SPECIAL FIFTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

The History of Tides • Grief Encounters • Coach Party • Aunty Ainley
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If you would like to contribute articles, stories or artwork with a Doctor Who or telefantasy theme to Tides, please send to Corinne Berg at Pembroke College, or email pemb0087@safe. If you want to discuss it, I can be contacted by telephone on 201359.

Thanks,
me.

The Committee are:

President: John Wilson, Univ.
Vice-President: Nicholas Lipscomb, St. Anne's.
Secretary: Gary Meehan, Lincoln.
Treasurer: David Martin, Mansfield.

and...

Corinne Berg, David Bickley, Mary Brady, James Brough, Jennifer Holley, Matthew Stanton, Alan Whitten and Anthony Wilson.

Tides is brought to you by: Corinne Berg (Editor); Gary Meehan (Editor-in-Chief and front cover) and Nicholas Lipscomb (does the photo-copying. Many thanks!) Inside front cover logo designed by Paul Groves.

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Vocal Problems

Dear Aunty Ainley,

Do you know anything about the prevention of rolling 'r's? I seem to do it in every one of my stories and people think I'm taking the piss. I'm not! It's not my fault - it's something I was born with.

Hope you can help.

Sylvesterrrrr McCoy.

Aunty Ainley says:

Oh, dear. Not another one with a vocal problem. You could try elocution lessons - at least they would get rid of that awful Scottish [Apologies to any Scottish readers - Ed-in-C] accent. Failing that you could get the Script Editor to eliminate all lines with the letter 'r' in them. Given the preponderance of 'r' in the English language this should cut your lines down to an acceptable minimum. Of about one or two per story.

Sour Grapes

Dear Aunty Ainley,

I think you're χρόνος and υψηλός and I want to know why the editor lets you write in his εξώσεις for a magazine. Γυναίκες off you Βασιλέας!

Yours

Patricia White, Χέλατινου Τούρνου μ' magazine'

Aunty Ainley says:

Oh, it's you is it? Who let you in the magazine. Go and drool over your copy of The Claws of Axos you sad, humourless git.

There, that told him. There's nothing like a well-judged, adult argument, is there?

Not, of course, that we mean to imply any disrespect to Mr White or his opinions. Naturally.

Egomania

Dear Aunty Ainley,

I have a question. Theeing ath you are 'in' with the Oxford Universitity Doctor Who Thoctyety, can you pleaste explain to me why they, at every opportunity, take delight in ridiculing my acting, my porthnality, my facial featureth and my personal life? I find it wounding to think that not everybody in the world admires my Olivierethque acting and my Apolloethque fathial featureth.

May you have the honour of being addressed by,

Jon Pertwee

Aunty Ainley says:

I think you've got a bit of an ego problem, mate. Have you seen Death to the Daleks lately? If not, do so. Perhaps then you'll find out why your acting skills wouldn't look out of place on a bad Australian soap opera. And as for your larger-than-the-salary-of-the-chairman-of-British Gas ego, well, need I say more? Go away and stop bothering me you narcissistic scarecrow.

And why have you never had a nose-job?

More Sour Grapes

Dear Aunty Ainley,

Following your rethponthe to my letter in Tideh of Time Thixiten I would like to thay that you are echthwemely rude.

Yourth thinhereby

Jon Pertwee

Aunty Ainley says:

Yes. Aren't I just.

And tho on...

Dear Aunty Ainley,

You will thortly be hearing from my tholidithoth.

Jon Pertwee.

Goodbye Folks!

Yes, it's time for me to say farewell for the time being. I've accepted an offer to become psychotic despot of Helenedfire IV. After all, let's face it, playing agony aunt is no role for the galaxy's number one supervillain.

But have no fear. One day I shall return! Until then...
HIGH TIDES

A look back at five years of the Oxford University Doctor Who Society's magazine

The idea of an Oxford University Doctor Who Society without its magazine may seem an unusual one nowadays, but 'in the beginning' - 1989 - nothing of the sort was considered. For its first two terms, the Society, despite ploughing through over twenty Doctor Who stories and entertaining two guest speakers, lacked an outlet for the views of its members on the series they were celebrating.

All this changed rather suddenly towards the end of Michaelmas 1989. The committee was undergoing its first substantial change since the Society started, new members being chosen by the existing committee from enthusiastic outsiders. One of these was Louise Dennis, then a first year undergraduate reading Maths and Philosophy. Louise was already an active member of the Arthurian Society, whose magazine Ceridwen's Cauldron was distributed free of charge to all members of that institution. Early on the evening of Friday 24 November 1989, just before the Society's first dinner got under way, she observed that the Doctor Who Society should have a magazine as well. Louise was stunned to find herself being described as Magazine Editor to the assembled diners by ex-President Roger Shaw when he announced the results of the Society 'elections' later that evening.

After the dinner Louise was offered a variety of suggestions and offers of contributions, although in the event the first edition, published at the beginning of Hilary 1990, contained only two items not by Louise herself. These were 'From Skonnos to Perivale', a review of the 1980s by Matthew Kilburn, and 'An Anomaly Within an Inconsistency', a history of the Society by Vice-President Jonathan Bryden. Despite the Society's short lifespan Jonathan managed to write over four pages on this subject. Louise contributed two illustrations, including the cover, depicting William Hartnell, a Dalek and one of Raymond Cusick's early designs for the beings, more closely based on a saltcellar, and an interior picture, again of a Dalek, as well as the first part of a story, 'The King', and an account of the Christmas dinner.

The committee were surprised that Louise had managed to produce the first issue so quickly. Before and after publication, there were some discussions about its funding and distribution. The committee were reluctant to spend money on producing free copies for over 100 members, and so Louise had a limited number of copies printed at Daily Information, with a green paper cover, for sale from second week, priced at seventy pence.

The Tides of Time was an immediate success. The title came from the comic strip running in Doctor Who Monthly at the time that Louise first started buying that publication, and complemented the warm memories many members had of the start of Peter Davison's first season. As Louise was no longer editing in isolation - very few Society members had known that Tides 1 was on the way before it was actually published - many more people had a hand in Trinity Term's issue. The front cover - this time printed on yellow paper for the first print run, and then on blue for its second - was a photomontage representing the third Doctor's era, designed by Paul Groves. Although Paul's Tides logo was only used on the cover for this issue, it remained on the contents page up to Michaelmas 1991. The magazine's first gallery of regular contributors - Paul Dumont, Mark Dunn, Paul Groves and Matthew Kilburn - wrote respectively a review of Hilary's screenings, a couple of humorous pieces, a quiz and an
examination of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society, while ex-Treasurer Simon Clifford wrote a traditionalist article on the Brigadier and Vice-President Adam Stephens (having by that time exchanged offices with Jonathan Bryden) reported on the Society’s end-of-term questionnaire. ‘The King’, Louise’s semi-Arthurian serial, continued. The back cover was filled with an advertisement for Whoniverse 1990, a convention being run by two Abingdon schoolboys, one of whom, Robert Moss, became active in the Society.

‘The King’ disappeared from the third issue, Louise explaining in her editorial that “it seemed a better idea to start a new story at the beginning of a new year with (hopefully) a lot of new readers rather than continue from halfway through a story which was introduced largely as a space filler in the first place.” This was regretted by many readers as the story was developing in an intriguing direction, musing on the Divine Right of Kings and the consequences of Imperial withdrawal from a primitive planet. It was replaced by a new story from Alan Whitten. Messrs Dumont, Dunn, Groves and Kilburn could all be found lurking in the video review section, along with an arachnophobic piece by Sarah Sturch. Despite the surfeit of question marks on the cover, the Doctor featured was actually Peter Davison, depicted on the front by Liz Humphry, and on the back by Doctor Who Magazine artist Mike Collins, whom Louise had encountered at the carousel convention in Cardiff during the summer.

The fourth issue of Tides marked another stage in the magazine’s evolution. The longer video reviews were separated from the smaller ones. This issue was more heavily illustrated, thanks to Robert Moss. The coloured covers were gone, Louise now producing Tides on sheets of A3 which she then cut and folded to make the A5 magazine, resulting in a slightly less tidy appearance.

Society politics also affected the management of The Tides of Time. Early in Michaelmas 1990 Jonathan Bryden had resigned as President, only to be won back to the post by concessions from other committee members. Louise took the opportunity to leave the committee while remaining Magazine Editor. The committee changed quite substantially during the 1990/91 academic year and many of the new members were not happy with this arrangement; from Trinity 1991 Louise was more or less counted in again.

Despite these changes Tides marched boldly onwards. Committee acclaim for Muzibar Rahman’s portrait of William Hartnell caused issue five to be the first A4 issue, moving the magazine away from its roots. Although issue six reverted to A5, a move that was financially prudent in the light of the Society’s overdraft in Michaelmas 1991, its cramped appearance showed that the A4 format might be a more comfortable one for the Society’s developing print culture. Another pointer to the future from the Trinity 1991 issue was Paul Dumont’s ‘The Levithian Gambit’, a short story dealing with the further adventures of Garron and Unstoffe from The Ribos Operation, which anticipated the fiction the magazine would run in an increasing quantity by the mid-1990s.

The withdrawal of Robert Moss from the Society caused Louise some difficulties regarding artwork for issue six, but a cover was devised from stock artwork submitted earlier by Paul Groves. Articles that marked a departure from the then-usual video review format were ex-Secretary James Cannon’s ‘The Death of Doctor Who’, looking at the decline of the series in season two, and Ben Murphy’s theological interpretation of Genesis of the Daleks. Also entertaining was future President James Brough’s ‘Apathy of the Daleks’, a parody of familiar elements from Doctor Who, Sapphire and Steel and other telefantasy series, which popped up, in four episodes, throughout the magazine.

The Hilary issue, again A4, saw Louise depart the editorship of the magazine she founded, helped by quotations from Lewis Carroll, Shakespeare and a picture of some of Louise’s live role-playing friends, casting aspersions on the amenability of the DocSoc committee to criticism. Paul Groves devised a cover for a video release of the Great Lost Story of the day, The
Tomb of the Cybermen, entirely unaware of developments in Hong Kong, Louise's final editorial (opposite a contents page headed by an alternative shield for the University coat of arms, the three crowns replaced by Dalek hats thanks to Ben Murphy) directed members to send future articles to Mark Hanlon and Julian Mander at St Peter's.

The eighth issue of Tides of Time was very different. Edited by Julian, with Mark credited as "Article Co-Ordinator", and chiefly assembled in term-time rather than in the vacation, presentation leapt to DTP standard. A photo-montage cover was introduced, which lasted for the next four issues.

Photographs were used alongside the interior text, the various cartoons by Paul Groves looking incongruous alongside the Times New Roman text, superseding Courier Pica, and the various fonts used for the headings. Both issues 8 and 9 had card covers, production being handled in Birmingham by Julian's father's small press, Birmingham-ham Railway Publications, although as time went on it proved more cost-effective and more flexible to return to using paper photocopying in Oxford.

There were changes among the contents, too. Mark Hanlon's era reviews began with a survey of Sylvester McCoy's seasons. Julian and Mark co-created 'Aunty Ainley', a spoof agony column, which would feature in all Julian's issues and would make its return, after an absence of a year, in Michaelmas 1993. Further evidence of diversity was demonstrated in issue 9 by Alison Taverner's review of Paul Darrow's appearance in 'Macbeth', and Paul Dumont's farewell to the Society's original home, Lecture Room Two in Christ Church, in the Sapphire and Steel/Doctor Who crossover story, 'The Lecture Room'.

In an abrupt reversal of Louise's detached editorship, Julian became Society President from Michaelmas 1992, combining two important posts. Another difference was a change in editorial policy, Julian declaring his intention to sell Tides of Time to an audience outside Oxford. In practice little attempt was made to do this, although Mark Hanlon did manage to solicit some articles from outside the University (which mainly appeared after Julian's editorship ended) and he did try to have the magazine reviewed by the Doctor Who Appreciation Society magazine, Celestial Toyroom, with no luck.

As Julian's editorship continued, new writers emerged to help the magazine's development, the most prominent being Ian Fellows, Gary Meehan and Anthony Wilson. Old contributors remained, though - Paul Groves's review of 'Transit' in Tides 10 was a very funny representation of what many of its readers thought of the book.

In Trinity 1993 Julian resigned from both his posts. Anthony Wilson became President, while Paul Fisher took over Tides. Unfortunately, following a disappointing Prelims result Paul chose to leave Oxford. He continued to prepare the issue, but was restrained by computer problems and distance from Oxford. Eventually, well into Michaelmas Paul sent what he had to his successor Gary Meehan, who produced the twelfth issue of Tides at the beginning of Hilary 1994. It was worth the wait, and served as an excellent introduction to the magazine for new members. A portrait of Sophie Aldred graced the cover, Julian's montage being banished in favour of a more individual approach. Gary's own 'The Axeman Cometh' began, reinforcing the humour strand alongside Paul Groves's 'Sadness of the Sontarans'. The content of the issue also included the first parts of two other serialised articles, Anthony's definitive New Adventures review, and 'Sentence of Death', an exploration by Paul Lee of the shad world of missing Who episodes. Paul is a leading expert in this field, and had made the Society's acquaintance when he led the Southampton University Doctor Who Society to Oxford for a round of 'Whoniversity Challenge' in Michaelmas 1991. These articles were concluded in the second issue of Hilary term, featuring Tom Baker on the cover in a still from 'Full Circle', and edited by Gary alongside David Steele.
David withdrew in Trinity and that term's issue was helmed by Gary alone, although with production support from other members of the committee. The 'Grief Encounters' fiction strand was in full swing, initiated in Tides 12 by Ian Fellowes, and largely developed subsequently by John Wilson, and with finals about to strike, James Brough, assisted by Anthony, discovered the closely-guarded secrets of the Second Public Examination in Doctor Who. When James reached Schools, however, he found he was still expected to sit papers for a Modern Languages degree.

In Michaelmas, Gary turned his attention to the magazine's past with Tides of Time: The Best of Issues 1-14. A photograph of Sophie Aldred from her 1991 visit to the Society appeared on the cover. The magazine was publicised on the Internet and (at last) in Celestial Toyroom. From the former, it gained a transatlantic sale; from the latter, a largely unhelpful review.

In some ways Tides 15, also in Michaelmas 1994, showed very well how the magazine had changed over the years while in some ways coming full circle. On one hand the review content was more profound, as demonstrated by Corinne Berg's 'You Never Dream In Colour', and the fiction element was more predominant both in quantity and quality. On the other Matthew Kilburn expanded his first article, 'From Skonos to Perivale', while the front cover returned to artwork for the first time since issue 7, depicting a portrait of William Hartnell, although Mary Brady's interpretation was much freer than Louise's line drawings of Hilary 1990.

It's difficult to conclude a narrative history like this. The Tides of Time has always been dependent on its contributors and their ideas for its direction, and their enthusiasm, for the series and the Society, has aided its transformation. Paul Groves, alongside this writer the most prolific contributor) has compiled some statistical tables to accompany this article - note our Oxford longevity! Whatever worlds I eventually find "out there", I hope to be following the further lappings of the Tides of Time for many years to come.

Matthew Kilburn

Statistical analyses of Tides issues 1-14 contributed by Paul Groves:

1 - Pie chart showing types of article by page count (pages in issues 1-7 counted as half pages).

2 - Bar chart showing proportions of general reviews to era reviews in each issue.

3 - Bar chart showing proportion of humour in each review.
Identity Parade
A sub-real, sort-of sequel, maybe, to 'The Man in the Blue Police Box'

It is not a widely known fact that in England, although as yet it has never been required or enforced, high treason is still an offence punishable by death. Amongst arson in a naval dockyard, and deflowering the Princess of Wales, one of the offences coming under the auspices of 'high treason' is the theft of the Crown Jewels.

As you may be aware, this has occurred recently, the theft being committed by The Man in the Blue Police Box. Unfortunately, the only person who could have given a positive identification, Captain Jennifer Miles, is now dead. She was found that very afternoon in her quarters, having broken all the windows and piled the pieces around her. No one is entirely sure why, and it left the authorities with a problem. So our wonderful police force did the best it could. It scour the countryside and town for blue police boxes out of their time and brought those who seemed to own them into custody. As it was assumed that all but one of the could be the Doctor, all they needed was someone who could identify the Doctors, and thus the odd one out would be...

It wasn't desperately fair or orthodox, admitted the officer in charge of the investigation. But this Master was - supposedly - an alien and thus not welcome to the privileges of British citizenship. And they could hardly deport him.

However, all was not to go as planned. It began with the assumption that all seven men arrested would claim to be the Doctor rather than the Master. In fact, none of them claimed to be either.

Detective Superintendent Gregory Millsome looked out of the viewing window of his office down into the halls below. They were a motley crew, they really were, so totally unlike each other. Take the old one for example - a really bossy, grandfather type and then there was the clown, the dandy and the bizarre one that had managed to keep his scarf despite the fact that a) it was supposed to have been removed and b) it was a sweltering summer evening; then there was the vacant-looking one, and right at the end of the line the small, obnoxious Scottish one.

All these six looked lost and confused, as to a certain extent did the other - sixth in line and wearing ridiculous clothes. However, although still as uncertain as his fellows, this one possessed a certain nobility of bearing.

They were all so quiet. None of them had said a word since they'd been brought in.

Everything went black.
Alarm bells rang.
"Quiet!" bellowed the superintendent.
Everything went quiet.

Hustled into a small room off the main hall of the police station, the seven unusually dressed men were left to get to know each other.

"What do you think's going on?" queried the blond one with the rather bland face.

"Probably an alien attack on the planet," quipped the tall one sarcastically. It should have been impossible to lisp a sentence with no sibilants, but somehow he managed it.

"Don't be silly," retorted the short tramp. "It's a proven fact that aliens don't exist."

"Don't be so sure, young man," snapped the old one, clutching at his lapels as if his life depended on it. "There's no such thing as a proven fact, and that's a proven fact. Besides, it's too warm. What's your name, by the way?" he finished, changing the direction of his sentence as if he was a senile actor spontaneously, and randomly, changing the script.

"It's..." began the short man, then paused. "I don't know. I was pretty certain I knew it yesterday. Anyone know their name?"

NO, came a voice like the thudding of lead coffins closing, NOT ME. It came from the tall man who, when looked at, contrived to stand in an apocalyptic manner. He finished his doom-laden comments with the words, ANYONE ELSE?

There was general consternation, except for the small man in the paisley scarf who just looked mysterious, blinked owlishly and murmured something about having miscalculated.

"Well, that could make trouble," lisped the tall, white-haired man. "How can we tell 'Authority' who we are?"

DO WE HAVE TO? asked the bespectacled individual, in a voice like waves thundering onto a rocky beach.

"I have this vague recollection..." began the blond. But no one would ever know that he vaguely recalled a blue police box because the lisping man interrupted him with a curt, "Shut up. I'm about to say something important."

"Oh, sorry," apologised the young man, looking at his feet abashed.

Everyone looked at the lisper and waited for something important to be said.
And waited.
"Well, obviously it wasn't that important," snapped the old man.

Giving him a stern glance, the short clown said.
“Anyway,” in a voice like steel followed by, “It’s nice to meet you,” in a more pacifying tone.

The latter was directed towards the tall man who commented, with some reluctance, “Yes, you too.”

There was a general shaking of hands and nodding of greeting from all assembled.

“Well, this is all very nice...” began the vacant man, having finally plucked up the courage to say something again.

EXCEPT, began the voice which boomed like Concorde flying over the attic of a small thatched house in Llanfairfach. They all looked expectantly at the man with the capitalised voice (except for the young one who, having been interrupted again, looked as though he’d never say another word to anyone again, ever) but it was the Scot who finished his sentence. “Except that one of us is a criminal.”

There was general silence.

“Sorry about all that,” apologised Millsome. “There’s something going down in Perivale to do with horses and cats. There’s been a big explosion - a spectacular and unlikely motorcycle collision - which cut the power, but it’s all right now. You’ll be pleased to know we’ve got someone in who can do the identification, so we’ll soon have all this finished with and six of you can go home.”

He laughed.

No one joined in.

Detective Superintendent Gregory Millsome led the seven men out of the little room and back into the hall.

Brigadier Alistair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart was by now quite an old man. However, he still knew how many beans made five, and, the records claimed, he was still the man most connected to this mysterious traveller in time and space.

He walked along the row of men and his mind filled up with memories of distant times long gone.

He looked carefully into all their faces, and not a flicker of recognition showed in any of them.

Anthony Wilson

A Sontaran in a Barber's Shop - Leo V. Gaspur

Use your knowledge of Doctor Who to spot the odd one out. One point each plus a bonus point for why!

1 A The KLF
   B Marillion
   C The Beatles
   D Manfred Mann's Earth Band

2 A Sandminer
   B A Sontaran Battlecruiser
   C A Type 40 TT Capsule
   D An Austin Allegro

3 A Terry Molloy
   B Anthony Wilson
   C Paul Groves
   D Sophie Aldred

4 A Avon
   B Tarrant
   C Servalan
   D Wurzel Gummidge

5 A A liquorice allsort
   B A dry roasted peanut
   C Coloured railings
   D A nurse's uniform

6 A A Sontaran
   B The 2nd Doctor
   C Peri
   D The 7th Doctor

7 A Hale and Pace
   B John Cleese
   C Frankie Howerd
   D Ken Dodd

8 A Victoria Wood as seen on T.V.
   B Emu's Broadcasting Company
   C The Two Ronnies
   D Monty Python

9 A The Five Doctors
   B Jigsaw
   C Tomorrow's World Christmas Quiz
   D Vision On

10 A Donald Sutherland
    B Tom Baker
    C Bernard Cribbins
    D Eric Idle

11 A Spearhead from Space
    B The Silurians
    C The Moonbase
    D Inferno

12 A Maroon
    B Turquise
    C Olive Green
    D Lilac

13 A Battlefield
    B Castrovalva
    C Horns of Nimrod
    D Paradise Towers

14 A A
    B XX
    C VVV
    D BB

15 A Timelash
   B Black Orchid
   C Mark of the Rani
   D The Gunfighters

16 A The Invisible Enemy
    B Revenge of the Cybermen
    C Paradise Towers
    D Destiny of the Daleks

17 A $\alpha$
    B $\omega$
    C $\delta$
    D $\psi$

18 A Green
    B Black
    C White
    D Gold

19 A 10/1/70
    B 5/11/1966
    C 28/12/1974
    D 22/3/1984

Answers in issue 17 of Tides of Time
Coach Party
Part One

"Is this the Discover The Key To Universal Power party?" came the enquiry in a not unpleasant harmonical sing-song.

The Master looked up from his clipboard from which he had been double-checking a list of guests. Standing in front of him were two massive silver creatures, one of them clutching what looked suspiciously like a picnic basket. Behind him was an empty, battered 23-man coach, fueled and ready to take the Master and his guests on their journey.

"Er, yes," he confirmed. "And you are...?"

"Oh, excellent!" declared the Cyberleader. "It’s Mr. and Mrs. Cyberleader."

It’s Mr. and Mrs. Cyberleader.

"Ah, of course, should’ve guessed," said the Master, half to himself. He ticked them off on his clipboard. "You're the first to arrive—"

"See, I told you!" cried Mrs. Cyberleader, "you said we were going to be late, that if I didn’t get a move on we’d miss the coach. I said there was plenty of time, but would you listen, oh no! You always have to be right, don’t you? I didn’t even have time to polish my helmet. Whatever will people think of me? I don’t know. Cybermen?"

The Master smiled, embarrassed. His time at Prydon Academy hadn’t prepared him for dealing with nagging cyborgs. "Well, at least you’ve got the first choice of seats," he said helpfully.

"Is that meant to be funny, young man?" The Master didn’t have the heart to tell her that he was over 950 years old. "Don’t try to patronise me. I was conquering the universe and invading planets while you were still wetting the bed." She pushed past the Master and got onto the coach, where she picked a window seat and hid herself behind the latest issue of Cyberwoman’s Weekly. The Cyberleader shrugged apologetically and followed his wife on board.

The next to arrive were a pair of Ice Warriors - Slurr and Lispp - who promptly opened every window in the coach and turned the air-conditioning up to full, much to the annoyance of the Cyberleader’s wife who complained about the draught. The Ice Warriors ignored her request to “close those bloody windows,” and, despite all her arguments, her husband refused to “teach them [the two Ice Warriors] a lesson” (they were bigger than he was, for starters, he pointed out). Mrs Cyberleader was now playing the martyr, with a long scarf wrapped round her neck and a tartan blanket over her knees.

The Black Dalek proved to be a bit of a problem. Its, erm, ‘unique’ design prevented it from boarding the coach. After suggestions from Mrs Cyberleader that they chop the thing up to use as firewood (“It’s bloody freezing in here,” she told the Master, casting vicious glances in the direction of the Ice Warriors, “I had enough of that on Telos.”), the Master came up with a compromise solution. The Ice Warriors helped him to strap the Dalek to the roof of the coach.

There was a roar. The Master peered over the roof of the coach, where he was just checking that the ropes that were holding the Dalek were secure. Standing below was a great shaggy ball of fur.

"Ah, Mr. Yeti, I presume," said the Master in greeting. The Yeti roared in confirmation. “Get on board, there’s plenty of room.” The Yeti roared again, this time in thanks. You could tell it was a thank you roar because of the slightly different harmonics at the 6000—8000 Hz range, which were as clear as crystal to anyone with a sensitive ear. Unfortunately, the Master didn’t have one, so it still sounded like the Yeti was doing a bad impression of a toilet flushing. Still, it’s the thought that counts.

From inside the coach, the Master heard the Cyberleader’s wife declare, “I’m not having that thing sitting near me! It’s not even had a shave!”

The Yeti roared plaintively.

“And another thing, it stinks to high heaven. Have you never had a bath, you disgusting thing?”

The Master wasn’t sure, but he thought he heard the Yeti bursting into tears.

Eventually, everybody arrived: the Silurians (who had overslept — they always had trouble with alarm clocks — and only managed to just make it in time); the Sontarans (all five of them identical and occupying the back seats with a vengeance, daring anyone to try and take the seats off them); Arcturus (who, like the Black Dalek, couldn’t get on the coach and so had to be stored in the boot); the Atlantean Fish Men (who everybody
laughed at because they were in *The Underwater Menace*; the Sea Devils (who annoyed the Cyberleader’s wife by dripping water near her seat); and the Autons (who just came in, said nothing and sat down).

“Excuse me, er...” The Master tried to think of an all-encompassing term for his entourage; somehow neither ‘Ladies and Gentlemen’ nor ‘Galactic Conquering Alien Monsters’ seemed appropriate. He decided to ignore the problem. “Welcome to the Discover The Key To Universal Power party. We’ll be setting off in a couple of minutes so if you’d like to make yourself comfortable.”

“Excuse me,” cried a muffled-sounding voice.

The Master looked round then remembered Arcturus stored in the boot. He knelt on the floor and asked, “Yes, what is it?”

“I’m getting claustrophobia in here. Have we reached our destination yet?”

“Er, we haven’t actually set off yet,” the Master told him.

There was a scream, and a cry of, “Let me out!! I can’t take this any more!”

“Oh, pull yourself together for god’s sake,” ordered the Master. “Are you a man or a mouse?”

“Neither, I’m a multi-strand organism,” Arcturus reminded him. “And is someone going to get me out of here?”

“No,” the Master told him unequivocally. “Driver!”

“Yes, Lord Master,” came the reply. “It is I, Soldeed!”

“Take us out!”

“Right-o!” confirmed the driver, a maniacal grin plastered on his face. He cranked the gear stick into place, revved the engine and started the coach off, standing on the accelerator pedal.

The Master was thrown to the floor as the coach hit the wall behind them.

“Ah, so that’s what the ‘R’ stands for!” Soldeed flashed the Master another manic grin, and asked, “What gear shall I use?”

“First might be a good start,” half-muttered the Master.

“First, eh? Well, I’ll give it a go.” There was an unhealthy crunching sound as Soldeed changed gear.

“And use the damn clutch,” added the Master, wishing he’d got a coach with automatic transmission.

“Right-o,” replied Soldeed, belatedly pressing down the clutch pedal. “Nothing’s happened.”

“Oh, just put your bloody foot on it.”

“I am doing!” protested Soldeed, pumping the clutch up and down. “But nothing’s happening!”

“The accelerator, you cretin.”

“Gotcha.”

The Master was thrown to the floor again as the coach shuddered into motion, though at least this time they were moving in the right direction.

Soldeed proved to be a quick learner, and he soon had the coach going at a respectable rate of knots, though a psychiatrist would have noticed classic signs of motoring madness in the wannabe despot’s behaviour. He refused to let anyone overtake him, and if anyone had the skill and bravado to outwit him, Soldeed would make obscene Skonnorian hand gestures, beep his horn very loudly, and try to ram the offending vehicle.

The Master was doing slightly when he felt a large hand tap him on the shoulder. He turned round. Standing next to his seat was one of the Sontarans.

“You haven’t got any SXO-100 power cells, have you?” the Sontaran asked. “Me and my pals are feeling a little peckish and we didn’t bring anything to eat.”

“Er, sorry, they must have slipped my mind.”

“How about some Ni-Cads then?”

The Master shrugged.

“A pair of Duracell AAs?”

“No can do, I’m afraid.” Then the Master was struck by Inspiration. “What did you do that for?”

“I’m a Sontaran,” Inspiration - Supreme Commander of the Seventh Sontaran Special Space Battle Fleet - told him. “We hit people when they don’t do as we want.”

“It’s hardly my bloody fault, is it?” complained the Master.

“Well, it’s not my fault either,” Inspiration told him. “I am the Supreme Commander of the Seventh Sontaran Special Space Battle Fleet. I am never wrong.”

“The Seventh Sontaran Special Space Battle Fleet?” repeated the Master. “Isn’t that a bit of a mouthful?”

“SSSSBF, for short,” Inspiration told him.

“Sssbf!” queried Shurr dangerously. “Would you care to repeat that outsside?” Although Inspiration didn’t know it, sssbf was an ancient Martian curse which meant: your mother was a slut who slept with anything with an active respiration system; your father was a drug
dealer with a predilection for barely hatched Ice Warriors; and you smell of excreta and indulge often in masturbation. Martian is a very economical language.

"I don’t know, men, you’re all the bloody same," decried the Cyberleader’s wife from behind her magazine. “Always arguing, and trying to be macho. It doesn’t impress anyone, you know.”

“Shut up, Celia,” the Cyberleader told her. Celia the Cyberleader’s Companion, thought the Master. Did all celestial vanquishing species go in for pointless alliteration?

Out of character, the Cyberleader’s wife did as the Cyberleader told her, concentrating her full attention on an article about the 10 best ways to achieve cyberorgasm.

“Excuse me,” asked Inspiration, ignoring Slurr who had slunk back into his seat. “Are you going to do something about the energy situation or do I have to hit you again?”

The Master turned his attention back to the Sontaran. “Um, er, I know, you could use the cigarette lighter!”

“The cigarette lighter?” queried Inspiration sceptically.

“Yes, the cigarette lighter,” confirmed the Master. “It’s an acceptable form of power supply on Earth.”

“Oh, right.” Inspiration wasn’t totally impressed.

“We just need to wire you up properly,” continued the Master, trying to whip up the Sontaran’s enthusiasm. It was like trying to thicken single cream with a single-pronged fork.

“Can I help?” asked Soldeed from the driver’s seat. “I’m good at things like that. Look, I’ve brought my toolbox and everything.” He padded over to where the Master and Inspiration were situated and began to examine the Sontaran’s probic vent.

“Er, Soldeed?”

“Yes, Lord Master?”

“Much as I appreciate your help and everything, but there’s a slight problem with your attempt at aid.”

“Problem, Lord Master? Surely not.”

“Yes, hmm, how can I put this? There’s no one driving the fucking coach you imbecile!!!”

“That’s okay, Lord Master, I put the autopilot on!” stated Soldeed proudly. “I’m not as stupid as everyone makes me out to be.”

“Yes you are, Soldeed.” the Master told him “This is a beat-up, seventies style, Earth coach. They don’t come with ‘autopilots’.”

“They don’t?” Soldeed looked concerned. “Then what button did I press?”

“Do you know there’s nobody driving this coach?” enquired Celia calmly over the top of her magazine.

“It had come to my attention,” the Master assured her.

“Well, I’d get someone in the driver’s seat then, if I were you. There’s a bend coming up.”

“What? Oh, God! Get driving the bloody coach, Soldeed!”

“Right-o, Lord Master,” obeyed Soldeed as he made a dash for the driver’s seat. Once there he threw the steering wheel all the way over to the left - then threw it all the way over to the right when he realised that it was a right-hand turn - and stepped heavily on the brakes. They managed (just) to stay on the road, but, at the height of Soldeed’s emergency manoeuvre, there was a loud, electronic shriek and a black shape shot of the top of the roof at high speed and into the fields beyond the road.

“Better stop on the hard shoulder while we get the Black Dalek back,” the Master told his driver. “Oh, and Soldeed, what button did you press?”

“It’s says ‘choke’, Lord Master.”

“Pity you didn’t follow the instructions to the letter.”

After restrapping the Black Dalek to the roof and comforting Arcturus who had demanded to know what the hell was going on, they finally managed to restart their journey. They had been going on for an hour when the coach managed to attract the attentions of the transport police. Despite Soldeed’s best attempts to shake them off they were eventually forced to pull over onto the hard shoulder.

The police car pulled up behind them, and a pair of police officers got out and walked over to the coach. One of them - a Sergeant - hammered on the door of the coach. It opened with a sigh of released hydraulics.

“Are you the owner of this vehicle, sir?” the Sergeant asked Soldeed.

“Me? No, it is I, Soldeed!”
This didn’t seem to satisfy the Sergeant, nor indeed did Soldeed’s name. “Then who is, may I ask?”

“Can I help, officers?” asked the Master, rising from his seat.

“Are you the owner of this vehicle, sir?”

“Indeed I am, Sergeant. How may I be of assistance?”

“Well, first of all, how do you,” he was addressing Soldeed, “explain your erratic and highly dangerous driving.”

“Oh, don’t mind him,” the Master told the Police Sergeant. “He’s mad.” Soldeed’s bulging eyes and demented grin seemed to confirm the Master’s assertion.

“Mad?”

“Yes, mad. You know: crazy, loony, non composit mentis, mentally challenged, one cliché short of a Terry Nation script...”

“Yes, I get the idea, sir,” said the Sergeant. “It’s just that in this country we don’t normally let insane people drive 23-man coaches. Not very good for road safety.”

“Well, he’s not killed anything so far,” the Master said in Soldeed’s defence.

“Apart from my nerves,” corrected a voice from the floor.

“What was that?” asked the policeman, looking round.

“Just a multi-strand organism in a shopping trolley that we’ve got stored in the boot.”

“Right,” replied the policeman, not quite sure whether to believe the Master. “Another thing, what is that thing on the roof?”


“Harmless?”

“Well, I would hardly call something that couldn’t even climb a flight of stairs a threat to national security.”

“Hmm. And another thing,” said the policeman. The Master rolled his eyes. “One of you brake lights isn’t working.”

The Master had had enough of this. He looked the policeman straight in the eyes. “I am the Master. You will obey me!”

The Sergeant wasn’t impressed. “You’re as mad as the fellow in the funny collar.”

“Does he mean I, Soldeed?” asked Soldeed. No one took any notice of him.

“Sod this for a game of dominoes,” muttered the Master, and he withdrew his TCE and shrunk the two policemen.

“Right, here we are,” declared the Master. “Everybody off.”

“Where iss ‘ere?” enquired Slurr.

“Blackpool!”

“Blackpool? You expect to find the key to universssal power in Blackpool ?!”

“Good as place as any to start,” the Master told him. “And besides, there’s a nice fish and chip shop near the Pleasure Beach.”

“Fish!?” cried one of the Fish Men. “What do you think I am? A cannibal?”

“Eh, what? Oh, it’s you. Weren’t you in The Underwater Menace?”

This caused the Fish Man to sulk. “It wasn’t my fault,” he protested. “No one told me it was going to be so crap.”

“Yes, quite. Now, is everybody ready?”

There was a chorus of yeses, plus an, “I’ve been waiting five minutes, young man,” from the Cyberleader’s wife.

“Right, let’s go.”

They had parked the coach (or rather Soldeed had crashed it into the nearest convenient wall) near to the Central Pier and they half of them were proceeding south — towards the Pleasure Beach — on the west side of the golden mile — the one nearest the beach. The rest — the Sontarans, the Cybermen, the Autons, the Silurians and the Sea Devils — had decided that they would rather go and investigate the Tower instead, promising to meet up with the rest of them later.

“Ere, what have we got ‘ere lads?” The asker of the question was a heavily-built yob in his early twenties in an England football shirt, drinking from a can of extra-strong lager. He was accompanied by another dozen or so yobs of varying degrees of size and acne coverage.

“It is I, Soldeed!” answered Soldeed, leaning forward on his fork, his eyes almost popping out of his head.

“Get out of my face, granddad,” warned the chief yob, pushing Soldeed with his free hand.

“There’s no need to get stroppy,” Soldeed told him. The yob picked him up.

“No one tells me what to do!” the yob declared, putting his empty can on Arcturus. “Anybody else want a pop?” The Yeti gave a half-hearted roar, but kept its
distance.

"Get that thing off me," ordered Arcturus, not pleased at being used as a litter basket.

"It talks!" cried the chief yob, seemingly delighted with this revelation. "A talking tram! Hey lads, shouldn't it be on the tramlines?"

"What are you doing?" shrieked Arcturus as four of the yobs grabbed hold of him and wheeled him on to the tramlines. By some extraordinary piece of (bad?) luck, Arcturus' wheels fitted exactly in the tramlines, and with one mighty shove he was sent flying down the prom, screaming.

He was still screaming when he collided with the double-decker tram.

The Master winced as the sound of breaking glass filled the air, and bits of multi-strand organism were sent flying everywhere. Poor Arcturus: he might have been an aggravating son of a bitch, with all the personality of a psychotic Rottweiler and the most annoying voice you could possibly imagine, but he was a good sort, deep down.

"Right that's it, I've had enough," he said, brandishing his TCE. "Either you sod off now, or else."

"You trying to threaten me with a novelty dildo?" asked the chief yob.

"It is not a novelty dildo," the Master told him through clenched teeth. "It's a TCE."

"TCE?"

"Bless you," said Soldreed from down on the ground. The yob gave him a savage kick.

"Tissue Compression Eliminator." the Master explained.

"What's that do then?"

"It eliminates tissue compression. Wait a minute, that can't be right, who called it a 'Tissue Compression Eliminator', anyway? Bet it was bloody Pip and Jane Baker - they never give me any decent lines."

"What are you going on about?" asked the chief yob.

"Oh, never mind," said the Master, and shot him. Or, rather, he tried to. The TCE gave a pathetic whir and fizzled out. "Bloody batteries have worn out," muttered the Master. "Dalek, exterminate!"

Ryan Hemage

The cliffhanger will be resolved and Coach Party concluded in issue 17 of Tides of Time.

This Time of Night

They tell a story, in these parts, of a man who sold his soul to the Devil. It's only a legend of course; but as somebody once said, legends are the spice of the Universe, because, occasionally, they come true. Or were true once, long ago. Anyway, the legend exists, and the way it is told goes something like this.

There was a man who sold his soul to the Devil. He was a traveller, seeking neither glory nor riches, but experience; for it was common for his race to travel far and wide in their youth before returning to their home, never to travel again. And although there were exceptions to this rule, such exceptions were rare indeed. So he was travelling, and had come to this planet, the World of the Long Night, to gain his experiences. And he Localised to come during the long night itself, when the world stays dark for nearly half of one year and Great Moon, the Shadow-Maker, hides the sun from mortal eyes. Thus the Traveller came.

Now, it so happened that the Devil, in one of his many forms, had come here too, for it is widely known that the Long Night attracts evil in many guises; for darkness draws evil like a magnet draws iron, whether the iron wishes to be drawn or not. The Devil had been travelling in his chariot which, drawn here from its proper course, had crashed, and he ached to be free, to be released, to wreak his evil elsewhere. So he established a beacon to signal those who were sympathetic to his needs and who might help.

The Traveller saw his signal - although the beacon gave out light, it was a dark light, and only certain beings were able to perceive it - and came to investigate, and possibly to help. Thus he came upon the Devil, lying in his wrecked chariot, and the Devil was not a pleasant sight to behold, since evil, when it has possessed a form, changes that form and weakens it, and eventually destroys it since all evil is essentially self-destructive. Furthermore, the Devil had been hurt when his chariot crashed, and an injured Devil can never be beautiful because he cannot maintain even his own terrible false beauty.

And so the Traveller saw the injured Devil, and he was moved to pity in his breast, for he was not wicked but kind and courageous. But he was also ambitious, and that is the tragedy of many of the Devil's victims who are not themselves wicked, but brought to ruin through their own folly. And so he pitied the Devil, but he did not rush to aid him; it was not in his race to interfere. It was also possible, but not likely, that the Traveller recognised the
Devil for what he truly was. In any case, he made to leave, and would have done had not the Devil called out to him.

“Help me,” called the Devil, “and I will give you whatever you desire.”

“I doubt that,” replied the Traveller, “for there is nothing that I desire. I wish only to travel and, after travelling, I shall return.”

“But, after you return, will there not be anything that you desire?” asked the Devil.

“On my return I will become a great leader,” replied the Traveller.

“If you aid me now,” offered the Devil, “I will help you to become a great leader on your return.”

The Traveller considered this, for it was his heart’s desire to become a great leader. “How will you help me to become a great leader?” he asked the Devil.

“I know the secrets of men’s hearts,” the Devil told him, “and I have the mastery of machines. If you help me now I will help you later to become a great leader, and this will be a good thing, for I see that you will rule wisely and well.”

And so the Traveller agreed. “I will help you now,” he said. “What is it you wish me to do?”

The Devil bade him bind his wounds and bring him to his chariot. Once there, the Devil and the Traveller left, to return to the Traveller’s world. And what happened there is not told, but it is known that neither the Devil nor the Traveller ever returned. And the Devil never keeps his promises.

At most times when the story is told it ends here. But there is another part to this story, not an ending, but rather an epilogomenon, and it is told but rarely since it is known to few.

Some time after the Devil and the Traveller left, but still during the time of the Long Night, two men came to the place where the Devil’s chariot had crashed. They did not know the World of the Long Night, only its name, which to them was Tersurus; they were old men, their travelling over, and there was no poetry in their souls.

They had come to see what was left of the Devil’s chariot. One of them was a teacher and the other a guard. And though the passage of time has not left their names, there does still exist some of the conversation that they had as they gazed at the remnants of the Devil’s chariot.

“It is definitely the remains of a TARDIS,” the guard said. (Chariots are called many things in many languages). “This is the place where they met, all right: over there are the remains of a crude distress beacon. This should all be destroyed. It is dangerous technology to be left on a primitive world.”

“I agree,” the teacher replied. “Contact the Celestial Intervention Agency and get them to arrange it.”

He shook his head, sadly, and spoke to himself rather than to his guard: “To try to harness the Eye of Harmony and become President-Eternal. A fantastic plan…”

The guard spoke into a shining silver bracelet on his right hand and the two men vanished, and all remnants of the mysteries of the Devil’s chariot vanished with them.

To this day few go to that place, since it is accursed. It may even be that some trace of the Devil’s evil lingers there. But the story is told, in one form or another, every time Great Moon, the Shadow-Maker, leaves and the sun returns once more to the World of the Long Night.

John Wilson
Contemporary stories always hold an aura of slightly more menace than others - as such The Web of Fear succeeds spectacularly, despite introducing (or at least fermenting the ideas for) what would become one of the most tired concepts in Who history - UNIT. Yet here, in The Invasion and much of Pertwee's first season, UNIT is effective and efficient. Fury is another contemporary story, although it does not really make use of that. However it would not be wrong to suggest that the most 'contemporary' story of the season, despite being set 50 years into the future, is The Enemy of the World. This is one of the programme's very few forays into politics and the situation is not unfamiliar - one man quite literally has the power of life and death over millions (he should be president of America, or Russia) while the threat of nuclear destruction hangs heavy in the air; all this only 5 years after the Cuban Missile Crisis, probably the closest Earth has ever come to nuclear destruction. And isn't this so much more effective than the heaped-on-with-a-trowel anti-nuclear rantings of Battlefield.

On the subject of the Cybermen themselves, they are probably the most believable villains of the sixties because they have a motivation. Like most enemies in Who they want to rule, but they are plausible in this desire since they seek to do so only for self-preservation and perpetuation. Compared to Klieg, who wants to rule in order to be the ruler, they are on considerably higher moral ground - Klieg is just a madman; the Cybermen are horribly, frighteningly sane.

The final story of the season, The Wheel in Space begins a downward trend with the introduction of Zoe. Quite. Zoe is less effective as a companion as she is both precocious and intelligent - she can deal with things whereas Victoria could not. To counter this problem the writers gave her an almost totally unbelievable naiveté so as to get her into as many difficulties as her predecessor. Then things began to get silly.

But less us be fair. Zoe cannot be blamed for the disaster that is The Dominators, nor Troughton's answer to The Gunfighters: The Space Pirates, nor the mind-numblingly dreadful The Krotons. Yep - you guessed it; we don't think Season 6 is as good as what went before. What is good tends to be drawn from the 'distorted image' ideas above, resulting in that most memorable of images; the Cybermen outside St. Paul's cathedral in The Invasion. Similarly unfriendly is the image of the Doctor's umbrella having been acidified in The Krotons - the common things destroyed tend towards the most unsettling images.

So to save time, space, my ink and your nerves let us look at only 2 particular stories from this
season. First, *The Mind Robber* which, on immediate impressions seems to be the ultimate children's programme as it is based almost entirely on children's stories and watered-down myths. But it is deeper than that - the idea of fiction within fiction is an interesting one; this is probably the greatest subversion of the child-like, including the programme itself. Entertainingly, one of the results of this is that it becomes, by definition, somewhat self-aware. Many people have noticed the mistake in Episode One where the TARDIS scanner, seen briefly, displays the legend 'Producer: Peter Bryant' as per the closing credits. It is perverse indeed that such a mistake cropped up in the only story where it could be taken as an extension of the format; the image is entirely in keeping with what the story does.

It would be impossible to end the black-and-white era without bringing *The War Games* up for discussion. This sets out to push a startlingly unoriginal message: 'War is bad'. Whether or not it succeeds in that becomes moot as, unfortunately it also manages to push the message: 'War is long and boring.' And so is *The War Games*. Once the immediate threat of World War One, presented remarkably convincingly, is lost - and that process begins as early as 20 minutes in - it becomes a long run around which actually says very little, which is a shame.

In the final episode the production crew made what is arguably the worst decision ever. In revealing that the Doctor comes from a planet with a cute line in interior decorating ('Nice bubbling pool') they successfully removed 95% of mystery from the character and the programme in one fell swoop. Perhaps the programme was in decline, perhaps it did need the forthcoming change of emphasis but it is still a shame that the major revelation of six years is accomplished in a little under 25 minutes including title credits.

Ah well.

So we move onto Pertwee, colour and a considerably more expensive look to the programme - at least pertly related to the decision to restrict the programme mainly to Earth.

Season seven is thoroughly atypical of the rest of the Letts/Dicks/Pertwee era. It's very hard-edged and what humour there is comes in the form of the occasional witticism rather than the fully-fledged Brigadier-baiting that we get later in the era. This leads to the other main difference - the personas of the two main characters. The Doctor comes across as a distinctly aloof character and one who is very much out for himself. *Inferno* and *The Silurians* he works very separately from UNIT, if not actively against them. He may be present at the drillhead in *Inferno* as a member of UNIT and has apparently been invaluable in helping with earlier preparations for the dig, but all we see him do is bait Stahlman and work on the TARDIS using the power from the nuclear reactor. His relationship with the Brigadier is very much one of a guarded truce - they do not trust, but are prepared to exploit each other. His relationship with Liz is slightly more complex, being close to one of equals, ludicrous though this obviously is. Two scenes in *The Ambassadors of Death* are of interest. In one he learns that Liz has been captured and is completely uninterested, claiming to be too busy. In a later scene though, we see their reunion which is such that, were this any other series, one would conclude that there was something more than a mere professional relationship between the two. Also worthy of note is the embrace the two share after the drill has been stopped at the end of *Inferno*. Finally there is the point that he addresses her as 'Liz' to her face, but as 'Miss Shaw' when talking of her to anyone else. Is he attempting to conceal a certain intimacy or are we reading too much into this?

* The other character to change radically from here on in is the Brigadier, generally seen in retrospect as the comedy army man.
This is totally different from the personality as seen here, so at times is less than sympathetic. This season at least does not lose sight of the fact that the man is a soldier, and that his main purpose is to fight and to kill - albeit for causes which his superiors judge to be worthy ones. He is by no means averse to using force, or to the threat thereof, to achieve his ends. In The Silurians he threatens to shoot anyone who approaches the corpse of Major Baker. In Spearhead from Space, Liz complains of having been all but press-ganged into joining UNIT, whilst Stahlian in Inferno was, he reports, physically dragged away from his work by Benton - acting on the Brigadier's specific instructions. He shoots, possibly fatally, several people when ambushed in Ambassadors of Death, without a qualm. (As far as can be remembered, the only other time we see him kill a human is during the storming of the prison in Mind of Evil.) Bearing this in mind, it seems likely that the reasonable Brigadier we see persuade Liz in Spearhead into working for his organisation is simply a facade - this is the method which he believes will work best and, if it doesn't, he can, and will, revert to force. All in all, he is an army officer who is shown clearly as a killer, and as a man prepared to take actions which must be described as amoral, at the very least (the Silurian massacre, for example,) he is a most unusual character for a programme shown at such a time of day and watched by so many children. It would be interesting to speculate that his character may have been tuned down deliberately.

With regard to individual stories, Spearhead from Space is mainly notable as one of the first stories to bring horrific possibilities into the present day, following the lead of the previous year's The Invasion. Most famously, of course, it contains the lethal shop window dummies which, surprisingly, did not cause any fuss such as that occasioned by Terror of the Autons a year later. Shop dummies are unsettling anyway - surely many children had their worst fears confirmed by that scene.

Both The Silurians and the Ambassadors of Death deal with ethical problems, principally xenophobic. In the former we have an alien race every bit as reasonable - and unreasonable - as humanity. They may seem to have forfeited the moral high ground by unleashing their plague, but it is emphasised that this is merely one of several factions within the race. In any case, humanity climbs down alongside them, deciding to bomb them, imprisoning them safely out of the way. Most programmes adopt one of two approaches: evil aliens versus good humans or vice versa. Here, instead, are two species who are much of a muchness. In Ambassadors of Death this goes further - the aliens are wholly innocent, being hostages manipulated by General Carrington in order to present an image of them as a threat. Even Carrington is not seen as evil though; witness the Doctor's sympathetic treatment of him at the close of the story.

Inferno pulls away from the xenophobia theme, instead choosing to update the world famous "there are some things with which man is not meant to tamper" scenario and, like all such variations on the theme, it is basically a rehashed Pandora's box story. Admittedly the plot makes little scientific sense, but does this matter? The interesting element of this story is a consideration of the idea that power will corrupt. In the parallel world, the Brigadier has the power of life and death over everyone in the complex and has become a dictator. So too, on his own level, has Benton. What makes the story so unsettling - other than some highly atmospheric direction and settings - is the fact that this is something which could be imagined happening in the 'real' world of the programme. Benton is a character we hardly know as yet; the Brigadier is not someone we can entirely trust, and the difference between Stahlian in the two worlds is simply of opportunities which one has been given and the other not (including, it seems, a razor). Paul Cornell picks up on this idea in his book Revelation, in one of his better pieces of continuity juggling, as the Doctor realises that the face of the dictator in the alternate universe - a face very much based on descriptions of the pictures of Big Brother in Orwell's 1984 - is one of those which was presented to him at his trial. Certainly
it seems rather too convenient that the Doctor is the only one to be missing in this reflection of the world.

Anyway, so much for that. Whilst it may be an exaggeration to say that it is downhill from now on, it must be admitted that there is no other third Doctor season with such a high level of quality and realism. Later seasons were supposedly aimed at the "intelligent fourteen-year-old", and yet see the programme at its most childish yet - feasibly ever. But, to be reasonable, through Action Man™ gadgets and Batman™ fight scenes, it retained consistently high audience and appreciation figures - which is the point, after all, of the programme if not of this article. What we are doing, I remind myself, is looking at what makes good Who, and how this does or does not tally with what the creators claimed to be doing. Taking 'good Who' as being that which goes beyond its format as a children's programme, the rest of Pertwee could perhaps best be described as disastrous. On the other hand, there are glimmers in the mire.

While being the epitome of the UNIT family, The Daemons has its unsettling moments, including black masses and human sacrifice whilst showing people led by promises of global power into doing whatever they are told. Terror of the Autons used familiar objects once again to frighten - this time warping safe objects and concept such as advertising campaigns, dolls, chairs and the police. The Mind of Evil is probably the closest in style to the first Pertwee season, as the Doctor and UNIT work separately for much of the story, with the addition of some rather more realistic action than usual and the Doctor being put through the grinder in a fashion only equalled by Inferno.

However, a certain lack of ideas was becoming apparent. The Silurians showed a believable and sympathetic politician in Masters. However in Chinn (Claws of Axos), Walker (The Sea Devils) and Marshall (The Mutants) we see his descendants. Attempts at characterisation have been abandoned in favour of a caricature for the purpose of gaining cheap laughs. Where once the Doctor had a credible figure to react against in the shape of the early Brigadier, he now scores easy points at the expense of caricatured bureaucrats and comical Army officers. Having created a charismatic villain, he is used to the point of overkill as the Master appears in eight of thirteen consecutive stories. Further proof of this dearth of ideas comes in Colony in Space; after only eighteen months the production team admitted at least partial defeat, and sent the Doctor off into space again.

Whilst the later seasons of the Pertwee era are not wholly without merit, interesting ideas are often marred in their execution. The Sea Devils, which appears to be a pastiche of The Prisoner, is diluted with a retreat of The Silurians: atmospheric direction and off-the-wall incidental music do not really make up for the central lack of originality. The ecologically themed The Green Death shows us a memorable villain in the computer Boss, plugging into then contemporary worries about the rise of computerisation, and a topical theme with worries about the energy crisis and pollution. In addition, of course, there were the maggots. On the other hand there is the condescending picture of alternative science at the 'Nutshatch' and the addition of some thoroughly childish action scenes serving no purpose other than to make Jon Pertwee look ridiculous.

Similarly, the Buddhist-themed Planet of the Spiders is wrecked by the decision to give over most of an episode to a lengthy chase in order to keep Pertwee happy and pad out the plot. The ludicrousness of this device is further emphasised when, as the villain is about to be caught, it is revealed that he has the power of teleportation. Such badly thought out plotting is an insult to the viewer, and the combination of this and the appalling CSO on Metebelis III ensure that the more serious elements of the story slip quietly from the memory.

The Hinchcliffe/Holmes/Baker era of the programme is one that many fans regard as its highest peak and, arguably, rightly so. While they happily avoid mentioning the rather lesser offerings - notably Revenge of the Cybermen and The Android Invasion - rarely has such consistency in quality of story and production values been reached. The different approach of the new
team was immediately visible in *The Ark in Space*, the
first (and perhaps only) story to have a whole scene cut
by the production crew themselves for being too
disturbing. Certainly the blood content was rising along
with the horror and realism. Holmes once commented
that the Pertwee era monsters were "rubber and specific
and seen almost at once", himself reverting to the slow
dramatic appearances of the black-and-white stories.
On screen violence was up too - compare the rather
brutal torture scenes of *The Sontaran Experiment* to
the abject silliness of the torturer in *City of Death* (the
Doctor revealing all because he "can't bear to be
tortured by a man with cold thumbs"). Holmes' 
allyedly spoken creed, and compare this to Eric
Saward's comment that "violence should be seen as
such", was: "Let's scare the buggers."

*Genesis of the Daleks* raises many moral
questions above and beyond Terry Nation's rather
simplest Sevrin-is-ugly-but-nice morality. Beyond
even the over-quoted "do I have the right?" speech, we
have Davros lecturing on 'what is power?', the Daleks
as a possible force for good and Sevrin commenting
with regard to the Thal rocket "Perhaps we should be
glad to work on such a weapon" - how many deaths is
peace worth? Top that with a devastatingly ineffectual
Doctor, who not only fails to destroy the Daleks (if that
were ever a possibility, but that's another story) but also
potentially sentences millions to death to stop Sarah
and Harry from being tortured, and the story is
downright unfriendly.

It is a shame that the series ends with *Revenge of
the Cybermen* - it offers nothing of interest, not even
being bad enough to be funny. It is merely Gerry Davis
proving that Kit Pedler had all the talent by rehashing
*The Moonbase* badly and portraying the Cybermen with
emotions, leaving them about as menacing as a
haddock. And so the season ended in a rather silly
fashion, a silliness which - with one exception - typifies
all Baker's stories so far. It was only in his second series
that he moved into the rather darker and less human
incarnation currently in fan vogue. This is, incidentally,
one of the main arguments against having only 3 years
in the rôle: the first eases in, with both actor and writers
not really sure of anything and often using up stories
written for the previous incumbent; the final is always
preparing for the end. Only for one year did the actor
really the only centre of attention. But that's a bye-the-
bye.

Seasons 13 and 14 are basically made up of a
succession of the same ideas repeated in different ways.
For example, the concept of possession appears so
frequently - from its Invasion of the Body Snatchers'
notations in *Terror of the Zygons*, to the hypnosis
of Sarah in *Masque of Mandragora*, to the mental
manipulation of the Doctor in *The Deadly Assassin's*
opening scenes, to the Jekyll and Hyde possession of
Sorenson in *Planet of Evil*, and, most graphically,
the all-too-physical images of possession in *The Seeds of
Doom*. One is forced to wonder why the Virgin
guidelines for writing a New or Missing Adventure
categorically disallow possession to be used. Another
running theme is that of reworking other stories; again
the list is as large - *Planet of Evil* draws on *Forbidden
Planet* (itself drawn from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*)
and on *Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde*; *Brain of
Morbius* is *Frankenstein*; *The Hand of Fear* is based on
two '50s films - *The Beast with Five Fingers* and *Hands
of Orlock*; *The Deadly Assassin* on *The Manchurian
Candidate* and *The Robots of Death* on Agatha
Christie's *Ten Little Niggers* (now referred to as *And
Then There Was One*). Similarly, and on a more
general basis, *The Face of Evil* has its SF base in
Harlan Ellison stories, whilst *The Talons of Weng-
Chiang* draws on innumerable detective fictions as well
as *Pygmalion* and *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Of course, sometimes things didn't work out -
the ineffective use of CSO in *Revenge* (with regard to
the Cybermats) and *Terror of the Zygons* (the
Skarasen) taught Hinchcliffe to resort to it only rarely -
and when he did, as in *The Brain of Morbius* (as the
titular Morbius falls off a cliff) it was equally ineffective. But that story was not particularly workable anyway as Holmes made the mistake of re-working one of Uncle Terrance's better offerings, with the result that it made little sense in the end. The major change, however - the inclusion of Solon rather than Dick's robot - was successful since it offered a far darker air of menace than otherwise possible. In fact the only story in this season without any menace at all was The Android Invasion wherein the monsters were horribly, obviously rubber.

Probably the story which fits closest to the Holmsian ethic is The Seeds of Doom in that, while it is a damn fine story it has, to all intents and purposes, no plot whatsoever. Its success is due almost entirely to a reliance on well-directed action and a good villain. Harrison Chase in his fay (perhaps gay?) manner is so much more menacing than a maimed Morbius or a blustering Marshall Chedaki. And the horror is there in the madness, the music, the grinder and the graphically realistic bodily possession.

Pyramids of Mars uses the unusual *Who* trick of 'jumping a time line' to indicate a direct threat - the present no longer exists if they leave and allow Sutekh to be free. It also presents us with the Doctor at his most callous, at least at a personal level, or perhaps he just sees the whole picture.

But it is in The Talons of Weng-Chiang that this 'children's programme' really throws off all remaining vestiges of that designation. Looking beyond the clear allusions to Sherlock Holmes, Fu Man-Chu and Jolly Jack ("the Ripper, Mr Jago") we have a script filled with literary and historical allusions which could only have been comprehended by an adult. Very few people are aware that the Doctor's comment "shared it with the Venerable Bede - he loved fish" comes from a comment made by Bede to the effect that he *did* love fish. Perhaps more know that the Doctor's description of Leela having been found floating down the river in a hat-box is a direct reference to Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, but surely very few children, if any. And while on the subject of children, surely to many Henry Gordon Jago's 'dialect' must have been completely incomprehensible.

So where do we end?

Strangely enough the fourth Doctor of this period, in his vision of the larger picture, in his *Planet of Evil* role as "protector of the universe" harks back to a Troughton of *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and *Evil of the Daleks*, where we started this section of the survey, as well as forwards to the sixth Doctor in their mutual rather more callous attitudes. Despite the Doctor's words in *Pyramids of Mars* he is becoming ever more involved, more determined to be needed. And by the end of Baker's third season we have a programme which looks about ready to leap from its childhood bounds both in horrific (Assassin) and intellectual (Talons) content.

But before a fourth Hinchcliffe/ Holmes/Baker season could accomplish that, *Doctor Who* was brought down to Earth with a bump. Arguably it would never recover.

*James Brough and Anthony Wilson*
The God in the Machine

The first fat star hung in the sky.
Li Hsen Chang imagined that it sung to itself, like a firefly or a grasshopper. It seemed to hum low, just below the threshold of sound. He closed his eyes, to better hear its silences.

Would a star die if you captured it? He had dreamt once that he held a star in the cup of his hands. It had thrown the world into shadow, and himself into light.

He did not remember his dreams anymore.
Fireflies died and grasshoppers died, and men died.

Men and women.
He did not remember his dreams.

When he was a boy, he had caught a grasshopper and kept it in a bamboo cage. He had loved to hear it sing, loved its plaintive voice. One morning it didn’t sing anymore. It had withered overnight, like a wisp of grass.

If it had been free, he thought, it might have lived forever.

He smiled at his folly, bitterly. Nothing lives forever, he thought. Not a man’s soul, not the gods, not the memory of a woman’s face. Only hope doesn’t die. Hope feeds on the heart, and kills the soul.

His whole life he had hoped.

He sat with his eyes closed, tried to remember her face. He couldn’t picture it now that she was dead. There was nothing left to hope for. He wished he could remember her face, but he couldn’t. Instead he saw her feet. She had been proud of them, though they made his own feet ache just to look at them. Now, when he tried to picture the perfect oval of her face, all he could see were the plump parts of her toes, facing upwards, pointing towards her shin. He remembered her weeping silently in the night when the cold ate into her bones. He remembered the scent of her tear-jewelled hair as she clung to him.

Ah, but her face. That was gone. If he could just once see her, or touch her waist, or hold her hand, he might go away contented. But to die so suddenly, and so young...

Nothing left to hope for. No children, no sons to grow strong, no daughters to grow beautiful. Yes, their arguments remained alive in his memory: if it was a girl, she wanted to bind her feet. He would have saved his child that indignity.

But he never knew if it was a boy or a girl. It had died so tiny - it had fitted in the palm of his hand.

Nothing: no resolution to their arguments; no goodbye; no child; no hope.
Nothing but his goats, with big clanging bells.

And suddenly it came to him - what need had he to scratch out a living here? Only a goat could be happy on this mountain, too barren for paddies, fit only for beasts. The valley it overshadowed was a bamboo prison. If he stayed there he would wear his heart out with grief, like the grasshopper. Like his bride.

He could climb out of his cage, abandon his hut, his temple, his gods. His goats and his ghosts lowered behind him - ghosts of what had been, and what would never be.

He left them. Abruptly he stood up, and began to run. He would hike from day to day, with no hope and no despair. Just travelling. Just being. He might like to grow old, might die tomorrow, but it didn’t matter any more, so long as he was free.

She was dead, his gods were dead, and nothing mattered any more - and the fact that nothing mattered liberated him, filled him with relief.

He was giddy with elation when he reached the cliff. A long shadow lay beneath it, cast by the setting sun. More stars were in the sky now, and a thin slip of moon was beginning to show. Li Hsen Chang climbed down into the shadows of the valley.

In which valley, limbs shaking with exertion, and heart hammering with fear, he saw an impossible brightness, a whiteness that threw the world into darkness and himself into light.

It seemed his gods were not dead after all.

Mary Brady
They're very versatile," said the President. "You can chip them, boil them, roast them, fry them, sauté them. Hell, you can even eat them."

"They have places for nutty people like you," Meg said.

"Really, where?" asked the President.
"Called the House of Lords, I think," said Meg.
"You can't say that. The House of Lords hasn't been invented yet!"

"Sorry, I'm just saying what Uncle Terry tells me to."

"Will you take the potatoes, please," said the President. "Look, I've even brought you a book, Potato Farming For Beginners."

"A book?"
"Yes. The mysterious traveller was getting desperate by now. "Please, you've got to help me. If I don't introduce potatoes to twelfth century England, then in the twentieth century I'm going to ask Uncle Terry the most saddest and pathetic question you'll ever hear. I'll never live it down. Please."

Meg took sympathy on the mysterious President. She took the potato and the book off him. The President, cheering up, handed Meg a five pound bag of spuds he had got from Sainsbury's. "Take these as well," he said. "You peel them, chop them up, and put them in a stew. They're very good."

"Yes, sir," said Meg.
"And don't forget, when the new serving wench comes in, tell her to peel the potatoes."
"Yes, sir," said Meg again.

"Thank you," said the mysterious Traveller. He got into the blue box. With a wheezing groaning sound it disappeared.

Almost immediately a girl that Meg hadn't seen before came round the corner.

"Who are you?" demanded Meg.
"Er, I'm the new serving wench," said Sarah Jane Smith - that mysterious journalist in Time & Space.

Meg grabbed Sarah by the arm and examined her hands. "You're no serving wench," she said. "These hands have never done a days work in their lives." Meg was right too - remember Sarah was a journalist.

"Put me down," Sarah ordered haughtily.
"Ere, what are you playing at?" demanded Meg.
"Oh, please help me," asked Sarah. "I've seen neither bread nor cheese in a week."

"Very well," said Meg. She held up the Sainsbury's bag in front of her. "Peel these potatoes."

"Okay," said Sarah, and began peeling. "What's that you've got?"

"A book," said Meg. "I don't know why, I can't read. Never mind, I'm sure we'll be able to use it for kindling."

Sarah nodded and carried on peeling her potatoes.
The woman in the drab grey coat ran her hand once more over the dark mound of fresh, moist earth. She did not know how many times she had done this, and she did not care. At this precise moment, she just did not want to do anything else.

From her vantage point on the hill, she could see across to the city that had once been hers. She could see the houses and factories, the theatres and offices, built from many different colours of rock and concrete: grey, brown, dark green. It had not always been like this. Once there had been nothing but bright colours in her city.

Once there had been nothing but bright colours in her heart.

She sighed, and ran a hand through her lank, grey hair. Then she noticed three figures coming up the hill towards her. A great swelling of bitterness rose in her heart. Why couldn’t they just leave her alone? They had proved their point. All she wanted to do was to sit here, by this mound of fresh earth, on her own.

No. Not on her own. She could never be on her own when she was sitting here.

The figures did not go away. In fact they got closer, and Helen realised she dimly recognised two of them, who were holding hands. They were happy. The stab of jealousy was brief and faint, like the ghost of a long-forgotten memory. However, she had not forgotten their names: the tall, black man was called Earl and the woman’s name was Susan. There had been letters too, but they had long since lost any meaning. The third figure, a man, she did not recognise, but he was similar in appearance to Earl, although older - there was more than a touch of grey in his hair - and they were clearly related.

Eventually they reached her. She neither moved nor greeted them, but stared at the patch of earth. Tears pricked her eyes, and she refused to blink them away, in the abject passivity of utter defeat. After a while, the woman spoke to her.

“Helen, you should come with us. How long have you been up here for?”

Silence.

“How long is it been since you had anything to eat?”

Susan moved to touch her arm, but Helen jerked it away violently, not looking at any of them. Susan nodded, as if in understanding.

They left. Helen had no way to measure time, sitting alone up on the hill. But she noticed that it was approaching evening when the older man, whose name she did not know, came up once more to join her on the hill.

The old man did not address her, or blame her, or remonstrate with her, or sympathise with her. He merely sat, and waited for her to speak to him.

So she did, in a small, fragile voice.

“I’d never been to a funeral before,” she said.

He waited for her to continue, with more patience that she would have thought possible.
“I outlawed funerals, you see. A public display of grief. I couldn’t possibly allow something like that. Why have a funeral, when you can have real fun instead, and it’s all the same thing? So I banned them.

“And I never did have to go to one, because nothing I loved ever died. So the first funeral I did go to was the funeral of my pet. An animal.

“And that was the first time I cried. I cried and felt my tears wash the bright make-up from my cheeks. I cried and threw my bright wig away, ripped it from my head. I cried as my whole world fell apart.

“That was the first time I went to a funeral.”

The man stared out at the stars which were beginning to appear in the evening sky.

“The last time I went to a funeral,” he said at last, “was when Loretta, Earl’s mother and my wife, died. She was thirty six. It was some variety of cancer. That was the last time I cried as well. Since then I haven’t to any more funerals. My whole world was filled with grief.

“Then I heard of a planet where there was no grief. Where everyone was happy. My son told me of this place, and I had to come here.”

“And when you came here, it was all gone,” Helen said.

“No, that’s not true. When I came here, it had never existed. Only the dream. And the dream was over.”

Helen turned away from him, faced the grave, seeking solace.

He took her hand, spoke in a low, urgent voice.

“Listen,” he said. “You’ve just found out that you can’t live your life being happy. That is a truth. But what is also just as true, and this is something I found out when Loretta died, is that you can’t live your life being sad either.”

She stared at the grave. “Fifi was my only pet.”

“That doesn’t matter,” he told her. “You loved her. She was the only thing you loved. And then, you lost her. Losing the only thing you ever loved is the worst pain anyone can suffer. I know.”

“But where can I go?” she asked him. “Everyone hates me. I have no reason to be alive.”

“No,” he replied. “You have every reason to be alive. Listen to me. Tomorrow my son is getting married to Susan. That’s why I’m here, for the wedding. There is a great deal of happiness at weddings, but there is grief as well, for those who are not there at such a joyous occasion. That’s why people cry at weddings. Why don’t you come with me? Nobody will mind you being there.”

Helen, who had once called herself Helen A, reached out and took his hand. Slowly, ever so slowly, the two people got up and began descending the hill, leaving the small mound of earth behind.

Halfway down, something occurred to Helen.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Samuel.”

A thought came to her, unbidden: the brightest colours are not always visible.

Gradually, they continued down the hill, hand-in-hand like lovers, towards the city.

John Wilson
A Pescatorial Conundrum

or,

A Fishy Problem

Nr. Whitby, Yorkshire, 650 A.D.

“Well, now, let me see. Hm.’ commented the benevolent, old and therefore wise angel, fixing the trembling yet unafraid man in a narrow blue glare. ‘A gift of song! Good lord! Without undue modesty, my good man, I might say that you could just as well ask for the moon. Hm. No, wait a second - I'm sure we can do something. What did you say your name was, hmmm?’

The angel grappled with the strange bindings along his upper body, pulling them outwards as if they were made of dough. His trousers raised slightly the further outwards he pulled. His beneficiary regarded him in awestruck wonder.

‘M-m-my name is Caedmon, good spirit of the one high Lord. A Yorkshire cowherd, blessed by your favour.’

‘Caedmon...Caedmon...hmmm...sounds familiar... Ah yes! Bede!’

‘I beg your pardon, angel?’

‘No, Caedmon, no matter, no matter. So you are a faithful worshipper of the Glory-God, the creator of man. Most commendable, my good man, most commendable. And you, also, are no longer a spring chicken, hmmm? Perhaps you would no longer like to be that cowherd, hmmm? Well, anyhow, let us see what we can do about that song.’

Caedmon, sitting humbly on his rough palette of straw, considered what a strange dream he was having. So realistic. And the strange edifice that had appeared as he was walking back from the ale-drinking at the mead-hall, the thing made of some blue material with which Caedmon was distinctly unfamiliar. It had made a sound like that of Dæghroth’s stomach before he collapsed from drinking too much, only louder, and then - it was just there, as if it had always existed and dared anyone to notice anything unusual about it. It had opened, and Caedmon had initially been afraid that it was a devil’s device, sent to drag his soul down into the bottomless hells once harrowed by the everlasting Son, until he realized that there was really no temptation involved. He would walk on, ignore the emerging occupant, and not mention the hallucination to anyone. Too much ale always disagreed with him anyway, and allowed a window into his soul at which the father of Cain could knock.

Belatedly, Caedmon’s mind had realized what his eyes had indicated a good few lines earlier. The emerging occupant! He tensed, ready to avert his eyes and make the sign of the holy Cross, and peered at the figure through the darkness. An old man, older than himself, in odd clothing and carrying a twisty stick. And heading straight towards him.

‘Ah, a person in this desolate place. Good evening, my man, and could you tell me who might be in charge here?’

Caedmon’s beer befuddled brain could hardly cope with this, making a fervent cross and whimpering slightly, and the old man found himself asked whether he were a devil sent to torment men. The peasant also mentioned something about a lettuce, which was quite incomprehensible.

‘A devil? Of course not. Hmm...We are in England, are we not?’

Brightening considerably, Caedmon had praised God aloud for sending him an angel to answer the many prayers that had been asked before sleep each eve, and prostrated himself on the ground. The old man had looked pleased that his angelic identity had been penetrated, and had thawed a little, speaking to Caedmon almost conspiratorially.

“Well, since even angels can get cold, and it is less than warm for my advanced years, perhaps we could talk somewhere a little warmer?’ He had himmed questioningly, and found himself ushered a short distance and into a ramshackle hut, nearly as poisonous smelling as the cowherd himself and scarcely warmer than the ambient temperature. Caedmon knew this was a dream, for an angel would scarcely deign to come down to earth - well, not in a flaming chariot, but close enough - for a lowly cowherd’s humble requests in person.

Now the cowherd, name newly revealed and full of trust in this emissary of the Father of Glory, peered up at the angel through the darkness and practically glowed with expectation. Sighing, the old...
man explained that the type of versification he would be taught would be of the religious variety, experimentally scratched a few signs into the ground, reluctantly learnt that Caedmon was illiterate, and set about the few hours of lessoning he would have with the man before dawn.

The Doctor, stick tucked under his arm and rather pleased with the discovery that one of the earliest and greatest poets ever had been created through his assistance, headed back to the TARDIS in the darkest hour before the dawn. He left a happy yet exhausted cowherd snoring on a flea-infested straw palette behind him, in a hut that smelt like a latrine - for obvious reasons, he had discovered in the middle of the tutoring, when Caedmon had needed to absolve himself of some of that noxious brew they drank. The man had talent, undiscovered talent and an aptitude for alliteration, in the Doctor's humble opinion. Of course, he knew that they would be hearing great things of Caedmon. In the future.

伦敦, Fleet River, late 1400 A.D.

Voices, carrying on the wind across the river.

The Doctor listened with half an ear, comparing the fluidity of the near Norman tongue to the guttural and harsh, yet distinctly effective sounds of that essentially Germanic language he had heard some seven centuries ago. Well, last night. It was a sunny day, the light glinting off the river a little ahead of the TARDIS, staining the clear blue water golden. The river was almost clean enough to see every fish float past, although the Doctor was aware that just downstream, nearer the centre of London, it became a slover moving and altogether murkier proposition. He turned as Susan, his dear granddaughter, for whom he would steal, kidnap - and yes, kill if necessary - struggled to drag their fishing gear out of the somewhat anachronistic blue police box that the Doctor, sometimes sadly, thought was closer to a home than anywhere he had yet been. The girl's dark hair glinted blue in the sun, and the Doctor waited and watched her with benevolent pleasure as she pulled the rods down the bank towards him. He was intensely proud of his resourceful granddaughter, and knew that he would have to find her a more permanent home and tuition somewhere, soon. She was too bright to be long satisfied by the crumbs of information he himself, even with Ian and Barbara's aid, could throw her way. But for now, the two would enjoy their little rest together, for the teachers had found the TARDIS library and were disinclined, in the Doctor's opinion, to go home immediately. By some fluke of time and space, he had been able to fulfill a promise to take Susan fishing. He was pleased, for although he had great control over his TARDIS and merely enjoyed the hobo challenge of letting the machine to its own devices, the Doctor doubted that even he would be able to force it to function as a divining rod for suitable fishing points.

...'...a loss to the native tongue, I think...'
...'...many talented works, and some more in progress, so I heard...wonder what...publication?...'

The Doctor and Susan set up to fish in the drowsy sunshine, beyond the vision of those voices, if not their words, and aimed to relax for the afternoon.

...'...first name?...didn't know...'
...'Geoffrey. Geoffrey Chaucer...'

As dusk started to fall and grandfather supervised his teenage protégé as she packed up their catches - a marvellous quantity and quality for a river running through the vicinity of the capital of Britain, the Doctor believed - the stars began to shine more brightly than Susan had ever seen.

'They look like eyes, Grandfather, and they look as if they've been crying!'

'Very descriptive, my dear, yes, quite so. Now, let us move back to the TARDIS and be off! Hmm? I have had enough poets for one day, my dear.'

Where a glint of blue that was neither hair nor water had shown in the sunlight through the trees, there was soon nothing except the mournful calls of the evening birds.

The Monastery of Monkwearmouth-Jarrow, 728 A.D.

Surrounded by papers, in a bright yet dusty scriptorium, the blue police box materialized. The Doctor peered out and coughed, seeing the motes of
dust dance in the light. Somehow, the middle aged monk writing at the table had completely failed to notice the not inconsiderable sound and sight of the TARDIS materialization directly behind him. For a moment, the Doctor thought that the man might be dead, but the steady *scratch scratch* of pen on parchment soon reassured him. Just deaf.

The monk uttered a short, barking laugh and commented that he in his turn, felt obliged to say to the most impolite stranger that this work was the creation poem of the great poet Caedmon, rather than his own, and that the 'Doctor's' opinion on the subject of poetry was not worth having if he couldn't recognise *that* from just a few lines. And what was that ugly blue monstrosity in the corner of his room, and could it be removed as soon as possible, since it was distracting him.

A little taken aback, the Doctor switched on the famous congenial charm and inserted the conspiratorial twinkle into his blue eyes.

'My dear sir, I am of course most upset that I have pulled you from your work. Maybe I can repay you in some way, hmm?'

Just before intellectual curiosity took over from anger, making him considerably less caustic, the monk commented tersely that all the repayment he wished was for the Doctor to leave him to his work...'But tell me, sir, before you leave, what are those strange clothes that you wear? And the blue thing - am I correct to surmise that it must be some sort of travel device? For how else would it get here, and with such a sound - like Dæghrefn with a stomach ache - forgive me, you would not know Dæghrefn, of course.'

'Why, my dear holy brother, of course, of course! An explanation. And perhaps you, in turn, will tell me of your works and of Caedmon's, hmm? Over dinner?' The Doctor rubbed his hands together in anticipation and satisfaction. What a learning experience for Susan!

'A most amicable arrangement, sir. In that device?' He glanced warily at the TARDIS.

'But of course! We have the most wonderful fish! Caught in the River Fleet! Oh, so you like fish? Good. Hm. Come on, come....'

The sound died out in the dusty scriptorium as the blue door closed upon the Doctor and the Venerable Bede.

Corinne Borg
Trade-Off

Fleet Commander Stygus, of the Sontaran Ninth Battle Fleet, was tired. For the glory of the Supreme Sontaran Empire, his fleet had been assigned to watch over the Mutaran nebula prior to an all-out attack on the Rutan frontier, only twelve thousand light years away.

The trouble was that there was a great deal of alien traffic through this sector of this universe and, although this traffic posed no threat at all to the might of the Sontarans, Stygus had been ordered to conserve energy, and this meant that Stygus couldn’t shoot at them. If Stygus were human, he would have been very annoyed. But, as he was Sontaran, and he could not feel any emotion other than patriotism, this merely gave him indigestion in all five of his biologically-engineered stomachs.

This latest case was a good example. There had been some indication recently that a few aliens were developing a biological engineering capability that was approaching that of the Sontarans themselves. And now Stygus had proof of this.

They had captured a Terran alien known as a “trader”, who, Stygus gathered, was a supplier of weapons for a substance called “money” - a concept which he did not fully understand. Their technology was certainly impressive though. This device was a sonic weapon, which could also operate as a sonic bomb, detonated through proximity: when Stygus’s troops had approached the device it had emitted a high-pitched sonic wave which was able to completely overcome his troops. It was eventually captured and neutralised, using a gag, by a trooper with protective headgear.

The device’s Terran owner had been fully interrogated but had not revealed the production method for the device. “It’s a lot of fun,” the creature had said, laughing, although Stygus’s chief torturer had assured him that this was impossible with the amount of suffering the creature was suffering. It did not help that “fun” was another concept which Stygus did not understand.

Finally, Stygus agreed to let the prisoner escape, provided that he surrender the production manual for the weapon. He did so and, as his ship disengaged from the massive Sontaran battle-cruiser, Stygus ordered that it be incinerated. “But you can’t do this, not to me, Sabalom Glitz,” were the Terran’s last words as his ship vanished in a cloud of superheated plasma.

But Stygus suspected that he had been cheated. The “production manual” for the device was little more than photographic reproductions of the devices, various models, but not the model which he had captured. Stygus had fed the alien text in to the ship’s translator, but this had promptly exploded, increasing his indigestion.

The only thing he had managed to learn about the sonic weapon, which was now residing in the ship’s hold, was that the model name was “Mel”.

John Wilson
The Presidential Address

Canon Fodder

Ah well, all things come to an end, my personal 'Reign of Terror' among them. By the time this sees print I will have, possibly painfully, been removed from office and replaced by someone different. So I suppose I shall take this final opportunity to rant about whatever topic springs to mind. But first some thanks. I have no desire to name any individuals as that would be less than representative of my gratitude to all committee members, past and present. We have all worked very hard. I should also briefly apologise - I don't think there's one member of the Committee with whom I haven't had some disagreement, generally on Who-related points. I'll try to behave better now I've gone.

But this is an article, and, as always, I have a particular topic in mind.

A few weeks ago, I went on a business management course. Not that I want to go into business management, but hey - why not? The group that I was in became rather annoyed over a somewhat trivial mistake in the business simulation game, and, at the summing up, a slide appeared on the overhead projector which was supposed to sum up our attitude. Probably everyone reading this will have seen it: the Daleks at the bottom of the stairs commenting, 'Well, this buggers up our plans for conquering the universe.' Cue wild rounds of applause. Everyone, of course, had heard of the Daleks: even those who had never seen a single episode of this programme that we, perversely enough, consider so important (and especially not, it seems, Remembrance of the Daleks). I wondered why.

A similar example occurs in G.B.H. (executive producer Verity Lambert, no less) in which one episode shows Robert Lindsay trying to seduce Lindsay Duncan in a hotel occupied by a Doctor Who convention. Towards the climax of the episode a Dalek trundles along - and I think we all agree that 'trundle' is the best verb to use when describing Dalek motion - commenting, 'Fornicate, fornicate.' And this was very funny. And I wondered why.

As yet very few people will have realised that this is actually a response to an article by Martin Wiggins which appeared in The Celestial Toymaker and was entitled 'First Principles'. For those of you who didn't read it, the general thrust is that Doctor Who is not an unied whole except insofar as it is unified by the name Doctor Who and by a fan-perceived 'unchanging essence that is Doctor Who.' He continues to say that we must re-evaluate everything we consider as canonical Who since, 'the Doctor Who television programme is not a living being: it doesn't grow like a tree, adding to its own substance every year.' This latter is clearly a valid comment - new production teams add to or even alter previous commentary (see The Deadly Assassin). As a result even fans admit to different eras and styles. I, like Wiggins, have a particular interest in individual sections of the programme: my favourite Doctors (if such a term can be used) are Davison, McCoy and Troughton, whilst the stories I tend to prefer are those of the black-and-white era, particularly the historicals. This instantly shows a dichotomy - my favourite stories are, for the most part, under a Doctor who is not a 'favourite'. But it's all very easy for Martin Wiggins to say that it should be treated as a succession of different programmes - he saw all the early stories as they went out. Myself, being only 20 years old, would have been incapable of doing so, and were it not for a continuing perception of the show as a whole, would never have discovered what my 'favourite' stories were.

And despite my preferences, I collect all the videos as they are released, even if I already have the stories recorded. And, I suppose, I wondered why. Perhaps it is a perverse loyalty - the Pertwee stories do
little for me, but I still get them - perhaps it is in the
hopes that the more sales of Who videos there are, the
more chance there is of more stories that I want to see
being released. Or perhaps it is because I am still
capable of viewing Doctor Who as an unified entity
deeply its being made by so many different people with
different objectives, despite the programme's inherent
mutual contradictions.

To illustrate this let us look at the work of the
late Robert Holmes. Most will agree that neither his
first nor his last (complete) stories for the programme -
The Krotons and The Mysterious Planet - were his
greatest, yet all his stories reflect an essential Who
element. In the latter story, Glitz and Dibber (let us
politely ignore the Glitz of Dragonfire) are the ultimate
development of Garran and Unstoffe from The Ribos
Operation, both pairs members of the famed Holmes
double-act that also appears with Libri and Regin, Varg
and Shirna, Jago and Litefoot and so many others. This
typical Holmes device - of two characters, where one is
almost exclusively used to feed lines to the other -
appears throughout Who.

Another Holmes story, The Caves of
Androzani, is popularly regarded as Davison's greatest
tale yet, when compared to other works by the same
author - and let us be scrupulously fair here, the story is
not among his greatest. Maybe it is regarded as a great
because by now Robert Holmes has acquired a near-
legendary status; maybe it is because it only had to
compete with Doobin the Pantomime Myrka in that
series. Yet I would not dispute that Caves is superb
Who, of the same substance as Holmes' Auton stories of
nearly 15 years previously. The 'Caves connection' to
earlier eras is actually deeper than simply the scripting.
Caves relies heavily on its direction, Graeme Harper
being much more of an 'action' director than others
employed by Nathan-Turner at the time. And thus, like
the 'great' directors of earlier eras - Camfield, Maloney,
Mayne and so forth - Harper attains a visual continuity
with earlier Who, perhaps a far more effective
continuity than any Levine-inspired script references.

A different example. The first ever episode of
Who was so atypical of what it would become - even by
the end of The Daleks (The Mutants, whatever) that, by
Wiggins' views it would have to be classed as a
different programme. Strange then, that so many fans,
of so many of the different eras of Who can find so
many 'magic moments' in that story alone. How is it
that this multitude manage to construct a base to work
on that appreciates all aspects of the programme, even
if some to a lesser extent than others.

The answer, I feel, is in the name. It is,
whether we like it or not, Doctor Who. Yes, areas and
periods of the programme are different, but it would
never have lasted had it not been able to change with
the times. In title, in title music, in public perception
(and Doctor Who was always aimed at a mass audience,
not just the fans) it is the same programme. The
simplest example is in the Daleks who appear, by my
calculations, in stories 2, 10, 16, 19, 21, 30, 36, 60, 68,
72, 78, 104, 134, 143 and 151, which would seem to be
a fair overall coverage of Who as a whole. And,
although it may take a fan to do it, and despite various
inconsistencies, the stories can be brought into an
unified pseudo-historical whole, and why not? And if
we can accept that, why not a pseudo-historical whole
for all of Who? It needn't be (arguably cannot be)
perfect, but it can try. Jean-Marc L'Officier, David
Banks and many others have created versions and,
whether you agree or not with what they say, various
tapestries do exist and marketers as well as fans make
use of them. Who as a whole, is a whole.

So it will not surprise a good quantity of those
reading this to learn that I disagree with Mr. Wiggins.
Nonetheless I support him fully in that he dislikes the
antagonism between fans about which is the 'best', 'most
important' or, more sadly the 'worst' or 'most
incompetent' eras of the programme. I can see how he
believes that separating them totally in the mind should
try and stave off the ceaseless battles but it is Wiggins'
theories which perpetuate the problem - he aims for a
separationism, no matter how many times we have
"rethought some of our first principles", is unattainable
because people do believe in a whole essence that is
Who. Calls for separatism just continue to draw
attention to these differences. We as fans should be
aiming to put these disagreements aside. We do not
need to listen to every voice, every style in the
programme but we can accept that there is some
continuity in the differences - the different production
teams, the different producers and the different
incarnations of the same Time Lord.

And so it ends - goodnight, sleep tight.
The rest is silence.

Anthony Wilson