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PLANET
OF THE APES
APRIL № 19

NOW ONLY

75¢

PLANET OF THE APES™



THE
WILDEST
APE
ADVENTURE
EVER!

ALL NEW
COMICS
AND
ARTICLES!

"DEMONS OF THE PYSCHEDROME"



**TERROR
ON THE
PLANET OF
THE APES
PHASE TWO!**

HIGH ON A TORTUOUS MOUNTAIN PASS,
THE CARAVAN OF DOOM HAS HALTED.

DEMONS OF THE PSYCHEDROME

IT'S APPEARANCE BIZARRE, ITS MEMBER'S MANY AND GROTESQUE, THE CARAVAN CONSISTS OF BRUTUS AND HIS GORILLA TERRORISTS, MUTANT-DRONES IN THE SERVICE OF THE INHERITORS, AND AWESOME STEEL JUGGERNAUTS CALLED WAR-MACHINES. ALL HAVE RUMBLED AND CLATTERED TO A HALT...

STIFF FROM DAYS OF ARDUOUS RIDING, ONE OF THE GORILLAS DISMOUNTS. HIS NAME IS WARKO; HE IS BRUTUS' FIRST LIEUTENANT; AND HE POINTS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN...AS HE SPEAKS--

THERE,
BRUTUS--DOWN
BELOW.

PERHAPS THAT
IS WHAT WE ARE
SEEKING...

AND WHAT THE CRUEL-FACED BRUTUS SEEKS IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE MEANS TO ANNIHILATE EVERY HUMAN ON THE RAVAGED FACE OF THE EARTH.



PEACE, BROTHER APES! I AM BRUTUS AND WE MEAN YOU NO HARM-- ALTHOUGH WE COULD HAVE MURDERED EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU WITHOUT MOVING FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

I WISH TO ENGAGE YOUR HELP. WE ARE JOURNEYING TO A SECRET PLACE SOMEWHERE TO THE EAST--IN THE CENTER OF A RING OF MOUNTAINS. THERE WAS A MAP, BUT WE HAVE LOST IT...



CAN YOU GUIDE US TO THIS PLACE?

NO! MAGNIANUS HAS HIS OWN WARRIORS TO LEAD--! NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU!

WE ALSO GO TO THE EAST--



--TO KILL THE MAGICK-MAN AND HIS FRIENDS!

WHAT... FRIENDS?

THEY GO THAT WAY-- EAST! TWO OTHER HUMANS BESIDES MAGICK-MAN--A HE AND A SHE--AND A SMALL APE IN STRANGE CLOTHES LIKE YOU!



MAGNIANUS KILL THEM ALL!

TWO HUMANS AND A SMALL APE-- PROBABLY A CHIMPANZEE, BRUTUS. SOUNDS LIKE IT COULD BE--

YES, YOU FOOL... IT IS HIM.



IT MUST BE HIM. IT COULDN'T BE ANYONE BUT THAT STINKING HUMAN--

"--JASON."

YEAH...

...THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.



WELL, IT'S RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF A RING OF MOUNTAINS, ALL RIGHT--JUST LIKE ON THAT MAP YOU FOUND...

BUT WHY WOULD THIS ENEMY OF YOURS--THIS BRUTUS--WANT TO GO DOWN THERE, JASON?







FORWARD!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT A "PER CENT" IS... BUT EVEN IF THERE'S ONLY THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF FINDING AND KILLING JASON...

--I'LL FOLLOW THOSE APE SAVAGES STRAIGHT TO HELL.



WHAT IS IT?

ADMINISTER THE SACRED EYES OF THE GODS--THAT WE MAY COMMUNE WITH THE SPIRITS OF THE WIND AND SAND--THAT WE MAY EXPERIENCE EXTERNAL VISIONS OF OUR INNER PEACE AND TRANQUILITY...

BUTTONS, JASON--FROM THEIR HOLY CACTUS PLANTS...



THEY SAY THE STUFF MAKES YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS ... IF YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL INSIDE.

BUT THE ANCIENTS WERE DIVIDED ABOUT IT'S USE. SOME LOVED IT, THOUGHT IT WAS FUN... SOME CONSIDERED IT A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE ...AND SOME WERE SCARED TO DEATH OF IT!

WORLD MUST'VE BEEN JUST AS MIXED-UP THEN AS IT IS NOW... GUESS I'LL DECIDE FOR MYSELF.



NIGHT!

IN HONOR OF OUR GUESTS WHO COME ONLY IN PEACE, LET THE RITES OF DIVINE COMMUNION BEGIN...

SOLEMNLY, A PROCESSION OF FEMALES FILES TOWARD THE CIRCLE, EACH BEARING JARS FILLED WITH THE HOLY SACRAMENT...



HOW IS IT, JASE...?

KIND OF DRY... BITTER...

OH, IT'S NOT SO BAD, JASON--MUCH LIKE THE ROOTS MAMA LENA USED IN HER POTIONS

SAYS YOU, MALAGUENA.





LIGHTSANTH SAID TO JUST...LAY BACK...

SO MANY STARS
UP THERE...
BRIGHT...
SHIMMERING...



FEEL SO...
STRANGE...

...AND THE STARS...STILL
MOVING...CHANGING...
SHAPING SOMETHING...
FORMING SOMETHING...



BRUTUS!

STARS TURNED
INTO BRUTUS...!

DIRTY, UGLY, FILTHY
KILLER BRUTUS SNARL-
ING AND SMILING...

AND ME!! THAT'S
ME UP THERE--
INSIDE!!

I'M TRAPPED--BRUTUS
CAUGHT ME--I'M A PRISONER
--CAN'T GET OUT--!



HELP ME--I'VE GOT TO HELP ME!!

BRUTUS IS
GOING TO
KILL ME--
**DEVOUR
ME!!**

**HELP--LET
ME OUT--
HELLLPP!!**



SURE HOPE THIS
SACRED PLACE OF
YOURS REALLY IS
THE PSYCHEDROME,
SHAMAN...

...BUT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'M INCLINED
TO DOUBT IT. THERE ARE AN AWFUL LOT OF
SACRED PLACES LEFT OVER FROM THE PAST,
YOU KNOW--MOST OF THEM IN THE RUINS
THEY CALL FORBIDDEN ZONES...

WHAT'S IT LIKE
INSIDE THIS
SACRED PLACE
OF YOURS...?

THERE IS NO WAY
OF KNOWING, FRIEND
LIGHTSANTH...



IT IS SEALED FOREVER--
NO ONE MAY EVER
GET INSIDE...

THE MAGIC OF THE
ANCIENTS IS TOO
STRONG FOR US
OF TODAY.

YEAH?
WE'LL
JUST SEE
ABOUT THAT,
SHAMAN.

UP HERE, FRIEND
LIGHTSMITH--THROUGH
THIS DOOR...



GO TO GET OUT OF HERE--
SQUEEZE THROUGH THE
BARS--

THROUGH HIS
TEETH--BEFORE
THEY BITE!

MUST ESCAPE--
MUST GET--



--FREE!!

I'M FREE!

HE DOESN'T WANT TO CAPTURE ME
AGAIN--THIS TIME HE WANTS TO
KILL ME!!

NO--HE'S AFTER
ME NOW--MAD
BECAUSE I ESCAPED!

WANTS TO DRENCH
THE GROUND WITH
MY BLOOD--BRIGHT
RED AND I CAN SEE
IT AS EVERYTHING
GETS DIM AND I
FEEL SICK--!

HE'S RUNNING FASTER THAN ME--WHY ARE APES
FASTER THAN HUMANS? STRONGER THAN HUMANS?
BETTER THAN HUMANS?! WHY AREN'T APES AFRAID
OF HUMANS THE WAY I'M AFRAID OF HIM?!!



NO--! MY FEET--
ROOTED TO THE
GROUND, GROWING
DEEPER, CAN'T MOVE--!
I CAN'T RUN--CAN'T
GET AWAY!



IN THE BACK WALL OF THIS
ROOM, FRIEND LIGHTSMITH--
BEHIND THIS BLANKET...

...THERE IS A TUNNEL
WHICH LEADS DEEP INTO THE
MOUNTAIN...TO THE SACRED
PLACE FROM THE PAST.



KINDA DARK
IN HERE,
SHAMAN...

VERY DARK, AND
FOR GOOD REASON--
THERE IS NO
LIGHT.

WHOA NOW, OLD BOY, BUT I BEG TO
DIFFER-- WHEREVER LIGHTNING
SMITH CHOOSES TO VENTURE, THERE
IS ALWAYS LIGHT...



...AT LEAST,
AS LONG AS
THE BATTERIES
IN MY MAGIC
TORCH DON'T
WEAR OUT.

HON!

KLIK



YOUR MAGIC IS VERY POWERFUL,
FRIEND LIGHTSMITH... PERHAPS
POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEFEAT THE
MAGIC OF THE ANCIENTS...

...AND ALLOW US
TO ENTER THE SACRED
PLACE WHICH HAS
BEEN SEALED
FOREVER.

WELL, LIKE THE
ANCIENTS SAID, SHAMAN--
WHERE THERE'S A WILL,
THERE'S A WAY.



GROUND IS GONE--BUT I'M STILL ROOTED--IN CORPSES--SKELETONS--UGLY BONES OF DEATH--THE BONES OF THOSE KILLED BY
BRUTUS--THEY'LL SUCK ME
DOWN UNTIL I BECOME PART
OF THE PILE.

THAT'S BECAUSE BRUTUS
WANTS TO KILL ME--ADD
MY BONES TO HIS PILE--!



GOT TO GET AWAY--I DID GET AWAY, BONES GONE NOW--BUT
BRUTUS--HE'S STILL CHASING ME--AND HE'S CHANGED--!

HE'S A BEAST NOW,
NAKED AND STRONGER
AND FASTER--STRONGER
SO HE CAN TEAR
ME APART AND
FIND MY BONES!

IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE PLACE--
THE PLACE OF SAFETY...!



WHEN IN THE NAME OF
PROGRESS ARE WE GONNA
FIND THIS SACRED PLACE
OF YOURS, SHAMAN--?
WE'VE BEEN SLITHERING
THROUGH THIS TUNNEL
FOR A MIGHTY LONG
TIME NOW...

DOESN'T IT
EVER END--?

IT ENDS,
FRIEND LIGHTSMITH--



YEAH, BUT WHEN--?
SEEMS LIKE WE'VE
ALREADY GONE
FAR ENOUGH TO
COME OUT THE
OTHER SIDE OF
THE MOUNTAIN...

VERY SOON NOW,
FRIEND LIGHTSMITH
--JUST AROUND
THIS CORNER...



...THERE--RIGHT
AHEAD OF US...

...THE SACRED
PLACE OF THE
ANCIENTS.

WELL, STEP ASIDE, SHAMAN
--SO I CAN TAKE A LOOK...



CAN'T SEE. IT IS OVER--AM I SAFE?
FEELS SO... STRANGE... MAYBE IT
IS OVER...



NO--
MY
HEAD--!!

IT'S BURNING--!!

AHEAD--A FOREST--
MAYBE SAFETY...



BUT THE FOREST IS AN ISLAND...

DOESN'T
MATTER--
I'LL RUN
OVER THE
WATER AND
REACH...



--MALAGUENA!!

MALAGUENA,
YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN
HELP ME!

YOU'RE MY
ONLY HOPE--
THE ONLY ONE
I CAN TRUST!



HELP ME, MALAGUENA--SAVE
ME, PLEASE SAVE ME!

DON'T LEAVE
ME, MALAGUENA--!

DON'T BETRAY ME! YOU CAN'T BETRAY ME,
MALAGUENA--PLEASE DON'T BETRAY--



IN THE NAME OF EVERY
PROGRESS LEADER, WHO
EVER PROGRESSED FROM
DARKNESS TO LIGHT...!

IT'S...



...INCREDIBLE.

AS I SAID,
FRIEND LIGHT-
SMITH.



AND IT'S...
HUMMING.

AS ALWAYS,
FRIEND
LIGHTSMITH.

YOU KNOW, IT JUST
MIGHT BE THE PSYCHE-
DROME AT THAT...



...AND IF IT IS,
IT'S GONNA TAKE
A HUGE HEAP OF
BOOM-STICKS
JUST TO MAKE
A DENT IN IT...

BUT BOOM-STICKS OR NOT, I DON'T THINK I WANT
TO TRY ANYTHING UNTIL MORNING...



COME ON, SHAMAN
--I NEED TO SLEEP
ON THIS.

NIGHTMARE'S ALMOST OVER... JUST AS
SOON AS I REACH MALAGUENA...

BUT WHY IS SHE REACHING INTO THE
FOREST? WHAT IS SHE... HOLDING?



ALEX-?!!

SHE'S
HOLDING
ALEX!!

KISSING HIM!!

NoOo~!!

WAIT... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM
--A NIGHTMARE-- NONE OF IT
REALLY HAPPENED...

MALAGUENA
WASN'T
KISSING
ALEX...





AND WHEN THE BILLLOWING SMOKE DISSIPATES...

HOW ABOUT THAT? SOMETHING FINALLY WORKED RIGHT...

NOT A VERY BIG HOLE--BUT BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO SQUEEZE THROUGH...



WELP, I GUESS IT'S NOW OR NEVER...

...AND RIGHT NOW, IT'S MIGHTY DARK IN HERE. GOOD THING I'VE GOT MY MAGIC TORCH SO WE CAN--

IN THE NAME OF HOLY ILLUMINATION--! WATCH YOUR STEP BOYS--BECAUSE WE JUST HAPPEN TO BE ON A SUSPENDED RAMP NO MORE THAN FOUR FEET WIDE.

GOOD THING I PLANTED THOSE BOOM-STICKS WHERE I DID...

A FEW FEET TO EITHER SIDE AND WE'D STILL BE FALLING RIGHT NOW...

MORE OF THEM ABOVE, TOO...

A WHOLE MAZE OF THEM. WONDER WHAT THEY'RE FOR...?

AWE HAS A WAY OF DEADENING THE SENSES. THUS, NO ONE HEARS THE SOFT FLAPPING SOUNDS...

HEY--!!

MY TORCH-- IT'S FALLING!!

SOMETHING'S ATTACKING US--!!

INSTANTLY, JASON SQUEEZES A SWEEPING BURST FROM LIGHTSMITH'S MACHINE GUN, LIGHTING THE SCENE WITH GARISH, INTERMITTENT FLASHES FROM THE PUMPING BARREL...

BRAK-AK-AK-AK-AK

IT'S THE WINGED MONKEY-DEMONS!! JUST LIKE THE LEGENDS SAY!

SEVERAL OF THE BIZARRE, SHADOWNY FORMS ARE RIPPED OPEN BY THE MACHINE GUN FIRE, THEY DROP.



THEY'RE WEARING
SWORDS--WHY AREN'T
THEY USING THEM--?

I DON'T KNOW,
JASON, BUT THEIR
CLAWS LOOK MEAN
ENOUGH TO ME!

AND BY THE WAY,
IT LOOKS LIKE THIS
IS WHERE I SAY
GOODBYE...



DON'T FIRE, JASON--PLEASE--
NOT IN THIS DARKNESS WITH
ME IN THE WAY--!

THUS, JASON AND ALEX CAN DO NOTHING BUT WATCH
AS THEIR MORE EXPERIENCED COMRADE IS SWIFTLY
BORNE OFF INTO THE GLOOM...



...LEAVING THEM ALONE...
AND FRIGHTENED HALFWAY
TO HELL.

IF...IF ONLY IT
WEREN'T SO DARK,
JASE...

THEN, EVEN AS ALEX
STAMMERS HIS PLEA--



--SOMEONE VERY FAR AWAY...
TURNS ON THE LIGHTS.

UH OH...MAYBE I SHOULDN'T
HAVE SAID THAT BECAUSE
NOW, WHOEVER LIVES
IN THIS PLACE--

--CAN SEE US.



ELSEWHERE IN THIS
REALM OF THE UNKNOWN...

THAT
OPENING IN
THE WALL...!

IT'S THE
DOORWAY TO
THE PSYCHEDROME--!

WAIT A MINUTE--IT'S
NOT THE WALL...IT'S
THE CEILING...AND...

...AND THIS
...IS THE
PSYCHEDROME--?!



INDEED: THIS IS THE PSYCHEDROME...A CHAMBER OF GLEAMINGLY FUTURISTIC DECOR...A PLACE FILLED WITH METALS AND PLASTICS...A ROOM IN WHICH UP AND DOWN ARE BOTH INTERCHANGEABLE AND DEBATABLE...

...AND A LABORATORY OF DESTINY WHICH MIGHT WELL BE DOOM, PRESIDED OVER BY WINGED AND SILENT MONKEY-DEMONS.



WAIT--! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?! THE PSYCHEDROME ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS--!!

OR SO LIGHTSMITH, IN HIS SUPREME IGNORANCE, PRESUMED.



STOP--LEAVE MY HEAD ALONE--!!

NOOOO!!

AND THAT LAST REVERBERATING WAIL OF PROTEST COULD VERY WELL BE LIGHTSMITH'S LAST CONSCIOUS UTTERANCE... FOR AN INSTANT LATER, THE ELECTRODE IS SECURED, IN HIS SKULL.



WELL, WHAT DOES YOUR SMUG PERCENT HAVE TO SAY NOW, MUTANT-DRONE ZEE?

WE HAVE ATTAINED OUR DESTINATION, AND THE SAVAGE APES SWEAR THAT JASON IS SOMEWHERE RIGHT DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.



THERE IS NOTHING BUT MUNDANE SILENCE AS BRUTUS' WAR MACHINE EXPLODES...AND A DOZEN CLIFF-FACE DWELLINGS SHATTER AND AVALANCHE INTO ONE ANOTHER...



INDEED, EVEN IF THE GIBBON NAMED GILBERT COULD SPEAK, SHOCK WOULD RENDER HIM JUST AS MUTE AS THE OTHER WITNESSES TO THIS CATAclysm...

...THE EFFECTS OF WHICH ARE FELT EVEN WITHIN THE BOWELS OF A CERTAIN GLOOM-FILLED TUNNEL.



TO PUT IT SIMPLY, THE TUNNEL COLLAPSES.




CONCOMITANT WITH THE CAVE-IN IS A HORRENDOUS ROAR OF ROCK CRUSHING ROCK...

...HEARD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOOM-STICK RUPTURE BY JASON AND ALEX, STANDING ON A NARROW CAUSEWAY IN THE MIDDLE OF BLINDING LIGHT AND STIRLING TERROR.







YOU'RE RIGHT, ALEX--
THERE ARE BUILDINGS ALL
AROUND US, BELOW... AND
ABOVE. THESE RAMPS
MUST BE SHORT-CUTS FROM
ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER...

LOOK-- THERE'S
EVEN A LAKE UP
THERE... BUT... BUT WHY
DOESN'T THE WATER
FALL DOWN--?

I KNOW ONLY AS
MUCH AS YOU DO, JASE
--NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT
THAT THE LIGHT WHICH JUST
CAME ON SEEMS LIKE A SUN--
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF
THIS PLACE, LIGHTING
EVERYWHERE AT
ONCE...

A SUN, YES, IN THE ARTIFICIAL SENSE, AND
ARTIFICIAL DAWN IS ONE HELL OF A TIME TO
VISIT THE PSYCHEDROME. THE BRIGHT LIGHT
MAKES IT THAT MUCH EASIER FOR THE
WINGED MONKEY-DEMONS TO FIND THEIR
PREY.

NEITHER JASON NOR ALEX NOTICE THE SKULKING
FIGURES, UNFORTUNATELY, OR THE FACT THAT
THEIR SWORDS ARE NOW DRAWN...



NEXT: EVENTS ARE MOVING FAST, AS YOU'VE NO DOUBT NOTICED. EVEN THOUGH THE DEVELOPMENTS OF THIS SERIES HAVE SCARCELY BEGUN. FOR INSTANCE, IN THE NEXT CHAPTER OF TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES WE'LL LEARN THAT THE WINGED MONKEY-DEMONS ARE MERE LACKEYS, SERVING SOME RATHER WEIRD INDIVIDUALS COLLECTIVELY CALLED: **THE SOCIETY OF THE PSYCHEDROME!**

THE SAVAGE IS KING!

INTERIOR OF THE STATE
SECURITY OFFICE:
LATE NIGHT...

BUT I HAVE DONE
NOTHING *WRONG*!
YOU'RE TREATING ME
LIKE A *CRIMINAL*!
I WILL NOT SUBMIT
TO THIS--

BUT YOU
WILL, SENOR
ARMANDO.

IF, AS YOU
SAY, YOU HAVE
NEVER SEEN THE SON
OF THE TALKING APES...
THE AUTHENTICATOR
WILL CORROBORATE
YOUR INNOCENCE.



NOOO--!



STOP
HIM--!

KREEESH



THE COMMUNICATIONS
AND INTELLIGENCE
CENTER OF GOVERNOR
BRECK'S COMMAND
POST: WHERE THE
GOVERNOR AND CHIEF
AIDE MacDONALD
TENSELY MONITOR A
TELETYPED REPORT...







YES, MR. GOVERNOR--
I'LL GET ON IT **RIGHT**
AWAY. IF THE INTELLIGENT
APE IS ANYWHERE **NEAR**
THIS VICINITY--



-- HE CERTAINLY
WON'T BE ABLE
TO **LEAVE**.



THE CHARGE
AGAINST THEM
IS **NONSENSE**--!

IT'LL DO FOR **MY** PURPOSES.
YOU SEE, THEY CONSTITUTE
THE **HARD CORE** OF
OUR PROBLEM...



DO YOU REALLY THINK
IT'S **WISE** TO ACT ON
THIS **ACHILLES LIST**
OF YOURS JUST
BECAUSE
SOME--

THE **ACHILLES LIST**,
MR. MACDONALD--
REFERRING TO OUR
ENEMY'S **ACHILLES**
HEEL-- **MUST** BE
ACTED ON. IT CONTAINS
THE NAME OF EVERY
APE WHO HAS BEEN
REPORTED WITHIN
THE **LAST YEAR**
FOR AN OVERT ACT OF
DISOBEDIENCE.

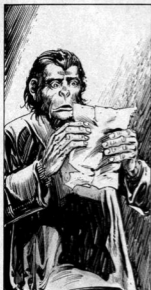


... AND I'M GOING TO
BREAK THEM-- ONCE
AND FOR ALL.

YOU WON'T BREAK THEM.
"SIR"... YOU'LL ONLY
FURTHER **AGGRAVATE**
THE PROBLEM.

THIS ACTION IS **FOLLY**.
AND I WISH TO **PROTEST**
IT IN THE **STRONGEST**
POSSIBLE TERMS...!







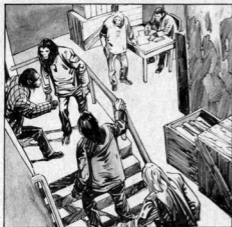














THE RECEPTION AREA AT ARE MANAGEMENT HEADQUARTERS...

SORRY, SIR--
THE **CONDITIONING**
CAGES ARE FILLED
TO **CAPACITY**. WE
HAVE NO VACANCIES
TILL **TUESDAY**.
THANK YOU, SIR.

SORRY, THREE-OH-
NINE. OUR **CAGES** ARE
FULL. WE CANNOT
ACCOMMODATE NEW
INTAKE UNTIL AFTER
TUESDAY'S AUCTION.



NO, MA'AM, WE'RE
NOT BUYING--ONLY
SELLING NOW. **NO**.
MA'AM, NOT EVEN
IF HE CAN ARRANGE
FLOWERS AND **PEEL**
POTATOES... SORRY.

YES, I'M
CERTAIN, SIR.
YES. IT IS
UNUSUAL--
SEEMS TO HAVE
HAPPENED **ALL**
AT ONCE, YES,
GOODBYE.



HEAD OFFICE **TRANSPORTATION...?**
THIS IS **BRANCH ELEVEN RECEPTION**.
PLEASE DIVERT **BRAZIL SHIPMENT**
FIVE-OH-FIVE TO **GALVESTON**,
WHERE THERE ARE VACANCIES
FOR **ACCOMMODATION**.

WE
HAVE
NONE.



YES, **THIS IS**
BRANCH ELEVEN
RECEPTION. WHAT
CAN I...



OH--YES, SIR!
I...I DIDN'T KNOW
IT WAS...**YOU SIR...**

ONE MOMENT
PLEASE, SIR--!



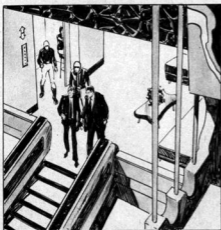
IT'S **STATE**
SECURITY--
CHIEF INSPECTOR
KOLP. SOUNDS
URGENT...

ALL RIGHT...
I'LL TAKE
IT...













JUST WISH THERE WERE
SOME WAY WE COULD
COMMUNICATE ... SO
YOU'D UNDERSTAND--



I UNDERSTAND,
MR. MacDONALD.



YOU--

YES. I **AM** THE ONE
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR...



... THE
TALKING
APE.

NEXT ISSUE :

ARMY OF SLAVES!

