On the earth of 1974, within the society created and ruled by men, Derek Zane was called a starry-eyed dreamer...a fool.

In the world of the future, on a planet dominated by apes, Derek Zane is reviled as a freak...and hailed as a hero.

I'm still stuck here in the future, and I'm still Derek Zane--and though I'm certain I've changed, I'm still a dreamer, a fool, a freak...and a hero.

Story: DOUG MOENCH
Art: HERB TRIMPE, DAN ADKINS & SAL TRAPANI
And upon leaving, I remember my first arrival, and escaped the mainland. And the one-eyed gorilla, Gordon, building a raft...

He took me to King Arthur, who must have been, to be an orangutan...

--and who asked me to slay a dragon as a gesture of good faith...

Which I promptly did, pumping four slugs from my automatic into the ugly thing's brain.

That little feat earned me the chance to face Gawain in a tourney, and after I'd defeated him with new Yankee tricks, I was placed in charge of defense during good old Gordon's siege of Camelot.

I found the embodiment of my starr-eyed dreams here on the fair island of Avedon--I could throw rose-colored glasses to the wind--and still gaze upon the glorious scenes of my fantasies to me, Avedon was heaven.

So you see, it was lunacy to ride away from all this...

Still, I had to leave.

...I was privileged to hand over, Andrew marriage... and truly, she is the fairest maiden in all the wonderfully wicked.
And even as I basked and vegetated in the luxurious company of lady Andrea, her fleeting fantasies, I couldn't shake the memory of why I'd come to this crazy year of 3975 in the first place.

I'd meant to find the four missing astronauts--the lost LDSK--and now I knew they weren't on Avedon.

So, if they were here at all, they had to be somewhere on the mainland--and I certainly wouldn't find them in my fantasies.

The raft was still there, as I'd hoped.

I drew Gandalf to halt (yeah, I'd been a tricked bug) and looked down upon the site of my arrival...

Now I could use it to--

True, Andrea--but there are others who may need me...

And I can't hide from that fact any longer.

My last memory of my wife--faded...

...and my mind finally registered what my eyes had already seen. There was something on the raft.

There was a stag... slain and trussed.
As an island, Avedan was isolated. Apes
and humans lived in peace. But on the main-
land, apes hunted and killed humans. So,
if the four astronauts were on the
mainland...

I couldn't let a dead deer stop me.
Searching for them.

Maybe a dead stag wouldn't stop me...

He was my chimp-anzee.

No doubt, friend Robin...

...but I am Derek Jane---
and the raft belongs to
me.

Not so, master Derek---you see I
found it first.

---when we can fight for it?

I swung my driftwood staff, wanting to knock the
rakish smirk right off his face.

But he ducked---

---and jabbed me right in the breadbasket.

It hurt, but I managed to hold onto my cookies,
at least...

He lunged at me onto the raft...
...AND THEN I FELT LIKE I WAS TRAPPED IN A HOWARD PYLE ILLUSTRATION.

BAK!

HE MADE ME MAD...

KUD!

YOU LEFT YOURSELF WIDE OPEN, MASTER DEREK--

HA HA HA

--AND ROBIN HOOD IS NOT ONE TO REFUSE AN INVITATION!

WHAA--?!!

HE WAS STILL LAUGHING--

AND WHO WAS IT TO ARGUE WITH THE ROGUE ROBIN HOOD--?

--AND WE MADE ME YELL...

CHUCKLING...

FRAK

THEN, AFTER I'VE FINISHED WITH MY LAUGHING, AND AFTER WE'VE SPLASHED WATER AT EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE--

NOW, GOOD ROBIN, WHAT DO YOU SAY--?

I SAY, MASTER DEREK, PERHAPS WE SHOULD SHARE THE RAFT--

...ESPECIALLY SINCE THE EFFORTS OF OUR LITTLE CONTEST--

--HAVE ALREADY PROPELLED US HALFWAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL.
I used the rest of the journey to deliver my ditch...

You say talking humans are rare on the mainland?

Extremely rare.

I could tell I was getting to him...

So it should not be difficult to find four talking humans...

Correct... unless they've met with death... or we meet the same...

But look!

Robin's eyes had been honed to spot a brown stag against tree trunks at a thousand yards.

It seems the first stage of our plan is approaching.

And waited as he hailed the chimp rider.

What ho, fellow ape, and all that jolly rot--?

Huh--?

Has thou heard news of any talking humans in this region?

And by the time we clambered ashore...

We hit the dusty path, getting things straight as we strolled...

--and then you will--

Yes, Sir Derek, I see your meaning--and a good plan it is.

Bingo... Sly devil that I was.

I trusted him, shinned the tree...

Why, yes--there are rumors of a speaking animal. They say he's quartered in the vivisection lab of a city to the south...

But why do you ask? And why are you attired so strangely...?
And after Robin had availed himself of the unconscious chimp's clothing...

Just let me stuff my Sherwood greens into this saddlebag— and we'll set to work on you.

Wh-what do you mean...?

I mean, Sir Derek, tis time to rid you of these fo'sh'n garments!

If we want this charade to be convincing, you can't very well march into their city looking like a royal knight of King Arthur's court— can you?

Maybe not— but you don't have to rip the stuff off...!

Ah, but you said the humans here on the mainland dress themselves in rags...

And now... do you not fit the role?

Yeah, but he didn't have to make a ham out of me!

Come along, Beast— but have a care not to bring your vermin and rabies too close to my civilized sensibilities.

No, Sir Derek...

Spoken like a true rogue.
From riches to rags in twenty centuries flat. My mind dipped into the past again, ever since this time... to the era in which I was born.

**THE DREAMLESS TIME I DESPISED.**

There was my last meeting with Michele, in the outdoor cafe...

Realize now that you'll never buckle down, Derek...

Never leave your personal cloud nine long enough to cope with reality...

Say goodbye, yeah, mish... guess you're right.

Then the meeting at NASA, with Mr. High and Mighty Kriegstein...

Time machines, Hasslein's theories of dimensional machinations and quantum regression. Do you take me for an idiot, Mr. Zane?

But I can find the four missing...

Out, get out!

Then the trip itself... horrifying... and yet the only salvation...

The only way to save Taylor and the others... as well as my own sanity...

Then my initiation to this brave new world of 3975...

**BLAM**

Hunted... like an animal... Gideon and the Gorilla Thugs.

The final memory is the one which sizzles the most... the one I'll never forget. Gideon brutally murdering a fellow ape, merely to further his own power.

They were just like us...

We live in separate worlds, Derek... I need a man I can respect, a man with a future. I need security, Derek, and that's why we must...

And now, I was letting myself be dragged right into their midst... all to help our strangers, from the time which cursed and rejected me.

continued next week!!
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 Farrel’s letter in POTA 68 I completely agree with him. Please, please give the apes more space, they deserve it. 10 pages out of 38 is just not good enough.

Rajko Smiljanic, RFO.KOF.FOOMER.
33 Speedwell Road, Edgbaston, B’ham.

Pax! Yep – we’ve heard your voice and we’ve heard the voice of Marveldom assembled on the subject. So we’re working right now on a formula that could solve the problem and bring contentment to Apes love everywhere.

Dear Stan,

Take one of Marvel’s best writers, team him with the most brilliant artist of all, feature the result in a great mag, and what have you got?

In case you don’t know, I’m referring to ‘City of Nomads’, which I consider to be Marvel’s greatest story. The art was incredible (although it did start to deteriorate in issue 48) although the covers gave a false impression of the content. I don’t know how Doug dreamed up such an excellent story. And Tom Sutton’s art was unbelievable.

I can’t say I think much of your latest Marvel stories, because Gil Kane’s art is atrocious. Perhaps he needs a stronger inker, like Tom Sutton. Here’s a round-up of Titans.

INHUMANS: Gone . . . but Neal Adams’ work will never be forgotten.

X-MEN: Excellent scripts by Roy, although John Taliglonies’ inks are not too good.

CAP AMERICA: Nothing special, although I did enjoy the first five or six stories which Kirby and Stone drew.

SHIELD: I liked John Serverin’s ‘John Wayne’ portrayal of Nick Fury . . . but more could be done with this strip storywise.

NAMOR: He bores me, and is the only Marvel strip I haven’t bothered to read.

CAP MARVEL: Can’t wait for Starlin/Milgrom’s version, so I’ll have to tolerate Gil Kane for a while.

Oh, and here are a few ‘awards’.

BEST WRITER: Doug Moench and Gerry Conway.
BEST ARTISTS: Tom Sutton and Jim Mooney.

BEST STORIES: ‘City of Nomads’ and ‘Doom on Kathulos’.
Paul Dannoachie, QNS.
Blair House, Edderton, By Tain, Ross-shire, Scotland.

Well . . . a few pats on the back, a few kicks where it hurts . . . all in all, what could well be described as a typical Paul Dannoachie message.

Dear Mr. Lee and the Bullpen,

This is my first letter, even though I’ve been a faithful Marvelite for six years. I am afraid it is a letter of complaint, with a touch of the congratulations as well.

“Planet of The Apes” is good, very good indeed. However, the two back-up stories are not. If we must have “Ko-Zu” please can we have the stories from “Savage Tales”, as I think his adventures in the Hidden Land are better than those of the concrete jungle. The Black Panther? Sorry, the stories are terrible. No offence meant to Mr. McGregor, whose “Killraven” stories are amply justified, but the Panther is a bit too philosophical in my opinion.

I agree with many people who believe that the back-up stories should be science-fictional ones. If not, why not put in “Starlord”, “Guardians of the Galaxy”, “Deathlok” or “Killraven”?

Finally, I would like to thank Mary Wolfman, Archie Goodwin, Len Wein, Doug Moench and all the “Savage Tales” team for giving us twelve issues of sheer wonderment.

Philip Bryce, 3 Lansdown Grove, Eldwick, Bingley, W. Yorks.

We can’t disguise the fact that we’re saddened by those black marks you awarded to The Black Panther. But yours is a fair opinion, fairly expressed, and, as such, will receive full Bullpen consideration. But here’s some good news for you. “Savage Tales” material WILL be heading for Britain’s sand and shingled shores!

People,

The long awaited continuation of “Terror On The Planet of The Apes” (12-19, 75-?) is warmly welcomed. The first part of the saga, which appeared just over a year ago, is all but forgotten. In fact, I was little impressed by the previous epis, which, tho’ drawn by Mike Ploog, parried a variety of delineators—which wasn’t helped any by some of the most dreadful reproduction ever. Which put POTA at the bottom of my favourite comics list.

However, Ploog’s seductive style and charcoal embellishment of “Malaguena Beyond a Zone Forbidden” rates, in my eyes, as some of the most beauteous art ever to grace the pages of a British or American comic. The lack of colour, both here and on the original, enhances so much as to prove beyond doubt that B & W is beautiful.

With the proclaimed confrontation with The Inheritors next issue, I fear we’ll learn the secrets of the mutant drones – the ‘living machines’, as Jason called them, and also of the Gestalt Commanders, who intrigue me no end, but whom I’d prefer to be left shrouded in their present veil of mystery. Tro’ I suspect Doug will show them to be alien invaders, rather than terra-originated mutations. Leastways, that’s what their moniker, ‘The Planet Inheritors’, implies.

Mike Griggs, PMM, FFF.

We’re obliged to you, Mike, for confirming a few guide-lines for us. We’ll get POTA to the top of your ‘favourite comics list’ yet!

Another message from the Apes fan club

DECODE THIS MESSAGE AND SEND YOUR ANSWER TO: APES FAN CLUB, DEPT. SJ
400 PICCADILLY, LONDON W1. INCLUDE YOUR MEMBERSHIP NUMBER ... THERE’S A PRIZE FOR THE FIRST CORRECT ANSWER OPENED!

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