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

PLANET OF THE APES

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

BUT APE-SLAYER WILL STILL DESTROY YOU ALL!

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
NO. 23
WEEK ENDING MARCH 29, 1975

8p

36 ACTION-PACKED PAGES!
IMPERFECT!

STEEL UPON STEEL: A SOUND THOUGHT
LONG GONE 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 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 TRANSFORMED BY A WAR
THEY WILL NEVER
UNDERSTAND.

STEEL UPON STEEL: THE WAR-CRY OF ONE
SPECIAL MAN, A
CRIMSON-HAIRED DEMON
NAMED APESLAYER...!
NOW, SCRAPPER—LET ME PASS... OR I'LL FINISH YOU, TOO.

YOU'RE A GOOD TALKER, APESLAYER!

YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE CAUSED US GRIEF... FOR THAT YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

THAT'S THE LAST OF YOUR MEN BETWEEN US.

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.

Kodak

ONCE, THIS PLACE SEEMED 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!

AAAAARRRRRRRRRR

MUTANTS! MORE OF THE GENERAL'S PETS-- HE MUST BE GETTING DESPERATE TO RISK HIS PRECIOUS SPECIMENS.

TOO BAD IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD!
GENERAL! CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THERE?

YOU'RE NOT PLAYING, ARE YOU, MUTANT?

THAT'S GOOD.

NEITHER AM I!

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?

BLUMP!
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 GUY TO DESTROY YOU, GENERAL. ONLY STOOGES 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.

CHUNKS!

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 DIFFERENT, 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 REBELLION 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 MORE.
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 countryside. 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 scurry out the scurrying refugees..."

Once the apes had been backwards -- they ignored science.

Jonathan -- quickly -- into the drop shaft. We don't have much time!"

"Hurry, Jonathan!"

"And they attacked, again and again -- and again!"

They call this place Welfare Island, Jonathan.

We'll all be safe here -- until it's over.

"I just pray it's over soon, Jonathan!"
DUCT, SISTER!

YOU NEARLY LOST YOUR HEAD, THAT TIME!

THOSE SICK ONES ARE DANGEROUS WHEN THEY'VE BEEN STARVED A DAY OR TWO.

ONE OF THE INNOCENTS FROM THE HOSPITAL HERE.

AFTER THE FIRST ATTACK, THEY HIDED THEMSELVES SOMEHOW FOR THE PAST WEEK.

I'VE BEEN HIDING FROM THEM FOR THE PAST WEEK.

I USED TO BE A DOCTOR HERE. THE NAME'S CARVER-- ANN CARVER.

I HEARD THE DROP SHAFT-- KNEW SOMEONE'D BE IN TROUBLE.

I'VE GOT A PLACE-- YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY, IF YOU WANT.

WE'LL STAY...

WHAT'S YOUR NAME SISTER?

DOZER, MAUREEN, DOZER!

WE'LL SETTLE DOWN WITH YOUR KIDS FOR A LONG HAUL.

QUITE A WHILE.

THEY REMAINED THERE TWO WEEKS, OCCASIONALLY RAIDING THE HOSPITAL FOR FOOD-- AND THEN, SHORTLY AFTER DAWN OF THE FIFTEENTH DAY--

A CHOPPER! SOMEONE'S COMING!

CAN'T TRULY TOO FAR AWAY.

THE BIRTH OF APESLAYER!
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 favorite 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!
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 firsthand.

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 mumble 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 ROOAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
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 Ape-
ophiles 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, in-
terfering with concentration on the part of the actors and
crew, thus it was some time before everything was com-
pleted 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 adven-
ture “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—regard-
less, I’m glad that I had this opportunity!

—Samuel James Maronie
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. Iron Man, because he is always coming 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 bogman 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, Roy. 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.

Apes Forum MARVEL COMICS LTD Room 106 52 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON WC1V 6RZ

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 'Erick'. So please, please, may I have a No-Prize?

Andrew Bennett, RPO, KOF.
38 Lincombe Bank, Leeds 6, 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!