Terror on the Planet of the Apes
ESCAPE: THE EXHILARATION OF PROMISED FREEDOM AFTER AN INCARCERATION IN NIGHTMARE.

ESCAPE: FROM THE CAVERNS OF AN INHERITED MUTANT'S STORMED IN NUCLEAR NIGHTMARCH AND NOW CONTROLLED BY REPUGNANTLY COLOSAL WEAVERS.


...AND WARGO FIRST LIEUTENANT IN BRUTUS' GORILLA SQUADRON OF RENEGADE TERRORISTS, A BRIEF ALLY TO JASON AND ALEXANDER WHILE TRAPPED WITH THEM IN THE MUTANTS ARENA-PIT... BUT NOW DETERMINED TO RESTORE THE FORMER STATUS quo...

ESCAPE: A STRANGE SKY-HULK CLEANSING THE PURPLE WETTED AIR OF THE RADIATION-SMOTHERED FORBIDDEN ZONE WHOSE CONTROL HAS ONCE AGAIN AND WARGO, ESCAPE THE PRISON OF NIGHTMARE.

NO CLOSER HUMAN, OR THE LAWGIVER'S BRAINS PAINT THE SKY. OUR NEW DESTINATION IS BRUTUS' ARBOKAL EMORADEN... AND I ADVISE YOU NOT TO DEVIATE IT.

YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR HIS VIOLENCE. MY FRIENDS, ALTER THE COURSE AS HE DEMANDS.
ANYTHING YOU SAY, LAWGIVER...

...BUT YOU WON'T MIND IF I DO IT RATHER ABRUPTLY, WILL YOU??

--AND THE SKYBOAT LURCHES INTO SWERVING CHAOS!

WHAT THE--??

JASON PUNCHES THE CONTROLS--

HE'S DOWN, JASE--AND SO'S HIS WEAPON--!

SO YOU'D BETTER TRY TO PULL THIS THING OUT OF ITS DIVE--

--WHILE I KEEP WAKKO AWAY FROM THE WEAPON!!

FRANTICALLY SCRAMBLING ACROSS THE PITCHING DECK, ALEX DIVES--

--AND THOUGH HE MANAGES TO GRASP THE LASER PISTOL...

YOU'RE TOO LATE TRAITOR!!
ALEX! TRY TO HOLD ON TO...

UHNN...!!

FAR TOO LATE!

THE WEAPON IS MINE--

--AND THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GET IT IS FROM A DISTANCE!

JASON DUCKS BELOW THE SNORTING STREAM OF LIGHT--

AND ONCE AGAIN THE SHIP REELS THROUGH THE SWIRLING HAZE, WEAVING AN ERRATIC COURSE TOWARD A GROUND OF CHARRED AND TWISTED RUIN...

SHRAM!

SPREEZ-

--LEAVING THE CONTROL BANK WIDE OPEN...

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ALEX--HE'S GOT THAT THING AimED AT ME AGAIN! HE'S GOING TO FIRE--!

OOOPH!!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, PAL!

THE WEIRD CRAFT ITSELF PLUMMET DOWNWARD ON A COLLISION-COURSE WITH DEATH.
Then the desperate sounds of conflict are sliced by a strident shout—the imploring voice of the Lawgiver...

Please—stop your fighting! Can't you see what you're doing? Can't you see that we're going to...

The sound is awesome in fury, a thunderous cacophony of impacting steel, a grating shriek of cataclysmic horror and irreversible doom...

The aftermath is softer, no more than the roaring rush of air feeding flame...

Until, that is, a lone figure slowly stirs...

Oh... No...

All of them... All dead...

His name is Jason...

...and he rises, a stark figure of seething rage highlighted against the blistering conflagration...

Except the gorilla—he's still breathing, still living...!

Jason's fingers squeeze the rock...

...a crackling, whining sound which is heard by no one...
...AND ALMOST INVOLUNTARILY, HE HEFTS THE FORIOUS WEIGHT ABOVE HIS HEAD...

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, WARKO--YOU AND THE REST OF BRUTUS' FILTHY GORILLAS!!! IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU THAT ALEX AND THE LAWGIVER ARE DEAD....

BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT, YOU STINKING BEAST! PAY WITH YOUR HAIRY SKULL SMASHED INTO...

YOUR EMOTIONS, JASON, ARE EVIL. THEY HAVE CONVINCED YOU TO HATE WARKO'S IDENTITY AS GORILLA... WHEN YOU SHOULD DEPLORE HIS CONDUCT AS ATOMIC WARRIOR.

AT LEAST IT'LL PREVENT HIM FROM KILLING US WHEN HE WAKES UP.

WE'LL BE MILES AWAY FROM HERE BY THE TIME WARKO REVIVES. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET THE LAWGIVER BACK TO THE CITY--AND THEN SIT BACK AND WATCH AS BRUTUS AND HIS BAND ARE LOCKED UP.

YOU WIN, ALEX--BUT I WISH I HAD YOUR FAITH IN THE LAW.

...BECAUSE IT STOPPED WORKING FOR ME THE DAY MY PARENTS WERE MURDERED BY GORILLAS LIKE WARKO.

DO NOT LET YOUR HATRED BLIND YOU TO MERCY OR YOU WILL NEVER KNOW THE PEACE OF CONSCIENCE. IT IS TRUE THAT WARKO THREATENED TO KILL ME, AND HE WAS WRONG TO DO SO.

...BUT I HAVE HEARD YOU THREATEN TO KILL HIM. THEREFORE, YOU ARE EQUALLY WRONG. YOU HAVE ALLOWED YOUR EMOTIONS TO TRANSCEND YOUR MORAILITY. YOUR EMOTIONS WANTED TO BELIEVE THAT YOUNG ALEX AND I WERE DEAD.

...AND THEY HAVE ALMOST FORGOTTEN YOU TO THE SOURCE OF MURDER.

AND IT'LL PREVENT YOU FROM EVER GETTING A FAIR TRIAL. JASON, THERE WON'T BE AN APE OR HUMAN ALIVE WHO BELIEVES YOU DIDN'T KILL BRUTUS' WIFE IF THEY FIND OUT ABOUT THIS.

ALEX--!! THEN YOU'RE--

...ALIVE AND KICKING. JASON, AND NOT TOO STUNNED TO SEE THAT THE LAWGIVER'S RIGHT.

THUS ARMED WITH TWO LASER PISTOLS SALVAGED FROM THE BLAZING RUINS OF THE SKYCRATER, THE INSURRECTION FIGURES BEGIN THEIR LONG TREK THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.

PEACE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED, BUT ONLY AT THE EXPENSE OF MORAL SYMPTOMS. FOR JASON THE ASHER FEELS HE HAS FALLEN SUBSERVENT TO THE TWO APES WHO WILL SOMEDAY GOVERN HIS FATE...
Given the circumstances, then, it is not so unusual to find Jason adopting the lead, after all, it allows him isolation from his two companions...

Come on—I'm anxious to put those 'miles' between us and—

Run while you can!!

It's one of the great-death beasts!

...allows him, too, to pass safely beyond the range of a grotesque predator, a predator whose momentary indecisiveness is more than countered by its subsequent zeal.

...whatever a 'great-death beast' is, looks like just another one the things we faced in the arena-pit.

Correction...

Krrzzz

Spleez

Shrrar

You all right, Lawgiver—?

I—I think so, if you could just help me out from under the beast...

It was one of the great-death beasts...
Fortunately, it is nothing serious. Young Alex was injured by the beast's talons. However, had his fangs pierced my skin, I might be in considerable jeopardy. For the great-death beasts were spawned in the mutative rays of the holocaust, and these mutative rays are transferred by the injection of their saliva to the bloodstream.

And thus, moments later...

There you are, sir. Do you think you can walk? Oh of course... of course I can walk.

Yeah... but where to? The forbidden zone extends to all horizons.

It would seem that Brutus, however, is anything but lost. The ruthless leader of the secret renegades and official peace officer of the city... has unerringly led his complement of city peacekeepers directly to the cave of the inheritors.

Or haven't you noticed...? We're lost.

Squadron, halt...

Drone, I wish to see Be-One.

Very well... but the rest of your gorillas will remain where they are...

Under penalty of death, as mandated by the supreme Be-One.
THESE GORILLAS ARE MY SUBORDINATES, AND DULY APPOINTED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CITY.

SINCE WHEN HAS BE-ONE DECIDED TO ACCORD SUCH LITTLE RESPECT TO THOSE IN MY COMMAND?

SINCE A BAND OF GORILLAS ASSAULTED OUR CAVERN YESTERDAY--AND EXPUNGED FOUR DRONES.

I SEE, VERY WELL--ESCORT ME TO BE-ONE.

TELL ME... THIS ASSAULT YESTERDAY...

WERE THERE TWO OTHERS INVOLVED... A HUMAN AND A CHIMP, BOTH YOUNG...?

GESTALT COMMANDER BE-ONE WILL DIVULGE ALL THAT YOU ARE PERMITTED TO KNOW.

A RAILCAR AWAITS US JUST AHEAD.

THEN A HURTLING JOURNEY THROUGH LABYRINTHINE TUNNELS...

--AND BRUTUS IS CONDUCTED TO THE IMMENSE CAVERN-RECEPTACLE OF THE INHERITORS' GESTALT COMMANDERS...

MUTANT-DRONE DEE--UNDER THE GORILLA BRUTUS FORDWARD...

...AND INSTRUCT DRONE EX TO DELAY ALL INTERRUPTIVE COMMUNICATION INPUT UNTIL OTHERWISE COMMANDED.
WE MEET AGAIN, BRUTUS—AND SO SOON, DO YOU WISH TO REPORT YOUR PROGRESS?

GREETINGS, BE-ONE. MY END OF OUR AGREEMENT IS PROCEEDING WELL...

MY DOUBLE-IDENTITY SERVES OUR MUTUAL OBJECTIVE MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN WE HAD HOPE, AS LEADER OF THE RENEGADE TERRORISTS I HAVE INITIATED A CAMPAIGN OF METHODICAL SUBLIMATION STRONG THE INTEGRATED CITY.

AND AS OFFICIAL PEACE OFFICER I HAVE CONVINCED THE POPULACE THAT A YOUNG HUMAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF MY WIFE.

THUS BY INDUCING HATRED OF THE HUMAN ELEMENT I HAVE Brought TO WEAKEN THE CITY'S UNIFIED STRENGTH RENDERING IT SUBJECT TO YOUR INTENDING INVASION.

HOWEVER, MY BUSINESS HERE CONCERNS THE AFOREMENTIONED HUMAN, HE HAS ESCAPED, AND ATTEMPTS TO DISPOSE THE CHARGES OF MURDER—

WE KNOW BRUTUS. HE HAS ALREADY BEEN HERE AND HAS RESCUED THE LAW GIVER.

YES, BRUTUS—YA BLOW DA WHOLE CABER, YA UGLY MUG.

THE LAW GIVER—! THEN WE MUST STOP THEM, IF THE LAW GIVER RETURNS TO POWER, OUR ENTIRE PLAN WILL COLLAPSE.

YOU MUST GIVE ME SOME DRONES—IMMEDIATELY!

AND SOME OF YOUR WAR-MACHINES—AS MANY AS YOU CAN SPARE.

REQUEST GRANTED, BRUTUS, BUT WE WARN YOU, FURTHER FAILURES WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.

WE ARE BRAINS AND YOU ARE BRUTUS! IF YOU FAIL US, YOU'LL BETTER SHOOT US.

ACKNOWLEDGED, BE-ONE... AND BE-THERE, THANK YOU AND FAREWELL.

NEXT ISSUE:
THE LONG-AWAITED CONCLUSION OF TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES
Dear Stan and the Bullpen.

I would like to congratulate you on the 1974 Spectacular Spider-Man. It was fantastic, and your two new mags, 'Dracula Lives!' and 'Planet of the Apes', are great.

I buy four of your mags a week, so do I qualify for a R.O.F.? Also, I have brought a stray sheep back to your flock and have recruited a new Marvelite, so how about rewarding me by making me a K.O.F.?

Now, for all the disbelievers, the American issues can be found if you bother to look for them. Also, after trying in every model shop that I could find, I found an Aurora model kit of the Amazing Spider-Man, and in it Spider-Man is battling Kraven the Hunter.

Shirley, Croydon.

Stand straight, face front — for this is your proud moment! Henceforth you have the inalienable right to style yourself with the coveted letters RFO and KOF. All this AND a Spiderman model. Some Marvelites have ALL the luck!

Dear Stan,

For my Christmas holidays I went to Germany. One day when I was walking round a supermarket there I found some of your mags on the shelves. I immediately bought the mags as any other true Marvel fan would have done. There were such titles as "Die Fantastischen Vier", which starred The Fantastic Four and Daredevils; "Die Spinne" which starred Spiderman and the Sub-Mariner; and "Der Thor" which starred Thor and the Silver Surfer. All the mags were in colour, but the price! Shells! Dm. 40 each, which is roughly 30p. Gasp! This brings up the standard of living higher in Germany, if our mags were made all colour it shows that we might have to pay around 20p for them. At the moment I get all your mags every week, but if they were made colour and cost in the region of 20p I know I would not be able to afford all of them. I am sure there are many other fans that could not afford your mags if they were in colour.

Stephen Hynard, Chelmsford, Essex.

You've underlined the kind of economic dilemma we've been facing for some time past on the question of colour for the mags. Well, we've given Marvelites the facts. Now you've given 'em the facts, Steve — and thanks!

Dear Matt,

Upon reading N. McIntyre's letter in Cryptic Correspondence (ish 11), I was greatly shocked by his impressions of Doug Moench's rendering of the "Planet of The Apes" script. He describes Doug's approach as 'not in the usual Doug Moench style. which characterised the greatly diminished emphasis upon verbal articulation'. Rubbish!

As a student of comic book writing, Doug does not possess a style of writing, but rather a scope of style. Doug can write stories with varied viewpoints and angles. Study his laboriously-detailed Schreck series, his intricate plotting in "I am Dead, Egypt, dead" to his technique in Planet of The Apes.

We should appreciate Doug's research into the art of comic-book writing. He found that he needed a fast moving story, clear-cut occurrences and a broad, level plane to fit into his script, perfectly-balanced. never under-played or over-played.

So, he let the artwork tell the story (as appreciated by Auralone, Muroto, Jones, etc.) and dialogue (which as we all know is the supreme gateway to characterisation) without hampering the fast moving series of events with 'out of place' over-narration.

Jim Ivers, F.F.F ete
West Finglas, Dublin.

N. McIntyre — seems like you've roused a sleeping tiger with those words you penned on the subject of Doug Moench's scripting. But having re-read that letter of yours, and being well-acquainted with Jim Ivers from way back, we figure you can both take care of yourselves without any refereeing from us. S-o-o-o — you're on your own, tiger.

And may the best man win!

Dear Stan and Friends.

Although a month late, FOOM 7 was good, especially the interview with Jarvis. I particularly like the illustrations by Dave Cockrum.

'Dracula Lives!' is good, but Planet of the Apes is superb. apart from Gullivar Jones, he makes me sick. Get rid of Barry Smith on Ka-Zar and let Dan Adkins do the pencilling. Speaking of terrible artists, get rid of Don Heck, he makes Iron-Man even worse than he is.

Please print full twenty-page FF stories. as they are your best characters, surpassing even Spider-Man.

Martin Forrest.
W. Midlands.

Ouch! Thank the stars that you like us, Martin — or we'd really have been in trouble. "Get rid of Barry Smith." "Get rid of Don Heck." "Gullivar Jones, he makes me sick." Er — you DO like us, doncha?

Dear Stan,

Wow! Have you improved your action-packed mags in the short time since MARVEL in Britain started up! The colour faded out but the artwork is the thing which really matters. Your Planet of the Apes story is fantastic, rivaled only by a certain web-slinger. I was disappointed, though, with Ka-Zar and Dr. Doom as back-up features for Planet of the Apes; but why, oh, why, did you drop Gullivar Jones? Is it because it's caught up with your American edition? I have just managed to get the Spiderman model and found it looks like a picture on page 13, panel 4 of SCMCW No. 28.

Jonathan Pyper.
Hemel Hempstead.

We torted up the pros and the cons of your letter. By that we mean we did a little arithmetic to discover whether the things you approve of in the mags outweigh the things you don't approve of. And the pros finished with a comfortable lead. So we all breathe again. No — we didn't rest Gullivar; because we'd run out of Warrior of Mars material. We just thought a little change wouldn't hurt anyone. And since Doc Doom is a guy so many people just love to hate we thought we'd give him the opportunity to revel in his unpopularity.