APE AND MAN AT WAR...

"WHEN THE LAWGIVER RETURNS!"
“WHEN THE LAWGIVER RETURNS!”
By Doug Moench & Mike Ploog
Page 7

“OUTLINES OF TOMORROW!”
A detailed chronology of events on the Planet of the Apes by Jim Whitmore
Page 32

“HOLOCAUST OF HELL!”
By Doug Moench & Alfredo Alcala
Page 41

APE-LINE! .................................................. 4
EDITORIAL ............................................. 6
Dear Gentlemen,

Allow me to comment on the 8th issue of your periodical, PLANET OF THE APES.

The cover illustration by Earl Norem was splendid, but please return Bob Larkin to painting your covers.

Mr. Larkin is a talented man, as is Mike Ploog, however, I do wish you would cease "printing directly from magnificently detailed pencil work!" and return the art to the manner in which it was done in issues #3 and #4.

"The Planet Inheritors" was satisfactory, but you persist in Marvelizing the ape concept. It is highly improbable that chimpanzees would speak slang, dress in fashions that have (in their time) been obsolete for hundreds of years, and murder other apes. Study BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES and the words of "Teacher"—i.e., the matter of the apes' "most sacred law. "Ape shall never kill ape!" was taught to both young simian and human scholars. I hope in the future that you will incorporate every facet of the ape films into your stories instead of creating new concepts to make things easier on yourselves. All in all, though, the story was well written and Mr. Ploogs artwork was exceptional, but lets return it to the way it was in issues #3 and #4.

The remaking of Roddy McDowell was very informative, but on page 36 the photo of Mr. McDowell as Caesar you have "Cornelius—the quiet, cautious intellect of APES 1 and 3." And the photograph of Cornelius you have "Caesar—the fiery, rebellious leader of APES #4 and 5." Not only this, but at the end of the second column the sentence does not continue onto page 37. And at the end of this article, you have the type of fin symbol that appears in DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU. May I ask what's going on?

"Knowing your Place on the Planet of the Apes" was the best thing this issue and is one of the best articles you've published thus far. All of the photos were sincerely appreciated.

There isn't much to say about "The Warhead Messiah" except that Doug Moench can at least adapt well. I noticed he is adapting from the paperback rather than the script for BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. That was a wise choice on somebody's part.

Alfred Alcala is an incredibly competent artist, but I wish someone would have supplied him with photos from BENEATH and its sets so he could be more able to satisfy this ape fan. I am fastidious, this I freely admit, so I demand accuracy in your adaptations. Who's going to do the artwork on the three remaining adaptations of 20th Century Fox's masterpieces?

There is only one thing that perplexes me. A Fred Anson sent you a letter stating that Mr. McGregor's editorials have been irrefutable (and I must agree) and that the PLANET OF THE APES was a science-fiction film so why didn't you cover it. You gave some pretty poor alibis and I am disappointed. Do you no longer care about the public's opinions? Do you find it necessary to stoop to something so low? Why couldn't you give a realistic, mature answer instead of Don was "just so plumb tuckered out"? Really! And the fact that you have a magazine devoted to s.f. is no reason to neglect that aspect of PLANET OF THE APES.

One last request. Please stop using the word monkey. Even though my feelings were 50-50 on this issue Make Mine Marvel anyway, because I don't believe you've turned into a money-making, large profit conscious, greedy company who cares about the fans only as long as they continue to buy your comics. And I hope you never do.

Rory Keogh Gibbons
208 Appian Way
Union City, CA 94587

There's nothing like starting off a letters page with a sincere in-depth critique of a previous issue. Thanks for your comments, Mike, I'd like to take the space to reply to your assertions point by point.

(1) We take your statement that "It is highly improbable that chimpanzees would speak slangs, dress in fashions which have (in their time) been obsolete for hundreds of years, and murder other apes" (referring to us as Gunpowder Julius). Consider for a moment how these modes of dress were originally developed—as protection against the rigors of frontier living, conditions paralleling the lifestyle of Gunpowder Julius, Steely Dan, and the rest of their "settlement"—and we think you'll agree that it's only natural that those mannerisms and apparel are the type they would adopt.

As for ape killing apes, the ages of the movies to which you refer were the apes brought up and educated according to the lawgiver's commandments. Just as today's society is composed of factions with varying religious beliefs, it is even more likely that the ape communities scattered and isolated by nuclear warfare would develop with differing theological backgrounds. Thus, apes spawned from a different society wouldn't necessarily consider the lawgiver's commandments applicable to their way of life, let alone inviolate truths to which they feel conscientiously bound.

(2) You're just one of the millions of letter writers who caught the mix-up concerning the Cornelius/Caesar photos. Indeed, you were right, apologies, the captions should have been reversed.

(3) Doug Moench informs us that the adaptation of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES was taken from the original script. The difference being that the script that he is working from was written BEFORE it was edited and subjected to the day to day script revisions necessary in film making. Just a little added extra from the House of Ideas!

(4) As far as future adaptations go, Rico Rival is illustrating ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES (beginning next issue). Mr. Rival is also slated to lend his artistic talents to CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. The illustrating chores for the adaptation of 20th Century Fox's last mindboggling masterwork haven't been assigned as of this writing, but Doug promises that it will be written completely different from the previous adaptations.

(5) We're sorry if our answer to Mr. Anson's letter regarding Don's editorials struck you as being too flippan, but as far as those rambling pieces go, we always considered it part of the Dauntless One's inimitable style and we've had very few complaints—in fact, most readers really seem to have enjoyed them!

Whew! Who says this isn't the Marvel Age of long-winded replies?

To the Editor as of this writing:

PLANET OF THE APES is not only not deserving of a monthly frequency, but also it no longer bears any resemblance to a Marvel masterwork at any level.

PLANET used to be so great because it took what I've always considered a hokey, juvenile gimmick and raised it to "adult" thinking standards where it condescended with artistic endeavor. Oh, don't get me wrong, speculative fiction has no greater friend here at Marvel (ask Mr. Thomas who's undoubtedly drowning in my critiques and suggestions for UNKNOWN WORLDS) it's simply that PLANET has regressed to sub-standard levels of quality.

To wit: a recent example, PLANET OF THE APES #8. As usual, this issue opened with the excellent efforts of Messrs. Moench and Ploog. These guys refuse to let the small fraction of PLANET embarrass their reputations out here in Marveldom. From the Moenchian scripts which pulse with unique characters in unusual set-
things and fast-paced stories with a theme laced underneath it all; to the Ploegvan art which understandably takes two months to reach its new heights of excellence and beauty, we have a powerful sequel to 20th Century Fox's idiotic serial; one worth the time to search for that theme underlying it all. My only gripe is this scope is too limited. However, the majority of my examples exhibit some of the worst stuff to leave the House of Idoos since the conception of Tony Isabella's IT.

Readers of PLANET are plagued with articles that nitpick and repeat themselves as did 20th Century Fox's APES serial. These articles are not only unworthy of the effort of reading them, but I also wonder why anyone would WRITE the stuff. Who cares about a television show that died in mid-season, or books about this selfsame series?—let alone bias on the forces- that-be that gave us APES. Again I ask Marvelomd Assembled if they'd rather see what the effects, if any, on the rest of their beloved Terra at the time of this catastrophe translated into series form as a supplement to the entire magazine.

After struggling through the articles, the reader is cursed with adaptations of the actual Fox films. I realize Marvel has some legal commitments on this matter, but the welcome addition of some eloquent Moench captions, which keep one's nose in a Thesaurus, would make this a strip worthy of the magnificent Alcala artwork exhibited therein. I beg Marvel to take some of these artistic liberties here, these would most assuredly be for the better.

Looking ahead, the new Moench/Rival series looks refreshing, but this will only alternate with the serial so please can continue with the best work possible. Please continue with the best work possible. Please conceive another series to eradicate those redundant articles and bring the adaptation series fluctuating standards of the cinema to the high literary standards of a true Marvel magazine.

I doubt if I am a lone voice in a crowd.

Clyde Talley
14760 Elvette St. #18
Van Nuys, CA 91402

Dear Editor,

I've been an Ape fan since John Chambers won his award for the Ape make-up. I've studied apes (fictional and non-fictional) from King Kong to Galen, and I consider myself with having an equivalent of a B.A. in Apemania.

On page 44, bottom still, you claim it is from "The Curr" (TV episode) when Tron is struck by a malaria epidemic. It is not. It is from "The Surgeon" in which Al Virelon takes a bullet from a gorilla. Virelon's head is in the lower left-hand corner.

On page 36, you have listed Cornillus as Caesar and Cornelius. Again, this is wrong.

On observation, your bomb in this month's adaptation of BENEATH is quite different from that in the film. In the movie presentation, a longer sleeker version was used.

On your covers, I love them! I don't care if it DIDN'T happen inside, it tells another story altogether. But I do miss Bob Larkin's covers.

One last observation. Why does a chimp's gong replace a furry friend tin symbol on pages five and 37?

Mike Thompson
(Address unknown)

Would you believe that the gorilla was out to lunch? That he was out striking for hirer wages? How about, he was at the hairdressers' getting an afro?

You wouldn't believe ANY of them?

Okay, we'll fess up. Truth to tell, those two Chinese gongs were the only legitimate fixtures in the entire magazine. In reality, the book to which you refer was an issue of THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU with all of that Ape material inserted by mistake. Gee, you eagle-eyed Marvelomanicans won't let us get away with ANYTHING!

Dear Chimp,

I am here to comment on your great issue #8.

First of all, I am sad to see Don McGregor go. If he reads this, too, because he was nice to have around. It won't be the same without him.

Next, I am sorry to see Bob Larkin didn't do the cover, but Mr. Norem is also good. And now, "The Planet Inheritors." In a way, I am sorry to see it go, but it DID lose some of the "ape" magic, as it did toward plain sci-fi comics. And your in-depth view on the make-up was great. And I'm glad to see some pictures of that terrific city. I have now come to the conclusion that the Alcala/Moench team are working not from the movie but from the book. Up to now, you guys stuck to the script, but you're straying.

I hope you do some technical articles soon, such as a map of Ape City, in-depth info on the Ape's uniforms, floor plans of the lab and amphitheater... all of the little things that make PLANET OF THE APES what it is.

Great mag. guys. Sorry to see you go.

Kenneth Alan Tkacs
6 Turnip Place
Trumbull, CT 06611

Hi Gang,

Another month has come and so has another issue of PLANET OF THE APES. What can I say? It was great!

Mike Ploog's artwork made "The Planet Inheritors" terrific. I liked the fight between Sunpowder Julius and Bruto. And especially, the destruction of two Inheritors. One thing bothered me, though. Each of the five Inheritors controlled a certain number of the Drones, right? If so, why didn't they stay and stanch every brain and not have to worry about the invasion the Inheritors were planning?

"The Remaking of Roddy McDowall" was good, although rather slow, but it also had a lot of information about the make-up.

"Knowing your place on the Planet of the Apes" was a nice article by Gary Gerani. What I liked most about it was the photos.

Part three of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES was also well done, but the artwork wasn't as good as it was in issue #7.

Now for some ideas. Have you thought about doing an interview with Paul Dehn who wrote the screenplays for the Apes movies? Also, how about some color photos of the Apes in your magazine?

Dan Hoffmann
458 Thresher Ave.
Livermore, CA 94550

If you go back and read "The Planet Inheritors" a little more carefully, we believe you will see page 28, panel two, Steely Dan tells Julius, when Julius suggests just those tactics, that there's "no time for that now, Julius!" The drones were just pouring into the cavern too quickly so they had to take that opportunity to make their escape.

As for a Paul Dehn interview, we have one coming up in the very near future, along with the complete Ape Glossary that we promised you several issues back (see, we haven't forgotten!) Color photos are out of the question in our mags just out of pure economic reasons. We would if we could afford it and still keep the price down, but we just CAN'T. Sorry.

We do have a feature lined up next issue, though, on two superstars who really ARE PLANET OF THE APES. And on THAT cryptic note, we take our leave.

DON'T MONKEY AROUND... WRITE!

As Sunpowder Julius would say, "Get up often yer feet, stomp a pen in yer manyy mitt and let us know what's on yer mash-filled minds. Savvy?" PLANET OF THE APES MARVEL MAGAZINE GROUP, 575 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022
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WHEN THE LAWGIVER RETURNS...

They seem to glow under the soft moonlight, these craggy dwellings of sun-dried clay, as though emanating a cool nimbus of solidity and timeless peace...

Upon closer inspection, however, the mantle of peace grows transparent, revealing a mere illusion cast by somber darkness and eerie desolation...

I... I just don't know what to do, Phaeton...

As my official scribe, you must help me—before it's too late....

Nowhere is the illusion of peace more transparent than in the avenue leading to the city's administrative buildings, where desolation is spiked by the discarded remnants of now slumbering anger.

Story: DOUG MOENCH Art: MIKE PLOOG.
BUT HOW MAY I HELP YOU, XAVIER? AS SCRIBE, IT IS MY DUTY TO RECORD THE EVENTS OF THE CITY.

I KNOW THAT, PHAITON... NOT TO CONTROL THEM.

I HAVE WATCHED THE TROUBLE GROW, XAVIER, AND I HAVE RECORDED ITS PROGRESS, BUT I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT.

IT IS NOT MY PROBLEM...

I HAVE DONE LITTLE MORE THAN WATCH, AND FRET, AS THE SITUATION BECOMES WORSE WITH EACH PASSING DAY. HOW LONG BEFORE THERE IS OPEN HOSTILITY BETWEEN OUR CITIZENS?...

HOW LONG BEFORE A SINGLE INCIDENT FLARES INTO CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE AND ULTIMATE STRIFE?

NOT LONG AT ALL, XAVIER... IF YOU DO NOT HALT IT NOW.

IS IT NOT THE HUMANS WHO ARE CAUSING THE GREATEST DISTURBANCE?...

PERHAPS THEY ARE BEING MISTREATED...

THAT IS A QUESTION FOR YOUR DECISION, XAVIER, BUT REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE ABOVE ALL AN APE... AND THAT IF THE HUMANS ARE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE THEIR PROTESTS, THE ONLY POSSIBLE RESULT IS WAR. IN SUCH EVENT, WHICH SIDE WILL YOU TAKE?...

THE DOOR CLOSES QUIETLY, SEALING XAVIER ALONE WITH HIS DESPAIR.

IF ONLY THE LAWSERVER WOULD RETURN... OR PEACE OFFICER BRUTUS...

THEN, THE RAPID DRUMMING OF MANY HOOVES... THE LURID GLAZE OF TORCHES BURNING DARKNESS...

I WILL LEAVE YOU NOW, TO PONDER THE QUESTION... GOOD NIGHT, XAVIER... AND DECIDE WITH CARE.

A MOMENT MORE OF SILENCE AND THOUGHT...

WHO... WHO CAN IT BE... AT THIS HOUR?...
GORILLAS IN BLACK HOODS

Gorillas...!

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, ITS HINGES TWISTING WITH HORRIBLE NOISE...

NRAK!

ZARTOR...! YOU--WEARING A HOOD... LIKE THE REST...!

I AM A GORILLA, XAVIER--NOT THE PROTECTOR OF A SPINELESS TRAITOR TO THE CAUSE OF APE DOMINANCE!!

W-WAIT...!

YOU...YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME...! BRUTUS WILL HAVE ALL OF YOU ARRESTED--PUT TO DEATH--!

BUT...BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?

SILENCE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT...?
AND XAVIER CRUMPLES AT THE FEET OF TERROR...
HIS DECISION NOW MADE...

IN HORROR, XAVIER FEELS HIS HEART...
EXPLODING. HIS CHEST FLOODING...
WITH HOT WETNESS... AND HIS MIND...
SCREAMING, THOUGH HIS THROAT MIGHT...
ONLY GASP...

HUMANS... WERE...
RIGHT...

...SHOULD HAVE
STOPPED YOU...
SHOULD HAVE HAD...
ALL OF YOU...

...AT THE CRUEL EXPENSE OF DEATH.

DRAG HIS BODY
OUTSIDE.

YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH IT...

...DESTROYED...

...AND IF ANYONE
SEES YOU, MAKE
CERTAIN THEY DO
NOT GET TO
DESCRIBE
THE SIGHT.

WE WILL
RENDEZVOUS
BACK AT THE
ENCAMPMENT.

AS YOU COMMAND,
LEADER BRUTUS...
WE WILL OBEY.

AND XAVIER CRUMPLES AT THE FEET OF TERROR...
HIS DECISION NOW MADE...
Dawn Beyond the Forbidden Zone: Where a Riverboat Named Simian Plies Murky Waters Laid Opaque by the Rising Sun...

WAL, STEELY DAN, THAT THERE'S TH' END O' THE RIVER. LOOKS LIKE YOU KIN GIVE YORE SHOULDERS A REST NOW...

...LESS'N YOU WANT TUH POLE THE SIMIAN CLEAR THROUGH THAT WEIRD SPOOK-GROUND O' PURPLE MIST.

NO THANKY, SUNFONDER JULIUS--THREE DAYS AGAINST THE RIVER-CURRENT IS ENOUGH FOR ME.

BYE-BYE, MALAGUENA. TRIPPO MISS YOU...MISS YOU MUCH-MUCH...

I'LL MISS YOU TOO, TRIPPO. MORE THAN EVER THOUGHT I COULD.

NOW, JASON-BOY, I WANT YUH TUH TAKE CARE O' LITTLE MISS MALAGUENA...

SHE'S A RIGHT PURTY GAL. SHE IS. PURTIEST ONE I'VE EVER SEEN ALL UP AN' DOWN THIS MIGHTY RIVER!

YEAH...I KNOW. JULIUS.

JULIUS, WILL YOU PROMISE TO BE GOOD TO TRIPPO...EVER SINCE SARABAND DIED...*

WELL, HE'S NEVER BEEN ALONE BEFORE...

DON'T YOU WORRY NONE ABOUT THE FEISTY LIL' VARMINT. ME AN' DAN GET COCKEYED BORED WITH NO ONE BUT EACH OTHER TO CLUSE OUT ALL DAY LONG. BE A RIGHT PLEASURE TO HAVE TRIPPO ABOARD...RIGHT, LIL' FELLER?

ME TAKE CARE TRIPPO...NOT NEED HELP...TRIPPO TAKE CARE TRIPPO...

* IN ISSUE #8.--EDITOR.

WATCH OUT FOR THET ARM O' YOURS, LAWSIVER--AIN'T COMPLETELY HEALED YET, Y'KNOW.

NOW THEN, FOLKS, THIS HERE'S YORE LAST CHANCE. YUH CROKE YUH DON'T WANT US TUH LEAVE TH' SIMIAN HERE AN' GO WITH YUH ALL THE WAY...?

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, JULIUS. OUR TROUBLES WILL END JUST AS SOON AS WE GET THE LAWSIVER BACK TO THE CITY.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN, STEELY DAN.

I'M NOT AS SURE ABOUT THAT AS ALEX IS, BUT I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALREADY DONE, JULIUS...AND YOU TOO, DAN.
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS—TAKE CARE O' YERSELVES! KEEP YER POWDER DRY AN' MAKE SHORE YUH WALK ON TH' RIGHT SIDE O' YER SHADOW!

BYE-BYE! TRIPPO SAID BYE-BYE!

AN' YUH'LL ALWAYS LOOK TUH TH' MOUNTAIN-TOP!

THEN, AS THE SIMIAN BEGINS THE LONG JOURNEY DOWN-RIVER... I HATE TO SEE THEM GO, ALEX. WE COUL'VE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES TOGETHER...

IF BRUTUS WASN'T ALWAYS RUINING IT WITH VIOLENCE.

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, TANGE... BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT...

I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'LL MEET UP WITH JULIUS AND DAN AGAIN SOMEWAY...

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE LIIES AHEAD...

YEAH... HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO PONDER THE HOPE...

AND THE CITYWAITS FAR BEYOND.

SAY THEY'RE GETTING OUT OF HAND, PAXILUS.

AND I FULLY AGREE WITH YOU.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE--SOON.

TWO FRIENDS WALK THE CITY'S EARLY MORNING STREETS. ON THEIR WAY TO WORK...

BUT THIS MORNING IS DESIGNED TO BE MARKED BY MORE THAN MERE DISCUSSION...

FOR, AS THEY TURN A FATEFUL CORNER--

THE HUMANS MUST LEARN THEIR PLACE--AND STAY IN IT.

WHY, IF NOT FOR OUR GENEROSITY, THEY WOULDN'T EVEN BE LIVING IN THE CITY.

BY THE LABRATOR'S SACRED WORD...
LATE AFTERNOON: FOUR WEARY FIGURES FINALLY EMBRACE FROM THE RADIATION-SMOTHERED FORBIDDEN ZONE... AND AS ONE, THEY LOOK TO THE MOUNTAINTOP...

TREES--I WE'RE ALMOST HOME--!

AND WHEN THE CLIMB IS MADE... THANK YOU, ALEX... I'M AFRAID MY LEGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY ONCE WERE...

I HOPE THEY CAN STAND TO KEEP MOVING, SIR...

BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'VE A MOUNTAIN TO CLIMB.

...BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'VE A MOUNTAIN TO CLIMB.

...BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'VE A MOUNTAIN TO CLIMB.
DON'T LOOK NOW, JASE--BUT IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, SOMETHING ALREADY HAS HAPPENED...

OVER ON THE TRAIL--THERE'S SOME SORT OF CARAVAN COMING THIS WAY... FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE CITY...

HOLD ON THERE--! WHY ARE YOU LEAVING THE CITY?

TO SAVE OUR LIVES FROM THE LIKES OF YOU. WHY DO YOU THINK--?

YOU ARE MISTAKEN. WE MEAN YOU NO HARM...

OH, NO--? THEN WHY--? WAIT A MINUTE--! YOU... YOU'RE THE LAWSWER...!

THEN BRUTUS ALREADY HAS RETURNED TO THE CITY--AND NOW HE'S ADDED POOR XAVIER TO HIS LIST OF MURDER VICTIMS...

LISTEN TO ME. I WANT ALL OF YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR HOMES--ON MY WORD THAT NO ONE WILL BE EXECUTED UNLESS CONCLUSIVELY PROVEN GUILTY.

YOU CAN'T MAKE PROMISES ANYMORE--!

YOU'VE BEEN GONE TOO LONG. NO ONE WILL LISTEN TO YOU NOW--!

I AM, AND I ADJURE YOU TO EXPLAIN THIS MASS EXODUS.

I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL RIGHT. WHILE YOU WERE GONE, GOD KNOWS WHERE... SOMEONE MURDERED XAVIER AND HUNG HIS BODY ON A STAKE IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY.

THE APES NEED A SCAPEGOAT TO EXECUTE FOR THE MURDER--AND ALL HUMANS ARE NOW FAIR GAME -- EITHER WE FLEE OR WE ENTER A WAR!

THEY WILL LISTEN TO ME. I AM THE LAWSWER.

HATRED DOESN'T CARE ABOUT LAWS--!

WAIT, IVOR... HE HAS KEPT THE PEACE IN THE PAST...

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...and the outcome is a victory for Hope, and the beginning of a bizarre trek back toward lingering uncertainty...

Soon, the City looms in the near distance, once again evoking an illusion of tranquility and peace...

...shredded by the sharp edge of internal conflict...

You're the ones who booked us into this end of the City...

Back off...!

Now you can just leave us alone, and go back to your own sector...!

Righteous words to be coming from the mouth of a murderer...!

It's apes like you who are the murderers and you know it! You're using Xavier as an excuse to fight!

And if that's what you want, you don't need an excuse! We're always willing any time and any place--!

Yeah--like right here and right now!!

I say flay their hairless hides and leave their meat for the scavengers!!
Then, as confrontation threatens to close in violence--

I command you to stop--all of you!!

Who--?!

The Lawgiver-!!

Yes--the Lawgiver returned from a mission of peace to find his own city versing on the turmoil of war-!!

Yes, I am the Lawgiver--and I am disgusted--there is no excuse for the words and the hatred you have traded today--traded I suspect, every day I have been gone!

I have no doubt that my departure raised criticism among you--for it occurred at a time when the seed of unrest was just beginning to blossom into the weed of hate-!!

But that is precisely why I chose that time to leave--for I knew that the growth of hate was being coaxed forth by an outside agency--by mutants dwelling in the forbidden zone--and by one other here within our city-!!

When I left you, I requested that you respect the doctrines of peace in my absence--that you adhere to the state of coexistence between our two species-!!

Now I return to find this--and I am sickened--shamed by all of you-!!

Yet even if the growth of hate was nurtured by an outside force, I now see that the seed was ever present--within each and every one of you--waiting, just waiting to spring into hideous life-!!

I will speak more on this tonight--in a formal speech. For now, I order you to disperse! Take your hatred and return to your homes, and hate yourselves if you hate you must...

The crowd stirs in uneasy silence, nervous and intimidated under the shadow of the Lawgiver's wrath. Eventually they obey his shrill command...

...but even as they leave, there are some who exchange dark glances of merely repressed menace...
...AND THE LAWGIVER DEPARTS WITH LESS THAN ANOTHER WORD, DOUBTLESS TO THINK... AND TO FORM THOSE THOUGHTS INTO THE CRUCIAL WORDS OF A SPEECH...

DID YOU HEAR HIM, ALEX?? HIS VOICE NEARLY SHOOK THE BUILDINGS. I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SO MAD...

YEAH, WE WERE WRONG ABOUT HIM, JASE...

HE KNEW ALL ALONG ABOUT THE DEAL BETWEEN BRUTUS AND THE MUTANTS. HE WASN'T CAPTURED IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE--HE WENT TO THE MUTANTS... TO APPEAL TO THEM...

YEAH, AND IT MUST HAVE TAKEN A LOT OF--

NO--STOP IT--!!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT--AS SOON AS THE LAWGIVER'S GONE, THEY START FIGHTING AGAIN--!

COME ON, JASE--THERE'S ONLY A FEW OF THEM...

MAYBE WE CAN STOP IT BEFORE THEY GET HURT--!

THUS, FOR THE BEST OF MOTIVES, JASON AND ALEX HURL THEMSELVES INTO THE FRAY...

IT IS SIGNIFICANT, HOWEVER, THAT JASON SLAMS INTO AN APE...

...AND ALEX SEIZES A HUMAN.

Huh--?

LET GO OF ME--!
TRYIN' TO HOLD MY ARMS BACK
SO YOUR APE FRIENDS CAN
FINISH ME OFF--!

WELL IT'S TIME YOU MANS
FREAKS LEARNED THAT WE
HUMANS AREN'T GONNA
STAND STILL FOR ANY
MORE OF YOUR--

--SHUGHH!

WAIT

STOP
IT, ALEX--!

WHAT'RE YOU HITTING
HIM FOR--?!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE
TO DO THAT!

YOU TELL
'IM, BROTHER...

I THINK
HE BUSTED
MY JAW

COME OFF IT, ALEX! YOU'VE SEEN BRUTUS
IN ACTION -- YOU KNOW THIS IS ALL HIS
FAULT!

MAYBE SO -- BUT I ALSO
KNOW THAT IT WASN'T BRUTUS WHO
ALMOST CAVED MY HEAD IN WITH
THAT CLUB A MINUTE AGO!

IT WAS THOSE TWO APES
WHO STARTED THIS
FIGHT! REAL SMART
OF YOU TO END IT
BY PUNCHING ON
A HUMAN--

LISTEN, JASON -- YOU'D
BETTER COOL OFF THAT
HOT HEAD OF YOURS
BEFORE YOUR HAIR
STARTS BURNING.

BESIDES, HOW DO YOU
KNOW WHO STARTED THE
FIGHT?--? OUR BACKS
WERE TURNED!

Yeah-- MAYBE I DO, ALEX!
(MAYBE I REALIZE THAT
YOU'RE JUST AS BAD
AS ALL THE REST--!)

JASON, PLEASE!
STOP IT, ALEX IS
RIGHT -- YOU MUSTN'T
LET YOUR EMOTIONS
CONTROL YOU...

WAKE UP AND GET REASONABLE,
JABE! YOU'RE ALWAYS WHINING
ABOUT HOW YOU'RE SICK OF
ME DEFENDING APES! WELL,
I'M JUST AS SICK OF YOU CON-
DAMNING ALL APES FOR THE
ACTIONS OF A FEW! DO YOU WANT
ME TO DIE JUST BECAUSE BRUTUS
KILLED YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER--?!
ALEX IS RIGHT, HUH--? WELL, IF HE WAS SO RIGHT WHEN HE PUNCHED THAT HUMAN, WHY DOESN'T HE TRY A PUNCH AT ME?

STOP IT, JASE-- YOU KNOW I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT WITH YOU...

Yeah, I guess not. You'd rather hide behind Malaguena's dress.

JASON--!

Let him go, Malaguena. Give him a chance to cool off before he tears all three of us apart.

DUSK: AT THE TREEHOUSE BIVOUAC OF THE RENEGADE GORILLAS...

MESSAGE FOR BRUTUS--!

What is it, Warko?

The lawyer has returned to the city. Leader Brutus. He plans to make a speech tonight--appealing for a return to peace between human and ape.

If it's important, go on up.

Then get my horse, fool!

But, Leader Brutus, you can't go into the city now...

Why not? I'm still the city's Peace Officer--and in view of current sentiment, the ape citizenry will support me before they'll support the lawyer.

I told you--public opinion now weighs in my favor, regardless of my secret role. It's my word against his.

Still, on the slight chance of majority should remain loyal to that spineless weakling, several of you will be waiting just outside the square...

But the lawyer knows you're not just the peace officer. He'll tell them you're also the leader of our terrorist movement.

But the lawyer on my command....

...to kill the lawyer on my command.
THE CITY SQUARE: WHERE A CROWD
OF SHADOWS GATHERS UNDER TORCH-
LIGHT....

IT IS A
DIVIDED
CROWD...

...WITH HUMANS COMPRISING
ONE GROUP...

...AND APES FORMING
ANOTHER, SEPARATE
THRONES.

NEITHER SIDE WOULD HAVE IT
DIFFERENTLY....

...ALTHOUGH TWO INDIVIDUALS REFUSE TO
SHARE IN THE MUTUAL FEELINGS WHICH DIVIDES
THE OTHERS. LOOK AT THOSE TWO
BROTHER... STANDING ALL
ALONE BETWEEN US AND
THEM. WHAT DO THEY
THINK THEY ARE-- A
SELF-PROCLAIMED
PEACE PARTY?... BUT THEN THE
LAWGIVER APPEARS, HURLING
THE BALCONY
WITH AN ALMOST
TANGIBLE
AUTHORITY...

AND ALL EYES LIFT
UPWARD, TO FALL UPON
THE DRAMATIC FIGURE OF
HE WHO EMBODIES THE
LAW AND THE LIFE OF
THEIR CITY......

JASON DOES NOT REPLY, BUT THE SPARKS
NEVERTHELESS FLASH IN HIS EYES. HE LOOKS
AT MALAGUENA... THEN AT ALEX... AND HIS
BLOOD SEETHES WITH A SWELLING SENSE
OF BETRAYAL. WELCOME,
FELLOW CITIZENS OF
PEACE! WELCOME
TO THE FIRST
LIE I HAVE EVER
SPOKEN TO YOU....
You murmured, you whispered, and you shift your weight. You cough to hide your unsettled nerves, and you ask yourselves: what did he say—a lie—what did he mean by that? And every one of you knows what I mean!

I have addressed you as fellow citizens of peace...

...and in so doing, I have lied to you.

Since I have been gone you have come to see yourselves as trees. This is because an evil sorcery has come upon you...and forced you to notice that some of you belong to one kind of tree, and the rest of you to another kind, and so you have divided yourselves...

And I am proud to be an ape...

You see, I have looked out among you...and I have seen humans and I have seen apes, but try as they might, these poor old eyes cannot see humans and apes.

Why do I see two when we are actually one? There is a reason—and a chillingly pathetic one. The old books tell of a forest which has been covered in evil sorcery, and whose beauty has been disguised by itself...

One who looks upon this forest will see each different tree...but will never realize that all of the trees on mine to form the same forest. The sorcery focuses our eyes on the trees...and the forest disappears.

The evil sorcery which has done this is called hate! It is a line of hate which now divides you! You must break that line! You must cross that line! You must come together—right now! Not as trees, but...

...forgetting that there is strength and beauty in a forest only when its trees stand together as a whole.

You may be a tree, old one...

But I am an ape!

Too proud to listen to words which call for the doom of my kind...

While they masquerade as a sermon for peace.

It's Peace Officer Brutus—let him through.
By what right do you disrupt this congregation?

By the Apes' right to be ruled by an ape--not by a weak, old human-lover whose days are past.

That does it!!

You've had it, Brutus--!!

You're nothing but a stinking, lousy, hate-mongering liar and murderer who isn't fit to rule maggots!

Who will you listen to, fellow Ape citizens? This fugitive human--wanted for the murder of my wife Zena and unlawfully protected by the old fool who calls himself Lawgiver...?

Or me--the peace officer of this city and the defender of simian faith...?

Do not listen to him, citizens! He is the defender of nothing but hate!! He is the living avatar of the hate which divides you!! I have proof that he himself murdered his wife--as well as many others!

If my leadership means anything to you, you will respect and denounce him and his policy of divisiveness.

But there are some who think of it as a policy of Ape supremacy, and such a notion does have certain appeal... Then again, the city has been a good place as the Lawgiver has defined it...

So they hesitate, torn by ambivalence and uncertainty...
AND THE HESITATION PROVIDES A PODIUM FOR FURTHER CONFRONTATION...

HE HAS GIVEN US PROOF OF NOTHING—EXCEPT THAT HE IS NO LONGER FIT TO RULE! IT IS TIME FOR NEW LAWS—!

IT IS TIME TO REMOVE HIM FROM AUTHORITY—TO STRIKE HIM DOWN FROM HIS PERCH ABOVE THE REST OF US!!

AND I SAY WE DO IT RIGHT NOW!!

BRUTUS STALKS FORWARD NOW, TOWARD THE LAWGIVER, AS THOUGH TO CARRY OUT HIS THREATS...

BUT THERE IS ONE WHO DEFIES THOSE THREATS...

HOLD IT, BRUTUS—you want to reach the lawgiver, you’re gonna have to walk right over me first!

AND YOU CAN ADD ME TO THE LIST TOO, BRUTUS...

AND ANOTHER, WHOSE NAME IS ALEX...

GUESS I’M WITH YOU, BROTHERS. LAWGIVER MAY BE AN APE, BUT HE’S NEVER DONE NOTHIN’ TO ME...

...AND A THIRD, WHO IS HUMAN...

THEN SEVERAL MORE APES STEP FROM THE CROWD, TO JOIN THE THREE...

SO HE BELLows ONE FINAL WORD--

AND AS BRUTUS WATCHES THE GROWING LINE FORM INTO A BARRICADE WHICH SHIELDS THE LAWGIVER, HE REALIZES THAT HE HAS LOST IN THIS GAME OF WORDS...
--AND THE SQUARE IS ASSAULTED BY THUNDERING CHAOS.

SPARKS CHIP FROM SURGING HOODES LIKE BLUE HELLFIRE. TORCHLIGHT CATCHES THIN BLARES FROM THE HOLES IN BLACK HOODS.

CROSSBOWS SNAP AND ARROWS WHINE.

THERE ARE HORSE SHRICKS AND PIERCING EYES, BUT THE WORDS ARE LOST. THE WORDS ARE FUTILE...

FOR EVEN THE LAWSIWER FINDS THAT WORDS MAY NOT STAY A MESSANGER OF VIOLENCE AND HATE.

CARRY HIM AS LOW AS YOU CAN! USE THE BALCONY AS A SHIELD--!

RIGHT-- AND YOU OPEN THE DOORS SO WE CAN GET HIM INSIDE!

AND YET, PERHAPS WORDS OF RENEWED COOPERATION MAY YET DEFEAT THIS MONSTER OF HATE...

QUICK-- THE LAWSIWER'S BEEN HIT!!
But the youth called Jason is not so confident in the power of words, thus he crouches on the stone balustrade, shielding the lawyer's body with his own...

...but only until the lawyer has been safely escorted inside.

Explain that, you stinking rotten lice-ridden murderer...

--but I need your horse!

It truly degenerates into chaos now, as hooked gorilla brutally strikes helpless chimpanzee, forgetting that both are apes...

...Aware only that one does not wear a hood of terror...

...and whose face is therefore as bare as that of a human...and perhaps even more despised.
Just beyond the square, however, the conflict proceeds in a more discriminate direction...

There you are, Brutus—running away at the first sign of danger again...

Me—half your size and half your weight, but twice as mad, Brutus—twice as mad!!

Faster, Brutus—I'm gaining on that poor overworked horse of yours! Faster, you big fat ball of hairy scum!! Faster!

But this time you'd better run like hell—because I'm coming after you, Brutus—!

Too late, Brutus!

I warned you—!

I was coming—!

And I'm here—!

I'm takin' you down, Buster—down for a fall!!

And you're gonna feel it—!

And you're gonna feel everything I've got!!

I've waited for this, Brutus—waited to pay you for what you did to my mother—!

And now that the time's here, Brutus, I'm gonna do it—!

I ain't gonna stop until there's nothin' left to beat on!!

Come on, Brutus—beg for your stinking life—crawl, damn you!!

Waited to beat you for what you did to my father—!

To beat on you so hard you'd run into bloody pulp—!
DO YOU HEAR---?! I WANT YOU TO CRAWL, BRUTUS! I WANT YOU TO DRAG YOUR FURLED-OWN NOSE THROUGH THE DIRT BEFORE I--!

STOP IT, HUMAN---!

---AND I'M GONNA KILL HIM!!

NO, JASON... I HAVE JUST SEEN THE TERRORISTS DEFEATED, JASON---DEFEATED BY THE GREATER NUMBER OF CITIZENS UNITED IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE, IN THE CAUSE ENDING HATRED AND RESTORING PEACE.

I HOPE YOU WILL NOT BE THE ONLY ONE WHO REFUSES TO JOIN THIS CAUSE. I COULDN'T BEAR THAT, JASON... NOR COULD YOU, IN THE END.

AND YOU, BRUTUS... YOU WHO HAVE MADE A MOCKERY OF YOUR POSITION AS PEACE OFFICER... I DENOUNCE YOU, BRUTUS, AND I HEREBY BANISH YOU FROM THIS CITY.

BANISH...?

...FOR A MUCH HARSHER PUNISHMENT SHALL AWAIT YOU.

NOO!!

YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT---!!
GO, BRUTUS -- AT ONCE.
YOU'RE LETTING HIM GO -- WHY? YOU'RE LETTING HIM GO FREE -- AFTER HE MURDERED MY PARENTS -- MURDERED HIS OWN WIFE -- AND TRIED TO MURDER HUNDREDS OF OTHERS --?
YOU'RE MAD -- YOU'VE LOST YOUR SENSES -- ALL OF YOU!!

YOU CAN'T LET HIM GO NOW!! HE'LL BE BACK TO SLAUGHTER US ALL!!

PLEASE, JASON, LISTEN TO ME. WE MUST PUT AN END TO BRUTUS' WAY OF THINKING. WE MUST NOT EMBRACE IT. WE MUST NOT PROCLAIM IT, MY SON...

Yeah? Well, I'm beginning to think maybe we should. 'Cuz maybe Brutus was right. Lawgiver -- maybe you're not fit to rule any more!

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING -- YOU'RE THROUGH RULING OVER ME!
MAYBE THE REST OF THESE BLIND FOOLS WILL LISTEN TO YOU -- BUT I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF YOU FOR ANOTHER SECOND!

EVERYBODY SEEMS TO FORGET THAT I'M NOBODY'S SON -- THAT MY PARENTS WERE BUTCHERED AND BURNT!

BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN IT -- AND I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I'VE BUTCHERED AND BURNED THE STINKING GORILLA WHO DID IT!

AND I AIN'T YOUR SON, LAWSERVER!!
SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL BANISH ME TOO, LAWGIVER, BECAUSE I WON'T BE COMING BACK-- NOT EVEN AFTER I FIND AND KILL BRUTUS.

JASON-- JASON, WAIT--!

ALEX, WHO SAID YOU COULD TOUCH ME--?

I'VE HAD IT, ALEX-- I'VE HAD IT ALL AND MORE WITH YOU--!

AND BELIEVE ME-- I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR UGLY APE FACE AGAIN!!

JASON-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?

WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE A LONG TIME AGO, MALAGUENA, WHICH REMINDS ME... I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN EITHER.

IF YOU LOVE ALEX SO MUCH-- IF YOU CAN LOVE A DIRTY APE--!

...THEN YOU CAN JUST STAY WITH HIM-- OUI I DON'T WANT THE DIRT RUBBIN' OFF ON ME.

I... I THOUGHT JASON AND I WERE FRIENDS, MALAGUENA... EVEN IF WE ARE DIFFERENT...

BUT MAYBE WE NEVER WERE FRIENDS... AND CAN NEVER BE FRIENDS...

MAYBE WE WERE JUST TOO AFRAID... TO HATE EACH OTHER...

AND I THOUGHT THAT FRIENDSHIP WAS SPECIAL... SPECIAL ENOUGH SO THAT THE DIFFERENCE DIDN'T MATTER...

THEN JASON HAS CONQUERED THAT FEAR, ALEX. I HOPE YOU NEVER DO.
NOW

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OUTLINES OF TOMORROW:

A CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

by Jim Whitmore

Two thousand years is a hell of a long time, count it any way you want. (How many years can you expect to live? Sixty. Even seventy? Fine. Given twenty centuries you could make the rounds of life twenty-eight times. How much could happen in those lives?)

Two thousand years ago the Roman Empire was the diamond in the crown of human progress. Europe was a lot of barbarians being tamed by the Legions; forget them. Asia was a vast mystery to the East. The Americas, Australia, Antarctica were all totally unknown to "Civilized" man, who at best guessed at lands beyond his maps and wrote down "Here There Be Dragons." To come were the rise of Christianity, war after peace after war, the Dark Ages and the Renaissance and the beginnings of mapping the world as tiny ships sailed from port in search of new trade goods. Things speeded up, then. Countries were caught in the Industrial Revolution and world power shifted—more than once—as Man kept struggling to balance his good and bad natures. There was this basic problem with power; it kept being misused.

More wars. Each one a little worse, as the weaponry improved and killing became more efficient, right up to today when a button somewhere could mean destruction for all of us.

All of that in a mere two thousand years. We've come a long way, but it seems at times that only the trappings have actually changed, and the same questions need answering as always. What will another two thousand years bring?

Here's one fictional answer: the world a hungry wasteland, with events grinding down inevitably to that final line—the explosion of the Alpha-Omega Bomb.

The end of everything.

**************

The adventure-series format has always been a popular one with story-tellers, all the way back to Homer.

And certainly any quick glance at your neighborhood newsstand will tell you it's flourishing today! But rarely does any particular series attempt to deal with such an incredible span of time and space as did the five Planet of the Apes movies and subsequent TV show. (One of the advantages of science fiction over other genres. It's free to leap boundaries.)

There is one other major difference between this epic series and others with lower sights; its construction. Most series tend to be linear and strictly sequential. But not Apes. It begins in the future and bends back on itself like the mythical worm ausurasorus, dipping into our world and threading forward again until it becomes its own ending and beginning all in one. A circle.

That's one of the things that makes a chronology of events from the series such an interesting prospect. It also happens to make it difficult. Such an immense amount of time is covered in the stories that, of necessity, large periods are left blank. What happened in them?

Where are the linkages from episode to episode? Putting it all together is like trying to reconstruct the past from the scattered contents of a few tombstones and monuments.

Naturally, there's a lot of room for argument. Here's how I think it works out, based on a lot of careful study and thinking. (At this point I have to thank Mike Wilber, of Paulshoro, New Jersey, who sent in to Marvel his own version of The Way It Will Be, much of which I am indebted to.) The big problem was dealing with the explicit contradictions in some of the material. I have tried to minimize these, but for those who still aren't satisfied I've come up with a new explanation that is guaranteed to cover it all—and, at the same time, make the whole series structure even more complicated.

You'll find the juggling act after the chronology proper, gang. Right now let's go to the earliest of the beginnings and work our way forward. We're linear, even if the series isn't!

**************
1972
February: Astronauts Taylor, Dodge, Stewart and Landon are launched on the first Intellar Exploration flight. November: Astronauts "Skipper" and Brent (and possibly two others?) are launched along same flight path as previous vessel, to probe its unexplained disappearance from detection.

1973
April: The first capsule reappears mysteriously, within nearby space. It lands off the California coast, slightly north of San Clemente, and is met by mobilized US Navy Spacelflight Recovery crew. Capsule is found to be piloted by Drs. Cornelius, Zira, and Milo. Events of ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES begin.
June: These events conclude with the birth of baby Milo and the murders of Zira and Cornelius. Milo begins his long education under Armando's care.

1973 to 1981
Eight complex years marked by contradictory development of two aspects of society. Space exploration expands. Unmanned probes range to the stars and back (discovery of Faster-than-light drive?) and manned flights over great distances are becoming more common. At the same time, however, the governments on Earth are growing more totalitarian in order to cope with increasing economic, political, and energy pressures. All information concerning the two lost spaceships and the secrets of the future revealed by Zira and Cornelius is locked away under heavy security clearance. Few are allowed access to it. Publicly it is spread that the two talking chimpanzees were a hoax, and nothing more. "Caesar" given to Milo by Armando.

1981
November: Virdon, Burke, and Jones are launched from Earth in events that begin TV series. Their ship encounters a strange electrical storm in space soon afterwards and is thrown into the future. Caesar, aged 8½, begins his bareback-riding acrobatics with Armando's circus. (With political repression the smaller circuses have been forced to play to dwindling country audiences, thus helping Caesar avoid dangerous publicity.)

1982
The year of the Plague From Space. Brought back to Earth by an unidentified space probe (many records were lost in the war), the Plague spreads over the planet in weeks, killing all cats and dogs. Apparently harmless to mankind and other animal species.

1982 to 1991
It is in this period that the repercussions of the Plague begin to be felt. Humans, to replace their lost pets, turn to keeping small primates, birds, lizards, etc. The primates are found to be the most useful and gradually become the most common household animal. Gradually larger and larger ones are taken in. In this generation of primates the Plague's genetic effects show themselves: stature increases and so does intelligence in the larger orders. The Government increases to be more and more authoritarian. A reverse migration of people from suburbs into the cities results in large towns becoming almost feudal forts surrounded by farmlands; the "provinces." Pollution in many areas brought under control. A massive air purification plant in the Rockies keeps California air perfectly clean.
However, with this increase in governmental structure a slave class is developed. The apes. Ape Management incorporated as a Semi-Public branch of the Government in 1986, with their only task rudimentary conditioning. By 1991 they are a monolith, now wholly government operated, with a wider range of responsibilities. Their training and day-to-day life with humans brings on an acceleration in the mental development of the apes.

1991
April: Armando decides that Caesar, now nearing eighteen and an accomplished performer, is old enough to see the truth of the Ape Condition. He brings the circus to play at an unnamed city on the West Coast, very likely San Francisco (judging from interior data.) Events of CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES begin.

June: Eighteen years after his birth Caesar comes of age at the head of the Ape Rebellion.

June, 1991 to late 1992
Caesar leads his people from the city into the “Provinces.” In this case, the San Francisco peninsula. Here Caesar attempts to build a home for his people with the aid of a few human advisors. Massive educational programs within the community. They face little harassment because, elsewhere in the country and perhaps the world, the ape rebellion is spreading. The government’s breakdown has begun and it cannot police itself as in the past. Tensions grow, until . . .

December 1992
NUCLEAR WAR. The work of a single madman? International political pressure? Some country taking advantage of the US governmental paralysis? Unknown. It is swift and effective. Laser defense ABM systems prevent war from utterly destroying life. Major cities bombed but surrounding areas livable—to a certain degree.

1992 to 2001
The human population that remains is in a state of shock. There is little or no communication over great distances. Caesar’s community, now completely isolated, accepts the survivors in its area and a new ape/human society begins to grow. Despite Caesar’s wishes humans become, effectively, second-class citizens, and apes cultural divisions begin to develop. Aldo declares himself General and begins to train an “army” of gorillas. In 1995, Caesar’s son by Lisa is born, and named Cornelius.

During this time residual radiation is having its effect on both humans and apes. The Plague-altered genes of the apes increase their already rapid intellectual development, in some cases (e.g., Virgil and Mandemus) incredibly so. The humans tend to be more docile, less given to action when angered. It is not clear at this time whether that is a radiation effect of just living with the evolved apes, the weakest of whom could trash the average human.

Meanwhile another branch of humanity is developing: the one that survived the war but stayed in the cities—The Mutants. Inspector Kolp has taken over in the remains of San Francisco and runs a scavenger city full of repressed hate.

November: The events of BATTLE FOR THE PLANET

OF THE APES begin and conclude. The humans win a slight ideological victory and temporary equal status with the apes. Kolp, Aldo, and young Cornelius die.

2001 to 2040
This, the first Ape City, grows. Caesar rules benevolently and well but human position continues to erode, seemingly without solution. The Forbidden Zone begins to become a real danger as animal and plant mutations get out of hand. In the city of San Francisco, the mutants are splitting into factions under the leadership of Mendez and the being destined Become One of the Gestalt mind.

2038
Lisa dies.

2040
Caesar dies, at 67. Not survived by children, his rule is turned over to a council of apes and humans under the leadership of a particularly well-respected orangutan. Both he and the office are christened “Lawgiver.”

2040 to 2052
Conditions between ape and human get worse. While educational programs maintain that there is no difference, humans labor under an aura of inferiority.
Systematic destruction of the outlaw bands is instituted. The Lawgiver of the day (whether only a regional level Lawgiver or more is unknown) writes the Sacred Scrolls and their rather unflattering portrait of Humanity.

2750 to 3085
The general spread of the Sacred Scrolls proves to be a reactionary move, and its influence reinstates the earlier days of isolation. (When growth has slowed in the previous century, organutters had taken more and more of the power formerly in the hands of gorillas. Now they rule completely.) The loss of communication between population centers is slow at first but speeds when Forbidden Zones start to become untenable again. (This time, largely, it is the result of poor conservation techniques. The radiation-blasted soil starts to give up and the deserts, as deserts, bloom.) Humankind grows completely docile.

Cultural patterns in the isolated areas retain shards and snippets of others. Thus, one area might continue to have the Lawgiver office while another might operate entirely differently. (The Apes City near New York City becomes isolated in this period after its incorporation into Pan-American Ape Society in the previous growth period. It was not a colony of the first Apes City but developed independently, and therefore does not have an historical record that accurately chronicles the west coast developments.)

3085
Virdon and Burke crashland but survive (unlike their fellow astronauts) in the region of the United States that was southwestern California. The events of the TV series begin. At this time the Apes government which rules over most of California is run by an orangutan faction headed by Dr. Zalus. General Burko of the Gorillas works cooperatively with him with continual "reminding" that Zalus is in charge. He chafes at the situation.

The two astronauts gain the chimpanzee, Galen, as a friend and traveling companion. Between them they leave a few traces of twentieth-century human culture—like certain agricultural techniques—that don't do much good for the humans but eventually serve to advance ape civilization.

Virdon, Burke and Galen have fates as yet untold.

3085 to 3975
The fall of humankind is complete. Approximately 3400, the combination of radiation deterioration and general demoralization succeeds in wiping the minds from humankind. They are forced away from ape cities as unproductive and useless animals and begin to live in the forests, wild. Meanwhile the continually encroaching Forbidden Zones have brought on a complete Dark Age. Progress slows to a halt in some areas, like the New York Ape City. (There all knowledge that humans once had a major civilization is lost. It becomes a mere legend, and then almost nothing at all. Knowledge of widespread Ape Civ is lost or concealed by conservative Orangutans...) Progressive chimpanzee elements are stifled.

Late in this period humans begin to be used as experimental animals and entertaining hunting diversions for the gorillas. A certain instinctual survival pattern remains in the people but it is less than successful.
3975

September: The first-launched space capsule, containing the three surviving males and one dead female astronaut, crashlands in inland lake somewhere in the area south of what was Long Island in our time. (Land masses have shifted so that it is no longer ocean.) Events of PLANET OF THE APES (film) begin.

3975 (fall) to early 3976

Ape City is awash with political undercurrents. Zaius has succeeded in quashing the ripples caused by Taylor's appearance and abilities, but General Ursus' campaigning for war is beyond his control. Several scouts are lost near the Forbidden City not long after Taylor disappears in early 3976 and war is on. There is also a chimpanzee political undercurrent—and while pretending to go along with Zaius Cornelius and Zira have secretly been aiding the genius chimpanzee Dr. Milo in his studies of the rescued space capsule, the one Taylor had come in. He is analyzing it and attempting to ready it for flight. They plan to use it as the kind of traumatic evidence they feel Ape City needs to escape total loss of the light of Truth.

3976

February: Brent's ship lands. "Skipper" (and other astronauts?) lost in crash. Events of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES begin as Brent encounters Nova and Ape City in his search for Brent. Brent's arrival plus two days: THE END, as the Alpha-Omega Bomb originally stored in the vaults of a San Francisco missile-complex and cherished by 26 generations of the house of Mendez is exploded while in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City. The end of everything; a catalytic reaction spreads across the globe. Shockwave of blast strikes space capsule with Milo, Cornelius, and Zira just as it approaches orbit, and manages to cast it back into the past to... the beginning?

***************

(Continued on page 72)
THE AWESOME APE ARMY ON THE MARCH, A BIZARRE CARAVAN OF MOUNTED AND INFANTRY GORILLAS...RELENTLESSLY THREADING ITS WAY OVER THE RADIATION-MISTED TERRAIN OF THE FORBIDDEN ZONE...

AN ARMY SEEKING ALL-OUT WAR...WITH AN ENEMY WHICH REMAINS MYSTERIOUSLY UNKNOWN...

THE HELL OF HOLOCAUST

Story: DOUG MOENCH  Art: ALFREDO ALCALA
AND A VAST AND SPRAWLING LEGION OF MAUALDERS LED BY--

GENERAL URSUS---!

...AND ONE OTHER: DR. ZAIUS, THE MINISTER OF SCIENCE...

LOOK HERE--IN THE GROUND--!

SOME SORT OF HOLE, URSUS--!
THERE ARE WAYS DOWN THERE--WAYS TO REACH YOUR ENEMIES!

...A VAST ARMY LED BY TWO OF ITS SOCIETY'S MOST CAPABLE PERSONAGES...

YOU KNOW THE RANGE OF THEIR CITY--?

...AND A VAST ARMY WHICH IS EVEN NOW TELEPATHICALLY OBSERVED BY THE RANKING HIERARCHY OF ITS STILL UNKNOWN ENEMY...

YES, MENDEZ, I KNOW THE RANGE.

...THE MUTANT INQUISITORS.

THEN PROGRAM IT INTO THE MECHANISM AND STAND BY THE PRIME THE BOMB.
ALBINA. I WANT A PUBLIC THOUGHT PROJECTION CHANNEL AT BOTH ADULT AND INFANT LEVEL. YOU WILL PROJECT THE FOLLOWING ORDER: "CLEAR THE STREETS, STAY INDOORS."

YES, HOLINESS.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, HOLINESS?

EVERYTHING NECESSARY.

I... SEE...

SIX VENTS IN ALL...

...DOWN WHICH THE APE ARMY DISAPPEARS...

...REDUCING A HOarde TO NO MORE THAN FOUR Sentries... AND AN ARRAY OF RIDERLESS MOUNTS.
Meanwhile, still confined to a cell deep within the subterranean city's labyrinthine complex, astronauts Brent and Taylor, and the indigenous human primitive Nova detect the approach of—

Footsteps—coming closer—!
Haven't you wasted enough ammunition, Xerxes? What are you doing now?

Just making sure, brother... just making...
--SURE.

ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL, BROTHER TALIUS... AT LEAST NOT WHERE THE ENEMY IS CONCERNED.

THUS, EVEN IF THERE WERE ANYONE IN THAT ROOM...

"--THEY CERTAINLY WON'T BE ABLE TO BOAST ABOUT IT NOW."

BUHHOOOM

TAYLOR...?

YEAAAAAHHH...I'LL LUV. YOU...?

46
YEAH. JUST A LITTLE SHAKEN, NOTHING THAT WON'T--

BRENT... I LOOK--OVER THERE--!? WE'RE FREE, BRENT! THAT GRENADE BLASTED A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH THE WALL--!? THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR--?

LET'S GO--!

I'M WITH YOU, STARHOPPER... AND NOW THAT WE'RE FREE, ARE YOU STILL WITH ME-- ON WHAT WE HAVE TO DO NEXT?

YOU'VE GOT THE SAME CRAZY IDEA I HAVE DON'T YOU?

EXCEPT IT'S NOT CRAZY, IF THESE PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE TO FALL TO THE APES, THEY'LL DETONATE THE DOOMSDAY BOMB, WHICH IS THE END OF THE APES-- BUT ALSO THE END OF EVERYTHING ELSE, THE END OF LIFE-- THE END OF THE WORLD. YOU TOLD ME SO YOURSELF.

YEAH... BUT I SHOULD TRY IT ALONE...

NOT WHEN WE CAN DOUBLE OUR CHANCES, BESIDES, YOU'VE LOST A LOT OF BLOOD FROM THAT KNIFE-SLASH I GAVE YOU. YOU'RE GONNA NEED HELP.

ALL RIGHT-- AGREED. BUT ONLY IF...
THAT WAS A GORILLA-- IN PAIN--!

YEAH, AND I CAN HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS AT A RUN-- COMING THIS WAY!

COME ON-- BACK IN THE CELL--?

WE'RE DOOMED!!

NOT EVEN THE LAWGIVER CAN SAVE US FROM THE HORROR IN THIS PLACE!!

WE MUST FLEE!!

NOW.
SNUD! WUMP!

TAY... OR...

NOVA--?

T... TAY--

I SHOULD LET THEM ALL DIE...
ALL OF THEM! NOT JUST THE GORILLAS!!!

US TOO...!!

LOOK HOW IT ALL ENDS! IT'S TIME IT WAS FINISHED...!!

FINISHED!!

TAYLOR-- SNAP OUT OF IT, MAN. WE'VE GOT TO HURRY.

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT BOMB...!!

NOW COME ON, TAYLOR!

COME ON...!!
While elsewhere in the subterranean matrix of corridors, different squadrons of the Ape Army comb the vast complex... ever marching in convergent directions... and hoping to no avail that they will encounter their unseen enemy...

Dr. Zailus, however, has just received his first hint of the enemies' identity. It does not please him...

They're...

... Obscene--!

Skrash!

All of them-- the image of humans' false idols--!

All Obscene!!
ZAUS' FRENZY OF RAGE HAS SWEEPT DOWN THE CORRIDORS IN A SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION OF THE SHRINED MENDEZ DYNASTY...A FRENZY WHICH CULMINATES WITH THE LAST BUST --

-- THAT OF THE CURRENT MENDEZ.

ALL--

-- OBSCENE!

SKRASH!

THAT SCREAM CAME FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR, SERGEANT--

COME ON!
BRATCH!
A HUMAN--!

SHE'S DEAD.

KREEH

WUNK!

WUNK!
THE APE ARMY HAS CONVERGED...

...AND PENETRATED THE HEART OF THE MYSTERIOUS CITY...

FORWARD!

A HUMAN--!

BRASHH!

SOLDIERS, ARREST THAT CREATURE... AND BRING IT TO ME.
THE INSTRUMENT OF MY GOD SHALL NOW RISE BEFORE YOU!

HE CAN SPEAK...!

A HUMAN WHO CAN SPEAK...!

YOUR GOD, HUMAN?

YOUR GOD DIDN'T SAVE YOU, DID HE--?

KILL HIM.

NO--!

MY GOD--!

I MUST ACTIVATE MY--

HAAH! SO MUCH FOR THE TALKING HUMAN--!

BLAM!
URSUS --- STOP, YOU FOOL!

ZAIUS! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

THAT'S A WEAPON BUILT BY MAN. YOU CAN'T SHOOT IT DOWN WITH A CUP OF BULLETS ---!

--- AND NOW WE'LL SEE ABOUT HIS "GOD"!

PUT DOWN YOUR GUN, URSUS!

BEFORE YOU KILL US ALL ---!

YOUR COWARDICE WILL KILL US ALL, ZAIUS ---

--- NOT MY SUN ---!

BRAK: AK- AK.

SPANG PANG PANG PANG
IF WE CAN'T
SHOOT IT DOWN,
WE'LL HAUL
IT DOWN.

GET THE ROPE
AND TACKLE!

SILENCE,
ZALUS. ANOTHER
WORD AND I'LL
PLACE YOU UNDER
MILITARY
ARREST!

OURS, YOU'RE MAD.
WE CAN'T FIGHT
THAT WEAPON.
WE MUST
LEAVE THIS--

I'LL TAKE THE
LEFT ASLE, TAYLOR.
YOU TRY TO MAKE IT
UP THE RIGHT...

THAT'S
IT--PULL!

HARDER--!

JUST WATCH
US, ZALUS!
PULL, GORILLAS
...PULL!

EVEN
HARDER--
BRING IT
DOWN!
THAT'S IT-- HARDER! IT'S COMING--!

YOU'RE DOING IT--!
HEAVE!
HEAVE!

BEHIND THE PILLAR--!

BRRAK-AW-AK!

AGHK-K!!

HE'S NOT DEAD, URSUS--!
-- OR IT'S DOOMSDAY, THE END OF THE WORLD, ZAUS --

-- AND YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
ONE TINY BUTTON, ZAIUS--THAT'S ALL IT TAKES, ALL I DO IS PRESS IT, AND IT'S OVER-- FOR GOOD!

SO FOR GOD'S SAKE, HELP ME, ZAIUS! HELP ME STOP ALL THIS--!

YOU ASK ME TO HELP YOU, BUT MAN IS EVIL-- CAPABLE OF NOTHING BUT DESTRUCTION. SHOULD I THEN, HELP YOU TO DESTROY?

NO, TAYLOR-- YOU ARE THE BEAST, YOU ARE THE DESTROYER.

BUT THE DESTROYER HIMSELF MUST INEVITABLY BE DESTROYED.

YOU... STINKING... SANCTIMONIOUS... BEAST--!!

YOU DAMNED DIRTY ANIMAL--!

DON'T TOUCH THE BUTTON, TAYLOR--!!

THEN HELP ME, LET BRENT GO, CONVINCE URIUS TO LET ME DISMANTLE THE BOMB-- PERMANENTLY. HELP ME, ZAIUS-- YOU MUST.

SO HELP ME, ZAIUS-- I'LL DO IT. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME--I WANT TO DO IT. SO YOU'D BETTER STOP ME, ZAIUS-- YOU'D DAMN WELL BETTER STOP ME!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR--?!

SHOOT THE HUMAN-- SHOOT HIM--?

WEAKLING!!

URSUS I...I...

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

DAMN YOU, ZALUS... DAMN YOU...
...you could have... stopped... him... could have...

BLAM!

What's wrong with him? How can he go on—? I hit him five times--!

He should be--
WE MUST NOW RECORD THE FINAL EVENT OF THIS SOMBER HISTORY. THE UNIVERSE AT PRESENT CONTAINS BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF SPIRAL GALAXIES. IN ONE OF THEM, ONE-THIRD FROM ITS EDGE, IS A MEDIUM-SIZED STAR.

AND ONE OF ITS SATELITES, A GREEN AND INSIGNIFICANT PLANET--

--IS NOW DEAD.

END
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ON SALE SOON!
It fits together pretty neatly as a circle, doesn’t it? And still there’s a world of blank spaces to fill in within those two thousand-year boundaries. Room for eternal speculation.

Why is it, then, that I feel cramped? The answer: the blasted paradoxes in my information! When I began the project I decided that I had to have a base date. Something to work from; a cornerstone; a single piece of info that was VALID no matter what. I finally settled on using the date for the PLANET sequence that Marvel’s adaptation used, since Doug Moench was working from the original screenplay. It seemed the safest. That date was 3975 and Taylor’s launch. If you can believe him, was 2003 years earlier.

But in BENEATH when Brent checks his chronometer it says 3985. And when Zira is questioned as to when she came from in ESCAPE, she also says 3985.

But can I then decide that 3985 is a better date? No! Because in BATTLE, in the tape of Zira’s voice (as printed in the novel), the date is 3985! *Aaaargh*! I gnash my teeth and foam at the mouth. Contradictions, contradictions, contradictions... how to deal with them?

There were two ways.

The chronology you just read was one. Using the base-date I’d already decided on I let things work forward from the past, interpolating and inserting to make the structure rational and coherent. I’m rather happy with it.

But there was a second way to fix things, too, and for it to work you had to assume that none of those conflicting dates constituted a paradox; that every single one of them was correct.

There are broad hints throughout the Apes series that this latter interpretation might be the more valid one. In ESCAPE, for example, Dr. Hasslein talks at great length on the theory of Parallel Worlds. The same theme is pushed by Virgil in BATTLE, and by Caesar’s desperation to change the future in both CONQUEST and BATTLE.

Simply put, the theory works like this: Every possible decision can go an indefinite number of ways. Say you wanted to pick up a ball—you might decide not to, after all, or you might pick it up slow, or fast, or even knock it away from yourself by accident...

If the universe is, indeed, infinite, then there exist parallel worlds in which all of those things did occur, as well as the one that you happened to experience in this worldline. Do you see? Each motion of a molecule or decision of a head of state changes the universe, but somewhere/where in the universe where the action went the other way.

Remember, just before the Chronology, I promised a juggling act. This is it.

AN ALTERNATE EXPLANATION FOR THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE APES SERIES.

In one universe in which the space agency is called ANSA, a spacecraft with four astronauts is launched. It disappears and reappears, thanks to the magic of a space/time warp, in a future world—though not necessarily a future world of its own original universe. Either from its universe or one nearby (because of the similarities I must assume that) a rescue/search ship is launched, landing in the same possible future as the first. That universe holds a world that is doomed to nuclear destruction.

But when it dies, three escape and are thrown back—into a past world not that of the original Brent and Taylor. (Proof: Instead of ANSA, the space agency is NASA. Certain dates do not agree otherwise.) It is in this new dimensional branch that the events of ESCAPE, CONQUEST, and BATTLE all take place. Now, whether or not this world is the one that will someday die a nuclear death is not clear. But, granted those infinite branching worldlines, surely Caesar might be too striking a contrast to what actually happened in the next two films! Now, did Cornelius come from a future that had a different past? Or did he merely, like many historians today, simply have distorted information? It’s something to argue about.

Just to boggle your mind I’ll add the theory that the Cornelius and Zira of ESCAPE weren’t from the same world as PLANET and BENEATH, because in the first two nothing was known of human civilization—not even if it ever existed!

“Curiouser and curiouser!” to quote Lewis Carroll’s famous Alice. The Apes series not as a circle in time, already a structure rare in the series format, but actually some mad, whirling, spiraling forests of alternate timelines? There has to be proof, somewhere!

Maybe, just maybe, if I go back and read all the books carefully one more time...
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a true story by John B. Hailey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The work was good, the work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going we had to sell from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—to help with the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others. So I took the plunge and started a franchise business.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than $1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty.

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