



MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

NO. 232
WEEK ENDING
MAR. 9, 1977

THE MIGHTY WORLD OF
MARVEL™

9P

FEATURING

THE INCREDIBLE

HULK®

AND

**PLANET
OF THE
APES**™

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



**NOW! THE HULK AND
THE MAN-THING
TEAM UP TO...
BATTLE THE
BARBARIANS!**



A MATTER OF INSANITY!!

THE WAR HAS BEGUN--
THE ULTIMATE BATTLE
BETWEEN THE APES
AND THE MUTANTS! THE
APES ARE WINNING!

BUT EVEN IN WARS,
THERE ARE SMALLER,
VERY IMPORTANT CON-
FRONTATIONS, WHICH
ARE OFTEN THE REAL
POINT OF THE WHOLE
BATTLE!

YOU...!

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THE HARSH CLAMOUR OF DISTANT BATTLE IS DROWNED OUT NOW, WASHED AWAY BY BRECK'S EVENLY CALM, TERRIBLY TAUNTING VOICE...

THAT'S RIGHT, CAESAR-- CRAWL--CRAWL THROUGH THE STREETS OF "YOUR CITY"...

CRAWL IN FEAR, CAESAR... CRAWL IN TERROR... WITH YOUR YELLOW BELLY DRAGGING IN THE DIRT...

WHOOF



CRAWL ON ALL FOURS... JUST LIKE THE PITIFUL MONKEY-BEAST YOU ARE AND ALWAYS WERE...

CRAWL, CAESAR-WORM... AND LISTEN TO ME THROUGH YOUR FEAR...

WHOOSH



I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU CRAWL FROM ONE END OF THIS BURNING CITY TO THE OTHER...

WHOOF



...SO ALL YOUR "PEOPLE" CAN SEE YOU THE WAY YOU REALLY ARE, CAESAR...

...BEFORE I KILL THEM, THAT IS...



AND THEN, CAESAR--AND THEN, MONKEY--AT THE EAR END OF YOUR TINKERTOY TREE-HOUSE VILLAGE...

WHOOSH



...I'M GOING TO BURN EVERY FILTHY, LICE-RIDDEN HAIR OFF YOUR SKINNY MONKEY BODY!

WON'T THAT BE FUN, CAESAR....?

WHOOSH



MY GOD...
OH MY GOD,
LISA...



AND AFTER
THAT, CAESAR
I'M GOING TO SIT
DOWN TO A
SUMPTUOUS
FEAST OF
ROAST
CHIMPANZEE...



WH-WHAT...
IS...IT...?

LISA...
MAYBE
YOU'D
BETTER NOT
...LOOK...



...AND THE FEAST
WILL BE REAL FRESH,
CAESAR-- ONLY THE
FRESHEST OF MEAT
FOR GOVERNOR
BRECK...



CAESAR...
OH, CAESAR...

NO, CAESAR...
DON'T LET IT
HAPPEN... TO
YOU...

GOVERNOR BRECK
FORMERLY OF
CALIFORNIA-- BEFORE
POLITICS TURNED IT INTO
A RADIATION-SMOTHERED
FORBIDDEN ZONE-- IS
MAD.

AND DO YOU KNOW
WHY THIS FEAST IS
GOING TO BE SO
FRESH, CAESAR--?

WELL, I'LL TELL
YOU, BECAUSE THE
CHIMPANZEE IS
GOING TO BE
ROASTED ALIVE!

QUITE MAD.



AS IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW.

YOU'RE LEARNING,
AREN'T YOU, CAESAR? **CLEVER APE**-- YOU ALWAYS
WERE CLEVER. I REMEMBER
THE DAY YOU CHOSE YOUR
NAME... BUT THEN EVERY
CAESAR HAS HIS
BRUTUS...

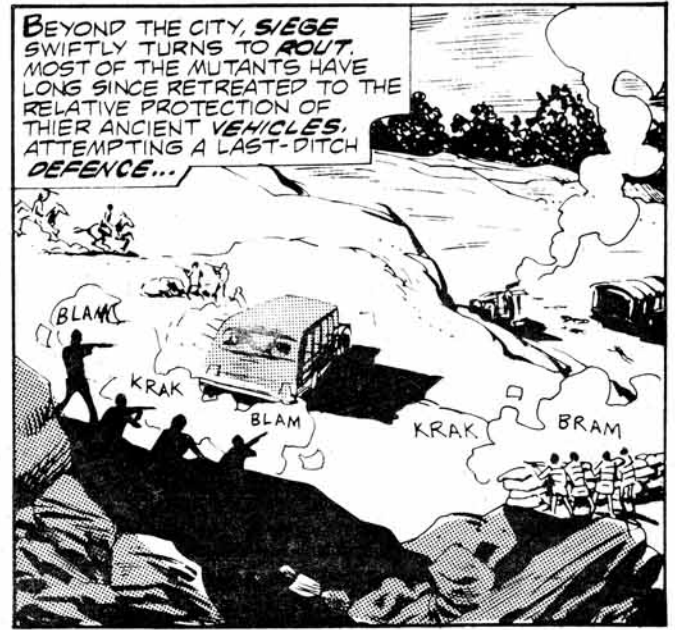
STILL, BRECK DOESN'T KNOW HE'S MAD, BUT
IT DOESN'T EXCUSE HIM ONE... DAMN... BIT.





THE STRUGGLE IS OVER...
FOR THE MOMENT ANYWAY...





AND NOW, WITH EVEN DEFENCE
DENIED THEM, SOME MUTANTS
ATTEMPT TO FLEE...



BLT...



CAESAR IS SICKENED--DISGUSTED WITH
HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH SPURTING FROM
THE DEVICE IN HIS HANDS THE BODIES
FALLING LIKE WHEAT BEFORE HIS EYES...



IT SEEMS ALDO CAN
DO NO WRONG.



THERE IS NOTHING BUT
SOUND AND *FURY*...
KILLING AND *DEATH*...

CAESAR IS AT THE *CENTRE* OF IT. STRANGELY *CALM* IN
THE MIDST OF SUCH CHAOS. LIKE THE EYE OF A BRUTAL
HURRICANE... AND YET *CONTROLLING* THE AWESOME
STORM, *INSTIGATING* IT... AND HOLDING IT *TOGETHER*.

HE KILLS, PERHAPS, MORE
THAN *ANYONE*. HE *DIES*,
MOST CERTAINLY, A
THOUSAND TIMES...



THEY'RE
RUNNING,
CAESAR--!!

THEY'RE
RUNNING--WE
BEAT THEM!!



YES...
WE BEAT
THEM...





NEXT: CAESAR VS. ALDO!