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PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

THE OTHER

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the enslaved apes would have their revenge!

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES
CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES
starring RICARDO MONTALBAN RODDY MCDOWELL

Caesar was shocked to see that apes were used as lowly servants, badly mistreated by the brutal police force.

Armando explained that apes were the only animals left alive.

Only Armando knew that Cornelius and Zira’s baby ape was still alive...

- By the year 1991, North America recalled circuses only as a happy curiosity out of the dim past. Still, a European entrepreneur named Armando had hopes. His animal act might still prove successful. So one morning he brought Caesar to an American city.

Once past the strict official checkpoint at the highrise heliport, Armando was quick to warn his simian companion of potential peril in this unfamiliar place.

"Try to walk a little more like a primitive chimpanzee. Your arms should move—so!" And he acted out a shuffling stride. "After twenty years, Caesar, you’ve picked up evolved habits from me. That could be fatal."

Caesar was puzzled by the admonition. "I don’t understand."

"There can be only one talking chimpanzee on earth. The child of the talking apes, Cornelius and Zira, who came to us years ago out of the future—and were so brutally murdered in fear lest one distant day apes might dominate the human race."

"But outside of you, no one knows I even exist."

Armando’s eyes still mirrored worry. "We must keep it that way. The fear remains. Your mere existence would be regarded as a great threat to mankind. You don’t realize how apes are treated."

The human voice trembled. "The comradeship of the circus, where animals are kindly treated, is very different from what you are about to see. So don’t talk from now on. And—prepare for a shock."

As they reached the city streets, the shock was immediate. And overwhelming.

In the shopping mall, simians mingled everywhere in the human crowds. The apes were quite obviously a slave labor force. They toiled heavy bundles and packages, or swept the paving with brooms. None of the
humans appeared to work at all. And the apes seemed docile enough. Yet an air of sullen disquiet exuded from them. Alert police officers patrolled the walks, armed with truncheons and electric prodders.

Silent, aghast, Caesar gazed about him.

Here, a too sluggish gorilla was spurred to his refuse-collection by a painful poke from a prodger. There, a sick and aged female ape was routed from a bench marked Not For Apes. Everywhere, unkindness and outright brutality seemed rampant.

"You said humans treated the apes like pets. No! They're slaves!"

"Nine years ago," Armando explained sadly, "every cat and dog in the world died within a few months. It was a plague. A mysterious virus was brought back from outer space by one of the astronauts. No existing vaccine or antidote could help."

"Didn't the disease affect humans, too, Armando?"

"Humans were immune. So, it was discovered, were simians. That's how it began. People wanted pets to replace those they had lost. Then, as it was realized how quick apes were to learn, and how easy to train..."

His gesture indicated the plaza where apes toiled. And Caesar stared.

- They had brought with them to the city a sheaf of handbills for their circus. As Armando and Caesar began to distribute these among the lolling crowd, Caesar's observation of human-ape relationships continued. None of it dispelled his horror.

"NO!" seemed to be the word which struck terror to the hearts of the slaves. Each time one misunderstood an order, the syllable was barked. And the dazed offender froze in obvious panic. That reaction was proof enough. Painful conditioning methods had been employed. A grim "No!" connected in their training with cruelty.

MORE→
An incognito Caesar brought the highest bid at the open block ape sale.

Officials tortured him to make Caesar confess that he was able to talk.

Caesar mingled unobtrusively with the others at the Ape Training Center.

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

co-starring

DON MURRAY
HARI RHODES

Finally, at one corner, the two came upon a brace of policemen brutally clubbing a chained gorilla while snarling at him, "No, Aldo! No!" Caesar might have betrayed his superior intelligence at this scaring moment, had not a well-dressed young negro from the human stream passing by stepped in to intervene.

"Stop that at once!" The man's voice was authoritative. "All of you!"

The offenders snapped to an instant respectful attention which indicated the intervener's importance in the city. "Yes, sir, Mr. MacDonald. We were just—"

"I saw what you were doing. Sedate the animal and get him out of here."

As MacDonald turned away, Caesar heard one of the brutalizers turn to the other with a murmured question. The older guard grunted a warning answer: "That's MacDonald, Governor Breck's number one assistant." The instant MacDonald was out of sight, however, they resumed their beating of the gorilla, Aldo.

"Lousy human bastards!" Caesar exploded in anger, despite Armando's warning.

Instantly, the crowd who had stood watching the beating indifferently whirled to locate the source of the comment. The nearby police closed in. Armando was sweating.

"Who said that?" One of the armed lawmen demanded savagely.

"I did," Armando stammered. "This is a performing ape from my circus..."

"Don't you know it's a criminal offense to show disrespect for a state official?"

"That was unintentional. Being sentimental about animals, I—" Armando was terrified. "I admit my behavior was inexcusable, and I'm deeply sorry, but—but—"

"We'd better turn you over to Headquarters for interrogation."

There was a disturbance in the crowd just then, for the subdued gorilla showed signs of fighting off its sedation. As the policemen turned to investigate, Caesar—who had noted Armando's panic—gently tugged the man's sleeve and then began backing away. Armando took the cue and followed. They were almost to the nearest corner when a shout of "Stop! Come back!" to the rear warned that their escape had been discovered.

Around the corner and up an alley Caesar raced, Armando at his heels. By the time the police had reached the alley, they were no longer in sight. Winded, they dared slow down at last in an underground tunnel where no pursuing footsteps echoed.

"Armando," begged Caesar apologetically, "forgive me, I—"

"No, no, you only said what I was thinking. But they saw you run. Now they'll suspect you of understanding all that was said."

"Let's go back to the circus." Caesar's plea was almost childlike.

"That's the first (continued on page 66)
Governor Breck had no idea that his servant was the most infamous ape of all...

mand of the fearless Caesar, the imprisoned and downtrodden ape population rose up and raised a bloody, fiery insurrection.
Angelini was drunk. Loaded far beyond his normal quota, but not so drunk, as he place they'd hunt for us," Armando pondered interly. "Here's what we'll do. I'll go to the police—it's the only way—and say I couldn't find you, that you've run away before because cities frighten you. You stay right here. If this works, I'll be back by nightfall."

"What if you aren't? Suppose they don't let you go, Armando?"

"They will. But just in case—if I'm not back by then—this tunnel leads to the harbor. Ape shipments are frequently unloaded at night. You must try to infiltrate one of them. Apes imported from overseas arrive naked, so you'll have to get rid of those clothes. The only safe hiding place for you is among your own kind."

Their gazes locked. Slowly, Caesar nodded. Armando patted his shoulder gently.

"I shouldn't be long," the man said, and turned and walked away. Caesar pressed back into the concealing shadow of a buttress, for the first time in his life alone.

At the Civic Center, the offices of Governor Breck were austere but elegant. Once Armando had told them his story, the recorded voice on the tape began:

"We believe that the male and female Talking Apes, Cornelius and Zira, have come to us out of the future. We believe their spoken testimony that, some two thousand years hence, their descendants will have subjugated and all but exterminated the human race. And we know that the Female Ape is now pregnant. If it is possible to alter the future, as some scientists now believe it to be, then it is our duty to do so. The Commission recommends that the birth of the Female Ape's unborn child be prevented. After its prenatal removal, both Apes should be rendered incapable of begetting another."

"But every zoo was searched by the police!" Armando protested. "And every circus!"

"Including your own. Where they found a baby chimpanzee, Senor Armando."

"Legally certified to have been born a month before the Talking Apes arrived on Earth!" Armando pressed. "I only wish I knew where Caesar is now. I've searched—"

Governor Breck stood up slowly. "Let me impress upon you the seriousness of this problem. We have a rising tide of disobedience, of downright defiance, among the servant apes in our cities. God knows how many of them are burning with resentment, all primed to revolt and waiting for an ape with enough will and intelligence to lead them. And an ape that can
think and talk—Did your ape ever talk in your presence, Sonor?"

"Never in my presence or anyone's. You can question my circus hand, but you won't get it for free. We intend to—Meanwhile, you'll remain in custody."

As midnight approached, Caesar still lurked alone in the tunnel. Slowly, he was forced to the realization that Armando was not to be permitted to return.

Funic gawed at him. But his intelligence did not extend beyond "normal" control. Armando had given him alternate instructions. Obeying them would be the wisest course.

When he followed it, the tunnel did lead down to the waterfront as Armando had assured him. On the wharf, arriving shipments of gorillas and orangutans were coopered in. Working shipping cages far from adequate to the needs of the animals. They were in obvious terror at the imprisonment in which they found themselves. They quivered and salivated, eyes darting about, noses flaring with abject fright. Lights kept leaping at them from areas beyond, dazzling and blinding them. They gibbered and grunted.

While Caesar watched the derrick-loaded board a waiting truck, Caesar was already awaiting it. He pressed back to the truck wall to keep himself from being crushed; then, in an instant, with caged apes on his belt, he leaped into the cage, and bolted the door. The other apes, sensing something unusual about him, had quieted their squeals to gather about him and stare with something akin to awe. The truck bumped into motion.

The Reception Area to which they were transported was like a prison. As they drove by, a loudspeaker repeated their arrival: "Shipment 507 ex Borneo now arriving. After fingerprinting, shipment will proceed to Conditioning Center.

The air was filled with barking and gibbering as newly-arrived apes were heeded into cages marked Gorillas, Orangutans, and Chimp. The loudspeaker blasted: "Immigration Personnel are reminded that until further notice Police request one additional copy of all chimpanzee fingerprints for their files."

The man permitted himself to be fingerprinted and led the way to the conditioning area. It did not take long to discover how training was accomplished.

To augment the fears of the newcomers, many apes were offered them through the bars—and then withheld, until the hungry, frightened orangutans undergoing "instruction" found courage to pass spirits of heated flame and claim their food. Special attention was bestowed on the caged apes subjected to loud recorded music until their ears no longer flinched from it. They were shown, sternly, how to set table and open bottles for serving. A giant, hollow caged voice outside each cage hollered, "No!—the helpless apes buckled with electrodes which simultaneously administered jarring shocks. The chains jangled. They bared their teeth. What was that sound? It was the sound of slavery.

Caesar was an apster pupil than the rest. He learned to fake the cringe of fear and the proper obedient action almost instantly. The sound of the voice, that exasperating message and gave them no trouble. They rewarded him with an extra banana.

One of the half-starved chimps in the cage with them had locked him up butled himself at the bars to interest him in his plight. Caesar spun just in time to confront attack from the rear. His eyes were glittering with a strange authority. The chimpanzee fell back. It was as if something inside Caesar hardened, that something of the others dwindled to avoided silence.

Slowly, then, Caesar advanced to cage center. He broke the banana into threes and handed a bit to each of the others.

Through the bars, the handlers had been watching.

"Hey, did you see that?" one of them nudged the other, impressed. And Caesar smiled, Breck whispered, "What he had displayed was too much intelligence.

The period of training passed quickly, rendered painful to most of the pupils by the tormenting electric shocks which accompanied these stern "No's!"

Instruction was given in the proper manner of approaching the Ticket Office, and the slave uniforms evident everywhere about the city. They were taught how to wash at basins and dry their hands hygienically. They were taught to salute the Ticket Office, and serve as night watchmen against burglars. And eventually they were transported to the Ape Mart.

The auction area was a small arena adjacent to the building. Auctioneers mounted the rostrum to which the "merchandise" was led one by one. Buyers and curiosity seekers remained behind a stout barrier, mute evidence of the suppressed fear of the humans.

On this particular morning, a stir in the crowd evidenced the arrival of an important figure who, to the caged apes, was the distinguished figure was accompanied by MacDonald, whose position as Caesar had already known, it was easy to indentify Governor Breck.

The bidding started. Several apes were sold off and turned over to new owners before Caesar's turn to mount the block arrived. The crowd's mutter indicated general approval of a particularly impressive specimen. Facing the crowd, resplendent in his scarlet slave uniform, Caesar waited proudly while the auctioneer made his bid:

"Lot eight! One male chimpanzee! In early prime and perfect physical condition—and under observation so obedient and docile, conditioning was considered necessary."

The crowd's reaction warned Caesar to modify the almost-human pride with which he confronted them. He caught the Governor's gaze upon him—bright with suspicion.

"Starting at eight hundred dollars—what am I bid for this superb specimen?"

Caesar called out loudly. "Eighty five... " "Nine... " "Nine fifty... " "One thousand... " "Eleven hundred... " "Twelve hundred..."

Two offers appeared to have peaked. High bidder was a sour-looking old man in a wheelchair. He was about to reach for his purse when Breck whispered to MacDonald. Obviously on instruction, MacDonald nodded to the apes. The man in the wheelchair might have topped even that, had the auctioneer not hastily pointed out: "For Governor Breck!"

The other bidder subsided into sudden silence. It was quite obvious that Breck's authority forbade all competition.

"Going, going, gone! Sold to Mr. MacDonald for fifteen hundred!" The gavel fell.

In the Governor's suite of offices, high above the city, MacDonald went with all gentleness about the chore of instructing theman who was to be his secretary. He knew Breck needs as the pouring of a highball. Caesar, aware of his owner's occasional speculative glance upon him, was careful to "be useful" when he could.

"It seems he's not so bright after all," he heard the Governor decide aloud.

"No. But then brightness was never encouraged among slaves." MacDonald's answer was short, yet not strongly. The Governor sensed it, too, and smiled.

"Stop being so touchy, MacDonald. They're animals, they need a firm hand."

"You're dissatisfied with this one? You'll send him back for reconditioning?"

Breck scowled now. "That's always everyone's first thought. Recondition them! But if we were to send in every ape who makes a slight mistake, we would be overcrowded. We'll set a good example and recondition this one ourselves."

Listening, Caesar had caught the germ of a notion. He had heard of slavery—silently—as Breck departed for a Defense Council meeting with a last command to detail the new slave to Command Post. He had seen the apes arrive, and set out in accordance for the Command Post, situated across the square.

Walking a step behind his guide, Caesar gazed over the roughened faces of the crowd. He was a little like a free man, several of the cowed simians they passed noted this and stared after him with puzzled respect. Man and ape moved into the busy Command Post.

Here, at the nerve center of the city, apes served as messengers between departments and filed color-coded records in similar fashion, and the voice was punched and teletypes clacked in endless agitation. Presently, his meeting ended, Governor Breck came into the room and gestured MacDonald to arrive to a print-out arriving on one machine.

"I knew it!" the Governor snarled. "That circus owner was lying!"

The circus owner, Caesar listened more intently—for it could only be Armando. The next words, MacDonald's, were even more alarming.

"But, sir, they insist that he fell to his death naturally."

"While plunging through a window, trying to escape. He knew our lie-detecting apparatus had exposed him, despite all his denials..."

Sick with shock, Caesar had to battle for control. He knew then that Armando had died while trying to protect him. And had died using his strength was already turning from the tape, rasping orders to alert waiting assistants.

"I want every ape on our list of those reported for overt disobedience rounded up and delivered to the Reconditioning Center by 0900 tomorrow morning. Charge each of them as a dangerous threat to state security."

"Such a charge against them is nonsense!" protested MacDonald hotly.

"It will do for my purpose. They constitute the hard core of our rebellion. And I'm going to break them, once and for all."

"You won't bring more than you'll only aggravate the problem. I protest—"

"Very well, MacDonald, your protest has been noted," Breck was headed for the exit. "Nature now on, you have only one assignment. Find that talking ape."

Slipping out into the dark street soon afterward, Caesar rounded heart-broken in the midnight shadows. The loss in his heart was deeper than words. Trudging past a refuse can, he saw jutting from it a discarded handbill for his old friend's circus. Grief flared to rage. He grabbed up the bill. He ripped it, he flung it away. It lay there like an omen of doom.

He knew where the nearest ape servants' quarters lay. He headed there, grimly.

The bare stone cellar, with its windows, was crowded with cheap straw mats on which the apes slept. But all of them were watched by the Ape Squatting in a circle around the; gorilla, Aldo, grunting and muttering.

Caesar stepped silently out of shadow to confront them. "Aldo..."

"Understood!" he roared. They started at him—he, one of their own kind, who had spoken a clear human word. Their looks became transfixed. They beheld their lord. What he told them at that eerie confer-
once he spread further through the streets next day. The purpose of his message was unusual, it was one of three that were sent to the public—a mise en garde against misbehavior—and to something more, which slowly their ape minds comprehended.

Shopping lists sent out by masters now were brought first to Caesar, who could write an additional item to the bottom of each. One gallon of kerosene. And each ape working with proximity to cutlery was told to bring it. I will deliver them to the public washroom. Here, in closets meant for clean-up equipment, the kerosene and the assorted weapons were hoarded. And a few of the smarties were even to procure guns from unsuspecting owners and add to the growing weapons pile.

Two strict laws against it, more and more secret meetings were being held in the city while word of what was being made ready spread. And the added items to shopping lists continued. "Collect respirator masks, 100 rounds ammo for above, . . . None of the human shop-keepers filling such instructions could dream that patient ape slaves serving as docile messengers possibly had any secret plan connected with such orders.

The efficiently run public washroom had become an equally efficient arsenale. But trouble still lay ahead. At Security, Ape Management had received an interesting item of information. Shipments 507 ex Borneo had comprised three orangutans and one chimpanzee. But there were none in Borneo.

The Operator had difficulty getting through to Governor Breck because the incoming telephone lines were jammed with orders of Borneo demanding reconditioning of suddenly useless. After two days of this, the conditioning cages were not crowded that no more inhuman could be accepted. Shipments on en route had already been converted to Galveston, the nearest center with vacancies for raw stock.

Finally, the Operator checked matters himself. When he discovered that the mystery chimpanzee from Borneo—one actually sold to Breck himself—had been dumped into an ape washroom. He was hustled directly to Ape Management. Here, the large grunts and giberings of the overcrowded cages increased at sight of him. The inmates sensed that their leader was about to be removed, and sounded alarm.

Breck was in charge here. He ordered a cage cleared for special action. Caesar was suggested. In a confined space and spread-eagled while electrical change was affixed to his wrists and ankles. He was now wired for electrocution.

MacDonald, gaunt, with grief, had come with a level on the execution. Prone, Caesar heard him rasping: "I still don't see why he made a run for it."

"It's simple enough, MacDonald," Breck sounded curt. "The ape has intelligence. When he heard his friend Armando was dead, he assumed the man first betrayed him and shot Caesar. And Caesar could read MacDonald's silent protest in his mad face: But we don't do that—to humans!

A hand closed on the wall control switch. The wall spoke commanded: "TALK!"

"When my back was surgically reorganizing through Caesar's body, he set his lips against sound. But his eyes caught those of MacDonald in mute supplication. "PLEASE," the current was increased. Caesar's convulsions were correspondingly more painful. His gaze was pain-blinded now, but it clung to MacDonald's. The man's own face was tight with fury. His eyes seemed to telegraph a message: Hang on!

The switch jerked again. Affire with anticipate, Breck barked: "More!"

Caesar's first cry ripped from him. A long, loud animal wall from the gut. "Talk!" thundered the speakee above him. "Talk!"

Thrashing in agony, mad with pain, Caesar twisted to face MacDonald and sobbed toward him in frantic supplication: "Have pity!"

Instantly, the current smashing through his body was cut off. As he fell back, shuddering and spent, he could hear the Governor shouting in exultation.

"Well, there's your proof! It's incredible, but it had to be known."

In answer, MacDonald began wavering unsteadily toward the exit. But as he passed, the sweat-soaked Caesar thought he caught a glint of new determination in the Governor's eye, and he smiled, smiling in faint contempt at so weak a man, turned back to the cage. With the switch at OFF, Caesar still lay shackled and half-conscious.

"We've satisfied, Mr. Governor," Kolp's official voice sounded off.

"It's amazing!" Breck was actually grunting, "Make him say something else, Kolp. Ask him if—he's capable of abstract thought.

Still panting from agony, Caesar again heard the wall box thunder: "TALK!"

Caesar's torn strength was returning. His eyes hardened. Doggedly, soundlessly, he shook his head. Kolp turned from him to take further orders from the Governor.

We can always 'persuade' him, Mr. Governor.

Breck hesitated, tempted. But then: "No. He can't help what he is. But—looking at him is like seeing a deadly bacillus that you've finally bottled up. The man is inhuman—we have him wired already. We'll electrocute him."

The keeper by the wall switch was waiting. Kolp barked, "Now!"

The switch was thrown. Helpless, Caesar waited for the rending, tearing shock. But nothing happened. Astonished, he only intuitionally comprehended what must have happened. On the side of his face, MacDonald's eyes had not betrayed him. Somehow, the man had found the power control box and disengaged it so that no current flowed through.

Almost too late, Caesar realized what he must do. He arched his back until the manacles cut. He went utterly rigid. He counted five seconds and then let himself slump. From outside the cage, he heard Kolp announce officially: "This animal is dead."

They did not even trouble to lock the cage doors that departed. The rumble of their self-engendered traffic faded. They were on their ways back to work.

Presently, a mental keeper came in and disengaged the electrodes from the corpse. His face was now more somber than Caes- surged to his feet and knocked out the unsuspecting jaller with a quick swing of the electrodes. It took only an instant to recover and attack to another victim. In passing it, Caesar flipped the switch. New, real power surged through it. Dying, the jaller never even felt that awful agony.

Now arrivals did not discover the dead body in the cage for several minutes. By the time their stunned alarm was sounding, Caesar was blocks away. And the rebellion was almost over.

Hairy black fingers jabbed swiftly at buttons releasing the locked doors of cage after cage in Ape Management. Out from behind their bars surged the eager, waiting apes. A distinctly increasing wave of revolution seemed to be spreading. The Fleeting attendants were overcome and bated to pulp before they could scream warnings. The fire-throwing hose from Treasury was taken and heaved upon the humans, who still could not comprehend what had so suddenly overwhelmed them.

Caesar himself had taken over the Public Address system. His voice, which only the few in the execution area ever had heard
cracked crisply over the flames.

"Attention, Keepers and Handlers! Attention! We have fifty thousand dollars worth of apes here in jeopardy! Get them out of the building at once—alive!"

Unsuspecting attendants raced to obey. Cages still looked were flung open. And from them roared the maddened hoard of simians gone berserk in their lust for vengeance.

Failing from the buildings, they were a grotesque and terrifying army in the dark. A Commander somewhere yelled in horror: "God help us! They're organized!"

It occurred to someone else, half-dazed with panic, that the city must be alerted. The night was already echoing to sickening howls for ape retribution—and human blood.

At the Command Post, a grim Breck was telephoning orders to all quarters. "Assemble as large a force as possible and follow them! Order full mobilization! Shoot to kill!"

In the city streets, the eerie silence which preceeded a storm had fallen. Its population cowered and awaited something which never before had occurred in their Earth's history—pitched battle between members of the Animal Kingdom and the Human Race.

As Police and Fireman hurried to their appointed posts, growing sounds began to rend the darkness. They were the howls of the advancing horde of apes. And marching before them came Caesar, ever wary, ever alert, as he moved them forward.

A human barricade awaited them. But the cherished kerosene was ignited and flung at the line, forcing it back. Even household slaves were alerted by the flames and poured out to join the riot. A tidal wave, they swept over and crushed all opposition.

The windows of bookshops were shattered and the contents of Man's superior intellect dragged forth to heap into soon-blasting bonfires—Bibles, Classics, Science works, all the teaching tools of a hated enemy. Gunsmith shops were forced open and their stock swiftly distributed. Razors were commandeered wholesale from the barber shops.

"Apes have broken through the outer cordon!" crackled the radio. "Advance units are in the plaza. For God's sake, they are armed!"

Caesar had deployed his forces to surround the gamely battling but still bewildered defenders. Now, he himself veered toward the Command Post. He knew where the wire network of its communications system lay, and wrenched its heart from its mechanical casing. Lights went out. Public Address speakers clipping defense orders silenced.

On into the Governor's suite the detachment led by their lord surged relentlessly. Only Caesar's personal intervention halted the brutal murder of MacDonald. But his companion, the Governor, was not so fortunate. Dragged screaming from the office, he was hurried to the plaza below and strung up by his heels to a streetlamp and flayed.

Staring up to a watching figure in the windows overhead, Breck gasped in horror.

"Caesar! But I saw you die!"

"Tell me, Breck, before you die. How do we apes differ from the dogs and cats your kind used to love? Why did you turn us from pets to slaves?"

"Tried heaven, Breck, before you die. How do we apes differ from the dogs and cats your kind used to love? Why did you turn us from pets to slaves?"

Brek knew he was doomed. The nearby onlookers were howling for his blood.

"Because your kind were once our ancestors," he replied despondingly. "Because Man was born of Apes, and there's still an ape curled up inside of every man. You are the beast in us that we have to whip into submission. You taint us. When we hate you, we are hating—the dark side of ourselves."

"Whips, tearing, cut him off."

Still staring down, implacable, Caesar became aware of someone at his elbow.

"Caesar, this isn't how it was to be," MacDonald said in sick disgust.

"Is that by your view—or mine?" Caesar's reply rang cold.

"Violence prolongs hate, and hate prolongs violence. Why are you spilling blood? I, too, am a descendant of slaves and savages. I ask you to show humanity."

"I was not born human. I am the child of evolved apes—who shall rule the Earth. What we have here done today, every ape on the five continents will be imitating tomorrow. From this day forward, my people will not cringe and crouch. The inevitable day is coming. Your cities will lie in rubble. We shall build our own cities, found our own armies, our own religions, our own dynasties. And that day, Mr. MacDonald—"

Perhaps, true enough, it has not yet arrived. Perhaps the resisting human troops in the city would—this time—turn back the attack. Perhaps the apes would wear their chains again—for a brief, uncertain while. Perhaps.

But as the flames in the city mounted, both those waiting at the window had cause to wonder for how long. Or whether man might yet be capable of learning. Might temper his majesty with pity and sympathy and kindness.

They must wait for that answer. This blazing night could not supply it.

THE CREDITS
A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX production—Produced by ARTHUR P. JACOBS—Directed by J. LEE THOMPSON—Written for the screen by PAUL DEMING—Adapted for Screen Stories by JEAN WEBB.