Here is an action sequence from the film that started the entire Ape's phenomenon: "The Planet of the Apes!"
Astronaut Taylor makes a desperate bid for freedom.

Turn to page 53 for Marvel Comics illustrated continuing adaptation on this film extravaganza and see how the inimitable bullpen interprets cinema into comics.
"EVOLUTION'S NIGHTMARE!"
by Doug Moench, Ed Hannigan, & Jim Mooney
Page 7

AN INTERVIEW WITH DAN STRIEPEKE
by Samuel Maronie
Apes make-up man tells all—and more!
Page 34

THE MAN WHO SOLD PLANET OF THE APES!
by Gary Gerani
A tribute to Apes producer Arthur P. Jacobs!
Page 40

"INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!"
by Doug Moench, George Tuska, & Mike Esposito
Page 53

APE LINE! (Your comments on #2...again!) ........................................... 4
BULLPEN BULLETIN PAGE (and Editorial eccentricities) ................................. 6
Dear Sirs:

Although what I have seen of your new magazine PLANET OF THE APES #2 is good and I thoroughly enjoyed reading it, I have some criticism.

The cover was great! Bob Larkin is the best “apes”-artist I have ever seen! He draws it like it is!!! But the rest (Mike Esposito, Mike Ploog and George Tuska) have minor faults. In iss #2, the first story, the gorillas stink! Their faces should be oval not triangular and the muzzle should be longer and thicker. Their faces should be darker. Also, they are the slightest bit too beetle-browed. All the apes’ postures are too upright; they should be stooped a little.

In the second story (movie adaptation), the orangutans are perfect, the chimps are good except they are too flat muzzled, the gorillas are fair except their faces should be darker and their muzzles should be longer and thicker. All in all, your issue #2 is great story-wise, and, with some minor art changes, it would be easily one of your best magazines.

RANDY WOODWARD
Apache Campground
Star Route 2
Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29517

Dear Marvelmen—

PLANET OF APES #2: O.K., I’m sold. It’s a viable concept.

For instance, could you provide us with approximate dates (A.D.) for the various APES movies and your new series?

HOWARD LEROY DAVIS
30 Simpson Avenue
Pittman, N.J. 08071

It’s a good idea, Howard, and Tony has already passed it on to the new PLANET OF THE APES editorial team of Mark Wolfman, Don McGregor, Dave Kraft and John Warner. (Whew! We remember when it was just Roy, Tony, and Chris Claremont putting out this mag, among others; we couldn’t have added the extra personnel, if not for the support of you readers. Gracias, amigos, for making these titles the runaway successes they are.)

Marvel Bullpen,

Science-fiction is not an easy thing to write. Make it too far-fetched and people will laugh in your face and say you’re crazy and should be locked away where you won’t hurt anyone, yourself included. Make it within the realm of possibility and people will shudder at first, look over their shoulders, then smile at you when the sun comes out from behind the mind’s night and quietly laugh and joke behind your back, tagging you with the term “eccentric.” But, make it seem real, make it cry out and stir the hearts of men to look beyond their own shallow lives and see the future of their race stretched out before them, then they will laugh no more, but will themselves be caught up within your dream of that which might be and will be if man sets his feet walking along a certain highway into time itself. There will be no laughter, no mockery, no shrugging of shoulders and turning the mind.

STEFAN SIEGBHNN
33-45 94th Street
Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372

Thanks for the kind words, Steven. Doug, Mike, and the other artists who toil on our “sixth PLANET OF THE APES movie” try to instill it with the same cinematic techniques you lauded in our adaptation of the original APES venture. Therefore, the personality of any given character has to emerge through his actions and words, and in the course of the fast-moving plot. We think we’ve learned a good deal about Jason and Alexander in these past few chapters. As for Brutus and his hatred of humans: is there EVER any logical reason for bigotry and intolerance? Hang in there, buddy. We’ve got excitement waiting in the wings for you!

Ed Lawrence’s article on architecture and the environment of the APES movies was quite provocative. Many people—myself included—are probably unaware of all the technical details involved in executing a good movie.

“Simian Genesis” by Gary Genari was an interesting book review if ever I’ve seen one. His explanation of the difference between the PLANET OF THE APES movies and book was very illuminating and to the point. David Johnson’s interview with “Michael Wilson, the Other Apes Writer” was also quite entertaining.

The second part of your adaptation of the original PLANET OF THE APES movie was as good as the movie itself. Doug Moench did a very commendable job on the plot, characterization dialogue and execution. Judging by the high quality of the scripting, it’s easy to tell Doug enjoys writing this. At first, Roy, I was very suspicious of your selection of George Tuska on the art. After all, I thought, he’s a super-hero artist! What kind of a decent job could he do on a science-fiction adventure like PLANET OF THE APES? Was I wrong, let me tell you. He and Mike Esposito have utilized a cinematic effect on the art like I’ve never seen before. The different and varied angles; the close-ups; the very realistic physical features of the humans and apes; as well as George and Mike’s ability to vary the apes physically; all have really impressed me. Since I don’t have the facilities to purchase and constantly rerun the PLANET OF THE APES movie, your adaptation is the next best thing. Kudos to all concerned. Keep on chugging and so long.

STEVEN SIEGBHNN
33-45 94th Street
Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372

Dear Roy, Tony, Doug, Mike, George, etc.—

Thank you for a very entertaining second issue of PLANET OF THE APES. Bob Larkin did a very nice job on the cover, using different tones of the basic orange color.

Doug Moench and Mike Ploog did a very nice chapter of your original PLANET story starring Jason and Alexander. Brutus seems like a nice racist and supernacists to go up against, but we aren’t given a reason why he’s like that. Tony, I like adventure and action as much as the next fan, but please, a little more background on our protagonists and their pursuers. Doug’s plot and dialogue seem well-structured. Mike’s art is also good, and I particularly like the individualistic features and body structure of each ape. Mike’s facial structure on humans still annoys me a bit though. He has a tendency to put too little detail on them and I hope he will work on this situation in the future. All in all, though, the series is coming along quite well.

Remember last issue’s edition of “Apes-line”? With all those glitzy letters on PLANET OF THE APES #2? Well, we decided we liked our second sensational outing so much that we’re going to print more letters on it this time around! (The fact that PLANET OF THE APES has just gone monthly and that, as a result, we won’t be getting your letters on issue #3 until this issue has been lovingly released into the hands of the printer, really has very little to do with our decision.) So, without further ado, we turn over the printed microphone to you!
Dear Planet of the Apes,

I think Tony Isabella is the first ape with his hands chained and the banana by him.

KEITH CONNERY
62 Hampton Gdns.
Round Brook Road
Middlesex, N.J. 08846

Dear Sirs:

I am writing in regards to your: "Find Tony Isabella in the photo" contest on page 4 of PLANET OF THE APES #2. I say Tony is the ape or man shaking hands with the ape wearing the banana, the only part of Tony you can see is his hand.

JEFFREY JUMPER
111 Melody Lane
Tonawanda, N.Y. 14150

Well, Pilgrims, some of you were close, but not a single entry pinpointed Tony's location. He was, ready for this, disguised as the banana around that ape's neck! Amazing, isn't it?

If you really wanted that Chris Claremont squeeze toy, don't fret. We'll give you another chance. Take a good look at all the letters on this page. Somewhere on this page, Tony Isabella is in evidence, disguised as some punctuation. Pick him out, and not only will we award you a Chris Claremont squeeze toy, we'll give you an 8" by 10" glossy of Marv Wolfman standing on Don McGregor's own pointy little head. (Bonus offer: guess the number of jelly beans on Stan Lee's desk at this very minute and we'll throw in both the lyrics and the music to "Buckle Down, Dave Kraft," an oldie barroom ballad the Bullpen is fond of whistling in the halls.)

Gee, this started out as such a dignified letters section.

Dear Gang-

PLANET OF THE APES was good, awful good! I'll skip the praising of Mike Ploog's artwork or even wondering how the heck Doug Moench can write so many good scripts for you. Instead I'll offer a couple of by-the-numbers ideas of mine (they always get answered!)

1) I'd like to see what became of the lesser primates (e.g., monkeys, lemurs and the like). Since they aren't as intelligent as the great apes, they probably evolved into a more barbaric race, (ala Conan's Cimmerians): They could live on the other side of the Forbidden Zone.

2) Start another series in the book dedicated to delving into the culture and history of the Apes.

3) Do an article on the class system of the Apes. In Bouille's novel, he had the gorillas at the top because of their strength and ability for leadership; the orangutans as the wise and scholarly; and the chimps as possessing the scientific know-how. You can take it from there.

4) Introduce the fourth race of Apes: The Gibbons. (They are the lesser of the great apes, y'know.) It seems everybody ignored them. I could go on forever, (and love every minute) but this letter's too long already. Consider my suggestions and keep cool.

CLYDE TALLEY
3509 W. 111th Street
Inglewood, Calif.

You're a good man, Clyde, and those are some awfully good suggestions. We'll pass them on to Doug Moench and the folks over in editorial.

In the meantime, Ape-ophiles, what do you think of Clyde's suggestions, any of the other comments on these pages, and, of course, PLANET OF THE APES #5 itself.

We're anxious to hear your views, so why not drop us a line at:

PLANET OF THE APES
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

The man who's wearing the helmet and the gas mask. I wish to have your answer in the shortest time possible. Thank you.

MICHEL BARIL
134 Champlain
Noranda, P. Quebec
Canada

Dear Editor,

I've just finished APES #2 and it is another good one. The high spot is still George Tuska's art for your comics adaptation of the original "PLANET OF THE APES." The art is several cuts above Ploog's Forbidden Zone strip.

My only gripe is Tuska has gone out of his way to eliminate Heston's likeness from his Taylor—probably because of the upcoming TV series actor.

I look forward to #3 and expect bigger play on the aforementioned TV series.

HARRY HABBLITZ
3425 Prudence Drive
Sarasota, Fla. 33580

The reason our Taylor doesn't look like Charlton Heston is a pretty simple one, Harry. While a publishing house like Marvel is able to buy the rights to a property or a concept—like PLANET OF THE APES—we're still not in the business of buying humanoid-type beings. It would be unfair (and probably illegal) for us to "cash in" on the popularity of a renowned actor like Mr. Heston by printing his illustrated likeness in our comic stories. He gave us two brilliant performances in PLANET OF THE APES and its immediate sequel, BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. Let's be satisfied with that. (Though wouldn't it be a kick if 20th Century-Fox filmed this issue's original story, "Evolution's Nightmare," with Heston in the human lead? Yeesh.)

Moving from one classic face to another, here's a few entries in issue #2's "Can You Spot the Editor?" contest. If you remember, on page four of that issue, we printed a photo in which we cleverly concealed then-editor Tony Isabella. The first person to spot him would get a life-size Chris Claremont squeeze toy. Herein, a trio of your guesses...

Dear Marvel,

I write to you because I think I have found your editor, Mr. Tony Isabella. In PLANET OF THE APES #2, you say: "Can you spot our editor?" Well, I have spotted him. He's...
Another sad-but-true tale of an editor who struggled to write an editorial, or—

EDITORIAL NIGHTMARE!

Did you note the clever take-off on our lead feature this month?
It’s about as clever as this editorial is going to get, by willikers. See what I mean?
There are Apes pages all over the place. Orangutans and gorillas and chimpanzees look back at me from their designated perches. 20th Century-Fox is still waiting to see what’s in this month’s issue.

Well, we have a 26-page epic parable by the extremely prolific Doug Moench. It’s called “Evolution’s Nightmare!” and the evolution of that strip is a nightmare all by itself.

Ed Hannigan, the illustrator of that aforementioned epic, decided to draw the pages in gargantuan size. Since this is his first full-length feature, Ed decided he would draw them on material that has about the same weight as lead and that would be twice the size of normal art. Gee, Ed, thanks for the memories of carrying that 240 lb. from room to room. Jim Mooney, coming through valiantly in the inking department when we ran afoul of the deadline, called to say that he wasn’t aware that he was going to have to ink the Sistine Chapel on each and every page. He also wanted to know if we, or more correctly I, was out of my mind.

I wanted to tell him that, “No, it wasn’t so much me that was out of my mind, but Ed Hannigan who was out of his mind!” but before such a bland repartee could be delivered, just as I thought perhaps this entire issue would somehow go to press and I could somehow look Sol Brodsky in the eye once anew, Dave (the Dude) Kraft enters my office and says, “And, by the way, you haven’t written an editorial for PLANET OF THE APES yet.”

“Do I have to?” I ask, apprehensively, wondering why I’m asking him when I already know the answer; but Dave gives me his Knute Rockne speech about how all you Ape-ophiles are out there waiting for this clever editorial, and how I can’t let you down. It was touching, but then Dave often moves people to tears. You’re a hard man Dave Kraft. A hard man!

But “Evolution’s Nightmare!” hadn’t quite finished evolving—not by a long shot.
The xerox machine, Duffy Vollhard informs me, has broken. Those pages on which Jim Mooney inked the Sistine Chapel are now just lying around, waiting to be toned (that’s when we add all the wash to the inks, Apeophile). It’s a stand-still, and the book has got to go out of here by 3 o’clock.

We’ll never make it, I think.
John David Warnor goes out scouting for Ed Hannigan to help put tones on this mammoth-sized artwork, and just after John steps out the door, in walks Energetic Ed. When informed that John is now braving the streets of Manhattan in desperate search for him, Ed replies, “What’s the matter, Don, didn’t you have faith in me?”
I didn’t answer. I didn’t dare.

As for the rest of this issue, I think you’ll find Sam Maronic’s inside photos and observations on being part of an APES movie a fascinating article, while Gary Gerani gives you some background material on the man that started the series that eventually spawned this mag.
To conclude our fifth extravaganza, Doug Moench (see, we told you he was prolific), George Tuska and Mike Esposito present the fifth installment of our comics adaptation of the original film PLANET OF THE APES.

“And,” Marv Wolfman says, smiling (he always smiles with glee when delivering the final blow), “The next issue is due to go out only three weeks from now.” Thanks, Marv, but I didn’t need that.

I will tell you, though, that Mike Ploog returns next issue—even if I don’t—with some of the most fantastic artwork to grace these pages. I’m not hying you, friend. I’ve had a chance to see some of the pages myself, and it is, sincerely, some of the best work the capable Mr. Ploog has ever done.

Check in with us next issue and see.
Until then, hang in there!

Don McGregor
Editor
DAWN IN THE DESOLATE REGION DAMNED AS THE FORBIDDEN ZONE...

AN HOUR PASSES...

...TWO...

...AS TWO OPPOSING FACTIONS GATHER IN NUMBER AND FORCE SLOWLY...OMINOUSLY...

...FACTIONS DIVIDED BY HATRED... AND A GULF OF ARID VALLEY CARPETED IN SUN-BAKED MUD.

THE VIEW FROM ONE RIDGE THEN...

THERE MAY BE A LOT OF THEM, BUT THEY'LL FALL LIKE GRASS UNDER SCYTHE. AFTER ALL, THEY'RE NOTHING BUT PUNY--

--APE'S, IVOR--SAVAGE AND PRIMITIVE, STRENGTH IS STILL ON THEIR SIDE.

...MAYBE SO...

...BUT IT'S HUMAN CUNNING THAT'LL WIN THIS DAY.

...AND THE VIEW FROM THE OTHER.
ONE RIDGE, ARMED WITH STEEL AND HATE --

EVEN AT THIS DISTANCE, I CAN SEE THEM TREMBLING.

PREPARE YOUR GORILLAS FOR ATTACK--!

YES, SIR!

I CAN SMELL THE STINKING BEASTS FROM HERE!

SO DIFFERENT IN ASPECT AND MIEN.

FACING THE OTHER, ARMED WITH THE SAME.

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE: A DREADED PLACE SHUNNED BY THE LIVING EVER SINCE ALL LIFE WAS BURNED FROM ITS FACE IN A HELLISH INSTANT OF SEARING WAR...

...A PLACE NOW INIMICALLY POPULATED AGAIN, IF ONLY BRIEFLY... AND IF ONLY TO REVISIT THE HELLISH BATTLEGROUND OF WAR.

THE GHOST OF NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST SMUGGES THE AIR, A PURPLE MIST OF LINGUIST RADIATION...

YES, SIR!

...BUT SO IDENTICAL IN DIFFERENCE.

THERE IS SILENCE, AS TENSE AND PROLONGED AS IT IS EAGER AND ALL TOO EPHEMERAL... A NERVOUS SILENCE NOW CLEAVED BY--
CHARRGE!!

It is the first and brutal overture
in a sweeping clash of chaos, all sounds
and all fury, all signifying the clamorous
rape of silence by many...

...by hooves pounding
sun-baked mud...

...and taut
strings...

...by creaking
leather and
scraping steel...

...now gone slack...

...by shouts
of frenzy...

...and whine
of flame...

...the piercing
shriek of
animals...

--spent in strife.

...and the pierced
flesh of life...

...by hatred swirled in lust...

...and bawling madness...

More than mere war, it is
the dream of Genesis
drenched dark and grown
perverted. No longer a
dream, it is now--
EVOLUTION'S NIGHTMARE!

The issue is neither boundary, nor wealth, there is nothing to gain, less to pillage.

The issue is neither national, nor racial, countries no longer exist, and races have now become insignificance, and united in the face of awesome energies of species.

And though envy between species spawned this issue, it has now deteriorated to far less than ape versus human, it is now an elemental battle of apes, versus apes, where combatants fight death by dealing death...

...and thus, they fight each other, and thus they kill.

And thus, they have each lost their individual fight against death...

...for death is the only and true victor.
IT CONTINUES THROUGH MORNING INTO AFTERNOON... AS THE CHARRED FIELD OF BATTLE DROWNS IN THE BLOOD OF LIFE... GASPS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF DEATH...
Slay them!

Apes killing humans...

Humans murdering apes...

Yaaahh!!

...and ever...

Death.

More, loudly...

--Hoarsely in panic...

The desiccated field is no longer greedy, quenched now and bloated, satiated, glutted beyond sanguine lust, it wants no more...

But the blood continues to burst and to gush and sun-baked mud turns scarlet...

At least, in those small and few areas where view is not obstructed by corpses.
AND STILL IT CONTINUES... CORPSES GATHERING...

...COMBATANTS DWINDLING. CONSERVATION OF EXPLODING ENERGY TRANSMUTING TO LIFELESS MATTER LITTERING DEAD GROUND SOAKING WASTED BLOOD...

...SPILLED IN MORE DEATH...

...MORE FACING DEATH...

...MORE FACES SLASHED TO DEATH...

...AND MORE DEATH THAN LIFE...

...FOR THERE IS NO LIFE...

IT IS OVER... BUT NO ONE SIGHS.

THE RAGE OF SILENCE LEAVES BEHIND A SOFT WHIMPER OF GLITTERING FLAME: AN EMPTY RAGE, FOR NOTHING WILL BE BORN OF IT.

...SAVE MORE HATE, AND THEREFORE MORE DEATH...
...BECAUSE THE FIGHT AGAINST DEATH HAS BEEN LOST.

BADLY LOST, DEATH HAS WON AND THERE IS NO ONE LEFT TO FIGHT.

MANY HAVE BEEN SLAIN, BOTH HUMAN AND SIMIAN...

BUT DEATH IS THE TRUE VICTOR.

DEATH IS THE ONLY VICTOR.

DEATH--

--IS ALL ALONE NOW. YOU CAN SEE IT--THERE IS NOTHING ELSE.

BUT JUST BARELY, FOR IT IS A LIFE WHICH CAN NEVER LEAVE THE TWISTED TANGLE OF DEATH SPRAWLING EVERY WHERE AROUND IT...

...NEVER LEAVE ON LEGS BROKEN AND BURNED, ON LEGS USELESS AND RUINED.

ACROSS THE SCARLET FIELD... ANOTHER--? DEATH HAS BEEN BEATEN BY TWO... AND THIS LIFE LURCHES ON LESS UNMAIRED, AND PERHAPS EVEN IMPOSSIBLY UNSCATCHED, BUT HIS ARMS... AH YES, HIS ARMS-- THEY HANG LIMP.

WHAT--?! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU STINKING BEAST--!

YOU DAMN DIRTY APE--!!!!

SILENCE, HUMAN!

IT WAS YOUR WAR-- A HUMAN WAR-- WHICH CREATED THIS FORBIDDEN ZONE, AND IT IS YOU WHO SHOULD BE HELD CULPABLE FOR THE DEATH WHICH NOW FILLS IT.

THUS BY THE AUTHORITY OF SIMIAN IMPERATIVE, IT IS MY DUTY TO ANNOUNCE--

IT'S YOUR FAULT THAT MY PEOPLE LIE HERE DEAD, THEIR BLOOD SPILLED AND MINGLING WITH THE FILTHY BLOOD OF APES!
A silence, then... the silence of a stand-off, as each opponent slowly realizes...

That murder becomes a difficult proposition when one is crippled. It is the human who first breaks the silence.

It's no use. I can't reach you without legs... and you can't even hold a weapon without arms.

Helplessly... in starvation.

Not if we... not if we what, human...?

Call a truce... a temporary one, of course.

To hell—to use each other, to get out of the forbidden zone... to reach food and a place where our wounds can heal...!

Your proposal constitutes blasphemy to the tenets of simian imperative.

And since my arms are all right, I'll just tear some cloth off this uniform...

And use it to bind a sling around your back...

All right, just let me grab some weapons... and then I'll haul myself...
"...onto your shoulders."

That way, ape--
Before the scavengers mistake us for carrion.

I know the way, human... and I'm not in the habit of taking orders from the likes of you.

...and progresses step by trudging step through the same, the human finds time to think... and a scheme... for wouldn't it be easy now...?

Just remember, human...

The ape would never even know--until the blade brought choking blood into his throat...

...if this is to succeed, we must cooperate...

...because if I die, you'll be left to rot on your belly.

Yes, the human has found time to think.

But he has not used it.
HOURS PASS, AND THE WITHERED TERRAIN OF THE FORBIDDEN ZONE BURSTS INTO AN EFFULGENCE OF MUTATED FOREST, GLOWING BIZARRE AND RESPLendent IN DUSK...

HOLD IT, APE. I WANT TO NOTCH MY CROSSBOW...

...BECUSE I SEE SOMETHING UP AHEAD, AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN...

"--IT'S OUR DINNER."

By night, and the glaze of a fire, they have learned--GRUDGINGLY--the sound of each other's name. ALL DONE AND JUICY TOO, SOLOMON...

HURRY UP AND SLICE IT, THEN--BEFORE MY STOMACH JUMPS OUT AFTER IT.

AND LET'S GO GET IT--!
The meat is sliced and eaten...by the one whose hands have sliced it...

Well, Jovan...?

What about me...?

Of course I don't want you to feed me! I don't even want your stinking hide near me! But you'd damn well better feed me—if you hope to move one inch from this campsite at anything faster than an elbow-crawl!!

You...you want me to...feed you...?

The point is taken...

...and the meat proffered, with no small measure of disgust.

Solomon accepts it...

...significantly baring his teeth more than necessary.

And long after he has begun to chew the morsel, his glare lingers...

Morning plus two hours of aimless progress. Solomon and Jovan are hopelessly lost.

Let's try that direction...

Your precise words, human... before we lost the trail.
---AND A MUTATED JUGGERNAUT OF FRENZIED HORROR EXPLODES FROM SHREDDING CONCEALMENT.

WHAT'S THAT THRASHING...?

GASPING IN SHOCK, SOLOMON LURCHES BACK. THE SLING SNAPS. AN EFFLUVIA OF BELCHED STENCH ASSAILS THEM, AND THEY---
IT HAPPENS QUICKLY NOW. THE CREATURE SNORTS, BELLOWS, AND RUSHES TOWARD ITS LUNGE...

A LUNGE CAUGHT BY SOLOMON'S DRIVING FEET.

--- OVER ---

--- FALL ---

THE FEET KICK THE CREATURE UP ---

AND ONTO THE KNIFE HELD IN JOVAN'S HANDS.

IS THAT THE COOPERATION YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT, SOLOMON...?

OR WAS IT JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT I HAPPENED TO BE HOLDING THE KNIFE ---?

THERE IS NO REPLY.

LATER...

--- THEY ARE STILL LOST ---

AND NOW, WET.

BECAUSE THIS RAIN CAUGHT US OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...

...AND IF WE DON'T FIND US SOME SHELTER, WE'RE BOUND TO DIE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

CAN BARELY SEE IN THIS DOWN-POUR---! I DON'T KNOW WHY WE SHOULD EVEN BOTHER GOING ON...
"Wait a minute -- take a look up near the top of that rock pillar..."

"Yes..."

"...and there's light emanating from it -- a fire... an occupant... and maybe food..."

The tortuous ascent begins, already doomed to disaster on four sides bordering madness...

One: Darkness renders the climb perfectly impossible.

Two: It is undertaken by two cripples, each a clumsy hindrance to the other.

Three: Already slippery, the sheer rock grows increasingly more slick as mere rivulets of rain flood to sheeting sluices.

And four: The bond of cooperation sealing the climb is a tenuous one, and liable to snap at the first blurted word.
THEN...

...THE TEST.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, JOVAN. ARE YOU GOING TO SHAKE ME LOOSE--OR TRY TO SAVE YOUR LEGS--?

SHUT UP AND SWING YOUR BODY FORWARD...

--BEFORE MY FINGERS SLIDE US BOTH ALL THE WAY DOWN!

HUMANS ARE INCAPABLE OF EARNING GRATITUDE. WHEN THIS IS OVER, I SHALL REWARD YOU ONLY WITH DEATH, JOVAN.

REMEMBER THAT.

PULL YOURSELF UP WITH YOUR LEGS--MY ARMS CAN'T DO ALL THE WORK--!

YEAH AND I HATE YOUR FILTHY GUTS TOO, SOLOMON. BUT SINCE WE'VE REACHED THE CAVE...

EVEN SO, YOU'RE GOING TO OWE ME SOME THANKS FOR THIS...

...I SUGGEST WE SAVE OUR HATRED AND--
--GET OUT OF THIS WATERFALL BEFORE WE MELT.

INSIDE: SPARSELY FURNISHED, A CAVERN GLAZED BY LURID FIRE... A HUDDLED FORM, AND A VOICE FROM UNTURNED FACE...

COME---COME IN, DRY YOURSELF BY THE FIRE. COLD RAIN IS NOT KIND TO THE BONES.

WHO...ARE YOU...?

I AM OLD. I AM WISE. I AM FREE.

TURNING, HE IS SURPRISED TO LEARN--

THERE ARE TWO OF YOU--AND SUCH UNLIKELY COMPANY AT THAT.

I AM A HERMIT, AND WHEN CALLED...I AM MORDECAI.

STILL, I CAN SEE WHY YOU TOLERATE ONE ANOTHER...AS WELL AS WHY I HEARD ONLY ONE SET OF FOOTSEPS.

WE TOLERATE EACH OTHER OUT OF NECESSITY. HERMIT, ONCE HEALED, ONE OF US WILL BE COMPANY TO NO ONE.

OF COURSE, BUT SIT BY THE FIRE. I HAVE HERBS, AND SALVE. FRESH BANDAGES, TOO, I SHOULD THINK, WOULD NOT BE OUT OF ORDER.

YOU...YOU'RE SO... STRANGE...ARE YOU APE--OR HUMAN?

NEITHER. AND BECAUSE I AM NEITHER...I AM NO MORE THAN A HERMIT.
Canon: "Thus, it begins. In the cavern eyrie of a hermit known as Mordecai: the long period of convalescence...

My arms gather strength, human and my legs, ape.

You know what this means...?

I cannot wait to find out.

Soon now... perhaps in several days, I will do more than stand—I will walk.

Can you stand, my son?

In several days, then, Mordecai speaks...

Then you are ready to leave now? To slay one another?

To decide which one of us should be slain, Mordecai, two cannot die when one is superior.

Then the issue is merely which one of you is superior to the other. The issue may be decided without death, you know...

What do you mean, hermit...?

Conduct your contest—by all means, fools must follow the notion of fools...

But conduct your contest without weapons—without murder. The issue's decision will suffer no less for lack of blood.

You hate each other even unto death... after peace has shown you the rewarding walk to life.

Even in sleep, you cannot face one another. Thus, your hate is mindless.

The fire has fled my arms.

And now, at last, they respond to my will. In but several days they will obey me completely—in every task necessary.
I HAVE SAVED YOUR LIVES, AND NURTURED YOU TO HEALTH. I HAVE NOT DONE SO TO SEE YOU DESTROY YOUR LIVES. TO COMPETE IN A CONTEST SUCH AS I HAVE PROPOSED IS SMALL PAYMENT FOR MY DEEDS AND SERVICES.

ONLY IF THE HUMAN VOWS ME OBEISANCE WHEN HE LOSES.

IT IS YOU WHO WILL LOSE, SOLOMON--AND YES, I AGREE TO SUCH A CONTEST...

...IF ONLY TO HEAR AN APE'S WHIMPER OF DEFEAT.

AT THE FOOT OF THE TOWERING PILLAR, WHEN COMFORT OF CAVERN IS NOW NO MORE THAN MEMORY SCRAPPING SKY...

YOUR WRISTS ARE BOUND--NEITHER MAY FLEE, THE CONTEST CAN END ONLY IN DECISION...AND ONLY YOUR FISTS MAY RENDER THAT DECISION.

IN GREAT SADNESS...

...LET IT BEGIN.

SOLOMON IS FIRST--PULLING SHACKLED SASH...

...PUNCHING BRITTLE CHIN.

JOVAN'S REPRISAL...

AS A BIRD WATCHES, MORDECAI REFUSES.

MORE HORRENDOUSLY BRUTAL THAN VENGEFUL ARMY CLASHING WITH COMPLACENT ONE.

AS THE BIRD CANNOT UNDERSTAND... MORDECAI DOES.
Mordecai's thoughts, sardonic and wrapped in grieving disdain: go ahead if you must prove something to your selves and one another...

...beat each other senseless—until one of you can no longer beat on the other...

And then ponder...just what have you 'proven'...?

You are weakening, human...

And you're fantasizing, ape!

There is still time for words...

...the most intimate guise of hate...

Amidst the faces in snarls, the mouths in grunts, eyes in fire...

...fists swinging, bodies thrashing, and the sash snapping as rage blazes...

...and the sky flares in magenta sunset beautiful through filtered radiation...

...fists punching, knees churning, groins dodging...

Souls hating...

...and ever, the back...turned to it all...

What are they proving?!
A PUNCH.  PAIN.  ANOTHER PUNCH.  EQUAL PAIN.  THEN TWO PUNCHES--SIMULTANEOUSLY.

BOTH MISS--SIMULTANEOUSLY.

BOTH FALL.  EXHAUSTED.

AND MORDECAI RISES AT THE SOUND OF THE FALL...AND THE ABSENCE OF FURTHER SOUND...

NOW...DOES IT MATTER WHICH OF YOU HAS WON?

PICK YOUR FELLOW UP...AND HELP HIM...AS I HELPED YOU BOTH.

BUT THOUGH HE HAS RISEN...

...CLEARLY, HE STILL REFUSES TO LOOK.

REPAY ME FOR MY AID IN ONE WAY MORE: WALK SOUTH...BOTH OF YOU--TOGETHER...UNTIL YOU COME TO THE ANCIENT CITY...THAT PLACE WHICH WAS CONSUMED BY FIRE AND GREAT EXPLOSIONS RAINING FROM THE SKY NO LONGER, HEAVEN.

LOOK UPON THAT CITY--THAT PLACE--CALLED THE FORBIDDEN ZONE--AND SEE WHAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT TONIGHT. LOOK UPON THE ASHES OF THE PAST...AND SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DESTROYED TODAY.

DO THIS FOR ME--AND GO NOW. I DO NOT WISH TO KNOW WHO HAS 'WON' YOUR CONTEST--I DO NOT WISH TO LOOK UPON EITHER OF YOU EVER AGAIN...

...FOR WHILE I AM NEITHER HUMAN NOR APE...

...I AM BOTH--AND YOU HAVE SHAMED ME TWICE OVER THIS DAY.

THEY LEAVE, NEVER SEEING THE TEARS, COMPelled BY VOICE ALONE, EACH BEATEN, BOTH REQUIRING ASSISTANCE...THEY LEAVE...
AND THEY GO SOUTH TO THE ANCIENT CITY BACK TO THE GRIM FORBIDDEN ZONE.

AND WHEN THEY LOOK AS TOLD THIS IS WHAT THEY SEE:

A GREAT GATE SEARED ONCE GOLDEN NOW TARNISHED TO SLAG.

ENGINES OF PROGRESS DYING CRUMPLED AT THE ENDS OF THEIR RUPTURED ROADS.

MELTED METAL CAUTERIZED CONCRETE WASTED WOOD PULVERIZED PLASTIC GAPPING CRATERS DISINTEGRATED CIVILIZATION.

AND SOMEWHERE BURIED IN IT ALL A SINGED BOOK ABOUT AN ASININE PARTRIDGE IN A LONG-PULPED PEAR TREE.

JOVAN I NOW REALIZE WHAT MORDECAI ATTEMPTED TO DEMONSTRATE TO US.

SO BLEAK...

YES... WHAT WE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHEN TOLD TO OUR FACES...

AND HAUNTED BY... NOTHING.

NO. SOMETHING STILL HAUNTS IT JOVAN. WAR LINGERS HERE...

WAR DID THIS.
Proud. It was proud and awesome.

...and never knowing humility or...defeat.

What must it have been like...? Before?

It's...sad here...very sad...

And the hatred which visited this city resulted only in destruction. There was no victor—only—death.

Maybe war is sad, Solomon... but we can't admit it for fear of losing.

But it was more than war which did this. It was hatred, Jovan...

...like the hatred traded between you and me—your people and mine.

They must have cared very much about hatred, like us. And now... there is no one left to care... about anything.

Mordeon was right.
HATRED... AND WAR... WILL ADVANCE NEITHER OF OUR SPECIES. ONLY DESTRUCTION WILL FLOURISH. ONLY DEATH WILL PROSPER.

BUT HOW CAN WE STOP HATRED? HOW CAN WE STOP WAR--?

I DON'T KNOW, JOVAN -- BUT THE END MUST BEGIN SOMEWHERE.

I SUGGEST IT BEGIN RIGHT HERE.

AND NOW, WHEN THEY NO LONGER NEED EACH OTHER...

... THEY HAVE AT LAST FOUND EACH...

WHOKT!

MUTANTS--!!

HUMAN MUTANTS.

AND APES.

MUTANT APES.

SQUARING OFF...
...Each commanding a ridge of rubble...

Opposing forces which have gathered.

KILL...!!!

Two factions divided by hatred... and a gulf of valley carpeted in the corpses of two friends.

And the view from the other.

The forbidden zone: a dreaded place shunned by the living ever since all life was burned from its face in a hellish instant of searing war... a place now inimically populated again--permanently--by war... a place now inimically populated again--permanently--by indigenous residents spawned and mutated in that hellish instant....

...to perpetuate the battleground of war.

Circles. They repeat themselves... Circles... They stink.
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by Samuel James Maronie

Our current series on the many creative and innovative minds involved in the world of special effects makeup and visual effects has featured a number of industry luminaries. It's now time to take a look at the career of a man who has been a force in the field for more than 50 years: Dan Striepeke. Striepeke began his career in the early 1950s, working on a variety of projects from television commercials to feature films. Over the years, he has worked with some of the biggest names in the industry, including John Chambers, who he worked with on the Planet of the Apes series.

Striepeke has been a key figure in the development of the special effects industry, and his work on films like Planet of the Apes and 2001: A Space Odyssey has been widely recognized for its groundbreaking effects. In this interview, Striepeke discusses his career and the challenges of creating realistic makeup effects.

Q: What led you to pursue a career in special effects makeup?

A: I was always interested in the mechanics of things, and I was drawn to the idea of creating something that looked real but wasn't.

Q: Can you discuss some of the biggest challenges you faced while working on Planet of the Apes?

A: One of the biggest challenges was the need to create realistic makeup effects for the apes. We had to work with limited budgets and resources, and the effects had to be seamless and believable.

Q: What do you think sets your work apart from other special effects makeup artists?

A: I think it's my attention to detail and my commitment to creating realistic effects. I always strive to make sure that every aspect of the makeup looks real, from the eyes to the hair and skin.

Q: Are there any particular projects you're especially proud of?

A: One of my proudest moments was working on 2001: A Space Odyssey. It was a massive undertaking, and the special effects had to be flawless.

Q: What advice do you have for aspiring special effects makeup artists?

A: The key is to be persistent and to never give up. It's a tough industry, but if you're passionate about it and willing to work hard, you can make it happen.

Q: Thank you for speaking with us today.

A: It's my pleasure.
it came across very beautifully on screen—though the movie was not financially successful.

"I take a lot of pride in the make-up I designed for PATTON. George C. Scott didn’t look at all like the real Patton. I added false teeth, shaved his head, applied various face molds—small things, but the total effort paid off. Also, I liked the first year of Mission Impossible, with all the disguises they used."

POTA: WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF LON CHANEY, SR? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIS WORK?

ST: "He was marvelous—for his time. But, by today’s standards, he’s very crude."

POTA: RODDY MCDOWELL HAS BECOME THE ACTOR MOST IDENTIFIED WITH THE APES FILMS. WHAT IS YOUR IMPRESSION OF HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE SERIES?

ST: "Roddy is a delight. Just phenomenal. He added such dimension to his characterization. He’s very honest in his portrayal. It would have been a mistake to do the series without McDowall—he’s a real pro; I just can’t say enough nice things about Roddy."

POTA: ARE MANY OF THE ACTORS ALWAYS AWARE OF THE EXTENT AND QUALITY OF THE MAKE-UP BEFORE ACCEPTING THE PARTS?

ST: "They know what they’re getting into. As a whole, most of the actors like to be covered up—especially motion picture actors—it’s like playing a clown. They go on all day long shooting a series of bits and pieces of film—"abortive efforts"—they never get to finish. Here they have the chance to let themselves go—by Hollywood standards. They enjoy the sense of freedom; the make-up allows them to get away with a lot of things they couldn’t do, otherwise."

POTA: YOU WERE HEAD OF FOX’S MAKE UP DEPARTMENT WHEN IRWIN ALLEN HAD ALL HIS SCIENCE FICTION TELEVISION SHOWS GOING. I IMAGINE THAT KEPT YOU ALL PRETTY BUSY.

ST: "Yeah, they sure did. There was Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, The Time Tunnel—all these were on at the same time, besides trying to work on PLANET OF THE APES! "Lost in Space was constantly a make-up problem—but, such problems are fun; they make you be inventive. This profession requires you to be inventive!"

POTA: WERE YOU ANXIOUS TO GET INVOLVED IN THE APES TV SERIES?

ST: "When they called me to do the series, I told Fox that the only way I’d have anything to do with it was provided they maintain the quality of the movie features, otherwise they’d have to stick masks over the actors’ heads and push them in front of the cameras, which would be a farce, as far as my end of it was concerned. So far they’ve kept the quality; we haven’t used any ‘short cuts,’ so I’ve been pleased with everything."
"There's a lot of difference in making up actors for the TV series: Casting is usually a last minute affair. You can't always make a life mask for the guest-star in time, so you have to be supplied with a wide range of facial sizes and fits for the characters. We shoot each episode in seven days, so by the sixth day you're fitting people for the next show. There's just no let up with the series. For the films you had a 40-50 day shooting schedule, now it goes on for months at a time without rest.

"The day before the first episode was to be shot, one of the actors—Woodrow Parffrey—got an eye infection. So there was all this running around, wondering what we were going to do about putting on the appliances. We finally solved the problem by devising an eyepatch for him to wear. It made him look like a kind of John Ford Ape!!

"The most time-consuming and tedious of the routine is applying the hair—it not only has to be overlaid by hand, but you have to have a good eye; the shape must be matched to each day's shooting. We use Chinese hair that costs about $140.00 per pound. It has a strong shaft and can be bleached and dyed easily. We use Yak hair for the lighter-colored orangutans. The wigs cost us about $400 each, and the other hairpieces cost about $200. The make-up appliances total about $175 per treatment, and that involves using new appliances each day. So, you have quite a bit of money tied up in each principal actor."

POTA: DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR PEOPLE CONSIDERING COMING INTO THE MAKE-UP FIELD!

ST: (laughing) "Yes, tell them to see me! Seriously, we're facing a terrible shortage of trained people. We just can't find enough talent to keep us supplied. There's just not that many entering the profession nowadays."

(Strippeke entered feature film production last year with the movie, SSSSSS! Both Dan and John Chambers worked together to devise a make-up which transformed man into a reptilian creature.)
Released on a double bill with a real stinker, THE
BOY WHO CRIED WEREWOLF, the film had a poor
box-office response.)

ST: "A lot of newspapers and magazines criticized
Universal for the poor distribution; They released it as a
"B" programmer, and it played a lot of drive-ins in the
midwest.

"I really fought them on one point: They wouldn't
release any publicity photos of the creature. I felt it was a
highly visual movie, and that showing the final creation
would spark people's interest."

Although declining to elaborate, Dan is readying three
projects in an attempt to produce his own movies; one of
these forthcoming films is make-up oriented.

POTA: IF YOU HAD AN UNLIMITED BUDGET,
IS THERE ANY TYPE OF MAKE-UP EFFECT OR
FILM SUBJECT YOU'D LIKE TO EXPLORE?

ST: "I don't really believe that unlimited amounts of
time and money are causes for creativity. I was taught in
the school that inspiration comes through perspiration.
That's always been true for me!"

Dan Striepeke is a man dedicated totally to his craft.
His years of hard work and "perspiration" have won him
the title of brilliant technician, and true make-up
ARTIST.
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The Man Who Sold The Planet Of The Apes!

by Gary Gerani

Movies, as is true with most media-related arts, are very complex and involve the work of a virtual regiment of dedicated artists and technicians. Even those films which critics term a "tour de force" (in which a single person writes, directs, produces and stars in the film), are still far from a one man show.

I suppose, if any one individual can be pinpointed and held responsible for the final outcome, success or failure, of a film, it would have to be the director; for, as his title implies, he gives the film its direction. He is involved in all creative aspects of his work, and—in many instances—in the business aspects, too, as well as having final
The care Arthur P. Jacobs put into the APES films is amply demonstrated here in the quality and flexibility of Maurice Evan's make-up.
decision-making powers (after the producer).

Were this an article dealing with one particular film, we would most certainly pinpoint the director as the man responsible. But such is not the case—we are dealing with a series of films, a celluloid phenomenon, and, while the several talented directors and other people certainly made vital contributions, the real credit must indeed belong to the producer!

The series we refer to is, of course, THE PLANET OF THE APES... and the producer is none other than Arthur P. Jacobs!

While the original concept for PLANET OF THE APES began in the imaginative mind of Pierre Boule, the now-classic film saga is definitely Jacob's baby.

Projects like this could never get off the ground without a backer, a unique combination artist/businessman/prophet who shapes and molds an idea into a completed feature. The sensitive, interested producer is involved with his brainchild every step of the way.

Arthur P. Jacobs, like Star Trek's Gene Roddenberry, believed in the artistic possibilities of a well-made science fiction project, and was sure of the box-office returns as well—if a spectacular-enough concept came along.

"Spectacular," that was the key work. Around 1966, Arthur P. Jacobs started looking around for something special to turn into a great film. In an interview conducted recently, he admitted some half-thoughts at the time of remaking the 1933 classic, KING KONG.
But, after considering the impracticality of such a project, Jacobs decided to concentrate on something with the massive appeal of King Kong, without actually redoing that movie. After months of countless disappointments, a literary agent in Paris finally introduced him to Pierre Boule's novel, PLANET OF THE APES. Jacobs was hooked—he had found what he was looking for!

Jacobs was more than enthusiastic with the PLANET OF THE APES project, but few seemed to share either his interest or confidence in the feasibility of the idea as a profitable feature film. He first had several sketches of the ape characters made up, until finally deciding upon a specific design. Then followed endless hours of cinematic salesmanship, studio-hopping and eventual rejections. Nobody seemed to understand how a scene could be intelligently made, wherein a human being converses casually with an orangutan. Admittedly, it must've sounded a bit strange at first, but any open-minded studio executive worth his weight in celluloid should have grasped the potential dynamite involved, if such a project were competently handled. And Jacobs’ burning interest in the idea assured a conscientious job.

Getting nowhere, Jacobs enlisted some weight-carrying aid. Charlton Heston read the novel and became as much of an APE fanatic as Jacobs. To presumably show the studio heads that the film could indeed maintain a serious tone in the face of ape faces, Jacobs arranged a sample scene featuring Heston, as the human protagonist, confronting and conversing with an ape (played by Edward G. Robinson). The makeup was crude, the photography limited, but the effect was sensational.

After months of disappointments and rejections, PLANET OF THE APES was on its way to becoming a big-budgeted production of 20th Century-Fox Pictures. Rod Serling, who had written the biting dialog in the sample sequence, and Franklin J. Schaffner, who directed it, were assigned to do their respective thing on the full scale project. (Edward G. Robinson was replaced by Maurice Evans in the final film.)

The rest is history. Jacobs claimed to have originated (together with director Blake Edwards) the Statue of Liberty twist ending. "In Boule's novel they actually are on another planet, and I felt this was too predictable," Jacobs recently stated. "I sent the finished script to Boule, and he wrote back, saying it was more inventive than his own ending, and he wished he had thought of it as an illusion when he wrote the book!" Critically, the APES films have done just so-so, but Jacobs and company didn't seem to mind. "I've learned to ignore the reviewers. If people see the picture and like it, then I'm happy."

Concerning the other APES films, Jacobs was most happy with CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES pointing out the different look it had from all the rest. On the other hand, he was rather annoyed with the handling of ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES; he felt the releasing company thought it was pre-sold and did too little campaigning and publicity, which may or may not account for its weaker showing at the box office. He felt BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES was below par, and he also attributes some of ESCAPE'S financial woes to the disappointing response to the second film. (BENEATH did excellently money-wise, but many fans felt cheated after they had bought their tickets!)
Three prepare to ride out into— the Forbidden Zone!

Arthur P. Jacobs has come a long way in the movie business. Born March 7, 1922 in Los Angeles, he majored in cinema at the University of Southern California, started out as a messenger at MGM, went through various movie companies' publicity departments, and eventually went on to produce major motion pictures. His achievements include GOODBYE MR. CHIPS, DR. DOOLITTLE, THE CHAIRMAN, and PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM.

... and the statue of him from the earlier films!

The jury deliberates the fate of Taylor (Charlton Heston).
A family portrait of Ape leader Caesar (Roddy McDowall), his wife Lisa (Natalie Trundy) and son Cornelius (Bobby Porter). From BATTLE.
Zira and Cornelius model their new attire in ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES!

But Arthur P. Jacobs' most lasting contribution to the movie world has to be his series of PLANET OF THE APES films. As we said before, giving one man the credit for an entire film (or series of films) really isn't fair to his co-workers and collaborators—still, almost anyone connected with those films would probably agree that, to Arthur P. Jacobs, must pass the title "Father of the Planet of the Apes!"

Sadly, Arthur P. Jacobs passed away recently. His vision and love for his craft will be missed, but a part of him will always live on in his films, for millions of fans all over the world to enjoy!
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INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

ARE YOU JULIUS?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M FROM THE OFFICE OF ANIMAL AFFAIRS. THE MALE HUMAN IS TO BE TRANSFERRED TO THE ZOO.

AT THIS HOUR? WHO SAYS SO?

DON'T THEY TELL YOU ANYTHING? THE ANTI-VISSECTONIST SOCIETY IS UP IN ARMS -- THEY'RE GOING TO SAVE THIS BEAST FROM THOSE BUTCHERS IN THE LAB.

IF HE CAN SPEAK, HE BELONGS IN A PUBLIC ZOO.

OF COURSE WHAT WILL PROBABLY HAPPEN IS THAT SOME MONEY-MAD GROWN-UP WILL PUT HIM IN A CIRCUS -- AND THEN WE'LL HAVE TO PAY TO SEE WHAT RIGHTFULLY SHOULD HAVE...

STOP MAKING SPEECHES, URMN, AND SHOW ME THE ORDERS.

Story: DOUG MOENCH  Art: GEORGE TUSKA and MIKE ESPOSITO
RIGHT HERE... ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'LL EVEN BE ABLE TO SEE THEM IN THIS GLOOM.

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF THERE'S A SHAFT OF LIGHT OVER THERE.

THIS ORDER'S NO GOOD.

IT MUST BE COUNTER-SIGNED BY DR. ZAUS AND...

YOU DID IT-- YOU UNDERSTOOD ME!

HIT HIM!

OF COURSE I UNDERSTOOD YOU, NOW WHO ARE YOU?

AND THIS ABDUCTION WAS HER IDEA, BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO THE ZOO... THAT'S JUST OUR COVER STORY IN CASE WE'RE STOPPED.

I ALMOST DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN ZIRA TOLD ME, I'M HER NEPHEW, BY THE WAY...

SO YOU CAN TALK...
Although I do feel that if it ever came down to the question of whether something like you should be public or private property...

Come on, get me out of here and save the political discussion for later.

All right, you're out.

Now we've got to move fast—!

But first—Nova comes along too.

Zira doesn't want your female.

Well, I do!

Yes...

If you insist, but I want you to know I'm not going to take any orders from—

And I warn you—Zira probably won't like this...

You let me worry about that. Where is Zira anyway?

Fine. Just let her out.

Just outside in the compound—come on.
I've got him, Aunt Zira.

So I see, Lucius. But I thought I told you not to bring the other one.

He wouldn't leave her.

Oh, all right.

Now, listen, Zira...

Taylor, just shut up and we may get away with this. Remember that all men look alike to most apes...

So just swallow your pride and get in the wagon. It won't kill you to act like an animal until we're safe.

I guess it won't at that, Zira...

...because it certainly hasn't hurt you to act like a human.

So let's get on with your blessed monkey business.

Giddap!
I DON'T LIKE THIS, ZIRA. TO GET OUT OF THE CITY, WE'VE GOT TO CROSS THE CAUSEWAY—

AND AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, THOSE TORCHES UP AHEAD CAN ONLY MEAN...

...GORILLA HUNTERS.

KEEP MOVING. WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW.

AH, DR. ZIRA! AS YOU CAN SEE, OUR HUNTING WAGON BROKE DOWN. I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO COMMANDEER YOURS.

YOU CAN'T. I HAVE TWO SICK HUMANS IN THE WAGON. WE'RE TAKING THEM TO THE CHIEF VET AT THE ZOO...

WELL, THAT'S A COINCIDENCE. WE BAGGED TWO LIVE ONES TODAY ALSO. AND SINCE OUR WAGON IS DISABLED, I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO TAKE THEM WITH YOU TO THE ZOO.

NO NO-- MY ANIMALS ARE DISEASED--!!
A HUMAN--DANGEROUS? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HOW COULD THEY BE DANGEROUS?

THEY'RE RABID! THEIR BITE IS FATAL!

YOU SERIOUS?

YES--!

YOU WOULD DIE IN AGONY--FROTHING AT THE MOUTH!

THEY TREAT THOSE ANIMALS BETTER THAN THEY TREAT US.

--THE ONLY GOOD HUMAN IS A DEAD HUMAN.

Yeah... and I still say--
DAWN: AND ZIRA'S WAGON ROLLS INTO A LUSH GROVE-- THE PREDETERMINED SITE FOR HER RENDEZVOUS WITH CORNELIUS...

HOW DID IT GO?

THERE WAS ONE BAD MOMENT-- WHEN SOME HUNTERS STOPPED US.

YES, BUT I CLEVERLY MANAGED TO PERSUADE THEM THAT OUR BEASTS HAD RABIES-- THAT SENT THEM RUNNING!

LUCIUS-- HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BOAST LIKE THAT?

OH, LET THE LAD BASK IN HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT, ZIRA. IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE FOR HIM TO--

GET US OUT OF HERE!!

OH MY -- I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN...

LUCIUS, OPEN THE TAIL-GATE FOR TAYLOR AND HIS MATE.

WELL, TAYLOR-- WE'RE ALL FUGITIVES NOW.

DO YOU HAVE ANY WEAPONS?

THE BEST, BUT WE WON'T NEED THEM...

JUST THE SAME, I WANT ONE.

LOOK HERE, TAYLOR, I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS EXPEDITION AND--
THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH, BUT YOU'RE NO LONGER IN CHARGE OF ME, AND I DON'T MEAN TO BE CAPTURED AGAIN.

AS YOU WISH... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK YOU'LL NEED A WEAPON FOR.

FOR A TREK THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, ZAULUS SEEMS TO THINK THERE'S ANOTHER JUNGLE BEYOND IT. THAT'S WHAT NOVA AND I'LL TRY FOR. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

CORNELIUS AND I HAVE BEEN INDICTED FOR HERESY. UNLESS WE CAN PROVE OUR THEORIES, WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF ACQUITTAL.

THEN YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE...?

YES-- TO THE DIGGINGS I WORKED AT A YEAR AGO. IT'S A TWO-DAY RIDE ACROSS THE EASTERN DESERT NEAR WHERE YOU CLAIM YOU LANDED FROM THAT PLANET OF YOURS.

YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU?

IT'S A LONG DETOUR TO THAT LAKE YOU SAY YOU CRASHED INTO, IF WE WENT THERE. WHAT PROOF WOULD WE FIND?

NOTHING MUCH. THE REMNANTS OF A LIFE RAFT, MAYBE A PITIFULY SMALL FLAG...

THE PRECIOUS EMBLEM OF MY COUNTRYMEN.

SORRY, TAYLOR. THE TERRAIN AROUND THAT LAKE IS POISONOUS. THERE'S NO FRESH WATER, NO VEGETATION... NOTHING.

I KNOW...

NEVERTHELESS, I THANK YOU FOR SAVING US. YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE FOR IT.

WE'VE BEEN IN TROUBLE SINCE THE MOMENT WE MET YOU, TAYLOR.
POOR THING... SHE'S HOMESICK.
WELL, WE'D BETTER GET STARTED. IF THE MOUNTED POLICE PICK UP OUR TRAIL, THEY'LL FOLLOW IT THIS FAR AT LEAST.

RIGHT. COME ON, LUCIUS-- LET'S PUT THE WATER AND THE PROVISIONS IN THE WAGON.

ARE YOU... GOING TO TAKE HER WITH YOU?
YES.

ACTUALLY, YOU'RE A DIFFERENT BREED FROM HER. SHE'S FROM A SPECIES WHICH WILL NEVER EVOLVE.

MAYBE SHE WON'T.

AND YOU'RE TAKING HER ALONG ANYWAY. YOU WANT HER THAT MUCH, DON'T YOU?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO THREW US TOGETHER, REMEMBERS AND YOU GUessed RIGHT-- MEN, JUST LIKE APES, GROW DESPONDENT WITHOUT A MATE.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'D BETTER HELP LOAD THE WAGON.
After several hours' journey, the terrain withers from lush forest to flat savanna... and ultimately to a bleak and barren landscape of dry wash and sparse tamarisks...

Those scarecrows, Aunt Zira--who put them up?

The hunt club.

To scare off humans?

To scare us, too we're entering the forbidden zone now.

The scarecrows frighten you, don't they, Nova?

Don't worry--they won't bite you with me around.

And the strange caravan moves on under the steadily rising sun...

...Crossing the tip of a sweeping desert by noon...

...And reaching a deep gorge sliced from a flat tableland of solid rock as their afternoon shadows begin to lengthen.

We may as well stop here for a rest--at least it's got a view.
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH YOUR MATE, TAYLOR...

LET ME HANDLE THIS...

YOU MAY BE SMARTER THAN I AM, TAYLOR...

--BUT I'M THE VETERINARY ON THIS PLANET. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER.

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, TAYLOR.

COME TAKE A LOOK AT THE RIVER... IT'S QUITE A SIGHT.

WHERE DOES IT LEAD?

IT ENPMENTS INTO A SEA SOME MILES FROM HERE. THAT'S WHERE MY CAVE DiggINGS ARE.

AND BEYOND THAT?

NO ONE KNOWS. AT HIGH TIDE YOU CAN'T RIDE ALONG THE SHORE, AND WE HAD NO BOATS ON THE LAST EXPEDITION.

YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME WHY THIS REGION'S CALLED THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY IT'S AN ANCIENT TABOO... SET FORTH IN THE SACRED SCROLLS. THE LANGIVER PRONOUNCED THE AREA DEADLY.

HEY... SHOULDN'T WE BE MOVING ON?
I'm for that.

This cave of yours should prove interesting, Cornelius.

What's the diagnosis, Doctor--a touch of the sun?

She's not sick at all in a physical sense...

She thinks that if she does not return to her people--

Nova--nothing... nothing will happen to you... and perhaps you will be able to rejoin your people.

Come on--this is where we abandon the wagon...

...and begin our descent on foot.
THEN, BY NIGHTFALL, CORNELIUS' FORMER ENCAMPMENT IS REACHED...

BUT, DISSUADED BY DARKNESS AND FATIGUE, THE SMALL GROUP AGREES TO DELAY THEIR INITIAL INVESTIGATIONS IN FAVOR OF SLEEP--

--AND THE LIGHT OF DAWN.

WELL, NOW, IN JUST A SECOND OR TWO, WE'LL SEE HOW YOU LIKE--

MY UNADORNED FACE.

A LITTLE NICKED... BUT NOT ALL THAT UGLY, EH...?

WHY DID YOU DO THAT? SCRAPE OFF YOUR HAIR?

IN MY WORLD-- BEFORE I LEFT IT, ANYWAY-- ONLY YOUNGSTERS OF YOUR AGE, LUCIUS, WORE THEIR HAIR UNSCRAPE.

STILL, IT MAKES YOU LOOK SOMEHOW... LESS INTELLIGENT.

YOU WOULD SAY THAT, CORNELIUS.

BUT WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW ME WHAT'S IN YOUR CAVE?

RIGHT NOW, IF YOU LIKE.
DO YOU HEAR THAT--?

SOUNDS LIKE HORSES....!

IT'S DOCTOR ZAIUS--!

NOT TO MENTION THE MEANEST-LOOKING BUNCH OF GORILLAS I'VE SEEN ON THIS PLANET YET.

LUCIUS-- DON'T FIRE AT THEM!

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.

AND YOU, LUCIUS-- YOU SEDITIOUS LITTLE SCOUNDREL-- PUT DOWN THAT RIFLE.

DO AS HE SAYS, LUCIUS.

OH, ALL RIGHT.

THAT'S BETTER, NOW I MUST INFORM ALL OF YOU THAT--

STOP RIGHT THERE, ZAIUS!
DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED--!

MAYBE SO...

BUT IF THERE'S ANY SHOOTING TO BE DONE, PR. ZAUS--YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO CATCH IT.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON THAT.

TAYLOR, YOU'RE NOT IN COMMAND HERE. LOWER THAT RIFLE.

SHUT UP.

VERY WELL.

LOWER YOUR WEAPONS.
TELL THEM TO MOVE AROUND THE POINT DOWN THE BEACH—OUT OF RANGE.

HOW DID YOU KNOW WE'D COME HERE, SIR?

IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO ANTICIPATE. ONLY AN APOTATE OR A LUNATIC WOULD FLEE TO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.

I SEE YOU BROUGHT ALONG THE FEMALE OF YOUR SPECIES...

I DIDN'T REALIZE MAN COULD BE MONOGAMOUS.

ON THIS PLANET IT'S EASY.

HAH!

FORGIVE MY DERISION, BUT I CAN SEE THAT TALKING TO A HUMAN WON'T GET ME ANYWHERE.
LET'S HOPE YOU HAVE MORE SENSE.

I'M ASKING YOU TO RECONSIDER THE RASH COURSE OF ACTION YOU'VE TAKEN. IF YOU'RE CONVICTED OF HERESY, THE MOST YOU'LL GET IS TWO YEARS...

BUT IF YOU PERSIST IN POINTING GUNS IN MY DIRECTION...

--YOU'LL HANG FOR HIGH TREASON.

WE'VE NEVER MEANT TO BE TREASONABLE, SIR...

...AND I MEAN THAT WITH ALL SINCERETY AND DUE RESPECT.

BUT UP THERE, IN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF, IS A VAST CAVE FILLED WITH A FABULOUS TREASURE OF FOSSILS AND ARTIFACTS...

I'VE SEEN SOME OF YOUR FOSSILS AND ARTIFACTS...

THEY'RE WORTHLESS.

AND THAT'S THE ATTITUDE OF YOUR MINISTER OF SCIENCE—HONOR-BOUND TO EXPAND THE FRONTIERS OF KNOWLEDGE—THE STINKING HYPOCRITE!

TAYLOR, PLEASE...

CLAIMING TO ALSO BE THE CHIEF DEFENDER OF THE FAITH...!
TAYLOR, I REALLY WISH YOU WOULDN’T.

ALL RIGHT, THEN—LET’S SEE IF YOU’RE WILLING TO PUT THAT STATEMENT TO A TEST.

NO, YOU SAVED ME FROM THIS FANATIC...

MAYBE I CAN PAY YOU BACK.

WHAT IS YOUR PROPOSAL?

WHEN WERE THE SACRED SCROLLS WRITTEN?

TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ALL RIGHT—IF ZIRA AND CORNELIUS CAN PROVE THAT THOSE SCROLLS DON’T TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH OF YOUR HISTORY... IF THEY CAN SHOW YOU DEFINITE EVIDENCE OF ANOTHER CULTURE FROM AN UNRECORDED PAST—...WILL YOU EXONERATE THEM? DROP ALL CHARGES AGAINST THEM?

OF COURSE.
OKAY, COME ON UP TO THE CAVE.

SORRY, LUCIUS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY DOWN THERE AND GUARD THE HORSES.

RELAX--YOU'LL SEE IT ALL LATER.

AND REMEMBER, DR. ZAILUS... DON'T TRY ANYTHING...

ALWAYS GIVING ORDERS, JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER ADULT.

WELL, THIS IS YOUR PRECIOUS CAVE, CORNELIUS--PRESENT YOUR EVIDENCE.

ON MY WORLD, CAVES WERE VERY SIMILAR TO TOMBS.

WELL, SIR... IT WAS AT THIS LEVEL I DISCOVERED TRACES OF AN EARLY APE CREATURE--A STAGE OF PRIMITIVE BARBARISM, REALLY--DATING BACK ROUGHLY THIRTEEN-HUNDRED YEARS...

AND IT WAS HERE I FOUND CUTTING TOOLS AND ARROWHEADS... AS WELL AS THE FOSSILIZED BONES OF CARNIVOROUS GORILLAS...
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Don't speak to me in absolutes! The evidence is contestable—!

To begin with, your methods of dating the past are crude, to say the least. There are geologists on my staff who would laugh at your speculations.

Perhaps that's why they're on your staff.

Secondly, if these tools, as you call them, are unidentified... why are they introduced as "evidence" of anything?

But there's the doll, sir.

What? What "doll"?

Right there—The human doll.

What's the matter, Zaulus—monkey got your tongue?

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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 motel, 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.

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"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 service 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— I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

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"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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