WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES

ALL-NEW SIMIAN SHOCKER:
KINGDOM OF THE APES!
BEGINNING THIS ISSUE!
STAN LEE presents

PLANET OF THE APES

Part One:
KINGDOM ON AN ISLAND OF THE APES!
by Doug Moench & Rico Rival
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"ON LOCATION: CONQUEST!"
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by Doug Moench & Alfredo Alcala
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By the way, how do you pronounce Doug Moonch? Your fellow Fooser.
Eric Sandberg
8250 Dulles Place
Pittsburgh, PA 15217

Next to guesses in response to the letters page content in APES #5, the most-related question that we receive has got to be how to pronounce Devil-May-Care Doug’s name. We’re bored of inventing funny come-
tacks, Eric, so how about if we just break down and tell you the truth?
Moonch rhymes with “trench.”

Dear Moonch,

Just finished PLANET OF THE APES #5. Excellent. This gag gets better with each issue. I hope this trend keeps up.

This was the first issue that I have really enjoyed everything in the magazine including the test articles. The high point was Chapter 5 of “TERIAD.” “Malagueno Beyond a Zone Forbidden” has to be the best installment yet in the adventures of Jason and Alexander. This episode has some of the best artwork I have seen for Marvel. It is absolutely beautiful. One question—was the artwork reproduced from Moonch’s pencils? Page 8, page 9, plate 4 & page 10, plate 3 are the only places washes are used. So most of it must have been taken from the original pencils. Am I right?
-Kurtis to Chris Claremont. I enjoyed his interview with Mark Leonard.

I am looking forward to Albee’s version of Apeland next issue.

Rick Rayhall
399 E. Mercury Blvd
Hampton, VA 23669

Mike Pangoc’s artwork was indeed reproduced from his original pencils, Rick—with amazing results, we think. And (from your bagged-up assessment of “Malagueno,” we presume) you are right. Mike’s redrawn artwork will give you the opportunity to study Mike’s art exactly as penciled, though even yet with a degree of detail missing, since it’s just plain impossible for us to print his beautiful work all with the saddle binding and cover. The redrawing does not affect the pencils in the best way, though, and we’d ap-
preciate if any of the artists involved would let us know how they like this departure. Fair enough?

Dear Sirs:

Regarding Mark Evanier’s letter in PLANET OF THE APES #6, you, Mr. Evanier murdered Christopher Claremont’s Albee at the airport. You wanted that assignment, you felt you deserved it, since you lived closer. You met Mr. Claremont at the airport, knocked him out, drove his car down the freeway until you reached the spot near the Texaco gas station then hauled out and cut the car over the roof of the gas station, where it exploded. As you landed, you won race over by a truck dying DC comic but—and before you died—you were bitten by a vampire, which enabled you to write that letter. I know where you are keeping your cows, Mr. Evanier. You are keeping it inside the editorial of-
fices of PLANET OF THE APES magazine. I am coming for you, soonest.

People—some gentlemen in white coats just took Harper Raymond, Detective and Brimstone Addict, away. Thus I must close his letter for him.

Bob Bradley
1591 Paseo St.
Liberty Center, OH 43032

Sheesh, Bob, your friend Harper Raymond missed one important clue—Evanier’s letter was posted from California, and the editorial office of APES is on the east coast! Guess that blows the case, huh? Oh well, we don’t want to give you the wrong impression with this statement, Bob, but Chris Claremont is most emphatically NOT dead.

Really he’s not?

And if you don’t believe us, you can always ask his good pal and confidante, Devil-May-Care Doug Moonch. The reason you’ve never heard a bit more about this reference plot, but the person did it is—er—we can say no more.

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Sincerely yours,

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EDITORIAL

ADRIFT ON THE
PLANET OF THE APES

Hi. I'm Archie Goodwin. As you may have read here last issue, I'm inheriting editorship of PLANET OF THE APES from Don McGregor who has given up the daily office grind for the freelance writing grind. And while you'll no longer be able to follow his running feud with Marie Severin (Art Director of CRAZY and Associate Art Director of Mighty Marvel's entire line of comics and magazines; the Dauntless One doesn't take on lightweights) in this space each month, his tempestuous talent will be on full display in such color comics as BLACK PANTHER, KILLRAVEN, and LUKE CAGE, POWERMAN. We'll also be trying to squeeze an occasional article out of him for this book and/or our DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG-FU title.

So. Don's well taken care of. Where does that leave PLANET OF THE APES? In my hands, obviously, and—hopefully—well taken care of also. Those of you who are long time Marvelites may remember me from my scripting days. At various other phases of a somewhat checkered career, I've edited black-and-white comics for Warren Publications and color comics for National Periodicals. Just how much good all this experience is on a project as unique as APES remains to be seen. But, as a wise old Simian sage is rumored to have remarked, it can't hurt.

Meantime, there's a lot to make things easy for me during the rough haul of my first few issues. Don and Associate Editor Dave Kraft have a number of interesting new article projects in the works. Doug Moench and Mike Ploog will be continuing their "Terror on the Planet of the Apes" saga. And, of course, we're going to keep our awesome adaptations of the movies coming at you each and every issue. As time goes along and I become more familiar with the magazine and all of you who make up its audience, I'll probably try some new features and different directions with the material. This won't be done out of any vast dissatisfaction with what's currently appearing (judging from mail reaction, most of you are pleased with the way things are going so far), but because we owe it to you to try to keep the magazine fresh. One of the things that has contributed to Marvel's success is that their comics don't stand still; the characters, and the approaches to them, are continually evolving. We'll be working to see that this is true of PLANET OF THE APES. And we'll be depending on you to keep on letting us know when we're going right and when we're going wrong.

I expect I'll be hearing from you on this issue. Having talked about gradually evolving, I seemed to be starting off with a full-scale change. Namely, a new lead feature. Things aren't quite the way they seem. Fans of Jason and Alexander and all the other myriad citizens who populate "Terror on the Planet of the Apes" can ease their grip on all those brickbats posed for flinging. "Terror" will return in issue eleven. This gives Mike Ploog—whose last two contributions in the series have surely set some new standards of excellence in comic book graphics—a much needed breather and a head-start on the next episode, in which he and writer Doug Moench chronicle the return of the Lawgiver to Ape City and the showdown with Bruttus that results.

"Kingdom on an Island of the Apes" was originally conceived for what was to have been a PLANET OF THE APES ANNUAL. Doug wrote it as a novel-length, 55 page epic, to be run complete in one issue. As often happens in the publishing business, things changed. Instead of one ANNUAL, it was decided that the popularity of the magazine justified making it monthly instead. Completed art by Rico Rival began coming in on "Kingdom" just as the full effect of a monthly schedule began hitting Mike Ploog. Rather than let the quality fall on "Terror," we elected to substitute with "Kingdom." We didn't think it'd be fair to interrupt the flow of the movie adaptation, so we broke the Moench/Rival story into two parts. Since it wasn't conceived to be handled this way, I think it's hurt somewhat, but I also think the piece is strong enough to surmount this handicap we laid on it. I'll be very interested in hearing your judgments once you've got both parts under your belt.

"Kingdom," like "Evolution's Nightmare" in issue #5, is probably a portent of things to come. To maintain the quality on our series, and to maintain the monthly schedule too, we'll no doubt be using more one and two issue "specials." Some are in the works, and I think you'll be fascinated and surprised with what we've come up with. I think you'll be pleased as well.

In the future, I'll try to use this space to fill you in on any interesting background to the various strips and articles we run, and to put the spotlight on some of the other individuals involved in producing PLANET OF THE APES.

Until then, enjoy. We'll see you next issue.

Archie Goodwin
Editor
PRESENTING: ALL-NEW ACTION-CRAMMED MIGHTY MARVEL MAGIC--A TWO-PART SUPER-SAGA OF FANTASTIC ADVENTURE FREELY BASED ON THE CONCEPTS FOUND IN 20TH CENTURY FOX AND PIERRE BOULLE'S THRILLING PLANET OF THE APES!!

KINGDOM ON AN ISLAND OF THE APES

Story: DOUG MOENCH  Art: RICO RIVAL
I knew she'd never believe it -- no one would -- and yet I couldn't wait to tell her... Great! At seven, then. I'll be expecting you, Mishi.

What's wrong, Michelle? You sound... depressed...

Oh, the outdoor café instead? Yeah, I guess you're right...

Right then, I should have realized that I'd blown the bubble so big it'd have to burst...

...but Michelle's constant complaint was accurate. I was a dreamer, always looking through rose-colored glasses to get a bead on my personal delusions of fantasy, and it always hurt when someone -- usually Michelle -- removed those flattering lenses and forced me to take a good hard look at gritty reality...

There really isn't much to recommend my apartment...

Yes -- I'll be at the café by seven. Bye, Mishi.

Chapter 1

the TRIP
I cradled the phone frowning...

...but then shrugged...

...and by the time I'd showered and shaved, I'd found my rose-colored glasses again.

Herbert George, if you could only see me now...

The whistling started somewhere between the time I snapped off the lights...

...and hailed the cab.

Nice thing about whistling...it fills the gaps until you get to speak...

Michelle...
I was aware that Michelle wouldn't believe me, but those rose-colored specs deluded me into thinking I could convince her to come along with me...

I've got something to tell you, mish--something so fantastic you'll never--

Not yet, Derek...

I've something to tell you first.

Oh...? What is it?

You haven't a clue, have you? I should've known...

...That you'll never buckle down, Derek--never come to terms with yourself or reality--you just can't cope with responsibilities...with today's pace...with normal jobs...

You can't even cope with the nickel-and-dime rent you pay.

You're on cloud nine, Derek. You wouldn't even care if they evicted you from that rat-hole you call an apartment. You'd always have that cloud beyond the sky to rest your dreaming head on...

That bothers you...

You know it does, Derek--we've discussed it a hundred times. I need a man I can respect--a man with a future...someone who'll be able to take care of me...

I need someone I can be sure of, Derek. I need security...

In other words, you're trying to say that you don't need...

...me.
YES, DEREK... THAT IS WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY...

I SEE.

OH, DEREK, I'M SORRY... I REALLY AM, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO REALIZE THAT IT JUST WOULDN'T WORK. WE'RE TOO DIFFERENT, YOU AND I. WE LIVE IN SEPARATE WORLDS...

YOU DO UNDERSTAND DON'T YOU...?

Yeah, sure.

GUESS I'D BETTER BE GOING NOW...

YOU WANTED TO TELL ME SOMETHING, DEREK...?

DOESN'T MATTER MUCH NOW. DOES IT?

JUST WANTED TO MENTION THAT I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH A BIGSHOT AT NASA TOMORROW... TO TELL HIM ABOUT MY...

TIME MACHINE.

YOUR WHAT-?

IS SOMETHING WRONG, MADAM?

WRONG...? NO... NOTHING'S WRONG...

I'VE JUST SAID GOODBYE TO EVERYTHING THAT WAS... WRONG.
Liquor and I have never been compatible. I can’t stand the taste and the boozing seems to know it... 

TAKING VENGEANCE IN THE KNOWLEDGE...

...AND FUMBLED THE LIGHTS ON, LOVING HER.

WE’LL SHOW HER, PAL—WELL SHOW ‘EM ALL—

O’HERBERT GEORGE I’LL BE PROUD OF US, WHO CARES ABOUT TODAY’S PACE—Z WHO CARES ABOUT TODAY—Z

WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN THEN? JUST WHEN I WAS SO CLOSE TO EXONERATING MYSELF— TO PROVING THAT EVEN WILD-EYED DREAMERS CAN OCCASIONALLY STUMBLE OVER SUCCESS...

NOT ME, PAL—NOT WITH YOU AROUND...

NO, SIR... NOT WITH YOU TO TAKE ME AWAY...

I DIDN’T EVEN TURN OUT THE LIGHT...

NOTHING COULD HAVE DISTURBED A SLEEP THAT DEEP.
Nothing, that is, except the dreams...

Michelle...

GOT TO COME WITH ME, MICHELLE...

 Dreams of the past, of the beginning—
when Michelle was fresh and beautiful,
hersmile striking a thousand sparks of
wonder...

...when the touch of her
hand and the breeze
ruffling our hair was
something felt at the
back of my scalp, a
tingling shimmer of
magic filling the air
and our lungs...

...when love was
more than
a dirty
word... and
shared...
when mornings
were bright
and spangled
with crisp
dew and time
was unknown
in its
remote
dungeon far
beyond the
land of
glistening
taste and
texture...

...when a silver-
spiderweb
was the
doorway to
a heaven-
spanning
rainbow...

...and the
rainbow was
a roadway to
even better
places and
times...

...when even the most sugar-
flossed of visions was never
called corny or sickeningly
sweet...

...and when
dreams
were
sacred...

...and never shattered.

what—?

just
DREAMS...

...stupid...
...demonic...
DREAMS...
I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAS WORSE: SEEING THE MORNING THROUGH NAKED EYES...

...OR NURSING A HANGOVER THROUGH THE BUMPY FLIGHT TO HOUSTON...

AND TO GILD THE LILY, THE STORMS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE THAN A SEVERE CASE OF AIRSICKNESS. THEY MADE ME LATE FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT IN MY LIFE...

ACCORDING TO MY SECRETARY'S DATEBOOK, MR. ZANE, OUR MEETING WAS SCHEDULED FOR THREE O'CLOCK...

Uh...yes, Mr. Kriestina, my flight was delayed by the--

Now then--you said your business concerned the missing astronauts, Taylor, Dodge, Landon and Stewart...

Yes, sir. I believe I know how to find them...

Oh do you know? That's very interesting, Mr. Zane, and just how do you propose to find them?

Well, if you'll take a look at these notes and sketches--

I'll explain the basic theory behind my time machine.
TIME... MACHINE...?

YES, MR. KRIGSTEIN -- AND IT REPRESENTS THE MOST DRASTIC SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE OF THIS OR ANY OTHER CENTURY -- WHICH, OF COURSE, IS WHY I'VE BROUGHT MY FINDINGS TO YOU.

NATURALLY I REALIZE THAT YOUR FIELD HERE AT NASA IS SPACE TRAVEL--BUT I'M SURE YOU REALIZE THAT A COMPARABLE BUREAU PERTAINING TO TIME TRAVEL DOESN'T EVEN EXIST YET--!

... SO WHEN I FIRST LEARNED OF DR. OTTO HASSLEIN'S REMARKABLE THEORIES CONCERNING TIME, DIMENSIONAL MATRICES, AND INFINITE REGRESSION--

--I DECIDED TO COMBINE MY TWO NATURAL SKILLS IN AN ATTEMPT TO CREATE A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF DR. HASSLEIN'S THEORY-- TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF INFINITY AND ALL THAT--

BUT IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT THERE MIGHT BE A MORE IMMEDIATE USE FOR SUCH AN APPLICATION. YOU SEE, IT'S MY THEORY-- BASED, OF COURSE, ON HASSLEIN'S THEORY OF TIME CURVES OR WARPES-- THAT THE MISSING ASTRONAUTS ARE NOT LOST IN SPACE AT ALL... BUT RATHER, LOST SOMEWHERE IN TIME-- IN THE FUTURE.

NOW-- ASSUMING MY POSTULATION IS CORRECT, AND USING THE VELOCITY AND TRAJECTORY OF THE MISSING ASTRONAUTS' SPACECRAFT AS THE KEY FUNCTIONS OF ALL EQUATIONS...

... I CALCULATE THAT THEY ARE LOST SOMEWHERE IN THE VICINITY OF THE YEAR 3975 A.D.
SO THAT'S WHAT YOU CALCULATE. IS IT? TELL ME, MR. ZANE, HAVE YOU EVER SUCCESSFULLY USED THIS TIME MACHINE OF YOURS--ACTUALLY TRAVELED THROUGH TIME, I MEAN?

WELL... NO, NOT ACTUALLY--NOT PERSONALLY...

BUT I KNOW IT'LL WORK.

OH? HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE I SAW THE PROTOTYPE DISAPPEAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES--IT'S PROBABLY STILL SPEEDING UP THE LINE OF TIME RIGHT NOW...

LOOK, MR. KRISTEN, I KNOW THIS IS ALL--

ALL VERY INTERESTING, MR. ZANE, BUT I SEE I'M LATE FOR MY NEXT APPOINTMENT, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME EITHER--I EXPECTED SKEPTICISM--BUT YOU CAN'T JUST DISMISS ME WITHOUT EVEN--

THIS IS MY OFFICE, MR. ZANE, INSIDE ITS FOUR WALLS, I MAY DO WHATEVER I LIKE.

THE DOOR IS OVER THERE, WILL YOU PLEASE CLOSE IT FROM THE OTHER SIDE--OR MUST I PLACE A CALL TO SECURITY PERSONNEL?

DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF, MR. KRISTEN. THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE A STRONG ENOUGH STRAITJACKET AT THEIR DISPOSAL...

... SO I'LL JUST MAKE MATTERS EASIER BY LEAVING QUIETLY...

... BEFORE THE STUFFINESS HERE SUFFOCATES ME.

AND THAT WAS THE SECOND TIME I SHOULD'VE KNOWN, AND IT WAS RIGHT THEN I VOWED THERE'D NEVER BE A THIRD. I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I HAD TO DO--AND IT STARTED WITH RETRIEVING MY NOTES...
...AND LEAVING HOUSTON JUST AS FAST AS THE NEXT FLIGHT COULD TAKE ME...

GOOD THING I'D BORROWED ENOUGH MONEY FOR A ROUND-TRIP. MAYBE I'D PAY ROBINSON BACK SOME DAY...

THEN AGAIN...

THERE WASN'T ANYTHING LEFT FOR ME IN THAT MOMENT OF TIME. MICHELLE AND NASA HAD BOTH REJECTED ME AND MY WILD-EYED DREAMING. AN ODD-COUPLE, THOSE TWO... BUT THEY WERE ALL THAT MATTERED TO ME...

SO WHY HANG AROUND WHEN THEY'D MADE THEIR DISINTEREST ABUNDANTLY CLEAR - ?

I'D ALREADY EQUIPPED THE TIME-MACHINE WITH A TOOL-KIT. SO I JAMMED THE BACK-PACK WITH AS MANY OTHER USEFUL ITEMS AS I COULD IMAGINE... AND WHICH WOULD FIT...
THEN I SAID MY FAREWELLS TO A HARSH AND UNCOMPROMISING TODAY...

...AND CLIMBED INTO THE COCKPIT OF AN UNKNOWN TOMORROW.

THE CHRONOMETER DESTINATION WAS ALREADY SET FOR RESCUING THE ASTRONAUTS...

...AND ALMOST WENT BANANAS AS MY HEAD WAS STUFFED WITH THE BUZZING OF A THOUSAND SILENT HUMS.

IT WAS SIMPLE, THEN. I TOOK A DEEP BREATH... HIT THE CONTROLS...

THE ROOM OUTSIDE THE MODULE SHIMMERED AND DISSOLVED INTO WISPING SWIRLS OF GOD KNOWS WHAT -- MAYBE COMPONENT ATOMS STREAKING THROUGH THEIR LIFE-AND-DEATH CYCLES AT A SPEED TRANSCENDING THAT OF LIGHT...

WHATEVER THE EXPLANATION WAS, I WAS CERTAIN OF ONE IRREVOCABLE FACT...
THE TRIP HAD BEGUN WITH ONE HELT OF A BANG--AND THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK--!!

SWARMS OF BULLFROGS BELLOWED THROUGH SWARMs OF AMPLIFIED BULLHORNs AND MY EARS WENT WEIRD.

CLUSTERS OF RETINA-ITCHING LIGHT BURST CRAZY AND BLINDING BETWEEN THE STROBING DARKNESS, BOUNCING OFF TEN TIMES AS MANY CLUSTERS OF MIRRORS AND MY EYES WENT WEIRD.

THE STUFF SHRIVELING MY NOstrils MIGHT'VE BEEN BARBECUING OZONE BUT I DOUBTED IT AND TRIED TO BREATHE THROUGH MY MOUTH--BUT MY NOSE STILL WENT WEIRD.

A MILLION COBBWEBS CRAWLED THROUGH MY HAIR AND SPIDERS SUNKED ACROSS THE RESULTANT GOOSEFLESH UNTIL MY SPINE WENT SHUDDERINGLY WEIRD.

RIMEFROSTED SALT CLOGGED MY THROAT UNTIL THE BILE ROSE TO GREET IT AND MY TONGUE DEFINITELY WENT WEIRD WITH THE TANG BURNING ALL THE WAY.
IT STOPPED ABRUPTLY—EVERYTHING, A NORMAL SKY FORMED OUTSIDE THE MODULE...

THE TRIP WAS OVER...

-- AND ENDED WITH AN EVEN BIGGER BANG!!

CHAPTER 2

ARRIVAL

SHRAST

Continued on page 23
ENJOY THE SELF CONFIDENCE OF BEING ABLE TO DEFEND YOURSELF

For the millions of people interested in Kung Fu, Karate or Self Defense... here is the answer! John Natividad’s eight deadly courses of International Self Defense can be learned in your own home in only 30 minutes a day.

The very first hour after you receive the 8 courses you will be on your way to develop powerful self DEFENSE KNOW HOW that will help you in any tough situation.

It doesn’t matter how small or large you are; whether you are weak or strong; young or old... this fantastic method of self defense could SAVE YOUR LIFE or a loved one.

**COURSE #1**
This quick training course includes warm up, loosening and strengthening exercises such as sit ups, leg raises, push ups and basic exercises with which most of us are already familiar. Because of the kicking techniques used in Karate this course emphasizes stretching. Illustrated with 29 comprehensive photographs.

**COURSE #2**
This course covers two basic techniques:
1. To neutralize clothing and body grabbers and render them helpless.
2. To disable or knock out an attacker WITH A KNIFE. Illustrated with 40 comprehensive photographs.

**COURSE #3**
This course teaches you how to use your legs to impact devastating blows. The proper training of your natural ability to kick will give you two more TOUCH SHOTS at your disposal. Illustrated with 44 comprehensive photographs.

**COURSE #4**
Sweeps and Throws are easily learned by the average person. With this technique a child could throw an adult. This technique uses the attacker’s own body weight to knock him out. Sweeps and Throws combined with effective kicks will MAKE YOU A SUPER FIGHTER. Illustrated with 20 comprehensive photographs.

**COURSE #5**
This course will teach you how to use your hands, elbows and fists most efficiently. This course also teaches proper focus and movement to hit hard in VITAL AREAS of your attacker. Illustrated with 26 comprehensive photographs.

**COURSE #6**
This course is the foundation of blocking and countering. This course teaches you to block any attack on your person and counter with a HARD STRIKE on your attacker. Illustrated with 21 comprehensive photographs.

**COURSE #7**
This course teaches you how to focus and PROPERLY BLOCK any kicking attack coming toward you. Illustrated with 24 comprehensive photographs.

**COURSE #8**
This course puts it all together. The seven courses you have already learned in combination with this course will make you a POWERFUL SELF DEFENSE FIGHTER. Illustrated with 29 comprehensive photographs.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Please send me John Natividad’s exciting program of destructive self defense in 8 easy to learn courses, at $9.95 (Calif. Res. Add 6% Sales Tax). Add $1.00 Shipping & Handling Costs

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HE'S GOT HIS SIGHTS AIMED AT YOU!
AND...

THE PUNISHER NEVER MISSES!

Marvel’s Crime Executioner – unleashed at last!
In the SECOND mind-shattering issue of

MARVEL PREVIEW

On sale: April 29
I was strapped in. It was parked.

...And still I felt more dead than alive...

But stubborn energy gradually seeped back into my jarred bones, and I crawled from the screeching halt which was now no more than a shattered wreck...

...Curse myself for a colossally brilliant idiot every excruciating inch of the way...

I'd begin the trip in my fifth floor apartment, and never once considered the possibility that the apartment building might not even exist at the end of the trip.

After all, a journey into 3975 is just a tad longer than a two-year lease.

So my not-too-beloved building was gone. In fact, the whole stinking urban slut of a city was gone. Where to, I wondered...

Better than muggings and pollution, I guess...

True, especially if you were fond of rock and shrub and rolling plain...

...because that seemed to be it. I could like these new surroundings, or loathe them, but there was no escaping them...

At least not in the scrap-head of mangled metal sprawled at my feet.

I was here to stay... and suddenly aware that "here" was hotter than hell in a heat-wave...

Might as well start adapting...
WHAT WOULD I DO ONCE MY LEGS COULD BREATHE? USE THEM TO EXPLORE?...

A SOBERING PROSPECT. "MY, MY, ISN'T IT A "SMALL WORLD" TO THE CONTRARY, EARTH IS A MIGHTY BIG PLANET..."

SO WHILE I DIDN'T QUITE RELISH THE THOUGHT OF TREKKING BLINDLY AROUND THE GLOBE UNTIL I STUMBLED INTO THE FORTIETH CENTURY VERSION OF CIVILIZATION, SEARCHING FOR FOUR ASTRONAUTS WHO MIGHT BE DEAD OR LOST OUT IN THE COSMOS...

...WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I PICKED A DIRECTION FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, AND HOPE IT WOULD LEAD ME ONLY TO UTOPIAN-BRED AND BENEFICIALLY DISPOSITIONED INHABITANTS OF THIS UNKNOWN FUTURE...

...BUT I WASN'T DEPENDING ON IT.
I hiked all day, seeing nobody and nothing...

...and even less after thick nightfall.

So I slept...

...and dreamed realities of Michelle trapped in the same fantasy I was...

At dawn, I learned that alarm clocks are pitifully poor substitutes for eyelid-baking sunlight.

So I awoke...

...and stared full in the face of my biggest shock in two centuries.

Who the devil--?!
They weren't exactly sterling representatives from what I'd call an advance civilization... But at least they were company...

Uh, sorry I shouted like that... But you startled me...

I'm Derek Iane. Who are you--?

Great company who didn't speak English... or apparently any language...

I wondered if mankind had evolve to a state of telepathy...

Hey... where're you going--?

I won't bite--?

But quickly decided that mankind had devolved--into a state of tribal primitivism...

Like... animals...

Was the entire planet now comprised of root-grubbing timid savages--? And if the missing astronauts were marooned here, had they gone mad--?

Was this paradise or purgatory? Heaven or--

BLAM
WHAT IN THE...?

AN APE...FULLY CLOTHED IN THE SWELTERING HEAT...!!!

Monkeys didn't do that where I'd come from...

THEN THERE WERE MORE OF THEM --
GORILLAS EXPLODING FROM THE THICKET ON HORSEBACK --!!

Bearing rifles --!!

YOU MISSED HIM, GORDON --!!

IT'S THAT ONE -- THERE --!!

THAT APE JUST...

...SPOKE.

I CONSIDERED SUNSTROKE...
HALLUCINATIONS...

BUT THEN A BULLET ALMOST CHEWED OFF MY EARLOBE.

BLAM

...AND MY ONLY CONSIDERATION RAPIDLY SHIFTED TO INSTINCTIVE SURVIVAL...!!
I scrambled into the brush just as frantically as the best of my bestial brother humans. After all, a single pistol isn't much of a match for a half-dozen rifles...

Stop him—
He's escaping...!!

Besides, who was going to blame me—?
Equestrian gorillas dressed in the latest leather fashions who evince pride in their prowess with a carbine...?

We may as well face it.
Gordon—we've lost him. A shame we didn't bring some beaters... and the nets.

Don't you think I realize that, fool...?!

Silence, whelp—before your insolence forces me to act rashly...!!

You've lost him, General Gordon?

You'll never impress Xirinius that way.

Now... are you certain you heard this strange human speak...?

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Exactly what did he say, then?
AS I TOLD XIRINUS, SIR, I COWLDN'T HEAR ALL OF IT—JUST CERTAIN WORDS...

WHAT WORDS?

MUGGINGS? WHAT KIND OF A WORD IS THAT?

WHAT OTHER WORDS DID YOU HEAR HIM SPEAK, WHELP?

I THINK ONE OF THEM WAS... MUGGINGS... SIR.

JUST ONE OTHER, GENERAL GORDON... THE WORD'S ART!

NOT MUCH TO GO ON... AND CERTAINLY NOT CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT A HUMAN ACTUALLY SPOKE.

NO... BUT THERE ARE STILL THOSE TWO STRANGE PARCELS HE LEFT BENEATH THAT TREE...

THE KNAPSACK AND TOOLBOX—MY ONLY REMAINING LINKS WITH SANITY—! I'VE ALMOST FORGOTTEN THEM...

GO AND FETCH THEM, WHELP.

WE MAY AS WELL TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CITY FOR EXAMINATION...

PERHAPS XIRINUS WILL KNOW SOMETHING OF THEM—AS WELL AS THAT LARGE THING... WHICH FELL FROM THE SKY.
The items in those two "strange parcels" were precious to me...

And if some babbling baboon named Xerinaus wanted them--

...he'd have to fight for them.

My senses are a trifle too 20th century-deadened for me to be much of an expert tracker...

...but it's not difficult to follow a trail less than five minutes old...

...especially if you're aware of the direction in which your bizarre game has headed...

So I followed them, always careful to remain just out of sight...

...and still half-suspecting that my brains had been scrambled by this definitely weird short-cut through time.

After all...

...apes dressed in leather--?
WE PLAYED CAUTIOUS CAT AND UNSUSPECTING MICE FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR FOUR, ALWAYS PROCEEDING IN WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WESTERLY DIRECTION...

...AND THEN THE BROAD RISE REARED ITS GENTLY GRADIENT HEAD. THE FRESH TRACKS LED UP ONE SIDE--

--AND WHEN I LOOKED DOWN OVER THE OTHER...

WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT SHOCK'S SEEM TO COME IN THREES.

OH MY GOD!

IT LOOKED LIKE ADobe-- SUN-BAKED MUD WHICH HAD SOMEHOW BEEN COAXED TO COZE IN A BIZARRE FLOWING PATTERN OF IMPERFECT DOMES AND CAUSEWAYS. IN CERTAIN WAYS, THE ENTIRE COMPLEX SEEMED HAPHAZARD--A STRANGE CONSEQUENCE OF NATURE'S CAPRICE...

BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBT IT HAD BEEN PLANNED AND DESIGNED. IT WAS A DELIBERATE COMMUNITY, SCULPTED FROM NATURE'S MOST BASIC AND ELEMENTAL MATERIALS, AND THERE WAS NO DENYING IT: ITS CONFIGURATION CONFORMED PRECISELY TO WHAT ONE WOULD IMAGINE APES MIGHT BUILD... HAD THEY SUFFICIENT INTELLIGENCE.

AND THE APES IN THIS FUTURE EARTH... OBVIOUSLY DID!

BUT GREATER SHOCKS AWAIT DEREK ZANE-- AND YOU-- IN NEXT ISSUE'S CONCLUSION TO...

"KINGDOM OF THE APES!"
ON LOCATION: CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES
The bleak austerity of Century City Plaza, a massive complex of stores and offices built over what were once the backlots of 20th-Century Studios, conveyed an appropriately alien atmosphere in the chill of the mid-February night as we approached the main shopping mall in its center. Well past normal business hours, our footsteps on the granite pavement echoed from the darkened, vacant monoliths surrounding us.

The first signs of life to greet our eyes were at once as other-worldly as a lunar landscape and as commonplace as a Sunday afternoon at the ballpark: a poker game being played in an off-moment by workers in overalls, some human, some apes!

Thick lines of black greasepaint surrounded the eyes and mouths of the more human players—they were extras who had temporarily doffed their full-head ape masks to join in the game with featured players in full foam-rubber appliances, during a break in the filming of 20th-Century’s CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. At the head of the players’ circle sat Roddy McDowall, who quipped, “Pictures will be fifty cents apiece, if you please!” As we began clicking our camera shutters, we replied, “How much is that in bananas?”

Already the illusion of unreality was stealing over us.

***

Fittingly enough, the impersonal, neo-futuristic structure that is Century City was being cast by the studio as

Exclusive behind-the-scenes report, with words and photographs by
Al Satian and Heather Johnson

[with field assistance by Don & Linda Glut, Bill Warren, and Donald Hanvey]
The 1990 city-state, self-contained habitat of a future generation and their subservient apes, for this fourth entry in the series. The film's earlier sequences—recounting the 1982 virus which killed off the lower animals and led to the gradual evolution and enslavement of the apes, and introducing Caesar, ape-child of the future who incites the apes to rebellion—had been filmed several weeks earlier in and around Century City and the University of California at Irvine. Now, after a couple of weeks of intensive interior shooting at the studios, the cast and crew had returned to Century City and the revolution was in full swing.

The tableau of a motion picture being filmed, whether on location or in the studio, is sufficiently strange in itself. Contrary to the fast pacing and split-second timing that appears in the finished product on the screen, the actual shooting proceeds at a snail's pace, each scene being the result of slow, careful deliberation on the part of the film makers. As we entered the spacious square surrounded by the various buildings of the structure, cameras were being rolled into position, lights set into place and properly shaded, and stand-ins providing the focal points for the upcoming scene. Scattered about were the paraphernalia of mock-warfare—shopping carts filled with arsenals of wooden weapons of every description, battered mannikins in police and civilian clothing, "victims" of the rebel apes, and gas-fueled pipelines to provide the artificial walls of flame that would shortly cover the city background.

In the midst of all this activity, featured players, unoccupied crew members, and extras alike roamed the set freely, relaxing and chatting among themselves or with visitors to the set, posing for pictures, signing autographs, and answering questions about the film. The several hundred extras in full-head masks of three varieties of apes—chimpanzees, gorillas, and orangutan—lent the only color to the forbidding background of the location with their green, red, and yellow coveralls.

For the cast and crew of the film, waiting is what making a movie is all about. In any one night of filming, perhaps only two or three brief scenes will be completed to satisfaction and put "in the can," and the many hours
of off-camera time between these segments provides ample opportunity for chatting with many of the people involved in the production, and taking photographs for magazines. In addition, the theme of this production afforded the basis for no end of practical jokes and clowning around between takes. As our photographs testify, we were witness to more apish shenanigans than might occur in a score of after-hours parties!

The extras, in particular, seemed to be having a field day with this assignment, since playing apes made them virtually indistinguishable from the stars whose roles they were supporting. One extra in chimpanzee make-up apparently didn't realize that being an ape of any kind accorded him "instant celebrity" status with the fans—"Oh, honey, I'm nobody," he assured a young lady asking for his autograph, "here, let me see if I can find somebody for you!" With that, he disappeared into the crowd leaving a rather disappointed girl wondering...
how a real-live APE could be "nobody!" A more perceptive gorilla-extra nearby was only too happy to fill the young autograph-seeker's request, reminding her, "I'm a gorilla, you know, and gorillas can't write. So I'll sign 'X,' okay?" His anthropoid "X" filled the bill perfectly, and fortunately, the girl didn't think to ask how a gorilla who couldn't write could talk!

However, once all had been readied on the set and the call to "Places!" went out, cast and crew quickly assembled and the playing was for keeps. Re-shoot-ing is enormously expensive, so every move must be timed to the second. Spectators assumed a cooperative silence as police and apes faced each other for the film's major riot scene.

Gaining the ideal vantage point at the top of the plaza staircase, just a little to one side of the cameras, we caught all of the action as police and apes met in a mock-battle-to-the-death below. This scene, in which the badly outnumbered apes barely overcome their human "superiors," is the most spectacular in the entire film.

Flames shot forth, firearms blazed, and apish war whoops that made KING KONG seem soft-spoken by comparison rended the stillness, and the scene was completed in two takes. The chaos subsided as abruptly as it had begun at the director's call of "Cut!" and the mood again became one of leisure and frivolity.

Relaxing on a stairway with extra Bill West following one of the scenes, we suddenly became aware of the volleys of hooting and howling which continued to echo from the far side of the square, long after the scene had ended. "Listen to them!" Bill exclaimed. "What are those idiots making all that racket for now? They're not getting paid for it!"

Bill himself, however, was still very much in character in spite of himself as he donned his gorilla mask and put on his fiercest face to pose for some ape "portrait" shots.

***

Perhaps our greatest pleasure during the filming was meeting two of Hollywood's finest stuntmen, Dave

*Being a gorilla's tough work, extras agree, as they relax during the lengthy breaks between shooting on the location.*
Sharpe and Tom Steele, both veterans of some four decades of action-packed films, Steele, who was introduced to the rest of our ensemble by fellow-Marvelite Don Glut, will be remembered by the serial fans in the audience for his portrayal of THE MASKED MARVEL, a character created specifically for Steele by Republic Pictures for their 1943 chapter play of the same name.

Fans will also recall him as a villain knocked cold by Marvel’s own CAPTAIN AMERICA in the first chapter of Republic’s entry of 1944. Some of Dave Sharpe’s more illustrious credits include sharing honors with Steele as a Saturnian in Universal’s 1939 BUCK ROGERS serial, featuring Buster Crabbe in the title role, and his crackerjack stuntwork in such other serials as SPY SMASHER and KING OF THE ROCKETMEN.

When Glut introduced him, we couldn’t resist identifying him as CAPTAIN MARVEL, hero of the 1941 Republic cliffhanger, but—displaying a modesty that one seldom runs across in any business—Sharpe was quick to correct us, insisting, “No, that was Tom Tyler who did that!” While Tyler was indeed the star of Republic’s 1941 cliffhanger, it was Dave Sharpe who doubled for him in those flying leaps.

He might well have added, “I just did the hard part!” But quiet modesty, Glut later explained, is typical of Dave Sharpe—he invariably places his role in these films as a supporting one, giving top-billing credit to the stars he stunts for.

It was also our pleasure to meet Hubie Kearns, Sr., who doubled for Adam West in TV’s BATMAN series, several seasons back. His son, Hubie Kearns, Jr., had a featured role as a chimpanzee in this production, as well
as a number of doubling roles as both ape and human along with his father. This sort of back-and-forth doubling is typical of this kind of film, and—like the Kearns—many of the stuntmen and extras found themselves playing a variety of parts from one night to the next.

In fact, perhaps the greatest measure of insight into film making was afforded by such conversations with extras and supporting players. Leafing through our photos of the previous night's shooting, Hubie, Sr. stopped at a shot of Dave Sharpe and asked if we knew who this man was. When we replied that, yes, it was Dave Sharpe, he countered with "That's not just 'Dave Sharpe'; That's Dave Sharpe, the greatest stuntman that's ever worked in motion pictures!"

Don Glut confirmed this unsolicited tribute, saying that every film actor he'd ever spoken to had said exact-
Ape-man Lars Hensen gives Heather Johnson a lift during her tour of the Century City location.

Natalie Trundy leafs through Marvel photographer Al Santia’s proofs.

Stuntman Tom Steele and friends on location.

Roddy McDowall between takes of final scenes.
Roddy McDowall (with cigarette) engages in an other-worldly poker game with cast and extras during a break in filming.

Dummy policeman used for riot scenes.

Shopping baskets prove convenient mobile storage bins for arsenal of prop weapons used in film.

Futurian officer and ape ham it up for our cameras.
Feeding time for a younger relation! A bit of kinship seems to be felt by the cast for this stuffed chimp, brought to the set by one of the younger onlookers.

Left to right—Tom Steele, Bill Warren, Al Satian & Heather Johnson. Don & Linda Glut, Dave Sharpe.

ly the same thing.

It was also through such off-the-cuff conversation that the latest words on the studio's plans for this series came to light, including the news that there would be one more feature film, after which the property would be sold as a weekly series to television. Speculation was that the forthcoming BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES would "sew up" the saga by closing with Charlton Heston's arrival on the ape-dominated earth, but—as later developments would show—many "loose threads" were to be left hanging, possibly to be picked up in the telseries. As with such film series as Universal's FRANKENSTEIN features, gaps and inconsistencies such as these would prove irresistible subject matter for countless magazine articles and chapters of book-length studies.

***

Easily the most dramatic scene we were to witness was the final scene of the film, in which Roddy MacDowal as Caesar confronts Hari Rhodes as MacDonald (Governor Breck's chief aid and the man who paves the way for the apes' takeover of the city) on the steps of the Civic Center. Being on the location, it was our special privilege to watch the filming of this fiery sequence both from afar and close-up, since the final version of the scene required that it be shot several different ways, in long-shot and close-up both, from several different angles.

Poised defiantly atop the staircase, amidst leaping shadows cast by the smoldering flames behind him, McDowall presented a larger-than-life image while awaiting the cue for "Action!" We were fortunate indeed to be standing only a few feet from him during the close-up shooting and to have captured this emotionally-charged image in our own photos between takes.

The seriousness, however, quickly ceased the moment the cameras stopped rolling. Later on during the shooting, as Roddy led his ape-platoon down a
thoroughfare to a subway tunnel during the height of rioting, "Cut!" was called and the awe-inspiring commander of the ape army turned to the cameras with a mischievous grin and a loud, boyish "Rat-a-tat-tat!" sending the entire crew into hysterics.

This prevailing air of "anything goes" seemed to leave no one untouched, as all involved continued to ham it up in off-camera moments. Natalie Trundy, wife of APES producer Arthur P. Jacobs, and who played the chimpanzee Lisa in CONQUEST, was having a very straightlaced conversation with one of the production staff, when we spotted her in a corner of the mall. The minute she saw our cameras, all seriousness vanished from the discussion and she slid right into character, curling her lip and putting her best ape-face forward for our benefit.

Posing for some ape "glamour shots" for us a few minutes later, she told us of the intense interest her producer-husband had always had in fantasy and science-fiction, both in literature and in film, and of the vast book and film library and collection of memorabilia he had amassed over the years, making their home a veritable museum of fantastic artifacts. Ms. Trundy-Jacobs had starred previously as one of the humans in ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES, and as a mutant in BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES.

The final proof, however, that the contagious clowning on the set had reached full-scale epidemic proportions was the moment director J. Lee Thompson called the extras to their places to supply the vocal background for the film's climax on the Civic Center steps.

With a perfectly straight face, he asked: "Will the Mormon Tabernacle Choir please assemble?"
FACED WITH A MORAL DILEMMA?

Back off, scabfaces! You're not getting my issue of PLANET OF THE APES!

But ya bought the last copy off the newsstand—and besides, we got ya surrounded!

Give me PLANET OF THE APES—or give me death!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN THIS SITUATION?

Well, Ape-ophile, we've got a solution for you: SUBSCRIBE!
That's right, you heard us right: SUBSCRIBE!
It's the only way to avoid a "hairy" situation like the one shown above. Savvy, effendi?
IMPOSSIBLE?
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MAIL TODAY!
IN SEARCH OF THE LOST ASTRONAUT TAYLOR, SHIP'S MEDIC BREN'T HAS DISCOVERED THAT HIS STARCRAFT HAD SOMEHOW PIERCED THE VEIL OF TIME... AND HAS NOT DEPOSITED HIM ON AN ALIEN WORLD, BUT RATHER BACK ON EARTH-- EARTH OF THE FUTURE, NOW A PLANET IMPOSSIBLY DOMINATED BY INTELLIGENT APES.

SEPARATED FROM HIS INDIGENOUS (AND PRIMITIVE) HUMAN COMPANION, THE LOVELY NOVA, BREN'T HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY A MORE SOPHISTICATED CULTURE OF HUMANS, A CULTURE WHICH HAS CHOSSEN TO WORSHIP A NUCLEAR WARHEAD... AS GOD.

ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT. SO YOU'VE MASTERED TELEPATHY-- AND YOU CAN KILL ME WITH THE SLIGHTEST THOUGHT. I DON'T DOUBT IT...

...BUT I'LL BE DAMNED TO THAT HELLISH BOMB-GOD OF YOURS IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU PICK MY BRAIN!

BUT EVEN AS THE DEFIANT WORDS ARE VOICED, BREN'T SOMEHOW KNOWS-- DEEP WITHIN HIS MIND-- THAT DEFIANCE HERE, HERE IN THIS BIZARRE AMPHITHEATER, IS NO MORE THAN WORDS...
There is silence in the chamber as the fat man jerks his head toward the prisoner... ...and Brent truculently replies... Again, the abrupt nod of silence...

John Christopher.

And who are you?

I see. You... are the only reality in the universe. And everything else is illusion.

Well, that's nice to know. I'll remember it the next time I meet a mirror...

This time, the nod is curt, and a glower of disdain remains behind it...

I got here by accident.

What's your excuse?

A nerve has been touched by Brent's belligerent affront, but before the fat man can vent his reprisal, a new inquisitor leans forward... and almost cheerfully assumes the interrogation.

You're way off. Why should I want to spy on you?

Personally, I'm not even sure you exist...
CERTAINLY
I KNOW WHO I AM.
I'M AN
ASTRONAUT--
--AND I'M
HERE BECAUSE
I'M LOST. IT
CAN HAPPEN TO
THE BEST
OF US, YOU
KNOW.

FROM THIS PLANET,
BUT FROM ANOTHER
TIME--TWO-THOUSAND
YEARS AGO.

I KNOW. IT
SOUNDS INSANE,
BUT IF SO, IT'S
MY INSANITY--
NOT YOURS...

...SO I
CAN ABOLISH
ALL OF YOU--
ANYTIME I
CHOOSE.

THE INQUISITORS SMILE...
BENEVOLENTLY.

AND THEN--
WHAT? YOU WANT
ME TO LOOK
BEHIND...

SOME SORT OF
SCREEN...?

AND IF BRENT RECOGNIZES
THE FIGURE PROJECTED ONTO
THE SCREEN, HE OFFERS NO
INDICATION OF IT...

NO, I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO GET
BACK, WE CAME
THROUGH A
DEFECT--
A KIND
OF SLIPPAGE
IN TIME
ITSELF.

MY SKIPPER
DIED. I'M
ALONE.
Then, abruptly, the fat man nods...

And a new image is projected on the screen.

Another nod...

...and another projection.

Again...

And again...

And throughout the duration of each of the four images--

--Brent remains as silent as the interrogators...
...UNTIL--

“NOVA...? WHAT’S THAT?

A STAR? A GALAXY...?”

WHO?

AAHGGK KKKK

YES...

I KNOW HER...
BUT SHE'S HARMLESS!!

LEAVE HER ALONE--!!

RAAHHHGGG!

ALL RIGHT--!!

I DIDN'T FIND HER...

SHE FOUND ME.

I'LL TELL YOU.

TWO DAYS AGO.
DON'T BE CRUDE--!

I'M FOND OF HER -- AND GRATEFUL. THAT'S ALL.

BECAUSE SHE HELPED ME.

TO ESCAPE FROM THE APE CITY.

STOP--!!
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I can't understand—can't separate—are hurting me—!

You're all screaming at me—all at the same time—!!

He's right.

He has only limited intelligence. We should speak aloud.

And one at a time.

Are we to understand that you... were inside the city of the Apes??

Yes. Two days ago.

What did you see?

You're talking...
CERTAINLY, WE CAN ALL TALK. NEVERTHELESS, IT’S A RATHER PRIMITIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT...

...ONE WE EMPLOY ONLY WHEN NECESSARY.

WHEN WE PRAY.

WHEN WE SING TO GOD...

YOUR GOD--? WHAT A JOKE! YOU WORSHIP SOMETHING WE MADE TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO--

--AN ATOM BOMB!

THEN YOU’VE SEEN THE BOMB, MR. BRENT.

ABOVE THE ALTAR IN YOUR CATHEDRAL.

IT’S AN OBSCENITY...

MR. BRENT-- I CAUTION YOU AGAINST FURTHER BLASPHEMY.

YOU HAVE BEHELD GOD’S INSTRUMENT ON EARTH!

FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT, IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE BOMB-- THE BLESSING OF THE HOLY FALLOUT DESCENDED FROM ABOVE AND ANNOINTED THE CHOSEN PEOPLE OF THE EARTH SO THAT OUR PEOPLE--

WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT--?!

--COULD BUILT A NEW CITY IN THE BLACKENED BOWELS OF THE OLD.
NONSENSE!!
THE BOMB EVERLASTING--
UTTER NONSENSE--!!

BLESSED BE

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!

THE BOMB IS A HOLY WEAPON OF PEACE...

YE一律-- UNTIL YOU FIRE IT AT THE APES.

WELL--?
IT'S OPERATIONAL, ISN'T IT?

THE FIRING MECHANISM IS INTACT, ISN'T IT?

TO WHOM ALONE WE MAY REVEAL OUR INMOST TRUTH, AND WHOM WE SHALL SERVE ALL OUR DAYS IN PEACE.

YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING? YOU BOZOS HAVE GONE COMPLETELY CRACKERS--

--BECAUSE WHERE I COME FROM, THE BOMB IS A BLOODY WEAPON OF HELL!!
AND IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT IT'S --

...AND WE SHALL REPEAT IT, BECAUSE WE ARE ALSO A DETERMINED PEOPLE --

-- AND WE ARE DETERMINED TO KNOW WHAT THE APES WANT: WAR OR PEACE.

TRY TO UNDERSTAND -- THE ONLY WEAPONS WE HAVE ARE PURELY ILLUSION.

BECAUSE I IMAGINED I WAS HURTING YOU ARE YOU IN RAIN NOW?

YOU IMAGINED HE WAS HURTING YOU.

NO IMAGINARY BONES BROKEN OR BLOOD FLOWING?

NO.

OR EYEBALLS BURSTING? OR GUTS SPILLING? OR SPLATTERED BRAINS SPURTING?

NO!
THEN I HAVE HURT YOU BUT NOT HARMED YOU.

TRAUMATIC HYPNOSIS IS A WEAPON OF PEACE.

YES... LIKE THE--

-- VISUAL DETERRENT.

OR LIKE THE--

-- SONIC DETERRENT.

FIWWOOOM!

WHOOOM!

BLAM!

SHREEEEE!

KRACK!

CHOOOM!

SPLLOW!

SKREEEEEAAWK!

BLANG

WEAPONS OF PEACE, MR. BRENT.

LIKE ALL OUR WEAPONS.

MERE ILLUSION.
**Panel 1:**

Damn your hypocrisy!!

**Panel 2:**

Look to the screen, Mr. Brent.

**Panel 3:**

You see, Mr. Brent, we very much need your help.

**Panel 4:**

Why?

We are the keepers of the divine bomb. That is our only reason for surviving, and yet— as you can see, we are defenseless.

**Panel 5:**

Yes— I can see that. And my ears can hear it, and my brain can feel it.
DEFENSELESS, AT LEAST, AGAINST THE MONSTROUS, Slobbering Materialistic APES.

I'LL HELP NOBODY.

I - HOPE - YOU - ANNIHILATE ONE-ANOTHER.

MR. BRENT, I APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR LANGUAGE. THERE ARE TIMES, I KNOW, WHEN YOUR SANITY... IS ABOUT TO GIVE WAY.

I HOPE THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN. I HOPE YOU CAN TELL US--

--EXACTLY WHAT THE APES ARE PLANNING??

WE'VE CAPTURED SOME OF THEIR SCOUTS. HIDEOUS CREATURES. WE HAD THEIR PRECISELY WHERE YOU'RE STANDING NOW--

BUT EITHER THEIR SKULLS WERE TOO THICK... OR THEY ACTUALLY KNEW NOTHING--

AND NEITHER DO I, AND IF I DID, YOU'D BE THE LAST TO HEAR ABOUT IT--!

60
TELL US ABOUT THE APES, MR. BRENT... PLEASE.
THE APES? YES -- I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE APES--!

THERE'S NO REASON TO DETONATE YOUR BOMB OVER THE APES-- THEY'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A PRIMITIVE, SEMI-ARTICULATE AND UNDERDEVELOPED RACE WHOSE TECHNOLOGY HAS NOT PROGRESSED BEYOND THE CLUB AND SLING!

DON'T GET HYSTERICAL, MR. BREN'T. YOU'RE LYING, AND WE KNOW IT!!

THE APE SCOUTS HAD RIFLES, MR. BREN'T. A TECHNOLOGY CONSIDERABLY MORE ADVANCED THAN THAT OF CLUBS AND SLINGS...

WHAA--?!

THEY SHOULD FALL AN EASY PREY TO-- STAMP!

-- THE MANY PEACEFUL WEAPON AT YOUR-- DISPOSE OF HER WITH YOUR FOOT ON HER BELLY AND STAMP--

NOOOO!!

GET OUT OF MY HEAD--!!!
Tell us again about the apes, Mr. Brent. The first time was... not quite true... was it?

How do you know it wasn't true?

How do you know--?

Are you all right?

What's wrong?

What do you--

--see?
THERE'S NOTHING THERE, NOVA. WHAT WERE YOU LOOKING AT--?

FORGET THE GIRL, MR. BRENT...

...AND TELL US WHAT WE MAY EXPECT FROM YOU IN THE WAY OF HELP.

NOTHING--UNLESS YOU SET US FREE.

YOU ARE FREE, MR. BRENT... FREE TO DO WHAT WE WILL.

NOW.

TELL US ABOUT THE APES, MR. BRENT--FOR THE LAST TIME...

VERY WELL... THE APES... THE APES ARE--

YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, DR. ZALUS....

AND I MAINTAIN THAT YOU WILL REGRET IT, GENERAL URUSUS... FOR A LONG TIME...

"--MARCHING ON YOUR CITY."
Look at that, Cornelius -- Dr. Zaius is with him.

Some people's convictions are about as deep as a mild case of mange.

They have to show unity, Zira...

So should the chimpanzees.

But Zira, we're too few. We'd be cutting our own throats.

How can we take any initiative while all those gorillas are around?

Cornelius, has it occurred to you that tomorrow... They won't be around?

-- Refuse to discuss it any further, Dr. Zaius.

Which is precisely why this folly ever progressed beyond the planning stages, General.
I TOLD YOU I DON'T WANT TO--

HALT--!

GIVE US PEACE

GIVE US PEACE

LEAVE THE ROAD, YOUNG ONES... PLEASE.

GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY!!

YES, SIR.
WAIT PLEASE...

WE DON'T WANT MARTYRS, DO WE...

REMOVE THEM QUIETLY, OFFICER.

YES SIR.

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD THANK YOU FOR THAT, GENERAL...
FORWARD--!

...BUT I DON'T THINK I WILL.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF THE BOMB, AND THE FIRMAMENT SHEWETH HIS HANDIWORK.

PSALM OF MENDEZ

HIS SOUND IS GONE OUT UNTO ALL LANDS, AND HIS LIGHT UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD.
HE DESCENDETH FROM THE OUTMOST PART OF HEAVEN, AND THERE IS NOTHING HID FROM THE HEAT THEREOF.

THERE IS NEITHER SPEECH NOR LANGUAGE, BUT HIS VOICE IS HEARD AMONG THEM.

PRAISE HIM: MY STRENGTH AND MY REDEEMER.

GLORY BE TO THE BOMB, AND TO THE HOLY FALLOUT, AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, SO IS IT NOW AND EVER SHALL IT BE, WORLD WITHOUT END.

AMEN.
ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING BOMB, WHO CAME DOWN AMONG US TO MAKE HEAVEN UNDER EARTH—LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS...

O INSTRUMENT OF GOD, GRANT US THY PEACE!

ALMIGHTY BOMB—WHO DESTROYED DEVILS—TO CREATE ANGELS—BEHOLD HIS GLORY!

BEHOLD THE TRUTH THAT ABIDES IN US, HIS HANDICRAFT!

I REVEAL THAT TRUTH UNTO THAT MAKER—!

I REVEAL MY INMOST SELF UNTO MY GOD!!
REVEAL THAT TRUTH UNTO THAT MAKER...!!

I REVEAL MY INMOST SELF...

-- UNTO MY GOD!!

AND NOW, CHILDREN OF THE BOMB...

...LET US PRAY.

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76
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Many let servicemen do the work while they make a substantial profit on each.

Some men operate permanently in spare time for the extra money they need. Some start in spare time and quit their jobs only after they see they can make a lot more money as a full time Duraclean Specialist.

Even small one-man businesses with one or two helpers can and do bring in $30,000 and more annually. A very high percent is clear profit to you.

The Duraclean Business can be as small as you want or it can be expanded to the level your ambition dictates. There is no limit on income for an ambitious man.

We are about to appoint a limited number of men who are truly ambitious, and anxious to do something about their futures. We want men who will follow our proven plans for success and who want—with our help—their own successful businesses.

If this opportunity interests you, please send your name, on the coupon at the right, for a FREE 21-page booklet which gives complete details on the Duraclean Business. No salesman will call on you. After you’ve read the facts, decide in the privacy of your home if you wish to take the next step toward starting a business.

WE SWITCHED!

“For the first time in 29 years I’ve got security—without fear of losing my factory job.”

H. E., Ohio

“I took in $2800 in April. I worked from my home. My wife handles all telephone calls. We both enjoy our new-found independence and the compliments we get from satisfied customers.”

J. F. A., Texas

“When I was 40 I decided to retire before I was 50 years old. With Duraclean I gained financial security in only 8 years—then sold my business at a big profit.”

J. H., Ill.

“Duraclean brought security and an education for my daughters. We’ve done as much as $3000 on a single job.”

Mrs. B. B., Mass.

“Life is happier and more prosperous for my family and me. Without Duraclean I’d still be going from layoff to layoff. Now moving to new 5-bedroom home.”

R. J. B., Mich.

THERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE LETTERS IN OUR FILES FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUND SUCCESS AS DURACLEAN DEALERS, (IN ANOTHER YEAR YOUR STATEMENT COULD BE HERE, TOO.)

Duraclean International

5-1Y5 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

W I T H O U T O B L I G A T I O N send me the free booklet which shows me how I can start a Duraclean Business in my spare time without risking my job. No salesman is to call.

Name________

Address________

City________

State & Zip________
Never finished high school?

Now you can finish at home—without going back to class

You already know why it's important to have a high school education. You've probably learned the hard way that it can be a mighty big handicap when you don't have enough education — no matter how hard you work at your job.

What can you do about it?

Maybe you've thought of trying again to get a diploma. But you've suffered enough classroom "battle fatigue" to last you a lifetime. So you'd hate to travel that route again even if you could.

But what if we told you that there was now a much better way to get a high school education? An adult way, which gives you regular high school subjects and your choice of practical business and vocational subjects which give you background for one of a number of career fields.

That's the unique Wayne School way. You do your reading and assignments in your spare time, in the relaxed atmosphere of your own home, and "turn in" your completed assignments by mail. You don't have to give up your present job. You don't have to study or travel to class at inconvenient times.

People who found classroom schoolwork dull or difficult are frequently surprised at how different the home-study method is. Wayne's specially prepared lessons make even troublesome subjects much easier to take. And Wayne grades your assignments in private, by mail. You're free from competitive classroom pressures. You stay relaxed, and your progress is much smoother.

If you're 17 or over and not now in school, why not send for more information? Mail coupon for our free booklet, "How to finish High School at home." You're in for a pleasant surprise. And there's no obligation.

Send for free facts
Wayne School
A leader in home study
417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 66-007
Chicago, Illinois 60605
Please send me your free illustrated booklet "How to finish High School at home" containing full information about your courses and teaching methods.

Print
Name ____________________ Age ________

Address ________________________

City ____________________________

State ____________________ Zip ______

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