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

PLANET OF THE APES

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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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 SENSE-SHATTERING CONCLUSION OF "THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS"
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 SIMPLEST 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.

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

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

AND THEN--
WHAT DO YOU WANT
ME TO LOOK
BEHIND ME...?

SOME SORT OF
SCREEN...?

NO, I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO GET
BACK. WE CAME
THROUGH A
DEFEAT--
A KIND OF SLIPPERAGE
IN TIME ITSELF.

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...
...UNTIL--

NOVA...? WHAT'S THAT?

A STAR? A GALAXY...?

WHO?

AAHGGK! K!

YES... KNOW HER...
BUT SHE'S HARMLESS!!!

LEAVE HER ALONE!!!

DAHHHGGG!

ALL RIGHT!!!

I DIDN'T FIND HER...

SHE FOUND ME.

I'LL TELL YOU.

TWO DAYS AGO.
DON'T BE CRUDE...!

I'M FOND OF HER -- AND GRATEFUL. THAT'S ALL.

BECAUSE SHE HELPED ME.

TO ESCAPE FROM THE APE CITY.

STOP...!!
I can't understand... can't separate... you're hurting me...!

You're all screaming at me— all at the same time...!!

He's right.

He has only limited intelligence, we should speak aloud... and one at a time.

Are we to understand that you... were inside the City of the Apes...??

Yes, two days ago.

What did you see?

You're talking...
CERTAINLY, WE CAN ALL TALK. NEVERTHELESS, IT'S A RATHER PRIMITIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT...

...ONE WE EMPLOY ONLY WHEN NECESSARY.

WHEN WE PRAY.

WHEN WE SING TO GOD...

YOUR GOD— WHAT A JOKE! YOU WORSHIP SOMETHING WE MADE TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO—

---AN ATOM BOMB---

THEN YOU'VE SEEN THE BOMB, MR. BRENT.

ABOVE THE ALTAR IN YOUR CATHEDRAL.

IT'S AN OBSCENITY.

MR. BRENT-- I CAUTION YOU AGAINST FURTHER BLASPHEMY.

YOU HAVE BEHELD GOD'S INSTRUMENT ON EARTH!

FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT, IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE BOMB-- THE BLESSING OF THE HOLY FALL OUT DESCENDED FROM ABOVE AND ANOINTED THE CHOSEN PEOPLE OF THE EARTH SO THAT OUR PEOPLE--

WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT??

--COULD BUILT A NEW CITY IN THE BLACKENED BOWELS OF THE OLD.
NONSENSE--!
BLESS BE
THE BOMB
EVERLASTING--
UTTER
NONSENSE --!!

YEAH--
UNTIL YOU
FIRE IT
AT THE
APES.

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

THE FIRING
MECHANISM IS
INTACT,
ISN'T IT ?

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

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.

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

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

OR--

YOU IMAGINED HE WAS HURTING YOU.

NO IMAGINARY BONES BROKEN OR BLOOD FLOWING?

NO.

NO.
THEN I HAVE HURT YOU BUT NOT HARMED YOU.

TRAUMATIC HYPNOSIS IS A WEAPON OF PEACE.

YES... LIKE THE --

--VISUAL DETERRENT.

--SONIC DETERRENT.

BLAM!

WHOM!

SHREEEEE!

KRACK!

BLAM!

CHOOM!

SKREEEEEAWKK!

WEAPONS OF PEACE, MR. BRENT.

LIKE ALL OUR WEAPONS.

MERE ILLUSION.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!
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.

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 no more 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 Murlin.
Fleetwood, Lancs.

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