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WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET  
OF THE APES  
NOV. N° 26

75¢

# PLANET OF THE APES

ALL  
NEW!

JASON  
AND  
ALEXANDER  
RETURN!

"TERROR IN THE NORTHLANDS!"





**STAN LEE presents**

# PLANET OF THE APEES<sup>TM</sup>

vol 1/No. 26

Nov. 1976



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# NORTH LANDS!

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

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

IT IS GOOD TO BE COLD.

A COLD PERSON IS ALWAYS FUN.

HAAH! YOU MISSED ME, ALEX--!

AND LIGHTSMITH'S MINDLESS LITANY ASIDE, THERE IS JOY HERE IN THE SOFTLY FALLING SNOW...

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



A SHAME, THEN, THAT SUCH BOUND-  
LESS (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...



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.

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...



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

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...



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

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

-- SINCE THE  
PSYCHEDROME WAS  
DOUBTLESSLY DESTROYED  
IN THE NUCLEAR  
DETONATION.

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

BUT DEEP INSIDE THIS SPRAWLING  
PILE OF RUBBLE --



-- DEEP INSIDE THE  
PHENOMENAL PSYCHEDROME  
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.**

WHAT IS THE STATUS  
IN **YOUR** SECTOR?

OH, MATTERS  
COULD BE  
**WORSE.**

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

**MINE**, 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 **ASSISIMIANS** SOLEMNLY MOVING AMONG THE SHARDS OF SHATTERED STONE, FORMING A **BURIAL MOUND** OVER THE BODY OF THE SLAIN CHIEFTAIN **MAGUANUS**.

IT IS A **POIGNANT** RITUAL WHICH **BRUTUS** VIEWS WITH **DISDAIN**. AFTER ALL, HE **MURDERED** **MAGUANUS**.

STUPID FOOLS--  
A DISGRACE TO THE  
ENTIRE RACE OF  
**APES!**

**COMMANDER  
BRUTUS**--WE  
HAVE **FOUND** SOME-  
THING WHICH REQUIRES  
YOUR **ATTENTION!**

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**?

A **STEAM-  
DRIVEN VEHICLE**  
OF SOME SORT--

--WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY  
BELONGED TO ONE OF  
JASON'S **COMPANIONS**.  
IT **COULD** PROVE  
**USEFUL...**

**USEFUL,**  
HUH?

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.

THE GARMENTS ARE  
**THERMO-INSULATED**.

WONDER WHERE **LIGHTSMITH**  
AND **GILBERT** ARE...?

HEY, **JASE**--MAYBE WE SHOULD  
TAKE SOME OF THOSE **SWORDS** FROM  
THE DEAD **MONKEY-DEMONS**  
IN THE BACK OF THE CAR...

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 **FIRE**-OUT.

POOR GILBERT CRUMPLES IN SILENT **DESPAIR**...

--WHILE THE **SMUG** **KEEPER** OPENLY **WATCHES**.



ANYONE WITH ANY KNOWLEDGE OF *SNOW* WOULD NEVER EVEN SET FOOT OUT IN THIS BLIZZARD.

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*"...

THIS AIN'T GONNA BE EASY --THE WHITE STUFF'S FALLING SO FAST IT FILLS UP TRACKS AS SOON AS THEY'RE LAID DOWN.

BUT WE'VE STILL GOT TO TRY--WE'VE GOT TO.

BUT THEN, NO ONE IN THIS GROUP HAS HAS EVER *SEEN* SNOW BEFORE. BE- SIDES, THEIR FRIEND IS IN *TROUBLE*.

...AND QUICKLY *PRONOUNCES* IT--

JUNK!

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

BUT JUST HURRY UP! WE LEAVE NOW TO FIND THAT HUMAN SCUM--

-- SOMETHING ELSE IS.

HUH--?!

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

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...

TRUE, ALEX, BUT IF THE *SNOW* IS NO LONGER FALLING HEAVILY--



"LIGHTSMITH"--? THE  
WORD IS LIKE ICE  
DASHED BY HOT MEAD.

IT **MELTS**-- AND  
BECOMES **NOTHING**  
IN MY EAR.

NOW--  
ANSWER MY  
CHALLENGE!!

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--!

UH OH.

AYE, ERIKO-- WE HEARD  
THE HAIRLESS ONE'S **DEFIANT**  
**SPEECH**.

TIME, THEN, TO  
REPLY WITH SOME  
SPORT--?

MORE THAN  
SPORT, JARDO...

'TIS TIME  
TO--

YIIIKES!!

SKANK

--BEAT SOME  
ANSWERS FROM  
THEM!!

ME AND MY BIG  
MOUTH-- AGAIN...!



JASE, IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA BACK YOU UP THIS TIME--YOU'RE CRAZY!!

HO HO HO! RUN, LITTLE APE--RUN!!

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!!

OBOY.

LEAVE THEM ALONE YOU BIG BRUTES!!

BUT THEIR MISTAKE LIES IN THE FACT THAT FIERY TEMPER Seldom OBSERVE BOUNDARIES OF GENDER OR BODY-FUR... AS FLARN LEARNS TO HIS PAINFUL CHAGRIN.

HAH! 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 MALAGUENA. AFTER ALL, SHE IS A MERE FEMALE--AND A HAIRLESS ONE, AT THAT.

YEEEE-OWTCH!!

DISGUSTING.









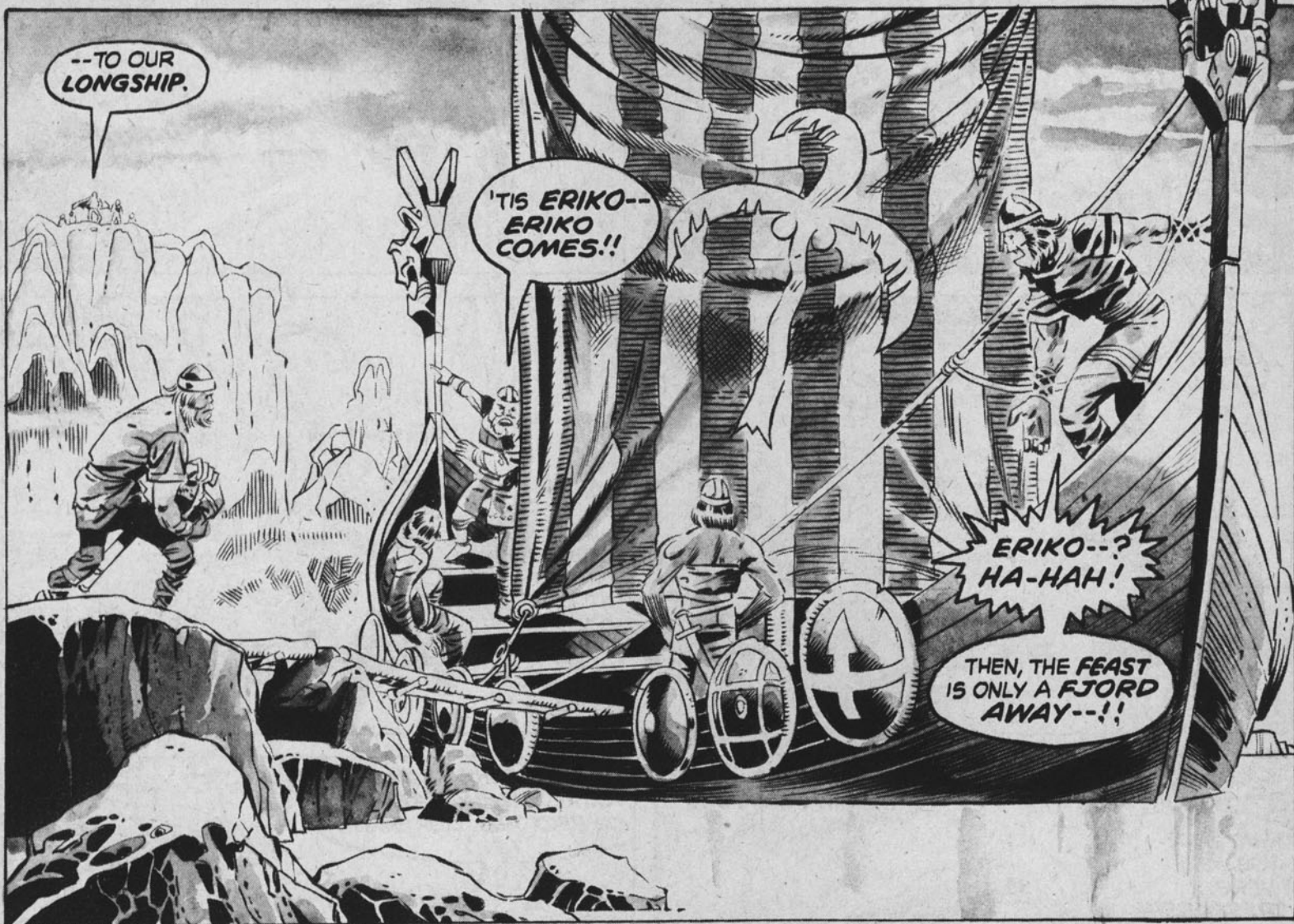
WE'D BE POOR NORTH-APES IF WE **DIDN'T**. WE'LL **LEAD** YOU TO THEIR **NESTS** IF YOU WANT--EVEN HELP YOU **ANNIHILATE** THEM.

COME ON.

UH... COME ON **WHERE--?**

JUST DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS **PRECIPICE--**

YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHERE TO **FIND** THESE...THESE "**SNOW-SHAMBLERS**"--?



--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?

YEAH, I **KNOW**, **MALAGUENA--** BUT WE CAN'T TURN THIS **CHANCE DOWN...**

**LIVE?** WHY, THEY LIVE IN--







MAGNIFICENTLY, 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!

WELL, I GUESS I AM KIND OF HUNGRY...

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 WAUM-WAUM. WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT...?



**THE RITUAL FEAST OF THE NORTH-APES: WANTON, CRUDE, VULGAR, RAUCOUS, DISGUSTING--AND LOTS OF FUN!**

**A TOAST! TO THE BLOOD WHICH SHALL SOON FLOW FROM OUR ENEMIES LIKE COARSE MEAD 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, ERIKO-- 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 HISSING ABOUT, KEEPER?

THIS SAVAGERY--! IT APPALLS ME! DISGUSTING!

FSSSS

OH, I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT KNOW THEM...

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

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!

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

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

BUT GILBERT AND I ARE LEAVING TO FIND LIGHT-SMITH!!





WAIT, MALA--

OH, WHAT'S THE USE? IT'S SETTLED NOW. THANKS FOR YOUR OFFER TO HELP, ERIKO, BUT ALEX AND I HAVE TO GO NOW. WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE FEAST TO END--

--OR WE'LL LOSE MALAGUENA AND GILBERT TOO.



WAIT, FRIEND JASON--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...

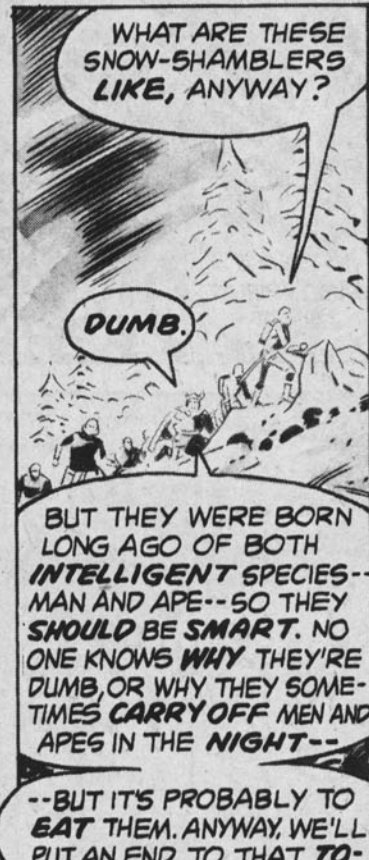
...BUT I AM A GOOD PERSON...I THINK.

GUD-GUD.



YES, YOU'RE A GOOD PERSON...I THINK... BUT--

--A GOOD PERSON NEVER THINKS...



WHAT ARE THESE SNOW-SHAMBLERS LIKE, ANYWAY?

DUMB.

BUT THEY WERE BORN LONG AGO OF BOTH INTELLIGENT SPECIES--MAN AND APE--SO THEY SHOULD BE SMART. NO ONE KNOWS WHY THEY'RE DUMB, OR WHY THEY SOMETIMES CARRY OFF MEN AND APES IN THE NIGHT--

--BUT IT'S PROBABLY TO EAT THEM. ANYWAY, WE'LL PUT AN END TO THAT TONIGHT--



--SHOUTING OUR BATTLE CHANTS 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 FOR-  
WARD, THE REST  
IS INEVITABLE.

AND THE REAL CRIME  
LIES IN THE FACT THAT  
THE FOOLS WITH THEIR  
WEAPONS CANNOT SEE  
IT COMING.



THE SLAUGHTER IS INSTANTANEOUS--THE EXPLODING  
CARNAGE OVERWHELMINGLY COMPLETE...

...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--!!



**BACK, MONSTER--  
GET AWAY FROM  
THAT HELPLESS  
MAN!!**

**NO-NO!**

**SHE DROPS HER CHARGE, THE BETTER  
TO DEFEND HIM FROM THIS STRANGE  
AND REASONLESS THREAT...**

**...BUT NOW SHE TURNS, HEARING A  
NEW THREAT.**

**LIGHTSMITH  
--ARE YOU  
ALL  
RIGHT?!**

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

**RUN,  
MONSTER!**

**RUN ALL  
YOU WANT--**

**NO-NO!**

**NO-NO!!**

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

**NO--**

**NOOO...!!**

**SEUNK!**

**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-EE7...

YOU **FOOLS**...YOU **STUPID, STUPID**--

...**FOOOOOLSSS!**

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.

YEAH, JASE...HE'S REGAINED HIS **MIND**...

...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.

**EPILOGUE:** THE FAREWELL IS SOLEMNLY **LOW-KEY**...

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

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.

YEAH.

THEN, AS THE **KEEPER** MOVES FORWARD TO BOARD THE LONGSHIP--

WHAT ARE YOU **DOING**? LET ME **PASS**!

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

YOU **STAY** WITH US.

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** **WAILS** ON THE SHORE, THE LONGSHIP GLIDES FROM THE **FJORD**...

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** ...AND THE VERY THING WHICH **BROKE** THAT INDOCTRINATION--"

YEAH, I SEE WHAT YOU **MEAN**, LIGHTSMITH...

IT TURNED **HIM** INTO **THEIR ORACLE**.



FIN



# MAN and APE



## Reflections in an Imperfect Mirror

AG-107

### PART II

by Lee Overstreet

**L**ook in a mirror. Who do you see? That's easy, you say. Okay, describe yourself. Tall/short, thin/fat, light/dark, muscular/scrawny, male/female, hair color and length. Still easy? Let's try something a little harder. Describe your personality. Define your character traits. Are you basically intelligent, ignorant, sadistic, gentle, aggressive, passive? Still not too difficult, huh? So, why are you stumbling over your tongue? Try this. On a scale of one to ten, rate yourself for cooperative, patriotic, religious, nurturant, brave, individualistic, patient, honest, friendly, kind. Finished? All right, I'll wait.

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 full-dimensional 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 shrunken 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 braced 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 tromp up the dingy stairway. One batters 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 angers. 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. Viridon and Burke are men. Therefore, Viridon 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 judge 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*.

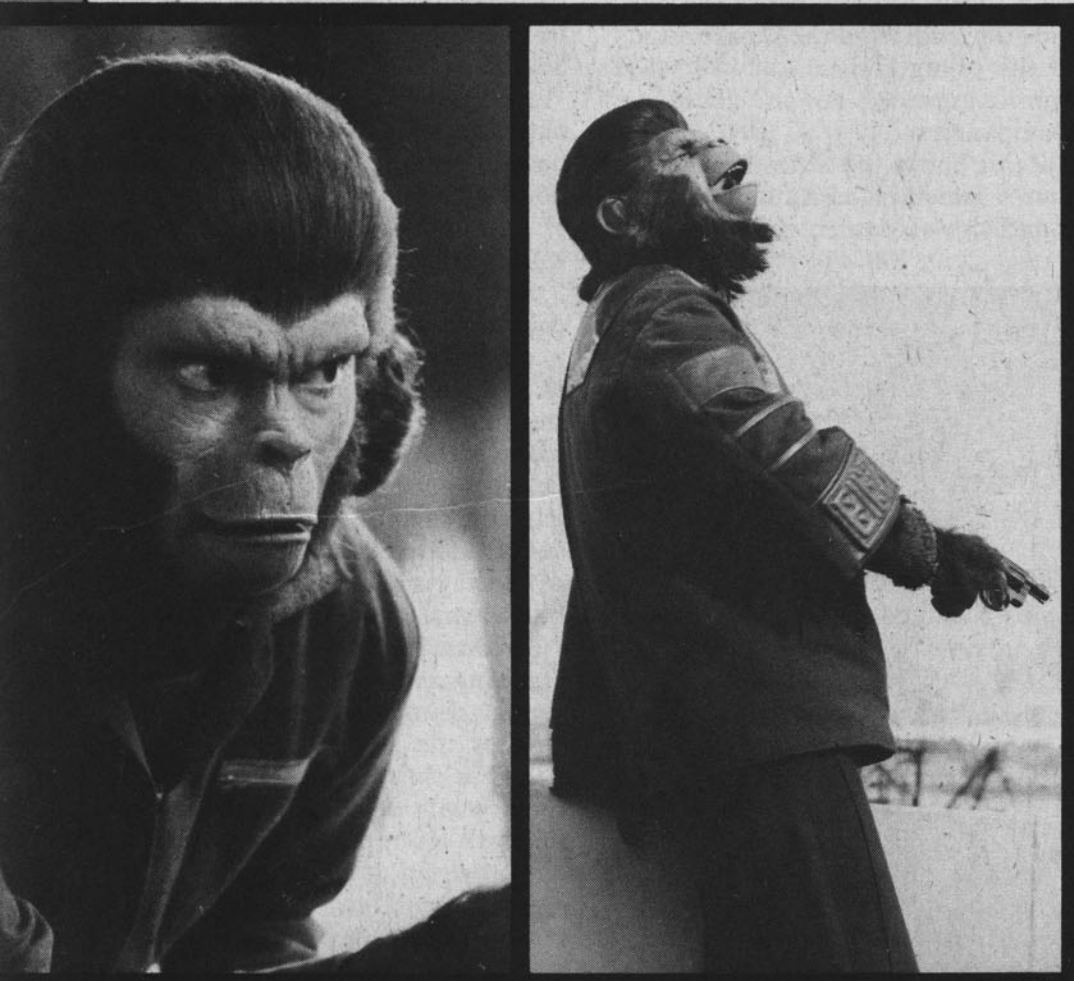
Isn't that peculiar? Urko has my face...and yours. Are we bigots and cheats? (Don't forget how Urko fixes horse races!) But are we also the same kind of noble person Urko is? Is there in us that same courage to acknowledge that our hatred is fear? Can we respect those we have judged as inferior for so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



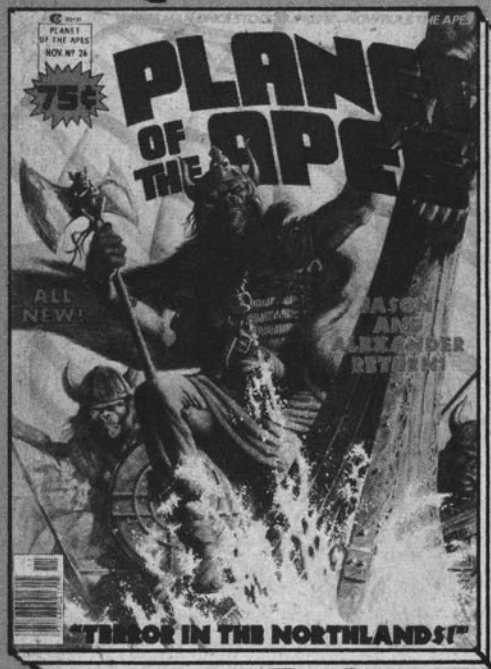


*The Mighty Marvel Explosion Erupts!*

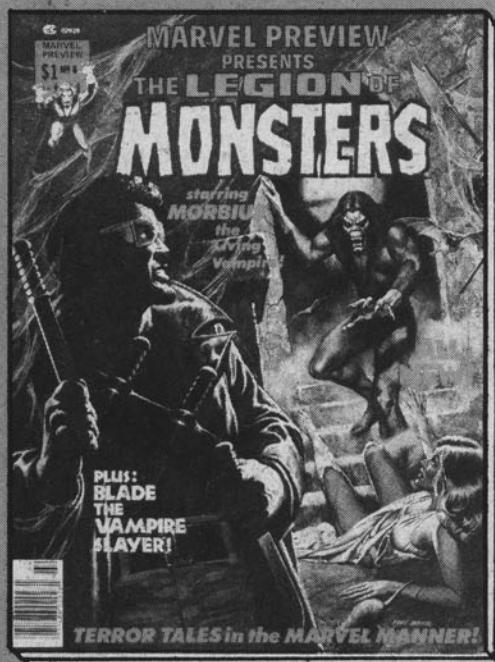
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# WE HEARD IT THROUGH THE APE VINE



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 cajol 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-peel 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 "Terror". Those of you who've been patiently waiting for the right man to come along and pick up the artistic reins on our premiere 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. Ape civilization, in my opinion, could not have survived with all these gorilla factions running around creating havoc and terror for everyone!

"Messiah of Monkey Demons," was a smashing conclusion to your *Psychedrome* 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 aircar smashes through the Keeper's domain, I don't think Alex (was it Alex?) would say while flying through the air: "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  
5616 Grandview Blvd. #302  
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. Comedic byplay has always been a timeworn staple of good drama, 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 (wouldja believe most?) of our readership is made up of human beings, a cover depicting men 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 mayvans 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 a 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 omitting of Virgil's character 4) The changing of names, 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 armory 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 that 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 Stonybrook Road  
Gales Ferry, CT. 06335

We thank you for pointing up what at first appear to be unforgivable mistakes, and truth to tell, there have been some such letters 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





deleted, as well as certain scenes being changed, etc. In the interests of continuity and in providing our readers with the most complete version of the epic and important events chronicled in that film, we've chosen to adapt from the most complete source available, which happens to be the shooting script. (all out adaptations were taken from the shooting scripts).

So look at it this way. You've seen the movie—now **Mighty Marvel** reveals the *real* story behind the story! Compare, contrast, and let us know what you think.

Dear Ape-producers,

I've been reading your magazine from the beginning, but only recently have I felt the need to comment on it. First off, let me say that on the whole I think you people do a terrific job. However, there are a couple of points that bother me.

For one thing, I don't see why you have to have articles. I admit that at the beginning they were interesting and informative and the recent pieces on the special effects were enjoyable. Still, you're starting to scrape the bottom of the barrel, insofar as topics are concerned. I suggest you stop the articles before you begin doing features on Roddy McDowell's dentist and Maurice Evans' paper-boy. Besides, the few extra pages will give more room for the comics stories.

This leads me to another point. Since issue #13, (the beginning of the Lightsmith/Psychedrome story) there have been only five stories with Jason and Alexander appearing. This shoots all of your continuity to blazes. I like your "Future History Chronicles", but I enjoy Jase and Alex more. Hopefully, your new artist will be able to have less hassles with the deadlines. And speaking of new artists, I say the new fellow on "Terror" is Herb Trimpe. He hasn't done much work for color comics and he did a fine job on issue #21.

That's all I have to say, thanks for listening.

Sincerely,  
William Nutt  
43 Belmont Ave.  
Dover, N.J. 07801

Bill, the reason we have articles is because they seem to be a desired part of this magazine, and have been since its inception. Whether or not we've been hitting bottom with recent features is a matter for individual preference, but considering the many permutations possible on the original Apes concept, we feel there's still sufficient latitude left for interesting and informative articles. And of course we've been guided in our past selection of articles by suggestions from our readers and will certainly be equally responsive in the future. So don't ignore the clarion call, people, write in.

We agree that continuity isn't helped a heck of a lot by extended gaps between the appearance of various parts of "Terror" or any other series for that matter. We think we've finally licked the problem, with our choice for artist on "Terror" Herb Trimpe, about whom you've heard a great deal at the top of this page. By the way Mr. Nutt, nice guess on the correct successor to Tom Sutton on the Jason and Alexander series. We intend to hang onto him as long as the Lawgiver permits.

Dear Apes,

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 proof that the Earth hadn't blown up, and thus the series came after the movie **BENEATH**. Zaius did say that, but it only disproves this

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 "Terror" left Caesar's city because they didn't want guns around (in the "Future Histories" 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, "Terror" and "Future History Chronicles" and possibly "Kingdom" and "Beast", provided Derek Zane landed on the East Coast.

As for the animated series, it doesn't have anything 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 it up.

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



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 us how thoughtful 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 from us friends.

Dear Archie,

Astoundingly for a mag which was spawned from a fascinating series of films, a TV program which won nothing but a lack of viewers and a need of a good time slot, and the resilient assemblage of fans, I must pronounce that **THE PLANET OF THE APES** magazine is articulately composing a worthy amount of material enhancing the Apes mythos. We have serials like "Terror On The Planet Of The Apes" and "Future History Chronicles". There's also the adaptation of the original five Ape films with some fill-ins inbetween. I commend all of the staff on preserving possibly one of the biggest sensations to come. Watch out Captain Kirk, Roddy McDowell is on your trail!

With the prosperus amending at work to continue a whimsical magazine, we must look for the advent of innovations when considering the excellent compound-age of Ape history. All appearances clarify that POTA can do nothing but go forward and upward. Take account of these: How about an interview with Charlton Heston and a look at the preparation of the artist to draw an Ape. Maybe we should let Jack Kirby take a crack at an Ape saga just for the sake of interest and difference. And how about some shots of the Apes shooting sets if they haven't been torn down. Accordingly, we could follow Caesars exploits after **BATTLE**. There are a myriad of ideas, from Stan Lee right down to production of both the

animated series and the handling of POTA. PEACE friends, I hasten my exodus...with only time to say "You're doing great!"

Michael Biegel  
6 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 all tidbits of wisdom and Ritz Crackers to:

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



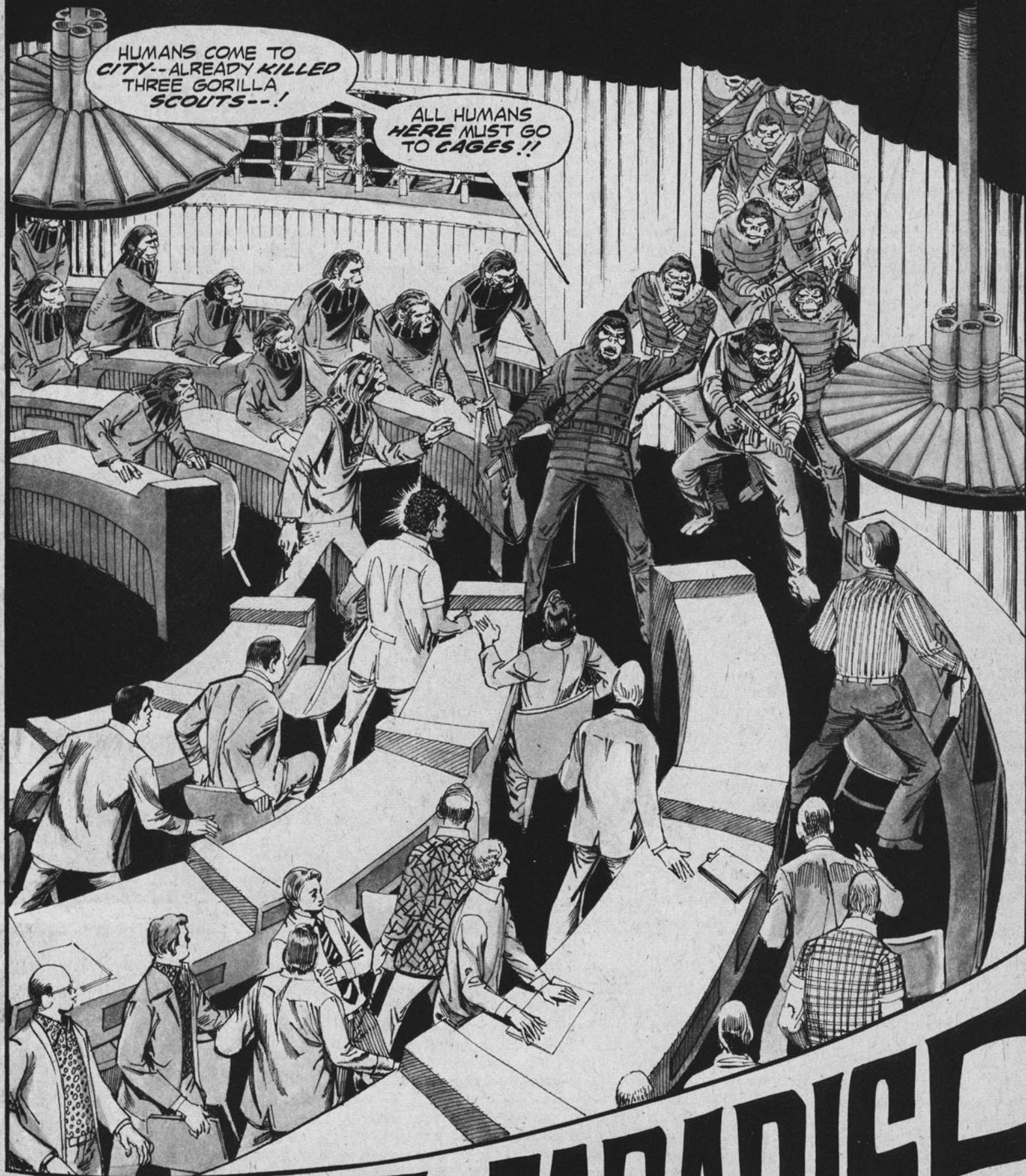
# THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

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

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

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

ALL HUMANS HERE MUST GO TO CAGES!!



PART  
V:

## ASSAULT ON PARADISE







**V**IRGIL WATCHES AS THE LAST OF THE HUMANS ARE **DRAWN** FROM THE COUNCIL CHAMBER. HE SEES ALDO, A **TYRANT**, STANDING IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM...IN COMPLETE CONTROL BY VIRTUE OF **FORCE**.



**C**LEARLY, THE SITUATION IS **HOPELESS...**

...AND SO, HE **LEAVES**.



**FURTIVELY...**

**H**E DOES NOT WISH TO **LISTEN** TO ALDO HARSH WORDS OF HATRED... TO THE PRIMITIVE POLICIES OF A **TYRANT** WHO **ENFORCES** HIS WILL BY AN **IRON FIST** ALONE...



**B**UT WHO WILL HE LISTEN TO ?



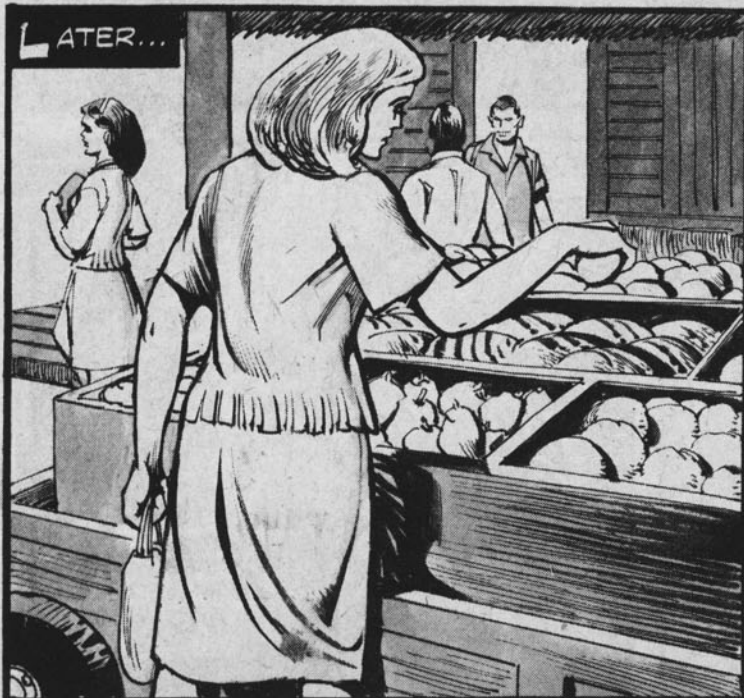
**O**R, MORE **IMPOR-**  
**TANTLY,**  
WHEN WILL  
**CAESAR**  
EMERGE  
FROM HIS  
**GRIEF --**

--AND RETURN TO **POWER**...  
RETURN TO **RULE** THIS CITY  
WHICH SO **DESPERATELY** NEEDS  
HIS **WISDOM** ? WHEN -- ?



**V**IRGIL BREATHES A **HEAVY** **SIGH**. HE DOES NOT KNOW THE **ANSWER**.

**L**ATER...



**WHAT--?**





NO--  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING--?!

NO  
TALK,  
HUMAN!



TALK  
MORE--AND  
YOU GET  
HURT!

WAPT



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...?



HE CANNOT  
AFFORD TO  
FIND OUT...



...FOR TIME  
GROWS  
SHORT.

NOW...  
WE  
GET!

GET  
WHAT WE  
NEED!



OPEN DOOR!  
OPEN DOOR  
NOW!

BAMP  
BAMP  
BAMP

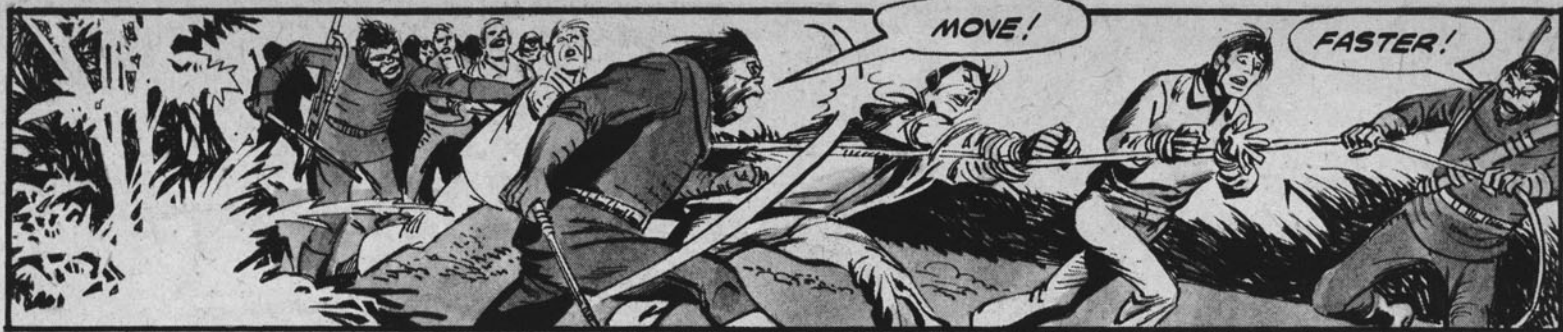












MOVE!

FASTER!



...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--

HYAH!!



--WHEN IT IS NEEDED THE *MOST*...?



AAIEEEEE!!



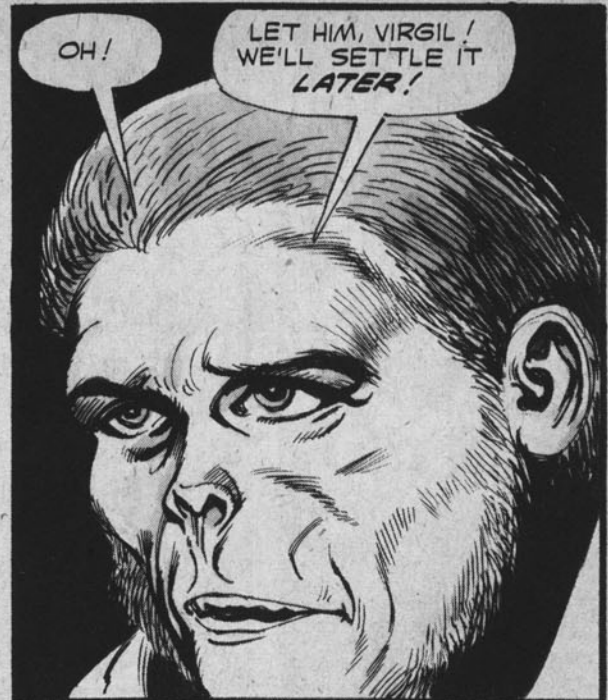
AGAIN, HE  
DOES  
NOT *KNOW*  
THE  
ANSWER.

IT PAINS  
HIM.













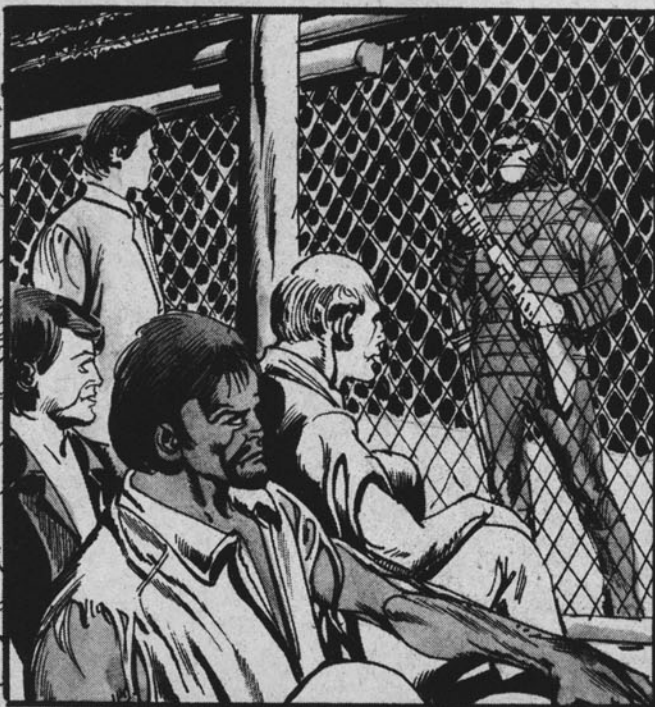
THEY STARE AT ONE ANOTHER, AT AN IMPASSE, IN SILENCE.











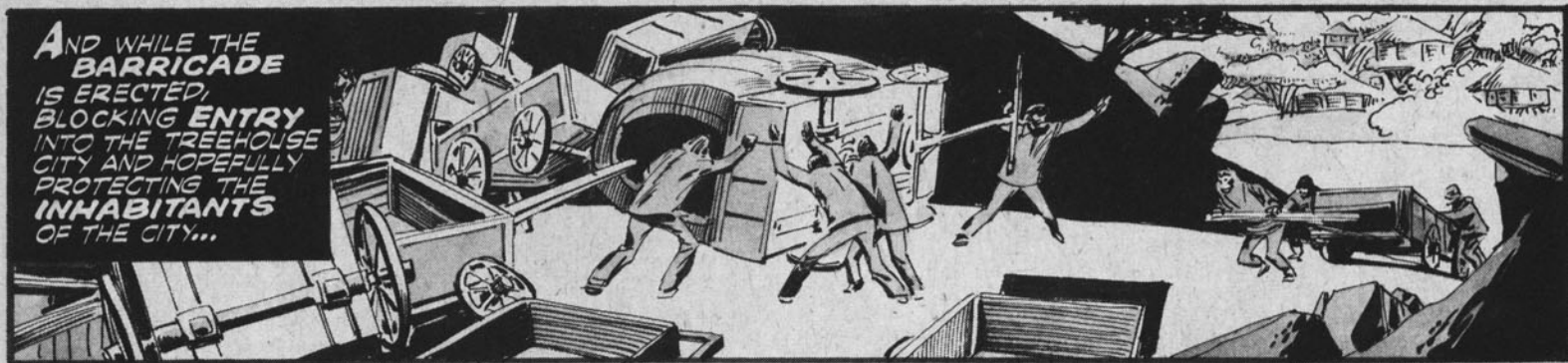




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**IT IS AN AWESOME  
SIGHT, THIS BATTLE,  
ITS REALITY FORGED  
IN THE HELLISH FIRES  
OF AN EARLIER  
HOLOCAUST...**

**HIDEOUS HUMAN MUTANTS,  
THEIR MINDS WARPED BY  
INCREASING INSANITY...  
VERSUS FIERCE GORILLAS,  
THEIR MINDS GROWING IN THE  
LIGHT OF DAWNING  
INTELLIGENCE.**

**BW HOON**

**YAAARRHH  
BRAM**

**AAAIEEE**

**WAAHH KRAK**

**BOTH FACTIONS  
ARE SAVAGE.  
AND WHY NOT? ARE  
BOTH NOT CHILDREN  
OF THE SAME BOMB?**







"TIME TO JOIN OUR BOYS IN BLUE UP AT THE TOP."



"DID ANYONE REMEMBER TO BRING A FLAG--?"



GORILLAS 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--!!  
WAIT FOR  
ALDO--!

NO  
MORE  
WAIT--!!

WE  
CHARGE  
NOW!!

ALDO--  
ALDO HERE--  
WE FIGHT  
NOW-- WE  
WIN NOW!!



KILL!!

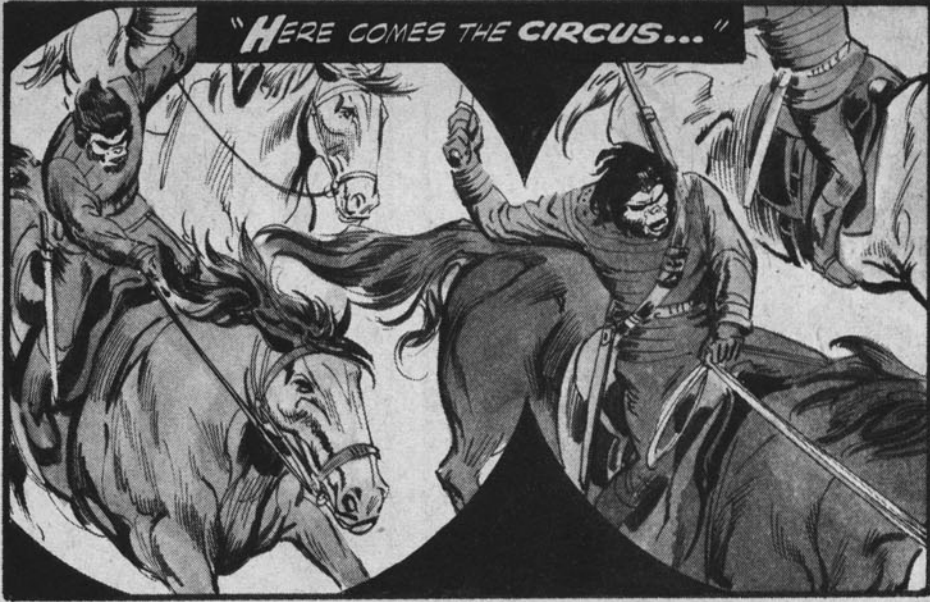


KILL ALL  
HUMANS!!





**SHOW WEAK CAESAR  
HOW STRONG GORILLAS  
FIGHT!!**



**"HERE COMES THE CIRCUS..."**



**...MONKEYS  
ON HORSEBACK.**

**NEVER  
SAW A  
MORE  
RIDICULOUS  
CIRCUS IN  
MY LIFE.**



**GET READY FOR  
THE PERFORMANCE.**



**HO HO  
HO.**

**HEE HEE  
HEE.**

**HO HO  
HO**



**ATTACK-- ATTACK!!**



**BUT AS ALDO CRESTS  
THE RIDGE...**

**NOOO--!**



**OFF THE RIDGE-- GO BACK-- GO BACK!!**

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

**FAR TOO LATE.**

**BLAM VRAK-AK AK-AK**

**CHOOM**

**POK POK POK**

**COME! FOLLOW ME!**

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

**... MOST ARE SIMPLY MASSACRED.**

**KRAK**

**BLAM**

**HO HO HO.**

**HEE HEE HEE.**

**VRAK-AK-AK-AK**

**BRAM**

**THERE IS NO ESCAPE...**



... AND GOVERNOR BRECK KNOWS IT.

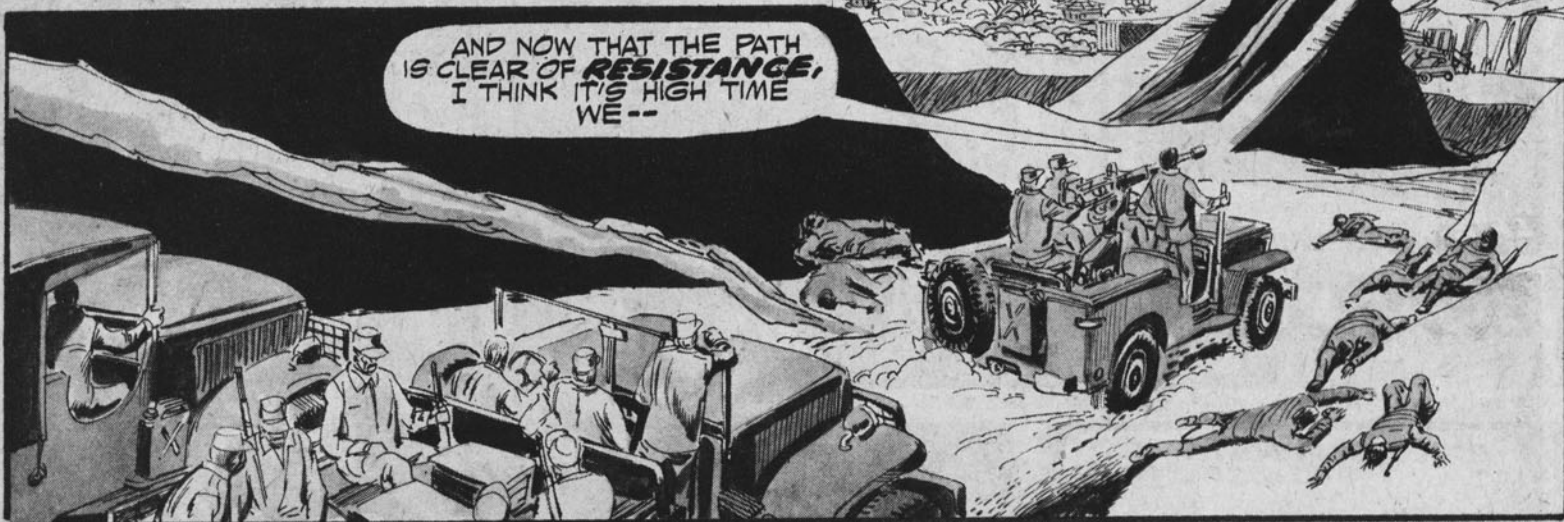
FINISH IT **UP**, CAPTAIN.  
YOU'RE WASTING **TIME**.



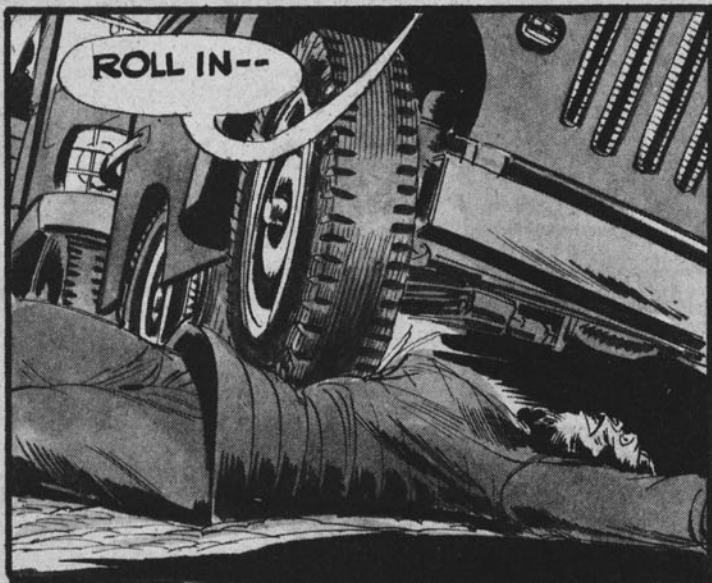
THERE'S A WHOLE  
**CITY** OF THESE  
MONKEYS WAITING  
FOR US...



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 YOUR  
**ORDERS.**



THERE IT **IS**--  
THE CITY OF  
STINKING **APES!**

TAKE A  
GOOD LOOK  
AT IT AND  
**LISTEN**  
TO ME--!



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!**

**THE ASSAULT HAS**  
**BEGUN. HELL HAS JUST**  
**INVADED... PARADISE.**

NEXT ISSUE: PART VI: **CONQUEST OF BLOOD**



# IMPOSSIBLE?

"Every successful bodybuilder has got to use the most advanced bodybuilding methods available—UNIVERSAL BODYBUILDING offers the best! Using UNIVERSAL methods, I have made excellent gains!"

Brian Eastman

NOT  
FOR  
THE  
SUPER

**BODYBUILDING SYSTEM!**

**BE BETTER THAN THE BEST,  
BE DYNAMIC!**

**AFTER**

MOST MEN NEVER REALIZE THEIR POTENTIAL FOR MUSCULARITY. Why? Probably because they've never come across or taken advantage of a training program quite like the one we offer here at UNIVERSAL BODYBUILDING. Our course has the ULTIMATE MASTERPLAN for TOTAL BODY DEVELOPMENT!

Very few men are satisfied with the way they look at present. They know themselves that they wouldn't mind having a REALLY MASCULINE BODY — one that will "turn on" the girls and make the guys envious.

WITH UNIVERSAL METHODS, YOU CAN BREAK OUT OF YOUR "OLD" SELF, AND TRANSFORM YOUR BODY INTO AN ATTENTION-GETTER!!! WE GUARANTEE TO IMPROVE YOUR BODY FAR BEYOND WHAT YOU'VE EVER BELIEVED POSSIBLE! We have perfected bodybuilding training techniques to the extreme, so that we can offer you the fastest gains possible. If you're thin and underweight, you'll be astonished at how quickly muscles appear. If you're overweight, we can help you to trim down the fat and replace it with rock-hard muscle. We'll tone up your abdominal area, and show you how to obtain a well-defined and impressive waist.

Add 2 or 3 inches to your arms, 4 or 5 inches to your chest — your rewards will be in direct proportion to your effort and accomplishments — nobody sets a limit to your success.

In the time it takes to complete this 12 lesson course, we can guarantee you a muscular foundation fantastic enough to be developed to your fullest potential!!! You can go far beyond mere "improvement" with the Advanced Training Techniques included in this course. We can give you the firm, rippling, muscular body of a physique star!!! Send in for our FREE COLORFUL BROCHURES TODAY (fantastic information about our course — loaded with unbelievable photographs). You won't regret it!!!

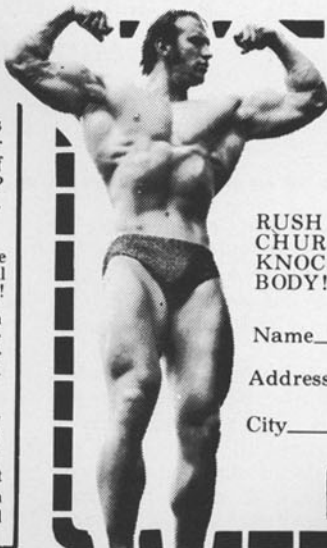
**INSTANTLY-  
YOUR MUSCLES  
WILL BEGIN  
TO GROW!**

**BEFORE**

**BE GREAT-BE SOMEBODY SPECIAL!**

Improve your health, self-confidence and your outlook on life as you become more muscular. Regardless of your age, height or present build, we'll help you build a fabulous body. Thousands of people have taken this course with fantastic results — why not you? Whatever you look like today, we can improve on it. We guarantee it!!!

- ☐ **ARMS** — Develop big, powerful arms—the kind girls love to be held in! Command respect from everyone you meet!
- ☐ **CHEST** — Is your chest sunken and unimpressive? No more! It's easy to build a massive chest. You can measure 45, 47, or even 50 inches!
- ☐ **BACK** — Develop your upper back, and get that outstanding "V-Shape!" Often within one week you'll be able to see that wedge formation begin to take shape — it's a real attention-getter!
- ☐ **SHOULDERS** — Get rid of those puny shoulders! Instead, fill your shirts with bulging muscles!
- ☐ **LEGS** — Put some muscle on those spindly legs! Muscular legs will give you extra power like you've never dreamed possible!
- ☐ **ABDOMEN** — Trim and hard — that's the way your abs should look. Get rid of your pot-belly, improve your digestion, and get that washboard waist—all when you develop those abdominal muscles!



UNIVERSAL  
BODYBUILDING  
Box 485 Dept. 4  
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

**FREE!**

RUSH me those FREE COLORFUL BROCHURES TODAY! I want to be able to KNOCK 'EM DEAD with a FABULOUS BODY!!!

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**MAIL TODAY!**



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It has helped  
to start  
many men  
and women  
on the road to  
greater  
accomplishment

Just looking  
at it won't  
get you  
anything...  
but mailing it  
could lead to  
a more  
rewarding  
future!

The LaSalle coupon is one of the most often-seen coupons in America. To many of those who have already mailed it, it has proved a first step to opportunity.

Cut Along Dotted Line — Seal (Tape, Paste or Staple) and Mail Today.

## MAIL THIS HANDY POSTAGE-PAID COUPON-ENVELOPE

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.

Please send me, without obligation, FREE booklet on the opportunity I have checked:

### ACCOUNTING

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☐ Advanced Accounting

### BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Complete Training

### PERSONNEL MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Complete Training

### REAL ESTATE

- ☐ Complete Training

### DIESEL MECHANICS

- ☐ Maintenance & Repair

### SECRETARIAL

- ☐ Complete Training

### INTERIOR DECORATING

- ☐ Complete Training

### MOTEL/HOTEL MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Complete Training

### DRAFTING

- ☐ Complete Training

### ART TRAINING\*\*

- ☐ Complete Training

### MUSIC INSTRUCTION\*\*

- ☐ Piano ☐ Guitar  
☐ Spinet Organ

\*\*Non-diploma course.  
No submissions required.

### DENTAL OFFICE ASSISTANT

- ☐ Complete Training

### STENOTYPE

- ☐ Machine Shorthand

### WRITING

- ☐ Fiction  
☐ Non-Fiction

### COMPUTER PROGRAMMING

- ☐ Basic Training

### ELECTRONICS

- ☐ FCC License

### SUPERVISORY MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Management Skills

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- ☐ Diploma Program

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- ☐ Complete Training

Dept. 84-006

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (Circle title and please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. No. \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

46D FOLD HERE ↓ (DO NOT CUT) SEAL AND MAIL TODAY — NO STAMP NEEDED.

20

FIRST CLASS  
PERMIT NO. 27  
CHICAGO, ILL.

### BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No postage stamp required if mailed in the United States

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