FROM THE DISMAL DEPTHS OF HUMAN DEFEAT, COMES... THE ESCAPE!

AT LAST--WE'RE FREE! FREE!

ARRGHH!
HAVING ACCEPTED ALDO'S CHALLENGE FOR A QUEST INTO THE HUMAN CITY OF THE DEAD, A STARTLED CAESAR VIEWS THE CARNAGE WROUGHT BY MAN'S NUCLEAR WEAPONS! AND IN THAT MOMENT, HE REALIZES ONLY HE CAN BRING ABOUT--

VICTORY ON THE PLANET OF THE APES!

HIS GOAL IS TO RETURN TO HIS PEOPLE KNOWLEDGE OF THE DEVASTATION WHICH NOW STRETCHES BEFORE HIM--A BURNING VISION OF HELL!

AND HE KNOWS THAT VISION WILL BRING KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT STRIFE HAS CAUSED--AND WHAT PEACE CAN AVOID!

STORY BY DOUG MOENCH
ART BY RICO RIVAL
But while Caesar sees the city as a whole—
grasps the nightmare vision at its very heart—
Aldo has seen fit to probe the components
of this dead hell...

Indeed, he has searched the twisted
ruins of seven
separate buildings...

--Aldo finds
the object of his quest.

At first it
shocks and
delights him with its
unexpected and violent
reaction to the merest
touch of a
finger...

...it simply
fills him with sl
glee...

Here is the prize
which will make
him the new ruler
of the bees—
indeed, the means which will
enable him to
cause its dissolu-

--kill Caesar. Come on, Aldo--!

...and now, in the gutted bowels of the
eighth building...

...but then, when he realizes the full
implications of his discovery—
the possibilities to which it may be
applied...
COME ON, ALDO! YOUR MOUNT IS OUT HERE—SO I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE—!

OH— THERE YOU ARE, ALDO—I WAS STARTING TO GET WORRIED...

ALDO, HERE. CAESAR... NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ALDO...

WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE NOW!/ MACDONALD SAID IT'S DANGEROUS TO STAY HERE—THERE'S RADIATION... YOU HEAR ME, ALDO??

WORRY ABOUT CAESAR!!

BLAM

ALDO-- NOOO!!

CAESAR DIVES FROM HIS HORSE, THE STREAKING BULLET HUMMING PAST HIS EAR...

...AND SCRAMBLING TO HIS FEET, HE RACES FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE RUNS...

AND BY THE TIME ALDO LEARNS TO STAND STILL AND STEADY HIS AIM, HE HAS REACHED THAT POINT OF CHASE WHERE HE SHOULD PURSUE...

BLAM BLAM BLAM

ALDO'S PRECIOUS DISCOVERY IS STILL NEW AND UNFAMILIAR TO HIM. HE DOES NOT THINK TO STAND HIS GROUND AND FIRE, BUT INSTEAD ALLOWS INSTINCT TO DRIVE HIM ON IN PURSUIT—FIRING ON THE RUN—AND IN SO DOING, SPOILING HIS AIM...

...FOR HE HAS ALLOWED CAESAR TO REACH A SOURCE OF COVER—AND TO DIVE FROM SIGHT.
WHERE... WHERE CAESAR... GO...?

HE FINDS THAT HIS QUARRY HAS IMPOSSIBLY VANISHED.

...AND NOT TO BE LIGHTLY WRESTLED WITH.

Besides, Caesar now has more than one vision to carry back with him. There is now a second vision—the vision of innocence corrupted by the devices of power...

A VISION CHILLINGLY ETCHED IN THE HATE-FILLED LINES OF ALDO'S FACE.

NOT WORK ANYMORE...!

CAESAR GET AWAY...!

KLIK

BUT ALDO NOT CARE—OTHERS WILL WORK!

AND GETTING OTHERS MORE IMPORTANT THAN STOPPING CAESAR!

ARMORY
During the next half-hour, in which he finds and hitchhikes a small cart to Caesar's base, Aldo is strangely silent and very busy... and then, for some reason--

**HE REPLACES HIMSELF.**

Night has fallen silently over the treehouse city...

...and at the human quarter of the city, an area which more closely resembles a stockade...

...quickly!

UR-K-K-K

...the colegorilla senses the approach. succumbs to the natural passage of night, and grows drowsy...

Now, Mendez--quickly!

Hurry--before one of the stinking monkeys sees us--go on, alma--hurry.

Breck--what are you doing--?

My god, Breck--you...you've killed him!! But... but you can't do this! It's murder--!!

I should've known that your kind would side with filthy apes!

I should've known, MacDonald...
HURRY, MENDEZ--DRAG THAT HAIRY CARCASS OFF INTO THE BRUSH! WE DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW WE'VE ESCAPED UNTIL WE'RE READY!

BUT NOW ARE WE GOING TO BE READY, BREC--?

WE'LL FIND A WAY, MENDEZ--PROVIDENCE ALWAYS FAVORS MAN OVER THE BEAST!

ALDO'S LAST HASTILY FIRED BULLET HAD GRAZED CAESAR'S MOUNT, AND AFTER BLEEDING THROUGHOUT THE LONG NIGHT THE HORSE HAS FINALLY FALLEN...

THUS, IT IS JUST AFTER DAWN WHEN CAESAR STRIDES INTO THE SQUARE...

HEAR ME, FELLOW APES--I HAVE RETURNED FROM THE QUEST.

GATHER AROUND THAT I MAY TELL YOU OF THE NEW KNOWLEDGE I HAVE BROUGHT TO YOU FROM THE CITY--!

AND AT THE SAME TIME CAESAR BEGINS TO ADDRESS THE CONGREGATING APES, AS HE PLEADS THE WARM CARCASS OF HIS FORMER MOUNT.

--AND SO I HAVE BROUGHT NOTHING BACK FROM ALDO'S PROPOSED QUEST--NOTHING BUT KNOWLEDGE!

THE PRECIOUS KNOWLEDGE THAT THE OLD CITY OF THE HUMANS IS NOW A PLACE OF DEATH--A PLACE TO WHICH NO APE SHALL RETURN AGAIN.

IT IS A PLACE TO BE SHUNNED AND FORBIDDEN--AN AREA OF DREAD DEATH AND RUINS--A FORBIDDEN ZONE OF HORROR!

ALDO BRINGS SOMETHING BETTER THAN LESSON!!

AND WE MUST LEARN FROM THIS KNOWLEDGE--WE MUST LEARN THAT THIS FORBIDDEN ZONE OF HORROR IS THE DIRECT RESULT OF ALDO'S WAY OF THINKING.

THUS, I HAVE BROUGHT BACK TO YOU A LESSON WHICH--

IF ONLY HIS MOUNT HAD NOT DIED--IF ONLY CAESAR HAD GOTTEN TO THE CITY SOONER--HE MIGHT HAVE HAD TIME TO CONVINCE THEM...BUT NOW, SADLY ALL EYES EAGERLY TURN TO THE TRUMPHANT ALDO...
AND ALDO MAKES THE BEST OF HIS NEW-FOUND SPOTLIGHT...

YOU SEE--CAESAR BROUGHT NOTHING--NOTHING BUT WORSE--BUT ALDO BROUGHT SOMETHING TO PROVE ALDO SHOULD BE NEW LEADER--!

SOMETHING TO MAKE ALDO NEW LEADER!!

YOU SEE, MENDES? I TOLD YOU PROVIDENCE WOULD FAVOR MEN OVER BEASTS! AND PROVIDENCE HAS DELIVERED THOSE GUNS TO US... GUNS TO KILL THE BEASTS!

YOU'LL SEE, MENDES--PROVIDENCE WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT, TOO....

YOU SEE--CAESAR--ALDO WILL LEAD APES TO DEATH--DEATH FOR ALL HUMANS AND MAYBE EVEN DEATH FOR--

MACDONALD--HE'S HURT!

CAESAR--GOT TO WARN YOU...!

BRECK--HE ESCAPED....

HUMANS ESCAPE??!

IN VAIN, CAESAR DESPERATELY TRIES TO REGAIN THEIR ATTENTION, LIKE A DOOMED FATHER ATTEMPTING TO EXPLAIN WHY A SHINY NEW TOY IS HARMFUL...

NO--LISTEN TO ME!! ALDO'S WAY IS THE WAY OF DEATH....

LET THEM BE, CAESAR--YOU'LL ONLY GET HURT....

LET GO OF ME, LISA--I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THEM!

LISTEN TO ME--FELLOW APES--ALDO WILL LEAD YOU ONLY TO DEATH!!
MACDONALD—!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT—?

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU—?

DIDN'T I TELL YOU,
MENDEZ—? IT'S MAN'S DESTINY TO RULE THIS PLANET....!

YES, BRECK—MAYBE WE CAN BE THE HUMANS TO RULE THE WHOLE WORLD NOW!

BREEK DID IT.
CAESAR... HIT ME... KILLED THE GUARD... Escaped...

HUMAN KILL GUARD—?

HUMAN KILL ARE—!
KILL GORILLA—?

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT. YOU FILTHY STINKING BEAST—

AND THERE'S GONNA BE A LOT MORE STINKING APES KILLED... STARTING RIGHT NOW!!

LISA—NO...
NOT THE NAME OF THE CAEATOR...
NOO!!

AND IN THE SECOND PART OF THIS ISSUE: THE SHOCKING AND SEARING CONCLUSION TO QUEST FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES!
Dear Marvel,

I am greatly pleased with what I consider to be the very best Marvel mag in print - POTA, of course. As others have said in previous letters to you, I think you skilful adaptation of each of the Apes films was just too good for words, especially the ones of "Beneath . . ." and "Conquest . . ." By the way, any hints as to when you will be doing "Battle . . ."?

Again, on the subject of the number of pages that the Apes should be allotted. "Oh, no!" can I hear you groaning from here. "Not again!" No, I am not saying that the Apes should have all the mag, but, after all, it is the Apes mag so I think they should at least get half of the mag, say 15 or 16 pages.

The merger with "Dracula", although not long-awaited, was indeed not a bad idea on your part. In fact, it is quite right. But, once again, many congratulations.

Kevin Green,
3 Hilltop Road, Earley, Reading, Berks.

Any time we can allow the Apes more space, we shall give it 'em. Kevin. But that statement also goes for each and every one of our characters. "See the problem?"

Dear Stan,

This is a letter of congratulation and complaints. First the congratulations.

I think Planet of the Apes is the best comic in Britain. It has variety, good art and good plots. Your American comics are fantastic and, dare I say it, better than Planet. My favourite is Werewolf by Night, because it has fabulous art and a good story.

Although POTA is fab, get rid of Ka-Zar and Man-Thing and bring back Black Panther, he's great. There aren't enough posters in POTA. Could you put a full-page pin-up in POTA each week. Well, these are all the gripes. Not many are there? Can't be bad, eh?

Stephen Norrington,
18 Arundel Drive, South Harrow, Middlesex.

"Beneath . . .", "Escape . . .", and "Conquest . . .", except that "Conquest . . ." was too short.

I am a keen Apes fan and I have tons of Apes stuff, and I can't wait for the adaptation of "Battle . . ."

Your own stories of the Apes are marvelous, especially Derek Zane and Jason. "Apeslayer" was a bit far-fetched. Your latest story, with Lightsmith, looks like its going to be a smash hit. Why can't you put some apes info with pics. in the mag?

Now onto the Dracula Lives part of the mag.

What's the matter with old Doc - why isn't he biting people's necks these days? Apart from that the story is just as good as ever it was. The Man-Thing is all right I suppose, but why not take him out and put the Frankenstein Monster in?

Mark Whitear,
159 Sixth Avenue, Manor Park, London E12.

Whenever we have worthwhile Apes info or pictures we promise to feature it in the mag. "Mark. And Frankenstein's Monster hasn't retired. He's been around for a long, long time, and there's a lot of life left in him yet. Professor Frankenstein saw to that!"

Dear People,

POTA was a masterpiece. Yes, a masterpiece, which is more than I can say for past POTA mags leading up to issue 91.

The story was well-plotted, and I loved the use of language. Well done, Mr. Moench, but I didn't like the bit in which Alex and Jason were drunk. It was the only thing I didn't like in the book. Another professional touch was the note from Lightsmith's servant, Gilbert, saying, "Trouble, boss. Better come quick, before they set my pyjamas on fire!" The art was fabulous and Mr. Ploog's drawings of the apes are incredible.

Now onto the other features. The Night Stalker was the best Dracula story I have ever read, though I didn't like the art much. The Man-Thing was very good. It combined sadness and tension. The art was very good, too. Well done. Ka-Zar was rubbish, but in issue 91 it started to improve, almost coming up to the standard of American Ka-Zat ish 16.

We have been getting Planet of The Apes and Dracula Lives ever since it came out, and we thought it time we wrote you a letter. We have been more than pleased with your mags, especially the pin-ups, and we are over the moon now that the two mags have joined up.

We thought some fanatical Marvel collectors might be interested in the following information. We have all copies of both POTA and DL, so if anybody out there wants back copies just send a stamped addressed envelope and state issue wanted and the price you are prepared to pay.

For Planet of The Apes write to: Dean Hestell, 1 Brackenwoods, Chantry Lane, Necton, Nr. Swaffham, Norfolk, PE37 8EU.

For Dracula Lives write to: James McCowan, 3 The First, Hale Road, Necton, Nr. Swaffham, Norfolk, PE37 8EU.

We are sure you've plenty of supplies. boys. because the demand could well be staggering . . .
LISTEN TO ME, YOU FILTHY APES! IF YOU WANT TO CONDEMN ME FOR HAVING INTELLIGENCE, GO AHEAD AND DO IT—BUT I'M NOT DYING EASY!

IF YOU THREATEN ZIRA AND CORNELIUS, THE ONLY DECENT INHABITANTS OF THIS WHOLE STINKING APE PLANET, FOR TAKING MY CASE—

THEN I'LL DEFEND MYSELF!
DR. ZIRA, I DEMAND THAT YOU INSTRUCT THIS... THIS BRIGHT EYES TO SIT DOWN.

MY NAME IS TAYLOR.

TWO TWOK

DR. ZIRA, IT SAYS HERE THAT HIS NAME IS BRIGHT EYES. YOU GAVE HIM THAT NAME YOURSELF.

THIS HEARING IS ABSURD! LET ME TELL MY STORY.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE MANACLES, YOU HAIRY SON-OF-A...

NOW THEN... STATE YOUR CASE, MR. PROSECUTOR

BAILIFF! MAKE THE ANIMAL BE QUIET!!

LEARNED JUDGES: MY CASE IS SIMPLE. IT IS BASED ON OUR FIRST ARTICLE OF FAITH-- THAT THE ALMIGHTY CREATED THE APE IN HIS OWN IMAGE; THAT HE GAVE HIM A SOUL AND A MIND; THAT HE SET HIM APART FROM THE BEASTS IN THE JUNGLE...

THESE TRUTHS ARE SELF-EVIDENT. THE PROPER STUDY OF APES IS APES. BUT CERTAIN YOUNG CYNICS HAVE CHOSEN TO STUDY MAN--

... AND THAT HE MADE HIM THE LORD OF THE PLANET.
AND I DENOUNCE THEM AS PERVERTED SCIENTISTS... BENT ON NOTHING BUT THE ADVANCEMENT OF AN INSIDIOUS THEORY CALLED "EVOLUTION."

AND I SAY THERE IS A CONSPIRACY AFOOT TO UNDERMINE THE VERY CORNERSTONE OF OUR FAITH, AND TO...

COME TO THE POINT, DR. HONORIUS.

DIRECTLY, MR. PRESIDENT. THIS WRETCHED MAN, THE ACCUSED, IS ONLY A PAWN IN THE CONSPIRACY. WE KNOW THAT HE WAS WOUNDED IN THE THROAT AT THE TIME OF HIS CAPTURE.

THE STATE CHARGES THAT DR. ZIRA AND A CORRUPT SURGEON NAMED GALEN EXPERIMENTED ON THIS WOUNDED ANIMAL.

-- TAMPERING WITH HIS BRAIN AND THROAT TISSUES TO CREATE A SPEAKING MONSTER--!

THAT'S A LIE!!

MIND YOUR TONGUE, ZIRA.

BUT YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE CREATED HIS MIND, TOO! NOT ONLY CAN THIS MAN SPEAK, BUT HE CAN WRITE. HE CAN REASON.
HE CAN REASON, DR. ZIRA?

PROCEED, BUT DON'T TURN THIS HEARING INTO A FARCE.

WITH THE TRIBUNAL'S PERMISSION, I WISH TO EXPOSE THIS HOAX BY DIRECT EXAMINATION.

TELL THE COURT, BRIGHT EYES--WHAT IS THE SECOND ARTICLE OF FAITH?

I ADMIT I KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR CULTURE.

OF COURSE HE DOESN'T KNOW OUR CULTURE--BECAUSE HE CANNOT THINK.

TELL US WHY ALL APES WERE CREATED EQUAL!

SOME APES, IT SEEMS, ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS.

RIDICULOUS--A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS. TELL US, BRIGHT EYES, WHY DO MEN HAVE NO SOULS? WHAT IS THE PROOF THAT A DIVINE SPARK EXISTS IN THE SIMIAN BRAIN?

MR. PRESIDENT, IF I MAY INTERRUPT. SINCE THE DEFENDANT IS FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK IN HIS OWN DEFENCE, HE ASKS THAT THIS STATEMENT BE READ INTO THE RECORD.

SHOW THIS TO THE PRESIDENT.

READ IT YOURSELF, DR. ZIRA.
IT SAYS: "I HAVE COME TO YOU FROM A DIFFERENT PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM. ON MY PLANET IT WAS THE PRIMATE MEN WHO EVOLVED INTO THINKING BEINGS, WHILE THE APES REMAINED."

STOP RIGHT THERE, DR. ZIRA!

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, AWARE THAT THIS JOKE IS IN VERY POOR TASTE...?!?

I HAVE COME FROM A DIFFERENT PLANET WHERE OUR INTELLIGENT COMPANIONS..."

IS IT A JOKE TO SEEK THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS MAN?!

IS THE TRUTH, DR. ZIRA, WHAT I SEE HERE ON THIS DOCUMENT?...

LIKE YOU, SIR, I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE.

YES... AND HOW CONVENIENT THAT PROOF OF HIS ARRIVAL HAS VANISHED.

BUT THIS DOCUMENT ALSO PURPORTS THAT BRIGHT EYES HAD TWO INTELLIGENT COMPANIONS AT THE TIME OF HIS CAPTURE. I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE NOW?...

...THAT A SHIP FROM OUTER SPACE CARRYING THIS MAN SANK IN AN INLAND SEA OF OUR EASTERN DESERT...?!

ONE OF THEM IS IN YOUR ROTTEN MUSEUM!!

DR. ZIRA-- SILENCE THAT MAN AT ONCE!
TAYLOR, PLEASE-- YOU'RE RUINING OUR CHANCES.

IN A MUSEUM-- HOW SAD, STUFFED AND MOUNTED, EH? DEAD MEN, LIKE SUNKEN SHIPS, TELL NO STORIES. BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS OTHER COMPANION?

I PROPOSE THAT AN EXAMINATION OF THIS OTHER ALLEGEDLY INTELLIGENT MAN WILL REVEAL THIS BRIGHT EYES TO BE LYING-- AND I BELIEVE THE PROSECUTOR HAS ALREADY ASSEMBLED ALL THE HUMANS CAPTURED IN THE HUNT ALONG WITH BRIGHT EYES.

THAT IS CORRECT. MY WITNESSES, CORRECTION-- MY EXHIBITS ARE ON DISPLAY IN THE AMPHITHEATER.

THEN I SUGGEST WE ADJOURN THERE AT ONCE.

WELL, BRIGHT EYES...? DO YOU ACKNOWLEDGE ASSOCIATION WITH ANY OF THESE CREATURES?

YES--! YES, I DO--!!
IDENTIFY HIM
THEN, SPEAK TO
HIM-- DEMONSTRATE
HIS INTELLIGENCE.

LANDON--!

LANDON,
JOHN-- IT'S ME.
TAYLOR--!

LANDON...?

OH... MY...
GOD.

YOU DID THIS,
ZAUS!! YOU'VE RE-
MOVED HIS FRONTAL
LOBES--!

SILENCE HIM,
BAILIFF! TAKE
HIM BACK
INSIDE--!

YOU'VE
TURNED HIM
INTO A
ZOMBIE!!

NEXT WEEK: DEATH SENTENCE!