WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES

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APE LINE
MARVEL BULLPEN & EDITORIAL PAGE

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A special announcement and impassioned plea from your formerly bright-eyed and bushy-tailed Bulpen: Spare us, PLEASE, 0 countless legions of avid Apesphiles! What do we mean, you might well be wondering. Just this. When, in a lapse of lacedical lingo, your price dancing- and letters-page answering Armadillo innocently initiated impromptu dingum by suggesting that these of you who MUST HAVE a reply should include a stamped, self-addressed basana pee little did ANY of us expect the awesome inundation which would result.

Hills? Mountains? Nay, WORLDS GALAXIES of stamped, self-addressed envelopes sought out Melodious Michele Wolfman, our illustrious lady of the letter survey. Now, I forswear blushin’ Bulpen is ever-overworked, inciting Michele—who is the only one who might possibly have been able to answer a few quizzical queries. But in such quantity. Never in such quantities.

We need more.... Apesphiles and fellow fur fanatics, DON’T ask us for a personal reply. It’s just plain impossible, and we bid thee not! Here and now seems like a good place to announce our new policy, which is—if we can’t answer each and every one of ya, then we ain’t gonna answer NONE of ya... cause otherwise it just wouldn’t be fair.

Okay? Thanks, ape amigos, we appreciate it. BELIEVE IT, we APPRECIATE it—especially Michele. Now, on to the hue and cry of Apeedom aroused, and—we hope—amused, by PLANET #4.

Dear Marvel,

PLANET OF THE APES #4 was great (how many times has that word been used)? “A Riverboat Named Simian” was Doug Moench’s finest effort on “Terror on the Planet of the Apes.” Ploog’s art looked very rushed, but certain panels were nonetheless beautiful. The adventures of Jason and Alex have been very exciting and packed with suspense. Doug has done a great (there’s that word again) job in developing the personalities of the characters. I’m beginning to think that Doug can do the impossible—he is one of comics’ most versatile writers, you know, Doug. I just love those new characters. The ape adaptation has been quite flawless thus far. Well, almost, but not quite: George Tuska and Mike Esposito’s illustrations turn me off. Now, don’t take that as an insult. Tuska looked great (cops, sorry about that) when his work was inked by Cockrum, and Esposito works well with Ross Andru. As mentioned before, I still feel Bob Larkin could really do justice to the Ape adaptation.

Speaking of Larkins, the corner was stunning!! He is, unquestionably, the best cover-painter in the business. Neal Adams, Bons, and Ken Kelly must take a back seat compared to Bob.

The interview with Ron Harper was nice—way to go, Chris Claremont. Personally, though, I’m not too interested in the articles section. See you next issue, so to speak.

Jackie Frost
RR 3 Box 1766
West Monroe, LA 71291

Dear Marvel,

One of the most frustrating things to happen is to have a letter published in a magazine which is late arriving in your city. This happened to me with PLANET OF THE APES #3. I was receiving letters from other readers about my letter for a couple of weeks until I finally found the thing at an obscure drug store which I do not usually frequent. What worried me even more was the fact that #2 did not appear at all around here—I must have kept an eye out for two months before I finally gave up on the thing. You guys oughta do something about your circulation.

I am glad to hear that you are monthly now. I don’t mind spending a dollar a month, instead of a dollar every two months, at all.

R.F.O., T.T.B., Q.N.S.
Keith Heims
1738 Piping Rock Dr., #4
Memphis, TN 38116

Marv, Don, Dave, Doug, Mike, George and Mike would all probably tell you that they don’t mind producing PLANET OF THE APES once a month, either, if we could get them to slow down long enough to catch the breath to SAY something as eloquent as that.

Magazine circulation, which you brought up, Keith, is ALWAYS a problem—but we’re trying, and we’ve got Curtiss Circulation behind us (they handle PENTHOUSE and all our color comics, among others), so we feel things can only improve. Especially if ape-philes such as yourself are always seeking us out, and bringing any shortage of our mags to the attention of your local dealers.
I would like to retract the statement I made in my last letter—I now realize that an ape would rope another ape in the case of Nero. I have seen this with Gigan and Uruk.

Have you found a picture of Mike Wilson yet? When I last mentioned you had too many advertisements in your magazine, you misinterpreted me. I would love to see more ads for ape-related kits so that I may add to my ever-growing collection of ape memorabilia. What I don’t want to see is ads for bodybuilding, and kang fu junk. Can’t you do something about that?

Mark Paugh
359 Mission Avenue
Villa Park, IL 60181

P.S. In my attempt to collect all of the Apes bubblegum cards, I accumulated about 150 doubles before acquiring the final card. Is there anyone out there that needs them?

Well, considering that the Apes wear leather clothing in the movies and on TV, in addition to being in the confines of our own st Bun-bagging ma, did you ever consider that perhaps it’s because they’re COLD? How about being fashionable? Maybe to confuse humans? Aw, heck, how do WE know—we’re only trained Ape-children who have but recently mastered the art of touch typing, and OUR only affection is wearing ice cream cones on our forheads.

We’re still searching for that choko of Mike Wilson, Mark, but when we find it, we’ll print it right here on the letters page. And check out the “Readers’ Forum” in UMBRELLAS #18 if you wanna know our side on the subject of ads, okay?

Dear Marvel—

Congratulations to you on your great new magazine, which looks over where the films left off. We should be grateful to the following people for the successful phenomenon:

(a) Pierre Boule - for writing the novel, upon which the original film was based.
(b) Arthur P. Jacobs - for producing the five-film series.
(c) Rod Serling - for initiating the first film script.

And, of course, we should be grateful to you for bringing out this great periodical. Perhaps you would oblige your readers with a picture of Pierre Boule in your next issue?

Best wishes to all of you who are responsible for the production of this periodical.

Jenny Khoo Leong Choo
62 Edgcombe Lane
Penang, Malaysia

Hey, it’s a kick to hear from a reader as far-removed as Malaysia—thanks Jenny... and we’re working on a feature on the exclusive Mr. Boule. Oh, more precisely, Monsieur Boule, since he writes and speaks only French, and lives in a small town near Paris where he is nigh unto impossible to reach. Still, we shall try, since if not for him—none of the Apes phenomenon would ever have occurred. Keep watchin’ (as we’re sure you will).

Dear Marvel—

Every issue of PLANET OF THE APES I buy is progressively better. #4 was no exception. “A Riverboat Named Simon” was beautiful. I hope this isn’t the last of the Jason/Alexander adventures, as was hinted in the previous issue. I want to see Brerius pay for his crimes!

Your adaptation of the original movie is pretty good, too. I can hardly wait to see BENEATH, ESCAPE, CONQUEST, and BATTLE, done the same way.

I caught an obvious jest in your adaptation in #4. You mention a surgeon named “Bale.” Playing it funny, eh?

In your interviews section, I must once more beg for an interview with Paul Dehn, author of all four movie sequels. It would be one of the most informative interviews you could get. Perhaps ask Dehn if he has any ideas what the Planet Of The Apes was like, after “BATTLE.”

Until next issue—
Make Mine Go Ape!

Perry Wilson
RR 3-Box 449-F
Somora, CA 93570

The address to which those capricious critiques, similar销售收入 and glistening hits of brilliance should be posted is—

PLANET OF THE APES
MARVEL NAGAZINE GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Endings!
The irrevocable act of passing away, Final. Once it
occurs, you can change your mind but you can’t
change the effect.

From various fanzines and conventions, some of you
are probably aware that TALES OF THE ZOMBIE and
MONSTERS UNLEASHED are deceased. There is an
ironic after effect here. I was never particularly thrilled
with either title (although I did feel the last two issues of
MONSTERS UNLEASHED had given the book a
needed direction and validity) and yet, with their passing,
there were strangely some parts of the magazines I would
miss.

Not the deadlines certainly.
Nor some of the material.
The books will have replacements, titles that will
extend the black-and-white illustrated market into
genres that they have only touched upon in the past. I
think that’s a worthwhile project for Marvel Comics and
for the readers. It gives you a choice of material that you
didn’t have before.

Before we get into the material we have planned for
this issue of PLANET OF THE APES, there are several
letters that warrant a general reply. This is for all you
stalwarts who are regular followers of the Marvel line.
(Isn’t that all of you but the people who smuggle the
READER’S DIGEST out of public libraries?)

Part of the reason for reader response is to determine
what you like and what you dislike. Simple and direct.
Marvel Comics has tried to maintain a strong bond
between its readers and its creators—to keep, as it were,
a touchstone on the pulsebeat of the public, to lend a
personal rapport ‘tween editorial offices and followers of
our material. That’s you, people.

Questions: Several missives have arrived concerning
the choice of artwork or scripts that have appeared in
print in first issues, under the new hot-shot cracker-jack
editorial team, asking one Don McGregor if he was
really in love with all the material that went into those
products. Some asked nicely. Some asked not so
nicely.

Answer: Of course not. Some of it was liked, some of it
was not. Hope that’s not too much honesty out there,
folks. But there’s a fact you might not be aware exists:
Much of the material presented in those first issues, lo
these many months back when I had scarcely been in
doctrinated into the sacred lore of Editorialitus
Extremus, was actually chosen long before such a
ceremony could take place—in other words, you inherit
all the stories that have yet to be printed from previous
editors. Ask Marv Wolfman—he knows a lot
about those things, and you should
see what he’s inherited. Wow!

Now there’s another option that should be mentioned,
here and now. Deadlines are the main killer to any
comics company, perhaps more so for Marvel since it has
such a vast number of titles which must reach the stands
each month. If an artist or writer is desired for a certain
feature, it just might not be feasible due to other com-
mitments. You can understand that.

Now, you might ask how all of this fits in THE
PLANET OF THE APES. Good. Ask.
It doesn’t.

When this editorial was begun, it was intended for
THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, but deadlines and
an extra-length feature in that book being what they
are negated the need for such a page.

Waste not—want not! With two typewritten pages of
an editorial already completed, there was no way I would
abandon them since an editorial was needed for
PLANET almost as quickly as one was due for DEADLY
HANDS. So there won’t be any mention of the special
Billy Jack and James Bond issues of that aforementioned
title.

Apesward!
This issue we present the first two parts of “Beneath
the Planet of the Apes,” with art by Alcala and script by
Moench. That is Alfredo and Doug in the surname. “The
Planet Inheritors,” an original Moench Apes thriller, is
being completed by artist Mike Ploog even as we speak,
while the first ten pages sit in Doug’s mailbox in
downtown Manhattan. Doug himself is in Chicago, so
the pages that are in Doug’s mailbox will remain there
until the Devil-May-Care One designs to return to Fun
City.

But we’ve got Apes in bountiful quantities this issue,
even if you overlook 40 pages—count ’em 40—of
Alcala’s cavorting Apes. And if that’s not enough for you
we have 3—count ’em, 3—articles on all kinds of Apes
information, with more photos than ever we can count.
You can write your own reply to that statement. We
know we’ve left ourselves wide-open.

You will be so kind as to note that there hasn’t been
one Marie Severin put-down in this editorial, and we
hope you’ll understand that we’re just trying to be kind
to that poor, wonderful ancient old lady who just
couldn’t withstand the withering attacks perpetrated in
this magazine.
That was a joke, Marie.
MARIE!!!

And so ends another APES editorial. There’s an
entire hook ahead of you, so don’t linger here any longer!

Beginnings.

Don McGregor
Editor
FROM THE WRITINGS OF LUCIUS:

“THIS IS THE TRUTH ETERNAL: WHATEVER THINKS CAN SPEAK.

AND WHATEVER SPEAKS... CAN MURDER.

WHEN THE ASTRONAUT TAYLOR FIRST CAME AMONG US FROM A VOYAGE IN OUTER SPACE, HE PERCEIVED THAT HIS SHIP HAD PASSED THROUGH A FOLD IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION...

THAT DIMENSION IS TIME AND TAYLOR KNEW THAT HE HAD AGED BEYOND THE ELAPSED TIME OF HIS VOYAGE BY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN.

NOW TAYLOR HATED WAR.

“AND SINCE MAN HAD MADE WAR UPON HIMSELF—MURDERED HIMSELF—OVER AND OVER AGAIN, EVER SINCE THE FIRST TOWN WAS BUILT AND BURNED AND BLOODYED...”

“TAYLOR BELIEVED THAT THE RACE OF MAN WAS HOPELESS.

“...HE FOUND A DESSERT LAND OF ROCK AND STONE—BARREN, DESOLATE, DEVOID OF LIFE AND ETERNALLY LAY WASTE, BY MAN’S VILEST WAR IN MAN’S HISTORY...”

AND HERE, IN THIS FORSAKEN WILDERNESS, TAYLOR FIRST SET EYES UPON—
"THE STATUE..."

"Nooooo!!"
"DAMN YOU--DAMN YOU ALL TO HELL!!"

"...AND TAYLOR KNEW..."

"...HE KNEW HE WAS BACK ON EARTH...AN EARTH DEFILED AND DESTROYED BY THE CLENCHED HAND OF MAN."

"SET THIS DOWN: WHATEVER SPEAKS...CAN MURDER."

"BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES"
Three days have now passed... Three days since Taylor first set eyes on the statue... and howled in anguish at the ghost of Liberty...

Three days of interminable trekking... a mindless journey through desolation and waste... through rocky, arid terrain and trackless desert...

An oasis...

...but the trees are dead...

...Poisoned...

It seems to be all right, Nova...

You and the horse might as well wet your whistles. God knows we could use a cheerful tune...
So where do we go from here...?

Ok do we just... stop and found a new human colony? Play house together like Adam and Eve...

At least the kids would learn to talk... have better sense than the apes...

...which reminds me... time to play me Tarzan, you Jane again...

Try to say the name I gave you... Nova.

Nova... Nova... Nova... All right, let's try it this way... I'm Taylor.

Tay-lor... Tay-lor... Tay-lor...

No dice, huh? Okay, look at this little metal thing... it's an identity tag... sort of like a dog-tag, except they gave it to astronauts so they won't forget who they are...

It says Taylor on it... that's me...

Here--let me put it around your neck. It means we're going steady now...

Now what does the tag say? Who are you going steady with?

Taylor, that's who. Say it--say my name... Tay-lor...
WELL, THERE'S NO SOUND...
...BUT AT LEAST YOUR LIPS ARE TRYING... AND IT'D BE A SHAME TO LET THEM GO TO WASTE...

COME ON... LET'S FIND A HOME.

AND AGAIN THE TREK RESUMES... A JOURNEY LARGELY PASSED IN HOLLOW SILENCE...
...AND THE MOCKING ECHOES OF SILENCE...

WELL... I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE--'HOME SWEET HOME,' NOVA...

JUST LOOK AT THOSE CRUMBLED TOMBSTONES-- THE GRAND CLIMAX OF FIFTY-THOUSAND YEARS OF HUMAN CULTURE-- MANHATTAN, NEW YORK CITY... THE BIG APPLE ITSELF...

I WONDER WHO LIVES HERE NOW... BESIDES RADIOACTIVE WORMS... THAT IS...

LET'S GO SEE.
**Then, as they slowly approach the jumble of charred ruins...**

A wall of whining flame abruptly spurts from the ground...

*What... what the hell's feeding it...?*

*There's nothing to burn!!*

---

**Panicked, Taylor's mount bolts away from the crackling screen of fire...**

*Hang on, Nova-- if I can get this horse under control, we'll be able to try a different approach...*

---

**Then, with the horse sufficiently restrained...**

*Okay, here we go again...*

---

**But before Taylor's second approach is scarcely begun...**

---

**The skies blacken with thick, storm clouds. Formed instantly and from nothing...**

*It's impossible...*

---

**The sky cracks with a deafening roar, and jagged bolts of neon-lightning stab down to impale the ground -- like the glittering stakes of an electrified picket fence...**
AGAIN, TAYLOR'S MOUNT BOLTS IN PANICKED FRENZY...

SEEMS NATURE'S HELL-BENT ON WIPECING OUT OUR MISTAKE--!!

THEN, EVEN AS THE SKY CLEAR'S BEHIND THEM...

...THE GROUND SPLITS INTO A MASSIVE FISSURE AT THEIR VERY FEET...

REVERSING DIRECTION AFTER NARROWLY AVOIDING A HEADLONG PLUNGE INTO THE Gaping CHASM, TAYLOR KICKS HIS HORSE INTO A GALLOP TOWARD THE RUINS...

AND YET AGAIN, THE RUINS ARE BLOCKED FROM THEM--

BY A FOURTH DEMONSTRATION OF NATURE GONE BERSERK...

A WALL OF ICE--??!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON--??!

A MINUTE AGO, THAT WASN'T HERE--

IT JUST WASN'T HERE!

AND THERE'S NO WAY ON EARTH IT CAN BE HERE NOW--!

BUT IT ISN'T JUST ME WHO'S SEEING IT--

YOU SEE IT, TOO, DON'T YOU, NOVA?--

CAN TWO PEOPLE HAVE THE SAME NIGHTMARE??

LOOK, NOVA--

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

THAT FISSURE IS STILL RIPPING THE GROUND BEHIND US--

YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE--?
GO TO THE
APE CITY...
NOT TO THE
GORILLAS...

GO TO THE
CHIMPANZEE
QUARTER—THERE'S
NO OTHER WAY—?
FIND ZI-RÁ...ZI-RÁ...
DO YOU UNDER-
STAND?

WELL, I HOPE
THAT WAS A NOD
YOU JUST GAVE ME...
BECAUSE IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO --

-- SCALE
THIS GIANT
ICE-CUBE.
AND SINCE ICE
IS TRADITIONALLY
SLIPPERY...

...IT LOOKS
LIKE I'D BETTER
USE MY RIFLE
BUTT TO START
CHOPPING
FOOTHOLDS...

BUT AS
TAYLOR
RAMS HIS
RIFLE
FORWARD,
HE FINDS NO
IMPACT OF
RESISTANCE
WHATEVER--

-- AND THE
MOMENTUM
OF HIS THRUST
CARRIES HIM
THROUGH
THE ETHEREAL
WALL...

...UNTIL HE
VANISHES. BEEEEEE!!
AND SOON TAYLOR'S DISAPPEARANCE IS FOLLOWED
BY THE IMPOSSIBLE WALL OF ICE ITSELF...

EEEEEE!!

...UNTIL THERE IS NOTHING...

EHHHHEEEE!!

...SAVE A SHRILL SCREAM OF TERROR AND INCOMPREHENSION...

A SCREAM WHICH IS NOT HEARD SEVERAL MILES DISTANT...

AT THE WRECK OF A SMALL RECONNAISSANCE SPACECRAFT...

WHO'S THAT?

JUST ME, AGAIN, SIR...

I...I KNOW THAT, SIR...

BRENT, THE DOCTORS COULD CURE ME -- THEY COULD RESTORE MY SIGHT...

HAVE YOU CONTACTED THEM? HAVE YOU CONTACTED EARTH?...

BRENT... I CAN'T SEE...
I DON'T KNOW, SIR. I RAN A CROSS-CHECK OF THE OPERATIONS MANUAL AS SUGGESTED. I TOOK AN EARTH-TIME READING JUST BEFORE RE-ENTRY.

HOURS? THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY-FOUR--

THREE-THOUSAND... NINE-HUNDRED... AND FIFTY-FIVE...?

A.D.

SIR.

WE WERE FOLLOWING TAYLOR'S TRAJECTORY. SO WHATEVER HAPPENED TO US? MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO TAYLOR...

WHAT ABOUT US? WHERE ARE WE?

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT PLANET WE'RE ON-- BUT WE'RE BOTH HERE AND WE'RE BREATHING. WE'RE CONSCIOUS. THERE'S OXYGEN ON THIS PLANET-- AND WATER.

YOU'LL BE OKAY, SKIPPER. WE'LL RUN A NAVIGATIONAL ESTIMATE AND--

IN MY OPINION, SIR. WE'VE COME THROUGH A HASSLEIN CURVE-- A BEND IN TIME.
GOD, IF I COULD ONLY SEE THE SUN!

BUT YOU CAN FEEL IT ON YOUR HAND, SKIPPER-- IT'S THERE!

I DON'T KNOW OUR COMPUTER IS SHOT, BUT WE'RE STILL LUCKY TO BE ALIVE-- YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE THAT.

LUCKY?! LUCKY TO BE ALIVE IN 3955 A.D.?!

NO! BRENT, WHAT ABOUT MY WIFE... MY TWO DAUGHTERS... DEAD? EVERYONE I EVER KNEW-- DEAD... EVERYONE'S DEAD?

YES... BUT WHICH SUN IS IT?

YES, SIR, BUT I'M TRYING NOT TO BELIEVE IT...

IT'S QUIET HERE, SIR. GOD, IT'S QUIET...

PAIN, BRENT-- RIBS CRUSHING MY LUNGS...

OXYGEN-- MORE OXYGEN...

... JUST FINE...

HANG ON, SIR... AND YOU'LL PULL THROUGH FINE...

YES, SIR... YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE.

Hand-drawn comic panels depicting a conversation between a character named Brent and someone else, discussing their situation and the possibility of being alive in the year 3955 A.D. The scene includes elements of danger and survival.
WHO--??

WHO ARE YOU?

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED OF ME, JUST TELL ME WHERE I AM.
LOOK, MY NAME'S BRENT. WHERE ARE YOU FROM? WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?

CAN YOU TALK--?

HOW DO I GET TO THEM? WHICH WAY?

YOU CAN'T TALK.

WHAT'S THAT...?

...HANGING AROUND YOUR NECK...?

YOU HAVE A NAME...?

TAYLOR--??

TAYLOR'S I.D. TAG--??

IS HE ALIVE? IS HE HURT--??
ALL RIGHT--TAKE ME THERE.
TAKE ME TO TAYLOR--NOW!

THE HORSE SURGES INTO FULL GALLOP, AND ALTHOUGH THE PRIMITIVE HUMAN NOVA SEEMS EAGER TO OBEY THE WISHES OF HER NEW ACQUAINTANCE...

... SHE GUIDES THE MOUNT ACROSS THE FORBIDDEN ZONE NOT TOWARD TAYLOR...

... BUT INTO THE LUSH FOREST AND SAVANNAS WHICH SURROUND...

MY GOD! A CITY OF APES?!

GET IN THERE--IN THE CAGE YOU STUPID ANIMALS!

THAT GORILLA SPOKE--!
WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE?!
THIS ISN'T REAL--IT CAN'T BE...
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

GREETINGS, MEMBERS OF THE CITIZEN'S COUNCIL...

I AM A SIMPLE SOLDIER.

AS A SIMPLE SOLDIER, I SEE THINGS SIMPLY...

THIS IS LUNACY. I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED--OUR RE-ENTRY: A FORCE OF 156 AT TWENTY-THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR. IT MADE ME BLIND--AND PROVOKED ME MAD. EVERYTHING HERE IS A DELUSION...

...EVEN YOU. WHICH IS TOO BAD BECAUSE...

WHAT I SAW--WHEN I BECAME YOUR ARMY COMMANDER--BROKE MY HEART.

I SAW OUR COUNTRY IMPRISONED BY THE SEA AND BY NAKED DESERT. AND INSIDE OUR COUNTRY, I SAW US BECOME INFECTED BY THOSE ENORMOUS PARASITES CALLED HUMANS...PARASITES WHICH DEVoured THE FRUITS WE HAD PLANTED IN A LAND RIGHtLY OURS.
...PARASITES WHICH FLATTENED OUR ONCE FERTILE FIELDS, AND POLLUTED OUR PRECIOUS LAKES AND RIVERS WITH THEIR FOUL EXCREMENTS-- WHICH CONTINUED TO BREATHE IN OUR VERY MIDST LIKE MAGGOTS IN A ONCE HEALTHY BODY.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO ABOUT SUCH PARASITES? HOW SHOULD WE ACT--?

AS A SOLDIER, I KNOW WHAT EVERY SOLDIER KNOWS-- THE ONLY THING THAT COUNTS IN THE END IS POWER! NAKED, MERCILESS FORCE!

AND I COME HERE TODAY TO ANNOUNCE THAT I HAVE USED THAT FORCE-- TO FLUSH EVERY LAST ONE OF THE BESTIAL HUMAN HORDES FROM OUR LAND! THE ONLY HUMANS NOT ALREADY DEAD ARE IN OUR CAGES-- CONDEMNED TO DIE!

A RUSH OF APPLAUSE FOLLOWS THE FIERY ORATOR'S WORDS-- AND HE HAS RAISED HIS HANDS TO STILL THAT APPLAUSE...

I DO NOT SAY THAT ALL HUMANS ARE EVIL SIMPLY BECAUSE THEIR SKIN IS HAIRLESS... BUT OUR LAWGIVER TELLS US THAT NEVER WILL THEY HAVE THE APE'S DIVINE FACULTY FOR DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN EVIL AND GOOD...

THEIR EYES ARE ANIMAL, THEIR SMELL IS THE SMELL OF THE DEAD FLESH THEY EAT. HAD THEY BEEN ALLOWED TO LIVE AND BREEZE UNCHECKED, THEY WOULD HAVE OVERWHELMED US, AND THE CONCEPT OF APE POWER WOULD HAVE BEEN RAVAGED ALONG WITH OUR SPLENDID CULTURE!

-- BECAUSE THE ONLY GOOD HUMAN IS A DEAD HUMAN.

AND WHEN IT FINALLY DIES...

AND THOSE HUMANS LUCKY ENOUGH TO REMAIN ALIVE WILL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING... USED...

...BY OUR REVERED MINISTER OF SCIENCE, DR. ZAIUS...

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE EXPLODES FROM THE CONGREGATED APE AUDIENCE...

THE CREATOR BLESS DR. ZAIUS--!
Zaius-- Our only hope for
Sanity in the midst of
Military madness...

Zira-- Stop it! URSUS' police are
Moving in-- you're in
danger--!

So is the future of
science, Cornelius--
If that rabble-rouser
continues to foment
a senseless military
adventure.

What's the matter--?
You're pointing at Taylor's
identity tag-- and that...
That chimpanzee--?

They're connected somehow--?

I must apologize
for that unseemly
outburst from a
defiant minority
in the congregation. I
believe it is now
under control...

That smug,
smirking
demagogue...

...and I reiterate
to you: we will never
lose our sense of
purpose! We will
never degenerate!

We will never
become weak
and
hairless--!

Because we know
how to
purify
our own
people--
with
blood!

Hail, Ursus--
Ursus, our
leader--
Hail Ursus!
THE FORBIDDEN ZONE HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR CENTURIES—AND RIGHTLY SO.* BUT WE NOW HAVE EVIDENCE THAT IT'S VAST, BARREN AREA IS INHABITED, BY WHOM OR BY WHAT, WE DO NOT KNOW!

BUT IF THEY LIVE, THEN THEY MUST EAT. AND WE MUST REPLENISH THE LAND THAT WAS RAVAGED BY THE HUMANS... REPLENISH IT WITH NEW, PRODUCTIVE FEEDING GROUNDS.

AND THESE NEW GROUNDS WE CAN OBTAIN IN THIS ONCE-FORBIDDEN ZONE! SO, NOW IT IS OUR HOLY DUTY TO ENTER IT— AND PUT THE MARK OF OUR FEET AND WHEELS AND GUNS AND FLAGS UPON IT—!!—

— TO EXPAND THE BOUNDARIES OF OUR INVIOLABLE POWER—!!

-- TO KILL OUR ENEMIES, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN, LIKE SO MANY LICE—!!

-- AND TO INVADE—INVADE—INVADE—!!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE LEADING ME... BUT I'LL BET MY TICKET BACK TO EARTH THAT IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT CHIMP YOU WERE SO EXCITED TO SEE...

... AND THANK GOD WE WON'T BE HEARD ABOVE ALL THAT HOWLING AND CLAPPING!

HAIL, URSUS, OUR LEADER—!

ZIRA—??

ZIRA, AS YOUR HUSBAND, I BEG YOU TO STAND UP—!!

ONLY FOR MY PRINCIPLES, CORNELIUS. ALL RIGHT—for your principles, then—and mine. Only stand—before you get your head cracked open!
Zira... you'll give me gray hair before my time...

Gray hairs or not, one of these days I won't be coerced into compromising my principles...

What? Is that the house where the chimp lives...

Guess so...

Because if we don't find friends here... don't even bother tethering the horse...

Silently, Nova leads Brent toward the adobe structure's entrance...

...and then freezes, as though hearing something...

What's wrong?
COME ON OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP--

WHO'S THERE?

KRATCH

--OR I'LL SHOOT TO KILL!

CONTINUED ENSLAVE?
Hey, did you ever wanna be an ape?

Well, if you did, Marvin Paige would be the fellow to look up in Hollywood, because Marvin is the casting director for *Planet of the Apes*. It's his job to seek out simian stars for use as extras and recurring role players on the series, as well as auditioning "humans" for roles as astronauts on the show.

How does Marvin make a monkey out of someone—or, more correctly, see if somebody's got the stuff of which monkeys are made? "It's amazing what we
MARVIN PAIGE

By
Susan Munshower.
look for,” he says. “There are certain restrictions we have to adhere to in all the primate characters: the orangutans, the chimpanzees, the gorillas. There are more gorillas on the series, really, than chimps, the gorillas being the military, the police, the heavies. One pre-requisite—we must have brown-eyed, not blue-eyed, apes and chimps. Then it’s difficult to use an actor who’s 6’4” because some of the costumes won’t fit him. So we try to gauge them.

“The chimps either run between 5’7” and 5’8”, that area or a little smaller. The orangutans, which are the council members, are about 5’10” and the gorillas about 5’11” or 6’1”. We’ll even stretch to 6’2” if we have to, because the actors portraying those things have to, in those characters, develop almost a slouch. There’s a specific walk, and I run a piece of film for the actors we hire . . . .”

Did you ever realize being a “primate” was so complicated? It really is, and walking in an apelike manner is a prime consideration in the casting offices. Marvin explains, “There is a certain movement. Now, the characters do not move their hips technically. They walk from the bottom right up—if they turn, the whole body turns. There’s a certain way they turn the head and
tweak the nose. People say it certainly should be an easy show to cast because you don’t have to worry about what anybody looks like to play an ape. It’s a more difficult show to cast, because what comes through in the eyes and what comes though vocally is all you have to work with.

“You really need super-extra-good actors. And most of them have to be able to ride. The humans do not have horses, but the gorillas do. The gorillas and chimps do have horses. And if the actor does not make that mask come alive, the whole characterization falls apart.”

Sex matters, even with monkeys. That is, a man cannot play a lady ape, nor can an actress, buried beneath mounds of costuming, be a believable male gorilla. The gorilla ladies are shorter than the males, but the main difference is that the walks and the bone structures of the faces have to be correct. “The faces on the females are different from the males,” Paige notes.

If casting Planet of the Apes is a challenge, it’s certain Marvin Paige is the kind of man to jump at it. In the business for approximately twenty years, he has cast such films as TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN, BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY’S, HARLOW and THE HONKERS, and television series like Garrison’s Guerillas (with Ron Harper, now on Apes), Lassie, Combat and General Hospital. Needless to say, he considers his present position at 20th Century-Fox Studios one of the meatiest.

“Another problem in casting this show,” Marvin says, “is that every once in a while you’ll find an actor who has claustrophobic problems with wearing the mask. And that has to be determined before you can bring them in. We’re trying to keep tabs on actors that work well under those conditions, and sometimes we can repeat an actor in one of those roles.”

The make-up in the series is one of the most complex features, of course. It takes make-up artist Kenny Knight three hours just to do the face of star Roddy McDowall. Roddy has a special contract with Fox which stipulates his face will be given a “rest” every few days, since the heavy make-up is hard on the skin and can be grueling for the mind, too.

While some people might call casting the series grueling, also, Paige is very excited by the challenge of turning men into monkeys. He had never expected Apes to turn into a full-time job for him. “I was brought in as an independent,” he notes. “I was out at Fox the previous year—they’d made a deal with me to cast pilots and a couple of Movies of the Week. As a matter of fact, we started on a presentation for Planet of the Apes at that point. And then the network. I think.

Everybody loves a parade—but our friend in front seems to have his objections in this tense moment from the Apes T.V. show.
The thoughtful chimpanzee gives careful consideration to the situation, in this scene from the television show.
had to decide whether they were going to put *Planet of the Apes* on that season or *Perry Mason*. They decided to go ahead with *Perry Mason*, which unfortunately didn’t make it.” He shrugs. “Or, fortunately, depending on how you look at it.”

As far as that original television concept of *Apes* is concerned, Marvin says he worked only on the initial stages of it. “Then they ran the five features on television to see what the ratings would be. And the ratings were so tremendous that they decided to go for the series. And that was the beginning of *Planet of the Apes*.”

In the beginning, casting of the major astronaut roles was one of the biggest decisions. “The network had certain specifications as to what they thought these guys should be,” Marvin recalls. “And with anything, you want to make sure that your people are going to be fellows who catch on. Now, as far as the chimp, we had begun looking at actors for that role, never feeling that Roddy would be interested at that point or that a feasible situation could be worked out.

“Then Roddy, kind of through his representatives, approached us and indicated that he would certainly be interested in discussing the situation, and we finally did get it all worked out.”

Signing McDowall to the show was certainly a high point for everyone. As Paige openly admits, “I think he’s a tremendous asset to the series. And he’s playing a character that’s really different from the other characters he’s played in the features. In other words, on the features he played several different roles. In the various different features it wasn’t always the same part. And Roddy now stars as a young chimp that’s sort of broken away from his mold and become a friend of the astronauts.”

The job of casting Ron Harper as the leader of the astronauts was also a real challenge. “It’s very difficult,” Marvin explains, “when you take a series, when you’re trying to build a series, and you have a prototype of, say, a Charlton Heston kind of guy (who was very successful in the first film). You’ve got a lot of looking to do. I’m not trying to say we want to find a copy of Charlton Heston—we want the actor’s own identity.”

Getting a contract for Ron Harper’s identity involved calling him away from his honeymoon with actress Sally Stark! “We tested something like 53 actors for the astronauts,” Marvin remembers, “for the two main roles. Then, for Ron Harper, we flew him in to test (from New York City).” (Told in more detail in POTA #4.)

“This was on a Thursday; he flew back on Friday; was getting married on Saturday and going to Ireland for his honeymoon. The network felt there were certain things in the test that they hadn’t captured and wanted to retest him with other people and try him with Jim Naughton to see how that combination was.

“So I had to get hold of him—I think I was up half the night tracking down Harper’s agent in New York, tracing him in Ireland, getting everything coordinated and eventually having to bring him back from Ireland right in the middle of his honeymoon!”

As things so often do in Hollywood movies, this story ended happily—but in real life, Ron’s bride was very understanding about having her new marriage disrupted, and Ron ended up with the coveted role of the astronaut leader.

And casting director Marvin Paige ended up with one of the weirdest jobs in show business—casting men to play monkeys on TV!
Monkey Business on the Planet of the Apes
Across the thousands of years that the beloved institution of marriage has been in existence, husbands everywhere have long dreamed of making monks of their wives. The late producer Arthur P. Jacobs had the seemingly enviable good fortune to carry this desire into reality as the lovely Mrs. Jacobs—actress Natalie Trundy—donned the unlady-like simian make-up to take part in all of the successful PLANET OF THE APES sequels.

The beautiful Ms. Trundy is perhaps the most neglected and underrated of all the performers connected with the popular APES films. In fact, virtually nothing at all has been written about the Italian/Irish actress, as she often tends to be overshadowed by Charlton Heston, Kim Hunter and other top names who have appeared in the series. Fast company for any respectable actress to compete with! But Natalie has been featured prominently in each of the four sequels and is tied with veteran-ape Roddy McDowall for record number of appearances in the series, both with four stanzas, apiece. In these follow-up efforts, the young actress played a different type of character, shifting from antagonist to protagonist faster than the alert moviegoer could accurately keep track!

In BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, the first (and, back in 1970, the only) sequel, Trundy's lovely blonde hair and fair complexion were completely masked. She was nearly unrecognizable as one of the hideously scarred mutant leaders of the underground city, who tortured the bewildered Brent (James Franciscus) and Nova (Linda Harrison) as they searched for the kidnapped Astronaut Taylor.

The second sequel, ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES, gave fans a good look at the real Natalie Trundy. The petite 5' 6" actress appeared without benefit of make-up or costumes in her sympathetic role of "Stevie" Branton, assistant to animal psychologist Dr. Lewis Dixon (Brad Dillman). When a time-warp plods Cornelius (Roddy McDowall) and Zira (Kim Hunter) into our present age, only Stevie and Dr. Dixon befriend the two visitors, as a frightened world attempts to hunt them down in fear, like animals!!

When the third sequel was sent into production the following year, Natalie again won a spot in one of her husband's popular films. In many respects, Ms. Trundy's role in CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES was a definite step in the wrong direction. A 180 degree about-face from her previous unmasked, unencumbered portrayal in ESCAPE, the following effort not only found her buried beneath the elaborate ape-appliances for the first time, but only allowed her a single word of dialogue! Could she have thought that her producer/spouse was trying to tell her something?

As Lisa, a mute simian slave of the futuristic city-state depicted in CONQUEST, Trundy did little more than aimlessly shuffle about in the shadows. However, she did manage to attract the eye of ape political activist Caesar (Roddy McDowall), who took the attractive female under his protective paw!

With all the changing back and forth from character to character, Natalie was undoubtedly happy to portray the same role twice, as she repeated her performance as Lisa in the fourth and final sequel, BATTLE FOR THE
PLANET OF THE APES.

In the film, the apes have won their freedom from the human oppressors and live in a secluded arboreal community under the leadership of all-wise Ceasar (Roddy McDowall, again). In events left unexplained by the writers, Lisa has gained the power of speech, obviously well enough to say “I do,” as we find her wife and mother to simian ruler McDowall and his son.

As one of the few ape-women featured prominently in the PLANET OF THE APES series, Natalie faced several drawbacks to her acting abilities. As the tunics of the females are basically the same as those of the men, their loose fit did not allow for an ample distinction as to which was which! Also, the make-up’s creator, Academy Award-winner John Chambers, purposely “softened” the shape of the female faces in order to allow the “feminine look” to distinguish itself from the masculine counterparts. But this delicate molding isn’t really apparent until a viewer has observed and become accustomed to it; so much of the effect is lost.

A tribute to her dramatic skill, the talented thespian depended upon her body movements to convey much of her femininity to the cameras. By exaggerating the normal womanly gestures, her mannerisms came through the elaborate cosmetic trappings with just the right impact on screen. While playing a domestic scene with husband Ceasar, Trundy would deliberately walk behind him in shorter steps; while important decisions were being made, she turned her head away or hid her eyes.

Little things, yes, but they all added up to convince the audience that she was, indeed, a woman! Though Chambers’ appliances are highly flexible and realistic.
In the second film BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, Natalie is made up as one of the radiation scarred mutants.

Something so complex, they still allow for a considerable amount of exaggeration by the actors. And the make-up allows them to get away with it, where normally they’d be charged with gross overacting!

But it is only natural that the Boston-born Trundy would be so adept at performing in disguise. When she was thirteen years old she borrowed her mother’s bra, stuffed it in the appropriate areas, completing the maturing effect with high heels and make-up. She then marched straight into the office of Broadway impresario F. Hugh Herbert. Through this bit of inspired creativity, the resourceful actress landed the part of a 16 year-old in Herbert’s play, A GIRL CAN TELL.

Figuring that if she could get away with it once, it would work again, the next year found young Natalie playing a girl of seventeen in the Broadway show BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA, which starred Shirley Booth.

Aside from appearing in her first feature movie in 1957, the filming of MONTE CARLO STORY (with Marlene Dietrich) was a very significant occasion for the attractive star. It was during the production of this film that Natalie met her future husband and subsequent employer, Arthur P. Jacobs. However, the two quickly forgot each other after shooting was completed and went their separate ways.

In 1963, Natalie seriously injured her back in a car accident, putting a damper on her movie and television appearances. She spent the following year recovering in a hospital, after which she emigrated to London for a stay of several years.

Not until Jacobs went to London in 1966 for the filming of his disastrous musical, DR. DOOLITTLE, did
In *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES*, we were finally given the opportunity to glimpse the real Natalie Trundy, sans make-up!

he stumble across Ms. Trundy at a party. After a whirlwind courtship, the romance ended in a gala society wedding in 1968, with the newlyweds returning to America to set up residency.

Aside from the four APE films, Jacobs placed his lovely wife in the musical filmization of Mark Twain’s immortal novel, *HUCKLEBERRY FINN*. In an offbeat piece of casting, Natalie portrayed the forty-ish *Mrs. Loftus*, who takes a motherly interest in the young Huckleberry. The role was demanding, but the actress had already displayed a marked talent for portraying older women!

When Arthur P. Jacobs passed away in 1973, Natalie assumed directorship of her late husband’s film company, APJAC Productions. Alas, APJAC sold all rights and privileges of the APES adventures to 20th Century Fox, choosing to concentrate on future projects.

Though not readily identifiable with the PLANET OF THE APES films, the talented Natalie Trundy has made a significant contribution to the series, and merits more than a passing note of recognition. Maybe her participation didn’t “make or break” the success of each film, but her presence certainly would have been missed by the public.

As mutant—human—and ape, the lovely young actress deserves a round of applause for a challenging—not highly diverse—job well done!
Natalie in repose during shooting.
Out here in the wilderness, the air is always fresh and clean, the work is always rugged and demanding, and it's really kinda difficult to find a newsstand that sells PLANET OF THE APES. Or, for that matter, to find a newsstand.

We offer subscriptions to PLANET OF THE APES (and all of Marvel's magazine masterworks) for the kind of ape who really belongs in this kind of country... for the kind of ape who doesn't have any time to fool around with a magazine that isn't well-written, well-drawn, and expertly produced... for the ape who's got thirteen little green darlings that he might as well send us before the I.R.S. gets it in April!

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PLANET OF THE APES

MAN THE FUGITIVE

“A fascinating phenomenon!”
– Galaxy Magazine

A high adventure by GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER
"Life was hard for the humans of Trion, but life was... Life. The people had learned many years before that to resist the vast number of apes could only bring death. No single man was match for one of the awesomely powerful gorillas, or even the less brutal, more intellectual orangutans and chimpanzees. Where resistance and rebellion meant death, the only thing that meant life and relative peace was work for the ape masters. This the humans understood and accepted. They labored, and the apes permitted them to live."

The preceding quote is from an award book called Planet of the Apes: MAN THE FUGITIVE—a book written by one-time Marvel Bullpenner George Alec Effinger. It is based upon two episodes of the CBS-TV APES series; and, more than anything, it is really a wonderful little book.

Not faultless, understand... but a fun, entertaining, surprisingly earthy excursion into fantasy made believable! With all that, the criterion of criticism seems insignificant and petty.

A rare moment of peace for Burke (JIM NAUGHTON) and Virdon (RON HARPER).
At left: Virdon tends to one of the gorillas who has been stricken by malaria in THE CURE. Above: Virdon with the girl, Amy.

It's rather like coming home again.
Planetary of the Apes, as I'm sure you've heard pointed out, is a phenomenon! It is probably second only to James Bond in terms of success-as-a-movie-series financial figures and—I would say—possibly second to none in terms of mass media merchandising.

Each of the films was, to varying degrees, entertaining, imaginative and fun. The television show would have achieved equal, perhaps greater effect, had CBS not put it on the “doom” time slot on “kill” night (Friday is the hardest of all nights for a show to survive). This magazine, the seventh issue of which you hold in your very hands, is a record-shattering success; but the entire phenomenon started out as a humble, moving novel written by a relatively-obscure Frenchman named Pierre Boulle. And, in many ways, this is the form in which the concept works best.

With the written word, you are left freer to create because your audience is deaf, blind and without wisdom. Concept becomes yours to do with as you wish and, as long as you remain consistent, you remain credible; therefore, the concept of a totally alien appearance (and, let's face it, an ape acting like a man, dressed in clothes and talking is pretty alien) is sometimes better left to individual imaginations, through the written word.

That, when you come right down to it, is what's really so fine about this book—if deals with apes seriously. It is very straightforward, earthy and credible.

Look back at the paragraph I quoted at the beginning of this article. Read it... slowly... absorb all its implications. In that one paragraph, presented on the first page of the first story, already you understand that which is the Planet of the Apes... you helplessly acknowledge the horror such a world would hold for a man (or, to be fair, a woman) from our time, so that when you are introduced to the two astronauts you are immediately sympathetic, empathizing with what they are going through—hunted fugitives, running with no place to run, hoping when there is no hope.

The Planet of the Apes is hell for any human over two thousand years old!

Characterization! That's one reason I liked this book.
so much— not the fact that it had characterization; I
would expect that and require it in any book of this type.
It's how it's presented, with clarity and feeling, simi-
larity, yet—paradoxically—complexity, with warmth and
understanding for both protagonists and antagonists and
all those that fall in between.
It works so well because, more and with greater depth
than any other medium, we are allowed through the
written word to enter the character's heads—and that
includes the apes. And it is on this last count that I wish
to particularly call your attention!
It's not easy!
First of all, it's not your average "them" and "us" type
story. No way! There're the humans . . . then there're the
chimpanzees, the orangutans and the gorillas.
It's not so easy when you try to divide your "them"
While the formulas for these characters were already
well-dictated by precedent, George Alec Effinger
breathes new life into the portrayal. He does so with
little "toggles" (sorry, but I'm at a loss for a less- vague
term), explorations beneath the surface that are at once
dryly humorous, tender, compassionate, understanding
and seeking. Here, he has his moments of compassion
even for Urko, the dread leader of the police and
armed forces of the apes.
Interaction!
That's where it all comes out. The two humans inter-
acting with the apes. Galen in particular. Admittedly,
there are times when Effinger seems to fall short of his
mark in this respect, but there are other times when he
handles the interaction brilliantly!
MAN THE FUGITIVE, as I've mentioned earlier, is
actually two novelettes. One is "The Cure" and the other
is "The Good Seeds," both based on teleplays of the
same names for the television show by Edward J. Lasko
and Robert W. Lenski, respectively. Unfortunately, on
things that I disagree with in the book. I'm not sure who
to blame—Effinger or the television writers.
And, in spite of all the nice things I've been saying
about this book (and will continue to say, may I add),
there are flaws in this book!
Characterization, I mentioned. Most of the time it was
quite well done, though. I felt a little cheated by the
character of Amy in "The Cure." We're introduced to
her as a full blown character, with no further develop-
ment possible—that's why I felt cheated. I like in a
book to grow with the character, to watch all the intricate
little twists and turns.
Unfortunately, "The Cure" starts altogether too
abruptly—ruddy, you suddenly find yourself going, "Hey, I
missed something!" We never, for instance, find out how
Virdon and Burke stumbled on Trion, nor even why they
stayed or what happened. We come in when they are
getting ready—along with Galen, their ever-present
companion—to leave. Virdon has just revealed his and
Burke's past—what Earth was like for the humans two
thousand years before—to Amy, a fourteen-year-old girl.
The reason he took such a risk is that she reminded him
of his daughter. Fine. But we weren't there when that
thought occurred to him.

At left: One of Urko's gorila police,
patrolling town. This exterior shot is
Fox's Malibu canyon ranch, where ex-
teriors for THE TO WERING
INFERNO were made. At right:
DAVID SHEINER guest stars as
Chimpanzee doctor in THE CURE.
I guess that was the one big problem with the opening—I kept feeling I was reading the sequel to another story, at least until it finally settled down as its own story. Again, I don't know who to blame... Effinger, Ed Lasko, or the story editor.

But it is still a comparatively minor fault. Most of the book's faults are, such as in “The Cure” where there's an outbreak of malaria that the Apes can't stop, but which Burke and Virdon can. They do it by just going out into the forest and—admittedly after some searching—finding just the tree they're looking for; gee, now they can make quinine water and...

Wonderful, these humans!

The second story, “The Good Seeds,” is superior to the one preceding it, which is saying quite a bit. It's kind of “Waltons on the Planet of the Apes,” and Effinger pulls it off with astonishing smoothness and realism.

The character and interaction here is handled particularly well. The story takes us into back farming regions to experience an odd ape-parallel to the backwoods, superstitious farmer and family... except for the wife, who was raised a city ape and still sometimes longs for the city.

When Galen is injured on the run, Virdon and Burke beg the farmer to allow Galen to recover there at his farm. Very reluctantly he agrees, though wary of the two humans; but the ultimate conflict builds between the humans and the eldest son, Anto—see, the farm cow is pregnant and about to give birth. It is Anto's rite of passage, as it were, for if the calf is a baby bull, he is free to go off and start his own farm.

But, then, there's those humans...

You see, the rural superstition is that “Humans are a curse to cows!” It's a nice conflict bit, handled remarkably well! I especially liked the origin of this superstition as it was hinted at: “They've been known to kill cows—just for the meat!” (The apes are consistently vegetarians and are always shocked by the idea of eating meat.)

I won't tell you anymore about the story—you'll have to relish it yourself and, indeed, I urge you to do so!

George Alec Effinger, as I stated earlier, worked as a Marvel Bullpenner a mere three or so years ago, writing—among other things—our ever-popular GULLIVAR OF MARS series. Since then, he has sold stories to countless science-fiction magazines and book anthologies. His last book was WHAT ENTROPY MEANS TO ME, and his newest volume—a collection of stories—has just been published in hardback.

MAN THE FUGITIVE is a very entertaining little book. It won't shake you, nor even make you ponder your own existence. There are humanities and sociology here... unavoidable in the many-faceted allegories of the concept. But the book is, first and always, a science-fiction adventure novel—high adventure, at that. Fun, thrilling, engrossing.

And, thanks to Effinger, it lives and breathes!
KRENTH THE PLANET OF THE APES

PART TWO: ENSLAVED!

Still unable to accept the reality of a world in which beasts rule over man, the astronaut Brent has placed himself under the dubious leadership of a primitive female.

For some reason, she has led him to the adobe mound village... and now, although she is incapable of properly guessing, he proves fully aware of Brent's capabilities.

--By urgently attempting to stifle his voice, one of the ape has learned that on a planet of apes--

--The slightest sound from a human--

--Means instant death.

Halt--or I'll shoot to kill!!

--K RATCH--
A BIRD...!
I'm getting too jumpy for this kind of work. Pretty soon we'll all be seeing enemies around every corner if we keep listening to--

--GENERAL URSUS... and that is why I can only pray you know what you are doing.

HOW CAN YOU DOUBT IT, DR. ZAIUS? You--as the Minister of Science--have been unable to fathom the reports of strange manifestations within the forbidden zone.
AND MY FAILURE TO THEORIZATE AUTOMATICALLY YOUR THEORIES CORRECT...

OH, COME, COME, DR. ZAUS, TWELVE OF MY VERY BEST SCOUTS HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...

ELEVEN...

ELEVEN, THEN, AND THE TWELFTH CAME BACK WITH INCREDIBLE REPORTS OF WALLS OF FIRE AND STRANGE EARTHQUAKES; HIS MIND COMPLETELY SHATTERED.

UNDOUBTEDLY BY SOME NON-SIMIAN TERROR?

INFlicted BY WHOM?

WHO KNOWS? BUT THEY LIVE--AND THEREFORE THEY EAT.

I STILL THINK YOU ARE BEING HASTY.

AND A POLITICIAN...?

AT EXPEDIENCY.

DEcisions ARE DERIVED FROM WEIGHING EVIDENCE; IT IS THROUGH EVIDENCE THAT A SCIENTIST ARRIVES AT THE TRUTH.

THEN LET US DISCUSS WHAT IS EVIDENT AND WHAT IS EXPEDIENT; WHAT IS EVIDENT IS THAT IN THE MIDST OF OUR PRESENT OVERPOPULATION WE FACE FAMINE, WHAT IS EXPEDIENT IS--

AND BE OUTNUMBERED BY OUR ENEMIES? I LOOK TO THE DAY WHEN MILLIONS WILL MARCH UNDER THE APE BANNER.

-- THAT WE CONTROL THE POPULATION.

THEN SHOULD WE NOT WAIT UNTIL THAT DAY, IF WE MUST INVADE?

AND LET OUR ENEMIES INVADE US FIRST? I WOULD RATHER ATTACK AT MY CONVENIENCE THAN BE FORCED TO DEFEND AT THEIRS.
WHAT IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN FAMINE?

THE UNKNOWN.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ANYMORE. APES THAT TALK AND FIRE GUNS... HUMANS CAN'T TALK AND ACT LIKE APES--

WHAT ARE YOU POINTING AT NOW?

THAT ADOBE DWELLING. I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE THERE? OR GOD HELP ME--

"THE APES WHO LIVE THERE."

"IF I HAD ANY PROPER SENSE OF SCIENTIFIC PURPOSE, CORNELIUS, I SHOULDN'T BE CUTTING UP THE HEALTHY HEADS OF HUMANS-- I SHOULD BE DISSECTING THE DISEASED BRAINS OF GORILLAS TO FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG.

AND HOW WOULD YOU PUT IT RIGHT, DEAR ZIRA?

WET-NURSE THEIR BABIES ON THE MILK OF CHIMPANZEES-- THE MILK OF KINDNESS.

AT LEAST WHEN OUR BABY IS BORN, IT WON'T BE BREAST-FED ON BILE.

THE TROUBLE WITH US NEWLY- WED INTELLECTUALS, MY DEAR, IS THAT WE HAVE RESPONSIBILITY-- But no power.
NO.. THE POWER. SAD TO SAY IS RESERVED FOR THE MILITARY--AND THE MILITARY IS THE
PROVINCE OF THE
GORILLAS, ALL CHIMPAN-
ZEES KEEP OUT.
I THINK I'LL
MAKE CHOCOLATE
ICING, CORNELIUS.
DO YOU LIKE
CHOCOLATE? NO--
YOU DON'T. DO
YOU WELL, I
LIKE IT...
AND EVEN IF
WE DID TAKE POWER
INTO OUR HANDS
WE'LL BE AS BAD--
OR WORSE--THAN
THEM...
RIDICULOUS! WE
COULDN'T BE AS BAD
AS THE GORILLAS--THEY'RE
A GENETIC ACCIDENT--
A MISTAKE OF NATURE!
THEY'RE CRUEL BECAUSE
THEY'RE STUPID--ALL
BONE AND LITTLE BRAIN.
SH-H-H/
ZIRA--DON'T
TALK LIKE
THAT!
YOU NEVER
KNOW WHO
COULD BE
LISTENING...
NOVA--!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?
TAYLOR...
MY NAME
ISN'T TAYLOR.
IT'S
BRENT.
YOU
TALKED--!
IMPOSSIBLE.
IN AN ENTIRE
LIFETIME DEVOTED
TO THE SCIENTIFIC
STUDY OF HUMANS,
I'VE FOUND ONLY
ONE OTHER LIKE YOU
WHO COULD SPEAK.
TAYLOR--
AN ASTRONAUT
LIKE MYSELF.
HAVE YOU
SEEN HIM?
IS HE
ALIVE--?
I DON'T
KNOW, I'M TRYING
TO FIND HIM--AND
THE LONGER I'M
HERE THE LESS
I'M BEGINNING
TO CARE.
WE LOVED TAYLOR, he was a fine, unique specimen -- and if it had not been for Zira, he'd still be here...

STUFFED -- with glass eyes... in the great hall of the ZAUS museum, like his two friends.

WELL I DON'T plan to stay as long as his two friends, then. Look, can you give me some food, water, and a map... so I know I'm going...?

AND YOUR SHOULDER -- it needs attention.

HERE'S THE map I'll show you where our city is -- and where Zira and I last saw Taylor.

WELL, it's a start at least.

NOW, YOU see this river which flows to the north? It roughly parallels the route we took with Taylor...

HOLD still now... while I dress this wound...

OUCH! what is that pain? are you burned? stings like hell.

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW if I told you just relax and trust me... among other things, I'm a trained vet.

THANKS, I'LL try not to claw you.

AS I WAS SAYING: we last saw Taylor with Nova going through the gap between this lake and the sea.

YES, YES... I know, the forbidden zone.

WHOM TOLD you that?

YOUR GLORIOUS leader -- the big bruiser with all the hair on his face making speeches.

THEY WERE heading deep into the territory we call--
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU MANAGED TO EAVESSDROP ON--

BAK BAK BAK

QUICK!

NOW JUST STAY IN THERE AND KEEP SILENT.

OPEN THE DOOR, CORNELIUS.

BUT--

OPEN IT.

BAK BAK BAK BAK
GOOD DAY, DR. ZAUS. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE? HAS THERE BEEN AN ACCIDENT?

FOR MY BAD BEHAVIOR AT THE MEETING.

I DON'T BLAME HIM. YOUR CONDUCT WAS DISGRACEFUL.

* SEE PART ONE -- DON.

ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! ARE YOU SO BLIND -- YOU TWO PSYCHOLOGISTS -- THAT YOU CAN'T SEE WE'RE ON THE BRINK OF A GRAVE CRISIS? YOU HEARD URSUS' SPEECH...

MILITARISTIC TRIPS!

ZIRA! PLEASE...

PERHAPS, BUT ELEVEN OF HIS GORILLA SCOUTS VANISHED ON RECONNAISSANCE IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.

Serves him right.

...AND URSUS IS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE...
I know. The price we paid for our freedom was our vow never to disclose our discovery that --

URSUS now has the "incident." He needs to embark on a rampage of conquest.

But that's appalling! When Zira and I first unlocked the secrets of the Forbidden Zone you intervened at our trial for heresy.

I know. The price we paid for our freedom was our vow never to disclose our discovery that --

--man evolved from the apes instead of the reverse.

But to remain silent while this bully Ursus destroys everything in his path is no longer possible.

Would you rather stand trial for heresy again?

No, my children, this time I may not be here to plead for clemency.

Where are you going?

Into the Forbidden Zone with Ursus.

ANOTHER MAN-HUNT DOCTOR?

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE SCOUTS IS MORE THAN THE WORK OF A MERE MAN. SOMEONE -- OR SOMETHING -- HAS OUTWITTED THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE GORILLAS.

THAT SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT.

Zira, for sanity's sake...

AS MINISTER OF SCIENCE, IT IS MY DUTY TO FIND OUT WHETHER SOME OTHER FORM OF LIFE EXISTS... SOME NEW THREAT TO OUR APE CIVILIZATION... BEFORE URUS'S BARGES IN AND DESTROYS THE EVIDENCE.
I AM ASKING YOU TO BE THE GUARDIANS OF THE HIGHER PRINCIPLES OF SCIENCE IN MY ABSENCE...

I AM ASKING FOR A TRUCE WITH YOUR PERSONAL CONVICTIONS IN AN HOUR OF PUBLIC DANGER.

AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT, DR. ZAUS--I ASSURE YOU. OR I...I SHALL HIT HER AGAIN.

THANK YOU, CORNELIUS. BUT LET'S HAVE NO VIOLENCE. SHALL WE...

NOW I'M RELYING ON YOU BOTH... AND WE'RE RELYING ON YOU, TOO, DOCTOR.

IF I SHOULD FAIL TO RETURN FROM THE UNKNOWN, THE WHOLE FUTURE OF OUR CIVILIZATION WILL BE YOURS TO PRESERVE... OR DESTROY.

GOOD-BYE, DOCTOR... AND GOOD LUCK.

SO THINK WELL BEFORE YOU ACT.
COME ON--WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER. I'VE ALREADY SEEN THE DELICATE, HUMAN WAY THEY TREAT HUMANS AROUND HERE.

I DON'T MUCH CARE FOR IT.

GOOD. BUT I'LL HAVE TO GET YOU ANOTHER SET OF CLOTHES--THE KIND SUITED FOR HUMANS LIKE YOURSELF. YOU'LL PASS.

IF YOU'RE CAUGHT BY THE GORILLAS, REMEMBER ONE THING--NEVER TO SPEAK.

WHAT THE HELL WOULD I HAVE TO SAY TO A GORILLA?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

ONLY APES CAN SPEAK. NOT NOW--AND NOT YOU. IF THEY CATCH YOU SPEAKING, THEY WILL DISSECT YOU, AND THEY WILL KILL YOU IN THAT ORDER.

CORNELIUS IS RIGHT. BE CAREFUL AND GET OUT OF THOSE THINGS YOU'RE WEARING AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

THANKS. THANK US BY FINDING TAYLOR.

IF HE'S ALIVE.
Noon! Brent and his mute companion Nova begin their long journey toward the forgotten forbidden zone...

The sky is bright and clear, an azure canopy of hope...

...Hope which dies to the thunder of madness...

--Gorillas... bearing rifles.

STOP HIM---!!
WATCH OUT FOR THE BEAST’S FANGS!
IT MIGHT BE RABIES!!

BEAST PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT.
YES, BUT HE’S LIKE ALL THE OTHERS—TOO STUPID TO USE HIS BRAIN FOR ESCAPE.

WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME, BEASTS. AND YOU’D BETTER GET USED TO IT... BECAUSE IT’S PERMANENT.

GOD HELP ME, "BROTHER!"
...FOR YOU... ARE... MY KEEPER.
Morning:

Twenty required on number two range for D company target practice.

Jump to it!

All right, you two—You look like you'd make good targets.

Stop a minute, guard. I wish to inspect those humans.

Hmmm... Brachyccephalic... and prognathous...

And this one—Is a patient... Glaucoma...

Yes, we could do with these two. They'll make excellent subjects.

You can't take those beasts—they're required for target practice on number two range. Captain Odo's orders.

I'm afraid you're mistaken. They're required for cranial research—by order of Dr. Zaius, minister of science.

Guards—load these two humans up... into my wagon.
YOU'VE DONE VERY WELL, CORNELIUS...

DICTATION: MALE, TYPE E CRANIUM, VERY UNUSUAL, WEAK OCCIPITAL DEVELOPMENT, SUBSTANDARD LOBES...

CONCLUSION: A GENERALLY INFERIOR SPECIMEN—UNUSUALLY RETARDED MENTAL CAPACITIES...

ZIRA, LOOK...

URSUS
AND ZAIS...

IF THEY NOTICE ANYTHING UNUSUAL CORNELIUS...

I KNOW.

SO BE IT. YOU KNOW THAT MY SCRUPLES WERE DICTATED BY CAUTION—NOT COWARDICE. WHEN THE DAY COMES, I SHALL RIDE WITH YOU.

THEN REMAIN PREPARED, DR. ZAIS... MY ARMY IS CONDITIONING ITSELF FOR THE MARCH RIGHT NOW...

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE'VE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY SPECIMENS OF SUCH EXTRAORDINARY CLINICAL INTEREST, CORNELIUS. WE MUST TAKE THEM TO THE LABS AND...

YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM...

THEY'VE BEEN RESERVED FOR TARGET PRACTICE...

NOW THEN, DR. ZAIS—I APOLOGIZE FOR THAT INTERRUPTION, BUT AS I SAID, MY ARMY IS CONDITIONING ITSELF...

...AND TARGET PRACTICE IS A MOST ESSENTIAL FACET OF THE PROCESS.
EASY ZIRA -- WE TRIED OUR BEST. AND IF WE PRESS THE ISSUE ANY MORE... OUR LIVES WILL BE FORFEIT ALONG WITH BRENT'S AND NOVA'S...

I KNOW THAT, CORNELIUS.

...BUT I'VE GOT ONE LAST IDEA THAT JUST MIGHT WORK.

ZIRA -- DON'T BE A FOOL --

DRIVER--!

WHAT IS IT?

YOU DIDN'T SECURE THE CAGE WELL ENOUGH.

YOU'D BETTER LET ME DOUBLE-LOCK IT.

VERY WELL... BUT HURRY IT UP.

QUIET...
ALL RIGHT, DRIVER--IT'S TIGHT NOW.

GOOD LUCK.
WHOA --!

HUMANS -- MAKING AN ESCAPE!!

NOVA, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE EVER HEARD OF TEDDY ROOSEVELT...

BUT GET SET FOR SOME HELLISHLY ROUGH RIDING--

--CAUSE WE'VE GOT SOME PRETTY MANGY MONSTERS BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS!

AHHHK-K-K!!

LOOK-!!

AFTER THEM!!
But after an hour’s breakneck ride, it appears the cavalry squad of gorillas has been outdistanced...

Guess we can slow down now, Nova.

Not that these boulders would allow us to gallop through if we wanted to...

Looks like some sort of cave down there...

Might as well check it out. It might lead somewhere.

And at least it’s bound to throw those gorillas off our trail.

Captain Odd--isn’t this the region where the scouts vanished?

It is.

Then the humans--what will they find in that cave?

“Nothing, but death.”

Come on, Nova--there’s light ahead... looks like this corridor opens into some kind of chamber...
There is light ahead, dim light which fills a vast subterranean chamber. But when Brent steps into that chamber... his mind reels.

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

Slivers of gray light filter through the salt. Ceiling corroded steel beams stand amongst glistening stalactites. In the distance a hypnotic dripping echoes mockingly.

Ancient signs droop in tattered exhaustion. Metal rails barely reflect the meager light, and tangible horror fills the vast chamber...

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