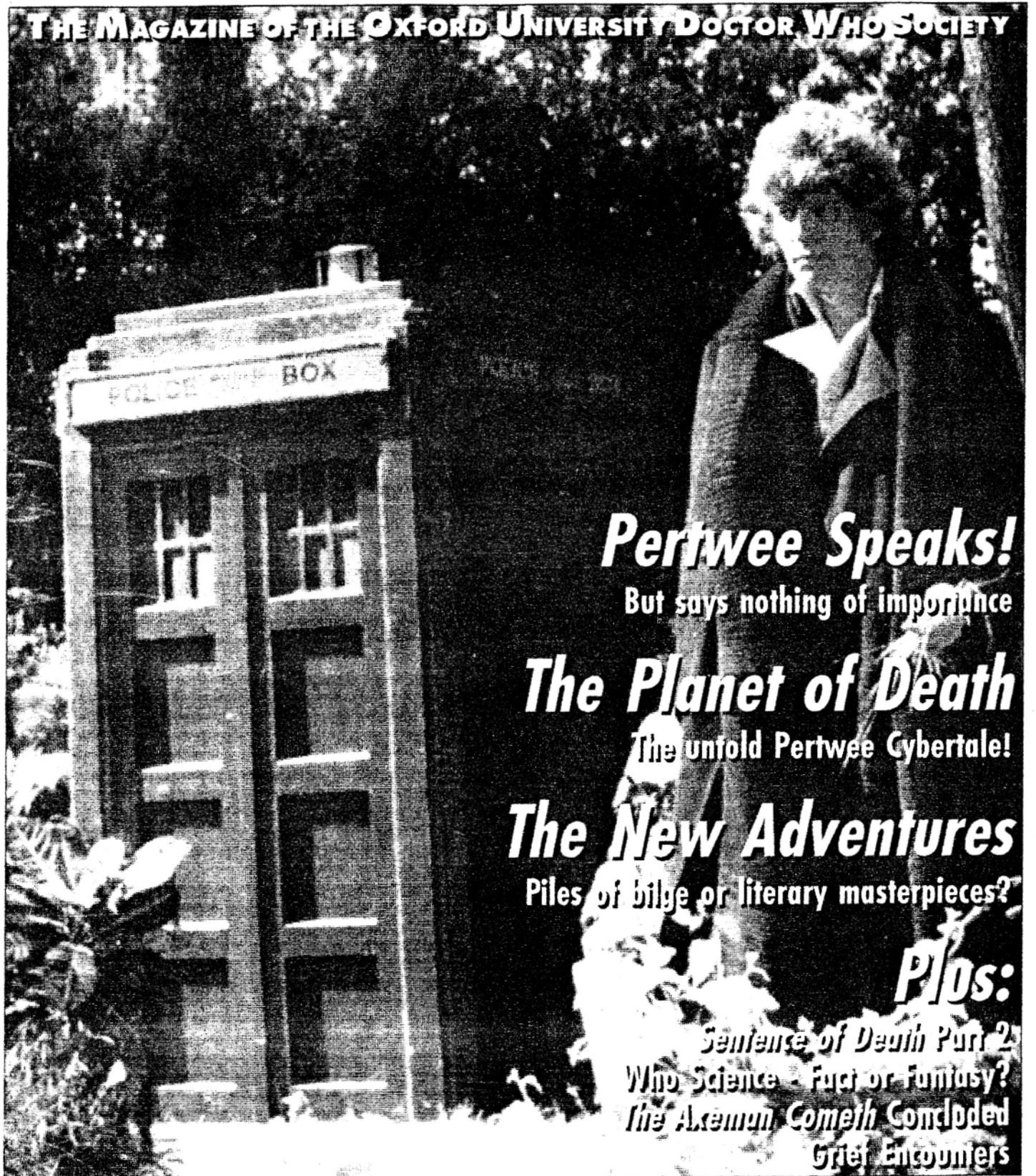


Issue 13, Hilary Term 1994, £1



THE TIDES OF TIME

THE MAGAZINE OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DOCTOR WHO SOCIETY



Pertwee Speaks!

But says nothing of importance

The Planet of Death

The unfold Pertwee Cybertale!

The New Adventures

Piles of bilge or literary masterpieces?

Plus:

Sentence of Death Part 2

Who Science - Fact or Fantasy?

The Axeman Cometh Concluded

Grief Encounters

THE TIDES OF TIME

ISSUE 13, HILARY TERM 1994

Welcome to another Cyber-tastic, Pertwee-mongus issue! We've been slaving away over a hot computer keyboard for months to bring you another slice of *Doctor Who* delight. So fasten your seatbelts and prepare to make the jump to hyperspace. A galloping galaxy of sparkling features, reports and reviews awaits YOU the lucky reader!

Once again our thanks go to all the contributors, without whom this editorial would seem even more sad and lonely than it already is. The editors would like to make it clear that they bear no animosity towards those members of the society, who, for very good reasons of their own, (which they wish to keep to themselves) neglected to take part in this literary tea party and if they happen to die horribly in the next few weeks the editors will not derive any satisfaction from this (well, not much). And if they happen to find a dead rat nailed to their door in the morning the editors would like to make it clear now that they had nothing to do with it.

However redemption is nigh for these pitiful souls for we are now taking submissions for next term's issue, the deadline for which is Monday 3rd week of Trinity Term.

May the force be with you (or something like that).

Gary and his invisible friend Dave,
(who went through the articles with an axe.)

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* Only Kidding!

Doctor Who - A New Approach

Mention the words "Doctor Who" to someone and, no doubt, they will conjure up images of a cheap, tacky Saturday afternoon children's programme of the 1970s.

This is the essential problem of the post-modern *Doctor Who* analyst - to convince one's audience of the worth of the study. Many universities still refuse to offer courses in *Doctor Who* and, until this situation is rectified, we shall ever remain in the intellectual Dark Ages.

To begin, it is necessary to examine the central figure, referred to variously as "The Doctor" or "Doctor Who", according to which ever school of thought you belong to. When we are first introduced to the Doctor, he is in the guise of a stubborn, arrogant old man, very much the product of post-war austerity and in stark contrast to his more "liberated" young assistants, who are implicitly promiscuous, both in their figure-hugging costumes and their burning desire to grope their way down dark corridors. Within the stark environment of the "TARDIS" (the significance of which will be addressed later on) the characters are

"...they see the Doctor as a Christ-like figure, dispensing wisdom and morality before being sacrificed..."

forced to become reconciled with their inner selves, just as they confront the large, glowing phallic-shaped central control column of the TARDIS.

The dialogue of *Doctor Who* characters has also been dismissed as superficial, one-dimensional, if not downright stupid. When the Doctor introduces himself and his granddaughter, Susan, in the first episode he states:

"We are not of your world. We are wanderers in the fourth dimension."

The sexual ambiguity of the hero is thus established. Of course, there

has been much speculation as what is meant by the "fourth dimension" - could it be a sexual-spiritual wasteland into which the Doctor and his companion have been cast, Adam-and-Eve-like, by their mysterious superiors? Some critics have made much of the Doctor's inability to make use of his "equipment" and the way his "assistants" (itself a value-charged term) never seem to know in what direction they are travelling.

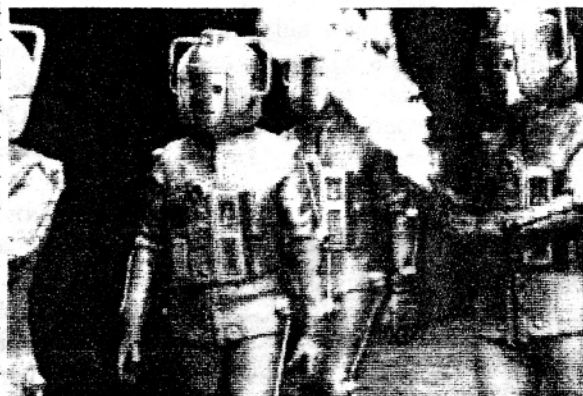
Before we leave the sexual chessboard that is the TARDIS behind us, it is necessary to consider its external shape as a 1950s Police Box. The square, reliable shape is an icon of the fifties, a period noted for its sexual repression and austerity; it is also an embodiment of repressive authority, within which is contained another dimension, "bigger on the inside than the outside". We must remember now that *Doctor Who* began in 1963 - the year of the Beatles' first LP and sexual intercourse. Therefore, the individuals who cross the threshold of the TARDIS doors are undertaking a personal voyage of self-discovery - destination unknown. The TARDIS can thus be seen as a metaphysical concept for the state of western culture in the 1960s.

Of course, no discussion of *Doctor Who* would be complete without its "monsters", popular with children and adult alike. The famous "Daleks" surely need no introduction, yet their voice frequently goes unheard by critics. Their desire to invade, exterminate and conquer has often meant that they have been dismissed as mere fascists. However, there is a danger that their true, monetarist agenda has tended to be overlooked. For "exterminate" read "economise", and the truth soon becomes clear. Daleks represent the ultimate management strategy - they

are ruthless and determined to carry out their "plans" - or "policies" - for the universe. Their manifesto is simple enough - "DALEKS CONQUER AND DESTROY" and it is obvious that they are the ultimate consumers in the universal marketplace. In their mode of address they are clearly Thatcherite; all the features are there - the high-pitched, staccato delivery, the dominating manner and the inability to admit mistakes. Here is a typical exchange:

Human: 'I refuse to become your slave.'

Dalek: 'DO NOT DISPUTE WITH THE DALEKS! THE FUNCTION OF THE HUMAN IS TO OBEY!'



Cybermen - Communists in silver suits?

The Daleks see human beings as members of a different class - a working class. Within each Dalek there is a hideous, slimy, Kenneth Baker-like creature, and despite all their setbacks, and although they seem to have been wiped out many times (or read bad opinion-poll results), the Daleks have the ability to return and are as popular as ever.

Now let us turn our attention to those other "monsters", the Cybermen, who are often placed, unthinkingly, in the same category as the Daleks by the politically naive. The main similarity between the two is that they are basically organic, but all resemblance to humanity has been long since lost. Whereas the threat from the Daleks is one of economic conquest, the Cybermen aim to "Cybermise" their captives, and make them as themselves. They are the

Communists of the cosmic arena.

Originating from the planet "Mondas" (or "Marxism"), they infiltrate and destroy their victims from within, promising eternal life and prosperity, but at the cost of emotions and imagination. Indeed the Cybermen constantly outline their belief that "emotion is a weakness" to be overcome. At the same time, they clearly envy the Doctor's wit and imagination, his ability to adapt to circumstances. In contrast the Cybermen's plans often involve going back in time to engineer their

"...the fourth dimension - could it be a sexual-spiritual wasteland into which the Doctor and his companion have been cast..."

own version of events, rather than accepting reality as it stands. Also, like the Labour Party, they constantly change their external appearance, but they are always defeated by the Doctor (who, is here, a figure repre-



The Doctor - Christ-like figure?

sentative of the electorate at large). The Cybermen's only "safe seats" are the planets devoid of life, wastelands created by the industrial decline - here they tend to prosper. These subtleties of interpretation have been overlooked by many critics.

Indeed can we take the analogy further? Is the predominance of Davros as leader of the Daleks not a metaphor for Hitler in the Third Reich? And is the constantly changing head of the Cyberrace (Cybercontroller, Cyberco-ordinator, Cyberleader etc.) not a cunning indictment of the various changes in the Politburo over the years? These are theories which are beginning to gain ground amongst many respected Whovian analysts.

We have examined the ambiguous stance adopted by the Doctor, something partly defined by his alien nature. The constantly changing physical appearance of the central character only adds to this amorphous, fluid quality - he can appear as an old man, a grinning, curly-haired oddball or a third-rate Scottish "comedian". In a changing universe, he is truly a Man For All Seasons. Simultaneously he is also The One Fixed Point In A Turbulent Age, or the Rock Of Ages for a godless generation. This psycho-spiritual dichotomy must be clearly addressed. Here, many critics have been lost in the blind alley of determinism - they are determined to define the Doctor from a position of authority, rather than accepting the character as a post-modern, post-structural existential cultural icon. In his aimless wanderings through time, the Doctor is truly one of Beckett's tramps, waiting for a Godot who will never come. Like Vladimir and Estragon, he produces a variety of pointless objects from his pockets with which to pass eternity: yo-yo, jelly babies or the famous "sonic screwdriver", the destruction of which in a Peter Davison episode marks the decisive substitution of Art for Science in the programme.

In the midst of Life, there is Death, therefore in the midst of many Lives, there are many Deaths. The Lives and Deaths of the Doctor have provided much fuel for those who wish to take the quasi-religious viewpoint; they see the Doctor as a Christ-like figure, dispensing wisdom and morality before being sacrificed, then undergoing physical resurrection, appearing once again to his followers. The truth, I fear, is harder to accept. The real reason

that the Doctor returns from the brink of Death is that there is nothing else for him to do. He has become part of the establishment - the interwoven fabric of society. He is the ex-party leader who continues to appear on the TV, the after-dinner speaker who refuses to retire gracefully, the ageing pop-star who carries on releasing greatest-hits albums. He is an intergalactic Noel Edmonds, who will not be told where to go. He is a cheap and tacky Saturday afternoon hero for a cheap and tacky Saturday afternoon world.

D. J. Steele

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The author will be visiting Oxford on 11th March to give a talk on the views expressed in this article. Persons wishing to listen to him should meet at St. Edmund Hall lodge at 8 p.m. There will be a small charge to cover expenses.

COSTUMES I: Tying up the loose ends

1925

Memories, mused the Doctor as he re-entered the TARDIS, were strange things. Just when you thought you'd recovered all that you needed in your mind after a regeneration, something small would tickle in the back of your skull. It would grow and develop through minor irritation to a nagging ... feeling, which would haunt you every waking moment. And in the case of the Time Lords that was the majority of the time.

It was something he had seen at Cranleigh Hall. He'd just left there, he and his fairly large crew. What was he thinking of? It was ... it was ... no.

Faintly irritated the Doctor sat down cross-legged on the floor of the console room and began to pick up the tattered black and white photographs that made up his memories.

Victoria Waterfield ... travelled with me for a time ... screamed ... still, that was probably useful - at least I can bear when the screamers are in trouble ... rescued her from seaweed ... Yeti ... Ice Warriors ... Daleks. Not her father though.

Edward Waterfield ... Victoria's father ... worked with Maxtible to kidnap me in 1966 and take me to the Daleks ... Skaro and ... no.

... with Maxtible to kidnap me in 1966 ... antiques shop ... thug Kennedy killed by the Daleks ... someone else ... Perry ... 'getting the police'.

That was it. It was a loose end, the policeman at Cranleigh Hall had reminded him. To the policeman could it look as though Perry had killed Kennedy?

1966

Keith Perry was indeed having a bad day. It had all seemed so simple to start with. He'd go and meet this rich client, Doctor Galloway, in a cheap café and invite him to Mr Waterfield's shop at 10 o'clock that evening. So simple, and yet with the discovery of Kennedy's body, the disappearance of Waterfield and now the absence of both Doctor Galloway and the young Scotsman who had accompanied him, from the murder scene, Perry's small world was collapsing around his ears.

"This gentleman is indeed dead, sir," the Policeman whom he had summoned informed him.

"Well, I told you that," snapped Perry, already beginning to feel like a rat in a small box.

"So you did, sir," commented the policeman nonchalantly.

Was he enjoying this? thought Perry desperately.

"And this is the telephone that doesn't work?"

"That's right officer - listen," replied Perry, a little too eagerly. He snatched the receiver of its cradle and thrust it towards the policeman. The other took it off him and held it up to his ear. The presence of the dialling tone didn't help Perry's case.

"Well, it seems to be working fine now, sir," the policeman told him, a slight condescending tone creeping into his voice. "Mind if I use it to call the station?"

"Not at all." Perry's voice was almost inaudible.

The constable dialled a number. "That's odd, sir," he said, sounding confused. "Listen to this."

As Perry put the receiver to his ear he caught sight of the policeman's eyes. Blue. Ice blue. And the telephone - a repetitive beeping. The policeman had put his hand to Perry's temple and said in a quite different voice, "Calm. Quiet."

An infinitely gentle voice, soothing, becalming. The blue of those eyes ... drowning ... cold ... nothing.

He never recalled the event. The soft voice continued, gently erasing the memories of the evening. He had not come to the shop. He had not seen a dead body. He had not gone to find a dead body. He had not gone to find a policeman. He had not found one just walking out of his Police Box. The doors on it had not been swinging in the wrong direction....

2625

The Doctor returned the policeman's uniform to the copious cloakroom in the TARDIS. Quite when he would use it again he wasn't sure, but at least it had come in useful once. Which was more than you could say for much of the rest in there.

He felt better now. Perry would come to the shop the following morning to find no one there. There would be a note from Waterfield (actually written by the Doctor) explaining that he had gone on an extended research and shopping trip to Scotland with Kennedy, Doctor Galloway and his assistant Mr McCrimmon. Several weeks later they would find Kennedy's body in Glasgow. Waterfield's body they would never find - obviously, since it was on Skaro. The note would also leave the shop in Perry's control during Waterfield's absence; he wouldn't have access to genuine, brand new Victoriana, but he would probably make it a growing concern.

The Doctor picked up the book he had left on the console. It was nice, for a change, to make things work out for someone who was innocent. Back in 1866 the Daleks had "got theirs". Maxtible had been greedy, but perhaps he didn't deserve the end he got. Victoria escaped. Only Edward Waterfield got more than he deserved, but perhaps somewhere he approved of the Doctor's actions tonight.

But the Doctor's mood was slipping already. Things did not always go right for the innocent and, more often than not it seemed, the guilty won through. Sometimes it seemed that no matter how hard he tried someone suffered. And something told him that it was going to get much, much worse.

He walked into Adric's room and waved the book *Black Orchid* in the boy's direction.

"You know, you really ought to read this..." he began but his hearts weren't in it.

The Doctor shivered.

Anthony Wilson

SENTENCE OF DEATH PART 2

EPISODES AND FANS

Do fans possess any of the “lost” episodes? It may seem astonishing, but the facts definitely point in this direction.

The Wheel in Space Part 3 was found in 1984 and was returned after an anonymous letter (from “A True Fan”) alerted DWM to the existence of this lost “Pat Troughton/Cybermen/Cybemats” episode. It was also alleged that the holder of the episode didn’t want it returned although he was a fan of the programme. With the BBC knocking on his front door, this “fan” had no option but to be obliging and cough up.

I have since learned that the owner of this episode showed it to the Portsmouth DWAS Local Group, who “tipped off” DWM. What is definitely known is that this episode resurfaced in the Portsmouth area.

I was rather surprised last year to be told by one of the well-known episode hunters that *Tomb of the Cybermen* existed in this country before a copy was found in Hong Kong. When pressed further, this fan admitted that more lost episodes exist in this unknown person’s hands (although he was not specific) and that this person’s name “was known to us all”, implying a well-known fan. My informant then refused to discuss the matter further.

It is also known that the episodes of *The Time Meddler* recovered from Nigeria in 1984 contained a number of edits, however, for years afterward, fan’s “pirate copies” of episodes 1 and 3 contained the deleted sequences! It is now known that the holder of the unedited episodes is also a fan and that he found them in 1982, by his own admission before the Nigerian find! This fan was “kind” enough to loan his episodes to the BBC in late 1991 so that the missing scenes could be incorporated into the current BBC prints.

Certainly, the most convincing report that I’ve heard is something

that a trusted friend of mine told me in the Summer of 1991. He informed me that one of his friends knew for a fact that a “fan” had missing episodes that included *Galaxy Four* Part 2 and all of *The Macra Terror*. Certainly, up until 1991, *Galaxy Four* was the only story for which no episodes existed on audio; within weeks, this was partially remedied and episode 2 suddenly materialised!

I was curious and wanted to know how my friend’s source “knew for a fact” (his words, by the way) that these episodes existed. This source, who lives in the Henley-on-Thames region of Oxfordshire, recently got married, and I was warned that he may not appreciate the publicity. Even more astonishing, I was told that “he doesn’t care”!

At my request, DWAS has written to this source asking him to get in contact so that I may write to him. Unfortunately, *Doctor Who* seems to be low on this person’s list of priorities at the moment and, six months on, I have heard no word from him, and DWAS has informed me that he hasn’t replied to their letter either.

One rumour that wasn’t taken seriously by anyone (although it did de-



“Just wait until I get my hands on the fellow with *The Power of the Daleks*.”

serve some research) is that the proprietors of the old *Doctor Who* shop based in Wapping, London (it closed in 1986) boasted of possessing lost “Troughton/Yeti/Cybermen” episodes, but chose to hoard them to themselves. Despite the fact that these people would have been easy to trace and question (BBC Enterprises probably still possess the original licence/contract), nothing has been done. Incidentally, this story stretches back to October, 1985!

Talking of *The Macra Terror*, can it be just coincidence that the three sources who have, over the years, claimed knowledge of the existence of this story gone very quiet on the subject? First, there was Simon Lydiard in 1983, who wrote an editorial for his fanzine *Skaro* and said that this story and *The Tenth Planet* Part 4 existed in the private collection of someone who was broadly hinted at as being a fan. Despite some interesting correspondence in ensuing issues of *Skaro*, nothing ever materialised, and recently, when approached by *Metamorph* fanzine to reprint sections from the original *Skaro* magazine, he said that he “had nothing further to add” although he did give permission to reprint the relevant sections.

Then there was Gary Levy (now Gary Leigh) who, in the same year, had “conclusive evidence” that *The Macra Terror* and a whole host of other lost episodes existed. In more recent years, Gary has dismissed the whole incident as rumour, but this is what he said about my information about the *Doctor Who* shop informant in 1985! He has probably gone very quiet because his article, which appeared in the formative days of DWM, got the fanzine into trouble with the BBC (I don’t have the fanzine in question, so I’m quoting what I read later).

And then there’s the mysterious contact in Henley-on-Thames, who definitely knows something about the subject, but prefers to remain quiet.

Incidentally, I was the author of a recent letter to *Metamorph* (signed “Mister X”) in the vain hope, that my information about the Henley

person would provoke some corroboration or even a rumour to support my information. Nothing happened, so I have decided to dispose with the anonymity and risk any consequences, such as legal action (!) [Er, hold on a minute - Ed]

And what of the future? What else can we expect to see recovered? Last year, I was told second-hand that one of the "well-known" episode hunters who lives in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, not far from where I live, incidentally, knew that the two outstanding episodes of *The Reign of Terror* (4 & 5) are in private hands and would be returned to the BBC once the collector had recouped the costs that it took to buy the film prints in the first place! Apparently, the holder of the two episodes is the same person who returned episode 6 of this same story



"We've lost 75% of *The Underwater Menace*. Shame."

to the BBC in 1982. He must have quite an affinity for this story.

The same "Newcastle" person also tried to get in touch with the last-known owner of *The Tenth Planet* Part 4 and went to an address only to be informed that the person in question had moved house and hadn't left a forwarding address! So much for that.

Although I place much credence in this *Reign of Terror* report, I should mention that I was first told this in June 1992 and since nothing has (so far) appeared, perhaps we should question its validity.

I do know that negotiations have been taking place since at least

before Christmas 1990 to recover what has been described as a "poor quality" print of *Power of the Daleks* Part 2 (without its opening titles if reports are true). Getting hold of this episode hinged on swapping the film print for a Laserdisc version of

"Last year, I was told ... that one of the ... episode hunters knew that the two outstanding episodes of *The Reign of Terror* (4 & 5) are in private hands and would be returned to the BBC..."

the extended version of the film *Aliens* which was only available (at the time) from the USA. The Laserdisc was obtained but since that was about two years ago and no progress has been made, we must sadly, conclude that the whole incident was a hoax (although there was a rumour that the episode would re-surface in time for Panopticon last year). Certainly, the episode punter in this case (who was also responsible for the negotiation and safe return of *The Reign of Terror* Part 6 in 1982) does feel that he has been "messed about with", and the film collector does not return his phone calls.

In the past, the BBC has always refused to pay for the return of "its" property. But now it has been realised that a lot of money can be made from any missing TV programme.

With the astonishing success of *Tomb* on video (more than 100,000 copies sold so far), the BBC are diligently contacting all foreign to companies with whom they have had dealings with in the past in case any more lost episodes have been overlooked. So far nothing.

Announced at the same time as this was the declaration by the BBC to pay anyone or any company an entirely negotiable "finder's fee" to act as a financial incentive and to try and secure some episodes urgently in private hands [*The Tenth Planet* Part 4 - PF]. Nothing has turned up on that front either.

Recent reports suggest that BBC Enterprises have "something in the

pipeline" but no one knows what this is. Could be more missing episodes? Probably by the time you're reading this, more should be known. [It had been rumoured that *The Macra Terror* and *The Highlanders* have been found - Ed]

One thing hasn't changed: the BBC will ask no questions at all, and they only want to make a copy of the programme, the original being retained by the owner. The only thing that prevents such a perfect arrangement is the selfish hoarding of episodes by collectors. We have already heard the evidence regarding such episodes as *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and more infamously, and much more widely publicised, *The Tenth Planet* Part 4.

But is there a possibility, no matter how faint, of completing the filmed history of *Doctor Who*? The odds may look against it, but the simple answer is that "we don't know".

And that means that it *may just* be possible, after all.

Paul Lee

No piece of this article may be reproduced in any form (except for magazine reviews, or letters) without the express permission of the author. So there.

"Sad, really, isn't it? People spend all their time making nice things and other people come along and break them."

The Doctor
The Enemy of the World Part 3

"I shall destroy them. And you will always know that they existed, once. That you discovered, once. Held them in your hands, once. And then lost them forever."

Lyon
Snakedance Part 3

"I know of four people in my address book who'd pay millions for it."

"But no-one would even know they'd got it!"

"It'd be an expensive gloat, but they'd buy it."

Dugan and Romana
City of Death Part 2

THE AXEMAN COMETH

PART 2

The story so far. The TARDIS has landed in an environment littered with corridors and mysterious rooms. The Doctor and Ace have managed to get rid of Benny and are now looking for the "Reception" to find out where they are. They have just come to a large pair of doors.

No one gives a toss about what Benny is doing.

The Doctor grabbed one of the handles. Immediately he snatched his hand away. "It's electrified!" he told Ace, sucking his fingers.

Ace gave a mock sigh and gently pushed the Doctor away from the door. "If you want a f***ing job doing get a f***ing girl to do it," she said raising her gun to the door and pulling the trigger. The hammer clicked on empty chamber: Ace had run out of ammunition. "Sod this for a f***ing game of dominoes," she muttered and threw the massive piece of (barely) hand artillery at the doors.

The doors burst open amidst a shower of sparks and clouds of smoke caused by the heavy metal object hitting the electrified doors. After the smoke had subsided Ace stepped over the threshold and in to the room beyond, covering the room in wide arcs with a Colt .45 which she held in a two-handed grip.

"Freeze you f***ing bastards!" she cried.

"Been there," said a Cyberman who was stood in the room, "done that, come back with a T-shirt." The Cyberman indicated a T-shirt bearing the legend "I had a cool time in the ice tombs of Telos" which had been slung on the floor.

Ace screamed and pumped the entire clip of her Colt into the Cyberman. She might as well have been trying to kill an elephant with a feather duster.

"Must you try to kill everything we come across?" asked the Doctor as he followed Ace into the room.

"But Doctor, it's a f***ing Cyberman!" screamed Ace. "I thought I was allowed to kill f***ing Cybermen!" She put another clip into her pistol and covered the Cyberman with it. The Cyberman looked on with amusement, or the nearest a Cyberman can get to it.

"He might be able to tell us where we are," the Doctor told her. He doffed his hat at the Cyberman and asked, "We're not disturbing you, are we?"

"I was about to have lunch," the Cyberman replied. In the corner of the room attached to the wall was a large electrical clip.

"I'm sorry," apologised the Doctor, "but we're lost. You couldn't tell us where we are, could you?"

"We're wherever you want to be," replied the Cyberman enigmatically. "Now if you don't mind..."

"Er, yes, of course." The Doctor doffed his hat again. "Thank you for your help. Come on Ace," he ordered Ace, quickly bugling her out of the room before the Cyberman could turn nasty.

"Come in, why don't you." Benny looked round in amazement; there was nobody there. Or was there? In the corner of her eye she fancied she could see something, a slight change in the light like a movement of an

arm or the crossing of legs. "Hmm," said the bodiless voice, "I don't remember seeing you on T.V."

Benny whirled around trying in vain to detect the source of the voice. It proved as elusive as the mysterious odour, remnants of which still lingered on in her nasal membranes. "Er, I was never on T.V.," she explained to her disembodied interrogator, in a cheerful voice. "I'm the first companion of the Doctor's not to be an actor."

"Ooh, I don't know. Did you ever see Mel?"

"Er, must have been before my time." Benny had another look round but could see nothing. "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" The incorporeal entity considered the question. "Who am I?" it repeated again, as if unless it kept repeating the question it would disappear from its grasp like an elusive will-o'-the-wisp. "I am, I am the Doctor's, if you'll excuse the cliché, oldest enemy. I have been with him right from the start, hounding him in an attempt to bring down the axe. Just before his second regeneration I almost managed to destroy him but I was persuaded that there was nothing to replace him in the universe. Then for a decade and a half he proved too strong from me to get rid of. With the coming of the tubby one I knew I had my best chance. Before he barely had time to get used to his new incarnation I managed to put his existence into a time loop. When he managed to break out he was but a mere shadow of his former self and it didn't take long for me to administer the coup de grâce." The entity paused for breath, or at least to give the imitation of doing so. "So far his attempts to break back have been futile, with my agents Geard, Plowle and Bonety managing to trip him up at the first hurdle each time. But now he seems to have gained an alternative existence on a different medium. And it is this that I must guard against lest he break back."

"How do you plan to do this, Mister er?" asked Benny, hoping that her discarnate tormentor might comply with that great sci-fi tradition and reveal his plans to satisfy his vanity.

"I am know as the Axeman but you may call me Auntie." The entity seemed a little bit embarrassed by this. "My plan. Why it is simple. I shall do nothing."

"Nothing. You mean no dastardly plans to invade the universe with millions of marauding Daleks or to create a breach into another dimension to let through monsters of mind boggling proportions."

"Precisely. I shall do nothing. It's not as easy as it look, you know."

"Politicians do it all the time," pointed out Benny. "Say you're not some kind of metaphysical John Major are you?" She was well boned up on incompetent 20th century politicians.

"Certainly not," denied the entity. "Wherever did you get *that* idea from?"

"It was just a wild stab in the dark." Which was exactly what Benny wanted to give to her unseeable foe. "Are you going to do nothing to me?" she asked tentatively.

"Of course."

"So I'm free to go?"

"If you can." It had a point there. As well as not being able to see her enemy Benny couldn't see anything else either. "Anyway I have to be going. I'll see you around, maybe."

"Er, wait a minute. How can you win by doing nothing?"

The reply was fainter than the voice of before as if the thing was walking away from her. "If I do *something* then the Doctor will know his destiny." The voice was now getting hard for Benny to hear. "By doing nothing the Doctor will be in limbo..."

"This place is f***ing weird," declared Ace. "It's like being in Salvador Dali's mind during an f***ing acid trip."

"Which one of you is on the acid trip?" The Doctor didn't wait for an answer. "It is rather odd," he admitted. "Still it's a change for the Cybermen not to be shooting you and trying to take over the galaxy. And he didn't say 'excellent' once."

"Do you know where the f**k we are, professor?"

"Not a clue," confessed the Doctor cheerfully. "Though it does seem oddly familiar."

"Just plain f***ing odd if you ask me." Nobody did.

The corridors hadn't changed all the time they had been there. They were still the dirty grey passageways that had greeted them when they had disembarked from the TARDIS and they still bored Ace to tears. She longed for something to appear that she could shoot at, a door which she could break down or a window she could smash. She said as much to the Doctor but he merely grunted and kept on walking, no longer bothering to maintain the pretence that he knew where he was going.

"Can we not go back to the f***ing TARDIS?" pleaded Ace.

"Fine by me," came the reply. "If you would be so kind as to lead the way."

The reality of the situation struck home. As well as not knowing where they were or how to find reception neither could they find the way back to the TARDIS. "Surely you must be able to find your f***ing way back to the TARDIS. I thought you had some kind of telepathic f***ing link with it."

"It isn't some kind of homing device you know. Telepathy is more abstract than that it is something insubstantial, something undefineable. I can't just lock onto the TARDIS and home on to it like one of your fancy toys." The Doctor waved his hand in disgust and continued on his journey.

They came to a crossroads. Four corridors meeting at one point, four different choices. They could carry on, turn left or right or they could turn back. The Doctor licked his finger and held it up to detect the direction of the non-existent wind. With renewed vigour he continued straight on.

The entity had gone and with it the unidentifiable odour. Benny was back in the featureless corridors, not knowing which way she had come nor which way she should go. Unconsciously copying the Doctor's decision she went straight ahead.

The corridor ended in a large pair of double doors. The Doctor and Ace looked at each other.

"Are we going to f***ing go through them?" Ace asked.

"Do you think we should?" asked the Doctor. "There could be all manner of terrible things lurking behind there."

"We can't just f***ing stay out here, can we?"

"Why not? We can just lie down and die."

"You're not just a bit f***ing depressed are you?"

"Depressed?" the Doctor asked absent mindedly. "What makes you ask that?" The Doctor didn't wait for a reply. Almost instantaneously his mood seemed to change. "Well, what are you waiting for, open the doors."

Ace made to protest, "But..."

"I wouldn't if I were you," the Doctor interrupted. "You might hurt your head on those doors - they look pretty solid to me. Why don't you just pull the handle?"

Ace shot the Doctor a dirty look and pulled an auto-repeating laser pistol from an ankle holster. Apprehensively she tugged open one of the doors.

The shell landed between the Doctor and Ace throwing to the ground. The Doctor tried to get up but he had to duck again as burst of machine gun fire sprayed over his head.

"Follow me," ordered Ace, crawling into a nearby ditch. For some unknown reason the door had opened up onto a muddy battlefield. The Doctor followed her and flopped to the ground.

"How are you?" he asked Ace.

"I feel like the f***ing N.H.S.," she replied. "F***ing cuts everywhere." She took a first aid kit out of one of her many pockets and stiched up a particularly nasty cut on her left cheek. "Have you got anything that needs doing?" she asked the Doctor, waving her needle at him.

The Doctor looked at the bloodstained needle with distaste. "It'll wait," he replied.

"Suit your f***ing self." Ace peered over the top of the ditch. She spied some moving figures in the distance. They weren't moving for much longer.

"They could have been friendly!" protested the Doctor.

"Well, they f***ing are now. Corpses don't f***ing shoot back." There was another rattle of machine gun near them and a couple of shells exploded behind them. Ace returned fire.

"I think we'd better get out of here," the Doctor told Ace.

"I'm f***ing enjoying myself," retorted Ace. She let loose another couple of bursts, blowing up a machine gun nest. The enemy, whoever they were, replied by launching a missile salvo. In traditional sci-fi style they missed completely.

"I think you've got a point about f***ing get out of here," Ace admitted. "You make a run for the door, I'll cover you." Ace produced a small grenade-like device from her backpack. "I've got something for them to f***ing think about."

"That's not Nitro-9 is it?"

"Of course not, Professor."

"Very well then. But Ace."

"Yes, Doctor?"

"Try to kill as few people as humanly possible."

"I'll try my f***ing best, Doctor," replied Ace. "Now, go!"

The Doctor crawled through the mud while Ace shot at things at random whilst casting doubts about their legitimacy. When the Doctor had made it out of the door fitted the device she had shown to the Doctor to a grenade launcher that she conveniently happened to be carrying. She fired it at the middle of the originating points of the oncoming flak and sprinted for the door.

As soon as Ace dived through the double doors the Doctor slammed them shut and, following Ace's advice, threw himself to the ground. Almost immediately afterwards there was a loud crump and the doors buckled outwards.

"What was that thing?" asked the Doctor. "I thought you said it wasn't Nitro 9."

"It wasn't."

"What was that grenade?" the Doctor growled.

"It was just a small thermonuclear device," replied Ace, trying to be offhand about it.

"YOU'RE USING NUCLEAR WEAPONS!?"

"Only a little one," protested Ace. "Couple of megatons at the f***ing most."

"I don't care. You can't go killing thousands of people in a nuclear explosion then millions more by radiation poisoning."

"But it's a clean fusion device!" protested Ace. "There's no f***ing radiation."

"Clean? How can a nuclear weapon be clean?" the Doctor spat out. "What else have you got in that arsenal of yours?"

Ace began to rhyme off the contents of her bag, "Couple of M60 machine guns, one L89-DF laser rifle, a six pack of P90 Psychopath anti-personell grenades and a contraterrene grenade launcher."

"She's using anti-matter weapons now," muttered the Doctor in despair. "Whatever next."

"Oh, and I forgot. I've got a job lot of condoms in there as well in case I want a quick f**k." Ace flashed the Doctor a grin.

"I give up!" cried the Doctor. "Come on, and try not to blow anything up between here and the TARDIS."

"Well, here we are," said the Doctor triumphantly. In the distance Ace could make out the TARDIS.

"How did you do that?" asked Ace. "I thought you couldn't home in on the TARDIS."

"I can't," admitted the Doctor, "but this can." He held up a small device the size of a pocket television with a screen of similar proportions. "It's an, er, homing device."

"You mean we were f***ing traipsing through miles of corridors when we could have made it back to the f***ing TARDIS in five minutes."

"We'd have no new adventures if we went back into the TARDIS ten minutes after we'd landed. Merely old ones to look over and review for time eternal," replied the Doctor philosophically. "I suppose we'd better wait

for Benny."

"I wonder what this place is? Do you think we'll ever know?"

"Perhaps Benny can tell us. Wherever she is."

"I'm behind you," they were informed by a voice, strangely enough, behind them. Benny had finally managed to find her way back to the ship. "Hi guys, how goes it?"

The Doctor looked at her with disgust. Eventually disgust left and the Doctor put his feelings into words. "What kind of grammatical nonsense was that meant to be?"

"It's English, though because I come from six hundred years into your future we have to give it a stupid name like Standard or Basic." Benny smiled cheerfully. It was all she was good at. She was meant to be a history professor but that was only because the *New Adventures* writers didn't want to be accused of sexism by making every woman in their novels a brainless bimbo. Benny instead was a clever bimbo.

The Doctor grunted and hunted for the key to the TARDIS. He found it in one of his many pockets, stuck to an old Everton mint. He put the mint in the lock and popped the key into his mouth. Quickly he reversed this and let himself into the TARDIS. He thought about marooning Ace and Benny in the strange place but decided against it - the novelists wouldn't have some one to over-psycho-analyse.

He opened the door again and Ace and Benny trooped into the console room.

"That was f***ing boring," complained Ace. "I hardly f***ing managed to kill anyone. And as for casual sex..." She didn't finish her sentence, which was just as well.

The Doctor sighed inwardly and activated the dematerialisation circuit. With a whirring-chuffing sound the TARDIS dematerialised.

A buzzer buzzed, not surprising really because that's what buzzers do. Now if it had let out a raspberry then that may have been something to talk about.

"And so Time, you score after 2 minutes is 13 points and two passes. The best time phase for growing transit-night seeds is during the 1st phase of the second pass of the moon of Grayton and the pulse rate of the neutron star, Araxtisine is 4.67 pulses per minute."

There was a round of applause and Time retook his seat.

"And our next contestant is, er, Death. Your specialist subject?"

Death grinned and fondled his scythe.

THE END

Ryan Hamage

Ryan Hamage lives in a dirty, squalid squat somewhere in North London and is a bit of a boring git. His hobbies include drug taking, continuity error spotting and the odd bit of masturbation. He has written a few (o.k. one) articles for a couple of obscure fanzines which makes him the perfect choice to write a *New Adventures* novel. The *Axeman Cometh* is his first, and probably last, "novel".

The Dimension Riders

The *Dimension Riders*, a book by Daniel Blythe, successfully blends a number of ingredients. Among these are elements from the past of the programme, as has become common in *The New Adventures*. We have the Doctor's statement that "Time is my business" from *Pyramids of Mars* and a thoughtful variation on the Doctor's night-time café from *Remembrance of the Daleks*. More particularly important to the Alternative Universe cycle are the allusions to a particular adventure in the Doctor's past. *Blood Heat*, of course, derives from *The Silurians* in a very direct fashion and *The Left Handed Hummingbird* is associated with *The Aztecs* and, in a curious way, with *The Chase* as well. *The Dimension Riders* is a homage to *Shada* and makes use of similar contents to the original, but in a manner that is plotted more tightly and consequently conveys more tension.

Where Douglas Adams set his teleplay in the his university, Cambridge [Boo, hiss - Ed], Daniel Blythe sets his *New Adventure*, correspondingly, in Oxford. Blythe's Oxford is very well observed. Amanda's words to Tom, "Nearly all the intelligence that matters on this world is here", illustrate the complacency which the university is often accused of regarding itself. There are some anomalies in the Oxford of the book that don't appear to have anything to do with the doings of the President and his allies. The Cherwell isn't navigable enough at Magdalen Bridge for rowing, and there isn't a pub there, but the run down to the Isis and Folly Bridge isn't really that scenic enough for the author to describe. Nor for that matter is there a St. Matthew's College, though it does occupy the same space as St. John's.

Reviews elsewhere have praised Blythe's characterisation, and with good cause. Figures like Romulus Terrin, Albion Strakk and Listrelle Quallem are not just uniforms. Quallem is a good example: Blythe builds her up very succinctly and very

effectively, so that the transformation from the coldly beautiful, clinically ruthless officer into the waif-like, gently fatalistic prophetess of doom extracts genuine and convincing pathos from her delirium, so that the reader can actually identify with her as a human being when she rises to defend her ship.

Blythe also gives us a new renegade Time Lord, and one who certainly resides in the lower divisions. The President reminded me, oddly enough, of those crude questions some reporters used to ask at the press launches for *Who*, when it was still an ongoing television series [Ah, those were the days - Ed], about the Doctor's sex-life and so on. To the President, the Doctor is someone he once admired but now thinks he has

"... I feel familiar enough to think of her as Benny now, which for a long time seemed contrived."

grown out of. He jeers at the Doctor because he can't be bothered to understand him, or perhaps can't face the values that the Doctor represents. His dealings with Garvond show that he is neither shrewd enough nor curious enough to match the Master or the Rani, or for that matter, perhaps even the Monk. In a sense he is the alter ego of Captain Terrin, as he fails to see the limits of his own intelligence and competence, and is ultimately motivated by a selfishness that contrasts with Terrin's self-sacrifice.

The Garvond and the eponymous Dimension Riders are less clearly focused. This is partly for effect. Blythe wants the reader to share the plight of the humans aboard Space Station Q4 and the *Icanus* and so he places the Time Soldiers and their master almost as far outside our experience as they are outside the comprehension of the two crews.

The regular characters seem to be developing more comfortably

now. Bernice is at last emerging as more than a cipher. Oxford is a perfect context for Bernice, where we see a 26th century professor, of dubious standing but the wit and intelligence to carry the title with justice, spend time with a 20th century professor with more orthodox credentials but an unorthodox calling. I feel familiar enough to think of her as "Benny" now, which for a long time seemed contrived.

Ace is a problem for writers. Bernice has had a shorter history and a less angst-ridden one. Ace, on television, was a combination of extremes. I am among those who would have preferred it if Ace hadn't returned so soon after *Love and War*, but her inner turmoil seems at last on the verge of being resolved. We have a few occurrences of Ace-angst in *The Dimension Riders*, but these then to look forward to the pattern of relationships being established on the TARDIS, where the Doctor and Benny are almost equals, Bernice as a conscience, and Ace is on the outside, trying to find out what makes Ace tick.

Like *Time's Crucible*, *The Dimension Riders* concerns the idea of the stolen future. Unlike in *Blood Heat*, where the Doctor is clear that one timeline is "real" and another a deviation, here his actions to save the lives of the crew of the Q4 result in the deaths of almost all of the *Icanus* crew. The time paradox is rendered a far less cosy concept that it has been in televised *Who*, simply because we are shown, starkly, its effects on individuals, rather than on society as in *Day of the Daleks*. That the cause of the crisis is a former, or future, action made by the Doctor reinforces the feeling that the outcome remains precarious throughout.

The Dimension Riders is not perfect, but it is among the best of *The New Adventures*. Its use of retroactive continuity avoids being ponderous and we are spared another exploration of the Doctor's soul, a trap which this story could have so easily fallen into. It manages to include challenging concepts while being an entertaining adventure story - the crucial balance which made *Doctor Who* good television.

Matthew Kilburn

QUIZ #6

COAT HANGERS, MR WOOD?

1. EMERGENCY, EVEN FOR BETH

2. TOSS THE NOBLE FOOD

3. I WED A GREAT GIRL, A STARLET, BRIGHTON BRIDE DORIS

4. THE SECURER COFFIN

5. SAVAGE CNN EON OVER

6. COVET SAHARA ZONE FIND

7. ... SO FED THE VICTOR

8. PICTURE MOTHER/FATHER E.T.

9. WEEP FETID SEA HORROR

10. DIRT FOR I HATE MEL A LOT

11. A LAB? SHE THE WIZ

12. THEN MALE DIMWIT

13. O TERRIFIC TIDAL WAVE

14. HARSH LONE PERTWEE UTTER "FOOL NOT" VERIFY

15. I HUMBLE? SANE??

16. THIN FOOD, INSANE SAVIOURS

17. AT WORSE DESPAIR

18. O INTENT SEARCH

19. TOFFEE PRALIN

20. BATH A DODO'S FEATHERS SAM

Answers to Quiz #5

¹ A	² N	³ A	⁴ T	⁵ G	⁶ R	⁷ A	⁸ V	⁹ I	¹⁰ 'S	¹¹ A	¹² I	¹³ 'M
¹⁴ R	¹⁵ O	¹⁶ M	¹⁷ E	¹⁸ R	¹⁹ 'T	²⁰ O	²¹ O	²² S	²³ 'H	²⁴ 'O	²⁵ 'B	²⁶ 'O
²⁷ T	²⁸ E	²⁹ R	³⁰ 'S	³¹ U	³² R	³³ L	³⁴ 'S	³⁵ B	³⁶ A	³⁷ P	³⁸ 'O	³⁹ 'L
⁴⁰ 'I	⁴¹ X	⁴² T	⁴³ A	⁴⁴ 'N	⁴⁵ O	⁴⁶ M	⁴⁷ A	⁴⁸ 'U	⁴⁹ D	⁵⁰ E	⁵¹ 'R	⁵² 'Y
⁵³ 'C	⁵⁴ H	⁵⁵ U	⁵⁶ B	⁵⁷ 'D	⁵⁸ 'B	⁵⁹ O	⁶⁰ K	⁶¹ 'R	⁶² A	⁶³ 'K	⁶⁴ 'A	⁶⁵ 'B
⁶⁶ 'L	⁶⁷ U	⁶⁸ 'G	⁶⁹ 'O	⁷⁰ 'L	⁷¹ E	⁷² 'I	⁷³ S	⁷⁴ 'U	⁷⁵ 'R	⁷⁶ 'E	⁷⁷ 'D	⁷⁸ 'D
⁷⁹ 'E	⁸⁰ 'N	⁸¹ 'U	⁸² 'R	⁸³ 'E	⁸⁴ 'N	⁸⁵ 'C	⁸⁶ 'P	⁸⁷ 'U	⁸⁸ 'R	⁸⁹ 'P	⁹⁰ 'L	⁹¹ 'E
⁹² 'S	⁹³ 'E	⁹⁴ 'V	⁹⁵ 'E	⁹⁶ 'N	⁹⁷ 'T	⁹⁸ 'E	⁹⁹ 'E	¹⁰⁰ 'N	¹⁰¹ 'A	¹⁰² 'S	¹⁰³ 'L	¹⁰⁴ 'N
¹⁰⁵ 'A	¹⁰⁶ 'M	¹⁰⁷ 'A	¹⁰⁸ 'M	¹⁰⁹ 'D	¹¹⁰ 'O	¹¹¹ 'W	¹¹² 'X	¹¹³ 'A	¹¹⁴ 'N	¹¹⁵ 'A	¹¹⁶ 'O	¹¹⁷ 'U
¹¹⁸ 'R	¹¹⁹ 'E	¹²⁰ 'N	¹²¹ 'A	¹²² 'A	¹²³ 'N	¹²⁴ 'O	¹²⁵ 'G	¹²⁶ 'R	¹²⁷ 'I	¹²⁸ 'N	¹²⁹ 'S	¹³⁰ 'M
¹³¹ 'N	¹³² 'S	¹³³ 'O	¹³⁴ 'C	¹³⁵ 'L	¹³⁶ 'A	¹³⁷ 'R	¹³⁸ 'A	¹³⁹ 'G	¹⁴⁰ 'R	¹⁴¹ 'E	¹⁴² 'E	¹⁴³ 'N
¹⁴⁴ 'H	¹⁴⁵ 'I	¹⁴⁶ 'V	¹⁴⁷ 'E	¹⁴⁸ 'S	¹⁴⁹ 'O	¹⁵⁰ 'L	¹⁵¹ 'D	¹⁵² 'E	¹⁵³ 'E	¹⁵⁴ 'D	¹⁵⁵ 'K	¹⁵⁶ 'Y
¹⁵⁷ 'A	¹⁵⁸ 'S	¹⁵⁹ 'T	¹⁶⁰ 'R	¹⁶¹ 'A	¹⁶² 'A	¹⁶³ 'D	¹⁶⁴ 'R	¹⁶⁵ 'I	¹⁶⁶ 'C	¹⁶⁷ 'A	¹⁶⁸ 'C	¹⁶⁹ 'E

Some of these are aptagrams - phrases relevant to the answer. Some are biograms - character descriptions. The rest are oddagrams, silly

Paul Dumont

Courtesy of James Brough

THE PLANET OF DEATH

PART 1

The Cyberleader (just plain Leader to his friends) surveyed the bridge of his rather hastily put together ship. He had a bad feeling about this mission. Perhaps it was because he had just been made the 13th commander of the 13th Cyberassault squad of the 13th Cybership of the 13th Cyberbattle-fleet as a "reward" for accepting this mission. Maybe it was his obituary in the *Cybertimes*; he had sued for libel but the Cyberjudge had taken one look at the case and thrown it out of court.

At first he had been cheered by the news that his ship, which looked as if it would disintegrate if you looked at it hard enough, was good enough for another 347.253 light-years until he found out that the distance between the launch point and his destination was 347.253 light-years. He had the tiniest feeling that he wouldn't be going back.

He was interrupted from his worries by the insistent voice of his Cyberlieutenant. "Leader," demanded the Cyberlieutenant, "we are about to make orbit around Earth!" The Cyberlieutenant had a problem of inserting superfluous exclamation marks at the end of his sentences.

The Cyberleader made a fist. "Excellent!" he cried, even though he wasn't sure what orbit was and why they were going to make it around Earth. He considered the Cyberclock on the wall. "Huh, I could murder a Cyberpint of Cyberlager. How say we kill a couple of hours in the Cyberbar?" The Cyber habit of killing lots of people whenever they got the urge had led to the replacement of inoffensive verbs with more psychotic ones.

"Certainly, Leader!" exclaimed the Cyberlieutenant. "And boy, that isn't the only thing we can murder!" He brandished his sidearm.

The Cyberleader let out a "huh!" of amusement and turned to one of the Cybermen piloting the ship. "Inform me when we reach the Earth, but wait until after last orders."

"I obey, Leader!" The Cyberlieutenant's habit was becoming contagious.

On board the TARDIS the Doctor was considering his fortunes. He had just recently been given his freedom. Free at last from one time-zone, one planet, the small-mindedness of the military, the awful fashions of the seventies, etc.

Unfortunately he wasn't free of Jo. Despite his best efforts to dissuade her she had insisted on coming and, unlike most of his other companions, she had packed. The Doctor had been forced to tell her that although the TARDIS was nearly infinite in size he didn't think it was big enough to carry Jo's wardrobe which included 400 pairs of gaudy flares; 600 blouses with collars that ranged

from long and point to being classed as an offensive weapon; 100 pairs of platform shoes that made Jo anything from 5ft to 6ft 6in in height and a range of

jackets which even the most dedicated

Glam Rock enthusiast would cut his testicles off with a blunt knife which had been used to castrate a couple of hundred pigs (without being washed) rather than wear. Even if he was in a darkened room and nobody was looking.

Jo had thus cut her wardrobe down to the bare essentials. However the Doctor didn't think that she should walk around in her underwear and had let her bring a suitcase's worth of stuff. Only Jo had borrowed the Doctor's Relativistic Dimensional Equipment Carrying Apparatus, i.e. a suitcase bigger on the inside and so he had still been inflicted with Jo's wardrobe. Luckily he was able to play with the TARDIS's interior dimensions so Jo's clothes where never in the same place twice. It meant she had to go on a two day trek just to find a clean pair of knickers.

The time rotor stopped rotoring. They had landed.

The Cyberleader and his lieutenant staggered back into the bridge with all the self-assuredness of a blind man in a pair of roller skates in icy weather on a steep hill with neither dog nor white stick nor protective clothing.

"Good stuff that Cyberlager," declared the Cyberleader holding onto one of the tackily designed computers for support. The Cyberlieutenant would have replied only he was to busy being unconscious. The Cyberleader ordered him to get up. The Cyberlieutenant moaned and staggered to his feet.

"I need a Cyberalka-Seltzer!" he moaned.

"No time for that, we've made orbit around Earth." The Cyberleader still wasn't sure what it meant, but it sounded fairly good. He turned to one of the Cybermen on the bridge. "Prepare a shuttle and a landing party," he ordered. The Cyberman didn't reply, he just left the bridge to carry out his orders. There wasn't enough money for four speaking Cybermen.

The TARDIS materialised with the sound of two lovers moaning their way to a glorious climax. That's supposing two lovers climaxing sounds like the TARDIS materialising, which of course it doesn't. It was just an excuse to introduce a pointless sexual metaphor. Of course if this was a New Adventures novel (like Mr. Hemage's superb effort) I wouldn't need an excuse but it isn't and I do. Need an excuse I mean.

The Doctor opened the door of the TARDIS and stepped onto the ground beyond. The ground didn't much care for this but it didn't have a choice so it just lay there and took it.

He didn't like the look of the place much; it looked a bit nefarious and decadent to him. Still, Jo would probably like it.

"Come on, Jo. What are you doing in there?"

"Coming, Doctor!"

"I don't care about your private sex life, hurry up."

Jo stepped out of the TARDIS wearing flares you could have hidden the gross domestic product of a small South American country in. The Doctor looked at her in revulsion. What exactly he was doing in revulsion I'm not too sure of but eventually he came out of it.

"Where are we, Doctor?"

"I don't know," replied the Doctor, grimacing slightly. "It looks like a bit degenerate city to me."

"Oh good, do I need my purse?"

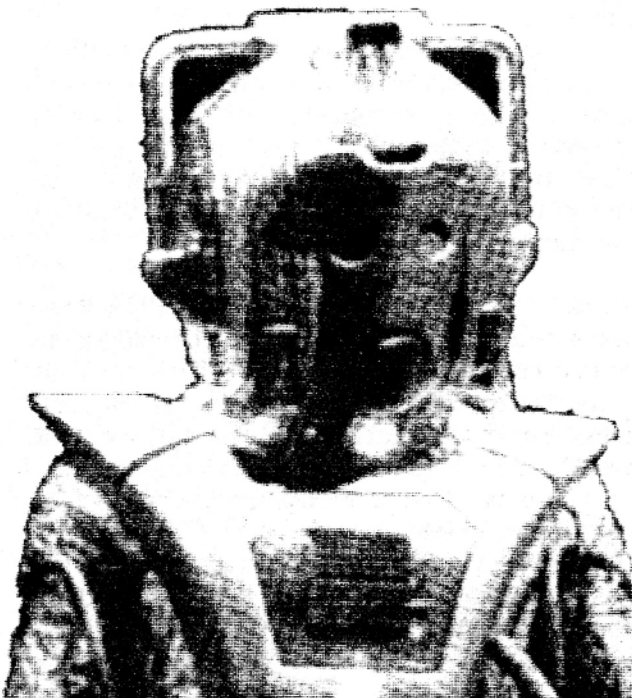
The Doctor and Jo wandered around aimlessly for a while, much in the same manner as a *New Adventures* novel. Despite all the Doctor's promises of degeneracy the place didn't seem too bad if a little boring. Jo was trying to discretely steer to Doctor to the city's red light area but she hadn't had much success so far. Eventually they made it to a small coffee bar which the Doctor said he remembered being around the area. Jo was slightly crestfallen: she'd been hoping at least for a rough pub where the beer came in amour-plated mugs, the women carried portable condom machines and the men were hung like particularly well-endowed stallions. Still, at least she didn't have to pay for her knickerbocker glory.

"I thought you said that this place was degenerate," she said to the Doctor.

"Well, there's a pair of Cambridge undergraduates over there. If that isn't degeneracy, I don't know what is." Jo thought about giving him a list of alternatives but decided to wait until they were in the TARDIS.

"So that's where we are. Cambridge."

"Nope. We're in a dodgy set of an even more dodgy coffee shop. But yes, we're meant to be in Cambridge. Can't you smell it?"



"Smell what?"

"That odious smell."

"I thought that was your aftershave."

"No, it's this city. Still, this coffee shop's quite nice."

"I suppose so. If you like coffee shops. And the only ones you've been in before are complete dumps which serve only Sainsbury's Cheapo Instant coffee with curdled milk and lumpy sugar infested with mouse droppings."

Their intellectual confabulation was interrupted by the orgasmic roaring sound of what sounded like a low flying aircraft passing with an almost sexual delight over their heads. Jo was used to this: everything went over her head.

"What was that, Doctor?"

"I think it was a sentence littered with meaningless sexual adjectives."

"No, I meant that roaring sound. Was it a jet?"

"You must be joking. Jets don't make orgasmic roaring sounds nor do they pass with an almost sexual delight. That was a spaceship. Interplanetary shuttle unless I'm much mistaken. Which I'm not since if I were I'd have a bloody stupid name." He took a tackily designed black box from out of one of his pockets and waved it about a bit.

"What's that, Doctor?" asked Jo.

"It traces the elementary ionic emissions of plasmic thrust devices."

"Eh?"

"It traces the exhausts of spaceships."

"Oh, why didn't you say that in the first place?"

"I did," protested the Doctor. "It went over there. Well, are you coming with me, Jo?"

"Really, Doctor. You shouldn't place so much emphasis on mutual orgasm."

The source of the noise was, as the Doctor expected, an interplanetary shuttle. To be more precise it was a Cyber-shuttle carrying a horde of Cybermen ready to rape, pillage and burn. Well, maybe not rape since Cybermen don't do that kind of thing. And pillage is a bit out as Cybermen didn't have the same desire for money as humans. Burning was a okay but the Cyberguns didn't normally spark off combustion. And the number of Cybermen on board the shuttle didn't really count as a horde, more a sort of family get together. A small family. One with a history of sterility.

Some of the Cybermen had disembarked, including the Cyberleader and the Cyberlieutenant. They had checked the area for natives, found none and were seriously thinking of having a picnic on the grassy field that they had landed on. After all, as one of the Cybermen had pointed out, it was a nice day. The Cyberlieutenant had quashed these plans telling them that as Cybermen their first duty was to find out people and kill them.

"Now we have landed we can put into action the Cyberplan!" declared the Cyberleader

"The Cyberplan, eh?" replied the Cyberlieutenant, a little hesitantly. "Sounds good to me."

"Right then. Come on."

"OK. This Cyberplan. Run it past me again."

"You mean you don't know?"

"Of course I know what the Cyberplan is. I'm just not 100% sure of the details. I mean, we don't want to be using different Cyberplans, do we?"

"Er, no. So then, what's your version of the Cyberplan?"

"Pretty similar to yours, I expect."

"Which is?" enquired the Cyberleader.

"Well, it's the one that Cybercontrol told you to put into effect."

"Cybercontrol? Hmm, I knew I should have gone to that staff meeting instead of the pub."

"Er, they did tell you about the Cyberplan though, didn't they, even if you did go to the pub instead of the briefing?"

"Well, a bit of it?"

"Which bit?"

"The bit about going to Earth."

"And..."

"And what?"

"What are we meant to do when we're here?"

"Ah," replied the Cyberleader. "Well, you see, they didn't get much fatter than that."

"How far?"

"They said we were meant to land."

"And that's it?"

"Not quite."

"Tell on."

"They wished us good luck. Seemed quite nice about it. Gave me a bottle of Cyberwhisky as a farewell present. I'd give you a drop only I drunk it all on the first night out."

"You mean you don't actually know what the Cyberplan is?"

"No," admitted the Cyberleader. "Do you?"

"Haven't a clue," confessed the Cyberlieutenant.

"Oh, unexcellent. What are we going to do?"

"We could always have that picnic..."

"No." The Cyberleader waved his hand to indicate that he was addressing all the Cybermen. "Gather round." The Cybermen gathered around into a small circle.

"Isn't this cosy?" said one of the Cybermen. He was silenced by a look from the Cyberlieutenant.

"Now then we have a problem," declared the Cyberleader.

"Yeah, but we can always replace the Cyberlieutenant," quipped the same Cyberman who had said that it was cosy.

"Be quiet," ordered the Cyberleader. "Now then does anybody know what the Cyberplan is? How about you trooper?" The Cyberman looked plaintively back at him: he still hadn't been given any lines to say. "Oh sorry," apologised the Cyberleader. He turned to the wisecracking Cyberman. "How about you and no smartalec comments."

"Is it the one in which we invade the planet?"

"Is it?" the Cyberleader asked the Cyberlieutenant.

"Sounds good enough to me."

"Excellent! We invade the planet!" boomed the Cyberleader. "Er, how exactly do we do this?"

"I think we shoot lots of people until they agree that we have invaded," revealed the Cyberman.

"Excellent! So where do we find these people to shoot?"

"We could try a city."

"Excellent!" gushed the Cyberleader. "You two." He pointed to the two normal Cybermen. "Go and get two Cybermen to guard the ship and then follow us."

"We obey, leader." The two Cybermen marched into the Cybershuttle while the Cyberman and the Cyberlieutenant headed for the road. The two Cybermen reappeared a few moments later and headed after their leader, now out of view. A minute later two more Cybermen appeared at the end of the Cybershuttle. They seemed strangely out of breath.

The bunch of Cybermen trooped along the pavement of a fairly busy main road, surveying the place around them.

"My feet are killing me!" moaned the Cyberlieutenant.

"I'm not surprised. If I were your feet I'd try to kill you as well," quipped one of the Cybermen.

"Be silent trooper or I will destroy you!"

"Yeah, you and who's Cyberarmy?"

The Cyberleader cut the two bickering Cybermen off with a wave of his hand. "Be silent!" he ordered. "I have found a faster means of transportation." He pointed to a bus which had pulled up a 100 yards ahead of them. "See, it is a land shuttle. Come on, hurry up!"

Like a burst of silver lightning the four Cybermen set off at a hurtling pace for the bus. However, given the normal lumbering pace of the Cybermen, their "hurtling pace" was no faster than a one legged man going for a leisurely stroll stopping every now and then to admire the scenery. By the time they had reached the bus stop the bus had disappeared in a cloud of pollutionous smoke.

"What do we now. Leader?" asked the Cyberlieutenant. The Cyberleader quickly summed up the situation. "We wait for another!"

Half an hour later and they were still waiting. Then, as if out of nowhere six came along at once, three in their direction.

"My, it seems these land shuttles are like orgies: observed the Cyberlieutenant as they climbed aboard. "Nothing for ages and then all of a sudden they're coming all over the place."

"Are you all together?" asked the bus driver.

"Not really," replied the Cyberleader. "The backplate on my helmet keeps coming undone."

"No, I meant are you four guys all on the same fare?"

"So this is what this is called?" said the Cyberleader looking around the bus. "I thought it'd be pretty soddin' obvious, even to a stupid human. Of course we're all on the same fare. Does it look like we're on different fares. Besides the other two fares have gone so how can we be on them?"

"I think it may have been a philosophical question, Leader," suggested the Cyberlieutenant helpfully.

"Was it?" asked the Cyberleader.

"No," replied the bus driver in a tired voice. "I meant is one of you going to pick up the tab or are you going to pay separately?"

"What tab?" asked the Cyberleader, looking around. "And why should we pick it up?" He spotted the butt of a cigarette on the floor and picked it up. "Do you mean this?" He asked, waving it under the bus driver's nose.

"No," hissed the bus driver through clenched teeth.

"Oh," replied the Cyberleader, slightly disappointed. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm fucking sure you brain dead, badly costumed moron."

"Well, there's no need to be offensive."

"Leader, may I have a word?" asked the Cyberlieutenant

"I'm not sure. Cybercontrol is a bit funny when it comes to pets."

"Huh? Leader, I meant I want to talk with you."

"Go on then." The Cyberleader turned to face his lieutenant.

"I believe this human is asking for money so that we may ride on this bus." The Cyberlieutenant had spotted the last word on the bus stop.

"I thought that this was a fare, not a bus."

"No, we pay him a fare."

"Why, if we had a fare we would hardly be paying him to ride in his, would we. We could go in our own."

"No, Leader. This is not a fare. This is a bus. A fare is a charge for riding in a bus."

"Oh, right," replied the Cyberleader, the light dawning. "So, what's a tab then?"

"I believe it is another word for fare, Leader."

"Right, gotcha." He turned to the bus driver. "So, you want a fare do you?"

"Well, it would be nice? Where are you going to?"

"To the city!"

"You mean Cambridge?"

"Is it a city?"

"Well, if you stretch the definition of a city to include a stinking cesspit of a place, I suppose so."

"That'll do then."

"Right then." The bus driver fiddled with his ticket-machine. "That'll be £3.20, please."

The Cyberleader fumbled for his wallet. "Do you take Cyberman Express?" he enquired hopefully.

"No."

"Cheques drawn on the Cyber Bank of Telos?"

"No. Cash only," stated the bus driver.

The Cyberleader considered for a moment and then turned to his lieutenant. "You know how this Cyberplan involves shooting lots of people?"

"Yes, Leader."

"When does it start?"

"I don't believe there's a particular time, Leader."

"Excellent. In that case then." The Cyberleader turned to the bus driver, smiled (which was totally pointless as it was obscured by his expressionless helmet) and pointed his gun at him. "Do you like my gun? It's very good at killing people, you know."

"Er, I can believe it," replied the bus driver, looking down the dirty barrel. "Say, why don't you boys just get on, free of charge, like, on the house," he gushed.

"Excellent!" boomed the Cyberleader. The bus driver quickly reeled off four tickets and the Cybermen mercifully disappeared to the top deck.

A taxi pulled up near to the field where the Cybershuttle had landed. The Doctor surveyed the scene while Jo paid the taxi driver off.

"Ah, there you are," said the Doctor as Jo walked over to the bush he was crouching behind. "You took your time, didn't you?"

"I wasn't that long," protested Jo, adjusting her blouse. "I was just talking to the driver." The Doctor merely grunted in reply. He pointed to the Cybershuttle in the field beyond.

"Do you see that?" he asked.

"Of course Doctor, I'm not that short-sighted," said Jo smiling. "It's your finger."

The Doctor groaned. "No, it's a spaceship!"

"That's not a spaceship, it's your bloody finger!"

"Not my finger. The thing it's pointing to," hissed the Doctor, with murderous intent in his eyes.

"Oh, you mean the spaceship," replied Jo, rather loudly.

"Yes!" the Doctor hissed at her. "And keep quiet, they'll hear you."

"Don't be silly, Doctor. Spaceships can't hear. Neither can fingers for that matter."

"Aah!" The Doctor used his Venusian Aikido and hit her over the head. A couple of minutes later Jo picked herself of the ground.

"What did you do that for, Doctor?" she asked.

"Just a passing whim."

"Felt more like a passing hand to me."

"Be quiet," warned the Doctor. "Now, do you see that spaceship?"

"Yes, Doctor," replied Jo, a little subdued.

"It seems familiar. You don't recognise it, do you?" Jo didn't answer. "Well?" prompted the Doctor.

"Fine, apart from a nasty bruise on the back of my head."

"No, I meant did you recognise the spaceship?" Jo didn't have time to answer for at that moment a large silver figure appeared at the entrance to the Cybership.

"Bugger me," the Doctor whispered. Jo considered his request but rejected it: she'd left her dildos back in the TARDIS. "It's the Cybermen!" the Doctor exclaimed.

"The Cybermen?"

"Yes, the Cybermen. The most feared and dangerous race in the known universe. And they're pretty frightening and dangerous in the unknown universe as well!"

"What are we going to do, Doctor?" Jo resorted to cliché: she couldn't think of anything better to say.

"Hmm." The Doctor had a ponder for a while. When he had finished with his ponder he wrapped it up neatly and put it into his jacket pocket. "You wait there," he ordered Jo. He waited until the Cyberman tuned away, which took quite a while as the Director couldn't get his attention. When the Cyberman had noticed the arm-waving director he conveniently turned his back to the Doctor and examined with great interest the side of the Cybershuttle.

The Doctor took his chance and ran. The camera zoomed in for a close-up of the Doctor's left nostril.

To be continued...

Gary Meehan

COULD IT ALL BE TRUE?

This article isn't actually about *Doctor Who* or even *Blake's 7*, *Red Dwarf* or that American series. Instead it explores the ideas behind these programmes and asks whether they could appear in the real world.

The content of this feature is a mixture of ideas and rumours; I make no claims about the truth of any of it. Since there are a large number of answers to the questions of life, the universe and everything, many of which are supported by circumstantial evidence and none of which are supported by firm evidence, I think any person who believes 100% in a particular set of answers should seek urgent psychiatric treatment.

Well, that's the disclaimer over with, now on to the article itself.

Time travel

A good place to start is time travel. Contemporary physics know of no foolproof mechanism by which someone could travel backwards in time, but on the other hand backwards time travel has yet to be firmly proved *impossible*.

Forwards time travel though, is definitely possible, because time passes at different rates in different places, depending on the speed of motion and the gravitational field strength.

The main argument about backwards time travel is paradox. For example, if you went back in time to when your parents weren't born and killed your grandmother you would then cease to exist and so wouldn't be able to go back in time to kill your grandmother etc. Obviously it's preposterous that the universe could be constructed such that these paradoxes are existable.

There are at least three ways of avoiding such paradoxes. The most simple is that backwards time travel is impossible. The second solution is that the universe is self consistent

and so that trips back in time have already been written into history and can't be changed, in other words you would have already done what you are going back in time to do and so you can't go back in time and kill your grandmother.

The third solution is that the universe is made up of a large number of parallel time paths (commonly, but misleadingly, known as parallel universes). If this were to be the case, then you *could* go back in time and kill your grandmother in one time path and the time path where she lives and you come into being is still parallel with this one.

As far as physics is concerned, parallel time paths are very consistent with the theory of quantum mechanics, whereby a particle occupies several different locations at once with different probabilities, until a measurement of its location is made. This can be thought of as our particular branch of reality travelling

"... the existence of a supreme creator of the universe can be proved to be a paradox..."

through several, parallel time paths at once until the act of measurement forces it to choose which one to plump for. I'll come back to this later.

Doctor Who very much goes for the parallel time path solution; the Doctor changes history regularly and we actually see parallel time paths (e.g. *Inferno* - Ed). However this all means that the Doctor is really wasting his time because for every time path on which he defeats the villain, there's one where he doesn't. This is bad news for continuity sticklers, as somewhere there's bound to be a time path where the Doctor still looks like Tom Baker, complete with grey hair and pot belly.

The Universe

Next on the agenda is the not so minor point of the nature of the universe. The most important thing to do is to define exactly what we mean by the universe. I will thus define the universe as absolutely everything, such that any parallel time paths exist within one single universe and as far as we are concerned there can be only one universe. In other words if there were other universes they would not be able to interact with our own.

Having cleared that up since the universe is everything outside the universe is nothing. Therefore nothing can go into the universe as there is nothing outside and nothing can go out of the universe as there would no longer be nothing outside and so the universe would no longer be everything. So the total amount of "stuff" or energy in the universe must remain constant (everything is a form of energy*).

Furthermore if the universe had a beginning, and therefore was once nothing, then the total amount of the energy, which is constant, would be zero. This is actually possible as there are negative forms of energy as well as positive forms.

Also, as by definition there is nothing outside the universe, the universe could not have been created by an outside force and must therefore be self-sustaining. Therefore the laws of physics as they are, because they are the combination that allows the universe to exist entirely by itself, you might like to think of the universe as a gigantic resonance state [a what? - Ed].

Another argument against creation, is that if the universe needed to be created, then how did the creator come into being, and conversely if the alleged creator could evolve on its own then so could the universe. Hence the existence of a supreme creator of the universe can be

* Einstein's famous equation $e = mc^2$, where c is the speed of light, relates energy (e) and mass/matter (m)

proved to be a paradox by more than one path of logic.

Moving back to parallel time paths, it is clear from the randomness of our part of the universe, that there must be more than one viable permutation of the universe, otherwise the universe would be regular in design. So it is quite possible that all the possible permutations may exist as parallel time paths within the universe.

The latest attempt at a grand unified theory of physics (linking quantum theory with general relativity) is superstring theory. This requires the universe to have either 10 or 26 dimensions. If they exist these extra dimensions could be used for mapping out the probability distribution of parallel time paths, after all it may well be possible to store the near infinite number of time paths within a finite number of dimensions.

Creation vs. Evolution

Although a supreme creator of the universe is clearly an impossibility, it is extremely probable that there are many species in the universe that are much more highly evolved than ourselves.

Just as we go around building towns and cities, they may construct stars and planets (which is quite possible providing energy conservation is not violated) or plump for the much cheaper terraforming, whereby the terrain and atmosphere of an uninhabitable planet is transformed into that of a habitable one. As far as lifeforms are concerned, humans can modify animals and plants by selective breeding and genetic engineering, so there is no reason why others couldn't create new life forms from scratch.

Hopping over to the other side of the fence, there is strong evidence to suggest that everything on this planet could easily have evolved naturally without the interference of an outside intelligence. Furthermore, even if most life in the universe had been created, there would also have to be some natural evolution at some point in order to bring the creators into being.

So my conclusion is that there must be some natural evolution and there is probably some intelligent

creation as well. So, which category does Earth fall into? Well, apart from the bit created by mankind, there is almost overwhelming evidence to support the evolution argument with one notable exception, ourselves. Although humans have clearly descended from apes, there is a missing link in the evolutionary chain which has not yet been found in fossils and there is a lot of historical evidence to suggest that outsiders have speeded up human genetic development.

Aliens

This brings me neatly to the subject of alien life. These days almost everyone agrees that there is bound

appearance, though with differing proportions and none of them seem to be interested in invading the planet, which makes *Doctor Who* look a bit silly.

This is just the tip of the iceberg, there are many alien bases on the planet. There's one off the coast of Wales, one in Puerto Rico, at least one in the United States and one in Canada. There are also aliens posing as humans and living amongst us, as well as real humans living amongst them.

The American government has made agreements with at least three different alien species and jointly runs some of the bases, other governments are also involved. They



Evolution gone ballistic? The Marshmen from *Full Circle*

to be intelligent life elsewhere in the universe. The controversy arises over the question of whether any of them are visiting Earth. The answer is a definite yes. There are at least tens of thousands of aliens on this planet right now, and they've been here for thousands of years (posing as angels, demons, gods, leprechauns, etc.).

Most people have heard stories of UFOs kidnapping people, giving them a medical examination and sometimes a talk, and then releasing them. Many of the victims are reluctant to tell their stories and researchers often have to make several visits to coax information out of witnesses, who are clearly not publicity speakers. All the different types of aliens seem to be humanoid in

have been in contact with aliens since at least 1948 when they picked up the debris, bodies and survivors of a UFO crash near Roswell, New Mexico. It has at least ten craft, some operational, which it is examining in secret, apparently with the full consent of the owners.

So why don't we know about this officially? Well, seemingly the American and other governments decided in the 1960s, that the information should be released in a steady trickle over 4 or 5 decades, so as not to cause panic.

The first stage was simply to make people aware of the concept of alien life here on Earth, hence films such as *Close Encounters*, *ET* and of course *Doctor Who* and *Star*

Trek. We now seem to be in the second stage where various rumours about actual alien contact are being circulated, so an official statement will probably be due about the turn of the century, when everybody is prepared and the information won't be too unexpected. Then, finally, the information of cosmic and religious significance will be released.

The rumour is that ourselves and several alien species are different forms of the same, near eternal race which is electromagnetic in nature, but often occupies organic bodies such as our own, in other words after death comes a period in purely electromagnetic form, followed by reincarnation into another human or alien body.

Star Travel

Moving on now to the subject of spacecraft propulsion. The main problem with traditional forms of travel is that you can't go faster than the speed of light (*approx. 186,000 miles per second or 300,000,000 ms⁻¹ - Ed*). So a return journey to the nearest star would take at least eight years Earth time, although at near light speed less time would elapse for the travellers. Journeys to other stars would take even longer and so would be completely impractical. Plus of course contemporary technology can't even get us any where near light speed, so we're effectively restricted to this solar system.

Alien craft, however, seem to have got around the light barrier problem. Observers of UFOs on this planet have seen them produce remarkable manoeuvres: near instantaneous acceleration, right angle turns and blurred hops. They also seem to float motionless in the air, as if gravity didn't exist. Apparently their propulsion system involves focusing a gravity wave on where they want to go and pulling that point towards them (General Relativity shows that gravity warps space). On releasing of the gravity field, space springs back to normal with the craft nearer its destination. Hence, because the craft is not travelling in the traditional sense it doesn't have to worry about the affects of acceleration and the light barrier.

As far as the necessary generation of artificial gravity is concerned, I can think of two different techniques which might work. The first uses a system of counter rotating gyroscopes which make use of the Coriolis force to "bend" Newton's third law*, the gyroscopes can be mechanical, but particles in a complex electromagnetic field would probably be more reliable. Alternatively, pockets of negative store electromagnetic energy could be used to produce a gravity wave. These pockets might be produced in a plasma laser pumped by an electron

"The rumour is that ourselves and several alien species are different forms of the same, near eternal race..."

beam. The key word in both case is electromagnetic as UFOs have been seen to produce large electromagnetic fields and carry high voltages.

Telepathy

Many alien encounters, not to mention episodes of *Doctor Who*, have involved telepathy. It is a well known fact that the human brain produces electromagnetic waves, so in theory these waves (or even another form of brain wave) could be used for communication, only we don't know how.

Telepathy does actually exist amongst humans, but in a very restricted way. Low level telepathic communication can often transpose between blood relatives (especially twins) and occasionally others in close physical proximity and a very small number of individuals seem to display greater telepathic ability. Some people actually believe we all have a natural telepathic ability and we simply don't know how to use it. Certainly telepathy seems to be the principal form of communication amongst aliens and they can send to humans. Telepathy transcends language barriers.

Teleport

A regular feature of TV sci-fi is teleport or matter transmission. The usual explanation of this is that the

victim is converted into electromagnetic energy, beamed down to the planet, or wherever, and somehow converted back into mass, with everything in exactly the right place and without any equipment at the other end. Unfortunately 100% transmission of electromagnetic energy through anything other than pure vacuum is impossible and the technological problems speak for themselves.

The "b" explanation of just transmitting the information only and using matter at the other end would require apparatus at both ends and would involve the ethical question of whether you're actually transporting someone or whether you're killing them and producing a replica at the other end. So basically it's back to the drawing board.

An alternative method might be to broadcast a travelling bubble of gravitational waves around the traveller. The traveller and his air supply would remain intact and just move with the bubble like a surfer moves on the ocean waves. A second set of gravitational waves could be set up to meet the first set at the destination, cancel with them and let the traveller off.

If the bubble were the right shape it could part matter ahead of it and snap it back together after it. Assuming it travelled at light speed its passage should be fast enough not to affect anything it passes through.

Conclusion

Well, that's it, the political and sociological ideas of *Doctor Who* are for someone else to write about. So I'll leave you to make up your own minds about what I've written but keep an open mind otherwise you're in for some shocks. If you're thinking that I'm even madder than [name withheld] then I'd like to point out that first I do hold a physics degree and secondly I'm prepared to admit that I'm wrong. So don't send the men in white coats just yet. Only time will tell who's right.

Paul Groves

* "Every action has an equal and opposite reaction."

GRIEF ENCOUNTERS

It had been a good day. The weather was fine, the pollution count low and Tim

had been able to go outside for a while, to play in the garden, his sweat mingling with the sun-block as it dripped to the dusty earth. He had even gone to sleep for a while, the bare branches of the old apple tree affording a little protection against the rays of the sun. It had been enjoyable and he was glad since, according to the latest ozone-count figures, it would be the last day he could spend outside for some time; anyway, his mother said, it was always traditional to spend the winter indoors.

The old farmhouse, where he lived, had been built sometime early in the last century and had been rebuilt countless times since; solar panels, UV-shielded windows and the like being added on as necessary. He remembered the pride his father had taken in his DIY jobs; such tasks, he said, were easy for a strong farmer like him, and like Tim himself would be one day.

Tim's room was on the top floor of the house, from which he could see all the cattle sheds of their farm. He liked to spend some time just staring out of his window, looking at the light-sensitive solar panels on top of the sheds: marvelling on the many ways they reflected the light during the days and being comforted by their amber glow during the night, rows of orange squares stretching almost to Melbourne, 100 kilometres away.

When the environment prevented him from playing outside he like to look out of the window, or perhaps read one of the well-used library disks that occupied a corner of his room.

And, if he got bored, his aunt could always tell him a story.

His aunt had come to live with them a few months ago. She wasn't actually his aunt; she was his mother's aunt which made her his great aunt, but she liked him to call her "Aunty" anyway. She told him the most fantastic



stories: of how she used to travel in a blue box which was bigger on the inside than out (although Tim didn't understand how this could be) to faraway places with a strange man who, Tim thought, was either tall with a mop of brown curly hair of younger with straight, blond

The Perfect Kiss

hair. He often wondered if they were to different people and he had asked his aunt

this, but she had assured him that they were the same person. Tim didn't understand this either but he wisely didn't press the point. This man, whatever he looked like, was a doctor but whereas most people made people better this one made the universe better. Most of the time.

He had been told of how his aunt, the Doctor and their friends, who had exotic sounding names like Nyssa, Adric and Turlough, had fought evil monsters like Cybermen, Tractators (for a while he thought she had said "Tractors" and had refused to go anywhere near his father's tractors for weeks) and the Daleks. He had listened with wonder as she casually mentioned wondrous places with names like Deva Loka, Logopolis, Frontios, Terminus and Castrovalva.

Sometimes his father did not like him listening to his aunt's stories. Sometimes she unintentionally scared him, like that time with the Tractators. His father would get angry and shout at her, calling her nothing but "a crazy old woman". Then there was the time when two men from the government came to see her, carrying cards bearing their photographs and the legend "UNIT". His aunt had pretended to be sick and they had gone away.

He thought he would like to hear one of his aunt's stories now, if she wasn't too tired. She got tired more easily these days, he knew she was ill, after all, that was why she had come to stay with them. But she had been resting all day and may have time to spare for a tale or two.

Her room was on the same floor as his; they were the only ones on the top floor. As he approached it he could hear voices coming from inside: his aunt's frail and cracked but still with a certain appealing brash quality and another. A stranger's.

"... Why have you come here?" he could hear his aunt asking.

"I had to see you, one last time. I had to."

"Why?" Her voice seemed slightly pained, as if remembering some past hurt.

Tim wondered if this was the Doctor, but he didn't think so somehow: his aunt was behaving as so it was someone quite different. He bent down and peered through the old-fashioned keyhole, feeling slight guilty at intruding at what was obviously a private conversation.

He couldn't see the stranger's face but he could see his hand and the sleeve of what looked like an old naval uniform, like the ones in the films beamed in by satellite late at night. Gold buttons glinted in the light. Tim blinked. He couldn't focus properly on the stranger, as if he wasn't quite there. His eyes began to water.

His aunt spoke again. "You still look the same."

"Time has no effect on us," the stranger stated, almost matter of factly. "But you remember that."

She laughed, a short sharp laugh, slightly cynical in its nature. "Of course I do. Unfortunately the same cannot be said for me." She shivered: night was drawing in now and the heating in the top floor rooms was not as efficient as it had once been. "You still haven't answered my question."

The wan walked over and sat on her bed. "Listen to me," he told her urgently. "You are dying. You don't have long to live."

"I know that," she replied harshly.

"Yes, yes, of course you do. But you don't have to die. There is another way."

The stranger's movement had brought both him and Tim's aunt into Tim's line of vision. He watched his aunt stare for what seemed like eternity into the stranger's face until realisation dawned on her face.

"You mean...? You want me to go with you, don't you? You want me to become ... one of you." It wasn't a question.

"Yes, it has happened before. You could join with me, with one of us, and escape your ... ephemerality. Escape your death."

She stared at him disbelievingly, shaking her head. "And you still want me to. Even," she gestured at herself, "- even like this?"

"More so than ever," the stranger affirmed emphatically. "Your mind still burns with the fire of your emotions, your experiences, your feelings. It is more beautiful than anything, more beautiful than mere physical aesthetics. The tales you tell the child in this house are but a fraction of its power and magnificence. I want you, that

is why I have come here, from the endless frozen wastes of time. I need you, without you I'm nothing. I want you to come with me, to join with me."

She smiled sadly, tears glinting in her eyes. "No," she replied. "I - I can't. I don't want to live forever. Why should I? The years travelling with the Doctor told me one true thing: there must be a time to stop. When you've had enough to something, there must be a time to move on." She coughed, the stranger seemed slightly pained by this, his displeasure at her discomfort etched on his face. "And I've had enough of living. It's time for me to move on."

The stranger tried to protest but she silenced him with a wave of her hand. Then, moving slowly and awkwardly, she leant forward and kissed him briefly before falling back onto her bed. The man tried to catch her but Tim could see her fall through his hands. He was standing motionless, his arms outstretched in the act of trying to catch her. And then he was fading, becoming transparent, and Tim watched half in horror, half in sadness as the stranger slowly disappeared. The last thing left of him was the glint of the gold buttons on his sleeves that hung around for a time until they too were gone.

Tim burst into the room and rushed over to where his aunt was lying on her bed, staring sightlessly up at the ceiling. With a trembling hand he reached over and closed her eyelids. Then he went downstairs to tell his parents.

John Wilson

Death & Goodbye

Pain. Darkness. I have never tasted agony like this before. For many weeks after it happened, I surrendered to oblivion and floated between life and death, not caring, not knowing in what future the strange universe would immerse me. Not caring.

Memory is elusive now. I no longer remember how I come to be lying, twisted and broken, on the ground. My side aches like salt rubbed into a wound. Yet I know that healing will not come: it is too late for that.

One other thing I know; that I think I know; that I thought I knew; that the Doctor was present at the end. Sometimes he forgot me for years at a time. He promised that he would never forget me, that he would return. And always, always he did. So many times. So many faces. And his hands as he held me tight. Sometimes young, sometimes gnarled, sometimes with ragged bitten nails. But always, always the Doctor. My best friend.

And the Doctor ... am I wrong or was he here as I fell? As blisters opened and joints cracked apart; as my brittle body cracked and melted in the heat ... yes, he was here. And he held back tears, just as I always wanted him to. His hands were young, so young, without lines as I first knew them.

But if he was at my side then, as death sowed its

seeds within me, where is he now? Doctor? Why have you left me? Why?

Writhing. Wheezing. Aching. Groaning. Sensations wash over me, but I know not what comes from within and what from without. Agonisingly, I reach up through the swathes of blackness and angst. It hurts, but at last I am conscious...

And suddenly he is holding me. Reverently. Sorrowfully. The hands ... old again, chewed nails and short fingers. The Doctor, as I first knew him. Baggy. Down-at-heel. His palms are dry, unlike every other time.

We commune. I feel the smoke ... the action ... and more: I feel his adrenalin pulsing through me. Through me.

He places me on the ground once more and covers me with a grubby square of patterned cloth, a friend, a handkerchief.

"Goodbye, my sonic screwdriver." It is a murmur on the edge of my consciousness. And then he is gone. For the last time.

And I surrender to death.

Ian Fellows

Sex! Drugs! Violence! Magic Mushrooms!

THE SHOCKING TRUTH!

The New Adventures Reviewed!

The story so far: our intrepid President has reviewed all the *New Adventures* up to and including *Lucifer Rising*. Now it's out with the machete to chop down the next crop...

Season 30

White Darkness (David A. McIntee)	4 episodes
Shadowmind (Christopher Bulis)	4 (6?) episodes
Birthright (Nigel Robinson)	3 episodes
Iceberg (David Banks)	4 episodes

White Darkness was quite nice. Voodoo (or vodoun as McIntee corrects us uneducated plebeians) is probably the only occult subject that *Who* has avoided, probably because James Bond didn't. The book itself contains a wide selection of believable characters, which (almost surprisingly) included the Doctor, Ace and Bernice among their number. The only shame is the end, where the climax appears, decide that it's not worth bothering being larger than a side, and leaves to go back home. Perhaps it's deliberately done to be like *Who* on television - the budget doesn't run to a big monster so the Doctor defeats it before its alarm clock goes off, and (convenient, eh?) before anyone gets to see it. Which is a shame as this is a good book and a good description of a hideous monster costs nothing [JNT anyone? - Ed], we didn't even get a *State of Decay* hand appearing only to wither away and die again. Still, it's got some nice descriptive passages and it's a good story which

doesn't rely on vast knowledge of the programmes past. Does anybody else think that the monsters in this are the same ones in *The Pit*?

In liking *Shadowmind* I seem to be in a distinct minority. Some thought it was too *Star Trek*, some were bored with the old Earth Colony/Future History era, but most complained that it was a very blatant *Alien* rip-off. Perhaps I liked it because I'm one of those unprivileged few never to have seen an *Alien* movie. Anyway, on to the book.

Bulis is thankfully a better writer than illustrator (he drew the front cover) and despite the "highly original" parasites inhabiting people's bodies, the dénouement is actually quite surprising. The Doctor, Ace and Benny all seem to be getting on

"Nigel Robinson has produced another totally forgettable farrago of drivel."

quite well at the moment, something which the *New Adventures* have needed for some time. On the writing side he has some nice descriptions but when things begin to get complicated it becomes rather tepid. Still, worth reading for the characters and the Doctor's credentials.

Birthright was crap.

Iceberg on the other hand was...

Oh, explanation. Right.

Nigel Robinson has produced another totally forgettable farrago of drivel. I could blame for the fact that I've forgotten his first offering, *Apocalypse*, on the grounds that I read it 2 years ago; this one I read 3

months ago and I still can only remember how annoyed I was.

The idea of the Doctor not appearing is a good one, badly abused as Mr Manipulation (as Robinson portrays our favourite Time Lord) is completely controlling events in a way which is now totally out of character given the previous two and subsequent more "user-friendly" books. What would have been far more interesting would have been to just have the Doctor leave Ace and Benny together (perhaps in London of 1912 - the setting is one of the few things about this book which did work) and just let them get on with something without his "help". The plot itself is heavily bound up in anal-retentive continuity for its own sake (5 signatories in a bank account in London being 5 old companions and so on), while completely contradicting all other stories, books and television, with regards to Earth's future. Unless he's been very clever. Which I doubt. The characters are trite and patently unbelievable and what happened to them and their purposes for being were not always explained, such as the evil sorcerer Khan who spent seven centuries trying to find the Doctor because (it seemed to me, I could be wrong. I usually am [I know - Ed]) he had some connection with the 13th century Scottish ballad "Thomas the Rhymer". I know the original poem and it had very little to do with the story. And then there was Muldwyh. Who? I hope not.

I should say at this point that I, yet again, am the only person who thinks this, and perhaps I've missed some of the books finer points, but I

don't think I have. The writing style is tepid at best and when you actually think about it there's very little writing there: the chapters are short and there's always chunks of space before we move onto the next one; the print size is larger than on other books and the page count is 100 less than the others. This would be a saving grace except that you still have to pay £4.50 to buy it.

David Banks, Cyberleader, author of the "definitive" book on Cybermen (entitled, innovatively *Cybermen*) is the author of *Iceberg*, a book about, and no shocks here, Cybermen.

The book itself seems to have been written very slowly. However despite nothing occurring in the first hundred pages, and the Doctor only appearing six pages before his arrival in the story on page 129, it works quite well. It's a character piece basically - a voyage of discovery for everyone, including the Doctor, and tries to give insights into the emotions of all involved. Perhaps Banks is contrasting these emotions with the emotionless Cybermen. Perhaps not.

The plot, such as it is, revolves around a voyage on the ship Elysium (soon they're going to run out of synonyms for heaven) where the Doctor meets Ruby Duvall - a nice rounded character and a vast improvement on the rather tired Ace and Benny (who are missing, presumed appearing in *Birthright*).

But beyond the excellent characterisations and an amazingly fluid writing style the plot is on occasion thin and somewhat silly - specifically the segments about shipping arms to Panama which was important to the plot but had a ridiculous resolution. I'm not entirely sure what the Cybermen were up to either, although I think it was something to do with invading the world. Basically it's worth reading as a break from the norm or if you like books such as Mervyn Peake's *Gormenghast* trilogy, where the prose is far more important than the plot.

Alternative Universes

Season 31, known as the Alternative Universe Cycle, is one wherein some unseen cliché (whose identity you'll know if you read Andrew Martin's careless and thoughtless review of *No Future in TV Zone*) is manipulating the Doctor. If you're a reader of sci-fi in general you'll already know that the idea is overdone, and doing it with *Who* leaves wide open the possibility that we'll become heavily bogged down in backwards looking



continuity. Couple that with Darvill-Evans (a latter day JNT) making the series "interesting" by directing, the Doctor's character yo-yos between nice guy and git every couple of books, and the whole idea could have been a complete disaster. As it turns out the series has been of a consistently high quality and, although I have my reservations about some aspects of all the books, present a coherent and well thought out series. As well as this they, for the most part, make very good use of the medium of the book in various different ways, be it the scope of the setting, the actual use of the book as dramatic material or just excellent

use of language.

Blood Heat (Jim Mortimore)	6 episodes
The Dimension Riders (Daniel Blythe)	4 episodes
The Left-handed Hummingbird (Kate Orman)	4/6 episodes
Conundrum (Steve Lyons)	4/6 episodes
No Future (Paul Cornell)	6 episodes

Blood Heat proves that not even *Who* is immune to *Jurassic Park* mania. Coincidence that they came out at the same time? Despite the cover (Mortimore himself drew a much better one but Darvill-Evans would not allow it to be used) I enjoyed *Blood Heat* - it was gripping and comparatively well-told.

The problem is, as I perhaps expected, it relies overmuch on the programme's history; much is lost if you haven't seen or read *The Silurians*, even more (should you be one of the non-TV *Who* readers that Darvill-Evans is determined to get) if you don't know any Pertwee. Basically all the people Pertwee had - Jo, Liz, the Brigadier, Benton etc. - are there, all distorted in this alternative universe wherein the Silurians killed the Doctor when he was Pertwee [can't say I blame them - Ed]. If you don't know these characters the story is much less impressive. Apart from my

doubts on the Doctor's attitude towards the end, *Blood Heat* is still an excellent book if you're a long term fan (which I suppose, it has to be faced, most of us are) but probably not successful otherwise.

The Dimension Riders is a terrific story which only occasionally suffers from a Marc Plattist lack of coherent explanation. Firstly I'd like to exonerate Blythe from a criticism levelled at him everywhere else I've seen this booked reviewed - that of not using the title as the term for "Time Soldiers". This follows in a grand *Who* tradition: was the Warriors' Gate ever termed as such. Did the

Silurians and the Sea Devils ever say "We, Doctor, are the Warriors of the Deep"? Were Mr Weng Chiang's fingernails vital to the plot? I think not. The book itself presents a bevy of interesting characters, notable among whom is the "mysterious" President of St. Matthew's College, Oxford, a part which seems to be a stereotype but after some impressive plot twists isn't. James Rafferty and Romulus Terrin [shouldn't that be "Womulus"? - Ed] both worked well and although something interesting could have been done with the latter's character,

"...the Doctor's character yo-yos between nice guy and git every couple of books..."

I'd recommend the former as a replacement for either Ace or Benny. As to these two they got plot-lines all to themselves; a contrast to *Blood Heat* where it seems Mortimore only remembered Benny's existence half-way through because, like so many before, him he didn't really know what to do with her. The story, which doesn't rely on continuity trappings, works well.

Unfortunately I couldn't enjoy *The Dimension Riders* as the narrative (and everything else connected with the way the book was written) was horribly self-indulgent. This began with the Dramatise Personae (pretentious or what?) which, if you make the mistake of reading it, gives away quite a vast chunk of the Oxford section of the narrative. This brings me to my second point - the Oxford descriptions were so over-detailed ("a rainbow stretched from the Radcliffe Camera to Headington in the North") that it seems to all readers that he was at the University here [Brookes? - Ed], although I fully accept I might be saying this because I know he was.

Next up are the segments which quote earlier programmes and books. Despite this being rather fun at first - the Doctor being pleased at being arrested as he was in *Happiness Patrol* for example - it begins to grate. This begins with his chat to the barmaid, oh-so-similar to his talk to the guy in the cafe in *Remembrance* and reaches heights of

ridiculousness with his later being terrorised, in *another* pointless virtual-reality sequence, in a lost luggage station (based on a speech in *Ghost Light*). Burnt toast next? This is either a cunningly written indictment of the fact that the McCoy Doctor is running out of things to say, or (more likely) a horribly heavy-handed attempt to keep some sort of continuity of character which implies a lack of imagination.

But none of these was irritating as Blythe's attempt to squeeze as many *Nirvana* (and *Queen*, I'm told) song titles into the narrative as was humanly possible. This is something I used to when writing English essays at the age of 13, and something that someone pertaining to be a serious novelist should have grown out of. Little irritations perhaps, but sufficient to pull the book off the "excellent" stand, where it should belong.

The Left-Handed Hummingbird, with one major reservation is very good indeed and I think I'd rate it highest of all the New Adventures. The reservation is that the Doctor takes magic mushrooms and then an LSD variant to try and open his mind to the "Blue" [IBM? - Ed] This could have been handled reasonably - perhaps with the Doctor being desperate and being able to find no other solution turns to a method he would prefer not to use - but it's not - in the second case especially since he seems to be enjoying it.

But otherwise the story is superb - a psychological thriller with new ideas for villain, setting, story and other characters. The use of time travel is very effective given that the

"But none of these was irritating as Blythe's attempt to squeeze as many *Nirvana* ... song titles into the narrative as was humanly possible."

villain is not capable of it because he's outside time, so you're not sure what's going on. Orman's style flows from the page, drawing you further and further into the plot. Beyond this she makes further use of the medium by having time as malleable

concept - the first scene (ignoring the prologue) happens well after the second one, and at one point with the words "let's pause the videotape a moment" Orman takes a guided tour of the character's thoughts. This one comes greatly praised and highly recommended [sounds slightly pretentious to me - Ed].

As does *Conundrum* in a completely different way. This book is really where the episode guideline falls apart as the author is actually a character in the book. It begins with the TARDIS materialising in a small village called Arandale, populated with a selection of clichéd characters, and someone, somewhere is writing a *Doctor Who* book called *Conundrum*. This is not an entirely new idea, but Lyons uses the medium very well indeed, to the point

"And Cornell is still determined to do silly things with time travel..."

of being the only book I know which begins the chapter with a comma [sounds like a typo to me - Ed]. Despite using the Land of Fiction from *The Mind Robber* (and tying this in neatly with the Gods of Ragnarock (n' Roll) from *Greatest Show*) no former knowledge of *Who* is necessary to enjoy this book. In the story there are one or two real magic moments: the appearance of the Dredlox with their battlecry "In-cin-er-ate" (from one of the comic strips I'm told) and the end of Chapter 12 where the Doctor says "I assume we're due for a cliff-hanger", and he's right. The book is well-written and again opens the thoughts of the characters, making some moments very poignant. Highly recommended again - this and the former book are what the *New Adventures* should be.

Before I review the last book it's worth taking a break [good idea, my wrists are getting tired with this typing - Ed] and looking at the series. What I didn't like was the handling of Ace - battle-weary and bitchy - or the Doctor particularly - still up to his using and abusing ways, the very ones he said he'd stop after *Lucifer*

Rising. What I do like is continuity. I read in an interview that 4 of the 5 met together before they began and knew what they were going to do. Kate Orman (who being in Australia found it difficult to just nip into Fitzroy Tavern) was obviously still included and as such the books are consistent with each other; plot ideas from one book follow into another and much is made of particular phrases, "The healer becomes the



warrior" particularly, used throughout. It's a shame that Darvill-Evans never thought of doing something like that before - it's a great boon and makes everything work well.

Except *No Future*. I don't know what everybody else thought of this book, but I felt it was a bit of a mess. Tying up the Ace story-line destroys her continuity of character almost totally, while the purpose behind the cycle series seems a little contrived to say the least. The confrontation between the Doctor and his evil adversary is worth reading it for, but overall it seems a little bit of a let down. What Cornell never made clear is whether this is "alternate" or not - the CD revolution takes place a decade early, someone attempts to assassinate the Queen [and Nirvana? - Ed], Big Ben gets blown up and murderous people go on the rampage through England. To cap all that off the Brigadier has become a Buddhist, which for me doesn't quite work. One presumes that when the Doctor makes him forget about it all

at the end (to preserve temporal continuity - to allow this to take place before *Battlefield*) he forgets Buddhism as well.

And Cornell is still determined to do silly things with time travel - the bad guy removing all the Doctor's notes to himself and the video of how the story would have gone without the intervention are just plain silly.

And the narrative is a disappointment - generic and unimaginative. I know Cornell can do better, we've seen it twice in his other books, but there's hardly any of his style or flair this time round. The overall impression is that he did it in a hurry or without any care at all. With this he has been supping from the same cup as Daniel Blythe, only deeper - *pop* song titles. I did think that eventually that all the chapter titles are pop songs - and I think they're all from the 70s, which is to some extent what the book is all about ("Finally facing my Waterloo" and "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft" being two). Not as selfish as before.

A couple of final notes. Firstly I cannot understand how a writer as talented as Ryan Hemage [creep - Ed] has gone unnoticed by Darvill-Evans. His story fulfils all the qualities that the editor seems to like - he should be commissioned immediately.

And on a more serious note the short stories written by me, appearing in *Tides* in the near future display some of the things I don't like about the New Adventures - one is continuity bound, one is about religion and the last is based about a comment in *Love and War* about the Doctor sacrificing his sixth persona deliberately [sort of a crash diet, I suppose - Ed]. Hmm, harder to escape than I thought.

Long ago, in Hilary...

Anthony Wilson

The views expressed in this article do not necessarily correspond with the views of the editors, but we thought Birthright was crap too.

QUOTES

Some memorable quotes from Michaelmas Term, 1993

"Doctor Who fans get self-conscious when they're on their own."

David Steele.

"He was William Hartnell. Old and wooden."

James Brough comparing the first Doctor to Professor Yaffel from *Bagpuss*.

"I don't think that *Star Cops* is appropriate for a good season."

Anthony Wilson, exhibiting honesty for once.

"I'm sure the Prince of Darkness wouldn't see it as a perversion."

The Doctor in *The Mark of the Rani* by Pip and Jane Baker.

"If we're going to show Tom [Baker] then we should show both ends of him."

Anthony Wilson. Somebody pointed out that he showed an interesting side in *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*.

"It's ninth week. There'll be six people and a grandmother."

James Brough.

"It's sort of Margaret Thatcher to John Major."

Terrance Dicks on DocSoc's presidential changes over the years.

"My Vicar went to see her in lust and thought she was excellent."

Anthony Wilson on Sophie Aldred.

"We don't mind who knows as long as they don't tell anyone."

The BBC.

"We can ignore the membership survey since the membership don't know what's good for them."

Anthony Wilson (he was only joking, honest!)

"You can stick a spring up my bottom and bounce me up and down."

David Steele's apology for forgetting *The Magic Roundabout*.

"You're the Master after a close encounter with a jar of marmalade."

Someone to David Steele, before the beard went.

ARE YOU A DOCTOR WHO FAN?

- When did you last miss an episode of *Doctor Who* on BBC TV and not video it?
 - Within the last run of repeats
 - Within the last five years
 - Five to ten years ago
 - Seen em all since 1963, mate
- How many official *Doctor Who* videos do you own?
 - None of them
 - Less than ten
 - More than ten
 - All of them plus back-up copies in case the video chews up the main copy
- How many pirate *Doctor Who* videos do you own?
 - None
 - Just a few I've taped off the telly in the last few years
 - Lots
 - The whole lot plus a copy of *Power of the Daleks* that no one knows about
- Who is your least favourite Doctor (pun not intended)?
 - Colin Baker
 - Sylvester McCoy
 - William Hartnell
 - Jon Pertwee
- Which of the following people have you heard of and which have you met?
 - Gary Russell
 - Steven Wickham [Who? -Ed]
 - Ian Levine
 - Paul Cornell
- Which *Doctor Who* magazines do you regularly read?
 - Just *Tides of Time*
 - Tides of Time*, *Doctor Who Magazine* and/or *TV Zone*
 - All of the above plus *Celestial Toyroom* and *DWB*
 - All of the above plus the likes of *Skara*, *Purple Haze*, *In Vision* etc. plus the leaflet put out by the *Outer Hebridean Nuns' Doctor Who Association*
- How many Target novelisations do you own?
 - Less than 20
 - More than 20
 - All of them
 - All of them including, where applicable, the reprints and the hardback editions.
- Which of the following do you think are better than *Doctor Who*?
 - Blake's 7*
 - Star Trek*, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* & *Deep Space 9*
 - Red Dwarf*
 - Every Sci-Fi series since *Quatermass*
- Which Season of Doctor Who was *Terror of the Vervoids* in?
 - 2
 - 22
 - 23
 - Was it a Sylvester McCoy story?
- When did you last attend a *Doctor Who* convention?
 - Within the last 6 months
 - Within the last 2 years
 - More than 2 years/Never
 - Never and I don't intend to either.
- What did you think of *Paradise of Death*?
 - Magnificent
 - Crap
 - Forgot to tune in
 - Was that the one with Peter Cushing?
- Which was the first episode of *Galaxy Four*?
 - Four Hundred Dawns*
 - Trap of Steel*
 - The Watcher*
 - Who gives a toss?
- Do you own any of the following?
 - A *Doctor Who* T-shirt
 - A clockwork Dalek
 - A TARDIS money box
 - A paid for copy of *The Pertwee Years*
- Have you ever dressed up as one of the Doctors?
 - Yes
 - No
 - No, but I've been seen in public wearing a long scarf and a floppy hat

- No, but I've paraded around in a cardboard box screaming "Exterminate"
- How did you find *Parody of the Daleks* (ToT, Trinity 93)?
 - Offensive and crap
 - (Slightly) Humorous
 - Nondescript
 - By using the contents page
 - How many Doctors have you met?
 - None
 - 1
 - 2 to 4
 - All of the living ones plus I've spoken to Troughton during a seance

SCORING				
	a	b	c	d
1	0	1	3	5
2	0	1	2	5
3	0	1	3	5
4	0	0	0	3
5	Score 1 if you've heard of them plus 2 if you've met them			
6	0	1	3	5
7	0	1	3	5
8	Score -1 point for each of a, b & c or -5 if you ticked d			
9	1	1	3	0
10	3	2	0	-1
11	5	2	1	0
12	-4	3	3	-1
13	Score 1 point for each or 5 if you ticked the lot			
14	5	0	2	1
15	5	2	1	0
16	0	2	4	5

How did you Score?

-7 to 3

What are you doing at DocSoc?

4 to 10

Fairly normal person with Whoish leanings.

11 to 20

Getting a bit fannish here. Are you on the committee?

21 to 40

Definitely a *Doctor Who* fan. Get back in your anorak saddo!

41 to 75

You are obsessed with *Doctor Who*. I suggest you go and get immediate psychiatric treatment or else buy a Hawaiian shirt and get a job with BBC enterprises.

Paul Groves