Reviews

The Man that AllForgot 10
Feminine Characterisation... 20
The Man who Walks in Eternity 27

Fiction

That Old Common Arbitrator 8
The Tapes of Fandrozani 13
Polishing the Glass 19
The King - part1 22
Existence 25
Elegia 30

Features

Down Among the Dead Men 2
Seven Faces of DocSoc 4
Why in the Universe... 34

Comment

The Other Half Pint... 26
Presidential Address 31

Quizzes

Caption 'Competition' 3
Answers to Issue 17 Crossword 25
Crossword Back
First, an announcement. This issue of Tides - an introduction, of sorts, to the society - includes the work of more people than ever before (I think)! It’s a nice claim, anyway. For the record, we have had at least 11 contributors in only 15 articles - but I’d be quite happy to receive ever more submissions.

Now, onto my hobby horse of the moment. Having just completed a (most exciting, I feel obliged to add, in case any of my tutors ever see this) course in archaeology, I am of course no expert, as my Finals results are likely to display. However, I feel that I now have some basic grounding in the concepts behind excavation and preservation. I would like to say that archaeology in Who in general is an example of well researched, painstakingly prepared and discussed, informative television. It isn’t. It’s disastrous. Almost without exception, the sort of fundamental common sense which might say - ‘Hold on, perhaps I should take a note of this?’ or ‘Maybe using explosives to uncover delicate, rare, expensive ancient artifacts isn’t the best of ideas’ departs from Doctor Who like a herd of elephants across Wedgeford Crystal warehouses at the first hint of ‘archaeology’.

I have nothing but praise for what I have heard of the lovely Ms. Bernice Summerfield and her eminent research carried out in the course of the New Adventures (am I the only person to be saying anything good about these works of ‘literature’?), since those authors who employ the art of archaeology also employ some iota of intelligence. Amelia Rumford from The Stones of Blood also fills me with joy, being perhaps the most realistic portrayal of any academic I have seen in Who, and bearing a most positive resemblance to any stereotypical practical, elderly, female archaeologist of some note, whilst retaining an individual persona. She records, tabulates, photographs. She applies rigid scholarly thought to discrepancy, whilst carefully not discounting any alternatives (witness the ability to accept, even with some modicum of surprise, the Doctor’s rather odd machines and suggestions). She even, we can thoroughly believe, shall find a logical way to explain those changes in the Nine Travellers without reference to something quite as out-of-the-ordinary as the truth.

The editorial policy is:
We would very much like to receive your articles. Space and legality permitting, everything will be published.
The Editor may make small adjustments of accidentals (spelling, punctuation, grammar). Any more major suggested alteration will be referred back to the writer for approval before publication.
Since I was bombarded with well over ten sides of responses to last issue’s articles, I propose to set aside 2-3 sides for them in the future (preferably in letter format, or marked where ‘bits’ can be safely omitted), and this time have not included any replies in order to make the issue more accessible. If respondents left out this time would care to inform me as to whether they would still like any of their remarks to be printed, I’ll see what I can do.
If you would like to include a picture or anything similar to be included with your article (or even separately), as long as I can bludgeon my computer into doing it, it’ll go in.
Offers of help with typing (you can gain a friend by giving me your article in Word 6 format) gratefully accepted.

First published in June 1995 by the Oxford University Doctor Who Society. Republished online in December 2013 at tidesoftime.wordpress.com Doctor Who is copyright ©1963 BBC Worldwide Ltd. Copyright in article texts remains with the contributors.
Moreover, I do not insist that everything (or even anything) in Who must necessarily be open to explanation in terms of the real world. I just think that a degree of consistency would be nice. If all archaeologists portrayed in Who terms hacked through their work with the blithe abandon of the 'eminent' Dr. Marcus Scarman, Fellow of All Souls (?!!), then one would come to expect such idiocy - the programme would demand that. But, as I have said, they don't by any means.

Dr. Marcus Scarman. Eminent archaeologist. Fellow of All Souls. This is a man who not only is so phenomenally stupid as to break through into an ancient Egyptian tomb without adequate backup (they run away, a very scientific approach, and what the subject of archaeology should do as soon as Doctor Who is mentioned), but who moves artifacts of an archaeological nature with his bare hands, presumably to see what lies behind that curtain, takes absolutely no record of his findings, and certainly is not going to be able to prepare a paper on the topic afterwards. For we must remember the main purpose of ancient artifacts. I, for one, cannot believe that this man is an academic of any sort.

_Tomb of the Cybermen_ is a wonderful story, subtle, surprising in places and thoroughly enjoyable. It's a pity about Professor Parry and his team of workers, isn't it? Having carefully surveyed the lie of the land, knowing the delicate nature of the archaeological evidence to be (hopefully) uncovered, they proceed by blowing it all up. Once they have oh-so-carefully gained entry, the original purpose of the excavation lies dormant, except for random people purporting to take a few notes every now and then. Where are the cameras? Where are the measuring devices? Where, in fact, are those excavators with enough spark of common sense to a) recognise the concept of a door and b) not go round randomly pressing buttons and waiting for the roof to fall in. The Doctor seems to be impressed when they 'recognise' him as an archaeologist. Oh dear. Oh dearie, dearie me.

There is no scourge worse than the semi-professional archaeologist. Whole reams of evidence can be destroyed for future generations in the name of discovery. One real botched job (on a par with some of those in Who, if they had been real) is that of the Taplow Mound, the richest Anglo Saxon burial so far discovered, with the one exception of the famous Sutton Hoo Mound I burial. It may have been as rich, but unfortunately we have no way of telling. The roof caved in. Yup, they went straight ahead and burrowed in - directly and without consideration - through the side of the mound, and through the roots of the tree that had been holding the whole thing together for over a thousand years. Most of what they found after that, understandably, methinks, was rubble, bits and pieces - but they found enough to take home and put on the mantelpiece. Or give to the British Museum. One of the amazing claw-footed glass beakers that they reportedly found (but the reports are not full and are internally inconsistent) has never been seen by the British Museum. Such a worker was that wonderful gentleman in _The Ice Warriors_ who determinedly carved what was quite obviously _not_ a Viking warrior out of the ice and proceeded to defrost it using what is tantamount to a hairdryer. Luckily, it was a _Martian_ warrior bent on mass destruction, otherwise this incompetent bungling would have melted a piece of incredible medieval history. Isn't it interesting how the complete layman will do almost no harm, whilst he who believes he knows what he's doing can be completely sh....

Maybe I shall conclude with an example from the period which I studied, Anglo Saxon and Celtic Britain. I am, of course, referring to that masterpiece of spurious archaeology, _Battlefield_. At second glance, the painstaking nature of the excavation carried out by Peter Warmsly is careful 'It takes a year to excavate a centimetre on a site this big' - probably an overexaggeration, as he wouldn't get funding for that, but this isn't about realism, it's about common sense - and the writer makes a big deal of his ability. He even finds the only complete scabbard, in reasonable condition and not a reconstruction, _ever_ from such an early time period (they all rot). An amazing man. Why, oh why, do they have to ruin all of this good work by making him drive nails into the scabbard and attach mounts to it in order to hang it, without a case, on the wall of a local pub? Uuurggh. I give up. I'm going to watch _The Time Trail_.

Please send any submissions over the long vac to Corinne Berg, 113 Blackbrook Lane, Bickley, Kent, BR1 2LP and when Michaelmas begins, I'll be at Linacre College, so via pigeon post (if you dare!) from the beginning of 6th week. Closing date Monday 4th week, and I want fiction, comment, review - anything you can think of relating to Doctor Who and telefantasy or the society, really.

Let me leave you with the first ever _Tides_ caption competition. Answers to me by the same date.

Fireworks and colours to you all.
Corinne xxx
Now that Doc Soc’s gone through as many Presidents as there’ve been Doctors and the Society’s been around long enough to think about submitting it’s DPhil thesis, I think an update on its history is long overdue. Since I’ve been around through most of that time, I thought I’d tackle the task.

For those of you who are interested, the last history of the Society was published in Issue 9 of this magazine, although a retrospective of the first year appeared last year in Issue 14.

Oxford societies come and go at the blink of an eye, so I think it’s a tribute to the enthusiasm of the members and the dedication of the committee that Doc Soc has thrived (and remained solvent) for over six years, entertaining its members with videos, socials and speakers week in week out with barely a hitch.

In true Doctor Who tradition, I’ll deal with the story of Doc Soc President by President. But first, it’s worth mentioning that the present OUDWS is probably not the first. Rumours exist of a Doctor Who society in the seventies and early eighties, although it’s not clear whether this was one society or a succession. Very little is known about them today other than they wouldn’t have been able to show videos and that someone (not necessarily the Doc Soc) managed to get a speaker meeting out of Tom Baker (a major achievement these days).

The First President
(Roger Shaw, Hilary 1989)

The Society was conceived in November 1988 in Turl Street, outside Exeter College, by Matthew Brookes, Simon Clifford, Ian Middleton, Roger Shaw and Adam Stephens. The following term, a committee was set up with Roger as President, the Society was registered and a pilot meeting was held in conjunction with the Sherlock Holmes Society (Talons of Weng Chiang naturally).

Over the next few weeks, a room was found and Jon Bryden signed up, generously making his TV and video available and also his extensive collection of bootleg tapes. By the end of term, the Society was ready for lift off (or perhaps dematerialisation).

At 8 p.m. on Wednesday 8th March 1989 (eighth week) in Christ Church lecture room 2, the Doctor Who Society was born. Top of the bill was the Pyramids of Mars on BBC video, complete with copyright message, and the first members signed up at £1 a head for the remainder of the academic year. The meeting also heralded the start of free Jelly Babies and after meeting quizzes, both of which became regular features over the Society’s first three years.

The first meeting was a roaring success and, once again, Oxford University was host to a Doctor Who Society.

The Second President
(Adam Stephens, Trinity 1989 to Hilary 1990)

At the beginning of Trinity 1989, Roger began to worry about the approach of Mods and the Presidency was passed onto Adam Stephens. Adam’s skill as a master of ceremonies and his after meeting coffee sessions helped to create the warm and vibrant atmosphere that made the Society’s first year such a success.

In third week (following a Tuesday meeting the week before), the Society began its run of weekly Monday night meetings which have continued ever since. City of Death attracted a huge audience, leaving the lecture room bursting at the seams.

During Adam’s Presidency, the Society only showed Doctor Who videos and an extra story was shown one episode a week after the main feature. At the start of meetings and during the bar break, clips compilations were shown. One particularly memorable set included a Dalek uttering the word, “bollocks,” and trying to seduce an editing machine and Tom Baker saying, “You never fucking know, K9,” in response to an, “Insufficient data, Master.”

Michaelmas 1989 was a milestone in the Society’s history. Doc Soc made its first appearance at Freshers’ Fair and held its first Freshers meeting, featuring another screening of City of Death, the best Doctor Who story ever. By mid term, Society membership passed the 100 mark and 40 to 60 people attended each meeting.
The term also featured the first two speaker meetings, care of Terry Molloy and John Leeson, and the first Society dinner. A rumoured appearance by Colin Baker failed to materialise.

Finally, thanks to Warren Peto, the Society acquired a large screen TV and the committee tradition of humping the TV to and fro across Tom Quad and some very rickety stairs began. A year later, this was replaced by the carpet of death and, in 1991/2, the ultimate nadir was reached when the TV and video were stored on the third floor.

Hilary 1990 began with the first Tides of Time, under the editorship of Louise Dennis, and ended with the cult pantomime classic, The Horns of Nimon, which spawned a brief tradition of committee members screeching "Lord Nimmon, Lord Nimmon," at each other. In between, the committee stayed up until three in the morning, arguing over the constitution and scoffing Society Jaffa Cakes.

Exactly a year after the Society started, it spawned a sister society, the Star Trek Society. The two Societies have shared accommodation, TV and video arrangements ever since.

The Third President
(Jonathan Bryden, Trinity 1990 to Hilary 1991)

Jon Bryden's Presidency heralded a change in the format of the meetings that has remained until the present day. The serial was replaced by non-Who videos, such as Blake’s 7 and The Prisoner, and the less popular black and white stories were shown at new Sunday afternoon meetings, which started off bi-weekly, but rapidly decayed to twice a term. A Sunday afternoon film experiment was also tried, but this didn’t prove popular. Long stories, such as Inferno, began to be shown over two successive meetings.

A new 'bigger and better' termcard was introduced and the annual Society punt and Christmas parties were born, the latter jointly with Trek Soc for the first three years. There were also a couple of competitions. On the downside, the Society was lumbered with a series of dodgy video recorders, courtesy of Radio Rentals.

The highlight of the Bryden era occurred on Monday 4th February. This was the Society’s mystery guest speaker meeting. The guest’s identity was so secret that many of the committee didn’t know who it was until an hour beforehand. Speculation centred around Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred and, of course, Colin Baker, although there were rumours that it might be Nicholas Parsons, the Third Hamrovore on the left or even Patrick Troughton! Thirty minutes after the advertised time, Sophie Aldred walked in and spent two hours answering questions from the floor. The room was packed, people even sitting under the tables, and it turned out to be the most successful meeting ever.

Also that term, an experiment was tried in the form of showing the entire Key to Time season in one term. Unfortunately, the Society ended up suffering from Tom Baker overkill.

Jon Bryden was undoubtedly Doc Soc's most controversial President. He developed a unique style of being there at the start and finish of meetings and sometimes the intervals, but never during the actual videos. He also presided over secret plots to keep certain people off the Committee, a dodgy election and ‘The Intergalactic War’, when the Vice President was forced to resign and wasn’t replaced and the Secretary resigned in protest. Sadly, Jon’s reign ended with him ceasing to have any connection with the Society.

The Fourth President
(Tim Procter, Trinity 1991 to Hilary 1992)

Tim Procter was the Society's shortest President and developed the trademark of obscene T-shirts and checked shirts, combined with a long multicoloured scarf. His Presidency began with the Society’s second annual dinner at the end of Hilary. Sadly, this was to be the last formal dinner for some time as the controversies of the months before had killed off much of the Society’s social side, although the punt party was a great success, despite a lost corkscrew.

Tim’s first acts as President were to introduce a new open committee policy, which doubled its size, James Brough and myself being amongst the new recruits, and to reinstate the post of Vice President in the shape of Matthew Kilburn. The new larger committee also involved the creation of such posts as 'Jelly Babies Officer’ and ‘Television Transport Co-ordinator’.

Quizzes continued, albeit in a less elitist form, and were joined by a treasure hunt and James’ Whose TARDIS is it Anyway? Attendances remained in the 40 to 60 range. There was also a Saturday visit from Southampton University Doc Soc and their President, Paul ‘Missing Episodes’ Lee, which included a Whoniversity Challenge.

Tim’s final term played host to two more speaker meetings in the form of the excellent Terrance Dicks and an audio-video presentation from the very knowledgeable Jeremy Bentham.

Tim’s term of office ended with the first of a series of Presidential Assassinations. Seconds after his introductory speech began, two gunmen, bearing an uncanny resemblance to Star Trek Society President, Andrew Jackson, and myself, burst in and took the President hostage. His successor smiled in an Avon-like manner and assumed control.
The Fifth President
(James Brough, Trinity 1992)

C. James Brough was the Society’s first elected President, previous Presidents having been appointed by their predecessors. He was also the Society’s tallest President and, like the previous incarnation of the Presidency, wore a scarf of office. As a modern linguist, James spent his third year in Austria, so was only able to preside over the Society for one term.

The highlights of James’ Presidency were an amusing letter and a cheque for £21.79 from Tom Baker, in lieu of a personal appearance, and the introduction of a new look Tides of Time under the editorship of Julian Mander.

Sadly, James’ term was marred by a lack of support from the rest of the committee. The more active members were more concerned with impending exams and the following term’s Society power structure, while the rest couldn’t even be bothered to turn up to committee meetings. A constitutional amendment had to be introduced to get rid of those who were no longer interested.

James’ assassination took the form of a cloak and dagger operation by Mr Jackson at the Colin Baker/ Paul Darrow Double Act Special (Timelash and City on the Edge of the World).

The Sixth President
(Julian Mander, Michaelmas 1992 to Trinity 1993)

The start of Julian ‘Hallelujah’ Mander’s Presidency heralded a number of radical changes to the Society. As links with Christ Church had all but dissolved, meetings were moved to the Miles Room in St Peter’s, the college of the new President and Vice President, Mark Hanlon, which came complete with a nice new TV and video. This coincided with an improvement in the quality of the tapes, the old fifth generation bootlegs being replaced by nice clear BBC videos and UK Gold recordings.

A new look to Sunday meetings was introduced with non-Who and interview videos joining the black and white stories. Also, long stories reverted to being shown in one sitting as many members couldn’t make it every week. The traditional City of Death fresher’s meeting was replaced, shock horror, by The Five Doctors, which turned out to be the final special fresher’s meeting. Finally, a new Society logo was introduced, replacing the hotch potch of different logos used before.

Recruitment of new members was down a little, due to the cult Tom Baker years fading into the past. But, this was balanced by an increase in the number of older members as the Society matured.

Doc Soc also introduced a new constitution (My fault, I’m afraid), designed to prevent some of the more controversial elements of the past being repeated and renaming the committee The High Council.

Over Julian’s reign, the more apathetic members of the committee were weeded out and replaced by new enthusiastic people. However, attempts to ‘devegetate’ the membership were less successful. Interval quizzes and games proved popular with some members, but others wanted just to talk or to watch children’s videos. Hence, ‘The Bagpuss Wars’ broke out.

Highlights of Julian’s Presidency included the return of Jeremy Bentham, a couple of Laser Quest sessions and orange spotting during Space 1999.

At the end of his Presidency, Julian was rewarded with the most complex assassination in Society history. In the middle of The Green Death, the Vice President was assassinated with two clicks and a shot. A gun was found under Julian’s chair and he was charged with the murder and handcuffed during episode 4. In the following trial, he was found guilty and sentenced to a ‘green death’ by plastic swords of the aforementioned colour.

The Seventh President
(Anthony Wilson, Michaelmas 1993 to Mid Hilary 1995)

Anthony Wilson has been the longest serving President in Doc Soc History and is generally regarded as the most successful. A mention is also due to Gary Meehan, who was the longest serving Secretary over the same period and typed up the entire minute book.

From left to right: David Steele, Nick Lipscomb, Gary Meehan, James Brough, Anthony Wilson and Mark Hanlon.
The main achievement of the Wilson years has been the resurrection of the Society's social life and a return to the atmosphere of the early days. After meeting coffee sessions in the President's room were brought back and a new Friday night drinks and video meeting was introduced, frequented by the committee and a few others. In 1994, a new Bonfire Night party was held instead of the old Christmas party. Bizarre committee posts also returned, including 'Officer for Political Correctness' and 'Chief Whip'.

Other developments included the introduction of a Society soft drinks facility in response to the restriction of St Peter's bar to college members and the broadening of the supporting features to include non-science fiction such as *Yes, Minister* and *Robin of Sherwood*.

For many people, the highlight of Anthony's Presidency was the fifth anniversary dinner on 8th March 1994 at Pizza Express. The committee of the day were joined by many of their predecessors, including Louise Dennis, Paul Dumont and Warren Peto, who travelled from far-flung corners of the country to be there. A very enjoyable evening was had by all.

Other highlights included the return of Terrance Dicks and John Leeson, a compilation of the best of *Tides of Time* and the Mark Hanlon Presidency. This lasted for one meeting only, seventh week of Trinity 1994, and was largely for the purpose of CV points. However, Mark received his come-upance in the form of a Sun style exposure assassination (see *Tides of Time* #15).

Attempts to assassinate Anthony himself were far from successful, though. A plan to assassinate him at the beginning of his term of office by James pretending to reclaim the presidency after his year out was thwarted by an anonymous tip-off. Any plans for a traditional end of term assassination were destroyed when Anthony resigned seconds after his successor was elected.

The Future

In the short term, Doc Soc is assured of continuing success under new President, John "Potato" Wilson, and his team. John began his Presidency with the rather dubious words, "I'm President now, ha ha ha," but, since there wasn't a Callaghan available, another Wilson it had to be.

Certainly prospects look good for the Society for at least another two or three years. However, after that, as classic Who becomes nothing more than a memory, the Society's fate will depend on the success of Amblin's *New Adventures of Doctor Who*. If the new series matches the quality of contemporary *Star Trek*, then Doc Soc's continuing success will be assured. But, if *NAoDW* turns out to be another *Babylon 5* or *Sea Quest DSV*, or isn't even made, then, if OUDWS is to continue, it will have to transform itself into a broader cult television society. Only time will tell.

Thanks
to everyone who put their time and effort into running the Society over the past six years:

Corinne Berg (T94-SM), David Bickley (M94-), Mary Brady (H94-H95), Matthew Brookes (H89), James Brough (T91-PS), Jon Bryden (H89-H91, PV), Andrew Calvert (T91-H93), James Cantor (M89-H91, S), Simon Clifford (H89-T90, T), Louise Dennis (M89-T92, M), Matthew Dovey (T91-H93), Alice Drewery (M90-T92, S), Paul Dumont (T90-T92, S), Tony Ellis (T93-M94), Ian Fellows (M92-M93, T), Gabriel Finch (H89-T89), Paul Fisher (T93, M), Will Fitchew (T91-T92), Paul Groves (T91-M93, S), Mark Hanlon (M91-T94, V), Jennifer Holley (M94-), Matthew Kilburn (M90-T93, V), Nick Lipscomb (T93, VT), Julian Mander (M91-T93, PV), David Martin (H94-T), Gary Meehan (T93-SM), Ian Middleton (H89-M89, S), Warren Peto (H89-T91, T), Tim Procter (T90-M92, P), Roger Shaw (H89-H91, P), Matthew Stanton (M94-), David Steele (M92-H94, V), Adam Stephens (H89-M93, PV), Claire Thompson (T91-H93, T), Alan Whitten (M92-), Anthony Wilson (M92-PS) and John Wilson (H94, PT) (P=President, V=Vice President, S=Secretary, T=Treasurer, M=Magazine Editor)

Raul Greene

The Seven Feet of DocSoc, plus a signed postcard by John Leeson and an errant copy of *Tides of Time*, lurking to the left.
Sir Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury, drummed his fingers thoughtfully on his desk, gave the quivering figure in front of him a hard stare and sighed to himself. He really could have done without this audience today, he decided. Sadly, however, the man who had come to see him had friends in high places and so it was probably prudent to listen to what the wretch had to say. Mind you, Cecil thought to himself, it would take quite an effort to be able to trust a man who wore a beard which was quite so shifty.

The Earl of Salisbury was himself not the most impressive of men physically: he had dark hair, brown eyes, and was only five foot seven, which was an excellent height, he had always thought. It has to be said, though, that none of these facts are of the least importance to this story.

What was of importance, at least to the shuddering frame standing on the other side of his desk, was that Cecil happened to be the First Secretary to His Majesty King James the First of England and the Sixth of Scotland. And that meant that not only was he in effect the most powerful man in all the kingdom, but that he was also the paymaster of every spy and government assassin in every county between Dover and Carlisle. These are the kind of facts which help to concentrate the mind.

Cecil eyed the man before him once again and cast his eyes heavenwards: he couldn’t stand playwrights.

“Master Shakespeare?” he asked the man, even though he knew very well who his visitor was.

“Ye...ye...yes, my lord,” stammered the playwright, the sweat on his brow glinting unhappily in the sombre London light which was filtering heroically through the window of Cecil’s office.

Cecil glanced down at the thick bundle of papers tied loosely together with string which was sitting amiably on his desk. “You want permission to stage this dramatic spectacle do you not?” Again Cecil was fully aware that the answer would be ‘yes’ but, hell, he was in the mood to be bloody-minded. He had once sat through a performance of Antony and Cleopatra and still harboured a grudge.


Cecil frowned at him discouragingly. He leaned forwards, resting his elbows on the table and clasping his hands together, and then rested his chin on his hands. He was going to enjoy this.

“Let us be brutally frank, Master Shakespeare: your record in such matters is not good.”

“Um,” said the greatest playwright of all time.

“Let us examine your past history: you decide to revive your play Richard the Second, which happens to feature a scene in which a monarch gets deposed at the same time as the Earl of Essex leads a rebellion against our late, beloved Queen. You go on to write a tragedy about a mad King from Scotland who is involved with spirits of darkness, not long after our wise and prudent monarch, James of Scotland - who is only interested in demonology as a hobby I assure you - ascends the throne of England. And then for an encore you think it is a good idea to put on a play about a mad Dane who is sent to England in the same week that the present Queen’s brother, King Christian of Denmark, visits London. You’ve never quite grasped the concept of tact, have you, Master Shakespeare?”

Shakespeare rooted around in his twenty-thousand word vocabulary for a way to counter this, and wisely opted for ‘um’.

“He’s also an appalling actor,” murmured a quiet voice which managed to break into their conversation far more effectively than a shout would have done. Both Cecil and Shakespeare turned their heads towards the corner of the room, where a strangely-dressed blond young man, who for reasons best known to himself had a piece of celery attached to his jacket, was sitting on a chair with an air of complete relaxation. He gave the other two a cheerful grin. “Have you seen his Lady Macbeth?”

Somewhat puzzled, Shakespeare stared at this bizarre character. He seemed strangely familiar, but he was sure he’d never seen him before in his life. Now who was it he had known who had possessed a dress sense as poor as this man? It was someone with an awful lot of teeth and curls, he knew that for certain.

The young man smiled at him and returned to reading a book he had been studying before he spoke up. Shakespeare squinted at the title: the slim tome seemed to be called The Schemer of Dust, but he couldn’t quite make out who the author was.

Cecil came to a decision. “Would you wait outside please, Master Shakespeare?”

Shakespeare bowed to Cecil, nodded nervously to the curiously dressed young man and then scuttled out.
of the room. Cecil watched him go and smiled thoughtfully to himself.

"It's a shame I can't actually prosecute him for *Hamlet*; that was an idea which came from my dear cousin, Sir Francis Bacon, I believe."

"It was," the other man confirmed.

"I take it you want me to inflict this play on the innocent people of London?" asked Cecil, regarding the manuscript in front of him with as much enthusiasm as if it were a copy of *The Twin Dilemma: The Director's Cut*. "You don't think they've suffered enough?"

The stranger smiled. "Have you seen any of his plays?"

Cecil stared at his hands without seeing them. "Why?" he asked.

The Doctor turned around. "Why must there be a war, you mean?"

Cecil nodded. "Why must there be death?" came the gentle reply. "Why must there be birth? There are some questions which cannot be answered. But think, think, if I delay this war for another five years, for another twenty years, think how many lives will be spent in peace, without fear. You cannot set a price on that."

"But you are a Lord of Time. Surely you can prevent this disaster?"

The Doctor's face was sombre. "I can rewrite the script as best I can; I can delay the inevitable for a time, but I cannot change the plot." He paused for a moment and then continued, "Well, I could if I tried but I could never be sure of success: time has an unpleasant habit of always trying to heal itself and that's generally very bad news for anyone trying to alter its course. There are only a few races which have the arrogance to attempt to change that course."

"But what you say about time being fixed means that everything anyone does is pointless." Cecil stared at the documents, decrees and assorted legal paraphernalia which were scattered over the room. "I have spent the best part of my life serving this nation, preventing wars, removing individuals who were threatening its stability, and yet you tell me that there must be a war, despite all my efforts."

The Doctor looked at him compassionately. "Time is only fixed from my perspective because I choose not to remain in one period of time. Believe me, your efforts have certainly delayed the start of the war: you've probably saved untold lives. If Essex had succeeded in his plans, then the war would probably have begun a good thirty years early."

Cecil smiled coldly. "So I was right to remove him, and Raleigh too for that matter. He would have started this war of yours if I hadn't taken action and had him put in the tower." He frowned slightly. "I should have rid the country of him on a more permanent basis though, I fancy."

"We never have the right to kill," said the Doctor with absolute finality, giving the Earl of Salisbury a dark look.
Cecil eyed the Time Lord steadily. "You always surprise me, Doctor. You've lived longer than any human who ever lived, except Methuselah, and yet you have still failed to learn that to feel pity for those who would bring destruction on us all is disastrous."

"It's because I've lived longer than any human that I know just how precious each life is, however insignificant it may seem to Earls and First Secretaries. Every life is beyond price."

There was an awkward pause and then the Doctor spoke up again: "Besides, Raleigh would have been no threat to you in the long run; he would have died of nicotine poisoning within the year if you hadn't locked him away."

Cecil frowned. "He certainly went a little odd not long before his imprisonment; kept going on about those vegetables he'd found, as I recall."

The Doctor nodded understandingly. "Strange things, potatoes. Did you know that a potato is more likely to cause a rent in the fabric of space and time than any other vegetable? Do you know how much embarrassment that can cause?"

There was no answer to this, as Cecil proceeded to demonstrate by his bemused silence.

"Anyway," the Doctor continued, "I trust that you will allow Will to put on his play? It is rather good. Or at least it is if it's the one I'm thinking of."

Cecil grimaced. "I suppose so."

"Good, good," said the Doctor, adjusting his hat and giving the First Secretary a broad smile. "I'll call on you next year, or at least I think I have." He headed towards the door.

"Doctor," said Cecil somberly, halting the Time Lord in his tracks. "If what you say about time is true, and that wherever you go in history and in the heavens you know how things will turn out, then surely you must have as little freedom as the rest of us. Even if you help people, you must know that you're only postponing what must be."

The Doctor put his hands in his pockets and considered.

"Perhaps," he acknowledged softly, thinking of St. Bartholomew's Eve, the second and more deadly Earth-Draconia war and the extirpation of the Thal race. "Perhaps I just do the best I can."

David Bickley

The Man that All Forgot

What can be said about The Twin Dilemma? It's a tough one, I suppose.

For those of you just joining us this is the fourth of five articles - the fifth appears elsewhere in this issue - attempting to deal with the aspects of Doctor Who which make it more than the sum of its parts, as it were. To do this we have been trying to calculate to what extent the programme extended the bounds of its original brief - as a children's educational/entertainment programme - and its designs since that. What we have predominantly tried not to do is to review the stories, other than in the context of how they would have been seen at the time, particularly by children. We are also trying not to be pretentious, but occasionally it creeps in. Sorry.

For Colin Baker's Doctor, and for that matter, that of Sylvester McCoy, however, we must approach this differently. This is predominantly a response to the fact that the viewing figures were spectacularly lower after Caves of Androzani than they were before. It is difficult to look at the programme as to how children would have observed it, given that they weren't doing so.

And it probably all started with The Twin Dilemma. Sir Humphrey Appleby would probably have described the decision to make the Doctor an unsympathetic character as 'courageous' or, most damning of all, 'innovative'. It pushes the bounds of what we believe the Doctor to be to such ludicrous extremes that people turned off in droves.

Season 22 is an interesting one, the stories falling into two broad categories. The essential problem with the season is that everything it does seems to be so self-consciously 'trying' to do something. This comes in all aspects - from Pip and Jane Baker trying to educate children about the Luddite riots (and getting their history hopelessly wrong in the process), to an overstated, if effective, message about television violence in Vengeance on Varos. Here are the two categories, then: patronising historical narration and almost obscene levels of violence. Indeed it is crass in the extreme for Vengeance to preach about TV violence only a week after using such gratuitous and unnecessary violence in Attack of the Cybermen.

Attack is a strange beast. It is the first time that the programme makes a burden out of its continuity, and one can instantly see the problem. Attack bases its plot in The Tenth Planet and Tomb of the Cybermen (respectively broadcast in 1966 and 1967) and much of its imagery in The Invasion (1969). How many children were there in 1985 who would remember those stories to the extent necessary to comprehend Attack? The answer, I fear, is that there was only one: Ian Levine. The interesting thing is that you were not required to remember Resurrection of the Daleks from only the previous year. How can the Doctor claim to have misjudged Lytton so badly, since they had never previously met? Thus it was that the all-important season opener ran like a wedding: Something old - back on Saturday; Something new - 45-minute episodes; Something borrowed - the 'plot'; something blue - the viewers.
The question of the levels of violence which comes up so often with regard to this season—and, one may argue, everything that came afterwards—can best be dealt with by considering Vengeance on Varos. In Vengeance the violence is overplayed to a great extent, although (at least) here they have a reason. Furthermore, it has been suggested, the now infamous acid bath scene may not, as some suggest, display quite such an uncaring Doctor as it is often thought. Indeed, close consideration of this scene shows the first guard being knocked into the tank by the second, and then the latter being pulled in by the former. The Doctor’s quip—“You don’t mind if I don’t join you”—may well be an attempt to lightly pass off his feelings of horror and revulsion as to what has just happened. Such an interpretation (and the same can be said to be true for many ‘violent’ scenes in the sixth Doctor’s era—“He’s been mothballed” in The Two Doctors among them) still needs serious consideration and is something which could not really be contained in articles of this scope. Nonetheless it must be said that whether or not the Doctor himself is violent, the programmes certainly were. The message here, the first real message since Nightmare of Eden, is a pastiche of the BBC’s own rules, rules that were being ignored throughout most of the rest of the season, the exception being Revelation of the Daleks where a scene was cut (the clifhanger originally included blood seeping from beneath the statue under which the Doctor was ‘crushed’) on the grounds that it was too violent. Similarly the scene in which someone was killed with a syringe did not feature the (filmed) section where the plunger is pushed down. The level of violence was forcibly decreased, but one wonders what impulse led to it to be so high in the first place.

Essentially the problem with levels of violence is that of context. Robert Holmes liked to scare people, but he did it by using their imaginations—his dictum on monsters, and by extrapolation, violence to be seen gradually suggests that he was aware that the mind can conjure far worse images than the screen. This goes as far back as The Aztecs where we never actually see any sacrifices. Here the violence is obvious—Lytton’s hands, for example—and, as such, no longer appealing to the viewer who wants to be ‘scared’. As when watching the film Hellraiser, the sheer quantity of visible nastiness eventually makes one rather irked against it.

One of the most horrible aspects of this season, however, is not in violence, but in perversion, and of something very close to our hearts: the good Doctor himself. Let us consider the words of Terrance Dicks, deity and oracle: “He is never cruel or cowardly; he battles wrong; he does good...” and so on. Let us compare this with the second Doctor in The Two Doctors who, admittedly under the influence of a little Androgyn inheritance, is accomplice to the murder of Oscar Botcherby. This possession of the Doctor, making him ‘evil’ as it were, is all wrong, and not pleasant. This sort of thing reaches even sillier extremes in Mindwarp, of course. Here the Doctor is ‘strangely’ possessed throughout, the viewer is left on tenterhooks waiting for the return of the hero, but pretty soon discovering that Yrcanos is a far more sympathetic character than the Doctor. Come to think of it, so is Sil. The return of the hero does not happen.

It’s strange, really. When the programme started all those many years before, the character of the Doctor and Susan were alien; the teachers were there for the viewer to identify with. But by only a couple of years (stories?) later it was the Doctor who everyone was rooting for. Corrupting him for any length of time is fatal with regard to how he is seen. It is the Doctor who people are watching and, Uncle Terrance is right, they need to see a hero.

The two stories left to mention from Season 22 are totally opposite. Indeed while discussing Mark of the Rani in preparing this article, it was suggested that a little gratuitous violence might not go amiss. Strangely, if one looks at the ingredients, this is ‘Classic’ Who: we have the historical name-dropping (Peri even points it out), well-documented (if incorrect) history and an ‘evil’ mastermind with an almost believable raison d’être. Even the
direction’s lovely. So what went wrong? - It was the plot and the dialogue, two (some may suggest) fairly vital ingredients in a Who story.

Pip and Jane Baker have gone on record stating that they firmly believe the purpose of Doctor Who is to educate, which is exactly what they were trying to do here. Considering the supposedly educational aspect of the programme this is all very commendable, but they let themselves be happy with just that. They do not even try to push the boundaries in any direction.

The same could arguably said of Timelash: again, lots of ‘Classic’ ingredients, in the visiting historical figure (even if the character of HG Wells is a total travesty), the silly science and the presence of a satisfying, overplayed villain in Malin Tekker. But somehow this all goes wrong as well.

So season 22 can be split into two groups. Firstly, there are those stories which ignore the technical ideals of the programme and try to push the boundaries. All well and good, except they also ignore all the other ideals of the programme and push aspects which should perhaps have been left well alone. Secondly, there are those stories which acknowledge a basic Who structure and stick to it rigidly, thereby clearly displaying its limitations.

The Trial of a Time Lord features a number of quite radical changes in style, most prominent of which is the radical revision of the relationship between the Doctor and Peri - something the actors themselves decided to do, on the grounds that clearly no one else would. Peri is at last closer to the strong character that Nicola Bryant deserves, and the viewer manages to identify with both leads again. If nothing else was accomplished (and it is not difficult to argue that nothing else was indeed accomplished) then this, at least, was a blessed release. The rest of it, however, is odd.

Presentation was a bugbear really - the ideas in The Mysterious Planet were good (among other things it is only the fifth time ever that the Doctor can have claimed to save the Universe) let down by shoddy production values. We’ve already said what we think of Mindwarp - one is forced to assume when watching this that the production team just didn’t care. Terror of the Vervoids we are grateful for by this point in the story as it is clearly not trying to go beyond its format.

The Ultimate Foe is another odd beast. In something completely unusual for Eric Saward’s reign as script editor we are expected to remember what happened at the beginning of the story in order to comprehend the end. Unfortunately, this was exactly the wrong time to choose to do it, as concentration spans tend not to last 14 weeks. (A lot of people watched the first episode, were bored, then looked at the Radio Times to see when the next story came on: it never did.) And The Ultimate Foe brings back much of the style of old as well: images of Victorian, quill pens, archaism, all subverted to make a tale which is actually quite good.

The period of the sixth Doctor can be summed up in something like The Two Doctors. Some beautiful scenes (“Never more a butterfly”), plots that are not particularly workable, bad direction and lots of gratuitous violence (the climax to Episode 2 of The Two Doctors is the closest the show ever gets to implying a rape threat). The result is that children can no longer identify with the Doctor. In order to want to understand him, they had to like him and, no matter how hard Colin tried, the production team failed to help him achieve that. Character-wise it takes the dangerous trends of seasons 12-14 to ludicrous extremes (remember that Saward worshipped Robert Holmes) without having the plots to match. The Producer had no power, the script editor didn’t care and the programme and the Doctor himself lost their charm, their joy and, eventually, their life.

James Brough and Anthony Wilson
THE TAPES OF FANDROZANI

GARY MEEHAN AND JOHN WILSON
part one

With a wheezing-groaning noise that made it sound like it was on 50 cigarettes a day, the TARDIS materialised. Out of it stepped a tall man with white hair, a frilly shirt, a nose which you could take moulds of and market as a novelty sex-aid, and a red smoking jacket (though this was put out by the thin drizzle which was falling upon the oil rig upon which they had landed). He was known as the Doctor, mainly because that's what he liked to be known as.

Following him came a short, pretty girl wearing flares an army platoon could have camped in. To call her dim would have been an insult to 5 watt light-bulbs. Her only purpose in life was to provide the Doctor with cues when he forgot his lines, scream and make the tea, none of which she was particularly good at.

"Where are we, Doctor?" she asked. Oh, and she asked obvious questions as well.

"Fandrozani Minor, Jo," replied the Doctor. "It's an oil and gas platform in the North Sea." He pointed to a nameplate above their heads that read: 'Fandrozani Minor - an oil and gas platform in the North Sea'.

"Oh, very exciting," replied Jo, flapping her arms in an effort to get warm. The net result was that half of the bangles she was wearing on her wrists flew off into the sea and the draughts caused by the baggy sleeves of her jumpers managed to cool her down even further.

"Don't be like that Jo," remonstrated the Doctor. "Very interesting things, oil and gas platforms. Lots of, er, oil, and, er..."

"Gas?" suggested Jo.

"Precisely!" agreed the Doctor. "Come on, let's explore."

It was an office. You could tell, because it had a desk, a swivel chair, a filing cabinet and a sign on the door saying 'Mr Nevile's office'. The proprietor of the office was sitting in the chair, a convoluted steel and leather affair, specially reinforced to cope with its owner's somewhat above average body-weight. Okay, let's be honest here, he was bigger than a sperm whale that has just won the 'Slimmer of the Year' award - before it started on the diet. He'd had offers to join their teams from several major Japanese sumo wrestling camps, though he had yet to accept any.

He looked up as his secretary, Mrs Evrithyme, gave a discreet cough. She was an efficient, voluptuous woman who made men go weak at the knees (normally after she had kneed them in the bollocks). "The President to see you, Mr Nevile, sir," she informed him as the aforementioned President walked into the room.

"My God! Get him away from me!" cried Nevile, pushing himself back into his chair. "He's obviously got some kind of contagious disease! How did he get in here?"

Mrs Evrithyme looked at him in puzzlement.

"That's his beard, sir."

"It is?" Nevile leaned forward for a closer look. "It doesn't look like any beard I've ever seen before. Are you sure it's safe?"

"Quite sure."

"Should be a law against beards like that. I'll have a word with the President when I see him."

"He is the President, sir," Mrs Evrithyme reminded him.

"Of course he is, I knew that." Nevile seemed to relax. "I see you've changed," he said to the President.

"Well, I did put a clean pair of underpants on this morning," admitted the President.

"I meant I see that the Presidency had changed hands. What happened to that thin chap with the glasses and dreadful shirts?"

"He was retired. He went senile."

"I'm surprised you could tell. Well, anyway, please take a seat."

"Thank you." The President picked up a director's chair that was leaned against a wall, folded it up and placed it in his inside pocket. "Now to business. I think, Mr Nevile," he said, sitting down. "What have you got for me?"

Nevile appeared to ignore the question. He picked up a cup from the table. "Coffee?"

The President leaned forward and sniffed the contents of the cup. "Yes, it is," he confirmed.

"Oh good," said Nevile and he took a sip from the cup. "I've got something very special for you," he told the President. He opened a drawer and took out a video cassette. "Two minutes of pristine footage from 'The Underwater Menace' Part I. Worth about £200 at today's prices, I would reckon."
"£300," snapped back the President immediately. 
"£400," replied Nevile reflexively. 
"£500, and that's my last offer." 
"£550 for cash." He was getting the hang of this now.

"Done."
"You have been."

The President counted out eleven £50 notes and pushed them across the table. Nevile slid the tape over to the President and picked up the money. "You've not had much experience at this haggling lark, have you?" Nevile asked rhetorically, checking the money for watermarks.

"What are those, Doctor?" asked Jo, pointing to a stack of cartons that had been surreptitiously been hidden away in a corner. They had been exploring the oil rig for fifteen minutes now, and this was the first interesting thing they had come across.

The Doctor opened one of the cartons and extracted a shrink-wrapped package about the size of a video cassette. "They're blank video cassettes," the Doctor told her. "There's enough tape here to store over three and a half thousand episodes!"

"That's right!" exclaimed a voice behind him. It belonged to a military man wearing glasses whose height and nose dimensions were not dissimilar to the Doctor's own. "And you've been caught with them. How do you explain that? I bet you weren't planning to tape 'Coronation Street' on them, were you? You're blank tape runners, aren't you? You're using those tapes to copy missing episodes on, don't deny it!"

"We just found them here," protested the Doctor. "Hmph, that excuse's weaker than a Terry Nation story line. You lot make me sick. Do you know what we do with missing episode runners round here?"

"No," admitted the Doctor. "Immediate execution, that's what!"

"Oh. Who are you anyway."

"I'm General Moustache, commander of committee operations here on Fandrozani Minor. We're here to recover the missing episodes from the evil Symun Marshul and his deadly Killer Anoraks. We've been here for years, and so far all we've got is a two minute extract from 'The Space Pirates'."

"Thank you for the plot exposition, General, but surely you can't believe these tapes have anything to do with us?"

"Doesn't matter what I think. Cliff-hanger time – you're going to be shot!"

"With what, exactly?" asked the Doctor. "You're not carrying a gun."

The General looked down at his hands. They were empty. "Oh bugger," he cursed. Moustache grinned sheepishly at the Doctor, shrugged and flattened him with a right hook.

"That'll teach you to mess with me, you bobby-soxer," Moustache told the Doctor as he bent over to recover his right hook. He was about to straighten up when he noticed a certain unreal quality about the Doctor. The General had this sudden impulse to tear the Doctor's face away, and he did just that. He stared in horror at the fur-lined hood that he had just uncovered. "My God, it's an anorak! But it was so lifelike!"

"He didn't convince me, sir," the General's aide-de-camp, Major Canteen, told him, peeling away Jo's face. "Far too wooden. This one's an anorak too."

The General turned around. "Where did you come from?"

"Well, sir, my mother and my father were feeling a little well disposed to each other one night and..."

"When I want a biology lesson I shall ask for one. Major. Why've you suddenly appeared?"

"Oh, they couldn't hire me for the first episode, sir. Limited budget and all that jazz," she explained.

"All that jazz, Major?"

"Yes, sir. The producer thought he'd have a little Dixieland for the incidental music this time. Have you any idea how much jazz bands cost to hire?"

"Never mind that, Major. Better get Mr Nevile on the radio. He'll want to know about this."

"What happened?" asked the Doctor as he came to.

"When the General wasn't looking, I drugged you, replaced you with one of my anoraks and smuggled you into my base," a mysterious figure in black leather told him. He wore a mask that completely covered his face.

"Why?" asked the Doctor.

"I have my reasons," the beathered man told him. "I'm Symun Marshul by the way, but you can call me Symun Marshul."
"Oh, I feel awful," groaned Jo from a bench on the other side of the room. "I've not been like this since that night with Mike Yates and the UNIT First XV."

"Ahh," hissed Symun Marshul, walking over to her. "So beautiful."

"Who is this pervert, Doctor?" asked Jo. "He looks like an extra from a bad heavy metal video. And why does he wear that mask?"

"You want to know why I wear this mask?" cried Marshul. "I'll tell you why! That foul beast, Nevile. He promised me missing episodes galore but he tricked me, and now I have to wear this mask! But I'll have my revenge, just you wait and see! I'll have that globulous glob of globby globules tied up in video tape and hung from that telescope where they filmed 'Logopolis!' Then nobody shall stand in my way and the missing episodes shall be mine -- all of them. You shall be my companion my pretty one! And you," he pointed to the Doctor, "I can use your nose to practice my skiing on!"

"You're a nutter," Jo told him.

Marshul ignored the insult. "Now if you'll excuse me I have a meeting with my blank tape supplier." With that he stalked out of the room.

"Quick, Jo, while he's not here, let's escape!" cried the Doctor.

In his office, Nevile had just received General Moustache's report.

"So," he said to himself. "This 'Doctor' must be a committee spy. And since I have not heard of such a spy he must have been sent by the President! I must deal with this at once!"

"You're late, Symun Marshul," fluffed Swetz. He may have been a missing episode dealer and blank tape runner extraordinaire, but acting wasn't one of his skills. He was accompanied by four extras, at least two of whom you knew weren't going to last out the episode.

"Ah, Swetz. Still keeping that ferret on the back of your head I see," replied Marshul, lighting a cigarette.

Swetz curled his pony tail around his finger. "We want taying for the papers. Sorry, paying for the tapes, Marshul. Five minutes of 'The Highlanders' was the price we agreed."

"I don't pay for undelivered tape," sneered Marshul. "But you can have two minutes."

"We want the f-full price," stuttered Swetz.

"You can piss off. Two minutes and that's my final offer."

"Oh, all right then," caved in Swetz.

"Good," said Marshul. "I'll be back in a mo."

After he had departed, Swetz told his lads. "Right the missing episodes are around here -- let's get 'em."

Swetz and his men soon got lost. Eventually they found themselves in an abandoned part of the rig. There was a terrifying roar. They all snapped around and were greeted by the sight of the Doctor hopping around one foot, Jo looking on anxiously -- the Doctor had stubbed his toe.

There was another roar. Something indescribable launched itself from the shadows, killing two of the extras (told you). It advanced on the Doctor. Jo screamed.

part three

"Get back!" shouted Marshul, striding into shot. The thing bellowed again, but lost heart and scampered off.

"What was that thing?" asked Swetz, a little shaken.

"It was a Anorakus Vulgarus. One of my attempts to make an organo-chronic anorak. Unfortunately, the experiment failed and now it roams the rig looking for continuity errors and generally not being very nice. Bit like Paul Cornell, really."

"It was terribble-terrible," said Swetz.

"Not as bad as your acting," commented Marshul. "Here is the material we agreed upon."

He handed Swetz a tape.

"Suppose it'll have to do." Swetz grabbed the Doctor. "But he's coming with us."

"You're welcome to him," Marshul said. "His nose only blocks the sun out. But I want the girl."

"You can keep her, you randy old bastard."

The Doctor was sitting in the front of the helicopter with Swetz. The two extras were in the back, screened off from Swetz and the Doctor.

"I'm going to talk to the boss. And when I do it, I do it alone!" Swetz told him, taking off one of his socks.
"That's hardly my problem," retorted the Doctor. Swetz used his sock to blindfold the Doctor. "Phew, this sock whiffs a bit."

"Why do you think they call me Swetz?" Swetz asked. He turned on the radio. "Mr Nevile, it's me. We got the clips — two minutes worth."

Nevile's voice came crackling over the radio. "It should have been four, but no matter, we'll screw the bastard next time."

"Ere, I'm not your soddin' rent boy, you know."
"Why have you blindfolded me?" interrupted the Doctor. "It's an audio-only link!"
"I was wondererer-wondering that myself," replied Swetz. "But that's what it said in the script. Here, see." He fished out a dog-eared bundle of paper from his inside pocket and waved it at the Doctor. "Oh, sorry, you can't, can you?"

"Swetz, what's going on?" demanded Nevile. "And who is that burbler you've got in there with you?"
"Calls himself the Doctor," Swetz told him.

"The Doctor!" Quiet let me think." After a couple of minutes of silence, there came the sounds of a scuffle and a loud scream.

"What was that, Mr Nevile?" asked Swetz. "I've just gratuitously murdered the President! He came round making demands for 'The Tenth Planet' 4! Someone knows I've got it. Thing's are happening that I don't quite understand! There are too many exclamation marks in my lines!"

"Have a word with the script editor," advised Swetz.

Nevile ignored. "Wait there, Swetz. I'm coming to meet you. I'll be there in an hour. Nevile out."

Swetz was just starting to digest this when there was a loud "Ha!" and he was sent careering out of the helicopter by one the Doctor's Venustian Aikido chops (similar to pork chops only there's less meat on them). Miraculously Swetz managed to grab onto one of the landing skids.

"What do you think you're doing, Doctor?" he shouted.

"Heading back to Fandrozani Minor, Swetz!" shouted the Doctor. "You see, I've left a friend down there and I got her into this mess and I owe it to her to get her out of it. So, you see Swetz, you're not going to stop me now! BO or no BO!"

part four

As soon as the helicopter touched down on the helipad, the Doctor was away, ducking in-between barrels and boxes as Swetz and co. pursued him. They had almost caught up with him when there was a spurtig sound, and black droplets began to land all around them.

"Oil strike!" shouted Swetz. "Back in the chopper!"

The Doctor sighed in relief as his pursuers took shelter in their helicopter, and he went off in search of Jo.

"What's up, you think you recognise me?" asked the bulbous figure of Nevile who was reclining in the pilot's seat, stroking a white Persian cat. Swetz was sat next to him, cautiously keeping a watch on Nevile's cat which was eyeing Swetz's ponytail with great interest.

"Er, no, sir," denied the two extras who had just entered the pilot's cabin. "We're the new boys, we don't know anyone. Or anything. We can do you some nice posters though."

"I'm not interested in posters, Mr Bond!" shrieked Nevile. "I am only interested in ultimate power!"

Swetz tapped him on the shoulder. "You're working with Pierce next week, mate. You're after the missing episodes this week."

"Oh, right." He looked down at the cat in his lap in confusion, shrugged, and then chucked it out of the window. The cat screeched, bounced on the concrete tarmac and went over the edge of the rig. "We know the missing episodes are here on this rig. There's going to be a major oil strike here soon, so we have to be quick. We know roughly where they are, so I say we help ourselves and then get out as quickly as possible. You in?"

The extras frowned and replied in unison, "Sod that for a game of dominoes. Two minutes is enough for us. We're off."

"I'll be in with you, Nevile," Swetz said. "I've got a sore to settle, whoops, score to settle, with Symun Marshal."

"Right come on!" declared Nevile. He and Swetz disembarked from the helicopter. "Say, isn't that episode
seven of 'The Evil of the Daleks' over there by the edge of that rather high platform?" he asked in a loud voice.

"Where?" cried the two extras. They came rushing out of the helicopter, promptly slipped on an oil slick and went flying over the edge. There was a loud shriek as one of the extras landed on top of Nevile's cat which had been trying to swim for shore. Nevile grinned and waddled off. Swetz grinned as well and followed him.

"Right, Major," declared General Moustache. "Now that we're back in the story, we're going to get Symun Marshul once and for all!"

"How do you propose to do that?" asked Major Canteen.

"According to this map, Symun Marshul has his base here. The General pointed to a large cross on the map with the legend 'SMHQ' scrawled on it. "We will attack in force in two hours time."

"Is that wise sir?" Canteen asked. "The Avengers' is on then."

"Yes, that could be a problem. Hmm, any suggestions about when we should attack?"

"How about after 'The Avengers', sir," she suggested.

"Very well, Major. I have decided that we shall attack after we have watched 'The Avengers'."

"Very good, sir."

"So, I think we have time for a biology lesson, don't we?"

The Doctor burst into Symun Marshul's office like a bull with nuclear missile stuck up its backside. "Jo!" he bellowed.

"Oh, hello, Doctor," greeted Jo. She was sitting on a bench, eating pizza and reading a magazine. "Where've you been?"

"Where've I been? You sit there, stuffing your face and you have the nerve to ask me where I've been!"

"I was just being curious," said Jo.

"Ah, Doctor, so nice of you to join us," mewed a voice behind him. The Doctor whirled round. Behind him (well, in front of him now) stood Symun Marshul, eating a sandwich. "Ham and jam sandwich?" he offered.

"No thanks," declined the Doctor. "We're going."

"Not so fast, Doctor! Standing at the door were Nevile and Swetz."

"NEVILE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" hammed-up Marshul.

"MARSHUL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" over-acted Nevile.

"Who's he?" asked Jo, indicating Nevile. "Another nutter?"

"The Number One Fan himself," spat the Doctor. "Chairman of the Sadness Corporation, one-time continuity adviser, and chief hoarder of the missing episodes!"

Explanations over with, Marshul and Nevile theatrically lunged for each other and engaged in a long, pointless and unconvincing fight scene. Before things could get too boring, the door slammed open again and in crashed General Moustache and Major Canteen.

"MARSHUL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"MOUSTACHE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"NEVILE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"TOCDOR-DOCTOR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" (That was Swetz.)

"JO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"SWETZ!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"CANTEEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

All the participants being named, the fight scene started again. This time it was a general free for all (except for Jo who crawled back under her bench and continued with her magazine). Eventually most of the combatants retired, exhausted, and only Symun Marshul and General Moustache were left grappling with each other.

Almost by accident, Moustache ripped off Symun Marshul's mask. And screamed. And screamed. And screamed.

"Oh, no," moaned General Moustache. "That goatee Beard! It's hideous!" With one final effort he laid Symun Marshul out cold, before himself collapsing to the floor.

An eerie silence settled on the place. Jo emerged from her hiding place and surveyed the scene. "I see you men have stopped playing with each other," she spotted Major Canteen. "Oh, sorry, and woman. I suppose someone had better clear up the mess."

She walked over to the door, where a telephone hung on the wall. Picking up the receiver, she dialled a number.

"Hello, UNIT headquarters," a voice greeted her in a cheery American accent. "How can I help?"

Cover and story by

Gary Medham

Based on original ramblings by

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Ripped off from a script by

Robert Holmes

No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters or persons and/or institutions in this story with those of any living or dead persons or institutions in intended and any such similarity which does exist is purely intentional coincidental.
From this far out on the Galactic Rim, it was possible to see the vast majority of the fuzzy Lactean swirls of Mutter’s spiral. Apart, of course, from that portion of the galaxy shadowed by the enormous bulk of the space station.

It was impossible, however, to gain any impression of depth from the spidery silhouette as its outline twisted in accordance with its slow rotation. It seemed merely like a spreading stain of ink on milk. Then, gradually, almost imperceptibly at first, lights began to appear on the bas-relief of the great construction as long-dormant power systems kicked in.

Footsteps echoed along the station’s musty corridors. Three pairs of them. One was dominant, imperious, unhurried. One was slow, ponderous, thoughtful, as if its owner was unsure of its destination, or whether he wanted to go there. And the last was accompanied by the clank of chains.

The three figures stopped outside a certain door on a certain level of the station. The door hissed open virtually silently, causing the leading figure to smile. The voice was female; as calm and assured as its owner. “They built things to last in those days.”

“Yes,” the second figure answered, “They did. This was built in the Old Time. Legend has it that Rassilon himself watched from this station as Omega died to create the Eye of Harmony.” His voice was almost reverent. The third figure said nothing; the prisoner had been gagged for this very purpose.

Unceremoniously the leader thrust the third figure into the blackness of the room before her. Immediately, the room’s lighting system activated as its autosystems sensed her presence. “There’s a food replicator and water supply,” the imperious woman told the prisoner. “I’ve configured your restraints to release as soon as this door has closed. But there’s no way out.” The door hissed down again.

As the other two left the holding area of the station, the man spoke. He sounded worried. “Did we really have to do that?”

“You know we did,” the woman replied. “That barbarian could have posed a serious threat to our efforts. And you know that all this is for the best.”

“Yes,” the man replied. But he sounded unsure. The woman risked a sidelong glance at him, but it was impossible to tell anything from his expression.

By this time they had reached a large chamber. It was covered with wreckage. The woman moved to a nearby console. “I’ll reconfigure the environmental conditions,” she told her partner. Quickly her deft hands slid over the console panels.

It seemed to the man as if the room had begun to melt. The wreckage (broken wall panels, shattered furniture and the debris from the large screen that had once dominated the chamber) simply merged into the floor, which seemed to run and flow like jelly. New structures coalesced and emerged from the amorphous mass. When the metamorphosis had taken place, the man was simply forced to gasp in admiration.

The cream-and-gold colour scheme of the room, and the ornately furnished wall crenelations had vanished. The room was now covered in heavy oak and some kind of dark grey stone. The screen was gone; instead an unobtrusively stone-clad holographic projector protruded from the floor. Bunches of ivy trailed the ground here and there. The woman smiled. “What do you think?”

Her voice had a slight echo; the man could tell she had been playing around with the room’s acoustics. “Very nice,” he said, “But I wish you’d just get on with it.”

“Well.”

“Those members of the High Council loyal to our cause are on their way.”

“And my…opponent?”

“I suppose, now, we can begin.”

She entered further instructions into the station’s sub-routine processor. A ray lanced out from the bowels of the station into the space-time vortex: probing, seeking, searching. And eventually finding its target; a certain space-time capsule which had long ago modelled its spatial realisation in the form of an old Terran Police Box. The ray hit the capsule, and started to drag it back to the station.

Once again.

John W.G. Wilson
The Feminine Characterisation of the Fifth Doctor

In *Timewyrm: Revelation*, Paul Cornell describes the fifth Doctor tied to a tree, helpless, symbolising the Doctor’s silenced conscience. This image of the smooth-faced blond young man trapped and impotent closely allies Peter Davison’s Doctor with portrayals of women in literature through the centuries. The three grieving Queens in the *Henriad*, the Duchess of Malfi, and Dickens’ whores are widowed, slandered, murdered. They are all women who react rather than act. Even those who attempt to control their lives by deciding their own actions cannot determine their effect on the world they inhabit. They represent a silenced conscience, an exiled spirituality. As such they become an absence around which the action orbits. They themselves take little active part in the world, but their effect upon it is profound.

![Image of a woman in a flowing dress]

Peter Davison’s Doctor is the least visible, the least active of the Doctor’s incarnations. He is the Doctor who is done to; he is the silent centre around which events revolve. By his very presence he precipitates action, but he does not choose to do so. There is a certain confusion apparent in him as events escalate beyond control, a puzzled expression that is characteristic of his portrayal – a vagueness and uncertainty.

Using the word ‘feminine’ as a metaphor for a certain kind of personality rather than to denote actual physical gender (this definition of ‘feminine’ being extrapolated from fictional constructs, rather than observed emotional differences between the sexes) it no longer seems as peculiar to define the fifth Doctor as being a quintessentially feminine character. He is a character acted upon rather than acting, often the victim of the stories in which he appears; even his heroic deeds seem to be chosen for him. What choice has he but to save Peri’s life at his own expense? This is a female response to put others before oneself. It is doubtful that Hartnell would have made such a sacrifice, and we know that the seventh Doctor treats his companions as pieces in a larger game, and would, if necessary, sacrifice any one of them.

Consider the conversation between Peri and the sixth Doctor:

“You were sweet.”

“Effete you mean. I was on the verge of becoming neurotic.”

The fifth Doctor’s gentleness seems to be alien to his other selves: they distrust it. Cornell’s assumption that they would therefore distrust him is a logical extension of this fact, and his use of the fifth Doctor as a ‘conscience’ is a powerful metaphor.

It has been said that Davison’s Doctor was originally meant to be portrayed as an old man trapped in a young man’s body, somebody who nobody takes seriously because of his youthful guise. This notion of a person’s ability being ignored because of his appearance is one with which many women will identify. The Doctor seems to have mislaid an important part of himself in this incarnation – the decisive, domineering part of himself which returns with such a vengeance in his next form. This notion of having lost himself somehow is clearly expressed in his first story, *Castrovalva*. Having already assumed the personalities of several earlier incarnations, he later hears his companions calling for him, and, looking puzzled, comments “The Doctor? Everyone seems to be looking for him.”

In *The Five Doctors*, he again loses himself, being “whittled away piece by piece.” He is greatly incapacitated in the process, the only Doctor to be thus affected. He is the weakened link, the one who is hypnotised by Borusa. Would this have happened to any of the other Doctors? Not only is he hypnotised (a rôle usually reserved for female companions and Adric), he faints - a most unmannerly reaction to stress - and has to be carried back to the TARDIS, where he begins to disappear. This fading of the fifth Doctor is a concrete symbol for his self-effacement, his vanishing from the text.

The fifth Doctor’s victimisation in this story is a continuing aspect of the treatment of this character. If he is female in his weakness, he is also female in the fact that he is the constant victim. Often his most active part in a story is to suffer. In *The Caves of Androzani*, his choices are one by one taken from him.
He is poisoned, shot at, kidnapped, tortured, pursued, and for much of the story aware that he is dying. Most of his actions are, in fact, attempts to negate those taken by others. When he hijacks Storz' ship, it is for the sole reason of returning to the planet from which he was taken. All of his actions are in an attempt to return himself and his companion to the state in which they were in at the start of the story, to undo what has been done to them. Thus he cannot be said to act, but rather to react and yet, although he acts only on a personal, female level, protecting his own 'family', his actions have political ramifications far beyond his expectations, bringing about the end of the war and the downfalls of Morgus and Jek. Similarly, Lady Macbeth never expected her actions to have such repercussions. Women, and the fifth Doctor, are seen as the unwitting catalyst which drives history.

As we can see from the above example, the fifth Doctor can only act when the decision to act is taken for him. Thus even his decisions smack of impotence. The fourth Doctor would have decided to burn down London to cleanse it of the plague. The fifth Doctor does so by accident. On the rare occasions when the fourth Doctor decides not to act, as in Warrior's Gate, he does so for a reason - "Some things could be better with the Daleks", he argues. When the fifth Doctor visits Davros he declares, "I'm not here as your prisoner, Davros, but as your executioner." The sixth Doctor would not have wasted words. The seventh would have talked Davros into doing it himself. The fifth finds that he cannot. Again, like Lady Macbeth, he has tried to talk himself into action, suspecting it all the while to be beyond him: "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it." It is this same impotence which, perhaps, costs Adric his life in Earthshock.

Again reminiscent of Shakespeare is a sinister aspect of Black Orchid - the impotent in disguise. This time, it is not a woman, but a madman.

meanwhile, is trapped, half-naked, in a labyrinth of secret passages, representing, like the attic in Jane Eyre, the tortuous byways of the sub-conscious - from which Cranleigh has escaped. If Cranleigh can, in part, represent the Doctor's suppressed anger at his own impotence, then his actions predict those of the sixth Doctor, whose brash arrogance so shocks Peri. The fifth Doctor could never express anger without seeming - and perhaps feeling - somehow ridiculous. The sixth Doctor never has this problem, relishing his ridiculous image and daring anyone to comment on it.

Equally alien to the sixth Doctor's character is the subordinate role which the fifth Doctor assumes on occasion. In Kinda he subordinates himself to Panna, who makes the point that only a woman or a fool can look into the box of Jhana without going mad. Which is he, she asks. Panna is a form of mentor figure echoed in Snakedance in the form of Dojjen. The major example of this, however, is Borusa, his one-time teacher. The relationship between the two is as distinct to how it was during the two appearances of the character with Tom Baker. The fourth Doctor displayed a rebellious attitude towards his ex-tutor, whether making insolent comments in The Deadly Assassin, or treating him with complete contempt in The Invasion of Time. The fifth Doctor's attitude is one of greater respect to his mentor, even in Arc of Infinity when Borusa is instrumental in sentencing the Doctor to death. By the time of the revelation of Borusa's treachery in The Five Doctors, the fifth Doctor's reaction is one of horror and deep sadness.

Also evident in Arc of Infinity is the Doctor's willingness to sacrifice himself to protect others. His reaction on discovering the reason why he has been brought to Gallifrey is one of hurt, saying that had he been told he would have come willingly, and that there was no need to use force. Another Doctor might have questioned the need to carry out the execution. Similarly, in Enlightenment, he is prepared to allow Turlough to decide between personal wealth and the Doctor's life, and in Mawdryn Undead he is again prepared to sacrifice himself for his companions. As stated above, in The Caves of Androzani the Doctor's choices are stripped away from him. The choices that he is forced to make are peculiar to his character. There are other choices available, but not to him. He cannot abandon his companion, or allow her to die in his place, nor can he ignore the possibility that a cure exists, no matter how unlikely it is that he will succeed. His nature demands that he take whatever chance presents itself to protect his 'family'. It is interesting that he spills just sufficient of the cure to ensure that there is only enough for one. They say that there is no such thing as accident and that all such occurrences are due to subconscious impulses. Perhaps he wants to die: he is, after all, "on the verge of becoming neurotic."

After his regeneration his first action is to attempt to kill the woman he just gave his life for, the woman whose need killed his previous self. The violence of this action sets the seal on his new persona: the sixth Doctor is as different as he can be from the shy young man who preceded him.

Mary Brailsford and James Brough
Dusk was falling. The travellers on the road drew together, uncertain of each other, but more afraid of the shadows lurking behind the trees than of their fellows. Some were on foot, their boots bespattered with mud, some on horseback. At the front and back of the group were two hired guards, armed with rusting guns and polished swords.

"Can you hear something?" asked a timid man huddled deep within a greatcoat and large boots.

They paused, silent and listening. In the distance came the sound of galloping hooves. One of the guards checked his gun, then changed his mind and drew his sword. The travellers strained their eyes, peering into the gloom. Gradually the form of the rider became apparent, a man in king's livery, gun strapped at his belt. He reined in as he came upon them.

"Is there one Milasen here?" he asked.

One of the riders dismounted and walked towards him, "I am he."

The other travellers drew back from him. If he was in trouble with the King they wanted nothing to do with him.

"I keep my head down and stay out of trouble," muttered one man to his neighbour. The other moved away.

"I am sent from Lorndurnam. The King returns, he wishes to know if you are ready."

"I have been ready for a long time," returned Milasen dryly. "Tell them I have been ready for a long time."

The young man handed him a letter. "And I am to give you this."

Milasen accepted it and put it away unopened. "My thanks."

The rider nodded and, turning his horse, galloped back the way he had come.

"We have been ready a long time," thought Milasen as he climbed back on his horse. "Maybe we have been ready for too long. The time is not right."

It was raining. Either side of the small road the embankments had turned to mud. In places small streams had formed, spilling out over the road surface. The Doctor and Ace walked down the road, both carrying umbrellas; both cold, wet and more than a little disgruntled.

"What exactly are we doing here, Professor?" Ace asked, surveying the dismal prospect.

"This is the planet Glia on the limits of the Nomar Empire."

"So?"

"So, I've been hearing some disturbing rumours about the Nomar Empire. I thought they needed looking into."

"What sort of rumours?"

"Massacres, persecution, political imprisonment..."

"This place is a dump," said Ace, interrupting him.

"It is a trifle neglected. I wonder why this road is so unused."

"Maybe they've built a better one nearby. A direct link or something. So hardly anyone comes this way anymore."

The Doctor frowned; the road to him was too empty. It felt of desolation, a relic of the past - not old, possibly only abandoned in the past five or ten years or so, but abandoned nonetheless. Ace was climbing the embankment to look at the view from the top. She called out something and pointed. Her face was pale. Rather hurriedly, the Doctor scrambled up after her. Over the rise was a battlefield. It was some way from them, down a slope and in a valley. The dead lay sprawled in the mud. Through the rain the Doctor discerned the figures of stretcher-bearers going about their slow task, carrying off
the bodies to be buried, or burnt, or whatever the local custom was.  

"What happened?" asked Ace quietly.  

"A battle, I should say. The Glians, perhaps, against the Nomars."

"Who do you suppose won?"

"The Nomars; Nomar technology must be far in advance of anything the Glians have." He paused. "We ought to go and have a look."

Ace nodded.

"You needn't come if you don't want to."

"Of course I'm coming; You'll get into all sorts of trouble on your own."

"It won't be a pretty sight."

"I'm alright Professor, and I'm not staying here!"

There was a track leading along the top of the embankment that made its way down, bordering a wood, to the battlefield. The Doctor and Ace squelched through the mud. The first body they came across was lying spread-eagled across the past, a man with long flowing blond hair, like an illustration of a Saxon warrior. He had been shot in the back.

Rounding the first body, they came upon more. Some had been shot, others stabbed or hacked with swords. The weapons they carried were sabres and pikes, the odd one had a gun. The Doctor was torn between curiosity and distaste. It puzzled him that there was no evidence of advanced weaponry. He was also aware that, though a long, adventurous life had permitted him to become resigned, and in some measure reconciled to such sights of carnage, it was unfair and unnecessary to force them upon Ace who was tough, but also young and impressionable. She was displaying none of her usual exuberance and was following him subdued and mutely.

"I don't think there's much to be learned here," he was saying when he heard a low groan. Bending down he found that a man he had supposed dead was alive, just. However, one look told the Doctor that there was no hope of saving him. The man opened his eyes. "Water?"

he asked.

"Ace," said the Doctor, "there's a river running just inside the wood; you can hear it. Go and get some water."

"I've nothing to carry it in."

The Doctor looked down at the man's deeply slashed belly wound. "Use a handkerchief; we'll only be able to moisten his mouth anyway."

Ace moved off into the forest.

"Water," said the man again. The Doctor propped him up so he rested against his shoulder.

"It's coming," he said, holding the dying man in his arms, "It's coming."

"Have we lost?" asked the man.

"I don't know, I'm a traveller. Who were you fighting? The Nomars?"

The man stirred in surprise. "Didn't you know? The Nomars have gone, pulled out. Only Glians left...they're soft here...good land...think they're still Nomars..." He rolled his head about fretfully. "Our land is overcrowded, too many people, not enough land..."

"So you set out to colonise this place," concluded the Doctor, beginning to understand the situation. These invaders had not been touched by the Nomar Empire. They fought with swords, whereas their opponents had basic guns, no doubt a Nomar legacy, something it was considered safe to let the natives have.

"We outnumber them, even with their weapons," rumbled the man. He frowned, "But they still have their warrior King. They were so few, and yet still..." He trailed away, staring ahead of him, "Still they are our match." he concluded quietly. The Doctor knew there was not much time left. The man sighed quietly and then sagged in his arms, unconscious. The Doctor felt for his pulse; under his fingers it faltered and then died away. Laying him back down in the mud, the Doctor eased himself out of his cramped position and stood up, ineffectually and absentmindedly trying to wipe the mud off his trousers.

"Couldn't find anything?" asked a voice.

Turning, the Doctor found himself confronted by a strange figure. It wore a long great coat beneath which the Doctor caught glimpses of what might have been an iron shirt. But most disturbing was the strange, fitted helmet the man wore, obscuring all the features except the eyes. He held a revolver in one hand and a dagger in the other.

"Find anything?" queried the Doctor.

"King Goran has strictly forbidden looting of any kind, even from the other side."

"Oh! You think I was trying to steal something. I do assure you..."

"They all assure you. You can explain to my lord's deputy."

The man indicated that the Doctor should follow the path ahead of him. The Doctor quickly scanned the forest edge for signs of Ace, but saw nothing. However he thought, in this mud she could always follow the footprints.

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My friend,  
Having spent all summer in minor border skirmishes our illustrious leader has decided to return home. Needless to say, the Marthinsh invaders will attempt to cut us off. The army is seriously low on both food and morale. However, should we return safely; I hope you are looking after our interests. We must rid ourselves of this usurper who has seized the throne.

Yours,  
Lorndurnon.

Milasen burnt the letter. It was unnecessary and left a bad taste in his mouth, which only served to remind him of his doubts in associating with such as Lorndurnon. He also worried over the army and his men: King Goran was a fine leader, but Milasen suspected the odds were against him.

Ace paused, listening. Already unnerved, she was finding it hard to decide whether the rustling she heard all around
her was natural, the wood talking, or whether it was the only betrayal of the presence of some huge beast. Cautiously, she moved on to the river, which she could hear quite clearly now, ahead of her, drowning out even the rustling in the undergrowth. Suddenly she emerged out on its banks. It was wide and fast-flowing, though not very deep by the look of things. She took off her rucksack and rummaged through it, looking for something that would do as a handkerchief. Then, quite distinctly above the noise of the river, she heard a click like the safety catch being released from a gun. She looked up. A short distance away, propped up against the rocks, was a man. His hair was plastered with mud, turning into one dark brown mess. There were streaks of mud on his face, which was gaunt and drawn, and of both mud and blood on the jacket and trousers he wore. In one hand he held some sort of a shot-gun, whilst the other pressed a blood-stained cloth to a wound in his shoulder. Through the rents in the jacket, Ace could see glints of metal, as if he wore some sort of armour beneath it.

With the knife resting against her throat, Ace examined the wound. The rag was filthy, but the blood had clotted so she didn’t disturb it for fear of reopening the wound.

“How did it happen?” she asked.

“I was pursuing once of the Marlyn lords, but he met up with one of the soldiers and they turned on me. His dagger got me on the shoulder where the breastplate ends.”

“How did you get away?”

He laughed silently, “I’m more than a match for two Marlynish soldiers any day.”

Looking at his face, Ace saw it was pale beneath the grime, and judged him to have lost quite a lot of blood.

“I don’t think there’s anything I can do,” she said uncertainly. “The bleeding has stopped, which is the main thing until you can get somewhere with better medical facilities.”

He laughed grimly. “Like where? Alright,” he added, “you’re going to have to help me back to the camp.”

Presumably having decided he could trust her, he put the dagger back in his belt. He placed his sound arm round Ace’s shoulders and heaved himself up.

“That way,” he said, gesturing back at the forest.

“What about the gun?” asked Ace.

He grinned at her. “It’s useless. The trigger mechanism’s jammed.”

“Can’t you fix it?”

“Who has the knowledge?” he shrugged.

“I could have a look at it. I’m quite good with machines and things.”

He looked down at her suspiciously.

“Are you a Nomar?”

“No, should I be?”

That moment there was a roar in the forest, and some sort of big cat sprang at them out of the trees. Ace felt Goran shove her to one side as the huge beast came down on top of him.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Louise Dennis
A scream, a fulsome yell, the cry of the new-born. A new spark of life flickering in this war-torn world. The parents looked at each other, an exhausted smile on her face. The joyous wall of life echoing through the cavern, lit dimly by burning torches. Here they were safe from sensors, and for that small mercy they were thankful. The chance to live away from control and slavery.

A flicker of light in a tunnel. Some travellers return unsuccessful. The traitor was still alive. They'd have to go back again, and next time they had to succeed. Suddenly a tall, white-haired man appears, unexpected.

"He must have followed us through...damn him!" one rebel whispers to his comrade. Down the tunnel a mechanical voice grates orders out. Rapid footsteps ring through the tunnel.

"Quickly! This way!" the rebel calls to the newcomer. The newcomer turns, faintly ridiculous in his dandy clothing.

"Daleks..." he spits under his breath.

A worker collapses, writhing in pain and exhaustion. Only one other stops to help him. The rest ignore him. The Good Samaritan never had projected energy weapons pointing at him. As an incentive to pass by on the other side it was second to none.

"Return to your work! Return..."
"But he will die without help!"
"His life is irrelevant. return to work or you shall all be exterminated.”

Daleks always won this sort of argument.

On an overlooking hillside, eyes hundreds of years old gaze at the slave factory. Tears and anger gathered in them, the velvet-jacketed Timelord fights an internal battle not to let his feelings show to the young rebel beside him.

"It's not supposed to be like this. It was never supposed to be like this," he mutters to himself.

"What?"

"Nothing, nothing..." Billions dead in a dirty war. Earth weakened, a nuclear explosion without fallout...

"Come on," he says, turning to the rebel. "We have work to do."

Two hundred years earlier the white-haired Timelord steps out of nothingness. Once more billions of lives rested on his shoulders. One day he would have to take steps to solve this problem once and for all. Do something about the Daleks. That could wait; for now he must stop the rebels causing the very event they were trying to stop.
THE OTHER HALF-PINT OF WHIPPED CREAM

Well. Here we are again. This is the last *Whipped Cream* article that I will be writing, (entirely on the grounds that I will no longer be Chief Whip of the Society by the time the next *Tides* is prepared). To be fair, I will also no longer be a student nor be at the University, but - you lucky, lucky people - I will probably still be writing the occasional article as I am still going to be lurking (teaching actually, I hope) in Oxford. This article is not going to be as rambling as the previous one. I have a point to make (don’t I always?) and intend, one way or another, to make it.

Articles, in modern times, ought to begin with a quote, or so I am occasionally told. I doubt I could be any more pretentious than to quote from the Bible. So here goes...

“My soul hath long dwelled with him that hateth peace. I am for peace, but when I speak, they are for war.”

(PSalm 129, verses 6-7)

The *Discontinuity Guide*, a book of value and wisdom, to be bought and used consistently, introduces the concept of Time Paradox thusly: under ‘Goofs’ for *the Invisible Enemy*, it says, “Leela’s antibodies are a time paradox: she is descended from people who left Earth after this story, and, by being present in 5000 AD she gives humanity the antibodies she has always possessed (as a result of her trip to 5000 AD).” This, as far as I am concerned (although the argument on *Who* paradox rages onwards, ever onwards), makes perfect sense: when one messes around within the time-stream such things are clearly possible. Still, the concept of giving people what you had as a result of your giving it to them is an interesting one.

A different time. In the halcyon days of youth, I clearly remember buying *An Unearthly Child* when it came out on video, in the same month as *The War Games* if my memory serves me correctly. In those days we were not nearly so spoiled as we are today: they were, I think, only the third and fourth monochrome releases, after *The Seeds of Death* - poorly edited but greatly entertaining - and *The Daleks*. The latter I clearly remember buying. My brother spotted it, tucked away on a shelf of *Who* videos (in *Forbidden Planet*) which seems rather patently by today’s standards. I almost jumped up and down, but managed to restrain myself. I bought it, dashed home and, in my first ever experience of Hartnell, watched it all. I loved it, a magic feeling that 2-a-month video releases make harder to recapture.

But this is neither the time nor the place for a discussion of the modern overkill in *Who* and other SF-related products (check out the magazine section of WH Smith’s for 11 discrete TV-SF magazines). I’m actually trying to talk about *An Unearthly Child*.

I watched this video fairly soon after buying it too; I can’t remember if it was before or after *The War Games* and, let’s face it, that fact is not really desperately important right now. What is important is that I watched it with my brother. Midway through Episode 3, I paused the tape, Ian’s face still filling the screen, just before he turns away and we get a close-up on Za. I ran it back and played the line again, and then again. I chatted to my brother about it, and soon forgot as we finished the first ever *Doctor Who* story and moved on to the fiftieth.

A few weeks ago, I watched *An Unearthly Child* again, and the discussion flooded back into my mind as the offending line was again spoken, echoing across the ages, like “I seem to having tremendous difficulty with my lifestyle.” One of the worst ever examples of time paradox in *Doctor Who*, passing unnoticed (in favour of the problems of giving fire back to those who had lost it), as far as I have ever been able to make out, by everyone.

Until the advent of Ian’s interference, caveman political struggles - such as they were - had been dealt with in a fairly simple way. If one individual disagreed with the approach to a certain conundrum of a further individual, the time-honoured and most effective way of dealing with said conflict of opinion was for the two parties to bash each other on the head with rocks. Occasionally such tussles might expand and incorporate larger groups of people shouting at each other and hitting each other with rocks, in a direct precursor of the modern-day House of Commons.

Such was the case on the day when Kal was driven out of the tribe of Gum (Hmmm. A little politically incorrect, perhaps?) at the instigation of the Doctor. And there it might have ended.

But no. At this particular moment in time, Ian felt obliged to walk up to Za and deliver, in that oh-so-charming, earnest way of his, the Line, words which Za later says he “would [like to] have to remember.” The Line was simple, straightforward, even obvious. It was also devastating. It was, “Kal is not stronger than the entire tribe.”

The thought, the Line, has an obvious and frightening conclusion. It begins by precipitating fights between tribes, not individuals. It moves on as tribes get bigger and band into groups, towns, cities, nations. The leader - he who has instigated the ‘difference of opinion’ - has made the simple leap of logic that he no longer needs to be at the front of his tribe in order to tell them what to do; in fact, he can be a long way behind them. The battles are impersonal because one person can be backed up by the entire tribe - even if, in some cases, members of that tribe don’t necessarily agree with the leader. Individuals, of course, fare considerably less well in such a situation.

So, through the ill-conceived words of a science teacher from a potty little school, the concept of war has come upon us all, “war between nations... war between armies,” as someone once said. Until eventually all that is left is “death gone mad.” (Well, if Cornell/Day/Topping can draw vast analogies between *An Unearthly Child, The Daleks*, and *Survival*, I think I can get away with doing the same for *Battlefield*.)

Don’t take any of this too seriously. I don’t really think Ian caused the concept of war any more than I think the Doctor would maliciously and with evil intent trick Davros into destroying the entire Dalek race. Ah.

Anthony Wilson
The Man who walks in Eternity

Approaching the final bend, and beginning to wonder vaguely if we’ve actually accomplished anything. Do articles like these ever succeed? Do they do what they say they’re going to? Why do we write them at all? Hmm. Scope for another article, wethinks.

Like many Doctors, the seventh Doctor’s stories fall into two styles, here dominated - nominally at least - by the drastic change in format between Seasons 24 and 25. But even as early as much of Season 24, there are glimmers of light, of a return to what the show used to be. Again, it’s tough to do this as there are so many faults; as many have commented Bonnie Langford, Richard Briers and so many others, no matter how good their individual performances, could never, ever be taken seriously. Furthermore one is now forced to wonder what boundaries can be pushed. Doctor Who by this time was a victim of its own format - the new directions that it could go in were firmly limited and it probably required the marked change in the Doctor’s character that took place. Whether by this point it was still the same programme is another matter. Also, and it’s sad to say it since this era of the programme deserves so much better than it ever gets, there was no one watching. The children who used to be scared are no longer there. As we intend to detail, a Doctor for the late eighties was not a concept anyone could cope with.

So predominantly it’s just a matter of skipping lightly through season 24, clambering painfully across season 25 and withdrawing, disturbed, after season 26.

*Time and the Rani*. Arguably the best script from Pip and Jane because, whilst childish and unchallenging, it is also unpretentious and not patronising. It also succeeds in that it deliberately does not draw on established continuity. Finally they are learning not to do that. The other point worthy of comment here is that the most childish *Who* that had been seen for a long time was also in the latest time-slot ever used to broadcast the programme, 7.35 p.m. This recognition of *Who* not being for children is interesting.

*Paradise Towers*, the first story to really come under the watchful eye of Andrew Cartmell, is very different, being the least childish of the season. It includes some concepts which are unpleasant, chief among them the ‘walking dead’ Richard Briers. John (beloved President), who joined us in the pub while he should have been at *TrekSoc*, also rambled something about political allegory (in the Kang’s colours) and the first appearance of a manipulative Doctor who gives everyone but Per something to do, but James and Anthony were unimpressed by his arguments.

The other two stories of the season also resurrect old concepts in new guises *Dragonfire* is a massive pastiche of film history, with particular reference to *Aliens*. The names of the characters (Kane, for example, is from Orson Welles’ first film), and some of the situations, derive directly from film history in the same way, one could argue, that the Holmes-controlled Seasons 12-14 drew on the same. Yes, in a different way - drawing on modern films rather than ancient ones - but the concept was still present.

*Delta and the Bannermen*, on the other hand, shows the resurgence of the Doctor’s parable: his speech at the end of Episode 2 to Gavrok is child-like in the extreme - Good will triumph, Good has to triumph, that is what it is there to do. And, to be frank, about bloody time too.

*Season 24* does suffer: Cartmell’s *hêtre noire* - lighting - is badly done and as a result much of the season fails to be as good as it could have been. But, it is, at last, aiming higher.

It might also be wise to consider *Silver Nemesis* at this point, given that in style it is far closer to McCoy’s first season than to his second. Here it is childish, not childlike; exactly the wrong way around, and, by the time you are watching this one, somewhat out of context. Perhaps *Silver Nemesis*’ greatest point is that it shows just how disastrous season 25 might have been had they allowed it to follow the same format of the last anniversary season: a “blast from the past” in every show. In fact only two shows feature long-standing continuity, and, of those, only *Silver Nemesis* really draws on it.

In fact, season 25 saw the final moaning and groaning of nasty continuity, personified in the first and last shows of the season, *Remembrance of the Daleks*, despite having a rather silly title (apparently Ben
Aaronovitch thought that all Dalek stories had to begin with an ‘R’) deals with continuity in by far the best way possible. It blows it up. Trying to write something under the burden of 24 previous years is difficult; the reaction of the up-and-coming writers, who would at last take Who in new directions, was to get rid of it, in the process completely redefining the Doctor’s character. It also takes the opportunity to make the Dalek climb the stairs: finally somebody does it, and thus breaks with expectations.

Paul Cornell believes The Happiness Patrol to be symbolic of Gay Rights, but far clearer is the very obvious Thatcherite analogy; a clearly adult theme couched in the images of childhood. Both this and Greatest Show draw on images and ideas - from sweets that kill people to the clear fact that children are afraid of clowns - which had not been there for a long time. Furthermore they have a level of symbolism which adults would be able to comprehend, and a number of messages - hippydom and peace resulting in as brutal a form of repression as any other, to the now over-mentioned ‘Gun’ scene in Happiness Patrol which still bears its message that violence does not solve any problems. The return of that message, and therefore the implicit condemnation of the previous years, brings the show back to something it had lost.

It is a shame, then, that it rings so hollow given the Doctor’s actions in Remembrance of the Daleks. He destroys the Dalek race. Shall we repeat that? He destroys the Dalek race. Given that this is the same story where the Doctor moans about the military mind who like to blow things up all the time and even comments that humans are ingenious predominantly in the way they work to kill each other all the time, it seems a little odd to do that at the end. The redefinition of the Doctor’s character, however, is something which arguably had to be done.

Season 26, then. Another set of returns: a mythological basis, last scene (as far as can be remembered) in The Horns of Nimon. Here the myths are well thought out, if occasionally they jar. The most interesting is Ben Aaronovitch’s skit on continuity - Battlefield relies on a knowledge of other adventures of the Doctor, but these are adventures that we are never going to see. Similarly it subverts established continuity for those who do know - Lethbridge-Stewart is actually given something to do for a change and the new UNIT commander is female. It is also the closest Who ever comes to swearing. The first time Bambera says “Shame” she spends so long on the “Sh” that you’re sure she’s going to finish with an entirely different word! And all that in the story widely regarded as the season’s worst.

The Curse of Fenric similarly draws on mythology and unseen adventures of the Doctor. It is also one of the most horrific Who stories for a long time, a result of its eeriness (especially under the sea) and tension, not a result of visual violence. Characterisation, something else that has long been lost, has returned in a big way from Ace’s relationship with her mother to Wainwright’s battle of belief and faith. Also we see a church - formally used for subversive effect in The Daemons and The Awakening, and it is still a powerful image.

Season 26, then, furthers the developments of Season 25. We still have continuity, of sorts, but it takes a back seat to the plot, and the plotting is damn good. Furthermore, it seems designed for children, retaining some of the more popular clichés (“You wicked, evil girls” etc.) and a level of self-awareness, whilst still taking itself absolutely seriously.

Survival is one of the very few good Ainley stories, but this tale too deals with concepts, and concepts
that would appeal to children. *Survival* is all about going home, and where people find 'home'. It plays on the theme that once you have left somewhere, you can never return, arguably an allegory on the act of growing up itself. And again it battles against what has come before: Ace is perversely (that didn't come out quite right, did it?) and not the Doctor. We can identify with the Doctor and we can see his pain over what happens to Ace, as we can later identify with her when she believes the Doctor to be dead.

The final story to be filmed, *Ghost Light*, is the one most likely to be criticised for being not for children.

This is true to an extent, although it could be suggested that children have as much chance of understanding it as any of the rest of us! The phrase "It's all designed to confuse us" leaps instantly to mind. *Ghost Light* is a game between writer and viewer. Platt is seeing how many of the myriad references to literature, or anything else anyone cares to think of, the audience can get. Many of these are so abstruse that a viewer could get the feeling that Platt is satisfying himself more than anyone else, and that may well be the case. But have we not said the same about Robert Holmes' writing of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*? It seems amazing that *Ghost Light* is criticised for the same thing that *Talons* is praised.

Where does it end? At the end of the second part of this article we suggested that, had Hinchcliffe been kept on as producer for Season 15, we might have been just about to enter the programme's Golden Age. Would it be wrong to suggest that it might have happened here also? Perhaps, but we shall never know.

But it didn't. What killed it off? Internal BBC politics? (It is rumoured that just before Season 24 started filming the Director of the BBC was overheard to comment that Nathan-Turner would have his new Doctor and three seasons, and then that would be it.) Maybe not. *Doctor Who* remains one of the most flexible formats on television. A writer, script editor, director, producer can do any genre, can come from any direction. This freedom has a price: it needs to make use of that format, to constantly do new things, to constantly push beyond its own boundaries and limitations to define new ones. What happened in the early/mid-eighties was basically that this did not happen, or when it did, it happened in the wrong way. Similarly, within this vast freedom there are, by necessity, some constants, amongst them how the Doctor himself can be treated and the programme's own level of self-awareness and reaction to the times it is being made in. The decline in audience was partially a result of a lack of care, a lack of joy, on the part of those behind the scenes, aided and abetted by a large number of disputes caused predominantly by two people who were both difficult to work with being in the Producer's and Script Editor's chairs respectively.

But also the reaction to the times is of relevance. Somehow *Who* has always managed to suit its times. From the caring grandfather-like figure of Hartnell, to the Beatles-esque Troughton, from the James Bond style heroics of Pertwee to the 'undergraduate' humour of the Tom Baker. The eighties posed a problem. Davison's Doctor was the wide-eyed innocence of the early eighties: the return of balloons and hope and happiness. The cynicism of the later eighties, however, was very difficult to reflect in the format of the programme. The sixth characterisation of the Doctor was 'odd', unexpected, and despite functioning in the same way as all the previous Doctors with regard to the outside world, worked badly within the shape of the programme itself. This dichotomy resulted in the fact that the programme couldn't really work itself out, and relied on its past rather than its present. On a similar note, one could postulate that the Doctor reflected society, and people did not want to feel that they were being reflected in the sixth Doctor. By the time the problems were sorted out (even though, as mentioned, the character of the seventh Doctor still sat uncomfortably with some) it was too late. Once lost, the audience was impossible to regain, perhaps had become so cynical that there was no desire to see something quite as pure as a 'children's programme' anymore.

But we could be talking out of our...erm...hat here, of course. The reflection of society is a nice theory, but it remains a theory dreamed up in the minds of those who consider these things to be important and, maybe, have suspect judgement themselves. The point is moot anyway. For whatever reason, the programme has ceased to exist; once more we are denied what could have been its finest hour and, theorise as much as you like, it will never come back in the way it would have been had it never stopped. But that, itself, is another story.

Back in the dim mists of time, when we began this article, we posed a lot of questions, none of which we really intended to answer. Given that the first one was "What is Doctor Who?" we were probably right not to try. Perhaps the articles have more succinctly answered the question "What is not Doctor Who?" but that keeps its own bugbears and hidden traps also. Perhaps we have failed in what we set out to do, but even failure will tell us something. It is one of life's basic freedoms, after all.

James Brough and Anthony Wilson
ELEGIA

About half a mile from where we used to live, there was a stream which ran from somewhere deep within the Pennines. I was bathing there that last morning, when my father and Gwynne were packing. I had grown to love the place more than any of our previous homes. I loved the way the hills looked early in the morning, still wreathed in the mist which the sun would evaporate as it climbed into the sky; I loved to watch the stars make pin-pricks in the cushion of the night when there were no clouds. I had even grown accustomed to the bitter winters when the snow was thick on the ground and we had to wrap up warm in the skins of the tough sheep, which themselves were accustomed to such weather. But, more than anything else, I loved the place because my mother had died there and it was my best link with her.

So, I was sad to be leaving. But not for one minute did I think of disobeying my father and trying to stay. There would have been nothing to stay for, for one thing, and no way to live: although those people on the village at the foot of the hill had been friendly enough towards us, I doubt whether they would have treated me in the same way had I been a runaway and come to them for somewhere to live. The people in that area were welcoming and kind, but they could also be cold and merciless when one asked too much of them, and in that respect they were very much like the hills themselves. In any case, I did not think of disobeying my father, because I loved him. He had come, he used to tell me, to England from somewhere far away, somewhere that was a terrible place. Somewhere where the air could kill people and was getting worse every day. Somewhere where the water and rivers were diseased and poisoned. Somewhere, he said, that was dying.

He had hated that place, and he and his friend had left there to come here, where the air was bright and clean. But his friend had died before I was born, and so he was alone until he met, and eventually married, my mother. Then she had died soon after we had come here to live. We moved from place to place, always keeping ahead of the Romans, whose advance through Britain was unceasing and relentless. My father hated the Romans. He said that they stood for everything that he opposed: blind, soulless progress, humanity swarming like ants, forever building and not knowing what they were destroying. They were like the people in that place from which he had fled. He hated them, and so my elder sister and I hated them too, and we always tried to stay ahead of their advance.

Such were my thoughts on that morning. But I stopped bathing when I heard the sound. It split the air like a sword; but a particularly rusty sword, and, I fancied I could hear the stretched and torn air groaning in pain as it laboured under the burden of that screeching noise.

Eventually the mutilated air started bleeding, and it bled blue. The blue blood swirled and coalesced until a small blue hut was standing near the banks of the stream just in front of me.

Immediately I jumped out of the stream and grabbed my clothes. I had just finished forcing my wet, and by then rather cold body into them when a tall man emerged from the hut. I gibbered wildly at him. My father had always told me that there were no such men as wizards, but then he had never mentioned anything about tall blue huts appearing out of thin air. The tall man, who had a large mane of white hair and who was wearing clothes of a most bizarre cut, regarded me thoughtfully.

"Himm..." he said. "Is your name William? And is your father's name Charles?" he asked. I nodded dumbly. "Well, then. Could you by any chance take me to him? There's a good fellow." I could hardly refuse; my imagination was conjuring up all manner of nasty things that would happen to me if I did not carry out the wizard's request.

When we got within sight of our cottage with the heavily-laden cart outside, Gwynne came out and waved. As we drew closer my father joined her. I could see his eyes narrow and his lips purse. Whoever this wizard was, my father evidently knew him. A sudden thought occurred to me: perhaps this wizard had come from the place which my father had fled. A chill passed across my skin and I quickened my pace.

Soon the wizard and I reached the cottage. As we arrived, my father told Gwynne and myself to go inside and not come out until our 'guest' had gone. We did so, but as soon as we had peeped out of the doorway at my father and the wizard.

For a long time neither of them spoke. Then my father asked the wizard, "Why have you come here?"

The wizard sighed. "I came to see if I could help. I can take you back, you know. I...I'm on my way to return something I stole once, long ago. It's very probable that I will die doing so. It occurred to me, therefore, that perhaps I should come and see if I could help you before...well, before I might no longer be able to. So...do you want to go back?"

My father looked at the wizard. "Why would I? Nothing will have changed back there. nothing that we did will have made a difference. What reason could I have for going back?"

"But the conditions here; primitive, harsh..."

"I always knew it would be like this. Perhaps I had expected that there would be more than just two of us. But I never expected that it would be any easier."

My father seemed to come to a decision. "Come. Let me show you something."

My father made off up the hill on which our cottage was built. With one last look back, causing me to duck back from the doorway, lest I be seen, the wizard followed him. They proceeded on up the hill. I realised where they would be going.

"Stay here," I told Gwynne, and, before she could even utter a word of objection, I took off after them, keeping close to the ground to decrease my chance of being seen.

As I followed them, I could make out some of what they were saying. My father was speaking; and the stranger was following behind with a concerned yet dignified look on his face.
“Whitaker died soon after we arrived here. I think it was some form of cancer; he had always been ill. I managed to keep alive somehow, moving on from village to village and doing anything that would result in some food or a place to sleep. I always tried to keep ahead of the Romans, and stay in the unconquered areas of England. Keep away from civilisation and the march of progress. Not because it reminds me of what I had lost, but because it reminds me of what is going to come.”

They had reached their destination: a rough patch of ground atop the wind-swept hill. My mother’s grave.

“After a time,” my father continued, “I met an old farmer who needed help managing. He had become lame, and his daughter was unable to cope. He took me in, and his daughter and I got ‘married’ after he died. That was seventeen years ago, now. I am nearly seventy, and I do not have long to live. But my children will carry on after me, somehow.”

He stared down at the rough patch of soil.

“She died of appendicitis. I tried to operate, but it was too late, and in any case I did not know what I was doing. I couldn’t help her.”

He turned and stared the stranger in the face.

“But understand this: I would not change anything. I did what I thought was right, what I thought I had to do. And I am not disappointed. Leave me. Leave me to bear up to my responsibilities, as you must bear up to yours. Go now, and do what you think you have to do.”

The stranger nodded slowly. Then he turned and left my father. He passed close to the little hollow in which I was hiding, but did not seem to notice me. I watched him go down the hill, past our cottage, and go back into his little hut. He moved with some determination, as if his mind was made up about something, then, with a repeat of the earlier cacophony, the hut vanished.

I stood up and approached my father. He was staring down at my mother’s grave again. Tears were trickling slowly down his cheeks.

I reached for his hand, so much more gnarled and wrinkled than my own, and held it for a while.

Then we went to rejoin Gwynne and move on somewhere new.

John Dr. G. Wilson

The Presidential Address.

“Romana looked over the Doctor’s shoulder. ‘A sort of Holy Writ?’

The Doctor peered at the cramped writing. ‘I think it’s atrociously writ actually. But the pictures aren’t bad.’”

(Doctor Who: The Power of Kroll - Robert Holmes. novelised by Terrance Dicks)

“If you must write prose/poems, the words you use should be your own:

don’t plagiarise or take on loan.”

(Cemetry Gates - The Smiths)

I admit, the second quote is vastly hypocritical, given the number of New Order song titles I have ‘borrowed’ for my short stories in Tides, I’d be surprised if Barney Summer didn’t sue, should a copy have fallen into his hands. Nevertheless, the quotes are meant to emphasise one salient point: it is, ex facto, impossible to write totally original Doctor Who fiction. If the main idea of a novel or story (a character travelling in time (and the central characters (the Doctor and his companions) are not the creation of the author of the story or novel, then whatever is being written is not totally original.

This fact then leads us to the question: is there really such a thing as ‘original’ Doctor Who fiction? Virgin Books seem to think so; they claim to be producing at least two original Doctor Who books every month; apart from their intermittent specials (Decalog, Decalog II, Who Killed Kennedy?). There is one ‘Missing’ Adventure and one ‘New’ Adventure published regularly each month.

The two breeds of novels are very distinct in terms of not only the Slatter-anderson cover designs but also their content. The New Adventures are, according to Virgin, “Full-length original novels based on...Doctor Who [which] take the TARDIS into previously unexplored realms of space and time.” I find this description interesting to say the least. What, precisely, does ‘full-length’ mean? Longer than the novelisations perhaps? Possibly, but the novelisation of Fury from the Deep was longer in terms of word-count than the third New Adventure, Timewyrm: Apocalypse by Nigel Robinson. In any case, does Virgin mean to imply that a novel must have a certain number of words in order to be classed as a ‘proper’ novel? I certainly disagree with this assumption; for example, several of Martin Amis’ books are shorter than the vast majority of New or ‘Missing’ Doctor Who Adventures, and no-one, I think, would seriously suggest that Martin Amis’ novels are not ‘full-length’ and that the Virgin Doctor Who novels are.

Personally, I think that the ‘full-length’ label is an attempt to distance the New Adventures from the Target novelisations. The implication is that the books are ‘grown up’, not children’s books as the novelisations were; and to some extent they are. However, some traces of the ‘Doctor Who is juvenile’ sentiment are still detectable in Virgin’s output. One other television series of which Virgin publishes adaptations is Cracker. In the case of Cracker, the Virgin books are in fact television stories adapted as novelisations, not ‘original novels’. Nevertheless two New Adventures writers have novelised
Cracker stories: Jim Mortimore, who novelised ‘The Mad Woman in the Attic’ and ‘Men should weep’, and Gareth Roberts, who novelised ‘To Be a Somebody’. In the biographies of the novelisers, they are said to have written novels for Virgin publishing, but not to have written Doctor Who novels. Why not? Because they are ashamed of the fact, or because Virgin think that the Cracker books will appeal to a more ‘adult’ audience than the Doctor Who ones.

So, just how ‘adult’ are the New Adventures? How exactly does one define an ‘adult’ novel? Swearing, or sex scenes, or violence or big words? Certainly particular New Adventures have been singled out for criticism of their sexual/obscene content (I’m not going to mention the obvious candidate, because I really rather liked it), and apparently Virgin were actually told by the BBC to remove four-letter words from the books. But it is, I think, obvious that swearing and sex-scenes do not an adult book make, and the same goes for violence (one could make the same argument for films). So is it the big words? Possibly; the New Adventures have tended to be more, well, prosaic than the novelisations; a good example of this is Daniel O’Mahony’s Falls the Shadow, with its extensive allusions to the works of T.S. Eliot. However, some of the television stories were just as literate (Kinta, Warrior’s Gate, etc.). Thus, on closer inspection, I don’t think that the books are in any way more ‘adult’ than the television series was. They may take the TARDIS into previously unexplored realms of Time and Space, but then the books would be really desperate if the Doctor only visited places he’d been before.

All of which brings us, neatly enough, the ‘Missing’ Adventures. The ‘Missing’ Adventures were, at least partly, instituted to satisfy those Doctor Who fans alienated from the New Adventures by their self-confessed ‘distance’ from the series and the novelisations. Nevertheless, the ‘Missing’ Adventures have several very big problems. The first is the title, as pointed out by my predecessor, Anthony Wilson (no relation), in his heartfelt, concise, thoughtful, succinct, and not altogether inaccurate review of the books in the last issue of *Tides*. The sub-title for the books is, basically, stupid. They are not in any way ‘Missing’. They were never meant to be there in the first place. The ‘Missing Adventures’ sounds too much like the ‘Missing Episodes’ (the old series of target novelisations of the unused Season 23 scripts). ‘Past Lives’ would have been a much better title, and very nearly was.

The second problem is the ridiculous practice of placing the books between television stories. This sounds fine in theory but the majority of the books are set between stories which follow on from one another. Mawdryn Undead follows on from Snakedance (the reason being, if you’re interested, that part four of Snakedance over-ran greatly and the concluding TARDIS scene was shifted to part one of Mawdryn Undead). The Rescue follows on immediately from The Dalek Invasion of Earth. There can be no ‘Missing’ Adventure between Resurrection of the Daleks and Planet of Fire (as David McIntee’s Lords of the Storm is supposed to be). Besides, is there anyone out there who is going to slot the ‘Missing’ Adventures in-between their novelisations? (Come to think of it, Anthony does; but don’t tell him I told you. What do I know anyway? I keep my novelisations in numerical order.) I blame this idea on Paradise of Death, which was supposed to be set between The Time Warrior and Invasion of the Dinosaurs, contradicting both stories in a very big way. (I think this was done so that Richard Franklin might be able to appear in future radio serials as Captain Mike Yates, i.e. still a member of UNIT.)

If you’re in a particularly ‘adult’ (i.e. nasty) mood, I suppose you could just dismiss the above criticisms as being merely fanboy quibbles. Nevertheless, the ‘Missing’ Adventures still have a very big literary problem. And that is that there is simply no scope for character development in them. Because of their very nature - their exact setting in the Doctor Who canon - the Doctor and companion’s characters cannot develop, because we know, from watching the television stories and reading the novelisations, exactly how they will behave after the ‘Missing’ Adventure has ended. Thus the events of a ‘Missing’ Adventure cannot permanently affect the regular characters in any way without deviating significantly from the continuity established in the televised stories; just what the ‘Missing’ Adventures are not supposed to do.

This is a particularly big problem for the ‘Missing’ Doctor Who adventures. One could argue that the characterisation in the Star Trek: The Next Generation novels would be affected in the same way, but I doubt that simply because there is no characterisation in Star Trek:
The Next Generation (in my opinion, if its characterisation you're after, you'd be better off watching Deep Space Nine). Neither is it a big problem for the New Adventures, because in that series the writers are afforded much greater opportunity to experiment with the characters of the companions. True, the BBC has vetoed any great change in the Doctor's character, leaving him to some extent an invulnerable constant in the books, but the writers come up with various methods to overcome this difficulty. One of the best of the recent New Adventures was, in my judgement, Andrew Cartmel's Warlock. This particular book was criticised because the Doctor was relegated to the background, leaving Cartmel's invented characters to carry the weight of the narrative. However, I thought that this was one of the strongest points in favour of the book. Cartmel has obviously recognised the limitations of the Doctor's character, and shifted the focus of the novel to the original characters who are not invulnerable, and to whom the reader will feel drawn, since they are not certain to survive until the next novel. Of course, this means that the writer is faced with a much more difficult task, but in the case of Warlock this does not pose a problem as Andrew Cartmel is an engaging, versatile and readable writer, one of the very few 'professional' authors writing for the New and 'Missing' Adventures.

Inexorably, this leads me on to another problem with the (current state of the) books. As originally conceived, the New Adventures were going to feature a mixture of both old and new Doctor Who writers; in fact the Doctor Who writer, 'Uncle' Terrance Dicks, wrote the second book. But after nearly fifty (New and 'Missing') books from Virgin publishing, a very different picture emerges. Only four New Adventures writers have actually worked on the television series: Cartmel and Uncle Terrance, as mentioned above, and two writers who only worked on the last two seasons of Doctor Who: Marc Platt and Ben Aaronovich. One more writer has written a 'Missing' Adventure: Barry Letts, whose Third Doctor 'Missing' Adventure was basically a novelisation of his radio play, The Ghosts of N-Space (although, to be fair, it was very much a 'chicken-and-egg' situation regarding the book and radio play). All the other writers (with the exception of perhaps John Peel and Nigel Robinson) are first-time writers, of 'full-length' fiction at least.

It is easy to see why this should be so. The new writers are willing enough to have their work published and Virgin are happy enough to get away with paying them less than professional writers would expect. The fans, meanwhile...well, it wouldn't be too far from the truth, I suspect, to say that a great proportion of those who buy the New and 'Missing' Adventures do so simply because they have the words 'Doctor Who' printed on them. I personally know someone (not a member of OUDWS) who buys both books when they come out every month and has not read any of them since David A McIntee's First Frontier last September. He does not particularly enjoy reading them, and is in no hurry to catch up, but buys them to maintain his collection. I imagine he is not alone, especially among the more affluent fans (i.e. not us students!).

So a very great number of Virgin Doctor Who writers are amateurs, at least initially. There is nothing wrong with this; indeed I would cite Paul Cornell as one of Virgin's greatest 'finds', i.e. an obviously talented writer who gained his first professional 'break' as an author with Virgin and who is now moving on to greater things. This is actually something the world of publishing desperately needs: a platform for new writers to break into something which can very often be a closed business. However problems occur when there is simply not enough space left on the platform: those writers who have not managed to climb any higher on the ladder of professional writing jam the system and do not leave any space for new writers. This problem is beginning to affect the New Adventures as well as their 'Missing' counterparts; of the books scheduled for 1995 release, there are only three written by newcomers to the Doctor Who range; and two of these newcomers have written for Virgin's Judge Dredd series of books. There is a very real danger of a clique forming, an exclusive club of Virgin Doctor Who writers. Thus far the 'Missing' Adventures have only attracted one old writer for the series (Barry Letts, as mentioned above), and seem merely to be a case of 'jobs for the boys', i.e. an opportunity for Virgin writers to get more commissions. One possible solution to this problem might be to limit each writer to one book per year (or one book per series per year), leaving a number of opportunities for new writers.

That is, of course, dependent upon the continuation of both series of books. The New and 'Missing' Adventures are rapidly becoming a serious drain on both time and money; I imagine that the number of people who can afford to buy and read the books each month (at the expense of other, perhaps better, books) will begin to decline very soon. If I were working for 'Doctor Who Books' at Virgin, I would, given the number of 'special' books coming out next year, seriously consider dropping the output to one book a month, and alternating the New and 'Missing' Adventures.

I hope this is not painting too gloomy a picture. The New Adventures have, I feel, played a large part over the past five years in keeping Doctor Who...well, if not exactly alive, then in a state of suspended animation. They have also managed to produce some exciting and readable books in the process. So the above is meant to be a constructive, rather than destructive, criticism. Nevertheless, the problems mentioned in this Address need to be dealt with, and sooner, rather than later; otherwise the whole situation concerning the Doctor Who books range could be verging on the ridiculous.

John W. G. Wilson
A semi-coordinated ramble by Matthew Kilburn

In 1992 I wrote a 'valedictory essay' for Louise Dennis's last Tides of Time. This asked 'Why in the Universe are we doing this?' - why, in other words, is there a Doctor Who Society in Oxford at all. This sought answers in the application of the programme's liberal ideology (as I perceived it at the time) to our situation in Oxford, and, with more success, in the area of childhood nostalgia. Those of you who weren't here in Hilary 1992 may have read the article in the compilation issue that Gary put together in Michaelmas.

Between 1992 and 1995, with another Oxford generation about to move away, the perspectives of the membership are bound to have changed a little. When the Society was founded, most of its membership would have been born around 1969-70 and have reasonably clear memories of Tom Baker's Doctor, perhaps even from as early as Robot. Former president Adam Stephens once described that generation as 'the children of Philip Hinchcliffe'. Next Michaelmas's majority will not even have been born when the Doctor and the Master struggled around the Eye of Harmony in The Deadly Assassin, or when Leela fell before the tousle-haired Time Lord and saw him as The Face of Evil.

These are childhood memories that for me encapsulate an era. For next year's intake, comparable stories would be The Five Doctors or Warriors of the Deep. It is difficult for me to imagine those stories from the gaudy and brightly-lit 1980s having the same impact as the adventures into the dark side of the imagination that made up Doctor Who when I was six.

The Oxford University Doctor Who Society has changed its character since 1992 as well. Audiences have fallen, perhaps in proportion to the drop in Doctor Who's ratings in the 1980's and its consequent withdrawal from the public consciousness. The process was already beginning in my final undergraduate year, 1991 having failed to bring in the same level of new members as in 1989 and 1990. I don't know how many members we have at the moment, but I suspect it's substantially lower than the 160+ we had in 1990/91.

This being said, the vast proportion of those who attend Monday night meetings nowadays seem to attend next to all of them. Four or so years ago, there were more transient people, who would come for Tom Baker stories or in some cases those which provided the easiest cheap laughs. Nowadays we have - as Anthony has observed to me - more people who know when to laugh, who are laughing with the programme rather than at it, if they are laughing at all. Perhaps, then, we have more people genuinely in sympathy with the programme than we did in the heady early days when the Society's founders were still active and bemusedly looking on at the monster they had created, or (more likely) retreating to the Folly Bridge Inn.

What is it in Doctor Who that inspires loyalty? Even in its worst periods, when respect for it both within and without the BBC was at its lowest, Doctor Who was still recognisable - just - as the programme that had emerged in 1963. It endured for a remarkably long time when it was allowed to change with its audience, at its best accommodating the expectations of several generations of viewers at once. At its height, it could be watched by five year olds and fifteen year olds who could be confident that they were watching the same programme, both comprehending it in different ways but giving it the same share of respect. The same can't be said of latter day 'family viewing' successes like Neighbourhoods. Its 'cult' appeal rests on the crude way it panders to a pre- and early teen audience, celebrated by a cynical British media alongside the unconvincing performances and the equally flimsy scripts and sets. Doctor Who's budget may have been low but for most of its history its production values were high. This was principally because most of those who worked on it took their work seriously, and were commended for it by their superiors. As soon as Doctor Who lost the interest of its head of department, it lost the respect of those who worked on it and there was little that could be done to alter the situation without changes taking place in the BBC, and not simply in Doctor Who's own production staff.

Some argue that OUDWS membership - and attendance - would increase if there were a new Doctor Who television series. However, that series could only come about and be successful if there were changes of attitude at the BBC. It would need more money than the Sylvester McCoy seasons had, if only to buy more time, and hopefully more care and attention than were lavished upon those final, struggling years. Video production in television does seem to have lost respect since the 1970s, forcing more work on to film or, recently, video processed to look like film. The latter was used for some episodes of
the 1994/95 series of *Casualty*, to critical disapproval, and I suspect for *BUGS* and for some of the effects shots in the modernised *Tomorrow People*. If *Doctor Who* could be revived without recourse to Californian money and technology, then perhaps this pseudo-film gloss would increase its prestige.

*Doctor Who*'s public image does need work. It has never recovered from the 'cancellation' of 1985. The four subsequent seasons didn't help matters, failing to match the production standards of other BBC dramas at the time, as well as falling short of the escapades of the earlier Doctors as remembered by popular imagination, a folk memory sustained by the jibes of the press as they tuned in and out of adventures on Lakertya, Svartos or the Planet of the Cheetah People. The BBC's attempts to schedule *Doctor Who* repeats alongside *Thunderbirds* or *The Man From UNCLE* had some success, but the 1993 anniversary, packaged and marketed by BBC Enterprises, increasingly looks like having sounded the death knell for the series as a continuing narrative concept on television. *Dimensions in Time*, with its *Radio Times* cover, 3D gimmickry, Greenwich Meridian sabotage, Mandy, Big Ron and all, probably did more than anything else to reduce *Doctor Who* to kitsch.

BBC Video's packaging of *The Trial of a Time Lord* in one tin box (last seen reduced to £3.49 in HMV in Newcastle) and *The Chase* and *Remembrance of the Daleks* in another, formed an unintentional comment on the lack of *Who*-literacy (in the broadest sense) at the Corporation.

*Doctor Who* is probably seen by many people today - including those who work with the programme's concept for a living - as kitsch. For fans to embrace that view of the series would be to enter a cul-de-sac, for placing a kitsch value on the series would be to dismiss the value of the work of all those who contributed to the programme, those who watched it, and those who have written on it in depth in magazines such as this one. The destruction wrought upon *Doctor Who* in the last ten years has ensured that its only viable revival, in the eyes of market-conscious TV executives, is that which the BBC, Universal and Fox TV in the US have agreed on - a new beginning for the series, putting continuity to one side and attempting to win over the audience with the latest computer-aided visuals. Philip Segal and Peter Wagg, *Doctor Who*'s producers-elect, have stated to fans that if a series results allusions will be made to past glories. It could hardly be *Doctor Who* otherwise. When *Doctor Who* used continuity references properly they gave a feeling of integrity and texture to the series as a whole, reminding the audience of episodes they watched weeks, months or years before. It would be foolish to neglect that legacy, as it is there to be made use of - although complicated references to stories of seventeen years before, as indulged in by *Attack of the Cybermen*, should best be avoided.

In some respects *Doctor Who* is thriving, with at least two new books a month, two official magazines and countless others. But without a new series it remains in a creative limbo. I find that, with the possible exception of the work of Kate Orman, the *New Adventures* churned out by Virgin desperately need the input of a television production team to make them into 'real' *Doctor Who* - for me, when all is said and done *Doctor Who* is a television concept.

The OUDWS will endure for a while anyway, I expect, although it could do with the stimulus a new series would bring. I generally think that we have consistently been superior to the Star Trek Society not only because *Doctor Who* is the better programme, but because our committees have always tried to do more. Speakers are invited to talk to us, even if we have generally only managed one speaker a year. We also make an attempt to try and get members to meet each other, even if few outside the committee come to the Friday night meetings in the Mitre. Newcomers are always welcome. In some ways we are healthier than we were in the halcyon days of the early 1990s, with a less volatile membership and a good turnover of committee members to prevent things becoming stale. It's probably time to shake things up a little - I might suggest (as a former Publicity Officer and arch-poster advocate of 1991) spending some of the money that goes on posters on a mid-term newsletter, to remind 'lost' members that the Society still exists. But this is the hand of another age writing, and doubtless the reshuffled committee will have its own ideas for change.

So, to attempt to return to the point - why are we still doing this? Why are we still meeting in a college room and watching *Doctor Who* (and assorted other archival oddments) every week? The answer, at the end of the day, is that *Doctor Who* is a very good idea for a television series, with a lot of its potential still to realise. Hopefully the time is coming when we will see more of that potential come to fruition. Meanwhile, DocSoc will continue to show old episodes and, where it can, try to find new ways of promoting and enjoying *Doctor Who* within the university.
Across

1. Damon’s seeing double on alien planet (6)

4. Shortly Joseph and Anna are getting together, but she refuses to marry (6)

9. He’s fallen but still set in his ways (5)

10. Silurians’ nemesis scattered water in the street (7)

11. Fifth storage chamber in prison (7)

12. ‘Inferno’ made Sid go crazy with company (5)

13. What the fifth Doctor did before regeneration (5)

15. Criticise the confidence trick in ‘The Faceless Ones’ (5)

20. Top Alzarian is one inside television (5)

22. Winnie avoided beam in bar (7)

24. Get rid of short character in Middle Ages (7)

25. President tells Richard to forget about road (5)

26. Outside trashcan for Nintendo system? (6)

27. King was laid before so much treachery (6)

Down

1. Tame Samantha at the beginning of ‘Terminus’ (6)

2. Devil laughs after daughter went after father (7)

3. It’s cancelled yearly since it’s missed the beginning (5)

5. Similar to Neptune. Has the penny dropped? (7)

6. Belonging to the Prime Unit? (5)

7. Energy Ronald had after painting (6)

8. The Seventh Doctor was fond of doing this to people (5)

14. “Die hack!” cried Doctor as he became mixed up due to doubles (7)


17. Mutant tin is about four in German (6)

18. The Doctor had one, but it wasn’t fixed! (5)

19. Did evil genius do raves without Ecstasy? (5)

21. Exxilons visited in case of Earth people (5)

23. Mother with broken car is a little crabby (5)

Gary Medden

(Answers to last issue’s crossword on page 25)