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Hate.
Brutus knows it well. Ape hates human, human hates Ape; Ape destroys human. To him, the only good human is a dead human, and any Ape who stands against his own kind deserves to die the same way.

Hate.
Jason knows it well. He has known it ever since the night Brutus' night-riding gorillas murdered his mother and father, ever since the night Brutus killed his own wife and framed Jason for the crime, ever since the night Jason and his chimp friend, Alexander, fled the City of the Apes as wanted felons, hunted like animals as they ran for the Forbidden Zone in a last, desperate attempt to find the Law-Giver and prove Jason's innocence.

Hate.
Brutus hates Jason. Jason hates Brutus.
Ape hates man, man hates Ape.
This deep a hate could destroy the world.
Two innocents trapped on a stark landscape of horror. Jason, the human youth who has witnessed the brutal slaying of his parents at the hands of terrorist Apes, and Alexander, the young chimp whose embittered conscience has shattered all racial barriers and enmity.

"The Mutants are almost on top of us, Jason!!"

"Yeah... and the Gorillas are slouching themselves..."

"Together, they have penetrated the purple mists of the dread Forbidden Zone, tracing the path of a mysterious Pilgrimage... seeking the revered Lawgiver, in whose absence they have been falsely accused of murder... and whose wisdom and strength might repair the bloody gulf between the species of man and the Ape."

"In the name of Brutus and the divine cause of Ape Dominance--"

"--slay them!!"

But instead of the Lawgiver, they have found nothing but the corrupt legacies of their respective species--radiation-mutated humans, and hate-maddened Apes.

"I don't know which is worse--the scorch-weapons of the Mutants or the crossbows of the Gorillas!!"

"What's the difference? With our luck, we'll get hit by both at the same time."

"Maybe not, Jase. Both factions are so eager for our blood..."

"That we just might be able to flatten ourselves against this wall--"

"--and let them collide with each other."

"Alexander, this is one bright idea that had better work--"

"--or I may never speak to you again."

Story: DOUG MOENCH  Art: MIKE PLOOG and FRANK CHIARAMONTE
APES--!!
--INVAILING THE SACRED
DOMAIN OF THE INHERITORS!!

WHAT
IN THE--??

VAPORIZICE
THEM!!

SPUKSH!

SPREE!

SWOK!

THIS TWO FORGOTTEN ACCOMPLICES IN INNOCENCE SHRINK FROM THE BLISTERING CARNAGE OF PERHAPS THE MOST BIZARRE BATTLE IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THIS BATTLE-TORN WORLD.

YOU WERE RIGHT, ALEX-- THEY'RE SO INTENT ON SLAUGHTERING THEMSELVES THAT THEY'VE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT US!

NOT WITHOUT ONE OF THESE SCORCH-WEAPONS--!

COME ON, JASON-- WE'VE GOT TO MOVE!!

WE'VE SEEN WHAT THEY CAN DO, AND MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT.... WE COULD USE ONE.

WELL, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMETHING JOGS THEIR MEMORY!
REALLY, JASON—SOMETIMES, I THINK YOU'D STARVE TODAY JUST SO YOU'D HAVE FOOD FOR TOMORROW.

RELAX, WILL YOU? THEY'RE STILL TOO BUSY TO EVEN NOTICE US.

WE'RE AS GOOD AS SAFE...

UH... JASE...?

THE MIST... UP AHEAD...?

Yeah, I see it...

IT'S MOVING...

IN THE SHAPE OF...

"REINFORCEMENTS."

AND...

SO MUCH FOR SAFETY, HOW ABOUT THAT WEAPON YOU BORROWED—?

AGAINST ALL THOSE CHARACTERS? NO WAY!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT—

--AND RETREAT BACK INTO THE TUNNEL!

I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT.

IF YOU'VE GOT ANY BRIGHTER IDEAS, MY EARS ARE WAITING. ON THE OTHER HAND, I DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR BREATH—

--BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BE INSIDE THAT TUNNEL BEFORE YOU CAN RECITE THE FIRST THREE WORDS OF THE LAWGIVER'S CREED!

THEY LUMBER FORWARD—SQUAT UGLY CREATURES STRIVING FORTH FROM A MIST VEILED HELL OF TWISTED RUINS, THE LEADER HALTS, BARKS A SHORT, RASPING COMMAND...
AND WHILE THE
SLAUGHTER STILL RAGES
BEYOND THE ENTRANCE
to the cave...

IT TAKES A
LOT OF NERVE
TO CLAIM WE'RE SAFE
--STUCK IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
MUTANTS' LIVING
ROOM.

AND WE'RE
NOT GETTING
ANY CLOSER TO
FINDING THE
LAWGIVER,
YOU KNOW...

WHERE
HAVE I HEARD
THAT BEFORE?
OR IS THIS
JUST AN ECHO
IN THIS CAVE?

SAVE IT,
ALEX--SARCASM ISN'T
YOUR BEST FEATURE.
AND RIGHT NOW WE'VE
GOT OTHER THINGS
TO WORRY ABOUT...

...LIKE THE
MACHINE-
PIT.

I DON'T
SEE ANYONE
BESIDES THOSE
SHAGGY SLAVES
THE MUTANTS--
KEEP...

...BUT THERE'S NO
SENSE IN TAKING
CHANCES. I MOVE
WE TRY TO BYPASS
THE PIT BY TAKING
THAT SIDE-
TUNNEL.

THE
MOTION IS
SECONDED.

YOUR GUESSES
ARE BOUND TO
BE AS GOOD AS
MINE, ALEX--BE-
CAUSE I DON'T HAVE
ANY, BUT ONE THING'S
FOR CERTAIN--IF WE
EVER FIND THE
LAWGIVER, WE'LL
HAVE A LOT TO
TALK ABOUT.

THIS IS
JUST GREAT, JA-
SON--THE SIDE-TUN-
NEL IS TAKING US
DEEPER THAN THE
PIT, AND LOOK AT
THE WAY THESE ROCK
FORMATIONS ARE
GLINING--LIKE A FOSSILIZED
RAINBOW.

THERE'S
SOMETHING GOING
ON HERE, JASE, AND WE
DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.
THE MUTANTS REFERRED
tO THAT PIT AS THE
"WAR-MACHINE"--WHAT
KIND OF A MACHINE
IS THAT? AND WAR
AGAINST WHOM?

AND THOSE
SHAGGY CREATURES
--THEY LOOK LIKE
MEN AND APES, WHO--
OR WHAT--ARE THEY?

*LAST ISSUE.
--TONY.
PROFUNDITY
JASON, ISN'T
YOUR BEST-

SHHH! CAN'T
YOU HEAR THOSE
FOOTSTEPS--?

THE DISTURBANCE
WAS REPORTED AS
BEING OUTSIDE THE
SECTOR THREE
WAR-MACHINE.

TURN
RIGHT-- THIS
CORRIDOR.

INTRUDERS--!!

"TURN
RIGHT."

WHYCouldn'T
THEY HAVE TURNED
LEFT FOR ONCE, I COULDN'T
USED THE CHANGE
OF PACE...

INITIATE
ERADICATION
PROCEDURE
IMMEDIATELY.

SKRAAK!

JASON-!!

THE WEAPON
YOU STOLE-

AN OPPORTUNITY,
ALEX.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR-??

SKREEEZ

SPREEEZ

AND IT JUST
KNOCKED.
RUN, JASON! I'LL HOLD THIS ONE AS LONG AS I CAN... HURRY!!

DON'T BE A FOOL, ALEX! DO YOU REALLY THINK I'D LEAVE YOU HERE?

--JUST SO I COULD--

AHCK-K!

--SAVE MYSELF?

SPREEZ

PWAK RAK!

OFF!

KLUB

ALEX, BE CAREFUL-- HE'S REACHING FOR HIS WEAPON!!

HE'S STILL ALIVE--

I'VE STILL GOT EYES, JASE. I CAN SEE THAT HE'S STILL--

K-KRAK!!
ALEX-- LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO SINGING HIS OTHER ARM--!

OH YEAH?

NOT AFTER PUNCH HIM IN THE MOUTH WITH HIS OWN METAL FIST!!

---ALIVE?

CHWOT!

HE WAS A MACHINE, JASE...

BUT HE WAS ALIVE-- I HEARD HIM BREATHING DURING THE STRUGGLE!

I KNOW. LIVING MACHINES. ANOTHER RIDDLE FOR THE LAWGIVER...

...IF HIS FATE ISN'T ALREADY A RIDDLE IN ITSELF.

KRSZSZS

YOU DID WELL, ALEX. I'VE NEVER SEEN A CHIMP HANDLE HIMSELF LIKE THAT BEFORE.

IS THAT A FRIEND'S COMPLIMENT, JASON-- OR A HUMAN'S PATRONIZING...?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEANT.

YEAH, MAYBE I DO.

...AND MAYBE IT'S THE SAME KIND OF ATTITUDE THAT LED TO THE FORMATION OF BRUTUS' SQUADRON OF RENEGADE GORILLAS. IT'S A DANGEROUS ATTITUDE TO--

HEY, WHAT'S THIS...?
Another tunnel... with some sort of strange tracks leading down it.

Probably the droppings of a giant mutated worm. I mean, we've fought everything else in creation on this trip!

Wait a minute--that rushing sound...

It's getting louder... can't be just the wind...

Something's coming...

Well, what are you standing there for? Do you want to wave at the thing as it goes by?

Don't lose any hair over it, Alex. I'm coming...

...and by the way, the tone of your voice is beginning to annoy me.

The tone of my voice is--

Uh oh.

It's stopping... Here.
I still don’t see why the slave-keepers can’t handle this “disturbance”... whatever it is.

Oh, you know what the slave-keepers are like. The only qualification for conscription to slave management is complete incompetence in every other field.

Guess you’re right... incidentally have you made any progress with the new prisoner’s case?

It’s a nuisance to be distracted from important work just to assume the petty responsibilities of another caste.

Very negligible. His disposition is still uncertain, but it’s possible he might be employed as a hostage in the forthcoming war...

In the meantime, he’s being held in the detention chamber adjacent to north quadrant sector nine.

Yes, they would keep him there. Best place for him, too.

Jase, did you hear them talking about a new “prisoner”?...?

Yeah... and we’ll be meeting him shortly if we don’t get out of here. Those two are bound to stumble over the bodies of the guys we left back in that corridor...

So I suggest we climb into this thing and see if it’ll take us to an exit.

Well, we certainly haven’t much to lose...
DO YOU THINK IT'LL MOVE IF I YANK ON THIS STICK...?

AND FIND OUT THEY DO...

--AS THE WEIRD RAILCAR SPRAYS FORWARD WITH AN EXPLOSION OF TREMENDOUS VELOCITY.

VRAAWW

THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE, JASON! NOTHING CAN MOVE THIS FAST--

INCLUDING MY STOMACH, ALEX. I THINK I'LL TRY TO SLOW IT DOWN...

NO--!!

THERE'S ANOTHER MUTANT ON THAT PLATFORM UP AHEAD! KEEP GOING AS FAST AS YOU CAN!!

HEYYY!!!

STOP!!

YOU CAN'T BYPASS A TERMINAL--!!

GUESS HE WANTED A RIDE, JASE.

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HE COULD HAVE IT--IF ANYTHING LESS THAN MY LIFE DEPENDED ON THIS TORTURE MACHINE.
REPORTING BERSERK RAPID TRANSIT CAR IN TUNNEL EIGHT!
APPREHEND AT SECTOR FIVE PLATFORM-D!!
MORE OF THEM UP AHEAD--! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS I CAN TAKE, ALEX...
LOOK-- JUST GET IT THROUGH YOUR STOMACH THAT WE CAN'T STOP FOR ANYTHING!

STOP!!
STOP BEFORE WE CRASH INTO THAT METAL WALL!!

I SEE IT, I SEE IT!

SKREEEEEE

EMERGE FROM THE VEHICLE-- SUBMISSIVELY.
YOU ARE NOW PRISONERS OF THE INHERITORS...

...AND YOU WILL NOW BE CONDUCTED TO GESTALT HEADQUARTERS FOR FACILITATION OF...

...EXECUTION!

MOVE!!

END CHAPTER ONE
CHAPTER TWO: THE ABOMINATION ARENA!

THE CITY: A SPRAWLING COMPLEX OF APOBÉ-MOUND STRUCTURES, A PLACE WHERE SUN-COLORED DOMES AND ARCHWAYS BASK IN THE GLARING NOONDA Y SUN... AND WHERE BARE EARTHEN STREETS YIELD TO THE TRAFFIC OF BOTH HUMAN AND APE PASSAGE...

IT IS ALSO A PLACE WHERE THE HARMONY OF SPECIES INTEGRATION IS SEVERELY THREATENED... BY THE ABSENCE OF THE LAWGIVER, HE WHO HAD WISELY RULED THE CITY ENCLAVE.

THE THREAT IS INTENSIFIED BY THE PRESENCE OF BRUTUS, HE WHO SECRETLY LEADS A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO HUMAN SUBJUGATION AND ENSLAVEMENT UNDER THE HEEL OF APE DOMINATION. HIS DEVOTION TO THIS PERVERTED IDEAL IS SO FANATIC THAT IT HAS ALLOWED HIM TO REMORSELESSLY MURDER HIS OWN WIFE WHEN FACED WITH THE PROSPECT OF DISCOVERY...

IRONIC, THEN, THAT HE PUBLICLY SERVES AS THE CITY'S PEACE OFFICER...

...A VERY INFLUENTIAL PERSONAGE INDEED.

I WISH TO SEE XAVIER.

IMMEDIATELY, OFFICER BRUTUS.

BROTHER XAVIER, PEACE OFFICER BRUTUS REQUESTS AN AUDIENCE.

WHY, I... ER... WELL, UH... SHOW HIM IN...

AS AN ADMINISTRATOR, XAVIER IS LITTLE MORE THAN... WEAK.
I HAVE RECEIVED RELIABLE REPORTS THAT THE CHIMP KNOW AS ALEXANDER AND THE HUMAN MURDERER, JASON, HAVE ENTERED THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.

I WANT YOU TO AUTHORIZE MY IMMEDIATE ENTRY INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE--ACCOMPANIED BY A FULL COMPLEMENT OF LAW OFFICERS--FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF APPEARING THESE TWO DANGEROUS FUGITIVES.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW...

YES, OFFICER BRUTUS...BUT THERE IS THE MATTER OF THESE, UH, RECENT CHARGES ACCUSING YOU OF BEING THE LEADER OF A BAND OF UH...RENEGADE GORILLAS...

ABSURD CHARGES LEVELLED BY A HUMAN CRIMINAL!! WHOSE WORD ARE YOU GOING TO BELIEVE--HIS OR MINE??

OR MUST I REMIND YOU THAT THE LAWGIVER PERSONALLY APPOINTED ME AS PEACE OFFICER OF THIS CITY??

AND THAT HE HAS REQUESTED FULL REPORTS ON ANYONE WHO INTERFERES WITH THE FACILITATION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT PROCEDURES.

WHY, UH...YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH...

I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THAT I CONSIDER THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU TO BE ENTIRELY GROUNDLESS...AND THAT, ER, I'M CERTAIN THE LAWGIVER WOULD FEEL THE SAME...

STEP LIVELY, YOU TWO.

--UH...ARREST."

EXCELLENT WORK, FELLOW INHERITORS.

THE GESTALT COMMANDERS Await THE DELIVERY OF YOUR PRISONERS.
THE GUARD STEPS ASIDE, OPENING THE MASSIVE METAL DOORS, AND JASON AND ALEXANDER ARE URGED FORWARD... INTO MADNESS.

A MASSIVE CAVERN OF DERANGED WONDER, FURNISHED IN AN INCONGRUOUS BLEND OF RAW NATURE AND SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY... WHERE STALACTITE MEETS STALAGMITE IN A PILLARED CHAMBER OF ELECTRONIC VIBRATION... AND WHERE MACHINE JOINS GLEAMING MACHINE TO LURK IN THE SHADOWS OF MESHED ROCK...

**MUTANT-DRONE ZEE--** BRING THEM FORWARD FOR INTERROGATION.

AT ONCE, GESTALT COMMANDER BE-ONE.

ALEX--! THAT... THAT LUMPY GRAY THING... IT SPOKE--!

THE LAWGIVER HELP US, JASE-- BUT I WISH I'D PAID AS LITTLE ATTENTION TO OUR LESSONS AS YOU DID, BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO RECOGNIZE THAT LUMPY GRAY THING FOR WHAT IT IS...

...A BRAIN.

WE ARE WISE AND WE ARE BRAINS! AFTER YOUR DEMISE YOU'LL MISS YOUR PAINS.

FORWARD, YOU TWO-- AND REMAIN SILENT!
silenced you are and silent you'll stay; for we are the Gestalt and we'll have our way.

Be-three, yer poetry stinks! And furthermore! Ya gotta be da dumbest mug ever ta set brain in dis here territory! Ya don't sweet-talk yer basic prisoner--ya let im kiss da shine offa yer brass knuckles!

They're crazy, Alex--

Well, they certainly have the capacity for it...

Crazy, perhaps... schizophrenia, definitly but my associates and I all share one quality in common, we are curious...

Are you two related to the gorillas who earlier assaulted our cave-fortress...

Related to Brutus' scum-? You've got to be out of your mind--those gorillas are almost as bad as you and your mutants!

Yeah, the only difference is that they want to wipe out or enslave humans--and you want to wipe out or enslave everyone who isn't mutant-!!

To be a mutant is to be a machine; a mere extension of we who are clean. Those who are not connected to the brain are those who shall dwell briefly in shame; for theirs is a lot which can never remain.

As soporific as Be-three's verse may be, I am afraid that I--as the Supreme Gestalt Commander Be-One--must agree with his sentiments.

You cannot be allowed continued life-functions.
Mutant-drone arr, assist drone Zee in escorting the prisoners to the arena. Indulgence in vicarious titillation will be permitted.

I heard a lot of stinking big words from a jiggling blob of lumpy gray gook, if that's what you mean... and my ears have already been stuffed with that kind of garbage, so you can just take your slimy big words and stuff 'em right up your lumpy gray...

Silence!!

Move!

I tink we oughtta just ventilate sassy little plunk and save da arena for somebody who's worth dat kind of style...

Shouting at them won't do any good, Jason.

How do you know, Alex? You've never even tried if you haven't even the guts to shout...

Move!

Maybe I haven't got enough guts Jase...

...but at least I've got enough sense to realize we're prisoners... whether we waste our breath on shouting or not.

So we're prisoners, so what?

It's not the end of the world, Alex...

...and it's no reason to just sit there gathering moss.

We've got to find a way...

The doors... they just opened by themselves, Alex...

Wait a minute, Jase...

It's pretty dark out there...
IN FACT, IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A TRAP.

Yeah... and they're crazy if they think we're dumb enough to just walk right into it.

SO TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW....

Yeah... I guess there's a time and a place for being dumb enough to walk right into a trap... just like everything else...

BUT IT SURE IS SPOOKY, JASE.

WHAT THE--?!?

THE WALL, JASE-- IT'S THE WALL!!

HOW ABOUT THIS, it's going to crush us if we don't get out of here!

SPOOKY--? This tunnel's like a nightmare I had... dreamed I was swallowed by a giant snake--!

SO LET'S GET OUT THEN.

Wonder what it leads to...
LIGHTS! BRILLIANTLY BLINDING LIGHTS BURSTING AND FLARING INTO AGONY BEFORE THEIR DARKNESS-DEADENED EYES...

LIGHTS TO ILLUMINE A BIZARRE AMPHITHEATER SCULPTED FROM ROCK...

AND ABOVE -- A GALLERY OF THE CURIOUS AND THE SANGUINARY... MUTANT DRONES SHIELDED FROM THE INTENSE LIGHT BY A MAKESHIFT CANOPY OF PROPPED CANVAS...

PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR MORTAL COMBAT!

YOU WILL FIND WEAPONS TO YOUR RIGHT.

PRETTY WEIRD WEAPONS. HOW'S YOUR VISION, JASE?

GETTING BETTER, ALEX... AND ALREADY GOOD ENOUGH TO SEE WHO OUR OPPONENT IS...

ONE OF BRUTUS' MANGY GORILLAS--!

WEAPONS--?
I'M LUCKY IF I CAN SEE MY OWN NOSE...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, JASE... BUT OUR EYES SHOULD ADJUST SOON...
SO, HUMAN... IT IS YOU! AM I TO BATTLE, IT WOULD SEEM, THE CAUSE OF APE DOMINANCE SHALL YET PREVAIL...

FOR WHILE I REGRET THE CIRCUMSTANCES, THE SITUATION COULD NOT PLEASE ME MORE.

YOU SAID IT, VERMIN-HIDE!

ALEX, REMIND ME TO THANK THOSE UGLY BRAINS FOR PITTING ME AGAINST THIS STINKING ANIMAL... BECAUSE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE DAY I COULD GET JUST ONE OF BRUTUS' PACK ALONE.

JASON... HOLD IT! HE'S NOT THE ONE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT...

THE MUTANTS CAPTURED US TOGETHER... THOUGHT WE WERE TOGETHER... AND THEY'VE STOCKED THAT PIT IN THE CENTER OF THE ARENA...

--WITH SOMETHING BIG ENOUGH FOR ALL THREE OF US TO TAKE ON!!

RAWAURK!

AND HE'S MAD JASE... BOY IS HE MAD!!

I JUST HOPE THIS SHIELD WILL--

KRENCH!

YEEEEEE!!
GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU LOUSY GORILLA--!

RAUK

I CAN SAVE ALEX BY MYSELF!!

SHUMP, RAWAU!

THEN, SCARCELY AFTER THE ECHOING DEATH-ROAR HAS FADED--

NOW WHAT--?! LOOKS LIKE YOUR NIGHTMARE IS COMING TRUE, JASE. IT'S ANOTHER BEAST-- MUTATED BY THE HOLOCAUST--!

I SEE IT--! AND UNLESS WE WANT TO BE GORED TO DEATH, WE'D BETTER FORGET OUR OWN DIFFERENCES AND COOPERATE TO--!

...WHILE THE SECOND MUTATION MERELY SNORTS, AND THUNDERS FORWARD IN A MORE DIRECT ATTACK...

FSSSSS WHAT--?! TWO OF THEM?!

...AND THE FIRST ONE RASPS A SIBILANT HISS LACED WITH SINISTER MENACE...

GRUVK... STRAIGHT TOWARD JASON.
ALEX, HOWEVER, BOLTS TOWARD A SCENE OF MORE IMMEDIATE URGENCE...

HELP!!

...FOR THE MALEVOLENT LEVIATHAN HAS ALREDY FOUND A SUBJECT FOR THE SLIME-SLICK EMBRACE OF ITS COILS...

THANK YOU, BROTHER SIMIAN...

WHAT'S GOING WRONG? THEY'VE ALREADY MANAGED TO DISPATCH TWO OF THE INHERITOR'S PETS--!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ALEX-- DON'T BOTHER RUSHING TO MY AID...

AFTER ALL, I'M ONLY YOUR FRIEND--

AND I CAN ALWAYS TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

AND NOW THE HUMAN HAS TURNED ASIDE THE THIRD ONE!

DON'T WORRY, THEIR LUCK WON'T SUSTAIN THEM FOREVER.

HURRY-- WHERE'S THAT SPIKED ROPE?

ROPE? OH... YOU MEAN THE WIRE--!

IT'S OVER HERE.
JASON-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! THE BEAST IS CHARGING AGAIN!!
JUST KEEP IT BUSY UNTIL I GET THESE TWO THINGS TIED TOGETHER.

THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY...!
JUST TEASE IT SLOWLY AND DODGE IT FAST-- I'VE ALREADY GOT THE WIRE TIED...

SO IT'LL JUST TAKE ANOTHER SECOND TO--

--BRING THE ROOF DOWN...--

STOP!!

THAT WEAPON IS DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF DEFENSE ONLY!!

MMPH URMG MMPHL!!

...AND ANCHOR A LADDER OUT OF HERE!

ALEX-- COME ON-- HAUL YOURSELF UP HERE BEFORE THESE MUSH-FACED MUTANTS FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE SHEETS!!

WELL I'LL BE...
YOU SURE WILL--
IF YOU DON'T
MOVE!

I CAN'T
SEE--
I CAN'T
SEE!

I WANT YOU
TO NOTICE,
THAT YOUR FRIEND THE
GORILLA HERE HAS
SELFISHLY DECIDED TO
GO FIRST--!

LET HIM
GO--LET HIM
GO...

I--
BUT
WHATEVER YOU DO,
MAKE HIM HURRY--

THAT WAS QUICK
THINKING, JASE--AND IF
WE HAD THE TIME I'D
THANK YOU...

BUT SINCE THE
MUTANT DRONES ARE ALREADY
STARTING TO
SHOVE THEIR WAY OUT OF YOUR
HOMEMADE TENT,
OUR TIME SEEMS TO BE GETTING
SCARCE!

BECAUSE HERE I
COME!

YEAH?
WELL I'D STILL
LIKE TO TAKE THE
TIME TO MAKE THIS
STINKING GORILLA
EAT HIS FUR!

WILL YOU
KNOCK IT OFF--
JUST FOR ONCE,
JASE--?!

WE'RE ALL
IN THIS TOGETHER
NOW, SO JUST RUN--
WE CAN ALWAYS KILL
EACH OTHER LATER!
But their frantic run is soon halted...

Hey, Alex-- isn't this where they said the "prisoner" was being kept...?

Mutant-drone Zee, I have a message for you...

Glad to meet you!!

North Quadrant - Sector Nine -

Huh? I'm not Zee-- I'm Em.

The Lawgiver--!!

Please, if you would be so kind... the keys...?

Of course, sir--

Lawgiver, sir, my name is Alex, and I must inform you that our city is in a most distressing state of...

I'm certain it is, young Alex, but I'm afraid this is neither the time nor the place to discuss it.

He's right, Alex...

Here they come.

Hurry up-- I'll use the mutant's weapon to delay them--!

Follow me-- the airstrip is down this corridor.

Airstrip--?
YES, IT'S RIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THIS MOUNTAIN WHICH HOUSES THE MUTANT'S CAVERN-COMPLEX-- AND IT'S USED TO STORE THEIR SKY-SLEDS...

SO THAT'S WHAT THAT THING IS. WHAT DOES IT DO?

IT FLIES, YOUNG ALEX. I WAS CAPTURED AND BROUGHT HERE IN THIS VEHICLE.

WELL, SEE WE CAN USE IT TO ESCAPE.

I CAN'T HOLD OFF THESE MUSH-FACES MUCH LONGER!!

WELL, HERE GOES THEN...

IT WORKED! WE'RE SAFE!!

NOT QUITE, ALEX, YOUR FRIEND THE Gorilla JUst PULLED A WEAPON ON THE LAWGIVER.

SILENCE! YOU ARE ALL UNDER MY COMMAND...

...AND YOU WILL NOW DIRECT THIS VESSEL OUT OF THE FORBIDDEN ZONE AND STRAIGHT TO BRUTUS' ENCAMPMENT!

FSHSHSH

NEXT ISSUE: A RIVERBOAT NAMED SIMIAN
Marvel Goes Ape!

And why not? After all we're offering—for the first and only time this issue—subscriptions to not only PLANET OF THE APES, but also CRAZY, THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, DRACULA LIVES, and our entire line of magazine masterpieces. So why delay? Just fill out the convenient coupon located below and we'll rush every issue of your favorite magazines to you as soon as they roll off the presses. And we're not monkeying around! So subscribe today, tomorrow may be too late... err, late.

Yes! I don't want to risk missing any more monsters (and any of your non-monster books as well). So here's my hard-earned bread (check or money order only) for:

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Hey there, Apes-ophiles! The response to our first issue of PLANET OF THE APES was overwhelming. The gang in the mailroom was delayed by your enthusiastic letters and struggled valiantly to keep their heads above all those envelopes while our head man, Tony Cerniglia, stood on top of his desk and throw a life preserver to our poor unfortunate Michele Wolfman, who was up to her eyeballs in Apes missiles.

We hardly know what to say, Marvelites, except a hearty thanks for your support and that Tony and the Gang will be ready for your next rapturous onslaught. We hope.

And now, what say we get on with the letters?

Dear Stan, Roy, Doug, Mike, and Everyone else,

Marvel puts out the best black-and-white magazines this side of the Andromeda Galaxy. Your newest offering, PLANET OF THE APES, is an exciting idea. I am quite sure as the months go by that this magazine will become one of Marvel's most popular mags. I can't resist mentioning the cover. B-E-A-U-T-I-F-U-L Bob Larkin is tied with Boris as my favorite cover artist for the black-and-white mags. Come on, Marvel, give these two titans a chance to do some interior art, instead of limiting their work to covers.

Speaking of interior artwork, I have to give Mike Ploog my compliments. Every time Mike turns out a new job his style has improved in some distinctive manner. Mike drew Jason, Alexander, and the rest of the apes the way they should be drawn. It was an excellent job, Mike. I don't believe any other artist, with the exception of Bob Larkin, could have turned out such a great job.

Doug Moench's story was very good. Gerry Conway's idea was nice. One question, though, Doug; this Brutus character is hard to understand. On page 28, Brutus kills his wife, Zena. Supposedly, Brutus is afraid she will go to the authorities and reveal the existence of their terrorist group. Yet, on page 28, Brutus lets Alex escape. And Alex had just as much knowledge about Brutus's terrorist group. Weird, huh?

The Lawgiver's entrance into the Forbidden Zone is the making of a true mystery, Doug. I am anxious to learn the reason for his excursion.

The "Planet of the Apes" adaptation was A-OK. George Tuska and Mike Esposito did a fair job with the art. The retelling of the original films will make a great back-up feature. I hope it is as much a success as Roy Thomas' adaptation of "Dracula" in DRACULA LIVES. PLANET OF THE APES is a fantastic new magazine. It's something to really go ape over. Best of luck.

JACKIE FROST
W. Monroe, Il. 71291

Doug says he has a strong defense for Brutus' behavior. Brutus does in Zena because he has evidence that will support her story about the terrorist group while Alex's story would remain unsubstantiated. In Doug's opinion--and he'd know better than anyone else--any accusation that Alex might make against such a respected citizen as Brutus would fall upon deaf ears and be met with ridicule.

Nice defense, Doug. Not great, but better than most we come up with.

By the way, since your letter touches on the subject, we'll make a brief revelation that'll either clear up who did what in our premiere ish of PLANET OF THE APES or else will completely confuse everything. Merry Gerry Conway did not have the idea for Doug Moench's plot and script for the "Terror of the Planet of the Apes!" How's that for a contradiction, since our pulsating premier ish flatly states that Gerry did. Actually, Gerry was the first one to put forth the idea of presenting a magazine based upon the Apes movies, and that such a series could have a human and an ape roaming together. From that point on, the strip was Doug's holligame, since Gerry is involved in countless other projects, including our brand spanking new black-and-white science fiction magazine, UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION.

There. Hope that finally sets the record straight. Sheesh, but this comic book biz really gets complicated. It would really simplify things if the prolific Mr. Moench could not only conceive the ideas for the Apes series, but also script them and illustrate them and ink them and letter them and...

Ah, knowing us, we'd manage to foul that up, too.

Dear Sirs,

I would really like to have autographs of Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter. Could you send them to me?

Thank you very much.

DANNY GALLOW
50 Otsego Ave.
San Francisco, Calif. 94112

Sorry, Danny. We'd do it if we could. Heck, we wouldn't mind getting Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter to autograph our copies of PLANET OF THE APES. But, truth to tell, it's just not in our power. Your best bet is to write CBS in care of Roddy McDowall and they'll probably be able to help you.

Just as a matter of record, we might as well tell you that while some of our writers, especially the ones doing articles on the Apes, have been on the film sets, most of your bullpen (with the notable exception of Chris Claremont—who has just returned from the Coast) haven't had any connection with Apes material outside our magazine. In other words, we have to wait as anxiously as you do for any new movie or product that is manufactured about the Apes. We'll try to keep you well informed, and Chris will be giving you the inside details of the making of the Apes television series starting this very issue...and that's a claim no other monster mag can make, True Believer.

Dear Marvel,

Well, here it is at one in the morning and I've just finished reading your new PLANET OF THE APES mag. Since I am an "Ape" fanatic and a general science fiction nut, I felt I had to give you all my thoughts and reactions on the aforementioned.

When I first learned you were going to put out a PLANET OF THE APES mag, I was delighted. My only regret is that the series is not in color, although I realize we will get more Apes-based material in this larger black-and-white form.

Your "Terror on the Planet of the Apes" series is okay in itself, but I don't like the setting, that of a world where the Apes roared and now live in semipace with the Humans, I liked the world where the Apes were in control and the Humans were merely animals. In my opinion, APAC or Twentieth Century-Fox or whoever blew up the whole world at the end of the second film made a big mistake. The third film is believable enough, that of three apes returning to the Earth of the past. The fourth and fifth films, however, were progressively less believable. To think that apes could gain enough intelligence in just nineteen or twenty years to carry off a revolution is ridiculous. I liked the fourth film; but only for the great sets and the fun scenes where the Apes jumped all over the Humans. The fifth film, wherein we are expected to believe that the semi-intelligent Apes have learned to talk and carry on just like man, is dumb.

My suggestion would be to introduce a series taking place after the second film. Such a series could be easily explained by stating a two-thousand year old Doomsday Bomb loses its potency. You could have more astronauts return to the war-changed world of the future (surely a major space exploration of stars up to two or three hundred light years away would consist of much more than two ships) or a story set farther ahead when Humans have regained some or
Anyhow, you asked for ideas. You want ideas. I get some.
Why don’t you use scenes from the movies on your covers i.e., Taylor being hunted by gorillas, mutants, and their rebels lovue in the city, etc.) An interview with Paul Dehn, who did the screenplay for the four Apes sequels would probably have a lot of fascinating information. I’d like to see some single reviews of each of the Apes movies.

By the way, I was going to ask my Mom for a subscription. The next day I walked into my room carrying PLANET OF THE APES; and, before, I could say a word, she said, “Good grief! Why don’t you get a subscription to that before I go CRAYZY?” (Marv, you sly old dog!)

PROF. RALPH SONGLEBLONK (alias)
520 East Hrd Rd.
Chester, Va. 23831

Ralph Songleblonk? Man, we know you wouldn’t use your real name after you had your Mom asking, “Whadya get?” and referred to your brother as dumb. Still, your persistance, whoever you are, is admirable and everybody from READER’S DIGEST to CRAYZY MAGAZINE thanks you for the plugs. (You sly old dog!)

You have raised some interesting questions, in our opinion and our half-baked theory is now wondering if the Apes are plagued by the old waiting-in-the-doctor’s-office-blues-while-your-fever-breaks-106°-and-your-left-arm-is-a-jigsaw-puzzle-that-your-right-arm-is-trying-to-hold-together. We’ll leave Doug Moench to ponder that little gem.

“Terror of the Planet of the Apes!” is rapidly drawing to a close. Our next installment, which Doug hints will conclude this first all-new comics story based on the Apes will be titled, “A Riverboat Named Simian!”

As for UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, Keith, check our first answer. But while your waiting for its appearance, and between Apes magazines, check out our color comic of epic WAR OF THE WORLDS, which has our red-haired rebel Killraven continuing his battle against Earth’s conquerors. And if you haven’t been following the adventures of Killraven and his Fremon, for shame. We just know someone is gonna ask us if Killraven’s future and the Ape’s future are one in the same. Go, ask us. See if we care. And by the time you do, maybe someone’ll come up with an answer.

Darth/Imadah:
“Twas while scouring the magazine racks, searching for something with which to while away the darkling hours, that I came upon your new title. “Great roaring waves of Hellfire,” I thought, “not another manifestation of that weary, time-worn Apes Shlitch! Not from Marvell!” But, there it was, it was a first edition, i.e., a possible collector’s item. So with a gritting of teeth I bought the issue and teok it home, all the way muttering fine invective about decadent, money hungry publishers and sleeping dogs. Eventually I got around to reading it. Beautiful. Despite a slightly soporific introduction, the magazine shone far above all the other magazines with a similar orientation. The initial two chapters of “Terror...” proved to be well thought out, conceived, and executed. Free from the juvenile attempts at cheap humor found in many magazines (and even, to a certain extent, in the first two Ape films) it was free to weave a tight, fast-moving, and interesting plot. Best of all, through various analogies it was able to beautifully portray certain of our present-day social troubles and explore them without the usual preachiness one would expect.

The various photos, stills not normally seen, proved to be an integral part of sections detailing the makeup and the overview of the Apes series. Ed Lawrence and Gary Garmar are to be congratulated for their masterful covering of a topic I had thought long exhausted due to the already innumerable articles written about the series. And, again, for scripting, Doug Moench merits special plaudits for the excellent work done in “Terror...” The interview with Rod Serling I also found most relevant and highly interesting.

As a whole then, I found the first magazine to be of a much higher quality than I had first expected from an Apes mag. I’m going to reccomend it to some of the other students at UCSD, and one professor to whom I showed it—he teaches a course in Science Fiction and one in Modern Literature at another college—found it “most insightful into the aspects of the creation and perusal of the Apes series.” If the following issues match even half the quality of the first one, then I’d say you’ve got a winner on your hands. Excelsior!

J.M. STRACZYNUSKI
556 Naples, P#304
Chula Vista, Calif. 92011

Doug hasn’t seen your letter yet, J.M., but we kinda get the idea that he’s not going to react negatively to it. And neither are we.

We think the second and third issues of PLANET OF THE APES have sustained that high level begun in our first issue, and our fourth Apes saga should top its predecessors.

The first PLANET OF THE APES letters column is rapidly drawing to a close. It seems like only months ago when we began it, and now, here we are at the end, looking for the right line to cap this momentous occasion. One line and we can go home, out into the dark Manhattan night. Just one line. Boy, do we wish we could come up with that one line.

And why don’t you come up with some lines for a next letters page? Tony and Michele and Louie aren’t going to be taken unaware next time. They’re ready for the flood-tide of mail that will swamp the office.

And as for our one last line... Hang in there! And don’t forget to send your cards, letter, bananna... you name it, we’ll probably get it, to:

PLANET OF THE APES
Marvel Comics Group
576 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Roy, Baby,
I don’t really know how to write this missive. (Missive: Impossible!!!) I just wanna say this:

“WHHEEEE!!!”

But if you only knew, Roy... if you only knew how long I searched for PLANET OF THE APES! I’ve been to every store in Hopewell, Petersburg looking for it. I was searching like MAD. Sorry, Marv.

I know it takes longer for a magazine to go on sale down here, but not two months. Brokenheartedly, I admitted defeat.

What could I do? In anger, I bought some Apes merchandise. (Some? Did I say “some”? Hah! Models, novels, action-figures.)

Thank the Lord of Louisiana that my brother cut his foot. “What’s that?” you ask. You see, my dumb brother cut his foot in an accident, and my Mom took him down to the doctor. She dragged me down, too, to help the lil’ guy walk. We had a one o’clock appointment. We sat in the reception room. Yeesh! I hate sitting in the reception room and flipping through old copies of LIBERTY and LADIES HOME JOURNAL. Well, about two o’clock, my Mom asked if I wanted to go to the drugstore. I said, “No, thank you.” Around four o’clock I was bored, sick-to-my-stomach-from-the-READER’S DIGEST and wanted to get back outta there. So I went and gave me two bucks and said, “Don’t be too long!”

I went to the A & P to buy some cupcakes. Holy Hannah! Things is expensive! I left the front way, and there was George’s Drug Store. What the hey! Might as well take a look-see.

I moved the magazines aside, then to the right and... HEY! WHAT’S THAT? A LITTLE RED SQUARE! IT SAYS, “One dollar.” And there’s a gorilla under it!!! Could it be? Oh my gosh... it IS IT IS!

THE FIRST ISSUE PHANTASMAGORIA OF THE PLANET OF THE APES!

Well, I got back to the doctor’s office, and my Mom and brother were still waiting. “Whadya get?” asked my Mom. I fiddled out old PLANET. My Mom neared fainted. I had driven her CRAZY (There you go, Marv) trying to get that flushuggering thing.

We were there for awhile more, and I had lots of time to read the magazine.

I loved it! The cover was very colorful. “Terror of the Planet of the Apes” caught the mood of the movie right where it lived. Mr. Ploog was drawing above and beyond the call of duty. The review was okay but kinda fuzzy. Mr. Serling was interesting. “The Face of the Apes” was informative, but you should do an article that shows us how the make-up is applied. Your adaptation of the first Apes movie was much better than the one done awhile back by one of your competitors.
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Journey to the Planet of the Apes

by Chris Claremont

I took me roughly a day to get to the Planet of the Apes. An hour driving from Manhattan to Kennedy International Airport; six hours jammed into a very crowded 747 eating soggy Hungarian Goulash and wondering all the while why I'd been fool enough to fork out three bucks for the privilege of watching a truly loopy film an hour of kicking, screaming, gouging, cursing, kung fu—you name it—just to get my bags and get the hell out of Los Angeles International Airport—which is a pretty horrid nightmare in itself, mad bombers notwithstanding—and finally, a couple of truly hectic hours spent driving around the Los Angeles freeway system, wondering why I'm heading towards San Clemente when I wanted to go to Hollywood, wondering why everyone drives at seventy or they drive at seven, wondering who the creep was who invented the automobile and why I don't wring the little hum's neck. And eventually—after much trial and error and a few near-collisions—finding myself heading north on the San Diego Freeway to Olympic Boulevard, hanging a right and trucking on down to the Avenue of the Stars, hanging another right on West Pico and... bingo!

Twentieth Century-Fox. Home of Planet of the Apes. I have arrived.

A brief digression. And we flip backwards through the time stream to 1968 and the premiere of a hit film, the Fox/Aplac production of Pierre Boile's novel Planet of the Apes. Produced by Arthur P. Jacobs, directed by Franklin Schaffner, starring Charlton Heston, Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter, the film turned out to be a runaway success. Which—in the manner of many studio runaway successes—spawned a sequel, BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. Which—to and behold—spawned a sequel of its own, ESCAPE FROM. This pattern repeated itself through a total of five films (the original PLANET; BENEATH; ESCAPE; CONQUEST; and BATTLE...), all phenomenally successful, though many viewers felt that the sequels never really re-captured the strength and alien beauty of the original—on the other hand, there were many who felt that those lacks were more than compensated for by better concepts and better scripts; the arguments can go either way equally well.

Anyway, CBS-TV bought the TV rights to the original film, and they plotted it on the home screen one weekday evening and—WOW!—the film raked up some of the highest ratings ever seen in the history of the business. Which added considerable impetus to the drive by certain interested parties to get the Apes series concepts what-have-you onto the prime time video airways.

Which resulted, eventually, in a TV series, Planet of the Apes, produced by Herbert Hirshman and Stan Hough, and starring Roddy McDowall as the renegade chimpanzee, Galen—one of the few Apes in this strange, alien world of the future willing to befriend the two astronauts from out of Earth's past—Ron Harper as Astronaut Alan Virdon, James Naughton as his companion in nightmare, Astronaut Pete Burke; with Mark Lenard and Booth Colman doing the honors in the tenacious villain department, with Lenard playing Urko.
—a gorilla, chief military officer of the Ape council and their chief of security; the number one heavy—and Colman playing Dr. Zaius—orangutan and head of the Ape scientific community (Colman repressing the role created in the first two films of the series by noted British actor, Maurice Evans; which brings to mind an interesting—and ironic—footnote: you see, many years ago, when Booth Colman was a much younger, struggling actor, one of his first professional jobs on the Broadway stage was playing the role of Guildenstern in Shakespeare’s Hamlet, the title role played by—you guessed it!—Maurice Evans. In a sense, Colman’s career to date has gone full circle; he began with Maurice Evans and now he is taking over a role created by Evans.)

Which is where I come in. For, when one’s company—in my case, Marvel—is actively involved in publishing a magazine, Planet of the Apes; and one of the TV networks is filming a series entitled, Planet of the Apes, it is only logical that the two projects should dovetail, each branch of the media being curious about the other, wondering what the other is doing, for example, and how they are doing it. Being the more eager of the two, Marvel struck first, and this reporter found himself strapped into a big, crowded ‘74 flying westward into the Angelena smog, laden with camera and tape recorder and reams of orders and advice. (Unfortunately, CBS has yet to evolve a similar interest in Marvel but we’re still hoping—any day now the front doors will open and there will be Dan Rather or Morley Safer or—if worst comes to worst—Jack Boulton, microphone in hand, camera crew in tow, ready to ambush anyone available and find out what’s cookin’ in comics.)

But I digress too much. After all, this piece is about Planet of the Apes.

To continue...

The series is shot on the lot at Twentieth Century-Fox’s West Pico Boulevard studio complex, and on location at the Fox Ranch out in Malibu Canyon, about thirty-five miles outside Los Angeles proper. The studio itself has shrunk tremendously from the “boom” days of the thirties and forties and—perhaps—early fifties, a vast tract of back lot having been gobbled up and transformed into Century City—which movie-goers have razed and destroyed by fire and simian revolt in the mini-classic CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. And yet, even today, with the studio proper reduced to a mass of stage-sounds huddled together on the few acres that remain of the mighty Fox lot, there is an eerie feeling about the place. Because this is where the movies came from—and where some of them still do come from—and the magic is still there.

I turned in off West Pico and, almost immediately, I was literally enveloped by some massive pieces left over from the huge Parade set from HELLO, DOLLY!, a set that included two hundred yards of full-sized two- and three-story buildings and what—from not very far away—looks like a practical, though ancient, elevated subway line and station. It isn’t practical, of course—that would have been a ridiculous piece of extravagance (though—speaking of extravagance—set designers once executed a full-size mock-up of the deck and upperworks of a Japanese battleship!); and besides, who would have the space?—speculating on extravagance—and there are still some of the sets remaining that are quite impressive. Stages 9 & 10—where Ape was being shot—are about average size but to a relative novice like myself, used to the cramped rehearsal halls and only slightly larger theatres of Off-Off Broadway back in New York, it was like stepping into a vast, seemingly empty box.

The first man I met was a gentleman named Emmet, who is in charge of looking after the coffee/tea/fresh water wagon, and of taking care of incoming phone/written messages for actors and crew during shooting hours, and of checking guests in and out, making sure that the people who wander in are cleared for wandering with the front office. He’s not a guard—and yet, in a way, he is being the stage’s first line of defence against outsiders—but there is no way he could, or should, be considered any kind of flunky. He is a really nice guy.

Anyway, once past Emmet and the coffee wagon, I just stood still and looked around the stage. At the far end, in the opposite corner from the door I’d entered through the crew was working on today’s scenes—sequences involving Viridian, Burke, Galen, a human family, Urko, a gorilla assistant and the afterthought of a fairly serious earthquake (though not necessarily in that order)—the rest of the stage was dark. To imagine what it was like, picture in your own minds a box that was a hundred/hundred-and-fifty feet square by thirty to forty feet high, with catwalks and lighting pipes criss-crossing the space above you like some huge, wooden spider’s web. There’s a curious feeling of omnipotence to the interior of the stage, everything looking like it had just been jury-rigged into position an hour or so ago and slammed together so that it would hold for a day or so and give the carpenters no trouble at all when they arrive to rip it all apart to set up somewhere else. And that feeling isn’t all illusion; because the floor of the stage is littered with the shells of sets: a large barn interior, the Ape council chamber, various parts of various interiors of various human dwellings—which all seem to be barely a step or two above hovel in design and appearance—and Ape City interiors, more human village interiors, the whole kilo-and-kaboodle tagged and shoved neatly out of the way until it’s needed, either later on in this episode or in some other.

Which is not to imply that the soundstage is any kind of a hallowed, ersatz, movie-set kind of place; in reality, it isn’t even all that neat. There are just too many
people running around trying to do too much in too short a time, all of them wondering how the hell they got on this damn' treadmill in the first place. There are actors, actors' family/friends, child actors' parents, child actors' tutor, technicians, and lots of extraneous on-lookers. Such as myself.

So I stood—as far out of the way as possible—and I watched. And I learned.

For the actors, the biggest part of a working day in film is waiting. Waiting for the camera set-up to be completed so they can shoot the scene; waiting for the film to be reloaded; waiting for the director to finish a hurried confab with his Director of Photography—in this case, the Director of Photography being Gerald Perry Finneyman, of Star Trek and Kojak fame, an excellent craftsman who well-deserves his reputation (and a man probably only a few steps removed from Godhood for the work he did behind the camera on Star Trek; that is, if one is a true star Trek freak; if not, you don't know what you missed and you might as well go back to Planet of the Apes.)

The waiting isn't so bad if one is a principal character and/or one is in the scene being—or about to be—shot; one can always study one's script or talk with the other actors about how one is going to play the scene. One can do an impromptu rehearsal—which indicates, to me, one of the crippling faults of the television series as shot in the United States—too often, the only time actors have to rehearse and work with each other and the director on their scenes is during the camera set-ups. Which leaves the quality of the work done by the actor up to the actor and to the Director of Photography. If the Cinematographer is a real klutz and it takes all day to get the lights and camera set, then the actor has just that much more time to work on his scene; but if he's a pro—and Gerry Finneyman is a pro—the actor can often be up the proverbial creek minus the proverbial paddle, because the only way anyone can rehearse then is by having the crew sit around and wait. And that can be expensive.

Which means, simply, that the actors have to be very good.

I watched the crew run through the earthquake scene before they all broke for lunch. They'd been shooting it all morning, evidently, and things hadn't been going well and they were starting to run behind schedule. The problem, simply, was that whenever you see earthquakes or starships getting blown around subspace—things like that—bodies shaking or falling or getting thrown about on screen, nine times out of ten it's the bodies themselves—or the camera(s)—that are doing all the shaking. The set stays nice and level on good old dependable terra firma (yet, true to form, a couple of days after they shot this scene, the Los Angeles basin was shaken by a pretty respectable aftershock of the Sylmar 'quake of two years ago; which means, I suppose, that in the final analysis: if it's shot in LA the scene shakes, it could be anything, including reality).

So, there are Ron Harper (Virdon), Jim Naughton (Burke), Roddy McDowall (Galen) and this episode's guest artists, shaking and jiggling around a crude wooden table, trying to knock a bottle onto the floor without even hinting that they are the true culprits—it was the earthquake done it. Except that nothing happened. The bottle either stayed where it was or fell at the wrong time. And they had to do it again. And again. And again.

Eventually, the bottle got it right and everyone broke for lunch, humans heading for the commissary, Apes for the fruit/soft drink stand, Roddy McDowall for his private Winnebago trailer/bus-cum-dressing room-cum-office. Private because, after all, he is the star of the show, but also because wearing as complex and painful an appliance as he wears five days a week, often twelve hours a day, can be agony in and of itself. Add to that, the constant hubbub and ooooh's-and-ahhh's from the 'peanut gallery' of guests on the set, and their constant attempts to get a few words—or a lot of words—or an autograph out of him, and the choice soon becomes very basic: either one gets some privacy or one goes—if you'll pardon the pun—bananas.

Later on that day, when his scenes were done, McDowall stripped off his appliance and one was treated to a rare view of the human face of Roddy McDowall; and the damnedest thing about watching him take the appliance off was that, when he was done, he somehow didn't look...right. Having gotten so used to seeing him in his simian incarnation, it was a little mind-blowing to realize, after all, that it was only an application, and that there was indeed a man underneath.
A couple of days later—out at the Fox Ranch when the crew was shooting the fifth episode, The Cure—I spoke to Fred Blau, one of make-up chief’s Dan Striepeke’s team of make-up artists assigned to handle this most critical, delicate and essential facet of Planet of the Apes. I met four of them while I was out there—Fred Blau, Sonny Burman (who worked along with his brother on David Wolper’s acclaimed Primal Man series; in fact, only the merest quirk of fate caused them to miss flying back to LA with the rest of the crew on the doomed airliner that crashed some months back en route back from location shooting for one of the series’ episodes, wiping out almost the entire production team, including designer Janos Prohaska), Ed Butterworth and Frank Westmore (of the legendary Westmore brothers, whose names can be found next to the make-up credit of more Hollywood productions than seems decent)—but there were more, one make-up man assigned to each actor who had to wear a full application, with a general crew to handle the mask-wearing Apes (the extras) and the human actors.

The most notorious element of John Chamber’s brilliant Ape applications is, of course, the time needed to put them on. The average figure seems to be about three hours, depending on the skill of the make-up artist involved—but, because this is a weekly series and because these men have to apply the make-up day in and day out, sheer familiarity with both the process and the face it’s being applied to enable the make-up artists to streamline their operation slightly, thereby making it easier on themselves and the actor. Even so, the general time still rounds out at close to three hours.

It begins with the upper face being laid down over the actor’s cheeks and forehead, the latex appliance being ‘cemented’ down with spirit gum or glue or some other adhesive—what adhesive gets used usually depends on whether or not the actor has any sort of allergic reaction to spirit gum, glue, etc. This takes about a half-hour or so—the make-up call for simian principals being three hours before the camera call; as the average day begins at eight AM, this makes the time roughly 5:30 in the morning. The upper face now firmly in place, make-up crew and actor(s) break for breakfast—the actors eating hearty, as this is the last solid food they will eat all day—and then, fifteen minutes later, it’s back to the salt mines.

Like any other make-up job, it isn’t really the gluing down of the appliance that takes the time: there’s a head piece and there’s a chin piece and only so much time is needed to insure that they’re both firmly in place. What eats up the final 2½ hours of the make-up session is the painstaking task of finishing the appliance. Of fitting the wig and chin hairs, of combing and smoothing and gluing and combing again, so that—when all is said and done, etc—the application looks like real hair and real features on a real face, and not some two-bit, slapped-together amateur-night job where anyone with decent eyes can see the lace core of the hair piece. Also, a sloppy job will only create worse problems later on during the day’s shooting.

Once the application’s on, the make-up team reverts to a sort of maintenance mode, hanging around throughout the rest of the day’s shoot in case something goes wrong with one of the applications. And things do go wrong; through nobody’s fault but just through an average day’s wear and tear. Someone’s chin piece might work loose during a scene—the glue might melt, stretch—and so a triangular chunk is cut out of the back of the chin piece, the entire piece is re-glued back into place; or, if that won’t work, the whole thing has to be ripped out and replaced, another two hour job that everyone—actors, directors and make-up men—would like to avoid at all costs. Things can get especially hairy out at the Fox Ranch, where—on a good day in mid-summer—the temperature can head up towards three figures and when that basic heat is combined with the heat generated by the giant arc lamps the crew uses to light the exterior sets... suffice it to say it can get very hot. And life can occasionally get quite uncomfortable for a man wearing a full face simian application acting under those lights. A weight loss of ten pounds on a day like that is not considered unusual.

And you thought acting was a fun profession, did you?

The make-up team usually ends up creating about 120 applications a week, and running through them almost as quickly, fitting the principals’ applications over life masks moulded from those actor’s faces. Guest stars, on the other hand, must make do with applications moulded off a series of general life masks; so, for them, the fitting is not always exact, and, occasionally, that can lead to
some on-the-spot realignment and adjustment. Which is no fun in an air-conditioned dressing room, but when it's done in hundred-degree heat... ouch!

* 

From make-up, it seems only natural to return to the chimp who started it all: Galen a.k.a. Caesar a.k.a. Cornelius a.k.a. Roddy McDowall, who has been involved with the simian side of the Apes phenomenon for so long that—as I said earlier—one finds oneself hard pressed to think of him as anything but a chimp.

For the record, though, Roddy McDowall has been in the Business—that is, involved in all phases of theatre, movies and television—for quite some time, beginning, as a child actor and working his way through over 80 films. He's done live theatre on and off-Broadway. He's guest starred on so many TV shows, it's become ridiculous to count. He's an expert still photographer, and a photo-journal of his entitled "Double Exposure" went through two printings some years back.

Ron Harper, on the other hand, was not a child actor. He was almost a lawyer, but he decided that acting was closer to where his head was at and moved off to New York to study with Lee Strasberg after working two seasons with the Princeton University Players. He's worked Broadway—and Off-Broadway—and done stock and soap operas. And, for those of you whose memories go back that far, he starred as Lt. Craig Garrison in the late, lamented World War II action series, Garrison's Gorillas. Before that—which is going back a fair piece, even for this reporter—he was a regular on 87th Precinct and Wendy and Me.

Jim Naughton started off his professional career with what might be termed—in polite company—a bang! He played the role of Edmund Tyrone in the recent off-Broadway revival of Eugene O'Neill's classic play, A Long Day's Journey Into Night, the production capped
On location, the temperature can easily break 100 degrees under the lights, and a make-up artist finds that his work is rarely—if ever—done.

by the late Robert Ryan's brilliant performance as James Tyrone, along with strong support from Geraldine Fitzgerald as Mary Tyrone and Stacey Keach as James Tyrone, Jr. Since then, he's done both film and television work.

The trekkies among you will know Mark Lenard, of Vulcan, Spock's father; those with more esoteric trekkie memories will remember him also as the Romulan Commander from the 1967-68 season's classic episode, Balance of Terror (we are, of course, talking about Star Trek). Lenard seems to be a man blessed—or cursed—with a career that involves him with physical appliances: first, the Vulcan ears; and now, the full simian/gorilla application of Urko, chief law officer of the Ape Council. The bad guy.

Which brings us—last but not least—to Dr. Zalou. Otherwise known as Booth Colman, an actor who has done excellent work on Broadway—beginning with that long ago production of Hamlet, starring Maurice Evans—in films (Julius Caesar, Auntie Mame, Romanoff and Juliet and The Great White Hope, to name a few), and on television, guest-starring on such diverse shows as McCloud, Kung Fu and Police Story. And now, swathed in orangutan orange, he takes over the role created by his old boss. Everything changes, everything stays the same.

* I went wandering that first afternoon, out of Stage 10 and into Stage 9, to see what the crews were busy working on for tomorrow's schedule. It wasn't much, just a full-size mock up of a San Francisco subway station, complete with full-size subway train and lots and lots of rubble, courtesy of a gentleman referred to cryptically as 'The Cowboy Man.'

The Cowboy Man has been around a long time and he tells some pretty hairy stories—but I've digressed too much as it is and this really isn't the place to talk about how Cecil B. DeMille smashed a real-live telephone pole through the side of a train car what looked to be mere inches from where James Stewart was standing in DeMille's epic, The Greatest Show on Earth; it was a real fun story, though, heh, heh. But today the Cowboy Man was working, dressing the subway set so that it would look appropriately ancient for tomorrow's scenes—after all, it is two thousand-years old and there have been a few earthquakes in the interim, 'quakes that shattered the tunnel roof and sealed the station, 'quakes that soon serve to trap a desperate, hunted Pete Burke (the Jim Naughton character) and his chief hunter, Urko. And therein you have the reason for the episode's title, The Trap: Urko and Burke stuck in this very old, very decrepit BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) station, facing certain death unless they can work together to get out. Nice plot, huh?

Anyway, the Cowboy Man had sprayed some cobwebs all over the corners and nooks and crannies of the set, and was now busy sorting through a tractor-scoop full of concrete chunks and bricks—very high-class rubble this;
only the best for *Planet of the Apes*—searching for just the right-sized pieces of just the right consistency.

Suffice to say, when I saw the set the next day—during a scene in which Urko was busy throttling Burke in front of an information console, Burke yelling desperately that both of them were trapped and that if they didn’t work together they’d both die, Urko grunting a lot but eventually accepting the reality of the mess the scriptwriter had just dumped him in... ahhhh, the things a SAG card will get one into—anyway, while they were shooting this dramatic scene, I looked around the BART set and I had to admit, the Cowboy Man had done one fine job. The place was a real mess.

What with all the guests standing around watching the near-murder taking place on camera, the place looked and felt a lot like a Times Square subway station at rush hour. I guess there are just some things you can’t escape from.

* A few days later, I was out at the Fox Ranch, up in Malibu Canyon watching the *Apes* crew go to work on their next episode—*The Cure*—under the direction of Bernard McEvey. Now, right off the bat, I would like to say that Los Angeles and its environs are very strange. I mean, this is a city of a few million inhabitants, sprawled out over Lord knows how many square miles; and you’re in the city, calmly driving down a freeway, and then—boom!—all of a sudden, you’re not! You’re in the country and, as far as you can tell from the land, there isn’t a city within miles. It’s a very abrupt change for one used to the never-ending urban splutch of the BoNYWash megalopolis, and—if I may say so—it’s kind of weird. End of digression.

The ranch itself is about five miles deep, reaching back into the hills of the Las Vergines/Malibu Canyon road. The first thing I saw as I drove in is a huge concrete tank, where—I found after asking around a bit—Irwin Allen had capsized his seven metre long model of the *Queen Mary* (a.k.a. SS Poseidon, in the movie of the similar name) some years back. Now, the Fox crews are using it for another Allen disaster flick, THE TOWERING INFERNO. There’s a tall, slim forty-foot tall, hundred-and-thirty story, fire-scarred building standing in the tank and the word is they’re getting it ready to fire off again in a week or two—having just done so with spectacular results a few days before. I cursed my lousy timing and headed for the *Apes* compound.

*Apes* is tucked way back in the ranch, past the ruined temple from SAND PEBBLES that Warner Bros. uses occasionally for *Kung Fu*, and, finally, in the shadow of the knoll that *M*A*S*H*’s helicopters swung around in the opening credits—the *M*A*S*H* set itself was a bit further up the road—I found the village of Trion. And I was back on the Planet of the Apes.

To set the scene, *The Cure* involves our heroes, a gorgeous young love interest type named Amy, Urko, Zaius, malaria, some rather pig-headed medical chimpanzees and some rather belligerent gorillas. And the bark of the cinchona tree. No earthquakes, though.

This is a big-budget episode, a lot of exteriors necessitating a fair amount of background villagers—men, women, children and appropriate farm animals of all ages and degrees of health, (after all, many of the people were supposed to be dying of malaria) and a fair amount of extraneous apes, backing up the regular apes; and this week’s guest star, David Sheiner.

They’d been shooting all morning by the time I got there, Bernie McEvey discussing the shots he wanted with Gerry Finnerman, Finnerman—wearing a screaming orange yachting windbreaker and a curious Rivera/Panama hat to keep the sun away (and sun there was—it wasn’t a very warm day for LA, that time of year, but the sky was shaded a brilliant azure blue and there didn’t seem to be a cloud anywhere, nor any smog)—moving from the lights to the big, boom-mounted Mitchell camera, checking to see that everything was just about right before the scene began. As for everyone else: they mostly sat in the shade—principals working on their lines, simian principals getting their applications checked over, extras just sitting and talking, crew (those that weren’t working) doing likewise—and waited for a call from First Assistant Director Gil Mandelik—or his two assistants, Ed Lating and Cheryl Downey—to galvanize the whole melange of talents and personalities into the action.

Images pop out of those two days out at the ranch,
people moving across the dusty main 'square' of Trion, yelling orders and ducking out of sight behind the houses as the camera operator yelled that they were in the shot (actually, he told the A.D. and the A.D. yelled; after all, he had a megaphone so yelling was no great hassle); a couple of authentic looking wrangler types trying to track down a trio of hardened, escaped chickens who where understandably reluctant to return to their wire coop after being set free as background for a couple of scenes (chickens may well be among the dumbest animals God ever created, but they can be excruciatingly, exasperatingly brilliant pains-in-the-butt when they've a mind to be; and these chickens had a panic squawk that would scare a Lovecraft demon out of a year's growth). Or strolling idly around the compound, taking notes and watching the action only to suddenly on oneself face-to-face with an orangutan sitting in a director's chair in pants and torn undershirt, wearing the latest in Foster Grant's 1974 shades. Or bumping into Roddy McDowall as he dashed from his Winniebago to the set, blue terry-cloth robe around his body, cigarette stuck into a cigarette holder poking out of his mouth, sunglasses looking oddly right on his simian features, suddenly shrugging off the robe and shifting into his chimpanzee tunic, slipping out of the whole, irritatingly hot mess as soon as the scene was done and McEvey gave him the OK.

And then there were the goats.

Picture this: A village, its people weary and listless, worn down by what they view as a helpless battle against something in the air that is striking them down without mercy. Killing them. Enter Alan Virdon, Pete Burke and Galen. Virdon has a plan; the disease seems to resemble malaria. If it is malaria, he and the villagers can fight it. Amy won't die (having left a wife and son back in the good old days, before the time warp caught his starship). Virdon is torn between desire for Amy and desire for the woman he loved and left behind; very guilt-ridden, very typical, very American. So what else is new these days? Virdon calls all the villagers down and starts to give them The Word.

Except that there are these goats, see, brought in for general background and tethered way out beyond the village perimeter in what was hoped to be a classic case of out of sight, out of mind. No such luck.

Virdon begins his speech. Gather round, he calls. Baaa!

He starts telling the villagers what they have to do. Baaaam!

He keeps going. Baaaaaaaah!!!

Not for nothing is Ron Harper a star; undaunted by the off-camera opposition, he plows ahead, oblivious to those members of the far off-camera crew already convulsing on the ground. He is reaching the climax of his speech. Unfortunately, so are the goats.

The whole... whatever... of goats are in on it now, one Baaah! triggering off an answering chorus. No way is the sound mike gonna pass that noise by.

Finally...

Harper: "And we've got to... get rid of those God-damned goats!" Or words to that effect. And, as he says this, collapsing towards the ground in an aborted gesture of penultimate frustration—I mean, being heckled by a goat, for cryin' out loud—as the entire crew goes into brief, but trenchant, hysterics.

The goats are struck.

The scene is done again.

And, from the far meadow, waiting in on the wind, eager, questing ears pick up one final, defiant, never-say-die: Baaaah! Luckily for the wee beastie, he was nowhere near either star or director at the time or he might have found himself somewhat precipitously shuffled off this mortal coil of ours. Because as far as this crew was concerned, that goat had had it in Hollywood.

That's pretty much it. I took as long returning from the Planet of the Apes as I took going, and the trip was about as much fun.

People ask me, what did I think of it, of the series? Good, bad, indifferent? What? And I've thought about it—realizing that by the time you read this, the show will have been on almost a month and you'll have all made up your own minds—but this is September and the show is still in the can and an unknown quantity and I figure I owe an answer, so here goes. For better or for worse.

I honestly do not know. I've seen good people doing good work—people like Assistant Director Bill Derwin and Costumer Paula Katz and Wardrobe Assistant Pete Dawson, and all the other people I've mentioned throughout this article—and I've seen one of the best crews I've ever seen work like a fine-tuned Swiss watch putting this show together, and I've seen actors practicing their craft and doing a damn' good job of it.

But all I've seen to date are pieces—a scene here, a scene there, all of it done live under conditions that are nowhere near ideal—and because the pieces won't make sense until they're all threaded together and edited and spliced in with a soundtrack and all the rest of the cinema/TV post-production work, it's almost impossible to make any kind of valid judgement about the material one has seen. What I've seen I've liked, and I think I'll like the finished product equally well.

So there. My feelings, take 'em or leave 'em. I like what I've seen and I think the show will work well. And I hope it runs five years, mimimum! Hell, I hope it catches Gunsmoke.

'Cause I've been to the Planet of the Apes, ladies and gents, and I want to go back. Because I like it there, and I hope it's going to be there to find for a long, long time.

But that, as all of us know, is up to you.

You might say this is a case of some gorilla losing his head... but then again, you might not... but then again...
McDowall: The Man Behind the Mask

by Samuel James Maronie

For the past several years the name of British-born Roddy McDowall has been synonymous with apes—in point, the articulate apes of 20th Century-Fox's highly successful quintet of films chronicling the adventures of the Planet of the Apes characters and their offspring. Though most recognizable from his performance in the series, McDowall has been active in film since the early 1940's. A product of the studio "system," his career is not limited to films, rather embracing a variety of show-business related occupations.

Already a popular child actor in his native Britain, Roddy was somewhat established in the film industry when he came to America at the age of 8. Darryl F. Zanuck, then resident mogul of 20th Century-Fox, was so impressed by the youngster's acting in the 1941 American production of MAN HUNT, that he signed Roddy to a long-term contract.

Stardom for many actors is brief, and it is even briefer for a child actor; Roddy knew he had to broaden his acting talents in order to escape the approaching obscurity which befalls almost all child actors as they inevitably grow-up.

In his early twenties he left Hollywood for New York, where he studied acting and made the transition to the theatre. He was extremely successful on the stage, and was later invited to appear at the American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Connecticut in the production of "Julius Caesar". The versatile McDowall then became interested in behind-the-scenes techniques, serving as executive producer of several films, ultimately making his directorial debut with TAM LYN, starring Ava Gardner.

In addition to performing, McDowall enjoys photography, and has snapped photo assignments around the world for major magazines. His first book, a photo-essay "Double Exposure" has gone into its second printing.

In the Hollywood world of super-inflated egos, many actors would find it degrading to portray a talking "ape" in a motion picture, but McDowall takes his character in a serious manner.

"The parts are good," the 41-year old actor says, "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 the pictures—they like the challenge. Masks are in the oldest tradition of the theatre and there is something exciting about reviving an ancient art.

Caesar (Roddy McDowall). Orphaned son of Cornelius and Zira. Ruler of the Planet of the Apes.
"For one thing, I tended to forget the discomfort," he says. "Eight months or more would pass between these films and I didn't quite remember how wearing they really were. I had to report for work at five o'clock in the morning to spend a little under four hours in the make-up chair being transformed into a chimpanzee; but that's not the main thing that bothered 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 5 hours I really become a basket case!"

Although residents of Southern California pay little attention to film crews at work on a city location, the sight of humanoid apes emoting before the cameras is quite unusual—even by Hollywood standards. Being a sensitive artist, McDowall takes offence at the shouting and pointing his simian role generates among onlookers.

"It always bothers me when people behave foolishly," he says, icily. And his anger is understandable. For an actor who approaches his job with a degree of seriousness and strives to give his role as much depth and substance as possible, laughter does not set well with McDowall's fragile ego.

Much of the overall success of the series may be attributed to the strong sense of believability Roddy McDowall has lent to his performances. Such a difficult subject matter could never have achieved the degree of popularity these films have attained without the emphasis on characterization by the actors; and McDowall has made his own significant contribution to the Apes saga.

There seem few worlds left to conquer for the multi-talented actor. Presently he finds himself as the lead of the television series relating further adventures on the PLANET OF THE APES. And demanding as these simian roles may be, McDowall can at least be content with the opportunity for steady work, something which in modern-day Hollywood has become quite a rarity—for man or ape!

"Certainly the role of Caesar (leader of the oppressed apes) has much more substance than many of the 'regular' parts I've had in other movies," McDowall comments. "I've enjoyed my roles in all of the films, yet I felt that CONQUEST was the greatest challenge, as it required more depth and characterization than any of the other performances."

Not since the early days of motion picture production have the actors suffered such rigorous working conditions. The first film was unbelievably difficult for the players as the combination of the lights, make-up and the natural heat of the desert location often made the temperature soar past 130 degrees.

"The first of the series was shot in the summer," McDowall continues, "And the heat made us perspire, which in turn worked on the spirit gum which in turn forces the reaplication of the adhesive—which in its turn works on the skin."

The subsequent films were shot during the winter, which afforded Roddy a milder climate, though there were other hardships to be endured. In BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, Roddy caught cold (which was a major discomfort) and he also had to have three small cysts surgically removed from his face, cysts which had been caused by the continual application and removal of the appliances. Despite annual threats to swear off further simian roles, McDowall invariably returned for a repeat performance, the lure being too great to resist.
And today, on television, Roddy McDowall dons a simian appliance yet another time to star as Galen, the chimpanzee hero of the TV series, PLANET OF THE APES, the only member of the ruling simian culture to befriend Astronauts Pete Burke (James Naughton) and Alan Virdon (Ron Harper).
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Monkey Around With These....

SECRET ENTRANCE

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Cornelius
Zark

Astronaut

Soldier Ape

PLANET OF THE APES T.M.

MEGO

8" ACTION FIGURES, PLAYSETS AND HORSE SOLD INDIVIDUALLY AND IN SETS AT MOST TOY OUTLETS.
His name is *Cornelius*. Her name is *Zira*. They are young, they are in love. And they have a problem.

The problem’s name is *Taylor*, and the fact that he has a name at all is a major part of that problem. For he is a man with a name in a world where men have no names. He is a man who knows how to read and write in an age where man is no more than a dumb brute, a beast. He is an intelligent being in a society where Man is an animal.

He is, in short, a problem. And *Cornelius* is not at all sure he wants to deal with it.

Not that he has much choice.
IT'S A STUNT--IT MUST BE. HUMANS DON'T WRITE--!

PEAR, YOU'RE A SCIENTIST--AND YOU KNOW THAT THE FOUNDATIONS OF SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE LIE IN OBSERVATION...

LOOK AT HIM--HE'S WRITING. OR DON'T YOU BELIEVE YOUR OWN EYES?

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO THIS--TO WRITE?

JEFFERSON PUBLIC SCHOOL
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
AND I SUPPOSE THIS "JEFFERSON PUBLIC SCHOOL" IS BACK ON THAT PLANET HE CLAIMS TO COME FROM...

I CONCEDE HE MAY BE ABNORMALLY INTELLIGENT, ZIRA, BUT HE'S ALSO MAD.

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK HE'S A MARVELOUS JUDGE OF CHARACTER, CORNELIUS.

AND YOU'RE A FOOL!

NOW JUST A MINUTE--

OH, CORNELIUS, BE QUIET.

QUIET?

YOU LISTEN TO THIS... THIS HUMAN WHO NOT ONLY CLAIMS TO BE INTELLIGENT, BUT WHO CLAIMS THERE WERE TWO OTHERS AS INTELLIGENT AS HIM... AND THAT THEY ALL JUST FELL OUT OF THE SKY... AND THEN YOU TELL ME TO BE--

CORNELIUS-- HE'S WRITING SOMETHING ELSE.

IT SAYS, "NOT FELL-- FLEW!"

FLIGHT IS A SCIENTIFIC IMPOSSIBILITY.

YES-- AND EVEN IF IT WEREN'T-- WHY FLY? WHERE WOULD IT GET YOU--?
Here! Here!

Here?

Hush, Cornelius— and pull down the map.

I think he wants to show us where he and his two companions fell to our world...

Oh, really, Zira... this is quite insane...

Do you have maps?

Quite insane, indeed.
APE CIVILIZATIONS

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

HE SAYS HE'S TRYING TO TELL US THAT'S WHERE HE CAME FROM.

 THAT NO CREATURE CAN SURVIVE IN THAT PART OF THE FORBIDDEN ZONE. I'VE BEEN THERE, ZIRA. I'VE SEEN IT.

BELIEVE ME, NOTHING COMES FROM THERE.

I DON'T, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TRY.

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR THEORY? THE EXISTENCE OF SOMEONE LIKE TAYLOR MIGHT PROVE IT.

ZIRA, ARE YOU TRYING TO GET MY HEAD CUT OFF? WATCH WHAT YOU SAY;-- DON'T BE FOOLISH, IF IT'S TRUE, THEY'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT IT.

THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR TAYLOR?

NO, THEY WON'T...
TAYLOR, CORNELIUS HAS DEVELOPED A BRILLIANT HYPOTHESIS--

"IT'S PROBABLY WRONG!"

--THAT THE APE EVOLVED FROM A LOWER ORDER OF PRIMATE, POSSIBLY MAN. IN HIS TRIP TO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, HE DISCOVERED TRACES OF A CULTURE HOOIER THAN RECORDED TIME--

THE EVIDENCE WAS VEY MEAGER--

THAT WAS BEFORE DR. ZAUS AND HALF THE ACADEMY SAID THE IDEA WAS HERESY.

YOU DIDN'T THINK SO AT THE TIME.


HE'S TOUCHY, ISN'T HE?

OH, THERE HE GOES WITH HIS SCRIBBLING AGAIN.

IF HE'S SO SMART, WHY DOESN'T HE JUST TALK?

IT SAYS: "BECAUSE ONE OF YOU STINKING APES SHOT ME IN THE THROAT--AND I AM NOT A MISSING LINK."

OF COURSE HE ISN'T--BECAUSE IF HE WERE A MISSING LINK, THE SACRED SCROLLS WOULDN'T BE WORTH THE PARCHMENT THEY'RE WRITTEN ON.

BAMP!

WELL, MAYBE THEY'RE NOT.

NO THANK YOU! I'M NOT GETTING INTO THAT BATTLE.

I REFUSE TO DISCUSS POLITICS OR RELIGION.
OH, CORNELIUS, SHOW SOME STRENGTH FOR A CHANGE!

ZIRA, LISTEN TO ME--WE'VE GOT A FINE FUTURE AHEAD OF US, MARRIAGE, STIMULATING CAREERS. I'M EVEN UP FOR A RAISE--

RAP RAP RAP

DR. ZAIUS--

DID YOU FORGET OUR APPOINTMENT, CORNELIUS?

OH--OH NO, SIR I... I WAS JUST ASSEMBLING MY NOTES...

YOU KNOW DR. MAXIMUS, OUR COMMISSIONER FOR ANIMAL AFFAIRS?

CERTAINLY, SIR. IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

WHAT IS THAT?

A MAN, DR. MAXIMUS.

YES, SIR. BUT THIS CREATURE IS A SPECIAL CASE.

WHY SPECIAL?

WE'RE CONDUCTING A NEW EXPERIMENT.

I'LL JUST GET MY NOTES...

I KNOW IT'S A MAN, AND YOU KNOW THE RULES, NO ANIMALS OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND--AND MOST CERTAINLY NOT WITHOUT A LEASH.

WOULDN'T IT BE MORE PROPERLY CONDUCTED IN YOUR OFFICE.
YES, SIR.

GUARDS!

RETURN THIS BEAST TO THE COMPOUND.

WHAT'S THIS?

A TOY. IT FLOATS ON THE AIR.

TRY IT.

ZIRA....

UTTER NONSENSE, MY DEAR.

GOOD DAY.

NONSENSE.
WE'RE TAKING NUMBER FOUR OVER TO SURGERY IN FIVE MINUTES. HAVE HUM READY.

HOW COME? THE BEAST'S THROAT IS NEARLY HEALED.

IT'S NOT HIS THROAT THIS TIME...

THE VET WANTS TO GELD HIM.

DR. ZIRA WON'T LIKE IT. SHE WANTS THAT PAIR TO MATE.

THESE ORDERS CAME FROM DR. ZEUS HIMSELF. THERE'S NOTHING SHE CAN DO ABOUT IT.

SO JUST LEASH THE BEAST AND HAVE HIM READY FOR PICK-UP IN FIVE MINUTES.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
STAND STILL NOW...DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE...

IF YOU ONLY KNEW, BRIGHT EYES, WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO TO YOU...

JUST DON'T GIVE ME ANY--

SPAPP!

UHNN--!
KLATCH!

SHREEEEEPP

A WHISTLE...

AND I'M A VERY WANTED MAN!

SHREEEEEPP

A POLICE WHISTLE...
SHREEE-EEEEPP!

LOST THEM... I HOPE...

WELL, I'LL BE A MANGY MONKEY'S UNCLE--!

IS THAT... ORGAN MUSIC... COMING FROM THIS BUILDING...?

IT... IT'S A...
WEEP IF YOU MUST, BUT MAKE AN END OF SORROW. HE LIVES AGAIN. YES, HE HAS FOUND PEACE IN HEAVEN.

HE WAS A MODEL FOR US ALL, A GORILLA TO REMEMBER: HUNTER, WARRIOR, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH...

MAMA, I HAVE TO-- GO AHEA...D, THEN--BUT HURRY UP.

CHERISHED HUSBAND, BELOVED FATHER, GENEROUS MASTER--YES, HE WAS A FONT OF SIMIAN KINDNESS.

GREAT... THE LITTLE BEAST'S COMING STRAIGHT TOWARDS ME--!

AND I CAN'T BACK OUT OF THIS PLACE NOW... SINCE THOSE SOUNDS I HEAR OUTSIDE--

"--MUST BE THE GORILLA FUZZ."

UH-OH... HERE IT COMES...

HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR.

RIGHT. LET'S WAIT HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES...

THE PEAR DEPARTED ONCE SAID TO ME--

LOOK...!
A MAN--!

IN HEAVEN'S NAME-- GET RID OF THAT CREATURE!!

OH MY GOD--!!

USHERS--HALT THE DESECRATION OF THIS CEREMONY AT ONCE--!!

GET THAT ANIMAL OUT OF HERE!!

THERE HE IS!

STOP HIM--!

YOU SEE WHAT I SAW?

MUST'VE ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO.

ANOTHER ONE AHEAD...
SHREE-EEEEP!

AND THIS ONE'S GOT A NET--!

USE YOUR NET, XIRINIUS!!

SWISSHHH

FLPP

YOU MISSED--!

--FEET!

STOP HIM-- BEFORE HE GETS TO HIS--

SHREE-EEEP?

DAMN WHISTLE--!
IT'S SO LOUD I'M AMAZED IT HASN'T ROUSED EVERY STINKING APE IN THIS CITY ONTO MY-------

SHREEEE

CAN'T GO BACK--

- SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO UP!

STOP HIM!
--RAMP!

CLOSE, TAYLOR--CLOSE.

WOULDN'T WANT TO TRY THAT AGAIN.

HE'S UP THERE--!

CUT HIM OFF WHEN HE TRIES TO GET DOWN!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

SO...

GIDDYAP, SILVER--THEY'LL BE NIPPING AT OUR HEELS IN ANOTHER MINUTE--!

UNFFF!
THOSE APPLES LOOK TASTY...

SHAME I DON'T HAVE TIME TO SAMPLE THEM.

IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE OTHER END OF THIS STREET...

GUESS AGAIN, TAYLOR.

WHUDD!
LOOK OUT...!

SHREEE SHREEE ISHREEE

SHREEEEEP

MUSEUM

WEIRD EXHIBITS THEY'VE GOT...

NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND THE BACK EXIT...
HERE.

NO!!

DODGE!

SHREEEEEPP

OH MY GOD--

NO....!!

THE WHISTLE AGAIN...!

GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE!!

STeady now-- They should flush him out this way any second...

THERE!
SHRACK! SH-TRAK! CRACK!

LET ME THROUGH--I'M DR. ZIRA! I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS MAN--!

NOT ANY MORE, MA'AM. HE IS NOW IN THE CUSTODY OF THE MINISTRY OF SCIENCE.

ALL RIGHT HOIST HIM UP OFF THE GROUND WHERE HE CAN'T BITE US.

AND BRING THAT MUZZLE IN...

TAKE YOUR STINKING PAWS OFF ME, YOU DAMN DIRTY APE!!!

HE... SPOKE.

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