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

PLANET OF THE APES

BEGINNING--MARVEL'S STUNNING ADAPTATION OF BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES!
"This is the Truth Eternal: Whatever thinks can speak.

And whatever speaks... can murder.

When the astronaut, Taylor, first came among us from a voyage in outermost space, he learned that man, after having passed through a fold in the fourth dimension...

That dimension is time, and Taylor knew that he had aged beyond the elapsed time of his voyage by two thousand years and ten.

Now Taylor hated war.

And since man had made war upon himself—murdered himself—perfidy and fraud, since the first town was built and burned and bloodied...

...Taylor believed that the race of man was hopeless.

Yet the great apes were hardly better; they put Taylor in a cage... as they had once been caged.

When he and his woman escaped from the city of the apes into the bleak wilderness called Forbidden Zone...

...he found a desert land of rock and stone—barren, desolate, devoid of life and eternally laid waste by man's vilest war in mankind's history...

...and here, in this forsaken wilderness, Taylor first set eyes upon..."
NOOOOO!!
BLAST YOU--
BLAST YOU ALL
TO HELL!!

... AND
TAYLOR
KNOWED...

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

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

BENEATH THE
PLANET OF THE APES

Writer: DOUG MOENCH  Art: ALFREDO ALCALA
THREE DAYS HAVE NOW PASSED... THREE DAYS SINCE TAYLOR FIRST SET EYES ON THE STATUE... AND HOWLED IN ANGUISH AT THE GHOST OF LIBERTY...

THREE DAYS OF INTERMINABLE TREKKING...
A MINDLESS JOURNEY THROUGH DESOLATION AND WASTE...
THROUGH ROCKY, ARID TERRAIN AND TRAVELESS DESERT...

AN OASIS...
BUT THE TREES ARE DEAD...

...POISONED...

IT SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT, NOVA...
YOU AND THE HORSE MIGHT AS WELL WET YOUR WHISTLES. GOD KNOWS WE COULD USE A CHEERFUL TUNE...
So where do we go from here...

Or do we just stop off and found a new human colony to play house together like Adam and Eve...

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

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

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

No-vá... No-vá... No-vá...

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

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

All right, let's try it this way... I'm Taylor. Tay-lor... Tay-lor... Tay-lor...

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

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

Taylor, that's who. Say it -- say my name... Tay-lor...
AND AGAIN
THE TREK
RESUMES...
A JOURNEY
LARGELY
PASSED IN
HOLLOW
SILENCE...

AND THE
MOCKING
ECHELON
OF
SILENCE...

...UNTIL...

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

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

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

LET'S GO
SEE.
THEN, AS THEY SLOWLY APPROACH THE JUMBLE OF CHARRED RUINS...

A WALL OF WHINING FLAME ABRUPTLY SPURTS FROM THE GROUND...

WHAT... WHAT THE BLAZES IS FEEDING IT--??

THERE'S NOTHING TO BURN!!

PANICKED, TAYLOR'S MOUNT BOLTS AWAY FROM THE CRACKLING SCREEN OF FIRE...

HANG ON, NOVA-- IF I CAN GET THIS HORSE UNDER CONTROL, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TRY A DIFFERENT APPROACH...

THEN, WITH THE HORSE SUFFICIENTLY RESTRAINED...

OKAY, HERE WE GO AGAIN...

BUT BEFORE TAYLOR'S SECOND APPROACH IS SCARCELY BEGUN--

-- THE SKIES BLACKEN WITH THICK STORM CLOUDS, FORMED INSTANTLY AND FROM NOTHING...

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...!!

THE SKY CRACK WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, AND JAGGED BOLTS OF NEON-LIGHTNING STAB DOWN TO IMPALE THE GROUND-- LIKE THE GLITTERING STAKES OF AN ELECTRIFIED PICKET FENCE...
AGAIN, TAYLOR'S MOUNT BOLTS IN PANICKED FRENZY...

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

THEN, EVEN AS THE SKY CLEARS BEHIND THEM...

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

THIS IS INSANE-- IT'S SHEER MADNESS!

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

AND YET AGAIN, THE RUINS ARE BLOCKED FROM THEM-- BY A FOURTH DEMONSTRATION OF NATURE GONE BERSERK...

A WALL OF ICE--?! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON--?!

A MINUTE AGO, THAT WASN'T HERE-- IT JUST WASN'T HERE--! AND THERE'S NO WAY ON EARTH IT CAN BE HERE NOW--?

BUT IT ISN'T JUST ME WHO'S SEEING IT-- YOU SEE IT TOO, DON'T YOU, NOVA?...

CAN TWO PEOPLE HAVE THE SAME NIGHTMARE?!

LOOK, NOVA-- I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

THAT FISSURE IS STILL RIPPING THE GROUND BEHIND US-- YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE--!
GO TO THE APE CITY...
NOT TO THE GORILLAS...

GO TO THE CHIMPANZEE QUARTER-- THERE'S NO OTHER WAY-- I FIND ZIRA-- ZI-RA-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

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

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

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

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

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

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

...UNTIL THERE IS NOTHING...

EEEFFFFFFFF!!

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

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

AT THE WRECK
OF A SMALL
RECONNAISSANCE
SPACECRAFT...

WHO'S
THAT?

JUST ME,
AGAIN, SIR...

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

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

BRENT... I CAN'T SEE...

HAVE YOU
CONTACTED
THEM? HAVE
YOU CONTACTED
EARTH...?
TRYED TO, SIR, NOT A CRACKLE.

ISN'T THE SET OPERATIONAL?

WELL...? WHAT WAS... THE READING...?

THREE--NINE--FIVE--FIVE.

NOT HOURS, YEARS.

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

HOURS? THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY-FOUR--

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

A.D., SIR.

ALMIGHTY GOD.

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

WHAT ABOUT US? WHERE ARE WE?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YES... BUT WHICH SUN IS IT?

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

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

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

OXYGEN--MORE OXYGEN...

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

...JUST FINE...

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

NEXT: NOVA RIDES TOWARD A--"FATEFUL ENCOUNTER!!"
Dear Stan,

Here I am writing to Marvel again. I still think your mags are the greatest, especially the new ones you have just brought out. The other week I saw you on TV, on 'Magpie', which I found interesting to watch.

Last Friday I went to the cinema to see "Planet of the Apes" and "Escape from the Planet of the Apes", both of which were very good. I noticed how similar "Planet of the Apes" was to your first story in the new magazine "Planet of the Apes", which I now get every week. I like the artwork and the presentation of the stories.

Before I finish, I would like to be awarded a K.O.F. as two of my friends buy your new Marvel mags every week thanks to my encouragement. Also, if any readers are interested, I have Mighty World of Marvel 20 — 120 inclusive and Avengers 1 — 71 inclusive for sale.

John Lane,
East Farm, Aston Eyre,
Morrill, Bridgnorth,
Shropshire.

Stand tall, face front — because as from now you're the owner of the KOF. Ever-obliging, as we earnestly endeavour to be, we've published your announcement concerning those Marvel mags you're disposing of. But aren't you gonna MISS a collection like that?

Dear Stan,

I think that Planet of the Apes comic is one of the best comics going and I wondered how on earth you managed to think of such a great comic. Mind you, I would like to see the stories about Pete, Alan and Galen and not about the films. I also think that your interviews are great.

Oh, and Stan. Do you think that they will change their minds and carry on filming "Planet of the Apes", let alone bring it back on our screens?

Carol Smith,
Dagenham, Essex.

We're still as convinced as ever that "Planet of the Apes" is one of the most fascinating ideas in entertainment for a long, long time. So, although we don't have and never have had, any hand in the making of the Apes films, we just can't see such a fine situation enjoyed by so many people, abandoned. Which means, that in our view there's every good reason to keep hoping.

Dear Bullpen,

My first thoughts on purchasing Planet of The Apes No. 23 were that the gentleman on the cover looked remarkably like my old friend Killraven. On turning to the first page, imagine my excitement to see Mr. Neal Adams credited with the art. The challenge of drawing the apes must have been too much to resist, thought I innocently. How disappointing to discover, therefore, that the whole thing was a panel by panel copy of the first issue of your American mag 'War of the Worlds'. Add a few apes' heads here and there, substitute the word 'ape' for 'martian', and you've got a story.

Still, this isn't just a complaining letter, and after all that's gone before, I hope you can lend an ear to a few suggestions.

As it is obvious that the aforementioned situation will continue to arise in Planet of The Apes, I suggest you change the title of the mag to 'Science Fiction Weekly'. This would be in keeping with the general line that the mag is taking, with the Sci-Fi adaptations and the Gullivar Jones series.

Anyway, I still think Planet of The Apes is a fine mag, and will go on buying it, hoping that the Killraven affair will not continue for too long.

Ken Harrison,
Leigh, Lancs.

Okay, Ken. You're one of the world's privileged people. Because long before Ish 23 of Planet of The Apes came into your possession, you knew the experience of enjoying a picture story executed by Neal Adams. So can you really fault us for bringing that experience to a host of Marvelites to whom Neal Adams had been but a name? And as for 'the general line that the mag is taking' (to quote you), we can reveal that the line the mag WILL be taking is a 12-part series of Beneath The Planet of The Apes. Then a two-part adaptation of "Day of The Triffids" by John Wyndham. Guess we shouldn't be revealing all these secrets, but you kinda stung us into it!
The Planet of the Apes

The film Beneath Ape Doctor's Scenes from the Memoirs of the Human Astronaut at