TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES: “APES OF IRON!”
Beneath the heart of a ravaged city lurk— the gorilloids!
By Doug Moench and Herb Trimpe
Page 3

EDITORIAL!
Page 23

APE VINE!
Page 24

“APE MOVEMENTS!”
Step-by-step instructions on how to walk like an ape!
By Jim Whitmore
Page 26

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES PART VI: “Conquest of Blood!”
By Doug Moench and Virgil Redondo
Page 31
TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES!

APES OF IRON!

Cruel faces moving through a peaceful forest: the gorilla Brutus and his mutant-prone allies are on the march.

But as cruel as they are there are far more menacing forces in these serene woods, lurking in the shadows above, watching... and waiting...

I tell you it is all JACOB'S fault, Warko--that human whelp has interfered with my plans time and again.

But he won't stop me again, Warko! Do you hear...?}

YES, COMMANDER BRUTUS--I FULLY AGREE.

Story: Doug Moench  Art: Herb Trimpe
YOU FULLY AGREE...? IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY...? DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT DISEASE-RIDDEN HUMAN HAS DONE...? HE HAS COMPLETELY THwarted MY ultimate GOAL!

HE DESTROYED THE STUFF OF MY DREAMS, WARKO! THE METAL THINGS IN THAT CAVERN COULD HAVE SLAUGHTERED EVERY PIECE OF HUMAN SOUL ON THE FACE OF THIS WORLD!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND...? JASON DESTROYED MY... MY METAL THINGS... IT WAS WHATEVER THEY WERE!

WHAT DID YOU CALL THOSE THINGS AGAIN, DRONE ZEE?

THEY WERE NUCLEAR MISSILES, BRUTUS...

NOW.

FROM THE SHADOWS, ONE OF THE MENACING FORMS HAS BROKEN ANNOUNGING THAT THE TIME OF WATCHING AND WAITING HAS PASSED...

AND SO THEY STRIKE... DROPING AND LURGING FROM THE SHADOWS WITHOUT WARNING SMASHING EVERYTHING IN THE PATH OF THEIR SINGLE-MINDED GOAL.

THERE ARE AGES! KILL ALL OTHERS!

WHAT IN THE...? WHAT ARE THEY...?

THEY ARE GORILLAS, AND THEY ARE ANDROIDS, BUT MOST OF ALL, THEY ARE BIZARRE.

THE AMBUSH BEGINS WITH INSTANT VIOLENCE, BRUTUS WAVING TANITH BLAIN BY A SINGLE PUNCH...

A METAL FINGER IS RAISED AND POINTED, A SCREECHING BURST OF LASER ENERGY SHUTS FROM ITS SIP, BLASTING ZEEZ'S HEART IN CHARRED TO WOKE... ASH.
AND NOW THE CHAOS EXPLODES IN FULL FORCE AMIDST SCREAMING, SHOUTING, AND ALL THE OTHER SOUNDS OF VIOLENT ASSAULT AND DEATH... AS HORRIFIC BERSERKERS OF SYNTHESIZED METAL AND FLESH SWARM OVER BRUTUS' PARTY WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED AND FURY.

EACH BERSERKER POSSESSES THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY NORMAL GORILLAS... AND EACH EXPLOITS THAT STRENGTH TO FULL AND AWESOME EFFECT.

BRUTUS' GORILLAS ARE INSTANTLY SUBDUED...

...AND THE MUTANT DRONES ARE MURDERED WITH SAVAGE CALLOUSNESS...

...WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE... DRONE KYEW... WHO MANAGES TO CRAWL INTO THE SURROUNDING SEWAL... HE ACTIVATES HIS CHEST TRANSMITTER AND...

CALLING CAVERN CONTROL... DRONE KYEW CALLING CAVERN CONTROL...

LIFE FUNCTIONS OF ALL DRONES IN SERVICE OF THE GORILLA BRUTUS ARE PRESENTLY BEING TERMINATED... BY GORILLIOIDS...

FAR AWAY IN THE CAVERNS OF THE INHERITORS DEEP WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE... THE URGENCY TRANSITION IS MONITORED...

REPEAT: GORILLIOIDS... GORILLIOIDS... THAT MEANS THE MAKERS ARE ACTIVE AGAIN! WHAT ELSE CAN YOU TELL US, KYEW?

TAKE ALL APE'S... KILL ALL OTHERS!

NOTHING END EXCEPT THAT I ALONE ESCAPED AND REACHED SAFETY... BEFORE--

MUTANT DRONE KYEW IS ANOTHER... BITS OF HIS BLOODY SKULL MINGLE WITH THE FLYING FRAGMENTS OF HIS STEEL HELMET.
THE FINAL LIFE-SUPPORT MONITOR HAS GONE BLANK.
THEN A FEW HAS BEEN TERMINATED!

PRECEDELY, DRONE ATCH--AND THEY HAVE ALL BEEN TERMINATED BY THE MAKERS' CREATIONS...

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS--THE INNERITORS.
THEN IF WHAT YOU TELL US IS TRUE, ATCH--

WE'VE LOST EVERY ONE OF THE DRONES ASSIGNED TO BRUTUS!

...WHICH IS WHY YOU MUST MAKE AN IMMEDIATE REPORT TO THE SUPREME GESTALT COMMANDERS.

--WE'Ve IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE, AN I T'S PE TROO--!

PLACE ALL AVAILABLE DRONES ON IMMEDIATE ALERT.

BE-FOUR'S LINGUISTIC FACE ABBIDE, I FULLY CONCUR. THE SITUATION IS EXCEEDINGLY DANGEROUS, AND PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES MUST BE INSTIGATED. ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT SEEM LIKELY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, WE MUST STAND AGAINST ANY FORM OF REPRISAL BY THE MAKERS.

WELL, NOW THAT I KNOW THE PSYCHODROMES IS NOT THE ANSWER, I GUESS I'D BETTER START RETHINKING MY LIFE'S PRIORITY...

BUT AT LEAST I'M SURE OF ONE THING NOW--THE KEEPERS OF THE PSYCHODROMES WERE THE ANCIENTS, AND IT WAS THEY WHO WROUGHT THE GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROGRESS.

BUT I THOUGHT OUR FATHERS WERE THE ANCIENTS, AND BROUGHT THE GREAT DESTRUCTION DOWN UPON THEMSELVES.

SO DID I, JASON, BUT IT'S NOW CLEAR TO ME THAT THE REAL ANCIENTS CAME DOWN FROM THE FAR STARS AND GRANTED OUR ANCESTORS THE GLORIOUS WONDERS OF PROGRESS AND ILLUMINATION...
I can't make any sense out of a single word you just said, Lightsmith, and I couldn't care less.

As far as I'm concerned, the only thing that matters is that Brutus is finally dead... killed in that explosion which destroyed the psyche-drome.

I just wish I could have torn the filthy ape apart with my own hands.

As far as I'm concerned, the only thing that matters is that Brutus is finally dead... killed in that explosion which destroyed the psyche-drome.

At the rail, Malaguena sighs...

Jason worries me, Alex. He's so... obsessed.

Even after Brutus' death, he's still filled with hatred. If he doesn't overcome it... soon... I'm afraid it's going to... break him.

...and Alex Gravelly nods.

Yeah, Dan... an it's time for us to go. I'm a chase faster'n river lightning on a --

What is it, Gilbert? What do you see?...

Gilbert's not saying... but if not for the absence of sound, he'd be screaming his fool head off.

And the object of his excitement? Just a riverboat named S'mian.

Thet weirdfangled boat is polerin' us, Julius. Jest like yuh figured...

Julius... Dan... is that you?...

Whoops... reckon we'd better shore up Dan. Cuz less'n mah ears re filled with riverlug slime, thot that's young Jason's voice!
GUNPOWDER JULIUS AND STEELY DAN. HOW ARE YOU? HOW HAVE YOU BEEN—?

CH. PURTY GOOD. JASON—LAD—LIKE TWO GRINNIN' POLECATS IN A FIELD O' CRIPPLED LAMBS. JEST A'REAPIN' OUR SHARE O' THE GOOD LIFE.

NOWDY, ALEX—SEE Y'UH STILL Got TH' DARK-EYED SMOKY GAL WITH Y'UH—BUT CAN'T SAY AS I RECKONIZE Y'ORE OTHER TWO FREN'S...

LIGHTSMITH AND GILBERT THE GIANT, MEET GUNPOWDER JULIUS STEELY DAN.

SURE, IF YOU SAY SO, JULIUS—BESIDES, IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO TELL EACH OTHER WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOIN'.

YEP, AN' IF IT WERN'T FOR THEM CONNosTED COWFLOP'EATIN' ASSHOLERS, WE COULD HAVE US A REAL WHOOP-DE-DOO!

WHAT MADE THESE ASSHOLERS GO MAD, JULIUS? IS IT BECAUSE THEIR LEADER WAS KILLED IN THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPLOSION?

BRUTUS—!! IT HAD TO BE BRUTUS, THEN HE'S ALIVE—BRUTUS IS STILL ALIVE!!

IT'S CUZ O' MARSUANUS, ALL RIGHT. BUT HE WERN'T KILLED BY NO 'SPLOSION. IT WAS A LONE GORILLA IN LEATHERS GEAR WHAT BROCKED HIM, AN' I HEAR TELL HE WAS A MEAN OL' CUBS, SORTA LIKE—

WELL, SEEMS THE ASSHOLERS ARE ON THE TRACK IN THESE HERE PARTS. JASON, SO ME 'N' DAN ARE DUNIN' THE RIVERBOAT SHIP'N'TH TRANSPORT SUPPLIES AN' WEAPONS T'H TH' STOCKADE DOWNHOLLOW. AN' I RECKON YOU ALL'D BETTER COME WITH US. GETTIN' PURTY DARK.

FAR AWAY IN THE CITY WHERE JASON AND ALEX GREW UP (AND WHERE BRUTUS WAS ONCE THE PEACE OFFICER, BEFORE HIS HOODED TRSPORTS MURDERED JASON'S MOTHER AND FATHER)...

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS, ZILENUUS?

WHAT NEWS? ABOUT THE LAWOWER'S CONDITION?
NO, BUT I'M ON MY WAY TO INQUIRE ABOUT THE LAW-GIVER RIGHT NOW, AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO ACCOMPANY ME IF YOU WISH...

YES, I BELIEVE I DID HEAR SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW CANDIDATE--HIS NAME IS MORAVUS, ISN'T IT?

YES--ANOTHER GORILLA, OF COURSE, HE'LL BE INSTALLED IN OFFICE TOMORROW.

WELL, HERE'S THE LAW-GIVER'S LODGE--LET'S SEE IF THE PHYSICIANS HAVE ANY MORE NEWS.

HAS THERE BEEN ANY CHANCE, PHYSICIAN?

NONE, ZILENUS, AND IF SOMETHING IS NOT DONE TO ARREST THE LAW-GIVER'S CONDITION, WE CAN ONLY EXPECT...THE WORST.

AND IT'S ABOUT TIME--WE'VE BEEN WITHOUT A PEACE OFFICER SINCE BRUTUS WAS BANISHED, AND WITH THE LAW-GIVER TOO ILL TO RISE FROM HIS MALLET THERE'S BEEN NO ONE TO KEEP MATTERS UNDER CONTROL.

THADDEUS! BRING THE TRAY OF MENDICANTS!

THADDEUS--?

BECAUSE YOUNG THADDEUS, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD AND FILLED WITH TERRIBLE FEAR FOR THE LAW-GIVER'S LIFE, HAS ENTERED THE DREAD FORBIDDEN ZONE...

...BECAUSE YOUNG THADDEUS WORSHIPS THE LAW-GIVER, AND INDEED DOES REALIZE HOW SERIOUSLY THE BELIEVED PATRIARCH'S LIFE IS IMPERILLED...

...AND BECAUSE YOUNG THADDEUS IS CONVINCED THAT THE FORBIDDEN ZONE CONTAINS THE ONLY KNOWLEDGE WHICH MIGHT POSSIBLY SAVE THE LAW-GIVER'S LIFE...
He selects the crumbling building with the strange statue in front—it impresses him for some reason.

Perhaps here he will find the necessary knowledge...

But once inside, he feels overwhelming disappointment for the place is filled with nothing but dust and many stiff-covered things with sheaves of parchment inside.

Surely there is no knowledge here.

When he hears strange sounds from below...

Whirring... and humming.

To a door set into the very foundation of the ruins.

He lifts it, and the sounds become louder, more intriguing. As a series of steps is revealed, he knows he will descend these steps...

And so he is just about to leave this worthless place...

Thus he is shocked by his first sight of these beings whose existence he has never even suspected.

And so he has had no idea of what awaits him at their bottom.

The makers—grotesque human mutants, deranged pre-Holocaust researchers in bio-nics and cyborgs who have now turned to somewhat bizarre pursuits...

...as exemplified by their current product: the gorilloids.
THADDEUS WOULD PROBABLY GASP WERE HE NOT SPEECHLESS.

THIS IS THE LAST BATCH OF Hairy-HEADED ONES. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ONCE WE PUT THIS FINAL ARM-ARM ON?

RIGHT—RIGHT—US MAKERS ILL HAVE NOTHING TO MAKE—MAKE, BUT THERE'S A PARTY OF CATCHERS OUT RIGHT NOW—NOW.

THEY SHOULD BRING BACK MORE HAIRY-HAIRY SPECIMENS SOON FACT. SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK LONG AGO.

WHERE OH WHERE CAN THEY BE—BE?

WITH CAUTIOUS—OF COURSE.

ALL RIGHT—WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

YOU KILLED EVERY ONE OF THE MUTANT-DRONES—BUT YOU HAVEN'T HURT ANY OF US...

NOT ONE GORILLA HAS SUFFERED A SERIOUS INJURY.

JUST WHO ARE YOU—AND WHAT DO YOU WANT??

WE GORILLIOIDS WANT YOU. WANT ALL APES. NEED MORE OF US.

MAKERS SAY Gotta TAKE YOU BACK SO MAKERS CAN MAKE MORE OF US.

MAKERS MAKE YOU LIKE MAKERS MAKE US.
BUT WHY DO YOU SERVE THESE "MAKERS"...?
WHO ARE THEY? DO YOU LIKE THEM...?

THERE'S ALREADY A MAD SUN IN
BRUTUS' EYE. HE SEES HIS
OPENING, AND PLUNGES THROUGH.

THEN MAYBE MY DREAM OF
SLAUGHTERING HUMANS IS
NOT DESTROYED. IF YOU
GORILLAS WOULD JOIN ME...

AS FELLOW APES -- FELLOW
GORILLAS -- YOU'VE GOT TO
JOIN ME! START THINKING FOR
YOURSELVES! DON'T YOU WANT
TO GET REVENGE ON YOUR
HATED HUMAN MAKERS?!

JUST THINK
OF IT... WITH
YOUR STRENGTH AND
MY WAR MACHINES...

MM...

WE GORILLAS!
GORILLAS HATE
MAKERS! MAKERS HURT
US! MAKERS RIP OFF ARMS --
PARTS OF HEADS -- OTHER THINGS WE NEED!
STICK METAL IN US
INSTEAD!

MUCH PAIN! BUT MAKERS
MAKE US -- WE OBEY
MAKERS.

OF COURSE... THAT'S IT!
YOU'VE GOT TO JOIN ME!

THE DUMB GORILLAS IT SEEMS.
ARE BEGINNING TO TAKE BRUTUS'
BLUFF PROPOSAL SERIOUSLY.

HALLO... IT'S
GUARDIAN JULIUS.
THE MEANEST BAR-WRASSLIN',
POLECAT-GRINNER, IRON-
BACKBONED, TWICE-CUSSED
CHEERING HOLLERED IN
ALL THESE HERE PARTS
AND BACK AGAIN!

WE COME TUN
PERFECK.
YEH.

YOU TELL 'EM, JULIUS -- I'M
ALL OUTTA BREATH FROM
POLIN'.

WELL, GILBERT, IT
CERTAINLY IS A GOOD
FEELING TO HAVE MY OLD
CLEAN-HEADED
ENLIGHTENED MIND
BACK AGAIN.

IT'S A WONPROUS
JOY, JUST TO THINK
AND POMPER AGAIN IF YOU KNOW WHAT
I MEAN.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE SUPPLIES AND WEAPONS HAVE BEEN CARRIED INTO THE STOCKADE COMPOUND...

--A HAIL OF BRIGHTLY FEATHERED ARROWS CROSSES THE RIVER IN HUMRS...

REMINDS ME OF THE FLYIN' WOODCHIPS WHEN JULIUS SETS TUH CHOPPIN' DOWN A TREE.

OWN! THAT ONE SCRATCHED ME!!

HEAD FOR THE STOCKADE...

NO TIME TUH WORRY 'BOUT SCRATCHES, JASE-BOY....

YUH KIN START HOLLERIN' WHEN YUH BIN SKEWEREI' IN THE MEANTIME, JEST BE THANAK- FUL WE MANAGED TUH GIT TH' POWER AN BABS INTO TH' STOCKADE ALREADY!

AWRIGHT. YOU POINTED-POLE DWELLERS... YUH BIN HIDIN' IN THIS HERE PORT LONG ENOUGH! NOW IT'S TIME TUH RIGHT BACK!!

IT'S THE CONGARED ASS'SMINS. ALL RIGHT, AN' THEM CANDEES ARE POINTED THIS AWA... NOT TUH MENTION TH' PACK THAT THEY'VE HOWLIN' FER OUR RED JUICES!

MOLD STILL, JASON -- OR I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP THE BLEEDING.

WHY BOTHER. MALAGUENA...? THEY'RE ONLY GOING TO MAKE US ALL BLEED IN A FEW MORE MOMENTS...
Indeed, Jason's defeatist comment seems highly prophetic...

...for the assassins are mad... and they've got ladders.

Att'a gal, Gypsy-Eyes, give 'em what-for an' show Jason how 'tuh do it!

If'n he don't learn a lesson from that, he's hopeless!

And thus are the ramparts breached...

Magianus dead! Now all you die!!

But then they have yet to reckon with the wily frontier spirit of the stockade defenders; spearheaded by the inimitably gritty gunpowder's Julius...

Wait till the top one reaches yer knees - joint - then kick!

That way yuh take out three or four of 'em - 'stead o' just one!
...until the savage assassins take the mint and fall back for a general regrouping.

The second wave of attack will not be long in coming, however.

This is an unenlightened shame, those savages don't know any better—but it's not their fault; really.

Yeah... it's stinking Brutus who caused all this...

Hey, you savages out there... this is gunpowder. Julius hol'erin' yuh avoid bloodshed! How 'bout our best two again yours...? If'n we lose, yuh kin' burn down th' fort... but if'n we win, yuh sotta let us be in peace...

Huh... I think you two fellers have just given me a lightnin'-crazed scheme.

'An' we'll help yuh find th' murderer o' Magruanus!!

Now tuh see if'n they take the dadblasted bait, Dan...

No, you're not, Dan.

But this fight is mine!

Jason...?! What're you doin'? You conserved newspotten offsprin' of a polecat-mated rivercat?...??

I'm right behind yuh, Julius.

Uhn...!

Sorry I have to do this to you...

Making sure we have some help in tracking down Brutus. If we can convince the assassins that Brutus killed...
THE BAIT HAS BEEN SWALLOWED AND THE FIGHT IS ON!

WHOA NOW...! YOU ODD-BUMMED SAVAGES DON'T GIVE A FELLER MUCH WARNIN', DO YUH--?

TAKEN BY SURPRISE JASON NEVERTHELESS BOUNCES BACK...

-- LUNGING INTO THE FRAY WITH A STUNNING RIGHT CROSS...

FWOOT

... WHICH MAKES A LOT OF NOISE BUT HAS ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT.

AND SO HARD-HEADED JULIUS TAKES HIS TURN... A FLYING BUTT TO THE GUT...

CAREFUL JULIUS-- THEY'RE MIGHTY BIG AND TOO STUPID TO FEEL PAIN!

SKUMP

... A FLYING BUTT WHICH PRODUCES A DIFFERENT SOUND BUT THE SAME EFFECT.

WHOO... THEY SHORE WEREN'T JOS'IN' WHEN THEY PICKED THEIR TWO BEST SCRAPPERS...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO USE THE BORN TUN WHUP THESE TWO BIG UNS, JACE-TAY.

NOW YOU DIE!!

WELL COME ON, JULIUS! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME A CLUE OF THAT TEAMWORK YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT--?!!
NOW!!

CHUD

SWUMP

WITH THE FAILURE OF HIS COLLEAGUE, THE REMAINING ASSIMILANT SNARL IN REPRIEVED RAGE AND DETERMINATION...

MAGUANUS DEAD! SHIMCHOT DOWN! NOW YOU REALLY DIE!!

KEEP A COOL HEAD NOW, JASE-BOY... YOU HIT 'EM LOW FROM THE FRONT...

...WHILE I CIRCLE TO HIS BACK.

CONFUSIN' TH' DUMB CUSS SHOULDN'T BE HARD.

THAT'S IT, JASE! GOOD MOVE!!

H-H UH...? WHU... HIT... ME...?

AN' STAY DOWN, YOU BIS SALOOF!

WAL, YUH WOAH, JASE-BOY...

WHATCHA AIM TUN DO NOW... KEEP ON HITN' EM JEST CUI YUH HATE BRUTUS?

ASSIMILANTS... LET THERE BE PEACE BETWEEN US NOW!

I... NO, NO, JULIUS... I'M NOT GONNA HATE THEM.

COME ON! JOIN US INSIDE THE STOCKADE FOR--
"...A FEAST OF FRIENDSHIP!"

IT IS A FEAST WHICH LASTS LONG INTO THE NIGHT, UNTIL ONE OF THE STOCKADE-DWELLERS CASUALLY ASKS JASON...

"WHAAAT??!!"

AND SO, THE FEAST ENDS RATHER ABRUPTLY... AT LEAST FOR A CERTAIN FAVE ERTUMILE PARTICIPANTS...

COMING ON-- THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! MAYBE YOU CAN SAVE THE LAWGIVER WITH YOUR ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE, LIGHTSMITH!

"Yeah, but I sure wish I still had my wonder wagon--no telling what's in there that might come in handy.

BACK TO THE CITY:

...BUT RIGHT NOW, JASON, ALEX, MARGALENA, LIGHTSMITH, AND GILBERT FRANTICALLY FLEE INTO THE NORTHLANDS SHIP...

...AND PLY THE EARLY MORNING RIVER MISTS TOWARD THE CITY, AFTER ALL, THE LAWGIVER'S LIFE IS AT STAKE..."
...AND NO ONE IS MORE
AWARE OF THAT FACT
THAT THE YOUNG
ORANGUTAN NAMED
THADDEUS.

WHAT'S TAKING
THE CATCHERS SO
LONG-LONG ?

YEAH, WE NEED MORE HAIRY-
HAIRY SPECIMENS--OUR WE
GOTTA STRIKE AT THE
INHERITORS SOON-SOON.

AND AFTER THE INHERITORS
WE GOTTA TAKE THE CITY OF
APE'S AND NON-MUTATED
HUMAN--HUMANS !

YE--WHO ARE YOU-YOU ?
MAYBE THE ONE
WHO PERVERTED
THE MINDS
OF OUR CATCHERS
AND TURNED 'EM
AGAINST US--US--?
MAYBE
THE ONE WHO
MUST PAY--PAY?

THE NEWS IS TOO MUCH FOR
THADDEUS. HE GASP--AND
SLIPS ON THE STONE STAIRWELL.

N--NO--L--
I SNEAR--!

YOUNG THADDEUS IS
TERRIFIED.

YOU SAW, WARKO ?
I TOLD YOU I COULD
DO IT, AND NOW THAT
OUR FRIENDS THE
GORILLIORS SEE
THINGS MY WAY--

...NOTHING
CAN STOP US
FROM SMASHING
THE CITY !

BUT TRUTUS, AND IT'S ONLY
A SHORT MARCH UNTIL
WE ACTUALLY REACH--

MEANWHILE, THE ONE WHO
ACTUALLY IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR "PERVERTING THE
MINDS" OF THE GORILLIORS
NOW GLOATS WITH THE
LUSTY CONFIDENCE OF AN
IRON-FISTED CONQUEROR...
"...THE CITY..."

I GUESS BRUTUS REALLY HAS BEEN BANISHED FOREVER AS THE LAWSER CLAIMED.

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD--THERE'S A RUMOR THAT HE'S DYING--BUT I'LL WAGER HE'S ALREADY DEAD.

WHY ELSE THE RUSH TO INSTALL MORMUS--AFTER ALL THIS TIME?

THE RIVERSINK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

DARKY: AND THE GREAT SQUARE BEGINS TO FILL WITH THRONES OF CURIOUS CITIZENS. THE CEREMONIAL INSTALLATION OF A NEW PEACE OFFICER IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE...

COME ON--HURRY!!

MADLY, THEY RACE TOWARD THE JUMBLED COMPLEX OF ADOBE-SCULPTED STRUCTURES...

...ARRIVING AT THE GREAT SQUARE IN THE MIDST OF THE SOLEMN CEREMONY.

OH NO! ARE WE TOO LATE--? ARE THEY SAYING THE LAWSER'S DEATH RITES--?!

NO, YOU FOOL--THEY'RE INSTALLING THE NEW PEACE OFFICER INTO SERVICE.

NOW BE QUIET..."
...DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO THE BEST OF MY SOUND JUDGMENT AND CAPABLE ABILITY.

AND DO YOU, MORAVIUS, ALSO SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO UPHOLD ALL MORAL, ETHICAL, AND CIVIL RIGHTS OF BOTH APES AND HUMANS, AS DECREE BY OUR REVERED PATRIARCH, HE WHO IS THE GREAT LAWSIVER --?

I DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO THE BEST OF MY SOUND JUDGMENT AND --

NO TIME FOR GRUMBLING NOW, JABE.

Guess you're right, Alex. The faster we reach the lawsiver, the better.

But that crowd doesn't seem to much care whether the lawsiver lives or --

SKRUMP

UP THERE -- ON THE CLIFFS!! IT'S BRUTUS!!!

WHAT IN THE..?!

But he's gone crazy! He must have even with all those war machines, he can't possibly succeed in taking the entire city!!
UP ON THE CLIFTS, CRUEL-FACED BRUTUS OF COURSE, HAS A DIFFERENT VIEW OF THE SITUATION...

WITH ALL THESE GORILLOIDS, WARKO, WE CAN'T POSSIBLY FAIL TO TAKE THAT PITIFUL CITY!

AND ONCE WE DO TAKE THE CITY... AND KILL THE CURSED LAWGIVER WE'LL HAVE A BASE TO OPERATE FROM. THEN WE CAN ENTER THE FORBIDDEN ZONE AND TAKE CARE OF THE GORILLOIDS' HUMAN 'MAKERS'...

...AS WELL AS SETTLE AN OLD DEBT WITH THE INHERITORS.

BUT RIGHT NOW... FIRE AGAIN!!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE! -- IN AN INCREDIBLE SAGA OF BERBERK APES AND BLAZING ACTION WHEN JASON AND ALEX ARE PLUNGED INTO THE MIDST OF THE -- REVOLT OF THE GORILLOIDS!
Hello. It has now been a little over a year since this page last appeared in this magazine. I think that's a mistake. That does not mean I think an editorial page should be included in every issue—I don't always have that much to say that couldn't be incorporated into the letters pages via armadillo, and I'd rather see extra space devoted to photos and features. However, I think that a magazine needs an editorial page from time to time. For one thing, it gives the magazine just a bit more personality. For another thing, it allows a much more direct line of communication between reader and editorial staff than in letter columns (although, it should be pointed out, that, once a month, I sit down and read through most of the letters for all the black-and-whites).

Although we are nearing the end (next issue featuring the conclusion), I'd like to say a few words on our adaptation of BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES. Obviously, this was something of a departure and, as such, was the most controversial of our serializations of the Fox films. And, while it would be misleading to say we've gotten no objections from Apes fans who would prefer a more purist approach, most of the reactions to the adaptation have been favorable.

Well, just for the record, I'd like to say that I agree with Doug's approach to the BATTLE adaptation. However, I would like to reiterate exactly how this adaptation (and, for that matter, all the Apes adaptations) were done.

All of the Apes adaptations done for this magazine were done from the shooting scripts. For those of you who might be unfamiliar with the term, it refers to the script as it stands at the time principal photography is begun on a film. In most cases, changes are made by the time the film is complete, both by the director or actors while the film is being "shot" and in the editing room where the film is put together. But, under most circumstances, these changes are minimal, which accounts for the slight variations in our first four adaptations.

But then we come to BATTLE, in which the difference between our adaptation and the 20th Century Fox film are something more than "minimal". Well, friends, the first thing you should know is that neither Doug Moench nor anyone at Marvel Comics made those changes. Doug added nothing of his own to the script. What you have been reading is a nearly verbatim adaptation of the shooting script provided by Fox. Why the final film was so completely altered, I don't know. But it was. It would have proved very hard to adapt the film as it appeared without a matching script, which could not be provided.

In other words—Breck was in the original shooting script, and Kolp was just a flunky. At the end of the CONQUEST shooting script, Breck was indeed killed by Caesar. However, in the actual film, as released, he was not (MacDonald stopped Caesar) (this was, incidentally, where we used the film rather than the shooting script in our adaptation. We had to keep Breck alive, like the film, for BATTLE). Why Breck was then cut from the final film remains a mystery.

Also in the BATTLE shooting script, MacDonald is the same MacDonald that was in CONQUEST, and many of the lines that were spoken by him in the script were given to Virgil in the final film. Virgil had a very minor part in the script, lacking both the lines and the flair which Paul Williams seemed to give the part in the final film.

And now, before we run out of room entirely, I'd like to take a moment to discuss the future of this magazine, which should answer a few other inquiries from readers.

First, what are we going to do when we finish up BATTLE? We are not going to adapt the T.V. series, nor the animated series. The reason for this is fairly simple—we don't have the rights nor the source material we would need. We are not authorized to do them. Therefore we will be creating a third new series, which we don't have a title for yet. It will feature Derek Zane (from our KINGDOM and BEAST original stories), but the story-line will be completely different from what he's been involved with before. We don't want to give too much away, but he will return to his original quest for Taylor & Brent and... awww, that would be telling. We'll also take a look back at the Earth he left behind to find out what happened when NASA discovered Zane's time machine actually worked! But even before that gets started, in our titanic 30th issue, we will be featuring a novel-length, double-size TERROR novel complete in that issue. This is going to be a turning point in the series, which will redefine the direction of the series. I think you'll be both pleased and impressed with what Doug has in store!

And, now, one last final note. We've gotten a large number of requests for Apes photos we haven't used, especially of Taylor. Frankly, we'd love to comply, but we can't. It is really impossible to explain in such limited space, but we are not allowed to publish any photo materials from the Apes films that have humans in them (with the exception of Jim Naughton and Ron Harper)—including Apes actors with their make-up off. Needless to say, this limits our photo material somewhat. Still, we do have a good number of photos and we try to avoid reruns.

All in all, I'm pretty pleased with what we're producing here. Naturally, I hope you are too. I hope you'll write and let me know.

—JOHN WARNER, EDITOR.
Dear Marvel,

Truly interesting and near-perfect. That’s what I have to say about Marvel’s newest entry in the world of Science Fiction, Universe 44. Usually, I don’t like to write reviews on the subject of science-fiction, because the genre is often so poorly done that it leaves me feeling disappointed. However, in this case, the story of the new series is not only incredibly well-written, but also manages to capture the essence of the science-fiction genre in a way that is both thought-provoking and entertaining.

The story follows the adventures of a team of scientists and astronauts as they explore the universe in search of new worlds and knowledge. The characters are well-developed and the action is fast-paced, making for an engaging read from start to finish.

In summary, I would highly recommend Marvel’s Universe 44 to anyone who enjoys a good science-fiction story. It is a great addition to the already impressive line-up of Marvel comics and one that I look forward to seeing more of in the future.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

---

Dear Marvel,

I am writing to express my concern about the recent developments in the world of science fiction. It seems that every month brings something new, and I find myself wondering how we can continue to innovate and stay relevant in this ever-changing landscape.

I have noticed that many of the new science-fiction stories lately seem to be focused on exploration and discovery. While this is certainly an important aspect of the genre, I believe there is a need for more stories that explore the ethical and moral implications of our continued exploration of the universe.

I understand that it can be difficult to strike the right balance between entertainment and thought-provoking content, but I hope that Marvel will consider this aspect in their future projects.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
I SAY IF IT LOOKS LIKE AN APE, TALKS LIKE AN APE, AND WALKS LIKE AN APE... IT IS AN APE!

a photo primer, written by JIM WHITMORE (suggested and modeled by William Blake and Paula Crist) photos by Freff

In the spring of 1974 I got to see, for the first time, Bill Blake and Paula Crist in performance as Zira and Cornelius. The events of that day were amply recounted in POTA 13 and 14. But one thing struck me then that I felt was worth pursuing. You see, they had the motions right. Obviously they’d spent a great deal of time studying not only the films, but also the movements of real chimpanzees, gorillas, etc.

Now, it’s an easy thing to hunker over and chitter, if that’s the extent of your idea of what apes do ... but to know the postures, the walks, the way the hands and arms are articulated, and to use these to create a wholly convincing illustration, that’s impressive!

When asked, Bill and Paula were more than willing to present a few of the basics. These are printed here with notes by yours truly, who is feeling more round-shouldered already.
SECTION ONE: STANCE

Male: Figures 1 and 2 show Bill in human normal stance, as he was in the photo at the bottom of page one. It ruined the effect of the costume, of course, and is what will happen to you if you try and walk through the part of an ape instead of becoming one. In figures 3 and 4 Bill has assumed basic posture: feet angled outwards, knees bent a bit, bottom back and back curved. This curve includes the head and neck. The shoulders are rounded down and forward, and hands become more limply curved while elbows are drawn outward. This stance was that used in the movies, and you can see in Figures 5 and 6 how effectively it adds to the costume design. There was also the stance used in the TV show, when apes were less evolved — Bill shows the posture in Figures 7 and 8. Arms curve more and hands are pulled closer to the stomach. Back is bent even lower to the ground. Your weight should be as much on the balls of your feet as possible, which will be tiring at first. Figure 9 demonstrates how the legs also bend more, to bring the whole body lower.

Female: As Paula shows in her human to ape to ape-in-costume photos (Figures 11 through 16) the female transition is much the same as the male. The back need not be bent quite as much as the male, and the legs turn out a touch more. Note, in the costume, the way the dress angles off the back of the hips to increase the illusion of an ape spine.
THE WALK

*Male:* The actual walk has to be convincing or everything is ruined. Figures 17-19 show the movie walk as it looks beneath the costume. Figure 17 shows that, while walking, you also have to maintain the basic back form. All of your motions roll around that curved spine. Figure 18 shows the first step. The right leg lifts up on the toe, knee bending outward, the other leg straightening some but not completely. The right arm is lifted up and a little back, the head tilts away from the lifting leg, and the left arm straightens and drops forward slightly. When walking forward your body weight should be pulling you ahead a bit. In Figure 19 we see the next step, which shows just the opposite. Thus, the walk should be a loose-jointed swinging around the spine, as said before. Back and forth, but controlled. Figures 20 and 21 show the effect in costume. The TV walk, as demonstrated in Figures 22-25, is only a more exaggerated version. The steps are wider apart and there is more leaning involved.

*Female:* The female walk is vastly different, as Figures 26-28 demonstrate. The hands themselves do less moving. It is the entire arm, leading with the elbow, that rocks slightly from side to side. Because of the hobbling nature of the skirt, steps are taken from the knee instead of hip — or, at least, mostly from the knee. This causes a sway from side to side that you might want to accentuate by leaning into it a bit, but keeping your head close to level.
HAND AND ARM ARTICULATIONS

It's the small details of motion as well as the large patterns that will make your ape imitation a roaring success — or a crashing failure, if they aren’t there. The hands and arms become particularly important because apes have very distinct methods of using their hands, and they use them a lot. So will you.

In figures 29 and 30 Bill demonstrates the way the wrist swings, and about how far. Usually it is kept bent inward.

Now Paula demonstrates how real apes will hold their hands and shift their fingers in common situations. The wrist is limp by human standards, because the entire hand is more flexible. Note in Figure 31, especially, the fingers do not completely straighten. Ape hands are designed to grasp, and that effects the way you must hold them. Always be ready to grasp.

And when you do grasp, grasp right — overhand. Note that Paula holds both parts of the scroll the same way, as an ape would, in Figure 34. Figure 35 shows the simple act of holding a pen, and the fingers are all wrapped tightly around it, doing most of the holding instead of the thumb. All ape hand movements make more use of the fingers, and less of the opposable thumb, than we do. Figures 36 and 37 show two different ways that an ape would rest his or her hands on a surface — either with the weight on the flat part of the fingers beneath the second knuckle, or more languidly, on the back of the hands.

The relationship of the arm to the body is shown here in three lifting poses. In figure 38 we see that the arm can go fairly high, but it means bending the head and body too, or at least the body. The actual angle at the shoulder is not very high. See how the fingers remain curved? 39 and 40 show Bill in and out of costume, reaching for something. Note limpness of thumb, slight curvature of arms, and that much of the reach is done by pushing the shoulder forward. Arm does not lift much higher at the shoulder than Paula’s did in Figure 38.
The last thing to note in dealing with arms is that the shoulders are extremely rounded, the arms as far down in the socket as possible. Combined with the costume's tailoring, as in Figure 41, the effect is very convincing. Also take a good look at the hands, and how the line of the hand from wrist to second knuckle is straighter than a human's. This is managed by holding the slightly-curved fingers back, all at the same time, to create that line. Keep it in mind when reaching for things.

DIFFERENT CHARACTERIZATIONS:

Curiosity is simple enough. Bring the hands together, as Bill does in Figure 42, at the knuckles, bend a bit more forward... but keep one shoulder up and the head tilted even more upwards. Lifted eyebrows helps too, and perhaps a sniffing of the air.

Anger and hostility are harder, and can involve a sequence of events. Figure 43 shows an ape poised to respond. The knees are off the ground; all weight is supported on the balls of the feet and the thumb/second knuckle combination. Arms curve a bit, but less than usual because an angry ape is tensing. Figure 44 extends that; the ape is attacking, or at least making an attack display. That curved arm that mad apes swing with (nails at the end ready to gouge) is lifting, and weight shifting to the leap up. Figure 45 shows the attack display at full peak. Both arms are swinging now, up and down, and if this were a movie Bill would be bouncing up and down on the springy bow his legs form. Head is crouched between the hunched shoulders.

AND, IN CLOSING...
Some models just aren't capable of lasting out a session. But for those who want to know how an intelligent ape would curl up to sleep... here it is!

Other models have more stamina. In a pose characteristic of Zira from the movie version of PLANET, Paula gives up on waking Bill, and another Mighty Marvel pictoral comes to a close!
The battle, conceived in insanity, waged with brutality and measured in blood, has begun. The corpses of General Clev's gorilla sentries lie scattered over the ridge, bleeding into the earth, baking under the sun.

The invaders from the Forbidden Zone -- mutated madmen armed with weapons of the past war which created them -- wait on the hillside, surveying the city of the apes below them...

Their leader -- the former governor Breck -- snarls an order...

...NOW!!

BWOOM

CONQUEST of BLOOD!

Story: Doug Moench  Art: Virgil Redondo  B-159
WHINING LIKE A BANSHEE OF DOOM, THE 120 MILLIMETER SHELL STREAKS UPWARD IN A BLURRING ARC...

THEN PASSES ITS Apex, AND BEGINS THE SCREAMING DOWNWARD PLUMMET TO ITS TARGETS...

DOWN, VIRGIL!!

VLAOU!!

PROBABLY TOO SHORT - WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE IN!

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

...THE CITY WE... CAME FROM!

NOW COME ON---!

MOVE 'EM OUT--AND SLAUGHTER THE STUPID MONKEYS!

AND WHEN WE LEAVE, I WANT NO TREE STANDING, NO TWO PIECES OF WOOD STILL NAILED TOGETHER -- AND NOTHING ALIVE!!
The explosion's echo still seems to linger, if not in the smoke-hazed air, then at least in the minds of the survivors who huddle behind the barricade...

Caesar and Virgil are nowhere to be seen in their usual places, like a heap of debris from the partially demolished barrier...

And then...

Virgil...?

Virgil...!! Are you all right...? I answer me, Virgil. Are you...?

Caesar rises from the shattered wreckage, croaking a single word in pain...thinking not of himself, but only of his friend...

Yeah...

Yeah...

...I'm all right, Caesar!

But that sure was close...

...And here they come...for another try...

Yes, Virgil...and another after that...
All right... this is close enough!!

Prepare the cannon...!!

Get ready to fire...

FIRE...!!

FIRE...!!

FIRE...!!

Get down, Caesar!! Get down before...

Bhuoom!!

Blam

Blam

Kraak

Vlam
WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE...!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT BACK, WE CAN'T JUST...

DON'T RUN... GET BACK OR
WE'VE GOT OUR CITY IS
LOST...

BUT CAESAR... ISN'T HE DEAD?

THEY'RE RUNNING--
THE BEASTS ARE
RUNNING! THERE ARE
ONLY A FEW LEFT
STANDING THEIR
GROUND....

I... I DON'T
KNOW... NEVER
THOUGHT THAT HE
COULD...

COME ON,
VIRGIL-- IT'S NO USE!!

WE CAN'T HELP
HIM NOW-- WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE....
COME ON, VIRGIL, YOU CAN HIDE UP HERE WITH ME--?
HIDE...

YES... I GUESS WE'D BETTER... HIDE...

SHRASH!!
In this single instant, the full force of the brutal bloody nightmare of life and death crushes upon Virgil. His thoughts freeze filled with a wash of blood and fear...

His world is being torn apart around him with the death of his friends. On every side...mocking him...demonstrating the frailty of his own life in vividly etched scenes of horror.

Virgil Flees.

But don't condemn him...for he is not a coward. He is merely...alone.

Elsewhere, in a region of the city thus far untouched by the carnage of raging battle, a piercing shriek filled with anguish and remorse issues from one many arboreal dwellings...

Nooooo!!

This particular dwelling is the home of Caesar...

...and of his wife, Lisa, for whom the world has just turned gray and cold...

WHYYYY!!

Young Cornelius, too, once lived here...

...but that was before Aldo sent him crashing through the trees, and sneered at his small body, lying crumpled on the ground...

Easy, Lisa...there's nothing...

...nothing we can do...

That was before Cornelius died.
Earlier, in this dread day of blood, General Aldo had escaped the Mutant's first assault on the ridge...

He had fled even as Cornelius was down--and his father was being plumed from the barricade by the explosion of a 350 millimeter shell...

...Aldo has rallied a second force of his gorilla soldiers...

...And now, as the reinforcements cluster at his sign, grunting and snarling, Aldo imagines the taste of blood not in his throat.

They thunder down the ridge, rifles cutting the crisp air. These gorillas who perhaps find their own intelligence too foreign--too complex--and therefore reject it.

Or perhaps--in a subliminal, gut-like manner--they simply embrace their human-like intelligence too rapidly. Adopting the behavior patterns of "intelligence"...while lacking the human subtlety of application...

In any case, they cut the mutant caravan in half.

Krak-blam
Krak-k-chow
Blam-blam

...Reverting to the primal savagery they have known for millennia...
The mutants will have more of a chance in hell... than in facing the ruthless onslaught of Aldo's forces...

Indeed, the mutants scarcely have a chance to employ their weapons...

Before the two bizarre factions clash... Apes growing intelligence, on the rise...

...and humans ravaged by radiation-spawned insanity, definitely on the road to extinction...

Aldo was the first to cast aside his rifle and draw his sword. He prefers this close, hand-to-hand combat... Where he can feel the death of his enemy... as his blade slices flesh and shatters bone...

All the gorillas prefer it this way, and many continue slashing and hacking long after their opponents screams have died.

Break... they got us back there--us dying!

Let the fools die! I'm their leader!

If they can't follow me, they deserve to die!

For some five minutes, Caesar has lain with his face in the dirt... his body unmoving, lifeless.

You can stop counting now...

Wh-what...?

Virgil...? Lisa...? Is something better... now...?

You...!
YES... ME, CAESAR...

BRECK... YOUR FORMER MASTER...
... YOUR CURRENT TORMENTOR... AND FUTURE EXECUTIONER!

FOR SOME FIVE MINUTES, CAESAR HAD LAIN UNCONSCIOUS. A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN FIVE MINUTES...

...ESPECIALLY WHEN MEASURED IN DESTRUCTION.

YOU'VE DONE BAD THINGS, CAESAR... YOU KNOW THAT...

YOU'RE NOT A DEPENDABLE UNIT... NO LONGER A FAITHFUL SLAVE...

WE HAVE TO RECONDITION YOU, CAESAR. YOU MUST LEARN AGAIN WHAT IT IS TO HAVE AND SERVE A MASTER... POLITELY, HUMBLY...

WINNINGS AS YOU GO... FEARING THE PAIN WHICH WILL BURN YOU IF YOU DISOBEY...

NO, CAESAR... YOU CAN'T GET UP... OR YOU'LL BURN...

YOU MUST STAY DOWN, CAESAR... LIKE A GOOD LITTLE PET... LIKE A GOOD LITTLE SLAVE...

WHOOFF
THE HARSH CLANGOR OF DISTANT BATTLE IS DROWNED OUT NOW. WASCHED AWAY BY noise's EVENLY CRAWL THROUGH THE STREETS, ON "YOUR CITY!"
CRAWL, CAESAR... CRAWL IN TERROR... WITH YOUR YELLOW BELLY DRAGGING IN THE DIRT...
WHOOF

CRAWL ON ALL FOURS... JUST LIKE THE PITIFUL MONKEY, BEAST YOU ARE AND ALWAYS WERE...
CRAWL, CAESAR-WORM... AND LISTEN TO ME THROUGH YOUR FEAR...

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU CRAWL FROM ONE END OF THIS BURNING CITY TO THE OTHER...

WHOOSH

SO ALL YOUR "PEOPLE" CAN SEE YOU THE WAY YOU REALLY ARE CAESAR...
BEFORE I KILL THEM, THAT IS...

AND THEN, CAESAR... AND THEN, MONKEY... AT THE TROUBLE TOWN, YOUR THIN HONEY TREE-HOUSE VILLAGE...

WHOOF

... I'M GOING TO BURN EVERY FILTHY, LICE-RIDDEN HAIR OFF YOUR SKINNY MONKEY BODY! WON'T THAT BE FUN, CAESAR...?
MY GOD... OH MY GOD... LISA...

AND AFTER THAT, CAESAR. I'M GOING TO SIT DOWN TO A SUMPTUOUS FEAST OF ROAST CHIMPANZEE...

WHA-WHAT... IS... IT...?

LISA... MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT... LOOK...

...AND THE FEAST WILL BE REAL FRESH, CAESAR--ONLY THE FRESHEST OF MEAT FOR GOVERNOR BRECK...

AND CAESAR... OH, CAESAR... NO, CAESAR... DON'T LET IT HAPPEN... TO YOU...

GOVERNOR BRECK. FORMERLY OF CALIFORNIA BEFORE POLITICS TURNED IT INTO A RADIATION-SHATTERED FORBIDDEN ZONE--IS MAD.

...AND DO YOU KNOW WHY THIS FEAST IS GOING TO BE SO FRESH, CAESAR??

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU BECAUSE THE CHIMPANZEE IS GOING TO BE ROASTED ALIVE!

YOU'RE LEARNING, AREN'T YOU, CAESAR? CLEANER AS YOU ALWAYS SAY. CLEVER. I REMEMBER THE DAY YOU CHOSE YOUR NAME. BUT THEN EVERY CAESAR HAS HIS BRUTUS...

AND STILL BRECK DOESN'T KNOW HE'S MAD, BUT IT DOESN'T EXCUSE HIM ONE... DAMN... BIT.
NO. IT'S NO USE THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE INTELLIGENT, BUT YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE NOT INTELLIGENT, CAESAR...

YOU'LL NEVER LEARN... YOU'RE TOO STUPID... YOU'RE JUST A BEAST...

IT'S BEEN BUILDING TOO LONG... TOO MUCH TO ENDURE, BEATING IT'S PEAK, AND THAT PEAK IS UNENDURABLE...

NO, BRECK... NOOO!!

---AND CAESAR LUNGES FORWARD---

HUUHH-??!

AND NOW, WITH HIS DEATH PRESSING CLOSE UPON HIM -- BREATHING HOTLY DOWN HIS NECK...

CRAMMING ALL THE PAIN AND HUMILIATION AND ABUSE RIGHT DOWN BRECK'S STINKING THROAT.

FWOOSH!

SWHOONK!
FOOOSH

YAAHHH!!

FOOOSH

AAA!EEE!!

FFFFFEEE!

AMMO GASOLINE

PUH WHOOOO

FWOOSH

YEEEEAAAAHHH

THE STRUGGLE IS OVER... FOR THE MOMENT ANYWAY...
THANKS... THANKS A LOT FOR THE HELP, THAT IS... CAESAR--!!

HERE, CAESAR-- YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT...!

NO, CAESAR-- BUT WE'LL ALL BE DEAD IF WE DON'T START FIGHTING BACK! ALSO, THE GORILLAS ARE TAKING CARE OF HALF OF THEM, BUT THERE'S STILL THE OTHER HALF...

VIRGIL--! I THOUGHT YOU WERE--

ALL RIGHT-- YOU'VE SEEN THAT THEY CAN BE DEFEATED-- THAT THEY'RE NOT GODS-- THAT THEY'RE NOTHING MORE THAN MEN!

I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED FROM WHAT YOU'VE SEEN-- AND THAT FURTHER LESSONS, AT THE COST OF DEATH, WILL NOT BE NECESSARY...
Now let's fight this time... let's defend ourselves and our families... like apes!!

Like apes!!

Now come on!!!

Brak-ak ak-ak ak-ak

This time Caesar's breath is neither wasted nor torn from his throat. The chimps and orangutans rally behind his almost reckless leadership...

...and like a battalion of savage berserkers, they clash with the scattered mutant forces...

Blam krap

Beyond the city, siege swiftly turns to rout. Most of the mutants have long since retreated to the relative protection of their ancient vehicles, attempting a last-ditch defense...

Blam

But also has just found a machinegun...

...and last-ditch defense suffers a slight set-back.

Brak-ak ak-ak ak-ak ak-ak
AND NOW, WITH EVEN DEFENSE DENIED THEM, SOME MUTANTS ATTEMPT TO FLEE... BUT--

BRAK-AK
AK-AK-AK

BRAK
AK-AK

SKRASH

...THE PATH OF FLIGHT IS BLOCKED.

KUHF-EWHOOSH!

CAESAR IS SICKENED--DISGUSTED WITH HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH SPURTING FROM THE DEVICE IN HIS HANDS, THE BODIES FALLING LIKE WHEAT BEFORE HIS EYES...

IT SEEMS ALDO CAN DO NO WRONG.

Consequently, he is very pleased with himself...

BUT WHAT ELSE CAN HE DO? THERE IS NO CHOICE.
CAESAR IS AT THE CENTER OF IT, STRANGELY CALM IN THE MIDST OF SUCH CHAOS, LIKE THE EYE OF A BRUTAL HURRICANE... AND YET CONTROLLING THE AWESOME STORM, INSTITUTING IT... AND HOLDING IT TOGETHER.

HE KILLS, PERHAPS, MORE THAN ANYONE. HE PIES, MOST CERTAINLY, A THOUSAND TIMES...

THEM'RE RUNNING, CAESAR...!! THEY'RE RUNNING--WE BEAT THEM...!!

YES... WE BEAT THEM...
NOTHING WORKING! ONLY FEW TRUCKS MOVE!

DO WHAT YOU CAN, IDIOT! LOAD THE ONES THAT WILL GO--/

BUT ALL MEN NOT AT IT? WHAT THEM DO--?

THEY CAN DO WHATEVER THEY LIKE! LET THEM WORRY ABOUT IT AND JUST GET OUT OF HIS STUDIO--!!

IS THAT IT? CAESAR...?

YES... THAT'S ENOUGH, VIRGIL!

WE MAY AS WELL GO NOW AND--

NO--!!

NOT GO HOME! KILL-- KILL ALL! KILL ALL-- SO NONE LEFT TO GET AWAY!!

NOT CARE WHAT YOU SAY! YOU WEAK, ALDO STRONG!

ALDO SAY KILL ALL... AND IF YOU TRY TO STOP ALDO--

THEN ALDO KILL YOU!!

I SAID THE FIGHTING IS OVER, ALDO-- AND I MEANT WHAT I SAID!

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