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

ONWARD, MY GORILLA-SOLDIERS--

--WARDS UNTIL EVERY HUMAN DIES!
Here is an action sequence from the film that started the entire Ape's phenomenon: "The Planet of the Apes!" Astronaut Taylor makes a desperate bid for freedom.
Dawn in the desolate region damned as the forbidden zone...

An hour passes...

As two opposing factions gather in number and force...slowly...ominously...

Factions divided by hatred...and a gulf of arid valley carpeted in sun-baked mud.

The view from one ridge then...

There may be a lot of them, but they'll fall like grass under scythe. After all, they're nothing but puny...

--Apes, Ivor--savage and primitive, strength is still on their side.

Maybe so...

But it's human cunning that'll win this day.

...and the view from the other.
ONE RIDGE, ARMED WITH STEEL AND HATE...

EVEN AT THIS DISTANCE, I CAN SEE THEM TREMBLING.

...FACING THE OTHER, ARMED WITH THE SAME.

I CAN SMELL THE STINKING BEASTS FROM HERE!

SO DIFFERENT IN ASPECT AND MÉN...

YES, SIR!

PREPARE YOUR GORILLAS FOR ATTACK!!

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE: A DREADED PLACE SHUNNED BY THE LIVING EVER SINCE ALL LIFE WAS BURNED FROM ITS FACE IN A HELLISH INSTANT OF SEARING WAR...

...A PLACE NOW INIMICALLY POPULATED AGAIN, IF ONLY BRIEFLY...AND IF ONLY TO REVISIT THE HELLISH BATTLEGROUND OF WAR.

YES, SIR!

...BUT SO IDENTICAL IN DIFFERENCE.

THE GHOST OF NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST SMUDGE THE AIR, A PURPLE MIST OF LANGLUID RADIATION...

THERE IS SILENCE, AS TENSE AND PROLONGED AS IT IS EAGER AND ALL TOO EPHEMERAL...A NERVOUS SILENCE NOW CLEAVED BY...
It is the first and brutal overture in a sweeping clash of chaos, all sounds and all fury, all signifying the clamorous rape of silence by many...

...by hooves pounding sun-baked mud...
...and taut strings...
...by creaking leather and scraping steel...

...now gone slack...

...by shouts of frenzy...
...and whine of flame...
...the piercing shriek of animals...

--spent in strife.

...and the pierced flesh of life...
...by hatred swirled in lust...
...and bawling madness...

More than mere war, it is the dream of genesis drenched dark and grown perverted. No longer a dream, it is now--
THE ISSUE IS NEITHER BOUNDARY NOR WEALTH. THERE IS NOTHING TO GAIN, LESS TO PILLAGE.

THE ISSUE IS NEITHER NATIONAL NOR RACIAL. COUNTRIES NO LONGER EXIST, AND RACES HAVE NOW BECOME INSIGNIFICANT AND UNITED IN THE FACE OF AWESOME SCHISMS OF SPECIES.
NIGHTMARE!

AND THOUGH ENMITY BETWEEN SPECIES SPAWNED THE ISSUE, IT HAS NOW DISINTEGRATED TO FAR LESS THAN APE VERSUS HUMAN. IT IS NOW AN ELEMENTAL BATTLE OF ATAVISTIC RAGE—WHERE COMBATANTS FIGHT DEATH BY DEALING DEATH...

AND THUS, THEY FIGHT EACH OTHER AND THUS THEY KILL.

AND THUS, THEY HAVE EACH LOST THEIR INDIVIDUAL FIGHT AGAINST DEATH...

...FOR DEATH IS THE ONLY AND TRUE VICTOR.
AAAEEE!

VOOOSH!

THE BEASTS ARE FALLING--!

AGH-K-K!!

HUMAN SCUM--!!

PRESS THEM--!! THEY'RE ON THE RETREAT!!

WE'RE WINNING--!!

VICTORY WILL BE OURS--!!

IT CONTINUES THROUGH MORNING INTO AFTERNOON... AS THE CHARRED FIELD OF BATTLE DROWNS IN THE BLOOD OF LIFE... GASPS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF DEATH...
The desiccated field is no longer greedy. Quenched now and bloated, satiated, glutted beyond sanguine lust, it wants no more.

...But the blood continues to burst and to gush and sun-baked mud turns scarlet...

...at least, in those small and few areas where view is not obstructed by corpses.
AND STILL IT CONTINUES... CORPSES GATHERING...

...COMBATANTS DWINDLING.
CONSERVATION OF EXPLODING
ENERGY TRANSFORMING TO
LIFELESS MATTER LITTER-
ING DEAD GROUND SOAK-
ING WASTED BLOOD...

...SPILLED IN MORE DEATH...

...MORE FACING DEATH...

...MORE FACES SLASHER TO DEATH...

...AND MORE DEATH THAN LIFE...

...FOR THERE IS NO LIFE...

IT IS OVER... BUT NO ONE SIGHS.

THE RAPE OF SILENCE
LEAVES BEHIND A SOFT WHIMPER
OF GUTTERING FLAME. AN
EMPTY RAPE, FOR NOTHING
WILL BE BORN OF IT.

...SAVE MORE HATE.
AND THEREFORE MORE DEATH...
...because the fight against death has been lost.

But death is the true victor.

Is all alone now. You can see it - there is nothing else.

But just barely. For it is a life which can never leave the twisted tangle of death sprawling everywhere around it.

A life, yes. A life...

Never leave on legs broken and burned, on legs useless and ruined.

But wait.

A movement...

Deep in the tangle of twisted stillness...

Across the scarlet field... another...? Death has been beaten by two... And this life lurches on legs unimpaired, and perhaps even impossibly unscathed. But his arms... ah yes, his arms - they hang limp.

It's your fault that my people lie here dead, their blood spilt and mingling with the filthy blood of apes!

Silence, human!

It was your war... a human war - which created this forbidden zone, and it is you who should be held culpable for the death which now fills it.

Thus by the authority of simian imperative, it is my duty to announce -

You damn dirty ape...!!
A SILENCE, THEN...
THE SILENCE OF A STAND-OFF, AS EACH OPPONENT SLOWLY REALISES...

...THAT MURDER BECOMES A DIFFICULT PROPOSITION WHEN ONE IS CRIPPLED. IT IS THE HUMAN WHO FIRST BREAKS THE SILENCE.

IT'S NO USE. I CAN'T REACH YOU WITHOUT LEGS... AND YOU CAN'T EVEN HOLD A WEAPON WITHOUT ARMS.

HELPLESSLY... IN STARVATION.

NOT IF WE -- NOT IF WE WHAT, HUMAN --?

CALL A TRUCE -- A TEMPORARY ONE, OF COURSE...

TO HELL TO USE EACH OTHER TO GET OUT OF THE FORBIDDEN ZONE... TO REACH FOOD AND A PLACE WHERE OUR WOUNDS CAN HEAL !

YOUR PROPOSAL CONSTITUTES BLASPHEMY TO THE TENETS OF SIMIAN IMPERATIVE.

...AND SINCE MY ARMS ARE ALL RIGHT, I'LL JUST TEAR SOME CLOTH OFF THIS UNIFORM...

...AND USE IT TO BIND A SLING AROUND YOUR BACK.

ALL RIGHT, JUST LET ME GRAB SOME WEAPONS...

NEXT WEEK YOU MUST READ STRANGE ALLIES!
Dear Marvel,

I feel compelled to write to you about what, to my mind, is undoubtedly the best story to appear in your British mags since the Shang-Chi/Spiderman epic. I am talking about the second apes story - 'Terror on the Planet of The Apes.'

The artwork is pure magic by Mike Ploog, with every panel having the pictorial brilliance of a detailed painting. The atmosphere he puts over is one of reader-participation. He makes me identify with Jason.

As for the story, I can only be euphoric to the tremendously powerful build-up employed by Doug Moench; who, in my eyes, has reached his zenith on this story. His calligraphy is peerless.

All in all, the pairing of Doug and Mike has proved lucrative in that they have provoked a respect for this strip which is normally reserved for 'greats' like 'Conan' etc.

Barry Lewis
No fixed abode.

And those, without doubt, are the most glowing words of praise we've received from a vagrant for many a long month. Thanks, Barry — and keep moving!

Dear Stan,

I'll start off by saying how great your two newest additions to the Marvel line are.

Planet of The Apes got off to a great start, with a great story, cover and an extra bonus — a poster. But after that the high standard seemed to decline, with the introduction of Ka-Zar and Gullivar Jones. Ka-Zar was great, but Gullivar Jones was over-coloured with thick smudgy blacks and greys. The story wasn't too good, either. The Planet of The Apes saga was also over-done. George Tuska's art was as good as ever, but the inking was kinda poor.

Then I picked up issue No. 12. The artwork was incredible. Mike Ploog has really excelled himself this time. The attention to background (which many artists hardly bother with) and expression of the apes' faces was simply fantastic. The inking and embelishment was the best I have ever seen in your British mags.

On Dracula Lives. The cover on issue No. 12 was brilliant. The only person I thought who could draw like that was Neal Adams.

Frankenstein was as good as ever, but, alas, you booped. Pages 31 and 32 should have been in front of page 30, not after it. Apart from that, great work all round.

Noel Blanden
Oprington, Kent.

Dear Stan.

You blew it! Didn't anyone ever tell you that there were five "Apes" films and that in the second film "Beneath the Planet of The Apes" the earth was completely destroyed? You, however, act as though this never happened and just leave Taylor and Nova out in the Forbidden Zone. I expected issue 12 to begin where issue 11 left off, but you begin a new story altogether which, if you follow the story of the films, could never have happened. For those readers who do not know, Zira and Cornelius and a chimp named Milo escape from earth just before it is destroyed in Taylor's spaceship and they land on earth in 1973. All this takes place in the third film "Escape". Zira is pregnant and the humans realise that it is through her baby that the apes will eventually take over. The apes are killed, but unknown to the humans, Zira exchanged her baby for a dumb chimp from a circus. So the film ends with her baby still alive. The forth film, "Conquest", tells that when this chimp grows up he leads the apes in a revolt against the humans which ends with a group of apes taking over a city. The last film, "Battle", tells of a battle between the apes and a group of humans living below the remains of New York after the earth has been devastated by nuclear war. The apes win, but a few of the humans survive and it is the descendants of those that Taylor and the apes encounter in "Beneath" and who cause the earth to be destroyed.

How about giving us a credible story, Stan?

Mark White
Werrington, Stoke-on-Trent.

We're indebted to you for raising this issue (and also for covering the films so impressively) because it's time we sorted out this confusion. All that you say, Mark, is true enough, but there's one aspect of Planet of the Apes that you didn't touch upon. We've never, ever, felt committed to follow strictly the stories of the films. For a start, if we did so then Planet of The Apes would have a limited life. And we don't consider that would be a sensible thing for us to allow happen. You say "How about giving us a credible story?" Well, we answer that by giving our opinion that ALL the stories we relate are as credible as those you mention. But, above all, what we always attempt to do is provide our readers with an ENTERTAINING story. And it's our sincere hope to be filling Planet of The Apes with entertaining stories for a long long time to come.

Dear Stan and The Gang.

I am writing to say how much I enjoy "Planet of The Apes" and "Dracula Lives" mags. I have all of them so far. But recently my brother has told me that there are ranks of Marvel. e.g. RFO and KOF, is this true? If so could you tell me in "Planet of The Apes this week? I buy 3 mags a week. I have told two people to start buying mags and they have not regretted it.

Gary Longhurst
Uppingham, Essex.

You haven't been misled in any way, Gary. What you're referring to are The Hallowed Ranks of Marvel. We won't go into 'em all right now, but two we must mention — and for the very best of reasons! An R.F.O. is a Real Frantic One, a buyer of at least 3 Marvel mags a week. (That's you!). And a K.O.F. is a Keeper of the Flame — one who introduces a new comer to the rollokin' ranks of Marveldom. (That's you again, hero! Bet you feelin' pleased you brought up the subject!) Oh — and before we sign off, our records show another Longhurst (John) living at Uppingham. Would that be a brother of your or would it be one of Providence's wilder co-incidences?
Now you can wear your favourite Ape hero, emblazoned on the buckles of these rugged black vinyl belts!

There's a choice between Galen and Dr Zaius. Their faces sculptured in full colour and 3-dimensional relief for super-realism!

This is the first time that these fantastic belts have been offered direct to readers of Planet of the Apes. And we reckon that every Ape fan on this planet is going to want one—and soon!

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