WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME--NOW RULE THE APES!

PLANET OF THE APES

BACK, YOU SIMIAN FOOLS--

MAKE WAY FOR APESLAYER!

36 ACTION-PACKED PAGES!

WEEK ENDING
APRIL 12, 1975

8p
THE FUTURE: UNTOLD YEARS AFTER EARTH HAS LOST HER FINAL WAR.

APES RULE THE GREEN HILLS OF TERRA— AND ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN ALIEN INVADER AND CONQUERED HUMANITY IS ONE GLADIATOR—

—A MAN OTHER MEN CALL— APESLAYER!

SIRENS!

IT SEEMS I'VE FOUND MY HERITAGE ONLY TO LOSE IT AGAIN—

—BY THE HANDS OF THREE MUTANT WITCHES!

GERRY CONWAY, HOWARD CHAYKIN, FRANK MCLAUGHLIN, SCREETER, ARTIST, INKER
YOU FLATTER US, APESLAYER. WE ARE NEITHER MUTANTS NOR WITCHES.

BUT WE ARE, INDEED, SIRENS...

...AND EVEN NOW, WE BREAK YOU TO OUR WILL...

...AS WE HAVE BROKEN THE WILL OF COUNTLESS OTHER MEN LIKE YOU...

...MEN WHO DARE DEFY OUR SIMIAN MASTERS!

MEN WHO... WHO...

SURPRISED, WENCH? NO MORE THAN I.

IT SEEMS THE POWER WHICH HIDES ME FROM THE APE SCANNERS KEEPS ME SAFE FROM YOUR WILES, TOO!

--I THINK I'LL MERELY BE GRATEFUL FOR THE GIFT--

--AND GIVE YOU LADIES A GIFT OF MY OWN!

NO VIOLENCE, APESLAYER!

IF YOU WANT TO STRUGGLE... SEEK IT BEHIND YOU!

YOU ARE A WITCH; IF YOU TRY TO TRICK ME WITH GAMES--

--EH?

THERE'LL BE TIME ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND IT LATER...

--BUT FOR NOW--
Too late, Killraven remembers what he's left behind him in the engorged remains of the once-great Grand Central Station.

Too late, he remembers the Keeper's Bunker... and what that scientist's head-quarters had concealed... the twisted forms of things no longer human, things now better named...

Apes!

Is this what you witches wish to serve?

What's wrong, ladies—no stomach for fighting?

Run, then—hide.

It doesn't matter. In time— you'll pay for what's been done to the men and women of Earth—

If so—take them!

You deserve to wallow with the beasts!

---as will your simian masters!
Now, that's a familiar voice, isn't it, Mala?
I thought we'd lost him for a while there... 

~but we haven't been that lucky!

These beasts are quick work, Apeslayer.

Eagle! Mala!

Give me a hand, you dirt-crawlers... or I swear when I'm done, I'll kill you, too!

Aye, what shall we do after these apes are done for?

Since Apeslayer took command of our group, there has been nothing but battle, Eagle.

True, Mala, very true.

We owe him for that much, at least!
ONE OF THE DEMON MACHINES!

YOU'VE BROUGHT THE APE SOLDIERS ON OUR TAIL, APESLAYER!

NO, DEMON MALA--IT'S SIMPLY A MACHINE.

IT'S A WAR MACHINE--THE APES USE TO CONTROL HUMANS....

TO HERD US TO THEIR EXTERMINATION CENTERS!

THAT AND OTHER THINGS--BEFORE HE DIED!

There's no time for further conversation--only time for flight.

RIDE, BROTHERS--RIDE!

WE'VE SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR AT LAST--

--THE DEATH OF THOSE WHO MAKE US SLAVES!

Reaching their horses in the abandoned church where they've left them, APESLAYER and his two companions quickly mount--even as the machine rains an attack upon them from without!

BREEE... WHUNT!

HE DOESN'T LIKE REBELLION, APESLAYER!

There's much you have to learn, brother Mala!

WE'VE LIVED IN DARKNESS TOO LONG--

YOU CALL THAT THING "HE"?
"AND IT'S TIME WE SAW THE LIGHT!"

"LATER, APESLAYER. NOW WE MUST RIDE..."

"BEFORE WE WAKE OTHER BEASTS WITH OUR SHOUTING!"

"PROPHETIC WORDS, EAGLE..."

"FOR EVEN AS YOU SPUR YOUR STEED ONWARD..."

"ANOTHER CREATURE RISES FROM THE RUBBLE BEHIND YOU..."

"Gods of Manhattan! Everywhere we turn on this blasted island..."

"AARROOJ!"

"DIRECTLY IN APESLAYER'S PATH!"

"AS THOUGH THEY WERE THE ONLY BEINGS LEFT!"

"YOU'RE NOT, BEAST! OTHERS LIVE... OTHERS LIKE APESLAYER, WHO WAS TAUGHT THE ART OF THE SILVERSTARS WHEN HE WAS STILL A CHILD..."

"AND KNOWS HOW TO USE THOSE RAZOR STEEL WEAPONS WELL..."

"TO PIERCE YOUR SLIMY HIDE!"

"BELLOW YOUR ANGER--BUT ATTACK ME, BEAST!"

"FOLLOW ME BETWEEN THE LEGS OF THIS GREAT BLIND MACHINE..."

"THAT'S RIGHT, BEAST--ATTACK ME!"

"--FOLLOW ME--"
Soon, after Ape Slayer has rejoined his companions... and all have proceeded south...

Isn't that arrow on the docks?

We're in luck. One of the ferries is just unloading!

And so...

More slaves for the apes!

So it is, Ape Slayer. He looks excited—something's up!

What shall we do, Ape Slayer?

Do? Isn't it obvious?
WE ATTACK!

LEAVE THE ROBOTS -- THEY AREN'T PROGRAMMED FOR THE UNEXPECTED!

IT'S THE APE SCUM WE HAVE TO KILL --

-- OR BE KILLED WHEN THE ANIMALS TURN!!

IT'S THE PACK RAT -- URK!!

STANG!

KLING!

THE ONLY ONES WHO CALL ME PACK-RAT, APE --

ARE THOSE WHO WANT TO DIE?

SPAK!

AS FOR YOU, HUMAN-TRAITOR -- I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAD A TALK, DON'T YOU?

WHAT -- ?

WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

I PICKED UP SOME OTHER THINGS THEN, TOO -- CHIEFLY, A HATRED FOR APES AND TRAITORS!

PERHAPS THAT LOVE TAP WILL TEACH YOU MANNERS, BOAT-RAT!

THE NAME'S APESLAYER, CAPTAIN.

I GOT THAT NAME WHEN THE GENERALS WERE TRYING TO MAKE ME A GLADIATOR FOR THE APE'S AMUSEMENT.

-- AND A PRETTY FANCY WAY WITH A SWORD -- UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN?

WHAT -- WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NOW, CAPTAIN--
DON'T BE THICK.
I WANT YOUR SHIP.

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE FERRY HAS BEGUN ITS JOURNEY TO THE STRONGHOLD OF FREEMEN ACROSS THE BAY--THE ISLE OF STATEN.

--WHICH IS ALREADY LOOMING INTO VIEW, WHEN--

IT'S SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE DANGEROUS, APESLAYER!

LIKE SOME GREAT SUBMARINE MONSTER--

--IT RISES FROM NEW YORK BAY--

APESLAYER!

WHAT IS IT, ARROW? TROUBLE WITH THE CREW?

--AND BEFORE ANYONE ABOARD THE COMMANDED FERRY CAN ACT--

THE TRIPOD ATTACKS!

--THE TRIPOD ATTACKS!

SKREEE BOOM

TELL THE CREW DOWN THERE THAT ON MY ORDER--

IT'S AFTER US, ALL RIGHT.

EAGLE... MALA... GET A MAN DOWN TO THE ENGINE ROOM... HURRY!

--I WANT THEM TO REVERSE ENGINES--

SKREEE
THAT'S HOW TO CUT IT, "CAPTAIN."
THE DEMON NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM.

DIDN'T I TELL YOU--THERE'S NO "HE"?

THIS IS A WAR WE'RE FIGHTING, MALA AGAINST MACHINES.

--AND AGAINST OUR APE CONQUERORS.

LISTEN CLOSTLY, FRIEND, AND I'LL EXPLAIN.

IT'S TIME YOU BOTH UNDERSTAND!

THAT'S THE SECOND TRIPOD TO BE KNOCKED OUT IN SIX HOURS!

APPARENTLY THIS REBEL IS MORE TROUBLE THAN WE'D ASSUMED HIM TO BE.

THE GENERALS MUST BE INFORMED--

THEY DO SO DISLIKE BEING LEFT IN THE DARK.

ONE MUST PROTECT ONE'S OWN INTERESTS, AFTER ALL--

--AND IF I'M EVER TO COMPLETE THAT PROJECT ON RISO NUCLEIC ACID--

ELSEWHERE IN THE AREA, ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING WHAT WAS ONCE THE NEW JERSEY PALISADES--A STRAINED VOICE CRIES OUT IN VENATION AS A MULTI-COLORED MONITOR SCREEN GOES SUDDENLY--

DEAD!

WELL--I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON COOPERATING, WON'T I?

DEATH IN THE APE PIT!
Dear Stan,

Let me offer my congratulations to you on your new super-mag, "Planet of the Apes". It's really great. But I think you made a mistake in issue 13. While I was reading "The Apes on TV" you mentioned Roddy McDowall was a veteran of four "Apes" movies, but in fact Roddy appeared in all five of the "Apes" movies.

Pat McCann,
No address.

We're never too proud to accept a correction, Pat. So now, thanks to you, we now know that Roddy McDowell is even more of a veteran than we thought. Suppose, one day, they couldn't get that chimp mask off his head? O'ya think he'd notice, having played the role so often?

Dear Sir,

I must say how much I enjoy the comic and programme of The Planet of The Apes. I wondered if you could print a picture of URKO with the mask as I am a great fan of his.

Mark Walsh,
Rochdale, Lancs.

Whenever possible we'll be running feature pages on the apes, and if and when we've got the right photograph we'll take pleasure in publishing it.

Dear Marvel People,

This letter is going to criticise a major point occurring in PLANET OF THE APES, so I want to begin it by saying that I really love the mag. I'm a great fan of The Apes movies, I'm a Marvel fan of long-standing and I love Mike Ploog, so I really can't fail to like this comic. I never was a great fan of the Tuska/Exposito team but some of their work on Planet of The Apes has been tremendous, proving that they can be a good team. Doug's scripts have been nothing short of incredible, even improving the film in places.

So what's this great beef I have with the mag? It's a boob you made in the latest issue (No. 12) At the beginning you state that, in the story "Terror of The Planet of The Apes" man was once mute, but has now been allowed to regain the power of speech. This implies that the story takes place after "Planet of The Apes" right? But you're forgetting that at the end of the sequel "Beneath Planet of The Apes" the earth is blown up.

This leads to the inescapable conclusion that both the TV series and "Terror..." take place after the fifth movie, and well before "Planet..." which you will recall, takes place years after the fifth film ("Battle for TPOA") when man has lost the power of speech due to the centuries of ape dominance reducing him to the level of a beast.

I'm sure other Apes "Scholars" will back me up in this point of view. It's the only way to fit the TV series and "Terror..." into the frame of the "Apes" myths. I hope you guys will admit your mistake in the pages of the mag, because I believe it's a very important if you want the mag to take its deserved and rightful place in the saga of the Planet of The Apes.

Live long and prosperous.

Guy Lawley,
Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

What else can we do but admire your penetrating powers of deduction and your remorseless logic. Technically you're right, of course — but if we'd adhered to what you've so relentlessly worked out then we'd have been artistically wrong. Because, first and foremost, what we want to publish and what Marvelites what to read are original and worthwhile stories. And having absorbed that, ponder this point. Can you imagine how limiting it would be to a writer to have his characters unable to make speech communication to each other? Apart from a few "Ughgs!" and "Grooghs!" everything in their minds would have to be conveyed to the reader in continuity panels. To put it another way, would you enjoy reading a novel which was all narrative and no dialogue? We think not, which is why we handled Planet of The Apes the way we did.

Dear Marvel,

Thank you, a millionfold. "Tales of The Watcher" is greatly appreciated. If you remember, I requested that you should print this series many months ago, which just goes to prove that if you wait long enough anything can happen in the mad world of Marvel. Love and peace etc.

Kevin Conlan,
Walsley, Merseyside.

Kevin — how right you are. We learned long ago that in this complex of ours that the world knows as 'Marveldom', anything can happen — and it usually does!
Every week brings us further proof of it. Take, for instance, this very week. How's this for Marvel enthusiasm and enterprise?

Two Marvel misses, Janice Cronin of Bletchley, and Janice Clements of Ilford, Essex, decided they'd like to start a fan-club for the two stars of Planet of the Apes—Ron Harper and James Naughton. So what did they do? They wrote letters to the two stars in far-off California outlining what they had in mind.

Back came personally-signed letters from Ron and James, full of warmth and good wishes for what our two lasses were about to embark upon.

So Janice and Janice are now on their way. And if you're a Planet fan and you'd like a piece of the excitement, write to either of them and include yourself in on what could develop into the Number One official Ron Harper and James Naughton British fan-club.
Galen, as played by Roddy McDowell as seen in the T.V. series Planet of the Apes