



Celestial Toyroom issue 283 – May 2001

May 2001 was DWAS's 25th Anniversary and to celebrate, a silver-y edition of CT was produced. The cover was actually printed in silver – a idea that seemed a good one at the time but caused no end of issues at the printers when the ink did not dry properly.

The content of the magazine was cyberman-themed and a number of articles from what was then the entirety of the show were included. Additionally, a short story by Paul Ebbs (Books of the Still, BBV) was included which at our request was about the horror of being a person being turned into a cyberman – something that had often been missing from the TV series.

This facsimile is not the entire magazine but a selection of articles from it that we hope you find interesting.

All content remains © DWAS 2001, 2017 and the respective contributors.



AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1989

celestial toyroom

ALL CHANGE AT THE TOP
DOCTOR WHO GEARS UP FOR THE NINETIES

CASUALTY CARTMEL!

USA SAYS BBC WHO "TOO GOOD"!
AMERICAN FANS HOPE TO MAKE OWN VERSION OF SHOW - HAVE FINANCE

INSIDE
DOCTOR WHO: The New Video
The Doctor Who: The New Video
The Doctor Who: The New Video

20 EPISODES FOR SEASON 27

MAY '88

CELESTIAL TOYROOM

DOCTOR WHO

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DWAS - 10 YEARS OLD
A DECADE OF DWAS
FULL REPORT CENTRE PAGES

Celestial Toyroom

JUNE 2000 - ISSUE 672



Celestial Toyroom

Introduction by Jon Pertwee

CELESTIAL TOYROOM

Issue 255

CELESTIAL TOYROOM

Issue 255

CELESTIAL TOYROOM

Issue 246: May/June 1987

The Panopticon Interviews
Interviewing Tom Baker

...the fans carry on loving me and I'm ever so grateful

Celebrating Tom Baker

Also: The Doctor's Past; The Doctor's Future

Jon Pertwee
1919 - 1996

Celestial Toyroom
May 2003

Convention Reports

Invasion 2001 was the first Doctor Who convention organised by the bookshop **10th Planet**, and it was a very good first effort.

The event was due to kick off at ten o'clock, but when I arrived at about quarter to ten Anthony Ainley was already talking to attendees in the lecture theatre.

Someone had asked him about Eric Roberts' performance as the Master in the **TV Movie**. He was disappointed that he wasn't asked to play the Master because he's never been to Vancouver, but he thought Eric gave a very good performance and the production had a lot of quality.

He said he was impressed that one fan had come all the way from Scotland for Invasion, but then somebody else said that he's come from Finland, and soon we were joined by a family from New Zealand.

At ten o'clock Anthony was joined by interviewer Jerry who



asked him to tell us how he first got into acting. When he joined RADA then the president thought it was a good idea for young actors to go and perform plays abroad. So he did Shakespeare in Arizona, and Rattigan in France and Oscar Wilde somewhere else.

When he was offered the part of the Master, John Nathan-Turner told him that he would arrange for him to see some tapes of Roger Delgado as the Master, but he never did so Anthony just did what the director told him. Originally, he was asked to do the three stories **Keeper of Traken**, **Logopolis** and **Castrovalva**, and after that, every time he was asked to come back and play the Master it was always a surprise.

On a sad note, he recalled going to the Doctor Who convention in Chicago in 1987 when Patrick Troughton died. He and Pat went shopping in Chicago the day before, and Pat told him that he had given a stellar performance in **Trial of a Time Lord**. Moreover, at dinner that evening he was mucking about and seemed so well. However, during the

night, he died, and Anthony had the unenviable task of breaking the news to the audience. All those fans had come all this way to see Patrick Troughton and they never saw him.

At the end of the panel, somebody asked him to do the Master's chuckle, which he duly obliged. He thanked us for giving up our Sunday to come to the event.

If there was a drawback with Invasion 2001, it was that there were only 120 seats in the library's lecture theatre, but I did get to see the panels I wanted to and there were other things to do during the day. There were autograph and photo sessions held throughout the day. There were also limited to how many people could see the quiz, and I was one of the last ten people to put my name down.

The next talk was from Peter Davison. Peter talked about his early acting career. He said that quite recently some American lady called him Tom, and said, "No, I'm not Tom." but she said that he was Tom from **Love for Lydia**. At the time, he thought that **Love for Lydia** would be his big break, but it wasn't.

His big break was of course **All Creatures Great and Small**, which came not long afterwards. He read one of James Herriot's novels, which described Tristan as short and dark-haired, so he thought he'd never get the part. However, he was chosen because he looked like he could be Robert Hardy's younger brother. He said that if you watch any of the episodes from the latter part of the first series you may notice that Christopher Timothy doesn't move much in the studio scenes, because he injured his leg after being knocked over by a truck.

One of his most recent series was **At Home with the Braithwaites**. He got the part of the father in the series after his appearance in the Lenny Henry series **Hope and Glory** in which he had to shout at some children, and then people realised that he could play horrible characters as well as nice people. **The Braithwaites** is about a family whose mother wins the lottery with disastrous results. Peter doesn't do the lottery because he feels that suddenly winning a huge sum of money does mess up people's lives.

When he started on Doctor Who he inherited three assistants from Tom Baker, but he was only allowed to put his arms round Adric because they didn't want it to look as if there was any hanky-panky between the Doctor and the female assistants. He still sees Janet Fielding socially (although she now won't have anything to do with Doctor Who), and he worked with Sarah Sutton recently on the Big Finish audio adventures.

Speaking of which, the first audio adventure he did was **Sirens of Time**, which he did with Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy, which he said, was absolute mayhem. He only had a vague idea of what the story was about. However, he enjoyed making the other CDs, and the advantage of the audio adventures is that you can do anything you like.

Someone asked if there was anything in particular that made playing the Doctor for him. He enjoyed working with the Daleks. He said that despite what people say about the Daleks not being able to climb stairs, they are the most frightening monsters on Doctor Who because they move very fast. Almost every other monster moved slowly and you can just walk away.

I missed most of Frazer Hines' panel, though I've seen him several times before. But there were many laughs coming from the lecture room. I caught the very end of his talk when he was plugging the forthcoming audio release of **The Moonbase**.

The next item was a slideshow and talk on special effects by Steve Cambden who did special effects for Doctor Who during the later part of the Tom Baker era, and is the author of **The Doctor's Affect**. The first slide was a photograph of the Earth taken from space during the Apollo 17 mission in 1972. Steve started by showing some behind the scenes photographs from Doctor Who in the sixties, including **Evil of the Daleks** and **Fury from the Deep**, and pointed out how primitive special effects were at that time.



I caught the second half of Mark Strickson's panel. He was explaining that Turlough was a difficult character to write for because he was such a strong character. If somebody tried to write the story for Turlough it meant that the Doctor's part would be weakened which isn't right as the Doctor is the main character. As one fan pointed out, he had a lot to do in his first three stories and some of the later ones, but for most of the ones in the middle, he was just sidelined. Mark had decided to leave Doctor Who before he knew about Peter Davison and Janet Fielding's decision to leave, but the following series the format changed to double-length episodes, and if he'd stayed they would have been able to develop the character of Turlough properly without spoiling the stories.

Somebody asked Mark what sort of parts he would like to do if he returned to acting. He said that in about five years time he intends to give up making documentaries and ~ back into acting. He would like to do comedy. While at drama school he got an award for best comedy acting, which usually means that the recipient never does any comedy ever, just as the winner of the Beerbohm-Tree award for verse never does any Shakespeare. However, he would love to do some comedy.

Reconstruction

The Wheel In Space

(Reconstructed by Richard Develyn, Robert Franks and Michael Palmer)

Looking at the history books May 1968 seems like an extraordinary month. Students were rioting in London and Paris, Soviet troops were massing on the borders of Czechoslovakia, the Kray brothers were arrested and Manchester United secured the greatest night in English football history (surpassed only by an even greater night 31 years later). In the midst of all this Saturday evening viewers of BBC1 were witnessing the longest cyber story yet, a whole six episodes worth of a plan so cunning that even Baldrick could not have dreamt it up. I guess I must have been hibernating that month, certainly I recall none of the foregoing - my only memory of May 1968 is the introduction of the 50p piece to replace the 10-shilling note.

Despite the fact that the Cybermen dominated **Who** during this period of time (they made their first appearance in October 1966 and, almost exactly two years after the day we saw Mondas reduced to dust, they would be back for their fifth appearance in *The Invasion*) I remember nothing of the black and white Cyberman stories. My first experience of them would be in Tom Baker's debut season (I try very hard to forget a cameo appearance on **Bruce Forsyth's Generation Game** and you can't really count **Carnival Of Monsters**). I have to say that my opinion of the Cybermen, based on the colour stories, is not particularly positive. I find them somewhat one dimensional and too clinical (I know that's the point but it doesn't mean you have to like it), so I had low expectations of **The Wheel In Space** when I slid the video in to the machine - which just goes to show how wrong you can be, because this story is a little gem.

According to the DWM poll this is by some distance the poorest of the sixties cyber tales, indeed it is only marginally ahead of those two clunkers **Revenge Of The Cybermen** and **Silver Nemesis**, to which all I can say is that urgent reappraisal is needed. I think I would go as far as to say it's my favourite of all the Cybermen stories with the possible exception of **The Tenth Planet**. It certainly has every right to be bracketed with the stories preceding it as part of what some regard as the show's golden age.

Virtually the entire saga takes place in two locations - a rocket apparently drifting aimlessly through space and the space station (or wheel) that just happens to be in its path. Needless to say there is more to this state of affairs than meets the eye, as we discover at the end of episode 2 the whole situation has been engineered by the Cybermen as part of their latest attempt to conquer Earth. When I say that we do not discover the Cybermen are pulling the strings behind the curtain until the end of episode 2 I am sure this is what the production team had in mind. Unfortunately, the game was given away in the trailer following the conclusion of **Fury from the Deep** and, if you missed this, the **Radio Times** helpfully trumpeted the return of the Cybermen in a feature accompanying episode 1. Therefore, unlike say **Earthshock**, any dramatic revelation was neutralised well in advance. This is a pity as the

air of tension and mystery build up quite nicely towards the moment when the Cybermen reveal their presence.

The story opens with a somewhat hairy Tardis landing sequence (that pesky fluid link going on the blink again) which results in it contracting to the size of an ordinary police box. I find myself wishing that the footage for this sequence had survived because the idea of the Doctor and Jamie attempting to escape from a shrinking console room seems like an innovative piece of writing. The pair find themselves on a deserted rocket with only a rather unpleasant robot for company. The fact that, at this stage in the proceedings, there is only one companion seems to generate a slow pace to the story's momentum, which does things no harm. There is an air of mystery about the situation, which adds to the dramatic tension.

As the story progresses we get to see the wheel which the rocket is drifting towards. Here we have a confined space populated by a multi-national cross-section of humanity (curiously similar to the first two cybermen stories, perhaps Kit Pedler had a thing about this). You do get a strong feeling of the enclosed space and, again, this adds to the atmosphere of the piece - there is nowhere to run to so, when it comes to the crunch - the crew have no option but to stand and fight. Luckily the Doctor, yet again needing mercury for the fluid link - you'd think he'd have a ready supply next to the console - is there to help them.

Amongst the crew of the wheel is one Zoë Herriot. As a character she is fascinating - a young girl whose life appears solely to consist of calculating trajectories and the like, to all intents and purposes a proto-cyberperson. As the story progresses she comes to realise that there is more to life than being a human automaton simply performing calculations and an emotional side to her character comes through. I imagine the production team were planning a sort of Pygmalion style transformation over the next season in to a typical young woman with real emotions and feminine interests (we do get occasional hints of this such as the fashion shoot in **The Invasion**) but, largely, this must be regarded as an opportunity missed. It is not long into her Tardis career before she is screaming with the best of them.

The relationship between Zoë and Jamie is interesting. They start with a sibling rivalry, Zoë trying to show Jamie how clever she is and Jamie taking pleasure when she falls short of her high standards. (He does seem a little miffed when she laughs at his clothes, which may explain his initial hostility). There is a curious moment in episode 4 when Jamie seems bemused by the concept of voice recording - given the adventures he's been through with the Doctor it seems odd that this particular technology should surprise him - especially as Zoë is talking in to a microphone when he first meets her. Again, it might have been interesting to see the underlying hostility between the two surface from time to time as they travelled in the Tardis over the next year.

As for the rest of the crew of the wheel, overall they are well-drawn characters. Michael Turner as Jarvis Bennet does a fine portrayal of a leader brought up in a world

of the scientifically explicable and unable to cope with a situation outside his experience whilst Anne Ridler as Gemma Corwyn is excellent as his deputy. We also get to see one of the slimiest creatures ever to have appeared in the programme - I refer to Eric Flynn's portrayal of Leo Ryan who, to put it mildly, has the hots for Tanya Lemov to the extent that the unfortunate girl can barely scratch her nose without the sleazy Lothario putting his clammy paws all over her. (CT readers who wish to see what I mean are advised to check out episode 6 on the BBC cybertape). Sadly, given the rather high body count amongst the crew, Ryan is still alive when the closing credits roll. Clare Jenkins as Lemov incidentally has one of the most curious accents I think I've ever heard in the series - in trying to do a Russian accent she veers between the alluring and the comical in trying to suppress what sounds like a native Liverpoolian or possibly Welsh accent from surfacing.

Back to the story. The Cybermen have a plan to take over the wheel and it's a well thought out plan. In fact it is the sort of plan you see in *Mission Impossible* - a plan that depends on the space station crew reacting to situations in predictable ways all along the line which overlooks the point that humans are different from Cybermen and may not always react in the way logic suggests. It does seem unlikely that the crew's responses will be so pre-determined that the scheme will work, perhaps a better idea would have been to take over the minds of the rocket crew and get them to send out an SOS to the wheel, smuggling a whole army of Cybermen on in the process. The Cybermen could simply then have taken the thing over with minimal resistance. The plan itself seems to rest on the foundation of getting the cybermats on the Wheel in the first place and it's not clear to me that this was a foolproof element of the scheme. Still it almost worked so the Cybermen knew what they were doing. It was just their bad luck that the Doctor happened to turn up in time to throw a spanner (or, in this case, a time vector generator) in the works.

The complexity of the plan is one of the story's weaknesses. Another is the balletic sequence as the Cybermen attempt to enter the Wheel which is less than convincing - especially when they fly off in to space. In addition, the least said about the 'meteorites', which appear at the end of episode 5 the better. There is also the stomach-churning clumsy portrayal of the relationship between Flynn and Lemov, so it is by no means a flawless tale. Against this is the fact that this is the Cybermen as they should be - a race with a set objective and prepared to do whatever is necessary to achieve their goal. To me they seem more convincing in this story than in their many other appearances, the assorted human beings they encounter are there to be discarded as and when necessary.

Overall, then I feel that this is a story that is far better than its reputation suggests but that is just my opinion. If you want to see for yourself, why not dust down that BBC video from way back when and have another look - I think you will be pleasantly surprised.

Mitchell Sandler

Retro - The Invasion

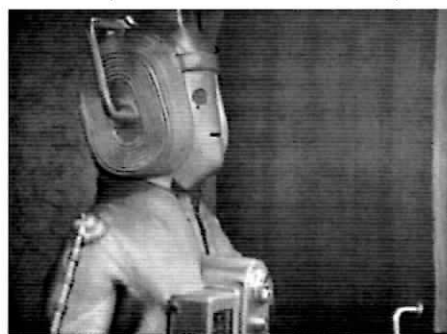
Episode four of **The Invasion** was broadcast on Doctor Who's fifth anniversary. The programme had come a long way, and survived a lot longer than anyone had expected. Five years, however, pales into insignificance when compared to the thirty years and more that has elapsed since **The Invasion** was shown on television. What was once an adventure set on contemporary Earth has become something of an historical curiosity. Viewers watching **Doctor Who** in November 1968 lived in a very different world from today. That same month, Richard Nixon had been elected President of the US, while in Britain Harold Wilson still had a year and a half left in government. It had been a year of protest: in March, 300 people were arrested in an anti-Vietnam War demo in London; in May, students rioted in Paris; in October, Tommie Smith and John Carlos gave the black power salute at the Mexico Olympics. There had also been violence, with Martin Luther King assassinated in April, Robert Kennedy in June, and the forces of the Warsaw Pact invading Czechoslo-



vakia in July. Despite the turmoil, the Sixties were still well and truly swinging. Love and peace were the watchwords of the day. As Mary Hopkin warbled that autumn, those were the days.

The Invasion undoubtedly has a contemporary flavour. The clothes, the cars, the sound of a steam locomotive are all redolent of the Sixties; as is Isobel Watkins with her feminist attitude (she flings at the Brigadier the damning insult, "You man!"), and her purchasing of an old gramophone "off a barrow in the Portobello Road". Despite this, **The Invasion** is usually considered to be set in the Seventies, although there is scant evidence of this in the story itself. Perhaps the cooperation of the Russians in defeating the Cyber menace is meant to be an allusion to a post-Cold War world, but the Cold War was as frosty in the Seventies as in the Sixties. The fact that the Russians are called 'Russians' and not 'Soviets' suggests the Nineties rather than the Seventies: a time after the break-up of the USSR. Whatever conclusions are drawn about the dating of the story, it is an agreeable novelty to have the Russians saving the Earth rather than the Americans. Perhaps, in an era when the US was busy making the world safe for democracy by wreaking devastation in Vietnam, the Brigadier felt that the Russians were a better bet,

Although considered a Cybermen story, sightings of the terrors from Telos are rare and infrequent in **The Invasion**. When they do put in an appearance, it is almost always a memorable moment: breaking out of



their cocoons, lurking in the sewers, throwing open the manholes, strutting in front of St Paul's. These scenes help to make **The Invasion** a visual treat, as well as imbuing the taciturn Cybermen with power and menace. Powerful they are, but not all-powerful. They need the help of Tobias Vaughn. The Cybermen bamboozle and double-cross Vaughn, who is himself working to double-cross the Cybermen. Vaughn does not want to see the Earth ruled by Cybermen; still less does he want to become a Cyberman himself. The Cybermen are forced to pander to his wishes to ensure his cooperation. For one thing they need his radio beams for guidance. In addition, without the circuits manufactured by International Electromatics, the planned invasion would fail: only with the human inhabitants dormant, it seems, do the Cybermen stand a chance of taking over the Earth. The Cybermen are eager to reach their objective; Vaughn is keen to keep them at arm's length. He wants the Cybermen on Earth to be under his control; and to have, by means of Professor Watkins' invention, a surefire way of destroying them.



Professor Watkins describes Tobias Vaughn as "evil, sadistic, a megalomaniac, insane". Vaughn is also charming, arrogant and deluded. We always suspect that in the end, the Cybermen will get the better of him, but in the meantime, we enjoy watching him plot and counter-plot. "I don't take orders, I give them," he says haughtily. In addition, later, when told that UNIT have attacked and destroyed a couple of Cybermen. He says superciliously, "How very clever of them." Like many megalomaniacs, Vaughn can't abide a mess. The only way to keep the world neat and tidy is to organise it on his terms -for its own good, naturally.

He needs the power of the Cybermen to bring order and uniformity to the Earth. Like a little boy waving a sword, he struggles to control the weapon in his hands without lopping off a limb or skewering his foot. He is not as much in control as he would like to think. "I shall rule the world!" he gloats; to which his sidekick Packer replies, "You? You're sure."

Kevin Stoney is terrific as Vaughn. He is a believable, three-dimensional character. There are a lot of other strong characters too, which ensures that the eight episodes never drag. Patrick Troughton is assured and comfortable as the Doctor, and his companions form a complementary pair: Jamie, affable, naive and brave; and clever-clogs Zoe, vivacious and enthusiastic. In only his second story, the Brigadier is fully formed as the character that endured over two more decades of the programme's history. Responding to Isobel's suggestion that it might be possible to photograph the Cybermen in the sewers, he says, "Is that all gibber-



ish, or do you really know what you're talking about?" - a line which the Brigadier might have spoken at any time during his long tenure on the show.

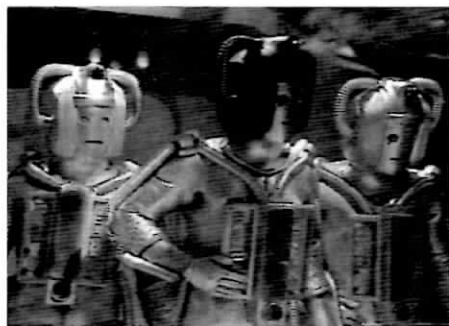
The incidental music is excellent, ranging from the menacing to the jaunty, adding much to the atmosphere. The location filming is well used, giving a sense of place and space; and there is plenty of action, from peril in the lift shaft and canoeing on the canal, to the pitched battle between the Cybermen and UNIT: forerunner of many similar battles in which countless unknown UNIT soldiers laid down their lives in defence of Earth.

The Invasion is a good example of a type of story absent from later seasons of **Doctor Who**: a story, which developed over several episodes, with twists and turns of the plot, and some noteworthy cliff-hangers (perhaps the best of which is Jamie trapped in a crate with a mysteriously moving cocoon). With eight parts, **The Invasion** is more sinuous, less formulaic, than many later stories; even if, in the end, the outcome is the same. With a lot of help along the way, the Doctor is able to defeat the Cybermen for a fifth time. "You're a clever wee chappie," says Jamie at one point; and on the whole we would probably agree.

So Why So Cyber?

It is now thirty-five years since the Cybermen made their chilly debut in Hartnell's swansong **The Tenth Planet**, and so there seems no better time to assess their enduring appeal as Doctor Who's second most popular monster, after the Daleks.

It is perhaps in comparison with the Daleks that it is best to start. The Daleks have a much more iconic appeal next to the Cybermen: the Dalek is an original creation, devoid of human character. A Cyberman on the other hand, is a humanesque creation, with a loss of naturalistic features. The originality of the Daleks has kept them as the premier adversaries, whilst the Cybermen are still firmly in second place because there are a plethora of similarly styled monsters in the sci-fi world. However, it has to be said that the Cybermen stand head and shoulders over other monsters with human form



because they are basically a corrupted version of humanity, with a recognisably human appearance and all the bad characteristics: greed and evil, with the good and moral removed.

It is in **The Tenth Planet** that the Cybermen are introduced as being a direct mirror of the human race. They come from a twin planet, and their only difference is their modification to cybernetics to survive, combined with the deletion of their emotions. Although the issue of Cybermen being emotionless is a highly contentious issue (see **Revenge of the Cybermen** as at title to underline this point), the idea that a Cyberman is merely a human who has undergone alteration to become devoid of consciousness is a horrific concept that was largely wasted in the series.

The biggest use of the idea of human alteration was in their third appearance, **The Tomb of the Cybermen**. The affirmation of "You belong to us, you will be like us" is perhaps more effective than a threat of death. To die is final ("exterminate" and you're gone), but to undergo transformation into an abomination of your former self, to be used to fight your own kind, is a deeper and far more psychological form of fear. It was ultimately used to greater effect by Eric Saward in season twenty-two, albeit with the wrong monsters, in **Revelation of the Daleks**.

The Cybermen do seem to suffer more from the

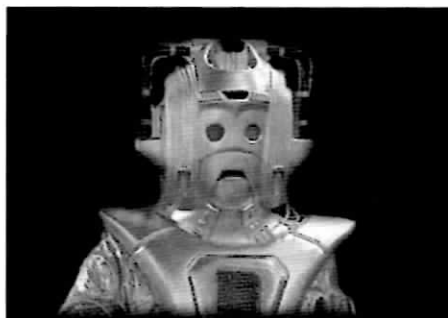
struggle to keep their own identity. Unlike Terry Nation's strict rule over the use of the Daleks, the Cybermen lack any kind of scrutiny, especially in the eighties. Although Nation was ultimately unhappy with the direction the Daleks took, it has to be



said that **Resurrection, Revelation and Remembrance** treat the Daleks with far greater respect than their Cyber counterparts. The similarities between **Silver Nemesis** and **Remembrance of the Daleks** are too numerous to count, but the threat posed by the Daleks in **Remembrance** is far greater than that provided by the Cybermen in **Nemesis**, with the latter being easily disposed of by the arrows of a loony Jacobean and the catapult of a teenage girl.

There are far too many Cybermen stories that feature the silver meanies, without any real need. For instance, Kevin Clarke's infamous "It's the silver anniversary, and the Cybermen are silver" justification for their inclusion in **Silver Nemesis** proves just how many writers treated the Cybermen like any other monster. **The Moonbase**, **The Wheel in Space**, **The Invasion**, **The Five Doctors** and **Silver Nemesis** could all have substituted other monsters in their stead. This is perhaps the reason why they are eternally the second best foe.

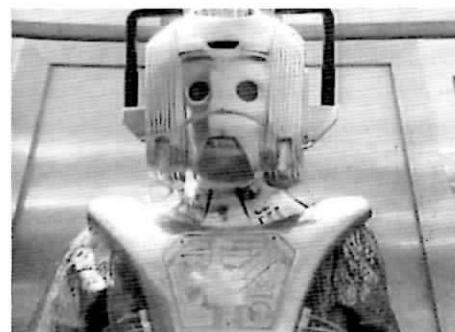
The Daleks have managed over the course of the



show's history to create their own mythology that is usually integrated into their stories. The introduction of their creator Davros (who is much loathed by Big Finish) does help to distinguish the Daleks from all of the other enemies battled by The Doctor. The Cybermen never truly find their own leader: what we are presented with are various forms of temporary management. There is a small box in **The Wheel in Space**, a large mass of plastic cups in **The Invasion**, and then various "excellent" Cyberleaders in the eighties, but nothing tangible, or worthy of Davros or the Emperor Dalek. The closest thing to a

ruler is the Cyber controller, who makes a large impact in **The Tomb of the Cybermen**, but a more comical stand in **Attack of the Cybermen**. Such a character should have been built on, and refined as their leader, but perhaps the Cybermen are doomed to be eternally "a pathetic bunch of nomads" as the fourth Doctor puts it.

All this tends to suggest that the Cybermen are undeserving of their status as the second best monster; in fact it could appear that they are non-league monsters, raised up by their numerous appearances. But that simply is not true. Whilst the Cybermen were criminally wasted in most of their stories (don't even start me on **The Five Doctors**), when they were on top form, they were fantastic. The Adric crushing Earthshock rivals the aforementioned Tomb easily.



Uncannily, about ten years ago, both were held up on pedestals as two of the best Doctor Who stories. For many years up until its discovery, **Tomb** had an air of mystery that was only enhanced by the existence of a crackly audio. The release of **Earthshock** and **The Tomb of the Cybermen** onto the video in 1992 saw what could only be described as Cyberbacklash. Both stories have since become less en vogue, as fandom fashions have changed. **Earthshock** in particular came in for a hammering, and was dismissed as being all gloss and no substance. For all its faults, **Earthshock** does show the Cybermen as a strong, calculating enemy, and does much to heighten their profile as a strong enemy, not least through their involvement in Adric's death.

Even given their generic contribution contributions to stories such as **The Moonbase** and **The Wheel in Space**, their towering appearance never fails to add a sense of menace to the proceedings. The appearance of a Cyberman in the medical bay, the infamous march down the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, even the marching around the caves of Voga, all of these images help to enhance the Cyber-profile. It's a shame that so little was made of their initial promise, but perhaps **Attack of the Cybermen** goes to show what can happen when too much is made of a monster's continuity. The Cybermen will eternally be second place to the Daleks, but in that second place, they are still light years ahead of the nearest competition.

Paul Ballard

CYBERCOOL

They are masters of the universe: the Cybermen will conquer all life; nothing will stand in their way.... Cybernize the unwilling, spread total evil to all corners of the universe. Everyone shall live in dread of the ruthless Cybermen! *Cybermen will rule eternally!*

Hold on... are we forgetting something here? In name, the Cybermen might just be the second greatest adversary for the Doctor, but are they really so scheming, so brilliantly minded? Or do they mess up their plans on so many occasions that you could almost joke there were *actors* inside them! (Actors?) Well... yes, they do. Think of the Cybermen like the school bully: a brainless individual who picks on others for his or her own enjoyment. No emotions, no mind, just an overwhelming attitude of futile obliteration to every other poor soul in the galaxy. That's if they could actually do something *right*. So often we see the Cybermen's plans falling to pieces. (Or do I mean their costumes?) Pity the poor Cyber beings. They just can't handle anything bigger than one of their laser guns.

Invasion Earth Plot One involves an arrival in Antarctica, during which the metal-meanies decide to take over this planet as their own world, which happens to look exactly the same as ours, is slowly disintegrating because of the energy released from Earth. So far, so good: survival is imperative, isn't it? But what are the Cybermen actually planning to do? Don't they realise that if Mondas comes too close to the Earth, it will disintegrate? That's why the left it in the first place, isn't it, to start a new colony before being wiped out? So, why have they forgotten that being so dependant on the planet Mondas they shall all die anyway if it disintegrates? Leaving a planet that they're dependant on really isn't a good idea. Perhaps it *is* memory loss. But how would they have planned to stop the planet nearing Earth anyway? Big problem, especially since they arrive in the nineteen-eighties. Not forgetting the second problem, this is their convenient allergy to radioactivity. Lucky Barclay discovered that, wasn't it? So, in the end all the Cybermen are dead because they forgot to think over their plans. It all seems such a waste of precious metal! However, the Cybermen haven't given up yet. No, lots of ideas are forming themselves in their little Cyber-heads.

So, their make-believe time scanner shows that the Doctor will be arriving on the moon in twelve cycles.... Great, that's step one completed. Now a wicked plan is needed. Why not unleash a *plague* on those in the central dome? The crew will start *dying*, giving the Cybermen something to watch in their spaceships hidden around the other side of the planet! Big brother? Real life entertainment: I think so! So now what? For Cyber-entertainment, the base is put under quarantine (suspense), lots of people die horribly (murder), the Silver-sinners contaminate the base's sugar supply (mystery), several team members with the disease are taken over through hypnotic signals (action), while the Cybermen themselves hide from unsuspecting passers by under bed covers and generally get in the way. (the obligatory outtakes.) Why all this sneakiness? An-

swer: the Cybermen want to destroy everyone on Earth (and presumably take it over) by using the base's weather controlling Gravitron device! Original? Very much so. Though the question that remains is why didn't they just rush in, kill everyone and capture the Gravitron without any hassle? Something good on their Cyber-Televisions? Anyway, nothing goes to plan and the race are whisked away in to space, somewhere, I suppose, they still are: not being alive in the first place.

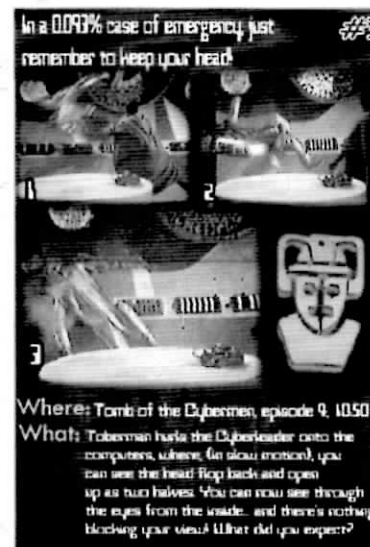
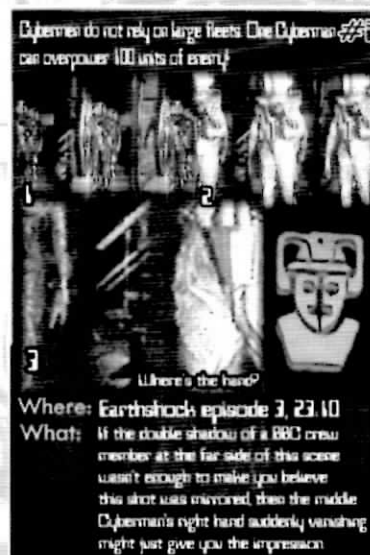
Undeterred, the humanoid-horror prepare for their next strike, which is a *very* sly one indeed! Why not hide away deep down in a tomb on the planet Telos, set a couple of deadly traps inside and outside, wait for someone intellectual enough to thrust through this mine of logic and wake the Cybermen up! Why set up this elaborate alarm? All they want to do is convert those of a high enough intelligence into members of their own race. Nothing much to ask for is it? Well, it *would* have been a good plan if that person of superior intellect didn't end up being the Doctor who finally defeated them. For the third time. Let's move swiftly on...

A drifting spaceship... **The Silver Carrier.** (Spooky!) A second ship: A giant wheel in space... slowly nearing this unknown object. The Doctor arrives on the wheel. The Cybermen also arrive on the wheel, but being too modest to show any violence themselves, they dispatch their tiny henchmen, the Cybermats, to do their dirty work. The plan this time is to destroy a source of bernalium on the deck in the hope that the wheel's laser will be made dysfunctional because of the missing element. Following this, they plan to switch the base's oxygen supply to a poisoned gas, killing all the crewmembers. They fail miserably. Why did they originally want to poison the crew? The Cybermen hoped to attack Earth but first needed to capture a radio beacon from the Wheel so that their troops could be communicated to from the chief ships, a carefully planned attack, I suppose. In the end all Cybermen are destroyed. The moral here is: think before you act. And learn from your past mistakes.

Cyber-invasion plot four is the *big* invasion. The invasion of invasions. This isn't just any old kill-everyone-in-sight invasion, but a carefully planned, eight full episodes, *kind* assault on the planet Earth. The Cybermen plan to kill the planet's population by transmitting a special signal, which has some sort of brain-numbing effect on anyone who hears it. A quick death: how thoughtful of a race without emotions. The Doctor gets involved. UNIT gets involved. The Cybermen are destroyed, again. All for what? The power of the Earth! But wait, if they can't survive without their exceptional power from Mondas, introduced during their raid on Antarctica, what are they doing away from it?

Think things through, Cybermen, otherwise the Earth will evade you forever.

Robert Dunlop



Correction - Dan Freedman interview

In last month's CT, we incorrectly attributed a quote from an article by Iain Hepburn (former Online Editor, SFX Network) to James Goss. We apologise to Iain for the mistake.



The sun was the colour old dead blood. Smears of cloud fuzzed its edges and ragged trails dragged at the horizon like dredgers. Black columns of smoke rose behind us as the city burned. Occasionally flashes of vivid blue-white would burst upwards as muscular detonations split the silence.

We crested the rise as the uncertain dawn was turning to day. Before us, the valley dipped sharply down a wooded slope, and I felt an uncomfortable rush of vertigo run with cold liquidity through my guts. Not for the first time I questioned the wisdom of this venture. I felt suddenly very small and exposed before the unwelcome gloom of the trees. I could see the white tumbling thread of the river far below us as Garsh urged us on with impatient hand movements. The anxiety of our mission overrode the hollow fear of the steep slope, and I struck out down between the rough barked trees, focussing on the white wave crests of the fast flowing water.

It was darker amongst the trees and the air was iron cold, our breath seeming almost solid as it left our nostrils. I could taste blood in my mouth from where I'd lost the tooth. The pain was a dull scrape along my jaw line like an itch you could never reach. It had been driving me crazy for an hour now. I rubbed at the side of my face with the dirt-smeared heel of my hand. Instead of soothing the pain, it stabbed into the nerve and I swore loudly. Garsh turned at the head of the group and flashed a look of anger directly at me. I opened my palms outwards in a gesture of apology but she still looked angry, as she turned away and gestured us on through the trees. Footing became more uncertain as the ground dipped down into the valley. Jakka tripped, tumbling forward. To his credit, he made no sound that could alert anyone nearby to our presence. When he finally slithered to a stop Garsh bent to help him up, touching his shoulder to show her approval for his restraint. Jakka made eye contact with me and looked smug. I shrugged. If sliding twenty metres down a hillside on your face was the way to win Garsh's approval then I was happy to be unpopular. Anyway, if all went according to plan it wouldn't matter who had whose approval in a few hours.

Thankfully, within a kilometre or so, the slope evened out and Garsh stopped the party as we reached the tree line. There was an area of open ground ahead of us before the river. She signalled us to look around for any hover-monitors. The sky was still smudged from smoke but we could see no monitors. I wanted to tell Garsh that there was no point in looking; if we were seen - who would be sent to track us down? The forces were locked in such a ferocious battle that a ragged band like us would bother no one. However, Garsh was still avoiding eye contact with me, showing her back whenever I approached. Fine - she was in command, and like any good soldier I'd follow her orders - but only because I knew her time in charge was limited. Soon, we would all be equal.

Jakka was returning from his jog along the tree line in the upriver direction. He whispered in Garsh's ear, and her face took on a confused, and then intrigued look. She signalled us to stay here and followed Jakka back in the direction he had come. We huddled together for warmth. Even with Garsh gone no one dared speak, such was the fear that they held her in. Garsh the Butcher. Garsh the Cold. Garsh the Right Place at the Right Time woman if you asked me, which of course no one did. Her rise in the Core had been an object lesson in political correctness and blind luck. We'd been at the academy together and even then, she'd been nothing special. But in these times of quotas and positive discrimination, her fast track to the top had been determined by the presence of fallopian tubes rather than ability. I enjoyed the bitterness for a few moments and it took my mind off the tooth. However, the throb soon returned, as did my other ache - Garsh. She signalled to follow her leading us up a short rise and through a dense thicket. We came out into a small clearing about ten metres from the tree line. I could still see the river through the trees.

In the clearing was a large blue box. Garsh approached me, a grudging look on her face. She whispered into my ear. As she bent close, I could smell her rank breath. "You're Tactical, Bron, what is it?" Oh. So now, she needed me. I approached the box. It was big, apparently made from wood. Glass panels set in the top half were too frosted to see through. There were symbols carved...no *painted* into the some of the panels. I didn't recognise the language. There was a door set into one side with a quaint retro keyhole set into the wood. I hadn't seen a keyhole for years, not since a visit to the museum as a child. I took a step back and saw the top of the box was raked up to a small glass cylinder. Garsh was back, whispering her stale breath over my face. "Well, is it one of theirs?" I shook my head and put my lips close to her ear. Blood was encrusted in the whorls of the skin of the cavity, I thought I could see something insectoid crawling through her matted hair. I wasn't going to tell her about it. Hopefully it would be a cluster-fly and its off spring would be burrowing down into her brain within a few hours. I'm not that lucky.

"It's not theirs or ours. It might just be a box."

"Jakka couldn't open it."

Jakka couldn't open a bank account without someone to write his name for him while he blew bubbles in his drool. What I actually said was, "It's locked".

"I know it's locked! He's a trained Breaching operative. The lock rejected his tools. It's big

technology. If it's theirs and they detect our presence it might save us a long walk."

"Rejected?"

Garsh sighed and motioned Jakka forward. At first, he seemed reluctant. Garsh indicated to the box again. Taking a deep breath, Jakka reached into his side pack and brought out a breaching lance. As he attempted to fit the slim silver tool into the lock, there was a spark of blue light. Jakka dropped the lance and began sucking on his fingers. I could smell ozone and a slight acidity on the air. I realised now why he had been so apprehensive. I approached the box again, cautiously. I reached out and ran my fingers over the surface of the wood around the lock. No blue flash, no stinging pain. However, the wood was not inert beneath my fingertips. There was a hum, almost beyond the reaches of perception and my skin tingled as I placed my whole palm against the surface. "It's powered internally I think."

A chill ran through me, similar to the vertigo I felt at the top of the valley. It was a dreadful feeling of exposure and fear. "I think we should get away from here." I turned to reiterate my concerns to Garsh. We were surrounded. The Cyber-leader raised his great silver arm in a blur of movement and brought it swishing down.

Sleep now. Sleep -

When I got over the initial pleasure of waking without the throbbing pain in my tooth, I quickly realised I would have gladly swapped a mouth full of toothache for the nightmare I was now conscious to. Even though we'd all been prepared for what to expect, the distorted image of my body reflected on the silver surfaces of the machinery above, crystallised harsh growths of fear in my heart. I could see that I was restrained across the chest, wrists, thighs, and ankles by thick straps. I was naked, and with increasing discomfort followed the patterns that had been tattooed onto my skin. My body was now a map of dark lines and contour grids - symbols indicating channels to be routed out, drill holes to be bored and thick incisions to be made. I tried to swallow but found I could not. I studied the reflection above and at first did not want to believe what I saw.

My jaw had been removed. Where I was expecting to see my lips and beard was instead a gaping black nonsense of open wound, white bone, and silver plating. It took maybe fifteen or twenty panic ridden seconds to realise what I saw was not a distortion in the reflection above, but evidence of the removal of the bottom half of my face. I watched with thudding heart and spinning mind as my white lidless eyes rolled in terror like trapped things. Nothing could have prepared me for this. No amount of briefing, and no amount of promises from Garsh that the end would justify the means. Try making promises to a man who's just lost half his face.

I looked away from the reflections and tried to get a bearing on where I had woken up. The space didn't have the feel of a battlefield lash up. This was a permanent facility. Perhaps on board a lander, perhaps in one of their orbiting cruisers. I had no way of telling how long I'd been unconscious, so could have travelled any number of kilometres across land or into orbit. There was a row of similar machines arcing off for several metres on each side. Beneath each silver cluster was a member of our group. To my left was Jakka. I tried to make eye contact with him as he writhed against the restraints, then realised it was pointless. He didn't have any eyes.

I flung my head to the right. Garsh was restrained, a gleaming silver chisel biting into the flesh where her chin met her neck. A speckled cloud of blood blooming into a containment field - it coalesced into globules and was funnelled away with an efficient whirr. Get a grip. I was shaking against the restraints. *Get a grip. You knew this was going to happen.* But seeing it like this - *stop! Control! You're a soldier!*

The shaking subsided. I forced myself to look at Jakka again. A pall of dispassion settled over me. The crown of his head had been cut down to the top of his nose - an articulated arm whirled towards the open wound. Jakka's spine arched as the metal made contact with the flensed expanse above his eyes. A crackle of dissipating energy jerked an extra few centimetres of arc out of his spine, and then he fell flat, limp against the steel, wisps of smoke curling delicately from his nostrils. There came a deeper rumble of machinery grinding overhead. The pod above me suddenly shifted towards Garsh and the space above me was filled with the pod that had been above Jakka. It was time for the Cybermen to take my eyes.

Waking with alien sight. Now there was pain. Now the numbness was seeping away and the rusty wheels of agony were rolling across my ravaged flesh. Waking into purgatory where skin became knives, muscles became bullets; heart became a dull bludgeon - a blunt instrument in my chest battering the jagged clench of ribs. A phantom scream from the hollows of my throat. I shake with its ferocity but there is no sound. Eyes a horror show of colour and sinister shadows. Having to think to focus, a time lag in sharpness, a grainy confusion leaping in as I flinch. Wires lash and tremble around me, moving under my skin causing white weals to writhe across my chest. Information leaps into my head, information about the constituency of the air, the ambient gravity and the molecular bonding of the surface covering of the



HORROR



snaking wire insinuating itself through the crack in my sternum. A rush of data. *full to bursting. Blackness.*

A dream. Yesterday? The day before? Jakka and Garsh holding me down. *(Before we broke for the hills, before the burning city and the forest.)* Something silver forced into my mouth, and a crackle as a tooth exploded between two metal jaws. The scientist with the albino hands and nails too shiny to be real sucking the blood and pulp from the blazing wound. I tried to tell them I'd changed my mind; that I wanted to de-volunteer. That this was crazy. But Garsh and Jakka held me all the tighter. Garsh was enjoying this. Now the injection. Shouldn't that have been first? That's the way it goes – the injection to numb the pain and *then* the dentistry – not the other way around. I managed to get an arm free of Jakka and waved it feebly in front of the impassive face of the scientist.

"Will you keep him under control?"! Garsh pressed her thumb against my cheek, digging in where the tooth had been ripped out with the scientist's pliers.

I screamed, screamed, screamed.

The scientist placed the barrel of the syringe back into my mouth, back into the wound. Finished. Thrown on the beds with the others. Don't like that bit of the dream. More images. Forest. Later. Turning from the blue box, hearing the hiss of parted air, as the Cyber-leader's arm came down.

Sleep. Sleep.

Hearing Garsh's fear-twisted voice drilling into my unconsciousness. "Please. Don't kill us. We want to be like you."

Awake suddenly. There are explosions and sirens. What is happening? Still stuck below the silver machine. Half-light and smoke; have to concentrate to cope with the rush of data crashing in like a tidal wave. A voice at the back of my mind. Cold, metallic. "Alert. Alert. All units to Cyber-control. We are under attack. Alert. Alert." Quick hands suddenly moving over my body. A flash of green. Skin? No, fabric. My eyes start to decode the DNA sequence of the fabric. I force myself to defocus and the data stream halts. Velvet? Velvet fabric on arms with hands that are untying my bonds.

"No"! Is that my voice now? It sounds hollow in my head. A dead voice. Fleeced of all humanity. A voice bathed in a thick scum of electricity. A creaking emptiness in my chest when I try to mourn my loss.

"There's still time to save you! The logic pathways have been implanted but haven't been set. You're still human. Let me help you"! I strike out with my new silver arm. "No! Leave me"! He flies backwards, managing to ride the worst of the blow, but is still sent several metres through the air. As he gets to his feet, his eyes are damp with compassion. There is no anger in his pale face. He is seemingly oblivious of the explosions going on around him, the smoke billowing between us. He takes a step forward and my alien eyes start to DNA-sequence his skin. He is not human. A red flash and a blue and gold graphic leapt into view. It twists and writhes before me. A thing I would have called beauty, if I could remember what beauty was, patterned from the heart of his very genetics. Then, just as suddenly, it is gone, and so is he. The sense of loss is all consuming and enveloping. He is off, moving through the chaos as if he has planned the sequence of explosions and knows every step of the dance that will carry him safely through. Then agony is piled on agony and I am forced to my metal knees – holding my silver hands to the steel encasing my brain. The logic codex is suddenly bursting like hot fire into my head.

It has worked. *They* do not know. I cannot tell which of the squad around me are my compatriots. Any blank lifeless face could be Jakka or Garsh. Any. It is impossible for me to tell, and to give myself away before the appointed time would mean discovery and an end to the mission. I march in line, limbs moving easily. I do not feel the atmosphere around me as I walk into the torrents of fire. I can read about the atmosphere, I can call up its continuants, I can see that we are marching through orange plumes of fire as the forest is razed. But, I *feel* nothing, not even the thud of my footfall on the black burning earth.

We have been dispatched to bring the blue box to Cyber-control. The constant chatter of the control net keeps us on the right course, relentlessly through the flames. This is more like a dream than any other I have experienced. I am numb and weightless. There are barriers to the logic pathways; I can sense the presence of the cyber-control codes locked in the implant. I know they have been copied, altered, and released into the logic pathways to complete my disguise. The control codes sit bitterly in the black space, cut off from the rest of my mind – sometimes I think I hear them, trying to break free of the implants – the briefings said this was impossible. However, who knows?

"You can't do this"! A dream. A dream in the flames.

"We must Doctor. There is no other choice."

I am in the next room with the others, about to set off for the forest. The rumblings from the bombardment getting closer.

"I will carry the implant! I can't let you give these innocents, to the Cybermen!"

"You are one man Doctor. I have replicated the implant you made. This way gives us a much greater chance of survival". There was a shot and I heard a body fall to the floor.

Dreaming. Dreaming in the steel. Images flashing across, inside my field of vision, transparent against the burning trees. The control net urging us on. We found the blue box, a hollow in the fire. We approached and began to lift. The wood, which defied the sequencing rake of my gaze, was not even singed. It seemed only to have acquired a ghostly patina of soot. The box tipped forward and suddenly there was an opening, a dark space that seemed larger on the – Water. A torrent of water gushing impossibly from the dark hole in the box. Circuits confused. Trying to make sense of a surreal scene, my mind blanking with the effort of –

Catapulted upside down against a tree. The water, tsunami, bursting from the box, a never ending gush of torrential force. A cone cut through the fire – pushing us down, down to the river. Then as the flow seemed to ease a flash of green from the innards of the blue box and a motor launch cresting the wave front, its bow cutting through the frothing white. I tumbled down the bank into the waiting waters of the swollen river. Before the next gulp of blackness and a loud and final sounding fzzzt! I saw the motor-launch splash into the water beside me with a huge whoosh of white, the engines gunning, propellers throwing up a great burst of spray – the man in green velvet at the controls, his body as tense and an exclamation mark, wispy curls of hair floating behind and a face that held the gleaming eyes of a maniac.

"Just a matter of trans-dimensionally upending the ornamental lake and slotting it into the doorway. Nothing to it really. Much easier to explain than why you wouldn't let me save you." We walked through the blackened forest, across the smoking swathe the water had cut through the fire. The launch had caught up with me just before the rapids that had broken the other Cybermen like toys. The maniac in green hooking me from the waves with one hand, while steering the launch precariously close to the sickening drop with the other. I couldn't be sure, but I think he cheered as he dragged me onto the deck.

"I have a mission to complete, Doctor".

"It was never your mission. There were other ways to get the virus into the cyber-control net."

"But not with such certainty".

"I could have saved you all. The stun gun, I..."

"You have helped our cause beyond all imagining, Doctor. When the signal is transmitted and the implant's contents are released into the control net, we will all be saved."

"But you and your companions will die, along with all the other Cybermen". We stood beside the door of his blue box; I placed a hand on his shoulder.

"We will not have died in vain". He turned away. Closed the door. Melted into the air.

The legs carried me quickly to the summit of the mountain. Around me, my cities burned and my people died. Cyber-craft were dropping into the atmosphere like flocks of birds. A constant, chatter from the control net told be that the battles were almost done, that victory was assured; that flesh was weak and that logic was the only way. The sun was falling to the horizon, its face still scarred by smoke. I tried to imagine the chill that would have been in the air around me, tried to remember the breeze and the cut of cold air in my throat. I looked down at my silver hands and tried to feel the warmth of blood and the tightening stiffness of skin, as frost would settle on it. But there was nothing. Just the electronic fuzz of my vision, and the overwhelming brutality of the data-rush.

The sun gave no warmth, only a stream of luminosity statistics. The rocks gave no shelter, only the crystallographics of molecular geology.

A world of numbers. A universe of fact.

I held a flower up to the fading sunlight. No beauty quotient was forthcoming, no analysis of aesthetics. Chlorophyll and water.

The signal cut through the control net chatter.

I tried to miss things. Tried to miss even Garsh and Jakka. Tried. I...

© Paul Ebbs April 2001

Paul Ebbs writes for BBV's 'Audio Adventures in Time and Space' series.

In Conversation with.....

At **Blue Box 4**, we tracked down that man of action, Mark Strickson and chatted to him about the state of television, making wildlife programmes, oh yes, and *Doctor Who*!

'One of the things I bring to **Doctor Who** conventions is that I'm a producer. I understand the money. At the end of the day, you make television to make money. It's not a charity. Somebody said will **Doctor Who** ever come back? Both Peter (Davison) and I were explaining about the problems getting funding for UK television — it's very, very difficult. Science Fiction is horribly expensive to make. It's as horribly expensive as Natural History. It's very, very similar because they both have a very long shelf life. Science Fiction doesn't date because it's set in the future. Natural History doesn't



date because animals don't change in 20 years. Therefore, both of them are considered as very valued products but the big problem is getting the money in the first place for Science Fiction. Peter was saying, quite rightly, that as far as he knows, you could count on less than the fingers of one hand the number of UK drama that have been

networked in the USA. Now we are in the situation whereby it's impossible for the money out of the States for drama, so thank god for the BBC, because your licence fee gets you good drama. I think there is some very good drama on ITV, but there isn't expensive drama on ITV. There isn't that 'gloss' drama you used to see. The reason for that is that we can't raise the money on the international market, we simply can't do it.

'To get back to **Doctor Who**, I as a producer sitting in the BBC would never revive **Doctor Who**. But what I do feel is that there is a huge gap right across the market for intelligent Science Fiction. I don't think it will ever come from the States, I think it will probably come from Europe.

'Moreover, another amazing thing is why is there this gap when everybody has a mobile phone? We understand the technology. A lot of Science Fiction 20 years ago has now come true. People were not conversant with technology at all and now it's a lot more exciting, it really could be quite intellectual about where you take Science Fiction from here. It could be fascinating and you could do it in an unusual way in television, but I just don't think it's ever going to get there. I don't think they'll make it in the States and I don't think they'll get the funding in the UK. I hope I'm wrong.'

What kind of things are you working on at the moment?

'I've just done 7 1/2 hours for **Animal Planet Europe** which I presented on Animal welfare. I presented for them, not because I'm handsome, young and dynamic...'

You're cheap!

'Yes, partly because I was cheap! Also because apparently I'm old and authoritative, and they didn't want anybody young doing animal welfare 'cos they wouldn't have the street cred. So old, authoritative and cheap — there we are! That boils me down in front of the camera.

'I've just developed 31 hours for the same company that made **Robot Wars**. **Question Time**, all sorts of things. It's called **The Ocean Voyager Project**. It's a ship, 140ft sailing boat packed with space age technology. It's like a space craft. It can film in 3000ft of pitch black. It's linked through to wire, cable and satellite 24 hours a day and it produces 5 x 1 hours a year. It will be on the ocean for 6 years. It's a massive project, they believe in it. I will go over to Washington to try to sell it. They have a lot of funding already. It could be very exciting, it's a huge one. It's *Cousteau meets Big Brother meets The Onedin Line meets The Travel Programme*. It's natural history, archaeology, ocean geography. It's only now, in the last 2 years, that we have the communications technology to do what we are doing. It's hugely, massively expensive. Most people would fight shy of it, but NBC have gone with it. That's what I've been doing for the last two months and I'm absolutely shattered!'

Fondest **Doctor Who** memory?

It's the reason I do **Doctor Who** conventions. I do them because I loved the people I work with and I have so many happy memories. We spent so much time together. It's also people that I've met across all over the world at conventions and gone mad together! I love actors and I really miss not being one. So it's a release for me sometimes because I see my friends. I can be myself.

When you first came up for the role, were you aware of fandom?

No, I wasn't at all. I was aware of fans because I'd been in a soap opera. I'd been in *Angels*, so I was very aware of fans. But I wasn't aware of science fiction fans. So that was a big surprise. The first one I did was Longleat. That was massive. It was just like a nightmare. People queuing for hours and we had The Royal Marines there protecting us. It was a horrible experience. Also, at the time I was living in a council estate in Waterloo, a really rough one, and the BBC wanted to send a stretch limo sort of thing to the council flats. It was really

hard to explain to them that I was not about to start this lifestyle. I still wouldn't have one come to my house. I am myself where I am. I'm just Mark, that's my real life.

Did you realise the number of conventions you would be asked to do?

I did know when I took the role because I was told that they were marketing the show in the states and that I would have to do a lot of conventions over there. So I signed up knowing that JNT was aggressively marketing it out there. At one point, we were flying out once every two weeks. Chicago was the first one that Pat Troughton and I went to. Pat and I came in the back of this stretch limo into Chicago with all these skyscrapers around us, unbelievable.



Do you think **Doctor Who** has opened or closed doors for you?

How did I get into Natural History programmes? Well, I went to Australia and did my zoology degree, then came back to England and sat in my flat writing ideas for programmes.

One of the companies I sent these ideas to was Partridge Films. A chap called Andrew Buchanan was Head of Development there. Andrew Buchanan was Production Manager on the episodes of **Doctor Who** just after I left. They bought all three programmes and I joined the company. Seven weeks later, I was directing Steve Irwin's first film. I created a living legend! And it's all down to **Doctor Who**.

Interview by Karen Davies and Chuck Foster

Photos by Chuck Foster

Many thanks to Mark, and the Blue Box organisers

Jon Pertwee



It is remarkable to think that it is now five years since Jon Pertwee, Third Doctor, DWAS President, and entertainer extraordinaire, passed away. I suddenly realised this about a week ago, whilst sorting through my collection of *Who* memorabilia. There were photos of him on stage, doing a solo spot, at the Aylcon '96 convention, and I suddenly felt very nostalgic, and twinge of loss.

I was only on the convention circuit for three years before he died, yet during that time I felt that I gained a sense of the man, albeit one, which must be very small in comparison to others. He was always a consummate performer, and never failed to enliven

events with his declaration of "I am The Doctor!" and variety of voices and stories. Even when I felt a sense of "here comes the eye patch story", it was always fun to hear it straight from the horse's mouth.

A few days later on a trip to Ludlow I chanced upon a double cassette called **An Audience with The Doctor**: an audio recording of his one-man show. Having listened to the two-hour audience, I was reminded of what a great storyteller Jon was, and was suddenly very grateful that I had had the chance to see Jon on stage actually telling some of the stories included on the tape. I can say that I count myself hugely lucky to have ever met him, and to have felt that Pertwee magic.

The point of all this? Well aside from my sentiments of huge nostalgia at the moment, I think that everyone should take some time out to remember Jon Pertwee, and to step back and think of all that he gave to the show. Whether that is to read one of his autobiographies, read the DWAS tribute magazine, or just to watch *The Daemons* again, I implore you to do so. Jon Pertwee gave so much to the fans, and I think that he should be remembered, especially on this anniversary.

Paul Ballard

celestial toyroom



- Two Days Shooting Lost In Pay Disput
- Sylvester Hints At Fourth Season

BBC STRIKE HITS BATTLEFIELD

The BBC's strike has hit the production of the new Doctor Who series, which is now in jeopardy.



The Official Newspaper of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society

• For Warriors: 1, 3, 5, and 9. 10/1/1988

• Fury from the Deep: Last 5 May Festival

BEEB EPISODE FIND!

• Dr. Gregory Henderson

Dr. Gregory Henderson, the first Doctor to appear in the new series, is a character who is a mix of the old and the new. He is a character who is a mix of the old and the new. He is a character who is a mix of the old and the new.

• Doctor Who is Mapped! - says entire series

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

• Sylvester McCoy on stage - Page 2

INSIDE. WIN

COMPLETE SE

THE NEW DO

WHO VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO

INCLUDES THE DOCTOR'S

VIDEO



SEASON 24: "I HAVE PLANS..."

RO

DEC

NOV

OCT

SEP

AUG

JUL

JUN

MAY

APR

MAR

FEB

JAN

DEC

NOV

OCT

SEP

AUG

JUL

JUN

MAY

APR

MAR

FEB

JAN

DEC

NOV

OCT

SEP

AUG

JUL

JUN

MAY

APR

