WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES

MAN VS GORILLA IN A WORLD GONE MAD!

ALL NEW THRILLS!

PLUS: FUTURE HISTORY CHRONICLES!
PLANET OF THE APES

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STAN LEE presents

ARCHIE GOODWIN
Editor-in-Chief

JOHN WARNER
Editor

RALPH MACCHIO
Assistant Editor

BARBARA ALTMAN
Design

DAN ADKINS
Art Consultant

LEN GROW
Production

NORA MACLIN
MICHELE BRAND & HOWARD BENDER
Staff & Such

ROY THOMAS
Editor Emeritus

BOB LARKIN
Cover

BATTLE FOR THE
PLANET OF THE APES
PART II: "THE
DOOMSDAY SPAWN"
By Doug Moench &
Alfredo Alcala
Page 3

"REFLECTIONS IN AN
IMPERFECT MIRROR!"
A Startling new perspective
on Man and Ape.
By Samuel Maronie
Page 25

FUTURE HISTORY
CHRONICLES PART IV:
"THE SHADOWS OF
HAUNTED
CATHEDRALUS!"
A ghostly city-ship spreading
a world-devouring plague!
Page 29
THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

A VIEW FROM ABOVE, AS NIGHT DISSOLVES TO DAWN...

THE RIDGE SPLITS THE LAND, DIVIDING IT INTO SEPARATE DOMAINS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. TO ONE SIDE, THE EARTH IS MANTLED IN LUSH TEXTURES OF GREEN, WHERE RICH SWARMS OF SWAYING GRASS, APPLE TO HUNGRY KNEES, CREEPS OF SNARLED TREES, AND WHERE AN ARBOREAL CITY OF TREEHOUSES AWAIT THE COMING OF DAY...

BUT ON THE HARSH SIDE OF THE RIDGE, THE EARTH IS BARE AND BARREN, WHERE ALL LIFE HAS BEEN SCRABBED FROM THE SCORCHED PLAIN... AND WHERE DESOLATION EXTENDS UNBROKEN TO THE HORIZON...

ON THE CREST OF THE RIDGE, FINDING THE LAND OF THE LIVING FROM THE LAND OF THE DEAD. THERE IS AN OUTPOST, STAFFED BY A CONTINGENT OF GORILLA SOLDIERS, IT IS THEIR DUTY TO GUARD THE TREEHOUSE CITY FROM ATTACK... BUT AS SENTINELS THEY HAVE GROWN INDULGENT AND COMPLACENT... FOR WHO WOULD FEAR ATTACK FROM DEATH?

THIS THEY DO NOT NOTICE THE THREAT, SMALL FORMS WHO NOW DEPART FROM THE DOMAIN OF LIFE... AND SLOWLY PICK THEIR WAY DOWN TOWARD THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

THE DOOMSDAY SPAWN

Adaptation by Doug Moench  Art by Alfredo Alcala
IT IS A SMALL EXPEDITION
BUT NONETHELESS A
COMPLETE AND IMPOSSIBLE ONE. THESE THREE ARE
THE FIRST TO ATTEMPT A
CROSSING OF THE PLAIN
SINCE THE WHITE HEAT
AND THE CATASTROPHIC DESTRUCTION BLASTED
ALL LIFE FROM ITS FACE.

THEIR INDIVIDUAL MOTIVATIONS,
PERHAPS ARE DIFFERENT.. BUT
EACH HOLDS HIS
MOTIVATION WITHIN HIS SOUL.

CAESAR, WHY MUST
YOU GO TO THE HUMAN
CITY?? IT IS DEAD! WE
LEST IT TO COME HERE
--TO FIND LIFE AND
PEACE AND SAFETY!
AND WE HAVE
FOUND IT!

WHY CAN'T
YOU LET IT BE
CAESAR??

BECAUSE OUR
PEACE AND OUR
SAFETY MAY BE
THREATENED, LISA! I
CANNOT
LET THAT BE...
IF THERE IS ANY
WAY TO STOP
IT?

THUS CAESAR LEADS THIS
OMINOUS TREK INTO THE
UNKNOWN. THINKING OF HIS
LISA...

...THINKING OF LISA...

AND THE LOSS OF BOTH.

AND THEN THERE
IS MACDONALD, THE
HUMAN,
THE MAN WHO HAS
SEEN HIS ONCE
MIGHTY
CIVILIZATION
EXPLODE AND
CRUMBLE INTO
BITTER SHARDS
OF RUIN.

DOES HE NOW
RETURN TO
THOSE RUINS TO
ASSURE THAT
THE REMAIN
DEAD... OR IN
THE HOPES OF
RESTORING
THE CIVILIZATION
WHICH COMMITTED
SUICIDE?

BETTER BE CAREFUL,
MACDONALD! IT MUST BE
MERE IN THAT CITY... EVEN
WITHOUT THE
RADIATION...

MAYBE IT IS HELL,
ED, AND MAYBE I'M
PLAYING THE SERPENT
IN PARADISE... BUT
WE'RE ALWAYS
BEGINNING AGAIN...

CAESAR MAY FEEL
AS AN APE FEELS--
BUT HE THINKS LIKE
A MAN! I'M GOING
TO TAKE HIM BACK
TO THE CITY... AND
GIVE HIM MAN'S
KNOWLEDGE...

BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE!
AND THE THIRD, WORSE— THE YOUNG CRANGULTAN
WHOSE INTELLIGENCE IS OFTEN OVERRULED BY SHARP
EMOTION, DOES HE SHARE CAESAR’S
MOTIVATIONS... OR MACDONALD’S....

THE TEACHER WAS WRONG! HE
ACTED LIKE A MASTER IN THE
OLD DAYS... AND DID WHAT IS
NOW FORBIDDEN...

HE TOLD ALDO! “NO!”

AND THE LAST
MEMBERS OF THE
EXPEDITION, SILENT,
WITHOUT
MOTIVATION...
PAWNS TO BE USED
OR ABUSED IN
THE GAME OF FATE...

I’VE WATCHED THESE
THINGS SIT AND GATHER
DUST SINCE WE BROUGHT
THEM OUT FROM THE
RUNS OF THE HUMAN
CITY! AND THROUGH ALL
THOSE YEARS, I HAVE
DREADED THE ARRIVAL
OF THIS MOMENT...

...WHEN AT LAST
I WOULD BE CALLED
UPON TO Wipe THE
DUST FROM THEM AND
TO ISSUE THEM
FOR USE!

IN SILENCE, AND EACH
IN PRIVATE
THOUGHT THEY
RIDE THE DESOLATION
TO WATCH THE
LAND GROW EVEN
MORE WITHERED
WITH EACH PASSING
MOMENT...

...UNTIL THEY ENTER
TWILIGHT...

...AND BEGIN TO MOUNT
A COLLAPSED SUMMIT
OF RUBBLE...
...FOR A VIEW OF STARK PANORAMIC NIGHTMARES!

There it is...

How could it... Have come to... This?

All the nations or men went on preparing for a war they never expected to happen...

...AND THE VERY PLANNING FOR THAT IMPOSSIBLE WAR BECAME...

AN ICHOR!

Yes... And when the Age Revolution started... in Mosh and the Unknown Men scrambled that too...
I'LL SAY HE SCRATCHED...
RIGHT DOWN TO THE BONE!

THE APPROACH IS A GLOW ONE, WITH CAREFUL STRIDES MEASURED IN AWE...

AND AS THEY ENTER THE LURID EMBARRASSEMENTS OF THE RADIATION SHROUD -- A SICKLE-GREEN GLOW ENVOLVING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF DESTRUCTION -- EVEN THEIR VOICES SHOW ANXIETY AND FALL TO HARDER WHISPERS.

THE WHOLE CITY... MELTED... FUSED TOGETHER INTO A SINGLE MASS OF WASTE...

AND IT MUST BE THE SAME ALL OVER THE WORLD: LONDON, ROME, RIO, MOSCOW... ALL REDUCED TO BLAGHEAPS...

AND ALL OF IT CAUSED BY HUMANS, MACDONALD...

I WONDER WHAT AIDS WILL LEARN FROM IT?

CRAWLED BUILDINGS FLOWING INTO THE PETRIFIED DOZE OF OTHER BUILDINGS ROOTED IN THE MIRE OF SOLID CONCRETE, FLASH-SEARED IN A SINGLE BLINDING MOMENT OF NUCLEAR DOOM NOW SWEEPED BY SWIRLING DUST, PALE-GREEN AND INCANDESCENT GLOWING AS THEY SHIMMER AND LAUGHING AS THEY GLOW... HAUNTING THE PEARL NOW BURIED IN MOLTEN ORKIES AND SUBWAYS AND CARS AND STREETS.

EVERYWHERE IT IS THE SAME... BUT MORE IN A DOOMSFAY Vision HATCHED SOMEWHERE NEAR THE END.
A COLD INFERNO SEETHING WITH THE EDGES AND SWIRLS ALL GHASTLY GREEN. LIGHT SNOWFLAKES RIPPED FROM THE GUTS OF A BLASTED BOMB BIGGER THAN NEVER AND BLACKER THAN THE CHAMBERS OF ETERNITY, WELCeming ALL AT ONCE WITH A SLY GRIN PAINTED WET RED.

MacDonald looks it. He wants to run, or get sick, but instead he says:

"THIS...IS THE HELL THEY USED TO PREACH ABOUT... WARNED US ABOUT... AND THEY CREATED IT THEMSELVES..."

"THEY... WERE ALL... INSANE..."

AND WE'RE JUST AS INSANE FOR COMING HERE...

THIS BACKGROUND RADIATION ALONE WILL SUBJECT US TO THREE-HUNDRED ROENTGENS AN HOUR!

"WHICH MEANS...?"

COMING THEN? WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME...?"

THAT IF WE'RE NOT OUT OF HERE WITHIN TWO HOURS, WE MIGHT AS WELL STAY FOREVER!"
They move forward again, through more of the same, MacDonald in the lead, pausing now and then in the midst of the nightmare to set his bearings.

To chart his plot through hell based on memories of his false paradise...

I told you Breck's command post would be intact... it was designed to withstand a blast of ten megatons.

The command post: a steel door...

With a scorched combination lock separating it from the civilian hell.

Forgotten how many times I've dialed this combination... when the city was alive, at least...

And existing on our labor!

They paid for it, Caesar -- they all paid!
...and as they do so...

MacDonald....wait a minute...

What's this thing?

An electric eye device...

They enter...

Must've stopped functioning years ago!

Yes...I suppose it must have...

This is Breck.

He once governed a city. He now governs a slag heap and his face the scars of the change.

She was once beautiful, now she is Breck's communications officer. There is a big difference.

This is Alma.

And this is Mendez.

He once had ears hair and thought for himself while boldly facing the mirror. Now he is Breck's chief lieutenant. The genealogical taint which will affect the entire family line begins here.
A light flashes in front of Alma. She speaks...

BRECK... SOMEONE...

YES... I NOTICED!

BUT STRANGERS... IN OUR CITY... NOW...

NO... ONLY OUR PEOPLE...

IMPOSSIBLE! THERE IS NO ONE ELSE!

IMPOSSIBLE OR NOT... SOMEONE BREACHED THE ELECTRIC EYE WARNING SIGNAL AT ENTRY POINT AG!

WE'VE NEVER EVEN USED THAT ENTRY! I'M SURPRISED THE WARNING SIGNAL IS STILL OPERATIONAL...

GUNS TO KILL!

FOOD TO EAT!

GUNS TO KILL!

MENDEZ, QUICK! ALMA'S RIGHT—ACTIVATE THE MONITOR SCREENS!

FOOD TO EAT!

30 Caliber Airmalite
NO, MENDEZ—
CHANGE IT!
TRY SECTION 8-4...

NO!

NO.
MENDEZ!

WAIT—!

YES—
THERE, MENDEZ,
THERE!
LOCK IT—
AND GET ME A
CLOSER IMAGE!

MY GOD,
NO—!

IT CAN'T BE!
NOT NOW—!
NOT...

GEIGER COUNTER SHOWS
IT'S CLEANER IN HERE...

STILL DEADLY
AS HELL... BUT
BETTER!

...THEM!
THEN... COULD ANYTHING... LIVE DOWN HERE...?

YOU MEAN ALL THE TIME--?

I DON'T KNOW, VIRGIL...

...BUT I'D HATE TO SEE ANYTHING THAT DID...

THE ONE WHO LED THE REVOLT...

YES, THE APE WHO DESTROYED OUR WORLD-- AND HIS HUMAN HENCHMAN...

IT'S THE APE...

BUT HOW COULD THEY HAVE SURVIVED--?

THEY WEREN'T WITH US HERE INSIDE...

I TOLD YOU WE HAD TO PREPARE FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

YOU SEE...?

THERE MUST BE MORE OF THEM! HOW MANY...?

WHO KNOWS?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THESE... AND FIND OUT FROM THEM...
IT'S SUICIDAL TO GO ON! LOOK AT THAT—AND IT'S PROBABLY WORSE UP AHEAD. EVEN IF WE SQUEEZE THROUGH THIS CAVE—IN...

WE DIDN'T COME THIS FAR JUST TO TURN BACK! MACDONALD!

COME ON!

FOR A MOMENT, I WAS AFRAID I WOULDN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THAT...

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF GOING BACK...

SHHWWUMPP
NOTHING TO DO BUT GO FORWARD!
I THINK I CAN FIND IT FROM HERE...

AND IF YOU CAN'T, MACDONALD?

THEN WE END UP LIKE THAT, CAESAR... WITH NO ONE TO MOURN US... AND NO ONE THE WISER.

THEY PASS STALAGMITES AND STALACTITES NOW, AS MAN-MADE COMPLEX INCREASINGLY SURRENDERS ITS BEAUTY TO THE SLOW FORMATION OF NATURE...

ARE WE NEARING IT YET, MACDONALD?
I CAN HARDLY TELL... BUT I THINK SO...

YES... HERE IT IS...

BUT...

... IT'S CRUSTED WITH MINERAL DEPOSITS, FUSED SHUT TO THE WALL...

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE...

... SO WE MAY AS WELL GET STARTED.

CONTROL CENTRAL ARCHIVES SECTION
FOOD TO EAT!
GUNS TO KILL!
ALL SECURITY FORCES RED ALERT!

REPEAT: RED ALERT!!
PATROL ALL SECTIONS IN AREAS M-5 AND A-2 AND B.
APPREHEND THE CREATURES YOU WILL FIND THERE!
BUT TAKE CAUTION!

THEY ARE NOT OF US! REPEAT: CAUTION...

THEY ARE NOT OF US!
NOT OF US!

THEY ARE NOT OF US!
NOT OF US!

ROLL CENTRAL MACHINE SECTION

KASH
SKA BASH!!
THAT'S HARD WORK! WHY DON'T WE TAKE A LITTLE --

LOOK...

THAT'S BEEN THERE FOR YEARS, VIRGIL! BRECK HAD ALL THE CORPORS EQUIPPED WITH CAMERAS LIKE THAT...

TO FORESTALL ANY CONSPIRACIES AS I REMEMBER?

NO... IT MOVED...

YOU'RE... SURE...?

WATCH IT... WATCH IT CAREFULLY...

WELL, THAT SETTLIES IT. VIRGIL! EVEN IF THEY WEREN'T MONITORING US, WHOEVER-OR WHATEVER-- IS DOWN HERE... NOW KNOWS WE'RE HERE TOO!

I'M... SORRY! I THOUGHT...

BRAK
AK
AK
AK
NEVER MIND, VIRGIL!
LET'S JUST GET THIS DONE!

SKATCH!

WELL, THAT DOES IT... BUT THE LOCK DIAL IS STUCK... WOHN'T BUDGE A HAIR...

THEN HOW CAN WE...?

THE SAME WAY YOU TOOK OUT THE CAMERA, VIRGIL.

WAMP!

AK AK
That's in A-B... but what's there? Perhaps they're just wandering...

No? Then cut through it! Go around it.

But get in there, damn it!

The corridor is collapsed? Is it an old cave-in?

No--! They're not wandering...

Look where the light is on the superimposed map.

You're right--they do know where they're going...

Breck--come here! We just lost a monitor in A-B. Forty-one.

I'm not interested in equipment failures now--

It was no failure! She's right. Breck! We think it was destroyed.

Destroyed... R-B forty-one. You say?

That's the archives...

What are they after?

What's worth such a risk--?
PROCEEDINGS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION ON ALIEN VISITORS 1973

YES -- THAT'S GON'T TO BE IT?

COME ON, CAESAR -- YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER IN LIVING COLOR...

...BUT I WARN YOU... THE WAY THAT COMMISSION GRILLED THEM, IT Won'T BE A PRETTY SIGHT!

IT WASN'T OUR WAR! IT WAS THE GORILLA'S WAR! CHIMPANZEE ARE FASHY... PACHYSTES! WE STAYED BEHIND! WE NEVER SAW THE ENEMY!

BUT WHICH SIDE WON?

NEITHER!

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW IF YOU WERENT THERE?
When we were in space... we saw a bright white, blinding light! We saw the rim of Earth melt! Then there was... a tornado in the sky!

Then... no wonder all mankind wanted me dead! In thirty-nine, fifty-five. Apes will cause the end of Earth...

Not Apes, Caesar! Gorillas will cause the end of Earth...

But that's only one future!

Some scientists believed that there is no single future. That time has many tracks, many possibilities...

And that it might be possible to alter the future by altering events in our present!

But how do you know we're not chained to that future--the one Cornelius and Zira escaped from?

I don't know! I just hope! Because if the astronaut Taylor does come from our past and enter the same future and culture, Cornelius and Zira escaped from... then the world will end in that year!

Yes! That's what I believe!

And you believe Aldo's gorillas are building that future right now?

We must! All right! If history can be changed, then we'll change it!
But... How can you change something when you don't even know what has to be changed?

— There came an ape called Aldo, who didn't bark he articulated. He spoke a word which had been spoken to him time without number by humans. He said: 'No!'

I think, Virgil, that I do know what to change!

Come on, Macdonald! I've seen enough now...

Besides, I think it's time to find a way out of here before our two hours elapse...

Area fourteen security... Have you got them in view yet...

No, sir! We're at the junction of corridors eleven-m and forty-four-w! Subjects will have to pass us...
WELL, STOP THEM WHEN THEY DO! DO YOU HEAR ME--?!!
I WANT THEM BROUGHT TO ME AT ONCE!!

WAIT A MINUTE...

DO YOU SWELL IT TOO, VIRGIL??
YES... BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME...

Human... but not like Macdonald...

C'MON!! Whatever's holding you two up, we can't afford it!!

WAIT... Macdonald...!!

WHAT'S WRONG? We HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE...

WAIT FOR WHAT--?
FOR THE NEW OWNERS OF THOSE MONITOR CAMERAS--

--TO POUNCE ON US LIKE HELPLESS ANGEL--?

NO THANKS! I'D RATHER GET OUT OF HERE WHILE WE STILL CAN!!

Fat... chance.

NEXT ISSUE: A TASTE OF MUTANT HATE
A rather powerful phrase, isn't it? Twentieth Century Fox Studios has reaped the proverbial gold mine from its inherent implications, as have the minions up at Mighty Marvel. At first glance, when viewed in a mildly cynical light, that forceful pronouncement may appear to be nothing more than advertising hype. However, if taken in another situational context, it perhaps offers a uniquely incisive explanation that could account for the enormous popularity and remarkable durability of those Pierre Bouille-spawned creations. Apes who live as men; complete with bizarre cities, clothing, customs, not to mention a liberal share of men's follies and faults as well. All of these aspects have thoroughly captured the imagination of those who count among their virtues, an appreciation of fantasy concepts that, when handled right, have more to offer than mindless pablum.

To those even casually familiar with science-fiction, the idea of animals as masters with humans as their slave/pets is scarcely original.
This theme has been explored dozens of times in various media, with varying degrees of success. Still, the five PLANET OF THE APES films, along with the subsequently inevitable book and video presentations, have provided acuver observers with the most visually explosive treatment of the ape-as-men theme. And all through the endless retelling and reshaping that occurs in different approaches, the underlying, though not understated, theme remains intact. The more learned followers of the Apes-series, delight in drawing parallels between the Simian Culture and that of present-day Man; observing that there is marginally little difference in the conduct of either Man or beast, and further, that aside from the apparent physical differences, they appear one and the same.

It is quite easy to become so enamored with the unusual happenings on the world where apes rule, that the sometime-spectator will have a tendency to overlook the role humans play in this anthropoid society. There, depending on the Ape-dominated era one happens to look in on, Man will be seen in various stages of degeneracy, ranging from mindless brute to barely tolerated third-rate citizen. His main function on this "brave, new world" seems to consist of playing fox (without that much malignated creature's native shyness, I might add) to the gorilla's role of horse-riding hunter, or as a substitute for the laboratory guinea pig in hideous "scientific" experiments. The spectacle of "apes on parade" may strike that strange chord which resides in all of us and reverberates to the impression of awe and wonder, but don't lose sight of what lay beyond all those fascinating reversals of role. Let's take a reflective journey through the world of "Apes", and this time, avoid the gliter and see what it's really all about.

In the first movie, PLANET OF THE APES, we are introduced to astronaut Taylor, who spends a good portion of time philosophizing about the nature of ape and his place in the universe. Upon his capture by warrior gorillas, after a crash landing on Earth, Taylor observes, first-hand, the decay which has come to his species. He, in fact, is the very embodiment of a statistic himself, and probably would have, had it not been for the concern shown him by Dr. Zira, who affectionately dubbed him "Bright-Eyes". Taylor's comrades on his interstellar mission are not nearly so fortunate as he is, and one is later found expertly stuffed and mounted in a museum, while the other becomes a subject for brain experimentation. Taylor's lot is somewhat more fortunate, for through his eyes we are able to see most dramatically, how low Man has sunk from his former position. Humans are never really regarded as a serious threat to simian dominance, unless their frequent raids on ape food storehouses can be considered such. And even those simians of a less acrimonious nature than the gorillas, such as the intelligent chimpanzee, see Man largely in terms of a two-legged pet to be muzzled, and lied about on a to sweep the evidence of Taylor's human intelligence under the "national security" blanket, but he is well aware that Man once ruled this planet of apes, and he sees the disturbing survivor of that period as the carrier of the evil and destructive tendencies which destroyed Man's civilization. Whether Zira's carefully worked out cover-up of the true background of both apes and men is a self-serving delusion or a skillfully wrought plan for avoiding sudden culture shock, must be determined on an individual level. Perhaps a greater understanding of the depth of this dichotomy will be apparent with a reading of the Sacred Scroll, number 23, 9th verse:

Beware the beast Man,
For he is the Devil's Pawn
Alone among God's primates he

when Taylor ultimately discovers the remains of the Statue of Liberty, the knowledge of where he is and what has happened crystallizes in his mind. Man, after centuries of striving, had succeeded in destroying himself, lending ample credence to Dr. Zira's observations about the devil in the hands of apes.

To learn how Man was placed in this deplorable condition, we have to peer backward in time, and through the marvel of four film sequels to the original "Apes" film, the whole story can be told—and it isn't a pleasant one. Man was not backed into a corner by some outside agency which forced his overthrow. The end was long in coming, but the handwriting was on the wall early. In BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, the regard for humans is growing steadily worse, if possible. There is a concentrated effort to exterminate the vermin-like humans led by the bloodthirsty General Ursus and his cohorts. Ursus views the humans with typically gorilla contempt, as parasites which consume the food and resources of the expanding simian population. Concurrently, the chimpanzees also extend their condescending sympathies for down-trodden mankind and they even organize a secret protest against the savage treatment accorded men. But the simian ego is soon in for a major deflation, as a hidden nest of radiation-altered mutants, survivors of the atomic blast which put the apes in control, (and just how parenthetically, was to be revealed in a later movie, Weird!) and who get their jollies tormenting both Man and beast—or is it apes and beast? The entire issue becomes rather academic when the Doomsday Missile, coincidentally the handiwork of Man before the "Fall", vaporizes everything and everyone into cosmic dust. At least until the following film.

The third installment entitled ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES presents us with a new twist on this idea. Now the apes, in the form of the escaping Zira and Cornelius, come under the reverse scrutiny of the ruling inhabitants of the world to which they have time-travelled back to. That world is Earth, circa the early 1970's. Concurrently, the ruling species is Man. The interaction to the two newcomers is mixed, to say
brutal assassination of the two travellers from the future, but not before a fateful little bundle of joy is left behind in an auspicious location. The actions of Man, ignorant selfish Man have opened the floodgates of the future. If ever the phrase "History repeats itself" had poignant validity, it was here.

In CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, Man has progressed further down the ruinous road of arrogant dominance. Set in the 1990's, North America has become a "Big Brother" style superstate, a la George Orwell, and run by a ruthless dictator. The citizenry is cool, unemotional, and are all attended by trained apes who toil as servants. A plague from outer space has destroyed all dogs, cats, and other animals associated with the title of human "pets", and society has turned to the simian species. However, with a rather predictable twist, Man uses the apes, not for companionship, but as an exploitable resource. It is a dismal world in both ethics and physical appearance, with movie technicians deliberately washing out the color filming process to achieve a drab, cheerless mood. The architecture is comprised of stark glass and steel towers reflective of a hardened, soulless population of humans. The offspring of slaughtered Zira and Cornelius have grown to adulthood and is discovered by the evil Governor Breck, who sets his formidable security force to hunt the fugitive down. In yet another warped parallel, Breck, assaying the role of Dr. Zaius, fears the consequences of Caesar's continued survival in accordance with the previously stated prophecy. It's interesting to speculate upon the importance knowledge freely distributed or withheld from the masses plays in the ultimate working out of this eons long, overlapping drama.

The charismatic Caesar, learning of the plans to thwart his destiny, succeeds in arousing the aspirations of the enslaved anthropoids into an armed revolt, which eventually gains for him the ravaged city, and soon, the entire planet as well. Breck's soldiers are likened to the Nazi soldiers of Hitler's regime in both garb and manner, with the resulting audience attitude of sympathy for the apes and contempt for mankind. And with a further gesture eliciting our approbation, Caesar spares the life of autocrat Breck, regarding needless killing as abhorrent, and uses the opportunity to proclaim the dawning of a new day for his new-found brothers.

In the fifth and final visual scenario, BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, Man is not seen in any more favorable light, than he has previously, but now it is the apes themselves who lose some of their pristine innocence. Although Caesar treats humanity fairly, a large faction of the ever brutish gorillas take delight in tormenting downtrodden mankind, and would like nothing better than to totally wipe every last "animal scum" from the face of the planet. Eventually, the gorillas wrest Caesar's political authority in a coup, and place the humans in concentration camps. Fortunately, the benign Caesar again regains his rightful position and works toward a better understanding of the proper relationship between Man and Ape. Eventually, an offshoot of Man appears, the fore-runners of the dreaded mutants who appeared in BATTLE, and engage the Ape Militia in a ferocious war, with neither faction claiming total victory; and the once beautiful village of the apes is reduced to a heap of flaming rubble.

And so, Man, whose common ancestry with the anthropoids propelled him towards the goal of absolute mastery of all he surveyed had fallen, wrenched from the heady position of prominence by those whose common lot of ignorance he used as a lever to extract a burden of labor that had served to inspire revolt in the past, though never on such a world-girdling scale. Man receives more than a smattering of his own ugliness in the form of human dissection and torture, but such ill treatment is small recompense for the total degradation heaped upon his simian cousins. To return to our original premise, men and apes are both beasts beneath the skin, and it is apparently an entertaining and remunerative venture to expose the underside of human nature while spinning the senses with the marvel of cinematic expression. Conceptually, "Planet of the Apes" is all about men donning masks to play monkeys for fun and profit, while in reality, stripping the pretense and the mask of human behavior, showing our all too frightening similarity under the hairy or hairless skin.
THE HULL OF A SHIP, STARKOR—A MYSTERIOUS SHIP...
A SHIP WHICH IS EITHER DYING... DEAD... OR WAITING FOR US.

AYE, ALARIC—BUT AGAINST WHAT MUST WE BRACE—?

THE NAME IS GRAVMALKHYN, HUMAN—I'D THOUGHT YOU WOULD HAVE LEARNED IT BY NOW.

AS FOR THIS SHIP, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THE THING—OTHER THAN FEAR AND DREAD.

IF YOU ASK ME, ALARIC, YOU'RE RIGHT ON ALL THREE COUNTS...
WE'RE DYING... THE SHIP'S DEAD... AND ITS GHOSTS ARE WAITING FOR US.

IF GHOSTS THERE ARE, LURKING AMONG ITS MISTY ROTTED TIMBERS.

WHAT SAY YOU, APE?

-- THEY'LL SOON FLEE AT FIRST SIGHT OF YOUR FEARLESS ASPECT.
WHY YOU DIRTY... HAVE A CARE, LADS—ONE SHIP NOW AND YOU'LL SNAP YOUR SPINE ON THE OARS OF THIS HULK... OR CRUSH YOUR SKULL ON THE BOTTOM OF OUR OWN LONGBOAT BELOW.

QUIET, STARKOR—WE'RE NEAR THE RAIL.

UP AND OVER WE GO HOW TO HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT WE SHALL—

GODS, ALARIC—I LIKE IT NOT!!!

LETS LEAVE THE PLACE—GO BACK TO THE FREEDOM REAPER.

BUT THE FREEDOM REAPER OFFERS NO RETURN... NO COMFORTING SOFTNESS... FOR IT THIS MAMMOTH SHIP GLOWING BLUE AND SHIVERING SEEMS TO LIVE AND TO INSPIRE CHILLING FEAR...

... THEN THE FREEDOM REAPER ALSO SEEMS ALONE BUT SHAMEFULLY SMALL...
It cuts upward, piercing the star-flecked sky, a structure straining to reach the sky, to reach the heavens themselves, to enter the vale beyond life and death...

A... what?

It... it's a cathedral...!

A place of silence, stark...

A place of worship...

But what is the object of worship in this eerie, bizarre place...?

(Mystery? Danger? The unknown?)

Or the forces of... living death...?

Story by Doug Moench  Art by Tom Sutton
Look... the main structure is surrounded by a complex of smaller buildings... almost like one of the city ships...

And yet, I see no independence here. All of the smaller dwellings seem to feed the main... into the cathedral...

Doubtless they are monasteries, Alaric... such as those found on the mainland... prior to the great death of which Grimstark spoke...

I neither know what monasteries are nor do I care.

All that concerns me is whether this hellish ship is haunted or not...

Haunted... by what? The unknown... or the dead spirit of ancient worship...?

Well, Alaric... what say you? Do we enter or not...?

Enter the unknown... or flee? But flee to what... the freedom reaver? No... not there...

Alaric... what's wrong with you, man? Has the devil taken your mind?

(Not to the arms of dead love... and newborn hate...)

Hate spawned less than an hour past aboard the freedom reaver...

Therefore I insist on boarding the ship with you.

I said no, Reena... and I meant no!

You are my wife and a crew member of this ship. As your husband and the captain of this ship, I expect you to obey me in whatever capacities!

- Pretending they heard nothing.

If you insist on boarding the ship with you...

--Not let you do your self again, Alaric.

(The crew had listened, embarrassed, uncomfortable...)

And the only way we'll learn, Starkor, is by exploring this place...

I suggest this small structure. Most likely it eventually leads to the main cathedral... should we care to venture there...

(Reena%)
SVAROR AND GRAIMALKYN, WE WILL BOARD THE LONG-BOAT NOW...

DO YOU HEAR ME? ALARIC? I AM THROUGH OBEYING YOUR ORDERS! I AM SICK AND TIRED OF BEING TREATED AS YOUR INFERIOR...

SNUID

AND I'LL TAKE NO MORE!

(SILENCE, INSTANT SILENCE...)

(...NO MORE LAUGHTER...)

(...NOTHING BUT REENA'S COLD, SOFT VOICE... KISSING WITH HATEFUL...)

HEAR ME, ALARIC... I HAVE STRUCK YOU, AND YOU HAVE STRUCK ME...

WE SHALL NEVER AGAIN TOUCH EACH OTHER.

(THERE WAS NO REPLY... NOTHING BUT LINGERING HATE...)

(The long-boat was lowered, but with three bodies floating across the choppy sea...)

(...MOVING TOWARD THE GLOWING BLUE SPECTRE WHICH HEAVED AND SIGNED ON THE DARK WAVES OF THE UNKNOWN...)

(FIUS WAS HATE ABANDONED AND THE UNKNOWN JOINED...)

GOODBYE, ALARIC...

...FOREVER
Aye, we're agreed on that, Alaric...

"But I don't mind saying that are grates on my nerves. Does he think he's better than us—that he can go alone, while we need each other for protection?"

I notice, Starkor...

Scuffling—footsteps, running—around the corner!!!

(someone, yes)

(But who...)
Then, flitting just beyond the periphery of vision...

EH? There—What's that?

AAD! By the bones of Grim-Stark, it was a shadow—and shadows are cast not by phantasms—but by flesh!

HALT!

You there—Vaunting over the rail won't help you...

I said halt!

(Could not have been a ghost—there are no ghosts! The figure was flesh—must have been flesh...)

An ape...

Yes—but not a traitor like you! Not an ape who serves the new order against his own kind—who captures fellow apes and consigns them to burn in the new order's hell...

Agh!...

Quickly, Starkor...

I'm certain he fled down this corridor!

And I'm certain we follow him straight to hell...

Aye—and we've lost him, Alaric... unless you use your crossbow to...

Look! There he is—!

No, Starkor—whether man or ape, he'll be no good to us with a crossbow bolt in his back. We need answers to mysteries of this ship—and you figure may provide these answers.

The chandelier has held its own weight and that of candles long enough—perhaps it will bear...
ALARIC, WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO--

NO, ALARIC-- NOO!!

I WANT HIM ALIVE, STARKOR--

--ENOUGH TO RISK MY OWN DEATH!

(NOW TO SWING FORWARD--)

(--CUT HIS LINE--)

SO... YOU ARE A MAN, WHEN I HAD MOST EXPECTED AN APE... AND YOU, TOO-- THANK THE GODS YOU'RE A HUMAN, AND NOT AN APE.

... NOT ONE OF THE NEW ORDER...

NOW, YOU SNIVELLING EXCUSE FOR AN APE, JUST WHAT IS THIS "NEW ORDER"?

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW-- I'LL TELL YOU WHO ARE THEY?

YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE TRAITORS... ONE OF THEIR APE DISCIPLES?

NO! WHO ARE THEY?

THE... THE "NEW ORDER" BORN OF OLD JEST-- HUMANS-- HUMANS WHO FORCE APES LIKE YOU AND ME TO SERVE THEM...

... TO RUN THIS CITY SHIP OF CATHEDRALUS... AND TO BE OFFERED UP AS SACRIFICES TO THE DARK FORCES WHICH RULE THEIR NEW ORDER.

WHY, APES, OF COURSE! ARE YOU SO SHOCKED YOU DON'T KNOW THAT--?

THE NEW ORDER OF OLD EVIL IS A RELIGION OF PITY APES--!!

-- IS THE "NEW ORDER"? WHO ARE THEY?
FILTHY APES, I TELL YOU! DEMONS! THEY FORCE US--THE HUMANS--TO SERVE THEM IN THEIR WICKED DESIRES... AND MURDER US LIKE ANIMALS...

...AND THEN THEY USE OUR... MUTILATED FLESH AS SACRIFICES TO THEIR HEAVEN GODS! DO YOU HEAR ME? THEY DEVOUR OUR FLESH!

...THAT THIS CITY-SHIP DESERVES TO BE RAMMED...

...AND RAMMED AGAIN--UNTIL EVERY LAST APE ABOARD HAS DROWNED!

...THAT I'VE CONVINCED YOU I'M A FRIEND, TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS NEW ORDER OF HUMANS, WHERE DO THEY ORIGINATE?

ON A PENINSULA OF THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA... AFTER THE GREAT DEATH WHICH CAME FROM THE SKIES...

"...THERE WAS A VAST FORBIDDEN ZONE IN WHICH ONLY ONE OF THE OLD BUILDINGS REMAINED STANDING..."

"...NO ONE KNEW WHY OR HOW IT HAD ESCAPED THE AWESOME DESTRUCTION, WHICH HAD DEVASTATED EVERYTHING AROUND IT, BUT THE BUILDING BECAME LIKE UNTO A FORTRESS WITHOUT ENTRY..."

"OUTSIDE THE FORTRESS, APES WERE GREAT IN NUMBER... BUT WERE STARVING FOR LACK OF FOOD AND WATER, AND MANY WERE THE VICTIMS OF THE SEARING SEASONS AND DISEASES SUFFERED BY THE HOLOCAUST..."
“But inside the fortress, there were humans... and there was food and water in great quantities..."

“There were also weapons, this being a true fortress..."

“The humans had a leader, and it was he who ordered them to occupy the fortress, and to gather the vast stores of food and water and weapons..."

“To the humans, he was more than a leader. To them, they say..."

“But to the apes, he was a demon. They were starving, and knew that food was stored within the fortress. They needed that food..."

“And so they moved on the fortress. They needed that food..."

“They merely wished to eat..."

“But the leader of the humans, their savior, in what he said was infinite wisdom..."

“...he was a savior."

“And so, a great battle ensued, and many were the numbers who perished that day... in numbers more than the combined forces of all the apes, more than the plagues of starvation had wrought..."

“Those who perished were glad for their deaths... for they were mostly apes... and without food to sustain their flesh, death was their only comfort..."
"Still, one are there was who broke through the barricades—and who, in the frenzy of starvation, devoured the dead."

"But not before he released his pitiful weapon."

"With their leader—their savior—now slain, the humans were possessed with madness and fury."

"And when the great battle had ended, with every ape lying dead, the humans emerged from their hidden lair. They committed the flesh of their fallen leader to flame..."

"They set upon the dead ape's body, and they did rend it to pieces."

"But who cares how it started, Alaric? What does it matter—" if I say we return to the freedom reaper?"

"Not so quickly, Stakos. Let him tell his tale..."

"...A group of humans had cause to leave one of those desolate areas which had now come to be forbidden."

"Yes—I shall tell you—tell you of the horror."

"Their supply of food had dwindled, and eventually became depleted, and so they began their long task—a pilgrimage for a new land—a land which promised, many said, abundant food and shelter..."
"Their journey was long and arduous, passed over vast regions of desolate sand and rock.

"But at last they spied a verdant valley covered in green and filled with life. But they were told this must be the last promised to them.

"Ravaged by their long trek, and near death, they were greeted by a band of apes, who had recently come to think and speak.

"...and they fell upon these knees and begged for succor..."

"...but he who was the leader of the apes, the lawgiver, had nothing but words of cruelties in return, and barked orders to his gorilla followers..."

"There was one human who could not bear the treatment -- who would not submit to the slavery -- and who, upon seeing the apes' lawgiver..."

"...and were starved, while the apes consumed food in plenty.

"Blam!

"...and all of the apes were instantly put to madness, riding through the streets to slay every human who had been taken in as a slave.

"Braaak!

"Blam!

"K-POW!

"Chuk!

"...seized up a weapon in righteous wrath, and put an end to the lawgiver."
"And that night the bodies of the slain humans were gathered together, and were used in unspeakable rites."

"Thus, a new religion was born, of the death of the ape's Lawgiver..."

"...and that new order of religion has spread here to the seas."

"To this day, the apes still devour human flesh as means of communion with their martyred leader."

"Now, Alaric... What do you say now!?"

"I say you are right this time, Starkor. We will go to the freedom beaver..."

"--and we shall return to fam this hellish city-ship, until it lies at the bottom of the sea."

"Come, human. You are free to come with us now--to escape this stinking place."

Keep going, little one, if you want me to take you off this...

"Uhn!"

"Alaric..."

"A human... A human...!"

"There's one of the filthy flesh-eaters!!"

"Protected by Graymakyn, no less..."

"I said hold, Starkor!"

"Hold, Starkor!"

"What...?"

"And protected by Graymakyn, no less..."

"No--I've held my blade long enough, ape!!"

"I mean it!!"

"Fang!"

"Snork!!"
KNOW, ALARIC, THAT I COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE BROKEN HIS NECK!

AND KNOW, TOO, THAT I MEANT TO PROTECT THIS LITTLE APE— AND AFTER WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE NEW ORDER, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO KILL THE FIRST HUMAN WHO GETS IN MY WAY...

I'VE HEARD MUCH ABOUT THE NEW ORDER AS WELL, GRAYMALKYN— AND IT HAS BROUGHT TO MIND VISIONS OF THE LONG YEARS I SPENT CHAINED TO THE DECKS OF AN APE-CITY-SHIP!

IT IS NOT A MEMORY I CAN EASILY EMBRACE!!

I WARN YOU, ALARIC...

INDEED, GRAYMALKYN?

I HOPE IT IS NO ONE I KNOW...

(HE IS TOO STRONG— TOO BRUTAL— JUST USE AGILITY— SPEED.

...WE ARE BOTH FILLED WITH ANGER...

AND ONE OF US WILL BE SLAIN BY THAT ANGER!

WAIT...

LISTEN— THE CHANTING— THE NEW ORDER— THEY'RE COMING!!

HORRIFIED, BOTH HUMAN AND APE FLEE— AS THE DISBURSTED SHADOWS GROW LARGER... AND THE SONOROUS CHANT LOUDER...

ALARIC AND GRAYMALKYN FREEZE— SUSPENDING FEARING THE UNKNOWN...

THEIR TORCHES— BLURING SHADOWS ON THE WALL— THEY'RE COMING!!

A TRUCE, GRAYMALKYN— UNTIL THIS COMMON THREAT HAS PASSED...
Very well, Alaric—but only until we learn the true nature of this new order.

Help me drag your human friend into this alcove—and be quick about it...

They're nearing the corner.

Do you see them gray-Malkyn—2?

Aye—wearing robes and cowls, just like humans to hide their face.

Humans—3 but I was told the new order was comprised of apes...

I suppose that explains certain things then, Alaric—but whether human or ape, I'll admit one thing... They certainly give off the appearance, at least, of being ghosts—glowing like that in those white robes...

"Wait, gray-Malkyn—look behind the procession. The one leading a group of prisoners—" in black robes..."

"Aye, Alaric—and if the white-robed ones are humans, then the miserable wretches in the black robes must be apes."

"Your logic works as well, gray-Malkyn, from the reverse viewpoint and it seems there's but one way to determine which is which..."

"Aye—and we may as well leave Starcor here. He'll likely be safer than we will!!"

(is it alive? roots? something alive, certainly, but too still to be an animal. But no matter—it is strong enough to support the weight of two.)

(and it twines through the window of the structure ahead...)

The main cathedral gray-Malkyn—they're taking their chants and their torches and their prisoners into the very heart of this accurted city-ship...

For some obscene rite of blood no doubt...

But we've followed them this far—so I imagine there's no sense in turning back now.

(No sense perhaps—but what of reason? What if there are many reasons to turn back—none of which may be known until it is far too late??)
(THROUGH THE WINDOW, NOW-- AND INTO... WHAT IS THE VINE UPON OTHERS-- FLOWS INTO... A GARDEN OF STRANGE LIFE, SPILLING OVER THE DIRT FLOOR, CLIMBING UP THE BILSTERS-- LINES ALL THE LUSH GROWTH ON LAND, CONTAINED HERE IN THE HEART OF THIS DEAD CITY WHICH SAILS THE SEA...)

(BUT MORE THAN THAT-- A HUGE, AND SOMEHOW OBSCENE, OBJECT DOMINATES THIS AWESOME CATHEDRAL... ITS PRESENCE DWARFS THE MYRIAD COLORS OF LIFE GROWING AROUND IT... AS IT CONVEYS A SILENT BUT POWERFUL FEELING OF DEATH...)

A CONTROLLED JUNGLE, ALARIC-- FILLING THE PLACE...

I HAVE NOTICED, GRAYMALKYN-- BUT IT IS NOT THE GARDEN WHICH FILLS ME WITH PLEASANT...

YOU MEAN THAT MONOLITH ON THE ALTAR--? YES, THEY DO SEEM TO BE WORSHIPPING IT...

PERHAPS WE SHOULD CLIMB DOWN FROM HERE-- TRY TO GET CLOSER, AND HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...
THE NEW ORDER BORN OF OLD ENDS IS HEREBY CONVEYED TO THE WORSHIP OF THOSE FORCES WHICH CREATED US! AND WE ARE GATHERED TO AGAIN CONDUCT THE BUSINESS OF DEATH!

KNOW THAT THIS CITY-Ship OF CATHEDRALUS IS LIKE A MIGHTY ARK WHICH SHALL CARRY US TO THE NEW LAND! AND KNOW THAT WHEN WE REACH THE NEW LAND WE SHALL BECOME MISSIONARIES.

MISSIONARIES OF THE GLORIOUS NEW ORDER BORN OF OLD ENDS AND WE SHALL SPREAD THE WORD OF OUR GlORIOUS ORDER, GATHERING TOGETHER ALL THOSE LIKE UNTO OURSELVES--


'EA, WE SHALL SACRIFICE THE OLD--OFFERING THEIR BLOOD TO THE FORCES OF THE NEW ORDER!!

AND KNOW THAT, IN FULL VIEW OF OUR BLESSED CORPUS, I SHALL NOW DELIVER THE FIRST OF THOSE SACRIFICES--!!

(BUT WAIT! EVEN AS THE SCYTHE SLASHES DOWN THE VICTIM TWISTS--)

(REMEMBER, HIS SWORD)--

NO TIME TO RUSH FORWARD-- TO SAVE THE VICTIM--)

(--ROLLS OVER, FRANTICALLY--)

(---SAME, THE SWORD GRIETS NOT THE FLESH OF THE VICTIM---)

(---BUT THE CORD WHICH BINDS THAT FLESH?)

(NO! IMPOSSIBLE-- THE "VICTIM" IS-- )
I DON'T KNOW WHOSE VOICE THAT WAS-- BUT IT SEEMS ONE OF YOUR "NEW ORDER" HAS RECOGNIZED ME...

PERHAPS WE CAN RENEW RENAISSANCES...

-- AFTER I TAKE YOUR SWORD...

-- AND MAKE MYSELF KNOWN TO YOU!!

(AS EVER, SHE STRIKES WITH MORE THAN THE FURY OF A MAN-- BUT A FURY WHICH HAS MADE HER HASTY-- SPOILED HER AIM--)

(---SO THAT SHE DOES NOT SLAY HER OPPONENT--)

(-- BUT MERELY DISLUGES HIS... MASK--)

BY ALL THE MONSTERS OF THE EMERALD DEPTHS!!

YOU-- YOU ARE YOURSELF-- A MONSTER!

STOP HER-- SLAY HER!!

AND SEEN THE HIDEOUS RIVETED VISAGE OF THAT MONSTER, ALARIC AND GRAYMALKIN! RACE DOWN THE ROW OF HEROES TOWARD THE ALTAR...

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE US-- YOU ARE MEMBERS OF THE OLD ORDER-- YOUR SACRIFICE IS PREORDAINED!!

WE ARE RIGHTEOUS-- AND YOU ARE GUILTY OF THE OLD SINS-- YOU CREATED US!

YOU WILL ALL BE SACRIFICED!!!

LIKE HELL-- THEY WILL--!!

THAT VOICE-- IT SOUNDED LIKE... GRAYMALKIN--!!
aye--and it was graymalkyn--
with alaric at my side!!

they burst thru
the hedge in a
curry of shred-
ding leaves, slash-
ing blades pre-
ceding them...

come, brother
alaric--let us
put an end to this
path called the
new order!!

it seems we were both
right, alaric--and both
wrong...

yet who are now neither!

... for the
ranks of this
new order are
filled with beings
who were
once humans
and apes...

what do you
mean--?

they are
mutants,
alaric!

you mean these
things were once
like us--normal
men and apes--?
but that's impos-
sible!

save your shock
for a better time,
captain alaric!

"captain--" then she has
not forgotten, still feels
the anger...

whether impossible or not,
they still exist--and they
mean to kill every one of--

now, old one--
your blood shall
stain the altar
of old sins!!
I doubt it, Mutant.

You'll have to do it yourself.

My Gratitude, Graykyn.

I'll lay a few for you now.

Srat!

You see, she needs her blood—so if you want your stinking altar stained with blood—

Ooohhh!

Hey—'Out of my way!' These mutants are enough trouble without you causing interference!

(A sound—From behind...)

Look out!! The monolith—it's going to.

- Fall!!

K-K-Krump!

It's crushing them like waves under a brow, Alaric—but what causes the thing to topple—?

I did—and no thanks to you, ape! You'd have left me to shiver until the next holocaust!

Starkor! Bless your ugly beard, man—my arm was growing heavy.
IT'S ENOUGH, ALARIC...SEEMS THERE ARENT ENOUGH OF THEM LEFT TO ENFORCE THEIR "DIVINE CAUSE."

COME ON, YOU UGLY FIENDS -- I'LL MATCH MY BLADE AGAINST ALL OF YOU!!

PREDICTABLY, NONE OF THE MUTANTS ACCEPT GRAYWALKING'S CHALLENGE AS ALARIC REGARDS HIS FORMER MATE WITH UNCERTAINTY...

(SHE'S CHANGED AGAIN...
MORE SUBLIME, HER BEAUTY AND SOFTNESS RETURNING, AS THE SHADOW OF BOTTLE LEAVES HER...)...

(BUT WHAT THE ANGER...? HAS THAT TOO, LEFT HER...?)

REENA... I PROPOSE THAT WE START AGAIN... IF YOU WILL ACCEPT...

PLEASE, ALARIC, NOT NOW. I MADE A vow THAT YOU WOULD NEVER AGAIN TOUCH ME. NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO DO SO, WHEN I CAN STILL HEAR THE ECHO OF THAT vow...

But tell me -- how did you and the others come to board this ship? What happened?

The monsters boarded our ship -- the Freedom Reaver... Perhaps still sleeping.

Then let us join them and forever leave this vile city of monsters...

AND THE REST OF THE CREW?

That is impossible, old one! You see, the new order has still triumphed in the end... and you may never leave this Ark of Cathedraulus... Go to the window and see for yourselves...

(No! It can't be--!)...

WE ARE DESTINED TO REACH THE NEW LAND... TO SPREAD THE FORCES OF THE NEW ORDER UNTIL ALL BUT THOSE LIKE INTO OURSELVES LIVE DEAD! FOR EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE NOW IN CONTROL OF CATHEDRAULUS, YOU MUST GUIDE IT TO THE NEW LAND... AND AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE...

Should you refuse -- and REMAIN ON CATHEDRAULUS, ROVING THE SEA INDEFINITELY...

CONVERTED--?

YES -- EXPOSURE TO THE RADIATION WHICH FILLS US AND THIS ARK WITH HOLY RADIANCE... WILL SOON CHANGE YOU, ALTER YOU... MUTATE YOU... UNTIL YOU ARE CONVERTED TO THE NEW ORDER, JUST LIKE US.

indeed, the process has already begun.

...you will become... converted to the new order... just like us.

NEXT! TO RACE THE DEATH-WINDS!
A world on the brink of total oblivion! Man, Ape and mutant locked in savage combat—And only one can win the BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES!

Mighty Marvel's magnificent adaptation continues!

Don't get caught up a tree simian—SUBSCRIBE! A world of wonderment awaits you!
Dear Marvel,

Regardless of the previous and plentiful formats, the new taking-off of the PLANET OF THE APES is appealing in every aspect.

First of all, the price has been lowered, which helps when one purchases all the Marvel titles. The whole of the magazine is very compact, adding a flair to it. There are no more ads that are disturbing, especially when I had wished to scan the issues to look at the art or something and flipped page after page to gaze upon familiar ads.

Second, the editing of the new format enables us to read nice and easy at a not-so-slow or not-so-fast pace. Lastly, this is as much due to Doug Moench's scripting as it is the style adopted by the magazine.

And thirdly, there are no more lengthy articles, which is to my liking. Still I'm somehow disappointed when a super-subject appears in the article's section and there are not many pages dedicated to it. Again I'm saddened by the cutting of pages which I would have let the artists utilize their pencils on, but I accept it because I accept we all understand the rise in prices and such, and it just has to be.

The price of living has risen to the degree where you must drop pages in order to inherit some sort of decent pay check. Also, I hope you guys and gals won't take advantage of my opinions, because I do approve of the format: it's the best way it could have been done.

It seems I've taken more space than I had imagined, but anyhow the art and story of "Beast On The Planet! The Apes" was interesting. Herb Trimpe, Dan Adkins and Sal Trapani produced a controversial piece of work that was another masterpiece of Apes-Arty. Doug's plot was fair but it wasn't anything sensational. Naw, I'll give it a better than fair average.

As it was last issue, the article held my attention, and what I see the movies again I'll watch for these items of interest, and I might just pull them out as reference. The final chapter to CONQUEST was still another champion added to the adaptations. Alfredo Alcala's artwork is unique and the style employed presents a distinction as "the only artist for these adaptations".

Oh well what more can I say?...Live Large Friends!

Michael Biegel
6 Valley Lane
Upper Saddle River, New Jersey 07458

We're awfully pleased you approve of the lowered price and the new no-ad format. Although it would be nice if the same amount of pages were available now as when the one dollar price-tag was on the masthead, if more readers are going to pick this magazine up and get turned on to the "Apes" phenomena because it's more easily affordable, then somewhere along the way, perhaps we have made the right decision.

Mike, your comment on the lack of lengthy articles in current issues of POTA leads us to mention that opinion seems to be evenly divided on that question. Many readers want more space devoted to the articles, while others want the entire book filled with nothing but comics features. So with this debate raging full-steam, we're turning to you, the real editors and request that you bombard us with missives stating your views on this topic. If we're not doing things to your liking, we'll gladly accept a lambasting, only please send along your constructive criticisms as to how you feel we can improve this magazine as well. We'll keep trying—if you will.

Dear Archie,

I wouldn't blame you if you showed signs of incipient paranoia against us fans. I, for one, entirely support the 50-page format, with the one reservation that I'd like to see the two-page letterbox back. My interest is in comics, not articles, and I loathed the old format in that respect. Chalk up one on your side.

The continuity of the "Terror" series has been so totally fouled up by Mike Ploog and his inconsistent art and consistent battle with deadlines, that I'm getting to think it almost hasn't been worth all the trouble. I'd settle for less brilliant art on a regular basis. It seems you've let Tom Sutton take over this series also; besides the fact that Tom isn't exactly the deadline watchers best friend, his art is so totally different in mood from Ploog's, this will undoubtedly spell doom for the series. Argh! And with all this going on, you want me to comment on Lighsmith and Malaguna and Jason and the Winged Monkeys (if the Psychodrome turns out to be an old ape wizard who hides behind a giant flaming face and ends up giving each of the protagonists what he most desires—!!) I've totally lost track of the storyline. Better luck next time.

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES rumbles grimly on, providing the best moments in the magazine. At least, the damn thing is consistent! Alcala's art is pleasant, but as dynamic and dramatic as a runaway snail. Moench's script hammers away at the points with the subtlety of a sledgehammer, providing occasionally strong effects but often just boring. And not having seen the movie, I can't judge much of it is his fault; but standing on its own (as it should), the series is less than impressive. It reads well, and the delineation is, as always, superb, but there's no meat to it (which there most definitely was in ESCAPE).

The covers, whether by Larkin, Barr or "MCN" (not McDowell, perchance?), are also consistent: dull. Why don't you let real pros do what is supposed to catch the eye of the casual newsstand browser?

By the way (this will kill you), the articles were excellent.

Stay happy
Kim Thompson
24, avenue de St. Clement
34000 Montpellier, France

Glad to have you on our side, Kim. At this point with so many pro and con views coming in on all the features we're currently running, we can use all the help we can get.

We can't completely agree with your assessment of Mike Ploog's work being solely responsible for deadline hassles that have unfortunately popped up so often. There were numerous other problems involved, many of which were beyond anyone's control. For the most part, Mike's work on "Terror" was superb, and we wish him the best of luck wherever his wandering ways take him. And that allows us to segue into an announcement of vital concern to all our raving readership. As of issue #26, Herb Trimpe, whose solid graphic storytelling and powerful figures, made Marvel's INCREDIBLE HULK comic a bestseller for years, will be lending his awesome style to the continuing adventures of Jason and Alexander on a permanent basis. We've seen the pencils for the first story, and hoooy boys, are you people in for a treat. Titanic Tom Sutton will now be concentrating his efforts primarily on the much lauded "Future History Chronicles" in tandem with Doug Moench, producing the most unique additions to "Apes" mythology ever done. The "Chronicles" will be appearing once every four or five issues, giving Jason and Alexander a much needed rest, though we intend to maintain continuity by ensuring that "Terror on the Planet of the Apes" will not be interrupted until the conclusion of given story sequence.

This might also be a good time to mention that with the epic conclusion to our final movie in sight, we don't intend to fill up those pages with the latest in ape-fashions. Far from it. We've got yet a third original series in the works, about which, more next time.

We're confident that whether you're a comics connoisseur or articles aficionado, you're going to enjoy what we have planned in the months ahead. So tell an acquaintance and make him into a friend, okay? Okay.

Before we go, Brutus had a line he wanted us to leave: "WRITE— or else. And while you're pondering the metaphysical implications of that little admonition send your letters to:

PLANET OF THE APES
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
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Cut coupon along dotted lines, fill in your name and address...fold, seal (tape, paste or staple) and mail. No stamp or envelope is necessary.

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