

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



MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

NO. 31

WEEK ENDING
MAY 24, 1975

8^p
36 GREAT
PAGES

PLANET OF THE APES

**BEGINNING: AN ALL-NEW
APES BLOCKBUSTER--**

**"KINGDOM
ON AN ISLAND
OF THE APES!"**



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**™

PRESENTING: ALL-NEW ACTION-CRAMMED MIGHTY MARVEL MAGIC--A FOUR ISSUE
SUPER-SAGA OF FANTASTIC ADVENTURE FREELY BASED ON THE CONCEPTS FOUND IN
20th CENTURY FOX AND PIERRE BOULLE'S THRILLING **PLANET OF THE APES!**

KINGDOM ON AN ISLAND OF THE APES



STORY: DOUG MOENCH ART: RICO RIVAL

I KNEW SHE'D NEVER BELIEVE IT-- NO ONE WOULD--AND YET I COULDN'T WAIT TO TELL HER...

GREAT--!
AT SEVEN,
THEN.

I'LL BE
EXPECTING
YOU, MISH...

WHAT'S
WRONG, MICHELLE?
YOU SOUND...
DEPRESSED...

OH. THE
OUTDOOR CAFE
INSTEAD...? YEAH,
I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT...

RIGHT THEN, I SHOULD HAVE
REALIZED THAT I'D BLOWN THE
BUBBLE SO BIG IT'D HAVE TO
BURST...

...BUT MICHELLE'S CONSTANT COMPLAINT WAS ACCURATE. I WAS
A DREAMER, ALWAYS LOOKING THROUGH ROSE-COLOURED
GLASSES TO GET A BEAD ON MY PERSONAL DELUSIONS OF
FANTASY. AND IT ALWAYS HURT WHEN SOMEONE--USUALLY
MICHELLE--REMOVED THOSE FLATTERING LENSES AND FORCED
ME TO TAKE A GOOD HARD LOOK AT GRITTY REALITY...

THERE
REALLY *ISN'T*
MUCH TO RECOMMEND
MY APARTMENT...

YES--I'LL
BE AT THE
CAFE BY
SEVEN. BYE,
MISH.

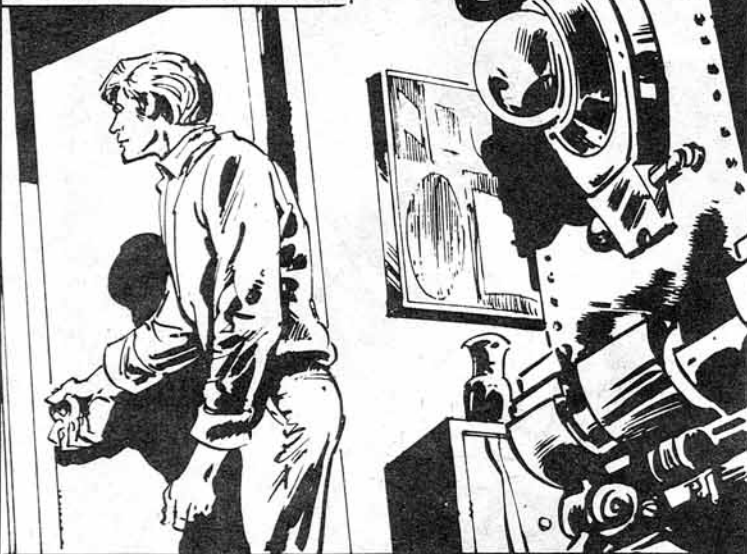
the TRIP

CHAPTER 1

I CRADLED THE PHONE FROWNING...



...BUT THEN SHRUGGED...



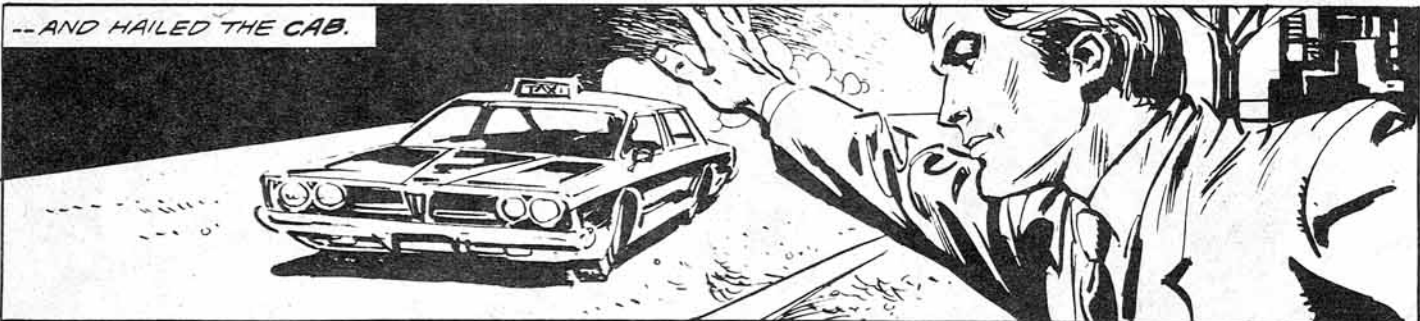
...AND BY THE TIME I'D SHOWERED AND SHAVED, I'D FOUND MY ROSE-COLOURED GLASSES AGAIN.



THE WHISTLING STARTED SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TIME I SNAPPED OFF THE LIGHTS--



--AND HAILED THE CAB.



NICE THING ABOUT WHISTLING...IT FILLS THE GAPS UNTIL YOU GET TO SPEAK...



AGAIN I WAS AWARE THAT MICHELLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, BUT THOSE ROSE-COLOURED SPECS DELUDED ME INTO THINKING I COULD CONVINCE HER TO COME ALONG WITH ME...

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU, MISH--SOMETHING SO FANTASTIC YOU'LL NEVER--

NOT YET, DEREK...

I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU FIRST.

OH...? WHAT IS IT?

YOU HAVEN'T A CLUE, HAVE YOU? I SHOULD'VE KNOWN...

ALL THE CHANGES BETWEEN US THESE PAST THREE WEEKS ...AND YOU HAVEN'T SENSED A THING. I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS FOR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY...

YOU'RE ON CLOUD NINE, DEREK. YOU WOULDN'T EVEN CARE IF THEY EVICTED YOU FROM THAT RAT-HOLE YOU CALL AN APARTMENT-- YOU'D ALWAYS HAVE THAT CLOUD BEYOND THE SKY TO REST YOUR DREAMING HEAD ON...

YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY--

--THAT YOU'LL NEVER BUCKLE DOWN, DEREK-- NEVER COME TO TERMS WITH YOURSELF OR REALITY--! YOU JUST CAN'T COPE--WITH RESPONSIBILITIES... WITH TODAY'S PACE... WITH NORMAL JOBS...

YOU CAN'T EVEN COPE WITH THE NICKEL-AND-DIME RENT YOU PAY.

AND THAT BOTHERS YOU...

YOU KNOW IT DOES, DEREK--! WE'VE DISCUSSED IT A HUNDRED TIMES. I NEED A MAN I CAN RESPECT--A MAN WITH A FUTURE... SOMEONE WHO'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF ME.

I NEED SOMEONE I CAN BE SURE OF, DEREK. I NEED SECURITY--!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY THAT YOU DON'T NEED...

... ME.



YES, DEREK... THAT IS WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY...

I SEE.

I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU OVER THE PHONE, SO I...



OH, DEREK, I'M *SORRY*-- I REALLY AM. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO *REALIZE* THAT IT JUST WOULDN'T WORK. WE'RE TOO *DIFFERENT*, YOU AND I. WE LIVE IN *SEPARATE WORLDS*...

YOU DO *UNDERSTAND* DON'T YOU...?

YEAH. SURE.



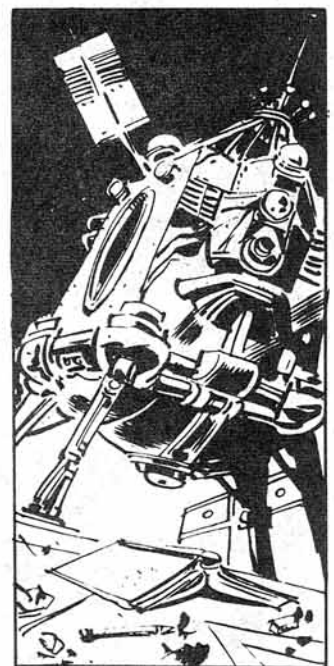
GUESS I'D BETTER BE GOING NOW...

YOU WANTED TO TELL ME SOMETHING, DEREK...?

DOESN'T MATTER MUCH NOW, DOES IT?



JUST WANTED TO MENTION THAT I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH A BIGSHOT AT NASA TOMORROW... TO TELL HIM ABOUT MY...



... TIME MACHINE.

YOUR WHAT--?!



IS SOMETHING WRONG, MADAM?

WRONG...? NO... NOTHING'S WRONG...

I'VE JUST SAID *GOODBYE* TO EVERYTHING THAT WAS... *WRONG*.

LIQUOR AND I HAVE NEVER BEEN COMPATIBLE. I CAN'T STAND THE TASTE AND THE BOOZE SEEMS TO KNOW IT...

...TAKING VENGEANCE IN THE KNOWLEDGE...



BUT SOMETIMES THE REPRISAL IS WORTH IT. SOMETIMES IT HELPS...



AND ANYWAY, HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT THIS WASN'T ONE OF THOSE TIMES?

I STAGGERED TO MY BUILDING, HATING MICHELLE...



...AND FUMBLING THE LIGHTS ON, LOVING HER.



WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN THEN? JUST WHEN I WAS SO CLOSE TO JUSTIFYING MYSELF--TO PROVING THAT EVEN WILD-EYED DREAMERS CAN OCCASIONALLY STUMBLE OVER SUCCESS...

WE'LL SHOW HER, PAL--WE'LL SHOW 'EM ALL--!

OL' HERBERT GEORGE'LL BE PROUD OF US. WHO CARES ABOUT TODAY'S PAGE--? WHO CARES ABOUT TODAY--?



NOT ME, PAL--NOT WITH YOU AROUND...

NO, SIR... NOT WITH YOU TO TAKE ME AWAY...



I DIDN'T EVEN TURN OUT THE LIGHT...

NOTHING COULD HAVE DISTURBED A SLEEP THAT DEEP!



NOTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE DREAMS...

MICHELLE...

...GOT TO
COME WITH ME,
MICHELLE...

...DREAMS OF THE PAST, OF THE BEGINNING--
WHEN MICHELLE WAS FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,
HER SMILE STRIKING A THOUSAND SPARKS OF
WONDER...

...WHEN THE TOUCH OF HER
HAND AND THE BREEZE
RUFFLING OUR HAIR WAS
SOMETHING FELT AT THE
BACK OF MY SCALP, A
TINGLING SHIMMER OF
MAGIC FILLING THE AIR
AND OUR LUNGS...

...WHEN
LOVE WAS
MORE THAN
A DIRTY
WORD... AND
SHARED...
WHEN MORNINGS
WERE BRIGHT
AND SPANGLED
WITH CRISP
DEW AND TIME
WAS UNKNOWN
IN ITS
REMOTE
DUNGEON FAR
BEYOND THE
LAND OF
GLISTENING
TASTE AND
TEXTURE...

... WHEN
A SILVER-
SPIDERWEB
WAS THE
DOORWAY TO
A HEAVEN-
SPANNING
RAINBOW...

... AND THE
RAINBOW WAS
A ROADWAY TO
EVEN BETTER
PLACES AND
TIMES...

...WHEN EVEN THE MOST SUGAR-
FLOTTED OF VISIONS WAS NEVER
CALLED CORNY OR SICKENINGLY
SWEET...

...AND
WHEN
DREAMS
WERE
SACRED--

--AND NEVER SHATTERED.

WHAT--?!

JUST
DREAMS...

...STUPID...
...IDIOTIC...
...DREAMS...

I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAS WORSE: SEEING THE MORNING THROUGH NAKED EYES...



...OR NURSING A HANGOVER THROUGH THE BUMPY FLIGHT TO HOUSTON...



AND TO GILD THE LILY, THE STORMS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE THAN A SEVERE CASE OF AIRSICKNESS. THEY MADE ME LATE FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT IN MY LIFE...

ACCORDING TO MY SECRETARY'S DATEBOOK, MR. ZANE, OUR MEETING WAS SCHEDULED FOR THREE O'CLOCK...



UH... YES, MR. KRIGSTEIN. MY FLIGHT WAS DELAYED BY THE--



TAKE A SEAT, PLEASE...

NOW THEN--YOU SAID YOUR BUSINESS CONCERNED THE MISSING ASTRONAUTS, TAYLOR, DODGE, LANDON AND STEWART...

YES, SIR. I BELIEVE I KNOW HOW TO FIND THEM...



OH, DO YOU KNOW THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, MR. ZANE, AND JUST HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO FIND THEM?

WELL, IF YOU'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THESE NOTES AND SKETCHES--



I'LL EXPLAIN THE BASIC THEORY BEHIND MY TIME MACHINE.







... AND LEAVING HOUSTON JUST AS FAST
AS THE NEXT FLIGHT COULD TAKE ME.



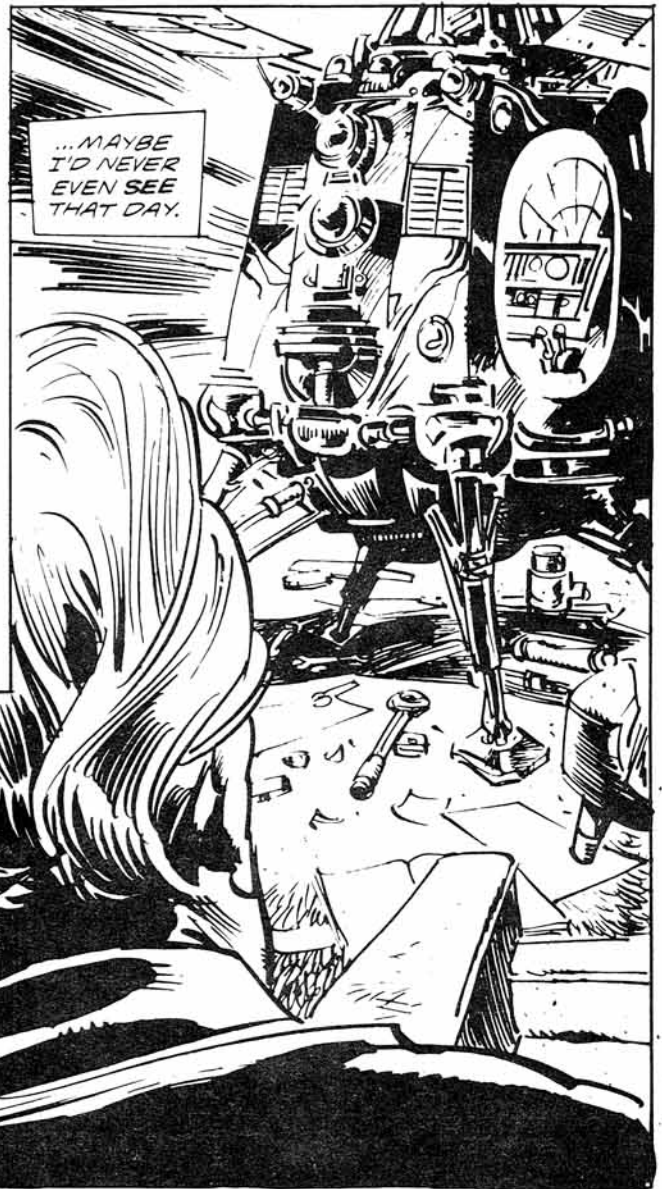
GOOD THING I'D BORROWED ENOUGH
MONEY FOR A ROUND-TRIP. MAYBE I'D
PAY ROBINSON BACK SOME DAY...

THEN AGAIN...



THERE WASN'T ANYTHING
LEFT FOR ME IN THAT
MOMENT OF TIME.
MICHELLE AND NASA HAD
BOTH REJECTED ME AND
MY WILD-EYED DREAMING. AN
ODD-CUPLE, THOSE TWO--BUT
THEY WERE ALL THAT MATTERED
TO ME...

SO WHY HANG
AROUND WHEN
THEY'D MADE
THEIR DISINTEREST
ABUNDANTLY
CLEAR--?



...MAYBE
I'D NEVER
EVEN SEE
THAT DAY.

I'D ALREADY EQUIPPED THE TIME-MACHINE WITH
A TOOL-KIT, SO I JAMMED THE BACK-PACK WITH
AS MANY OTHER USEFUL ITEMS AS I COULD
IMAGINE ... AND WHICH WOULD FIT...



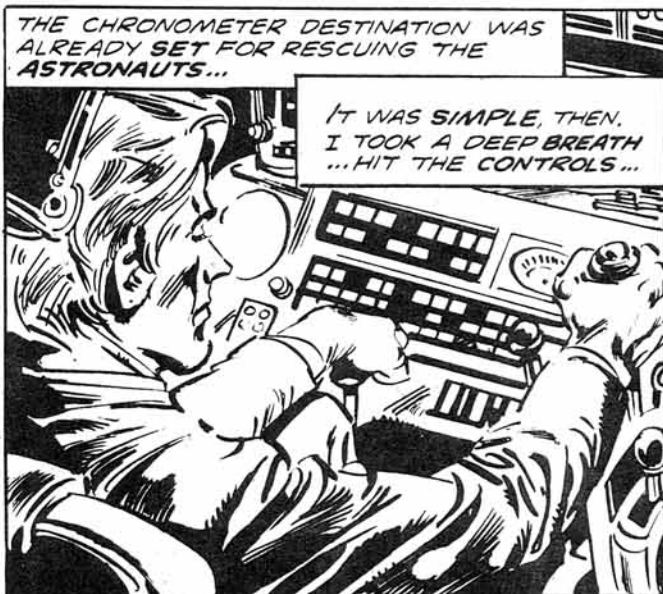
THEN I SAID MY FAREWELLS TO
A HARSH AND UNCOMPROMISING
TODAY...



...AND CLIMBED INTO THE COCKPIT OF AN
UNKNOWN TOMORROW:



THE CHRONOMETER DESTINATION WAS
ALREADY SET FOR RESCUING THE
ASTRONAUTS...



IT WAS SIMPLE, THEN.
I TOOK A DEEP BREATH
...HIT THE CONTROLS...

...AND ALMOST
WENT INSANE
AS MY HEAD
WAS STUFFED
WITH THE
BUZZING OF A
THOUSAND
SILENT HUMS.

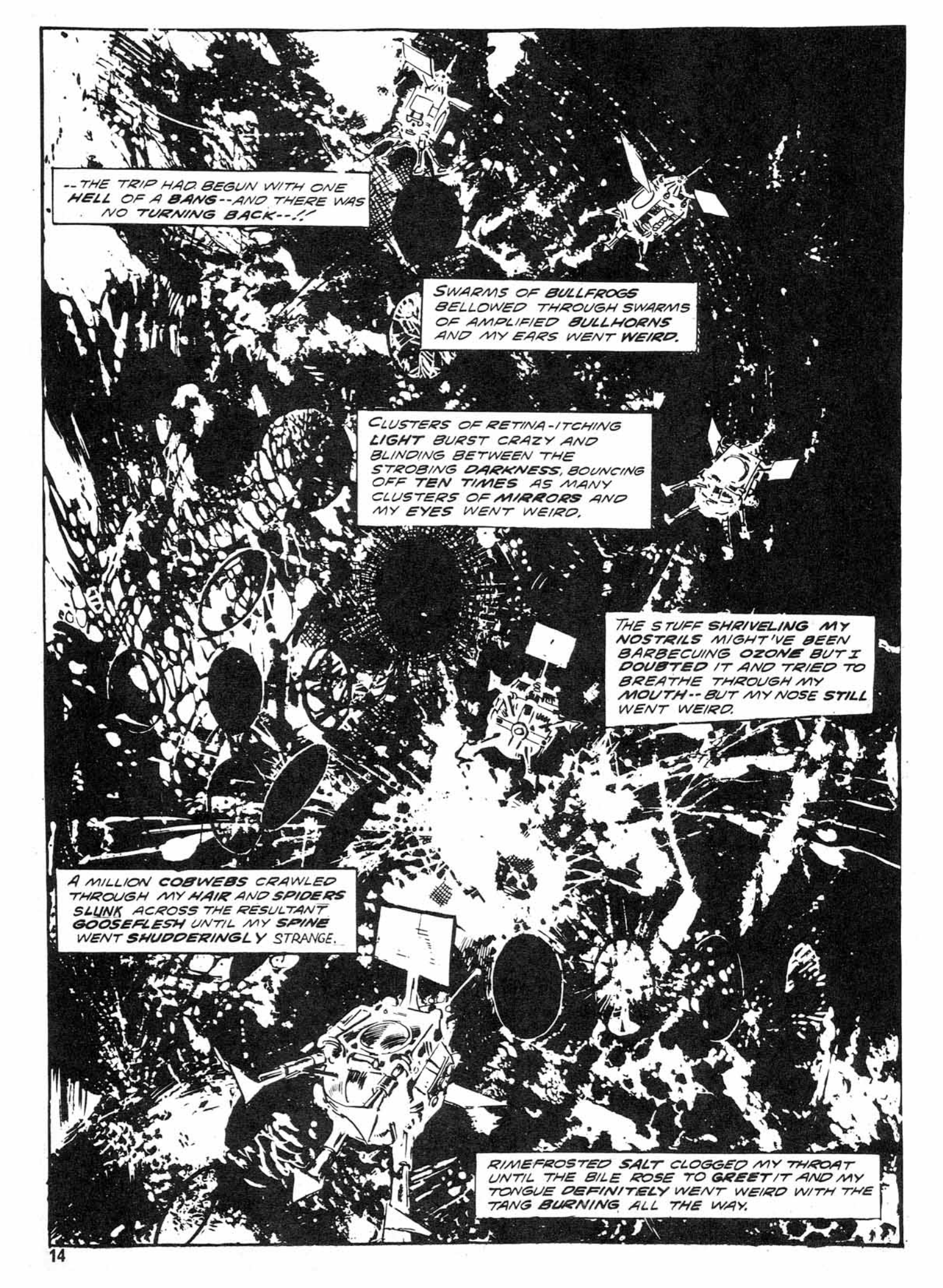


THE ROOM OUTSIDE THE MODULE SHIMMERED
AND DISSOLVED INTO WISPING SWIRLS OF GOD
KNOWS WHAT-- MAYBE COMPONENT ATOMS
STREAKING THROUGH THEIR LIFE-AND- DEATH
CYCLES AT A SPEED TRANSCENDING THAT OF
LIGHT...



WHATEVER THE EXPLANATION WAS, I WAS
CERTAIN OF ONE IRREVOCABLE FACT--





--THE TRIP HAD BEGUN WITH ONE
HELL OF A BANG--AND THERE WAS
NO TURNING BACK--!!

SWARMS OF BULLFROGS
BELLOWED THROUGH SWARMS
OF AMPLIFIED BULLHORNS
AND MY EARS WENT WEIRD.

CLUSTERS OF RETINA-ITCHING
LIGHT BURST CRAZY AND
BLINDING BETWEEN THE
STROBING DARKNESS, BOUNCING
OFF TEN TIMES AS MANY
CLUSTERS OF MIRRORS AND
MY EYES WENT WEIRD.

THE STUFF SHRIVELING MY
NOSTRILS MIGHT'VE BEEN
BARBECUING OZONE BUT I
DOUBTED IT AND TRIED TO
BREATHE THROUGH MY
MOUTH--BUT MY NOSE STILL
WENT WEIRD.

A MILLION COBWEBS CRAWLED
THROUGH MY HAIR AND SPIDERS
SLUNK ACROSS THE RESULTANT
GOOSEFLESH UNTIL MY SPINE
WENT SHUDDERINGLY STRANGE.

RIMEFROSTED SALT CLOGGED MY THROAT
UNTIL THE BILE ROSE TO GREET IT AND MY
TONGUE DEFINITELY WENT WEIRD WITH THE
TANG BURNING ALL THE WAY.

IT STOPPED ABRUPTLY--EVERY-
THING. A NORMAL SKY FORMED
OUTSIDE THE MODULE...

THE TRIP
WAS OVER--

-- AND ENDED WITH AN
EVEN BIGGER BANG!!

CHAPTER 2

ARRIVAL



I WAS STRAPPED IN.
IT WAS PADDED.

AND STILL I FELT MORE
DEAD THAN ALIVE...

BUT STUBBORN ENERGY GRADUALLY SEEPED BACK
INTO MY JARRED BONES, AND I CRAWLED FROM
THE SCREECHING HALT WHICH WAS NOW NO MORE
THAN A SHATTERED WRECK...

...CURSING MYSELF FOR A COLOSSALLY BRILLIANT IDIOT
EVERY EXCRUCIATING INCH OF THE WAY...

I'D BEGUN THE TRIP IN MY FIFTH
FLOOR APARTMENT, AND NEVER
ONCE CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY
THAT THE APARTMENT BUILDING
MIGHT NOT EVEN EXIST AT THE
END OF THE TRIP.

AFTER ALL, A JOURNEY INTO
3975 IS JUST A BIT LONGER
THAN A TWO-YEAR LEASE.

SO MY NOT-TOO-BELOVED
BUILDING WAS GONE. IN
FACT, THE WHOLE STINKING
URBAN GLUT OF A CITY WAS
GONE. WHERE TO, I WONDERED...

BETTER THAN
MUGGINGS AND
POLLUTION,
I GUESS...

TRUE, ESPECIALLY IF YOU WERE FOND
OF ROCK AND SHRUB AND ROLLING PLAIN...

...BECAUSE THAT SEEMED TO
BE IT. I COULD LIKE THESE
NEW SURROUNDINGS. OR
LOATHE THEM. BUT THERE
NO WAS ESCAPING THEM...

AT LEAST NOT IN THE
SCRAP-HEAD OF
MANGLED METAL
SPRAWLED AT MY
FEET.

I WAS HERE TO STAY...
AND SUDDENLY AWARE
THAT "HERE" WAS HOTTER
THAN HELL IN A HEAT-
WAVE.

MIGHT
AS WELL
START
ADAPTING...

WHAT WOULD I DO ONCE MY LEGS COULD
BREATHE? USE THEM TO EXPLORE--?

A SOBERING
PROSPECT. 'MY,
MY, ISN'T IT A
"SMALL WORLD"
TO THE
CONTRARY,
EARTH IS
A MIGHTY
BIG PLANET...



SO WHILE I DIDN'T
QUITE RELISH THE
THOUGHT OF
TREKKING BLINDLY
AROUND THE GLOBE
UNTIL I STUMBLED
INTO THE
FORTIETH CENTURY
VERSION OF
CIVILIZATION,
SEARCHING FOR FOUR
ASTRONAUTS WHO
MIGHT BE DEAD
OR LOST OUT IN THE
COSMOS...

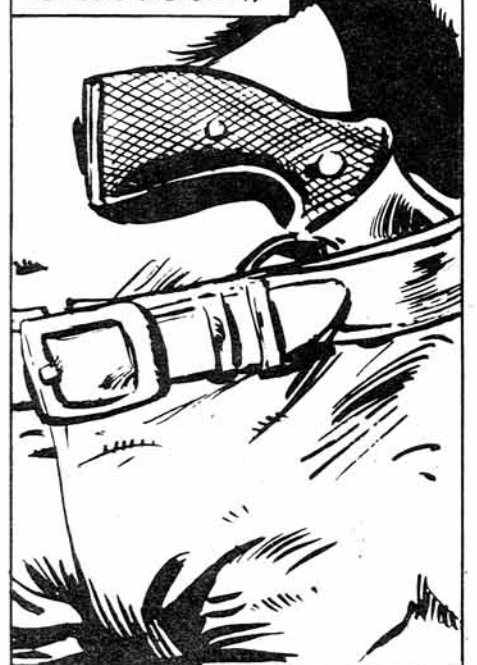


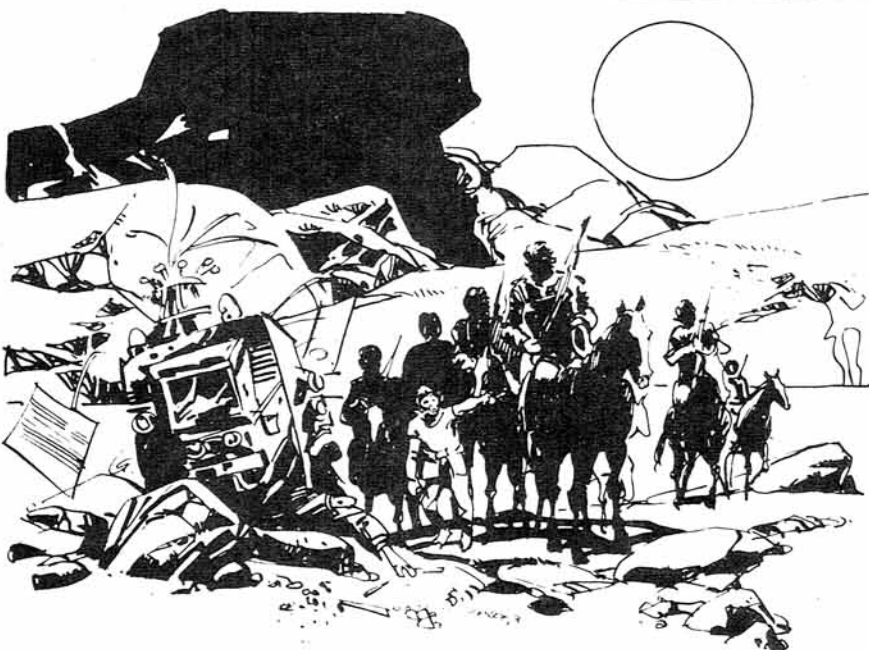
... WHAT ELSE COULD I DO--?

I PICKED A DIRECTION FOR NO
PARTICULAR REASON, AND HOPED IT
WOULD LEAD ME ONLY TO UTOPIAN-
BRED AND BENEVOLENTLY DIS-
POSITIONED INHABITANTS OF THIS
UNKNOWN FUTURE...



... BUT I WASN'T
DEPENDING ON IT.





THEY WEREN'T EXACTLY STERLING REPRESENTATIVES FROM WHAT I'D CALL AN ADVANCE CIVILIZATION... BUT AT LEAST THEY WERE COMPANY...



UH, SORRY I SHOUTED LIKE THAT-- BUT YOU STARTLED ME...

I'M DEREK ZANE. WHO ARE YOU--?

GREAT, COMPANY WHO DIDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH... OR APPARENTLY ANY LANGUAGE...

I WONDERED IF MANKIND HAD EVOLVED TO A STATE OF TELEPATHY...



HEY... WHERE'RE YOU GOING--?

I WON'T BITE--?

... BUT QUICKLY DECIDED THAT MANKIND HAD DEVOLVED-- INTO A STATE OF TRIBAL PRIMITIVISM...



LIKE... ANIMALS...

WAS THE ENTIRE PLANET NOW COMPRISED OF ROOT-GRUBBING TIMID SAVAGES--? AND IF THE MISSING ASTRONAUTS WERE MAROONED HERE, HAD THEY GONE MAD...?



WAS THIS PARADISE OR PURGATORY? HEAVEN OR--



BLAM



WHAT
IN THE--?

AN APE--FULLY CLOTHED IN THE SWELTERING
HEAT--?!

MONKEYS DIDN'T
DO THAT WHERE
I'D COME FROM...



THEN THERE WERE MORE OF THEM--
GORILLAS EXPLODING FROM THE THICKET
ON HORSEBACK--!

BEARING RIFLES--!!



YOU
MISSED HIM,
GORODON--

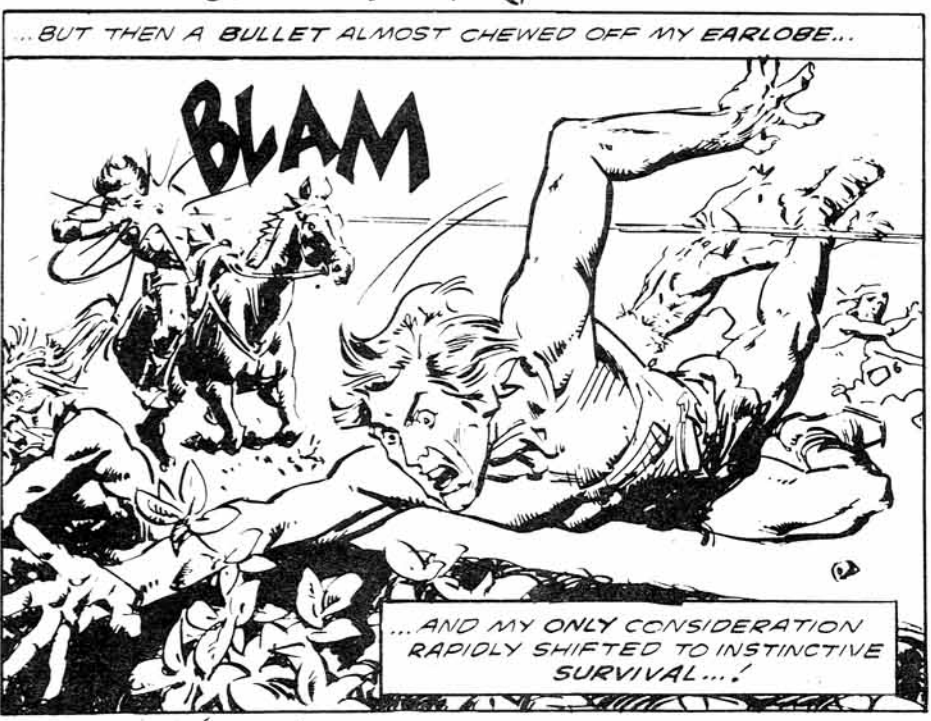
IT'S
THAT ONE--
THERE--!!



THAT APE
JUST...

...SPOKE.

I CONSIDERED SUNSTROKE...
HALLUCINATIONS...



...BUT THEN A BULLET ALMOST CHEWED OFF MY EARLOBE...

BLAM

...AND MY ONLY CONSIDERATION
RAPIDLY SHIFTED TO INSTINCTIVE
SURVIVAL...!

THE ITEMS IN THOSE TWO "STRANGE PARCELS" WERE PRECIOUS TO ME...

AND IF SOME BABBLING BABOON NAMED XIRINIUS WANTED THEM--



--HE'D HAVE TO FIGHT FOR THEM.



MY SENSES ARE A TRIFLE TOO 20TH CENTURY-DEADENED FOR ME TO BE MUCH OF AN EXPERT TRACKER...



...BUT IT'S NOT DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW A TRAIL LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES OLD...

...ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE AWARE OF THE DIRECTION IN WHICH YOUR BIZARRE GAME HAS HEADED...



SO I FOLLOWED THEM, ALWAYS CAREFUL TO REMAIN JUST OUT OF SIGHT...

...AND STILL HALF-SUSPECTING THAT MY BRAINS HAD BEEN SCRAMBLED BY THE DEFINITELY WEIRD SHORT-CUT THROUGH TIME.



AFTER ALL...

...APES DRESSED IN LEATHER--?



I SCRAMBLED INTO THE BRUSH JUST AS FRANTICALLY AS THE BEST OF MY BESTIAL BROTHER HUMANS. AFTER ALL, A SINGLE PISTOL ISN'T MUCH OF A MATCH FOR A HAL-DOZEN RIFLES...

STOP HIM--
HE'S
ESCAPING--!!

BESIDES, WHO WAS GOING TO BLAME ME--? EQUESTRIAN GORILLAS DRESSED IN THE LATEST LEATHER FASHIONS WHO EVINCE PRIDE IN THEIR PROWESS WITH A CARBINE...?

FAT CHANCE.

WE'LL NEVER
CATCH HIM NOW--!
ONCE THOSE
HUMANS GET INTO
THE THICKET,
THEY'RE GONE.

WE MAY AS WELL FACE IT.
GORODON--WE'VE LOST HIM.
A SHAME WE DIDN'T BRING
SOME BEATERS...AND THE
NETS.

DON'T YOU
THINK I REALIZE
THAT, FOOL--?

YOU'VE LOST
HIM, GENERAL
GORODON?

YOU'LL NEVER IMPRESS
XIRINIUS THAT WAY.

SILENCE,
WHELP--BEFORE
YOUR INSOLENCE
FORCES ME TO
ACT RASHLY.!!

YES SIR.

YES
SIR

NOW... ARE YOU
CERTAIN YOU HEARD
THIS STRANGE
HUMAN SPEAK...?

EXACTLY
WHAT DID HE
SAY, THEN?



AS I TOLD XIRINIUS, SIR, I COULDN'T HEAR ALL OF IT--JUST CERTAIN WORDS...

WHAT WORDS?

I THINK ONE OF THEM WAS... MUGGINGS... SIR.



"MUGGINGS"? WHAT KIND OF A WORD IS THAT?

WHAT OTHER WORDS DID YOU HEAR HIM SPEAK, WHELP?

JUST ONE OTHER, GENERAL GORODON... THE WORD 'START'.



NOT MUCH TO GO ON... AND CERTAINLY NOT CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT A HUMAN ACTUALLY SPOKE.

NO... BUT THERE ARE STILL THOSE TWO STRANGE PARCELS HE LEFT BENEATH THAT TREE...



THE KNAPSACK AND TOOLBOX--MY ONLY REMAINING LINKS WITH SANITY--! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THEM...



GO AND FETCH THEM, WHELP.

WE MAY AS WELL TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CITY FOR EXAMINATION...



PERHAPS XIRINIUS WILL KNOW SOMETHING OF THEM--AS WELL AS THAT LARGE..THING...WHICH FELL FROM THE SKY.

WE PLAYED CAUTIOUS CAT AND UNSUSPECTING MICE FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR FOUR, ALWAYS PROCEEDING IN WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WESTERLY DIRECTION...

...AND THEN THE BROAD RISE REARED ITS GENTLY GRADIENT HEAD. THE FRESH TRACKS LED UP ONE SIDE...



-- AND WHEN I LOOKED DOWN OVER THE OTHER...

WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT SHOCKS SEEM TO COME IN THREES.



IT LOOKED LIKE ADOBE-- SUN-BAKED MUD WHICH HAD SOMEHOW BEEN COAXED TO OOZE IN A BIZARRE, FLOWING PATTERN OF IMPERFECT DOMES AND CAUSEWAYS. IN CERTAIN WAYS, THE ENTIRE COMPLEX SEEMED HAPHAZARD -- A STRANGE CONSEQUENCE OF NATURE'S CAPRICE...

BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBT IT HAD BEEN PLANNED AND DESIGNED. IT WAS A DELIBERATE COMMUNITY, SCULPTED FROM NATURE'S MOST BASIC AND ELEMENTAL MATERIALS. AND THERE WAS NO DENYING IT: ITS CONFIGURATION CONFORMED--PRECISELY TO WHAT ONE WOULD IMAGINE APES MIGHT BUILD... HAD THEY SUFFICIENT INTELLIGENCE.



AND THE APES IN THIS FUTURE EARTH... OBVIOUSLY DID!

BUT GREATER SHOCKS AWAIT DARYL ZANE-- AND YOU-- IN NEXT ISSUE'S CONTINUATION OF...

"KINGDOM of the APES!"

APES FORUM

Dear Stan,

I must admit that I'm a newcomer to Marvel comics. The week before last I bought my first Marvel comic and — What a Knockout! The particular issue was issue 8 of Planet of The Apes and I only bought it because I was interested in the TV programme. But there is one criticism. The comic was all right up to page 15 and then you go and spoil all the good work. Why do you include comic strips like "Ka-Zar" and "This Man..."? If it was all Planet of The Apes you would have a fab comic and a fan who thinks "Planet of The Apes" is the best comic in the world!

Chris Randell,
Stockport, Cheshire.

First off, let's say how sincerely pleased we are to have you join us! And now you've found us we'd better warn you of something. We're gonna do our best never to let you go! So now you know what you're up against! Okay—so you would have preferred to have seen all Apes material instead of having them share the pages with other strips. But this you have to understand. Those other strips are very, very popular with a great and growing number of Marvelites. You could even learn to love 'em yourself!

Dear Stan,

I have just finished reading the 17th issue of Planet of The Apes and have finally decided that it is the best mag ever published in Britain. The only other mag which stands up to its quality is Dracula Lives, in which the artwork is fantastic. Congratulations, Mike Ploog! My only disappointment is having missed the very first two issues of each mag. What I am driving at is that if any kind-hearted fellow-reader has any of these mags to spare, would be please let me know.

Rik Lyon,
1M, Harold Road,
Haydock, Nr. St. Helens,
Merseyside.

What took you so long, Rik? You mean to say you had to reach ish 17 before you convinced yourself? Okay, we'll forgive you. Only on the strict understanding that you don't let it happen again! And here's wishing you success in that first-issue safari of yours. But our guess is that you sure need Lady Luck on your side...

Dear Stan,

If any of your readers are the ever-loving' ape fan variety, and if in particular they are fans of Roddy McDowall (alias Galen, alias Cornelius etc.) and are wearied by the lack of Fan Club or information source on superchimp, then maybe they'd like to know Margie. She'd love to know them, and she's been a follower of the Marvellous McDowall's acting career for so long there's hardly a thing she doesn't know about him. She is: Margie Jones, 33 Ramsbottom St., Accrington, Lancs, BB5 /BZ. And keep up the Apes mag — we'll luv ya forever!

Roger Yorke.

Okay, Roger! We printed it, and we only hope Margie knows what she's in for!

Dear Chris,

I am writing to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your article about The Planet of the Apes cast in issue No. 15 of The Planet of The Apes magazine.

The pictures were really great, especially those of James Naughton. If you have any spare pictures or information about James they would be gratefully received.

I am sure any other articles about the Planet of The Apes cast will be appreciated by the many thousands of fans, including myself. Keep up the good work.

Wendy Fawcett,
Woolwich, London.

Dear Chris,

I think your article on 'Planet of The Apes' on TV was superb — especially about James Naughton. In all my 'James Naughton information-hunting' career, I've never found anything so marvellously written about the series. As you've probably already gathered, I'm an absolutely crazy James Naughton fan, and you're so lucky to have actually seen him in the flesh...

Perhaps one day I'll get round to going to the USA and meeting him, but until I do perhaps you could help me and keep happy by sending me either some pictures or information on James.

Helen Zahra,
Plumstead, London.

Dear Stan,

I am a mad Planet of the Apes fan. Could you please, please, please tell me where I can write to the three marvellous stars, Roddy, Ron and James. Oh, yeah, it ended on TV. 'cause someone told me it had and did and I just felt like locking myself away in a lonely dark room for ever and crying my heart out. And my biggest dream is to meet the three stars one day.

Kathleen Cole,
Wesley Castle, Birmingham.

Hooo boy! The Planet of The Apes has not been unnoticed by the fair sex, and here, to prove that statement, are just three of the countless letters we've received from ardent admirers of the three stars of the TV series. We'd like to be able to help by mailing out photographs of Roddy, Ron and James to all those who need them. But this we can't do, for the very good reason that we don't have 'em! But here's news to lift the hearts of all those who crave to feel closer to the "Planet". Two Merry Marvel Misses have gained permission from Ron and James to start a "Planet" fan-club. So why not write to them — and help them out with their venture. Their addresses were on our newspaper a week or so ago. Now to all T.V. apes fans everywhere — your favourite stars will be seen again on your screens when the T.V. companies show a re-run of the first series over again, possibly in the summer. So don't lose heart ya hear?

apes forum MARVEL COMICS LTD Room 106 52 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON WC1V 6RZ