‘I am the Bad Wolf. I create myself’: lycanthropic transformations in *Doctor Who*

Ivan Phillips

At first glance, werewolves seem to be thin on the ground in *Doctor Who*. In 1981, a year after the vampire tale, ‘State of Decay’, and eighteen years after the television series began, the incumbent producer, John Nathan-Turner, reported that he ‘would love to see a werewolf story in the programme.’\(^1\) Even so, it took another seven years for the punk lycanthrope Mags to menace Sylvester McCoy’s Doctor in the ring of the Psychic Circus in ‘The Greatest Show in the Galaxy’ (1988-9). And for an out-and-out werewolf story – as opposed to a story with a werewolf in it – viewers would need to wait until Russell T. Davies’s ‘Tooth and Claw’ during the second season of the revived series in 2006.

Looking beyond televised stories, the *Doctor Who* werewolf pack swells to include creatures from the Eighth Doctor Adventures novel *Kursaal* (1998), the Past Doctor Adventures novel *Wolfsbane* (2003) and the Big Finish audio dramas ‘Loup-Garoux’ (2001) and ‘Legend of the Cybermen’ (2010). Then there are the Werelox, Wardog and the Windigo from the pages of *Doctor Who Weekly* and *Doctor Who Monthly*, and Flinthair, the prehistoric werewolf encountered by the Second Doctor in the story ‘Loop the Loup’ in the *Doctor Who Yearbook 1994*.\(^2\) It would seem that the lupine infection is heavy in the blood of the franchise after all, which might send us back to the small screen for a closer study. As werewolf lore tells us, we need to look for the fur beneath the skin; specifically, we need to look for the werewolf by any other name.

If we approach the genus of werewolf in an inclusive spirit, allowing for
complexity and ambiguity, Mags and the foundling host are soon joined by other wild contenders. Placing the emphasis on shapeshifting transformations between naked ape and hairy beast, or between other oppositional variations (cultural/natural, civilised/savage, domesticated/feral, and so on), reveals a number of monsters in the werewolf mould, none of them explicitly referred to as such but all of them drawing on the same mythology. There are the Primords of ‘Inferno’ (1970), for instance, the Anti-Man from ‘Planet of Evil’ (1975), and Dorf, or the Lukoser, from the ‘Mindwarp’ episodes of The Trial of a Time Lord (1986). These creatures are, if not strictly lycanthropic, at least lycanthrope-ish and they are certainly influenced by the long iconographic and mythopoeic traditions of the werewolf. This company might also, at a push, include the Tharils from ‘Warriors Gate’ (1981), the Cheetah People from ‘Survival’ (1989) and even the Cybershades from ‘The Next Doctor’ (2008). The Tharils are distinctly leonine rather than lupine and they are a discrete race of alien beings, not transformed humans, but – with a design based closely on that of the Beast from Jean Cocteau’s La Belle et la Bête (1946) – they have a lineage that connects them to myths of the accursed bestial hybrid. The Cheetah People, appearing in the final story of the classic series, are humans who have been mutated into a kind of savage nobility by the primal influence of an unnamed but dying planet. As their name suggests, they are human-cat rather than human-wolf hybrids but they exhibit many of the physical and thematic attributes of the werewolf. The Cybershades, described by David Tennant’s Doctor as ‘[s]ome sort of primitive conversion, like they took the brain of a cat or a dog’, are part animal and part Cyberman, which implies that in some aspects they might also be part human, so can be located somewhere – somewhere – on the hybrid nexus between human, beast and machine.

In his transformation from obsessed geologist to flickering, hairy Anti-Man,
Professor Sorenson of ‘Planet of Evil’ (1975) shares numerous features with the classic cinematic werewolf (burning eyes, coarse grey hair, fangs, claws, hunched back, and loping walk) but he is also a version of the Id creature from Forbidden Planet (1958) – itself, of course, a version of Shakespeare’s wild-man from The Tempest, Caliban. Clearly, the Sorenson/Anti-Man monster is most explicitly a rendering of the Jekyll/Hyde character, especially as it has been realised in successive film adaptations of Robert Louis Stevenson’s 1886 novella. Merging visual tropes from both John Barrymore’s 1920 depiction of Hyde and that of Fredric March from Rouben Mamoulian’s 1931 version, and almost comically reliant on regular swigs from a smoking beaker of anti-matter potion, the Anti-Man, played with relish by Frederick Jaeger, reminds us that – as Ken Gelder notes – The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde can be ‘understood as a version of the werewolf myth’.\(^3\) Infected, in effect possessed, by the planet Zeta Minor while leading a scientific expedition, Sorenson’s condition is analogous to that of Henry Hull’s botanist Wilfred Glendon in Universal’s Werewolf of London of 1935.

The intertextual tangle of ‘Planet of Evil’ is typical of a period in the history of Doctor Who that has often been described as a ‘golden age’. The first three years of Tom Baker’s seven in the role were presided over by Philip Hinchcliffe as Producer and Robert Holmes as Script Editor and mark the beginning of the classic programme’s greatest and most consistent popularity, at least in terms of audience ratings and public profile. The Hinchcliffe-Holmes era was characterised by its Gothic tone and styling, its dark wit and its indebtedness to horror film traditions. Strikingly, it was in ‘Planet of Evil’ (the second story of Tom Baker’s second season) that the mode favoured by Hinchcliffe and Holmes established itself fully. It is also notable that, although their creative ransacking of the horror film back catalogue was
extensive, they steered clear of explicit borrowings from werewolf and vampire cinema during their tenure. The Anti-Man, however, as already observed, contains traces of the lycanthrope and, in its ability to drain the life-force from its victims, of the vampire too.

What the Anti-Man shows, crucially, is an intensification of themes of possession and transformation within the series, frequently in conjunction with body horror. Figures of hybrid monstrousness dominated as never before or since in Doctor Who: not just the metallic hybridity of the Daleks and the Cybermen, but a more gruesomely organic variety epitomised by the Wirrn (‘The Ark in Space’, 1975) and the Krynoid (‘The Seeds of Doom’, 1976). Clearly, although not werewolves, such mutations occupy an equivalent imaginative territory where the limits of human being and self-knowledge are destabilised by the invading ‘other’. Both ontology and epistemology are implicated here and, linked (via Chantal Bourgault du Coudray) with Slavoj Žižek’s reading of the modern monster as a ‘spectral’ challenge to Enlightenment rationality, these hybrids point to something intriguing about the frequent use of Gothic motifs in the series.4

Given Doctor Who’s ostensible status as science fiction, it is unsurprising that these motifs should be validated through scientific (or pseudo-scientific) narrative mechanisms rather than through supernatural or metaphysical ones. The Anti-Man, the Krynoid and the Wirrn might well signify anxieties of the self and what it is to be human, unease about the things that take shape in the anomalous zone between society and wilderness, kindness and cruelty, reason and instinct, sanity and insanity, but they do so in a specific context. With some similarities to George MacDonald’s fairy tale of 1882, The History of Photogen and Nycteris, discussed elsewhere in this volume by Rebecca Langworthy, the hybrids of Doctor Who tell a mutable tale about
our relationship with technology, one which can be mapped against the evolution of
the programme itself. This is evident if we look from the Anti-Man to the monster
that he most closely resembles in the television series, the Primords of ‘Inferno’.

‘Inferno’ is a seven-part story that was broadcast in May and June of 1970, the
final tale in Jon Pertwee’s first season as the Doctor. A vital phase in the show’s
development, this had seen, among other significant changes, the transition from
black-and-white to colour. James Chapman has argued, persuasively, that the shift to
a full palette coincided with a shift in the paradigm of monstrosity within Doctor
Who, the robotic giving way to the organic, silver-white to a greater variability of hue
and texture.\(^5\) This meant that those ubiquitous enemies of the 1960s, the Daleks and
the Cybermen, were to be used far more sparingly in the 1970s. Stacey Abbott reflects
in her chapter in this book on the importance of the arrival of cinematic sound within
the development of the horror film genre and, in a more specific context, the coming
of colour to Doctor Who can be seen as comparably influential. The Primords are
emblematic in this respect.

Never actually named in the story on screen (instead, they are identified in the
closing credits), the Primords are humans who have suffered mutation as a result of
the ‘Inferno’ project, an attempt by the fanatical Professor Stahlman to mine the
energy resources at the Earth’s core. They have sometimes been referred to as ape-
like in commentaries on the story and, as their name suggests, they seem to represent
some kind of regression to a primordial state of bestiality. Their realisation on screen
is wolfish rather than simian, however, and is clearly inspired by the classic werewolf
designs of Jack Pierce and others.\(^6\) Terrance Dicks’ descriptions of the creatures in his
novelisation of the story tend to reinforce this impression. This is the Doctor’s
encounter with ‘the most advanced case of the mutation’:
The face and hands were entirely covered with hair. The whole shape of the jaw had changed and the teeth were great yellow fangs.

The eyes glared redly, bestial and savage.\(^7\)

In a sense, ape-like or wolf-like is beside the point: the Primords are a race of shape-shifting monsters, unlike anything seen previously in *Doctor Who*. Although Jon Pertwee is known to have been dismissive of them – ‘these ridiculous werewolf things with great false teeth and fur-covered rubber gloves’\(^8\)– they embody, as Graham Sleight suggests, a different and more complex approach to questions of human identity and technological ethics than had been conveyed by the mechanical hybrids of the first decade of the series.\(^9\) A monstrous outcome of ecological meddling, the Primords are also a correlative of the fascist brutality that the Doctor encounters in a parallel version of Earth that features in the story, where they are literally harbingers of apocalypse. They enact a movement towards the themes of human identity crisis that would become prevalent during the Hinchcliffe-Holmes years, characterised by tales of transformation, possession and body horror.

Leslie Sconduto has written that ‘[w]erewolves, as a cultural product, have been and always will be a reflection of their time’.\(^10\) This might seem self-evident to many, but the nature and meaning of the Gothic is easily oversimplified or misread. It is worth reminding ourselves that, as Fred Botting, Nick Groom, David Punter, Catherine Spooner, and others, have observed, the Gothic’s playful adaptation of resources from the past is a critical and imaginative way of engaging with the present.\(^11\) Its flirtation with modes of nostalgia is, in essence, a defining aspect of its modernity. Regarded as a species of werewolf, the Primords of *Doctor Who* are consistent with this, a screaming brute atavism transposed to a *Doomwatch*-style science fiction environment. Those of a technologically deterministic inclination
might align this with cultural models from Marshall McLuhan and Walter Ong to argue that the mythologies of an age are formed in response to the media that communicates them. In other words, there is something metafictional about the Primords: they embody not only familiar cultural narratives but also transformations (technological, ontological, mythical) in the format of Doctor Who itself. At a time of major change for the series, its audience and the wider culture, here are monsters that make both the possibilities and the anxieties manifest. Other creations from Pertwee’s first season (a very ‘grown up’ season) can also be read in this way – the plastic Autons, the prehistoric Silurians, the radioactive Martian ambassadors – but it is the lycanthropic Primords who most vividly contain the evolving moment.

This would seem a rather abstruse point if it was restricted to the Primords but forms of lycanthropic monstrosity seem to recur at points of strain or transformation in Doctor Who. Notably, the delayed appearance of werewolf creatures under Nathan-Turner – two in relatively quick succession, three if we count the Cheetah People – coincided with a period of decline and fall that would culminate in the indefinite suspension of the series after the final episode of ‘Survival’ aired on 6 December 1989. The Lukoser, the mutant outcome of genetic experimentation, featured in the story ‘Mindwarp’ as part of the fourteen-episode Trial of a Time Lord story arc which followed an ominous eighteen-month hiatus in the programme’s production (a metafictional season if ever there was one). Philip Martin, in the novelisation of his own script, refers to the creature as ‘the Wolfman’ and describes it in unmistakable terms:

The head of the Lukoser lifted. Wild bloodshot eyes stared at them from out of a once-human face that had elongated into the muzzle of a wolf. On his bare torso large patches of fur grew at random. The
slavering mouth opened, revealing long canine teeth, while from his
throat came a rolling growl that made the hairs lift on Peri’s neck.

At the same time compassion made her somehow want to reach out
to this hybrid creature, in chains and so obviously in torment.\textsuperscript{13}

The pitiful but spirited and strangely noble creature, movingly performed on screen
by Thomas Branch, reminds us of the association between horror and melancholy
discussed by Abbott, and looks compellingly like a metaphor of the series itself. The
appearance of the exploited Mags two years later in ‘The Greatest Show in the
Galaxy’ offers a return to werewolf mythology in conjunction with a similarly self-
reflexive and anxiously ironic title. That Mags, unlike the Lukoser, survives the story,
proposing to establish a new Psychic Circus – a new show on a new planet – seems to
combine the newfound confidence of the show in the final two seasons of Sylvester
McCoy’s Doctor with a sense of its inexorable doom.

\textit{Doctor Who} would, as it turned out, survive its own death to be regenerated in
the twenty-first century, but only after years of quiet transformation beyond the public
eye, the ultimate hybridisation resulting in fan-producers such as Russell T. Davies,
Steven Moffat and Chris Chibnall, and fan-performers such as David Tennant and
Peter Capaldi. The professionals who now create \textit{Doctor Who} are, conspicuously, the
amateur enthusiasts inspired and enabled to develop their careers by the classic series
that they kept alive when no one else was looking.\textsuperscript{14}

Given the restlessly hybrid, endlessly transformational character of \textit{Doctor
Who}, it seems both fitting and perhaps oddly inevitable that Russell T. Davies, setting
in place the foundations of \textit{Torchwood}, should have delivered a full-blown werewolf
story only one season into his period as showrunner. As the Primords exhibited the
progression from black-and-white to colour, so the werewolf of ‘Tooth and Claw’
reflected (not uncontroversially) the technological parameters of its own day, being rendered in CGI but containing the transformed essence of traditional lycanthropic folklore. And as the Primords incorporated the ecological concerns of ‘Inferno’, so the lycanthrope of the Torchwood Estate provided the basis for a degree of social satire at the expense of the Church (the belligerent monks of St Catherine’s Glen) and the Royal Family:

THE DOCTOR: No, but the funny thing is, Queen Victoria actually
did suffer a mutation of the blood. It’s historical record. She
was haemophiliac. They used to call it the Royal Disease.
But it’s always been a mystery because she didn’t inherit it.
Her mum didn’t have it, her dad didn’t have it. It came from
nowhere.
ROSE: What, and you’re saying that’s a wolf bite?
THE DOCTOR: Well, maybe haemophilia is just a Victorian
euphemism.
ROSE: For werewolf?
THE DOCTOR: Could be.
ROSE: Queen Victoria is a werewolf?
THE DOCTOR: Could be. And her children had the royal disease.
    Maybe she gave them a quick nip.
ROSE: So the royal family are werewolves?
THE DOCTOR: Well, maybe not yet. I mean a single wolf cell could
take a hundred years to mature. Might be ready by, erm,
early twenty-first century.
ROSE: Nah, that’s just ridiculous. Mind you, Princess Anne . . .
THE DOCTOR: Oh, say no more!\textsuperscript{15}

This cheerful (some might say childish) badinage was not Davies’s first attempt to use lupine material as a vehicle for satire in the series. The ‘Bad Wolf’ story arc of his debut season had been a more prolonged and less explicit manifestation of the same wild dog allegory.

First mentioned in the second episode of the revived series, ‘The End of the World’ (‘This is the Bad Wolf scenario’, the Moxx of Balhoon tells the Face of Boe, enigmatically), the phrase recurred in various forms and languages throughout the 2005 season. This led to enthusiastic speculation among fans and in the media about its possible meaning, Ladbrokes even opening a book on the subject.\textsuperscript{16} The season finale, ‘The Parting of the Ways’, revealed that the Bad Wolf was actually Rose. Sent back to the safety of the Powell Estate in London in the twenty-first century by the Doctor, she was determined to return to support him in his battle against the Daleks aboard the Game Station orbiting the Earth in the year 200,000. Forcing open the TARDIS console, she stared into its heart, absorbing the lethal energies of the Time Vortex. Transmuted into an entity of god-like powers, a creature with acute consciousness of ‘all that is, all that was, all that ever could be’, and absolute power over life and death, she dispersed the ‘Bad Wolf’ meme through time as a message to draw herself back to the Game Station as the Doctor’s avenging angel: ‘I am the Bad Wolf. I create myself.’

Rose as the Bad Wolf is a distinct and dangerous hybrid, a human merged with the uncontrollable forces of space and time. The inherent contradiction of this \textit{sui generis} super-being, a version of the ‘bootstrap paradox’ which has been an enduring premise in science fiction since its original designation in Robert A. Heinlein’s 1941 tale ‘By His Bootstraps’, has also been described by Hills as an effective reversal of
the ‘grandfather paradox’. Rose doesn’t destroy her own past, in other words; instead, she creates the future that will affect a past that will create the future that will affect a past that will create the future that will . . . and so on. The causal loop that encircles this story depends on a form of ontological uncertainty that is at least loosely analogous to the unsettled condition of lycanthropy. It also depends on the kind of narrative contrivance, *deus ex machina*, that some saw as unsatisfyingly prevalent within Davies’s *Doctor Who*, finding a more intricately developed (but no less contentious) counterpart in the shaggy-dog story arcs of the Moffat era. Hills has argued that this attraction to tales of temporal paradox in new *Who* is symbolic, representative of life in the twenty-first century. As well as being very much the matter of the particular mythology – a mythology ‘about time’, as Alec Charles has noted, but also about ‘timelessness’ – it is a representation, too, of the putatively ‘postmodern’ condition of contemporary life in which ‘we are all everyday time-travellers’. This is true of how *Doctor Who* is watched, and otherwise engaged with, in a culture of on-demand digital services, transmedia proliferation, intensified nostalgia and encyclopaedic capacity. It also corresponds to the restlessness with which the mythology relates to its own past. Just as the modern werewolf wears its ancestry beneath the skin – Ovid’s Lycaon lurks within the *Underworld* franchise (2003-2016) and MTV’s *Teen Wolf* (2011-present) as surely as it did within Henry MacRae’s *The Werewolf* (1913) – so *Doctor Who* in the twenty-first century must always contain the rough, brilliant beast of its twentieth-century forerunner. It is not surprising, then, that the Doctor’s werewolves might – in their many and variant forms, and in a certain lunar light – present themselves as metaphors of the series itself.

Lucy Armitt, citing James B. Twitchell’s privileging of the vampire over the
werewolf, has noted the latter’s tendency to ‘fall into abeyance’ while the former
‘retains its currency’. The werewolf, seen as unambiguous in its bestial monstrosity,
lacks the uncanny elusiveness of the vampire, its more subtle questioning of cultural
categories. Crucial to this reading is an assumption that the werewolf, because of its
overt carnality, misses the erotic allure of the vampire, at least as it has been evident
from Polidori’s Lord Ruthven onwards. Many of the most successful werewolf tales
subvert this pattern, notably Angela Carter’s ‘A Company of Wolves’ (1979) and
John Landis’s An American Werewolf in London (1982), but others seem to confirm
it. Neither Henry Hull’s stiff (in the non-priapic sense) Glendon in Werewolf of
London nor Lon Chaney Jr’s ‘lumbering, affable’ and ‘repressed’ Larry Talbot in The
Wolf Man (1941) can be said to generate much sensual potential. Interestingly,
many narratives of recent decades have foregrounded the carnal intensity of the
lycanthropic mythos, including John Fawcett’s film Ginger Snaps (2000) and Toby
Whithouse’s TV series Being Human (2008-13).

Questions of carnality and eroticism (considered from diverse perspectives
within these pages, notably in essays by Kaja Franck, Bill Hughes and Polly Atkin),
have never troubled the lycanthropic creatures in Doctor Who. There is nothing sexy
about the Primords, the Anti-Man or even the Lupine Wavelength Haemovariform of
Tooth and Claw. Not even Mags (my own teenage predilection for the actress Jessica
Stevens notwithstanding) is able to channel the libidinous energies of the Carterian
werewolf, although it hardly requires a mind kinked by the prurient obsessions of
contemporary journalism to read uncomfortable innuendo into her situation as the
travelling companion of the leery old explorer Captain Cook:

THE DOCTOR: Do you often travel together?
CAPTAIN: Of late, yes. I found her on the planet Vulpana. Between you and me, old boy, she's rather an unusual little specimen.

THE DOCTOR: Of what?

CAPTAIN: Ah, that would be telling, old boy. What about yours?

THE DOCTOR: I never think of Ace as a specimen of anything.\textsuperscript{22}

The Captain is referring to Mags’s condition as a werewolf but the innuendo of sexual predation is clear.

When the amative and the narrative finally, briefly, merged within an allusively lycanthropic context in \textit{Doctor Who}, it was nearly twenty years later, in the first season of the rebooted series. Rose, having ‘created herself’ as the Bad Wolf, is about to be destroyed by her own raging godlike powers:

THE DOCTOR: But this is wrong! You can't control life and death.

ROSE: But I can. The sun and the moon, the day and night. But why do they hurt?

THE DOCTOR: The power’s going to kill you and it’s my fault.

ROSE: I can see everything. All that is, all that was, all that ever could be.

THE DOCTOR: That's what I see. All the time. And doesn't it drive you mad?

ROSE: My head.

THE DOCTOR: Come here.

ROSE: It’s killing me.

THE DOCTOR: I think you need a Doctor.

\textit{The Doctor kisses Rose. The golden energy transfers from her eyes to his, then she faints in his arms.}\textsuperscript{23}
Little Rose Riding Hood, who has given herself to the Big Bad Wolf in order to save her hero, is here set free by the kiss that will kill him, or at least force him to regenerate.¹⁴

Suggestively, the most recent televisual occurrence of the lupine in Doctor Who alludes to the same fairy tale source but treats it rather differently. Frank Cottrell Boyce’s ‘In the Forest of the Night’, first broadcast in October 2014, is an eccentric and strangely low-key, even gentle, tale about the vegetation of the Earth enveloping it overnight in order to protect it from solar flares. Lost in the sudden forests of London with a party of children from Coal Hill School and two of their teachers Clara Oswald (his latest companion) and Danny Pink (her boyfriend), the Doctor is increasingly intrigued by the behaviour of the red-coated Maebh, a girl troubled by the recent disappearance of her older sister. At one point, Maebh, the Doctor and Clara are chased by a (small) pack of wolves:

CLARA: Was that a howl?

(A second animal replies.)

CLARA: Was that a wolf? No. That is impossible. We're in London.

THE DOCTOR: Would that be the London with the zoo? The zoo with the pack of wolves? The zoo whose barriers and gates have probably been mangled by the trees? No, wolves are not impossible. Stick to the path, Red Riding Hood.

CLARA: There is no path.

(The pack howls.)

THE DOCTOR: Then we're lunch.²⁵

In the event, the wolves are frightened by the arrival of an escaped tiger, a Blakean beast that is itself mesmerised by Danny and driven away. Apart from perpetuating
the myth of their threat to humans, the story is remarkable for featuring wolves rather than werewolves: not representations of unsettled hybridity, in other words, but agents of the natural world, set free from their cultural confinement by a vegetable love that seems almost supernatural. Maebh, whose medication for anxiety has been wearing off, is revealed to have a connection to ‘the life that prevails’, the eternal spirit of the trees that appears as a busy cluster of glowworm lights in the air: ‘We are here, here, always, since the beginning and until the end.’

The appearance of wolves, however briefly, in Cottrell Boyce’s poetically understated parable of apocalypse is revealing in the context of their meaning within the narratives of *Doctor Who*. ‘Catastrophe is the metabolism of the universe’, the Doctor comments at one point; ‘I can fight monsters. I can't fight physics.’ The story has not proved popular with fans (it came last in the *Doctor Who Magazine* poll for 2014) and many have complained that it lacks a recognisable foe or threat, with no alien invasion, no monsters to fight. These memorably troubling words, however, expressing helplessness in the face of physics, contain a peril at least as potent as that signalled by ‘Exterminate’. Furthermore, the wolves, like the tiger, like the trees and the solar flares, have a collective symbolic significance that connects this singular addition to the *Doctor Who* mythos with the wider world of stories being told in recent times and in the pages of this book. Garry Marvin, for instance, decrying the dangerous reputation that Cottrell Boyce appears to perpetuate, argues that changing attitudes to the wolf in recent times can be seen as a measure of humanity’s reformed relationship with a damaged natural world. If the Doctor’s glib misreading of the lupine predator is corrected through a message of global redemption channelled through a child, then the wolf begins to resemble the figure of salvation identified in Shannon Scott’s analysis of Russian fairy tales.
The ecological theme of ‘In the Forest of the Night’ has precedents in earlier
wolf-ish tales in *Doctor Who*. Sorenson’s transformation into the Anti-Man in ‘Planet
of Evil’ is, after all, brought about by his removal of samples from Zeta Major and the
planet’s refusal to allow him to leave with them. Similarly, Stahlman’s mutation into
a Primord is the consequence of his unrestrained mining of the Earth’s resources.
These two professors are cautionary examples of exploitative obsession at the limits
of scientific knowledge, excessive rationality reversing into destructive irrationality.
A parallel case can be seen in Chris Chibnall’s episode ‘42’, from the 2007 season, in
which an agonising mutation among the crew of the *SS Pentallian* is discovered to be
the result of possession by a sentient sun whose energy reserves have been plundered.

The narratives of *Doctor Who* are typically those of redress or restoration,
frequently interwoven with tales of deliverance and self-discovery. These elements
are rarely unambiguous, however, and the mythology itself is intrinsically unsettled,
riddled with contradictions, tensions, instabilities. The central character, after all, is an
unknowable, shape-shifting wanderer, with a vehicle that defies the laws of physics
and is also supposed to be able to transform its appearance. It is perhaps unsurprising,
then, to discover that themes so often embodied in the protean mythologies of the
wolf are recurrent.

When the Doctor and Ace walked off into the distance, arm-in-arm, in the
final episode of the original run of the television series, it was at the end of a story
(Rona Munro’s ‘Survival’) in which ideas that are rehearsed throughout this volume
had been prominent. Ace, removed from suburban Perivale to a burning alien world
on the verge of extinction, partially transformed into a werecat, rejecting her civilised
conditioning and relishing a wild, violent, implicitly lesbian-erotic freedom, is
representative of the kind of rough epiphany that abounds in readings of the wolf. As
Sam George explores the recovery of a lost innocence in accounts of feral children, so Kaja Franck writes of the struggle for a stable adult identity in young adult fiction, Catherine Spooner describes the intimacy with wilderness inherent in the transformations of fashion, and Polly Atkin celebrates a profound poetic resistance to the over-determined, socialised female self. Bill Hughes, following a contiguous line of analysis, traces the potential liberation from commodified carnality in the metamorphoses of Angela Carter’s regenerated fairy tales. Ace, hunting with the Cheetah-People, and with Karra in particular, approaches a condition of almost-desirable ferocity that is familiar to anyone who has kept the company of wolves: ‘Smell the blood on the wind. Hear the blood in your ears. Run, run beyond the horizon and catch your hunger!’²⁶ It seems significant, suddenly, that the ‘distance’ the Doctor and Ace walk towards at the end of the episode is actually a forest, one of those endangered sites of primal hazard that are also places of quiet leisure, arcadian fascination and, of course, fairy stories.

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Notes


6 Pierce (1889-1968) was the pioneering head of make-up design at Universal Studios during the 1930s and 1940s, responsible for creations including Boris Karloff as Frankenstein’s monster (*Frankenstein*, 1931; *Bride of Frankenstein*, 1935; *Son of Frankenstein*, 1939) and the werewolf make-up of Henry Hull (*Werewolf of London*, 1935) and Lon Chaney Jr (*The Wolf Man*, 1941). Among his admirers is Rick Baker, who was responsible for make-up in John Landis’s *An American Werewolf in London* (1981).


Hills, p. 87. Heinlein’s story was originally published in the October 1941 edition of *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine, under the pseudonym Anson MacDonald. It was subsequently included in his 1959 collection *The Menace from Earth* (Riverdale, NY: Baen Books, 1987).
18 Chapman, pp. 207, 278.


24 ‘Little Rose Riding Hood’ is one of the stories in Justin Richards’ *Time Lord Fairy Tales* (London: BBC Books, 2015), pp. 123-37, where the *märchen* of so many human childhoods are reworked, *sort of à la Carter*, as fables from Gallifrey.


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**Audio**


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*Broadchurch*, created by Chris Chibnall (UK: Kudos Film and Television/Shine Group, 2013–17)


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Forbidden Planet, dir. Fred M. Wilcox (USA: MGM, 1956)

Ginger Snaps, dir. John Fawcett (Canada: Telefilm, 2000)


The Werewolf, dir. by Henry MacRae (USA: Bison Film Company, 1913)
Werewolf of London, dir. by Stuart Walker (USA: Universal, 1935)