

COSMIC



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Iosefa Jacobovici

DOCTOR
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CM VI



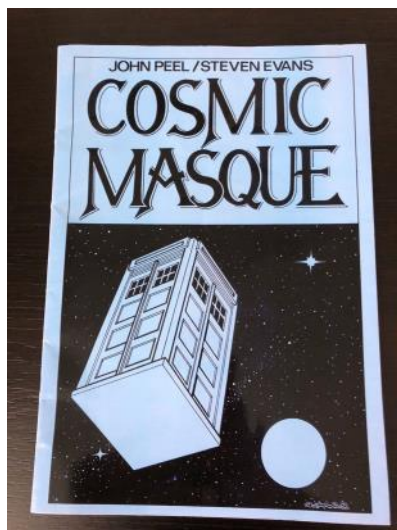
EDITORIAL

Grant:

Welcome to another packed issue of Cosmic Masque and what a great read it truly is. I feel I can say that without sounding show offy as this issue belongs to Ian. For those that aren't aware I had to take a break this time around due to personal reasons and it's to Ian's credit and dedication that he picked up the baton and sprinted to the finish line with compiling this edition. I am eternally grateful for his commitment and it further outlines to me what a wonderful person and friend he is. So, this time I shall sit back with you all and enjoy reading CM. I could get used to this... kidding Ian!!

Ian:

Thanks to Grant for his kind words. I must confess, however, to having a lot of help this time round. So thanks to Steve Hatcher for editing our fiction, Rik Moran for taking the lead on our reviews and Paul Winter for making a load of Word documents look like a proper publication. Special thanks also to Nick Fisher for sharing his memories of his father, David, who sadly passed away earlier this year. We're sorry this issue has been a long time coming and we thank you for your patience. We hope to be with you again soon.



Cosmic Masque Issue 1—1977

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COSMIC MASQUE - VI

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Doctor Who Appreciation Society

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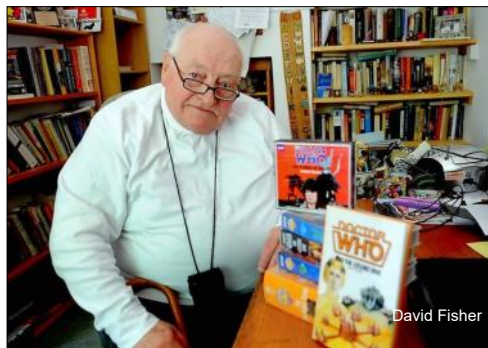
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DAVID FISHER REMEMBERED

by Nick Fisher



David Fisher, one of the most notable writers of the Tom Baker era, sadly passed away in January of this year. He had been responsible for four stories during the Graham Williams and John Nathan-Turner years – *The Stones of Blood*, *The Androids of Tara*, *The Creature from the Pit* and *The Leisure Hive*. *The Stones of Blood* was perhaps the story which most captured the imaginations of *Doctor Who* fans with David J Howe and Stephen James Walker praising its direction and ‘wide variety of different plot elements.’ David’s storyline *The Gamble with Time* formed the basis of the classic *City of Death* in 1979. He wrote novelisations of two of his *Doctor Who* adventures, later also adapting the other two for Audio-Go. He also contributed to the *Hammer House of Horror* and *Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense* series. David’s son, **Nick Fisher**, is himself a prolific

television script writer. Nick kindly took time to tell us about some of his memories of his father...

Were you a fan of *Doctor Who* yourself when you were a child?

My era of *Doctor Who*-watching was the time of Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee. And, of course, I loved the series at that age. Apart from anything else, we were all so starved of decent TV to watch back then, that we all watched everything. There were only two channels really.

Sadly, by the time my Dad started writing for *Doctor Who* I was in my mid to late teens and had already left home. I guess I thought I was a bit too cool for *Doctor Who* by then.

Did your friends think it was cool that your Dad was a *Doctor Who* writer?

It’s weird, I don’t ever really remember using it as a thing to impress other people with.

My Dad being a writer sounds like it should be cool, but most people truly have no concept (still) of what a TV writer actually does. If he’d been an actor – sure, that would have been easier to understand and score points from. Writer was too hard to explain. To be honest, I’m not sure I even fully understood what it was a TV writer did either.

Did you ever get to visit the *Doctor Who* set?

No. But I did visit the *Emergency Ward 10* set, which was located in a studio warehouse somewhere off the North Circular, near the Brent Cross shopping centre. And was about as glamorous as having lunch in a motorway service station!

Did David have any anecdotes about working with Tom Baker?

Dad was a writer's writer. He hung out with script editors, other writers and producers. As a result, he didn't really have a good word to say about any actor. The phrase 'a necessary evil' springs to mind.

He did often like to talk about his collaboration with Douglas Adams though, who was a script editor while Dad wrote on the series. 'Lovely bloke', he'd say. 'Very imaginative. But couldn't script-edit to save his life!'

Of the stories which David wrote, which was his favourite?

The Stones of Blood or *The Creature from The Pit* - I think. I remember him doing research for *Stones* and getting very into ley lines and all that stuff, long before it became trendy to even know any of that existed.

He loved research. More than writing. His later non-fiction



Douglas Adams

books were really a way of exercising his love of very detailed research. In many ways he was a frustrated academic. A very intelligent, hugely well-read man who never actually went to university and always deeply regretted it. He'd have loved Academia. Hanging out with professors and students in club-like hallowed halls with long boozy lunches and longer dinners with erudite speakers and lashings of port. It would have suited him right down to the ground!

Which non-*Doctor Who* project was David most proud of?

He was very eclectic and talented - his books like *The Lucy Ring* were important to him, because they were quasi academic. But his *Hammer House of Horrors* were such a sign of their times, he couldn't fail to be proud of them too. Although the writing process involved was a pain.

And he loved writing musicals too. Both for adults and children

- he got a huge amount of pleasure out of crafting lyrics. Loved a show tune. Was quite talented on the piano too.

What did David think of the 21st century episodes of *Doctor Who*?

He was very sceptical when they were first announced. Think he thought it was something that has passed away and should have been left in the ground. But then it had such a great unexpected effect on him, because people who had never heard of him suddenly became interested in him and his writing, decades after he'd last penned a script for *Doctor Who*.

So, kind of begrudgingly he did become very pleased it had been reinvented, and it spawned some novelisation work for him which he enjoyed.

You are a BAFTA-winning writer who has contributed to *Holby City* and many other high-profile projects - would you like to write for *Doctor Who* yourself?

I've been very lucky to have worked in varying capacities with Russell T Davies and Stephen Moffat and Chris Chibnall over the years - not on *Doctor Who*. And I am a massive, massive fan of their work and their originality. But if I'm honest I don't really 'get' science fiction or fantasy. It's just not my cup of tea. I



don't think I'd be very good at writing it.

I love comedy and drama and human stories, which I know do have a place within the *Doctor Who* story strands, I just don't have an affinity for fantasy. Sorry. That must make me sound like an alien to *Doctor Who* fans. But I can admire the series without feeling I actually want to be part of it. And in truth, I know there are many much better and more deserving and fantasy-tuned writers out there who would give their eye-teeth to work on the show.

Click here to visit Nick at his website: www.nick-fisher.co.uk



FICTION
UNEXPECTED
PASSENGERS
by Jena Osborne

The cat stayed low in the tall grass of the garden behind the house, watching the humans. She would have said that they seemed to be on the brink of a fight, but the postures that they were holding told another story.



"Amy, I know it would be nice to adopt, but I just think that it would be even better if we became foster parents, taking kids in and helping them." It was the dark short haired male who spoke.

"I know, but as foster parents we would have to be available any time, day or night, at a moment's notice. How often are we actually around enough to accept that responsibility?" The female with long red hair countered.

"Do you really think the Doctor would let a baby on board? I

mean, come on. Our lives would be tied to the Earth, Goodbye TARDIS I doubt he would have let us raise Melody on the TARDIS. I wouldn't want a baby on that thing"



There was a strange noise that sent the cat into hiding causing her to hiss as loudly as she could. Then an object appeared as if from nowhere and the cat hissed even more loudly, or so he thought. There was now a blue box where there had not been one before. Once the strange object settled the cat became curious. It looked like the box might be the perfect place for her to hide. The opening revealed itself and another male with blondish floppy hair stepped out. He stopped suddenly "What's going on here? Oh, glaring eyes, raised blood pressure, Perhaps I should..."

"Stay right there, Doctor." The two humans spoke at the same time, without taking their eyes from each other. It was the male, finally, who broke the stalemate

and turned to acknowledge the newcomer. "OK Amy, let's ask him then. Let's see what he thinks. I mean, his opinion about this does rather matter."

"What I think about what?" The man called 'the Doctor' looked totally confused as the young couple led him inside the house. The opening in the box closed behind him leaving the cat disappointed. She turned her bright green eyes on the strange object, approached it hissing, then poked it with her front left paw. The box didn't move. A sniff, then she rubbed her face on the corner, before scampering off to avoid the returning humans and hunching down, back in the long grass.

"So where are we going?" The floppy-haired man sounded excited. "There is a migration of primitive dragons on a planet called Rhoptah, it's a gas giant. One of the moons Rhoptah 5 is a particularly beautiful world; and on that world are what you would call dragons. They migrate every thousand years or so. They won't be seen again for the next thousand years. The event is usually time locked, given that dragons are an endangered species..."

They continued to chatter as the floppy haired male opened the door of the blue box again. As all three of them entered, the fe-



male called 'Amy' and the young male seemed to be asking lots of questions. Unseen, the cat followed them into a vast room. If she had been a human, she would no doubt have made some remark about it being bigger on the inside; but she was a cat, so she did what cats do, accepted the reality of her situation, sniffed the air and sauntered off hoping to find something to eat, her ears twitching, alert to every groan and whir of the machinery that filled the room. As she crept around a set of stairs, she was startled as the humans came just a little closer than she was comfortable with. She jumped down onto a lower level to maintain her distance, but the humans were making too much noise to hear



her landing.

"Well, seeing dragons would be different..."

"Stay downwind," joked Amy. The humans and the Doctor left the room. This Doctor was mildly interesting. He looked like a human, but what human owns a box that can appear from thin air? More importantly, there was something different about his smell. The cat was sure he wasn't human at all.

The cat carefully made her way up the steps and onto a pedestal. She jumped up and sniffed the surface. Seeing something move, she sneaked up on it. She watched the moving parts of the machine and reached out to touch something that was spinning. Quickly getting bored, she continued to circle the pedestal. The other side proved more entertaining. Carefully, she carried on around, until reaching a slippery surface, she slid off, landing on her feet and shaking her head, before scurrying up another set of stairs.

Still deep in conversation, the Doctor, Amy and the other human returned. The cat hopped onto a pedestal filled with toys; paused to take in the sheer vertical surface ahead of her, before doing a little shimmy and leaping to its top. She looked up again

and spotting a railing, leaped onto it, then settled down on the highest surface she could find.

"I could have sworn I left it in the TARDIS bedroom." Complained Amy.

"How did you lose your Zolfanian credit stick?" Said the other human, unhappily.

"They don't give those out to anyone," added the Doctor, clearly trying to be helpful. "You were lucky even to get one; it's usable in more systems than galactic credits."

"I know! Stop badgering me about it." Amy turned angrily and stormed out. The two men followed behind her, left the box and closed the door to the outside behind them.

The cat looked around again, walked easily along a beam and jumped down onto a walkway, enjoying the chance to explore without being disturbed, rubbing her chin on various surfaces as she went. In one room she found a large, soft surface, with lots of folds to curl up in. She purred contentedly, but resisted the temptation to sleep and jumped back down and sauntered out of the room. Another room was very humid, with a big pool. The cat carefully walked up to the edge and sniffed the water.

Nothing to drink in here. The next room had lots of shelves, items to rub and the flat things the humans like to look at once in a while. There were glass things sitting in rows and a ladder to climb even higher on. Soon the cat was lost as she roamed deeper into the box.

The cat continued her meanderings. Pausing only to hack up a furball, she walked and walked until she came to a room that she found interesting. It was clean, but some of those strange rags that the humans draped around their bodies were on the floor. They carried the faded scent of the Doctor. Starting to feel lonely, she sniffed around, then meowed loudly. The strange echo startled her. She looked around the room and found a pleasant dark spot underneath a bed. Taking the rags in her teeth, she dragged them under the bed and began shredding them with her sharp claws. Yes, that would make a perfectly good nest. She would come back here later, but for now she could smell food. The cat left the room scarcely noticing the doors as they opened to let her pass and closed behind her.

She followed the food smell. "Fish!", she meowed. She was sure, that was fish. It didn't take her long to find the source of the intoxicating smell, three small



sticks, with a rough texture, covered in a strange, creamy, thick liquid. It didn't look like fish, but the aroma was unmistakable. The cat wolfed two of them down, before anyone could chance by and take them off her; then washed her meal down with a little water from a dripping tap. She jumped down from the counter and scurried into a dark corner taking the remaining finger of fish with her. The cat was still eating silently as the humans and the Doctor came back. She eyed the floppy haired male warily.

Just as the cat had decided to save the last piece of fish finger for later, there was a horrible jolt in her stomach. The cat meowed but was unheard over the noise. The humans were making their special happy sound, but soon the echoes faded and the box was again silent. "Time to find somewhere to take care of business," the cat thought, and set off once more. Finally, she came to a room with a soft dirt centre on a raised dais. The dirt was

perfect for business and the cat took care of herself and buried the remains. The cat then returned to the room where she had made her nest and slept for a while until she was roused once more by the voice of the Doctor, echoing through the large space that the cat now claimed as her territory. She opened one eye, and from her bed, she watched the Doctor come into the room, look around and sniff the air. His nose was clearly more sensitive than the humans, the cat noted appreciatively and he could smell something rancid. "Oh... what's that smell?"

"What smell?" asked the male human, also coming into the room.

"How do you people live, like you do? One heart, underdeveloped brain, dulled senses." The Doctor asked in wonder.

The male looked almost insulted.

"Sorry, but really, you can't smell that?" The Doctor looked around with his nose scrunched up giving his normally animated face a comical expression.

"Smell what?" The female, Amy, had followed the two males into the room.



"Someone's here. I know it." The worried tone in his voice was unmistakable. "What could have made it through those doors? Whatever it was has to be very powerful."

"Doctor, how could anyone get in here? You said it yourself, armies couldn't get in here."

"Someone has. Let's have a look around." The Doctor took out a small shiny device and waved it around as he took to the innermost parts of the ship. "No energy readings yet, no tampering with the systems." He scratched his head with the sonic. "If we can find that smell we will find our intruder." With sudden decision, "Rory you go to the library, Amy you head to the cloister room. I'll be in the kitchen." The Doctor instructed.

"Oh no, Doctor. I don't feel like replacing all the jars of jam you have stuck your fingers in - again. I'll go to the kitchen."

Sounding indignant the Doctor replied "Fine, OK. Rory, you take the kitchen, I'll check the library. Happy now?" They nodded and separated.

As Rory went in to the kitchen, he immediately slipped on something and landed on his rear. "Ow! What was...? Custard!" He followed the creamy trail to underneath some cabinets. He got down on his knees and peaked underneath, to find a mostly eaten fish finger. He reached in and extricated it. It had clearly been bitten, but he could see that the teeth marks were not human.

The Doctor entered the library carefully. The sonic screwdriver was making that familiar buzzing noise as he waved it around, but the tone remained steady - nothing. He lowered his arms and rubbed his face with his hands. He cast his eyes down in thought and almost stepped in something. He picked it up with his fingers. It was hairy and covered in goo, but he had no idea what it was. He scanned it with his sonic, but learned nothing. "What is going on around here? What are you?", he addressed the mystery object.

In her nest, the cat felt a pain like none she had ever felt before. The shock shook her whole body. It was time. The cat knew. Amy made her way to the Clois-

ter room. This was one of her favourite rooms, where she liked to come and relax between adventures; among the plants and trees, or beside the pool. But something was different this time. "Oh, my goodness, what is that awful smell?" She pinched her nose to keep the terrible odour at bay. It smelled as if something had died. "Not as bad as that time I went to the sponge planet, though..." She caught herself. "Listen to me, I am sounding as bad as the Doctor." She closed her eyes, remembering how she could smell better on that horrible occasion when she was forced to keep her eyes closed because of the Weeping Angels. She turned towards the centre of the room and walked up the stairs onto the dais. She found what she was looking for. "Oh, yuck!"

They all met in the middle of the ship and shared their findings.

"I found a mostly eaten fish finger underneath the counter."
"I found a mystery, gooey object"
The Doctor held up the hairy slime-ball.

"I found..."Amy was hesitant as she approached the group.

"Amy, what did you find. It might be important." The Doctor urged.

"I found some poo."

Rory looked slightly taken aback, once he got a better look at the Doctor's discovery. "Doctor, your mystery object is a fur ball," he winced

"A fur ball? " The Doctor was curious

"Something that cats hack up from their stomachs." Amy scrunched up her face

"That's disgusting!" The Doctor flung it away from himself and onto the hallway floor.

"This from the man that licked that fish man," noted Rory.

"That was a greeting, totally different," the Doctor defended himself.

In her nest, with her pains becoming stronger and more regular, the cat lay waiting for whatever was going to happen, to happen. Then after what seemed a lifetime, her first kitten was born.

She began to clean off the kitten, but the pain became too much to contain and she started to howl.

The cries were loud and caught the echoes. The Doctor, Rory and Amy all heard the howling and ran to find its source. After a

few moments, the sound stopped. The Doctor adjusted his sonic screwdriver, smiled and turned to his friends. "Come on, this way."

The new mother cat licked and cleaned each of the kittens as they were born. She birthed five in total and all of the kittens made it. She stretched out in the nest and let the kittens find her milk. She lay back to rest contentedly as the kittens fed.

The Doctor burst through the doors to his private room, his innermost sanctum. Neither Amy nor Rory had ever seen it before. It looked like any of the other rooms aboard the TARDIS, except there was considerably more stuff, treasures, mementoes. Some of the things looked totally alien. Some things looked personalized some were clearly just collected for their personal significance. There was a bed that looked hardly used. And there was some clothing lying about.

Amy opened her mouth as if to speak, but The Doctor held up his hand to silence her. He had heard something just on the edge of his hearing. He made a shushing gesture and pointed to his bed, no... underneath his bed. The two companions nodded. The Doctor gestured to Amy to go to one side of the bed

and to Rory to go to its foot. He then moved silently to the other side. They had the bed surrounded. The Doctor pushed a button on the wall, a panel slid open and the bed started to lift into it.

"Aww, look at that." Amy was thrilled. Rory put an arm around her.

She looked up to see the Doctor



and the two humans looking down at her. She was ready to protect her kittens, but quickly realised that they meant neither her nor her kittens any harm.

"They are new born, Doctor." Rory smiled, delighted at the sight of the furless sightless squiggles. The Doctor adjusted the sonic screwdriver again and

scanned the mother and her kittens. "Well, look at that. They are all perfectly healthy. Come on, let's leave them alone." The Doctor lowered the bed back down. And the three friends turned for the door. "She must have sneaked in, while the door was open," said the Doctor. "I didn't know you had a cat, Amy" "We don't. Our neighbour Mrs. Cadence does, though," Amy concluded. "She's been missing since yesterday. She must have been looking for a safe place to give birth."

"And she discovered the TAR-DIS." The Doctor smiled as they left the room, seeming to regard the intrusion as something of an honour. "I can think of no safer place."

As the door closed behind them, the Doctor knew he wouldn't need to sleep for a couple of days, which would give the cat time to nurse the kittens to a point when they could be moved to a more suitable place. He was not even upset about his shirt, trousers and bow tie, which were ruined. They were the first ones that he had worn in this body, but somehow that made it appropriate.

Amy turned to her husband. "You know, that would solve our problem?"

"What would solve our prob-

lem?" Rory asked.

"We could get a cat or a dog."

"A snake, a friend of mine at school had a snake." Rory remembered fondly.

"Gary Andrews?" Amy smiled in recollection.

"Yes, Gary."

"No way. No, just no. No snakes." Amy protested vehemently.

"I had a pet once," offered the Doctor. "It was something similar to a rabbit, but with a long bushy tail. And it ate meat. OK, maybe it wasn't anything like a rabbit. Forget I said that."

"You? You had a pet? How long did that last?" Amy teased.

The Doctor protested the insult as the friends walked away laughing, leaving their newest fellow TARDIS crew member to care for her kittens.



REVIEW - BIG FINISH IRON BRIGHT

Review by Rik Moran

I wasn't expecting much from this one. I've been impatiently waiting for *Hour of The Cybermen*, and it kind of snuck up on me.

It's a historical tale that at times is rather dark, genuinely frightening and also humorous. The character of Flo acts as the comic relief yet is completely charming. I'd have no objection to her returning in the future.

This is *Doctor Who* done right and is easily one of the best stories Big Finish has delivered. Something that particularly works in this story's favour is the lack of companions, forcing the supporting characters to fill the same role. As such, for new fans coming to the audios, this serves as a perfect jumping-on point.

When all is said and done, there's absolutely nothing negative I say about *Iron Bright*. I absolutely loved it.



REVIEW - BIG FINISH

IRON BRIGHT

Review by Paul Winter

Did you know that the name 'Isambard' means 'Iron-Bright'? I didn't. I learned a couple of things about that great builder Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the principal subject of this story (along with the usual alien menace), most notably that his father was also an engineer. That is the premise of the story. Brunel and Son are building a tunnel and 'things' start happening, not least the appearance of the Doctor from the depths of their only partially dug under-river passageway.

In some respects the story and the characters are a bit obvious. Set in the early 19th century when those great Victorian industrialists were building all they could, letting no obstacle stand in their way, there are three distinct strands of British, or at least London society. The establishment being the Government, Officer and monied types, the new breed of pioneers whose influence we still feel today, and the working classes whether they are the labourers or the soldiers—a consumable resource. It is not inaccurate but in some respects it leads to this story of visitors from other places becoming a bit mundane. You just know how the different people are going to react.

However it is a solid, interesting, well told adventure and like all good audio drama, causes the listener to effortlessly invent in his or her mind, an image of the world being portrayed in the narrative. When this

happens, you know a piece of audio drama has succeeded.

I did not find myself warming especially to the character of the young Brunel. I had a view of him that like many I obtained from school—an image of a great resourceful engineer working for the betterment of mankind. Maybe he was that, but in this play Isambard is a bit of an 'also-ran'.

Colin Baker is as good as ever and continues to be the definitive audio Doctor in my view. I do not always like the main range Big Finish stories but I always get the impression that Colin is working to get the best out of the script that he can. On this occasion the Doctor is written well, and the finished product benefits.

On balance, this is fairly standard Big Finish fayre. You will easily be able to work out how the main protagonists are going to react to the situation and what their response will be. It is nonetheless well written by Chris Chapman, well produced and worthy of a listen.

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REVIEW - BIG FINISH

JENNY THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER

Review by Rik Moran

I admit, when Big Finish announced the adventures of *Jenny – The Doctor's Daughter*, I wasn't overly fussed. I felt it was about 5 years too late and if I'm honest, was still hoping in a weird way for a TV return for the character. So somewhat reluctantly I decided to give it a listen, if only to do this review.

Storywise, Jenny is a stand-in for the female Doctor many doubted we would ever have. Now that a female Doctor is actually a reality, though, is Jenny relevant in her own right? Yes, she is. *Jenny — The Doctor's Daughter* proves that the titular heroine is a variation on her Dad's character with only a fraction of the emotional baggage. Not only that, Jenny is also River Song, with only a fraction of the emotional baggage. As awesome as the Doctor and River are in their own rights, Jenny is a refreshing, and I now realise necessary, contrast.

My favourite aspect of this box-set, however, is the ongoing plotline for Sean Biggerstaff's companion character, Noah.



Writers Matt Fitton, John Dorney, Christian Brassington, and Adrian Poynton do an excellent job of building mystery around him and I'm thoroughly looking forward to seeing where he goes in future releases.

Georgia Tennant and Sean Biggerstaff, play their roles well, but are upstaged somewhat by Siân Phillips as COLT-5000, who revels in the role of evil bounty hunter and steals the show.

I'm not going to mention any of the plot. Spoilers. Having said that, for those who don't know and want to be spoiled, RTD famously said that Jenny got into the ship at the end of *The Doctor's Daughter* TV episode, crashed straight into a moon and died. It almost happens here too. You'll have to give it a listen to find out what happens.

If you weren't entirely sold on the

Jenny boxset at the time of the announcement, like myself, I would say that Jenny is off to a good start.

The first two episodes are standalone stories, with the final two being linked.

Prisoner of the Ood, by John Dorney, deserves special mention as he manages to pull off a complete Agatha Christie-type tale within the *Doctor Who* canon.

Jenny – The Doctor's Daughter is fast paced fun, filled with child-like wonder.

Finally: Jenny's theme tune. It's TREMENDOUS.

That is all.

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Moore woke with a gasp. He sat bolt upright and stared around, eyes wild. Had he fallen asleep on public transport *again*? Another jolt like the one that had roused him shook the room, and he heard frightened gasps all around him. Forcing himself to calm down, Moore tried to figure out where he was. Around him were huddled terrified people, some of whom looked familiar. They were all seated along two parallel metal benches, built into the walls of a completely metallic room. He had no idea where he was.

"Hi," said a voice next to Moore, startling him slightly. He turned to his right to see a pretty, dark-haired girl was sitting on the bench next to him.

"Hello," he replied, immediately struck by her big, brown eyes. "Er, my name's Nathaniel; Nathaniel Moore, but people just call me Moore."

She smiled a brave smile, in stark contrast to the atmosphere of fear and desperation around them. "It's nice to meet you, Mr Moore. My name's Alesha."

Moore found himself smiling back. "It's... Doctor Moore actu-

ally." He rubbed his face to try and relieve his grogginess.

"A medical doctor?" she asked.

"No... no. My doctorate is in history."

"Ah. Why I haven't seen you around the colony before?"

"I don't go out much. Too busy with my books and papers," he replied. "Listen, where are we? I can't remember what happened."

Alesha took Moore's hand, surprising him. He was unused to talking to women, but this was a lot easier than he'd imagined. But her next words chilled him to the bone: "We're prisoners of the Daleks."

* * *

Everyone had thought it was the end when the Dalek ship had been detected. Tarys was a relatively young human colony, just four generations on from the original settlers. Some of the founders still lived, and would regale their descendants with tales of Earth. These very elderly people, along with all the children, had been sent into the mountains to find refuge in the caves there. The rest of the colonists had mustered what weapons they could to defend their home.

Alesha was among the ones who stayed behind. Stationed on the rooftop of a ten-story building, with what felt like a woefully inadequate rifle, she watched as the Dalek saucer had landed just outside the main town. The terrifying invaders started to pour out, one-by-one. The midday sun reflected off their identical bronze domes as the Daleks lined up ready for the order to begin the assault.

The silence was unexpectedly broken by a strange, creaking, rasping sound. At the end of the main street, just inside the town, a small, battered blue box appeared out of nowhere. Bizarrely, it looked like it was made from wood. It had two doors on one side, which both flew open. Black-clad troops poured from the box, immediately taking up defensive positions around the buildings and vehicles of the colony.

Alesha's vantage point, in a tall clock tower, gave her an excellent view as the events unfolded. She saw another figure leave the blue box after the soldiers. He had black, spiked hair and wore a bandolier over a long leather jacket. Although she was much too far away to see the details of the man's face, his air of authority was unmistakable. He barked a command, and the troops began firing on the Daleks from be-

hind their cover. Whatever powerful rifles they possessed were far in advance of anything the colonists had.

By now around a dozen Daleks had disembarked. They began firing at the new-arrivals, deadly blasts from their stubby guns flying towards the town as they continued to advance. The air rang out with shrill, metallic cries of, "EXT-ERM-IN-ATE!" and "ADVANCE!"

One of the humanoid troops took a Dalek bolt directly to the head as she stood to aim and fire over a wall. The blast lifted her into the air and sent her flying into the building behind. Her broken body hit a wall and then slumped to the ground. After a few seconds, the corpse began to glow with golden light, and then fountained golden energy which poured from the top of the head, and from her hands and feet.

Alesha watched, astonished, as the body levitated slightly off the ground, then sank back down again as the lightshow subsided. Even from where Alesha crouched she could tell that it was a visibly different woman who sat up, took in her surroundings, and quickly crawled, commando-style, to cover.

A stray Dalek blast destroyed the masonry next to where

Alesha crouched. She rolled away from the blast, but was too afraid to return fire in case it gave away her position. After a few minutes, there had been no more shots in her direction and Alesha risked another glance at the battle below. She saw that concentrated fire from two or three of the soldiers' weapons burned through the Dalek shields after ten seconds or so, their armoured casings blossoming into pillars of fire as the energy beams found their targets.

Alesha realised the aliens who had come to defend the colony were Time Lords, sworn enemies of the Daleks. The two races were engaged in a perpetual war throughout time and space. Searching again for the leather-clad leader of the colony's uninited defenders, Alesha found that she couldn't spot the man anywhere. He had disappeared from view while she was distracted with the strange resurrection. The blue box looked sealed shut.

Alesha's attention was drawn to the Dalek saucer, which began vibrating as though its engines were straining to launch the craft. A hatch opened on the top, and a head popped out. It was the Time Lord leader. He climbed out and slid down the smooth slope of the saucer's roof, increasing in speed as he

picked up momentum on the smooth surface. He had what appeared to be a metal tube, glowing red at one end, clamped in his mouth, while he fiddled with some kind of gun in his hands. He was heading for a quite a drop when he reached the edge of the saucer. At the point it seemed he must fly off and fall to the ground, the Time Lord fired the gun. A grappling hook hit a nearby tall tree, and he swung smoothly down from the lip of the circular spaceship and landed with a tight forward roll. Even as he rose to his feet he made an overarm throw and launched a grenade at the nearest pair of Daleks. The two creatures seemed to be pulled into each other, compressed and contorted into impossible shapes. They disappeared into a singularity with a white hot flash. The other Time Lords had destroyed the remaining Daleks. The battle was over.

The man in the bandolier strode towards the town as the Dalek saucer exploded behind him. Unflinching, and not pausing to look back and admire his handiwork, he continued on, a dark figure silhouetted by the flames. The colonists would later hear that this was the Doctor. At least, this is how the other Time Lord troops referred to him. But they warned the colonists of Tarys that if they met him in person, to

never say this name to his face.

* * *

As Alesha recounted details about the battle, Moore's head began to clear and he started to remember some of the events that had unfolded.

He had always been in awe of the Time Lords. Since childhood, his imagination had been captured by stories of their god-like abilities. While most people he knew thought that the Gallifreyans and the Daleks were as bad as each other in their Time War, Moore had secretly seen the Time Lords as saviours. He'd even wondered if the battle-weary general who led the rout was the Doctor of legend, a myth tantalisingly mentioned in the footnotes of historical data-files brought from Earth. But that man was never described as a soldier: rather he was usually described as a scientist or explorer. They did speak of a mysterious blue box though.

Moore remembered how much he had wanted to meet 'the Doctor' at the celebrations after the Dalek task-force had been repelled by the Time Lords. As a student of history, he was desperate to know if this was the same Doctor woven throughout Earth's history. Moore watched him from a distance for a while, ignoring the music and carous-

ing going on around him. He tried to work up the courage to approach the Time Lord. While Moore had always considered himself a timid, introverted person, the Doctor, he saw, radiated power and charisma.

Moore saw the Doctor and his troops quietly leave, and realised this was his last chance. He stepped out into the balmy night, and began following the soldiers. He followed at a discreet distance, wondering how to make himself known. Feeling ridiculously self-conscious, he walked faster to catch up with the soldiers. As he got closer, he could hear the Doctor talking to his comrades. Moore reminded himself what the other Time Lords had been saying earlier, not to call him 'Doctor.' He was about to clear his throat loudly, when he realised what the Doctor was saying.

The Time Lords, Moore overheard, were in this part of space as part of a massive new offensive against their enemies. They were planning a major assault on the planet Varabasson 6, a Dalek stronghold some two-and-a-half light years from where they were.

The conversation suddenly stopped, and Moore realised that he had almost caught up. His quarry had heard him walk-

ing just behind them. The rear-most two Time Lords raised their rifles to cover him, flanking the Doctor as he walked back and stood very close. Moore remembered looking into the man's eyes; they seemed to burn with fierce intelligence and something else, like barely-contained fury. "What did you hear?" asked the Doctor, calmly.

"Nothing, my, er Lord," replied Moore. His words sounded unconvincing even to his own ears.

They were interrupted by the sound of powerful engines overheard, then a series of explosions made the ground shake.

"Sir!" called one of the other Time Lords.

The Doctor looked at Moore for another moment, then abruptly turned and led his men off at a sprint towards the action.

More explosions started rocking the town. The Daleks had returned in greater numbers.

As Moore ran for cover, he felt massive relief both that the Doctor and his troops hadn't killed him, and that he had heard the war was going to move away from Tarys. It sounded like things were going in the Time Lords' favour. But he also felt the

weight of the responsibility now that he had this privileged information. If he fell into Dalek hands, all would be lost. As Moore ran down a street towards his home, a building exploded next to him and knocked him unconscious.

• * *

"...So they brought us aboard this shuttle," Alesha was saying. "They made a couple of us carry you."

The ship juddered again, for longer this time. Moore guessed they were leaving planetary atmosphere.

"Where are they taking us?" asked Moore.

"They said for interrogation," replied Alesha flatly. "They know the Time Lords were on Tarys and want to know about them."

Moore shivered. He looked around the faces of his fellow prisoners, hoping to see the Doctor among them. Perhaps the Time Lord was biding his time; waiting to defeat the Daleks again and save these prisoners. There was no sign of him aboard the shuttle. But he had his time machine, didn't he?

Now he thought of it, Moore struggled to remember the details of the Doctor's face. All he

could picture was the fierce intensity of the Time Lord's eyes. He wondered if he was in shock. He realised that if the Doctor did not rescue him, then he would have little chance of withstanding the Daleks' interrogation techniques. Moore worried about betraying the Doctor's war plans more than he feared for his own life. Millions would die if the Daleks weren't stopped.

He squeezed Alesha's hand, taking comfort in how warm and soft it felt. "Don't worry," he told her, "the Doctor and his friends will save us."

Alesha snorted. "I wouldn't count on it," she replied bitterly. "The Time Lords are just as bad as the Daleks. Everyone knows they play games with whole planets, gambling with the lives of entire species just to gain the tiniest tactical advantage. There was no sign of those cowards when the Daleks came back. It was probably worse for the colony in the long run because the Time Lords were there!"

"Maybe they went for reinforcements," he suggested. "They will come back for us."

Alesha gave him a pitying look. "You were out cold. I saw what the Daleks did to the colony. Most of the buildings were burning when I was captured."

"Did... did you lose anyone?" Moore asked, softly.

"I don't know," she replied. "That's the worst part. I was captured before I could find my family."

They sat in silence together for a while, the only sound the quiet weeping of some of the other prisoners.

* * *

A short time later a series of mechanical clangs indicated to Moore that the shuttle was docking; *presumably with a space station*, he thought.

There was a door at either end of the hold, and at this point one opened, retracting into the ceiling, to reveal a Dalek guard. It glided smoothly into the room, the whirr of its engines the only sound as everyone seemed to hold their breath.

"MOVE!" it grated, gun-stick twitching aggressively from target to target. The airlock at the other end of the hold opened, both internal and external doors folding out to allow all the prisoners to shuffle into another metallic corridor beyond. Moore and Alesha found themselves roughly in the middle of the fifty or so strong crowd of humans. They walked through the space station, passing Daleks at vari-

ous intersections. How was the Doctor ever going to rescue them from this? Some of the Daleks seemed to be guards, others just seemed to stop to watch, or scan, the prisoners as they went by. Moore dimly registered there was a greater variety than the bronze ones he often saw on the news reels. There were some smaller ones too, in a variety of colours.

As they passed another one of the metal monsters, which was standing in an archway, Moore thought about rushing it. If he launched a futile attack, the Dalek would blast him into oblivion and stop him revealing the Doctor's secret plan. He tensed his body. *Could he make the ultimate sacrifice?* The Dalek stared right at him, impassive. He looked back into the steady, bright blue light of its eyestalk and swallowed hard.

He couldn't do it. All his body would do was to conform and shuffle along with his fellow captives to their fate.

Moore passed the Dalek, its attention having moved to someone else. He turned away and examined his own reflection in the shiny metal wall of the corridor. He'd always thought he had a saggy, uninspiring face. His scared, witless eyes looked back. He doubted he had what it

took to withstand whatever torture the Daleks could inflict. He cast his gaze down to the floor. Alesha, who was still walking next to him, squeezed his hand reassuringly again, and kept hold. He smiled at her, trying to project a bravery he didn't feel. He made a new resolution: to make sure he was interrogated first. If he couldn't stand up to the Dalek torture, then at least if they got the information they wanted out of him, the Daleks would have no need to question Alesha.

* * *

The prisoners had been taken to a holding cell. After a short wait a Dalek ordered that three prisoners at a time would be taken for interrogation. Moore immediately stood up and walked forwards, ignoring Alesha's insistence that he stay with her.

He was taken a short distance into another room. There he was told to lie on a cold, hard table. A large, intractable metal band stretched across his torso to hold him in place. The distinctive, repetitive pulse of Dalek technology seemed to vibrate through his body. His head was held in place on a hard, semi-circular rest. Three Dalek scientists operated machinery around him. A metallic band had been placed around

his head, with what looked like a tiny satellite dish on the front. Although the inside of it was smooth, he felt like the device was somehow drilling into his mind.

On a large, rectangular screen mounted on the wall to his left, colourful static bursts gradually resolved themselves into images from his memory. He saw again the Dalek ship land in his home town, the miraculous arrival of the Time Lords, the revelry that followed and then the explosions when the enemy returned.

Moore tried not to think of about recent events; tried to remember trivial details of his childhood, but found that he couldn't. The pain in his mind doubled as the mind probe increased in intensity. The pictures on the screen seemed to rewind over the celebrations after the first battle. His brain felt like it was slowly being prised apart. On the viewing screen, more and more images appeared of the partying, happy colonists. A side bar of alien script rapidly scrolled up as faces were zoomed in on, enhanced, and then, just as quickly, dismissed by the software.

Moore had to screw his eyes closed and tried to think about Alesha, her pretty face and the

way she made him feel. But the pain increased again, tenfold. He screamed. Suddenly one of the Daleks exclaimed, "TIME LORD INTER-ACTION!" Its staccato speech even cut across the agony Moore was suffering.

The Doctor's calm, deep voice rang out as the memory was ripped from Moore's consciousness. The words Moore had heard the Time Lord commander impart to his taskforce: "Varabasson 6 is where we go next. A fleet of battle TARDISes will converge around it, launching volley after volley of de-mat torpedoes on the Daleks below. It will strike a decisive blow on this front of the War," the Doctor's voice rang out from a speaker.

Abruptly the pain ceased, and Moore's bonds retracted back into the table. He curled into a ball, sobbing. The sudden relief from the agony, and the knowledge that he had failed, overwhelmed him. He could hardly breathe. A powerful blow from a Dalek plunger struck him square in the back. He was thrust off the table and hit the floor.

"MOVE!" the Dalek guard ordered. Moore forced himself to his feet and stumbled out of the torture chamber.

* * *

Moore had no idea how he made it back to the shuttle. Once there he slumped gratefully onto the seat. At once, Alesha was by his side. He slumped against her, and she gently lowered him so that he was lying down on the bench, using her knees as a pillow.

"Nathaniel, what happened?" she asked him. "They didn't even question the rest of us; just brought us all back to this ship."

Moore managed a weak smile. At least he had been able to spare Alesha the agony that he had endured. He couldn't speak, and was struggling to stay awake. The toll on his body had been too much. He slipped into sweet unconsciousness and began to dream.

* * *

Moore coughed. The room was full of smoke, a noxious cloud that assaulted his senses. He felt dizzy and disconnected. Taking in his surroundings, he was surprised to find himself in what looked like a museum, or some kind of historical recreation. It was a very old-fashioned, oak-panelled study. The shelves were lined with... actual books! Although he felt the surprise, it didn't register physically. It was somehow ab-

stract, like an out-of-body experience.

There were two other men in the room, sitting in plush leather armchairs. They seemed to be the source of the fumes which hung in the air; both were smoking heavily, and clearly had been for some time judging by the overflowing ashtrays around them. Moore realised he was holding a large glass of wine, and noticed that his sleeve seemed to be made of velvet, with strange cuffs protruding beneath them.

They couldn't have looked more different: one was a corpulent fellow, with a round face and round spectacles. His double-chins wobbled as he spoke animatedly and he held a large, fat cigar. The other was tall and thin: aristocratic-looking. This sophisticated figure exuded an aloof air, sitting very upright and holding a cigarette-holder delicately over his crossed legs.

Moore and the two men seemed to be deep in conversation. He found himself nodding along and taking a sip of wine.

"...poor chap had eaten rat poison; phosphorus you see," the thin man was saying. His cigarette was unusual: the paper seemed to be adorned with three gold rings. "They kept him

in a refrigerator until we were ready."

The other, portly, gentleman was enjoying the story immensely, even though he had clearly heard it before. He seemed the much more familiar face of the two. Moore felt a strong sense of familiarity. A name floated on his memory, just out of reach.

"Tell him about Pam," the cigar-smoker said, breathing out another thick plume, and nodded in Moore's direction. Moore nodded encouragement.

Both men spoke in a way he'd only heard in very old recordings. It was almost comical to Moore's ears.

"We call it 'pocket-litter,'" the thin story-teller said, relishing the tale. "We gave him a fiancée called Pam. Put in a receipt for an engagement ring, couple of love letters and a photograph of a lovely girl, who is really called Jean... really lovely girl." The man paused, took a drag from his cigarette thoughtfully, and continued. "Anyway, the Nazis eventually got the documents off the Spaniards, had a look and sent them back to Blighty in a diplomatic bag."

The other man - Churchill, Moore realised: of course! He'd seen old black and white record-

ings of this famous historical figure on his computer - piped up, "Of course, we'd planted an eyelash so we'd know if they'd been bugged about with. But we only knew for sure when Bletchley Park intercepted communications. Hook, line and sinker! Hitler sent his Panzers all over the shop. We invaded Sicily in July...and even after we started landing there, the other side were sending planes to reinforce Sardinia!" Churchill chuckled in delight. "And that was the beginning of the end for Mussolini. Thanks in no small part to Fleming here," he said, gesturing with his cigar towards the other man. He then dipped his cigar in a glass of brandy by his side before inhaling another mouthful. "And that was Operation Mince-meat."

Moore smiled, knowing the Prime Minister used the brandy because his over-indulgence had left his lips too sensitive to smoke cigars without a paper cover over the end. He used the brandy to replace the taste lost, but people in the future would do this as though it was the 'correct' way to enjoy them. *Hmm, that was an odd piece of trivia*, he thought. No-one smoked in the future, and he'd never seen a cigar or cigarette before. Yet the smell seemed so familiar, as did Churchill's office and being in the legendary Prime Minister's

company.

Feigning modesty, Fleming replied, "I only suggested the idea to Admiral Godfrey. All the real work was been done by others..."

A loud, insistent beeping sound cut across the conversation. Churchill and Fleming didn't seem to notice it. It seemed to get louder and...

* * *

... Moore woke up. He was still on the Dalek shuttle. The dimly-lit hold still cramped with terrified prisoners. It felt like they were once again in flight: Being taken for extermination, or to work the Dalekanium mines, or who knows what else. The beeping sound continued unabated.

Moore thought about the strange dream he'd had. The operation which Churchill and Fleming had discussed troubled him: The British had dropped a dead tramp into the channel with fake plans for an invasion of Greece and Sardinia. He remembered overhearing the Doctor imparting the Time Lords' war plans a few hours earlier - an offensive on Varabasson 6. Why had they been discussing it so openly in the street? With a jolt he wondered if it had been deliberate.

Did the Doctor know I was there

all along? He wondered. Had the Doctor used him as a living, breathing version of Operation Mincemeat? Planted disinformation in his gullible head, so that it would seem factual to the Daleks, even making him want to try and resist interrogation to add verisimilitude? And what was that beeping sound?

It seemed more than plausible. Moore felt all hope drain away. He turned to Alesha, who was still next to him. They were sitting about halfway along the hold. "It was all a trap," he whispered over the annoying bleeps, "You were right: the Time Lords used us."

He had been the unwitting pawn of the Time Lords all along. The beeping continued to increase in volume and urgency. The other prisoners, all except Alesha, were edging away from him, as much as they could in the confined space. *It sounds like an alarm clock*, he thought. "It's coming from your pocket," said Alesha. She looked quite scared now. She kept looking from him to the internal door in case the noise summoned their Dalek guard.

Confused, Moore reached into his pocket and pulled out his old watch. It couldn't be this: it had never worked properly. Just an antique from Earth that he'd al-

ways carried. Yet the sound did seem to be emanating from the watch, and he could feel the device vibrating slightly, almost impatiently. He pressed the catch on the side, releasing the cover. Before he knew what was happening, tendrils of golden light reached forth from within and engulfed him.

* * *

Alesha threw herself away from the glowing figure of Moore. As soon as he'd sprung the catch on his pocket watch, gold-coloured energy had poured out. His whole body glowed with it. It was so intense that she had to look away, burying her face in the crook of her elbow. When Alesha looked again, the light was gone and the hold seemed even darker. A hydraulic whirr heralded the arrival of the Dalek guard coming through the door. She quickly cast a look back at Moore, but he was gone.

The Dalek guard entered the hold, clearly agitated, its movements somehow jerky and panicked.

"TIME LORD BI-O DA-TA DE-ECT-ED!" it screamed. Its gunstick tried to take in each of the prisoners as it scanned them. Then the Dalek's eyestalk whipped across and fixed on a point behind Alesha. She looked around and noticed that

the interior door of the shuttle's airlock was open. The Dalek rolled forward, stopping just short of the threshold. Its gun aimed into the darkness of the large airlock.

"SUR-RENDER! VAC-CATE THE AIR-LOCK OR BE EX-TERM-IN-ATED!" it screeched.

There was no response.

Almost hesitantly, the Dalek continued, into the darkness of the airlock, its gun-stick twitching as it searched for a target.

A moment passed.

A shape swung down from the ceiling of the airlock. Boots clanged onto the metal floor. Alesha couldn't help but look up again. She saw a tall, powerful man standing in front of the airlock hatch. He was looking down, his face in shadow. Suddenly his fist shot backwards, hitting the large, round button next to the opening. The interior airlock door slammed down with a whoosh, and the interior of the airlock was illuminated with a red glow. The outer door opened and Alesha saw the Dalek sucked out into space. Its armour cracked apart like an egg-shell as it was hit by the shuttle's engine jets.

Alesha turned her gaze back to

the impassive figure standing in the hold. His head snapped up and the man looked straight at her. His eyes burned with fire and fury. Alesha gasped. It was Moore, she realised with a shock. But he looked taller, at least a foot taller. His jaw set firm, his posture now straight and commanding.

Without saying a word, he turned and prowled towards the door that led to the shuttle's flight deck. He wrenched a section of thin metal pipe from the wall without breaking stride and drove one end into the control panel by the door. As the door flew open, he strode straight through. Alesha couldn't help but follow him through the doorway.

She saw that the small, octagonal chamber beyond was the shuttle's cockpit. A Dalek pilot, with white and gold livery, was fixed into position at the controls of the small ship. Rather than a gun and sucker arm; this one had attachments plugged into the navigation systems. Translucent cables ran between the console and some of the pilot's sense globes, with delicate lights flitting back and forth along them.

The Dalek's dome whirled round so that its eye stalk could take in the newcomers.



"INT-RUD-ERS ON THE BRIDGE!" It screamed. "TIME LORD DET-ECT-ED! EM-ERG-EN-CY!"

The door slammed closed just behind Alesha, making her jump. An alarm began sounding.

Her heart hammering in her chest, Alesha glanced again at Moore. His entire demeanour had changed. He was no longer the shuffling, awkward man, uncomfortable in his own skin that he had been earlier. He studied

the controls for a moment, absently rolling the piece of pipe around with his wrist like it was a sword.

Apparently having spotted what he was looking for, he rammed the pipe into a particular point in the controls. The control panel erupted into a showers of sparks and the alarm abruptly ceased.

The immobile Dalek screamed, "YOU ARE THE DOCT..." and was abruptly silenced as the feedback from the rapidly disintegrating console caused an overload that killed the creature. Its eyestalk dropped as its pained electronic burbling death throes faded away.

Darting forward, Moore started jabbing at buttons and began ripping cables out of the control panel, seemingly at random.

"Moore?" asked Alesha tentatively. Everything had happened so fast she was struggling to understand.

"Hmnnff?" Moore replied, a cable in his mouth as he searched for another beneath the ruined panels.

"Who are you?"

The man she had known as Moore was hurriedly twisting

wiring together into new configurations. The cockpit door reopened and lighting returned to normal. A moment later he straightened up, apparently satisfied with his handiwork. "That was close," he said. "Couldn't risk bringing the sonic screwdriver though. We're heading out of Dalek space now."

Alesha felt the craft lurch as the course changed, and the starfield on the viewing screen shift to one side as they turned.

"You're a Time Lord," realised Alesha. She recognised something in the way Moore now moved. "You're the one who led the defence on Tarys. I was too far away during the battle. I couldn't see your face. Why didn't you say anything?"

The figure turned to Alesha, as though noticing her for the first time. His lined, fierce face softened slightly, and the hint of a smile played on his mouth. "Hello Alesha. Yes, I am a Time Lord." His voice was gravelly: deeper and richer than Moore's had been, and infinitely more world-weary. "I used an experimental device called a Chameleon Arch to disguise myself as a human, so that the Daleks' mind-probe would accept the fake memories I gave myself." He tapped his temple as he spoke, looking pleased with him-

self.

Alesha looked at him expectantly. He seemed to realise that further explanation was required. He sighed and went on, "I made myself think that I was a human colonist who had overheard vital Time Lord invasion plans. The Daleks think they have valuable information, because they had to torture me for it. By now their battle-computers will be redirecting an armada to ambush what they think will be a battle-TARDIS offensive on Varabasson 6. But my fellow Time Lords are poised to create a time-loop and trap their entire fleet." His right hand vaguely described a horizontal figure of eight in the air.

"That Dalek seemed to know you... how come they didn't recognise you until now? It was going to call you Doc..."

"Ah well, the Daleks have a very narrow field of vision." the Time Lord cut across her. "They rely a lot on their instruments. All of which were telling them that I was only... I mean, that I was a human."

Alesha looked distraught. "All this... those people who died in the Dalek attack, my home nearly destroyed."

"I did my best to minimise casu-

alties. This way a lot more people have been saved."

"So the ends justify the means?" she asked, accusingly.

"If there's any hope this war will have an end, I must use any means necessary. For the sake of all life in the universe," the warrior replied.

"You seemed like such a good man when you were Nathaniel," Alesha spoke sadly.

"He was. But he wasn't real. There's no place in this war for 'good men.' His memories were a paper-thin construct, designed to serve a purpose."

"You just used my whole planet to serve your purpose." Disgusted, Alesha turned away and left the cockpit.

* * *

Left alone, the Time Lord stared pensively at the screen showing the stars go by as they travelled back to Tarys. He thought back to that long-ago evening with Winston Churchill and Ian Fleming. Life had seemed much simpler in those days: frilly shirts, martial arts and fast cars. Fleming had been particularly interested to hear about the flying car he was constructing at the time. Back then he and Alesha might have become friends and trav-

elled together for a while. She seemed the right sort: caring and able to put on a brave face in a tight spot.

He thrust his hands in his pockets. They found a plastic card, which he removed and examined for a moment. It was fake ID for his mission. The name on it read, 'Doctor N. O. Moore.' He rolled his eyes and turned back to the helm.

"Who says TARDISEs don't have a sense of humour?" he growled.



SKETCHING SHADA - GRAHAM BLEATHMAN

by Ian Wheeler

Graham Bleathman worked as Animation Background Artist on last year's excellent partly-animated reconstruction of Shada, the lost classic from the Graham Williams era of Doctor Who. Ian Wheeler caught up with him...

How did you become an artist and was there any other possible career that you had in mind when you were younger?

I became an artist I guess simply because my dad was. He was what they used to call a 'Sunday painter'; someone who painted as a hobby, mostly painting landscapes and entering oil paintings and watercolours into local art exhibitions. This was something I used to do to a limited extent as well, but I was also drawing other things as a kid, all the usual stuff like ships, trains, castles perhaps, plus of course things like *Thunderbirds*. I made a few attempts at drawing comic strips at school, producing hand-crafted (as opposed to having them reproduced) comics that I lent to friends etc. I'm not sure there was any other career path for me; I was pretty much use-

less at anything else, as my O-Level grades would testify. I always did well at art though, and went on to art college in Exeter in the late 70s/early 80s.

Were there any specific artists you admired when you were younger, in comics for example?

As a kid, I never had much in the way of comics; but I did have educational magazines like *Tell Me Why* and occasionally *Look and Learn*. I admired many of the artists that worked for these publications, but didn't know who many of them were until I did start collecting comics in the early 70s, where their art was signed more often and occasionally credited. The first comic I had on any regular basis was *Countdown*, and thus I got to know the likes of John Burns, Brian Lewis, Gerry Haylock etc and the reprinted art of Mike Noble and Frank Bellamy plus the Embletons (Ron and Gerry), and many others. At the same time, I also started picking up second-hand copies of *TV21* and a few *Eagles* too, mainly from school jumble sales, so the list of those I admired started to expand too, taking in the Dan Dare artists plus L Ashwell Wood etc.

I was very lucky in that my parents never threw out any of my comics over the years, so I was able to maintain and build upon



my collections, even when I was away from home at college. In fact, when I was at college, I got a call from dad saying that a near-complete run of *Lady Penelope* had been handed in to the school jumble sale where he worked; did I want them? Well, you know the answer to that, so by the early 80s I had complete sets of *Countdown/TV Action* and *TV21*, *Lady Penelope* etc, which I still have and still read, admiring the art to this day.

You've illustrated a number of technical manual-type books related to Gerry Anderson shows such as *Captain Scarlet* and *Thunderbirds* and also *Dan Dare*. What appeals to you about the vehicles and technology associated with those characters?

I'm not sure there is anything specifically appealing about the technology of the vehicles I've illustrated, beyond the privilege

of being able to produce cutaways from the shows I grew up with as a child over the last thirty years or so, for a living. The technology obviously has a retro feel to it which suits my hand-painted art style down to the ground of course, especially the *Dan Dare* cutaways that I produced for the *Haynes Dan Dare Spacefleet Operations Manual* in 2013. I guess there might be a temptation to try and update the technology on some of the 50s and 60s vehicles that I've drawn, but beyond a couple of isolated instances, I've tried to keep things like propulsion systems etc true to the era the craft were originally created.

Are you a *Doctor Who* fan? Do you have a favourite Doctor or era of the show?

Actually, I'm not a *Doctor Who* fan as such, although I have grown up with the series from around the end of the Patrick Troughton era. I am primarily a Gerry Anderson fan, which is why I bought *Countdown* every week in the early 70s. Of course, *Countdown* featured *Doctor Who*, which has meant that Jon Pertwee is pretty much my favourite Doctor; his on-screen episodes were supplemented by his weekly adventures in the comic. These, illustrated by Harry Lindfield, Gerry Haylock, Frank Langford and others, are my favourite *Doctor*

Who comic strips; for me at the time they seemed to accurately reflect the series itself, more than any others that I have read...although to be honest I haven't read all that many in more recent years!

How much knowledge did you have about *Shada* specifically, prior to being asked to do artwork for the DVD?

I knew very little of *Shada* prior to working on it. Somewhere I have a copy of the VHS release which had the Tom Baker linking narration, but I hadn't seen it for years and had forgotten most of it. When I was approached to work on the DVD/Blu-ray release, I was still finishing off the *Haynes Captain Scarlet Manual* with author Sam Denham, and I must confess I didn't have time to sit through the remains of the story when I got the call!

How were you approached to take part in the project?

I was contacted by two people independently within hours of each other! Charles Norton (*Shada* DVD director/producer) had seen my artwork (possibly online) for the Dan Dare magazine *Spaceship Away* and the *Haynes Dan Dare Manual* and had initially contacted Des Shaw and Rod Barzillay. They were both associated with these products, and they passed my con-

tact details on to him. He had probably also seen the seemingly endless number of Gerry Anderson-related cutaways I had illustrated over the years too, and thought that my 'retro' hand-painted style was ideal for designing some of the spaceship interiors that the 1979 *Doctor Who* episodes required. Anyway, within minutes of the two phone calls I received from Rod and Des, Charles was on the phone asking me to produce some background art and design, and before long was arranging a meeting to get the team together at BBC Worldwide.

You are credited as 'Animation Background Artist' for *Shada*. On a practical level, what did this involve?

In an age of digital illustration, I am one of the few people who still does everything by hand. This didn't seem to faze Charles at all, and thus I commenced a series of fifteen or so pencilled visuals, which were approved with few if any alterations, before beginning the final A3-sized painted illustrations. These were 'side-on' views (with no perspective) of corridors, control rooms and control panels, some of which were based on existing set designs, and some of which I designed myself. These were to be scanned and rendered (and re-lit) into 3D animated back-

grounds. I also produced paintings of the carrier ship and the Shada complex itself, based on somewhat blurry on-set photos of the studio models. I tried to be as creative as possible with these in particular; the studio model stills of the Shada prison were not the best and the model looked as if it was attached to a large lump of green fibreglass. I altered this to look more like a rocky outcrop on a cliff face, reflecting to a degree my love for Frank Bellamy's work with strong contrasts and interesting rock formations!

What were the particular challenges of *Shada*? And what do you think of the finished project?

The only real challenges involved designing elements of the spacecraft interiors for which little if anything had got beyond a few original floorplan sketches. I wanted the controls to look pretty clunky; reflecting a sort of Dan Dare combined with a 'left over sets from *UFO*' look that it was felt the production required. My illustrations were scanned and rendered into 3D/animated backgrounds and on the whole these looked really great, still retaining that hand-painted look. There were a couple of close-ups of the controls that do look a bit crude though; this was because some of the original A3 artwork was zoomed in upon

and some of the controls were painted only a couple of centimetres across in some cases! If I had known, I could have produced a larger illustration with more detail for those couple of shots! Luckily this only occurs once or twice, though. Overall, I think the production looks great, although I must confess I haven't sat down and watched it properly yet, and I was unable to go to the BFI Launch screening, unfortunately.

What projects have you got coming up in the near future?

My work can be quite diverse; at the moment I am involved in a project for the SS Great Britain and the Brunel Museum, with I'm told more work to follow. The success of the *Haynes Captain Scarlet Manual* means that there is the slim possibility of another book at some point, and of course I have this infamous 'secret life' as one of three or four artists who produce cover paintings for *The People's Friend* magazine, who – due to a tradition dating back to 1946 – work under the pseudonym of 'J Campbell Kerr'. I also continue to produce work for *Spaceship Away* magazine when I can, and even find time to do private commissions once in a while!

To finish on a random question, I understand you assisted *Doctor Who* actress So-



sophie Aldred with her university dissertation...?

I was at art college at Exeter College of Art and Design from 1979 to 1982, and my degree dissertation was about *TV Century 21*. A very much cut-down version of this appeared in a two-part feature in the Gerry Anderson magazine *SIG*, and if I remember rightly, Sophie contacted me via the magazine for help on her forthcoming dissertation about *Thunderbirds*, which she was doing as part of her drama degree course at Manchester University. We corresponded about this for a while, and I finally sent her a copy of my thesis, which she briefly quoted from for her own work. She subsequently sent me a copy of her own thesis which she completed a year or so after mine, which of course has my name in it in the Acknowledgements section! I still have it, somewhere. We still keep in touch, sometimes seeing each other on the convention circuit of course (occasionally where I too am a

guest, invited along because of my Gerry Anderson work). So yes, I have known Sophie before her stint on *Doctor Who*, thanks to our Gerry Anderson fandom connections!

[You can view Graham's website by clicking here](#)

The 2017 version of 'Shada' is available to buy from a number of outlets.

To see the blu ray at Amazon UK [click here](#) and for the DVD [click here](#).

The steelbook is still available but at a [premium price](#)

The trailer can be viewed at YouTube by [clicking here](#)



REVIEW - BIG FINISH
RAVENOUS
Review by Jake Mellor

My true introduction to Big Finish came through the desire to see (or rather, hear) more of the criminally underrated Eighth Doctor; since then I've eagerly awaited each release with about as much patience as a Black Friday shopper. So you might say that after finishing *The Time War* last October, I was immediately ravenous for more. Or you might not, because that's a terrible joke that pretty much every other fan has made already, considering the title of the new four-part boxset. But for want of a TARDIS, I'll settle for jumping on a bandwagon.



I felt a certain sense of disappointment that the previous anthology wasn't a continuation of *Doom Coalition 4*, but instead

an entirely new (though admittedly decent) series. Happily, though, *Ravenous* returns to the era of Liv, Helen and the Eleven, and follows on from the climactic ending of its predecessor... eventually.

We last heard Helen and the Eleven crashing in a battle TARDIS following the destruction of the Resonance Engine in *Stop the Clock*; unfortunately, there are two self-standing stories before the aftermath is eventually revealed to the listener. On the surface, they seem like nothing but padding; the usual TARDIS-getting-waylaid trope present in pretty much every era and medium of *Doctor Who*, before eventually arriving where it's supposed to be. Narratively it's explained almost satisfactorily; the Doctor and Liv don't really know what happened to Helen, after all, and the TARDIS is simply following her trace - it's only natural to encounter issues with a wild space goose chase; but that doesn't stop it from feeling like an annoying prolongation. *Finest Hour* has the TARDIS land in London on the eve of the Battle of Britain; it sees the return of Winston Churchill (or 'Winnie', as the Doctor of course calls him), played again by Ian McNeice, having most recently been seen in two previous Big Finish anthologies. Although *The Churchill Years* involved

narrative encounters with the Doctor, it's the first time since *The Wedding of River Song* that we've actually witnessed him interacting with an acted Doctor - and it's quite a delight. There's the usual confusion over timelines and sly attempts to learn about the future and the TARDIS, and now he's face to face with an ignorant Liv Chenka, who has, to his bemusement, no clue who he is (yet, strangely, she does know about William of Ockham and his Razor).

Ian McNeice is definitely the highlight of the first story; he offers another enthusiastic performance of Churchill and bounces off Paul McGann and Nicola Walker rather well, with some humorous moments. The trouble is, with a war story, there's a need for tact and careful balancing of humour within a background of such a grave incident, and there's an argument that perhaps it is slightly too light-hearted. For me, though, the balance is about right; the comedic moments often stem from Liv's derisive tendencies rather than an overt attempt to be funny, and the plot, which focusses on two Polish air pilots helping to combat alien involvement in the war, does end with a sombre conclusion which brings the whole thing back down to Earth. *How to Make a Killing In Time Travel* is probably the weakest

link; and by that I don't mean that a robotic Anne Robinson appears hosting a banal quiz show - thank God. Instead, it's a somewhat farcical hour of scientist Strella Cushing seeing her life fall apart in front of her, as a series of events happen around her involving her angry employer, a creature that speaks like Yoda (because faulty translator it has), and a loose-lipped Head of Security. The publishers' summary promotes this story as one full of nefarious plots and the agendas of criminals, murderers and aliens conspiring against the Doctor. I'm not sure whether the person writing that actually listened to it; most of the antagonism isn't, for once, directed at the Doctor, and both the 'nefarious' scheme of supposed antagonist Cornelius Morningstar and the subplot of political intrigue are revealed and resolved within the space of around seven minutes each. It's a rather slapstick adventure, and the quick pacing means things are never really explored in much detail - the characters aren't particularly fleshed out enough to make a significant impression, which is an issue as the story is very much character-driven; unfortunately, those characters become tiresome and clichéd rather quickly, and none of them are particularly easy to sympathise with. In essence it's a pretty skippable sto-

ry, which is not something that could be said about any of the Eighth Doctor's adventures for a long time.

World of Damnation and Sweet Salvation, on the other hand, are no disappointment. After two superfluous and somewhat hurried stories, we finally learn the fate of Helen and the Eleven, who have crashed on a prison satellite called Rykerzon and are now prisoners who, on the face of it, are amicable friends, with somewhat of a carer-patient relationship. Of course, the audience will remain sceptical, but there's something inherently more sinister about someone you think to be evil seeming to have changed their ways - even if it's no surprise when they do revert to type. Helen, too, has undergone somewhat of a change, exhibiting some of the powers of the Sonomancer, having been imbued with them by Caleera near the conclusion of Doom Coalition. We can no longer be sure what to expect, as Helen tries to suppress these potentially destructive powers from everyone, including the Doctor and Liv, as they finally arrive at their destination even later than a Southern Rail train. Though *Finest Hour* and *How to Make a Killing in Time* were two alright diversions, the last two instalments to *Ravenous 1* are exactly what fans of Doom Coa-

lition have been waiting for. They may also be what fans of *The Happiness Patrol* (all six of them) were waiting for; though they've had a significantly longer wait to witness the return of the Kandyman. Reimagined, as he was to some extent in the novelisation, to look 'almost human but with a dusting of sugar', no longer is he a laughable deranged Bertie Bassett, but he is still obsessed with controlling people through sweet things; most recently the prisoners on Rykerzon. Both Nicholas Rowe and the medium of audio help shirk off the image presented to us in *The Happiness Patrol*, with a little help from our brain repressing memories of that serial for reasons of sanity, and the Kandyman is no longer a comical behemoth dishing out sweets; he is the menacing villain that his creator originally intended. Together with the Eleven, portrayed superbly once again by Mark Bonar, they make the formidable foe that the prior two adventures lacked. Combined with the new dynamic introduced by the Doctor and Liv's belated reunion with a somewhat changed Helen, it makes for two hours of compulsive listening - but it's a crying shame that it isn't four. Here's hoping that *Ravenous 2* doesn't produce a similar mixed bag. I'm certainly ravenous for more-providing it's not more of the

Kandyman's confectionery. Oh look, I made that joke after all.

[Click here for the Ravenous Vol 1 trailer](#)



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Ian McNeice recording at Big Finish

REVIEW - BIG FINISH

THE FIRST DOCTOR ADVENTURES

Review by James Bojaciuk

The First Doctor Adventures Volume 2 seeks to explore two of the signature genres of the Hartnell era, the hard science fiction story exploring a palpably weird alien world, and the historical. This is another 2 x two-hour adventures mimicking the structure and approach of early Doctor Who, featuring the first Doctor, Susan, Barbara, and Ian.

Despite being recorded in a block alongside the previous set, there are some general improvements. David Bradley and Claudia Grant have improved as the Doctor and Susan, and Jamie Glover is so much better as Ian that it's hard to believe this was recorded within days of the first set. Jemma Powell's performance as Barbara remains virtually flawless, as ever.

The Invention of Death by John Dorney

The Sensorites and The Web Planet were an experiment. Can Doctor Who establish a truly alien world, explore it in detail, and do both of these things in the space and budget of their production. It's telling that, outside of written material, this kind of intense, hard(er) science fic-

tion world building was never attempted again.

The Invention of Death strives to be The Sensorites or The Web Planet, but done to engage the audience more. It has the same scale and ambition - if not more - but it isn't held back by visual design. In Dorney's words, it's seeking a 'real sense of alienness.' Like those serials, it is also slower. It's seeking to depict a fully realised science fiction world, and spares few details. It's vital for the story. It is, in a sense, the story. We are on an equal footing with the Doctor and his companions. We know what they know, experience what they experience. We are all stranded with only our wits. And what a bewildering world we are stranded in, so full of startling concepts and new ideas that Hugo Gernsback would place it in Amazing Stories posthaste.

And indeed, I do not invoke Gersback's name in vain. This is a science fiction story, and often a hard science fiction story, instead of Doctor Who's usual spot between soft science fiction and science fantasy. Real science - or fantastic versions of real science - play major parts in this story, and it makes me long for more science fiction of this sort in Doctor Who. From gravity well slingshots through time to beams of light used in

learning, it's conceptually thrilling.

More than this, The Invention of Death succeeds as a human drama. Our four leads are drawn extremely well, and all of them grow. We may know their destinations, but this story makes the journey all the richer and all the deeper. Ian and Barbara receive the most attention, as their quiet romance is meticulously developed, if rarely touched upon (and then denied by both). Like The Rocketmen, the story is centered on their relationship, but unlike The Rocketmen, we now see Barbara's side. The Doctor and Susan develop themselves via the new characters - mirroring them and being mirrored by them. There is much of the Time Lord in the Ashtallah, and much of the Ashtallah in the Time Lords.

The 'London's Burning' campfire song is masterful. The characters sing a song. It's a moment of genuine joy for them. But as with something out of David Lynch, it is a scene of genuine goodness, and the goodness is not undercut.

A character is stabbed. Occasionally - very occasionally - there is a sharp intake of breath. There are no wet sounds, no bloody sounds, nothing that would fall outside the standards of 1960s television. It's beauti-

fully simple, and its power lies in layering these occasional sounds under the rest of the dialogue.

If it hasn't already become clear, *The Invention of Death* is a contender for my favourite Big Finish story of 2018.

The Barbarians and the Samurai by Andrew Smith

There is a certain glee in setting the Doctor beside his contemporaries. Quatermass in *Nightshade* and *Remembrance of the Daleks* and Gerry Anderson in *The Indestructible Man* and *The Dying Days*, for example. *The Barbarians and the Samurai* connects Doctor Who with another cultural phenomenon, albeit one from half a world away. It sets the first Doctor amid the samurai movies of the era.

Dismiss the notion that the samurai movies of the 1960s resemble the later, wilder films that would make their way to drive-ins and grindhouse theatres throughout the 1970s. They had much more in common with the ethos and production of Hartnell's era of Doctor Who. Cheap, quick productions that nonetheless aimed to both entertain and teach children, often with a moral precept or conundrum at the center of the story. It is a small jump from the black and white Zatoichi movies to the black and white Doctor Who; it is a small

jump from Zatoichi to the Doctor, both compassionate men, full of inquisitive wonder, forced to fight because they believe it is right. And Zatoichi and the Doctor both hide their capabilities behind age and infirmities.

All of these films take place in the 1820s or 1830s, and this story follows suit, dressing itself in the trappings of such stories. The abusive leader; the former samurai, now below reproach and of mean status, who is more noble than his lords -but still bound to them, in ways, by honour; his love, who is inescapably bound in her duties to the abusive leader; the leader's noble assistant, who is not so much evil by nature as simply loyal to an evil man. Some of the actors clearly have a great deal of fun matching the performances of those classic films (for readers more familiar with Hollywood, imagine someone mimicking the semi-western-twang of old Hollywood westerns; it's the same kind of semi-historical accent).

But if the inspiration is in the samurai films of the 1960s, and particularly Zatoichi, that does nothing to prevent the history from being absolutely accurate. I am a history buff. While the characters and situations are invented, the situations, world, and culture are not only accurate - they inform the story

and characterisation. People may say 'but what does getting the history right matter? It's just a story.' Even putting aside the idea that most people end up learning about history through fiction instead of texts, this shows how knowing and using history well makes a story richer, and more engaging, suggesting characters and plots.

Caspar Knox may be fictional, but he's cast from the same mould as William Adams, or Edward & Henry Schnell. Lord Marmoru may be fictional, but power plays and attempted rebellions were very much part of the Tokugawa Bakufu (Shogunate). Okada Shumei and Keiko may be fictional, but all the matters related to samurai, the peasantry, and the state of women are accurate. Rangaku (Dutch studies) were recently allowed, to encourage the use of western information. The Trading Company's attempt to gain access to Japan's resources may be fictional, but countries and trading companies did do everything in their power to gain access to the country - and it's accurate down to the specific rifles named. It captures the conflict between the old ways and the new. Everything is correct, and everything is in order.

It's refreshing- it's wonderful -to have an example of historical

fiction that gets everything right.

This is a story that allows the main cast to break off into unusual pairings, and to see what happens when, for example, Susan and Ian spend most of a story working together. The pairings regularly shift as well. It makes wonderful use of Ian's chemical training, Barbara's historical knowledge, and Susan and the Doctor's journeys prior to meeting Ian and Barbara. The travellers confront their own bias about humanity and this culture, instead of trying to change it from the outside. It's the inverse of The Aztecs, and I wish more time had been devoted to exploring that.

The Barbarians and the Samurai is the gold standard for historical stories, and a very good episode on its own merits. I hope we have more eastern historical episodes in the future.

Performed As-Live

Doctor Who has never particularly had a budget, and in the early days, extra takes or advanced camera work were exceptional. Because of this, watching Doctor Who was like watching a play performance; even if it was edited, camera angles often suggested you had an intimate seat in the audience. Even if Doctor Who remained



Sophie Iles

like a filmed stage performance for the duration of its original run (and best critiqued through that lens), the immediate impact of the as-live world faded as the show became more film-like, incorporating more techniques from Hollywood and fewer from the West End.

Listening to this set is the first time I've really felt the Hartnell era's sense of 'as live' rushing back.

It's helped by the circumstances of recording. The actors weren't confined to their own booths. The cast, mainly, performed in a single room. This method made *Batman: The Animated Series* sound like a depression-era radio show; here, it feels like we're listening to recordings of two more Doctor Who stage shows. You hear the actors physically react to one another, and that

makes all the difference between enjoyment and feeling like you're part of the story.

This sense extends to the writing. These two-hour, four-part stories are not paced like feature films, as many of the recent two-hour audios are. They are paced like something you would expect to see on the stage.

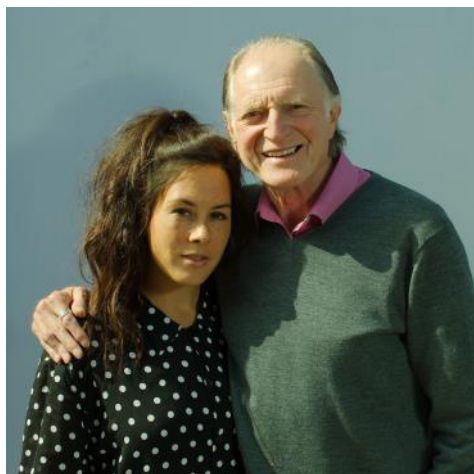
This extends to the fights in *The Barbarians and the Samurai*. Hartnell's era often suffered from claustrophobic sets, and production fought to make worlds of imagination come to life across these spaces that sometimes felt smaller than a prison cell. Keeping the larger battles 'off-stage' feels natural with the source material. Smaller battles are intimate, and easily performed in the imagined small spaces. It adds to the charming low-budget of the era without feeling like the audio holds us back from the greater narrative.

The First Doctor Adventures Volume 2 is something special. *The Invention of Death* is a stand-out story and *The Barbarians and the Samurai* is one of the most accurate historicals to date, and finds an interesting, new role for our leads in a historical story.

I highly recommend this set.



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THE FAN VIEW

by The Great Architect

'Doctor Who's propensity for change meant that a female Doctor was not only possible but inevitable.'

... "it is not the strongest or the most intelligent who will survive but those who can best manage change". Charles Darwin.

Since its humble beginnings, Doctor Who has always had a great format. An eccentric old man travelled through time and space with his companions in a battered police box, visiting Earth's history and future worlds, battling evil, fighting monsters. But there was one other element which would be needed to guarantee Doctor Who's long-term success: Change – specifically the concept of regeneration.

Change is part of Doctor Who's DNA. When Carole Ann Ford who played the Doctor's original companion Susan (the Doctor's Granddaughter) decided to leave the programme, the production team chose to replace her with Maureen O'Brien playing a new character called Vicki. The change of cast member sparked huge public interest and resulted in some of the programme's highest ratings. But it was a risky time for Doctor Who. For the first year of its run there had been a regular cast providing familiarity for the audience in the form of the Doctor, Susan and the two school teachers, Ian and Barbara. Would the viewers accept a new character in Susan's place? The

answer was 'yes' and it was to prove to be the first of many comings and goings for the series.

In 1966, a more radical development for the programme became necessary. It was time for the Doctor himself to undergo a change in his appearance. Although there had already been a 'new' Doctor (Peter Cushing in the Dr Who and the Daleks movie) it was still considered something of a risk to introduce a different Doctor into the series itself. Changing a series lead was rare in those days, although the popular character of Quatermass had been played by three different actors on TV. As *An Adventure in Space and Time* (2013) tells it, William Hartnell was becoming increasingly forgetful when it came to remembering his lines and was, perhaps, not as settled or content in the role as he had been under the show's first producer, Verity Lambert. Lambert's successor, John Wiles, had toyed with the idea of replacing Hartnell during *The Celestial Toymaker* (the Doctor had been made invisible in that story and given the fantasy-based nature of the narrative and the powers of the Toymaker within his own domain, it would have seemed entirely in keeping for the Toymaker to have changed the Doctor's face). By 1966 there was a very strong feeling on the part of the BBC that the programme needed a new star in order to continue and thus Hartnell was asked to leave

The production team came up with the idea that the Doctor could renew his body ('regeneration' would not be used until some years later.)

After all, if the Doctor could travel in time why could he not be different people in different times? The new Doctor was to be played by Patrick Troughton.

Troughton was at first reluctant to take the role, feeling that the series would only last a few weeks with him starring in it, but he eventually decided to accept it. He felt that he should not play the role as a carbon copy of Hartnell and that he should develop a new characterisation. Hence, the concept that would ensure the series' longevity for over half a century was born. Regeneration may have been introduced to the programme for pragmatic rather than creative reasons but it was to prove to be a key factor in the series' continuing success.

Would regeneration prove to be a one-off stunt that was able to guarantee the series just a few more years? No. In 1970, a Third Doctor in the form of Jon Pertwee took over and was to take the series to new levels of success. Once again, the new Doctor was to have a very different personality to his predecessors and was to be a flamboyant dandy to follow Hartnell's elderly professor and Troughton's clown-like cosmic hobo.

In 1980, outgoing Doctor Tom Baker (leaving the role after a record seven seasons), took the opportunity to cause mischief by suggesting to the media that his successor might be a woman. 'I wish my successor, whoever he or she might be, the best of luck,' he said. His comments were widely reported and created a media storm. The

show's producer at that time, John Nathan-Turner, was not minded to introduce a female Doctor but, a showman at heart, was always happy for media speculation about the series, as evidenced later when he suggested that the TARDIS police box exterior might be changed to something else.

The idea of a female Doctor would continue to be suggested over the years by the media and Doctor Who fans alike. Beryl Reid would be suggested as a possible Doctor in the Radio Times letters page and Mary Tamm (companion Romana to Tom Baker's Doctor) was amongst the female actors who would express a desire to play the role.

The most concrete proposal for a female Doctor during the series' original run came in 1986 when BBC One Controller Michael Grade asked the programme's creator Sydney Newman for his proposals on how to re-establish Doctor Who, which by that stage had arguably lost its way and begun to slip a little in the British public's affections. Newman's recommendations included the suggestion that Patrick Troughton should return to play the Doctor once more (appropriately, given that Troughton had been the man brought in to helm the series the first time the format had needed refreshing) and that 'at a later stage Doctor Who should be metamorphosed into a woman.' Newman received a one-off payment for his efforts but his ideas were not taken up and Sylvester McCoy was brought in to play the Seventh Doctor in 1987.

Doctor Who came off the air in 1989. Scheduled opposite Coronation Street, Who's ratings had fallen to an all-time low although many felt that the quality of the show itself was improving when it came to a sudden end.

Doctor Who returned as a one-off TV movie in 1996 starring Paul McGann. Whilst the Doctor remained male, the relationship between the Time Lord and his companion (Daphne Ashbrook as Dr Grace Holloway) was now arguably more of a relationship of equals, inspired perhaps by the dynamics of the lead characters in American series such as The X Files and Lois and Clark: The New Adventures of Superman which had debuted whilst Doctor Who had been off air. For the first time, there was also an element of romance between the Doctor and his companion.

Doctor Who was relaunched as a full series in 2005. Again, the Doctor was male, this time played by Christopher Eccleston and subsequently David Tennant. But the female companions were arguably stronger than ever with actors such as Billie Piper as Rose Tyler and Catherine Tate as Donna Noble making a huge impact. For the first time, there was a non-white companion in the form of Martha Jones played by Freema Agyeman. Doctor Who gained two spin-offs, Torchwood and The Sarah Jane Adventures, both of which featured strong female characters in major roles.

Following the departure of Freema Agyeman, her replacement by Ka-

ren Gillan as Amy Pond followed by Jenna Louise Coleman as Clara Oswald, both Caucasian, prompted some to feel that the series was returning to safe casting rather than attempting to be truly diverse. Steven Moffat himself would later comment – ‘We need to do better... We just have to.’ When Coleman, left she was replaced by Pearl Mackie as Bill, a character who was both black and a lesbian. The series had not shied away from sexuality since its return (Captain Jack clearly appearing to be bisexual!) but this was the first time an openly gay character had become a regular companion.

We’ve non-white companions – could there ever be a black Doctor? Prior to the announcements of both Matt Smith and Peter Capaldi as the new Doctor in 2009 and 2013 respectively, there had been speculation about whether a black actor might inherit the role. Paterson Joseph, who had appeared in a Christopher Eccleston episode (Bad Wolf), was a popular choice. Steven Moffat would later say: ‘I mean, we’ve tried. The part has been offered to a black actor. But for various reasons, it didn’t work out.’

But what of the female Doctor? From the beginning of his era, Steven Moffat seemed to be paving the way. The character of the Master had always been played in the series by a man, starting with Roger Delgado in 1971. Moffat re-invented the character as Missy – still the same person but regenerated as a female. Played by Michelle Gomez, the new version of the Master proved to be more popular

than anyone could have predicted. The transition seemed seamless and opened up a whole new series of storytelling opportunities. Later, we actually saw a male to female regeneration as the General, played by Ken Bone transformed into a new incarnation played by T’Nia Miller.

Peter Capaldi announced his departure from Doctor Who in early 2017. Like his two immediate predecessors, he had chosen to leave the series after three full series plus specials. His departure would occur in the 2017 Christmas special. As had always been the case, speculation immediately began as to who would succeed him with suggested names including several women such as Olivia Coleman and Hayley Atwell. Incoming showrunner Chris Chibnall commented in an interview that he felt a female Doctor would be little more than a gimmick. This was in fact a brilliant bluff. In July 2017, Jodie Whittaker was announced as the new Doctor. The programme’s journey towards a female lead was complete.

Doctor Who is by no means the first science-fiction franchise to feature a woman in a lead or major role. The Alien and Terminator films, the new generation of Star Wars movies and latter day Star Treks have all done. Doctor Who has arguably been a little slow in bringing us the first female Doctor but, as we have seen, the seeds of change were in fact sown many years ago and it was always going to be question of when not if the Doctor would be reborn in female form.

INTERVIEW

CONVENTIONALLY SPEAKING

- GRAHAM GROOM

by Ian Wheeler

Graham Groom is the man behind the long-running Doctor Who Autograph Collectors' Club and has organised several Doctor Who conventions in his home town of Darwen, Lancashire. Ian Wheeler caught up with him...

How long have you been a fan of Doctor Who?

Since the early 70s. I remember growing up watching Jon Pertwee and, like most young boys, loving the giant maggots and things! I particularly loved the Sea Devils – and still do. I watched the early Tom Baker stories and enjoyed his humour but gradually became disillusioned with the poor stories and cheap look of it all, plus I was growing up and getting other interests. I stopped watching it for a few years but then started again once Peter Davison took over as I enjoyed him as Tristan Farnon in All Creatures Great and Small. I really enjoyed the Davison era and his TARDIS crew. By the time Colin Baker took over I was working and only saw it now and then. I remember watching Sylvester McCoy's first series with my mum – we recorded it whilst watching Coronation Street and watched it afterwards but we both thought it was a very poor season and we never watched it again. Then when the thirtieth anniversary

came round in 1994 I watched the various celebratory stories and got back into the show. I started buying the videos and have been a fan ever since!

What's your favourite Doctor, companion and monster?

Well, my favourites are both Jon Pertwee and Peter Davison from growing up but I do enjoy watching the old Patrick Troughton stories and thought he made a great Doctor. I thought Christopher Eccleston made a very good Doctor, too, and it's a pity he didn't do at least once more series. I enjoyed David Tennant as well and thought Matt Smith was very good, though I wasn't enamoured with most of his stories sadly. I've always had a soft spot for Nyssa and thought she was greatly underused in the shadow of the stronger Tegan. I enjoyed Peri too and think Zoe was a great companion also. As for the male companions I've always enjoyed Ian, Turlough and the underused Harry Sullivan. I enjoyed the early Cybermen from the 60s and the original Sea Devils. Of the more recent "monsters" I thought the Ood were good.

You run the Doctor Who Autograph Collectors' Club – how did you go about setting the club up?

I've collected autographs since the early 80s and the original Davison crew of Janet Fielding, Sarah Sutton, Matthew Waterhouse and Peter himself, together with Anthony Ainley, were amongst the first autographs in my collection. Having gone to numerous Doctor Who conventions in the late 90s and early

00s and seeing the queues for autographs there, I knew a lot of people enjoyed collecting the signatures of their favourite stars. I was a member of two autograph clubs, sadly no longer around, and enjoyed reading their publications and thought it might be fun to combine the two interests and start a Doctor Who Autograph Collectors' Club. Plus the internet had just started to take off and I enjoyed creating little websites so thought I would create one for that too. The club has never really taken off like I would have liked it to have done, despite the free membership. I think it has peaked at around forty members. I would have liked more, maybe around a hundred, though I would have struggled to have coped financially with that many as I produce a free newsletter every month. We are fast approaching the two hundredth issue and I haven't missed a month!

What made you want to organise Doctor Who conventions?

I'd been running the club for a few years and had attended a number of conventions. I thought it might be good to organise a small event for club members and anyone else who wanted to attend. Doctor Who conventions by 2004 were becoming big, expensive and very formal events over several days where you had little or no interaction with the guests unless you got a few seconds whilst they signed an expensive photo for you. I wanted a small, very informal event where the fans and guests could mingle and enjoy themselves and wouldn't spend a fortune to attend. I think I

achieved that aim. I organised a signing event at the Darwen Library Theatre for actress Caroline Munro, who was promoting her Doctor Who Big Finish story Omega and whilst there myself and a few others discussed the idea of holding a Doctor Who convention and it grew from there. There were five very informal events in Darwen over the next few years and all the guests and fans loved them due to their relaxed informal feel.

Organising events in the North of England presents transport challenges as many of Doctor Who's cast and crew are based in the South. How hard was it to persuade guests to come to your events?

It wasn't particularly hard to persuade people, no. The offer of money was usually enough! Plus I paid for their travel expenses (sometimes through the nose as I'm sure some, mentioning no names, ripped me off!) and overnight accommodation if they required it. I can only remember one person turning me down because it was a long way to travel for just a one-day event, and that's fair enough. I even had some guests ringing me up out of the blue asking if they could attend as they'd been chatting to others and had heard the Darwen events were good events!

Do you have any particular memories or anecdotes from the events that you have organised?

To be honest I was always so busy running the events and sorting things out for the guests and fans that I missed most of it all! I hardly

heard any of the interview panels and never got a single autograph for myself! The best moment I guess was the end of the first event as it coincided with my fortieth birthday. I must have mentioned it to someone and as all the guests went on stage to say their goodbyes I got dragged on stage and was presented with a birthday cake and all the guests and audience sang 'Happy Birthday' to me. It was very embarrassing at the time as I hate being the centre of attention but it was very touching all the same! Another fond memory is of meeting actress Rhian James, who appeared in the Christopher Eccleston story Father's Day. She attended the second event at the Darwen Library Theatre and was the last guest to arrive. She sent me a text to say she had arrived and was in a café opposite the train station so I left the event in the very capable hands of David J Howe and went to meet her. She was really nice and we had a little chat but, the poor thing, she was soooooo nervous, almost to the point of being terrified and was shaking like a leaf especially when I told her there were over a hundred fans there! Anyway, she calmed down a little and was taken under the wings of Lisa Bowerman and Dee Sadler and really enjoyed herself in the end. I kept in touch with a number of guests but sadly not with Rhian. Maybe her agent never passed on my mail. I also have a particular memory from the last event which involved one of my club members, Chris Winwood, who has become a good friend over the years. I don't want to say what he did but I want to put on record that I

will be forever in his debt and say a very big "thank you" to him.

Colin Baker has been a particularly supportive guest, have you any particular memories of Colin?

Colin is a true gent. After meeting him at the hotel the day before his Darwen event, he gave me a lift home in his car! The next day, when someone had a complaint about the event, he chatted to them and said it was "one of the best events I have ever been to". Praise indeed! Colin had agreed to attend the small Darwen event but then received a better offer from a big weekend event who decided to put it on at the same time as mine. Anyone else would have pulled out of my small convention to attend the more financially lucrative big event. But not Colin. He still wanted to honour our (unwritten) agreement but said he would have to leave early and so reduced his fee accordingly, which was good of him. However, he enjoyed himself so much, especially meeting and chatting to the fans and others guests in the bar, that he ended up stopping for most of the day at no extra charge! Thanks Colin!

Is it difficult to compete with the big Memorabilia-sized events?

People seem to prefer the smaller more relaxed informal events but the big events have the money and influence and can attract the bigger names, and many of them. From that point of view it is difficult to compete. They get sponsorship and have countless dealers attending who all pay handsomely for

their tables. I had to fund everything myself. It cost me a fortune and after five events I could no longer afford to continue them.

Have you any plans for future events?

No, sadly, although I would like to do more. Maybe if the club is still going in four years' time, when it will be twenty. They are so expensive to put on. Sadly the big events and Comic Cons have all but made little family friendly events extinct, which is a great shame.

Are you looking forward to Jodie Whitaker's version of Doctor Who?

I am. Like many people I was unsure about a female Doctor. However, so long as the stories are strong enough, the acting good enough and the show becomes more family orientated again so that young children as well as older ones and adults can enjoy them without being totally confused then it really doesn't matter who plays the Doctor, does it?



INTERVIEW

THE TIDES OF TIME

**Ian Wheeler talks to
Matthew Kilburn & James Ashworth**

The Tides of Time is a remarkable fanzine phenomenon. The long-running fanzine of the Oxford Doctor Who Society has been running for over 40 issues. Ian Wheeler caught up with its editors...

Would you be able to give us a quick potted history of The Tides of Time?

Matthew: A quick potted history - difficult! I think that it's worth explaining some context. Back in the 1980s lots of student societies at Oxford University had their own magazines. If they were for a political or business-focused society then they'd probably be professionally printed and have sponsorship or advertising from banks or accountancy or law firms. If they were for a less serious group they'd be photocopied and put together on a typewriter or early word processor printer such as a dot matrix. Tides of Time was one of the latter. Often these were paid for out of membership fees and distributed to every member. I think it's accurate to say that Louise Dennis, the first editor of Tides, was thinking of one of this type of student magazine when she started Tides. She was also a member of the Arthurian Society, whose activities involved visiting sites associated with, listening to talks about, playing games linked to King Arthur, and they had a very good and involving magazine called Ceridwen's Cauldron which Louise

Matthew



also edited for a while - and so did I, come to that. The Doctor Who Society committee was anxious about costs (the society had about 200 members in 1989, I think) and insisted it had to be self-financing. This turned out to be important in the magazine's development, because it enabled Tides to grow in a way it might otherwise have found difficult. Page counts grew, the zine moved from A5 to A4 (but remaining photocopied) and Tides became an essential part of the society. It's named after the first Peter Davison DWM comic strip, of course. For most of the first five or six years - two university generations, really - we published roughly every term. The mid-90s were extraordinary, with editors - particularly Gary Meehan - determined to show that in content and layout we could be as competent and inventive as the pro-zines like DWM and TV Zone, which was spoofed really well in

one issue.

Things then dropped away as membership numbers fell off, but there was a regrouping just before the turn of the century and from 1998 Matthew Peacock led a small band of people who perpetuated Tides, with some very thoughtful articles and fiction which looked out on Doctor Who as it had become in the wake of the McGann movie - this institution, designed for a mass audience, but increasingly niche and talking to a small audience. Ironically Tides wasn't being seen at all outside Oxford, as far as I know. Mat Peacock was producing some stunningly inventive issues and spending a lot of time on them - he was the first editor to spend ages standing over an inkjet printer as the colour covers inched out. In some ways we were perpetuating an early 1980s fanzine culture into the 1990s and 2000s, very university, which isn't surprising as that was where we were and still are.

In the early 2000s, we were picking up very few new members who really wanted to get involved. A good few of the university drama and journalism people were into Doctor Who, as they always had been, but while they were more open about their fandom than their predecessors had been generally in 1990 they didn't seek the companionship of video-viewings and they didn't have the shared experience of growing up watching the programme that my generation did. Mat Peacock had found an active student member to replace him, but that editorship fell through and even though I was by then well

past student age, I thought we could give the society one last shot and so I took on Tides from issue 29 in 2004. I won agreement to fund it from the membership fee for the first time, returned to A5 (which was not only cheaper but disguised that we didn't have as many contributions as Mat's issues had enjoyed). The idea was to go after the members who weren't turning up by putting the magazine in their pigeonholes whether they wanted it there or not. I suspect, with hindsight, that most of what I did as a thirtysomething in 2004-05 looked fairly archaic to the student readers of the time, but I put the cover into colour at my own expense and with the hard work of a printer for what I thought would be my last number, issue 31.

I still saw my job as to help hand over to another set of people from a younger generation, and though I enjoyed the three issues I did, particularly the last, I thought I was negotiating my belated exit from student-dom and I handed over the editorship to Adam Povey in 2006. Adam ran the society for most of the next few years and kept things very relaxed, but it did mean that Tides took a back seat at first and there were three years where though the magazine existed in name we didn't publish - then at the end of 2009 we suddenly started writing again and have largely kept going ever since. I began running an unauthorised blog about the magazine not long after and started to scan old articles and then upload entire issues. In 2017, I came back to the editorship wanting to make things more collaborative, was real-



James (and Dalek)

ly charmed with and enthused by reaction to the first one I did last year - the pdf only issue 39 - to the extent that I felt I had no choice but to do issue 40 straight away. We returned to print with issue 40, leaving the photocopier and latterly the office laser printer behind and having the university print centre run off a set much more lavish than we could have dreamed of a quarter of a century ago.

I've now been joined in the editorship by James Ashworth who is over a quarter-century younger than me so is in touch with the generation who grew up in the Russell T Davies and Moffat years, whereas I'm very aware that I'm one of the

'children of Philip Hinchcliffe' - and Terrance and Barry, come to that, Graham and Douglas, and to some extent John Nathan-Turner too as I bear some of the scars of 1980s fandom. I hope I'm not cynical, despite all that - Doctor Who should be about the love of discovery, of learning for its own sake, of unexpected connections, and of the defeat of monsters. I'm eager to see what we produce.

Would you be able to give us a brief introduction to yourselves?

James: My name is James Ashworth, and as well as being Co-Editor of Tides, I'm also a biology student here at Oxford. In terms of my history with Doctor Who, my first Doctor was actually Peter Cushing, before Christopher Eccleston arrived in Rose the week after. Since arriving at University and discovering WhoSoc, I've tried to enthuse as many people as possible about Doctor Who in all its forms!

Matthew: Matthew Kilburn, 47, hooked on Doctor Who probably from The Time Warrior part one and at least from the Jon Pertwee/Tom Baker regeneration... historical writer, researcher and editor, having worked on staff and as a freelancer for several humanities research projects such as the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, the Oxford English Dictionary, the History of Parliament and the Victoria County History. I've also done some occasional Doctor Who work, and a couple of DVD production notes.

Please tell us your favourite Doctor, story and monster?

James: My favourite Doctor would have to be the Second Doctor. I love Troughton's ability to move between the serious and the comedic, keeping the villains on edge before defeating them. This ability is something that really comes to the fore in my top serial, The War Games, as its ten episodes really give room for everything. The story itself is excellent, as the historical nature of the story is gradually stripped away to reveal the War Chief, and the Time Lords as a whole.

Picking a favourite monster is quite a tricky prospect! The first monster that comes to mind, if you can call them that, is the Trickster. I find the concept of using free will as a weapon against someone very interesting, leading to a series of episodes that are gripping from start to finish.

Matthew: Tom Baker, for stamina, consistency, inventiveness and being the Doctor of my childhood; The Day of the Doctor, for eloquently telling an entertaining and thrilling adventure story while musing on Doctor Who itself and digging the Doctor out of a tight character spot; and monster, the Sontarans.

The average lifespan of a Doctor Who fanzine is reportedly two issues. Why do you think The Tides of Time has lasted so long?

James: I think the reason that Tides has survived for so long is due to two apparently contradictory reasons - its capacity to change, and its constancy. For the former, the many backgrounds and interests of

contributors from different parts of the university allows us to have a range of articles, from poetry to mathematical discussions, that keeps Tides vibrant and fresh. On the other hand, the staying power and dedication of its editors, including my esteemed colleague, has allowed it to ride out the periods when members were harder to come by.

Matthew: Institutional support! It's part of what the society is for; there'd almost be a Tides even if no-one read it, or at least there have been times when this has been true. This century, when print has been increasingly seen as a legacy format, I suppose it's kept going because older people like me have still been around and younger people like James have entertained us by joining in with it.

How do you think a university-based publication differs from other fanzines?

James: In addition to the range mentioned above, I think the university set up in of itself has a role to play, in that new voices are constantly being brought in every year to augment what we already have. Student contributors also help differentiate it from other fanzines, with their dedication to a particular subject leading to deeper explorations of these topics than may otherwise be expected.

Matthew: The concept of the 'university society' means that there are people who will find things to do at one on a weeknight who would never have got involved otherwise - and that goes for fandoms as it

might do for Scottish country dancing or caving. So there are people who have contributed to Tides who might never have written about Doctor Who otherwise. Likewise, until very recently, Oxford people were really Tides's only readership. It's only the arrival of pdf distribution as well as selling a couple of hand-fuls of the print edition online which has given us a little more of an external readership - so I'm very aware of it now as the society speaking to the rest of the world and not just to itself.

How has the content of the magazine changed over the years?

Matthew: It's difficult to generalise after so long. When we started the entire magazine was about Doctor Who, and early on there were a number of video reviews as we were seeing the episodes for the first time since childhood, or for the first time full stop. As the 1990s progressed, I think articles became more nuanced, more self-consciously personal - Anthony Wilson's 'The Man that Time Forgot' series was especially important here - and broadened in scope, first with coverage of other archive series such as Blakes 7 and Sapphire and Steel, and then newcomers like Babylon 5. Issue 20 from 1997, the only one edited by Sandy Starr, even covered Star Trek and the impact of Star Wars marketing on Doctor Who which wouldn't have been considered just a few years before. Things became even broader when Matthew Peacock was editor, with articles covering everything from the books of J.G. Ballard and Joseph Conrad to Hercules: the Legendary Journeys, to Profession-

als fan fiction.

My first issue picked up a pool of articles largely shaped by Mat's run, and I put Buffy the Vampire Slayer on the cover. However, Russell T Davies and co were already hard at work on the new series by that stage, and there was a definite shift back to Doctor Who over the next couple of issues, so that when Adam Povey was editor we were really producing a narrowly-focused Doctor Who fanzine again, though what that meant in the 2010s was different to what it might have done twenty years before because Doctor Who is connected to a different range of experiences now - more conventions, computer games... Recently we've had more science, and also a return to more in-depth literary articles. I think we'll continue in all veins!

A number of Doctor Who guests have spoken at the Oxford Union. Have either of you attended any of these events?

James: Yes, I've been lucky to have seen many of the Doctor Who guests of the Union while I've been here, including a meeting with Steven Moffat himself! Murray Gold, Toby Jones and Derek Jacobi have been among those giving very interesting talks, as did Mark Gatiss (grumbles about not being picked to ask a question).

Matthew: Yes - Steven Moffat and Murray Gold in recent years. Way, way back I attended a talk at the Union by Douglas Adams during which one person who thought they were very clever kept offering him tea bags and invited him for pizza.

Adams told them to get lost!

With a new female Doctor debuting soon, what are your hopes for the future of the programme?

James: With the arrival of the an almost entirely new team, both in front of and behind the camera, I'd firstly hope that the combination of Jodie Whitaker's performance and Chris Chibnall's writing is able to finally put the arguments of their naysayers to rest. Any changeover is already difficult enough without a group of 'fans' who seem intent on it failing, and I'd hope that they'd be able to win them over so that we can all enjoy the adventures of our favourite alien across time and space together. I'd also like to continue the upward trajectory of story quality that we've been seeing across Capaldi's era, and a 'regeneration' of the show's image to the world outside fandom to hopefully make it more accessible to a whole range of new devotees!

Matthew: Optimism - new connections with viewers, dynamic and inventive new leads... the programme renews, again.

What are your plans for future issues?

James: The past few months have seen a wealth of activity here at Tides. We produced our 41st issue back in June, featuring a new Editor (me!), new contributors (Stephen Bell and The Big Who Listen), and a new debate style segment where the relative merits of particular topics, episodes and other paraphernalia are debated, with the topic of Looms as the first. We also had, among others, an exploration of Ghost Light by Andrew O'Day, who

is in the final stages of editing his Twelfth Doctor anthology for I.B. Tauris. Will Shaw explored the role of the Twelfth Doctor as a storyteller, while John Salway continued his original story with the Fifth Doctor trying to correct some past mistakes.

We also now have entered the Social Media Age! Tides now has a presence on Facebook (www.facebook.com/outidesoftime) and Twitter (@outidesoftime), where we hope to provide regular updates on how production is coming along, as well as sharing older issues and increasing the exposure of Tides to the web as a whole!

Matthew: I'm keen to involve as many Oxford-based or Oxford-connected contributors and one or two guests too. In the next issue, we're hoping to have a piece on Doctor Who and religion by a former society member who graduated a few years ago and has since collected another degree away from Oxford. There will be another debate article, on Kill the Moon, which a student anti-abortion group used last year as evidence for their own cause, which I don't think anyone beyond them thinks was right. There will be more reaction to the new Target books, James has more convention reports, and I'm hoping to get some short articles on other subjects too. There will also be an insight into the origins of my Black Archive book on The Time Warrior. We will be publishing once the new series has started and I want to bring some early reactions in while holding over the main reviews until

issue 43 in the New Year.

After that, who knows? Perhaps new students will come along and want to do podcasts and vlogs, which would be great, they are just not a format for which I instinctively have a feel. It is perhaps odd to be perpetuating something which I was involved in as a student nearly thirty years ago, but James and everyone else keep me in touch with what those of university age are thinking and it's good to keep intervening generations involved too if they so wish.

Looking back at your association with the magazine, what have you enjoyed most?

James: I'm not sure I've been associated with the magazine long enough to have any particularly good anecdotes! I'd probably say that I enjoyed my trip to Bristol as part of an article about the city that I wrote for the last issue, going on a long walk through the harborside and up Clifton Gorge to scout out locations appearing in or referenced by various episodes and novels.

Matthew: All of it! A lot of my work involves writing, so the design side of Tides acts as a kind of virtual-era craft project. I enjoy the illustration-sourcing too. I enjoy all of it, really, the editing, the engagement with subjects I don't know about - such as James's articles on alien biology and Louise's on machine learning - and the communicating with people more generally.

<https://tidesoftime.wordpress.com/>



The Society's Heritage Plaque honouring William Hartnell on display at Ealing Studios, London.

The 2019 Celestial Toyroom Annual will be available for download from our website in December 2018 and will be all about the Hartnell era

