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

PLANET OF THE APES

JUDGEMENT IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!

THE DECREE HAS COME--TODAY ALL HUMANS DIE!

MAYBE SO--BUT I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME, MONKEY-FACE!

ALSO THE BLACK PANTHER AND THE SAVAGE KA-ZAR!
"Even an ape who is pure of heart..."

It's a strange group this band of river-boat travellers, which suddenly stumbles on a band of gypsies in the middle of the forbidden zone.

Both groups are somewhat at a loss for words.

Doug Moench * Mike Ploog
Writer * Artist

UNTIL...
UH, HOWDY THERE, FOLKS.

GUNPOWDER JULIUS IS THE HANDLE--AND THESE HERE ARE MUN PARTNERS AN' FRIENDS...

AND LOUD SUSPICION...

I SAID HOWDY THERE, FOLKS, I'M GUNPOWDER JULIUS...

WE'RE FRIENDLY, WE ARE. RIGHT FRIENDLY...

DOWNRIGHT FRIENDLY...

SUSTAINED SILENCE

AND LOUDER SUSPICION...

UNTIL--

SO YOU ARE GUNPOWDER JULIUS AND YOU ARE FRIENDLY.

SO WE ARE NOMADS WHO LOVE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO EAT AND DRINK AND DANCE.

SO COME AND SIT DOWN. THE FEAST WILL NOT DIE BEFORE DAWN.

HAHAH! LEAVE IT TO MAMAlena TO TRANSFORM THE AWKWARD SILENCE...

INTO THE MOST GRACEFUL OF GREETINGS.

WELCOME, FRIENDS--WELCOME TO OUR CAMP--I
SOME WINE, MALAGUEÑA— TO MAKE THE INTRODUCTIONS FLOW MORE SMOOTHELY!

BUT WHILE A WARM GLOW MANTSLES THE CARAVAN—CIRCLED CAMP...

... ALI IS NOT QUITE SO FELICITOUS IN THE SEEMINGLY ELASTIC COMPLEX OF ADOBE STRUCTURES KNOWN AS THE CITY...

WHERE A SOMEWHAT FRETFUL SCRIBE RUSHES TO THE QUARTERS OF THE CITY’S DEPUTY ADMINISTRATOR, HE WHO GOVERNS IN THE LAWSIER’S ABSENCE.

XAVIER—! I MUST SEE XAVIER AT ONCE...!

ENTER THEN...

...AND DON’T BE SO SHRILL ABOUT IT.

THREE MORE HUMANS HAVE BEEN SLAIN, XAVIER—ALLEGEDLY BY THE SAME BAND OF BLACK-HOODED GORILLAS!

OH, MY— OH MY, MY, MY—! I DO SO WISH THE LAWSIER WERE HERE. WHAT EVER SHALL WE DO—?

WE’D BETTER DO SOMETHING, BECAUSE JUST BY LOOKING OUT THAT WINDOW—

— YOU CAN CLEARLY SEE THAT WE’RE HEADING FOR A FULL-FLEDGED CIVIC WAR!!

MY GOODNESS— I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SO EXTREME—!!

STAY IN YOUR OWN SECTOR OF THE CITY, HUMAN—!!

WE DON’T ALLOW TROUBLEMAKERS HERE—!!

STOP THE PERSECUTION OF HUMANS

WINN WITH GORILLA TERRORISM

MY GOODNESS— I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SO EXTREME—!!

THE KILLING STOP
WHERE CAN THE LAWGIVER BE? AND BRUTUS -- WHERE IS BRUTUS? HOW CAN I BE EXPECTED TO GOVERN THE CITY WITHOUT ITS PEACE OFFICER? DELIVER YOUR REPORT ON THE Gorilla KNOWN AS BRUTUS, MUTANT DRONE DEE. YEAH, DEE -- AND DON'T WHINE ABOUT IT, YA UGLY MUG...!

T'IS YOUR FUNCTION AS A DRONE, TO ADDRESS US WITH RESPECTFUL TONE, AND NEVER ONCE RESORT TO A MOAN.

I UNDERSTAND, SUPREME GESTALT COMMANDERS, THE REPORT HAS BEEN RECEIVED VIA INPUT-TRACK INITIATED BY DRONE ESS, ASSIGNED TO ACCOMPANY BRUTUS BEYOND THE FORBIDDEN ZONE IN PURSUIT OF THE ESCAPED LAWGIVER AND HIS TWO YOUTHFUL RESCUERS.

DRONE ESS REPORTS TOTAL FAILURE, SUB-COMMISSIONED AS THE DIS-FUNCTION OF SEVEN MUTANT DRONES AND THE IRREVERSIBLE DESTRUCTION OF FIVE WAR MACHINES.

ARE WE TO HOLD DRONE ESS CULPABLE FOR THIS FAILURE? NO, SUPREME OBE-One, DRONE ESS REPORTS THAT HE REPEATEDLY WARNED THE Gorilla BRUTUS OF IMPENDING PERIL. BRUTUS IGNORED HIS WARNINGS AND ACTED BASHLY, RESULTING IN THE DEFEAT AND CON-COMITANT FAILURE.

WHILE FLESH AND BLOOD MAY BE JOLLY, TO PLACE TRUST IN IT IS SURELY OUR FOLLY.

SILENCE, BE THREE. IF DRONE DEE INSTRUCT DRONE ESS TO REMAIN WITH BRUTUS, AND TO MAINTAIN THE SEARCH FOR THE THREE FUGITIVES.

WHERE HAS FLOWED WITH LAUGHTER, AND THE WARM GLOW HAS SPREAD... UNTIL NOW, IT PERMEATES EVEN THE BLOOD...

YEAH, DEE, YA PUB- UGLY JERK! AND ON YER WAY OUT, KILL OUR INPUT-TERMINALS. WE WANNA BE ALONE WIT OUR THOUGHTS.

YES, BE-TWO.
HEY, ALEX -- GIT THE LITTLE FELLER T'UH PASS SOME O' THEM THERE NITTES ON DOWN THIS WAY...

HUH--? OH, YOU MEAN THAT LITTLE FELLOW...

JASON, THE WAY THAT MALAGUEÑA HONEY'S BEEN STARRIN' AT YA, IT'S A PLUMB WONDER SHE AIN'T WORN YORE SKIN OFF. I THINK SHE'S TAKEN A SHINE TO YA, BOY--!

PLEASE FORGIVE ME. I DID NOT MEAN TO--

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S NOTHING, REALLY...

NO, I INSIST AT LEAST LET ME WIPE OFF YOUR SHOULDER...

WELL, UH... THANK YOU.

THEY SAY YOUR NAME IS MALAGUEÑA--?

YES, AND I HAVE HEARD YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU JASON. I HAVE NEVER HEARD A NAME LIKE THAT BEFORE...

... AND A DARK, VOLATILE TEMPER EXPLODES IN VIOLENCE.

LEAVE HER ALONE!!! MALAGUEÑA IS MINE!!

DARK, SURLY EYES WITNESS THE SOFT EXCHANGE...
Easy, Jason, easy...

You, crazy ape... what'd you do that for?!!

Please, Grimaldi-- your temper...!!

So long as I live and breathe...

--No one will flirt with my Malaguena!!

Do you hear me, Malaguena?!!

No one--!!

That does it--!!

Ape-- you've had it!!

Jason-- you dang-fool hot-headed crazy-loco son of a motherless river-rat--!!

Have you forgotten we're guests here--?!!
A FLURRY OF URGENT MOTION, AND THE TWO ANTAGONISTS ARE RESTRAINED...

GOLDURN: IT ALL, JASON--WHY'D YA HAVE TO GO AN' PUNCH SUSH A BELL--THUMPIN' FINE FEAST?

YOUR TEMPER HAS MADE THE NIGHT MOST DARK, GRIMALDI!!

MAMA LENNA HAS THE LOOK IN HER EYES...

WE HAVE SEEN THE FLAMES OF JEALOUSY FLARE BRIGHTER THAN OUR CAMPFIRE HewWIGHT AND WE HAVE TRIED TO RESTRAIN THE TWO WHO HAVE BEEN CONSUMED IN THESE FLAMES.

BUT MATTERS OF JEALOUSY CAN NEVER BE RESOLVED BY RESTRAINT. THIS IS A MATTER ONLY FOR--

AS IS OUR CUSTOM, WE WILL GIVE THEM THE ROOM TO FIGHT... UNTIL THIS MATTER HAS BEEN SETTLED.

---THE KNIVES.

THIS SASH WILL BIND YOUR HATRED TOGETHER, UNTIL THE END OF YOUR FIGHT...

...WHEN THE ONE WHO STANDS MAY CUT IT FREE.

NO...! YOU MUST STOP THEM-- STOP THEM BEFORE THEY ARE HURT...!!

IT IS THE ONLY WAY, MALAGUENA. MAMA LENNA HAS PASSED HER DECISION.
LET'S MAKE IT A HUM-DINGER.
JASE-BOY! I BEEN HANKerin'
TUH SEE A GOOD FIGHT ALL
NIGHT NOW--!

IT IS SAD, GRIMALD
WILL FIGHT FOR NOTHING
LESS THAN DEATH.

THEY CIRCLE... SLOWLY, WARYLY... EYES FLICKERING
FROM FACE TO KNIFE AND BACK AGAIN...

THEN, THE FIRST SLASH WHISTLES SHARPLY...

JASON THRUSTS,
A LURCHINGLY
SAVAGE MOVE
WHICH SHREDS
EMBROIDERED
SICK...

...AS IT CUTS
NOTHING BUT
AIR.

BUT LEAVES
FLESH AND FUR
UNSCATHED.
ALL RIGHT, ARE YOU HUNGRY FOR THIS FIGHT-- AND I'M GONNA GIVE IT TO YOU!!

SO, HUMAN...?

IT IS THE MIST, ERNIE-- WHICH ANGERS JASON MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE...

I THINK NOT.

--HE MUST ACT.

THINK WHATEVER YOU WANT.

THE GYPSY CHIMP IS STRONGER, MORE SKILLED IN THIS MODE OF FIGHTING, AND JASON IS TO LIVE...

...BUT IT ISN'T GONNA MAKE A BIT OF DIFFERENCE...

...BECAUSE, BROTHER, I'M MAD.

AS ARE MANY OF YOUR KIND, HUMAN, AND, INDEED, YOUR MADNESS IS GREATER THAN MOST, EXCEEDING EVEN YOUR COWARDICE...

FREED OF THE BINDING SASH, YOU NEVER THE LESS CHOOSE NOT TO FLEE, BUT TO REMAIN...

...AND TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF YOUR SUPERIOR ADVERSARY.

HEARING THE LAST WORDS, A FLASH OF HOT CRIMSON FLOODES JASON'S SIGHT--
AND HE BOLTS FORWARD, ALL POWER AND FURY, LIKE A JASPER BLADE OF QUICKSILVER LIGHTNING...

...STRIKING IN BLISTERING SAVAGERY...

...AND, YES, IN MOMENTARY MADNESS...

IT IS THE MADNESS WHICH NOW ENCRUSHES THE MOST OMINOUS TOLL...

FOR IN ITS EXECUTION, JASON HAS SACRIFICED HIS DAGGER.

YOU MAY AS WELL CONCEDE DEATH NOW, HUMAN...

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE FIREBRAND, PAL, SO JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT--

NO, JASON--! HERE-- YOU MUST TAKE THIS--

MALAGUEÑA--! BUT I THOUGHT GRIMALDI WAS YOUR--

SO DID I, JASON... BUT I WAS WRONG--

AND-- MALAGUEÑA-- GET BACK!!

TAKE THE DAGGER.

THEN A SHARP HISS OF AIR...
...JASON FINDS HE DOES NOT NEED MALAGUENA’S GIFT...

...AND IT IS GRIMALDI WHO IS NOW UNARMED—WHO IS NOW HELPLESS.

SLAY HIM—AS THE RITUAL DEMANDS.

YES, HUMAN...KILL ME. I HAVE NO WISH TO LIVE, KNOWING THAT MALAGUENA BETRAYED ME FOR YOU.

TAKE THAT KNOWLEDGE AWAY FROM ME, WITH MY LIFE.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GRIMALDI HAS LOST HIS RIGHT TO LIVE.

SLAY HIM! IT IS THE WAY OF OUR PEOPLE.

KILL HIM! KILL HIM!!

WHY NOT, HUMAN?

BUT I...I...CAN’T...

KILLING IS EASY...IN TIMES WHEN IT BECOMES NECESSARY.

TIMES SUCH AS NOW.

He strides from forest shadows like a helmeted demon of hate. His name is BRUTUS.

And in his hand he holds a most hellish instrument of death.

NEXT ISSUE: THE BATTLE WITH BRUTUS... AND A CONfrontation with: THE PLANET INHERITORS!
Dear Stan and Mutations!

I know I might have different views from the weekly POTA fans. I think Rico Rival cannot draw apes. For example, issue 58, page 7, frame 5. The gorilla in that frame is an example of his useless skill in drawing apes. I think all he can draw are the humans. I must, however, congratulate him on his drawings of Dr. Hasslein, he’s real evil looking. Another example, issue 56, page 7, frame 2. Here the nose is all wrong, the shape of the brow and the muzzle are all wrong.

I’m not very good at drawing humans, but I am sure I can draw apes.

Alfredo Alcala, now he’s good, brilliant, fantastic...

How’s about giving us some more pictures on “Escape...”? We’ve only had two so far, and when “Beneath...” was on there were pictures galore. Back to Rival (sorry, Rico) somehow I think Mr. Zane (31-34) looks very much like Dr. Dixon in “Escape...”

Stan, how’s about giving us another art comp, seeing I missed the first one. And keep the good work going. It’s FANTASTIC.

Gregory Dunne, QNS Co. Derry, Ireland.

Beauty, ’tis said, is in the eye of the beholder. So an artist (be he Rembrandt or Rival) is dependent upon what other people see in his work. And since even Michaelangelo had his critics, it’s hardly surprising that Rico has his. It’s the way of the world, and will, doubtless, ever be so. Now, on those pics your heart is craving for. We make it a rule to include in POTA any info or pictures that we can lay hand to. Which means that if we can find ‘em, you shall surely see ‘em. Now then... Another art competition? Just how true are you, believer? If you’d bought issue 2 of our new weekly, “The Titans”, you’d have seen an art competition entry form on the back page! Looks like you musta missed out on that!

Dear Stan and army,

Over the last few months people have been writing in asking if they are too old to read your wonderful mags. Well, here is a comforter for all of them. I buy TWO POTA mags each week, one for myself and one for my gran, who is 71 years old... er... I mean 71 year young.

Anyhow, now to the serious part of my letter. I read your POTA mag and

Also, if anyone want to sell any back copies of POTA with anything in about the series at a profit, please let me know, I’m willing to buy them off you.

Amanda Hill, 71 Lees Hall Road, Norton Lees, Sheffield.

Amanda — if we had any pix or info of the type you seek we’d be delighted to send it to you. Alas, all we CAN send are our sincere hopes that the publication of your plea will produce results. It’s happened before. Times without number.

Dear Stan,

Wow, Stan! You’re groovy! First it’s “Planet...” Then “Beneath...” and now “Escape.” You’re just aca. I have all your mags except three. They are numbers one, forty-two and fifty-two. If you have any of these, could you send me them and name a price.

Anyway, what I really want to say is your mag is ace, real groovy like. Don’t change it. I love the interviews you do on the stars and films. Try to do some more.

Mark Marsden, Leeds 17, Yorks.

Alas and Alack! Back issues are something we cannot supply. But, now that your plea has appeared in our plealess print it could be that someone, somewhere will be moved to pity. SO-O-O-O fingers crossed and keep hoping.

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