WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES

THE WARHEAD MESSIAH!
TERROR BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES!

RODDY MCDOWALL IN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS -- FROM HUMAN TO APE!
"THE PLANET INHERITORS!"
by Doug Moench &
Mike Ploog
Page 7

"THE REMAKING OF RODDY MCDOWALL!"
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MARVEL EDITORIAL & BULLPEN BULLETIN PAGE ..................... 6
Dear Doc,

I've bought every issue yet, and #5 is one of the best.

Ed Hannigan seems to really pull toward the science fiction atmosphere in his art, with some of the most unusual layouts I've seen. He's given us interesting new ape clothes, and Solomon had a look of savagery that Pogo would have to be hard-pressed to capture.

The story was beautiful. I wanted a one-shot story to see if Doug Moench could fit in characterization in such a short tale. He succeeded.

As for Apes being a monthly mag now, I fear you'll have to keep it down to short stories featuring the same stars every time. I figure you'll give your artists, because neither could turn out a 25 page masterpiece every 30 days.

When you finish the movies, adapt the TV series scripts into comics.

Mike Gallaher
1364 Vicosica Drive
Memphis, TN 38127

Dear Marvel people,

In issue #3, after Taylor escapes on page 70, at the bottom center of the page, what does the empty balloon speech signify?

Scott Young
1547 Ocala Avenue
Chula Vista, CA 92011

Dear Sirs,

Being a person who enjoys reading and writing, your letter column is one of the first things I read. Ever since it first appeared in your publication, I've cringed at the number of people that write to your column and try to pass themselves off as experts.

It's my own belief that one should know what he's talking about before opening his mouth to criticize, and I've yet to come across one that does.

The biggest sin committed has been in the area of art criticism; not once have I heard anyone comment on Mike Ploog's use of light sources or his fine emphasis on the subjects by washing out the background.

Equally as bad, there has been no comment on the use of illusions in "Evolution's Nightmare" or Bob Larkin's, uh, skip Larkin—nothing is going to help THESE poor critics.

In short, I don't think paying a dollar for a product makes you an expert.

Your adoration of the "Apes" movies has been swaying from realism—I feel Ape's eyes in the movies were more than dots under heavy eyebrows, though I appreciate your sticking as close to the script as you have.

Also, your editorial's been as irrelevant as Richard M. Nixon at the Watergate cover-up trial (good to have, but not saying nothing). They should cover the latest in the area of science fiction or ape fandom.

On the subject of SF why don't you cover more science fiction? After all, PLANET OF THE APES was a science fiction movie... and a good one at that!

Fred Anson
840 S. State College
Ana, CA 92806

Hey, Aerol (by the way, that's an unusual but very nice name), while Energetic Ed Hannigan's artwork was the surprise hit of the issue, it was only done as a fill-in to give Mike Ploog time enough to get back on schedule. The masterful Mr. Ploog has more than his own share of admirers, as you'll see if you glance over the rest of this letters page, and we've got a hunch he's going to attract many more since we've started printing directly from his magnificently-detailed pencil work!

Meanwhile, if you'd like to see more of Energetic Ed's amazing artwork, check out GIANT-SIZE MAN-THING, among others. Now, enough with plugs, and back to bestial banter about APES!
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DON'T DARE MISS THIS ONE! FRANTIC ONE! IT'S THE COMICON YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Dear Marvel Persons-

in issue #5, on your letters page, you ask which mark of punctuation is Tony Isabella in disguise. I say he is the colon in the last paragraph that introduces your address.

In the sentence "we're anxious to hear your views. so why not drop us a line at," The colon (underlined by me) is Tony; notice the resemblance. So do I win a Chris Claremont squeeze-toy and my 8½ by 10½ glossy of Marv Wolfman?

Also, you asked how many jelly beans were on Stan Lee's desk. He doesn't have any; he ate them already. Do I get the lyrics and music to "Buckeye Down, Dave Kraft?"

Eric Johnson
10 Clifton Avenue
Hopkinton, MA 01748

Marvel—

I didn't find Tony Isabella all in one piece. But I found him scattered in different places on the letters pages of #5. Tony is composed of two periods, one comma and a set of parentheses.

Bonus: I guess that Stan Lee has no jelly beans on his desk, because he doesn't like them.

Josh Penland
990 Trotter Lane
Hixson, TN 37343

Dear Marvel,

Tony is the funny looking apostrophe in "Tony's."

Russell Sommer
6716 Wright Road
Atlanta, GA 30328

This is the last of those idiotic letters pages contests—we promise. Needless to say, you're all wrong; that colon mentioned by Eric was Devil-May-Care Doug Moench himself, not Tony, while the various scattered bits of punctuation spotted by Josh were clues to the number of jelly beans on Stan's desk, and finally, the apostrophe put forth by Russ was Marvelous Marv's misplaced onion bagel.

Tsk, tsk, No winners; what a shame. By the way, Tony was tremendously obvious to even the most casual scrutiny, disguised as he was in the shape of a giant exclamation point in the logo "Ape-Line!"

Dear Apemen——

Now that one of my favorite television programs has been cancelled (need I mention it's by title—PLANET OF THE APES), I have only your magazine series to what my ape-tite, and thank Zeus for the quality you've shown so far.

Dear Staff—

In issue #5, "The Man Who Sold the Planet of the Apes," you said that Arther P. Jacobs should take the credit for being the father of the Planet of the Apes. It so, who should take credit for being the mother?

Rob Friscone
16 Young Street
Lexington, MS 02173

Why not, indeed, Pat? We've passed your suggestions on to Doug Moench, author of our awesome Apeman adventures, and as soon as he takes time out from his hectic scripting schedule to read them, we're sure his Moench-mind will shift into overdrive in pursuit of a solution.

And now, for one quick wisecrack:

Dear Apemen—

There's only one problem. It has been perpetrated by you, the movies and the books— with the slight exception of a passing comment from Pierre Bouillette in the original—to wit: ARE THERE SUCH THINGS AS FEMALE ORANGUTANS AND GORILLAS?

I have been reading your PLANET OF THE APES magazine since the second copy, and in reading and rereading them, I have noticed the neglect of these two factions. Certainly they must exist. The closest thing I have seen resembling a female of these two species is the showing of Zen's, burial, in your very imaginative original storyline in #2.

Perhaps I should be content with the actions of the female chimpanzees, but I can't help wondering. Are the female orangutans equal with their mates in the halls of "official science?" Do hey hold government posts, or are they just dawdy little house-apetites? Are female gorillas strong like their fighting husbands? Are they compassionate mothers or strong-willed independent apes? I must admit my curiosity has been aroused by their absence.

Wouldn't it be possible to portray the females of these two species? How does a gorilla soldier's wife treat him after a hunt? What kind of social party does the male of an important orangutan give? Some interesting story lines and in-depth portrayals of ape life would be interesting and the females would be essential. You have done just this with the chimpanzees, why not the others?

Patt Elmore
Route 4
Martin, TN 38237

DON'T MONKEY AROUND... WRITE!

We're waiting to hear your comments, epistle. Send all cards, letters, and neatly etched banana peels to:

PLANET OF THE APES
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
INHERITOR OF THE EDITORIALS!

That's Archie Goodwin, folks. He'll be writing this page beginning with the next issue of PLANET OF THE APES. Yes, you read it right and you read it here first. Next issue, Archie Goodwin faces the wrath of gorilla and chimp alike while fending off the sneaky, low-down, underhanded attacks of Marie Severin who is neither a gorilla nor a chimp. I've been told... but you could have fooled me.

That was a joke, Marie.

MARIE!

Sheesh, this is my last editorial page (doesn't that sound melodramatic?) and there were so many things I wanted to discuss.

"Such as what?" you venture.

I'm glad you asked.

If there'd been room, I'd like to have mentioned the threat that spray cans pose to our continued survival. No joke that. Maybe we better get Don Rickles attacking more than just Right Guard. I would have discussed how fluorocarbons are released every time a deodorant or hair-spray or shaving cream can or dispenser is used, and how it is destroying the ozone content in our air.

You know, it might not be such a bad idea if Apes take over the planet. At least they have no need for such items.

Right now, nobody seems to be too concerned about all this. Government bureaus are arguing as to whose responsibility it is when the obliteration of the atmosphere (and perhaps life as we know it) is in question. Keep arguing long enough, trusted Civil Servants, and there may not be any planet left for Apes to take over.

We might have discussed Francis Ford Coppola's THE CONVERSATION, and the ramifications of unlimited invasion of privacy. Do Apes have any need for such listening devices?

Now, you might ask, how would I have managed to squeeze such unrelated topics as those into a magazine called PLANET OF THE APES?

I don't know.

I'd have thought of something, I'm sure.

But since we don't have time to discuss such unrelated matters, let's take a rundown on this issue of PLANET OF THE APES.

"The Planet Inheritors!" offers you twenty-three pages of Mike Ploog art and Doug Moench script, furthering the adventures of those ape and human stalwarts, Jason and Alexander. Doug continues his prolific run with the third chapter of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES! Alfredo Alcala joins him on the adaptation, and we've got a few visuals that are more than slightly stunning.

For all of you readers who asked for Roddy McDowall pictures, we have a complete transition from human to ape that is fully illustrated with photos that haven't seen print anywhere else. Try beating that presentation.

There will be no parting shots at Marie Severin in this final editorial. When you need a jolt of Millicent Hurdswirde's Decrepit Grandma Emporal Fluid (as has been maliciously rumored that Marie does), just to get out of the rocking chair when the dawn comes, then we feel that it would be unfair to take a parting shot at such an easy target.

Oh, man, is she going to get me for this.

One can joke, frivolity and all that, but sentiment seems to be an embarrassing emotion these days. Don't bother me with feeling " seems to be the byword, or: I'm too busy being apathetic.

I'd like to thank Marv and Dave and Lenny (Who'd rather have his name mentioned in the New York Times than here, but what does he know?) and Barbara and Doug and Mike... and even Marie. Thanks, people. All of you.

But now its time to make points with the new editor, the aforementioned Archie Goodwin. It was Archie who bought my first script at Warren magazines. He probably regrets it now—it's the only thing he's ever done to mar his impeccable reputation. And it was Archie, only last week, who told me in an amazingly poignant moment that he would use my left over captions from the KILLRAVEN series to fill up any blank spaces in future issues of PLANET OF THE APES. Gee, thanks, Arch.

You know, when you're editor, you don't have the time to do any of the projects you have in mind. And when you stop being editor, you're back out in the cold, the wind whipping at your tattered trousers and turning your tears to ice.

But I'll be around.

I hope.

I will, won't I, guys? Be around, I mean.

Look, I hope you people never took any of those things I said seriously when I was editor. It was all in fun, right?

Seriously (note that smooth transition), I hope all of you out there will give Archie the support that you gave me. And I thank you, all of you, who took the time to write, to guide us and chastise us, because your voices should be heard.

I hope I was able to listen enough.

And I hope these words haven't lost their meaning through usage: Hang in there!

Don McGregor
Editor
A vile stench fills the campsite of crowded gypsy wagons. It is the stench of seared flesh, emanating from a suitless beast of the same kind that had once lived and breathed as the chimp called Brimald.

Driven by jealousy over the dark-eyed girl known as Malagueno, Brimald had tried to murder Jason... and was instead murdered by Brutus. Jason, however, was anything but favor of mercy...

You are a fool, human-- as are all of your kind. I watched your knife duel with the chimp. You should have taken his life when you had the chance-- as I will see that your life is taken.

His name is Brutus, Malagueno...

...and he's otherwise lousy, vermin-ridden...

Easy, Jason. Remember he's the one holding that mutant blade-- weapon.

PLANET INHERITORS!

JASON... who is he...?

BRUTUS, SOME DAY I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU CHOOSE ON THAT FILTHY LUNG TONGUE OF YOURS.

I suppose I should congratulate you for your perception, Alexander...

But instead, it is my duty as peace officer of the city to announce that you-- as well as the human-- are under arrest...

As an accomplice to the cowardly murder of my wife-- as committed by the human scum otherwise known as Jason.

You know damn well that you murdered your wife-- in cold blood and without a second thought. Because she learned that you, her beloved husband-- the honored peace officer of the city-- was actually the secret leader of the ape terrorist group...!

# AS PORTRAYED IN THE ALREADY CLASSIC P.O.T.A. #1 -- EDITOR.

Story: DOUG MOENCH  Art: MIKE PLOOG
That is for the Tribunal to decide, Human—when they convene in judgement at your murder trial.

I have held my silence far too long. Peace officer Brutus, you have exceeded both your authority and your jurisdiction merely by entering this peaceful camp—let alone in the company of the very same mutants who earlier abducted and incarcerated me.

Furthermore, the only murder I have witnessed has been grievously—-a murder committed by you, thus, as the chief administrator of the city, and head of the Tribunal...

I now inform you that Jason and Alexander must certainly will not stand trial—nor will they be executed on the sole evidence of your word.

A dramatic speech, Langsiver. However, you are no longer in authority to dictate what will or will not occur. Indeed, you no longer even exist...

You see... it is my sad duty to report that the wise and benevolent Langsiver was most tragically—-and most conveniently—lost somewhere in the trackless depths of the forbidden zone.

You're mad...

He's more than mad, Langsiver. He's a monster—-a stinking hairy monster bent on annihilating the entire human race! And if I don't get my hands on him, I'll...

Jason, if you don't control that not head of yours, you'll get us all killed—-right now—-

Let him go, Alexander. You see, there are two options. Retrieved to the city, there to be executed, or he may be slain here while resisting arrest. At this stage, I must confess a preference for the latter option.

The citizens won't stand for this Brutus! If you murder the Langsiver...

The citizens will never... I said nothing about murder, you see. Mutant-phones here have some things rather intriguing in mind for the Langsiver...

...or more precisely, Vee's masters the inventors have something in mind.

While, huddled in the shadows, just beyond earshot, two rather incongruous figures named Surnower, Julius, and Steely Dan discuss the grim situation.

Think yuh kin sneak around back without raisin' a ruckus, Dan?

I'd be a mighty sorry excuse for aeither man if I couldn't, Julius. Just make sure yuh come a runnin'. I commence it whoopin' an' hollerin'...
THE INHIBITORS?! Those big fat slimy brains who tell these mushy-faces every move to make?! I'd rather die than let you turn the lawgiver over to them.

AND I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, HUMAN...

YOUR DEATH CAN EASILY BE ARRANGED.

WHY DON'T YOU PUT YOUR WEAPON DOWN AND SAY THAT-??

WHY DON'T YOU FACE ME BY YOURSELF-??

JUST YOU AND ME, BRUTUS! FIST AGAINST FIST--HUMAN AGAINST STINKING APS--!

JASON,... PLEASE-!!

HE'S SERIOUS, THE WAY HE KILLED GRIMALDI... HE'D JUST AS EASILY KILL YOU, WE'VE JUST MET, JASON--DO YOU WANT TO DIE BEFORE WE EVEN GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER-??

MALASQUENA, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DONE--HOW HE'S HOUNDED ME, AND EVEN ALEX HOW HE MURDERED MY PARENTS AND HELPED THE MUTANTS TO CAPTURE THE LAWSERVER.

HE WANTS TO MURDER EVERY HUMAN ALIVE--INCLUDING YOU--I CAN'T JUST STAND ASIDE AND LET HIM DO IT-!!

VERY TOUCHING... NOBILITY AND MUTUAL AFFECTION...

STILL, NEITHER WILL YOU ANY GOOD AS LONG AS I'M IN CONTROL OF THIS SITUATION, I ASSURE YOU THERE IS NO HOPE FOR--

I HAD THOUGHT BOTH CHARACTERISTICS WERE BEYOND THE CAPABILITIES OF HUMANS...

YEEEEEE--HAaaaahh-!!
AAARRRRHHH...!

HOWDY, NEIGHBOR... JUST DROPPIN' BY IS ALL...

ALEX... BANUS GOT THE SPIRIT...

COME ON, VAXUS... ALL THOSE WEIRD JOKERS BY HIMSELF!!

BUT HE CAIN'T SPOOK THEM.

BRUTUS -- WHAT SHOULD I DO?!

YOUR RIFLE, WARKO! USE YOUR...

--UHHH!!

THAT'S PURTY FANCY.

JULIUS -- A BEAR COULDN'T HUG A SKUNK NO BETTER!

HOW YOU DOIN', JASON?

I GOT THIS ONE ALL RIGHT--

--NO ONE IS MORE ADEPT AT THEIR HANDLING THAN I, SARABAND...

THE MOST EXPERT KNOCK-THROWER IN THE OLD LAND AS WELL AS THE NEW--

--UHHH!!

BUT THAT MUSH-FACE OVER THERE IS PULLIN' OUT HIS STEEL-WEAPONS...!

HAVE NO FEAR, MY FRIENDS, IF IT IS WEAPONS THEY CHOOSE--

--UHHH! AURRRGGGGGG...!
WALL, LOOKY HERE -- EVEN THE LITTLE FELLER'S GETTIN' IN THE ACT--!
GONNA MAKE Nacht outward Marko's SKULL, ARE YA?

DON'T LET BRUTUS ESCAPE, ALEX--!

I'M A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW, JASE, BUT THE WAY DAN SLAMMED INTO HIM... I'D SAY BRUTUS IS GOING JUST ABOUT AS FAR--!

YEH, YEH! BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT, MAKE HIM SCREAM! HURT LOT-LOT--!

BLOODY THIRSTY LITTLE DEVIL...

AS THIS MUSH-FACE MUTANT!

NO MOVE! NO MOVE! OR TRIPPED BEAT HEAD IN MEAN IT!

HEH HEH HEH... LITTLE FELLER'S GOT SPUNK, EH JULIUS?

LOT MORE'N THIS RING-TAILED SON OF A MOTHER-LESS RIVER-RAT--!

AND THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM, JULIUS. I GUESS WE CAN RELAX NOW...

RELAX, ALEX--?
RELAX WHILE THIS LUMP OF STINKING FUR IS STILL ALIVE--!

THE DAY I RELAX WILL BE THE DAY I BLAST BRUTUS' FACE OUT THE BACK OF HIS SKULL -- AND THAT DAY HAS JUST ARRIVED!!

JASON-- DON'T LET YOUR HATRED DRIVE YOU INSANE--!

STOOPING TO MURDER WILL ONLY PEVERT YOUR SOUL AS MUCH AS HIS--!

MAYBE-- BUT AT LEAST IT WILL STOP HIM FROM KILLING ANYONE ELSE! AND PERVERTED OR NOT, MY SOUL WILL FINALLY BE AT PEACE...
REVENGE WON'T SOLVE A THING, JASON! IF THIS DANGEROUS AND GROWING NOTION OF APE SUPREMACY IS TO BE HALTED, THEN BRUTUS MUST BE TAKEN BACK TO THE CITY AND EXPOSED FOR THE MURDERER OF HIS PARENTS. HE IS...

AND WHO'LL BELIEVE IT--HE'S APE FOLLOWERS?

BESIDES, LAWGIVER, WOULD YOU PROTEST SO MUCH IF THE ROLES WERE REVERSED--AND BRUTUS WAS A HUMAN TRYING TO ANNIHILATE APE?...

NO, LAWGIVER--

I'M HUMAN, JASON--AND I'M ASKING YOU TO RESTORE THE MERCY YOU SAY HAS BEEN REFUSED. JASON... NO MATER WHO THE VICTIM IS, A MURDERER COULD NEVER RECEIVE MY LOVE...

THE TIME FOR MERCY PASSED WHEN BRUTUS BURNT MY PARENTS TO DEATH!

ALL RIGHT. HE'LL LIVE...

BUT ONLY TO BE EXECUTED BY THE TRIBUNAL.

THAT'S THE BOY, JASON. LAWSOMETIMES GIVE ME A BELLYACHE WITH THEIR ALL-FIRED FOOLISHNESS... BUT I'VE NEVER KNOWN ONE OF 'EM TO MAKE SENSE...

BESIDES, I'VE GOTTEN A BETTER IDEA FOR TEACHIN' THIS BRUTUS A LESSON.

HE RISES, FISTS CLASPED AT SIDES...

I FIGURED THAT'S GET YUH ON YORE FEET... CUZ Y'ALL, I BEEN ITCHIN' T'JUH SEE IF A BULLHORN AS BIG AS YOU...

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. BRUTUS--I BEEN HEARIN' AN AWFUL DANGEROUS LOT ABOUT YOU... AND IF ONY HALE O' WHAT I BEEN HEARIN' IS TRUE...

THEN YOU'RE THE LOWEST SLIME-SLITHERIN' SON OF A SCARY SEA-SNAKE THAT EVER DIRTYED THIS GROUND WITH ITS SNEAKY BELLY-CRAWLIN'...
Gunpowder Julius is a brawny, lusty sort—fighting more for the sheer hell and fun of it than for any other goal... and the bigger and harder the fun, the better his unbridled joy.

You are a fool for taking the side of human scum—!

Apes as traitorous as you deserve to die!!

Thus it begins...

Wall, come on. Then, it's--mangy, warmint--I ain't crouchin' here waitin'. Tluh be jawed 't death!

A battle which will somehow separate the little story tellers to claim that the very ground shook under a sprawling impact...

Better get out of the way, Jase--

...unless you want to get caught between those two--!

A fight in which no holds are barred, and in which many straining cords of pain...
...and a rousing, rambunctious contest in which the tide of battle turns as often and as wildly as do the adversaries themselves.

Why you ornery, nosey, you?

Stomp a feller when he's down, will you?

It's time you learned what proper riverfolk do to a dirty fighter.

First we give him a good boot right abouts where he sits.

An' then we grab 'im by his critter-crawlin' scalp.

An' by the time we draw a bead on his ugly nose...

Heh heh... Julius Shore do get a mule's kick outta trainin' knuckles, don't he? Prob'ly goin' easy on the cranky croc-sniffer just so he kin drag out the fun a little longer...

I'd join 'im, too—if he wasn't such a pig for action...

--It's already spurtin' red!!

Huck--!!
YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO THE DIVINE CAUSE OF APE DOMINANCE—

-- AS DESERVING OF DEATH AS A HUMAN!!

MISTER, IF THAT'S THE BEST WALLOP YOU KIN MUSTER...

...I'LL LET YUH TAKE THREE MORE AFORE I THROW MY NEXT!

YOU MOCK ME--

-- AND... FOR THAT, I... WILL... KILL...

KOP!

...YOU...?

...YUH WANTIN' A SWIG STEELY PAN?

...YUH'VE EARNED EVERY LAST LIGHTNIN' DROP OF IT PER YERSELF.

MATTER O' FACT, I CAIN'T HANDLY REMEMBER WHEN I LAST SEED A WHUPPIN' AS ENTERTAININ' AS THAT ONE WAS. REMINDS ME O' THE TWE I WENT UP AGAINST OLE REBELS PYTHAGORUS, THAT SKUNK-FACED PEG-STOMPIN' DUDE NEAR AS TARNATION PUNCHED HOLES IN YUH BELLY--!

NOT A CHANCE. GUNPOWER JULIUS...

GOOD FIGHT, GOOD FIGHT! EVEN TAMPRO NOT DO BETTER!
AND AFTER A NIGHT OF FAST AND FURIOUS CELEBRATION TO THE TUNE OF SWEET VIOLIN AND BURLINGTON LED BY THE DANCE, COMES THE DAWN.}

CAMP FILLS WITH THE EXOTIC SCENTS OF A STRANGE BREAKFAST... 

AND WHILE IT'S TRUE THAT I WILL MISS THE REST OF MY PEOPLE, IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT I'VE TRAVELLED WITH THEM SINCE I WAS BORN. PERHAPS I WILL TRAVEL WITH THEM AGAIN IN THE FUTURE, BUT RIGHT NOW...

GRIMALDI LOVED ME, JASON. BUT HIS JEALOUSY PREVENTED ME FROM RETURNING THAT LOVE.

I WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO TRAVEL WITH YOU.

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO GRIMALDI...?

I WANT YUH THANK YUH FOR THE GUTTLES, MAMA LENA. THAT STEW O' BERRIES MAKE A BOULDER BELY IN DEE LIGHT, WHAT WAS IN IT, ANYHOW?

SERPENT FLESH...

WEIRD LOOKIN' CRITTERS LIKE THEIR FACES MELTED AN' THEN FROZE...
FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS. REMEMBER TO ALWAYS LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN TOP... 

FOR IT IS THERE THAT HAPPINESS DWELLS.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT NEIGHBOR—BUT YOU JUST KEEP YORE POWDER DRY, HEAR?

AN' IF YOUR WAGONS SHOULD EVER HANKER TUTH TRUNDER ON UP THE RIVER, YOU BE SHORE TUTH STOP AN' GET A SPELL WITH US—!

MOVE ALONG. THERE, BRUTUS. WHAT'CHA DRAGGIN' YORE FEET FER—?

BUT THE SILENCE SCROLL'S ONLY REPLY IS SILENCE...

...A SILENCE SUSTAINED THROUGH THE SHORT TREK FROM BYREY CAMPFIRE THROUGH BRILLIANTLY HUED FOLIAGE, NOW BARELY GLOWING AS A RESULT OF THE AGES-PAST RADIATION WARS...

AND WAITING BELOW. THE PRIDE AND JOY OF PARTNERS IN WICKED SUN POWER JULIUS AND STEELY DAN. A RIVERBOAT NAMED SIMIAN...

ALL RIGHT, JULIUS. IF EVERYONE'S ABOARD...

...GUESS IT'S TIME TUTH PUT OUR SPINES INTO TH' POLES AND GET THIS HERE--

WAIT--!

I SHOULD LIKE TO ACCOMPANY YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY, MY FRIENDS.

NOW WHY DO YUH FIGGER THAT TUTH BE THE CASE, SARABAND?

MY FRIEND, IF IT IS ADVENTURE YOU SEEK, THEN TRULY WE MUST FOLLOW THE SAME PATH...

AND WHY NOT TOGETHER? NO?
THANK YOU, MY FRIEND. I CONSIDER IT A GREAT PRIVILEGE TO--

WHOA NOW... WHAT DOES THE LITTLE FELLER THINK HE'S A-GON'T?

WITH ME, TRIPPO ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES ME--WHEREVER I GO, EVEN SHOULD IT BE INTO DEATH.

TRUE! TRUE! TRIPPO SO ALWAYS!

GRAB A POLE THEN--CUZ THE SIMIAN'S JUST ICHT--IN' TUN DUNK HER REEL.

...INTO THE PURPLE-DARK HAZY EVENING...

HUSB, THE CREW OF STRANGE PEOPLE ROAM THROUGH THE YELLOW GLARE OF MORNING...

SO YUH SAY YOSEPEE PEOPLE COME FROM A DIFFERENT LAND, SARABAND?

YES, MY FRIEND--A STRANGE LAND OF CLINGING MISTS AND PERPETUAL CLOUDS--A LAND BEAUTIFUL IN ITS MYSTERY, BUT A LAND FROM WHICH THE SUN HAS BEEN STOLEN BY THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSIONS AND GREAT DEATH.

OH HO, MY FRIEND, MUCH FARTHER AWAY THAN THAT--ACROSS A VAST BODY OF WATER, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TIMES AS WIDE AS THIS RIVER.

IF'N YOU'LL PARDON ME FOR SAYIN' SO, SARABAND, THAT DON'T SEEM LIKELY A TALL, THIS HERE RIVER'S THE WIDEST THE SIMIAN'S EVER TREAD.

OH, OVER ON TH' OTHER SIDE O' THE MOUNTAINS, IS IT?

OH NO, MY FRIEND. MUCH FARTHER AWAY THAN THAT--ACROSS A VAST BODY OF WATER, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TIMES AS WIDE AS THIS RIVER.

I'VE HEARD LEGENDS OF THIS VAST BODY OF WATER, SARABAND. I BELIEVE IT WAS CALLED THE ALL-ANTIK--IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE GREAT DEATH.

MY EARLIEST MEMORIES--AS A SMALL CHILD BEFORE MY MOTHER DIED OF THE PLAGUE--ARE OF THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE GREAT WATERS, THE VOYAGE WHICH BROUGHT US TO THIS LAND.

YOUR TALE INTRIGUES ME. I SHOULD LIKE TO VISIT THIS ALL-ANTIK SOME DAY... EXPLORE IT PERHAPS, AS WELL AS THE MANY STRANGE LANDS SAID TO LIE BEYOND IT...
SOUNDS INTRIGUING. TUH, ME TOO, LAW-GIVER. THAT MUCH WATER'D BE A
DOWNRIGHT CHALLENGE FOR ME AN' DAIN AN' THE SIMIAN HERE. Y'COULD
POLE ALL NIGHT TIL SUNRISE AN' BECK AGAIN-AFORE REACHIN' TH'OTHER
END.

A DRINK,
MALAGUEÑA...

YES, THANK YOU.
JASON, THE MORNING
HAS GOTTEN WARM...

UH... TELL ME, MALAGUEÑA... DID
YOU MEAN IT WHEN YOU SAID YOU
NEVER REALLY... LOVED...
GRIMALDI...?

THE WATER'S SWEET,
AND COOL.

YES, JASON, I MEANT
IT. GRIMALDI NEVER
ASKED IF HE
COULD LOVE ME. HE
SIMPLY TOOK LOVE.

OH.

WELL THEN... UH, I'D LIKE TO
ASK YOU... IF YOU'D MIND
IF I... UH...

NO, JASON.
I DON'T M--

LOOKY
THAR-!!

THEM MUST BE THE
MOUNTAINS WHERE
THOSE INHERITORS-FELLERS
HIDE THEIR CAVERNS-! EITHER
THAT, OR THE MIDDLE O' THE
BLAMED MOUNTAINS ON FIRE...

HUM-?

THE REPLY, OF
COURSE IS SURELY...

IT IS.

AN' WHAT'S THE
SMOKE FROM-? TOO
MUCH O' IT FER
FEAST-COOKIN'...

BRUTUS, BLAST
YER DANGERS-RING-TAILED
AN' LEISPITE IT. THEY PBNE
THE DOIN' O' THE IN-
HERITORS OR AIN'T
IT--?!

IT'S FROM THE PITS
WHERE THEY BUILD THEIR
GREAT WAR MACHINES.
THAT SO? WAL THEN, SINCE THEY'S GONE T'HE TROUBLE O' PREPARIN' FER WAR...

...GUESS WE OUGHTTA SLIDE T'HE SIMIAN UP T'HE SHORE AND CRUSE 'EM. WITH A HEAPIN' O' WAR, THAT IS...

UNDER THE CIRCUM-
STANCES, DAN, WOULDN'T IT BE WISE IF SOME OF US STAYED BEHIND ON THE RIVERBOAT... SAY, THE LAWGIVER AND MALAGUENA... AND PERHAPS LITTLE TRIPPO...

I AGREE, ALEX. BOY, NO SENSE IN LEAVIN' THE SIMIAN UNPREDICTED. SIDES, JULIUS' IDEA OF A LITTLE WAR...

...TENDS T'HE BIT A MITE DANGEROUS.

THIS, AFTER BRIEF FAREWELLS AND PLEAS FOR CAUTION...

THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT ON THE BOAT, ALEX...

Y'VEE THAT DOWN THERE--? SOME MORE O' THEM CUTE SHAGGY FELLERS...WHAT'RE THEY CALLED AGAIN...

AND WHAT'VE THE UGLY GREEN WARMINTS DOIN' TO 'EM...

THE LAWGIVER CALLED THE SHAGGY CREATURES HYBRIDS, JULIUS...

...SOME SORT OF MYSTERIOUS COMBINATION OF APES AND HUMANS...

...AND THE MUTANT-DROMES ARE FORCING THEM TO EXTRACT THAT SWINY SUBSTANCE FROM THE MOUNTAINS. THEY MELT IT DOWN'N USE IT TO BUILD THE INHERITOR'S WAR MACHINES.

WELL, I HOPE SO.

...GAY, ARE YOU FELLERS GONNA JAW ALL DAY-- OR ARE YUH GONNA HELP ME SNIF OUT THESE MUM INHERITOR WEASELS...?
YOU SAW THEIR WAR MACHINES, DAN. IF WE COULD SOMEHOW DESTROY THEM...

WHY SO TUH ALL THET TROUBLE, ALEX-- WHEN WE KIN JEST AS EASY DESTROY TH' INHERITORS THEMSELVES?...

C'WON-- WE GOT US A MOUNTAIN T CLIMB...

AND AT THE SUMMIT OF THAT PERILOUS CLIMB... I SEEM TO BE HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THIS PLAN, JAGE...

AWH, COME ON, ALEX-- I'LL JUST STING YOUR EYES A LITTLE. BESIDES, YOU KNOW THERE'D BE SWARENS OF MUTANTS DOWN AT THE CAVERNS' ENTRANCE.

AFTER ALL, MY NOSE DOESN'T EXACTLY GET ALONG WITH SMOKE.

SO THESE CHIMANEYS'S LEADING DOWN THROUGH THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN ARE THE ONLY WAY WE CAN ENTER THE CAVERNS WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED.

THEY'RE ABOUT TH' SIZE OF IT.

SARABAND IS ALSO UNSURE ABOUT THE WISDOM OF THIS PLAN...

BUT I WILL FOLLOW AS I HAVE ANYMORE.

TRUS, THE DESCENT: ABRASIVE ROCK WALLS SHRED SKIN AND CLOTHING ALIKE AS THE INTREPID GROUP INCHES DOWN THE RUGGED PATH DOWN THROUGH THE RISKS COLUMN OF NOXIOUS SMOKE...

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT STINGING EYES AN' NOSE, JASON-BOY...

LET'S GO THEN. BRACE YOUR FEET AGAINST ONE SIDE OF THE HOLE... YOUR BACK AGAINST THE OTHER...

AND LOWER YOURSELF DOWN WITH YOUR ARMS.

I'M CUTTIN' YER ROPES SO'S YOU KIN CLIMB DOWN, BRUTUS, BUT I'M ALSO WARNIN' YUH-- ONE CROSS-EYED MOVE THE WRONG WAY AN' I'LL BE CUTTIN' SOMETHIN' ELSE.
AND WHEN THEY FINALLY REACH THE END OF THE VERTICAL TUNNEL...

GOOD THING THAT HOLE WAS JUST A CEILING VENTILATION TUBE, RATHER THAN AN ACTUAL CHIMNEY... OR IT WOULD’VE DROPPED US STRAIGHT INTO THAT TANK OF BOILING STUFF... INSTEAD OF LETTING US OUT UP HERE...

AINT NO TIME T’BE JAWIN’ ABOUT HOW BATHS, JASON, JULIUS AN’ THE OTHERS ARE STILL STUCK UP IN THE TUNNEL BEHIND US—AN’ CAIN’T GET OUT NOW—LESS N’ WE MOVE OUTTA THE WAY, Y’WANT ME T’GO DOWN FIRST...?

NO WAY, DAN—I WANT THAT PRIVILEGE.

HEY, MUSH FACE—!!

WHA—?!

TIME TO HAVE YOUR MUSH REARRANGED...

GUMH—!!

...NOT THAT ANYONE WILL NOTICE.
PURITY GOOD, JASON--C'EST YUH DID LET 'M YELP A WORD OUT, IF N'THERE'D BEEN ANYBODY TIH HEAR IT...

EASY, DAN-- THE LAD DID THE BEST HE COULD, NOW LET'S GET MOVIN'...

WHICH REMINDS ME, BRUTUS--IT WAS YOUR WEAPON AND YOUR MATTE THAT KILLED SHAGGY, AND IF ANYONE EVER HAD MORE RIGHT TO LIVE THAN YOU DO...

I OUGHT TO TAKE THAT SILLY HELMET AND CRASH IT RIGHT DOWN YOUR STINKING--

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE HYBRIDS? WHY ARE THEY STAYING HERE...?

GO ON--LEAVE. YOU'RE FREE TO GO NOW... AND HURRY UP BEFORE YOUR MUSH-FACED MASTER WAKES UP AGAIN.

EVEN LIKE THEY'RE TRYING SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND... LIKE SHAGGY DID...

THEY LOOK SO CONFUSED--

HOLD ON, Jase...

HOLD ON, ALIX! I'M GETTING AWFUL SICK OF YOU...

...AND IT'S BRUTUS WHO'S GONNA PAY--HIM AND THE REST OF HIS MANGY BAND O' APE TERRORISTS--ONCE WE GET BACK TO THE CITY.

AND EVERY SECOND WE DELAY GETTING BACK MAKES ME CRAWL--SO LET'S HURRY UP AND SPILL THESE BRAINS...

...SICK OF YOU AND THE LAW-SHIVER--ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL LIKE THE ONE WHO'S WRONG. IF YOU'LL REMEMBER, IT'S BRUTUS WHO'S THE MURDERER...

MUTANT-DRONE EFF, PUNY AND WEAK; YOU ARE NOW HERE, AND HERE TO SPEAK.

THANK YOU, BE-THREE, BUT MY REPORT IS OF SUFFICIENT MAGNITUDE AS TO INTEREST SUPERME GOVERNMENT COMMANDER BE-ONE.

WE HAVE RECEIVED ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION FROM ONE OF THE DRONES ASSIGNED TO THE APE NAMED BRUTUS. HE AND THE OTHER DRONES SHARING HIS ASSIGNMENT HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY A NOMADIC GROUP OF INTEGRATED HUMANS AND APES.

THEY ARE BEING CLOSELY WATCHED, AND COMMUNICATION IS RESTRICTED TO EXTREME BREVITY. WE WERE WARNED AGAINST POSSIBLE DANGER, BUT COMMUNICATION WAS TERMINATED PRIOR TO THE TRANSMISSION OF DETAILS.

YEHUD--AN'MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET, YA PUSSY-UGLY PUNK.

WE ARE ALL RECEPTIVE TO INPUT, EFF, SPEAK.
VERY WELL, DRONE EFF. PLACE ALL AVAILABLE DRONES ON IMMEDIATE ALERT STATUS.

SHH! DO YOU "HEAR" THAT SILENT VOICE IN YOUR HEAD?

THIS DOOR IS JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

IT IS DONE, BE-ONE. ALL DRONES ARE NOW ON STAND-BY ALERT.

COME ON--CRAWL ALONG THIS LEDGE...

...AND SEE WHAT WE CAN SAVESDROP.

JAGE, DO YOU REMEMBER THE LAW-GIVER SAYING THAT EACH OF THESE INHERITORS CONTROLS A CERTAIN NUMBER OF THE DRONE POPULATION?

AN UDDER TING, EFF--KEEP YER INPUTS OPEN FOR ANY MORE YAK FROM DEM STUBB CLUSTS WHO GOT NABBED BY DAT BAND O' GYPSIES.

YOU MIND NOW, BRUTUS--ONE WRONG TWEED AN' TH' ONLY BRAINS AROUND HERE AIN'T GONNA BE INSIDE THOSE GLOBES...

RIGHT, ALEX--SO IF WE DESTROY THE BRAINS, WE ALSO STOP THE MUSH-FACES, BUT WE'D BETTER LISTEN SOMETHING MORE TO MAKE SURE.

CLIZ YORE BRAINS'LL BE DECORATIN' TH' OUTSIDE.

OBSVIOUSLY YOU ARE AWARE, DRONE EFF. THAT WE CANNOT TOLERATE ANY DISRUPTION AT THIS JUNCTURE OF OUR POSHOM.

DAT'S RIGHT, GOONY-PUSS. THE WAR MACHINES ARE ALMOST ALL BUILT AND READY TA ROLL...

...RIGHT OVER EVERY POOR SAD WHO GETS IN THEIR WAY. HEH HEH!

YOU THINK OUT OF TURIN, BE-TWO, REMAIN VOID.

NOW THEN, DRONE EFF. AS I WAS THINKING. BY INCITING HATRED BETWEEN THE HUMAN AND APE POPULATIONS, THE GORILLA NAMED BRUTUS HAS CREATED A DIVISIVENESS WITHIN THE CITY WHICH SHALL RENDER IT SUSCEPTIBLE TO OUR IMPENDING CONQUEST AND ANNIHILATION.
However, despite this useful function which has been served by Brutus, you and all other drones are hereby notified to grant him the same fate all humans and apes will soon receive...

Death on sight.

Shut yer dang'd mouth, yuh stupid flea-bitten motherless son of a blasted river-rat!

Now yuh've done it... They musta heerd yuh clear 'cross th' whole blamed far-bidden zone...

Up there... on the ledge above the inheritors...

...an' here they come, with their ugly green faces hangin' out all 'round...

Slay them, and make it snappy, ya scabby dingbats!

Back up... hurry!

Head for the door... before one of their scorch-weapons turns us into puddles...
WE CAN'T, JAS--THEY'VE GOT THE DOOR BLOCKED!

AND THEY'RE RUSHING US...

DON'T LOOK NOW, FELLERS--BUT THEY'RE MORE OF EN COMIN' FROM THE OTHER SIDE...

BACK HOME, WE CALL THIS SURROUNDED--WITH NARY A PRAYER UPWARDS...

GREAT, JUST GREAT.

THERE IS NOTHING TO DO, MY FRIENDS. BUT ENGAGE THEM IN CLOSE COMBAT--AND HOPE WE MAY PREVENT THEM FROM USING THEIR FIRE-WEAPONS.

...AND FOR THOSE IN THE CENTER OF THE SAVAGE FRAY, ALL HOPE SEEMS DROWNED IN THE BEREAVEMENT OF DEATH.

THUS, UP ON A NARROW STONE CATWALK IN THE GLOOMY CAVERN OF THE INHABITANTS, TWO BIZARRE FORCES OR MUTATED BROTHERS CONVERGE.

SIT BACK, Y'KNOW STUMP, NUGGER!

YES, PERHAPS HOPE...

...BUT NEVER COURAGE.

SO--YOU HAVE WOUNDED SARA-BAND--!

SUCH A DEED DESERVES REPAYMENT.

AGHHK-K!!

SO EVEN THOUGH I AM SWIFTLY DYING, MY FRIENDS--
No no no no no no no...

And...

They're falling, Jase! The lawgiver was right—without the brain to support them, they're just dying...

Yeah... but not nearly enough of them, Alex...

If we want to stop all the mush-faces, we gotta smash all the brains... and now that Saraband's shown us the way—let's make sure he didn't die for nothing.

Grab one of the dead mush-faces, Alex...

Jase... I think I see Brutus down there—he's getting away... never mind that now—just hoist this mush-face out over the ledge... and heave!!

Ooh—ya got me...
SITUATION FULL RED -- ALL DRONES CONVERGE OF GESTALT HEADQUARTERS -- IMMEDIATELY. REPEAT: SITUATION FULL RED!!

WORKED JASE -- THEY'RE DROPPING LIKE LEAVES...

WHAT D'YUH MEAN -- HURRY? I WAS JEST SITTIN' STARTED --

THINK I'LL GET IN ON THE FUN AND TOSS DOWN ONE O'MUH OWN LITTLE BRAIN-BUSTERS HERE...

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW, JULIUS --

HURRY -- THE CORRIDOR WON'T BE CLEAR MUCN LONGER --

THEY'RE A WHOLE SLEW OF 'EM ON THEIR WAY UP HERE, JULIUS.

WE'D HAVE NO MORE CHANCE THAN A FLEA TRAPPED IN A JUG O' CORKED RUM.

WAL, WHY DINT YUH SAY SO, DAN? I MIGHT LIKE Tuh FIGHT -- BUT IF WE WAS Tuh DIE...

HOW WOULD WE EVER ENJOY FIGHTIN' AGAIN? I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT...

I'LL MOVE FAST ENOUGH.

AND EMERGING FROM WHAT PROVES TO BE A CONCEALED REAR EXIT FROM THE CAVERN COMPLEX...

DO YOU BELIEVE IT? -- THE RIVERBOAT'S RIGHT OVER THERE...

DAMS MUN BLASTED MIRK FOR NOT NOTICIN' THIS HOLE...

COULDA LEFT ALL THEY SMOKER FER TH' SKY.
IT'S ABOUT GARABAND... HE'S GONE, TRIPPO...

HE WASE VERY BRAVE, AND HE SAVED OUR LIVES... ALL OF US...

BUT HE... HE DIED, TRIPPO. I'M SORRY.

SARABAND DEAD? TRIPPO ALONE?

SARABAND DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN... BUT IT'S A CINCH WE CAN'T MOUNT ANOTHER ASSAULT LIKE THAT. THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT, AND NOW THAT BRUTUS IS FREE AGAIN, I THINK OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND RESTORE THE LANGIVER TO POWER.

WILL YOU TAKE US BACK TO THE CITY, JULIUS?

SHORE, ME AND DAN'LL HELP Y'LL GIT BACK...

...LEASTWAYS, AS FAR AS TH' RIVER GOES.

NIGHTBIRDS CRY IN PLANTIVE SONG, AS A RIVERBIRD NAMED SIMIAN SKIMS PLACID WATERS TOWARD A SETTING SUN...

...AND A LITTLE CLOWN NAMED TRIPPO... SOFTLY SINGS.
Friday the 13th—specifically, Friday the 13th day of September, 1974—was the ominous date that marked the debut of the Planet of the Apes television series. It was on that same date that I had the rare experience of watching Roddy McDowall’s ape make-up being applied.

My day began at 1:15 A.M., when I was jarred out of bed by the ringing of the phone. Before I could hurl a string of well-chosen epithets at the caller, I discovered that it was Will Fowler, unit publicist for the Apes TV series. Fowler, exhausted from having covered the night’s shooting, informed me that if I wanted to watch the make-up process, I should be at the gate of 20th Century-Fox no later than 8:45 that morning. I’d been waiting quite awhile for this opportunity, and my enthusiasm was heightened when Fowler told me that the actor I would see being made up was none other than Roddy McDowall himself.

It seemed as though all of ten minutes had elapsed between the time that I got back into bed and the time I had to get up. And, although it is nearly an hour’s drive from my house to 20th Century-Fox, it seemed like only another ten minutes before I arrived there. Upon entering the main gate, I found myself on the street which I recognized as the setting for the phenominal parade sequence in HELLO, DOLLY! Incongruously, the early 1900’s era street is lined with modern cars.

Lying at the end of this colorful street is the security booth. I gave my name to the guard and waited for the call to come through that would allow me past the gate. While waiting, I observed a large number of young men in black-and-white tuxedos boarding buses. They were extras from Peter Bogdanovich’s AT LONG LAST LOVE, shooting at that time at Fox. Watching the buses depart, I began to worry that I was there at the wrong time on the wrong day, or perhaps at the wrong place. It was possible that today’s shooting on Apes would be at the Fox ranch out in Malibu (where most of the show’s exteriors are shot), and that I had misunderstood Fowler’s directions.

Soon, however, my clearance came through. I was directed to Stage 10, where this morning’s sequence was being filmed. Stage 10, I discovered, is a building whose exterior is dressed to look not merely like early 1900’s
And that's not butter! A smiling Blau is smearing Dumold on McDowell's brow—it's a wax which will protect the actor's brows from unintentionally being plucked when the glued on eyebrows are removed.

RODDY McDOWALL

but like a 1900's tenement. It is so realistic-looking that I was hesitant to use the dilapidated stairs that lead to the front entrance. Opting instead to use the side door on the not-dressed side of the building, I stole inside as unobtrusively as possible and observed what was taking place.

The episode being shot was titled “Tomorrow's Tide,” and I had entered just in time to witness a rehearsal of the scene to be filmed shortly. Briefly, the episode is about Galen, Virdon and Burke in a small fishing village controlled by an unscrupulous chimpanzee Prefect (played by Roscoe Lee Browne). This scene is between Browne and one of his gorilla policemen (police-apes?).

The Prefect's office is furnished simply—a wooden table, a few chairs, a picture on the wall. Around Browne's neck is the medallion of a fish. In this scene, Browne is complaining bitterly about the pressure he is receiving from his superiors. He pauses long enough to ask the gorilla what he wants.

The gorilla shrugs. "I dunno. Stan Hough sent me." The crew breaks into laughter at this; quite obviously this is not in the script. Stan Hough was the producer of the Planet of the Apes television series, just as Hero Hirschman was its executive producer.

As episode director Don McDougall prepared to run through the scene again, I made my way across the huge soundstage to ask directions of assistant director Cheryl Downey, who told me that Fowler had left word for me to meet him at the make-up department. Once again, off I went.

As the ape make-up is such an important part of Planet of the Apes (after all, without it, you'd only have Planet of the Humans), the make-up department is a major center of activity. When Apes is shooting, any number of make-up artists, hairdressers and actors can be seen running into, out of, and around both the two-story main building, and the "tent", a small wooden building adjacent to it.

Presiding over all this was Dan Streipeke, head of the Apes make-up department. Streipeke is about as familiar with Planet of the Apes as anyone can be. He was head of Fox's make-up department back in 1967, when John Chambers first began his experiments with different materials and techniques that ultimately led to the
simian make-up as we see it on the screen.

To create something on the order of the face of a talking ape, one must be not only a make-up artist, but a chemist, sculptor, hairdresser and draftsman as well. Chambers is all of these. The draftsman phase came in at the outset, as Chambers embarked on a series of sketches of what he felt the apes should look like. At first, they appeared rather like Neanderthals, but this was not what producer Arthur P. Jacobs wanted. Jacobs wanted apes that looked like apes, modified just enough for the sympathetic ones (such as Kim Hunter, playing Zira) to look appealing. Chambers innovated, and came up with a set of sketches that would serve as blueprints.

Once that was done, work was begun on the pieces that would be used to transform the actor into ape. The lining of the facial appliance would have to conform to the contours of the actor’s face, while the outside would have to resemble an ape. Chambers took a mold (using dental stone, the same material of which casts of teeth are made) of the actor’s face, leaving a negative impression. A mold was taken from this, now leaving a positive impression—a life-mask of the actor’s face.

Over this, Chambers sculptured the features of an ape.

When he was done with this—you guessed it—another negative mold was made, this one of the ape face. The life-mask was placed under this and foam-latex was injected between the two. Foam-latex is a substance that, when solidified, is firm yet extremely soft and flexible. Chambers found that it permitted the actors a maximum range of expression with minimum discomfort. It is to be noted that for some, the discomfort wasn’t minimized enough. Edward G. Robinson was originally to play Dr. Zaius, likewise Julie Harris as Zira and Rock Hudson as Cornelius, yet all three bowed out because they couldn’t stand wearing the make-up.

The foam-latex filled mold was put in an oven and cooked at 200 degrees. When done, the foam-latex was solid—and in the form of a simian face. The face had two pieces: A brow-and-muzzle piece, joined by a strip over the bridge of the nose; and a chinpiece. When removed from the mold, the two pieces were connected by the overflow and later had to be separated. After the pieces had cooled, they were sprayed to desired color with dye. Teeth were inserted into the upper and lower jaws, and all that remained was for the pieces (called appliances) to be secured to an actor’s face.
What happened after the appliances were used in THE PLANET OF THE APES is now history. PLANET went on to make 25 million dollars, spawning four sequels, the television series (not to mention lots of articles like this one), and John Chambers won a special Academy Award for creating the fantastic ape make-up.

That make-up and the application process that goes with it were invented over seven years ago; since then, one might expect some of the details to have changed. But, as I soon found out, they haven't. The details of the individual sculptures vary, of course—otherwise all of the apes would be identical. But the process itself is still the same.

Situated in front of the make-up building is a large Winnebago trailer/private dressing room. Three people emerged from it. One was Will Fowler, whom, you will recall, was the series' unit publicist. Following him was Fred Blau, an experienced, dedicated make-up artist who has been in the film industry since 1963. Like all the other make-up artists on Ape, Blau was working under Dan Streipeke. The main difference is that Blau's daily assignment was to make up the star of the series—Roddy McDowall.

McDowall himself was the last person to come out of the Winnebago, a slim, handsome man clad in jeans and a blue terrycloth robe. Along with Dan Streipeke, McDowall was one of the few people to be directly involved with Ape from the first film all the way through the television series. Certainly he is the only actor to have done so, having played three different ape roles, all chimpanzees: Cornelius in PLANET and ESCAPE, Caesar in CONQUEST and BATTLE, and Galen in the TV series. It is to McDowall's credit as an actor that the personalities of the characters that he portrayed are recognizably different, just as it is to the credit of the make-up artists that their faces look recognizably different.

Although McDowall received considerable acclaim for his anthropoid appearances, it is by no means the only thing he is known for. McDowall's own face has been quite familiar to the public since 1941, when he appeared in HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY at the age of thirteen. His performance as Huw Morgan won him critical and public applause, and McDowall went on to make an impressive number of films as a child actor, among them LASSIE COME HOME, MY FRIEND
Those teeth have to go! McDowall holds his lip down so that Blau can black them out with tooth enamel. The facepieces have “teeth” of their own—after all, who ever saw a chimp with two sets of teeth?

Gently, BLAU places the hand-woven human hairpiece on the side of the actor’s face. A matching piece for the other side, a pointed brow, and a beard—Viola! The ape is haired!

Flicka, and The White Cliffs of Dover. He even served as an associate producer on some of his own projects.

By the time he was twenty, though, McDowall felt he was being typecast in films and turned for a time to stage and television, receiving awards in both fields—the Tony for his Broadway performance in The Fighting Cock, and an Emmy as Best Supporting Actor for his portrayal of Alexander Hamilton’s son on Hallmark Hall of Fame. In 1960, McDowall returned to Hollywood, appearing in a multitude of films with widely-divergent themes: Midnight Lace, Cleopatra, The Longest Day, The Legend of Hell House, Funny Lady ad infinitum...and, of course, all those Apes movies. And the television series. Which brings us back to the matter at hand.

Veteran still photographer George Hurrell, who has shot such greats as the legendary Greta Garbo, arrived just as McDowall entered the “tent” to undergo the first step of the process that would (so to speak) reverse evolution and endow him with the facial characteristics of a chimpanzee.

Actually, what came first had more to do with McDowall’s hair than face. Hairdresser Sheral Ross took clumps of McDowall’s hair and tied them with rubber bands; when she finished, she covered the entire area with a black stocking-cap. The clumps provided anchor points for the wig to be pinned on later.

McDowall, Blau, Fowler and Hurrell herded themselves inside a tiny dressing room in the main make-up building. The room was extremely crowded as it was; I watched from outside. The process was about to begin in earnest.

Blau took out a small, blunt-pointed knife, with which he “painted” McDowall’s eyebrows and sideburns with Dumold, which is a wax that prevents the adhesive (later to be applied) from sticking to the hair. Otherwise, when McDowall removed his appliance at the end of the day, his eyebrows and sideburns would have come with it.

After McDowall’s face was protected with wax, Blau began the next step. Using a small paintbrush, he painted the inside of the part of the appliance that covered McDowall’s nose with a rubber adhesive; then, the same was done to the corresponding portion of McDowall’s face. With a liberal amount of adhesive on both appliance and face, Blau pressed the muzzle over
McDowall's nose and upper lip, securing it. Now that the appliance had an anchor point, Blau glued down the eyebrows and cheekflaps in the same manner. Using a tweezer, he got under the fine edges of the piece, smoothing them down at the same time. If this were not done, the edges might have bunched up and become lumpy, detracting from the realism of the final product.

Blau was meticulous about his work, making sure that every centimeter of the underside of the appliance lay flat and secure against McDowall's skin. Next, Blau speeded up the drying of the adhesive, using a hand-held dryer. Then Blau used more adhesive to thicken and build up the edges of the piece so that it would blend smoothly with McDowall's skin. Then, once again, the dryer was used.

With the upper half of the appliance firmly cemented into place, Blau, using a small sponge, darkened McDowall's neck and the still-exposed portions of forehead and cheeks with castor grease, a liquid skin paint. The brand Blau used was made exclusively for use on Apes.

Next to go on were the ears, which were made the same way that the appliances were; negative mold, positive mold, sculpture, etc., the difference being that the ears were composed of hard rubber. They were glued on, like the appliance, with rubber adhesive. The main drawback to these ears (which only chimpanzees wore) was that, although there were holes in them through which McDowall (or whoever) could hear, quite obviously, he couldn't hear as well.

Just behind the ears, Blau, now using spirit gum, glued the first (and second) of the hairpieces that the make-up required. All of the hairpieces were made of actual human hair handsewn into extremely fine lace, cut to the desired shape. There were four major hairpieces—one covering either cheek, one over the forehead, and a beard. There were also several minor hairpieces, such as the ones that had just been applied, and still smaller pieces were used to fill in any gaps. These hairpieces were relatively durable, lasting from four to seven episodes. The appliances, on the other hand, were used only once and then thrown away.

At this point, McDowall was given a respite from all the gluing and painting that he had patiently endured, for it was breakfast time. During the break, McDowall slipped off to enjoy the privacy of his trailer. I, mean-
while, padded over to Ed Butterworth, a make-up artist who was busy trimming overflow from unpainted appliances. He stood next to the tent, and the pungent, distinctive (and overpowering) scent of adhesive, foam-latex, hairspray and make-up materials permeated the air more thickly than the famous L.A. smog.

When breakfast was over, McDowall, Blau and friends entered the tent where Sherri Ross waited with McDowall’s wig in hand. The wig, like the hairpieces, was made of human hair and was handstitched. Utilizing the anchor-points she had made earlier, Ross deftly pinned the wig into place, then smoothed it out.

When Ross was done, the small procession re-entered the cramped dressing room in the main building. McDowall leaned back in his chair, half-asleep, as Blau painted his teeth with black tooth enamel. After Blau finished that, he started again with the rubber adhesive, this time over McDowall’s chin, and on the inside of the chinpiece. Then, the appliance was completed.

Time for the hairpieces. Blau started with the forehead, applying the hairpiece much the same as he did the foam facepieces, first painting the underside of the piece with the adhesive, then the area of McDowall’s skin that it was to cover, and finally pressing piece to skin and using the dryer. The hairpiece was applied with spirit gum rather than rubber adhesive; this is because spirit gum holds slightly better. Blau used the rubber adhesive on the major portion of McDowall’s face because it is less irritating to skin.

Blau glued on the other hairpieces — sides and beard — in exactly the same manner, using spirit gum, then dryer, then smoothing it down.

Now that the face-and-hairpieces were attached, Blau applied castor grease to McDowall’s eyelids and the rest of his face, skillfully blending the coloring until it was impossible to tell where face left off and appliance began. Then Blau dusted the grease with powder to seal it and keep it from running.

Mixing human hair and crepe wool (a hair synthetic with a rough, animal texture), Blau put the finishing touch to the make-up job — an overlay of individual hairs with natural-looking uneveness, giving the hairline
Virtually the only recognizable human trace left of McDowall was his eyes: Blau had succeeded in completely transforming the rest of his face into that of a chimpanzee. Later, before shooting started, McDowall would slip on nylon gloves with hair and fingernails attached, so that even his hands would have a simian appearance. Other than that (and the face that he'd have to change out of his bathrobe), McDowall was ready to face the camera as Galen, the intelligent, articulate ape.

All during the make-up process, a lively conversation had been in progress between the four occupants of the dressing room. The subjects ranged from photography to classical music to the Apes marketing campaign (toys, tee-shirts, this magazine, etc.). High on the list of much-discussed topics were the Nielsen ratings, those all-powerful numbers that decree whether a show lasts four years or four months. Following what seems to be a universal dictum that what is good seldom lasts, Planet of the Apes was cancelled after its fourteenth episode. Damn the Nielsens!

Now working on SWITCH!, a Movie-of-the-Week being filmed at Universal, Blau reminisced over some of the incidents that occurred in the Apes make-up department. Like the time that Blau accidentally glued another actor's chinpiece on McDowall's face, and McDowall had to play all his scenes that day with his lower lip tucked under. Or the time that one of McDowall's cheekflaps caved in, and Blau had to stuff it with cotton and then seal it over to make it appear normal. Or... the list is endless.

Like all make-up artists, Blau has great respect and admiration for others in his field: Dan Streipeke, Frank Griffin (Streipeke's assistant) and especially John Chambers, the man who created the face of the apes. Blau also has high regard for Roddy McDowall, saying he is "...fantastic to work with, a real professional... and a friend."

I asked Blau if he was sorry that the Planet of the Apes television series was over. His reply was immediate and vehement. "Yes!"

He's got company. —Abbie Bernstein
The often underrated genre of science fiction offers imaginative writers and film producers a unique playground for concepts and theories that might emerge as heavy-handed or "message-laden" in other more down-to-earth fiction formats. Over the past few decades, numerous science fiction stories and films have carried moral and societal chips on their shoulders, utilizing the genre's built-in advantages to dramatically comment on the state of our lives and man's usually-stormy relationship with his fellow man in society.

H.G. Wells' classic THE TIME MACHINE is typical example of SF serving as a social commentary. Wells' envisioned the future as a desperate struggle between the working class and the elite, a concept explored by many learned philosophers and historians. But this author, not content with merely developing theories based on past experience, embellished and added a new degree of fascination to the concept by letting science fiction take free rein.

His tale of the Eloi—innocent child-like creatures—and the Morlocks—animalistic cannibals who maintain and breed the little people like cattle—is far more striking and memorable than most realistic comments on class differences, for the idea is exaggerated and magnified until the symbolic message triumphantly hits home.

By etching these images and arguments in science fictional terms, the writer can effectively get his point across, while at the same time entertaining his audience with an imaginative storyline. This, at long last, leads up to THE PLANET OF THE APES!

Boulle's original novel is perhaps the most perfect example of social commentary in science fiction clothing. Embraced by an enthusiastic public as a marvelous satire of the human condition, the plot pokes fun at the reader, but does not insult his intelligence or cut short his enjoyment with a rampant display of self-indulgence. It is indeed an adventure story, a science fiction tale, as suspenseful and intriguing as the best of them. But the elements of satire are important, and the symbolic significance of the class structure, while never overly emphasized, is still deeply felt.

In an age when scientific advancements and human rights are at an all time high in the public mind, there seems to be a certain tendency for people to assume too much. Our works, our achievements, our very universe seem to be taken for granted. What if, quite suddenly, things were strikingly different? Would we be able to cope with a new world and a new set of rules that changed our relationship with life? Could we survive without a legacy to sustain us, on our own, using our individual minds and bodies? Boulle toyed with the answers to these fascinating questions by projecting his hero (and his readers) into a topsy-turvy existence, challenging all the logic and knowledge accepted throughout a lifetime. The results are at once both satisfying and disturbing.

Gorillas. They are strong, arrogant and assertive. They lack the intellectual capacity of the others, but are the backbone and work force of the apes.
The church of the apes. This serves a necessary function in maintaining the class balance. It is not so much a theology as a theo-philosophy, such as Buddhism.

For the crux of Boulle's commentary lies in man's peculiar institution of class separation. As far back as the history books can trace, societies have been divided into different groups, each sporting a distinct character and personality, and each living on a different level of economic stability. When money didn't create separations, religious beliefs, or blatant prejudices divided people and created sectionalism. Pierre Boulle, utilizing those inherent advantages of the SF genre has taken us one tremendous step further in his fantastic vision: Man is ruled and dominated by a race of animals, living creatures that we never once considered in matters of society, because of their obvious, unquestioned inferiority! It is an exaggerated symbol, yes; but by turning the tables on ourselves in this fashion, we can appreciate a stronger reality than our narrow-minded, purely 'human' outlook on life. The world does not necessarily revolve around us alone. Somewhere in the universe—or perhaps right here on Earth—there might truly be something better than ourselves.

Both astronauts Taylor and Merou (the latter from the novel) found their individual life-styles shattered by the change of world. Taylor, more self-centered and arrogant, found it particularly difficult to begin a new existence under the degrading house rules. Here was a man of intensity and fortitude, not to mention ego. In this respect, the film transcends the novel. Charlton Heston, in both his personality and his role, is the embodiment of self-assured 20th Century man, and a perfect choice to be thrust into a reversed world. Every-
Yet, as in all societies, ideals of the intellectual classes and the militaristic order that is enforced by the warrior elite will have their clash. It is all a part of the balance.

The Orangutans and Chimpanzees are closely tied—both are intellectuals. But there IS a difference...they are, respectively, statesmen and scholars.
The grim reality of the human's place on the Planet of the Apes is fully realized in this production sketch of the "animal" lab.

Roles were very different on the Planet of the Humans... Here, in a scene from ESCAPE, three of the articulate anthropoids have traveled back in time to present-day (1971) Earth.

With all the seemingly ill-fitting pieces in the puzzle of their class structure, the Lawgiver constitutes the catalyst that binds them.
thing he has held as truth—all his knowledge and convictions and views—are meaningless now. He emerges as a man stripped of heritage and importance, naked in the face of an unsympathetic environment.

The odds are overwhelming, yet in his book, Boulle is perceptive enough to applaud the basic ingenuity and integrity of man while exploring his misconceptions about society. Taylor (in the film) and Merou (in the book) succeed in impressing certain factions of their dominators, and thwarting others. There is no question of humanity's will to survive under the most pressing circumstances; but whether or not the human astronaut emerges victorious over the confused social order (which, after all, is a symbol of his own social inadequacy) is at best debatable, and his acceptance and relationship with the new world remains intriguing.

Although PLANET OF THE APES draws its most effective symbolic power from the dramatic simian-human societal relationship, Boulle adds a further dimension to his satire with the mocking details of the ape structure itself. By dividing the race into three distinct groups, Boulle offers a reasonably realistic vision of a functional society, albeit a rather far-fetched one. Basic physical characteristics apparently governed the separations. The huge, ugly gorillas, menacing and altogether brutal in nature, are cast as the power-mad warriors and military officials. Distinguished, wise, and with a peculiar archaic air about them, the orangutans represent the somewhat outmoded "elder" set. And the final faction, embodying all that is worldly, open-minded and curious, is the chimpanzee. It's a pretty clever caricature of real-world simian traits and differences,
THE HUMANS: YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW. At left, from a scene in the original PLANET OF THE APES film, humans—in little more than wild animals, foraging in packs in the wild—steal the clothes that Taylor and crew left carelessly lying about. This contrasts highly to the still at right, taken from the television series, which takes place at an earlier time when humans were still articulate and quite intelligent, although slaves to their ape masters.

In this shot, also from the television series, Galen (Roddy McDowall) and a young Chimpanzee surgeon consult on a malaria epidemic that has attacked a human village—and could wipe out the ape’s valuable work force.
In the first film, PLANET, the judiciary tribunal of Orangutans take on the poses of see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil. On the surface it's a cute joke, but it carries grim undertones of the philosophy with which the statesmen protect the apes from their own past.

and a great deal of plot conflicts arise from their varying temperaments and ideals. To further understand and appreciate the meticulous development of the Ape class structure, let us now re-examine the different functions of each group, from film to film.

The original PLANET OF THE APES seemed to suggest an overall domination by the orangutan elders. Although the chimps are quite perceptive and alert, they are exceptionally cautious with any revolutionary ideas and have little power. Weak also are the gorillas, although their weakness is primarily upstream. It seems that, at this point of the Ape domination, the orangutans—who were originally entrusted with the secrets of Earth's past—are still very much respected and feared by their fellow simians. There are enforced hints throughout, however, that their unquestioned control and policy of ignorance is steadily weakening as the Ape civilization progresses and expands. The inquisitive chimpanzees begin asking important questions, and the dim-witted gorillas develop a dangerous taste for power.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES illustrates the important transference of power from orangutan to gorilla. The Ape society, evolved to an era of militarism and brute control, replaces blissful ignorance with mindless force. Again, the progressive chimpanzees are helpless. The orangutans lead in name only, but are in reality subservient to the decisions of the aggressive gorillas, who turn to the former social leaders only for vague counseling.

BENEATH also introduces a new class of inhabitants into the already troublesome scene. Different from ordinary humans almost as much as they are different
from the Apes, the bizarre race of mutations spawned by radioactive fallout possess powers and complexities that are extremely sophisticated and deadly. They, however, are considered merely “freaks” by the primitive gorillas who are not evolved enough to succumb to the mutant’s mental attacks. As a final comment on the hopeless futility that finally destroys the world— at the film’s climax, it is the dim-witted, power-hungry gorillas who dominate Earth at the moment of its passing.

When Fox ingeniously reactivated the series by “having it happen over again,” starting with ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES, they treated viewers to a closer look at some of the fascinating details of Boule’s original concept. In terms of class structure, we discover how it was a chimpanzee who led the apes in to rebellion—a curious circumstance, considering how the chimps eventually lose almost all their power in later generations. But this idea seems quite reasonable, in retrospect, for neither the gorillas nor the orangutans possessed the necessary imaginative spark to activate such a move. CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, the film which focuses on this initial movement, is the strongest film of the series in terms of recognizing and projecting the “class separations” as the integral core of its theme. The concept is so convincingly maintained, incidentally, that the film works as a viable and thought-provoking comment on human race relations, as well as a work of imaginative fantasy.

We learn that mankind developed the apes as substitute pets after a mysterious cosmic virus destroyed all dogs and cats on Earth. From pets, the simians soon graduate to servant status, and then finally become slaves. It is never satisfactorily explained how special attention directed toward the apes is actually able to evolve them into thinking, rational beings. (After all, the same attention given to dogs and cats didn’t breed intelligent members of these species.)

Is Boule saying that apes are indeed thinking creatures, who only need slight encouragement to realize their potential? This seems far-fetched in realistic terms. But this important point of departure is amplified when a triumphant Caesar (Roddy McDowall) confronts his tormentor and asks why humans were not content treating apes as pets, and why they eventually had to turn them into slaves.

The answer is obvious: An intelligent entity can never be a “pet”; for he has a mind and can reason. Only slavery can contain a rational race. It was, therefore, inevitable that a struggle for power would ensue, and divide the world, until one group emerged victorious.

Future history (from Zira and Cornelius in ESCAPE) told modern man that apes would someday dominate the world and enslave the human race. Caesar, perpetrating the movement of conquest, apparently hopes to change this inevitable cruelty to humans by attempting to bring the two races together as equals. BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, with all its cinematic problems, at least functions as a continuation of ideas and theories originally established in CONQUEST. The apes have bested their former masters and resolve to live together with the humans in peace.

Subordinate forces on both sides of the fence threaten to disrupt the momentary harmony, however, and this last episode ends on an ambiguous note. We have seen forces for good in both races, as well as forces of evil. The only reasonably conclusion to draw from this five-part parable is that all beings of intelligence—whether ape, human or any other thinking force that might manifest itself—are united in sharing the same positive and negative traits.

If any one theme is to be elicited from the PLANET OF THE APES series, it has to concern man’s place in his society, world and universe. It was sincerely the intention of the fine minds who created these films to comment on how we view ourselves and others. Science Fiction happened to be the route they chose to do so, and it is an extremely effective route, at that.

Through all the spaceships, time-warps, exploding worlds and monkeyshine, we now possess a clear—albeit somewhat tarnished—picture of ourselves.

—Gary Gerani

THE PLANET OF THE APES CLASS STRUCTURE CHECKLIST

The Planet of the Apes class structure is composed of the following—APES: Gorillas, Orangutans, Chimpanzees. HUMANS: Astronauts in the future, 20th-Century humans, humans who enslave apes, humans who live side-by-side with apes. MUTANTS: Telepaths at the end of the world, revolutionists during Caesar’s reign.

Below is a chart indicating the social class order during the time period of each film. Principles are listed in order of their importance at that specific time.

**PLANT OF THE APES**
Orangutans
Chimpanzees
Gorillas
Humans of the time, Human astronauts

**BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**
Gorillas
Orangutans
Chimpanzees
Humans of the time and astronauts, telepathic mutants

**ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES**
Humans of the time
Chimpanzees

**CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES**
*BEGINNING OF FILM*
Humans who enslave apes
Apes

*END OF FILM*
Apes
Humans who enslave apes

**BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES**
Chimpanzees
Orangutans, Gorillas
Humans of the time*
Mutants

*Attempt is made for apes and humans to live equally. Film ends with offspring of both living happily in peace.
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WHAT?? Aren't we a little out of season, you may be asking. Well, it's a sad story, indeed, that we have to tell.

You see, those articulate anthropoids above are actually a chorus of Salvation Army workers. Only, they didn't make enough patty sheckles over the last Christmas season to buy bananas for all those countless, orphaned chimps in their care.

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GOD ALMIGHTY--!? THIS WAS MY HOME!!

I LIVED AND WORKED HERE ONCE--!? WHAT HAPPENED--!? DID WE FINALLY DO IT!? DID WE FINALLY REALLY DO IT?!

WHAT DOES A MAN DO... WHEN HE COMES HOME--!? AND THERE IS NO HOME...?

QUEENSBOROUGH PLAZA
"NIGHTMARE!!"

"The Temple in the City of the Apes...

O God, we pray you, bless our great army and its supreme commander on the eve of a holy war undertaken for your sake...

"...and grant--
in the name of your prophet, our great lawgiver--"

"...that we, your chosen servants created and born in your divine image--"

"May aspire more perfectly to that spiritual godliness and bodily beauty which you, in your infinite mercy, have thought fit to deny to our brutish--"

"Enemies"

"So be it."
CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR THE MATTRESS.

I WONDER... ARE YOU WHAT WE WERE BEFORE WE LEARNED TO TALK AND MADE FOOLS OF OURSELVES...?

DID ANY GOOD EVER COME OF TALKING... ROUND ALL THOSE VAST TABLES...?

PLIK... PLIK... PLIK...

DID APES MAKE WAR WHEN THEY WERE STILL DUMB?

PLIK... PLIK... PLIK...

WHAT AM I...? A PHILOSOPHER ALL OF A SUDDEN...?

DID MEN--?

PLIK... PLIK... PLIK...

BUT EVEN PHILOSOPHERS ARE CURIOUS ABOUT THE WEATHER. WONDER IF THE PREVAILING CONDITIONS ARE STILL INCLEMENT OUTSIDE...

PLIK... PLIK... PLIK...

--AND I SAY THE SERGEANT'S GONE CRAZY--'NO ONE'S EVER GONE IN THERE TO COME OUT AND TELL ABOUT IT...

AND NOW HE WANTS US TO GO INSIDE AND PUT OUR LIVES IN JEOPARDY JUST TO CHASE TWO HUMANS WHO ARE ALREADY DEAD!
NOVA—Wake up. They might come in here after us...

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING...

COME ON... DOWN YOU GO...

NOW, all we have to worry about is what's at the other end of this TUNNEL...

WAIT A MINUTE... THAT FAINT HUM...

YOU HEAR IT TOO... COME ON-- DEEPER INTO THE TUNNEL...

IT'S GETTING LOUDER...

YES—WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW IT...

WE'LL USE IT AS A THREAD—A SONIC THREAD TO LEAD US OUT OF HERE... OR AT LEAST TO THE BIGGEST BUMBLEBEE ON RECORD!
Really getting louder now...

...turning into a roar...

...almost deafening!

Tunnel's sloping upward... and that wind... like a vortex...

Maybe we're getting close to the surface, Nova...

If our eardrums don't shatter first!

Up there--another tunnel--and light, Nova--light!!

Oh my God--

And I thought talking apes were incredible!!
That mum's as loud as a dynamo now... and look at that vent, Nova... it's precision-buil... whoever-- or whatever-- built it... is guiding us to this place.

And since the wind is being sucked into the vent...

...at least we know they breathe air anyway...

So let's see what's inside this crazy...

Shocking silence...

Silence.
NO. IT'S TOO LATE TO BACK AWAY, NOVA...

WE'VE GOT TO GO ON.

THERE'S A HIGH INTELLIGENCE AT WORK IN THIS PLACE—GOOD OR BAD. THAT SOUND WE HEARD WAS EITHER A WARNING—OR SOME KIND OF DIRECTIONAL DEVICE. I DON'T KNOW WHICH, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER... BECAUSE EITHER WAY—

--THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE--

STILL DETERMINED EH...?

ALL RIGHT...

...I'LL GO FIRST.

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF...

IT'S EMPTY COME ON.
SORT OF LIKE A WHITE WONDERLAND...

... OR A SCARY STERILE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

CAN'T SAY THAT WHITE DOT IS EXACTLY BECKONING...

... BUT IN THIS CASE, IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE ROAD LEADING TO ROME...

DID I SAY ROME? NOVA, BITE MY TONGUE IF I FORGET TO...
...because this isn't so much a city...
...as it is a cemetery...!!
Supposing they turn out to be our superiors?

Then your supposition was blasphemous, Dr. Zaius!

The lawgiver has written in the sacred scrolls that God created apes in His own image to be masters of the earth.

We are His chosen.

Do you doubt what the minister said?

I was not referring to their numbers, General Ursus. My supposition concerned their intelligence.

What I doubt is your interpretation of God's intention. Has He ordained that we should make war?

Has He ordained that we should make peace with the human race?

And these—here in the forbidden zone?

They are the unknown, General Ursus.

A godly ape is not afraid of the unknown. I am not afraid. I am merely circumspect.

The humans—they're mere animals.
STILL... NOT TOO CIRCUMSPECT TO PREVENT YOU FROM RIDING WITH ME ON THE GREAT DAY, EH DR. ZAIUS...

AS A SCIENTIST...

...I AM ALSO CURIOUS.

WHILE, ELSWHERE IN THE VAST RESEARCH COMPLEX...

MA-MA...

MA-MA...

MA-MA...

OH, CORNELIUS -- IF I COULD ONLY TEACH JUST ONE OF THEM TO TALK...

YOU'D BE A MIRACLE-WORKER, ZIRA.

SILENCE... OMINOUSLY LADEN.

SILENCE --

--ABRUPTLY BROKEN.
DON'T KNOW WHO ACTIVATED THIS FOUNTAIN...

...BUT I SURE AS HELL KNOW WHO'S GOING TO AVAIL HIMSELF OF...
Put my hands round her throat. Hold her head down in the water until she dies.

Take my hands off her throat. Get out of my head.

Take my hands...

Put my hands off...

Round her throat...

Let her throat go...

Down in the water...

Get out...

Until she...

Dies!!

No--!

NOOOO--!!

Nova... Keep away from her throat... Her bare throat so soft in the water... Until you get out--!

Get out, Nova!!

Get out--!!

Get out of my head!!
STAY AWAY, NOVA...
I CAN'T CONTROL MY THROAT... WATER... DIE...

WAIT FOR ME, NOVA--
WAIT FOR ME--

I MUST KILL YOU, NOVA--!!
I MUST--

NOO--!!

THE FIT'S... PASSED...
SANEGIN

MY GOD... MY GOD... MY BLESSED, MOST REVERED GOD... I COME TO YOU...
I come to you on bent knees...

A Cathedral...

I come to you, and I reveal my inmost self unto you who art my God.

His... God...?

Worshipping... the Bomb...?

Hey...!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE--?

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

WHAT D'YOU MEAN THERE'S NO POINT IN WORRYING ABOUT HER--?

WILL SHE BE HARMED?

Yeah? Well, maybe not physically--but you can hurt up here.

I've already felt it.
YES, THE PAIN'S GONE NOW. BUT OUTSIDE--

WAIT A MINUTE--!

YOUR LIPS AREN'T MOVING...

YOUR LIPS DON'T MOVE, BUT I CAN HEAR--

NO, NOT HEAR--I KNOW--I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--!

I SAW NOTHING! YOU WERE IN SHADOWS UP THERE--!

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THIS WAS A CHURCH AT FIRST--!

WHAT--Z!

WHO--Z!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT-- I'M COMING--!
AND I WON'T STRUGGLE...

RING-A-RING O' NEUTRONS,
A POCKETFUL OF POSITRONS,
A FISSION, A FISSION....

... WE ALL FALL DOWN!
ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT. SO YOU CAN KILL ME WITH THE SLIGHTEST THOUGHT. I DON'T DOUBT IT...

...BUT I'LL BE DAMNED TO THAT HELLISH BOMB-GOD OF YOURS IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU PICK MY BRAIN!!

NEXT ISSUE: The HORROR INQUISITION!
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Darn it! I'm sick and tired of being a scarecrow! Charlie's Atlas says he can give me a real body, all right! I'll gamble a stamp and get his free book!

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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

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CERTAINLY THEY WERE! ARE YOU MEN READY WITH THE SUPER-STEEL SPIDER-NET?

SURE, BOSS! HE’LL NEVER BREAK OUT OF THIS! HA HA HA!

THEN THROW IT, YOU LUNKHEADS--NOW!

YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED, SPIDER-MAN! YOU’LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM OUR WINDOWLESS, FIVE-FOOT-THICK CONCRETE SECURITY CELL! TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS!

RATS! LOOKS LIKE THEY REALLY GOT ME UNLESS...

HEY HOT-SHOT, WHY NOT BE A REAL NICE GUY AND LET ME OUT OF HERE?

NO? THEN HOW ABOUT FOR SOME DELICIOUS HOSTESS FRUIT PIES?

GEE--YOU GOT HOSTESS FRUIT PIES?

THE BOSS WILL HAVE MY HEAD BUT...

GEE--LIGHT FLAKY CRUST! REAL FRUIT FILLING!

YOU GOT A DEAL, WEBSLINGER!

THERE YOU GO, LUNKHEAD! I KNEW YOU COULDN'T RESIST HOSTESS FRUIT PIES!

WOW! APPLE...CHERRY...BLUEBERRY...MY TASTE BUDS ARE PANTING!

NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE BOSS MAN AND THE REST OF THE GANG! BETWEEN MY WEBBING AND DELICIOUS HOSTESS FRUIT PIES, THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

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