

WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES!

PLANET OF THE APES

No.13 Week ending JAN 18 1975



PLANET
OF
THE
APES **8p**

**MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP**

I DON'T
THINK WE'LL
BE ABLE TO
TALK OUR
WAY OUT OF
THIS ONE!

THEN IT'S ABOUT
TIME I STOPPED CRINGING
LIKE A MONKEY AND
SHOWED THESE APES
HOW TO FIGHT LIKE A
MAN!

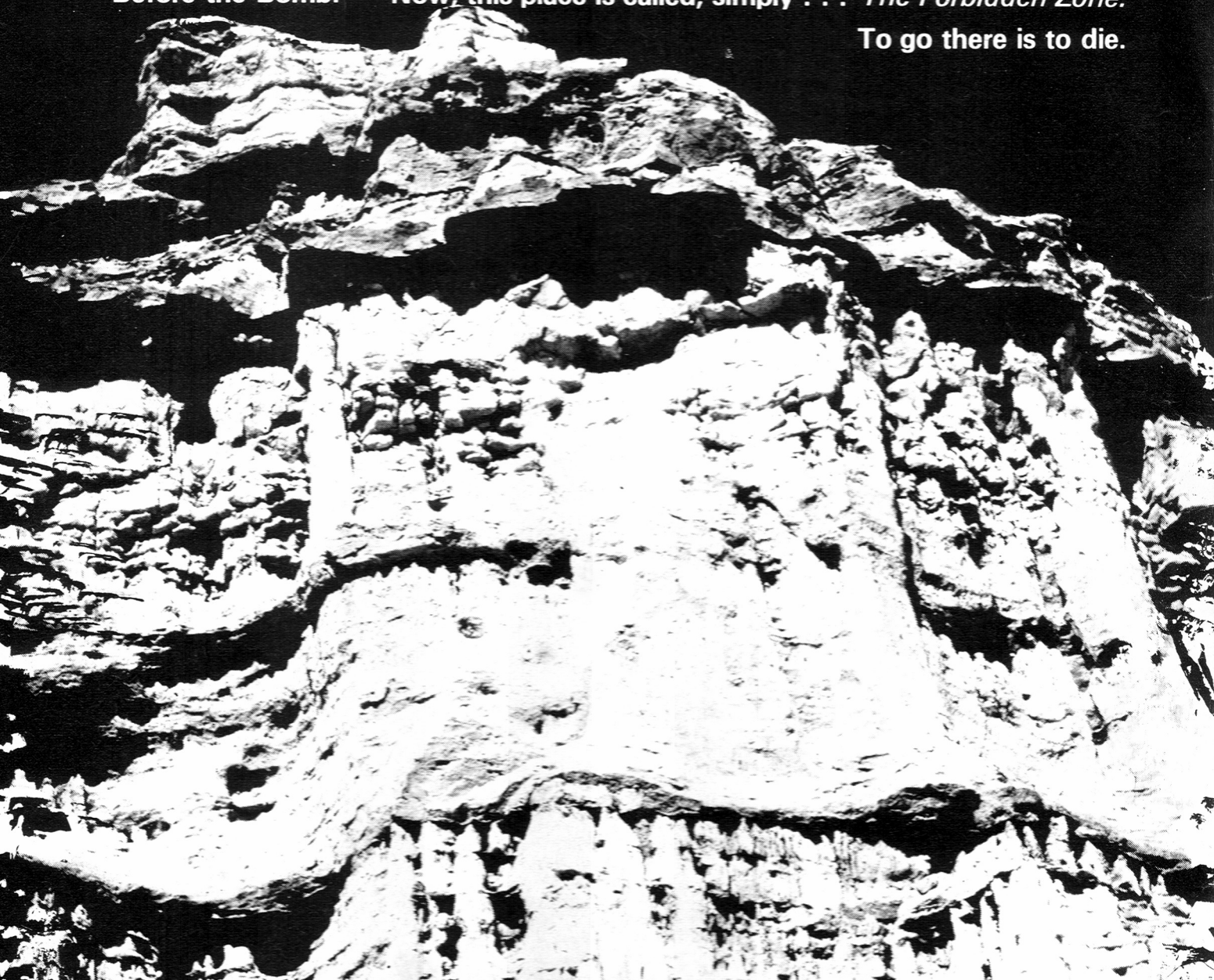


Terror on the Planet of the Apes

When a 100-megaton nuclear bomb explodes, the temperature at the centre of the fireball is measured in millions of degrees. For a thirty-mile diameter around that fireball, everything . . . ceases to exist. Adamantium steel runs like water, human flesh vaporizes into ash in an instant. And what the bomb does not destroy, the radiation does. Once—before the bomb there had been a mighty city here. Towering skyscrapers, massive road systems, millions of people . . . life in all its myriad varieties.

Before the Bomb. Now, this place is called, simply . . . *The Forbidden Zone.*

To go there is to die.



But Jason and Alexander have gone there. With Jason framed for a murder he didn't commit, they have no choice. The Law-Giver had gone to the Forbidden Zone on some mysterious mission . . . and the Law-Giver was the only one who could clear Jason of the murder charge. Because the Law-Giver was an Ape, and Jason a human . . . and this was a planet where Apes ruled Men.

The Law-Giver has gone to the Forbidden Zone. Jason and Alexander have followed. What they will find—survival or death—God only knows.

CHAPTER TWO: FUGITIVES ON THE Planet OF THE APES

THE FLAMES WHINE AND CRACKLE, THEIR BRITTLE SOUNDS FILLING THE GARISHLY LIT GLADE.



THEN ANOTHER SOUND RISES INTO THE NIGHT... A GRUFF SOBBERING SOUND WHICH EMANATES FROM THE FORM OF A YOUNG MAN HUNCHED IN THE LURIDLY FLICKERING GLAZE OF A GUTTED CONFLAGRATION.

HIS THOUGHTS ARE GREY... SOMBRE SHROUDS WHICH MUFFLE HIS MIND LIKE THICK GAUZE...

...AND THEY FOCUS ON THE TWO PEOPLE SPRAWLED IN THE CENTRE OF THE HELLISH INFERNO BEFORE HIM...



...HIS PARENTS.

JASON...



JASON... I'M... SORRY.

THAT'S SUPPOSED TO HELP, ALEX?! YOU BEING SORRY-?!



SCRIPT: DOUG MOENCH (FROM AN IDEA BY GERRY CONWAY) ART: MIKE PLOOG



MY PARENTS ARE DEAD, ALEX! **SORROW** ISN'T GOING TO **CHANGE** THAT-- **GRIEF** ISN'T GOING TO CHANGE IT!

NOTHING WILL CHANGE IT, ALEX-- **NOTHING!**



BUT IF MY **PARENTS** HAD TO DIE, I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT THEIR **MURDERERS** DIE, TOO--!

I COULDN'T **CATCH** THEM, ALEX-- BUT I KNOW THE **DIRECTION** THEY WENT IN!

AND THEY LEFT **TRACKS**, ALEX-- **TRACKS** I CAN **FOLLOW**... TO THEIR **DEATHS!**



JASON, **LISTEN** TO ME! YOU CAN'T GO AFTER THEM-- THEY'RE **RUTHLESS!** YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE--!

LET THE **LAW** TAKE CARE OF THEM,



THE **LAW**? THE LAW LAID DOWN BY THE **LAW-GIVER**--?



DON'T TELL ME ABOUT ANY **LAWS**, ALEX-- **YOUR** FAMILY WASN'T ATTACKED TONIGHT!

THE LAW LAID DOWN BY AN **APE**-- THE LAW WHICH PROTECTS NO ONE **BUT** APES--?!



SO I DON'T EXPECT **YOU** TO UNDERSTAND WHY I **HAVE** TO GO AFTER THOSE LOUSY MURDERERS...

... **ALONE**, IF NEED BE!



JASON-- **WAIT** UP!

MAYBE IT IS TIME FOR SOME **NEW LAWS**.

DEEP WITHIN THE INNER RECESSES OF THE GLOOMY FOREST, SPUTTERING TORCHES PINPOINT THE JUNCTURES OF AN INTRICATE MATRIX OF INTERCONNECTED TREEHOUSES. IT IS A SYSTEM OF AERIAL BARRACKS-- A BIZARRE CAMP OF WAR...



AND FROM ONE OF THE TREETOP DWELLINGS THE STRIDENT VOICE OF A SENTRY CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT...

THEY'RE COMING--!

THE INITIATES ARE RETURNING FROM THEIR MISSION--!



TELL THE LEADER WE WISH TO REPORT THE RESULTS OF OUR FIRST MISSION.

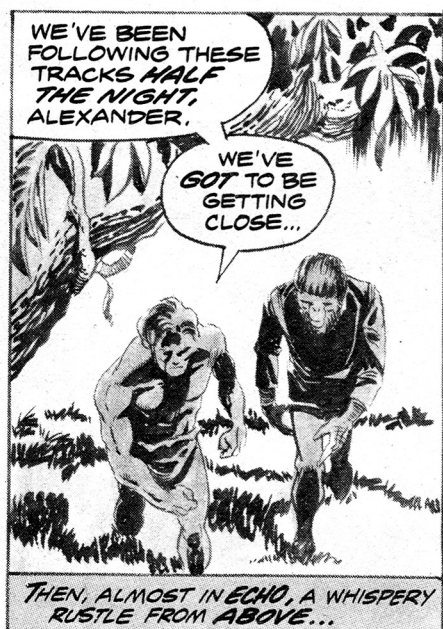
ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU'RE READY TO FACE HIM?

FACE HIM--

--AND FINALLY MEET HIM AS WELL.







BUT ALTHOUGH JASON HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE BATTLE WITH NEAR-BESTIAL FEROCITY--



-- HE SOON FINDS THAT EVEN RAW, NAKED SAVAGERY--



-- IS NO MATCH FOR SUPERIOR NUMBERS.

WE TRIED, JASE. AT LEAST WE CAN SAY THAT MUCH.

SHUT UP, YOU TWO--



-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE DRAGGED FACE-FIRST--

"-- BACK TO THE CAMP."

BRUTUS... THEN IT'S TRUE...

I CAME ACROSS SOME OF YOUR PAPERS... THEY ALLUDED TO A SECRET BAND OF TERRORISTS...

... GAVE THIS LOCATION AS THE SITE OF ITS HEADQUARTERS...

... AND INFERRED THAT YOU WERE THE LEADER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, BRUTUS-- COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...

...UNTIL NOW.





I'M **GLAD** YOU FINALLY LEARNED MY SECRET, ZENA. NOW YOU CAN **JOIN** THE MOVEMENT--

--AND SIT BY MY SIDE WHEN I RULE A NEW REGIME OF **APE SUPREMACY**.

YOU'RE **MAD**--



--**UTTERLY INSANE** TO EVEN SUGGEST SUCH A THING!

YOU **BLASPHEME** THE VERY **FOUNDATION** OF THE **LAWGIVER'S SOCIETY**.



THE **LAWGIVER** IS A **SPINELESS FOOL** TOO OLD TO RULE A **DOG KENNEL**. HIS DAY OF **POWER** HAS **PASSED**--!

THERE'S A **REGULAR ARMY** HERE, ALEX.

YEAH... BUT THERE APPEARS TO BE **DISSENSION** WITHIN THE **RANKS**.



AND **YOUR** DAY OF **POWER** WILL NEVER **DAWN**, **BRUTUS**. THE **CREATOR** WILL SEE YOU ROT IN **HELL** BEFORE HE ALLOWS SUCH A THING TO BE!

SHUT UP, ZENA!

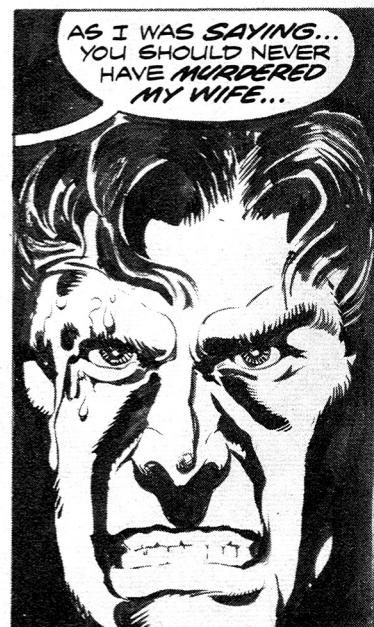
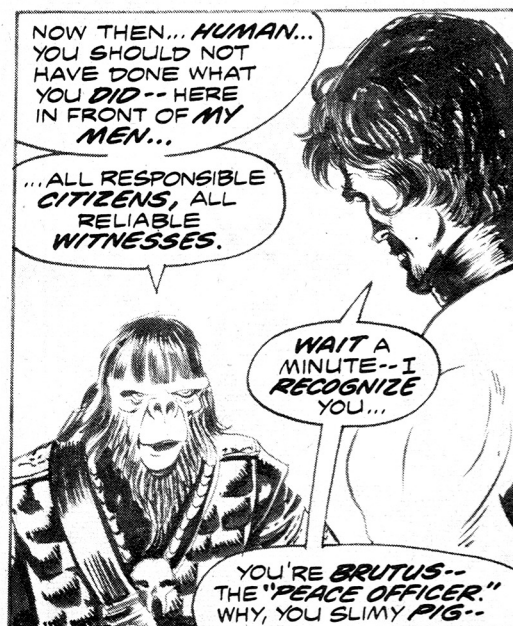
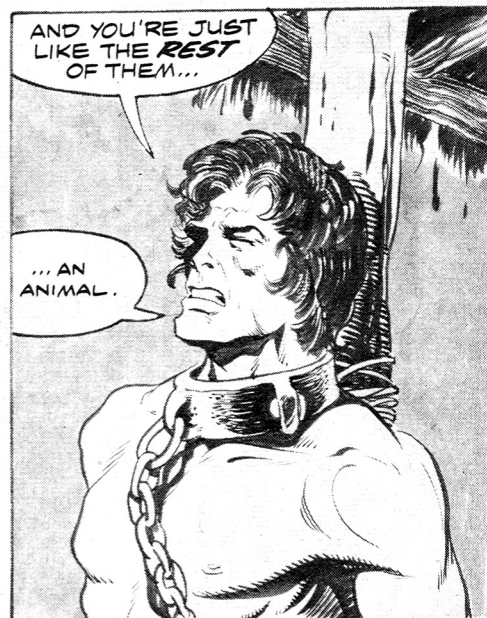
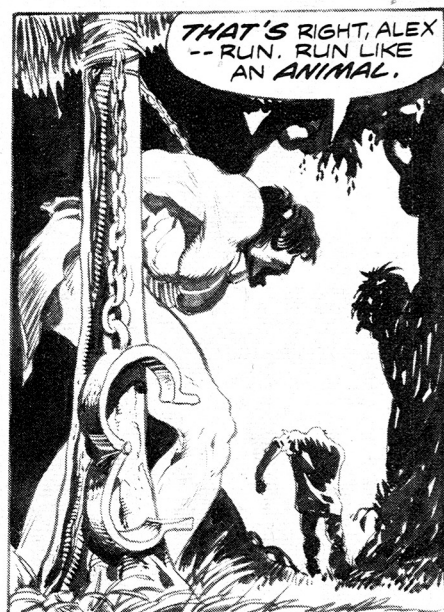
SWAP!



YOU'LL **REGRET** THAT, **BRUTUS**-- JUST AS **I** REGRET THE DAY YOU BECAME MY **HUSBAND**.

I'M GOING TO THE **AUTHORITIES**-- TO **EXPOSE** YOU AS THE **HEAD** OF THIS **TERRORIST GROUP**.







...IN FRONT OF SO MANY RELIABLE WITNES--

UFFF!!

THUFF!



WHOO!



KRAK!

THAT'S ENOUGH, GUARD--!



THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH.

FOR HE'LL SOON PAY MOST DEARLY FOR HIS AFFRONT TO MY PERSONAGE.



AFTER ALL, AS *PEACE* OFFICER OF THE LAWGIVER'S CABINET, IT IS MY OATH-SWORN *DUTY* TO BRING HIM BEFORE THE *TRIBUNAL* TOMORROW MORNING...

...AND DEMAND THAT HE--



--HANG UNTIL DEAD, BROTHER XAVIER...

...FOR THE BRUTAL, COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF MY WIFE!

THE TRIBUNAL IS ALREADY QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THE *CHARGE*, BROTHER BRUTUS.





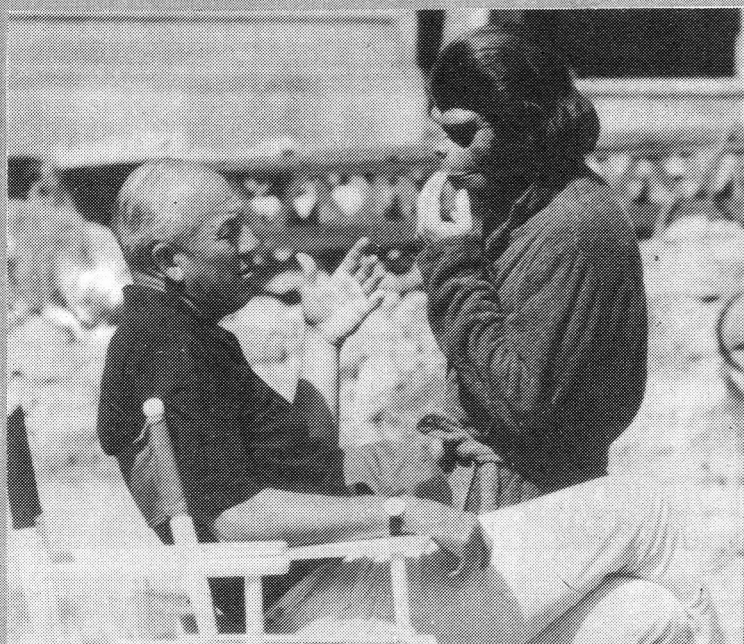




NEXT: ISSUE: THE FORBIDDEN ZONE OF FORGOTTEN HORROR!



Lining up a shot for the episode called "THE TRAP"



Roddy McDowall takes a little direction from Gerald Finerman.



A quick game of Frisbee in Ape City
James Naughton's six year old son joins in the fun.



THE APES ON T.V.

ABOUT THE PRODUCTION

Because of the enormity of a string of box office successes created by five "Planet of the Apes" motion pictures, and because three of these features ran away with enormous audience ratings when aired on American television, 20th Century-Fox now is producing the "Planet of the Apes" series, now running on Independent Television.

The first star of the action-drama series is Roddy McDowall, a veteran of four "Apes" movies. He plays the part of Galen, a chimpanzee who befriends two human astronauts who have slipped through a time warp while on a routine space mission. When they return to Earth, the spacemen discover they are living 2000 years in the future and the planet is being ruled by simians.

The other stars are the astronauts themselves. Ron Harper, the tall blond one teams up with husky, dark haired James Naughton.

Co-starring with McDowall, Harper and Naughton are Booth Colman and Mark Lenard. Colman plays the head of the orang-utans who have emerged as the ruling class of the "Planet." They shape and control all branches of government, serving as judges, ministers and administrators.

Mark Lenard plays Urko, the gorilla, who is the head of his kind who are the enforcers—policemen, soldiers and hunters. Whenever severe measures have to be taken against enemies of the State, gorillas carry out the desired action.

The principal drive of the one-hour series is that of the apes pursuing the two astronauts, Alan Virdon (Ron Harper) and Pete Burke (James Naughton).

The reason for this constant pursuit is that Virdon and Burke, returning to earth, discover they have passed through this time warp and the earth is no longer as they knew it. . . It has become the PLANET OF THE APES!

The warp has pushed them up in time nearly 2000 years. Humans are now inferior inhabitants of the inner zone (the centre of the ape world) and their jobs are those of minor clerks, servants, labourers and slaves. An occasional human is elevated to the rank of an overseer, but they are subject to the ape civilization and exist at its whim.

Unlike the original "Apes" motion pictures, some of the humans in the series have powers of speech and the intellectual capacity of apes. The change was made to allow more plot flexibility and to provide the possibility of roles for guest stars.

However, if the two astronauts are not captured, the apes know they (Virdon and Burke) might inform the presently inferior humans that they, themselves, once ruled the earth. With this information, the humans might again rise to power; therefore, the astronauts must be captured.

The most amazing off-camera feature is the daily creation of "appliances" to the heads and faces of the apes. Dan Striepeke, one of the creators of the "Apes" appliances, has a crew of a dozen makeup artists working under him. Their art practice is energy-draining in that it takes three full hours to apply the features. This means that if Roddy McDowall is to be on the stage, ready to work in his appliance at 8.30 a.m., he must arise at 4.00 a.m. and report to the makeup department by 5.00 a.m. Roddy McDowall whiles away the time by listening to classical music during these three hours.



At midday, actors wearing makeup appliances cannot eat solid foods, but must partake of liquids by means of straws. During days when the heat rises to 110 degrees on location some actors can lose as much as ten pounds in a single day!

The series is shot on the lot at Twentieth Century-Fox's West Pico Boulevard studio complex, and on location at the Fox Ranch out in Malibu Canyon, about thirty-odd miles outside Los Angeles proper. The studio's vast tract of back lot has been gouged up and transformed into Century City—which movie-goers saw razed and destroyed by fire and simian revolt in the mini-classic *CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES*. On the set, the scene could well be described as confusion. . . people running around trying to do too much in too short a time, all of them wondering how they got there in the first place. There are actors, actors' family/friends, child actors' parents, child actors' tutor, technicians, more technicians, and lots and lots of on-lookers.

For the actors, the biggest part of a working day in film is waiting. Waiting for the camera set-up to be completed

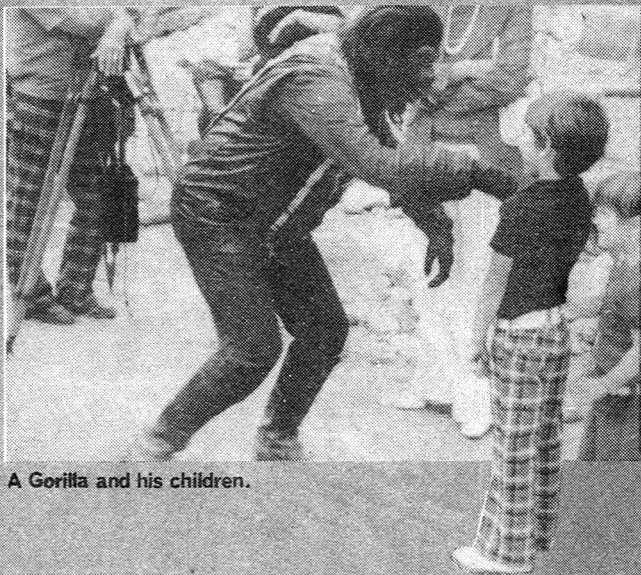


On the spot make-up repair on Dr. Zaius.

so they can shoot the scene, waiting for the film to be reloaded; waiting for the director to finish a hurried confab with his Director of Photography—in this case, the Director of Photography being *Gerald Perry Finnerman*, of *Star Trek* and *Kojak* fame, an excellent craftsman who well-deserves his reputation (and a man probably only a few steps removed from Godhood for the work he did behind the camera on *Star Trek*).

The waiting isn't so bad if one is a principal character in the scene being—or about to be—shot; one can always study one's script or talk with the other actors about how one is going to play the scene. One can do an impromptu rehearsal—all too often, the only time actors have to rehearse and work with each other and the director on their scenes is during the camera set-ups. Which leaves the quality of the work done by the actor up to the actor and to the Director of Photography. If he's a pro—and Gerry Finnerman is a pro—the actor can often be up the proverbial creek minus the proverbial paddle, because the only way anyone can rehearse then is by having the crew sit around and wait. And that can be expensive.

Which means, simply, that the actors have to be very good. And those who are watching the series must surely agree that they are.



A Gorilla and his children.

apes forum

Dear Stan,

Your Planet of the Apes mag is just too much for words, and so is The Warrior of Mars. I really enjoyed it, including Ka-Zar. But Ka-Zar doesn't belong to this mag.

Terry Whittaker,
Oldham, Lancs.

Look at it this way. If you enjoyed Ka-Zar then he must be in the right place.

Dear Stan!!!

I am writing to tell you what I think about your new comic "Planet of the Apes". From this title I thought it was going to be about the apes. I bought the first issue and thought it was great. When I got this week's I thought differently. I read up to page 12 and then turned over to find out what happened next. I shall tell you what happened — nothing. There was no "continued next issue" or anything looking like it.

Now don't get me wrong. I think you have a great idea to put the "Planet of the Apes" into comic form, but there was no mention about having any "Warrior of Mars" or "The Power of Ka-Zar." If a comic is called "Planet of The Apes" that is just what you expect it to be about.

In your "Stan's Soapbox" you said you wanted people to write to you. How can they if they do not know your address? I had to look through last week's issue to find it. If it had not been for an offer of patches I don't suppose I would have found it.

Lesley Mitchell,
Walthamstow, London, E17.

Okay, Lesley, you've really driven us into the corner of the ring. Now where shall we start? Guess we'll take an easy one first—that bit about there being no "continued next week" at the end of the second installment of Planet of The Apes. (Incidentally we call those lines "tag-lines". We've no excuses to offer on that one. Sure there should have been a tag-line, but it now seems such a long time ago when we were putting that issue together, and it was such a hectic period we were passing through, that we can't think of exactly why we were remiss. Most probably we were working into the small hours and the black coffee we were drinking by the quart wasn't fighting off the sandman as efficiently as we'd hoped. But when it comes to the CONTENTS of Planet of The Apes, believe it or not, tiger, there's a host of Marvelites who have taken both "Warrior of Mars" and "Ka-Zar" to their hearts. Which brings us to your final point—the matter of our address. Honest, we weren't really trying to play hard to get. We've put a knot in our typewriter ribbon to help us remember to put it in each week from now on.

Dear Stan,

Wow, Like fantastic! I mean the "Planet of The Apes" of course. You've got another brilliant comic on your hands, for Planet is now the best British Marvel mag to me.

Steven Wood,
London, SW2.

You wouldnd't kid us, now wouldya, Steve? Y'know how INSECURE we are!

Dear Sir,

I think your magazine "Planet of The Apes" is excellent. I will definitely save all the weekly parts of this adventure. I enclose a drawing of Taylor, Dodge and Landon landing in the waters of the ape-inhabited earth. Please could you send me an original drawing from the sequel, which I will dearly treasure along with the magazines. Sincerely,

John Pugh, Blackwood, Gwent.

That sketch of yours has been passed all around the Bullpen and it won approval from every single member. Would we be right in guessing that that wasn't the first drawing you've ever penned?! But when it comes to posting you a piece of original artwork, this we can't do. Not that we wouldn't want to, John, but if we did, we'd feel under a moral obligation to do the same for every Marvelite. And although this may surprise you we don't turn out enough artwork to cope with a demand like that!

Dear Stan, Roy, Len, Jim and David,

Let me offer first my sincere congrats to all of you in the Bullpen for pulling off this miracle. I am of course, referring to the two new mags "Planet of The Apes" and "Dracula Lives". I was no great fan of horror mags, but after finishing your new mag I have been converted. Gene Colan and Mike Ploog may be new to we British, but I'm sure they will become great favourites. Some may say to you in the following months that you did an easy thing in adapting a story from a successful film and TV series, but I think this only made it more difficult. Therefore, congratulations. Mr. Moench, Mr. Tuska and Mr. Esposito, I am very much impressed by the "Gullivar Jones" stories, and by "Ka-Zar". But with Stan and Jack on the job how could it fail?

Thomas Bonner,
No Address.

You may be a secretive man about your address, but when it comes to letting us know what you appreciate then you couldn't be more revealing. We wouldn't even try to tell you of the pleasure it gives all of us to accept your congratulations, Tom, and, wherever you are, it's our sincere hope that you'll be feeling that way for a long, long, time.

Dear Stan,

I was glad to hear about the new comic you have brought out called Planet of The Apes. But when I saw the apes' faces my eyes nearly popped out of my head. They look like the Hulk when he's just got out of bed. It makes them look as if they are uncivilised and undisciplined, whereas they are quite civilised and disciplined. By the way, this is a letter to prove that girls do read your comics.

Margaret Szantai,
Romford, Essex.

We've had plenty of proof before that many Marvelites are female, Margaret, but we're always delighted to have it confirmed. A Marvelite is a special kind of person, and that speciality isn't governed by sex at all. But Hooo Boy! (Or should we say "Hooo Girl!") you've sure set us a poser about the apes. Doncha think you could persuade yourself to love 'em just the way they are?