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MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

NO. 243

WEEK ENDING
MAY 25, 1977

THE MIGHTY WORLD OF
MARVEL™

FEATURING

THE INCREDIBLE

HULK™

AND

**PLANET
OF THE
APES**™

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



PABLO MARQUE

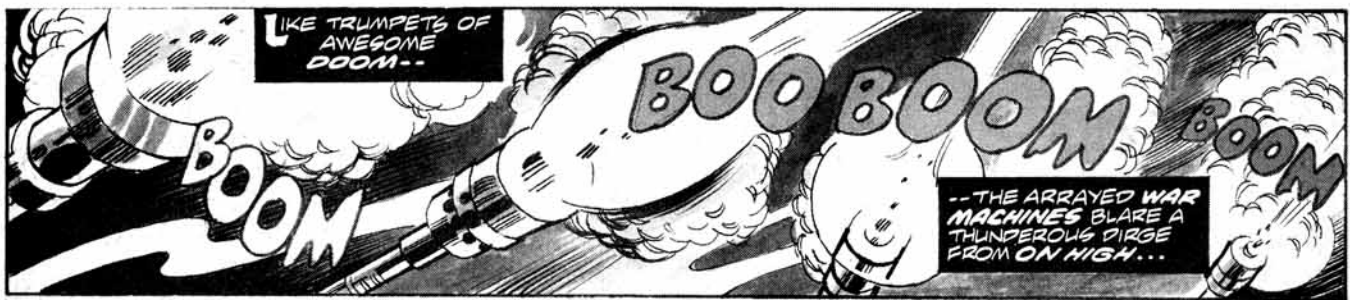
COMMANDING A STRATEGICALLY
INVULNERABLE POSITION ON
A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE CITY
HOME OF JASON AND ALEX, THE
MANIACAL GORILLA BRUTUS
BELLOWS A SINGLE WORD...

FIRE!!

VOOM

...AND THUS BEGINS A
TERRIBLE DAY OF DARK
AND BLOODY BATTLE,
A DAY DESTINED TO
END IN THE--

REVOLT OF THE GORILLOIDS!





HURRY!!
EVACUATE THE RIDGE
SIDE OF THE CITY...!
MOVE BEYOND RANGE
OF THEIR--

THAT'S
ENOUGH,
HUMAN.

I'LL TAKE
OVER NOW!



YOU WILL, HUH?
AND JUST WHO
ARE YOU?

I'M CALLED
MORAVIUS-- AND
I'M THE CITY'S NEW
PEACE OFFICER.

THAT'S
FUNNY, FROM
WHERE I'M
STANDING YOU
LOOK LIKE
NOTHING MORE
THAN ANOTHER
GORILLA.

JASON!

IN OTHER
WORDS, LIKE THE
MANGY MONSTER
WHO'S TRYING TO
KILL US FROM
THAT RIDGE.



LOOK, HUMAN, I HAVE NO
INTEREST IN ARGUING SPECIES
CONFLICT-- I WOULD RATHER
COOPERATE AND ENSURE THE
SAFETY OF ALL THE
CITIZENS.

THERE'S NO
ROOM FOR
FIGHTING AMONG
OURSELVES--
ESPECIALLY IN A
SITUATION LIKE
THIS.

THIS SITUATION WAS
CAUSED BY A GORILLA
LIKE YOU, AND IF YOU
DON'T--



JASON, PLEASE!
LISTEN TO HIM-- HE'S
MAKING SENSE.



YEAH? WELL!
JUST WHAT DO
YOU SUGGEST WE
DO, "NEW PEACE
OFFICER"--?



I SUGGEST WE
ORGANIZE EVERY-
ONE AVAILABLE
INTO WORK-TEAMS
--HAUL FURNITURE
FROM THE
BUILDINGS--
FORM A
BARRICADE
AND THEN--



JASON!!
WE FORGOT ABOUT
THE LAWGIVER--!

HE MIGHT BE
DYING-- TRAPPED
IN ONE OF THE
COLLAPSED
BUILDINGS--!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
HUMAN...



PERHAPS YOU AND YOUR
CHIMPANZEE FRIEND
COULD MOVE THE
LAWGIVER TO A POSITION
OF GREATER
SAFETY--

--WHILE I
SUPERVISE THE
BARRICADE
CONSTRUCTION...?

AS IF TO PUNCTUATE
MORAVIUS' WORDS,
A HIGH-PITCHED
KEENING SOUND
GROWS LOUDER--



--SCORING A CRATER FROM THE NEARBY GROUND. IT IS ALL THE IMPETUS JASON NEEDS...

LIGHTEN UP, YOU STAY HERE WITH MALAGUENA! SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO HER!

CHOOOM

VERY WELL, JASON--AND MAY THE LIGHT OF ILLUMINATED KNOWLEDGE GUIDE YOUR WAY.

--CONTINUE SHELLING THEM FOR THE REST OF THE DAY...



Y'KNOW, JASE, MAYBE THAT MORAVIUS AIN'T SO BAD...

AFTER ALL, YOU WERE JUDGING HIM BEFORE YOU EVEN KNEW HIM--OR KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM.

I KNOW ONE THING, ALEX--HE'S A BORILLA, AND THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW.

NOW COME ON--LET'S FIND THE LAWGIVER BEFORE BRUTUS FLATTENS THIS ENTIRE CITY!



...AND THEN, AT NIGHTFALL, WE'LL MOVE DOWN INTO THE CITY FOR SOME DIRECT COMBAT.

I TRUST THAT MEETS WITH OUR NEW ALLIES' APPROVAL...?



WELL, GORILLOIDS--? ARE YOU READY TO TEAR SOME HUMANS APART?

YEP, YEP!

KILL HUMANS! HAVE FUN!

MANY OF THE SYNTHESIZED METAL- AND FLESH BERSEKERS APPARENTLY SHARE BRUTUS' THIRST FOR BLOOD...



...BUT SEVERAL OF THE OTHER BIONIC GORILLOIDS ARE NOT QUITE SO CERTAIN.

DUNNO--NOT WHAT MAKERS TOLD US TO-- MAKERS SAY BRING BACK MORE GORILLAS SO MAKERS CAN MAKE MORE OF US.

SHUT UP!! FORGET THE MAKERS!! THEY DON'T COUNT ANY MORE--!!

I'M YOUR NEW LEADER! YOU'LL OBEY ME AND NO ONE ELSE!!



BUT DEEP IN THE DREADED FORBIDDEN ZONE, IN THE BOWELS OF A ONCE PUBLIC LIBRARY--

WE MUST REGAIN CONTROL OF THEM!

--THE MAKERS DISAGREE.

IN FACT THE HIDEOUS MUTANT WEIRDOS ARE DETERMINED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY--EVEN IF IT MEANS MERCILESSLY GRILLING A TERRIFIED YOUNG ORANGUTAN NAMED THARDEUS...

TELL US WHY--WHY! WHY DON'T THE HARRY-HARRY ONES RETURN FROM THEIR MISSION--?

I...I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOUR GORILLOIDS ARE-- HONEST! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT GORILLOIDS ARE--!

NO, I'M TELLING THE TRUTH! I ONLY CAME HERE TO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE BECAUSE I THOUGHT I COULD FIND SOME KNOWLEDGE...!

KNOWLEDGE THAT MIGHT SAVE THE LANGIVER'S LIFE--!!

HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

LET'S USE HIS LITTLE BRAIN-BRAIN.

YOU LIE-LIE!

MAKE HIM ONE OF OURS AND SEND HIM OUT-OUT-- TO FIND OUR LOST SCOUT PARTY.

YEAH... THAT IDEA IS VERY GOOD-GOOD.

NO...

NO...

NO...

NOOOOOO!!

CAN'T BE THUNDER, ZIVENUS-- THE SKY IS CLEAR...

BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF DISTURBANCE IN THE STREETS--PERHAPS THERE'S BEEN AN AVALANCHE FROM THE RIDGE...

THAT'S ALL WE'D NEED AT THIS POINT. WITH THE LANGIVER IN SUCH CRITICAL CONDITION AS IT IS--

--I DOUBT HIS BREATHING SYSTEM COULD SURVIVE AN INFLUX OF UNSANITARY DUST PARTICLES.

BOOM!





THAT'S NOT THE LAWGIVER--IT'S PHYSICIAN SILENUS...

THE LAWGIVER IS... OVER THERE...

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE WAS EVEN TOUCHED BY THE CAVE-IN, JASE--!



YEAH, AND IT'S A MIRACLE HE WASN'T CRUSHED. COME ON, ALEX-- LET'S GET HIM OUT OF HERE...

...BEFORE THE MIRACLE WEARS THIN.



MOMENTS LATER, AMID THE LURID GLARE OF SPORADIC BOMB BURSTS JASON AND ALEX HUSTLE THEIR BURDEN TOWARD THE MAKESHIFT BARRICADE WHICH MARKS THE RANGE OF BRUTUS' WAR MACHINES.

ALSO MARKED IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NIGHT AND DAY...

...BETWEEN THE FRUITS OF CREATION... AND THE SCARS OF DESTRUCTION.



JASON-- ALEX!

THEY'RE ALL RIGHT!

GOOD WORK, HUMAN.

SAME TO YOU, NEW PEACE OFFICER."

NOW IF YOU'VE GOT ANY PHYSICIANS BACK HERE, I'M SURE THE LAWGIVER WOULD APPRECIATE IT.



ALEXANDER IT'S YOU-- IT'S REALLY YOU! THEY TOLD US YOU'D RETURNED, BUT WE... WE COULDN'T BRING OURSELVES TO BELIEVE--

HUN?

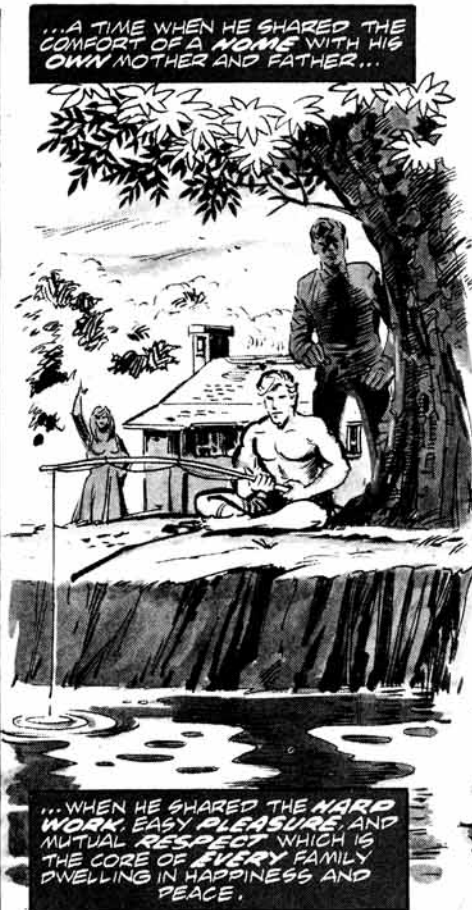


MOTHER...

...FATHER...

YES, SON, WE... WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN.

REUNION: REGARDLESS OF THE SETTING, CLIMATE, OR CIRCUMSTANCE... IT IS ALWAYS A MOMENT OF QUIET WARMTH AND DEEPLY MOVING JOY.









YE GODS!

Dear Stan,

Whilst reading a book about Celts, I noticed the name "Crom Cruach, Lord of the Mound" or "Bowed One of the Mound", an over-sized Irish god, and the piece written about him. It begins:

They did evilly,

Beat on their palms, thumped their bodies,

Wailing to the monster who enslaved them.

Their tears fell in showers,

In rank stood twelve idols of stone,

The figure of Crom was in gold.

The Monster of Norea, a half-eaten limb protruding from its fanged mouth. Scaly back and huge claws clamped on twin-severed heads, it says. Perhaps this was the image that represented Crom Cruach.

Perhaps the immortal R.E. Howard was inspired by this Irish god, Crom Cruach.

Talking about gods, Morrigan, Macha and Badb, the gods which Conan the Cimmerian sometimes swears by, are, as it says in the book, known as the Triple Goddesses.

In Greek and Celtic legends, the goddesses who preside over birth, life and death are the triad of maiden, bride and crone. The Greek goddesses being Persephone, Demeter and Hecate.

Steve Cooper,
72 Third Ave., Bush Hill Park, Enfield,
Middx.

Whether or not those ancient Celtic gods provided inspiration to Robert E. Howard is something we'll never know. But no-one could deny that it's all fascinating stuff—which is why we've published you, Steve. (And we have the feeling you KNEW we just couldn't resist it!)

IN SEARCH OF FOOM

Dear Stan,

I am a regular buyer of 'Mighty World of Marvel'. I think it is fabulous. I was especially pleased with No. 226. The Hulk story was ace, so were Daredevil and Powerman, but the illustration in the Captain Marvel was unbelievably fantastic!

Jim Starlin has been doing a great job ever since Captain Marvel came to 'Mighty World of Marvel'.

I am disappointed that Spidey hasn't

got eleven pages any more, but I suppose it was unavoidable.

I was unfortunate enough to miss the Foom membership. Could you please send me details on how to join. Could you also let me know something that has been puzzling my brother and me for some time. If this letter is printed, do I become a QNS? And what is a No-Prize?

David Rainford,
5 Finchdale Close, Carterton,
Oxford, OX8 3BT.

You're now a 'Quite 'Nuff Sayer', Dave—and to prove it, your name has been duly entered in the massive tome where such important happenings are recorded for posterity to ponder upon. And a No-Prize? Well, it means exactly what it states it is—it's a No Prize. It started way back in Marvel's early history. We wanted, all of us, to make a recognition of any act performed by a Marvelite that conscience would not allow to pass unnoticed. We couldn't give a prize, so what else? Then someone suggested (and it was a Marvelite who put forward the idea) that, instead, we award a 'No-Prize'. And how the thing has grown since then. You can't feel, touch, see, hear or even taste a No-Prize, but that doesn't mean it doesn't exist. And if you doubt that statement, then just check with a Merry Marvel Madman who's been given one. Lastly, the FOOM bit. The only way to enroll is to scan the pages of the mags each week. Sooner or later (and we hope it'll be sooner) we'll be able to re-open the membership lists and publish an enrolment form. As soon as you see one, fill it in and rush it to us. But you've gotta be quick. How you've gotta be quick!

THE ADDICT

Dear Armadilloes,

Five years ago I was still reading DC comics, but something in my mind clicked, and since that day I have read only Marvel. I now regret that in my early childhood I never bought a Marvel comic, and I sigh when I think of the collection I might have by now if only I'd noticed Marvel sooner.

The reason I swapped publishers was because Marvel's concept of the comic book seemed more lifelike than DC's. The characters have a real existence, with all life's problems. The stories are more believable.

Marvel work has reached such a high standard lately that I just can't seem to buy enough mags. I get every weekly comic, 20 American titles a month, I subscribe to Foom and each month I obtain from 'Fantasy Unlimited' 20 back issues which I have missed. I'm an addict.

Sadly, no-one that I know of in my area is really involved in Marvel, so I'm rather alone in my interests. My family try to put me off comics, and my old dear's always telling me to throw some out. Don't worry though,

I don't listen.

That's all, apart from asking you to keep up the good work. And how about some 'Not Brand Ecch' reprints?

Richard Lester, RFO, KOF,
66 Norman Road,
Barton, Beds.

If there was a special Marvel award for dedication then you'd surely qualify for it, hero. As it is you'll have to be content with the possibility that now that your name and address have appeared in our peerless print some fellow frantic one in your locality may contact you, and your days of loneliness may end. Lastly, that suggestion you tossed at us for 'Not Brand Ecch' reprints. D'ya think the world is really ready for 'em yet?



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SEVENOAKS, KENT