

COSMIC



MASQUE



DOCTOR
WHO
APPRECIATION
SOCIETY
CM V



EDITORIAL

By Grant Bull

and Ian Wheeler

Happy holidays!

Man, I love Christmas and it's right around the corner now. Decorations are up, presents wrapped, cards sent and the *He-Man & She-Ra Christmas Special* has been watched...

Not only does this time of year mean the appearance of Santa is nearly upon us, it means a new episode of *Doctor Who* is too and what an episode it looks like, featuring no less than three Doctors! Capaldi, Bradley and by the end of the episode we will have witnessed the first moments of Jodie Whittaker as Doctor Thirteen. Blimey, the promise of it all.

This issue is a real 'selection box' of pieces. We have reviews, we have interviews, we have fiction, we have art, we have more than you can shake a tinsel-covered stick at. I do hope you enjoy it all and if you do or even don't then please get in touch with us at cm@dwasonline.co.uk.

Finally, this issue sees the official appointment of Allan Lear as 'Editorial Assistant'. Al has been an integral part of the *CM* team from day one and it seemed only right that after his continued support and hard work that he be given a proper title. Don't fret though we will be keeping a close eye on him to make sure the power doesn't go to his head...

Until next time, a very Merry Christmas to you and yours,

Grant x

Hot on the heels of our last issue, we're pleased to be back with another great selection of features. Once again, our dedicated team of contributors have really pulled out all the stops to keep you amused and diverted. Highlights of 2017 for me have included the news of a wonderful new Doctor and the return of Tom Baker to the role, in full costume, thanks to the new version of Shada. We may live in uncertain times politically, but Doctor Who continues to burn bright as a beacon of hope and a reflection of all that is good in the world. Thank you for your continuing support of DWAS - I wish you all the best in 2018.

Ian ▲

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REMINISCING ABOUT THE DWE IN CARDIFF - 5 YEARS OF VISITS

by Christine Grit

In 2012 the Doctor Who Experience (DWE) in Cardiff Bay opened. In that same year I paid a visit for the first time. It wouldn't be my last, as I managed to visit the place once a year at least until it sadly closed down in September 2017.

It's strange to imagine that this vehicle for showing off former TARDIS sets and various props, combined with an interactive adventure with the Doctor, a green screen photo studio, a lovely shop and some wonderful signposting just outside to get there, is no more. That unique spot where my love for the show and all things Dalek got a boost that can never be repeated elsewhere has gone forever. Hopefully it will be replaced by something else, although it will be difficult to get another location so close to the BBC studios, if that is even possible.

I have to confess first of all that although I grew up with Tom Baker's Doctor, saw a bit of Peter Davison, and I never got disillusioned with the series as some have done, becoming an 'active' fan is quite a recent development. In the Netherlands, the wilderness years, as many call the years without the series being on telly, took a bit longer than the sixteen (with a one off in-between) that one was confronted with in the UK. After the season with *Arc of Infinity*, *Doctor Who* did not appear on Dutch screens until Christopher Eccleston turned up in 2005. Simultaneously there was of course the rise of the internet – although not as invasively present as now and social media was still in an infant stage then – with all its possibilities, not in the least the buying of VHS tapes and DVDs not readily available in my country. My

interest was awakened anew then, and I finally found out about the existence of even more Doctors than the three I had watched so far, the New and Missing Adventures, conventions and so on. All this delighted me, even though it took me a while to catch up with all this stuff. In 2013 I really took off by getting to write some pieces for some great charity works, starting to visit said conventions, subscribing to Doctor Who Magazine and eventually becoming a member of the Dutch fan club (yes, that actually existed and still does) as well as DWAS.

My second confession is of a totally different nature, and that's my obsession with Daleks. I really love these beasties, with their beautiful 60s design, the staccato delivery of their voices, as well as the slight differences between them through the years. The only ones I don't really like are the ones with the larger, less sleek model of the new paradigm although even those have some nice variants, like the 'stone' versions which appeared in the series final in 2010. So, bear with me whenever I start to get lyrical about Daleks.

The year before I really started to really become active as a fan (whatever that is), in the summer of 2012, I paid a visit to Wales which included Cardiff and the recently opened DWE. Having never been to anything like it before I had no real expectations besides that I looked forward to seeing a bit more of my favourite TV show. I felt a bit uncomfortable because I was a middle-aged woman on her own, and I expected the visitors mostly to be families with children who would look at me askance. I needn't have worried. True, there were lots of families with (small) children, but thankfully I saw a lot of middle-aged people not accompanied by children like me as well, including another woman of approximately my age. I was slightly overwhelmed by the interactive adventure with Matt Smith calling me a 'shopper' (I don't like shopping – unless

it's concerned with buying books – at all) and being a part of a Dalek battle between the pure rather blown-up new paradigm Daleks and the, in my view, beautiful bronze ones, as well as some monsters lashing out at me from a screen due to wearing 3D glasses. After that a kind of heaven opened up to me. I had never seen a life size Dalek before, and here there were loads of them. That's how it felt to me at least at the time, although there were far less of them present than I was to encounter during future visits. What bliss to see them, take pictures of them and even to be pictured with one of them (I did not yet do 'selfies') by one of the kind staff members. Of course I also enjoyed the rest of the exhibition, walking back and forth among the props, recognising some classic monsters, and just loving it all. I ended the visit with a bit of a shopping spree (I don't like shopping but a shop with only *Doctor Who* stuff

is one of those exceptions to the rule). Then when I left, I suddenly noticed the TARDIS placed outside in the Bay itself, made a few pictures and walked back to the Millennium Centre. And then I saw the signposting...I had totally missed those on the way to the Experience but how wonderful to have these road signs with Daleks on them to point out the way to the DWE. I instantly fell in love with them.

After that wonderful visit, it may not be so surprising that I turned up again in 2013. This of course was a very special year for Doctor Who, and the popularity of the DWE had grown. At least that's what I thought when it turned out to be quite difficult to get a ticket in a reasonable time slot in the period I planned to visit the UK. In England this time, the Cotswolds to be precise. I did manage it, and arrived in Cardiff midway my holiday at 12.00pm. During the course of my walk I noticed even more of those lovely road signs than I had the last time, and they still thrilled me no end. Of course I knew what to expect this time round, and had even put on a Dalek dress for the occasion. It was the first one I owned, and I was quite proud to show it off. No uncomfortable feelings on arrival either, and I again had a wonderful experience (forgive me for this rather appropriate pun), especially since the what I will call the 'Oswin Oswald Dalek' had been added to the row of Daleks, though it wasn't sharing space with the other Daleks as it had been put up with some other props from Series 7. A few of the baby weeping angels also were a highlight, while I obviously wanted to be pictured again with a Dalek – the



Oswin Oswald one. That mission being successful I again ended up with buying some nice gadgets, including a lovely Dalek to include in my ever-growing Dalek collection.

Although I originally hadn't planned to go in 2014, I decided to book a short trip to Bristol in November, and then decided I may just as well take the train to Cardiff and pay a visit to the DWE after all. No sooner said than done, and on a chilly, very rainy day I arrived soaked through and through at the premises. I had walked from the centre. A nice three quarter of an hour walk on a summer's day, but definitely less enjoyable during freezing autumnal weather! No matter. I drank a cup of coffee to warm up, and dried up a bit too before entering a thoroughly renewed experience. No longer being shoppers, but just silly humans this time, the interactive adventure was more about saving the TARDIS and the Twelfth Doctor than the cleansing of the Dalek race. Starting off with a lovely introduction by Lalla Ward's incarnation of Romana we paid a visit to the Museum of Gallifrey under the guidance of a curator in Time Lord robes. The start was actually quite moving as all the Doctors were shown on a screen in the museum, and then it started for real with some elements of the former adventure still in place. Except the Daleks were now to be found on a devastated Skaro, there was a pretty spooky walk through a path with weeping angels and the 3D film was slightly changed too. Peter Capaldi also had a very different chat with the visitors than his predecessor. When I entered the exhibition, I got all shaky and excited because there were even more Daleks than before. Not only did I get to see the TARDIS console of *An Adventure in Space and Time*, but there was also a Dalek close by, while there was a complete circle of them in the main exhibition hall. Bliss again! Rusty from *Into the Dalek* was also present, and of course that was the Dalek with which I had my picture taken this time.

Also, some new made Daleks were on show outside the Exhibition itself and that was enjoyable too. Drinking coffee while looking at your favourite monster is ever so relaxing. Alas, the weather was detrimental to taking pictures of the road signs this time. However, the enormous number of Daleks present on location compensated a lot for that.

In 2015 I visited the DWE for the first time with a companion. Christopher Stone and I had regularly been messaging each other for a while due to my participation in his Book Guide project, and we decided to meet up in June for a visit to Cardiff and the DWE. Once again I flew to Bristol, and Chris picked me up there for the drive to Cardiff. We stayed in a lovely hotel straight across the bay, and could actually see the building and the TARDIS seemingly hovering on the water outside. We had a whale of a time, though Chris was exasperated every so often by my constant need to make photos of the – guess – road signs with the little Dalek on them. Visiting the Experience with someone else actually is quite a different beast. Although the interactive adventure had not changed since my last trip, it was so much fun to share it with someone else. Also, I managed to take a picture during this part of the Experience...absolutely forbidden of course, and I felt like a naughty eight-year-old who hadn't got caught at stealing sweets. What an absolutely gorgeous feeling to have! It was very enjoyable to share the enjoyment of the Exhibition with another fan. Afterwards we went to the American diner and took a look at the TARDIS doors there – right next to the loos. A rather absurd ending to a great visit of the world of *Doctor Who*!

Having experienced the joy of sharing the adventure and the Exhibition of the DWE with someone else, I was very pleased to repeat this one year later. With a friend I knew from Facebook and a DWAS event in 2015 (Back to the 80s), Jonathan Ford,

the happening turned out to be just as enjoyable as a year earlier. A week before the Capitol I was spending my holiday in Wales once again, and Cardiff was part of that tour. Jonathan and I met up at the DWE, and we got thoroughly immersed in the interactive part as well as the Exhibition. The floor had been extended with some lovely stuff from Series 9, not least by the Davros from *The Magicians' Apprentice* and *The Witches' Familiar*. But there were a lot of other things added from this latest series as well. Afterwards we visited the Ianto Memorial Shrine. A great piece of fan 'art' although – I couldn't help it – it did feel a bit strange that a fictional character could attract such devotion. Don't get me wrong, I loved Ianto as a character in *Torchwood* (and also in *The Stolen Earth/Journey's End*) and his death in that series had saddened me. But to build up a shrine to someone who didn't really exist? It seemed a bit of an obsession to me. Then I recalled the life-size cardboard cut-out of a Dalek prominently present in my home, my continually growing Dalek collection, my Dalek jewellery, blankets, towels and dresses, and concluded that if anyone was obsessed it was me! On the note that if the shrine showed the obsession of fans, at least it was a harmless one, and less costly than my own, my visit ended.

At the end of 2016 notice was made of the expected closure of the DWE in 2017. At the same time I got an invitation for a birthday celebration in Cardiff in January, so I there and then booked a trip for a nice long weekend there. Besides the birthday and the meeting up with Jonathan once again, I naturally went to the DWE as well. The weather was somewhat better than during my visit in November more than two years ago, so I again walked to the Bay. The visit itself made me feel nostalgic already as I thought it would be my last. I decided to spend as long as possible at the Exhibition and to make a lot of

selfies with my beloved Daleks. I did just that, and though I stayed for hours and hours making loads of pictures, I was a bit unhappy too. These yearly visits to Cardiff and the DWE had become a kind of habit, a routine I was sad to let go of. However, I really was rather pleased with the combined Target and Doctor Who Magazine covers Exhibition right next to the shop. I had missed out on the London event with the covers, and therefore it was a nice surprise to see them here. Goodbye DWE.

I had reckoned without the enthusiasm and sheer determination of two lovely Dutch ladies who, having heard the DWE was to close, made an effort to organise a trip for Dutch fans by coach and ferry: departure on Friday evening, Saturday in Cardiff, and to arrive back in The Netherlands on Sunday morning. It was rather difficult as getting tickets for a weekend in April turned out to be a real problem. Somehow or other the tickets didn't become available until very late. Ultimately Jacqueline Lindemulder and Angela Scholder were successful, and on the 7th of April 2017 a busload full of fans (seventy-nine!) departed from Amsterdam with a stopover in Breda, to arrive in Cardiff on Saturday morning. As soon as I heard the trip was on, I decided to attend. And what a trip it was! Quite apart from the troubles encountered on the road and our rather later arrival than originally planned, it certainly was a lot of fun. Most of the Dutch fans (as well as a few from Belgium and Germany) had taken their cosplay outfits along, so at approximately 10.30am the DWE was invaded by a bunch of Doctors, Companions, TARDISes and one Dalek (that obviously was me). Attendance was from all ages, from young children to much older and wiser people (ahem), though the bulk of the invasion consisted of youngsters in their twenties and early thirties. I had arranged to meet up with Chris again after the visit, but first it was a real joy to take part in both the interactive adventure and the Exhibition

with people who, like me some years ago, hadn't seen so many props and stuff from the series. It was also quite something for the staff I suppose to see so many cosplaying visitors all at once. I expect they thought it was fun too. Together with such a group it is impossible to feel sad or melancholic and contrary to my most recent visit, I didn't experience these feelings again. Just the love for all of it. Of course I made the most of this visit by also taking many pictures of the road signs with the Dalek on them. Hurrah.

This successful visit, despite some hazards during the travelling part, had whetted the appetite of the two organising ladies, and soon enough I got the opportunity to go again with another group of Dutch fans. A smaller number, but still more than forty people, departed on the 30th of June. This time the travelling itself went perfectly well, and we arrived before breakfast. There was time to have a tour through the Bay visiting some filming sites of the series, and our enthusiastic guide Tony Lloyd's efforts were admired just as enthusiastically by the group. Sadly, it was noticeable that the DWE was coming to an end. The staff, and who can blame them as their jobs were on the line, were much less enthusiastic than during earlier visits. The 'Curator' rushed us through the interactive part, while it was obvious the shop was less well stocked than before as well and everybody seemed, well, to be a bit tired. Still, the Exhibition was beautiful as always. Furthermore, I got to meet up with Jonathan again and the whole group, Jonathan included, watched Missy and the Master dance around each other in a pub in the Centre of Cardiff in the early evening.

Still not the end for me, as the lovely two ladies set upon organising a final bus trip to visit the DWE on the day of closure. I definitely had to be there too. We were all highly expectant as we thought

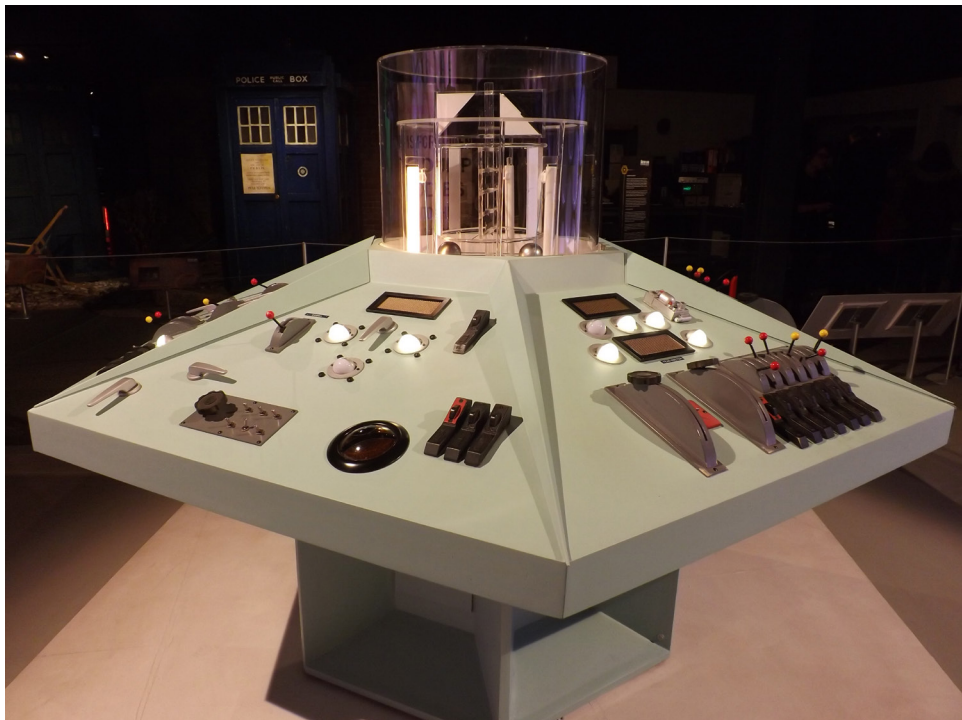


this day might also include some 'living' monsters walking and/or gliding around the place. How right we were. Once again the group consisted of nearly eighty people (and ultimately eighty as one Dutch fan joined us in Cardiff, having flown in earlier), but we weren't the only invasion force of cosplayers this time. There were many more, including a group of Italians who also had also dressed up fully for the occasion. The staff was enthusiastic again, naturally being caught up in all the to-do playing around the last day of the DWE. In the morning some of us were immediately distracted by the loading of some Daleks close by. I, obviously, was one of them. After another tour through the bay the visit started off, and it was my most spectacular yet. Indeed, there were living monsters. A Mondasian Cyberman, a modern one, scary Scarecrows, Daleks, a very creepy Whisperman who tended to show up very suddenly (brr) right under one's nose, an 80s Cyberman, and, of course, Daleks. The shop was nearly empty but, cunningly, the organisation made it possible to become a bit cyberised, the act of which was executed in the shop. With all this bustle there was

no time to get sad, although I did feel slightly rebellious and wished I was able to take along one of those wonderful road signs with a Dalek. After meeting up with Jonathan once more, we spent some time in the sunshine right in front of the DWE where all these monsters were having a ball having pictures taken and just scaring everybody. It seemed a lot of people involved in the show were present as well, although I missed them. I did meet some people I knew from some DWAS events, so it was fun to have a chat and a walk while simultaneously being harassed by a Whisperman and a Cyberman. All in all a lovely way to say goodbye to the DWE.

And now it really is over. My yearly visits have come to an end, and it's still a big question mark whether there will be something else in its place. I really hope there will be. Whatever else is the BBC going to do with all those wonderful

props, some of them only recently restored? While the series is as popular as ever, even if there has been some noise about the newest incarnation of the Doctor, there will always be an audience for a kind of DWE. I do fear the sometime mentioned plans for an entertainment park which in my view would not cater to the wishes of most fans. Despite my wonderful extra visits during the course of 2017 because of the closing down (I doubt the bus trips would have been organised without the closure threat), the DWE is going to be much missed. ▲



THE LOST FLAME

Review by Allan Lear

The Lost Flame is the final disc in a four-part series of new adventures for the Twelfth Doctor from BBC Audio. Last issue we reviewed the first three parts – *The Lost Angel*, *Planet* and *Magic* – and were favourably impressed by the writing of George Mann and Cavan Scott, who team up once more for this last step in the trail.

Following on from *The Lost Magic*, an historical adventure set in Elizabethan England, *The Lost Flame* once again branches out into the depths of space for a change of atmosphere. This time, however, we aren't visiting a brand new planet invented specifically for this adventure, but returning to an old standby from the more mysterious fathoms of *Doctor Who*'s continuity. As you have no doubt guessed from the title, this is a visit to the Sisterhood of Karn.

The Sisterhood are a mysterious sorority of space witches who guard the Eternal Flame that the Bangles were so keen on. Believing them to have been involved in the events of his last adventure, the Doctor flies to Karn to tick the Sisters off. However, they deny all knowledge and tell the Doctor to stop fooling around and find the person who is usurping the power of the flame. So it's off to the First Great and Bountiful Human Empire following the time tracks of whoever it is that's messing with the Sisterhood's property and, incidentally, the history of the human race.

Appropriately enough, *The Lost Magic* is read by Clare Higgins, who has assayed the part of Ohila of the Sisterhood on four occasions in the official series (including two webcasts). Higgins is an RSC-trained actress and, as one would expect with such a pedigree, has a fine

ear for the dramatic phrase. She invests the story with significance and gives us an idea of high stakes and high pressure for the Doctor and his companions.

It's just as well Higgins does, because the story is disappointingly lightweight. Possibly the problem is an early misdirection which, to anyone who is familiar with the Big Finish release *Spare Parts*, sets up higher expectations than *The Lost Flame* goes on to deliver. It's not a horror story by any stretch, and although the writing tries to set up high stakes it's hard to get particularly worked up about them.

It's a shame that such a successful series is going out on something of a bum note. I personally think using the Sisterhood of Karn was something of a mistake, as they represent one of the unexplored areas of Gallifreyan lore that probably gains in mystery from being underused. It would be a shame to see them reduced to the status of the bureaucratic and uninteresting Time Lords of the classic series by a similar process of overexposure.

Overall I would still recommend *The Lost...* as a series, because a 75% hit rate is pretty high for any series of adventures. But be warned that the final instalment might come as something of an anti-climax. ▲



DO YOU KNOW HAME

by Richard Wright

primum non nocere

The Doctor read the Latin. New New New etc Earth. New New New etc York. New New New etc Hospital and still a dead language engraved in the wall. ‘First do no harm,’ a concept that could not be expressed in old Gallifreyan. Or perhaps he was that expression of old Gallifreyan – he had always tried to be.

The Doctor jumped up as the previous visitor left the private ward. First he noticed the man’s shoes, his ‘sandshoes’, then the brown pinstriped trousers and jacket. The man’s face was, boyish, intense, kind yet unforgiving.

The Doctor fought down an urge to compete with, to impress, his earlier self.

“How is she?” he asked.

“She is dying.” There was intense grief in the reply. The Doctor said nothing as the man left. Regeneration and radiation energies were burning through that man’s body. The Doctor had taken for granted how much will power he had had then, even laughed it off as vanity, but from the outside he saw how much he had held on – not for himself – but for his friends.

The Doctor looked at his strong-chinned, young/old face in the mirror. Definitely an improvement though, particularly getting that young/old thing so right. The mirror was for people to check their healthy appearance before meeting the dying.

The private ward was sparse, mauve-white and smelt of crushed lavender. It had one patient. Her fur was greying, but was pure white around the vertical slits of her eyes. She looked owlsh.

He recognized ex-Novice Cat Nun Hame.

“Matron Hame, do I have to call you ‘Matron’?”

“You called me that just now. You seemed pleased with my promotion, but call me Sister. I think I would like that best, Doctor.”

It was odd that she recognized him, but then, perhaps the medical infrastructure had informed her of his two hearts – he knew she was aware of both regeneration and time travel.

“Sister Hame, Sister.” The Doctor swayed a bit, uncertain as he approached her bedside, whether to hug her – instead he bent and gave her a clumsy kiss on the forehead. The lack of equipment was deceptive – he felt the tickle of at least three ‘fields’ supporting her life and tasted antiseptic on her fur.

“Not quite as touchy-feely now, Doctor?” She smiled at him. He blushed slightly, uncertain why.

Hame started to laugh then coughed. The lights dimmed and the ‘health fields’ shimmered to full power.

The Doctor’s sonic was in his hand, up to his face without conscious thought, green light reflected in his eyes.

Its trilling buzz soothed the alarms.

The Doctor read the sonic. He had managed to give her three more hours of life.

The lights came back up. Hame was smiling weakly, her breathing was heavy.

"I am not... complaining, but... why visit again?"

"Then I was about to regenerate – I wanted to see the people, all the good people, the friends I had made, to see them OK before I changed."

Hame leaned forward and the Doctor took her hand. Her claws came out, touched his skin, a gentle invitation not to let go.

"You asked me if The Face of Boe had ever said anything that could help a Captain Jack Harkness," Hame said.

"Yes. And I did what you said and Boe was right."

The Doctor held Hame's hand more firmly and her claws tightened in response.

"Is Jack the Face of Boe?" he asked.

Hame laughed. The lights stayed strong; a happy laugh.

"You came back only to know that!"

"No I. You are a friend, Sister. I..."

"Shush. Boe said you would ask. When you came and went I feared that Boe had made a mistake, but you returned as he said."

The Doctor waited, briefly. "Well, what else did he say?"

"That we all have the right to secrets. And that he had a puzzle about you. He said, 'You save Davros.'"

"Save Davros? Save Davros!" The Doctor pulled away and stalked the white room like a panther on ice. In his haste, Hame's claws had drawn blood from his hand. A drop fell...the biosterile floor cleaned it away. He put his hands behind his back.

He could have switched off Davros' life support, perhaps averted the Daleks. Could have executed Davros, on his resurrection, on the Earth Prison Space Station.

The Doctor came back to the bed, crouched, almost on one knee.

"I have never saved him. I insulted him, tricked him to destroy Skaro. Tried to kill him with the Hand of Omega – but he survived, totally insane, to threaten reality."

"Boe said you would return to confess about the saving of Davros."

There was twinkling of bells and a novice cat nurse entered.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but another visitor is waiting."

"My, my, I have never been so popular. I have so very little time now..."

The Doctor stood again. Hame's eyes seemed clear, but he knew her appearance was being 'retouched' by holograms to hide the extent of her deterioration.

"I am off to Trenzalore. To stay. This time I suspect it will be the end. The planet is under siege. It is where I am supposed to die and chose to die. This is my last body. I call you friend and Sister."

"And I call you friend, and brother, Doctor."

Outside the room a man in sunglasses waited. He had wild grey hair. His head was bowed over a guitar, noodling a few notes, but there was no sound. On the chair beside him was an engraved disc about the size of a saucer.

Perhaps the man would play Hame something? The Doctor wanted to learn instruments, but after his Recorder was used against Omega...

The Doctor remembered the toy guitar he was planning for Barnable. Perhaps he should make a real one for himself – also ‘sunglasses’ did look cool, though you would need the right hat to set them off.

As he walked down the long corridor he met a blonde woman. There was an eclectic oddness to the way she was dressed that seemed just right. Her face had a quirk of a smile in features that were smooth as much as kind.

“Is Matron Hame’s Ward this way?” she asked it lightly, like she was 99% sure already.

“Yes. A visitor has just gone in though.”

“Old rocker with a guitar?”

The Doctor nodded.

“I expect he will be ages. Look, there’s a little shop, also a coffee place, in the entrance area...do you drink coffee?”

The Doctor looked at the woman.

“How do you know Sis...Matron...Hame?”

“I know The Face of Boe and Captain Jack.”

“You know them ‘both’?”

“I have not seen them ‘together’”. Somehow he visualized her making quote marks in the air, but her hands remained casually by her side.

“I probably know more stories about them than you...” she added. “Coffee then. I’m buying.”

▲



THE BLACK ARCHIVES

9, 10 AND 13

reviewed by Allan Lear

Obverse Books continue apace with their schedule of releases in the Black Archive series. These books are quasi-academic investigations into the philosophical underpinnings of individual *Doctor Who* episodes, which might sound offputtingly dry and uninteresting. However, the academic treatment of disposable ephemera is a popular industry at the moment, with hundreds of books produced by Pop Culture and Philosophy series and their rivals regarding all manner of film, TV, book and comic franchises. It's a cottage industry that's grown up around the increasing "geekification" (ugh) of mainstream culture, in which it's seen as normal not only to watch and enjoy artefacts of nerd culture but even to take an interest in them that, not so very long ago, would have been seen as extreme and even abnormal.

The key to enjoyment is to see past the pose of studious investigation and recognise the Archives for what they are: a collection of fans having fun flexing their thinking muscles around their favourite show. It's a parlour game for the mind. As long as you don't walk away convinced that anyone honestly thinks that *The Sunmakers* is a feminist allegory for the plight of the Suffragettes, or that *City of Death* is about Marx's theory of the class system as an outgrowth of relations to the means of production, then no harm done. Just roll with it.

That being said, let's get into the books themselves. The batch of archives under review today are all – just about – from the modern revival of the series, so they benefit from hindsight and contrast with the classic series. Each is written by a different contributor to the series, and

each deals with a different Doctor, so there are plenty of contrasts between the three.

#9 – *The God Complex* by Paul Driscoll

The God Complex is fertile ground for analysis, combining as it does Greek myth with rich references to the Classic Series (from the reuse of the minotaur as a monster type to the obvious echoes of *The Curse of Fenric* in the breaking of Amy's faith) as well as a pivotal place in the character arc of Matt Smith's Doctor.

Author Paul Driscoll makes the most of all these jumping-in points, with an interesting explication of how the minotaur myth has been variously read by cultural observers making a starting point for cracking open the allegorical layers of the episode. Driscoll is an established fan writer for *Doctor Who*, but this is the first time he has taken full advantage of his background in postgraduate theological studies to produce of a work of quasi-scholarship on the mythopoeic aspects of the creation of a science fiction hero.

In the slim confines of a Black Archives book Driscoll manages to squeeze in an overview of all the main myth-



and-legend aspects of the episode, and despite his substantial academic background he does so in a way that is not inaccessible to the interested layman. Some minor aspects of the show slip through the net – I'd have been interested, for instance, in how accurate Gambler Joe's seeming worship of "luck" is in a psychological sense, since it's always been my belief that gamblers tend more to believe in systems and a shaky grasp of mathematical probability than in pure luck, but there is much ground to cover and Driscoll focuses on those areas which are most rewarding to explore.

The God Complex succeeds in doing precisely what one of these books should do, which is to enhance your enjoyment of the episode in question by allowing you to see it in greater depth and clarity. I went away from Black Archive #9 eager to rewatch the Smith episode and pay greater attention, this time round, to the elements Driscoll foregrounds in his treatise.

#10 – *Scream of the Shalka* by Jon Arnold

All right, *Shalka* is only debatably a creation of the New Series rather than the Classic Series, but it postdates the millennium so I'm saying that it counts. Jon Arnold is the author who kicked off the Black Archives with *Rose*, and it's nice to see that the neglected *Shalka* is respected enough to be given the full Archive treatment by Obverse.

I have an extremely soft spot for *Shalka*, so for much of the Archive I felt Arnold was giving it an unduly hard time. However, the coda suggests that Arnold is also fond of the webcast adventure, and he gives it credit for helping tip the scales towards the Doctor's eventual revival two years later. His earlier coldness towards the show can therefore perhaps be explained as an attempt at objectivity rather than a sign of hostility.

One of the peculiar things that emerges is an interview from *Doctor Who Magazine* around the time of *Shalka*'s release in which he claimed never to have watched *Who* and to have no idea what the show was about. This seems an odd claim to make given that he'd already appeared as the Doctor in *The Curse of Fatal Death* in 1999, for which he must surely have received some sort of briefing. Perhaps he just doesn't think it counts. Either way, it seems a somewhat apologist way to go about launching what was hoped to be the start of a new series, especially in hindsight with the damaged, haunted style of his Doctor eventually being so closely mirrored in the televisual relaunch and Ecclestone's guilt-ridden incarnation – a point which does not escape Arnold himself.

Naturally *Shalka*'s brief running time leads to a slim volume of Archives, and so a substantial number of appendices are included to bring the page count up to a level that Obverse don't feel guilty about charging for. The least valuable of these is probably the diverting but ultimately unimportant rumination on whether there is room for Grant's Doctor in the official canon. Much more interesting, however, is the synopsis with story notes included for the putative second outing for the *Shalka* Doctor, which I'd not



encountered before and which makes entertaining reading.

#13 – Human Nature / Family of Blood

Archive #13 is credited to two authors, Naomit Jacobs and Philip Purser-Hallard, but draws heavily on the work of a third for its inspiration. As Paul Cornell explains in a quote, Human Nature is closely based on the work of well-known folklorist Joseph Campbell and his famous book about ‘monomyth’, *The Hero with A Thousand Faces*. What follows is a book that acts perhaps equally as an exploration of the story structure of *Human Nature*, a precis of Campbell’s work, and a step-by-step guide to plotting a story based on the Campbellian journey of redemption. Talk about value for money.

What makes *Human Nature* such a rich resource for an Archive is, of course, its origin in New Adventure novel form and subsequent transition to screen. Its unique position as a story told in two formats and with two different Doctors thus makes it an ideal case study, and much is made of the contrasts and differences between the two versions, with plenty of reference to Cornell himself explaining, in his own words, his original conception for the novel and his reasoning behind the changes that

were made for the television adaptation. Probably for this reason, #13 feels the densest of the three Archives under review here, but the inbuilt structure of the monomyth prevents it from getting bogged down in irrelevance when there

are still so many steps in the journey to take.

#13 also comes with appendices considering, amongst other things, the wretched question of whether both versions of *Human Nature* can be considered canonical. I personally feel it’s an excellent choice to leave this question out of the main discussion, because for something that doesn’t really matter it can be an extremely personal question, and its side-lined position here renders it irrelevant to the main thrust of the book, which can only be a good thing.

All three Archives, as usual, are heavy with supporting annotations – indeed, in the case of *Shalka*, so heavily that the footnotes sometimes get in the way of the body of text, and one wonders whether they would have been better used as chapter endnotes, but I suppose that may have been pooh-poohed as a departure from the series format. Extensive bibliographies in various media, textual, visual, and “new”, also grace the books’ final pages so that any argument which interests the reader can be followed up and anything you disagree with you can check for yourself.

Clearly the Black Archives are a specialist taste and won’t appeal to every *Doctor Who* fan under the sun, but for those who enjoy stretching their minds around different aspects of the series as a text rather than around its production history, they are an unmatched resource of mental challenge that help lend interest for the large adult proportion of the audience that find it difficult to sit and enjoy the official novels and annuals are, these days, commercially aimed at a much younger demographic. ▲

*The Black Archives series is available from Obverse books at <http://obversebooks.co.uk/>. Its newly released sister series, *The Silver Archives*, examines episodes from Sapphire and Steel and is available from the same website.*



AN AUTUMN SHOW?

by William Turner

When I was asked to write a piece for the Christmas edition of *Cosmic Masque* about my own experience as someone who grew up with the Russell T. Davies era of *Doctor Who*, my immediate reaction was how appropriate it would be to write such a piece at this time of year. I will elaborate.

I can remember when it was decided that Matt Smith's second season would be broadcast in two halves, one in the traditional twenty-first century slot of Easter time, with the second following in the autumn, a slot deemed by some to be the show's twentieth-century home. Indeed, as we all know, *Doctor Who* was first broadcast on a November's evening, with the final episode of the original run being broadcast in the December of 1989. Although it was not always this way, the first and final seasons of the last century kicked off in the final months of the year. So, for me, as a fan who had by the age of sixteen devoured all of the 'classic' DVDs released to date (and considering myself a well-versed expert in all things *Doctor Who*), I was rather adamant that it was about time that the Doctor was returned home, to the autumn. By Peter Capaldi's time, the entire series was to be broadcast during this 'traditional' slot. And so, from 2011-2015, the Doctor had returned to autumn. However, this is the period where, however good many of the episodes were, I felt that something wasn't quite right about the programme. Having now watched series 10 and enjoyed it more than any series since 2010, the final series to be fully broadcast in spring, I feel that the timing of the broadcast has something to do with it, and it all links into my mission statement for this article.

First, let's start with the positives of an autumn broadcast. I can remember

reading an opinion once that the final seasons of classic BBC sitcom *Last of the Summer Wine* would have received greater viewing figures had they been broadcast in the autumn/winter and not summer months, since people tend to watch the television more when the days are shorter and the nights longer and darker. Indeed, in the summer if I miss something on the TV live, unless I am particularly motivated I have so little time to watch what I want to see live that I have even less time to watch stuff that I didn't prioritise watching live on catch-up, with the longer, lighter evenings being better served away from the dimly lit television room. So, broadcasting in the autumn should in theory lead to greater viewing figures. Sadly, this didn't quite work with *Doctor Who*, though numerous factors (including a change in people's viewing habits) have affected this.

Now I move on to the personal reasons why the autumn broadcast didn't feel right to me: although when the announcement was first made I was delighted, this was because I was basing my assumption that *Doctor Who* belonged in the autumn on my theoretical and impersonal knowledge of the rich history of the production of the programme. When the change finally came, I suddenly felt like a part of my childhood was gone when, every Easter from 2014-2016, no *Doctor Who* came. The powerful message here is that, although *Doctor Who* was first broadcast on the 23rd of November 1963, that doesn't really matter unless you were present (well, OK, yes it does, because without its first broadcast it wouldn't be here for us today, but hear me out). What does matter is when you personally first experienced *Doctor Who*. For me, that will always be the spring, hence why it felt right this year. Additionally, consider also that we can also enjoy a festive helping of the show each year. When broadcast in the autumn, the Christmas special doesn't come that long after the

series, leaving a longer gap before we can enjoy a new outing, whereas the spring broadcast meant that there was a healthy gap between series and special, then between special and next series, so that there was never too long without our favourite Time Lord.

This, however, got me thinking: if there is one time of year that I associate more with *Doctor Who* than the spring, it is Christmas Day. I am sure that, for many of you, Christmas Day will bring happy memories of toy Daleks, target novels, video tapes and DVDs, allowing you to engage with your favourite show in myriad different ways. For me, however, every Christmas is always compared to the one I had in 2005, when, aged 10, *Doctor Who* had just become the biggest thing in my world. On that fateful day, not only was I completely hooked on David Tennant's new Doctor, but I also received a book called *Doctor Who: the Legend Continues*, which was my first experience of the classic run, in the form of a page dedicated to every story from *An Unearthly Child* to *The Parting of the Ways*. That there were that many unfamiliar stories and characters there to explore was simply magic. It is a magic that is hard to regain once you have watched and analysed every episode and audio drama in detail. So, that Christmas was the day I experienced Doctor's past and present, and with each passing Christmas I would receive those classic serials I read about in my well-thumbed book to experience for the first time, alongside a new helping with a current Doctor. So, whether you first watched the Doctor in spring, summer, autumn or winter, I am sure we can all agree, whatever era we were born in, that if there is one day our hero will always belong on, one day that all can share as special in their love of the show, it is Christmas Day, in the form of gifts in sacks and stockings that helped us to form a bond with the programme beyond the television: by exploring its

past, present and future through toys, DVDs, books and comics.

I may, however, be biased, if you note that the Doctor I predominantly grew up with was David Tennant, a Doctor who I believe was firmly defined by Christmas, experiencing his first and final full episodes during the festive season, something that no other Doctor to date has done. I can remember sitting down ready for those first four Christmas specials: they were so well written, produced and acted and are clear examples of a show at the height of its powers: a simple look at the viewing figures for *Voyage of the Damned* demonstrates this. And just listen to *The Stowaway* from the aforementioned epic: not only is it a fantastic Christmas song, it also, for me, sums up the character of David Tennant's Doctor and, subsequently, his era. Just listen to those words.

So, as we prepare to watch three Doctors this festive period, it is my honour to wish a happy Christmas to all of you at home... ▲



DON'T WASTE THE MOMENT

by Gary Merchant

It was there, staring at him. He stared back, uncertain.

He'd been back here many times over the years; in recent times, more often than usual. Even with all the changes, it was still familiar. And now, he had returned once more. "What is it about you that keeps bringing me back here, even now?" he wondered.

He knew why he was here; he just wasn't sure why 'here' was where he needed to be. It was a memory thing – something not quite right when he thought back to recent times. It was as if his mind was a bit disjointed, like a piece of the puzzle not quite fitting in.

And he didn't like puzzles he couldn't solve.

He knew the place of old. He'd even had gainful employment there for a time. Now, that had been a gear shift, for want of a better turn of phrase. Never before had he worked a standard nine-to-five day, and it had taken some getting used to. Once he'd got the measure of everyone else there, and they of him, he'd settled in. And now, he was back.

"Can I help you?"

She was tall, with an enquiring face framed by her blonde hair. One of the staff, he reasoned. "Now that's a question I don't often hear."

"Sorry?"

"No need to be, not your fault," he smiled. "It's just that, usually, we tended to be the ones to ask if any help was

needed." He paused. "It feels very strange to hear someone else say it."

She looked at him, puzzled. "You said 'we'."

He smiled, remembering. "There was a group of us. Now, that was such a time. Different ones too, and many places – sorry, I'm probably not making much sense."

She waited, letting him gather his thoughts. "It all started here, you see. I used to teach here, in this very school. All changed now, of course. I hardly recognise the old place. The only thing that hasn't changed is the name."

"Maybe when something's that important, there's no need to change it."

He looked at the young woman before him. "How very perceptive; just the sort of thing he would have said."

"Who?"

"A very old and dear friend. At least, he was old when I knew him – but always with a spring in his step." He laughed. And she smiled, a flicker of recognition in her eyes. "Of course, you're the Head of Governors – Mr Chesterton, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," he admitted. "But how did you know?"

She smiled, taking his hand. "Come with me."

He'd never seen the portrait before. He knew it had been commissioned, but Ian had never had to sit for the portraits' creator. And now, staring down at him from a high wall alongside numerous other paintings lining the central staircase, was himself – his younger self from all those years ago. "Not a bad likeness, I suppose," he said, turning to

the young woman. "How long have you been here?"

"Only a few minutes," she replied. "Something drew me here."

"No, I mean how long have you been working here, at the school?"

"Oh!" She thought for a moment. "On and off, really. I've never really stayed in one place for too long, but this school... well, it gets under the skin. I just find myself coming back here every so often, just to keep an eye on the place."

Ian nodded. "I feel the same. It's almost like it has its own place in history."

"And time," the woman added wistfully. Ian looked at her at that moment. She must have felt his eyes on her, as she turned to face him. He quickly apologised. "Sorry, was I staring?"

"What's troubling you, Ian Chesterton?" Her directness caught him off-guard, but it was as though she had seen something in him that he could only now admit to.

"Something isn't right," he began. "I don't really know why I'm here today. The next meeting of the governors isn't due for another two weeks. It's like you said yourself – I was drawn here. I can't explain it any better than that."

"Quite a puzzle," she agreed. "Perhaps we should see if we can find an answer."

The two of them had waited at a nearby coffee shop while the school gradually emptied after the day's lessons had been completed. Ian had bought tea for himself, and she settled on the same. "So, what's your interest in this?" he asked.

She sipped at her tea. "Maybe I have a curious mind."

"So, it's not to indulge an old man's delusions?"

"Chesterton, I could never accuse you of that," she insisted. "You still have one of the sharpest minds I've ever known – from what I've heard, anyway," she added quickly.

Ian stared at her. "You know me. And I don't just mean by reputation." Aware of the people around them in the coffee shop, he lowered his voice to a whisper. "No one has ever spoken to me like that in years – decades even." He hardly dared believe it. "It is you, isn't it... Doctor?"

She nodded. "I never was very good at all that 'cloak and dagger' stuff. Yes, it's me, Ian. Sorry for the deception – I just wasn't sure how much you were involved."

"Involved in what? Have I stumbled into another of your fantastical adventures?"

The two friends had relocated back at Coal Hill School, which was now closed for the day. Something the Doctor described as a sonic screwdriver opened a door that had previously been locked, and they ventured inside. "So, what is this all about, Doctor?"

"History, Ian," she replied. "A long time after we'd said goodbye on Mechanus, I continued travelling through space and time, but always came back to Earth and Coal Hill School in particular." They continued walking along the now dark corridors. "I'd placed something in safekeeping long before I met you and Barbara. But when I returned to collect it, it had gone."

"I take it we're talking about something alien?" Ian glanced at the Doctor. "When you say 'gone'..."

"It had escaped. But when I searched for it, I found that it was still here on Earth, in this area."

"Is it dangerous?"

"If I'm honest, I don't know." She shrugged. "All forms of life are bound to evolve in some way. It all depends on which path it chose to take." It was then that the walls in front of them seemed to bend inwards; only for a second, and then a flash of light burst through from the left wall into the opposite one. Then it was gone.

"Definitely alien then," Ian decided.

After that brief sighting, they had walked on for some time with no further success. "Oh, this is hopeless," the Doctor sighed. "We could be going around in circles."

Ian had a thought. "Where exactly did you put it for safety?"

"Well..." The Doctor caught on. "You think it might return there?"

"If the surroundings are familiar to it, then perhaps it's the closest thing to a home it has."

She couldn't fault Ian's reasoning. "There was a place. One of the few parts of Coal Hill left untouched and hardly used. That's why I chose it." The Doctor led the way out of the newer part of the school, through the main courtyard and towards an older, single floor building which perhaps had seen better days. Even the night sky didn't help its outward appearance.

"This used to be the sports pavilion," Ian remembered. "Well, it was called that back in the day. Really, it was just a fancy name for the changing rooms. I... Doctor!"

She heard the warning tone in his voice. "What's wrong?"

"There's something about this place."

"Yes, the school. You said before."

"No, it's this building. I haven't been back here since my teaching days, but I can sense something. An aura, if you like; as if all my past memories are coming together as one."

"And this is where I'd placed the alien all those years back," the Doctor reminded him. "Ian, somehow it all links together." And then the creature appeared, passing through the adjoining wall and towards the pavilion. It was moving slower now, allowing Ian to view it in more detail. As the Doctor had indicated, it had no physical form. Perhaps a better description would have been a concertina of light, shifting and pulsating as it moved. The Doctor and Ian remained still as the creature continued its return to the pavilion. If it had been aware of their presence it gave no sign. Instead, it passed through the locked entrance, its aura becoming dimmer.

After a moment, the Doctor lightly touched Ian's arm, put a finger to her lips and led them both away from the pavilion and the school.

Ian had managed to book them both into a nearby hotel – single rooms, of course. The Doctor had said she needed time to think, and Ian's home was an hour's drive in the car, so an overnight stay it had to be. He had rung Barbara from his room, assuring her that there was nothing to worry about, and adding that the Doctor was involved. "Well, if he's with you..." Barbara began.

"Ah, it's not quite as simple as that," he quickly interrupted. "Look, I'll tell you all about it when I see you tomorrow." He replaced the receiver, exited his room and joined the Doctor in the dining area, where she was already seated at a table.

"I took the liberty of ordering," she said. "Everything all right at home?"

Ian quickly ran through his telephone conversation with Barbara. "Once I told her you were here, that seemed to ease any worries she might have had." He paused. "I just wasn't quite sure how to explain to her how much you've changed. In the end, I let the subject drop."

They waited while the waiter brought the wine to their table and poured enough for two glasses. "Does it bother you then, the fact that I'm now a woman?"

Ian chose his words. "When I think back to our first meeting in that junkyard all those years ago and took that first journey in the TARDIS, I think I knew then that you were more than human. Now, after all our trips through time and space, seeing the fall of the Roman Empire, travelling to Cathay with Marco Polo, not to mention the Sensorites, the Daleks..."

"Especially the Daleks." The Doctor sipped at her wine.

"Well, after all that," Ian continued, "why should it be so impossible for a white-haired gentleman to change into...well, you?"

"Fair enough," the Doctor noted. "Although there have been a few other changes in between then and now." The arrival of their evening meals forestalled any more immediate conversation. The Doctor had ordered a pasta dish for Ian, while she had chosen lasagne for herself. "Let's eat," she said. "We can talk more later."

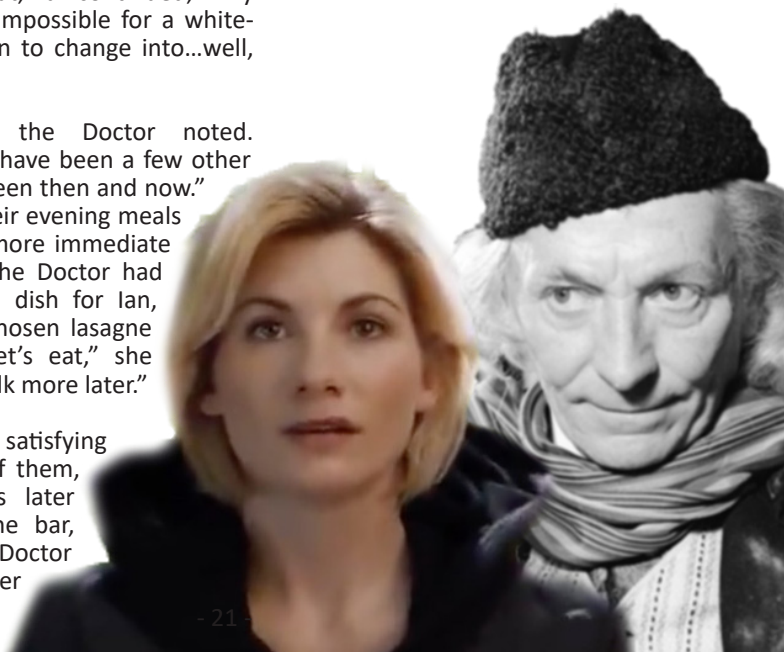
After what was a satisfying meal for both of them, the two friends later adjourned to the bar, where the Doctor outlined her

thoughts. "When we saw the creature at the pavilion, I hadn't realised how weak it was," she began. "Stands to reason, I suppose. It's been away from its home environment for so long, there's only so much energy it can absorb, and it isn't enough for it to survive."

"Is it dying?"

"Not if I can help it."

It was early next morning when they left the hotel. As it was now the weekend, the school would be empty, but on the way the Doctor made a slight detour, arriving outside a familiar blue box. She led the way in, heading for the central console. "I want to try to land as close to the pavilion as possible," she explained, setting the ship in motion. "Then we can bring the creature inside." She looked up and saw Ian's look of astonishment, realising that he hadn't set foot inside the TARDIS since that spat with the Daleks on Mechanus. "What do you think?"



Ian was almost lost for words. "You've certainly made some changes," he replied.

The Doctor smiled. "Yeah, one or two. Right, we're here." Stepping outside, the Doctor patted the TARDIS appreciatively. "Nice one."

Ian joined her. True to the Doctor's word, the TARDIS had landed next to the sports pavilion. Together, they slowly moved forward until they were at the entrance. Ian tried the door. It was locked, but the door frame was loose. With careful manipulation, Ian pulled the door free of the locking mechanism.

The creature could be clearly seen inside, its pulsations slower than before. "How do we manoeuvre it, Doctor? If, as you say, it has no physical form...?"

"I was working on that last night," the Doctor replied. "I think it's a question of harmonics." She pulled out her sonic screwdriver. "I made some adjustments which should produce a matching frequency resonance."

"Like mimicking a bird call," said Ian. The activation of the sonic device gradually stirred the creature into movement, as if in tune with the harmonics being produced. As the Doctor and Ian stepped out from the pavilion, the creature followed. It was as if it were in step with them, Ian realised. "Is it hypnotised?"

"It's just been lulled into a more acceptable environment," the Doctor clarified. "Just a bit further..."

As they drew closer to the TARDIS, the creature hesitated, as if uncertain. But it did not retreat. Instead, it floated around the craft, maintaining the same distance between it and the ship. "It's only an old police box," the Doctor encouraged.

"No, Doctor." Ian understood. "It knows. The creature recognises what it really is."

"Chesterton?" The voice came from the creature itself, as it turned to focus on Ian. "My dear boy, what have you been up to, hmm?"

"It spoke." Then Ian stared at the Doctor and then back to the creature. "But that's the Doctor's voice – the old you."

"Of course," she realised. "It's feeding off my memories of how I used to be. And with you here, Ian, it's found a voice."

Ian studied the creature. Was it his imagination, or was it really registering his presence? Time to try something. "Why don't we step inside," he offered, indicating the TARDIS.

"Don't be so hasty, Chesterton," the creature chided him. "For all we know, that could be a trap. I sensed something when I approached it."

Ian looked to the Doctor, who nodded her encouragement. So at least he was on the right lines. "Is it something to worry about, do you think?"

The creature considered this. "It doesn't appear to be hostile," it decided.

"And you never could resist a mystery, could you?" Ian moved a step closer to the open door.

The creature moved nearer, brushing against Ian. He gasped in surprise, his mind taking in new thoughts, treasured memories, as well as darker thoughts that Ian had put to the back of his mind years ago. Now, it was like a mental assault, each thought and memory jostling for position. Ian fell to his knees, unable to stand. "Oh dear, was that my fault?" It was the creature who asked the question.

Ian blinked, shook his head as if trying to reassemble his thoughts. But they were not all his. "I felt a connection," he said. "As if our minds had linked for a

second.” He got to his feet, addressing the creature. “Well, you are a long way from home.”

“Then you do understand,” it replied, still with the voice of the Doctor Ian had known. “I must say, this is all very complicated, isn’t it?”

Ian allowed himself a smile. “I really think we’ll be better off inside the TARDIS. You’ve nothing to worry about – you know that now.”

“Yes. Yes, you’re quite right, Chesterton.” It paused, as if realising a faux pas. “Good heavens, where are my manners.” It turned to the Doctor. “After you, madam.”

It wasn’t until the creature had been delivered back to its homeworld, and the TARDIS was on its way back to Earth, that the Doctor and Ian finally had a chance to talk. “I saw everything,” Ian told her. “All of its experiences in life, its hopes and dreams.”

“But that wasn’t all, was it?”

“That brief contact between us opened my own mind,” Ian went on. “It brought out things I’d forgotten; memories, good and bad. Some things I had buried long ago, that I hadn’t wanted to face again.”

The Doctor was fascinated. “A cleansing of the soul?”

Ian shrugged at her question. “Perhaps we all need to re-evaluate our lives from time to time. I think it worked for me.”

The Doctor looked deep into her friend’s face; older now, but with the spark of his youth still glowing. She recognised the comparisons between them. “Make sure you don’t waste the moment, Ian Chesterton. Live your life.”

The TARDIS had already landed outside Coal Hill School, and the two friends stepped out into bright sunshine. The Doctor noted a familiar figure in the distance. “Looks like someone’s been waiting for you.”

Ian turned and saw her. “Barbara.” A grin spread across his face as he broke into a short run, and swept his wife up into his arms. “I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“Obviously not.” She had that stern look on her face. “Ian, what have you been up to? And who is that woman?”

Ian turned back to see the Doctor standing by her TARDIS, smiling. Then she stepped back into the ship and the sound of dematerialisation saw the familiar blue box fade away to nothing. Then Ian turned back to Barbara, who was now in mild shock, and struggling to find the right words. “You said you were with the Doctor,” she began. “But that woman just... Ian, what has been going on?”

What indeed? For Ian, the last two days had been frenetic, but having been reunited with an old friend, the whole experience had given him a renewed zest for life.

“Well?”

He took Barbara’s face in his hands and kissed her. And in that moment, he knew that all was right with the world. “All right, I’ll tell you all about it – but not right now.” She was about to protest, but Ian’s gentle finger upon her mouth silenced her. “I’ll explain later.”

And then Barbara smiled, the two of them giggling like schoolchildren, as they walked on arm in arm, past Coal Hill School and on with the rest of their lives.

Don’t waste the moment, the Doctor had told Ian. He wasn’t about to. ▲

THE 20MB DOCTOR WHO PODCAST INTERVIEW

by Grant Bull

Cosmic Masque had the pleasure of a chat with one of the team behind the popular *20MB Doctor Who Podcast*, Adam Pearson...

First things first, who's involved in the podcast and how did it come about?

Myself, Debbie Melrose (from Cowes), Mary Lang (from Dayton, Ohio USA), Kirby Bartlett-Sloan (from Georgia, USA) and Andy Nunney (from Guildford). In 2010 I wanted to download certain *Doctor Who* podcasts but the limit on downloading on the go was 20MB. So that's how the name came about. The show was founded in May 2010 with my daughter Alicia. But the story is a bit longer than that...(it would take a bit longer to write this story).

For someone who hasn't listen to you guys before, what's a typical episode like?

We are currently on the journey through every TV story. We are coming to the end of Jon Pertwee and review one story per week/episode. Then we have a feedback session followed by a light-hearted quiz. We are all friends who love *Doctor Who*, enjoy banter, take the mickey out of each other and basically have a laugh.

What drew you to podcasting?

The *DWO Whocast* hosted by Paul Wilson (now a part-timer on our podcast) and Seb Brooke.

The podcasting community seems to be such a welcoming place, what's your experience of it?

In the early days we had good relationships with other podcasts but we hear very little now all though we all keep in touch via social media. We very much just do our own thing.

Who is your favourite Doctor and serial?

My favourite Doctor is Peter Davison as it was during his tenure that I became a fan. My favourite story is *City of Death* because it's fun and a bit silly but still a bloody good story.

Your thoughts on the Thirteenth Doctor and hopes for the next series?

I'd rather it wasn't a woman playing the Doctor but I don't mind as long as it's good and the show doesn't get ridiculed.

You're based on the Isle of Wight, like myself, what's the *Who* following like on the Island?

I think the following is rather good but people don't seem to want to get involved with each other socially. Closet *Doctor Who* fans mainly...

What do you think it is about *Doctor Who* that bring out such creativity in its fandom?

It is the most flexible story genre in existence. One week it might be a space opera, the next a medieval murder mystery or a comedy...

Where can people find you and tune in and listen?

the20mbdoctorwhopodcast.podbean.com or search iTunes. Or just Google *The 20MB Doctor Who Podcast*.

How can fans get involved and support the show?

By joining our Facebook group or emailing us at 20mb.feedback@gmail.com and of course listening to our back

catalogue of over three hundred and fifty episodes which are all available on Podbean.

Finally and randomly, what's your favourite number and why?

7 because it is supposed to be lucky...

Thank you for Adam for speaking with CM and do make sure you check the podcast out, you won't be disappointed▲.

The podcast is available to download from:

the20mbdoctorwhopodcast.
podbean.com/

**Don't forget to tune in on
Boxing day for...**



**The Ood, The Bad
and the Ugly**

I'm sorry. So sorry - Ed.

30 YEARS. BLIMEY.

by Ian Wheeler

The publication of this article coincides with me having been a member of DWAS for thirty years. *Thirty* years. That is, by any definition, a long time. You don't stick at anything for thirty years unless it means something to you. So why am I still a member of the Society after all this time and what does it mean to me? Quite a lot as it so happens.

When I joined DWAS in 1987, there's no doubt that *Doctor Who Magazine* was the go-to publication for most *Doctor Who* fans. But DWAS was important too. DWAS gave you access to local groups and special merchandise offers and its news magazine, *Celestial Toyroom*, was often ahead of *DWM* when it came to reporting *Doctor Who*-related news. And let's not forget, there was no internet in those days. No Facebook, Twitter or Gallifrey Base. If you wanted to know whether the Master was returning in the next series, *CT* was the place to look.

Most importantly though, DWAS gave you a sense of belonging. You were part of a group of people who loved *Doctor Who* (or *didn't* love it, as was often the case by 1987!) When *CT* dropped through your letterbox, you knew it was dropping through hundreds of other letterboxes up and down the country as well. And you could actively contribute. You could, of course, have written a letter or article for *DWM* and it may possibly have been accepted. But your chances of being in *CT* were much higher. It was a magazine by the members and for the members. You could debate the future of the series on the letters page, review the latest Target book for the reviews section or submit a piece of artwork for other members to see and enjoy. It felt good to belong.

When *Doctor Who* went off the air in 1989, being a DWAS member kept you in

touch with fellow fans. The conventions and local groups continued and *CT* rolled on with its monthly publication schedule. At first I wondered if the Society could survive a sustained period without the parent programme. There was certainly a period of adjustment when we all realised that news was becoming scarcer and that *CT* was going to have to become more about celebrating the past of the show. But there was always *something* new happening, be it a Bill Baggs video, a New Adventures novels or a new Audio Visuals story on cassette.

I actually rather grew to enjoy the period we now refer to as 'the Wilderness Years.' It was time to take stock and appreciate what we had. Sometimes, in this modern age, we are bombarded by news of new *Doctor Who* projects. And it comes at us from so many sources – it can be hard to catch your breath. But things back then seemed to happen at a pace which allowed you to take it all in.

Later we had the thirtieth anniversary, the TV Movie, the fortieth anniversary and ultimately the return of the show itself. *CT* just kept going with an excellent team of talented writers and artists rising to the challenge of keeping the publication on the boil.

Every member of DWAS gets involved with the Society in their own way. Some are just happy to read *CT* and occasionally post a comment on the Society's Facebook page. In my case I was lucky enough to join the Exec and ultimately reach the dizzying heights of Assistant Editor on *Cosmic Masque*.

Will *Doctor Who* still be around in thirty years' times? Will television as we know it still be around? Who knows? With the way technology is developing, it's hard to make any predictions. But maybe DWAS, in some form, will still exist. In the meantime, I'm glad it's been part of my life for thirty years. ▲

THE FIFTH DOCTOR'S BIG FINISHES

Audio Review by Don Klees

Doctor Who fans love continuity. Five decades of fictional history give the series an undeniable heft. This is one reason, though by no means the only one, that so many fans love the audio dramas from Big Finish Productions. Launched in 1999, when the prospect of *Doctor Who* returning to television felt like wishful thinking in the extreme, their ongoing range of releases has done a remarkable job of respecting the legend while still expanding the story. When looking at the audio work of the original trio of Big Finish Doctors, some of the most intriguing features Peter Davison's incarnation.

As the only one of this group to leave the show on their own terms and in the traditional manner, Davison is arguably the most successful from a television standpoint. In some respects, that status also made his incarnation the most challenging to develop for Big Finish. While his successors had large narrative openings to work within, the lack of major ellipses in the Fifth Doctor's onscreen existence offered very few windows where stories could even be slotted. With the unavailability of Janet Fielding and Matthew Waterhouse narrowing the options further still, outside of the temporal shenanigans involved in multi-Doctor stories, there were just three points where his stories could take place.

Having Fielding and more recently Waterhouse come on board has opened up the narrative possibilities, but the Fifth Doctor's overall story remains firmly bookended by the closing moments of *Logopolis* and *The Caves of Androzani*. With his place being so stable, it's fitting that some of this Doctor's finest

moments with Big Finish have been directly tied to significant points of continuity. Three particular stories, covering nearly the whole of his time working with Big Finish, neatly illustrate this phenomenon.

The first is Davison's most recent appearance, *Time In Office*, an immensely enjoyable riff on the off-hand bit of dialogue in *The Five Doctors* that reaffirmed the Doctor's commitment to his wandering ways. The Doctor's flirtation with the position of Time Lord President was a useful plot device in several stories, but having him commit to the role always felt inconceivable. The script, by longtime Big Finish contributor Eddie Robson, tacitly acknowledges how crazy the idea is then runs with the premise as far and as fast as it can.

In a stark contrast to most stories set on Gallifrey, *Time In Office* refuses to take itself too seriously. That's not to say it's a full-fledged parody or lacks drama – just that it recognizes how much comedic raw material the established culture of the Time Lords offers. Though his onscreen persona tended toward the earnest, Davison is quite adept at these comic elements and is ably supported by Janet Fielding and Louise Jameson. Though Tegan and Leela have wildly different backgrounds, they share a no-nonsense attitude that a story like this demands, enabling the humor to come naturally from the characters instead of forcing it onto the situations where it doesn't fit.

On the subject of fitting in elements, *Time In Office* addresses another longstanding, though admittedly minor, piece of continuity – the Doctor's long-delayed reunion with Leela. The script doesn't dwell on this aspect, but it nonetheless makes for some lovely moments that are perfectly played by Davison and Jameson. In contrast to this first – and most likely one-time – audio meeting with Leela, Sarah Sutton

as Nyssa has regularly been paired with the Fifth Doctor going back to Big Finish's earliest *Doctor Who* releases.

In recent years, she's been reunited with both the original Davison-era line-up and – thanks to some temporal sidestepping – Tegan and Turlough. However, the stories where it's just her and the Doctor tend to be more enjoyable. Among the best is 2007's *Circular Time*, an anthology release by Paul Cornell and Mike Maddox which uses the progression of the seasons as a thematic underpinning for four single-episode stories. Though the circumstances range from Time Lord intrigue on a far-off planet to a confrontation with Sir Isaac Newton, a feeling of loss links each one.

This is particularly true in the finale, *Winter*, which ties into a pivotal moment in this Doctor's life. To their credit, Cornell and Maddox don't simply reiterate the iconic scene from [TV story title redacted for spoilers] but rather create a full-fledged drama in its mirror image. The end result is one of the most affecting examples of the special bond between the Doctor and Nyssa.

This bond is also on display in a story that remains a high-water mark not just for Davison as the Doctor but also *Doctor Who* in general, *Spare Parts* by Marc Platt. As an origin story for the Cybermen, *Spare Parts* includes quite a few throwback elements but is also quite forward-looking in its willingness to push the characters' emotional limits. Like the New Adventures novels (to which Platt also contributed), events might have planetary – or even universal – implications, but the stakes are intrinsically personal. Even when the dialogue takes a philosophical turn, as in this scene between the Doctor and Nyssa, they're far more than abstract musings.

Doctor: I think I'd rather lose all my other lives than become a Cyberman.

Nyssa: The people I met were actually very kind.

Doctor: Yes, yes, I'm sure. But you must see...the infinity of time and space is all laid out like a huge game of consequences. Sometimes you play, sometimes you sit on the sideline, sometimes you run on afterwards with a stretcher.

Nyssa: Yes, we've had this discussion before...a pity that didn't occur to you when it came to sacrificing Adric.

Doctor: Ah...yes...Adric. So much that never gets said. Bound to boil over sooner or later.

In general, the pairing of the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa is a somewhat under-appreciated example of how Big Finish using established elements to foster something new in *Doctor Who*'s ongoing narrative. Unlike Colin Baker's Doctor with Nicola Bryant as Peri or other well-established TARDIS teams appearing in Big Finish stories, Davison and Sutton had very little screen-time on their own. Because this meant limited preconceptions about the duo's dynamic, it enabled the actors and production team to create an era that never was on TV but really should have been. Not to take anything away from the audio renaissance of Colin Baker's Doctor or giving Paul McGann the chance to fully develop his portrayal, however, the understated achievement can also be quite satisfying. ▲





Iain Robertson

CONVENTIONALLY SPEAKING

Continuing our series of interviews with the organisers of Doctor Who conventions, Ian Wheeler caught up with Martin Parsons, organiser of the recent Who's at the Playhouse event in Epsom...

How did you first become a Doctor Who fan? Can you tell us your favourite Doctor and story?

Through watching the show with my family – my father had watched the programme in its early days. The first story I can remember is *The Deadly Assassin* and my favourite Doctor is the one I grew up with, Tom Baker. My favourite story changes with mood, there are so many to choose from: *The Time Meddler*, *The War Games*, *The Sea Devils*, *Genesis Of The Daleks*, *The Visitation*, *Father's Day*, *Human Nature*, *Vincent And the Doctor*...too many!

Your career has been very varied. Can you give us a quick potted summary of it?

When I left school, I spent two years working for General Accident Insurance in Brighton, when I met the DWAS's Barry Ward. I was performing in amateur theatre shows at the time, then went to drama school for three years...where I was taught about Shakespeare by *An Unearthly Child's* Jeremy Young. Then a career as an actor, mainly in theatre tours, followed by television presenting, and now as a theatre director and producer for Honalee Media. Favourite jobs have been acting with Big Finish, filming for the National Trust, and hosting with QVC.

Prior to organising your own Doctor Who event, you'd been an interviewer at DWAS conventions. Do you have a

favourite anecdote about a guest who you admire or who was particularly interesting?

I remember Peter Purves saying, surprisingly, that he wished he'd never written his autobiography, but never found out why! An insightful, generous and engaging interviewee though. Graham Harper's passion always makes him a delightful guest and Terrace Dicks is a legend of course!

Who would be your dream interviewee? We'll let you use the TARDIS for this one, so it can be someone living or someone from the past...

It would have to be William Hartnell – what would he make of the world of *Doctor Who* now, what is the real story of his era, and how does the man differ from the legend...I'd like to meet the man who was so charmed by *Doctor Who* that he "felt like the piper!"

DWAS has now been going for over 40 years. What do you think it contributes to fandom?

I think it provides a constant backbone to fandom – fanzines and conventions may come and go, but DWAS has always been a go-to organisation providing regular events, comment and contact with the series through thick and thin. All done with a generous heart too.

How did *Who at the Playhouse* come about?

Inspired by DWAS's events and the Regenerations ones in Swansea, I wanted to stage the convention that would have my dream line-up of guests, from my favourite era of the show – and hoped other people would share my passion for the late 1970s. I produce theatre tours for a living, so am familiar with staging events and wanted to put together a striking set, professional interviewing team and celebrate 40 years of K9 – his

anniversary seemed the perfect hook to stage the convention around. The first story I remember well is *The Invisible Enemy*, so K9 really was there at the beginning for me, hence inviting Louise Jameson and John Leeson as my first guests.

What aspect of the event were you most proud of?

Attracting two Doctors in Peter Davison and Colin Baker, plus the stage show, definitely – everyone has been very generous in their praise of it. I must particularly thank the stage management team of Malcolm Gorrie and Karen Davis, plus Sons Of Skaro and Face TV for providing such atmospheric visuals – six Daleks and Davros backing an interview set, beautifully lit by the team at Epsom Playhouse.

What lessons did you learn from organising the event that you can take forward to any other events that you might do?

That, for me personally, theatres are wonderfully suited to conventions, especially those with a stage show like *Who's at The Playhouse*. To be ambitious with your guest line-up, balance the budget to give the best show possible and that keeping the actors well-informed is vital; if they're on good form, attendees will be happy too. Marketing is a must as well.

There are big changes ahead for *Doctor Who* with a female Doctor and changes to the format. What are your hopes for the future of the series?

That it continues to be “the children's own programme that adults adore”, whatever ‘face’ it wears – I'm looking forward to continuing the journey... and am planning my next event too. As someone once said, stay tuned!

What's your favourite takeaway food?

A Domino's pizza... along with a *Key to Time* DVD! ▲



MONKY BUSINESS

by Richard Wright

Bill followed her two girlfriends into the lecture theatre. They all shuffled together at the back. It was packed. There was heat. There was a buzz.

"What's it about this time?"

"Anything," said Felicity.

"Everything," said Shireen.

"It's him." Bill waved, pointlessly, at the man on the rostrum. He seemed to be drawing perfect circles then rubbing them out with the blackboard rubber.

"Can't your grandad use a SMART Board?" Felicity asked.

"He is not my grandad. You know that from the house."

The other two glanced at each other. They were coping by not thinking about it too much.

Felicity offered round the macaroons. "Sugar rush to aid concentration?"

Shireen took a handful. "The title is 'The forth wall'."

The lights flared. When their eyes refocused, the Doctor was at the front of the stage. Silence fell.

The Doctor had his sunglasses on.

"Two plus two equals four...is correct. It is more than correct, it is accurate. It is insanely impossibly accurate."

" $1.6 + 1.6 = 3.2$ " He wrote this on the board.

" $2.4 + 2.4 = 4.8$ " He chalked that up below it.

"To one significant figure, these can be **correctly** written as $2 + 2 = 3$ and $2 + 2 = 5$ respectively."

The Doctor looked round the audience. For a fraction of a second each individual felt seen. But he also seemed to look beyond them.

"Correct, but not very accurate." A few people laughed uncertainly.

"Something as simple as the binary counting system, 0 or 1, is based on an absolute distinction between existence and nonexistence which in reality does not, accurately, exist."

There was a funny bald man at the front. He had taken off his tea cosy hat and was waving it urgently. Shireen vaguely recognized him as one of St Luke's caretakers.

"That's Nardole," whispered Bill. "He's the Doctor's..." She had to pause. "The Doctor's 'man'."

Shireen smiled. "His what?"

"Sshh you two." Felicity was concentrating.

"Yes?" said the Doctor.

"You mean – you can't do anything accurately in reality but only on a computer? Why not just say that?" said Nardole.

The Doctor picked up the blackboard rubber.

"Because this is theatre." And he threw the blackboard rubber.

Nardole ducked. The audience gasped. And the blackboard rubber bounced off Nardole's seat and landed back on the

blackboard shelf almost exactly where it had been picked it up from.

“Really. No applause. No standing ovation? That was a nearly impossible throw. Especially as today I am blind.”

Shireen felt Bill’s hand lock onto her arm.

He is blind, he is still blind, he did not tell me, he is still blind. Bill’s thoughts were accusations. It brought a tear, instantly, to the corner of her eye.

“You all watch too much TV, play games in simplified worlds, you witness six impossible things before breakfast – that’s 11am for students...probably more than six.”

Felicity looked at her friends. Something uncomfortable was happening. The man’s lectures had always been fun, possibly not educational, but inspirational, aspirational. Something was wrong. Bill appeared to be crying, and Shireen was clearly pained by Bill’s grip on her arm.

“If any of you have a few coins in your pockets please toss them onto the stage.”

“Some will land, heads, some will land tails – in theory it is possible some might land on their edge, but honestly that would be a trick or a miracle, wouldn’t it?”

People shuffled uncomfortably, but all were searching in pockets, purses, and rucksacks. Felicity began to fumble, but Bill grabbed her hand too.

“No don’t, it’s, I don’t know, don’t.”

“It would be a trick, or a miracle, or it would show that this world is, now, only a simplified simulation.”

Everyone threw their change and the shower of coins rattled onto the stage.

It was clear, even from the back, that a third were resting on their edges.

“Your simulation has a glitch, it is rubbish, come on, show yourselves, show’s over, what are you creatures behind the curtain?”

The lecture hall remained, but it was rough and untextured. Bill, Felicity, Shireen wailed at the back. Nardole’s face had a knowing, a sadness, a resignation on it. The rest of audience were gone – replaced by three shrouded figures with black, burned, desiccated faces, but the Doctor was blind to the exact details of this.

“I have entertained the Gods of Ragnarok - who am I dancing for now?”

The monks’ mouths opened, but the words came from everywhere.

“You are a simulation created to answer our questions. We will not answer yours.”

The Doctor bent and examined one of the coins, his sonic sunglasses showing it as a little golden spark. He looked round and the three girls were represented by one fog of data. Nardole’s data was richer. The Doctor looked at his hands; they still held data approaching that of reality. The monks showed up as obelisks of information.

“I see you have constructed this simulation as a botch job. Humans need much more data – they are individuals, not just my friends, all humans need more data than you can ever have.”

“This is one run of thousands, we can simulate a planet.”

“Well I should fix the coin glitch, that was a giveaway...hah.” The Doctor took off his shades and waved them at the monks.

"What about these? These 'shades' are more advanced than you can understand, you simulate because you DON'T understand."

The Doctor put the sunglasses back on his face.

"I see with these. I saw through your simulation. You started this one last night, and Nardole and I prepared this show for you." The Doctor took off the shades and waved them again.

"Where you need to concentrate your effort is to simulate a fully-functional pair of these."

The Doctor cracked the shades between his hands and let the lens fall to the floor.

"The purpose of this simulation is to improve the simulation."

"You just do that then."

Bill's last thoughts were confused; she was not really sure if she was distinct from Felicity and Shireen. And she was afraid that Penny, who she had met in the pub and asked to her house, might not even have been real.

Nardole's thoughts were – Oh no! They are not really going to make me do this again and again.

The Doctor's last thought was...
Amateurs. ▲



CHILD OUT OF TIME BY HAYDEN GRIBBLE

Review by Ian Wheeler

All good books start with a good idea and the central concept of this tome is certainly an appealing one. The story of a little boy, growing up in the 1990s, who developed a love for an eccentric BBC television programme which had finished its original run just after he was born. This is the story of how Hayden Gribble grew to love *Doctor Who*.

You may already know the name Hayden Gribble. He's contributed numerous articles to our other DWAS fanzine, *Celestial Toyroom*, and to *Cosmic Masque* as well. If you're a James Bond fan, you may have listened to some of his podcasts dedicated to that popular series of films. He's even been an interviewer at one of our Capitol conventions at Gatwick. Hayden is a man with something interesting to say and his book is packed with interesting thoughts and observations.

that at least one person fell in love with the Doctor at this time. Hayden's Great-Grandmother allowed him to keep the *Doctor Who* pull-out from that issue of *Radio Times* – had she said no, perhaps the programme would never have gone on to be such an important part of his life!

We follow Hayden as he gets his first *Doctor Who* video (*Snakedance*), watches Peter Davison and Sylvester McCoy receive the award for 'Most Popular Drama' as part of the BBC's sixtieth anniversary celebrations, and gets his hands on his first Target novelisation. He also 'acquires' a copy of *The Web of Fear* from his school library on what he calls an 'extended loan.' I won't tell his former school if you won't...

There are peaks and troughs for the young fan. He isn't exactly thrilled by Joanna Lumley playing a female Doctor for Comic Relief and there's a time, in his teenage years, when his enthusiasm for the show starts to wane. I'm sure we've all been through that stage at some point. In Hayden's case, he became more interested in football, girls and Holly Valance. Shocking, I know.

Later, Hayden becomes fully immersed in *Doctor Who* fandom, writing fanzine articles, going to conventions and even talking about the show on television. These are things which many of us have done, but Hayden's enthusiasm reminds us why we all love being fans of *Doctor Who*.

One of the really difficult things about writing a *Doctor Who* book these days is finding something that hasn't been done, the so-called 'gap in the market.' Hayden really has come up with an idea that surprisingly hasn't been covered in great depth before and the result is an enjoyable and highly readable book. Hayden has an easy-going prose style and *Child Out of Time* really is a pleasure from start to finish. ▲

It's funny that we call the time *Doctor Who* was off the air 'the Wilderness Years' because as this book shows, there was a hell of a lot going on. Hayden's *Doctor Who* journey began when he saw the issue of the *Radio Times* which heralded the *Doctor Who* TV movie starring Paul McGann. I have always wondered if *Doctor Who* picked up many new fans on that May evening in 1996 so it is good to know

CHILD OUT OF TIME:
Growing Up With *Doctor Who*
In The Wilderness Years



Interview

HAYDEN GRIBBLE CHILD OUT OF TIME

Ian Wheeler talks to Hayden Gribble, popular contributor to DWAS publications and the author of Child Out of Time...

Why did you decide to write a book about your experiences growing up with Doctor Who?

When you look at the vast catalogue of *Doctor Who* books out there, there's never been another that talks about this period of the show in such intimate detail. I wanted to write my story because I felt I have a fairly unique tale to tell. I was born the summer that production wound down on Season 26, so as soon I came into existence, *Doctor Who* fell out of it on television! So, my story is one of trying to find the show in any way possible when it wasn't there. I was a child of the wilderness years and I felt I had a story to tell that was different to those already written.

Did you find that your memories came flooding back quite naturally or did you have to find ways to prompt yourself, like checking old diaries?

Pretty easy, it has to be said. I've got a very good long-term memory. The less said about the short term the better. Where was I? Oh yes! *Doctor Who* had etched itself so indelibly on my young mind that I'd say about 90% of the book is purely from memory.

Having said that, luckily I've kept most of my lists and notes I've made since I was seven years old, and I was able to ask my Mum for help if I needed to recall something that was now lost in the mists of time. Keeping all the old reference books also did the trick when it came to jogging the memory, so I have a lot

to thanks those Howe/Stammers/James Walker books for!

Your book is about your love of Doctor Who but if you had to sum up what you like about the programme in one sentence what would you say?

The Doctor is a forever-changing, time-travelling alien who battles monsters and uses his vast intellect to defeat the evils of the universe. What's not to love about that?

You have been a prolific contributor to Celestial Toyroom – how did this help you to develop your writing skills?

Massively. I have a lot to thank Tony Jordan for. Back in 2010 I was an enthusiastic yet nervous twenty-one-year-old fresh out of journalism college looking for a break. Tony commissioned my first ever pieces on *Doctor Who*. One was a fun bit about where the then eleven Doctors would play if they were in the same football team and the other was a short column called *Child Out of Time*. So in a way, it's his fault!

Through seven years of contributing my writing really has developed, and I did my best to stretch my capabilities by writing about a multitude of things. Interviews, features, short stories, even an obituary on one sad occasion. It was my scholarship and the feedback I received helped me pitch my work in a more mature yet fun way on every occasion. But above all, it's always been fun and it's important to write what makes you happy. To see others enjoy it and say nice things about what you've produced makes it so special.

You've taken to the stage to do interviews at DWAS conventions – what's your favourite memory of interviewing a Doctor Who actor or production team member?

I've been very lucky to interview some great people for The Capitol. However,

my favourite memory isn't from interviewing on stage...it was a more unique moment that happened at dinner at the end of the first night.

That evening I ate dinner with Chris Achilleos, his partner and the now sadly departed Trevor Martin, which was surreal yet delightful. We spoke about everything from Pink Floyd to doodlebugs flying over White Hart Lane during the war! To sit with such esteemed company and chat about good music and good football on an already fantastic day really was the icing on the cake. The less said about the bill, the better!

What advice would you give to any Doctor Who fans who want to write for fanzines or produce podcasts?

There isn't much to give really, except just to produce what you yourself would want to hear. Recently I stepped out of the *Doctor Who* world and started dabbling in a new show called *Podcasters Royale*, which is a James Bond podcast – and I wasn't expecting much of a listenership, I just wanted to flex my audio production muscles elsewhere. Just by doing what entertained me, it's ended up entertaining many! It's now in the top 5 James Bond podcasts on iTunes and has many listeners, which is great! Do check it out!

What would the young Hayden Gribble have made of a female Doctor?

I think he probably would have felt the concept a little crazy! I suppose I could echo Peter Davison's comment that I saw the Doctor as the only male role model in fiction who doesn't use violence as a first option to defeat an enemy.

But over the last few years, it has felt like the change has been inevitable, and I'm all for it. I don't care who is cast as the Doctor. The part can be played by a man or a woman, white or black. Anyone as long as they are a great actor, and Jodie

Whittaker is. I can't wait to see what she does with the role. I haven't felt this excited about a new Doctor since Matt Smith took over.

After Doctor Who, what's your favourite TV show? And your favourite film?

The Simpsons. I know its glory days are long gone but at its peak in the 1990s, that show was one of the most important for my generation. It sits almost on par with *Doctor Who* as my favourite show. The humour was so inventive, so clever, without being overly rude. It was family viewing in my household way back when.

As for film? I'd have to say *Back to the Future*. I love that film. I can't think of anything better on a wet day than to curl up on the sofa with a duvet and a cup of tomato soup and watch *BTTF*. It never gets old!

What's next for Hayden Gribble?

Where do I start? *Child Out Of Time* has been received so wonderfully, it'd be shame if I stopped writing now. So, in the new year I shall be releasing a new book called *Captain Random vs the Sandman* – a young adult science fiction book, which hopefully will hit the shelves around March/April 2018. I'll also be spending the year writing the follow-up and I feel it's something many *Doctor Who* fans will enjoy!

Apart from that, I will still be podcasting with *Diddly Dum* and *Podcasters Royale*. Writing and podcasting are my passions so I'm keen to continue doing both. Who knows, I may have an article or two in me for *Celestial Toyroom* and *Cosmic Masque* also!

What's your favourite takeaway food?

Crikey, Ian – you've left the hardest one until last! I'd probably say Chinese...no pizza...fish and chips...curry...ah! Let's say fish and chips. ▲

THE CAPITOL 2: MY MEMORIES

by Christine Grit

During the weekend of the 6th and 7th of May 2017 the second DWAS Convention of The Capitol was held. Unlike the year before it wasn't to celebrate an anniversary of some kind (DWAS existing for 41 years is less of a 'crown year' than 40, obviously) but it still was organised in the way I like conventions to be: not too large in scale, loads of possibilities to meet up with friends as well as meet new people, and of course to enjoy some time with various guests out of the bounds of official photos, autographs and all of that. Well, on that score it was a great success (at least in my view). Just like last year, it was organised in Crawley in a big hotel – with lots of other guests like stewardesses from various airlines – but the visitors of the Convention could easily find each other. Not just because of the lovely cosplaying of so many of the attendees, but because there's just something about *Doctor Who* fans that is instantly recognised. Call it intuition or anything else you think appropriate, but somehow or other even the people who weren't wearing anything 'Whoish' (admittedly most did though) were still easily separated from other hotel guests. I've met a great many people, old friends, new friends, (celebrity) guests, people from Big Finish, and so on. It was the kind of wonderful weekend you hope to experience again (after last year's fabulous event) but don't really expect to because – let's face it – second time running is usually a disappointment. Not so with The Capitol. There might have been slightly fewer attendees than the year before (I didn't count them, but it looked that way) but that certainly was no disadvantage in the sense of what I specifically came for.

As a big fan of Big Finish, I was also rather pleased there was collaboration with this company, and not only because they could help me with a boxset that earlier on had failed to arrive. I'll get back to them later on in my reminiscences. Obviously, there was quite a bit of merchandise available but contrary to some of the more commercially driven Cons, their presence wasn't overwhelming. Don't get me wrong, I love a bit of *Who* stuff to admire and buy on occasion, but I've attended events where the merchandise department overshadowed the main objectives, namely getting to hear and discuss with the various guests who are all important to me. Not so during The Capitol. Having mentioned that, it was a treat to be able to look at Chris Achilleos's lovely Target art again with the artist being there as well, while the Alec Wheal photo collection was totally something else. Wow!

Last year Tony Jordan opened the convention, so it was a bit of a repeat for him, but wasn't it great to see him do it again. Realising most of the attendees wouldn't be in favour of drawn-out speeches, he restricted his word to a welcome and then very quickly handed over to the first panel. Some of you might recall that last year there was a panel of Dalek operators, accompanied by a lovely Dalek prop as cream on the cake. Naturally something different was programmed for this year, and it was rather wonderful that the focus was a bit more on those other long-time villains: the Cybermen. Not just one prop either... there were four of the Classic Cybermen present (including a Mondasian one, although at that moment in time I did not yet know we would see those turn up again in the series) and the lovely Jon Davey (new series operator), David Banks (no introduction needed) and Nicholas Briggs (voice of the Cybermen) shared a panel discussing the Cybermen in the past and in the present.

Although Rebecca Levene did not participate in the Virgin Adventures panel, DWAS had managed to find a perfect replacement for her in the person of Mike Tucker. Perfect because the duo of Mike and Gary Russell showed us quite some different perspectives on the writing of a *Doctor Who* novel, and even on writing in general. Especially their viewpoints on collaboration differed, with Mike being more of a writer who enjoys the sharing of writing – although he can do it perfectly well on his own – and Gary rather preferring to be a loner. Another writer, Simon Guerrier, was interviewed after that. We got a bit of insight in the Dark Archives and that was very welcome.

Jon Culshaw introduced himself with Tom Baker's voice and mannerisms, and made us all laugh. We laughed and clapped even harder when he started talking as Terrance Dicks, and the man himself joined him. That was a big and lovely surprise as he hadn't been announced as a guest beforehand. The grandfather of *Who* novels in the form of novelisations is always a welcome sight to this reviewer's eyes. I was also every pleased to see that he seemed to be in a much better shape physically than last year. In fact, he seemed to have become a bit younger again, impossible as it seems. He even managed to get Jon to 'do' the Third Doctor, another Jon, in a convincing way. Not in the first effort (it was obvious Jon Culshaw had more experience in copying the Fourth, and even Mr. Dicks himself) but the more he did it, the better it became. Including the mannerisms.

I admit I hadn't been really looking forward to the *Torchwood* Panel (though I love *Torchwood*) due to an earlier experience with Kai Owen at a Convention. That man really can shout, and I tend not to like that kind of thing. However, his shoutiness was greatly tempered by the presence of James Goss, so in the end the panel turned out

to be rather enjoyable with these two guys teasing each other a lot. To top it all off, I met Kai later on in the bar and he's really a nice guy when he's not trying to impress his fans. If you're just having a chat, he's lovely.

Time for some Gothic Horror. Every fan will know that I'm referring to Philip Hinchcliffe's era and – yes – the man himself was here. Always sophisticated and well dressed, this time he told us a lot about his other work besides being one of *Doctor Who*'s most famous producers. I rather liked it. Don't get me wrong, he did of course mention *Doctor Who* and his current collaboration with Big Finish in developing new storylines for the Fourth Doctor and Leela.

Bob Baker and Paul Tams were next, and they had brought along a new model of the K-9 to be shown in the upcoming film. Although I personally like the original best – as most of us 'classic' fans tend to do – I did feel this K-9 was much improved compared to the one used in the Australian series. Yes, the ultramodern rounded lines were still there, but the colouring had very much gone back to basics. On purpose. It was nice to find out that the film is truly in production.

The wonderful, beautiful, Daphne Ashbrook needs no introduction to diehard fans. I loved that she was willing to accept a challenge to beat the world record in the number of selfies made within a few minutes with all her fans. She may not have got that world record in the end, but she sure as hell had a lot of pictures made. My only question after that: where did the selfie with me on it and this wonderful woman go? I would truly love to have it!

In the evening we all watched *Doctor Who*. For someone who usually watches *Doctor Who* on her own, there's something very special about watching it together with a whole group of others.

Especially if they're all quiet (if you do the same in a pub, you usually miss a lot because of the noise). And wasn't *Knock Knock* a lovely, creepy episode? After that some of us got the opportunity to do a bit of audio acting, as the people from Big Finish offered us the possibility of participating in some of the scenes from their stories. A few unknown talents definitely got their auditions, and rather publicly too. And this includes the people who didn't act but had to work on a bit of sound design. I just closed my eyes and thought of the beautiful stained glass Daleks Mike Tucker had imagined in his story. The programme finished on a high note with Alec Pearson, like last year, turning some well-known tropes into Tom Baker's ways. Then we all tumbled into the bar. No further comments, except that it was rather fun.

The second day of the convention kicked off with the fantastic Peter Purves who actually wore a blue jumper (I don't have to explain the obvious I hope). It's always a joy to have Peter at a convention and this time was no exception.

After that something very different happened. We were all made part of the Big Finish Pod Cast with Nicholas Briggs interviewing his colleagues as well as asking questions to the audience, Jason Haigh-Ellery revealing some secrets and Benji Clifford doing what he does best: being inventive with sounds. This certainly was one of the highlights for me, even if I didn't actually participate with a remark or question. I did laugh a lot.

The next panel was great fun, as we were able to make a journey back in time. Katy Manning, Stephen Thorne, Pik-Sen Lim and Tim Treloar made it all happen. We were back with the Third Doctor in *The Mind of Evil*. Not just that though, as these wonderful actors also managed to confront us with a view on acting: isn't it just awful that we always had to speak the Queen's English while

there exist so many beautiful dialects and accents? All expressed their glee with the fact that nowadays accents are permitted. Tim Treloar also handled it all very well, being the youngest of them all but representing a somewhat older voice. I am so pleased we can hear the Third Doctor again on audio, even if Tim is not impersonating him just by copying. It's still his voice. Kudos!

To be honest I didn't much 'get' the panel about forty years of Conventions. Obviously, it wasn't a problem to look back to the very first DWAS Convention, the problems encountered and the eventual success. I wasn't present, but that line was easy to follow. However, when the three gentlemen started talking about the time maybe being ripe for organising that type of Convention again – not commercially driven, not too large a scale, etc. – I was just thinking about what I was experiencing at that moment. I really didn't see the difference between what the three guys wanted and what The Capitol has turned out to be. I expect I should have been there at the time, but to me The Capitol was the exact thing they wanted in any case.

The two ladies who came next, Judy Cornwell and Angela Douglas, just made me smile all the time. Not that they talked a lot about their limited experiences in *Doctor Who*. In fact, Angela hardly remembered she had played Doris once. However, their stories about acting and the circumstances around it made me cry with laughter. The two women really bounced off each other rather nicely, with Judy taking the lead and Angela responding. Judy even found the time to mention how pleased she was her husband was present. The best thing for me though was the contradiction with the earlier panel of mostly similarly aged actors. These two ladies lamented the fact that actors nowadays didn't get to learn the Queen's English properly before delving into accents and dialects.

I don't know if anyone else noticed this, but I thought it was rather comic.

Daphne Ashbrook and Katy Manning returned (although we had to wait for Katy a bit, as she was rather involved with some queuing fans and a photo shoot) for some laughs and insights. Like Daphne the day before, Katy also accepted a challenge, namely to hug as many people as possible within a few minutes. I don't know if it was successful but it certainly should have been. Everybody present turned up for a hug with Katy, some of them twice.

The last panel, Full Circle, reunited us with Matthew Waterhouse, Andrew Smith and Sarah Sutton. A lovely experience with this threesome bouncing quite nicely off each other, which later on was extended by including Anthony Quinn in the mix who gave some details on the legacy (including some lovely photos) of his late father in law, Alec Wheal.

Somehow the two days had nearly come to an end, and with the traditional raffle draw and a short closing ceremony we had arrived at the conclusion of another two days' experience. Thankfully, soon after I found out that there will be a third Capitol. I'm all up for it! ▲

THE NEW ADVENTURER

by Nick Mellish

The following article contains spoilers for the books.

Love and War by Paul Cornell, our first returning author to the range, awaits me today, but first?

First, we need to talk.

See that large, grey, lumpy creature in the corner? That's an elephant, in this room. Its name is Continuity and it wants a word.

You see, I ended the last review with this paragraph:

It [Nightshade] ends with Ace desperate and upset, the Doctor at his most manipulative and remote, and a new TARDIS console room made of stone (which is nice). Perhaps these novels are finally finding their feet and not still putting out tentative feelers regarding where to go next. I certainly hope so and I find myself keen to see what happens next.

You would expect that after the big upset at the end of *Nightshade*, things would be more fraught than ever between Ace and the Doctor. That novel ended with the Doctor at his most callous, dragging her away from potential love against her will without so much as an apology.

Love and War does not mention this. *Love and War* never once makes a note of this. *Love and War* has clearly been written in its own bubble where *Nightshade* never happened, and for a new range that's worrying. It's the sign of sloppy editing and eyes taken off the ball; of the left and right hands not talking with one another and plans afoot (the Doctor is more remote and nasty than ever before; more alien than we've seen. It will drive Ace away as the differences between them loom ever larger) but no coherence between novels as to how to do this.

It concerns me as a reader, and slightly depresses me as someone who writes that two writers far, far better than I will ever be have been treated so sloppily. Their work deserved better than this.

This aside though, let's look at *Love and War*. Boy, there is stuff to unpack here, which is odd as when it's stripped back,

the story is actually pretty simple: the Doctor and Ace land on a planet. The Doctor realises that the way to defeat the enemy on this world is to sacrifice the life of one man to save billions. Ace, sadly, has the misfortune to fall in love with this sacrificial lamb.

This is the long story of one man's death and the equally devastating death of a love that will now never be. It's made all the more tragic by the Doctor's frustration at being able to help or stop what's about to happen happen: if he lets on to Ace, the Hoothi will know of his plans and be able to stop them. If he doesn't, he knows that Ace will never forgive him, and the weight of this decision is crushing our Time Lord protagonist. He asks himself what is right. He talks to Death about morality. He even seeks conscience from one Paul Magrs, an example as in Cornell's earlier work of a real-life friend popping up as a fictional character (these cameos would be unnoticeable if the people mentioned hadn't then gone on to do very big things, which makes them look pretty awkward in retrospect).

The ending, when it comes, is inevitable: Jan is killed, Ace is horrified as the penny drops, and the Doctor is left behind. It feels like the inevitable conclusion to his meddling and using of Ace and other people. It was always going to bite back one day.

What's more interesting than this is the set dressing. It's the use of Death as a proper character, talking to the Doctor and making bargains with him. It's the Doctor confessing he killed himself in his Sixth persona so that Time's Champion could be born, a sentiment echoed years later with the Eighth Doctor reasoning that the world as it stood did not need a Doctor anymore.

And, of course, it's the introduction of Bernice Surprise Summerfield to the world of *Doctor Who*. As

someone steeped in Big Finish plays, it's impossible for me to read her lines without the incredible performance by Lisa Bowerman in my head, and it's nigh-on impossible for me to remember that *Doctor Who* once existed without Benny in it.

Her introduction here is somewhat muted seeing as Ace is centre stage, and rightly so. We get some background on Benny and insights into her attitude, beliefs and behaviour, but really her role here comprises not much more than tentative steps towards the character we will all come to know and love.

When she leaves with the Doctor though and Ace has gone, the Doctor hopeful of her eventual return, it's a huge statement for the books. They're going their own way now, and you can either join the ride or get off. This is *Doctor Who* now. Ace gone, the Doctor bruised and regretful and terrified of what he has had to become, and Benny unsure but willing to give this companionship a go.

It's that more than sex and violence and swearing which marks this novel out as a milestone for the range. Indeed, the sex and violence and swearing mostly feels a bit tired and to be trying too hard. The bigger changes though? They feel effortless and organic to the range. New adventures can now be told in the New Adventures without the shackles of the past, and that's exciting, though the poor treatment of continuity between stories thus far in the range makes me sceptical that they will pull it off with any real ease or grace.

Colour me cautious then as we journey ever onwards, but intrigued? Yes, intrigued for certain. Benny is here and Ace is gone: let's get the party started. ▲

NONMEDICAL PURPOSES

by Allan and Erica Lear

Long-time readers of CT might vaguely remember that all the way back in 2015 we were lucky enough to get out to the Edinburgh Fringe, where we had a grand time watching all sorts of comedy and then loosely connected some of it to *Doctor Who* so we could write about it.

Despite still not having paid off the debt incurred by that jaunt, we managed to get out to the Fringe again this year. We discovered a number of shows that actually had pretty good *Who* connections this time around...

A Joke – Dan Freeman

A Joke is a new play from the pen of Dan Freeman, starring Sylvester McCoy and Robert Picardo (of *Doctor Who* and *Star Trek* fame respectively) as well as a third person who hasn't been in anything and, frankly, does rather too much acting for my taste in this. If he wants to be a proper actor he should act less.

In their roles as an Englishman, an Irishman (McCoy) and an American who calls himself Scottish (Picardo), the three appear in an indeterminate space and have to fumble their way existentially to a denouement, a conclusion or – if this is indeed a joke – a punchline. It's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* light for the busy Fringe audience, and McCoy fans will be pleased by an appearance of Chekov's Spoon in the early stages.

Speech! – Ingrid Oliver

Ingrid Oliver is a comedian as well as an actress, and is notable for some excellent voice work (she was quite the pedigree on radio). *Speech!* is a sketch play loosely framed with the device of Oliver pretending to deliver a TED talk.

She plays a variety of grotesques, some of whom have punchlines and some of whom don't. The accent work is impeccable – Oliver makes a worryingly convincing awful California Valley girl, and a German-language sketch where she plays a translator at the EU getting dumped by text during a speech by Nigel Farage is very impressive. There are plenty of laughs and Oliver is very likeable, but the closing TED speech when it comes is something of an anticlimax.

Who, Me – Robert Lloyd

Robert Lloyd is an Australian stand-up comedian who has met with success in his homeland as the nation's pet *Doctor Who* fan, parlaying this into a television career alongside his day job as a teacher. *Who, Me* is his autobiographical show about how he came to be a *Who* devotee in the first place. It treads much the same personal territory as Toby Hadoke's *Moths Ate My Doctor Who Scarf*, but coming from an Antipodean perspective it's sufficiently different that it doesn't feel like a retread. Lloyd's work as a teacher clearly influences the style of his stand-up, as his is a very inclusive act – he works hard to get the audience onside and to portray himself at his most likeable. Sadly when we attended the audience was somewhat thin on the ground, and as a result it feels like they never achieve sufficient critical mass to get things really moving.

The undoubted highlight of the act is a triumphant dance recital at the end, where Lloyd attempts to tell the entire history of canonical *Doctor Who* by means of interpretive dance. Fans should keep a close eye on this, particularly around the time of the Sixth Doctor – the routine is very cleverly planned, and not a single move goes into it without a reason you can figure out if you pay attention.

***Whose Line is it Anyway?* – Clive Anderson, Steve Frost, Josie Lawrence, Mike McShane, Tony Slattery**

As a child of the '80s, I was a teenager when *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* was in its heyday. It dribbled on for years on American television, but for a decade or so the UK version was sublime fun. This is the first time I've seen it tour under its proper name, so presumably some sort of rights issue has been settled.

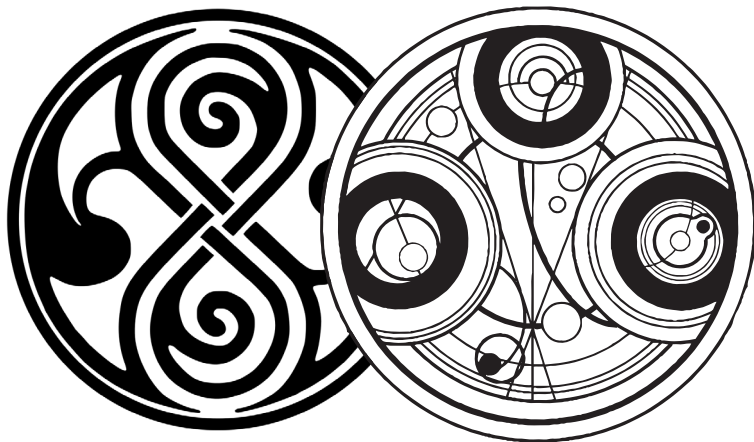
The live act is everything you remember the show to be. All the old favourite rounds are in, including a round that works extremely well live where two volunteers from the audience have to move the performers around like puppets while the actors wildly extemporise on the subject of why they're jerking around the place like stop-motion cage dancers. Mike McShane (*The Angels Take Manhattan*) is looking much healthier than he has done for some years, and he and the every-youthful Josie Lawrence are in fine voice for the singing rounds, ad libbing tunefully to the idiotic suggestions lobbed out by an audience that are clearly loving it all.

Best of all is the return of Tony Slattery, notable in *Doctor Who* terms as one of

the actors who screen-tested for the role of the Eighth Doctor before it finally went to Paul McGann. Slattery has been out of the public eye for a while owing to health issues, and he's greeted with a real wave of affection when he walks out onto the stage. He's only doing a week's run at the Fringe and it seems certain from his enthusiastic reception that a large chunk of the audience have come especially. Despite the passage of time, Slattery is as energetic as ever, throwing himself wholeheartedly into the audience-led improv and exchanging barbs with Clive Anderson, to the amusement of an utterly unchanged Frost who must surely have some sort of portrait in his loft.

It's a nostalgic evening that nevertheless manages to be very funny its own right, and there's little sense of a team trading on past glories.

There's always a wide range of shows available at the Edinburgh Festival and Fringe that star television actors, so be sure to check the programme come the New Year and check out which *Who* alumni will be gracing the Scottish capital in August 2018. ▲



INTERVIEW WITH THE DOCTOR WHO CLUB OF AUSTRALIA

by Grant Bull

CM recently caught up with Darran Jordan, Publications Manager at the *Doctor Who* Club of Australia (DWCA).

What are the origins of The *Doctor Who* Club of Australia?

In one word – protest! The University of Sydney in Australia had a generalist science fiction club back in the 1970s called the Sydney University Science Fiction Association – or SUSFA for short. In 1976 the president of that club, Antony Howe, wrote to the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) to ask them about their screenings of *Doctor Who* and received a letter back stating that they weren't planning to purchase any more episodes from the BBC – so basically, *Doctor Who* would no longer be screened in Australia. Through SUSFA Antony got together a protest group and they marched on the ABC offices, wearing Tom Baker scarves and waving placards – they even had their own Dalek in tow!

If you're interested there is some footage of it here, along with the world's first ever Dalek race, which the SUSFA gang took part in as well that year:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NmOt454Qknw>

Basically though, after the protest Antony Howe had increasing contact with people who were specifically *Doctor Who* fans, rather than just science-fiction generalists, so he launched a *Doctor Who* fanzine called *Zerinza*. Issue one led with a recount of how the

protest had gone. Subscription to the fanzine equalled membership in a new club devoted specifically to *Doctor Who*. And the rest as they say is history! 2016 saw the club celebrate forty years since that launch, so we revived the *Zerinza* publication for a special yearbook that was released at the start of 2017, looking back over four decades of club history.

When did your publication *Data Extract* begin and how has it evolved over the years?

The first issue of *Data Extract* (DE) was released in 1980. It was the brainchild of Dallas Jones, who served as Club President after Antony Howe. He was worried at the time that the release of *Zerinza* was becoming increasingly sporadic and that club members needed a regular newsletter to keep them updated. So issue one (not even called *Data Extract* yet – it remained without a name for its first few issues) led with the story that Tom Baker had quit and Peter Davison was the new Doctor – good fare to launch a new publication. Over time it grew in length and content, with articles, interviews, art, comics and stories added, and eventually it became the fully-fledged magazine that it is today – the flagship publication of the DWCA.

DWCA Publishing really has a rich history across its forty-plus years of publication. SUSFA was publishing a generalist sci-fi zine called *Enigma* in the 1970s, which was edited for the majority of its run by Van Ikin and featured regular contributions from Dallas Jones in his column *The Wayward Fan*. It wasn't a DWCA publication, but you could argue it is biologically the grandfather of *Data Extract*. Next of course came *Zerinza*, the launch of which also launched the club itself, inextricably linking the act of publication with the club forever after. It had an incredible mix of art, comics, articles, interviews and photographs, not to mention complete novelisations as well. In the days when Target had not

yet novelised *The Daleks' Masterplan*, Antony Howe's mother Rosemary Howe, also a *Doctor Who* fan, took it upon herself to novelise the entire story! It was printed in a triple issue release with illustrations and photographs. This was a precious insight for fans into a lost story and era they otherwise had no access to. I myself picked up a special reprint of it through the club when I was a kid and hungrily devoured every word!

Zerinza would go on to have the most confusing numbering system of any *Doctor Who* fanzine, as Antony Howe later explained: "By about 1978-9 the normal issue length had an average page count of about fourteen – although I don't think many issues were fourteen, they were twelve or sixteen. I didn't count #1 as it was only six (three sheets); it was given away free as a PR kickstart. That didn't actually work...many idiots assumed that as it was six pages, all future issues would be only six. So whenever an issue was a lot longer than about twelve to sixteen pages it was classed (for subscription pricing) as a "double" and I'd aim to make it about twenty-eight to thirty-two pages – such as issue #30-31 the Peter Davison Special – in 1980 *The Dalek Master Plan* (#14/15/16) was the then longest as it had a page count of about forty-eight to fifty so was a 'triple issue'. A few were a bit less – I think one was twenty-four pages – but had some insert sheets of extra text printed free by me, not commercially done – the later #20s had four to six pages of extra 'Supplements', letters etc., NOT counted as part of the main fourteen-ish – confused? It gets worse! DATES are mostly utterly unreliable – sometimes a cover might have a date, or the contents page might be dated, but then there'd be a delay printing the rest. Messing this still further – I had to (be blunt) LIE about it to try to keep postage costs down. To get a cut to the 'Printed Matter' bulk posting rate I had to get an official, annually renewed, status as a 'Category B' – the problem was, for no

good reason, they insisted there had to be FOUR issues a year – absurd – many excellent journals only come out once or twice a year – I could almost never do four a year so I'd have to use fake dates so I could give the Post Office bureaucrats copies to renew the Category B... no wonder I hate rules!"

As I previously mentioned, earlier this year the *Zerinza* title was revived by the DWCA for a special yearbook to celebrate forty years of the club, and another is currently in production for release in early 2018.

Another publication the club put out was *Enlightenment and Persuasion*, produced by long time club committee member Tony Cooke. It started out as a newsletter, filling the gap between *DE* releases, but it actually became quite eccentric, being more a vehicle for whatever Tony was interested in at the time. In fact, there was an entire issue that consisted of nothing but *Doctor Who*-themed Sudoku puzzles!

And of course I have to mention *Dark Circus*, the most literary of all the DWCA Publications to date. It started in the nineties when *Doctor Who* was no longer a regular feature on television screens, at least with regard to new content. In those dark days it was all about the books, as convention panels discussed whether the show had become a series of novels now and fan attention turned instead toward the wonderful world of *Doctor Who* literature. The DWCA committee, led by then President and professional *Doctor Who* writer Kate Orman, decided that the time was ripe for a publication that firmly planted its nose within the pages of a good book! Sex and violence and *Doctor Who* were discussed under such article headings as '*Timewyrm Genesys* – Pornographic or Androcentric?' "*Dark Circus* is a *Doctor Who* essay zine," one of its editors, Jon Andersen, wrote in 1998, "and it occasionally puts out a fiction issue for

stories longer than the regular issues can contain”.

The club’s most recent ongoing publication though was *The Nethersphere*, an e-publication by Dallas Jones and Roger Reynolds. For seven glorious issues it made its own unique, indelible mark upon the world of DWCA Publishing with news, articles, stories and interviews, its ever-growing content proved a genuinely weighty tome in in-boxes across the country as issue one’s fourteen-page length grew to sixty by its final issue. That last issue served the distinction of celebrating four decades of the club, with coverage and photographs of the various events that celebrated the DWCA’s fortieth anniversary. Although it ended its run with that seventh issue, Dallas and Roger have since launched their own electronic fanzine, *Trap Street*. Although not an official DWCA publication, I can guarantee if you liked *The Nethersphere* it’s one fanzine you’ll love to read!

And this year we created two digital comics, exclusive for club members, with bonus interviews and pin-up galleries in each. The first was *Liberation from the Daleks* and the second was *Wrath of the Cyber-Spider*. But the flagship since 1980 has remained *Data Extract*, November 2017 marking thirty-seven years of publication and 236 issues – so not a bad legacy at all! The club is currently making digital scans of all its past publications and has also started republishing past issues in collected volumes, launching with *DE* #1 to 100 in a hardcover collection that came out earlier this year.

How do you manage to keep *Data Extract* such an informative and interesting read alongside the speed of the internet?

In two words – Craig Land. He’s the editor of the magazine and works very hard at sourcing really unique and innovative

material. He also looks for a specifically Australian angle as well. For example, he recently commissioned a two-part feature from Tom Denham, reimagining the history of *Doctor Who* as if it had been an Australian program rather than a British one. He also instigated an ongoing fiction thread following the 11th Doctor and a new companion created for *DE* named Eleanor. So those serialised adventures have been building momentum as part of a much bigger story, which is certainly exciting to read each issue. Regarding remaining informative in competition with the internet, Craig has worked closely with Merchandise Manager Henry Yau and Publicity Manager Scott Marshall to craft sections on news and latest releases which are both informative and also written to be fairly timeless. The idea is that they’d make an interesting read no matter when you picked up that issue. You can’t compete with the internet for speed, but you can add a unique perspective to what you publish, and that is something Craig has been very successful at creating. The other secret weapon though is designer Alan Russell, whose covers and layouts are really very stunning. It’s a really polished magazine.

You run local groups over Australia, how well loved and celebrated is the show?

In Australia it is surprisingly mainstream. I think I got used to it being more of a cult thing in the ‘90s when we were all trying to keep it alive during the Wilderness Years, but now it is just generally enjoyed by a really wide range of people. Actually, I remember when they showed a specially produced light show projection celebrating the show during the Vivid Festival of Lights here in Sydney in 2013. It was unfortunately bucketing down with rain and I was in the midst of this packed crowd in the pouring rain eagerly watching, when the woman behind me complained that my umbrella was blocking her view. To my shame, the first thought that flashed within my head

was proprietorial indignation – I wanted to round on her and ask where she was during the Wilderness Years, when we ‘real’ fans were fighting for the show, etc etc, but I immediately felt ashamed at having thought such a thing. Who was I to complain now that a massive crowd of people were camped out in the rain to celebrate this thing that I’d loved since I was a kid? So, chastened, I quickly apologised and put down the umbrella, and I realised that when it comes down to it, we all love this thing, no matter that for some of us it is just casual viewing and for others a fanatical obsession, regardless, we’re all part of that *Doctor Who* family. That’s why I really loved Peter Capaldi’s comments when he was announced as the Doctor, which were so completely inclusive, stating: “the real reason *Doctor Who* is still with us is because of every single viewer, whoever turned on to watch this show, at any age, at any time in its history and in their history, and who took it into their heart. Because *Doctor Who* belongs to all of us. Everyone made *Doctor Who*.”

What’s the broadcast history of *Doctor Who* in Australia?

I think the main point I need to make in answer to this question is just how lucky we actually are in Australia. I was quite literally shocked when I watched the special feature on the *Revenge of the Cybermen* DVD called *Cheques, Lies and Videotape* which basically stated that after a one-off screening on a Saturday night, *Doctor Who* just wasn’t repeated in the UK. Ever! Until the *Five Faces of Doctor Who* event for the twentieth anniversary, apparently, when one story from each Doctor was shown. That’s so different to how it was here in Australia. *Doctor Who* wasn’t on Saturday nights, it was on every night of the week, and we practically had ongoing re-runs of the Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker eras right throughout my childhood. They even screened two Troughton stories – *The Krotons* and *The Mind Robber*.

Every afternoon kids would race home to watch it at 5.30pm, after *The Goodies* and *Danger Mouse*. It was fully mainstream in Australia, not some cult thing at all. When I was growing up all the kids in school watched it, boys and girls – it was just a really popular show. It wasn’t until I watched that documentary that I realised kids in the UK were so deprived. If it wasn’t for the ABCs regular repeats of the classic era I doubt the show would have been as popular as it was, and remains, here in Australia. It was embraced when it returned in 2005. Of course, now the latest episodes are screened here straight after their UK airing, and this year they were even paired with an ABC commentary show called *Whovians*, so it all has ongoing appeal. After all these years it’s just a part of Australian popular culture.

What is the sci-fi circuit in general like in Australia?

The DWCA has run a number of events in the past, the most notable being the Whoventions, which saw a number of guests from the show visit to our shores for interviews and discussions. There are regular club events now but they are smaller in scale, as the big conventions these days are professional businesses, like Comicfest and the Supanova Pop Culture Expo. They’re a different kind of animal, flying in all sorts of big stars from all over the world and attracting the cosplay crowd in big numbers. There is a smaller science fiction event in Sydney called Freecon run by Garry Dalrymple, which focusses on writers in an old school science fiction convention kind of way. Plus it’s free. The DWCA has presented at panels there and geek pop singer-songwriter Meri Amber performed her *Doctor Who* themed album there too. There are various other collectible fairs and that sort of thing as well. This year Patrick Troughton’s son, actor and writer Michael Troughton, appeared at Australia’s longest running Sci-Fi, Fantasy and Speculative Fiction

convention Swancon. So there's a lot to see and do. I'm sure there's a lot more than I've mentioned here as well.

What do you think it is about *Doctor Who* that produces such a creative fandom?

I can't go past Lalla Ward's oh so generous quote: "clever people like clever things". I personally think that *Doctor Who* is just unrelentingly imaginative, and as a result it attracts people who have rich imaginations themselves. You can't help but be inspired watching, listening to or reading the various *Doctor Who* content that is out there, which inevitably leads to a massive output of material by fans for fans. I myself wrote a book called *Whovian* which was the true story of a group of fans in Brisbane in Australia who created an audio-visual group in the '90s, spinning out of the Brisbane Doctor Who Fan Club. That group, BTR Productions, was really striving to create material to fill the gap in the Wilderness Years while the show wasn't being made for television anymore, and I think that was the case with a lot of other fan productions at that time too. I know a lot of people consider the fan related output of those years to have been what kept the show alive, with enough energy and creativity to keep the concept rolling on until 2005 and the long-awaited rebirth. I think there's a lot of truth in that. Fans keep the torch alight and pass it on, which in the end is the point of any creative endeavour when you think about it, entertaining and inspiring others to create their own works too.

What did Australia make of the Thirteenth Doctor being a female lead?

I think like across the rest of the world, the reaction was mostly incredibly positive! In Australia the current DWCA Club President Lauren Davis was interviewed on various news programs after the story broke, stating her own excitement at the casting choice. At

the next DWCA day event Lauren ran an activity called Morton's Fork, where she asked attendees to show their own opinion by either moving to one side of the room if they liked the news, or to the other if they didn't. Every single attendee moved to the positive side and no-one had anything negative to say!

But there were also those who weren't completely impressed about it. Online, club founder Antony Howe was writing about his own disapproval. No stranger to controversy, Howe had resigned his own Presidency in protest against the then-Doctor Colin Baker, complaining about him and the show's makers at that time. Regarding Jodie Whittaker's appointment, he fundamentally had an issue with it as he read the announcement as an example of tokenism.

He posted the following on 19th July 2017: "*DOCTOR WHO* – a woman...in a way I couldn't care less any more...this woman stuff has become SUCH stale ancient history. YAWN...she might be fantastic – I don't think that's the point – and it is not "misogynist" to dislike this change – to assert that is insulting drivel – but that's typical of the superficial sniping of most Facebook commentaries. The character is biologically male – I don't believe this can be explained away as "alien" etc etc – THAT tired old word (used like magic incantations "abracadabra") bores me to death...he is biological through and through, and his is not a magician – the show is supposedly "science" fiction, not Fairy Tale hour – this is done by the achingly PC old BBC – and to get PR spin going overtime...AGAIN!!!! And those who dispute the existence of PC...dear oh dear...obviously you are so deeply INSIDE it you can't see it – it is blindingly obvious to most of us."

For myself, I was actually surprised to discover just how excited I am about it. It was such a thrill to see that first video of Jodie Whittaker walking through the forest, pulling back the hood to reveal

her face. I actually don't think the show will change very much in its essence at all – the Doctor is still an alien who travels through time and space, taking companions along for the ride, helping where possible before moving on again to new adventures. No matter how radically the Doctor's personality has changed in the past, there has always been an essential core to the character that remains inviolate, and I think that will be exactly the same now too. The Doctor is the Doctor is the Doctor. But the subtleties that are now possible to explore through a female Doctor make everything that was old feel truly new again. It'll be the same dynamic, but seen from a slightly different angle. Incoming showrunner Chris Chibnall has clearly stated that his choice was based on the storytelling potential that came with it, and I can certainly see that being the case. Let's see how a visit to Draconia plays out now, for example. Like with Missy and the Twelfth Doctor, the essential Master/Doctor relationship was the same, but the change to a female Master allowed for the exploration of all sorts of new subtleties that otherwise wouldn't have been possible. Besides, the reason the show has thrived for so long is because it fully embraces change – we all get nostalgic about the past and miss the eras that have gone by, but if we don't embrace change too we are missing something fundamental about the nature of the multimedia narrative that is *Doctor Who*.

How can people become involved or support you guys either in Australia or the rest of the world?

Oh, that's easy – just join the club! It may seem like a funny thing to encourage people on the other side of the world to join a fan club in Australia, but membership equates to a subscription to all of our publications. You'll get *DE* four times a year, and all the various other electronic projects like the *Zerinja* yearbook and the digital comics. The

perspectives showcased in these publications are uniquely Australian, so it provides a different way of looking at something that is otherwise familiar, which will certainly make for interesting reading wherever you might be based. DWCA Publishing has a long and powerful history and I can guarantee you that the future is going to be very exciting, with all sorts of new and extraordinary projects in the works, so it's a great time to join up and start reading! Everything we publish is written by fans for fans, and you can't get better than that!

Finally and possibly most importantly: what's your favourite number and why?

42. For obvious reasons. 'nuff said!

Thanks to Darran for such an engaging and informative interview. Be sure to check out the club's website for more details. Next time in CM we will feature a review of the Data Extract and other publications from DWCA. ▲



THE DAEMONS OF DEVIL'S END

Review by Ian Wheeler

Independent video spin-off dramas were the bread and butter of *Doctor Who* fandom during the 1990s so it's great to see a new one in the DVD age. Olive Hawthorne, played by Damaris Hayward, was one of the most beloved *Doctor Who* guest characters of the 1970s so it's nice to see the character have a life beyond *The Daemons*. Here, she narrates six spooky tales under the umbrella title of *White Witch of Devils End* (part of *The Daemons of Devil's End* three-disc set which also includes documentaries and bonus material). If you like Amicus portmanteau horror films or BBC radio ghost stories, then I suspect you will enjoy these ghostly stories.

Story one features a young Olive and we discover that she had a twin sister, Poppy. It's a poignant tale dealing with Olive's encounter with a gypsy, who persuades her to become a white witch, and Olive's sister's subsequent disappearance. The gypsy tells Olive "Always choose the right path" and she warns her that her destiny will involve loneliness and "terrible sacrifices". In this respect, Olive chooses to live a life similar to that of the Doctor himself.

In the second story, Olive (in her thirties) has a romance of sorts with a man called Victor, the first man ever to call her beautiful. Olive and Victor have a meeting of minds, but he tells her "You must never invite me into your home". Victor, it transpires, has certain unusual nocturnal habits which are going to make a long-lasting relationship between him and Olive somewhat problematic...

Story three is probably my favourite as it involves a cat! A mysterious thief steals some of Olive's apples, and children are

going missing. This spooky tale involves some quite terrifying 'shadow figures' which really are very creepy. Look out for an appearance by Sophie Aldred's son who acts in this story.

Story four concerns an evil Annabelle-style doll and sinister happenings when a new hairdresser arrives in the village. Here, it's nice to see scenes shot in the actual interior of Aldbourne Church.

The fifth instalment is the story most related to *Doctor Who* as it is a direct sequel to *The Daemons*. There is talk of ghosts in the village – a mysterious figure has been seen by the roadside and even Bert the old landlord has been seen in the beer cellar of the Cloven Hoof! In a nice touch, we get to see the village church in its ruined state following the events of *The Daemons*.

In the final tale, Olive meets a potential successor when a young girl comes to her door having been drawn to Devil's End by a series of visions. But Olive has her suspicions and sure enough there is something strange and feral about the girl. This final episode brings Olive's story to a poignant conclusion. Overall, the six instalments are very enjoyable and we are left wishing we could spend more time with Olive, sitting at her fireside in her cottage and listening to her stories.

This three-disc set is crammed with extras. There's the classic 1992 documentary *Return to Devils' End* which remains one of the very best documentaries ever made about the making of *Doctor Who*. There is also some behind the scenes footage from the recording of that documentary (the 'making of the making of' if you like!) which shows wonderfully the camaraderie between Jon Pertwee, Nicholas Courtney, Richard Franklin and John Levene. You even get to see Richard Franklin's car! There is also some footage from *Daemons*-related events, most notably the 1996 convention held in Aldbourne. This footage is excellent and

serves as a reminder of those wonderful actors and production crew who are no longer with us. And Damaris puts the others to shame with her excellent recall of what was filmed and when! A final bonus comes in the form of a short presentation about the Headington

Quarry Morris men – they are looking for new members if you are interested ▲



Do you remember your first time?



This issues 'Doctor Who Firsts' come from the man who makes CM look so special with his artful eye, layout arranger Nick Hollands...

The first televised Doctor Who story I watched was...

...Tricky. I have clear memories being terrified by Davros in *Destiny*, but that apparently gave me nightmares and I wasn't allowed to see it again for a while; my next bitty memories are Spiky Tom, the Dodecahedron and the Marshmen. By *Keeper of Traken* I was regularly watching, as I remember writing about it for 'What I did on my weekend' for school. I drew a picture of Melkur flying round space in the sitting position, with rocket flames coming out of his bum. It amused me greatly at the time.

If I'm honest, it still does.

The first Target novel I bought was...

...Lost to time. I honestly can't remember. Certainly all of my first ones were second-hand. We had *Dalek Invasion of Earth* in the house for a long time before I read it. The first one I read was *Revenge of the Cybermen*. I was very proud that it was the first book I read that didn't have any pictures.

The first fan letter I sent was...

...Not to a Doctor Who person. I think the *only* celeb I've ever written to is The

Queen, with an idea for a new security system after Buckingham Palace was broken into. I was about three, and still have the reply. I invented facial recognition! Well, thought of. I thought of facial recognition.

The first convention I attended was...

...Regen at Swansea in 2009. I was a 'lone fan' until I joined the forum in 2008. At a local Xmas meet-up I asked "If I do one Con next year, which should it be?". The reply was "If you can afford Gally, do Gally. Otherwise, do Regen."

I didn't regret it. Cary runs a lovely little gathering.

The first Doctor Who video I bought was...

...The compilation version of *Revenge of the Cybermen*, after I saved a LOT of birthday money. It got watched and watched and watched and I knew it backwards. Even now having the episode breaks on the DVD seems weird. I also recall being annoyed that the Cyberleader says "Gold is hostile to our function", when Uncle Terrance has him saying 'inimical' in the book.

There was never any hope for me, really .

White Witch of Devil's End: WHY WE LOVE OLDER PEOPLE REMINISCING...

Review by Christine Grit

Our second review of The Daemons of Devils' End DVD looks at the Olive Hawthorne stories from a different perspective...

Many of us love listening to elderly people talking about the things they did when they were young. I am one of those eager listeners. I am fascinated listening to older actors reminiscing about their lives on stage and in front of the camera during times when the worlds of theatre, television and film were very different compared to today. I think I speak for many others when I say that I just love audio interviews with people like Tom Baker, Jacqueline Pearce, Trevor Baxter and others, when they relate the stories of their past careers. I also loved listening to stories from my regrettably long-dead grandparents who told me tales that made me truly shiver. Not that they would boast about them or their part in them, but as grandchildren we loved to hear them talking about exciting events which took place before we were born. Filled with anecdotes and jokes, but always with a dramatic twist, many of these stories were so spectacular, an author would struggle to make them up. Yet they were true.

Most elderly people enjoy having an audience. And an attentive audience might prompt them to say more than they originally intended. Until I watched *White Witch of Devil's End*, I had never seen a drama told totally from the perspective of an elderly lady. Watching the DVD is a similar experience to listening to a real elderly person talking, but with the addition of some interesting supporting visuals.

Here, in these six stories, we don't get to see the young Olive Hawthorne, although we do get to see her fellow protagonists, her opponents and the inevitable demon thrown in as if we were there at the time the drama took place. It's a lovely story-telling technique: we are witness to Olive's memories, her point of view, but we don't actually see her younger self, just the events and people that she would have seen. Very craftily done. I really enjoyed seeing this old lady in her chair reminiscing (and at the end even walking, with some difficulty, through the street in Aldbourne) and while she does so the memories come harrowingly to life in front of us. Not really a flashback to times gone by, but actually seeing real memories.

It made me wonder why we hardly ever get to enjoy this approach in drama, considering that quite a few of us like listening to elderly people. After all, when we listen to older people talk, they don't suddenly get turned into their younger selves while re-enacting their tales. Usually when you get to see flashbacks on television the lead (or if you wish: the storyteller) turns back in time as well and becomes youthful once again. That is not the case here: Olive remains the elderly lady all along, and when the memories are visualised, all but Olive herself (as it's all from her perspective anyway) are shown as they would have been at the time.

Part of this is of course due to the fact that we don't get to see that many elderly people in important roles. Certainly in American films and series, all the main roles tend to be played by young (beautiful) people, especially where women are concerned. There's the occasional exception, but they tend to be comedies such as the TV series *The Golden Girls*. Apparently, it's seen as humorous when single middle-aged ladies, and older, have lives of their own or actually get to fall in love. The UK has the glorious Hyacinth in *Keeping*

up *Appearances*, also used to great comedic effect. Don't get me wrong, I love these series. Hyacinth makes me roar with laughter with her antics. However, these ladies are never the real hero. In this DVD we see an elderly lady doing not lighthearted comedy, but authentic, heartfelt drama which involves vampires, demons, cats that are not what they seem, and grisly voodoo dolls (I'm using the term 'voodoo dolls' but, as will become clear once you watch the drama, there's a different name for them in the story).

Watching *White Witch of Devil's End* made me realise how much we are missing by not letting these elderly people tell their tales from their own perspective. Obviously you need an excellent actress to pull it off, and Damaris Hayman – the original Olive Hawthorne from the Jon Pertwee story *The Daemons* – is just that. She's fabulous at telling the six stories, framing the adventures while sitting in her chair and reminiscing about her life as the protector of the village. The only drama I know of which was done in a comparable way was a great theatre piece called *Rose*, which had an

older Jewish lady telling the audience about her life, except there you didn't get to see the visualisation of the past at all, she just talked while sitting on the stage. That said, I enjoyed that play a lot.

I would recommend this DVD drama to anyone who's even slightly interested in the occult and loves to hear elderly people tell their stories. An interest in *The Daemons* also helps, but knowledge of it is not really necessary to understand what is going on. In many ways it's the perfect spin off: the central character is taken from the Doctor Who universe but is capable of sustaining her own series. And once you've bought this DVD box set (there are some lovely special features on it, with the *Return to Devil's End* documentary from 1992, as well as some interesting conventions footage) why don't you also try to get your hands on the accompanying book that contains novelisations of the stories by some splendid authors who know the subject matter very well? It's published by Telos with a cover the original Target style – what more could one wish for? Both book and DVD won't disappoint! ▲



DOCTOR WHO AND MR MEN

Review by Grant Bull

The *Mr Men* started in 1971, created by Roger Hargreaves who drew the first character – Mr Tickle – when his son Adam asked him what a tickle looked like. I never tire of that story.

The *Mr Men* and *Little Miss* Books have been a constant in our house; my wife collected them avidly, and her collection has since been passed onto our children. Many a bedtime story was a tale from one of these little white books with a colourful character gracing its cover – and how we all enjoyed them.

Following the sad passing of Roger Hargreaves, Adam took over the reins and to his credit he has done an incredible job of keeping them true to his father's legacy. 2017 saw him team up with BBC Books to produce *Doctor Who Mr Men* titles.

These characters/books are written and drawn in the style of the *Mr Men* and *Little Miss* titles before them, but they do not cross over with those characters – thus far anyway. The styling of the Doctors is good, fun with the Fourth for example donning his trademark scarf and hat, and the Twelfth his wild hair and sonic glasses.

Of the initial run of four titles we are presented with *Dr First*, *Dr Fourth*, *Dr Eleventh* and *Dr Twelfth*. I guess if we were being really pedantic we could argue that they should be called '*Doctor First*' and so on rather than the abbreviated form but they're kids' books so we will let it go. Yeah, OK, it bugs me too...

In each of the books the Doctors are joined by companions: the First with Susan, Fourth with Sarah Jane, Eleventh with River and for the Twelfth an

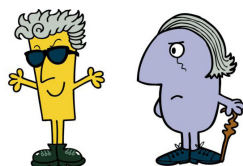
adventure chasing Missy. The stories aren't short on villains either; across the four titles we bump in Daleks, Cybermen, Weeping Angels and Zygons to name a few.

The books are very much in the tradition of the original series, quirky and a bit silly, but to me that's what a good kids' story should be about. There are some time travel elements in the books and nice nods to the television series. Personally I think the range is brilliant fun, I know it's not going to be everyone's cup of tea but I love the simplistic art and marvel at the ease in which the *Who* brand has been re-imagined in another well-established brand. None of it seems forced, the character styles fit the mould perfectly.

It doesn't just end with the book line either: there are a number of pieces of merchandise available as of now; mugs, t-shirts, notepads, and a set of 11cm vinyl figures of the Doctors have been released so far. A Dr Twelfth currently stands proudly on my desk at work. The sculpt is really nice and it looks like it jumped straight off the page. It's a fun item and comes complete with a little stand bearing his name. I can see more of these being purchased soon...

More books have since been released including a Christmas title featuring Dr Tenth who bears a striking resemblance to Mr Rush, rather aptly. What we have here is clearly a winning combination which seems to be being received well by both fandoms and long may it continue.

▲



The Dr Men series is available from Amazon, and all good bookshops.

PROFESSOR HOWE AND THE TOOTHLESS TRIBE

Review by Allan Lear

Long Scarf Books are a micro-imprint led by the indefatigable Christopher Samuel Stone, who (seemingly) spends every moment of his waking life writing *Doctor Who* fan content and selling it to raise money for his favoured charity, MIND. So far the tireless scribe has raised over £2,000 single-handed, unless he's ambidextrous.

The Toothless Tribe is the first in a projected series of comic novels modelled on the adventures of our beloved Doctor but starring the eponymous Professor, a ladydoctor in a time-travelling steam-powered flying saucer with an animate sofa – sorry, *settee* – for a companion. This first novel is written by Stone himself but, having experimented with crowdsourcing his material in earlier compilation books such as the *Unofficial Doctor Who Limerick Book* and a collection of filks, Long Scarf will be taking on other contributors as the series progresses.

The obvious risk of spoofing the Target range of *Doctor Who* novels is that said range is now well into its dotage, and that using it as a source of comedy is liable to result in a stale and dated feel rather than the fresh and lively effect that pastiche comedy needs to achieve. Although taking *An Unearthly Child* for its setting and trappings, however, *The Toothless Tribe* derives more inspiration from modern events, and there's an admixture of *Who* references and modern-day allusions that ensure the finished story doesn't have the dustiness that would linger around a more faithful spoof.

Never mind the plot, though. This is a comic novel. How are the jokes?

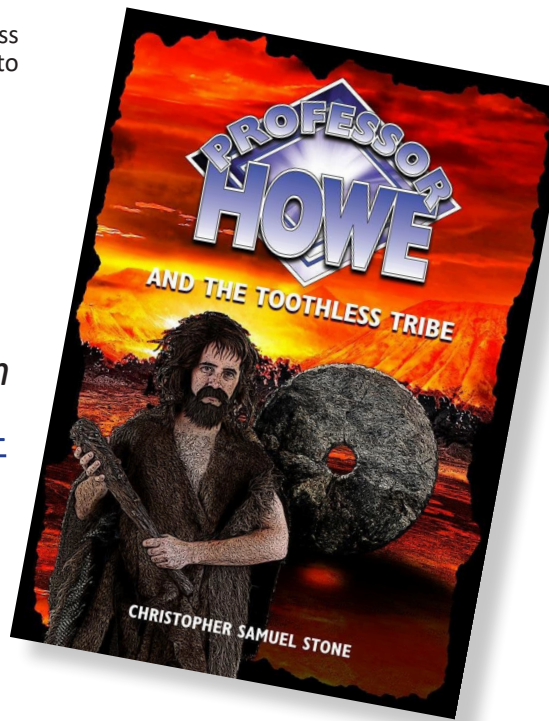
Well, inevitably, results are mixed. *Tribe* takes a scattershot approach to its comedy; rather than attempting a whole novel in a particular comic style, it drafts in whatever element it needs to get it to the next scene, calling in knockabout slapstick, appalling puns (there is no other kind of pun), hammerblow political satire, innuendo, cheap metahumour – whatever gets the job done in keeping the story flowing. The result is a mishmash that guarantees not every joke lands, but the upside to such an approach is that there it's completely inclusive. No matter what your sense of humour encompasses, there is bound to be material in *Tribe* that will raise a smile, and Stone keeps the jokes coming thick and fast so that something in the flurry is bound to hit home.

The different types of humour also make the book stylistically hard to pin down, which is more useful for a broad comedy than just aping the writing style of a Terrance Dicks or an Ian Marter, as it lends a flexibility that keeps the comedy agile. Occasionally, however, the fast shifts of tone can come across a little haphazard, and I would have liked to see a little more redrafting just to sharpen some of the blunt edges. There's one sentence from later on in the book that stayed with me – “the glass ceiling shattered above her, and came raining down in shards of misogyny”. That's a lovely image, and I'm sure that with a little more time Stone could have conjured up a few more of these gems to grace the pages of *Tribe*, making it a well-written book as well as a funny one.

Still. When comedy is the object, lyrical beauty is mere garnish, and one hardly cavils about the lack of poetry in the Viz annual. In its object to amuse, Professor Howe and the Toothless Tribe is likely to succeed for everyone at least some of the time, which is no mean feat from such a specialist brief. Three further volumes in the Professor's ongoing adventures are currently promised, and

as a fan of comedy and Who, and no less so of MIND, I shall be looking forward to them. ▲

Professor Who and the Toothless Tribe is available in all good internet browsers from <http://professorhowe-thetoothlesstribe.strikingly.com/>



Making Movies: COLD BLOOD, WARM HEART By Chris Hoyle and Simon Wellings

Chris Hoyle and Simon Wellings are two Doctor Who fan film makers who we've caught up with in recent issues of Cosmic Masque. Recently, the two came together to produce a special edition of Cold Blood, Warm Heart, a film they had worked together on twenty years ago. The new version is part of 'The Projection Room' series of fan films...

*We start by talking to **Simon Wellings**, the director and writer of the original*

film, who also played Cybermen in the story:

Hi Simon. Why did you want to make Cold Blood, Warm Heart originally?

I had made amateur films before and enjoyed the creativity of it, the writing, the acting, the storyboarding and the editing. I had a proper Cyberman Mark 2 fibreglass replica mask, which looked great. And I had a good story idea for a two-parter with a strong cliff-hanger.

Why did you decide to make it a Doctorless story?

I had seen various *Doctor Who* fan films through the first half of the '90s. Some were good, some were bad and some were downright ugly. However, even the best ones suffered from the fact that I knew the Doctor wasn't really the Doctor – it was just a fan playing the part and ultimately wasn't convincing. I

think it adds great power to a mysterious character if they are referred to in the third person, e.g. Sherlock Holmes in the original books and the character of Jesus in the New Testament. The problem was I didn't want it too far removed from *Doctor Who* and I wanted a Doctor-ish character in it. So I came up with the idea of the Brigadier's son, who had grown up hearing his father's stories of thwarting alien invasions and was inspired by this amazing man from the stars who had helped his father.

What were the main logistical difficulties in making the story?

Location filming around Hopton Woods in Mirfield proved problematic – and as you can see from the outtakes from the film, we were interrupted by all manner of creatures! Also, there were the inevitable continuity errors.

What were the rest of the cast like to work with?

Great. It was a very happy production. Everyone liked the part they had been given to work with. And I think they were all very pleased with the finished result. It's just a shame that Richard Cale (who played the character of Fabian) is no longer with us to see the Special Edition. He was fantastic in it and arguably the star of the show!

How difficult was it to act in the Cyberman costume?

Fairly difficult. It was a bit claustrophobic and I had restricted visibility. I nearly fell down an incline during one scene. Also, I had to learn all my lines and speak them during a take, knowing that the final buzzing robot voice was being supplied by the much more talented Colin Jones.

What was the funniest thing that happened behind the scenes?

I think the scene with the identical twins (Lynn's sons), in which the Cyberman gives them a blank look and declares "I see Earth has invented cloning technology!" No one could keep a straight face, not even the Cyberman! We later decided to drop the scene because it was too silly and was causing an unnecessary drop in pace quite close to the climax when the action needed to pick up again (the classic *Doctor Who* "W" effect – start at a point of drama, allow for plot development, then a moment of crisis in the middle of the episode, followed by more plot development, leading into the cliffhanger or climax).

Why was it important to you to do a re-mastered version for the twentieth anniversary?

It's the best thing I've ever done, movie-wise, and there were some mistakes in it which modern technology would cover up easily, and the space shots looked dated. So I thought, why not? It also wasn't widely distributed in the '90s and I wanted more people to see it.

Tell us a little bit about the superb CGI effects for the new version?

Graham Quince did a great job on the new effects and he was a pleasure to work with. He created the greatest Cyberships in the whole of *Doctor Who* in my opinion – the ships even had ear handles! All the effects were stunning – the dissolving Cyberman chest units, the electronic circuitry in the



exposed Cyber arm, the covering up of the wetsuit logo on the Cyberman, the new credit sequence – everything was top-notch. And he did it for love not money!

Do you think any of the characters have enough potential for a sequel or spin-off? Have you ever wondered what happened to the character of Chris for example?

Watch out for *Cold Blood, Warm Heart 2: Fabian's Revenge*! Only kidding. Yes, I think Chris and the Cyberman would have had some epic adventures together. I think Chris would have come back to Earth to visit Jenny, as he promised her at the end of the story.

There are some terribly witty moments in the story – is there a scene or line which still makes you laugh today?

I was particularly proud of the moment when space traveller Threladore Fabian utters the immortal line “At some point, you must take me to this Big Mac!” It’s probably the funniest line I’ve ever written and it still makes me chortle today – it’s bad laughing at your own jokes, I know. I was also pleased with the dialogue exchange between Fabian

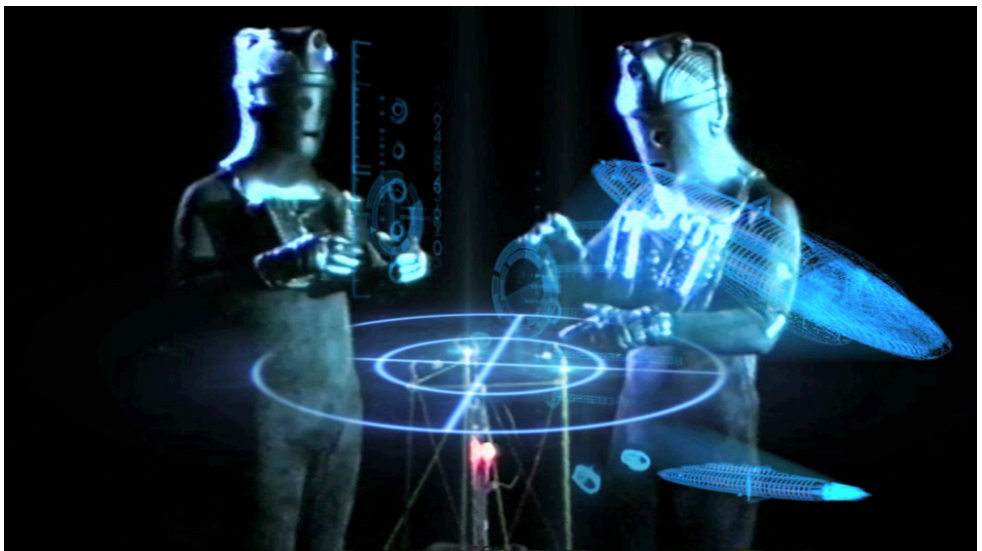
and Chris/Jenny leading up to the climax in Part 2. Also, on a more serious/arty note, I was pleased with the line when the Cyberman describes his own race as having “synthetic souls and hydraulic hearts.” Poetry from a Cyberman!

*Next, we hear from **Chris Hoyle** who played the Brigadier’s son (also called Chris!) and helped Simon to put together the twentieth anniversary edition:*

Chris’s perspective:

Was it really twenty years since we’d been filming in Hopton Woods? Was it really that long since Simon had administered that impressive swipe to my throat, that struck me to the leafy floor in that glade, and Lynn and I had stumbled hand-in-hand through the woods like a modern-day Jamie and Victoria? Not so modern-day, now, I suppose.

But Simon had a wonderful vision, and rightly so: approach Graham at ‘Shivering Cactus’ studios to do a Twenty-First Century upgrade on the animation work, and put the show into widescreen format, then package it up as a double-disc DVD release with an assortment of extra features, ready for our next excursion to Derby for ‘Whooverville 9’,



newly adopted to the 'Projection Room' back-catalogue.

It sounded "excellent", as David Banks would have no doubt intoned, and as the refurbishment work progressed I began to get glimpses of the new sequences, spurring me on—with Simon's collaboration and encouragement — to start putting a sleeve-design together and compiling the extras. Periodically during 2017 Simon would come across on a Saturday or Sunday for lunch as we slaved away editing and re-editing clips, out-takes and trailers.

The original filmed rushes looked impressively sharp given their age but sadly, the original VHS 'out-takes' montage hadn't fared so well, being recorded onto a lesser quality VHS tape. Similarly, we couldn't find any copy of the original VHS trailer — a search online led us to a promising link but when we opened it up it was on a webpage that looked to be from when the production was first made and the trailer was both extremely compressed and proved to be impossible to download! Other than the commentaries, done back in 2005, it looked like the extra features would need to be done from scratch.

But looking through those tapes of footage brought back a lot of very warm and happy memories, not least the late, great Richard Cale as Threladore Fabian, and the camaraderie all of us had on location for the story. Reliving

that enjoyment from two decades ago spurred us on.

There were technical issues aplenty. The finished episodes were plagued with screen problems, lighting and colour issues which ultimately seemed to be a consequence of presets on the transfer-to-DVD processing, but they meant that Simon and I had recurring doubts about whether the episodes were useable. During the editing of the extras, my DVD-compiling computer developed a major fault and wouldn't turn on, and I was grimly aware that my editing software was practically antiquated and couldn't handle 16:9 video.

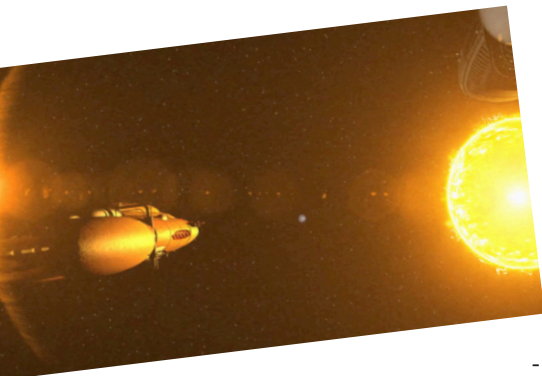
Biting the bullet, I invested in a refurbished machine, and I felt we turned a corner — now I had an edit package set up for widescreen editing, a far more up-to-date DVD authoring application and the means to burn off the finished product. And to top it all, following a desperate plea on social media, we located a copy of the original VHS trailer over in Australia — I felt like Philip Morris!

With the episodes signed off, and the extras finally assembled, all that was left was to get the thumbs-up from the original team at a premiere in the centre of Leeds, at Oxford Chambers.

Not only was it fantastic to meet up with familiar friends once again, but also to see Richard's family enjoying not only his performance in the finished piece but also his mischievous sense of humour and his inimitable sparkle in the out-takes, brought to life on the big screen.

Thanks to both Simon and Chris.

For more info, check out 'The Projection Room' Facebook page. ▲



THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

by Ian Peake

The Doctor had never really celebrated Christmas. When it was just him and Susan he had never really bothered. Indeed, the two of them had never even heard of Christmas until they had arrived on Earth, and even then during all their stays in various parts of Earth history they had only experienced it once. What with the mass eating and drinking they had seen, the Doctor had decided that it was an interesting exercise in observation and the nature of humankind; however, he had no wish to repeat the experiment or participate at any time now or in the future.

It was during their recent travels with Marco Polo that he learnt from his new companions, Ian and Barbara, just how much Christmas meant to them. Their three-month journey across Cathay had in many ways been a blessing, as it had given time for the four of them to get to know each other, come to terms with the fact that fate had thrown them together as travellers and reconcile any differences.

When the TARDIS left 1289, the Doctor was convinced that they were so much more a team than they had been when they first arrived. And deep, deep down he got the impression that Ian and Barbara were secretly beginning to enjoy their travels with him. It was high time; they deserved a treat, he thought. A break somewhere to help them recover from their long journey across China. Something relaxing, as the Doctor never quite knew where they might land next or what adventures would await them outside the TARDIS doors.

* * * * *

"What do you think?" asked Barbara as she entered the lounge of Brown's hotel.

She would have liked to have done a bit of a twirl in her new dress at the same time, but the many layers of material prevented this. And it was also, she remembered, something highly frowned upon. Victorian ladies were supposed to be refined at all times and not, even when wearing a new outfit for the first time, act like they were models at a fashion show. Something she had to remind Susan several times.

"You look delightful, my dear," greeted the Doctor as she entered the room. "Quite delightful."

"Sorry we took so long, Grandfather," said Susan apologetically, as she followed Barbara in to the lounge. "The corsets the ladies wear at this time are so stiff it took ages to get into mine."

"That's because they're made of whale bone," Barbara added helpfully. "Designed more for posture than comfort."

"Well I wish they weren't. I can hardly move because of it."

"You're lucky," interjected Ian as he felt the stiff collar around his neck. "I can hardly breathe in this."

"You look the perfect Victorian gentleman."

"Thank you, Barbara, and you the perfect lady."

"Right down to the stern expression on your face," Barbara teased.

"That's due to the collar. There's no chance of being able to remove the stud is there, Doctor?"

"Certainly not. What would people think if they saw you improperly dressed?"

Ian looked at the Doctor in his Edwardian clothes and was tempted to mention that

his clothes were well ahead of the times, but decided against it. Besides, it was the season of goodwill. "Well, Doctor, you kept your promise and made sure we were back in London for Christmas."

"I do apologise for the date, Ian" said Susan, looking at the Doctor. "In the rush to get away Grandfather didn't get chance to set the controls properly. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, quite so my child," snapped the Doctor.

Ian looked at the newspaper lying on the table in the lounge, proudly proclaiming the date as the 24th December 1848, and then smiled at Barbara. They had long ago accepted that the Doctor, despite all his boasts, didn't really know how to pilot the TARDIS, yet his outburst showed it was still a source of deep embarrassment for him. Sensing how uncomfortable the Doctor was feeling, Barbara walked up to him and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Personally, I couldn't think of a better place to spend Christmas. It'll make a nice change. A chance to experience a more simple, enjoyable Christmas. Don't you agree, Ian?"

Seeing the look in her eye, Ian agreed. Even though they were getting on so well, Ian didn't want to offend the Doctor's feelings. He had after all fulfilled his promise and got them back to London. He just wanted to make sure the Doctor fulfilled the other part and got them back to 1963, rather than leaving them here to await its arrival. "The one thing I don't understand," Ian asked, "is why it was so easy to find a hotel room. Normally at Christmas hotels get booked up months in advance."

His words had the desired effect. The Doctor realising that he had an opportunity to share the knowledge he had gathered over the years, visibly

relaxed as he started to share what he knew: "You must remember, my dear Chesterton, that way back in 1848 Christmas was a much less commercial affair than it is today. Why, the thought of travelling tens or even hundreds of miles to celebrate this special day with loved ones was virtually unheard of.

"Staying with friends for just a few days or tourism is very much in its infancy. As the rail network grows in the years ahead, so too will the number of hotels. Why, this hotel has only been open for eleven years and it will be many more before the likes of the Savoy and the Ritz open their doors. Indeed, I think you will all find this a Christmas to remember. Now then, enough of this talking, the shops will be closing shortly and we haven't long if we are to buy presents for one another."

"Is it true," asked Susan excitedly, "that in your time you leave the presents under the tree for days at a time and open them on Christmas morning?"

"Of course, Susan," Ian reassured her. "Though at times the wait can be the most painful part, as you hope that someone has brought you that gift you've been hinting about for ages."

"Ian, do you think the hotel will let us put our presents under the tree?"

"I'm sure they will," said Ian, but as he started to walk to reception he stopped mid-step. "What Christmas tree?"

The Doctor had that mischievous look in his eye. Ian knew he knew why there was no tree in the lounge and also knew that the Doctor would take great delight in letting him work out the problem for himself – and if he failed, even greater delight in explaining everything later. He was tempted to ask, but a look from Barbara told him not to. Why ruin the day by spoiling the Doctor's fun? And he was right: time was getting on.

Holding out his arm, he let Barbara put her arm around his elbow and together they made their way through the lobby. "Oh yes, this will certainly be a Christmas to remember," they heard the Doctor saying as they walked out in to a snowy Victorian London.

* * * * *

"You see Susan, the Christmas tree hasn't really been invented yet," Barbara told her as the four of them settled down on Christmas Day morning to open their presents. "It was only when flipping through a copy of the London Illustrated News last night that I realised." Showing her the page of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and the Royal Family around a Christmas tree she continued. "It was this picture that made trees fashionable and within ten years they were appearing everywhere."

"You know what other Christmas tradition is just about to emerge," Susan added excitedly. "I didn't know until after we had gone shopping and Grandfather told me: crackers. Have you noticed that in 1963 the shops are full of them, but here they're nowhere to be seen?"

"Now you mention it," Ian added, "you're right. I haven't seen one anywhere."

"Well that's because they have only just been invented and the only person you can get them from is Tom Smith. He wanted a new way to sell his sweets and, inspired by a trip to Paris where he saw sugared almond bon-bons wrapped in twists of paper, he came up with the idea of the Christmas cracker. I managed to get some last night."

"So that's where you went to."

"Yes, Ian, you and Barbara seemed to be enjoying yourself buying scarves, books and ties for everyone so I thought I would leave you to it and went to the shop to buy some." Like a magician Susan revealed

the crackers she had been hiding. "See, they're a simple package, which when pulled apart reveal the sweets. It wasn't until much later that things like hats, jokes and gifts were added. I would have mentioned it sooner, Ian, but after your reaction to the mince pie last night..."

"Made with real mince. I don't think I will forget that in a hurry. Likewise the Christmas dinner. Roast goose isn't it, Doctor, with plum pudding for after?"

"Quite so, my dear boy, and a very nice change from the normal turkey and stuffing you like to enjoy every year. And then," with a twinkle in his eye the Doctor added, "it's time for your present."

* * * * *

There was the quiet sound of people whispering in the lecture room at the Royal Institute. Several members of the audience were starting to fall asleep, no doubt as a result of an overindulgent Christmas lunch, whilst others had that look of realising that they had eaten too much too quickly and were going to suffer for it later on.

How the Doctor had managed to get tickets for the annual Christmas Lecture at such short notice, Ian had no idea. He could only guess by the polite way people spoke to them that he had persuaded the powers that be that they were some sort of royalty from a place far away. Which in a way was true; they had certainly travelled further and longer than anyone else in the room to hear the lecture.

What he did know was that attending this lecture meant a lot to the Doctor. Throughout their lunch he had nicely, but firmly made sure there was minimal waiting time between courses, and when they emerged from the hotel restaurant there was a horse and carriage waiting to carry them to Albemarle Street. The Doctor, despite his faults, Ian thought,

had to have a good reason for insisting that they all attended this lecture. He settled down to wait and see what the afternoon would bring.

After a while members of staff came in and slowly started closing the curtains that shut out the afternoon light. An action which, judging by the comments made by several members of the audience next to them, was not popular. Leaning over to Barbara he whispered, "What are they saying?"

"It's difficult to hear," came the reply, "but from what I can gather they are asking what Faraday is up to."

Ian thought for a second. Faraday? Surely not. Turning to Barbara, he asked if it was possible for her to find out his first name. Such questions might seem ungentlemanly behaviour from him, yet to the Victorians a perfectly acceptable question from a lady.

"Michael," came the reply. So the Doctor had brought them to see Michael Faraday give one of his many Christmas Lectures at the Royal Institute. But why this one?

As he wondered the room went dark. As silence descended he heard the footsteps of someone walking in to the centre of the room. The sound of a match being struck and the burning match moving ghost-like to the large candle that was on the table. As the wick started to burn and the soft candlelight illuminated the room, Michael Faraday stood beside it, immediately grabbing everyone's attention. Making himself comfortable, Ian settled down to listen as the eminent scientist started to speak.

* * * * *

"I never knew science could be so fascinating," Barbara commented later, "and scientists so interesting." The lecture had finished a few hours earlier

and the four of them were relaxing in the hotel lounge and reflecting upon the day over a quiet drink.

Ian was unsure how to respond and decided the comment was meant as a compliment. A fact that was reconfirmed as Barbara continued speaking: "I was absorbed by everything Faraday said. The way he stood there, illuminated solely by candlelight, made it feel so intimate. And then to be invited to his rooms afterwards to enjoy afternoon tea and here him chat so openly about his discoveries and theories on electricity. His enthusiasm for the subject was infectious. You know, if I didn't enjoy history so much, I would be tempted to teach another subject."

"But what would Ian teach?" Susan wondered out loud.

"Oh, I think I'm safe for a while," said Ian, "though I admit that in the history of science, Michael Faraday is unique. For he was known not just for his science, but also his speaking. Some say that his humble working-class upbringing gave him the common touch. In his time he was one of the Royal Institute's most illustrious speakers and frequently gave the prestigious Christmas Lecture to packed-out audiences."

"But the way he explained the workings of the candle flame was fascinating. I never knew that there was so much science involved."

"History says that the 1848 lecture about the Chemical History of the Candle and the different zones of combustion in the candle flame is one of the greatest lectures ever given. Faraday was an inspiration for many future scientists. It is said that Einstein kept a picture of him on his study wall."

Remembering that the Doctor had spent the best part of an hour speaking to Michael Faraday, Ian turned and looked

at him. "Are you sure, Doctor, that it is pure coincidence that we arrived in this particular year to celebrate Christmas?"

"Quite so, my dear boy, quite so," he agreed and, ignoring the slightly unbelieving looks of his companions, produced the final present of the day: a candle beautifully decorated with the word CHRISTMAS running down the length of it.

"Thank you, Doctor," said Barbara, holding it. "It's beautiful."

"A memento of a special day, my dear, and a reminder that the light shines in the darkness and the darkness will not overcome it." And with that, the Doctor leaned towards the table and, picking up his glass, said in a voice full of warmth and love: "Merry Christmas to us all and a Happy Christmas to you all at home."▲



A merry Christmas to all
our readers from
everyone here at Cosmic
Masque!

See you in 2018!

