TV Zine!
Special New Pull-Out Feature!

The Planet of Death 2!
More Mayhem with Pertwee and the Cybermen!

Patrick Troughton!
On the cover, but not in the magazine. Who cares?

Plus:
Finals in Doctor Who!
Kinda — In-depth review!
DocBot — The Early Years!
Grief Encounters — Prey!
The Tides of Time #14

"All of our lives, covered up quickly by the tides of time."

The more astute of you may notice that there is only one editor this issue, the rest of you won't have bothered examining the egotistical ravings in the column opposite. The other editor, David "I used to have a beard" Steele, has buggered off and left us because he's found some new friends to play with. So, if you see a man with orange hair who looks like he might have once been a bearded Doctor Who fan, feel free to break his legs.

It's a case of the good, the bad and the Paul Groves this issue. The good is the quality of the writing this issue; the bad the number of people who bothered to write something for the magazine and the Paul Groves is well ... Paul Groves, I suppose.

I know we seem to harp on about this every issue but we seem to get the same people writing the magazine issue in, issue out, which isn't very nice for me because I have to be nice to the few people who put pen to paper. You don't have to be on the committee to have an article printed, you know. So pull your finger out, before I do it for you — literally.

A small exclusive this month with the publishing of the results from the Hillary term questionnaire (well, they'll be exclusive if I can prevent the President from leaking). All the more reason to buy your favourite Doctor Who magazine (what do you mean, DWM?). Elsewhere we have a special pull-out feature — TV Zone — the concluding part of Planet of Death, a brief history of the early days of DocSoc, a veritable feast of short fiction and the chance to test yourself in our very own Who finals paper. Plus the President witters on about Kinda.

In the coming weeks you'll get a chance to have your say about Tides in the grand questionnaire in which you have your say in what DocSoc and Tides does in 1994/95. Before then I would like to award the Editor's award for best Tides article for 1993/94 to Ian Fellows for Death and Good-bye which appeared in Issue 13.

On a final note there's a drink for the person who can identify the quote at the beginning (from the DocSoc bar, of course).

The deadline for Issue 15 is 2nd Week of Michaelmas.
You have been warned.

Live long and prosper. Well, something on those lines.

Gary Meohan, May 1994

Collin Baker at a recent signing. With his pet ferret it would seem.
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Sarah Sutton — without a forset.
As I look back over 16 years as a Doctor Who fan’s mum, I am amazed at how much “The Doctor” dominated our lives for years and years.

Wherever we were, whatever we were doing, we had to be home on Saturday at the appointed hour. Friends would stare blankly at us as we cut short our visits and raced for home with the feeble excuse: “Sorry but it’s Doctor Who.” The question of insanity in the Steele family now seemed proved beyond doubt.

Holidays were cut short. If they coincided with Doctor Who we couldn’t watch it on the hotel’s TV, oh no, we had to be at home and, as mere parents, we were banned from our sitting room.

If the Doctor Who magazine didn’t arrive through the letterbox on the exact appointed day I had to face our local newsagent and demand an acceptable reason as to why it hadn’t been delivered. I often wonder if David was the real reason he took early retirement.

My earliest memories of Doctor Who were in the sixties, when it all started. Doctor Who was the programme after Sports Report (which my dad watched) and before Juke Box Jury (which I watched). I’m afraid to say that we switched off “The Doctor”. If only I’d had a crystal ball, I would have watched avidly Doctor Who may have been a better idea — Ed. — just think, now I would have real status in the family as an authority on Doctor Who as it really happened!

The next time I remember Doctor Who was sitting with the future fan when he was four years old. Then it was the “Behind the sofa” scene. “Shall I turn it off?” I asked hopefully as Robots of Death flitted across the screen. “No, no,” he replied, peeping out for a moment before retreating to a place of safety. However that was the start — the half-afraid, half-excited feeling grew into a kind of loyalty, the same kind that John Major would sell his soul for to receive from the rest of the Conservative party.

The following Christmas saw the arrival of a real TARDIS! David’s eyes were drawn to a large blue box, sort of hidden by presents. As the presents were opened the blue box was revealed as a very special present from Santa Claus. This TARDIS had a control panel, a light on the top that flashed on and off and was big enough to stand up in. That was that — there was no stopping him now. Years of pleasure followed, even cine films were made using highly specialised techniques to make the TARDIS disappear and reappear! My old stripped school scarf enjoyed a new lease of life.

School days came and with it the company of another devoted fan, Mark by name, who never opened his mouth except to start a sentence with “The Doctor”. His clever mum made him a super Peter Davison regeneration outfit. He also had special areas in his bedroom with Doctor Who displays etc.

“Wherever we were, whatever we were doing, we had to be home on Saturday at the appointed hour.”

At the Mecca of the North, in Blackpool on the famous Golden Mile was a permanent (well, it’s gone now) Doctor Who exhibition. Of course we had to go and worship. It was just like being in a noisy air-raid shelter, and just as frightening.

Another highlight in Blackpool was when Colin Baker, Nicola Bryant and John Nathan-Turner were to be there in person. By this time David had a little brother and together with pushchair, picnic hamper and friend Mark we all made the pilgrimage to Blackpool again. I suppose it was then I realised the popularity of “The Doctor”. The queue stretched for what seemed like miles. They’ll never get in I thought with a sinking heart. All afternoon they queued — luckily the Time Lords must have been on our side because the sun came out after a very showery morning and at 4 o’clock they were among the last ones to be let in. We saw the stars come out and be driven off in their limousine. David’s little brother was captivated by the usual Daleks and Cybermen (Not very nice of them, I hope you got him back — Ed) who were moving along the pavement saying the usual “Exterminate” etc. They made quite a fuss of little brother, I think that’s where a new Doctor Who fan was born.

David was lucky to see part of The Trial of a Time Lord being filmed on location at Gladstone Pottery in Stoke-on-Trent and actually went on set and talked to Bonnie Langford [You call that luck? — Ed]. His full report of this momentous occasion can be seen on the back of a Dream Watch Bulletin magazine.

You may wonder how all this excitement has affected my life. After years of being bombarded by information on Doctor Who, I’m sure that I could achieve a passable result on Mastermind. The first thing old acquaintances ask is: “Does David still like Doctor Who?” I smile to myself and think what a wonderful conversation starter it is. I have often seem surprise in someone’s face when I can discuss the merits and otherwise of Patrick Troughton as opposed to Tom Baker.

Unlike lots of other parents, birthday and Christmas presents have never been a problem. Anything connected with “The Doctor” will do. Books, tapes etc. Jumpers were knitted, TARDIS cakes were baked, soap, bubble bath and even an Easter Egg.

I think that overall Doctor Who has given our family great pleasure over the years. It can even be said to have added a new dimension to our lives.

Perhaps I should amend The Trial of a Time Lord Fan’s Mum to The Privilege of a Time Lord Fan’s mum.

David’s Mum
Part 2

**THE PLANET OF DEATH**

"Yes, indeed we have, Brigadier," burred the Doctor.

"It's a good job that I brought my full complement of crack troops then," declared the Brigadier, his voice brimming with confidence, though that may have been due to the fact he'd had garlic for lunch. He motioned to where Sergeant Benton, Captain Yates and a couple of soldiers were sitting in an old Morris Minor, with its roof cut off. An ancient Bren gun had been mounted on the back.

"These are your crack troops?" The Doctor tried to keep the disbelief out of his voice, but disbelief was a cunning bastard and sneaked up on the Doctor's voice when it wasn't looking, using the Doctor's nose as cover.

"All of 'em, I'm afraid. The budget cuts were a lot larger than anyone had suspected. This is all we can afford."

"Oh, very well, Brigadier. Let's go Cyberman hunting."

"Ready when you are, Doctor."

In actual fact the Cybermen weren't shooting people nor where they trying to invade the planet. They had got attached to a tourist party and had spent the best part of an hour following an umbrella around Cambridge and listening to a bored voice droning on. They were slightly bemused by the experience.

"Say, where are you boys from?" asked a woman in a bad American accent, trying to start up a conversation.

"Er, originally we were from Mondas but we moved to Telos," explained the Cyberleader.

"Gee, Telos. Isn't that in Texas?"

"I don't think so..."

"Yes, I'm sure it is," continued the woman, ignoring the Cyberleader. "Why are you wearing those silver suits, by the way? To protect you from the sun, I suppose." She patted the Cyberleader on the arm. "Very sensible, and don't let anybody else tell you otherwise."

"Er, right," replied the Cyberleader, a little confused. He imitated her gesture but unfortunately misjudged the amount of force needed. The woman fell to the floor, clutching a broken arm. The rest of the party ignored her and carried on.

"When do we start killing people, Leader?" asked the Cyberlieutenant. He was a bit of a closet psychopath, but then again most Cybermen didn't care for wardrobes.

"In a while," replied the Cyberleader. "I'm quite enjoying this." As he said this they were passing a pub, which caught the eye of the Cyberlieutenant who suggested that they call in for a quick pint or ten. The Cyberleader indicated his preference for the latter and the four Cybermen trooped into the public house.

The pub was quite old and so didn't have a very high doorway. This was noticed by the three lead Cyberman, but the last one, whose view was obscured by the massive bulk of his compatriots was sent sprawling to the floor by an old, oak door frame.

The Cyberleader surveyed the room and quickly
found the bar. The pub wasn't unlike the bar on the Cybershuttle, except the Cybershuttle bar had more headroom and was a little more functional in its approach. He turned to the Cyberman who had been making remarks ever since they had landed (the Cyberman who had been hit by the door frame had been the non-speaking one — confusing isn't it).

"Your round, I think," the Cyberleader told him. The Cyberman tried to object, pointing out that he was merely well built and that the Cyberleader was the fat bastard amongst them, but the sight of the Cyberleader and the Cyberlieutenant ever so coincidentally pointing their guns at him prompted him to relent.

"OK, what do you want?" he asked.

"Excellent! Just get us four pints," replied the Cyberleader. "Oh, and some straws." He turned to the Cyberlieutenant, "Let's find somewhere to sit."

They found a table in a dark corner of the pub and motioned for the other Cyberman (the one on the deck, who had been hit by the low door frame, not the one who had been bullied into buying the drinks) to follow them. He got up from the floor and staggered over to them but unfortunately was caught by a low beam and was sent to the floor, again. The Cyberleader and the Cyberlieutenant looked at each other and agreed to split his pint up between them both.

The Cyberman had managed to get four pints (and some straws) but was having difficulty persuading the landlord that he should let them have them on the house. Eventually the Cyberman smashed the landlord in the face with his fist and carried the tray of drinks over to the Cyberleader's table.

"Excellent!" cried the Cyberleader as the Cyberman with the drinks arrived. He reached out for one of the pints, stuck a straw in it and began to drink. "Hmph, not bad stuff," he said approvingly.

They were half way through their drinks when a shifty-looking character in a dirty raincoat entered the pub. He looked around the bar, spotted the group of three Cybermen and sloshed over to them, stepping over the prone Cyberman on his way. He sat next to the Cyberleader and nudged him with his elbow.

"Ere," he said though the side of his mouth. "You wanna buy some dirty mags?" He flashed the Cyberleader some Swedish hard-porn magazines. The Cyberleader gave them a quick glance. He told the man he wasn't interested. "Ow's about a gold watch for the missus, then?" The man opened one of the sides of his raincoat to show the Cyberleader a bunch of dangling gold watches.

"Gold!" shrieked the three Cybermen together. The Cyberleader backed up against the wall, the Cyberlieutenant fell off his chair, trembling slightly as he aimed his Cybergun, and the other Cyberman dived under the table and crouched there shaking.

"No, guess not," said the man with a shrug. He fastened his coat up again. The three Cybermen, seeing that the man meant them no harm eventually calmed down. The Cyberleader sat back down, the Cyberlieutenant holstered his gun and regained his seat and the Cyberman sheepishly crawled out from under the table and trying to look casual retook his chair.

The man was not going to give up. "Seatin' as I like your face I've got somethin' very special for you." He had a quick look round to make sure no one was look-

ing. He brought out a small, see-through plastic container containing about a dozen white tablets.

"What are those?" asked the Cyberlieutenant.

"It's some of the old acid tabs, limit! You interested?"

"What are acid tabs?" asked the Cyberleader. "Is it the same as acid faves? That would be interesting. You would burn the hand of the person you were paying?"

"Eh? No, you know, LSD."

The Cyberleader accessed his memory banks.

"Ah, hygroscopic acid diethylamidine. A powerful hallucinogenic drug. I believe the humans use it for having trips."

"Having trips? How quaint. The Cyberleader snatched the container off the man. "I think I might try one."

"Ere, those are twenty quid each. Give 'em back."

"Do you want to make me?" challenged the Cyberleader. Defiantly the man showed him the gold watches. The Cyberleader screamed, dropped the LSD tablets and raised his Cybergun. Setting the intensity level to maximum disintegration he vapourised the man, gold watches and all. "Phew, that was a close call," stated the Cyberleader, picking up the tablets. "Do you want to try one of these?"

"Er, no thanks, Leader," replied the Cyberlieutenant. 

"I'm giving them up."

"How can you give them up when you haven't started using them?" asked the Cyberleader.

"At least I can't get withdrawal symptoms."

"I suppose not," replied the Cyberleader. "Do you want one?" he asked the other Cyberman. The other waved his hand in refusal. "Ah, well, suit yourself." The Cyberleader put one of the acid tabs into his mouthpiece and swallowed with the aid of his pint. He sat there for about five minutes, nodding to himself, as if to an ABBA CD, waiting for something to happen.

"Do you feel strange?" asked the Cyberlieutenant.

"Of course not, I could get done for harassment."

"No, Leader. Are the pills affecting you?"

"No, nothing at all," replied the Cyberleader. He looked up. 

"Hey, Cybercontrol has sent us reinforcements. Look it's the 10th Cyberlegion come to help us. How are they all going to fit in here?" The Cyberlieutenant looked around. There was nobody there.

"Er, Leader, there's no sign of the 10th Cyberlegion."

"Eh, what are you on about? The 10th Cyberlegion indeed. Are you seeing things?"

"No, but, Leader..."

Unfortunately the ordinary Cyberman took this as an order. He was sent to the floor by a retaliatory blow from the Cyberleader.

The Cyberleader was now beginning to have bouts of shaking and his head jerked from place to place, looking for imaginary enemies. With a shriek he found one. "Oh my God! The barman's just mutated into the GREAT CYBERMAN EATING MONSTER OF ANCIENT MOND!" He grabbed his gun and sent plasma bolts indiscriminately around the pub. The clientele, who had so far ignored the Cybermen on the policy of Live and Let Live (Well, Live and let the barman get his face smashed in anyway), took notice of the offensive fire coming their way, screamed and dived for cover.

"Calm down, Leader!" ordered the Cyberlieutenant, grabbing hold of the Cyberleader to try and calm him down.

"You're not my lieutenanta!" screamed the Cyberleader. 

"You're a nasty Vogon, full of your horrible gold!"
Take that! The Cyberleader head-butted the Cyberlieutenant and sent him sprawling to the floor.

"Oh no!" moaned the Cyberleader, grabbing his head and sinking to his knees. "I'm really in a gold mine! Some one help me, please."

"We've got them Doctor!" declared the Brigadier, putting down his radio. "There's been reports of a disturbance at the Red Lion pub. Apparently there's four silver giants shooting at everything in sight."

"That sounds like them, Brigadier," replied the Doctor. "Put your foot down!"

The sickening screech as the UNIT team pulled up outside The Red Lion was due more to the dodgy brakes on the Morris Minor rather than any great speed. With clockwork precision the four UNIT soldiers leapt out of the car and surrounded the building. Except for the two sides of the public house which were attached to other buildings. And nobody could be bothered trekking the quarter mile down the street so they could get around the back of the building. There also seemed to an epidemic of vertigo going around so the roof wasn't covered. And given the things you find in sewers nowadays no one was volunteering to cover underneath either. So perhaps surrounded is to strong a verb to describe their actions. How about kept a casual eye on it?

"I hope you brought the gold bullets, Lethbridge-Stewart," the Doctor told the Brigadier.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," replied the Brigadier. "We had to pawn them. How else do you think we afforded the radio?"

"Well, normal bullets won't affect the Cybermen, you know."

"That doesn't matter Doctor," replied the Brigadier cheerfully. "We haven't got any of them either. New UNIT theory. Since bullets don't affect aliens we won't bother buying them. Saves thousands of pounds!"

"But what about the guns your soldiers are carrying?" asked Jo.

"Free with 10 tokens from Action Man accessories, Miss Grant," the Brigadier informed them, "we get most of our equipment that way now — guns, tanks, shrunken cameramen. They're just for show, you see."

"How do you expect to tackle the Cybermen, then?" asked the Doctor.

"We don't," replied the Brigadier confidently. "You do!"

The Cyberlieutenant had managed to bring the Cyberleader down by inserting an anti-hallucinogen into the Cyberleader's nervous system. The rapid crashing down from his high had sent the Cyberleader into a fit of depression and he was now sat in a corner drinking a bottle of whisky, which he had stolen from the bar, from a straw.

The place had been deserted by humans and the only occupants of the place were the four Cybermen: one out of it on the floor, one with a
dent helmet, one lower than the Pacific Trench and one who seemed to be in an impossibly cheerful mood. The lattermost one of these was trying to cheer up the Cyberleader.

“Cheer up,” he told him. “You’re a leader of the superior race of the universe.”

“If we’re so superior how come we have only one superlative?” asked the Cyberleader dejectedly. He took another suck from his whisky. “There are only so many ways you can say Excellent.”

“Look on the bright side…”

“Bright side? What fucking bright side? We’ve been sent on a suicide mission. The ship’ll never make it back to Telos.”

“It might,” protested the Cyberman. “If we overhaul the engines, replace the infrastructure, get a new flight computer, pick up a new warp drive, straighten out the superstructure…”

“Exactly. I’ll never make it.”

The once cheerful Cyberman looked down on his superior. “You’re making me depressed now. Any more of that whisky?”

The Doctor carefully opened the door of the pub. So far so good. He hadn’t been shot at, been taken prisoner or subjected to a barrage of Exclamations. He let the door close as quietly as he could and peered through the frosted glass doors that separated the vestibule from the bar proper. Although visibility wasn’t great he fancied he could make out two or three silvery shapes. Grasping onto a pair of gold earrings which he had borrowed from Jo he warily opened the doors.

It was now the Cyberlieutenant’s job to cheer up the Cyberleader, except now he had an added problem: the Cyberleader had been joined on the floor by the other Cyberman. They were sitting there depressing each other with tales of woe while the Cyberlieutenant tried desperately to bring them out of it. He didn’t notice the slight creaking noise as the Doctor entered the room, caused not by the door which had been oiled recently but by Pertwee’s wooden performance.

As fast as lightning the Doctor dived under a table, making no noise as he did so. He sat there, his heart thumping and his hands sweating.

Glancing around he noticed the still unconscious Cyberman sprawled on the floor, only a few feet away from him, his Cybergun invitingly resting in his outstretched palm. The other three Cybermen were at the end of the room and had apparently not noticed him. Tentatively he stretched out and delicately plucked the Cybergun from the Cyberman’s grasp and balanced one of the earrings on the Cyberman’s chest unit. Any movement on behalf of the Cyberman would send the earring into the interior of his chest unit and suffocate him.

As he retreated back under the table his foot unfortunately caught one of the chairs, sending it crashing to the ground. The Cyberlieutenant span around and heuristic algorithms quickly put together the low body temperature, the twin hearts and the appalling dress-sense and came up with one answer.

“It is the Doctor!” he exclaimed. His Cybergun was out in a moment and plasma bolts were sent flying over to the Doctor’s position.

Just before the table he had been crouching under was vaporised the Doctor had dived from his cover and, in a remarkable series of backflips, was now at the other side of the room, his progress being tracked by plasma bolts from the Cyberlieutenant’s weapon. The Doctor let off a couple of wild shots, forcing the Cybermen into cover, before jumping over the bar and landing, feet first, in a pile of broken glass.

“Oh no. I’m having a flashback!” meant the Cyberleader from behind an upturned table.

“No, Leader. It really is the Doctor.” The Cyberlieutenant sent a volley of shots over towards the Doctor. They hit the bottles on the shelves behind the bar, showering the Doctor with broken glass. The Doctor retaliated with a shot which disintegrated the table that was providing cover to the Cyberleader and the other Cyberman; the Cyberlieutenant had found other cover.

“Oh no!” cried the Cyberleader. His meaning was cut off by a shot from the Doctor which blew him apart. The Cyberman which had been sheltering with the Cyberleader looked round in horror at his destroyed superior before he too was caught by a shot from the Doctor.

All this had not gone unnoticed by the Cyberman on the floor who was struggling to regain consciousness. He shouldn’t have bothered. As soon as he moved the deadly bolt slipped into his chest unit. His death rattles drowned out the wall of the approaching sirens of the arriving fire engines, police cars and ambulances.

“So it’s just me and you now, Doctor,” declared the Cyberlieutenant. “You might as well surrender. Resistance is useless! The Cyberrace is supreme!”

“You’re wrong. You’re finished!”

“Finished is a word and so is aardvark. For that matter so are aback, abacus, abate, abandon, abase, abashed, abate, abattoir, abacity, abess, abbey…” The Cyberleader stared to rattie off his in-built dictionary, his words getting faster as he got into gear. “…allergy, alleviate, alley, alliance, allied, alligator, alliteration…” So engrossed was he that he didn’t notice the Doctor walk casually round from his shelter to stand within a couple of yards of him.

He was bloody surprised when the plasma bolt ripped him apart.

“So, Doctor, we’ve managed to deal with the Cybermen,” stated the Brigadier. Afterwards. They were sat in the café where the Doctor had first taken Jo.

“What do you mean we, Lethbridge-Stewart?” asked the Doctor. “I got the impression that it was I who dealt with them.”

“Maybe, but if it wasn’t for our storming of the place at the last minute, where would you be?”

“My dear chap, I’d already finished the last one off before you came on the scene.”

“We’re not going to quibble about mere minutes, are we, Doctor?” asked the Brigadier.

The Doctor sighed and took a sip of his coffee.

Gary Meehan

THE TIDES OF TIME — It is, are you?
That Was THE TERM That Was

Oth Week
The term began with a few shocks: the resignation of Ian Fellows (who claimed not to know about this until he saw the termcard informing him of it), the actual presence of the masters for *The Tides of Time* #12 and Anthony’s revelation of his Jaffa Cakes (the storming for which caused complaints from below). Nick Lipscomb ascended the heady heights and became Ian Fellows’ successor at the treasury.

The President also told us that Pertwee was playing Bob Marley in *Scrooge* at the Apollo. When someone told him that Bob Marley was a dead reggae singer he quickly revised Pertwee’s part to Jacob Marley.

1st Week
The beginning of the term brought us *The Keeper of Traken* in which we were led to believe that an 8ft statue could creep around the place without anyone noticing. Nice to see Ainley’s ham quotient at its lowest, though.

That Wednesday some poor unfortunates from the society went to have Pertwee inflicted on them in *Scrooge* — *The Musical*, which, it was felt, could have done without the music. To add insult to injury Pertwee refused to visit the society. It is still open season on Pertwee.

*After Scrooge* an emergency committee meeting was held in which two innocents, whose names I forget, were dragged onto the committee. At the meeting the President resorted to physical violence to assert his authority. This was not a wise move — he tried to intimidate James Brough who is a lot bigger than he is. The results of the contest are too embarrassing to reveal, though Anthony was upside down at one point.

2nd Week
Ah, Davison’s debut — *Castrovalva* — complete with Nyssa sighing: “We seem to be committed.” “You should be,” commented James.

The results of the Michaelmas questionnaire were published: *Earthshock* and *The Seeds of Doom* tied for the most enjoyable story; *The Curse of Ffennic* was thought the best made; *Blake’s 7* — *Terminal* took the best support feature category whilst the most enjoyed meeting went to the Terrance Dicks speaker meeting.

3rd Week
*The War Machines* seemed to have imported elements of WWF into its story-line with the said War Ma-

4th Week
With the first female councillor member since Trinity last year the committee was uncertain of what title she would take. “Woman”, “Token Female” and other such possibilities were suggested. Eventually the newly inaugurated Chief Whip, Mark Hanlon, suggested “Officer for Political Correctness” which was approved.

The general meeting on Monday finished off *Inferno*. However this was really the support feature this evening with the membership and several ex-committee members turning out for the docary *The Day of the*
Triffids. Why? I suppose it has something to do with the memory cheating, or in this case being downright nasty and vicious.

5th Week

Confusion week, this week, as Doc-Soc inflicts Ghost Light and the concluding part of The Day of the Triffids on the world. Even Sophie Aldred didn’t know what was going on in Ghost Light and was driven to wail: “What’s going on?”

Unfortunately for Ghost Light pretty costumes does not a story make. Unlike certain other stories this could have done with an extra episode, though after reading Time’s Crucible, God knows what he would have done with it.

6th Week

Sunday saw the first part of The War Games. Unfortunately no one else did. A pity really because the first episode was quite good.

An exclusive this week, with a never before shown extended version of the surreal Davison adventure Kinda. The wind chimes clanked, the music was conspicuous by its absence but thankfully Nysa’s part was virtually non-existent. I always knew I liked this story.

7th Week

A decent Pertwee adventure this week with The Mind of Evil with UNIT actually appearing competent and fight scenes straight out of Rambo. However it was probably a long time between episodes.

And talking of padding we also experienced the final eight episodes of The War Games which is mainly noted for being Troughton’s, Hines’ and Padbury’s last adventure, the story which introduced the Time Lords and for being bloody long. Unfortunately it is the lattermost of these which most impresses itself on the viewers mind, with all the force of a pneumatic drill.

There also happened an unprecedented event this week — the starting of a new minutes book. We were all suitably awestruck.

8th Week

Anniversary time this week with the society celebrating 5 years of Doc-Soc! 15 turns worth of committee members turned up for a blow out at Pizza Express, which didn’t know what hit them.

On more mundane matters Planet of Evil was this week’s visual feast. An alternative variation of the cliff-hanger as Baker hangs over a pool. He still survived though. Now if he’d died that would’ve been a real alternative.

The Easter party was interesting.

Is this what Doc-Soc parties do to you?

with the Treasurer career through Oxford in a borrowed car (it was only a small scratch) and the party goes changing the party site at least three times.

9th Week

Attack of the Cybermen. Nuff said.

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**Hilary 94 – Poll Results**

**Most Enjoyed Story**

1. The Keeper of Traken (72, 21%)
2. Inferno (6, 22%)
3. Kinda (5, 19%)
4. Castrovalva (4, 15%)
5. The Planet of Evil (2, 8%)
6. Ghost Light (1, 4%)
7. The War Games (1, 4%)
8. Attack of the Cybermen (1, 4%)

**Most Well Made Story**

1. Ghost Light (13, 50%)
2. Castrovalva (5, 19%)
3. The Keeper of Traken (4, 15%)
4. Kinda (2, 8%)
5. The Planet of Evil (1, 4%)
6. The War Games (1, 4%)
7. The War Machines (1, 4%)
8. Attack of the Cybermen (1, 4%)

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**Most Enjoyed Meeting**

1. Mon 5 (Ghost Light: D.O.I.T. 4-6)
2. Mon 6 (Kinda; Y.M.) (6, 22%)
3. Tue 8 (Anniv.) (4, 15%)
4. Mon 4 (Inferno 5-7; D.O.I.T. 1-3)
5. Mon 2 (Castrovalva: R.D.) (3, 12%)
6. Mon 1 (Keepr of Traken; Orbit)
7. Sun 3 (The War Machines)
8. Mon 3 (Inferno 1-4; Warlord)
9. Sun 6 (The War Games 1-5)
10. Sun/ The War Games 6-10

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**Most Enjoyed Support Feature**

1. Yes Prime Minister The Key (6, 25%)
2. Blake’s 7 – Blake
3. Day of the Triffids (5, 21%)
4. Blake’s 7 – Orbit (4, 17%)
5. Red Dwarf – Me (2, 8%)
6. Red Dwarf – Confidence and Paranoia
7. Yes Minister – The Official Visit (1, 4%)
8. Blake’s 7 – Warlord (0, 0%)
SPACE: 1999
We look at some more crap from ITC!

TOM BAKER INTERVIEWED
But not by us!

DOCTOR WHO
The latest video releases including NEW TRAUGHTON

NEXT GEN: Tea Boy Interviewed

PLUS: SUPERMAN, MAID MARION Location Report and THOSE Reviews
News
Find out about all the new, second rate series you can watch if you happen to own a satellite dish, live in America or watch children's telly. Plus we reveal who the eighth doctor is this week.

Next Generation
The first part of our exclusive interview with Derek Scrune, tea boy on Oh Shit, The Borg Are Back.

Fantasy Trashback
We dig up some fourth rate crap from the early seventies which really should have been quietly forgotten about.

Beverly Hills 90210
Find out just how far we can get away with extending the boundaries of telefantasy.

Maid Marion etc.
The obligatory location report. We go where nobody else can be bothered to tread.

Letters
Are our readers really more intelligent than our contributors? Guess which member of the DocSoc committee features this month!

Doctor Who
We look back at The Horns of Nimon with one of the scenery shifters.

New Doctor Who Adventures
We reveal the plot of Virgin's latest amateur offering to save you the bother of reading it yourself.

Reviews
The latest third rate crap from ITC is praised to the hilt.

Superman DSV
Bloody Hell!!

Editorial
Hey wow, yeah, like groovy man. Actually there's been a military coup here at TV Zine, Jim Vernon-Rhubarb has been forcibly removed and is now pushing up daisies somewhere in Gloucestershire. So, I'm editor now! But don't worry we'll be keeping the quality down to the level you've come to expect ... and still no Blake's 7!!!

This issue, we finally stop scraping the bottom of the barrel and see what's underneath ...

Finally, don't forget our Mickey Mouse Special is out whenever Smith's can be bothered to stock it!!!

Paul Groves

TV Zine Issue 55 Trinity 1994
Editor Paul Groves, Commissioning Editor Donald Duck, Production Assistants Ryan Henage, Terry Caza, Gabriel Finch, Evander Galois, Contributors Rupert Murdoch, John Birt, Michael Grade, John Nathan-Turner, Michael Howard, Mary Whitehouse, Richard Branson, Publisher Davros, Creator of the Daleks. Editorial Address: TV Zine, Lack of any Visual Imagination, Round the back of Sainsbury's, Westgate Centre, Oxford. Any old crap is welcome for publication, especially if it's got something to do with ITC.

Front Cover: Design Gary Meenan.
I Who's Who?

Because of the large number of rumours concerning who is to play the eighth Doctor Who, we have decided to compile a TV Zine Top Ten:
1. Alan Rickman
2. Dudley Moore
3. Richard O'Brien
4. Jon Pertwee
5. Michael Crawford
6. June Seymour
7. Harrison Ford
8. Tom Cruise
9. Dave Lee Travis
10. John Major

The top three remain unchanged from last term's countdown. But, at number 4, Pertwee is our highest climber, although it has been said that this is statistically invalid because he spread all the rumours himself. Dave Lee Travis is a re-entrant at number 9. He is still looking gainful employment.

Our only new entry is John Major at number 10, who is expected to be looking for a job soon after the European elections in June.

Bubbling under are Dr Josh Silver, a fellow of New College, Oxford and University lecturer in physics who has expressed a public interest in the part. Also, ex-president of the OUWS, James Brough, is rumoured to be up for the role after having been seen in public wearing a long scarf and floppy hat.

I 31st Anniversary

After the huge success of the 30th anniversary Doctor Who special, Dimensions in Time, which gained the programme's highest ever audience, plans are afoot for a sequel.

The Several Doctors, produced by John Nathan-Turner, will be broadcast in two parts - on Children in Need 1994 and on Noel's House Party. In a break with tradition, the present Doctor, instead of meeting his predecessors, will meet all the actors rumoured to be his successor. Between the two episodes the viewers will have the chance to phone in and vote for who they want the Doctor to regenerate into. The Seventh Doctor is to be played by Dannny Baker after Sylvester McCoy turned down the role on the grounds that it was much too silly. Baker is understood to have been interested by the phone in element. A spokesman for Mr Nathan Turner said: "His name's Baker, what more do you want?"

I Deep Space Nine

Rumours are abound from across the Atlantic that Mr Sulu is to appear in an episode of Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. The story-line involves Sulu deliberately taking Excalibur into the wormhole because he's jealous that most of the original series' cast seems to have found their way into the 24th century by one way or another. Because time doesn't exist in the wormhole, Sulu simply takes his ship out 75 years later without experiencing any ageing effects.

I Quantum Leap

Our transatlantic rumour monger has exclusively revealed to us that in a forthcoming episode of Quantum Leap, Sam Beckett leaps into the body of Tom Baker during his final year as the Doctor. Apparently Sam's mission is to prevent the Doctor from regenerating into Peter Davison.

I Missing Episodes

A BBC spokesman has announced that every single missing episode of Doctor Who, including The Tenth Planet 4, has been found in the Bodleian Video Library, Oxford. A spokesperson for the Bodleian said: "As a copyright library, we have a copy of every single television program ever transmitted in the UK. If the BBC had approached us years ago they would have saved themselves a lot of bother."

I TV News

Repeats of Doctor Who are to continue on June 26th with The Horns of Nimon followed by Four to Doomsday then Terror of the Vervoids. The time slot has been moved again, to Sunday mornings at 5.30 on BBC 2, just before the Open University. BBC 2 controller, Michael Jackson, denies that the repeats are being shown under sufferance. Meanwhile Star Trek: The Next Generation has recommenced in the same seedy BBC 2 time slot as before and virtually with no publicity. Also, the run was deliberately started with the really dull Planet 9 just to put all the viewers off. TV Zine would like to point out that it is not at all better about not being given any advanced details about the return of the series. Rumours are also circulating concerning the return of Randall and Hopkirk, Blake's 7, Alien Nation and Babylon 5 to our screens. As we've no one to bothered to give us any concrete details, we thought we'd make them up, so they'll be going out at 6 p.m. on weeknights on BBC 2.

I Book News

Rumours are circulating that Doctor Who editor, Peter Darvill-Evans has spontaneously combusted after actually bothering to read Transit, The Pit, and The Left Handled Hummingbird. So under the circumstances we are unable to bring you any details of forthcoming releases.

I Military Coup

TV Zine has received a tip-off that Oxford University Doctor Who Society president, Mr Anthony Wilson, is plotting to depose himself in a coup at the end of term. A spokesman for the society informed us that if we didn't stop making up stories about them, we'd be hearing from their solicitor.

I Business News

The Interagalactic Federation of Planets Credit has risen five points against the Gallifreyan Golden Rod.

I Sport

And now the Dalek Racing results:
Belgium 1, England 0
France 47, Italy 3
Scotland 9, Australia 14

I Weather

Sunny spells will be interrupted by overcast periods. Dry periods will alternate with rain, snow and sleet. Winds variable. Tonight it will be dark.

I Disclaimer

Any resemblance between individuals or situations mentioned on this page and actual reality is purely coincidental.
Evil of the Daleks

Following events reported earlier in TV Zine, we are proud to exclusively reveal the planned BBC video release for July of the complete version of "Evil of the Daleks." Due to the rushes of the double video package, Alastair Pearson's book was published, and this edition is the cover of the release—exclusive to TV Zine. The video is expected to retail for £29.99. The BBC have denied that this is an exorbitant price and justify that they are believed to have tacked on a 5-minute

Other BBCV Releases

There are also rumours that the BBC plans to release "A Vitors," in two formats. The first is a double pack of all 8 episodes at a price of £34.99, whereas there will be a trade-in discount of £1.99 for those with the 6 episode version. The second is just episodes 1 and 4, which were missing from the first release, with an unbranded Nicholas Courtney providing the narration for the rest of the episodes. The narration is believed not to last more than 5 minutes in total and this release will retail for £34.99. There are also various reports of forthcoming releases. Here are a few of the more substantiated.

The Abominable Snowmen and The Web of Fear are expected to be released together in a special furry box set. No price has been set but it is thought to be in the region of £49.99. There is also thought to be two alternatives—one each for the differing type of Yeti.

The Power of the Daleks is rumoured to be coming in a six video boxed set, one cassette for each episode. The tin is thought to be in the shape of a Dalek and may come with a free slime creature. Estimated retail price is £64.99.

The Underwater Menace, the highly acclaimed story from Patrick Troughton's first season, has been the subject of severe and conflicting rumours. One says that it will come in a fish tank, complete with piranha fish so as to prevent the owner getting at the video. The other rumour is similar but this time the tank is filled with concentrated sulphuric acid to act as a disinfective. Expected price is between £89.99 and £99.99.

The Ice Warriors, which featured the Ice Warriors, is believed to be due out in December and is thought to come in its own fridge. The video cassette is thought to melt if exposed to temperatures above 5°C. The price could be anything between £199.99 and £249.99.

Fury from the Deep, the only story written by one time Doctor Who script editor Victor Pemberton, will be released sometime next year and will be available from all outlets of Dave's Aquarium. The video will come with its own fishpond, killer seaweed and a food generating machine. A source at the BBC says there may be difficulty in clearing the killer seaweed for sale but they are confident in pushing it through and quoted a price of approximately £399.99.

There is also thought to be 2 more episodes of the 10 part story The War Games also found in the Bodleian haul. The BBC have denied speculation that these missing episodes have merely been rehashed from the other 10 episodes. We are as yet unsure how the BBC plans to release this "extended" version. However there have been strong suggestions that it may be released episodic along with the other 12 part adventure, The Daleks' Masterplan.

The idea seems to be to release one episode of each story per month in a special double pack. It has been suggested that each double pack may retail for as little as £44.99. However this is yet to be confirmed.

Reporting this page by Ryan Hemage

Cover courtesy of BBCV representative Mary Ghanee
Kinda is a story of stark comparisons — of blacks and whites. Everything within comes in opposing pairs — madness against sanity, light against darkness and even Christianity against Buddhism. And throughout the one that you don't expect is seen to be the “correct” way. It is one of the very few stories in Who which builds itself around a “superstition” which does not subsequently prove to be a hoax, and it is one of the very few which treats all its concepts in a serious and mature way.

Let us begin then by looking at Paradise. Doctor Todd states that the planet Deva Loka has “no predatory animals, no diseases [and] no adverse environmental factors at all. The climate,” she continues, “is constant within a five degree range and the trees fruit in sequence all year round.” If we assume that the chances of such an ecosystem such as that occurring naturally are so minimal as to be negligible, this leads us to the only other conclusion that Deva Loka was deliberately constructed. Further to this theory is the existence of the double helix necklaces worn by the Kinda and the wind chimes (clunk — Ed) — both surely products of some intelligence. Thus perhaps the Kinda are, or were, a highly developed society who decided that the best way to live is in simplicity — in a lush greenery which provides all that they need.

The contrast is found in the Dome — a world of bright lights and straight lines, where everything is ordered and run by the Manual and consequently nothing works. The Manual is badly flawed of course — this much is made obvious to the viewer in its directives of rating the jungle to the ground in a 50 mile radius with fire and acid, and the careful and sensible instructions to commit suicide, just in case.

And the people here are just as bad — Sanders is an old man who, while believing that the disappearances of his men is keeping him on his toes, fails to do anything. And the less said about Hindle the better. Doctor Todd is the only sensible one but because this is a military expedition (as these things tend to be it seems) she has no say in what is done. Again we contrast the Kinda — simple people who have no problems.

They provide another strict differentiation — they call themselves the Among-We and everybody else the Not-We; there are no other distinctions (though how Todd knew to tell the Doctor is a good question since she had apparently not been able to communicate with the Kinda at all...).

Another theme seriously considered here is madness, notably in what is perhaps Doctor Who’s most convincing portrayal of insanity by Simon Rouse as Hindle. Here is a man who begins slightly unstable, moves towards a nervous breakdown mid-episode one finally oscillating between paranoia and depressive childhood before being treated by the box of Jhana. Not a great track record. Sanders could also not realistically be described as “fully stable”.

“Kinda is a story of stark comparisons — of blacks and whites.”

But what is the Box of Jhanna? — the only attempt at any explanation is the Doctor’s hypothesis that it uses a high frequency to redress the “patient’s” mental balance, but it can also draw women and, perversely, the Doctor to the cave of Panna and Karuna. We are also told that it drives men mad if they are sane. Somehow though, we are left with the impression that the Box itself knows what it is doing, even if those operating it don’t. A product of that civilisation again? [No thanks, I’m giving them up – Ed] While Hindle is fighting a losing battle with madness so too, in another location entirely, is Tegan. Here madness is represented by darkness and decadence [Why can’t I get a decent lawyer like the rest of us—Ed] — people dressed in Elizabethan costume playing chess and debating philosophy; images, we have assumed, drawn from Tegan as they’re unlikely to be part of Kinda folklore. But it is mostly represented by darkness, the ultimate being when Tegan disappears, forever lost in the dark. It is interesting to remember Hindle’s comment — the trees contain “seeds, spores and things... thrusting, tugging hold, rooting, thrusting, branching. Blocking out the light.” Was it Nimrod who said: “only the madman sees the path clearly?”

And so into this setting comes the Mara, from the dark places of the inside. Its appearance makes the great wheel roll again — it starts the clocks, “the curse of time.” It begins war, from which “civilisation”, as we choose to call it, arises. It begins with the first, crude spear. Panna’s speech says it all — “This is how it all begins again. With killing. But it does not end there. It ends, as it always has done, in chaos and despair. It ends, as it begins, in darkness.” Quite emotive stuff. The idea of a continuing, recurring curse is frequently touched upon in Who, although rarely on a scale as large as this. And typically for this story, it is presented in a very convincing an quite powerful way. The Mara arrives through interference — it is the actions of those in the Dome which causes Aris’s depression and consequent acceptance of the Mara, but the Doctor’s arrival which allows the Mara to break through. Perhaps the Kinda are right to have the Among-We and Not-We distinctions — every Not-We on the planet causes problems.

The Mara is there at the beginning of civilisations, perhaps representing man’s triumph (and I use the word with a fair measure of sarcasm) over nature. But it has another symbolic value in the Genesis creation myth. Here the fall of man is played
Envoi

It was alone and it was dying. The last survivor of the original crew, it had survived the attack, since it had been outside the city when the power system was fused. However, it had still been close enough to be severely crippled by the feedback.

It felt no fear. Although it knew it was dying and it knew that the crew had been destroyed by aliens, there was still one more task it could perform. Homeworld had to be informed. It began to divert the last reserves of its failing power to its emergency long-range communication systems and prepared to send its final mission report.

> +++ SCOUT VESSEL A107/23-TY468 +++

> 00100 MISSION REPORT Follows -
> CREW DESTROYED. LAST SURVIVOR (UNIT 5668) FATALY INJURED. CRYOGENIC CAPSULE IN ALIEN HANDS. OPERATION FAILURE DUE TO INTERFERENCE BY ALIEN KNOWN AS "DOCTOR". CONTACT WITH A.166 CIVILISATION (INTELLIGENCE LEVEL HIGH? AVERAGE) ESTABLISHED.
> MISSION EVALUATION: CIVFDO*GHGOOE (REPEAT) CIVILISATION SUITABLE FOR COLONISATION. CAUTION ADVISED.
> ALIEN HOMeworld ESTIMATED TO BE IN VICINITY OF O-STAR A432. REPORT ORIGIN: PLANET 7 SYSTEM 8C
> MESSAGE REPE...
> (power failing)
> MESSAGE...

> M...
> ...

But far away, across the vast gulfs of space, the message was received, the powerful radio-computers on the homeworld filtered the feeble signal, boosted, processed and then decoded its message. The message was fed into the master strategy computers which considered it and evaluated the correct response.

> +++ PRIMARY STRATEGY COMPUTER - RED LEVEL COMMAND +++

> REPORT OF SCOUTSHIP A107/23-TY468 EVALUATED. COLONISATION OF ALIEN CIVILISATION NOW PRIMARY DIRECTIVE. BATTLE FLEETS TO PROCEED WITH BACTERIOLOGICAL/IMMUNOLOGICAL ASSAULT PLAN. EXPERIMENTS TO PROCEED. INDIGENOUS INHABITANTS TO BE EXTERMINATED.

> +++ BEGIN MISSION +++

And far across space, the last survivor of scoutship A107 died. Its life-support systems failed and the almost imperceptible humming which signified their operation faded. Its eyestick drooped, all life gone, and the only sound was, once more, the faint bubbling of the mercury pools.

John Wilson

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Continued from page 15

out in full — the snake seduces the woman to evil and she in turn offers the man an apple. He accepts the gift of knowledge, gains voice and becomes self-aware — an individual. He even, perhaps embarrassed, covers his arm as Adam once covered his nakedness (although that could be taking the analogy too far). And on the other hand we have many of the ideals behind Buddhism — the wheel of change, the simplicity of Kinda society and their obedience to the way of the natural world. Finally these principles are driven home by the reincarnation of the old woman Panna in the girl Karuna. Buddhism is presented with the voice of the wise while Christianity is represented as wrong. An interesting (and risky) slant to take.

Snake Dance, the sequel, has always struck me as being a much simpler story. A couple of points are worth mentioning though. Snake Dance deals with the decadence I’ve mentioned and the comparative ease with which the Mara arrives because of this. It is also interesting in that in Kinda the dreaming of an unshared mind allows the Mara’s transition while in the sequel it is the fact that there is one mind not sharing that stops it. But enough of this.

Kinda operates on a number of different levels — personal, spiritual, physical and mental, and it is one of the most clearly thought-out and intelligent stories of its time. Sadly it is all down (snake) by the paper maché production values (snake) at one particular point (snake) but otherwise works well (apart from the damn snake). [You forgot the battle suit cum studio floor cleaner — Ed] It is a story worth sitting back and thinking about — sadly an all-too-rare event in Who. Perhaps Spielberg will remake it. You never know.

Anthony Wilson

The author would like to point out that all quotes came from the book and not from the TV broadcast and so is not responsible for any inaccuracies.
SECOND PUBLIC EXAMINATION
Honour School of Television Sci-Fi and Fantasy

DOCTOR WHO

Time allowed: Relative

Candidates should start every question on a new sheet of paper thus wasting huge quantities of this planet's resources.

SECTION A: Multiple Choice

Candidates should pick one answer from the three/four/five possible ones given

1. Pick the odd one out:
   a) Domestos
   b) Jif
   c) Persil
   d) Frontios

2. One of the following was out of place in *The Time Warrior*. Which?
   a) Sontaran
   b) Journalist
   c) Time Lord
   d) TARDIS
   e) Potato

3. "It is a far, far better thing." To which of the following does this most apply?
   a) *The Twin Dilemma*
   b) The TARDIS inside out
   c) *Time and the Rani*
   d) Marek Anton

   a) The Doctor
   b) Jamie
   c) Zoe
   d) The Console
   e) None of the above

5. Was the curse of Peladon:
   a) Bugger
   b) Sod
   c) Shit
   d) Klokledda Partha Mennin Klatch

6. Was the power of Kroll:
   a) Nuclear
   b) Fossil Fuel
   c) Green
   d) Negligible

7. Pick the odd one out:
   a) Bell Boy
   b) Flower Child
8. Was the mark of the Rani
   a) A small blotch
   b) A large patch
   c) ß?-

9. Pick the odd one out:
   a) Rubber Weekly
   b) Big Boys in Boots
   c) The Dominators
   d) Cat-Fetishists' Guide
   e) The Savages

10. Pick the odd one out:
    a) Salt shaker
    b) Vinegar bottle
    c) HP Sauce
    d) Dalek

SECTION B: People

Candidates should attempt all questions

1. How wide-ranging is the Brigadier's knowledge of beaches of the UK?
2. How crap is Bonnie Langford? Candidates should offer no more than 15 sides.
3. Explain the concept of Peter Haining
4. To what lengths would Tom Baker go? Candidates are reminded that their answers will be subject to the Obscene Publications act.
5. To what extent is Sylvester McCoy?
6. Were William Hartnell ever?
7. Extrapolate Jamie. Dividers may not be used.
8. "The life of man is nasty, brutish and short." What percentage of that statement is relevant to Jon Pertwee?
10. Terry Nation — Creative writer?

SECTION C

Candidates should attempt no more than 3 questions

1. Define the following with diagrams:
   a) The Nose of Pertwee
   b) The Horn of Nimon
   c) The Polarity of the Neutron Flow
d) The Daleks’ Masterplan
e) A Power Complex
f) A Paradise of Death
g) The Blinovitch Limitation Effect

2. Give 7 ways in which a Dalek would make use of a motorcycle. Diagrams may not be used.

3. Illustrate with diagrams: “My Web!”

4. “Subvert the inner self-referential continuity of the neutron flow.” In light of this consider:
   a) The terrible Zodin
   b) The Arc of Infinity
   c) No. 76 Totter’s lane
   d) Jehoshophat
   e) Scrooge, the musical

5. How would you recognise:
   a) A State of Decay
   b) An Earthshock
   c) The King’s Demons
   d) A deus ex machina

6. With particular reference to the Portreeve justify Castrovalvan taste in hats.

7. With reference to Pyramids of Mars explain the need for haste when using a Time Machine.

SECTION D: Linguistics

Candidates should attempt all questions

1. Write a linguistic analysis of the following and place into context:
   a) “Mmph, Aaergh, Czyjz.”
   b) “You, thir, are a thwiator.”
   c) “You’re getting old Doctor...”
   d) “Ooh, Matron.”
   e) “What is it, Doctor?”
   f) “Look at the balls on that, Doctor.” “Yes, Jamie, it is a big one.”
   g) “Catharsis of a spurious morality.”
   h) “Two separate epistemic interfaces from differing points in the Time Continuum.”
   i) “Quick Miss Waterfield, up your passage.”

2. “Klokledda Partha Mennin Klatch.” Explain

3. “Six people and a grandmother.” Is this an accurate description of the seven Doctors?

4. “A barely adequate substitute for a visit to a concert or music hall.” Is this a fair description of the mighty Sontaran battle fleet?

5. “Here’s to the future.” What future?

SECTION E: Adventures

Candidates should attempt at least 8 questions

1. Where exactly was the edge of destruction?
2. Identify the day of the Daleks on a calendar.
3. Write up the Sontaran experiment.
4. Wither Shada?
5. In what year did K9 and Company cease trading?
6. How early was the Awakening?
7. What were the steps to the Snakedance
8. Under what was the Underworld?
9. What had the Daleks forgotten?
10. Who was the penultimate foe?
11. On Varos who was taking vengeance and on whom?
12. What did the Daleks reveal?
13. Was “The Macra Terror” an anagram?
14. Death to the Daleks. Guideline or gospel?
15. What were the distinguishing features of the invisible enemy?
16. Create a CV for the deadly assassin.
17. What was the Zygons’ terror and where did they keep it?
18. What was the Autons’ terror and was it any way related to that of the Zygons’?
19. What was so horrible about Fang Rock?
20. Do the Daleks really believe in life after death?

SECTION F: General

Candidates are expected to attempt 3 questions

1. What was the Dalek doing in the River Thames?
2. How extensive were Wrigley’s marketing exploits in the year 100,000 BC?
3. Was dimensions in time?
4. “Multiply by the binary figure 100. That’s a pretty simple calculation.” Was it?  
5. Why was the atmospheric density jacket and what petrol-based substance did it run on?
6. Yomping. Art or artform?
7. “We call it the creature ... We call it the pit.” Why?
8. What was the Cyberplan? Candidates may refer to all adventures featuring the Cybermen providing they can tell them apart by means other than title.
10. “It’s huge.” Tom Baker’s ego or the size of his drinks bill?

Anthony Wilson and James Brough
It is night, in the TARDIS. The console room is deserted and there is no movement, save for the gentle, rhythmic oscillation of the time rotor. A muted glow fills the silent room.

Meanwhile, Peri is sleeping. Her mind relaxes, trying to forget the horrors it witnessed on the planet Necros. From time to time the harsh metallic voice of a Dalek cuts into her tranquillity.

And the Doctor?

The Doctor is running. Behind him the ground explodes into silent technicolor flame. Plasma rays slice the air around his head. He stops — he has come to the edge of a cliff. Peering over the edge he can see only darkness. Behind him he can hear the soft clicks and whines of plasma rifles charging.

The Doctor jumps. His garish coat billows behind him but there is no sensation of falling. Turning he sees a tall man beside him, clothed in a pitch black robe. His skin is white. Twin stars glitter where his eyes should be.

“You know,” the Doctor confides, “this is really the reason I don’t sleep very often. The nightmares, the memories you hoped you had forgotten, don’t you think?” But the tall man says nothing. He merely gestures at the darkness around them. Then he is gone, like a breath of wind.

“Wait!” cries the Doctor. “I want to —”

Several things happen at once. The Doctor is fighting, struggling with a man in a red and black guard’s uniform. The man steps back, trips, stumbles into a vat of seething green liquid. His skin burns. He screams.

The hot sun burns the Doctor’s back. His leg throbs with pain. Almost blindly he claps a foaming white rag to his opponents face. His enemy collapses, convulsing. He jerks once and then is still. The Doctor feels the exhilaration of his triumph.

His hands are on his adversary’s throat. He feels the warmth of the soft, human flesh. He squeezes. Harder. He feels his opponent’s life ebbing away. He snarls in victory and looks at her face....

The Doctor wakes, sweating and panting. It gradually comes to him — he is in the TARDIS. Eventually he calms. He walks softly to his companion’s room, gently pushing open the door he enters and sees her lying in deep sleep. The motion of her soft breathing caresses the straggly hairs that hang down over her cheek.

The Doctor smiles. Suddenly he sees an image, a half memory. She is choking. Hands are choking her. His hands.

Disturbed, he leaves Peri’s room, closing the door quietly behind him. A frown crosses his face. He looks down at his hands.

They are shaking.

John Wilson

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ACROSS
1. The twelve faces of this was featured in Meglos (12)
   • A Solomon leader (2)
   • Fierce beast found in Ribos (12)
   • He was killed by a silver bullet (9)
   • Underground creatures on Veritis (6)
   • God who deposited Sekhs (5)
   • Celestial Intervention Agency (5)
   • Ruler of kewmush (4)
   • The Doctor has met its mosque (10)
   • Nerva’s father on Frontis (5)
   • The creature from the pit (5)
   • Oscar’s Spanish girlfriend (5)
   • The Doctor’s granddaughter (5.7)
   • Deakin astronaut on the Moonbase (4)
   • King Arthur’s sword (9)
   • Underwater polypmen or Luigi Roselli’s real name (7)
   • One of the Cynosa (6)
   • He helped the Doctor on Xenos (6)
   • A Nerva or a savages (2)
   • God of Fipiko

DOWN
1. Lucky’s “food of the gods” (7,5)
   • Kari’s partner (5)
   • Astronaut on Mars probe 6 (7)
   • Location of Cavern’s secret base (7)
   • Leeds’ tribe. The Sea (4)
   • School teacher (3)
   • Planet of origin for the Homards (4)
   • He turned into a Krynnid (6)
   • P.Y.’s helmut perhaps? (6)
   • Son of Lady Tinkin (2)
   • Creature who served Orango (5)
   • One of the Souvenir crew (4)
   • Agent dispatched to Kembel (4)
   • Mervin in Day of the Daleks (4)
   • Council, Beards or Paar (4)
   • Stargre’ daughter (4)
   • Elkind’s home planet (7)
   • The Doctor is a Time (4)
   • The Unmentionable Swannet (4)
   • Estimated Time of Departure (7)

Each of the clues is placed in the grid provided. The only problem is that no clue numbers are given except for 1 across and 1 down.

Steve Drape
Can I remember that far back? It was Michaelmas term 1988 and Sylvester McCoy had just defeated the Daleks and was getting the better of the Candyman. Ratings for the Dalek adventure had been good and there was even talk of a feature film!! It looked as if Doctor Who was starting to undergo something of a renaissance.

At that time I was a 2nd year chemistry undergraduate (now I’m almost as old as the Doctor) and as I read an issue of DWB in an Organic Spectroscopy lecture fellow chemist Matthew Brookes came up to me and started talking Who. As I got to know Matthew a little better it became clear that he knew someone at Corpus Christi who wanted to set up a Doctor Who society.

Previously there had been Who societies in Oxford but they had never lasted long. Certainly I felt that there was a demand for such a society as OUSFG (Oxford University Speculative Fiction Group) — Ed considered itself above mere TV sci-fi. Many notes later I finally met the elusive Corpus mathematician Roger Shaw [DocSoc’s first President — Ed]. Neither of us knew how to set up a society but we took the first tentative steps in November 1988.

Roger’s mathematics friends Simon Clifford and Ian Middleton came on board to help. We held lots of meetings, had lots of cups of tea, ate lots of biscuits and decided that we needed to find a room and a video recorder.

Soon a suitable room was found in the form of Tom Lecture Room 2, Christ Church. Home to DocSoc for 3 years and even now when I go in it so many memories are triggered off: 80 people and only 40 chairs, sweaty bodies, radiators on full blast, tiny tellies and snow masquerading as an episode of Doctor Who. The problem of a video recorder was solved by the lucky arrival of Jon Bryden [Third President — Ed], that legendary [some might say infamous — Ed] figure from early DocSoc times. Jon held, at a secret location, not only a video recorder but also copies of every known story known to exist. (The video recording reading “Power of the Daleks” was later shown to be blank.) Indeed some of us were even allowed to have access to these sacred tapes.

However, before our own meetings had begun, Matthew organised a joint event with the Sherlock Holmes Society. So the first DocSoc meeting actually took place early in

Hilary 1989 [Not that early — according to the Society Archive it was 6th week (23/2/94) — Ed and appropriately enough Talons of Weng Chiang was screened.

We prepared for the arrival of hordes of fans but in the end there were four of us: committee members Roger and myself and two other people — Warren Peto and Gabriel Finch — who then went on to join the committee.

We decided that the first full meeting would be on Wednesday of 8th Week [8/3/89 — Ed and posters were made. Admittedly a little amateurish by recent standards they nevertheless served their purpose. By way of an extra incentive it was advertised that jelly babies would be given away at the meeting. By 8 p.m. over 50 people had gathered to watch my best of Season 25 clips and an omnibus edition of Pyramids of Mars. After a mid-story short break, during which the committee went apostle-like amongst the masses to advertise the benefits of life membership, the tradition was born of the entire committee leaving the room for the comfort of the bar or my nearby room. Indeed, so popular amongst the politburo was this scheme that it was expanded to the first half of the meeting as well. By a year or so later the President especially had become an elusive figure, rarely to be seen and never to be approached.

After the finish of the videos a quiz took place and in those early days it was very much part of the general DocSoc experience. Designed in part as a way of getting members to “communicate” with
each other rather than sit, zombified, in front of the TV screen, they inevitably ended up as an excuse for a few people to show off their knowledge of *Doctor Who*. Not being too sure at what level to aim the questions for that first meeting they tended to be on the easy side of things. Correct answers to such delights as "What long running science fiction series started in 1963?" received 5 points. By the end of Trinity 1989 questions had become either impossible — "Name the *Carry On* stars who have appeared in *Doctor Who*" — or just plain bizarre — "Do an impression of Condo from *The Brain of Morbius*". Looking back now I feel that they achieved part of their aim but often people less versed in the minutiae of *Doctor Who* were a little left out.

Buoyed by the success of that first meeting, we embarked on a full term of events for Trinity 89. Stories shown included *City of Death, Death to the Daleks, Keeper of Traken* and that old black and white comedy classic *The Mind Robber*. Like its original television ratings, *City of Death* attracted record audiences of, in this case, 80 people. I still not officially beaten, but if reports of the Sophie Alfred meeting are true then this probably takes the record — Ed. Generally we tried to show mainly Bakers with an occasional Pertwee and Davison. However the choice of stories was limited by the quality of video recordings. In those pre-LK Gold and extensively BBC Video days the only copies we had tended to be about 10th generation Australian. Nevertheless attendances were always high, even if the picture quality was not. But by the end of the summer term we had over 50 regular members.

The Freshers' drinks party at the start of Michaelmas was similarly successful. Wine and jelly babies were served and that perennial favourite — *CT of Death* — was screened. 30 people joined and DocSoc's coffers were starting to look healthy. We had approaching 70 people attending and the atmosphere was both amicable and irrelevant. I have happy memories of chatting to 2 a.m. about all things Whovian. Towards the middle of the term 2 new celebrities joined the team: Louise "Tights of Time" Dennis and James "Ooh Matron" Cannon. They were young, they were fun and they liked *Horns of Nimon*. In a drunken moment at the first Society dinner, held at the end of term, Louise was informed she would be setting up and editing the Society magazine.

During that Michaelmas term DocSoc also held the first of its speaker meetings. Terry Molloy (Davros) complete with ring modulator came along in 2nd week and John Leeson came in 7th week. Terry will especially remembered for his taste in expensive wines. A third guest, Colin Baker, was to have come along but in the end his free periods did not coincide with term times. I had also written to a number of other celebrities, including Tom Baker who replied: "Good Luck with the jolly fellowship" and although Jon Pertwee brought *The Ultimate Adventure* stage play to Oxford that term he felt unable to attend a meeting.

The following Hilary term saw the first splendid issue of *The Tides of Time* and the continuation of high attendances. Video quality and variety was improving as I had direct access to Super Channel and Jon had a blossoming network of contacts. Screenings ranged fro the successful first showing of *Horns of Nimon* to the not so successful 1000th episode of *Neighbours*. With some one year having elapsed since the start of the society, DocSoc was here to stay.

"Not like that, like this," Adam (left) tells Anthony

"What do you mean the magazine was better when you were editor?"

I look back on that first year with very fond memories. The society had been a success, maybe partly due to the friendships that had developed on the committee. Indeed I have made some lasting friendships through it, justification enough for its existence. Five years and still running: here's to five more of the best.

*Adam Stephens*
Grief Encounters

PREY

The jungle was alive. Beneath the carpet of leaves, which seemed from above to be as solid and as impenetrable as concrete, there was a movement, a dark, vibrant movement, buzzing and shrieking in an eternal cacophony of life and death. The Amazon jungle is one of the most fertile regions of the planet Earth and the continual cycle of life, predator and prey, is perpetually enacted in the murky green gloom of the rain forests.

The professor usually had time to appreciate all of this. Nowhere else, he would usually say, could one find such a variety of living creatures as here. So it made perfect sense, he would continue, to base the project here — if he could not find what he was looking for here, he would not find it at all. But this possibility was becoming more and more likely. He was running out of money, and he had almost reached his goal. Almost, but not quite. The damn thing just wouldn't respond to any tests.

The object of his frustration lay in a petri dish under a high-power microscope in his laboratory. It was almost exactly the answer, he thought. It possessed a radically different DNA structure from anything he had ever come across and a totally unheard of nucleic centre. The nuclei in the organism seemed to co-operate with one another. Its protein level was the highest of any known organism. But there was one problem. It just wouldn’t do anything. It just lay there, as if waiting for something, and refused to breed no matter what nutrient he supplied it with. The perfect solution, and it wouldn’t multiply. If only it did, he thought, world starvation could end. The fungus could be mass produced, synthetically cultured and shipped to wherever it was needed. And no more animals would have to die.

This thought had been tormenting him for days. So near and yet so far... He had been angry with his wife, shouted at her, and he hadn’t cared. She had shouted back: "Look at you, Cliff! You’re driven by this thing, like a man possessed. It’s not the end of the world, you know, if this thing doesn’t work out..." He hadn’t listened to her. Finally she had stormed out.

The recollection of the previous evening’s events, in addition to the heat of the jungle, caused his hands to sweat with the heat of embarrassment and failure. It was for this reason that when he reached out for the petri dish which contained the specimen it slipped to the floor. He watched it languidly fall and shatter on the floor. Instantly he was down on his knees, scrabbling for his specimen. Finally he saw it and, in his haste to recover the spore, he tried to pick it up on the finger of one hand instead of looking for some tweezers.

At first he thought he had pricked himself — he felt a short, sharp stabbing pain in his finger. Then his arm went numb and a microsecond later he could no longer feel anything from the neck down. Then he felt a burning sensation in his mind....

The woman walked into the laboratory and before the door had time to swing shut behind her she was already speaking.

"Look Cliff," she said, "I’m sorry about last night. It’s just that, sometimes, you need to relax a little. all this work can’t be good for you, you know..." Then she noticed the fragments of glass on the floor. "Cliff, are you okay? You look strange. You haven’t lost that white spore thing of yours, have you?"

For a moment her husband looked round the laboratory as if he had never seen it before. He looked at her too, as if she were a stranger. Then awareness dawned on his face. "No, Jo," he told her, "I’m fine, thanks. I haven’t lost the spore. Everything’s fine, now."

And, across the vast gulfs of time and space, the group consciousness of the Hoothi felt another mind come into their domain.

John Wilson

"It’s longer than mine was."
Mark Hanlon.

"I know, I heard it from the other side of the horse’s mouth."
Nick Lipscomb, mixing proverbs.

"Apparently he does it all the time."
James Brough’s comment after telling us that he had invited Sylvester McCoy to visit us.

"No, he doesn’t — we would have seen him."
The Secretary’s response.

"Who said all Doctors charge?"
Anthony Wilson.

"John Major?"

QUOTES

HILARY TERM 1994

Ian Fellows’ response.

"The invite [to the dinner] will be thrown to them — wrapped round a brick."
The President’s solution to possible overcrowding at the anniversary dinner.

"Dave [the Union Secretary] has proposed to me..."
David Steele. He was congratulated by the Secretary.

"Have you a name?"
Anthony Wilson.

"All treasurers are called Neil."
The President’s solution to his name mixing problem.

"Everyone I know is running around like beavers for triflids."
Mark Hanlon.

"You’re a bloody loony."
Dr Todd in the alternative Kinda. The last quote in the first volume of the minute book.

"There’s two of us with one thing on our mind, which means we have half a thing each."
James Brough. Well, you said it...