WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES

75¢

ALL NEW!

JASON AND ALEXANDER RETURN!

“TERROR IN THE NORTHLANDS!”
TERROR ON THE
PLANET OF THE APES:
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AND LIGHTSMITH'S MINDLESS LITANY ASIDE, THERE IS JOY HERE IN THE SOFTLY FALLING SNOW...

A COLD PERSON IS ALWAYS FUN.

IT IS GOOD TO BE COLD.

THIS STUFF MAY BE COLD--BUT IT SURE IS FUN!!

NORTH/ LANDS!

...THE JOYS OF RELEASE FROM DANGER--THE JOY OF PEACE--AND, MOST OF ALL, THE JOY OF FREEDOM.

FAR FROM THE PSYCHODROME, THE BIZARRE RAILCAR HAS JUST RUN OUT OF TRACKS. NO ONE IS COMPLAINING.

NAAH! YOU MISSED ME, ALEX--!
A SHAME, THEN, THAT SUCH BOUNDLESS (AND RARE) JOY IS SO SOON KILLED—BY JASON, OF COURSE...

ALEX—MALAGUEÑA—I HATE TO RUIN YOUR FUN, BUT IT SEEMS YOU TWO NEED TO BE REMINDED OF SOMETHING...

YOU'RE RIGHT, JASON—AND IT'S GETTING COLDER, TOO...

Yeah—WE'LL BE LUCKY TO LAST A DAY DRESSED THE WAY WE ARE.

A GOOD PERSON IS ALWAYS COLDER. IT IS GOOD TO LAST A DAY...

WE MAY BE FREE FOR A CHANGE—but WE'RE STILL LOST. AND SINCE THE TUNNEL COLLAPSED BEHIND US, WE CAN'T EVEN TAKE THE RAILCAR BACK TO THE PSYCHEDROME.

ALL PSYCHEDROME RAILCARS ARE EQUIPPED WITH GARMENTS SUITABLE TO INCLEMENT WEATHER VARIATIONS.

HUH—? IF YOU MEAN THERE ARE WARMER CLOTHES IN THERE, KEEPER—

—THEN SHOW US WHERE TO FIND THEM...

YOU SHOULD TALK, ALEX—AT LEAST YOU'VE GOT A TUNIC, AND SOME LEGS ON YOUR PANTS.

...AND BY THE WAY, WHY ARE YOU BEING SO HELPFUL ALL OF A SUDDEN?

MY DESTINY IS NOW INEXTRICABLY INTERWOVEN WITH YOURS. SHOULD YOU PERISH, I WILL STAND ALONE IN THIS ALIEN WORLD—

—SINCE THE PSYCHEDROME WAS DOUBTLESS DESTROYED IN THE NUCLEAR DETONATION.

LOOKING AT THE REMAINS OF THE ONCE-AWESOME MOUNTAIN AT WHOSE CENTER THE PSYCHEDROME IS LODGED, THE KEEPER'S SPECULATION MIGHT SEEM HIGHLY ACCURATE.

BUT DEEP INSIDE THIS SPRAWLING PILE OF RUBBLE—
DEEP INSIDE THE PHENOMENAL PSYCHDROME ITSELF--

--IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT WHILE THE STRUCTURE HAS SUFFERED EXTENSIVE DAMAGE--

--NOTHING IS QUITE EVER BEYOND REPAIR.

Fixer-Two-on-the-move.

Time-to-get-this-junk-removed.

Fixer-Three-on-a-spree.

From-this-rubble-must-be-free.

MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF THE UNDAMAGED SECTORS--

--A TYPICAL KEEPER Fiddles WITH SOME KNOBS. COME IN, KEEPER-OF-THE-LIQUID-SUSTENANCE.

I LOST MY MATE IN THE DETONATION, BUT THERE ARE OTHER MATES--AND FORTUNATELY MY RESIDENCE IS UNSCATHERED.

OH, MATTERS COULD BE WORSE.

WHAT IS THE STATUS IN YOUR SECTOR?

MINING, AS WELL. IN ANY EVENT, THE FIXERS SHOULD HAVE MATTERS BACK TO NORMAL WITHIN 20 OR 30 YEARS.

Fixer-Four-with-a-chore.

Wish-I-had-me-a-metal--
Abruptly shifting outside again—to the far side of the mountain—we find the primitive Assimilians solemnly moving among among the shards of shattered stone, forming a burial mound over the body of the slain chieftain Magianus.

It is a poignant ritual which Brutus views with disdain. After all, he murdered Magianus.

Stupid fools—A disgrace to the entire race of apes!

We're moving out, Warko—to find that stinking human Jason, and to kill him once and for all!

This mountain contained my dreams—the means to kill every human in the world—and Jason destroyed—

What did you find, Drone-Kyew?

—which undoubtedly belonged to one of Jason's companions. It could prove useful...

Useful, huh?

A steam-driven vehicle of some sort—

Well, we'll just see about that.

But from here, it looks like nothing more than a broken-down human shack on wheels.

Back in the railcar...

You sure these outfits will keep us warm, Keeper? They're pretty thin—and that white stuff is starting to come down hard out there.

Hey, Jase—maybe we should take some of those swords from the dead monkey-demons in the back of the car...

The garments are thermo-insulated.

Wonder where Lightsmith and Gilbert are...?

Never know when they might come in handy.
I suppose you're right, Alex—we don't know what we'll find out there...

Ah, but that's the point, Jase.

Weapons can hurt.

Have it your way, Alex, but we'd better get moving—never find the way home by standing around here...

—Let's move.

I've got the suits, Jason—but I think we've lost Lightsmith and Gilbert.

It figures: well, they can't have gone too far...

We'll find them.

Indeed—one of them will be found very shortly—

—and extra weapons can't hurt.

—Lightsmith's mute companion, Gilbert the Gibbon.

What is it, Gilbert? What's wrong—? Where's Lightsmith—?

In panic, Gilbert jumps up and down, pointing into the distance—

—up toward a far ridge.

Blizzards are not kind to vision. The figures glimpsed on the ridge are vague and indistinct...

—but apparently one of them is the helplessly zombie-like Lightsmith.

Maybe if I fire a burst of warning shots—

Forget it, Jase—they're already vanished over the ridge.

We'll just have to follow them.

Yeah—and you'd better give me one of those monkey-demon swords, Alex...

...because those "warning" shots were the last shots, the clip's all fired-out.

Poor Gilbert crumples in silent despair...

—while the smug keeper openly watches.
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WONDER WAGON...

...BRUTUS INVESTIGATES THE TREASURE TROVE OF ANCIENT PARAPHERNALIA WHICH LIGHTSMITH HAS REVERENTLY CALLED 'THE GLORIOUS STUFF OF KNOWLEDGE AND PROGRESS'...

...AND QUICKLY PRONOUNCES IT--

"JUNK!"

BUT THEN NO ONE IN THIS GROUP HAS EVER SEEN SNOW BEFORE. BESIDES, THEIR FRIEND IS IN TROUBLE.

BRING THE STUPID WAGON WITH YOU, DRONE-KYEN -- IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY.

--SOMETHING ELSE IS.

NOW JUST HOLD ON, BUSTER, CUZ WE'VE GOT A QUESTION FOR YOU -- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH LIGHTSMITH?

WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS IN THE NORTHLANDS?! -- IN THE DOMAIN RULED BY THE FAMILY OF ERIKO --?!

"JASON!"

--MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT! WE'RE LOST. WE COULDN'T EVEN FIND OUR WAY BACK TO THE RAILCAR NOW.

YEAH, BUT AT LEAST THE WHITE STUFF ISN'T FALLING SO MUCH ANYMORE...
"LIGHTSMITH"—? The word is like ice dashed by hot mead.

It melts—and becomes nothing in my ear.

Now—answer my challenge!!

AYE, ERIKO—we heard the hairless one's defiant speech.

Time, then, to reply with some sport—?

Oh yeah? Well listen, buster, you may be big—but you're only one sword to our four...

...So maybe you'd better do the answering.

ONE SWORD—?

Flarn! Jardo—!!

More than sport, Jardo...

'Tis time to—

YIKES!!

SKAAH!

Me and my big mouth—again...!
Jase, if you think I'm gonna back you up this time -- you're crazy!!

So I suggest you find your own tree to hide behind --!

Ho ho ho! This little twig --?

What're you laughing at, big-feet --?

I bet I can run around this tree faster than you!

Jard does not run around twigs --

--- when he can brush them aside!!

Ho ho ho! Run, little ape -- run!!

Oboy.

Leave them alone, you big brutes!!

But their mistake lies in the fact that fiery tempers seldom observe boundaries of gender or body-fur... as Flarn learns to his painful chagrin.

Nah! The hairless she has cured your laziness, Flarn -- as will be demonstrated when you next attempt to sit down!

Until now, the three boisterous rogues have ignored Malagueña. After all, she is a mere female -- and a hairless one, at that.

Yeeeee-owch!!

Disgusting.
Hah! Didn't expect that—did you ape?!

Chok!

Ungh!

Hold on, Malaguena! I'm com—

Not so fast, hairless.

H-huh—?

Now, then...

We thank you for the excellent sport.

Ho ho ho!!

Then you... you're going to... to kill us now...?

Kill you—??

What for—?

You were merely trespassing. Kill you for that—??

Ho ho ho haw haw haw!!

Friend, I don't know what you're talking about—
or who this "lightsmith" is...

But...

...but if anyone was abducted around here it must have been the work of the snow-shamblers. The hideous brutes are always doing things like that.

Indeed, we've been meaning to clean out the whole nest of them once and for all.
YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND THESE... "SNOW-SHAMBLERS"...?

WE'D BE POOR NORTH- APES IF WE DIDN'T. WE'LL LEAD YOU TO THEIR NESTS IF YOU WANT-- EVEN HELP YOU ANNihilate them.

COME ON WHERE--?

JUST DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS PRECIPICE--

--TO OUR LONGSHIP.

'TIS ERIKO-- ERIKO COMES!!

ERIKO--? HA-HAH!

THEN, THE FEAST IS ONLY A FJORD AWAY--!!

PSST, JASON-- HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BLINKED AT THE KEEPER--? I COULD SWEAR THEY DON'T EVEN SEE HIM.

UH, ERIKO...? JUST WHERE DO THESE SNOW-SHAMBLERS LIVE?

LIVE? WHY, THEY LIVE IN--

YEAH, I KNOW, MALAGUENA-- BUT WE CAN'T TURN THIS CHANCE DOWN...
"Caves, of course."

A good person always lives in caves.

FOO-FOO.

EET-EET.

A good person is always foo-foo.

EET-EET.

It is good to eet-eet.

FOO-FOO!

HMM?

OH, YES.

A good person always says foo-foo.

EET-EET!!

A good person never says--

---MEEF-MUH?---

EET-EET!!

FOO-Fooo!!

EEET-EEEEET!!

Ah goom permon alway feff foofoof an eef-eeth...

SPU-TOOF!
MAGNICENTLY, THE NORTH-APES RETURN HOME...

LEAVING THEIR NEW COMPANIONS SOMewhat Dismayed...

HEY--I DON'T SEE ANY CAVES.

BUT YOU SAID YOU'D LEAD US TO THE SNOW-SHAMBLERS--
AND HELP US RESCUE OUR FRIEND LIGHTSMITH.

BEFORE THE BATTLE COMES THE FEAST. THUS IT HAS EVER BEEN--THUS IT SHALL BE THIS DAY.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO EAT--
WHILE LIGHTSMITH MAY BE DYING--?!

BUT ERIKO IGNORES MALAGUENA'S OUTBURST...

PREPARE A FEAST FIT FOR WARRIORS!
FOR SOON WE SHALL BATTLE WITH OUR NEW FRIENDS--

--AND HELP THEM RESCUE THEIR COMPANION FROM THE SNOW-SHAMBLERS!

WHAT?! YOU'RE JUST AS BAD AS THESE BARBARIANS--!

THINKING OF YOUR STOMACH, JASON--

"WHEN A FRIEND COULD BE LYING HALF-DEAD IN A COLD CAVE SOMEWHERE!!"

WAUM-WAUM.

"YES, INDEED--IT IS GOOD TO BE WALM-WAUM, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT...?"

WELL, I GUESS I AM KIND OF HUNGRY...
A TOAST! TO THE BLOOD WHICH SHALL SOON FLOW FROM OUR ENEMIES LIKE COARSE HEAD FROM A STAVED CASK!!

SEE, MALAGUEÑA--? THIS FEAST WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA, AFTER ALL-- WAS IT?

I WISH YOU'D TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME, JASON.

SORRY, MALAGUEÑA, BUT I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING-- TOO MUCH SHOUTING IN HERE.

SAY, ERKO-- YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW GUNPOWDER JULIUS AND STEELY DAN, WOULD YOU--?
GUNPOWDER JULIUS AND STEELY DAN, EH? I LIKE THE SOUND OF THE NAMES, FRIEND JASON...

YOU REMIND ME OF THEM... IN CERTAIN WAYS...

WHAT'RE YOU MESSING ABOUT, KEEPER?

THIS SAVAGERY-- IT APPALLS ME! DISGUSTING!

...BUT 'TIS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD THEM. WHY?

Oh, I just thought you might know them...

THE VERY ANTITHESIS OF THE CULTURED SOCIETY OF THE PSYCHE-DROME! I-- I CANNOT BEAR IT!!

Oh... is that all? Well, see ya later, keeper...

That does it, Jason! You disgust me almost as much as these barbarians disgust the keeper!

COME ON NOTHING, JASON! YOU CAN STAY HERE AND DRINK ALL THE MEAD YOU WANT-- UNTIL YOU DROWN, FOR ALL I CARE--!

AW, COME ON, MALAGUENA, DON'T START--

BUT GILBERT AND I ARE LEAVING TO FIND LIGHTSMITH!!
WAIT, MALAGUENA--IT'S A DIFFICULT DECISION, BUT FIGHTING IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS FEASTING...

STILL, I CAN'T END THE FEAST--THEY'D PIN ME TO THE RAFTERS IF I TRIED IT--BUT I'LL GET FLARN AND JARDO AND A FEW OTHERS.

WE'LL SLIP AWAY AND GUIDE YOU TO THE NESTS...

IT IS GOOD TO BE...IN A CAVE? WE'RE IN A...CAVE, AREN'T WE? HARD TO...THINK...

BUT I AM A GOOD PERSON...I THINK...

--GUP-GUP.

A GOOD PERSON NEVER...THINKS...

--SHOUTING OUR BATTLECHANTS THE WHOLE TIME.

WELL, I HOPE SO, THE WAY MALAGUENA'S BEEN--

ERIKO--CAVE AHEAD, WITH SNOW-SHAMBLERS IN FRONT. COME QUIETLY...
CREeping forward, they hear—

---A good person always... mumbles?

That's his voice!

In that case, friend Jason—

Let's ChAAARRGE!!

It is sealed, now.

From this moment forward, the rest is inevitable.

And the real crime lies in the fact that the fools with their weapons cannot see it coming.

...And even one who can barely think realizes that she must flee this horrible scene, if she is to protect that which she loves.

There!!

A shambler with a hairless one—!!

The slaughter is instantaneous--the exploding carnage overwhelmingly complete...
BACK, MONSTER--GET AWAY FROM THAT HELPLESS MAN!!

BUT NOW SHE TURNS, HEARING A NEW THREAT.

LIGHTSMITH--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

J-JASON...WH-HHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE...? WH-WHERE ARE WE...?

NO-NO!

---BUT JARDO'S GOT YOU NOW!!

NO--

NOOO...!!

BUNK!

EET-EET--! THEY'VE KILLED YOU, EET-EET!! BUT WHY--?!?

NOOOO.....

IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT PROGRESS LEADER--WHY HAVE THEY KILLED YOU?!!

LIGHTSMITH'S MIND HAS JUST BEEN RESTORED.
But now that he can think again—now that the brainwashing spell imposed by the Keepers of the Psychedrome has been shattered by the shock of this gut-wrenching tragedy—Lightsmith wishes desperately that it were not so...and mourns the loss of mindless ignorance...

She was innocent...gave me nothing but love and comfort...only wanted to help me...and you've killed her...killed poor Eet-Eet...

You fools...you stupid, stupid...

Yes, fools...and they know it...but too late...much too late...

I...I never thought the day would come...

...when I would feel no better than Brutus...

The rest look down or away, blinding themselves to the sight of Lightsmith’s emotional agony. It is nothing they wish to see.

Morning: But, in many ways, darker than the night before...

Nothing but silence...

And a wary, embarrassed peace between repentant fools and uncomprehending innocents.
DON'T FEEL TOO BAD, ALEX. AT LEAST ONE GOOD THING HAS COME OF THIS...

LIGHTSMITH IS HIMSELF AGAIN.

...BUT I THINK HE'S LOST SOMETHING ELSE.

I KNOW YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND, EET-EET, BUT SOMETIMES A GOOD PERSON...

...DOES BAD THINGS.

FORGIVE US.

Yeah, Jase... he's regained his mind...

Then, as the Keeper moves forward to board the longship--

THANKS FOR GIVING US THE LONGSHIP, ERKO-- WE APPRECIATE IT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LET ME PASS!

THE NORTH-APES ACKNOWLEDGE HIS EXISTENCE FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME.

YOU STAY WITH US.

Yeah.

The least we could do, friend Jason. Good luck in finding the way back to your city.

And don't forget the lesson we learned last night.

No...!!
YOU MUST STAY WITH US! YOU ARE THE ORACLE WHO HAS BEEN PROMISED TO US--THE ONE OF WHOM IS SUNG IN OUR BALLADS--WHOSE IMAGE IS CARVED ON OUR POLES--THE GREAT ORACLE WHO WOULD BRING US WISDOM!

NO! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE!

I COULDN'T STAND IT--COULDN'T BEAR THE FILTH--THE BARBARISM--!

YOU SURE YOU WANT HIM, ERIKO--? NOT THAT WE WANT TO KEEP HIM, MIND YOU...

NO--! RELEASE ME!

TO BE SURE, FRIEND JASON, ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF HIS COMING, WE RECEIVED GREAT WISDOM--THE WISDOM OF LAST NIGHT'S TRAGEDY.

AND SO AS THE KEEPER WALKS ON THE SHORE, THE LONGSHIP GLIDES FROM THE FJORD...

AND THE VERY THING WHICH BROKE THATindoctrination--!

YOU KNOW FOR ALL MY BELIEF IN CHERISHED KNOWLEDGE AND ENLIGHTENMENT, PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THE SUPERSTITIONS OF FATE.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LIGHTSMITH?"

"THE KEEPER--HE AND HIS KIND IN THE PSYCHEDROME PROGRAMMED ME TO SPREAD THEIR DOCTRINES OF SUBMISSIVENESS, TO BE THEIR MESSIAH...THEIR ORACLE..."

Look again in that mirror and tell me what you see. Now, detail the characteristics of *Homo sapiens*. Using the same scale of one to ten and the same ten traits, rate mankind. Compare the ratings. Whatever you say about humanity parallels what you think of yourself. (If not, write me. You’re unusual!) Let's try one more test. Get a friend—a good and honest friend who speaks his/her own mind and doesn’t mouth just what you want to hear. Get the friend to rate himself. Then, each of you rate the other. Compare your ratings. How differently—how much better or worse—another person sees you? And, sadly, we do not comprehend ourselves as humans any more accurately than each of us sees himself as an individual. But where do we find Man’s good and honest friend?

How will our first alien contact perceive us? How, indeed, do our fellow residents of Earth view us? Or will we ever truly see ourselves as others see us?

A long time ago, the Scottish poet Robert Burns asked for a gift of vision for Man that we might see ourselves as others see us. I think we already have that vision if we know how to use it. We, the chief tool-using and weapon-making primate, already know of a multidimensional mirror of our reality.

If you want to describe your physical self, you require first the aid of a mirror. Any view of your person without a reflecting surface tends to be rather limited. With the reflection, you can set forth the color, size, and shape of your skin, the contour of your nose, the slant and hue of your eyes. As humans, through the reflections of science, you and I know we are slightly furry bipeds possessing reasonably bilateral symmetry. Further observation discloses we are omnivorous primates (though we are not truly omnivores). Were we such, there
would be little probability of a food shortage on Planet Earth!

But the mirror of science, like the flat mirror on the wall, is still imperfectly developed. For each gives back a unilateral view to the observer who is, after all, also the observed.

For you, a more complete mirror is your friend, the other person who sees you from many sides and who also witnesses your actions and behavior. Remember when you rated your friend? Wasn't it easier than rating yourself? It is more "comfortable" for another person to describe you than for you to talk about yourself (unless your confidence quotient exceeds ten on that scale of one to ten.)

And, for you, there exists another mirror of reality: fiction. Fiction reflects the emotions and feelings of another person; and, if you can relate to that hero, you are seeing yourself. You have displaced your self into another. When you identify with that other, you come to know yourself.

But what of you and me as Homo sapiens? In the absence of known extraterrestrials, we have no other, no aliens outside ourselves who can "comfortably" talk about us. We have only that other mirror, fiction. But to comprehend our humanity we require a more complex mirror, a kind of fiction that is not restricted but is infinite in potential and range. We have it!

Call it speculative fiction. Call it science fiction. Only in sf are we permitted the ultimate range of our imaginations. Only in sf can we actually create another culture which has never yet existed, or an alien race, or another species indigenous to Earth.

Yet, no matter how artfully contrived or how exotic and alien it may appear to us, this other species has been created from the mind of Man!

The new species has been constructed from all the bits and pieces of knowledge and experience native to one individual Homo sapien. It is another facet of the boundless human condition. It is only ourselves in that mirror of reality. However distorted, however bent out of shape, however stretched or shrunk or twisted, it is still only you and me.

Come along with me now to the amusement park—to Coney, to Pike, to Lakeside, to Oceanside, to Funland. Over there and around that corner and here it is.

At last! the Hall of Mirrors. The maze is fun, but not our goal. Hurry while our heads are still dizzy from the maze, while reality is still spinning, while our senses are open and free.

Here is a new mirror in the Hall. One time it sheens as flat as any ordinary mirror; then it buckles and curves horizontally. Then vertically. Then diagonally. A double curve. Single, Triple. And then too many to count. The surface of this wonderful new mirror ripples and flows like liquid silver, like a strange mercury that can hold any shape and then fluidly shift into another dreaming curvature. We see our bodies grow fat or thin or grotesque. Then this mirror flattens for a moment and we see it is truly only you and me.

It is only ourselves, the intelligent primates, the smart apes. And the mirror? It is that most efficient, multifaceted, highly polished mirror of our hominid reality—PLANET OF THE APES.

The mirror quivers. It ripples. Draw closer and we can hear the shouts and pounding of many hooves. See them? Gorillas mounted, wearing hooded costumes, swoop along the road. They carry torches and toss the firebrands into frail huts. They shout and ride down the fleeing humans. It is only a small, outlying farm and has few humans. It is easy to run down the savages and trample them. One fleet young male is shot by the laughing gorilla leader. For a while, the masked riders watch the burning. They kindle other torches and ride on. There is another farm down the road. When the moon is high, the masked riders return to their secret hideout. They remove the hoods and we know them. Town apes of high repute, one is . . .

The mirror wavers and another dusty riding band appears. They, too, wear hooded costumes and bear torches. They rumble into another farm and scatter the residents. As the black figures flee, the young male snatches up his child. He is shot. The whimpering baby is picked up by the heels. His brains splash a tree trunk. The mother is trampled. The white hooded figures of the KKK leave a burning cross on the lawn as a warning to all upstart “Nigras.”

Again the image shivers and the horsemen this time are not hooded. They are nearly naked except for bright slashes of paint across their br zed bodies. Whooping in the searing daylight, they ride into the small homestead. The house and outbuildings burn as the Apaches leave their answer to the white-eyes.

A quick ripple and the horsemen
are uniformed humans pounding across a creek and into the rows of conical tents. The bronzed people flee the cavalry. Soon the red men and red women and red children lay dead near the creek called Sand.

Another flick of the mirror and the horsemen are gone, but booted and uniformed figures tramp up the dingy stairway. One batter a hard fist on a fragile door. Armbands gleam in the sickly glare of a naked bulb; the swastika declares its contempt for non-Aryans. The handsome black-suited soldier pounds again angrily and the door opens slowly. The Nazi and the old man stare at each other. The old man's face grows empty; his name is Goldberg or Fishman or Epstein; the soldier's name is Muller or Hoffman or ....

The soldier and the old man continue to stare at each other but the mirror is flat. It is only you and me. The faces we saw, faces of fear and prejudice and hate, are only our faces after all. Is the confusion we see in our faces our own? Or was it theirs too?

The mirror is bending and contorting again. There is Zaius the wise who knows the truth of Man and defends the Apes from the dangers of that truth. He knows what the beast man was. For the security of ape culture, he seals off the cave that Cornelius and Zira have excavated. He seals off the evidence which will show the apes the truth of Man. Zaius, and others like him, hide the truth from the simple minds of the ruling gorillas and from the simple minds of the creative chimpanzees.

Zaius knows the truth. Perhaps he knows something else about truth. If knowledge of Man enters the general public's ken, that knowledge could shake the very foundation of ape culture. To hold fast to the past, to stifle progress, to deny that anything is other than it is now—all of these will keep life secure. Zaius must protect his people.

See the face of the all-knowing Zaius. See the faces of his fellow bureaucrats. They know that the people are not to be trusted with forbidden knowledge. They know the people are not to be trusted with the truth—all in the name of security.

The mirror flickers. Yet the faces remain—the bureaucrats who know that the people must be shielded from the truth—of a war in Southeast Asia, of a burglary at the Watergate—all in the name of national security. These men of power whose faces are all too familiar to us know the same reality of truth that Zaius knows. The truth will set us free.

But perhaps Zaius and his human colleagues are right. As the truth is made public, hear the wild clamor that the U.S. Senate hearings are stealing TV time from their beloved soap operas. The truth will set us free only if we want it. The images blur and the man Taylor chooses the dangers of freedom over the security of the cage. The man Taylor's face blurs again and another man says, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Once again the face blurs and a young chimpanzee named Galen chooses the uncertainties of freely fleeing with Virdon and Burke over the security of the cage his fellow apes will surely put around him.

The mirror is flat. But the faces remain blurred. Are you Zaius or am I? Are you Galen or am I? The mirror moves again. Will we see now
which of us is the bureaucrat and
which is the lover of freedom?
It is Earth and future. The apes
have had enough of their human
overlords. The whip angles. The
harsh words rankle. But the apes
have no words to shape their growing
hatred. Then comes one who has
words, the son of future
chimpanzees, the Ceaser who leads.
They take up guns and long
knives...but let us look here no
longer. We know that story. We
know how we have oppressed others,
how we broke treaties and how we
snapped the collar of slavery around
our fellows and how we whipped and
abused and split families and bred
our fellows like domesticated cattle.
We know, too, how we have been
oppressed. We know how the whip
feels. We know how we tired of the
yoke and rose up against our
oppressors. Yes, we even know how
we tore our masters apart and ripped
flesh from bone and gouged eyes
from sockets.

Let the mirror go flat. We know
whose faces we have seen. We are
both the oppressor and the
oppressed. But the mirror will not
wait for us. There is Urko, a bigot
who hates the ape called Man. Why?
Simply because men are men. That is
why and reason enough. Isn't it? Or
is it? Urko is rudely tolerant of other
apes who are not the superior
gorillas. On many occasions, he even
displays aggressive behavior to other
gorillas. A gorilla bunker, Urko
judges his fellow creatures by the
shapes of their bodies. A man is less
than ape; a man is stupid and lazy
and slovenly and worthless. Virdon
and Burke are men. Therefore,
Virdon and Burke are stupid and all
the rest. Urko finds it vastly easier to
stereotype than to bother taking time
to get to know another individual.
Despite his hard-headed bigotry,
Urko is not lacking in adaptive
intelligence. When he is forced to
decide his two fleeing enemies as wily
opponents, he begins to develop,
grudgingly, a growing respect.

And when he is trapped
underground with one of them he
must face his fear. He must face
himself. He even dislikes himself—or
why else is he so rude to fellow
gorillas? He sees the poster and he
knows the truth that Zaius has tried
to keep from him. Once man was
superior and kept gorillas in cages.
But Urko destroys the evidence even
as Zaius had done. He rips up the
poster for he knows it can destroy his
way of life. But he can never banish
the poster from his memory. He will
always know.

Isn't that peculiar? Urko has my
face...and yours. Are we bigots and
cheats? (Don't forget how Urko fixes
horse races!) But are we also the
same kind of noble person Urko is?
Is there in us that same courage to
acknowledge that our hatred is fear?
Can we respect those we have judged
as inferior for so long? Perhaps we
can, if Urko is our image.

Shimmering...the face is younger
and chimpanzee. Galen knows that
men are inferior but he does throw
his lot in with the astronauts Virdon
and Burke. Necessity dictated his
choice at first, but he listens to these
men. They put their lives in his
hands and he, in turn, trusts them
with his. Often they must if they are
to stay free. Trusting them and their
abilities, he goes aloft in the kite they
have built. Galen soon knows that
friendship and loyalty come in many
shapes. Do we? Have you and I
learned, as did Galen, that our friend
might be a different color as well as a
different species?

For a moment our mirror fogs.
Then, we see Jason and Alexander,
good friends. How frequently Jason
defers to Alexander's decisions! Of
course, Alexander has ape status. Or
do we count his more seasoned
judgement? Alexander himself
defers and respects the senior
Lawgiver. Foolish Jason! How
violently he hates Brutus! Jason saw
his parents die and he hates Brutus
and all gorillas and all apes...So, he
sees only an ape when the Lawgiver is
in peril. Almost he does not move to
save an ape. But he remembers his
anger is with Brutus and not with all
apes, with an individual and not an
entire group. He remembers that
Alexander accepts him as friend.

The mirror is flat. Here we stand.
We are both good and evil,
oppressed and oppressor, foolish and
noble. We have seen the apes of the
future. Their fear of man lacks
definition. They have never known
the glory and insanity that was Man;
do they fear what once was or what
might again be? We have seen them
fearful and we have seen them brave.
We have seen them intolerant and
compassionate. They are us. We
made them up. They are our
creations. And we have created them
in our own image.

Look again in that mirror of
hominid reality called PLANET OF
THE APES. Who do you see?
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This is a very special issue of POTA for all of us up here at the Mighty Marvel Outpost for wayward apes. As you’ve no doubt noticed, we’ve introduced a new look to Terror on the Planet of the Apes, compliments of Happy Herb Trimpe, whom we’ve managed to cajole away from our ever-exciting line of color comics with the promise of a year-long lease in the luxury treehouse of his choice, plus all the bananas he can eat. It was touch-and-go for awhile, but the bananas a-peal were just too much. And so, hopefully for us all, Herb’s powerful pencilling prowess will be swinging your way on each and every installment of “Terrot.” Those of you who’ve been patiently waiting for the right man to come along and pick up the artistic reins on our premieres Apes series, please don’t let us down by not writing in on Mr. Trimpe’s awesome debut. The only way we can ensure the right choice has been made is if you tell us in sufficient numbers “yes.” We’ll be waiting—for you to be writing.

Dear Marvel,

I would like to comment on your 23rd issue of PLANET OF THE APES. Your covers seem to be showing gorillas stalking humans all the time; I admit they do this, but come on. Let’s get a different cover without gorillas in it. Apo civilization, in my opinion, could have survived with all these gorillas running around creating havoc and terror for everyone!

“Messiah of Monkey Demons,” was a smashing conclusion to your Psychodrome saga, but there did seem to be an over-abundance of comedic material in the conversations between our heroes and our villains. Lightsmith’s constant gibberings eased the tense atmosphere, but when the airships smash through the Keeper’s domain, I don’t think Alex (was it Alex?) would say while flying through the sky: “Oh, why doesn’t anything go right?”

But still, I enjoyed the conclusion, despite the impression you may have fostered.

I liked the first part of BATTLE, but I would have liked it more if you had followed David Gerrold’s adaptation. But still, it was good, a little fast paced, but good.

The entire issue was good, for that matter. ’Till next issue—

Jeff Heine
5618 Grandview Blvd. #382
Mound, Minn. 55364

Thanks for the fine critique, Jeff, however we’re not in total agreement with you over the use of humor in life-and-death situations. Comic byplay has always been a tired-worn staple of good drams, and the necessity of relieving tension in such times of stress should be evident. Of course, such things can be carried to an absurd extreme, but with the case-in-point, we don’t feel the bounds were exceeded. Men in the most dramatic of moments, think and feel the most incomprehensible of things, and so it was here.

And speaking of dramatic things, we must comment on your statement that our covers always have apes stalking humans. When you consider that all (would love to mention some?) of our readership is made up of human beings, a cover depicting man being threatened by animalistic adversaries has a more obvious appeal. By the same token, if the majority of our readers resided in the Bronx Zoo, we’d no doubt have Man the aggressor. When we say it’s the audience that determines what goes into our magazines, we ain’t foolin’ around. So let’s hear from the rest of you monkey mayevens out there.

Dear John,

Issue #23 of POTA was fantastic. I have read every issue put out in the long series, and I can honestly say this was one of the better issues.

Messiah was drawn nicely by Tom Sutton; as a matter of fact, he did better than ever before.

Doug Moench of course scripted the story with that adventurous flavor needed for a good sci-fi epic. Keep up the good work Doug!

Your article section which contained the ‘Ape Out-Takes’ was a laughing riot. It drove me crazy and I was really going apes and eating bananas while inspecting the fine photos. I sure hope you have more such pictures of this type in future issues of POTA.

‘BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES’ was really great. You (Doug) wrote another masterpiece.

Vicente and Sonny really got those pencils moving in this action-packed movie adaptation of the final Apes movie. I hope the two artists complete the next five chapters in the series. I must say the apes and humans were drawn realistically for the first time in a long time. I hope these apes keep their faces complete like this. Fine job everyone.

Robert Scott
La Habra, CA

Dear Armchair Anthropoids:

In P.O.T.A. #23, you all but destroyed BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES.

First of all, you placed the sight of the Lawgiver’s telling of the story in the treehouse. The aspect of nature is lost. Then lines were changed, such as Jake saying to Aldo, “You’re plenty strong,” instead of, “You’re as strong as a Gorilla,” and Aldo replying, after slapping him, “Man is weak!” And you will address me by my rank of general!”

The location of the classroom was also changed to a treehouse, not very logical.

Most of these changes can be overlooked, but the following cannot: 1) Not having Cornelius’ writing being the best (although it reads “Ape shall never kill ape,” the most unforgivable sin of all), and not having Teacher ridicule Aldo before the class, after which Aldo rips up Cornelius’ writing. 2) Not having Caesar order Aldo and the gorillas to put the classroom back in order, with Aldo reluctantly agreeing, 3) The omission of Vigil’s character 4) The changing of name, i.e., Sandy instead of simply Doctor; Ed, instead of Abe; and MacDonald instead of his brother, 5) The omitting of Caesar’s farewell to Cornelius, and lastly, 6) Placing the armsory in yet another treehouse (there must be millions of them!).

My main objection is the changing of pertinent dialogue, which I feel BATTLE had the best out of all the movies. The others were simply science fiction adventures (although quite excellent ones), not actual drama, like BATTLE.

I realize this is an “adaptation” and as such, you have the right to “adapt” but I would not be surprised if you receive 50 letters of this kind, at the very least.

Apefully,
Mike Thompson
30 Storybrook Road
Gales Ferry, CT. 06335

We thank you for pointing out what at first appear to be unforgivable mistakes, and truth to tell, there have been some such errors coming in mentioning many of the same discrepancies, since we’ve begun our adaptation. We do have a good explanation for all this. Our adaptation of BATTLE is being taken from the shooting script and not from what finally appeared on the screen. For whatever the reason, the fifth movie had a goodly amount of editing done to it, with large portions of the final print being
person's theory, Zaius said the astronauts were killed before they were questioned. But Taylor was more than adequately questioned. As for the ANSA problem, ANSA could have been a special branch of NASA created for building interplanetary probes. In this part of the "U" it took hundreds of years for the apes to gain intelligence, and Aldo was the first ape to say "no".

The other side of the "U" is infinite. Caesar changed history by making a treaty with Mendez, whose group eventually entered the Forbidden Zone. The group in "Titanic" left Caeser's city because they didn't want guns around in the "Future History" series. The basic ape-weapon is the crossbow and created a society a good distance north from Caesar's settlement. By a coincidence, they ended up near another Forbidden Zone. This part of the "U" consisted of the last three movies, "Titanic" and "Future History Chronicles" and possibly "Kingdom" and "Beast", provided Derek Zeno landed on the East Coast.

As for the animated series, it has nothing to do with the Apes concept as shown in the movies. On another matter entirely, despite the change in format, you're doing a great job of making a fantastic magazine. Keep up.

Thanks for a great mag
David DeRubels
(no address given)

Dear Archie,

As I'm a steady reader of your PLANET OF THE APES magazine, and would like to make a few comments about it.

I have always thought of the Apes time-line as having a "U" shape, with one side finite and the other infinite. Let me explain. The finite side is the one containing "Evolution's Nightmare", the television series, and the first two movies. One person said that the Zaius from the T.V. series had mentioned that ten years ago other astronauts had been found which was probably the Earth, but that the series came after the movie. BENEATH. Zaius did say that, but it only disproves this.

You've come up with a very interesting and reasonably inclusive series of timelines which could account for numerous alleged inconsistencies that have appeared in places. It never fails to amaze me how thoughtfully many of our readers can be, especially in dealing with the incredible time-paradox problems which seem an integral part of the Apes saga.

Jim Whitmore's mammoth article several issues back summed up our position on the matter rather succinctly, but this might be as good a time as any to thank all of those who took the time to write stating your views on this matter, either agreeing or disagreeing with what that article said.

If this magazine keeps you on your mental toes, then we've succeeded in mixing in a little mind food with the monkey business to our ever-lasting delight. Thanks again.

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

And with the accolades of the multitudes resounding in our ever-attuned auditory canals, we've only time to hasten our own exodus before we're thrown out on those selfsame auditory canals, and request that you correspond without delay and pass along tidbits of wisdom and Ritz Crackers to:

PLANET OF THE APES
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

THREE DAYS AGO, THE GORILLAS STORMED OUT OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBER... GRUMBLING IN DISGUST OVER CESAR'S POLICY OF EQUALITY FOR HUMANS...

BUT NOW, LED BY ALDO, THEY RETURN TO THE GATHERED COUNCIL... AND THIS TIME, THEY ARE SENT ON FAR MORE THAN WERE GRUMBLING...

HUMANS COME TO CITY--ALREADY KILLED THREE GORILLA SCOUTS--!

ALL HUMANS HERE MUST GO TO CAGES!!

PART V: ASSAULT ON PARADISE

Story: Doug Moench  Art: Dino Castrillo  Tones: Michele Brand
ALDO-- WAIT! DO YOU MEAN THE MUTANTS HAVE ALREADY ATTACKED?--?

HUMANS ATTACK-- KILL THREE SCOUTS-- OUT IN DESERT!

HUMANS DO THIS-- KILL APES!!

BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, ALDO--? THEY WERE MUTANTS-- NOT LIKE THE HUMANS HERE....!

IF THEY'RE ATTACKING, WE MUST JOIN TOGETHER-- APES AND HUMANS-- TO DEFEND OUR CITY--!

NO!! GORILLAS DEFEND CITY-- LED BY ALDO-- LED BY ME--!!

TAKE HUMANS OUT-- NOW!!

NO, ALDO-- WAIT--!!

ALDO-- THESE ARE OUR FRIENDS-- YOU CAN'T LOCK THEM UP--!!

HUMANS NO FRIEND TO APES!! YOU TALK NO MORE!

BUT ALDO-- YOU CAN'T DO THIS....

YOU'RE ACTING AGAINST CAESAR'S ORDERS--!!

CAESAR NOT HERE--!

ALDO HERE!

ALDO MAKE ALL ORDERS... NEW ORDERS-- NOW!!
Virgil watches as the last of the humans are dragged from the council chamber. He sees Alpo, a tyrant standing in the center of the room... in complete control by virtue of force.

Clearly, the situation is hopeless...

...and so he leaves.

He does not wish to listen to Alpo, harsh words of hatred... to the primitive policies of a tyrant who enforces his will by an iron fist alone...

But who will he listen to?

Or, more importantly: when will Caesar emerge from his grief?

--and return to power... return to rule this city which so desperately needs his wisdom? When?

Virgil breathes a heavy sigh; he does not know the answer.

Later...

What...?
NO-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?!
NO TALK, HUMAN!
TALK MORE-- AND YOU GET HURT!
YOU COME NOW-- TO CAGE!
NO-- LET ME GO-- YOU'RE HURTING ME!!

THEN IT GROWS WORSE AS VIRgil HAD EXPECTED.
WILL IT END AS HE FEARS...?

...FOR TIME GROWS SHORT.
NOW... WE GET!
GET WHAT WE NEED!
OPEN DOOR! OPEN DOOR NOW!
WHO ARE YOU?

I AM ALDO!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE WANT GUNS!

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THEM?

WHATEVER WE WANT...!!

NO-- YOU MUSTN'T ENTER HERE--!

ONLY CAESAR HAS AUTHORITY TO ENTER THE ARMORY--!
NO TALK, MANDEMUSS! YOU OLD! CAESAR WEAK!

BUT ALDO STRONG--!

AND ALDO WANT--

--GUNS!

ALDO TAKE GUNS!!

GUNS!!

GUNS!!

GUNS!

NO... YOU MUN'T...

KRASH WHAKK

GUNS!

GUNS!!

THE FEAR GROWS...

GUNS!

WE HAVE GUNS!!

...AS THE END DRAW S CLOSER...
...ever closer...

And Virgil realizes that time is not always what it seems...

But he wonders... why is it always the most deceptive—why does it always pass the quickest...

...when it is needed the most...

Aaahh!!

Again, he does not know the answer.

It pains him.

Aaahhheehee!!
CAESAR...?

WHO...?

VIRGIL...?

YES, CAESAR... MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU...?

CORNELIUS... MY SON... HE WAS INJURED, VIRGIL...

I KNOW THAT, CAESAR--BUT WHAT I HAVE TO SAY IS URGENT!

URGENT?

VERY WELL, VIRGIL...

VERY WELL!
CAESAR, FORGIVE ME FOR DISTURBING YOU... BUT YOU HAVE TO COME...

ALDO HAS SEIZED POWER. CAESAR....

OH!

LET HIM, VIRGIL! WE'LL SETTLE IT LATER!

COME? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, VIRGIL?

RIGHT NOW, MY SON IS HURT... PERHAPS DYING...

BUT CAESAR....!

HE'S PASSING OUT GUNS... AND HE'S ORDERED ALL HUMANS IMPRISONED --!

HIS GORILLAS ARE ROUNPING ALL OF THEM UP AND HERDING THEM INTO THE CORRAL...

THE HUMANS? WHAT ABOUT MACDONALD?

HE WAS DRAGGED FROM THE COUNCIL MEETING -- THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP, CAESAR -- THEY MIGHT STILL LISTEN TO YOU....

NO... I CAN'T LEAVE MY SON...

CAESAR, THIS WON'T WAIT! A HUMAN ARMY FROM THE CITY IS OUT THERE IN THE FORBIDDEN DESERT -- INSTANTLY WE MIGHT BE ATTACKED ANY MINUTE --!

WITH THAT EXCUSE, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT ALDO MIGHT Attempt -- AND ACHIEVE!
MY SON NEEDS ME, VIRGIL!

EVERY APE AND HUMAN IN APE CITY NEEDS YOU--NOW!

NOW, CAESAR, NOW!

THEY STARE AT ONE ANOTHER. AT AN IMPASSE, IN SILENCE.

DADDY... THEN...

...THEY... HURT... ME...

...WANT TO... HURT YOU...

THEN IT WAS NOT AN ACCIDENT--!

BUT WHO--? WHO HURT YOU? HUMANS?

NO... NOT HUMANS...
IS HE...?

YES, CAESAR... I'M SORRY...

NOOOO!

IT WAS... NOT... AN ACCIDENT...

CAESAR-- WAIT--!

PLEASE, CORNELIUS... PLEASE, MY BABY...

SAY SOMETHING, CORNELIUS...

PLEASE SAY SOMETHING--!

TELL ME, MY BABY...

TELL ME YOU'RE NOT DEAD!

TELL YOUR MAMA, CORNELIUS...
HE SAID THEY HURT HIM. WHO? WHO WOULD HURT HIM--?

COULD THE MUTANTS ALREADY BE HERE...?

I THINK YOU'LL HAVE YOUR ANSWER, CAESAR...

...SOON ENOUGH.

DON'T PLAY WITH ME, VIRGIL. MY SON IS DEAD. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR PLAYING.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW--?

TH-THAT, CAESAR...

IN THE CORRAL...

THAT'S WHAT I KNOW...

CAESAR! CAESAR--!!

CAESAR! CAESAR--!!
MacDONALD—YOU too—??!
THEY put YOU in a CAGE—??!

ALDO!
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF...

BROOM

WHAT THE—??

THE MUTANTS.

WELL WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, ALDO—?!
OUR CITY'S UNDER ATTACK—!!

LET'S SEE HOW YOUR GORILLAS DO AGAINST HUMANS WITH GUNS....!!

ALDO DO SAME AGAINST ANY HUMANS.
ALDO STOP HUMANS!!

I HOPE SO, ALDO...

FOR THE SAKE OF EVERY APE AND HUMAN IN THIS CITY...
...I HOPE SO.
Now what about the rest of us—we're not just going to stand here!

Hurry—start moving those wagons—!

That's right—block the road—!

Some of you get carts—wagons—anything you can find!

And while the barricade is heightened, blocking entry into the treehouse, others are working to protect the inhabitants of the city...

...it would seem that some of the populace...

...have been forgotten.

While, at the outpost dividing barren desert from lush valley—life from death—there are those who wish they could forget...

Brat-tat-tat-tat

VRAK AK-ak AK-ak

Forget this! Their first sight of the enemy...

Impossible, it is a sight which will be burned into their minds for the rest of their lives...

Pok pok pok

BLAM

VRAK AK-ak AK-ak

Even those whose lives will extend beyond this battle.
It is an awesome sight. This battle. Its reality forged in the hellish fires of an earlier holocaust...

Hideous human mutants, their minds warped by increasing insanity... versus fierce gorillas, their minds growing in the light of primitive intelligence.

Bwhoom

Varrhh, bram, krak

Both factions are savage, and why not? Are both not children of the same bomb?
ALL RIGHT—LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.

FIRE THE FAMIN THING.

WELL THAT DID IT.
THEIR DEFENSE IS CRUMBLING!

BH NOONK

KRUMMP

WE GOT THE HAIRY BOOBS ON THE RUN, HEH HEH.

ALL RIGHT--HERE WE GO--ROLL 'EM OUT!
UP THE RIDGE, CHOP CHOP!
Time to join our boys in blue up at the top.

Did anyone remember to bring a flag...?

VRAK-AK-AK-AK-AK!

 Garcillas from outpost—running this way—running away from fight. Where Aldo?? We need Aldo!

No wait for Aldo. Humans come now. We go to them. --Stop them...

No-- we wait--!! We wait for Aldo--!

No more wait-!!

We charge now!!

Aldo-- already here. We fight now-- we win now!!

KILL!!

KILL ALL HUMANS!!
SHOW WEAK CAESAR
NOW STRONG GORILLAS
FIGHT!!

“HERE COMES THE CIRCUS...”

GET READY FOR THE PERFORMANCE.

“HO HO HO.
HEE HEE HEE.

MONKEYS ON HORSEBACK.
NEVER SAW A MORE RIDICULOUS CIRCUS IN MY LIFE.

ATTACK--ATTACK!!

BUT AS ALDO CRESTS THE RIDGE...

NOOO--!
OFF THE RIDGE -- GO BACK -- GO BACK!!

BUT THE CAVALRY ALREADY STREAMED UP OVER THE RIDGE... AND THE WARNING COMES TOO LATE...

BLAM URAK-ACK ACK ACK

POK POK POK

COME! FOLLOW ME!

AND WHILE SOME OF THE GORILLAS DO FOLLOW ALONG'S DESPERATE LEAD...

...MOST ARE SIMPLY MASSACRED.

KRAK BLAM

HO HO HO.

HEE HEE HEE.

BRAH

THERE IS NO ESCAPE...
... AND GOVERNOR BRECK KNOWS IT.
FINISH IT UP, CAPTAIN. YOU'RE WASTING TIME.

THERE'S A WHOLE CITY OF THESE MONKEYS WAITING FOR US...

AND NOW THAT THE PATH IS CLEAR OF RESISTANCE, I THINK IT'S HIGH TIME WE--

ROLL IN--

THEY'RE COMING, CAESAR...

THEY'VE CRUSHED ALDO'S CAVALRY...

YES, VIRgil... I CAN SEE...

... THOUGH I'M BEGINNING TO WISH I COULDN'T.
ALL RIGHT-- HOLD UP FOR A MINUTE.
I WANT TO GIVE YOU OUR ORDERS.

THERE IT IS -- THE CITY OF STINKING APES!

WHEN WE LEAVE HERE, I WANT NO TREE STANDING -- NO TWO PIECES OF WOOD STILL NAILED TOGETHER...

NOTHING LEFT ALIVE.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I WANT IT TO LOOK LIKE...

... THE CITY WE CAME FROM, TWISTED... AND DESTROYED.

NOW -- THAT RUBBISH DOWN THERE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A BARRICADE...

CLEAR IT OUT OF OUR PATH.

BHWOOM!

KROOMPH!

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