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The Beatles' unpublished
Dr. Who theme tune?

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Packed with more features,
articles, reviews, and stories
than EVER BEFORE!
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Welcome to my second issue of Tides of Time, continuing in the same high-quality format as the last issue, but now even better. Although the page count stays the same, the text has been shrunk - cramming even more articles, reviews and features into the space. A big thank you to everyone who has contributed this time - with 33% more articles than the last issue - and I’m sure that this is going to increase more next issue.

Mention must go to S’Talisha - our first contributing writer from outside the University. I am aware that there are mixed feelings about opening up the magazine to contributors from outside Oxford - however, I will continue this policy as it can only bring a wider range of articles and features, and frankly, more readers to the magazine - crucial if the magazine is to become self-supporting. Also, with more material to choose from, the quality of printed material will increase.

Before I go, I’m sure you’ve noticed that this issue’s puzzle is a PRIZE COMPETITION - this feature will continue if I receive enough entries to make it viable. For those of you struggling slightly, you might be interested to know that the answer to clue G is an anagram of ‘AGE TILL’, and clue Q of ‘HOTTR MUD’...

Enjoy! God Bless,

Julian Mander, Editor.
A short story by Paul Groves

The Doctor was bored. It was only a week since the latest in a long line of companions, Ace had gone her way. He thumped the scanner control and there was a whining noise, followed by a trill from the operating system, signalling an error. "Getting petulant in your old age, old girl?", said the small man to his craft, in the mild Scottish accent he had taken to in his present incarnation.

The Doctor strode up to the screen and gave it a scientific thump. He returned to the console and tried again. This time the covers reluctantly parted to reveal a renaissance Italian courtyard. The Doctor patted the console affectionately.

"Now let's see if my old friend Leonardo is in..." he murmured, skillfully piloting the image around the courtyard and into one of the houses. Scanning the interior, the screen settled on the image of Mr D A Vinci in conversation with a tall, curly haired man dressed in a long maroon coat with an immensely long multi-coloured scarf.

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor gaped as the tall man, muttering apologies suddenly leapt up, dashed to a tall blue box, fumbled with his key in the lock, scrambled in a dematerialized it. The temporal failsafe circuit was on the blink.

Without a moment's hesitation, the Doctor rushed over the navigation panel and re-booted the entire Navigation system. After this had completed, he dematerialised and set course for Coal Hill Secondary School, London, 23rd November 1963, at 2pm.

After about twenty seconds of flight, the Nav system beeped in accomplishment and signalled green for materialisation. The Doctor did not materialise, but instead, with a grim look, he switched off the Navigation computer. As he well knew, his own self of four years ago was down there embroiled in the midst of a Dalek civil war and the TARDIS was about to let him break the first law of time: meeting his own self.

In fact the Doctor had met his previous selves on three occasions prior to the present, but on each of these occasions the temporal failsafe had been overridden by the Lord president's seal and the matrix had repaired the aberrations to the time stream by wiping the memory of the incident from all but the latest of the Doctor's incarnations in each case.

This time it was different, the temporal failsafe unit was inoperable and the TARDIS could no longer be safely used. Worse still, rift damage to the time streams might already have been done. The Doctor thought back to the crash with the Ancient Gallifreyan Timescape a few months back, by rights, the temporal failsafe shouldn't have permitted that, even with a parasite in the system.

Moving around the console, the Doctor keyed in an access code. A panel below the scanner slid back to reveal a bank of circuit boards. Skipping through the Gallifreyan symbols labelling each rack, the Doctor selected one. It slid open at his touch, to reveal what should have been the temporal failsafe unit, only to find that it had gone, and in its place was the calling card of the High Council of Gallifrey.

After a moment's thought, the Doctor considered that the last opportunity the High Council had had to tamper with his TARDIS was during the farce of a trial during his previous incarnation. As a precaution he decided to run a time-space coincidence check on the TARDIS log since then.

"Bagghkarrut", swore the Doctor in West Gallifreyan street slang. His check had come up trumps with a coincidence - it was a few hours before his last regeneration, a period which for some reason he couldn't remember anything about.

He had to know what had happened, any significant breach of temporal integrity could eventually tear apart the whole fabric of the universe and the Celestial Intervention Agency would have to be called in to try and stop it. There was only one thing to do, wearing an expression of grim purposefulness, the Time Lord strode out of the console room and down the corridor towards the Hypno room. Hypnotic inducement of suppressed memories was a risky business and had been known to cause premature regeneration on a number of occasions, but there was no alternative and besides, the Doctor was used to premature regenerations. With a wry smile he keyed in the program and lay back on the couch.

... ... ...

"Well, come on Mel", boomed the Doctor as he sighted Rushton, "He musn't let the Black Daleks know where the Hand of Omega is". The two of them sped on to the left, the Doctor displaying remarkable speed, considering his weight and reached the bridge where the TARDIS was parked. They climbed the steps, only to see Rushton speeding straight at them on a hover-bike.
"Down!" yelled the Doctor, pulling Mel down to the ground as the bike sped on centimetres above their heads, followed by a blast of gunfire as Meffish and Shard, who’s just arrived from the South tried to stop it.

"He’s getting away", Shard shouted.

"I had noticed..." replied the Doctor sarcastically as he dusted himself down. Taking control he continued, "Shard, you and Mel: stay here in case he tries for the road, whilst Meffish and I’ll jump ahead in the TARDIS and catch him if he goes back to his spacecraft."

The TARDIS materialised in front of Rushton’s ship. After checking the coast was clear, the Doctor and Meffish sprang into Rushton’s carelessly unlocked craft and took up position behind a bulkhead.

After a few minutes, they heard a rushing of footsteps towards them. "Quick, stop him, man!" yelled the Doctor, and Meffish leapt out and fired. There was a familiar scream as the Doctor emerged to find Mel crouching, trembling beside another him, only this time lying unconscious on the floor with a large blood spattered hole in his multicoloured coat.

In an instant the Doctor realised what had happened - he’d accidentally set the co-ordinates to go back in time instead of forwards and the failsafe hadn’t cut in.

As he began to feel his very existence fall away, the Doctor instinctively ran at his earlier self. Falling through and into him, As the earlier and later Doctors merged, the gunshot wound vanished as the time loop which produced it disappeared out of real time. Meanwhile, the pain in the Doctor’s head grew and grew as the thoughts of the two Doctors clashed, intertwined and finally degenerated into a swirling babble.

The Doctor screamed.

... ...

The Time Lord found himself back in the hypnose room, surrounded by flashing red lights, the auto-escape had kicked in before the program had run its course. As the last moments of his previous incarnations sank back into the depths of his mind, the Doctor pieced the rest together. The next thing he had remembered was waking up in the TARDIS as his present incarnation, disorientated with a pounding head, so Mel must have somehow got him back to the TARDIS. Apart from the entry in the TARDIS log, the time aberration caused by the missing temporal failsafe seemed to have sealed itself inside a closed time loop.

Turning his mind back to the present, the Doctor considered the problem of the temporal failsafe itself. He couldn’t risk materialising the TARDIS without it, he’d been lucky already. Temporal failsafe units are also meant to be tamper proof, so the Doctor didn’t possess the highly classified technical knowledge needed to program a replacement. He would have to contact Gallifrey and risk being hauled up in front of the High Council for driving without due care and attention.

Reluctantly, the Doctor turned to the communications panel in the console room, it beeped at him signifying a message. The Doctor acknowledged, and the face of his fourth incarnation beamed out at him from one of the console monitors.

"I thought after our little encounter in Italy, you might be needing this", said the Doctor’s predecessor and with that a roundel swung open to reveal a new temporal failsafe unit. The message continued, "I took the precaution of putting it through the replicator after our little near miss and put it away for a rainy day. The TARDIS log should have triggered this message after you dematerialised."

The screen went blank.

Gratefully, the Doctor took the circuit and inserted it in its rightful place. Returning to the console he closed the service panel and rebooted the Navigation computer, and immediately the Nav screen began to flash a temporal continuity override warning. The failsafe was working - the Doctor smiled to himself and set
A review of Macbeth by Alison Taverner.

Macbeth ran at the Oxford Apollo from 15-20th June, starring Paul Darrow as Macbeth.

One of Shakespeare's best known works, Macbeth has to be the one play that everybody did at school. As a result, it is interesting to see how this young company has produced it, with an eye to introducing children (euphemistically described as 'young people') to the wonders of the Bard. The set is kept deliberately simple and props are also kept to a minimum, in order perhaps, to focus the mind on the poetry and the acting before the audience.

The production is fairly traditional, updating the play only to eighteenth century Scotland, and resisting the common temptation to show Macbeth as a Mafia boss or fascist dictator, an approach likely to detract from the impact on a youthful mind. I must confess to liking my Shakespeare unadulterated and thus at least one member of the audience was well pleased.

The play opens, not with the actual first scene of the three witches on the blasted heath, but with a stylized battle scene of Macbeth destroying all comers, designed, I suspect, to show off how nicely Paul Darrow can handle a sword. (Indeed, this scene raised cheers and applause from the schoolchildren at the Wednesday matinee.) He is made the centre of our attention from the very beginning and later scenes describing his prowess are thus accounted for. The three witches are then seen. Productions through the years have found different ways of presenting the witches, and some may remember the notorious Oxford production where they were naked harpies. Here, they are certainly sexual in character but are more conservatively dressed in netted body stockings.

The doomed king and the other nobles are introduced adequately in the brief scene where the captain describes the valour of Macbeth and Banquo before we see the heroes themselves meeting with the weird sisters. The witches greet them with the honours which are to be theirs, then vanish. The evil seed is planted and Macbeth is set on the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. An audience with the king follows to learn that he is to visit Macbeth's castle and that he has declared his son Malcolm as his heir. Bad move, friend.

Lady Macbeth is played by Pamela Salem, well known to Doctor Who aficionados for her several roles during the Tom Baker era, for Rachel in 'Remembrance of the Daleks' and in Blake's 7 "Cygnus Alpha". Lady Macbeth is obviously well pleased with her husband, and we are left in little doubt of the way in which she plans to reward him! Needless to say, this stage passion was also greeted with loud approval by the schools' contingent! Now all of the main protagonists have been introduced and the story itself may commence.

From then on, the story continues as implacably as ever. Macbeth sees dagger, Macbeth kills Duncan, the murder is discovered, Macbeth kills grooms, Macbeth becomes king, Macbeth has Banquo killed, Macbeth sees ghost of Banquo, 'Macbeth consults the weird sisters, Macbeth has Macduff's family killed, the thanes rise against him, Lady Macbeth kills herself, Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane, Macbeth is killed. Not for nothing is it considered the bloodiest of Shakespeare's plays.

Through all of this, Macbeth is barely off stage. We see him dugenerate from war hero to hated butcher and tyrant, yet our sympathy never quite leaves him. In the end we are left with an almost reluctant admiration for this man who has lost wife, friends, respect and love of life but whose final action is to fight against what he knows to be overwhelming odds. He remains the ultimate anti-hero.

Some unfortunate merriment was caused on the Monday night by the ringing of the backstage phone during one of Macbeth's soliloquies. The man himself didn't bat an eyelid but the release of tension for the audience was too much! Much the same effect is used by the porter who, like many of Shakespeare's comic characters, is not really funny but does indeed serve as relief after the dark murder scene preceding it.

The play is a disappointment to anyone who expected to see Paul Darrow playing Avon. His voice has deepened even further in the years since 'Blake's 7' and his acting holds little of the cold genius we have grown to know and adore. (Call me Meegat). The main complaints I heard were of a slight weakness in the soliloquies (of which Macbeth has fewer than most of the other plays), although this detractor did admit excellence in scenes where Mr. Darrow has people to play off, and a problem in taking him seriously, expecting either the icy, emotionless delivery of Avon or the totally OTT performance of Tekker from "Timelash". Luckily, we get neither.

Only one moment of Avon really gets through and this will be familiar to anyone who remembers the endings of "Terminal" and "Blake". As he throws away the dagger with which he has been dispatched, Mr. Darrow could not resist the temptation to die laughing. Once again, this fight and death scene elicited great approval from the masses ranks of youth.

One final point. I gather Terrance Dicks said that Paul Darrow has become Avon. This I would strongly dispute (although Paul might have taken it as a compliment!). I met Paul several time during the week and he is kind, friendly, generous, and patient. We will be meeting again and I look forward to it very much. The tour continues round the country for many more months to continue its predicted run of nearly two hundred performances in a variety of venues. The Apollo was one of the largest they will play. I hope they continue to do as well.

OUDWS

Michaelmas 1993
By Jo Grant a.k.a. Adam Stephens

The Doctor has been accompanied by a number of strong female characters which, I feel, have been sadly underrated. None more so than Vicki whose development from naive young schoolgirl to mature woman has never fully been appreciated. However, it is my own character of Jo Grant about which I want to set the record straight. For far too long have I been unfairly branded as a characterless bimbo. Not true. My passionate feminist feelings, my intelligence and my strong fashion identity made me one of the Doctor's most ablest companions.

Although the Master appeared to hypnotize me on several occasions, don't be deceived. I was only pretending. It was just part of my plan to gain his confidence by making him believe that I was a brainless bimbo. Women's rights were always very important to me so the tendency of large numbers of young blond men to fall in love with me I exploited to the full. In a scene unfortunately cut from the transmitted version of Curse of Peladon, I agreed to marry the King but only on the condition that he created a Ministry for Women. Similarly, in a vital scene missing from Frontier in Space I chained myself to the Emperor's throne and demanded that the Draconian Government become an equal opportunities employer. These events clearly show me as a positive force for feminism. Those who complain about my need to be rescued by men in all fifteen of my stories are just knit-pickers.

I always felt that I possessed an incredible animal magnetism. The tendency for large hairy creatures to rush towards me was simply to declare their unfettered love and not as some hard-hearted cynics claim to tear me limb from limb. Gender was no problem to this attraction. Let us not forget my touching friendship with the strongly lesbian character of Miss Hawthorne in The Daemons.

Many people have wondered why after three years of going out with the Doctor did I finish with him? In part it was due to me falling for a younger man (by some 700 years). However in my final story the revelation that the Doctor liked dressing up as an old washerwoman was really what finished the relationship.

I liked dressing up smart when I went out in the Universe. People used to criticize me for having appalling dress sense, but what they don't know is that I've seen the fashions of the future. I can confirm that platform boots, luridly coloured polo-necks and large flares are THE fashion accessories of the 21st century.

Modesty always made me try to disguise my intelligence. Some critics argue that I never had the faintest idea about what was going on. They totally miss the point. I continuously questioned the Doctor to see if he understood the situation as well as I did. My constant fits of screaming were, of course, a subtle ploy to subjugate monsters by deafening them. Other critics regarded me as only fit for making tea. What they forget is that it was only AFTER drinking one of my special cups of tea that the Doctor was able to save Planet Earth.

As a happily married woman now I still follow the Doctor's adventures, and it is gratifying to see that I have contributed to a legacy of strong female companions. 'Peri and Mel: I can see that the Doctor is safe in your hands.'

Mel: A Character Assessment

By Adam Stephens

Doctor Why - by Paul Groves

OUDWS
A review of The Leisure Hive

by Paul Dumont.

The Leisure Hive starred Tom Baker as the Doctor, and was shown at OUDWS in Trinity Term 1992.

Watching THE LEISURE HIVE in one sitting is a bit like eating a box of milk chocolates in one go (except that The Leisure Hive doesn't make you feel sick). There is just so much to enjoy that it is hard to make an overall assessment. Nevertheless, I shall try to explain why I think this story is in some ways superior to THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN (Ed: I can just see the fireworks about to fly...)

For a start, all four episodes look wonderful. By this I mean that the sets actually look futuristic, the lighting conveys the passing of the Argolin day, and there are at least three perfect video effects in each episode. It may be a cliche to say an effect leaves a viewer stunned. However, the end of part one, in which the Doctor's agonized face zooms out to confront the audience left me (like the Doctor) open mouthed. Just compare such an ending with “...and now I'm going to kill you” and the big close up of the Doctor's face that became the standard cliffhanger of the late Eighties.

Lovett Bickford's direction is far removed from the "stick a camera in the corner and let the actors get on with it" method. Instead, the camera tracks up to or away from the speaker, literally showing us the larger picture. And what wealth there is to show off - the aforementioned video effects, model shots and sets that, twelve years on, still look futuristic. Bickford also takes care over the composition of individual shots. We see Stimson lean his head across the screen to Hardin whilst the board room discussions continues in the background. This stresses the confidentiality of their conversation (that the Time Experiments are fraudulent) by making the viewer feel like an eavesdropper.

Especially after FRONTIER IN SPACE the story is noticeable for the pace at which it unfolds. The first episode crams in Brighton, the generator, boardroom politics, sabotage and a fatal accident - without the Doctor explaining to Romana what is happening. The story notably refuses to elaborate on the scientific concepts that underpin it. Everyone in the story takes them for granted, so the viewer is left to take them on trust as well.

All the performances are strong (unlike TOMB), the characters conveying the impression that they know what they are talking about (unlike TOMB again). Pangol's megalomaniac desire to fill the world with copies of himself is given a credible psychological background. He is literally an only child, an aspiring warrior reduced to the role of tourist guide whilst he waits for his inheritance.

There are flaws in the story telling. We would usually expect the Doctor to involve himself, directly investigating the sabotage of the Hive. Instead a Foamasi appears in order to explain it all. Perhaps this is why there are times when The Leisure Hive doesn't "feel" like a Doctor Who story. The Doctor is sidelined whilst Hardin frets, Mena collapses and Brock oozes corporate charm. Should the viewer be identifying with the fate of Argolis, threatened by sabotage (as Mena's character leads us to do), or the progress of the time experiments (with which Romana is concerned)? Of course, by implication the time experiments determine Mena's fate and so Argolis' future. However, it is a sign of Christopher Bidehead's tenure as script editor which leads the story to concentrate on the immediate scientific aspects of the story and not the commercial manipulations of the Foamasi.

Did someone mention Foamasi? They are generally held to be failures as monsters, the Myrkas of the tale. However, there is no reason why chameleon headed reptiles shouldn't be tubby. At least the translator device spares the viewer the sight of unsynchronized jaw movements when they speak.

Add to this an excellent synthesized score and you have one of John Nathan Turner's finest achievements, which shows up TIMELASH for the Z-grade tosh that it is.
A Brief History of Time

by Matthew Kilburn

The Story of the Oxford University Doctor Who Society...

Considering that 1989 saw the last transmitted season of Doctor Who, it may seem ironic that it was in that year that a group of Oxford undergraduates decided to set up a society based around the programme. At the time, Who was languishing in the television ratings, and was very close to its suspension, lacking support even from the student audience who had celebrated it in the late 1970s.

Nevertheless, there occurred several favourable factors that would make the Oxford University Doctor Who Society a reality. The publicity surrounding the series' 20th anniversary in 1983 had brought a large number of followers of the programme, then in their early teens, into the wider fan world. This had enabled them to make contacts which, for example, allowed them to build up collections of merchandise and audio and video recordings of the programme. These latter would prove especially useful to the society.

For those who cared to notice, the 1988 season of Doctor Who saw something of an improvement in the quality of the series. Actors came closer to believing in their roles again; stories gained a more solid basis both in plots and characterization. Yet performances could still be viewed as highly camp, a view assisted by the gaudy sets of THE HAPPINESS PATROL and THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY, and the somewhat ham styled of acting adopted by several guest stars.

As the generation terrorized by the early Tom Baker stories reached university, the combination of childhood nostalgia with a renewed enjoyment or strong dislike of the new stories provided the seed for the creation of the OUDWS.

Out of this context sprang the new society, dedicated, according to the early registrations forms preserved in the Proctors’ Office, to the promotion of interest in Doctor Who “in both serious and amusing way”. Membership had reached over sixty by the end of the first full term of operation, helped not only by the location in Christ Church's Tom Quad, but also by the personalities of the first committee. Over its first few weeks the Society was led by Corpus mathematician Roger Shaw, but the pressure of Moderations left him to be quickly replaced by the hospitable Adam Stephens.

The first two terms saw the screening of a large number of the programme's established 'classics', including PYRAMIDS OF MARS (the first introductory meeting), GENESIS OF THE DALEKS, THE DEADLY ASSASSIN, EARTHSHOCK, and the CITY OF DEATH, which for the next three years served as the first meeting of the year for freshers, until it was experimentally replaced with THE FIVE DOCTORS for 1992. Other events included visits from Davros actor Terry Molloy, and the first K9, John Leeson. In addition, the first, and most successful, Society Dinner took place at St. Edmund Hall, organized by Warren Peto.

As membership soared above the hundred level, the OUDWS settled into something of a routine, with weekly showings of complete Who stories accompanied by the serialization of another across several weeks, occasionally coupled with a quiz. Jonathan Bryden, another important figure in the founding of ‘Doc.Soc.’ as it has become known, became president in Trinity 1990 and he introduced the policy of running episodes from other fantasy series, such as Blake’s 7 and The Prisoner, leading to an abortive attempt by certain of his fellow committee members to have the thousandth episode of Neighbours shown, thwarted on the night by the membership.

Another development in the early months of 1990 was the appearance of The Tides of Time, the Society’s magazine. Launched by Louise Dennis, it was initially issued as an A5 photocopied publication, and was continued by her along roughly similar lines for two years, although issues five and seven were A4. Principal contributors to the early issues were Paul Dumont, Mark Dunn, Paul Groves, and Matthew Kilburn.

As it became clear that the society was not going to flag briefly and then fade into oblivion, and the university careers of its founders progressed, the need to find new committee members grew. At first, enthusiastic members were co-opted as need arose. In this way, James Cannon succeeded Ian Middleton as secretary at the end of 1989, alongside Louise Dennis, who succeeded Warren Peto at publicity when he took over from Simon Clifford as treasurer. Protracted discussions on constitutional matters gave birth in Trinity 1990 to the concept of the Society Election. The first, in that term, returned Paul Dumont and Tim Procter; the second, the following term, Alice Drewery and Matthew Kilburn. For various reasons, the elections were not felt to be successful, and were subsequently discontinued in favour of more 'open' policy.

The highlight of Jonathan Bryden’s terms as president was the visit of Sophie Aldred, alias Ace from the final three seasons of Who. This event saw the highest attendance of any meeting, perhaps because Jonathan kept Sophie’s identity secret from all but a few of the committee, while notifying members in advance of a very important guest. On the night there was hardly room to move within the room, with people sitting under the tables as well as on them. Sophie regaled the Society with anecdotes about Tom Baker as well as Sylvester McCoy, and on the trials of obtaining an Equity Card.

Jonathan left the Society shortly after this, leaving Tim Procter to preside at the close of Hilary 1991 over the second (and last to date) 'annual' dinner. The
success of the next term was marred by the ill-health of the treasurer, Warren Peto, not entirely caused by the imminence of Finals. Tim and the Vice-president, Matthew Kilburn, embarked on a spending spree involving the much-needed purchase of a video player to replace the series of substandard models rented from Radio Rentals, and a punt party, the cheeses to finance the latter becoming mislaid due to the unavoidably incommunicado state of Warren, which was not sufficiently appreciated at the time by his younger colleagues. The Society entered Michaelmas 1991 unpredictably £8 overdrawn, with expenses such as termcard printing and the video library to be covered. The fall in membership intake (only just over twenty) in the first week of Michaelmas made covering these more difficult.

By the beginning of Hilary, finance had improved sufficiently to enable the Society to entertain two more speakers. These were script editor, novelist and, and ’New Adventure’ write extraordinaires, Terrance Dicks, and fan expert Jeremy Bentham, who repeated his slide presentation on the history of the series first given at the Museum of the Moving Image in London. These two meetings satisfactorily rounded off Tim Proctor’s presidency.

Trinity Term 1992 saw the beginning of several changes for the Society. Julian Mander and Mark Hanlon of St. Peter’s had already taken control of publicity; now they turned their attention to ’Tides of Time’ (losing the ’The’), as Louise was taking Finals that term. Gone was the single column of text, with few illustrations; instead came computer typesetting, photographs, vector-generated headings, and bound card covers, leaving some veterans dumbfounded. With much of the committee taking Moderations or Finals, James Brough, although a second year linguist and on the verge of exile to Austria, assumed the presidency. Although he failed to organise a speaker meeting, he elicited not only an amusing reply, but also a cheque for £21.79 from Tom Baker, who was thus made an honorary member.

The greatest change was the one that readers of this article will have already experienced. Julian Mander, who had been elected as James’ successor, booked the OUDWS into St. Peter’s from Michaelmas, leaving its old home in Christ Church. This ended the ritual by which the committee and others bore the television and video originally to Adam Stephen’s room, and later to that of Martin Laszlo, up several perilous flights of stairs, as the Society’s new residence contains a video and suitably large monitor.

The small increase in the membership rates this year will hopefully tide us over for a longer period than last year’s income did. Doctor Who has had a higher profile in 1992, primarily due to BBC 2’s repeat season; this should lead to a growth in the number of those willing to join the Society. As the Doctor said to Adric in that much requested story, LOGOPOLIS, “the future lies this way...”

A review of Cybermen by Louise Dennis

There have been innumerable reviews of David Bank’s Cybermen book so why write another? Well, I was interested to note the differences between it and ‘The Official Doctor Who and the Daleks Book’ by John Peel and Terry Nation which has a similar aim. The most immediately striking to me was that I enjoyed the Cybermen book immensely and thought the Dalek book a total waste of time and paper.

Firstly, so much more care and thought has gone into the layout of the Cybermen book, that in many ways it is a joy merely to flick through and look at the pictures. Not only is there a considerable amount of Andrew Skilleter’s artwork often very imaginative but in the beginning section entitled ‘Concept, Cybermen as idea, influences and implications’ (a somewhat long but nevertheless fascinating chapter), there is a lot of artwork and photography relating to other science fiction works. Plus, of course, good quality photographs from the programme and the odd diagram or chart. The Dalek book on the other hand uses only photographs from the programme or various spin-offs and whether through the initial photographs or some glitch in the printing process, most of them come out rather dark and unprepossessing.

The main interest for fans in both books probably lies in the so-called histories created for the races by the respective authors. David Banks’ is well thought out and presented much in the way real history is often presented, i.e. he clearly states what we know and then draws from it a conclusion which he delineates as his own. He frequently allows that there may be other views and that new evidence may turn up to cause what he has written to be changed. The Dalek book on the other hand presents a straight narrative which not only tries to include the televises stories but also Terry Nation’s piece about the Dals and the Thalns that doesn’t quite fit in with what has grown up since. In the end we have several clones of Davros zipping around the universe and you are left feeling that the former situation of mild confusion was better than this improbable tale that contorts itself to encompass the ‘facts’. In their defence, it must be said that John Peel and Terry Nation had more stories to worry about.

Both books also offer the storylines of some scripts that never left the drawing board and in the Dalek book there are also very brief outlines of the two stage plats. In both cases these are interesting for their archive value. But it is not sufficient to redeem the Dalek book in my eyes. In conclusion, I feel that the sense of professionalism and care that was put into the Cybermen book shows through in addition to which David Banks is clearly more able than John Peel and Terry Nation to put the stories in a believable framework.
A review of Ultraworld by Paul Dumont

So, we have a race of computer-serving space travellers who use slaves, and who capture the Liberator crew. Fortunately Orac is able to help them escape, and after the usual model work and explosions the Liberator itself avoids certain destruction. But that's enough about REDEMPTION, what about ULTRAWORLD?

This story always seemed familiar and unoriginal, but was especially so as it was scheduled after THE SUNMAKERS (sharing underground tunnels filmed in Camden Town) and before the first UK transmission of ST:TNG BEST OF BOTH WORLDS (in which Picard and co. encounter a race of computer serving space travellers).

Let's consider the good points. Paul Darrow is under-the-top (if there is such an expression) for once, perhaps resting after SARCOPHAGUS. His near fatal curiosity about galactic alien oddities anticipates his decision to fly though the slime cloud in TERMINAL. (Am I the only one who feels like shouting "Don't do it" whenever I see that episode?). There is at least one good Avonisem - "Vila teaching Orac?!?" - and a touching show of concern for Cally before he is captured, leaving Tarrant centre-stage.

I'm not a fan of Steven Pacey's character or his acting, but here he makes the most of his leading role. In his script, Trevor Hoyle reminds us that Tarrant is an ace space pilot, intelligent enough to read circuit diagrams, able to work out that coloured plastic tubes are really coloured plastic tubes with people's minds in them. He is charmingly chivalrous when the Ultra demand he perform the "bonding ceremony" with Dayna. That scene is the Blake's 7 equivalent of all those Star Trek stories in which Kirk demonstrates that love is a quick snog, for the benefit of ignorant computers/alien/robots. Josette Simon and Steven Pacey play the scene extremely well, tongue in cheek (if that's a suitable phrase).

Meanwhile, Vila has been reading his late seventies Doctor Who Annuals, looking for 'loony laffs' to share with Orac. Again, the actors concerned manage to rise above the material which is just as well considering what the material is - dire stuff, the worst humour on display until Data's stand-up act in THE OUTRAGEOUS OKONA.

I would guess it was this script which made up Ian Chappell's mind for her to leave the series, as yet again she is captured, her mind possessed, and rendered unconscious. Not the most rewarding role for an actress of her capabilities.

ULTRAWORLD then had been done before and would be done later in other SF series, and in both cases done better. The design, lighting, make-up and model work seemed quite impressive when I was ten years old, but now I notice the repeated film shots of tunnels and the disco glitter ball effect.

Of course, I could be missing some deeper meaning. Ultraworld could be a metaphor for University, an organisation that regularly drains the minds of others in Finals. Is it purely co-incidence that Relf, the Ultraworld slave, is fat, balding, ugly, obstructive - a dead ringer for an Oxford Porter? Well, yes, it is purely a co-incidence. Relf was actually more pleasant than most porters I have met.

Doctor Why - by Paul Groves

Doctor ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN

Quiz 2 Hint: What you really need is an illustrated A-Z.
**WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN!**

1st prize

**Doctor Who and the Daleks Omnibus**

- Collector’s Value: £20

2nd Prize

**Doctor Who Crossword Book**

- Collector’s Value: £1.50

2 x 3rd Prize

**Tom Baker badge**

- Photograph of Tom Baker in Doctor’s role.
- Collector’s Value: £1.00

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**HOW TO ENTER...**

On the opposite page, you will find a grid of spaces labelled from A to X. Use the clues to fill in the answers across. The first column down will spell the name of a Doctor Who adventure, along with its author. As you fill in the clues, letters that fall in boxes which are numbered can be entered into their respective cells in the quotation below, which is taken from the Target novelization of the story that you will identify. Complete the puzzle, and cut (or photocopy) the bottom of this page, and send to the address shown, no later than December 1st.

**Rules**

- 1. Only one entry per person allowed. Multiple entries will be disqualified.
- 2. All entries received later than December 1st will be disqualified from entry.
- 3. Winners will be notified by December 4th, and will receive their prizes at a meeting of the Oxford University Doctor Who Society, date to be arranged.
- 4. Additional clues can be found hidden within the pages of this magazine.
- 5. The judges’ decision is final and no correspondence may be entered into.
- 6. No cash alternative may be taken in preference to any of the prizes.

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The Story is: __________________________
The Author is: __________________________

Name: ________________________________

College (if applicable): __________________

Term Address: _________________________

Home Address: _________________________

Home Phone: __________________________

> > Send this form before December 1st to: Tides of Time #9 Prize Competition, c/o Julian Mander, St. Peter’s College, Oxford. OX1 2DL

OUDWS

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Help: Answer as many clues as possible, and then enter all the letters that you have got into the quotation grid. Use common sense English to determine as many other letters as possible in the quotation and feed these new letters back into the grid. Try more clues, and attempt to get the adventure and author as soon as possible. Repeat until the entire quotation is revealed.

A. A century of novelizations? (3,7)
B. A tachyonics expert from Earth, close friend of Mena whose life depended on his rejuvenation experiments with the tachyon generator. (6)
C. A jungle planet with man-eating plants. Paradise? (4)
D. He challenged the Doctor to the Trilologic game. (8)
E. Sadistic Saracen warlord who captured Barbara to force her into his harem. (6)
F. Former Time Lord, helped Leela defeat the Vardan and Sontaran invasion of Gallifrey. (6)
G. Planet of the Dodecahedron, which was destroyed on the sister planet, Zolpha-Thura. (7)
H. Governor of colony Vulcan, exterminated by Daleks in the Power of the Daleks. (7)
I. The Master's disguise while catching the Doctor in a Recursive Occlusion. (9)
J. The Tesh and Svaateem nominated her as leader. (5)
K. Aged Gor was scrambled on Peladon. (7)
L. Black, bull-headed creature utilizing tributes of Hymentula. (5)
M. Housed in the Pyramids on Mars, imprisoning Sutekh. (3,2,5)
N. Colin began by having problems seeing double. (4,7)
O. Deadly green slime, producing a breed of murderous maggots. (5,5)
P. The Master was confused in the 12th Century courts of King John. (6)
Q. A gun-runner in the pay of Thawn, selling defective arms to the Swampies and was eventually killed by Kroil. (4,4)
R. King of the Crusades. (7,1)
S. Abominable snowmen in Tibet and London? (4)
T. The type of Star Alloy used in the construction of the ship which caused the destruction of the E-Space gateways. (5)
U. An Alzarian who liked the idea of being a vampire. (5)
V. A species of unsavoury death-spitting centipede, used by the Zarbi. (5,5)
W. He lost the 'links' in his armour and everything else in his castle. (8)
X. Sinister cowled servant of the Black Guardian, who captured Princess Astra, the Doctor, Romana, and K9. (7,5,7,5)
A short story by Alan Whitten

The year was 9532 and the planet Martaraakis lay drifting out in space. It was a small planet with a rocky and sandy surface and supported a peace-loving race, known as the Tryzarbans.

Forty years had elapsed since that wandering Time Lord known only as the Doctor had saved the Tryzarbans from the Daleks.

On that occasion, the Daleks were building a death machine with which they planned to wipe out the planet's entire population. Needless to say the Doctor saw to it that the Daleks' evil scheme was brought to an end.

Kara arrived back at their city and said to Vela "Those aliens have started their mining operations, and mother has asked me to tell you to try and get help... but I don't know how we're going to do that - no-one ever visits Martaraakis."

Vela replied "There you are wrong my dear - forty years ago a stranger man with untried black hair visited our planet, and he helped us deal with the Daleks."

"What was his name?" asked Kara.

"No one knew his proper name," said Vela but he liked to be called 'The Doctor.'

Kara replied "Surely father, if we got a message to him, telling him we needed help, he would come?"

"If he received it, then yes, I think he would," said Vela.

Kara cut in, "Then why don't we?"

"Okay," said Vela coming to a quick decision - after all, the Doctor was their only hope of defeating the Daleks.

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

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

"The what system?" asked Lena, puzzled.


Just then a female voice came over the Audio Circuits... "Calling the Doctor - Calling the Doctor. Go immediately to Martaraakis. Aliens have landed."

"Oh no," said the Doctor. "Alien races do find the most inconvenient times to invade planets."

"Are we going there, then," asked Sharina, another of the Doctor's companions, who watched on as the Doctor paced around the central control console, setting co-ordinates.

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

Inside the Tryzarban city, Arker arrived in the rest area, and asked her brother Vela "Any luck with trying to get freedom for the hostages of the Aliens?"

"No," said Vela, "but my daughter Kara has done the next best thing - by sending a message to the Doctor."

"So we must sit and wait."

Within a large control room, the Daleks glided around the room checking the computer readings on the many control panels. "SECTION FIVE REPORTING" said the Dalek aide. "REPORT!" said the Dalek supreme. "THE WORK LEVELS ARE DROPPING BY FIFTY PERCENT."

The Grand Dalek interjected "THE WORK LEVELS MUST BE INCREASED BY TWO HUNDRED UNITS. IF ANYONE DISOBEYS, EXTERMINATE THEM."

"TOBEY" shrieked the Dalek aide.

The TARDIS materialised on the surface of Martaraakis, the door opened and out came the Doctor and his three companions, Lena, Sharina, and Sylvia. "What a barren and desolate surface," muttered Sharina.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "the last time I was here, they had a spot of bother with the Daleks."

Just then, Kara appeared with Vela. "Did you pick up our distress call?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "Now, you say aliens have landed?"

"Yes," said Vela, "the Daleks..."

"Daleks?" the Doctor spat. "Not again!"

"Come with us to our city, and I'll tell you what's being gone on."

Inside the mining area, Goss stopped for a rest. A Dalek swung round and shrieked, "CONTINUE WORKING."

"I can't," complained Goss, "I need a rest."

"CONTINUE WORKING," the Dalek pronounced once more, "OR YOU WILL BE EXTERMINATED."

Goss made a dash for freedom. The Dalek guard saw him and shrieked "EXTERMINATE". Its gun blazed into life, and the rest of the work party looked on in horror as their friend and colleague was gurned down in cold blood. A Dalek aide shrieked "BRING FORWARD THE SPECIAL WEAPONS DALEK."

The Special Weapons Dalek moved forward. The Grand Dalek relayed an order through its communications unit - "TOTAL EXTERMINATION."

A deadly beam shot forth from the weapon mounted on the front of the special Dalek and within seconds, all that remained of Goss was a pile of smouldering dust on the floor.

"FURTHER RESISTANCE WILL BE DEALT WITH IN THE SAME WAY" said the Grand Dalek.

Within the Tryzarban city, the Doctor was deep in conversation with Kara and Vela. "Forgive me for asking, but how long has this been going on?"

"Six months," said Vela. "First we suffered cosmic storms, then we were subjected to bombardments of meteories, then the Daleks arrived and started mining operations."

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The Doctor cut in, "I see, but do know what they're mining for?"

"After a moment's pause, Vela replied, "Probably the core of the planet - but then what would the Daleks want with it?"

"A great deal I should think!" said the Doctor. "They once tried the same on a planet called Earth, until I intervened that is."

Sharina interrupted "Maybe they're planning to extract some kind of rare ore, and then leave the planet - probably lifeless, as they leave for somewhere else?"

Vela looked astray "Don't be morbid, girl"

"Vela," said the Doctor, "my young friend here could well be right!"

"DALEK CONTROL TO DALEK MINING AREA - THE CORE'S PRESSURE IS RISING TO CRITICAL MASS" instructed the Grand Dalek.

"SHALL WE SUSPEND OPERATIONS?"

"NO!" replied the Grand Dalek, "THE TRYZARBANS ARE TO WORK UNTIL THEY DIE!"

"ALL WORKERS - OBEY THE DALEKS AND LIVE. CONTINUE TO DISOBEY AND YOU WILL BE EXTERRMINATED."

A chorus of Daleks shrieked, "OBEY THE DALEKS, OBEY, OBEY, OBEY!"

Vela turned to the Doctor. "Are you saying that through their mining operations they will destroy the planet?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Then we must fight!"

"Yes, but before we do, I think it's time I had a chat with our pepperpot friends to establish exactly what they're planning..."

Deep in the depths of Dalek control, the Dalek supreme said "THE DOCTOR IS ON HIS WAY"

"EXCELLENT!" said the Grand Dalek.

"ORDER A DALEK TO CAPTURE HIM, AND BRING HIM BACK HERE!"

As the Doctor arrived at the mining area, a concealed Dalek suddenly emerged. "DOCTOR, YOU WILL COME WITH ME TO DALEK CONTROL."

"Certainly old chap, lead the way. Going there as well are you?"

"I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO ESCORT YOU TO THE GRAND DALEK."

"Still in office is he? I thought there might have been an election by now."

Within minutes the Doctor stood in front of the Grand Dalek.

"So what are you up to this time?"

"WE WILL EXTRACT ACZORITE ORE FROM THE CORE OF THE PLANET BY THE DETONATION OF A MEGATRON BOMB PLACED AT THE EXACT CENTRE OF THE PLANET. YOU CANNOT STOP US."

"The word 'cannot' doesn't exist, in my vocabulary" said the Doctor.

"YOU HAVE INTERFERED IN OUR SCHEMES FOR THE LAST TIME," said the Grand Dalek.

"Yes yes yes, I've heard it all before." With lightning speed the Doctor darted across the room, and sent the Grand Dalek flying back across the control room.

"ALL DALEKS TO CONTROL - EXTERMINATE THE DOCTOR"

"Wait!" shouted the Doctor.

"YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF THE DALEKS. IT WAS A MISTAKE TO KEEP YOU ALIVE", squawked the Grand Dalek, "I HAVE FAILED, I HAVE FAILED!" - and then exploded.

"Now to free the Work Party," said the Doctor.

Many levels down in the mining area, Raaga complained "When will this nightmare end?"

"As soon as the Daleks are dealt with... which will be very soon", interjected the Doctor.

Now back at the Tryzarban city, the Doctor and work party had arrived.

"The way I see it," said Anoss, "is that we must stop the bomb being planted."

"Yes, but how?" said the Doctor.

"I could take a few men and put the loading crane out of action", volunteered Anoss.

"I'll come with you", said Vela.

"While you do that, my friends and I will try and keep the Daleks happy," said the Doctor.

Inside Dalek Control, the Supreme Dalek was reporting to the Emperor. "THE GRAND DALEK HAS BEEN DESTROYED."

"I WILL NOW APPOINT A NEW GRAND DALEK," replied the Emperor.

"WE ARE ABOUT TO PLANT THE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE" the Dalek Supreme added. "EXCELLENT. DO NOT FAIL."

Anoss and his friends set to work. "Come on Anoss, time is running out" urged Arker.

Their activities were at this very moment being relayed to the Supreme Dalek within the control centre.

"ALL DALEKS - EXTERMINATE THE TRYZARBANS"

The Doctor and his companions entered Dalek Control. The Supreme Dalek swung around and said "YOU ARE PLOTTING AGAINST US, DOCTOR."

"Would I do a stupid thing like that?" asked the Doctor.

"WHY DID YOU DESTROY THE GRAND DALEK?" demanded the Dalek Supreme.

"Me??" the Doctor asked innocently.

By now the Tryzarbans had succeeded in putting the crane out of action.

"OBSERVE THE IMMINENT DESTRUCTION OF THIS PLANET" said the Dalek Supreme.

Just then, the Tryzarbans, fully armed with laser weapons, stormed into Dalek Control. With an extraordinary the Doctor pushed the Dalek Supreme down the corridor, who careered out of control into a bank of instruments at end - and impacted with an explosion which blew back large pieces of shrapnel back down the corridor.

"WE HAVE FAILED! WE HAVE FAILED!" came the cries of many Daleks around the complex.

"Well," said the Doctor, "their invasion seems to be at an end."

"Doctor, if they try again, can we count on you to help us?" asked Arker.

"Yes - I'll be here if they try again", said the Doctor, "of that you can be sure."

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oudws
The solution to ALL your problems...

"Aunty Ainley"

Dear Aunty Ainley,

I have this uncontrollable urge to destroy planets every time I pass them. Is this the result of a repressed childhood?

Yours, Davros.

Dear Davros,

No... it's more likely to be due to your tendencies towards megalomania. Especially since you don't actually request any help with the problem. The only other possible explanation is that your mother had a face that looked like a huge lump of camel's dung and so every dark, brown squidy-looking planet you come across reminds you of her - and just triggers the desire deep within your subconscious to just smash her head in with a gold brick painted pink... but then again, I may be wrong.

Dear Aunty Ainley,

I have very weak ankles, which means that I cannot run a few paces without falling over. What can I do?

Yours, Susan Foreman.

Dear Susan,

Saw them off, and replace them with 3 foot square of carpet. Not only will you then be a complete encumbrance to the Doctor, but will at the same time at least double the number of opportunities available to plot-writers to have you fall over, and provide every bug-eyed monster from this side of the galaxy to the other with many more chances to eat you, as you'll be spending a lot more time spread-eagled on the floor.

Dear Aunty Ainley,

Please, please help... I cannot walk past an animal (Yetis, Nimons, Adric, etc.) without sticking my hand up its backside. My companions are getting rather worried.

Yours, Doctor Tristan.

Dear Doctor Tristan,

Of course they're getting worried. With all this attention that you're giving to the animals around you, they're feeling neglected and deprived. Reassure them by giving them all a surprise 'Bottoms Up' (or should that be the other way round?) party and provide them all with an opportunity to share in the wonderful experience.

Dear Aunty Ainley,

The Doctor is getting annoyed with me. I'm afraid I cannot resist showing what you can do with an old cereal packet and sticky-back plastic.

Yours, Steven 'Here's one I made earlier' Taylor

Dear Steven,

Well it's very understandable. All this time, the Doctor has been using trying to guard the secret of time travel, and you've been giving it away to every person writing in with their name and address on the back of a postcard, and giving the correct answer to the question "Would you like the secret of Time Travel?"

Dear Aunty Ainley,

I'm afraid that I cannot let an Anniversary go by without writing a book. Coming soon... "10 glorious years of Peter Haining Books".

Yours, P. Haining.

Dear P. Haining,

I've just been in touch with the literary writer's guild and between us we have been able to solve your problem. Your next book will only be published if you include within it the solution to this little problem of mine:

My library of Doctor Who related books is very large, and so I keep two reference books in my library too. The first reference book contains a list of all the books that have their title within them, and the second reference book contains a list of all the books which don't mention their title somewhere within their pages. I wish to make my library cross-reference complete - and so you must specify in your next work, into which reference book I should write the title of the first reference book, and then having done that, into which reference book I should write the title of the second reference book. There is a completely logical solution to this problem. The publishers and I expect this critical information about Doctor Who libraries to be in your first chapter.

* Send ALL your problems to...

Aunty Ainley, c/o Julian Mander, St. Peter's College, Oxford, OX1 2DL

Michaelmas 1993
A Sapphire & Steel Adventure
by Paul Dumont

The man in the grey suit strolled across Tom Quad, catching up with the elegant lady in blue as she stood beside a door. Her fingertips brushed gently against the dark, varnished wood. "Well?" he demanded.

"I think we're too late. They were all here, in a room behind this door, but..." She was interrupted by the dull ringing of a great bell. "Steel, listen. That bell should have rung nine times five minutes ago. Yet now it is ringing" she paused, calculating "one hundred and one times!"

"Then the fabric of time has been weakened here. They have all gone - did they cause the weakness? Were they trying to escape from it?" Steel made a decision. "We have to check the room. They might all be in there - trapped, hidden somehow." He pushed open the door and went inside.

They had ignored the passage and the staircase (which, unusually, carried no trace of the phenomena they were investigating). The presence they felt came from behind a white painted door. Cautiously they entered.

"This room," said Sapphire, "is currently named Lecture Room Two in Tom Quad, Christ Church."

Steel gazed at the white wall panels, the musty portraits, the roller blackboard and the wooden stand. "Touch the stand," he commanded. "What do you feel?"

Sapphire ran her hand along the wooden struts. "It's a focal point!" she exclaimed. "Minds concentrating... emotions of interest, indifference, derision, amazement, frustration - it's too much." She broke off and moved away. "It was so intense. A group of minds concentrating on this - the worshippers at the altar of a church. A note of mild alarm crept into Sapphire's voice. "Yes, worship. Of things from the past, images with no reality."

"Ghost images?" suggested Steel.

"Perhaps - and the group came to this room and focused their minds on the past for three years!"

"THREE YEARS!" exploded Steel. "They do this and expect nothing to happen? They do not deserve our help."

"Steel -"

"To do such a thing once might be an accident. To do it twice might be carelessness. To wilfully create a psychic imbalance by concentrating on the past and not on the present - now that is a supreme act of deliberate foolishness", he snarled. "They, wherever they are, do not deserve rescue. Forget them!"

"But the bell?" said Sapphire. "We can't just leave -"

"We can. Silver's a technician - he can fix it. Let's go." Steel flung the door open. "And who might you be?" he demanded.

"Well yes I am", replied the scarf clad figure in the doorway. "May I come in? I do have an invitation. He held out a piece of paper to Steel. Steel took it and read:

"Dear Doctor,

We hope you will be able to visit us sometime. We always meet on Mondays at 8pm in term time in Lecture Room 2, Tom Quad, Christ Church. We look forward to seeing you at some point in term time.

Happy times and places.
The Social Secretary, Oxford University Doctor Who Society."

"We are looking for this society too", Sapphire explained. "They seem to have distorted Time by psychically focusing on ghost images from the past regularly for three years."

"And how has the distortion manifested itself?" asked the Doctor.

"The bell outside tolls extra-temporally - " began Steel.

"Oh, that's just a silly human tradition. One hundred and one bells for one hundred and one curfewed Christ Church scholars", said the Doctor. "It is a bit confusing, isn't it? I'll mention it to Cardinal Wolsey next time I see him."

Steel was not used to being interrupted. He glared and said, "And what about the ripple of space-time distortion that brought us here tonight?"

The Doctor grinned apologetically. "My fault I'm afraid. The TARDIS' real world interface circuit is playing up at the moment. The ripple occurred when I materialised. Sorry. Would you like a -"

"No", hissed Steel.

"So just where is this society now?" enquired Sapphire.

"They have put us to a lot of trouble living for past images that have no real existence. They could be in trouble themselves, you know. Thank you", she said, taking a green Jelly Baby. "Oh, I think they'll be alright. Most of them are apathetic anyway, and none have the understanding or intelligence to exploit the psychotemporal phenomena they might create. I was hoping they would be here, but it seems... aha!"

The Doctor stropped over to the roller blackboard. He gripped the smooth thin metal ledge the protruded from the board's surface and pulled down. And they all read:

"DON'T FORGET - FROM MICHAELMAS 1992... DOCTOR WHO SOCIETY MEETINGS ON MONDAYS ARE IN THE MILES ROOM - AT ST PETER'S. SEE YOU THERE."

The Doctor turned to Sapphire and Steel. "Shall we walk or take the TARDIS?" he asked.
A review of the Colin Baker Years

By Mark Hanlon

"Change my dear. And it seems not a moment too soon." (The Sixth Doctor - The Caves of Androzani).

The Colin Baker era began in March 1984 after Peter Davison departed in a blaze of glory in the excellent THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI. The new Doctor had a hard act to follow. As the quotation above indicates, the production team opted for a change in format where the new Doctor was concerned: he was to be brush, garish, arrogant, selfish and almost uncaring. However, as the era progressed and stories became uneven and sloppy as a result of too much upheaval, we might disagree with the sixth Doctor's diagnosis in THE CAVES OF ANDROZANE change, as it appeared, did occur too soon.

Colin Baker's first story, THE TWIN DILEMMA concluded a fine season of Who in an unfortunately lacklustre style. THE TWIN DILEMMA's problems are numerous, but stem from an inherent factor which we could argue went on to dog the rest of the era. The fundamental changes in the nature of the Doctor seemed more a shift than the format of the programme was able to handle. Consequently, the story's writer - and perhaps even script editor Eric Saward - were unable to adequately conceptualise how the new Doctor could be accommodated into the show's format. This waywardness over the programme's central character produced a general lack of direction in story and scriptural terms.

THE TWIN DILEMMA concerns Mestor of Jaconda (a slug) kidnapping two mathematically brilliant twins, Womulus and Wenum (sorry, Romulus and Remus - neither of them could act) and forcing them to calculate a means to destroy Jaconda's sun by shifting planets in order to scatter Mestor's eggs across the galaxy. Firstly, the whole concept of moving planets and supernova resistant eggs is ludicrous, but is compounded by a meandering script which finally manages to set the action on Jaconda only in the last third of the story. Up until then we have to endure waffly TARDIS scenes, a pointless trip to Titan Three, and stoningly bad lines such as "the very core of my being is on fire with guilt and rage" and my all time favourite from a sily woman playing the chief of police "and may my bones rot for obeying them." Good directors can often save lousy scripts, yet dear old Peter Moffatt, through a combination of lack of interest (understandable) and inability to shoot any scene in an interesting or exciting fashion, fails to coax from some very fine actors such as Maurice Denham and Kevin MacWally performances of any note to save the script. Edwin Richfield as Mestor does deserve mention, but unfortunately his range of movement and expression were limited by the fact that his costume seems to have been a large green wrinkly extra-safe condom. Seriously, THE TWIN DILEMMA was a story many hoped would be an aberration. Unfortunately, it wasn't.

Colin Baker's first full season as the Doctor was no big improvement on THE TWIN DILEMMA. In fact, its ramifications could be said to be partly responsible even for the absence of the show from our screens today.

As said, the change in the character of the Doctor produced instability far beyond the range of normal regeneration upheavals, yet this was compounded by a ludicrous move on behalf of the production team by extending the show's duration from 25 minutes per episode to 45 minutes. The implications of this were obvious: a 45 minute episode format required much more sophistcates writing as instalments now had to be more carefully paced then before to ensure continued interest over such a lengthy duration. In short, it required sufficient mileage in the nature of the show from which writers could draw to successfully exploit the new and more mature format. However, as from THE TWIN DILEMMA the show's basic nature itself was now confused. Season 22 was thus doomed before it started. With the exception of THE TWO DOCTORS and REVELATION OF THE DALEKS, all of the season's stories were badly constructed and paced, sagging badly somewhere in their run. Some of you may remember from Hilary 92 that ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN dogged its second half, VENGEANCE ON VAROS, THE MARK OF THE RANI, and TIMEFLASH also suffered the same fate. Since badly written and constructed stories make unsatisfying viewing, Michael Grade therefore had justification to diagnose the show as stale and suspended it for eighteen months. This, however, was not the only reason for his dissatisfaction. Season 22 was also gratuitously violent: Lyton's hands are crushed during torture in ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN, in VENGEANCE ON VAROS guards melt in a vat of acid (to the Doctor's amusement), in THE TWO DOCTORS Shockeye bites the head off a live rat, and in REVELATION OF THE DALEKS, the Doctor again makes sarcastic remarks when Davros' hand is blown off. Thus even the most successful stories of the season leave a bitter after-taste in the mouth. Season 22 further failed to excite on a visual front. Although REVELATION OF THE DALEKS and THE MARK OF THE RANI were excellently directed, and ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN, adequately, the other three stories were dull in the extreme. THE TWO DOCTORS suffered most since Peter Moffatt's tepid camera-work again failed to do justice to the fact that he had received a considerably larger budget than usual. Spanish filming locations do not come cheap, yet very little effort seems to have been made to convey the fact to the viewer that Seville looks very uninteresting. Ron Jones' work on VENGEANCE ON VAROS was also a little dull (yet his lighting is always commendable), and the less said about Pennant Robert's TIMEFLASH the better, although to be fair, no one could have done justice to such a script. Thus when the scripts were good - THE TWO DOCTORS and VENGEANCE ON VAROS, the direction was bad, and when the direction was bad - ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN and THE MARK OF THE RANI - the scripts were lacking. Poor old TIMEFLASH suffers in both quarters, and so the only good story of the season was the Daleks' story. Excellently written and directed, the story was a triumph in every department. The story must fairly be regarded as one of the gems of the 1980s, and if there was any redeeming feature of the Colin Baker era, it was that this story occurred during it. However, it could not save the season and eighteen months later, THE TRIAL OF A TIMELORD clogged up our videocassettes...

Michaelmas 1993
THE TRIAL OF A TIMELORD was a story of tremendous potential. Its fourteen episodes had the luxury of a writing period of eighteen months, with the opportunity therefore to both properly define the nature of the show and its direction, in addition to constructing a good story in the process. Indeed, many of the central ideas behind THE TRIAL OF A TIMELORD promised a classic season: high corruption on Gallifrey, the shifting of Earth's spacial position after which it was re-named Ravolox, the 'death' of Peri, and best of all, the revelation that the Doctor's court prosecutor, the Valeyard, was in fact a manifestation of the Doctor's darker side somewhere between his twelfth and thirteenth regeneration. Yet the final product was meandering - in places boring - confused, and full of disappointments. The opening instalment, the four episode THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET, embodies many of these criticisms. Written by the lat great Robert Holmes and occupying that all-crucial viewer-grabbing slot in the season, the hype that surrounded the story was understandably considerable. Yet Holmes' script seemed unusually devoid of tension, perhaps compounded by the fact that most of the main protagonists were humourous in some way; Glitz was a loveable rogue, Katrika was hammed-up terribly by Joan Simms, and Drathro was surrounded by the two superfucious characters - Humker and Tandrell - whose attempts at satire fell flat on their face. In addition, although the script furnished on the idea of end-of-the-universe-savages versus robot, people rightly expected better after eighteen months.

The second segment, "Mindwarp" remains in my opinion one of the ultimate nadirs of Doctor Who. Some people I know find this story extremely good. I find it unwatchable until the last few minutes of the last episode. The story concerns the transplant of Kiv's brain into another body to ensure his continued survival and ability to generate mega-profit for the mentors of Thuros Beta. The story witnesses the return of Sil from VENGEANCE ON VAROS, but whereas the character was a delight in his first story (since the juxtaposition of his sadistic nature with his comedic asides was superbly achieved), in MINDWARP the humour predominates and the character loses half, if not all, of its appeal. The sadism is left to the Doctor who we are led to believe lost his sanity as the result of the mindwarp. But did he? Was he merely pretending? The basic problem with MINDWARP is that we are unsure whether the Doctor has lost his sanity or not, as he recovers without any explanation of his behaviour in part four. Of course, this could have been part of the mystery of the Doctor's nature, yet in comparison with the handling this aspect receives under Sylvester McCoy, MINDWARP's attempt is shabby indeed, and Colin Baker's acting fails to cover up the fact that even he was unsure as to his character's ultimate motives. He reportedly asked Eric Saward, the script editor, whether the Doctor was insane for half of the story's duration. Saward was in fact as clueless as Colin Baker. Since half the story revolves around behind-the-scenes confusion and other half running around in caves, the effort is an ultimate failure. True, Peri's death at the end of the story is shocking, but it has taken eight episodes in total for something to happen in a season everyone expected to shock from the very beginning. MINDWARP remains the most vivid example of a dodgy story emerging from confusion over the nature of the central character, despite the fact that Colin Baker, in the bulk of the season, does seem to be getting to grips with a more subdued character.

The penultimate instalment, TERROR OF THE VERVIODS, is perhaps the best story of the season. The script by Pip and Jane Baker is much more sturdy than its two predecessors, and remains a clever who-dunnit story. However, its tired central idea - plants take over Earth - does drag the story down a little, as does gaudy acting (hi there, Bonnie Langford), directing and set design. The story is thus too colourful and so lacks a sense of brooding menace that is essential to this kind of story. Nevertheless, the story remains one of the better scripts of the season and Colin Baker, at last, seems to find his niche in his portrayal of the Doctor.

THE TRIAL OF THE TIMELORD's final two episodes concluded the season in a more upbeat style than those which opened it, yet nevertheless one cannot view them without a feeling of dissatisfaction. True, we have the revelations of the Valeyard's true nature and the fate of the Earth, yet these are insufficiently developed and the whole saga is rounded off in a most confusing manner. Oh, and we find out that Peri didn't die. She married instead. Still, same difference I suppose. Nevertheless, one the season's main strings had been removed, which, perhaps, seems to apply characterise Colin Baker's second series: the setting-up of strings which were then neutralised by either excessive or sloppy humour.

Unfortunately, Colin Baker did not survive THE TRIAL OF A TIMELORD since shortly after broadcast Michael Grade felt that he was the sole cause of the show's ills, and sacked him. This was a great pity as Colin Baker had yet to prove himself in the part - as anyone who has seen his Doctorish portrayal of The Stranger in 'SUMMONED BY SHADOWS' and 'MORE THAN A MESSIAH', where Baker proves that he could indeed have been a great Doctor. His portrayal is a little akin to Sylvester McCoy's version of the Time Lord, although not a straight copy since Baker has yet to view his successor - which incidently is how Baker intended to play the role by his third or fourth year in the part. Thus the Colin Baker era was the era of might-have-beens. Tremendous potential existed, but was apparently unexploited by lethargic and visionless executives involved in the show's production.

Michaelmas 1993
... or the Doctor Who Song Book

By Matthew Kilburn

Summer in Oxford, as everybody knows, is the time for that civilized pastime, punting. A small boat, a pole, a river, and you're away. That is, if you know how to steer your craft, have a sense of direction, and are not afraid of falling in the Cherwell. For societies such as ours, it is the time for the pint party, in which punts are booked, food and drink are bought, and we hope someone knows how to punt.

One problem is what to do on these events if the edible substances on board are not to quickly disappear. The Arthurian Society and Tolkien Society both boast an extensive repertoire of songs, of varied derivation, with which to pass the river-borne hours. The Doctor Who Society should at least be able to equal them!

Below are three ditties by those well-known guest stars of THE CHASE, the Beatles, with their lyrics suitably adapted. They at least save us from having to rely on 'Klokeda partha mennin klatch' sung by the third Doctor to tame Agedor in THE CURSE OF PELADON and THE MONSTER OF PELADON to the tune of 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen' should one feel obliged to offer a song representative of your society.

Start practising now for next summer...

Blue Police 'Phone Box

On the world, where I was born
Lived a man who sailed through time
And he told us of his life
In the land of time machines
So we soared up through the stars
Till we found a green vortex
And we lived thirteen stressed lives
In our blue police 'phone box

We all live in a blue police 'phone box
A blue police 'phone box
A blue police 'phone box
We all live in a blue police 'phone box
A blue police 'phone box
A blue police 'phone box

And our friends, are all aboard
All our enemies we keep next door
And the synths begin to play
Dumba-de-dum, Dumba-de-dum,

Dumba-de-dum, Dididy-dum
Wah-Wah-aaaaaaaaaaaahhhhh!

We all live in a blue police 'phone box, etc.

As we live thirteen stressed lives
Everyone of us has all we need
Box of blue
Vortex of green
In our police telephone time machine

We all live in a blue police 'phone box, etc.

MATTHEW KILBURN, JOHN LENNON, and PAUL McCARTNEY (with apologies to MOMI)

RASSILON'S ETERNAL LIFE CLUB BAND

It was millennia ago today
Rassilon put the game away
It was well and truly out of style
And it definitely wouldn't raise a smile
But let me introduce to you,
The one's who've played in all these years,
Rassilon's Eternal Life Club Band.
We're Rassilon's Eternal Life Club Band
We no longer enjoy the show.
We're Rassilon's Eternal Life Club Band
In stone we can't get up and go.
Rassilon's Eternal, Rassilon's Eternal
Rassilon's Eternal Life Club Band.
It's terrible to be here,
We're sure you've had a thrill,
You're such a lovely audience
We'd like us to go home with you
We'd like us to go home.
I wish we could all end the show
But I thought that you might like to know
Another Time Lord's come and done some wrong
So his life's becoming very long.
I don't need to introduce to you
The one and only President Borusa
Of Rassilon's Eternal Life Club Band.

MATTHEW KILBURN, JOHN LENNON and PAUL MCCARTNEY

Michaelmas 1993
This one rounds the term off for us, although I couldn't work any reference to horns in, and I've never heard of SMN, of its effects.

SOLDEED IN A MAZE WITH NIMONS

Picture yourself in a world full of corridors
With walls that are silver and never stay still
Somebody calls you, you answer quite calmly
A man wearing silver foil robes
Babbling stories of men with bull's heads
Going to save the world.
Look for the man with the oversized fork
And he's gone.
Soldeed in a maze with Nimons.
Follow him down to a door made of streamers
Where open-eyed children stand mouthing your words.

As he goes by them everyone cowers
Although you'd laugh at his hair dye.
Guards with big space guns appear at your side
Waiting to take you away.
Climb in the alcove with a clear plastic door
And you're gone.
Soldeed in a maze with Nimons.
Picture yourself in a big silver cannonball
Which you are told will take you through space
Open the door and someone is waiting
A man wearing silver foil robes.
Soldeed in a maze with Nimons.

MATTHEW KILBURN, JOHN LENNON and PAUL MCCARTNEY

A short story by S'Talisha

Yes, it's a tunnel. Dark and full of shadows, as any self-respecting fictional tunnel ought to be. Lots of little nooks and crannies for creepy things to hide behind. Lots of little cracks and holes for the wind to whistle through with the kind of nerve-tingling sound it takes thousands of pounds to create artificially. And as this tunnel was manufactured, it had a few ventilation ducts as well.

Suddenly, the tunnel began to vibrate with the approach of something large and heavy. And fast. It passed by on the other side of one of the walls, a powerful rush of air surged through the grilles and cracks in the wall, and the tunnel was lit by the strobe effect of the lights from the windows of the passing train.

Within seconds, it was gone. Peace and darkness reasserted themselves and annoyed little bits of dusty paper resettled themselves back on the floor. Then a faint light appeared in the long-forgotten tunnel, about two metres or more above the ground. The light gradually increased, to the accompaniment of an intermittent sort of wheezing and groaning. A curious rat poked its whiskers out of a small hole at ground level. It watched as a pair of battered old shoes appeared from a ventilation duct in the opposite wall, followed by an equally scruffy pair of trousers, and an arm carrying an oil lamp. Jack hung the lantern on a wall bracket next to the duct and sat with his legs dangling into the tunnel. He coughed and wheezed again, patted his chest and blew his nose on an old blue hankie. Then he threw his walking stick down into the tunnel, jumped nimbly after it, and then used it to retrieve the lantern carefully from the wall.

Hiking the stick over one arm, with the lantern held by the other, he wandered off out of sight in search of somewhere warm, dry and, if he could possibly manage it, quiet enough to sleep.

Michaelmas 1993

OUDWS
Due to a combination of factors, the following items are FOR SALE AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES for quick sale.

All are from my extensive collection of Doctor Who merchandise.

Sale of the listed items is strictly on a first-come, first-served basis, as I do not have duplicates. Items can be delivered to any Oxford college or sent by post (postage extra).

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE (most mint, with posters intact):
MONTHLY... 53, 72, 78, 82, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 174 (Tardis Special) Each £5.00
ANNUALS (DR. WHO)...
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1979 2cm slight tear in plasticized cover. F. 1980 VG Each £4.50
1981 Unmarked, but many pages sellotaped in. G. £3.00
1981 VG £3.50
ANNUALS (DALEK)...
1976 Defacing on puzzle pages. G £5.00
1978 Inside M. Cover P/G Overall G £5.50
1979 F £7.00
ANNUAL (KG)...
1983 M £5.50
JIGSAWS...
3 Blue faced figures surrounding Tom Baker in forest. 27 pieces missing /224. Box battered and heavily taped. VP £3.50
Enemies of Doctor Who: Zygons. 5 pieces missing /224 P/G... £4.50
BATTERY OPERATED DALEK... Non-speaking, but 'clicking'. Unboxed. All protuberances missing.
Requires a bit of maintenance and tender loving care. VP £3.00
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Posters from Who Dares Publishing protected with a plastic coating Each £3.50
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Designed for the FASA role-playing game. 1985. All boxed (VP) but models M, unpainted with bases;
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DWS Ice Warriors (3); DW7 Sarah Jane, Leela, Adric;
DW8 Davros, Dalek, K9; DW11 Romana, Jo, Turlough ...... £20.00 lot, or Each £4.00
TARDIS TUNER RADIO...
Unboxed, working. Working switches. G/F... £20.00
GAMES...
'War of the Daleks' (Strawberry Fayre), Complete, but no die, box heavily taped. Working order G £20.00
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LPS...
MONEY BOXES...
Small Blue China Money Box M £8.00
Large Blue China Money Box M £10.00

VP Very poor, P Poor, G Good, VG Very good, F Fair, VF Very Fair, M Mint.

With many of the above items, I am perfectly happy to negotiate if you would like to make me an offer. Please get in touch if you have any queries.

Julian Mander

TERM: 94 Walton Street, Jericho, Oxford. OX2 6EB; or c/o St. Peter's College

OUDWS Michaelmas 1993