This issue of TMT is a mixed bag of genome goodies, so dig in your paw and you'll be sure to come up with something worth the price of admission to this issue. Let's see what horrors and treasures lurk within these pages:

**The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi, and Fantasy**

**Volume 1, No. 11**

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**THE RETURN OF THE MONSTER TELETYPE:** All the scoop on the latest screen invasions by monsters, fiends, and assorted malcontents brought to you by our ace reporter Bill Ferret.

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**SPACED OUT:** You will be when you read reviewer Joe Thomassini's analysis of Poul Anderson's latest fantasy sci-fi effort, OPERATION CHAOS. Looks like Poul has come up with another weird winner.

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Man... hunted... caged... forced to mate by civilized apes!

This is Commander Taylor. Astronaut. He landed in a world where apes are the civilized rulers and man the beast.

This is Marcus. Head of security police. His specialty: violence and torture.

This is Nova. The wild human animal captured and selected for special mating purposes.

This is Dr. Zaius. Brilliant scientist. Only he has the power to save or destroy the animal called man.

BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

Caged to provide amusement for cruel Gorilla keepers, his human voice silenced by a bullet through the throat, Commander Taylor learned what it was like to be on the wrong side of the evolutionary fence.

PLANET OF THE APES

Ever go to the zoo to watch the animals; Sure, you have—everyone has at one time or another. Now, suppose the situation was reversed? Then how would you like it? Huh? Suppose YOU were in the cage and the animals were watching YOU. Impossible, you say? Why would the animals want to watch you, you say? Hah! That's what George Taylor thought. Taylor was an ace astronaut, spinning through space and proving man's superiority over the animals. But one day things changed for old Taylor. One day he awoke to find himself in a cage... with a gaggle of APES watching HIM! Now that was an ape of a different color. How did it all come about? Read on and find out...
The needle-sleek ship glided through the nothingness of outer space and sped Taylor and his crew toward the goal of their mission. But it would take years of travelling at sub-light speeds to complete their journey, and the warp drive was still not sufficiently perfected for use outside of the lab. It was a nuisance and a waste of time, but suspended animation still had to be used, there were no other alternatives. Hibernation, deep-sleep, out cold for months at a time. Years at a time. Taylor was the last to step into his hibernaculum, after supervising the others and making sure all was well with the automatic life-support systems.

He lifted the glass lid of his cubicle, stepped in and started the freeze-cycle. He saw the glass cloud up, and as his own vision started to fade out he pictured the vehicle flashing silently between the stars. A sleep ship. Sleeping, drifting...

It seemed like only a moment later when the jolt came. Something was happening, and from the gauges inside his cubicle Taylor could see that something was wrong. Everything was off-scale, mad rushing into...what? One of the warps of space, he thought as he freed himself and revived his two friends Dodge and Landon.

A wind storm where there was no wind, a hurricane where there was no pressure or movement of matter. A something out of nothing, Taylor thought, as he stepped near the special cubicle where the prettiest female in the service still slept peacefully. He looked down at her face, and saw...

...a dried, withered mummy! A dead caricature of a shriveled human with long hair and agging uniform. Taylor turned and groaned, nauseated. He had known her at the Academy of Astronautics. Now she was dead...of what? What could have caused it? Think, Taylor, think! The air must have leaked from her hibernaculum, but only faster-than-light speeds over a prolonged time could make something wither like that, like he'd been there for hundreds of years. Impossible!

Taylor ran to the ship's large chronometer. Stopped. The gauges all frozen everywhere. No way to determine how far they'd gone, for how long, or in what direction. They were lost, they were doomed never to return unless they could do something quickly!

**STAR WRECK?**

They'd have to do something, for suddenly the ship started to vibrate. Delicate parts were smashed. Rivets buckled in the walls, floors shifted under their feet. They were caught in the atmosphere of an unknown planet. Caught fast. A burn-up would be the only possible result, unless...

The wings...gliding wings! If only the control surfaces worked, they could soar down into the air without any more damages. Maybe. Just maybe they would live! Taylor struggled against the building pressure and the terrible heat. They were through the clouds. Sharp peaks rushed at them, trees and more trees and plains and a lake straight below. If only he could get to the lake, maybe it would absorb most of the force of the crash. It would have to be a crash...the engines were completely gone, now.

A sickening stop and a sharp jolt backwards. They were in the water, and it leaked into the cracked shell of their vessel. They would sink, soon, and drown. From space to water and death. Got to move. Get the life-raft out, and the survival gear. Radios and food and clothing and spare rations. But no time...no time.

They had to leave her in the ship, and hope they could breathe the air, if there wasn't any air. Then they were in the rubber boat, paddling to shore like refugees from a flood with their last belongings strapped to their backs. Taylor turned to see the blackened hull of his ship, rocking grimly in the shallow water. They were in a dry, arid region, with sharp rock peaks and tall cliffs and a lot of sun. Looked something like Death Valley, where they had trained for a time on Earth. But where were they now? No idea! They were alive, and that was most important to them now. Time for worrying about other things later.

Later proved to be very soon. Dodge saw it first. A crude formation of cross-sticks with clothes. A scarecrow! Life! But what kind of creatures? What kind of life? They talked and guessed, and decided to find out. So they climbed from the hot canyon, over the peaks and found themselves in the Garden of Eden. They bathed in a small lake, fed by a large waterfall. They put their clothes on the branches and forgot all about civilization both human and non-human. For a time they had fun, and their guard was down. They did not hear the sneaking of feet, nor see their tattered uniforms being stolen by quick fingers and running beings. Running men and women, fast and primitive, clad in rags made from the trees and vines of this world.

**ATTACK OF THE ANGRY APES!**

Their clothes gone, they dressed in the shorts and rags left behind by whatever had snatched off with their uniforms. Through the thin woods they could see what looked like cornfields. Men, women and kids played, ran and screamed like wild, untamed things. They started forward, but the noise stopped them. Horses, it sounded like, galloping toward them. Beings on horses with nets and guns, chasing the primitives. Herding them, shooting and maiming and trampling them all. It was like some nightmare, and they were caught up in it, as the dark horses started toward them, too. Then Taylor looked up and stared wide-eyed at the riders above him. Monkeys! No...Apes! Apes riding horses and holding rifles and yelling orders.

A grim welcoming committee in the person (I?) of Marcus, leather-jacketed Head of Security Police, severs the tied-fused wire as they paddle toward terror firms unaware of the rough reception in store for them.

Even so, Taylor is luckier than his mates, Dodge and Landon, as he is taken alive to share a makeshift prison cell with Nova, the pretty primitive.
Ape! Taylor gasped and clutched at his throat. He had been shot! He slipped backward over the top of a small gully and fell, and as he landed he was caught in a net. The apes tied him to a pole and hustled him off to a cage filled with other captive people. He clutched at the bars and saw death. Men and women hanging by their wrists, by their feet, being photographed with their captors and killers like they were some kind of freak show. The dead were piled atop each other and burned or buried in mass graves. The living were dragged off to... what? Taylor, struck speechless by the bullet, tried to yell to the beasts, but no sound came from his mouth. He felt the cage-wagon start across the rough ground, and started to think about what this could all mean, where he was and what would happen to his fellows and himself. What of his friends? They had all been separated, and Taylor could only...
This is Commander Taylor, astronaut. He's landed in a world where apes are the rulers and man the beast. Now he is caged, tortured, risks mutilation, because no human can remain human on the Planet of the Apes.
null
The trial was a mockery of dignity and justice. Taylor was kept bound and, most of the time... gagged. Unable to say anything in his own defense, constantly assailed by Apea trying to prove him dangerous, unintelligent or unholy, the astronaut was subjected to the full machinery of Dr. Zalus' attempt at destruction.

The trial ended in the only way possible, with Taylor emerging as a dangerous blasphemer to be destroyed after a few days. It was no shock for them... hordes of Gorilla-police with guns. And they were visible around a bend, they saw that Dr. Zalus was with them, too. So Taylor was that important to him!

They had only one chance. If they could wait until the troops came through the narrow road. They would have to ride through, get single-file, and whiz like off as they came. Cornelius, the Chimpanzee scientist, and George Taylor, astronaut from Earth, took their places in the rocks. They had an unexpected and pleasant surprise as Dr. Zalus led the way through the rocks. Taylor leaped and pointed his rifle at the Orangutan. Unable to fight because of his age, Zalus calmly raised his hands and surrendered.

Now they had a chance! Dr. Zalus had no wish to die, and because of his rank (he was considered a sort of living god by his fellow Apea) they had something to bargain with.

A strange change came over Dr. Zalus, as he sat tied against a huge rock. He looked at Taylor and, for the first time, they talked as equals. He admitted Taylor's intellect had always been apparent to him, and decided that now the time had come for the truth to be known. Something in his old eyes convinced Taylor the Doctor wasn't bluffing. So Zalus was untied. He led Taylor, Cornelius and Zula up the scaffolding and into the ancient caves.

Torches were lit and placed on the walls, and the dim light from the outside lit the rest of the dark, large chamber. There was clay on the walls, and the excavation had exposed the contours of what had once been... a room. This had once been a house. Not a cave dwelling, but a HOUSE fused into solid rock and buried under centuries of sediment. They were standing in the living room. The vague outlines of tables and chairs were against the walls, and some scattered pieces of furniture could still be seen. And down in the middle of the room, on the floor, was a doll... a HUMAN doll that said "Mama" when you turned it upside down. Restored by Zalus and his team of archeologists, the doll proved that, at one time, HUMANS had ruled the masters. HUMANS spoke and built the houses and kept the apes in cages. Once HUMANS had ruled the planet of the Apes.

OLD APE LEARNS NEW TRICKS

Zalus explained it all to Taylor. How it was discovered that humans had laid waste to their world with war, how the religion of the Apea had been formed to convince Apea that humans were inferior, to guard forever against the danger of the humans once again taking control of the world and bringing back the dark days of war. This is why intelligent humans are killed, and why Zalus wanted Taylor dead.

Taylor agreed to let Zalus go, unharmed, if he would grant complete pardons to Zira and Cornelius. Despite everything, Zalus actually LIKED Taylor, and respected what the two scientists did for him, Zalus agreed to his conditions.

The time for leaving has come, and Taylor says goodbye to his Ape friends. He is convinced that, somewhere on this planet, are people... not primitives, but thinking, speaking men and women. He's determined to find them. Before he leaves, he takes Zima in his arms and kisses her goodbye. Taylor had gone through his entire adventure believing that Zira had seen him all along as a handsome human being. Now he said, "My God, you're ugly!" It's the first laugh he's had on this strange planet. And, though he has no idea if his last laugh, too. For he will shortly learn something incredible.

As Taylor and Nova ride slowly down the beach, he wonders why Zalus had advised him not to search for his fellow humans.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Cornelius and Zira watched their friend Taylor round the bend. As he disappeared from view, Zalis turned to them and breathed a tired breath and softly said... "He will not like what he finds!"

They Taylor saw it. The ruins of... something. Spires protruding from a cliff-side near the sea. Spires on a bed of tarnished copper. An arm with a torch broken from some huge sculpted body that had long since ceased to exist. The Statue of Liberty!

Earth! "Oh, my God!" Taylor screamed... "They did it... went and killed! Now, however, he hears her say... "They won the war, the greed... and now this.

Taylor cried into the sand. He cried for his friends, for his people, for his world. And, because he had no hope of anything anymore, he cried for... himself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Be sure to tune in next issue for further adventures on THE PLANET OF THE APES, with special behind-the-scenes info, makeup secrets, and all the pertinent facts about the intricate production of this earth-trembling film. And remember: when you're finished with your copy of TMY, pass it along to a friend at the zoo. After all, Apes are only human, too.