

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



**MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP**

NO. 23

WEEK ENDING
MARCH 29, 1975

PLANET OF THE APES

8p

C'MON YOU LOUSY
APES--ATTACK
ONE AT A TIME OR
TOGETHER--

--BUT APE-SLAYER
WILL STILL DESTROY
YOU ALL!



36

ACTION-PACKED
PAGES!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**TM
PROLOGUE: FUTURE

IMPERFECT!

STEEL UPON STEEL:
A SOUND THOUGHT
LONG DONE AWAY
WITH WHEN APES
TOOK WEAPONS
AWAY FROM
HUMANS.

STEEL UPON STEEL:
A SOUND RELATIVELY
NEW BENEATH THESE
BATTLE-SCARRED
CITY STREETS.

STEEL UPON STEEL:
FOR UMPTEN HUNDRED
YEARS, A SOUND
UNFAMILIAR TO THE
AVERAGE FIGHTING MAN.

STEEL UPON STEEL:
NOW THE WAR-CRY
OF A NEW BREED OF
MEN--MEN WHOSE LIVES
HAVE BEEN SHATTERED,
EVEN AS THE CITY
AROUND THEM HAS BEEN
SHATTERED--MEN WHOSE
LIVES HAVE BEEN TRANS-
FORMED BY A WAR
THEY WILL NEVER
UNDERSTAND.

STEEL UPON STEEL:
THE WAR-CRY OF ONE
SPECIAL MAN, A
CRIMSON-HAIRED DEMON
NAMED APESLAYER...!

LOT & CONCEPT:
ROY THOMAS
SCRIPT:
GERRY CONWAY
ARTIST:
NEAL ADAMS
INKER:
FRANK MONTE
EDITOR:
MARY WOLFMAN



NOW,
SCRAPPER..

THAT'S
THE LAST
OF YOUR MEN
BETWEEN US.



LET ME PASS..
OR I'LL FINISH
YOU, TOO.

YOU'RE A GOOD
TALKER,
APESLAYER!

YOU AND
YOUR MEN
HAVE CAUSED
US GRIEF...

...AND
FOR THAT
YOU'RE GOING TO
DIE!



SORRY,
SCRAPPER.

I HAVE A MESSAGE
TO DELIVER TO YOUR
GENERALS!



--AND I MEAN
TO GIVE IT
TO HIM--



--PERSONALLY!



APESLAYER: LEADER OF
A GROUP OF FREEMEN,
ONE OF THE FEW SUCH
GROUPS THAT OPPOSE THE
RULE OF THE "GENERALS."

APESLAYER: A MAN WITH A
MISSION, A MAN OBSESSED.

I'M COMING,
GENERAL -- AND THIS
TIME, YOU'RE GOING TO
HAVE TO FACE ME ALONE!

SOFT FOOTSTEPS RESOUND IN THE EERIE SILENCE; ALREADY, THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE ARE DISTANT, PHANTOM-LIKE... **FORGOTTEN.**

LIKE A CITY CAT, APESLAYER SLIPS FORWARD THROUGH THE BLUE SHADOWS... HIS MIND FILLED WITH MEMORIES, NOT ALL OF THEM CENTRED ON THE MAN HIDING IN THE BUNKER **BEFORE HIM.**

ONCE, THIS PLACE **TEEMED** WITH MEN AND WOMEN-- ONCE, THIS **GRAND CENTRAL STATION** WAS MORE THAN AN ILL-LIT **TOMB--**

--BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO, IN ANOTHER TIME-- AND YES, APESLAYER KNOWS, ANOTHER **WORLD.**

COME OUT, GENERAL! I'M **WAITING** FOR YOU!

Kodak

TRACK 12





UNNNH!!
NEVER EXPECTED
THIS ONE TO
BE SO STRONG!

YOU'RE NOT
PLAYING, ARE
YOU, MUTANT?



THAT'S
GOOD.

NEITHER
AM I!



GENERAL! CAN
YOU HEAR ME
IN THERE?

IT'S APESLAYER, GENERAL--
YOU REMEMBER ME,
DON'T YOU?

I'VE COME
TO SETTLE
WITH YOU, GENERAL--
FOR WHAT YOU DID
TO ME, FOR WHAT YOU
DID TO MY BROTHER.

DO YOU
COME OUT--
OR DO I
COME IN?



YOU'LL HAVE TO
FORCE YOUR WAY
IN, PACK-RAT.

AND I ASSURE
YOU-- MY DEFENSES
ARE QUITE
SATISFACTORY.

ARE
THEY,
GENERAL?



BLUMPI!



EXCELLENT, PACK-RAT...
ACCORDING TO MY SENSORS,
YOU USED THE *LAST* OF
YOUR WEAPON'S ENERGY
ON THAT BLAST.

MY OWN
WEAPONS, ON THE
OTHER HAND, ARE
STILL TOTALLY
CHARGED.



I DON'T NEED
A *GUN* TO
DESTROY YOU,
GENERAL.

ONLY
"APE STODGES"
NEED TOYS.



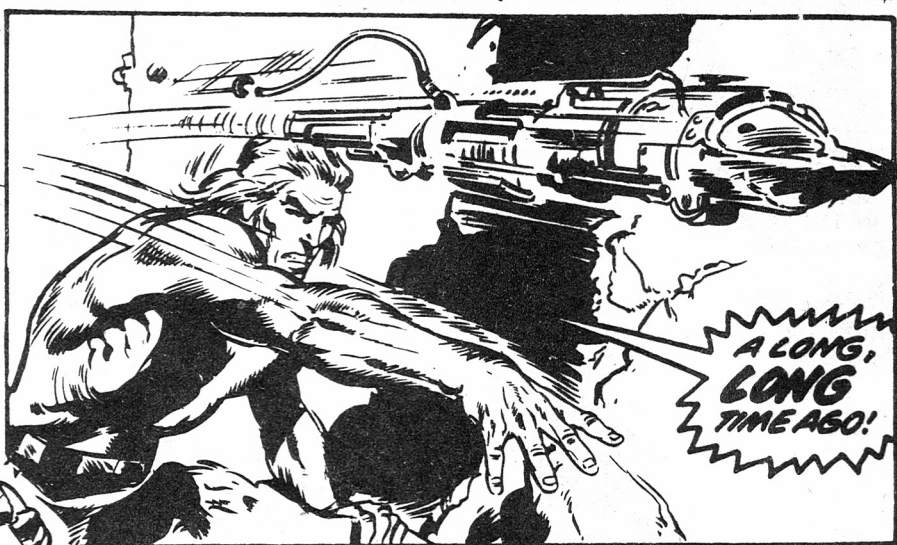
YOU USE THE WORD
LIKE A *CURSE*,
PACK-RAT.

BUT YOU DON'T
REALISE HOW THINGS
HAVE *CHANGED*!



PERHAPS,
GENERAL.

IF SO,
IT WAS A
LONG
TIME AGO--



A LONG,
LONG
TIME AGO!



CHUNK



APESLAYER:
A MAN
OBSESSED,
A MAN WITH A
MISSION.

NOW, THAT
MISSION
IS OVER.

WHY IS
IT, THEN,
THAT HE
FEELS SO...
EMPTY?



APESLAYER...
TH-THANK YOU...



YOU'RE--
STILL
ALIVE?

AND--
YOU'RE
THANKING
ME?



I'LL DO MORE THAN
THAT, LAD... IF YOU'LL
JUST... BEND
CLOSER...

WHY, OLD MAN? I
DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOUR VOICE--
SOMEHOW, IT'S
DIFFERENT NOW...

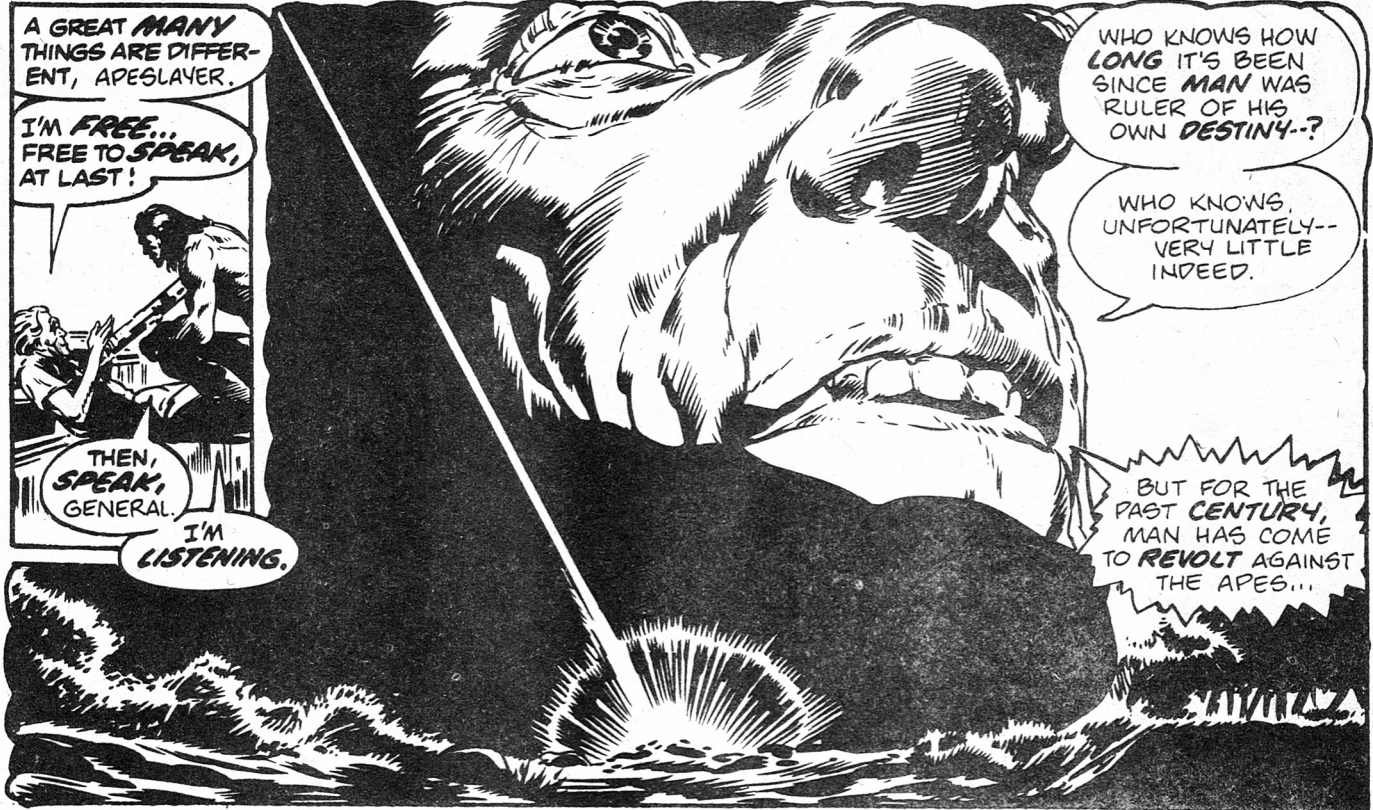
A GREAT *MANY*
THINGS ARE DIFFER-
ENT, APESLAYER.

I'M *FREE*...
FREE TO *SPEAK*,
AT LAST!



THEN,
SPEAK,
GENERAL.

I'M
LISTENING.

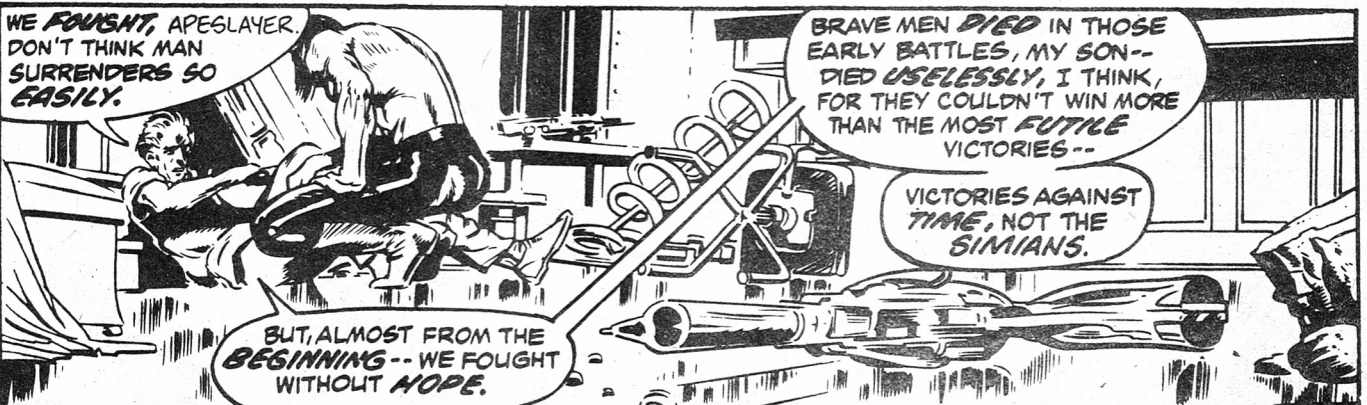


WHO KNOWS HOW
LONG IT'S BEEN
SINCE *MAN* WAS
RULER OF HIS
OWN *DESTINY*--?

WHO KNOWS,
UNFORTUNATELY--
VERY LITTLE
INDEED.

BUT FOR THE
PAST *CENTURY*,
MAN HAS COME
TO *REVOLT* AGAINST
THE APES...

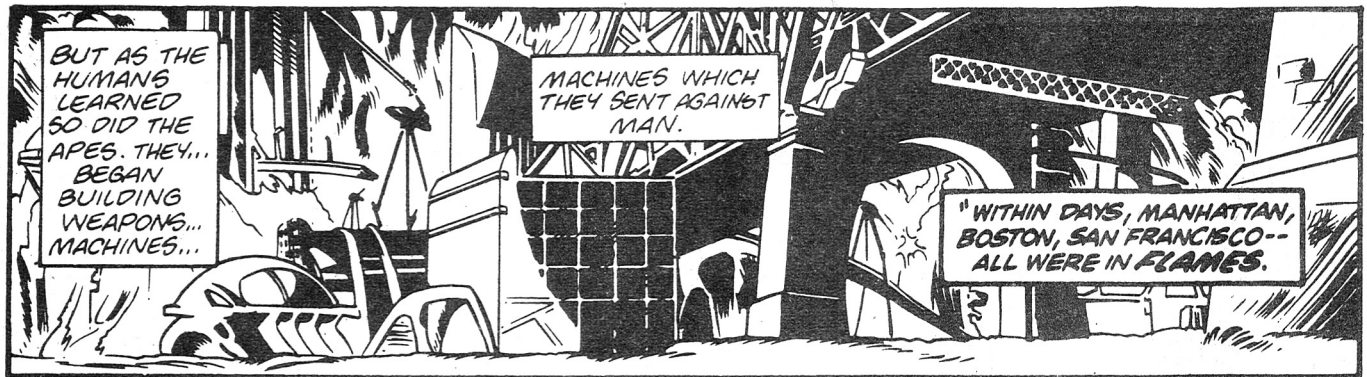
WE *FOUGHT*, APESLAYER.
DON'T THINK MAN
SURRENDERS SO
EASILY.



BRAVE MEN *DIED* IN THOSE
EARLY BATTLES, MY SON--
DIED USELESSLY, I THINK,
FOR THEY COULDN'T WIN MORE
THAN THE MOST *FUTILE*
VICTORIES --

VICTORIES AGAINST
TIME, NOT THE
SIMIANS.

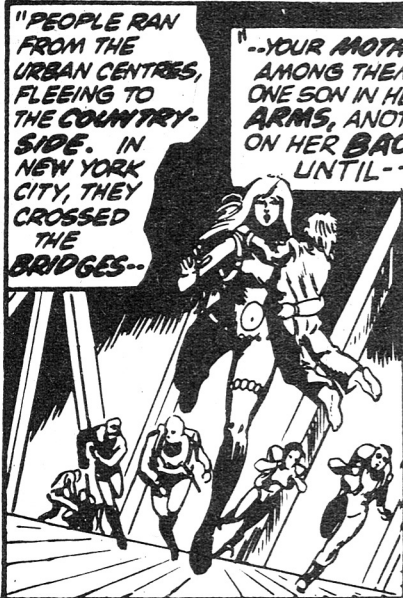
BUT, ALMOST FROM THE
BEGINNING-- WE FOUGHT
WITHOUT *HOPE*.



BUT AS THE HUMANS LEARNED SO DID THE APES. THEY... BEGAN BUILDING WEAPONS... MACHINES...

MACHINES WHICH THEY SENT AGAINST MAN.

"WITHIN DAYS, MANHATTAN, BOSTON, SAN FRANCISCO-- ALL WERE IN FLAMES.



"PEOPLE RAN FROM THE URBAN CENTRES, FLEEING TO THE COUNTRY-SIDE. IN NEW YORK CITY, THEY CROSSED THE BRIDGES--

--YOUR MOTHER AMONG THEM, ONE SON IN HER ARMS, ANOTHER ON HER BACK, UNTIL--



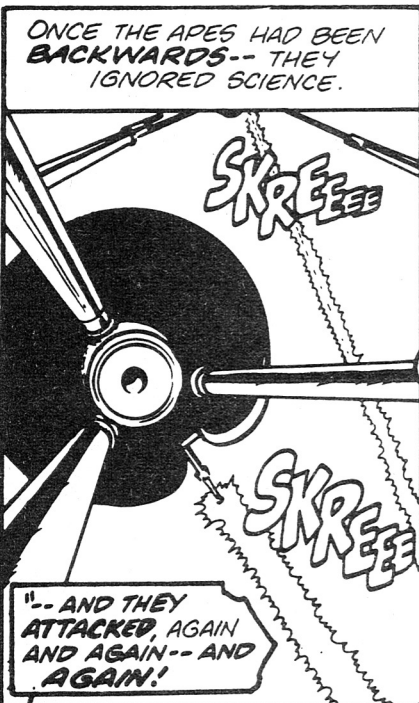
THE APES--

THEY'RE HERE!



"LIKE SIMIAN MACHINES FROM THE SEA, THEY ROSE OUT OF THE EAST RIVER--

"THEY SEEMED TO SEEK OUT THE SCURRYING REFUGEES--

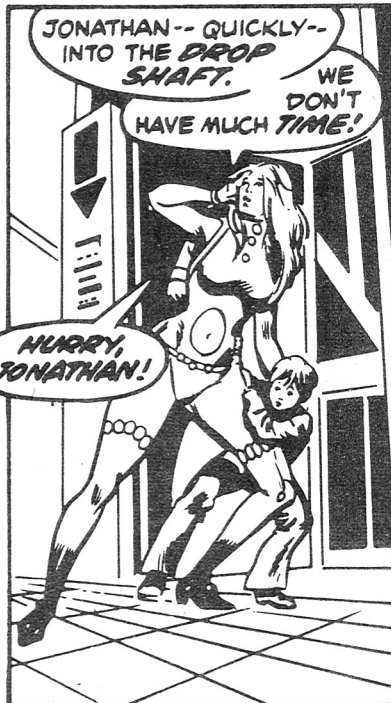


ONCE THE APES HAD BEEN BACKWARDS-- THEY IGNORED SCIENCE.

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

"-- AND THEY ATTACKED, AGAIN AND AGAIN-- AND AGAIN!



JONATHAN-- QUICKLY-- INTO THE DROP SHAFT.

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

HURRY, JONATHAN!



"YOU HURRIED, APESLAYER--

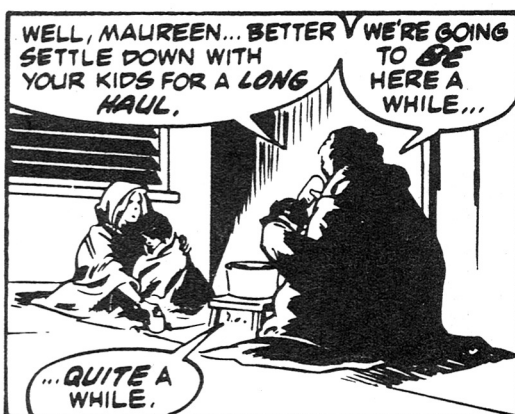
"-- AND, AS YOU DROPPED TO THE ISLAND BELOW, THE BRIDGE ABOVE WAS DESTROYED!



THEY CALL THIS PLACE WELFARE ISLAND, JONATHAN.

WE'LL ALL BE SAFE HERE-- UNTIL-- IT'S OVER.

I JUST PRAY IT'S OVER SOO-- JONATHAN!!



NEXT: THE BIRTH OF APESLAYER!

ARE FOR A DAY

by Samuel James Maronie

At one time or another everyone has dreamed of appearing in an actual Hollywood movie. Thanks to 20th Century-Fox and Arthur P. Jacobs Productions, I had my wish come true. Not only did I get the chance to make my cinematic debut, but I had the added treat of participating in my favourite film series of all—**PLANET OF THE APES**.

It all started near the end of December, 1972. While I was vacationing in Los Angeles, I spent a memorable day visiting the 20th Century-Fox studios in Century City, hunting up some interesting copy for the newspaper for which I write.

I was well aware at the time that the newest of the annual Apes series, **BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES**, was to commence shooting in the next few days, and I was determined to find out as much about the forthcoming Ape adventure as possible.

While on the Fox lot, I sought out my friend, **Jack Hirschberg** of APJAC Productions, to see if I could obtain his permission to tag along with the cast and crew for a few days of shooting.

Hirschberg not only consented to my desire to watch the production company at work, but offered me a small part in the film as an "extra."

Of course, I accepted immediately. The prospect of appearing in a genuine Hollywood production was exciting enough, but to *act* in one of the Apes films, which I had admired for so long, made the proposal that much more interesting—I couldn't have chosen a more enjoyable assignment if they would have asked me.

I had grandiose visions of reporting for work at a bustling Hollywood sound stage in Fox's modern production complex. My images were shattered when I learned that we were to be filming on location—and at a sewage treatment plant, no less!

Understandably, I was somewhat disappointed—and very puzzled—at such a bizarre choice for a movie location. Yet once I learned how the Hyperion Water Treatment Plant located on the outskirts of LA figured into the context of the story, my curiosity was more than satisfied.

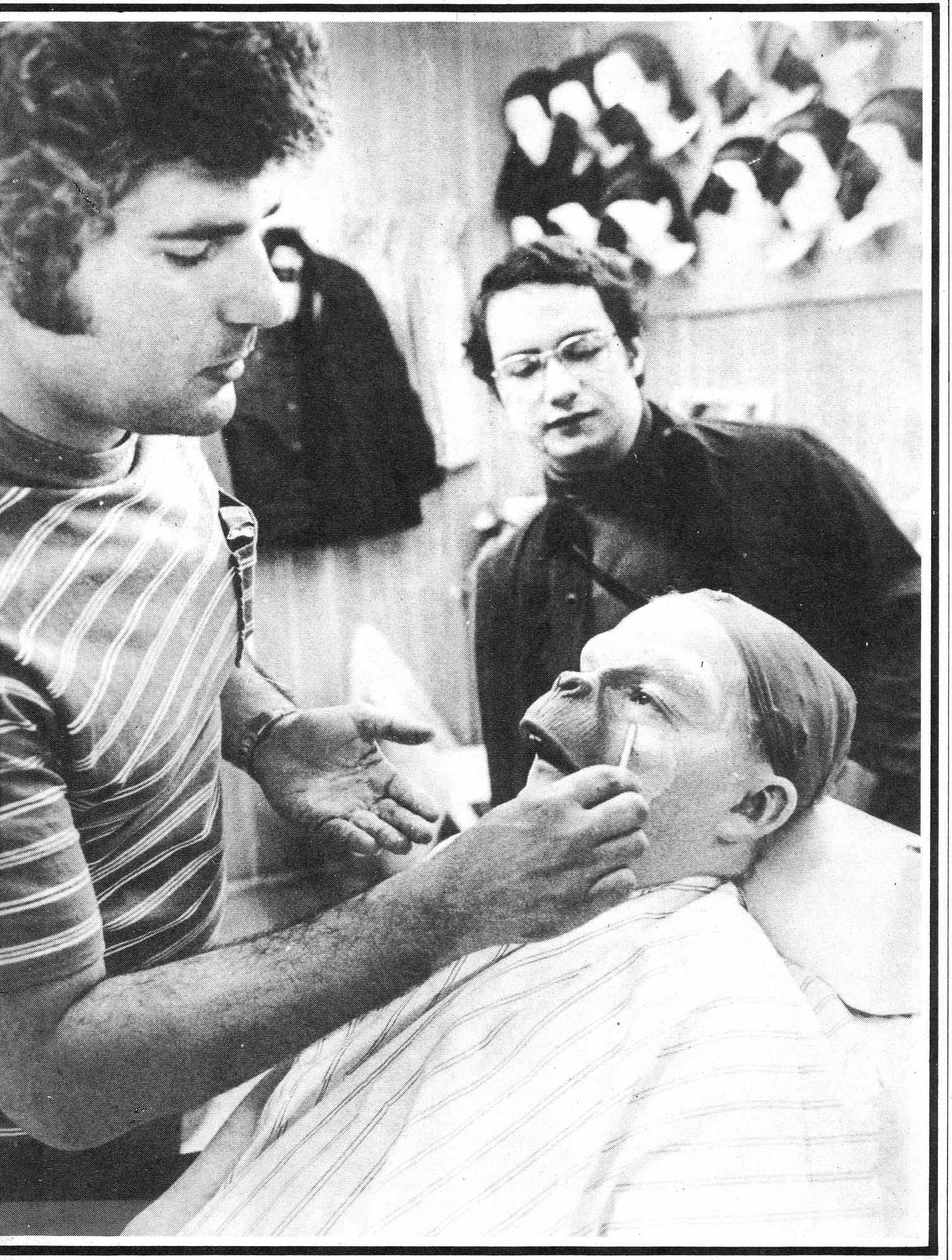
The twisting pipes and winding catacombs of the facility were to represent the underground domain of the mutants—decaying subhuman survivors of earth's atomic war, who featured prominently in the film. The eerie dark passageways and the filth-encrusted machinery of the actual treatment facility resembled the aftermath of atomic warfare more realistically than could be duplicated on any studio set.

Filming a movie "on location" necessitates hauling along a veritable studio on wheels. Power generators, dressing rooms, and equipment trucks are just a few items which must be close at hand for the company's ready use.

When I arrived at the Hyperion complex, my first stop was the make-up trailer, where I was instructed to report for my cosmetic treatment. Once there, several make-up men commenced transforming me from man to mutant. The "call" for ape extras was several days hence, as they were now principally engaged in shooting scenes only with the mutant actors, so I had to settle for a mutant role. But for the opportunity to appear in one of the **Planet of the Apes** movies, I would have been more than happy to play a wall. There was no excuse for me to be fussy.

Strips of thin plastic and assorted chemical solutions

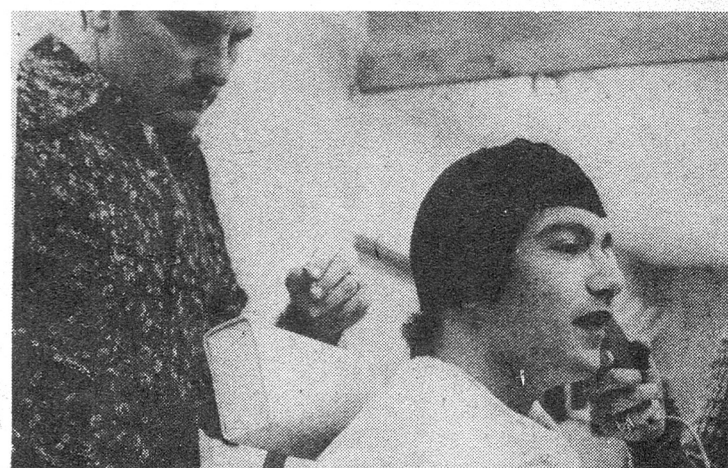
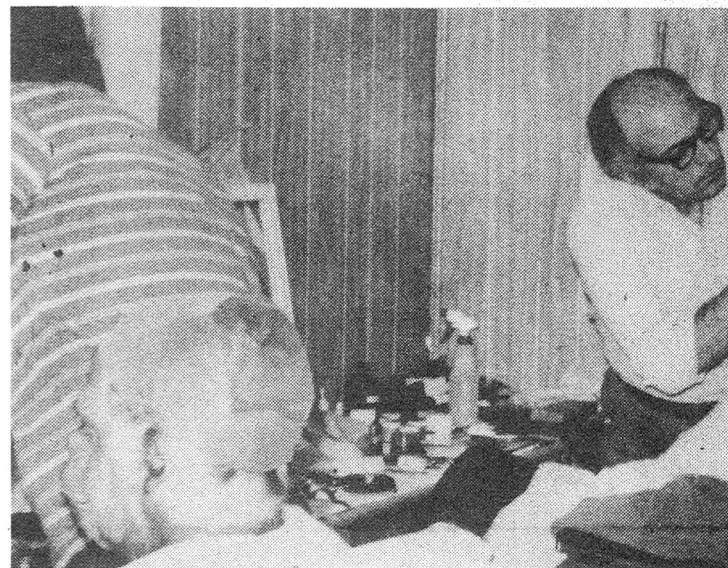
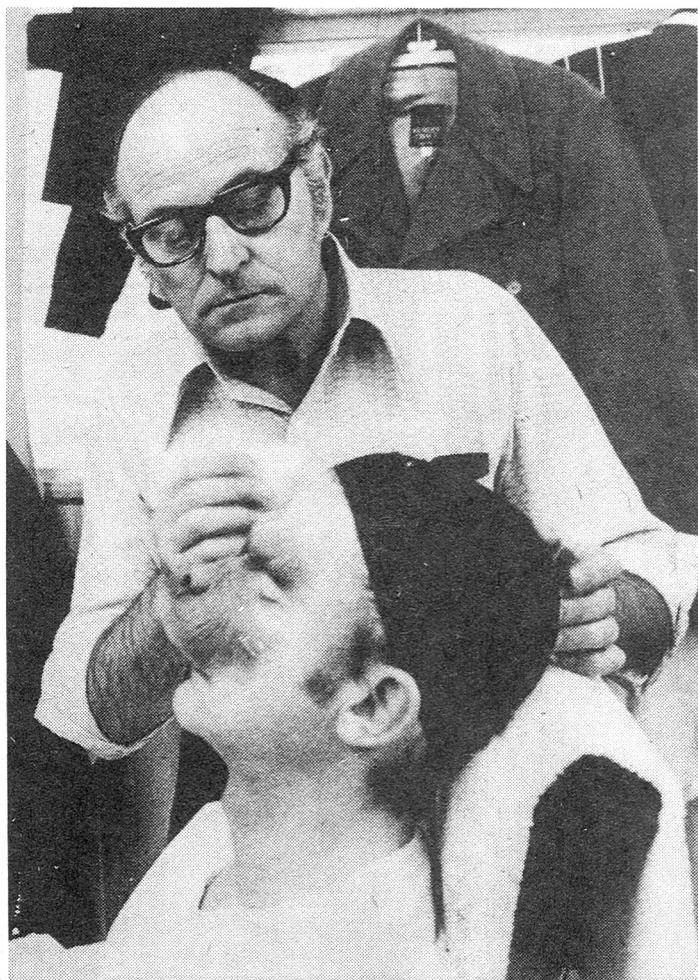
Writer Sam Maronie watches as one of the make-up men works his artistic magic!



known only to the make-up wizards were applied to my face to achieve a scarred, decaying look—as if the flesh had been burned and blistered from the atomic blast. As this film took place “before” **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**, in the Simian Chronology, the mutants were only just beginning their hideous decomposure. Their degeneration was not as advanced as the totally-disfigured inhabitants featured in **BENEATH**.

As I sat in the chair during the hour-and-a-half process, my eyes wandered about the room, taking in all the mysterious and wonderful tools of the make-up artist's trade. Plastic model heads were adorned with various wigs and other furry appliances that star **Roddy McDowall** and co-ape **Paul Williams** would soon don. The specially moulded latex appliances were lying at the ready for the cosmeticians to go to work. Many of the crew on hand were veterans of previous Ape films and spoke highly of **John Chambers**' talent and work in developing the realistic appliances.

After the laborious session, my next visit was to the wardrobe trailer next door. What does the well-dressed mutant wear? Flashy robes *a la* Flash Gordon? Perhaps a colourful costume such as many of Marvel's long underwear heroes sport? Wrong on both counts. Instead of any of the stylish finery, my costume was regulated to a simple pair of dingy grey overalls, gloves, and close-fitting skull-cap. Not too spectacular of garb for the everyday post-nuclear war survivor, to say the least!





Above, the edges of the make-up appliances are blended with the skin.



Preparations are made for a busy shooting day with both "apes" and "mutants" in different make-up stages!

At bottom, our own "apish" author is made up for his role as a mutant!

The wardrobe man, a likable fellow by the name of **Wally Harton**, shook out my clothes before handing them to me. Noticing my puzzled expression, he explained the curious ritual:

"It's a habit I acquired after working on **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE** out in the desert. Each morning I had to shake out the costumes, as many times we'd find scorpions, lizards, and other desert life that would find its way into the clothing."

The traveling wardrobe department was a film fan's paradise. There were racks of the familiar green jackets such as Roddy McDowall and the other chimps wore; the orange vest-type outfits that the orangutangs sported, as well as the militaristic battle gear of the warrior gorillas.

Shoes moulded in the shape of ape feet were piled high in a variety of colours and sizes.

When I made a derogatory remark about the drabness of the mutant wardrobe, Wally told me that the design came about after several conferences with the producers, writers, and other production people. A careful study was made of the point in time this film took place in the Ape History, the advancement of the mutant population, their living conditions, etc. The costumes were purposely supposed to look dirty and drab—exactly fitting the characters' personalities.

Finally outfitted for my role, I high-tailed it back to the make-up trailer. Roddy and Paul were to arrive shortly, and I was determined to meet the two actors and watch the famous make-up procedure first hand.

Roddy McDowall looked anything *but* a glamorous movie star as he lay wearily sprawled in a chair while one of the make-up men applied the first stages of the Ape face. A crew member introduced me to the British actor, and all the tired performer could manage was to mutter a weak "hello" in acknowledgement through the thick appliances.

It was little wonder that McDowall was so beat. He had an 8:00 a.m. set call, which meant that he had to be at the studio by 5 a.m. for his 3-hour ordeal, in order to be made up and ready to shoot in time. He clutched a portable cassette tape recorder that played classical music. Chatting with the actor later that day, I was told that this was one way he "psyched himself up" for the long cosmetic process.

After spending some time watching the magical transformation from actor to ape, I decided to visit the set where today's scenes would be shot, and report for duty.

Making my way through the maze which comprises the lower levels of the Hyperion Plant, I found the crew engaged in shooting a scene between **Severn Darden** (as the slightly-bananas mutant leader, Kolp) and actress **France Nuyen** who plays his equally-mad feminine second-in-command, Alma.

Darden and Nuyen were walking along a winding corridor as the camera followed them. They were discussing possible alternatives, if the Ape army should attack their underground refuge. During mid-sentence a tremendous ROOOAAAARRR!!!! sounded throughout the set, rendering actors' words unintelligible. You see, the Hyperion Water Treatment Plant is adjacent to Los Angeles International Airport, and the constant take offs and landings from the busy terminal were wreaking havoc with the film's sound track.

Director **J. Lee Thompson** (also of **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES**) called for a cut, and the scene was reshot. At approximately the same point in the conversation, another plane roar erupted, destroying part of the dialogue. But instead of calling for another halt in filming, Thompson let the actors finish the scene.

"We'll just dub it in at the studio," one of the sound men said once the sequence was over. In Fox's recording department, the actors would view footage of themselves and match newly-spoken words to the obscured sound track. If such a procedure involves "Ape" performers, they must don their make-up to match the same "sound" as their simian film images. Anyway you look at it, re-recording is a pain in the neck!

Alert readers who may not recall such a scene in the release print of **BATTLE** need not blame it on a faulty memory, for this scene—and many other sequences which I saw shot that day—never did make it to the final film, winding up on the cutting room floor! **David Gerrold's** paperback novelization of the film, published by Award Books, follows the original shooting script more closely, recreating some of those lost moments, thereby eliminating a lot of confusion which was contained in the movie.

You can imagine that if it was thrilling enough to see one of the Ape films in production, what an added treat it was to view—and *act*—in scenes that never made it into the completed movie.

During the time before the next shot, I was free to examine the sets at close range. One section of the underground complex was the mutant's Missile Control Room, never seen in the film, only referred to. This contained the Alpha/Omega nuclear warhead seen in **BENEATH** (which eventually blew the planet to kingdom come!), and several mock computer consoles. Many of these props were the same used in such shows as **LOST IN SPACE**, **VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA**, and other 20th Century-Fox films. They were not in their usual state of flashing coloured lights; rather they were inoperative and covered with a thick layer of studio-applied dust and dirt to simulate decades of non-use. Scattered rubble and debris, coupled with the rotting surroundings of the facility, gave the room a truly "bombed out" decor.

Another set was an office area where the mutants carried out their minimum of research work, sifting through the ill-kept records of their human ancestors. This location was also never seen in the final cut.

Another section represented the Archives Room, littered with tapes and other video records of the former

human civilization. It was on this set that the next scenes were to be shot.

Amid the chaos of moving the equipment to the new location, I spotted director J. Lee Thompson pacing up and down the floor of one of the deserted sets, like a caged tiger.

One of the technicians noticed me looking in Thompson's direction and warned: "Don't bother him when he does that—it means he's thinking and doesn't want to be disturbed." I heeded his warning.

Soon, the assistant director rounded up all us mutants to run through our scene. I became so engrossed in the briefing that I didn't quite watch where I was standing, and bumped into someone behind me. When I turned quickly to excuse myself, I came face-to-face with an Ape—Roddy McDowall, in fact, made up and costumed as the familiar character of Caesar, the pacifist leader of the ape community.

"Pardon me!" came the unmistakable British accent through the simian appliances.

I couldn't help remarking to myself how strange it was, that after seeing all of the **Planet of the Apes** movies and hundreds of photos, that it really didn't seem so odd to watch articulate apes walking about the set, cutting up with members of the crew and sipping soft drinks through straws. It seemed the most normal thing in the world!

Soon all was in readiness for filming and Roddy, Paul Williams, and actor **Austin Stoker** (who played the Apes' human friend) took their places in the Archives Room.

In this particular shot, Roddy was supposed to be viewing a videotape of his parents' testimony at a Senate Investigating Committee in 1973, (originally seen in **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES**).

The scene was shot with Roddy reacting to a blank TV screen, over which the film was supposed to have been playing. As a film clip from **ESCAPE** would be inserted later, in the Special Effects Department, one of the men offstage was reading the film clip dialogue so that Roddy's comments and reactions would correspond to the film.

Satisfied with the scene after a few "takes," Thomson called a break for lunch, as it was by now well past noon. It was during the halt in production that I spoke with the English director.

I asked Thompson if he felt ridiculed by his colleagues for making films about articulate simians.

"Why should I?" he replied coolly. "These certainly are better movies than a lot of my friends are making now."

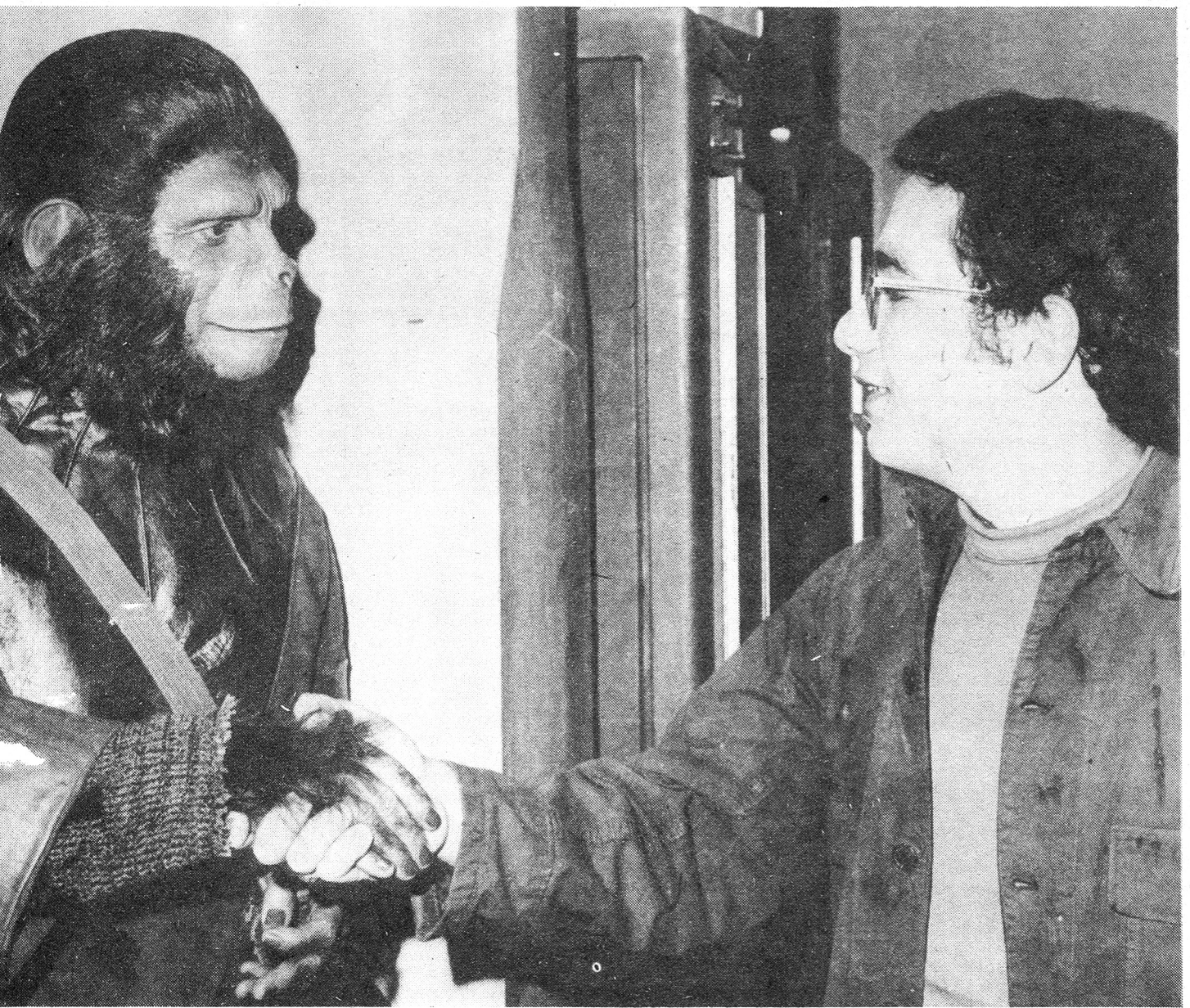
"You see, people can't accept the idea of intelligent animals, but scientists are doing this right now—teaching apes to perform certain tasks. Who knows where this will lead in 20-30 years?"

McDowall relaxed in a chair off the set, using the free time to make notes in his script while sipping a can of orange juice through a long straw.

One of the crew members approached the actor and asked if Roddy would mind posing for a photo with the guy's little boy, who stood a respectful distance away.

McDowall agreed, and when the boy's father nodded a "go ahead," the youngster ran to Roddy at top speed and flung his arms around the actor's hairy neck, hugging him for all he was worth.

While the photographer focused his camera, McDowall's look of surprise was obvious, even through the heavy make-up.



*Sam Maronie shakes hands with Roddy McDowall, star of **BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES!***

I deemed it wise not to pursue the point any further.

After lunch, it was back to the Missile Room set, and time for me to make my movie debut. The script called for a dramatic confrontation between Alma, who is about to unleash the nuclear warhead against the Ape populace, and Mendez (played by actor **Paul Stevens** of **PATTON**, who advocates a peaceful solution to the problem.

In my capacity as "mutant technician," I functioned no more than as window-dressing; standing in the background watching the control panels, trying to look as intent in my work as possible. Again, many Apeophiles may not recall such a scene. The whole subplot of the missile was excised in the editing stages—a mistake which many felt hurt the intelligibility of the film (as well as ruining my chance for superstardom!).

It took a while to shoot this particular sequence. It was a key point in the original story, and great care was given to get the necessary dramatic impact. Also, the never-ceasing roar of the airport helped matters little, interfering with concentration on the part of the actors and

crew, thus it was some time before everything was completed to perfection.

The next time I saw Roddy McDowall, he was in his human alter-ego. I couldn't help noting how ironic the situation was: it took longer for Roddy to get in and out of his make-up than it did to shoot his scenes for the day. That's Hollywood for you.

My Missile Room shot was the last scene for that day—the "wrap"—and thus closed my exciting adventure "Behind the Cameras of the Apes"; I will remember it for the rest of my life.

You can imagine my extreme consternation when, on assembling a personal cheering section for the premiere of **BATTLE** in St. Louis, I recognized only the scenes with McDowall. My friends began to wonder if I had been putting them on, and only the photos I brought back as souvenirs saved my reputation.

Hollywood may have passed me by this time, but perhaps someday I'll have my second chance—regardless, I'm glad that I had this opportunity!

—Samuel James Maronie



apes forum

Dear Stan,

I hope this letter isn't too long, but I've been saving up all my opinions until now. First some suggestions.

1. Do not put X-Men into Marvel. I saw enough of them in Fantastic (first of the super-mags). I didn't like them.

2. No Iron Man. No Doc Strange. I don't like either of them. Ironman, because he is always conking out when his transistorised heart runs low on juice, and Doc Strange is just rubbish. (I'm not vindictive without cause.)

3. Bring back Gullivar Jones, he was great, but I still like Doc Doom, so don't forget him — as if you could!

4. "Dracula Lives" is the greatest. Don't change it one little bit or the bogymen will get you.

5. You have ruined Planet of The Apes. Bringing all these articles about apes is taking the pages out of the mouths of the other good stories. Stop 'monkeying' around.

6. In Planet of the Apes you had a story about The Watcher. I happen to know that that story was run as a back-up to the Silver Surfer in his number 1 issue. You ran the wrong story from that mag. It should have been the origin of the Glitterman himself.

Roger Cooper,
Ipswich, Suffolk.

We guess you're waiting for OUR comments on YOUR comments—right? Okay—we'll end the suspense right now, starting with No. 1. Fear not—The X-Men will not be nudging their way into the pages of Marvel—they'll be too busy appearing in their own new SUPER-HERO mag! 2. Sure you're not vindictive. We've got your word for it. 3. Agreed, agreed! 4. Don't change Dracula Lives? And just as we were thinking of running Goldilocks and The Three Bears in it! 5. Come now, Rog. There haven't been THAT many ape features. 6. We've got other plans for the Surfer—as you may know by now.

Dear Stan and Bullpen,

I think Dracula and Planet of The Apes are some of the best magazines you can buy. I came across them quite by accident. I have not been getting them since they first came out, but one day I was going into the local post office for a few bags of crisps. Then as I was paying for the crisps I saw Dracula and Planet of The Apes on the counter. So I put the crisps back and got Dracula and Planet of the Apes instead. I think the Dracula story is very good. The new Apes story is good as well.

D. Thomas,
Sowerby Bridge, W. Yorks.

Planet of the Apes and Dracula Lives v. The Lure of The Crisp Bag! What a drama, eh? And aren't we all pleased (we as much as you) that Planet of The Apes and Dracula won the day! And thing on this tiger. Marvel mags are not only better than crisps, they're less fattening!

Dear Stan,

Could you bring out a record with The Planet of The Apes theme music, like on TV? Also, are any Planet of The Apes masks coming to Britain?

Joe, London.

The news is both good and bad, Joe. We'll give you the bad first. We don't have any links with the copyright owners of the TV Planet of The Apes theme music, so it looks as though a Marvel Apes record is out. But Apes masks YES. Search the London joke shops for them.

Dear Stan,

Let me congratulate you on the best comic I have ever read, and I have now been on this "Planet of the Humans" for 12 years.

I read in your first letters page that some so-called Marvelites were dissatisfied with "Planet of the Apes." This minority (I hope) should be severely punished. But, changing to a brighter note, the artwork, and especially the two-toned colour added extra realism to your first front cover.

The articles on the actors who are on TV are extremely good. Please keep them going. On page 13, ish 9, I found an incorrect spelling of Urko, underneath the 3rd Photo. 'Urko' was spelt 'Erko'. So please, please, may I have a No-Prize?

Andrew Bennett, RFO, KOF.
38 Lincome Bank, Leeds 8, Yorks.

A-ah! Once again we find ourselves in that all-too-familiar position that we dislike so much. The position of having to refuse a No-Prize. We hate to disappoint you and we hate to hurt your feelings, Andy, but we had hoped that we'd made it clear by now that a No-Prize is something kinda special. And in passing this information to you we hope that all other Marvelites who are listening will also take note. We just don't hand out No-Prizes for the spotting of spelling errors, or, indeed, other small errors, slip-ups, call-'em-what-you-will, in the mags. We don't really approve of awarding No-prizes for error-spotting at all—unless it's something really momentous! Don't think we're getting touchy, 'cos we aren't. It's just that if we relaxed on this issue a No-Prize could easily become a very common-place thing. And no self-suspecting Marvelite would want a tragedy like that to come about.

Dear Stan,

I am very disappointed that Warrior of Mars is ended and I am asking you if you could make another series of Warrior of Mars.

Christopher Little,
6 Rowley Ave., Sidcup, Kent.

You're one of many who mourned the cessation of Gullivar Jones in Planet of the Apes. But take heart, each and every one of you. 'Cos the Warrior from Mars will return!