

**ALSO: KAZAR, THE JUNGLE LORD AGAINST "THE SWORD OF THE ASSASSIN"**

9P

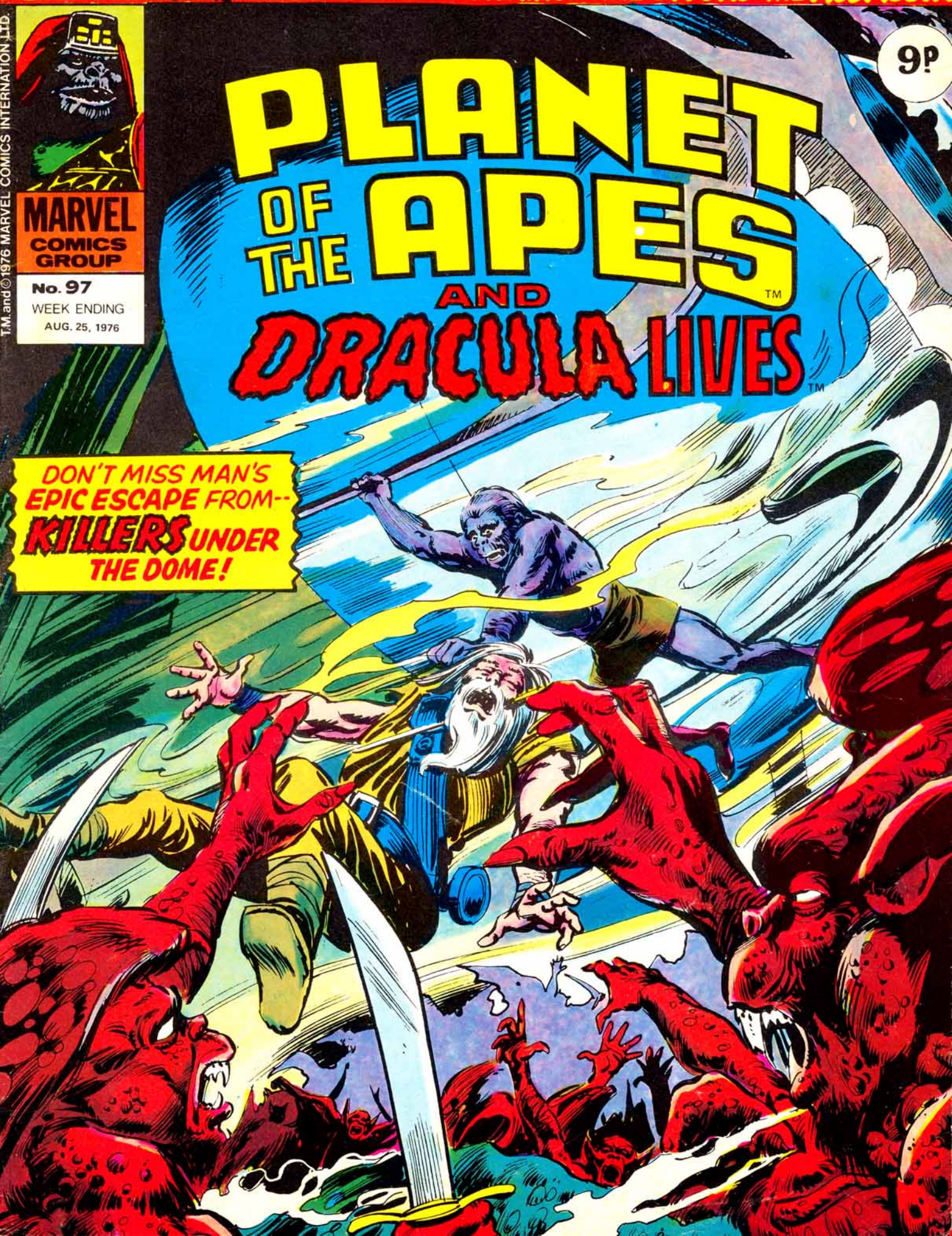
# PLANET OF THE APES AND DRACULA LIVES

**MARVEL  
COMICS  
GROUP**

**No. 97**

WEEK ENDING  
AUG. 25, 1976

**DON'T MISS MAN'S  
EPIC ESCAPE FROM--  
KILLERS UNDER  
THE DOME!**



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**™

BELOW: THE GIRL  
CALLED MALAGUENA  
AND THE APE NAMED  
GILBERT LIE DEATHLY  
STILL...

...AND SOON, IF THE  
GORILLA BRUTUS HAS  
HIS WAY, THEY AND  
JASON AND ALEXANDER  
WILL SOON BE OVER-  
TAKEN BY...

# DEATH ON THE PLANET OF THE APES

ENTER THE **PSYCHEDROME**  
WITH MIGHTY MARVEL, TRUE  
BELIEVER...AND PRAY THAT  
YOU NEVER REGRET IT.

EDITED BY **ARCHIE GOODWIN** \* WRITTEN BY **DAVE NEWMAN** \* DRAWN BY **TOM SUTTON**





COME ON NOW, ALEX-- KEEP QUIET. THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE-- I DON'T THINK HE'S HEARD US YET...

IF HE HASN'T HE MUST BE DEAF...

SHUT... UP.

OH ALL RIGHT-- GIVE IT A TRY.



THEN, PADDING STEALTHILY TOWARD THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE, JASON SNARLS--

ALL RIGHT-- DON'T MAKE A MOVE--



NO NEED TO SPEAK SO LOUDLY, HUMAN.

H-HUH?

YOU HAVE ALREADY FORFEITED THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE...



... INASMUCH AS I HAVE BEEN AWARE OF YOUR CLUMSY PRESENCE FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW.

IN THE NAME OF THE LAWGIVER--! YOUR... YOUR EYES--!

-- HAVE BEEN PEERING AROUND THE EDGES OF MY COWL TO OBSERVE YOU EVER SINCE YOU FIRST ENTERED THE LUMENARK.



WH-- WHO IS HE, JASE...?

YOU MEAN... WH-- WHAT IS HE--?

I AM THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT-- AND APPARENTLY YOUR CAPTIVE AT THE MOMENT.



UH... THAT'S R-RIGHT-- YOU ARE OUR PRISONER-- AND D-DON'T YOU FORGET IT OR I'LL... I'LL SHOOT YOU!

NOW LOOK-- WE DON'T CARE WH-WHO YOU ARE, OR WHAT THIS CRAZY PLACE IS. WE JUST WANT TO RESCUE OUR FRIEND-- LIGHTSMITH --SO YOU J-JUST TAKE US TO HIM ... IF YOU DON'T WANT TO D-DIE.

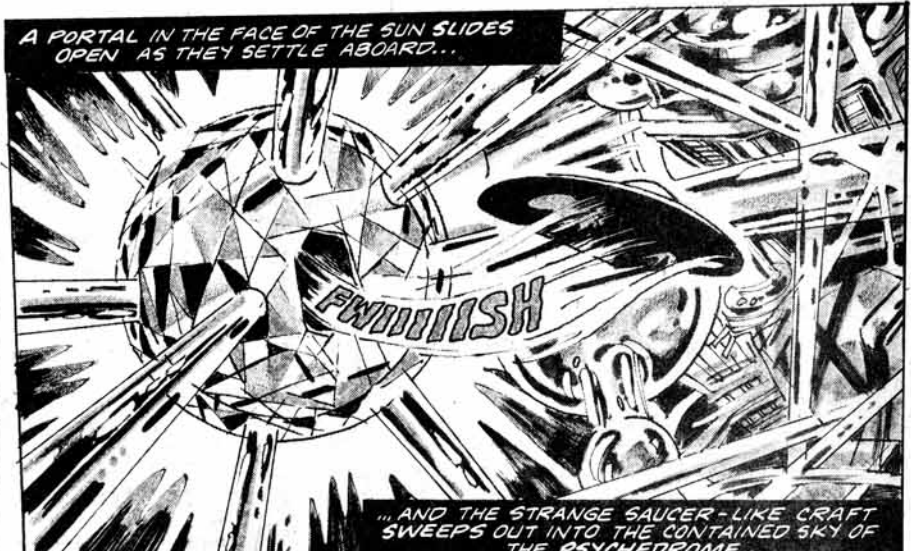
VERY WELL. IF THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE IS DEATH, I SHALL GUIDE YOU TO YOUR FELLOW HUMAN.



ALL RIGHT THEN-- GET INTO WHICHEVER TUBE WILL TAKE US TO HIM.

OH-NO--NONE OF THE EIGHT LEVITROUGHS WILL CONDUCT US DIRECTLY TO THE CONDITIONING CENTER...

WE SHALL HAVE TO EMPLOY THIS SHUTTLECRAFT.

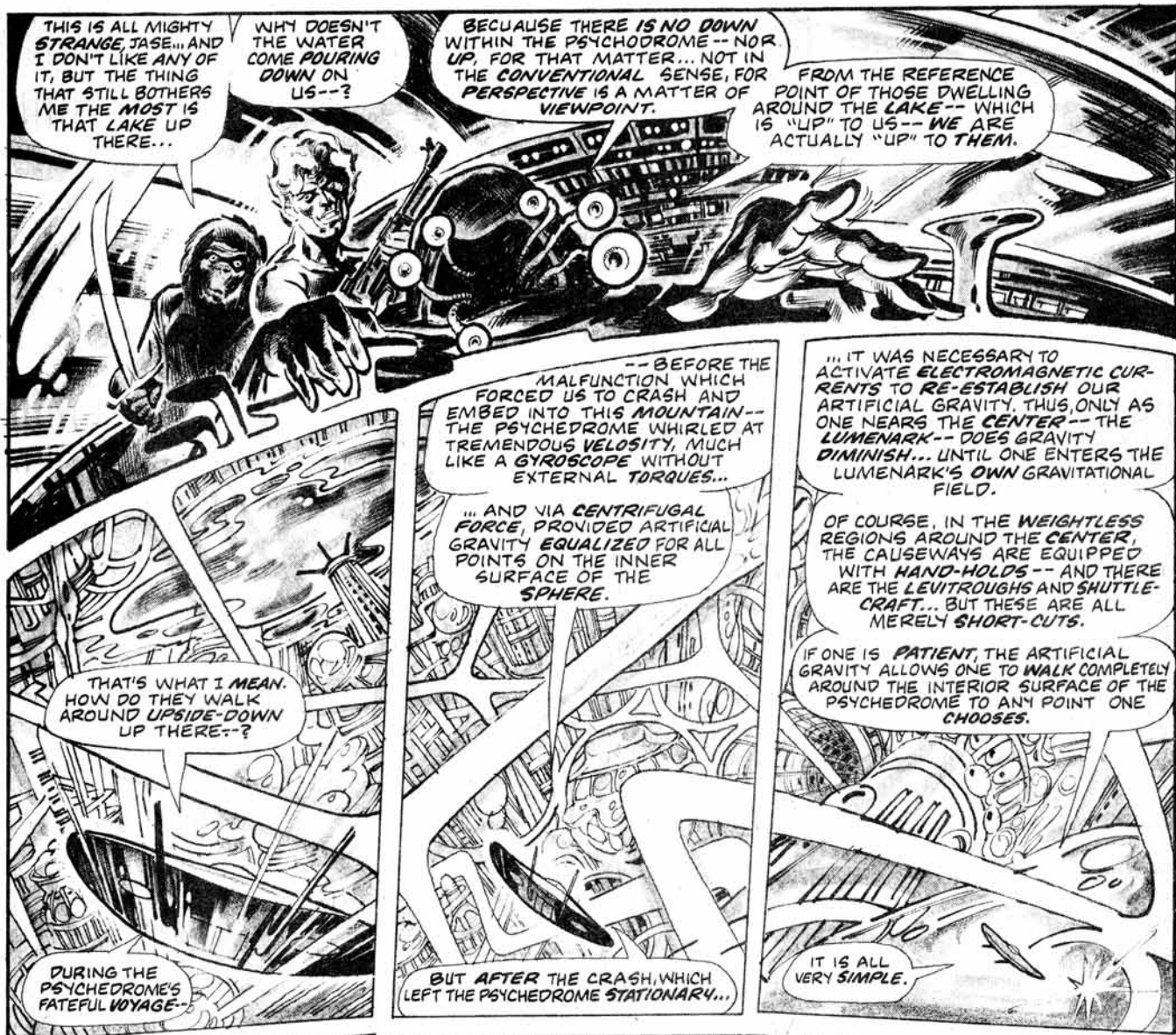


A PORTAL IN THE FACE OF THE SUN SLIDES OPEN AS THEY SETTLE ABOARD...

FWIIISH

... AND THE STRANGE SAUCER-LIKE CRAFT SWEEPS OUT INTO THE CONTAINED SKY OF THE PSYCHROME...

GROTESQUELY, THE MANY EYEBALLS WEAVE AND TWINE IN LAQUID RHYTHM...



THIS IS ALL MIGHTY STRANGE, JASE... AND I DON'T LIKE ANY OF IT, BUT THE THING THAT STILL BOTHERS ME THE MOST IS THAT LAKE UP THERE...

WHY DOESN'T THE WATER COME POURING DOWN ON US--?

BECAUSE THERE IS NO DOWN WITHIN THE PSYCHODROME-- NOR UP, FOR THAT MATTER... NOT IN THE CONVENTIONAL SENSE, FOR PERSPECTIVE IS A MATTER OF VIEWPOINT.

FROM THE REFERENCE POINT OF THOSE DWELLING AROUND THE LAKE-- WHICH IS "UP" TO US-- WE ARE ACTUALLY "UP" TO THEM.

-- BEFORE THE MALFUNCTION WHICH FORCED US TO CRASH AND EMBED INTO THIS MOUNTAIN-- THE PSYCHODROME WHIRLED AT TREMENDOUS VELOCITY, MUCH LIKE A GYROSCOPE WITHOUT EXTERNAL TORQUES...

... AND VIA CENTRIFUGAL FORCE, PROVIDED ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY, EQUALIZED FOR ALL POINTS ON THE INNER SURFACE OF THE SPHERE.

... IT WAS NECESSARY TO ACTIVATE ELECTROMAGNETIC CURRENTS TO RE-ESTABLISH OUR ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY. THUS, ONLY AS ONE NEARS THE CENTER-- THE LUMENARK-- DOES GRAVITY DIMINISH... UNTIL ONE ENTERS THE LUMENARK'S OWN GRAVITATIONAL FIELD.

OF COURSE, IN THE WEIGHTLESS REGIONS AROUND THE CENTER, THE CAUSEWAYS ARE EQUIPPED WITH HAND-HOLDS-- AND THERE ARE THE LEVITROUGHS AND SHUTTLE-CRAFT... BUT THESE ARE ALL MERELY SHORT-CUTS.

IF ONE IS PATIENT, THE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY ALLOWS ONE TO WALK COMPLETELY AROUND THE INTERIOR SURFACE OF THE PSYCHODROME TO ANY POINT ONE CHOOSES.

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN. HOW DO THEY WALK AROUND UPSIDE-DOWN UP THERE--?

DURING THE PSYCHODROME'S FATEFUL VOYAGE--

BUT AFTER THE CRASH, WHICH LEFT THE PSYCHODROME STATIONARY...

IT IS ALL VERY SIMPLE.

SAYS HIM, ALEX-- BUT AS FOR ME, I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAID.

I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE HERE... BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD TAKE ALL THIS ALONE.

INDEED, BOTH JASON AND ALEXANDER FIND THEMSELVES FORGETTING THEIR PAST DIFFERENCES, AND GROWING CLOSER AS FRIENDS. THE ONLY PITY IS THAT IT HAS TAKEN A COMMON EXPERIENCE OF FEAR TO WORK THE CHANGE...

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, JASE... BUT I STILL WISH WE WERE BACK HOME...

... WHERE WE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, AND WHERE THE LAWGIVER HAS EVERYTHING IN CONTROL.

IF ONLY WE COULD RETURN TO--



THE CITY!

FIVE-HUNDRED MILES AWAY, ON THE BORDER OF A VAST FORBIDDEN ZONE, IT GLOWS IN BRIGHT MOONLIGHT, BRIGHT AS ANY ARTIFICIAL SUN...

ALL IS WELL IN THE CITY... OR SO IT SEEMS...

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SEE THE LAWGIVER ABOUT?

HE'S EXTREMELY BUSY THESE DAYS, YOU KNOW...

I KNOW, HIERONYMOUS, BUT HE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE RIOTS. THE HUMANS AND THE GORILLAS ARE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS AGAIN WHETHER THE LAWGIVER CARES TO ADMIT IT OR NOT.

AND AS HIS SCRIBES, WHAT GOOD ARE WE IF WE DON'T KEEP HIM INFORMED OF THESE THINGS.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, CENTARIUS BUT ME -- I MERELY COME WHEN I'M SUMMONED... AND I'VE JUST BEEN SUMMONED.

AND WITHIN THE LAWGIVER'S PRIVATE OFFICES...

MUST BE GETTING OLD... TOO OLD TO BE HEFTING THESE MONSTROUS TOMES FROM SHELF TO DESK AND BACK AGAIN...

AND THOSE SCRIBES -- BLASTED NUISANCES...

WHERE ARE THEY WHEN I NEED THEM?





THUS, THE TALE ENDS.

EXCELLENT,  
HARBINGER.  
NOW: RECITE  
THE LITANY.

THE LITANY  
FOLLOWS!

IT IS GOOD TO BE  
A GOOD PERSON.

A GOOD PERSON  
ALWAYS SAYS YES.

A GOOD PERSON  
NEVER SAYS NO.

A GOOD PERSON  
NEVER STOPS ANYTHING...

MEANWHILE, THE SHUTTLECRAFT FLASHES THROUGH  
AN OPENING IN THE "FLOOR" OF THE PSYCHEDROME,  
ACCORDING TO THE MULTI-ORBED KEEPER OF  
LIGHT THEY HAVE ATTAINED THEIR DESTINATION...

THIS'D BETTER NOT BE A  
TRICK, EYEBALLS! IF LIGHT-  
SMITH'S NOT HERE--

WAIT, JASE-- THERE  
HE IS-- DOWN THERE!

ALL RIGHT-- TAKE  
US DOWN SLOW.

HEY, LIGHT-  
SMITH? GET  
READY TO  
JUMP ABOARD!

YOU  
HEAR  
ME?

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG, JASE-- I  
THINK WE'D BETTER  
JUST GRAB HIM...

--GOOD PERSON  
LIKES EVERYTHING  
THAT HAPPENS.

ALL OF YOU  
DOWN THERE  
--DON'T TRY TO  
STOP US--!

--OR YOUR  
FRIEND HERE  
GETS IT!

COME ON,  
LIGHTSMITH!  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER  
WITH YOU--?

IT IS GOOD  
TO BE A  
GOOD  
PERSON!

THEN ON JASON'S COMMAND THE SHUTTLE-  
CRAFT STREAKS DOWN A NARROW COR-  
RIDOR IN THE FLOOR OF THE CONDITIONING  
CENTER-- A COURSE WHICH PERPENDICULARLY  
PENETRATES THE SPHERICAL SHELL OF  
THE PSYCHEDROME...

WHAT  
HAPPEND  
TO YOU,  
LIGHTSMITH?  
WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

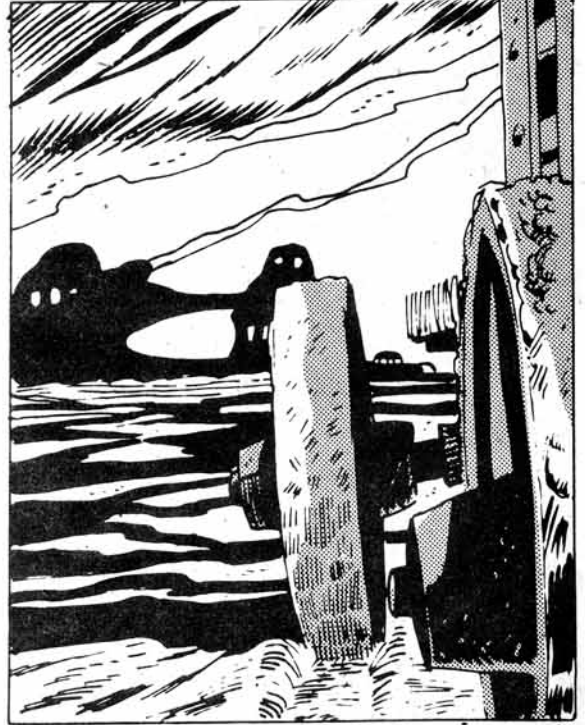
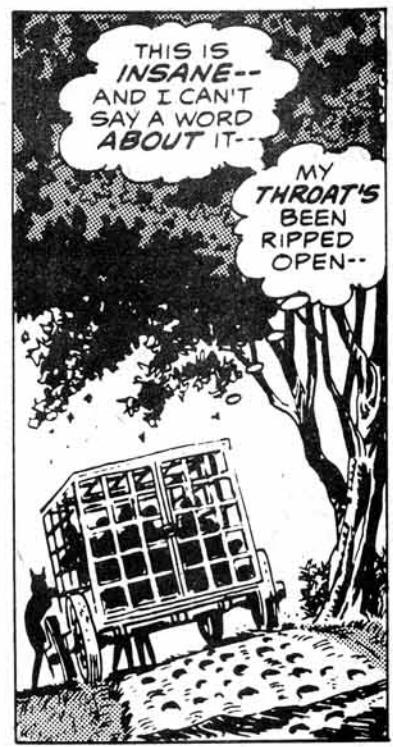
A  
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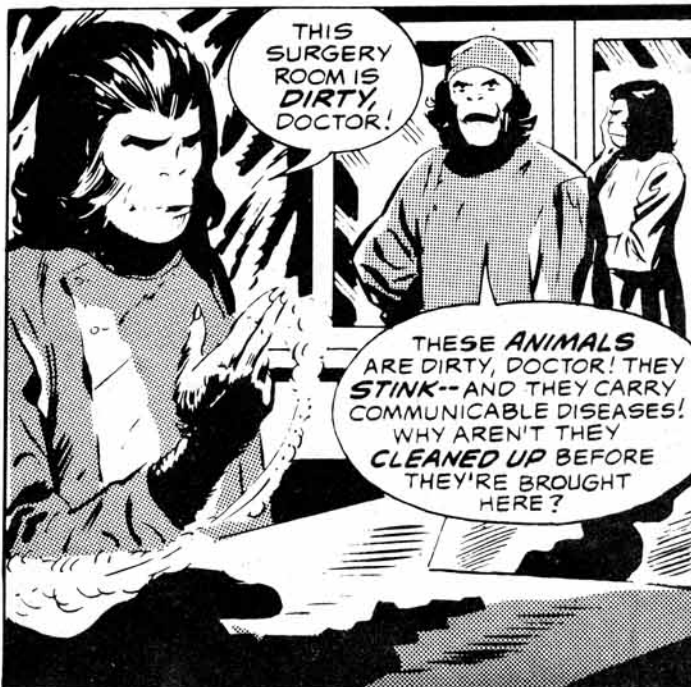
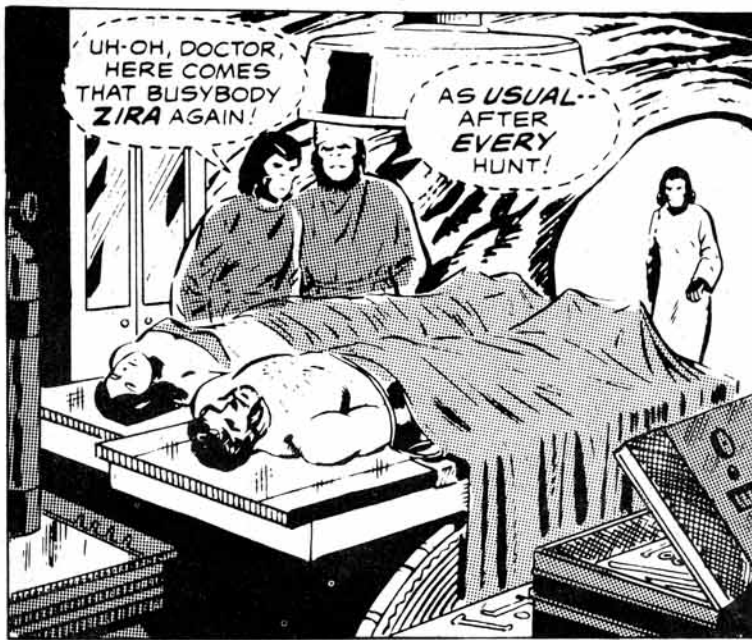


# WORLD OF CAPTIVE HUMANS











NURSE-- HOLD  
THE BEAST'S  
HEAD STILL  
WHILE I--

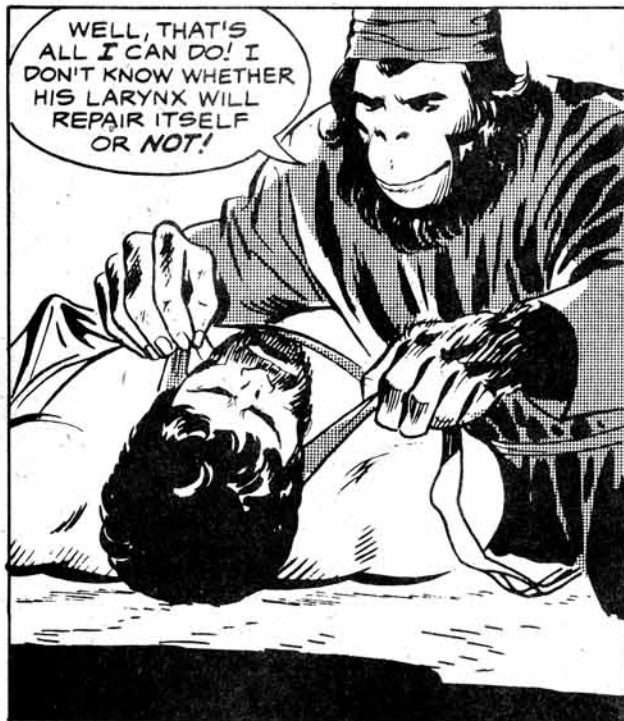


-- PROBE  
HIS *THROAT*!  
WOUND!



HE'S PASSED  
OUT AGAIN!

THESE BEAST  
CAN'T TOLERATE  
THE SLIGHTEST  
*BIT* OF  
PAIN--



WELL, THAT'S  
ALL I CAN DO! I  
DON'T KNOW WHETHER  
HIS LARYNX WILL  
REPAIR ITSELF  
OR NOT!



YOU MIGHT  
AS WELL  
RETURN THEM  
TO THEIR--



"--CAGES!"

OH,  
*SIMMER*  
DOWN, WHY  
DON'T  
YOU!



PLAY WITH YOUR *BLOCKS*--  
OR EAT A *BANANA*-- LIKE  
THE *REST* OF THE  
ANIMALS!



