PLUS: KA-ZAR AND THE TYRANT OF THE SWAMP TRIBE!

PLANET OF THE APES
AND
DRACULA LIVES

HUMANS ALONE, OUTNUMBERED, AND TRAPPED ON THE PLANET OF THE APES!
Chances of escape are two, slim and none, as Derek and the human-girl who saved him from Dr. Cassius flee the vivisection laboratory for their very lives! But their freedom is doomed to last for only moments as the forces of General Zaynor draw the noose of ape-soldiers ever tighter around them, assuring they will remain...

"Prisoners of the Apes!"

"Run, girl... run!! If they catch us, they'll chop us up and sprinkle us on their salads!

"First you killed the good doctor. Then I knocked the general on his can...

"...So you know what'll happen if they get their hairy paws on us! Wouldja believe curtains?"

Story by Doug Moench
Art by Herb Trimpe, Dan Adkins, and Saltarpani
He believed even louder when he climbed to his monkey splayed feet...

It occurred to me that I'd been thru this movie before...

It's time to make quick like a bunny!!

Lord knows where I found the flippancy...

And the gorillas--the damn, stupid gorillas...were more than eager to obey.

We scrambled over the rock causeway, thinking ourselves clever for picking a route they horses couldn't follow.

How were we supposed to know there was a couple of brutes lurking in ambush--2 or that Raynor was one of them--2.

Or that they had a net--2.

Okay, babe, it looks like we lost them.

...and it was time for bingo number one on their side.

And it's time for the tribunal...

Take him off to the tribunal--and keep searching for the female.

Famous last words...
My last glimpse of her, as they hauled me off in the net, was at least reassuring.

She was scurrying down the dusty alleyways like a terrified jackrabbit.

I lost sight of her, then, but I hoped and prayed that she'd make it...

Talk about deja vu! I was getting just a little tired of ropes around my neck...

Quiet, wench -- this is no man's land! Are you speakin' at ye?

This is Robin Hood -- slayer of his majesty's stags!

I'll not harm you -- and if we're to rescue Zane, you've got to cooperate!

This tribunal will now come to order.

I, Blastus -- magistrate of this city -- shall preside over the trial...

Trial -- ?! This is no trial -- it's a farce!!

As if they didn't already know it.
Still, I guess I'm just pig-headed...

You've convened to decide my fate— and you've already got the noose around my neck!!

Shut up, beast!

Hastus obviously wasn't a time-waster. He stood to read the sentence...

For crimes against the natural law, heresy, and imposing upon the exclusive rights of apes!

Animals can't talk and you know it!!

So who could argue with logic like that.

---The human is hereby sentenced to death by hanging--- now!!

Zaynok's hand slapped the lever---

There was a sudden draft between my toes.

The rope went taut---

---and---

Huh?

Frep

Whew!!

Stop him!!

What's going on---?
WHERE'S THE GIRL, ROBIN??
ACCORDING TO PLAN, SHE WAS TO DIVERT THEM
WHilst WE ESCAPED — AND WE WERE TO PICK HER
UP OUTSIDE THE CITY!

BUT EITHER
SHE DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND —

MAKE HASTE, GOOD
DEREK— LEST THE
ROGUE SNATCH
US BOTH!

-- WITH THOSE BLACKGUARD
KNAVES IN HOT PURSUIT!

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW—?
MONKEY PUSS, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH
I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO DO—

--- AND HE
DIDN'T FEEL
A THING.

YOU'LL DIE FOR
THAT, HUMAN.

SEEING AS HOW I
WAS RIDING WITH
ROBIN HOOD—

HACKNEYED,
MAYBE, BUT HE
WAS SURE
PULPING MY
WRIST.

-- THERE WAS
ONLY ONE THING
TO DO…

I WAS REMINDED OF KONG TOTALLY OFF
THE SUMMIT OF THE EMPIRE STATE…

-- OR SHE GOT SCARED
AND RAN OFF!

BUT THERE'S LITTLE
WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW,
SIR DEREK—

ZAIMOR LED THE
PACK, AND HE WAS
GAINING—

--- THIS!!

I GAVE HIM MY SUNDAY— BEST RIGHT IN THE SHOOT—
And, too, Kong had gotten a eulogy from Carl Denham.

Zaynor merely got trampled by the hairy horde.

Then I saw her, darting out of from an alleyway...

She was calling my name -- she remembered!

Zane!

S--NO... YOU KILLED HER--!!

S--Zane--!!

I saw nothing but crimson, glaring...

You killed her, you dirty, filthy, stinking animals!!

Wait a minute... those kegs! Is that building what I think it is--?

Who knows, sir Derek? What do you think it is--?
I ripped a tatter from my rags. "I wrapped it around the point." I flicked my cigarette lighter. "I strolled Robin Hood's thunder." Obviously, they'd had to move the armory to a new location, since I'd burned their old one down. Some apes never learn...

It was their armory, all right—the ammo dump and the kegs had been filled with gunpowder.

We buried the girl, several hours later. On the beach, she had died calling my name, so I gave her a name...

Come, sir Derek—let us take back to fair Avendon, where tis peaceful and safe.

No, Robin. I can't go back, Avendon is the fantasy-land I've always wanted—the world in one of the dreams I've dreamed a thousand times!

"But I can't go back. I can't run away any longer."

But what of lady Andrea...?

I'll go back to her someday... but not just yet, Robin...

She'd understand in time...

Farewell then, sir Derek... (Aye, Robin—fare...well.)

"And if she didn't, well...I finally did!"
Dear Gang,

I am writing this letter to you in a moment of inspiration, and my intentions are (I think) original. The purpose of this letter is to set up a regional 'club' for fans of American (and, to an extent) British comics. This would not be just for fans of Marvel Comics, but it would bring the DL etc., out of the cold. Its chief purpose would be to enable people in my area (Southend and Chelmsford) to obtain, from other collectors, back issues which they require. Also, we could have occasional meetings to perhaps swap and have a chat about the current scene in comics. I should be grateful if you would print this and include my address and phone number, which is Maldon (Essex) 772048. I would like readers of this to write or phone (preferably phone) stating details of their collection (how many, what is needed etc). Phone calls should be made only after 4.15 on weekdays, and any civilised time on Sunday.

Colin Strawbridge,
43 Queenborough Road, Southminster,
Essex CM0 7AD.

And our view is that what you're volunteering to do could prove to be a useful service to local collectors of Marveldom. "Local" did we say? You may find those desperate for certain issues contacting you from far and wide. In fact, you could find yourself with a busy, busy line.

Dear Stan,

In having a Cap-Bicentennial treasury you have fulfilled one of my dearest wishes — to have a Cap Treasury and to have more non-reprint original Treasuries. I am eagerly awaiting my copy. Thanks.

This week's Cap, Marvel story in POTA was the best for a long time, although Conan is a very close second. Jim Starlin's art was magnificent, and Una's reappearance — FABULOUS. And then, to top it all, Mar-Vell battles his destructive self. Tremendous stuff again.

You have brought out an original Cap Treasury. What I want now is for you to give the Guardians of the Galaxy a strip in one of your British mags.

James McIntyre,
55 Whitchurch Avenue, Edgware, Middx.

You'll never know how appreciative we are when we learn from one of our editors (and that means ALL OF YOU) that we're on the right track. Thanks for taking the trouble to inform us. Jim. And when we can squeeze the Guardians into one of the mags then we'll surely squeeze 'em!

Dear Marvel,

Quality does not sell.

A magazine with good art and a storyline that makes you think will not sell.

Take a look at the Silver Surfer, the (British) Savage Sword of Conan, and, more recently, Man-Thing. All were excellent books and all were cancelled.

Now Killraven? If what I read is true, Killraven will be cancelled with ish No. 39. Don't. Killraven is the total embodiment of Science Fiction writing/graphics, and to cancel the strip would be to deprive fandom of another worthwhile book.

If you read a Man-Thing, Surfer, Killraven (and Panther) without thinking, you will miss something. Indeed, you will miss the entire implications of the strips.

So, to read quality comics, you have to think about WHAT you are reading. Sadly, too few people do. That is the reason why quality never sells.

Peter Mottram,
293 Barham Road, Billiton Orange,
Hull, N. Humber.

It just HAS to be admitted, Pete. Sad though it may be to contemplate, there's a whole mountain of common-sense contained in your letter. Someone (and we can't remember who) once made the statement that "Popularity is the hallmark of mediocrity". And if anyone cares to ponder upon that they will find the proof of it in almost every field. But nevertheless, there is a responsibility upon creative people to keep trying, to keep opening people's minds, no matter how slow a process it is. So thanks for being aware of our efforts, hero.

Dear Bulpen,

Isn't it time you ran the British Marvel mags on the same lines as you run the American mags, based on a monthly and bi-monthly distribution, and one character to one comic? I think they ought to be cut down to the same size, so enabling Marvelies to fill up their unfinished collections of US Marvels with proper-sized British editions.

Mike Birk,
18 Simpson Street, Glasgow.

The short answer, Mike, is, "No, we don't agree that we should run the British Marvel mags on EXACTLY the same lines as the US mags." We like to feel that the British mags should have a character of their own, and, rightly or wrongly, we think the majority of British fans would go along with us on that. There's a technical problem, too. The British trade channels are geared to a weekly distribution rhythm, and switching to a monthly and bi-monthly cycle could easily lead to ragged distribution, which, in turn, would mean that many Marvelites were exposed to the risk of missing their coveted copies.

Dear All,

Planet of the Apes is the best British comic out. I haven't missed an issue yet and don't intend to. But (alas), as many have said before me, the covers are poor. The artwork is excellent, with one or two exceptions. Up to now Apeblayer is the best story, and please could you do another story on him, but not as Apeblayer, as Killraven.

Why did you drop the Superheroes? It was a great comic and I hope, in the near future, you will return it to its rightful place. One out of five stories in Spiderman with the Superheroes comes from Superheroes. It doesn't really share the comic.

Finally, I will swap the British 'Titans' numbers 1-10 for the American 'Amazing Adventures' (War of the World and Killraven, Warrior of the Worlds) Nos. 21-26 inclusive and numbers 30-33 inclusive.

J. Bicherier,
15 Manorway, Woodford Green, Essex.

The odds that we will be staging a Killraven saga in one of the British mags are very good indeed. And you can stay relaxed in the certain knowledge that you'll know all about it in good time.

APES' FANG MAIL
MARVEL COMICS LTD Room 106
52 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON WCIV 6RZ

You'll never know how appreciative we are when we learn from one of our editors (and that means ALL OF YOU) that we're on the right track. Thanks for taking the trouble to inform us. Jim. And when we can squeeze the Guardians into one of the mags then we'll surely squeeze 'em!
LOCKED IN A CRUDE CAGE LIKE AN ANIMAL, THE ONLY SPEAKING HUMAN ON A PLANET RULED BY APES, ASTRONAUT TAYLOR SPENDS A FITFUL NIGHT RECALLING HIS CAPTURE, AND DREAMING THAT SOMEHOW, HE ONCE MORE WILL BE ABLE TO TASTE...

"THE SWEET BREATH OF FREEDOM!

I'M NOT AN ANIMAL! DON'T SHOOT! WHAT SORT OF MADNESS IS THIS?!

CAN'T LET THEM TAKE ME! I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS...BUT I HAVE TO ESCAPE! OTHERWISE, THEY'LL KILL ME!

DOUG MOENCH, WRITER * GEORGE TUSKA, PENCILLER M. ESPOSITO AND T. MORTELLARO, INKERS
What's up, Lieutenant?

We're taking number four over to surgery in five minutes. Have him ready.

How come? The beast's throat is nearly healed.

It's not his throat this time...

The vet wants to geld him.

Dr. Zira won't like it. She wants that pair to mate.

These orders came from Dr. Zaius himself. There's nothing she can do about it.

So just leash the beast and have him ready for pick-up in five minutes.

All right, all right.
STAND STILL NOW... DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE...

IF YOU ONLY KNEW, BRIGHT EYES, WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO TO YOU...

JUST DON'T GIVE ME ANY--

SPAPP!

UHNN--!
SHREEEEEPP!

LOST THEM... I HOPE...

WELL, I'LL BE A MANGY MONKEY'S UNCLE...!

IT... IT'S... ITS...!

IS THAT... ORGAN MUSIC... COMING FROM THIS BUILDING...?
A MAN--!

IN HEAVEN'S NAME-- GET RID OF THAT CREATURE!!

OH MY GOD--!

USHERS--HALT THE DESECRATION OF THIS CEREMONY AT ONCE--!

GET THAT ANIMAL OUT OF HERE!!

THERE HE IS!

STOP HIM--!

YOU SEE WHAT I SAW?

MUST'VE ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO.

ANOTHER ONE AHEAD...
SHREE-EEEP!

AND THIS ONE'S GOT A NET--!

USE YOUR NET, XIRINUS!!

SWISSHH

FLPP

YOU MISSED--!

STOP HIM-- BEFORE HE GETS TO HIS--

NEXT WEEK: RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!