



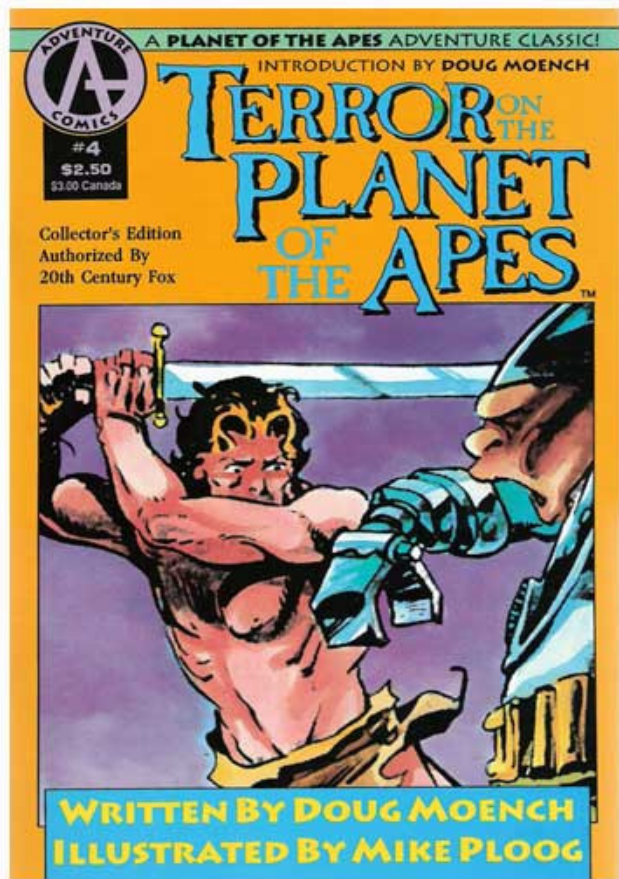
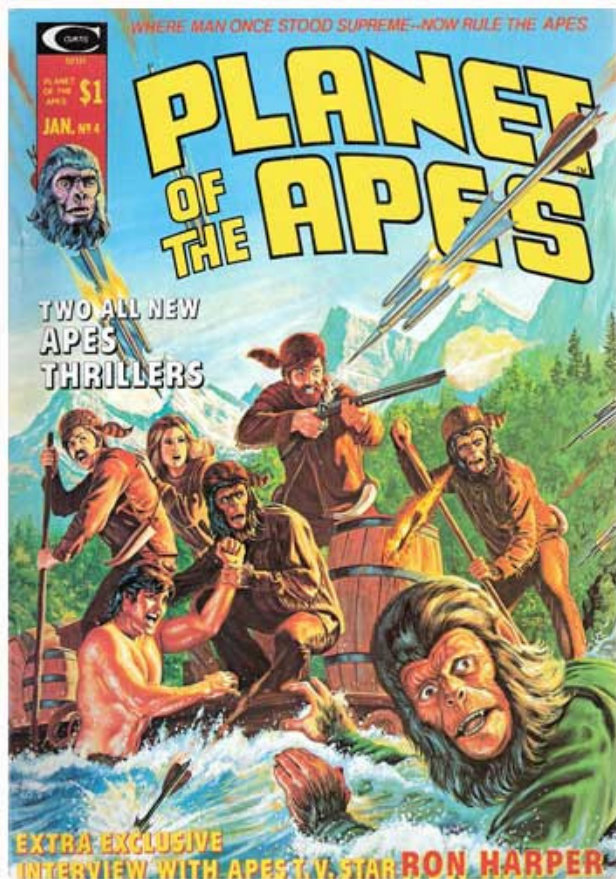
Terror on the Planet of the Apes, Chapter Four

Writer: Doug Moench

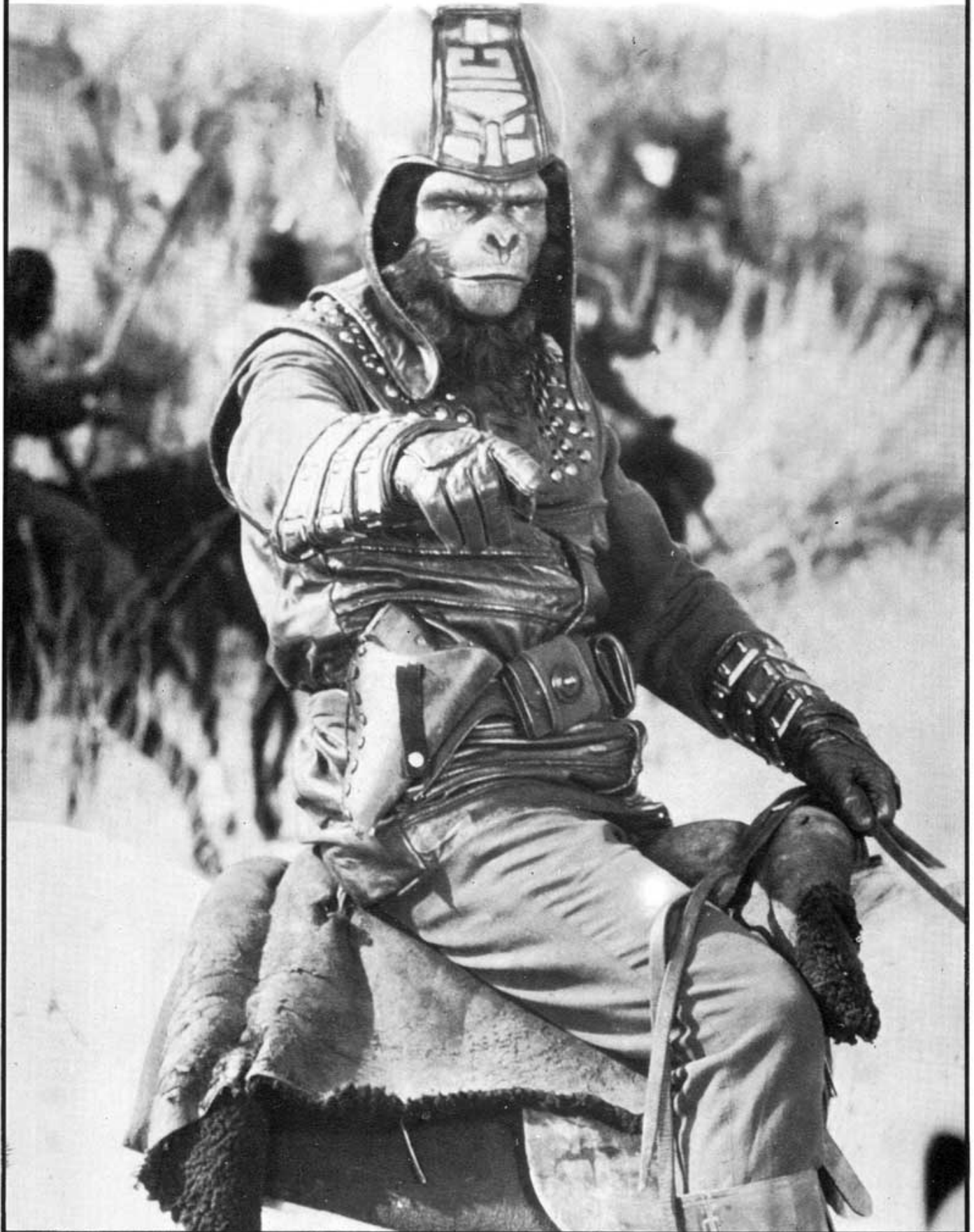
Artists: Mike Ploog, Frank Chiaramonte, Don Heck, Duffy Vohland and Ed Hannigan

Published in:

- *Planet of the Apes* #4 (U.S.—Jan. 1975): "A Riverboat Named *Simian* / Gunpowder Julius"
- *Planet of the Apes* #18 (U.K.—Feb. 22, 1975): "A Riverboat Named *Simian*"
- *Planet of the Apes* #19 (U.K.—Feb. 29, 1975): "Gunpowder Julius"
- *Terror on the Planet of the Apes* #4: "A Riverboat Named *Simian* / Gunpowder Julius" (Malibu Graphics—Dec. 1991)



Terror on the Planet of the Apes



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

PART 4 OF TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES!

A RIVERBOAT NAMED SIMIAN

ESCAPE: THE EXHILARATION
OF PROMISED FREEDOM
AFTER AN INCARCERATION
IN NIGHTMARE.

ESCAPE: FROM THE CAVERN-BASED
INHERITORS, BIZARRE MUTANTS
SPAWNED IN NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST
AND NOW CONTROLLED BY REPUGNANTLY
COLOSSAL BRAINS.

ESCAPE: THE THEFT OF A GLEAMING SKYCRAFT, NOW SEPARATED FROM A
VAST ARMADA OF MUTANT WAR MACHINES... AND PILOTED BY FOUR
PARTNERS-IN-ADVENTURE: JASON, THE REBELLIOUS HUMAN YOUTH WHOSE
DEFIANCE OF APE DOMINATION HAS CAST HIM IN THE ROLE OF ETERNAL
PARIAH; ALEXANDER, THE YOUNG CHIMP WHOSE ALLEGIANCE TO JASON
HAS BRANDED HIM TRAITOR; THE LAWGIVER, THE PATRIARCHAL LEADER
OF THE STRIFE-TORN INTEGRATED CITY, RECENTLY RESCUED FROM THE
MUTANTS BY JASON AND ALEXANDER...

...AND WARKO, FIRST-LIEUTENANT IN BRUTUS' GORILLA SQUADRON OF
RENEGADE TERRORISTS, A BRIEF ALLY TO JASON AND ALEXANDER WHILE
TRAPPED WITH THEM IN THE MUTANTS' ARENA-PIT-- BUT NOW DETERMINED
TO RESTORE THE FORMER STATUS QUO...

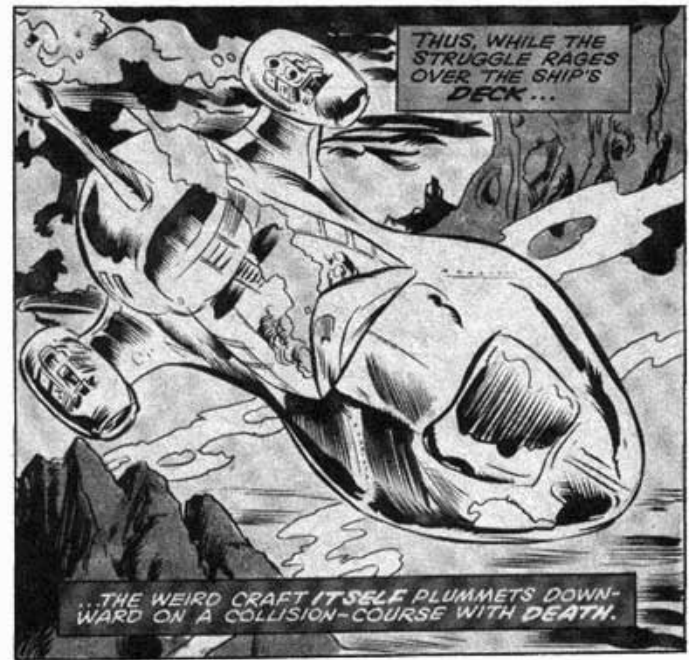
NO CLOSER HUMAN--OR THE
LAWGIVER'S BRAINS PAINT THE
SKY! OUR NEW DESTINATION IS
BRUTUS' ARBOREAL ENCAMPMENT
...AND I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO
DEVIATE FROM IT.

ESCAPE: A STRANGE SKYBOAT
CLEAVING THE PURPLE MISTED AIR
OF THE RADIATION-SMOTHERED
FORBIDDEN ZONE... A SKYBOAT
WHOSE CONTROL HAS ONCE AGAIN
SHIFTED HANDS. ESCAPE: A RETURN
TO THE PRISON OF NIGHTMARE.

YOU ARE NO MATCH
FOR HIS VIOLENCE,
MY FRIENDS. ALTER
THE COURSE AS HE
DEMANDS.

DOUG MOENCH/Script • MIKE PLOOG/Artist • HECK, CHAIRMONT, VOHLAND &
HANNIGAN/Inks • JOE ROSEN/letters





THEN THE DESPERATE SOUNDS OF CONFLICT ARE SLICED BY A STRIDENT SHOUT--THE IMPLOING VOICE OF THE LAWGIVER...

PLEASE-- STOP YOUR FIGHTING! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING--?

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE GOING TO--

THE SOUND IS AWESOME IN FURY, A THUNDEROUS CACOPHONY OF IMPACTING STEEL AND ROCK, A GRATING SHRIEK OF CATAclysmic HORROR AND IRREVOCABLE DOOM...

SKRASH!

THE AFTERMATH IS SOFTER, NO MORE THAN THE ROARING RUSH OF AIR FEEDING FLAME...

UNTIL, THAT IS, A LONE FIGURE SLOWLY STIRS...

OH... NO...

ALL OF THEM...? ALL DEAD...?

HIS NAME IS JASON...

...AND HE RISES, A STARK FIGURE OF SEETHING RAGE HIGHLIGHTED AGAINST THE BLISTERING CONFLAGRATION...

EXCEPT THE GORILLA--! HE'S STILL BREATHING...

STILL LIVING...!

A CRACKLING, WHINING SOUND WHICH IS HEARD BY NO ONE...

JASON'S FINGERS SQUEEZE THE ROCK...



GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, THEN, IT IS NOT SO UNUSUAL TO FIND JASON ADOPTING THE LEAD. AFTER ALL, IT ALLOWS HIM ISOLATION FROM HIS TWO COMPANIONS...







THESE GORILLAS ARE MY *SUBORDINATES*,
AND DULY APPOINTED REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE CITY.

SINCE *WHEN* HAS BE-ONE DECIDED
TO ACCORD SUCH LITTLE *RESPECT*
TO THOSE IN MY *COMMAND*?



SINCE A BAND OF
GORILLAS ASSAULTED
OUR CAVERN *YESTERDAY*--
AND EXPUNGED FOUR
DRONES.

I *SEE*. VERY
WELL-- ESCORT
ME TO *BE-ONE*.



TELL ME... THIS *ASSAULT*
YESTERDAY...

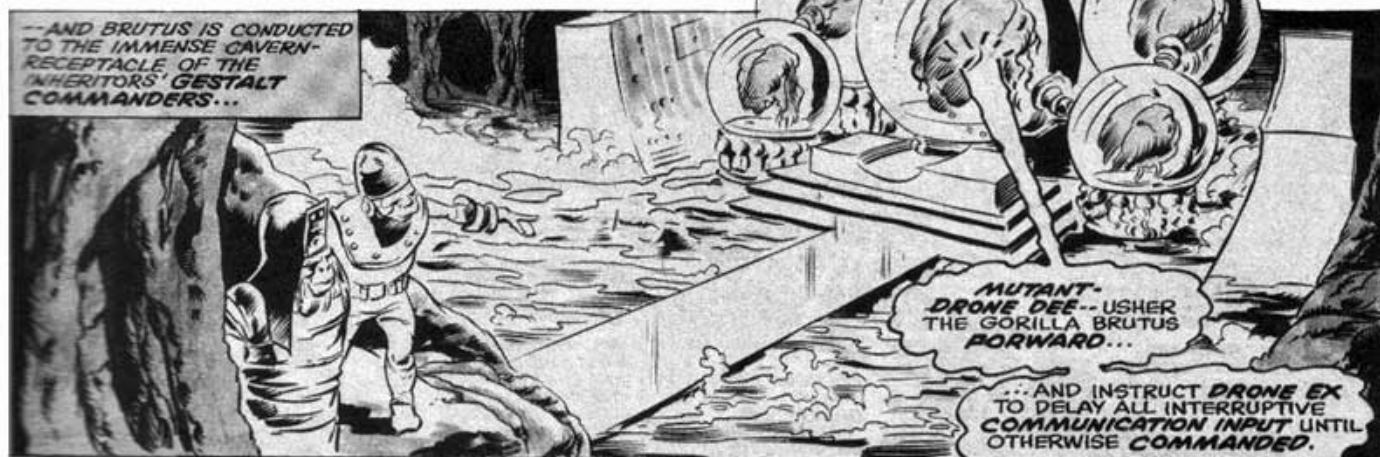
WERE THERE TWO
OTHERS INVOLVED...
A *HUMAN* AND
A *CHIMP*, BOTH
YOUNG...?

GESTALT
COMMANDER
BE-ONE WILL
DIVULGE ALL
THAT YOU ARE
PERMITTED
TO *KNOW*.

A *RAILCAR*
AWAITS US JUST
AHEAD.



THEN, A
HURLING
JOURNEY
THROUGH
LABYRINTHINE
TUNNELS--



--AND BRUTUS IS CONDUCTED
TO THE IMMENSE CAVERN-
RECEPTACLE OF THE
INHERITORS' GESTALT
COMMANDERS...

MUTANT-
DRONE DEE-- USHER
THE GORILLA BRUTUS
FORWARD...

...AND INSTRUCT *DRONE EX*
TO DELAY ALL INTERRUPTIVE
COMMUNICATION INPUT UNTIL
OTHERWISE *COMMANDED*.



WE MEET AGAIN BRUTUS--AND SO SOON. DO YOU WISH TO REPORT YOUR *PROGRESS*?

GREETINGS, BE-ONE. MY END OF OUR AGREEMENT IS PROCEEDING WELL...

MY *DOUBLE-IDENTITY* SERVES OUR MUTUAL OBJECTIVE MORE *EFFICIENTLY* THAN WE HAD *HOPED*. AS LEADER OF THE *RENEGADE TERRORISTS*, I HAVE INITIATED A CAMPAIGN OF *METHODICAL SUBVERSION* AMONG THE *INTEGRATED CITY*.



AND AS *OFFICIAL PEACE OFFICER*, I HAVE CONVINCED THE POPULACE THAT A *YOUNG HUMAN* IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE *MURDER* OF MY *WIFE*...

THUS, BY INCITING *HATRED* OF THE *HUMAN ELEMENT*, I HAVE BEGUN TO *WEAKEN* THE CITY'S *UNIFIED STRENGTH*, RENDERING IT *SUSCEPTIBLE* TO YOUR *IMPENDING INVASION*.



HOWEVER, MY *ACTUAL BUSINESS* HERE CONCERNS THE *AFOREMENTIONED HUMAN*. HE HAS *ESCAPED*, AND ATTEMPTS TO *DISPROVE* THE CHARGES OF *MURDER*--

WE *KNOW*, BRUTUS. HE HAS *ALREADY BEEN* HERE, AND HAS *RESCUED* THE *LAWGIVER*.

YEAH, BRUTUS--YA BLEW DA WHOLE *CAPER*, YA UGLY *MUG*.



THE *LAWGIVER*--! THEN WE *MUST STOP* THEM. IF THE *LAWGIVER* RETURNS TO *POWER*, OUR *ENTIRE PLAN* WILL *COLLAPSE*.

YOU MUST GIVE ME SOME *DRONES*--*IMMEDIATELY*!

AND SOME OF YOUR *WAR-MACHINES*--AS MANY AS YOU CAN *SPARE*.



REQUEST *GRANTED*, BRUTUS. BUT WE *WARN* YOU, FURTHER *FAILURES* WILL *NOT* BE *TOLERATED*.

WE ARE *BRAINS* AND YOU ARE *BRUTUS*. IF YOU *FAIL* US YOU'D BETTER *SHOOT* US.

ACKNOWLEDGED, BE-ONE... AND BE-THREE. THANK YOU, AND *FAREWELL*.



MUTANT-DRONE DEE--PROVIDE THE *GORILLA* WITH A *CONTINGENT* OF *DRONES* AND *MACHINES*. AND BE ADVISED THAT THIS ORDER DOES *NOT* IN *ANY WAY* *COUNTERMAND* *PAST* OR *FUTURE* ORDERS PERTAINING TO THE *EVENTUAL ANNIHILATION* OF BOTH THE *HUMAN AND APE* POPULATION.

YOU BETTER *BELIEVE* IT, *DEE*--AN' ON YER WAY *OUT*. TELL DAT *STUPID DRONE* EX TO OPEN UP DA *INPUT* AGAIN.

NEXT ISSUE:
THE LONG-AWAITED
CONCLUSION OF
TERROR ON THE

**PLANET
OF THE APES**

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

CHAPTER TWO: GUNPOWDER JULIUS





WILD PANIC ASSAILS EACH OF THEM. FRANTICALLY, THEY SCRAMBLE FOR HANDHOLDS ON THE MOSSY TUNNEL WALLS... AND WHEN THEY REALIZE THAT ANY RESISTANCE IS FUTILE, A NEW PANIC INFUSES THEM WITH LIVID HORROR...



THEN, ABRUPTLY, THEY SURFACE... AND GASPING, SPUTTERING, THEY GULP THE PRECIOUS AIR...



BUT THE RESPITE IS A BRIEF ONE--



THIS TIME, THE SURFACE IS NON-EXISTENT...



... FOR THE TUNNEL IS STUFFED WITH MADLY RUSHING WATER--AN IRRESISTIBLE VORTEX WHICH SUCKS THEM EVER ONWARD, BATTERING AND SCRAPING THEM AGAINST THE TUNNEL WALLS, SWEEPING THEM FORWARD THROUGH HELL WITH SOME UNKNOWN FORCE. BUT WHAT FORCE--WHAT COULD POSSIBLY CREATE THIS VORTEX--?

THE QUESTION IS TORN FROM JASON'S MIND, REPLACED BY A SHIMMERING STREAM OF BUBBLES...



... BUBBLES SIGNIFYING THE LAWGIVER'S LOSS OF AIR.

THEN, AS THE LAWGIVER'S BODY LIMPLY SURRENDERS TO THE INEXORABLE CURRENT, JASON GLIMPSES A REFLECTIVE SURFACE ABOVE...



...AND, LUNGS BURSTING, HE GRASPS THE LAWGIVER'S ROBES... DESPERATELY CLAWS HIS WAY UPWARD, FIGHTING THE FORWARD VORTEX EVERY CHURNING INCH OF THE WAY...

...UNTIL, AT LAST, TWO HEADS PIERCE THE SURFACE IN SPRAY--



-- TO GREET AIR... COOL, SWEET PRECIOUS AIR.



> WHEW! IF THIS TUNNEL HADN'T WIDENED WHEN IT DID--

NEVER MIND THAT, JASE--! JUST SWING THAT LOG OVER HERE BEFORE WE GET SWEEP AWAY AGAIN!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT OUR SHAGGY FRIEND HERE, BUT I'M IN NO CONDITION TO SWIM ANOTHER STROKE--!



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE FINALLY SLAMMED INTO SOME LUCK, EH ALEX? AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT THIS LOG, I DON'T CARE HOW STRONG THE CURRENT GETS.

YEAH... UNLESS THIS TUNNEL DECIDES TO NARROW AGAIN...



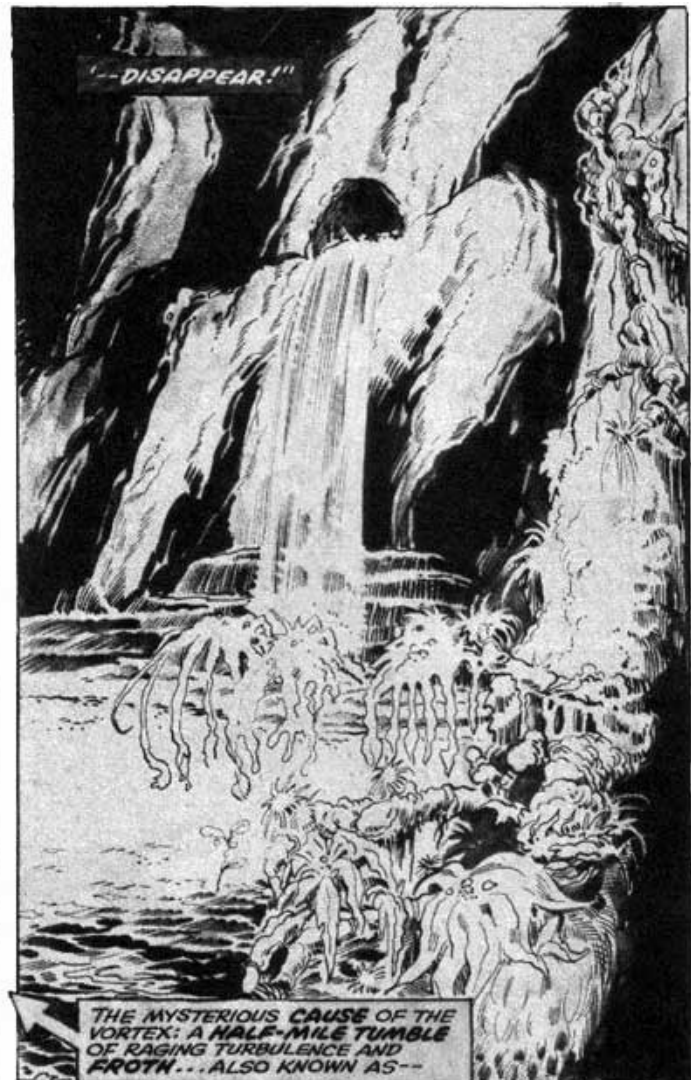
BUT--

BITE MY TONGUE, JASE-- THE GOOD NEWS ISN'T QUITTING--!

THERE'S LIGHT UP AHEAD! THE TUNNEL'S COMING TO AN END--!!

URG! URG!

EASY ON THE ECSTASY, ALEX. I WOULDN'T COUNT ON THE NEWS BEING THAT GOOD...



THEIR **IMPACT** IS LOST FROM VIEW, AN INSIGNIFICANT SPLASH INTO THE FAR **GREATER FURY** OF CASCADING **TORRENTS**...



AND FOR A MOMENT THERE IS **NOTHING**...NOTHING BUT GRAVITY'S VIOLENT ROAR OF WATER, MERCILESSLY POUNDING WATER...

...THEN THEY SURFACE, STILL CLINGING TO THE LOG'S BUOYANCY... FOUR WEARY, SPUTTERING PIECES OF FLOTSAM...



THIS LAKE...

THANK THE AFTERLIFE... IT'S CALM-- PLACID...

PTOOO!

URPH!

MORE THAN SERENE, THE LAKE IS A GLITTERING SHEEN OF BRIGHT **PROMISE**...CACHED IN A LUSH VALLEY OF **EQUAL SPLENDOR**. IT IS A GLOSSY JEWEL IN A SETTING OF **VERDANT LIFE**...



...WEIRD, **RIOTOUS** LIFE-- SPLASHED IN VIVID SWIRLS OF PHOSPHORESCENT **PURPLE** AND **SCARLET**... A FOREST GONE MAD WITH THE FEVER OF **RADIATION**... A **MUTATED** FOREST...

GOO- GOO- KAI!

BUT NEVERTHELESS, A FOREST **BEYOND** THE DESOLATE CLUTCH OF THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE**...

I MUST SAY I'M GLAD TO **BE** HERE... BUT I DON'T THINK I'D WANT TO MAKE THE **JOURNEY** AGAIN.

YEAH, SURE IS **WEIRD**-- BEING WASHED THROUGH A MOUNTAIN CLEAR **OUT** OF THE **FORBIDDEN ZONE**...

...BUT I WONDER WHY THIS LAKE ISN'T **BIGGER**. YOU'D THINK IT WOULD **OVERFLOW** WITH ALL THAT **WATER** CONSTANTLY GUSHING INTO IT... UNLESS THERE'S A **DRAINAGE** POINT SOMEWHERE...



THERE IT IS-- AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE **LAKE**. ANOTHER **RIVER**, ALEX-- AND NO WAY OF TELLING **WHERE** IT LEADS...

WELL...MIGHT AS WELL START **NOW**, WHILE THE **LAWGIVER** IS CATCHING HIS **BREATH**.

...BUT SINCE WE CAN'T GO BACK UP THE **WATER-FALL**, OUR BEST BET IS TO BUILD A RAFT AND TAKE IT **DOWN** THE **RIVER**. TOO BAD I LOST THAT **MUTANT-WEAPON** IN THE **WATER**-- WOULD'VE BEEN **HANDY** FOR CUTTING DOWN **LOGS**.



AND THE **LAWGIVER** **SMILES**, GRATEFUL FOR THE COMMON PERIL WHICH HAS **SEALED** A BITTER DICHOTOMY BETWEEN **APES** AND **HUMAN**...



























SHAMBLING YOUR WAY IN JUST ONE MONTH

"EVOLUTION'S NIGHTMARE!"

by Doug Moench & Ed Hannigan

A panoramic parable in which
ape and human are forced to cooperate
in a fantastic battle for survival!

Also in the same issue:

"PLANET OF THE APES!"

The penultimate chapter in
our ape-lauded adaptation of
the first furry Fox film!

And much more in the way of simian features, photos, articles
and info!



Fifth big issue on sale December 17—\$1!

