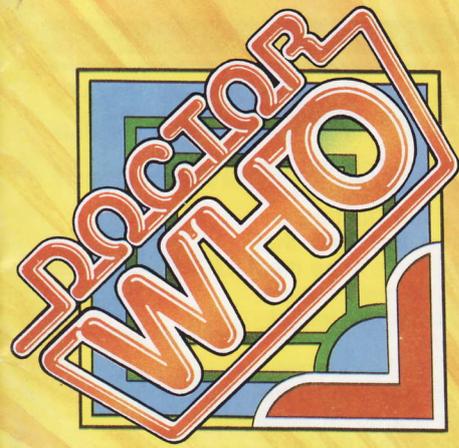


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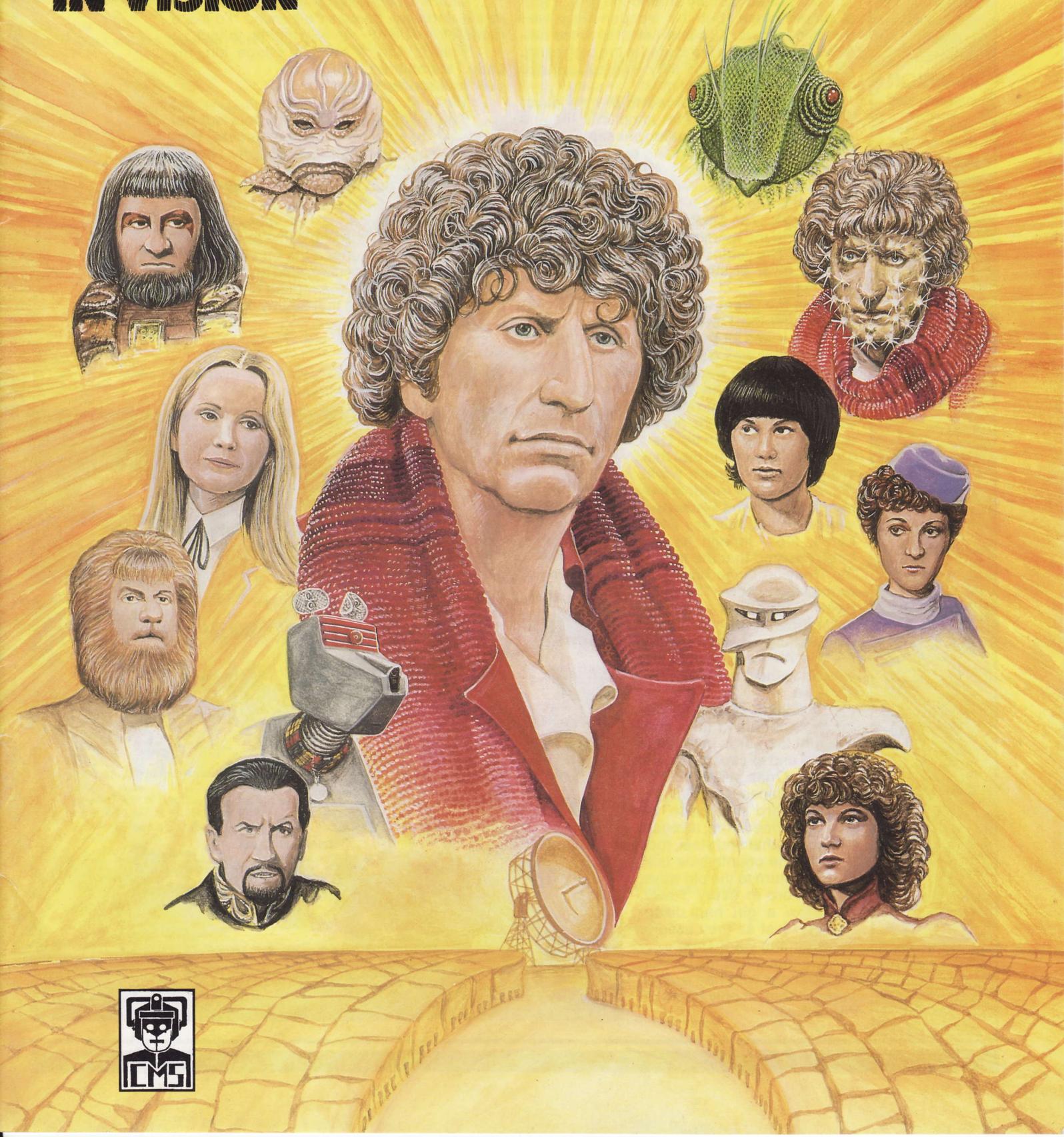
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SEASON 18 OVERVIEW

IN-VISION

THE MAKING OF A TELEVISION DRAMA SERIES



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IN·VISION

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IVO SAID, "You're sure she's nowhere to be found?"

Katya shook her head. "Nowhere in the village. Her mother hasn't seen her, nor has anyone else."

"Off with one of her boyfriends, no doubt. Well, you'll just have to manage alone I expect she'll turn up with some tale before long."

"It's not fair," said Katya sulkily. "It's always Gerda - you don't catch me carrying on like that."

Ivo grinned, as she stumped resentfully away. Gerda was unreliable - but she was popular with the customers despite, or maybe because of, her flighty ways. Still, most of the work was done, they'd manage.

Ivo looked proudly around the Inn. It was a simple place, but the wooden floor was gleaming, the chairs and benches were polished, a welcoming fire roared in the big hearth. People came because they wanted to these days, not because they must.

Ivo's thoughts returned to the old days, when this place was the communal feeding place for the village. Terrified peasants wolfing down thin gruel before going out to toil on the fields from dawn till dusk. All for the benefit of the Lords in the Tower - the Three Who Ruled.

And there were worse things to fear in those days. The people who disappeared, to be found in the marshes, their bodies drained of blood. The youths and maidens taken away to the Tower at selection time, never to be seen again.

And the Great One, the undying monster buried near the Tower.

Still, it was all different now, thoughts Ivo. The monster was destroyed, the Lords were gone, the village was free. Only...

Only why did he feel so worried?

Ivo sat down onto a bench at a table near the door, gazing out into the night. In the Dark Times it had seemed that their village was the entire world, but with their new freedom they learned that there were other villages, other castles. Other Lords, too - though he had been assured that the taint of the Undying Ones had been rooted out by now. There had been travellers passing through, links forged, talk of establishing a central Government. As headman of the village council, Ivo was much involved.

But there had been disturbing rumours of late. Stories that the Lords planned to return - and whispers that the Undying Ones still flourished in secret places. Certainly the Black Guard had been reformed. Armed men, arrogant in black leather and steel, rode through the countryside talking of a return to the old ways, with a Lord in every Tower. And now a girl had disappeared - just as they used to vanish in the Dark Time.

Ivo thought of the Doctor, the stranger who had arrived to help them. If only he would come again...

As if in answer to his thought, he heard footsteps in the village street. Someone was approaching the Inn.

Ivo leapt to his feet and peered out into the darkness. A tall strangely-dressed figure was walking towards him. Was it the Doctor?

As the figure came into the light that spilled from the Inn doorway, Ivo's hope died away. Despite the clothes - narrow trousers, boots, a high-collared many-pocketed jacket - the stranger was a woman.

The newcomer stopped in the doorway, slipping the heavy pack from her shoulders. For a moment she and Ivo stared at each other. Then the woman said, "Is this the Inn?"

"It is indeed, my Lady."

"Thank goodness for that." She came inside and sank down on a bench. "I'd like a room for the night - several nights, in fact."

"This is only a humble village inn, my Lady," stammered Ivo.

"Is there anywhere else?"

"Well, no..."

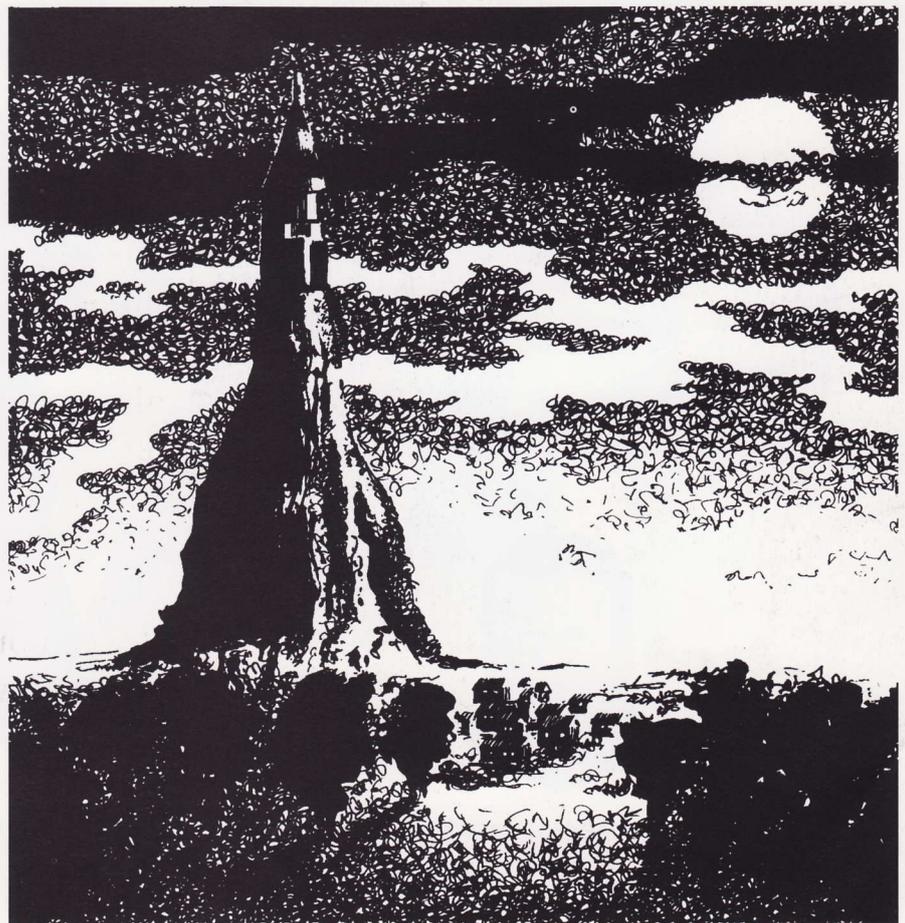
"There you are then." She held out her hand. "My name's Bernice Summerfield. Professor Bernice Summerfield, actually. I'm an archaeologist."

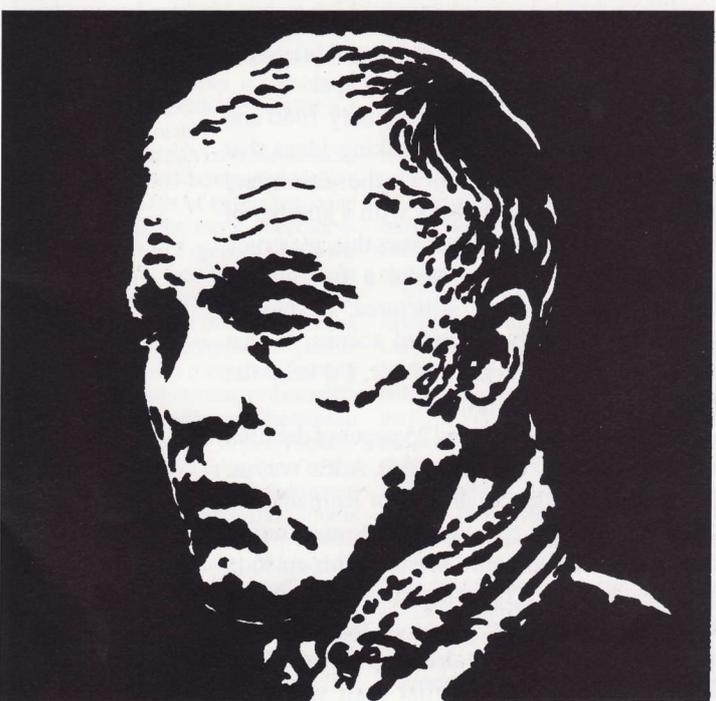
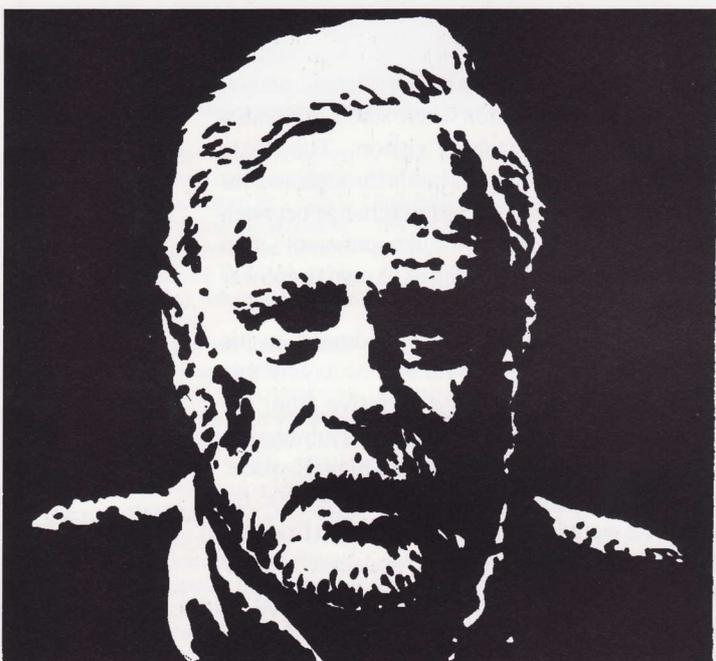
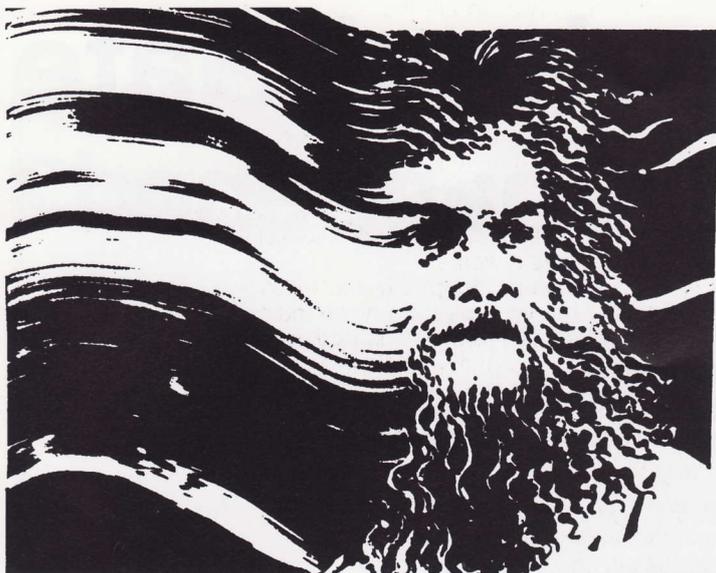
Ivo fell to one knee, took the hand and touched it to his lips. "I am Ivo, my Lady, headman of the village." He rose, towering over her. "But how do you come to be here?"

"Oh, a friend dropped me off. He recommended this place actually, said he came here himself, years ago." She looked round hopefully. "I don't suppose there's any chance of a drink?"

Terrance Dicks

This Borderlines, "Arrival", was held over from issue 49 for reasons of space.





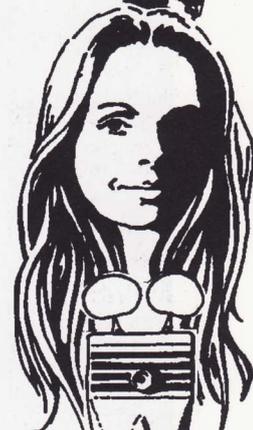
NO THARIL shall outlive the day of the feast.

We are Gundan. We exist to kill. Slaves made the Gundan to kill the brutes who rule. The Gundan were sent where no slaves could go. We faced the Time Winds and we lived. They had only the Gateway to flee for safety.

There were always slaves from the beginning of time. The masters descended out of the air, riding the Winds and took men as their prize, growing powerful on their stolen labours and their looted skills. The masters created an empire, drained the life of the ordinary world.

They came from the Gateway. There are three physical Gateways and the three are one: the whole of this domain; the ancient arch; the mirrors. *All* the Gateways are one. This is the place from which the masters came. Here a great empire once stood ruling all known space.

For all their skills, the slaves could not approach the Gateway in their own persons. But once they had learned its secret we were built, the Gundan robots, to wage war on them. The secret of the Gateway is - (iv)



Scripting Warriors' Gate

- so what *actually* happened?

WE ALL like to put the best gloss on bad memories, but some of the assertions in Paul Joyce's interview (IN•VISION issue 50) go way beyond the selective reinterpretation of history and are just plain wrong. I can't let this stuff lie on the record unchallenged. Fans of the show look to this magazine for definitive factual detail. It'll be a media resource in years to come.

So if someone's going to say that the sum total of my contribution to WARRIORS' GATE was a twenty-page outline and a 'rather simplistic etching of the characters', we'd better nail such disinformation right now. It's either that, or make some lawyers rich. Here, for the record and in detail, are the genesis and development of this particular **Who**. The facts first. Opinions will follow.

Figure 1 - the outline proposal, from around November 1979

The germ of the idea that was then called 'The

The Doctor, under the skeptical gaze of his current assistant, is working out a method by which elements of the five previous stopovers made by the TARDIS can be interpreted into an I CHING hexagram, the next stopover providing the final line; the resulting interpretation should tell them whether the stopover is likely to be dangerous. Equal skepticism greets the Doctor's modest claim to have contributed a couple of hexagram readings whilst the book of changes was being written.

The process is interrupted when every danger signal on the TARDIS sounds out. Massive forces are being applied from outside to open up the sealed continuum; the doors open out into a timeless nothing and a brilliant light pours in. The Doctor and his assistant scramble aside as an apparent hurricane blows through the opened TARDIS. Loose objects are drawn out, ageing rapidly as they move whilst other objects age in place; when the Doctor reaches the console in an attempt to reintegrate the continuum his hand brushes the light and immediately begins to change.

Against the stream of light, a ghostly figure moving with exaggerated slowness is seen running into the TARDIS from the void. Once inside, he turns and uses all his strength to close the doors, straining like some Atlas. When he leaves the doors and makes for the console it is apparent that his transparency is slowly filling out, coming fully to exist in the present moment. The Doctor gets out of the way as the intruder bends to the controls; he is still not fully in phase, as we see when he hits buttons which only sink and light up moments after his hand has moved on. When he has set the controls he sinks exhausted to his knees and rests his forehead on the panel.

One by one, the alarms die down. In stillness, the intruder is losing the last of his transparency, but it's still impossible to approach or touch him. The TARDIS has been hijacked.

Dream Time' hadn't originally been a story for **Doctor Who** at all. It was one of a number of notions that I'd been playing around with as possible conclusions to the trilogy of SF radio serials that I'd begun in 1978 with *The Last Rose of Summer*. Typed on a single side of paper, it contained little in terms of plot that would survive unchanged. But there were some key images that set the agenda for what would follow. It featured a being who escaped and was pursued from the bridge of a ship to a wasteland planet, home of a lost civilisation where stood an isolated room equipped to receive visitors. The finale involved a hall-of-mirrors battle through a series of gateways that formed an interchange between parallel worlds, and the alien pursuers' ship destroyed by the rebounding of its own firepower as a gateway closed before it.

I had a meeting with Chris Bidmead, at his invitation, late in 1979. Within a few days of this I'd worked up a five-page narrative from the Dream Time idea, and I put this in as a submission (see figure 1). At this stage there was no E-space, no K•9, and given that I didn't know how far ahead we were looking I referred not to Romana but to "the Doctor's current assistant". Adric was not, as yet, a part of the show. But many of the specifics that were to give shape to the piece were fixed right here; the slave ship for time-sensitives, the dusty castle in a strange void, the mirrors and the timewinds, the initial hijacking of the TARDIS, the final mass escape.

We met again at the end of January 1980 and talked through some of the linking ideas that were to run through each story in the season, and on February 5th I wrote back with a number of supplementary suggestions. From this, we struck a deal. For £200 I'd produce a full outline complete with episode structures, developed characters and fully-described scenes. If that played, we'd go to scripts. If not, I'd keep the money and we'd call it quits.

I completed and delivered 25 pages of detailed scene breakdown on March 25th. Adric was in, E-space was in, the departures of Romana and K•9 were in. Each episode was summarised in eight pages of numbered scenes, with episode climaxes in place. The contract to proceed was signed on April 29th; I was to get £900 per episode, minus the £200 already paid over. The delivery deadline for the first draft was June

STEPHEN GALLAHER provides an illustrated response to Paul Joyce's IN•VISION issue 50 interview

7th. The scripts were turned in ahead of deadline and the feedback from both Chris and JN-T was incorporated into the second draft, a much more substantial set of scripts that was delivered in early July.

The director came on board at this stage. To an office with an empty desk and only an outline on it? Hardly. I have his script notes, routed through the production office and dated July 25th, with scene numbering that clearly shows that they refer to the second draft. This draft was not, need I point out, anything that you could mistake for a 20-page outline; by now it was closer to two hundred pages. His notes were the standard kind of responses; brief queries, comments, suggestions for expansions (see figure 2).

Figure 2 -
director Paul
Joyce's notes on
the second draft,
July 1980

Time was getting tight by now. We were heading for a September 6th read-through date but preproduction had to begin sooner. Because I was based in the north-west and working out my notice at Granada (the **Chimera** advance

Warriors' Gate

Ep 1

Sc 1 - 4 Establish slavership before pursuit & battle. What are they doing? Where is the slaver going? Why are they attacked? Is this just an excuse to get them into E-Space & our story? Suggest seeing the line of Sleeping Calibans in the hold - so we know something of Biroc's concern & aims.

Sc 15 The "Portable Mass Detector" and all its various readouts are never really explained. What does it do? We should know this as this figures in subsequent scenes.

Sc 18 It is difficult to believe that the Doctor really thinks that the Slavership could be any help in providing Memory Wafers for K9, considering the run down nature of its operation. There should be a stronger reason for the Doctor hanging around.

Sc 22 Biroc suddenly appears in the Banqueting Hall. Should we not discover this location with him, a mysterious journey through the Gate and into the corridors and rooms beyond rather than just cutting to him already there.

Sc 34 What is the significance of the globe the Doctor finds. It doesn't seem to reappear in subsequent eps although in this point of the story it seems to have some magical properties. What are these and why don't we encounter globes again?

PAUL JOYCE
31/25.7.80

Page 8

doesn't leave.

14. The Doctor and company arrive at the gateway, the only place that Biroc could have made for. The massive doors swing open before them; in the dust of the floor are Biroc's prints. They enter, and start to look around. Biroc's footprints end at a doorway blocked by a solid, mirrorlike field. The Doctor is obviously being troubled by his hand; he pauses in an alcove to adjust his scarf and we glimpse the hand, prematurely aged and wrinkled.

15. Romana, alone in the void. She's lost. Heading in a straight line obviously wasn't enough.

16. Adric sitting on the floor, knees under his chin, K9 keeping watch.

17. At the top of some steps, the Doctor has found an old dusty armoury. It's lit, like the rest of the rooms, by candles that never burn down; it's as if they've been burning since the beginning of time. The Doctor walks past a line of suits of battle armour, vaguely mediaeval but obviously intended for use in vacuum. As the Doctor stops and picks up a silver globe, one of the helmets jerkily turns in his direction and the warrior steps out of line and raises a savage-looking weapon high.

being my launchpad for turning freelance), and because e-mail and the fax machine were a long way from being in common use, material for the third draft mostly had to be dictated down the phone in a series of late-evening calls to Chris at his home. There was a reason for this odd timing. Chris had a sideline as a computer journalist which I understand he's pursued more extensively since, and he had an early-model word processor on test loan at his flat. He edited all the **Who** scripts on this, and as I read down the changes I could hear the keys rattling as he typed the new stuff in. I have the material from those phone sessions still; my rough notes as I drafted the ideas, and the neater passages of dialogue and action copied ready for dictation.

But we still weren't there.

Those scripts were, I suppose, a persuasive read. Certainly the feedback I get from the bootleg copies that seem to be in circulation would suggest so. But in form and in detail, let me be the first to concede that you couldn't take them onto the studio floor as they stood.

My lack of TV experience had led to their having dialogue like a radio play and stage directions with the density of novel description. TV scripts are, as anyone who's seen one will know, bare and schematic documents more akin to blueprints. Mine weren't. They were a

Figure 3 -
scene breakdown
of March 25, 1980
(note paragraph
number 17)

Continued on page 10

34. int. One of the rooms off the Banqueting Hall. Day.

It is dark, but a candlelight effect is spilling down the spiral staircase that can just be glimpsed through the doorway at its far end.

The Doctor appears descending the spiral, and as he steps into the room the light comes with him; he's carrying one of the hall's candelabra in his good hand. He stops and surveys the room, and sets the candelabrum down before stepping forward.

The room has a mirror-arch, and the inevitable Shogun guarding it. The mechanical warrior is black and shiny, but has obviously been standing for an age. The design is plain and unfussy, a space-age simplification of Samurai armour. Another Shogun lies damaged and bulging by the wall. The Doctor walks around the standing Shogun to inspect it; the candlelight makes it seem even more threatening and sinister.

A silver globe lies in a heap of dust. the Doctor stoops to take a look. Behind him, the head of the Shogun begins to turn -- stiffly, as if for the first time in an age.

the Doctor straightens up; he's holding the globe, and all his attention is on it. The Shogun takes a stiff pace forward and begins to turn. its hand is a three-fingered claw, jerking up to bring a savage axelike weapon to bear.

The Doctor crosses to the archway, but can't see the reflection of the Shogun as it approaches. He holds the silver globe up against the mirror; the material of the two is identical, totally reflective.

He steps back, hefting the globe. he can't see the Shogun behind, raising its axe high above his head.

END OF EPISODE ONE

Figure 4 - Continued from page 9 episode one finale from the second draft, material unchanged from the first

control freak's manifesto for a production, with no space for anyone to manoeuvre.

They wouldn't even fit the format. Storywise they were sound enough to enthuse W H Allen to an increased page-count and extended print run for the novelisation; but that's another tale, told elsewhere. Chris explained that with just over a week to go he and Paul were going to edit my material down to suit the show's particular studio requirements.

This is where it gets complicated. But let's take one of the pieces of the script under contention and follow it through; specifically the first episode climax, to which it's now being claimed I didn't even make a contribution but which, as you'll see from what follows, barely deviated from its basic form almost from the very beginning.

I'd originally envisaged the episode ending with the escaped time-sensitive appearing to menace the Doctor and then walking right through him, like a ghost. This was how I'd shown it in the earliest, five-page outline. Chris had felt this wasn't strong enough and so, in my February letter to him, I'd described the Doctor finding a room with suits of dormant and damaged battle armour while following the footprints of the escaped Biroc. The head of one suit turns, unseen, as the Doctor passes, and then the entire creature jerks into life and brings a big axe to

bear on its unsuspecting prey.

This version became fixed in the scene breakdown of March 25th (see figure 3 on page 9) and passed onward through the various drafts with no substantial alteration (see figure 4, from the second draft).

The fifth illustration shows the BBC's production script of August 10th, the Bidmead/Joyce revision. Despite simplification and condensation, one can see from the recurrence of key phrases ("stiffly, as if for the first time in an age... a savage axelike weapon") where provenance lies. It's the same scene in shorthand, cruder but still capable of generating more or less the same result on screen.

Is this "co-authorship"? A screen composer would recognise it as something akin to "Mickey-Mousing", following the action of an original, paraphrasing it, occasionally touching base and quoting it, some of the time going off altogether but always having to return before the structure starts to go.

There are passages from that final, rushed revision that bear little resemblance to the ones they replace. It was these excursions that were the source of my dismay when I received the rehearsal scripts in August, with a letter from Chris expressing regret that I hadn't been available to help "knock the thing into shooting shape". One such editorial addition can be seen in figure 5; the silver "time bombs" have been replaced by a manacle of dwarf star alloy which,

Figure 5 - two sheets showing the episode one finale from the rehearsal script, August 10

36. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, SURVEYING THE BATTLEFIELD.

FROM WHERE HE IS STANDING, A LINE OF FOOTPRINTS IS VISIBLE IN THE DUST.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS THE FOOTPRINTS, UNTIL THEY LEAD HIM TO ONE OF THE UNGUARDED MIRRORS, WHERE THEY STOP DEAD.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE FOOTPRINTS AND PUZZLES. HE PUTS HIS GOOD HAND AGAINST THE FLAT, UNYIELDING SURFACE.

HE NOTICES THE MANACLE, AND STOOPS TO PICK IT UP, SURPRISED AT ITS WEIGHT.

BEHIND HIM, THE HEAD OF A GUNDAN BEGINS TO TURN -- STIFFLY, AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AN AGE.

THE DOCTOR STRAIGHTENS UP WITH DIFFICULTY -- THE MANACLE IS VERY HEAVY. HE WEIGHS IT IN HIS HAND, WONDERING.

despite its legendary density, the Doctor is able to tote around in his coat pocket. This is what was referred to at the time as "adding in the science". It's no secret now that I wasn't impressed by what I saw.

My attitude to WARRIORS' GATE has always been that it was an underachieving patchwork with flashes of delight and a haunting sense of a story beyond the story. Bear in mind that I can't experience it in the way of someone who comes to it with no foreknowledge. It would be easy now to lay claim to all the things that work and disown all the things that don't, but that would also be pointless; it doesn't, in any real sense, matter. Nobody's perception of my career now depends on this. I don't have a thing to prove.

But even after fifteen years I'm not about to have it said that I failed to deliver to contract, or took unearned credit, or was somehow marginal to the process of my own work's development.

Paul Joyce is quoted as saying that he didn't push for the writing credit because that would have "emasculated" me. A far better reason would have been that an editorial rehash wouldn't have had a hope in hell of passing Writers' Guild arbitration. I'd like to think that his bruising experiences on the show left him believing the tale as he tells it. As long as it's his private reality, it causes no-one any problems and I don't mind if it helps him to deal with the memory. But we're in public here. And so before we start to stretch the patience of even the most

28. Gateway effects sequence. Uay.

The Doctor is walking through a grey mist which swirls about him. He stops, as if he's just glimpsed something; slowly the mist clears to reveal the scene around him.

He's keyed into a black-and-white still of a formal garden, Versailles-style; in the distance, the palatial house can be seen. But the still has been retouched; the sky is a pink watercolour wash, and the house is in ruins. The greenery and stonework all appear to have been dusted with a light frost.

There's nobody to be seen, but there are the sounds of a lighthearted garden party nearby, the two versions of reality jarring together.

The Doctor walks forward, and is keyed into a couple more retouched views. At the sound of a particularly loud burst of laughter, he turns sharply.

From his point of view we see another angle on the dilapidated garden; from off-screen the Shogun marches into view, stops, and squares-up.

The Doctor looks around. There is appreciative laughter, applause.

The Shogun begins to move forward, his intentions an enigma. As he moves, the laughter begins to echo in a bizarre fashion, becoming hollow and unreal as the mists grow again.

The Shogun is still approaching but he's rapidly losing substance, the mists wrapping around him until he fades out altogether.

The Doctor is left with a single voice, solitary laughter. It's mocking and unpleasant.

avid **Who**-watcher, let's check out one final assertion before we let it all pass into history where it belongs.

"The other thing that they'd never really seen done before," claims the issue 50 interview, "was the way I used black and white photographs. I had a notion that when they got to this particular place in the gateway, it would look something like Powys Castle. I thought that a way of playing with this idea of everything being real but unreal would be to have people in full colour moving through a black and white environment..."

Well, I'm sorry, but this is beyond a joke. The March outline, written three months before Paul joined the show, and every version of the script thereafter, all read as follows: "The Doctor is... keyed-into a black-and-white still of a formal garden, Versailles-style; in the distance, the palatial house can be seen..." (see figure 6).
Hmm.

So now you know where such "notions" come from. All you have to do is stare at the script for a while, and the notion will just pop into your head unannounced.

In April 1981, when it was all over, I sent a note to John Nathan-Turner telling of my unhappiness with the process. I expressed my concern about the problems we'd had, and my regrets about what I believed had been the effects on the final result.

His response? He bought TERMINUS. 

Figure 6 - from the second draft, material dating unchanged from the March outline

53

THE GUNDAN TAKES A STIFF
PACE FORWARD, CLOSING ON
THE DOCTOR. ITS HAND IS
A CLAW, JERKING UP TO
BRING A SAVAGE AXELIKE
WEAPON TO BEAR.

THE DOCTOR STANDS IN THE
ARCHWAY, ALL HIS
ATTENTION ON THE MANACLE.
HE DOESN'T SEE THE
REFLECTION OF THE GUNDAN
AS IT APPROACHES:

LIFTING ITS AXE HIGH
ABOVE ITS HEAD)

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

More about...

THE LEISURE HIVE

In IN•VISION issue 46, John Nathan-Turner is pictured on page 8 and not (as the caption suggests) a Foamasi.

MEGLOS

On page 3 of IN•VISION issue 47, the illustrations for Zastor and Meglos have been transposed.

FULL CIRCLE

Differences from the screened version in Andrew Smith's novel may reflect changes to the original scripts: on pages 20-2, the first Draith/Dexeter scene takes place in the lab, with Nefred and Garif present. Presumably this was changed to avoid calling Leonard Maguire to a studio session; Nefred and Garif would then have been cut because neither actor was otherwise needed on location. Pages 76-7 have an added sequence in which the Doctor and Adric have to risk attack by the spiders in rescuing Romana and K9 from the cave. There is also added material on page 83: after the Marshchild breaks free, indicating that it

suffers a struggle between animal impulses and the desire not to give in to them.

STATE OF DECAY

The sun rises and sets very quickly on the unnamed planet. Either there is livestock which we do not see, or the Lords have some way of storing meat and other food-stuff for enormous lengths of time.

In terms of applied socio-energetics, the society seem to be losing its grip on level-two development - it is evolving backwards, and must be subject to some very powerful force. The division between the peasants and the rulers is a sociopathic abscess. The whole of the *Hydrax* ship's crew was summoned to serve the Great Vampire, who spoke to them through Aukon's mind.

WARRIORS' GATE

Production assistant Graeme Harper explained in an earlier issue of IN•VISION that he saw this serial as 'quite an aggressive, tense story with some action'.

ing Text (November 1983) that he felt Gallagher's experience at Granada also contributed to his portrayal of the Privateer: 'a decrepit spaceship that was on its last legs, with a crew of people who really have no interest whatsoever' in their job, and are 'just there to earn a living'.

In an interview in *Timelines* (August 1990), Steve Gallagher explained he disapproved of the state of **Doctor Who** at the time he was writing, feeling it had become 'soft' and was taking 'soft options in storytelling'. He sought 'to put a really dark strain back into it', and produced a 'horror-based' story'.

In 1988, he explained to *Tardis* that he felt his first draft was overwritten and over-reliant on visual imagery.

In *Doctor Who Magazine* 139, Gallagher explains that (despite some fans' belief) there are no consciously Brahmin or religious element in the story's concepts.

In the novelisation (March 1982) by John Lydecker (*aka* Steve Gallagher), the Gateway is described as "an interchange of realities" made from the fabric of the CVE.

Effects designer Mat Irvine's first impression was that the story was 'different', and with hindsight he sees it as 'one of the oddest **Doctor Whos** ever made' (*Dr Who Special Effects*, Aug 86).

Steve Gallagher responds to the Paul Joyce interview elsewhere in this issue.

In the middle page spread of IN•VISION issue 50, production assistant Graeme Harper (later a

Doctor Who director) is pictured in the bottom row, middle photo). On page 3, the illustrations for Biroc and Packard have been transposed.



LOGOPOLIS

In IN•VISION issue 52, the photo on page 21 shows the Master holding the tissue compression eliminator in the "on" position. (The artwork on the back cover shows it in the "off" position.)

SEASON 18

Barry Letts wanted **Doctor Who** to return to earlier principles and educate children in the ways of science, explained Christopher Bidmead in *Doctor Who Magazine* 109 (January 86). In line with this, Bidmead saw his work on the scripts as "a ... natural fusion of my work as a technical journalist and as a radio and television scriptwriter" (Bidmead, *Laseron Probe* 3 & 4, March 82).

The upshot was a strong production office reaction against what was seen as the "pantomime" and magic of the Graham Williams era. Now, instead of using "magic", the Doctor was to look at a problem



Lalla Ward explained to the *Daily Express* (24 May 1980) that she decided to leave in mid-series to make it possible to write a story around her departure. Perhaps this was a reflection on her original casting, after Mary Tamm left the show without a proper "departure" story.

Producer John Nathan-Turner explained in Tulloch and Alvarado's *Dr Who: The Unfold-*

objectively and apply laws derived from experience to arrive at a scientific solution. Bidmead, Letts, and Nathan-Turner devised a discipline of "extended credibility" to control the fantasy element which was potentially so wayward. "The idea was that the eccentric and unpredictable Doctor would arrive at a real planet which had real rules and a real economy and a real history, however bizarre. It was all

personal style but of the programme's need to compete with the film *Star Wars* (Lucas, 1977).

Christopher Bidmead has been credited by fans with the season's story content; he substantially altered the scripts on all the stories, which didn't please the writers (Steve Gallagher, *DWM* 139, July 88). Bidmead suggested that he had written about 70 per cent of the entire season (quoted by Richard Marson, *DWM* 108, December 1985).

In *New Whovical Express* 4 (May 1988), Barry Letts has said that his only artistic input was to insist that stories should have a clear fictional and philosophical rationale, and to ask for some small changes, which were made by Bidmead.

John Tulloch and Manuel Alvarado describe the series as "generically diffuse" (*Dr Who: The Unfolding Text*, November 1983). The E-Space trilogy has been seen as an attempt by John Nathan-Turner to give the season some shape. More specifically it is understood as an Adric trilogy, with both FULL CIRCLE and STATE OF DECAY ending on Adric-related cliffhangers. The procedure of cliffhanging out of stories as well as episodes introduces a blend of series and serial; John Nathan-Turner saw it as an original move, though in fact it was preceded as early as AN UNEARTHLY CHILD/THE DALEKS. Nevertheless, the series is notable for its consistency, with threads leading to and culminating in LOGOPOLIS.

Nathan-Turner took down the level of humour in the series, though he maintains that he merely reduced rather than eliminated altogether the slapstick of the previous season (in Tulloch & Alvarado). One of Nathan-Turner's concerns was that the new Doctor should be eased in with as many familiar companions' faces as possible. He hoped to reintroduce a former companion as a regular to fulfil this role: Sarah Jane Smith was considered but Elisabeth Sladen refused; Leela was also considered and Louise Jameson also refused (interviewed in *The Key* 6, July 90).

Doctor Who director Pennant Roberts was to have written one of the first stories for season 18. He introduced the idea to Graham Williams and Douglas Adams, but the amount of film required meant

the story was put back a season. When it was being redrafted to meet John Nathan-Turner's new plans, Roberts explained: it was "a mystery story located on the planet Errinella. Pronounce a Welsh double-L."

Roberts also commented: "I know that John has some very positive ideas about the way he would like the programme to develop. Perhaps we shall see more true science fiction in the next few years. But when all is said and done, the success of the series is largely based on the persona of the Doctor. Tom Baker's boundless energy and enthusiasm for the programme is an example to everybody. I can't envisage Tom leaving us for another year or two, because he derives so much of a charge out of acting the part at present. Certainly, his imagination is a great stimulant."

Roberts explained that he thought typecasting had "lessened over the past ten years. At one time, regulars in a long-running series would become very fearful after a year or two. After too much exposure, they would face long periods of unemployment, or be forced to accept second-rate provincial tours cashing in on their television 'personalities'. Some of this still applies, of course, but equally you can land plum jobs because of the increased exposure.

"In our present close-season, Lalla is playing Ophelia in the BBC's *Hamlet* with Rodney Bennett, another **Doctor Who** graduate, directing. Tom has introduced *The Book Tower* for Yorkshire

Television, and a documentary about the Nobel prizewinners for the BBC, besides shooting a feature film in Egypt. And as the programme is doing well in the States, perhaps Hollywood will eventually beckon. Who knows?

"It won't be easy for the actor who follows Tom. I imagine the producer of the day will look for a contrasting personality, but that search for originality will be governed by circumstances - storyline ideas and personal taste, the general mood of the times and recent audience responses - any one of a number of other considerations. My personal bias would always favour a truly responsive actor, who like Tom Baker should have a seemingly inexhaustible imagination.

"The actor's contribution is crucial, for after all it is their names we cite when we classify the eras of the programme. And if a key exists to making **Doctor Who** consistently successful, it must be this: never to accept the first answer, or even the second, but to keep twisting ideas on their heads until the forces of reality, the devils of time and practicality, draw the double line under each piece of decision-making. Then the director sticks by his final decision, for better or worse."



to be rational and understandable, the only element of fantasy being the Doctor himself." The problem in applying this was persuading Tom Baker that his ad lib creativity was no longer needed to fill the scripts (Bidmead, *DWM* 109, Jan 1986).

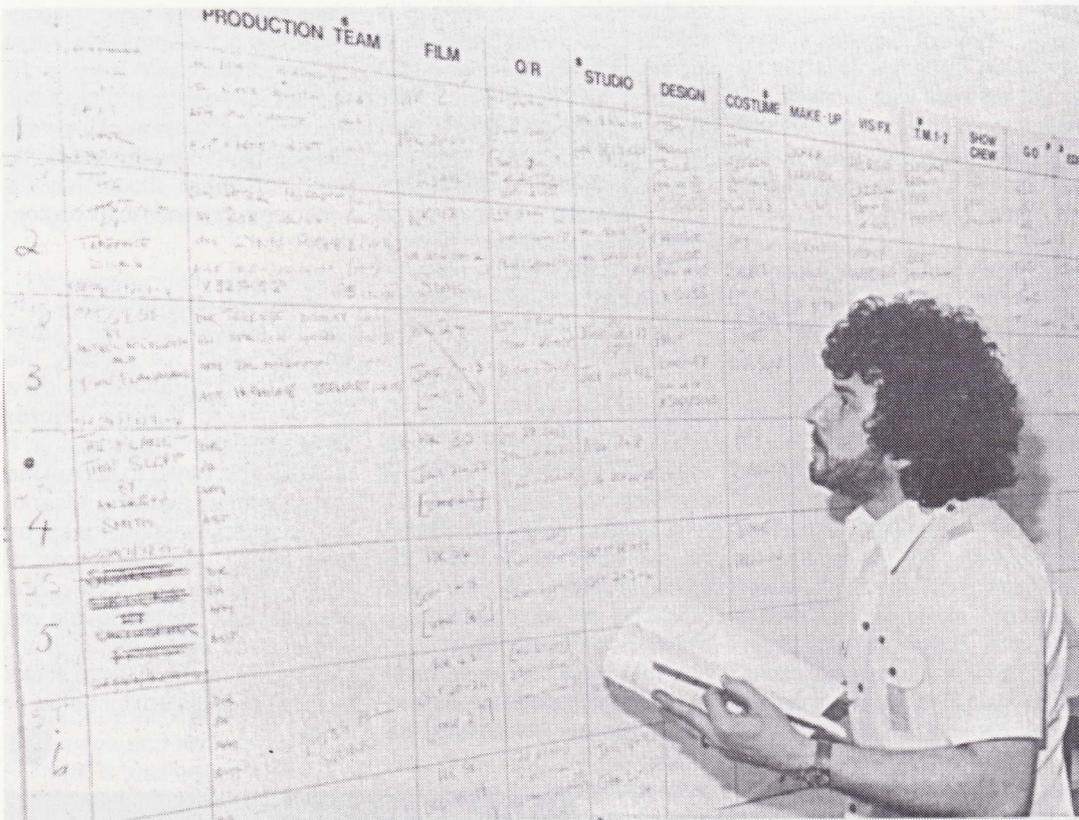
Originally the last story was to have been what became TIME-FLIGHT in Season 19, but when Tom Baker resigned, the end of the season was restructured to include the regeneration and the return of the Master. The season was aiming for a new style for the series. According to David Fisher (in *DWM* 154, October 1989), one of the proposals under consideration by John Nathan-Turner was abandoning four-part stories in favour of three-parters.

Lalla Ward explained in *Second Dimension* 3/7 (July 1990) that she saw the change of style from the previous season not as a reflection of any individual's



Signed, sealed,

20. John checks his production schedule.



Each story has a different Director and production team, and several teams work on different stages of the programme at one time.

John starts planning this complicated process five months before any filming starts. But sometimes it is difficult to keep in touch with everything that is going on. To help him, John has a large board on his office wall, with the production schedules marked on it. He checks this, and makes notes of today's activities.

ENTHUSIASTIC FANS of **Doctor Who** sometimes ponder why there are not more contributions to the series from science fiction authors in other fields, particularly novelists. Attentive fans of the programme, however, first became aware of the existence of just such a missed opportunity in season 18. When Graham Rickard's book *A Day with a TV Producer* was published in 1980, photo 20 ("John checks his production schedule", see illustration) showed producer John Nathan-Turner examining a wall board containing summaries of key story production information.

The board could be presumed current when *THE LEISURE HIVE* was in production (filming started March 21, 1980 and studio ended exactly one month later), since the other photographs in the book show: scenes on Brighton beach; Tom Baker being measured for his waxwork (the only photo by Juliet Simkins); studio sequences; an early photograph of Matthew Waterhouse with short hair; and one photo of John Nathan-Turner working on a theatre script at home (possibly *Cinderella*?). It is probable that some photos are out of chronological order, or even staged (especially those of June Hudson showing the Doctor's new outfit to JN-T). But the board is most likely to be a valid snapshot of the plans for the rest of the stories at a stage early in the production of season 18.

The board shows titles and key production team members, as well as dates for appropriate Film, Rehearsal, Studio, "Go", Edit, etc. Details for stories one

The tell-tale page from the Wayland Publishers book by Graham Rickard

delivered, ~~discarded~~

PETER ANGHELIDES pieces together the parts of a missing season 18 story, and explains why Christopher Priest's scripts eventually didn't have a prayer

to four ("The Leisure Hive" 5N, "The Wasting" 5P, "Meglos" 5Q, and "The Planet that Slept" 5R) all appear on the board. Little information is visible for story seven, and story six information is also rather thin (though it already suggests that it is "poss all studio", which was indeed the case for THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN.

However, fans were excited to see story five, which was scheduled for filming in production week 36 (September 1-5, "stage 3B?", six weeks after FULL CIRCLE was to be filmed) and for five days studio (September 18/19, and October 2-4). Only one production member was indicated as assigned (June Hudson who had been assigned all season alternating with Amy Roberts), and no director, director's assistant, production assistant or assistant floor manager are indicated. But the title and author of serial 5S, though scored out, were clearly visible as "Sealed Orders by Christopher Priest".

Priest wrote two four-part stories for **Doctor Who**. The first was in 1980, the second in the following year. Neither were broadcast. **Doctor Who** script editor Douglas Adams first approached the novelist to write for the programme in 1979, since he was seen as a "real" science fiction writer. Priest got on well with Adams and producer Graham Williams, but decided that he did not feel he wanted to write for the show.

However, when new script editor Christopher Bidmead and new producer John Nathan-Turner took over the key production roles a year later, Priest was approached again. Bidmead explained: "I remember reading a

Christopher Priest book and thinking, 'This is absolutely wizard. Chris is obviously one of our top science fiction writers, and somebody I should talk to'. When I did so, I was very impressed with his creativity and his business-like approach. I felt sure he could do us a rattling good script, although he had no experience as a television writer. I put it to John that we commission Chris, bearing in mind that Chris was too distinguished a writer to have to bulldoze his story into shape. Chris and I would work closely together to produce the final draft and it was on this basis that we went ahead."

So despite Priest's earlier misgivings, he submitted an outline for the story "Sealed Orders" which was commissioned. As Priest explained in issue 3&4 of the fanzine *Peladon*, "the story was intended to write Romana out of the series: the plot was time paradox, producing multiple variants of the TARDIS, and a spare Doctor, one of whom got killed." Another element of the story was the possible return of an old companion, either Sarah Jane Smith or Leela.

Bidmead recalled: "I can't exactly remember what went wrong. The first draft was a very good story, but showed lack of TV experience. I think I made the mistake of overestimating the amount of time I'd have to work side-by-side with Chris, because I'd underestimated the time the rest of the show took to get going."

One thing which certainly stalled the story's production was that the structure of the series changed, either to incorporate the E-Space strand or the return of the Master and the Doctor's regeneration. Priest: "Unfortunately, while I was writing, the production team changed the brief (which is to say

the background story was altered), and because 'Sealed Orders' was specific to that background, it became unusable and was dropped." A remnant of that original brief may perhaps still be visible in the season's strand of references to Romana's recall to Gallifrey. With the change, however, the story's fate was sealed.

However, to make up for it, Priest was offered another chance at a four-part story the following year. This was "The Enemy Within", which in part explained what powered the TARDIS, and the Doctor's suppressed fear of a terrible creature hidden deep in the structure of the ship. Once again, the story was to write out a regular character - this time Adric. Because of what happened to his previous script, Priest kept in contact with the production team to ensure that the background would not change and thus affect his story.

Bidmead worked on a number of season 19 stories and its structure: "The only scripts I had nothing to do with were Eric Seward's second one and the two Terence Dudley scripts." Bidmead's work on "The Enemy Within" was initially taken on by Anthony Root. Root was working in the BBC script unit, and assisted Bidmead with the increasingly unmanageable number of unsolicited scripts. "He knocked me out by coming back with a beautifully argued well-condensed report on one of the scripts." recalled Bidmead. Appointed as script editor temporarily, Root was soon succeeded by Eric Seward, who had impressed Bidmead with one of his radio plays.

So Christopher Priest worked with three script editors, and made a number of visits to the production office. After delivering each episode, he obtained confirmation from the production office that the script was acceptable before going on to the next episode.

There was a long delay after the final episode was delivered, and Priest assumed the scripts were accepted. He was therefore surprised to be asked to rewrite them. The scripts were subsequently rejected, though since the rewrites had not been requested within a specific period, the Writers' Guild and Priest were able to persuade the BBC to pay for the scripts.

The controversy flared again briefly a few years later, when Priest became aware that the production team were not painting his contribution in a positive light. Then one fan wrote to the BBC asking why **Doctor Who** didn't use "real" science fiction writers, suggesting several names including Priest's. The script editor's letter of reply (adopting a radical approach to spelling) said: "The names of writers you quote are novalists. Infact one of them has attempted to write a 'Doctor Who' script with disasterous results. That is why we do not use novalists." When Priest became aware of this, he contacted David Reid, the BBC Head of Series and Serials. In reply, the producer and script editor apologised in writing. Priest then wrote to thank David Reid, and the matter was closed.

The fanzine *Peladon* subsequently observed: "This talented writer has no intention of having anything to do with the show again - not even watching it." 

A Plan for all Seasons

CRAIG HINTON assesses Season 18 and its accompanying novelisations, and reveals how they still influence *Doctor Who* today

AS THE last eight issues of IN•VISION have demonstrated, Season 18 is as different from its predecessor as Seasons 7 and 12 were from theirs. Not only does it boast superior production values, fully radiophonic incidental music, and a plethora of guest stars courtesy of John Nathan-Turner's "knicker fund", but it is linked together by a running theme that leads inevitably - and tragically - to that most climactic of events: a regeneration. Not only that, but the Target novelisations of Season 18 were mainly written by the original scriptwriters, giving readers an insight into aspects of the storylines not dealt with in the televised versions.

As the swooping new theme and graphics give way to a vista of chilly Brighton pier and a rebuilt TARDIS nestling amongst the beach huts, the viewer is immediately aware that this is very different *Doctor Who* from the often confused Season 17. At the end of the Key to Time Season, the Randomiser was introduced to hark back to the chance landings that had characterised the early years of the series, but Season 17 never really capitalised on the idea, with the TARDIS often as controllable as it had been without the (plot) device. THE LEISURE HIVE begins with a sense of direction: a slight overshoot with Brighton, followed by a perfect landing on Argolis.

But what of the dramatis personae? Romana's character was faultless in Season 17 and this doesn't change in her final four stories. Indeed, her Time Lady nobility is definitely enhanced, to the point where the Doctor's "noblest Romana of them all" salutation in WARRIORS' GATE is aptly

deserved. In THE LEISURE HIVE, she demonstrates all the aspects of her character that made her so watchable: enthusiasm, intelligence, haughtiness, and a relationship with the Doctor that sparkles, undoubtedly due to the off-screen romance between Lalla Ward and Tom Baker.

As for the Doctor, the change in him goes far deeper than simply a costume change, although that in itself is important:



whilst all the Doctors had a particular costume, THE LEISURE HIVE marks the introduction of a uniform for the Doctor. From this point on, all subsequent incarnations would wear a stylised outfit that never varied, an idea that worked - with the notable exception of Colin Baker - although it is very reminiscent of the unvarying outfits sported by the superheroes of Marvel, DC, Image *et al*. The darker costume - purples and magentas - suits the darker feel to the Doctor's character. Gone is the undergraduate silliness that reached a ridiculous climax in Season 17: this is a return to the *un*human Doctor with a different moral view who flourished under Philip Hinchcliffe.

THE LEISURE HIVE also marks the welcome reappearance of opponents who can be taken seriously: in Season 17, only Scaroth is a convincing villain, surrounded by the pantomime campness of Soldeed and Adrasta and the dreary wimpiness of Davros. David Haig's Pangol is rich and three-dimensional, with motivation and emotion thrown in for good measure.

David Fisher's novelisation of his own story adds a realistic background to the Foamasi-Argolis War, Fisher's writing is reminiscent of early Douglas Adams, and turns Lovett Bickford's sumptuous direction into a much grittier, yet much more farcical affair, filling in a lot of the gaps that Bickford allows to slip through the cracks, and rounding off an excellent entry into the *Doctor Who* canon - both on screen and in print.

Without a Randomiser and therefore prey to the Black Guardian (an idea that doesn't

really hold water, but never mind), the TARDIS approaches Tigella, only to fall prey to the maniacal plans - and plants - of Meglos, the last of the Zolpha-Thurans. Of all the stories in this season, MEGLOS is the one most similar to Season 17: confused and erratic, the plot meanders from set-piece to feeble set-piece without rhyme or reason, not helped by Edward Underdown's Zastor, laid back to the point of catatonia.

moments in the series' history, as the Marshmen - derivative, but nonetheless scary - emerge from the swamp.

Andrew Smith was a very envied person when this story was aired: a self-confessed *Doctor Who* fan, he achieved every fan's dream by penning a story, and went on to novelise it too. The book is enthusiastic and compelling, and clears up many of the obvious and not so obvious plot holes that are scattered through the screenplay, especially the origins of the *Starliner* crew. But it could still do with another hundred pages of action-packed explanation.

Leaving Alzarius and still lost in the pocket universe of E-Space, the TARDIS encounters a Terrance Dicks script that has been missing for years: STATE OF DECAY, aka 'The Wasting', aka 'The Witchlords'. A rich helping of traditional Gothic fare, the story also contains enough continuity and science fiction elements to satisfy everybody. Apart from a couple of dodgy performances, the production possesses a grandeur and majesty that ensures that it holds its own against the strong competition that follows it.

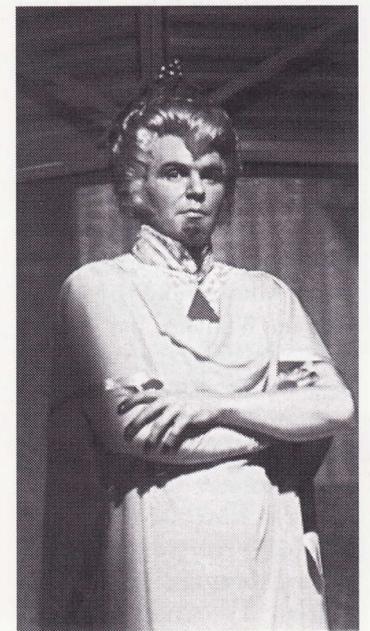
Gothic horror mixed with sf was a mainstay of the Hinchcliffe years, and STATE OF DECAY is definitely a throwback to those times. The villains of the piece - Zargo, Camilla and Aukon - are almost Shakespearean in the delivery of their lines, and Aukon's dispatch of his winged servants is Hammer at its best. Unfortunately, Terrance Dicks' novelisation of his story is nothing more than a "he said, she said" transcription of

Although MEGLOS is a well-thought-out villain - indeed, one of Virgin's stable of authors holds a long *felt want to write Meglos II* - the supporting cast, with the notable exception of the late Jacqueline Hill, appear to be labouring under the misapprehension that they are performing the Birmingham Hippodrome's production of *Cinderella*. Short on episode length, short on plot, MEGLOS was a damp squib in the Guy Fawkes' Night of Season 18.

Interestingly enough, Terrance Dicks' novelisation of this story was hyped as containing "extra footage", but all I could find was that the Earthling was a bank manager: this is as much of a let-down as the story itself, especially since other novelisations of this season really were "the author's cut."

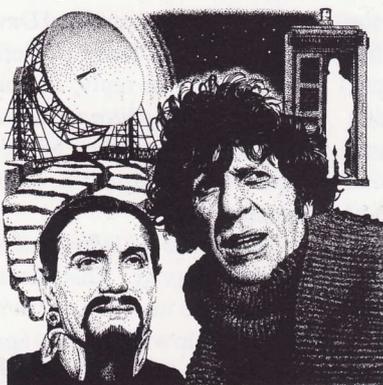
MEGLOS ends with the Doctor and Romana being summoned to Gallifrey. I remember being very excited by this: the prospect of another Gallifrey story was marvellous, but it was not to be. The TARDIS, piloted by a terrified K-9, slips through a Charged Vacuum Emboitment, and the series begins the long haul to Peter Davison's debut.

FULL CIRCLE has a wonderfully complicated plot, one that deserves the length of a Virgin New or Missing Adventure to do it justice. As it is, the end result is confusing and curiously rather flat. The Doctor and Romana stride through the proceedings as if they are in possession of all the answers, dispensing pearls of wisdom to the poor not-so-innocents aboard the *Starliner* while FULL CIRCLE also marks the debut of one of the least successful elements of the series: Matthew Waterhouse's amateurish and often embarrassing Adric. But all of the actors seem slightly distanced from the script, and this shows in the awkward delivery by many of the cast, including the distinguished George Baker. Then again, this story does feature one of the most atmospheric



LOGOPOLIS

PETER ANGHELIDES & PETER G. LOVELADY

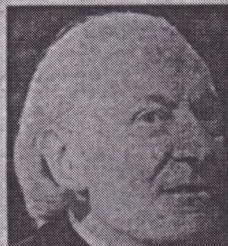


Tom Baker quits after seven years

WHO'S NEXT?



No. 4: Tom Baker yesterday.



No. 1: William Hartnell



No. 2: Patrick Troughton



No. 3: Jon Pertwee

THE NEW DOCTOR MAY BE A WOMAN
 By HILARY KINGSLEY and PATRICIA SMYLLIE
TOM BAKER is to quit his TV role as Dr. Who.
 A woman could replace him in the BBC series.
 Tom, Dr. Who for seven years, gave the hint yesterday when he announced he will leave the show in March. He said: "I hope whoever gets the part will have as happy a time as I've had. I wish him—or her—luck."

the screenplay, adding nothing to the story, yet that story was easily strong enough to support two books published by Virgin in 1994: *The New Adventures: Blood Harvest*, also by Dicks and a direct follow on from the events in *STATE OF DECAY*, and its sequel, *The Missing Adventures: Goth Opera* by Paul Cornell.

The TARDIS' foray in E-Space comes to an end when the Ship, directed by the toss of a coin, materialises in a white void with zero-coordinates: the gateway to N-Space. Like *THE CELESTIAL TOYMAKER* and *THE MIND ROBBER*, the two previous stories set in a white void, *WARRIORS' GATE* is an enigmatic tour-de-force of strong characterization and outstanding direction. Penned by the popular and critically acclaimed sf and thriller writer Steve Gallagher, the story's appeal is that it deals with concepts that lie outside *Doctor Who*'s normal purview, such as the I Ching. The history of *Doctor Who* is one of stories which push forward people's ideas of what the series is capable of handling, and *WARRIORS' GATE* is a perfect example of this.

Buried beneath the heavyweight notions - although not too heavyweight - is a straightforward tale of tyrants becoming slaves, with all the moral implications thereof. The Tharils openly admit to the Doctor that they were ruthless when in control of their empire, and the inevitable revolt has led to their becoming nothing more than a commodity on the galactic market - the organic component for warp drives. Although the tyranny of their rule is graphically illustrated in one of the timeslip sequences, it is hard not to feel sympathy for the leonine lords. Even Biroc's "the weak enslave themselves" takes on a new poignancy when one realises that Biroc is predicting his own race's destiny. Indeed, the Tharils' battered nobility, coupled with their special relationship with time and space, makes it easy to understand why Romana decides to make a name for herself with them in E-Space at the climax of the story.

It is hard to feel anything but contempt for the crew of the Privateer, however. Indolent and inadequate all, commanded (for want of a better word) by the decidedly unhinged Rorvik, they deserve all they get. As the TARDIS triumphantly returns to its native universe (albeit two passengers lighter) it is time to turn to John Lydecker's novelisation. The *nom de plume* is taken from one of Steve Gallagher's novels, for the author is he. Gallagher liberally rewrites and restructures, but maintains the basic outline of the story. The major additions lie with the Tharil Empire, demonstrating exactly how cruel they really were, and filling in some details of the Tharils' attempts to break free of their slavery. Indeed, the Antonine Killers mentioned in the book's opening section - presumably Tharil freedom fighters - crop up in Virgin's *New Adventures: Original Sin* by Andy Lane, and in *The Missing Adventures: The Crystal Bucephalus*. Greeted with mystification when first aired, *WARRIORS' GATE* has matured with age, and is now viewed - and read - as four episodes of solid enjoyment.

On the once peaceful planet of Traken, the inhabitants are about to learn that their much-vaunted power to suppress evil is somewhat overrated. Tricked and deceived, the court of the Keeper soon falls into chaos and murder, as the ancient feud between the Doctor and the Master wrecks yet another civilisation.

THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN, although clearly meant to prefigure the events of *LOGOPOLIS*, is definitely not a filler. Directed with the flair and stateliness of a BBC Shakespeare, one cannot help but get the feeling that the RSC will one day leave Stratford and colonise the planet Traken. Geoffrey Beevers' Master just brims over with cadaverous malevolence, while Nyssa provides a star of innocence just crying out to become a companion. The Doctor is on top form as he stumbles through the plots, hiding his deliberate actions beneath a veneer of confusion, while Adric actually works for once.

There isn't much more I can say about this story that Paul Cornell's excellent review

in *IN•VISION* hasn't already covered. But I will mention the novelisation, which is Dicks at his most lacklustre. He even removes the "this type's not really my forte" joke. Enough said.

And then *LOGOPOLIS*. What can I say? Christopher H Bidmead's mixture of mathematics and mortality is one of my favourite stories, and really does close the Tom Baker era.

Apart from writing a riveting story, Bidmead also creates a pretty good pseudo-scientific background for the mysteries of the TARDIS. Suddenly we learn about the real world interface, the outer plasmic shell, and, most importantly, block transfer computations. No longer is the science of the Time Lords magic; now it has a basis akin to the explanations of warp drive and transporters that *Star Trek: The Next Generation* offers. Many decry this "demystification": being a fan of hard sf, I welcome it. In many ways, *Doctor Who*

of all) by the Master. With the best of intentions, the Doctor decides to repair the Chameleon Circuit, only to find that the Master has attacked him through the one element of the series to remain constant: the familiar shape of the police box. In shrugging off the Randomiser, the Doctor becomes prey to everyone *except* the Black Guardian, leading to the end of everything. And in saving the Universe - both from the Master and from the wrongly coloured cloud of green entropy (see *IN•VISION 52 "Continuity" for more details - Ed.*). And the Doctor is forced to sacrifice himself. The regeneration is prefigured throughout *LOGOPOLIS*, and the Doctor's "death" is almost one of resignation: with the Watcher's presence, there isn't really anything else he can do.

I have read two novelisations of this story. One is by Peter G Lovelady and Peter Anghelides, the other by Bidmead himself. Both have their charms, although Bidmead probably has the edge: like Gallagher, he rewrites, giving us the same story in different words, and adds a greater sense of destiny. The book reads like a science fiction novel set in the *Doctor Who* universe, and is the natural ancestor of Virgin's *New and Missing Adventures*.

Season 18 redefined the series, setting the scene for the next eight years of the programme. Many, including myself, would claim that the JN-T went on for far too long, milking his vision of the series well after it was dry, and yet his final season gave us *THE CURSE OF FENRIC*, my favourite story, and I could never have written *The Crystal Bucephalus* without his influence. As a concept, the series is immortal.

And, given that this is my final article for *IN•VISION*, I shall take the liberty of quoting. One day, in the not too distant future, I look forward to the return of the programme. As the Doctor says to Cwej and Forrester, his latest companions in *The New Adventures: Original Sin*: "The Doctor will see you now."

I'll be seeing you.



was ahead of its time by trying to explain how its magic carpet worked.

A running theme throughout Season 18 is one of the TARDIS being ambushed: by *MEGLOS*, by the *CVE*, possibly by the Great Vampire, by destiny, and then (worst

IT'S THE END...

AS THE magazine nears the end of the Tom Baker era, people keep asking "will IN•VISION continue?" To which we reply "So long as you keep buying it. That'll be £2.00, please."

When we created the IN•VISION format in 1986, we calculated how long it would take us to "catch up" with the **Doctor Who** series: we'd be bang up-to-date around the year 2016. Since then, the distance has shortened because (a) we've produced more than fifty issues and (b) no new serials have been produced for some years. Nevertheless, we could think of something interesting or amusing or remarkable to say about any of the stories that IN•VISION would cover (OK, so this was before THE HAPPINESS PATROL). Nevertheless, it still looks a long way off.

We've had fun, even when we spotted the mistakes. (Like the mystery character called "Wilkins" in REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN - a typo on page 11 of issue 5. The error was dutifully repeated in the L'Officier Programme Guide which otherwise gave no indication that IN•VISION was a source.) We've had the privilege of interviewing some of the **Doctor Who** people we most admire, and working with the best artists, researchers, and writers in fandom. To all involved, thank you. Especial thanks to Jeremy Bentham, a model of what a good publisher should be.

However, our Auntie Vanessa told us that, when it stopped being fun, we should stop doing it. We've decided to retire just *before* the enjoyment stopped, and spend some time with our families. And a new Doctor seemed like a good excuse for a new editor.

Like the Watcher, Anthony Brown has appeared on the scene before his predecessor vanishes. He has produced a splendid debut with his K•9 issue. We're confident that he will establish his own stamp on IN•VISION. And it will seem so familiar that, after a while, readers will say to themselves: "He was the Editor all the time."

Peter Anghelides & Justin Richards, November 1994



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