



## *Evolution's Nightmare*

*Writer:* Doug Moench

*Artists:* Ed Hannigan and Jim Mooney

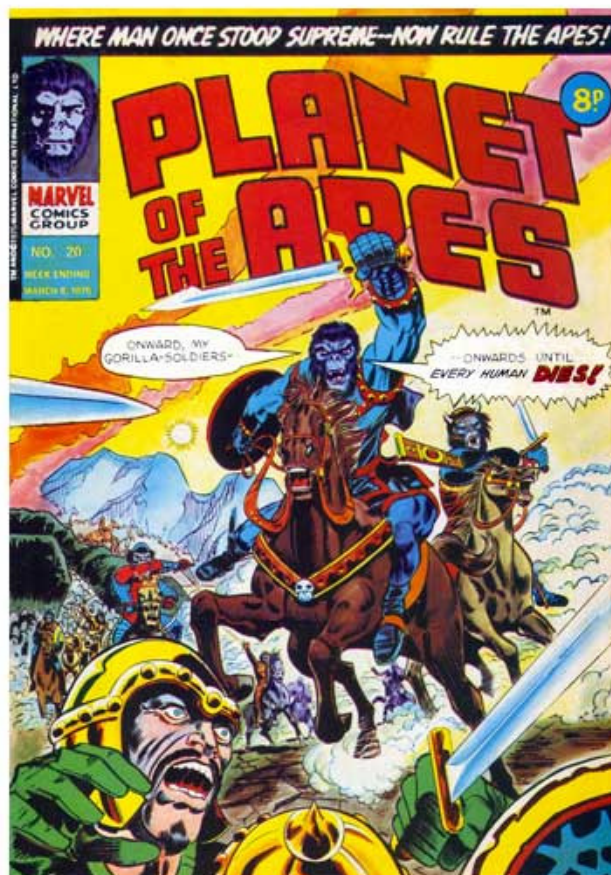
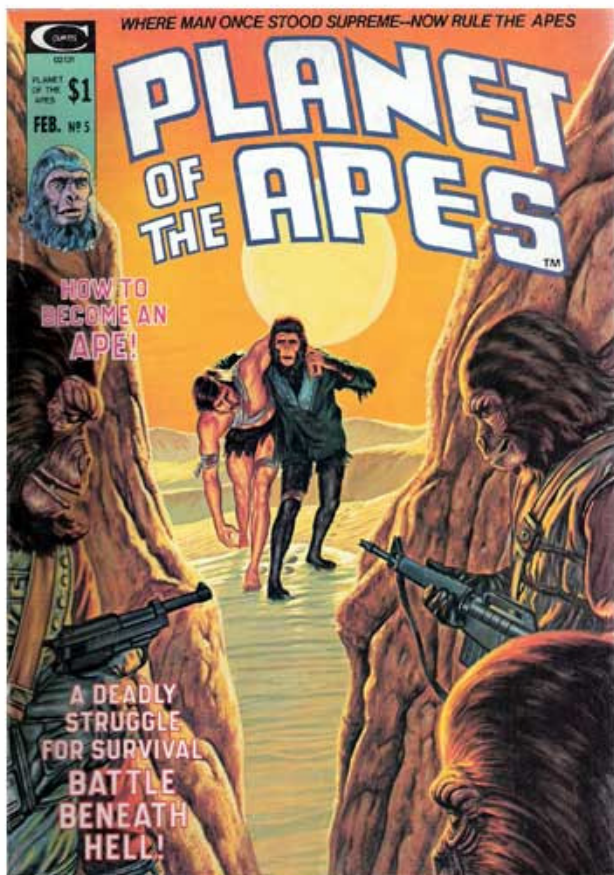
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# Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**™





ONE RIDGE, ARMED WITH  
STEEL AND HATE --

EVEN AT THIS  
DISTANCE, I CAN SEE  
THEM TREMBLING.



--FACING THE OTHER,  
ARMED WITH THE  
SAME.

I CAN  
SMELL THE  
STINKING BEASTS  
FROM HERE!

SO DIFFERENT IN  
ASPECT AND MIEN..



PREPARE YOUR  
GORILLAS FOR  
ATTACK--!

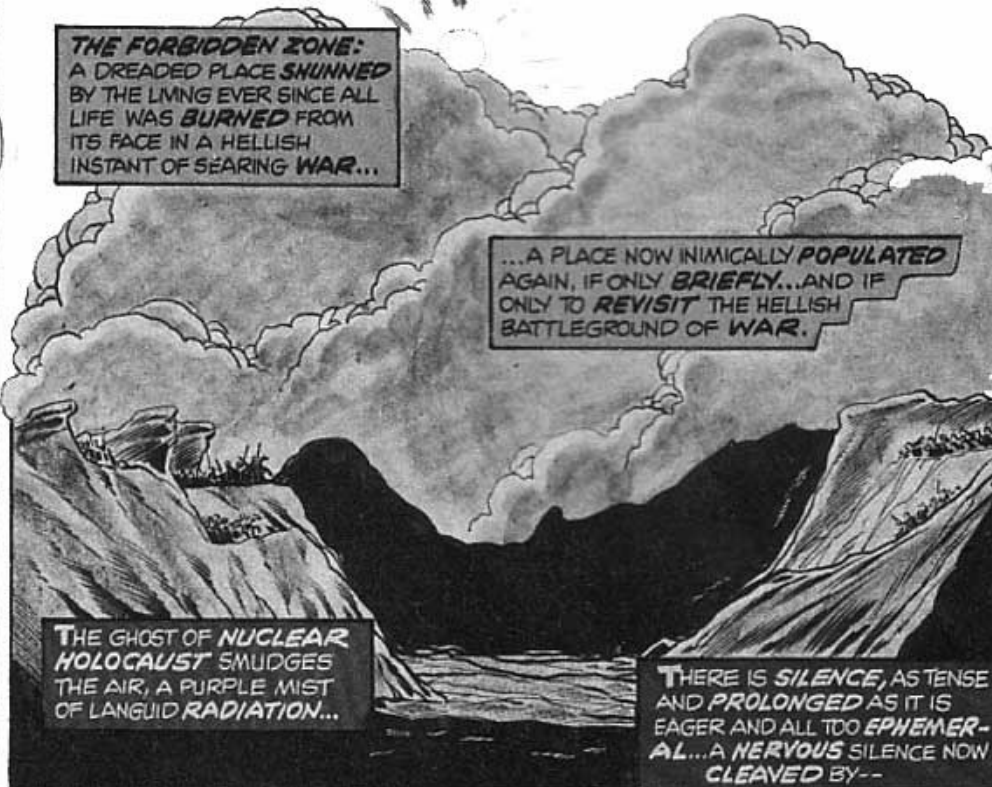
YES, SIR!



TELL  
YOUR MEN  
TO STAND  
READY--!

YES, SIR!

...BUT SO IDENTICAL  
IN DIFFERENCE.



**THE FORBIDDEN ZONE:**  
A DREADED PLACE SHUNNED  
BY THE LIVING EVER SINCE ALL  
LIFE WAS BURNED FROM  
ITS FACE IN A HELLISH  
INSTANT OF SEARING WAR...

...A PLACE NOW INIMICALLY POPULATED  
AGAIN, IF ONLY BRIEFLY...AND IF  
ONLY TO REVISIT THE HELLISH  
BATTLEGROUND OF WAR.

THE GHOST OF NUCLEAR  
HOLOCAUST SMUDGES  
THE AIR, A PURPLE MIST  
OF LAQUID RADIATION...

THERE IS SILENCE, AS TENSE  
AND PROLONGED AS IT IS  
EAGER AND ALL TOO EPHEMER-  
AL...A NERVOUS SILENCE NOW  
CLEAVED BY--





**CHARRCE!!**



IT IS THE FIRST AND BRUTAL OVERTURE  
IN A SWEEPING CLASH OF *CHAOS*, ALL SOUNDS  
AND ALL *FURY*, ALL SIGNIFYING THE CLAMOUR-  
OUS *RAPE* OF SILENCE BY *MANY*...



...BY *HOOVES* POUNDING  
SUN-BAKED *MUD*...



...AND TAUT  
*STRINGS*--

--NOW GONE *SLACK*...



...BY CREAKING  
*LEATHER* AND  
SCRAPING *STEEL*...



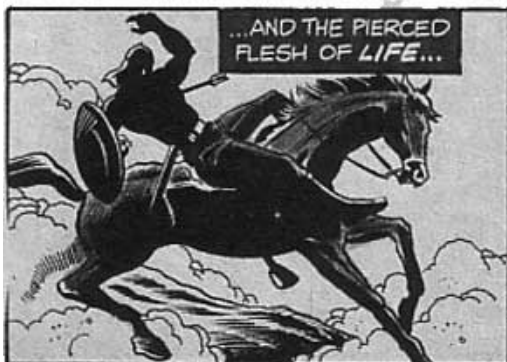
...BY SHOUTS  
OF *FRENZY*...



...AND WHINE  
OF *FLAME*..



...THE PIERCING  
SHRIEK OF  
*ANIMALS*...



...AND THE PIERCED  
FLESH OF *LIFE*...



...BY *HATRED* SWIRLED IN *LUST*..

...AND BAWLING *MADNESS*--



--SPENT IN *STRIFE*.



MORE THAN MERE WAR, IT IS  
THE DREAM OF *GENESIS*  
DRENCHED DARK AND GROWN  
PERVERTED. NO LONGER A  
DREAM, IT IS NOW--

# EVOLUTION'S

THE ISSUE IS NEITHER *BOUNDARY*  
NOR *WEALTH*. THERE IS NOTHING TO  
*GAIN*, LESS TO *PILLAGE*.

THE ISSUE IS NEITHER  
*NATIONAL* NOR *RACIAL*.  
COUNTRIES NO LONGER  
*EXIST*, AND RACES HAVE  
NOW BECOME INSIGNIFICANT  
AND *UNITED* IN THE FACE  
OF AWESOME SCHISMS OF  
*SPECIES*.



DOUG MOENCH  
STORY

ED HANNIGAN/JIM MOONEY  
ART

CHARLOTTE JETTER  
LETTERING



# NIGHTMARE!

AND THOUGH ENMITY BETWEEN SPECIES **SPAWNED** THE ISSUE, IT HAS NOW DISINTEGRATED TO FAR **LESS** THAN APE VERSUS HUMAN. IT IS NOW AN ELEMENTAL BATTLE OF ATAVISTIC **RAGE**--WHERE COMBATANTS FIGHT **DEATH** BY **DEALING** DEATH...

...AND THUS, THEY FIGHT **EACH OTHER**  
...AND THUS THEY **KILL**.

AND THUS, THEY HAVE EACH **LOST** THEIR INDIVIDUAL FIGHT AGAINST DEATH...

...FOR DEATH IS THE ONLY  
AND TRUE **VICTOR**.





IT CONTINUES THROUGH MORNING INTO AFTERNOON...AS THE CHARRED FIELD OF BATTLE DROWNS IN THE BLOOD OF LIFE...GASPS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF DEATH...







STILL IT  
CONTINUES...



...MORE...



...MORE--INTERMINABLY MORE...

SLAY  
THEM!



...APES  
KILLING  
HUMANS...

...HUMANS  
MURDERING  
APES...



YAAAAHHH!!

MORE  
LOUDLY--

--HOARSELY IN  
PANIC...



...AND EVER...  
DEATH.

THE DESICCATED FIELD IS NO LONGER  
GREEDY. QUENCHED NOW AND  
BLOATED, SATIATED, GLUTTED  
BEYOND SANGUINE LUST, IT WANTS  
NO MORE...

...BUT THE BLOOD CONTINUES  
TO BURST AND TO GUSH  
AND SUN-BAKED MUD  
TURNS SCARLET...



...AT LEAST, IN THOSE SMALL  
AND FEW AREAS WHERE VIEW IS  
NOT OBSTRUCTED BY CORPSES.



AND *STILL* IT CONTINUES...CORPSES  
GATHERING...

...COMBATANTS *DWINDLING*.  
CONSERVATION OF EXPLODING  
*ENERGY* TRANSMUTING TO  
LIFELESS *MATTER* LITTER-  
ING DEAD *GROUND* SOAK-  
ING WASTED *BLOOD*...



...SPILLED IN MORE *DEATH*...



...MORE *FACING* DEATH...



...MORE *FACES*  
*SLASHED*  
TO DEATH...



...AND MORE DEATH  
THAN *LIFE*...

...FOR THERE IS  
*NO LIFE*...



IT IS *OVER*...  
BUT NO ONE  
*SIGHS*.

THE RAPE OF *SILENCE*  
LEAVES BEHIND A SOFT WHIMPER  
OF GUTTERING *FLAME*. AN  
EMPTY RAPE, FOR NOTHING  
WILL BE *BORN* OF IT.

...SAVE MORE *HATE*.  
AND THEREFORE MORE  
*DEATH*...



...BECAUSE THE FIGHT  
AGAINST DEATH HAS  
BEEN **LOST**.

**BADLY LOST.**  
DEATH HAS **WON**  
AND THERE IS NO  
ONE LEFT TO  
**FIGHT**.



**MANY HAVE BEEN SLAIN,**  
BOTH **HUMAN** AND  
**SIMIAN**...

**BUT DEATH IS THE**  
**TRUE VICTOR.**



**DEATH IS THE**  
**ONLY VICTOR.**



**DEATH--**



--IS ALL **ALONE** NOW. YOU  
CAN **SEE** IT--THERE IS  
**NOTHING** ELSE.

**BUT WAIT.**

**A MOVEMENT...**



...DEEP IN THE TANGLE OF TWISTED **STILLNESS**...



...A **LIFE**. YES  
--A **LIFE**...

...BUT JUST **BARELY**. FOR IT  
IS A **LIFE** WHICH CAN NEVER  
**LEAVE** THE TWISTED TANGLE  
OF **DEATH** SPRAWLING EVERY  
WHERE **AROUND** IT...



...NEVER **LEAVE** ON **LEGS**  
**BROKEN** AND **BURNED**. ON  
**LEGS** USELESS AND **RUINED**.

ACROSS THE **SCARLET** FIELD...  
**ANOTHER--?** **DEATH** HAS BEEN  
BEATEN BY **TWO**...AND **THIS**  
**LIFE** LURCHES ON **LEGS** **UNIM-**  
**PAIRED**, AND PERHAPS EVEN  
IMPOSSIBLY **UNSCATHED**. BUT



HIS **ARMS**...  
...AH YES,  
HIS **ARMS**--  
THEY HANG  
**LIMP**.

YOU DAMN  
**DIRTY APE--!!**

**WHAT--?!**



IT'S ALL **YOUR**  
**FAULT**, YOU STINKING  
**BEAST--!**



IT'S **YOUR** **FAULT** THAT MY  
PEOPLE LIE HERE **DEAD**, THEIR  
BLOOD SPILLED AND MINGLING  
WITH THE FILTHY BLOOD  
OF **APES**!

**SILENCE**, **HUMAN**!

IT WAS **YOUR** **WAR**--  
A **HUMAN** **WAR**--WHICH  
**CREATED** THIS FORBIDDEN  
ZONE. AND IT IS **YOU** WHO  
SHOULD BE HELD **CULPABLE**  
FOR THE **DEATH** WHICH  
NOW **FILLS** IT.

THUS BY  
THE **AUTHORITY** OF  
**SIMIAN IMPERATIVE**,  
IT IS MY **DUTY** TO  
ANNOUNCE--



NEXT WEEK YOU MUST READ **STRANGE ALLIES!**



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**<sup>TM</sup>

# DEATH LIES AT THE MOUNTAIN OF MADNESS

THAT WAY, APE--  
BEFORE THE **SCAVENGERS**  
MISTAKE US FOR  
**CARRION**.

I **KNOW**  
THE WAY,  
HUMAN...AND  
I'M **NOT** IN THE  
HABIT OF TAKING  
**ORDERS** FROM  
THE LIKES OF  
**YOU**.

THE BATTLE WAS **QUICK** AND  
**FINAL**. WHEN THE DUST  
SETTLED OVER THE BODIES  
OF THE DEAD, ONLY **TWO**  
REMAINED TO ATTEMPT  
THEIR BURIAL--ONE MAN  
AND ONE APE.

BUT EVEN BETWEEN TWO  
MORTAL **ENEMIES** THERE  
MUST COME A TIME WHEN  
A **TRUCE** MUST BE FOR  
EITHER TO **SURVIVE**...

...A TIME WHEN **BOTH** ARE  
CRIPPLED, AND **NEITHER**  
CAN SURVIVE ALONE!

Stan Lee presents a Doug Moench, scripted,  
Ed Hannigan, pencilled, and Jim Mooney,  
inked excursion into fantasy.



-- ONTO YOUR  
**SHOULDERS.**"

THAT WAY, APE--  
BEFORE THE **SCAVENGERS**  
MISTAKE US FOR  
**CARRION.**

I **KNOW**  
THE WAY,  
HUMAN...AND  
I'M **NOT** IN THE  
HABIT OF TAKING  
**ORDERS** FROM  
THE LIKES OF  
**YOU.**

IT BEGAN ON A FAMILIAR AND  
**EXPECTED** NOTE, ONE STRIKING  
**DISCORDANCE** AND FAR FROM  
**HARMONY...**

...AND **PROGRESSES** STEP BY TRUDGING STEP  
THROUGH THE **SAME**. THE HUMAN FINDS TIME  
TO **THINK**...AND TO **SCHEME**...FOR WOULDN'T  
IT BE **EASY** NOW...?

JUST  
**REMEMBER,**  
HUMAN...

THE APE WOULD NEVER  
EVEN **KNOW**--UNTIL THE  
BLADE BROUGHT CHOKING  
**BLOOD** INTO HIS **THROAT**...

...IF THIS IS  
TO **SUCCEED**, WE  
MUST **COOPERATE**...

...BECAUSE IF  
I **DIE**, YOU'LL  
BE LEFT TO **ROT**  
ON YOUR  
**BELLY.**

YES, THE HUMAN  
HAS FOUND TIME  
TO **THINK**.

BUT HE  
HAS NOT  
**USED** IT.





THE MEAT IS SLICED  
AND EATEN... BY THE  
ONE WHOSE HANDS  
HAVE SLICED IT...

WELL,  
JOVAN--?



WHAT  
ABOUT ME..?



YOU...YOU WANT  
ME TO... FEED  
YOU--?

OF COURSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO  
FEED ME! I DON'T EVEN WANT YOUR  
STINKING HIDE NEAR ME! BUT YOU'D  
DAMN WELL BETTER FEED ME--IF  
YOU HOPE TO MOVE ONE INCH FROM  
THIS CAMPSITE AT ANYTHING FASTER  
THAN AN ELBOW-CRAWL!!

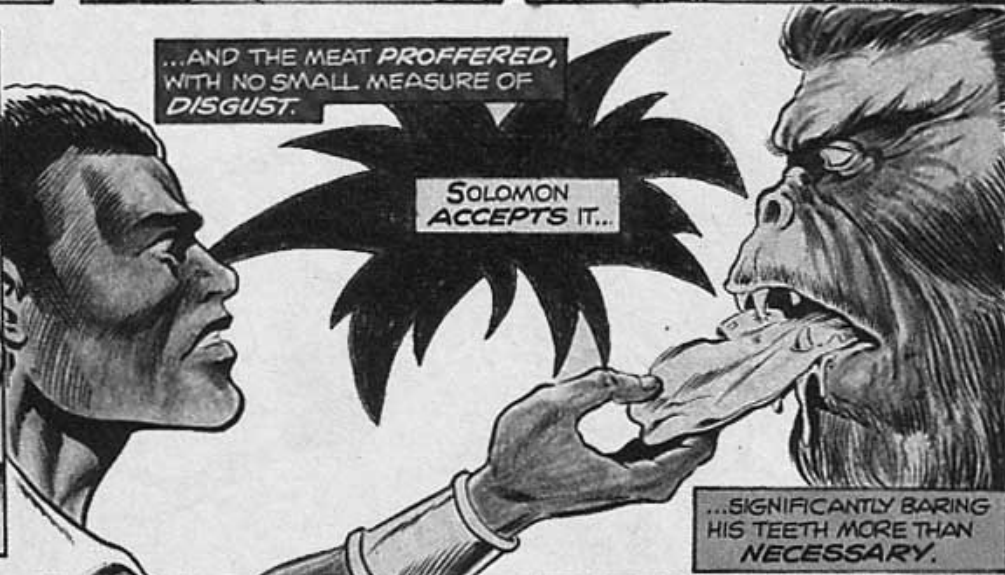


THE POINT IS TAKEN...



...AND THE MEAT PROFFERED,  
WITH NO SMALL MEASURE OF  
DISGUST.

SOLOMON  
ACCEPTS IT..



...SIGNIFICANTLY BARING  
HIS TEETH MORE THAN  
NECESSARY.

AND LONG AFTER  
HE HAS BEGUN TO  
CHEW THE  
MORSSEL, HIS  
GLARE LINGERS...



MORNING PLUS TWO HOURS OF AIMLESS PROGRESS.  
SOLOMON AND JOVAN ARE HOPELESSLY LOST.



LET'S TRY  
THAT DIRECTION.

YOUR PRECISE  
WORDS, HUMAN...  
BEFORE WE LOST  
THE TRAIL.



A SOUND--

WHAT'S THAT  
THRASHING--?

--AND A MUTATED JUGGERNAUT  
OF FRENZIED HORROR EXPLODES  
FROM SHREDDING CONCEALMENT.

GASPING IN **SHOCK**, SOLOMON LURCHES  
BACK. THE SLING SNAPS, AN EFFLUVIUM  
OF BELCHED **STENCH** ASSAILS THEM,  
AND THEY--



--FALL--



IT HAPPENS QUICKLY NOW. THE CREATURE SNORTS, BELLOWS, AND RUSHES TOWARD ITS LUNGE...

GROWW!



...A LUNGE CAUGHT BY SOLOMON'S DRIVING FEET.

THE FEET KICK THE CREATURE UP--



--OVER--

--AND ONTO THE KNIFE HELD IN JOVAN'S HANDS.



IS THAT THE COOPERATION YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT, SOLOMON...?

OR WAS IT JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT I HAPPENED TO BE HOLDING THE KNIFE--?

THERE IS NO REPLY.



LATER--

SHRAAK!  
BOOM!



--THEY ARE STILL LOST...

...AND NOW, WET.

CAN BARELY SEE IN THIS DOWN-POUR--! I DON'T KNOW WHY WE SHOULD EVEN BOTHER GOING ON...



BECAUSE THIS RAIN CAUGHT US OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...

...AND IF WE DON'T FIND US SOME SHELTER, WE'RE BOUND TO DIE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.





"WAIT A MINUTE--TAKE A  
LOOK UP NEAR THE TOP OF  
THAT ROCK PILLAR..."



CAN YOU  
MAKE OUT THE  
MOUTH OF A  
CAVE UP  
THERE?

YES...



...AND THERE'S **LIGHT**  
EMANATING FROM IT--A  
**FIRE**...AN **OCCUPANT**...  
AND MAYBE **FOOD**--!"



THE TORTUOUS ASCENT **BEGINS**,  
ALREADY DOOMED TO **DISASTER**  
ON FOUR SIDES BORDERING  
**MADNESS**...

**ONE**: DARKNESS  
RENDERS THE CLIMB  
PERFECTLY **IMPOSSIBLE**.

**TWO**: IT IS UNDERTAKEN BY TWO  
**CRIPPLES**, EACH A CLUMSY **HIND-**  
**RANCE** TO THE OTHER.



**THREE**: ALREADY **SLIPPERY**,  
THE SHEER ROCK GROWS  
INCREASINGLY MORE **SLICK**  
AS MERE **RIVULETS** OF RAIN  
FLOOD TO SHEETING **SLUICES**.



AND **FOUR**: THE BOND OF  
COOPERATION **SEALING** THE CLIMB  
IS A **TENUOUS** ONE, AND LIABLE TO  
**SNAP** AT THE FIRST BLURTED **WORD**.







TURNING, HE IS SURPRISED TO LEARN--

THERE ARE **TWO** OF YOU--AND SUCH **UNLIKELY** COMPANY AT **THAT**.



STILL, I CAN SEE WHY YOU **TOLERATE** ONE ANOTHER...AS WELL AS WHY I HEARD ONLY **ONE** SET OF **FOOTSEPS**.



OF COURSE. BUT SIT BY THE **FIRE**. I HAVE **HERBS**, AND **SALVE**. FRESH **BANDAGES**, TOO, I SHOULD THINK, WOULD NOT BE **OUT OF ORDER**.

INSIDE: SPARSELY FURNISHED, A CAVERN GLAZED BY LURID FIRE...A **HUDDLED FORM**, AND A VOICE FROM UNTURNED **FACE**...



COME--COME IN. DRY YOURSELF BY THE **FIRE**. COLD RAIN IS NOT **KIND** TO THE **BONES**.

WHO...**ARE** YOU...?

I AM OLD. I AM WISE. I AM FREE.

I AM A **HERMIT**, AND WHEN **CALLED**...I AM **MORDECAI**.



WE TOLERATE EACH OTHER OUT OF **NECESSITY**, HERMIT. ONCE HEALED, **ONE** OF US WILL BE COMPANY TO **NO ONE**.

YOU...YOU'RE SO... **STRANGE**. ARE YOU **APE**--OR **HUMAN**?

**NEITHER**.

AND **BECAUSE** I AM **NEITHER**...I AM NO MORE THAN A **HERMIT**.

**CONTINUED!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **PLANET OF THE APES!**<sup>TM</sup>

# WHAT FOOLS YE BE!



WHEN YOU WERE BOTH  
CRIPPLED, YOU HELPED  
EACH OTHER SURVIVE...



... BUT AS YOUR WOUNDS  
HAVE HEALED, YOU  
FORGOT YOUR  
BROTHERHOOD...

...AND REMEMBERED  
ONLY THE YEARS OF  
APE/HUMAN HATRED.

AND SO IN YOUR  
FOOLISHNESS YOU  
HAVE DECIDED TO  
END YOUR PRIVATE  
WAR IN DEATH!



AN APE MASTERPIECE BY DOUG MOENCH, ED HANNIGAN,  
AND JIM MOONEY, WRITER AND ARTISTS EXTRAORDINARY!



THUS, IT **BEGINS**, IN THE CAVERN EYRIE OF A HERMIT KNOWN AS **MORDECAI**: THE LONG PERIOD OF **CONVALESCENCE**...

MY ARMS GATHER  
**STRENGTH**, HUMAN

AND MY **LEGS**,  
APE.

...A TIME FILLED OF MORDECAI'S SOFT SOLEMNITY  
OF **PRESENCE**, OFFERING SOMBER **WISDOM**  
AND DEEPER **REGRET**...

YOU HATE EACH OTHER EVEN  
UNTO **DEATH**...AFTER **PEACE**  
HAS SHOWN YOU THE REWARD-  
ING WALK TO **LIFE**.

EVEN IN **SLEEP**, YOU  
CANNOT **FACE** ONE  
ANOTHER. THUS, YOUR  
HATE IS **MINDLESS**.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT THIS  
**MEANS**...?

I CANNOT  
**WAIT** TO  
**FIND OUT**.

CAN YOU  
**STAND**,  
MY SON?

SOON NOW...  
PERHAPS IN  
**SEVERAL DAYS**,  
I WILL DO **MORE**  
THAN **STAND**--I  
WILL **WALK**.

THE **FIRE**  
HAS FLED MY  
**ARMS**.

AND NOW, AT  
**LAST**, THEY  
RESPOND TO MY  
**WILL**. IN BUT  
**SEVERAL DAYS** THEY  
WILL OBEY ME  
**COMPLETELY**--IN  
**EVERY TASK**  
**NECESSARY**.

IN **SEVERAL DAYS**, THEN, MORDECAI **SPEAKS**...

THEN YOU ARE READY  
TO **LEAVE** NOW? TO  
**SLAY** ONE ANOTHER..?

TO DECIDE WHICH **ONE**  
OF US SHOULD BE **SLAIN**,  
MORDECAI. **TWO** CAN-  
NOT DIE WHEN **ONE**  
IS **SUPERIOR**.

SO WE HAVE **AGREED**,  
MORDECAI. AND SO  
WE SHALL **DECIDE**

**CONDUCT** YOUR  
CONTEST--BY ALL **MEANS**.  
FOOLS **MUST** FOLLOW THE  
**NOTION** OF FOOLS...

THEN THE ISSUE IS  
MERELY WHICH ONE OF YOU  
IS **SUPERIOR** TO THE **OTHER**.  
THE ISSUE MAY BE DECIDED  
**WITHOUT** **DEATH**,  
YOU KNOW...

WHAT DO YOU  
**MEAN**, HERMIT...?

... BUT **CONDUCT**  
YOUR **CONTEST** **WITHOUT**  
**WEAPONS**--WITHOUT **MURDER**.  
THE ISSUE'S **DECISION**  
WILL SUFFER NO **LESS**  
FOR LACK OF **BLOOD**.



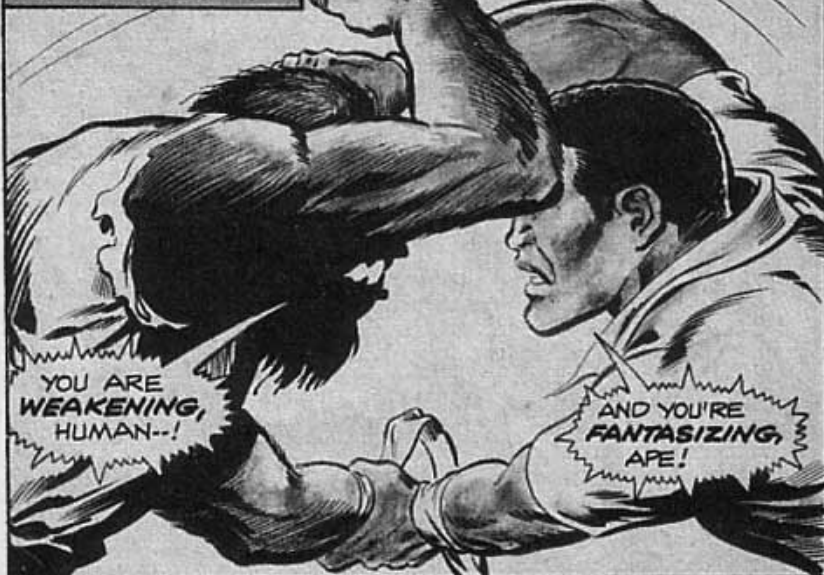


MORDECAI'S *THOUGHTS*, SARDONIC  
AND WRAPPED IN GRIEVING *DISDAIN*:  
GO *AHEAD* IF YOU MUST *PROVE*  
SOMETHING TO YOUR-  
SELVES AND  
ONE ANOTHER...



...*BEAT* EACH OTHER *SENSELESS*--  
UNTIL ONE OF YOU CAN NO LONGER BEAT  
ON THE *OTHER*...

...AND THEN *PONDER*  
...JUST *WHAT* HAVE  
YOU "*PROVEN*"!..?



YOU ARE  
*WEAKENING*,  
HUMAN--!

AND YOU'RE  
*FANTASIZING*,  
APE!

THERE IS STILL  
TIME FOR  
*WORDS*...

...THE MOST *INTIMATE*  
GUISE OF *HATE*...



...AMIDST THE *FACES* IN  
*SNARLS*, THE *MOUTHS* IN  
*GRUNTS*, *EYES* IN *FIRE*...



...*FISTS SWINGING*, *BODIES THRASHING*, AND THE *SASH*  
*SNAPPING* AS *RAGE BLAZES*...

...AND THE SKY *FLARES* IN *MAGENTA* *SUNSET*  
*BEAUTIFUL* THROUGH *FILTERED RADIATION*...

...*FISTS PUNCHING*,  
*KNEES CHURNING*,  
*GROINS DODGING*...

*SOULS*  
*HATING*...

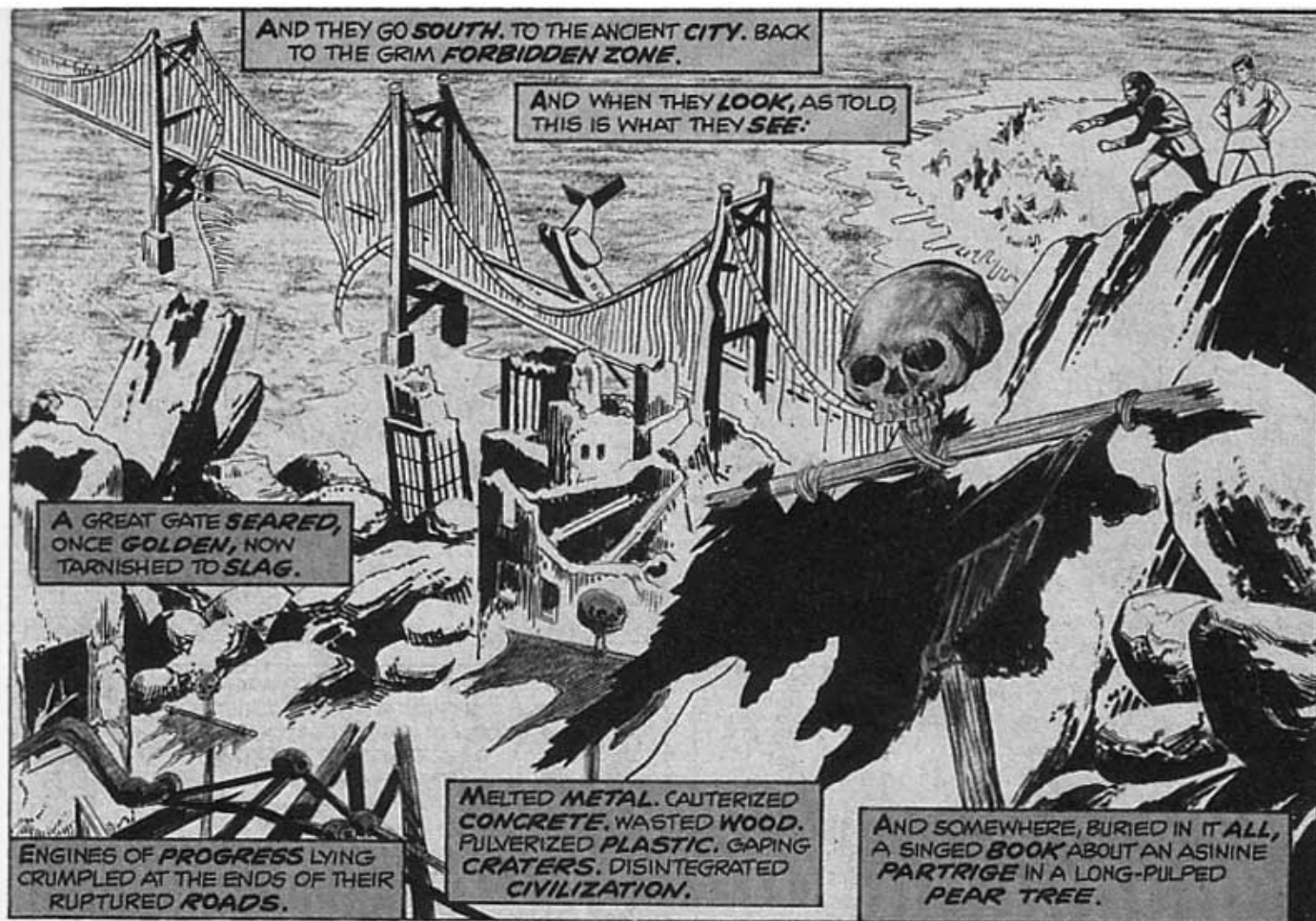


...AND EVER, THE *BACK*...  
*TURNED* TO IT *ALL*.

*WHAT*  
*ARE THEY*  
*PROVING*?!  
.....







AND THEY GO **SOUTH**. TO THE ANCIENT CITY. BACK TO THE GRIM **FORBIDDEN ZONE**.

AND WHEN THEY **LOOK**, AS TOLD, THIS IS WHAT THEY **SEE**:

A GREAT GATE SEARED, ONCE **GOLDEN**, NOW TARNISHED TO **SLAG**.

ENGINES OF **PROGRESS** LYING CRUMPLED AT THE ENDS OF THEIR RUPTURED **ROADS**.

MELTED METAL. CAUTERIZED **CONCRETE**. WASTED WOOD. PULVERIZED **PLASTIC**. GAPING **CRATERS**. DISINTEGRATED **CIVILIZATION**.

AND SOMEWHERE, BURIED IN IT **ALL**, A SINGED **BOOK** ABOUT AN ASININE **PARTRIGE** IN A LONG-PULPED **PEAR TREE**.



JOVAN...I NOW **REALIZE** WHAT MORDECAI ATTEMPTED TO **DEMONSTRATE** TO US.

YES...WHAT WE COULDN'T **UNDERSTAND** WHEN TOLD TO OUR **FACES**...



SO **BLEAK**...

AND **HAUNTED** BY...**NOTHING**.



NO. SOMETHING **STILL HAUNTS** IT, JOVAN. **WAR LINGERS** HERE...

**WAR DID THIS.**









...EACH COMMANDING A  
RIDGE OF RUBBLE...

...OPPOSING FORCES  
WHICH HAVE  
GATHERED.



THE VIEW FROM ONE RIDGE, THEN...



...AND THE VIEW  
FROM THE OTHER.

**KILL-!!!**

TWO FACTIONS DIVIDED BY **HATRED**...AND A GULF OF VALLEY  
CARPETED IN THE CORPSES OF **TWO FRIENDS**.

**THE FORBIDDEN ZONE:** A DREADED PLACE **SHUNNED**  
BY THE LIVING EVER SINCE ALL LIFE WAS **BURNED** FROM  
ITS FACE IN A HELLISH INSTANT OF SEARING **WAR**...A PLACE  
NOW INIMICALLY **POPULATED** AGAIN--**PERMANENTLY**--  
BY **WAR**...A PLACE NOW INIMICALLY **POPULATED** AGAIN--  
**PERMANENTLY**--BY INDIGENOUS **RESIDENTS** SPAWNED  
AND **MUTATED** IN THAT HELLISH INSTANT...

...TO **PERPETUATE** THE  
BATTLEGROUND OF **WAR**.



**CIRCLES. THEY  
REPEAT THEMSELVES.**

**CIRCLES...**

**THEY STINK.**





# NEXT ISSUE

## **"MALAGUEÑA IN A ZONE FORBIDDEN!"**

*by Doug Moench & Mike Ploog*

Jason is forced to engage in a ritual Gypsy knife duel for his life and that of Malagueña—a hauntingly beautiful human girl!

## **"THE SECRET!"**

*by Doug Moench, George Tuska,  
& Mike Esposito*

The final cataclysmic chapter in our adaptation of Planet of the Apes—dare ye not miss this one, ape-ophiles!!

*Also in the Star-Studded 6th Issue:*

## **"URKO UNLEASHED!"**

*by Chris Claremont*

An interview with TV's Mark Lenard, replete with photos, facts, and furry film effluvium!



*All this—yes, all this!—in just 30 days... plus even more!*

# PLANET OF THE APES

#6 on sale January 21st — \$1.00