBC public relations

The emergence of the dichotomous structure of the series developed from the need to concentrate on serial formats that worked and would hold audiences. From the viewpoint of the then chief of programmes, BBC 1, Donald Baverstock, Doctor Who was ‘the Saturday afternoon serial’, or, more precisely, a format that allowed otherwise disconnected serials to appear under the same banner with continuing characters with the hope of deterring viewers from deserting in droves after a popular segment. The Saturday afternoon serial had, until 1963, been produced by the children’s department. Serials produced in the three or four years previous to the arrival of Doctor Who had ranged from period adaptations of works from the literary canon (by 1963 moved to Sunday) to the adventures of commercial pilot Garry Halliday (1959-1962). Doctor Who was probably expected to enjoy a comparable budget to the Sunday serial, transferred from the children’s department to the Drama Group in 1963. The Saturday
and Sunday serials were seen as having a close relationship. *Doctor Who* shared its press launch in November 1963 with the Sunday afternoon dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson’s *Kidnapped*. Sydney Newman [head of BBC Drama Group, 1963-1967] was keen that *Doctor Who* should be launched as part of a general serial department publicity effort, writing to Donald Wilson [head of serials within BBC Drama Group, 1963-1965] that ‘as Serials is in the main one part of the Drama Group and the BBC which is very much on the side of the angels with regard to the public’s favour, I hope you will make the most of it.’ (BBC WAC, T5/647/1, 7.11.1963).

*Doctor Who* was bracketed together with the Sunday serial both for defence of BBC Television’s policy on children’s television against external critics and against those within the BBC who wanted to revive the drama traditions of the disbanded children’s department. In his notes for a response to a letter on children’s television from ‘Miss Streatfield’ – possibly the author Noel Streatfeild, who had been a prolific contributor to BBC broadcasting for children on both radio and television during the 1950s – Baverstock claimed that ‘For children between 6 and 14, we have refreshed and reinvigorated our concept of the classic serial... that they are popular with children we are certain. If they are popular also with adults watching at the same time we are pleased, not ashamed.’ *Doctor Who* was described in the memo as ‘a deliberate attempt to create a long running series, with a schoolgirl as heroine, that would capture the imagination of children’ and as a ‘Science Fiction series which moves in groups of episodes through space and time... watched by over 10 million people, a large proportion of which are children’. The memo was a careful, if defensive, statement of BBC television’s policy of seeking to build child audiences by attracting them to programmes not made exclusively for them. *Doctor Who*, while frequently described to audiences outside and inside the BBC in terms such as ‘not... a children’s programme but... aimed at a broad family audience’ (BBC Midland Regional Advisory Council minutes, BBC WAC, T16/62/3, 18.10.1963) was still enough of a children’s programme for Baverstock to rebut an application early in 1964 by Doreen Stephens, head of family programmes, for investment in original children’s drama with the argument ‘The money spent on the Family Serial and on “Dr. Who” adds up to nearly three times what we used to spend two years ago on Children’s drama output’ and that he would rather invest in non-fiction programmes for children such as *Blue Peter* and *Treasure House*. (BBC WAC, T16/45/3, 1964)

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