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Welcome. Welcome back if you are already a member of this august society. If, however, you are a new member then doubly welcome. As you probably know by now the society shows colour Doctor Who on Monday nights and vintage black and white Doctor Who on Sunday afternoons. However, you may not yet have realised that there is much more to us than that. At least once a term we aim to hold some sort of social event such as joint parties with the Star Trek Society, an annual meal or punt parties. There are also committee meetings which can be social events of themselves and are open to anyone who wishes to go along – see Tim if you are interested and he will make sure you are informed of when they take place. Incidentally the open door policy towards the committee explains the plethora of silly positions half of them hold. The society also offers you not only this splendid magazine but a library list of Doctor Who related books and magazines that individual members of the society are willing to lend out. So if you want to borrow something (or comment upon something you have already read) see me.

If you are interested in contributing to THE TIDES OF TIME then I should also like to hear from you (especially if you can draw!). I'm always on the look out for articles and reviews of programmes we have shown and you should be able to get a good idea of the sort of thing from these pages. Any contributions should be sent to:

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All contributions must reach me BEFORE the beginning of 0th week of any given term this is because TIDES OF TIME needs to be typed up and ready for the 0th week committee meeting so that the committee can approve it (in practice the only thing they ever complain about is the first page which lists their names – and they can be ever so fussy about that!). Anything received during 0th week is invariably too late as by this stage the proofs are generally already in the hands of the president.

Furthermore I am now a FINALIST so the Hilary issue of THE TIDES OF TIME will be my last. So if anyone out there is interested in taking over can they come and see me sometime this term (I include freshers in this – I had been at the university only 6 weeks when I agreed to start up this magazine).

In a certain publication for a certain other society last term someone who may or may not have been Paul Groves accused me of name-dropping in this magazine and as evidence of this pointed out that his name appeared no less than nine times (and thus appeared more often than anyone else's). I was loath to count up exactly how many times peoples' names cropped up in Captain's Log but I was sufficiently energetic to count up how many times
the name Paul Groves appeared (it was also nine). This issue however I was somewhat bemused to receive a number of articles purporting to be from Gabriel Finch, a former committee member who left the society and the university two years ago. This Gabriel Finch claimed to come from St. Peter's. I now know (thanks to information received from a committee member who for the purposes of anonymity will be referred to only as "James") that these were written by Paul, no doubt in an attempt to reduce the number of appearances of the words PAUL GROVES in these pages. In order to thwart this plan I am not only mentioning PAUL GROVES as often as possible in this editorial but also printing a story which PAUL GROVES submitted to the first ever issue of TIDES OF TIME and which PAUL GROVES has been asking me to publish ever since. Now, it may take me a while to get there, but, PAUL GROVES, I will admit I was wrong. So you will be relieved to hear that GOODBYE TO GALLIFREY by PAUL GROVES is finally to see the light of day. Incidentally I was amused to notice that PAUL GROVES writing as Gabriel Finch seems to be, on the whole, arguing with PAUL GROVES himself. However, I suppose, if it keeps him happy... you never can tell with trekkies.

This is turning out to be quite the longest editorial that I have ever written so I think I shall round it off. 18 months or so ago James Cannon promised to write me an article on the Graham Williams era of Doctor Who. Despite many assurances that it was in the process of being written or that the draft copy was finished, I never received it. When James left for Cambridge (hiss!) at the end of last term I gave up hope until I received a letter (addressed to Luosie! and referring to this magazine as the Tights of Time!) which contained the following article which wasn't on Graham Williams at all! but which was described as peace offering. However we can at least be grateful that James Cannon, a Carry On Film Devotee and the man who introduced Adam Stephens to the phrase "Oh, Matron!", is clearly alive and well even if living in Cambridge.

Louise Penny

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The death of Doctor Who? - Season Two Reconsidered

The BBC have finally realised that releasing William Hartnell stories in £20 packages means coffers of easy money, and 'Who' fans are salivating at the prospect of seeing those classics that have lain in their dusty beds for twenty-five years. "No more J.N-T!" "No more Bonnie Langford!": these are the attractions. They may be in for an unpleasant surprise.

After the triumphs of Season One, something went rather wrong with Doctor Who, and it sank ever lower into the doldrums until Patrick Troughton rescued it in 1966. If we excuse as birth pangs the odd hiccup of episodes 2-4 of An Unearthly Child and The Keys of Marinus, Season One is a period of, in Who terms, exceptional range and creativity. By Season Three we are faced with an archivist's chamber of horrors, including the tooth-achingly awful Gunfighters and The Celestial Toymaker. What happened? The answer is Season Two.

After Season One ended on a high with The Reign of Terror, Planet of the Giants must have been something of a disappointment. The DN6 insecticide plot has gone down the plughole long before the Doctor and Susan in Episode 2. The main attraction of this lilliputian tale is merely that everything is so big: as regular viewers of the American Land of the Giants (I am pleased to boast that I am not one of their number) will know, this device is a bit of a one episode wonder, and the amount of cats, flies, ants and worms that can be made to menace our heroes and heroines is limited. Some of the special effects are quite impressive for 1964, but the photograph of the cat did not fill me with the same terror as it did Susan. In addition, Forrester, Farrow and Smithers are the most wooden trio of actors I have ever seen on Doctor Who, even if their lines are a touch cliched. Verity Lambert was wise to prune this story down to three episodes.

The Dalek Invasion of Earth has been described as belonging to the 'memory cheats' family; I find it rather splendid. It one excuses a certain technical simplicity (in particular, old tin trunks for firebombs, and robo-helmets more silly than ascot ladies' headwear) and also a central howler in the plot (that the Daleks are going to blow up the Earth's core and turn it into a king-sized spaceship), then it is a story that is fast-moving and, dare I say it, even gripping. The concept of London invaded by Daleks was bound to be a thundering success, compounded by a genuinely moving ending, where Susan leaves her old Granddad and settles down to enjoy the fruits of marriage; however if Little Dorrit can get away with it, so can our blossoming time-girl, and her growth to womanhood and love is at least charted and made clear (unlike Leela's infamous fit of whimsy at the end of The Invasion of Time).

However the departure of Susan rocked the ship (as our beleaguered time travellers love to call their vessel) and her replacement by that Susanesque clone. Vicki, was an unimaginative error of judgement, keeping the formula the same rather than experimenting and innovating. Whereas Susan at least had an air
of mystery (telepathy is not one of the usual problems faced by teenagers), Little Orphan Vicki has none: her bunches and freckles, timid vulnerability, clumsiness and minxish charms may have comforted the tear-stricken, lonesome Doctor, but it also brought out the childish nature of the programme. Vicki is quite effective in THE RESCUE, which is basically a vehicle to introduce her, but which is still, for a two-parter, an eerie, if simple, story.

THE ROMANS was the first foray for Doctor Who into the world of the Carry On film, with William Hartnell bumbling about the Roman Court, and Barbara chased round by a salacious, bottom-pinching Nero. It is an entertaining tale, but interesting to compare with MARCO POLO, THE AZTECS and THE REIGN OF TERROR, which were genuine attempts to educate the children in the audience, and took pains to be reasonably accurate. In THE ROMANS, seriousness is substituted for slap-and-tickle, and this frivolity is one of the features of the third season which make it so dreadful: we can count our blessings that half of it is missing.

Now that THE WEB PLANET has been released by the BBC, those who have watched it may have found their eager anticipation somewhat disappointed (though I'm sure DWM still gave it a glowing review). Bill Strutton's book allowed the imaginativeness of the plot to be realised without the technical eyesores which bring the story crashing into banality. One can only hope that in the 60's all that papier Mache and fibreglass was not quite so obvious as it is to our high-tech generation.

THE CRUSADE does not exist in the archives except for episode three, and this harks back to the superb historical stories of season one. Next to EVIL OF THE DALEKS, it is perhaps David Whitaker's greatest Doctor Who triumph, and one wishes that THE SPACE MUSEUM had not leapt into the film-burners hands in its place crying in a fit of selfless courage: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done" etc etc. Still, this was not to be and we may never see it again, which robs season two of a large part of its meritorious features. THE SPACE MUSEUM follows in its footsteps like something that Vicki trod on in the streets of Palestine. To say that it was made with a shoestring budget is a bit too close to the bone, as the Xerons had to be kitted out in black polo-necks and white-laced trainers. In any case, neither black-clad Xerons, nor white, shoulder-padded and coiffed Moroks seem to show any interest in their struggles for freedom: the space museum is closed down with an ease that even the Ashmolean would find hard to imitate, and no-one seems the slightest bit ruffled, except the Doctor, who is delighted with his "Closing down sale! Everything must go!" bargain of a space-time visualiser. The only person who actually does something is, paradoxically, Vicki (who rarely does anything in other stories except be in constant need of protection): she opens, by a particularly dubious ruse, the Morok armoury, and incites revolution among the Xerons, which shows that the little orphan the Doctor wants us to love is not merely there to scream, ask questions and drop things after all (although she has her fair share of these in THE SPACE MUSEUM anyway).
Probably the most regurgitatingly awful story of the season, surpassing even THE SPACE MUSEUM in ridiculousness, is THE CHASE. The episodic story already had its problems in THE KEYS OF MARINUS; yet Terry Nation was probably scraping the barrel to think up a new plot for his money-magnets, the Daleks, and decided that THE KEYS OF MARINUS plot should be given a good shake and dust to make it recyclable. Only a viewing of this can make one aware of the teeth-grindingly embarrassing moments: a list would fill up a whole article. The Daleks have two new features, these being a D-I-Y fisher-price time machine, and a thesaurus programme for their memory banks, which allows them to think up as many synonyms for "exterminate" as is possible. Barbara and Ian, relics from the season where Doctor Who still had a modicum of sense, breathe a sigh of relief when they are given a chance to escape from the series; the photo montage upon their return to London is reminiscent of a neighbours wedding, and is a sad epitaph for the last vestiges of down-to-Earth seriousness in the programme. They are replaced by Steven, the space pilot played by Peter "Here are some lines I prepared earlier" Purves (later the star of Blue Peter and Kick Start); he and Maureen O'Brien are a formidably dismal pair, their wooden OTT acting (I leave you to decide which fits whom) was encouraged by scripts which could not bring life to a tadpole.

Thus the TARDIS leaves Mechanus populated with imbeciles. It should be noted that not only has Susan's mystery been lost, but that the Doctor's ambiguous, self-interested and spiteful characteristics have gone too: William Hartnell chuckles more and more inane to himself as the season progresses, and seems to have lost his marbles totally by the time we reach the final story of the season, THE TIME MEDDLER. This is another historical story for the under-fives, with lusty Vikings and ignorant Anglo-Saxons, but we must not mock it, for it is a milestone in Doctor Who mythology. For the first time the Doctor meets Peter Butterworth, one of his own race. For two seasons viewers have waited eagerly for the Doctor's identity to be revealed, and at last Season Two provides the answer: both William Hartnell and Peter Butterworth come from the planet of Carry On stars. Sadly later producers did not continue this theme, or else we would no doubt have been terrified by the evil laugh of Sid James' Master, delighted by the curvaceous beauty and intelligence of future companion Romana (as played by Barbara Windsor), or awed by the weighty dignity of President Borusa (otherwise known as Terry Scott). Smuggling digital watches into an obscure period of English history is not my idea of ultimate evil, and the Meddling Monk is so disastrously inept that we form an impression of the so-called 'Lords' as a race of dodderers who cackle mysteriously every few minutes and have a penchant for dressing up in peculiar costumes.

The problem with Season Two is that it becomes unimaginative, juvenile and silly. I do not ask that Doctor who should be some deep and serious Tolstoyesque epic, but I feel that at its best Doctor Who reaches a satisfying blend of humour and suspense. Season Two does neither, because the humour and suspense are aimed exclusively at a child audience. Adults cannot appreciate
such stuff, and I suspect that children, who have a good deal
more perception than they are credited for, find it boring as
well. It is always a pity when potential is wasted, and this was
the case after the first season of Doctor Who. Give me a Graham
Williams story anyway (though I'm not sure about UNDERWORLD. . .)
JAMES CANNON

Talking of season 2 (which we were if you were reading the
last article), I've received an unprecedented number of reviews
for THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH ranging from the enthusiastic to
the downright disgusted with a touch of sarcasm thrown in for
good measure along the way as Paul Groves burbles merrily on to
himself.

THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH

This was the black and white adventure shown in the Trinity
Term, in which the Daleks invade Earth. Terry Nation had
originally decided only to do one Dalek adventure, but so many
kiddies wanted them to return that they did in December 1964.

The TARDIS lands beside a polluted Thames, Susan loses the
ability that all companions have - the ability to fall without
hurting themselves, and manages to get iron girders to fall
conveniently in front of the TARDIS door. Susan and Barbara meet
resistance workers while the Doctor and Ian are captured by the
Daleks and their human servants, the Robomen. The Robomen have
incredibly boring voices and seem quite stupid. The latter fact
surprised me as the Doctor had to take a complicated door opening
test to be eligible to be one (what a great honour that must be).

The characters are quite convincing, except for the Robomen
and the Daleks. Ian normally has an attack of bad luck (to end
the episode) followed by an attack of good luck (to start the
following episode). Susan falls in love with David Campbell, one
of the resistance, and at first the Doctor tries to drive a wedge
between them but finally he realises that Susan is unable to make
the decision concerning her future, so makes it for her. This
end scene had me in tears and everyone else in hysterical
laughter.

The Dalek Invasion brings out the extremes in humans from
Dortmum, the resistance leader, sacrificing his life to save
Barbara and Jenny, to Ashton and the women in the woods, who
prove that Thatcherism is still alive, even in the 22nd century.
Barbara and Jenny discover another use for milkfloats which the
Daleks had obviously not considered.

The Daleks and their servants let the show down. The Black
Dalek sounds like K9 and the others can't keep still. The
Slyther was quite unconvincing and likes to eat people who are
about at night, so there can't be many astronomers left in the
mine area. For this reason I'm glad that there are no Slythers
around.

In all, this is the best adventure I've seen for a long
time.

GRAHAM POINTER
DALEKS SANS FRONTIER

Although I am not normally a fan of Hartnell's stories I think DALEK INVASION OF EARTH is an exception in that it is particularly crap. The story gets off to a bad start with the most cringe worthy phrase in Doctor Who history: "You deserve a jolly good smacked bottom" (uttered by the Doctor to Susan, or was that by Adam Stephens to James Cannon? (oops, sorry I'm name dropping)). From then on its downhill all the way, with a Dalek going for a casual stroll down the River Thames followed by a series of incomprehensible goings on in dark and dingy tunnels, interspersed by glimpses of Barbara in the cab of an anonymous vehicle. The fight scenes bore a distinct resemblance to an Acid House party at which everyone has had too much LSD and were about as coherent as Derek Jamieson is with a spoon in his mouth!

A memorable scene in the middle of the story is a ten minute chase across London involving a wheelchair and the Daleks (all five of them in fact, what an invasion force!). I half expected to hear a side splitting commentary from Stuart Hall: "The French Dalek is in the lead, ho, ho, ho... and look, the Italian Dalek has dropped his Gherkin, ho, ho, ho... wait the Swiss are playing their joker... and the Belgian Dalek had fallen in the river!... " etc.

Then in episode four, the Doctor didn't even bother to make an appearance! William Hartnell was obviously on holiday that week. The story is just about summed up by a scene in which Hartnell is hiding round the corner whilst a stream of Daleks passes. Each Dalek looks around, missing the Doctor. Then, the last Dalek looks Hartnell straight in the face and subsequently ignores him completely. The story finishes off with another 'It's a knockout' scene.

In summary, this is the worst story Doc Soc has ever shown, beating even 'A Man for Emily'. Come back Bernard Cribbins all is forgiven!

PAUL GROVES

This story is undoubtedly an all time classic in the world of Doctor Who and anyone who dares to criticise it well deserves a jolly good smacked bottom. The atmosphere was electric and the tension when the Doctor was missing for a whole episode was amazing. I was particularly impressed by the Robomen and their 'Stallone' style personifications, the horror of the Doctor nearly being turned into a Roboman was a definite strong point.

In general a lot of early Doctor Who adventures, for example AMBASSADORS OF DEATH are guilty of running at much too fast a pace and are difficult to follow, but THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH is in no way guilty of this and is well paced, with not a single scene rushed.

The fight scenes were particularly impressive, well choreographed with good old fashioned projectile weapons and no silly new-fangled "light rays". The slyther monster was particularly good and had me hiding behind the sofa.
The highlight of this story has to be the all action wheelchair chase in the middle, which has to be the ultimate "behind the sofa" scene. To round off, I find the parting of the Doctor and Susan at the end, particularly touching.

In summary, I think this has a most realistic portrayal of what England might be like under alien occupation.

GABRIEL PINCH

"WE ARE THE MASTERS OF THE EARTH"

In November 1963 "Doctor Who" began, conceived by Sydney Newman as an educational historical/scientific drama series. In November 1964 THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH began, a drama with no educational purpose. For the first time Earth's future is represented, but no significant technological or sociological progress is depicted. London 2164 is little different from London 1964 - except that the Daleks have invaded.

The story begins with a Roboman, an anonymous helmeted figure, staggering over the side of a river bank and drowning, face down, making no attempt to struggle for life. In the course of the six episodes we hear of bodies being dumped in the Thames, see a man stabbed in the back, see two brothers - one a Roboman, the other not - die in each others arms. Propaganda is broadcast over the radio to an enslaved city. The small resistance movement loses most of its members in a doomed, suicidal attack. Barbara and Jenny are betrayed to the enemy by two women for a few more tins of food. THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH is not so much a science fiction story as a war drama, showing victorious and vicious occupying forces subjugating their victims, and pursuing a single goal ruthlessly. The goal is not direct genocide as it was in THE DALEKS - but indirectly so: for if the Earth is wrenched from its orbit all human life would perish.

Terry Nation's script is ambitious if simplistic. Parallels with Nazi rule are drawn verbally - the Dalek in charge of the mine is a commandant - and visually - the single word VETOED appears all over London, reminding the viewer of the German notices that stress what is VERBOTEN.

An effort has to be made to view the serial afresh, forgetting the intervening 25 years of Doctor Who that followed it. The Earth-invaded by an alien race; an old enemy returning; the Daleks mining for some strange goal - and so long sequences set in a quarry - all these are new concepts to the show. The most traumatic of these occurs in the closing minutes, when the Doctor locks the TARDIS door on Susan, forcibly breaking up the original crew.

Some of the production values stand up surprisingly well. Jacqueline Hill gives her usual excellent performance as Barbara, and there is an effective scene between her and Jenny. Arriving at Bedfordshire, they persuade each other to stick together, unable to bear up to the hardships alone.

William Hartnell also does very well, hardly fluffing any lines: it seems that the prospect of a holiday (he is absent in part four) and the effects of it enliven his portrayal. Apart from pointedly announcing "Daleks! Chesterton, we must pit our wits against them and defeat them!" Terry Nation gives him some good scenes with Ian, when captured by the Daleks, and with
Susan, her devotion to David Campbell becoming obvious. "Geniuses are rare" he observes, and later wonders that he only amazes Ian sometimes. Later, he questions David Campbell's advice, undermining the young man, causing Susan to protest: and then, when the young man himself is present, meekly accepts the advice, having only objected to tease Susan.

The Susan-David relationship is only partly successful. Carole Ann Ford does what she can with some deeply felt lines about never settling down, always moving on: it's not her fault that Peter Fraser, as David Campbell, is such a lightweight figure. The most striking thing about him is his accent, an odd mix of Scots and RADA enunciation. And some of Terry Nation's romantic scenes are bizarre - especially the one where David starts flapping a dead wet fish at the love of his life.

What of the Daleks themselves? There are five, plus a couple of cardboard cut outs (which really have to be looked for - they are not obvious). In other words, an army. When they say they are the masters of the Earth, they clearly mean it, nonchalantly cruising past the Houses of Parliament. In what was intended to be a nightmare sequence, Barbara and Jenny have to push the wheelchair bound Dortmun across London, dodging Dalek patrols. However, given the deserted daytime streets the contrast between Jenny and Barbara's frantic efforts and the slow moving Daleks make the journey look ridiculous. The Daleks don't appear to be psychopathic killers on duty, merely tourists out on a morning stroll around the landmarks of London. One even manages to climb the steps to get inside the Albert Memorial.

For this we can blame the exhausting film schedule, and perhaps the director Richard Martin, who seems to be uncomfortable with action sequences. The assault on the Dalek ship comes across as a bunch of actors with no idea of where to run. To add to this confusion there is a poor choice of camera shots when the rebels enter the ship. The camera moves from right to left, following the rebel leader into the craft. The movement continues, but now we are in the Robotisation Chamber with the Doctor - and the viewer is waiting for the rebel leader to run into shot, as the continuous camera movement implies. But he doesn't. More confusion for the viewer.

Indeed, at the end it seems the director gives up. For the destruction of the Dalek base we are treated to every explosion - natural or manmade - he could find in the stock footage library. Daleks casually file out into a corridor, not one of them turning an eyestalk to see where the heroes are hiding. The Doctor does something inside the Dalek ship and a Dalek emits smoke from his casing. What, how and why are not made clear (a bit like the '80s vintage of Who).

THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH was important enough in 1964 to merit a Radio Times cover and the first extensive location filming in the series. Seen now, some of it is still powerful, some of it is slow: but at its best it packs the power of Jenny and Barbara's van mowing down a Dalek on the Bedfordshire motorway.
The following has been adapted from a short story by Eric Saward entitled "Birth of a Renegade" that appeared in the Radio Times 20th Anniversary Special.

**GOODBYE TO GALLIFREY**

It was the time when, Pundat the third, a corrupt dictator was Lord President of Gallifrey. His grandfather, Pundat the first had rewritten the constitution so that a President could appoint his successor, subject to the approval of the High Council of the Time Lords, without the need for an election. The Pundats were trying to create a family dynasty, the High Council were bribed and any opposition was ruthlessly suppressed.

Not surprisingly a group of students planned a revolt and tried to overthrow the High Council, but they were discovered and their leaders terminated. Some of the students persisted, though and planned to assassinate President Pundat in a coup and restore Rassilon's Law. This was hereditary leadership by the descendants of Rassilon. Rassilon was Gallifrey's greatest engineer, it was he who harnessed the power of a black hole, providing the Time Lords with the energy required for time travel. The students managed to find the only living relative of Rassilon, a seven year old girl known as the Lady Larn, she was the adopted child of one of the councillors.

The Doctor, at this time was in the final years of his first incarnation. It was six years after his graduation from the Time Lord Academy (a Time Lord's education takes up most of his first incarnation) and he was regarded as one of the finest TARDIS engineers ever. He was greatly respected by the students for his fairness and principles, and so the rebels tried many times to recruit him to their cause. However, the Doctor remained indecisive, he certainly wanted to see the end of the Pundat dictatorship, but he abhorred violence and was against hereditary leadership, especially when it meant having a seven year old girl as Lord President of Gallifrey.

Meanwhile, President Pundat died of stress before the revolt had a chance to take place. When it was learnt that Chancellor Slann, Pundat's most evil and hated disciple was to be the new President, the students anger rose and the rebels recruited many more to their cause. However the Doctor remained indecisive, he was beginning to tire of life on Gallifrey and wanted the chance to go out and explore the Universe.

During an attempt by Bortik, one of the rebel students, to recruit the Doctor, their conversation was overheard and reported to President Slann. They were arrested and tried immediately and Bortik was terminated for High Treason. The Doctor, though, was spared. He was too highly respected for termination to be acceptable and besides he hadn't committed himself to the rebellion, so it was decided that his mind would be selectively wiped of all the events leading up to the coup.
Learning of the arrests, the rebels decided that the coup could wait no longer, they would attack immediately. Although the rebels succeeded in killing President Slann, the coup was almost a complete failure. The citadel Guards had been on the alert ever since the arrest of Bortik and the Doctor and the rebellion was brutally crushed. Hundreds were killed on both sides and many more were forced to regenerate. Over the next few days chaos ensued in the normally orderly society of the Time Lords. Rebel students were rounded up and terminated by the guards, whilst those still at large sabotaged and assassinated.

For the Doctor, though, this was the last straw, he had had enough of Gallifrey. Up until now his aspirations to leave Gallifrey and explore had been thwarted by the Time Lord’s policy of non-intervention, but now was his chance. He was currently involved in the repair of an old type forty TARDIS with an intermittent navigational fault. In the chaos of the days after the rebellion, it was easy for the Doctor to load his possessions into the TARDIS and persuade a friend to lower the force shield while he left.

The Doctor’s TARDIS was not the only one to leave Gallifrey while the shield was down. Another left at the same time, this contained the leader of the rebels, the one who had killed President Slann. After the failure of the coup, he had hidden himself inside the Presidential TARDIS, the last place the Citadel Guards would look for him. The lowering of the shields was an opportunity too great to be missed, facing certain execution on Gallifrey, he decided to leave. At the time of the coup he was a sincere and dedicated man and was as highly respected as the Doctor. After years of exile, though, he became bitter and twisted and turned his attention towards one goal and one goal alone, the acquisition of power, whatever the cost. He was known as the Master.

The first thing the Doctor did on leaving Gallifrey was to explore his TARDIS and hiding in the secondary control room he found a seven year old girl who introduced herself to the Doctor as Susan. Unknown to him, Susan was in fact the Lady Larn, but after the mind wipe, the Doctor never realised this. Over the next few years the Doctor educated Susan who affectionately called him "grandfather" and they visited many parts of the Universe. When she was fifteen, the Doctor decided that Susan needed to meet more people of her own age and so he took the TARDIS to London in the early nineteen sixties and Susan attended the local school there. After a few months there two of the teachers, Ian Chesterton and Barbara Wright became suspicious and followed her home to the TARDIS which was disguised as a Police Box (and has remained like it ever since, due to the jamming of the Chameleon circuit) and it was here that we began to join the Doctor on his travels.

PAUL GROVES
LIFE AFTER DOCTOR

An eminent psychologist writes:

As an eminent psychologist and devotee of Doctor Who I decided many years ago to turn my attention to the welfare of the good Doctor's companions. I have come to the inevitable conclusion that many of them are going to need a lot of help in coping with life after leaving the Doctor. To that end I think it would be in their interests if a clinic for rehabilitation were established. It should be along the lines of the Betty Ford clinic and would have strict house rules including no overnight guests or alien visitors. Indeed I propose that an alien free zone be established around it.

The first companion to be enrolled there would have to be Jo Grant. Yes, poor old Jo is in grave need of help. Having faced so many alien invasions I feel that she will suffer from a bad case of I.I.S. (Imminent Invasion Syndrome). Trips down to the shops would be out of the question. Cries of "that shop dummy moved" and "there's an army of Daleks in the freezer centre" could be extremely embarrassing. Jo's problems do not end there. She will need corrective therapy for her dress sense. The wearing of platform boots, luridly coloured tops and flares with a wingspan comparable to concorde may be the correct form on alien planets but in the real world Jo is going to have to realise that you just can't get away with it. Indeed I feel that one of the Doctor's most formidable weapons when dealing with alien menaces was Jo's gross lack of taste.

There are similarities between the cases of Jo and Sarah Jane Smith. She too would need some help for a mild case of I.I.S. Clearly because of her encounter with the seeds of doom she may have difficulty coming to terms with potted plants and a delivery from interflora could prove fatal. Sarah's unnatural tendency to wear plastic raincoats will have to be curbed and a trip to the speech therapist may be necessary. The word "Doctor" clearly gives her difficulty.

Many of the Doctor's companions suffer from similar ailments. One interesting trait amongst companions is that long term exposure to the Doctor causes a weakening of the ankle. Clearly this will require the creation of a special ankle mending department in the clinic. Working or living in buildings with ventilation ducting will be out of the question. The use of these instead of lift and stairs as a means of communication regrettably may be considered antisocial by many.

Should the Doctor settle down on Earth I feel that he will need the most help on coping with a conventional lifestyle. The belief that everybody around him is an android may make the forming of friends difficult. Furthermore because of the Doctor's larger than life character and dress sense I suggest that a career as a TV chat-show host will suit him best.

Naturally not all the Doctor's companions would be patients. Some like Ian and Barbara would adapt well whilst others would be beyond help. Poor Dodo couldn't even cope with life aboard the TARDIS and as for Vicki's problems, well... (continued pages 40 - 997).

Professor Colin Moreblake

ADAM STEPHENS

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The BBC are totally uninterested in presenting an adventure in Space, Time and all that crap.

APATHY OF THE DALEKS

Part One

There was a loud wheezing, groaning sound and a rather battered blue police box appeared. The door flung open and that mysterious traveller in time and space known only as the Doctor strode arrogantly out. In his present incarnation he was a tall strongly built man with a tendency to overweight. There was something catlike in the eyes underneath the mop of curly hair. The extravagant side of his nature was reflected in his outfit. Reds, blues, yellows and greens - the latter being particularly bilious - fought savagely for supremacy, the overall affect being something which would make Ronald MacDonald look like an example of quiet elegance.

Taking the machine designed to go "beep" from his pocket, he scanned the area. He hit it savagely, yet scientifically against the side of the TARDIS. It beeped weakly. His smile of satisfaction faded as it exploded in his hand, charring his jacket and partially melting his green plastic watch-chain. He licked one finger, held it up and nodded sagely.

Just as he had thought: he didn't know where he was. The air of self-satisfaction at this demonstration of his genius crumbled as the door behind crashed open.

Next to his previous personality, the Doctor reflected, the man stepping over the door had to be the most boring person he had ever met. He was a small man with blond hair and a curiously ageless face, dressed in a dark grey suit, dark grey tie, dark grey shoes and a dark grey coat. Never one to keep his opinions to himself, the Doctor informed the stranger of his conclusions. The man looked at him from behind a face that had lost all emotion during prehistoric times. The Doctor summed him up as a big barrel of laughs.

"Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat, I presume?" said the blond man. "Anyway, get out of here now. You've no idea of what - oh bugger it," he continued, fishing out a dog-eared script, "Read it for yourself. All these stories and I never get anything new to say... oh, I don't know why I bother..."

"Oh right," said the Doctor, "so you're not a chartered accountant after all. Well for your information, I am a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey and have -"

For the first time in his career the Doctor found someone who was not prepared to listen to his speech.

"Oh yes. The Doctor. Well, that explains the special effects. My name is Steel, and this area happens to be one of my specialities."

"Along with arrogance? And in that case, where's the staircase?"

For the second time in his infinite life, Steel's face expressed emotion. It was worth waiting for - a mixture of contempt, loathing, disdain, disgust, and boredom.

"Outside the door. My assistant there is caught in a time-eddy, which is something of a problem because -"

"Because she's the one with the brains?" asked the Doctor.
"You're the one with the muscle. Not that I've got anything against that," he added three seconds later, slowly getting up from the floor, brushing his coat down.

"Anyway," the Doctor continued, "if you're going to help me, you'd better explain and quickly. I Haven't much time," he flounced out of the room. "Or patience," he added from over his shoulder. A distant cry of "Smeghead!" echoed from a nearby set of corridors set up for episode three. The Doctor managed to conceal his start of surprise as Steel materialised out of the wall beside him. "Put very simply," Steel started. "Of course if that's all you can manage..." purred the Doctor, a faint gleam in his eye.

As the elemental spoke an expert observer might have noticed the faint tinge of red crawling up past his immaculately tailored collar. The Doctor was an expert observer. Suddenly he felt much better.

"Put in simple terms," an irritated grimace, "the power living outside time, which we refer to as the Darkness, owing to an incredible lack of imagination, and an unpaid electricity bill, will break through the space-time continuum, destroying the vortex of time, the Gallifreyan Matrix, hyperspace, the interspatial warp field," Steel's notepad blew away, in a highly mysterious gust of wind, which rattled around the small room. The Doctor looked embarrassed. Steel continued.

"And anyway it'll turn up on the staircase I assume, I hadn't actually read that far," he coughed and shuffled his feet.

"In other words it's the end of part one soon."

"Looks like it. Wonder which credits they'll use."

A tall man in a dirty dressing-gown and clutching a towel shuffled past. "Time is short," said Steel.

"Like the budget."

Steel's expression could have stripped paint, and then gone to do nasty things to the wall under it. The Doctor followed him.

"Science-fiction characters from the past are being summoned up by the darkness (TM)."

"Oh," a thought struck the Doctor. "Tell me if you see a blond bloke with a cricket bat," he looked questioningly at Steel, who was walking very slowly down the stairs, for no apparent reason.

"Quiet," came the answer, "the script's not long enough for twenty-five minutes, so we need the padding. The episode'll probably end in a strange place now. Let's improvise."

This was a dangerous thing to say with this particular Doctor on set and before the horrified Steel could say a word, he had run through his entire repertoire of imitations, from Stallone accepting the Nobel Prize for literature in Rocky XIV to Eccentrica Gallumbits, the triple-breasted whore of Erotica Six, whose erogenous zones cover three planets. He was now in blackface, doing Al Jolson.

"I'd walk a million miles for one of your smiles, my Maaaa--"

Steel couldn't take it any longer. "No!", he screamed;

"Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

End of part one. Part two will follow almost immediately. (Not if I can help it! - Ed.)
WHO'S THIS, THEN?

Someone, not a member of the society but an irregular attendee, recently commented to me that the review section of the publication should be a lot better. "This is Oxford, after all," he said. Well, considering that at least this reviewer often writes his reviews in the early hours of the morning, immediately following the completion of an essay, and, as a hefty slice of his time not spent in academic pursuits is spent helping keep this society running, (quite a large amount in the closing weeks of Trinity Term) the story currently being considered was screened nearly three weeks before this article was written. Newcomers to the Society, and to this publication (of which I hope there are many) are therefore asked to bear this in mind.

So, how does ROBOT fare, seventeen years after its production? The answer is not too badly. I last saw the story at the time of broadcast, when I was barely four, and so most of my impressions of the story prior to actually seeing it again come from Terrance Dicks's novelisation. Although Terrance Dicks is often criticized, DOCTOR WHO AND THE GIANT ROBOT was something of a rushed job, being published within two months of the story's airing, and thereby losing much more of the innovations made during rehearsal and performance which are normally incorporated into the books. The first scene of the story, almost entirely missing from the published version, almost seems a collection of ad libs, incoming Tom Baker, and the well-established Nicholas Courtney, both being masters of the form, the actors changing what material they had to match the astonished reactions of a group of people who have just seen someone they know 'die', and then change his physical appearance. Baker seems very much left to himself throughout the story; Courtney, Lis Sladen and John Levene delivering their lines to the Doctor as if to the alert hunched figure of Pertwee, conspicuously absorbing every detail, yet Baker would be curled up on a lab bench, seemingly dead to the world, his hat over his face, or lounging across Bessie with none of the respect the third Doctor showed for the old car.

One may gather that Tom Baker felt uncomfortable in what is almost a remake of SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE. The continuity references such as the Doctor's "Don't you mean the Infirmary?" to Harry when the latter protests the suddenly recovered Time Lord should return to sick bay, along with the instinctive need to return to the TARDIS and resume his travels, together with the prominent role of UNIT, are reminiscent of the third Doctor's debut story. Imprisoned in a format designed for his predecessor, and one which that predecessor had outgrown by the end of his time in the part, the powerful persona of the fourth Doctor barely glimmers in Baker's now subdued, now totally manic performance - and for the latter, there is no better example than his skipping game with Harry when the bewildered medic attempts to forcibly escort the Doctor back to bed.

As for the Robot itself, it is surprisingly effective. It is clearly an important character in itself within the story, signalled by the fact Michael Kilgariff is given a caption slide all to himself in the closing credits. Yet an important aspect of its character is sidestepped, the Doctor administering euthanasia as he would not do on other sentient beings. There
is admittedly no space within the story to debate the issues that 'Star Trek: The Next Generation' did in the acclaimed Data episode, THE MEASURE OF A MAN. Yet the Robot is more of a victim than an oppressor, whatever the quasi-fascists at Thinktank make it do. Bearing in mind the lack of character development the fourth Doctor suffers from in the story, perhaps it would have been more effective for the Doctor to persuade it into suicide rather than making the poor creature suffer the ravages of a BBC video effect in the shape of Kettlewell's metal virus.

There is much more I could write about - Edward Burnham's Kettlewell, not the demented caricature that he at first appears to be, but a man driven to misdeeds by his own despair at a world run by less rational, less educated people than himself. My eyelids, however, are tired, and there are probably other articles demanding space which my ramblings would take up. ROBOT may not be an outstanding DW story, but it is a satisfactory hors d'oeuvre for the four more successful stories which were to follow - two to be shown in Michaelmas. Roll on, GENESIS...

MATTHEW KILBURN

Last issue I printed a cartoon kindly supplied by Paul Groves entitled THE DUSTBINS OF DEATH in which the Doctor with great skill and perspicacity prevented the planet Maraka 3 from being turned into a giant incinerator. Paul was apparently so disgusted by his cartoon that he felt prompted to write the following unfavourable review of it under the pseudonym of Gabriel Finch. Confused?... So am I.

THE DUSTBINS OF DEATH

It's a parody of DALEK INVASION OF EARTH, I think this cartoon is totally unfunny non-amusing and offensive to the Hartnell Era Fans, such as myself. The "Doctor" looks absolutely nothing like William Hartnell, and the companion, Tracy, looks like a member of Bananarama.

The portrayal of a know-all Doctor complete with remote control for the TARDIS is an insult to the heritage of the programme, (take a hint Sylvester McCoy), and as for the pint of who knows what perched on the TARDIS console, no, no and thrice no. I can't even mention the crisps.

Then there are the factual irregularities, "Excellent", is as any fool knows a Cyberman phrase and there is no such thing as an Unarmed Service Dalek. Also, the real Doctor would never solve the problem with simple unadulterated violence as Mr Groves' so called 'Doctor' does. The rather pathetic puns that round off DUSTBINS OF DEATH just about sum it up.

DIOE is a part of our national heritage, and so the author of this creation (I assume "Paul Groves" is a pen name) should be sent to the tower.

GABRIEL FINCH

If you are wondering what all this excitement is about Paul has produced a sequel. Though he seems to be getting a trifle confused as to which programme he's watching!
APATHY OF THE DALEKS
Part Two

Steel coughed painfully. Thanks to his brilliant improvisation idea, he had spent the previous week screaming. The Doctor, if anything, had come off worse. While singing, he had been simultaneously scratching his ear and removing a stone from his shoe.

"Oh my God," said Steel. "Here come the title credits."

"Well," reflected the Doctor, after 45 seconds of shakily drawn geometric mess, to the tune of Lord knew what, played apparently by a cow with wind and the brass section of Sainsbury's fresh meat counter, "at least we don't get advertisements."

Steel muttered something, and turned away. On his back was printed

ACME KIL-O-ZAP
For those delicate little moments
When you need the confidence of
ACME KIL-O-ZAP

A fat American in a yellow sweatshirt and a loose wig pulled out a small compact and spoke into it. "Beam me up, Scotty."

There was a wail of bagpipes and an execrable Scottish accent. "Och, hoots mon, the engines canna take ye're weight na more, Cap'n."

"Ignore him," muttered the Doctor, "he's from the other society."

"It must be Terrance writing, he's called you that mysterious traveller. Don't think much of the plot so far."

"Don't provoke him, or you'll end up in a Sunday afternoon classic serial. You saw what happened to Barry Letts."

There was a very bad teleport effect and a leather-clad figure sparked into existence. He pulled out a clip-gun from his studded pâc-a-mac, spun round in an excruciatingly painful action-Pose and spoke into a tacky plastic bracelet. "All clear, Vila, except for Captain Y-Fronts and Beppo the clown." Steel and the Doctor looked suitably offended.

Suddenly three men appeared, wearing knackered motor-cycle helmets, and WW1 gas-masks. Although there were only three they looked like more because of being filmed from different angles, and getting up immediately after being shot and putting on a different helmet. The man in fluorescent PVC trousers brought up his sellotaped clip-gun and let out a raking burst of bad special effects, with the sound of a distressed cat on heat. With a total lack of realism, the men fell over. The clip-gunner vanished after someone had drawn an inaccurate outline round him. The outline hung in the air, not realising its job was done. The various guards got up and wandered away, sheepishly.

"Things are hotting up faster than I expected. Even I can't play this many games at once. Hell it's

End of part two.

(I couldn't help it! -Ed.)
TIMEWYRM: EXODUS

Without really thinking about it, I had assumed that Exodus would be the weakest of the Timewyrm series, largely because it was to be written by Terrance Dicks and though he can write well on occasion the bulk of his Doctor Who books are at best mediocr
(though it must be admitted that this is not entirely his fault). So when I read 'Exodus' I was well impressed. In my opinion it is easily the best Doctor Who book Terrance Dicks has ever written (though it is several years since I opened any of his earlier and better novelisations) and is up there with likes of 'Remembrance of the Daleks', 'Warriors' Gate' and 'Black Orchid' as one of the truly enjoyable books under the Doctor Who Banner.

The book betrays a genuine interest on the part of the author in the history of the Nazi rise to power and in the tradition of early Doctor Who historicals conveys a great deal of information on the factual course of the events and nature of the nazi machine. I'm no historian, but I assume that Terrance Dicks's facts are largely correct and that his interpretation of the characters of the various top ranking Nazis is valid. As might be expected an entirely fantastical explanation is given for Hitler's rise to power and his actions during the first years of the second world war but it is an explanation which has a credibility within the Doctor Who universe even if not within our own.

Terrance Dicks has put a lot of thought into the affects of a fascist regime on the people living under it and working within it. The first part of the story is set in an alternative future where the Nazis have won the war having wiped out the British forces at Dunkirk. It takes up a large part of the book though in plot terms its function is merely to set the scene and allow the Doctor to determine at what point in time history diverged from its rightful course. A good deal of it centres around Ace and her reactions to this world and its affect upon her as she becomes increasingly vindictive. Both she and the Doctor are tempted to have a man executed largely because they dislike him when the power is put into their hands to do so.

My only major criticism of the book is that where Ace is handled well in the first section she is handled abysmally in the last, walking into a trap, screaming, fainting twice and rounding the whole performance off with a Sarah Jane style "No I can't jump" act. The fact that most of these are prefaced by "Ace liked to think she was tough but... was too much for her..." does not make it any more believable to me.

In summary, Exodus is an excellent Doctor Who book, making full use of the extra pages allowed and the extra scope available outside the TV budget. It not only tells a good gripping yarn but is interested in the characters and the affect of events upon them.

LOUISE DENNIS
My contributors this issue seem to have been seized by a sudden desire to present their personal theories concerning Doctor Who. Here is Paul Groves' article explaining the events surrounding the regenerations of the 4th and 6th Doctors.

THE GRAND UNIFIED THEORY OF DOCTOR WHO

This article is somewhat controversial, so it is questionable whether or not it will actually get printed, but here goes anyway.

There are a number of mysteries in Doctor Who that really need to be explained: Where did the Watcher and the Valeyard come from? Why did the 5th Doctor's regeneration take such a long time to stabilise? And, of course, why did the 6th Doctor regenerate into the 7th for no apparent reason? Well here is an explanation for it all...

It all starts in LOGGPOLIS when the Master materialises his TARDIS around the Doctor's causing a complex dimensional loop. This results in the Doctor and Adric being split up into two separate time paths, so that neither Doctor is able to regenerate normally and the fabric of the Universe is destabilised. However one Doctor realises what is going on and so vapourises Adric and being 'more than a Time Lord' performs a split regeneration into the real Valeyard and virtual Watcher.

This then leaves the other Doctor and Adric to continue along a stable time path and the destabilisation is curtailed. The Watcher then travels to meet the Doctor. After the 4th Doctor has fallen from the tower, the Watcher then merges with him, thus allowing him to regenerate normally.

However, the Valeyard, being the result of a split regeneration, cannot regenerate whilst the 5th Doctor is about and so tries to destabilise the regeneration. But, the Doctor's use of the Zero room allows him to stabilise outside the Valeyard's influence. 'Trial of a Time Lord' is the Valeyard's second attempt to 'inherit' the Doctor's remaining incarnations. The Master's statement that the Valeyard is an amalgamation of the Doctor's dark side between his 12th and final incarnations is simply a lie.

Finally, the strain of the duel in the Matrix combined with other factors causes the untimely demise of the Valeyard. This then triggers the regeneration of the 6th Doctor into the 7th, thus returning his regeneration cycle to its normal path.

Well, there you have it, everything explained and without a single name drop (yes Messrs Riburn and Dumont, it can be done). I now batten down the hatches and await the torrent of criticisms in next term's issue.

PAUL GROVES

As Paul writes (and Matthew later in the issue) if you should disagree, I shall welcome any contributions you may have to make to the debate.
BEHIND THE SOFA
Doctor Who at the Museum of the Moving Image

One of the first thoughts that struck me on passing through the doors leading to the Museum of the Moving Image was how suitable it was as a venue for a Doctor Who exhibition. Like the programme, it blends three distinct elements - science, history, and entertainment - and succeeds in making the resulting concoction compelling.

Those whose principal reason for going was to visit 'Behind the Sofa', as the organisers nostalgically termed the DW section, were probably surprised at how much of interest there was. The technology and the narrative of DW are directly descended from such devices as ombres chinoises (a form of silhouette puppetry) or the camera obscura (a closed theatre whose image was projected into another room by means of mirrors), which delighted audiences over two hundred years ago, or early films such as 'The ? Motorist', which depicts a 'Bessie'-like car driving up buildings, flying through space, and driving along the rings of Saturn.

So, having wandered through the labyrinthine corridors of the TARDISesque complex, interacting as much or as little as possible with MOMI's rep company of character-guides, one finally reaches the police box doors and enters into the world of Doctor Who...

The main problem is that, at least on a Friday at the close of the school term, the space available is not enough to properly enjoy what's there. AN UNEARTHLY CHILD, the first episode, runs continuously on a television in a mock 1960s living room, but the number of people wishing to stay and watch the episode exceeded the space available, almost blocking the entrance. There are so many exhibits, detail is difficult to take in - in one costume display some of the items were packed together so tightly, that they were difficult to register.

There were some good presentation ideas. K9 appeared beneath a monitor screen, showing a scene from THE FIVE DOCTORS, his head bent towards a bowl of 'winalot', while beneath him, and several other exhibits, were press-buttons. Sadly, many of these did little more than turn the lights on, but I did manage to get a Sea Devil (WARRIORS OF THE DEEP model) to move its jaw, and a Gundan from WARRIORS' GATE to brandish its axe at me in a threatening manner. At least, it thought it was threatening.

For many fans the highlight will be the memorabilia display. Among the badges, toys and games are a wide range of books, including a German edition of THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH, the novelisation of which is erroneously credited to David Whitaker rather than Terrance Dicks, and which uses Andrew Skilleter's DESTINY OF THE DALEKS cover. Mysteriously, the 'Video Collections' section makes no mention of the legendary pirate video network, listing instead official releases, above a television set showing an excerpt from 'The Troughton Years'.

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The model fan watching looks as drained as if he'd just had an encounter with Skagra's globe from SHADA.

Writing of SHADA, part of its script is on display. No writer is credited. Douglas Adams simply being listed as script editor, suggesting this may have been another David Agnew enterprise.

The MOMI shop included various DW items including a new range of T-shirts, marking the best attempt in a decade at giving DW some social credibility - for example, one shows a Dalek as 'The Original Full Metal Jacket'! As a member, I was unhappy to see a pile of DWAS membership forms tucked out of sight where no-one would see them. However, perhaps this is just as well, as they gave the wrong P.O. Box number.

'Behind the Sofa' may have its faults, but nonetheless helps keep the series in the public eye during the current lapse in production. The attention given to the exhibits by visitors shows how valuable an asset the programme is to the BBC. They neglect it at their peril.

MATTHEW KILBURN

THE CURSE OF FENRIC

I know this is an untrendy viewpoint to take but I didn't like this one.

For a start the characters are totally unconvincing. The conversations everyone had were terrible. Normally the two people would seem to be holding totally separate conversations. The Doctor seems to be trying to shout as much rubbish as he can in the stupidest voice.

Fenric's powers were totally contradictory. He is able to transport himself by thought, yet he is trapped in a bottle which Ace conveniently finds. Yet although he cannot escape, he is able to influence generations of Viking descendants to his own ends. And if he gets totally defeated in the 1940s how can he create a time storm in the 1980s?

Getting trapped by a game of chess was a ridiculous situation. By the way, the move he used to escape is illegal - I played chess the day after episode 4 was first screened and tried to play that move.

Ace shows her stupidity in not being able to work out that Kathleen is her granny. This was originally planned to be televised before GHOST LIGHT, so Ace's comments about the house in Perivale would have kept everyone guessing until the following week.

GRAHAM POINTER
GENESIS OF THE DALEKS: a Theological Interpretation.

Shortly to be released on video, GENESIS OF THE DALEKS could perhaps be the greatest 'Doctor Who' story ever. It works on several levels of course; it is an excellent adventure story, a satire on the rise of the Nazis, an indictment about the senselessness of war and, for continuity-fans, it provides an important chapter in the history of the Whoniverse. It also serves to provide the pretentious student of Philosophy and Theology (i.e. me) with plenty of food for thought about the eternal conflict between good and evil. It is true that the eternal conflict between good and evil is a staple part of the recipe for a standard 'Doctor Who' episode, but usually this simply provides an excuse for conflict, rarely does any "philosophising" go beyond the level of the pretentious clap-trap of CURSE OF PERNIC. This one story has long been recognised to contain something deeper - as Tom Baker said, in a recent interview,

"...he questioned the whole notion of someone committing an act which would change all history... That was the only one that did that sort of thing otherwise they were all resolved with explosions..."

For a student of theology, the title GENESIS OF THE DALEKS immediately leads one to look for points of contact with the original BOOK OF GENESIS. The early chapters of this best-selling book deal mythologically with the question of human evil and suffering in a divinely ordered universe. The book is in fact an early attempt to provide a solution to that classic problem of theology, "Si Deus est, unde malum?" ("If there is a god, from whom came the apple?" I think - Ed. I knew Latin O' level would come in useful someday!) Such a question is known, in theological jargon, as a "theodicy". The usual basis for a theodicy (see Swinburne's "The existence of God", or Hicks' "Evil and the God of Love" for modern examples) is that evil must be permitted to bring about some greater good. Thus far, the similarity with the Doctor's final justification of his action,

"...although I know that the Daleks will create havoc and destruction for untold thousands of years... I also know that out of their great evil... some... great... good... must come."

is obvious.

There is however one respect in which GENESIS OF THE DALEKS is different from the usual presentation of a theodicy. The usual viewpoint of the writer of a theodicy is like that of Job: a human sufferer trying to come to terms with the actions of a being whose ways are fundamentally beyond him. By making the Doctor, who in so far as he knows the future of the Daleks sees events from a divine point of view, face the dilemma of whether evil should be permitted, GENESIS OF THE DALEKS examines the problem from a different perspective. We identify not with the
innocent beings who suffer as a result of God's tolerance of the snake in Eden, but the being with the final responsibility for allowing such a choice, which is arguably even less enviable. (of course since, as he is aware, the Doctor will be one of those who fights the Daleks in the future, the Doctor is also one of those "innocents" who will suffer as a result of their evil, as is God - in the form of Jesus, the second Adam - according to Christian theology)

Similar paradoxes surround the character of Davros. On the one hand, he is a Creator, who, as he says, creates the Daleks in his own image. In this sense, he, like the Doctor, is in a God-like position. On the other hand, his behaviour is, in effect, devilish: he wishes to destroy, and the creatures which he creates are purely instruments of destruction. ("Compassion? They will not know the meaning of the word!"

For Davros, creation is a means to destruction, and it is this inherent contradiction in his character which leads to his downfall. The Doctor wishes to create goodness, but when offered the chance to do so by wiping out the Daleks before they are truly borne, he refuses to use destruction as a means to creation; he recognises that if he did so, he would be no better than a Dalek. Similarly, a good God must tolerate the Devil, for to destroy him would be an evil act, but left to himself, the devil will bring about his own downfall anyway.

It is this underlying spiritual truth which helps, I think, to explain the peculiar fascination that GENESIS OF THE DALEKS exerts. I am aware that there is little, if anything of originality in this interpretation of the story, precisely because it is no more than a drawing out of ideas which are implicit in the story. If I could just work out a similar explanation of GHOSTLIGHT, I would be a happy man.

BEN MURPHY

We shall be showing GENESIS OF THE DALEKS this term so turn up in 3rd and 4th week and make up your own minds as to what you think is going on!

...And now for something completely different!

APATHY OF THE DALEKS
Part Three

"I bet he uses chrome plated naval hair removers!" There was a blast of a hundred singers screaming about naval hair removers to a nauseating disco beat. The Doctor, that mysterious traveller through time and space, uncovered his ears and felt the two weeks growth on his chin. The music had thankfully finished, leaving silence and earache.

"We've started again!" he told Steel, who somehow looked the same as he had when he arrived two weeks ago.

"Still no hint of a plot," said Steel.

"Steel said "Plot a of hint no still." ago weeks to arrived"... boomed a loud voice. Steel looked puzzled. "What's happening?" he asked.
"Time is running backwards," glowered the Doctor. "Rather like British rail. We're being affected by the temporal high tension intercity energy of a nearby time warp."

A tall figure wearing stockings, a corset, black wig and lipstick watched with faint interest as the two danced frantically.

"That's damn fine music," intoned a voice. "Anyone got any cherry pie, Dianne?"

The Doctor, that mysterious traveller through badly written prose, had the grace to look mildly embarrassed. Steel just looked arrogant.

"I think its time we did something," declaimed Steel positively.

"What?" extrapolated the Doctor, that traveller over hill and down Mrs Dale.

Suddenly an enormous neon light flashed into existence, illuminating two uninteresting corridors.

The Doctor took a deep breath. Let it out calmly. "Run Steel run!" he screamed, and, pausing only to collect their lucky black belt turtle charms, our two heroes haired off down the corridor and back, to give the impression that there was more than one.

"That way!" bawled the Doctor, and ran in the opposite direction, followed arrogantly by Steel. After traversing the corridor twenty times, dodging the Bouncing Buddha of Maherabhui beag they stopped to check directions before setting off for another twenty laps. Exhausted, our two merry chums slumped against a wall knocking a hole in it.

"What have we achieved?" Steel blurted out.

"Nothing important," rapped the Doctor.

"For once in my infinite life I feel helpless," delivered Steel, arrogantly.

The Doctor, etc etc, struck a heroic pose. It fell over. "Look," he gave utterance, the words tumbling from his noble lips.

"What?" requested Steel, not quite so arrogantly as usual, but then he hadn't been to the toilet in three weeks.

"Nothing. I just thought I might prompt the script writer." A cloud passed over the Doctor's face. "Funny weather we've been having lately." Steel pulled out a piece of paper and thrust it under his nose. "What the hell's that paper doing under my nose?" said the Doctor.

"It's not, its under mine," snapped Steel, "It's the way this damn thing's written." He sneezed twice.

The cloud was still there. The Doctor went white as a very white thing.

"What is it?" Steel raised his voice to the heavens, turning a dirty grey.

"I've noticed we've had a tonne (Metric) of dialogue. We're going to be talking for all eternity. The Darkness - its - its - the scriptwriter!"

The two crusaders of time and adult contact magazines looked horrified without a trace of arrogance. Together they chorused in perfect unison "Oh Shit!"

End of Part Three
Ah ha! what would the TIDES OF TIME be without the puzzle page? Longstanding readers of this publication will be pleased to note that there is no logic problem from Mark Dunn this time round (yes, Paul, I know I'm name dropping again!). However, how many of you know that the total impossibility of his first offering was because I numbered the chairs in the diagram from left to right instead of right to left? Rather belated apologies therefore to all those of you who couldn't do it.

**Davison Era Wordsearch**

I M A R A T S T E M S
C A S T R O V A L V A
N L S A B R I D D K W
O U Y L R N A R N E A
I S N Z L N R I I L R
R O M E G A A C H A D
T E Y G R I M W A D E

**Companion Puzzle**

Fill in the names of all the Doctor's screen companion in the spaces on the grids.

"SARAH"

"KAMELION"

*Paul Groves*
And now for the second 'theory' to be premiered in these pages.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD, part one
The UNIT years in their place

When Louise first 'commissioned' this article, I had grand conceptions of drawing together all the strands of Earth's post-war history as told by Doctor Who, and synthesising a view from it, perhaps from the vantage point of a historian in this 'alternative' world. As I found out, this is very difficult to do, and the end result may seem entertaining on first thought, but pretentious on the second. Furthermore, I didn't want to produce something that could be misinterpreted; I've criticized Richard Landen in DWM for producing articles which seek to be definitive on points which I think should be subjects of speculation, and I didn't want to go down the same road.

It's tempting just to abandon the subject, but the controversy concerning the dating of the UNIT stories is one I've always wanted to tackle. In addition, I don't want to add my name to the list of 'Tides of Time' article defaulters (see last issue). So here goes...

One thing that is clear is that the Doctor has never visited our Earth. Despite the Doctor's comments to Ace about the human race's capacity for self-deception in REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS, surely if the government and large numbers of people had been displaced due to crises such as those in THE WEB OF PEAR AND INVASION OF THE DINOSAURS, the country would have been in some way aware of it, even of the authorities had successfully obscured the true details.

UNIT - the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce, in case you need reminding - which was an integral part of Doctor Who between 1968 and 1975, seems to operate in a different political climate to that of 'our' world. Greater resources appear, at times, to have been diverted to supranational authorities - thus the technology available to UNIT when we first meet it. UNIT is also able to conscript civilians from a UN member nation, in peacetime, who have previously had no connections with the military, such as Liz Shaw from Cambridge in SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE. Unit does not appear an entirely secret organisation; it is clearly known to those involved in sensitive areas of science or politics, and UNIT has, at least in the earlier part of its operation, a large fleet of vehicles, in its own livery.

Britain itself appears to have a different position in world affairs. In DAY OF THE DALEKS Britain is portrayed as the neutral host in crisis talks between the US, USSR and China. This is confirmed in ROBOT when Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart explicitly states Great Britain neutral - not part of NATO, and analogous to Sweden or Switzerland. How, then, could this have occurred?

Perhaps in order to solve this problem we should go back to the start of 'contemporary' history as depicted by Doctor Who. This
comes in that much hyped 1989 serial, THE CURSE OF FENRIC. Apparently set around 1943, it concerns the onset of the Cold War as the western powers anticipate the need to eliminate the Soviet threat before it grows too large. Yet Commander Millington's scheme to detonate poison gas in Moscow was foiled decisively. Leaving a large amount of devastation that could not have gone unnoticed by the authorities. The testimonies of survivors of the miniature apocalypse, such as Bates and Vershinin, must also have been taken into account. Perhaps we have grounds to speculate that the friendship between the two junior officers became the basis for an important diplomatic channel between Stalin and Churchill that secured a greater measure of independence for British action than later was the case in our world.

We may be able to envisage, then, a world where Churchill, influenced by the FENRIC affair, was able to tap the co-operative sentiment that Attlee so benefited from, combining internationalism with the policies needed to keep the Empire together and help preserve Britain's world status. Somehow, in the 'Whoniverse', Churchill may have succeeded in winning the 1945 election.

A conservative government would naturally have had different spending priorities to a labour one. Where Attlee nationalised and constructed a large welfare state, Churchill may have maintained Defence, perhaps recruiting German rocket technologists into British service, encouraging like-minded British researchers such as Nigel Kneale's Bernard Quatermass.

Why Quatermass? the answer is that the 'Quatermass' sequence can be fitted quite easily into the UNIT chronology, particularly as the 'Bernard' and 'British Rocket Group' mentioned in REMEMBRANCE could so easily be Quatermass and his organisation. In addition, the threats that Quatermass encountered, or at least the second, can be seen as part of the same consequence of Earth's space projects drawing attention from hostile life forms, giving rise to the formation of UNIT.

Quatermass's 'British Experimental Rocket Group' had no investigative powers. A fictional body that did, intended by its author (unlike Nigel Kneale) as a forerunner of UNIT, was the 'Intrusion Counter Measures Group' met in REMEMBRANCE. The basic structure of military command and scientific personnel, familiar in UNIT, is already present in 1963. Whether, however, its staff were permanent is open to question; Gilmore remains in RAP uniform, while UNIT had its own garb, however much that varies over its appearances in the series. If this is the same body that we met in THE WEB OF FEAR, under Lethbridge-Stewart, then we must suppose that the Ministry of Defence regularly seconded different officers into the post at intervals.

Quatermass, taking into account the 'problems' his group has at the time of REMEMBRANCE, appears to have been under some sort of pressure in 1963, perhaps causing the termination of his work though not of his programme, as Britain has its own space
programme in THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH. At the same time, it appears that authorities did take the external threats Quatermass encountered seriously - thus the sending of Gilmore to Coal Hill School in REMEMBRANCE, and the appointment of two successive army officers, the second being our own Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart, to the cobwebbed London Underground in THE WEB OF FEAR.

Now for the problem I've been avoiding far too long - dates. I shall base this on internal evidence only, rather than rely on data such as 'Radio Times' listings. (For example, those for THE INVASION, part one, stated that the story was set 'around 1975'.) The data I am aware of is as follows:

- THE INVASION is set four years after THE WEB OF FEAR
- In INFERNO the Doctor says he has worked with the Brigadier for 'years'
- In PLANET OF THE SPIDERS the Brigadier says he didn't see the Doctor for 'some months' between THE INVASION and SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE
- In PYRAMIDS OF MARS Sarah Jane says "I'm really from 1980."
- In K9 & COMPANY, the year is 1981, and Sarah has just left journalism to write a book, clearly some time after she last saw the Doctor
- TIME-FLIGHT is set in 1981, and the Doctor asks whether the Brigadier is a general yet - implying it is some time since the Doctor last saw him.
- MAUDRYN UNDEAD features two Brigadiers, one from 1977, and another from 1983 - and both are retired from UNIT, teaching mathematics at a public school.

Circumstantial evidence is negated by the alternative universe hypothesis. For example, while the appearance of 'The Clangers' on the Master's television set in THE SEA DEVILS has been used to show that the story was set in the 1970s, as 'The Clangers' was shown more frequently in that decade, the programme may have been made and screened at different times in the 'Whoniverse'. Similarly, just because Mao Tse-Tung dies in 1976 in our world, that doesn't mean he did so in the world of Doctor Who. thus delegate Fu Peng's remark about Mao in THE MIND OF EVIL doesn't necessarily mean the story was set before 1976.

The most definite dates are those given in the Peter Davison stories. Sarah Jane's statement is perhaps an example of Miss Smith's journalistic creativity overwhelming her sense as she explains her origins to Laurence Scarman. I admit that this is weak, but as I need as chronology, some sort of resolution is better than none.

THE WEB OF FEAR, I would then suggest, takes place around 1964/65, while THE INVASION takes place around the time of its transmission, and SPEARHEAD in mid-1969, to give the Brigadier time to have exhausted the resources of the world's intelligence networks looking for the Doctor. The stories of the first season could then take place over a year to eighteen months, with TERROR OF THE AUTONS and subsequent stories to THE DAEMONS taking up about ten months, up to Easter 1972.
UNIT's political context changes markedly during this time. In THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH Britain is still spending heavily on its space programme, perhaps with the help of the Commonwealth. Yet in THE CLAWS OF AXOS the government is subjecting UNIT to a security and performance inspection, unthinkable in the first UNIT season, against a background of a world energy crisis — perhaps part of the cause of superpower disputes in DAY OF THE DALEKS. With governments around the world reducing their funding, it is not surprising that, on its less frequent appearances from the 1972 season onwards, UNIT seems to be wound down, to the stage where, in ROBOT, the Brigadier has to promote Benton to Warrant Officer because he can't afford a captain! UNIT's relocation, by THE DAEMONS, to what we later know as the Priory site, form its Central London location in SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE (yet alone its aeroplane in THE INVASION!) may also be consequences of the arrival of a government more restricted in budget. As for its political composition, there is little evidence to go on. It's tempting to identify the 'Jeremy' referred to as PM in THE GREEN DEATH as Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe, and assume the woman premier the Brigadier talks to on in TERROR OF THE AUTONS as Margaret Thatcher. Unfortunately, while a newspaper cutting seen in ROBOT does identify the opposition leader as a 'Mr Heath', we have no concrete evidence to assume the same politicians rose to prominence in the Who-Sphere as did in ours.

Exactly what happens to UNIT after the Doctor severs his links with it is not clear. Around 1976 the Brigadier makes an early retirement, no doubt after arguments with his superiors in Geneva (where he is called in THE ANDROID INVASION and THE SEEDS OF DOOM) about budget cuts. Nevertheless, they remain in operation, the Doctor in TIME-FLIGHT citing them to help him out of a security violation at Heathrow. Possibly the regular army units met in RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS are UNIT troops, but their cap badges are not clear.

If the 'Quatermass' serials are still to be considered relevant, then the breakdown of civil order in Britain and the world depicted in the final story (broadcast in 1979) could be located in the mid-1980s, providing a suitable backdrop to Ace's turbulent adolescence. After this, the United Nations would surely come into the fore, giving UNIT a new lease of life, acquiring equipment from countries which found them surplus to requirements, profiting from the spirit of co-operation which tends to follow major cataclysms. It is a truly international, strengthened UNIT, with a Ghanian commander and Eastern European staff, that the Doctor encounters in the early 1990s in BATTLEFIELD. The Whoniverse has found its new world order, even if that which created it has not.

So, that's my theory. It's by no means meant to be infallible, and challenges are welcome. If you want to put your ideas in writing, send them to the Editor, who will doubtless welcome them.

MATTHEW KILBURN
Talking of the UNIT years we showed the first Pertwee story last term - here is what Graham Pointer thought of it...

**SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE**

This is Jon Pertwee's first adventure, and also the first one in colour. For viewers seeing this for the first time in 1970 it must have been a great surprise.

Everything had changed - there was a new Doctor, new companion and a complete change in format. The only person who had been seen before was the Brigadier.

**SPEARHEAD** is definitely a product of the 70s. The clothes, backing music and everything about it seems very similar to countless others from that era. What struck me was how different it was from *any other adventure I'd seen before*. Particularly noticeable was that it was no longer the Doctor and a couple of companions, he was now part of a team, and no longer really the leader. For the first couple of episodes he appeared to be a minor character. This adventure also introduced the idea of the Doctor needing time to recover from his change.

The horror aspect seems to have been heightened. My only complaint about the Replicas is that they aren't convincing. General Scobie's didn't look totally like him.

My major complaint has to be Liz. Firstly she's from Cambridge University. Secondly she makes scientific mistakes. Once she said that very few meteorites reach the ground - by definition a meteorite must reach the ground. Then she said that meteorites came from comets - meteoroids come from comets, meteorites from the asteroid belt.

**GRAHAM POINTER**
The Doctor and his colleague broke off their scream and began coughing loudly. The Doctor, that commercial traveller in double glazing, wasn't used to screaming. He usually left such things to his weak-kneed companions, like Harry.

"That hurt, that did," croaked the Doctor. Steel nodded, too tired to be arrogant. The Doctor, that pain in the ass, took advantage of this moment of temporary amiability. "Why are you so arrogant?" he questioned, with customary tact.

"When I was in the womb, my mother was frightened by the Bolivian String quartet."

"And that's why?"

"Dunno, but I've always hated chamber music."

"What can we do against something as powerful as the scriptwriter?" Steel's mind returned to the problem in hand.

"We have to wait until he makes a mistake, something that doesn't belong here, something out of place," the Doctor announced.

The two bouncing Buddha dodgers looked around them, searchingly searching for anything out of the ordinary. The entire cast of Brookside shuffled past them, ranting, "Don't be soft, out She;" and "that's kosher gear, that is, no knock-off" behind the Doctor's back. The Clangers clanged (clung? cling? clong?) behind Steel. Both failed to notice Jan Leeming, reading the news, seated on a remote control goat. The 18-foot Venusian Karate clothes brush passed under their very noses. Ian Paisley wandered past, caught sight of a high-kicking rabid newagent, and bellowed, "It's an IRA plot! How long will the present government allow such self-abuse of power!" A turtle quietly expired.

"It's no use!" cried the Doctor.

"Stop crying!" yelped Steel.

"Perhaps we need a commercial break. Something might happen."

"I agree, but..."
Last year Alan Whittern wrote SUPREMACY OF THE DALEKS in which the Doctor saved the planet Martaraakis from the Daleks. He has now written a sequel.

THE EMPIRE OF DEATH

Part one

The year was 9532 and the planet Martaraakis lay out in space. It was a small planet with a rocky and sandy surface, forty years had elapsed since that wandering time lord known only as the Doctor saved the planet's peaceloving race the tryzabans from the war like pepperpots; the Daleks.

Zillakara arrived back at their city and said to Valarn, "Those aliens have started their mining operations and mother has asked me to tell you to try and get help."

"Yes OK, Zillakara, I'll do my best," said Valarn.

"but how are we going to get help father? no one ever visits Martaraakis," said Zillakara.

"There you're wrong my dear," said Valarn, "Back in the year 5575 a strange man with untidy black hair visited our planet and he helped us deal with the Daleks."

"What was his name?" asked Zillakara.

"Well no one actually knew his proper name, but he likes to be called the Doctor," said Valarn "and believe me he knew how to deal with the Daleks."

"Surely father," said Zillakara, "if we got a message to him he would come and help us."

Valarn thought for a moment and said, "If he received it, yes, I think he would."

"Then why don't we do it?" said Zillakara.

Valarn came to a quick decision and said "OK my dear, go ahead and do it."

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor was reading the TARDIS manual to find out what category of disaster had befallen him and his three companions.

"Well according to this the TARDIS has stalled in the Mid System," said the Doctor.

"The what system?" asked Leynora.

"The Midearan System," said the Doctor, "but I call it the Mid System for short."

Just then a female voice came over the audio circuits that said -

"CALLING THE DOCTOR. CALLING THE DOCTOR. Go immediately to Martaraakis. Aliens have invaded."

"Oh no, alien races do find the most inconvenient times to invade planets."

"Are we going there then?" asked Sharina.

"Yes, my dear, when you receive a call like that you must answer it," said the Doctor.

Inside the tryzaban city Zillarker arrived in the rest area and said, "Any luck with trying to get freedom for the hostages of the aliens?"

"No, but I've done the next best thing by sending a message to the Doctor," said Valarn.
"So what we have to do now is sit and wait," said Zillarker.
"Yes," said Valarn.

Inside a large control room squat metallic shapes glided around the room checking the computer readings on the many control panels.
"SECTION FIVE REPORTING," said a Dalek aide.
"REPORT," said the Dalek Supreme.
"THE WORK LEVELS ARE DROPPING BY FIFTY PERCENT," said the Dalek aide.

The Grand Dalek glided over to the communications unit and said:
"THE WORK LEVELS MUST BE INCREASED BY TWO HUNDRED UNITS. IF ANYONE DISOBEYS EXTERMINATE THEM."
"I OBEY," shrieked the Dalek aide.

The TARDIS materialised on the surface of Martaraakis.
The door opened and out came the Doctor, Leynora, Sharina and Sylvia.
"What a barren and desolate surface," said Sharina.
"Yes, the last time I was here they had a spot of bother with the Daleks," said the Doctor.

Just then Zillakara and Valarn appeared and Valarn said, "Did you pick up our distress call?"
"Yes I did - now you said aliens have invaded."
"Yes," said Valarn, "namely the Daleks."
"Daleks - What brings those mutated pepperpots back here," said the Doctor.

"Come with us to our city and my daughter and I will explain," said Valarn and once inside the city Zillakara told how her mother Zeraker had been taken prisoner along with many other tryzabans.

Inside the mining area Vanadavargoss stopped for a rest. A Dalek shrieked,
"CONTINUE WORKING."
"I need a rest," said Vanadavargoss.

The Dalek aide shrieked,
"IF YOU DON'T CONTINUE WORKING YOU WILL BE EXTERMINATED."
A chorus of Daleks in the mining area shrieked,
"EXTERMINATE, EXTERMINATE!"

ALAN WHITTERN
Five minutes later our two toughies were back. Steel put down the Rap'tou (TM) food mixer and the Radion Micro, while the Doctor that squashed fat git struggled out from under the Vauxhall Nova.

"Commercial breaks, never think about the struggling artiste, do they? Never think about the lives they wreak." The Doctor picked up the Rap'tou mumbling about using it in Season 23, when he heard Steel's cry.

"Look!"
"Where?"
"There!"

"Sorry, I can't see anything past the enormous monster bearing down on us."

In front of them was the most revolting creature, huge and bulky, with tentacles and pulsing veins everywhere, gore and drool oozing from every pore, and a mouth carved from the blackest pit of the darkest dungeons of the least salubrious hotel bedroom of hell itself. To sum it all up it was nasty, brutal and squat. After telling it not to squat they realised what it was. Terrance Dicks, the butcher of Bletchley, the mud wrestler of Bangor, and the silly bugger of the Arndale Centre Manchester, not to mention its nickname Nick. The Doctor had heard many nasty rumours nothing to do with the breath monster in front of him, but he'd heard quite a lot of rumours any way.

"Quickly Steel, we must pool all out knowledge together to defeat this evil thing," warbled the Doctor. Both our merry mushroom pickers took on determined looks pooling every scrap of their vast knowledge together. Five seconds later they had finished. Intrigued the Doctor demanded, "Where does the melon fit in?"

Steel, with an ease born of practise, hit the Doctor over the head with a Venusian Karate clothes brush. "I'll have to freeze it," he resolved, resolutely.

"But you'll collapse and be useless for the rest of the story," groaned the Doctor, from under an ice pack. He realized what he was saying, "Okay, freeze it!"

Steel looked around him. "Where's the bloody staircase gone?"

"Won't a corridor do?"
"No."

The creature was nearly upon them, copies of DESTINY OF THE DALEKS oozing from its malodorous body. There was nothing in the Galaxy that could match this creature's writing skills. It could write a book in one week flat, leaving out all relevant detail, and using the same bits of writing in each book, i.e. that mysterious traveller, etc, producing a writing style which a retarded clothes peg could have equalled. It was enough to churn your guts, and often did.

After finding a set of stairs they needed to get the creature onto them. This they did with the help of some characters from an Erwin Allen programme called Steve and Doug who could do more press ups than they had brain cells.

"There are some things man is not supposed to know," they said together. Then they had to leave, to dress up in track suits and do some serious jogging in polo neck jumpers.

"I'm not doing any jogging on my poor legs," said Doctor
Zachary Smith, before being smothered by copies of THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET.

"Doctor, I've just realised what this is!"
"What?" gushed the Doctor.
"The Creature's Revenge! Ha ha ha!"
The two men turned to an invisible camera and went into a dance routine, while the creature gave a cheesy grin. "Ta da," chorused the guys.
"This is the ultimate adventure of my life," spluttered Steel.
"Copyright!" screamed the beast and unleashed a volley of book power, copies of ARC OF INFINITY and HORNS OF NIMON flying at the two jolly jokers.
"Galloping Galaxies," thought the Doctor, that mysterious, oh bugger it, you've heard it before. "This is a trial for a Time Lord."
"Steel," he called weakly, his strength ebbing away.
The blond haired elemental wasn't listening. Every atom of his immense power was concentrated on the task of freezing the creature before them.
"I must, I will succeed," his will repeated, rejoicing in its own arrogance. A small cider ice pop (TM) hurtled with terrifying speed at the creature to melt harmlessly at its feet.
Steel collapsed to the floor, "I've done it," he breathed, "I've frozen it. In the end it was elementary."
"You frozen dunce! All you've done is to give it a refreshing snack! We must use it's own weapons against it."
The two boson buddies pooled their minds, searching outwards, for the advice of other science-fiction characters trapped in the time-eddies with them. A moment of strain, then contact.
"Use the force!"
"There can be only one!"
"It's worse than that he's dead Jim!"
"Give me standard by five, Vila!"
"I'll be back!"
"Open channel D!"
"Span!"
"Uzi 9mm!"
"Smoke me a kipper, I'll be back for breakfast!"
"48!"
"I am not a number I'm a free man!"
"Shaken, not stirred!"
"Don't be soft, our She!"
"I have a cunning plan."
"No, wait," shouted the Doctor. "We're not approaching this right! We're trying to use fictional characters, but they're all prisoners of their creators. We need and author! There is only one bad enough to serve! We call him David Fisher, Yog-Sothoth, eater of words, the undead light, he whose name is not spoken by J-N-T!"

In a slightly blinding light a figure appeared. He was a nondescript character, and so we shall not describe him.
"Hello," said the man-thing, "Don't worry about the plot, I've been reading over Terry's shoulder." He produced a plastic bucket and spade and in an unfeasibly short time had dug a large
hole at the bottom of the stairs, into which the creature fell, shrieking melodramatically as it fell, "The world has not heard the last of me, for I shall return to wreak havoc on all lovers of short neat sentences, as unlike this particular sentence as can be imagined."

"You realise what this means," asked Steel.

"No," said the Doctor.

"Well, it's another bloody anti-climax. The story's over; all the characters will have returned to their proper place now, and the creature's in the pit."

Slowly the two rent boys wandered up the stairs, and the Great Hall was empty, save for a single nondescript undescribed indescribable trainspotter, with acne. Steel was alone.

Meanwhile, a strange wheezing, groaning sound echoed through the shopping complex. The Doctor was on his way to more adventures."

The End. And About Bloody Time. 

JAMES BROUGH

So much for that! There you are, we come to the end of TIDES OF TIME. This has been something of a bumper issue with an unprecedented number of articles submitted, though APATHY OF THE DALEKS only just made it on time, arriving approximately 7 hours before the deadline! I've just spent the better part of the day typing all this up and trying to get it to fit together without the aid of artwork, as I've hardly received any. I haven't yet solved the front cover problem yet, though hopefully I will have done by the time you read this.

I hope the committee don't charge you too much for this mega issue as it is going to be considerably larger than any previously produced, if they do I suggest you join the committee forthwith and out vote them next time they try it.
POWER GAMES

They conjured him by day, and conjured him at night;
But he conjured best some time ago, in the love decade’s twilight.
He’d show us all a castle, in a whiteness long beyond,
Or land in some forsaken place, friends and ship his only bond.
The symbol of rebirth: you might call it a renewal —
In some darkened corner, chained, a genius, a fool.
Through these and more he voyaged, alive in the recesses
Of a universe where joy was almost dead, where his addresses
Intelligences could not counter; no surprise they called him home.
The musician knows a false note; flung away he was, alone.

MATTHEW KILBURN