The Tides of Time

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A new issue and a new typeface. Blame it all on a change in Word Processor programme. I am pleased to say that the amount of artwork I received had blossomed, I hope it continues to arrive. I have some apologies to make. Mark Dunn tells me I placed the chairs in Logic Problem last issue in the reverse order to what was intended consequently making the problem impossible. Secondly I received several articles in 0th week, by this stage the proofs for the magazine had already been printed and were in the hands of the committee so I was unable to include these. I have put some of them in this term's issue as part of a selection of reviews of the black and white episodes the society shows on sundays. The rest I am sorry to say will probably sink into the bottom of the magazine editor's file never to re-emerge. I shall probably continue to print out the final few days of 0th week as this allows the committee time to check it over during the 0th week committee meeting. Contributions which cannot for this reason be delivered directly to my pigeon hole in Somerville should be sent either to Somerville (who are very good at sending them on) or to my home address

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A new venture this term is the library list, based heavily, it must be admitted on the Arthurian library list. The idea is to list the books, tapes and magazines which individual society members are prepared to lend out together with comments. Lastly good luck to all those sitting mods or finals this term.

Louise Dennis
Chainsword Blues

The comic strip is not the most obvious aspect of Doctor Who paraphernalia. From TV Comic to Doctor Who Magazine, all the Doctors have been portrayed with varying degrees of success, and herein lies the problem. Skilful comic strip artists and writers with carte blanche can create the most convincing of worlds and characters, but when the artist has to produce an acceptable likeness of a well-known actor, and capture the atmosphere of a TV show in the very different medium of the comic strip, the results can often be less than impressive. However, take the most popular alien race on TV, by their nature easy to draw convincingly, place them in a comic strip and you avoid the problem of portraying the Doctor while holding a strong appeal for the fans. Which is what Steve Moore and Steve Gibbons did in "Absalom Daak: Dalek Killer."

The stories appeared at various times in Doctor Who Weekly, Monthly and Magazine, and the first, "Absalom Daak: Dalek Killer" is a visually stunning blood and thunder tale of Daak, at this stage a somewhat cliched anti-hero, dealing death and destruction to more Daleks than you can shake a stick at. However this all changes with the touching ending to this masterpiece of comic strip storytelling. In "Star Tigers" Daak collects a crew and we learn more of his past. For the second half, Gibbons handed artwork duties to David Lloyd, who took an episode to really find a style, but by the end he was rivalling Gibbons. "Absalom Daak" and "Star Tigers" work well in "graphic novel" format, with Daak's character coming across far more convincingly in continuous rather than episodic format.

This brings us to "Nemesis of the Daleks", the Doctor's only appearance in Daak's tale, and a magnificently violent, tragic end to the whole story. Nemesis indeed, and ultimately catharsis. The Doctor's role is peripheral, Daak occupies centre stage as the story reaches its climax. Lee Sullivan handled the art well and the story was dedicated to Moore and Gibbons, and Terry Nation and Ray Cusick, creators of the Daleks.

Overall Daak's tale works as a graphic novel, but it lacks substance. The jump from "Star Tigers" to "Nemesis" is too quick, it's crying out for more stories to build up Daak's persona before the apocalyptic ending of "Nemesis..." You don't get that much for your money (£5.95), and the space-fillers, pages from a rather silly space mail-order catalogue, are annoying. The short text story between "Star Tigers" and "Nemesis...", although not providing any real substance, is a bit of light relief and accounts for one character abandoned in "Star Tigers".

"Absalom Daak", like it's hero, is flawed but worthy. Even if you don't normally buy comics (like me), this is well worth purchasing for proof that the Whoniverse can extend into the realms of the comic strip with a large degree of success.

TIM PROCTER
Regeneration v. Rejuvenation Revisited

For many 'DW' fans, one of the most enjoyable aspects of the programme is the detailed mythology that has developed during the history of the series. That this mythology is full of inconsistencies simply makes it more enjoyable, although some fans prefer to believe that one version of the programme's history (often their own!) is the only legitimate one.

The series 'Controversy Corner' in 'Doctor Who Magazine' has fallen foul of this latter viewpoint. Its only instalment, by former 'DW' regular Richard Landen, put forward Richard's view on the conflict between the two definitions of the Doctor's ability to change his physical form at times of crisis, namely 'rejuvenation', and the more generally used, but more recent term, 'regeneration'. While demonstrating his brilliant command of the evidence available, his conclusion, separating the two terms as different events in a Time Lord's life cycle, is contentious and demands a response.

For a start, although their dictionary definitions may differ, there is evidence within the 'DW' narrative to suggest that both words mean the same thing. Remember that the Doctor is not necessarily speaking English. In THE MASQUE OF MANDRAGORA, the Doctor told Sarah Jane Smith that a combination of his powers as a Time Lord, and those of the telepathic circuits of the TARDIS, enables those around him, such as his travelling companion, to understand speech in any language. The words 'regeneration' and 'rejuvenation' may be attempts by the Doctor and the TARDIS to explain to their non-Gallifreyan associates the meaning of the change. In addition to the two terms already mentioned, there is a third: 'renewal', used by the sixth Doctor in THE TWIN DILEMMA, which potentially covers both, two of the meanings given in 'The Oxford English Dictionary' being "to restore to the same condition as when new, young or fresh" and "to regenerate". All three words could be attempts at translating a Gallifreyan word for which there is no equivalent in English.

If both 'rejuvenation' and 'regeneration' are the same thing, then what of the confusion over the Doctor's age? He has always shown some indecisiveness over the subject. In TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN he claims to be four hundred and fifty years old. Throughout the 1970s and into the 1980s the Doctor seems to have been somewhere over seven hundred. As Richard Landen says, in REVELATION OF THE DALEKS this advances two hundred years, an apparently definite statement being made in TIME AND THE RANI where the Doctor gives his age - and that of the Rani - as nine hundred and fifty-three. A hypothesis taking into account former script editor Andrew Cartmel's innovations between 1987 and 1989 may argue that this drastic variance is deliberate on the part of the "intergalactic chessplayer", as Ben Aaronovitch (writer of REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS and BATTLEFIELD) has called him, or, bearing in mind the Doctor's comments about his family in TOMB, and his inability to remember much of his youth in SURVIVAL, perhaps the Doctor cannot quite remember his true age at times.

Additionally as the Doctor does not necessarily communicate in English, then he may not necessarily always calculate using Earth chronology. He could thus have lived 450 Telosian years,
750 Earth years, or 953 Gallifreyan years!

As for the Doctor's statement in THE WAR GAMES that is referred to in Richard Landen's article, this can be seen as an example of embellishment along the lines of the Doctor's statement that he has been a scientist for thousands of years in THE MIND OF EVIL. At the time Troughton's Doctor told Jamie and Zoe that the time Lords could "live for ever, barring accidents" he was attempting to succinctly convey the Time Lords' awesome power to his companions so they could fully comprehend the danger they were in. The emaciated state of the Master in THE DEADLY ASSASSIN, coupled with the anxiety of the Doctor in MAWDRYN UNDEAD ("Eight of them, eight of me. They want my remaining regenerations.") would appear to imply that the regenerative life cycle of a Time Lord, once their thirteen physical forms are used up, is not so casually renewable as the application of the rejuvenation theory would suggest. The Master had to go to considerable lengths just to add an additional incarnation, and Borusa's offer in THE FIVE DOCTORS, which may have suggested that there are easier routes available, was one made at a time of extreme crisis on Gallifrey, and the megalomaniac President did not expect to need to fulfil his pledge anyway.

Outside the actual 'text' of the programme as transmitted, one can see how the concept of the Doctor's ability to transform his appearance every time a new actor takes on the role has evolved with the series. At the time THE TENTH PLANET was made the mechanics of replacing William Hartnell with Patrick Troughton was more important to the production team than the integrity of the programme's already fairly substantial mythology. The explanation given in THE WAR GAMES, that the Doctor's appearance is being altered by an outside force, in this case the Time Lords, has little to do with the explanation given by the BBC's press office in 1966 that "the 900-year-old Dr Who is supposed to have become several centuries younger". It is only in PLANET OF THE SPIDERS that the Letts/Dicks team realised that the contingency had become institutionalized within the programme's format and included the scene where the Doctor and Kano describe regeneration to Sarah. The imposition of a limit on the number of regenerations a Time Lord may have was introduced by script editor Robert Holmes as part of his remodelling of the Time Lords' image, changing them from omniscient demi-gods to unimaginative bureaucrats.

All the Doctor's changes of appearance must therefore be seen, in the context of the format as it now stands, as examples of the same phenomenon: regeneration. The different incarnations of the Doctor have all been as different in character from one as another; it is stretching as argument somewhat to say, as Richard Landen does, that the first and second Doctors are "very alike, both in stature and manner, totally unassuming and unobtrusive" while the later five are generalized as "colourfully flamboyant". Although my acceptance of limitations from outside in the shape of differing input from various production teams at different times may invite the cry "cop-out!" I think that his is the best solution to the problem Richard Landen's article tackles.

MATTHEW KILBURN

[Richard Landen's original article can be read in 'DWM' 166, available from DWM Back Issues, PO Box 500, Leicester LE99 0AA.]
THE DAEMONS
The Key to Time

THE RIBOS OPERATION

The first story in seasons of 'Doctor Who' are rarely the best. Of the fifteen season openers before THE RIBOS OPERATION, several can be said to be entertaining - DAY OF THE DALEKS, THE TIME WARRIOR, ROBOT, HORROR OF FANG ROCK - but cannot match the quality of, say GENESIS OF THE DALEKS or THE DEADLY ASSASSIN. The reason for this might be the need for the series to re-establish its strengths with the audience. DAY OF THE DALEKS and THE TIME WARRIOR are strong on monsters, but DAY falls back on familiar visual cliches of oppression, and the Sontaran story prefers Merrie England romanticism to gritty realism. Linx is menacing, but not particularly evil. ROBOT was carefully conceived as a gentle preparation for the radical departure the series makes under Hinchcliffe into horror and morality. HORROR OF FANG ROCK neatly rounds of this era, with IMAGE OF THE FENDAHL as a final testament to its power.

Of course there are exceptions - TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN, SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE and THE MASQUE OF MANDRAGORA - but TOMB and MASQUE come from especially excellent seasons, and SPEARHEAD is unlike any 'Who story before or since, with its all location, all filmed look. So what about THE RIBOS OPERATION? Well...

It was good, it was entertaining, but it was not spectacular. In fact, it was curiously undramatic, a feeling emphasised by the difficulty there was for the viewer to see where the episode cliffhangers took place in the edited version that was shown. It was almost too rich in characterisation and atmosphere - in part one we had throwaway lines about Icetime, Shurr, "the North", Shrievenzales, even Time Lord degrees. Meanwhile the lead cast enjoyed themselves immensely, Iain Cuthbertson's Garron alternating between spluttering Cockney and plummy condescending voices; Paul Seed's Graff Vynda K doing the same between quiet maliciousness and raving, OTT maliciousness. Tom Baker casually strolls through his role, occasionally bothering to engage in humorous tension between the Doctor and Romana, but usually being observer rather than initiator. Mary Tamm has great fun with the age gap between them.

As for the viewers, they marvel at the carefully lit sets and lavish costume design, and enjoy such comic set pieces as the performance by Unstoffe of his Skryne stone routine. Or they might get tired of the Graff's ravings, the duping and re-duping, and Binro the heretic. Or want more shrievenzales (such a wonderful name).

In all it seems rather low key, even the Seeker's revelation "Only one will be left alive", despite a late outbreak of viciousness on the part of Sholakh as he gun's her down. The first part of the key is found: and such splendid settings as the candlelit Catacombs (complete with a K9 shaped hole for him to hide in - a K-niche?) are left behind for hopefully, more
exciting adventures.

So, not the best story of the season - but far better than DESTINY OF THE DALEKS, ARC OF INFINITY or ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN, as it's neither boring, badly made or incomprehensible.

PAUL DUMONT

"NOT UNLESS I DO SOMETHING IMMENSELY CLEVER"

THE PIRATE PLANET is a very silly story at first glance. And at second glance. In fact this story is silly through and through no matter how many times you watch it. And I for one could stand to watch it a few more times yet.

The science fiction element is of the space opera style, with dialogue that E.E."Doc" Smith would have been proud of, but delivered with such hand-waving conviction that it's always interesting to watch. The climax is a good example of this. The "scientific" explanation given by the Doctor is utter balderdash (although we do know it is "immensely clever") but with phrases like "in perfect balance" (referring to this shrunken planets) thrown in we get the gist of what is going on.

The special effects vary in quality, ranging from soldiers standing still for several seconds while a red splodge is superimposed to the rather good CSO effect for the inertia-less corridor. Had that latter effect not been so good the sequence where the guards shoot out of the end wouldn't have been half so funny.

I had to mention that corridor scene, not only because it is my favourite in this serial, but because it is a good example of Douglas Adams' trick of ideas being pursued to their logical conclusion, which is much in evidence here, in particular the hologram projector and Zanak and the TARDIS trying to materialize in the same place at the same time, out of both of which good gags were made.

The acting is unmemorable, to say the least (although the Captain does have some nice "by the Fiery Toenails of the Sky Demon" type of lines), but it doesn't matter much because this is 'The Tom Baker Show' at its height. He really does dominate every scene he's in, the most extreme example being the friendly chat he has with his own hologram.

I'm not sure whether or not it's fashionable at the moment to slag off Graham Williams but his production values, as in THE HORNOS OF NIMON, are most appropriate to the style of story, from the tacky sets of the Bridge to the "crowd" of about eight people half-heartedly shouting "Hurray!" when the Captain announces a New Age of Prosperity.

Douglas Adams claimed at the Union this term that we only saw about two thirds of THE PIRATE PLANET. This surprised me because the plot hangs together so well, every line adding something to the story, a consistent pace, good construction, and no loose
ends.

'Doctor Who' would have disappeared up its own naval had this type of story continued to be made, but some of the stories of the Graham Williams era were absolute gems of parodies, THE PIRATE PLANET probably being the foremost. Can I see it again please?

MARK DUNN

STICKS AND STONES

It was inevitable that one segment of the key would be on Earth, and the basic plot behind STONES OF BLOOD was very good. Stone circles always have an eerie quality about them, and when this was linked with the decidedly nasty secret cult of the Cailleach and Cessair of Diplos' 4000-year exile through Earth's history, the results were very effective. Professor Rumford would have been perfect opposite Patrick Troughton's Doctor (I hope Oxford history graduates don't turn out like that! (I don't think you need worry Tim - Ed.) ), and Mary Tamm was as cool and elegant as ever. I remember being terrified by the Ogri when I was little, especially the famous campers scene, and the effects of being drained of blood were still quite horrific, but this didn't negate the fact that the Ogri now looked like giant misshapen Mars Bars. Ah, the loss of childhood innocence. Sadly, as with many stories, the promise of the opening episodes led only to disappointment; the trial scenes on the spaceship with the Megara were little short of ridiculous, and the fine blend of drama and humour that made Baker's Doctor so watchable was badly upset by too much of the latter. That's machine law for you, I suppose.

TIM PROCTOR

DUNGEONS AND DRAG ONS

Yes, yes, I know it's a dreadful pun, but a dreadful pun is what the whole of ANDROIDS OF TARA seemed to be. Again a nice idea - an android-dependant society living by a sort of chivalric code, but this one never got off the ground, and the possible effects of androids on a medieval-style society was ignored. Instead we got a convoluted "Boys' Own" tale of swashbuckling nonsense. I'm sure it was deliberately done like that, but it was too long and artificial, and more than one person groaned in despair when Grendel carted Romana off to the dungeons for the second time. Many scenes seemed to be pointless spacefillers, for instance Lamia's examination of the segment, or the "Let's recap the Count's villainous plans" dungeon scenes with Romana and Reynart. Perhaps I'm being too harsh. After all none of the acting was too bad, and maybe the story would have worked well in a two 45 minute episode format. The fourth segment was superfluous to this rather second rate tale - much buckling of swashes, but little else. Douglas Fairbanks Jr could have saved the Taran throne single-handed.

TIM PROCTOR
RURITANIA RULES O.K.

THE ANDROIDS OF TARA is by far the best story in the Key to Time Season. It is refreshingly straightforward, good guys against a very capable bad guy. The location filming is a pleasure to watch - forests, horses, a stately summer house and a splendid castle. There were some nicely staged visual set pieces (although Romana being attacked by a man in a monster suit was not one of them). For example, when we first see Madame Lamia's domain, the camera pans slowly across the room, noting first the restraining table and the flagstone floor - medieval - and then reaching the high tech computer banks. This establishing shot includes the door opening on the far side of the room and the story carries on.

Despite the awkward jerkiness of the astrological clock, there is a grand sense of occasion built up as the lords and ladies, regally attired, await Reynart's destiny in the grand hall. At the appointed hour the doors are flung open, the crowd presses forward, and at the end of the long throne room they find their new King.

What transforms this story is Peter Jeffrey's Count Grendel, an utterly convincing aristocrat. Tom Baker is less OTT in this story than he was in THE PIRATE PLANET, faced with an acting presence that for once draws attention away from him. The director, Michael Hayes, saw fit to end two cliffhangers on close ups of Count Grendel - in part one triumphant, part two foreboding doom.

The story is a heady mix of politics, romance, roleplaying and swordfights. It offers the spectacle of Romana trying to find the ignition on a horse, the doctor discussing practical politics with the hunchback Tiol, and a grand night duel on the battlements between the Doctor and Grendel. Indeed, seeing as Grendel lives to fight another day, I would not be surprised if a coup d'etat took place on Tara shortly after the Doctor left.

Finally, there is the Doctor's classic anti-K9 line, when he at last notices how slow the metallic mutt is: "Hurry up - a hamster with a blunt penknife could do better!" If THE ANDROIDS OF TARA is not serious drama, then at least it is extremely watchable entertainment.

PAUL DUMONT
YOU ARE OUR PRISONERS, DO NOT RESIST OR YOU WILL BE INCINERATED.

DON'T TELL ME, YOU ARE THE WORLDS' MOST RARE SPECIES.

HOW DID YOU GUESS, THEY'LL BE INCINERATED.

DOCTOR, WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH US?

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

IT'S LUCKY, I BROUGHT MY NEW TV, REMOTE CONSOLE.

I MUST FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THESE BUSTINS.

THE SUPREME BUSTIN HAS ORDERED THAT THE DOLLING IS TO BE DOUBLE.

YOU'RE SURE.

SO THEY'RE GOING TO BURN THIS PLANET TERRA WITH A DOUBLE INCINERATOR TO BURN ALL THEIR PRISONERS.

YOU MIGHT THINK IT'S AN UNMARKED DATE DOST.
The Levithian Gambit

Two men were chained to a dungeon wall.
The older of the two was shouting: "This is all a huge mistake!"

The younger said, "I don't think anyone can hear you." They both fell silent and listened: all they could hear were the receding footsteps of the guards that had shackled them minutes ago. The guards had thoughtfully injected the two prisoners with nerve-depressants so that their arms would not ache too much for too long. The prisoners had not really appreciated this: the old one had thought he was being poisoned, until the younger one had asked why their corpses should be chained up. The older one repeated the question to the guards, who said nothing and had said nothing ever since the two prisoners had stepped out of the stolen shuttle to be met by the squad, blasters glinting in the moonlight. Blasters that had been aimed at the two whilst they were marched across the landing plain to the Palace Imperium.

"It's the shuttle, that's what it is. It was his so they think we're his men." The young one mused and stared at the stone walls. The older one said:

"He was a war criminal. They'll kill us if they think we're his."

He turned to look at his partner. His partner looked up at the wooden door: a subdued yellow light fell through the bars at the top. "That looks like it's been here for centuries. Look at the dust."

"So what?"

"Like its not been used for centuries." As they talked, rapid footsteps approached. The door opened.

"I am Skandris, Assistant Under Vizier to the Crown Prince." He was also short, fat-jowled and blinked slowly at them, whilst fiddling with the ornamental belt he wore to his formal black and red robes.

"Mr Skandris, delighted sir. I am - " began the old one (" - what were the names?" he hissed to his partner, who muttered) "I am - ", he resumed, "Mr Dickens, and this is my young friend Oliver."

"And what are you doing at this time of night - "

"Emergency landing," said Oliver. "out of Zeiton 7."

"Why did you not remain in orbit and contact the Starport? Zeiton is for intergalactic travel, not intersystem." Skandris looked puzzled.

"Really?" Oliver wondered if he had ended up deeper in trouble.

"Well I did take a first in Astrogphysics at the University of Levith. Certainly not History." Skandris' last words had a tired, resigned air to them.

Mr Dickens said, "Perhaps I can account for the confusion sir. Oliver is one of those poor unfortunates, afflicted by the Skrynge disorder - have you heard of it?" Skandris had not. "A rare mental condition which means he is a compulsive liar with every alternate utterance." ("Thanks a bunch" hissed the unfortunate.) Mr Dickens continued, "As you no doubt know, the shuttle is of Levithian make, in the livery of the House of Vynda, and registered to the former ruler of these lands, the Graff Vynda K."
Skandris looked shocked. "The robots - they weren't programmed to recognise - and I came here to free you!"
"To do WHAT?" demanded Mr Dickens.
"You are no doubt fanatical zealots, embittered killers sworn to the twisted cause - "
"We're not - " Oliver began to cry out, until he saw Mr Dickens shake his head, "Very nice people at all." Mr Dickens smiled approvingly, and began:
"Honestly my good sir, do we look like mercenaries? Do we?" Skandris peered at them. "Do we?" repeated Mr Dickens.
"Well, no."
"We're really very nice people," Oliver said. "Especially him."
Mr Dickens continued:
"So, my good sir, you can put your mind at ease, lay aside any worries... the Graff is dead, and we came to Levithia as soon as possible to spread the joyful news. We had hoped for an audience with the Crown Prince himself - and then perhaps an appearance or two on the vidcasts, an interview with two men instrumental in removing the scourge of the Cyrrhenic systems, this blight on fair humanity, this -"
"So why land here?" demanded Skandris.
"The Palace Imperium - the Prince - "
"By choice and law he refuses to live in this Palace or any other. Levithia is a free world, and equal world - places like these are unwanted symbols of injustice," Skandris said, his voice getting angrier, "which have all been converted into Museums which I have to look after! And they are as dull as the dust on the door! They are the past." His tone softened, "Astrogeophysics, however - "
"But the guards," said Mr Dickens, a fraction before Oliver, who was still considering whether his last utterance was true or false.
"Show the people how barbaric we were merely years ago... historical re-enactment, the robots taking you to the Dungeon of Direful Hardships. Then the guide comes and frees you and shows you around the rest of the place - the dining Hall of Sensuous Indulgence, the Bedchamber of Refreshing Soporificity, the Torture Room of Excruciation..."
"And you are the guide," said Oliver.
"And these are not visiting hours," said the guide. "It's half across the Umbre period."
"You are the guide," Mr Dickens said carefully, "and the guide frees the visitors. Could you please do your job?"
Skandris pressed an indentation on his belt buckle. The chains unclasped. Oliver and Mr Dickens then discovered that they had no control over their arms or hands. "It will wear off," said Skandris, "but it stops anyone from touching anything they shouldn't on the tour - especially in the Chambers of Inexpressible Gratification."
"Mr Skandris, I have a proposal." There was a gleam in Mr Dickens' eye. "You don't live in the museum I take it?"
"No - as soon as the chains went round your hands a bleeper went off on the buckle and I had to get out of bed, get into the ship and get halfway round Levithia."
"We didn't hear any ship," said Oliver.
"It's an Intergal Zagulon cruiser with special modifications." Skandris smiled. "Well, you are an
astrogeophysicist," said Mr Dickens. He continued:

"My proposal is this. Why not be the man who personally informs the Crown prince that his worries are over? You would have to take the shuttle as evidence - call him up now in the middle of Umbre, and he might have you cleaning the floors here. But be the man who proves that his enemy is dead - and you will be elevated, applauded, re-appraised, re-assigned..." Mr Dickens voice lowered. "No more dull as door dust museums! No more nocturnal awakening by stupid robots!"

Skandris turned and hurried down the corridor. "SKANDRIS!" shouted Oliver. "WHEN DO THE DRUGS WEAR OFF???

"Beginning of Ochre" was the muffled reply. A door slammed.

"Well my boy," Mr Dickens beamed as they heard the take off whine of the shuttle. "Not even the Doctor could top that. A museum to loot AND a souped up Intergalactic Zagulon!" He hurried down the corridor. "And chambers off Inexpressible Gratification!" he shouted.

But Oliver still stood in the dungeon, trying to press feeling back into his useless arms against the walls. On Ribos, he thought, Icetime lasted for years. So, would the beginning of Ochre come in the next hour, the next day, or the next week - or were Umbre and Ochre the names of months...

And he decided to let his partner figure this one out for himself.

**Questionnaire Results**

Whether you see it as an unnecessary piece of bureaucracy or one of the highlights of the term, the questionnaire has become as much an institution of the Society as the President's notices. Last term, Paul Dumont and myself assumed the task of setting it, and decided to take the opportunity, in the light of the society's two successful years, of asking the advice of the membership as to what we can do next.

24 people submitted a questionnaire this time round. Although previous terms have yielded higher return, in Hilary it had to compete with quizzes and the John Nathan-Turner inspired poll to ascertain which stories would be most successful as BBC Video releases. 24 is in any case a big enough sample from the Society with which to work.

Instead of asking for five DW stories in order of preference, we thought instead that we'd leave it to you to list any particular stories you were especially keen to see. Almost everyone gave some sort of answer to this, from Graham Pointer's 'Good ones' to Mark Poles's extremely detailed list, which would keep us going for two terms or more! Your answers do carry weight when the termcard is written, but other factors have to be born in mind. We prefer not to show stories that have already been shown within the last eighteen months or so, and in addition we may not have access to a copy of many much-requested stories. If anyone has a transmittable copy of THE DAEMONS, IMAGE OF THE FENDAHL, or indeed anything else, we'd like to know.

For the past year the Society has been showing other science-
fiction and fantasy television series. While some people are "not particularly bothered" (Richard Dance) about what we show aside from DW, others have numerous different suggestions. `Blake's 7' remains a favourite but there seems to be the beginnings of a groundswell for 'The Avengers'. We've tried to go some way towards redressing that by scheduling 'Target', a 'New Avengers' episode, but we can't get our hands on any Diana Rigg/Linda Thorson material. Someone somewhere in the university must know someone who recorded those episodes when they were repeated in the early years of Channel Four. We'll be keeping an eye out for the rumoured repeats from Honor Blackman's time later this year.

Out of interest, we asked which other SF/ fantasy societies you were members of. An anonymous third-year classicist (are you sure that's not Psychologist ? - Ed.) from Christ Church listed several organizations including 'Northfarthing Smial' and 'Midgard Fylking' which turned out to be, on further investigation, proponent bodies for J.R.R. Tolkien. External bodies such as the Doctor Who Appreciation Society and the 'Blake's 7' fan body, 'Horizon', also were mentioned by some members but the most popular university society was, to quote Paul Groves, "That other society, you know the one..." which would seem to mean the 'Star Trek' Society, with eight votes. Five of us answered 'no'; the second most popular society seems to be the Arthurians, with four responses.

Sophie Aldred's visit was the most popular meeting of the term, which should surprise no one. As for the guests that we'd like to invite, five said 'anyone', and other answers were very widely spread, but the most popular requests were for the longest serving producer, John Nathan-Turner, and for Sylvester McCoy, with four each. Andrew Cartmel, the script editor between 1987 and 1989, and Tom Baker, followed with three. Mary Tamm and Terrance Dicks shared third position (two points) with the late William Hartnell and the late Patrick Troughton! Coming your way soon to a Christ Church lecture room near you - the DocSoc seance. (Suggested by our editor).

Space and Time are sadly limited, so I'll round off with some of the more individual replies. Paul Groves would like to throw wet sponges at the committee for charity. Robert Moss is all for daytrips to series locations, which he lists as "London sewers, Barnet by-pass, junkyards, swamp, etc." Stuart Nelson wants us to provide bus services, ice cream in the interval, healthcare and essay-writing. Sarah Sturch wants the Society to hold a sung Eucharist. Most ironic, though, was James Brough's least favourite thing: "Not getting quiz questions right". James took second place in the quiz, and was the highest scoring university member who took part. A lot of other people would second and third his comment.

I'd like to point out that the committee is not some secretive and closed body which doesn't approve of ideas other than its own, but welcomes suggestions. Feel free to put forward any ideas you may have at meetings. To trundle out an old cliche, it is your Society - use it!

MATTHEW KILBURN
Logic Problem

We know who played the first seven Doctors, and also the last one. But what about the other five? We challenge you to identify the actors who played the 8th to the 12th Doctors, their debut story, and which race of monsters appeared in it.

1. RETURN TO MARINUS featured, appropriately enough, the Voords.
2. The 8th Doctor met the Tetraps in his first story, but was not played by David Suchet, whose first story was not THE OASIS OF DEATH.
3. The 9th Doctor’s first story was the fiftieth anniversary story THE GOLDEN APPLE, which did not feature the Tractators or the Vervoids.
4. Jon Pertwee made his eagerly awaited return (not by Jon Bryden! – Ed.) in DEJA VU. The 10th doctor was played by Andy Crane.
5. Harrison Ford, who was not the 11th Doctor, did not meet the Tetraps or the Tractators in his first story.
6. Bernard Bresslaw’s first foe was the Nimon.
7. INVASION OF WONDERLAND did not feature the Vervoids. It introduced neither the 12th Doctor nor David Suchet.

MARK DUNN
Black & White

EDGE OF DESTRUCTION
This was the third 'Doctor Who' adventure, but definitely not one of the best. A spring goes funny, sending the TARDIS back in time to it's destruction and the crew start arguing. It is the only adventure to be set entirely inside the TARDIS (so Andrew Cartmel is not the script editor) and to star only the crew.

Susan spends most of the adventure being hysterical, totally unlike the mysterious person she was supposed to be. Ian's acting is so wooden he must have trodden on one of the Rani's mines. The stars of the show are the Doctor and Barbara. To find out what is going on involves a clash between his logic and her intuition.

I was disappointed with this, probably as I'd read the book beforehand.

THE MIND ROBBER
This was originally planned to be a four part adventure, but an extra episode got placed at the beginning.

The TARDIS jumps out of space and time into a land which is totally white. Jamie and Zoe leave the TARDIS and get red stripes down them (which can be removed by tuning the TV properly). The Doctor rescues them and the TARDIS breaks up, with Zoe screaming.

They end up in a land of fiction, where they meet fictional characters. The baddie, called the Master (not The Master) wants the Doctor to take his place as the servant of the computer that runs the Land.

The clockwork soldiers are unconvincing and the trees look like renegades from MARK OF THE RANI. Zoe, who claims to be intelligent (at least she fooled the Krotons) walks through a beam that sets off alarms. Notice also that when Jamie is reading what happens to the Doctor and Zoe, for part of the time he's reading upside down.

The Master thinks he can force the Doctor to lose by a story-writing competition. The Doctor is worried that he'll become a fictional character (I think there's something he hasn't realised yet). Anyway, the Doctor and Co. win by destroying the computer.

GRAHAM POINTER

THE AZTECS
As one of the number of members who regularly attend the Sunday afternoon black-and-white meetings, I have decided that it was time their profile was raised by an appearance in 'The Tides of Time'. The first of this term's monochrome showings, on Sunday of fourth week, was the Hartnell historical, 'The Aztecs'.
To those not 'au fait' with the programme in the mid-1960s, it may come as a surprise that 'Doctor Who' was able to convey the cultivated suspense it was famous for in its heyday without the appearance of monsters such as the Daleks or the Zarbi. Episodes that have received wider coverage than 'The Aztecs' appear to confirm this view: the last three episodes of the first story, admittedly more an 'anthropological' than a historical story, can be criticized for its laborious moralizing and the less than creditable performances of some of the cave dwellers. 'The Aztecs', the second story to be based in man's recorded past, and the oldest of those to exist in the BBC Archives, helps redeem their reputation.

Like many 'DW' tales, particularly in the early years, the action, as far as the travellers are concerned, revolves around the problem of the way in which they are going to get back to the TARDIS. An uncharacteristic, but credible burst of kleptomania from Barbara, as she puts on the bracelet of the priest Yetaxa, provides protection for the four as they attempt to explain their materialization to the Aztec priests and warriors attendant on the tomb of the dead holy man in which the ship had landed, but also serves to embroil them further in Aztec culture. Thus the scene is set for four episodes of vintage 'Who'.

One of the tasks that faced scriptwriters during the first two seasons was to dream up new perilous situations for Ian Chesterton to find himself in. John Lucarotti's story is full of them. Ian successively finds himself challenger to Ixta, the Chosen Warrior of the Aztec people, in the course of which he is nearly poisoned accidentally by the Doctor; he is imprisoned in a secret passage at the base of the Aztec temple; and immediately afterwards he is nearly drowned as it is revealed that the very passage is, in fact, a water conduit. Barbara helps Ian shoulder the danger burden, though, as the Priest of the Sun God, Tlotox, who suspects the divinity accorded her by his colleague Autloc, very nearly succeeds in poisoning her.

It has been said that one of the themes of the first two seasons was the humanizing of William Hartnell's Doctor. As those members who have seen 'An Unearthly Child' will know, the Doctor is initially, at least on the surface, often cynical, sometimes malevolent, and almost always manipulative. In 'The Aztecs' he gets his comeuppance when he finds himself engaged to one of the best supporting characters in the series, the lovestruck Cameca, played with total obsession by the excellent Margot van den Burgh. William hartnell's splutterings as she accepts his unwitting proposal (over a cup of coffee - not much has changed in six hundred years) are a joy to behold.

In an interview for 'Doctor Who Monthly' in 1981 Dennis Spooner, the programme's second script editor, remembered how Sydney Newman, then BBC Head of Drama and co-creator of 'DN', always insisted that the Doctor should always stay as an observer in the historical situations he was involved in, and never be portrayed as the initiator of events. Here this dictum becomes part of the storyline as the Doctor rigidly enforces the doctrine of non-intervention. Barbara only causes herself embarrassment and her companions danger as she fails to appreciate the integral part
that human sacrifice plays in Aztec culture. This point is stressed as the travellers successfully regain access to Yetaxa's tomb and the TARDIS at the close of the fourth episode, John Ringham's Tlotoxl proceeding with a sacrifice to reassert the stability of Aztec society that Barbara's intervention had imbalanced.

The acting in the early, studio-bound, seasons of 'DW' is often stereotyped as theatrical and subsequently lacking credibility. The former may be the case; the latter is not so. John Ringham's performance is a prime example. The High Priest walks with a humped back and occasionally a dragging of the foot, but his characterization works because the other members of the cast believe in it. While accepting and to some degree welcoming that actors in recent years have enjoyed appearing in 'DW' because it is fun to do, it is perhaps valuable to wonder whether or not a higher standard of suspension of disbelief from the cast was elicited in the weekly turnaround.

'The Aztecs' has become, in its small way, one of my favourite 'DW' stories. Do come along to future black-and-white meetings to see if you can discover your favourite antique!

MATTHEW KILBURN

I DIDN'T KNOW WE'D SHOWN TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN

THE NEUTRON
Year Review

It is a bit unsatisfactory to write about this year in the Doctor Who Society when there is still a term of it to go but I feel it makes more sense if the article appears in this issue than in the Michaelmas issue.

Obviously one of the most recurring memories of the year will be the idiosyncratic behaviour of the video recorder that radio rentals so kindly replaces every two to three weeks – each time the things break down. You will be pleased to hear the committee is seriously thinking of attempting to purchase a new, working video for the society (hopefully in conjunction with the Star Trek Society). In the meantime the occasionally separate existence of the top quarter of the screen will have to be put up with, it certainly added and extra surreal element to the first episode of Sapphire and Steel shown by the Star Trek Society.

Another change this year from last is that it is becoming increasingly clear that LR2 cannot really accommodate us comfortably any more, the Sophie Aldred speaker meeting had people under the tables and what it is going to be like in there on hot, stuffy, summer evenings hardly bears thinking about. Next year will probably be even worse as the society welcomes its third intake of freshers. There are vague talks about trying to use the Maths Institute as the Invariants do but on the whole a room in a college seems preferable but the questionnaires we sent out were sadly unforthcoming as concerns alternatives.

The major event of the year was undoubtedly the Sophie Aldred Speaker meeting. Despite being veiled in secrecy to the extent that most of the committee didn't know who the speaker was going to be until she walked in (Jon Bryden apparently wanted to spare her from the lustful approaches of depraved committee members (!?!)) a large number of people turned up for what proved to be a very lively and enjoyable meeting. Several people must have been pleasantly surprised by her identity as the stakes beforehand seemed to be equally in favour of the speaker being Nicholas Parsons or Nicholas Courtney.

Over the past two terms the committee has changed fairly drastically with Adam "oh, Matron!" (James Cannon TM) Stephens, stepping down as Vice President to ordinary committee member, along with Roger Shaw who left his post as Social Secretary on principle (though he has yet to decide which principle). While James "I said "Oh, Matron before Adam did" " Cannon, and myself left the committee completely resulting in Matthew Kilburn the infinitely knowledgable and Alice Drewry becoming committee members. Followed this term by Jon "I hate Jon Pertwee" Bryden stepping down as president in place of Tim "I deny all responsibility for any mention of Jon Bryden in this magazine" Procter. It has been decided in future not to hold any more
elections but to throw committee meetings open to anyone who wishes to come along. If you are interested I suggest you see Tim.

The vexed question of whether we should affiliate to DWAS also raised its ugly head recently with a decision not to do so as a large proportion of our members probably don't care tuppence about the national society. It has been agreed however that we should try and contact the Southampton University Dr Who Society.

The videos have been variable in quality (both picture and story). I'm inclined to think the people who survived six episodes of THE ARMAGEDDON FACTOR, when frequently the only thing you could see of the screen was the snow, should be awarded prizes. DESTINY OF THE DALEKS also produced quite a mixed response, though not because of the picture quality and 'The Tomorrow People' A MAN FOR EMILY proved to be atrocious whatever way you looked at it. Next term promises THE CREATURE FROM THE PIT for people to hate plus THE GOODIES, both in what Paul Groves has kindly labelled HORNS OF NIMON week in 'Captain's Log', I say that it in fact should be called SPOCK'S BRAIN week in honour of the rival society's most prodigious episode to date.

One of my regrets this year has been the fact that I was unable to attend any of the Black and White meetings on account of other commitments on Sunday afternoons. From what I hear they are well worth attending.

This term the annual dinner finally came off, we had a very good meal at the Cotswold Lodge, though caused a good deal of confusion as to the number of vegetarians present. The gathering then moved to Corpus Christi to be subjected to a quiz in Roger's room (and to be penalized for whispering the answers to people which I thought was not on! luckily no one thought of penalizing me for squeaking otherwise I really would have been in trouble!). This was won by Adam in an entirely disgraceful manner (i.e. he knew all the answers).

Finally, what about The Tides of Time? Well it has chugged along quite merrily and, despite anything I may say in desperate moments, articles have appeared with surprising frequency. There are one or two I have been promised for some time now, most notably Jon Bryden's 'Biography of the Doctor according to what has been said on screen' and James Cannon's reappraisals of both the Hartnell era and the Graham Williams era, which I have yet to receive and it looks increasingly likely that I never will receive (James tells me it is actually written up, but he's been saying that for nearly a year now and I haven't seen hide nor hair of it). I am only disappointed that so few freshers have taken up the pen. Anyway, here's to next year!

LOUISE DENNIS
PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR

by Roger Shaw