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

PLANET OF THE APES

BEGINNING: AN ALL-NEW APES BLOCKBUSTER--

"KINGDOM ON AN ISLAND OF THE APES!"

MARVEL COMIC GROUP
NO. 31
WEEK ENDING MAY 24, 1975

36 GREAT PAGES

8p
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 I'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.

HERBERT GEORGE, IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW--!

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...

MICHELLE--!
AGAIN I WAS AWARE THAT MICHELLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, BUT THOSE ROSE-COLOURED SPECS DELUSIONS 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...

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...

--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.

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

AND THAT BOTHERS YOU...

YOU KNOW IT DOES, DEREK-- I'VE DISCUSS 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--

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...

The Purple Onion and Grill...

And anyway, how was I supposed to know that this wasn't one of those times?

I staggered to my building, hating Michelle...

...and fumbled the lights on, loving her.

We'll show her, pal—we'll show 'em all...

Ol' Herbert Georcell be proud of us. Who cares about today's page—? Who cares about today—?

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...

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.
...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 MORNING
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 EVEN THE MOST SUGAR-
FLOOSED 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. KROSTEIN, MY FLIGHT WAS DELAYED BY THE...

NOW THEN--YOU SAID YOUR BUSINESS CONCERNED THE MISSING ASTRONAUTS, TAYLOR, DOOSE, 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.
YES, MR. KRIGSTEIN -- AND IT
REPRESENTS THE MOST DRAMATIC
SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE OF THIS OR
ANY OTHER CENTURY -- WHICH, OF
OF COURSE IS WHY I BROUGHT MY
FINDINGS TO YOU.

NATURALLY I
REALIZE THAT YOUR
FIELD HERE AT NASA
IS SPACE TRAVEL -- BUT
I'M SURE YOU REALIZE
THAT A COMPARABLE
BUREAU PERTAINING TO
TIME TRAVEL DOESN'T
EVEN EXIST YET.

...SO WHEN I FIRST
LEARNED OF DR. OTTO
HASSLEIN'S REMARKABLE
THEORIES CONCERNING
TIME, DIMENSIONAL MATRICES,
AND INFINITE REGRESSION...

-- I DECIDED TO
COMBINE MY TWO NATURAL
SKILLS IN AN ATTEMPT TO
CREATE A PRACTICAL
APPLICATION OF DR. HASSLEIN'S
THEORY... TO LEARN THE
SECRETS OF INFINITY AND
ALL THAT...

BUT IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT
THERE MIGHT BE A MORE IMMEDIATE USE
FOR SUCH AN APPLICATION. YOU SEE, IT'S MY
THEORY BASED, OF COURSE, ON HASSLEIN'S
THEORY OF TIME CURVES OR WARS -- THAT
THE MISSING ASTRONAUTS ARE NOT LOST
IN SPACE AT ALL...

...BUT RATHER,
LOST SOMEWHERE
IN TIME -- IN THE
FUTURE.

NOW -- ASSUMING MY
POSTULATION IS CORRECT,
AND USING THE VELOCITY
AND TRAJECTORY OF THE
MISSING ASTRONAUTS'
SPACECRAFT AS THE KEY
FUNCTIONS OF ALL
EQUATIONS...

I CALCULATE
THAT THEY ARE
LOST SOMEWHERE
IN THE VICINITY
OF THE YEAR 3975 D.A.
SO THAT'S WHAT YOU CALCULATE, IS IT? TELL ME, MR ZANE, HAVE YOU EVER SUCCESSFULLY USED THIS TIME MACHINE OF YOURS -- ACTUALLY TRAVELED THROUGH TIME, I MEAN?"

WELL... NO, NOT ACTUALLY... NOT PERSONALLY...

BUT I KNOW IT'LL WORK.

OH? HOW DO YOU KNOW? BECAUSE I SAW THE PROTOTYPE DISAPPEAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES -- IT'S PROBABLY STILL SPEEDING UP THE LINE OF TIME RIGHT NOW...

LOOK, MR. KRIGSTEIN, I KNOW THIS IS ALL...

--ALL VERY INTERESTING, MR. ZANE. BUT I SEE I'M LATE FOR MY NEXT APPOINTMENT, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME EITHER... I EXPECTED SCEPTICISM -- BUT YOU CAN'T JUST DISMISS ME WITHOUT EVEN--

THIS IS MY OFFICE, MR. ZANE, INSIDE ITS FOUR WALLS, I MAY DO WHATEVER I LIKE.

THE DOOR IS OVER THERE, WILL YOU PLEASE CLOSE IT FROM THE OTHER SIDE -- OR MUST I PLACE A CALL TO SECURITY PERSONNEL?

DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF, MR. KRIGSTEIN. THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE A STRONG ENOUGH STRAIT-JACKET AT THEIR DISPOSAL...

...SO I'LL JUST MAKE MATTERS EASIER BY LEAVING QUIETLY...

...BEFORE THE STUFFINESS HERE SUFFOCATES ME.

AND THAT WAS THE SECOND TIME I SHOULDN'T'VE KNOWN, AND IT WAS RIGHT THEN I REALIZED THERE'D NEVER BE A THIRD, I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I HAD TO DO -- AND IT STARTED WITH RETRIEVING MY NOTES...
...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-couple, those two— but they were all that mattered to me...

So why hang around when they'd made their disinterest abundantly clear—?

I'd already equipped the time-machine with a tool-kit. So I jammed the backpack 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 WIPING SWIRS 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 HELLO 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.

RINEFROSTED 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—EVERYTHING, A NORMAL SKY FORMED OUTSIDE THE MODULE...

THE TRIP WAS OVER—

-- AND ENDED WITH AN EVEN BIGGER BANG!!

CHAPTER 2

ARRIVAL

SHRASH
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.

...because that seemed to be it. I could like these new surroundings, or loathe them. But there was escaping them...

At least not in the scrap-heap of mangled metal sprawled at my feet.

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...

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 the "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 20th 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 disposed inhabitants of this unknown future...

...but I wasn’t depending on it.
I HIKED ALL DAY SEEING NOBODY AND NOTHING...

...AND EVEN LESS AFTER THICK NIGHTFALL.

So I slept...

...and dreamed realities of Michelle trapped in the same fantasy I was...

At dawn, I learned that alarm clocks are pitifully poor substitutes for eyelid-baking sunlight.

So I awoke...

...and stared full in the face of my biggest shock in two centuries.

Who on Earth?
They weren't exactly sterling representatives from what I'd call an advance civilization... but at least they were company...

Great company who didn't speak English... or apparently any language...

I wondered if mankind had evolved to a state of telepathy...

...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—!!

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 Kirinious wanted them--

...he'd have to right 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...!!

Fat chance.

We'll never catch him now-- once those humans get into the thicket, they're gone.

Besides, who was going to blame me-- equestrian gorillas dressed in the latest leather fashions who evoke pride in their prowess with a carbine...?

We may as well face it, Gorodin... we've lost him. A shame we didn't bring some beaters and the nets.

Don't you think I realize that, fool...?

Silence, whelp... before your insolence forces me to act rashly...!!

Now... are you certain you heard the strange human speak...?

Yes sir.

Yes sir.

Exactly. What did he say, then?
AS I TOLD XIRINUS, SIR, I COULDN'T HEAR ALL OF IT--JUST CERTAIN WORDS...

WHAT WORDS?

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

WHAT OTHER WORDS DID YOU HEAR HIM SPEAK, WHELP?

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

JUST ONE OTHER GENERAL GORDON... 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 XIRINUS 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 WHEN I LOOKED DOWN OVER THE OTHER...

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

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

IT LOOKED LIKE ADOBE--SUN-BAKED MUD WHICH HAD SOMEHOW BEEN COOKED TO COZE 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 ISSUES CONTINUATION OF...

"KINGDOM OF THE APES!"
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 "Tarzan?" 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'll be sure you have something. We're going to 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 the 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 pleased 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 us 17 before you convinced yourself? Okay, we'll forgive you. Only the strictest 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 surely 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 worried by the lack of Fan Club or information source on superchimp, then maybe they'd like to know Margie. She's love to know them, and she's been a follower of the Marvellous McDowell'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, BBS/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 Naughton, you would be grateful for receipt.

Surely 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 Zabra,  
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, because someone told me it had and it didn't. 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.

Hooey 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 Roddy 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?