



This is a facsimile of the first ever DWAS special publication dating back to 1976.

The 'Dalek—Cyberman Autumn Extra' was published by the DWAS Reference Department under J. Jeremy Bentham. Readers should remember that back in 1976 information about Doctor Who—past was scarce and largely limited to the recent 'Radio Times Special' in 1973—not renowned for its accuracy. As such, the output of the DWAS Reference Department, largely resourced by Jeremy's own personal collection of reference material was much sought after by serious fans. This was at a time when the idea of seeing old Doctor Who episodes was a fantasy—and in fact the BBC were at the time of publication still junking 'unwanted' film recordings.

So the 'Dalek—Cyberman Autumn Extra' would have been something truly special for the fans of the time. It was written by someone who had not only seen the black and white episodes of the sixties but who had his own set of reference materials on which to base the content.

Produced in part on a manual duplicator, a very primitive method of reproduction compared to what is available today, there are not many copies of this publication left in existence. This copy is a scan of Jeremy's own copy which is itself in a very delicate condition. As such, the quality of the pages is variable and is at the moment, the best that could be achieved within a reasonable timeframe. An attempt to produce a better copy could be undertaken in future if there is demand for it.

If anyone has a better condition copy available, we would be very pleased to hear from them.

[enquiries@dwasonline.co.uk](mailto:enquiries@dwasonline.co.uk)

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THE



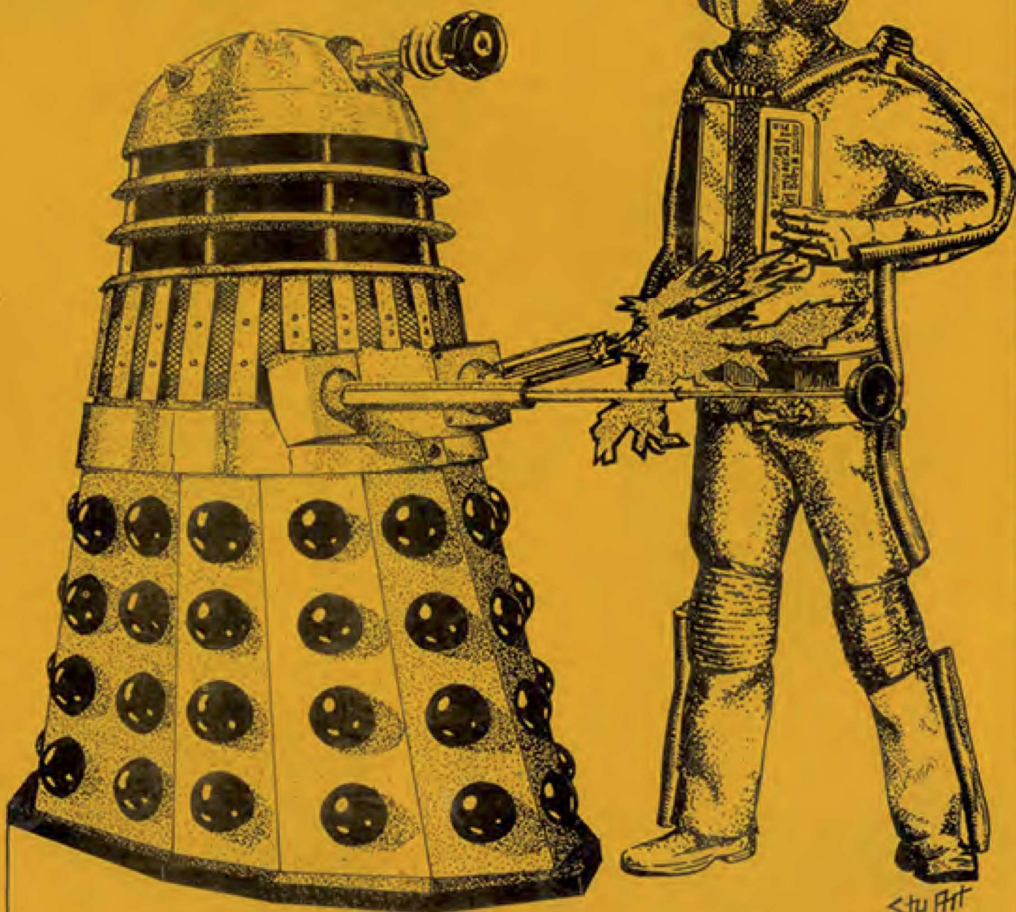
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PRODUCED BY JEREMY BENTHAM (REFERENCE DEPT.)

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A U T U M N 1 9 7 6



# INTRODUCTION

The blank mask of the Cyberman and the dreaded shape of the Dalek! Two symbols of terror well known to all generations of "DR WHO" viewers, that are as much a part of the serial's mythology as are the four Doctors themselves.

The Cybermen are a dying race. Few in number the survivors of the Cyberwar haunt the space ways of the future, likened to the ghosts of the ancient Vikings, awaiting the turn of events that will one day see them returned to prominence among the races of the Universe.

At the other end of the scale can be found the Daleks; a thriving, but pitiless race of half-robots, intent only upon conquest and the expansion of the Dalek Empire and the Dalek creed.

Those of you who saw "GENESIS OF THE DALEKS" will be well versed in the origin of the monsters from Skaro as being the end product of research by the brilliant, but megalomaniacal scientist Davros. What is less well known is that some ten years earlier Terry Nation wrote another account of their beginnings.

This special expands upon the original story, as accounted in the first three issues of the legendary "TV CENTURY 21", and links it to the first television serial "THE DEAD PLANET". As to which version you prefer, that is up to the individual. Though surely, in a Universe which can house dimensions and parallel dimensions, there is room enough for both.

The creation of the Cybermen has never been shown on television, and we realise that at some future date our account may differ with a history presented by the B.B.C. Naturally we shall then hold the B.B.C version as the true version. Until then we have elected to compile all the snippets of data so far known and collate them into as logical a series of events as possible. The first two chapters of their saga are shown here. If you wish to see more, then write and tell us. . .



Regards

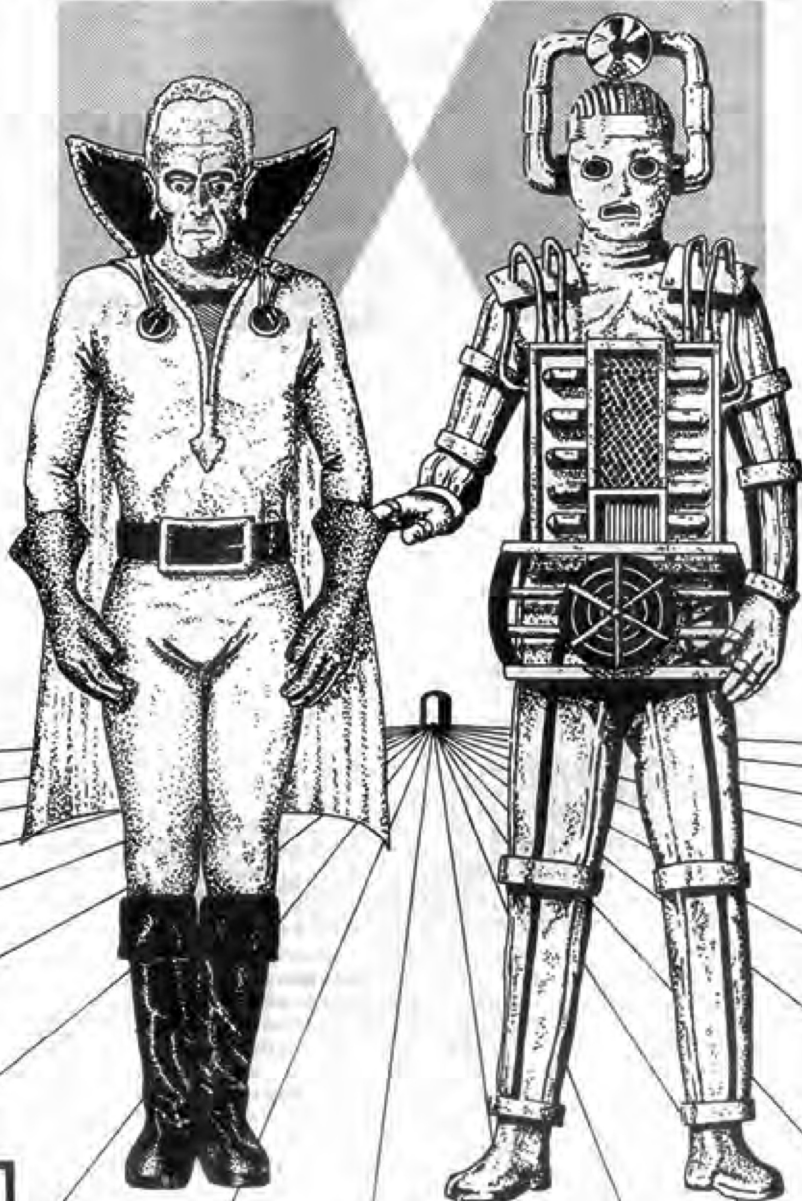
*Jeremy*

*Stu Art*

Special thanks to the President: Jan Vincent-Rudzki, to the Society Executive, to Richard Landen, Ian Levene, Chris Marton & of course thanks to Dr. Kit Hedler, Gerry Davis and Terry Nation for all inspiration. . . . .

Origin of the

# CHEFFEN



STUFT



# SAGA OF THE CYBERMEN



## Creation of the CYBERMEN

### Prologue;

With a solemn, measured tread, the tall Medician climbed the steps to the Speakers' Rostrum, acutely aware that all eyes in the Central Command Hall were watching his every move, trying to gauge from his manner the content of the folder he carried. He knew also that the report he was about to deliver would likely be the single most important pronouncement that would come from this building; for he was about to seal the fate of his people.

He paused for a moment at the top to collect his thoughts and determine on the best way to break the horrendous news to his compatriots. After all, he mused, how does one tell people they are going to die?

The man himself was very statuesque, nearly seven foot in height, and could be described, in the classical term, as good-looking.

The skin was an unblemished milky-white colour, almost translucent in appearance, and covered well his high-boned features. Alert, deep-set eyes looked out from beneath a tall forehead surmounted by a thatch of dark, but very fine, hair. And yet, despite all this evidence of perfected beauty, there was something about his frame, and those of every other person present at the assembly, that bespoke of frailty and inherent weakness.

"Gentlemen, respected Leaders of Nondas," the Medician began, "ten years ago this Executive body commissioned an enquiry be set up to look into the present alarming decline in our birthrate, coupled with the sharp uprise of the death figures attributable to illness and disease. That enquiry has now been completed, and it has resulted in this report." He tapped the large sheaf of papers before him. "The contents of these documents have been arrived at only after the most exhaustive series of tests, checks, and double-checks had been applied to every aspect of our findings, and you may all be assured that no



path, no avenue has remained unexplored. Thus what I have to relate to you now is pure, and irrefutable scientific fact. Now many of you may find what I have to say difficult to accept, nevertheless, I believe also that each one of you, whether you have admitted it to each other or not, will understand from a personal viewpoint, when I tell you. . ." he drew a deep breath before continuing in a tone that rang like a bell of doom, ". . .that within five generations every man, every woman on Mondas will have become sterile. Unable to reproduce!"

There was immediate uproar within the Chamber as every member clamoured for permission to question the Speaker. The Medician looked on at the scene in sadness. He well knew from experience the emotions they were feeling. A Mondasian's love of Life is greater than all else. So to be suddenly told that all Life is coming to an end. . .

Soon the atmosphere had calmed for more logical questioning to begin, and from the start the basis of the enquiries was how? And why?

"Ever since the dawn of civilisation on Mondas, we, as a species have sought purity and perfection within ourselves. Through careful and selected breeding we removed all traces of ugliness and deformity from our race until we attained our present flawless physical forms. And so, we have all but achieved our ideal. But our flawlessness itself is a flaw. Our genetic structures are now so pure and refined that we have lost many of our natural immunities and defences to external conditions and changes. In short, we can no longer adapt to alterations in our environment!"

Again the Medician paused, aware of a tightness in his throat.

"Our technology too is far from perfect. We know now that we take more from our planet than we put back into it, and this has resulted in a massive depletion of our world's natural energies and resources. Furthermore, the chemical by-products of our industries; the pollution to our atmosphere and seas is largely responsible for the new, and lethal plagues that are now rampant among us. In particular, it accounts for the rising degree of sterility within ourselves which, it is projected, will be total within the five generations noted earlier."

"We, of the Scientific and Medical fraternity are doing what we can to combat the decay. But at best we can only expect to slow down the process. . .there is no means by which we can reverse the trend."

For many long hours the questioning continued, for no-one was, as yet, prepared to grasp the significance or the finality of the awesome news they had been given. There was a tear running down the Medician's face when finally he was released from his ordeal and allowed to leave the Hall of Command.

Outside, his friend and associate; another Medician and his senior by some twenty years, awaited him. He clapped him on the shoulders as the younger man sank wearily into a chair. "You were magnificent my boy; and I think you impressed them."

"How can one fail to make an impression when you tell someone their doom is imminent and irrevocable?"

The elder man sighed and gave a tight half-smile. "Our bodies may be weak, but our minds are strong. We may yet survive."

Now it was the younger Medician's turn to smile, more through sheer exhaustion than at having found anything amusing in the older scientists words. "How? You know as well as I that we cannot, in the short period of time left to us, alter our genetic make-up, or remove the poisoned elements in our air. We would not know where even to begin."

"My friend, you are being illogical. Remember logic itself states that a problem which cannot be solved directly must therefore be solved indirectly."

The young man's eyes narrowed, "You. . .have thought of some-

"I have indeed." He replied, and then paused, turning to look out of the great bay window onto the sprawling city beyond - cloaked in eternal darkness by the absence of a Sun. "It would be a monumental task though. Our Fraternity would need the full backing of the Central Body. We would need un-limited funds, resources and supplies. . .and, yes, perhaps even the re-aligning of our whole way of life. Then, maybe then, we will have found the solution."

"Solution. What solution?" The seated figure spoke almost in reverence to the bleak eyed man before him.

"If we cannot go on through our children, then we must go on through ourselves. We must find immortality!"

"But how?"

For an answer, the elder man turned, removed his right glove and began to roll up the sleeve of his tunic. To the younger man's astonishment he saw, not an arm of flesh and sinew beneath, but one encased within a shell of metal/plastic alloy. Supporting rings studded the full length of the arm and through them ran a whole series of small hydraulic rams that were ultimately linked, so he supposed, to the older man's brain; will-operated. "Like this," the man said, "by our skills in the art of Cybernetics!"

Some millions of years before those prophetic words were spoken, the planet Mondas was born.

It was created when a large ball of gas, expelled from the Sun of a solar system near the edge of the Milky Way, split into two equal halves. One of the clouds cooled and went into a regular orbit about the Sun. This was to become the famed planet Earth. Its twin, Mondas did not settle into regular orbit and instead adopted an elliptical pattern that could, at times, take it to the very limit of the star's gravitational hold.

Just at the time when intelligent life was forming on both planets, a rogue world entered the Solar System and caused a severe upheaval to the delicate equilibrical forces. Eventually the space wanderer was captured by the planet Earth - spelling effectively the end of the Reptilian Era there - but before that, its own mass had been sufficient to draw Mondas out of the Sun's pull and send it on a path that would lead it out of the System and onto a voyage through deep space.

Fortunately the planet's own internal temperature was adequate to permit the further evolution of life. Being the twin of Earth, it was in no way a surprise that the development of species on Mondas would, to an extent, parallel that of its sister world. Nourished by the rich mineral quantities in the ground, plant life flourished though it was necessary for adaption to take place now that photosynthesis was no longer a viable means of obtaining energy.

Animal life found survival more difficult. Now that the climates were much colder, only warm blooded animals, like mammals, could properly develop and prosper under the harsher conditions. Slowly, gradually, a humanoid species grew to prominence, learning painfully the cruel lessons of survival that were to burn for ever in the subconsciousnesses of the Mondasians.

With life on their world being, in the early stages at least, so difficult, the people of Mondas came to value their lives and their beliefs, and took great pride in their civilisations. In time they came to almost worship life and soon gained a deep hatred of killing animal life.

7 Thus their race became vegetarians, taking only what was necessary to maintain their lives, and by doing so, they made their first great mistake.

For, by not ingesting any meat they were never to develop the wide range of natural immunities to diseases their cousins on Earth enjoyed.

Their second great mistake arose also from their beliefs. Being Life-worshippers, they constantly sought to perfect it, and in the Mondasian view this took the form of experiments in the field of Eugenics.

With the coming of their technological era they were able to perceive and put into practice ideas of chemically altering their gene structures, selective breeding, and constant refinement of the physical and mental form.

They achieved their perfection, but at such a cost, for they were now wide open to any change in the environment, and when at last the change came it was provided, ironically, by the Mondasians themselves. . .

Pollution! By the time the people of Mondas realised the harm they were doing to themselves, and to their world, by pouring poisons into their air and oceans, it was already too late.

Pestilence, illness and plague struck the Mondasians like a tidal wave. Frantically their scientists and medics worked on ways to counteract the deaths, but no sooner would one disease be conquered than another would take its place. And then finally came sterility.

It was their will to survive and live that saved the Mondasians from extinction. As the two medics in the ante-room of the Command Hall had speculated, there did exist a means to perpetuate their kind. Experimentation had shown that diseased organs of the body could be replaced by metal and plastic equivalents. Furthermore these replacement parts proved to function even better than their flesh and blood equivalents.

Gradually the experiments became bolder and bolder, and soon it was discovered that not only could organs be replaced, but whole limbs as well. So great were their medical skills that soon there was no part of the body which could not be replaced, or added to in some way.

Only one last great barrier remained to be overcome; true they could give a person a bio-mechanical limb, or a replacement nervous system, but they had never converted one man totally into a replacement being - they had never created a Cyber-man.

The Medicin Fraternity did not have to campaign hard to win their case with the Central Command. With extinction as the penalty for hesitation, everything became geared towards designing exoskeletons that would be absolutely free of disease, free of weakness, and most of all, free from the process of aging.

The Mondasians were seeking immortality. . . and with logic, discipline and the desire to survive behind them, they succeeded.

It is impossible to know what the first Cyberman felt as he lifted himself from the operating table and gazed at his new body in the mirror for the first time. In a race which had eternally sought beauty and perfection, this must have been a moment of supreme anguish. To see the fine-chiselled features now concealed beneath a thick plastic face mask, eyes held in special cradles and peering out through intricately moulded protective lenses. The mouth now sealed behind a slit-like grille with its own tiny in-built amplifier to aid speech. Each long, sensitive finger now surrounded by a network of miniature pistons which duplicated movement functions. To be saddled with a large, accordion-like device on the chest to regulate the flow of fluids and lubricants to the various Cybernetic centres in the body. And finally, to



8 watch the final adjustments being made to the large lamp-like instrument fixed above the skull which would act as an aerial to receive power directly from the energy plants, which themselves drew upon the very forces within the planet itself.

This is not to say, however, that there were not some compensations for these cumbersome giants. For, with the new bodies came physical strength that the weak Mondasians could never have previously known. Every new Cyberman went through a phase of enjoying



supreme exaltation at being able to lift great loads, and move with almost limitless endurance. And the Cybermen needed this period of exaltation. For though they had suffered much in their quest for survival, cruel fate had one more joke left to play on them.

Try as they might, and experiment as they did, they could not provide Cybernetic equivalents for the Women. Being, physically, even more frail than the menfolk, the women just could not take the graftings and replacement fittings. At each attempt their bodies would reject the Cybernetic parts and no adaptive process could change this.

The new species would indeed be a race of Cybermen.

And as the last woman on Mondas died, the last of the old ways died with her. For with nothing to love or care for, the Cybermen lost the ability to love, and with beauty likewise perished beneath their metal/plastic exteriors, they looked around for new ideals and goals.

Over the years their attitudes changed. They still devoutly followed the cult of Life, but now their views were becoming dis-

9 tortured. If Life existed, then it must be preserved, their logic argued. And in order to ensure that all Life is preserved, they must control life. And to control Life, it must therefore be necessary to dominate Life wherever it exists. In their strange perverted way, they were becoming hungry for power.

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

Inspiration for the Saga of the Cybermen came from CHRIS MARTON of the D.W.A.S., and from the stories 'THE TENTH PLANET', 'THE MOONBASE' and 'TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN'. The Dalek articles are based on original stories that appeared in TV 21.

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Photo on page 17 courtesy of Dramatics Division under Mark Sinclair

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THE

## DALEKS



To the Universe as a whole the Daleks present an image of a totally disciplined race who unquestioningly obey the edicts of their superiors, whether or not such obedience requires massive sacrifices of Dalek lives. For the Dalek creed is; to spread their Empire through all Space and through all Time at no matter what cost. The sinister shell of the Dalek has become a universal symbol of tyranny and ruthless oppression throughout the Galaxy, but it has never been clear what the various colours of the Daleks' casings denote. This document is an attempt to clarify the ranks of the Daleks and the respective colours that are associated with them.

It is not generally known but the heirarchy of the Daleks has undergone significant change since the titanic Dalek civil war, which will be mentioned later. Therefore this history deals firstly with the situation upto the war, and subsequently the status quo after.

Before the Neutron War, which spelt the end of the original humanoid Daleks (see GENESIS II), the Dalek machines were merely the invention of the chief scientist Yarvelling. These had been designed as robot fighting machines to be used in the land battles against the warrior Thals. To withstand conventional firepower the casings were constructed out of a strong and resilient alloy; Dalek-enium and a refined tube of this metal lined the inside of the gun sticks to resist the heat build-up when the ruby rays were fired.

With the explosion of the super bomb and its deadly after-effects, the Daleks way of life changed. They found that harmful radiations were penetrating their shelters and causing mutation to set in. Gradually the Daleks were dying from atrophy





11 land poisoning so they set about finding a means of protection. . . They found it in the robots - developed in great numbers before the explosion. By removing the remote control and guidance systems the decaying Daleks were able to crawl into these suits and use them as mobile shelters.

As is known, the Daleks quickly became acclimatised to the machines and were soon dependent on them for movement and life. And thus the Daleks, as we know them today, were born. They multiplied and re-built Dalazar and then set about the conquest of other worlds, and other life-forms.

The rank and file of the Daleks retained the original silver/white coloured casing for no other reason than they considered change was un-necessary. This type of Dalek was the average worker, fighter, scientist, technologist, space craft crew etc. Section leaders were not given any distinguishing markings - Daleks do not speak untruths to one another and so no Dalek would assume a position he had not been appointed to. The white Daleks made up just over ninety-five percent of the total Dalek population.

The next rank upwards was that of the Red Daleks. These were the privileged ones selected for positions of command and responsibility. A Red Dalek would be chosen before its bio-technic conception. That is to say, a decision was taken beforehand if one of the next batch of new-born Daleks would be required for a command position. His brain cells would be refined to a greater degree than those of an ordinary Dalek, and thus he would be more capable of decision making and would have those extra 'hidden' qualities so vital for a commander.

These Red Daleks would hold such positions as planetary administrator, space ship commander, war officer, and in special cases, a particularly noteworthy Red Dalek would be selected for the Supreme Council. However, to qualify for that honour, a Red Dalek would have to be one of the 'elders' (having survived several hundred years). This is a considerable feat in itself, for should a Red Dalek fail in his appointed duty he must answer to the Supreme Council. . . and they always decree the death penalty!

At the head of the Supreme Council was a very special Dalek; the Black Dalek (or Dalek Supreme). There was only one Black Dalek and he was the personal aide-de-camp to the Emperor. For his illustrious position his casing was specially strengthened with Dalekenium soaked in a special compound (giving it the unique jet-black colour) and exposed to artificial sunlight. This black casing made him immune to the firepower of any other Dalek, and by adding this compound to his gun-stick he was able to project a ray more powerful than that of ten Daleks combined. He was invulnerable to extremes of temperature, chemical corrosion and concentrated light beams. The only one who could Kill the Black Dalek was the Emperor who could affect this by



12 Detonating a device implanted within the creature's true body (i.e; the Dalek being within the casing) emitting fatal explosive charge. The Black Dalek's duties were to act as the Second in Command on occasions when the Emperor was absent from Skaro, to act as the personal executioner to the Emperor should, say, a Red Dalek have failed in a task, to preside over the Supreme Council of Elders, and to report anything significant to the Emperor concerning matters requiring his personal attention.

The Black Dalek was appointed to head the initial invasion of Earth in the year 2164 A.D. and was there subsequently destroyed when the Doctor was responsible for the premature detonation of the bomb designed to blow-out the entire core of the planet. A further Black Dalek was then created who is, today, chiefly known for supervising the so-called Dalek Master Plan.

The ultimate Dalek is his excellency the Emperor. This resplendent being was the end result of Yavelling's last experiment before

he died of radiation sickness. One Dalek, of the many who first entered the casings, was singled out by Yavelling and he created for him a very special travel machine. It was constructed from a precious blue-gold metal found only on the Skaroine moon Flidor, quartz, and flower sap from the Arkellis plant that grows on the Dalek planet. Its shape was different too. Instead of arrays of four sense globes per sensor plate, he had only three. This was because he did not have any need for the same amount of physical analysis equipment his subordinates did. His mind could equally, if not better, determine his environment. He possessed more than two light valves on the head section so that no matter what mental pressures he underwent the Emperor could never go berserk. But the greatest difference was in the afore-mentioned head unit. Above the gun and arm rods was a massive globe that contained his incredible brain.

The Emperor's brain was fully active so that he could concentrate upon many subjects at once. Not only this, but he could scan the mind of any Dalek, or group of Daleks, he chose. He could mentally monitor any operation going on in any part of the Dalek capital city, space craft, or outpost, and he had phenomenal powers of memory and recall; enabling him to be the focal point of all Dalek knowledge.

But as his titanic mind developed and learned he found he had no need for a mobile casing and on his instructions an even greater brain cabinet was built in the very heart of the Skaro city, into which his brain was transferred. Thus although he had lost the power of movement in the physical sense, his mind was freed to roam at will throughout the Empire. His only needs were the life-support cables to keep his brain nourished.

This then was the position when the civil war broke out. The Daleks had decided to experiment with putting the 'Human Factor' into Daleks giving them an understanding of Human thinking processes, with the eventual aim of using this understanding to defeat the Human Race which had for so long successfully defied Dalek rule. It is known that for the operation the Daleks forced the Doctor, the greatest enemy of the Daleks, to tap the 'Human imprint' from the mind of his young companion Jamie and transfer copies of it into three test Daleks. The experiment was too successful and the three 'converts' became rebellious of the Dalek Creed. The Doctor followed the Daleks back to



13 Skaro where he tricked many hundreds of Daleks into undergoing the 'humanising' process. The two creeds clashed and a mammoth battle followed in which the life-support cables of the Emperor were destroyed. Thus despite all his abilities, the Emperor was killed.

With the Emperor, and the Black Dalek, both dead and with war between Dalek and Dalek raging in the capitol, it was upto the remaining Red Daleks to restore order by taking over the reigns of power. With little organised resistance they were able to direct a force sufficient to wipe out the remaining 'Human' Daleks.

And so it was then that under the Red Daleks' supervision, the work of rebuilding the shattered city began. Material rebuilding was quickly done with the vast slave resources the Daleks could call upon, but the reorganising of the of the ruling elite was more difficult. With all their technical know-how the Daleks found it impossible to reactivate the Emperor's brain, or to produce a Dalek with the same capabilities.

However, the problem was not insuperable. Instead of one Emperor with a great mind, there were to be twelve Super Daleks who together would possess the equal intelligence of the late Emperor. These twelve Daleks would come from the Red Dalek ranks and would undergo mental enhancement to bring their minds upto the necessary standards.

It was further decided that these twelve Super Daleks would form a Supreme Command rather than a council and so even if they themselves made mistakes, they would not die, but merely learn and rectify. A bold concept for the Daleks but one which has upto now worked.

The Supreme Command's first decree was that every Dalek, no matter what his rank, was to be given the treatment previously only afforded to the Black Dalek. For it was reasoned since the Daleks automatically obeyed their superiors, a safeguard like an invincible executioner was obsolete. Furthermore all Daleks would benefit from a strengthened casing which would prevent harmful rays, like those which caused the civil war in the first place, from penetrating.

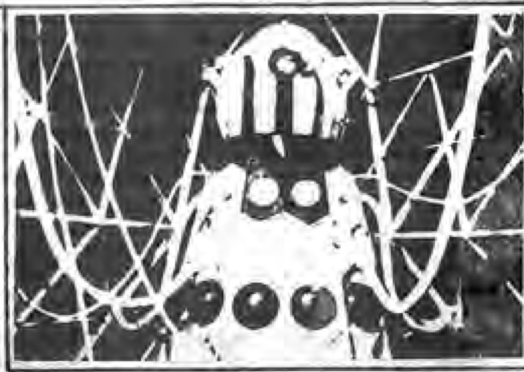
So now, all Daleks of the non-commander position have jet-black casings giving them increased firepower and defence. The one exception being space craft crews required for protracted hyper-drive travel who may be distinguished by a reflective silver coating.

The Red Daleks too had this treatment but they were given an extra spraying of gold paint as a mark of their new positions.

As for the members of the Supreme Command, they too underwent a few changes. Like their immediate sub-ordinates they were gold in colour, though their surface colour was derived from the Flidor gold, Arkellis flower sap and Quartz used to make the Emperor's original machine. Their light valves were increased in size to compensate for the increased stress they must bear, and an extra one was added immediately in front of the eye discs as a fail-safe. Finally, and purely as an indication of their position, the size of their fenders was increased.

As can be seen from the history of the Daleks, this re-organisation of their government has proved on the whole to be beneficial, resulting in massive expansion of their Empire, resources, and power.

For Power is the Life of the Daleks!



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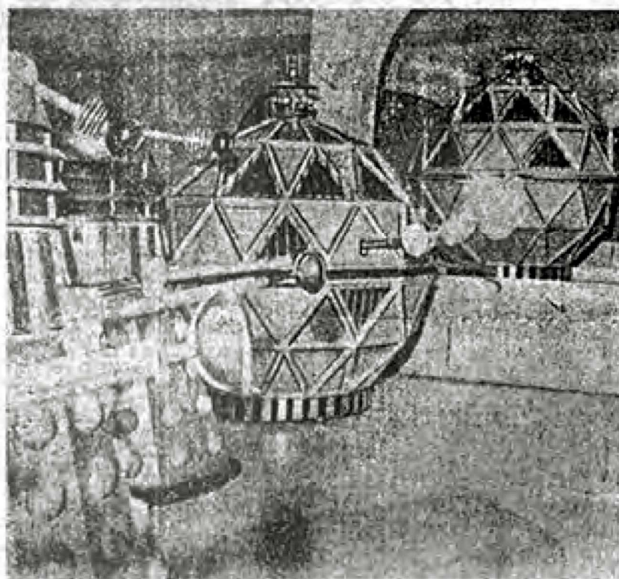
# DR WHO CLASSICS

## DALEKS



Patrolled by Daleks, the sinister shape of a flying saucer sits in a heliport near Trafalgar Square. 1964 "THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH"

Robot meets half-robot as the Daleks encounter their most powerful enemies in space; the Mechanoids. 1965 "THE CHASE"





Two more examples of Dalek spacecraft - above; a saucer blowing up. 1974

"DEATH TO THE DALEKS"

Below - a shuttle craft assigned only to the Supreme Council. 1973

"PLANET OF THE DALEKS"



From the planet Kembal, two Daleks seeking the Taranium Core stolen by the Doctor. 1965-6

"THE DALEK MASTER PLAN"

Thal commando Taron grapples with a Dalek on the planet Spiridon. 1973

"PLANET OF THE DALEKS"



# SAGA OF THE CYBERMEN



CHAPTER  
TWO

BASED ON A  
CONCEPT BY

CHRIS  
MARTON

## TELOS

"Strong and immortal, but the very antithesis of everything considered to be human". This was what the people of Mondas had become. Labouring in perpetual dark as their world spun through the emptiness of deep Space, the Cybermen toiled to improve and adapt all aspects of their technology; gearing themselves for the battles they knew would have to be fought in their quest for the domination of Life.

Immune now to such human needs as rest and sleep, the Cybermen worked themselves and their machines ceaselessly. Night and "day" the Power Centres poured out energies tapped directly from the planet's interior, feeding the factories and research projects whose needs were assigned top priority. In an ironic sense, they had become no more than extensions of their own machines.

Space travel had been an area that, upto the Cybernetic era, had remained pretty well unexplored. But with the re-aligning of their Civilisation now almost complete, the Cybermen put more and more emphasis upon developing a viable Space Programme to carry them and their ideals to other worlds and other beings.

In particular, it was humanoid life they were seeking. For their logic told them that in the projected war ahead a casualty rate among their own kind would be inevitable. Thus to make this factor acceptable to their equations and projections, they envisaged a concept whereby other species could be converted into Cybermen.



17 This would have two results - firstly the numerical number of Cybermen would remain constant, and secondly the Cyber-civilisation would be able to expand and colonise effectively.

Colonisation was yet another field the Cybermen were intent upon investigating. They reasoned that should the X-Factor, the random element in any logical calculation, ever render their home planet inoperable, they would still have a centre of command in the form of a second base planet.

The planning was done. All that was needed now was the means to make them a reality. As the years passed, and Mondas continued its lonely odyssey through the galaxy, telescopes and probing devices relentlessly scoured the skies for the world the Cybermen so desperately wanted.

Though they were now all but incapable of expressing any feelings and emotions, there must nevertheless have been a tremendous surge of optimism within their bio-mechanical hearts on that long-awaited day when their deep-space detectors registered, far far away, a planet capable of supporting Life as the Cybermen knew it.

And so the rush began. Calculations showed that Mondas would pass closest to this alien world inside ten years, and this became the time factor the Cybermen would work to. Within a decade they would have to prepare themselves for a mammoth exodus. Half of their entire civilisation would be transported across the gulf of space to this new planet. And though it would mean depleting Mondas of much of its resources, people, and equipment, it was a gamble that would be taken.

Natural energies were being rapidly drained by the technological revolution and by the specialist needs of the Cybermen. In short the planet would soon be unable to support a full population, and then all the sacrifices, all the changes wrought by the Mondasians would be in vain.

The preliminary assessments for the new planets were good. Results from photographic surveys, spectrograms and unmanned landers showed the world to be rich in mineral elements, with an oxygen atmosphere that would be preferential - though not essential - to the progression of the colonists when they landed.

In many respects the planet resembled their own before the dawn of life, and in honour they named it Telos - ironically analogous to one of the ancient names for Earth, as indeed was Mondas itself.



Now more than ever the Cybermen. Mines were sunk; with crews who could operate the machines without need of rest or sleep, bringing to the surface the ores which then went to the refineries. Here too the task of turning the ores into metals and alloys went on continuously. Slowly, almost painfully slowly, the space machines were constructed; machines that would spell a new life on a new planet.

The craft were not pretty to look upon. They were just functional devices - workhorses - that would carry half the Cybermen population and equipment to Telos. Checks were made on the ships, but not thorough ones. The Cybermen could not afford the luxury of building technically perfect vessels at this stage, and so a hefty margin for disaster was allowed in their estimations for success.

As each space ship was completed, it was loaded with its cargo of machinery, and the raw materials with which to construct the new cities on Telos. With the two worlds arking closer each day, the Cybermen evaluated every stage of their projections. . . and became very aware of one major problem that had to be solved before the exodus.

The Cybermen drew power to feed their Cybionic bodies through the large lamp-like devices on their heads which, in turn, harnessed the energies beamed from the power centres. When Mondas and Telos begin to draw apart once more, as the former continues its flight through space, so the energy beams would no longer be within range of the Colonists. Their machinery would stop and thus so too would their hearts. All Cybermen left on Telos would die within months of the planetary divergence.

Disaster loomed. . . but a solution was possible, though it would entail an even greater stretching of the Cybermen's resources. With a massive programme of expenditure the exo-shells of those Cybermen due to make the voyage to Telos could be altered and modified to pick up energy from the star Telos orbited. The cosmic rays could provide an inexhaustible source of power for the Neo-Cybermen and so eliminate the need for conventional energy plants on Telos.

The Cyberleaders accepted the proposals, and the second Cybernetic Revolution commenced, but with the time factor now being of paramount importance. If the evacuation fleet missed the launching dates, then the fate of the Cybermen would be sealed for all time.

In terms of physical appearance the Neo-Cybermen looked quite different to their brethren. Improvements in technology meant that the lamp-like receptors need not be as large and cumbersome as before.

And, due to further progress in the medical fields, they could be fitted into the skull case itself. The head units themselves were strengthened to provide greater protection against the harsher conditions expected on Telos, with the face mask now becoming a solid metal/plastic plate. The vocal cord amplifier was replaced by a device linked directly to the speech centres in the brain. This meant that the voice

was now totally electronic - without the need for an intake of breath before speech, - a logical development because the Cybermen did not know what germs and diseases the atmosphere on Telos carried.

The outer body shell was redesigned from a stronger silver alloy which would double as a solar store to trap sunlight. The hydraulic servos



were sunk into the shell and fed with lubricants from a meshwork of pipes connected to a more streamlined chest unit.

By a combination of of superhuman effort and determination, the new Cybermen were ready within the deadline for the launchings.

As the voyagers entered their spaceships for the last time, one query remained - how many would survive the journey to Telos?

an eruption  
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ave of ships  
themselves  
e surface of  
hurtling into  
coning, starry  
and a rendez-  
th a new home.  
did not make  
fall. A few  
ships blew up  
r launch pads,  
lost control  
launchings and  
Even more  
ed system  
en route and



their occupants the fate of drifting in space forever. There  
e no rescue missions!

By the time the final wave of rockets blasted into space,  
envoys were approaching the landfall entry windows. This  
ermen were now able to get a fuller picture of the planet  
not as promising as they had wished - much of the ground  
and arid looking with few signs of life anywhere on the s  
Vegetation was sparse and indeed whole continents looked  
more than glorified desertlands. However, there could be  
back, it was strictly a one-way journey. The go-ahead f  
was given

A full red sun was dipping below the horizon when the las  
spearhead made its powered descent onto the high plateau  
the primary landing zone. The first Cybermen had already  
out onto their new home and were looking at the sight of  
ld as others would one day see it - a pale, milky disc th  
slowly, but surely, growing smaller in the evening sky.  
The modifications had worked. The Cybermen could tap the  
s of the stars, and use it to power their hearts and brain



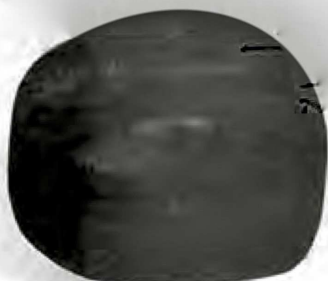
As Mondas  
from view,  
Cybermen of  
began to bu





# DR WHO CLASSICS

## CYBERMEN

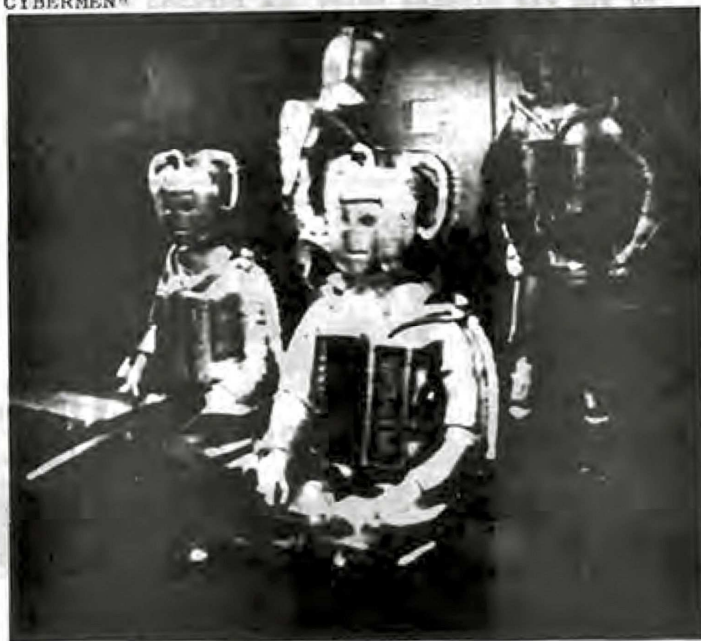


Hidden in a crater the circular hull of a Cyber ship. 1967 "THE MOONBASE"

Supreme ruler of the city on Telos - the Cyberleader. 1967 "TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN"



Awaiting Kellman's signal aboard their ship. 1975 "REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN"

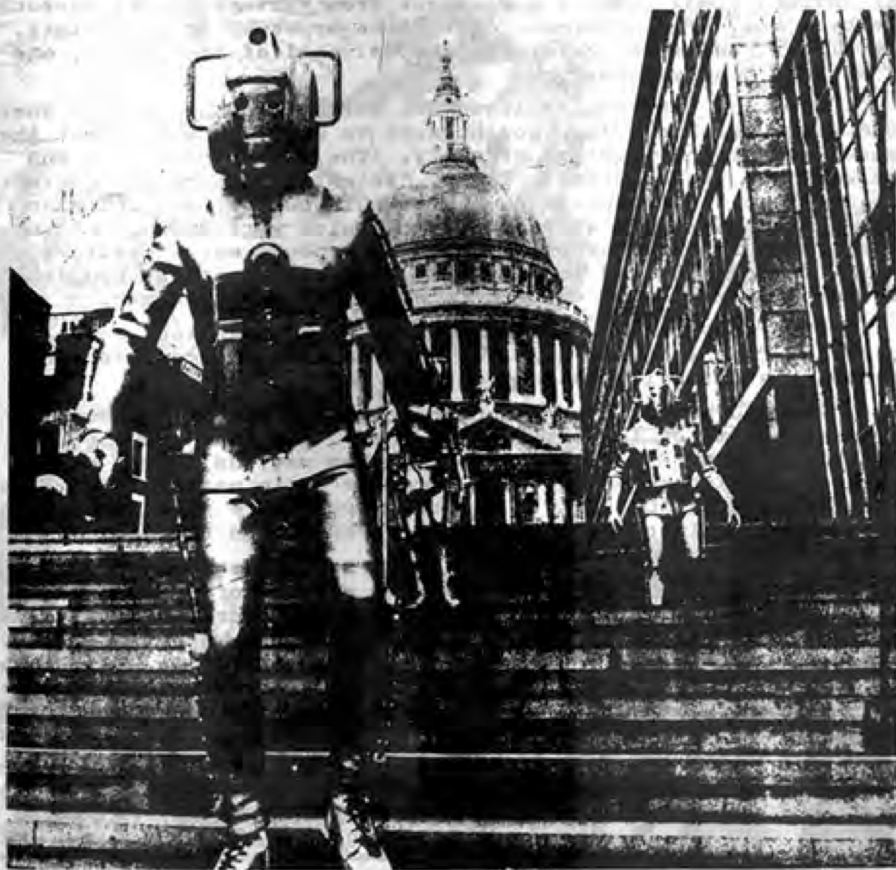




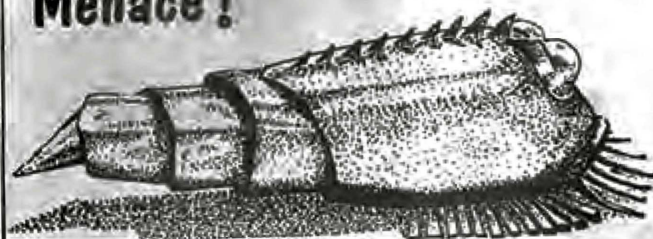
Battle for the control of London - the Cybermen attack & UNIT faces its baptism of fire. 1968-9 "THE INVASION"



Programmed to release deadly Cyber-eggs at a space station a Servo-Robot. 1968 "THE WHEEL IN SPACE"



# The CYBERMAT Menace!



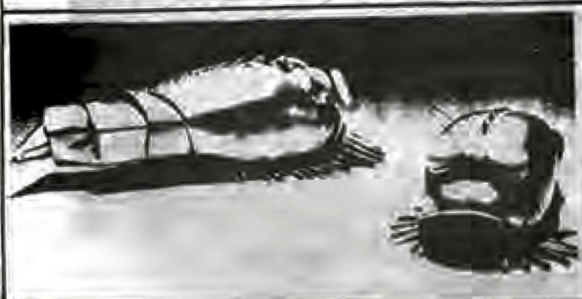
Stu Pitt  
076

It was in the story 'TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN' that the Doctor first came up against the insidious terror of the Cybermats - small half animal-robots which could attack from vantage points unreachable by a man, or a Cyberman. They have appeared in many times, many places, and in a variety of shapes. All of them small, and all of them deadly dangerous.

When the Cybermen realized the strength of opposition they faced with Humankind, they sought ways to attack them without they themselves getting involved directly. The answer came from the home world of the Cybermen - Telos. Scientists there discovered they could not only convert human forms into Cybermen, but also animals. Small rodents which populated Telos were taken, and were altered into armoured cyborgs. The end product was a creature which had all the cunning and ruthlessness born from instinct coupled with the deadly weapons and co-ordination of the Cybermen.

Cybermats can be programmed into seek-and-attack modes, controlled from a homing unit, or allowed to roam free; seeking victims as a natural predator would.

Being cyborgs, their weaponry could be altered to suit the requirements of the environment where they would be used. Hence, in 'THE WHEEL IN SPACE' we saw them use the lethal hyper-sonic waves which homed on their target's brain pattern. Likewise in 'REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN', the creatures there were equipped to inject venom into the unsuspecting crew aboard the Ark.



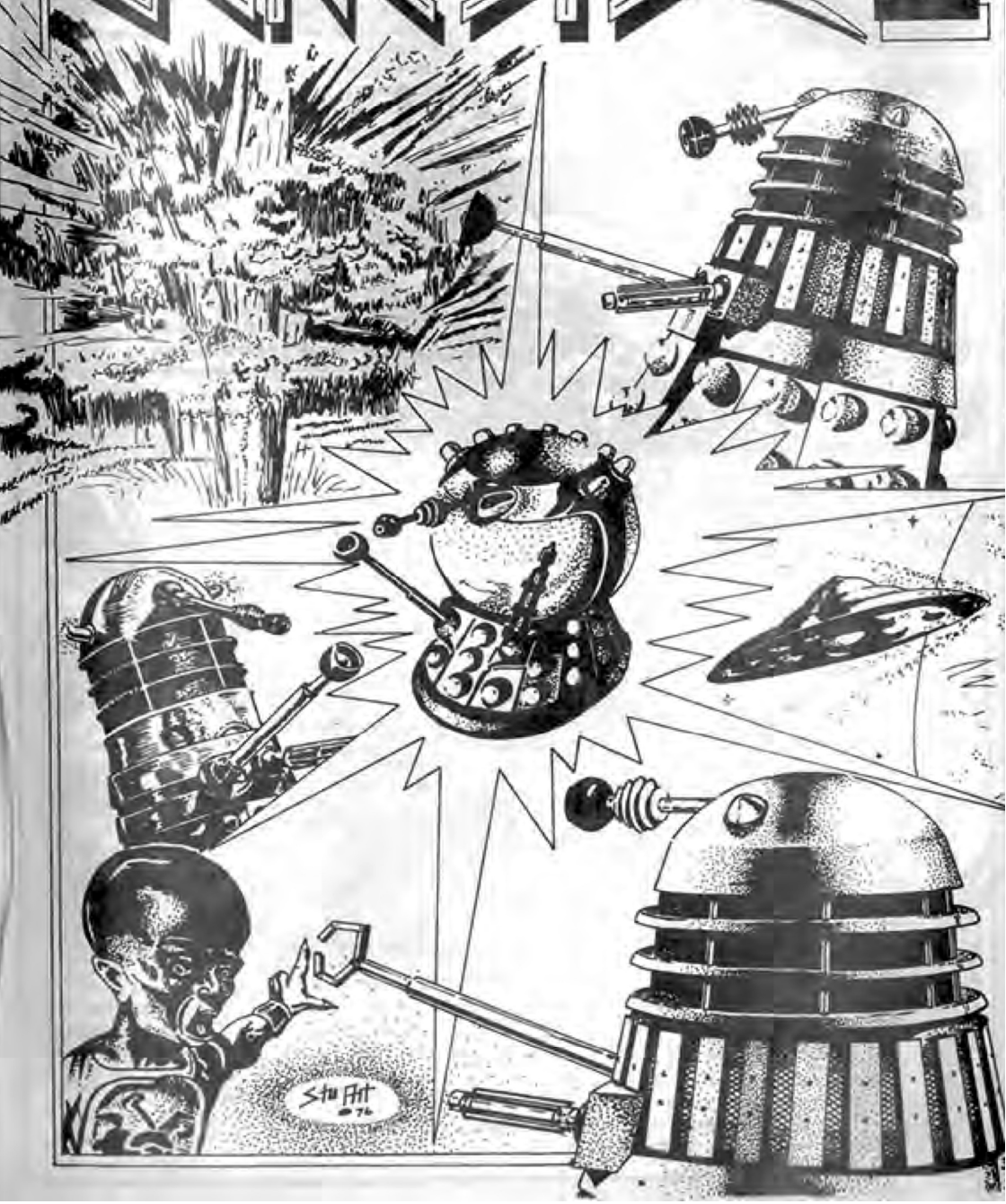
So far we have seen two species of Cybermat - the rodent form, and the weasel-like snake device. They highlight just how adaptable these devices are, and serves a good warning that size is no indication of the formidability of ones foe.

And of course, where there are Cybermats, there are also Cybermen.



FROM TIME-STREAM 'ANOLA-VECTOR DECIMAL ZERO TWO':

# GENESIS II





## DAWN OF THE DALEK-GENESIS



From the ashes  
of a dead world  
emerged the  
phoenix of a new  
and terrible evil

The planet Skaro was one of three clouds of gas expelled from the heart of a star. After billions of years the gas clouds solidified and cooled to the extent where hard crusts formed, permitting the first stages in the Evolution of Life to begin. Being a class 'M' planet, Skaro's pattern of Life development to some degrees paralleled that of Earth.

As Skaro cooled, her gravity stabilised and she began to spin on an axis whereby the twin poles were at an angle of some twenty-five degrees to the vertical. She attracted around herself several moons, the nearest one of which was Flidor and will be further mentioned later. After the rock crust formed the clouds followed and shortly afterwards the rains began to fall; rains that split the planet until half its surfaces were underwater. When finally the torrent ceased three major continents were left, and it was on these continents that Life emerged.

The plants came first since many of the minerals necessary for an abundance of vegetation were present, and soon lush, verdant forests carpeted the continents of Davius and Dalazar. Like Earth, animal life began in the seas and it was not long before an emigration to the land began. Since Skaro is the nearest planet to its sun, the amphibians quickly adapted into a reptilian mode of life; but with differences.

An example was the Magnodon, a creature with its own inner magnetic core capable of attracting its victims towards it - the curious characteristic of this being that it was entirely made up of metallic elements. Many such creatures developed on Skaro, most of them being carnivores; and so the instinct of survival of the fittest ingrained itself into Skaroine life forms. However, not all the creatures were horrifying; one particular example was the Lalla Palange, which means "Harmony Bird", a beautifully plumed bird which has two voices and sang in melodious harmony with itself.

Curiously, very little in the way of vegetation and animal life ever developed on the land mass of Darren, and because of this it has always been labelled the Bleak Continent.

With the coming of the 'Mammalian' forms of life, intelligence arose on Skaro. Like so many other planets the humanoid body of large brain cavity, two arms, ending in dexterous hands, two legs and an upright stance soon became dominant. A two species system grew up, one race was short, stocky and white-skinned; these were the Thals. The other was slender, tall and blue-skinned; these were the Daleks. The Thals preferred the cooler windier environment to be found on the continent of Davius, soon learning to survive against the harsh conditions that ravaged the Northern land mass. Winds that swept round the valleys bringing sandstorms in their wake, long periods of burning exposure to the merciless rays of the sun. And yet, despite all this, the Thals prospered and grew in numbers and technology. These ugly but powerful people were great warriors. They became skilled in the techniques of fighting, though their culture was based on firmly laid down principles of chivalry and honour.

The less rugged Daleks grew to prominence on the continent of Dalazar, which was blessed with a humid, sub-tropical climate ensured by the huge mountain range of the Drammankins that protected much of the continent from the harsh extremes of temperature and wind. Over the centuries two societies of Daleks emerged, one was made up of great teachers and philosophers. They believed and practised the ideas of furtherance in Science, Invention, Architecture, and to some extent Art. They explored the skies above with telescopes, and later space probes. Copious records were kept of the geology, geography, botany and zoology of Skaro and these records led to the discovery of a range of mountains, on Darren, of pure cobalt. The Daleks had discovered nuclear power. A nuclear powered spacecraft was the first use to which the

radioactive materials were put, and using this craft a Dalek explorer

and leading scientist named Yavrelling made the first landing on the moon of Skaro, Flidor, and from there he brought back a quantity of priceless blue-veined gold which

was later named flidor in honour of its home world.

But the ruling caste in the Dalek cities were more war-like in attitude. The teachers and scientists were in the majority, but they were dominated by their belligerent brethren who held tight the reigns of power, and it was these reigns that were to lead the Dalek people into conflict with the Thals. For dictatorial governments that are in the minority can usually





only remain in power if they can direct the energies of the population towards a visible end. Hence the Daleks subscribed to the greatest crime of all. . . War!

The issues were simple. The Daleks, represented by the war mongers, wanted control of the entire planet since the Daleks were increasing in numbers and would soon require more food resources and raw materials. The other, more basic reason was that the Daleks deeply resented the existence of other, alien civilisations on what they regarded as their world. In short, dislike for the unlike.

The Daleks found their take-over of the planet easy at first. The primitive, isolated tribes on Darren soon capitulated before the war technology of the Daleks. And soon the continent fell. But Davius was a different matter, here the Dalek armies' force was met by an equal counter-force by the Thals. The Thals were better skilled warriors than the Daleks and repulsed every attack made on their shores. Indeed, the Daleks were faced with the additional problem in that they had to fight on the enemy's home territory, and by doing so, were seperated by many thousands of miles of ocean. In every encounter the Daleks were out-fought and out-classed by the strategy and tactics of the Thals.

In the Dalek War Council fears were abroad that soon the Thals would invade and perhaps conquer Dalazar, and the War Cabinet was bombarded with demands for extreme measures. The newly elected leader of the council, a moderate named Drenz, advocated suing for peace, and, for a while, it seemed his efforts were to be rewarded. But there was another school of thought which had the backing of the most powerful of the war leaders, a Dalek named Zolfian. He demanded that the teachers and the scientists must be pressed into service constructing new secret weapons to turn the tide of battle. Political conflict grew between Drenz and Zolfian, conflict which came to a violent end in the year 2003 when, in a dramatic move to get support, Zolfian himself assassinated Drenz in public and, with others, assumed total command of the Council Chambers. Zolfian was now supreme head of the Daleks.

His policy of recruiting the scientists went ahead and ideas were soon forthcoming, but would they be in time to save Dalazar from invasion?

Zolfian looked with admiration on the efforts of the factories of his friend Yavrelling. Yavrelling had recently perfected small, mobile, robot fighting machines that could move rapidly on a rounded base and project a beam of ruby light which could paralyse, kill or obliterate an enemy. Trials completed they were passed for mass production.

Zolfian's main interest lay with the reports that were coming in from another group of scientists who had previously been working in the field of developing the nuclear drive engine. Nuclear physics was the one area where the Daleks had a monopoly over the Thals, for they alone knew the secret of splitting the components of the atom and the various atomic particles that are associated with it.

Recently a theory had been put before the War Council that it might be possible to build a bomb based on the theory of splitting the neutron with the subsequent release of a colossal amount of heat energy and radioactive fall-out. Since presentation of this document coincided with the news that the final Dalek army had been exterminated on Davius, Zolfian gave top priority to this project and immediate preparations were started.

It was concluded that the ideal place to explode the bomb would be from a plateau on Darren. From there the fall-out would be carried by wind currents to Davius where, hopefully, enough Thals would die to enable a Dalek take-over of Davius.

The news arrived to Zolfian some months later that the Neutron Bomb, developed at the underground science city at the foot of the Drammankins, was ready. Despite the doubts raised by Yavrelling that the Bomb had not been fully tested and researched, Zolfian approved

27 plans to transport it to Darren.

The Bomb was set atop a tower with a trigger mechanism built in allowing the actual explosion to be set off from the War Council's underground shelter. During the night of a great meteorite shower, Zolfian judged the weather conditions were right. He and Yavrelling entered the building alone and, while Yavrelling voiced again his doubts, Zolfian detonated the Neutron Bomb. . .



The Bomb was a million times more powerful than even the most pessimistic scientist had speculated. The initial flash lasted just over one second, but it liberated enough heat-energy to shift the planet Skaro on its axis. The flash made the continent of Darren, from the most northern to the most southern points, totally unable to support life ever again. The flash killed almost every living cell on the surface of the world as it swept round the planet. Forests were carbonised into a state of petrification and all soil was turned to ash. The flash was followed by a blast of neutronic energy that blew a crater some thousand miles in diameter which is now almost correctly termed the Bottomless Sea. Rifts were opened in the ground and Earthquakes, volcanoes and tidal waves flared into brief life, as nearly every city, every vestige of civilisation was obliterated.

Only two remnants of the 'Old World' remained on Dalazar; the underground science haven of which more shall be heard later, and the War Council shelter from which the two Daleks had set off the holocaust. From the Bomb site deadly radioactive fall-out spread to every part of the planet, settling in the air, on the land and under the ground and sea. Creatures like the Magnodon and the Lalla Palange were now extinct.

For several years nothing moved on the continent of Dalazar, the main bulk of the fall-out gradually dissipated into the upper atmosphere and a deathly calm settled over the land. Then, from the twisted wreckage of the subterranean War Council the emaciated forms of Zolfian and Yavrelling emerged. Thinking the cataclysm was over they had come out of their shelter hoping to find other survivors on the burnt out husk of a planet. Fruitlessly they searched the continent of Dalazar but found it decimated and empty of life. Realising at last they had contracted radiation sickness, Zolfian and Yavrelling returned to the Council Building to die. But Skaro was not a dead planet. . .



As they climbed among the debris a blast of electrical energy threw up a quantity of ash in front of them. On turning round the two were confronted by their first machine Dalek. The survivors in the Science City; shielded



from the brunt of the Neutron Bomb by the Drammankins, had not been as well protected from the fall-out as had been Zolfian and Yarvelling. As a result mutation had set in, and that must have been the most terrible experience of all; to see their bodies beginning to visibly change. Irreversibly they shrank in size and began to lose the use of their limbs. Strangely though many of them found their intelligences were growing and they realised that they needed new bodies to protect them from total mutation; the effects of which were an unknown quantity. So, while many of their colleagues went mad or died, the survivors began to adapt the robot Dalek casings left behind before the apocalypse, and managed to change them enough, before they finally lost the use of their arms, to permit them to crawl inside and take over the function of the 'Central Mind Unit'.

With their new casings the Daleks found that they were now shielded from the fall-out's harmful effects. In fact after a time the Daleks came to depend upon the poisoned air. None could escape the truths, however, that they were forever more trapped in their metal prisons. There were still too few casings to protect the total number of surviving Daleks, and none of the engineering equipment had been altered for use by a creature with one hydraulic arm rod only. So, using the internal power units, several Daleks left the Shelter to look for other sources of protection for the others. And so it was that one of the robot Daleks came upon Zolfian and Yarvelling. The new Dalek brought them back to the Science city and they were instructed to build new casings for the remaining helpless mutants. And it was now that the new Dalek traits began to become apparent. Their enlarged intellects allowed them to instantaneously understand knowledge and they were quickly able to master the techniques for building the machines; strengthening the plates with pure smelted Dalekenium and the like. But the new Daleks were as ruthless and cruel as they were inventive, and they knew that Zolfian and Yarvelling would soon be dead. Thus they allowed them little rest until they had completed their tasks. The two, fighting against time, redesigned the underground city and organised the Daleks into a dictatorial system of government - obey your leader without question was the prime directive. However, the Daleks still lacked a leader proper. Using the precious quantity of Flidor gold, plus Quartz and the flower sap from a plant that could only take root in metal; Arkellis, Yarvelling made one very special Dalek. A Dalek was chosen and underwent surgery to increase the capacity of his brain to a fantastic level. This was the Emperor Dalek; supreme leader of all the Daleks. His work complete, Yarvelling collapsed and died. Zolfian quickly followed but before he did, he made the Emperor swear that he would lift the Daleks to glories undreamed of by the old race, that the Dalek creed would be spread to the furthest reaches of the Universe. Then Zolfian, last of the old Daleks, died.

One problem soon became apparent to the new race. The motive power cells, that kept the Dalek mutations alive were rapidly becoming exhausted - if that happened, they would all perish swiftly. Now the old Dalek talent for inventiveness showed itself once more. The floors of the city were all metal, and the Daleks discovered that they could charge the floor with a field of static electricity which then provided them with an even greater source of power with which to feed their growing minds. But for all the extra manoeuvrability that they gained







within the city, they could no longer go outside onto the non-metallic planet surface. The Daleks were trapped.

Not too long afterwards the intricate system of scanners and detection instruments in the city began picking up signs of movement in the vast petrified forest outside. That movement was caused by a party of Thals!

Incredibly some of the Thals had survived the Neutron Bomb attack, though the great majority of their race had not. The greatest and most magnificent Thal City had been a huge castle-like structure hewn out of the rock wall in one of the deep valleys on Davius. This had saved these Thals from the actual blast, but they had had no protection from the deadly radiation which followed. With no casings to shield them the Thals took the full brunt of the fall-out and many hundreds of them died horribly, the rest suffering the awful physical and mental agonies of mutation. At first the mutations were mercifully confined to a few and so those skilled in medicine were able to analyse the phenomena, and they worked out a formula for a drug to ward off the harmful effects of the radiation.

Gradually the changes spread to the whole race, but because their metabolism was different to that of the Daleks, so too were the effects. Instead of their bodies atrophying and decaying, the Thals underwent 'full-circle' mutation, and they slowly refined into the most perfect manifestation of the Humanoid form. The Males became tall; averaging seven foot, dignified, intelligent, dark eyed and quietly spoken. They all had fair hair and developed lithe, muscular bodies. The Females averaging six foot six in height, and were graceful, kind and had the same dark eyes and fair hair. The Warrior folk of old, mentally scarred from having seen how the products of warfare affected the new generations, turned away from the path of aggression, and instead looked to farming in an attempt to rebuild their world by cultivating the ruined soil.

But the struggle was an uphill one. Over ninety-five percent of the land on Davius was parched and ashlike, and even when reasonably fertile areas were found, there was no guarantee that the carefully cultivated seeds would grow. The shifting of Skaro on its axis had greatly changed the weather conditions; the planet was now that much nearer to its Sun than before. As a consequence, more merciless heat now poured down upon the tortured world. There was only one period of real rainfall - the Decarain which inundated the lands every ten years. As well, the continents were liable to a sudden multi-hurricane termed the Oquolloquox which would safely dispose of any exposed crops. As a result many of the emergent Thals perished from starvation and drought. In the end the Ruler - a white-haired

chief named Temmosus - proposed an expedition should be mounted to scour the continent of Dalazar in the hope of finding more arable areas to cultivate. The project was agreed and Temmosus was elected to lead the party of seventy Thals, some of them women and children, across the Ocean of Ooze to Dalazar.

The journey cost the lives of ten of the number who were lost either in the trek across Davius, the crossing of the sea, or on the perilous journey through the thick forests of Dalazar. Ultimately they came to the foot of the Drammankins and discovered the forbidden city. But they were unsure whether anything was alive in it, and if so, how would these descendants of the Daleks receive them if contact was established.

It is at this point that 'DR WHO' mythology joins 'DR WHO' fact. With the Thals encamped in the petrified forest, and the Daleks prisoners in their own city, the time was ripe for the Doctor's erratic Time/Space vessel TARDIS to arrive with its three passengers; Ian Chesterton, Barbara Wright and Susan Foreman.



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REVIVED FROM THE DEAD: THE CYBERMEN  
RISE FROM THEIR TONBS ON TELOS IN  
"THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN" 1967

## DR WHO CLASSICS

NEW FACE... OLD FOES. 1966  
PATRICK TROUGHTON BECOMES THE  
DOCTOR. "POWER OF THE DALEKS"

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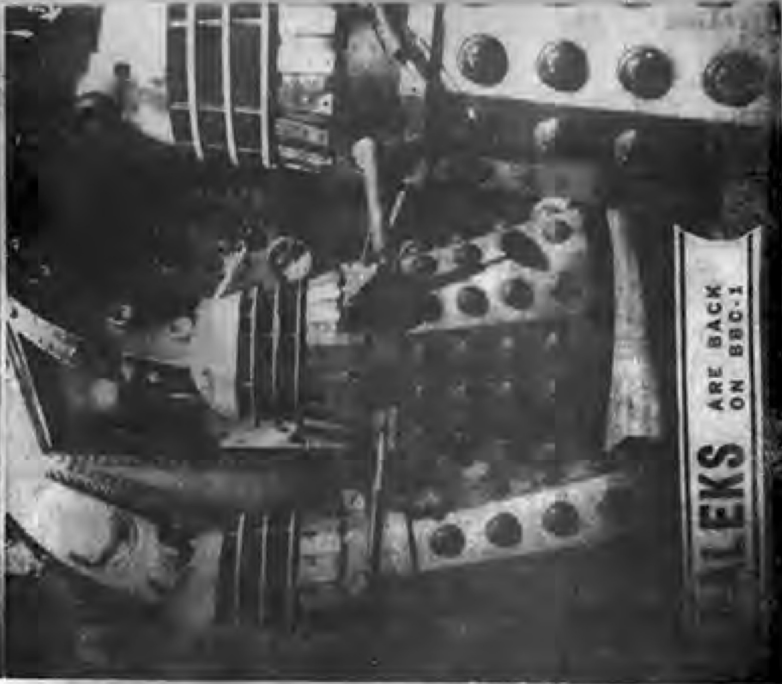
LONDON AND SOUTH-EAST

SEPTEMBER



# DR. WHO

and his companions face their  
old enemies, the Cybermen



# DALEKS

ARE BACK  
ON BBC-1



# THE DALEKS

The BBC Series  
"H. WHO"



DOCTOR  
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