

VOLUME 1, NO. 11

WORLD'S FIRST NEWSPAPER OF HORROR, SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY!

**GIANT  
COLOR  
POSTER  
INSIDE**

# the Monster Times

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CONQUERER! P. 6**

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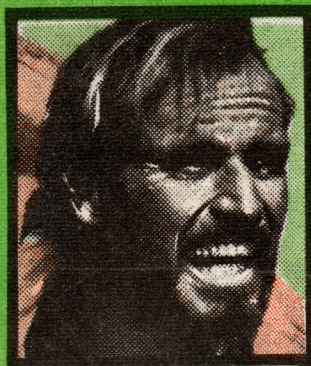


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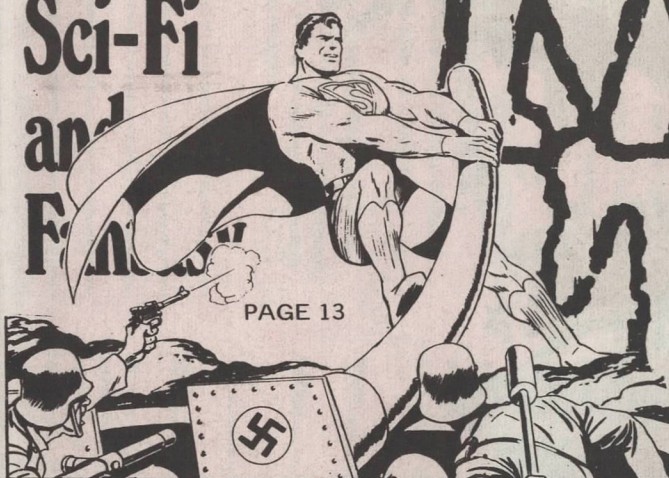
**INSIDE  
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**ON SALE EVERY 2 WEEKS**



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



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# the Monster Times

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**T**his issue of TMT is a mixed bag of gruesome goodies, so dip in your paw and you're liable to come up with just about anything in the way of horror-fantasy lore. To be a bit more specific, we've got our literary time-traveller Allan Asherman on hand to journey into the darkest heart of **THE PLANET OF THE APES** in our film-book this ish. Next time Allan will be back for more—with a behind-the-scenes look at the filming of **APES**, including a special stop-off at the 20th Century Fox make-up department, where the ominous sign on the door reads—Caution: Mad Artists At Work...

In another, bloodier vein, we're starting a new 3-part feature by Buddy Weiss about Hemisphere Pictures' Blood series, the goriest group of films to date. Hemisphere, an American film company that bills itself as the "House of Horror," is giving Hammer a run for its bloody money with such terrific titles as **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND** and **BEAST OF BLOOD**. A more anemic film effort of a few years back, **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS**, is given less-than-reverent treatment by Staff Philosopher Joe Kane in another of his seemingly endless exercises in negative nostalgia.

Artist Dan Green and writer Bill Feret (of MT Teletype fame) teamed up on the comic strip this issue and the result is **TALES OF WITCH-WILLOW HOUSE**, a startling story guaranteed to make strong types tremble and to make the wart-hair of even the most horror-hardened fan stand on end. Plus... one of the most unusual features ever published in this world or in any other we've ever heard of: And exclusive TMT interview none other than... **COUNT DRACULA!** At great expense and perilous risk to life and limb (although not necessarily in that order), intrepid MT reporter Roger Singleton sought out the redblooded recluse who, as it turned out, was only too glad to finally have an opportunity to set the record straight. We think you'll be more than a little surprised by what the "Undead One" has to say in this candid conversation...

For comics freaks we have a generously illustrated piece on that uncouth conqueror, Conan, as interpreted by those marvelous Marvel artists... plus a multi-angled view of the first X-rated animated feature, Fritz the Cat, which included in its cast of voices our own Phil Seuling who provides some inside information on the filming of the adventures of the funky feline. Plus all the regular TMT features designed to bring out the devil in all of us. So read on, but remember—don't say we didn't warn you...

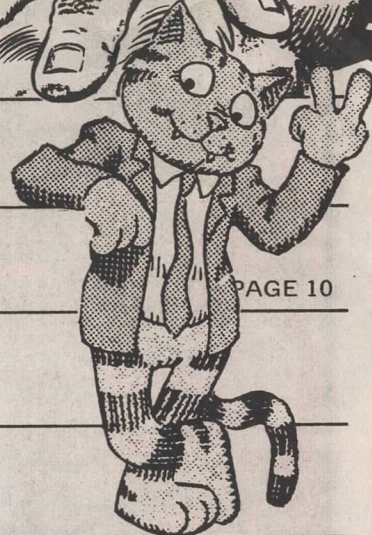
JOE

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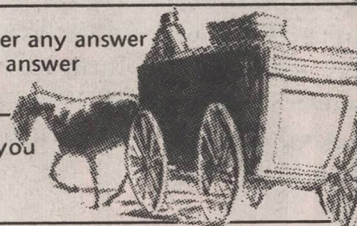
- PAGE 3** **PLANET OF THE APES:** Allan Asherman, literary time traveler, takes you into the future to meet the dangerous denizens of the **PLANET OF THE APES**.
- 6** **CONAN CONQUERS ALL: "CROM" AND PUNISHMENT...** Robert E. Howard's Conan the Barbarian in all his savage glory...
- 9** **NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS:** No, it ain't a football game, but it is a free-for-all as a Naval base is plagued by 6 Foot Walking Trees...
- 10** **FRITZ, THE FUNKY FELINE:** A multi-angled look at R. Crumb's creation as he makes his celluloid debut...
- 13** **BUT IS IT ART?:** Meet Jerry Robinson, former Batman sketcher, whose April exhibit at New York's Graham Galleries brought the people's art form uptown
- 14** **DRACULA SPEAKS:** An exclusive TMT interview with the Count himself. Hear the corpulent Count reflect on just about every subject under the full moon...
- 19** **MONSTER MAIL:** TMT readers bare their fangs and raise their claws to ask us a few pertinent questions all of which are given pertinent answers. Check out the fiendly feedback.
- 19** **IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS:** Joe Brancatelli gives us the lowdown on Daniel Cohen's latest tome, **IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS**, which includes a rare and more than a little unnerving photo of a real live(?) ghost.
- 20** **TALE OF WITCHE WILLOW HOUSE:** Why is there never any answer to the knock on the front door? Discover the disturbing answer to this query in this issue's comic strip,
- 22** **EVILS OF BLOOD ISLAND:** Blood Island is one place you wouldn't even want to visit, let alone live there—and no one seems to live there very long.
- 26** **THE RETURN OF THE MONSTER TELETYPE:** All the scoops about the latest screen invasions by monsters, fiends, and assorted malcontents brought to you by our ace reporter Bill Feret.
- 31** **SPACED OUT?:** You will be when you read reviewer Joe Thomasino'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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This tastefully designed cover is the handiwork of one Les Waldstein, who doubles as co-publisher of these very same Monster Times. Before settling into the executive chair he occupies today, Mr. Waldstein spent a good many years standing at the drawing board, turning out masterpieces such as the one featured here.

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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.

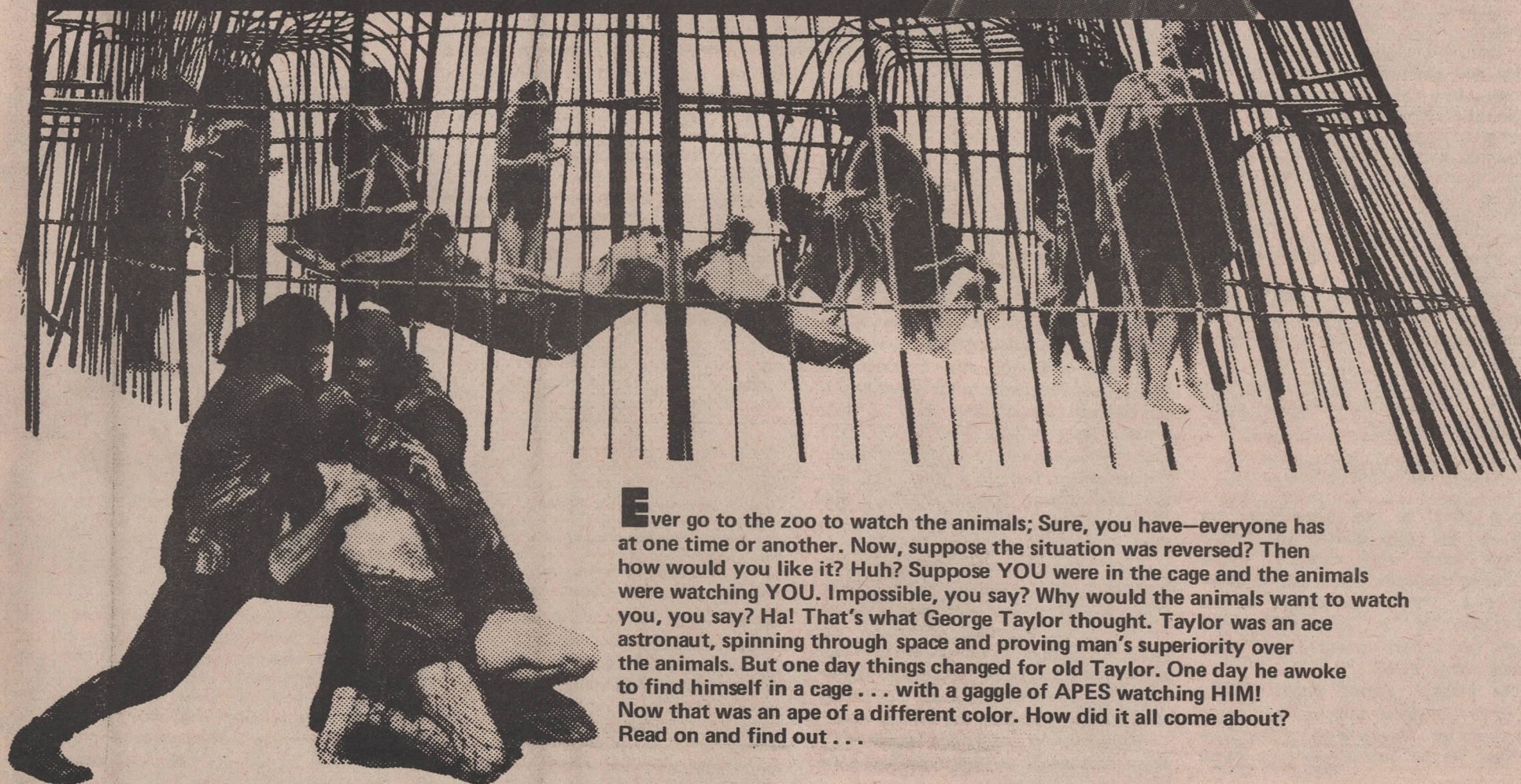
This is Dr. Zaius. Brilliant scientist. Only he has the power to save or destroy the animal called man.



BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

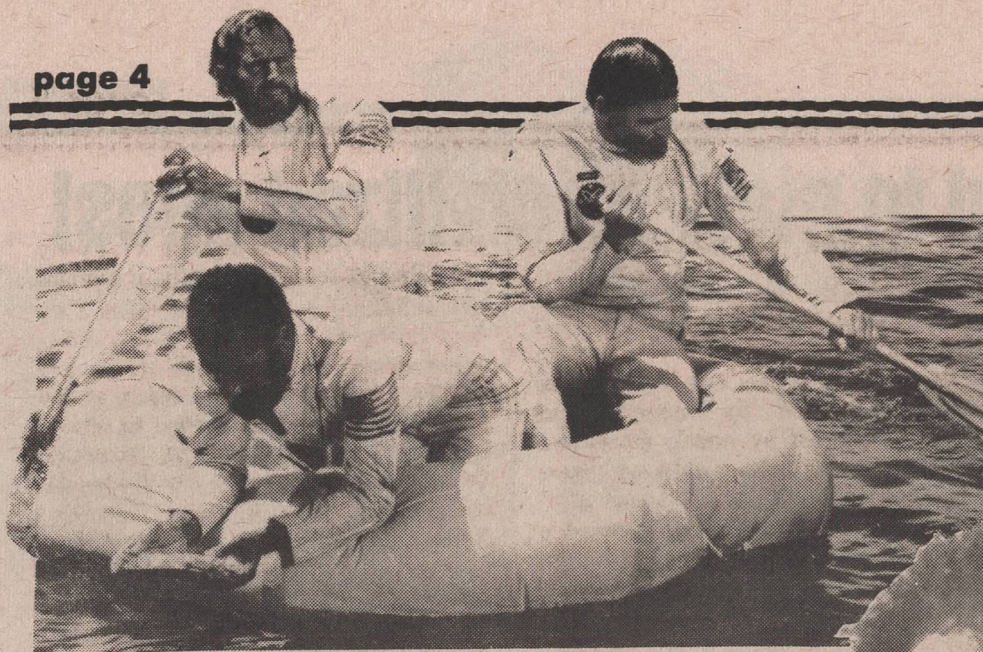
## PLANET OF THE APES

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.



**E**ver 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? Ha! 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 . . .





Commander Taylor and his fellow astronauts, Dodge (Jeff Burton) and Landon (Robert Gunner) paddle to shore but not to safety in early moment from PLANET OF THE APES.

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 labs. 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 sleeper 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, a 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 naut 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 sagging uniform. Taylor turned and groaned, nauseated. He had known her at the Academy of Astronautics. Now she was dead of... 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 someone wither like that, like he'd been there for hundreds of years. Hundreds!?

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 ~~had~~. 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

"Man must be made to learn his place!"



A grim welcoming committee in the person (?) of Marcus, leather-jacketed Head of Security Police, awaits the tide-tossed trio as they paddle towards terror firma unaware of the rough reception in store for them.

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 WAS 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 canyons, 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



Wounded by a bullet through the throat, the gagged Taylor is spirited away by rugged pair of simian heavies.

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 snuck off with their uniforms. Through the thin woods they could see what looked like cornfields. Men, women and kids played, ran and screeched 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 horsemen 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.

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.







George Taylor breathes easier when he finds he is able to strike up candid conversation with sympathetic simians Cornelius (Roddy McDowall) and Zira (Kim Hunter) who help the desperate human formulate a plan of escape.

Apes! Taylor gasped and clutched at his throat. He had been shot! He slipped backward over the top of a small gulley 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 garish trophies. The dead were piled atop each other and burned or buried in mass

guess, and hope they weren't part of the huge pile of dead back at the cornfields.

Turning, Taylor noticed the dark-eyed girl who'd also been thrown into his cage. They were both terrified, and mutually suspicious. But they were both prisoners. The girl realized immediately that the man beside her was certainly not one of her people. Intrigued, she moved closer. Taylor, feeling pity for her people, smiled gently to her. By the time the cage reached its destination, the two trusted each other completely.

### GO APE, YOUNG MAN!

The destination was a town of Apes... looking like some twisted architect's grisly dream. There were no squares or circles, just crooked, clashing shapes connected by catwalks and bridges, separated by erratic moats and streets. Even the windows were irregularly shaped, and the whole place suggested the fact that the apes were once tree-climbers.

Their escorts were still on horseback, still with rifles, and now Apes were everywhere... whole families of them watching the wagons coming into town, the children looking as if they were seeing a carnival freak show.

They were led from the wagon, still bound, to some sort of dark complex of buildings that looked as if they were built half underground. The place was cold and dark, with the stench of waste and death. And then Taylor saw what sort of building he was in. Bars and small rooms and larger ones for whole groups of... animals? No... for people. A zoo for human beings! He struggled, and a large gorilla, clad in a black leather suit, came from the shadows behind him and clubbed him almost senseless. The dark-eyed girl screamed, and together they were pushed into a large cage. Through blurred eyes, Taylor could see the gorilla... smiling? Yes. A mocking smile, a leer through the fur-lined mouth that held a cigar. And then he slept from desperation and weariness and the pain in his throat.

He awoke to feel cold water washing over his rag-clad body. Water under pressure. Dirty water that tasted of silt and mud, directed by a gorilla guard. Was it the same one? They all looked alike to him... but they they probably thought

the same of human-beings. He was slowly beginning to reverse the roles of humans and animals in his bewildered mind. They were hosing him, as human guards did to caged animals back on Earth! He grabbed at the bars and tried to reach at the gorilla, and snarled as he tried to scream obscenities at the fat Ape. Off to one side he was being watched by a young couple of... What were they, chimps? Yes... Chimps on two legs with human eyes and voices, with finely tooled outfits and boots and insignias. But these two had something more in their eyes: Pity and sympathy. He was being looked upon as a human being for the first time by the strange inhabitants of this crazed world.

Taylor, meanwhile, had named the dark-eyed girl "Nova," and developed quite a protective interest in her. His fear for Nova proved to be justified, as he learned just why the Chimps were showing pity for them. All at once the door to their cage was forced opened, and strong Gorilla-hands were taking Taylor and Nova down a dark corridor. They were led to a small room with two rough wooden beds. They were strapped down, and through enraged eyes Taylor could see the Chimps. They were clad in aprons and gloves, stained with old clotted blood. There were knives and scalpels scattered around the room, and in one corner the gruesome remains of what had once been living men and women. Another shock in his nightmare... they were in a biology lab about to be dissected. Taylor tried to scream, but still couldn't make a sound. He strained his neck to look at Nova, strapped to the table next to his. She didn't know what was going to happen to them, but was terrified because Taylor was. She screamed the scream he couldn't let escape from his wounded throat. But soon the scream, his wounds, the whole answer to this crazy riddle of where they were would no longer matter. They would both be dead.

### APE GOT YOUR TONGUE?

The two Chimps, Cornelius and Zira, readied the apparatus, when suddenly Zira, the wife of Dr. Cornelius, started to argue... in perfect English, and now for the first time Taylor realized these Apes were all speaking English! He could tell them off in his own tongue with all the curses he could muster, and they would

Continued on page 29



Taylor's attempted jailbreak meets with little success as club-wielding apes take off in hot pursuit. Despite his heavy combat boots, fleet-footed gorilla catches up to the rag-clad Commander as they square off in brutal battle.

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

Taylor found himself pitted against a strange and formidable foe... a creature possessing the intelligence of a man and the brute strength of an Ape.



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





# PLANET OF THE APES

Continued from page 5

understand him completely. The thought made him try to speak again, but he only succeeded in gurgling. Then the Chimps turned and Cornelius looked into Taylor's eyes. They were arguing about HIM... Zira was swearing to her husband that she saw vast intelligence in his angry eyes, while her husband tried to convince her that it was all her imagination. With a sigh of relief, Taylor heard Cornelius give in to his wife. He ordered Taylor and Nova released and taken back to their cells. Just before he was led from the room, George Taylor nodded a quick thanks to Zira. Dr. Cornelius, watching from the corner of the room, couldn't believe what he saw. For a full hour they asked Taylor questions, and he either gestured or

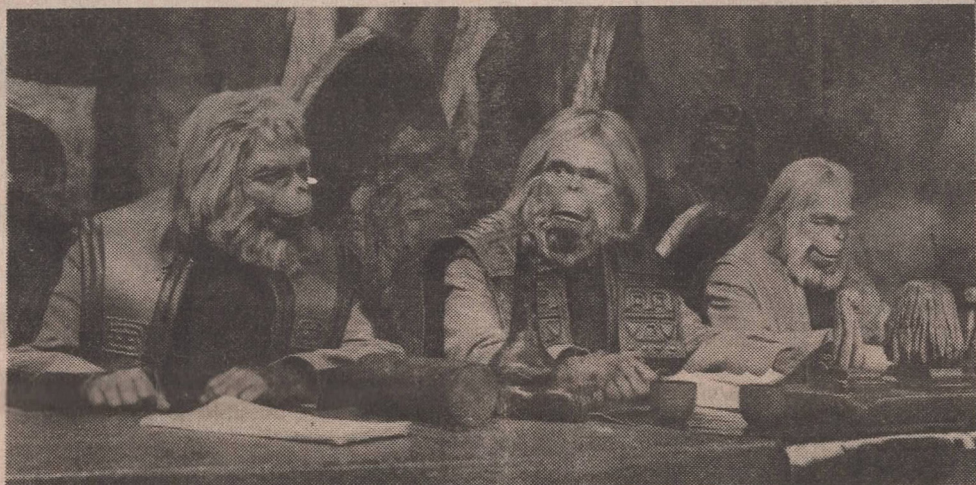
Nova? No doubt about it... he would have to escape.

Zira came up with the idea of escape soon after Taylor did. There was nothing more they could do with Dr. Zaius. But Taylor would have to wait until a successful escape could be arranged.

Taylor did not wait and, bursting free of a Gorilla-guard, bolted into the town square. Apes everywhere panicked, and mothers gathered up their children to protect them from the mad "beast" running amok in their midst. Taylor ran to and fro, dodging his pursuers, climbing over statues and angular ornaments, knocking Gorillas and Chimps off their feet, until he ducked into a museum. He didn't know WHAT the building was. All he knew was that it was big and dark and he was alone in it. He ran through rooms and exhibits. He saw human beings stuffed, frozen into positions of family life and hunting and leaping and running. Then he saw one statue in particular. It was a black man, unique on this planet, stuffed and mounted for curious eyes. It was his friend Dodge. Dead. Uselessly



From astronaut to animal to vegetable... Taylor screams in frustration at the thought of this rapid and total descent.



Dr. Zaius (Maurice Evans), powerful potentate of Planet of Apes, confers with a council of elders to decide on fitting punishment for Taylor's crime—the crime of intelligence. The judgment is swift and savage—the captive's mind must be destroyed!

nodded. He WAS an intelligent being, and he would sure let them know it! At last Dr. Cornelius agreed with his wife, and promised her that nothing would happen to the human who his wife was now calling "Brighteyes."

They went to their superior, the stately Orangutan Dr. Zaius. Zaius, who looked almost exactly like the statue of the Ape God that was seen throughout this strange world, was the leader of all the Apes. An awe-inspiring Ape, with the responsibility of guarding ancient secrets and shaping the affairs of his fellow Apes.

Zaius, for some reason, reacted strongly to the fact that an intelligent human had been discovered by his scientists. Immediately threatening Zira and Cornelius with charges of insubordination and heresy if they did not comply with his wishes, he ordered a frontal lobotomy performed on Taylor. This operation would leave him a mindless, living vegetable unable to think or reason or remember or do anything worth doing. A useless waste, and one that both Cornelius and his wife argued powerfully against. But Zaius remained firm in his opinions and the orders went out... DESTROY HIS MIND!!!

For Taylor, alone with the beautiful but primitive Nova, the situation was a nightmare. He knew what was happening, for Zira, still not fully sure that Taylor understood anything she told him, had developed the habit of talking to him through the bars of his cage for an hour each evening. She told him everything of current news, and the more he heard the less he liked it. Up to now, Zira and Cornelius were able to stall Dr. Zaius. But when they ran out of tricks... what would happen to him? And to beautiful



Stone image of Dr. Zaius strikes a pose of smug satisfaction as the heretical human is made to grovel at the end of Authority's leash.

prisoners, he saw another familiar face. Landon! He ran forward. Then stopped as he saw the huge scar on his friend's forehead. Landon stared glassy-eyed, mindlessly. He *had* no mind... no memories. That would happen to HIM if he were caught. But, as he stopped to look at Landon, he was again surrounded with nets and rifles. Pawing hands picked away at him, and hoisted him in the air over a stone bridge. He screamed. He screamed words at them, and they heard and stared openmouthed at him... A HUMAN SPOKE! It had screamed "GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME!!!"

He awoke back in his cell, feeling more secure, now that he could speak and make himself understood as an intelligent being. Dr. Zaius himself came to his cell to take a look at Taylor. And, to his surprise, Taylor found himself being ushered into Zaius' office.

## ODOR IN THE COURT

The aged Orangutan puffed on a cigar and spoke to the bound human. He explained about the orderly society he had built up for his people during his ruling years, and managed to keep in running order until a speaking human turned up to ruin it all. The Apes had their own problems, with Chimps fighting for equality and Gorillas acting as Secret Police and Orangutans ruling. Now, with a human question, the structured life of Zaius' Apes might be seriously threatened.

Because of Taylor's intelligence and the objections of Zira and Cornelius, who were respected scientists, Zaius couldn't just order Taylor killed or operated upon, so there would have to be a trial. A trial to determine whether Taylor was a blasphemous thing... a mutant that violated the Apes' religion, which stated that all intelligent creatures were created in the Ape-God's image. If found guilty Taylor would be destroyed like some mad dog. If innocent, Taylor surmised, Zaius would figure out some way of knocking him out of the picture, anyway. Either way Taylor would lose. He would still have to escape!





Now it's Taylor who's got the monkey by the tail as the table of fate is turned on Dr. Zaius.

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 assaulted by Apes trying to prove him dangerous, unintelligent or unholy, the astronaut was subjected to the full machinery of Dr. Zaius' attempt at destruction.

The trial ended in the only way possible, with Taylor emerging as a dangerous blasphemy to be destroyed after a few days. It was no shock for



Now Dr. Zaius finds himself at a loss for words as Taylor demands—and gets—his freedom from the PLANET OF THE APES.

Taylor, but quite a jolt for Cornelius and Zira. Now the escape HAD to be quickly planned, or it would be too late.

As Cornelius asked the Gorilla guard for a match, the unsuspecting black-clad Ape momentarily backed against Taylor's cage. Taylor's steely arms caught the guard as Cornelius got the keys and opened Taylor's cage. Nova, who was only too happy to escape from the place and follow Taylor, went excitedly along. Zira was outside with a wagon, and their nephew kept lookout on the halls.

Taylor hid with Nova in the back of the covered wagon, and the party started driving down the coastline, keeping pace with the long, curving beach. They all knew that it was only a matter of time before Zaius' secret police would be closing in on them. They needed somewhere safe to hide and, if discovered, defend themselves. For Zira and Cornelius there was no turning back... they were outlaws now, and would be killed if caught.

Suddenly Cornelius remembered the old caves, and the excavations that had been suddenly outlawed by Zaius. The cave and the living quarters were still there, and it was in a defensible position. They sped toward the cave, accessible only from a narrow road by the sea.

Then came the hoofbeats, muffled by the sand. There were a lot of

them... hordes of Gorilla-police with guns. And, as they became visible around a bend, they saw that Dr. Zaius 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 single-file, and could be picked 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. Zaius led the way through the rocks. Taylor leaped and pointed his rifle at the Orangutan. Unable to fight because of his age, Zaius calmly raised his hands and surrendered.

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

A strange change came over Dr. Zaius, 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 Zaius was untied. He led Taylor, Cornelius and Zira 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 Zaius and his team of archeologists, the doll proved that, at one time, HUMANS had been 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

Zaius explained it all to Taylor. How it was discovered that humans had laid waste

to their world with wars, how the religion of the Apes had been formed to convince Apes that humans were inferior, to forever guard against the danger of the humans once again taking control of the world and bringing back the dark ages of war. This is why intelligent humans are killed, and why Zaius wanted Taylor dead.

Taylor agreed to let Zaius go, unharmed, if he would grant complete pardons to Zira and Cornelius. Despite everything, Zaius actually LIKED Taylor, and respected what the two scientists did for him, Zaius 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 Zira 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, however, he hears her say "My God, you're ugly!" It's the first laugh he's had on this strange planet. And, though he does not know it... his last laugh, too. For he will shortly learn something incredible.

As Taylor and Nova ride slowly down the beach, he wonders why Zaius 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, Zaius 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 head 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 everything... EVERYTHING!" The wars, 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 flick. And remember: when you're finished with your copy of TMT, pass it along to a friend at the zoo. After all, Apes are only human, too.

Fond farewells are exchanged by Zira, Nova, and Taylor before the humans begin a trek leading away from the Ape metropolis but directly into another unpleasant surprise.

