ALL NEW! BEGINNING THIS ISSUE -- "CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES!"
GRAVEYARD OF LOST CITIES
By Doug Moench & Tom Sutton

Third in our Ape-lauded Future History Chronicles— Alaric and his companions in the city of thieves and assassins!
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GLOSSARY OF THE PLANET OF THE APES
Part I
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SLAVES
By Doug Moench & Alfredo Alcala

The first cataclysmic chapter in our adaptation of CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES!
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MUCH TIME HAS PASSED
SINCE THE TELLING OF THE
PREVIOUS CHRONICLE, TIME
MEASURED IN NUMBERLESS
WAVES WASHING RASHLY THE
FREEDOM REAPER’S PROW...

PLANT OF THE
APES

MOST OF THE APE PASSENGERS
HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED TO THEIR
MAINLAND, BUT A MERE HANDFUL
HAVE DECIDED TO REMAIN
ABOARD FREEDOM REAPER, OUT OF LOYALTY
TO THEIR LEADER—THE BROODING
GORILLA NAMED GRAYMAKYN.

(Conflict: To free humans, apes must
be slaughtered.)

(But should the apes be slaughtered?
Are they not just as “civilized” as
fellow humans? Can they still be
considered inferior animals?)

However, loyalty silences not all
questions. Thus
the remaining apes wonder of Graymakyn why has
our leader chosen to dwell among humans—
aboard a vessel clearly designed to batter and
destroy the awesome city-ships of our fellow apes?

(The storm grows more
threatening, Alaric.)

Are you certain we’re not
tempting death on a mere
 fool’s errand? What if
Graymakyn’s federation
proves nonexistent...

The questions posed to Graymakyn have gone
unanswered. He has made his choice based only
on the freedom reaper’s human captain, Alaric,
and the conflict he has detected within Alaric—
doubt and uncertainty...

If this muse of whom
Graymakyn speaks
can help us free our
fellow humans with-ou murdering apes,
then we must seek
him out.

We have no choice, Reena.
I must trust someone.
I must have answers.

Perhaps, Starkor, because I
did help you a first time—
when you did not trust me.

Besides, Alaric has
already made his
decision.

Aye— and a
stupid one, as
I’ve already told
him chasing a
fool’s errand
on nothing but
promises—

You forget Starkor—I’ve promised
nothing. I’ve told Alaric only what
was told me—Tales of an enlightened
federation of city-ships, permanently merged and engaging
in peaceful commerce...

If the tales are true,
we should sight it
within the day, if not—

Wait! There— to the
starboard!

Yes— there it is! It
must be!!
GRAVEYARD OF LOST CITIES

IT'S INCREDIBLE!!! THERE MUST BE A DOZEN OF THEM-- ALL MOORED TOGETHER!

AND, INDEED, THE AGGREGATE IS STAGGERING TO SENSES UNPREPARED FOR SUCH A SPRAWLING SIGHT LIKE A SMALL CONTINENT OF DIFFERENT CITY-STATES OR A CLUSTER OF ISLANDS. THE COMPLEX IS A MESS OF CRACKLED, LEANING STRUCTURES.

JOINS RICKETY BRIDGES, SPANNING THE MOATS BETWEEN THEM. EACH CITY-SHIP PRESENTS A DIFFERENT ARCHITECTURE ROOTED IN CULTURES FROM THE REMOTE PAST, AND EACH IS LIKE A SPOKE OF SOME GREAT WHEEL, ALL POINTING INWARD AND ALL MERGED WITH THE CENTRAL CITY-SHIP.

RAISING FROM THE DECK OF THE CENTRAL SHIP, WHICH WAS ONCE THE MAIN MAST, NO LONGER NECESSARY IN THIS STATIONARY SCHEME OF THINGS, A TOWER LIKE A MASSIVE VERTICAL AXLE, OVERLOOKING ALL THAT LIES BELOW. IT IS THERE THAT DREAMS WERE ONCE SHAPED AND DESTINY NOW LIES...

BUT AS FANTASTIC AS THIS MOSAIC OF HUMAN CIVILIZATION MAY BE, IT IS EATEN FROM WITHIN BY DEATH AND SADNESS, FILLED WITH THE SHADOWS OF THEIR OWN MAKING. IT IS SAD, THIS MOSAIC, FOR IT IS COMPOSED OF NOTHING MORE THAN THE SHARDS OF BROKEN DREAMS...
LOOK THROUGH THE SPYGLASS ALARIC, AND TELL ME—TELL ME IF IT IS NOT EVEN MORE THAN THE LEGENDS CLAIMED.

YES, I SEE IT, GRAYMALKYN... I SEE THAT IT IS SOMETHING WE CANNOT HOPE TO UNDERSTAND.

BUT LET US HOLD HOPE FOR IT...

LET US HOPE THAT SOMEWHERE WITHIN ITS CRUMBLING MYSTERY WE SHALL FIND THE WISE MUSE--THE SEER OF YOUR LEGENDS--AND THAT HE WILL TELL US WHAT WE WISH TO KNOW.

WHERE ONCE AGAIN, HE PREPARES FOR THE ROLE WHICH ORIGINALLY FREED THE CREW OF THE FREEDOM REAPER...

(SLINKER, ONCE AGAIN, SLINKER MUST LIVE IF--)

BUT DAMN IT ALARIC--YOU MIGHT NEED MORE PROTECTION! STARKOR AND GRAYMALKYN CAN'T WATCH YOUR EVERY SIDE--!

AND AS THOUGH THAT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING, ALARIC TURNS AND WALKS TOWARD HIS CABIN...

DON'T BE SO STUBORN, ALARIC.

I HATE YOU!! SCASH!

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, RELENA--YOU WILL STAY HERE ABOARD THE FREEDOM REAPER, THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER TO DISCUSS.

DAMN YOU, ALARIC--

AND FURTHERMORE--

I LOVE YOU...TOO MUCH!
Nightfall: Alaric is last to enter the small longboat.

Quietly--slide the oars into the water.

We don't want to be seen or heard.

With the strange edifice atop the tower acting almost as a beacon, they are drawn to the complex. Tiny moths attracted by inviting light...

Steady the boat now--we've enough to worry about without getting wet...

And when they reach the nearest city-ship.

(Yes, but what awaits above?)

It... it's deserted...

There's no one here--no one at all...

No one we can see anyway.

(Danger, surely, and death, perhaps.)

Good cast, Alaric--we'll make it on the first.

(but what of answers? is the risk worth it?)

No, Starkor--there are lights.

And no corpses.

Alaric, do you think perhaps everyone... died?

That this is a dead city...?

We'll try this direction--down the alleyway--

... until we find someone...

(The Muse--the mythical being who must be real--and who must have all the answers... none of the doubt, none of the uncertainty.)
I TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE IT, ALARIC--THE ALLEY MEANDERS ON FOREVER, GOING NOWHERE.

AND I FEEL NAKED--TOO ALONE...

WHERE IS EVERYONE?

WELL, WAITING SHADOWS CRAWL WITH IMPATIENCE...

ALARIC--!!

LET HIM BE, ALARIC!

STARKOR!!

WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUN NOW--

...BUT THEY WON'T GO FAR IF WE STOP!

AND SO THE BATTLE CONTINUES A SWIFT, FLURRY OF FRENZY, FLASHING STEEL MEETING JETTED BLOOD...

...UNTIL THE ATTACKERS HAVE RETURNED TO THE SUCCESSION OF MESHING SHADOWS:

YOUR WOUND, STARKOR... IS IT--

...TOLD YOU, ALARIC... TOLD YOU WHAT THEY'D DO... TO HUMANS LIKE US...

RUN, YOU SCAMPERING LITTLE COWARDS!! RUN UNTIL THE SOUND OF MY VOICE NO LONGER QUICKENS YOUR SOUL, LITTLE HEARTS!!
STILL AFFLICTED WITH THE SAME OLD TEMPER, I SEE...

WHAT--?!

IT IS-- UNLESS MY GHOST HAS NEGLECTED TO TELL ME I'M DEAD.

IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE WE BOTH SAILED ON THE CHIROPODA, GARSHAN! HOW IN BLAZES HAVE YOU COME TO DWELL HERE--?

I MOVED TO ANOTHER CITY-- THE KKLARION, WHOSE CHIEF COUNCILLOR GREW TIRED OF BEING BOTH MAYOR AND CAPTAIN, SO OUT OF LAZINESS HE JOINED THE FEDERATION HERE-- AND NOW HE'S NOTHING.

BUT I LIKE IT WELL ENOUGH HERE...

THOUGH THERE ARE DANGERS LIKE THESE THIEVING ROGUES!

THIEVES? THEN THEY DIDN'T ATTACK US BECAUSE WE'RE HUMANS--?

BUT YOUR FRIEND LOOKS PRETTY HURT-- BETTER GET HIM OUT OF HERE.

CAN'T PROMISE YOU ANY HELP, BUT AT LEAST I CAN TAKE YOU WHERE THE THIEVES WON'T GET AT HIM AGAIN...

COME ON, STARKOR-- LEAN ON ME...

IT'S ACROSS THIS BRIDGE-- ON THE HUB CITY...

MY FAVORITE PLACE IN THE WHOLE FEDERATION.
(SO FILTHY... DECADENT... A PLACE WHICH HAS NO RIGHT TO EXIST BEYOND THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT. WHAT IS IT LIKE DURING THE DAY - ?)

AND THE THIEVES NEVER STRIKE HERE - MAYBE BECAUSE IT'S THEIR HOME-CITY OR BECAUSE THEIR ONLY VICTIMS WOULD BE TOO NASTY AND TOO BROKE.

GUESS I LIKE IT SO MUCH BECAUSE IT'S THE NIGHT-CITY - FILLED WITH THE FEMALES AND SCOURGES AND DREGS AND DEFLICTS AND DRUNKS - NEVER SLEEPS.

(AND THE STINK OF THE PLACE IS ENOUGH TO -)

IT'S OVER HERE.

--DRINK.

COME ON IN AND I'LL BUY YOU A--

SAXTUR...! A KEG OF ALE FOR MY FRIENDS!

AND SINCE WHEN DOES GLITTER SLUM LIKE YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS, GARSHAN--?

BETTER HURRY UP AND DRINK IT DOWN -- MOST OF THESE TANKARDS HAVE LEAKS AND WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE YOU SLIPPING IN PUDDLES ON THE WAY OUT.

WE'RE SEEKING WISDOM, GUIDANCE, ANSWERS.

AND NOW YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT BRINGS STRANGERS LIKE YOU TO THE NIGHT-CITY?..


AYE, I SUPPOSE OLD GRIMSTARK IS A LEGEND IN HIS OWN WAY.

MY FRIEND GRAYMALKYN HAS HEARD LEGENDS OF A MUSE WHO IS SAID TO DWELL HERE IN YOUR FEDERATION.

BUT I THOUGHT THE THIEVES LIVED IN THAT TOWER....

NO, THIS CITY IS THE ONLY PLACE THEY DON'T LIVE... TOO AFRAID, AND AS FOR THE TOWER, OLD GRIMSTARK DWELLS THERE ALL ON HIS OWN...
"YOU SEE, EVERYTHING TURNS AROUND OLD GRIMSTARK. THIS FEDERATION-CONGLOMERATE IS LIKE A GREAT BIG WHEEL, SLOWLY TURNING ROUND AND ROUND IN THE TURBID WATERS, SO SLOW YOU CAN'T EVEN FEEL IT--BUT GRIMSTARK IS RIGHT AT THE CENTER, THE AXIS, TURNING FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE. MOST FOLKS THINK IT'S DRIVEN HIM CRAZY--AND LOTS OF FOLKS THINK HE'S A DEMON..."

"THEY SAY HE MEDITES IN MATTERS HE HAS NO RIGHT TO KNOW ABOUT--AND THEY BLAME HIM FOR EVERYTHING THAT GOES WRONG. THERE ARE MANY WHO'D LIKE TO KILL OLD GRIMSTARK... AND NONE WHO WILL GO NEAR HIS TOWER FOR FEAR OF--"

I THANK YOU, FRIEND SAXTUR--BUT THAT'S ENOUGH TALK. MY FRIEND IS BADLY WOUNDED...

CAN YOU DIRECT US TO A PHYSICIAN OR A HEALER...?

NEAREST THING TO A PHYSICIAN IS OLD GRIMSTARK--HEALING IS ONE OF THE THINGS FOLKS DON'T BELIEVE IN MEDDLING WITH...

THEY'D RATHER DIE THAN PLACE THEMSELVES AT THE MERCY OF WITCHERY.

WITCHERY OR NOT, WE'VE NOW MORE THAN ONE REASON FOR SEEKING OUT THIS GRIMSTARK.

BUT YOU CAN'T GO TO THE CRAZY ONE--YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK...

CLOSE YOUR EARS TO SAXTUR'S MUTTERING FRIENDS--TOO MUCH OF HIS OWN ALE HAS MELTED HIS SPINE...

WITCHERY AND THIEVES BE DAMNED--IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO FRIGHTEN GARSHAN...

COME ON...

I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY TO THAT TOWER MYSELF.

---THERE ARE TWO OTHERS ABOARD THE FREEDOM REAPER WHO SINK EVER DEEPER INTO THE HAZE OF LIQUOR...

ALARIC HAS GROWN TOO WEAK FOR THE FEELING IN MY GUTS--WE'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM!

WE SHOULD BE SINKING THAT WHOLE FITLY FLOTSAM HEAP OF CITY-SHIPS--AND INSTEAD, HE GOES TO THE APE'S PEACEFULLY!

I SAY WE KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE! TAKE ANOTHER LONG BOAT AND SINK THE CITY-SHIPS FROM THE BOTTOM...

THAT WAY, WE CAN KILL ALL THE LICE-RIDDEN APES AND ALARIC AT THE SAME TIME!

GOOD IDEA!

VERY GOOD IDEA!
COME ON—LET'S GO GET THE LONG BOAT...

WE'LL SHOW THEM—HUMANS CAN KILL BETTER THAN APES ANY TIME!

YEAH—AND WE'LL PROVE IT!

AND SO, THE TWO DRUNKEN MEN WEAVE AND LURCH TOWARD ONE OF THE FREEDOM REAPER'S AUXILLARY LONG BOATS, NEVER REALIZING THEY HAVE BEEN WATCHED...

BY AN APE.

AN URGENT MESSAGE SCREAMS IN HIS MIND, AND PANIC SQUIRMS WITHIN HIS SOUL.

WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

HOW IS YOUR FRIEND FARING?

WEAK.

AND GETTING WEAKER.

I ONLY HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO PAUSE FOR A FIGHT...

THEN YOU'VE ALSO NOTICED THAT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED, ALARIC...

YES.

SEASONED MARINERS WOULD KNOW AT THE ERRATIC COURSE TAKEN BY THE SMALL LONG BOAT, NOTING THAT THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS IS A STRAIGHT LINE...

...AND THAT SUCH UNNECESSARY ZIGZAGGING HAS DOUBLED THE REQUIRED TIME OF PASSAGE.

NEVERTHELESS, THE SMALL CRAFT REACHES THE FEDERATION, AND BEGINS TO NAVIGATE THE MOAT-LIKE STRAITS BETWEEN CITY-SHIPS...

WE'LL SINK THE CENTRAL SHIP—and that'll pull all the others down with it...

AYE—THIS AUGER WILL BORE A NICE CLEAN HOLE RIGHT THROUGH HER HULL!
THE CABIN DOOR BANGS OPEN, AN EXTENSION OF PANIC WHICH CAN NO LONGER BE CONTAINED...

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF BARGING IN HERE LIKE THIS?! WHAT DO YOU WANT...?

-but your man's life is in danger! Two humans have gone to sink the federation ships!

FORGIVE ME, LADY REENA, BUT...

WHAT...?!! YES, LADY REENA. NATURALLY, MY CONCERN IS FOR MY OWN LEADER—FOR GRAYMALKYN—BUT I THOUGHT IF YOU KNEW ABOUT ALARIC—

Y-YES, LADY REENA...

AND THERE'S NO WAY TO FIND ALARIC IN TIME—NOT AMONG ALL THOSE MILES OF CITIES.... BUT BY GOD, THOSE FOOLS WILL PAY FOR THIS—WITH THEIR BLOOD!

(is it too late to stop them—have they already gone...?

(DECAY, PESTILENCE, WORSE HERE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE, NO WONDER HE WANTS TO LEAVE...)

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF GARSHAN—WE UNDERSTAND.

Aye, and probably too well—but I'll not make excuses.

But no sooner has Garshan merged back into the shadows than—

I'LL JUST SAY FAREWELL.

I'LL JUST SAY FAREWELL.

NO SOONER HAS GARSHAN MERGED BACK INTO THE SHADOWS THAN—LOOK—!

GO BACK OR DIE, HUMANS—!

AND KNOW THAT WE MEAN IT!

(THAT SETTLES IT, THEN.)

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE CRAZY ONE? COME TO HELP HIM WITH HIS WITCHERY HAVE YOU—?

GET OUT OF OUR WAY.

WITH HIS "SCIENCE"—HIS DEMON-MAGIC...?

NOW.

THEN YOU'VE ONLY COME TO DIE.
I SAID NOW.

NO, ALARIC—WAIT...!

YOU HEARD ME...

I HEARD NOTHING BUT A LONE, FRAIL VOICE. YOU WILL FIGHT AND DIE ALONE, HUMAN—NO APE WILL HELP YOU KILL OTHER APES.

HELL, GRAYMALKYN—HELP HIM! GIVE ME YOUR SWORD IF YOU WON'T HELP HIM, YOU LOUSY APE—!

BUT... I...

HE HESITATES, TORN BY THE SAME DOUBT AND UNCERTAINTY, CAN HE CONQUER THE DILEMMA? WILL HE RAISE HIS BLADE AGAINST FELLOW APES...?

RAAAH!

YOU HEARD THE MAN!

WHHEEE!

STEP ASIDE AND LET US PASS—BEFORE YOUR UGLY HEADS ROLL IN THE GUTTERS!

WHAT—?

GIVEN TIME TO THINK, TO PREPARE THEMSELVES, PERHAPS THE THUGS WOULD FIGHT. BUT FOR NOW, THEY ARE NOT YET READY TO SUFFER HARDLY, AND SO THEY PART, DISRINTLED, BLUFFINGLY...

GO ON BACK TO YOUR FILTHY HOLES, SCUM!

THERE'S NOT A TRUE APE AMONG YOU!!

ALARIC... PERHAPS HE'S NOT SO BAD...

... FOR AN APE...
Look, Alaric -- an elevator! I haven't seen one of these since I was just a child...

...and now that I think about it, I wonder why they've passed out of use. Why they've been forgotten. They're much better than stairs...

But that's what I'm trying to tell you. These cables lead all the way up to a pulley at the top, and beyond the pulley, there's a weight attached to the other end of the cables...

Quit wasting time, Graymalkyn. We've got to reach the top of this tower before...

Come on, Alaric. Perhaps if I pull this line...

Yes! It's rising...

I... I think I'd rather... go down here...

I'm afraid I should drop the elevator cage, Alaric...

Hurry, Alaric. Jump!

It's rising, all right. But I'm still not certain I like this "elevator" of yours...

It's not the elevator which worries me, Alaric...

That means someone's up there -- most likely Grimstark...

And very soon we'll learn whether he's the wise muse of legend...

...or the demon of local superstition...

Someone heard the signal when I pulled the line... and dropped the weight...

Yes...
Meanwhile, along the hull of the central city-ship two drunkards learn two things...

ONE: Inflated fish bladders work well as flotation devices.

AND TWO: The steel auger works even better on rotted wood.

It's stopped, Alaric—and this must be the place...

Better get out...

Yes, but where is this... Grim Stark... I wonder...

Alaric understands none of it.

But at the far side of the chamber...

I've been expecting you. Through the aid of one of my telescopes, I observed your altercation with the superstitious skinnikels down below. You handled the situation most admirably—with your wits rather than violence.

Now what can I do for you?

Obviously my question is answered. Your companion exhibits symptoms of one seriously weakened by loss of blood.

But that we shall remedy. By suppressing the bleeding and stitching up his wound.

Thud

Uh-huh...

(A demon he is not.)

It's done... the water will do the rest of our work for us.

And indeed, inside the dark hold rotted planks succumb to the crush of overwater pressure...

The city-ship is bound for the bottom.
WHAT IS THIS CURIOUS THING, GRIMSTARK?

A FLYER-BASED ON MY OBSERVATIONS OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT.

THERE--THAT SHOULD SERVE, STARKOR. YOU'VE LOST A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD, BUT NO ARTERIES WERE SEVERED.

YES... FLIGHT...

I'VE EXPERIMENTED A GREAT DEAL ON MY THEORIES OF FLIGHT. YOU MIGHT SAY I'M OBSESSED WITH THE CONCEPT...

...AND I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT I'VE MASTERED IT. AS THIS PROTOTYPE FLYER SHALL DEMONSTRATE.

THERE--YOU SEE? IT RIDES THE AIR PERFECTLY...

CHOK

...UNTIL THE FOOLS BELOW LOOSE THEIR INFERNAL ARROWS ANYWAY...

THEY DO THAT QUITE OFTEN--WHENEVER THEY CATCH SIGHT OF ONE OF MY FLYERS, IN FACT.

I DO IT BECAUSE I MUST--TO ESCAPE THE PITIFUL MESS DOWN BELOW, THE MESS I CREATED. YOU SEE, IT WAS MY IDEA TO MERGE ALL THE SEPARATE CITYSHIPS INTO THIS ONE HUGE FEDERATION.

I REASONED THAT EACH CITYSHIP HAD SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO OFFER--AND THAT BY JOINING TOGETHER THEY COULD SHARE AND TRADE KNOWLEDGE, CULTURES, COMMERCE, EXPERIENCE, AND SO ON.

AND YOU, GRIMSTARK? WHY DO YOU DO WHAT YOU DO--EXPERIMENTING WITH STRANGE DEVICES OF FLIGHT...

AT THE RISK OF BEING PERSECUTED FOR WITCHCRAFT, AND BRANDED FOR A DEMON?

I THOUGHT IT WOULD CREATE A SOCIETY GREATER THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS. I EVEN BECAME THE RULER OF THE SOCIETY AT FIRST, AND THE IDEA WORKED...AT FIRST.
I suppose I've always tried to rise above the others. That's why I had this Tower built--but even this is not high enough. It's only a matter of time before they come up here and destroy me...

They hate anything which rises above their own pitiful existence. So I must go higher--must learn what lies beyond those cliffs... over the mountains... even beyond the next sea...

Perhaps there are new dreams waiting out there... and besides, I've stagnated too long up here, all alone with my lonely ideas and inventions.

The dream has shattered... sunk into ignorance and decay.

But won't they kill you if you try to leave the tower?

Probably... but at least I have a chance if I leave without ever touching the deck.

You're going to try to fly in that thing? But you'll kill yourself!

Hah! We showed that coward Alaric--!

You see? As soon as those three entered the tower, the witchery started anew--!

Aye-- wonder how much it's sunk so far?

Another of the flying demons--

...YAAAAEEEEEE!

Tidal wave--!!

Actually, the port rail has just dipped below the water line.

So you've come to me for answers-- to learn if there's a place where humans and apes can live in peace and love...

Well, this federation was intended to be such a place... you've seen what happened here.

When last I saw the world, hatred was on the rise. Doubtless, it still is. So you see, the world is not much better than this federation.

But the world is vast... and varied, with places where humans rule others... or where apes do.

But as for me, I must at least try to find a better place... or life is not worth the living.
The long boat has returned to its mother ship. Two drunken men chortle with foul glee...

I'll wager no one even noticed we were gone!

Aye, and once we--

L'Lady... Reena...?

...a very remorseless lady Reena.

The water has reached mid-thigh now... and has driven the ignorant denizens to a frenzy...

To the tower! The crazy one created this disaster...!

Grimstark seeking to drown us in a deluge...

I know it will work--the theory is sound--proven.

But if we must die--then let us kill him first!!

Grimstark--you're not really going to do it--?

I... I don't know...

I've proven the theory...

But I've yet to test my courage...

...I don't know if I'm desperate enough to...

Kill them--kill them all!!

My sword, Alaric--I'll wield it the best I can--!
KILL THEM--KILL THEM AND GET THE CRAZY ONE!!

MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR MIND. GRIMSTARK--BUT DECIDE QUICKLY! WE'LL HOLD THEM BACK AS LONG AS WE CAN--!

I CAN DO IT--I KNOW I CAN DO IT...!

I MUST TRY--!

I MUST--!!

HE'S GONE OFF, ALARIC. HE'S RODING THE AIR!!

RIGHT NOW, I ALMOST WISH I'D GONE WITH HIM!

(THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THESE THUGS FOR THREE OF US...)!

I DID IT! I'M FLYING--!!

I'M FLYING!!

THE CLIFFS--I CAN MAKE IT TO THE CLIFFS EASILY!

I KNOW I CAN MAKE--

GRIMSTARK'S FLIGHT ENDS, AND HE FALLS... HIS SORROW ON THE CLIFFS...

...BUT FILLED TO THE LAST, WITH DREAMS.
DAMN THE FOOLS -- GRIMSTARK HAS FALLEN! THEY'VE KILLED HIM!

AND AS WELL, ALARIC!

THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN HOPE TO --

WAIT! THE WATER'S RISING FAST DOWN THERE -- IT MAY BE DEEP ENOUGH FOR US TO JUMP...

AND EVEN IF IT ISN'T...!

BUT IT IS, FOR THE ENTIRE CITY-SHIFT HAS FLOODED AND SUBMERGED...

EVEN THE TALLEST OF STRUCTURES NOW LIES FAR BELOW THE SURFACE...

... AND ONLY GRIMSTARK'S TOWER TUTS OVER THE WAVES.

WE'VE MADE IT, ALARIC -- BUT WE'RE STILL STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE REMAINING CITY-SHIPS.

... AND WITH STARKAR UNABLE TO SWIM ANY GREAT DISTANCE, IT LOOKS LIKE --

OVER THERE -- LOOK!

GRIMSTARK'S FLIER... IT'S MADE OF WOOD!

THEN HIS EXPERIMENTS WILL PROVIDE ESCAPE AFTER ALL!

(BUT SADLY, NOT FOR HIM... NOW THAT HE'S TAKEN THE DARKEST AND FINAL ESCAPE...
Ahoy, Freedom Reaver!! Cast down a line...

Later...

Joining its master in a common grave...

Alaric—Grimalkyn!! We were afraid you'd died.

Two of the crew tried to kill you by sinking the federation.

Dawn: A flock of gulls rises from the far cliffs to gather round the departing Freedom Reaver...

The whole federation—? And how did they think to do that?

They reasoned that if the central ship were sunk, it would pull all the others down with it.

Then they were greater fools than those dwelling in the federation did they not realize that the connecting bridges would merely snap as the central city sank? What became of them?

Lady Reena... she un-disposed of them.

So, Reena, you thought me dead, eh? Far from it—I've never been more alive, or so filled with knowledge.

You see, I've learned much this night—I've learned we must always dream and constantly strive for a better life...

And I've also learned that it is folly to attempt to control the destiny of others, lest that destiny decay... and end in tragedy.

But most of all, I've learned that we must have the courage to follow our dreams... wherever they may lead.

They are beautiful, these gulls, glorious in their wheeling, swooping flight...
WE HEARD IT THROUGH THE APE VINE

Many of you thought you might never see it; others accused us of whistling in the dark (a particularly stingering indictment that should never be made light of); and there were those who denounced much-hailed Jim Whitmore's GLOSSARY OF THE PLANET OF THE APES as a misbegotten myth.

Well, it may have taken us awhile to get our editorial act in shape, but as you can see by flipping to the articles section of this issue, the GLOSSARY is here at last!!! The feature is such a monster that we've had to break it into parts, yet no one can deny that it's been well worth the wait. Part Two will appear next ish.

And, waiting for you at letter column's end, a special surprise. So read on—and no peeking ahead...!

Dear Apes, Chimps, Gorillas, etc.:

An almost perfect issue—#13! Specifically, "The Magick-Man's Last Gasp Purple Light Show!" Shades of UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION! I suppose Doug Moench had a field day with that script, Shall I say it was 98 & 4/10% perfect? For once, I actually was disappointed that it ended too soon. This Psychotrope is a great concept, but it was borrowed from the TV series (with its magnetically-recorded information ring salvaged from the spaceship!) 'Purple Light Show' touched upon ape, fantasy, SF, humor, cinematic, and anthropological veins successfully.

Mike Flogg has to be about my favorite Marvel artist, and I'd much rather see his pencil work than to have it inked over. A question about his drawing of Mount Rushmore: What could have caused Lincoln's nose to remain while the others mysteriously (considering it's made out of firm granite) are gone? Now, in the case of the Egyptian Sphinx, its nose was hacked off a few hundred years ago because it was considered an object of pagan worship. Also, Napoleon's men used it for target practice. In Jack Nicholson's case, he was knifed by some thugs.

Lightsmith's wagon reminded me of a scene in Woody Allen's SLEEPER, where the futuristic archaeologist shows Woody a roomful of 20th century relics, and then shows him a TV tape of VP Nixon. He forwards: "We have reason to believe that this man was not considered highly in your time." Woody responds in a whisper: "I'll tell you this—when he left the White House, they counted the silverware."

This month's ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES adaptation did not remind me of the move at all. Where is the scene where Steve has Zira use stairs put together to reach a hanging banana? Where's the scene where Lewis, Steve, Zira, and Cornelius sit in a now-furnished cage watching TV? And the press conference was done all wrong—in the movie it was a much more warmly received conference, and the apes and the press fell in love with each other on the spot. Doug made it look like a tense and hostile meeting.

Your interview with Bill Blake and Paula Crist was simply outstanding.

Steven Dhuay
2844 North 98th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53222

Believe it or not, Doug never tires of readers' comments on his work; few of us here in the Marvel

Bulpfen ever do, 'cause it's only your spontaneous collective reaction that allows us to gauge the success of our efforts. Judging by that selvesame reaction, "Purple Light Show" was an out-and-out winner!

Con to think of it, that's also the only way—in conjunction with sales figures—that our peersless publisher and erudite editors can accurately judge the high-energy efforts of your loyal Bulpfen.

So keep communicatin'—we depend on ya even more than you might think.

Dear Archie,

The cover of #13 was terrible, really terrible. Bob's layouts have always been weak, but at least he made up for it to some extent with his clear delineation; not this time. And I don't understand why there are so few cover artists who can do attractive and bright coloring without being garish; I've taken to referring to Bob as "the neon light," but this particular cover was just drab, and I honestly don't know which is worse...

The "Terror" series is moving along quite nicely, with some surprising developments and excellent exploration of inherent possibilities. The concept of the hermit who'd discovered relics from the past and given them ironclad definitions was not all that original, but was quite well handled; and Lightsmith and Gilbert are quite delightful characters, ones I hope will stick around for some time.

I hope Doug has another long, involved plotline coming along, so that the series doesn't start rambling indiscursively.

Ploog's art is getting better; this was the first time I was really satisfied with his use of tones, though they were too dark in spots. I'd like to see him try his hand at some other projects, especially in the color comics; I'm quite satisfied by his nearly monthly 25 pages in this magazine.

All in all, an excellent series, much better than I'd initially expected.

As for the adaptations, I enjoy them very much, especially the cinematic feel due to the scarcity of narration and reliance on dialogue. I liked the second chapter of ESCAPE. The art was excellent, really nice Philippino stuff; I just wish people like Rival, Gan, etc., would develop more individual styles so I wouldn't label their work "Philippino stuff." I think this is the best of the lot, simply because a totally unfamiliar environment just does not seem to work in comics (or motion pictures). The reader understands his own world much more readily, thus the whole second half of this particular chapter held splendidly together, whereas attempts towards such discussions in previous movies/adaptations seemed to sag. As it is, I feel both series currently being published are equally good (surpassed by the Moench/Sutton Chronicles, but those are a special treat reserved for special occasions)

I was very happy to see that the cutback primarily reduced the articles section by half. Coupled with the more "in-depth" stuff you've been doing recently, this measure has, in the nick of time, elevated you from the morass of the "Ingrown Toenails of McDowell's Second Cousin's Brother" and stuff like that. Now that you're exploring other facets of the POTA phenomenon, you might develop into the official magazine of the whole movement, rather than a mere spinoff. I'd like to thank you again for your efforts to make the article section more than a mere bunch of uninspired inter- and re-views.

Apewards!

Kim Thompson
Gen Del Box 259
APO NY, NY 09164

The votes are in! The results are tabulated! ("What votes," you ask. "Those cast in the poll announced in APES #13 to determine for once and all your order of preference for the five Apes movies," we answer breathlessly.)

Thus without further ado, we call for—the list:

1) PLANET OF THE APES
2) CONQUEST
3) ESCAPE
4) BENEATH
5) BATTLE

There you have it. Now let us have it with your letters of comment on this latest issue of our longest-running monkey magazine. The address is, in case you haven't memorized it yet, is:

PLANET OF THE APES
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Glossary of the Planet of the Apes!

Done. The task was done. I slid the cover of the final, massive leather tome, choking on a cloud of dust, and looked over at my carefully gathered pile of scrawled notes. Done!

All that remained, I thought, was a little organization, a little typing—hardly anything at all. Oh, certainly not a world-shaking piece of scholarship, but something I'd enjoyed and thought others would: a complete glossary to the characters, places, events and items of the incredible Planet of the Apes series. To gather information I'd gone to every source available. The movies, the novelizations, the book adaptations from the TV show, even the original novel by Pierre Boulle, all of these had been absorbed and studied.

Finally to make it really complete I decided to incorporate Marvel's own Ape Masterpieces, like Evolution's Nightmare and Terror on the Planet of the Apes. Which is where I hit the snag. I mean, have you ever tried to keep up an accurate listing of a world when, no matter how fast you work, Doug Moench is filling in the blank spaces with his dazzling invention even faster? It's the stuff of nervous breakdowns!

But no matter. Here, as up-to-date as possible, is a mass of tidbits extracted from a dozen different sources, all set up in easy alphabetical listing. Items which deal with the actual production of the ape stories will be set in italics. Like this. So read on and enjoy!

And say, what were the names of the mutants who ran New York City in BENEATH, anyway?

A
ABE: Teacher's real name, from BATTLE
ACHILLES LIST: Governor Jason Breck's equivalent of the Nixon "Enemies' List. This one had the names and codes of all the apes in his city ever reported for disobedi-
ence. From CONQUEST

DR. ADRIAN: The name taken by Galen when he masqueraded to save Virdon’s life in “The Surgeon” TV episode.

AKINS, CLAUDE: Well-known character actor. Donned appliances to play General Aldo in BATTLE.

ARAI: Virdon’s false name, given by Galen to confuse the blind chimpanzee girl in “The Deception” TV episode.

ALBINA: The strikingly beautiful—on the surface—female member of the mutant council in BENEATH. (Well, that’s one)

ALDO: In ESCAPE, the name of the legendary ape revered as the first to say “no” to a human; in CONQUEST, Caesar’s accomplice in revolt, a battered messenger Gorilla; in BATTLE, the fierce General Aldo, who broke the apes’ most sacred law.

ALEXANDER: The young chimpanzee protagonist of Marvel’s TERROR. Friend of the human Jason.

AL-ANTIK: The Lawgiver’s name for the mythical eastern ocean in the Terran TERROR.

ALMA: Kolp’s secretary and lover, a radiation-scarred madwoman. From BATTLE.

ALPHA BOULEVARD: The street that Caesar’s disorganized army of rebel apes used to enter the city in CONQUEST. Site of the first massacre.

ALPHA OMEGA NUCLEAR DEVICE, *pfft*: The end of everything. Aimed by Kolp in BATTLE and exploded 45 years later and three films earlier, in BENEATH.

AMALFI, HENRY: The slightly more reasonable National Security Agency inquisitor, from ESCAPE.


APNEAN ANTTELL: The scientist who designed and guided a rocketship from Earth to another star, in original PLANET OF THE APES novel. He hated mankind and found what he wanted.

ANTO: Hotheaded eldest son of a country ape, from “The Good Seeds” TV episode. He got twice the bull he hoped for.

APE CITY: Name used in several times and several places for a town run by the unsexy ape trapeze.

APE MANAGEMENT: The organization that “trained” apes to be good, obedient slaves. From CONQUEST.

APE SUPREMACISTS: Organization of anti-human Gorillas operating like the Klu Klux Klan. From Marvel’s TERROR.

ARCHIVES SECTION: The information vaults in the dead city that held tapes of Caesar’s parents. Her address was an in joke, located on Ackernon Street, with the correct vault numbered 4sL. Long the signature of well-known SF & Horror authority Forrest J. Ackerman.

BATTLE: Armando’s name, from “The Horse Race” TV episode. After his actions the track will never be the same.

BATES, LARRY: The nasty and insulting NSA inquisitor, partner of Armando. From ESCAPE.

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES: Fifth and final apes film. From BE ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, and FIVE. The five-brained, five-voiced monster of the muttie called The Inheritors in TERROR.

BRENDA, SEVERIN: Actor who played the madman Kolp in BATTLE. His style was one of deliciously well-placed sneers. Decadent?

DATH: Barlow’s human side in “The Deception” TV episode.

THE DECEPTION: TV episode adapted to print by George Alec Effinger, and dealing with love and illusions and the thriller of mania-supremacists.

DEHN, PAUL: Writer for screen and stage who wrote story and screenplay for BENEATH, ESCAPE, CONQUEST, and the story for BATTLE. Most recently, he was nominated for the Academy Award for his screenplay MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS.

DIXON, LEWIS: Doctor of Animal Psychiatry at LA Zoo in ESCAPE. Becomes member of the Presidential Commission of Inquiry and eventually, in friendship, tries to help Cornelius and Zira escape. Second human to be kissed by Zira. It gets easier every time. ESCAPE.

DOCTOR: The only name given for human female with medical training in Apes City at the time of BATTLE. On the side she cooks a fine rabbit—even but make sure the skin is drawn.

DODGE: Astronaut, fellow member of Taylor’s crew. Captured in Gorilla cage. Dodge is fast and mounted because of his unique black coloration. From PLANET film.

DOOMSDAY BOMB: Taylor’s simple name for the Alpha-Omega Device in BENEATH. Again, *pfft*—need I say more?

DOSSA: An orangutan, and one of the TV Zains most renowned predecessors.

DRAGOONS: The military, raiding ape war band in “The Deception” TV episode.

DRONE ESS: Mutant drone sent along with Brutus by General Krystal’s Gestalt Mind, to aid in capture of the fugitives. TERROR.

DRURY, BLIGHTING: Village of Trion. Offers shelter for Arn and Kraia at PARADISE.

CHARLES: Mrs. Riley’s gigolo. If Good Friend, then you want to be complimentary. One short bit in CONQUEST. (I told you this was a complete fiasco. Now do you believe me?)

CHILDAT: chimpanzee member of Dragons in “The Deception” TV episode.

CHIMPANIZEE: The pacific and openly intellectual branch of simian evolution. Identifying color: green.

CLEON: General Urko’s side in “The Surgeon” TV episode.

COLEMAN, BOOTH: Actor famous for, among other things, his Shakespearean roles. Played Orangutan in the Apes TV series.

COMMAND POST: The nerve center of operations for Brack’s city of Caesar, Lisa, and Aldo all served there at one time or another. CONQUEST.


CORNELIUS: A dedicated and visionary archaeologist, husband of Lisa, and friend of the humans Taylor and Brent in PLANET and BENEATH. Escaped back in time to father his own race’s survival. ESCAPE. Murdered at end of third film.

CORNBOROUGH, JOHN WILLY AND: Authors of screenplay for BATTLE, based on story by Paul Dehn.

CUMMINGS, BILL: Reporter sent to interview Cornelius and Zira for Men’s Hunting And Outdoors. He took no photos. ESCAPE.

CUTLINE: One of TV episodes fictionalized in paperback form. About a malaria attack in the planet of the apes. ESCAPE.

DARDEN, SEVERIN: Actor who played the madman Kolp in BATTLE. His style was one of deliciously well-placed sneers. Decadent?

DATH: Barlow’s human side in “The Deception” TV episode.
the end of "The Legacy" TV episode.

MISS DYKE: Secretary at the Central Communications desk in Ape Management. From CONQUEST.

Described as "lantern-jawed."

(Try this one on the next trivia quiz you give a friend!)

E:

EBONY: The magazine. In ESCAPE, they sent reporter Joe Simpson who asked some difficult questions.

EFFINGER, GEORGE ALEC ("Piglet"): The writer of several science fiction novels and three Planet of the Apes TV adaptations: MAN THE FUGITIVE, ESCAPE TO TOMORROW, and JOURNEY INTO TERROR. Wrote several things for Mighty Marvel a few years ago, remember?


ESCAPE TO TOMORROW: 2nd volume of the Awards Books paperback TV adaptations, written by George Alec Effinger and containing "The Surgeon" and "The Deception."

EVANS, MAURICE: Yet another astounding actor! Could it be something primal at work? Evans played Zaius in PLANET and BENEATH.

EVOLUTION'S NIGHTMARE: A lengthy scene from the earlier days of man/ape war, written by Moench and drawn by Hannigan for Marvel Comics.

F:

F-6 Here we are again at Planet of the Trivia. F-6 was the code designation for the corridor that Caesar, Virgil, and MacDonald "invaded" the dead city through. (Just ask the mutants if you don't believe me.)

BATTLE.

THE FAT MAN: Third of the mutant council in BENEATH. (Two to go!)

FAUNA: The blind chimpanzee, daughter of the murdered Sestus, who falls in love with Burke in "The Deception TV episode."

FIRST LAW: There are, really, two. For apes it is "APE SHALL NEVER KILL APE," and for humans, "HUMANS SHALL NEVER SAY NO TO AN APE." Enforced by Caesar, and major elements of BATTLE.

FORBIDDEN ZONE: A term for radiation-disfigured lands throughout the Apes series. A Forbidden Zone can be desert or swamp, city or sea. It just has to be deadly as well. (It would seem that each Forbidden Zone has to maintain a certain quota of mutants, also.

Study of this latter supposition isn't finished yet. Doug?)

FUR AND FEATHER: Name of the pet magazine that sent Jeanna Robbins to interview Zira in ESCAPE.

G:

GALEN: Chimpanzee outcast and companion of Virdon and Burke in the Apes TV series.

GERROLD, DAVID: Author of novelization of BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES. He also served as an extra ape in the film. Writer of several science fiction novels, and scripts for STAR TREK.

"THE GOOD SEEDS": One of the TV episodes fictionalized by Effinger. About back-country apes, agrarian progress, unreasoning prejudice, and an expectant cow. Really!

GORILLA: One of the major branches of simian evolution. Less intellec-

tual, more aggressive, warlike, unreasoning. Identifying color: black.

GORILLA CITY: General Aldo's fanciful re-naming of Ape City after he drives off mutants in BATTLE, just before his own fall.

GRAPE JUICE PLUS: Zira's name for champagne. From ESCAPE.

GRIMALDI: A volatile Gypsy chimpanzee from TERROR; dancing partner for Malagueno, jealous enemy for Jason, sitting duck for Brutus.

GUNPOWDER JULIUS: From TERROR. In his own words: I'm Gunpowder Julius—the meanest, maddest, orneriest, toughest, fightin'est, twice-cussed-on-sunday, bargrinnin', polecat axin', barehanded tree-choppin', raccoon-wrasslin', son-of-a-mountain-ape riverboat runner you've ever seen..." And I for one, won't argue.
TOC... TOC... TOC...

STOP...!

NO...!!

BRAAAAM!

TOC... TOC... TOC...
Morning...

WHUF
WHUF
WHUF

Smooth ride this morning...

Yes, and no delays for a change -- might even get to the office on time, of all things...
Do you have authorization to dress him like that?

Oh, yes, sir... I even have a document...

A circus ape, huh?

Yes—and the only one in the world ever to have been trained as a bareback rider in the entire history of the circus.

Circuses are past history.

I not while live and breathe.

All right, Senor Armando—go ahead.

Thank you, sir.

Come...! Come!

Did I do all right?

Your arms should move up and down from your shoulders--as you dip from side to side...

Yes, but try to walk a little more like a primitive chimpanzee...
LIKE THIS...?

YES, MUCH BETTER, BUT I AM AFRAID THAT AFTER TWENTY YEARS YOU HAVE PICKED UP EVOLVED HABITS FROM ME. THAT COULD BE DANGEROUS...

EVEN FATAL, MY FRIEND...

BUT, ARMANDO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND --

NOT SO LOUD, CAESAR. NOW LISTEN TO ME -- THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE TALKING CHIMPANZEE ON EARTH, THE CHILD OF THE TWO TALKING APES CORNELIUS AND ZIRA, WHO CAME TO US YEARS AGO OUT OF THE FUTURE...

... AND WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED FOR FEAR THAT ONE VERY DISTANT DAY, APES MIGHT DOMINATE THE HUMAN RACE.

... BUT OUTSIDE OF YOU, NO ONE KNOWS I EVEN EXIST.

AND WE MUST KEEP IT THAT WAY FOR THE FEAR REMAINS. THE MERE FACT OF YOUR EXISTENCE WOULD BE REGARDED AS A GREAT THREAT TO MANKIND.

WHEN YOU REALIZE HOW APES ARE TREATED...

NEVER MIND, CAESAR.

NO, ARMANDO. I WANT TO KNOW.

WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?

VERY WELL, CAESAR -- I SUPPOSE YOU MUST KNOW... MUST KNOW THAT THE COMRADESHIP OF THE CIRCUS WHERE HUMANS ARE KIND TO ANIMALS...

... IS VERY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE.

DIFFERENT IN WHAT --

SHHHH!

DO NOT TALK FROM NOW ON.
COME--! COME--!

COME, STUPID ANIMAL--!

IT IS ONLY AN ESCALATOR-- IT WILL NOT HARM YOU--!

YOU SEE--? NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.

NOW MAYBE YOU WILL OBey ME IN THE FUTURE...

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK, CAESAR... BUT SAY NOTHING.
ATTENTION, ATTENTION--!

--APE GATHERING AT THE FOOT OF RAMP SIX!

TAKE THE SERIAL NUMBER OF EACH OFFENDER AND NOTIFY APE CONTROL IMMEDIATELY. THEIR MASTERS ARE TO BE CITED AND FINED.

REPEAT: THEIR MASTERS ARE TO BE CITED AND FINED.

THIS IS THE WATCH COMMANDER. DISPERSE UNAUTHORIZED APE GATHERING AT THE FOOT OF RAMP SIX! REPEAT: DISPERSE UNAUTHORIZED--
NO-- OFF!
OFF--! DON'T YOU SEE THE SIGN--?!

TAKE IT EASY, THEY CAN'T READ.
NOT YET THEY CAN'T.

BUT YOU SAID HUMANS TREATED THE APES LIKE PETS--!
THEY DID... IN THE BEGINNING...

SHHH, COME WITH ME, MY FRIEND...

THEY'VE MADE SLAVES OF THEM--
...AND LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

WE MAY SPEAK MORE FREELY UP AHEAD, CAESAR... BY THAT MEMORIAL WHICH THE PEOPLE AVOID... AS ONE AVOIDS BAD MEMORIES.

THEY ALL DIED WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, NINE YEARS AGO. EVERY DOG AND CAT IN THE WORLD...

IT WAS LIKE A PLAGUE... BUT IT WAS ACTUALLY A MYSTERIOUS VIRUS BROUGHT BACK FROM OUTER SPACE BY ONE OF THE ASTRONAUTS. NO EXISTING VACCINE OR ANTIDOTE COULD STOP IT.

DIDN'T THE DISEASE AFFECT HUMANS?

NO. THEY WERE IMMUNE, AND SO WERE SIMIANS... EVEN THE SMALLEST ONES. THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN-- HUMANS WANTING LITTLE HOUSEHOLD PETS TO REPLACE THE DOGS AND CATS THEY HAD LOST...

FIRST IT WAS JUST THE MARMOSETS AND TARGIER MONKEYS...

BUT THEN, AS PEOPLE REALIZED HOW QUICK THEY WERE TO LEARN, HOW EASY TO TRAIN-- THE PETS BECAME LARGER AND LARGER...

UNTIL NOW--

-- IT IS MONSTROUS,
NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I'VE KEPT YOU AWAY FROM --

COME--!

COME--!

THANK YOU, FRANK.
FUNNY...

NOW THAT I KNOW THEY WON'T KILL ME, I DON'T ENJOY THEM.

DO.

DO--??

WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- A CIRCUS--!

REALLY--? I SAW ONE ONCE IN EUROPE.

BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD THEM HERE...
NO, CAESAR-- NO!

NO-- ALDO-- NO!

WAS THAT REALLY NECESSARY, ARMANDO?

SHHH!

YES, LISA. THE CARD. CARD, CARD.
GOOD, LIZA—GOOD.

HMMMM... "A YOUNG QUEEN FALLS"... FOR MRS. RILEY.

YES... HERE IT IS... FOURTH SHELF, THIRD BOOK.

DO--!
NO.
NO--!

HERE, LISA.
NOW GO.

YES? MAY I HELP YOU NOW?

COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE SO KIND AS TO DISPLAY THIS HANDBILL IN YOUR WINDOW...?

WHEN I'VE GOT TIME, LEAVE IT ON THE COUNTER.

THANK YOU.
HOME, LISA.

OW--!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING --?!!

I'M SO SORRY, MRS. RILEY. SOMEONE 'LL BE RIGHT ALONG TO GIVE YOU YOUR COMB OUT...

I WANT IT NOW. I'M ALREADY LATE FOR MY--

--LUNCHEON DATE!!

THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, THEN...?
AND I DELIBERATELY TOLD THEM TO CONDITION HIM TO FIRE--!

COME ON, CAESAR...

THERE IS NOTHING YOU MAY DO...

ATTENTION.
ATTENTION.
The labor demonstration in front of Ape Central in the South Plaza will be terminated in five minutes.
REPEAT: THE LABOR DEMONSTRATION IN THE SOUTH PLAZA WILL BE TERMINATED IN FIVE MINUTES. FAILURE TO COMPLY WITH THIS ORDER CAN RESULT IN A ONE-YEAR SUSPENSION OF RIGHT TO BARGAIN COLLECTIVELY.

HIRE MEN NOT BEAST

UNFAIR TO WAITERS

SLAVES ARE SCABS

WHAT'S HIS JOB? FORGET IT. HE AIN'T A WAITER--HE'S A MESSENGER.

FOR THE GOVERNOR.

SO LET HIM MOVE ASIDE.

COME ON--MOVE ASIDE--MOVE ASIDE...

HIRE MEN NOT LET US THROUGH...

AWHOK

RAUUU

URALAAAAWU.
STOP THAT AT ONCE! ALL OF YOU!!

OH--YES, SIR, MR. MACDONALD. WE WERE JUST--

I SAW WHAT YOU WERE DOING.

SEDATE THE ANIMAL AND GET HIM OUT OF HERE.

YES, SIR.

WHO THE HELL'S THAT?

TAKE IT EASY. THAT'S MACDONALD--THE GOVERNOR'S NUMBER ONE ASSISTANT.

WHAT'S THE MATTER--? HE LOVES APES--?

DON'T IT FIGURE?
ACTING UP AGAIN, EH??

KRAK!

LOUSY HUMAN--

WHO SAID THAT??

I DID--!

AND WHAT KIND OF APE IS THIS?

A PERFORMING APE -- FOR MY CIRCUS --!

ARMANDO'S OLD-TIME CIRCUS

UNFAIR TO WALTERS

NOV. 11-25 PARADE CIRCUS
A TALKING APE?

NO-- OF COURSE NOT, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

I'M THE ONE WHO SPOKE--!

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S A CRIMINAL OFFENSE TO SHOW DISRESPECT TO A STATE OFFICIAL?

THAT WAS UNINTENTIONAL, I ASSURE YOU, BUT BEING SENTIMENTAL ABOUT ANIMALS, I--

WHY DID YOU YELL "LOUSY HUMAN"?...

THAT IS NOT WHAT I SAID--

IT'S WHAT WE HEARD. ARE YOU SURE THIS APE CAN'T SPEAK?

OF COURSE I'M SURE. HOW COULD AN APE SPEAK--?

IT'S ABSURD...

MAYBE... AND MAYBE YOU'RE LYING.

LOOK OFFICERS-- I ADMIT MY BEHAVIOR WAS INEXCUSABLE, AND I'M DEEPLY SORRY, BUT I ASSURE YOU--

I THINK WE'D BETTER TURN THEM OVER TO HEADQUARTERS FOR INTERROGATION.

-- OF WRINGING THE TRUTH FROM ANYONE.

RIGHT, THEY'VE GOT WAYS--

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