

WHY DEAN TOOK ANOTHER WOMAN ON HIS HONEYMOON!

# screen stories

THE ONLY MAGAZINE FEATURING FULL-LENGTH MOVIES!

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MAGAZINE

JACKIE CRIES: "I CAN'T CALL HIM  
MY LITTLE BOY ANY MORE!"

JOHN-JOHN  
UNDERGOES  
SEX  
CHANGE!



We Have The Story!

ELVIS GOES INTO A RELIGIOUS RETREAT!  
"I FOUND GOD AGAIN!"

2 BIG MOVIE NOVELS!

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES WITH RODDY McDOWALL  
THE EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE STARRING LEE MARVIN





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**ADDED  
ATTRACTION**

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# in BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

From the radioactive ruins of civilization, surviving human mutants hurl death and war upon peaceful Ape City.



Usually peaceful apes battle human mutant survivors of atomic war.



Scarred mutants prepare to war upon peaceful Valley of the Apes.

Nine years had passed since the bomb was dropped. Whatever ruins of civilization remained from the debacle must still be crawling like a lethal anthill with radioactivity. So when Caesar, venerated leader of the apes, decided to return there, a natural reaction of alarm spread through the pleasant valley of Ape City.

Caesar—set apart by a learned ability to speak man's language—had led the lesser primates in their revolution against humans who once had enslaved the world's chimpanzees, orangutans and gorillas. Later, he established kindly relations with the surviving humans who now served apes as menials. Apes obeyed Caesar as a demigod, even though many of the brutish gorillas who served as the city guards sometimes grumbled with their own sullen leader, General Aldo.

Now, accompanied by the black man MacDonald, who was his intimate, and by the brilliant young ape Virgil, who was their school's genius, he proposed to lead them on a journey across the desert in search of records of his father and mother. It was not forgotten how Cornelius and Zira, two talking apes out of time's future, had been put to death long ago because humans feared them. MacDonald had

spoken to their son of their images and voices, which he said still existed.

"Under the dead city where we all once lived," he revealed, "in the archives near the old Command Post, there are tapes of them being examined by the American government. My brother was the governor's assistant then. He told me about them. They concern earth's future, from which your parents came. I know where they are."

"But the city was flattened," Caesar protested. "The bomb left nothing."

"Many sections of the underground city were designed to survive the impact of an overblast. The tapes and pictures of your parents are still down there."

"I want to see what they looked like, MacDonald, as every orphan does." Longing tinged Caesar's words. "I want to hear what they thought and knew."

Because their destination would be radioactive and because he knew science, young Virgil was included in their trek. On a day bright with promise, the three left Ape City and its fertile valley and set out past the camp of the gorilla guards to cross the desert. Evening had fallen before they reached the ruins. There was no promise here.

On the slim chance that some life still existed in the dead city, and might be hostile, they had obtained defensive weapons from Old Mandemus, who was keeper of the locked armory where all weapons were deposited—the law stood clear that ape did not kill ape. Caesar detested the relics of war, but he knew they were necessary.

Coming within sight of the solidified desolation ahead, they paused in awe. As far as the eye could see, the horizon was a shambles. Once man's greatest city, the total desolation was massive, silent, utterly dead. Warlike passions had driven mankind to suicide. London, Tokyo, Rome, Athens—they all resembled Hades now.

A pang struck Caesar as he remembered Ape City, where his gentle wife Lisa and his bright schoolboy son Cornelius had said goodbye to him yesterday. The peace, the law based upon mutual love, the pure justice seemed more than a desert away.

"This is the hell my forefathers used to preach about," MacDonald said in horror. The trio started forward together into the nightmare, with Virgil's sophisticated Geiger counter warning them away from the

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Ape philosopher Virgil (Paul Williams) plans defensive measures with loyal human servants.



Genius student Virgil heads lineup of ape philosophy students who explore roads to peace.



A typical gathering of Ape City's leading citizens illustrates their usually loving ways.

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worst pockets of radioactivity.

• Afterward, Ape City was astonished by the story of that daring adventure. Immediately upon his return, Caesar convened his leaders among the chimpanzees, orangutans and gorillas in Extraordinary Session to hear what had befallen him and

his two companions. It was difficult to make them comprehend his message.

"This was a necessary reconnaissance expedition to the Forbidden City," he told them solemnly. "When ape history comes to be written, we do not want it based on legend but on fact. So we went in search of records to provide such facts."

He quickly outlined the dangers they had

encountered. The ruins, it had proven, were still occupied—by mangled, malformed mutants who still survived as onetime humans. Their leader, Kolp, apparently was mad with the lust to kill all but his own kind. He had sent down parties of mutant executioners to stalk the newly arrived trio in the tangled underground corridors. His devoted mistress, Alma, had operated the scanner screens which had tracked them from location to location; and Kolp had broadcast orders for his killers to close in. His twisted underlings had blindly obeyed.

Face to face, these mutants proved to be no longer thinking men but living robots. They were like the bees in a hive, each fulfilling an allotted destiny. And their prey were three unscarred creatures shocked by a city turned into a catacomb.

How they had retrieved the tapes from the archives as they fought their way past ambush after ambush, back to the open desert, was little less than the saga of a miracle. So, later, was the voice of his mother on tape—a voice out of the future, yet belonging to one dead in the past. She had been under interrogation. They had made her drunk to compel her to talk. The words were slurred, but their meaning was clear.

*"It wasn't our war that destroyed the world in the year 3950. It was the gorillas' war. We chimpanzees are pacifists. We never saw the enemy. We were in space and saw a blinding white light and then the earth melted and there was a tornado in the sky. . . ."*

Listening in dismay, Caesar had groaned to MacDonald: "No wonder all mankind wanted me aborted. In 3950, apes will destroy the earth."

"Not apes, gorillas. But that's only *one* future," the wise young Virgil interposed. "Time is like a motorway with an endless number of lanes. All lead from past to future, but not to the same future. A driver in lane A may crash, while a driver in lane B survives. It follows that by changing lanes one can change his future."

It was because he so desperately desired to change that ghastly future that Caesar now had convened his Extraordinary Session and he addressed his hearers earnestly. "We went in peace to what we thought would be a dead city. But survivors there are—maimed, mutated, mad, hostile, and human! They are armed, for they attacked us with sophisticated weapons. But the city's radiation is such that if you went there to fight them you would become as maimed, mutated and mad as they; also your future young."

Shocked silence was broken by General Aldo's rough gorilla growl. "Did the humans follow you here, Caesar? We, too, have weapons."

"We saw no sign of followers. But we have to plan now against a time when they *may* come out of their city, when they *may* find us. So our gorilla guards will maintain constant vigilant patrols. Civilians will assist in building defenses, and we should

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discuss the training of a militia in at least the theory of battle."

"Is it necessary?" protested gentle Lisa, holding little Cornelius lovingly in her arms. "Isn't it possible that the humans will leave us in peace?"

Wise young Virgil replied, "If light is possible, so is darkness. If peace is possible, so is war."

Many among them could remember how the apes once had arisen and conquered their human oppressors. It followed logically that hatred of apes would still burn hot in the mutants and their leader Kolp—hate, and a wild desire to destroy.

• Preparations for possible defense stirred Ape City. The roads, beneath the tree houses with their vine swings, were protected by walls of woven branches erected all about the perimeter. Trenches were dug and camouflaged. Nets were raised into the branches so that they might be dropped to entrap arriving invaders, but General Aldo was far from satisfied. "We need guns!" he kept grunting. "Guns!"

Lisa was disturbed by a different concern. "Caesar," she urged her husband, "you once swore an oath that apes and humans would live in friendship and peace. Why are you now making every preparation to break that oath?"

"Because," Caesar sadly explained, "unlike the humans here in Ape City, those in the Forbidden City are mad. They opened fire on us without letting us explain our peaceful mission. These people are the end products of nuclear radiation, mad."

"No madder than your gorillas," countered Lisa, tears in her eyes. "They say that Aldo is bawling for guns. It's lucky Mandemus has them under lock and key."

In truth, General Aldo's disaffection with Caesar's leadership was mounting almost by the hour. By the campfires of his gorilla sentries, just outside the circling barricades of branches, he muttered openly to his troops about rebellion and guns. One night his disloyal plans to take command were overheard. Of all those he might wish were in ignorance, General Aldo was overheard by Caesar's own small son Cornelius.

Cornelius kept a much-loved pet squirrel, Ricky. On this night, Ricky had escaped his cage and taken to the treetops. Trees were no hazard to an agile young chimpanzee like Cornelius. He raced after the frisking squirrel, swinging from limb to limb.

Ricky led him clear to the edge of the valley grove. As he scrambled in the foliage overhead, Cornelius could make out campfires and hear a harsh voice grumbling: "We need power! . . . We shall get guns and keep them. . . . With guns, we shall smash humans, all humans! And after that—we smash Caesar!"

In horror at what he had heard, Cornelius began a swift retreat, but the creak of a branch under his weight betrayed him. He heard Aldo shout, "It's Caesar's son! And he's heard every word we spoke!"

Then they were after him.

Cornelius could scramble up into branches too frail to support the heaviness of the huge gorilla who clambered swiftly after him. But when he could no longer climb, Aldo still had his ceremonial sword with which to hack at light limbs overhead.

"Father!" Cornelius shrieked. "Fath-h-h-er-r-r!" Then his branch cracked.

Awakened by the cry, Caesar and Lisa came streaking through the trees. They found their son at the foot of a tree just inside the branch barricade. Earlier arrivals already milled about him in distress. Even before the arrival of the human doctor, it was evident that Cornelius was badly hurt internally, unconscious and unable to speak.

Stricken dumb by the sudden tragedy, Lisa and Caesar carried their son back home in silence. It was young Virgil, loitering behind them, who examined the fallen branch which had plunged Cornelius out of his treetop and found the wood not broken but cut through by some sharp-bladed instrument. Eyes narrowed in thought, Virgil studied the embers of the patrol fire directly beneath the tree. They still glowed hot, but there was no sign anywhere of a gorilla sentry. It seemed obvious why they had scattered. Obvious, too, that mutant scouts must have followed Caesar and his comrades back from the Forbidden City, then reported back to Kolp on Ape City's location.

• While Caesar mourned dazedly at the bedside of the young son even he could realize was dying, and Lisa sat silently rocking the injured little one, an exultant Kolp was leading his sinister army out of their underground haunts and across the desert toward the east. Their rusty vehicles of war creaked many of his force along; others plodded doggedly, eyes hurt by the searing daylight as the sun came up. Kolp's orders had been explicit. Every transportable weapon was carried with them. Behind them in the ruins, loyal Alma was left with even more definite instructions. Kolp did not propose ever to surrender to an animal. If his attack failed, if once again the apes were victors, he would radio back a signal. The code would be *Alpha-Omega*. Were she to receive that double word, Alma was to press the control button on a towering bomb which had stood unactivated in the Forbidden City since the days of the devastation.

First warning of the attack force came when two of Aldo's gorilla scouts spotted advance units through their spyglass. One mutant had stalled his rusty motorbike and was separated from the rest. The gorillas descended from their concealed post among the sand dunes and killed the biker with their swords.

From his place in the toiling column, Kolp spotted this action through field glasses. He rasped the order which brought the muzzle of a mounted 105 mm gun to bear upon the gorillas. The gun flashed. The apes vanished in a massive explosion.

Moaning, ripped all but into shreds, one

of the scout pair managed to drag himself off in the direction of Ape City. Here, he warned his leader, and Aldo supported him the rest of the way to the council room where the apes—all but Caesar, who still sat stunned at his dying son's bedside—were gathered for further defense instruction.

"Order!" thundered Aldo. The room silenced instantly. "The humans have attacked and killed one of our scout gorillas." The maimed second scout beside him had details.

"We were scouting the desert approaches to the city. We saw the army far away. They fired. My companion was killed. I have come to warn you."

Scholarly Virgil spoke. "How long will it take them to get here?"

"Soon!" rumbled Aldo. "So now we must prepare. Take all the humans. Lock them up!"

"You can't do this!" MacDonald tried to protest. "It's against Caesar's orders!"

"Caesar is not here," grinned Aldo, and signaled his brutish gorillas into action.

Within moments, peaceful Ape City had changed into an armed camp. Helpless humans were overpowered on every street corner and roughly herded into corrals, bound with rope like beasts for slaughter. Meanwhile, Aldo led his toughest gorilla squadron in an all-out attack upon the locked arms room. Mandemus's barred door was smashed in and the gorillas swept over his orderly files of weapons, grabbing guns and ammunition.

Rushing through the furor, Virgil climbed hastily to Caesar's tree house and burst into the room where Caesar sat despondent. "Forgive me, but you've got to come! Aldo—"

"I will settle with Aldo later." Power seemed a trivial thing to Caesar just now.

"But he's passing out guns and he's ordered all humans to be imprisoned! The gorillas are rounding them up. Even MacDonald was dragged from the council meeting."

"I can't leave my son," Caesar said hollowly. "He needs me."

"Every ape and human in Ape City needs you now!" Virgil pleaded.

The cruel dilemma was solved only by heartbreak. On his bed, the mangled boy gave his father a last weak smile—and sighed—and died. Bent over the cot, Caesar's usually disciplined face twisted from grief to rage. As he straightened and raced from the house in Virgil's wake, Lisa took her dead child into her arms and began to weep.

"Someone hurt him," Caesar muttered as they hurried on. "Who? Who would hurt him?"

Virgil was almost afraid to speak. "I think you'll have your answer—soon."

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ful with every passing moment.

"Caesar!" shouted MacDonald appealingly, as he saw the true leader approaching.

Rage burned in Caesar's heart as he took in what Aldo had done. Before he could speak, the far-off crack of Kolp's 105 mm firing sliced into the crowd's muttering. A pillar of fire and smoke mounted the circling ridge. Caesar saw the apes fall back.

"What are you waiting for?" he shouted. "Let's see how you do with armed men!" Whatever their sins, Aldo and his gorillas were no cowards. They mounted swiftly and took off at a gallop for the spot where Kolp's force of deformed foes were advancing.

Up the last slope to the ridge swept the mutants, firing, pitching grenades, uttering horrendous screams. All along the ridge, the battle was engaged almost hand-to-hand, but the gorillas were outnumbered and began to crumble. The mutants pressed hard, giving them no time to reorganize. Back into the city the defenders fell, some in retreat.

The crackle of mutant artillery was punctuated by the shriller sound of their insane laughter. This was the hour of revenge they all had nursed so long, and behind them Caesar was shouting his methodical orders to hold the advance in steady progress.

Aldo's countering cavalry, attempting a reprise attack, were hampered by the foot gorillas who by now were blocking the road in their flight. Some running, some helping wounded comrades along, they were clearly demoralized.

"Attack!" Aldo kept roaring in guttural thunder. "ATTACK!"

The automatic weapons of the mutants were waiting for them and opened up, a pitiless fusillade. Gorillas fell like ninepins or veered to cover in the scrub. Swept clear, the road into Ape City lay open before the surging force of the enemy. "Finish it up!" shrieked Kolp in wild exultation. "There's a whole city of them waiting for us!" Down the open road his robot legion swept, jabbering in glee.

"When we leave, I want no tree left standing! Nothing left alive! Do you all understand that?" Kolp's howls were maniacal. "I want it to look like the city we came from!"

Ape City braced as best it might for the shock of the first assault. A 105 mm shell exploded, ripping through the branch barricade. Kolp's car was in clear view. Shouting to his apes to rally, Caesar sprang up onto the barricade. His teeth were bared now in a primal grimace but Kolp had identified him and shouted, "FIRE!"

The responsive shell exploded yards from Caesar, its impact hurling Caesar backward among his terrified chimpanzees and orangutans. He sprawled on his back unconscious, covered with the explosion's grime. Dazed, his followers milled about his fallen figure and whimpered and jabbered. Seeing their panic, Virgil leaped forward.

"Get hold of yourselves!" he shouted.

"Fight!"

"But Caesar?" one chimp babbled. "Is he dead?"

The answer to that was another deafening shell explosion. The terrified ape dropped his gun and ran. By now, all the former defenders were abandoning their positions and taking to the trees. Some attempted to maintain a backfire, but to little avail.

New shells, mercilessly on target, began to knock down the trees in which the dwellings of Ape City had been so lovingly constructed. Proud, leafy crests were leveled. Trunks splintered and crashed. In Caesar's own house, Lisa sorrowfully covered the face of her dead child and prepared to join the other apes in flight.

Prone on the ground below, Caesar slowly opened his eyes. Looming over him, sadistic grin distorting his features and cruel flamethrower in hand, stood Kolp. "Your people weakened our city by rebelling against your human masters," he intoned, each word honed on an insane hatred. "But those of you who survived—you and yours—will be brought low." And he fired a taunting burst of flame.

Caesar rolled desperately out of reach, but Kolp followed him implacably. He was not anxious to end the one-sided duel with merciful speed. Struggling to rise to his feet, Caesar was clubbed down again by a blow from a mutant's clubbed rifle.

Each time Caesar attempted a move, a new burst of the firethrower cut him off.

"We have to re-condition you, Caesar. You have to learn again what it is to have a master. . . ." He laughed metallicly as Caesar attempted to dodge the flame spurts.

Exhausted, Caesar was crawling on all fours now. From the trees to which they had fled, his apes watched the humiliation of their leader in chattering horror. What they beheld now was an unevolved ape, reduced to their own former condition of slavery. "You're learning, aren't you?" taunted Kolp. "You were always a clever ape, Caesar. But every Caesar has his Brutus. Did you know that, ape? Can you understand?"

Caesar was still stunned by the explosion which had felled him, and still carried within him the devastating sorrow of Cornelius's death. Still, a glint sparked in his eyes.

"Crawl, ape, crawl! Ape City is about to lose its king!"

Gathering every atom of his strength, Caesar made one last desperate leap for his tormentor. Kolp's grip on the flamethrower tightened for a final blast. But from the trees above, seeing what was about to happen, Lisa screamed. "No, Kolp, no!"

With the sound of his own name, Kolp turned his head instinctively. In that instant Caesar was on his back, pulling at the straps which held the flamethrower. As they struggled, the thrower spat again, its aim deflected. Flames enveloped one

*(Continued on page 24)*



*/Continued from page 20*

of the advancing mutant jeeps. Its occupants sprang from it desperately, ablaze.

The gasoline and ammunition in the jeep exploded with a blast which blew Caesar and Kolp apart. The sight somehow revived hope in the hearts of those apes who had not abandoned their weapons. They opened instant fire upon Kolp's legion. Taken completely by surprise and without their leader, the mutants turned and fled.

Down from his tree swung Virgil, tossing Caesar a spare rifle as he descended. Caesar raced instantly for the barricade, firing after the fleeing mutants as he ran. "Now fight—like apes!" he shouted. "Come on!" His rallying apes surged after him and the remnant of Aldo's cavalry swept from one side to assist.

Afoot, and in what few ancient vehicles were still operating, the invaders were now in full retreat. Aldo's mounted gorillas pursued at a gallop, hacking them down.

- Kolp had attempted escape with the rest. Warned by hoofbeats of pursuit, he had taken to cover in the tall grass of a roadside gully. Ragged, exhausted, he still clutched his radio sender, hastily attempting to flash back the signal to Alma in the Forbidden City. It would have sparked her obedient firing of the Alpha-Omega bomb and the disintegration of the planet, but Aldo, galloping past, spotted him and roared with savage laughter and fired a burst from his machine gun. Almost as if relieved to be at the end of it, Kolp collapsed and lay still.

Caesar and Viogil were walking together back down the debris-littered city street by now. His first order, once Ape City was again secure, was a stern command that the terrified humans huddled within the corral fences be instantly released. At this moment, Aldo and his cavalry, arrogant from their victory, galloped back into town.

"No!" roared Aldo, still in his saddle. "They stay! Aldo says what we do now!" Caesar veered toward him quietly. "These people did nothing. They go free."

"You like humans?" Aldo's answering grin was vicious. "You want them not in corrals? Okay, good." He bellowed to his gorilla riders. "Kill them! Kill them all!"

Screams of panic broke from the defenseless prisoners in the compound. As eager gorillas lifted their guns, Caesar spoke. "No killing. Put down your guns."

"No!" defied Aldo. "We keep them! Move aside, Caesar, or we kill you too." Horrified silence fell over the crowd, for it had always been the first law of their lives that ape did not kill ape.

Now Virgil restated it, his voice crystal-clear. "Ape has never killed ape, Aldo, *let alone an ape child.*"

The meaning of that brief sentence burned swiftly into Caesar's brain. Staring at Aldo, he could read from the gorilla's defiant sneer that it had indeed been Aldo who had hacked loose Cornelius's high branch and plummeted his son to death.

Even his dull-witted gorillas were able to comprehend that their general had indeed become the Cain of apes. They gaped at one another in bewilderment. Like a Greek chorus, they began to moan their chief's name—"Aldo! Aldo!"—and point at him. The accusation of his own élite troops cracked Aldo's already faltering self-confidence, while a look of blood-lust hardened Caesar's usually calm visage. "The branch did not crack. It was cut by a sword," Virgil's damning revelation continued. "Aldo has killed an ape child."

The tragedy already had been well understood by his listeners. Chimps wept openly; orangutans barked angrily, but Caesar made no noise at all as he started for Aldo. Aldo turned and fled.

- "You murdered my son . . ." As the cry broke from him at last, Caesar already was in full pursuit of the escaping gorilla leader. MacDonald, released from the corral with the other humans, grabbed a length of iron chain and tossed it to the unarmed Caesar as he dashed past. As they took to the trees, Caesar whirled it like a lariat.

That flight through the treetops cast weird shadow patterns over the street where the populace stood frozen, staring after pursued and pursuer. Aldo, cornered at last, still held his sword—the sword which had hacked away Cornelius's perch. Caesar gripped his whirling chain. The sword flashed, cutting Caesar's side but, as he fell back, Caesar grabbed another limb to save himself from plummeting toward certain death.

He swung his chain. It caught an Aldo already off-balance from his sword thrust and sent him toppling from his branch. Down through the branches below the dislodged gorilla plunged, ripping them loose with his fall. When he struck the ground at last he writhed and lay still but his glazing eyes held their dying fury.

Slowly, slowly, the wounded Caesar let himself down to earth in the wake of the dead gorilla. His ape citizens, the released humans with them, stood waiting. Virgil stood among them, and it was toward him that a bloody, breathless Caesar pivoted.

"Virgil?" His voice was a whisper. "Should one murder be avenged by another?"

"Only the future can tell," Virgil replied solemnly, "so let us start building it."

Back toward the rear, among the clustered humans, MacDonald spoke the final word on the tragedy to another who had asked him what the day's bloodshed meant: "I guess you could say that the apes have just joined the human race," answered MacDonald with a rueful sigh. •

#### The Cast

Caesar ..... Roddy McDowall  
Aldo ..... Claude Akins  
Lisa ..... Natalie Trundy

#### The Credits

An APJAC International Production for  
20th Century-Fox Release. Directed by  
J. Lee Thompson. Adapted for Screen  
Stories by Jean Webb.