PLANET OF THE APES

Contents

"A RIVERBOAT NAMED SIMIAN!" by Doug Moench, Mike Ploog and Frank Chiaramonte
Page 6

A HALF-HOUR WITH HARPER by Chris Claremont
Page 36

PLANET OF THE APES Fashions by Ed Lawrence
Page 48

Marvel’s Planet of the Apes adaptation continues—
"THE TRIAL!"
by Doug Moench, George Tuska and Mike Esposito
Page 53
Dear Marvel,

Remember me? I’m the guy who typed a five page letter on the first of your Apes magazine. Having just finished reading your second issue, I would now like to comment on each and every bit of it. But again, remember, I am poor and will add as many suggestions as I think possible to add to the quality of your magazine.

I first saw your cover, I was stunned and blinded at the brightness of its color. Then I realized that too much yellow had been used. Mainly, that was the color of your cover. Then viewing the cover of your first magazine, I noticed as much color that seemed somewhat simpler. I felt that entirely too much of each color was used and that the covers should be constructed more realistically. I for one, would enjoy seeing yellow coloration colored rather than seen in yellow or people or flowers.

The art on the cover was again fantasticus and I congratulate Don Larkin for his fine work. The features on the gorillas faces stand out and seem to come alive. However, again, the yellow comes in to narrow things. Look at the gorillas in the bottom right hand corner. Now compare his features with those of the gorilla as he appears in the yellow. The yellow gives the appearance of the Bleyer of the eyes of the gorilla on his back and the face loses that outline.

On the whole, the gorillas, the human, and especially the chimpanzees were drawn exceptionally well and I again urge Mr. Larkin to take over the artwork on the “Terrier” series. Cleverly conceived was the view of the ape city in the background. Since the issue did include photos and a story of the apes city, I thought it very ingenious to work a drawing into the cover. However, less cleverly conceived was the thought that gorillas would rape one of their own kind. — — a chimp. I brought this up in my last letter, when I spotted a gorilla hand-dragging a chimp. I again stressed a more active approach toward realism on your covers.

One last thought: Fix that gorilla in the top left hand corner, under CURTIS. His drooping eye is disgusting.

Page 2: I was revolted at the sight of comics on this page instead of further actions shots as in your first issue.

Page 3: Picture #2: Why is an ape imprisoned? Remember realism!

Page 4: Could Tony Isabella possibly be the ape with the banana hanging from his chest? If this is definitely true, it’s life size figure of Chris Clements, square-shoulder, would have to be something of a talking point in the pages ahead.

I hate to see you try a picture of Mike Wilson. I would like to see his face. What’s wrong with these gorillas guards? They were so much more to admire before his hit. Mother can shoot better than that. As much as I have to admire it, I enjoyed the series into comic magazine form far surpassed the best effort.

Painted covers are more attractive than the sketch example. The orange-dominated cover was also alluring. One small thing, Jason wearing pants. Sh, sh, sh. Also, the type of underwear worn by the gorillas, slaughter, whatever, that are continually featured in your own ‘Bush Men’. I am positive you can add this to this scene. Take another look at the movie and you’ll notice the ape ape murdering another ape was Aldo taking Caesar’s man, Caesar, I mean, the original Caesar. Life 2, The anatomy of the monkeys’ dying in the Forbidden Zone. Light 3, the anatomy of the apes who live in the Forbidden Zone who possess machines that ‘shouldn’t’; life’s all explained in the movie series which you appear to be ignoring, destroying the continuity. ‘Ape Man’ Thats too many new concepts, too fast, which aren’t needed. 4, the slang. I know all the abbreviations of chimpanzees. These are only the initial impressions, correct that the apes are far too human-looking in the movie adaptation.

This issue was far superior to the original attempt. But the next issue was advertised for ‘95—has the mag gone mad?’

Rory Keogh Gibbons
‘Apes’ Apes
Uxson City, California, 90607

Yes, indeed, Rory—believe it or not and we still don’t! Apes is now a monthly Marvel magazine masterpiece. There you will have every opportunity to view the work of Messrs. Ploog, Tooska, Esposito etc... and now with a certain standard Marvel fellow. Conscientiously, you will have the best of this issue’s those same aforementioned luminaries, now you have had to be different, start on a new storyline—have an adventure beyond the Forbidden Zone, in another forest. Just keep writing, I don’t think any of you ever get bored with my suggestions. I certainly don’t. I can hardly wait for Issue 3, for the magazine itself, and if you’ve taken ANY of my ideas into consideration. Thank you for your time and see you next month!

Mark Panga
359 N. Mission Ave.
Uxson City, California, 90607

Sorry we couldn’t print all of your lettering and illustration letter. Mark—we like Bill Eisner’s strip but many of your penmanship are almost as much as you do. And you’ll notice that with the cover of this issue, we’ve toned down our artistic tendencies.

As for ads, also, we do everything we can to keep their number down but we have been deluged with letters from readers asking for more information about the various companies mentioned in the ads. We will plan a feature on some of them in the next issue. In the meantime, we will print ads which are not of too much concern to our readers.

George A. Romero
Lincolnshire, Ill.

You are very much an ape friend. I could surely settle an argument between a friend and I if it’s about the movie BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. At the end of the movie, somebody pressed a button and blew up the world. I saw Taylor卮Richardson’s version of the latter, my friends say Brant (James Franciscus) did it. Which one of us is right?

George A. Romero

Would you believe, we don’t know? ‘That is—Alfred Akula, the fastest man with a pan in the Philippines, in going to be drawing our adaptation of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES! I will be giving you issue #7, and Doug Moore, who’ll be writing this epic as well as everything else we can persuade him to do—he’s terrific!—won’t let us sell either you are right, George, or whether your friend is. Doug doesn’t want to spill the story by revealing the ending. So, if you can just hang on for a few more weeks, we’ll have your answer for you.

Dear Tony:

You people have done it again. Realism is sacred and you at Marvel kill it. The stories in your PLANET OF THE APES magazine are great, but the art is awful. In a letter I sent you a while back, I asked you to get rid of Mike Ploog. I want you to retract that statement. Ploog would have some great art work. It may be that you just don’t understand the comic book art work on those who have laid down as the basic appearance; as gorillas do not have bangs.

Doug wants to do, but gorillas do not. Flows in the dress and appearance could hurt your map. Too much emphasis on the faces of the ape, such as in “Word of Captive Humans,” ruined the artwork. I know you guys try hard on the art, but drawing less emphasis on the faces of the apes would be easier than putting a lot, and it would look better, too.

The most amazing in your story, “The Forbidden Zone of Forgotten Humans,” were not the greatest things to hit the earth either. When you work along the lines that have already been established, keep to the traditions. Mutants do not have mechanical body parts, but you, if I want to be different, start on a new storyline—have an adventure beyond the Forbidden Zone, in another forest. Just keep writing, I don’t think any of you ever get bored with my suggestions. I certainly don’t. I can hardly wait for Issue 3, for the magazine itself, and if you’ve taken ANY of my ideas into consideration. Thank you for your time and see you next month!

Hilfred L. Beatham
121 B & A. Horse Shoe, NC 28348

Sorry, but we can’t agree with you, Hildred, about your ape artwork. For each reader who strongly dislikes Mike Ploog’s ape renditions, there are many others who do. The fact that you have been running Mr. Ploog’s work ever since we don’t think that simplifying the drawings would make them more realistic; we’re glad that Mike puts as much emotion into each ape face as he can manage, and we’ve received so very much nice compliments on his realistic portrayals.

But just to please you, and to give our other readers a change of pace, APES #7 will be our first fine of a new artist, Energetic Ed Hamigian. While George A. Romero and Mike Esposito’s adaptation of the first ape movie, Ed will be giving us a slightly-affected tale, “Evolution’s Nightmares”.
PART 4 of TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES!

A RIVERBOAT NAMED SIMIAN

ESCAPE: THE EXHILARATION OF PROMISED FREEDOM AFTER AN INCARCERATION IN NIGHTMARE.

ESCAPE: FROM THE CAVERN-BASED INVENTORS, BIZARRE MUTANTS SPAWNED IN NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST AND NOW CONTROLLED BY REPUGNANTLY COLOSSAL BRAINS.


...AND WARKO, FIRST-LIEUTENANT IN BRUTUS' GORILLA SQUADRON OF FUTUREGUARD TERRORISTS, A BRIEF ALLY TO JASON AND ALEXANDER WHILE TRAPPED WITH THEM IN THE MUTANTS' ARENA-PIT... BUT NOW DETERMINED TO RESTORE THE FORMER STATUS QUO...

NO CLOSER HUMAN—OR THE LAWJVER'S BRAINS PAINT THE SKY? OUR NEW DESTINATION IS BRUTUS' ARBOREAL ENCAMPMENT... AND I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO DEVIATE FROM IT.

ESCAPE: A STRANGE SKYBOAT, CLEANSING THE PURPLE MISTED AIR OF THE RADIATION-SMOTHERED FORBIDDEN ZONE... A SKYBOAT, WHOSE CONTROL HAS ONCE AGAIN ELuded HANDS. ESCAPE: A RETURN TO THE PRISON OF NIGHTMARE.

YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR HIS VIOLENCE, MY FRIENDS. ALTER THE COURSE AS HE DEMANDS.
Anything you say, Lawgiver...

But you won't mind if I do it rather abruptly, will you?

Chank!

Jason punches the controls...

And the skyboat lurches into swirling chaos!

What the...?!

He's down, Jason... and so's his weapon...

So you'd better try to pull this thing out of its dive...

--While I keep Warko away from the weapon... Frantically scrambling across the pitching deck, Alex dives--

--And though he manages to grab the laser pistol... you're too late, traitor--!
ALEX! TRY TO HOLD ON TO--

UHNN--!!

FAR TOO LATE!

--AND THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GET IT IS FROM A DISTANCE!

JASON DUCKS BELOW THE MORTING STRAIN OF LIGHT--

SHRAM!

SPREZZ!

SPRAZZ!

AND ONCE AGAIN THE SHIP REELS THROUGH THE SWIRLING HAZE, WEAVING AN ERRATIC COURSE TOWARD A GROUND OF CHARRED AND TWISTED RUIN...

ALEX--HE'S GOT THAT THING AIMED AT ME AGAIN! HE'S GOING TO FIRE--!

--LEAVING THE CONTROL BAY Directory OPEN...

OOOPH!!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT PAL!

...THE WEIRD CRAFT ITSELF PLUMMETS DOWNWARD ON A COLLISION-COURSE WITH DEATH.
THEN THE DESPERATE SOUNDS OF CONFLICT ARE SLICED BY A STRIDENT SHOUT—THE IMPOSING VOICE OF THE LAWGIVER...

PLEASE—STOP YOUR FIGHTING! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING—?

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE GOING TO...

SKRASH!

THE SOUND IS AWESOME IN FURY, A THUNDEROUS CACOPHONY OF IMPACTING STEEL AND ROCK, A GROATING EMBRACE OF CATACLYSMIC HORROR AND IRREVOCABLE DOOM...

THE AFTERMATH IS SOFTER, NO MORE THAN THE ROARING RUSH OF AIR FEEDING FLAME...

UNTIL, THAT IS, A LONE FIGURE SLOWLY STIRS...

OH...

NO...

ALL OF THEM...?

ALL DEAD...?

HIS NAME IS JASON...

...AND HE RISES, A STARK FIGURE OF SEETHING RAGE HIGHLIGHTED AGAINST THE BLISTERING CONFLAGRATION...

EXCEPT THE GORILLA—HE'S STILL BREATHING...

STILL LIVING....

...A CRACKLING, WHINING SOUND WHICH IS HEARD BY NO ONE...

JASON'S FINGERS SQUEEZE THE ROCK...
AND ALMOST INVOLUNTARILY HE HOLDS THE POURous WEIGHT 

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, WARKO -- YOU 

AND THE REST OF BRUTUS' FILTHY 

GORILLAS... IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF 

YOU THAT ALEX AND THE LAWGIVER 

ARE DEAD...!

BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR 

FOR THAT, YOU STINKING BEAST! 

YOU'LL PAY WITH YOUR 

HAIRY SKULL SMASHED 

INTO...

NO, JASON -- STOP!!

YOUR EMOTIONS, JASON, ARE EVIL, 

THEY HAVE CONVINCED YOU TO HATE 

WARKO'S IDENTITY AS GORILLA... 

WHEN YOU SHOULDERED HIS 

CONDUCT AS TRANSgressOR.

HIS UNCONScIOUS 

BODY POSSES LITTLE 

THRAT, JASON, 

WHAT PURPOSE 

WILL BE SERVED 

BY KILLING HIM?

AT LEAST IT'LL 

PREVENT HIM FROM KILLING 

US WHEN HE 

WAKES UP.

WE'LL BE MILES AWAY FROM 

HERE BY THE TIME WARKO REVIVES. 

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET THE 

LAWGIVER BACK TO THE CITY 

AND THEN SIT BACK AND WATCH 

AS BRUTUS AND HIS BAND ARE 

LOCKED UP.

YOU WIN ALEX... 

BUT I WISH I 

HAD YOUR FAITH 

IN THE LAW...

...BECAUSE IT STOPPED 

WORKING FOR ME 

THE DAY MY PARENTS 

WERE MURDERED 

BY GORILLAS LIKE 

WARKO.

DO NOT LET YOUR HATRED 

BLIND YOU TO MERCY, OR YOU 

WILL NEVER KNOW THE PEACE 

OF CONSCIENCE, IT IS TRUE 

THAT WARKO THREATENED 

TO KILL ME, AND HE WAS 

WRONG TO DO SO...

BUT I HAVE HEARD 

YOU THREATEN TO KILL 

HIM, THEREFORE YOU 

ARE EQUALLY WORng. 

YOU HAVE ALLOWED YOUR 

EMOTIONS TO TRANscend 

YOUR MORALITY. YOUR 

EMOTIONS WANTED 

TO BELIEVE THAT YOUNG 

ALEX AND I WERE 

DEAD...

...AND THEY 

HAVE ALMOST 

FORCED YOU 

TO THE ACT OF 

MURDER.

AND IT'LL PREVENT YOU 

FROM EVER GETTING A 

FAIR TRIAL, JASE, THERE 

WON'T BE AN APE OR 

HUMAN ALIVE WHO'LL 

BELIEVE YOU DIED 

KILL BRUTUS' WIFE IF 

THEY FIND OUT ABOUT 

THIS.

--ALIVE AND KICING, 

JASE, AND NOT TOO 

STUNNED TO SEE THAT 

THE LAWGIVER'S RIGHT.

THUS ARMED WITH TWO LASER PISTOLS SALVAGED FROM 

THE BLAZING WRECK OF THE SKYCrAFT, THREE INSIGNIFICANT 

FIGURES BEGIN THEIR LONG TREK THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN 

ZONE.

PEACE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED, BUT ONLY AT THE EXPENSE OF 

MORAL DICHOTOMY... FOR JASON THE HUMAN FEELS HE 

HAS FALLEN SUBSERVIENT TO THE TWO APES WHO WllL 

SOMETIMES GOVERN HIS FATE...
GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, THEN, IT IS NOT SO UNUSUAL TO FIND JASON ADOPTING THE LEAD. AFTER ALL, IT ALLOWS HIM ISOLATION FROM HIS TWO COMPANIONS...

COME ON—I'M ANXIOUS TO PUT THOSE 'MILES' BETWEEN US AND--

RUN WHILE YOU CAN!!

IT'S ONE OF THE GREAT-DEATH BEASTS!

WHAT THE--?!

...ALLOWS HIM, TOO, TO PASS SAFELY BEYOND THE RANGE OF A CRUELLY PREDATOR--A PREDATOR WHOSE HOMESTRIDE INDECREASINGNESS IS MORE THAN COUNTERACTED BY ITS SUBSEQUENT ZEAL.

...WHATEVER A 'GREAT-DEATH BEAST' IS, LOOKS LIKE JUST ANOTHER ONE THE THINGS WE FACED IN THE ARENA-DIT.

CORRECTION...

SQUEEZ--

SHRAR...

...IT WAS ONE OF THE GREAT-DEATH BEASTS...

YOU ALL RIGHT, LAWSERVER--?

I THINK SO. IF YOU COULD JUST HELP ME OUT FROM UNDER THE BEAST...?"
Fortunately, it is nothing serious, young Alex. I was injured by the beast's talons. However, had his fangs pierced my skin, I might be in considerable jeopardy—forever.

The great Death Beasts were spawned in the mutative rays of the Holocaust, and these mutative rays are transferred by the injection of their saliva to the blood stream.

But as it is, all I'll need is a simple bandage...

There you are, sir. Do you think you can walk?

Oh, of course—of course I can walk.

Yeah— but where to—? The forbidden zone extends to all horizons.

It would seem that Brutus, however, is anything but lost. The ruthless leader of the Secret Demigods—official peace officer of the city—has unerringly led his complement of city peace-keepers directly to the cave of the Inheritors.

Or hadn't you noticed—?

We're lost.

Squadron, halt—!

Drone, I wish to see Be-One.

Very well— but the rest of your gorillas will remain where they are...

...under penalty of death as mandated by the Supreme Be-One.
These gorillas are my subordinates, and duly appointed representatives of the city.

Since when has Be-One decided to accord such little respect to those in my command?

Since a band of gorillas assaulted our cavern yesterday—and expunged four drones.

I see very well—escort me to Be-One.

Tell me... this assault yesterday... were there two others involved... a human and a chimp, both young...?

Gestalt commander Be-One will divulge all that you are permitted to know.

A railcar awaits us, just ahead.

Then a hurtling journey through labyrinthine tunnels...

—And Brutus is conducted to the immense cavern-receptacle of the inheritance—gestalt commanders...

MUTANT—DRONE DEE—USHER THE GORILLA BRUTUS FORWARD...

...and instruct drone ex to delay all interruptive communication input until otherwise commanded.
GREETINGS, BE-ONE. MY END OF OUR AGREEMENT IS PROCEEDING WELL...

MY DOUBLE-IDENTITY SERVES OUR MUTUAL OBJECTIVE MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN WE HAD HOPED, AS LEADER OF THE RENEGADE TERRORISTS, I HAVE INITIATED A CAMPAIGN OF METHODICAL SUBVERSION AMONG THE INTEGRATED CITY.

THUS, BY INJURING THE HUMAN ELEMENT, I HAVE BROUGHT THE CITY'S UNIFIED STRENGTH, RENDERING IT SUSCEPTIBLE TO YOUR IMPENDING INVASION.

AND AS OFFICIAL PEACE OFFICER, I HAVE CONVINCED THE POPULATION THAT A YOUNG HUMAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF MY WIFE...

HOWEVER, MY ACTUAL BUSINESS HERE CONCERNS THE AFOREMENTIONED HUMAN. HE HAS ESCAPED, AND I BUILD TO DISPROVE THE CHARGES OF MURDER...

WE KNOW BRUTUS. HE HAS ALREADY BEEN EXACERATED AS RESCUED THE LAWGIVER.

THE LAWGIVER... THEN WE MUST STOP THEM. IF THE LAWGIVER RETURNS TO POWER, OUR ENTIRE PLAN WILL COLLAPSE.

YOU MUST GIVE ME THE DRONES IMMEDIATELY!

AND SOME OF YOUR WAST MACHINES, AS MANY AS YOU CAN SPARE.

YEY, BRUTUS-- YA BLEW DA WHOLE CAPER YA UGLY MUG.

Yeah, Brutus-- if you pay us you'd better shoot us.

REQUEST GRANTED, BRUTUS, BUT WE WARN YOU, FURTHER FAILURES NOT BE TOLERATED.

ACKNOWLEDGED, BE-ONE... AND BE-THREE. THANK YOU, AND FAREWELL.

YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, DEE-AN. ON YOUR WAY OUT, TELL DAT STUPID DRONE EX TO OPEN UP DA INPUT AGAIN.

MUTANT-DRONE EXE-- PROVIDE THE GORILLA WITH A CONTINGENT OF DRONES AND MACHINES, AND BE ADVISED THAT THIS ORDER DOES NOT IN ANY WAY COUNTERMAND PAST OR FUTURE ORDERS PERTAINING TO THE EVENTUAL ANNIHILATION OF BOTH THE HUMAN AND APE POPULATION.
CHAPTER TWO: GUNPOWDER JULIUS

CAN'T BE POISONOUS IF THE SHAGGY CREATURES ARE DRINKING IT: THEY MAY BE DUMB, BUT I DOUBT THEY'D COMMIT SUICIDE.

NO KIDDIN', JAS-- NOT THE WAY WE'VE SEEN THEM STRUGGLE AGAINST THOSE INHERITORS CHARACTERS.

BY THE WAY, LAWGIVER-SIR, ARE YOU AWARE OF HOW THOSE INHERITORS KEEP THE SHAGGY CREATURES AS SLAVES...

YES, I AM YOUNG ALEX, IN FACT ONE OF THE REASONS FOR MY PILGRIMAGE INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE--

RIGHT NOW, I SUGGEST WE WASH THE PURPLE MIST FROM OUR THROATS...

...UNFORTUNATE THAT OUR MERE PRESENCE MUST FRIGHTEN THE POOR CREATURES OFF. EXTREMELY SKITTISH, AREN'T THEY...

AH, BUT THE STORY MAY KEEP FOR A MORE LIESURELY TIME.

I DON'T BLAME THEM, SIR-- WHAT WITH THOSE MUSH-FACED INHERITORS ALWAYS TRYING TO SNATCH THEM--!
Well, there seems to be at least one brave fellow among the lot. Seems to be curious, doesn't he?

But I suppose it's safe enough to bathe my wound in.

Hmp! Water's rather bitter tasting...

Luckily it's not too deep to...

Wha-??

Seeing the lawyer sweep off his feet, Jason and Alex lunge forward to his aid...

...joined, for some inexplicable reason, by the third raggedy creature.

The current... too strong for me--!

But all hopes of rescue swiftly drown in the implacable grasp of the underwater current.

Strain as they might, all four find themselves helplessly sucked forward--straight toward a submerged tunnel--an underwater corridor bored into the very side of one of the river-girding mountains...
Wild panic assails each of them. Frantically, they scramble for handholds on the mossy tunnel walls. And when they realize that any resistance is futile, a new panic infuses them with livid horror.

Then, abruptly, they surface... and gasping, sputtering, they gulp the precious air...

But the respite is a brief one--

Hold your breath--we're going under again!!

This time, the surface is nonexistent...

The question is torn from Jason's mind, replaced by a shimmering stream of bubbles...

For the tunnel is stuffed with madly rushing water--an irresistible vortex which sucks them ever onward, battering and scraping them against the tunnel walls, sweeping them forward through hell with some unknown force. But what force--what could possibly create this vortex--?
Then, as the lawgiver's body limply surrenders to the inexorable current, Jason glimpses a reflective surface above...

...until at last two heads pierce the surface in spray...

...and lungs bursting, he grasps the lawgiver's robes, desperately clawing his way upward, cutting the forward vortex every charming inch of the way...

— to greet air... cool, sweet precious air.

Well, it looks like we finally slammed into some luck, eh Alex? As long as we've got this log, I don't care how strong the current gets.

Bite my tongue, Jase— the good news isn't quitting!!

Yeah... unless this tunnel decides to narrow again...

There's light up ahead! The tunnel's coming to an end...!!

Easy on the ecstacy, Alex. I wouldn't count on the news being that good...
IN FACT, ONCE WE GET OUT OF THIS TUNNEL, I WOULDN'T EVEN COUNT ON THE RIVER!!

UHRRMPH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JASE??

I MEAN THAT THERE'S LIGHT OUT THERE BUT NOTHING ELSE! THE RIVER JUST SEEMS TO--

A WATERFALL!!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS-- EVEN SINCE WE STARTED HEARING THAT ROAR!

HANG ON FOR YOUR WATERLOGGED LIVES--

--DISAPPEAR!!

THE MYSTERIOUS CAUSE OF THE VORTEX: A HALF-MILE TUMBLE OF RAGING TURBULENCE AND PROTH... ALSO KNOWN AS--

--BECAUSE WE'RE GOING DOWN!!

AND THE BOTTOM'S A LONG WAY OFF!!
Their impact is lost from view, an insignificant splash into the far greater fury of cascading torrents...

And for a moment there is nothing... nothing but gravity's violent roar of water, mercilessly pounding water...

More than serene the lake is a glittering sheen of bright promise... cached in a lush valley of equal splendor, it is a glossy jewel in a setting of verdant life...

...weird rotous life—splashed in vivid swirls of phosphorescent purple and scarlet... a forest gone mad with the fever of radiation... a mutated forest...

But nevertheless, a forest beyond this desolate clutch of the forbidden zone...

I must say I'm glad to be here... but I don't think I'd want to make the journey again.

Yeah, sure is weird—being washed through a mountain clear out of the forbidden zone...

...but I wonder why this lake isn't bigger. You'd think it would overflow with all that water constantly gushing into it... unless there's a drainage point somewhere...

There it is— at the far side of the lake, another river. Alex and no way of telling where it leads...

...but since we can't go back up the waterfall, our best bet is to build a raft and take it down the river. Too bad we lost that mutant... weapon in the water. Would've been handy for cutting down logs.

Well... might as well start now, while the lawyer is catching his breath.

And the lawyer smiles, grateful for the common petrel which has sealed a bitter dichotomy between apes and human...
THEIR TRACKS LEAD UP TO THE RIVER, PEACE OFFICER BRUTUS.

NONE, SIR—THE FIRST SET OF TRACKS JUST VANISHES INTO THE WATER.

AND THEIR RETURN TRACKS...?

VERY WELL, SERGEANT. WE'LL RETURN TO THE SITE OF THE CRASH NOW.

WARKO—YOU INCOMPETENT FOOL!!

YOU WERE WITH THE FUGITIVES—WHAT WERE THEIR PLANS?

J—JUST TO RETURN TO OUR CITY... WITH THE L—

SILENCE! THEN AS FAR AS YOU KNOW THEY MUST HAVE TRAVELLED UP THAT RIVER—BACK TO OUR CITY?

Y—YES, BRUTUS—!

IMPOSSIBLE. THE UNDERCURRENT IS TOO STRONG TO GO UPSTREAM; THEY COULD ONLY HAVE GONE DOWNSTREAM.

IS THERE A WAY TO CIRCUMVENT THE RIVER?

YES—A PASSAGE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

AND WHERE DOES THAT LEAD MUTANT-DRONE ESS?

TO THE RIVER-SOCIETY—IF ONE SURVIVES THE RIVER ITSELF.

GOOD.

THAT IS THE ROUTE WE SHALL TAKE...
WE SEEM TO BE MAKING PRETTY GOOD TIME ALEX--AT LEAST SINCE WE FINALLY FOUND THE LOGS FOR THIS RAFT.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE CURRENT HELPING US NOW--INSTEAD OF TRYING TO MURDER US...

...WHICH REMINDS ME... HOW ARE YOU FEELING, LAWGIVER-SIR?

OH, JUST FINE, YOUNG ALEX--JUST FINE.

IT'S SO PEACEFUL HERE THAT I CAN ALMOST FORGET THE IMPENDING WAR.

WAR--?!?

LOOK-- A SETTLEMENT ON THE RIVER--!

URG! URG!

YOU SAID IT, LAWGIVER...

...AND JUST LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE CANOES!

YES--OF COURSE. WHY DID YOU PRESUME THE MUTANTS TOOK ME CAPTIVE--AND INCARCERATED ME?

WHY DID YOU THINK BRUTUS DECEIVED ME INTO LEAVING OUR CITY AND ENTERING THE FORBIDDEN ZONE...?

WELL, WE... UH WE JUST ASSUMED--

PADDLE CLOSER--THEY SEEM FRIENDLY ENOUGH...

HOWDY STRANGERS! YER JUST IN TIME TO SET AN' CHW THE EVENING FAT--!

SO POLE THAT SILLY SKIFF OF YOURS ON IN HERE--AND GET SET TO SET!
WELL, COME ON, FOLKS--NO REASON TO BE AFEARED. WE'RE AN EASY-GOIN' BUNCH OUT HERE--NEVER SHOT NO ONE NOWAY FOR NOTHIN' LESS THAN BEEN CROSS-EYED!

TOO LAZY I SPECT.

ALEX, DO YOU GET THE FEELING THAT THIS IS A LITTLE STRANGE...?

JAGD, I ALREADY LEFT THAT FEELING FAR BEHIND.

WELL, NOW THAT YER SATISFIED I AINT ABOUT TO BITE YORE EARS OFF... I'D LIKE YA TO LISTEN TAH NAME.


--AN'T TWICE AS DOUTY AS ALL O'THAT ROLLED UP IN ONE BIG BUNDLE!

NOW THEN, I'M RIGHT GLAD TO MAKE YORE ACQUAINTANCE, BOYS!

--OH... GLAD TO MEET YOU, GUNPOWDER... BUT, AH, YOU SEEM TO BE CHOKING ME, INADVERTENTLY, OF COURSE...

Uh... Tell me, Mr. Julius-- You seem to get along here... Humans and Apes, I mean...

STRANGERS, HUH?

CHOKIN' YA--?! IT'S NO WUNDER WITH YER BONES STICKIN' OUT EVERY WHICH-WAY, YOU FOLKS'RE PAHED-- SKINNY--!

Uh... S-Olad to MEET You, GUNPOWDER... BUT, AH, YOU SEEM TO BE CHOKING ME, INADVERTENTLY, OF COURSE...

UH... TELL ME, MR. JULIUS-- YOU SEEM TO GET ALONG HERE... HUMANS AND APES, I MEAN....

THE NAME'S GUNPOWDER, M' LAD-- UNTIL YA CROSS ME LEAST-WAYS. AN' O' COURSE WE GET ALONG HERE--!

WE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' AGAINST HUMANS OR APES. IF WE DID, WE'D BE IN TROUBLE. JACCUZ WE ARE HUMANS AN' APES, Y'SEE.
WHAT DID YA SAY YORE NAME WAS, FRIEND?

UH... THE LAWGIVER.

AH... WELL, LAWGIVER WILL SUFFICE.

WELL, LAWGIVER, I WANT YA TO GAZE YORE EYES OVER YONDER AND TAKE A GOOD LONG GREEN LOOK AT MUI PRICE AN’ JOY—!

WHAT YER SEEIN’ IS THE “SMIAN”, THE SLICKEST DANGED KEEBOAT ON THE WHOLE O’ THIS HERE RIVER! A REAL BEE-YOOTY, AIN’T SHE?

BY THE BY LAWGIVER... JUST WHO GETS THESE LAWS THAT YOU BE GIVIN’ ALL THE...

WHOOAA... WAIT A MINUTE. JUST WAIT ONE DANGED MINUTE HERE, BOYS...

WHA-??!

—IF’N YA WAS TA TAKE THE BABE’S CRADLE AWAY!

WUNK!

GUNPOWDER JULIUS!!

WHY YOU DIRTY SLIMY GREASY CHICKEN-PLUCKIN’ RIVER-RAT KISSIN’ SPIDER-HUGGIN’ SON-OF-A-MANGY KEELHAULED—!
HOHAW! HA! HA! HA!

GUNPOWDER, YOU ORNERY, PLEASBITEN RIVER-NERD... THAT PUNCH O' YOURS COULD FLATTENED A MULE!

I AIN'T NO SLOUCH, YERSELF, DAN!

LAWSIVER, I WANT YA'T MEET M' BEST FRIEND, THIS HERE IS STEELY DAN. HE'S KINDA MEAN AN' MAD, AN' ORNERY HISSSELF--BUT HE AIN'T HALF AS PURTY AS ME!

AN' LAWSIVER, YOU CAN INTRODUCE MORE FRIENDS OVER COME O'TH' BEST MASHER MEAD YOU'LL FIND FROM ONE END O'TH' MIGHTY RIVER TO THE OTHER!

NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, DAN? SLEEPIN' LIKE THAT--YOU KNOW YA WAS SPOTTED TO BE WATCHIN' OUR BOAT--!

AW, COME ON, JULIUS--YOU KNOW DANGED WELL THAT NOBODY'D DARE STEAL OUR RIVERBOAT.

HEY, ALEX--LOOKS LIKE SHAGGY WANTS A DRINK.

GAG--!

I DON'T BLAME HIM...

I COULD SWEAR THIS WAS ALL A DREAM.
MUTANT-DRONE ESS—are you in direct contact with BE-ONE?

OF COURSE. OUR HEADPIECES ARE FUNCTIONAL EXTENSIONS OF BE-ONE—AS WELL AS OF THE OTHER GESTALT COMMANDERS.

THEN TELL HIM TO DISPATCH THE WAR-MACHINES HE PROMISED WOULD BE PLACED AT MY DISPOSAL.

IMMEDIATELY.

THEY WILL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS TO ARRIVE. BRUTUS...

I FULLY REALIZE THAT, DRONE ESS. I'M NOT STUPID, CONTRARY TO YOUR POMPOUS MISCONCEPTIONS.

I DO NOT PLAN TO LAUNCH THE OFFENSIVE UNTIL DAWN, AT WHICH TIME THERE WILL BE SUFFICIENT LIGHT...AND AT WHICH TIME THEY'LL STILL BE ASLEEP.
FIVE HOURS... AND A VAST QUANTITY OF "HASHED MEAD"...
LATER... NIGHT DESCENDS ON THE RIVERSIDE SETTLEMENT...

-- A MIGHTY TALL STORY YA GOT THERE, JASON! AN' YORE MARKS WERE FURRY GOOD TOO... ALEX!!

HE'S TAKING A SNOOZE... AND WE'RE TRYING... SO HELP US... TO STAY AWAKE... AND CONVINCE YOU THAT IT'S NOT A TALL STORY...

SAY IT LOOKS LIKE YORE PAL, LONGBEARD'S TAKIN' HIMSELF A SNOOZE.

ON MY HEAD...!

WELL... ON ACCOUNT O' NO STORY THAT TALL COULD BE A TALL STORY, I GUESS WE CAN'T BELIEVE 'EM, DAMN IT! SO HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO... WE'LL TAKE 'EM HOME RIGHT ON THE SIMIAN BLUFF. WHAT D'YA SAY, STEELY DAWG? WE NEVER TRIED POLISH-A-RIVERBOAT UP A WATERFALL BEFORE... IT OUGHTTA BE FUN!

I'LL DRINK TO THAT GUNPOWDER JULIUS--!!

BAD NEWS, BOYS--! I WAS CHASIN' A POLECAT UP A TREE DOWNRIVER AND CAUGHT AN EYE OF THE WEIRDEST LOOKIN' DUDES YOU EVER DID SEE! BUNCH O' MEAN-EYED GORILLAS, TOO!!

BRUTUS-- AND PROBABLY THE MUTANTS, BUT WHY WERE THEY TOGETHER??

I HEARD 'EM SAY THEY WAS GONNA ATTACK US AT DAWN!

OH THEY ARE, ARE THEY? WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT!

DAN-- GET EVERYBODY TOGETHER... AND DON'T GO DRAGGIN' YORE TAIL ABOUT IT! TELL EM TO BRING TORCHES AND SHOVELS!

WE'RE GONNA DIG US A TRENCH THAT'LL RIVAL THIS MIGHTY RIVER-- AND WE'RE GONNA FILL IT WITH THE DANCEDEST SURPRISE ANYBODY EVER GOT-- OR MY NAME AIN'T GUNPOWDER JULIUS!

WE'LL SHOW 'EM, EH ALEX? AIN'T NO MANSY FOLKS TILL ROGUES GONNA ATTACK THIS SETTLEMENT!!

SLAP!!

UEFF!!

OH--! DID I DOZE OFF...?
EXCELLENT, DRONE ES. THEY HAVE ARRIVED WITH AMPLE TIME TO SPARE...

INSTRUCT THE TROOPS TO STAND READY.

VERY WELL, BRUTUS.

Y’KNOW, FOR A FELLOW AS SCRAWNY AS YOU ALEX, YA DID SOME MIGHTY NEFY DIGGIN’ OUT THERE TONIGHT!

THANKS, STEELY DAN. BUT DID YOU SEE THE WAY THAT EVEN SHAQOY CAUGHT ON TO WHAT WE WERE DOING...?

CONSCARED NUISIBLE! WHAT DO THEY WANT TO ATTACK US FOR? SHITTY SKINNY- EYED SLITHERIN' SONS-OF--

EYES SHARP BOYS!!

THERE'S DUST A-KICKIN' ON THE HORIZON!

YEP, THAT'S THEM ALL RIGHT-- LESS'N WE'RE ABOUT TO GET HIT BY A TWISTER.

THINK IT I'LL REALLY WORK, JULIUS?

WORK--? WHY YOU JUST GET YORE UNBELIEVIN' LITTLE TAIL ABOARD THE SIMAN AND ILL SHOW YA HOW IT'LL WORK--!!
YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE, LANGIVER-SIR. FROM WHAT YOU'VE SAID, THE MUTANTS WANT YOU DEAD JUST AS MUCH AS BRUTUS DOES... AND IF THEY'RE TOGETHER, YOU HAVEN'T--

STOP YOUR JAWIN' AND JUMP ABOARD, ALEX--! THE SIMIAN'S JUST ITCHIN' TO GET HER FEET WET.

YEAH, ALEX-- EVEN SWAGGY'S READY TO GO.

THUS, LESS THAN A HASTILY POLED MILE UPSTREAM...

THERE THEY ARE, JASBY-- WITH A BUNCH OF WEIRD MACHINES THEY USED TO CAPTURE SWAGGY'S FRIENDS...

I SEE 'EM, ALEX...

BUT WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT, DAN...

"...CUZ IT WON'T BE MUCH DANGERS LOWER ALONG THEY STUMBLED DUMB-HPOSED AND STUPID RIGHT INTO OUR TRENCH--"

WE KEEP QUIET...

AND MATCH PACE WITH 'EM ALONG THE SHORE...

WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD...

WHRR-ANK...

MUTANT-DRONES LESS AND KEEP INVESTIGATING THE DEPRESSION...
IT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN EXCAVATED QUITE RECENTLY—PERHAPS FOR USE AS AN IRRIGATION SYSTEM.

OR AN INTENDED DETERRANT TO OUR ADVANCE. WHAT OF THE BLACK SUBSTANCE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DEPRESSION...?

NO--THE DELAY IS TOO COSTLY. BESIDES, THE SUBSTANCE LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH...

IDENTIFICATION IS IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT ANALYSIS, BRUTUS. DO YOU WISH ONE MADE?

YOU READY WITH THAT DANGEROUS TORCH, JASON?

READY, JULIUS.

THEN TOUCH IT TO THE RAG ON THE END OF THIS BLAMED ARROW...SO'S I CAN--

"FIRE IT!!"

HALT...!!

Halt the tanks!!

But the drone's hoarse cry of warning sounds far too late...for the colossal flaming arrow has already been launched from riverboat to land, and now plummeted with deadly accuracy straight for the--
...AND THE "BLACK SUBSTANCE" WHICH FILLS IT -- A SUBSTANCE OTHERWISE KNOWN AS GUNPOWDER.

...TRENCH...

WHOOM!

DID YA EVER SEE A BULLSEYE SO ALL-FIRED BLASTED PURTY DAN -- ?

BE HARD TO RECOLLECT ONE, JULIUS...

WHOOO -- EEEEE!!

THAT MUSTA STUCK A BIGGER CRAW IN THEIR THROATS THAN THEY'VE EVER CHOKED ON -- OR MY NAME AIN'T GUNPOWDER JULIUS!!

COME ON -- FORWARD!! THE TRENCH CAN'T HURT US NOW!!

WE ATTACK AS PLANNED -- !

FIGGERED THEY'D KEEP A-COMIN'...

AN' I'M WARNIN' YA, JULIUS, THAT ARROW O' YOURS WAS NOTHIN' BUT A BABY TOOTHPICK COMPARED TO THE KEG I'M ABOUT TO TOS -- SO YA'M BETTER DUCK LESS'N YA WANT A NEW PARTY ON THAT SWELLED-UP HAIRY HEAD OFROUTIN' FROM YORE SHOULDERS --!

BUT WHAT ARE YOU --

CHOPPED FREE, THE CATAPULT WHIPS FORWARD... HURLING THE GUNPOWDER KEG INTO A SIZZLING ARC WHICH CUTS THE AIR...
...AND LITERALLY DEMOLISHES THE GROUND.

BLAST IT, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS LONG-DISTANCE TARNATION--TIME TO LEAVE THE SORCERER FOR SOME HONEST-TO-HELLRAISIN' IN-FIGHTIN'!!

TAKE THIS MUSKET, JASON--AN' DO HER HONOR OR DIE UNDER HER!! YA AIN'T GOT A CHANCE, BOY!

THE BATTLE IS BLOODY AND VIOLENT. JOINED BY RESERVES FROM THE SETTLEMENT, THE INHABITANTS OF THE FIVE VILLAGES VIRTUALLY ANNihilate AN ATTACKING FORCE ALREADY DECIMATED BY TWO EXPLOSIONS...

And routed by superior numbers, the allied gorilla and mutant army retreats in howling panic...

...LEAVING A MERE HANDFUL OF GORILLAS, BRUTUS IS CONSPICUOUS AMONG THEM...

THE HUMAN--!

...A SHOT WHICH MISSES ITS INTENDED TARGET...

SHAGGY--!!

AND SIGHTING JASON, HE LINGERS FOR ONE FINAL SHOT...
...BUT SHOCKINGLY, A SHOT WHICH NEVERTHLESS SLAYS.

THAT WAS BRUTUS--!

SHOOT HIM!
BLAST HIS STINKING SKULL OPEN!
KILL HIM!

EASY, JASE. THERE'S NO SENSE IN--

EASY NOTHING, ALEX! MURDERING MY PARENTS AND HIS OWN WIFE WAS JUST THE BEGINNING!
HE'LL GO ON MURDERING UNTIL HE'S MURDERED!

Damn it--
KILL HIM!!

BUT NOW THIS MURDER'S THE LAST STRAW, ALEX...

HE'S KILLED SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHY HE HAD TO DIE...

...AND FOR THAT, ALEX, I'M GOING TO RUB BRUTUS' NOSE IN HIS OWN BLOOD UNTIL HE DROWNS.

Yeah...

...I KNOW.

SUNSET: WOUNDS HAVE BEEN CLEANED AND DRESSED, BUT THE PAIN REMAINS RICHY AND BARE, AN ASSAULT HAS BEEN REPULLED, BUT THE ATTACK IS REMEMBERED, AND NOW, WORDS ARE SPOKEN...

-- PRAY THAT THE CREATOR OF ALL WILL SOOTHE THOSE WHO HAVE SURVIVED AND WILL BLESS THOSE WHO HAVE FOUND PEACE...

...ONLY IN DEATH.

Amen.

Amen.

SHAGGY, A PART OF BOTH, HE KNEW INNOCENT BEST.

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Origins of MARVEL COMICS
by Stan Lee

Origins of MARVEL COMICS
A H A L F - H O U R W I T H H A R P E R

an interview with Ron Harper, star of the CBS-TV series, Planet of the Apes.

By Chris Claremont


It began on what should have been a "routine" star-flight from Earth to the star-system, Alpha Centauri. Three men—Virdon, Burke and Jones—cruising the most modern starship in America's interstellar fleet. A routine mission, almost a "milk run."

Except that something went wrong. The starship ran into a radiation storm, a severe one, a storm that batted the starship around like a toy boat in some mad child's bathtub. In a last, desperate attempt to save the three of them, Jones activated the emergency homing systems; then, the three men blacked out.

They woke two thousand years later, real time—though almost no time had passed aboard ship. That is, two of the three men awoke—Virdon and Burke. Jones was dead. Awoke to discover that the ship had crashed on an Earth-type planet, on a planet inhabited by men—primitive, agrarian men, it was true, but men all the same—on a planet ruled by Apes?

On a planet that was Earth.

The astronauts had come home. Two thousand years late. All that they had known and loved was dead and dust, blown forgotten on the winds ages upon ages ago. Pete Burke accepts this; Alan Virdon does not. His family is "back there," wherever "there;" is; and he wouldn't be a man if he didn't try and get back to them.


Alan Virdon. A man who is—when all the hurly-burly's done—an actor, name of Ron Harper.

I first met Ron on sound stage 9 of Twentieth Century-Fox's West Pico Boulevard studio complex, on a cool, grey, kind-of-drearly looking/feeling Monday morning in the middle of August. I'd flown in from New York the day before to do a series of articles on the new Fox CBS television series, Planet of the Apes, and—to be honest—I wasn't sure quite what to expect. Which was kind of nice, in a way, because that meant I didn't have any pre-

Note: The questions in this interview were asked before the first episode was aired on TV.
conceptions to ditch. (I couldn't afford any that day; I was too damn jittery.) Anyway, I walked onto stage—-a huge, square cavernous box of a space, littered with shells and half-shells of sets, the space above my head littered with the fragrile looking latice work of catwalks and wood beams. I'd seen in a long time, the whole mess supporting the lighting equipment—in some cases, supporting the sets as well. It all looked secure enough, but—speaking as one who's built and stripped "secure" looking sets and rigging in years past—that didn't mean all that much. Ah, well.

Back to Ron Harper.

The Apes crew was filming a scene from what would be the September 27th episode of the series. "The Trap"—which really, essentially, dealt with our trio of heroes (Virdon, Burke and Galen—the Roddy McDowall/chimpanzee role) hoofing their way into downtown San Francisco in search of some active computer systems, which Virdon hopes will be able to "read" the magnetic flight recorder disk he carries, and perhaps give him and Burke a clue that will get them back to their own time. Unfortunately for that bright idea, the area is still being rocked by the after-shocks of a fairly impressive earthquake, which makes inner city travel somewhat hazardous. Worse, they are being tailed by Urko—the simian Chief of Security—and some of his gorilla police, who would like nothing better than killing both the two humans and their chimpanzee companion. (To make a long story short, Urko and Pete Burke get trapped in a Bay Area Rapid Transit—BART, the San Francisco subway system—station, forcing Virdon, Galen and the gorillas to work together in order to free Urko and Burke.)

The crew was shooting one of the script's earlier scenes, where Virdon, Burke and Galen were visiting a human household in one of the human "ghettos" that the Apes have established for the lower half of this culture. Ron Harper was in the scene, as was Jim Naughton—co-starring as Pete Burke—and, of course, Roddy McDowall (not to mention the guest stars) and, for a moment, I stayed way in the background and just watched, enjoying the sight of professionals working well with other professionals. Then, the scene broke for a minute while the Director and his Director of Photography—Gerald Perry Finerman, late of Star Trek and Kojak, to mention a host of fine theatrical films—discussed some new lighting set-ups, and I sauntered over to the actors and got myself introduced to Ron Harper.

We shook hands. It was expected. I mumbled some inane comments—which were not expected and somewhat extraneous, but what the hell, they helped break the ice—and, eventually, we started talking. Which is where this interview comes in.

But, before we get to the talk-talk, some brief words about Ron Harper himself. He's a tall man—over six feet—but not a huge, muscle-bound type of man. He's built well, with long, sleek lines that go straight up and down. He is, of course, handsome—lots of people are in the LA cinema circuit; that seems to be expected, too. Oddly enough—for those of you fortunate to watch Planet of the Apes on a color TV set—his hair isn't as blond as it looks. It's a little browner.

He hails from Pennsylvania, where his father worked in a steel mill; he did his college work at Princeton University, where he passed up a fellowship at the Harvard Law School in favor of a life treading the boards. After a couple of years with the Princeton University Players, he headed for New York City and a stint with Lee Strasberg, one of the most famous acting teachers in the United States—if not the entire world. He did some TV work and then served a term working for Uncle Sam, in the US Navy.

As soon as he got out of the Navy, Harper jumped back into the theatrical life with a vengeance. He did guest spots on TV shows, appeared on Broadway in Night Circus and Sweet Bird of Youth, where he served as Paul Newman's understudy; he worked on soap operas, appearing most recently in Where the Heart Is during the day while playing a supporting role every night in the Broadway comedy, 6 Rms. Riv View. As far as TV series, he's worked on Wendy and Me, 8th Precinct, and—he

few years ago, his last series before Planet—starred as Lt. Craig Garrison in the action/world War II series, Garrison’s Gorillas (even then, it seems, apes were an important part of his television life; one might say that, then, he knew! But then again, one might not...). He is married. Very recently married, in fact. But more on that in the interview.

Them’s the facts, ladies and gents.

As for the rest of it? He’s an incredibly considerate man, willing to put up with guests on the set, fans, the hassles of a long day’s shooting, the persistence of reporters and freelance journalists, you name it. When you first meet the man, he gives the impression of being someone who knows, absolutely, where his head is at. He does what he does, and does it well, with no second thoughts or regrets.

He’s a very soft-spoken man, a very relaxed man. And he smokes a pipe. Actually, he smokes pipes (not simultaneously, you clot!) and it’s not unusual to find him slouched in his Director’s chair between takes, scanning his script, puffing quietly on a briar. Then again, you could just as easily find him talking motorcycles with Jim Naughton.

Ron Harper’s a nice guy. To watch, to interview and—it seems—to work with.

Our talk scattered itself over the whole shooting day, a bit here, a bit there, sandwiched in between takes and set-ups and rehearsals. We started out, oddly enough, by talking about Marvel’s magazine version of Planet of the Apes: what the book was about, how it was structured, what the thrust of our series was, things like that—for the first couple of minutes it seemed like there was a bit of confusion regarding who was the interviewer and who was the interviewee, but that straightened itself out soon enough.

He asked me how long our magazine, Planet of the Apes, had been in publication.

I answered him—and we were off and running.

MARVEL: Well now, we’ve had one out for about a month and a half now; we’ve got another one out in about two weeks. We’re doing adaptations of all five films.

RH: In comic book form?

MARVEL: Right. And then we’re also doing an original story based on life after the fifth film, with apes and humans living together in kind of peaceful co-existence; there’s a gorilla Ku Klux Klan who want to wipe out the humans and the basic story is about a young boy and a young chimp, and the human boy is framed for murder by the gorillas...

RH: In what period? Like where we are now, two thousand years later...?

MARVEL: Yeah, two thousand years later. The Forbidden Zone is an A-bombed city...

RH: Yes.

MARVEL: Full of mutants. It’s similar.

RH: Yes.

MARVEL: I noticed, like, on the next stage they’re setting up a BART set, San Francisco...

The only chance a television actor has to rehearse is during the lighting/camera set-ups. The blocking is up to the director—which is what is happening here—but most of the character motivation—the real work—is up to the actor.
RH: Oh, yes. Yes. We use that on this show. We go into the city—I don’t know if you saw that scene, but there’s like an earth tremor. There’s the remnants of a city which has been, of course, destroyed by the bomb, and now is going through earthquake tremors. We’re going back there to look—this girl brings in some electrical wiring and some computer relay unit type of things and we’re going in there to look for, if we can, some sophisticated equipment.

MARVEL: To repair the starship?

RH: To read our magnetic flight recorder and see what went wrong.

MARVEL: How much—as far as special effects go—do they get into?

RH: Really, not so much that, as I mean, putting on the appliances of the apes. It’s really kind of a very primitive society, you know, that we landed in. There’s not a great deal to do with special effects, yet. Of course, the apes carry rifles and things.

MARVEL: Does the first episode start with the crash?

RH: Yup. Three of us are in there; one of us is dead. And a human finds us, drags us out.

MARVEL: You crash in the lake? It’s kind of a replay of the first film?

RH: To a certain extent. We find that we’re back on earth—he takes us to a bomb shelter that he’s used as his own cave that he’s found and has hidden and he brings us around and he has a book there. There were many books but he burnt them ‘cause he couldn’t read but he saved one with pictures in it. And we look at it and we see a picture of New York five hundred years after we left. So then we make a trip back to the spaceship and then we see that the chronometer records, I think, fifteen hundred years into the future before it stopped working. So, here’s a little time to play with, fifteen to two thousand years.

MARVEL: So...

RH: Then they blow up the spaceship.

MARVEL: The apes do.

RH: But I manage to get off it the flight recorder and that’s why, if I hear there’s possibly a computer around, I get very excited; because I want to run it through the computer and find out what happened. Perhaps, reverse the process.

MARVEL: Was your mission starflight? I mean, did it follow the original film premise; or was it just an orbital mission?

RH: A starflight? Probably, that’s what it was. We mention that we could be on any one of a thousand planets.

MARVEL: How extensively are the apes used in Planet of the Apes, a weekly series?

RH: They’ve been used a lot, so far. The show’s got two forms of thrust: we have to keep moving because the gorillas are trying to catch us.

MARVEL: Do they know that you represent an advanced culture?

RH: Exactly. That’s what they’re afraid of. That’s what they’re afraid of. That we might spread the word to the rest of the humans on the planet and then they wouldn’t be able to control them. They want to kill us, so that’s why we keep moving from village to village.

At the same time, we’re looking for, hopefully, possibly, a pocket of civilization that still retained its technology, to run the flight recorder disk through, and perhaps build a spaceship.

MARVEL: I noticed on one of the press releases that one of the two astronauts is resigned to the situation and you’re the one who’s trying to get back?

RH: Y’see, I’m married. I saved a photograph of my wife and son and I want to get back to them. That’s why I say we can do it, get back. Pete Burke’s more of a pessimist.

MARVEL: Did you see any of the original films?

RH: Y’know, I just saw, finally, the first two. About three weeks ago, they showed them to me. I saw the first and second one.

MARVEL: What did you think of them?

RH: I thought they were very exciting. Particularly the first one. I think Heston’s a very good actor. It was a well produced show. I loved that opening, the ship came down...

MARVEL: The crash scene?

RH: Yeah. The film’s very interesting. I could see where it made fifty million dollars...

MARVEL: How do you think the series compares to it?

RH: Very favorably, I think.

MARVEL: How hard is it to sustain, you know, working in ten-second, twenty-second, two minute takes; is it difficult to sustain what you’re doing?

RH: Not too much. If you’ll notice, that shot after lunch where we all fell apart...it’s really not too bad. Sometimes, if it’s an important, very important, scene, or it has some tricky dialogue in it, I can concentrate better.

Captured by the Apes that rule this Earth of the future, Virdon and Burke are thrown into prison; some Apes would prefer to see them killed.
Alan Virdon. A man tormented by the knowledge that his family has been dead over two millennia. Pete Burke stays with him because he must. Galen stays with his two human friends because... sometimes, even he isn't sure.

if I just stay on the set and don't dissipate my attention by talking to anybody. Usually, they're not terribly involved scenes, but some have been very good. Last week, I did this one scene... I guess about half the show takes place in this old castle between her and the boy and me and its involved in some acting stuff more than just ape talk [the scene Mr. Harper is referring to concerns a simian plot to get Astronaut Virdon to see things their way and tell them all he knows about Old Earth by using a human woman and her son—who just happen to bear an uncanny resemblance to Virdon's wife and son from way back when, to get him to cooperate—it seems the apes found the photo that Virdon carries with him].

MARVEL: I notice that on “The Cure,” you get involved with a young lady.

RH: Oh, yeah. She was originally fifteen, but now she's twenty. You're not married, are you?

MARVEL: Oh, no, couldn't afford it.

RH: I just married two months ago, to this girl who lives in New York. She'll be out Monday, in fact.

MARVEL: You got married almost the same time you got the show.

RH: That's right; June first. I tested for Planet, the first time, the day before the wedding, on a Friday. And I said, 'know, you gotta be very careful about this 'cause I gotta be there for a wedding rehearsal Friday night. So they said, 'Well, test you first thing in the morning; you'll be on a plane at one.'

MARVEL: They tested you out here?

RH: Yeah. And I'd been out here for a couple of months and I went back to New York to get married and stay there 'til Sally finished her contract, but, anyway, the plane blew a generator so we returned to LA. I got in about three o'clock in the morning. We got married all right and went to Majorca for a week and we went to tour Ireland for a week and we'd just started—it was our first day there—we were staying in this beautiful old castle... Majorca, or Majorca?

RH: In Ireland, or Majorca?

RH: In Ireland. And I got a call from my agent that I had to come back and test again, which I didn't want to do. So, I said, 'show them film from Gorillas, anything, and... tell them I'm having a good time. We went on to Killarney the next day and they called back and said they had to see me, it was just too important; they postponed the production date twice but this scene was with the other astronauts and they had to go shoot starting Monday and it was a pre-sold, expensive series, and one test wasn't enough. So I said, 'all right.' But I said I wanted round trip for Sally and me, and I want a car at the airport and I want a suite at the Hilton, and they said, 'okay.' They paid a lot of money for this.

So we flew back. We had, I think, ten days of the honeymoon; we had almost six days we were going to stay. Sally flew here with me when I tested. We went back to New York on the 24th; we were looking for an apartment on Monday and I got the call that I got the part, would I fly in the next morning so that Roddy and I could test with five other astronauts for Jim Naughton's part? So, I tested... Roddy got into his make-up, costume; we tested. I think, five or six other actors the next day. And the next morning, I flew back to New York, packed up the rest of my stuff, kissed Sally goodbye, flew out, and we started shooting the next day. And that's the way it's been.

And then, the next weekend—which was the first week
—they had invited Sally to go on a publicity junket to Atlanta and then to Chicago...

MARVEL: For Love or Life?
RH: For CBS daytime. And, by this time, when this was cast and we were working on it, they sent me along to Chicago and Atlanta. Different cities, so they had to switch the... I told them I wouldn’t go unless they let me sleep with Sally Stark. So, they said they would ask her.

MARVEL: No problem, I hope?
RH: No.

MARVEL: I see there’s a computer set next door.
RH: We used that last week. We finally found an area down in the subway station that had a panel that we exposed and there was a project-type thing and a voice on it, saying that, since the end of the world is imminent—and, apparently, it was—they had buried all Man’s knowledge in several vaults throughout the country.

MARVEL: Time capsule type of things. And so, we had to rig up a battery to find out where it was.
RH: There was a battery lying around somewhere. Y’know, I think this press release said this combined the best elements of The Fugitive and a Saturday afternoon serial.

MARVEL: That’s pretty good. Yeah, I was telling you before; we have these two threats: we have to keep moving, ‘cause the gorillas’ kill us, and we might as well keep moving anyway because we’re looking for a technologically advanced society.

MARVEL: How does this... I remember, I used to watch Garrison’s Gorillas many years ago. How does this compare as a series?
RH: It’s not really similar. It’s really similar in the last two weeks, because we’re shooting at MGM’s back lot #2, which is what we used a great deal when we were doing Garrison’s Gorillas.

MARVEL: The old ruined French town kind of thing.
RH: Yes. A New York street we used and a lot of the alleys. The railroad station was shot there for about two weeks at night for the pilot, so all that area is familiar to me. But I find, I mean, that the character of Virdon is very similar to Garrison. He’s that type of a hero, and it’s a very physical show; we’ve been shooting outside a great deal.

MARVEL: At the ranch?
RH: Yeah. Have you been there?

MARVEL: No. I’m hoping to go out this week, when you go out for the next episode.
RH: We usually start out there and we shoot about three or four days of exteriors.

MARVEL: This is a hit and miss business, isn’t it?
RH: You’re telling me, after four series. I thought Garrison’s was a very good series, it was... but that was the end of the violence thing on television. It was the last show containing a lot of violence.

MARVEL: A couple of years earlier, it would’ve made it.
RH: Yeah, like Combat. 87th Precinct, which was my first series, I think, was one of the best detective series that’s ever been done. We shot that at Universal. A lot of people felt that we’d gone back to New York... it had a good feel about it. It was a good series; that should have gone five years. A lot of things happened, y’know... it was a well-produced show.

MARVEL: Naked City was such a... standard, for shows of that style. It’s funny, I guess; I’m a New Yorker and it’s strange watching shows set in New York and filmed in Hollywood, like Kojak. And then, there’s something about... when a show is filmed on location in Hollywood, it doesn’t look... right.
RH: You can tell a set.

MARVEL: Right.
RH: To film New York, you really gotta be there.

MARVEL: There’s something about being there that seems to give a lot more freedom. Have you done theatre work as well?
RH: Sure. I did 6 Rooms Rev View on Broadway. Did you see it?
MARVEL: No, I missed it. I wanted to, though. Was that towards the end of the run?
RH: I did the whole thing from the beginning, on Broadway.
RH: Oh, I kept thinking of Jerry Orbach.
RH: Well, he was in it, and Jane Alexander—I played her husband—and then, he had a wife. And that lasted about ten months. I was doing a soap at the time, too.

MARVEL: Do you have any preference between film, and television here, and soaps, and theatre?
RH: I’ll tell you the truth, I like the technique of soaps. I think it’s the best of two worlds because they shoot three-camera and you rehearse all day and then you photograph. And you don’t stop. So, you get the effect of really portraying a character which builds and grows when you do a scene.

MARVEL: Which soap was it?
RH: It was called, Where the Heart Is? You don’t get great scenes all the time, but every couple of weeks you really get into a good scene, and a chance to act. And the way I feel about it is... I went back to New York for three years after my last series and I wanted to do plays again and I’m glad that I did. Six Rooms because I found that I don’t want to do plays that long anymore. In three months, I was bored with it. I was much more interested and looking forward to the next day’s shooting on Where the Heart Is than I was coming back to the Helen Hayes Theatre for the performance that night.

MARVEL: Because each day was different?
RH: Yes. I’ve had so much experience now in... acting faster, on television, that once I get a part fairly well established, I don’t like to keep repeating it.

MARVEL: Do you ever feel that that could happen in something like this?
RH: Maybe. It would take a couple of years. I would think five years would be kind of boring. Three, maybe. But it’s a different script every week, so that’s something. I would just as soon rehearse a play as deeply as we need to—five weeks or six weeks or seven weeks—get it up, do it as well as you can, photograph it and forget it. I don’t like doing it—repeating it—anymore. I think there are some actors who feel on more work, on inter-reaction between; but I must say I don’t. It doesn’t really interest me that much. I find my own satisfaction in doing something new, so I’m not terribly interested in doing a play. Of course, that could change tomorrow if I were offered a part in That Championship Season, but even if I did it, I’d like to get out of it in three months if it was possible.

MARVEL: How much rehearsal do you have for each episode?

Galen (Roddy McDowall). After four Ape films and, now, a TV series, some people think he looks... strange . . . when he’s not wearing his chimpanzee application.

RH: Not very much. The only rehearsal you do is just before you shoot the scene.

MARVEL: So it’s not even as extensive as a soap opera?
RH: Right. On a soap you rehearse the day before; then you come in the next morning at about seven-thirty and you rehearse all day until you shoot it at about one o’clock or two. It’s a lot more rehearsal.

RH: You know, it’s amazing how much rehearsal you get on a TV show? The lighting man. The cameraman. Because the only time you rehearse is while he’s lighting. MARVEL: While he’s setting up?
RH: Yeah. And if he’s very fast, then you don’t rehearse really well. If he’s slow, you can rehearse it more.

MARVEL: Does it bother you, doing it, essentially, off the top of your head?
RH: No, not really. I think as long as you get into a deep scene—and we do have them occasionally, important scenes—strangely enough, because the format is not apparently the early one... what’s that you ask me?

MARVEL: The rehearsals; do you mind not having them?
RH: Actually, no; not so much. I... it’s not Chekov or Shakespeare, that you really have to figure out a lot of the mysteries underneath the character. It’s sort of, basically, I sort of know what the character is, how he
Like we said, Ron Harper is a man who enjoys his work...

would react—which is basically a matter of choices.

No, it doesn't really bother me. I'd much rather err in that direction than I would of boring myself to death by doing something I already know.

MARVEL: So the continuity is much more up to you, because you've got a new director and a new writer coming in each episode?

RH: Right.

MARVEL: Does the standing around bother you? Just the waiting between takes?

RH: Yeah. That's why it's kind of fun when you're on location, because you ride horses...

MARVEL: Do you do your own stunts?

RH: Very seldom. It's ridiculous to do them. Number one, you're putting some stuntman out of work, which is not very nice because they need the work and they do it better. They make it look better. And most of the time they won't let you do your own stunts, because it's just economically ridiculous.

MARVEL: I was reading where the stunt people for The Towering Inferno were hauling in $4500 a day...

RH: I heard that; some of them were. I talked to one woman on our set who was an extra. I think she made $10,000 totally, or $5,000 a day for two stunts—for one stunt—where they ignited her and she jumped off...

MARVEL: A 65th storey window.

RH: Maybe, something. And it had to be that fast, because they put this solution on her and she comes to the edge; she comes to the edge and they ignite her and she jumps down and they have to put her out that fast.

MARVEL: A lot of people still have the idea that everybody in Hollywood is very bitchy and very...

RH: Aloof?

MARVEL: The more people I meet in the business, just in general, I find that they're generally very good people.

RH: I find that, too. Particularly the better actors they are, I guess because they're more secure.

MARVEL: I dunno. I've seen some of the most paranoid people I've ever met...you do a tour with people and they just, after a while, you just can't stand to live with them. Especially if you're all in one house.

RH: I suppose you can get too paranoid, too. I toured with Sweet Bird of Youth, that was the play I was in, it was my third play—the first hit—and I was understudying Paul Newman. And that was kind of exciting.

MARVEL: What's the longest run you've ever had, in theatre?

RH: I guess it was on Sweet Bird of Youth, because I was with that from the beginning.

MARVEL: That's interesting, because I saw an ad for a tour of Fiddler on the Roof and most of the people in it had been going for fourteen months, last time I looked. It had originally been scheduled for ten months, then it went to fourteen and they were talking about extending it to two years.

RH: That would kill me. There again, you're repeating the same show, but to be on the road with it for that long. That's ridiculous.

MARVEL: There was one man in Fiddler who opened with the original Broadway company; he stayed with it all the way through the run, seven-and-a-half, eight years.

RH: No kidding. I mean, it wouldn't be so bad; and maybe that was the best employment the man could get as an actor.

MARVEL: And how do you walk away from something that's a gold mine?

RH: It's tough to do. And there's very little to do in New York, you know.

MARVEL: There's little to do anywhere, these days.

RH: I guess that's true, isn't it? A friend of mine just
came out this week, an actress, and she said her agent was coming out and I said, that’s funny; my agent’s coming out and I know another who’s coming out. And she said, she’s never seen New York as bad as it is, currently, this year. Even when I was there I didn’t find that there was very much to do. I don’t really see how many actors could support themselves; most actors can’t, unless they’re doing soaps.

MARVEL: That’s a weird thing about films, in that it’s a line out and “Cut! Print!” I guess, in a way, you’re at the mercy of the editor.

RH: I just went up to loop a line—it was very strange; I’ve got to talk to the producer about it—and I didn’t know what was the matter; it wasn’t the line, you could hear it all right. And the girl said, the editor wanted you to change the reading of it. That’s the first time I’ve ever heard of this, that the editor wants me to change the interpretation of a line. I said, to what? I remembered the scene, there we were, this line came right out, so I don’t understand what you want me to do. So, we called the editor, had the editor come down. I think he was trying to tell me that he would have liked to have heard a different reading on the line but I couldn’t see any reason to justify it. I recorded the line for him and he said, can’t we just hit the last word—die—harder. I can do that. But that’s very strange. I’ve never heard of an editor, who cuts the film together, coming down to say, I’d like you to change your interpretation. I mean, hey, wait a minute; I got a director and a writer and two producers and sixteen people at CBS who have the authority to do that…

MARVEL: How do you feel about working with actors wearing applications like these?

RH: I didn’t see Mark Lenard’s face ‘til last week…you really start to identify with the role as the ape. Roddy looks very strange to me now when he’s not wearing his application.

MARVEL: I know. I just saw him, actually taking off his make-up and having seen him as an ape in four of the five pictures, to see him as a real person…

RH: It’s strange.

MARVEL: Because you sit there thinking, it is a mask. And yet at the same time…

RH: It almost looks like…

MARVEL: I’m really impressed by the physical adjustments he makes. The way he moves, the way he looks; it’s very nice.

RH: Yes. And he can wrinkle up his forehead and his nose. He’s very good; I must say, he’s very good.

I was halfway into another question when one of the crew’s Assistant Directors, Cheryl Downey, came over to get Ron for a pick-up scene the Director wanted filmed, a scene that—unfortunately, as it turned out—he’d been waiting for all afternoon. As a matter of fact, if it hadn’t been for that pick-up, he’d have finished hours before—but then, I wouldn’t have gotten anywhere near as good an interview.

Ron went off to do the pick-up.

And that was that.

But a parting word, before we all go our separate ways. Those of you with attentive eyes will notice a fight sequence laid out on the opening pages of this article. It’s a legit fight scene, taken from Planet of the Apes’ second episode: Alan Virdon versus the son of the chief gladiator of the human settlement the two astronauts and their chimpanzee companion visit; modern martial arts combat skills versus a combination of wrestling and brute strength. And a chance for Ron Harper to do his own stunts.

Like the man says, he enjoys working out at the ranch, shooting on location; he enjoys the physical side of this disorganized insanity we call “acting.” And if you don’t believe me, just take a close look at the man’s face.

If that isn’t a smile…

All isn’t blood-and-thunder on the Planet of the Apes. Case in point: smile, boys, you’re on Candid Camera.
Planet of the Apes: FASHIONS

By Ed Lawrence

What kind of clothes will the well-dressed talking Ape wear, 2000 years from now? Will Orangutan City be the Paris of the future? Or will the Gorillas set the styles? These were some of the burning questions facing the head-scratching Production Chiefs at 20th Century-Fox as they began work on PLANET OF THE APES, back in 1966.

While the first Ape prototypes were being designed, there were no real problems. The earliest intentions were to have the Apes dressed in everyday clothes of today—suits, uniforms and work clothes could have been taken from nearby Hollywood costume houses. The Gorilla police would probably have been dressed in old Marine uniforms, and the medically-minded Chimp barriers could have been outfitted at local hospitals. The ruling Orangutans could have bought out the “Big Man’s Shop” on Sunset Strip. No problems at all... until it was decided to change the concept completely.

As the make-up, sets and script were firmed up, storyboards were drawn to guide production on the film. It was in these numerous sketches that the final Ape fashions began to take shape.

When it was discovered the Apes could be shown with the actual features of Apes, rather than as greatly-changed humans, the costumers decided to forget the traditional stuff. Since the Apes would have a society corresponding roughly to a cross between medieval Europe and a modern police state, the fashions would have to suggest both these lifestyles.

The first suits designed with these references in mind were very simple. More than anything, they resembled potato-sacks with long sleeves, belts and full-length pants. These ended in a sort of “spat,” a thin ring of fabric that fitted under the shoes. The entire suit was one color (including the shoes), and the whole thing looked extremely primitive. It succeeded in showing the bestial look of the future Earth, but skipped over the fact that the Apes were to be the future masters of the planet. No scientific progress was apparent in these clothes, and the designs were almost completely scrapped.

It was decided that colors would be used to show the different species of the Apes. Orangutans would wear brown, Chimps would sport greens. And the powerful Gorillas would wear black. The different colors would save much time, as only one style of suit would now have to be designed for all the Apes.

The new Ape suits consisted of shirt, pants, boots and jacket. The shirts were unfinished in look, with unraveling sleeves and weaves that looked as if they were done by nearsighted old Chimps.

The pants had a slick, finished look to them, and went with the jackets, which were the most impressive designs of all, done in shiny-looking fabrics. Around the neck, extending down the back and in bands around the sleeves, were sections apparently made of leather. They looked hand-tailored, with designs not unlike hieroglyphics in appearance. The symbols differed with the species of Ape, and its degree of importance. The most important of these designs belonged to Dr. Zaius, and was also the most intricate. The other members of the Orangutan council were given patterns slightly less complex than his.

The Gorillas’ costumes were designed to appear more as uniforms rather than everyday wear. There were hooks...
to which their rifle-slings were attached, and pockets for their riot-clubs.

Actually, the pieces on the jacket were not tooled leather—which would have been extremely expensive and slow to make—but plastic, pressed into fabrics.

The most imaginative-looking part of the Apes' costumes were the boots. Though the inside of these were made as comfortable as possible for the actors who had to wear them all day, their exteriors were unique. Instead of a single toe, there could be seen the outline of a very large foot. One toe was apparently separate from the others; the Apes were, after all, descended from tree-climbing creatures.

The costume of the Law-Giver was made to conform with the suits worn by Zalus and his fellow Orangutans. Zalus himself also had a set of leather-like gloves, the same color as the rest of his costume.

The Chimpanzee children—who were seen only rarely in the film, wore costumes of identical design.

The humans were a completely different story—they were slaves and worse; ignorant, non-intelligent savages who were used for menial labor and scientific dissection. Their wardrobe had to show this, and their clothes (if you can call them a wardrobe) were not exactly as smooth and imaginative as the Apes'.

The men wore loincloths, while the women were generally covered in two-piece suits. By some coincidence, the most streamlined of these was the one worn by Nova.

Charlton Heston's clothes became more worn and less obvious as the film progressed, until by the end he was clad in nothing more than the barest of necessities.

The humans' suits were probably made of plastic materials, designed to resemble old fabrics and worn weaves.

Taylor and his fellow astronauts were first shown in their spacesuits aboard the rocketship. Designed to appear like futuristic versions of regulation NASA spacesuits (the symbols on the suits, though, read ANSA), they came equipped with survival backpacks, and when the astronauts left their sinking ship they wore their suits and packs. They say that clothes make the man, but those spacesuits did absolutely nothing for the humans.

But the Apes' wardrobes did wonders, brightening up the simian citizens of the PLANET OF THE APES.
There are 110 Centers in the country to help children with Lung Diseases. You can help, too.

Your gift will help support these Cystic Fibrosis Centers—your dollars couldn't work harder. The Centers offer early diagnosis and expert treatment adding years to young lives, making breathing easier and normal living almost possible. Yes, children with lung-damaging diseases such as cystic fibrosis, severe asthma, chronic bronchitis and childhood emphysema are being helped at these Centers. So give to your local chapter of the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation.
The Marvel Bullpen Page Goes Black and White and Read All Over

Don and Dave asked me to say hello! That's Don McGregor and Dave Kraft—and for those of you who have spent the past months living aboard Skylab Two, they were the assistant editors of Mighty Marvel's color comics. They now are (note the subtle change of tense) full-fledged Editors-in-standing of the ever-burgeoning multitude of Marvel Magazines, and they'll be working hand-in-hand, and bleary-eyes-in-bleary-eyes with me to continue to make the many 75¢ and $1.00 monster-sized mags the absolute greatest mind-blowing masterpieces to be found anywhere.

It almost boggles the mind when you think of it, but Marvel only entered the then-stagnating magazine field a scant two years ago with all of four full-sized, fear-filled monster mags, and today we are publishing almost fifteen (!) (oh, them good ole days). Back in those prehistoric years the mags were half-comics, and half-articles and reprints—now we can safely say they are all new; fact is, the only time we use reprint material is when either that ole debil deadlines, or the far-famed Post Office Service, give us a nasty kick in the rear. As for the articles, they've mostly been replaced either with comic art pages or short prose stories about our characters... and an entirely new magazine was formed for those who dug the monster articles (MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES, just in case ya forgot).

Truth to tell, friends, we made quite a few mistakes as we struggled through our infancy, and now that we've evolved all the way to upper adolescence, we still manage to make our share of full-fledged boners. But we are in there pushing, shoving and—above all—trying.

Take IRON FIST as an example. We've advertised the mag for months now—we've even printed the cover painting in our ads. Well, don't spend your weekends searching for it, 'cause the mag's not coming out—at least not in the next few weeks. After assembling the finished story and art, we took a long hard look at what would've been our first issue and, frankly, we didn't like it. There was something missing, some special zing that has always been in the Marvel line of comics, and rather than sell you something we didn't like ourselves (which would've meant that you might well have hated it), we scrapped the mag and we're starting all over again. When we're satisfied that IRON FIST will be something a mite more than special, you'll be seeing it.

As for our already existing magazines, Don, Dave and I will be working day and night—and probably a few hours in between—to give you the best we can. This is just the beginning, friends—only just the beginning!

—Mary Wolfman

ITEM! Because the Wondrous Wolfman's remarks took up almost all the room for this page, we only have space for a few incredibly important announcements. So don't blink, friends—or you're liable to miss 'em!

ITEM! A scant few months ago, in our caverin' color comics, we spilled the beans about our far-flung softball team. Well, it's end-of-the-season time as we scribble this, and we kinda figured you might wanna know how the batty Bullpen fared as junior league Hank Aarons. Sad to say, our first few games proved we were not quite ready for a plaque at Cooperstown, but by season's end, there was no stopping us. Though we fumbled our try with the VILLAGE VOICE, and we stumbled over our union suits with that advertising giant BBDO, we rallied and knocked the snot out of Islandic Airlines, and pushed Warren Publishing into its well-deserved last place with a tremendous 16-5 runaway. Practically everyone up at the office joined in on the fun, with the possible exception of our peerless production boss, JOHN VERDORTE.

Seems Jumbo John couldn't bring himself to see his entire staff playing the bases, instead of laboring over their typewriters or drawing boards. Maybe NEXT year, John (if we ever get the courage to invite the Playboy Bunnies to a game of touch football). So it's now checklist time! See ya next month!

ITEM! We only have room to tell you there's no more room to tell you anything.

DRACULA LIVES #10. Dracula invades London for the first time—in our now-hated classic adaptation of Bram Stoker's original novel—plus Lilith, Daughter of Dracula, in a tear-fraught tale of terrible terror. On sale November 5.


HAUNT OF HORROR #5. Satana battles the endless minions of her father, the overlord of Hell—and Gabriel faces the most horrifying menace any man has ever battled. On sale November 19.

PLANET OF THE APES #4. A riverboat named Semian leads Jason and Alexander through the Forbidden Zone; also, chapter four of our PLANET OF THE APES adaptation. On sale November 22.

SAVAGE TALES #8. Enter—Shanna the She-Devil, as our jungle lass teams up with Ka-Zar to battle in the Savage Land. On sale November 26.

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #8. Shang Chi versus his father's endless minions, while The Sons Of The Tiger face the terrible wrath of the Silent Ones. On sale December 3.
AND THAT'S HOW THEY CAUGHT ME, NOVA--IN AN ANIMAL NET, BUT I GAVE THEM A SWEET PIECE OF MY MIND; YOU CAN BET ON THAT. I SCREAMED AT THEM UGLY BRUTES, SCREAMED AT THEM THE WAY I'D BEEN DYING TO SCREAM AT THEM EVER SINCE THE DAY I...

BUT I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU THE STORY, HAVEN'T I? I TOLD IT TO YOU EVERY DAY FOR THE PAST FOUR WEEKS.

WHY ARE THEY GIVING ME THE SILENT TREATMENT, NOVA? WHERE'S ZIRA--CORNELIUS? WHERE ARE THEY? WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY COME TO SPEAK TO ME, NOVA?

HOW ABOUT YOU? SAY YOUR NAME. NOVA... NO-VAH.

Yeah... me, Tarzan, you Jane. But that's all right--I had a puppy once, who never barked, just licked my hand...

...course he's dead now. They're all dead. Everything... gone, and now I think maybe our hosts will kill me, too.

Are they afraid of me? I can't hurt them... but I threaten them somehow. Threaten their faith in simian superiority...
SAY, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING, NOVA?

SOUNDS LIKE--

--THE WATER HOSE!

Foooooosh!

HEY-- WHAT'S THE IDEA?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?!

LEAVE HER ALONE!

SHRACK!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER, YOU HAIRY SCUM!

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HER? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?? WHY ARE YOU SEPARATING US??

SAY SOMETHING, YOU FILTHY MONSTER!!
ANSWER ME--!!!

TURN THE WATER OFF.

ANSWER ME, JULIUS-- YOU SLIMY DUNGEON-WORM!!!

WHERE'S DR. ZIRA? WHY HAVE I--

SHUT UP!

THE REASON NO ONE'LL TALK TO YOU IS BECAUSE YOU'RE A FREAK.

I SAID SHUT UP!!

AND I MEAN'T SHUT UP!!

APE!

APE Wearing clothes! It's a madhouse -- a madhouse!!!

NOW I DON'T EVEN HAVE YOU, NOVA.

AND THAT'S THE JOKE, ME -- NEEDING SOMEONE...

WHAT'S THE USE...?
Back on Earth I needed nobody. Nova, oh there were women—lots of them. But it was love-making without love. That's the kind of world it was turning into, with the help of cynics like me.

So I left it—because there was no one dear enough to keep me there...

Did I tell you about Stewart?

Now there was a lovely girl. The most precious cargo we brought along. She was to be our new Eve...

So I suppose it's just as well she didn't live to see this.

I wonder if it's love between us?

It'd fit with the pattern of my life. Me—finding love here... in hell.

How touching.

I really hate to break up such a tender scene, freak... but it seems you're wanted.

I suppose you haven't resisted the manacles because you think some of your questions are going to be answered.

Well, we'll see. Freak, we'll see.

Good-bye, Nova. We'll meet again.

Please—took him out of here, he sickens me.
LED TO A LARGE CHAMBER WITH SPARTAN FURNISHINGS. TAYLOR IS SEATED IN THE CENTER OF THREE CHAIRS FACING A DAI. LONG MOMENTS OF SILENCE PASS. THEN...

ZIRA--CORNELIUS, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

SHHHHH!

BUT...WHAT IS THIS?

A HEARING.

BE CLEVER AND BE QUIET--OR WE'VE ALL HAD IT.

ALL RISE IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT!
AND APPEARING FOR THE STATE, DR. HONORIUS, DEPUTY MINISTER OF JUSTICE IN THE PROSECUTION.

LET IT BE CLEAR AT THE OUTSET THAT ALL MATTERS PERTAINING TO THIS INQUIRY ARE CONFIDENTIAL, AND ANYONE DISCUSSING THEM OUTSIDE THIS CHAMBER WILL BE HELD IN CONTEMPT OF THE TRIBUNAL.

BY YOUR LEAVE, MR. PRESIDENT—MAY I POINT OUT THAT THE TRIBUNAL HAS NOT YET DEFINED THE PURPOSE OF THIS INQUIRY.

MR. PRESIDENT, I OBJECT!

RESTRAIN YOURSELF, DR. HONORIUS. THERE IS NO HARM IN ANSWERING HER QUESTION.

NOW THEN, DR. ZIRA... SINCE YOU ARE THE ONE WHO REQUESTED AN OPPORTUNITY TO PRESENT YOUR CASE, SURELY YOU MUST KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE.
MY OWN PURPOSE IS TO SAVE THIS EXCEPTIONAL CREATURE FROM MUTILATION.

AND OUR PURPOSE IS TO SETTLE CUSTODIAL AND JURISDICTIONAL QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE BEAST AND TO DETERMINE WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH HIM.

BUT AT THE VERY LEAST, THIS MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO KNOW WHETHER THERE'S A CHARGE AGAINST HIM.

OBJECTION! THE ACCUSED IS INDEED A MAN. THEREFORE, HE HAS NO RIGHTS UNDER APE LAW.

WELL, DR. ZIRA? THIS IS A MAN, IS IT NOT?

HE IS UNLIKE ANY MAN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN -- AS WE HOPE TO PROVE.

ANSWER THE QUESTION -- IS HE A MAN?

SIR... IF I MAY...? THE QUESTION IS THE POINT AT ISSUE: IS HE A MAN? OR A DEVIATE-- A FREAK OF NATURE?

SUSTAINED. IN ALL FAIRNESS, DR. ZIRAN, YOU MUST ADMIT THAT THE ACCUSED IS A NON-APE, AND THEREFORE HAS NO RIGHTS UNDER APE LAW.

THIS MAN IS NOT BEING TRIED. HE IS BEING DISPOSED OF.

IT IS SCIENTIFIC HERESY WHICH IS ACTUALLY ON TRIAL HERE.

WELL PUT, DR. MAXIMUS. LET US WARN OUR FRIENDS THAT THEY JEOPARIZE THEIR OWN CAREERS BY DEFENDING THIS ANIMAL.

THEN WHY IS HE CARED FOR? THE ACCUSED? YOUR HONORS MUST THINK HIM GUILTY OF SOMETHING.

OBJECTION!

THEN I'LL DEFEND MYSELF.
DR. ZIRA, I DEMAND THAT YOU INSTRUCT THIS... THIS BRIGHT EYES TO SIT DOWN.

MY NAME IS TAYLOR.

DR. ZIRA, IT SAYS HERE THAT HIS NAME IS BRIGHT EYES. YOU GAVE HIM THAT NAME YOURSELF.

THIS HEARING IS ABSURD! LET ME TELL MY STORY--

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE MANACLES, YOU HAIRY SON-OF-A...

NOW THEN-- STATE YOUR CASE, MR. PROSECUTOR.

LEARNED JUDGES: MY CASE IS SIMPLE. IT IS BASED ON OUR FIRST ARTICLE OF FAITH-- THAT THE ALMIGHTY CREATED THE APE IN HIS OWN IMAGE; THAT HE GAVE HIM A SOUL AND A MIND; THAT HE SET HIM APART FROM THE BEASTS IN THE JUNGLE...

...AND THAT HE MADE HIM THE LORD OF THE PLANET.

THESE TRUTHS ARE SELF-EVIDENT. THE PROPER STUDY OF APES IS APES, BUT CERTAIN YOUNG CYNCICS HAVE CHOSEN TO STUDY MAN--
“...and I denounce them as perverted scientists... bent on nothing but the advancement of an insidious theory called "evolution."

And I say there is a conspiracy afoot to undermine the very cornerstone of our faith, and to--

Come to the point, Dr. Honorius.

Directly, Mr. President, this wretched man, the accused, is only a pawn in the conspiracy. We know that he was wounded in the throat at the time of his capture.

The state charges that Dr. Zira and a corrupt surgeon named Galen experimented on this wounded animal--

--tampering with his brain and throat tissues to create a speaking monster--!

That's a lie!!

Mind your tongue, Zira.

But you can't believe that we created his mind, too! Not only can this man speak, but he can write. He can reason.
HE CAN REASON, DR. ZIRA?

WITH THE TRIBUNAL'S PERMISSION, I WISH TO EXPOSE THIS HOAX BY DIRECT EXAMINATION.

PROCEED, BUT DON'T TURN THIS HEARING INTO A FARCE.

TELL THE COURT, BRIGHT EYES—WHAT IS THE SECOND ARTICLE OF FAITH?

I ADMIT I KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR CULTURE.

OF COURSE HE DOESN'T KNOW OUR CULTURE—BECAUSE HE CANNOT THINK.

TELL US WHY ALL APES WERE CREATED EQUAL!

SOME APES, IT SEEMS, ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS.

RIDICULOUS—A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS. TELL US, BRIGHT EYES, WHY DO MEN HAVE NO SOULS? WHAT IS THE PROOF THAT A DIVINE SPARK EXISTS IN THE SIMIAN BRAIN?

SHOW THIS TO THE PRESIDENT.

MR. PRESIDENT, IF I MAY INTERRUPT. SINCE THE DEFENDANT IS FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK IN HIS OWN DEFENSE, HE ASKS THAT THIS STATEMENT BE READ INTO THE RECORD.

READ IT YOURSELF, DR. ZIRA.
IT SAYS: "I HAVE COME TO YOU FROM A DIFFERENT PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM. ON MY PLANET IT WAS THE PRIMATE MAN WHO EVOLVED INTO A THINKING BEING. WHILE THE APES REMAINED..."

STOP RIGHT THERE, DR. ZIRA!

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, AWARE THAT THIS JOKE IS IN VERY POOR TASTE...?!

LIKE YOU, SIR, I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE.

YES... AND HOW CONVENIENT THAT PROOF OF HIS ARRIVAL HAS VANISHED.

BUT THIS DOCUMENT ALSO PURPORTS THAT BRIGHT EYES HAD TWO INTELLIGENT COMPANIONS AT THE TIME OF HIS CAPTURE. I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE NOW...?

IS IT A JOKE TO SEEK THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS MAN?!

IS THE TRUTH, DR. ZIRA, WHAT I SEE HERE ON THIS DOCUMENT...?

...THAT A SHIP FROM OUTER SPACE CARRYING THIS MAN SANK IN AN INLAND SEA OF OUR EASTERN DESERT...?

ONE OF THEM IS IN YOUR STINKING MUSEUM!!

DR. ZIRA-- SILENCE THAT MAN AT ONCE!
Taylor, please--you're ruining our chances.

In a museum--how sad, stuffed and mounted, dead men, like sunken ships, tell no stories. But what about his other companion?

I propose that an examination of this other allegedly intelligent man will reveal this bright eyes to be lying--and I believe the prosecutor has already assembled all the humans captured in the hunt along with bright eyes.

That is correct. My witnesses--correction--my exhibits are on display in the amphitheater.

Then I suggest we adjourn there at once.

Well, bright eyes...do you acknowledge kinship with any of these creatures?

Yes...yes, I do...!!
IDENTIFY HIM THEN. SPEAK TO HIM--DEMONSTRATE HIS INTELLIGENCE.

LANDON--!

LANDON.

JOHN--IT'S ME, TAYLOR--!

LANDON...?

OH... MY... GOD.

YOU DID THIS, ZAULS!! YOU'VE REMOVED HIS FRONTAL LOBES--!

AGH!

SILENCE HIM, BAILIFF! TAKE HIM BACK INSIDE--!

YOU'VE TURNED HIM INTO A ZOMBIE!!
MR. PRESIDENT, A WORD OF EXPLANATION: THE CREATURE IN QUESTION SUFFERED A SKULL FRACTURE DURING THE HUNT. TWO FINE VETERINARY SURGEONS UNDER MY DIRECTION WERE ABLE TO SAVE HIS LIFE...

...BUT THE BEAST COULD NOT SPEAK, OF COURSE, NOR WILL HE EVER SPEAK.

THAT'S A LIE--YOU DESTROYED HIS MEMORY! HIS MIND!

BAILIFF--STOP THIS OUTBURST!

GAG THE MONSTROSITY!

YOU BARBARIANS!

MAY IT PLEASE THE TRIBUNAL: I FOR ONE GRANT THAT THIS MAN CANNOT HAVE COME FROM ANOTHER PLANET, BUT I DO BELIEVE HE COMES FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.

HE HAS DESCRIBED THE REGION TO US, AND DESCRIBED IT ACCURATELY FOR I HAVE BEEN THERE.

AND YOU WANT TO DO THE SAME TO ME-!!

YOU VISITED THE FORBIDDEN ZONE?

HE EXCEEDED HIS ORDERS. HIS TRAVEL PERMIT WAS PROMPTLY REVOKED.

SO IT WAS--THANKS TO YOU, DR. ZAILUS, BUT NOT BEFORE I DISCOVERED EVIDENCE OF A SIMIAN CULTURE WHICH EXISTED LONG BEFORE THE SACRED SCROLLS WERE WRITTEN-

OBJECTION-!!
SUSTAINED.

YOUR ARCHEOLOGICAL THEORIES HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO BEARING ON THE DISPOSITION OF THIS CREATURE.

BUT OUR THEORIES DO HAVE A BEARING ON HIS IDENTITY.

HOW SO?

LET US ASSUME, AS COMMON SENSEダイレクタス, THAT THE PRISONER'S STORY IS FALSE, BUT IF HE DOES NOT COME FROM ANOTHER PLANET, THEN SURELY HE SPRANG FROM OUR OWN.

AS AN ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGIST I HAVE FOUND NO PHYSIOLOGICAL DEFECT TO EXPLAIN WHY HUMANS ARE MUTE.

OBJECTION!

SUSTAINED.

THEIR SPEECH ORGS ARE ADEQUATE—THE FLAW LIES NOT IN ANATOMY BUT IN THE BRAIN!

OBJECTION!

SUSTAINED!

SUSTAIN ALL THE OBJECTIONS YOU WANT, BUT FACE THE TRUTH!
YES! BEHOLD THIS MARVEL, THIS LIVING PARADOX—THIS MISSING LINK IN AN EVOLUTIONARY CHAIN!!

SILENCE! YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR!!

THERE YOU ARE, MR. PRESIDENT. I WARNED YOU THESE TWO WOULD USE THE HEARING AS A FORUM FOR THEIR SUBVERSION.

IT WOULD SEEM CLEAR TO ME THAT AN INDICTMENT IS IN ORDER...

YES, SIR—THE STATE AGREES, AND CHARGES DOCTORS ZIRA AND CORNELIUS WITH CONTEMPT OF THIS TRIBUNAL, MALICIOUS MISCHIEF, AND SCIENTIFIC HERESY!

BE IT SO ORDERED...

NIGHT, AND DR. ZAIS AWAITS THE RESULTS OF THE ORDERS HE HAS DISPATCHED...

COME IN.

THE EVIDENCE SHALL BE EXAMINED AND IN DUE TIME A VERDICT RENDERED.

THIS HEARING IS ADJOURNED.
THE HUMAN YOU ORDERED, DR. ZAIUS.

VERY GOOD. WAIT OUTSIDE.

THE VERDICT IS IN. AT THE MOMENT YOUR SIMIAN FRIENDS— AND SPONSORS—are FREE ON BAIL...

BUT THEY'LL SOON BE BROUGHT TO TRIAL...

FOR HERESY.

YOU SEE, YOU PERFORMED A SERVICE FOR THE STATE—YOUR HEARING MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO EXPOSE ZIRA AND CORNELIUS.

WHAT ABOUT ME?

OH, YOUR FATE WAS PREORDAINED. YOU'VE BEEN PLACED IN MY CUSTODY FOR... FINAL DISPOSITION. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

NO.

GELDING. TO BEGIN WITH, THEN EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY ON THE SPEECH CENTERS OF THE BRAIN.

HOWEVER... IT IS WITHIN MY POWER TO GRANT YOU A REPRIEVE. THAT'S WHY I SUMMONED YOU HERE TONIGHT.

NOW TELL ME WHO AND WHAT YOU REALLY ARE AND WHERE YOU COME FROM, AND NO VETERINARIAN WILL TOUCH YOU.

ULTIMATELY A KIND OF LIVING DEATH.
I told you the truth at that "hearing" of yours.

Then how is it we speak the same language?

Even in your lies, some truth slips through! That mythical community you profess to come from -- Fort Wayne...?

What about it?

You lied, where is your tribe?

A fort! Unconsciously, you chose a name that was belligerent, so typical of your species.

Where were you nurtured?

My tribe, as you call it lives on another planet in a distant solar system.

I take it you don't believe the prosecutor's charge that I'm a monster created by Dr. Zira?

Certainly not, you're a mutant.

That's exactly what Zira and Cornelius claim.

Naughty, naughty, Doctor -- you're talking heresy.

All right, suppose I am a mutant? Why does the appearance of one mutant send you into a panic?

Because you're not unique-- it's not a case of just one mutant. There was the one you call Landon...

Of course.
THEM YOU ADMIT—
I ADMIT THAT WHERE THERE'S ONE MUTANT, THERE'S PROBABLY ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER, A NEST OF THEM. WHERE'S YOUR NEST, TAYLOR? WHERE ARE YOUR WOMEN?

WELL, THANK YOU FOR CALLING ME TAYLOR, KING KONG.

NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME: I KNOW WHO I AM. WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID THIS UPSIDE-DOWN CIVILIZATION EVER GET STARTED?!

UPSIDE-DOWN TO YOU—BECAUSE YOU'RE ON THE BOTTOM, AND DESERVEDLY.

NOW TELL ME—IS THERE ANOTHER JUNGLE SUPPORTING LIFE BEYOND THE FORBIDDEN ZONE?

I... DON'T KNOW!

I'M NOT PROTECTING ANYBODY! THAT HEARING WAS A FARCE. WHAT THE HELL HAVE I DONE?!

YOU'RE A MENACE! A WALKING PESTILENCE! I DO KNOW WHO YOU ARE, TAYLOR—I KNOW ONLY TOO WELL.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME TRYING TO PROTECT OTHERS OF YOUR KIND. IT WILL COST YOU YOUR VERY IDENTITY... TAYLOR.

AND I KNOW THAT OTHERS OF YOUR KIND MUST INHABIT THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!

SO YOU HAVE JUST SIX HOURS TO MAKE A FULL CONFESSION. AFTER THAT, I'LL EMPLOY SURGERY TO OBTAIN ONE!!

PHTHOO
GUARDS...!

TAKE THIS... CREATURE... BACK TO HIS CAGE.

AND IF HE TRIES TO ESCAPE, BEAT HIM TO WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE...

BUT NOT AN INCH FARTHER... UNTIL I'M THERE TO WITNESS IT.

YES, TAYLOR...

ALL RIGHT, ZAIUS, YOU CAN CUT ME TO PIECES IF YOU WANT TO! IT'S WITHIN YOUR POWER!

BUT KNOW THIS, ZAIUS—YOU DO IT BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME! YOU DO IT FROM FEAR!!

...I DO IT FROM FEAR.

AND GOD HELP US ALL... IT'S THE FEAR OF MAN.

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AIKIDO • TAE-KWON-DO

THE TOTAL SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM

In the shortest time you can learn the fantastic techniques of self-defense and you'll never be afraid again! This unique Home Course will reveal numerous fighting methods that you can put to immediate use. Easy and exciting to learn, you'll be able to master any difficult situation. In only a short while, the knowledge of the World's Top Fighting Experts can be Yours!!

Regardless of your age, you can master this TOTAL SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM! It doesn't require muscles or size to be a MASTER at self-defense, but it does require KNOW-HOW!! The knowledge of Karate has enabled small, slight men to successfully and completely protect themselves from men twice their size; in just seconds the Karate Master can completely immobilize any attacker — destroying him!

With Karate training... YOUR HANDS AND FEET COULD HAVE FANTASTIC NEW POWER!!

Your hands will have the power of an axe and you can use your elbows, knees and feet as death-dealing clubs! Karate is the most feared fighting method known to man! The open hand can deliver a single Karate blow many times more powerful than a boxing champion's punch! You'll quickly learn all the vital striking areas that will flatten the biggest and toughest assailant... FAST! You'll reduce any assailant to cringing helplessness, in just seconds. You'll fear no man... ever! Our TOTAL SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised.

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Once you learn the skills of Karate and our Total Self-Defense System — you'll possess a New Self-Confidence that will generate a new you! You'll be able to Master any situation. You can actually become a destructive, fighting, self-defense power machine... in the shortest time!!

You'll learn the techniques of Karate, Kung-Fu, Judo, Jiu-Jitsu, Savate, Aikido, Tae-Kwon-Do, which add up to the most complete Total Self-Defense System ever!!

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We'll help you to become aware of the destructive forces you already possess. We'll teach you to channel your forces so that you'll be able to protect yourself from any attacker!

- Learn the secrets of the Ancient Oriental Masters!
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when I planned to retire before fifty
this is the business that made it possible
a true story by John B. Hailey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound bus driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination hotel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others,plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than $1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use a truck of my own. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could collect the profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—then I joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is the wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty.

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