DEMONS OF THE PSYCHEDROME!
Jason & Alexander find the Psychedrome—and stumble into a world of terror!
By Doug Moench, Mike Ploog & Tom Sutton
Page 3

APEVINE!
Page 23

SIMIAN VISIONS!
Article by Jim Whitmore
Page 24

THE SAVAGE IS KING!
Senor Armando plunges from a window and is crushed on the sidewalk below—and, thus sets in motion events that could mean the end of the human race!
By Doug Moench & Alfredo Alcala
Page 31
DEMONS OF THE PSYCHEDROME

HIGH ON A TORTUOUS MOUNTAIN PASS, THE CARAVAN OF DOOM HAS HALTED.

ITS APPEARANCE BIZARRE, ITS MEMBERS MANY AND GROTESQUE, THE CARAVAN CONSISTS OF BRUTUS AND HIS GORILLA TERRORISTS, MUTANT-DRONES IN THE SERVICE OF THE INNERNITS, AND AWESOME STEEL JUGGernauts CALLED WAR-MACHINES. ALL HAVE RUMBLED AND CLATTERED TO A HALT.

STIFF FROM DAYS OF ARDUOUS RIDING, ONE OF THE GORILLAS DISMOUNTS. HIS NAME IS WARKO; HE IS BRUTUS FIRST LIEUTENANT, AND HE POINTS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN... AS HE SPEAKS--

THERE, BRUTUS-- DOWN BELOW.

PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT WE ARE SEEKING....

AND WHAT THE CRUEL-FACED BRUTUS SEeks IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE MEANS TO ANNIHILATE EVERY HUMAN ON THE RAVAGED FACE OF THE EARTH.

Script: DOUG MOENCH  Art: MIKE PLOOG & TOM SUTTON  AG-162
DON'T BE A FOOL, WARNO--THAT CAMP IS FAR TOO PRIMITIVE TO BE WHAT WE WANT!
WE ARE SEARCHING FOR ARTIFACTS FROM THE TIME BEFORE THE DEATH FROM THE SKIES.
I AGREE, PERHAPS THEY CAN ASSIST US...
YOU WILL RIDE WITH ME, WARNO, TO INTERROGATE THEM.
THE REST OF YOU WILL STAY HERE--

BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND THESE ARTIFACTS, BRUTUS--AND EVEN IF THESE APES ARE PRIMITIVE, THEY MUST BE FAMILIAR WITH THIS REGION...

--AND IF ANY TROUBLE SHOULD BEGIN, OPEN FIRE ON THE SAVAGES IMMEDIATELY.

...BUT DOWN BELOW, IN FRONT OF BRUTUS AND HIS LIEUTENANT, THERE IS ONE WHO VICIOUSLY PROTESTS--HE IS MAGUANUS, CHIEFTAIN OF THE SAVAGE ASSISIMIANS.

THE MAGICK-MAN'S FALSE MAGIC HURTS MANY ASSISIMIANS! IT MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN--NO MORE ASSISIMIANS HURT!

WE WILL GO NOW--AND WE WILL BE BRAVE KILLERS--AND WE WILL KILL!

YOU HEAR MAGUANUS?! YOU WILL BE BRAVE--OR I WILL KILL YOU! KILL ALL OF--

AND MAGUANUS WILL KILL THEM!!

ENEMIES COME--!!

I'LL DO THE TALKING, WARNO...

MAGUANUS SEES THEM--MAGUANUS HAS SIGHT OF EAGLE!

MAGUANUS SEE THEM LOOK BEFORE YOU!

GO BACK, ENEMIES--OR MAGUANUS WILL SLAY YOU!!

SLAY YOU FOREVER!!
PEACE, BROTHER APES! I AM BRUTUS AND WE MEAN YOU NO HARM—ALTHOUGH WE COULD HAVE MURDERED EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU WITHOUT MOVING FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

I WISH TO ENGAGE YOUR HELP. WE ARE JOURNEYING TO A SECRET PLACE SOMEWHERE TO THE EAST—IN THE CENTER OF A RING OF MOUNTAINS. THERE WAS A MAP, BUT WE HAVE LOST IT...

CAN YOU GUIDE US TO THIS PLACE?

NO! MAGUANUS HAS HIS OWN WARRIORS TO LEAD—NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU!

WE ALSO GO TO THE EAST...

—TO KILL THE MAGIC-KILL AND HIS FRIENDS!

WHAT? FRIENDS?

THEY GO THAT WAY—EAST! TWO OTHER HUMANS BESIDES MAGIC-KILL—A HE AND A SHE—AND A SMALL APE IN STRANGE CLOTHES LIKE YOU!

TWO HUMANS AND A SMALL APE—PROBABLY A CHIMPANZEE, BRUTUS. SOUNDS LIKE IT COULD BE—

YES, YOU FOOL... IT IS HIM.

MAGUANUS KILL THEM ALL!

IT MUST BE HIM. IT CANNOT BE ANYONE BUT THAT STINKING HUMAN—

"—JASON."

YEAH...

...THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.

BUT WHY WOULD THIS ENEMY OF YOURS—THIS BRUTUS—WANT TO GO DOWN THERE, JASON?

WELL, IT'S RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF A RING OF MOUNTAINS, ALL RIGHT—JUST LIKE ON THAT MAP YOU FOUND...
I DON'T KNOW, LIGHTSMITH, BUT HIS MAP MARKED THE SPOT--SO THIS MUST BE THE PLACE. BESIDES, WE SAW BRUTUS THROUGH YOUR LONG-DISTANCE-VIEWER AND HE WAS HEADED THIS WAY...

WITH A BUNCH OF THE INHERITORS' MUSH-FACED MUTANT-DRONES--SO HE CAN'T BE UP TO ANYTHING GOOD.

"APES #14...ARCH."

AND, WHEN THE STRANGE, PROGRESS-BEARING WONDER WAGON HAD LURCHED TO A HALT, THE REST OF LIGHTSMITH'S UNSEENLY PARTY EMERGED TO CONFRONT AN INTRICATE SYSTEM OF ADOBE STRUCTURES BUILT RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF A CLIFF. IT APPEARS DESERTED...

HALLOOOA--!!

ANYBODY HOME--?
WE'RE FRIENDS--
PEACEFUL....!

WE MAY COME OUT...
OUR SHAMAN HAS DECIDED THEY COME IN PEACE.

GREETINGS ARE SLOWLY CONDUCTED IN A MIXTURE OF CURiosity AND FEAR...WITH THE LATTER GRADUALLY Waning...

SO YOU'RE THE SHAMAN HERE, ARE YOU? GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE INTEGRATED HERE--BOTH HUMAN AND APES--SHOWS THAT YOU'RE AN EN-LIGHTENED LEADER...

WE WISH ONLY TO LIVE OUR LIVES--AND HARM NO ONE.

Amen.
MAYBE SO--BUT YOUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH ANYTHING WITH BRUTUS AROUND.

IS HE HERE--A BIGgorilla WITH A WAR-PARTY, MACHINES AND GUNS--??

I HAVE SAID WE ARE ALL PEACEFUL....

THEN I'LL JUST WAIT HERE UNTIL BRUTUS ARRIVES.

YOU ARE DETERMINED, JASON.

HOW ABOUT YOU TWO--ALEX, MALAGUEÑA...?

GUESS WE'LL STAY WITH JASE, LIGHTSMITH.

SUIT YOURSELVES, GILBERT AND ME HAVE SEARCHED FOR THE PSYCHE-DROME ON OUR OWN FOR A LONG TIME NOW--WE CAN DO IT ALONE AGAIN. GUESS WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT HERE AND TAKE UP THE SEARCH AT DAWN....

SEVERAL MILES WEST, THE CARAVAN OF DOOM HAS AGAIN HALTED....

MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT THESE STUPID SAVAGES, BRUTUS--THEY'RE NOT GOOD AS GUIDES....

THEY'LL JUST LEAVE US AS SOON AS THEY FIND WHAT THEY'RE AFTER....

SILENCE, WARKO. THEY'RE LEADING US IN THE RIGHT GENERAL DIRECTION, AND AS LONG AS THEY DO SO WE MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW....

BESIDES, EVEN IF THEY DO FIND JASON BEFORE WE REACH OUR DESTINATION, SO MUCH THE BETTER. OR HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OF REVENGE, WARKO?

MUTANT-DRONE ZEE, WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THAT JASON MAY HAVE ACTUALLY GONE TO THE SAME DESTINATION WE SEEK....

HAAH!!...

THE MAGICK-MAN'S WITCH-TRACKS HERE!!

THE PROBABILITY OF SUCH A CONGRUENCY TO GOALS IS SLIGHTLY LESS THAN 43.863 PERCENT.

WE CAN FOLLOW AGAIN!!
FORWARD!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT A "PER CENT" IS... BUT EVEN IF THERE'S ONLY THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF FINDING AND KILLING JASON...

--I'LL FOLLOW THOSE APE SAVAGES STRAIGHT TO HELL.

ADMINISTER THE SACRED EYES OF THE GODS-- THAT WE MAY COMMUNE WITH THE SPIRITS OF THE WIND AND SAND-- THAT WE MAY EXPERIENCE EXTERNAL VISIONS OF OUR INNER PEACE AND TRANQUILITY...

WHAT IS IT?

BUTTONS, JASON-- FROM THEIR HOLY CACTUS PLANTS...

THEY SAY THE STUFF MAKES YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS... IF YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL INSIDE.

BUT THE ANCESTORS WERE DIVIDED ABOUT IT'S USE. SOME LOVED IT, THOUGHT IT WAS FUN... SOME CONSIDERED IT A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE... AND SOME WERE SCARED TO DEATH OF IT.

WORLD MUST'VE BEEN JUST AS MIXED-UP THEN AS IT IS NOW... GUESS I'LL DECIDE FOR MYSELF.

SOLEMNLY, A PROCESSION OF FEMALES FILES TOWARD THE CIRCLE, EACH BEARING JARS FILLED WITH THE HOLY SACRAMENT...

HOW IS IT, JASE?...

OH, IT'S NOT SO BAD, JASON-- MUCH LIKE THE ROOTS MAMA LENA USED IN HER PORTIONS.

KIND OF DRY... BITTER...

SAYS YOU, MALAGUENA.
You're not having any, Lightsmith...

```
Nope. Me and Gilbert want to be fresh in the morning—
Sooner we find the Psychedrome, the better we'll feel.
```

Oh...well, what do the rest of us do now?

Just lay back, I suppose, wait for whatever's going to happen... to happen.

You know anything about the glories and wonders of ancient knowledge and progress, Shaman?

I do not believe so...

Well, all the wonders of the past are stored in this place called the Psychedrome...

It's a sort of storehouse from the past—built by the ancients.

We have such a place here... built by the ancients who dwelled here long before us...

Is that so...?

It's a holy, sacred place in which all the gods of knowledge, progress, and electricity once dwelled...

Do you uh, think you could take me to this place—show it to me...?

It is against the rules of our society, friend Lightsmith, but if you could give us something for our ceremonies...

...such as your magic talisman, perhaps...?

It's yours, Shaman—there's plenty more where this came from...

Got a ton of amulets back in the wonder wagon—and all with stick-pins, too...

Now just show me the way to the Psychedrome...!
LIGHTSMITH SAID TO JUST...LAY BACK...

SO MANY STARS UP THERE... BRIGHT... SHIMMERING...

THEY'RE MOVING--BUT STARS CAN'T MOVE--I FEEL SO... STRANGE...

AND THE STARS... STILL MOVING... CHANGING... SHAPING SOMETHING... FORMING SOMETHING...

BRUTUS!

DIRTY UGLY, FILTHY KILLER BRUTUS SNARLING AND SMILING...

AND ME!! THAT'S ME UP THERE INSIDE!!

I'M TRAPPED--BRUTUS CAUGHT ME--I'M A PRISONER CAN'T GET OUT--!

HELP ME--I'VE GOT TO HELP ME!!

SURE HOPE THIS SACRED PLACE OF YOURS REALLY IS THE PSYCHE-DOME, SHAMAN...

...BUT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'M INCLINED TO DOUBT IT. THERE ARE AN AWFUL LOT OF SACRED PLACES LEFT OVER FROM THE PAST, YOU KNOW--MOST OF THEM IN THE RUINS THEY CALL FORBIDDEN ZONES...

WHAT'S IT LIKE INSIDE THIS SACRED PLACE OF YOURS...?

BRUTUS IS GOING TO KILL ME--DEVOUR ME!!

HELP--LET ME OUT--HELPPP!!

THERE IS NO WAY OF KNOWING, FRIEND LIGHTSMITH...
IT IS SEALED FOREVER... NO ONE MAY EVER GET INSIDE...
THE MAGIC OF THE ANCIENTS IS TOO STRONG FOR US OF TODAY.

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... SQUEEZE THROUGH THE BARS...

UP HERE, FRIEND LIGHTSMITH—THROUGH THIS DOOR...

YEAH? WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT, SHAMAN.

--FREE!!
I'M FREE!

--FREE!!

-THROUGH HIS TEETH—BEFORE THEY BITE!

MUST ESCAPE... MUST GET-

HE DOESN'T WANT TO CAPTURE ME AGAIN—THIS TIME HE WANTS TO KILL ME!!

WANTS TO DRENCH THE GROUND WITH MY BLOOD—BRIGHT RED AND I CAN SEE IT AS EVERYTHING GETS DIM AND I FEEL SICK-

NO—HE'S AFT ER ME NOW—MAD BECAUSE I ESCAPED!

HE'S RUNNING FASTER THAN ME—WHY ARE APES FASTER THAN HUMANS? STRONGER THAN HUMANS? BETTER THAN HUMANS? WHY AREN'T APES AFRAID OF HUMANS THE WAY I'M AFRAID OF HIM?!!

NO—MY FEET—ROOTED TO THE GROUND, GROWING DEEPER, CAN'T MOVE—! I CAN'T RUN—CAN'T GET AWAY!

IN THE BACK WALL OF THIS ROOM, FRIEND LIGHTSMITH—BEHIND THIS BLANKET...

...THERE IS A TUNNEL WHICH LEADS DEEP INTO THE MOUNTAIN... TO THE SACRED PLACE FROM THE PAST.
KINDA DARK IN HERE, SHAMAN...

VERY DARK, AND FOR GOOD REASON—THERE IS NO LIGHT.

AT LEAST, AS LONG AS THE BATTERIES IN MY MAGIC TORCH DON'T WEAR OUT.

YOUR MAGIC IS VERY POWERFUL, FRIEND LIGHTSMITH... PERHAPS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEFEND THE MAGIC OF THE ANCIENTS...

AND ALLOW US TO ENTER THE SACRED PLACE WHICH HAS BEEN SEALED FOREVER.

WHOA NOW, OLD BOY, BUT I BEG TO DIFFER—WHEREVER LIGHTNING SMITH Chooses TO VENTURE, THERE IS ALWAYS LIGHT...

WELL, LIKE THE ANCIENTS SAID, SHAMAN—WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

GROUNDS GONE—but I'M STILL ROOTED—IN CORPSES—SKELETONS—UGLY BONES OF DEATH—THE BONES OF THOSE KILLED BY BRUTUS—THEY'LL SIT ME DOWN UNTIL I BECOME PART OF THE PILE.

THAT'S BECAUSE BRUTUS WANTS TO KILL ME—AND MY BONES TO HIS PILE!

GOT TO GET AWAY—I DID GET AWAY, BONES GONE NOW—but BRUTUS—HE'S STILL CHASING ME—AND HE'S CHANGED!!!

HE'S A BEAST NOW—NAKED AND STRONGER AND FASTER—STRONGER SO HE CAN TEAR ME APART AND FIND MY BONES!

WHEN IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS ARE WE GOING TO FIND THIS SACRED PLACE OF YOURS, SHAMAN—?

WE'VE BEEN SLITHERING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL FOR A MIGHTY LONG TIME NOW...

IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE PLACE—THE PLACE OF SAFETY...!

GOT TO GET AWAY—I DID GET AWAY, BONES GONE NOW—but BRUTUS—HE'S STILL CHASING ME—AND HE'S CHANGED!!!

HE'S A BEAST NOW—NAKED AND STRONGER AND FASTER—STRONGER SO HE CAN TEAR ME APART AND FIND MY BONES!

WHEN IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS ARE WE GOING TO FIND THIS SACRED PLACE OF YOURS, SHAMAN—?

WE'VE BEEN SLITHERING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL FOR A MIGHTY LONG TIME NOW...

IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE PLACE—THE PLACE OF SAFETY...!

GOT TO GET AWAY—I DID GET AWAY, BONES GONE NOW—but BRUTUS—HE'S STILL CHASING ME—AND HE'S CHANGED!!!

HE'S A BEAST NOW—NAKED AND STRONGER AND FASTER—STRONGER SO HE CAN TEAR ME APART AND FIND MY BONES!

WHEN IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS ARE WE GOING TO FIND THIS SACRED PLACE OF YOURS, SHAMAN—?

WE'VE BEEN SLITHERING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL FOR A MIGHTY LONG TIME NOW...

IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE PLACE—THE PLACE OF SAFETY...!

GOT TO GET AWAY—I DID GET AWAY, BONES GONE NOW—but BRUTUS—HE'S STILL CHASING ME—AND HE'S CHANGED!!!

HE'S A BEAST NOW—NAKED AND STRONGER AND FASTER—STRONGER SO HE CAN TEAR ME APART AND FIND MY BONES!

WHEN IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS ARE WE GOING TO FIND THIS SACRED PLACE OF YOURS, SHAMAN—?

WE'VE BEEN SLITHERING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL FOR A MIGHTY LONG TIME NOW...

IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE PLACE—THE PLACE OF SAFETY...!

GOT TO GET AWAY—I DID GET AWAY, BONES GONE NOW—but BRUTUS—HE'S STILL CHASING ME—AND HE'S CHANGED!!!

HE'S A BEAST NOW—NAKED AND STRONGER AND FASTER—STRONGER SO HE CAN TEAR ME APART AND FIND MY BONES!

WHEN IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS ARE WE GOING TO FIND THIS SACRED PLACE OF YOURS, SHAMAN—?

WE'VE BEEN SLITHERING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL FOR A MIGHTY LONG TIME NOW...

IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE PLACE—THE PLACE OF SAFETY...!
Yeah, but when...? Seems like we've already gone far enough to come out the other side of the mountain...

Very soon now, friend firelight... Just around this corner...

...there...right ahead of us...

...the sacred place of the ancients.

Well, step aside, shaman... so I can take a look...

Can't see...it is over...am I safe? Feels so...strange...maybe it is over...

No--my head--!!

It's burning--!!

Ahead...a forest...maybe safety...

But the forest is an island...

--Malaguena!!

Help me, Malaguena--save me. Please save me!

Don't leave me, Malaguena--!!

Doesn't matter--I'll run over the water and reach...

Malaguena, you're the only one who can help me!

You're my only hope--the only one I can trust!

Don't betray me! You can't betray me, Malaguena--please don't betray--
In the name of every progress leader, who ever progressed from darkness to light...

And it's... humming.

As always, friend Lightsmith.

You know, it just might be the Psychodrome at that...

...and if it is, it's gonna take a huge heap of boom-sticks just to make a dent in it...

Come on, shaman -- I need to sleep on this.

Nightmare's almost over... just as soon as I reach Malaguena.

But boom-sticks or not, I don't think I want to try anything until morning...

But why is she reaching into the forest? What is she... holding?

Alex--?!! She's holding Alex!! Kissing him!!

Wait... it was only a dream -- a nightmare -- none of it really happened...

Malaguena wasn't kissing Alex...
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT, APE!!
YOU SAID IT WAS ONLY A DREAM--
ONLY A NIGHTMARE!!

I SAID... WHAT?
YOU LIED TO ME!!

I'M GONNA--
WHOA, NOW, JACE-BOY--THIS IS NO TIME TO START THE LAST WORLD WAR.

NOW: BY ALL THAT'S HOLY AND KNOWLEDGEABLE...

...WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON--?!
MALAGUERIA LOVES ME, BUT HE WAS KISSING HER!!

KISSING MALAGUERIA... KISSING... A HUMAN?

ME--? BUT I'M AN APE... AREN'T I...?
IS THIS TRUE, ALEX?

UH, N-NO... OF COURSE NOT... OR AT LEAST I DON'T THINK SO... BUT I DO THINK I'M CONFUSED... ABOUT WHAT'S REAL, I MEAN... FOR INSTANCE, IS THIS HAPPENING... OR AM I... REAL?

EASY, JASON. COME ALONG NOW-- YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP. YOU'LL COME OUT OF IT BY MORNING... AND EVEN IF YOU DON'T I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOCK YOU OUT OF IT.

ME? KISSING A... HUMAN?

FILTHY APE LIAR!!

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE FRIENDS AGAIN?

CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT-- AND ANYWAY, YOU SAID IT MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN REAL...

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS REAL?

IT'S REAL, ALL RIGHT, AND IT'S GOT TO BE THE LEGENDARY PSYCHEDRONE...

BUT I'LL TELL YOU... EVEN IF YOU TWO HAVE BURIED THE HATCHET, I STILL THINK IT'S BEST THAT WE LEAVE MALAGUENA OUT WITH GILBERT AND THE CLIFF- DWELLERS.

IF YOU SAY SO, LIGHTSMITH.

I DO-- AND I ALSO SAY WE'D BETTER GET OUR EARS OUT OF HERE BEFORE THESE BOOM-STICKS DO WHAT THEY DO BEST...

... NAMELY, GO--

BOOM...

WOOF... THAT'S LOUD.
Instantly, Jason squeezes a sweeping burst from Lighthead's machine gun, lighting the scene with garish, intermittent flashes from the pumping barrel.

"BRAK-AK-AK...AK-AK..."

It's the winged monkey-demons! Just like the legends say!

Several of the bizarre, shadowy forms are ripped open by the machine gun fire, they drop.
DON'T FIRE, JASON--PLEASE--
NOT IN THIS DARKNESS WITH
ME IN THE WAY--!

THUS, JASON AND ALEX CAN DO NOTHING BUT WATCH
AS THEIR MORE EXPERIENCED COMRADE IS SWIFTLY
BORNED OFF INTO THE GLOOM...

ELSEWHERE IN THIS
REALM OF THE UNKNOWN...

I DON'T KNOW.
JASON, BUT THEIR
CLAWS LOOK MEAN
ENOUGH TO ME!

AND BY THE WAY,
IT LOOKS LIKE THIS
IS WHERE I SAY
GOODBYE...

LEAVING THEM ALONE...
AND FRIGHTENED HALFWAY
TO HELL.

IF... IF ONLY IT
WEREN'T SO DARK,
JASE...

THEN, EVEN AS ALEX
STAMMERS HIS PLEA--

--SOMEONE VERY FAR AWAY...
TURNS ON THE LIGHTS.

UN OH... MAYBE I SHOULDN'T
HAVE SAID THAT BECAUSE
NOW, WHOEVER LIVES
IN THIS PLACE...

--CAN SEE US.

WAIT A MINUTE--IT'S
NOT THE WALL... IT'S
THE CEILING... AND...

...AND THIS
...IS THE
PSYCHEDRONE--?!
INDEED: THIS IS THE PSYCHEDRONE... A CHAMBER OF CLEANLY FUTURISTIC DECOR... A PLACE FILLED WITH METALS AND PLASTICS... A ROOM IN WHICH UP AND DOWN ARE BOTH INTERCHANGABLE AND DEBATABLE...

...AND A LABORATORY OF DESTINY WHICH MIGHT WELL BE DOOM, PRESIDED OVER BY WINGED AND SILENT MONKEY-DEMONS.

WAIT--! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!
THE PSYCHEDRONE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS--!!

AND THAT LAST REVERBERATING WAIL OF PROTEST COULD VERY WELL BE LIGHTSMITH'S LAST CONSCIOUS UTTERANCE... FOR AN INSTANT LATER, THE ELECTRODE IS SECURED IN HIS SKULL.

STOP--! LEAVE MY HEAD ALONE--!!

NODDU!!

OR SO LIGHTSMITH, IN HIS SUPREME IGNORANCE, PRESUMED.

WE HAVE ATTAINED OUR DESTINATION, AND THE SAVAGE APES SWEAR THAT JASON IS SOMEWHERE RIGHT DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.

WELL, WHAT DOES YOUR SMUG PERCENT HAVE TO SAY NOW, MUTANT-DRONE ZEE?
AND WHILE THE ASSISMIANS ARE STILL BACK UP THE MOUNTAIN, WORKING UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO ATTACK...

"...WE MAY AS WELL FIRE ONE OF THE WAR MACHINES INTO THAT CLIFF..."

"...JUST TO LET THEM KNOW WE'RE HERE."

"ORDER RECEIVED, COMMANDER BRUTUS."

THERE IS NOTHING BUT NUMB SILENCE AS BRUTUS' WAR MACHINE EXPLODES... AND A DOZEN CLIFF-FACE DWELLINGS SHATTER AND AVALANCHE INTO ONE ANOTHER...

"KA-CHOOM"

"INDEED, EVEN IF THE GIBBON NAMED GILBERT COULD SPEAK, SHOCK WOULD RENDER HIM JUST AS MUTE AS THE OTHER WITNESSES TO THIS CATAclysm..."

...HEARD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOOM-STICK RUPTURE BY JASON AND ALEX, STANDING ON A NARROW CRUSADER IN THE MIDDLE OF BLINDING LIGHT AND STIRING TERROR.

"I DON'T KNOW, JASE, BUT IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND US--AND IF THAT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS..."

"THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS, ALL RIGHT.--THE OPENING LIGHTSMITH MADE..."

"IT'S BEING SEALED--BY A LOT MORE ROCKS THAN WE CAN EVER HOPE TO MOVE..."
Then...we're trapped in here, Alex...Forever...

Jase, you haven't seen anything yet...

Center-stage at the Psychedrome, an idealistic man has just attained his dreams. So much for idealistic dreamers.

It is good to be a good person.

A good person always says yes.

A good person never stops anything.

A good person likes everything that happens.

It is good to be a good person.

The soothing voice of the Psychedrome has spoken. It will repeat itself endlessly if necessary... until Lightsmith's been converted to mush—a mush whose consistency is equivalent to a good person's convictions.

Gilbert, this has to be Brutus' work—we've got to get away—and the tunnel where Lightsmith went...

Gilbert says nothing of course...

In the name of the law, Alex—what is this place—?!?

Maybe it is Lightsmith's Psychedrome, Jase... Whatever it is, we seem to be inside some huge... hollow ball—a sphere that's miles wide...
YOU'RE RIGHT, ALEX—THERE ARE BUILDINGS ALL AROUND US, BELOW... AND ABOVE. THESE RAMPS MUST BE SHORT-CUTS FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER...

LOOK—THERE'S EVEN A LAKE UP THERE... BUT... BUT WHY DOESN'T THE WATER FALL DOWN??

I KNOW ONLY AS MUCH AS YOU DO, JASE—NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT THE LIGHT WHICH JUST CAME ON SEEMS LIKE A SUNRIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS PLACE, LIGHTING EVERYWHERE AT ONCE...

A SUN, YES, IN THE ARTIFICIAL SENSE, AND ARTIFICIAL DAWN IS ONE HELL OF A TIME TO VISIT THE PSYCHEDROME. THE BRIGHT LIGHT MAKES IT THAT MUCH EASIER FOR THE WINGED MONKEY-DEMONS TO FIND THEIR PREY.

NEITHER JASON NOR ALEX NOTICE THE SKULKING FIGURES, UNFORTUNATELY, OR THE FACT THAT THEIR SWORDS ARE NOW DRAWN...

Dear Marvel:

The second aquatic adventure of Aleria and his friends in #15 was even better than the first one on Hydronema—it paralleled something along the lines of Verne's masterpiece, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. Ambrosia corresponds to Capt. Nemo, while the Dwellor resembles the Nautilus; despite these similarities and the Jonath-in-the-whale bit, I found myself enjoying this second tentative tryout.

I'm sure I'm not isolated in my opinion that giving Aleria a series would be applauded by many. Of course, I wouldn't want to see any inequality shown to Jason and Alex's series, so perchance you could alternate the two from time to time.

The contiguous alteration between Starkor and Graymakon was utilized nicely in the story, and it was a serene outcome when they made up and became friends. I might also mention the comely Reena, who likewise possesses inestimable qualities. Still another ape-epic, Doug, and I commend your consistency and diversity.

One final comment that I want to express pertains to Thomas Fabian Sutton's artwork. I can think of no other artist more appropriate in rendering this tale than the one chosen; the ship scenes, the underwater panorama of life, all executed with fluidity and expertise by Tom. I liked the result. Very much.

Be gentle.

Jackie Frost
West Monroe, LA 71291

Dear Marvel:

Tom Sutton always seems to amaze me with his artwork. The story he illustrated in APES #15, "Dreamer in Emerald Silence," is beyond anything I could possibly say about it. It just stunned me. When it comes to telling a story through illustrations, such as comics do, then in my opinion Mr. Sutton ranks number three on my list. I hope that we will be seeing more such chronicles by Mr. Sutton in the future.

Now, for a try at a no-prize. On page 46, panel 7, Lt. Dodge is shown as being entirely stuffed. However, if you will consult APES #3, page 71, panel 3, you will notice that only the head is stuffed and mounted! Try to get out of this one, will you.

Forever—MAKE MINE MARVEL...

FOOMER, James Farmer
Florence, Mississippi 36737

How about this, Jim—we won't "try to get out of" the discrepancy you point out, since it was intentional rather than accidental, but we will explain it. From time to time, APES readers may notice specific variations from the actual movies which are being adapted, and generally there are two (good) reasons.

First, Devil-May-Care Doug is—as you may be unaware—working from the original shooting scripts prepared for the films, and occasionally there are some interesting differences between what was written in the scripts and what eventually appeared on the screen. Whenever this occurs, Doug tries to give you a little something extra in the way of a scene or action that was excised from the motion pictures.

Second, we reserve the right to present our adaptations in what makes for the best, most interesting and dramatically exciting graphic stories. Sometimes, that means taking minor liberties in the interest of dramatics—such as the discrepancy you point out. These are anything but "oversights" on our part; they are considered and executed with forethought; we're willing to take the rap for such things, but only if you understand that they're done on purpose and not through oversight. Better luck next time!

Dear Apes,

Without a doubt, APES is my favorite black and white, and "The Future History Chronicles" in two attempts have proven the most interesting, original, and finely-wrought series ever to grace your pages. The entire concept (thanks, Doug) is astounding and far reaching, and even though a man or central character isn't demanded, the return of Sinko at a later date (two years) is soothing, and needed. I suggest you give the concept a four-color book which would present a comprehensive history of the future. The possibilities are boundless. Just as they are in the APES format.

Doug knows his characters, he knows the setting, he's rapidly discovering a direction for the Chronicles and he's showing hints of a specific style—the first, Deathlok, T'Challa, Dr. SCARL—characterized by their own styles—such as the triple narrational of the piece (toned down somewhat from the previous), and Mr. Sutton's outstanding regard for fashion and costume.

One last thing: I think the "Freedom Reaver" is very phallic-looking.

Stephen Perry
Johnson, VT 05656

Dear Apes persons:

Allow me to comment on your 15th issue of APES. The cover was not one of Bob Larkin's best, but for the sake of dramatics, it was superb.

The first story, "Dreamer in Emerald Silence," was one of the best stories ever created by Doug Moench, and Tom Sutton's artwork was equally excellent. The story is more fantasy than science fiction, and I liked that concept too. I hope there will be a Future Chronicles III.

The fourth part of ESCAPE is breathtaking in tense and hopeless atmosphere of the fate of Cornelius and Zira. Rico Rival's artwork is much better, and it seems that the movie adaptations are moving along—half done, already. I say it again—adapt the TV series episodes, when you're through.

The "Return to the Planet of the Apes" cartoon is the only apes-based show I've not yet seen, when I saw previews of the apes in the future riding in jeeps, it turned me off.

Try to squeeze in more articles.

Jeff Heine
Mound, MN 55364

We've been trying with the idea of an article on the TV animated series. Unfortunately it hasn't materialized yet because of certain technical difficulties which have slowed down our obtaining

stills and artwork from the series... and, lets face it, what's the point of doing an article on an animated series with examples of the artwork. However, this matter should be cleared up soon, we promise.

In the meantime, we might as well consult you in the matter. Do you want to see extensive coverage and behind the scenes info on the cartoon series. Let us know what you want.... John' John Warner is always happy to oblige!

Dear POTA,

I am seriously concerned with your magazine. I haven't missed an issue yet, and it is clearly evident that the quality of your mag, has been on a rapid descent since #12. Don't get me wrong, #12 & 13 were of medium quality, but reducing APES to 75¢ was the ultimate factor. #14-18 were clearly not up to Marvel standards, in fact, they were an actual disgrace. Please don't get angry with me, and please don't ignore me. I am writing because I grew up with Marvel, and it has a place in my heart. I care about all your mags, especially APES, and it hurts me to see it in such shape.

Franklin Bolin
Boonville, NC 27711

Frank, we are seriously concerned with our magazines, too; and, our occasional frivolity notwithstanding, we're also concerned with the feelings of our readers. We will neither get angry with you nor ignore you, but we would like to point out that you are one voice among many, and that while we are not discounting your opinion, there are grounds to dispute it. In our own opinion, there was a point when the transition took us unaware, and we had to make some quick adjustments that didn't allow for our usual well-rounded package. But now we're back in fine form, if somewhat abbreviated. There was always a great deal of controversy surrounding the article section from its inception in our first issue; back then, when there was lots of room for it, no one seemed to want it. Now that it's been trimmed, the bowels are equally strident. Bear with us for awhile in our new format, Frank, and who knows—maybe you'll come to like it, after all.

Changing the subject a bit if we may, we don't know how many of you are planning on migrating to France this Spring, but on the off chance that you are, you might just want to check out the 5th International Festival of Science Fiction and Fantasy Films in Paris which will take place from April 10th thru the 18th. Each year fans and filmmaker alike gather for special presentations, screenings of prominent new films in the genre from all over the world and the special awards ceremony. For information write to: L'Ecran Fantastique, 9 rue du Midi, 92200 Neuilly, France.

Apostle apes will already have committed our antedote address to memory, but for those less-devoted students of aminian lore, here it is again:

PLANET OF THE APES
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

23
SIMIAN

Another in the fantastic “APE” series

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

Meet Baby Milo Who Has Washington Terrified

BY JERRY POURNELLE Based on the screenplay by PAUL DEHN

by Jim Whitmore

Publishing has many of the aspects of a game.
Except that it’s a game played with dead seriousness and an absolute imperative to win. Naturally, every publisher wants—and will try to create—a winner. This is one of several processes that shapes a phenomenon known as a “Best Selling Author.”

Once, like everybody else, the BSA was an unknown going through the soul-shredding process of submission/rejection/resubmission, waiting for that first sale. Eventually it came. And sometime later, another. The first slow gathering of a reputation began—until, one day, there was The Big One. The HUGE sale, the book that carried them (financially and critically) beyond where they had been.

Which is exactly how it happened for Pierre Boule, author of the original novel that was to become the movie PLANET OF THE APES.

In the mid-50’s Boule was already known, in Europe, for such novels as FACE OF A HERO, THE EXECUTIONER, and S.O.P.H.I.A.; but his fame was restricted to the continent. Then he wrote a novel you’ve likely heard of called THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI, set in the Asian countries he served in during World War II. The book was a smashing success. It won the Prix Ste. Beeve literary award in Boule’s native France, became his first novel to be translated for American publication, and eventually turned into an international bestseller. Soon after, in 1957, it was made into a movie by a British film company and won an unprecedented seven Academy awards.

Boule had stepped into the golden spotlight of the BSA.

Conceivably, he could write about anything he might want to—anything!—and have a good chance at success. I wonder what projects he considered and then abandoned, or put aside until later. It was an important decision to make, certainly.

In the end he chose to write—a satire. He called it MONKEY PLANET.

We know it as PLANET OF THE APES, the original inspiration for a series of five movies, two TV series, both live and animated, and—some eleven years after original publication—this magazine. What was there in the book to fire the imagination to such an extent? What chords in the human mind did it strike? Obviously there is something, for each of the movies that sprang from the original seed has been novelized for the reading public, each by a fundamentally different author.

It raises questions. How did their five different viewpoints deal with the difficulties of translation, of concept? What strengths are there, and what weaknesses?

They are strong questions. Here, with follows this writer’s opinion, starting at the river’s headwater, the original book—a very different matter than the movie, indeed.


Don’t believe anyone who tells you that the original book and the movie are the same; they aren’t, and all the many differences evolve from a stylistic choice. Pierre Boule was using verbal and imagery, two age-old tools of satire, to pull down the barbs in human dignity. The movie changed that, shifting story focus to a more commercially reliable action/adventure slant, leaving only the names intact—and only the names of the apes, at that. What satire remained was of a simple (and rather heavy-handed) sort.

But consideration here is the book.

The wry humor of Boule’s intentions becomes obvious straightaway. The book opens with a lyrical little descriptive sequence about Jinn and Phylis, two poets, husband and wife, who travel the spaces between the stars in a light-driven “sailboat.”

For them, and for us, is a holiday, until interrupted one day by the sight of a bottle floating adrift in the void.

Obviously, Boule is playing games. It matters little to him that a bottle containing a manuscript (for such it does) is a cliche. Or that chance encountering such a tiny object in such an infinite cosmos is even more ridiculous scientifically than the notion of using light sails for interstellar travel. Everything in the opening sequence is fancy, anyway, just an excuse to present the story in the bottle. If the tricks are cliches—well, satirists have always dealt with cliches, from one direction or another.

Jinn and Phylis bring the bottle inside, and, marvelling at their find, begin to read.

The manuscript tells the story of one Ulysses Merou, a young journalist, and the harrowing events that he had lived through since the fateful year 2500. He had, by luck and a certain determination to build a reputation, volunteered to be part of the first flight to the star Betelgeuse.

His companions on the journey are the eminent Professor Antelle, who designed the ship; the young and promising physician Arthur Levain; and a chimpanzee named Hector.

The trip will take 350 years, earthtime. But the rates at which their rocket would travel are close to light speed, and Einsteinian Relativity Physics states that as you approach the speed of light time slows down. For them the trip will only seem to take two years. This is still a long time; and Merou uses it to learn many things from the professor, including how to operate the ship.

At last they find themselves orbiting the giant red star Betelgeuse, majestic in the heavens. It is orbited also by four planets, the second of which is at the right distance for “life as we know it,” so they decide to examine it more closely.

Leaving the main ship outside the atmosphere of the second planet they use a small rocket launch to descend. On their way down they see cities—cities—but choose to avoid them first, landing in a huge forest of 150-foot tall trees, glowing in the red light of afternoon.

Hector is used to check the quality of the air, which turns out to be quite earthlike, as are the trees—in fact, they christen the planet “Soror” because of its resemblance to their homeworld. (From the Latin root “soror,” meaning “sister.”)

They opt to explore on foot, soon find a beautiful lake and a waterfall. On the shore is the print of a single human foot.

A female foot.

At this point, as you can see, the only connections between movie and book are the spacelift, the number and sex of the landing party (and the fact that Antelle, like Taylor, is a misanthrope), and the lake and waterfall! Still, that’s more accurate than some book-to-movie translations...

It is just after the three astronauts have stripped and jumped into the lake for a swim that Nova appears, naked and gloriously beautiful. In Merou’s words: “In a romantic flight of fancy I had christened her ‘Nova,’ able to compare her appearance only to that of a brilliant star.”

Her beauty brings a smile to Merou—and at the sight Nova is terrified. She runs away only to find herself confronted by Hector the chimpanzee, whom she strangles in an animal fit of fear and rage. (This
isn't as outright impossible as the
star sailboats, but it comes close. At
Hector's age a chimpanzee has five
times the strength of the average
human being. They don't just meekly
die.)

Merou, Levain and Antelle are
perplexed.

They return the next day. This
time they are met by a larger group
of the naked humans, both male
and female, showing no friendliness
at all. They seem upset at the sight
of men in clothes. A riot is forestalled
only by a display of the astronauts
guns. The trio then retreat to their
launch. Surprise—once there they
are ambushed by an even larger
number of wild humans, who strip
away their guns and clothes and then
destroy the launch itself, as though
the sight of a manufactured object
was unbearable.

At which point the attack stops
dead. The savages don't even take
notice of the now-naked astronauts,
save for Nova who attaches herself
to Merou, much to his pleasure.

The three earthmen stay with the
wild humans a day and a night. But
then, in the morning—
—the Hunt!

They hear the sounds of beaters in
the brush. They feel the terror of the
wild humans. Infected, Merou and
Levain run headlong, Antelle aban-
donned, finally stopping cold when
confronted by a terrifying vision:

“He was dressed as you and I are.
I mean as you and I would be if we
were taking part in one of those
drives organized for ambassadors or
other distinguished persons at shoot-
ing parties. His dark brown jacket
seemed to be made by the best Paris
tailor and underneath revealed a
checked shirt of the kind our
sportsmen wear. His breeches, flar-
ing out slightly above his calves,
terminated in a pair of leggings.
There the resemblance ended: in-
stead of boots he wore big black
gloves.

“It was a gorilla, I tell you!”

As is obvious from the above quote
on the style of dress, the apes of the
book are not like those of the movie.
Nor is the hunt. It is an orderly
affair. The gorillas wait, calmly, for
the beaters to drive the prey into the
open; just like a grouse shoot on
Earth.

Levain bolts forward in terror. He
is shot. This gives Merou a chance to
run past the gorilla hunter while he is
reloading, and for a moment the ploy
seems successful... and then Merou
is caught up in nets hidden in the
brush to catch the few lucky sur-
vivors. Like Taylor in the film, the
nets signal the beginning of his cap-
tivity.

But again, a signal difference: the
cages the humans are loaded into are
pulled away by a chimpanzee-driven
tractor. Internal combustion
engines?

Merou is utterly confused, al-
though not so much that he doesn't
notice that Nova has survived as well,
and is caged with him. He spends the
next severa hours observing with a
growing sense of horror his ape
captors. But despite all evidence to
the contrary, he believes that there
are still rational humans somewhere,
men of his own intellectual kind. His
self-respect refuses to let him come
to the obvious conclusions concern-
ing life on Soror.

The next morning his few remain-
ing hopes are dashed. The convoy
enters a city:

“We were driving down a fairly
broad street, flanked with pave-
ments. I anxiously examined the
passers-by: they were apes. I saw a
tradesman, a sort of grocer, who had
just raised the shutters of his shop,
turn around curiously to watch us go
by: he was an ape. I tried to see the
passengers and drivers of the motor
cars flashing past us: they were
dressed in the same way as people
at home and they were apes.”

Then, like Taylor, he is placed in
a larger cage, only in an almost
metropolitan building he later finds
is called the Institute. He speaks
quite plainly to his captors, once
separated from the wild humans who
almost killed him the first time he
tried, but receives only laughter for
a reaction. Of course, they don't
know French, so his words are gibberish
to them. Undaunted, he continues to
try and draw attention to himself.

It is in his first week there that he
is examined by Dr. Zira and Dr.
Zaius. His attempts to demonstrate
his intelligence had backfired much
of the time, but he'd been listening
to the language of the apes and finally
picked up enough to feel confident in
greeting Zaius, directly.

Not good enough. Although Zira is
stunned, the arch-conservative Zaius
concludes after fierce discussion that
the stupid human was just a clever
mimic, as some bird species are. To
add insult to injury Zaius concludes
that Merou's slightly-higher-than-
usual intellect makes him good for
nothing more than a mating study.
He is paired with Nova.

For a month the earthman re-
mains so dejected at his failure that
he stops trying, spending his days in
the dumb show mating dance of the
humans on Soror, or just bemoaning
his fate. But self-disgust at his fall
dominates in the end. He manages to
cox a notebook and pen from Dr.
Zira and tries pictures instead of
words. A drawing of Nova, a solar
system map, the Pythagorean the-
orem.

Faced with undeniable evidence,
Zira accepts Merou as more than an
animal. For two months she secret-
tly tutors him, and since she picks up
his French faster than he learns her
Ape, it is in that language that he
finally learns the structure of the
topsy-turvy world he is a captive in.
(Here the movie/book differences
begin to pile on top of one another at
a frightening rate. It is also a place
where the satirical elements Boule
wants to play with appear clearly.
For example...)
to excel at drawing up directives and handling the other apes. Poor gorillas work in physical jobs that utilize their great strength, or else they hunt. The orangutans are the least numerous and are “Official Science.” Uncreative, unoriginal, unyielding, unperceptive; but with good memories, and thus long-held grudges against those who trammel on their egos. The chimpanzees hate them. As do the gorillas, but the gorillas are willing to exploit them so long as they are useful.

The Chimpanzees, by and large, are very like those in the movie.

There is no army, only a police force, since the planet is at peace under one government. There is electricity and electrical devices, industries, motor cars, airplanes, and the apes have even begun to launch simple experimental satellites.

The apes Merou had to deal with and those Taylor faced were, physically and mentally, and culturally, not the same.

At this point in the story, just after learning all this, comes Merou’s greatest danger—conversely, his greatest chance at freedom as well.

An important biological conference is scheduled soon. Zaius, still convinced that Merou is but a clever animal, plans on presenting a paper on him along with a simple demonstration. Zira and her fiancée, the young archaeologist Cornelius, coach the earthman at length, until he is skilled with the language of Soror. It pays off. After Zaius has finished with his speech to the thousands of apes at the conference, Ulysses Merou begins one of his own. “Illustrious President, it is with the greatest pleasure that I shall open this box; it is with the utmost willingness, too, that I shall perform all the tricks in the program. Before beginning this task however, which is a rather easy one for me, I beg permission to make an announcement that, I swear, will astonish this learned assembly.” Thus it begins. A hurricane of applause fills the auditorium as he finishes a longer speech and collapses, in a dead faint, into a waiting chair.

To those who, like I, read the book after seeing the movie, the section that follows the conference is a total surprise. Merou gains clothes, an apartment, a television, he attends a party. In short, he becomes a world-wide celebrity, in favor with all on Soror except the Zaius-run faction of orangutans that fear him.

Things progress very rapidly now. Professor Antelle, who had been discovered in a zoo cage of wild humans just before the conference, is released and brought to the Institute (which is now under Cornelius’s control, Zaius having being moved elsewhere). However, Antelle has totally degenerated. He does not speak or respond to speech. Antelle the hater and ridiculer of mankind has somehow given up inside to the image he held of humanity’s worth.

Merou begins work at the Institute with the others. He and Zira, despite differences in species and her engagement, feel continually more drawn to one another.

Then everything starts to fall together with the abrupt discovery of a true archaeological find, a ten thousand year-old city. Cornelius and Merou travel there by jet. On the way, the chimpanzee is worried; ten thousand years before, Ape civilization had sprung, full blown, into existence. No prior records existed. What will the city reveal? Much. But the first and most telling discovery is a china doll of a human girl. A doll that talks.

Immediately after the discovery Merou is ordered “home” by a distraught Cornelius, but when he gets there he is struck by a malaria-like illness that keeps him in bed for a fevered and delirious month. He comes out of his sickness strangely altered. He sees himself as God’s messenger, sent to represent and save the human race of Soror from its decline. “The Good Lord does not shoot dice, as a physicist once said. Nothing happens by chance in this cosmos. My voyage to the world of Betelgeuse was decreed by a superior consciousness.”

He doesn’t get his chance, though. Nova has become pregnant, and is being held apart from Merou by the apes, who fear the consequences if the child is normal. Tension mounts—and then Boule pulls his explanation of the beginning of ape civilization from left field. A young chimpanzee genius in the encyclopedic section of the Institute succeeds in electrically stimulating the brain of a savage human woman, bringing an (incredibly!) specific racial memory to the surface. In a trance, she relates the memories and thoughts of certain individual humans from ten thousand years ago, and tells a story: of how servant apes imitated humans and finally a chimpanzee learns to talk, followed by the slow mental attrition of mankind and the dominance of the apes as the humans just—gave up. Just like Antelle.

Through this woman’s mind, Merou and Zira relive man’s last moments with the perceptions of one who was there:

“This is what I feared. I can hear a barbaric din, something like a parody of a military band... Help! It’s they, it’s the apes! They are surrounding us. They are led by enormous gorillas. They have taken our bugles, our drums and uniforms, our weapons too, of course... No, they haven’t any weapons. Oh, what bitter humiliation, the final insult! Their army is upon us and all they are carrying are whips!!”

This shocks Merou to the core. It affects the apes no less deeply, because they now see that the heart of their civilization lies in mere mimicry, not in any divine essence.

The child is born to Nova and is normal. As if by magic the birth seems to have raised Nova’s intelligence several notches.

A break at this point to explain something. The book is a French science fiction satire. This is important. It partially explains the opening sequence and the simplistic reversals that run throughout the book; this kind of thing is a hallmark of French SF, always more concerned with style and trappings than with content. The medium is the message, here.
The translator’s faithfulness to Pierre Boule’s original syntax communicates that ideas about creativity, humanity, and man’s smugness are what the author is really talking about—not any actual story.

At this point he just—leaps. Passing off a rapid explanation, he saves Merou, Nova, and their child by having the sympathetic chimpanzees smuggle them onto an article satellite in place of the actual test humans. (Cornelius’ motives here are interesting—more than anything he is jealous of Merou’s standing with Zira!)

So FLASH and suddenly we are floating out in space, the planet left behind.

Boule totally ignores the inherently exciting possibilities of the substitution, launch, and docking with the original spaceship. They are no longer interesting to him. Having had his say, he wants to speed as quickly as possible to the ending. So it is that we find, after 700 years away, Merou returns to Earth to spread his message, his warning... and is met at Orly’s landing field only by gorillas.

Watering down the ending is the conclusion to the opening scenes. Jinn and Phyllis put down the manuscript they have just read and laugh heartily. Intelligent men? HA! For, you see, they are chimpanzees.

The book is finished. Its avowed purpose is satire, but—unlike its philosophical predecessor GULLIVER’S TRAVELS—it lacks the detailed concepts necessary to put the point across. Trappings instead of content. Certain aspects—The relationship between Merou and Zira, and the various ape theories—come across well, and are richly handled. But in the rest of the book both satire and story suffer from Boule’s inability to hone his concepts to a point of elegance.


Sad to say, there is a major flaw in this book. The writer.

Michael Avallone is known moderately well as a writer of paperback mysteries and a large number of movie and TV novelizations. But it is obvious that he handles his projects much the same way anybody does when he doesn’t give a damn. He hurries. He doesn’t even seem to take the time to read what he has said. This lack of involvement (“it’s an assignment, it’s money”) is precisely the source of all the problems in this book.

Story aside, it is hard to read. Sentences like “Brent buried his fist on the ape’s nose” abound, and a variety of other low crimes against the language are scattered, like corpses, on almost every page. Any student of descriptive writing should note Avallone’s description of the Statue of Liberty, which casually mentions her “stone shoulders and obsidian face.” Not bad; acceptable adjectives in other contexts—but not this one, because the Statue of Liberty is made of copper!

Then there are the just-plain-errors, like those in continuity. Taylor sees recognizable skyscraper spires sticking up out of the sand, spires which would have been completely wiped out by a nuclear war. When the author tells the first movie’s story in flashback he says that both of Taylor’s companions had been stuffed, when only one had. (In a much more aggravating section Avallone describes the death of the fourth member of Taylor’s crew during the long trip between the stars as follows: “Being female, the woman had not survived the flight.” Aaargh! But it isn’t the only sexist element in the book...) Cornelius is called a psychologist instead of an archaeologist. And, the worst error of all, a scene is tacked on at the end that establishes Zira and Cornelius as having been at home when the omega bomb explodes.

As any fan of the series knows, that makes the third film impossible.

Oh well.

In all, a childish style of writing and a dearth of descriptive ability (Nova’s only real physical description is “litte body”) mar an otherwise exciting and visually dynamic story. Indeed, the book’s only saving sequence is the mutant interrogation scene, which flows fairly colorfully because it restricts itself to short visual observations.

Only read it if you feel you really have to.

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES, by Jerry Pournelle. Award books paperback.

One of the more interesting things about the series of adaptations is the variety of writers who were given the assignments. The first went to a well-known but relatively crude fictioneer. But ESCAPE was handed to a person little known outside the boundaries of the science fiction field and represents a definite step up.

The man’s name is Jerry Pournelle, and though his training is in the sciences, in the last few years he has built a moderately successful position for himself in SF, having won both the John W. Campbell Best New Writer award and also serving as president of the Science Fiction Writers of America. His strong points as a writer are in his handling of science and confrontations between a number of people. And he lives in Southern California.

Curiously enough, those last three things equip him marvelously for the job of this adaptation.

It begins with a technically accurate, and impressive, scene in the headquarters of the SAC (Strategic Air Command) as the Ape’s capsule is tracked. For a moment the world trembles on the brink of nuclear incineration. Later, as the apes find themselves in a strange world of men, they are handled with the same basic smoothness and sympathy. They are characters, not just props. The writing is not outstanding; but it tells the story competently and without getting in the reader’s way. And since the action of the book takes place in Mr. Pournelle’s back yard, so to speak, he can throw in a great number of the realistic touches necessary to provide a steady back-
ground for the play of fantasy.

There are flaws, but I can’t determine whether they stem from Mr. Pournelle or the screenplay he was given to work from. Taylor’s ship is said to have had only three astromauts on it when it left Earth. The space agency is called NASA, like in our world, instead of the ANSA of the first two films. And throughout, Zira and Cornelius show far too much knowledge of what went on in New York during BENEATH and, indeed, of the history and origins of their civilization.

Cornelius even knows specific names of the revolutionary apes of centuries past (in his time)—a direct contradiction.

But who to ascribe the blame to? Within these limits, the third book in the series is taut and well-timed.

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, by John Jakes. Award Books Paperback

From Jerry Pournelle to John Jakes is quite a conceptual step. Mr. Pournelle is a technically-oriented man, who makes science real, whereas Jakes is known best for a series of sword & sorcery adventures about Brak the Barbarian. His game is making magic real. But he turns out to be an eminently good choice for the adaptation of CONQUEST, as becomes apparent in the first paragraphs.

This is the best of the adaptations, definitely.

A sample from the first page:

“Under a red-tinted moon, the dark towers of the central city thrust against the sky. Black glass façades caught the moon’s reflection, sectioned it like so many endlessly repeated blank panels.

“Aerial walkways arched gracefully between the cubic towers, empty at this hour. From the buildings, and from intersections along the walkways, ramps led down to the perimeter of a vast mall, a checkerboard of small green pocket parks and paving blocks that reflected the moon from their mica flecks. There was no sound except the tuck-tacking of the boots of a helmeted state security policeman walking along a parapet above the plaza. His rifle barrel glittered, swung over his shoulder, muzzle upward.”

The entire book is as richly delineated as the above, making it incredibly easy to see the unfolding story. Jakes, his skills sharpened by the moody requirements of good S&S, lends particular power to those scenes requiring action or a declamatory style.

And when the revolution comes... *ah* HOLOCAUST!

The apes act as apes really are, for once; fast, strong, agile, potentially fierce. Their revolt is strong throughout, their plight obvious. When they finally overwhelm Ape Control near the end, it is in a mounting swirl of hopelessness as the humans are dragged under and die in a simian riptide.

There are, expectably, small errors of continuity. But they can easily be ignored in as strong a brew as this.

And—a fine thing in an action story—he has a distinct ending. Caesar’s vision clouds us, too, like the smoke from the fires begun in the ape rebellion. It is a vision with none of the peace and calm it would gain by the time of BATTLE. This sentiment blossomed from rage.

“Cries of animal fury filled the plaza. Governor Break’s twitching body finally went limp. The screeching of the frustrated apes grew louder as they searched for new targets for their unleashed resentment. By twos and threes, they broke away from the circle of light where Break’s body turned slowly. They raced toward the growing crowd of human prisoners in the holding area.

“Firelight. Gleaming eyes. The sound of truncheons. And apes screaming their blood mad rage...”

Nice stuff.

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, by David Gerrold. Award Books paperback.

My first question is: why is the cover for BATTLE a still from CONQUEST?

But never mind. Once again we shift authors, this time to David Gerrold. Gerrold, though he has had several novels published (WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE, YESTERDAY’S CHILDREN, THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF) is best known for his TV work, notably the Star Trek episode “The Trouble With Tribbles” which was his first sale. Somehow it seems quite apropos that he be chosen to write this adaptation, because BATTLE, despite theatrical release, had many stylistic similarities to a made-for-TV movie.

The writing here is fast, straightforward, and thin. There is little visual description, which seemed a terrible lack after just finishing Jakes’ CONQUEST. (I probably wouldn’t have noticed if I had read this after either BENEATH or ESCAPE. It is a personal preference, and I will leave it up to the individual reader.)

Largely the characters have the feel of apes in human clothing. Its better points are those arising from the fact that it is based on the original screenplay, not the finished movie, and in the book’s adherence to a cinematic style of story-telling. There is a great deal of movement.

My only wish is that it were less an outline and more a flesh n’ blood Book, the kind that works on more than a straight escapist level.

“The entire book is...richly delineated..., making it incredibly easy to see the unfolding story.”

ESCAPE TO TOMORROW & JOURNEY INTO TERROR, by George Alec Effinger. Award Books paperbacks.

On the desk in front of me are two very attractive paperbacks.

Their covers are simple and striking, with bright (but not garish) colors and eye-catching lettering, all designed to get a single point across to the idle newsstand browser—these books are entertainment. Not message novels thick with Great Human Issues, or fiery exposés of crooked politicians, or anything at all but... fun/

They are, of course, volumes two and three of the Apes TV adaptations by George Alec Effinger, entitled ESCAPE TO TOMORROW and JOURNEY INTO TERROR. Good titles, these, for they roll around very satisfyingly in the mind. Unfortunately the connection of title to book content is tenuous, almost nil, since each book follows the format of presenting two TV episodes (apparently chosen at random) within one cover, ala MAN THE FUGITIVE.

That book, the first adaptation, was reviewed in PotA #7 by John Warner, and much of what he had to say is valid for these latest—and last—of the series.

In criticizing an adaptation form a screenplay or teleplay there is the continual difficulty of wondering who to blame or praise. The TV
writer? The book author? (Or, for that matter, some nameless editor!)

ESCAPE TO TOMORROW offers a clue, because I've seen one of the installments it adapts: "The Surgeon." In this story Virdon is wounded by a gorilla guard's rifle-shot and must be operated on by a Chimpanzee surgeon named Kira who had once been a romantic involvement of Galen's. Like I said, I saw it, and I remember it well.

But reading it was better, because of Effinger's technique of adaptation.

On screen you must rely on the actors and the camera to communicate ideas. If they don't provide enough cues for the audience, the idea vanishes into limbo and dialog becomes wooden, meaningless. Action becomes disconnected and even silly. But in print an author can become omniscient and deal in the stuff of thoughts and motivations in direct sight of the reader. It's a very simple thing. Which is why it's hard to do right.

Effinger does it right, more often than not. He weaves in and out of the dialog of the teleplay, sticking very closely to it, filling in rough spots, straightening out confusions—in other words, making it work on the printed page.

But sticking this close to screen dialog makes for the second minor flaw in these two books, after the dis-associated titles.

You see, the continuity takes a beating. In a weekly TV show a certain amount of change from week to week can actually be beneficial. In STAR TREK, for example, an essentially dramatic series successfully handled such divergent influences as farce and moody horror without tossing characterization out the window. But the screen dialog of the Apes TV series was never given time to firm itself into strong patterns... so that in "The Legacy" (JOURNEY INTO TERROR) Galen is depicted as youthful and immature, easily ordered and led, but later in the same book, in "The Horse Race," he suddenly becomes Galen we are more familiar with; quite proud, given to acting, and easily capable of holding his own with Burke's sarcasms. Burke does a lot of shifting like that, too. Only Virdon seems consistent from episode to episode, which is understandable because of the convenient handle provided the TV writers by his firm connections to the 20th century.

It isn't a problem when all you are doing is watching one episode a week. It's only a problem in a book, where the differences in the way that characters behave (or the fact that the most convenient method for getting them into a situation is to injure them somehow, thus halting the forward travel of the fugitives for a moment) is glaringly apparent.

Books are a different medium, that's all. They have different for success.

Now, George Alec Effinger is a good writer. These three books are smooth and generally well-handled (although JOURNEY's first half he didn't seem to be very involved with).

I mourn for what Effinger might have done with them if he could have taken the reigns of adaptation more firmly in hand, becoming editor as well as writer. He has a real skill for writing taut, well-paced, adventure stories, and we could have been gifted with books lightyears beyond the quality of most movie and TV inspired series.

As is, we have three enjoyable books I definitely recommend, and which Effinger can proudly place with his two published novels (WHAT ENTROPY MEANS TO ME and RELATIVES) and short story collection (MIXED FEELINGS) as testament to his growing skill.

Read and enjoy!!

(A last quibble, with "The Horse Race." Scorpions don't bite, they sting! But perhaps it was a mutant...)
CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES  PART- IV

THE SAVAGE IS KING!

INTERIOR OF THE STATE SECURITY OFFICE:
LATE NIGHT...

BUT I HAVE DONE NOTHING WRONG! YOU'RE TREATING ME LIKE A CRIMINAL! I WILL NOT SUBMIT TO THIS--

BUT YOU WILL, SENOR ARMANDO.

IF, AS YOU SAY, YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SON OF THE TALKING APES, THE AUTHENTICATOR WILL CORROBORATE YOUR INNOCENCE.

STOP HIM--!

KREESH

Script: DOUG MOENCH  Art: ALFREDO ALCALA

AG-134
THE COMMUNICATIONS AND INTELLIGENCE CENTER OF GOVERNOR BRECK'S COMMAND POST: WHERE THE GOVERNOR AND CHIEF AIDE MACDONALD TENSELY MONITOR A TELETYPED REPORT...

I KNEW IT!

THAT CIRCUS OWNER WAS LYING ---!

HE HAD TO BE LYING -- WHICH MEANS THE OFFSPRING OF ZIRA AND CORNELIUS IS STILL ALIVE, AND FULLY MATURED BY NOW.

MR. MACDONALD, SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY THERE IS AN INTELLIGENT APE -- AN APE WHO COULD FULFILL THE FUTURE POSSIBILITY OF ANNIHILATION FOR THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE....

BUT THEY INSIST ARMANDO FELL TO HIS DEATH ACCIDENTALLY, GOVERNOR BRECK.

WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE, MR. MACDONALD, HE KNEW HE'D BEEN EXPOSED---!

HE CHOSE TO DIE -- TO PROTECT A STINKING APE---!
ARRANGE FOR FULL DISTRIBUTION OF THE
ACHILLES LIST IMMEDIATELY.

COPIES TO EACH POLICE PRECINCT—
INCLUDING PERIMETER STATIONS.

DETAILS ARE LEFT TO THE INDIVIDUAL
COMMANDERS, BUT I WANT EVERY
APE ON THAT LIST ROUNDED UP AND
DELIVERED TO THE RECONDITIONING
CENTER—

--- BY ON-
SIX-HUNDRED
TOMORROW MORNING.

YES, MR. GOVERNOR,
ARE THEIR OFFENSES
to BE SPECIFIED?

AS FOLLOWS:
VIOLATION OF
ARTICLE FOUR—
PARAGRAPH NINE
EACH OF THEM IS A
DANGEROUS THREAT TO
STATE SECURITY.
YES, MR. GOVERNOR—
I'LL GET ON IT RIGHT
AWAY. IF THE INTELLIGENT
APE IS ANYWHERE NEAR THIS VICINITY—

-- HE CERTAINLY WON'T BE ABLE TO LEAVE.

DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S WISE TO ACT ON
THIS ACHELLES LIST OF YOURS JUST
BECAUSE SOME--

THE ACHELLES LIST, MR. MACDONALD--
REFERING TO OUR ENEMY'S ACHELLES
HEEL-- MUST BE ACTED ON. IT CONTAINS
THE NAME OF EVERY APE WHO HAS BEEN
REPORTED WITHIN THE LAST YEAR
FOR AN OVERT ACT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

THE CHARGE
AGAINST THEM
IS NONSENSE--!

IT'LL DO FOR MY PURPOSES,
YOU SEE, THEY CONSTITUTE
THE HARD CORE OF
OUR PROBLEM...

...AND I'M GOING TO
BREAK THEM-- ONCE
AND FOR ALL.

YOU WON'T BREAK THEM.
"SIR," YOU'LL ONLY
FURTHER AGRUVATE
THE PROBLEM.

THIS ACTION IS FOLLY,
AND I WISH TO PROTEST
IT IN THE STRONGEST
POSSIBLE TERMS...!
VERY WELL, MR. MCDONALD. YOUR PROTEST HAS BEEN DULY NOTED.

BUT FROM NOW ON, YOU HAVE ONLY ONE ASSIGNMENT...

FIND THAT TALKING APE.

---

...and the man with the ape's face looks directly at the reader.
URG
URMPH
GROO
EEEP

URG
URMPH
CORR

I HAVE
COME.
ALSO.

IT IS
TIME...
TO
BEGIN.
MORNING: LARGE SHOPPING MALL BEGINS ITS FIRST NEW DAY...

DO, FRANK-- DO!

FRANK--! 

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, YOU STUPID--

OHH--!

MR. LEE-- MR. LEE, COME HERE PLEASE--
YES! MAY I ASSIST YOU IN SOME WAY--?

IT'S FRANK HERE...

WE THINK HE NEEDS RECONDITIONING.

PLAP!
GOOD.

GO NOW.
GO.

THERE, THESE ITEMS SHOULD PROVE USEFUL...

HERE YOU ARE, NOT EXACT FORGERIES...

Collect repaired Colt .45
100 rounds of ammo for above.

NOW GO--GO.
GOOD,

VERY GOOD.

VERY GOOD INDEED.

BUT GO NOW.

GO BEFORE YOU'RE DISCOVERED MISSING...

...AND IF ALL GOES WELL, PERHAPS SOMEDAY SOON...

...YOU'LL BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND MORE THAN THE WORD GO.
WELL, JUST KEEP TRYING, DAMMIT!

WHAT'S THIS-- A RED ALERT?

IN A WAY, I SUPPOSE...

YOU SEE, MR. HOSKYN'S APE
MANAGEMENT'S COMPUTER
HAS COUGHED UP AN
INTRIGUING ERROR.

ALL RIGHT, MR. KOLR
INTRIGUE ME.

SHIPMENT FIVE-OH-SEVEN
FOR INDONESIA
EX BORNEO
COMPRISED THREE
ORANGUTANGS AND ONE
CHIMPANZEE.

SO...

SO THERE ARE NO
CHIMPANZEES IN BORNEO.

YES? I CAN'T SEEM TO
GET THROUGH TO
APE MANAGEMENT, SIR.
ALL THEIR PHONES ARE BUSY.

I SAID KEEP TRYING-- IT'S URGENT!!

KLITCH
THE RECEPTION AREA AT APE MANAGEMENT HEADQUARTERS...

SORRY, SIR--THE CONDITIONING CAGES ARE FILLED TO CAPACITY. WE HAVE NO VACANCIES TILL TUESDAY. THANK YOU, SIR.

SORRY, THREE-OH-NINE, OUR CAGES ARE FULL. WE CANNOT ACCOMODATE NEW INTAKE UNTIL AFTER TUESDAY'S AUCTION.

NO, MA'AM, WE'RE NOT BUYING--ONLY SELLING NOW. NO, MA'AM, NOT EVEN IF HE CAN ARRANGE FLOWERS AND PEEL POTATOES... SORRY.

YES, SIR. YES, IT IS UNUSUAL--SEEMS TO HAVE HAPPENED ALL AT ONCE. YES, GOODBYE.

HEAD OFFICE TRANSPORTATION...?

THIS IS BRANCH ELEVEN RECEPTION. PLEASE DIVERT BRAZIL SHIPMENT FIVE-OH-FIVE TO GALVESTON, WHERE THERE ARE VACANCIES FOR ACCOMODATION.

WE HAVE NONE.

YES, THIS IS BRANCH ELEVEN RECEPTION. WHAT CAN I...

OH--YES, SIR!

I...I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS... YOU SIR...

ONE MOMENT PLEASE, SIR--!

IT'S STATE SECURITY--CHIEF INSPECTOR KOLK SOUNDS URGENT...

ALL RIGHT... I'LL TAKE IT...
YES, INSPECTOR... LAST MONTH'S INDONESIAN FILE...?

YES, SIR... NOW LET'S SEE... SHIPMENT FIVE - OH-SEVEN BORNEO...

YES, HERE IT IS...

YES, SIR... THE CHIMPANZEE WAS SOLD TO...

WHY, IT WAS SOLD TO GOVERNOR BRECK, SIR.

GOOD GOD--! THEN WE'VE HAD HIM RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSE ALL THE TIME.

YES, GOVERNOR BRECK... BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING, SIR. I'M QUITE WILLING TO EXECUTE THE APE IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR VERBAL ORDER ALONE, BUT--

THANK YOU, SIR. HOWEVER, WHAT I MEAN IS... SUPPOSING HE CAN TALK...

...BUT WON'T?

YOU'LL HAVE IT IN WRITING, KOLF--DON'T WORRY.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
WHAT THE CHIEF MEANS, SIR, IS THAT THERE'D STILL BE A DOUBT, IF THE APE'S MOUTH STAYS SHUT, THE CASE STAYS OPEN.
WE'D LIKE TO CLOSE THE FILE.

"-- IN THE COMMAND CENTER."

MacDONALD SPEAKING.

OH, YES, SIR...

YOU WHAT--?
YOU WANT ME TO TURN CAESAR OVER TO INSPECTOR KOLP...

AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT HE'S ON YOUR ACHILLES LIST...?

NO, SIR... I'M NOT QUESTIONING YOUR ORDER, BUT--

WELL, UH...

... AS A MATTER OF FACT, I JUST SENT HIM OUT ON AN ERRAND. BUT HE SHOULD BE BACK MOMENTARILY...

YES, SIR-- I'LL DO JUST AS YOU SAY.
COME, CAESAR.
MR. MACDONALD--ARE YOU NEAR A PHONE? COME IN... COME IN AT ONCE.

YES, MR. GOVERNOR.

KOPP AND HOSKYNs ARE ON THEIR WAY DOWN. MR. MACDONALD, IS CAESAR BACK YET?

Uh, not yet, sir. But I'll keep a look out.

Report to me as soon as he's been handed over to them.

Yes, sir.
JUST WISH THERE WERE SOME WAY WE COULD COMMUNICATE... SO YOU'D UNDERSTAND--

I UNDERSTAND, MR. MACDONALD.

YOU--

YES. I AM THE ONE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR...

... THE TALKING APE.

NEXT ISSUE: ARMY OF SLAVES!
BE A LOCKSMITH

Newspaper headlines tell the story.

Pick up a paper any day. Burglary, housebreaking, vandalized homes — no wonder America is locked up tighter than ever before. And there are more homes, more stores and factories, more hotels, more cars, and more people. And that means more keys and locks.

☆ The fast way to success ... independence.
From the start you get practical experience doing real jobs on car locks, home locks, padlocks, and safes. Within six months you can be on the road to complete independence of bosses, low wages, layoffs, small retirement income.

Don't you owe it to yourself to get the facts today? The card below won't even cost you postage. No salesman will call. You and you alone can make your decision based on the straight-forward facts you will receive.

☆ Earn as much as $10 an hour — or more.
Today a trained locksmith can just about write his own ticket. Earn as much as he wants to work. Earn in his spare time, in a business of his own, or in a highly-paid position with someone else. Earn in almost any part of the country he wishes to live.

☆ Learn at home — earn as you learn.
Let Locksmithing Institute show you absolutely free how you can qualify for this exciting, action field. The information card below will bring you full details about the fast, easy course that trains you by "doing" for this highly-paid profession. See how you can learn at home, in your spare time, even while you hold down your present job. See how the key-making machine and complete set of tools included with the course can put you in business earning money right while you are learning.

LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE
TECHNICAL HOME STUDY SCHOOLS, Little Falls, New Jersey 07424
LICENSED BY STATE OF NEW JERSEY, ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL. STATE APPROVED DIPLOMA. APPROVED FOR VETERANS TRAINING.

HURRY! MAIL THIS POSTAGE-FREE CARD!

YES, send me free information on opportunities in Locksmithing

Mail me sample lesson pages, details of the critical need for locksmiths.
I understand there is no obligation on my part and no salesman will call upon me. Dept. 1186-036

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ________________________________ State __________ Zip __________

☐ Check here if eligible for Veteran's Benefits.

For Postal Service Only: This postage-paid reply card is acceptable for mailing in the United States.

+ POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE
DIV. OF TECHNICAL HOME STUDY SCHOOLS
Little Falls, New Jersey 07424

SOLVE THESE PROBLEMS FOREVER: WAGE FREEZE! AUTOMATION! INFLATION! RECESSION! LOW WAGES! EXTRA MONEY! TOO OLD! RETIREMENT INCOME!
The secret of teaching yourself music

It's just organized common sense, says this 75-year-old home-study school. Their step-by-step word-and-picture instructions take the mystery out of learning to play the piano, the guitar, or the spinet organ.

It may seem odd at first—the idea of teaching yourself music. You might think you need a private teacher at $4 to $10 an hour to stand beside you and explain everything you should do—and tell you when you've made a mistake.

But surprising as it seems, you need no such thing. Thousands of people have taught themselves to play with the lessons we give by mail. And you can too.

The secret lies in the step-by-step way our lessons teach you. Starting from scratch, they show you with simple words and pictures exactly what to do. You learn to play correctly—by note, from sheet music. Without gimmicks.

But how do you know you're doing it right? Easy. A lot of the tunes you'll practice first are simple songs you've heard before. And since you already know how they're supposed to sound, you can tell right away when you've 'got them right.'

By the time you go on to more advanced pieces, you'll be able to tell if your notes and timing are right, even without ever having heard the songs before. Sooner than you might think possible, you'll be able to play different kinds of music: ballads, old favorites, show tunes, or hymns.

Convenient and Economical
You learn in your spare time, in the privacy and convenience of your own home. There's no one standing over you to make you nervous. And because you teach yourself, you set your own pace.

And you'll be delighted to discover how economical it is. The cost comes to less than you'd have to pay for a private teacher.

There Are So Many Rewards
How effective are the lessons? Ask Mrs. Norman Johnson, one of our recent graduates. "My daughter," writes Mrs. Johnson, "has taken lessons for 8 years from a private teacher, and now she asks me questions about some of her lessons. How very proud I feel when she says to friends, 'You just have to hear my Mom play!'"

Others also enjoy her playing. Mrs. Johnson 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."

Mail Coupon Today
If you'd like to learn more about this convenient, pleasant way to teach yourself music, send for our free booklet "Be Your Own Music Teacher." With it, we'll include a free "Note-Finder."

There's no obligation. Just mail the coupon today to U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.
A Home Study School Since 1898.