

Hub

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Hub: Year Two

It's a tragic tale. When it was young, *Hub* witnessed its parents being shot dead after a night at the Opera. Cared for by its English butler, *Hub* trained night after night, punishing itself with guilt and promising never to allow such a thing to happen again.

Which is pretty easy, since *Hub's* parents are unlikely to get shot again.

Hub: Year One looked at how this fledgling publication found a place in this world. We witnessed its growth from lonely child to a force for justice and good.

Now we bring you *Hub: Year Two*.

This time it's Hubbier.

Trudi Topham

A Change of Style

Welcome to the first issue in *Hub's* second year! Those of you reading this as a PDF will notice a slight change of style to the magazine – it's currently landscape, rather than portrait. If you adjust your size so that it fits your screen we think you'll find it much easier to read than before. If you don't like it, let us know – we're all about the love.

Alt.Fiction

April 26th sees the 3rd *alt.fiction* event in Derby. It's a great one-day literary genre event, attended by some of the very best writers the genre has to offer! There are discussion groups, readings, panels and much merriment (there's a bar, too!). Hub editor, Lee Harris, is appearing on one of the panels – “Writers and The Internet” – alongside well-known online luminaries Darren Turpin (The Artist Formerly Known As Ariel) and writer extraordinaire, Simon Spurrier. The event grows in popularity every year, so be sure to get your ticket early! More details at:
<http://www.derby.gov.uk/LeisureCulture/ArtsEntertainment/Alt.Fiction.htm>

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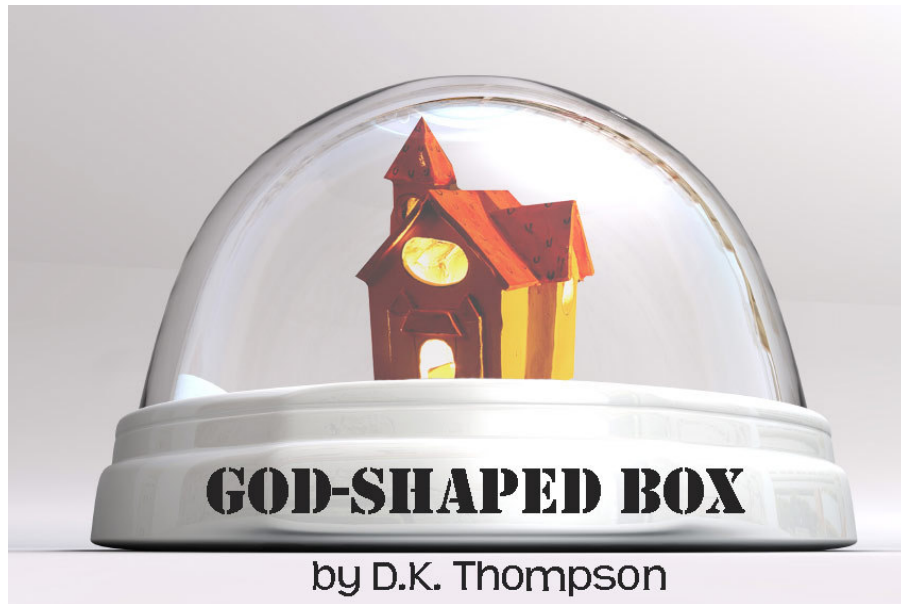
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Songs of Praise

Huge thanks this week go to Ann Smith, for a generous donation following last week's anniversary issue, and also to Canada-based Clive Chan, who suggested the landscape makeover.

About Hub

Every week we publish a piece of short fiction, along with at least one review and sometimes a feature or interview. If you like what you read here, please consider making a donation over at www.hub-mag.co.uk. We pay our writers, and anything you donate helps us to continue to attract high quality fiction and non-fiction.



I didn't kill God; we should clear that up right away. I just captured him and put him in a little box.

It sounds harder than it actually was. Hannah helped me make it. Her dark, sad eyes so serious and focused behind the wire-rimmed glasses she always wore, her slender fingers tracing the passages from the Bible. A long time ago, God gave instructions on how to build a tabernacle for him to inhabit. That story made us wonder: if the infinite can be confined to a building or a tent or a room, then why not a box?

Together, we scaled it down so the temple-box could fit in my palm. It looked like one of those buildings in a snow-globe you'd buy at an airport, just without the shell.

God went easy, without any kind of struggle. That's the strangest part, really. A lot of people ask: Why didn't God fight? Why did he let us do it to him? To be honest, I'm really not sure. All I know is that we put him in the box and he never tried to stop us.

How? We just asked him. We had a little help: prayer amplifiers that played recordings of other people begging for God to come, the signal directed

at the box. Hannah and I prayed, too. It was the first time I'd prayed since our son Adam died. I even closed my eyes. When I let go of Hannah's hand and looked at the box, it glowed, pulsing light, like we'd captured a sun.

I almost touched the box but Hannah stopped me, reminded me how God killed a man just for touching the Ark of the Covenant to keep it from falling into the mud. So after that, we carried the box around in a glass-case, completing the snow-globe effect.

One time, before he got sick, my son told me he was going to draw a picture of God. Can you believe I discouraged him? There was something else he was supposed to be working on so I suggested he come back to the picture later. That's one of my biggest regrets in life, never seeing that picture, never getting a chance to know what my five-year-old thought God looked like.

Another is never actually seeing God myself when we captured him. I don't even know if he was a he or a she. I would've liked to have ended that debate, to have seen with my own eyes. But blessed are those who have not seen and believe.

The day after we captured him I called a press conference. No one believed us, of course, not at first. Some doubted and tried to discredit us but after a few years nobody paid them any mind. The rest of the world caught on pretty soon. People didn't stop believing exactly. But more people, churches, and religions expressed a feeling of disconnect, a void in their belief system they hadn't experienced before. Not just Christians, either. The Buddhists gave up on Nirvana. Muslims stopped making the pilgrimage to Mecca. Pretty soon, no one went to church, temple, or wherever they practiced anymore.

Some people kept praying even after they found out we'd stolen their prayers.

The next step was obvious – it was the reason we'd gone through with all this in the first place. We asked God to bring our son back. He'd done this before – why couldn't he do it for us? But God refused. Actually, he didn't even respond. I wanted to throw that stupid box against the wall.

We'd expected this. We were made in God's image and we'd overthrown him, become like gods ourselves. So it was time to make things the way we wanted, in *our* image.

Hannah asked other questions. He never answered but he did react. We studied and recorded the situations and tried to figure out how he worked. We ran tests and experiments, always careful to never touch the box itself. We

observed how prayers interfaced with God, we measured how they affected him. Sometimes the glow faded. I liked to think he was sleeping then, that we'd tired God out. Other times the box shook and the light inside flashed, but nothing ever changed. We learned a lot. We grew in knowledge and stature and wisdom and understanding and nearly became omnipotent.

After a few months, we transferred half the prayers directed to God and harnessed them ourselves. Since we couldn't make him do what we wanted to, we tried to duplicate the infinite inside the box and put it into ourselves.

We almost got it right.

We withdrew Adam's body from the cryo-storage facility, thawed him out, and plugged him into a monitoring and life-support system, one that would jump-start his body and keep it running. All we needed was to get his brain functioning.

We took all the power directed at God, rerouted it through our prayer harnesses and sent it to our son's brain and nervous system. Sometimes Adam's little body would twitch on the table. Once, the shock of it even opened up his eyes. But no matter what we did, we couldn't bring him back.

It devastated us. Hannah sobbed and sobbed, staring at him and screaming at the box. She and I fought over everything from scientific methods to what dinner we should microwave.

Hannah had the breakthrough: realized the emotions were getting in our way. So we built wireless spinal-tap interfaces and tapped into our brains, rearranged our neurons and chemical balance. The first thing we did away with was pain, replacing it with happiness. That made things with Adam easier. Next we changed our immune systems, made them stronger, almost destroyed death, extending our lives just shy of immortality.

Then we gave it away to everyone in the world.

For a while it was bliss. Wars stopped because no one wanted to fight anymore. Sickneses were cured. The crime rate dropped and the economy boomed. It was a new era of peace and prosperity. And every night, people went to bed happy, knowing the world would be there when they woke up.

We didn't pay the rest of the world much attention, though. We just kept trying to bring Adam back. And kept failing. It would've been frustrating if we hadn't been so happy. But we stayed happy; we knew we'd figure it out eventually. Sometimes I thought I saw Hannah's smile falter when she looked at Adam but when I asked her about it, she just smiled and shook her head and

we'd bury ourselves in our work.

Then one morning I got out of bed and realized Hannah wasn't there. I walked into the lab where we kept the God-shaped box and saw that the glass case had been removed. On the ground lay Hannah. Her skin was cold and she didn't breathe but she had a smile on her face. Clutched to her chest was a picture of our son; her other arm outstretched toward the box.

All I felt looking at her face was happiness.

I tried and tried to feel something different but I couldn't stop smiling. I didn't like it at all.

I stared at the box and didn't do anything for what felt like a long time. I opened it, hoping to let God out. I don't know if it was to free him or scream at him or commit suicide. It doesn't really matter because he wasn't there.

There was nothing inside. The box was empty, God had disappeared. And all I felt was happiness.

Then I realized the box wasn't glowing. Maybe it had stopped when Hannah had touched it.

I disconnected myself from the prayer harness but left Hannah online. Maybe the prayers would do her some good wherever she was. I briefly wondered what happened to heaven and hell while we kept God occupied. Then I accessed my chemical balance and tried to do away with the happiness. That lasted for only a few seconds. The sadness and melancholy that hit me was so overwhelming, I cried for days, even after I restored my happiness levels. In the end, I could only tone them down a little.

Ever since then, I've been looking for God, traveling all over the world trying to find him. Sometimes while I'm searching, the happiness fades a little bit and a longing replaces it. I like that sense of longing better, I think.

I don't know why God stayed in the box for as long as he did but I'm not so arrogant to believe we fooled him. I think he went into the box because he wanted to, not because we made him do it. I don't pretend to understand why.

I still haven't found God but I hope I find him again one day. I'll keep looking until I do.

About the Author

D.K. Thompson is a devout member of the church of Fox Mulder, whom he describes as the 13th apostle of Christ (screw Chris Rock). In his spare time he is a practicing Quaker. His work has been published by *Pseudopod*, *Apex Online*, *Murky Depths*, and *Variant Frequencies*. He lives with his wife, daughter, and two cats in Southern California, where he can be found wandering through bookstores with a glassy-eyed expression in search of coffee and interesting things to read. He is planning on launching a podcast on geeks and faith in 2008. Break blog and drink coffee-flavored Koo-Aid with him at <http://krylyr.livejournal.com>

If you enjoyed this week's tale, and the non-fiction that follows, please make a donation at www.hub-mag.co.uk.

Your donations help us to pay our writers and to continue to bring you your weekly dash of *Hub*.

REVIEWS

SG1 – Gift from the Gods reviewed by Alasdair Stuart

Kethani and *Doctor Who s4, Ep3: Planet of the Ood* reviewed by Lee Harris

Stargate SG1 - Gift from the Gods

Big Finish, £9.99 – www.bigfinish.com

Launching Big Finish's range of *Stargate SG1* and *Stargate Atlantis* audios, this slots neatly into established continuity and still manages to tell a story in its own right. It also manages to sidestep both Big Finish's traditional full cast audio dramas and also the slightly dry readings that a solo performance can normally be. Instead, this is a story recounted in flashback by Daniel, a means of him coping with the events he's lived through and as a result, what we hear seems far more immediate, far tighter focussed than normal.



Opening with Daniel waking up in his lab with no memory of what happened, it soon becomes clear that something has gone very badly wrong. Everyone in the SGC blacked out at the same time, no one knows why and to make matters worse, the Gate is jammed open and on the other side of it is...the SGC. As Daniel and his team mates watch the other SGC come under sustained attack from the Goa'uld, they must try and figure out what's real, what's constructed and what role an object SG1 returned from their last mission with plays in events. But not everyone will make it out of this puzzle alive...

Shanks is one of the most consistently impressive cast members on SG1 and this is no exception. His enthusiastic but somehow reticent delivery gives the final scenes in particular real poignancy, whilst his cast impressions are spot on. Sensibly, he chooses to make no attempt on accents but instead pays attention to the rhythm of their speech and as a result, O'Neill and Hammond in particular work uncannily well. Able support is provided by John Schwab and the end result is a story which feels a lot bigger than just two voices.

The script itself is also impressive, if not groundbreaking. This is something that SG1 has covered before, more than once, and whilst the conclusion is a pleasant surprise, it's also a little familiar.

That being said, this is still a consistently impressive and coherent piece of storytelling with some moments of real emotional impact. Consistent with the original series, frequently funny and with enough big ideas to keep even the jaded listener interested, Big Finish couldn't have hoped for a better opening to their series.

Kethani by Eric Brown

May, 2008

Solaris, £9.99

Eric Brown's latest book looks like a novel, but those familiar with his work will recognise the title as the name of an alien race from a number of his short fiction works.

Kethani is a collection of these short stories, with original linking material, so while the book never feels like a novel, the additional narrative gives the fiction a



more cohesive feel.

The Kethani are a race of mysterious alien creatures. Some years before the first story in the book they landed on Earth and gave us the technology to effectively grant us immortality – an implant that records our lives and allows the Kethani to rebuild us better, stronger and often with a greater sense of right and wrong. This concept would tempt lesser writers to focus on the big picture – the motives of mankind’s newest benefactors, the political ramifications, the military reaction. Brown chooses, instead, to concentrate on the small stories – how the prospect of eternal life changes how we choose to treat each other, and how we view the gift of life. Each story (chapter) focuses on a different individual, and how the aliens’ gift has changed their lives. None of the protagonists are on the world stage, and the very nature of their ordinariness gives the book a more personal feel – these could be stories about us, the readers.

Whether you read *Kethani* straight through, as you would a novel, or whether you dip in and out and savour the chapters as individual pieces of short fiction, this is a book with charm, warmth and humanity. **Highly recommended.**

Doctor Who - Series 4, Episode 3: The Planet of the Ood

Written by Keith Temple

Directed by Graeme Harper

Starring: David Tennant, Catherine Tate, Tim McInnery

Only three episodes into the new series, and we’re already poking out our tongues at the Tate nay-sayers and chanting “we told you so” in an adolescent style.

Planet of the Ood re-introduces us to the (usually) docile race from the *Impossible Planet/Satan Pit* 2-parter.

The Doctor and Donna land on the Ood home planet to discover a marketing company selling the Ood across the galaxy as servants. The Ood appear to be quite content with this state of affairs, claiming that it is their natural inclination to serve. We soon discover this is not quite true, and the Ood are being horrifically adapted to a life of servitude.

Other than one less-than-satisfactory moment (when McInnery’s middle-management character changes his mind – quite literally), this is the strongest episode so far this series.

EXILE THE THIRD DOCTOR : 1970 - 74 BY SCOTT HARRISON

When *Doctor Who* returned to British television screens in early January 1970 the programme had undergone what was to be its most radical reformatting in the show’s history – the scale of which would not be seen again for another thirty-five years with its spectacular re-launch in 2005 at the hands of producer Phil Collinson and head writer Russell T. Davies. With the advent of colour television and its increasing popularity with programme makers by the late 1960s it was decided, with the departure of Patrick Troughton from the show in June of 1969 and the arrival of a completely new production team, that *Doctor Who* would be recorded in colour from the beginning of the show’s seventh season. The new format for the series had been developed by producer Peter Bryant and co-producer/script editor Derrick Sherwin and ‘piloted’ during the show’s sixth season with the eight-part Cyberman story *The Invasion*. Incoming script editor Terrance Dicks (who would remain in this job until 1974) was unhappy with the new format believing that exiling the Doctor to Earth, thus ejecting all space-bound adventures, and extending the stories from the more traditional 4 and 6-parters to lengthy 7-parters were detrimental to the show as a whole and would stifle its creativity. Despite his reservations Dicks began viewing episodes of the BBC’s Quatermass serials of the 1950s in order to align himself with the direction that Bryant and Sherwin had in mind for the show. Unfortunately, rather than allay his concerns it had the opposite effect. Dicks saw that this new imposed format would restrict the show’s stories to just two variations: the alien invasion or the mad scientist!

It was while rehearsing for the hugely popular radio comedy series *The Navy Lark* in early 1969 that fellow cast member Tenniel Evans first suggested to actor Jon Pertwee that as Patrick Troughton was about to step down as the Doctor then perhaps Pertwee should put himself forward for the role of the



character's third incarnation. At that time Jon Pertwee was a much loved and respected star of radio and film, famous for his comedic roles in such radio series as *Waterlogged Spa*, *Up The Pole*, *Puffney Post Office* and the aforementioned *The Navy Lark* – a show which ran on the BBC for nearly twenty years – as well as hit British comedy films like *Will Any Gentlemen...?*, *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* and the *Carry On* films *Cleo*, *Cowboy* and *Screaming*. Initially Pertwee's agent had been against the idea, believing it to a big mistake for his client, but had contacted the *Doctor Who* production office nevertheless. Much to everyone's surprise Jon Pertwee's name had been on the production team's possible replacement list for several months, second only to actor Ron Moody. From the beginning Pertwee was undecided as to how he should approach the third incarnation of the Time Lord. Originally Bryant and Sherwin had alighted on the idea of casting Pertwee due to seeing him in his various comedy roles and were hoping that he could bring this kind of humorous character work to the role of the Doctor. Pertwee however decided that this would not be appropriate as, although touches of humour and comedy had been brought to the part in the past (mostly through Patrick Troughton's wonderfully measured performance), the part should be played seriously and, as BBC Head of Drama Shaun Sutton had suggested to him, as "himself".

The character of the Third Doctor is a complete departure from how the part had been played by the previous two actors over the past six years. Fondly labelled by fans as the 'man of action', this new Doctor would quickly develop over the next two seasons into a cross between Professor Bernard Quatermass and James Bond with a pinch of *Department S*'s Jason King thrown in for good measure. Certainly he would become the most flam boyant of all the Doctors portrayed either before or since, allowing Pertwee's Doctor to play up to the Time Lord's inner vanity, manifesting itself through his love of opulent clothes, fast cars, complex gadgets and a taste for good food and fine wines. Despite his assertions to the contrary, this Doctor was more inclined to incorporate physical violence against his enemies, regularly seen using weapons, Venusian aikido and frequently calling upon the massed strength of UNIT as the final and absolute solution to many of his 'adventures'. Seemingly harking back to his First incarnation the Third Doctor is a little more prickly and impatient with the human characters around him. Frustrated at his exile and the mental block the Time Lords have placed on his knowledge of time travel the Doctor often vents his anger upon petty-minded bureaucrats, government ministers



and blinkered scientists. Much of his time is taken up with wishing he were somewhere else, reminiscing on his personal friendships with Earth historical figures and tinkering with the TARDIS console in the hope that serendipity might intervene upon his imposed confinement.

It was during the Third Doctor era that many important elements of the *Doctor Who* mythology were first introduced into the show. Without doubt the most important of all the knowledge gleaned during Pertwee's time is the long awaited discovery of the name of the Doctor's home planet. Already glimpsed in the final episode of Troughton's final story *The War Games* it would be a further four years, however, in Season Elevens opening story *The Time Warrior*, until the Doctor first speaks the name *Gallifrey*. Originally named as Galfrey in Robert Holmes's initial scripts it was script editor Terrance Dicks, during his re-writes to tame down some of the more expensive and impractical elements of the story, who tweaked the name slightly into the one that we are so familiar with today.

The first truly consistent Future History of the Earth is mapped out during those five years of the programme. The rise, expansion and, eventual, collapse of the Earth's Great Empire can be seen in the stories *Colony In Space*, *The Mutants* and *Frontier In Space* – something that would be picked up again over thirty years later in Russell T. Davies's 'Future Earth' scripts for Doctor Who's 2005 series, here referred to by the Ninth Doctor as "The Great and Bountiful Human Empire". The Doctor's childhood on Gallifrey is alluded to several times, telling of how he befriended a wise hermit in the hills near the Capitol and how he became the Doctor's mentor and tutor.

Similarly many of the show's iconic monsters and key enemies are established during this era, many of which would be reintroduced when the show returned in 2005. The Autons first appeared in Pertwee's debut story *Spearhead From Space*, returning again in the following season story *Terror of the Autons* before reappearing in the Ninth Doctor's debut story *Rose* three decades later. The Autons were all set to make another appearance in the intervening years in a story to be written by Robert Holmes entitled *Yellow Fever* and set in Singapore. Unfortunately this would be dropped and replaced with the 14-part season arc story *Trial of a Time Lord*. Similarly the Sontarans were introduced during this era (like the Autons these too were created by Robert Holmes) in the 4-part historical story *The Time Warrior*. Fiercely war-like in attitude and succinctly described by the

Doctor as “Brutish, nasty and short” the Sonatarans have been trapped in a savage war with their enemies the Rutans for centuries, neither side managing to gain the upper hand. Quickly gaining popularity with the audience the Sontarans were brought back twice during Tom Baker’s seven year stint on the programme and then again in the 1985 story *The Two Doctors*, a story which saw the Sixth Doctor meeting his Second incarnation on location in Saville. As with the Autons the Sontarans are reintroduced to a new audience and a new Doctor, that of David Tennant’s Tenth Doctor, in Helen Raynor’s 2-part actioner *The Sontaran Strategem/The Poison Sky* – also featuring UNIT (now renamed Unified Intelligence TaskForce for reasons of complaints from the UN against websites being created using their logo and name!). The 10th Anniversary story *The Three Doctors* introduced the character of Omega, a Time Lord from the early times whose brilliant grasp of stellar manipulation gave the Time Lords the power of time travel, a character who would return for a rematch, this time with the Fifth Doctor, in the story *Arc of Infinity*. Cleverly, when the production team decided to bring back an old enemy from the Second Doctor era, they managed subvert the audience’s pre-conceptions and present something refreshingly new. Last seen attempting to poison the Earth’s population and take over in the 1969 story *The Seeds of Death*, the Ice Warriors are presented as a benevolent diplomatic party representing Mars in *The Curse of Peladon*. Set during the Martians’ peaceful period of their history the Doctor wrongly accuses them of skulduggery and murder. Unfortunately when they next appeared in the sequel *The Monster of Peladon* they were back to their status of enemy and, consequently, were less interesting as a result.

Without doubt the most important *Doctor Who* enemy to be established during the Third Doctor’s era is that of the Doctor’s “Best Enemy”, fellow renegade Time Lord, The Master! This character was created as a joint effort between programme producer Barry Letts – who had taken over from Bryant and Sherwin in 1969 – script editor Terrance Dicks and writer Robert Holmes, who introduced the character in his Auton sequel *Terror of the Autons*. This incarnation, which we would later learn was his Thirteenth and final (Time Lords can only regenerate twelve times, folks!), is played to perfection by Roger Delgado. At the time Delgado was an accomplished actor of both big and



small screen and, according to Pertwee who became one of his greatest friends, was the total antithesis of the evil character he would portray for the next three years, preferring a glass of brandy and a comfy pair of slippers, to a fiendish world dominating plan and a tissue-compression weapon (or laser screwdriver in his later appearance). This incarnation is last seen in the Third Doctor story *Frontier in Space* teaming up with the Daleks, it would be a further four years before the Master would resurface, this time as a rotting, Death-like cadaver, holding onto life by will-power alone after almost losing his life on the planet Tersias. Twice the character would be seen like this before he was able to steal the body of Tremas, companion Nyssa’s father, and begin his reign of terror on a regular basis (appearing with every Doctor from the Fourth to the Seventh) this time played by Anthony Ainley whose performance tended to lack the subtlety of Delgado’s despite looking remarkably similar. So powerful and iconic had the character become in the audiences minds over the years that it was inevitable that he would return when the series was brought back in the Americanized, muddled travesty that is the Paul McGann TV movie, this time played unsuccessfully by the sadly miscast actor Eric Roberts, again seen stealing another body after he is put on trial and executed by the Daleks. Though why the Daleks would act totally out of character and put the Master on trial is anyone’s guess! Thankfully, this would not be the last we saw of the character. New series producer Phil Collinson and head writer Russell T. Davies brought the character quite literally back to life for their fantastic third series. The Time Lords, fearing that they are losing the Time War resurrect the Master in the hope of using him as a secret weapon against the Daleks. Frightened for his life the Master flees and, using the Chameleon Arc, hides out as the human Professor Yana...that is, until the Doctor shows up.

When the programme began preparations for its ninth season in late 1971 producer Letts and script editor Dicks hit upon the idea of bringing the Daleks back in to the programme. Writer and Dalek creator Terry Nation had withdrawn his famous creatures from the show in 1967 in an unsuccessful attempt to launch them in their own series in the States and Letts felt that the time was right to renegotiate them back into the series where they belonged. Naturally they were a huge hit with the audience and inevitably would return three more times before the end of the Pertwee’s run on the programme. Unfortunately the Cybermen never made it into a story of their own in the entire five year run, reduced instead to blink-and-you’ll-miss-them cameos in the stories *The Mind of Evil* and *Carnival of Monsters*, as a consequence, viewers had to wait until the 20th Anniversary story *The Five Doctors* in 1983 to see the Third Doctor come face to face with his infamous metal enemies.

By 1971 much controversy began to centre around the programme and the programme makers due to its increase in the levels of violence. It had topped an Audience Survey that same year as the most violent dramatic fiction series produced at that time by the BBC. In January of '71 the production team had come under much criticism by the Metropolitan Police for the story *Terror of the Autons* in which they had portrayed a couple of policemen as Autons in disguise and the police were worried that it was instilling distrust and fear into the minds of the more impressionable younger audience members. As a consequence Letts was careful to vet all future scripts and submitted storylines ahead of time in order to remove anything that may be deemed offensive or too violent and thus avoid being hauled over the coals in the future.

In contrast to the reluctance shown by writers to tackle the characters of the First and Second Doctor in print many of the novel writers leapt at the chance to bring the Third Doctor era to life again when the good Doctor's stories began to hit the book shelves through Virgin Books' original Past Doctor novel range. This may have been due to the fact that many of the authors such as Mark Gatiss, Paul Leonard and David A. McIntee grew up watching *Doctor Who* and cite Pertwee as the Doctor they watched during their formative years, or perhaps it was due to the fact that the Third Doctor era is so much easier to recreate. Indeed, many of the twenty-odd novels featuring the Doctor's Third incarnation successfully capture the mood, feel and tone of the programme in the early 70s. Granted, many of them weren't particularly successful as entertaining novels in their own right, such as Gary Russell's Silurian sequel *The Scales of Injustice* or Terrance Dick's *Catastrophea*, but for all their faults there is no doubting that Pertwee's time on *Doctor Who* was sufficiently evoked within their pages. Many of the Third Doctor novels tended to experiment with format and with the shows established history, using this Doctor as a catalyst for some plot strand that is taken up by a future Doctor. Jim Mortimore's *Blood Heat*, again a Silurian/Sea Devil sequel, set on an alternate Earth and featuring the Seventh Doctor uses the idea that the Third Doctor's death changes the course of history on this alternate world – the concept of the Third Doctor's 'death' and things changing is used again by author Lawrence Miles in his BBC Books two-novel story *Interference Books 1 & 2*, this time featuring the character of the Eighth Doctor. Perhaps the best of the Third Doctor novels released by Virgin and BBC Books rather oddly doesn't feature the character of the Third Doctor at all; David A. McIntee's wonderful *Face of the Enemy*. Set after *Day of the Daleks* the novel is set while the Doctor and Jo are away having their adventures on the planet Peladon as seen in the television story *The Curse of Peladon* and not only features UNIT and the Master but also brings in guest appearances from the Doctor's original

companions Ian Chesterton and Barbara Wright, last seen returning to Earth by way of a Dalek time machine in the television story *The Chase*.

By the end of 1973, as *Doctor Who* was beginning its 10th Anniversary celebrations, the 'family unit' of cast and crew was slowly beginning to drift apart. In June of that year actor Roger Delgado had been tragically killed in a car accident in Turkey while being driven to location for a forthcoming film shoot, while several months earlier Katy Manning had filmed her final scenes as companion Jo Grant and had left for pastures new. With the news that both producer Barry Letts and script editor Terrance Dicks would be leaving after the next season Jon Pertwee decided that five years was long enough in the role and that it was the appropriate time to announce that he would be bowing out as the Doctor and that he would be leaving along with Letts and Dicks at the end of Season Eleven. Once again the hunt was on for another actor to take over the role of television's most famous alien being. Who could have known that the answer to the programme's prayers was a little known actor who was working on a building site by day and sleeping on an old mattress on the floor by night and who could have guessed that this same actor was about to be catapulted to superstar status around the world and become the definitive Doctor for millions of people for the next thirty years. *Doctor Who* was about to become the most popular show on British television!

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