WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET
OF THE
APES

TERROR
TO APE AND MAN
"WHEN THE
ASSIMIANS
STRIKE"

EXTRA: PART TWO OF
"THE PEOPLE WHO ARE
THE PLANET OF THE APES!"
THE MAGIC MAN'S LAST GASP PURPLE LIGHT SHOW!
By Doug Moench & Mike Ploog
Page 7

TWO PEOPLE WHO ARE THE PLANET OF THE APES
Part two of our indepth interview with the distinguished Drs. “Zira” and “Cornelius.”
By Jim Whitmore
Page 32

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND
By Doug Moench & Rico Rival
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Dear Sir,

I hope I get to know you better than I do now. I'd like you to get your name, so I won't have to call you "Sir." I know you must be a nice man who has a lot of patience to make Mark Leonard and Roddy McDowell masks and costumes.

I watched PLANET OF THE APES every week and hope that you will put the series back on the air.

David Hopka
Shomoki, Pa.

Dave, you don't have to call us "Sir." Call us Fred. Call us Jane. Call us anything you like... but call us.

And we may be nice, but we're certainly not men. We're the trained armadillo corps (and we got our jobs—the writing of letter columns—cause it wasn't top-secret, and we sit (casts it crouch?) at the typewriter to use the hunt and peck system to type out the answers to each and every mighty missive published.

As for the PLANET OF THE APES television show, we must reiterate: Marvel has never had one smidgen of pull or influence over the producers of said show. If we did, we would gladly arrange to get it put back on the air for the benefit of all ape-ophiles, but since we don't, we can only recommend that you turn to the Reader's Forum in this lettercol and obey the words of Julie Harris.

Nuff said!

Dear Marvel Simians,

Having read POTA #10, I think that "Kingdom of An Island of the Apes" is the best Ape-related script Doug Moench has turned in. Unfortunately, it was split into two parts, but fortunately, due to a lot of work finishing up in this, my fourth and final year at college, I was unable to read the first chapter until just last week, so it was fresh in my mind when I got this issue, featuring the conclusion. I especially liked the first half, and how Doug carefully constructed Derek Zane's character. I also liked the rather happy ending, and was just about to ask you to perhaps base a series on this story, until I realized the ending wasn't all that happy after all, if Zane is in Brent's time, than it's only a matter of time before the earth is blown to smithereens. So much for happy endings.

I loved Rico Rival's artwork, tho I think I've said that in the past. He did an admirable job. However, you are right about Mike Ploog; the stuff he's doing for this magazine is among the finest comic art being published anywhere. I am very much in favor of seeing Mike's pencils reproduced, rather than taking the chance of seeing someone hack up his work, such as the last strip he drew in POTA that someone else inked.

I might state that I'm a Marvel fan who buys PLANET OF THE APES, and definitely not vice versa. I've seen the first three movies, and that's about it. You've got a nice concept to work with, but it's far from being my favorite Marvel mag, beautiful art or no. Perhaps that's why I liked "Kingdom..." so much; there was very little ape material in the first chapter, and it read like a superior science fiction story/strip. After careful consideration, I think it would be a mistake to try and incorporate it into the Marvel Universe. In a recent issue of the DEFENDERS, we were given a rundown of the future Marvel Universe, and dates for Deathlok, Killraven and the Guardians of the Galaxy were given. True, the world blows up after all these series, but the buildup has to occur in the many centuries preceding and, I just can't fit in with these other series. So I suggest you leave this series off the Earth inhabited by Spider-Man, the FF, etc. Two suggestions, tho: the Planet of the Apes could be the High Evolutionary's Counter-Earth, or mayhap the alternate Earth currently being showcased in the FANTASTIC FOUR magazine. This I would be in favor of, as long as you don't try to tie it in with most of your superhero characters.

Why must Doug Moench's ape adaptations be so terse? I have heard a rumor that the people who own the paperback rights to these movie adaptations have stipulated that you may use only so many words per page. I can see their point, if that's true, but it makes your adaptations a bit shallow. Especially your action scenes, which are always bolstered in Marvel Comics by expressive text, here have to stand on their own merits, with little or no context. Alfredo Alcala is doing a much better job than Tuska, but while being a fine draftsman, he is hardly an expert action artist. His work on the Apes so far has been good, though hardly up to what he's capable of. Anyway, Doug writes nice descriptive stories in the front of the book, so why can't he do the same in the back? And I just can't swallow that stuff about giving it a "cinematic feel".

The articles are usually the toughest thing for me to wade thru in the magazine. Marvel text articles have improved by leaps and bounds recently in your other magazines, but the stuff in POTA seems to be endless rehearsals of a decided unimportant subject. Having devastated everyone from Sam Marone on down, I would now like to offer my humble suggestion for an article: "How We Adapt Ape Films For Fun and Profit" by Doug Moench, George Tuska, and Al Acala. In other words, how do they do it? Does Doug sit and see the movie time and time again, read a shooting script, then dilute this into a script for the artists? Or do you work "Marvel style" on the scripting, with Doug adding the dialogue after the art comes in? And do Tuska and Acala view the movies, or do they work from stills? Or from their imagination? I'd really be curious to know, and I think other marvel fans would also.

"We Heard It Through The Ape Vine", besides being one of the few lettercol titles that makes me chuckle (it really cuts "Green-Skins Grab Bag"), is one of the worst letter columns in all of Marveldom. Unlike many others, I emphatically do not want to see Bob Larkin doing an Ape story. First of all, he seems to be a painter, not a comic artist, and would probably be out of his element. Besides, I really don't care for his covers. POTA #10 was an exception, however, and I really liked it, mostly because of the very effective use of color. And unfortunately, I have no Ape cards to trade. Sorry gang.

In conclusion, I'd like to say welcome aboard to Mr. Goodwin, and hope that he can take what is now a pleasant but unspectacular comic and turn it into a top-notch magazine. I think he has a good chance.

Best wishes,
Fred G. Hembeck
Buffalo, N.Y.

Archie thanks you, his mother thanks you, his daughter thanks you, and his boss thanks you—
'cause if you think it'll get better you'll buy the furshulfinger thing! And it is getting better each issue, Fred — though how can we possible improve on perfection?

As far Rico Riva's artwork over which you've raved, be sure you've picked up a copy of DEAD OF NIGHT #11, featuring THE SCARECROW, if you haven't already! If you're lucky, it'll still be on the stands, 'cause it features some of Rico's artwork on a startling new series you should not miss!

And the Marvel Universe controversy rages on. After STEVE GERBER tied up all the future worlds (except for the Apes) in a recent issue of THE DEFENDERS, much mail was received thanking us for being more considerate of our continuity than a certain Distinguished Competitor. And now that Stainless STEVE ENGLEHART has had Thor and Hawkeye meet the Rawhide Kid in a recent issue of our color AVENGERS title, the Marvel Universe is pretty well sewn up. We're still counting the votes on whether to introduce the Apes to our super-heroic worlds of fantasy, but so far those in favor of creative consistency lie in the majority.

There is a method to our madness in the creation of the adapted portion of our magazine, and it all starts with Devil-May-Care DOUG MOENCH, who compiles a complete script which is then sent to an artist, as opposed to the non-adapted work as drawn by Mike Ploog, which is done in the plot first Marvel manner. O.K.?

And now that we've answered your questions, Fred, let's take a look at life on the Planet of the People!

Okay, you're gorillas, listen up:
You are hearing from the ace Planet of the Apes mag buyer. I've got the first nine issues, but it was tough. You see, I was buying them off the newsstand and it always happened to be the last issue they had. Needless to say, I barely got out of the stand (the local one is inside a smoke shop) before several apes, mainly gorillas, encircled me and tried to wrest the magazine from my determined grip. Then one time, I was still inside and had just paid for the magazine when a hail of rifle fire ripped up the front of the shop. I dropped to the floor and crawled with all due haste to the rear entrance to try and escape. No such luck, Jack. I was surrounded again. So, I hid in the john in the basement.

There was more rifle fire and many enraged voices and I was petrified. When they were gone, I left the newsstand in a great hurry. How was I to explain that a bunch of chimpanzees and gorillas and one orangutan had shot up the place? Knowing that they would never believe me, I vanished, as had the apes. This close call convinced me to subscribe.

Paul D. Simmons
Grove City, PA.

Hopefully your sorrowful saga will convince some other stragglers to jump on the subscription bandwagon, 'cause we receive a huge stack of letters each issue that complain about their local newsstand being all sold out of the latest issues.

Subscribing is the only way to be sure that the bands of killer apes which eat copies of PLANET OF THE APES don't deprive you!

Dear Sirs,

Are you kidding about the Saturday morning animated PLANET OF THE APES TV Show? My God, when will it stop. I love the APES, but it's just that they're getting worse as they go along.

I would like to see you take a poll on your statement that BETHAN THE PLANET OF THE APES is the least liked of the series. It certainly isn't the worst of the series — ask any critic; he'll tell you its BATTLE without a doubt.

On your covers you always have gorillas with M-16 rifles. In the first two films the Apes had their own style of guns.

There is a lot of talk about what you're going to do after you finish your adaptations of the TV series. Well, I think you can come up with something better than that. How about doing your own adaptation of the book? Get a few of your best writers together and see what they can do with the book, page by page. That would really be something.

I also have another angle I think you should take on your TERROR strip. How about this... Before the world was ravaged by the nuclear war there was a colony of scientists living on the moon. Now after centuries of believing the earth to be void of life and highly radioactive, their descendants decide to explore the earth and well you take it from there.

Where ever you go with your stories I hope you don't make the Apes out to be fools. After all the stuff the TV series did to discredit the films, your magazine should at least try to restore a little bit of dignity to the APES.

Rory Monteith
 Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Your idea of a poll to determine exactly which of the five films is best in the eyes of the fans is phantasmagorical!

Attention all readers! Please send in, on a postcard if possible, a list of the five films in order of preference. 1 = Favorite, 5 = Least Favorite.

Results will be compiled and reported in a future PLANET OF THE APES lettercol!

Dear Marvel,

I have a story that you should listen to:

It's about an astronaut who has two bionic legs and arms. NASA sends him to Venus, and by accident he lands on the Planet of the Apes. If you take the idea, please make your own ending!

Ralph Gaudioso
Port Wash., New York

Ralph, if you can convince us that it would cost less than SIX MILLION DOLLARS worth of royalty payments, we might consider it. But as for the present, we'll stick with the winner!

Dear Apes,

In POTA #8, "The Remaking of Roddy McDowall", on page 38, you've got pictures and captions switched. The picture on the left, under which reads "Cornelius", is actually a portrait of the great Caesar, while its caption goes to the other photo, that of your hero and mine, Cornelius. Also, twice in that selfsame issue, specifically at the end of aforementioned article, p. 37, and of the "little" letters page, p. 5, the little "film" symbol looks like it got lost on its way to DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU.

Now, I put up with a lot of typographic errors in this mag, but that's going too far.

Tuffer Hall
Novato, CA.

Dear Tuffer Hall:

We wouldbe like to think thatour progress has improved. If we still see this type in the or any other issues of PLANTED OF THE APES, please let us know.

See you next issue.

In the interests of those fans who want to attempt getting the PLANET OF THE APES television show reinstated, we present the following letter from Julie Harris of Operation: Ape Revival.

Dear Marvel,

Everyday there's more and more evidence that Ape fandom is growing. Why then was a good show like "Planet of the Apes" cancelled? It was because the network did not know how many of us there are in Ape fandom. It's time we let them know.

Write-in campaigns can work. Star Trek fandom has proved this. A write-in campaign for PLANET OF THE APES should be even more effective, since APES lacks some of the problems that STAR TREK had — such as expensive sets.

Any Ape-ophile who is interested as to the best people and addresses to write to, and would like some helpful hints on the most effective way to write, please send a self addressed, stamped, envelope to:

Operation: Ape Revival
18072-4 Lincoln Ave.
Chatsworth, CA 91311

The sooner we all write, the sooner we will get results:

Julie Diana Harris
for O.A.R.
Escape to the Planet of the Apes

NOTE: This editorial was originally to have appeared in the last issue, number 12, of this magazine. But, in typically mixed-up Marvel fashion, when the lead Apes story came in a couple of pages longer than expected, the editorial was sacrificed and held back for this issue—which is just as well because, although it was intended as an introduction to the two part interview conducted by Jim Whitemore, it serves just as well as an introduction to readers who missed the first part as well as being a refresher to the rest.

It has now been something slightly over a year since PLANET OF THE APES magazine first appeared on the stands, and very close to eight years since 20th Century Fox’s production of PLANET OF THE APES first appeared at local movie houses.

A lot has happened in those eight years.

Though I wouldn’t ever have called myself an absolute Apes fanatic, I’ve always enjoyed the concept, the fantasy, and saw all five of the Apes films. It has some fun ideas to play with and, the way it’s been set up, there’s reasonably few restrictions on what a creative person or persons can achieve with it.

But all this time it has been nothing more than that—a fantasy.

Sure, I knew about the experiments with real simians to get them to communicate with man (communicate, not speak) and all, but ultimately I was never convinced of a conceptual reality in the Apes movies.

A fantasy.

Don’t get me wrong—that is certainly NOT a put-down. Fantasy is one of the few refreshing things left to this woe-besieged planet. If I had any objections to fantasy, I doubt that I’d be working at Marvel Comics (or any other comics company, for that matter).

But fantasy IS illusion—and it is a monumental shock when that illusion becomes stunning reality.

Which brings us to the subject of this editorial that Editor Archie Goodwin asked me to write—me, because I was there.

My name is John Warner. That’s me in the picture, the one on the end with the banana. Not my most distinguished pose, not like those publicity shots of writers sitting with their typewriter, pipe in mouth, amongst wall-to-wall books, but what the hey! As for who I am, currently I’m listed as “Associate Editor.” (I guess that makes this an Associate Editorial?) And the two stately simians standing next to me are none other than the renown Drs. Zira and Cornelius.

It’s a long story!

It began rather mundanely, really, considering the outcome.

Tuesday afternoon, sometime in March. I was probably buried in article galleys, having just stepped into my Associate’s Editor’s position mere weeks before, when Archie stuck his head in my office. He had a phone call that really concerned the articles and, since that was more or less my delegation, was wondering if I would take it.

The energetic voice on the other end identified himself as Bill Blake. He claimed he and his partner, Paula Crist had some sort of road show featuring PLANET OF THE APES—or, rather, Zira and Cornelius—and that they were going to be in Philadelphia the next week-end. They said they were licensed by Fox, that they used professional prosthetic appliances (the make-up) and even had been provided with original costumes. Bill was wondering if we would like to make the trip down to catch the show.

I’d seen this before. Ronald Macdonald, right? You get a bunch of people up in clown suits and send them out to wave at the kids. Sign some autographs. Gee, wasn’t that exciting? A marketable “personality” trademark hiding (burying) the human underneath. Or Santa Claus, for that matter.

I was skeptical to say the least.

But, somewhere inside my head, a little voice checked me. I decided that really had nothing to lose by investigating. The question was who blazes could I get to go to Philly on such short

(Continued on page 71)
TERROR
ON THE
PLANET
OF THE APES
PHASE Z

THE MAGICK-MAN'S
LAST GASP
PURPLE LIGHT SHOW

SOMEBEER, A BIRD SHRIEKS,
TREETOPS THRASH, AND
JASON BELLOWSS IN RAGE.

Noooo!!

IT'S NOT FAIR!!
DO YOU HEAR ME,
BRUTUS--IT'S NOT
RIGHT!!

THEN, SAVE FOR
THE SOFT STIR
OF LEAVES, AND
FADING ECHOES,
THE GLADE FALLS
QUIET...

BUT JASON'S RAGE REMAINS. HE HAS TURNED
HIS BACK ON HIS HOME AND FRIENDS TO COME
HERE--TO THIS BIZARRE ARBOREAL BARRACKS,
HE HAS COME TO FIND AND KILL BRUTUS, AND
HE HAS FOUND NOTHING BUT FRUSTRATION.
THE TREEHOUSE ENCAMPMENT IS DESERTED...
FOR BRUTUS HAD FLED.
Perhaps Jason is right—perhaps it is not fair, still there is little he may do about it...

...to dark visions such as these...

Little, that is, beyond surrendering his mind to the hauntings of nightmares...

His mother and father—murdered by Brutus' hooded terrorists...

Shaggy, the simple creature who knew innocence best—

--Slain by Brutus himself.

Xavier, the Lawgiver's deputy administrator, also victim to Brutus' hate.

--Only to be held back, helpless, restrained and cheated, forced to watch Brutus escape.

And the darkest vision of all: feeling vengeance within his grasp—

...visions, yes, or nightmares. But all too real...all too true!
HE SCALES THE RICKETY STAIRWAY TO THE LARGEST OF THE TREE-HELD DWELLINGS, KNOWING IT IS EMPTY, BUT UNABLE TO RESIST ENTERING.

THE SIND ARE SIMPLE; THERE IS NOT MUCH TO TELL, A HURRIED, HASTY DEPARTURE... FOLLOWING BRUTUS' EXILE FROM THE CITY...

THE ONE WHO MADE HIS PARENT'S SCREAM, AND DIE ONCE LIVED HERE...

A SENSE OF HIS LINGERING PRESENCE... ALMOST IN THE FORM OF A STENCH.

ITEMS LEFT BEHIND, THINGS HE MUST HAVE TOUCHED... HUNDREDS OF TIMES...

THINGS FOULED BY HIS HANDS, MURDERING HANDS...

BUT NOTHING OF VALUE, NOTHING WORTH RESCUING FROM HIS TAINT... EXCEPT, PERHAPS...

NOTHING BUT BITTER FRUSTRATION... AND A SILENT VOW TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH.

A CROSSBOW, AND A LEATHER QUIVER OF ARROWS, IS THIS THE WEAPON WHICH SLEW HIS PARENTS? SHAGGY? XAVIER--?

IF SO, IT MIGHT PROVE USEFUL... IF ONE WERE TO ADOPT A POETIC STANCE WHEN RELEASING ITS TRIGGER...

AND SO, JASON GLIDES TO THE GROUND, PONDERING DIRECTIONS. THERE ARE SO MANY... TOO MANY...

BUT THERE IS NOTHING MORE.
AND THE CHOICE IS TOO...

...SOMETHING ON THE GROUND CATCHES HIS EYE...

WAIT ON THE TRAIL LEADING FROM THE GLADE...

A PARCHMENT...

A MAP...

EAGERLY, HIS EYES SCAN THE PARCHMENT, NOTING THE CITY WHERE THE LAWSVEIR AGN RULES... AND WHERE HE LEFT ALEX AND MALAGUENA IN THE HEAT OF VIOLENCE, TO THE NORTH, HIS PRESENT LOCATION -- BRUTUS' TREEHOUSE ENCAMPMENT...

AND TWO OTHER LOCATIONS -- THE FORBIDDEN ZONE TO THE WEST, BORDERED BY THE GREAT SEA... AND AN UNNAMED SITE TO THE EAST, IN THE CENTER OF A RING OF MOUNTAINS, BOTH OF THESE LATTER ARE... MARKED.

SURELY, THEN, BRUTUS AND HIS TERRORISTS HAVE FLED TO ONE OF THE MARKED LOCATIONS.

BUT WOULD HE RETURN TO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE -- AFTER BEING DECEIVED BY THE INHERITORS AND THEIR MUTANT DRONES... AFTER BARELY ESCAPING DEATH AT THEIR HANDS...

NO, IT IS NOT LIKELY.

TO THE EAST, THEN...

...AND TO THE EAST JASON PURSUDES...

...PLACING EVEN GREATER DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE CITY HE HAS ABANDONED...
CONCERNING JASON, NO DOUBT...FROM THE LOOKS OF YOUR LONG FACES...

YES, SIR. JASON AND I ARE--WERE--BEST FRIENDS...ALMOST SINCE THE DAY WE WERE BORN...

YES, I THINK IT IS PROPER, AND IT PLEASES ME TO LEARN THAT YOU SHARE MY FEELINGS...ESPECIALLY AFTER THE WAY JASON TREATED YOU.

BUT YOU, DEAR MALAGUEÑA...ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU WISH TO ACCOMPANY ALEX IN THIS ENDAVOR? THE LAND IS WILD--AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS THESE DAYS...

I WOULD NOT ADVISE YOU TO BRAVE THESE DANGERS LIGHTLY. REMEMBER THAT YOU HAVE KNOWN JASON ONLY A SHORT WHILE...

GOOD MORNING, LAWSIVER...WE'RE SORRY TO BOTHER YOU NOW--WHEN YOU'RE SO BUSY TRYING TO RESTORE THE CITY TO ORDER AND ALL...BUT...

WELL...WE NEED SOME ADVICE, SIR...

CONCERNING JASON, NO DOUBT...FROM THE LOOKS OF YOUR LONG FACES...

YES, SIR. JASON AND I ARE--WERE--BEST FRIENDS...ALMOST SINCE THE DAY WE WERE BORN...

I...I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN JUST LET HIM WALK AWAY LIKE HE DID--HATING ME. I MEAN...

YOU WERE--?!

I MEAN, DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO--?

PERHAPS THAT IS WHY I WISH TO GO, LAWSIVER...TO COME TO KNOW JASON BETTER...

THEN YOU BOTH HAVE MY BLESSINGS. I SHALL ARRANGE FOR A GROUP OF ESCORTS TO PROVIDE PROTECTION FOR--

JASE IS TOUCHY ENOUGH AS IT IS--WITHOUT FINDING A WHOLE MOB ON HIS TRAIL...

...AND TO LEARN IF WHAT I FEEL IS...TRUE.

UH, NO THANK YOU, SIR--WE'D RATHER GO ALONE. AS JASON'S FRIENDS AND NOT MEMBERS OF A SEARCH PARTY.
AS YOU WISH. WHEN DO YOU PLAN TO LEAVE?

RIGHT NOW, SIR... RIGHT NOW.

I SEE. WELL, GOOD LUCK THEN... I HOPE YOU WILL NOT NEED IT... BUT I FEAR YOU WILL.

AT ONE TIME THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN HORSES...

BUT THEN, AT ONE TIME NUCLEAR WARFARE HAD BEEN ONLY A THREAT.

THAT TIME HAS LONG SINCE PASSED.

THE NOISED VINE SPURTS FROM NOWHERE, AND THE WEIRDLING BEAST KEENS ITS PANIC...

IT HAS BEEN A WEEK SINCE JASON LEFT THE TREE-HOUSE ENCAMPMENT. WARP CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND...

HE IS TIRED OF WALKING.

GO ON-- JUMP AROUND ALL YOU WANT--!

I'M JUST AS STUBBORN AS YOU--!

--AND I'VE GOT THE ROPE!

COME ON NOW-- CALM DOWN ALREADY! YOU MIGHT AS WELL ACCEPT ME THE EASY WAY--!

BUT THE BEAST REFUSES TO LISTEN...
...UNTIL, HOURS LATER AND LATHERED IN PORD, THE WILD BEAST SLUMPS INTO DOMESTICATED STEED...

I TOLD YOU SO, FRIEND--WARNED YOU YOU'D GET TAMED...

--IF YOU POSSESSED THE KNOWLEDGE OF PROGRESS... HEH HEH HEH.

AND WHO ARE YOU SNEAKING UP ON ME LIKE THAT--??

THE NAME, MY BELLGERANT YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPER--

--IS NONE OTHER THAN--

--LIGHTSMITH.

--LIGHTSMITH.

HEY! WHAT TH--??

YOU SEE I AM BUT A HUMBLE, ENLIGHTENED WAYFARER WHO TRAVELS THE LAND ATTEMPTING TO DISPERSE THE GLORIOUS LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE AND PROGRESS...

...SUCH AS THAT DEMONSTRATED BY THIS MAGIC TORCH--WHICH, AS YOU'VE NOTICED, PROVIDES LIGHT WITHOUT BURNING... HEH, HEH, HEH.

BUT IT'S AMAZING, REALLY, TO SEE HOW FEW PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO ACCEPT PROGRESS...

GET THAT OUT OF MY EYES, WILL YOU--??

YOU'RE BLINDING ME!
OH, SO YOU'RE WILLING TO CONCEDE TO THE EFFECTIVENESS OF PROGRESS, EH? HEH HEH HEH...

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT PROGRESS, STRANGER...

NOW, NOW--NO NEED FOR BARBARISM. THE CREATOR KNOWS THERE'S ENOUGH OF THAT IN THIS POOR DARK AGE OF IGNORANCE. BESIDES, SINCE YOU'VE GONE TO THE CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE OF SUBJUGATING THAT MISERABLE CREATURE--

--BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO SHOW YOU THE EFFECTIVENESS OF A GOOD FIST IN THE TEETH--!

YOU MUST HAVE A DESTINATION WHICH REQUIRES ATTAINING... AND THEREFORE LITTLE TIME FOR EXTRANEOUS BLOODSHED.

MIGHT I INQUIRE AS TO WHAT DIRECTION YOU INTEND TO PURSUE?

WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

JUST THOUGHT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU REACH YOUR GOAL. THAT'S ALL... BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT THE AID OF MY SUPERIOR KNOWLEDGE IN ARCANIC PROGRESS--

WELL... YOU ARE A HUMAN, SO YOU COULDN'T BE ONE OF BRUTUS' THUGS. I GUESS IT COULDN'T HURT TO TELL YOU...

IT SEEMS WE ARE DESTINED TO BECOME COMPANIONS.

NOW--WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

I DIDN'T--BUT IT'S JASON.

AND SO, NOT QUITE KNOWING WHAT TO THINK OF HIS ODD NEW ACQUAINTANCE, JASON NEVERTHELESS FOLLOWS LIGHTSMITH... UNTIL...

WAIT A MINUTE-- THERE'S SMOKE UP AHEAD! IT MIGHT BE BRUTUS--!

THE WONDER WAGON AW AITS US!

YOU'LL SEE.

THE WONDER WAGON...?

THE WONDERFUL STEAM OF PROGRESS.

THE WONDERFUL STEAM OF PROGRESS.
STEAM...

YES. YOU SEE, AS REMARKABLE AS THE WONDER WAGON TRULY IS, SHE CAN SOMETIMES BE A BOther TO GET STARTED...HEH HEH HEH.

SO I JUST LET HER RUN WHEN I'M GONE FOR SHORT PERIODS OF TIME. I SUSPECT SHE ENJOYS PUFFING AWAY LIKE THAT...HEH HEH HEH.

WELL, HERE SHE IS, JASON--BUILT BY MY OWN TWO HANDS AND JUST WAITING TO TAKE US BACK TO OLD SOUTH DAKOTA. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER?

UH...WELL... IT'S FINE... I GUESS... WHAT PULLS IT?

PROGRESS PULLS IT--AS YOU'LL SOON SEE. I WONDER WHERE GILBERT IS...

WHO'S GILBERT?

MY HELPER AND APPRENTICE IN PROGRESS--A REAL BRIGHT fellow, but he's DUMB.

HE CAN'T TALK. THAT'S WHY I'M SO GLAD TO HAVE YOU ALong ON THIS TRIP...

AH!--HERE HE COMES, THE GOOD FELLOW...

"HE'S BEEN OUT GATHERING WOOD FOR THE WONDER WAGON'S STOVE. MOST THOUGHTFUL OF HIM...HEH HEH HEH."

"THAT'S GILBERT? but he...he's an ape!!"
YES, HE IS INDEED AN APE, MY DEAR FELLOW, TO BE PRECISE... GILBERT IS A GIBBON. HEH HEH HEH.
NOW THEN, GILBERT—I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR NEW COMPANION. SHAKE HANDS WITH JASON...

FOR A MOMENT, JASON HESITATES... REMEMBERING THAT BRUTUS IS AN APE...

HEH HEH HEH... THAT'S THE WAY THE ANCIENTS SHOOK HANDS...

GILBERT PICKED IT UP FROM AN OLD PICTURE BOOK.

BUT THEN... SO IS ALEX...

BUT COME ON INSIDE...

AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY MIRACULOUS ARTIFACTS OF PROGRESS.

WH-HWHAT... IS ALL THIS STUFF?

WELL, I CAN SEE YOU'RE STILL AFFLICTED WITH IGNORANCE. I'D BETTER CONDUCT YOU THROUGH A LITTLE TOUR OF ENLIGHTENMENT. YOU SEE, EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME, THE ANCIENTS STILL HAVE MUCH TO OFFER...

HOWEVER, THEY WERE SOMEWHAT SUPERSTITIOUS. TAKE THIS RELIC, FOR INSTANCE—FOLKS USED THIS TO BURN THE DEMONS OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES... SO OTHER FOLKS WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TELL HOW BAD THEY WERE JUST BY LOOKING.

AND THIS HERE DANGLY THING WAS STUCK INTO THE VEIN OF THEIR GOD—CALLED ELECTRICITY... AND IT SUCKED THE HOLY HEAT RIGHT OUT OF GOD TO BURN THE DEMONS AWAY.

AND HERE'S THE MOST SACRED THING THE ANCIENTS HAD. THERE WAS ONE EVERY HOME, ALWAYS IN A PLACE OF HONOR—and sometimes in a shrine. THEIR GOD SPOKE TO THEM THROUGH IT—and they spent all night sitting in front of it, listening to their God and praying in silence.

SOME BELIEVE THEIR GOD SENT THE GREAT DEATH FROM THE SKIES BECAUSE THE ANCIENTS DIDN'T SPEND ENOUGH TIME IN FRONT OF THESE THINGS.
Now this was absolutely vital to the ancients. It fed God's emissaries on Earth—called computers—and if the computers weren't fed enough, they'd get sick and report it to their God and things would start to fall apart.

Then everyone had to stand in lines to receive a pittance of something called bread.

AND THESE— THESE ARE FASCINATING. SOME EXPERTS OF THE PAST BELIEVE THESE WERE MAGIC TALES.

BUT I JUST CALL THEM GOOD LUCK CHARMS OF PROGRESS.

HERE—A GIFT—IF YOU CAN FIND A PLACE TO PIN IT ON...

I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY THE DINNER GILBERT HAS PREPARED FOR US, JASON....

WE CALL IT THE "BLUE HUBCAP SPECIAL".... HEH HEH HEH.

UH... IT LOOKS VERY... TASTY....

...I THINK.

FOR ALEX THIS IS MERELY THE FIRST TIME HE HAS VENTURED SO FAR FROM THE CITY. FOR MALAGUENA, WHO HAS NOT EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO GROW ACCUSTOMED TO THE CITY, IT IS A DEEPENING OF INSECURITY... AND YET ANOTHER EXTENSION OF HER BLEAK SEARCH FOR A NEW HOME....

FOR BOTH, THE FOREST IS VERY DARK... AND FILLED WITH SHADOWS. THEY SPEAK SOFTLY....

ALEX, WE'VE BEEN RIDING FOR SEVEN DAYS NOW....

DON'T REMIND ME. I'VE GOT SORES WHERE I SIT.
But what I mean is... do you think we'll ever find Jason?

Sure we'll find him. You'll see.

But there is little reassurance in his voice...

...and even less reassurance in the forest at night.

But what if something finds us first?

Quit worrying so much, Malaguería.

There's nothing out here but us and the...

Alex--!

W-who could have--

I don't know...

They drop like living shadows--

--ripped from a deeper darkness--

Malaguería tries to scream...

I don't want to know--!

Alex--!!

I see them--

I see them!!

The sound is smothered.
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THE FOREST IS VERY DARK AT NIGHT...

...ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SOME, FORTIFIED BY THE LIGHT OF PROGRESS, WHO DID NOT SEEM TO NOTICE.

WELL, WAS IT AS TASTY AS YOU EXPECTED?

UH...YES...EVEN MORE SO, BUT TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU...

WHY, HE'S JUST LIGHTING UP AN AFTER-DINNER CIGAR, JASON--A VERY CIVILIZED PRACTICE.

YOU SUCK IT DEEP DOWN INSIDE YOU AND IT FILLS YOU WITH A CALM FEELING--VERY BENEFICIAL TO THE HEALTH.

WHY DON'T YOU LET JASON TAKE A PUFF, GILBERT...?

WELL, I SUPPOSE IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD...

KOFF KOFF HAK A-HUK!

GUESS YOU'D BETTER LET ME AND GILBERT TAKE CARE OF ALL THE CIVILIZED PRACTICES...HEH HEH HEH.

AS I STARTED TO SAY, LIGHTSMITH, YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY YOU'RE GOING TO THIS OLD SOUTH DAKOTA...

I'M RUNNING OUT OF PROGRESS, MY BATTERIES ARE WEARING DOWN, I'M RUNNING OUT OF LIGHTER FLUID AND OIL--A SEVERE MAGIC SHORTAGE, YOU SEE. SO I MUST GO HOME AND RESTOCK MY SECRET SUPPLY--AND HOME IS WHERE THE HEAD IS IN OLD SOUTH DAKOTA.

BUT IT'S A SHAME I HAVE TO TURN BACK SO SOON--FELT SURE I WAS GETTING CLOSE TO FINDING THE PSYCHEDROME THIS TRIP.

THE SIKEY WHAT...?
THE PSYCHROME, FINDING IT IS MY LIFE'S AMBITION. IT COULD BE THE SUPREME ACHIEVEMENT OF THE DECADE--RESTORING CIVILIZATION TO THIS POOR IGNORANT WORLD.

CIVILIZATION?
YOU KNOW WHAT CIVILIZATION IS--ALL THAT RUBBLE IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONES...

NO, NO, NO--THE GLORIOUS STUFF OF PROGRESS LYING UNDER THE GREAT DESTRUCTION--LIKE THE ARTIFACTS HERE IN THE WONDER WAGON, AND THE ONLY WAY TO BRING THESE THINGS BACK IS TO FIND THE PSYCHROME--

--THE LEGENDARY PLACE WHERE ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS IS STILL STORED AND WAITING TO BE USED. BUT IT JUST ISN'T MEANT TO BE FOUND THIS TIME, I GUESS...

NOW WHY ARE YOU HEADED OUT TO OLD SOUTH DAKOTA?

I'VE GOT MY REASONS...

"AND THEY'RE ALL SPELLED BRUTUS, I DON'T THINK I SHOULD SAY ANY MORE THAN THAT."

MORNING: THE STRANGE WONDER WAGON RACKETS DOWN TORTUOUSLY WINDING MOUNTAIN ROADS...

WON'T THIS THING GO ANY FASTER--?

I'M TRYING TO CATCH UP TO SOMEONE ON HORSEBACK--AND SINCE I SPENT SEVEN DAYS ON FOOT, ANYONE ON HORSEBACK WOULD BE WAY AHEAD OF ME BY NOW.

NOT WITHOUT RISKING AN ENGINE BLOW-UP--AND IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN FROM WHERE WE'RE SITTING...HEN HEN HEN.

WHAT'S THE HURRY, ANYWAY?

AND THEY'RE ALL SPELLED BRUTUS, I DON'T THINK I SHOULD SAY ANY MORE THAN THAT."

"SUIT YOURSELF, JASON, BUT EITHER WAY, WE LEAVE IN THE--"

BUT AT LEAST THE STEAM ENGINE DOESN'T GET TIRED AND HAS TO STOP FOR RESTS. SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX--?

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER TWO DAYS' RIDE TO GO.

AND THE WONDER WAGON RUMBLES ON..."
ON INTO NIGHT...

YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, JASON... EVERY TIME I PASS THROUGH THIS REGION, EVEN I WISH THE WONDER WAGON WOULD GO FASTER.

WHY? WHAT'S AROUND HERE, LIGHTSMITH.

THIS IS ASSISIMIAN TERRITORY-- SAVAGES, HEATHENS THAT'D JUST AS SOON FRY YOU AS LOOK AT YOU.

THEM-- THEY'RE DISTANTLY RELATED TO THE WINGED MONKEY-DEMONS.

MONKEY-DEMONS--?

YEAH, BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THEM-- THEY'RE WAY TO THE EAST. IT'S THE ASSISIMIANS WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT FOR NOW.

THEN... THAT SMOKE OVER THE TREETOPS AHEAD--?

YEP-- LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THEIR CAMPS, ALL RIGHT. THEY MUST BE HAVING SOME SORT OF GATHERING...

WONDER IF THEY'RE PLANNING WAR AGAIN...

YEAH-- SAVAGE APES, TOO.

THEN LET'S GO.

ALL RIGHT, BUT QUIET NOW, YOU HEAR THOSE DRUMS--?

IT'S THE ASSISIMIANS, ALL RIGHT...

...AND THEY'RE WEARING THE PAINT, TOO. YOU SEE THEM--?

YES, I... SEE...

ARE THESE ASSISIMIANS APES?
"THAT'S A WAR-DANCE IF I EVER SAW ONE. WONDER WHAT TOUCHED THEM OFF THIS TIME... PROBABLY SOMEONE TRESPASSING ON THEIR TERRITORY AGAIN...."

SEE THAT BIG ONE OVER THERE-- SITTING UP HIGHER THAN ANY OF THE OTHERS--

YEAH...?

THAT'S MAGUANUS-- THE LEADER OF THE ASSISIMIANS...

AND A MEANER SON-OF-A-CUSS YOU'LL NEVER FIND.

"WHO KNOWS? PROBABLY ORDERING HIS WARRIORS TO BRING HIM A BLANKET OR SOMETHING... HEH HEH HEH..."

LOOK AT HIM--!! WHAT'S HE STARTED YELLING ABOUT--??
OOPS—I TAKE THAT BACK. THEY’VE GOT PRISONERS...

...AND MAGUANUS IS ORDERING THEM OVER TO THE FIRE....

POOR DEVILS... I WONDER WHO THEY ARE...?

OH NO... THAT’S MALAGUENA... AND ALEX!!

YOU MEAN YOU KNOW THEM? THEN THEY’RE THE ONES YOU WERE TRYING TO FIND...?!

NO... BUT MAYBE THEY WERE TRYING TO FIND ME...

“I DIDN’T SAY THAT, I TOLD THEM I NEVER WANTED TO SEE THEM AGAIN...”

“OH, I SEE. WELL, ARE THEY SO BAD THAT THEY DESERVE TO HAVE THEIR SKIN PEELED OFF—

“—AND THE REST OF THEIR BODIES FRIED BEFORE THEY’VE HAD A CHANCE TO DIE—?”

THEN I GUESS WE’LL HAVE TO GO DOWN THERE AND RESCUE THEM RIGHT?

OF COURSE NOT—BUT YOU DON’T HAVE TO MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A MONSTER ABOUT IT!

“SURE, SURE, JASON—but hold on minute!”

“AND WHAT AN ENTRANCE THIS WILL MAKE!”

I’VE GOT A DISGUISE I PICKED UP DOWN SOUTH THAT JUST MIGHT FOOL THE HEATHEN FIENDS.

NO NEED TO GO RUSHING INTO ANYTHING...
ALEX...I...I CAN FEEL THE HEAT FROM THE FLAMES NOW...

YEAH...I KIND OF FIGURED THESE POLES WOULD BURN REAL GOOD...

H-HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE...BEFORE THE FLAMES REACH US...?

I DON'T KNOW, MALAGUENA...BUT I HOPE IT'S FAST WHEN THEY GET HERE...DON'T THINK I COULD STAND...

EXTRY--EXTRY--READ ALL ABOUT IT--!!

WAIT--VOICE--STRANGE WORDS...

COME FROM FOREST--MUST BE ENEMY...!

WORDS GET LOUDER--ENEMY COME!

MARTIANS INVADE THE EARTH--THOUSANDS DIE IN PANIC--!!

BUT WHAT DO WORDS MEAN--?
YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ON THIS MOST DREADED OF LATE OCTOBER NIGHTS, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD NINETEEN-THIRTY-EIGHT...

--DOOM CAME TO THE EASTERN SEABOARD OF THE UNITED STATES!

MOVE--GO BACK--THIS IS ENEMY WE CAN FIGHT!

BUT--WHAT IS ENEMY--?!?

GILBERT HAS STOPPED THE WAGON--WE MUST MARRY NOW, JASON, THANK THE CREATOR FOR THE GREAT PROPHET ORSON WELLES...

...NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT THE RECORD PLAYER OPERATES ON BATTERIES AND NOT THE DEAD ELECTRICITY GOD.

BUT THE ASSASSINS WON'T BEfooLED FOREVER--

WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO OUR DISGUISES BEFORE YOUR FRIENDS GO UP IN SMOKE!

AND REMEMBER--YOU CARRY THE CRATE.

LOOK--THE DARN THING'S UNSCREWING! KEEP BACK THERE, I TELL YOU! KEEP THOSE IDIOTS BACK!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE MOST TERRIFYING THING I HAVE EVER WITNESSSED! I CAN SEE PEERING OUT OF THAT BLACK HOLE TWO LUMINOUS GREEN GLOWING DISKS! ARE THEY EYES--?

ALEX--WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I DON'T KNOW, MALAGUENA...BUT THAT DOOR IS OPENING...

LET'S JUST HOPE THAT WHATEVER COMES OUT...IS FRIENDLY...

DO YOU STILL THINK IT'S A METEOR, PROFESSOR?
BEHOLD, PUNY MORTALS!

ALONE AMONG THE GATHERED ASSASSINS, CRUEL-FACED MAGUANUS ADOPTS A SUSPICIOUS ATTITUDE. ALL OTHERS ARE AWED... AND TERRIFIED.

I HAVE COME HERE TO MATCH POWERS WITH YOUR LEADER MAGUANUS--WHO IS A FRAUD AND A FAKE! I HAVE COME DOWN FROM THE SKIES FOR THIS BRILLIANT DEMONSTRATION, AND I HAVE BROUGHT MY ASSISTANT WITH ME--

I PRESENT TO YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR HIS VERY FIRST APPEARANCE ON THIS PLANET, THE ONE AND THE ONLY--

THE MIRACULOUS WIZARD OF FIREWIND HAS COME TO WALK AMONG YOU!

--MAJOR URSA, STRAIGHT FROM THE FIRST STOP BEYOND THE BIG DIPPER!

I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE-- BUT I SURE HOPE THEY BROUGHT SOME WATER WITH THEM...

THAT'S RIGHT-- DON'T BE STINGY WITH THE POWDER. IT'S MAGNESIUM-- WITH SOME SPECIAL STUFF TO MAKE THE FLASH PURPLE. WE WANT TO PUT ON A GOOD SHOW FOR THESE PAINTED DEVILS...

CAREFUL NOW-- HERE COMES SHIFTY-EYED MAGUANUS...

NOW WATCH CAREFULLY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS I LIGHT THE MAGIC PAPER--!!

QUIET, SOURPUSS-- YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE LATER.

WHY PAPER MAGIC--?

IF THE POWER-FLASH IS GREEN, IT WILL PROVE THAT MAGUANUS IS POWERFUL. BUT IF IT IS PURPLE, YOU MUST OBEY ME, THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF FIREWIND!!
YOU SEE--?! SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TOUCH MY MAGIC PAPER TO THE POWER-DUST!! IT EXPLODES PURPLE-- AND TAKE MY WORD FOR IT IN CASE YOU'RE COLOR-BLIND!

FWOOSH

PAK BAK PAK PAK

THE SKY!! THE SKY BURNS!!

AND FALLS DOWN TO US--! MAGIC-- IT IS MAGIC!!

HAAIIIEEE!!

PAK KRAK PAK

IN THE NAME OF THE LAWGIVER--!

HEH HEH HEH... KEEP THE SKY-ROCKETS FLYING, MAJOR Ursa.

KAK

IF ONLY, GUNPOWDER JULIUS COULD SEE THIS!

GET THEM ALL OFF BEFORE THE MAGNESIUM SMOKE CLEARS AND THEY SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING!

BUT NONE OF THE ASSISIMIANS MOVE FORWARD...
ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS--YOU KNOW WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE NOW...
AND IF YOU DON'T OBEY ME, I'LL SET OFF ANOTHER LIGHT-SHOW--BIGGER THAN THE FIRST--AND RIGHT INSIDE YOUR HEADS!

NOW--BRING THEM DOWN FROM THE POLES AND SET THEM FREE--!

THEY ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE WIZARD OF FIRE-WIND!!

NO-- NO LISTEN TO HIM!!

BUT THE INTIMIDATED ASSASSINS DO LISTEN... AND...

NOW JUST BACK AWAY... REAL SLOW AND EASY... INTO THE WAGON...

BEHOLD, PUNY MORTALS, THE WIZARD OF FIRE-WIND WILL NOW TAKE HIS LEAVE OF YOU!

BUT IN THE PROCESS OF BACKING AWAY--

...AND--

--A HEEL SNAGS ON A TAIL....

-- JASON, IT'S JASON, Z, MALAGUENA--!!

YOU SEE--?! NOT MAGIC-- ONLY HUMAN! KILL THEM-- KILL THEM ALL!!

AND THIS TIME, THE ASSASSINS DO MOVE FORWARD... WITH BLOOD IN THEIR EYES...
...AND THEIR ANGER AT BEING DECEIVED IS ONLY HEIGHTENED AS LIGHTSMITH WHIPS OFF HIS SHEET...

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.

START THE WONDER WAGON, GILBERT...PROGRESS HAS JUST BEEN ASSAULTED BY THE PARK FORCES OF SAVABERRY!

USE YOUR CROSSBOW, JASON--FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS TO SCARE THEM BACK--!

LISTEN, LIGHTSMITH--YOU CAN FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS ALL YOU WANT...

...BUT I FEEL A WHOLE LOT SAFER WITH A SOMewhat LOWER AIM!

BRACE YOURSELF, LIGHTSMITH--BECAUSE HIGH AIM OR LOW...

IT'S NOT STOPPING THE BRUTES--!

YES, I SHOULD'VE KNOWN--IT NEVER DOES...

...BUT I STILL KEEP HOPING THEY'LL LEARN TO RESPECT SOMETHING OTHER THAN BRUTE FORCE!

YEAH? WELL, IF YOU EXPECT ME TO HELP YOU TEACH THEM, YOU'VE PICKED THE WRONG--

LOUSY APES! RIGHT IN MY LEG--!

--YAAGH!!
INSIDE, JASE—BEFORE THAT LEG GIVES OUT!

LET GO OF ME, ALEX. LIGHTSMITH NEEDS HELP OUT HERE—!

LIKE HELL I DO! NOW GET INSIDE, BOY!

LIKE HELL I DO! NOW GET INSIDE, BOY!

THESE ASSISMIANS MAY BE PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMERS...

AND SO THE WAGON TRUNDLES OFF INTO THE NIGHT WITH GILBERT AT THE CONTROLS, SAFELY RESCUED PRISONERS INSIDE THE LIVING QUARTERS, AND GRUMBLING AND GRUNTING ASSISMIANS LEFT BEHIND IN THE DUST...

MORNING IS CLEAR, BRIGHT, AND WARM. THE AIR SMELLS CLEAN OUT HERE, AND THERE ARE SOUNDS OF JOYFUL BIRDS, AND THE CONTENTED SNIFFLING OF JASON'S WEIRDOLING STEED OUTSIDE...

HOPE YOUR LEG FEELS BETTER, JASE. I ALWAYS KNEW WE WERE STILL FRIENDS.

I ALWAYS KNEW WE WERE STILL FRIENDS.

I ALWAYS KNEW WE WERE STILL FRIENDS.

I ALWAYS KNEW WE WERE STILL FRIENDS.

indeed, all seems cheerful...at least, on the surface...

I JUST HAPPENED TO FIND YOU TWO ON THE WAY.

I JUST HAPPENED TO FIND YOU TWO ON THE WAY.

I JUST HAPPENED TO FIND YOU TWO ON THE WAY.

I JUST HAPPENED TO FIND YOU TWO ON THE WAY.

VERY WELL, JASON...BUT AT LEAST LET US COME WITH YOU--TO SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET HURT.

YEAH, A LOT OF GOOD YOU'LL BE--PROBABLY GET YOURSELVES CAUGHT AND STRUNG UP ON SOME POLES AGAIN.

Yeah, a lot of good you'll be--probably get yourselves caught and strung up on some poles again.

Hold on there, Jason. Seems to me you've got yourself a couple of pretty nice friends here. No need to snap at them like that...

Hold on there, Jason. Seems to me you've got yourself a couple of pretty nice friends here. No need to snap at them like that...

Hold on there, Jason. Seems to me you've got yourself a couple of pretty nice friends here. No need to snap at them like that...

Hold on there, Jason. Seems to me you've got yourself a couple of pretty nice friends here. No need to snap at them like that...

Besides, it's time to move on now. Gilbert wants to take a little snooze...

Besides, it's time to move on now. Gilbert wants to take a little snooze...

Besides, it's time to move on now. Gilbert wants to take a little snooze...

Besides, it's time to move on now. Gilbert wants to take a little snooze...

SO WHY DON'T YOU RIDE UP FRONT WITH ME, JASON--KEEP ME COMPANY WHILE I DRIVE...
THE DAY WEARS WELL, GROWING MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH EACH PASSING MILE OF LANDSCAPE...

ALMOST THERE. JASON--MY HOME IS RIGHT AROUND THE NEXT BEND...

AND WHEN THE RATTLEING STEAM CAR MAKES THE TURN...

WH--WHAT IS THAT--??

I ALREADY TOLD YOU, JASON--IT'S WHERE I KEEP MY PRIVATE SUPPLY OF KNOWLEDGE AND PROGRESS--MAGIC--WHERE I LIVE WHEN I'M NOT TRAVELING IN THE WONDER WAGON.

AND LIKE I SAID, HOME IS WHERE THE HEAD IS IN OLD SOUTH DAKOTA.

I LIVE RIGHT UP INSIDE THAT ONE...

...THE ONE WITH THE NOSE--

AND IT'S A MIGHTY FINE PLACE TO BE...
THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF ‘MAC’

Hey! Quit kicking that sand in our faces! That man is the worst nuisance on the beach.

Listen here. I’ll smash your face... only you’re so skinny you might dry up and blow away.

The big bully! I’ll get him some day.

Oh don’t let him bully you, little boy.

Oh, boy! It’s sick and tired of being a scaredcrow! Can I have the big man’s book?

There’s that big stiff again! Showing off in front of Grace and the crowd. Well, it’s my turn this time!

Oh, boy! Now it’s your turn to dry up and blow away.

Hey! He’s a real man after all.

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CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. J89,
Bill Blake (right) and Paula Crist (left) as Drs. Cornelius and Zira, respectively.
Two People Who Are The Planet Of The Apes

PART II
By Jim Whitmore

In the last issue (#12) of PLANET OF THE APES magazine, Jim Whitmore introduced us to two very unusual people, who spend a good deal of time entertaining people as Dru, Zira and Cornelius from the Planet of the Apes films. If you missed last issue (for shame—I) and would like a little more background on these two unique performers, turn back to the editorial on page 6 of this issue. For now, Jim continues our journey into the lives of Paula Crist and William Blake... and behind the scenes on the Planet of the Apes.

* * * *

W HITMORE: A while back you mentioned a project you had in mind called the CineMuseum. Could you explain that a bit? It sounded interesting.

CRIST: We want to do, with the help of Fox and other studios, a small museum. Not like the AckerMansion which encompasses little bits and pieces of everything, but something that will only have a few subjects and a lot of information on them. We want to have something that not only praises the actors and their final work, but also praises the producers, art directors, set designers, costumers, etc.... and shows people—kids and adults alike—what goes into the making of a scene. What is it like to walk on a soundstage at four-thirty in the morning for makeup call? What is it like to do a stunt, an act, a line? Nobody really knows... for example, say they pick up your magazine. They look at the cover: "Whooppee, PLANET OF THE APES! Wow!" But they don't realize what it went through. How long did it take the artist to create that cover? What kind of training went into him having that skill? It's like somebody watching the stuntwork I do. Nobody quite knows what goes into being shot, or burned, or hit by a car. This kind of leads into the tour... we don't have the money and facilities right now to set up CineMuseum and take it on the road. But we are able, through these characters, to bring behind-the-scene aspects into the question and answer sessions with the audience. We tell them, basically, what we do. And we get some tremendously intelligent questions.

W HITMORE: I hope this project goes well, because it sounds wonderful. You said that only a few topics would be covered—what are they?

CRIST: First, we want to honor Arthur Jacobs and his five movies, and there will be the TV series as well. Secondly, we would honor Irwin Allen and his LOST IN SPACE and TIME TUNNEL. We'll throw a few of the older ones in—like THE TIME MACHINE and Jules Verne. I am a Jules Verne nut. I think my first love is 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, and my second love is APES. Then there will be a section honoring Gene Rodenberry and his multidimensions of STAR TREK, QUESTOR, PLANET EARTH...)

W HITMORE: How do you feel about the fact that a STAR TREK feature-length movie is finally being made?

CRIST: I'm very excited. I think Gene is the most intellectual producer, in the way of new and beautiful ideas that work, in the business. This man is a genius. When he writes a script or produces an episode he does it with all the fire and spark it deserves. He researches everything. QUESTOR was a prime example. That was a beautiful pilot... I personally believe that he has been very wronged by the industry.

W HITMORE: You've heard about what the network wanted to do to QUESTOR, I suppose, before they'd accept it?

CRIST: They wanted to drop Jerry Robinson.

W HITMORE: That's right. Drop the human character, ignore the conclusion of the pilot, and essentially make
Paula demonstrates the Apes stance and its incorporation into the costume design and construction. First she stands perfectly straight, in classic "ballet" pose to show how ludicrous it looks. Then she lowers her head but still maintains an overly-straight, human-like posture—and it still looks wrong. But when she slumps her shoulders just slightly and drops her knees a bit and—voila!

an android FUGITIVE out of it.

BLAKE: That's what they did with PLANET OF THE APES! It's what they want. Ever since David Jansen it's been man-on-the-run. I'm surprised Roddy didn't have his hair colored...

WHITMORE: Searching for a one-armed Dr. Zaius, no doubt.

CRIST: Back at the museum; Gene's work will be one of the major points. We'd like to reconstruct some sets...we're going to have one room dedicated to a STAR TREK set, one for APES, etc. And we're going to take as many of the original costumes and props as possible and dress life-size mannequins as the characters. We'll also have something that shows the appliance makeup in stages from the beginning to the end. This is what the tour has led us to believe people want to know. And one special thing, if we can ever find the money and the help...we'd like to have, in front of the museum, audio-animatronic figures of Zira and Cornelius. We'd love it.

WHITMORE: I would, too, and probably all of our readers as well. Right now, if you're willing, I'd like to ask you about your costumes. I know you have the originals, so I'll put the question to you that's been in my mind since the first film: do those scrollplates mean anything?

CRIST: 20th never did define the reason for the plates, so we did some research and made up our own logical reasons.* First off you will notice that the gentleman's costume has the large arm band, two thinner bands, and another large band at the bottom of the sleeve, where the scrollplate is. In the movie little Lucius, Lou Wagner, didn't have the heavy upper strip or a scrollplate. So what I've assumed from watching the films and then seeing the costume layouts is that a young chimp reaching maturity—just like a Jewish boy who goes through the Bar Mitzvah ceremony to become a man in his world—receives a top bar and scrollplate. This is the explanation we give on stage.

WHITMORE: Were you able to go 20th to see if they'd ever had anything in mind about this?

CRIST: Unfortunately, a lot of the history is lost. Every department at 20th is a separate entity, so getting them coordinated is pretty hard. And they're busy on new productions, etc. The man who designed the costumes, Morton Hack, would be the one who would know. But I don't know where to find him.

BLAKE: He's in Italy right now.

CRIST: Short of getting hold of him, you see, we've done the best we could. There are other things we've deduced. On the front part of the costumes in the first movie, only Zira and Cornelius have the scroll-plate with the tiny hat-moon hieroglyphic above it. No one else had it in the film except for Markus, the head of

*Refer to photo elsewhere—Ed.
the gorillas, who had it on his ammunition sash... but his markings were different. The designs you see on these costumes were unique to the chimpanzees. "Glyphics," the studio wants to call them. Similar glyphics in a different form were on the orangutan costumes. It's like taking any word and switching the letters around; it becomes a foreign language. But getting back to the chimpanzees. Right now that crescent glyphic is unique to Drs. Zira, Cornelius, and Milo. The logical deduction is that it is the symbol among the chimpanzees for DOCTOR. The plate on the chest by itself simply meant that they were scientists.

WHITMORE: That would seem to make sense. Is there anything else you can tell us about the costumes?

CRIST: Here's something most people don't realize.

As you'll notice, the costume just isn't made for the human form. If you stand straight up it doesn't look right. It's a beautiful example of costume genius, and I take my hat off to Mort Hack. Once this dress drops I am forced to walk with Zira's gait, leaning forward, walking from the knees only. The shoulder seams are also dropped off the shoulders and rounded forward to give a slope-shouldered, long-armed effect. In the male costume the seam is at least three inches lower than it would normally be! The orangutan costumes were the same way, with long coats to the knee, giving the impression of short legs.

WHITMORE: Here's a nice, neat, specific question. Who wore the costumes you are using, and in what films and shows?

CRIST: The costume I wear was the original made for the test featurette. Kim Hunter wore it there, in PLANET, BENEATH, and ESCAPE. It was also worn by Galen's girlfriend in "The Surgeon" and by the female from Central City in "Up Above The World So High." The one that William Blake wears to create Cornelius was Roddy McDowall's. Its label is "Roddy McDowall #1" and was worn in PLANET, in BENEATH by David Watson, and ESCAPE, because it has the velcro pocket piece they added for that film. If you've read the original script you'll understand why.

WHITMORE: I'm afraid I haven't—what's the difference between script and film that demanded a... pocket?

CRIST: In the original they are on the ship's gangplank, not overhead. The baby has just been killed by Dr. Hasslein, and Cornelius shoots him for it. Then he cries out "Zira! I've killed again! I can't live with this!" She comforts him and says that they killed the wrong baby, whereupon she kicks the dead one off the gangplank and into the water. All of a sudden they hear the people coming. And they've got dogs. Zira runs down the gangplank but the dogs get her, and just chew her to pieces. One of the humans runs up and puts a gun to her head, saying "Put her out of her misery..." BAM. Just as though she were an animal. Cornelius doesn't have the gun anymore. He's thrown it away after killing Hasslein, he was so upset. So he opens up the pocket—there's your pocket use—and slides his hand in, making like it was a gun. "Kill me, you MURDERERS! Kill me!" They fire and Cornelius's chest is blowing up but still he's struggling down the gangplank towards Zira, pretending to have a gun. So they shoot him there and you see the blood pouring out. He pulls his hand from the pocket, passing out, and slides down the gangplank to lie dead next to her. That's the end of the movie.

WHITMORE: Well! You have read several of the original scripts; were there any other major differences
between the scripts and the films?

CRIST: Yes, quite a few.

WHITMORE: Anything you feel worth noting?

BLAKE: In the original PLANET there was a very different ending, before they saw the sequel possibilities. Taylor's name was "Thomas" and as he was riding down the beach, getting away, he was shot by the gorillas and killed. Then Zaius and one of the gorillas go around the bend and Zaius starts to talk about the evils of man, and everything. The gorilla looks up. "What's that, Dr. Zaius?" (imitating voice of Maurice Evans) "That's a graven idol, worshipped by man!" The camera pulls back and it's the Statue of Liberty.

WHITMORE: This is a track worth pursuing. Let's move on to BENEATH.

CRIST: Okay. In BENEATH they had a half-human, half-ape child.

BLAKE: And it was beautiful.

CRIST: I haven't read that script. But I've seen make-up tests, so they were going to film it... how the child was got, I don't know. The script story that I have read is the original version of BENEATH, and it's called PLANET OF THE MEN.

WARNER: I knew about that. What was it like?

CRIST: Taylor leads the humans. They're going to try and raise the statue and build their own world. Well, Taylor's son gets power-hungry and even kills his own father when Taylor gets in his way. Then he leads the human revolt and they entrap the city of the apes, enslaving them. In the end the apes—because of the panic, because of the sheer despair of being whipped—are reverting back to primitive animals. Zira and Cornelius can feel themselves losing their minds, slipping back, so they take a cyanide tablet, each of them. They look at each other, hug for the last time, and just drop. Then you pull back and you see this arena, with human adults and kids and balloons and popcorn and everything. The guy in the center ring, wearing a top hat and suit, is announcing: "And now we will bring out the most intelligent ape of them all, Dr. Zaius!" The orangutan comes out, going uurr, uurr... "Dr. Zaius is exceptional! Say your name, Dr. Zaius!" Zaius struggles and gets it out, very crudely. Which is how that one ended.

WHITMORE: Strange...

WARNER: Very weird.

BLAKE: Pierre Boulle wrote it.

WHITMORE: That's right! That's the one Jacobs rejected as—

CRIST: Unfilmable.

WHITMORE: —"uncinematic."

BLAKE: I read the whole thing and it was beautiful.
The imagery of it! There's a scene where they've got scaffolding up and Cornelius, Zira, and Lucius come to the Forbidden Zone to visit Taylor. He's out there with his workmen—primitive humans he's trained—on the scaffolding, resurrecting the Statue of Liberty as a symbol of Man's freedom.

WHITMORE: Let's move up the line again, past ESCAPE, to CONQUEST...

CRIST: In CONQUEST it was totally different. Originally Breck was just a rich man, not Governor, and he bought Caesar. And originally Caesar was thought of as a man dressed up and altered to look like an ape.

WARNER: Ah—continuity!

CRIST: Yes. MacDonald in the beginning refers to him as “Mr. Caesar.” Because when he realizes that Caesar can talk he thinks that he's an altered man, perhaps trying to infiltrate and help the actual simians. He gets respect as a peer. Then when they've got him on the table and they strip him—they had long tunics then, not jumpsuits—they see that he really is a chimpanzee! And as they're about to put the shock collar on Caesar one guard, who was his trainer, shouts “This isn't fair! Why kill him for what he is?!” He runs and turns off the power in time, and of course he isn't killed in the revolution. Caesar turns out to be a real cruel monster in the original script, though. During the revolt he grabs a guard and slams him on the table, throws the shock collar on, throws the switch—then takes his tunic, throws it over his arm, and walks out. He just fries the guy on the spot. Then they had him on a race horse, leading the revolt while riding. Really they did!

WHITMORE: Well, he was supposed to be a trick rider in Armando's circus.

CRIST: They finally end up with him jumping from building to building, doing a lot of aerial acrobatics which maybe they couldn't get an aerialist to do. The humans are tracing him with a spotlight, trying to knock him off.

WARNER: That would have been a particularly nice sequence.

CRIST: In BATTLE they had Bobby Porter, little Cornelius, riding on a horse to meet his father at the gorilla outpost when they were on their way back. They also—and they did film this—show the Alpha-Omega bomb. But this they later eliminated. The biggest difference is in the sequence where Kolp is dominating Caesar with a gun. Originally that was a flamethrower that Kolp threatened him with.

WHITMORE: Which is what it was in David Gerrold's novelization.

CRIST: He was supposed to tease him with the flame. Caesar rolling out of the way but still getting burned, fumes going up his nose... Kolp finally gets him down on all fours like an animal. He's running him. Then Lisa finally does yell and Kolp swings away to see who shouted, Caesar manages to leap on his back, and finally knocks him senseless. Virgil yells out “Now fight
for your king!” and all the retreating apes come running from the houses, beating everybody up.

WHITMORE: What was it like, working with Roddy McDowall in that movie?

CRIST: What was so incredible about Roddy is that when they would finally yell “Wrap!” on the set, three seconds later the appliances and hairpieces were gone.

(By this time in our talk Bill had progressed until he was almost entirely Cornelius, and only details of makeup remained to be done. With the show approaching Paula/Zira gathered a few other costume items to show us, like the special ape footwear. Which is where we pick up.)

CRIST: You’ll see tonight that I have my own shoes because the ones we got for Kim are a little beaten up. We’ve got to fix them before wearing them out in the weather. Bill has the original Roddy shoes because they repaired them for the series and put tread on them. There’s a tennis shoe inside.

WHITMORE: Like a clown shoe; a shoe-inside-a-shoe and the inner one fits your foot while the outer can be anything.

CRIST: Bill and I made our pair ourselves, from photographs and the times we’d seen the feet before. I cut the patterns and did the gluing. They’re completely waterproof.

BLAKE: In fact, they’re constructed more solidly than the ones at 20th. Ours are glued 100%, inside and out, whereas they only had it glued on the outside edges. The top is just canvas, stretched over. We glued ours differently because the foam latex in the toes will usually rot from contact with the air.

CRIST: You can see the extreme weight we’re carrying on each foot. (She hands five-toes boot/shoes to us for fitting and examination.)

BLAKE: Two or three pounds each, easily.

WHITMORE: How does having the false toe on one side affect the walk?

CRIST: Let me show you. You’re forced to turn the leg out or the extra toes run into each other. And to be comfortable walking with the leg turned out, this is your stance. (Demonstrates standard Ape posture.) You can’t walk comfortably in the standard ballet position too long—

(She demonstrates once more, twisting her body into a new stance, one that is rather ludicrous.)

WHITMORE: It’s an ape doing a penguin!

CRIST: Exactly! You are forced into a bent-over stance when your feet are opened out. The costumes were designed for the actual animal.

WHITMORE: And designed to make the actress or actor move like the animal.

CRIST: Right. This is putting them into the character whether they want it or not. There was another item they didn’t have on the girls, but all the men had an actual strapped-down backpiece so their shoulders looked more humped. I have to do that on my own.

WHITMORE: It’s all incredibly reminiscent of the harness that Lon Chaney Sr. wore in THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME to force his body into the extreme position.

BLAKE: It weighed over forty pounds.
WHITMORE: And he had doctors telling him to stop it because it was going to ruin him.

CRISt: This hasn't done anything to my posture. Because I'm a dancer and stuntwoman and I can control it.

WHITMORE: Even more to ask, Paula. How did you get into stunts and stuntwork?

CRISt: Through BATTLE. I met my stunt teacher, Paul Stader, on the movie—he was stunt coordinator—and he had me come down to the gym. He gaffs all of Irwin Allen's movies and many others. One of the biggest in the business. So I took a stunt course and I ended up getting my first movie stuntwork in EARTHQUAKE.


CRISt: I was one of the people crushed on the ramp to level III in the last earthquake. Remember the girl who fell over the top of the fallen stone and turned over only to get it? That was me. Then I was the first one out when Heston chiseled his way through the wall with a jackhammer, and I was in the background when the big electrical pipe with all the wires shattered. After that film I was invited into the Stuntwoman's Association of Motion Pictures, which now has twenty-two members. Then I was in THE TOWERING INFERNO, doubling a girl in the glass elevator when it exploded. The next film was THE JEZEBELS, which hasn't been released yet. I stunt-doubled three girls in that. It's about street gangs and for that particular one I was rigged with a squib and shot. It's all done with an electrically-triggered explosion charge. Not only am I shot, but shot from behind while on roller skates! (General laughter at the image.) Yep. BOOM and you're flying through the air into the wall and your blood is running all over you... gracefully...

WHITMORE: You're part of a very rare breed. Just how many professional stuntwomen are there?

CRISt: There are others outside the Association but I don't know how many. The Association's the recognized people, like a union. So I feel very fortunate; I was lucky to be invited in. I work hard at my craft; I still work out two to three days a week. I've also been hit by a truck in a picture called MRS. MANNING'S WEEKEND, which hasn't been released yet, and an ABC Movie of the Week called THE LAST SURVIVORS which was just aired, in which I fell out of an overturning lifeboat. I'm up for a stunt doubling part in a Disney movie right now and I go on interviews for acting parts, things like that...

BLAKE: We're relatively new in Hollywood, but we're trying hard. There are interviews you go on, through your agent, and sooner or later one of them pans out.

(There was a momentary flurry of phone-calling as final assurances and preparations for the show were made. That past and gone, I turned on the recorder to fill the last few minutes of tape, catching us in a collectively reflective mood.)

CRISt: At this particular moment we are the PLANET OF THE APES. Because the kids say to us "Why did they take your show off the air?" and "I enjoyed you on TV." To them, we are Zira and Cornelius. It seems worthwhile when you are on the stage and you see a child's eyes light up. They go home and their whole day, their whole week is made. It's so impersonal when it's in front of a camera, because the kids can't touch a tv or movie screen, you know?

WHITMORE: If I may break the reverie for a moment, much as I hate to—how long do you foresee yourselves
doing this?
CRIST: As long as the public demands it and still want Zira and Cornelius to live, we'll be there. It's not, of course, my main ambition to be a chimpanzee for the rest of my life—(general hysterics in the room as her calculated pause triggers both John and me into laughter. She is skilled with comedy born from her nature.) The thing is we'll do this in our spare time. My main ambition is to become a damn good actress and stuntwoman, and do many roles. But I also happen to have a certain affinity for Zira. She and the apes started my career. If Arthur Jacobs were alive today I think he'd be proud that we could keep these characters going. When they cancelled the series they said too many kids were watching. Well, kids are important...

BLAKE: And there is something special about these characters. Most appliance makeup characters are grotesque. I mean, I've designed them, and it's hard to come up with an attractive character in an appliance. These are the one thing that the children love and aren't scared of in that field. They are, for all practical purposes, likable aliens.

WHITMORE: You make me think of the scenes between Zira and Merou (in the book) and Zira and Taylor (in the movie) that deal with relative standards of beauty and ugliness. For me, you've proven them wrong. All afternoon I've been watching Paula and thinking just how attractive she actually is, after only a moment's adjustment! You want to sit around on cozy Saturday afternoons drinking tea when you feel that comfortable with someone.

WARNER: But that was such a nice line, though! “... you're so damned ugly!”

CRIST: I think it came alive for me when I read Pierre Boule's book for the first time. That was right after the convention I did the first ape character for. In the scene where Zira has to say goodbye to Merou ... she was able to love in a way that no chimpanzee had ever been able to love before. All of a sudden she wasn't a chimp and he wasn't a human. They were two entities, merging through a common need and understanding of each other. And that's how I've tried to pattern my life, not seeing people for their color or creed or hair length ... I want to see just people. That, for me, is the essence of Zira. I'm so glad that in the movie she actually kissed him, and I'm so angry that they left out one line!

WHITMORE: What line was that?

CRIST: She looks up at Taylor and says “Go with God, Taylor. It's an old expression that comes from both Ape ... and Man.” I think that's beautiful.

That night I experienced the first car show of my life; in the line of duty.
It was a new sensation, a strange one. I really hadn't believed, in my heart, that car shows existed. (After all, my own interest in customized autos flared into existence—and guttered out rapidly—between my ninth and tenth birthdays.) It's a common problem, this tendency to assume that other people think like you, and I guess it's good to have the contradicting truth rubbed in your face at every opportunity. But the place was, I think, odd by any standards you can name.

Here are the shards of memory that stick. See if you agree. I promise you that, to understand Paula Crist's and William Blake's act, you have to have the setting in your mind.

You are inside the Philadelphia Civic Auditorium, which is brightly lit from above (where the light filters through a forest of hanging vines) and below (where seeming hundreds of colored spotlights reflect from the chrome of 240 cars). The exhibitions are varied. In the back are mostly motorcycles, in the center a cluster of vans. Regular and customized cars dominate the foreground and fill in the spaces, elsewhere, the whole arranged so that an intricate labyrinth of pathways exists to confuse you. There are bright-colored machines that make you blink and deep, glossy dark ones on huge tires. Music is piped in over loudspeakers, interrupted only by announcements, and if the music doesn't seem unpleasant it doesn't seem really fitting, either. But then, I wasn't there for car show in toto. That makes a difference.

Close to the Apes performance stage was a small red car supporting a HUGE, garish, yellow-painted metal banana. A sign on it proclaimed it the exhibition of some radio station or another and two high-school girls in candy-striped hotpants and white vinyl boots were giving out bunches of free bananas. Only they were far too green to peel.

And everywhere, the crowd! Such an amazing collection. Greasy bikers, clean bikers, greasemonkeys straight from 1956, glitter-rock aficionados in their tacky best, country types, harried mothers and fathers from Suburbia towing whole flootillas of kids, teeny-boppers (in three varieties: nymphet, young hood, and disarmingly straight), and here and there somebody who looked as bewildered as John and myself.

Time to backtrack. After the interview proper was over and Paula had grabbed a small bit of needed rest, we all got ready to make the short trek from hotel to auditorium. We were introduced to a very attractive woman named Janie Holz who helped run the car show on its circuit. Her husband owned it. She confirmed for me what I'd been told by Paula and Bill about the kind of attendance figures the apes characters inspired. They were, indeed, high. And Janie was no end of pleased with the two as performers. Apparently their professionalism and pleasant personalities are as rare in that field as they are in so many others.

Here's one strong example of that professionalism. Paula, I know, was exhausted. She'd gotten almost no sleep in the previous two days and had last eaten, except for a milkshake, sixteen hours before.

Bill hadn't had things much easier. The night before he'd been stricken by a nasty, stomach-clamping flu and had been up until four AM being nursed into shape to perform.

I and John were both startled. These two had gone through all that and still been so incredibly congenial, so open and friendly—and energetic!—during a three hour interview while preparing to perform for another three long, hard hours before a large crowd.

The classic performing adage is “The Show must go on.” These two, we discovered in delight, meant it.

Enter the car show....

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These personalities are an added draw, bringing in people who might otherwise never have come. But after circling the show to observe the doings, I realize that Zira and Cornelius were drawing a different kind of person than the others.

What was different was that they stayed around to listen. Then, after listening for a time, they would ask questions. (There was also a higher proportion of families with children than in the general crowd, but a few entranced and grease-stained bikers kept the audience diverse-looking.)

I stressed context before describing the act that was put on that night so that the path it followed would be clearly visible. Zira and Cornelius as serious, somber scientists straight from the Planet of the Apes would not have fit in. A compromise had to be struck. So instead of concentrating on scenes with great drama from the films (though there were a few) a great deal of ad-libbing came out in place. The love they had for one another blossomed in a mild chimpanzee playfulness; one another blossomed in a mild chimpanzee playfulness with overtones of slapstick; more than once they got laughs by picking imaginary fleas from one another, and the audience, commenting in various ways on the taste. Now, that’s a joke that an ape knows a human child will enjoy!

They did, too... as did the adults, as did John and myself to the left of the stage, listening. Zira and Cornelius, by virtue of belief in themselves and their role, had made us believe. Everything they did fell in complete tune with some aspect or another of their character.

The three hours passed very quickly for those of us in the audience. Calling an end to the act at 10:30, Zira and Cornelius posed for a few final last-minute photos and finally got a chance to breathe more easily. We sat together with both of them and some of the car show staff in a large mobile home that I’d noticed on the way in. At that particular moment I felt a little sad over the fact that dramatic performance and the car show environment didn’t fit together better. I wanted to see what could be done with Zira and Cornelius on a proper stage, with good lighting and sets and the right audience. But at the same time I knew that Paula Crist and William Blake, who lived somewhere behind the makeup, were right; they were filling a gap that people wanted filled, needed filled. And when it’s done with their kind of wit and sensitivity, that’s something which can’t be faulted.

Not long after that John and I walked them back to their hotel and made our own goodbyes. We’d come with moderate expectations (at best), but we were leaving with a measure of awe.

Performers, you see, are everywhere. Everybody plays various roles and games, different games. But we had met and become friends with two who not only had skill, but direction and discipline. Not only a currently successful career—as actors, makeup artists, stuntpeople, what have you—but also a good project for the future—the CineMuseum.

And, just speaking personally, I had finally in my life met two aliens. I had shaken Dr. Cornelius’ hand and been kissed by Dr. Zira. Definitely the stuff of fond memories. Catch them in performance if you have any chance at all, and you’ll feel the same.

It was a very odd day.
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45
The time is now, a time when humans speak and animals emphatically do not. The setting is the interior of a zoo infirmary. The situation is the investigation of three chimpanzees recently arrived via space capsule.

The question posed by animal psychologist Lewis Dixon to his assistant Stevie is a simple one: "I wonder why they won't eat the bananas...?" The reply, however, is slightly more complex, and does not come from Stevie...

"Because we loathe and detest bananas...!"

The result, pardonably, is rather extreme. Stevie faints.
Help me get her out of here! There's a couch in the back room--!

Never mind that now--just help me get the movie out of here!

Sure, Dr. Dixon... but... but that monkey talked--!

I'll worry about the chimps later!

Zira, are you mad--? We firmly agreed to keep our intelligence secret!

Dr. Milo, I resent you calling my wife mad!

I did not call her mad! I merely asked if she were mad! And I repeat the question--

--Are you mad, Zira?

I hate deceit!

There is a time for truth and a time--not for lies--but for simple silence! And until we know for certain who is our friend and who our enemy--

We can also listen--to a lot of psychiatric small-talk worth less than the breath expended on it!

And how in the name of the creator are we to know that--? Unless we communicate? We can speak! So I spoke!

And we can watch--

A display of primitive apparatus for--
Primitive—?! It's prehistoric!

It couldn't test the intelligence of a newt!

Whakkkk!

Urnmph oo00

Zira, calm yourself, dear...

I am calm!!

Stop arguing--!

It's too late for that!

We've got to use our heads and start thinking about the future--! Now that they know we can speak, how much shall we tell them?

How much--

Milo--!!
AGHK-K-K!!

I CAN'T--! THE BEAST IS TOO STRONG--!!

CORNELIUS-- DO SOMETHING!! HELP HIM!!

AURK AURKK!

SHREEE COOOOO

OUREEEE

ROWRR

OOOOOO EEEE

SHREEE COOOOO
...A FULL AUTOPSY, OF COURSE...

YES--WITH PARTICULAR EMPHASIS ON THE CRANIAL AND LARYNX AREAS!

KEEP HIM IN COLD STORAGE UNTIL THE REPORT COMES IN! THEN YOU'D BETTER SEND HIM TO TAXIDERMIST...

THEY'LL CONSIDER HIM NO MORE THAN A MUSEUM PIECE... NOW...

LISTEN, STEVIE... I THINK I'D BETTER DO THIS ALONE!

I UNDERSTAND.

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU OUTSIDE. LEWIS!

UH, WE... WE MEAN YOU NO HARM...

YES... I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR FEELINGS OVER WHAT'S HAPPENED...

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? I MEAN THAT WE MEAN YOU NO HARM, THAT IS...
I SHOULD! I'VE BEEN DOING IT HALF MY LIFE TO HUMANS!

OF COURSE! I'M A PSYCHIATRIST!

WE'RE PERCEPTIVE ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND THAT, DOCTOR.

GOOD...

UH, DO YOU HAVE A NAME...?

MY NAME IS CORNELIUS-- AND THIS IS ZIRA, MY WIFE!

MINE IS LEWIS-- LEWIS DIXON!

GLAD TO... MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!

AH...

WELL... IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN SPURNED!
PRIMITIVE...?! WELL, EH... WHAT I MEAN IS THAT IN OUR "PRIMITIVE" CIVILIZATION, APES JUST DON'T TALK, AND I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WHEN OUR "PRIMITIVE" SECURITY PRECAUTIONS ARE LIFTED...

... THE FIRST TIME YOU SAY SOMETHING IN PUBLIC YOU SHOULD TALK TO WHAT WE "PRIMITIVELY" CALL THE RIGHT PEOPLE...

... IF, EH. YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN...

DO YOU MIND IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL?

NOT AT ALL - PLEASE GO RIGHT AHEAD!

I LIKE YOU!

I DID RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING!
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GENTLEMEN, I AM AWARE THAT WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU MAY VERY WELL CREATE A CREDIBILITY GAP SOMEWHAT WIDER THAN THE GRAND CANYON!

NONETHLESS, IT IS TRUE! YOU MAY BE ABSURED OF THAT!

THE U.S. SPACECRAFT WHICH SPLASHED DOWN OFF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COAST YESTERDAY...IS ONE OF THE TWO LOST IN OUTER SPACE MORE THAN A YEAR.

TO BE PRECISE THE ONE COMMANDED BY COLONEL TAYLOR!

THEY HAVE IDENTIFIED THREE...AH...BODIES! ALL LIVING I MIGHT ADD...

...AT LEAST THEY WERE AT THE TIME OF THEIR RESCUE!

BUT NOW, BY UNHAPPY ACCIDENT, ONE OF THEM WAS KILLED THIS MORNING IN THE LOS ANGELES ZOO!

ZOO--? WHAT WOULD ASTRONAUTS BE DOING IN A ZOO?

THEY WERE NOT ASTRONAUTS, GENERAL FAULKNER...

THEY WERE APES!

CHIMPANZEES, TO BE PRECISE!
THEY ARE HARMLESS, FRIENDLY, AND BY ALL REPORTS EXTREMELY INTELLIGENT AND SOPHISTICATED CREATURES, BUT BEING ANIMALS--

-- THEY CANNOT, OF COURSE, TELL US WHERE THE SHIP CAME FROM OR HOW THEY GOT INTO IT. I HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED TO CONVENE A PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY IN LOS ANGELES TOMORROW...

THE TWO SURVIVING APES WILL BE PRODUCED FOR THE COMMISSION'S INSPECTION, NO TELEVISION COVERAGE! THE PRESS WILL BE INVITED TO ATTEND... BUT NOT TO PARTICIPATE!

IM SURE YOU ALL REALIZE THE TREMENDOUS SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS DEVELOPMENT, BUT AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION OF ALL CIRCUMSTANCES AND RAMIFICATIONS THEREOF, I NEVERTHELESS SEE NO REASON TO CONCEAL THIS EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD!

ONE OF THE TWO AMERICAN SPACESHIPS-- BELIEVED UNTIL NOW TO HAVE DISINTEGRATED IN ORBIT-- SPLOshed DOWN UNEXPECTEDLY IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN OFF THE COAST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA YESTERDAY...

...AND IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN MANNED-- IF ONE CAN EVEN CALL IT "MANNED"-- BY MONKEYS!

AND IN CALIFORNIA TODAY, A LOST SPACESHIP HAS BEEN HIJACKED BY APES-ON-AGENTS! THIS STORY AND OTHERS AFTER STATION IDENTIFICATION--!
DR. HASSLEIN... AS THE PRESIDENT'S SENIOR SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO EXPERIENCE FROM THIS HISTORIC MEETING -- ?

FEAR!

NOW DON'T BE NERVOUS! THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE OUT THERE, BUT NONE OF THEM WISH TO HURT YOU!

OKAY-- IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'RE ALL SET. NOW JUST REMEMBER: WHEN I BREAK THE NEWS, START SLOWLY WITH SIMPLE ANSWERS TO WHAT WILL CERTAINLY BE SIMPLE QUESTIONS!

AND IF THE QUESTIONS BECOME LESS SIMPLE... ?

BE YOURSELF! YOUR BETTER SELF, ZIRA...

MY 'BETTER' SELF IS NOT ACCUSTOMED TO BEING CHAINED! WHAT DO THEY THINK WE ARE -- GORILLAS?

ZIRA-- I'M SORRY, BUT...

ALL RIGHT... JUST TAKE IT CALMLY NOW...

THEY'RE READY FOR YOU, DR. DIXON!
MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION...

...AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

WHAT MAY ASTONISH YOU IS THAT OUR CHIMPANZEE FRIENDS ARE READY TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS TOO!

NOT BY SIGNS! NOT BY LOOKS OR MOVEMENTS... BUT BY WORDS!

MY NAME IS LEWIS DIXON AND I AM THE ANIMAL PSYCHIATRIST WHO HAS BEEN IN CHARGE OF THESE TWO APES SINCE THEY ARRIVED AT THE LOS ANGELES ZOO. MY ASSISTANT, DR. STEPHANIE GRANTON, AND I ARE READY TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS!

DR. DIXON, AS A ZOOLOGIST, I KNOW AND RESPECT YOUR WORK! BUT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO TURN A PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION INTO A VENTRILCOQUET'S ACT, I MUST INFORM YOU--

AND I MUST INFORM YOU, SIR, THAT THESE APES HAVE ACQUIRED THE POWER OF SPEECH!

THE POWER OF...
I REPEAT: THESE APES HAVE ACQUIRED THE POWER OF SPEECH!!

VERY WELL, DR. DIXON. IF YOU FEEL YOU MUST PERSIST ALONG THESE LINES...

...MAY WE BE TOLD WHICH IS THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES?!

IT IS FOR YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO ASSESS HOW FAR THAT POWER CAN BE EXERCISED INTELLIGENTLY!
DID SHE RISE AS A REFLEX TO YOUR INDICATING HER... OR IN RESPONSE TO MY QUESTION?

THAT IS FOR YOU, MR. CHAIRMAN, TO DETERMINE FOR YOURSELF!

DOES SHE HAVE A NAME?

ZI-RA!

AHEM... CERTAINLY A CONVINCING ARGUMENT THAT SHE CAN ARTICULATE... WHICH IN ITSELF IS ALMOST EXTRAORDINARY. BUT, DR. DIXON, ARE WE TO INFER THAT "ZI-RA" IS HER NAME OR SOME... PHRASE IN HER OWN LANGUAGE... MEANING "YES" OR "NO," FOR EXAMPLE...?

INFER WHAT YOU WISH MR. CHAIRMAN! I SUGGEST YOU REPHRASE!

WHAT... IS YOUR NAME...?

ZEE-RUH!
THERE YOU ARE! YOU SEE? ONE MIGHT AS WELL BE TALKING TO A PARROT...

EXCEPT THAT A PARROT WOULD HAVE ANSWERED, "POL-LY"...

POLLY-?? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? MECHANICAL MIMICRY! UNIQUE IN AN APE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, BUT FAR FROM EARTH-SHAKING!

DOES THE OTHER ONE "TALK", DR. PIXON?

ONLY WHEN ZIRA LETS ME!

HA-HAH! CORNELIUS, YOU BEAUTIFUL LIAR--!

PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEATS...

DR. HASSLEIN...?
DOCTOR...? NO! NOTHING!
DR. HASSELEIN...? CORNELIUS!
WHAT IS THE MALE'S NAME, PLEASE?
MY LAWFULLY WEDDED SPOUSE!

WEDDED--?? LATER, YOUR EMINENCE!
PLEASE!
CORNELIUS, DO YOU-- OR YOUR LAWFULLY WEDDED WIFE-- SPEAK ANY LANGUAGE OTHER THAN ENGLISH?
WHAT IS ENGLISH? I SPEAK THE LANGUAGE TAUGHT ME BY MY FATHER AND MOTHER, WHO WERE TAUGHT BY THEIR MOTHERS AND FATHERS BEFORE THEM! IT HAS BEEN THE LANGUAGE OF MY ANCESTORS FOR AT LEAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS...

AS TO ITS ORIGINS, WHO CAN BE SURE? THE GORILLAS AND ORANGUTANS IN MY COMMUNITY BELIEVED...

...BELIEVED...
... THAT GOD CREATED APES IN HIS OWN IMAGE AND THAT OUR LANGUAGE—

HEAR! HEAR!

NONSENSE, AND YOU KNOW IT, CORNELIUS!

AS AN INTELLECTUAL, CORNELIUS, YOU KNOW DAMNED WELL THAT THE GORILLAS ARE A BUNCH OF MILITARISTIC NINCOMPOOPS AND THE ORANGUTANS A BUNCH OF BLINKERED, PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC GESE --!

AS FOR HUMANS, I'VE DISSEC --

... EXAMINED THOUSANDS OF THEM AND, UNTIL NOW, I'VE ONLY DISCOVERED TWO WHO COULD TALK IN THE COURSE OF MY ENTIRE CAREER!

GOD KNOWS --

EXCUSE ME, YOUR EMINENCE --

--WHO TAUGHT THOSE TWO!

WHERE WE COME FROM, APES TALK AND HUMANS ARE DUMB!

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, CORNELIUS?
I'm still not sure!

Dr. Milo was a genius in advance of his time!

When the spaceship first landed intact in a body of our water, he salvaged it, studied it... and half understood it!

Dr. Milo was sure!

Half? Was half enough...?

Enough for us to escape when war became inevitable! Enough for him to have been murdered in your zoo! Enough for my wife and I to be here...!

But from where, Cornelius? From where?

I told you... I'm not sure!

Maybe the "female" does know!

Yes -- the "female" does know!

We came from your future!!
THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE--!
IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT DOES!

CORNELIUS, YOU MENTIONED WAR! WAR BETWEEN WHOM?
BETWEEN THE GORILLAS AND WHOEVER LIVES... LIVED... WILL LIVE...

BENEATH THE TERRITORY NEXT TO OURS!
WHO WON THE WAR?

HOW SHOULD WE KNOW? CHIMPANZEES ARE PACIFISTS! WE STAYED AT HOME!
...AND LEFT BEFORE THE WAR ENDED!

IN A SPACESHIP!

YES-- WHICH DR. MILO LEARNED TO OPERATE!
DID YOU KNOW COLONEL TAYLOR?

WE ARE PEACEFUL CREATURES! WE ARE HAPPY TO BE HERE!

MAY WE BE UNCHAINED NOW...?

MR. CHAIRMAN...!
MR. CHAIRMAN...!
A WORD...?

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE: PREPOSTEROUS!

COULD YOU DEFINE THAT, MR. CHAIRMAN?

NO, I CANNOT!
BUT LET ME SAY THIS: AS HEAD OF THIS COMMISSION, IT WILL BE OUR DUTY TO GIFT THE FACTS FROM THIS BIZARRE AFFAIR AND PASS OUR CONCLUSION ON TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR INSTRUMENTATION!
LOOK -- HASSLEIN'S COMIN' OUT --!

Dr. Hasslein, how will you advise the President to handle this unique situation?

No comment...

...yet--!

What a load of mugger--!

You were both fabulous!

Yes -- they loved you...

AND YET, I thought there was a moment when...

There was!

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Please give. Our servicemen give more.

Advertising contributed for the public good.
He ran himself to death!

He scurried (Apes always scurry) from newsstand to newsstand. None of them had any copies of PLANET OF THE APES magazine. As a matter of fact, they didn't have any issues of STARLORD, MARVEL SUPER ACTION, SHERLOCK HOLMES or THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN either.

Actually, the newsstands didn't have any magazines — there hasn't been any newsdealers since the Apes took over.

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notice. I told Bill I'd see what I could do and get back to him.

A couple of hours later I was on the phone to Jim Whitmore in Washington D.C. Jim is a friend of mine and sometimes contributor to PLANET OF THE APES, THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU and NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED. He said that he would be glad to go to Philadelphia as he was about to do some travelling anyway.

And so, miraculously, everything was set up. I called Bill back and spoke to both he and Paula to clear up details.

And a funny thing started happening. I still didn't know if there was anything to the act, but I began to feel a strange, vicarious enthusiasm in talking with Paula and Bill. They weren't boasting, it wasn't ego projection, yet they definitely cared and had strong pride in what they were doing.

Then I got the craziest idea of all. I would go to Philly with Jim and supervise the project. Again, what did I have to lose. I would have all the fun without having to write the interview.

So, that's what I did—and the result was surprising to say the least.

The most startling thing was to knock on a hotel door in the Philadelphia downtown Hilton and suddenly, as that door swung open, to find myself transported instantly into the third Ape film (ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES). For there at the door stood, in the words of Jim Whitmore, "... A tired, half-awake (Dr. Zira), one eye stubbornly glued shut by recent sleep, but as cordial as any exhausted chimpanzee..." What is so disarming is that the make-up and the illusion it creates is ever so much more real in person than it is up on the theatre screen.

That I didn't expect! And it was rather disarming for the cynical in me. And, I confess it—by the end of the first half hour of the interview, I was relating to Paula as a chimpanzee rather than a human. Which isn't fair, nor entirely true.

Recently (as this editorial is being amended for issue #13—with some luck, that's the issue you now hold in your hands) I made a brief trip to Los Angeles to talk with some people out at Fox studios and I stopped by to see these two performers, Paula and Bill, whom by now I considered friends. It was the first time I had actually seen Paula without the makeup. And in the relaxed environs of their home (relaxed in spite of being just moved-in-and-as-yet-unpacked), one sees that there is much more to their lives than Apes. And that's refreshing too. Dedication is one thing; fanaticism quite another.

But there's no denying that the two Apes characters, as well as a few they themselves created, are an important part of their lives as they continue to experiment with the make-up and evolve Ape personalities. But they are still young and energetic, talented and striving.

And maybe that's what keeps Apes going, in spite of countless setbacks, such as the fate of the television series, like a phoenix repeatedly rising from its own ashes. I mean, destroying the planet didn't even stop it. It just seems to be one of those things that attracts creative imaginations.

And as long as that space exists and has a want to be filled, as long as people care about the Apes, Paula and Bill—no, that Zira and Cornelius—will be there with the talent and dedication to recreate those illusions.

And, hopefully, so will we!

JOHN WARNER

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YOU LEARN BY LOOKING AND LISTENING THE EASY WAY FOR LESS THAN 16¢ A LESSON!

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WE'LL PROGRAM YOUR MIND TO MASTER ALMOST ANY SELF DEFENSE SITUATION

No rigorous or boring exercises are necessary. You learn in the comfort and privacy of your own home, either alone or with a friend, by looking and listening with our simple, effective audiovisual technique. You merely follow the pictures in our lesson book as you listen to each lesson on our SPECIAL LONG PLAYING 12" RECORD. What could be easier?

By playing this record over and over, the lessons become buried deep in your subconscious. Your mind is conditioned in the ancient Oriental disciplines of KUNG FU & KARATE—it develops a memory bank of specialized fighting knowledge. If you are attacked, you'll find yourself springing to action almost automatically, using this knowledge to defend yourself and those you love.

YOUR BODY BECOMES A POWERFUL WEAPON OF DEFENSE

We'll teach you how to use your hands, feet, arms, legs, elbows and knees as powerful weapons against any attacker. You'll learn the KUNG FU & KARATE techniques of the thrust punch, hammer fist, X & Y punch, knife hand, spear hand, palm heel strike, snap kick, thrust kick, stamping kick, knee kick, elbow strike, back fist, X block, sweeping block, high and low blocks, and much, much more. You'll learn which techniques are best for which situations—where, when and how to hit effectively and avoid being hit yourself. You'll learn all the essential secrets of these two Oriental fighting arts—ancient secrets that have allowed smaller, weaker men to defeat larger, more powerful men with ease.

A NEW, CONFIDENT YOU

Take this course and feel like a new person. Never be afraid to go anywhere ever again—ball game, beach, school yard, backyard, tough neighborhood, back alley or parking lot at night. Gain self confidence and win the respect and admiration of those you love. Your cool, confident steel-like gaze will show others you are no person to fool around with. Feel a new power come over you—the power to master almost any self defense situation!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

Our long playing 12" 33 1/3 RPM instruction record which contains 35 complete, separate and distinct lessons. It was specially produced to make the learning of the essential self defense techniques of KUNG FU & KARATE as inexpensive and easy as possible.

Complete picture lesson book containing over 135 photos and illustrations. While you are coached by the lesson record, each defensive movement is shown to you step-by-step by our instructor, TOYOTARO MIYAZAKI, BLACK BELT, 5TH DAN from the world famous KENKOJUKU DOJO in TOKYO, JAPAN.

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY ABOUT THIS COURSE:

"Next to taking lessons in dojo, this home study course has to be the best way available for learning self-defense Kung Fu and Karate."

R. Richards, Black Belt, 1st Dan

"At last! A home study course that is more than just a book or manual. This course is, without a doubt the easiest most effective home study program I have ever come across."

G. Aschkar, Black Belt, 1st Dan

ALL THIS FOR LESS THAN 16¢ A LESSON

It's hard to believe, but it's true! People across this country pay up to $10.00 for a single lesson in KUNG FU or KARATE—more than the cost of this entire home study course. Only today's modern technological advances in audiovisually learning and mass production techniques make it possible for US to bring you this complete course at such a ridiculously low price! Yes it's absolutely true—you get 35 complete lessons for only $4.98 & 50¢ for postage and handling—that's less than 16¢ a lesson!

Don't delay! Order this complete home study course today. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

10 DAY NO RISK MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If after ten days of examining this home study course, you are not completely satisfied that this is the easiest, most effective way possible to learn self defense, KUNG FU and KARATE at home, you may return it for a full refund of your purchase price.

USE THIS RUSH COUPON TO ORDER:

Yes, this is for me. Rush me your complete audiovisual home study course in dynamic KUNG FU & KARATE. I enclose $4.98 plus 50¢ for postage and handling (totaling $5.48) as payment in full, I understand that this course was designed to teach me how to use KUNG FU & KARATE to defend myself. I promise never to use these techniques as an aggressor. Send cash, check or money order to:

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New York residents please include appropriate sales tax. Residents of England please send £3. Sorry no COD's.
I'll guide you step by step into your own thriving business

• While keeping your present job, would you like to gross $14 or $21 profit per hour?

A True Story by Bob Ferrel

Some years ago I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

One day I was reading a magazine article just as you now are and I saw an ad, it intrigued me. It offered me the steady, growing income I always wanted. I read it and I had a feeling of greater security and personal independence and that's what I've been waiting for. I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "For a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought... why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. I decided that now was the time to make the forward step... there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I accepted. I stayed with my job... ran a few ads... sent some mailings... contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior service I was now equipped to give them. Every Saturday, I rendered the service.

As the business grew, I added a servicewoman. I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successfully. It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a serious mistake it was to take that challenge with income... and how that little fact that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive; I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked harder, but if I wanted to be home early or quiet at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

It was just the employee who was enthusiastic about the business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in our section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of the Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time training dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I've worked for the company full time and I've sold many of their dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. Much of the time I'm on the road in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

On a recent trip I sold a dealership at a good profit. Dealers in our business, who have profits for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months, Leo Lutzel sold for $7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer can't make it, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual dealer how to make the most use of his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We want to make all our dealers happy family members. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier Than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... become financially independent... and have made the decision to get into a fast-growing, new, large, new business, you can now YOU CAN. And you own a National Advertised business. We are greatly interested in having you succeed, while your customer list grows... then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicewoman to do. One job a week is enough for your income. If you hire two servicewomen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guarantee is $6 per hour on EACH servicewoman plus $12 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how... step by step. To all who answer within the next week.

Your gross profit on three servicewomen is $21 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy to gross $7 per hour on EACH servicewoman plus $12 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) will show how most of your gross profit becomes clear net profit. Your income is limited only by the number of service people you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At first you do as little servicing of your own... or you can start with full or part time servicing. This business is easy to learn... there are NOW providing this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers... and still more customers from their recommendations. We have superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture manufacturers, builders, apartment managers and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories. National magazine advertising explains superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings your job to you. We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and radio ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjusters, and decorators refer jobs to Duraclean dealers. These "round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in This Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing... a sure way of being financially independent with security and a better living for my family." That made sense to us and we worked out such a plan, and those men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. You have our backing and "know how.

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts and decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want. You can start small and grow big. A century ago Duraclean was an idea... but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) superior processes, (2) proven customer-getting methods (3) Day to day guidance from Headquarters.

Our first service people are upholsterers and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers... revives dull colors. Pile rises with new life. There's no harsh machinery, no noisy cleaning. Mild averted foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furniture too can be cleaned just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your 6 other services are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. Less than $1500 establishes YOUR own business. A day's work's earnings will pay the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners. We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, before someone takes your location. It's been said, "Opportunity knocks, but one who ignores it." We feel it would be that one rare opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can order from the printed work of material will send you the material whether or not you mail the coupon. But a PLAN B is put out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean International
5119 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

Please mention the publication, the newspaper, the department store, the magazine or other business whose name reads: "Lettuce tell you why I can increase my income and family security, and how I'd help you help people. No salesman will call.

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State & Zip.

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5119 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015
Sometimes a man sets his ambitions high enough to make skeptics smile. But how often does he get the last laugh? One outstanding LaSalle graduate writes: "At the time I started studying with LaSalle, I was working as a factory clerk. Before completing the course I was transferred to cost accounting and my salary was increased by $1800. Now, having completed the course, I'm in charge of the department and on my way. LaSalle's course helped me pull myself out of a boring and ill-paid job into a position of opportunity."

The words in quotes come directly from one of the pleased reports that are sent to us by LaSalle graduates. LaSalle files contain many letters from men and women who have moved ahead with the help of LaSalle training. You, too, can prepare for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study — without interfering with your present work — and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

LaSalle has been a leader in home education for more than sixty years, enrolling over 2,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many courses. You study under the supervision of LaSalle's experienced faculty. Upon satisfactory completion of your study, you receive the LaSalle diploma — a respected credential.

Mailing the LaSalle postage-paid coupon alongside may be the first step toward preparing yourself for a better job, and the many good things that go with success. Simply check the program in which you are most interested, to receive a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. There is no obligation. LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

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