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

DON'T STRUGGLE, FOOL--YOU'RE NEEDED FOR OUR EXPERIMENTS--

--TO PROVE HOW MUCH PAIN YOU HUMANS CAN STAND!
The Mutant Slayers!

The time is the future, and some things have changed.

Apes have conquered the Earth, ruling tyrannically, dedicated to destroying what few groups of freemen still exist!

And many of Earth's scientists have become generals, a quaint title given them by their extra-terrestrial masters.

You've trained your slaves to be their warlord.

...But after today your flock will wish they'd never heard the name Apeslayer!

One leader of a newly founded group of freemen, known by the name of Apeslayer, fights for his life and his cause.

The time is the future, and some things haven't changed at all!
The laboratory walls echo with the sound of Ape Slayer's battle.

—and two figures stand watch-
ing, oblivious to the mutations, both genetic and those that are artificially induced, that squeal in outrage at their captivity.

So now your personal devil shouts taunts at you, Eh, Warlord?

It's rumoured you wake in the middle of the night—screaming his name. Remembering the day he first escaped from the masters and destroyed your arm and face in the process.

Sandra Simian, you may be one of the Martians' foremost molecular biologists—

—And you may be in charge of this alteration division.

—but Ape Slayer would still your sarcasm with one fist.

Now, my slaves, bring Ape Slayer to his knees! Now!!

The likes of these won't even bring me down, Warlord—

—You of all the simian kinds have seen me rip apart these types before!

He's right! And if you lived up to your name, Warlord, you'd know it!

Luckily we have an elite force on detail here—

—a force skilled in subduing rebels—

—even one as ferocious as your red-

maned "friend."

Now, squadron, we've given the Warlord his chance—show him what a well-trained unit can do.

You see what he's doin' to Kre-Kor?

I see it. I see it.
Before Apeslayer can move away from the last of the Warlord's slaves, San Simian's troops hit him—

--expertly--

--and savagely--.

So the battle barely ends before it begins anew!

Ah, my brother Mala will be sorry he missed such combat as this.

Wait.

Your superiors laid their trap—baiting my band with false stories of a weapon depot at LaGuardia Airport—

...your people have shipped us from there like cattle—

WUNK!

...and I've had enough of it.

I'll tear this place apart to find Mala, and the rest of my freemen!

And I'll start with you, Ape-scum!

But I'll finish with the Warlord!
Your technicians should have kept him sedated, San Simian. I warned you he was dangerous.

You wouldn't look so smugly superior if you'd seen him in those early days, when he was little more than a child.

—you could hear it in their sirenlike howls!

They never listened when I told them that one day he would raise that arm against them.

I could have broken him back then... I should have broken him then, before he escaped. This has gone on long enough.

San Simian watches with cool tur-quois eyes. Eyes accustomed to violence, eyes which do not react to the brutalities that occur below...

No one acts more violently than the Warlord, witness!

And you've shouted your last threats, Apeslayer.

—by day's end your arrogant mouth will be stilled!

Before Apeslayer can turn toward the harsh voice, the Warlord strikes mercilessly.

Apeslayer who has lived a lifetime of torment, buckles under the splintering pain.

A third time the metal arm descends—and the long hair is little shield for the scalp beneath!

Apeslayer never feels the fourth blow!
The pain comes back slowly to ApeSlayer and he welcomes it. Pain is a familiar sensation, but the bright lights above are not.

You won't ask me what they're doing to you, will you, ApeSlayer? No sign of weakness, right?

Well, you'll whimp before this is through. Do you remember the days you mocked your masters because you thought you weakling humans deserved to be our masters?

Apes are the masters, ApeSlayer, and we will hold this planet as ours! Understand?

Understand?

Not likely.

I'm glad you've awakened, ApeSlayer... I wouldn't want you to miss any of this.

You never quit, ApeSlayer, but look about you. Look upon the past experiments carried out on this table—those pitiful creatures are the rejects, the failures... Very soon, they'll operate on you... and being as tough as you are... I doubt you'll need any anesthetic while their lasers burn into you!

...but each genetic tailoring upon these humans brings us closer to achieving a workable total control.
WARLORD, WAIT

YOU'RE LETTING THIS FANATICAL DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE TURN APESLAYER INTO A GUINEA PIG--AND WE'VE ENOUGH OF THOSE HERE!

WE CAN MAKE BETTER USE OF APESLAYER.

LOOK, LADY--ONCE THEY KEPT HIM ALIVE FOR SPORT--AND WE ALL KNOW HOW THAT TURNED OUT!

I LOST MORE THAN THIS ARM... I LOST THOSE YEARS WHERE THEY PERFORMED THEIR EXPERIMENTS IN PROSTHETICS...

YOU THINK I'M A FANATIC--YOU DON'T KNOW APESLAYER.

KEEP HIM ALIVE--KEEP HIM WHOLE--AND HE'LL BURY US ALL!

HE CAN ALSO LEAD US TO OTHER GROUPS OF FREEMEN. YOU KNOW HOW THEY BAND ABOUT HIM.

THINK ABOUT THAT, WARRIOR!

YOU THINK THAT CHARISMA OF HIS WILL BE WASTED ON ONE SMALL GROUP OF REBELS LIKE THE ONES WE IMPRISONED?

AND, SPEAKING OF THAT SMALL BAND!

WHOMP! WHOMP!

MALA--YOU SOME KINDA CRAZY NUT?

THIS ONE TELL YOU--SHOULDERS AIN'T BUILT FOR BATTERIN' RAMS. NO, THEY AIN'T.

WHY IS IT, YOU ALL WAY.COMING AS A SECOND-RATE ECHO. ARROW?

HE'S RIGHT, MALA.
AND WHY DON'T YOU TACKLE THAT DOOR, Socrates?
Socrates ain't no crazy nut like Mala!

--BUT WHILE WE SIT HERE TALKIN', Miwan Apeslayer is probably gettin' his head beat in--
--IF THEY AIN'T DOIN' SOMETHING WORSE TO HIM!

There's room for argument on that score--

YOU CHARACTERS MIGHTA MISSED THE MATIE IN THE WARLORD'S EYES--BUT HE NEVER LOOKED AWAY FROM APESLAYER ALL THE WHILE THEY CARRIED US HERE IN THOSE DAMNABLE TRAPDOORS OF THEIRS!
WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BUT THOSE WORDS ARE EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

San Simian moves purposefully through the Simian complex--and her footsteps echo off the metal ceilings.

SHE DOES NOT ONCE LOOK BEHIND HER FOR FEAR OF WHAT SHE MIGHT SEE THERE.

Cloning Division
Specimen Section

She hastens through these sterilized confines--rooms and cases that have little character save for the few ominous shadows.

Zom!
Zom, my pet, I need your help!

Hurry, zom, we've no time to lose.
Come out of the cage, zom.
Come with san simian.

Once Zom was no more than one individual cell within a mutated human being, but here within these depersonalized walls, that one cell was removed--

--removed and placed into a culture--and nurtured until an exact replica of that mutated life-form existed.

---removed and placed into a culture--and nurtured until an exact replica of that mutated life-form existed.

This way, boy, you've been here before. This way!
ZOM WASN'T THE ONLY CLONAL MAN THE APES HAD EXPERIMENTED WITH--

--BE HE WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT HAD A NAME--

--AND SAN SIMIAN HAD NAMED HIM--

--WHICH WAS SOMETHING THE EMOTIONLESS GUARD COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE KNOWN!

ELRIC?

WAS THAT YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU...

YOU'RE NOT ELRIC!!

ZOM'S SUCTION CUPPED FINGERTIPS CLAMP FLESH--

--AND THE GUARD RECLAIMS AN EMOTION THAT THE APES THOUGHT SUCCESSFULLY STOLEN--FEAR!

SOCRATES SEEN SUMPIN' OUT THERE. HE SURE DID!

YEAH, AN MAYBE IF YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH, I'D HEAR IT, TOO...

WELL, SALLY, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS?

THAT'S IT, ZOM. NOW GENTLY UNLOCK THE DOOR--OUR BARBARIAN FRIENDS APPEAR SHOCKED BY YOUR PRESENCE.

HEY, HOW ABOUT THAT, SOCRATES. A FEMALE KEEPER WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR!
Ah, you're Mala, the one with the quick tongue!

You got it the first time, General Baby!

Now, how about you tellin' us why you had your... er, whatever, spring us!

The man in question is surrounded by an elite biochemical unit—

—and a familiar face returns to glare at him, a new anger kindling its rage inside the warlord!

Yes, I'm back, Apslayer.

The warlord yanks backward—but not quickly enough.

You've forgotten, warlord... even strapped down—I'm a threat to you... I'll bring the down-fall of you and all your kind!

Apslayer strains against the other clamps, but they hold him helpless. He focuses all his strength and fury into that one hand—

—The fingers gouging into the warlord's throat, seeking the life arteries!
Those arteries pulse under his fingertips briefly—and the Warlord's摆放 sends its message through those vessels--

In a moment—Gasp—you'll feel—Gasp: that surgical laser cut into your flesh.

Your screams will even reach the ape leaders in Washington.

—Until the mechanical arm comes into play again, crushing into its victim!

A peslayer's eyes watch the stainless steel horror. He seems aid from the surgeon's eyes--

But those eyes are sombre, much like the device that reaches a molten hot intensity.

The clamp is replaced about his arm and refortified. Then, the surgeons form a procession, one that reminds apeslayer more of death than life.

Show us all, apeslayer, you know how to scream.

Scream, apeslayer!

It'll feel so much better when you let your agony fill the room.

And it is only the Warlord's words that help him ignore the searing, cauterizing, technological weapon.

Continued next issue!
Hey, did you ever wanna be an ape?

Well, if you did, Marvin Paige would be the fellow to look up in Hollywood, because Marvin is the casting director for *Planet of the Apes*. It's his job to seek out simian stars for use as extras and recurring role players on the series, as well as auditioning "humans" for roles as astronauts on the show.

How does Marvin make a monkey out of someone—or, more correctly, see if somebody's got the stuff of which monkeys are made? "It's amazing what we
MARVIN PAGE

By
Susan Munshower
look for," he says. "There are certain restrictions we have to adhere to in all the primate characters: the orangutans, the chimpanzees, the gorillas. There are more gorillas on the series, really, than chimps, the gorillas being the military, the police, the heavies. One pre-requisite—we must have brown-eyed, not blue-eyed, apes and chimps. Then it's difficult to use an actor who's 6'4" because some of the costumes won't fit him. So we try to gauge them.

"The chimps either run between 5'7" and 5'8", that area or a little smaller. The orangutans, which are the council members, are about 5'10" and the gorillas about 5'11" or 6'1". We'll even stretch to 6'2" if we have to, because the actors portraying those things have to, in those characters, develop almost a slouch. There's a specific walk, and I run a piece of film for the actors we hire..."

Did you ever realize being a, "primate" was so complicated? It really is, and walking in an apelike manner is a prime consideration in the casting offices. Marvin explains, "There is a certain movement. Now, the characters do not move their hips technically. They walk from the bottom right up—if they turn, the whole body turns. There's a certain way they turn the head and
tweak the nose. People say it certainly should be an easy show to cast because you don't have to worry about what anybody looks like to play an ape. It's a more difficult show to cast, because what comes through in the eyes and what comes through vocally is all you have to work with.

"You really need super-extra-good actors. And most of them have to be able to ride. The humans do not have horses, but the gorillas do. The gorillas and chimps do have horses. And if the actor does not make that mask come alive, the whole characterization falls apart."

Sex matters, even with monkeys. That is, a man cannot play a lady ape, nor can an actress, buried beneath mounds of costuming, be a believable male gorilla. The gorilla ladies are shorter than the males, but the main difference is that the walks and the bone structures of the faces have to be correct. "The faces on the females are different from the males," Paige notes.

If casting Planet of the Apes is a challenge, it's certain Marvin Paige is the kind of man to jump at it. In the business for approximately twenty years, he has cast such films as Take the Money and Run, Breakfast at Tiffany's, Harlow and The Honkers, and television series like Garrison's Guerillas (with Ron Harper, now on Apes), Lassie, Combat and General Hospital. Needless to say, he considers his present position at 20th Century-Fox Studios one of the meatiest.

"Another problem in casting this show," Marvin says, "is that every once in a while you'll find an actor who has claustrophobic problems with wearing the mask. And that has to be determined before you can bring them in. We're trying to keep tabs on actors that work well under those conditions, and sometimes we can repeat an actor in one of those roles."

The make-up in the series is one of the most complex features, of course. It takes make-up artist Kenny Knight three hours just to do the face of star Roddy McDowall. Roddy has a special contract with Fox which stipulates his face will be given a "rest" every few days, since the heavy make-up is hard on the skin and can be grueling for the mind, too.

While some people might call casting the series grueling, also, Paige is very excited by the challenge of turning men into monkeys. He had never expected Apes to turn into a full-time job for him. "I was brought in as an independent," he notes. "I was out at Fox the previous year—they'd made a deal with me to cast pilots and a couple of Movies of the Week. As a matter of fact, we started on a presentation for Planet of the Apes at that point. And then the network, I think,
The thoughtful chimpanzee gives careful consideration to the situation, in this scene from the television show.
had to decide whether they were going to put *Planet of the Apes* on that season or *Perry Mason*. They decided to go ahead with *Perry Mason*, which unfortunately didn’t make it.” He shrugs, “Or, fortunately, depending on how you look at it.”

As far as that original television concept of *Apes* is concerned, Marvin says he worked only on the initial stages of it. “Then they ran the five features on television to see what the ratings would be. And the ratings were so tremendous that they decided to go for the series. And that was the beginning of *Planet of the Apes*.”

In the beginning, casting of the major astronaut roles was one of the biggest decisions. “The network had certain specifications as to what they thought these guys should be,” Marvin recalls. “And with anything, you want to make sure that your people are going to be fellows who catch on. Now, as far as the chimp, we had begun looking at actors for that role, never feeling that Roddy would be interested at that point or that a feasible situation could be worked out.

“Then Roddy, kind of through his representatives, approached us and indicated that he would certainly be interested in discussing the situation, and we finally did get it all worked out.”

Signing McDowall to the show was certainly a high point for everyone. As Paige openly admits, “I think he’s a tremendous asset to the series. And he’s playing a character that’s really different from the other characters he’s played in the features. In other words, on the features he played several different roles. In the various different features it wasn’t always the same part. And Roddy now stars as a young chimp that’s sort of broken away from his mold and become a friend of the astronauts.”

The job of casting Ron Harper as the leader of the astronauts was also a real challenge. “It’s very difficult,” Marvin explains, “when you take a series, when you’re trying to build a series, and you have a prototype of, say, a Charlton Heston kind of guy (who was very successful in the first film). You’ve got a lot of looking to do. I’m not trying to say we want to find a copy of Charlton Heston—we want the actor’s own identity.”

Getting a contract for Ron Harper’s identity involved calling him away from his honeymoon with actress Sally Stark! “We tested something like 53 actors for the astronauts.” Marvin remembers, “for the two main roles. Then, for Ron Harper, we flew him in to test (from New York City).” (Told in more detail in POTA #4.) “This was on a Thursday; he flew back on Friday; was getting married on Saturday and going to Ireland for his honeymoon. The network felt there were certain things in the test that they hadn’t captured and wanted to retest him with other people and try him with Jim Naughton to see how that combination was.

“So I had to get hold of him—I think I was up half the night tracking down Harper’s agent in New York, tracing him in Ireland, getting everything coordinated and eventually having to bring him back from Ireland right in the middle of his honeymoon!”

As things so often do in Hollywood movies, this story ended happily—but in real life, Ron’s bride was very understanding about having her new marriage disrupted, and Ron ended up with the coveted role of the astronaut leader.

And casting director Marvin Paige ended up with one of the weirdest jobs in show business—casting men to play monkeys on TV!
Dear Marvel,

In reply to Mark White's letter (Planet of The Apes ish 20) you did not make a mistake with "Terror on The Planet of The Apes". The last film, "Battle", as those who have seen it will remember, began with a prologue given by John Huston as "The Lawgiver". This, to the best of my memory, was set in the year 2965, 965 years after the main action of "Battle", 120 years before the TV series and 980 years before Taylor arrived on, and later destroyed the planet. And since the lawgiver was one of the stars, "Terror" must have been set around 2965.

John Cantwell,
Manor Park, London

Dear Marvel,

In issue 20, in reply to Mark White's letter, you say that you don't feel committed to follow strictly the film stories, because it would give "Planet of The Apes" a limited life. I gather that this is because in "Beneath the Planet of The Apes" the earth is destroyed. But remember, in "Escape" Hasslein says that he believes that the future can be changed, and in "Battle" Virgil says a similar thing. So you could follow the film stories, and then carry on with your own stories, until you pass the point when the earth should have exploded. The way to avoid the explosion is to have the gorillas place the Alpha Omega bomb (or whatever bomb it is) into Taylor's space-ship, which Milo restores, and then send the ship and the bomb into outer-space.

Mark Edwards,
RFO, 22 Inner Circle, Taunton, Somerset.

Are you out there listening, Mark White? If so we've gotta tell you that these are just three of the many Marvelites who leapt in to help us out in the case of that little difference of opinion we had in issue 20. We're prepared to call it a draw, if you'll agree. And we'll promise to publish no more letters on the subject. But in making that promise (and we hope that all "Apes" experts have taken due note) we'd still like to give our heartfelt thanks to all those heroes who rushed to our defence. Isn't it wonderful to have friends?

Dear Stan,

Inn Ishyoo 6 ov plannet ov the aypes yoo spelt 'Urko/Erko' as Urko, butt inn ishyoo 9 yoo spelt it as Erko. Plees cann I have a No-prize?

Hulk,
Leicester

Okay, Hulk. We figure a letter such as yours is deserving of a No-prize. But you do know a No-prize isn't edible, doncha?