

WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES!

8p

PLANET OF THE APEES



**'DOOM IN THE
EMERALD DEPTHS!'**

**APE AND HUMAN
UNITED AGAINST
MUTATED MONSTERS!**

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

STARKOR (LEADER OF THE HUMANS), **GRAYMALKYN** (LEADER OF THE APES), AND **ALARIC** (A HUMAN, BUT FAIR AND IMPARTIAL) FIND THEMSELVES CAUGHT IN **DWELLERON**--A LIVING SHIP RUN BY **AMBROSIA** (AN APE, BUT ALSO IMPARTIAL--IMPARTIALLY OPPOSED TO BOTH APE AND HUMAN!)



AND NOW, MY CHARMING **GUESTS** WHILE DWELLERON'S **CILIA** KEEP SILENT PACE WITH THE CITY-SHIP ABOVE, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE SOME **REST**. YOUR **QUARTERS**, I TRUST, WILL PROVE **COMFORTABLE**.

CITY-SHIP?
HE MEANS
SLAVE SHIP. ABOVE
IS A VESSEL
CALLED **DYMAXION**
WHERE HUMANS ARE
HELD AS **SLAVES**
BY MERCILESS
APES!

WITHIN THE LIVING SHIP

STORY BY
DOUG MOENCH
ART BY
TOM SUTTON

AMBROSIA'S GUARDS HAVE CONDUCTED THEM TO THEIR QUARTERS, AND DEPARTED. THEY ARE ALONE NOW... BUT UNWILLING TO REST...

HE'S MAD, ALARIC-- COMPLETELY MAD. WE MUST FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE.

SO I HAVE BEEN THINKING, GRAYMALKYN... AND WHILE I STILL AGREE WE MUST ESCAPE, PERHAPS WE'RE **WRONG** ABOUT HIS MADNESS...

WRONG...? HE BELIEVES HE'S LIVING IN THE BELLY OF SOME MONSTER FISH...

PERHAPS DELUDED IN THAT BELIEF, STARKOR... BUT IT IS HIS LIFE'S PURPOSE WHICH HAS MOST DISTURBED ME-- HIS USE OF MURDER TO END MURDER...

AND NOW I AM NOT SO CERTAIN THAT HIS REASONING IS ALTOGETHER FOUL AND CORRUPT...

FOR HIS METHODS SEEM TO DIFFER ONLY SLIGHTLY FROM THOSE WE HAVE DEVISED ABOARD THE FREEDOM REAVER.

DAY: HIGH ABOVE DWELLERON, ANOTHER VESSEL KEEPS PACE WITH THE AWESOME CITY-SHIP DYMAXION...

...AND IN THE SMALLER SHIP'S MAIN CABIN--IN ALARIC'S CABIN--MEANINGS GROW BLURRED...

REENA...? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

PERHAPS, WIDIA. I DO NOT KNOW...

ARE THERE ANY SIGNS OF ALARIC OUTSIDE...?

NONE, REENA... AND THE MEN HAVE DECIDED SIGNS ARE NOT WORTH WAITING FOR. THEY HAVE SET A COURSE TO FOLLOW THE DYMAXION--TO RAM IT...

YES... OF COURSE THEY HAVE... AND NO DOUBT THEY ARE PROCLAIMING IT IS FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANS...

AND YET, THEY'D RATHER KILL A THOUSAND APES...

...THAN TRY TO SAVE A SINGLE HUMAN LIFE.

NOT MAD, ALARIC, MERELY PRACTICAL. CHECK.

IS IT PRACTICAL, AMBROSIA, TO MURDER BECAUSE YOU DESPISE MURDER?

I EVADE YOUR CHECK.

WHEN THE VICTIM OF MY MURDER IS HIMSELF A MURDERER --TH N YES, HIS ELIMINATION IS HIGHLY PRACTICAL.

BUT YOU WOULD SLAY THOUSANDS, YOURSELF. WHY IS IT THAT YOU ALONE HAVE THE RIGHT TO MAKE SUCH JUDGEMENTS?

BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE POSSESSES MY KNOWLEDGE... MY WISDOM TO ASSESS THE PAST AND THEREBY PREDICT THE FUTURE...

NO ONE ELSE HAS MY FORESIGHT... MY POWER... OR MY SKILL.

CHECK, ALARIC.

AYE, AMBROSIA... AND MATE. I CONCEDE THE GAME.

BUT TELL ME...

...JUST HOW DO YOU DESTROY THE CITY-SHIPS?

(WAS IT CASUAL ENOUGH? DOES HE REALIZE ANOTHER GAME IS STILL BEING PLAYED...?)

I DESTROY THEM WITH THE GHOSTS OF WARS PAST...

...WARS WAGED BY YOUR KIND, ALARIC -- BY HUMANS.

I DESTROY THE FILTHY CITY-SHIPS WITH THIS, ALARIC -- ADHESIVE SUBSTANCES CALLED EXPLOSIVES. EFFECTIVE EVEN UNDERWATER...

DWELLERON NEED TAKE ONLY A TINY BIT IN HER CILIA...

THEN REACH UP AND AFFIX IT TO A SUBMERGED HULL...

... AND UPON FORCEFUL IMPACT OR THE APPLICATION OF HEAT, THE SUBSTANCE DETONATES.

THE SIGHT IS BEAUTIFUL, ALARIC -- THE SEA ROARS WITH SOUND -- THE CITY-SHIP LIFTS FROM THE WATER, SUNDERED INTO FRAGMENTS, AND CLUTTERS THE SEA FOR A LAST TIME... WITH HER FINAL WASTES!

(THEN THE REAL GAME HAS NOT BEEN LOST. HIS MADNESS -- HIS OBSESSION -- HAS REVEALED THE NEEDED INFORMATION...)

NOW COME, ALARIC... THE DYMATION IS BY CHANCE PASSING ONE OF MY ISLANDS. SINCE DWELLERON CAN EASILY OVERTAKE THE DYMATION, WE SHALL STOP TO VISIT THE ISLAND AND REPLENISH OUR SUPPLIES WITH CERTAIN DELICASIES FOUND ONLY ON LAND.



THERE, ALARIC -- THE INSIDE OF DWELLERON'S MOUTH, AND OUR PORTAL... THE HATCH THROUGH WHICH YOU ENTERED MY WORLD...

YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE ALREADY BEEN TUTORED IN THE USE OF MY AIRSUITS. YOU MAY WATCH ME...

I STILL DON'T LIKE IT, GRAYMALKYN...



WHAT IF THESE IDIOTIC SHELLS DON'T ALLOW US TO BREATHE--?

WE SHALL DROWN, I SUPPOSE.



NOW, MY GUESTS, YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE A PRIVILEGE GRANTED TO VERY FEW OUTSIDERS. YOU ARE ABOUT TO IMMERSE YOURSELVES IN A REALM OF UNFETTERED BEAUTY... THE SLOWLY SWAYING TRANQUILITY OF UTTER SILENCE...

...THE EMERALD SILENCE OF THE SEA.

PROBE THE NERVE-CENTER, GARNYA.



THE THING CALLED DWELLERON TWITCHES IN RESPONSE TO THE AGITATED NERVE-GANGLIA...

AYE, GOOD AMBROSIA.



...AND SINCE THE PROBED NERVE- ENDINGS ARE THOSE WHICH GOVERN ITS MOUTH, DWELLERON EXHALES.

THUS, TINY CREATURES BORN OF LAND ARE BREATHED INTO THE ALIEN SEA...





(THE BEAUTY--THERE IS NO OTHER WORD--
RUSHES FROM ALL SIDES, BELOW AND ABOVE,
LIFE EVERYWHERE, BRILLIANTLY COLORED
AND FILLED WITH A GRACE THE LAND
CAN NEVER KNOW... !

(THERE IS COMFORT
HERE, BEYOND THE
TERROR...)

(AND THERE IS SECURITY, BEYOND THE ISOLATION,
A SOFT AND EMERALD COOL LONELINESS IN WHICH
ONE CAN NEVER BE ALONE...)

(AMBROSIA'S FACE REFLECTS
THIS SILENT WORLD...)



(HE IS FILLED WITH
ECSTASY, WITH
BLISS... MOST OF
ALL WITH PEACE...)

(HE WAS NEVER MEANT
TO DWELL ON LAND...)

(THAT IS THE ANSWER--
PEACE--THIS LAZY WORLD
UNDER THE SEA IS PEACE
--ITS VERY NATURE PRE-
VENTS THE VIOLENT MOTIONS
OF WAR. THIS HAS BECOME
PART OF HIM...THE SEA
AND THE PEACE.)



(HIS RIDERS HAVE PRO-
CURED WHAT SEA
FOOD THEY DESIRE...
AND FLASH FORWARD
NOW, AS ESCORTS,
TOWARD A TUNNEL...)



(THE TUNNEL TURNS
UPWARD NOW...)

(...LEADS TO
AIR...)

(A POOL
SURROUNDED
BY THE
ISLAND--

(--WHICH IS IN TURN SURROUNDED BY
AMBROSIA'S BELOVED SEA.)

(HE LEADS THE CLIMB
ONTO LAND... STILL
SILENT, AND PERHAPS
STILL DREAMING...)

(IS HE UNCONCERNED
WITH THE POSSIBILITY
OF ESCAPE ATTEMPTS
... ARROGANT?)

THE GARDEN HAS
FLOURISHED SINCE
LAST I CULTIVATED IT...

(OR IS HE MERELY
PREOCCUPIED...?)

DELICIOUSLY SUCCULENT
--ALMOST WORTHY OF
THE SEA...!

(HIS APES -- READING,
HARVESTING, SAMP-
LING -- ENGROSSED,
ABSORBED IN THEIR
WORK, IN THEIR
DREAMS BEARING
CLEAN FRUIT --
AMBROSIA'S FOLLOW-
ERS, HIS ACOLYTES,
ALL WORKING WITHIN
HIS IDEAS, ALL
MODELS OF HIS
IDEAL...)

(... ALL PRE-
OCCUPIED.)

NOW, ALARIC -- WE'LL
FIND NO BETTER TIME...

AYE, GRAYMALKYN, AND QUICKLY --
BEFORE ONE OF THEM LIFTS
HIS HEAD AND --

NO! -- STOP --
COME BACK!!

AMBROSIA --
THEY'RE
ESCAPING --!!

ALARIC -- DON'T
BE A FOOL!!

LISTEN TO ME --
THEY'LL KILL
YOU -- COME
BACK!!

IT'S NO USE --
THEY WON'T
LISTEN --!
INTO YOUR
SUITS -- AT
ONCE!

QUICKLY -- ALL OF YOU --!
WE MUST RETURN TO
DWELLERON BEFORE
THEY DISTURB THE
ISLANDERS --!

(AMBROSIA'S VOICE -- FADING,
DYING ON THE WIND...)

(IN SPLASHES...?)

THIS SHOULD BE FAR
ENOUGH -- TO STOP
AND GET OUR
BEARINGS...


AYE, STARKOR, WE'VE LEFT
AMBROSIA FAR ENOUGH BE-
HIND -- BUT HIS WORDS
REFUSE TO LEAVE ME, AND
I LIKE THEM NOT...

HIS SHOUTS WARNED OF
SOMEONE... KILLING US...

DON'T BE A FOOL,
GRAYMALKYN. THIS
ISLAND IS WILD --
UNTAMED. WHO
COULD BE
LIVING --


CHOK!
THOK!

-- HERE?




SAVAGES--HURLING BRIGHT
TERROR IN EVERY VICIOUS
SNARL, DEATH IN EVERY
CRUDE WEAPON...

HEATHEN APES--THE OUTRAGED
DENIZENS OF THIS ISLAND,
WHOSE HOME HAS BEEN TRES-
PASSED...WHOSE LAND
HAS BEEN RAPED



**QUICKLY--
WE HAVE NO
CHOICE BUT
TO FLEE!**




IN THE SEA, THERE
ARE THOSE WHO
HAVE ALREADY
FLED...



...AND WHO NOW FIND THEIR
ESCAPE BLOCKED BY A FAR
MORE HIDEOUS DANGER THAN
INSPIRED THEIR FLIGHT...

THE NIGHTMARE STRIKES
SWIFTLY... FROM MANY
SIDES.



THERE ARE NO SCREAMS DOWN HERE, IN
THIS AWFUL EMERALD SILENCE, BUT THE
GLISTENING BUBBLES BURST FASTER
NOW--AS BREATH FORMS THE SOLE
EVIDENCE OF PANIC...

OF THEM ALL, AMBROSIA
ALONE ESCAPES THE
HORROR...

AMBROSIA--WHO REVERES THE SEA FOR ITS PEACE...
BUT WHO RECOGNIZES ITS VIOLENCE AND DEATH.

HE STROKES
TOWARD
WAITING
DWELLERON.

EASY ENOUGH TO SAY WE SHOULD FLEE, ALARIC...

...BUT THERE ARE THOSE WITH OTHER IDEAS--!

--AND FLEE AS THOUGH YOUR LEGS WERE BURNING--!!

IT SUCCEEDS FOR A WHILE, THE WILD RUN THROUGH WILDER FOLIAGE, BUT THEN THE ISLAND RUNS OUT UNDER THEIR FEET...

WE'RE TRAPPED, ALARIC--!

TRAPPED BY THE DAMNED SEA!!

THEN CONVINCE THEM THAT OUR IDEA IS BEST--

EYES LIKE WELCOMING BEACONS CUTTING THE DARKNESS, GUIDING THE PATH HOME, DWELLERON RECEIVES HER MASTER...

AND ONCE WITHIN WARM DWELLERON, AMBROSIA ACTIVATES NERVE IMPULSES, SQUEEZING RESPONSE FROM HIS OBEDIENT CREATION...

...GUIDING HER UPWARD...

TRAPPED OR NOT, WE MUST TRY TO ESCAPE--!

DWELLERON RISES IN FLAMING SPRAY, VESSEL OF AMBROSIA'S WILL -- RISES TO GREET THOSE WHO HAVE ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE FROM HER, AND ARE NOW IRONICALLY RESCUED BY HER...

BETTER TO DROWN, THAN LET THOSE SAVAGES TAKE US--!

ALARIC -- LOOK AHEAD, MAN --!!

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE NOW--! ENTER THE HIDEOUS THING-- BEFORE THOSE SPEARS FIND US!!

THEN, AS THE THREE FUGITIVES WILLINGLY SWIM INTO DWELLERON'S MOUTH, A CLAMOR ARISES ON THE BEACH. THE ISLANDERS HAVE WITNESSED THEIR MEAL DEVoured BY A MONSTER... AND IT IS A SIGHT THEY WILL NOT SOON FORGET.



HUNGER WILL MAKE THEM HOWL FOR HOURS.

A LONG TIME HAS PASSED SINCE DWELLERON RESUMED HER INTERRUPTED COURSE. ALARIC AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS HAVE BEEN UNDER HEAVY GUARD SINCE THEN.

(A LOSS OF TRUST NOW. PLANS WILL NEED TO BE CHANGED. AND FORCE WILL BE NECESSARY...)

THE DYMAXION WILL SOON MERGE WITH THE OTHER THREE CITY-SHIPS, TO CONDUCT THEIR FILTHY COMMERCE...

PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE SEA...



AND DWELLERON CLOSES ON ITS MANY-OARED PREY...



WE HAVE LOST MUCH OF THE CREW TO THE SEA-BEAST FROM WHICH I ESCAPED. AND TOO, OUR CAPTIVES PREVENT ME FROM SPARING THREE GUARDS...

THEREFORE, YOU TWO MUST PERFORM THE DEMOLITION PROCEDURE ALONE. THIS WILL NECESSITATE RETURNING FOR NEW EXPLOSIVES AFTER EACH SHIP IS DESTROYED.



(GOOD... PERHAPS IT WILL STILL SUCCEED... BUT ONLY AT THE COST OF DESTRUCTION TO AT LEAST ONE CITY-SHIP -- AND THE HUMAN SLAVES AT ITS OARS...)



THE FOUR BEGIN TO JOIN... MOORING THEMSELVES TO DOOM!



(MUST NOT MAKE THE SLIGHTEST MOVE-- NOTHING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION...)

(LET THEM BE ABSORBED BY AMBROSIA'S DARK GLORY...)

THEY HAVE MERGED.

TAKE THE EXPLOSIVE AND PREPARE TO LEAVE DWELLERON...



...NOW.

ONCE AGAIN, DWELLERON EXHALES...



...AND THE TWO ORANGUTAN DIVERS ARE EXPELLED TO THEIR TASK.

THE FIRST DIVER FIRES A LINED HARPOON TO DYMAXION'S HULL...



...THEN ANCHORS THE LINE AS THE SECOND DIVER HAULS HIMSELF UPWARD...



...TO APPLY THE GELATINOUS EXPLOSIVE TO ITS TARGET.



HE THEN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO FLOAT DOWN TOWARD HIS WAITING COMPANION...



...THERE TO MOVE HIS ARM IN A SILENT SIGNAL WHICH SCREAMS--



NOW!



TAKE THEIR WEAPONS BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO THINK--!!



THE SECOND HARPOON STREAKS UPWARD...



ALARIC-- DON'T BE A FOOL!

KEEP AWAY FROM THOSE EXPLOSIVES--!




SHUT UP, APE-- THIS HELLISH SHIP HAS A NEW MASTER NOW!

THE EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCE AFFIXED TO THE HULL OF THE DYMAXION HAS BEEN DESIGNED TO DETONATE UPON APPLICATION OF HEAT OR FORCEFUL IMPACT.



THE HARPOON APPROACHES IT FORCEFULLY...



...AND UPON IMPACT, AN
ENTIRE CITY-SHIP IN THE
PROCESS OF TRADE-
POLLINATION--

--DIES.

DIES HORRENDOUSLY.

DIES... FROM
THE BOTTOM...

...UP.



YOUR MAD DREAM IS DEAD, AMBROSIA! LISTEN TO THE REALITY I OFFER IN ITS PLACE--!

AND LISTEN WELL, APE --IF YOUR LIFE MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU.



ABANDON YOUR CAMPAIGN OF DESTRUCTION-- JETTISON YOUR STORE OF EXPLOSIVES -- OR I WILL TOUCH THIS FLAME TO THEM AND DESTROY US ALL... AS WELL AS YOUR BELOVED DWELLERON ...FROM INSIDE OUT.

AND I WANT YOUR ANSWER NOW-- BEFORE YOUR TWO DIVERS RETURN...!

YOU-- YOU'RE MAD...!



YOU CAN'T MEAN IT-- YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT YOU'D SACRIFICE YOUR OWN LIVES... JUST TO SAVE THOSE CITY-SHIPS...?



NOT THE SHIPS, AMBROSIA--THE LIVES THEY CONTAIN...THE HUMAN SLAVES -- AND YES, THE APES AS WELL.

(CLOSER...)



BUT...BUT WHAT YOU PROPOSE TO DO IS NOBLE ...CAN'T BE... THERE IS NO NOBILITY...NO LOYALTY...NOTHING BUT TREACHERY AND GREED, FILTH AND WAR...



(HOW CLOSE BEFORE THE HEAT DETONATES IT--FCLOSER. THE ONLY WAY. DO IT...DO IT!)



N-NO--MOVE THE FLAME AWAY!

I AGREE TO YOUR DEMANDS -- I SHALL JETTISON THE EXPLOSIVES...



YOU HAVE SHOWN ME NOBILITY OUTSIDE OF MYSELF...

MY DREAM... IS DEAD...



IT IS NOT EASY FOR A WOMAN LIKE REENA TO CRY. STILL, SHE HAS LOST ALL HER TEARS NOW...



...SPENT THEM INTO THE SEA, MORE TEARS THAN ALL THE REST OF HER LIFE HAS EVER KNOWN...



...AND IT HAS NOT BROUGHT ALARIC BACK. SHE WILL WEEP NO MORE...



LOOK!! THERE IS MORE THAN ONE -- YOUR EYES SAW TRUE, ZADNEK!



AYE-- THREE OF THEM...

AND IT LOOKS LIKE A FOURTH HAS JUST SUNK--!

THEN IT WAS NOT THUNDER WE HEARD...

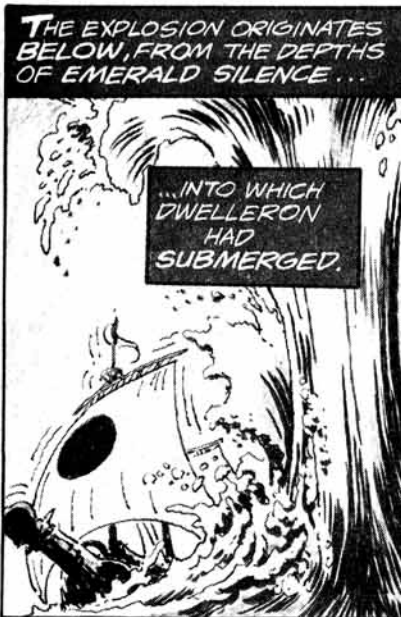




ALARIC, YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO...

LATER, WOMAN.

HAHAH! A KISS LIKE THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN EVERY--



THE EXPLOSION ORIGINATES BELOW, FROM THE DEPTHS OF EMERALD SILENCE...

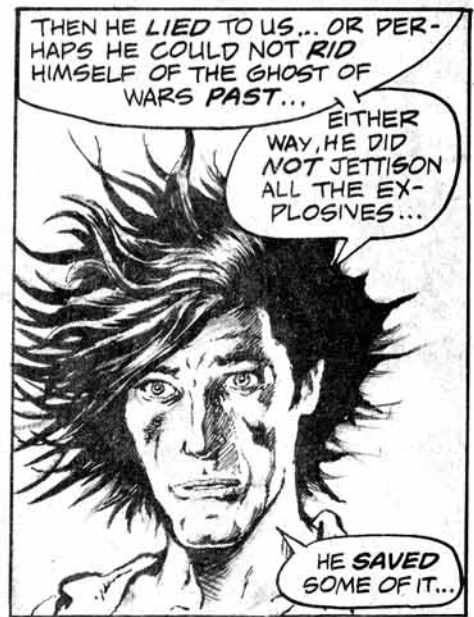
...INTO WHICH DWELLERON HAD SUBMERGED.



STARKOR ...DID YOU...?

NO, ALARIC. PERHAPS GRAYMALKYN...

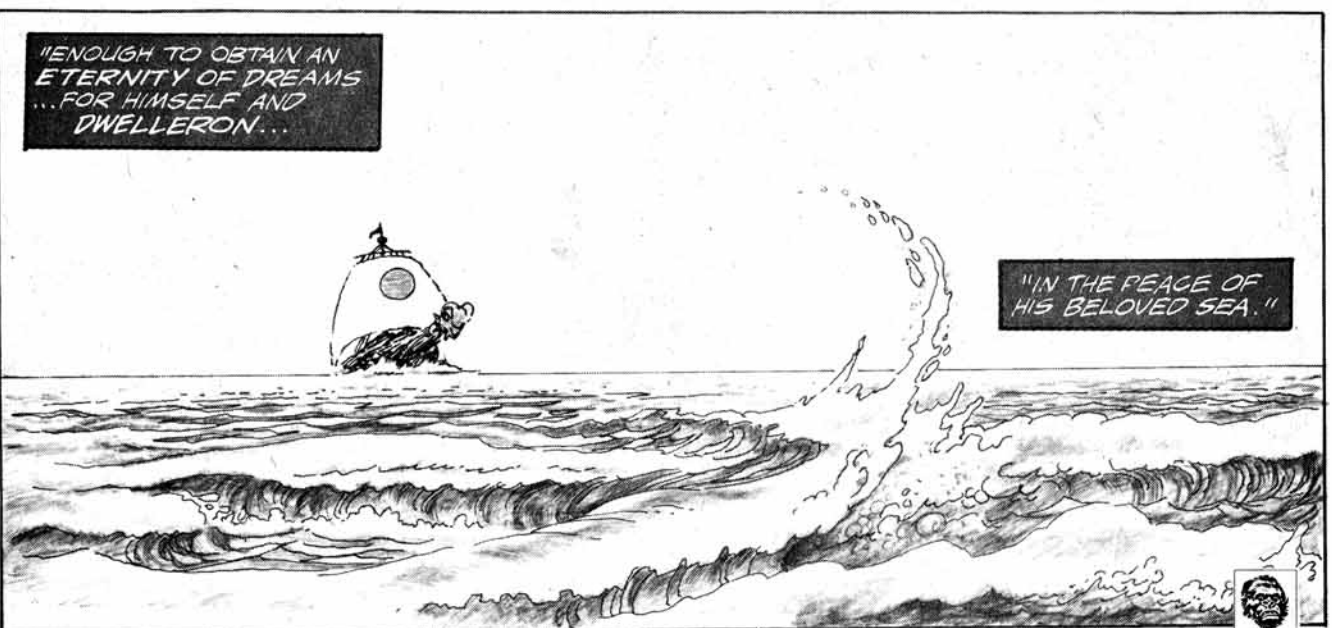
NO... NOT ME.



THEN HE LIED TO US... OR PERHAPS HE COULD NOT RID HIMSELF OF THE GHOST OF WARS PAST...

EITHER WAY, HE DID NOT JETTISON ALL THE EXPLOSIVES...

HE SAVED SOME OF IT...



"ENOUGH TO OBTAIN AN ETERNITY OF DREAMS ...FOR HIMSELF AND DWELLERON..."

"IN THE PEACE OF HIS BELOVED SEA."





Dear Stan and Co.,

I read Planet of the Apes each week, and when I reach the Apes mail page there is almost always a reader who has missed the first issues. So, as I only enjoy reading the comic the day I buy it, I was wondering if you could find a space and print this: POTA COMICS FOR SALE. Nos. 1-70. SUPERB CONDITION. Apply to me at 47 Moston Road, Harlescott, Shrewsbury, SY1 4QE.

Gary Jones,
47 Moston Road, Harlescott,
Shrewsbury SY1 4QE.

Your wish (as they used to say in the days of yore) is our command. Well, just this once, anyway.

Dear Stan,

I get five mags a week, POTA, Dracula Lives, Avengers and The Titans, favourite of which is POTA, because of the excellent stories of the film adaptations. After reading Mark Farrel's letter in POTA 68 I completely agree with him. Please, please give the

apes more space, they deserve it. 10 pages out of 36 is just not good enough.

Rajko Smiljanic, RFO, KOF, FOOMER.
33 Speedwell Road, Edgbaston.
B'ham.

Pax! Yep — we've heard your voice and we've heard the voice of Marveldom assembled on the subject. So we're working right now on a formula that could solve the problem and bring contentment to Apes loves everywhere.

Dear Marvel,

I get your Planet of the Apes comic every week, and I've got two Apes hardbacks and two paper-backs, a scrap book and two action figures, all about Planet of the Apes. I want to know if anybody wants to sell some Ape cards and some posters.

I've just been in hospital for two weeks and when I came back I saw a pin-up of Urko. I thought it was great. I've been to see Planet of the Apes and Escape From Planet of the Apes, and want the address of Roddy McDowall.

Richard Wilby,
16 Second Ave., Hawking Croft Road,
Horbury, Nr. Wakefield.

There's no doubt at all as to what your next move should be. Before you do another thing, make your life complete by joining the official Apes fan club which has recently been advertised in POTA.

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Dear Stan Lee,

POTA is fantastic, marvellous, generating, and words which I can't say on paper, but I CAN say that I've ordered it for every week; Mondays, to be exact.

Friends say I am too old to have this mag. I always say, "You don't know what you're missing". I am 16 years, 17 on Sept. 8th this year.

I am a Roddy McDowall fanatic. I've just seen him in "Policewoman", the episode was called "Pawns of Power", it was brilliant. The things that appeal to me in Roddy are the way he portrays a character, also the expressions he makes. And that voice is "huh, swoon, faint, unique". But I bet a lot of girls say that, and it's very true.

Susan Gilpin,
27 Clapcot Way, Wallingford,
Oxfordshire OX10 8HS.

So you're a Roddy McDowall fanatic? But who isn't? We long ago summed up the situation this way — if the Roddy McDowall fan club was a profit-making concern then we'd be buying shares in it!

apes forum
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ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

A CODED MESSAGE FROM THE
PLANET OF THE APES FAN CLUB

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18.22.1.9.15.23.11 24.21.4.15.2.22 15.17
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16.10.21 8.12 15?

Use your Fan Club code wheel to decode the question and send your answer to the Fan Club address, with your name and Membership number. A prize will be awarded to the first correct answer opened — so hurry!

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