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

PLANET OF THE APES

FIRST ISSUE PHANTASMAGORIA!
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH "APES" SCREEN-WRITER
ROD SERLING
PHOTOS, FEATURES, AND ALL-NEW STORY STRIPS
OF THE GREATEST FANTASY FILM-SERIES OF ALL TIME

EXTRA BONUS:
HOW TO MAKE A MAN-APE

(MR. RETAILER — FOR RETAIL DISPLAY
ANNOUNCEMENT — SEE PAGE 70)
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And not even Crosby and Hope ever had a tougher
time getting anyplace!
Actually, a couple of years back, we weren't so sure we
wanted to make the trip at all. Oh, we wouldn't have
minded just being there, but getting there was definitely
not half the fun.
Hmm... that last part reads pretty unintelligibly,
even to me. Maybe I'd best start at the beginning, if I'm
to explain just how and why Marvel is doing a PLANET
OF THE APES magazine—and how we just about
didn't.
It all started, at least as far as Marvel's concerned,
with Len Brown.
Len works at Topps Chewing Gum Company in
Brooklyn, where he's in charge of Product Development
(read: bubble-gum cards, those colorful little collectors'
items we all bought when we were young and foolish and
couldn't find much else to do with a nickel anyway).Topps, for the uninitiated, is the place that makes
Bazooka, the king of bubble gums.

Like Ye Editor, Len is a child of the 1940's, and a son
of the fabulous pulp magazines, a Golden-Age comic freak, an Elvis
Presley completist, and an E.C. Fan-Addict. He's always
onto me about the possibility of Marvel's doing a straight
science-fiction comic-mag, something we intend to
didn't.

Once before summer's out, when we revive our much-
acclaimed WORLDS UNKNOWN title in an ambitious
dollar-size format (and how's that for shoe-horning a
blockbuster announcement into the smallest possible
space?)

So anyway, a couple of years back, Len and I were in
the midst of one of those marathon phone calls 'twixt
Manhattan and Jersey which are the despair of our long-
suffering better halves. We were discussing some possible
properties which Marvel might well pick up for fun and
profit, preferably in that order, and Len suggested that
we take a look at "Planet of the Apes."

"Maybe you've got a point there," I said.

"Sure. Anyway, it beats sticking around waiting for
'Tom Corbett, Space Cadet' to come back."

The next week, I broached the subject to Stan (and if
you've gotta ask "Stan who?" then you haven't been
paying attention for the last decade or so).

The Smiling One rather liked the idea, but retained an
understandable skepticism; as always, we were up to our
staples in new titles anyway, and who needed it? Still, the
idea intrigued him, so he gave me the go-ahead to
examine the possibilities, if I really wanted to. And, if I'd
been as sharp as I'd like to think, I'd have followed thru
on the thing right away, and you'd now be holding
something like the 13th or maybe the 25th issue of
PLANET OF THE APES COMICS instead of Volume 1,
Number 1. Why, Len even gave me the name and phone
number of Selwyn Rausch, who handled the "Planet"
merchandising for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Such merchandising, until the past year, included
exactly two plastic model kits (done by a small outfit
because big-time Aurora passed it up; Marvel doesn't
make all the mistakes), one color comic-book from
Western (Gold Key) based on the second movie, and
those bubble-gum cards. Not exactly a bushy-tailed
bonanza for anybody concerned.

Still, somehow I let the thing lapse, naturally, until it
was almost too late.

Until early last year, when Len brought up the topic
again—this time coupled with information from Variety
and other show-biz trade papers to the effect that the five
films had been grossing millions of dollars while every-
body had been ignoring them or trying to tell the titles
apart. There were already "Planet" film festivals, in
which two or three or more of the movies were shown
back to back to back. And now, at last, the films were
going to be on prime-time TV... with a regular TV
series already imminent if they did well in the ratings.

With a groan, I realized we had probably dilly-dallied
too long. So did Stan, who read the same issue of Variety.

And we were nearly right.

First there was the geographical problem. Selwyn
handled things in New York, but Twentieth Century-Fox
was involved from California as well, so we had a regular
triangular trade going right away. Then too, Marvel was
in the process of acquiring its own special lawyer, so
that one legal eagle began negotiations, then another came in
halfway thru and had to start all over again.

Each contract that was sent from one party to another
came back with twenty pages of addenda, corrections, and questions. We couldn't have had more wordage if we'd been trying to acquire the rights to War and Peace.

I began to think wistfully of those halcyon days, just a couple of years earlier, when Selwyn and I could probably have concluded a deal on the back of a napkin over lunch and both sides would probably have thought we'd done a good day's work.

And things kept right on happening.

In the middle of the negotiations, "Planet of the Apes" went on TV and grabbed one of the highest Neilssens in the history of TV, while a repeat (not to mention the premiere of "Beneath the Planet of the Apes," to boot) did almost equally well. And here we were with no contract, no magazine, no nuthin'.

Eventually, though, we got the blamed thing signed. Just barely.

Also, all the while we were negotiating back and forth, the TV-series deal was being firmed up out in Hollywood. Only thing is, as I pen these words, the series will tentatively start on Tuesday nights on CBS at 8 p.m. — and they're just now figuring out what they're going to do with the show. As to us — we're on our own!

We, nothing daunted, decided to cheerfully ignore the machinations of movieland and do things the way we'd do 'em if we were TV moguls — but we'd do 'em Marvel style. Namely, we decided that, in addition to comic-strip adaptations of the five "Apes" movies (using scripts graciously supplied us by Selwyn Rausch and Ethel Kolberg, his Person Friday), we would do a second strip which would pick up where the final movie, "Battle for the etc." left off. A sixth "Planet" movie, by Rhesus!

Gerry Conway, who's written and sold several s-f stories and novels in his 21 years, was eager to supply the format and to be the series' first scripter. Since it was important that an ape be a major hero of the series, and yet that there be humans in attendance as well, he opted for relating the adventures of a young human teamed up with a ditto chimp — and so was born the series we call "Terror on the Planet of the Apes." When Gerry got too busy to write the actual script, Doug Moench — Marvel's newest and perhaps most prolific scripter — took over.

While Mike Ploog practically threatened bodily harm to one and all if he wasn't allowed to draw the series, and Mike Esposito refused to show Ye Editor any more pokery secrets if he wasn't allowed to ink George Tuska's pandemonious pencils.

Me? I'm amiable. I gave in to all of 'em.

Meantime, Mary Wolfman started the ball rolling in the photo-features department, though it's Tony Isabella (with an assist from Chris Claremont) who's had the enjoyable task of steering the ship safely into port.

We think it's a good magazine.

Here's what you're getting:

Two comic-strip series — one serializing the first movie itself, another doing a sequel to the whole magilla.

A piece on the fabulous make-up of the apes, which is one of the major reasons for the films' success (you can't tell your Shakespearian actors without a scorecard) — or even with one.

An exclusive interview, done just a few weeks back, with Rod ("Twilight Zone," "Night Gallery," "Anacin") Serling, who wrote the screenplay for "Planet of the Apes."

An overview of the whole series, for those of you who've been vacationing on Mongo instead.

And that's just for openers!

In future issues, we'll have interviews with just about every major star or creator associated with the five "Apes" movies — a behind-the-scenes look at the upcoming TV series — more on the make-up, as well as the fantastic sets — full comics adaptations of all five movies — and a few new twists in the adventures of Jason and Alexander, as well! All this — plus anything else that we can think of, or that you think of for us!

Send your missives and monkeygrams to:

PLANET OF THE APES

c/o Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

No, getting here wasn't half the fun. It was a long hard trek, and we're glad it's over.

'Cause now we can really start moving.

And going forward from here — now that's gonna be baboon-faced ball!
The legacy of the Planet of the Apes is a dual one... for it transpires on a world which is also a planet of humans.

A planet called... Earth.

A planet which for long centuries has served as a lush backdrop to conflict and strife... whose world sweeping dramas and events fill the annals of history in bloody scrawls of sorrow and pain.

The planet itself has undergone massive changes, in geography, in topography, reshaping itself to conform with the implacable passage of time and events... but always, the evidence of this perpetual restructuring is traced more to the scarred and pitted aftermath of war than to a process of natural evolution.

For, on a planet of incessant and interminable change, the only constant is war...

War between human and animal.
Between human and human.
Family and family.
Tribe and tribe.
Enclave and enclave.
Race and race.
Nation and nation.
Continent and continent...

Until, finally, the awesome scope of organized destruction becomes an intolerable straw pressing down on the stress-weary back of a charred and wasted world... and the cycle unwinds. Evolution reverses itself in a twisted skein of irony....

Man becomes savage; animal becomes intelligent.
And war rages again, this time on equal terms between human and animal.

Man and ape.

Each hating the other with a frenzy mirrored in glaring eyes.

And then a voice cries out, a voice of strength and authority yet carrying a plea for sanity. A voice of peace. The voice of the Lawgiver.

And there is peace, and coexistence.
But can it last on a world of war?
... on a planet of apes—
—which is also a planet of humans...?
Or will there be:
PROLOGUE:

JASON -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
YOU KNOW THE ONLY REASON WE GOT OUT OF SCHOOL TODAY WAS SO WE COULD GO TO THE VILLAGE SQUARE.

I'M TIRED OF GOING TO THE SQUARE, ALEXANDER.
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT NOTHING'S EVER ACCOMPLISHED THERE.

YEAH, BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT, JASON.

WHAT'S SO DIFFERENT ABOUT ANOTHER SPEECH?
PROBABLY JUST BRUTUS AGAIN -- LECTURING US ON PEACE AND HARMONY BETWEEN THE SPECIES.

WE'RE FRIENDS, AREN'T WE?
AND AS MY FRIEND, YOU'RE GOING TO HUMOR ME, AREN'T YOU?

SO WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT THAT?

ALL RIGHT -- I'LL GO WITH YOU, BUT I WANT YOU TO NOTICE I'M GRUMBLING ABOUT IT.

WELL, SWALLOW YOUR GRUMBLING, JASON -- AND JUST TRY TO TELL ME IT WASN'T WORTH COMING HERE TO SEE --

Script: DOUG MOENCH (from an idea by GERRY CONWAY)  Art: MIKE PLOOG
"THE LAWGIVER"

CHAPTER 1

WELCOME, CITIZENS OF PEACE.

I have requested this congregation for a number of reasons—
all of them equally important. First, I wish to thank you for placing faith in my judgement—

—and for adhering to my doctines of coexistence between the species.

Secondly, I wish to reaffirm my own faith in those doctrines.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS THE LAWGIVER?

If you'd paid attention in class...

...for it is only by following a road of peace that we may avoid another catastrophe.

SO LET US REMEMBER THAT HATE IS THE POISON OF THE SOUL—

and let us drink the wine of love instead.

So too do the qualities within all of us remain separate from our physical shells...

FOR, JUST AS THE QUALITY OF A WINE CANNOT BE GOVERNED BY THE NATURE OF ITS FLASK—

...meaning that we are all the same regardless of our differing appearances.
NOW I MUST APPRIZE YOU OF THE FINAL REASON FOR THIS GATHERING...

...A MATTER OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE WHICH I HAVE ALREADY NEGLECTED FAR TOO LONG.

I CANNOT REVEAL THE NATURE OF THIS MATTER... ONLY THAT IT REQUIRES MY IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

AND SO I MUST LEAVE YOU FOR A TIME...

...A TIME WHOSE LENGTH I CANNOT ESTIMATE.

HE CAN'T LEAVE US!!!

AND SINCE I CANNOT SAY WHEN I WILL RETURN, I HAVE DELEGATED THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF MY OFFICE TO ANOTHER.

XAVIER...? THE MOST INEPT BUMBLER IN HIS WHOLE CABINET?

YOU SAID IT, JASE--

--XAVIER CAN'T EVEN MAKE A DECISION ABOUT THE WEATHER.

I AM CONFIDENT YOU WILL PLACE AS MUCH FAITH IN BROTHER XAVIER'S CAPABILITIES AS I HAVE...

...AND OBEY WHATSOEVER MANDATES HE FEELS NECESSARY TO LEGISLATE.

AND NOW I LEAVE YOU IN HIS CARE... AND IN PEACE.

ER... AHEM... I SUPPOSE I SHOULD SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT--

FAREWELL...

HEY-- THERE HE IS ALEX. WHERE COULD HE BE GOING???

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, JASE.

LET'S WAIT HERE A FEW MINUTES AND FOLLOW HIM...
I think we waited too long, Jason--he's out of sight already.

Yeah--he must be in some hurry.

Wonder what could be so important that he'd leave so suddenly...

Can you see him, Jason?

Nope, he's gone. All right...just as mysteriously as his reasons for leaving.

But I still don't understand why he'd leave now...just when trouble's started brewing.

Aw, there you go, making mountains out of molehills again.

Hey--do you suppose the lawgiver went down there?

Into the forbidden zone? Now why would he do that?

Everybody knows there's nothing down there but ashes and ruins.

That's easy for you to say, you haven't felt the tensions growing.

You're a chimp.

And proud of it...

Don't be so sure about that. There are rumors of monsters lurking down there, you know...

...just as you should be proud to be a human.
...MONSTERS LEFT OVER FROM THE HOLOCAUST -- TO REMIND US OF WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF WE EVER START HATING EACH OTHER AGAIN.

--because the lawyer says a monster will come and bite your hairy head off?

--hey, buddy... you'd better base that chip off your shoulder before it takes permanent root.

I know I clown around a lot about you being human, but give me credit for the joke, huh?

Well said, alex... and forget what I said. Okay?

I don't know what gets into me sometimes.

It's already forgotten, buddy.

Yeah... well... you've got your home, and mine's on the other side of the stream.

Don't see why Jason's so uptight lately...

...when there's really nothing to worry about at--

Oh... no--!!!
MOTHER--WHAT HAPPENED--?! 

GORILLAS, ALEX... GORILLAS IN HOODS...

...THEY BURST IN AND BEAT YOUR FATHER...

...CALLED HIM A TRAITOR TO THE APE CAUSE... A HUMAN LOVER...

BUT... BUT WHY--?! 

I DON'T KNOW, ALEX-- THEY JUST KEPT SAYING THAT ALL HUMANS MUST BE SUBSTIGATED... OR KILLED...

KILLED--?! I'VE GOT TO WARN JASON-- I'LL STAY WITH HIM, ALEX-- THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO. 

GO NOW--GO AND WARN YOUR HUMAN FRIEND... 

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. 

BUT FATHER...

JASON'S AWFUL LATE TONIGHT, BETH, AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM IN THE SQUARE THIS AFTERNOON...

HOW COULD YOU SEE ANYONE IN THAT CROWD? IT'S A WONDER WE EVEN SAW-- 

WAIT!

DO YOU HEAR THAT--??
HOOFRBEATS...

BUT WHO'S WEALTHY ENOUGH TO AFFORD A HORSE AROUND HERE, DAVID?

Perhaps we should see...

OH MY GOD, DAVID -- THEY'RE TERRIFYING.

STAY BEHIND ME, BETH. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU COMING HERE AT NIGHT CARRYING TORCHES?!

Our business, human --

-- IS DEATH! INSIDE, BETH...QUICKLY!
A WOMAN WHO LOVES HER MAN THIS MUCH--

DAVID... OH, PLEASE, DAVID...

-- SHOULD FOLLOW HIM--
-- WHEREVER HE GOES.

LET'S GO-- THERE AREN'T ANY OTHERS HIDING IN HERE.

THEN OUR SOURCE MUST HAVE BEEN MIS-TAKEN WHEN HE SAID THESE TWO HAD A--

-- SON."

PROBABLY TOO LATE FOR DINNER ALREADY...

AND WITH NO SCHOOL TODAY, I DON'T EVEN HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR BEING SO--

-- TRUE.

IT CAN'T BE-- IT JUST CAN'T BE--!

IT'S NOT TRUE-- I KNOW IT'S NOT--
Numb with brutal shock, Jason's mind floods with a crimson haze of livid fury...

And, berserk, he bolts from the crackling pyre he once called home...

They're dead—and those beasts killed them!

They're dead.

But they won't get away with it—

He plunges into the forest's murky shadows, bent on reckless pursuit of the swiftly receding silhouettes...

I'll catch them—no matter how far they ride—

And though he runs—

And runs until the blood pounds at his brain—

--I'll catch them and I'll rip them apart with my own hands!

--He ultimately finds that the riders have outdistanced him...

And that he can run no more.

Gone—The stinking beasts are gone...

End Chapter One!
CHAPTER TWO: FUGITIVES ON THE PLANET OF THE APES

The flames whine and crackle, their brittle sounds filling the sparsely lit glade.

Then another sound rises into the night: a ghastly sobbing sound which emanates from the form of a young man hunched in the luridly flickering glaze of a gutted conflagration.

His thoughts are grey, somber shrouds which muffle his mind like thick gauze...

...and they focus on the two people sprawled in the center of the hellish inferno before him...

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

THAT'S SUPPOSED TO HELP, ALEX?! You being SORRY?!
MY PARENTS ARE DEAD, ALEX! SORROW ISN'T GOING TO CHANGE THAT--GRIEF ISN'T GOING TO CHANGE IT!

NOTHING WILL CHANGE IT, ALEX--NOTHING!

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

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

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

LET THE LAW TAKE CARE OF THEM.

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

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

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

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

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

JASON--WAIT UP!

ALONE, IF NEED BE!

MAYBE IT IS TIME FOR SOME NEW LAWS.
DEEP WITHIN THE INNER RECESSSES OF THE GLOOMY FOREST, SPLITTERING TORCHES PINPOINT THE JUNCTURES OF AN INTRICATE MATRIX OF INTERCONNECTED TREEHOUSES. IT IS A SYSTEM OF AERIAL BARRACKS -- A BIZARRE CAMP OF WAR...

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

THE INITIATES ARE RETURNING FROM THEIR MISSION!!

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

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU'RE READY TO FACE HIM?

FACE HIM -- AND FINALLY MEET HIM AS WELL.
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR THE LEADER...

YES, WHAT IS IT THAT YOU THINK YOU CAN DISTURB HIM AT YOUR DISCRETION?

I... UH... I WAS TO INFORM YOU... SIR... THAT...

ENTER.

THEN SPIT IT OUT AND INFORM ME, YOU SNIVELLING FOOL!

YES, SIR. THE NEW RECRUITS HAVE RETURNED. THEY WISH TO MAKE A REPORT.

WERE THEY SUCCESSFUL?

THEY DIDN'T SAY, SIR.

THEN I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE NUISANCE OF THIS HOOD.

HAIL TO YOUR LEADER--!

WE HAIL TO YOU, LEADER--!

IN THE DIVINE CAUSE OF APE DOMINANCE!
AND HAVE YOU FURTHERED THE CAUSE OF APE DOMINANCE?

WE HAVE.

THE HUMANS YOU CHOSE ARE DEAD... THEIR HOME REDUCED TO ASHES.

THEN YOU HAVE DONE WELL... YOUR INITIATION IS CONCLUDED...

--AND SINCE YOU HAVE NOW SUCCESSFULLY ENLISTED IN THE RANKS OF THE APE SUPREMACISTS...--

YOU ARE NOW PRIVILEGED TO THE CONFIDENCE OF MY IDENTITY.

BRUTUS?! THE LEADER IS BRUTUS?!

YES, AND SINCE YOU RECOGNIZE ME AS THE LAWGIVER'S APPOINTED PEACE OFFICER.--

--I'M SURE YOU CAN APPRECIATE THE NEED FOR ANONYMITY.

LEADER -- CAMP SCOUT THREE REPORTING URGENT NEWS!
LEADER, YOUR WIFE APPROACHES THE CAMP FROM ONE DIRECTION.

ALLOW MY WIFE TO PASS...

--AND BRING THEM HERE IN CHAINS!

--AND TWO YOUTHS, A HUMAN AND A CHIMP, APPROACH FROM THE OTHER.

SHALL WE SEIZE THEM?

... BUT SEIZE THE OTHER TWO...

WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THESE TRACKS HALF THE NIGHT, ALEXANDER.

WE'VE GOT TO BE GETTING CLOSE...

... AND--

ALEX-- DON'T LET 'EM TAKE US.

--THE TREES EXPLODE WITH SWOOPING, HOODED TERROR.

THEN, ALMOST IN ECHO, A WHISPERY RUSTLE FROM ABOVE...

THEY MUST BE THE MURDERERS...

--AND THAT MEANS THIS IS IT, SO FIGHT, ALEX--!

I'M TRYING, JASE-- I'M TRYING!
But although Jason hurled himself into the battle with near-bestial ferocity—

He soon finds that even raw, naked savagery—

...is no match for superior numbers.

We tried, Jason, at least we can say that much.

Shut up, you two—

...unless you want to be dragged face-first—

...back to the camp—

Brutus, then it's true... I came across some of your papers... they alluded to a secret band of terrorists...

...gave this location as the site of its headquarters...
I'm glad you finally learned my secret, Zena. Now you can join the movement... --and sit by my side when I rule a new regime of ape supremacy.

You're mad...

Utterly insane to even suggest such a thing!

You blaspheme the very foundation of the lawgiver's society.

The lawgiver is a spineless fool too old to rule a dog kennel. His day of power has passed...

There's a regular army here, Alex. Yeah... but there appears to be dissension within the ranks.

And your day of power will never dawn, Brutus. The creator will see you rot in hell before he allows such a thing to be!

Shut up, Zena!

You'll regret that, Brutus -- just as I regret the day you became my husband.

I'm going to the authorities -- to expose you as the head of this terrorist group.
NO, MY DEAR...

...I THINK NOT.

YOU KILLED HER--
YOU KILLED HER
IN COLD BLOOD--

YOU FILTHY
STINKING
ANIMAL!!

WELL, IT SEEMS WE
HAVE A COMMENTATOR
HERE...

HUMAN,
NO DOUBT.

YOU BET
I'M HUMAN--
AND GLAD I AM...

...RATHER THAN
HAIRY APE-SCUM
LIKE YOU!

YOU ARE IMPETUOUS,
HUMAN... AS ALL
HUMANS ARE.

AND YOU'RE A DISEASE-
RIDEN MURDERER--
AS ALL ANIMALS ARE!
WE WILL HAVE TO DISCUSS THE MATTER AT GREATER LENGTH.

BUT FIRST...

THAT'S RIGHT, ALEX -- RUN, RUN LIKE AN ANIMAL.

SAVE YOUR OWN FLEAS -- BITTEN HIDE, ALEX -- AND LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE!!

AND YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM...

IT'S THE NATURAL ANIMAL THING TO DO, ALEX!!

NOW THEN... HUMAN... YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE WHAT YOU DID -- HERE IN FRONT OF MY MEN...

...ALL RESPONSIBLE CITIZENS, ALL RELIABLE WITNESSES.

WAIT A MINUTE -- I RECOGNIZE YOU...

YOU'RE BRUTUS -- THE "PACIFIST." WHY, YOU SLIMY PIG...

PHOO!!!

AS I WAS SAYING... YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE MURDERED MY WIFE...
THUFF!

THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH.

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

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

AND DEMAND THAT HE--

-HANG UNTIL DEAD, BROTHER XAVIER...

-SFOR THE BRUTAL, COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF MY WIFE!

THE TRIBUNAL IS ALREADY QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THE CHARGE, BROTHER BRUTUS.
THEN HOW CAN YOU HESITATE TO REACH A VERDICT WHEN FULLY A DOZEN GORILLAS—THE MOST RESPECTABLE CITIZENS OF THIS VILLAGE—HAVE ALREADY ATTESTED TO BEING EYE-WITNESSES TO THE HEINOUS CRIME?!

IT'S A LIE—BRUTUS KILLED HIS WIFE HIMSELF!

IT'S ALL A SCHEME—THEY'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER!

HOPELESS PARANOIA... TYPICAL OF THE HUMAN CRIMINAL MIND.

NOW I ASK THE TRIBUNAL—WHOSE TESTIMONY IS DEEMED MORE Valid?

WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT, BROTHER XAVIER?

WELL... I... UH... THIS IS ALL SO SUDDEN... WHAT WITH THE LAWGIVER LEAVING...

...AND I... UH... JUST DON'T—

PSSST, BROTHER XAVIER... BEFORE YOU PASS JUDGEMENT...

--I SUGGEST YOU TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE.
I see. Ahem. It... uh... is the judgement of this tribunal... that in view of the... uh... preponderance of evidence, and in light of public opinion...

...we... uh... must find the accused...

...guilty...?

This isn't a tribunal of law...

I'm innocent - innocent - and you know it, Brutus!

--- It's a kangaroo court!

I'll get you for this, Brutus - I'll get you!!

Take him to his...

--- Cell.

It is a dank, squalid place. This dungeon... filled with sour stench and bleak despair.

--- Soon broken by:

And an overwhelming darkness...

A light!
ALEXANDER...

I... I THOUGHT YOU'D DESERTED ME.

BUT HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

WELL, WE APES ARE GOOD AT CLIMBING, YOU KNOW.

HERE, JASE... TAKE THIS KNIFE...

-- AND START HOLLERING BLOODY-BLUE MURDER.

-- ONCE THIS TORCH IGNORES.

HELP... FIRE!

WHAT THE--?

WELL, I'LL BE... THERE REALLY IS A FIRE...

AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE PRISONER'S ALREADY BEEN...
Racing from his cell, Jason turns a corner to find...

--Are like you, friend.

Let's just say that not all apes--

Uhn... gotta stop him... sound the alarm...

Pssst, Jason!

This way--hurry!

Not now, Jason--we've got things to do. Like escaping that mob of jailers behind us--

--and entering the forbidden zone to find the law-giver... because if we can't clear you of that murder rap.

Look, Alex, I want to apologize for the way I--

--Well both hang!

NEXT ISSUE: THE FORBIDDEN ZONE of FORGOTTEN HORROR!
ESCAPE FROM THE BATTLE
FOR THE CONQUEST BENEATH
THE PLANET OF THE APES:
An Overview of the Apes Series

by Gary Gerani

There is a peculiar institution in American moviedom known as the film "series." This frame-and-sprocket phenomenon starts off rather hectically when some shrewd Hollywood producer, overjoyed at the box office returns of his latest masterpiece, gambles on the hopefully-equal success of a sequel. If this also turns in a handsome profit, and public interest in the material continues to thrive, a series of such films may subsequently develop; each different in its own right, yet similar enough in theme and content to woo the original ticket-buying audience back for yet another look. And if the God of Fortune is really smiling upon our prolific producer, his movies may actually start a trend, and when this minor miracle happens, howoo boy!!!

How many times has Tarzan wrinkled his loincloth while rescuing Jane (or some reasonable facsimile thereof) from hungry swamp gators? Can anyone realistically foresee a climax to the adventures of super-agent James Bond? And as we move closer to horror home, is there a chance — a remote possibility even — that the bloodstained careers of Baron Frankenstein and the bloodcurdling Count will suddenly and finally reach their evil ends? Not in a month of Black Sundays!

This brings us, finally, to our hairy subject. In 1968, film producer Arthur P. Jacobs and Twentieth Century-Fox cordially invited moviegoers everywhere along on what they believed would be a brief-but-profitable visit to the PLANET OF THE APES. As anyone who worked on that pioneer film can tell you, it was a whirlwind of confusion in those last months before general release. The post production workers were busting their guts by the car load to assure PLANET's premiere date several weeks ahead of another science fiction spectacular with understandably great expectations: Stanley Kubrick's multi-million dollar, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. The Fox publicity directors had literally gone ape in a wildly expensive campaign which proudly featured as its most astonishing asset the marvelously detailed and life-like simian heads worn by almost all the major cast members. What Jacobs expected from all this, the maddening publicity, the odd subject matter, the top-notch performers, all-in-all his strangest and most enigmatic project to date, is not hard to imagine in retrospect: he obviously desired to make a good movie, a solid film that would go over reasonably well with the critics (the ad campaign boasted "another major and important film by the man who wrote 'THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI,' etc.), but in his capacity as an intelligent businessman as well as an imaginative artist, Jacobs understood that the film's ultimate success depended upon its overpowering values of escapism, an entertaining spectacle designed for the entire family. To this he added a genuine hard-core science fiction flavor, embellished by the charismatic addition of TWILIGHT ZONE's Rod Serling as co-scriber, who in turn accentuated the entire affair with his traditional (and well-received) bag of enigmatic twists. The final ingredients consisted of some acceptable, but not especially deep, moralizing, belly-laugh humor for the kids and, to break up the monotony during some of the more hard-to-swallow segments, a hefty dose of Tarzan-like action adventure to continually keep things moving at an exciting pace.

All these together, producer Arthur P. Jacobs thought, blended carefully, developed perfectly, exploited ingenuously, would produce a highly successful motion picture of which he could be proud. He probably never suspected that his perfect money-maker and its fast-multiplying progeny would someday join the pantheon of classic film series.

His name is TAYLOR, and he is an astronaut, commander of America's first STAR-FLIGHT. Here he is just a HUMAN.
After release, everyone connected with APES Number One seemed content with the film's record-breaking premiere and positive critical showing (one reviewer, apparently a science fiction fan, even went so far as to proclaim PLANET the finest American movie ever made!). The film, which featured spectacle-star Charlton Heston as its hero and a cast of erudite actors nose-wriggling behind John Chambers' ingenious ape faces, maintained the basic premise of Pierre Boulle's best seller, without sacrificing its inherent escapist qualities.

Astronaut Taylor (Heston), crash-lands on a distant planet where evolution has seemingly reversed itself. Apes are the masters and man is a lower animal, to be hunted and, as the astronaut learns, ruthlessly exterminated. After winning some friends among the sympathetic chimpanzees, Taylor escapes into the "Forbidden Zone" where he discovers, much to his horror, that he is not in a distant solar system, but has accidentally penetrated the time barrier; he is on Earth in the distant future. The Planet of the Apes was once the Planet of Man.

The concept, although differing slightly in its denouement from Pierre Boulle's novel, is interesting and acceptable to even the severest science fiction critic. The film itself, however, is not without its share of cinematic deficiencies.

It begins well, with some marvelous point-of-view shots of the dying space ship plummeting headlong into a shimmering, glassy-surfaced lake. The trek across the
heat-baked desert is also well filmed, and more point-of-view shots from behind craggy mountaintops and mishapen caverns prove excellent representations of unseen, watchful alien observers. The discovery of the waterfall and the subsequent bathing scene both feature some refreshing use of the hand-held camera technique to convey a more casual tone in the action, and Jerry Goldsmith's energetic music-scoring for the sequence adds a welcome touch of relief from the 'usually crass, percussion sounding soundtrack. The "wild hunt" episode that follows is very exciting and extremely well-staged.

Beginning first with a haunting alien bellow from some invisible source, the scene builds in momentum as the hapless human beings scurry madly about, stalked by an ominous, unseen horror that thrashes through the underbrush, encircling its prey. The sight of the apes on horseback is effective, and worthy of the finest moments of Boule's novel. But when the hunt concludes and the helpless specimens are carted home to Ape City, a sudden difference can be sensed in the mood and style of the film. The triumphant gorilla, posing immodestly with his human captives as a second simian snaps his picture is straight out of the novel, yet it forshadows the sillier, "Gimmicky" turn the movie has taken. A few minutes into the chimpanzee scenes confirm this change. Leon Shamroy's cinematography, alive and moving up till now, suddenly stagnates in the face of the ape faces. The rooms in which apes appear are brilliantly lit so that the audience can relish every detail of the million dollar make-up. Editing, camera angles and movement all cease so as not to detract from the latex and rubber creations so well-heralded in the ad campaigns. Here is where Jacobs' commercialism stunts the enigmatic qualities and cinematic possibilities of his story. Scenes that should have been immensely powerful — Taylor's trial before the jury of orangutans, for instance — become curious oddities at best, intentionally humorous "fun" at the very worst. Intelligent satire, as in the novel, is abandoned completely in favor of a constant barrage of simian anecdotes ("human see, human do" etc.) with some rather thin moralizing about the "evils of man" thrown in between the action.

On the whole, it must be admitted, the film does retain the honest "feel" of the novel, but it is painfully clear that everyone involved subjugated themselves to the overpowering charisma of the special make-up and the entire novelty of the project.

Technically, PLANET's hefty budget afforded the same high-class treatment all other expensive productions enjoy. The Panavision screen, proving once again how superior a process it actually is in comparison to Fox's earlier wide image, Cinemascope, ideally projects the endless lost voids in space, the barren hopelessness of
Dr. Zira, a brilliant animal psychologist, specializing in HUMAN behavior. The one person to believe in Taylor and try to help him.

Brenn, Another astronaut. Sent out from Earth to rescue Taylor's missing starship. Only to be trapped by the same nightmare in BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES.

The most perceptive of these suggest the audience's unquestioned respect for the entrancing, anti-heroic character of the apes, particularly the chimpanzees; the younger viewers respond to this the same way they identify with their favorite animal cartoon characters, as personal (if impossible) friends removed from the strict rules and regulations of the "real" world. Adults, too, see the apes as exaggerated portraits of their favorite childhood fairy tales, and it becomes quite clear in the later films that audience sentiment favors the apes, not the humans. It is this reversal of allegiances that is most accountable for the film's success.

But "success" was the key word; a sequel of some kind was the next logical step, and Jacobs, as logical and inventive as ever, started pre-production work on the PLANET OF THE MEN.

Jacobs himself was surprised at how easily this new project was progressing. With the important exception of Roddy McDowell (who was busy with a film elsewhere) the original cast members were delighted to repeat their respective roles, although Charlton Heston's part was little more than an eagerly-awaited cameo. Boule himself offered a screen treatment which Jacobs rejected after deciding it was "unciematic", and John Chambers' make-up department hit home with improved, super-
flexible simian heads. The new film toplined James Franciscus as the astronaut sent into space (and time) to retrieve Heston and his crew. After the usual open-mouthed befuddlement, Brent (Franciscus), makes his way into the notorious “Forbidden Zone” where atomicscarred human mutations add to his troubles. Finally, Heston reappears (he had been glimpsed briefly at the film’s outset) and the two are caught up in a futuristic class struggle: apes vs. mutants. Jacobs himself takes credit for the ending, which, for abruptness and totality has few exceptions. Astronaut Taylor blows up the world, putting the problem-plagued Earth out of its misery and ending the series at the same time. History and Jacobs’ bank account remind us that, fortunately for science fiction fans, such was not the case.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, as it was eventually called, did almost as well at the box office as its predecessor, and in the money-tight movie business this is no slight achievement. Critically, however, it was a lame duck. The film simply overloaded itself with too many subplots, most of which were wildly fantastic to an almost ridiculous degree. It was hard enough to accept a planet ruled by apes, but seeing them in mortal combat with hideous mutant “superminds” against the threatening background of a “doomsday” bomb was too much.

Nevertheless, BENEATH had its positive moments. The “ape-ups,” as mentioned earlier, were far more flexible than the first film’s attempts. Chambers work on the mutants was nothing less than inspired, and the special effects folks and art directors created a spectacular vision of demolished New York. As a matter of fact, BENEATH’s production values were quite impressive, far ahead of anything that appeared in the subsequent films and occasionally even outdoing the first. But all these lavish designs were in vain, for as any fan of the series can tell you, BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES is the recognized turkey of the lot.

When news of a third APE project became public, many befuddled followers wondered how on Earth (no pun intended!) the storyline could continue. After conveniently disposing of the planet in BENEATH — and the series presumably along with it — it was no minor task coming up with a feasible solution. The answer, as it turned out, was positively ingenious. A trio of chimpanzees, realizing the end was near, travel backward in time to our not-so-distant future. The female, Zira, has a baby... and this gives the scriptwriters a chance to “remake” the original story, a story interesting and imaginative enough that it deserved a more detailed account. We see before our awe-struck eyes the very way the Planet of the Apes began, how Zira’s child was destined to organize the full-scale ape revolt, how man was soon to play second fiddle to the simians. We learn marvelously juicy sci-fi facts, too: like how an alien disease destroyed all the dogs and cats on earth, thus forcing humans to adopt apes as their pets, and later, as their slaves. By having his chimpanzees go back into time, Jacobs breathed new and exciting life into an

In the Beginning. In CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, there were Apes and there were Humans. The Humans RULED.
The Apes were well-trained, industrious, DOCILE. They were conditioned to be. Revolt was unthinkable.

already tired series. Now he had the chance to fully explore the only truly fascinating concept of the "APES" story—how it all came about. Jacobs added the baby-ape-from-the-future gimmick to Boule's original premise, and the astonishingly inventive solution to BENEATH's cataclysmic climax earned ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES a special recommendation before the film had even been screened!

After the film was screened, it looked almost like some bizarre mirror image to the original film, with the humans in power this time and the apes on the lam. Production values were modest, to say the least, and most of the "spectacular" look of the previous films was noticeably absent, basically because this new APES was shot in recognizable locations, as the plotline demanded. (One does question the regrettable absence of the crash-landing of the apes' space-time ship at the film's start. Surely it would have generated some welcome excitement in a special-effects-less film such as this.) Anyway, the flick concludes with the overly violent death of the amiable chimps, and the secret survival of their child.

Unlike previous films in the series, this one ends with a sequel in mind, and although the box office returns weren't the greatest compared to its predecessors, no doubt that a further chapter in the ever-growing APES saga was on Jacobs' agenda.

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES — that eventual chapter — gets my vote as the finest film in the series, surpassing even the original APES. Scriptwriter Paul Dehn, the man responsible for the brilliant back-into-time gimmick of ESCAPE, skillfully re-vitalizing force a step further in a surprisingly honest, honestly-meaningful screenplay that is seldom off target. The capable directing hand of J. Lee Thompson sparks violent electricity in the vocal confrontations, assured cinematic control in the battles. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the film is cinematographer Bruce Surtees' spectacular imagery. CONQUEST is truly the only "visual" entry in the series. The movie is quite cheap, cheaper than ESCAPE, and the entire film takes place in one bland location. But Surtees' roving camera evokes excitement and suspense totally absent from the
earlier efforts.

The story, simply, focuses on Zira's child, grown to maturity, as he organizes the first ape rebellion in what can only be described as a futuristic concentration camp for simians. We see the beginnings of man's domestication and eventual enslavement of the apes, his intolerance, hatred and inevitable downfall. Zira's son proudly chooses his own name—"Caesar"—and makes preparations for his earth shaking conquests. All the cuteness, the infantile puns, are gone. Thompson intelligently realized that the marvelous ape-ups were no longer a novelty to be dwelt on, and concentrates on developing character and biting character interaction. What emerges is an honest, unpretentious moral argument for the minority, and Caesar's final soliloquy, lasting well over fifteen minutes, personifies the entire mood of this genuinely meaningful, thought-provoking study of the oppressed. All in all, an unexpected (and unrepeatable) treat from APES factory.

It seemed impossible for BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES to meet the high standards of its predecessor. To begin with, an entire film seems to be missing in between the two. CONQUEST ends with the apes preparing a massive takeover; BATTLE begins with the takeover accomplished. We now discover that, unlike in the first movie, Man and Ape live together on a basically cooperative basis, although the latter is clearly the dominating force. The "Battle," as heralded in the title, represents a last ditch attempt on the part of some local mutants (these are different mutants than the ones featured in BENEATH; they're a lot sloppier.) to recover the Earth in the name of Man. Caesar is still an excellent, intensely likable character and commands a strong, respectful presence. J. Lee Thompson, again directing, provides some exciting moments, but his dissatisfaction with the material is clearly evident. One thoughtfully note: the film ends with a question mark. Can man and ape make it together on this Earth as brother, or will the planet truly become hopelessly divided? It is an honest question profoundly delivered, etched in penetrative symbolism and deeper meanings.

We now stand ready for the ultimate exaggeration of the "series" formula: television. CBS has made definite plans for a PLANET OF THE APES TV show come this fall, and a good guess is that it'll start off right where BATTLE ended, and hopefully explore that intriguing question. Whatever happens, the APES movies stand as an enjoyable excursion into fantasy, escapism, wild sci-fi, and finally—on a more serious level—race hatred. As you can see from my notes here, it is not a perfect series, but rather a strong, ultimately captivating force that may go on forever. Let's hope television adds to its longevity.
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Rod Serling Recalls

An Interview with the famed creator of Twilight Zone and the screenwriter of Planet of the Apes
by David Johnson

“I first became involved with Planet of the Apes about ten years ago,” muscular-voiced Rod Serling is saying in the sun-filled office of his Pacific Palisades home. “I was approached by an outfit called the King Brothers, who did mostly Indian-elephant pictures shot for about a $1.80 — because elephants weren’t even scale then.

“The King Brothers had a notion about doing the Pierre Boulle book as a nickle-and-dime picture. I was convinced that it could be done and at the time, as I recall, I did a whole treatment for them, a scene-by-scene breakdown of how we would lick the problem. They ultimately discarded it because of the ape population.

“I never heard any more about it until I got a call from Blake Edwards, who was the next individual to get into it and who was going to produce and direct it. I was told by Blake to go, not to worry about money. It was going to be a big one.

“My earliest version of the script featured an ape city, much like New York. It wasn’t carved out rocks with caves on the side of a hill. It was a metropolis. Everything related to anthropoid. The automobiles, the buildings, the elevators, the rooms, the furniture. The script was very long and I think the estimate of the production people was that if they had shot that script it would’ve cost no less than a hundred million dollars — y’know, by the time they created an ape population, clothed it and built a city for them to live in.

“Then Arthur Jacobs got into it, as I recall. Arthur said it could be done but not for that kind of money. So I redid it — with an eye toward a very special society, one that was semi-primitive, semi-civilized. I think I did about three drafts of the actual screenplay.

“What were some of the problems he faced in bringing the Boulle novel to celluloid life? “Well, I think the major one was to make apes speak and not get a laugh. The whole thing was to make an audience believe it and take it seriously.

“Mine was a very free adaptation of the original material. Actually, it was not an adaptation. It was based on the book by Boulle. There’s quite a distinction.

“God, it’s so long since I’ve read the book but I believe the story ended on a completely different note. Where they go back to Earth and they land at an airport and they open the door and there are apes. The evolution has taken place on earth while they were away.”

“So the denouement in the film version (Charlton Heston and Linda Harrison riding along the beach past the tip of the Statue of Liberty, indicating that the astronauts had landed on their own planet in the future) was Serling’s? “Yes. In collaboration with Jacobs.”

“In response to the interviewer’s unabashed enthusiasm for that ending, Rod says: “Yes, it was a wild cinematic scene.”

“What happened then with the project? “Well, Arthur and I kept in touch over a period of time but then he decided to give the script to Mike Wilson, who in turn took away almost all of my dialogue and used his own. My recollection, though, of the shooting script is that the chronology of scenes and events was identical to mine — except that the people didn’t say the same things.

“For example, there was the museum sequence where you see the astronauts stuffed. That was mine. But I didn’t have the dialogue that covered it.

“Mine was much more somber and serious dialogue. There was very little humor in my piece. If you recall, Wilson used a lot of puns and juxtaposed familiar expressions like I’ve never met an ape I didn’t like,” that kind of thing.

“I gather the humor was one of the key-reasons for the success of the picture. I blew it and Wilson did it.”

“Was it necessary to go to the Writers Guild of America for arbitration? “No, never. As I said, we’d been in touch roughly all during that time. They offered me collaborative credit almost immediately. But it’s really Mike Wilson’s screenplay, much more than mine.”

“Did Franklin Schaffner, the film’s director, work on the project with Serling? “No, he came into it later. But Frank and I worked together years and years ago for a long time — y’know, on Studio One and Playhouse 90. Schaffner is a brilliant director. He’s tops, as far as I’m concerned.”

“Had Rod seen any of the sequels to Planet of the Apes? “Just one.” (It was the second in the series, Beneath the Planet of the Apes.)
"Arthur offered it to me from London and I remember spending $200 on a phone conversation about what we'd do with it. We literally got into the hydrogen bomb and the resurgence of civilization over the apes and we very much plugged the concept of the ape's desperate fear of the humans. Because the humans repeated what they'd done before which, essentially, was to wreck the earth.

"As it turned out, I couldn't do the script when Arthur wanted it done. I was on another assignment. So I didn't have the remotest connection with the approach Jacobs eventually went with."

Did Rod have any thoughts about the theories expressed in Erich von Daniken's controversial bestseller Chariots of the Gods? (Sertling did the narration for the TV version.) "I believe much of it. Some of it will take in a neutral fashion. I'll say, 'I'm not sure you're right. But somebody else give me something else by way of a projection.' I feel much of what he said can be put to scientific test and found pretty valid.

"The most negative reaction has come from theologians. They hate it. Because obviously everything von Daniken suggests by way of theory — evolutionary and otherwise — goes much against the New Testament. So when you read a book like Crash Go the Chariots, which was supposed to be the definitive knockdown of the von Daniken book, you look at the critic's credits. He's written nothing but theological books. What he's defending is the Mother Church. So his rebuttal to von Daniken is subject to considerable thought and second-guessing."

The outspoken Mr. Sertling, born in Binghamton, New York, graduate of Antioch, recipient of Emmy and Peabody Awards, gained his initial fame for those hard-hitting plays aired during the Golden Age of Television (Requiem for a Heavyweight, Patterns, etc.). But that reputation may have been eclipsed by the writer's entrance into the field of fantasy and science-fiction with his classic TV anthology Twilight Zone and later, Night Gallery.

Does the occult hold a fascination for him? "I'm interested, but as an aficionado, not as a knowledgeable practitioner. I know very little about it.

"I really can't claim to being a science-fiction man either. Fantasy was really more my bag. And I'm very much a Johnny-Come-Lately into that. The guys — the really key men — like Asimov, Clarke, Bradbury — they all preceded me by years and years and have a body of literature to show for it. I have nothing but a television show. My only claim is that I put science-fiction and fantasy into a mass media more than any other person. We predated Star Trek and Outer Limits. I think in its day Twilight Zone was a pretty qualitative little entry. It was a fairly professional piece of work that we were all proud of. It fell down frequently as television is wont to do, but I think the effort always showed.

"With the reruns, the show had a renaissance. I go out on lecture things around to the colleges and, hell, the kids watch it fairly religiously."

"Does he ever watch the reruns? "Rarely. They take key scenes and arbitrarily scissor them out. You're watching and think, 'What the hell happened to so-and-so?' Y'know, characters disappear without any explanation because they've been cut two or three minutes out for additional commercials. And those scripts were carefully wrought to be precisely 26 minutes in length or whatever it was then. When you do something that explicitly and
Gary Collins as a parapsychologist, were edited down to a half-hour length (they now resemble teasers for "next week's show" and make no sense whatsoever) by Universal and added to the Night Gallery package for syndication. "I haven't seen any of those," Rod admits. "I did the hosting for the new stuff and some of what they gave me to say was incredible. But I did it because I wanted out. Completely. Y' see, I had a 50% profit situation. But I didn't own any of the films or have any artistic control."

To backtrack, how did he get into the hosting and voice-over end of the business? (Serling's done TV spiels for products like Anacin, Sunkist, Ford and the commentary for the Jacques Cousteau television specials, to name just a few of his credits.) "Absolutely accidentally. I'm not an actor. I don't have a trained voice. It's even resonant. But it's different — very recognizable, that's all. I never aspired to anything like this. But when Twilight Zone needed a host, a cheap item, somebody who'd work for scale — well, literally. I was there and I spoke the language and I articulated reasonably well and I became the host. It was from that that all these other things came. A laugh. "And, thank God, because writing assignments are very sparse these days."

The writer divides his year between the East and West Coasts; six months teaching creative writing at Ithaca College in Upstate New York and the remaining six months at his homestead overlooking the blue Pacific. What's he working on now? "I'm on my third draft of a feature film based on Jerome Bixby's short story, It's a Good Life. We did it originally on Twilight Zone but now we're doing a full-length version. Alan Landsburg, who produced Chariots of the Gods?, is producing it. It's in the fantasy-horror genre."

With Rod Serling at the creative helm, it should be a chiller we'll all go "ape" over.
When it was first announced that Twentieth Century-Fox was going to film PLANET OF THE APES, there was a great deal of curiosity about how the studio would handle the make-ups. How could a topnotch team of actors, and hundreds of extras, be transformed into Chimps, Gorillas and Orangutans? Inside the Fox studios it was more worry than curiosity: for, from the beginning of the project, it was realized that on the success of the make-ups would hang the success of the film.

The first attempts at an Ape make-up were primitive when compared to the final successful efforts. The designers are unknown, and the make-ups themselves were never seen by the public.

The initial tries were practiced on Edward G. Robinson who was the first to test for the role of Dr. Zaius. His entire face was covered with putty. His brow-ridges were built-up, and a broad, simple nose designed over his own. Bushy eyebrows, sideburns and hair were added. The lips, completely covered, gave the mouth an eerie, non-human look. The ears were false, slipped on top of the man’s own ears. They were made to be exaggerated in length and thickness. The result of all this was not suggestive of an Ape ... but of a caricature of a human being’s face. The first Hollywood Ape looked more like an accident.

MAURICE EVANS between takes. After all, putting it all back on takes over THREE HOURS, so once you’re in, you’re IN!
victim, or a freak. It was certainly not what the studio was aiming for. Facial mobility and the ability to create a character with the performer’s appearance were simply not there.

About this time, John Chambers entered the picture with a set of bizarre but ideal references. During World War II he had been the designer and builder of artificial limbs. His work had made it a necessity for him to learn literally everything there was to know about human anatomy, and he was already providing his great ability as a make-up man. The ideal choice for the job!

Chambers immediately began experimenting along lines that had been previously used by Jack Dawn, when Dawn created the characters for the film THE WIZARD OF OZ. To turn Bert Lahr into the “Cowardly Lion” demanded that Lahr would still have complete use of his face for comedy effects, while the entire shape of his head was altered and exaggerated. Dawn solved the problem by designing a single appliance that fitted over Lahr’s brow-ridge, nose and cheeks. It enabled Dawn to insert freckles, whiskers, lion-like jowels and a cat-like nose... all with one appliance!

Chambers probably saw a similar, simian challenge in forming Zaius and his PLANET OF THE APES. Instead of whiskers there would be hair, and in place of a cat-like nose would be the broad, flaring nostrils of an ape. And he would have great advantages over Dawn’s work, for in those days latex products had just come into use. Chambers, however, had done work in manufacturing artificial hands using rubber and plastic to imitate flesh.

MAURICE EVANS, Shakespearean actor of no little fame, starring in PLANET OF THE APES, as the cultured, powerful DR. ZAIUS.

Chamber’s earliest efforts began with a series of lifemasks. For some reason it was felt that Oriental features would best fill Chamber’s requirements, and so the first actors he fitted were Orientals. Over a life-mask, Chambers began to design, in clay, a single appliance much like that used by Jack Dawn. Chamber’s appliance did not extend over the actor’s cheeks; it was more like a “T”-shaped affair. The brow-ridges covered the actor’s own eyebrows, making the front of his head seem to slope outwards. The nose was also covered, and over this part of his face a curving surface was built-up. It continued to the base of his upper lip. Wrinkles were added over the newly-shaped mouth, which ended in a narrow, featureless lip that curved slightly downward and ended a little past the end of the actor’s actual lip. A small nose, ending in large nostrils, was then added. The nostrils ended about halfway up the performer’s nose-bone. Above the artificial nostrils was added a thin, short nasal bridge.

Another, smaller appliance was designed to change the shape of the actor’s lower lip and chin.

Over the clay-sculptured appliances, thin coats of plaster were carefully brushed on. The plaster was gradually built-up in thickness until, after the whole thing had dried, it was pulled off the clay. Chambers now had a mold of the appliance.

Into the mold was poured some of Chamber’s own formula. Soft and porous like sponge rubber, yet firm like plastic when dried and baked. The full mold was placed into an oven. When fully baked, the appliance and mold were removed from the oven, and the hardened formula carefully peeled free of the mold. It was then trimmed of excess materials, and sanded down when necessary.

Then the real fun began for the actor. Summoned to
wig and other hair. Final contrasting shades of greasepaint were carefully applied.

Throughout this entire, lengthy procedure, the actor kept rehearsing every expression he could think of, to ensure that nothing would be made too tight to let him work his features. A mirror was held up to the actor's face, and he knew that Chambers' design was a complete success. He could not recognize himself. A Chimpanzee's face stared back at him!

This entire make-up session had been filmed, and the footage was carefully edited into a featurette. Chambers' own explanations, with the actor's occasional comments, made up the soundtrack. When the 10-minute film was shown to studio officials, it was very well received. Chambers was given the go-ahead, and Fox knew they had licked their biggest problem.

Of course, this was only the beginning of the work for John Chambers and his huge staff of assistants.

This entire procedure had to be repeated every time another cast-member was signed. Life-masks were made first, the appliances sculpted over them, and the molds made. During the actual filming, new appliances would have to be made for each day's shooting, so the molds were carefully guarded in locked cabinets.

There were also changes in the make-ups along the way, and additional chores to be done.

First to go was the single-appliance principle. The final working designs called for separate pieces. Left and right brows, nose and upper mouth, chin and lower mouth, each ear ... all of these were made into separate molds and

The Orangutans. Leaders of the Ape scientific hierarchy and guardians of the Sacred Scrolls.

the make-up room one morning at 5:00 A.M. (to allow the time for a detailed session with John Chambers magic make-up tools), he sat in a barbershop-type chair as Chambers fitted the appliance over his face. A perfect fit, thanks to expert craftsmanship!

The edges of the make-up appliance were carefully thinned-down until, at the very end, they were only paper-thin. The face of the performer was covered with a protective cream. Then spirit gum, an adhesive, was smeared on the underside of the T-shaped make-up, and it was glued onto the actor's face. While it dried, Chambers was hard at work smoothing down the ends of the appliance so that it blended perfectly into the actor's own face. The same was done to the chin-piece. After it dried, Chambers anxiously asked the actor if he could move his mouth. Slowly at first, so as not to undo the delicate joints. The actor found that he could articulate perfectly, and get any expression just by exaggerating his facial movements. When a mirror was held up to his face, he couldn't believe it ... the whole shape of his human features gone. He was becoming a Chimpanzee!

Chambers covered the actor's face with greasepaint, to get the skin and make-up the same color. The creases were painted with shadowy highlights. Circles were added under the eyes to make them seem more deep-set, and the thin lips were painted. Crepe hair, threaded into a fine gauze base a few hairs at a time, was carefully trimmed into sideburns. Rubber ears were added, and hair covered the sides of the face. A rubber skin-cap covered the actor's hair, and over this a long wig was glued into place. One of Chambers' assistants carefully trimmed and combed the wig into place, to blend with the side-pieces. Make-up was applied to hide the gauze at the sides of the

ZIRA. (KIM HUNTER). Wife of Cornelius and one of the more rebellious members of the chimpanzee scientific community.
filled in the actor's special make-up bin. Wigs were patterned and trimmed in advance to save time that would be precious during the day-to-day production schedule.

As production went further along, designs were finalized for Chimps (including Roddy MacDowell and Kim Hunter, Orangutans (especially for Maurice Evans and James Whitmore, and Gorillas (the biggest stuntmen they could find).

Of all the make-ups, the most mobile were the ones made for Kim Hunter. Because a great deal of the film's impact would rest upon how human she could make her features appear through her make-up, the thinnest possible pieces were molded for her face. A great deal of additional labor went into blending the pieces extra-smoothly into her own features, and even the grease-paint coloring used on her were much more intricate and multi-layered. In her specially-made appliances, Miss Hunter smiled, frowned, articulated words...and kissed star Charlton Heston.

Running her a close second for make-up intricacy was Roddy MacDowell. There were problems with Maurice Evans' mouth movements, and most of his dialogue had to be "looped" (re-dubbed later in the studio, as the actor viewed film of himself to match the pace of his own words).

For the numerous extras in the film, most of whom would be seen only from great distances or while moving quickly, over-the-head masks were designed and mass-produced. Standardized heads of Gorillas, Chimps and Orangutans were designed and sculpted, and molds made from the sculptures. The heads were molded in layers from rigid material. The actors could not change their expressions.

Holes were molded into the design of the masks, and through these openings were pulled large bundles of crepe hair. They were cemented to the masks from inside, and when each group of hairs was combed into place, the result was a finished wig. A flap was also incorporated at the backs of the masks. Strips of velcro (a plastic material that uses microscopically refined hooks to "stick to itself") were used to close these flaps. When the actor was called for a scene, all he had to do was open the flap, don the mask, press the flap closed and walk to the set.

Sound easy? Well, there were some minor problems. For instance, the masks were hot! Because of the heavy hair and plastic they were usually removed between takes.

Of course the actors in the specially-designed make-ups could not remove their pieces; to do so would have meant another 3-hour session in the make-up chair. And the design of the appliances did not permit the actors to breathe through their noses. Because their mouths had to be opened continuously, small plastic strips of teeth were included in the upper and lower "lips" of their cunning disguises (the actor's own mouth appeared as small holes behind their large, oversized Ape-mouths). Food had to be eaten during the day through straws, and local catering services were puzzled when they were asked to supply gallons of fruit-juices for studio lunches. After lunch, Maurice Evans could usually be seen smoking a cigarette in a long holder, while wearing dark glasses and a wide-brimmed hat to shield him from the sun. Evans and other cast-members also took to walking from set to set with parasols to keep the sun from making their make-up run.

Despite all the problems, people ended up making a fine motion-picture, while finding time to have fun between-takes. And for John Chambers, walking in the middle of all this must have been an unforgettable experience. His skill had almost single-handedly created the main features of the PLANET OF THE APES.
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BEGINNING: MARVEL COMICS' 6-PART ADAPTATION OF TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S SCIENCE-FICTION MASTERPIECE...

PLANET OF THE APES

STARS GLITTER LIKE FLOATING GEMS AGAINST THE BLACK VELVET BACKDROP OF SPACE. THE SHIMMERING BELT OF THE CONSTELLATION ORION SWEEPS ACROSS THE VOID WITH COLD MAJESTY.

AND AN INSIGNIFICANT SPECK OF LIGHT GLIDES SILENTLY THROUGH THE STYGIAN NOTHINGNESS. THE SPECK IS A SHIP... AND AS SUCH REPRESENTS MAN'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT TO DATE...

...A FLIGHT TO THE STARS!

THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN SPEAKS:

"SO ENDS MY LAST SIGNAL UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION. WE ARE NOW ON AUTOMATIC DRIVE, A MERE ONE-HUNDRED-FIVE LIGHT YEARS FROM OUR BASE... AND AT THE MERCY OF EMOTIONLESS COMPUTERS, I'VE TUCKED IN MY CREW FOR THE LONG SLEEP. I'LL JOIN THEM PRESENTLY..."

FOR WITHIN THE HOUR WE SHALL COMPLETE THE SIXTH MONTH OF OUR FLIGHT FROM CAPE KENNEDY...

BY OUR TIME, THAT IS...
...but according to Dr. Hasslein's theory of time in a vehicle traveling at close to the speed of light, old Mother Earth has aged a few hundred years since our departure—while we have scarcely aged at all!

As for me, I leave the twentieth century with no regret. I think it was Marshall, who said, "Modern man is the missing link between the ape... and the human being."

One final, personal thought—seen from up here, everything looks... different. Time bends and space is boundless. It crushes a man's ego until he feels like nothing more than an irritating mote in the eye of eternity, and he begins to wonder... what if anything, will greet us at the end of man's first journey to a star?

"Do we have the right to be so vain that we can look at these thousands of galaxies, these millions of stars... and actually believe that only one planet—the speck of solar dust we call Earth—has been graced... or cursed... with human life?"

"I doubt it."

That's about all, I guess... except I can't help wondering if man—that glorious paradox of the universe who has sent me into the unknown—still wages war against his brother... and lets his neighbor's children starve!
WELL THEN, EARTHMEN--A MISSING LINK SALUTES YOU.

BLESS YOU... MY DESCENDANTS.

WELL, THAT WASN'T TOO BAD... MY FIVE-MINUTE TRANSMISSION ONLY TOOK TWO YEARS TO TAPE!

EARTH - TIME

WONDER IF THE BEATLES EVER GOT BACK TOGETHER...

EITHER WAY, MY THREE SLUMBERING COMPATRIOTS, IT'S BEEN WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A HARD DAYS NIGHT...

--AND TIME TO JOIN YOU IN HITTING THE GLASS SACK!

DODGE LONDON LANDON

GO PLEASANT DREAMS, DODGE... LANDON... AND, OF COURSE, STEWART.

THE ALARM WILL GO OFF WHEN WE REACH OUR DESTINATION...
WARNING:
SHIP HAS ENTERED FIELD OF GRAVITATIONAL PULL; COMPENSATE WITH TRAJECTORY REALIGNMENT...
Some alarm-clock we got on this ship!

You all right?

Yeah.

Check... but Stewart's capsule hasn't opened!

Oh... my... God...!!

What is it, Taylor? What's wrong...?!
THAT SETTLES IT--THREE ADAMS AND NO EVE...

THAT'S A HELL OF A THING TO SAY AT A--

THERE GOES OUR PRIMARY POWER--WE'RE ON AUXILIARY NOW.

WATER--!

THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED, LANDON. WE BETTER CHECK THE PORTHOLE...

WE'RE IN THE SOUP ALL RIGHT... AND SINKING FAST.

DODGE--TAKE A READING ON THE ATMOSPHERE! IT'S A CINCH WE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY IN HERE AND BREATHE THE WATER.

IT'S BREATHABLE, TAYLOR.
Okay then! Blow the hatch before we lose auxiliary power...

And let's get out of this floating coffin before it stops floating!

What the devil's Taylor doing down there?!

Hatch open!

Okay Dodge! Pass the inflatable raft up to Landon--and grab three of those life-kits!

Taylor--are you coming?

There isn't much time, man.

Yeah, I'm coming, Dodge...

...but you're wrong...

There's plenty of time.
DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE EVER COMING, TAYLOR.

JUST SAYING GOODBYE TO THE SHIP, LANDON. AFTER ALL, WE HAVE HER TO THANK FOR GETTING US HERE...

YEAH... WHEREVER HERE IS.

THE WATER'S BRINY--25 PERCENT SALINITY, NEAR THE SATURATION POINT.

SHE'S STILL SINKING...

GOING...

...GOING...

...GONE.

SOLD TO THE THREE EARTH MEN--ONE PLANET, HOPEFULLY SLIGHTLY USED, BECAUSE IF IT ISN'T, PALS, WE'RE ALL ALONE--

--AND WE'RE HERE TO STAY!
Yeah, but where's here? You got any notions at all, Skipper?

We're some three-hundred-twenty light years from Earth on an unnamed planet in orbit around a star in the constellation Orion...

That could be Bellatrix up there!

You didn't have time to check the tapes--so you don't really know where we are, do you?

Too red for Bellatrix!

What went wrong?

We weren't programmed to land in water--so we're not where we're supposed to be.

The question, Landon, is not so much where we are as when we are.

Now what's that supposed to mean?

It means we've had our rip van winkle snooze...

...and now it's time to start earning our back pay.

Why don't you take a tip from Dodge? He's already busy taking soil samples.
WELL, AS FOR OUR INVENTORY... WE'VE GOT ONE PISTOL, TWENTY-FOUR ROUNDS OF AMMO, TWO MEDICAL KITS, ONE CAMERA, ONE TXS...

...AND ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER FOR THREE DAYS.

GOOD QUESTION, DODGE.

LANDON... SNAP OUT OF IT AND CHECK YOUR COMMUNICATIONS KIT.

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG IS A DAY?

LANDON! I SAID JOIN THE EXPEDITION!

SORRY...

I WAS THINKING ABOUT... STEWART, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED?

AIR LEAK. DIED IN HER SLEEP.

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY CUT UP ABOUT IT!

IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR MOURNING -- SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEARLY A YEAR.

THEN... WE'VE BEEN AWAY FROM EARTH FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

IN FACT, YOUR HAIR'S GONE GRAY, Landon...

...BUT APART FROM THAT, YOU LOOK PRETTY CHIPPER FOR A MAN WHO'S TWO-THOUSAND-THIRTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

BY OUR TIME.

TWO-THOUSAND...
THAT'S RIGHT. I READ THE CLOCKS BEFORE WE ABANDONED SHIP--THEY BEAR OUT HASSLEIN'S HYPOTHESIS. WE'VE BEEN AWAY FROM EARTH FOR TWO-THOUSAND YEARS...GIVE OR TAKE A DECADE.

AND YOU STILL CAN'T ACCEPT IT, CAN YOU, LANDON?

YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THAT TIME HAS WIPE OUT EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING YOU EVER CARED FOR--TURNED THEM INTO DUST.

YOU CAN'T PROVE IT--IF WE CAN'T GET BACK, IT'S STILL JUST A THEORY!

IT'S A FACT, LANDON. BUY IT. YOU'LL SLEEP BETTER!

NOTHING'LL GROW HERE! THERE'S ONLY A TRACE OF HYDROCARBON BONDS, AND MOST OF THE NITROGEN IS LOCKED INTO NITRATES.

ANY DETECTION OF DANGEROUS IONIZATION?

NO. WE'RE O.K. ON THAT SCORE!

OKAY, IF THERE'S NO LIFE HERE, WE'VE GOT JUST SEVENTY-TWO HOURS TO FIND SOME ELSEWHERE.

THAT'S WHEN THE GROCERIES RUN OUT.

ANY PARTICULAR REASON FOR HEADING IN THIS DIRECTION?

NONE AT ALL!

WAIT A MINUTE!

AHA...HA HA HA HA
EIGHT OUNCES LEFT, TAYLOR. EIGHT OUNCES TO GET US THROUGH THIS CRAZY HELL MASQUERADEING AS A PLANET!

IT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP—THERE'S A MANTLE OF DUST AROUND THIS PLANET AND YET IT'S AS HUMID AS A JUNGLE, THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, AND YET NO RAIN, CLOUD COVER EVERY NIGHT AND THAT WEIRD LUMINOUSITY... AND YET NO MOON.

IF ONLY WE COULD GET A FIX ON THE STARS...

WHAT WOULD YOU LEARN? I'VE TOLD YOU WHERE YOU ARE AND WHEN YOU ARE.

WHY? BECAUSE HE'S MORE THAN THREE-HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS FROM HIS PRECIOUS LITTLE HOME-PLANET? BECAUSE HIS LOVED ONES HAVE BEEN DEAD AND FORGOTTEN FOR TWENTY CENTURIES?

TAYLOR... QUIT RIDING HIM.

ALL RIGHT ALREADY, TAYLOR—

ALL RIGHT NOTHING, YOU PITIFUL FOOL. THERE'S ONLY ONE REALITY LEFT, WE'RE HERE AND IT'S NOW, YOU GET A HOLD ON THAT AND QUIT FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF, OR YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD.

I'M PREPARED TO DIE!
OH, HE'S PREPARED TO DIE. ISN'T THAT NOBLE AND COURAGEOUS?! CHALK UP ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE HUMAN SPIRIT!

SURE, BUT BEFORE I GET OFF FOR GOOD, JUST CLEAR UP ONE QUESTION—WHY DID YOU COME ALONG AT ALL? YOU VOLUNTEERED. WHY?

I'LL TELL YOU—they nominated you for the big one and you couldn't turn it down without losing your all-American standing.

GET OFF MY BACK, TAYLOR.

AND THE GLORY—DON'T FORGET THAT. THERE'S A LIFE-SIZED BRONZE STATUE OF YOU SOMEWHERE, LANDON. OH, IT'S PROBABLY TURNED GREEN BY NOW, AND NOBODY CAN READ THE NAME-PLATE...

...BUT NEVER LET IT BE SAID WE FORGET OUR HEROES.

ARE YOU FINISHED, TAYLOR?

ONE LAST ITEM—IMMORTALITY. YOU WANTED TO GO ON FOREVER, AND YOU'VE DAMN NEAR MADE IT. EXCEPT FOR DODGE AND ME, YOU'VE LIVED LONGER THAN ANYBODY!

YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, KID. HOW DOES IT TASTE?

OKAY, YOU READ ME WELL ENOUGH. WHY CAN'T I READ YOU?

I MEAN, DODGE I CAN UNDERSTAND. HE MAKES SENSE. HE'D WALK THROUGH A VOLCANO NAKED IF HE THOUGHT HE COULD LEARN SOMETHING NO OTHER MAN KNEW. BUT YOU, TAYLOR—YOU'RE NO SEEKER, YOU'RE NEGATIVE.

BUT I'M NOT "PREPARED TO DIE."

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY NOT! YOU THOUGHT LIFE ON EARTH WAS MEANINGLESS! YOU DESPISED PEOPLE—YOU RAN AWAY FROM THEM!
NOT QUITE, LANDON. I'M A BIT OF A SEEKER MYSELF, BUT MY DREAMS ARE A LOTemptier THAN YOURS...

...CAUSE, Y' SEE, I CAN'T GET RID OF THE IDEA THAT SOMEWHERE IN THIS UNIVERSE, THERE MUST BE A CREATURE SUPERIOR TO MAN.

OVER HERE...

HEY! TAYLOR... LANDON... COME HERE!

AND WHERE THERE'S ONE, THERE'S ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...

LIFE.

WELL, COME ON THEN-- LET'S FIND 'EM ALL!

WE'RE DOWN TO TWO OUNCES OF WATER...

WATER'S GONE, TAYLOR.

WE'LL FIND SOME SOON... I FEEL IT IN MY BONES, DODGE.
IT'S A STREAM BED, NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT... BUT BONE-DRY...

SCARE-CROWS?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

LOOK!

THEY ARE SCARE-CROWS... SEEM TO FORM A BOUNDARY... OR MAYBE THEY'RE SOME SORT OF WARNING...

WATER--!

IT'S WATER!

NEVER MIND THE SCARE-CROWS--CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT RUSHING SOUND??!
WATER!

OH MY GOD--WATER!!

HURRY, DODGE. HURRY-- FOR GOD'S SAKE!

IT'S LOADED WITH MINERALS...

...BUT SAFE!

THEN WHAT ON EARTH--OR WHEREVER WE ARE--

ARE WE WAITING FOR?!

FEELS GOOD TO WASH OFF TWO-THOUSAND YEARS OF SWEAT, EH, DODGE?

YEAH... BUT WHERE'S LANDON? HE MUST BE JUST AS SWEATY...

HEY, TAYLOR--DODGE! YOU'D BETTER COME OVER HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I'VE FOUND!

PROBABLY AFRAID IF HE WASHES OFF HIS SWEAT HE'LL FIND NOTHING LEFT UNDERNEATH...
THIS.

IT WAS MADE BY A HUMAN... OR SOMETHING CLOSE TO IT.

LOOK!

LOOKS LIKE EARTH FASHIONS ARE AT A PREMIUM HERE...

QUIET! DODGE!

WE DON'T KNOW WHO... OR WHAT... THEY ARE YET...

BUT WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY DIDN'T LEAVE MUCH OF OUR UNIFORMS.

TAYLOR-- LOOK... OVER THERE...

ONE OF OUR THIEVES... MAKING A GETAWAY.
WELL... LET'S STOP 'EM!

WELL, I'LL BE--
MY GOD, THEY... THEY LOOK ALMOST--

--HUMAN.
THEY-- THERE'S A BLOODY HERD OF THEM!

SO LET'S SHOW 'EM WE'RE FRIENDLY.

GREETINGS! WE COME TO YOU IN PEACE!

NO CIGAR WITH THAT TACTIC.
TRY TELLING THEM OUR NAMES.

LANDON, KINDLY KEEP YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS TO YOURSELF, HUH?

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE SCARED THEM OFF!
SALL WE FOLLOW THEM?

HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE, NOW DO WE?
Well, at least they haven't tried to bite us!

Blessed are the vegetarians.

And they seem to have a number of other good points as well. That female over there is gorgeous.

But stupid—they're all stupid, like animals. We got off at the wrong stop!

Look at the bright side, Landon. If this is the best there is around here, in six months we'll be running this planet.

Taylor, look at them. They're agitated all of a sudden... there's absolute terror etched on their faces...

What the devil are they running from—?!

I don't know, but whatever it is—

Listen...!

That rumble... it's like hoofbeats... horses... galloping...
APES! APES ON HORSEBACK!

KRAK
RIFLES—THEY'VE GOT RIFLES!
NO KIDDIN'!

WHAT'LL WE DO?!
RUN LIKE HELL, YOU BLOODY FOOL!
MY GOD--THEY'VE GOT BEATERS! IT'S LIKE THE AFRICAN BUSH. WE'RE BEING HUNTED, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

Yeah... and now I know what it feels like... to be an animal.

We can't just stay here--!

Kak!

We've gotta make a break for it!

Landon... stop, you damn fool!

YAAAHHH!

You poor stupid fool...

Blaw! Uhhnn!

Dodge...!
This is crazy—I won’t run any more...!

It’s lunacy—humans hunted by apes!

Do you hear me?! It’s crazy I tell you—!

It’s craa--

You know, for just a moment there... I almost thought I heard one of the humans speak. But of course that’s absurd...

--AGK-K-k!

Of course, let’s just finish rounding up this wild herd of creatures...

...and take them to the pens!

Next: The City of the Apes
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NEXT ISSUE:

Jason and Alexander—fugitives on the world where beasts reign supreme—are forced to go where no man or ape dares venture!

The Forbidden Zone of Forgotten Terror

Plus:

The second part of our epic adaptation of the original "Planet of the Apes" movie!

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PLANET OF THE APES

ON SALE AUGUST 27 Wherever discriminating Orangutans shop
FDR sat here.

At the age of 39, Franklin Delano Roosevelt contracted polio. He went to bed one night feeling ill, and in the morning he couldn't get up. He couldn't walk. He had a handicap. And yet, seven years later, he became governor of New York. Eleven years later, President of the United States.

He led the country out of the dark days of the depression, and still in a wheelchair, through the bitter years of a world war.

He was obviously as smart sitting down as he was standing up. And he was willing to work hard enough to prove it to himself and to the people of America.

Today, there are millions of Americans with physical and mental handicaps. And they, too, realize that they have to prove themselves. But all too often, they don't get the chance.

They don't get the understanding they need to gain the confidence to ask for a break. Or they find the physical barriers to entering and leaving buildings, or to using public transportation, so discouraging that they don't even try.

And this is the real handicap.

What can you do to help? You can take the time to think. You can take the trouble to understand. You can give these people your confidence, so they can have confidence in themselves. And you can give them the same chance you'd give anyone else.

Then, when you've given all this, you can do one final thing. You can stop thinking of them as handicapped. And start thinking of them as friends and neighbors, as people with talent and a contribution to make to the world.

Isn't it about time we stopped handicapping the handicapped?


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The Struggles, Loves, and Triumphs of Human Oddities

1. Myrtle Corbin had 4 legs. She is pictured with her husband and one of her three children.
2. Eli Bowen, an accomplished acrobat, had feet but no legs!
3. Lucia Zarate, the smallest woman that ever lived, was under 20 in. tall, and weighed only 5 lbs.

These are just a few of the many "mistakes of Nature" included in Frederick Drimmer's fascinating new book, VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE. What makes them very special is that they were all born "curiosities" and they all lived unusual lives. Like Chang and Eng, the original Siamese twins, who were joined at the chest for life. They married sisters, set up separate homes, and fathered 22 children between them!

Then there was Grace McDaniels, who was billed as the ugliest woman who ever lived (and her photo proves it). Believe it or not, Grace received several proposals of marriage before she accepted one from a handsome young man. They had a perfectly normal son, who grew up to be his mother's manager!

John Merrick, the grossly deformed "Elephant Man," was deserted by his heartless manager. Befriended by a kindly doctor, Merrick became quite famous and was frequently visited by Royalty.

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