

JOURNEY PLANET



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"Ah, there you are! I seem to be stuck up here.
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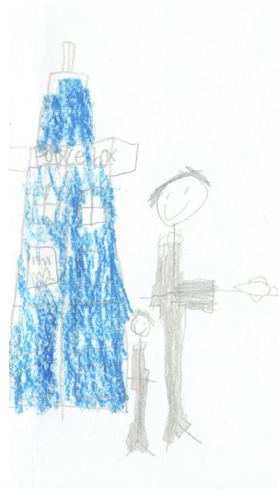
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“Now just a minute! There’s nothing “only” about being a girl, your Majesty.”
Sarah Jane - “The Monster of Peladon”



Ten Word Review - Eleventh Hour
“Madman in a box eats odd food and fixes cracks.” Deborah Stanish



“As we learn about each other, so we learn about ourselves.”
The Doctor - “The Edge of Destruction”



“We’re always in trouble! Isn’t this extraordinary - it follows us everywhere!”
The Doctor - “Marco Polo”

EDITORIAL

James Bacon

**01 811 8055 or a Stamp Addressed Envelope
to BBC Television Centre**

I barely remember watching some Tom Baker episodes, and enjoying them, although we were also encouraged by an Aunt - Nora, I think - or maybe by Dad to hide behind the couch, as that was what people did back then. Or maybe the announcer said they did. I watched a lot of Peter Davison and a few others.

For me, *Doctor Who* was less about the show itself and more about the other BBC programmes that it turned up on. That included Saturday morning shows as well as *Blue Peter* during the week. Now these were good for me, as nothing lasted more than about ten minutes, so a new segment would always start before I started to drift or get bored. And *Battle of the Planets* was on around the same time (before, after, or during, depending).

I just watched an interview between Noel Edmonds, and Tom Baker and Elisabeth Sladen, he starts by saying, 'Tell us a little bit about the new series, it looks all a bit frightening'.

'Yes it is very frightening and very tense and very exciting and very secret and terribly secret... it's amazing,' says Tom Baker, priming the world for fear. Humour rebounds though as Liz Sladen interjects, 'It wouldn't give anything away to say we land in a quarry'.

I was too young for this particular interview, but it gives an example of the way it was. *Doctor Who* would enter my life through these programmes and then I might get interested, but usually Saturday evening was a bad time; I'd be on the street playing, and am I wrong to think that *Buck Rogers*, *Battlestar Galactica* and *The A-Team* were just more exciting?

The level of BBC incestuousness is incredible. As well as the 1976 interview with Baker and Sladen, Noel Edmonds chatted to Matthew Waterhouse (Adric) in 1980, Sarah Sutton (Nyssa) in 1981 and of course Peter Davison as the new Doctor (and Jesus was that everywhere - he was on for about 20 minutes).

Saturday SuperStore, the successor to *Swap*

Shop, was just as bad. Peter Davison, Janet Fielding (Tegan) and Mark Strickson (Turlough) joined Mike Read to talk about the Five Doctors, in 1984. Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant (Peri) received an unexpected phone call from an old adversary on the show, and Sarah Greene and Mike Read spoke to Colin Baker again followed by the cutting of a TARDIS cake to celebrate the programme's 23rd birthday.

As for *Blue Peter*, I loved this programme, and it was joined at the hip with *Doctor Who*. There have been over 20 episodes of *Blue Peter* featuring *Doctor Who*, the first being in 1964 when the Daleks were wheeled on, to calm frightened children as Valerie Singleton assured children it was all going to be OK.

I of course loved, or was infatuated with, some of the *Blue Peter* presenters. Tina Heath, Sarah Greene and Janet Ellis were my favourites, and I also loved Caron Keating. Seeing an Irishwoman, be it one from the North, on the show was awesome, and she was beyond beautiful.

Tina had K9 on the show, Sarah Greene introduced Peter Davison when he was the new Doctor.

Janet Ellis and the team spoke with Peter Davison and had a selection of monsters on for *Doctor Who*'s twentieth anniversary and to feature "Trial of a Timelord". Janet Ellis talked to Colin Baker and Bonnie Langford. All exciting stuff, I suppose. But it just never captured me enough. Of course, I have gone back since and enjoyed episodes, and of course loved Christopher Eccleston as The Doctor; but back then, it was just OK.

The BBC web pages connecting *Doctor Who* and *Blue Peter* - <http://www.bbc.co.uk/cult/classic/bluepeter/drwho/index.shtml>

Blue Peter - make your own Doctor Who Theatre with Leslie Judd and John Noakes - <http://www.bbc.co.uk/cult/classic/bluepeter/drwho/scrapbook/index.shtml>

Swap Shop - Tom Baker and Elisabeth Sladen interviewed by Noel Edmonds - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gSxdwIGYaM0>

Blue Peter - *Doctor Who* clips celebrating the 50th anniversary - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JS8Et-JNxL3M>

"You can't rewrite history. Not one line!"
The Doctor - "The Aztecs"



"And just who are you to condemn us to death? I think we'd better pit our wits against them and defeat them."
The Doctor - "The Dalek Invasion of Earth"

Chris Garcia

I don't remember watching a lot of *Doctor Who* as a kid, but somehow I got all the references my friends would make. I can tell you about the first time I met a Doctor, though. I was working at Timecon in 1990; my friend Andy Poulain couldn't make it, so I took over as him for the weekend. He was working the Green Room with my friend, Scott, so I had someone I know. My job was simple: make sure the guests were fed and watered. There was the Scream Queen, Brink Stevens, who was so sweet. There was Majel Barrett Roddenberry, just having a blast with all the fans. George Takei was there, and we played chess. (He won every game, largely because he distracted me with stories of the *Enterprise* and *Star Trek's* filming flubs.) There was some guy named Anthony who played some character called The Master.

And there was Sylvester McCoy.

As I recall, we still hadn't gotten the McCoy seasons on KTEH yet, so he was unknown to me at all. He walked in, found me instinctively, and asked "where can I score a cuppa?"

I, an American of 15 at the time, knew just enough to respond with "Earl Grey?"

He laughed.

"No, I think that's the other guy. Lipton's will do fine."

And that was my introduction to a genuine Doctor Who. He told stories, mostly about working with various actors in Panto and suchlike. He led the room in a rousing chorus of God Save the Queen - the Sex Pistols' version. He was a mad man, and he was a lot of fun. I went down to the Dealers' Room, bought an action figure of him as The Doctor, and had him sign it. (As I was a broke high school kid, I got all my autographs that weekend on paper plates stolen from the Green Room. Except for Sylvester's. I dropped 10 dollars on his action figure, and I'm still glad that I did it.)

This issue has been a long time in the barrel, waiting for the right moment. I've often mentioned that we were gonna do it someday, and here it is, and as often happens, it's not what I expected.

It's also so much better than I ever expected in so many ways.

Journey Planet is entering its 7th year of existence, has had some wonderful essays and art, and we're heading into a period where we'll be firing off a lot of issues really quickly. Some are in areas you probably never expected us to go into (like SPORTS!) and others that will be certainly in our wheelhouse. I hope you'll stick around with us! This issue was one of the most fun I've ever had laying an issue out. It also gave me an excuse to watch a lot more Who, and when is that ever a bad thing?

Well, when it's the Colin Baker years, maybe...



“He never gives in and he never gives up, however overwhelming the odds against him.”
Terrance Dicks



“If you could touch the alien sand and hear the cries of strange birds, and watch them wheel in another sky, would that satisfy you?”
The Doctor - “An Unearthly Child”

Just a Madman with a Box By Colin Harris

I had my editorial well worked out even before we started commissioning this issue. Or so I thought. It turns out I was wrong... so now I offer you both the editorial I planned to write, and the one I find myself compelled to write.

A Very British Experience

Coming to this issue I was very aware that my co-editors comprise an Irishman and two Americans. Aware, because I think that *Doctor Who* was part of a very specific cultural landscape for someone growing up in the United Kingdom in the 1960s, 70s or early 80s. It's one of those things that can only partly be described in words, because "you had to be there".

There were only two "real" TV channels available for most of this period; (the BBC and the regionalised ITV network). BBC2 started broadcasting in 1964, but with a more highbrow remit, Channel 4 didn't launch until 1984. And for much of this period *Doctor Who* was one of several long-running series with large audiences (over 10 million, in a country of ~50 million); which in a two-channel environment turned them into universal cultural touchstones. We ALL grew up with *Top of the Pops*, *Match of the Day*, *Dad's Army*, *Morecambe and Wise*, and the rest - even if we didn't watch them.

These shows were the cultural furniture that provided the background to our lives. And that furniture was populating a pretty small house. It changed in the 1980s I think. Maybe it's my imagination but the TV became more diverse, with more US imports, and the post-war Britain faded into modern Britain. What's the difference? I think it's the domesticity of our lives and culture. It's not only down to the budgets that *Doctor Who* often focused in on a localised menace to a very British landscape; there's the same genre context here that created the cosy catastrophes of Wyndham et al. ("Doctor Who and the Triffids"? It could so easily have been...). The resolution through logic rather than force was also a theme; Bernard Quatermass to the rescue! (Or let's go back further; Sherlock Holmes.) Of course, Gerry Anderson's shows were much closer to the bigger, brighter sensibilities of *Star Trek* and the rest, but they were seen more as kids TV. *Doctor Who* seems to me to fit very smoothly into the mainstream landscape of the time.

And where does that leave us (at least those of us who grew up in those years)? I think these cultural touchstones make fans (but not Fans) of us all. They seep into our subconscious without our having any need to do more than soak them up; from the TV, the *Radio Times*, or the back of a cereal packet. I guess I'm typical; I've never been to a Who convention, or participated in organised Who fandom, but I don't need to; I have a deep connection to the show because I not only grew up with it in my formative years (the same could be said of *Trek*) but because it belonged to my world.

Passing Through, Helping Out

I am very proud of this issue. As Chris has commented, these things never turn out how you expect; they are always different and often better. This one feels like a celebration of the sheer diversity of the show's contribution to life, fandom, and the world at large. Part of it is a reflection on fifty years of history - of the show and of the fandom that surrounds it. Episode reviews, Doctors defended, iconic book covers, location visits and a truly epic review of the evolution of British Who fandom from origins to the late 1980s. And the rest is a testament to the myriad of ways fans engage with the show today. Masquerading, podcasting, knitting (how many Tom Baker scarves are there in the world now I wonder?) But for me the most powerful part of the whole issue is the first few pages of the Instant Fanzine at the back; on the simple topic of "first memories of Doctor Who". From the first response of a 7-year old discovering the show, to giving a young boy the conviction to stick to his beliefs; an at-risk child believing they could make their life better than it was; a shared experience with a father now passed on; and the unbridled humanistic optimism that inspired someone towards a future career as an educator.

THIS is what *Doctor Who* has been about for fifty years. Passing through, helping out. Entertaining us but also teaching us; setting the right example. Solving problems without guns, saving people from outside threats while also trying to make them better from the inside; *believing* in people; and all at a human scale (particularly in the classic era. "Five rounds rapid" rather than "phasers on stun"). Some of this has been diluted in the revived show of course, but I think the core still remains true.

Long may it continue!

"There are some corners of the universe which have bred the most terrible things. Things which act against everything we believe in. They must be fought."
The Doctor - "The Moonbase"



"You will take the "Dalek Factor". You will spread it to the entire history of Earth!"
The Dalek Emperor - "The Evil of the Daleks"

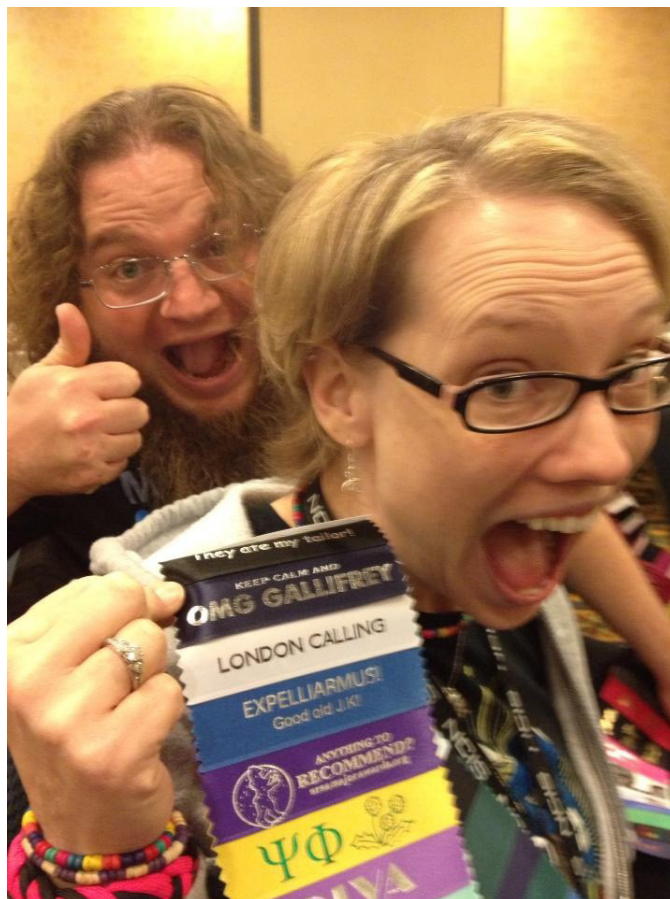
I am a Whovian By Alissa McKersie

Officially it started in 2008. Of course, I should really say 1981, because I remember watching the curly hair and the scarf with K9 and Sarah Jane when I was in the living room at 818 E. Douglas and no more than six years old. But I don't count that, as I didn't watch the show again until one day in 2008, when I heard the theme at a friend's house. I've been hooked ever since. It only took me a weekend to watch the first three seasons of new Who, and I would have just kept on going except that was all that existed at the time. If I find something I like, I'm all in! I also never do anything alone - especially anything as amazing as *Doctor Who* - so ever since then, I've been introducing others to this incredible show! I usually start with "Blink" because I figure if someone likes that episode, then they're on board for the whole show.

I don't stop with adults though; I think it's best to catch people young! Luckily I work with kids as part of my job, and that includes arranging morning programming. So on Tuesdays, we now have the option of watching *Doctor Who* or playing in the Games Room. The first week, five kids out of 30 opted for *Doctor Who*; the last three weeks, I've had 20 of them! I get plenty of questions, too. Just last week, a six-year-old took my hand as we were walking and asked, "Why do Time Lords look like us if they're not human?" I had to explain that we look like Time Lords, of course, not the other way around, since they have been around for so much longer.

Another of my favorite things is doing art projects with the kids. They are just wonderful at creating things out of what they have around them. Naturally, one of our projects had to be creating some amazing *Doctor Who* art now they have started watching the show. The best part of this is they will always have wonderful recollections of their early *Doctor Who* experiences! You'll see some of their work in this fanzine; it's a great reminder that this is a show that really does capture the imagination of children as well as adults.

But back to me. This year, I finally met MY Doctor (David Tennant, of course, who else!) It was in August, at the Loncon 3 Hugo Awards reception, and luckily I was dressed up for my role as a Hugo attendant (one of the team who bring the rockets



“Our lives are different to anybody else’s.
That’s the exciting thing, that nobody in the
universe can do what we’re doing.”
The Doctor - “The Tomb of the Cybermen”



Ten Word Review - “Terror of the Autons”
“Any plastic object may, in the Nestene sense,
be alive.” - Chris Carson

on stage and then escort the winners off). I looked FABULOUS! So much better than a regular photo op; and David was just as gracious as I could have hoped, and I was just so happy! But, I will tell you: **THEY HAVE ALL BEEN AMAZING!!** I have met so many cast members, and they are



all wonderful. When I met John Barrowman, I told him that I returned from Ireland early just to meet him and the photo was my birthday gift, and he was great! Everyone loves that photo! It's fun! They are an amazing group of people, and it's contagious!

That's one reason why I was so excited when Colin contacted me about editing this issue of Journey Planet. I have such an unexplainable love for this show that I just have to talk to people about it, all the time! That's why I am so excited to share it at work, at school, at home, at the grocery store, I even talked to my insurance guy about it last night on the phone! No joke! He is starting to watch it because of me;

another convert to the cause.

I've always felt that *Doctor Who* is great for bringing families and friends together, too. It's a show that people can watch together and talk about. It's no surprise (to say the least) that I have coerced my boyfriend into watching the show, of course.

Not just the new series but classic *Who* as well; we came full circle the other night when I introduced him to "An Unearthly Child". Luckily, he enjoyed it...

So although I love the show, at the end of the day, the best parts of *Doctor Who* for me are the community and the friends that you make everywhere you go. This show has literally changed my life. It got me involved in different parts of fandom, and in working on Worldcon, and now I have friends all around the world who share this interest with me.

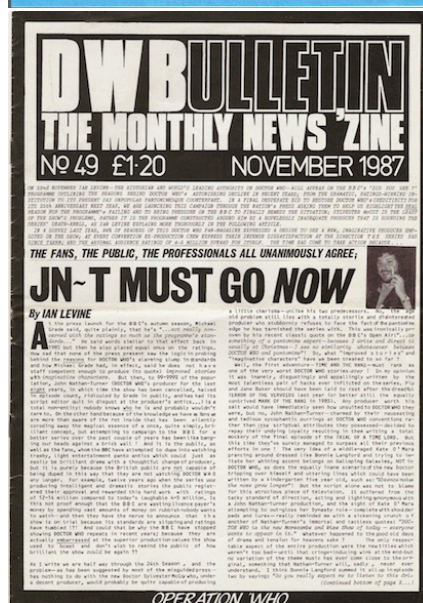
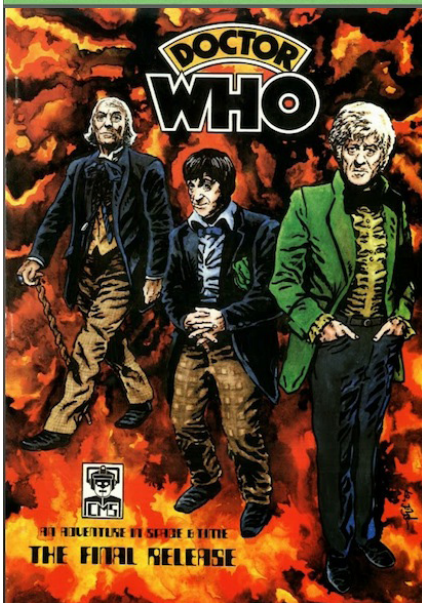
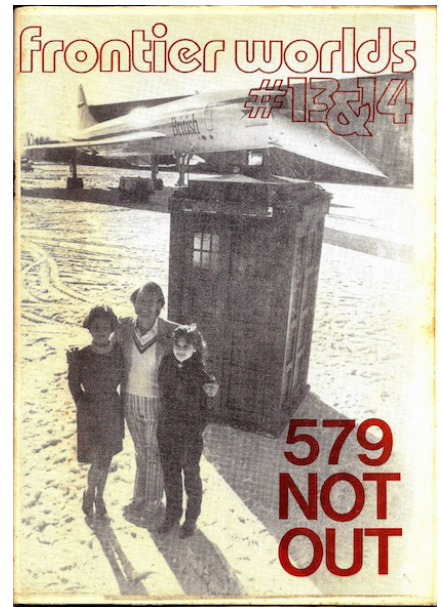
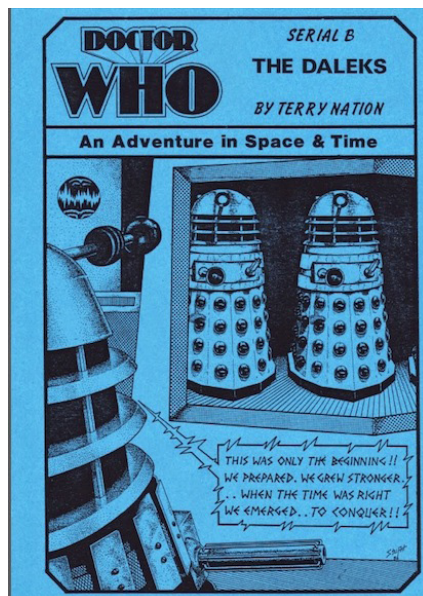
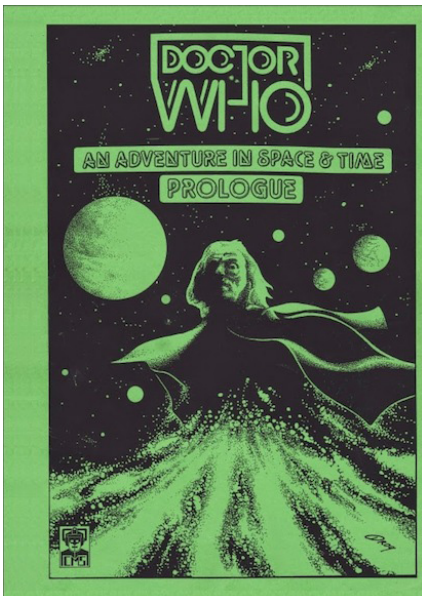
I am so fortunate. I am so grateful. I am so honored. I am a Whovian.



○ —————→
 "Just one small question: Why do you want to blow up the world?"
 The Doctor - "The Underwater Menace"



—————→ ○
 "An unintelligent enemy is far less dangerous than an intelligent one."
 The Doctor - "The Dominators"



“Mind you, I’m not wild about computers myself, but they are a tool. If you have a tool, it’s stupid not to use it.”
The Doctor - “Inferno”



“Obviously the Time Lords have programmed the TARDIS always to return to Earth. It seems that I am some kind of a galactic yo-yo!”
The Doctor - “The Claws of Axos”



THE LOST EPISODES BY MICHAEL LEE

The only thing better than new *Doctor Who* is new **old** *Doctor Who*.

There are many articles and even whole books about the way that a number of 1960s *Doctor Who* episodes were lost and destroyed during the 1970s. Through those works you can start to track the route various film canisters have made around the world, and gain an appreciation for why no one would have expected those television programs to still have commercial value even ten years after they were made, never mind fifty years later.

Over my years as a *Doctor Who* fan I've managed to watch almost every existing clip, and I've listened to the audio recordings for those episodes where only audio remains. And whenever an episode is recovered, I've watched it as soon as I've been able. And for me the magic is whenever a lost episode is recovered.

The first time I encountered a recovered story it was when "Tomb of the Cybermen" was recovered in 1992. *Doctor Who* wasn't in production, and at the time I thought it might just be the last "new" complete *Who* story I would ever see. So getting that video tape was magical. In the intervening years I've come to accept that the story has some really unfortunate racist bits, but even with those problematic elements it is still a definitive work of 1960s *Doctor Who*.

And over the additional years additional episodes have been returned, and each time something has come back I've learned something new about *Doctor Who*.

The first episode of "The Crusade" ("The Lion") is one of the early *Doctor Who* stories where the only SF element is the TARDIS. Seeing the recovered episode means you get to experience 1960s

"I had to face my fear ... that was more important than just going on living ..."
The Doctor - "Planet of the Spiders"



"Jo... That's only one little world. There's so many hundreds of others to see."
The Doctor - "Planet of the Daleks"

small-screen BBC fight choreography at its best, and an attempt at real history (even with flaws) in a way that you didn't see when *Doctor Who* returned to the same era in this year's "Robots of Sherwood".

The second episode of "The Daleks' Masterplan", "Day of Armageddon", has a very iconic collection of alien ambassadors -- I was astonished when I first saw it that it appeared to have been recreated in *Star Wars: Attack of the Clones* with a whole lot more CGI. And it was a lot more enjoyable as well. "The Daleks' Masterplan" is 1960s *Doctor Who* at its most ambitious, and with the recovery of "Day of Armageddon", you got a real feel of the epic scope of the story.

The recoveries of episodes from both "Galaxy Four" and "The Underwater Menace" have been a bit overshadowed by more recent recoveries and the series being back in production. And I think it's safe to say that both stories would be easily overlooked under most discussion of the series, but I found that both episodes were great examples of lesser *Doctor Who* stories having some fascinating detail, like one of Patrick Troughton's earliest performances in the role.

But the big recoveries in recent years were the recoveries of "The Enemy of the World" and "The Web of Fear". The gossip around the return of missing episodes had been huge in *Who* fandom for quite a while, and so like many *Doctor Who* fans, I was positioned right on iTunes waiting for the moment when those episodes were online. Two nearly complete missing stories being returned at once was unprecedented, especially including ones with significant roles in *Doctor Who* history.

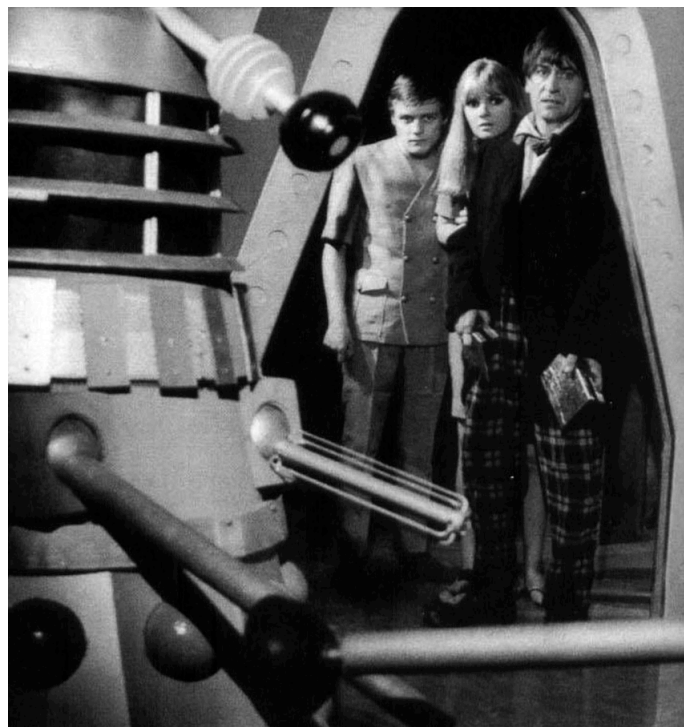
For me, it was the recovery of "The Enemy of the World" that was especially exciting, and where the addition of visuals made me positively re-evaluate the story. The additional episodes showed more of Patrick Troughton's skills as an actor and Barry Letts' as a director, and you got the real feeling of *Doctor Who* trying something very different in its format. Like "Tomb of the Cybermen", you have some elements that could be a little questionable -- Salamander's accent certainly is a bit dodgy, but there's a lot of ambition here, and it is a great example of *Doctor Who* trying to be a radically different show every story.

"The Web of Fear" is also an exciting story to have recovered. While "Enemy of the World" is one of the more unique stories in *Doctor Who* his-

tory, "The Web of Fear" reinforces the template for much of *Doctor Who* going forward. It's not the first time that you see a *Doctor Who* monster going past some London landmark, but after this point it's truly an established feature of the series and coming across a "a Yeti on your loo in Tooting Bec" becomes a *Doctor Who* cliché.

There are at the time of writing 97 episodes of *Doctor Who* that are still missing. I'm still optimistic that more episodes could still be returned at some point; there are still rumors out there, and whole sections of the internet regularly gossip about it and create conspiracy theories. I think everyone with familiarity of this period has their stories that they dream to return -- I know I'd love to see Patrick Troughton's first story "Power of the Daleks", which based on the remaining audio and photographic pieces is one of my favorite stories with the Daleks. It is that hope of recovery that makes the missing episodes of *Doctor Who* such an exciting thing to follow, and one of the things that makes me still excited to be a *Doctor Who* fan when the show is off the air or when new *Doctor Who* becomes routine. Because there is still old *Doctor Who* yet to be uncovered.

* *Wiped! Doctor Who's Missing Episodes* by Richard Molesworth is the definitive text here.



Ten Word Review - "The Invasion of Time"
"Episode 4, it's all over now... HA HA GOT YOU"
Petrea Mitchell



"You may be a doctor. But I'm the Doctor. The definite article, you might say."
The Doctor - "Robot"



MY AMERICAN EXPERIENCE WITH DOCTOR WHO BY JIM MANN

Americans who grew up the 1960s, 1970s, and 1980s have a different relationship to *Doctor Who* than those in Britain. It's not part of the cultural norm. Daleks and the TARDIS were not things the vast majority of Americans knew about. It was not part of their DNA, even for those interested in science fiction -- unlike, for instance, *Star Trek* and even *Lost in Space* were in the mid-to-late 1960s. Kids knew Mr. Spock. They did not know the Doctor. And by the late seventies, they knew Obi-Wan Kenobi and Cylons, but still only a small group of fans knew the Doctor and the Daleks.

Doctor Who began to trickle over to the US

in the early seventies, but didn't make much of the country until some American PBS stations began running some episodes during the Tom Baker years. (A few lucky cities like Boston actually got it a few years earlier, with Jon Pertwee, but they were exceptions.) But PBS stations, then as now, did not have the big audience of the networks, and so only those who had heard about and went looking for *Doctor Who* found it.

My finding *Doctor Who* was even more round-about. My first experience was not with the TV show, but with the two Peter Cushing movies, which were run in our local late night Saturday SF and horror

"Never cared much for the word 'impregnable.' Sounds a bit too much like 'unsinkable.'"
The Doctor - "Robot"



The Doctor: There's no tobacco where Leela comes from
Litefoot: Sounds healthy, but exceedingly dull
"The Talons of Weng Chi'ang"

movie slot. At that point, I didn't even realize that there was a TV show, or that the Doctor was anything but an old human man (how he's portrayed in the movies). In college, in the mid-seventies, I heard a few people talking about *Doctor Who*, but I still didn't see the series, as our local PBS station wasn't carrying it at the time.

So my first real immersion in *Doctor Who* came in the late seventies. Pinnacle Books in the US released a set of ten *Doctor Who* books, reprints of Target books. They had an introduction by Harlan Ellison, where, in typical Harlan fashion, he proclaimed;

“*Star Wars* is adolescent nonsense; *Close Encounters* is obscurantist drivel. *Star Trek* can turn your brains to puree of bat guano; the greatest science fiction series of all time is *Doctor Who*!”

I was intrigued, and picked up and read all ten. These were an interesting mishmash of stories, in no particular order, some involving the Fourth Doctor and some the Third, though I didn't appreciate this until later as I really didn't know much about the series at this point: I just noticed that the Doctor and his companions seemed to differ from book to book. A few of the books say in the intro that “this episode features the Fourth Doctor Who,” though I discover in looking back at them that they weren't always correct (for instance, stating that “The Dinosaur Invasion” featured the Fourth Doctor when in fact it featured the Third). But my first experience with several of the best *Doctor Who* stories -- “Genesis of the Daleks” and “The Talons of Weng-Chiang” in particular -- was through these novelizations.

Soon after that, our local PBS station did start running *Doctor Who*, and, starting with “The Arc in Space” (I somehow missed “Robot” the first time through), I watched the first several seasons of Tom Baker and was hooked. (For some reason, they only had the first few seasons, which they re-ran several times. I didn't see the Romana seasons until years later.)

Doctor Who was indeed very different from the science fiction that dominated American movies and TV and that the time. In movies and TV, science fiction had turned into an action genre. In the 1960s, *Star Trek* may have been more popular with the fans, but by the 1970s, TV SF seemed to owe more to the rival series *Lost in Space*. Problems were solved not by working out a solution but by action -- usually chases and/or fights. Guns, not brains, solved problems, and things moved at a frenetic pace, giving the viewer little time to think about how the story was unfolding. And as the 1970s turned into the 1980s, this was more and more true of movie and TV drama of all genres, not just science fiction. *Doctor Who* was something very different, SF in which the main character had to think his way, not shoot his way, out of problems. Moreover, it took time to develop the story and characters: it didn't just rush forward to the next chase or fight. This was science fiction much closer to classic written SF than to *Buck Rogers* or *Star Wars*.

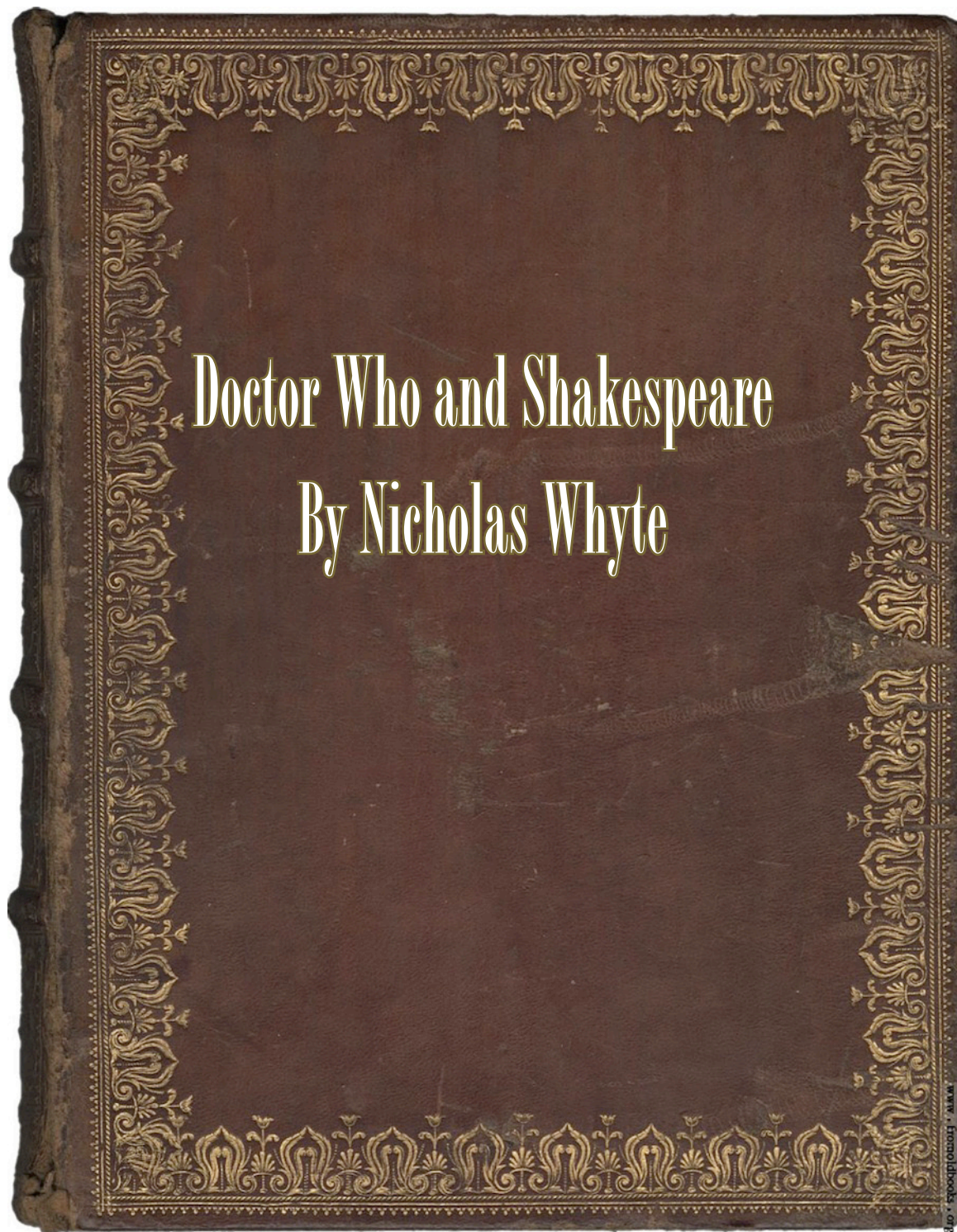
Over the years, I caught other episodes, with other Doctors, sometimes on PBS (which over time stopped running *Doctor Who* as often) and sometimes on VHS tape. I bought and read a stack of Target novels. But I drifted away, until 2005, when I bought two DVDs of the new series at the Worldcon in Glasgow. The show had preserved the values of classic *Doctor Who* -- a character who looks to solve problems, where possible in a non-violent way, without simply fighting his way out of it. But it also managed to incorporate elements from the best of modern TV: better production values, tighter pacing, story arcs, a great soundtrack.

I've been hooked ever since. A big part of our vacation this year, in addition to attending Loncon 3, was going to Cardiff to visit the *Doctor Who* Experience and take the *Doctor Who* bus tour. I even brought a set of Doctor t-shirts with me, so that I could wear one a day and look down at my shirt and say “Hmm. Paul McGann. So this is my eighth day in Britain.” So I guess I'm hooked for good this time.

“Foresight. You never know when these bits and pieces will come in handy. Never throw anything away, Harry.”
The Doctor - “The Sontaran Experiment”



“Now, where's my five hundred year diary. I remember jotting some notes on the Sontarans... It's a mistake to clutter one's pockets, Harry.”
The Doctor - “The Sontaran Experiment”



Doctor Who and Shakespeare
By Nicholas Whyte

www.fionnlochan.com

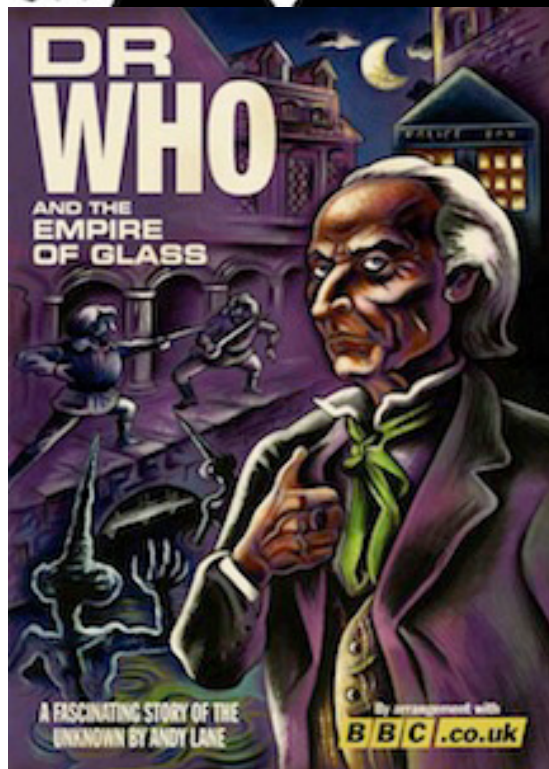
“When the moment comes, Mr Jago, you and I can face our destiny shoulder to shoulder.”
The Doctor - “The Talons of Weng Chiang”



“For every inexplicable time pretzel or hmm-hummer it presents, though, it’s one of the most distinct shows I watch?”
Tycho in *Penny Arcae*

There are a number of links between the greatest writer in the English language and the greatest science fiction television show in history. Shakespeare's first appearance in the Whoniverse came the year after the show started – not on screen, but in a frame from the very first spinoff, the 1964 *Dalek Book* by Terry Nation and David Whitaker; their hero Jeff Stone explores the City of the Daleks, and discovers young Daleks being indoctrinated to believe that the Dalek Emperor was the true author of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare himself appears on-screen the following year, 1965, in the opening scenes of "The Chase", played by Hugh Walters (who returns to the show in "The Deadly Assassin" and "Revelation of the Daleks", getting killed in the second episode of both), but his presence is strongly felt on screen two stories earlier, in "The Crusade", much of whose script is written in iambic pentameter.

It's not surprising that Shakespeare looms over both Old and New Who, given his prominence in how English is taught to all British children, in particular drama students. Typically, the Fourth Doctor name-drops him twice. In "Planet of Evil", he alleges that Shakespeare was a charming fellow, but a dreadful actor. ("Perhaps that's why he took up writing," Sarah Jane Smith speculates in reply.) And in one of the best scenes of "City of Death", the Doctor again reminisces about him – "Very taciturn... Well, I said to him, there's no point



HAMLET: Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio.
 MEDIC: It's not Horatio actually. He's just popped off to, er, the olde privvie. 'Tis I, m'lord, your old mucker the Doctor.
 HAMLET: A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times.
 MEDIC: Hold on a sec. (Loudly) Hey Pond, it's me! The Doctor! Remember? Making a little Shakespearean cameo. (To Hamlet) Sorry, carry on.
 HAMLET: And now, how abhorred in my imagination –
 MEDIC: (Musing) Funny name 'Hamlet'. Is that your surname? Always wondered. So, are you sort of, Dave Hamlet? Or... Marcus J Hamlet? Oh, of course, it's Danish. More like Jørgen Hamlet then? Jørgen Dave Hamlet. That works.
 HAMLET: Wilt thou shut up?

in talking if you've got nothing to say. Did well in the end, though." It transpires that the original manuscript of *Hamlet* is in the Doctor's handwriting, because Shakespeare had sprained his wrist writing sonnets.

So the Whoniverse was well primed for two intrusions of Shakespeare into the show once New Who came along. The first, rather obviously, is an entire story set in 1599, "The Shakespeare Code" (2007), in which Dean Lennox Kelly (who also starred in *Frequently Asked Questions About Time Travel*) plays the title role, the unwitting vehicle for an alien invasion of Earth by Carrionites which is thwarted by the Tenth Doctor and Martha Jones – the story is actually adapted from a Ninth Doctor comic strip by the same writer, Gareth Roberts. (For deep critique, see Jack Graham's takedown of the story at <http://shabogangraffiti.blogspot.be/2011/03/sound-and-fury.html>); myself, I rather enjoyed it.)

The second, perhaps less obviously, is David Tennant's long run as Hamlet with the Royal Shakespeare Company, the role of Claudius being taken by Patrick "Captain Picard" Stewart, which filled the gap between the end of the fourth New Who season in summer 2008 and Tennant's regeneration into Matt Smith on New Year's Day 2010. The RSC *Hamlet* was not in fact Stewart's first encounter

with Time Lords in that play; in the BBC's 1980 TV production, he also played Claudius, with Derek Jacobi, a future Master, in the title role and, fresh from the Tardis, Lalla Ward as Ophelia (and Gertrude was Claire Bloom, who we are led to understand is the Doctor's mother in "The End of Time").

Tennant is no stranger to Shakespeare – in the (highly recommended) Arkangel audio production of the Complete Works, he plays, variously, all three parts of Henry VI, Antipholus of Syracuse, Launcelot Gobbo, Edgar, Mercutio, and the porter in *Macbeth*. But apart from him, there are surprisingly few cases of Who actors also making it big in screen Shakespeare, and certainly not in big roles – Patrick Troughton had minor parts in a couple of films with Laurence Olivier, and Tom Baker's film debut was in a 1967 version of *The Winter's Tale*, in which he played the bear. Paul McGann came to the TV Movie straight from being Bassanio in a TV Schools version of *The Merchant of Venice*, and more recently Sylvester McCoy played the Fool (no change there then) to Ian McKellen's King Lear.

Having started in the 1964 *Dalek Book*, Shakespeare continues to appear in Who spinoffs. Andy Lane's 1995 Missing Adventures novel, *Empire of Glass*, brings the First Doctor with companions Steven and Vicki to Venice in 1609, where Shakespeare and Christopher Marlowe (who is officially dead) become entangled with the mysterious Irving Braxiatel,



who becomes a recurrent character in Virgin / Big Finish continuity, and the Armageddon Convention. In *The Brilliant Book 2012*, we discover an appearance of the Eleventh Doctor in a fragment of *Hamlet*, and a later note, during "The Wedding of River Song" where all history is happening simultaneously, informs us that Shakespeare has been appointed as the new boss of *Eastenders*.

Developing that theme further, *The Shakespeare Notebooks*, by James Goss, Jonathan Morris, Julian Richards, Justin Richards and Matthew Sweet (2014), pulls together an awful lot of *Doctor Who* / Shakespeare skits of varying lengths, of which my favourite has to be the Rude Mechanicals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* recast as Sontarans performing an interpretation of the events of "Horror of Fang Rock", closely followed by a very obscure joke about Romana and Pericles. It is likely to be fully enjoyed only by those with a certain extent of knowledge of both Bard and Time Lord, but there do seem to be a lot of them about.

Big Finish, who have been making *Doctor Who* audios since 1999, have done two stories explicitly about Shakespeare. In "The Time of the Daleks" by Justin Richards (2002), the Eighth Doctor and his audio-only companion Charley Pollard investigate a future Earth where the Bard has vanished from history; it turns out that

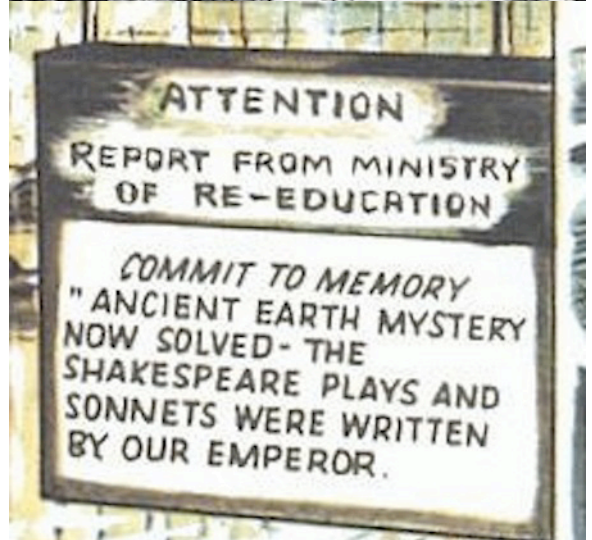
○ "No, 'eureka' is Greek for 'this bath is too hot.'
The Doctor - "The Talons of Weng Chiang"



→ "Sometimes my brilliance astonishes even me."
The Doctor - "The Invisible Enemy"

he has been kidnapped as a child (played by Jem Bassett), and rather bizarrely the Daleks want to rescue him. It somewhat misfires; no matter how convincingly Nick Briggs delivers the line, it is rather difficult to believe that “The Daleks venerate Shakespeare”!

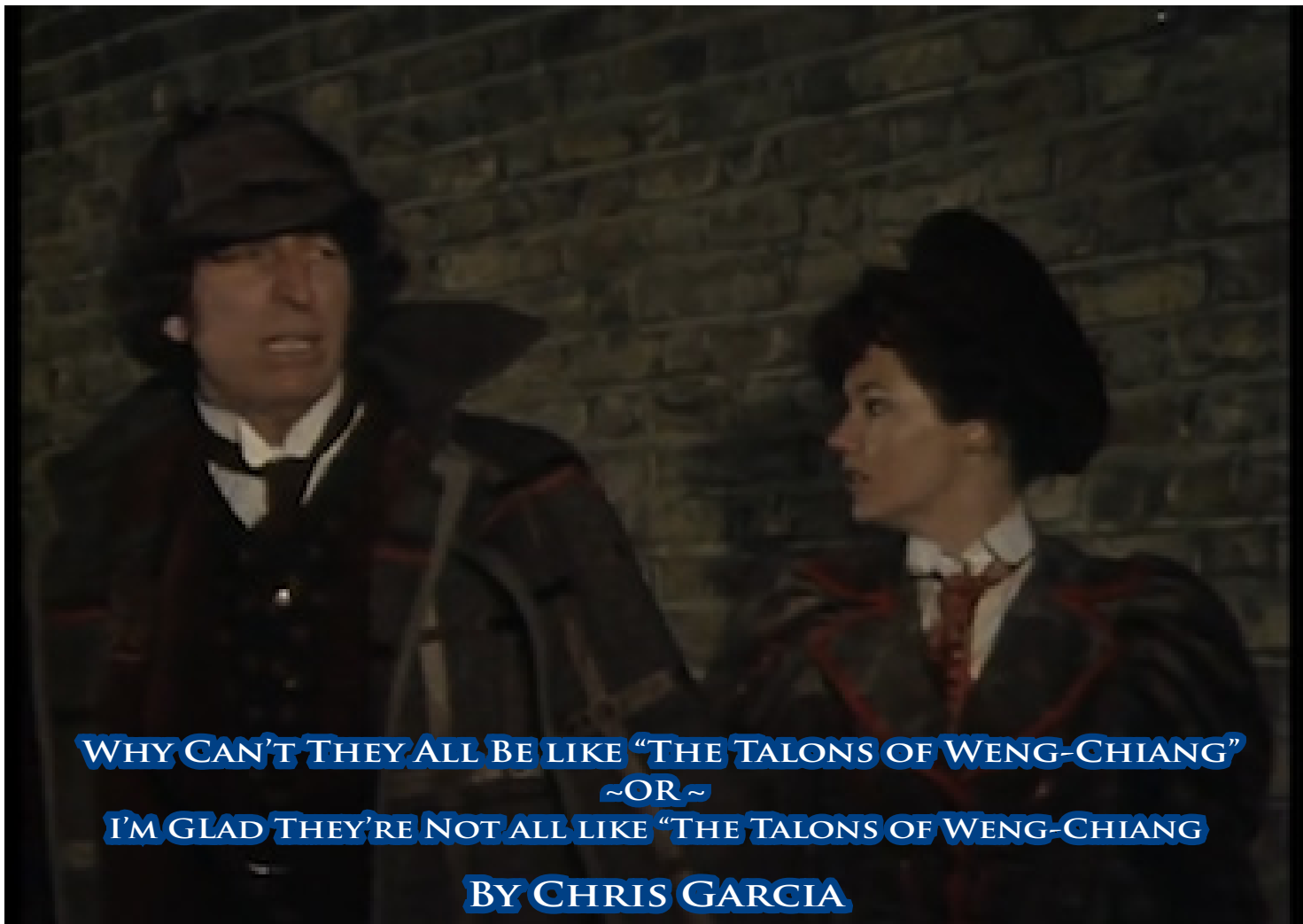
But to end on a high note: *The Kingmaker*, by Nev Fountain (2006), is one of my very favourite Big Finish plays, with the Fifth Doctor, Peri and audio companion Erimem (an Egyptian princess) travelling between the first night of Richard III and the period just before the Battle of Bosworth Field. Shakespeare is played by Michael Fenton Stevens (a voice of *Radio Active* and *Spitting Image* who sang “The Chicken Song” when it topped the charts in 1986). Produced at a time when the revamped TV series had reclaimed the mantle of authentic Who from Big Finish, the themes of usurpation and transfer of cultural power possibly had some resonance for the production team. To say more about the plot of *The Kingmaker* would spoil your enjoyment; suffice to say it is both sinister and silly, with a fantastic performance by Stephen Beckett as Richard III and a great twist at the end. If you have enjoyed *Doctor Who* on TV, but not yet sampled the Doctor’s adventures in other media, you could do worse than start by investigating his true relationship with the central figure of early modern English literature.



“I used to know an ancient remedy for mad dogs. I must look it up sometime. Good library here, have you?”
The Doctor - “The Keeper of Traken”



“It’s the end... but the moment has been prepared for..”
The Doctor - “Logopolis”



WHY CAN'T THEY ALL BE LIKE "THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG"
~OR~
I'M GLAD THEY'RE NOT ALL LIKE "THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG"
BY CHRIS GARCIA

I am not the biggest fan of Classic Who. I know, I know, I'm a philistine, but really, what's to love? The tragically low budgets that meant aliens were made from left-over Trident seat padding? The acting that often bordered on Shatnerian? The costumes that were just bad? It wasn't good stuff.

Except for "The Talons of Weng-Chiang".

What's not to like? The story is simply brilliant – The Doctor and Leela arrive in Victorian London and they end up at the Palace Theatre. Li H'sen Chang is on an extended run, and folks keep disappearing. Long-story-arc short, Chang's in the service of a Master called Weng-Chiang, who is actually Magnus Greel, a future bad dude. There's also an animated puppet-creature called Mr. Sin who is devilish. There's also a giant rat, and two guys named Jago and Lightfoot who really steal the show.

Now, this arc is so good, it draws you in and does not let you go. Yeah, there are slow moments, it's 70s Sci-Fi after all, but it never stops being awesome! The sets are decent, the props are cool, and despite the giant rat looking as if someone had or-

dered a giant rat based on a cheap plastic rat from Archie McFee's, the entire thing seems to have been well-funded. Tom Baker is great, Leela is great, and Jago and Lightfoot, played by Christopher Benjamin and Trevor Baxter, are so great together that they got their own audio series thirty years later! The story rollicks, and even when it's ridiculous (even by *Doctor Who* standards), you don't really care because it's so much fun.

Until you stop and think about it, of course.

You see, Li H'sen Chang is played by an Anglo actor, the incredible John Bennett, in yellow face. No other way to put it. He's adopted a stereotypical Chinese accent and mannerisms, and while he plays it rather straight, it's still highly offensive when viewed through today's lens. I imagine it was at least slightly offensive back then. This was 1977; 16 years after Mickey Rooney's career low-point playing Mr. Yunioshi in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and having Anglo actors playing Asian characters was out of the mainstream. Well, not entirely, perhaps (just 8 years since the last of Christopher Lee's five Fu Manchu films), but Asian

“You know, I come here from time to time myself and nothing on earth changes quite so often as the fashion! You wouldn't believe the way some people look!”

The Doctor - “Four to Doomsday”



“There's always something to look at if you open your eyes!”
The Doctor - “Kinda”

characters were now portrayed far more often by Asian actors than had been the case in the 1950s. Were there no great Asian actors in the UK at the time? Well, there were several playing other, less significant roles in “The Talons of Weng-Chiang”, and using make-up to make them look older would have taken less than to make Bennett look both older AND Chinese. There were a few actors in the UK who were both Asian and every bit the actor that Bennett was (Richard Ng comes to mind), but alas, they chose not to go in that direction.

Now, I’ve not seen as much Classic Who as I should have to be editing this issue, but I don’t think there are many other instances of this sort of casting. I am fully aware of the almost completely casual racism of many of the early Who episodes, but at the same time, it seems as if this was not the way of the show in the 1970s. It’s hard to wrap my head around 1977 Britain. I know a fair bit about what the US in that timeframe was like, and have been back into the popular culture and experienced a lot of it that way, but alas, I’m not sure this would have flown in the US. We had Kung Fu, in which a white guy played an Asian guy with an air of mystery about him, but it was far more respectful than “The Talons of Weng-Chiang”. That’s what gets me the most. It FELT disrespectful. I’ve seen sensitive, non-insulting portrayals of various races by people of other races. Hell, I can almost recite a litany of American Indians portrayed by Anglo actors who not only did a damn fine job, but who managed to capture the little actions you see around the house better than those who do them regularly. An actor, regardless of their racial heritage, can bring a reality to playing any character of any race, but the material MUST be sensitive to the race. There are few actors who can bring something out of the muck, and Bennett certainly did not.

There are other aspects. All the Chinese characters we are shown are members of Tongs. That’s akin to making every African-American actor into a gang member. There’s the fact that Leela, a powerful member of a warrior race, is relegated to “Face in Peril” status. There’s also the desperate poorness of the giant rat, but



“Can’t? Can’t? There’s no such word as can’t!
That’s a free cosmos”
The Doctor - “Robot”



“The trouble with computers, of course, is
that they’re very sophisticated idiots.”
The Doctor - “Robot”



let's not muddy the waters of the River Fleet. The issue here is the way non-white, non-male characters are presented, not production values!

And even worse is that it could have worked. Present Li H'sen Chang as a white guy who is masquerading as a Chinese magician, much like the real world magician Chung Ling Soo. That would have completely justified casting a white actor in the role, and it would have added a level of period authenticity to the production. I'm actually kinda shocked that Terrance Dicks didn't go that direction.

And thus, I wonder – is “The Talons of Weng-Chiang” a smudge on the record of Doctor Who, or is it a highwater mark? I consider it the best of all the serials if you set aside the blatant racism. There are so many little things, like the casual mentions of Little Tich and the Venerable Bede, that just scream that the writers had a great and powerful vision. There's Mr. Sin, played with suitable vehemence by the amazing Deep Roy. The script is tighter than just about any other script of the period. The costumes are great, the storyline is fascinating, the acting is really good. It's got everything, including a Yellow Menace theme.

And so, I wonder still – is it a smudge or a highwater mark?

Recently, in the *Drink Tank* issue about Silent film, Mac McCann looked at *Birth of a Nation*, and declared it irredeemably racist. I'm not sure I can make the same judgement on a film that changed the history of cinema in nearly every dimension. Racist – yes.

No redeeming qualities? I can't cross that bridge. I don't think I can apply the same paint to this house, though. At no point does “The Talons of Weng-Chiang” argue for evil. It doesn't say “Asians are evil and are to be blamed for every problem facing us” like Griffith's film. It's not a call to arms; it's an adventure episode that has the Doctor acting more enlightened than anyone else in the time period. At the same time, it still falls into the highly troubling cracks of racial presentation, especially when you consider that it really isn't of the times. It's at least a decade behind!

So, here in 2014, I'm conflicted, but if I were watching in 1977, having hurried home from watching *Star Wars* in the theatre for the fifth time just to watch the next episode, what would I think? Does it matter? Can we look through a lens that we weren't really a part of and appreciate it for what it was at the time? Or do we have to at all? Is it enough to appreciate the artistry, recognising the problems of race and gender standards, but still loving it for what it gives us in the way of fun?

Perhaps the problem isn't the content, it's the conflict. In the before-times, these things would have faded away. A story told around the campfire did not outlive its telling. Old stories were re-told by a new generation using their words, their set of rules and traditions. We no longer have that option. What we have said is now recorded, can be replayed. Yes, I understand that troubling past behavior is not excusable, but is it a deal-breaker?

Ultimately, I'm not sure.

“Homo sapiens. What an inventive, invincible species.”
The Doctor - “The Ark in Space”



“Vira, if you fail, your people will die in pain and fear. If I fail, they'll die anyway. But at least only the six of us will know anything about it.”
The Doctor - “The Ark in Space”



WALKING IN THE FOOTSTEPS, FOLLOWING THE TARDIS TRACKS BY JAMES BACON

I like places, and a sense of place. I love seeing something in a TV programme or film and then being there in the very spot where the filming happened. It needs to be a scene I enjoyed or something that appeals to me, and I therefore have to admit that any railway connections, or places that include a bar, are particularly good.

The Fleur De Lis pub is not the same place one sees on telly. This is not a problem given it is Sarah's favourite pub in Davensham, a place she knows, one can only enter. Of course this is East Hagbourne, a hamlet that seems as sleepy now as it did in 1975 when it was filmed extensively in "The Android Invasion".

The red telephone box across from the World War I memorial is gone. The shop that the Doctor sees which is a post office where he looks for a phone, is now a residence. But the paths next to the houses on Shoe Lane and Stygron's base are unchanged after forty years. Down the road and into the forest, the paths run next to a river where Sarah and the Doctor ran to escape, and then the field. It is all there - peaceful and quiet and no hint of fear.

Of course the World War I memorial, which the Doctor was tied to, has not changed much at all. There are a few more trees here and a few less there around the gardens, but generally little has changed; apart from shops having closed and there being more cars everywhere.

The inside of the pub is not at all the same. This is a normal British Pub, carpeted, with comfortable seats, and a nice bar, and very different to the purpose-built one used as the interior for the show.

I enjoyed a drink here in this tiny village and although the music was too loud, there was an obvious local appreciation of the televisual significance with a nice piece of art and photos commemorating the filming. It is nice to stop for a moment, sip a drink, and reflect that Tom Baker and Elisabeth Sladen may also have popped in for a beer all those years ago.

No such notice of previous use adorns what was the Space Defence Station, which now in real life lacks the awesomely huge satellite dish, although the Radiation Protection Division (formerly National Radiological Protection Board) is still located in an industrial estate north of Didcot in Oxfordshire. It was quiet; I imagine the estate is a busy place during the week.

The land around the building has been landscaped, made more human, with ponds and fountains and paving and trees, but the building is unmistakable, and it is quite cool to be here. No one is here. I look at the roof where the Doctor ran along the angle of the outside of the building, and imagine a big dish on top and reckon that would not work. Where are the Unit troops in their woolly pulleys and SLR's I wonder? I wave at the CCTV.

○ "Oil? An emergency? Ha! It's about time the people who run this planet of yours realised that to be dependent on a mineral slime just doesn't make sense."
The Doctor - "Terror of the Zygons"



→ "You can't rule the world in hiding. You've got to come out on the balcony sometimes and wave a tentacle."
The Doctor - "Terror of the Zygons"

Cardiff Bay

Doctor Who and *Torchwood* fans have a Mecca, a wailing wall, a Lourdes, a basement waterfall, a shrine, a place to go, a calling all of their own, and it is Cardiff Bay.

Cardiff Bay is essentially an old dock area, rejuvenated and redeveloped over the last twenty five years. It has a series of very modern developments and in the centre is the massive Roald Dahl Plass, where the entrance to the Torchwood Hub exists, and where the TARDIS arrived, identified by the tall steel water tower. In fact Dahl was christened in the Norwegian looking church nearby, and so another awesome connection has me looking at these steel structures.

I was feeling hungry on my visit. I had already wandered around the *Doctor Who* Experience and I was confronted with the difficult decision of deciding which set I would visit. The BBC crew have used five of the restaurants. Four of those are Bellinis from "Boom Town", Eddies Diner from "The Impossible Astronaut", Ba Orient from "Cyberwoman"/"New Earth" and Pearl of the Orient from "Out of Time". What a selection!

I choose the fifth, the Bosphorus, which is a Turkish restaurant featured in "Boom Town", and had a stunningly good lunch for £6. Full plates of flavour-some lamb and fresh vegetable, surprisingly tasty and authentic. The building sits on a pier jutting out into the bay giving a good view of The Experience, making me realise just how big it was, as well as the vista of the bay.

Nearby was the back way into *Torchwood*. This is now a shrine for Ianto Jones, who died in "Children of Earth". The wide gridded doorway is covered in mementos, letters, artifacts, trinkets, drawings, flowers, notes, you name it, and is lovely. It is maintained by the council and local shopkeepers, who appreciate that fans wanted a place that was interactive in a different way.

Cardiff has obviously embraced the inner *Who*. The BBC have vast studio facilities on the bay. The Experience is known by everyone, the bus driver only too willing to let you know when you get there, and this shrine is a fine example of smart decisions taking place.

Portmeirion

Portmerion is not a place that immediately comes to mind when *Doctor Who* is mentioned, mostly as it is over shadowed by *The Prisoner*. Yet the small folly that is a wonderful set of hotel rooms is indeed a venue for *Doctor Who*. It was designed and built by Sir Clough Williams-Ellis between 1925 and 1975 in the style of an Italian village and in 1976, it was used for a four episode Tom Baker story entitled "The Masque of Mandragora" set in Renaissance Italy.

Portmerion is worth a visit anyhow, but it was especially nice to stay in Bridge House, which is clearly seen in a shot during the episodes. In fact, so many specific locations can be found, and wondered about. I was amazed at how the Bristol Colonnade was a place that one could run full tilt along, figuring that running must begin with shooting, and how Battery Square was so well changed into a market. I also looked at the Balcony that the Doctor climbs over - no easy task!

Of course I drank in the Hotel Portmerion. It has a very nice set of rooms and a lovely terrace, and one can enjoy a fine drink and meal here.

Amsterdam

Like Portmerion, one feels that when the Doctor went visiting with his TV crew to somewhere exotic, they made really good use of the scenes and extensively filmed to capture as much as possible. This is especially so of the Peter Davison four episode serial, "The Arc of Infinity", which was shot in Amsterdam.

Every main place in the city features; Herengracht, Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal, Muntplein (where the flower market is, Singel, Prinsengracht, Leidseplein, Dam Square. In total about 17 locations. The exterior of Centraal Station was also used - the Stationsplein is where Tegan says farewell to the Doctor. I love this spot as there is an amazing bar and restaurant on Platform 2 in the station and it is always the first place I see upon my arrival into the city. In fairness to the *Doctor Who* team, many of the locations are close or include places to visit.

"You don't understand the implications... I'm not a human being; I walk in eternity..."
The Doctor - "The Pyramids of Mars"



"Something's going on contrary to the laws of the universe. I must find out what!"
The Doctor - "The Pyramids of Mars"

New York

Grand Central Station in New York, or Grand Central Terminal as it is known, featured just a little bit in "The Angels Take Manhattan". It is a stunning place to visit. The station is vast and was rebuilt at the turn of the century and ingenuity was used to a level that is beyond me. William Wilgus designed two levels of train station below ground, and then covered over the tracks and created what is now Park Avenue. The station is about 48 acres in size with over 40 platforms. The beauty of the huge and vast main concourse is matched by the simplicity in design of the train operations and tracks. Of course it is also a place of mystery and awe. Deep underground, a dark blue vehicle sits waiting for a traveller: this is on track 61, once used by President Franklin D. Roosevelt as a neat way to get in and out of New York via a service elevator in The Waldorf Hotel.



The New York Times of 8 September 1929 "NEW WALDORF GETS OWN RAIL SIDING"

The new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, to be erected in the block bounded by Park Avenue, Lexington Avenue, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, will have a private railway siding underneath the building, it was learned yesterday. Guests with private rail cars may have them routed directly to the hotel instead of to the Pennsylvania Station or the Grand Central Terminal, and may leave their cars at a special elevator which will take them directly to their suites or to the lobby.

The arrangement is made possible because of the fact that the New York Central tracks pass directly beneath the block, which has been obtained by the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Corporation from the New York Central Railroad on a sixty-three-year leasehold, the lease being in reality only for the "air rights" on the site.

I often wonder if there could be some *Doctor Who* / Lex Luthor / FDR cross over - all under this station, where Andy Warhol threw an Underground Party. Despite many places to eat, there are two bar restaurants on the west concourse balcony that overlook the concourse, one is to be avoided, a steak house with rubbish service, but the other, an Italian by the name of Cipriani Dolci, was amazing, and a great place to just relax and watch and enjoy a not too expensive drink, with no angels in sight.

Stations, Stations, Stations ...

Cardiff Central Station, on the other hand, is as grim as it gets, especially the south side, which one sees in the *Torchwood* episode, "Ghost Town". It is amazing that the south entrance looks worse than a suburban station in London, and as one can see of the station platforms themselves, when Micky arrives in "Boom Town". They have no over-arching platform, like Bristol or Holyhead, and it is totally exposed to the weather, and breezy as a ship's mast, the tracks raised above the ground in the area. There isn't even a decent bar in the place, which is hard going.

Fortunately not all train stations are like this. I should mention St Pancras, as Matt Smith passed through it, in "The Bells of St John". This station has many bars, The Betjeman Arms being my favourite, and the Old Ticket Office cocktail lounge is rather sumptuous. The episode didn't resonate with me, so my frequenting the bars is purely because they are good bars!

On the other hand, the seven episodes that make up "The Silurians" from 1970 sees the character Masters running through Marylebone Station and passengers falling over succumbing to the Silurian Virus. Marylebone is London's smallest mainline terminus, and therefore the cheapest to film in, being used in many TV programmes and films. The Victoria and Albert Pub, which is part of the station buildings, is a great pub with entrances inside the station on the concourse, along with seats and tables, and an entrance to Marylebone Place. Inside there are shelves with books that you can read and very comfortable seating. The interior of the station has dramatically changed from the episode, for cars are no longer allowed in, and there is light and brightness in the station.

○ "French pick-lock? Never fails. Belonged to Marie Antoinette, charming lady. Lost her head, poor thing..."
The Doctor - "The Pyramids of Mars"



→ "Something's interfering with time, Mr. Scarman. And time is my business."
The Doctor - "The Pyramids of Mars"

Quanton Road, originally part of the Great Central Railway and Metropolitan Railway and therefore an Underground Station once upon a time, is now part of the Buckinghamshire Railway Centre. In "The Black Orchid", the TARDIS lands on a platform here, and it looks like a nice countryside station. The location has not changed at all and is very pleasant. Although there is no bar, there is a pleasant café here, along with a variety of rolling stock and running steam trains. Rewley Road - an Oxford terminus closed to passengers on 1 October, 1951, with trains to what is now Oxford - was also dismantled and moved here in 1999. The Centre possesses some unusual London Transport Steam engines, including a class 5700, which were the classic GWR pannier tank engine, Met Class E and even Royal Mail underground stock.

Sticking with the Underground theme I decided that one should look at the Underground connections. "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" had some shots taken in the then disused Wood Lane Underground station in 1964, although like many stations this was above ground. This is a derelict London and using a derelict station was clever. The BBC television centre overlooked it. It was removed brick by brick and taken to Acton Depot. Now it is a bus station for the huge Westfield shopping centre, while it was also used in the 1970s as a secret laboratory in a different TV programme, *The Tomorrow People*.

Not far from Wood Lane is White City Central Line Station, a still of which was used in the episodes from 1965, "The Chase", proving that the TARDIS was back in London. This station replaced Wood Lane in 1947 and is on the other side of Westfield.

The 1977 episodes of "The Sun Makers" saw a scene shot in the deep tunnels that were built for a proposed Northern Line Express Tube. The project never came to fruition but the shafts going down were constructed, and the spaces below ground found various uses as deep underground shelters during World War II. It is now an Archive business, and although the Shelter was known as Camden Town, it is also close to Mornington Crescent and as such saw a group of SF fans visiting for another underground connection.

Of course, if one thinks about The Underground, a crucial episode or series of six episodes is "The Web of Fear" from the fifth season broadcast in 1968. The TARDIS arrives in Covent Garden tube sta-

tion, while Charing Cross tube station and Piccadilly Station also feature. These were not the real stations, only sets. The future Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart makes his first appearance in this story, with the rank of Colonel. It is the legend, and I would like to see the evidence to this, at some stage, of how a complaint was raised that makes it so interesting!

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho/classic/photonovels/weboffear/intro.shtml>

Tube stations have featured elsewhere, in a way. In "Invasion of the Dinosaurs", a model dinosaur lumbers past Moorgate Station, as London has been abandoned. In "The Trial of a Time Lord" the discovery of a Marble Arch tube station sign proved not unlike in "The Chase", as proof of the place being Earth.

Unfortunately, the real places were not used, and there aren't any great pubs to hand. I reckon I really need to get to Barry Island Heritage Railway, used in "The Doctor Dances" and "The Empty Child" and featured in an episode of *Sherlock* and then I need to find Sumatra Road tube station.

I found that the *Doctor Who* locations website, with a very helpful map, was an instant guide to the locations used in *Doctor Who* and *Torchwood*, with helpful screens and photographs.

<http://www.doctorwholocations.net/>



“Any being that can exist, let alone thrive, inside a nuclear pile is hardly likely to be deterred by a few primitive missiles.”
The Doctor - "The Hand of Fear"



“Oh! Engin, I can feel my hair curling and that can mean either that it's going to rain...or that I'm on to something.”
The Doctor - "The Deadly Assassin"



NIGHTMARE IN PANTONE 2955C

BY JAMES BACON

I thought I would give Neil Gaiman's latest episode of *Doctor Who*, "Nightmare in Silver", a go. After all, Neil's reputation (and also, in my view, his actual work) is really rather good - and many people liked his previous episode, "The Doctor's Wife".

As for the *Doctor Who* series, I have to admit that after Christopher Eccleston my interest waned. David Tennant was not too bad, but I did not enjoy Matt Smith at all. The cycle continues, however, as I loved John Hurt, and so far am holding fire on Peter Capaldi until his take on the character is more established.

So it is fair to say that I came to this episode in an ambivalent way, although with some hope - from the title and the author - that it would have a currency that would translate for me into a decent episode.

I was disappointed.

This disappointment stemmed from a continuous and huge feeling of a missed opportunity: a lack of depth, a simplistic approach to things that did not need to be simple, and a feeling that there was an unnecessary buffoonery - even failed attempts at parody - that detracted from the story.

There was much to like of course; the epi-

sode was full of great ideas, good thoughts and even promising notions. Hedgewick's World of Wonders, such a great venue, a disused amusement park, a fabulous setting. Then there was a Chess game with a Cyberman, a show of sorts, which was a bit creepy. I was expecting the Cyberman to come alive at any moment, and I was hopeful that things would go astray in a smart way.

A lone garrison made up of a penal battalion. I think *Doctor Who* is struggling to get the right feel for soldiers. The War Doctor seemed right. Mr Pink seems to be an incredible window into how it is to be a soldier. And with British forces deployed in Afghanistan for thirteen years now, I had thought there might be some edge to these soldiers and the prospect of having to destroy themselves.

This was not to be. This cadre of soldiers were neither a humorous *Dad's Army* nor actual battle-hardened troops. Another missed opportunity. War is dark, and in recent years the military in the UK have been continually always fighting, killing and dying. I shall be grateful for Mr. Pink, but disappointed that it was not Neil Gaiman who gave us such an insightful military character. Rather we were presented with, bluntly, a waste of time.

"He's brilliant, absolutely brilliant — he's almost up to my standards."
The Doctor - "The Deadly Assassin"



"Killing me isn't going to help you. It isn't going to do me much good either..."
The Doctor - "The Face of Evil"

This lack in turn diminished any real menace from the Cybermen. There was no real fear, although The Doctor did do some of the right things. And again there was only this feeling of potential to the narrative - it was all just too simplistic, too easy. I had hoped that something might go astray with the Cyberman playing chess, but no, it was Cybermites. Indeed a quick fix, to make things happen.

There was a fun and simple conceit with Porridge, who was probably one of the most complex characters I have seen. He had so much more to him than one realised. The potential catastrophe of a planet's annihilation, the responsibility of destroying that planet, the trauma that such responsibility brings, could have been explored. While actor Warwick Davis had it in him to really get the best out of this character, I felt that this was a character that could put across these issues in a realistic way if he had more time.

And that was ultimately the problem - this episode needed another episode. There could have been a cliffhanger, there could have been much more to this, and with such a story, more time was needed. Time to build up real tension, time to create fear - to show that there really were serious dangers at hand.

While leaving the viewer wanting more is often a mark of good television, in this case I was just left wishing more depth could have been allowed. It was as if with every toss of a coin, a poor decision was made.

I have thought about this and realised that, for me, I would like to think that it is the constraint placed on writers, the single episode format, the need for a quick story, that was the ruination, rather than poor choices on the part of the writers. There is only so much one can do in 45 minutes and I felt this story deserved longer.

Of course, then the Doctor's chess game with Mr. Clever seemed a little too forced. There was something about it that lacked stress and genuine intensity. Perhaps it was the unusual way it was being played, which felt rather over the top. It allowed for some brutal acting from Smith, his lack of seriousness was a trait of this doctor, but on this occasion it felt more like an inability to portray the situation adequately. Could be the direction, could be anything, but for me it was not good enough.

There was a lack of fear, there was something pressurised about the episode, cut short and not allowed the space it needed. While there were clever moments, there were a lot of things to like in this episode, it just fell down for me as being too bland.

The term Family Television should not equate to dumbing down, or shortening, because viewers cannot remember what happened from last week. So when a story like this is confined to a single episode, that is its downfall for me.



“I see, you're one of those boring maniacs who's going to gloat. Are you going to tell me your plan for running the universe?”
The Doctor - “The Robots of Death”



“I suppose the best way to find out where you come from is to find out where you're going, and then work backwards”.
The Doctor - “The City of Death”



BEFORE & AFTER THE DOCTOR BY CHRIS GARCIA

It's tough to be an actor. You dream of that great role, that iconic role. You want to be included in the line of legends who have donned the cowl, laced up the boots, taken their martinis shaken not stirred. In short, you want a role like the Doctor, and it's not always easy to deal with having played a role like that.

Yes, it's called type-casting, and it's a serious problem.

Everyone from George Reeve (forever Superman) to Clayton Moore (never not the Lone Ranger) has had to deal with being typecast. In fact, I can't even mention them without mentioning the characters they played. The Doctor is a character like Superman or The Lone Ranger or James Bond. It can seep into the bones, and no matter what, it affects the rest of their career.

William Hartnell was the first. A legend nowadays, and at the time he was a well-respected actor. Well, respected, at least. He had been in more than sixty movies, tons of plays (specializing in Shakespeare), and had made many appearances on TV. He had been fired a couple of times for unprofessional behavior, and he had already been typecast. He was playing the heavy in a lot of movies; even when he was in comedies, he was the tough. He was good at it, but it limited him. So, in his 50s, and just coming off a long running role in *The Army Game*, he found himself cast as The Doctor. He wasn't easy to deal with on-set, but he helped establish The Doctor as an iconic character at a time when a number of iconic film and television characters

were being created (think of Sean Connery as James Bond or Roger Moore in *The Saint*). Sadly, after his turn as the Doctor, Hartnell was too ill to do much more acting. His frail health meant that he could take a couple of small roles, but that's about it. He was in the Tenth Anniversary special, "The Three Doctors", though he couldn't do much and had to read off of cue cards.

I've only seen a few of his pre-Who performances, but they showed an actor who really understood his craft. *The Mouse that Roared* was probably the best film he was a part of, while he was at his best in *Will Any Gentleman...?* Today, almost the only thing people remember of him is as The Doctor. Which is a shame, as he was a Proper Actor!

It was Hartnell himself who recommended Patrick Troughton as his successor. They had worked together a couple of times, including in the fine film *Escape* and in theatre. One of the films that I had seen of his, the lesser-known *Phantom of the Opera*, saw him in a smallish role, but he's pretty good. A lot of what is defined as The Doctor came from Troughton's time in the role, and he was the first to have to seriously deal with a Post-Doctor career. While he had always been a genre guy, Troughton's later career featured more roles in the field, while not quite turning him into Vincent Price (or Peter Cushing/Christopher Lee, his UK equivalents). He also returned as The Doctor three times, starting another tradition.

"There's only one man in England who can take over, and that's Patrick Troughton"
William Hartnell



"I think acting is magic. If I tell you all about myself it will spoil it"
Patrick Troughton



Of course, his replacement was a fellow named Jon Pertwee. He'd worked with both Hartnell and Troughton in movies, and he likely had the biggest name ahead of taking the role. He was a vaudevillian, a cabaret performer, and had been in Navy Intelligence alongside Ian Fleming during the War. He was a solid all-around performer, and spent 18 years on popular radio show *The Navy Lark*, though his pre-Doctor peaks have to be his roles in three *Carry On...* films, and his famed Danny Kaye imitation in the film *Murder at the Windmill*. He wasn't the first choice to replace Troughton, but he really changed the way The Doctor was portrayed, as you can see everyone from Tom Baker to David Tennant in the way that Pertwee played the Doctor.

After his time as The Doctor, Pertwee had a seriously impressive career. He supposedly left to do more stage work, and various other personal reasons, and he made an excellent use of his free time. He did *Worzel Gummidge*, a series that was a big hit, and hosted a great game show called *Whodunnit?* He did a lot of voice-over, including in *SuperTed*, which was a favorite of mine when I was a kid, as well as audiobooks for Discworld. He also never fully walked away from the Doctor. He appeared a few times on the show, and even did a stage show of The Doctor. He wasn't quite typecast, but he was also not one to turn away from having held such an iconic role.

Then there was Tom Baker.

To many Americans, he was the first Doctor. He wasn't unfamiliar to American audiences, or to English audiences, either. He played Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, was great in a brief appearance in *The Canterbury Tales*. He was awesome in *The Golden Voyage*

of *Sinbad* as well.

After his seven-year turn, the longest for any Doctor, led to a number of interesting roles. He did show up as the Doctor a couple of times, notably in "The Five Doctors". In 1982, he played Sherlock Holmes which was shown in the US on A&E. He played Professor Plum on *Cluedo* (and I REALLY want to see some episodes of that!) and was incredibly active in voice-over work, including being the narrator for *Little Britain* and *Tales of Aesop*, as well as various video games.

That said, he was incredibly closely tied to *Doctor Who*, and while he's done a lot of voice-over, his other acting gigs have almost always been in the space that *Doctor Who* could be seen occupying. Roles in *The Zany Adventures of Robin Hood* and *Dungeons & Dragons*. He's had a ton of appearances on TV, but really, he'll always be *Doctor Who* to Americans, and most likely to Brits as well.

Tom Baker was of course followed by Peter Davison. I remember him from *The Tomorrow People*, and *All Creatures Great and Small*. He was probably a bigger name than any of the others who had signed on to play The Doctor, and Troughton had warned him not to play the role too long for fear of being typecast. He's done a lot of TV, and some of it as the lead. I really enjoyed him in *The Nearly Complete and Utter History of Everything* as Magellan, and he was wonderful in *At Home with the Braithwaites*. He's also never turned completely away, showing up in a couple of episodes, doing radio stories, and what I consider the best of all the *Doctor Who* stuff, "The Five(ish) Doctors!"

Next came Colin Baker. His early work was largely forgettable apart from a 3-year stint in BBC

"I decided to leave because Roger had died, Barry Letts was leaving, Terrance Dicks was leaving. I thought it looked like the end of an era and I thought, well, I may as well go."
John Pertwee



"It was so much better than real life"
Tom Baker



prime-time drama series *The Brothers* from 1974-76. His biggest role (as far as I can tell) was in *War and Peace* for the BBC. He took on The Doctor, and then after...

Television.

I don't know how it works in the UK, but there's a saying in the US - "What do you call an actor who used to make movies? You don't, unless you're casting a TV series." Of course, he worked, made a lot of TV, did a lot of stage, but never really broke out, never had a role that was anywhere near as interesting as The Doctor. In fact, looking over his resume, other than The Doctor, he's the definition of a 'Working Actor'.

Sylvester McCoy was the last traditional Doctor in the classic era. He had a long career as a performer, and a comedic performer. I am dying to find any video of his one-man show of Buster Keaton. With the possible exception of Pertwee, I'd say he had the most interesting pre-Who career.

His post-Doctor career is really interesting. He has done the audio and radio dramas, hasn't completely ignored the fact that he was the Doctor, and was brilliant in "The Five(ish) Doctors". He's also done a lot of work on stage, and also made it to the silver screen as Radagast in the *Hobbit* films. That's easily the most exposure any former Doctor has had after they left the show.

Well, any classic Doctor at least.

Paul McGann's an interesting case study. The guy had one appearance (and one short done after the fact to provide transition), and yet he's really beloved. He, more than any of the others, has made a career off of having been the Doctor. He works, a lot, but he's

always the Doctor. He really first turned heads in *The Monocled Mutineer*, which I've seen and was impressed with his work as Percy Toplis. He had a bunch of other roles, including *Empire of the Sun*. He was also played Richard Sharpe, which was the role that eventually launched Sean Bean's career!

After his one TV movie, McGann was in *Queen of the Damned*, and if you haven't seen *The Bletchley Circle*, about the codebreakers at Post Office Station during World War II, you really should look into it - he's got a decent part. He's had a couple of great roles, but he's always *Doctor Who*.

Which is something you can't say about Christopher Eccleston. He appeared in a ton of movies, including *Jude*, *Gone in 30 Seconds*, *28 Days Later*, and *The Others*. He was a big name, both in the UK (where he'd done plenty of TV), and the US. When I heard that he was playing The Doctor, I was surprised. He was a known actor, one who didn't need to be playing the Doctor, and that perhaps is the biggest change. Now it's actors who want to play an iconic role, regardless of what they've done beforehand.

After Who, Eccleston's been working, but not at the rate he was beforehand. He has more than 25 pre-Who film credits, and less than a dozen post-Doctor. He's worked, and was amazing in *GI Joe: The Rise of Cobra*. Yes, it was an awful film, but all the joy of watching it was from him. Most recently of course he showed up in the Marvel Cinematic Universe, playing evil elflord Malekith in *Thor: The Dark World*.

Unlike all the others, he's completely turned away from The Doctor. He hasn't appeared in the series, hasn't done the Audio dramas or anything. He did Who for a season, and then he was done with it.

“I prefer fiction, stories, things that are rooted in our collective traits,”
Paul McGann



I think film and television are really a director's medium, whereas theatre is the actor's medium.
Christopher Eccleston

Of course, his replacement is the modern era's version of Tom Baker. David Tennant was already a star. I first saw him (IN THE FLESH!) at Cinequest with *Bright Young Things*, and later when we showed *Traffic Warden*. I would argue that his break-out was *Casanova*, but most of the squealing young things who have become Tennant's wheelhouse first became aware of him with his role as Barty Crouch in *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*. He was excellent in everything, and even after he took over the role, he kept acting in things like *Hamlet* and *St. Trinian's 2: The Legend of Fritton's Gold*.



Peter Capaldi is the current Doctor, and he's awesome. Not only is he awesome, he's ALWAYS been awesome. I forgot that he was in *Dangerous Liaisons*, but he was amazing in *The Lair of the White Worm*. He was also great as Robert Louis Stevenson in *Early Travellers in North America*. He was working steadily, including in *Doctor Who* and *Torchwood*, until he got the call. Of course, he also had that role as Malcolm Tucker in *The Thick of It*. With a slightly older Doctor, you get more of an extended career ahead of accepting the role. And for a guy who played the single

Afterwards, he has worked so steadily it's not even funny. Movies like *Fright Night*, *United*, and *How to Train Your Dragon*, and lots of television, including the lead in *Broadchurch*. He's GIANT in the US right now, partly because he's formerly The Doctor, but more because he's got a decently hit show on US TV right now. He did come back for the best Return of the Doctor episode ever! He's done some Big Finish stuff as well, but mostly he moved away from the role

Matt Smith had a few things, most notably *Lone* (which was called *Womb* when I saw it) alongside Eva Green, before *Doctor Who* rocketed him to success. More than anyone else, he was launched by *Who*. Since he left, which is really close, he's only had one big film role, opposite Christina Hendricks in Ryan Gosling's *Lost River*, plus a couple of well-regarded TV dramas. Still, it looks like he's lined up for a real career after *Who* - starting with a role in *Terminator: Genisys* due for release next year.

most foul-mouthed character in the history of television, he's brought something new to the Doctor.

Most of the Doctors have managed to avoid being typecast. Several have used their post-Doctor time to reset their career, and others have slowed down. It makes sense. Even if people don't forever tie you to the role, it has to change you.

The art for this article comes from Michael The Pure and his series of The Doctor as Tim Burton might envision them!

<http://michaelthepure.deviantart.com>

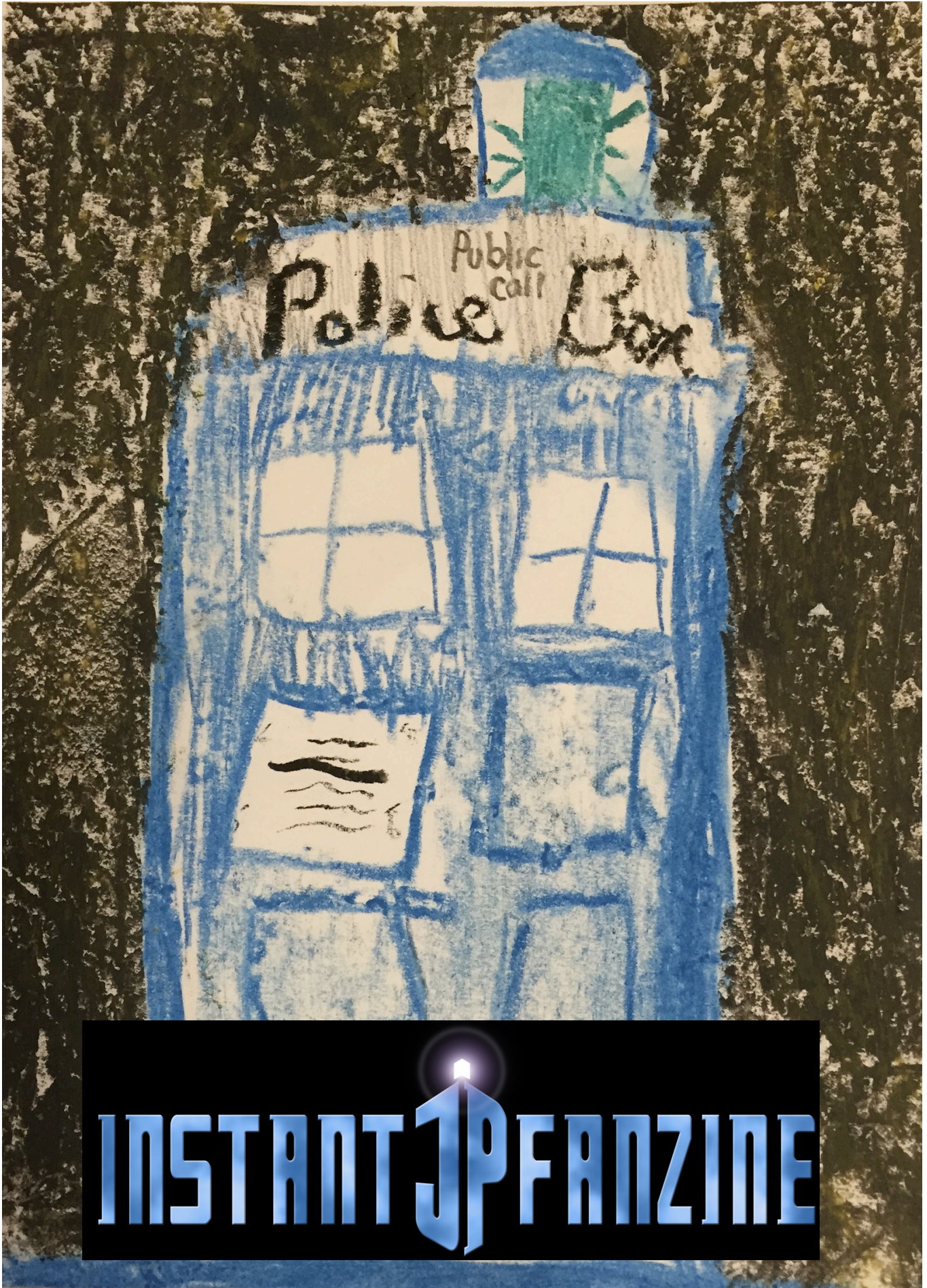
"The bad guys probably get the better lines, don't they? And they wear less spandex. That would be quite good."

David Tennant



"I don't mind being stereotyped as angry - it's good to have a job."

Peter Capaldi



INSTANT J P FANZINE

“I used to love *Doctor Who*. Then I grew up. Now, I appreciate *Doctor Who*.”
Jay Crasdan



“The Doctor is what we all wish we were. His companions are what we all think we are.”
Chris Garcia

WHO AUTHORS WRITE

CAN YOU TELL US A BIT ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCE WRITING FOR THE CHARACTER?

Simon Clark

I wrote *The Dalek Factor* for Telos. It was a novella that would become part of the Telos *Doctor Who* range. When David Howe asked if I'd like to write a novella my first instinct was to say "no". I love *Doctor Who* but was nervous about writing a story. I didn't know at this point that David had managed to secure the rights to using the Daleks. This was over ten years ago and the Daleks hadn't appeared either in print or on TV in years. So, David asked me to write a *Doctor Who* novella. I said "no." He said "You can have Daleks." And I said "YES!" How could I turn *Doctor Who* AND the Daleks down. I was still nervous about writing a *Doctor Who* story. I didn't want to muck it up. I felt the pressure of writing for such a legendary character. But once I got into writing the story I loved it.

Eoin Colfer

I wanted to try to do something different for the First Doctor- i.e. something that he might have done had the technology been available for TV back in the day. So I did a kind of full on bombastic adventure with an elderly Doctor trapped in the middle. It was fun to write.

Paul McAuley

I was asked to write a story about the Eighth Doctor, who'd appeared on TV only in that failed UK/US pilot. And because my brief was to go with the TV character rather than other spinoffs, I had a fairly free hand to extend his swashbuckling character.

Kim Newman

I wrote *Time and Relative: The Diary of Susan Foreman* for Telos Books' line of novellas. I was going to follow up with *Dimensions in Space: The Memoirs of the Master* but the line got cancelled owing to the BBC clawing back the rights so they could make the revived series.

“When they made this particular hero, they didn't give him a gun, they gave him a screw-driver to fix things.”
Stephen Moffatt



You hope that if you get a chance to do “*Doctor Who*” it will be as something memorable and iconic and not someone who pops in and out of a scene”
Mark Gatiss

Lance Parkin

I started by pitching to the Virgin New Adventures, back in the mid-1990s. Those were books being read by hardcore fans of the show, and that allowed us all to play around with the form and the conventions of the series. The TV series was off the air, and there was a sense that *Doctor Who* deserved to be bigger and bolder than it had been in its last few years. The Doctor is a great character, someone who uses his wits, someone who can be playful or quite vicious. You have to come up with smart situations to be a match for him. I started writing for the Seventh Doctor who, in the books at least, was half-Hobbit, half-Hannibal.

Alastair Reynolds

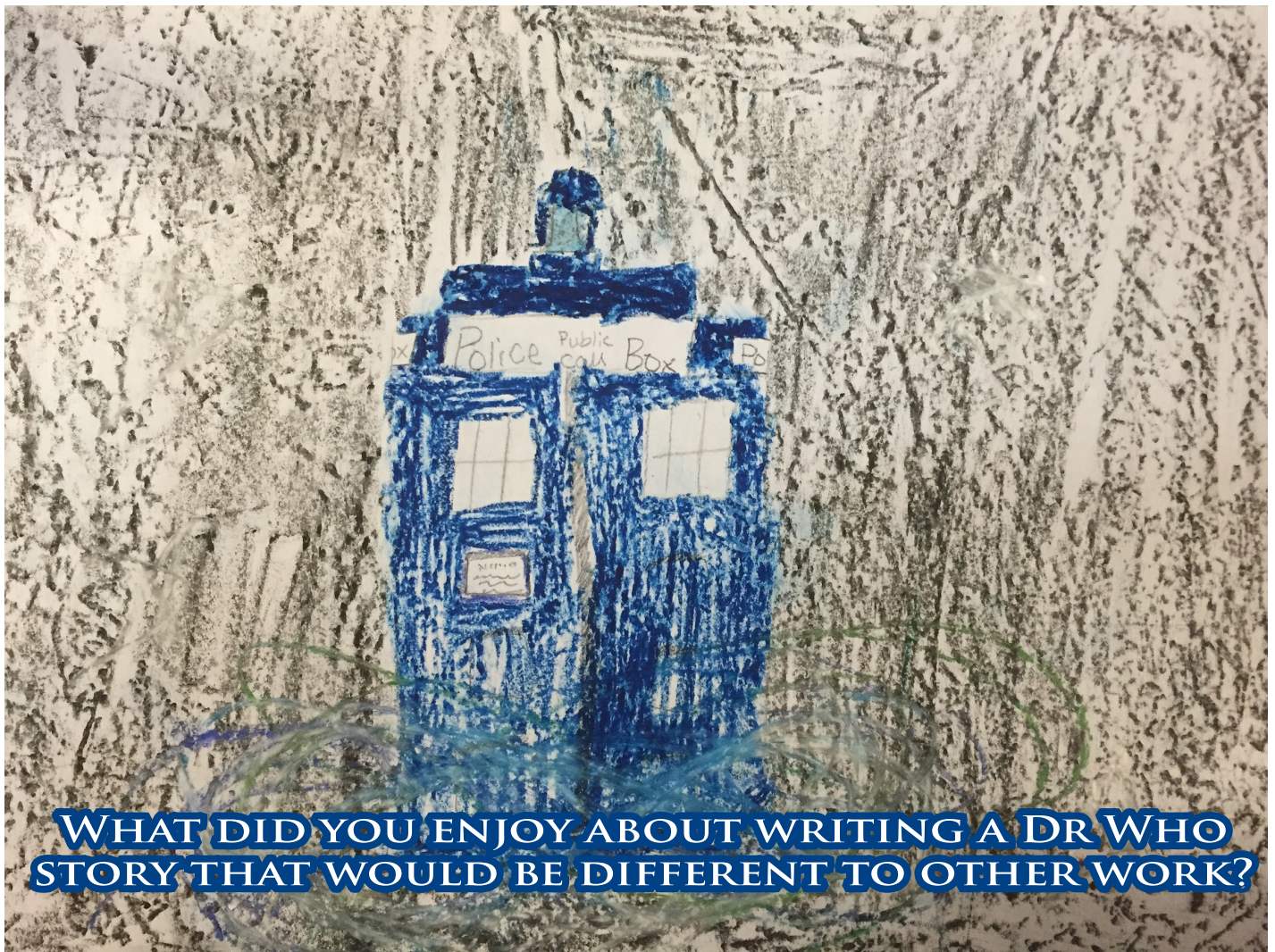
It was very positive. I was invited to write a spin-off novel featuring a Doctor of my choice, part of a new line of BBC books by writers not previously associated with Who, and as it happened, no one had yet nabbed Jon Pertwee. I next asked if I could set it in the Jo Grant era, and include the Master as a significant character. There was a certain amount of to-ing and fro-ing with regard to the basic storyline, but once I got the green light, it was relatively straightforward. It took longer than I expected, but I can't say any part of it wasn't enjoyable. The main difficulty was deciding whether to do an Earth-bound UNIT-type story, or go further afield in time and space - if you've read the book you'll know that I tried to do both within the same novel.



“Books. People never really stop loving books.”
The Doctor - “Silence in the Library”



“By now you’ve got holovids, direct-to-brain downloads, fiction mist. But you need the smell. The smell of books.”
The Doctor - “Silence in the Library”



WHAT DID YOU ENJOY ABOUT WRITING A DR WHO STORY THAT WOULD BE DIFFERENT TO OTHER WORK?

Simon Clark

I've written plenty of horror novels -- *Darker, Blood Crazy* and so on -- but this was my first *Doctor Who* story. To a certain extent plenty already existed that I didn't have to create, such as Thals, the Doctor and Daleks. What I really enjoyed was setting myself the challenge of making the Daleks scary again.

By that time they were treated as joke can't-get-upstairs machines. I thought to myself: You've got the chance to bring them back. Make them powerful. Make them frightening. MAKE THEM AWESOME!

Eoin Colfer

It was nice to step out of my own characters into someone else's. There is a lot of pressure when you do something like that but I thrive on pressure like that. I always feel I have something to prove. How successful I was I don't know.

Paul McAuley

The tremendous freedom the TARDIS gives the writer. You can travel from Raj-era India to a world orbiting a black hole and it makes perfect sense because that's what the TARDIS does.

Kim Newman

I picked a minor (but important) character in the overall franchise and tried to get more out of her than the show had -- mostly because Susan (The Doctor's granddaughter from the very first series) was never a viewpoint character (the show started out being about her teachers and then shifted focus to The Doctor) and partly because the interesting performance and character (the unearthly child of the first episode) weren't well served by most of the serials in the '60s. I used sinister snowmen as the menace, which has showed up on the TV show since -- though I think mine were scarier. Because my novella was set before the show started, I didn't have to worry too much about continuity, and so I had a free hand to develop the character's voice in ways that interested me.

“You want weapons? We're in a library. Books are the best weapon in the world.”
The Doctor - “Tooth and Claw”



“At best, *Doctor Who* is a fairytale, with fairytale logic, about this wonderful man in this big blue box, who at the beginning of every story lands somewhere there's a problem.”

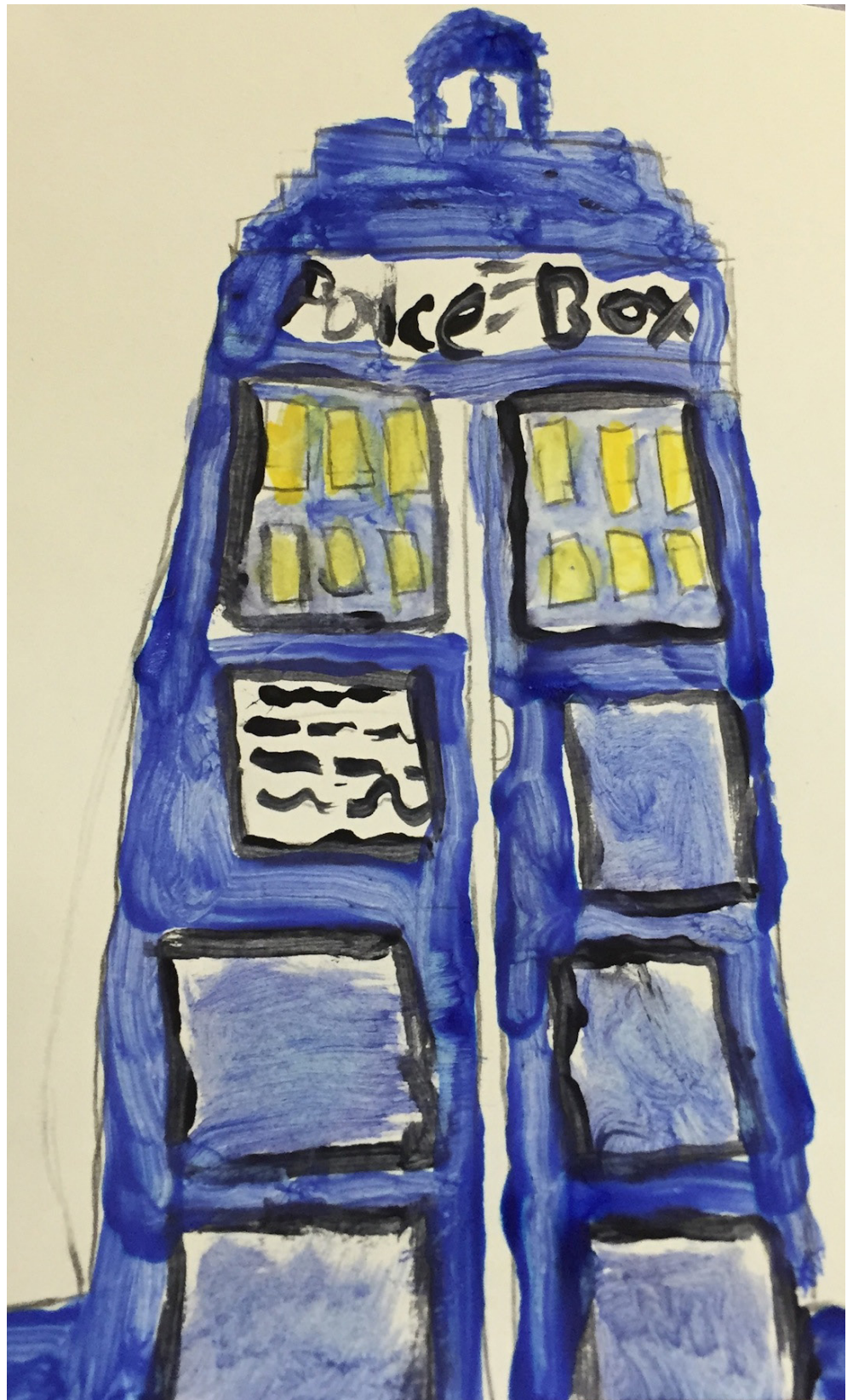
Neil Gaiman

Lance Parkin

The huge advantage is that the format lets you literally do anything at all, write in any genre, go anywhere. But it also gives you a few characters the audience know and like. So it has all the advantages of an anthology, and all the advantages of a soap opera, with a remit where the whole point is to do something radically different from last time. So my first one was a grim novel about the Nazi Occupation of the Channel Islands, with little to no science fiction elements, but the second one was a *2000AD*-style eighties cartoony space opera. It's a beautiful format for a writer, one where you can play whichever notes you want. Delve into the complexities of the backstory, ignore the backstory, actively contradict the backstory. Whatever move you make, it's a legal move. No one stands there going 'you can't do that in *Doctor Who*', because that's oxymoronic.

Alastair Reynolds

Two or three things - first, it was fun to use existing characters and not have to make them up from scratch. I also enjoyed being able to set parts of the book in the UK, in the typical grey and gloomy settings that I associate with the UNIT era. I played deliberately fast and loose with the time setting - it's not quite the early 1970s, as we see desktop computers, albeit quite crude in nature. But then there's this whole fan argument that the UNIT stories really take place in the 1980s anyway, since they have BBC3, a UK space program and so on. Finally, it was nice to be able to get a bit of humour into the character interactions.

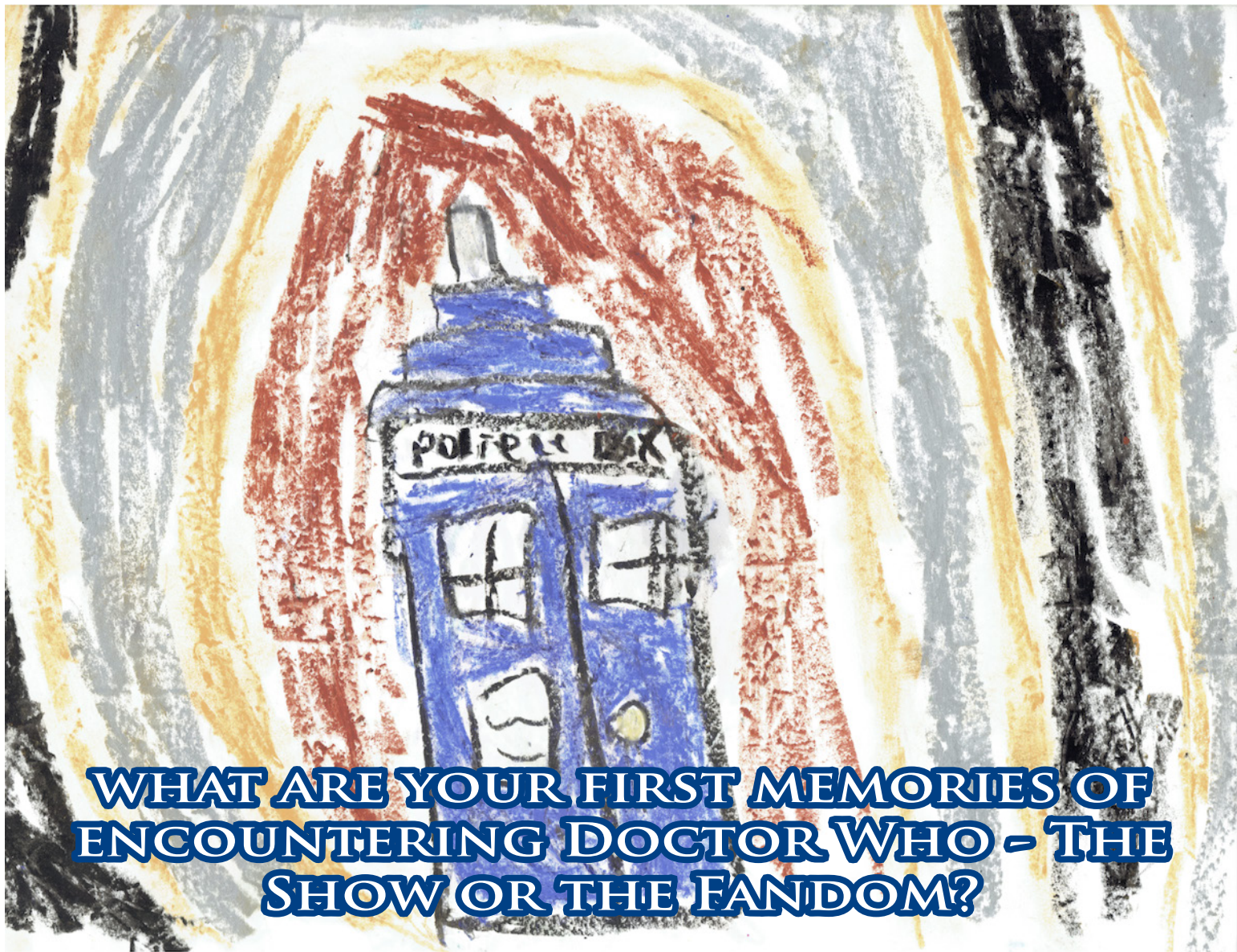


“We're all stories, in the end. Just make it a good one, eh?”
The Doctor - “The Big Bang”



“It is a thrilling story, and we know this book will be one of the most popular published in the Armada series. Can you wait any longer?
Start reading!”

blurb for *Doctor Who and The Daleks*



WHAT ARE YOUR FIRST MEMORIES OF ENCOUNTERING DOCTOR WHO - THE SHOW OR THE FANDOM?

Simon Clark

Now I reveal my age. I watched the first ever *Doctor Who* in glorious black and white. I was five years old and I was hooked. I watched them all.

Eoin Colfer

My first encounters were not from the TV show (which I did not see until recently) but through the spin-off books which my cousin would bring from Liverpool every summer. He would bring a case full of sci-fi every year which we would read until they were in tatters. I had never really encountered the fandom until the story was released and the fans made their opinions felt. The reaction was I suppose a Marmite kind of thing: love or hate.

Paul McAuley

I saw the very first episode when it was broadcast, 23 November 1963.

Kim Newman

The first episode I saw was 'World's End', part I of "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" in 1964 – we didn't have a television set, and I saw it at my grandmother's house. I suspect my sister and I must have nagged our parents about wanting to follow the story, because they bought their first TV set only a few days later. I'm of the generation that grew up with the show in its first three and a half incarnations – I tuned out about the time they brought the tin dog in. *Doctor Who* - like Gerry Anderson's shows, Marvel Comics, Tintin, The Beatles and *The Avengers* – was a hugely influential, formative presence in the media landscape

Holly Black is possibly the best. Author. Ever. Who wrote the best. Book. Ever. Which is this book. This book is the best. Book. Ever.



Why, you say? She managed to make a book about galactic space coffee, a winged Godzilla, and the Doctor. - Review of *Doctor Who: Lights Out* by The Bookend Family

of my 1960s and '70s childhood. I've never been part of organised or even informal fandom, but I did write the BFITV Classic on the show.

Lance Parkin

My first memory is the pterodactyl attacking Jon Pertwee in "Invasion of the Dinosaurs", but I might have seen that as a clip, rather than in the episode. My first firm memory is the time tunnel thingy in "Pyramids of Mars", a sort of Technicolor swirly video effect. *Doctor Who* fandom ... I honestly don't know how I knew there was a *Doctor Who* fandom. I was never much of a part of organised fan stuff. I've been to five conventions over twenty years; two as a guest, the other three because they were in Manchester, where I lived. I was always friends with other people who liked the show, 'fans' in the sense we read the novelisations and loved the TV show. I read *Doctor Who Weekly* from the first issue.

Alastair Reynolds

The show, early in the Pertwee era, although I don't remember the first season. I didn't have any notion of fandom as such. But there was a lot of merchandise around - Dalek wallpaper, *Doctor Who* chocolate bars, and so on. All of that rubbed off on me. I didn't really start following the storylines until somewhat later in the Pertwee adventures, and of course in those days it was easy to miss episodes, entire stories and so on. Catching up on the adventures on DVD has been a really instructive exercise in the fallibility of memory! I hadn't seen "The Mutants" since it was first transmitted, but - while I didn't remember which story they came from - I had very clear visual memories of part of it. The only story from the Pertwee era that I haven't yet seen - and may never have seen - is "The Time Monster", which I'm reliably assured isn't that good. Oddly, I have a clear memory of a scene from a Pertwee story which I've yet to rediscover. Perhaps it'll turn up in "The Time Monster", when I finally track down a copy.



“When I was a child, my favorite story was about a man who lived forever, but whose eyes were heavy with all he had seen.”
Amy Pond - :A Town Called Mercy”



The Doctor: Professor, how many books did you bring back, for heaven's sake?
Professor Chronotis: Just the odd two or seven.
From "Shara"



DO YOU HAVE FAVOURITE STORY OR EPISODE - WHICH, AND WHY?

Simon Clark

Of the classic *Doctor Who* I'd have to say virtually everything with Patrick Troughton.

Eoin Colfer

Since I have started watching I think I enjoyed the episode "Rose" from the modern era in which we newbies were represented by Rose as she was recruited by The Doctor, so we felt the initiation was for us too.

Paul McAuley

My favourite Doctor is Patrick Troughton's, but as far as story goes I go with the Tom Baker classic "The Wheel in Space". It has an antique space station, cryogenics, an alien insect that lays its eggs in human bodies and transforms them, and people recolonising Earth, the SFX are pretty good considering the miniscule budget, and it takes everything seriously.

Kim Newman

"The Time Robber" – the Patrick Troughton story set in the Land of Fiction, which might well have informed a great deal of my own work.

Lance Parkin

I really don't. There's so much of it, and I like almost all of it a lot. The novel of "Human Nature", if I have to pick one. At the time, it was so out there; such a bold stab at what a *Doctor Who* story might be, in the best of all possible futures, a version of *Doctor Who* where there were big ideas, that cut into the way the series itself worked, and which was a story about human beings and how they reacted to the encounters with the alien and the strange. And then many years later, they made it for TV, and it fit right in.

Alastair Reynolds

I think "The Robots of Death" is particularly splendid, and it does stand up to scrutiny. Great set and costume design, passable effects, brilliant robots. Not one of the scariest, but very effective. From the Pertwee era, I might have to single out "The Green Death", if only because it was the ONLY thing anyone was talking about in the playground the day after.

○ "I haven't got any books. That's to say, I've got plenty of books. What book would you like?"
Professor Chronotis - "Shara"



→ "That is enigmatic. That is-- That is textbook enigmatic."
The Doctor - "The New Earth"



IF YOU COULD DO ANYTHING WITH THE TV SERIES, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

Simon Clark

Just over ten years ago the BBC brought back *Doctor Who* in an animated form with “Scream of the Shalka”. I was given the opportunity to script the follow-up story, which would have been “Blood of the Robots”. I’d written four episodes before news broke that the live-action *Doctor Who* would be returning. Of course, Richard E Grant would conflict with the new series so “Blood of the Robots” never saw the light of an alien day. It will never happen, I know that, but sometimes I daydream that my “Blood of the Robots” story is filmed with Peter Capaldi starring. There will be a distant planet, which is a giant robot scrapyard (and, yes, the episodes were written before *Wall-E*). I’d sit down, the theme-tune will play, and then there will be a small robot scuttling across the planet’s surface. And something monstrous will be following...

Just for the fun of it here are the opening lines of episode one of “Blood of the Robots”:-

I. EXT.VORADA - NIGHT

UNASSIGNED CAMERA LONG SHOT. Vorada: Desolate. No vegetation. Purple rocks beneath a weird sky streaked with fiery reds that are ominous portents of danger in their own right. In the sky a green-blue Earth-like world hangs. But this is not Earth as there is another huge world with rings that, although only possessing a ghostly appearance, is visible close by. Even though it is night, with deep shadows cast by rocks, that fantastic sky sheds enough light to see what is happening.

Unassigned camera is, in fact, the predator. It finds a little robot that limps through the desert; it’s a neglected machine, lost in a cruel landscape.

Eoin Colfer

I would love to see my evil patchwork aliens The Soul Pirates used in an episode. That would be a dream come true.

“These books are from your future. If you read ahead, it will spoil all the surprises. Like peeping at the end.”
The Doctor - “Silence in the Library”



“The Library. So big it doesn’t need a name, just a great big “The”.”
The Doctor - “Silence in the Library”

Paul McAuley

Extend stories that could benefit from it across a second episode.

Kim Newman

Bring back the Delia Derbyshire Radiophonic arrangement of the title music. Because none of the subsequent versions have been as good.

Lance Parkin

I love the current iteration of the TV show, I love the level of success it's enjoyed, the fact that it's now just part of mainstream culture, that it's easily the biggest TV drama on the planet. They're doing a good job, I could not come close to doing a better one. So ... if I had a role in steering the show, I'd look to beef up the science - if you have a black hole in it, talk to some black hole experts - and I'd love to see some historical stories that were a little more ... historical. Researched insights into the periods, not just pageants. So, make the show more educational. Which sounds so dry, but isn't at all. A show like *Doctor Who* is a perfect way to expose people of all ages to big, bold things they've not seen before.

Alastair Reynolds

I'd reposition The Doctor as a man of science - a questioning, skeptical figure. That's almost totally absent now, and I think the series is weaker for it. I'd give the stories more room to breathe. You can't expect us to form an emotional investment in characters we only met 20 minutes ago. The older series understand that well - we weren't expected to follow these swooping, melodramatic character arcs. Crime drama gives its players the space to work, so why not SF? I'd make it properly scary again, which it still can be, but not as often as I'd like. I'd ban all new Cybermen stories - they've ruined them as an effective monster - and the Daleks are in danger of going the same way. I'm particularly cross about the Cybermen!

I sound like I'm knocking it, but they get a lot of stuff right. I still tune in and hope for the best.



“Unless you're British, in which case loving *Doctor Who* comes as naturally as loving *Seinfeld* does to Americans.”
The Rotten Library



“There will never come a time when we don't need a hero like the Doctor.”
Stephen Moffatt



“The Doctor symbolizes the best values of British life. Eccentricity, the creative amateur, and civilization.”
The Brigadier - *The Virgin New Adventures*



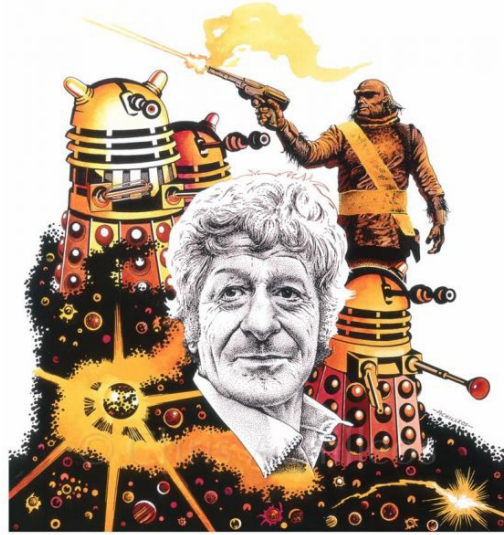
“The world would be a poorer place without
Doctor Who.”
Steven Spielberg



“ History books tell us who we used to be, documentaries tell us who we are now, but heroes tell us who we want to be.”
Stephen Moffatt



“There’s a bloke in it called the Doctor and there will be stuff wrong and he will do his best to sort it out and he will probably succeed cos he’s awesome. Now sit down, shut up, and watch “Blink”.”
Neil Gaiman



ON TARGET! - THE WHOVIAN ART OF CHRIS ACHILLEOS BY COLIN HARRIS

Target's novelisations of classic *Doctor Who* stories were an integral part of many people's experience to the show (not only in the UK, but in the US too; Jim Mann's article in this issue notes how his first proper exposure to *Who* was not through the TV series but through Pinnacle's reprints, complete with Harlan Ellison introductions!).

To understand just how important a role these books played, we need to understand a couple of things. Firstly, there were a LOT of these books. Between 1973 and 1991, Target produced a novelisation of almost every serial (only 5 were omitted) - that is over 140 books by the time the series went off air in 1989.

Secondly, for much of this time - certainly through the 1970s and into the 1980s - this was the only way many people could experience the earlier stories. VCRs only took off properly in the 1980s; only a handful of serials were available to buy (see http://tardis.wikia.com/wiki/List_of_BBC_VHS_releases); and there were no re-runs (at least that I remember). Lastly of course, for book lovers there's nothing so tempting as collecting a long running series (ideally with matched covers, and options for sorting by TV broadcast date, book publication date, title, spine colour ... you name it).

And within this mass of volumes, it's the iconic covers of Chris Achilleos that many people remember best. In fact Chris provided "only" 28 covers... but there's a great fondness for these images with many of the Target readers. (See for instance Joe Gordon's blog at <http://www.forbiddenplanet.co.uk/blog/2013/books-a-nostalgic-look-back-at-those-target-doctor-who-books/>).

Over the page you'll find a nostalgic spread of the best of these covers. But how did they come about?

Origins

Chris Achilleos established himself in the illustration field in the early 1970s at a time when science fiction and fantasy were expanding markets in the UK and UK editions were being published with new covers painted by British artists.

After a period of pitching himself to various publishers, Chris was taken on as a full-time illustrator by Brian Boyle whose studio had the account for Tandem (who in turn established Target). This was great experience for a young artist, and Chris worked on dozens of covers ranging from Westerns to militaria and historical fantasy as well as SF and horror. When Target were starting up the *Who* novelisations,

The fact that it is a profoundly delightful blow against the cruelty of "the way things are."
Phil Sandifer, *TARDIS Eruditorium*



"One hour, but every episode is bigger on the inside."
Matt Yates

Brian invited Chris to have a go at the first cover - which was for *Doctor Who and the Zarbi*. There was no grand plan, and Chris was only given a couple of black and white shots as references to work from, but the BBC (and Target) loved the style, and that was that...

Style and Substance

Most of the covers feature The Doctor in black and white with the rest of the image in colour. This reflected Chris's love of comic art - including Frank Bellamy, who was producing Who drawings for the *Radio Times*, and Jack Kirby.

By Chris's own admission, some work better than others, of course; inevitably, as another was needed every month alongside Chris's other commitments. (Most of the covers were done in less than five days). Chris's own favourites include *Genesis of the Daleks* and *The Ice Warriors*. *The Three Doctors* was inspired directly by a Kirby cover for *Fantastic Four*.

A Secret Success

Today, Chris's images are widely appreciated within the *Who* community and his work has been featured in magazines including *Doctor Who Monthly* and *SFX*. He has also produced new images in the same style as the classic covers, often for private commissions. Patrick Troughton remains his favourite Doctor to paint - both original and recent work can be seen on Chris's website at <http://www.chrisachilleos.co.uk/>.

Ironically, back in the 1970s nobody told Chris how well the Target books were doing (he wonders if they were afraid he's want a pay rise!). In fact the novelisations were keeping Tandem afloat at the time, and the only clue Chris had was when a junior editor mentioned the covers were getting fan mail!

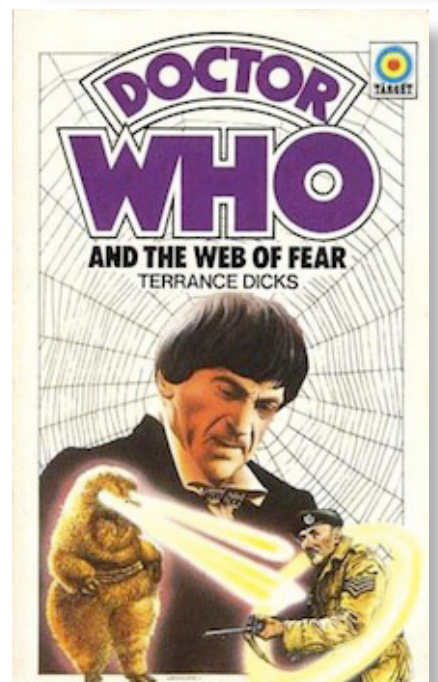
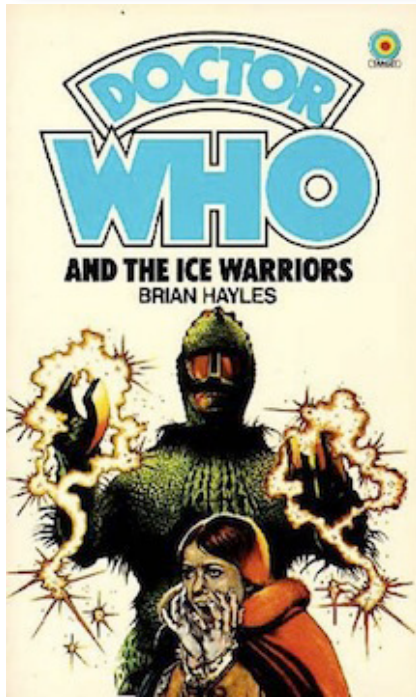
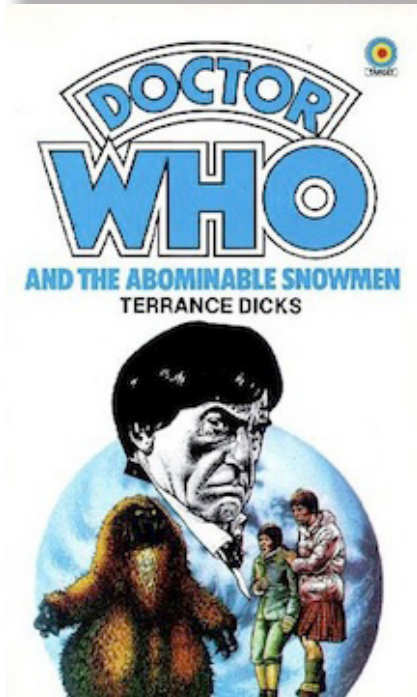
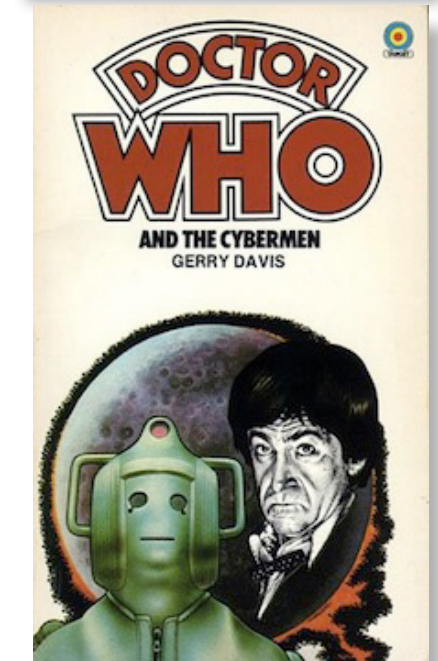
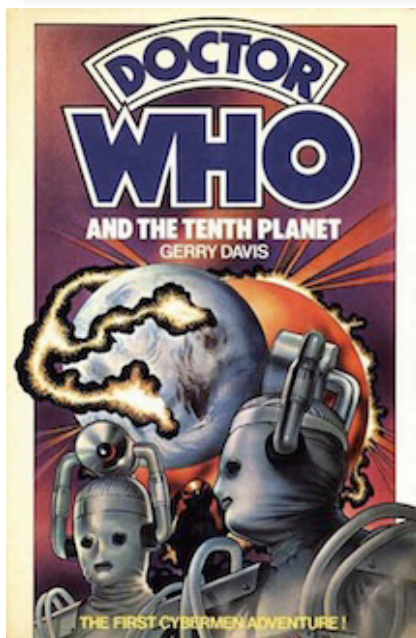
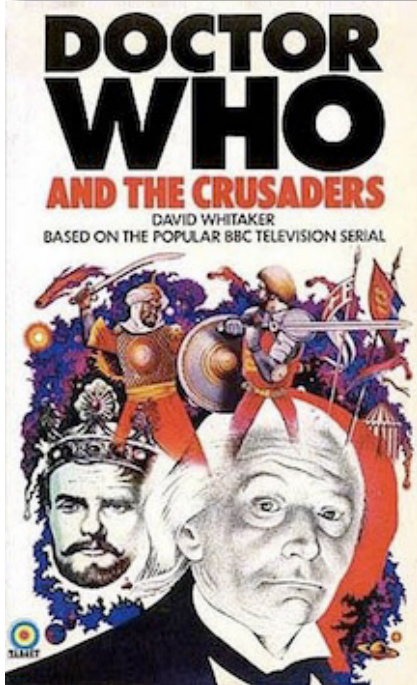
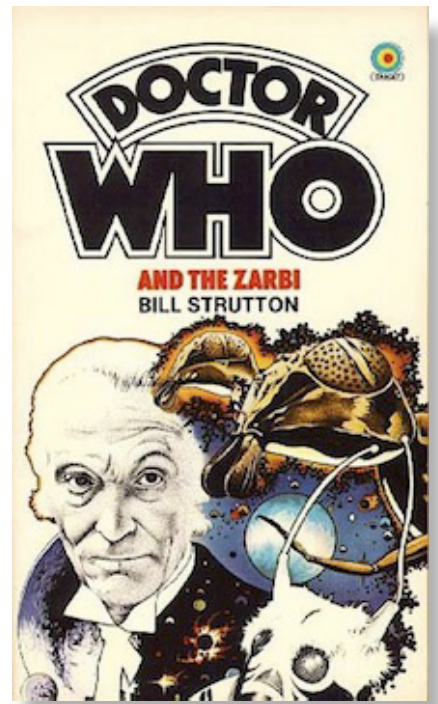
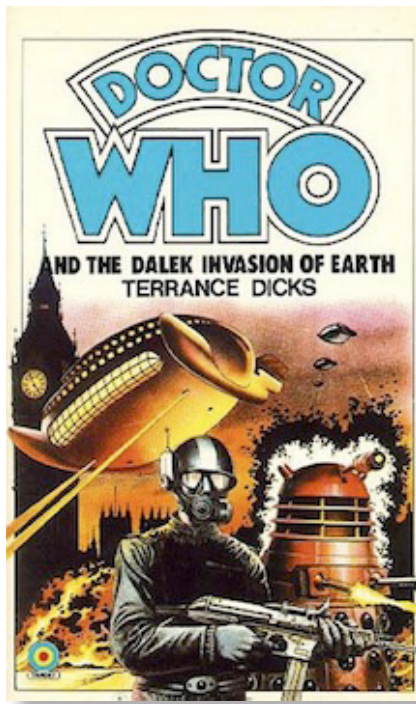
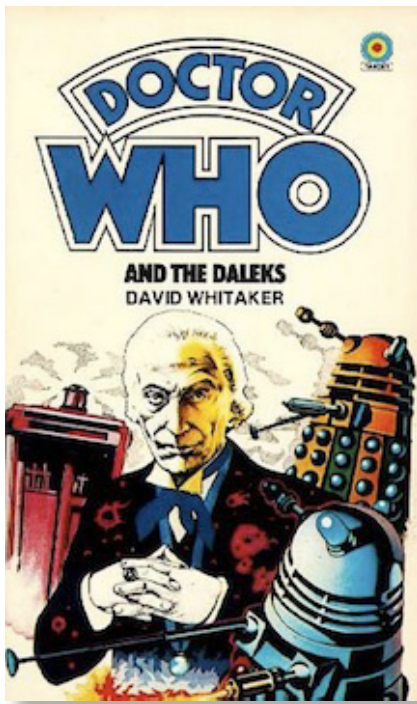
Chris's final cover for the original run was for *The Ark in Space*. The end came through a disagreement over rights, which led Chris to walk away disheartened to focus on his other work. Thankfully Chris's appreciation for the show has returned, as he says "I love so much about it - the concept of time travel, the idea of the living TARDIS, the regenerating Doctor idea..." And as for Peter Capaldi's latest incarnation? "I really haven't seen enough of the new Doctor to have a strong opinion!" says Chris. "But I do like the change from a young Doctor to a more mature one - back to the original formula".

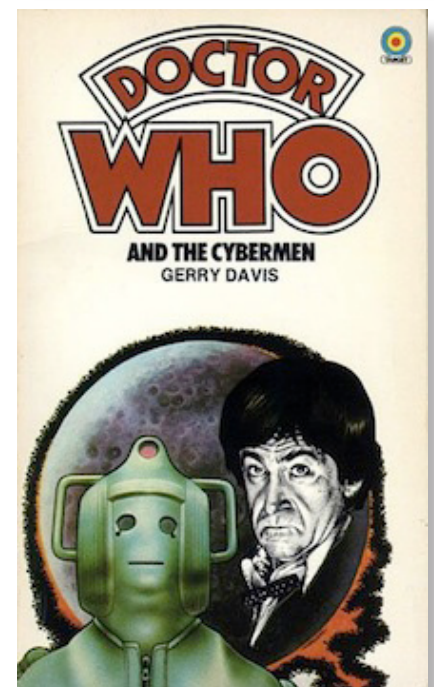
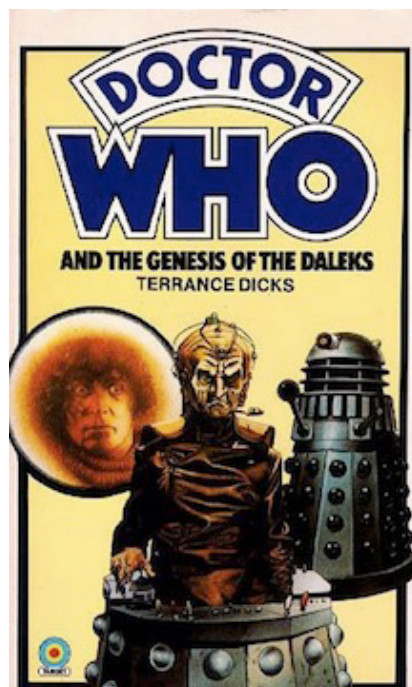
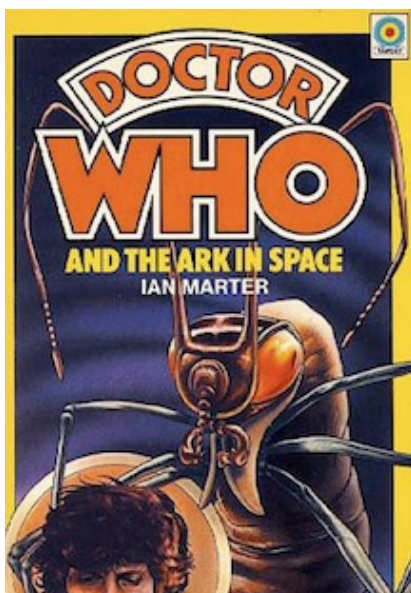
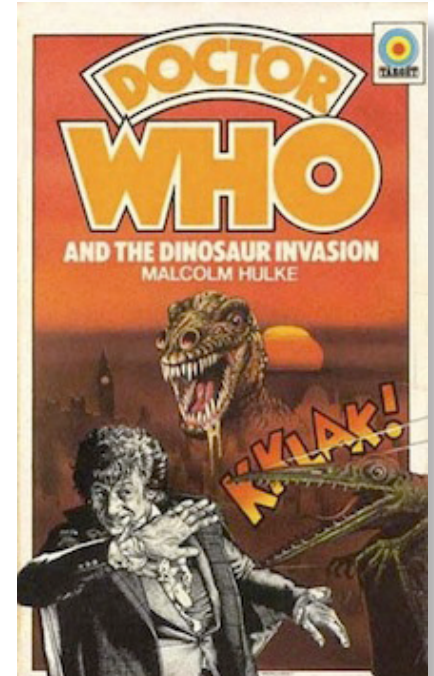
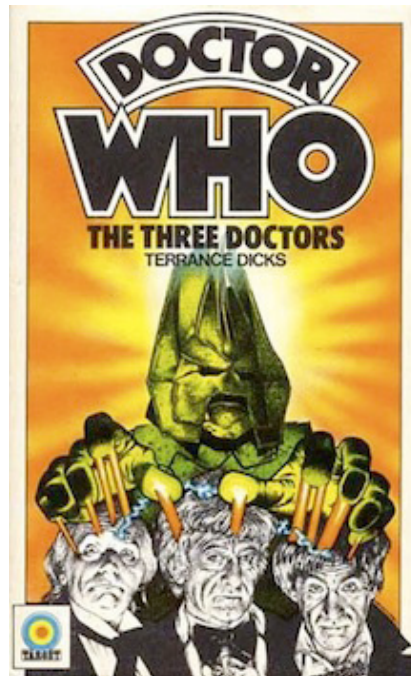
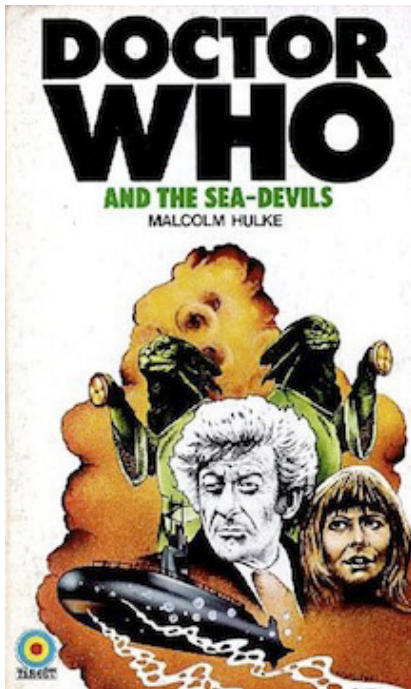
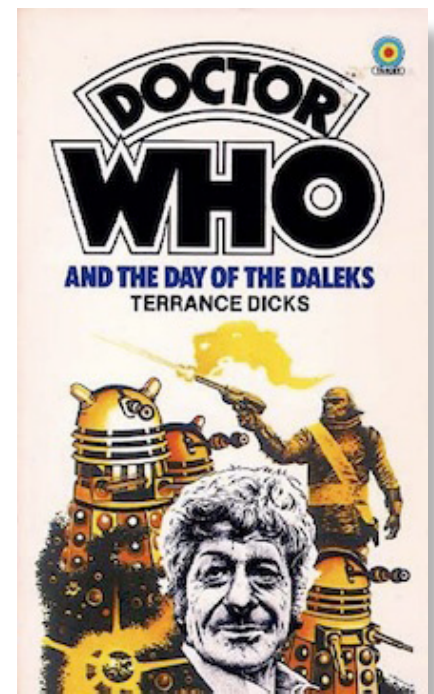
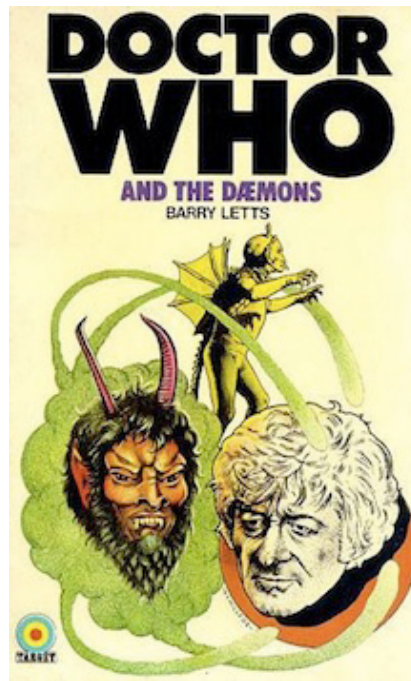
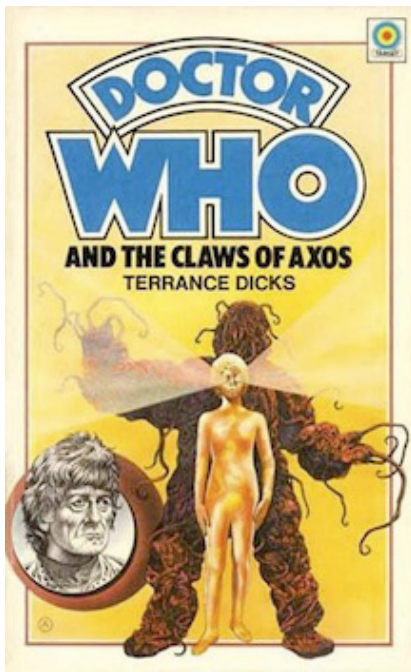


“That’s the trouble with regeneration. You never quite know what you’re going to get.”
The Doctor, “Castrovalva”



“Oh, marvelous. You’re going to kill me. What a finely-tuned response to the situation.”
Fifth Doctor, “Frontios”







The history of Doctor Who fandom in the United Kingdom is a sometimes tortured one. No whole history has yet been attempted – unsurprisingly, given that documentary material is scattered between a number of private collections and archives and few early fan publications made their way into legal deposit libraries. This article provides a selective and impressionistic outline of events and trends before 1990.

The Earliest Days

Doctor Who had an enthusiastic audience participating in what we might now recognise as fan activity from the beginning. Its content, fiercely futuristic in its context and making innovative use of image and sound even in its historical stories, inspired several viewers who had access to reel-to-reel tape machines to record the soundtracks. The first of these seems to have been John de Rivaz, an enthusiast whose copies begin with the first episode, “An Unearthly Child”. Other collections begun in the first year of the programme included those by Graham Strong, David Holman and Ian Levine. These home-recorded tapes would later prove invaluable

when it was learned in the late 1970s that they were the only known recordings of many episodes to survive after the BBC had wiped the original videotapes and destroyed their known film recordings.

What survives of correspondence received by the Doctor Who office in its early years suggests that viewers felt a direct relationship with the programme. Letters expressed love for the series and often contained elaborate theories about characters and situations. One carefully-coloured picture from a child showed the Beatles in the guise of Daleks, and in 1964 one year group in a girls’ boarding school sent in their Christmas party menu closely influenced by the plots and settings of the series. Correspondence

“I’m not helping...officially. And if anyone happens to ask whether I made any material difference to the welfare of this planet, you can tell them I came and went like a summer cloud.”
The Doctor - “Frontios”



“I owe it to my friend to try because I got her into this! So you see, I’m not gonna let you stop me now!”
The Doctor, - “The Caves of Androzani”

sometimes received detailed replies from an intrigued and patient producer or story editor, but there was no central impetus or method for creating a network of enthusiasts. While *Blue Peter* was building up viewer relationships through a dedicated correspondence system, *Doctor Who* was family drama rather than a children's magazine, and had enough demands on its budget without setting up the kind of secretariat *Blue Peter* came to enjoy.

Fan Clubs

While some viewers were busy sending the production office speculation, story ideas, critiques of the science and history displayed in the programme and *Doctor Who*-themed recipes, others were concentrating on the actors, particularly the lead, and the first fan club reflected this in its name, the "William (*Doctor Who*) Hartnell Fan Club", established in 1965 and run by an unknown organiser in Hanley, Stoke on Trent. It helped the production office with the task of sending out signed photographs of cast members, supplemented by typed duplicated newsletters with information about their other roles as well as brief details about upcoming storylines. In late 1966 or

1967, the club was taken over by Larry Leake and Philip Jon Oliver, who changed the name of the club to "The *Doctor Who* Fan Club", showing the focus was on the programme rather than its former lead actor, now replaced by Patrick Troughton. They began to print member contributions in regular newsletters which kept readers slightly ahead of developments on screen. However, during 1969 Leake and Oliver's musical careers apparently took more and more of their time and with *Doctor Who* off-air for six months in the second half of 1969, the longest period ever at that point, the frequency of the newsletter suffered and its content changed to feature *Doctor Who*'s replacement in the summer and autumn schedules, the first UK run of *Star Trek*. Following criticism from members, they handed over to one of their most regular correspondents over the previous two years, teenager Graham Tattersall. Tattersall established a good working relationship with the production office regarding official photographs and news, and supplied members with two publications – a newsletter concentrating on *Doctor Who*, and a slightly more substantial fanzine featuring *Doctor Who*, *Star Trek* and other content such as UFOlogy reports. However, the cost of producing



“Rest is for the weary, sleep is for the dead. I feel like a hungry man eager for the feast!”
The Doctor - “Attack of the Cybermen”



“Planets come and go. Stars perish. Matter disperses, coalesces, forms into other patterns, other worlds. Nothing can be eternal.”
The Doctor - “The Trial of a Time Lord: The Mysterious Planet”

these titles was substantial. Tattersall was reliant on his workplace's goodwill for the use of their duplicating equipment but had to pay for materials, and the burden contributed to Tattersall relinquishing the club towards the end of 1971.

Keith Miller wrote to the production office and asked to take over, and was recognised as Tattersall's successor by production secretary Sarah Newman. Miller's *Doctor Who* Fan Club is the first to be well-documented, not least because Keith himself aimed to keep all his correspondence and publications and made his archive available in two books published in 2012 and 2013. As with the previous handover, there was no institutional continuity beyond a membership list – subscriptions had to be raised from scratch and relations built up with the production office. In 1971 Miller was just thirteen, a few years younger than Tattersall. He was a member of the official Marvel Comics fan club and used this as a model for reaching out to *Doctor Who* fans. He replaced the newsletter with *The Doctor Who Fan Club Monthly*, effectively the first purely *Doctor Who* fanzine, which first appeared in February 1972. Initially painfully printed by Keith at home using a silk screen printer, this was later duplicated by the *Doctor Who* production office, Keith's stencils being sent from his home in Edinburgh via the BBC's internal mail to London. Keith visited recordings several times and interviewed actors and production staff. He reviewed each story as it went out and encouraged readers to send in their reviews for publication. He also anticipated, correctly, that fans had an interest in the history of the programme and from his first issue published adaptations of earlier adventures expanded from synopses provided by Sarah Newman, though when the incumbent third Doctor, Jon Pertwee, discovered this he insisted that Miller concentrate on current adventures.

Although Miller characterised his venture as a 'club for kids' there were growing numbers of teenage and older fans seeking an outlet. These included Stuart Money and John Hudson, who launched a rival 'official' fan club within months of Keith, ignoring letters from the production office, but focusing on and winning the support of Jon Pertwee. Another was Peter Capaldi, who wrote to the production office arguing that he could run the club better than Keith Miller; Capaldi was appeased with scripts and studio plans from the 1972 story "The Mutants", fuelling the course which would take him to his acting career and the role of the Doctor itself over forty years later.

Expansion in the 1970s

Fan interest was encouraged by *Doctor Who*'s renewed public profile under Jon Pertwee and by publications such as the first edition of *The Making of Doctor Who* in 1972, the *Radio Times Doctor Who Tenth Anniversary Special* in 1973 and the launch of the novelisations by Target Books the same year. *Doctor Who* was by now already a television institution which knowingly drew on its history, and the older fans were its curators, passing on the lore to a new generation with the approval and co-operation of the production office. The series' then-producer, Barry Letts, was an avuncular and patient figure who seems to have put up with being phoned at home by curious fans. Many of those who sent contributions to Keith's fanzine would become the big name *Doctor Who* fans of the next decade and beyond. Meanwhile Keith became the first *Doctor Who* fan to cross over into professional writing, contributing a story to World Distributors' *Doctor Who* annual in 1974.

1974 brought a change of Doctors and a change of producers. Tom Baker was more mercurial than the publicity-friendly Jon Pertwee, while Philip Hinchcliffe was thirty (twenty years younger than Barry Letts), and less indulgent towards its teenage fans. In 1975, Hinchcliffe stopped subsidising the fan club and Miller had to reinvent it, continuing for three years as editor-publisher of a more polished fanzine, *Doctor Who Digest*, which played an important role in bringing together collectors of 1960s *Doctor Who* soundtracks. Stuart Money returned in 1976 with another bid at an 'official' club in partnership with others, including Peter Capaldi, but this quickly faded away without production office approval.

Hinchcliffe had outlined to Miller his aspiration for a larger fan organisation which could stage events commercially. He envisaged building on the success of the exhibitions at Longleat and Blackpool and public events based around *Doctor Who* at the Science Museum and London Planetarium by returning to the Planetarium with the first fully-fledged *Doctor Who* convention. Miller co-operated, but preferred operating on a smaller scale. This was also true of the organisation which was most effective at picking up Miller's baton, the "*Doctor Who* Appreciation Society" (DWAS). This emerged from the wave of popularity enjoyed by Tom Baker's younger, more obviously anti-establishment Doctor; the first generation of *Doctor Who* fans to have watched as young children

"This is a situation that requires tact and finesse. Fortunately, I am blessed with both."
The Doctor - "The Trial of a Time Lord: Terror of the Vervoids"



"Power-mad conspirators, Daleks, Sontarans... Cybermen, they're still in the nursery compared to us. Ten million years of absolute power. That's what it takes to be really corrupt!"
The Doctor - "The Ultimate Foe"

reaching university; and the rising credibility of mid-1970s *Doctor Who* in other fandoms. This included film and comics fandom, where in 1975 Andrew Johnson was established as the editor of fanzine *Starzine* under the banner of *Eyeball Productions*. In spring that year he launched *TARDIS*, apparently believing it to be the first *Doctor Who* fanzine. Johnson was contacted by some of the older members of Keith Miller's club, including Gordon Blows, who took over *TARDIS* from issue 3 after the space-fiction-leaning Johnson rejected the second Tom Baker season's Gothic turn. Blows was part of an emerging network of fans including Jan Vincent-Rudzki and Stephen Payne at Westfield College, London and information and photograph collector Jeremy Bentham, who formed the nucleus of DWAS when it was launched through *TARDIS* in May 1976.

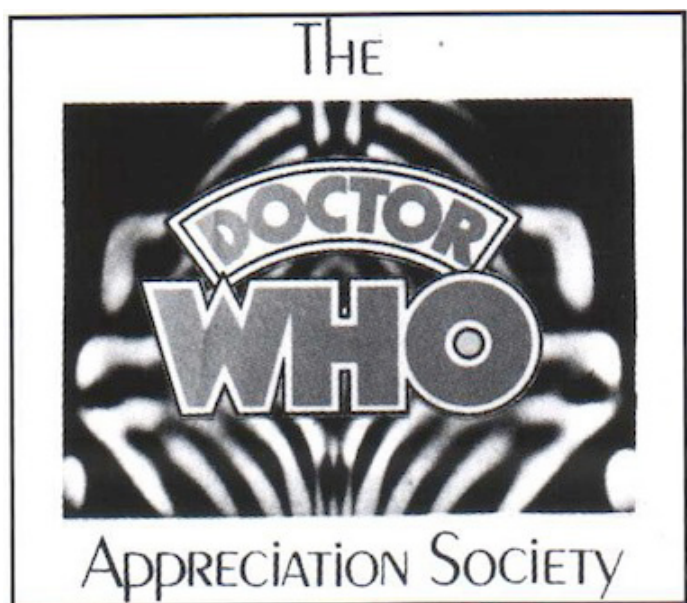
The production office welcomed a club which was willing to be self-supporting. Unlike earlier clubs DWAS placed an emphasis on social gatherings, but Vincent-Rudzki has recalled that he, like Miller before him, rejected Hinchcliffe's Wembley celebration proposal. Single-speaker events in London at Westfield College were followed by the first convention, held at Broomwood Church Hall in Battersea on 6 August 1977: guests included Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Louise Jameson, while there was an art competition and screenings of fan-produced films. While earlier *Doctor Who* events had been aimed at children, no under-fourteens could attend the convention. Meanwhile local groups of the DWAS began to spring up across the country

Stresses and Strains

1977 saw another change in the production office as Graham Williams became producer. With fan activity expanding rapidly, he recognised DWAS as the official fan club and encouraged them to introduce a membership fee and bar their publications – not only *TARDIS* but newsletter *Celestial Toyroom*, story synopses prepared by Jeremy Bentham and fan fiction magazine *Cosmic Masque* – from being received by non-members. The move helped DWAS financially but also placed it in the difficult position of acting as fandom's regulator as the number of groups and especially fanzines increased. Activities such as the sharing and copying of audio recordings of old episodes were forced out of DWAS's advertising columns; Keith Miller's club with its emphasis on sharing recordings and photographs was ended with a cease-and-desist letter from the BBC's legal department.

Adopting an exclusivist membership policy perhaps encouraged a more possessive attitude towards the programme and *TARDIS* came to run several articles strongly critical of the direction the series was taking in the late 1970s. Some DWAS figures were pondering why the programme was 'failing', though others pointed out the challenges *Doctor Who* faced as its budget declined in real terms and the fact its viewing figures remained high. A critical vocabulary began to develop for the programme whose influence can be seen in modern academic studies of *Doctor Who*. These were also features of DWAS's increased introspection: it was no longer allowed to openly network with other fandoms and the short reviews of general SF, Tolkien and *Star Trek* fanzines, or adverts for the BSFA disappeared from *TARDIS*.

Not all those running DWAS were happy with small-scale conventions in university halls and low circulation publications. In 1979 Jeremy Bentham and Gordon Blows became feature writers for a commercial title aimed at older children, *Doctor Who Weekly*, founded by Dez Skinn at Marvel UK. *Doctor Who Weekly* underwent several changes of format, frequency and intended audience, but Bentham remained its chief feature writer until the end of 1982. A terminology which Bentham and others had developed in fan writing shared by hundreds to discuss the series now gained currency among thousands of readers, especially once *Doctor Who Monthly* (as it had become) dropped its overtly juvenile form of address in 1981. Bentham's run of articles for DWM



"Crush the lesser races! Conquer the galaxy! Unimaginable power! Unlimited rice pudding! Etcetera, etcetera!"
The Doctor - "Remembrance of the Daleks"



"Oi! Dalek! Over here. It's me, the Doctor. What's the matter with you? Don't you recognise your mortal enemy?"
The Doctor - "Remembrance of the Daleks"

has been compared in its influence upon writing about *Doctor Who* to *Cahiers du Cinema* among film criticism. Of other early DWAS figures, Stephen Payne and Jan Vincent-Rudzki themselves would found a genre media magazine publisher, *Visual Imagination*, later in the decade, acquiring *Starburst* from Marvel in 1985.

British fandom was also affected by its growing awareness of the series' American fanbase, where screenings of Tom Baker's *Doctor Who* episodes on public television were gaining a vociferous and passionate following. Though a larger than

often remembered number of active fans in Britain in the late 1970s were women, including Geraldine Landen who edited *TARDIS* from 1977 to 1978, female voices were more noticeable in American fandom and among those American fans who made contact with DWAS-led British fandom. Where British fans were of a generation who had grown up with the series and who emphasised the need to remember and preserve the *Doctor Who* of the 1960s and 1970s, American fans had discovered the series as adults through the Tom Baker or occasionally Jon Pertwee stories and were much warmer towards the irreverent humour of Baker's later portrayal as well as less automatically reverential to the earlier Doctors. They had more ties with wider SF and fantasy fandom, and staged larger conventions with an emphasis on enjoyment of the present rather than regretting the loss of the past.



Bigger and Better?

In 1980, into this situation of contrasts came a new energetic *Doctor Who* producer, John Nathan-Turner, who thought that encouraging a larger and more enthusiastic British fandom would be good for him and for the programme, as would co-opting American fans. His first season's more serious and scientific approach and reining in of Tom Baker appealed to British fans if not necessarily to the wider television audience. By this time a network of fans with jobs or friends in the BBC were regularly turning up to studio recording sessions, one of them being record producer and DJ Ian Levine who advised Nathan-Turner on fan-pleasing continuity references for several years and who also raised awareness and helped locate copies of several episodes where videotapes had been wiped and film prints destroyed by the BBC.

British *Doctor Who* fandom had been content to be a small priesthood. DWAS membership at the dawn of the 1980s was about 1,000 and only a small fraction of that number attended its conventions, organised in three series, the larger Panopticons and smaller Interfaces and DWASSocials. Nathan-Turner had bigger ideas, and to celebrate the series' twentieth anniversary staged a two-day 'Celebration' at Longleat House, Wiltshire, where there had been a *Doctor Who* exhibition since 1973. The event was trailed after the later episodes in *Doctor Who*'s 1983 season, opening it to a far wider audience than that previously thought of as fandom. The predicted audience of 20,000 at most failed to self-select and estimates of attendance on Sunday 3 and Monday 4 April 1983 vary from 50,000 to 100,000. For many people it was their first experience of an event where they could meet personalities associated with the programme, see old episodes or meet fellow-fans, but ticket-holders often found it impossible to gain entry to the marquees set up in Long-

"I can hear the sound of empires toppling."
The Doctor - "The Happiness Patrol"



"Hello! I'm the Doctor! I believe you want to kill me?"
The Doctor - "Silver Nemesis"

leat's grounds, while many leading British fans were incensed that their own world of 'intimate' non-profit conventions was being overwritten by a culture of paid guests and celebrity-worship. However, Longleat contributed to DWAS fandom more than doubling in size to 3,000 by the end of 1984. That year, the monthly London pub gathering of *Doctor Who* fans which had co-existed with that of wider SF fandom at The One Tun broke away and moved to The Fitzroy Tavern, acknowledging the hybrid nature of *Doctor Who* fandom, parts of which were more theatrical or mainstream in taste and had little in common with SF and fantasy genre fans.

Indeed, *Doctor Who* fandom was already bigger than one body. From 1980 Jeremy Bentham's Cybermark Services published a series of dossiers detailing the production of each story (completed, with an irony noted in the final release's editorial, the week Russell T Davies's revival of the series was announced in 2003) as well as issuing newsletters and producing audio covers and bookmarks. Experimental audionzines began to appear, one of which, Alan Hayes's *Sonic Waves*, provided early recording opportunities for latterday arts broadcaster Matthew Sweet. Fanzines which had only sold through advertisements in *Celestial Toyroom* began to appear in comics shops and even take out adverts in Marvel UK's classified ads, and thus in the licensed *Doctor Who Monthly*. Most dramatically successful was *DWB* (standing initially for *Doctor Who Bulletin*), whose editor Gary Levy took advantage of personal if indirect links to the production office to print news before it was officially released. Levy identified and channelled the visceral passion of *Doctor Who* fandom evident in the 1983 anniversary year and understood and shared its passion for advance information and the wish of many that the programme would recapture the magic remembered from childhood. The term 'spoilers' was unknown, and many fans wanted to know as much as possible about a story before it was broadcast, perhaps so they could criticise it for not conforming to an imagined shared ideal of *Doctor Who* which had emerged through fan literature.

The 1980s: Fiction and Diversification

Fiction-writing had not been dominant in *Doctor Who* fandom, but in the early 1980s it began to grow, encouraged in fanzines which catered for other fandoms as well as *Doctor Who*. Titles such as *Frontier Worlds* and *Space Rat* covered *Blake's 7* and *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and had more interaction with the literary SF and fantasy worlds. *Rat* and (from 1984) the latter's all-Who successor *Queen Bat* were edited by Val Douglas and Jackie Marshall and fostered the writing of several fans who would go on to refashion *Doctor Who* while it was off-air from 1990, especially Paul Cornell.

One issue of *Queen Bat* returned to the shadow *Doctor Who*'s American fandom cast over British fans, with a memorable cover showing caricatures of Jackie, Val, Paul, Andy Lane and other *Bat* contributors looking with dismay at an onslaught of bescarfed American fans holding out jelly babies. A commercial convention in the United States prevented DWAS from staging a planned weekend event in 1984 because guests opted for the fees and flights they were being offered by American promoters. DWAS responded with a convention run on a larger scale: Panopticon VI would be their first at a hotel, in Brighton, rather than at a university. However, competing aspirations and a lack of experience meant that the event, in July 1985, lost a substantial amount of money; most of the organisers then broke from DWAS and founded their own convention group. DWAS had already decided to launch a merchandise offers department to negotiate discounts on the growing range of collectables aimed at older fans rather than children (another influence from America) as well as the Target novelisation series, but it now became a valuable way of earning money to pay off the society's debts. Unfortunately the society's income came quickly to exceed the threshold for customs and excise payments and by the time this was realised during 1986/7, a substantial bill had been built up. Accounts of what happened next and the motivations for it are still disputed, but during 1988 and 1989 the society all but closed down its departments for encouraging and co-ordinating fan creativity and sociability and had outsourced its merchandise sales and conventions to a subsidiary company, Dominitemporal Services Ltd, which in the early 1990s quietly sold a majority of its shares to a group of members of the DWAS executive committee.

"I can't stand burnt toast. I loathe bus stations—terrible places, full of lost luggage and lost souls. And then there's unrequited love, and tyranny, and cruelty"
The Doctor - "Ghost Light"



"Somewhere there's danger, somewhere there's injustice, somewhere else the tea's getting cold. Come on, Ace. We've got work to do."
The Doctor - 'Survival'

These changes were widely resented by many active fans, although as *Doctor Who* fan culture spread, it became less easy to assume it was a monoculture. *DWB*'s editorial line of the late 1980s was stridently critical of producer John Nathan-Turner, held responsible for the collapse in the programme's viewing figures, its narrow escape from cancellation in 1985, its loss of credibility at the BBC and wider irrelevance in popular culture. As *DWB*'s circulation climbed to over 6,000 it was forced in 1989 to reinvent itself as the openly semi-pro zine *Dream-Watch Bulletin*, with coverage of other SF and fantasy films and television, to avoid any accusation that it was infringing copyright. Its leadership came not only from its giving a voice to a fandom angry with a programme which both failed to live up to their expectations (a constant since at least 1976) but which was also unpopular with viewers and the BBC, but from its ability to attract authoritative fan writers who lent its commentary pages depth, and its willingness to report gossip and rumour about *Doctor Who*'s fate from the network of fans who worked for the BBC. In many ways, though, this fed and perpetuated a culture of despair.

Elsewhere, creative energy flowed more constructively. The number of fiction-led fanzines, though very much a minority, seemed to increase in the late 1980s and regular meetings of writers discussed ways in which they could experiment with *Doctor Who*'s form and content, in many cases seeking to make it more relevant than the programme on air had seemed at the time the BBC first tried to take it off-air in 1985. They saw potential in the more dystopic and post-realist direction the programme took when Sylvester McCoy played the Doctor and Andrew Cartmel was script editor (1987-1989), and several, beginning with Paul Cornell, contributed to the ranges of original *Doctor Who* novels published first by Virgin and then BBC Books in the 1990s and beyond, often developing writing careers away from *Doctor Who*.

Another consequence of the marginalisation of *Doctor Who* as a contemporary programme in the late 1980s was that fan emphasis on the series' past could be taken forward in new ways. During the 1980s several *Doctor Who* fan groups who had exhausted all the *Doctor Who* available to them on the pirate video circuit broadened their interest into other old television, not repeated in the UK for years but taped by overseas contacts or occasionally dubbed from view-

ing copies made by fans within broadcasters. One society which evolved from this trend was Kaleidoscope, the Classic British Television Society, which has helped raise the profile of old television and secure otherwise missing programmes for broadcasters' or public archives.

End of an Era

When 1990 ended with no new series of *Doctor Who* broadcast or in production, fandom was not left in crisis. Though several people with long-term involvement had rejected the late 1980s series or weren't interested once the programme was no longer in production, others had developed new interests as a result of *Doctor Who* fandom, or saw a way to take *Doctor Who* forward without the television series. The convention circuit was active, there were several networks of local groups, and Marvel's *Doctor Who Magazine* was employing a greater variety of fan writers and becoming more specialised. Fans were producing dramas, documentaries and parodies on audio and video, some as professionals employing *Doctor Who* actors. *Doctor Who* fandom had formed its own ecology, but perhaps at the cost of the mass-audience series around which it had been built.

Selected further reading

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Andrew O'Day, 'Event TV: Fan Consumption of Televised *Doctor Who* in Britain' and 'Social Spaces: British Fandom to the Present' in Gillian Leitch, ed., *Doctor Who in Time and Space* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2013)

Stephen James Walker, interview with Graham Tattersall, *The Frame* 13 (February 1990), repr. *Talkback* vol. 1, *The Sixties* (Tolworth: Telos Publishing, 2006)

Keith Miller, *The Official Doctor Who Fan Club*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: Pegimount Press, 2012-2013)

Miles Booy, *Love and Monsters* (London: I.B. Tauris, 2012)

“Think about me when you're living your life one day after another, all in a neat pattern. Think about the homeless traveller in his old police box, his days like crazy paving.”
The Doctor - “Dragonfire”

The heavier the decision, the larger the waves, the more uncertain the consequences.
The Doctor - “Remembrance of the Daleks”



MY LIFE OF DOCTOR WHO BY KEN PATTERSON

I don't recall when I first started watching *Doctor Who*, although I have been told that I was watching it when it aired on the San Francisco station KRON. This would have been over a four month period, starting at the end of September 1973. I only know this now, because of the fine work of the people at broadcast.org. I also know now that my introduction to *Doctor Who* was "The Ambassadors of Death" and "Doctor Who and the Silurians", before the series moved to late night - and I doubt that I would have been allowed to stay up that late at the age of three. As I said, I don't recall watching these, but one of my sisters recently complained to me that *Doctor Who* bumped out her Saturday evening show *Little House on the Prairie* - so there is more evidence that it was viewed in our household. What I can say for certain is that I discovered later that I was predisposed to favor Jon Pertwee's Doctor. It seems there is some truth to the theory that your first Doctor is your favorite.

Doctor Who would then be absent in the Bay Area until either late 1980 or early 1981 when KQED, San Francisco, picked up the newer package of Tom Baker episodes. I recall that they aired either Monday through Thursday, or just Thursday, at around 10:00 or 10:30 in the evening. I know that I watched these at the time, but the series only seemed to last one run from "Robot" to "The Invasion of Time" - I suppose due to a combination of the late school-night time slot and the fact that KQED has never really done well with genre programming. I could be wrong about that as well, because I recently came across some old video tapes of mine that had a recording of *Sneak Previews* from 1983 on it and KQED's continuity announcer referring to *Doctor Who* in the schedule. All this wouldn't have registered on my radar at that point, because in April of 1981 *Doctor Who's* image in this market was changed by a station in the south bay.

○ "There are worlds out there where the sky is burning, and the sea's asleep, and the rivers dream; people made of smoke and cities made of song."
The Doctor - "Survival"



Ten Work Review of "The Apocalypse Element": Why didn't I start listening to the audio dramas sooner??
Petrea Mitchell

On a Spring evening in 1981, *Doctor Who* solidly entered into my life. Could this be like I was a born-again Whovian? I certainly had been aware of, and had even watched the series over the past seven or so years - even if intermittently - but when KTEH started airing *Doctor Who*, at the more accessible time of 6 p.m., I was hooked. I made sure I was home to watch it every weeknight. I started to make audio recordings - much like my fannish predecessors in the UK, who were responsible for the missing stories to survive in audio form - so that I could relive the stories at my convenience. I would bike six miles to one of the only book stores to carry the Target novelizations and read stories I would never see, and pick up the magazine to read about the new stories that I would hope to see.

Less than a year later, the local chapter of the North American *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society (NADWAS, an offshoot of the original DWAS that a young Peter Capaldi tried to take over in the UK) came together. This was my first foray into organized fandom. At the time, the club would meet every other month. Mostly we just watched videos of Jon Pertwee stories that had aired in Canada. While consciously I knew of other Doctors, seeing them is a whole different thing. Subconsciously, seeing Pertwee in action again must have been a reawakening. Then there were the conventions and roadshows, meeting the actors and writers and producers. More importantly, I was meeting new friends, some of whom are still a part of my life. *Doctor Who* was changing my life.

My future was being formed at this time. The fan club, which would adopt the name "The Legion of Rassilon", would routinely volunteer at KTEH. I originally started by answering the phones, before moving to be a tech volunteer soon after. Because of my fanaticism, my family bought a VCR for the home. I not only recorded *Doctor Who*, but traded videos with other fans and made music videos from the recordings - which led me to taking classes in video production. I performed as a Dalek in a pledge break, marking the first time my voice would be broadcast. Groups of us lobbied for other shows to be added to their line-up, like *Blake's 7* and *Sapphire and Steel* - I was influencing the programming. I got a bug that I couldn't shake, and that would lead me into a broadcasting career at the very station that inspired me.

In 1989, just as *Doctor Who* was winding down on the BBC, I began to as well. My life was changing:

I moved out from my parents, worked and went to school. I got involved in radio, which occupied a lot of my free time. *Doctor Who* was never completely gone for those who knew where to look, but I wasn't a consumer of the books or the audio adventures that followed. I don't feel that I was a poorer fan because of it - for me it was the TV series that I followed. Maybe I just didn't have the bandwidth at the time, so I just never got into the alternate media that kept many other fans going. Though for us in the Bay Area we never really lost *Doctor Who* during the dark days, as it was still being run every week. Then things changed again.

A more mainstream interest in *Doctor Who* came about in 1996 when *Doctor Who* came to FOX - if only for one night. There were tie-ins with PBS stations, articles in entertainment magazines that had never been interested in the series before. It was odd, but it seemed to reawaken the fan within me. I started to re-watch the series again on our local PBS, as well as from my own library. The big day in May happened, I had a party, then it was gone. It felt like a promise that was never to be kept, but I was back. Ken the Whovian was back, and his powers were about to increase!

Over a year after the brief return of *Doctor Who* is when I found myself working for the station that sparked my fandom and sparked my love of the medium. I was starting to interact with my beloved series from the other side. I worked on arranging *Doctor Who* guests to appear in pledge drives, special fundraising ventures including the station's twentieth anniversary of the series. Those music videos I had made as a fan, I now remade as a professional. I was now not just influencing the programming, I was actually doing the programming! I had even started to go to conventions again, sometimes as a representative of KTEH, and even returned to the local fan club. The one thing that I couldn't be prepared for was being forced to cancel my show. After an uninterrupted 22 year run the money literally ran out and we just couldn't keep it going (this affected other shows as well, which was only mildly comforting...) but there was hope on the horizon.

They say that as one door closes, another opens. Little did I know that as I was ending *Doctor Who* locally, the BBC was working on bringing it back. Nobody knew what lay ahead. It was exciting. What would it be like? Would anyone watch it? Will

"I am the man that gives monsters nightmares. The Daleks call me the Bringer of Darkness. I am the Eighth Man Bound.



I am the Champion of Life and Time. I'm the guy with two hearts. I make History better. I am the Doctor."
The Doctor from *The Dying Days*

it be any good? 2005 marked a change in *Doctor Who*. Not only was there a new series, but the world had changed in a way that made it more accessible for fans than it used to be. In the 1980s and 1990s, we traded tapes. Copies of copies of copies were passed around. Standards conversions were made by pointing a NTSC camera at a PAL TV. It was technically horrible, but we ate it up. Now, in the digital age, we could share *Doctor Who* with fans across the world almost literally from the moment it aired. Here in the US, if you didn't get new episodes this way, you had to wait over a year before the Sci-Fi Channel relented and aired the series (PBS stations were courted, but that was just before the cable channel agreed to it.) My involvement didn't remain passive for long, as a window for Public Television stations opened up and, almost exactly twenty-six years to the day after it first premiered on my station, *Doctor Who* returned. I wouldn't get to revel in this accomplishment long, as my time was coming to an end - and the station's *Doctor Who* champion would be gone less than two years later.

My fandom survives. It's had its ups and downs, and now is in an amazing high that has never been seen. In the 1980s, the BBC touted that *Doctor Who* had been shown x-number of countries world-wide,

but that was since 1964. Now it's a certifiable global phenomenon with same day airings world-wide, and even the occasional simulcast with the BBC! Sometimes it feels TOO crowded - the conventions are definitely too crowded for me. I don't begrudge the popularity, it might mean that It'll be around for years to come. There are some fans who criticize the series, don't seem to enjoy the ride we're currently having. Maybe they hate that it's incredibly popular. It's possible that they long for the television of their youth. Perhaps they don't realize that everything changes. It's not for everybody - never has been - and I'm okay with that. I've changed, and my love of *Doctor Who* has evolved. Case in point: My favorite Doctor is no longer Jon Pertwee, as it was at one time. What hasn't changed is my excitement at a new episode (be it a new production, or a recovered classic story) and seeing it with friends. That's what *Doctor Who* fandom is for me. Some people have their sports team, some people have religion. My congregation is *Doctor Who*, and we love "an idiot with a box and a screwdriver, passing through, helping out, learning".

PS: I know you're dying to know which Doctor has replaced Jon Pertwee as my favorite. It's Patrick Troughton.



“I don't suppose there's any need of a Doctor any more. Make me a Warrior now.”
The Doctor - “The Night of the Doctor””



“Charlie, C'rizz, Lucie, Tamsin, Molly...friends, companions I've known, I salute you. Cass...I apologize. Physician, heal thyself!”
The Doctor - “Night of the Doctor”



RADIO FREE SKARO BY WARREN FREY

How do you podcast about the same thing for more than a decade? Just make sure it's about the coolest thing ever, and go on from there.

Radio Free Skaro started as a series of innocuous conversations between master control operators wiling away dreary midnight shifts in Edmonton, Alberta. As animated Canadian content danced across multiple screens in their tiny control rooms, future RFS hosts Warren Frey and Steven Schapansky endlessly discussed *Doctor Who* to the expense of everything and everyone else.

Warren eventually moved on to journalism school in Vancouver, but he maintained his lifelong interest in *Doctor Who*, occasionally checking in with

Steven when big developments hit like the return of the show to the BBC in 2005.

It was about a year later when Warren contacted Steven about podcasting, a then-new phenomenon that, like most technological advances, left Steven adoringly befuddled. If the pair could talk about *Doctor Who* for hours on end, they could certainly do so over Skype for an hour a week.

Despite a few fits and starts, and with the inclusion of Christopher Burgess soon after the debut of the podcast, that's just what they've been doing for the last eight years.

The better part of a decade is a long time for a podcast to run, especially given they've bare-

““Doctor” no more.”
The Doctor, “The Night of the Doctor”



“Why is there never a big red button?”
The Doctor - “The Moment”

ly missed an episode in all that time, and starting in 2009 put out multiple episodes from Gallifrey One, the annual *Doctor Who* convention held each February at the LAX Marriot.

So what keeps them going? It helps that *Doctor Who* has been a living, breathing entity for the entire run of the podcast. There's always news to report, new Doctors to analyze and get excited about, and epic events like the 50th anniversary to slobber over.

But *Doctor Who* runs at most for 13 consecutive weeks out of a year, so they've filled out the remaining weeks with interviews with writers, directors, actors, modelmakers, and pretty much everyone else involved with both the new program and the classic series. It's been a dream come true for the "Three Who Rule" to meet so many of their heroes.

But it's the fans of the podcast that keep Warren, Chris and Steven going. Week after week they put out a podcast about *Doctor Who* because they love the show. The three of them don't all love in the same way and certainly disagree about various aspects of

the program, but that's what makes for informative and entertaining commentary. Three people agreeing with each other would get old really fast, and feedback from the fans not only keeps them honest but keeps the conversation going.

Thanks to Gallifrey One, some of those fans are now lifelong friends, and the annual "family reunion" at the LAX Marriot is probably a highlight (if not THE highlight) of their year. Curiously, the one thing that usually isn't discussed at 2 a.m. in the lobby over adult beverages is *Doctor Who*. The show is the glue that brought everyone together, across time zones and geography, but it's friendship that keeps them there.

Doctor Who is such a rich and giving universe that even if the show were cancelled tomorrow (which seems unlikely) Warren, Steven and Chris will likely just keep the conversation going. Unlike the good Doctor, they can't predict the future, but it would take an event as cataclysmic as the Time War to get the three of them to stop talking about their favorite program.



YOU DON'T CHOOSE THE YARN LIFE, THE YARN LIFE CHOOSES YOU

BY MICHAEL CAPRA

Why did you start?

I started knitting for two reasons. The first was to create a Tom Baker scarf, the second was boredom. I had just started attending a community college, and I didn't have any homework or difficult classes, so this accelerated my desire to learn to try a new hobby. It took a while to get started. Casting on was the hardest part at first. Then I realized that I was also knitting too tightly to the point that it started hurting my hands just to make a few rows!

My first attempt at the Tom Baker scarf was to make a short version of it by cutting the number of rows in half. It turned out well enough, but eventually started falling apart. I rewound the yarn and created a longer, but skinnier version. I did this for two reasons. One, the full scarf, which I did eventually make not too long after this, is way too heavy to wear as much as I did. Two, I live in Arizona, and there is no need to wear a scarf even in the winter.

I finished my first full-length Tom Baker Scarf in Colorado, while visiting my grandmother. (When I say I finished the scarf, I finished the body of it. I still had to weave in the color changes, and create the tassels. This is where procrastination kicked in, for several weeks it laid in my room, waiting to be finished.) I was worried that the airport would confiscate my needles on the way, so I printed out their policy on knitting needles and put it in my bag so that if they tried to confiscate them, I had proof that they are allowed. Fortunately that didn't happen, and since then no one has given it a second thought.

How did you learn?

There is a website, www.doctorwhoscarf.com, that provides detailed instructions and patterns for several different versions of the Tom Baker scarves. If it wasn't for this site, my job would have been much

more difficult! Finding the pattern was the first step in my journey towards knitting-hood. The next step would be to pick the colors and yarn to use. For this I used the suggestions on the website. I purchased them through a handy website called www.KnitPicks.com. They have a great variety of yarn that you can't get at a local Joann or Michael's. I was also too inexperienced to walk into more legitimate yarn stores.

Once that I had my yarn it was time to get needles. I purchased a pair of double-edged knitting needles, this being before I realized what straight needles are, and why my double pointed needles came in a pack of five. I learned to knit from a giant encyclopaedia of knitting called *The Principles of Knitting* by June Hemmons Hiatt. It has everything you need - instructions, styles, techniques and patterns - mostly as text, but with a few diagrams and examples for the major techniques. This is how I learned to cast on, which itself has many different ways to be completed. I also discovered videos on YouTube with close-up demonstrations of any technique or style of knitting I needed help with, which I did, because I found the written instructions to be hard to understand and visualize. Having someone show you and walk you through each and every step was much easier starting out. I have always been a visual learner, and having no one available to teach me these things personally, I learned from these videos.

Do you get any repercussions being a guy?

As a guy, I have gotten many compliments from strangers when knitting in public. At first it was mostly from well-aged women in passing. But everyone I know has complimented me on such a hobby. It is definitely a predominantly feminine pastime, as I have learned from shopping at stores. Many of the items and tools in stores are displayed in ways that

“Great men are forged in fire. It is the privilege of lesser men to light the flame, whatever the cost.”

The Doctor, “The Day of the Doctor”



“We're falling through space, you and me, clinging to the skin of this tiny little world, and if we let go... That's who I am”

The Doctor - “Rose”

the female might find more cute, or stylish. As a result, many of my items are pink, or some other color associated with the female gender. I don't resent this, the companies are just trying to make a profit, and it is likely that the male knitting minority doesn't even make it into discussion.

I have only met a few guys with similar interests. One learned crocheting, with only a few attempts at knitting. Having learned crocheting now as well, it is a little most interesting that knitting. It is more demanding in attention to what you are doing, where as I find in knitting, you can drift off into other places. For example, watching a few seasons of one's favorite television series in one sitting, enjoying a French opera of *Romeo et Juliet*, or car rides, and any other down time. Crocheting can be done in some of these instances, but I will always find knitting less demanding to detail.

Being discovered by strangers...

Since I wear a lot of what I make, and since what I make is nerdy stuff that you wouldn't expect people to wear normally, I get quite a few looks and questions. "Did you make that?" and "Can you knit me a scarf?" It's kind of like being a walking business card, or advertisement. I have made a few things for friends and such, but now I get people asking for project requests. The first random request came while purchasing some spray paint in a Joann store for a cat palace some friends and I were building out of my sister's broken bed frame...but that's another story. Alissa McKersie recognized my scarf right away. To make a long story short, she contracted me to make her a scarf. Since that time, I have made several Tom Baker scarves for friends and family. I just finished the lesser-known purple Tom Baker scarf from the later days of his time on *Doctor Who* for my father. Before that I made the scarf that made a cameo into the 50th anniversary for a friend. I liked the pattern and color selection, and it turned out great. People are always asking me to make them things, and everyone should know that I would gladly make you anything, but I have a few rules. One, provide the yarn (unless I already have the color you want) so that I don't keep adding to my extra reserves. And two, find me the pattern you like.



“Do you wanna come with me? ‘Cause if you do, then I should warn you, you’re gonna see all sorts of things. Ghosts from the past. Aliens from the future. The day the Earth died in a



ball of flame. It won't be quiet, it won't be safe, and it won't be calm. But I'll tell you what it will be: the trip of a lifetime.”
The Doctor in the 2005 season trailer



BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN OUR TELLY WAS BLACK AND WHITE... BY CHRISTINE AND JOE HALSE

Back in the days when our telly was black and white and there were only three TV channels to choose from, we couldn't wait for Saturday night. We had to sit through the football results (just in case we'd won the pools), the news, *Basil Brush* and then the highlight of the week: *Doctor Who*. We'd waited all week after being left on a cliff hanger - those shock endings where all seemed lost for our heroes - wondering and discussing how they were going to get out of that one! Everyone at school had seen it, some had been too scared to look, but everyone knew the creature or creatures they faced were the most terrifying yet. Then at last, after seven long days contemplating how the good Doctor and his resourceful companions would survive the immediate threat of seemingly inescapable attack from their relentless menace and

evil foes, the wait was over! My whole family crowded around the living room TV, as did up to 12 million other excited viewers all over the country for the next instalment, and we weren't disappointed. The plot thickened as more was revealed; the situation seemed hopeless; everything was at stake; there were scares and shocks; no one was safe - but ultimately the Doctor saved the day. That amazing benevolent alien who happened to like us humans and couldn't resist stepping in when we were in need. Unlike anything else we were used to seeing on TV, he didn't use guns, violence and force to win, but his intelligence, ideas, compassion, scientific knowledge, witty remarks, an infectious smile, jelly babies and a very long scarf! This was great TV to grow up watching, science fiction the British way and for the whole family.

“The Daleks have failed! Why don't you finish the job, and make the Daleks extinct? Rid the universe of your filth! Why don't you just DIE!”
The Doctor - “Dalek”



“Like I said, once. There's a banana grove there now. I like bananas. Bananas are good.”
The Doctor - “The Doctor Dances”

Now, years later, I'm the mum with a young lad and it's an absolute pleasure to re-watch those classic episodes again with my son as he's grown up into his teens; now on DVD, the week long wait is over, so we can go straight to the next episode! It's a pure delight to share the enjoyment of those jump-out-of-your-seat scary moments, hideous monsters, cunning megalomaniac aliens and scripts full of laugh out loud humour and philosophical ideas with one of the current youngsters to have their imagination captured by it all as I had years before, leading to my own lifelong love of books and films. And even with new *Doctor Who* episodes back on our tellies - something special for my son's generation to look back on and cherish as their own - the 1970s episodes still look great with exciting stories that will always appeal, even if the effects are somewhat cheaper than in their modern counterpart! Somehow that only adds to the charm; there was no CGI at the BBC in the 1970s and only limited budgets, so the effects people needed imagination and resourcefulness to create those truly original, terrifying creatures, it really didn't matter that they may have been made using goldfish bowls and marigold rubber gloves. There was genius behind the creative people who brought to life alien monsters that had kids all over the country screaming, from just everyday materials, a bit of glue and paint! In fact we admired and loved them so much we thought we could have a go and see if we could re-create them ourselves. We wanted to make some costumes of our own to take to conventions, something we'd enjoy making together and that we knew the other people there would "get", and hopefully raise a few laughs, as we had had ourselves planning and making them.

Our first *Doctor Who* tribute was an attempted recreation of "The Brain of Morbius", as the 1976 story goes: it's a Frankenstein inspired creature made from various ill-matched stolen body parts stitched together in order to bring life again to a long dead evil timelord that his devoted followers just won't give up on. The brain itself, resembling some kind of brown Christmas pudding is housed on top of the ramshackle body in a goldfish bowl set-up with all kind of wires and circuitry to keep it alive. That was the most fun bit to make, mostly we found bits and pieces around the house that when stuck together looked just the thing: papier-mâché for the actual brain; a broken telephone providing plenty of wire



○ "Something pretty bad's happening nearby in the space-time continuum."
Doctor Who: Dead of Winter



➤ "Everybody Lives, Rose! Just this once, everybody lives!"
 The Doctor - "The Doctor Dances"



and some circuitry; cotton reels painted gold for the “ears”; the cardboard tubes from kitchen rolls painted gold with jam-jar lids stuck on the ends for the “eyes”. I had to bid on eBay to get just the right goldfish bowl, and when all was put together, we were amazed how much like the real thing our head looked - clearly the actual special effects people from '76 had been searching their homes for useful props to stick together in true *Blue Peter* style too, and it had worked! An all over body suit, concealing the wearer's head, utilising some old curtains, scraps of fur fabric and foam padding, and a large cardboard claw, and the costume was complete! Somehow the effect was to make us laugh: it was gloriously ridiculous. We first took it to Redemption '11 in Coventry, where it was pleasing that the other members recognised him, indeed we raised a few smiles, Morbius danced at the disco, walked around being photographed and shaking claws with people, we had shared the private in-joke with others who also, thankfully, did “get it”!

We wanted to do another for the next time we went to a convention and this time we thought we'd taken on a bigger challenge, a massive, invasive, space-dwelling insect species: The Wirrn. With garden canes covered in paper and paint for the legs and antennae, a cardboard box reshaped for the head, papier-mâché modelled over two balloons for the eyes, lots of PVA glue and green paint, hessian sacking for the upper body, wire hoops and an old sheet for the lower body.

How scary the thought of getting turned into a Wirrn was back in 1975, like poor Noah in “Ark in Space”, having to go through that disturbing green bubble wrap stage as he did so, now we were turning ourselves into Wirrn, just for the fun of it, with scraps of this and that glued together! It was quite heavy to wear, even with a half blown-up beach ball on top of the head to cushion the weight of the costume. It came out bigger than we imagined too, trying to keep to the scale of the original; its antennae scraped our ceilings, but it looked fantastic! The biggest problem was how were we going to get it to London for the Olympus 2012 con, it's a 6 hour coach journey. Still, where there's a will there's a way; we had to make it its own special huge bag out of a pair of curtains, and it wasn't easy to carry, but luckily the 15 year old strong lad was doing that bit! We got a lot of funny looks, and a few people asked “what have you got in there, a body?” The easiest answer, without going into the absurd truth, was “yes, it's a body”. When the



“Rose... before I go, I just want to tell you: you were fantastic. Absolutely fantastic. And do you know what? So was I!”
The Doctor - “The Parting of the Ways”



“Hello! Okay. ...New teeth. That's weird. So where was I? Oh, that's right—Barcelona!”
The Doctor - “The Parting of the Ways”

coach driver asked what was in the big bag, I thought he'd think I was taking the piss if I said "a giant insect", but he seemed satisfied with the answer "kind of a pantomime horse thing", which was the best I could come up with on the spot! Our efforts were all worth it, people at the convention loved it and it clearly it brought back a lot of good memories from those of my generation of a fabulous *Doctor Who* episode that none of us will ever forget.

When the 2014 Worldcon in London came around we thought a fitting entry for the masquerade would be to present several costumes from that era together, a very British thing that came from London and was enjoyed around the world, from a treasured time of classic TV. Adding to the two we had already we thought of what we liked and what would be striking, fun and makeable in time. The story "City of Death" from 1979 must be one of the best and many people's favourite, a great story full of humour: the impact of that shock moment when the suave gentleman art dealer, Count Scarlioni reveals his true alien face: the big green one-eyed head of a Jagaroth! Now flush with confidence in our costuming abilities it felt pretty easy to make: papier-mâché over a large balloon, the texture made with rolled-up kitchen roll and PVA glue, a polystyrene ball cut in two for the eye, pipe cleaners for the eye lashes, lots of green paint! A smart white suit, turquoise satin for a cravat and matching handkerchief and we had our Scaroth, last of the Jagaroth. Our next monster was to be the minotaur-like beast, the Nimon, from whom the Doctor and Romana rescued young tributes from his labyrinth in the 1979 "Horns of the Nimon". A huge head modelled around a beach ball with card to make the shape of the spine and snout, a ball cut in two for eyes and cardboard horns painted black with a bronze tinge, black body suit and shiny gold fabric for the belt.

The problem now was who was going to wear these. We had one willing teenage volunteer to transform himself into the heavy Wirrn again, but the rest would have to be recruited! Luckily we found some fabulous willing volunteers among our fellow con-goers to don these very hard to wear, all over, hot heavy suits with limited visibility! Heroes! Some wonderful people were happy to join in and help out, giving up their time to make last minute alterations to costumes designed to fit a teenage boy, as we busily stitched and tried on behind the scenes, everyone working hard and mucking-in right up until moments before walking out in front of an audience of over two thousand. They brought a great touch of creativity to the presentation that brought the characters to life and added a little narrative as we also managed to rope in a victim to react to the creatures on stage with suitable dramatic terror! Inevitably, there was bit of last minute panic, though; the costumes hadn't weathered another coach journey too well, the poor Wirrn's eyes were a bit bashed in and the last coat of varnish was still a bit sticky, so we needed a bit of last minute tape required to secure his arms and to try to stop Morbius's head wobbling too much! Our entry was not on a par with some of the absolute works of art that many other entrants had created, but was unique! In the end they went out on stage and the reaction of the audience was priceless, worth all the effort as a roar of cheers went up, our monsters were recognised and appreciated! We and a great group of helpers had successfully shared the in-joke with the assembled international SF fans, and were awarded meddles for "best recreation". It was great fun to have been a part of that, meet some wonderful people and share our passion for that great British science fiction institution from a golden age that's clearly still well loved by so many of us.

"No second chances. I'm that sort of a man."
The Doctor - "The Christmas Invasion"



"I'm so old now. I used to have so much mercy.
You get one warning. That was it."
The Doctor— "School Reunion"



A CRACK IN TIME AND SPACE BY SABINE FURLONG

:And I'm not LISTENING! Now, you, Mr. Connolly, you are staring into a deep, dark pit of trouble if you don't let me help. So I'm ordering you, sir, tell me what's going on!
The Doctor — "The Idiot's Lantern"



"Crossing into established events is strictly forbidden...except for cheap tricks."
The Doctor - "Smith and Jones"

As soon as I knew we were going to San Antonio to attend LoneStarCon 3 my mind started racing around a costume for the masquerade. To participate in a US Worldcon Masquerade had always been one of my dreams, ever since attending LoneStarCon 2 in 1997. My claim to fame at a Worldcon Masquerade had been my entry at Interaction, the 2005 Worldcon in Glasgow. I had made a rather complicated costume recreating a Michael Whelan book cover, with me being a wall scene and my then 6-year-old daughter dancing in front of the wall. The costume had taken half the car to transport and was heavy and rigid. Obviously, this sort of costume was totally out of the question this time as we were flying and had planned a two week driving tour through Texas. I could not see us lumping anything heavy and bulky from hotel room to hotel room, so something foldable and light was the order of the day. In particular I had seen some lovely costumes over the years which featured appliqué on light fabric, so I set my heart on that. I also wanted the theme to be recognisable to the wider SF audience, recognisable for a US audience but still UK related. So a *Doctor Who* theme was the obvious choice. I had also done some *Doctor Who* costumes before, building a TARDIS out of cardboard and a blue painted sheet wrapped around me for an Eastercon. That costume had featured my then 3-year-old daughter popping out of the door. My daughter is a long suffering member of my team! I had also dressed her up as a Victorian Sarah-Jane and my son as the 7th Doctor, but I thought that a simple recreation costume was simply not good enough for a US Worldcon masquerade.

My favourite episode from the Matt Smith years was the Van Gogh episode. Who can forget the now iconic Van Gogh like painting of the destruction of the TARDIS. I thought that that was the perfect appliqué subject. I could restrict the numbers of colours I needed to a minimum, and the Van Gogh style did not demand clear lines, which was ideal as I frankly have no idea how to do proper appliqué. I am one of those costumers who pick up their sewing skills as they move along from project to project, never perfecting one skill until it is almost too late. I used to be a firm believer in cutting corners and holding the thing together with glue and spit, for as long as it is on stage! It is only lately that I have become confident enough to ask to be considered for workmanship.

But just one picture surely would not cut it

for a sophisticated masquerade audience, so what else could I do? How could I make this costume as interesting as the subject matter dictated? I remembered a costume I had fallen in love with at LoneStarcon 2 (I think!) It was an appliqué dress depicting the four seasons, with front and back designs and then the costumer dropping the outer layer to reveal two more pictures, again front and back. I remember asking her how she had done the quick change and she explained the use of small metal rings on both sides of the outer dress with an elastic band holding them up. When she let go of the elastic band, the outer layer fell off to reveal the inside. Easy-peasy I thought! That's what I am going to do! I quickly decided that the Van Gogh picture had to be the last to be revealed, so it had to go onto the back of the dress. The explosion of the TARDIS was obviously caused by the crack in Time and Space, so that should be seen immediately before the explosion, ergo to go on the front of the inner dress... it helped that the design was simple! I could use the same dark blue background for both the explosion and the crack, simply adding highly reflective material for the white crack. It also was a nice contrast between the simple front design and the rather busy explosion. For the outer layer, only the TARDIS would do. And what do you see when you open the TARDIS door? The console, of course. There I had my four pictures. Now I simply had to put the dress together... and I had only two weeks to do it in! Needless to say, the family conservatory was mine for the next two weeks and many a growling sound was made if anybody wanted to evict me from my project. The ironing board is the perfect place to do hand sewing. How dare my husband need it to iron his shirts? Totally unreasonable!

The first step was to find a dress pattern that I could adapt to form the base dress. I needed a full length body hugging dress with sleeves, into which I could sew the side panels, making it a square when my arms were raised. That part was relatively easy, as you can simply make a pattern longer or shorter if needed. It was the arms and chest patterns that needed to fit. I did not want to look like a sack on stage. I had not bothered with this in the "Wall" costume of 2005, but time, skills and vanity have moved on! The difficulty was to sew the panels into a fitted dress design and still maintain the flatness of the panel. It took a couple of attempts to get that right.

○ **Rose:** Doctor, they've got guns.

The Doctor: And I haven't. Which makes me the better person.



They can shoot me dead, but the moral high ground is mine.
"Army of Ghosts"

This dress than formed my canvass. The crack was relatively easy. A quick pattern copied from the pictures of the crack on the internet sewn onto the front in bright white. I used metallic string to “draw” light shining through the crack and on stage those reflected nicely in the spotlight, giving the illusion of actual light. It’s all about illusion in this field after all. The Van Gogh design I left for last, as it was the most complex element. It took a long time to hand sew all the TARDIS bits, the flames and the twirls onto the dress. Remember when I said I am not too good at this appliqué stuff? The problem was the actual dress in the middle. Sewing onto the side panels was a doddle, but onto the arms and transition from panel to dress was a nightmare! But the result I believe was quite good. When you are staring straight at the sewing it does not look very professional, but the audience would be at least 3 meters away, so the imperfections actually added to the impressionistic feel of the picture. The outer TARDIS was a lot simpler, as it was a lot of repetition on the door design. Cutting out letters was the biggest problem, as the first fabric I had chosen frayed too much and the second was a pig to cut. But I got there in the end. I did not want to paint any of this, as I would have considered that cheating.

For the console, I stylised the design from a number of TARDIS consoles over the years. I liked the form of the David Tennant years, but with the hanging cables of the Matt Smith TARDIS. I used piping as cables in various colours for this. It could not be actual cables as that would have made the dress too heavy. It was actually quite difficult to sew the piping on and my fingers know a tale or two about missing dress and pricking fingers, OUCH! The outer dress was simply two square sheets sewn together, again the same dark blue material. What else for a TARDIS? However, that is when I ran into trouble. I was going to use the metal ring and elastic band trick, but that simply did not work. I could not stretch the band far enough to then spring back and not get caught in the rings. I also could not stretch my arms so when I folded the material in front of me it looked square enough to be the TARDIS. I was getting actually quite frustrated with the whole project until my daughter pointed out that gravity was my friend! I got rid of the rings and the elastic bands and simply sew the sides of the front and back together, leaving gaps for the arms. The top I secured with strategically placed small strips of Velcro, which were strong enough to

hold but would open when the dress was dropped. The heavier design of the console came to my rescue here. So far, so good!

I then had to work on the presentation. As usual, I had to fill no more than a minute. Lucky then that the piece of music that fitted the act was 57 seconds long. I am sure you all know the Matt Smith action theme. Don’t make me sing it here! (Dangerous side effect: Every time I hear the theme now I want to throw my arms in the air and drop a layer of clothing!) It is a climactic kind of a piece neatly fitting the build-up of the planned presentation. I say planned as by this time we were half way to the airport! Rehearsing? Nope! The dress was exactly as I had planned it! No heavier than a sweatshirt and foldable to those dimensions and no members of the family were hurt carrying it from hotel room to hotel room.

At the rehearsal I realise that there were two other TARDIS Costumes and as usual, my confidence was waning as theirs were sown to perfection. But heck, I had had fun making the thing and was there to have fun presenting it, so who cares! I had decided on the presentation at the rehearsal (Kids... don’t do that at home! Or better: DO! Always give it some thought before the day). I would give the music 5 seconds intro, then come on stage as the wobbly TARDIS, then progress to the middle of the stage into a spotlight, where I would slowly open the TARDIS doors to reveal the console, arms stretched out, always presenting to left, right, then back to middle, then drop the outer dress along with music climax and then turn around to reveal the explosion. The Tech crew helped greatly by flickering the spot light and then switching it off. Short and sharp! And I must say, it worked well; the best thing for a masquerade is when the audience reacts, and mine went from an “aah”, at the first change to a nice long “ooooohh” at the sight of the explosion. The icing on the cake was when I won in the Journeyman Division: Best Arrangement of Transformation in the Workmanship category and Best Transformation in the Presentation category. I must say, I was quite happy. And the best thing, I can use the inner dress as a hall costume! I was going to put my hair in a bun on the top of my head next time and place a blue light bulb in it, but my daughter said she would not be seen with me in public again if I did that. Ah well, as they say, everyone’s a critic!

“Ohh, how to explain the mechanics of the infinite temporal flux? I know, *Back to the Future*. It’s like *Back to the Future*.”
The Doctor - “The Shakespeare Code”



“How should I know, I haven’t met her yet! That’s time travel for you. Still, can’t wait to find out, that’s something to look forward to...”
The Doctor — “The Shakespeare Code”



“They are fast, faster than you could believe. Don’t turn your back, don’t look away, and don’t blink. Good luck.”
The Doctor - “Blink”



“Who’d have sonic?”
The Master - “The Sound of Drums”



TRIAL OF A TIME-LORD FAN BY TIM DAVIS

I turned 10 in 1986. My apologies if this fact ages anyone reading this. I was at the perfect age to grow out of *Doctor Who*. And I almost did. Anyone who knows me finds this confession baffling as all my friends know *Doctor Who* is not just a show I like but part of my life. Since the show's 2005 relaunch (what's this reboot everyone mentions?), I have spent many an hour answering questions about the show and guiding new fans to certain stories, old series and new. And I enjoy every minute of it. But it was almost not meant to be.

I was always a fan of Colin Baker's Doctor. For real, even the multicolored coat in many a child's eyes in 1985 was not that tasteless. However, his first full season, it's well known, was problematic. I remember liking the stories for the most part but "Timelash"

and "Revelation Of The Daleks" didn't exactly have me clamoring for new episodes. I was never particularly popular on the schoolyard but there were several classmates who would say to me, "Tim, as a friend, stop watching *Doctor Who*." This was not because they also didn't really like that season. It was because they saw *Doctor Who* as kids' stuff a respectable 10 year old should leave behind. These other kids were, in their own way, trying to help me get with the times by giving up talking about the TARDIS & Daleks and instead start watching *Miami Vice* & *The A-Team* or whatever else was on. Well, I did watch those shows too and a lot of *GI Joe* & *Transformers* (also on the way out during recess.) My generation was growing up and willfully giving up childhood things. Maybe I should do the same with *Doctor Who*, I thought.

○ "You are not alone."
The Face of Boe - "Gridlock"



➔ **Adelaide Brooke:** State your name, rank and intention.

The Doctor: The Doctor, doctor, fun.
"The Waters on Mars"

But for some reason, Saturday nights 9 PM on NJN, New Jersey's public television station, there I was watching Doctor Who. Just as I was about to turn my back on rubber monsters and casts filled with British accents, I remember one Saturday night there was an episode called "Trial Of A Time Lord." No internet back then and I don't remember if our *TV Guide* printed that a new episode was on, so I was taken completely by surprise by this. I remember clearly the excitement at those first few moments. A real space station, proper special effects and all. Dark, scary music. An amnesiac 6th Doctor thrust into a courtroom of Time Lords. Soon an adventure in earnest with giant robots, a genuine time-travel mystery and the wonderful, brilliant Sabalom Glitz and his sidekick Dibber.

Many an older Doctor Who has been quite dismissive of this season. I offer no intellectual argument other than that at 10 years old, I watched the Trial from the edge of my seat. *Doctor Who* burst its way into a brave new territory in my mind. Peri blasted away (by Prince Vultan!!!) in a mind-transference experiment gone mad. The Doctor accused of genocide. And then when The Master turns up to reveal who The Valeyard REALLY is...I was, as the Brits say, gobsmacked.

I remember during "The Ultimate Foe", that my folks dragged me to some stupid party up the stupid street. There were some kids there whom I was friendly with and all, but Thank God that episode is a two parter (the episodes were shown in one omnibus edition on NJN) because I actually snuck upstairs into one of the bedrooms to watch it. Yup, other kids sneak out for their first cigarette or try to steal a can of beer. Me? I sneak upstairs to watch "The Ultimate Foe". Bliss.

Nope. I wasn't growing out of *Doctor Who*. Not then, not ever. That was the moment when I knew I was past the point of no return. I remember initial disappointment at Sylvester McCoy's arrival because I felt (and still do) that Colin Baker was just warming up to the role. His work in Big Finish proves that he wasn't a good Doctor - he is a GREAT one. And I quickly grew to love McCoy's Seventh Doctor and consider these last four years of the show MY Doc-

tor *Who* because the show explored areas of teenage angst, genuine human emotions of guilt & regret as well as a new dangerous kind of excitement perfect for one aged 10-13. In other words, *Doctor Who* was growing up with me.

I've had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Colin Baker at the Gallifrey One convention where I've been able to relate this to him. Never one to refuse a compliment, I can tell you Colin Baker is as gracious as his Doctor was loud & bombastic. I'm delighted that he got the second chance he deserved with Big Finish because of all the problems in his era, his performance was not one of them.

When *Doctor Who* came back, it infuriated me to see certain articles sum up those last four years as rubbish. Sure, the ratings went down but the show was put up against some of the toughest competition in *Coronation Street* with little support from the network. But all that stuff completely misses the point and the magic of the show.

Even during certain maligned eras, *Doctor Who* sparks the imagination of the children who watch it, whatever shore they're on. And that spark doesn't go away when the next program starts. The fire that *Doctor Who* lights in the imagination lasts a lifetime.

Tim Davis is an award-winning screenwriter, television producer and also work as a social media consultant. He hosts a podcast on creativity and screenwriting at HandsomeTimmyDExpress.com (Chris Garcia is Episode 12!)





DOCTOR WHO – THE DOCTOR’S SILENCE (Ḍōktara kī cuppi) A REVIEW BY CHRISTOPHER J GARCIA

After the rampant success of the 78th *Doctor Who* film, *The Doctor’s Name*, Sidharth Malhotra’s replacement as the Doctor was rather unexpected. The youngest Doctor ever, Malhotra had headlined twelve films in four years, and his final foray was easily the top-grossing film of the summer. Malhotra’s time as the Doctor seemed set to continue, particularly with his companion Vidya’s contract running for two more films. The youngest man to ever play the Doctor, and the idol to so many young women around the world, could not be replaced by just anyone. This led to a fascinating choice by the producers – to make the regeneration ACTUALLY stick and re-cast the Doctor!

More fascinating was the choice to move from a regeneration into a younger Doctor; instead going with a much older one – in this case the man who would have replaced fourth Doctor Kamal Hassan following the 1977 release of *The Time Invasion* had the producers not re-signed Hassan as a cost sav-

ing measure. That man, now in his 70s, was Amitabh Bachchan.

Bachchan’s first outing was far darker than those of his predecessor. *The Doctor’s Silence* began with a naked Bachchan barking at his companion to find him some clothes as the Tardis performs the most difficult flight-path it has ever encountered. Having made their way through the trouble, Kaami (Vidya) and The Doctor have to deal with the return of The Silence, an amnesia-causing race who have come to The Doctor for assistance this time. They’ve encountered a terrible race without a name that they require the Doctor’s help to stop. After a brief encounter with The **Pērulēni**, Kaami sets a trap to capture one, which inadvertently allows The Pērulēni to kidnap the Doctor, who is then placed in a chamber that negates all attempts to communicate. Teaming with The Silence, Kaami is forced to confront The Pērulēni without the use of the Tardis, but

○ “Still not ginger”
 The Doctor - “The End of Time”



→ “Amy Pond, there’s something you’d better understand about me because it’s important and one day your life may depend on it. I am definitely a mad man with a box!”
 The Doctor - “The Eleventh Hour”

manages to free The Doctor after he reveals that the entire plan had been for his capture to force Kaami to make the moves she did because he could never defeat them without killing them, and Kaami's cooler head always prevails.

The songs in *The Doctor's Silence* are impressive, written by Bachchan and Ilaiyaraaja, make fine use of all the voices of the cast. Bachchan, whose sonorous baritone has served as the singing voice for 10 Doctors in the role of Playback Singer, here gives the words himself, sung on-set, which is all the rage in Bollywood at the moment. Perhaps the best of them is "Mauna mēṁ gā'ō" (Sing in the Silence) where the Doctor, who can not communicate, explains that by allowing himself to be taken, he's actually given Kaami all the instruction and inspiration she needs to defeat The Nameless. Other songs, like Kaami's "Vaha bahuta nayā hai" (He is So New) and The Pērulēni's communal dirge "Pērulēni" (Nameless) are crowd pleasers, every bit the match for the songs of the Mohammad Rafi era (1970 – 1974).

While some have complained about the dark tone of the film, Bachchan is almost universally hailed as the best Doctor since Shammi Kapoor took on the role in the late 1980s. His mix of pathos with a decidedly devilish sense of humor makes Bachchan the first Doctor since Sonjay Dutt to play up that aspect of the Doctor's personality. Bachchan's surprisingly tender scenes with Vidya instantly call to mind some of the better moments from Dutt's run with Katrina Kaif as Gulaba. The duet between Bachchan and Vidya, "Dhvani kē li'ē vāpasa svāgata" (Welcome Back to Sound), shows both the dedication of Kaami to The Doctor, and the undying faith he has in her.

The first weekend returns were third best of all the *Doctor Who* films (only *The Dawali Invasion*, where we were introduced to Salman Khan as the 10th Doctor, and Malhotra's Filmfare-winning turn in *The Wedding of Nadi Gane* did better) and the producers immediately announced that the second film for Bachchan, *Robobharata*, has already started shooting.



WE HAVE TO FIX THE UNIVERSE!

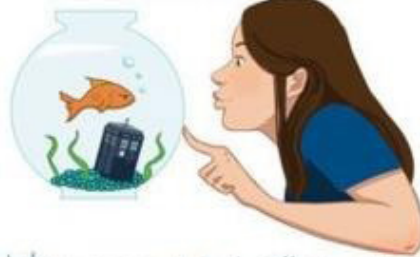
BUT HOW?!

Have You Tried

Turning It Off and On Again?

HOW TO FAN GIRL OVER THE DOCTOR

1. Name your pet after the Doctor.



Who is a good doctor? You are! Yes!

2. Use "Doctor Who"-like pick up lines.



3. Relate everyday life to the Doctor.



4. And lastly, use the Doctor's catchphrases.

Wibbly Wobbly



by Brianna13 (Brianna Sienkiewicz)

some girls want

vampires

some want

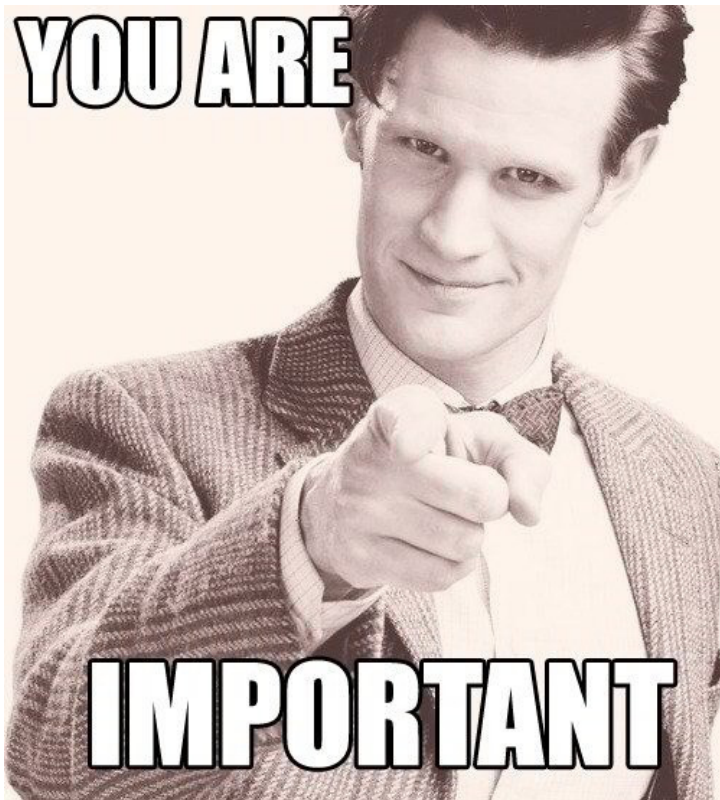
werevolves

but I'm waiting for my

TIME LORD



YOU ARE



IMPORTANT

Trust me



I'm the Doctor.

**DOCTOR
POOH**



**WHAT DOESN'T GO
IN THE BIN ~~CAUSES~~
~~DELAYS ON THE TRACK~~**

Will BE EXTERMINATED!

MAYOR OF LONDON

Transport for London

WHO



INSTANT FANZINE

House: Fear me, Doctor. I've killed hundreds of Time Lords.

Eleventh Doctor: Fear me. I've killed all of them.

— "The Doctor's Wife"



"Hello everyone! Guess who? Please, point a gun at me if it helps you relax; you're only human."

The Doctor- "A Good Man Goes to War"

~CONTRIBUTORS~

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LIAM PROVEN

JAMES SHIELDS

ERIN UNDERWOOD

LINDA WENZELBURGER

ROLAND WILLIS



“Kidneys!! I've got new kidneys! ...I don't like the color.”
The Doctor - “The Time of the Doctor”



“Robbing a bank. Robbing a whole bank. Beat that for a date”.
The Doctor — “Time Heist”

WHAT ARE YOUR FIRST MEMORIES OF DOCTOR WHO?

Helena Nash, aged 7, 1976

I like the new Doctor best because he is like all the other Doctors combined. *The Doctor Who Monster Book* says he is as clever as the first one, as funny as the second one and as nice as the third one. I don't remember the first or second ones but I do remember the third one fighting some big spiders. The spiders scared me, especially when a big one appeared out of thin air on a carpet when the people were chanting. My friend John from next door likes to chant "Om Merry Yummy Yum" over and over again. He wants to make a giant spider appear on my back like it did with Sarah Jane.

My favourite *Doctor Who* story is the one with the Loch Ness Monster and the Zygons. We have these yellow cushions at home with frilly bits along the edges. Me and my brother pull them down on our heads and chase each other around the house being Zygons. The Loch Ness Monster is good but he doesn't do much. I bet the dinosaurs in the Dinosaur Invasion were better - the picture on the front of the book has one going KKLAK!

The scariest monster in *Doctor Who* is actually Davros because he is in charge of the Daleks. Also he hasn't got any eyes and even if you work for him he kills you. I am glad the Daleks got him in the end but I think *Doctor Who* should have blown up the green things that live inside the Daleks.

I also like the *Doctor Who* action game on the back of the Weetabix packets. I have all four bits of the board and "Escape From the Underworld" is the best one because it has Silurians and a crawling hand. One of the other bits is "Discover the Lost Planet" and it has a Thal who looks like James Hunt. I have all the stand-up figures from Weetabix apart from set 6 which has the Tardis and a Sontaran. I will swap my spare Vega Nexos and Aggedor cards for set 6 so my collection will be complete.

I was a bit scared that time when the Sontaran took off his helmet and he had a humpty dump-ty head. My mum says if I have nightmares again after watching *Doctor Who* she won't let me watch it again. Last night a man on *Doctor Who* turned into a Krynoid in the garden shed, but I don't think my mum saw that I was watching through my fingers so I think I am alright.



“I am not a good man! And I'm not a bad man. I am not a hero, I'm definitely not a president, and no, I'm not an officer. You know what I am? I. Am. An idiot! With a box, and a screwdriver, I. Am. An idiot! With a box, and a screwdriver,



passing through, helping out, learning. I don't need an army—I never have—because I've got them. Always them. Because love is not an emotion. Love is a promise.”
The Doctor - "Death in Heaven"

How Doctor Who Saved my Life

by James Shields

Growing up in Ireland in the 1970s wasn't easy when you were the kid who didn't like football. Everyone in my class at school followed either Liverpool or Man Utd. I'm not sure I even knew what "Man" was short for back then. Kids in the playground would demand to know which one you followed, and giving the wrong answer might get you a slagging, or if particularly outnumbered, a beating.

But I couldn't care less about either, and I wasn't the sort of kid who would pretend to like one for an easy life. Saying you liked the wrong team might make you the enemy, but at least you'd share the common field of adversity. Saying you didn't like football at all made you something altogether more sinister. Something that both sides knew they needed to unite to stamp out. It made you the outsider.

Throughout my early years I loved science fiction. Sadly the best Irish television had to offer were *Lost in Space* and *The Time Tunnel*, and I loved them both. Living in the country, we only had access to the Irish channels. Some of the kids at school had access to British television from Northern Ireland, which their parents put up a giant aerial to receive, but mine wouldn't, so it wasn't until I was eight or nine when we moved back to Dublin and could get cable TV that allowed me to see the BBC for the first time.

I remember the moment I discovered *Doctor Who*. There was a feature about it on *Blue Peter*, and the new series was starting the following Saturday. I don't think I talked about anything else for the next few days. I'm sure my parents must have been driven mad by me going on about a show I hadn't even seen yet.

Saturday came at last and I was glued to the television for at least an hour before it was due to start for fear of missing it. It might even have been football that was on. I didn't care. Nobody was going to touch the television in case it would cause me to miss it.

The episode was the first part of "Destiny of the Daleks". Not the highest rated story in most peoples' reckoning, but it was everything I'd built it up to be in my mind, and I was instantly a fan. The Daleks were, of course, clearly Man Utd fans.

As months went by, *Doctor Who* became the unmissable highlight of my week, and I was eager to pick up anything I could relating to the show. My library had a few novelisations of older shows, and I devoured them all, then bought more when my pocket money allowed. A few years later, when celebrating the show's 25th anniversary with "The Five Doctors", the BBC showed a story from each of the previous four doctors. And then a few years later, the cable network started carrying

some satellite channels, and Super Channel showed classic episodes every Saturday morning.

I would dream of the TARDIS materialising in the schoolyard and the Doctor stepping out to invite me to join his companions and whisk me away from the school bullies.

Then one year my worst nightmare happened. My P.E. teacher selected me for the junior soccer team. Everyone told him that this was a terrible decision, but he was keen to show how inclusive he was and insisted I be on the team. The first couple of matches were okay, as I was just a sub, and could stand on the sideline in my own little world.

But in the next game, we were one-nil up with ten minutes to go. All we had to do was hold on and we'd be through to the next round. Then my teacher, still wanting to be inclusive, put me on for the end of the game. I protested, "Do I have to, sir?" But to no avail.

The first goal really wasn't my fault. I mean, if there was someone who was actually interested in being on the pitch in my place it might not have happened, but you couldn't directly blame me for it. But, it wasn't the end of the world; a draw would still see us through to the next round.

We were in the last minute of play, and the ball came back into my part of the pitch. All I had to do was boot it over the line, the final whistle would blow, and we'd be through. Ten other kids were shouting "kick it out of play". I put my foot forward to do just that, but the ball missed my boot, glancing off my shin and deflecting past the keeper and between the posts. The final whistle blew, and we lost the match and were out of the cup. And it was all my fault.

They were waiting for me just off the school grounds. I thought to myself, "What would the Doctor do?" The answer I should have thought of was "he would run away", but no, I thought, he would stand and face his adversaries and use his cunning and wit to outsmart them. Unfortunately neither my wit nor cunning were up to the job, and I limped home with a black eye and a collection of cuts and bruises.

So perhaps I would have liked this story to end with a blue box materialising to whisk me away from the bullies, but it doesn't.

But it did do something far more important. It gave me hope. It gave me conviction to stick to what I believed in. And most importantly, it taught me that you must never, ever give in to a bully.

So in this way, I honestly believe *Doctor Who* was a vital part in making me the person I am today, and in no small way saved my life.

"The first Question. The oldest Question in the universe, hidden in plain sight. Would you like to know what it is?"



DOCTOR WHO?"

Nalini Haynes

My first memories of encountering *Doctor Who* were as a very small child hiding behind my uncle's armchair in my grandmother's living room while we both watched the show. The earliest image that sticks in my mind is a black and white scene at UNIT with the Brigadier, some other soldiers and the TARDIS in the corner, but I don't remember much more than that.

My first memory was in Tasmania in the very early 1970s, so it's 50/50 whether I saw a repeat or a story that took years to reach Tassie. Years later I was stunned to discover that "The Android Invasion" first aired in 1975, because I remember first watching this 'new' episode in 1978 then going to school to play androids and laugh over the doctor's clever lines with my best friend. 'Is that finger loaded?'

Des Grogan

Reminds me of my brother hiding behind the couch because he was afraid of Daleks.

Erin Underwood

I was one of those "at-risk youths" who got tallied up in the national statistics that adults fret over. I might have been one of the many, but I never felt more alone. After all, when the cards you're dealt are stacked against you, it feels pretty impossible to break out of the social strata to which you are born. Often you're not even aware of the bigger, brighter world that is impossibly out of reach and all of the impossible things that were never meant for you.

So, how do you make a little girl believe she can accomplish impossible things?

You introduce her to The Doctor. No, I'm not talking about Amy Pond, even though that would apply. I'm talking about myself. The day I met The Doctor, many strange and wonderful things became impossibly possible.

I was about six years old the first time I met him. I was curled up on the sofa with my mom when this strange man with curly brown hair, a long colorful scarf, and a funny way of talking appeared on our TV screen. I was immediately suspicious of the curly-haired man, but I couldn't look away from the screen. Who was he? Why was he running around? How

come his scarf was so long? I asked all of the critical questions that were important for kids to know.

I must have peppered my mom with no fewer than a hundred questions that night. While that first image of The Doctor is crystal clear in my memory, the episode itself and all of The Doctor's adventures have long faded from my mind. While those memories may have escaped me, the conversation with my mom lingered on, shaping my imagination.

"The Doctor," she said patiently, "did impossible things because he didn't believe them to be impossible." She went on to explain that The Doctor traveled through space and time. The Doctor and his friends saved people. Most importantly, she told me that The Doctor didn't talk funny, he just spoke with a British accent. (What! There were other countries in the world?!)

For me, that was one of the defining moments of my life. That's the day I began to believe in impossible things. So, while I might have been a number tallied on some bean counter's chart in the 1970's, this "at-risk youth" chose her own path and used the force of a million-billion suns to move her number to a different column. Along the way, I have met my own group of friends and companions who have helped to make the world a better place, and together we have accomplished some pretty impossible things. However, I'm still working on that wibbly wobbly timey wimey stuff because I'd really like to go back to that night, watching TV with my mom so that I could tell her everything turns out okay and to thank her for introducing me to The Doctor.

But, you know the rules, no spoilers!



“I was, for that short time, the most famous writer on television... There was stuff coming to my house saying, ‘Dalek Man - London’”
Terry Nation



“The function of people in television should be to take people away from all their daily toil.”
Terry Nation

Jesi Pershing

The first episode of *Doctor Who* I ever watched was “World War Three,” the second episode of the Slitheen two-parter. I remember my dad being excited about the return of some science fiction show he watched when he was younger; he seemed to think it was quite a big deal that the show was coming back. I was not terribly interested in this weird old science fiction TV show of my dad’s. Though I had been attending science fiction conventions my entire life, I was not really a fan of science fiction (though I was deeply passionate about fantasy, and not just Harry Potter.)

I was walking by the TV room on a Friday night when I saw a UFO crash into Big Ben while a voice over intoned “Previously, on *Doctor Who*.” The following few scenes made absolutely no sense – something about a pig? But I was curious. And shortly thereafter, I was hooked.

I watched those first two seasons of *Doctor Who* through my father’s eyes. I had no idea what a Dalek was, but seeing my dad’s reactions during the next episode helped give me some sense of their importance. It was my dad who explained to me what

the hell regeneration was when I freaked out about the ending of the last episode. During the second season, he told me who Sarah Jane Smith was and shared memories of watching her when he was younger. He explained about the Cybermen and their history as *Who* villains. My entire experience of getting to know *Doctor Who* was enriched by sharing it with my father.

My dad only got the chance to see the first two seasons of the new series. Season 1 started showing in the US in March of 2006. Less than a year later, he had died of a heart attack. It feels so strange to realize that he never met Martha or Donna, was never terrorized by the Weeping Angels, that he never learned who the Face of Boe really was.

It would be silly to say that I would have never become a *Doctor Who* fan without my dad. By the time I got to college, I had many friends who were also watching, and at this point, it has become so absurdly popular it seems unlikely I would have never seen an episode and been captivated. But I am so grateful that I discovered *Doctor Who* the way I did. I got to share it with my father, learning about something he loved, and making memories from our shared enthusiasm.



“I always used to say about Mary Whitehouse, if there’s one thing she hated more than sex, it was *Doctor Who*.”
Terrance Dicks



“I always said Bill Hartnell (William Hartnell) played him (“*Doctor Who*”) as a grumpy old man because he was a grumpy old man.”
Terrance Dicks

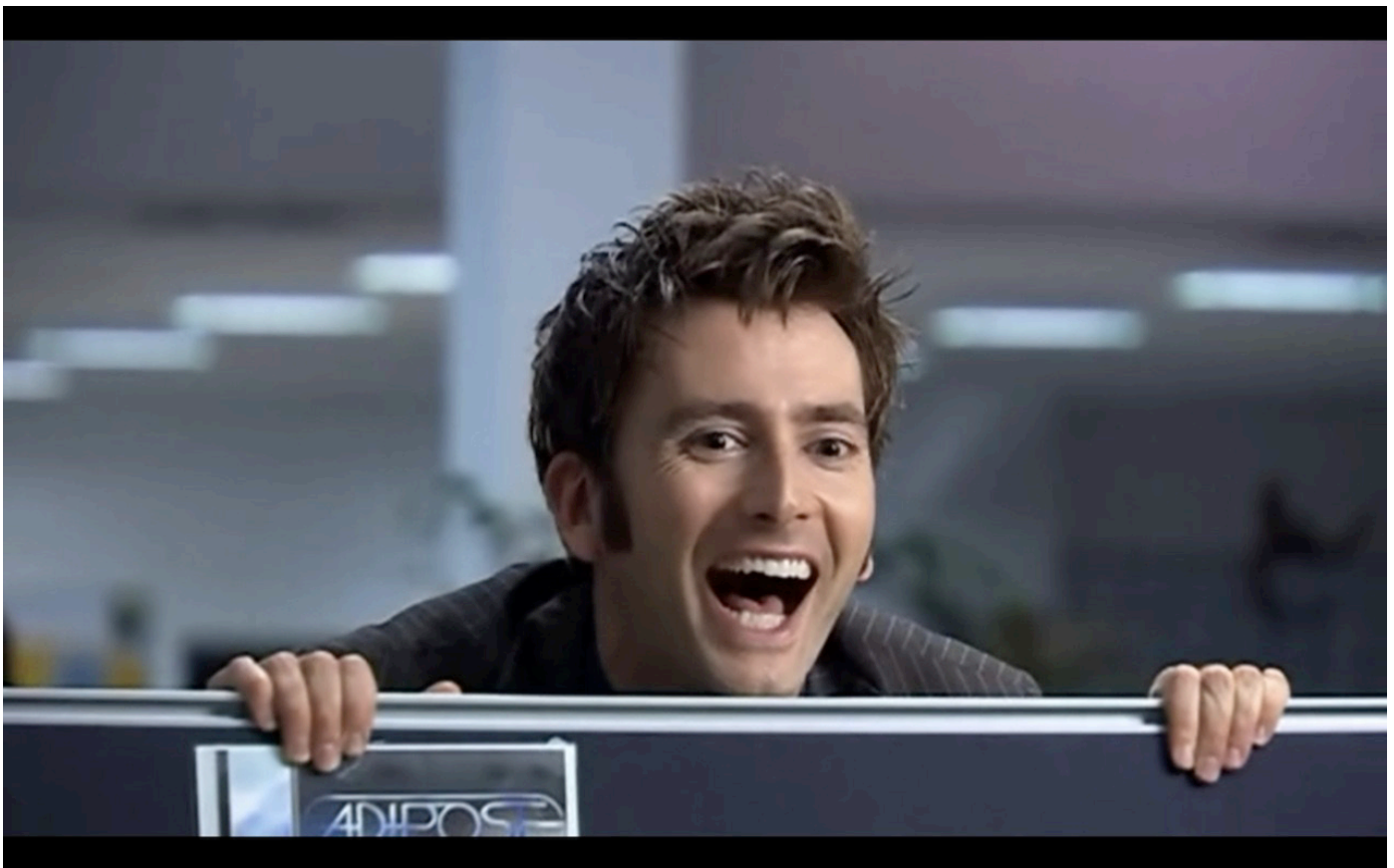
Roland Willis

The Doctor has always been just on the periphery of my vision. Growing up, I would occasionally catch a few minutes on TV or some bit of cultural flotsam. My father even had a few VHS tapes that, for some reason, I never sampled. In 2006 I started to realize most of the media I consumed at the time was dragging me down. There were too many shows like *CSI* or *Law & Order* that had a strong negative feedback effect on my psyche.

At this time, I went back to the Sci-Fi Channel. A channel that I could remember being glued to at its inception. Watching *Star Trek*, the classic movies, and weekend marathons of anime. When I came back to this channel, I started to see heavy promotion for a new show called. I was instantly drawn into the bright tone of the show and eagerly awaited its premier. When it finally came on, it was exactly what I was looking for: science fiction and a bit of optimism.

The success of *Eureka* endearing itself to me, lead me to looking through more of what was being aired on the channel. I saw *Doctor Who* in the listing, which sparked a bit of recognition. I read enough of the history and the present of the show to decide that I would give the relaunch of the decades old show a chance. I sat down, settled in to enjoy the show, a few hours and several episodes later I decided to stop for the evening.

Within this show, I found encapsulated everything that I had loved about *Eureka*, and so much more. What truly hit me was the unbridled humanistic optimism. This indomitable spirit of the Doctor that, despite the darkness that he always finds, perseveres throughout all that he does. As I continued through the show, I began to internalize this optimism and faith in humanity. This helped push me towards the role I find myself in now, as an educator. It is a role that I found I could best channel the Doctor and help guide my students to see the world, the universe, and humanity as something great and full of wonder.



“Of course it’s no longer a children’s programme. Parents would be terribly irresponsible to leave a six-year-old to watch it alone.”
Robert Holmes



“If a little one really enjoys peeping at it from behind the sofa, until Dad says “It’s all right now - it’s all over,” that’s fine.”
Robert Holmes

Linda Wenzelburger

I honestly have no memory of my very first *Doctor Who* exposure. I know there must have been one, but it seems that once I found the show, it became part of me. And like the show, time has no real relevance as far as 'starting' or 'ending'.

I'm sure it must have been on one of the Public Broadcasting Stations in the SF Bay Area; maybe KTEH or KQED? They were the only places I can remember being able to see any shows that were from the UK. Yes, it was a pre-internet world in my early days...

What I do remember is introducing a friend of mine to the new *Doctor Who*. The show had just relaunched and I was super excited about the whole thing. Then I read that the BBC was intentionally making the decision not to release the DVDs in North America – even though they were showing the series on cable here.

Let me digress a bit here and say that I am a firm believer in copyright. If I have the option to buy a legal version of a movie, CD, book, knitting pattern – whatever – I will buy it. I am not someone who bit torrents everything (or anything) for free if there is any hint that it might be illegal. It's just how I roll.

But this slap in the face from the BBC – who I was more than willing to throw money at – made me toss my morals aside and reach out to a friend of mine who does do the bit torrent/whatever thing to get copies of shows and movies.

Anyway... I turned to C_____ and wailed about the unfairness of the world, and dammit, I needed him to get me the first season of *Doctor Who* stat. And I didn't care how he did it. Sure, I could have invested in an all-region DVD player and ordered them from the UK, but I was mad. And well, upgrading my setup seemed unreasonable at the time.

C_____ was very accommodating and quickly had the first disc ready for me. But curiosity got the better of him, and he decided he needed to watch this mysterious show that I was so willing to cast my values aside for.

And that was when it took him an extra week to hand over the set of pirated DVDs to me because he had to watch all the episodes before he gave them to me. He fell in love with the Eccleston/Piper combination. He was really pissed off at the end of the season when he realized that the Doctor was regen-

erating - even though he didn't really know what that meant. I had to explain to him that that is just how it works and he needed to let go.

To this day, I think he still hasn't watched Season 2.



○ "What appealed to me enormously, apart from the sheer thrill of being published, was to have a shot at writing "Doctor Who""
Mark Gatiss



→ "TV has created very few original and memorable heroes, but the Doctor stands out as one of the honourable exception"
Mark Gatiss

Nancy Gonzalez

Like many shows that have ruined my life, I came across *Doctor Who* on tumblr. It was a normal evening, scrolling past yet another *Doctor Who* gif when I decided to cave in and watch it. The next couple of months came to be the most important in my life. I'd never been much of a science-fiction person, or at least, my exposure to science fiction was limited. The storylines made little sense sometimes, until I dwelled on them for several hours afterwards deciphering what they meant until I leaned back in my chair and was like "dammmmmnn". I very much looked forward to watching the "Vincent and the Doctor" episode. I'd first learned about Vincent Van Gogh in depth in an art history class I had taken. After that class I had gone on to search wikipedia and watch documentaries about Van Gogh. His story pulled at my heart and he gave me the inspiration to go on when I felt down. I even invested in a Starry Night poster that has since been replaced by the *Doctor Who* version of his painting with the TARDIS in it. It continues to inspire me to dwell in my imagination each day.

When I first watched the episode I saw myself in Amy. We both knew of his tragic life and we were both affected by it. The episode was quite clever in integrating some Van Gogh mysteries and giving us answers to them. Like Amy, if given the opportunity, I would have given anything to save his life and make him feel appreciated. When the Doctor and Amy took him to an exhibit of his in the future, I wished it very much to be real. Like Amy, I was naïve to think that somehow seeing this, Van Gogh might have kept on living. He didn't. It made me realize that sometimes our pain is too great, and even hope can't fix it. Still, it left me feeling that if I worked hard enough, I too could leave something worthwhile behind. It left me with this simple impression: our ideas are worth writing down for the simple reason that they far outlive us. Do it because you believe in it, not for anyone else to appreciate it. Just because no one else notices your work, it doesn't mean it's worthless. Just because no one notices you, it does not make you worthless. Our human life might be incredibly short, but we live on through the ideas we help to create. Keep on creating for the sake of future generations to come.



"What you need for science fiction is a good original idea. It doesn't have to be your original idea."
Malcolm Hulke



"David's an incredibly brilliant actor. But the tough thing about playing the Doctor, which he did so brilliantly, is that it can be career-defining."
Chris Chibnall

WHO IS YOUR DOCTOR?

Michael Carroll

I suspect that I'm quite rare among *Doctor Who* fans in that I have two "my Doctors." There's Tom Baker, who was the Doctor during most of my formative years (or, rather, my early formative years: I'm still having formative years even now), and, before him, Jon Pertwee.

They are both "my" Doctor. And that's not just because I'm being greedy.

You see, my very first encounter with The Doctor was in the early 1970s. Probably '72 or '73, when I was about six or seven years old. My dad brought me along to the barbers' – the two guys who owned and ran the place were friends of his – and to keep me entertained while they chatted I was directed to the Big Pile of Comics. Among these was a copy of *TV Action*, which featured many comic-strip adaptations of then-popular TV shows, including *Doctor Who*, which appeared on the cover.

We didn't have a TV set at home in those days, so I'd never seen *Doctor Who* before. Though I no longer remember the actual story, I clearly recall being immediately captivated by it, especially the artwork (which was probably by Gerry Haylock). Once I'd read that, I didn't bother with the other strips in the comic: I dove back into the pile and rummaged around for more. I think I found five or six copies of *TV Action*, and managed to read all the *Doctor Who* strips (out of sequence, but I didn't care) before it was my turn in the barber's chair (they put a sort of padded plank across the chair's arm rests to raise me up enough for the haircut – remember those, guys?). If I hadn't been such a shy kid, I'd have asked Dad's friends if I could keep those comics... I'm sure they would have said yes! But it was not to be. My approach to life had always been "keep your head down (except when getting your hair cut)" so I said nothing. However, all the way home I badgered my dad

with questions about *Doctor Who*, and that was how I learned about the previous incarnations.

We got a TV set sometime before "Planet of the Spiders" was broadcast in 1974, so I did manage to see some of Mr Pertwee in action before the re-generation, but not much: with three sisters and no brothers to back me up, I was pretty much always shouted-down when it came to deciding what to watch.

When Tom Baker took over, however, either I'd become more assertive or the girls just didn't care much (or there wasn't anything else on that clashed with it): I was able to see *Doctor Who* on a regular basis. Tom's Doctor was massively popular among my age-group: remember the collectable cards that came free with Weetabix? Remember the BBC annuals? Remember the Target Books novelisations – the only way to relive an adventure in the days before video recorders? (I adored those books, but some of them were so scary I had to read them from behind the sofa.)

So, Tom Baker is "my" Doctor, and so is Jon Pertwee. I feel that's a legitimate claim and am willing to fight to the death anyone who says otherwise. Unless – and I wish to make this absolutely clear – that other person is larger or stronger than me.

"I love *Doctor Who* and I love the old *Doctor Who*. But, even with all that love, you have to admit that the name of the programme had become a joke and its reputation had become a cheap joke at that."

Russell T. Davies



"Before we started, we talked a lot about "eccentricity". Well, the Doctor's got two hearts. He's 900 years old. And he travels in time and space. He doesn't need funny clothes."

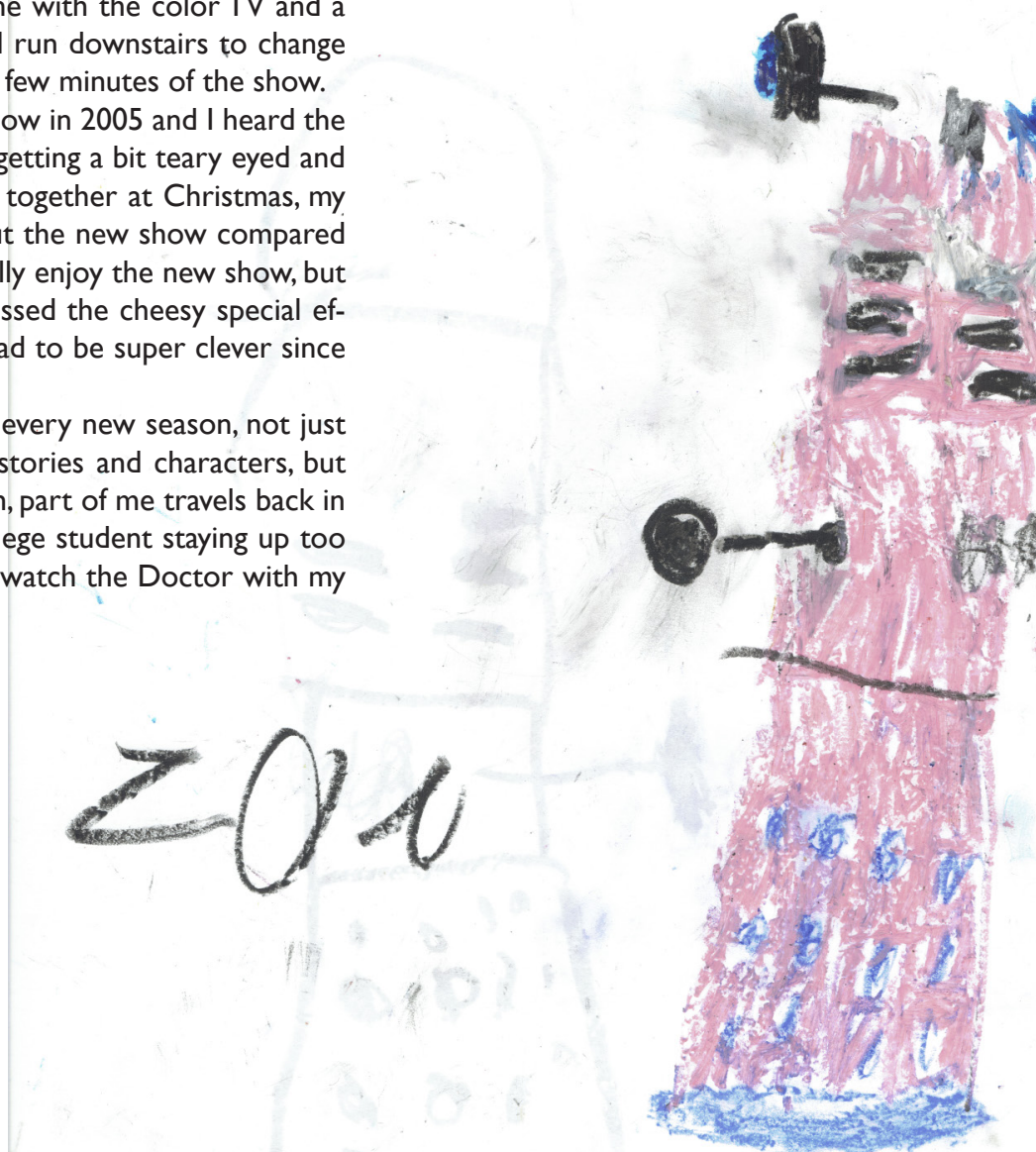
Russell T. Davies

Ruth Leibig

My first Doctor was Tom Baker. I was in college in the early 1980's. I was a pretty diligent student and my only recreation was occasional TV watching. For that reason, my parents gave me a color TV for Christmas my sophomore year. I was browsing channels at 11 p.m. one Sunday night as I finished my homework and starting watching. I got hooked on this quirky show with terrible and almost amusing special effects but clever plots and acting. The episodes were a couple of years old, but that meant they could show episodes back-to-back to give you the whole story arc - two hours of the Doctor!

My brother and I went to the same college and I introduced him to the show. He lived off campus and I lived in the dorm. He started bringing his laundry over at 11 p.m. on Sunday and we would watch *Doctor Who* while doing homework and laundry. After all, I was the one with the color TV and a laundry facility! He would run downstairs to change his laundry to only miss a few minutes of the show. When they revived the show in 2005 and I heard the familiar music, I admit to getting a bit teary eyed and nostalgic. When we were together at Christmas, my brother and I talked about the new show compared with the old. We both really enjoy the new show, but sometimes we kind of missed the cheesy special effects where the writing had to be super clever since the effects were so bad.

I look forward to every new season, not just because of exciting new stories and characters, but because each time I watch, part of me travels back in time to when I was a college student staying up too late on a Sunday night to watch the Doctor with my brother.



“The marvelous thing about *Doctor Who* is that it tells stories that no one else can tell.”
Russell T. Davies



“I think that *Doctor Who* is at its best when the humour and the drama work together and that however absurd a situation may be, it is actually very, very real and it has very real consequences.”
Douglas Adams

Linda Wenzelburger
The Power of the Scarf

Tom Baker is my Doctor. My first Doctor. I don't play favorites, but calling him out as #1 is not an inaccurate statement. It is just what it is.

Being a knitter, I knew that one day I would need to make THAT scarf. You know. The scarf that is really different in each season, but really, does it matter? Because anyone who knows *Doctor Who* will know you are wearing Four's scarf, right?

I think I ended up with Season 16 when all was said and done... mostly because I figured if I was going to do this thing, it would be big. Epic. And so long I could do serious harm to myself and others while wearing it.

I believe that it is over 23 feet long at this point and I never even got around to putting the tassels on. It just grows a bit more every time I wear it just from the sheer weight of the thing. And I made it extra wide. It can function as a blanket and a pillow if I take it on a plane.

Where was I going with this? Oh yes... anyone who knows DW will recognize the scarf, regardless of which season, right?

One day, I decided I was going to go to work as The Doctor. Maybe it was Halloween. Maybe it was a particularly cold day and I wanted to be warm. Doesn't matter... I take the scarf out and drape it dramatically. The draping is kinda of a given since it is so long. No matter how hard I try it will drag on the ground, but that is part of its charm, no?

I meet up with a coworker as I am walking down the street to the office, and she is curious about this wildly striped snake of a scarf that is trying to consume me. I explain what it is and she comments that 'no one will get it'. I assure her that there are people who will recognize what is going on without hesitation.

We just so happen to be passing a Copy Mat. She takes my arm and propels me thru the front door. The staff look up expectantly, and she proceeds to ask if anyone in the store knows who I am. They all look at me and one of them says 'The Doctor, of course'. The others nod in agreement. Coworker admits defeat, and we continue on to work. The warm feeling I experienced was not due to the scarf.



“As far as *Doctor Who* is concerned I think humour is important for those reasons: humour but not the sort of whimsy which eventually seemed to become the show's



default approach. Whimsy has a tendency to be soft and a bit silly which is not to my taste and which did not play to the show's strengths in my view.”

Chris Boucher

HOW DID DOCTOR WHO INFLUENCE YOUR INTEREST IN SF?

Christopher Erickson

I discovered *Doctor Who* on Saturday nights on the local PBS station in Minneapolis, KTCA. I was fortunate enough to have it run in its entirety of the 26 years that the classic series was on with the black-and-white episodes shown after a newer one.

Since I had a broad exposure to The Doctor and his companions, it influenced my views of science fiction in stories where people who are different work together (such as *Star Trek*) and that the unknown is not always something that is trying to destroy you and must be fought. *Doctor Who* showed an alien trying to help people that he met, writing wrongs and fighting oppression while striving for equality amongst all peoples.

I tend to gravitate towards stories where disparate groups of people work together to achieve a common goal rather than the alien invasion style stories where every alien is trying to invade and destroy the human race.

Doctor Who also showed that people can use reason, intelligence and negotiation to solve problems and resolve conflict. Even if people are fighting, The Doctor tried to convince people that violence did not settle differences and it was always worth trying to talk things out while conflict was still going on.

The classic series also explores the intellectual concepts of human nature in its storytelling. The concepts of acceptance, ethics and the like were always on the surface of the episodes without preaching at the audience.

Doctor Who pointed me to with similar themes such as *Star Trek*, the original *Battlestar Galactica* and the *Star Wars* trilogy amongst other. While I do enjoy the alien invasion stories, I tend to read and watch fictions that involve intellectual themes and explore the human condition rather than just show battles.

Nalini Haynes

I don't know how *Doctor Who* influenced my SF except that it was my first love. Later I came to love other SFTV programs like *Phoenix 5* (aged 6) and *Andra* (aged 8 I think, but it was repeated often); they were Australian SF dramas for kids.

Mum purchased novels for me from the Scholastic books program with a view to handing the books down to my younger siblings. Because of my love of SF, she bought *Dartellum*. Mum was incredibly pissed off when I finished *Dartellum* in about half an hour. I remember that causing a family fight, partly because she didn't believe me until I recited the entire story to her and, with hungry eyes, asked for more. Although I can't be sure, I think *Dartellum* may have been my first SF book. *Dartellum* left an impression that led me to John Wyndham via the TV series *Chocky* (of which *Dartellum* was a cheap knock-off) then to Wyndham's novels.

Should I mention here that my teacher read what I now believe was Alan Garner's fantasy *The Weirdstone of Brisingamen* when I was in grade two? I was 6. It both terrified and fascinated me. I was devastated when the book stopped at the Wild Hunt and the teacher refused to read any more. In hindsight I suspect a parent complained. I searched for that book for years but it wasn't in the school library. Eventually I gave up. When I heard that there was to be another book in this series, I read the description. I had a moment of clarity, visualising that country school classroom and the Wild Hunt, of which I hadn't thought for decades. I must find those books and read them; my life will never be complete until the Wild Hunt draws to a close!

“The BBC doesn't teach you how to be a drama producer. She just picks you up by the scruff of the neck and drops you in it, if you take my meaning.”

Barry Letts



The Daleks were never popular with directors. One director said to me, when I asked her if she'd like to direct a *Doctor Who*, she said 'yes, as long as I don't have to direct any tin cans'.

Barry Letts

Esther Maccallum-Stewart

I always feel like a real sourpuss when asked about *Doctor Who*, but fortunately most people either don't believe me, or worse, think I'm a bit of a troll fishing for a reaction. Nevertheless, ever since Matt Smith I've become increasingly convinced that the only thing for the show is to cancel it altogether.

It's not just about Matt Smith (although I loathed him; gurning at the camera doesn't make you a good actor, it just makes you even more unlikeable than before), but I genuinely think that the show has run out of good ideas. Each year we see the same monsters return (again), the same bits of Bristol on camera (annoying because most of them are on the way to work and it's frustrating trying to cycle past the TV crews), and the same storylines revisited, rewritten or just removed; either by accident or by chance. I feel sorry for my Facebook friends – each week they post hopefully; saying which bits of an episode they liked, and what expectations they have – but there's always an undercurrent that something wasn't quite right, that it was trying too hard or that the script was poor or that Capaldi isn't living up to expectation or that such and such a storyline hasn't ended satisfyingly, been dealt with properly or has just been avoided, or that they just didn't get on with the show this week...and the next week... and the week after that. Is there a virtue in bickering about *Who*, about spoiling it on Twitter or grumbling that something else was wrong? There seems to be; and to me it seems that people are not really, truly enjoying watching anymore.

Who has had a lot of criticism recently. The writers, the sexism, the plotlines, the oh-who-cares. But the best thing anyone has said recently about what's wrong with *Doctor Who* came from one of my students about one week into Smith's run as the eleventh Doctor. He argued that Matt Smith was an innovative Doctor for one very good reason. The Doctor is usually meant to be a genius. He's clever because he's old and experienced, but he's also wise. That means that in most of the early shows, the 'clever' Doctor has to let his 'foolish' assistants solve the problems themselves; even though he could easily have done it himself. The very fact that he knows the answer all along means that he holds back. Thus the audience, who identify with the helpers, also learn something. That's very moralistic, very *Hero's Journey*, but it's also how the early series tended to work. And it's fun! The Doctor could have done it all along, but instead the assistants (and us) need to work it out for ourselves.

Matt Smith, on the other hand, was very proud of being a genius, when in fact he was a monumental idiot. He danced about the screen and waved his magic wand and showed off and made up words that made him sound like a three-year-old and pulled rubbery faces at the camera. My student thought this was innovative; for me it was the nail in the coffin. Oh, how I dislike you, Matt Smith; you are not a good actor and you are a dreadful tedious Doctor. I hated his mindlessness, which other people told me was him being 'alien'; I hated his capering and lack of humility and endless boring polemics at monsters (which is kind of ironic, given the tone of this article).

Meanwhile, this idiot was accompanied by his even more stupid assistant, yet another woman who spoke in a weird staccato question-question-question-remark manner. She, alas, was stuck traipsing around after this twit uttering really weak question-question-question-remark wisecracks (thus signifying that she's 'fisty'). To make her seem remotely important to the show, spurious plotlines about the huge, world-shaking, actual importance of this person were introduced. I'm not sure why every assistant now needs to become SO VERY IMPORTANT; again surely it's their mundane nature that makes them so useful as a character? They also haven't stopped speaking in that odd way. And like a bad font; once witnessed, it can never be ignored.

I do not like *Doctor Who* any more. I think the BBC could easily, happily, and probably with an intense feeling of relief, bring it to an end. Fifty years makes for a good innings. We wouldn't have to endure the bickering about bad writing, sexism, lack of continuity, and general ennui that surrounds the show that is *Who* now. We could have new science fiction; I'd love that! Interesting stories in new universes; new ideas and experiments with the genre. Script writers wouldn't have to live with the history of a series that can't help but contradict itself. Fans have plenty of things to do – the audiobooks are really good, I hear, and make a universe that can't express itself well visually anymore come to life; and I'm certain most fans could make a better stab at it than what we've got at the moment. But please. I really, really can't endure another Christmas Special again, stop closing my swimming pool to film all your underwater scenes, and for goodness sake never let that ghastly man anywhere near a Fez again because no, they aren't cool now, and neither is he.

“*Doctor Who*’ is not the character’s name, and the implication is an alienation effect too far.”
Barry Letts



“If you watch *Doctor Who* nowadays, there’s music going on 98 per cent of the time, and I find it infuriating.”
Barry Letts

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PETER CAPALDI'S DOCTOR?

Jean Martin

I first discovered Peter Capaldi in *Lair of the White Worm* in 1988. But he really made an impression on me when he portrayed the Angel Islington in the 1996 BBC adaptation of Neil Gaiman's *Neverwhere*. From then on I've seen him here and there on TV and in the movies and have always been struck by his commanding presence and versatility. I was lucky enough to see him as Robbie Ross in the 1998 Broadway play *Judas Kiss*.

Of course, most *Doctor Who* fans remember Capaldi as Caecilius in the Series Four episode "The Fires of Pompeii." *Doctor Who* showrunners have a long history of hiring actors they've had previous experience with to play the Doctors or companions. But no one has the pedigree and visibility of Capaldi going into his role as the Twelfth Doctor. There has been some worry that, well, for one, he's too old. And second, that his previous characters would color people's perception of his portrayal of The Doctor.

I, for one, was not worried as he's quite a chameleon, and was happy to learn that he got the role and eagerly anticipated his turn as one of the most iconic TV characters of all time. I'm happy to report, at least in my opinion, that Capaldi's Doctor is pretty much his own and he was the Doctor for me from the very first episode. While he does remind me of the First Doctor, not just because of his age but also because of the somewhat more intimate and relatively smaller scale of the storylines than in recent years, he is more mentally active and physically energetic than William Hartnell. Costume-wise, the Twelfth Doctor is reminiscent of Jon Pertwee's Third Doctor, but has punk rock roots, which is totally Capaldi. The look is also stark and darker and more modern... somewhat like the Ninth Doctor.

If anything, though, I agree with some people's assessment of the Twelfth Doctor as being similar in personality to Hugh Laurie's Dr. House. They are both geniuses who need better bedside manners. This represents, at least to me, a refreshing change from the manic antics and youthful hubris of the Tenth and Eleventh Doctors. Capaldi's Doctor also has a wider range of reactions from mad scientist to Shakespearean gravitas



to ruthless hero to juvenile bickering. I like how they're showing him more as a genius as he scribbles formulas all over the place and makes more use of his library. He's the epitome of a nerd action hero.

I don't even mind his being more aloof and less obviously caring about Clara Oswald. He does care about her but not in the flirtatious way that the Tenth and Eleventh Doctors have been with their companions. He seems more like Clara's eccentric uncle. But in the process, I think we've also seen a wider range of emotions and more strength and intelligence come out of Clara. I love Clara as a character but up until now she was just a plot device and window dressing.

From posts I've been seeing online, there seems to be a love-hate relationship with Capaldi's Doctor with around half loving him and half hating him. I definitely fall in the love camp and have enjoyed every episode so far. Capaldi has been great with the funny historical episodes such as "Robot of Sherwood," with the serious ones such as "Kill the Moon" and with the intriguing ones like "Mummy on the Orient Express." I look forward to the rest of the season and hope he gets to continue for another one and more.

"This cantankerous old bugger who's up in Space with all his aggression and sarcasm and wit? I think the character of *Doctor Who* will live forever."
Graeme Harper



"It's really weird, I feel like such a new boy on *Doctor Who*."
Graeme Harper

Nalini Haynes

I'm a Moffat-basher. Please forgive me. I want intelligence in my *Doctor Who*, or at least plots that, more or less, hold together.

However, I love Peter Capaldi. He's a great actor and I love the new doctor. Capaldi's doctor harks back to the Jon Pertwee doctor of my childhood (aged 6 or 7). Mum sent me to throw food scraps to the chooks at dusk. I was terrified a Dalek was behind every tree because "Death to the Daleks" was showing on TV on Sunday evenings, one half-hour episode a week. Without the Dalek theme music from that story, the Daleks are not nearly as scary.

I also love that, apparently, Peter Capaldi has a 'no doctor-romance' clause in his contract. I'm so over the doctor having romances; I want adventures instead! Besides, it's a bit squicky to think of this intelligent, experienced alien having romances with the equivalent of his grandkids. I mean, if you want an inter-generational romance between consenting adults, that's your business. I'd prefer intimate relationships between equals, thanks.

Capaldi rocks. So do angry eyebrows.



“Working with actors, having a great team around me, the creativity and the fun. It's as far away from a 9-5 office job as you get.”
Alice Troughton



“I liked K9. It was an extra character you could use. I didn't like the idea of it killing anybody.”
Bob Baker

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE STORY OR EPISODE?

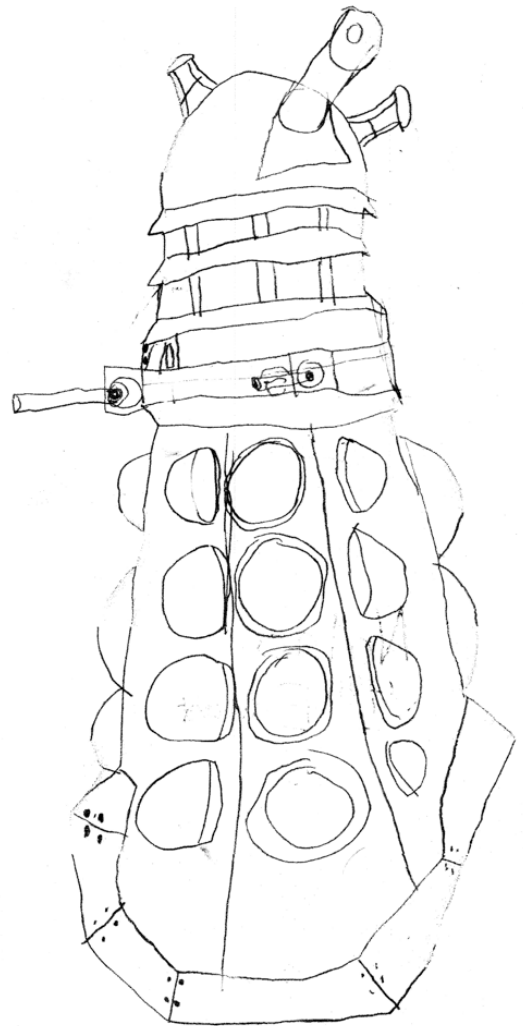
Mark Oshiro

I get odd looks when I tell Whovians what my favorite episodes are. I rarely hesitate because the answer is always the same. “Vincent and the Doctor,” I start to say, and I can see nods of agreement and a light in their eyes. It’s a beautiful episode with a climactic end that has made millions cry. “And ‘Midnight,’” I finish, and their heads turn, like a puppy trying to understand what I’ve just said. It’s not that “Midnight” is a particularly disliked episode; it’s just that following “Vincent and the Doctor” with it, as if they’re an expected pair, evokes a confused reaction in most people.

It seems easy to explain why the best Mofat-era Who episode is the one starring Van Gogh. (And I’ll die on that hill: it really is the best episode under his showrunning, and it’s also my favorite of Matt Smith’s run as well.) *Doctor Who* routinely does wonders when it inserts itself into history, liberally borrowing real-life figures and repurposing them into the mythology of wackiness and heroism that is this show’s bread-and-butter. But there’s a lack of the sort of humor in “Vincent” that would undermine both Van Gogh’s importance to the world of art and the very real struggle that he went through.

It is in this that I find something very similar about both of these episodes, and it’s why I adore them so much. “Midnight” and “Vincent and the Doctor” are, beneath the gimmicks or the premises or the humor, focused on intensely uncomfortable things. “Midnight” demonstrates humanity’s capacity for paranoia and our willingness to see one another as villains. “Vincent” makes no attempt to hide the often brutal ways in which depression manifests in people. The ending to both episodes are bittersweet and haunting as well. Despite that the Doctor and Amy undeniably gave Van Gogh a beautiful moment in the Musee D’Orsay, this does not prevent his tragic end. It also doesn’t negate the wonder of Van Gogh’s life either. And the Doctor learns of the power of sacrifice when the nameless Hostess offers up her own life to save his own, despite that she had only met him hours before.

I admit I like when fiction, particularly when it’s fantastical, offers a mirror into our own world. *Doctor Who* has done this for many, many years, stretching back to a number of classic-era serials. But both of these episodes grabbed me, ferociously so, by giving me a different version of the Doctor grappling with something that was decidedly not a fantasy. While aliens are found in both episodes, the story itself is heartbreakingly human, and it’s all the better because of that.



“I think the fans care deeply about ‘*Doctor Who*’, which is great, but it does mean that they restrict themselves – they should be a little more open-minded and not pre-judge



things too much. I got a lot of ‘Oh, I’m not going to like Mel’ before I even started recording the show.”

Bonnie Langford

James Shields

Like many, I love so many episodes of *Doctor Who* that it's hard to pick a favourite.

The new series offers many great choices. It would be easy to pick great episodes like "Blink" and "Silence in the Library", but I would have to choose "Turn Left". This is a brilliant piece of science fiction, and the Doctor hardly appears in it. I love how the alternative Donna sacrifices herself to force her past self to make the right decision.

But that's not the episode I'm talking about today.

While I love so many stories from the new series, I think most of my all-time favourites are from the classic series. The production values may not be in the same league, but there has been some fantastic writing in the show's long history, and I really like some of the more expansive stories from the original show.

There are plenty of stories I could pick. I've always been a fan of Peter Davison, so it's not surprising that several of his stories rank among my favourites. "Caves of Androzani" is of course a favourite, but I'm also very fond of Davison's opening story, "Castrovalva", where the new Doctor is thrown straight into the thick of it against his greatest adversary. There's "Black Orchid" that seems rather simple on the surface, but has surprising layers of depth. However, I think my favourite Davison story has to be "Earthshock", which sees the Doctor battle the Cybermen one more time, leading to the tragic death of Adric, a companion many found annoying, but who to my twelve-year-old self was one of the most relatable characters, and a personal hero.

Tom Baker has to feature, and does have many genuinely great episodes. "Genesis of the Daleks" is the one many people cite, though, good as it is, for me it has too many pauses where not much is happening, as well as too much random running through corridors. I could perhaps pick "The Ark in Space", "The Deadly Assassin", "Pyramids of Mars", or perhaps the great, Douglas Adams-written, "City of Death", but for me, Baker's greatest was "The Talons of Weng-Chiang", which basically comes down to Sherlock Holmes versus Jack the Ripper.

The later doctors were made to suffer with some terrible scripts, but I still have to love them. I thought the concept of "The Trial of a Time Lord" was brilliant, even if the execution was a bit ropey.

However, I felt the stand out episode from Colin Baker's short reign was "The Two Doctors", in which Patrick Troughton returns as the second Doctor. Sylvester McCoy's stand out stories for me have to be "Ghost Light" and probably my favourite Dalek story, "Remembrance of the Daleks". I think we also have to thank him for ending the original series on a high in "Survival".

Skipping back to the Doctor's earliest incarnation, I really loved some of the historical shows, which manage to hold suspense despite having no supernatural element. "The Aztecs", and "The Crusades" were both amazing, and I was gripped by "Marco Polo", despite it only existing as a fan reconstruction with still images. "The Edge of Destruction" was the first show to take place entirely within the TARDIS, and features some brilliant acting. Another early story, "The Keys of Marinus" has some really dark moments and I think is where we really get to see the potential of the show. But the Hartnell episode that really stands out for me is "The Ark", in which the doctor appears to have everything resolved halfway through, only for the TARDIS to bring him back to the same spot 800 years later to find out things have gone awry.

Come back to the 1970s, when colour TV brought better production values, and some fantastic writing combined to make Pertwee's years some of the show's best. I could pick many of them, but one stands out for me. "Inferno" sees the Doctor thrown into an alternative reality where Britain is a fascist state and we see darker versions of the regular cast, making for a really gripping story.

But none of these are the story I'm here to tell you about. Instead, I've picked a story from the second doctor. It has so many twists and turns in its ten episode arc that it's amazing that it holds the audience's attention, but somehow it does, and it never loses intensity and suspense.

The story is Troughton's final one, "The War Games", and it starts with the TARDIS materialising in what appears to be First World War France, but it soon becomes apparent that something is awry when General Smythe exerts his mental control over his troops, and a military court sends the Doctor to a firing squad. Escaping, the Doctor encounters Romans and then Confederate soldiers from the American Civil War, and eventually infiltrates the War Lord's lair to discover he is a rogue Time Lord, and the Doctor

"Tom Baker was a very dominant actor both physically and intellectually, so you did need to counter that."
David Maloney



"I wanted a scientific adviser for the show, and I wanted to generate new science fiction-based story ideas, as we had decided to phase out the historical stories."
Gerry Davis

needs to request the help of his own people to resolve matters, allowing himself to be put on trial to save the people that have been trapped in the War Games.

The story has often been criticised for being too long, but for me it is the perfect *Doctor Who* adventure. I don't think it could be made today, which is a shame as it's great to see the story expand and have room to show us a bigger universe.

This is the first time we really meet the Time Lords and begin to learn a little about them, and it's the story that leads to Troughton's regeneration, making it a significant chapter in the history of the Doctor.

For me, this is one of the really great *Doctor Who* stories, and perhaps one of the most underrated.

Chris Garcia

I'm not sure if there'll ever be anything as good as "The Christmas Invasion."

Michael Michela

Favorite episode? Which doctor? Which villain? Which season? What episode theme? Not write a novella to do so? I must say that those episodes where the time and space continuum challenges confuse me to no end are my favorites – great when one loves to watch episodes over and over. Those episodes where relationships and character are key always put a smile on my face. So I offer for your consideration the following episodes to watch – you tell me!

Christopher Eccleson's doctor in "Father's Day" (2006) is challenged by Rose Tyler's deception about why she wants to go back in time to be with her father at the time of his death. Her dishonesty results in a tear in space and time that brings "the Reapers" (creatures that feast on time distortions) to Earth to munch incessantly on humans. The resolution brings a tug at the heart and it's fun to see how The Doctor and Rose indeed make it to episode nine. David Tennant is comfortably entrenched as the next doctor in "The Runaway Bride" (2007). The Doctor is dealing with the loss of Rose Tyler as his companion and must seemingly figure out how to counter the evil Empress of the Racnoss's plot to end the world

– all on his own. Much to the surprise to both The Doctor and the venerable Donna Noble; Donna is transported to the TARDIS as she's walking down the aisle for her wedding. While battling her arguably obnoxious demeanor, he must travel back to Earth and then far back in time with her to get an idea about why she popped up and how they can defeat The Empress. The interactions between The Doctor and Donna are just too much fun to miss.

"Don't Blink. Blink and you're dead. Don't turn your back. Don't look away. And don't Blink. Good Luck." – message to Sally Sparrow from The Doctor, encoded as an Easter Egg on a DVD. So characterizes "Blink" (2007) which has got to be one of my favorite Sci-Fi stories of all time – I have the t-shirt and all the rest. When they promise to behave, I have the Weeping Angels over for burgers and beer. Sally Sparrow and her friend Kathy Nightingale are checking out an abandoned house in 2007 – find a message on the wall directed to Sally to watch out for the Weeping Angels - Oh, and by the way... DUCK! dated 1969 and then Kathy vanishes. Moments later, Sally answers a knock at the door and is greeted by Kathy's grandson who has a letter addressed to Sally, from Kathy – who was transported back in time. When Sally reports this to the police, the officer helping her out also disappears, only to find her later, but as an old man with a message from the Doctor who is trapped in 1969. Sally finally meets the doctor later in 2008, but even though he sent her a message in 1969 – he doesn't know her. Any of this make sense? Of course not – that's why you need to go watch it!

"Partners in Crime" (2008) finds The Doctor starting the new season investigating a suspiciously effective diet pill. Why? I have no recall, but the fun that ensues when he again runs into the venerable Donna Noble, who also is investigating the diet pill, is fresh in my mind. It turns out that Miss Foster, the CEO of the diet pill company, is a bit on the alien side and more of a nanny to the little adipose babies – who pop up as the participants in the clinical trials disappear. I especially liked the reappearance of her grandfather, Wilfred Mott – who is thoroughly enjoyable in this and as a recurring character in subsequent episodes. I will say that this is one of those episodes that is a bit on the silly side, but that's OK – can't be too serious and scary all the time!

“I knew that I'd like to do a year when I joined. I also knew that they'd have liked me to do more than that, but I decided to go.”
Deborah Watling



“He's far, far more insane than he was last time, and much darker. It's fabulous being back. It's always nice having another go at a character.”
John Simm

Nalini Haynes

I have another confession. I don't watch much TV as it airs because I don't watch much TV as it airs so I'm not in the habit. Thus I managed to watch every second episode for about the first 6 episodes of season 8, then Roadshow said they'd send me the full season on Blu-ray to review so I was like 'Awesome. Deferring DW until after uni finishes.' So I can't comment on the latest season.

The episode that stands out as my favourite in recent memory was the Christmas Carol episode. I love the flying fish, the Dickens story, the Christmas-iness of it all. And, occasionally, I enjoy a pantomime-style episode.

In Classic *Who*, my favourite doctor was Tom Baker. Although I remember Jon Pertwee from original airings in Tasmania (remember, years later than the rest of the world), Tom Baker was like a fun uncle who could also be authoritarian and who'd try to keep you safe. For nostalgia I'd cite a series of Baker episodes like that one where the robot grows and the creationists want a flat earth (OMG I knew better even then); the one where the robots on the sand-mining-mobile were out to convert people; the lighthouse one that was suspiciously similar to the Goodies' lighthouse episode if you watch through squinted eyes; the key to time; the one where time travel screwed things up; the one where...

I feel homesick. Need to watch all the things.

Liam Proven

I am not sure that I am the person you want to ask.

I regard *Who* as a children's programme, not real SF, not actually worthy of adult attention. I've not seen much of the revived series -- I don't think I saw a single whole episode of Matt Smith or anything since then -- but that's mostly because it's so damned inane. For instance, I watched all of "The Waters of Mars" at the Scifi Weekender a few years ago. Utter drivel from beginning to end and a couple of hours of my life I won't get back. 2nd rate, maybe even 3rd rate schlock-horror which would not have been scintillatingly original 50 years earlier. And yet this got well-reviewed and an 88% approval rating. It drives you to despair.

The effects have got better, the writing has got (even) worse, the ideas are recycled slush-pile dreck. It's inconsistent, irrational, mid-20th-century-pulp-level goo and gore, with extras in rubber monster



suits, but now there's some CGI instead. *Red Dwarf* was very effectively skewering this stuff in 1988 and pointing out, via very funny and not very affectionate parody, that it was tired, stale old tat.

So what happened? In the grand tradition of modern Hollywood, it got revived, injected with a syringe of glowing green goop and zapped with a few thousand volts and now it's shambling around in fresh makeup. It's right up there with classic modern remakes such as *The Day The Earth Stood Still* and *Psycho*. You have to ask, why the hell did they bother?

When I was 9, *Doctor Who* was brilliant. The monsters were scary as hell -- "The Seeds of Doom" gave me nightmares -- the cod made-up science of "Logopolis" was inspired mystification rather than derision and Leela inspired strange new feelings that I wasn't sure how I felt about but I rather liked.

But by the time I passed puberty, I'd moved on. Now I appreciated stuff that took the mickey out of the simple, old-fashioned tropes of *Who*, like the *Hitchhikers' Guide*.

I am sure that for a 9-year-old today, modern *Who* would be great. And I get a brief nostalgia kick out of encountering today the stuff that I enjoyed when *I* was 9. But I don't watch it obsessively and write serious critical books about its importance because it hasn't got one.

Doctor Who is right up there with BMX bikes and skateboards. By the time you stop noticing each additional pubic hair you've grown, it's time to let go and move on.

Move it to 5 p.m., let the squeakers enjoy it and can we please stop pretending it's good SF, because it's not really either SF or good at all. Not if you're old enough to breed.

"There was one where the Daleks invaded the London Underground. And still, if I'm waiting for a Tube, I look down the hole and I can see the Daleks coming through -- I still have that."
Alex Kingston



"The budgets are smaller (on 'Doctor Who') but everyone works just as hard. Someone told me I'm going to get a River Song action figure. I don't quite believe it. You don't get that on 'ER'."
Alex Kingston

WHICH DOCTOR WHO CHARACTER (EXCLUDING A DOCTOR OR COMPANION) WOULD YOU BE?

Nalini Haynes

'Be' in *Doctor Who*?! I saw an extra talking about what real-world companion attrition rates would be because DANGER. TRAUMA. STRESS. BURNOUT. I suspect secondary characters would be extremely glad to walk away too. I'd rather interview characters and write their stories. THAT would be awesome.

Captain Jack is probably my favourite secondary character in *Doctor Who* because he was fun, risque and full of life, adding layers to *Doctor Who* so the kids could enjoy it while the adults had something extra about which to laugh.



“The idea was to have this machine that was omniscient and could churn out data at the press of a button, and then suddenly uttered it with a tiny little voice, as if it came out of a tiny little speaker on a transistor radio.
John Leeson on the voice of K9



“Well I always used to think that K9 was never a dog, he was a computer, and the dog thing was entirely incidental, he just happened to be that kind of dog shape.”
John Leeson

AND LASTLY...

Pádraig Ó Méalóid

Did I ever tell you about the English guy I met, while I was still working in Dandelion Books? He was over in Dublin for a few days, and he was buying one of the old Target *Doctor Who* novels - this would have been in the early to mid-1990s, when the original series had run its course, and it looked like there wasn't going to be another - so we were talking about watching the series when we were kids. He told me that, when he was a small child, unbeknownst to himself, he lived across from the factory that built the Daleks for the BBC. One day they left a few of them out on the pavement to be collected by a van, just in time for him to look out the window, and be convinced that they were coming to get him. I didn't charge him for the book...



Doctor Who: the morning after by Helena Nash

Season 8, Episode 1 - Deep Breath

I watched the new *Doctor Who* with the new old Doctor Who last night. This morning I wrote down what I remembered of it. This is it:

SCENE: A Tyrannosaurus Rex is stalking around in Victorian London.

VIEWER A: Hurrah! A T-Rex! And it looks brilliant, just like in *Walking with Dinosaurs*!

VIEWER B: What's it doing?

VIEWER A: I don't know. Just sort of walking up and down.

VIEWER B: Dinosaurs are great. I hope they get it right this time, not like in "Invasion of the Dinosaurs" or "Dinosaurs on a Spaceship". They were rubbish.

VIEWER A: Mm, it's still just walking up and down the Thames. A bit like the Skarasen.

VIEWER B: Oh. Is it doing anything else?

VIEWER A: Mainly challenging our preconceptions of gender.

VIEWER B: It's been thirty seconds since the story started. I need familiar faces!

VIEWER A: Hurrah! It's Madam Vastra and her wife and Strax.

VIEWER B: Yay! Victorian Lesbian Samurai Silurian! Hero in a half-veil!

VIEWER A: What's the wife called?

VIEWER B: I have no idea. It doesn't matter.

VIEWER A: Strax makes me laugh.

VIEWER B: Oh look! It's the TARDIS! Covered in KY!

VIEWER A: Why does it look so shiny and flimsy?

VIEWER B: And here's the new Doctor! And whatsherface. The one after Amy. Quirky Smirky Pixie. (The mandatory post-regeneration comedy schtick ensues. Everyone kind of forgets the dinosaur.)

SCENE: Victorian Lesbian Samurai Silurian HQ. Some rubbish dialogue about bedrooms.

VIEWER B: Why are Vastra and Quirky Smirky Pixie arguing?

VIEWER A: I don't know. I think it's called character

"She was very good, but yes, she was a fish out of water. She proved herself very quickly and I have nothing but the greatest respect for her."
Rex Tucker on Verity Lambert



"I watched it a little. Tom Baker was very good, I'd have liked to have worked with him. I thought all the actors were very good, although the scripts were terrible"

Rex Tucker

development.

VIEWER B: I think they're just trying to tell us that it's OK for the Doctor to be old.

VIEWER A: Where's the dinosaur?

VIEWER B: It's over there. Way in the distance, as if they've run out of CG.

VIEWER A: What's it doing now?

VIEWER B: Still just walking around in the middle of London. Not being shot by the army's cannons or anything.

VIEWER A: That's rubbish - they could have had an artillery captain called Lethbridge or something.

VIEWER B: Oh look! The dinosaur's caught fire! Way over there in the distance. Can't really see what's happening though.

VIEWER A: Oh.

SCENE: The DOCTOR runs away in a nightshirt. He talks to a horse and gallops off.

VIEWER B: Why is the Doctor bouncing up and down on the horse in those medium shots, but hardly moving at all when it's a close-up?

VIEWER A: Probably something Timelordy. Or Horsely-Worsey. Best not to ask.

SCENE: Everyone arrives at the scene of the burning dinosaur. Which we can't see for some reason.

DOCTOR: Oh you humans. You are rubbish. Splosh.

VIEWER B: Has he jumped into the river?

VIEWER A: I think so.

VIEWER B: Why didn't they show us? Or the burning dinosaur?

VIEWER A: I have no idea. Anyway - look! There's a sinister Victorian gentleman in a tall hat!

VIEWER B: Ooo! Richard E Grant! I like him! Oh no, it's just some bloke with half his face missing.

SCENE: The Doctor spends a lot of time in an alleyway with an old man.

VIEWER B: What's happening?

VIEWER A: Nothing. The Doctor's talking about his eyebrows a bit.

VIEWER B: Why is this scene still going on?

SCENE: Back at Victorian Lesbian Samurai Silurian HQ.

Quirky Smirky Pixie has taken time out from her frantic search for the addled Doctor to pour herself into a nice Victorian gown and do her hair up in

little curls. Just to remind us that if there's one thing the BBC can still do alright, it's period costume. Strax says something funny ending in 'Boy'. Quirky Smirky Pixie and Vastra argue again probably and challenge our preconceptions of gender/race/sexuality/marriage/reptiles. Vastra is all superior and the Pixie does a quirky smirk. Then they work something out to do with a newspaper.

SCENE: A restaurant. The Doctor is smelly. He and the Pixie argue.

VIEWER B: What are they arguing about?

VIEWER A: I think they're trying to give her a character to make her different from Amy and the others. Apparently she's a control freak.

VIEWER A: She is different. She's brunette. They haven't had one of those for ages.

(It turns out everyone else in the restaurant is sort of clockwork. Some very slow peril ensues.)

VIEWER B: Could they not just run past them? They seem very slow.

VIEWER A: Apparently not. The Doctor is quite old looking.

VIEWER B: He's not old! Well he is, but he's been old for ages, even when he was Matt Smith! Hasn't this story told you anything? (The Doctor and the Pixie obligingly get caught by an evil restaurant booth from *Live and Let Die* and end up in a Dark Spaceship set.)

VIEWER B: Pity. I was hoping for the old Dalek spaceship 'woomp-woomp' sound effects.

VIEWER A: Nah, they wouldn't shoot their bolt quite so early and do the Daleks straight away. They're probably resting them for this series because they've been so overused. (The Doctor and the Pixie look at some rubbish automata and fail to work things out, though the Doctor does suggest that this all looks familiar.)

VIEWER A: Rubbish robots with human faces that come off! It's "Four To Doomsday"!

VIEWER B: No, it's a ship from the dawn of time - it's "Earthshock"!

VIEWER A: But the rubbish robots are sort of clockwork. Maybe it's - gasp - the Celestial Toymaker! The Who revival we've all been clamouring for!

VIEWER B: Ah no. Clockwork plus organ theft. It's just the dudes from "The Girl In The Fireplace".

VIEWER A: They were quite scary in that.

VIEWER B: These aren't.

(More slow peril ensues. The Pixie holds her breath a

“Doctor Who was never intended to last just six weeks. Right from the beginning, we were told it would be a year-round production.”
Verity Lambert



“Well it was a series that was designed to appeal to eight to fourteen year-olds, which of course it didn't, it appealed to everyone, which is wonderful.”
Verity Lambert

lot, like in Mr Vampire.)

VIEWER B: Cowabunga! It's Vastra and the gang, armed with awesome samurai swords and blasters!

VIEWER A: Why are they getting overwhelmed by the slow rubbish automata?

SCENE: The Doctor and the main rubbish robot are now in a balloon made from human skin. They talk a lot about being human probably.

VIEWER B: If there's all this mild body-horror plot with skin and T-Rex optic nerves, why am I not freaked out?

VIEWER A: I think because they keep saying and not showing, even though it's now getting on for 9 p.m. (Slow peril continues for Pixie and the Victorian Lesbian Samurai Silurian gang who have failed to chop/blast the rubbish robots into little pieces.)

VIEWER B: Look! The main rubbish robot has fallen from the skin balloon onto the top of Big Ben! Hurrah!

VIEWER A: But did he jump or was he pushed by the Doctor? Ah...

VIEWER B: Oh I see what you're saying - is the Doctor naughty or not? Ah...

SCENE: The Doctor takes off in the TARDIS and leaves the Pixie behind. The Pixie puts on her old clothes. The Doctor comes back. They talk. Matt Smith phones her from the past and tells her it's alright and can he please look after the new old Doctor as that is going to be her character as well as being brunette.

VIEWER A: What's this? An epilogue?

VIEWER B: Oh goody! I hope Nick Fury turns up!

VIEWER A: No, it's the main rubbish robot and an old woman called Missy.

VIEWER B: She looks like Mother Nature from the Tampax ads.

VIEWER A: I think she's the arc-plot villain. Maybe she's recruiting a League of Anti Doctor Baddies to gang up on him.

VIEWER B: I think she's the Master's wife. Missy, Mistress, gettit?

VIEWER A: Shut up. Anyway, here's the next episode teaser. Oh, it's the Daleks.



"Shut up! I can't let you without knowing you are loved. By so many and so much. And by no one more than me."

River Song - "The End of Time"



"I was given a piece of paper that said there was a man who has come from we-know-not-where, with a spaceship he doesn't know how to work,"

Verity Lambert

THE MONSTER BOOK 1

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