

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



**MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP**

NO. 41
WEEK ENDING
AUG. 2, 1975

PLANET OF THE APES

8p

HAS THE
ASTRONAUT BRENT
ESCAPED THE
CLUTCHES OF THE
APES--ONLY
TO FALL VICTIM
TO A FAR WORSE
EVIL?

FIND OUT IN:
"THE **HORROR**
INQUISITION"

BONUS FEATURE--
THE SENSES-
SHATTERING
CONCLUSION OF
"THE **DAY** OF
THE **TRIFFIDS**"



THE HORROR INQUISITION

IN SEARCH OF THE LOST ASTRONAUT **TAYLOR**, SHIP'S MEDIC **BRENT** HAS DISCOVERED THAT HIS STARCRAFT HAD SOMEHOW PIERCED THE VEIL OF **TIME**... AND HAS **NOT** DEPOSITED HIM ON AN **ALIEN** WORLD, BUT RATHER BACK ON **EARTH**-- EARTH OF THE FUTURE, NOW A PLANET IMPOSSIBLY DOMINATED BY INTELLIGENT **APES**.

SEPARATED FROM HIS INDIGENOUS (AND PRIMITIVE) HUMAN COMPANION, THE LOVELY **NOVA**, **BRENT** HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY A MORE **SOPHISTICATED** CULTURE OF HUMANS, A CULTURE WHICH HAS CHOSEN TO WORSHIP A **NUCLEAR WARHEAD**... AS **GOD**.

AND NOW, THE INTERROGATION BEGINS--

ALL RIGHT... ALL **RIGHT**, SO YOU'VE MASTERED **TELEPATHY**-- AND 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!**



BUT EVEN AS THE DEFIANT WORDS ARE VOICED, **BRENT** SOMEHOW **KNOWS**-- DEEP WITHIN HIS **MIND**-- THAT DEFIANCE **HERE**, **HERE** IN THIS BIZARRE AMPHITHEATRE, IS NO MORE THAN **WORDS**...

THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CHAMBER AS THE FAT MAN JERKS HIS HEAD TOWARD THE PRISONER...



... AND BRENT TRUCULENTLY REPLIES.

BRENT.

AGAIN, THE ABRUPT NOD OF SILENCE...



JOHN CHRISTOPHER.

AND WHO ARE YOU?



I SEE. YOU... ARE THE ONLY REALITY IN THE UNIVERSE. AND EVERYTHING ELSE IS ILLUSION.

WELL, THAT'S NICE TO KNOW. I'LL REMEMBER IT THE NEXT TIME I MEET A MIRROR...



THIS TIME, THE NOD IS CURT, AND A GLOWER OF DISDAIN REMAINS BEHIND IT...

I GOT HERE BY ACCIDENT.

WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?



A NERVE HAS BEEN TOUCHED BY BRENT'S BELLIGERENT AFFRONT, BUT BEFORE THE FAT MAN CAN VENT HIS REPRISAL A NEW INQUISITOR LEANS FORWARD... AND ALMOST CHEERFULLY ASSUMES THE INTERROGATION.

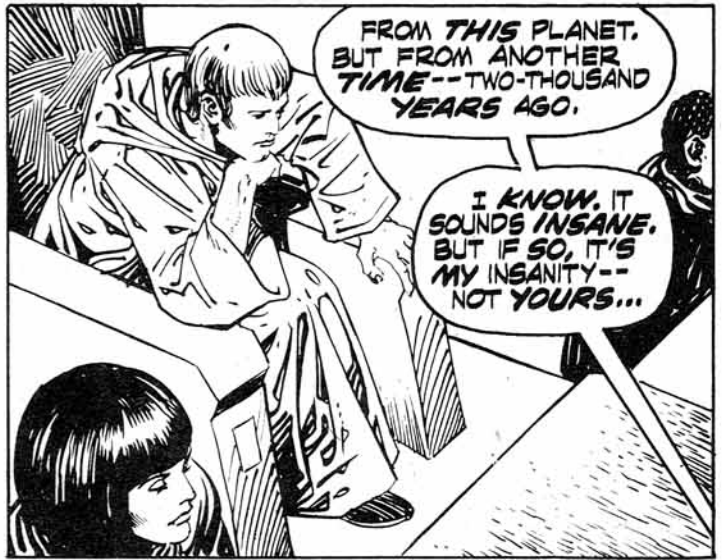
YOU'RE WAY OFF. WHY SHOULD I WANT TO SPY ON YOU?

PERSONALLY, I'M NOT EVEN SURE YOU EXIST...



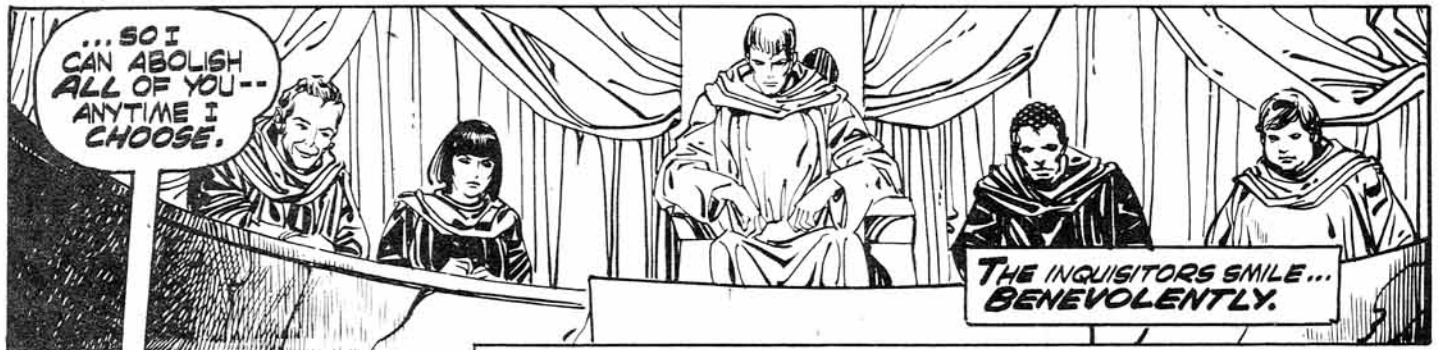
CERTAINLY I KNOW WHO I AM. I'M AN ASTRONAUT--

--AND I'M HERE BECAUSE I'M LOST. IT CAN HAPPEN TO THE BEST OF US, YOU KNOW.



FROM THIS PLANET. BUT FROM ANOTHER TIME--TWO-THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

I KNOW. IT SOUNDS INSANE. BUT IF SO, IT'S MY INSANITY-- NOT YOURS...



... SO I CAN ABOLISH ALL OF YOU-- ANYTIME I CHOOSE.

THE INQUISITORS SMILE... BENEVOLENTLY.



AND THEN--

WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO LOOK BEHIND ME...?

SOME SORT OF SCREEN...?



... WHICH ABRUPTLY COMES TO LIFE AS THE CENTRAL INQUISITOR NODS TOWARD IT.

NO, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET BACK. WE CAME THROUGH A DEFECT--

A KIND OF SLIPPAGE IN TIME ITSELF.



AND IF BRENT RECOGNIZES THE FIGURE PROJECTED ONTO THE SCREEN, HE OFFERS NO INDICATION OF IT...

MY SKIPPER DIED. I'M ALONE.

THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE
FAT MAN NODS...



... AND A NEW
IMAGE IS PROJECTED
ON THE SCREEN.



ANOTHER
NOD...



... AND ANOTHER
PROJECTION.



AGAIN--



AND AGAIN...



AND THROUGHOUT
THE DURATION
OF EACH OF THE
FOUR IMAGES--

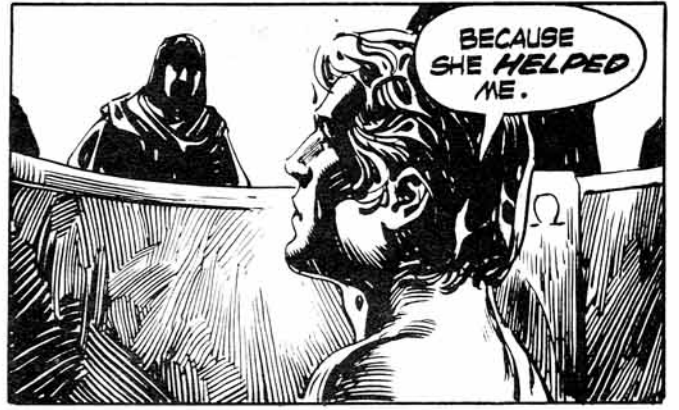


-- BRENT REMAINS AS SILENT AS
THE INTERROGATORS...













...ONE WE EMPLOY ONLY WHEN **NECESSARY.**





NONSENSE--!

BLESSED BE THE BOMB EVERLASTING--

UTTER NONSENSE--!!

-- TO WHOM ALONE WE MAY REVEAL OUR INMOST TRUTH, AND WHOM WE SHALL SERVE ALL OUR DAYS IN PEACE.



YEAH-- UNTIL YOU FIRE IT AT THE APES.

WELL--? IT'S OPERATIONAL, ISN'T IT?

THE FIRING MECHANISM IS INTACT, ISN'T IT?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!

THE BOMB IS A HOLY WEAPON OF PEACE...



YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING? YOU BOZOS HAVE GONE COMPLETELY CRACKERS--

-- BECAUSE WHERE I COME FROM, THE BOMB IS A BLOODY WEAPON OF HELL!?!





AND IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT IT'S--



WE ARE A PATIENT PEOPLE, MR. BRENT. WE CAN REPEAT THIS LITTLE LESSON AS OFTEN AS YOU INSIST...



...AND WE SHALL REPEAT IT, BECAUSE WE ARE ALSO A DETERMINED PEOPLE --

--AND WE ARE DETERMINED TO KNOW WHAT THE APES WANT: WAR, OR PEACE.



TRY TO UNDERSTAND-- THE ONLY WEAPONS WE HAVE ARE PURELY ILLUSION.

YOU IMAGINED HE WAS HURTING YOU.



BECAUSE I IMAGINED I WAS HURTING YOU, ARE YOU IN PAIN NOW?

NO IMAGINARY BONES BROKEN? OR BLOOD FLOWING?

NO.



OR EYEBALLS BURSTING? OR GUTS SPILLING? OR SPLATTERED BRAINS SPURTING? OR--



NO!



THEN I HAVE HURT YOU BUT NOT HARMED YOU.

TRAUMATIC HYPNOSIS IS A WEAPON OF PEACE.

YES... LIKE THE--



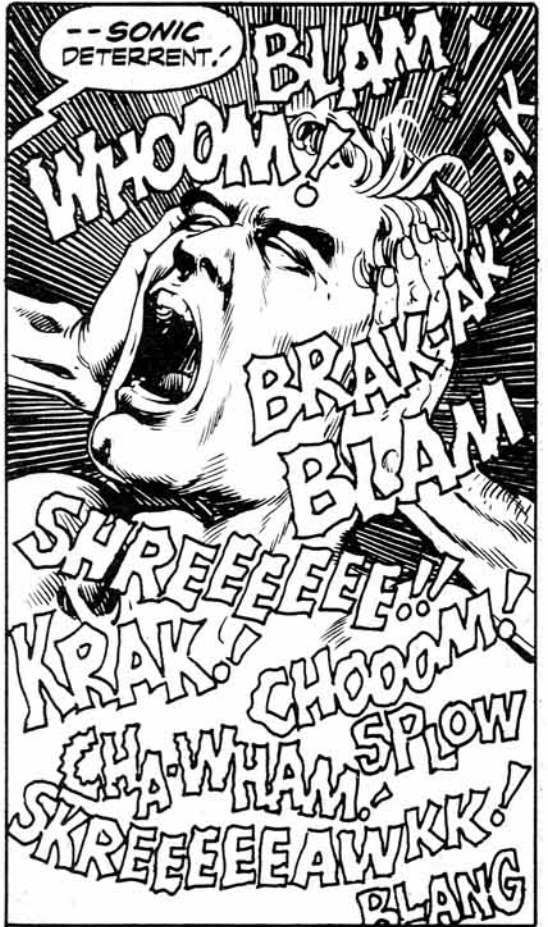
-- VISUAL DETERRENT.

FWOOM!



OR LIKE THE--

FWSHSHSH!



-- SONIC DETERRENT!

BLAM!
WHOOOM!
BRAK-BRAK
BLAM
SHREEEEEEEE!!
KRACK!
CHOOOM!
CHAWHAM!
SKREEEEEAUWK!
BLANG



WEAPONS OF PEACE, MR. BRENT.

LIKE ALL OUR WEAPONS.

MERE ILLUSION.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!



apes mail

Dear Stan and The Gang,

I am one of the original Marvel supporters. I have collected Marvel and Spiderman from soon after their beginnings, and Avengers and Planet of the Apes all the way from their creation. I think all your comics are great, but you occasionally make a mistake, for which people can claim a No-Prize. So I am now claiming a No-Prize for two mistakes in issue 30 of Planet of The Apes. On the cover the story is called "Cry Apeslayer", but inside it is called "Apeslayer Dies at Dawn". Also, on page 9, San Simian's mutant pet is called "Grok" but as everyone knows, his real name is "Zom".

Neil Brooks,
Porthcawl, Glam.

We thought that long since we'd corrected the erroneous impression that the spotting of a slip in one of our mags was an automatic entitlement to a No-Prize. Seems like we were wrong, so let's take the whole thing from the top once more. First off, let's all be clear on what a 'No-Prize' is. It's exactly what it says it is — a 'No' Prize. It all began in the earlier years of Marveldom when someone wrote such a fine constructive letter to us that we declared, in our reply, that if there was some sort of prize we could award to show our appreciation then we'd award it. But since we didn't have a prize we awarded a 'No' — Prize instead. Which means that a 'No-Prize' is something you can't touch, see, hear, or smell. But that doesn't mean it doesn't exist — because any Marvelite who's ever gained one is never in any doubt about it. Yep — a 'No-Prize' is something pretty special, and can be awarded for any special service to Marvel. But 'special service' doesn't include the spotting of spelling mistakes and other minor errors in the mags. Of course, if we drop a really big one, then that's a different story. And - er - have we finally succeeded in breaking the sad news to you, Neil, that much as we like ya it's not No-Prize day for you this time?

Dear Marvel,

As I am a great fan of "Planet of the Apes" I think it is ridiculous the way the TV companies are treating the TV series "Planet of The Apes". I know there has been a follow-up to the series, but the TV companies don't know whether or not to show it on TV.

Well, I think this is unfair to the actors (especially the Apes). They go to the studios and sit for three boring hours being turned into apes. The, if that's not enough, they go through rehearsal after rehearsal, trying to get every movement and word right.

A Devoted Apes fan.

Don't give up hope just yet. We, too refuse to believe that entertainment as outstanding and as popular as "Planet of The Apes" is nevermore to be seen on our TV screens. There's gotta be SOME justice in the world!

Dear Marvel,

I get "Planet of The Apes" every week and love the features you have in the comic, especially when you have pics of James Naughton (Pete Burke). I think he's fantastic and I have written to his fan club printed in your comic.

I also like the stories in your comic. I have seen three out of five of the Apes films and have the books, jig-saw, annual etc.

I hardly ever see letters from girls, although I'm sure there are many girl fans.

Julie Murfin,
Fleetwood, Lancs.

Letters from girls scarce? In Apes Forum? Sheeeeeesh! You've just gotta be kiddin', Julie! Why even the James Naughton fan-club is run by a girl Marvelite!

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