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75p.

# AMAZING JOURNEYS



## DR WHO

- The Sixties
- Seventies
- Dalekmania
- Bob Holmes
- & much more

Stuart  
Duggan



PRODUCED BY J. JEREMY BENTHAM (REFERENCE  
DEPT.)  
WITH STUART GLAZEBROOK (ART DEPT.)  
AND STEPHEN FAYNE (PHOTOGRAPHIC  
DEPT.)

AUTUMN 1979



## INTRODUCTION

If some of the observations in this publication seem a trifle self-indulgent, then I offer my apologies in advance. For such was the format so intended.

In my capacities as Historian for the Doctor Who Appreciation Society and as a plain fan of the series DR WHO, I have read many articles, treatises and publications on the subject of the Doctor, his travels, his companions, foes and monsters. Some are amateur productions, while others hail from such professional bodies like TARGET Books and the BBC itself.

But almost all of these have had one thing in common - a dispassionate, narrow-fielded outlook to the subject being analysed. In some cases it might be the Doctor's character, in other cases the elusive qualities of "magic" supposedly present in the series. Or, as is even more common, a simple catalogue of stories numerous sub-headed with the criticisms: good, bad or indifferent.

Yet, each story itself, as produced by the BBC, is a complex beast with more facets and characteristics than the Doctor has items in his pockets. The diary of a DR WHO production could fill an entire magazine with an appreciation of all the talents and techniques needed to bring an episode to your screens, and a DR WHO Concordance of facts as learned through sixteen years would fill a volume of "Encyclopaedia Britannica" proportions.

This publication covers none of the above, and yet it touches, I hope, on all of them. It is an attempt by me, a single DR WHO fan, to present a global overview of the series harnessing all the resources acquired during sixteen years of fandom. By the very virtue of my position within the Society, DR WHO has changed my life far more than perhaps any other concept or ideal. And to do that, it must have something within its make-up to capture and fire the imagination during, arguably, the formative and most important years of a person's life - childhood through adulthood.

I believe DR WHO has all those qualities through the way in which it is presented on television. At the same time, however, those qualities are not in sympathy with everybody. Everyone is different with differing sets of values and those differences divide DR WHO fans from non-fans.

"AMAZING JOURNEYS" are therefore my journeys - my interpretations on sixteen years of a unique mass media series. Not all of you will agree with me, that I accept. Yet, I earnestly hope all of you will come away from reading this account having found some of your own enthusiasm reflected within its pages.



With special thanks to Society President Jan Vincent-Rudski, Gordon 'Drog' Lengden, Paul Stephen Smith, Deanne Holding and the Society Executive.





# AMAZING JOURNEYS

Stretching out his hand to catch  
The Stars, he forgets the flowers  
at his feet.                      Jeremy Bentham  
1748-1832

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● NB: Advertisements in this article are no longer applicable.





He stands like some fabled champion of old. Held firmly in his right hand is a sword - the generations-long symbol of the warrior knight. Ever prepared to do battle with the most fearsome of foes but guided by the honours and codes eloquent of his aristocratic birth.

His effusive garb and tall, leather buccaneer boots lend him a not undesired similarity to the Cavaliers of Jacobean England. An image complemented by his rich, velvet long-coat and gangling, multi-coloured scraf. An escapee from conformity and convention, unruly yet curiously elegant.

Behind him - the columns of a ruined temple, a fitting monument to a figure equally timeless. His exile over now, he has returned to the corridors of Eternity and Infinity, hunting for an elusive, distant goal perhaps even he is unsure of.

And so the present Doctor is very much a nomad, rejecting the cosy life offered to him on Earth as scientific adviser to UNIT, yet strangely also rejecting the comradeship of his own people on Gallifrey, as witnessed in his two recent returns to the planet of his birth as a fully fledged, fully forgiven Lord of Time. This rejection of even his own kin leads us to suppose that the Doctor, now that he is, by his own admission, approaching middle age, is headed both for an identity crisis and for a period of deep insecurity. Romana deduced as much from her first conversation with him.

In short, he has won his freedom to travel in Time and Space as a non-official ambassador for the Time Lords. He is far freer about admitting his origins than in his past three incarnations and indeed almost seems to relish the prestige it gives him over other, lesser mortals. His repairs to the TARDIS, once a major preoccupation with him, are almost complete now, despite the recent addition of a Randomiser Unit to avoid being tracked by the Black Guardian.

After all, the TARDIS may only be a breaking reminder of the days when Gallifreans used these testimonies to trans-dimensional engineering (before the advent of travel by Time Ring) but it is the only home the Doctor knows.

So we have a repaired TARDIS, absolute freedom for the Doctor and a growing dissatisfaction with flesh and blood companions. All factors that would explain a lonely, very introverted Doctor.

And this is perhaps the key to the whole problem which both bedevils the Doctor on screen, and has viewers on the other end of the television network concerned with an apparent absent factor from DR WHO.

## THE SEVENTIES

The Doctor of today confounds and amazes. His personality has so outstripped those of his companions and associates that he now, far more than ever before, projects the qualities of alienness which human observers find so difficult to come to terms with.

His former incarnation was once described as "crackling with energy". Given that as true, then following his rejuvenation the energy has positively exploded into a blaze of frenzied activity and wanderlust.

Nowadays, far more than ever previously, the Doctor is severing his connections with his confessed favourite planet - Earth. His companions too are non-terran in origin and appearance: an acolyte Time Lord and a mobile computer. But, even with these two the good Doctor is finding a degree of impatience and irritation setting in; almost as though the qualities of friendship and sociability are becoming onerous to him.

At the outset of 'The Ribos Operation' the Doctor was quite happy to plan a holiday for himself with only K-9 in attendance. After all, if ever K-9 becomes too tiresome for the Doctor he simply has to reach out and power-off his system. Not at all easy to manage with a creature of flesh and blood.

Recently, in a confrontation with the White Guardian of Time, he was "given" his current assistant, Romana, a move which was, for a long while, deeply resented by the renegade Time Lord. Bad enough, perhaps, being lumbered with a human companion to look after and run around rescuing, but a member of the race he had tried so long to run away from...

The Doctor now has no clear, long term sense of purpose.

No longer is there the thrill of illegal rebellion from his peers, no longer the challenge of curing the faults in his ship, not even the drive to escape imprisonment on Earth. Nothing. Just short term problems to be solved in short term environments.

Therefore what we now have is a hiatus. An impasse. The Doctor, by the token of his past, remains a fascinating character study. A fictional personality of remarkable complexity. Flamboyance and introversion at constant war with each other; unable to do without human company but resentful of the incursion it makes upon his feelings.

Before we try to look to the future, it is worth taking a step back and looking at the way the present Doctor has arrived at his current status.

A long proposed theory, and one which is substantiated by evidence presented on screen, is that natural changes in the Doctor's appearance (Hartnell to Troughton, Pertwee to Baker) are rejuvenations rather than complete regenerations, as was the case when the High Council changed by force the second Doctor into his third incarnation. In their colonial days the Time Lords taught this technique to the Minyans. Hence in 'Underworld' we witnessed the cellular rejuvenation of Tala from her old, exhausted body to her younger, fitter self. The implication from this therefore is that the present Doctor is a younger version of his former self.

Physically one only has to look at the



TOM BAKER

...wanderer  
in eternity







Exotic alien locations; Skybase One

first scene in 'Robot' immediately following the change. The hair, although brown as opposed to grey, was still styled like that of his older body. It was not until his emergence from coma in the UNIT sick bay that the new "more erratic" personality ruffled the locks up into their more recognised shape. But then again, don't all youngsters resent being a chip off the old block?

The Doctor was still as tall as his predecessor and the same beaky nose was retained. Even his affection for his roadster "Bessie" clung to him for a while until the lure of the cosmos proved too much for him at the end of 'Robot'.

Curiously, the disruption from his more stable third-body personality can be gleaned more from 'Face of Evil', specifically from the book of the serial. In the novel Terrance Dicks alludes that after his first day investigating the case of the Giant Robot the Doctor took off on a solo voyage in the TARDIS at night. This journey took him to a distant planet and to Leela's ancestors. Misunderstanding the nature of the crashed spaceship's computer, the Doctor allowed it to copy a "print" of his own traumatised mind into its core. That "print" eventually became the evil side of Xoanon!

Luckily the good Doctor was in saunter mood for 'The Ark in Space', where in a classic soliloquy, eyes filled with admiration, he delivered his salute to mankind:

"Homo Sapiens, what an inventive, invincible species. It's only a few million years since they crawled out of the mud and learned to walk - puny, defenceless bipeds. They've survived flood, famine and plague, they've survived cosmic wars and holocausts. And now, here they are, out among the stars waiting to begin a new life. Ready to out-sit Eternity. They're indomitable..."

#### THE MUTANTS

The reflective traits of the first Doctor seen there, and a hint of things to come in the form of his interest in long-term ideals rather than short-term solutions. We had to wait until 'Genesis of the Daleks' though before full confirmation of this was seen. Despite Sarah Jane's pleading the Doctor refused to alter the temporal projection of a Dalek dominated future by terminating the Dalek species at 'birth'. With an eye for the global development of the Galaxy he let the most feared race in the skies live, even with the knowledge of the suffering they would one day inflict upon countless species.

It is ironic to note here that just as the Doctor's character was beginning to harden, losing much of his third manifestation's compassion, so the series itself began to change direction under the helm of its new Producer and Script-Editor. Philip Hinchcliffe and Robert Holmes altered the flavour of DR WHO quite drastically during their three years in the hot seats. Horror has always been an undercurrent to the series but owing to the influence of past Producers it has always been played down - except for rare and notable occasions. The Holmes/Hinchcliffe team changed all that with a series of stories which brought howls of protest from the National Viewers and Listeners Association under Mrs Mary Whitehouse. The BBC eventually heeded some of the arguments and replied by moving DR WHO to its current later time slot of six o'clock, or thereabouts.

However, no stringent curbs were applied to the programme itself and the gruesome parade continued. 'Genesis of the Daleks' was censured for its portrayal of Nazi-style officers within the war-obsessed Kaleds, 'Pyramids of Mars' was slated for over-



graphic presentation of strangulation, a criticism also made for the subsequent 'Seeds of Doom' serial which also fell under the hammer with the inclusion of a compost-mangling machine fed liberally with human victims. Ultimately it was the scene of "sadistic drowning" in 'The Deadly Assassin' which finally gave rise to questions "upstairs" at the BBC. In an almost unprecedented move Sir Charles Curran - the then Director-General - issued a statement to the press defending Philip Hinchcliffe's edited version of 'The Deadly Assassin', while at the same time reflecting that some of the scenes shown in it were a trifle "too realistic" for a science-fiction series.

However the critics were divided in their opinions on the new-style DR WHO. 'The Brain of Morbius' - another Holmes/Hinchcliffe triumph - showed several gory scenes including the up-turning of a jar containing a living brain. The resulting shot of the brain splattered across the floor won praise from the reviewers in The Daily Mail and The Observer, while the critic of The Daily Telegraph - a confessed mother of young children - complained at the sick level of drama being used to catch ratings.

And that was the final testament to the changes wrought in DR WHO. Whatever the reasons - the stories, the publicity, etc - the audience ratings for DR WHO during those three short years were consistently some of the highest in the programme's history, with episode three of 'The Deadly Assassin' reaching an alarming peak.

By the time Philip Hinchcliffe's last DR WHO serial was aired - 'The Talons of Weng-Chiang' - Tom Baker himself had established firm guide lines over the way he felt the role of the Doctor should be played. In numerous TV and newspaper interviews Baker emphasised that the Doctor should be shown

more as the alien he really is, rather than as the father-figure he had become under Jon Pertwee. And with the support of Holmes and Hinchcliffe, plus later Graham Williams and Anthony Read, that is exactly what occurred.

Earlier in this article we arrived at 'Genesis of the Daleks' to show the subtle shifts already noticeable in the Doctor's 'persona', but in actual fact by then several more alternations had already been made. The element of ambiguity had been introduced, or rather re-introduced, since in many respects Baker's Doctor bore many of the trademarks usually associated with Patrick Troughton's incarnation. The jelly babies made a comeback right from the first serial.

However gravity tests were made with the use of a yo-yo, complex measurements were calculated on the stitches in a scarf, and precious specimens were stored in the confines of an old toffee tin. The copious explanations for events patiently expounded by the former Doctor were now reeled off using a patter of pseudo-scientific terminology, or, better still, totally ignored. A case of the Doctor astounding himself with his own genius?

With 'Terror of the Zygons' we witnessed a powerful demonstration of his abilities to hypnotise - a Time Lord technique more usually associated with the Master. Here the Doctor used his power to induce a cataleptic state in Sarah while both of them were sealed in a decompression chamber - minus air. And the longer Sarah stayed with the Doctor the stronger his mesmeric influence over her grew. This culminated, in 'The Hand of Fear', with the Doctor able to put her into a trance with a mere gaze from those powerful eyes.

And it is the Doctor's eyes which give the greatest clue to the intelligence burning behind them. Bright, piercing blue.



Reminder of a grim past; the Doctor looks upon the head of Morbius **BRAIN OF MORBIUS**



they both project the overwhelming strength of personality while reflecting a disturbing un-likeness to humankind. Nowhere is this more apparent than in 'The Seeds of Doom' where, with chilling impassiveness, the Doctor suggested the only way to help Charles Winlett was to amputate his infected arm; an operation he was not going to perform because, as he put it, "You must learn to help yourselves". The teacher anxious to see what his pupils can do, or tedium at their lassitude for solving problems without his aid? Whatever the case, it makes more understandable his statement to Sarah in 'The Masque of Mandragora' where, half-jokingly, he said, "You humans have such limited little minds. I don't know why I like you". It should be remembered here that the first Doctor had a similar cynical impression of Humanity's intelligence.

At any rate, by the time 'The Deadly Assassin' had been screened, the Doctor had severed his last link with Earth with his farewell to Sarah: an experience he accomplished seemingly without emotion or remorse - a far cry from his sadness at the loss of Jo Grant some years earlier. The death of Chancellor Goth left the Doctor as President Elect of the Time Lords, a position which gave him, later on in 'The Invasion of Time', access to the entire wealth of knowledge and power that his race had accumulated over generations of Time travel. During 'The Invisible Enemy' a hint was given that the Doctor possesses within his brain neural ganglia wherefore to join his mind to the mass intelligencia of Gallifrey held in the Matrix. And that, presumably, gives him an empathy with the greatest thinker Gallifrey has known: Rassilon.

Certainly that understanding, applied to the Doctor, would explain a great deal of the self-assurance the present Doctor now

exudes. Right from the moment he enters a situation, he commands it. Death holds no fear for him. By the time, say, the Megara are ready to execute him, his skilful chess playing of the other factors and characters around him will already have ensured his survival.

This, more than anything else, is the legacy Graham Williams, Anthony Read and Doug Adams have bequeathed to DR WHO. A Doctor with almost total mastery of his environment: a grand strategist and planner of the adventures he becomes involved in. Outwitting the Jethrik hunters on Ribos, plotting revolution on Zanak, instigating the overthrow of the Grachts on Tara, the list grows longer than the famed multi-coloured scarf. It is almost a case of: episode one - Doctor arrives and analyses situation; middle episodes - Doctor hatches plots and schemes to achieve final goal; last episode - confronting the enemy in his lair, the Doctor watches as his plans all come together with split-second timed precision.

Of course, it can be argued that many plots in the past have held this format. True, but not quite with the Doctor being so dominant a character, and with such heavy artillery at his command. Romana is an acolyte Time Lord with technical capabilities proven with her Academy Triple-Firsts. K-9 is equipped not only with a deadly photon blaster, but also with a memory bank bolstered by draining the records held in the TARDIS log.

Two aliens and a computer travelling the corridors of Infinity and Eternity. The potential adventures lying before them are endless. Technical advances at the BBC mean that adventures in the Eighties will be colourful and action-packed. More visual effects, exotic locations moving further afield as budgets rise - already Paris has been used for 'City of Death' - and with more flexible hand-held cameras, the possibilities in terms of versatile direction are manyfold.

Yet, in the end, it will be the plots that will bear the load if the series is to reach 1990. Writing is still the key to DR WHO's success and if it is to survive beyond superficial interest in the twenty-five minutes air-time per week, it needs the background back-up of good continuity and credible purpose. It needs the occasional foray into areas of controversy and to dip into its past to find its keys to develop further.

The future is vital, but the amazing journeys of sixteen years are just as important. They lend the series a depth and substance many other programmes would envy. Let them not be forgotten as the warrior stands on the threshold of a new decade.



The Time Lords of Gallifrey

# AMAZING JOURNEYS



70<sup>s</sup>

70<sup>s</sup>



70<sup>s</sup>

*Oray*



DATA COIL BIOGRAPHICAL EXTRACT      LEVEL : 3  
SUBSYSTEM : DATA      TYPE : READ-OUT      VERSION : 265      CODE : 705  
SYSTEMPREFIX : (PRYDONIAN)      AAA      MACHINE : 1      CYCLE : 2461  
-FILE SELECT : SPECIFIC

FIRST INCARNATION      MNEMONIC TITLE : THE DOCTOR



COMMENT-

APPEARANCE : Adopted mannerisms and mode of dress common to British society of late Edwardian Era (refer to Sol 3 file). Typical apparel would be white spats fitted over black elastic-sided boots. Narrow, tapering trousers patterned in black and white check below period waistcoat. White wing-collared shirt with neatly tied black cravat. Matching black jacket edged with silk often complemented by richly materialled opera cape and Astrakhan hat. Roman ring worn on right hand. Gold hunter watch and, alternating between gold 'pince-nez' and monocle.

PERSONALITY

CHARACTERISTICS : Due to great age attained whilst in first body, the physical appearance is one of an elderly man. The consequent character is stern but sharp minded. The vast accumulation of stored knowledge is manifested outwardly by an arrogant manner suggestive of a dislike of those with lesser intelligence. Pride is strongly in evidence coupled with a touchiness when will is opposed. Great wisdom allied with sharp tactical analytic mentality typical of Prydonian chapter. Weaknesses evident by intolerance of attitudes contrary to his own. Strangely kind and compassionate with a sound understanding and appreciation of other life forms.

AGE AT REGENERATION : 748.

REASON FOR REGENERATION : Physical exhaustion of body by natural ageing process.

TRAITS OF INCARNATION : Great collector of artifacts from time/space zones visited. Preferred to maintain a hand-written 500 year diary in preference to electronic log of stolen T.T.Capsule (see Malfessance sub-section). Formed close telepathic and emotional link with grand-daughter referred to as Susan Foreman. Expressed personal ambition to meeting prominent historical people with particular emphasis on Sol 3.

HISTORICAL DATA : Rejected teachings and principles of Prydon Academy. (TRUNCATED) ----- Became identified as known malcontent until abrupt self-exile from Gallifrey using stolen prototype TT Capsule (mk 1 Type 40). Absconded with grand-daughter later left on Sol 3 dateline 2166/7. Adopted terrestrial travelling companions from said planet and committed major crimes of interference with the destinies of numerous civilisations.

CHAPTER CARDINAL'S ASSESSMENT

: Whilst the actions of the former scholar at Prydon Academy are to be deplored with the utmost severity, it must be remembered that the Doctor's accredited genius was won through experience rather than teaching.



WILLIAM  
HARTNELL

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# «DALEK

There was a time, around the middle of the nineteen-sixties, when it appeared that, in mass-appeal terms, British meant best. Fashions sold from Biba, Mary Quant and Carnaby Street swept the world, films such as "Goldfinger", "Dr Strangelove" and "Zulu" grossed fortunes for British studios, and the worldwide cult of the music spearheaded by the Beatles needs no introduction. For many people the Sixties was a period almost divorced from reality. Everything from flying saucers to flower power found short-lived fame in a society which seemed to idolise the 'instant products' turned out by companies eager to make what the Americans term 'a fast buck'.

Of course this was also the time which Prime Minister Harold MacMillan summed up so well in his famous quote, "You've never had it so good". Consumer spending was rapidly approaching an all-time peak - before the demon called inflation - and nowhere was this increased spending more manifest than in "the youth of Britain", the corner-stones of nearly all the over-night success stories.

It was into this environment that the Daleks were born in 1963, at the very tip of the iceberg known as the "Swinging Sixties". The interest the Daleks founded was very real indeed and the resulting phenomenon which became known as Dalekmania was every bit as fervent, though

**At your local Woolworth Store.**





# MANIA »

on a somewhat smaller scale, as the furore surrounding the rise of the Beatles.

Mania is, by definition, an excessive enthusiasm marked by excitement. Another definition more unkindly puts it as mental derangement caused by hallucination. Just what your overview was of Dalekmania depended mainly on your age and also on your interest in science-fiction. For many the Sixties are remembered for being the golden age of space travel where Man travelled beyond his home and a privileged few actually touched down on the soil of another world. Space was no longer the realm of the pulp-magazine reader, it was a reality within the appreciation of all. And hot on the heels of space travel was the speculation concerning life on other planets. This too stepped out of the minds of fanciful dreamers and into the worlds of technology; even today the maxim of "Watch the Skies" is as applicable as it was during those days when numerous speculative articles were appearing in The Times and The Guardian, advising us on what creatures from other worlds could resemble.

Those viewers of the pioneer DR WHO serials already knew, however. For there, on their flickering black and white television screens, were monsters, the kind of which had never been seen on Earth before; creatures hideously scarred by nuclear radiation living within the



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shells of armoured machines. Totally evil and totally alien.

To coin the cliché oft used since then, they captured the imaginations of a generation and founded the craze Dalekmania. It was a totally unpredicted event and when it happened no one was more surprised by it than the creators of DR WHO and the Daleks themselves.

Tracing Dalekmania back to its origins, a popular pastime among sociologists, is easy. It began with the transmission of the seven episode DR WHO serial, "THE DEAD PLANET", during the Xmas/New Year period of 1963/4. At that time the Daleks were just one of several 'alien menaces' planned for the Doctor and his three companions during what could easily have been their one and only season. Two million viewers for the first four-part serial hardly amounted to a runaway hit in television circles, in fact it was close to a flop. However, from our points of view in hindsight it is possible to see why the Daleks had, if nothing else, the best potential for scooping a large audience. BBC research has

Article from The Daily Mail circa 1964



By ANN KENNY

THE children at Dr. Barnardo's village at Ilford, Essex, gave two of the dreaded Daleks a rip-roaring welcome yesterday.

The Daleks are Space Age monsters from the B.B.C.'s special effects department.

Last Saturday, at traffic lights gathered and children from the children's TV showed.

Children wrote, saying: "Don't kill them off."

So the B.B.C. decided to give two of the monsters to the Barnardo children.

They were loaded on a van.

**They're here!**

Each time it stopped at traffic lights gathered and children from the children's TV showed.

at Ilford and went round the Daleks are by

Nobody the least serious monsters who

serial, had monotonous a nasty habit activating the

"Come on, out," pleaded the children.

"Say something, shout at them as soon as they arrived Impact



since then shown that the series gets its really high audiences during those cold winter nights when folks are more inclined to stay indoors by the fire rather than to venture into the cold, blustery outside.

So it was that on December 28th 1963, the post-Xmas weekend, two million impressionable youngsters watched in stark terror as the first Daleks glided into view. They were captivating. Right from their grating electronic voices to the operation of their ray guns they held the attention and interest of those who watched them. At the tender age of eight no consideration exists in the mind that the Daleks were BBC props with sweating actors inside. They were machines, and while DR WHO was on screen the television set was acting as a window for children to see into the world of the Daleks: a world as real as the one around them.

A famous writer is once reported to have said, "If you gain the imagination of a child, you have on your hands one of the most powerful forces in the Universe". In the days that

followed transmission of that first Dalek episode the grapevine that children operate went into action with a vengeance. Those who saw the episode compared notes and the first crude attempts were made to emulate the famed Dalek voice. Those who had not seen the programme were told what they had missed and they in turn told others as the subsequent "Dead Planet" episodes were shown. The game of playing "Daleks" came into being in school playgrounds up and down the country as youngsters moved around with arms outstretched attempting to be their idols. If you had asked any one of them what he wanted for a Xmas present next year, the chances are the reply would be, "A Dalek".

At that time only a scant few days separated the filming of DR WHO from the actual screening on television, and so the production staff for the series were still at work on the first Dalek story when the reaction began to occur. A few letters began trickling into the offices of the then Producer, Verity Lambert, asking about the Daleks. By the end of the serial that trickle had become a flood tide and with the killing off of the Daleks in episode seven the majority of the questions revolved around enquiring when the metal monsters would be reappearing.

For the Producers of DR WHO, of course, no plans existed for a reappearance of the Daleks. However, with good intention, they did bow to the wishes of children wanting Daleks by giving away two of the creatures to the Dr Barnado's Orphanage (see article) on the belief the machines would never be needed again.

How wrong they were in their assumptions. A few weeks later the newspapers realised there was copy to be found in the increasing interest surrounding the Daleks with the result that articles started appearing in the dailies reporting on the letters deluging the BBC.

"Daleks Dead but Won't Lie Down" was the headline to one article in The Daily Mail where Verity Lambert herself was quoted as saying the Daleks would not be rescheduled for any more stories.

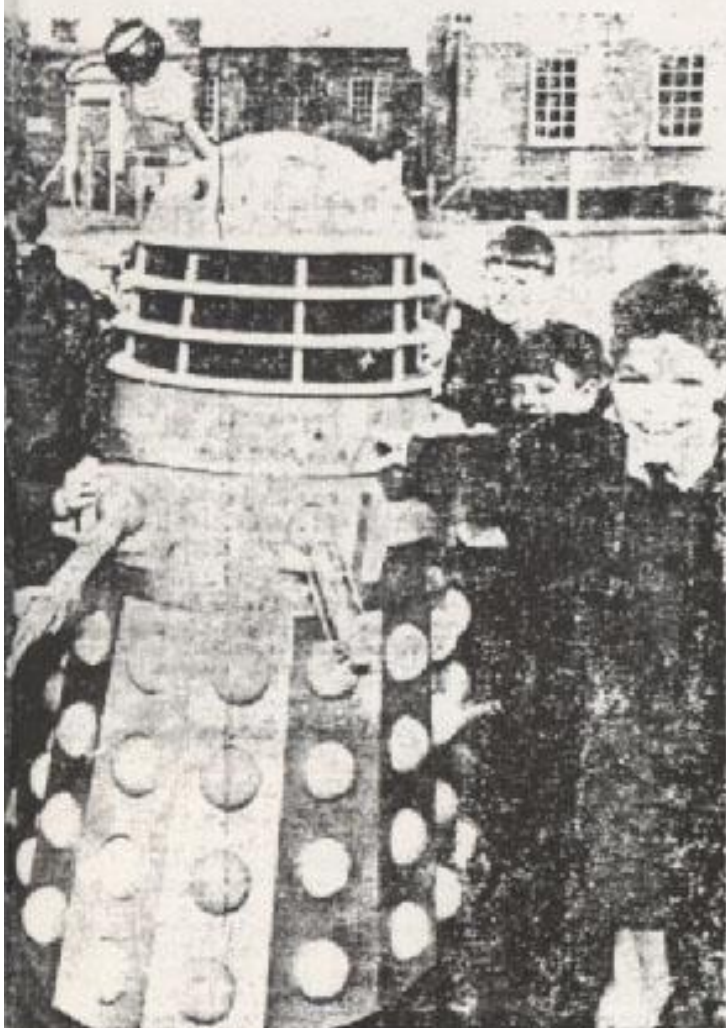
By the summer of 1964 pressure from the press and from "upstairs" at the BBC dictated that, far from waiting for the fuss to die down, the Producers should give way and think about satisfying the mass craving for more Dalek material. This presented a bit of a problem for the Dalek writer Terry Nation. His first story had firmly established that the Daleks on Skaro were all killed. Now he was being asked to resurrect them from their metaphorical graves. This he did by assuming that the next Dalek story would be set in an earlier age from the Skaro serial when the monsters would be very much alive and well, and not only that, they would be alive on Earth...

The firm which built the original Daleks was commissioned again to construct a few more with special adaptations to enable the operators to move the devices over rough terrain. BBC designer Ray Cusick - the man responsible for the realisation of the Daleks in the first place - had envisioned a pedal-car-like contraption with wider wheels for motivating the Daleks on Earth; all of which would be hidden under an enlarged fender section on the Daleks.

Ray Cusick was not alone in his task of building Daleks in the autumn of 1964. Following on the heels of press interest, commercial businesses determined that Daleks meant potentially big sales for the Xmas market, traditionally a profitable period for the toy industry.

LOUIS MARKS & COMPANY of Swansea have the honour of being the first concern to produce a Dalek toy. Their "tricky-action" battery-operated toy appeared in the shops in time to solve the problems of irate parents wondering desperately how to satiate their offspring's incessant demands for Daleks. From sales of this one toy alone Louis Marks announced record profits in 1965 and indeed a version of this toy still proliferates in shops to this very day.

The "tricky-action" Dalek opened the gates to a whole host of Dalek toys and models after that. There were Dalek construction kits,



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message, two of the children could wait no longer.

Linda Cromer, aged 10, and Alfred Carr, nine, hopped inside the machines.

Then the fun began as they propelled the Daleks round the playground, chasing their classmates.

The verdict: "Smashing." head mistress Miss Kathleen Mann said: "They are not going to be happy with down-to-earth games any more!"

to be happy with down-to-earth games any more!"

The remaining two glass fibre and wooden monsters? The B.B.C. is keeping them.

A spokesman said: "Who knows when they will appear again? Probably Dr. Who knows."

PICTURE BY EXPRESS CAMERAMAN MICHAEL MCKEOWN





The great Dalek Bagatelle sells at a retail price of 216d.



DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS

A Series of 18

No. 7

"Dr. Who" as transport system. "Who" plans to transport "Who" to the planet. "Who" has the idea but will not be able to do it. Then the Dalek invasion begins.

Get out the way of the Daleks. The Daleks are the most powerful creatures in the universe. They are the most powerful creatures in the universe. They are the most powerful creatures in the universe.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS

A Series of 18

No. 12

Get out the way of the Daleks. The Daleks are the most powerful creatures in the universe. They are the most powerful creatures in the universe. They are the most powerful creatures in the universe.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS

A Series of 18

No. 15

Get out the way of the Daleks. The Daleks are the most powerful creatures in the universe. They are the most powerful creatures in the universe. They are the most powerful creatures in the universe.

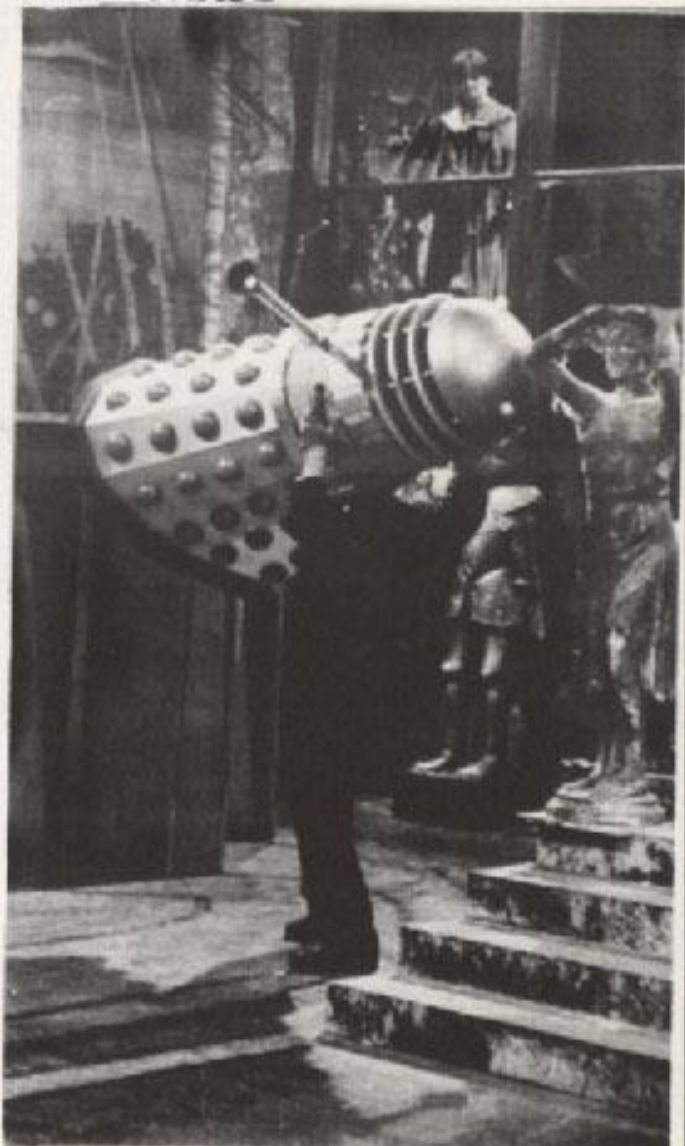
friction drive Daleks with flashing internal lights, clockwork Daleks with revolving dome apparatus and even soap containers in the shape of Daleks. The sizes were legion too. At one end of the market could be found the 'rolykin' Daleks: tiny models just an inch high costing one shilling (5p) a piece. At the other end of the scale the 'Automotives' Dalek stood over four feet tall and was big enough for a child of twelve to climb into and operate the extendable arm rod and fire the battery-powered buzzer gun. This version cost well over £8 and yet was a hit for Xmas 1965.

P.W. WOOLWORTHS deserves a favourable mention for its role in Dalekmania. The stores retailed a variety of Dalek games, including the famous 'bagatelle', and a selection of Dalek jigsaws. The models included the grey push-along Dalek which was the closest a firm ever came in those days to producing an accurately-designed Dalek. In 1965 that model was complemented by the addition of a push-along Mechanoid - the Daleks' arch space foes





## THE CHASE



*Battle of the monsters as a Dalek  
comes to grips with Frankenstein*





Playsuits to Projectors. Dalek Merchandise on sale circa 1965.

- brought out under licence from Terry Nation who was anxious to repeat his success with the Daleks.

Keen to jump on the bandwagon of profit, some firms even cheated a little by hastily recalling old toys, modifying them slightly and packaging them under a Dalek banner. LINCOLN TOYS INTERNATIONAL were a prime example of this. World War II bazooka toys were resold as 'Anti-Dalek Exterminators' and the familiar bans of all parents, the water pistol, suddenly re-materialised as 'Dr Who's Fluid Neutraliser'.

By Xmas 1965 the toy industry had gone firmly Dalek-mad and hardly a week went by without a new product being added to the ever-growing list of Dalek merchandise. In fact a day in the life of a Dalek fan might well go something like:-

"Awake in bedroom decorated in Dalek wallpaper. Put on Dalek slippers (Furness Footwear Ltd) and go to bathroom to wash with Dalek soap (Northhants Assoc. for the Blind). Do daily exercises using inflatable Dalek (Scorpion Toys) as punchbag before setting off for school sporting Dalek mini-badge (Woolworths) on jumper. Call in at newsagent on the way for comic featuring Dalek strip (TV 21) and a few packets of sweet cigarettes (Cadet Sweets) featuring the Daleks, the Doctor and the Voord (another Terry Nation creation) in a set of cards. At break-time either sit back and read the Dr Who and the Daleks book (Frederick Muller Ltd; hardback, Armada Books; paperback) or swap cards in playground, noting them with a Dalek pencil (Bailey's agencies). Come home with friends and entertain them by either playing a Dalek record ("Who's Who" by Roberts Tovey; Polydor Records) or by a film show on your Dr Who and the Daleks Give-a-show Projector (Chad Valley Co. Ltd). The list goes on and on.

Maybe, at some point in the future, a historian with a time machine might wish to travel back to investigate the Dalekmania vogue. To observe the phenomenon at its best he could do a lot worse than select the "Daily Mail Boys and Girls Exhibition" at Olympia in January 1965. This exhibition was an annual event sponsored by The Daily Mail newspaper which had, in previous years, attracted a fair number of people anxious to try such things as small electric go-cars, or the mock parachute jump display run by the RAF or perhaps even the radio-controlled toy tanks. However, for 1965 the paper advertised that the Daleks would be there supervising, and apparently controlling, an ingenious electronic train which ran without a driver: 'The Brain Train'.

The queue to get into the exhibition began at the exit of Olympia Underground Station.

Ahead, lining several street blocks, stretched a human crocodile comprised of hundreds upon hundreds of children; all waiting, in various degrees of impatience, to see the Daleks. For, once inside the massive halls which make up Olympia, another queue began. If you were prepared to wait about two hours that queue would eventually permit you to take a five-minute ride on the 'Brain Train', past specially built scenarios in which the Daleks were moving. The Daleks at the exhibition were the "Dalek Invasion of Earth" variety with the enlarged fenders which lent them an almost frightening height. Every so often the dreaded Black Dalek would lead its companions in a sinister escort for those passengers gazing in stunned awe from the carriages. No longer were the Daleks confined to a twelve-inch TV screen. They were here in London, terrifyingly real. With ingenious radio relays fitted inside the casings the Daleks were able to speak, threatening instant extermination to any who dared try to alight



from the train while it was moving. No one dared.

This author was one of those thousands who queued for five hours to see the Daleks. From my vantage point on the train I was able to observe as one young child went into a screaming fit when a Dalek approached very close to the spectator fence. Even with my youthful set of values, I could appreciate then why people described the Daleks as monsters. That youngster believed himself to be facing a monster from the pit. No reassuring human features, a parody of a voice, a single, white staring lens for an eye, and a levelled, pointed gun which, at any moment, might fire a beam of 'negative' light and commit that child to an agonising death.

Does this mean that Dalekmania was founded out of masochism? An irrational desire to terrify the wits out of oneself every Saturday and then go back for more the following week? Perhaps. Maybe there is some truth to the statement, "If Dr Who has never frightened you, you've missed out on a significant part of the magic". For this writer, the Daleks first inspired absolute terror. Later on, as the term Dalek Operator conjured up an image of a man sitting behind an enormous control console directing the actions of these mobile death machines, the wish grew to own a Dalek like that; to have all that terrible power at my command. It took a photograph in a 1966 copy of The Observer Colour Magazine to break that illusion. There, for all the world to see, was a picture of two Daleks with their 'lids' off. No electro-mechanical gadgetry, no hydraulics, no intricate servo-mechanisms - just two rather bored BBC actors.

By mid-1966 the craze of Dalekmania was fading. The second Dalek film, released that summer, did not do as well as its 1965 predecessor at the cinemas and it pointed out the writing on the wall to the commercially minded. The ever-fickle general public was finding new objects to transfer its interest to. "Batman", "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." - these were the new heroes, and the toy market was as quick to switch its production lines to meet this new demand.

A case of "The Daleks are dead, long live Batman"? Not quite. The fascination people have with the Daleks still survives as BBC ratings prove whenever a Dalek serial or film is shown on TV now. As for the actual Dalek machines, there they stand in the BBC's Acton warehouse, cracked, battered, chipped, the battle-scarred veterans of innumerable village fetes and bazaars. The phrase, "Relics of a by-gone age" comes to mind. Could those damaged casings ever again terrify a generation, or has the day of the Daleks truly come to an end? Only the future, plus a curious general public will ever be able to tell.

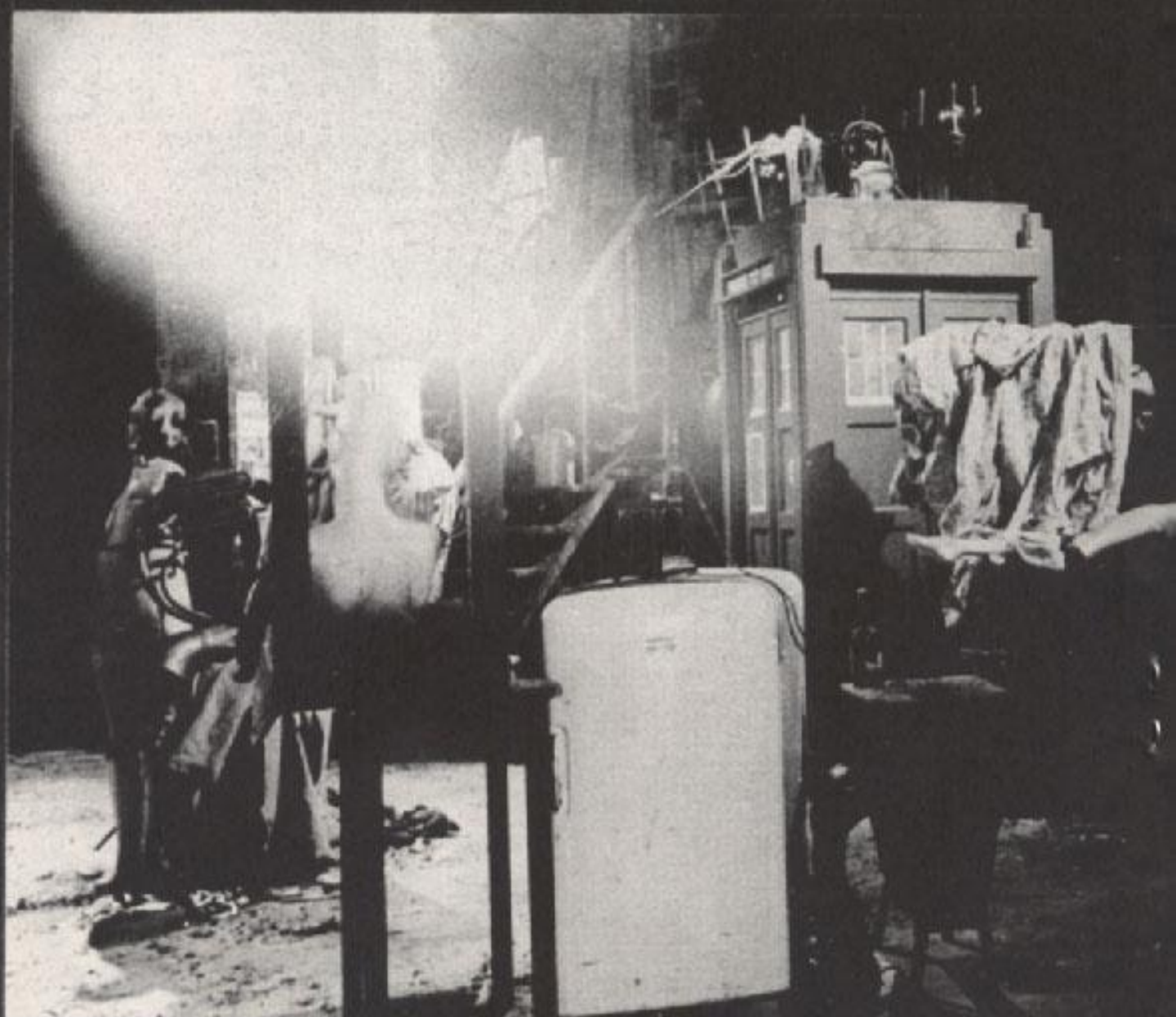




**WHERE IT  
BEGAN ...**



**KEYS OF MARINUS**



**AN UNEARTHLY CHILD**





**MASQUE OF MANDRAGORA**

### THE TARDIS

The Symbol of DR WHO, the TARDIS (Time And Relative Dimensions in Space) has survived almost unchanged all through the four Doctors so far seen on screen.

The original TARDIS shell pictured below left in the junkyard of I.M. Foreman in 76 Totters Lane was modified towards the end of the Hartnell era to be more readily transportable in the studios. The number of levels comprising the roof were reduced and the base was made less chunky. This version went on, through numerous repairs, until an unfortunate accident with Elisabeth Sladen and the roof in 'The Seeds of Doom' dictated the building of a new exterior which made a debut in 'Masque of Mandragora'. This model rides on castors.

The interior giant set as designed by Peter Brachaki gradually shrank in studio space and was replaced in the 14th season with a wood panelled job - see left.



**COLONY IN SPACE**



DATA COIL BIOGRAPHICAL EXTRACT LEVEL : 2  
SUBSYSTEM : DATA TYPE : READ-OUT VERSION : 265 CODE : 795  
SYSTEMPREFIX : (PRYDONIAN) MACHINE : 1 CYCLE : 2461  
-FILE SELECT : SPECIFIC  
BBB  
MNEEMONIC TITLE : THE DOCTOR

SECOND INCARNATION

COMMENT-

APPEARANCE : Markedly eccentric. With the Doctor's fascination with Sol 3 still very much ingrained, his clothes retained a period identity though noticeably of a far lower order than those worn in his previous body. The trousers were evidently made to fit a larger frame as the bottoms had to be tucked into the confines of an old pair of battered boots. The check patterning was still favoured but the effect was made far gaudier by the size of the squares. A loose plain shirt sat comfortably beneath a spotted bow tie fastened with a safety pin. The vagabond like appearance was further enhanced by an enormous multi-hued handkerchief perennially emerging from a long, black tailed jacket. For a short while following regeneration the Doctor was seen to sport a tall chimney hat of unidentified origins. Ornamental crest ring worn on right hand.

PERSONALITY CHARACTERISTICS :

In total contrast to his predecessor the Doctor in his new body was a total pacifist and never once engaged in physical violence with any opponent. The traumatic effects of regeneration never quite wore off as the personality maintained a vagueness in attitude except in times of applied concentration. Humour and a mischievous nature disguised a cunning ability to persuade others to his thinking without them realising they were being manipulated. Intense hatred of injustice coupled with a disregard of his own safety in times of great danger.

AGE AT REGENERATION : 75%.

REASON FOR REGENERATION : Forced animation within new body as part of sentence carried out by High Council at first trial.

TRAITS OF INCARNATION : Showed no interest in repairing or further familiarising himself with the stolen T.T.Capsule. His driving curiosity preferred to let the ship take him where it would rather than plan a fixed voyage. A musical talent for woodwind instruments showed up in a liking for the recorder. "Magpie"(Terran fauna) instincts remained but refined towards a predilection for keeping as many articles as possible in the pockets of his jacket. A sweet tooth for 'jelly babies' and 'gob stoppers'. Early interest in gadgetry led to his manufacturing a device he inadequately termed a sonic screwdriver.

HISTORICAL DATA :  
(TRUNCATED)-----

Continued free wandering in Time and Space with Terran companions until his surrender for capture at time of 'War Games' incident. Excellent defence at trial resulted in lenient verdict; exile to Sol 3, mid-29th century England, and with a new physical form.



THE INVASION

PATRICK  
TRAUGHTON

WHEN  
I SAY  
RUN  
RUN



# ROBERT HOLMES



## The Grand Master

"Oh, it's you. I thought I'd dreamt you up." Jamie's first words as he recovered in the presence of a Kroton: the first in a whole stream of creations to come from the pen of Robert Holmes, a writer who has dreamed up more aliens and situations for the Doctor than any other single contributor to the series.

was filled, the Head of Serials, pleased with the ideas expressed in the synopsis, passed it on to the DR WHO Office for consideration. Later, when a planned story for the Doctor fell through, Robert Holmes' preliminary script for 'The Krotons' was seized upon as a god-send with the end res-

### Krotons - Kroll

Robert Holmes almost never came to write for DR WHO in the first place. It was one of those cases of 'Serendipity' where several happy accidents came together at the right time. The story for 'The Krotons' had been penned way before Terrance Dicks, the then script-editor, considered it for use in DR WHO. It had been destined for another science-fiction series on BBC TV but when the quota of stories for that series

ult that it appeared on screen over December and January 1968/9 as a fully fledged DR WHO serial in four episodes.

A rescreening of 'The Krotons' on television now would probably do the story more harm than good. The actual monster, the Kroton, was born out of a 'Blue Peter' design-a-monster competition and even the finished versions put together by the Special Effects Department could not conceal



the creature's roots in old egg boxes and lamp-shades. And yet, the story-line to 'The Krotons' is very good and the final script reveals two of Robert Holmes' strong points in DR WHO writing: dialogue and characterisation. Consider the following extracts:-

DOCTOR: Yes, well Zoe is something of a genius, of course.  
It can be very irritating at times.  
.....

DOCTOR: Is it safe to enter that learning all yet?  
SELVIS: Why?  
DOCTOR: Zoe and I want to have a look round, don't we Zoe?  
ZOE: (baffled) Oh? So we?  
.....

JAMIE: Well why does it need them?  
And why have you been killing the Gonds?  
KROTON: The Dynatrops needs High Brains for transfer power. The Gonds have no High Brains.  
JAMIE: And that makes it all right to kill them does it?  
KROTON: That is procedure...  
.....

DOCTOR: They (The Krotons) seem to have a life system based on tellurium. It's fascinating, isn't it, Zoe? That tank must have been a polarised centrifuge.  
ZOE: Which we activated.  
DOCTOR: Oh don't blame yourself, Zoe. That machine must have been lying around for thousands of years waiting for someone as clever as us to activate it.

Christmas 1978 saw Robert Holmes celebrating ten years with the programme he considers to be his favourite to write for. During this decade his talents have been switched between free lance writing, mostly under his own name but occasionally with the need to adopt a pseudonym, and script-editing the series during its very successful three and a half seasons at the outset of Tom Baker's reign as the Doctor. All this has put Robert Holmes into the dubious position of being DR WHO's most prolific writer - outstripping even the track record of Terry Nation.

However, if Terry Nation knew his Daleks Robert Holmes knows DR WHO. Indeed, of late much of the mythology concerning the errant Time Lord and his people has come from the fertile imagination of Mr Holmes. In consequence of this, and as a reaction to what many DR WHO fans consider to be the treading of hallowed ground, much criticism has been directed at him for the consistent expansion into areas of thought previously considered unreachable for a series like DR WHO.

Fifteen years ago, if a writer had suggested to the Production team doing a non-monster story as a satire on the tax-collection system, chances are that writer would have been quickly recommended to take up another job. Yet, in 1977 'The Sun Makers' shattered several long-cherished taboos for what could be done within a series that now adamantly refuses to fall into any conventional category or format. DR WHO is not quite fantasy, neither is it science-fiction. It has humour and yet is not comic. There are elements of morality plays, horror, pathos, costume drama, even surrealism, within its tenuous boundaries, and all of these facets are the stock-in-trade of Robert Holmes: DR WHO's Space Pirate.

So let us now look at the decade of DR WHO as influenced by the stories of this cryptic author in an attempt to define the styles and traits that make the serials of Robert Holmes such compelling viewing for true DR WHO fans. Perhaps in there we might be able to discover as a by-product some of the reasons why the DR WHO series itself holds such magic for so many millions of people.

Just how much of the script for 'The Krotons' was Robert Holmes and how much was added by Terrance Dicks will probably never be known, but certainly for those keen on the stories of Robert Holmes this pilot serial showed up many of the trademarks that would personalise his scrips in future years. The humour of the Doctor, built up as a kind of quick-fire don't-give-them-time-to-think-about-it repartee, the cunning blending of science with science-fiction, disguising impossible scientific principles with plausible sounding explanations, and the almost unique ability to give each alien/monster interesting characters so that they become more than merely ciphers for robotic "take me to your leader" jargon.

The BBC liked 'The Krotons' and Robert Holmes' next script was readily accepted: 'The Space Pirates'. To date this has been Robert Holmes' one and only attempt to do a serious, pure science-fiction space opera. The sparkling dialogue was still there, with Zoe keeping delightfully to character in one scene where she asks Jamie "What are candles?", but in many other respects, by sticking to certain science-fiction rules, the







story became very slow moving. The attempt to rationalize deep space travel such that a spacecraft's journey between two planets took a couple of episodes failed by later comparison with Malcolm Hulke's quicker paced 'Frontier in Space'. The majority of characters were either stereotyped military figures or hardened pirates, leaving little room to build in any character sympathy from the viewer. Only the space veteran Milo Clancy held scope for any expansion of role beyond the strick requirements of the serial.

In an interview Robert Holmes has been quoted as saying that he considers four-part serials the best medium in which to tell a DR WHO story. Perhaps some of that objectiveness was derived from experience with 'The Space Pirates'.

Then came 'Spearhead from Space'. For this story Robert Holmes' task was two-fold. Firstly to design an invasion of Earth that was different from other DR WHO Earth invasions, and secondly to assist in the construction of Jon Pertwee's interpretation of the Doctor. In both he succeeded, and quite rightly 'Spearhead from Space' earned the plaudits the press gave in their reviews. The Daily Sketch even ventured to say that the serial was the best in the series so far.

Analysing the story now one can see reason behind Robert Holmes' belief that the series is always at its best when its sources are showing. Meteorites descending on the Earth, filled with the Nestene intelligence, a processing plant in alien hands, mentally subjugated humans - twelve years earlier Nigel Kneale had explored just such ideas in his legendary 'Quatermass' stories. So does the tag of plagiarism stick? Certainly if Robert Holmes was taken to task on that score, a precedent would then exist for tarring with the same brush seventy per cent of all the writers who have ever worked on the series. Borrowing previously used ideas and converting them into the DR WHO genre has been a practice used in the programme since the Daleks merged together two of H.G. Wells' immortal creations, viz. the Morlocks and the Martian Fighting Machines. The appeal of any DR WHO serial has always been judged by how well it carries over to the millions watching on their television screens. By that token, Robert Holmes need have no worries.

The task of the first two episodes of 'Spearhead from Space' was very much to establish the concept of the Doctor being "an alien on Earth". Hence episode one consisted mostly of a series of introductions. We met UNIT again and the character of Liz Shaw was debuted. The rest of the scenes revolved around the Ashbridge Hospital where astonishing facts about the Doctor came to light: his two hearts, his unearthly blood group, etc. There were no hysterical screams of "Martian invaders!" - instead Mr. Holmes brought over, very convincingly, the kind of reception likely to be afforded to someone from beyond this planet.

In order not to alarm seasoned DR WHO viewers used to Patrick Troughton's Doctor the tone of the first episode was kept very much in a Troughton mode with the Doctor acting very vaguely and irrationally, a move which caused Dr. Henderson to remark, "I wonder if the brain's damaged?"

However, as the story progressed the dialogue blended more and more into what would become the Pertwee mould. The flippancy of the Doctor was increased and became tinged with a touch of arrogance. When Liz asked him what he was a Doctor of his reply was, "Practically everything, my dear". Attempting to regain dignity the Brigadier said, "How do I know you're not



an imposter?" which gained the immediate riposte, "Ah, but you don't. Only I know that."

By such scripting Robert Holmes established the new Doctor as being able to stand out in a crowd, and equipped to deal vehemently with the attitudes of pompous bureaucrats and self-opinionated officials; answering only the questions he wanted to answer and dealing sharply with any he did not.

'Spearhead from Space' will also be remembered for the impact of the Nestenes and the Autons and, shortly afterwards, Robert Holmes found himself being badgered into bringing them back in a sequel. As is always the case in DR WHO, if a monster does well in its first story the question uppermost in people's minds is, "When are we going to see it again?" Hence for the 1971 season Robert Holmes was commissioned to submit a second Auton story, and this he did in the form of 'Terror of the Autons', but not without reservation. In the first place robot foes for the Doctor are mostly very dull conversationalists and so 'Terror of the Autons' brought about an unwelcome restriction on Robert Holmes' main forte: the ability to write good dialogue.

Secondly, and this is by far Mr. Holmes' greatest argument against the rehashing of old enemies, the writer felt the re-use of the Autons, and other enemies, made the Universe seem a terribly small place - every where you go you find Nestenes and Sontarans to do battle with. Hardly the right medium to suggest the infinite distances of the cosmos.

As an Auton story, the sequel did not have the same punch as its progenitor; what it did have, however, was a new and exciting villain for the Doctor: the Master. Looked at now 'Terror of the Autons' can be seen to be the beginning of Robert Holmes' long infatuation with the Time Lords. It was in this serial that the Doctor described his compatriots as being a race of "know everything, do nothing". Even the Time Lord who materialised briefly on Earth to warn the Doctor of the Master's arrival refused to help him defuse the bomb planted by his adversary. Yet, paradoxically, by being asked to write about such renegades as the Doctor and the Master, Robert Holmes concluded that there must be some very valid reasons why these people were turning against the edicts and laws of Gallifrey...

The DR WHO viewing public had to wait just over two years for the next Robert Holmes story, 'Carnival of Monsters'. This serial allowed its writer to indulge in one of his favourite hobbies: that of researching the language and colloquialisms of a bygone age and using them in DR WHO to create light-hearted moments. Witness here a scene from episode one:-

MAJOR DALY: You say the cook's a Mad-rasai, Andrew?  
ANDREWS: I believe so, Sir.  
MAJOR DALY: Hmm. I find the Madrasias a bit idle meself. Won't have any of them on the plantation. Still your feller knows how to curry a chicken. Sun-downer old chap?

.....



#### Episode four:-

VORG: Parlare the carny?  
DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?  
VORG: Varda the bonapolone?  
Niente dinari here y'jills?  
DOCTOR: (slowly) I'm sorry. I do not understand your language.

In the former case the jargon was very much a part of the upper crust terms of speech used by wealthy property owners in the British Empire colonies. The latter illustrates the secret Romany language of the circus and carnival owners. The inclusion of such material in a DR WHO story is evidence that the writer does care about what he is penning. Robert Holmes' stories are packed with such material...

Another facet to the writings of Robert Holmes was shown up in this serial - his flair for borrowing famous quotations, altering them and re-using them cleverly in lines spoken in context during a story. "Give a Functionary a Hygiene chamber and he'll store fossil fuel in it" is well-known to DWAS members, but what about "No vapourisation without representation" borrowed from the American War of Independence, or "If you can't stand the cold, stay out of the freezer", freely translated from Harry Truman's political slogan.

#### Consider the following:-

SARAH: What's that?  
DOCTOR: My alarm clock.  
SARAH: Doctor, kindly don't be so patronising. Now what is it really.  
DOCTOR: It's a rhodium sensor, it detects delta particles. At a preset spectrum density of 15 angas, it oscillates this little cylinder there, which promotes a vacuum in there, which wakes me up. Clear?

An extract from the last story Robert Holmes wrote for Jon Pertwee's incarnation, 'The Time Warrior', demonstrating the all-important talent any would-be DR WHO author must have, namely the ability to spout pseudo-science. After all, whatever else he may be, the Doctor is first and foremost a scientist, and so to maintain credibility with his audience the Doctor must, every so often, be seen to be a scientist by coming out with a farrago of scientific-sounding gobbledegook. Would-be writers please take note.

While 'The Time Warrior' was being screened on television, Robert Holmes was busy taking up the reins of a new position in DR WHO: that of script-editor. Together with new Producer Philip Mitchell he set out to create a new atmosphere in DR WHO which would start with the conceptualisation of a new Doctor. George Bernard Shaw, Sherlock Holmes and Professor Quatermass - all personal favourites in the eyes of Robert Holmes - became the base print for the new Doctor and were noted as such in the 'brief' sent out to writers as a guide on how to handle the Doctor's changed character. The first Tom Baker story was 'Robot': a UNIT story with the accent heavily laid on action, a fast moving plot and plenty of battle scenes. The story was fine, but really the Doctor involved could have been any of the three from the past. It took until the second story for Tom Baker to put his personal stamp on the fourth Doctor and this he did in perhaps the most remembered Robert Holmes story of all: 'The Ark in Space'.

In almost every interview Robert Holmes is asked to explain the phenomenal audience ratings (14,000,000) this serial achieved, and every time he declines to give a satis-



factory reply. Perhaps the answer lies in one word: 'atmosphere'. In a lot of respects 'The Ark in Space' was pure Hitchcock. The menace began almost imperceptibly - just a green stain on the transom indicating something was wrong. Then a moment of high tension would occur, such as the sudden discovery of the dead Wirrn queen, followed by a lull for the viewers to get their breaths back. Then another moment of tension, then another, each building on the one before, until, by the middle of episode four with Sarah trapped in the ventilator pipe, the audience is practically on the edge of its seat. As a production it was flawless and as a vehicle for Tom Baker to perfect his role as the Doctor it was excellent. In the course of the four episodes the Doctor went through a whole gamut of mannerisms: as a buffoon, a philosopher, a scientist, a bully and a hero. Still submerged, but rising fast, was Robert Holmes' and Tom Baker's intentions to bring out the alien qualities in the Doctor; to remind the viewers lulled by the dashing character of Jon Pertwee that the Doctor was indeed not a person from our world.

Under Robert Holmes' precise script direction DR WHO achieved one of its peaks in terms of rating success, but viewers at home had to wait over one-and-a-half years for the next script to bear the signature of Robert Holmes. And when it did finally appear it caused such a storm of controversy that the ripples of its effects can still be seen today.

'The Deadly Assassin's' four episodes dealt mortal body blows to the concept of Time Lords as god-like deities. They were given frailties and infirmities ranging from deafness to rheumatic hips. They were given emotions like pride, envy, doubt and self-pity, and they were given a society based very much on the hierarchical lines of the Vatican, with Cardinals presiding over Castellans and so forth.

Debate has raged continually over Robert Holmes' foraging into Time Lord law, but whatever the morality of it, the end product which emerged made for more interesting television, and enhanced greatly the potential of the Time Lords as subjects for serial development.

We learned a lot more about the Doctor, too. He is apparently a non-qualified Time Lord from the Prydonian Chapter expelled from his Academy for some never-explained misdemeanour. His tutor was Cardinal Borusa who, like the rest of his people, is limited to thirteen in the number of incarnations a Time Lord can naturally have. The TARDIS was defined as a Type 40 TT (Time Travel) Capsule, the existence of which is owed to the discovery of the Great Secret of Time Travel by the first Time Lord, Rassilon; whose mind, along with those of other deceased Gallifreans, is stored within the all-knowing Matrix. But surely the saddest observation one could make from this story was the decline of the Time Lords from mathematically minded super-intellects to geriatric hypocrites with about as much sense of adventure as dormice.

In many ways 'The Deadly Assassin' was a radical story for its change to the DR WHO format, but it also pointed the way for future stories, such as 'The Brain of Morbius' which leaned further conjectures on the changes that were wrought on Gallifrey with the power of Time Travel, particularly the cataclysmic war the Time Lords were embroiled in under the machinations of Morbius.

Three stories later came 'The Talons of Weng-Chiang', another Robert Holmes story which might easily have been an anti-climax after 'The Deadly Assassin'. It wasn't. Although liberally spiced with ingredients borrowed from Sherlock Holmes, Phantom of the Opera, Fu Manchu and 'The New Avengers', the serial nevertheless managed to break

several new boundaries in DR WHO. Drug-taking and drug abuse were highlighted in scenes inside the Limehouse opium dens, gore was present, manifested in giant rats with a line in macheteing human limbs, and even sex was quietly hinted at as Li H'Sen Chang sought out nubile ladies-of-the-night to appease his master's hunger... for blood. And as for the shots of Leela racing along in wet Victorian underwear - some have never been the same since.

Political satire was Robert Holmes next target for achievement within DR WHO. And while critics remain divided on the reception given to 'The Sun Makers' it does, however, remain a unique DR WHO serial. It was not aimed at children and it did not simplify the dialogue to make it more understandable to a younger audience. In many respects it fulfilled one of the major functions of science-fiction: to project a possible future world, albeit heavily laced with left-wing propaganda, ridiculing, as it did, all that we associate with today's Civil Service. The money-grubbing little megalomaniac and the sycophantic crawler anxious to win promotion are uncomfortable burlesques of the current rat-race in British society.

And so to the sixteenth season, where this appraisal of the work of Robert Holmes comes up to date. 'The Power of Kroll' was more notable by the absence of innovation within its storyline. The humour was still there: 'Kroll is all-seeing, Kroll is all-knowing, Kroll is...' 'All Baloney', as were the analogies - Romana's ritual execution in episode one showing too obvious roots in King Kong. Even a moral was preached as the wicked colonialists were punished for their harsh treatment of the indigenous population. Yet all along it was very much a case of 'selling a birthright for a mess of pottage'; the plot was thin and the only real inventive touch was in the devising of a monster one quarter of a mile long.

'The Ribos Operation', however, will be more fondly remembered - not so much for swash-buckling action, but for well-penned dialogue; Robert Holmes' true forte in DR WHO. 'The Ribos Operation' held down some of the tightest characterisation seen for years, right from the arrogant Graff to the humble beggar, Binro. Since this account is a personal journey, I would like to end this appraisal of Robert Holmes' DR WHO serials with two quotations from 'Ribos' that were for me not only very moving in connection with the story, but also evocative of the DR WHO mystique which emerges whenever people sit down and seriously discuss the programme.

BINRO: Have you ever looked up at the sky at night and seen those little lights?

UNSTOPPE: Uh-huh.

BINRO: I believe they are suns, just like our own sun. And perhaps each sun is a world... You see, my friend, I have taken measurements of those little lights and of our sun and I can prove that Ribos moves. It circles the sun, travelling far away and then returning. That's the reason we have our two seasons - Ice Time and Sun Time.

UNSTOPPE: Nobody believed you?

.....

UNSTOPPE: You'd risk your life for me? Why?

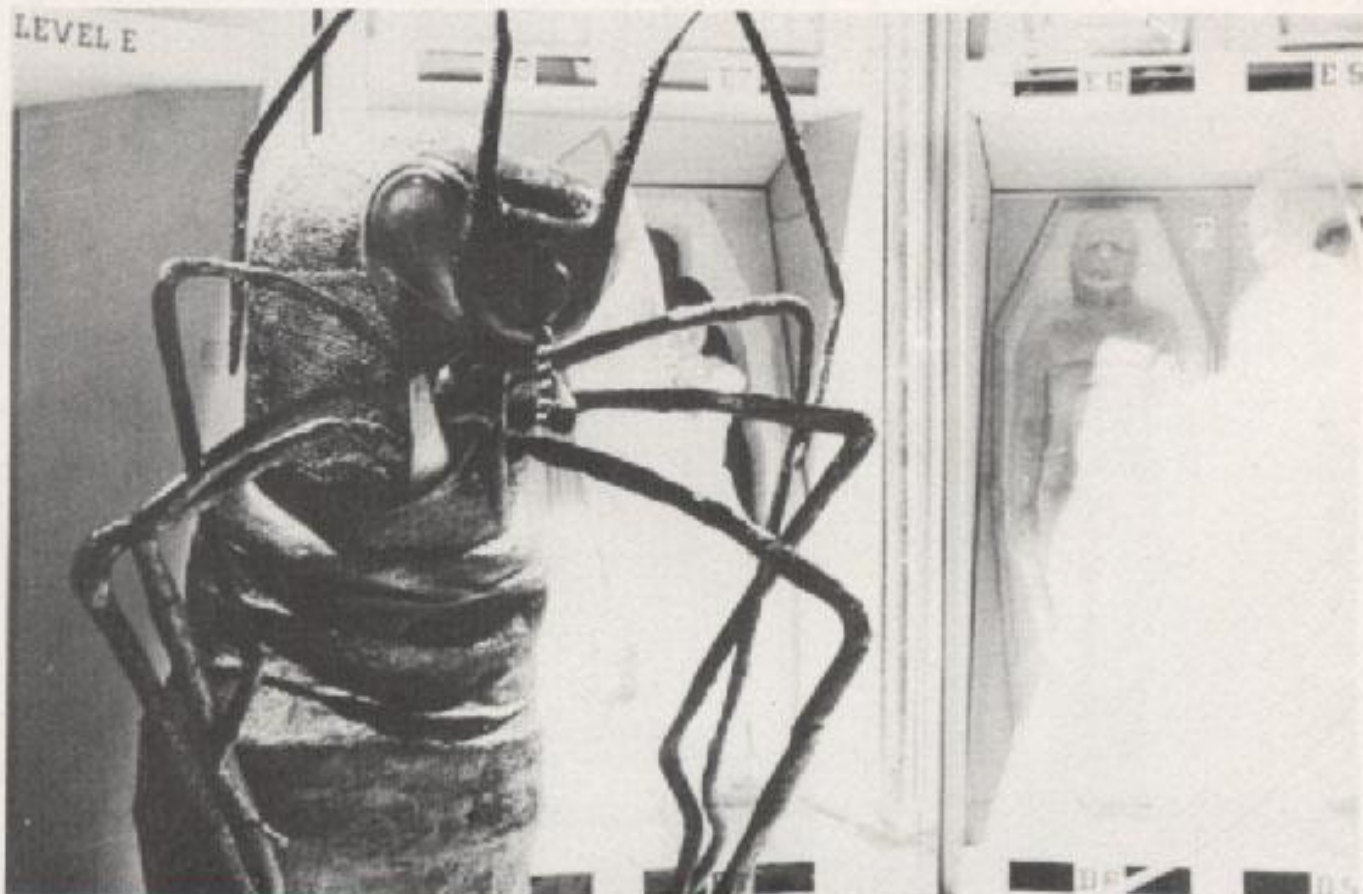
BINRO: You wouldn't understand... For years I was jeered at and derided. I began to doubt even myself. Then you came along and you told me I was right. Just to know that for certain, Unstoffs, is worth a life, eh?



How many of you, I wonder, have been jeered at for your faith in DR WHO? Has the discovery of others with the same convictions proved you right as well?

# AMAZING JOURNEYS

☆ ☆ ☆



The Wirrn of Andromeda. From the classic suspense serial THE ARK IN SPACE

\*\*\*\*\*  
The Producer of this publication would like to thank all those who have contributed to this Special.

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DATA COIL BIOGRAPHICAL EXTRACT      LEVEL : 2      VERSION : 265      CODES : 765  
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 SYSTEMPREFIX : (PRYDONIAN)  
 -FILE SELECT : SPECIFIC      CCC      MNEMONIC TITLE : THE DOCTOR

THIRD INCARNATION

COMMENT-

APPEARANCE : Exiled to a relatively barbaric planet for an indefinite period, the High Council selected a tall, fit and imposing body for the Doctor to give him a favourable survival prospect. Although the form was older than his second incarnation, the basic mentality of the Doctor merged with this more senior self to give an eccentric, yet elegant mode of dress. Most typical were the richly-textured dress shirts worn above plain, dark fitted trousers which matched the smartly polished Cuban-heel boots. To go with the shirts would be tied cravats and an assortment of velvet evening jackets. Ornate capes would complete the picture. Large, gold ring worn on smallest finger of left hand.

PERSONALITY

CHARACTERISTICS : The hoped for blending of the Doctor's genius with a more mature body led to a very curious set of values and traits in this incarnation. A very precise and technical mind was evident from the start with an excellent capacity for on-the-spot decisions. However, a childish streak could be shown whenever his memory or inventive capability proved less than adequate or was questioned by others. A perfectionist in chosen fields he mastered the techniques of Venusian Aikido - allegedly for self defence though it was noted that his state of fitness allowed this incarnation to be more freely aggressive than before. With greater self-confidence came a degree of arrogance manifested in a constant desire to be the centre of attention, and to have the last word. Possessed high sense of morals.

AGE AT REGENERATION : 755.

REASON FOR REGENERATION : Exposure to lethal radiation called for premature rejuvenation aided by Time Lord renegade so far unidentified in High Council records.

TRAITS OF INCARNATION : Extreme fascination with gadgetry and mechanical devices of all kinds. Bought and restored a vintage motor car he termed 'Bessie' and later built a hovercraft machine capable of flight. Worked on, and almost succeeded in, repairing his T.T.Capsule fully. As expected he resented deeply his imprisonment on Earth and worked to escape with fanatical zeal. Formed an unusually close relationship with his assistant Josephine Grant. As with his first incarnation he was a connoisseur of fine living; food, wines etc. Fond of moral speeches and a renowned raconteur.

HISTORICAL DATA :  
(TRUNCATED)

Exiled to Earth with his T.T.Capsule rendered inoperable. Adopted title of Scientific Adviser to British branch of United Nations Intelligence Taskforce (UNIT) for whom he assisted in the handling of alien lifeforms in return for scientific equipment. As part of revised policy by High Council, the Doctor became an unofficial troubleshooter in dire threat situations. Won freedom after Omega incident.





JON  
PERTWEE

Man of Science...





Sydney Newman had stepped into the position of Head of Drama straight from his post in ABC Television (one of the ITV companies) and, in simple terms, the appointment was not that popularly received within BBC circles. Neither was the team of production staff who made the jump with Sydney Newman - and that included Verity Lambert.

The problems Verity Lambert had to contend with as she strived to get DR WHO onto the air would rival those of Gene Roddenberry whose brain-child, "Star Trek", received a similarly bumpy ride on its road to immortality. Suffice to say, as it would be inappropriate to go into detail, DR WHO won the day, but only just. Even those miraculous creations, the Daleks, were built by an outside firm, not by the internal construction departments at the BBC - hence the reason for their delivery to the car park at Television Centre.

However, we are still jumping time tracks. There is one further similarity which gives DR WHO an uncanny parallel with "Star Trek". DR WHO had a pilot episode.

To date this pilot episode has never been screened on television, as it was commissioned by the BBC Heads as an experiment to see how they should proceed with the series. After all, £2,000 per episode is a lot of money when one is committed to close on forty episodes. The pilot episode was "An Unearthly Child" and it was filmed on Friday, September 27th, 1963. The sets were virtually identical to the ones seen later in the televised version of the episode and the plot too was identical, leading up to the materialisation of the TARDIS in the prehistoric landscape.

When the Doctor was younger, he was a far older man. To anyone ignorant of the journeys and travels of the mysterious hero known as The Doctor, the above statement is a paradox. Yet, it is true and is only one of many such paradoxes which have confounded and delighted those who have stayed with the elusive hero since the very beginning on a cold November evening in 1963.

In actual fact, the term 'hero' itself is a conundrum when applied to the Doctor, for in the early days of his first incarnation he was very much an anti-hero, and even, in places, very divorced from the benign, central character we have come to know today.

## THE SIXTIES

All this serves to emphasise the very real difference that separates the Sixties from the Seventies and beyond. DR WHO has become a character in popular mythology, but the series itself has many myths which have grown up and fostered others in their turn.

Perhaps now, as a third decade in the Doctor's long voyage opens, it is time to shed a light on some of those myths. A few cherished ideas may perish with this probing, but the end result will, hopefully, enable a clearer understanding of the series, and serve to prove that, no matter how we may wish it, we can never turn back the clock.

DOCTOR WHO began life as an idea from the minds of Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson of the BBC, and it was handed to the talented young producer Verity Lambert to realise as a television programme to go out in autumn 1963. The programme, right from the very start, was to be a fully fledged series comprising of eight stories to comprehensively cover the concept of journeying in the fourth and fifth dimensions. A popular misconception here is that DR WHO was only scheduled to run for thirteen weeks. By the time episodes three and four of "The Dead Planet" were making history the planning of "Marco Polo" and "The Keys of Marinus" was well advanced.

However that is skipping ahead a few jumps. Going back to the very beginning, DR WHO had far more chance of being cancelled than it did once transmission started.

What was different was the Doctor's character. The pilot episode gave the hero's role to Ian Chesterton, with the Doctor very much a man to be feared. He was abrasive, caustic, insulting and arrogant: just as the first Doctor would always be, but more so. He was even shown to be unfeeling and merciless towards people he did not like, as the kidnapping of Ian and Barbara demonstrated so effectively.

The pilot was well received by the department heads concerned with it, but policy decisions were made to lessen the agrish qualities of the Doctor. These, plus a few other script amendments, were implemented as the polished version of "An Unearthly Child" was filmed in late October. And here another myth vanishes.

Despite the assertions of various amnesiac members of the original cast, DR WHO was never filmed live: it was not screened as it was being filmed in the studio. The production crew always worked about a month ahead of the televised episode being screened.

So it was then that on Saturday, November 23rd episode one went on screen and four million viewers were mystified by the strange happenings in 76 Totters Lane which culminated in the forced abduction of Ian and Barbara by the Doctor. The two school teachers survived their first TARDIS take off, but the viewing public at home almost did not. For there is one further story to be told in the launch of DR WHO.

For, even as the TARDIS shifted its molecules into the Time/Space vortex, anxious



observers in military installations up and down the British Isles and overseas were watching the events taking place in America. November 23rd, 1963 is also the date on which President John Kennedy was shot, and for a while the rumour persisted that the Russians were behind the assassination. Bearing in mind the tensions of the recent Cuba crisis, many military experts were not ruling out the possibility of a pre-emptive nuclear strike against the USSR by the Americans. The Doctor's first amazing journey might have been his last.

Luckily for the world as a whole it was not, and preceded by a repeat of the first episode the following week (as an introduction to an audience which might have missed the later-than-advertised broadcast the Saturday before), "The Cave of Skulls" launched DR WHO on its steady course as a serial.

The myth goes that people only began noticing the series with the debut of the Daleks. In truth, critics were writing favourable reviews as early as that second episode. Marjorie Norris of "Television Today" described it thus:-

"Although DR WHO is said to have been written for the 10-14 year olds, I feel sure that if it keeps up the standards of the first two episodes it will capture a far wider audience. It has certainly captured me... All televised science fiction leans heavily on the resourcefulness of the technicians and the imaginativeness of the designer/producer team.

"DR WHO is superlatively served in these respects. Ron Grainer has excelled himself with the music he has composed for the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. The Visual Effects Department have succeeded in transporting

me through Time and Space more satisfactorily than I can recall - and that includes the cinema with all the trick effects at its disposal."

The critics were unusually well disposed towards William Hartnell's portrayal of the Doctor, formulating even then the popular image of him as a crotchety, absent-minded professor.

But the moral magician more readily identified with Patrick Troughton was still years away. The first Doctor was a cunning, devious alien and Ian wisely chose to keep a close eye on him - even to the point of stopping his attempt to murder a wounded caveman when Barbara's compassion for the injured party stalled the travellers' return to the safety of the TARDIS.

Daleks or no Daleks, a lot of the fascination fans have with the Sixties lies in the solid shape of the TARDIS and what is symbolised to the intrepid travellers. Nowadays we relate to the Doctor and feel excitement through what happens to him. Much of the inherent flavour of the pre-Pertwee stories lay towards identifying with the companions and their reactions to all their new surroundings. Ian and Barbara were manifestations of ourselves. The Doctor may have known what existed outside the TARDIS doors, but for the two teachers from London it would be something new: possibly a landscape totally unlike anything seen before. And we felt it as well.

Arguably the most common myth is the one surrounding the speech beginning, "Can you imagine silver leaves waving above a pond of liquid gold..." Various phrases in both "The Sensorites" and "The Rescue" sum up the same atmosphere, but in truth the lines were never said on screen. "The clos-

*A wish fulfilled; the Doctor meets the Kublai Khan in distant Cathay*







## THE WEB PLANET

*Other worlds in other skies; the Doctor and Ian confront the Zarbi and their venom grubs on Vortis in the Jeep Galaxy*

est any monologue came is the Doctor's words to Ian before he opened the TARDIS doors to show him the view of Neanderthal Earth. Summing up the flavour of DR WHO as precisely as ever, he said, "If you could touch the alien sand and hear the cries of strange birds - watch them wheel above you in another sky - would that satisfy you?"

"Prisoners in Space". It's a good phrase from the pen of David Whitaker - DR WHO's first Script Editor - and a useful one to aid the appreciation of what the early DR WHO fans felt as they empathised with the companions on screen. Present day Earth was not the comfortable stamping ground for DR WHO serials as it is today. Then it was a promised land, a home Ian and Barbara might never see again. We felt their frustrations as each new landing place turned out to be Thirteenth Century Tibet, a beach on Marinus or revolution-torn France, 1789. Escape from confinement is a popular theme in fiction; be it Dumas' "Man in the Iron Mask" or Patrick McGeehan's "The Prisoner", it all makes for holding an audience's attention. And this, Daleks apart, was the key note in the acceptance of DR WHO by over eight million viewers in Great Britain alone by 1965.

The TARDIS was unusual. So were the Daleks and the bevy of monsters that were all too soon to dominate the series over and above the presentation of history as was intended at the outset. But what of the other principal factor, the Doctor himself?

As noted above, the early Doctor was far removed from the gentler person he would become after his regeneration in "The Tenth Planet". However, he did mellow as the

seasons progressed and although he was still intolerant of ignorance and stupidity, he became more relaxed and friendly with his companions. As they relaxed with him, so the audience did as well, albeit with a healthy respect for the darker sides of his nature. Already the Doctor's character was becoming complex enough to allow him admission into the realms of popular fiction.

Oddly, for so crusty a character, nowhere was this popularity more avid than with the youngsters, both above and below the 10-14 age group. Heather Hartnell, William Hartnell's wife, tells of an occasion which encapsulates the very real loyalty children had for the first Doctor:-

An RAF Air Fair always attracts a big audience and one year the organisers took a gamble and advertised one of the events as being "an appearance by DR WHO". The set piece was elaborately staged. An RAF transporter plane flew over the venue and released, on a parachute, a polystyrene police box which drifted slowly to a touchdown on the runway. At the other end of the runway a jeep with William Hartnell as passenger was waiting. As the police box landed the jeep leaped forward down the runway, past the box to the waiting crowds. For the children in that audience it was a dream come true: the Doctor appearing out of the sky and walking into their midst as real as life itself. A carefully plotted stunt or magic? It depended on your age and your degree of imagination.

Sadly, ratings for DR WHO began to drop alarmingly during 1966, reaching an all-time low with "The Gun Fighters". Not surprisingly, the decision to drop the pure history stories came shortly afterwards. William Hartnell too was not a healthy man





## THE WEB OF FEAR

*Terror in DR WHO; a Yeti bears down on Professor Travers*

and the strain of working almost six days a week, forty weeks of the year, was telling by the time a judgement had to be made on the future of the series. Cancellation was considered but luckily rejected by the BBC. More 'guts' was needed for the series and a younger lead was advised. It took a lot of persuading for William Hartnell to accept his fate, but in the end the stage was set for the most dramatic display yet seen of the powers possessed by the Doctor. We had seen his powers of hypnosis, we had accepted his incredible age of 745 (in 1963) and we had witnessed his ability to imitate voices. On Saturday, 29th October, 1966 an incredulous audience saw the Doctor collapse on to the floor of a strangely agitated TARDIS, and before the eyes of his friends Ben and Polly his whole body restructured, and he became a younger man. Doctor Who was Patrick Troughton.

For the ardent fans of the series this was the hardest shock to bear. For DR WHO without Hartnell was like "The Avengers" without Patrick MacNee, "Sherlock Holmes" without Basil Rathbone or "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." without David McCallum.

Patrick Troughton's incarnation rose out of coma to face a very hostile reception - and not just from Ben and Polly who, for a time, preferred to believe the stranger was an intruder pretending to be the Doctor. And it is to the credit of Troughton and the production C-in-Cs of Innes Lloyd and Gerry Davis that the DR WHO followers so quickly came round to accepting the younger body.

In a sense the new Doctor brought back a lot of the originality the series had enjoyed in 1963/4. A new Doctor meant new mannerisms, new ways of approaching problems

and a novel methodology for dealing with people.

Watching Troughton's Doctor in action was a joy to behold. A feature of the Troughton stories was the smartly run installations peopled by disciplined, officious staff. Into these scenes would wander the Doctor, looking very much like an eager child let loose in a sweet shop. He would irritate, annoy, confound and get in the way as far as was inhumanly possible in very much the same fashion that Peter Falk would win wild acclaim in later years as "Columbo". But underneath the clown-like mask was a mind of enormous perception and understanding, though pleasantly flavoured with fallibility. A classic moment in "Evil of the Daleks" is the Doctor's sudden realisation that things might be getting out of hand and now would be a good time to make a mad dash for imagined safety. And running was something the Troughton heroes and heroines did a lot of. Troughton's genius lay in manoeuvring from the sidelines, not in direct confrontation with the enemy.

Another predominant characteristic of the Sixties was the theme that, by the time the Doctor entered a situation, the influence of the enemy was already quite apparent. This is very much an opposite to today where events begin happening only after the Doctor has materialised, and indeed, frequently the situations only occur because of the Doctor's arrival. So when Troughton found himself amid Gravitron personnel resisting a Cyberman invasion, or a power-mad Intelligence roaming the tunnels of the London Underground, or hostile Ice Warriors disrupting T-Mat, his first actions would normally be to establish his credentials with those being threatened - not easy to do in baggy trou-



serm, lap-shoulder bow tie and a jacket fresh from an Oxfam shop. After that would come the assessing of the people and factors involved in the crisis, and ultimately the solution provided by telling others how best to help themselves. A good example here is "The Wheel in Space". The Doctor himself did not operate the heavy lasers that destroyed the Cyber-carrier, but merely provided the supply line of Bernalium which powered the guns.

The formula for the Troughton years proved a great success and the period was additionally bolstered with liberal re-visits of some of the most famous monsters ever seen in DR WHO. The fifth season, as an example, began and ended with the Cybermen, featured two Yeti serials, both closely allied to one another, and even had time for an encounter with the Ice Warriors. If the Seventies is the time of the villain and the alien, the Sixties were the years of the monsters.

The only pitfall that beset DR WHO under Patrick Troughton was the lack of progress in the development of the Doctor as a fictional character. He had inherited the mantle of an exiled traveller from Hartnell but we learned nothing more significant about his background and his powers until the final story for the the Sixties, "The War Games".

Budgets were getting tighter as inflation pushed episode costs up and up, forcing more longer serials using the same sets, and the BBC audience research proved that longer stories meant less ratings. The last Troughton season was a good graphic example of this. Once again the wind of cancellation blew through the Production office and again a bold step was taken to rescue the programme.

"The War Games" introduced us to the Time Lords, to the Doctor's telekinetic talents, to Gallifrey (unnamed in those days) and to an end of the mystery surrounding his purpose in travelling through Time and Space. It was a sad day when not only the Doctor a la Troughton, but also Jamie and Zoe, vanished from our screens never to return. It heralded the final sealing of the Sixties as a self-contained unit of DR WHO lore and it cleared the way for what could easily have been a totally new series under Jon Pertwee.

But above all else the Seventies owes its roots to the Sixties, and all that happens today in the programme has some bearing on the writer's guide formulated for the series a long time ago. And as a final word, consider how much less 'real' the Doctor would have been if Messrs Troughton, Pertwee and Baker had not had the Hartnell mould to work from. No towering edifice survives without very solid foundations and only a fool rebuilds by first demolishing those very same foundations.

## AMAZING JOURNEYS





60's

60's



# DOCTOR WHO



60's

STU ART  
079



# TIME LORD DATA EXTRACT

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## FOURTH INCARNATION

### COMMENT-

APPEARANCE : In by far his most unpredictable incarnation yet, the Doctor has achieved a transcendence through two styles of dressing. The undisciplined nature of his original younger self produced a scruffy figure clad in a red, corduroy hacking jacket and grey, bagged trousers which covered an old shirt, a garish yellow-check sweater and an ancient pair of shoes. However as his ties with the Time Lords grew steadily stronger, he moved towards a more respectable, though still flamboyant, garb. Tall, leather knee boots surmounted by grey tweed trousers. A white bolero shirt worn under a long, wine coloured velvet coat. Both versions have tended to favour a very lengthy multi-coloured scarf and a broad felt hat. No ring.

### PERSONALITY

CHARACTERISTICS : The move into the younger self of his current body has produced a make-up that is far more identifiable to his Prydonian peers, yet strangely imbued with qualities that are difficult to analyse. His ties, both physical and emotional, with Earth have steadily decreased as his responsibilities to Gallifrey became prominent. He is less compassionate to individuals than in any of his earlier bodies, and he radiates a sense of detachment to the situations going on around him. Inclined to be short tempered and fond of ambiguity in both thought and action. Noticeable re-appearance of absent-mindedness plus occasional cases of bad judgement in emergencies.

AGE AT REGENERATION : 761.

REASON FOR REGENERATION : (data restricted to Level 3 User Code access)

TRAITS OF INCARNATION : Greater willingness to associate with his own people and despite early reticence, more ready to act directly and indirectly on High Council assignments. Managed to complete repairs to his T.T.Capsule and used it on planned voyages until threat by Black Guardian of Time forced inception of a Handcraiser to the Navigational Circuits. Reappearance of liking for 'jelly babies' but lapsing of self-defence talents. Colder mentality has seen in him the first acceptance of hand-operated guns and explosives to achieve ends.

HISTORICAL DATA : With Capsule repairs virtually complete, The Doctor unofficially terminated his responsibilities to UNIT and resumed travelling freely in Space/Time. Forgave his quarrel with Gallifrey and for a while was elected as President of the High Council but resigned after successful repulsion of Sontaran invasion. Elected to become free agent acting as a representative for the forces of Good ...



60s

INSTRUMENTS  
OF TERROR...

70s

CYBERMEN



Cyberman emerging from their tombs on Tolee

DALEKS



That furore looks in the true appearance of a Dalek



To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

WILLIAM BLAKE  
1757 - 1827

