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

PLANET OF THE APES

IS THIS THE END FOR APE AND MAN?!

DOOMSDAY IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!!

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

NO. 78

WEEK ENDING APRIL 17, 1976

8p
WAIT! I SHOULD LIKE TO ACCOMPANY YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY, MY FRIENDS.

MY FRIEND, IF IT IS ADVENTURE YOU SEEK, THEN TRULY WE MUST FOLLOW THE SAME PATH...

... AND WHY NOT TOGETHER? NO?

NOW WHY DO YUH FIGGER THAT TUH BE THE CASE, SARABAND?

DARK WATERS AND DEATH CAVERNS

story by: Doug Moench
art by: Mike Ploog
Climb aboard then, Saraband. Thank you, my friend. I consider it a great privilege to... WHOA now... What does the little fellin' think he's a-goin'?

With me, Trippo always accompanies me—wherever I go, even should it be into death.

True! True! Trippo go always!

Grab a pole then—out the swain's just itchin' 'tun bink her keel.

Thus the crew of strange companions poles through the long glare of morning...

...into the purple dusk of hazy evening...

So yuh say more people come from a different land, Saraband.

Yes, my friend—a strange land of clinging mists and perpetual clouds—a land beautiful in its mystery, but a land from which the sun has been stolen by the terrible explosions and great death.

Oh, over on th' other side o' the mornin's, is it?

Oh no, my friend. Much farther away than that—across a vast body of water, hundreds of thousands of times as wide as this river.

If'n you'll pardon me fer sayin' so, Saraband, that don't seem likely a tall. This here river's the widest the swain's ever tread.

Still it true, my friend.

I've heard legends of this vast body of water, Saraband. I believe it was called the All-Antik—in the days before the great death.

Your tale intrigues me. I should like to visit this All-Antik some day. Explore it, perhaps, as well as the many strange lands said to lie beyond it...

I have been traveling with the Caravans ever since I was born...

My earliest memories— as a small child before my mother died of the plague—are of the voyage across the great waters, the voyage which brought us to this land.
SOUNDS INTERESTIN' TUH ME TOO, LAW-GIVER. THAT MUCH WATER'D BE A DOWNRIGHT CHALLENGE FOR ME AN' DAN AN 'THE SUNMAN' HERE. Y'COULD POLE ALL NIGHT TUH SUNRISE AN' BACK AGAIN--ARE REACHIN' TH' OTHER END.

A DRINK, MALAGUEÑA?...

YES, THANK YOU, JASON. THE MORNING HAS GOTTEN WARM...

UH... TELL ME, MALAGUEÑA... DID YOU MEAN IT WHEN YOU SAID YOU NEVER REALLY... LOVED... GRIMALDI...?

MAMMA...

THE WATER'S SWEET, AND COOL...

YES, JASON. I MEANT IT. GRIMALDI NEVER ASKED IF HE COULD LOVE ME. HE SIMPLY TOOK LOVE.

OH...

WELL, THEN... UH, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU... IF YOU'D MIND IF I... UH...

NO, JASON. I DON'T M--

LOOKY THAR-!!

THEM MUST BE THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THOSE INHERITORS FELLER THEIR ANCESTORS--EITHER THAT, OR THE MIDDLE O' THE BLAMED MOUNTAINS ON FIRE...

Huh--?!

THE REPLY OF COURSE IS SURELY...

BRUTUS, BLASTED DANS RING-TAILED NIPER, IS THEY SMOKE THE POIN' O' THE INHERITORS OR AIN'T IT--?!

IT IS...

AN' WHAT'S THE SMOKE FROM--? TOO MUCH OF IT FOR PEAST-COOKIN'...

IT'S FROM THE PYRES WHERE THEY BULL OR THEIR GREAT WAR MACHINES.
THET SO? WAL THEN, SINCE THEY'S GONE TUK THE TROUBLES O' PREPARIN' FOR WAR...

...GUESS WE OUGHTTA SLIDE THE SHIMAN UP TUK SHORE AND OBUDGE 'EM, WITH A HEAPIN' O' WAR, THET IS...

UNDER THE CIRCUM-
STANCES, DAN, WOULDN'T IT BE WISE IF SOME O' US STAYED BEHIND ON
THE RIVERBOAT?... SAY, THE LAWNSER
AND MALASQUENA... AND PERHAPS LITTLE
TRIPPO...?

I AGREE, ALEX-
BOY, NO SENSE
IN LEAVIN' THE
SHIMAN UNPER-
PERFECTIONED, JULIUS? IDEA OF
A LITTLE WAR...

...TENDS TUK IT
A MITE DANGEROUS.

THUS, AFTER BRIEF FAREWELLS
AND PLEAS FOR CAUTION...

THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT ON THE BOAT,
ALEX...

AND SOON...

Y'VE THAT DOWN THERE...? SOME MORE O' Them CUTE SHAGGY FELLERS... WHAT'RE THEY CALLED AGAIN...

AND WHAT'RE THE UGLY GREEN VARMINTS Doin' TO 'EM...?

THE LAWNSER CALLED THE SHAGGY CREATURES HYBRIDS, JULIUS...

...SOME SORT OF MYSTERIOUS COMBINATION
OF ANIMALS AND HUMANS...

...AND THE MUTANT-
DRONES ARE FORCING THEM TO
EXTRACT THAT SHINY SUBSTANCE
FROM THE MOUNTAINS. THEY MELT IT DOWN AN' USE IT TO BUILD THE INHERITORS' WAR MACHINES.

WELL, I HOPE SO

SAY, ARE YOU FELLERS GONNA TUK ALL DAY-- OR ARE YUH GONNA HELP ME SHUFF OUT THESE SLIMY INHERITORS' WEASELS...?
AND WHEN THEY FINALLY REACH THE END OF THE VERTICAL TUNNEL...

GOOD THINGS THAT HOLE WAS JUST A CEILING VENTILATION TUBE, RATHER THAN AN ACTUAL CHIMNEY--OR IT WOULD'VE DROPPED US STRAIGHT INTO THAT TANK OF BOILING STUFF... INSTEAD OF LETTING US OUT UP HERE...

AIN'T NO TIME T'BE JAWNIN' ABOUT NOthin'. JASON, JULIUS AN' THE OTHERS ARE STILL STICK UP IN THE TUNNEL BEHIND US--AN' CAIN'T GET OUT WOMDN LESN'N WE MOVE OUTA THE WAY. Y'WANT ME T'GO DOWN FIRST...?

NO WAY, DAN--I WANT THAT PRIVILEGE.

NOT MUCH FURTHER STEELY DAN....

TIME TO HAVE YOUR MUSH REARRANGED.

GUNH--!

HEH. MADMAN FACE--!

WHO--?!

---NOT THAT ANYONE WILL NOTICE.
PURITY GOOD, JASON--'CEPT YUH DID LET IM YELP A WORD OUT IF N THERE'D BEEN ANYBODY TУH HEAR IT...

EASY, DAN--THE LAD DID THE BEST HE COULD. NOW LET'S GET MOVIN'...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE HYBRIDS? WHY ARE THEY STRAYING HERE--?

GO ON--LEAVE. YOU'RE FREE TO GO NOW--AND HURRY UP BEFORE MISTER MAKES UP AGAIN.

THEY LOOK SO CONFUSED--AND YET LIKE THEY'RE TRYING SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND... LIKE SHAGGY DID...

WHICH REMINDS ME, BRUTUS--IT WAS YOUR WEAPON AND YOUR HAT THAT KILLED SHAGGY, AND IF YOUR BROTHER HAD MORE RIGHT TO LIVE THAN YOU DO...

I OUGHT TO TAKE THAT SILLY HELMET AND CRASH IT RIGHT DOWN YOUR...

HOLD ON, JASE...

HOLD ON, ALEX! I'M GETTING UGLY, SICK OF YOU...

AND IT'S BRUTUS WHO'S GONNA PAY--HIM AND THE REST OF HIS MINDLESS BAND OF APE TERRORISTS--ONCE WE GET BACK TO THE CITY...

AND EVERY SECOND WE DELAY GETTING BACK MAKES US MORE SICK, So LET'S HURRY UP AND SPILL THOSE BRAINS...

SICK OF YOU AND THE LAW-SHIVER--ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL LIKE THE ONE WHO'S WRONG. IF YOU'LL REMEMBER IT'S BRUTUS WHO'S THE MURDERER....

MUTANT-PRODUCED EFF, PUNY AND WEAK; YOU ARE NOW HERE, AND HERE TO SPEAK.

THANK YOU, BE-THERE, BUT MY REPORT IS OF SUFFICIENT MAGNITUDE AS TO INTEREST SUPREME BES'ALT COMMANDER BE-ONE.

WE HAVE RECEIVED ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION FROM ONE OF THE DRONES ASSIGNED TO THE APES NAMED BRUTUS, HE AND THE OTHER DRONES SHARING HIS ASSIGNMENT HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY A NOMADIC GROUP OF INTEGRATED HUMANS AND APES.

WE ARE ALL RECEPTIVE TO INPUT, EFF, SNEAK!

Yeah--an' make it quick, ya plug-ugly punk.

THEY ARE BEING CLOSELY WATCHED, AND COMMUNICATION IS RESTRICTED TO EXTREME BREVITY. WE WERE WARNED AGAINST POSSIBLE ABUSE OF COMMUNICATION WAS TERMINATED PRIOR TO THE TRANSMISSION OF DETAILS.
Very well, drone eff. Place all available drones on immediate alert-status.

Shh! Do you "hear" that silent voice in your head...?

This door is just what we've been looking for.

It is done, be-one. All drones are now on stand-by alert.

Come on--crawl along this ledge...

...and see what we can eavesdrop.

Jase, do you remember the lawgiver saying that each of these inheritors controls a certain number of the drone population?

Anudder this, eff--keep your inputs open for any more yak from dem stupid clucks who got nabbed by dat band o' gypsies.

You mind now, Brutus--one wrong twitch an' th' only brains around here ain't gonna be inside those globes...

Right, Alex--so if we destroy the breeding, we do stop the mush-faces, but we'd better listen some more to make sure.

Right, over every poor sap who gets in their way. Heh heh!

Obvious you are aware, drone eff, that we cannot tolerate any disruption at this juncture of our pogrom.

Dat's right, goony-puss. The war machines are almost all built and ready to roll...

...right over every poor sap who gets in their way. Heh heh!

You think out of turn, be-two. Remain void.

Now then, drone eff, as I was thinking...by inquiring hatred between the human and are populations, the gorilla named Brutus has created a divisiveness within the city which shall render it susceptible to our impending conquest and annihilation.
However, despite this useful function which has been served by Brutus, you and all other drones are hereby notified to grant him the same fate all humans and apes will soon receive...

---

You tricked me...!

You said only the human would die...!!

---

Now you've done it...! They musta heard of you clear 'cross the whole blamed forbidden zone...!

---

An' here they come, with their ugly green faces hangin' out an' all! Slay them, and make it snappy, ya goofy dingbats!

---

Shirk, shirk! Back up... hurry!

---

Cosh! Head for the door... before one of their scorched weapons turns us into puddles...!
WE CAN'T, JACE--THEY'VE GOT THE DOOR BLOCKED!
AND THEY'RE RUSHING US--!

DON'T LOOK NOW, FELLERS--BUT THEY'RE MORE OF 'EM COMIN' FROM THE OTHER SIDE...

BACK HOME, WE CALL THIS SURROUNDED--WITH NARY A PRAYER UPWARDS...
GREAT, JUST GREAT.

THERE IS NOTHING TO DO, MY FRIENDS, BUT ENGAGE THEM IN CLOSE COMBAT--AND HOPE WE MAY PREVENT THEM FROM USING THEIR FIRE-WEAPONS.

THIS, UP ON A NARROW STONE CAT-WALK IN THE GLOOMY CAVERN OF THE INHABITANTS, TWO BILLIARCE FORCES OF MUTATED GROTESQUE CONVERSE.

AND FOR THOSE IN THE CENTER OF THE SAVAGE FURY, ALL HOPE SEEMS DROWNED IN THE BERSERK ONSLAUGHT OF DEATH.

GIT BACK, Y'NUH SLIMY STUMP, HOGGER...!

YES, PERHAPS HOPE...
BUT NEVER COURAGE.

AGH-HK-K!!

SUCH A DEED DESERVES REPAYMENT.
SO EVEN THOUGH I AM SWIFTLY DYING, MY FRIENDS--

SO--YOU HAVE WOUNDED SARA BAND--!
--SARABAND SHALL NOT FALL ALONE!!

NOOOO...!!

...AND...

THE MASSIVE GLOBE SHATTERS INTO A THOUSAND SHARDS OF RUIN...

...THE OBSCENE BRAIN LURCHES, SPLIFS FORTH...

THEY'RE FALLING, JASE! THE LAWGIVER WAS RIGHT... WITHOUT THE BRAIN TO SUPPORT THEM, THEY'RE JUST... DYING!!

Yeah... but not nearly enough of them, Alex...

IF WE WANT TO STOP ALL THE MUSH-FACES, WE Gotta SMASH ALL THE BRAINS.

AND NOW THAT SARABAND'S SHOWN US THE WAY... LET'S MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T DIE FOR NOTHING.

JASE--! I THINK I SEE BLITZ IN DANGER-- HE'S GETTING AWAY!!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW-- JUST Toss THIS MUSH-FACE OUT OVER THE LEDGE...

AND HEAVE!!

GRAB ONE OF THE DEAD MUSH-FACES, ALEX...
THEN AS MORE OF THE MUTANT DROPS CRUMBLE IN DEATH...

SITUATION FULL RED--ALL DROPS CONVERSE OF GESTALT HEADQUARTERS--IMMEDIATELY! RETREAT! SITUATION FULL RED!

IT WORKED, JASE--THEY'RE DROPPING LIKE LEAVES--

THINK I'LL GET IN ON THE FUN AND TOSSED DOWN ONE O'MY OWN LITTLE BRAIN-BUSTERS HERE...

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW, JULIUS--

WHUT D'YUH MEAN--HURRY? I WAS JUST SITTIN' STARTED...

HURRY--THE CORRIDOR WON'T BE CLEAR MUCH LONGER--!

THEY'RE A WHOLE SLEW OF 'EM ON THEIR WAY UP HERE, JULIUS.

WE'D HAVE NO MORE CHANCE THAN A FLEA TRAPPED IN A JUG O' CORNUK RHUM.

WAL, WHY DINT YUH SAY SO, DAN? I MIGHT LIKE TUH FIGHT--BUT IF WE WAS TUH DIE...

HOW WOULD WE EVER ENJOY FIGHTIN' AGAIN--?

I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT...

DO YOU BELIEVE IT--? THE ADVERSARIES RIGHT OVER THERE...

I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT...

IF 'N IT MOVES FAST ENOUGH.

AND EMERGING FROM WHAT PROVES TO BE A CONCEALED REAR EXIT FROM THE CAVERN COMPLEX...

DAMS MUH BLASTED HIDE FER NOT LIN' THIS HOLE...

COULDA LEFT ALL THEM SMOKIN' FER TH' SACK.
BUT AIN'T THE SIMIAN JEST ABOUT THE FURRIEST GUY YOU EVER DID
SEE? I CAIN'T GET HERE ALL DAY
JEST A'LOOKIN' AT IT...

ALMOST MAKES ME
FORGET ABOUT LOSIN'
MUSHUMUSKET.

THEN, A REJOICED
REUNION OF FRIENDS...

MINUS ONE...

TRIPPO, THERE'S
SOMETHING I
MUST TELL YOU...

WHAT YOU TELL
TRIPPO? THAT?

IT'S ABOUT SARABAND,
HE... HE'S GONE, TRIPPO...
HE WAS VERY BRAVE,
AND HE SAVED OUR
LIVES -- ALL OF US...

...BUT HE... HE
DIED, TRIPPO. I'M
SORRY.

SARABAND DEAD?
TRIPPO ALONE?

SARABAND DIDN'T DIE IN
VAIN -- BUT IT'S A CINCH
WE CAN'T MOUNT ANOTHER ASSAULT LIKE THAT.
THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US WITH EVERYTHING
THEY CAN GET, AND NOW THAT BRUTUS IS ALIVE
AGAIN, I THINK OUR ONLY CHOICE IS TO TRY
AND RESTORE THE LAWGIVER TO POWER.

SARABAND DEAD? WHY TRIPPO
ALONE? I KNOW.

NO ANSWER.

WILL YOU TAKE
US BACK TO THE
CITY, JULIUS?

SARABAND DIED IN
VAIN. ...BUT IT'S A CINCH
WE CAN'T MOUNT ANOTHER ASSAULT LIKE THAT.
THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US WITH EVERYTHING
THEY CAN GET, AND NOW THAT BRUTUS IS ALIVE
AGAIN, I THINK OUR ONLY CHOICE IS TO TRY
AND RESTORE THE LAWGIVER TO POWER.

SHORE, HE AN' I
DAN'LL HELP Y'AH
SIT BACK...

TRIPPO SAD.

NIGHTBIRDS CRY
IN PLAINurdy SONG,
AS A RIVERFROG
NAMED SIMBAN
SKIMs THE PLACID
WATERs TOWARD A
SETTING SUN...

...AND A LITTLE CLOWN
NAMED TRIPPO. SOFTLY
SINGS.
Dear Marvel,

I have been reading people's letters in POTA asking about ape fan clubs. Well, I'm a member of the "Planet of The Apes" fan club. Every two months you receive a newsletter, and in your starter kit you get a membership card, a membership badge, a date-book, a pen, an astronaut badge and two large colour pictures. You also receive a special offer that is for club members only. In December it was badges that were cheaper. All it costs is £1, but first of all you should write to S. A. Skinner, Planet of The Apes fan club, 140 Piccadilly, London, W1, asking for a form so that you can join.

Graham Tarver, QMS, Warwickshire.

Thanks for the fax 'n info, Graham, about the Official Planet of the Apes Fan Club. There seems to be quite a few Apes Fan Clubs in existence but this is the official one — and that's why we printed a letter from the secretary a couple of weeks back!

Dear Stan,

I think POTA is fantastic, especially "Beneath . . ." and "Escape . . ." and "Conquest . . .". A lot of people have written in to say the comic should be fully apes. I disagree and think about 20 pages should be given to the ape saga. The back-up stories have been good up till now, except Warlock and Cap Marvel. Kazar and Black Panther are great. The best stories, though, are "Day of Triffids" and "Machine Age". I think you should adapt 2001 and Rollerball.

After Battle, maybe you will do Pierre Boulle's "Planet of The Apes" and "Planet of The Men" and/or some of the TV series.

The Titans is very good up to now, especially "S.H.I.E.L.D.", "The Inhumans" and "Cap Marvel". But I think you should get rid of Sub-Mariner and put Ghost Rider in.

If you ever make another comic I hope it will be like the American mag, "Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction".

Stephen Moore, Scarborough, Yorks.

Now . . . you may not realise it, Steve, but you've given us a problem. And this is it. What do we say to someone who's as delighted with our product as you obviously are? If you were standing here before us we could shake your hand, extend a little hospitality and so forth. But with you up in Yorkshire and us down here in Hi-Ho Holborn . . . well . . . all we can do is state with the utmost sincerity that we're very pleased you wrote.

Dear Stan,

Planet of The Apes is the best comic I have ever read. But one problem. You only put 9 or 10 pages about the apes, and the rest is Warlock or other stories. You could put this in the Apes Forum, but I don't think you put letters of complaint in Apes Forum.

But in a way this is not really a complaint as the comic is great.

P. O'Brien,
204 Pembroke Street, Benmore Estate, London N1.

Believe us, We publish letters of complaint, even if they're not really letters of complaint. And this is the proof of it. But, seriously, we've been into this question of the number of pages for it. Ape story, more times than we can remember. And we'd like to think it's time to draw the line under that particular subject.

Dear Marvel Clan,

Whilst reading this week's Planet of The Apes, I marvelled at the section on the Roundhouse. I, unfortunately, couldn't go (sob!) like countless other Scottish Marvelites, no doubt. Stan, surely you couldn't stand in the background and see fellow Marvelites suffering? Why not come to Scotland and have the same set-up as at the Roundhouse?

Looking through my collection of American mags, I couldn't keep my eyes off the goodies for sale. Please, could you possibly get some of these offers into the British mags?

In a local mag shop the other day, I had the luck to come across your great new American comic, Howard the Duck! Without hesitating I bought it. The little feathered nut was great, I just hope I can get it every month.

Jame Reddie,
Dundee, Tayside, Scotland.

Hi there, Jamie, up there in Scotland's comic-capital. (And YOU'll know what we mean.) Don't think we're unmindful of the suffering among those countless Marvelites who were separated by distance from all the Roundhouse celebrations. We know that the only way to solve that particular problem is to find other venues around the country and organise similar occasions. But it's gonna take time. But maybe this'll make the waiting seem shorter. We're planning to make a lot more goodies available through the British mags. And some of those goodies will be the American offers you mention. Let the goodies times roll!

apes forum
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