PLANET OF THE APES

“DOOM IN THE EMMERALD DEPTHS!”

APE AND HUMAN UNITED AGAINST MUTATED MONSTERS!
DREAMER IN EMERALD SILENCE

By Doug Moench & Tom Sutton

Ape and Human war in a mutated wonder-world beneath the sea.

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IN THE CRADLE OF A FATHER'S SINS

By Doug Moench & Rico Rival

Zira and Cornelius wage a battle of wits with ruthless minions from the C.I.A.

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PROLOGUE:
TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE A CITY OF NOMADS ROSE IN BRIGHT FLAME TO SINK IN DARK SEAS... AND THE
AWESOME CITY-SHIP HYDROMEDA IS NOW NO MORE THAN A MEMORY TO BE LOATHED. ONE MAN ALONE WAS
RESPONSIBLE FOR HYDROMEDA'S ACTUAL, AS WELL AS SYMBOLIC DESTRUCTION. THEN, HE WAS KNOWN
SECRETLY AS SLINKER. NOW, HE TAKES THE PROUD NAME ALARIC...

BUT EVEN IF HE HAS LEFT THE SHADOWS TO WALK UNDER THE SUN, HE IS STILL A CURIOUS MAN... FOR IT IS A MAN'S FEELINGS, AND NOT THE MAN HIMSELF, WHICH MUST NOW HIDE.

AND ANY MAN WHO STANDS FOR IT IS--

--WISE, STARKOR... WISE.

I BELIEVE THAT IS THE WORD YOU SEARCH FOR.

LOOK BELOW US, STARKOR, AND SEE HOW THE WORK PROGRESSES. IS IT NOT THE WORK OF MEN SERVING PATIENCE... AND WISDOM...

I HOPE IT IS THE WORD YOU MEANT.

RATHER THAN PRIDE?

BUT WHEN YOU FREED US FROM THE HYDROMEDA'S OARS, ALARIC, YOU FREED US FROM THIS WHOLE SITUATION... YOU SAID WE'D NEVER AGAIN TOLERATE THESE RULES...!

BUT NOW IT'S JUST THE SAME. WE'RE WORKING FOR THEM AGAIN--!

AND I LIKE IT NOT, ALARIC. I LIKE IT NOT AT ALL.

IT IS THE ONLY WAY, FRIEND STARKOR. YOU KNOW THAT.

BESIDES, WE ARE NOT WORKING FOR THEM-- WE ARE WORKING WITH THEM.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR LIVES--

Story: DOUG MOENCH  Art: TOM SUTTON
"We are cooperating with them—living with them—humans and apes— as equals."

"How long before hatred is replaced by mutual need? Before desperate calls for peace and understanding to be done?"

"Send gone humans abait—and tell them to be quick about it!"

"Two years have passed since Hydro-Mega deserted her conflagration under turbulent waves. Two years of laborious gestation, in which the Freedom Reaver has slowly taken form. She is not as large as Hydro-Mega or any of the other sprawling city-ships, but she has been designed to provide greater speed... and to pose a greater threat."

"(Equal but for how long?"

"How long before hatred is replaced by mutual need? Before desperate calls for peace and understanding to be done?"

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CHIEF ARCHITECT GRAYMALKYN ISSUES ORDERS IN A VOICE WHICH HE HOPES IS FIRM BUT NOT TYRANNICAL. THE RECIPIENTS OF HIS ORDERS ARE HUMANS, WHILE HE IS NOT. THIS LIKE ALARIC, HE TOO MUST HIDE HIS FEELINGS...

TIGHTER ON THOSE ROPES BEFORE YOU WEDGE THE MAST! IT'S LEANING A FULL TEN DEGREES LEEWARD--!

THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL COOPERATION, ALARIC-- WORKING WITH THE APES?

OUR FELLOW HUMANS DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK, WHILE GRAYMALKYN AND HIS APES STAND AROUND ISSUING ORDERS --!

ALL RIGHT-- THAT'S ENOUGH! LOCK THE WINCH-- AND WEDGE THE MAST SECURE!

ONLY THE APES POSSESS ANY KNOWLEDGE OF SHIPBUILDING AND NAVIGATION, STARKOR, THEREFORE, THEY MUST GIVE THE ORDERS ... FOR NOW, ANYWAY.

HOW DOES THE WORK PROGRESS, FRIEND GRAYMALKYN?

WELL ENOUGH... FRIEND... ALARIC.

(WHAT DOES THIS GRAYMALKYN THINK-- THIS STRANGE COMBINATION OF GENIUS AND BESTIALITY? WHAT DOES HE FEEL? WHY DOES HE REFUSE TO BARE HIS FEELINGS?)

AGAIN HE HOLDS BACK, GUARDS HIMSELF AGAINST WHAT-- FEAR OF HUMANS-- OR FEAR OF THE REACTION FROM HIS FELLOW APES-- SHOULD HE SHARE HIS FEELINGS WITH A HUMAN... ?)

THE SECOND MAST IS BEING SECURED NOW. ALL THAT REMAINS, THEN, IS THE RIGGING...

...AND A NUMBER OF MINOR CONCLUDING DETAILS WHICH AMOUNT TO LITTLE MORE THAN FURBISHMENT.

YES, WE SHOULD BE READY TO SAIL WITHIN THE WEEK-- THANKS TO THE HELP OF YOU AND YOUR FREEMEN.

I SEE. EXCELLENT, FRIEND GRAYMALKYN.
YOU CALL IT HELP? WE HUMANS DID EVERYTHING WHILE YOU APES STOOD AROUND AND SHOUTED AT US! MAYBE IT WAS NECESSARY THAT YOU GIVE THE ORDERS, BECAUSE YOU ALONE POSSESS THE KNOWLEDGE--!

BUT THE ONLY REASON HUMANS KNOW NOTHING ABOUT SAILING IS BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN LOCKED BELOW DECK-- SLAVES TO THE OARS SINCE THE DAY WE WERE FIRST ABLE TO CLOSE OUR HANDS!

BUT FOR THIS GROUP OF HUMANS, THAT'S ALL CHANGED NOW! WE'VE WON OUR FREEDOM-- AND WE OUTNUMBER YOU ON THIS ISLAND! SO DON'T FORGET THAT THE FREEDOM REAPER IS A HUMAN SHIP--!

(A LEADER CANNOT TAKE SIDES; THE CONFRONTATION MUST RUN ITS OWN COURSE.)

AND DON'T FORGET WHO BUILT HER-- AND WHO DID NOTHING!

WE MUST FACE THE FACT THAT WE NEED EACH OTHER-- AT LEAST UNTIL YOU SET US ASHORE ON OUR HOMELAND, AT WHICH TIME THE SHIP WILL BE YOURS TO SERVE, WHATEVER END YOU WISH.

AND NO, WE ARE NOT TOO BLIND TO CORRECTLY GUESS THE PURPOSE OF THE BATTERING RAM YOU REQUESTED.

BUT AGAIN, IF YOU WISH TO STAVE IN THE HULL OF EVERY APE CITY-- SHIP ON THE SEA, THAT IS YOUR BUSINESS...

...AFTER WE ARE TRANSPORTED HOME.

IN THE MEANTIME...

...THERE IS NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN US.

( Login ended. But the end is just the beginning.)

IF THAT GORILLA IS WHAT YOU CALL A FRIEND, ALARIC--

THEN MAYBE YOU'D BETTER THINK TWICE ABOUT CALLING ME THE SAME!

(...AND THE BEGINNING IS MORE OMINOUS THAN I FEARED.)
Aabaric is left alone. His thoughts like quicksilver... but his mood sluggish, and perhaps tinged with fear...

…the battering ram. Why must it be needed? Why can’t the freedom reaver sail to true freedom! Carrying humans as well as apes to a home on land? But humans have no home. Only cares, and a lust for vengeance…

...a need to free other humans and to slay every…

Aabaric… must you dwell on it?

Yes, I heard it all. Starkor speaking of his indignation…

…and Graymalkyn speaking of his pride, and of his defense…

...and Reena.. .

But is the truth be known, Aabaric…

I came here to hear only you speaking of me.

But are you certain you are doing what is right…?

I am doing what I can, Reena.

It is morning, one week later…

Harder…!

Graymalkyn’s voice is strong this morning.

The baptism of a ship is no time to hide one’s feelings…
PULL HARDER!!
The ship must clear the surf--!!

She must be towed out far enough for her sails to catch the wind!

HARDER -- PULL HARDER!!

IF THAT STINKING GORILLA YELLS 'HARDER!' ONE MORE TIME... I'LL USE THIS TOW-LINE FOR HIS NOSE!!

I'M WITH YOU, STARKOR: -- I DON'T SEE HIM FIGHTING THE WAVES.

GRAYMALKYN, PERHAPS I HAD BETTER TAKE CONTROL NOW... (IT IS AN INSULT TO HIS IDENTITY AS AN APE.)

(HE WILL RECOGNIZE IT AS SUCH.)

(Still, he steps aside with nothing more than a shrug.)

HEAR ME, MEN--!!

IT IS NOT OARS YOU PULL NOW!!

It is a ship of freedom!!

You pull for yourselves now-- so pull with all the strength you command!!

GOOD TO HEAR A HUMAN VOICE ISSUING ORDERS FOR A CHANGE--! AND IF MY "BEST FRIEND" HAS FINALLY DECIDED TO STRIKE A BLOW FOR HUMANITY, WE MIGHT AS WELL OBLIGE HIM, BROTHERS.

HEAVE -- WITH YOUR BACKS IN IT!!

AND WITH A LAST MIGHTY SURGE, THE 'FREEDOM HEAVEN' SLIDES INTO OPEN SEA.

TRIUMPH, ALARIC -- "TRiumph for the first band of freemen--!! The occasion deserves to be honored, does it not--!!

Indeed it does, STARKOR! THEN THIS BANNER I'VE MADE SHALL HONOR US WELL--

STARKOR SWIFTLY SCALES THE RIGGINGS. A MOMENT OF BATED SILENCE, AS ALL STARE UPWARD... THEN A spontaneous explosion of wild cheers...

BUT THE JUBILANCE IS NOT SHARED BY ALL...

NEVER AGAIN, BROTHERS-- NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE BE SLAVES TO THE APES!!
THREE NIGHTS LATER, PLYING A WESTERLY COURSE, THE FREEDOM REAPER IS SEEN AS MOONLIGHT CAUGHT IN CANVAS SAILS... SURROUNDED BY DARKNESS...

SAVE FOR THE RHYTHMIC SUSURUS OF OARS TREADING WATER, ALL IS STILL. THERE ARE TWO PEOPLE AT THE PROW...

IT IS CHILL.

WILL YOU ROVE THE SEAS FOREVER, ALARIC, TAKING REVENGE ON EVERY APE CITY-SHIP YOU FIND...?

OR WILL WE SETTLE ON LAND SOMEDAY... IN A HOME WHICH DOES NOT SWELL WITH THE OCEAN'S EVERY BREATH...?

WE WILL SETTLE ON LAND, REENA... SOMEDAY.

YES BUT WHEN?

THINK OF IT... IN TIME, WE MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO HAVE A...

SHIP AHEAD, ALARIC---!!

WHAT IN THE...?

IT'S BIGGER THAN THE HYDROMEDA, ALARIC---! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND APES LIVING ON THAT CITY...!

AND PROBABLY FIVE-THOUSAND HUMAN SLAVES!!

(HE'S RIGHT, BUT WHY NOW---? NOW, OF ALL TIMES---!)
FASTER ON THE OARS! WE CAN OVERTAKE IT BY DAWN!

BUT YOU WON'T OVERTAKE IT BY DAWN-- NOR AT ANY TIME AT ALL WHILE WE'RE STILL ABOARD THIS SHIP!

WAIT, STARKO! HE'S RIGHT-- WE MADE AN AGREEMENT WITH THE APES. WE SHALL KEEP THAT AGREEMENT.

YOU'RE INSANE, ALARIC! THAT SHIP MIGHT BE THE DYMAXION-- THE ONES WHO CAPTURED US IN THE FIRST PLACE AND SOLD US TO HYDROMEDA!

WE MIGHT STILL HAVE FRIENDS IN THAT HOLD-- SLAVING AT THE OARS--!!

IS THAT WHY YOU WISH TO STAVE IN THE SHIP'S HULL? TO DROWN YOUR FRIENDS AT THE OARS--?

SHUT UP! YOU DIRTY FILTHY ANIMAL!! (THE POINT OF NO RETURN APPROACHED FROM THE BEGINNING.)

WUK!

(ITU HAD TO COME.) (IT MUST BE STOPPED.)

STARKO! GRAYMALKYN!! AS CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP, I COMMAND YOU TO HALT!

NO, ALARIC! LET THEM KILL THEMSELVES IF THEY WANT TO--!

LEAVE VIOLENCE WHERE IT IS, ALARIC!!

(POIN'T! REENA WAS RIGHT. SHOULD HAVE LET THEM MURDER EACH OTHER! SHOULD NOT HAVE INTERFERED!)

I TOLD YOU TO--!

(should not have--)

UHNN--!!

ALARIC!! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU DAMNED IDIOTS!! SAVE HIM!!

SAVE HIM BEFORE I THROW BOTH YOUR WORTHLESS HIDES INTO THE SEA!!
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
WELL, WE NEED A HARNESS TO GET HIM BACK ABOARD!
JUST KEEP HIM FROM GOING UNDER FOR THE SECOND.

HURRY!!

WAIT--! WHAT'S THAT...?
THE WATER--IT'S EXPLODING...! IT'S--

OH... MY GOD...

OH MY GOD!

SOME WOULD CALL IT A MONSTER.
SOME, A LEVIATHAN FROM THE DREADED DEEP. OTHERS WOULD CLAIM IT IS MERELY A NIGHTMARE... OR AN HALLUCINATION.

ALL OF THEM WOULD BE WRONG.
Now, a time passes...

Who?

A time in which light returns

I am your captor...

I am... Ambrosia.

AMBROSIA

AMBROSIA

What kind of name is that...

What kind of ape?

WHERE ARE WE?

YOU ARE SAFE HERE, IN AN

STUDY...

WITHIN DWELLERON.
"YOU SEE, DWELLERON IS THE SUCCESSFUL RESULT OF EXPERIMENTS IN THE LOST ART OF BIO-MECHANICS... OR CALCULATED MUTATION AND MANIPULATION OF HER GENES. COMPLETELY SELF-SUSTAINED, BOTH MY WORLD AND MY VEHICLE, DWELLERON PROVIDES FOR HER OWN NEEDS AND FOR MINE AS WELL.

"THUS IN CERTAIN WAYS I AM A PARASITE, BUT ONE WHICH CONTROLS ITS HOST-ORGANISM..."

"BY PROBING THE APPROPRIATE NERVE-GANGLIA, MUCH LIKE PRESSING BUTTONS, I CAN FORCE DWELLERON TO PERFORM MY WILL... TO JOURNEY IN MY CHOSEN DIRECTION."

"AND EVEN AS HER CILIA PROPEL US, THEY SHARE FOOD AND FUEL FOR HER CONSUMPTION AND FOR MINE. THUS, DWELLERON IS MY DREAM... DWELLERON... IS ME."
We didn't speak because we thought it should be your decision, Alaric.

I see no harm in answering, Gravmalkyn...

The name of our ship is the Freedom Reaver.

Now, since your two companions refused to speak while you were unconscious, perhaps you will answer my questions.

What is the name of the ship from which you fell... the ship I have followed for two days...?

And its purpose...

To free human slaves from the city-ships of the apes... and how does your Freedom Reaver plan to accomplish such ends?

By ramming the city-ships and destroying them...

Good, I shall allow your ship to survive then... at least for a time... until its use to me has expired and it becomes a threat in itself.

Now, if you will follow me...

Dinner is about to be served...

(Much better than the food served to human slaves aboard the city-ships... and better even, than that caught from the Reaver...)

But why did you create Dwelleron?

To drive the city-ships off the seas... to chase war and filth back onto land, where it belongs...

Neither I nor Dwelleron shall rest until ever last city-ship is gone.

The sea is tranquil, rich with life. It has no place for those who carelessly jettison waste into its depths... those whose wars sow death and foulness upon the waves.
But you can't destroy everyone in those cities. There are humans in the holds—kept as slaves, chained to the oars. You can't kill them—!

On the contrary, they should be the first to die. It was the humans who first waged war—who invented war—and who first filled the sea with their filth.

Then why haven't you killed us—? At least Starkor and I, if not Graymalkyn—?

It is not individuals I hate. I merely despise that which occurs when individuals mass together. Quite simply, I hate war and filth.

Were I forced to see the faces of those I condemn, I could never destroy the city-ships.

Only thinking of them as a hideous mass of corruptors can I perform my work.

Keep you—for a time. I enjoy conversing with those whose minds I don't yet know. But I will soon grow bored, no doubt.

AND PERHAPS RETURN YOU TO YOUR SHIP. FOR NOW THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE...

AS WE ARE PRESENTLY ON A FIXED COURSE... PURSUING PREY.

A CITY-SHIP. THE DYMAXON. WHAT THUS THEM YOU'RE AFTER?

But not until it merges with three more city-ships... then Dymaxon shall expend the least effort toward the most destruction.

"And now, my charming guests, while Dwelleron's cilia keep silent pace with the Dymaxon above, I suggest you take some rest in your quarters, I trust, will prove comfortable."

(He's mad—utterly mad...)
Ambrosia's guards have conducted them to their quarters, and departed. They are alone now... but unwilling to rest...

He's mad. Alaric... completely mad. We must find a way to escape.

So I have been thinking, Graymalkyn... and while I still agree we must escape, perhaps we're wrong. Perhaps he believes he's living in the belly of some monster fish...

And you don't think he's mad...?

Perhaps deluded in that belief, Starkor, but it is his life's purpose which has most disturbed me... his use of murder to end murder...

And now I am not so certain that his reasoning is altogether foul and corrupt...

Day. High above Dwelleron, another vessel keeps pace with the awesome city-ship Dyrmacion...

And in the smaller ship's main cabin... in Alaric's cabin... meanings grow blurred...

Reena...? Are you all right?

Perhaps, Wida. I do not know.

Are there any signs of Alaric outside...?

Yes... of course they have... and no doubt they are proclaiming it is for the good of humans...

And yet, they'd rather kill a thousand apes...

None, Reena. And the men have decided signs are not worth waiting for. They have set a course to follow the Dyrmacion—to ram it.

Than try to save a single human life.

Not mad, Alaric... merely practical. Check.

Is it practical, Ambrosia, to murder because you despise murder?

I evade your check.
WHEN THE VICTIM OF MY MURDER IS HIMSELF A MURDERER -- THEN YES, HIS ELIMINATION IS HIGHLY PRACTICAL.

BUT YOU WOULD SLAY THOUSANDS, YOURSELF. WHY IS IT THAT YOU ALONE HAVE THE RIGHT TO MAKE SUCH JUDGEMENTS?

BECUSE NO ONE ELSE POSSESSES MY KNOWLEDGE... MY WISDOM TO ASSESS THE PAST AND THEREBY PREDICT THE FUTURE...

NO ONE ELSE HAS MY FORESIGHT... MY POWER... OR MY SKILL.

CHECK, ALARIC.

AVE, AMBROSDIA... AND MATE, I CONCEDE THE GAME.

...JUST HOW DO YOU DESTROY THE CITY-SHIPS?

(WAS IT CASUAL ENOUGH? DOES HE REALIZE ANOTHER GAME IS STILL BEING PLAYED... ?)

I DESTROY THEM WITH THE GHOSTS OF WARS PAST...

...AND UPON FORCEFUL IMPACT OR THE APPLICATION OF HEAT, THE SUBSTANCE DETONATES.

I DESTROY THE FILTHY CITY-SHIPS WITH THIS, ALARIC -- ADHESIVE SUBSTANCES CALLED EXPLOSIVES. EFFECTIVE EVEN UNDERWATER...

Dwelleron need take only a tiny bit in her cilia...

THEN REACH UP AND AFFIX IT TO A SUBMERGED HULL...

THE SIGHT IS BEAUTIFUL, ALARIC -- THE SEA ROARS WITH SOUNJ -- THE CITY-SHIP LIFTS FROM THE WATER, SUNDERED INTO FRAGMENTS, AND CLUTTERS THE SEA FOR A LAST TIME... WITH HER FINAL WASTES!

THEN THE REAL GAME HAS NOT BEEN LOST... HIS MADNESS -- HIS OBSESSION -- HAS REVEALED THE NEEDED INFORMATION...
NOW COME, ALARIC. THE DYNAXON IS BY CHANCE PASSING ONE OF MY ISLANDS. SINCE DWELLERON CAN EASILY OVER-TAKE THE DYNAXON, WE SHALL STOP TO VISIT THE ISLAND AND REPLENISH OUR SUPPLIES WITH CERTAIN DELIGHTS FOUND ONLY ON LAND.

THERE, ALARIC -- THE INSIDE OF DWELLERON'S MOUTH, AND OUR PORTAL... THE HATCH THROUGH WHICH YOU ENTERED MY WORLD...

YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE ALREADY BEEN TUTORED IN THE USE OF MY AIRSUITS. YOU MAY WATCH ME...

I STILL DON'T LIKE IT MAK'AKIN...

WHAT IS THIS OTTO'S SHELL? DON'T ALLOW US TO BREATHE...

WE SHALL DROWN, I SUPPOSE.

NOW, MY GUESTS, YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE A PRIVILEGE GRANTED TO VERY FEW OUTSIDERS. YOU ARE ABOUT TO IMMERSE YOURSELVES IN A REALM OF UNFETTERED BEAUTY... THE SLOWLY SWAYING TRANQUILITY OF UTTER SILENCE...

THE EMERALD SILENCE OF THE SEA.

PROBE THE NERVE-CENTER, GARNYA.

THE THING CALLED DWELLERON'S TWITCHES IN RESPONSE TO THE AGITATED NERVE-SANGRIA...

AYE, GOOD AMBROSIA.

AND SINCE THE PROBED NERVE-ENDINGS ARE THOSE WHICH GOVERN ITS MOUTH, DWELLERON EXHALES.

THUS TINY CREATURES BORN OF LAND ARE BRED INTO THE ALIEN SEA...
The beauty—there is no other word—rushed from all sides, below and above, life everywhere, brilliantly colored and filled with a beauty the land can never know.

There is comfort here, beyond the terror...

(And there is security, beyond the isolation, a soft and emerald cool loveliness in which one can never be alone....)

(Androsia's face reflects this silent world....)

He is filled with ecstasy, with bliss, most of all with peace....

(The is the answer: peace—this lazy world under the sea is peace, this very natural prevents the violent motions of war, this has become part of him, the sea and the peace)

(He was never meant to dwell on land)

His riders have procured what sea food they desire and fulfill the journey as escorts, toward a tunnel....)
The tunnel turns upward now...

...leads to air...

A pool surrounded by the island...

Which is in turn surrounded by Ambrosia's beloved sea.

She leads the climb onto land, still silent, and perhaps still dreaming...

Is he unconcerned with the possibility of escape attempts... arrogant?"

(The garden has flourished since last I cultivated it...

...or is he merely preoccupied...?"

Deliciously succulent--almost worthy of the sea...

...or is he merely preoccupied...?"

(His apes--reading, harvesting, sampling, engaged, absorbed in their work, in their dreams bearing clean fruit, Ambrosia's followers, his acolytes, all working within his ideas, all models of his ideal...
Now, Alaric -- well, find no better time.

Aye, Graymalkyn, and quickly -- before one of them lifts his head and...

No! -- stop -- come back!!

Ambrosia -- they're escaping...!!

Alaric -- don't be a fool!!

Listen to me -- they'll kill you -- come back!!

It's no use -- they won't listen -- into your suitest at once!

Quickly -- all of you!! We must return to Dwelleron before they disturb the Islanders...!!

(Ambrosia's voice -- fading, dying on the wind...)

(In splashes...?)

This should be far enough -- to stop and get our bearings...

Aye, Starkor, we've left Ambrosia far enough behind -- but his words refuse to leave me and I like them not...

His shouts warned of someone... killing us...

Don't be a fool, Graymalkyn. This island is wild -- untamed. Who could be living... -- here?"
Savages -- hurling bright terror in every vicious snarl. Death in every crude weapon...

Heathen apes -- the outraged denizens of this island, whose home has been trespassed... whose land has been raped.

Quickly -- we have no choice but to flee!

In the sea, there are those who have already fled...

...and who now find their escape blocked by a far darker, crueler monster than inspired their flight...

There are no screams again here, in this awful emerald silence... but the glinting bubbles burst faster now -- as breath forms the sole evidence of panic...

Of them all, Ambrosia alone escapes the horror...

Ambrosia -- who reveres the sea for its peace, but who recognizes its violence and death.

He strokes toward waiting dwelleron.
EYES LIKE WELCOMING BEACONS CUTTING THE DARKNESS, GUIDING THE PATH HOME, DWELLERON RECEIVES HER MASTER...

AND ONCE WITHIN WARM DWELLERON, AMBROSI A ACTIVATES NERVE IMPULSES SQUEEZING RESPONSE FROM HIS CREDENT CATION...

IT SUCCEEDS FOR A WHILE, THE WILD RUN THROUGH WILDER FOLIAGE, BUT THEN THE ISLAND RUNS OUT UNDER THEIR FEET...

WE'RE TRAPPED, ALARIC--!

TRAPPED BY THE DAMNED SEA!!

TRAPPED OR NOT, WE MUST TRY TO ESCAPE--!

Dwelleron rises in flaming spray, vessel of Ambrosia's will -- rises to greet those who have attempted to escape from her, and are now ironically rescued by her...

BETTER TO DROWN, THAN LET THOSE SAVAGES TAKE US--!

ALARIC -- LOOK AHEAD, MAN--!!

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE NOW--! ENTER THE HIDEOUS THING -- BEFORE THOSE SPEARS FIND US!!
Then, as the three fugitives willingly swim into Dwelleron's mouth, a clamor arises on the beach. The islanders have witnessed their meal devoured by a monster... and it is a sight they will not soon forget.

A long time has passed since Dwelleron resumed her interrupted course. Alaric and his two companions have been under heavy guard since then.

(A loss of trust now, plans will need to be changed. Force will be necessary.)

The D'yaxon will soon merge with the other three city-ships, to conduct their filthy commerce...

Prepare yourselves for the sea...

And Dwelleron closes on its many-cared prey...

We have lost much of the crew to the sea-beast from which I escaped. And, too, our captives prevent me from sparing three guards...

Therefore, you two must perform the demolition procedure alone. This will necessitate returning for new explosives after each ship is destroyed.

(Good... perhaps it will still succeed... but only at the cost of destruction to at least one city-ship and the human slaves at its oars.)

The four begin to jump. Mooring themselves to doom.

They have merged.

Take the explosive and prepare to leave Dwelleron...

Once again, Dwelleron exhales...

(Must not make the slightest move... nothing to attract attention...)

(Let them be absorbed by Ambrosia's dark glory...)

...Now.

...And the two orangutan divers are expelled to their task.
The first diver fires a lined harpoon to Dymaxion's Hull...

Then anchors the line as the second diver hauls himself upward...

To apply the gelatinous explosive to its target.

He then allows himself to float down toward his waiting companion.

There to move his arm in a silent signal which screams--

Now!

Take their weapons before they have a chance to think--!!

Ah! IKK

Wh-what--?!!

The second harpoon streaks upward...

Alaric-- keep away from those explosives--!

Shut up, ape-- this hellish ship has a new master now!

The explosive substance affixed to the hull of the Dymaxion has been designed to detonate upon application of heat or forceful impact.

The harpoon approaches it forcefully...
...AND UPON IMPACT, AN ENTIRE CITY-SHIP IN THE PROCESS OF TRANSFERT pollination.--

---DIES.

DIES HORRIBLY.

DIES... FROM THE BOTTOM...

...UP.
YOUR MAD DREAM IS DEAD, AMBROSIA! LISTEN TO THE REALITY I OFFER IN ITS PLACE --!

AND LISTEN WELL, APE -- IF YOUR LIFE MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU.

ABANDON YOUR CAMPAIGN OF DESTRUCTION -- JETTISON YOUR STORES OF EXPLOSIVES -- OR I WILL TOUCH THIS FLAME TO THEM AND DESTROY US ALL... AS WELL AS YOUR BELOVED DWELLERON... FROM INSIDE OUT.

AND I WANT YOUR ANSWER NOW -- BEFORE YOUR TWO DIVERS RETURN....

YOU -- YOU'RE MAD...!

YOU CAN'T MEAN IT -- YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT YOU'D SACRIFICE YOUR OWN LIVES... JUST TO SAVE THOSE CITY-SHIPS...?

NOT THE SHIPS, AMBROSIA -- THE LIVES THEY CONTAIN... THE HUMAN SLAVES -- AND YES, THE APES AS WELL.

BUT... BUT WHAT YOU PROPOSE TO DO IS NOBLE... CAN'T BE... THERE IS NO NOBILITY... NO LOYALTY... NOTHING BUT TREACHERY AND GREED, FILTH AND WAR...

(CLOSER...)

(HOW CLOSE BEFORE THE HEAT DETONATES IT CLOSER. THE ONLY WAY DO IT... DO IT!)

N-NO -- MOVE THE FLAME AWAY!

I AGREE TO YOUR DEMANDS -- I SHALL JETTISON THE EXPLOSIVES...

YOU HAVE SHOWN ME NOBILITY OUTSIDE OF MYSELF...

MY DREAM... IS DEAD...

IT IS NOT EASY FOR A WOMAN LIKE REENA TO CRY. STILL, SHE HAS LOST ALL HER TEARS NOW...

...SPENT THEM INTO THE SEA, MORE TEARS THAN ALL THE REST OF HER LIFE Has EVER KNOWN...

AND IT HAS NOT BROUGHT ALARIC BACK. SHE WILL WEEP NO MORE...

LOOKEE! THERE IS MORE THAN ONE -- YOUR EYES SAW TRUE, ZADNEK!

AYE -- THREE OF THEM...

AND IT LOOKS LIKE A FOURTH HAS JUST SUNK...!

THEN IT WAS NOT THUNDER WE HEARD...
I say we ram all three of them--to the memory of Alaric!

Alaric wanted you, to leave the city-ships alone--and now you--

Wait--starboard--the sea--it begins to bubble...!

Fools... stupid fools...

What...? No... oh no...

Mooo!!

The monster--the same monster which devoured Alaric--stole her lover...

Has it returned to devour her too? For to haunt her for all time with the memory of her loss...?

No, it has returned for neither purpose.

Reena had long known that her lover rarely wastes words, but now, in the midst of living--a miracle--!

As your captain, I command you to reverse the freedom reaver's course! Instead, we shall honor our promise to Gramalkyn and his apes--

A miracle--the monster spits them out--returns them to us alive--!

And this time not even Starkor--I've learned the will protest--ape is almost human.
ALARIC, YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO...

LATER, WOMAN.

HAHAH! A KISS LIKE THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN EVERY--

THE EXPLOSION ORIGINATES BELOW, FROM THE DEPTHS OF EMERALD SILENCE...

...INTO WHICH DWELLERON HAD SUBMERGED.

STARKOR... DID YOU...?

NO, ALARIC. PERHAPS GRAYMALKYN...

NO... NOT ME.

THEN HE LIED TO US... OR PERHAPS HE COULD NOT RIDE HIMSELF OF THE GHOST OF WARS PAST...

... EITHER WAY, HE DID NOT JETTISON ALL THE EXPLOSIVES...

HE SAVED SOME OF IT...

"ENOUGH TO OBTAIN AN ETERNITY OF DREAMS... FOR HIMSELF AND DWELLERON..."

"IN THE PEACE OF HIS BELOVED SEA..."
THE LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING: THE SECOND SESSION OF THE PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE THE APES: ZIRA AND CORNELIUS IS NOW CONCLUDING SIGNIFICANTLY THE APES THEMSELVES ARE NOT PRESENT... NOW HAVE THEY BEEN INVITED...

THEREFORE, HAVING CONVENED IN SECRET SESSION, THE COMMISSION MAKES THE FOLLOWING INTERIM RECOMMENDATIONS...

ONE: THE PUBLIC SHALL BE INFORMED THAT THE APES, AFTER THEIR ARDUOUS SPACE VOYAGE AND THE FATIGUE ARISING FROM ITS ATTENDANT PUBLICITY ARE TO BE AFFORDED REST AND PRIVACY IN A LOCATION NOT TO BE DIVULGED TO THE PUBLIC...

THEY WILL THEN BE PROVIDED WITH RESEARCH EMPLOYMENT SUITABLE TO THEIR HIGH INTELLECTUAL CAPACITIES!

TWO: SINCE, HOWEVER, THERE IS JUSTIFIABLE CAUSE TO SUSPECT THEY HAVE WITHHELD VITAL INFORMATION FROM THE COMMISSION, THE APES WILL IN FACT BE ESCORTED BY DR. LEWIS DIXON TO THE INSTALLATION KNOWN AS CAMP ELEVEN...
...UNDER THE GUIDANCE AND SUPERVISION OF DR. OTTO HASSLEIN...

...WHERE THEY WILL BE HELD IN MR. HASSLEIN'S CARE FOR INTERROGATION BY THE C.I.A. ...

THREE: UPON COMPLETION OF THE INTERROGATION, THE COMMISSION WILL CONDEMN TO PUBLISH ITS FINDINGS AND TO MAKE SUCH FURTHER RECOMMENDATIONS AS MAY BE DEEMED JUST AND OR EXPEDIENT...

I FIND THAT "AND/OR" SOMEWHAT SINISTER, HASSLEIN...

JUST TECHNICAL PHRASEOLOGY, MR. PRESIDENT... I ASSURE YOU...

I WISH I KNEW HOW TO ADVISE YOU. I SUPPOSE THEY'LL TRY TO MAKE YOU ANGRY...

...BUT DON'T LET THEM, OR YOU'LL BE TRAPPED INTO GIVING THE WRONG ANSWERS...

JUST TRY TO STAY POLITE... WHATEVER HAPPENS...

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AND WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TELL THEM WHAT YOU TOLD ME!

YOUR PAPERS, SIR?

VERY GOOD, SIR! YOU MAY PASS!

KLONK
DANGER
WHEN WE WERE IN SPACE... WE SAW A BRIGHT, WHITE... BLINDING LIGHT...

BRIGHTER THAN THIS?

WE SAW THE RPM OF EARTH... MELT... THEN THERE WAS... A TORNADO IN THE SKY...

IT'S YOUR VOICE, ISN'T IT?

HOW CAN I TELL I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER.

WHY DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
BECAUSE DR. HABBLEIN MADE ME DRUNK---!

WHY DID YOU TELL SOMETHING TO DR. HABBLEIN WHEN DRUNK WHICH YOU NEVER TOLD TO THE COMMISSION WHEN SOBER?

BECAUSE YOUR HUSBAND FEARED FOR YOUR SAFETY... AND THAT OF YOUR UNBORN CHILD...?

I WITHELD NOTHING, I ASKED ME!

AND IF SOMEBODY HAD---?

I WOULD HAVE SAID THAT THAT CHIMPANZEE HAD NO PART IN THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH! ONLY THE GORILLAS AND ORANGUTANS!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? YOU'RE ALL MONKEYS!

PLEASE DO NOT USE THE WORD "MONKEY!" WE FIND IT OFFENSIVE!

AS AN ARCHEOLOGIST I HAD ACCESS TO HISTORY SUPPLIES WE KEPT SECRET FROM THE MASSES-- AND I SUSPECT THAT THE WEAPON WHICH DESTROYED EARTH WAS MAN'S INVENTION.

AND I KNOW THAT ONE REASON FOR MAN'S ORIGINAL DOWNFALL WAS YOUR PECULIAR HABIT OF MURDERING ONE ANOTHER. MAN DESTROYS MAN....

APES DO NOT DESTROY APES!

CORNELIUS, THIS IS A SEARCH FOR FACTS; NOT AN INTER-RACIAL DEBATE! WE ADMIT THE POSSIBILITY OF MAN'S DECLINE AND FALL...

BUT WHAT ALL OF US HERE WANT TO KNOW... IS HOW APES MANAGED TO RISE!
IT BEGAN IN OUR PREHISTORY--WITH THE PLAGUE THAT FELL UPON PIGS.

AND CATS!

AND THEY BURNED PIGS!

AND BY THE TIME THE PLAGUE WAS CONTAINED, MAN WAS WITHOUT PETS...

THERE WERE DOG BONFIRES...

AND FOR MAN THIS WAS INTOLERABLE. ONE WOULD MIGHT KILL HIS BROTHER, BUT ONE COULD NOT KILL HIS DOG!

SO HUMANS TOOK PRIMITIVE APES AS PETS...

YES, CORNELIUS, MAYBE PRIMITIVE AND DUMB--BUT SEVENTY TIMES MORE INTELLIGENT THAN DOGS OR CATS!

OF COURSE!

ANYWAY, THE APES WERE QUARANTEED IN CAGES, BUT THEY LIVED AND MOVED FREELY IN HUMAN HOUSES! THEY BECAME RESPONSIVE TO HUMAN SPEECH...

LIKE SHEEP DOGS...

COULD A SHEEP DOG COOK? CLEAN THE HOUSE FOR GO MARKETING FOR GROCERIES WITH A LIST FROM ITS MISTRESS? COULD A SHEEP DOG WAIT ON TABLES?...

AND IN THE COURSE OF ONLY TWO CENTURIES, PROGRESSED FROM PERFORMING SIMPLE TRICKS TO PERFORMING SERVICES!

OR, AFTER THREE MORE CENTURIES, TURN THE TABLES ON THEIR OWNERS?

HOW?
They became alert to the concept of slavery and--as their numbers grew--to the art of corporate unity!

They began to assemble in small bands! They learned unity, the art of corporate and militant action...

In short, they learned to refuse!

At first they barked their refusal and then, on a historic day commemorated by my species and fully documented in the secret Scrolls, there came an Ape called Aldo, who didn't bark!

He articulated! He spoke a word which had been broken to the time without number, by humans...

He said: "No!!"

I see! So that's how it all started...

Where we come from, Ape's talk and humans are dumb!

You recognize your husband's words to the Commission?

Yes.
SO HUMANS WERE DUMB!

WERE THEY HAPPY...?

AS FOR HUMANS, I'VE PISSED.
EXAMINED THOUSANDS
OF THEM AND UNTIL NOW,
I'VE ONLY DISCOVERED
TWO WHO COULD TALK
IN MY ENTIRE CAREER!

TWO! WAS ONE
OF THEM... COLONEL TAYLOR...

I NEVER MET COLONEL TAYLOR...

THERE IS A WORD ON THE TAPE THAT YOU DIDN'T FINISH! WHAT WAS IT?

IT BEGINS WITH "PISSEC--"... PISSEC--

I... I CAN'T REMEMBER!
NOW WHAT WORD BEGINS WITH "DISSEC--"?...

COMPLETE THE WORD. MONKEY--!!

WHAT WORD BEGINS WITH "DISSEC--"?!

SHE TOLD YOU SHE DOESN'T-- EASY, CORNELIUS...

NO REASON TO GET ANGRY WITH THE MAN JUST BECAUSE HE BELIEVES THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDIOUS IN ME HAVING THE HICCUPS...

HMP! WE WONT GET ANYWHERE THIS WAY.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT...

DR. DIXON, PLEASE! THIS IS DR. HASSLEIN CALLING DR. DIXON...

DR. LEWIS DIXON... PLEASE REPORT TO THE INTERROGA- TION ROOM...
P. EASE BE GOOD ENOUGH TO ADMINISTER THIS!

AH! DR. DIXON...

SODIUM PENTOTHAL... ONE HALF GRAM IV!

DR. HASSLEIN, I'M AN ANIMAL PSYCHIATRIST...

AND A QUALIFIED VET. WE HAVE THE COMMISSION'S AUTHORITY...

...AND THAT OF THESE TWO GENTLEMEN REPRESENTING THE C.I.A.!

BUT...

THE C.I.A., DR. DIXON... DO YOU UNDERSTAND...?

YES, DR. HASSLEIN! I FULLY UNDERSTAND!

COME, ZIRA! LIE DOWN ON THE COUCH...
NO! NO--! WHEN WE USE THOSE THINGS, IT'S ONLY FOR KILLING!!

KILLING WHOM?

THIS ISN'T FOR KILLING, CORNELIUS! IT'S FOR... RELAXING!

IT WON'T HARM HER!

WILL IT HARM MY BABY?

NO! SO PLEASE... LIE DOWN...

NO, LEWIS-- DON'T DO IT!!

TAKE IT TO ITS QUARTERS!

COME ALONG-- QUIETLY!

BUT YOU MUSN'T HARM MY WIFE--!

I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE PROCEDURE, LEWIS...

BARE YOUR LEFT ARM, PLEASE...
IT HAS THE SAME EFFECT AS GRAPE JUICE PLUS!

Mmmm...

NOW COUNT BACKWARDS FROM TEN.

TEN...NINE... EIGHT... SEVEN...

...FIVE... FOUR...

WHAT'S AFTER FOUR?

...TWO...

I AM A MEMBER OF THE COMMISSION.

THANK YOU, DR. PIXON...

IT'S CUSTOMARY TO STAY.

VERY WELL, PIXON...

OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN...

BUT NO INTERRUPTIONS!
ZIRA!

---

BIGGER...BUT NOT SO...PRETTY...

WITH TWO ASSISTANTS?

THREE!

YOU WORKED IN A ROOM LIKE THIS?

---

AND THERE YOU PRACTICED...

COMPARATIVE!

COMPARATIVE WHAT?

ANATOMY!

ANA...ANA...

---

WHOSE ANATOMIES DID YOU COMPARE?

...NNHH...

APES AND HUMANS?

SAY YES IF YOU MEAN YES!

MMNH...

.....YES...
SO YOU DISSECTED OTHER APES!

YES... WHEN THEY DIED A NATURAL DEATH...

AND HUMANS TOO OF COURSE!

AVAILABLE?

YES... THE GORILLAS... THEY...

"...HUNTED HUMANS FOR SPORT... WITH JETS AND GUNS..."

"THE SURVIVORS WERE PUT IN CASES..."

"...AND THE ARMY... USED SOME OF THEM... FOR TARGET PRACTICE..."

...AND WE COULD TAKE OUR... SCIENTIFIC PICK... OF THE REST..."
AND IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE, YOU DISSECTED, REMOVED, AND STATISTICIALLY COMPARED--

"...NAILS, TONGUES, EYES..."

---BONES, MUSCLES, TENDONS, VEINS, ARTERIES, MOLES, LIVERS, HEARTS, STOMACHS, REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS---

...NOSES EARS, NERVOUS SYSTEMS, THE VARIOUS REFLEXES...

REFLEXES OF THE DEAD...?

NO, NO, NO! OF THE LIVING! YOU CAN'T MAKE A DEAD MAN'S KNEES JUMP ANY MORE THAN YOU CAN TEST A CORPSE'S REACTION TO A PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY!

YOU MEAN YOU WERE ADVANCED ENOUGH TO PERFORM EXPERIMENTAL BRAIN SURGERY ON LIVING HUMANS...?

OH, YES! WE EVEN TRIED TO STIMULATE THEIR ATROPHIED SPEECH CENTERS!

SUCCESSFULLY?

NOT YET, I MEAN NOT NOW... ANYMORE... I GUESS...

HOW MUCH LONGER?

HOW MUCH LONGER WHAT?

TWO MINUTES!
COLONE, TAYLOR HAD COLLEAGUES.

OH, YES! THERE WAS ONE WHO... SOMEHOW... DIED BEFORE WE FOUND OUT HE COULD TALK! HE POSSESSED A UNIQUE SKIN!

WE HAD IT STUFFED AND PUT IN OUR MUSEUM! LIKE THE GORILLA I SAW IN YOURS!

"...BLACK."

LIEUTENANT PORSE...
...UNTIL...
(WM: GETTING SLEEPY)
...WE CAME HERE...
WE'D NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE...

WHEN YOU LEFT
WAS COLONEL TAYLOR
STILL ALIVE?

WE LOVED
TAYLOR...

"WE DID ALL
WE COULD TO
HELP HIM.
CORNELIUS
AND I...
"

WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S CORNELIUS--?! WHERE'S MY HUSBAND--??!

EASY, ZIRA...
RELAX...

CORNELIUS...!
SHE'LL NEED A NAP NOW...

TOK TOK TOK

SHE'LL GET IT!

TOK TOK TOK

TOK TOK TOK

SHE'LL GET IT!

TAKE HER TO THEIR QUARTERS, PLEASE.

SIR?

YES...I'LL GET THIS TO THE COMMISSION IMMEDIATELY!

I'M SURE THEY'LL FIND IT MOST ENLIGHTENING...

COME ALONG, MA'AM. IT'S OVER NOW!

BOY! SHE'S REALLY OUT!

YES...SHE IS!
I can now announce that the President of the United States has ratified the following final recommendations made by this commission in light of the C.I.A. tape recordings delivered to us by Dr. Hasslein...

One: By a majority vote the commission finds no intransigent evidence for hostility by either ape towards the human race as at present constituted in this year of our Lord, nineteen-seventy-five...

By whose definition of hostility—?! if dissection isn't hostility, then by God I want to know what—!

These findings are the result of a majority vote! The dissenting minority will kindly remain silent until they have been read!

The male's attitude is that of a deeply interested and well-disposed academician who studied the alleged downfall of the human race with the true objectivity of a responsible historian!

The female's case, however, is different...
...DIFFERENT IN THAT SHE UNDOUBTEDLY COMMITTED ACTIONS AGAINST THE HUMAN RACE OF A SORT WHICH, IF COMMITTED TODAY, WOULD CONSTITUTE ATROCITIES!

BUT WOULD THEY CONSTITUTE SAME IN TWO THOUSAND YEAR'S TIME, WHEN IT IS ALLEGED THAT HUMANS WILL HAVE BECOME DUMB BRUTES WITH THE LIMITED INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS?

FURTHERMORE—IT HAS BEEN POINTED OUT THAT WHAT APES WILL DO TO HUMANS IS NO MORE THAN WHAT HUMANS ARE DOING TO BEASTS!

FURTHERMORE—IT HAS BEEN POINTED OUT THAT WHAT APES WILL DO TO HUMANS IS NO MORE THAN WHAT HUMANS ARE NOW DOING TO BEASTS!

NONETHLESS, THE COMMISSION IS SYMPATHETIC TO DR. HASSLEIN'S CONVICTION THAT THE PROGENY OF THESE APES COULD, IN THE CENTURIES TO COME, PROVE AN INCREASING THREAT TO THE HUMAN RACE AND CONCEIVABLY COME TO DOMINATE IT.

THIS IS A RISK WE CANNOT IGNORE! THEREFORE—

TWO: THE COMMISSION UNANIMOUSLY RECOMMENDS THAT THE BIRTH OF THE FEMALE APE'S UNBORN CHILD SHOULD BE PREVENTED...

AND THAT, AFTER ITS PRENATAL REMOVAL, BOTH THE MALE AND THE FEMALE SHOULD BE HUMANELY RENDERED INCAPABLE OF BEGETTING OR BEARING ANOTHER!

THUS, THE PARENTS CAN STILL BE EMPLOYED TO SERVE THE COMMUNITY IN A MANNER TO WHICH THEIR UNDOUBTED TALENTS ARE BEST SUITED!

I NOW DECLARE THIS COMMISSION DISSOLVED!

NEXT ISSUE: WHEN THE CALLIOPE CRIES DEATH!
The secret of teaching yourself music

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Others also enjoy her playing. Mrs. Johanson reports. She plays for herself to relax after a trying day, and for her husband when he’s tired. She also plays for friends when she goes to parties. “In a sentence,” she says, “it’s the most soul-satisfying thing that has ever happened to me.”

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- Piano
- Spinet Organ (2 keyboards)

Mr. Mrs. Miss
First Name
Age
City
State
Zip

Address

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