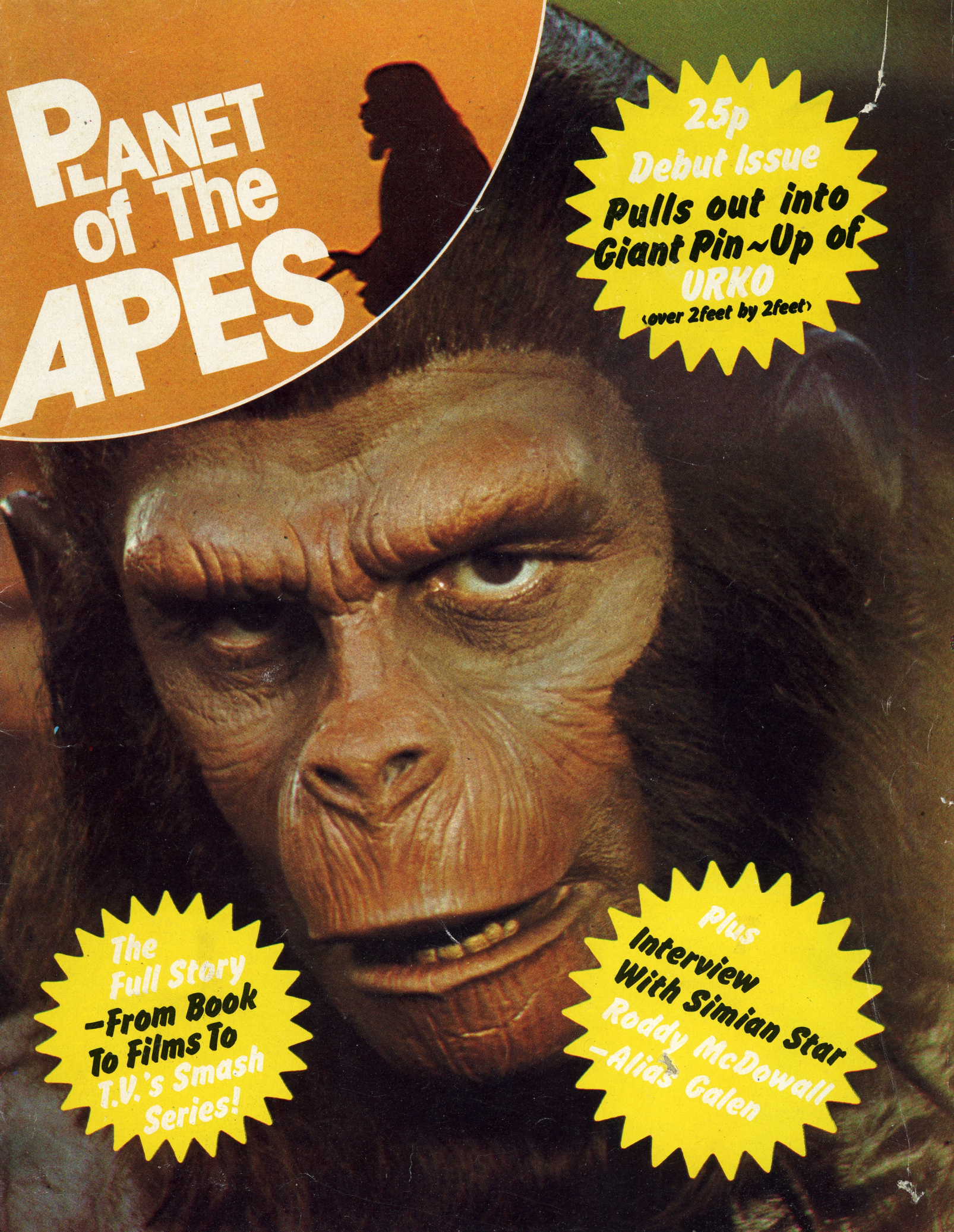


PLANET of The APES

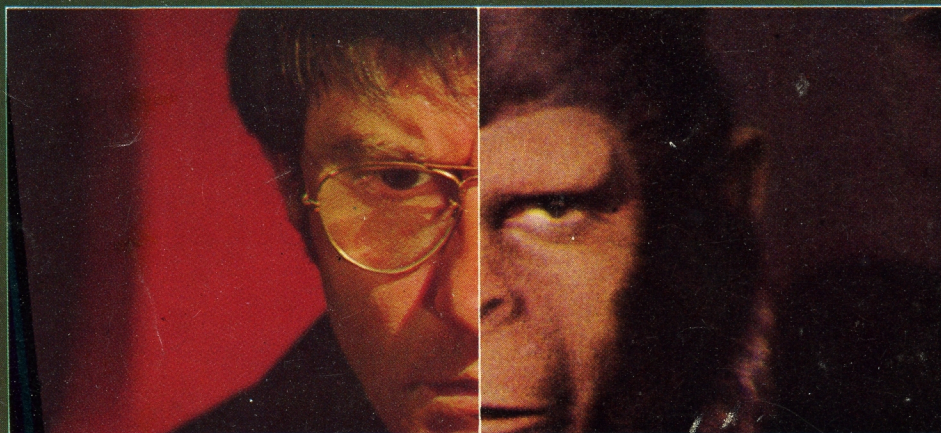
The background of the cover is a close-up photograph of a chimpanzee's face, looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. In the upper left corner, there is a circular inset showing a silhouette of a chimpanzee against a bright orange background.

25p
Debut Issue
Pulls out into
Giant Pin-Up of
URKO
(over 2 feet by 2 feet)

The
Full Story
-From Book
To Films To
T.V.'s Smash
Series!

Plus
Interview
With Simian Star
Roddy McDowall
-Alias Galen

Roddy McDowall Simian SuperStar



'I will never make another Apes movie after this one. Never again!' Roddy McDowall on the set of Battle For The Planet of the Apes, 1973.

Yet there he is, unrecognisable among all the other Stanley Baxter look-like apes, sweltering under his Galen skin in 110 degrees at the Fox studios' Century Ranch in Conejo Valley, losing up to 10 lbs. of weight per shooting day, smoking cigarettes in lengthy holders Noel Coward would have been proud of, and eating—liquids only—via a carefully placed straw in through the false mouth... until he can literally take his head off and look his old boyish-ageless-Peter-Panish-Lassie's-pal self again. For just a few hours in the day. Enough time to sleep, get up and start all over...

Why then is he back in his prognathous simian visage, and his bent shambling walk? Why into his first ever TV series after simply hundreds of movies (from *Murder in the Family* aged eight in London, through *My Friend Flicka*, *Lassie Come Home*, *Cleopatra*, *The Poseidon Adventure* et al.). Yes, why, if the ape suit got all too much for him in four of the five movies, first as archaeologist Cornelius, then his rebel son Caesar, why is he now the curious Galen, presumably Caesar's great-great off-spring?

"Well," says Roddy McDowall, London-born, Hollywood-bred, removing (carefully), the long ciggie-holder, "for one thing I tend to forget the discomfort. Eight months or more pass between these films and I don't remember how wearing they really are. Then the parts are good and there's the challenge of communicating through the appliances—they're not literally masks. I think that's why we have had so many fine actors in these pictures—they like the challenge. Finally, masks are in the oldest traditions of the theatre and there is something exciting about reviving an

ancient art."

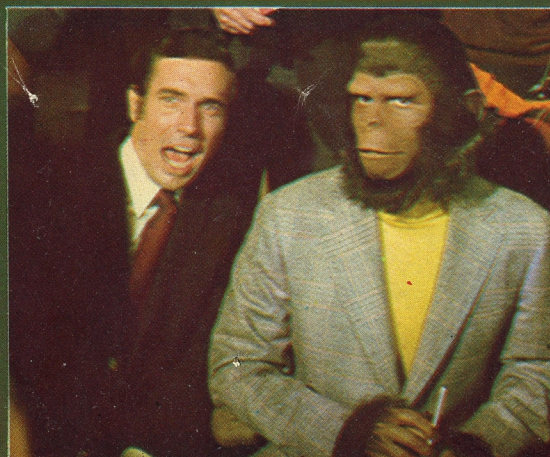
Follow Roddy about on even an average shooting day, and you learn one fact—painfully fast. Tough being an ape.

If he has to be on-set at 8.30 a.m., he has to rise at 4 a.m. in order to report to the make-up department by 5 a.m. to undergo the transmogrification, first invented by John Chambers for the films (so good he won an Oscar for it). "I psych myself during the arduous make-up by listening to classical music for three hours," explains Roddy. "But that's not the main thing that bothers me. I'm not a true claustrophobe, but after a time not being able to scratch my nose, eat anything or drink except through a straw really works on my nerves. After about five hours I really become a basket case."

"The first of the series was shot in the summer and the heat made us perspire, which in turn worked on the spirit gum, which in turn forced the re-application of the adhesive—which in its turn works on the skin. After the final movie, I had to have three small cysts surgically removed..."

"Still, now I know why monkeys hate people. When I'm dressed up that way, everybody stares and points and yells, and you have *no* identity. You feel helpless. I tell you—Lassie and Flicka would be proud of me."

Off he goes, back to toil, walking upright to the set: actor, writer, director (the reason he missed the second *Apes* film was because he was directing *Tam-Lin* in London) and ace photographer. Then in front of the camera: Galen, the dilettante chimp cum renegade looking after his human pals, sniffing, shuffling, shambling in the manner born. Like a Bloomsbury intellectual. As Paul Dehn once suggested to *Time* magazine: "They're all terribly like Bertrand Russell, my chimpanzees."



From BOO

Hollywood had already done well by French novelist Pierre Boulle when filming an earlier tome of his, just a little thing entitled *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. That book came out in 1954, and the engineer-turned-rubber planter had seven other titles translated for English promulgation—including *William Conrad*, *White Man's Test* and *The Chinese Executioner*—before his name hit the film-makers for six anew. And today, even the Oscar-studded *Bridge* triumph is washed away in the fame, fortune and furore created by the science-fiction moral he produced in 1963 as *La Planete des Singes* . . .

"I am confiding this manuscript to space, not with the intention of saving myself, but to help, perhaps, in averting the appalling scourge which is menacing the human race. Lord have pity on us!" Thus began the journal of journalist Ulysee Merou, member of Prof. Antelle's first inter-stellar expedition to the region of the supergigantic star Betelgeuse—or Alpha Orionis—300 light years distant from planet earth in the year 2500.

Antelle's cosmic ship touched down on a planet he named Soror. Very much like earth it was. Until his group found a commune of humans, naked and mute—and then the reason . . . the staggering secret of Soror. It was ruled by monkeys. Orangutans, gorillas, chimpanzees, baboons. *Apes*! All living, working, playing, dying, within their own framework of socio-simian order, customs and indeed, sciences.

Of course, Soror was *earth* . . . The expedition of which Merou alone survived had crossed their inter-galactic time-traversing wires and arrived home. Far into the future. Too far.

The rest, as they always say in tributes like these, is history.

The book provided a Hollywood film in 1968—the cinematic time-warp having less to do with that of the book's, than the long, expensive search and rigorous tests for a satisfactory make-up to enable actors to play simians, believably. The film begat a sequel, which begat another and another . . . until five monster smash-hit movies were made on, about, around, in, up and around Boulle's original concept of monkeys ruling earth . . . with humans more or less in zoos.

The eight hours of film earned more than \$200,000,000 at the global box-office—or they had the last time the 20th Century Fox computers were checked. They're still making money today, every day of the week. And along with the continuing adventures of that slightly more civilised baboon, James Bond, this makes *Apes* the most successful screen-series in movie history.

Applauded by more than mere sci-fi fans, intellectuals and even just kids, the films became a rapid and regular cult for mass audiences. Indeed, much of the ventures against the apes of first Charlton Heston, and later a succession of cardboard leading men, took on an Orwellian satire of human foibles, reflecting the world around the cinemagoers. Masterly indictments, in fact, from the pen of British scenarist Paul Dehn: The way he chronicled the oppression, revolution and final victory of the simians over sapiens was laced with racial overtones, easily linked to the civil rights movement in America, Vietnam and Northern Ireland—a point quickly noted by black American audiences, cheering, with plenty of Right On! cries, for the apes against

whitey. The series therefore indirectly spawned the recent black movie thriller genre.

Brain behind the movies was show business agent turned producer Arthur P. Jacobs; he also went in for animals in *Dr. Dolittle*, but nothing Jacobs made succeeded like his *Apes*. As good as it was, the first film was a fluke success, wildly beyond the computer projections for its income, and thereby forcing the sequel within two years. Thereafter, Jacobs said every new *Apes* film would be the last. His audience never agreed. He made a full quintet and who is to say more will not be set up now following the impact of the (disappointing) TV series.

Jacobs himself had the TV spin-off idea before his death. However, when beginning the fifth movie "the final chapter" screamed the posters he cancelled telly plans. The films were doing too well in cinemas, as successful upon re-issues and double-bill (even triple) re-runs as on their first outings. No need, then to give away for free what the world was patently eager to pay for.

That was before the films hit television—in America that is: the first two are old enough for a British airing soon; though neither BBC or ITA has picked them up. America went ape: the first three rated high in the Top Ten audience ratings for films on the Yankee box. *Planet of the Apes*, in fact, was just beaten to top place by *Airport* (with *Bonnie and Clyde* third, *Beneath the Planet* . . . fourth). The home market demand was too hot to ignore. And so now it's a TV slot.

Britain turns hit TV series into films (*Steptoe, On The Buses, Man About The House*); more wordily and wisely, Hollywood turns hit movies into TV shows: *The Odd Couple, M*A*S*H, Paper Moon*. Few of which work. Sad to report, *Apes* is not one of them. So far, the series (ranking only No. 49 in the top 63 US TV series as we go to press) is too like *The Fugitive* in bestiality drag, riddled with hackneyed old Western plots—where the white man (the astronauts) both fight and make allies with the Indians (the apes).

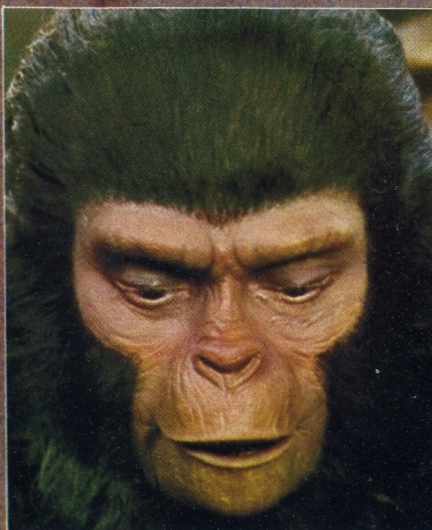
Even so, it is the apes alone who make it work. Roddy McDowall (see back page) as the engaging, inquisitive Galen, the movies' Cornelius and Caesar by any other name would wrinkle his nose just as sweetly; Booth Colman as head of the orangutan ruling class; and the sturdy Mark Leonard as our fold-out pin-up star Urko, the gorilla police chieftain.

By comparison, the telly heroes, two astronauts trapped in their time warp 200 years on, are harmless enough, Too much so. Pete Burke is played by prize-winning New Yorker James Naughton, and the surrogate Heston, Ron Harper (as Alan Virdon) comes from a variety of previous TV tries, including . . . would you believe, *Garrison's Gorillas*! Both heroes need to escape from their atrocious scripts rather than the planet itself. Paul Dehn is required—but fast—to continue his inspired adaption of the Pierre Boulle theorising.

Where did the name of the telly simian Galen come from?

There was a Prof. Galen in the very first film—played by Wright King.

K~FILM~T.V.



"I almost shouted out loud in amazement. Yes, in spite of my terror, in spite of the tragedy of my own position—I was caught between the beaters and the guns—stupefaction stifled all other sentiment when I saw this creature on the look-out, lying in wait for the game. For it was a monkey, a large-sized gorilla. It was in vain I told myself that I was losing my reason; I could entertain not the slightest doubt as to his species. But an encounter with a gorilla on the planet Soror did not constitute the essential outlandishness of the event. This for me lay in the fact that the ape in question was correctly dressed, like a man of our world, and above all in the easy manner in which he wore his clothes. This natural aspect was what struck me first of all. No sooner had I seen the animal than I realized that he was not in any way disguised. The state in which I saw him was normal, as normal to him as nakedness was to Nova and her companions. He was dressed as you and I are. . . . His dark brown jacket seemed to be made by the best Paris tailor and revealed underneath a check shirt of the kind our sportsmen wear. His breeches, flaring out slightly above his calves, terminated in a pair of leggings. There the resemblance ended; instead of boots he wore big black gloves."

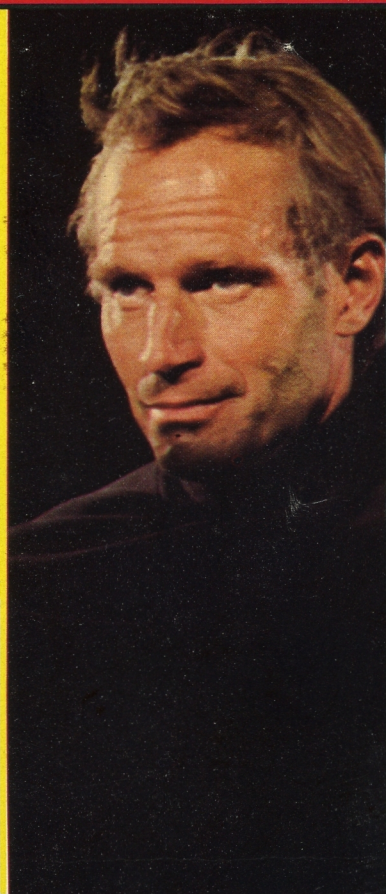
—Monkey Planet by Pierre Boulle



HOLLYWOOD GOES A

1. *PLANET OF THE APES*, 1968. Director, Franklin J. Schaffener; script, Michael Wilson, Rod Serling. Cast: Charlton Heston *Taylor*; Roddy McDowall *Cornelius*; Kim Hunter *Zira*; Maurice Evans *Zaius*; James Whitmore *Assembly president*; James Daly *Honorious*; Linda Harrison *Nova*. 111 minutes: 10,070 feet.

Good ole reliable Chuck Heston crash-lands his rocket on an unidentified planet after hurtling 2,000 years through time, space and interstellar mathematics. His fellow astronauts are dead—at the hands of uniformed gorillas on horseback. The planet is dominated by intelligent apes, an autocratic social order in which humans are feared as beasts of prey. Sub-humans are mute, and the chimp intelligentsia amazed when Heston speaks, reads, writes. Zira and Cornelius study and befriend him, against the wishes of Dr. Zaius (a part originally suggested and tested for, in the early make-up trial days, by Edward G. Robinson). Zaius fears the regeneration of his one-time superiors, for the human alone among primates, "kills for sport, lust and greed". He allows Heston and his mate, Nova, flee to their destiny. They find it on the beach . . . the remnants of the Statue of Liberty. They're in America . . . in the future. Civilisation is dead: apes rule the earth!



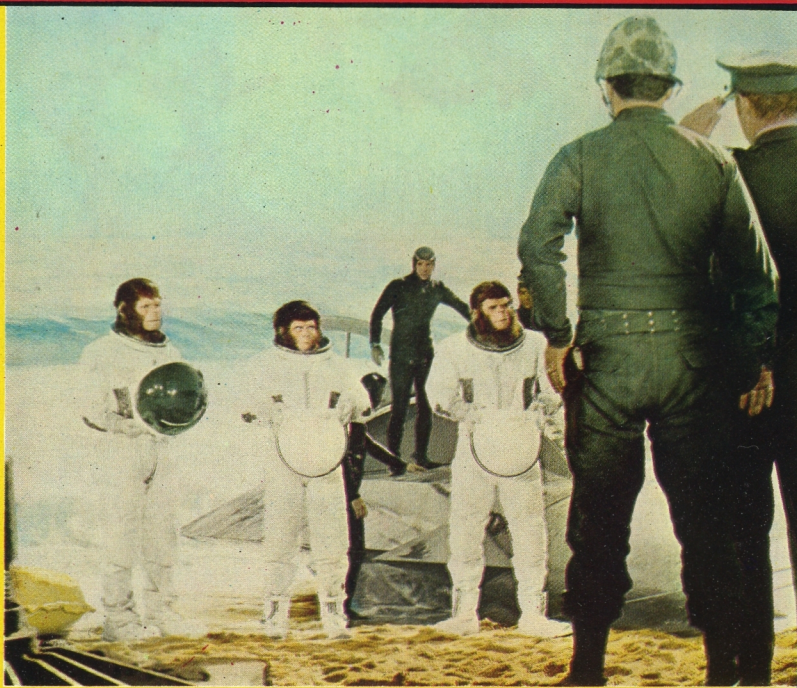
2. *BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES*, 1970. Director, Ted Post; script, Paul Dehn. Cast: James Franciscus *Brent*; Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans, Linda Harrison; Paul Richards *Mendez*; Victor Buono *Fat Man*; James Gregory *Ursus*; Jeff Corey *Caspary*; Natalie Trundy *Albina*; Thomas Gomez *Minister*; David Watson *Cornelius*; and guest: Charlton Heston. 94 minutes: 8,423 feet.

A rescue mission is launched to find Taylor's crew. America is devastated by nuclear attacks, after Brent is shot off on the same time-space trajectory. He lands on Taylor's unknown planet: to the same shock and horror of realising it is future-earth, with the position of humans and apes reversed. The simian society is headed by gorilla general Ursus, waging war on the sub-human and mutants of the Forbidden Zone. Zaius, Zira and Cornelius oppose the general with care; they alone know that man was once their superior. Aided by Nova, Brent finds Taylor imprisoned by The Inquisitors, a mutated commune living in 22nd century catacombs and 1990 subway tunnels, using thought-projection and traumatic hypnosis for communication and destruction, and worshipping an unfired nuclear device. Although hampered by the mutants' powers, the gorilla army advances and Taylor uses the bomb, the Doomsday weapon. The only one ever made, so powerful it will scorch the planet to cinder. Says writer Paul Dehn: "The producer wanted it. So I did as I was told. The bomb went off, the screen went white, the earth was dead."

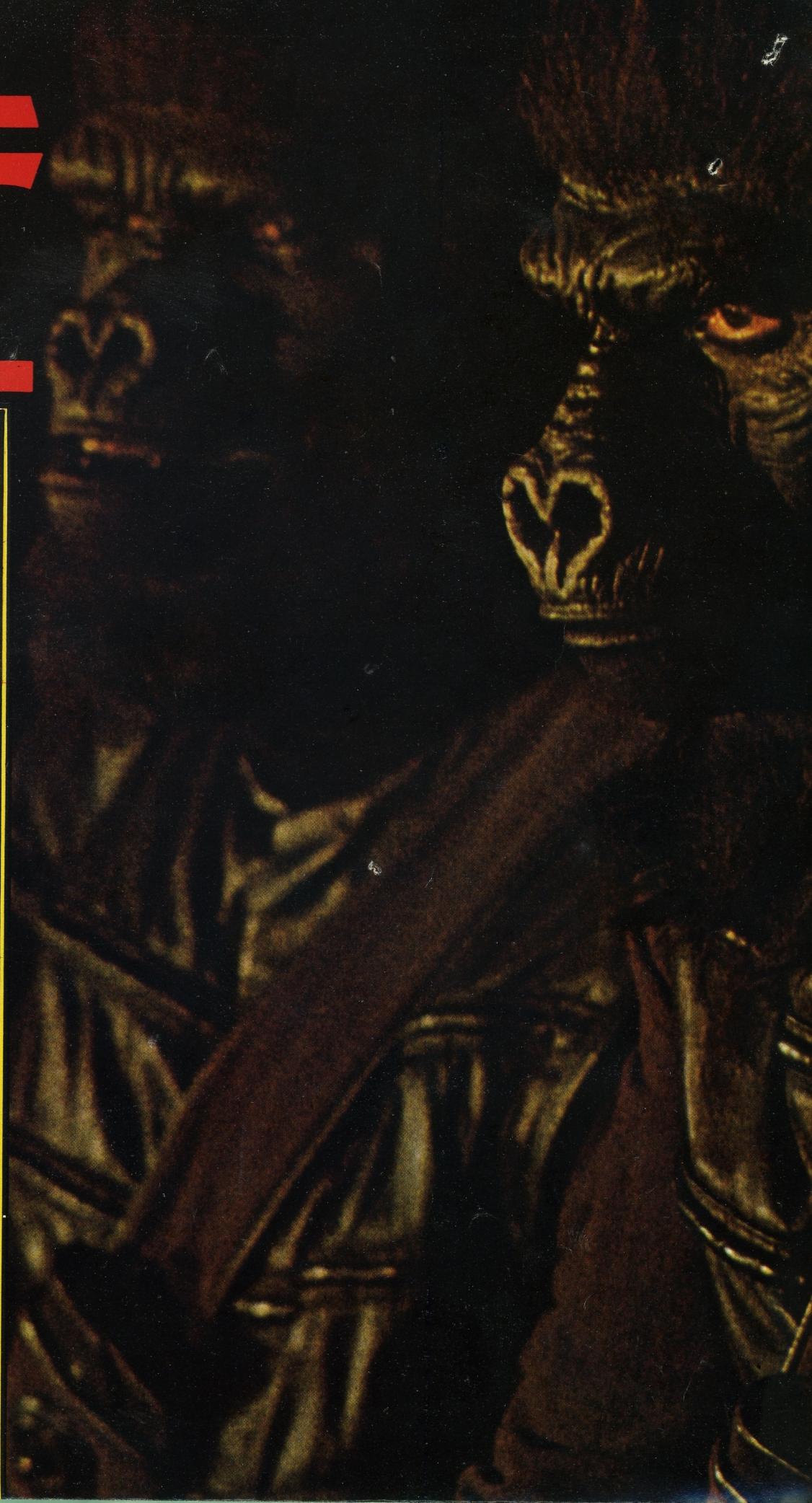
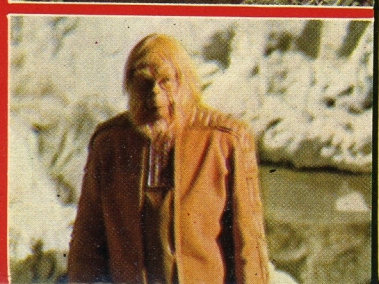
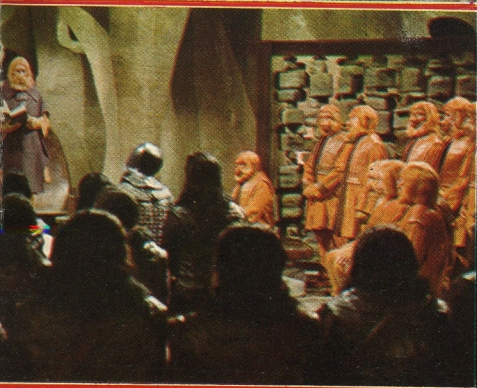


3. *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES*, 1971. Director, Don Taylor; script, Paul Dehn. Cast: Roddy McDowell; Kim Hunter; Bradford Dillman *Dr. Dixon*; Natalie Trundy *Dr. Branton*; Eric Braeden *Dr. Hasslein*; William Windom *President*; Sal Mineo *Milo*; Ricardo Montalban *Armando*. 97 minutes: 8,761 feet.

Paul Dehn later received a Fox cablegram: "Apes exist—sequel required." The series was far from dead and Dehn produced perhaps his best script: a neat reversal of Pierre Boulle's chapters where the astronaut is the freak among the apes . . . Before, (just before, of course,) the Doomsday explosion, Cornelius, Zira and Milo escaped their doomed planet in Taylor's spacecraft. Flying backwards through a time warp they arrive on earth 2,000 years before they left. The spaceship is welcomed—Taylor is back! The doors open, three figures emerge in the familiar NASA suits, walk up the beach, remove their helmets—apes! When it's discovered they can talk, they get the full, awful, terrible, razzle-dazzle 1970 USA treatment: TV talk shows, lectures, smart clothes. Movie star time! They also drop hints about their world . . . which has the scientists going mad, particularly when Zira is pregnant. Their breeding will start the very threat the apes said happens in the future. Zira's baby must be killed! Circus owner Armando comes to their aid, rescuing the infant when the parents are slain. Baby Caesar is hidden in the circus, ready for the day of his revenge.



DE

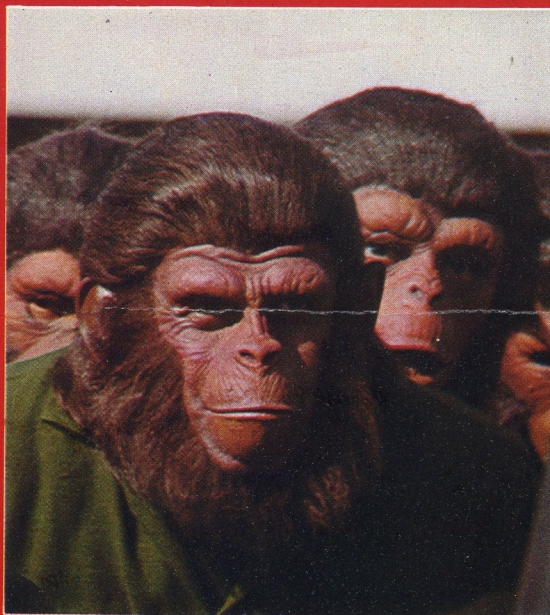




4 CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, 1972.

Director, J. Lee Thompson; script, Paul Dehn. Cast: Roddy McDowall *Caesar*; Don Murray *Breck*; Natalie Trundy *Lisa*; Hari Rhodes *MacDonald*; Severn Darden *Kolp*; David Chow *Aldo*; Ricardo Montalban. 85 mins.: 7,674 feet.

Now this is where it starts to get complicated—time-travel history ain't easy. Here we have Caesar, the off-spring of Taylor's chimp friends of the future (who were killed in 1970) growing up in 1990 and leading the nuclear revolution that happened soon after Brent was launched to hunt for Taylor . . . North America 1990, is a megalopolis, with the accent on the police. A semi-autonomous fuzz-state ruled by Governor Breck via computerised surveillance and Kolp's brute-coppers. Life is made easy, work-wise, by the slavery importation of African apes to do all the menial tasks of life—a fact astounding Caesar when first brought into the city by Armando. Breck and Kolp torture the truth out of Armando—that he raised, educated the infant superape of 1970. Caesar joins the slaves, is sold into Breck's service, befriended by the governor's aide MacDonald (a black who can hardly forget his own heritage), and becomes the very spark the recalcitrant apes requires for rebellion . . . revolution . . . atomic warfare . . . Victory!



5 BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, 1973.

Director, J. Lee Thompson; story, Paul Dehn; script, John William and Joyce Hooper Corrington. Cast: Roddy McDowall; Claude Akins *Aldo*; Natalie Trundy; Severn Darden; Lew Ayres *Mandemus*; Paul Williams *Virgil*; Austin Stoker *MacDonald*; France Nuyen *Alma*; John Huston *Lawgiver*. 86 minutes: 7,773 feet.

The final chapter, they called it. They had to. The world was being destroyed too often . . . A few apes and humans escaped the nuclear holocaust of the revolt by the apes over their 1990 slavery. Caesar continues to lead, supported by his wife, Lisa; Virgil the orangutan philosopher; and MacDonald, the black human sympathetic to the apes' cause. They exist primitively, peacefully, in Eden-like surrounds, until they hunt through the ruined city to find a videotaped interview with Caesar's parents, circa 1970. Caesar, naturally, wishes to "see" his parents for the first time, and to learn what they said of the future: Zira, in fact, predicted apes would destroy the world in another millenium. The group is not alone in the molten city; the former police chief Kolp is alive and unwell, leading a buch of grotesquely scarred and radiation-weakened mutants in one last assault on the apes. Aldo's gorillas also talk of insurrection—and it takes all of Caesar's compassionate qualities to enable ape and man to live harmoniously together. Now if only Caesar lives long enough, he should witness the birth of his own parents and the crash-landing of Charlton Heston . . .! Over to you Paul Dehn. *Oedipus Ape*, anyone?



