WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES!

PLANET OF THE APES

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
No. 82
WEEK ENDING MAY 15, 1976

8p

‘DOOM IN THE EMERALD DEPTHS!’
APE AND HUMAN UNITED AGAINST MUTATED MONSTERS!
AND NOW, MY CHARMING GUESTS
WHILE DWELLERON'S CILI A KEEP SILENT
PACE WITH THE CITY-SHIP ABOVE, I SUG-
GEST YOU TAKE SOME REST. YOUR QUARTERS,
I TRUST, WILL PROVE COMFORTABLE.

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

STORY BY
DOUG MOENCH
ART BY
TOM SUTTON
AMBROSIA'S GUARDS HAVE CONDUCTED THEM TO THEIR QUARTERS. AND NOW THEY ARE ALONE... 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? HE BELIEVES ABOUT HIS MADNESS... WRONG?... HE BELIEVES HIS LIFE'S PURPOSE WHICH HAS MOST DISTURBED ME--HIS USE OF MURDER TO END MURDER... PERHAPS DELUDED IN THAT BELIEF, STARKOR... BUT IT IS HIS WHOLE LIFE'S PURPOSE TO KEEP THAT MURDEROUS MONSTER FISH...

...AND YOU DON'T THINK HE'S MAD--?

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

DAY: HIGH ABOVE DWELL-ERON, ANOTHER VOYAGE KEEPS PACE WITH THE AWESOME CITY-SHIP DYMAHON...

AND IN THE SMALLER SHIP'S MAN CABIN--IN ALARIC'S CABIN--MEANING'S BOUND, BLURRED...

REENA... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

PERHAPS, WIDIA. I DO NOT KNOW...

ARE THERE ANY SIGNS OF ALARIC OUTSIDE...?

NO, REENA... AND THE MEN HAVE DECIDED SIGNS ARE NOT WORTH WAITING FOR. THEY HAVE SET A COURSE TO FOLLOW THE DYMAHON--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.

...just how do you destroy the city-ships?

...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...

...and upon forceful impact or the application of heat, the substance detonates.

The sight is beautiful, Alaric -- the ship 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!

Dweller on need take only a tiny bit in her cilia...

Then reach up and affix it to a submerged hull...
NOW COME, ALARIC... THE Dymaxion is by chance passing one of my islands. Since Dwelleron can easily overtake the Dymaxion, we shall stop to visit the island and replenish our supplies with certain delicacies 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.

AYE, GOOD AMBROSIA.

...AND SINCE THE PROBED NERVE ENDINGS FOR THOSE WHICH Govern Its Mouth Dwelleron Exhales.

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

THUS, TINY CREATURES BORN OF LAND ARE BREATHED INTO THE ALIEN SEA...
THE BEAUTY—THERE IS NO OTHER WORD.
KISSED FROM ALL SIDES, BELOW AND AHEAD.
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...)

AMBROSIUS'S FACE REFLECTS
THIS SILENT WORLD...)

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

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

(THE ANSWER
PEACE ON THIS WORLD
UNDER THE SEA IS PEACE
ITS VERY NATURE,
VERSUS THE VIOLENT MOTIONS
OF WAR. THIS HAS BECOME
PART OF HIM: THE SEA,
AND THE PEACE.)

(HE WAS NEVER MEANT
TO DWELL ON LAND...)
THE TUNNEL TURNS UPWARD NOW...

...LEADS TO AIR...

A POOL SURROUNDED BY THE ISLAND--

--WHICH IS IN TURN SURROUNDED BY AMBROSE'S BELOVED SEA.

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

IS HE UNCONCERNED WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE ATTEMPT... ARROGANT?

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

OR IS HE MERELY PREOCCUPIED...?

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

HIS APES--REAPING, HARVESTING, CHAMPING, ENGROSSED, ABSORBED IN THEIR WORK, IN THEIR DREAMS WEARING WINNOWED FRUIT AMBROSE'S FOLLOWERS, HIS ACOYTES, ALL WORKING WITHIN HIS IDEAS, ALL MODELS OF HIS IDEAL...
(ALL OCCUPIED.)

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

AYE, GRAYMALKYN, AND QUICKLY-- BEFORE ONE OF THEM LETS 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 -- FADE, 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 BEHIND -- 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... --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 TRESSESSED, 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 INSPIRED BY 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 OUSTING BUBBLES BURST FASTER NOW, AS BREATHE FORMS THE SOLE EVIDENCE OF PANIC.

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

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

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

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

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

Dwelleron rises in flaming spray. Vessel of ambrosia's wild -- 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 blondes have witnessed their meal devoured by a monster... and it is a sight they will not soon forget.

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 Dynaxion will soon merge with the other three city-ships, to conduct their filthy commerce...

Prepare yourselves for the sea...

Hunger will make them howl for hours.

And Dwelleron closes on its many-cared 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...)

They have merged. Take the explosive and prepare to leave... Dwelleron...

Once again Dwelleron exhales...

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

...Now...

...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---!!

Aghhh!

Wiiii-what---?!!

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 TRANCE-POLLINATION... --DIES.

DIES HORRIBLY

DIES... FROM THE BOTTOM...

...UP.
YOUR MAD DREAM IS DEAD, AMBROSIAN! 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 SACRIFICED YOUR OWN LIVES... JUST TO SAVE THOSE CITY-SHIPS...?

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

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... (CLOSER...)

YOU MUST MOVE THE HEAT 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 LAURA 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!! THERES 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...
I say we ram all three of them—
to the memory of Alaric!

Fools... stupid fools...

Alaric wanted you to leave the cityships alone...
and now you—

Wait—starboard—
the sea... it begins to bubble...

What...?
No... oh
No...

Nooo!!

The monster— the same monster which devoured
Alaric, stole her lover...

Has it returned to devour her too—tor to haunt her
for all time with the memory of her loss...?

No. It has returned for neither purpose.

Reena had long known that her lover rarely wastes words... but now,
in the midst of living a miracle—?

As your captain, I command you to reverse the freedom reaver’s
course! instead, we shall honor our promise to Graymalkyn and our apes—

A miracle—
the monster spits them out—returns them to us alive—!

And this time not even Starkor will protest—
I’ve learned the ape is almost human.
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. I-70. SUPERB CONDITION. Apply to me at 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 Parrott’s letter in POTA 68 I completely agree with him. Please, please give the

Dear Marvel,

I get your Planet of the Apes comic every week, and I’ve got two Apes hardbacks and two paperbacks, a scrap book and two action figures, all about Planet of the Apes. I want to know if anybody wants to sell some Apes 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 at the Odeon in Shrewsbury 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 mug. 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!