HUMOR AND ADVENTURE to BEND YOUR HEAD!

RADICAL AMERICA KOMIKS

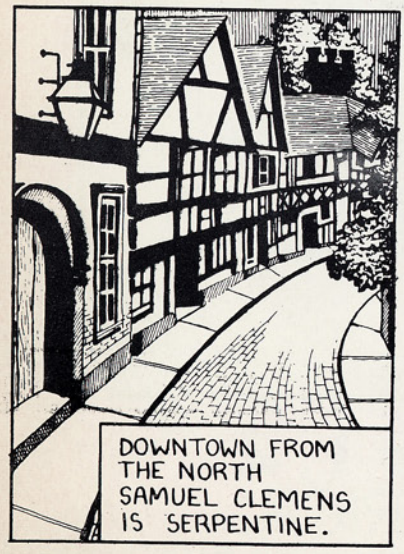
50¢

(Volume III, Number 1, of
RADICAL AMERICA,
An SDS Magazine of American RADICALISM!)

BLACK ICARUS

BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

LATER IN THE DAY, FARMERS DANCE TO THE OBSCENE MUSIC OF A CLUB FOOT MONGOLOID... AND MY LOVER WEARS A WHITE DRESS BUT COMPLETION IS DELAYED BY RUBBER FIBRE AND COTTON WADDING.



RADICAL AMERICA KOMIKS

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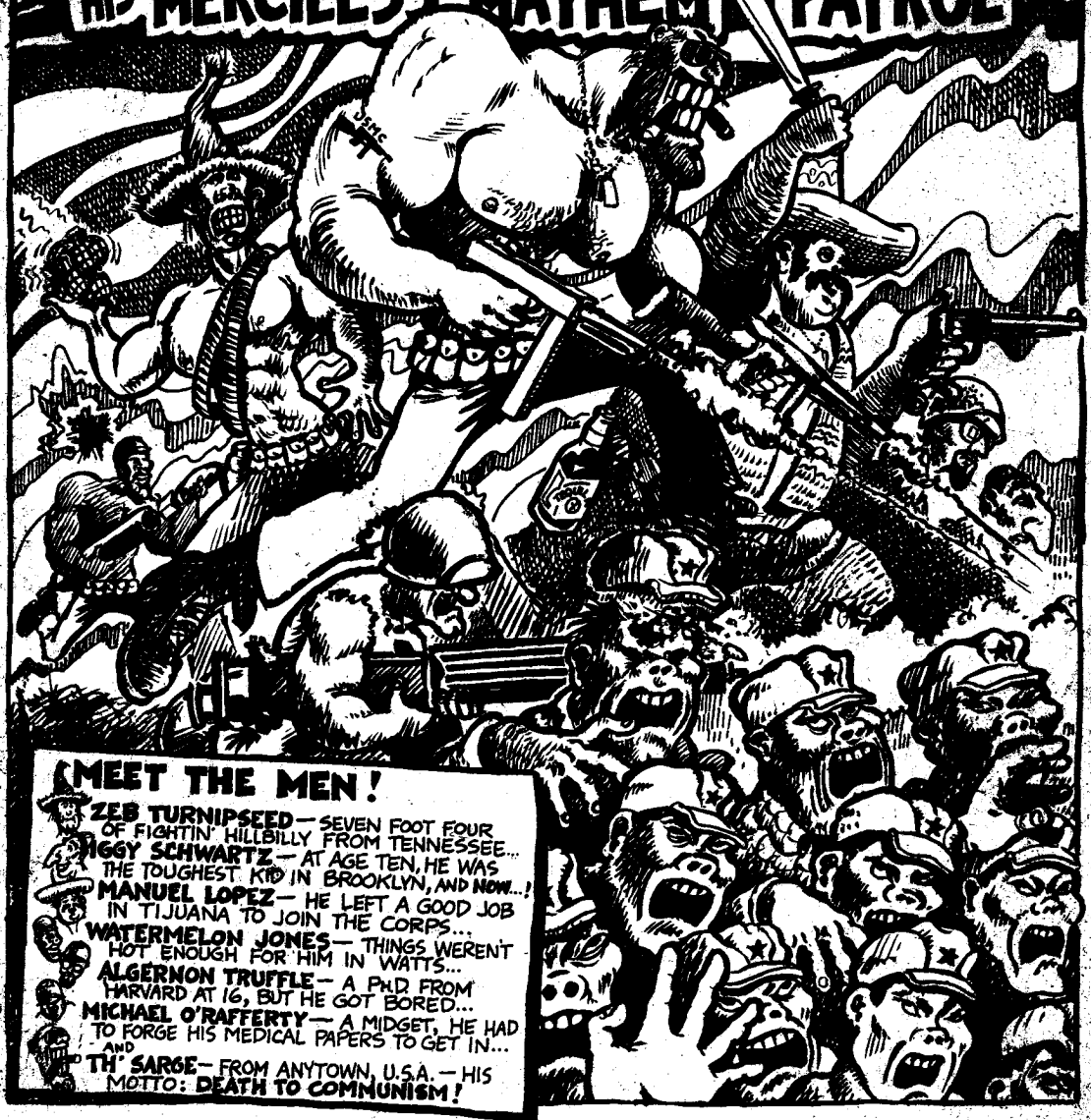
TRUE BATTLE STORY!

SMILING SERGEANT DEADLY

AND HIS MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL



MEET THE MEN!

ZEB TURNIPSEED— SEVEN FOOT FOUR OF FIGHTIN' HILLBILLY FROM TENNESSEE...

IGGY SCHWARTZ— AT AGE TEN, HE WAS THE TOUGHEST KID IN BROOKLYN, AND NOW...!

MANUEL LOPEZ— HE LEFT A GOOD JOB IN TIJUANA TO JOIN THE CORPS...

WATERMELON JONES— THINGS WEREN'T HOT ENOUGH FOR HIM IN WATTS...

ALGERNON TRUFFLE— A PH.D FROM HARVARD AT 16, BUT HE GOT BORED...

MICHAEL O'RAFFERTY— A MIDGET, HE HAD TO FORGE HIS MEDICAL PAPERS TO GET IN...

AND

TH' SARGE— FROM ANYTOWN, U.S.A.— HIS MOTTO: **DEATH TO COMMUNISM!**

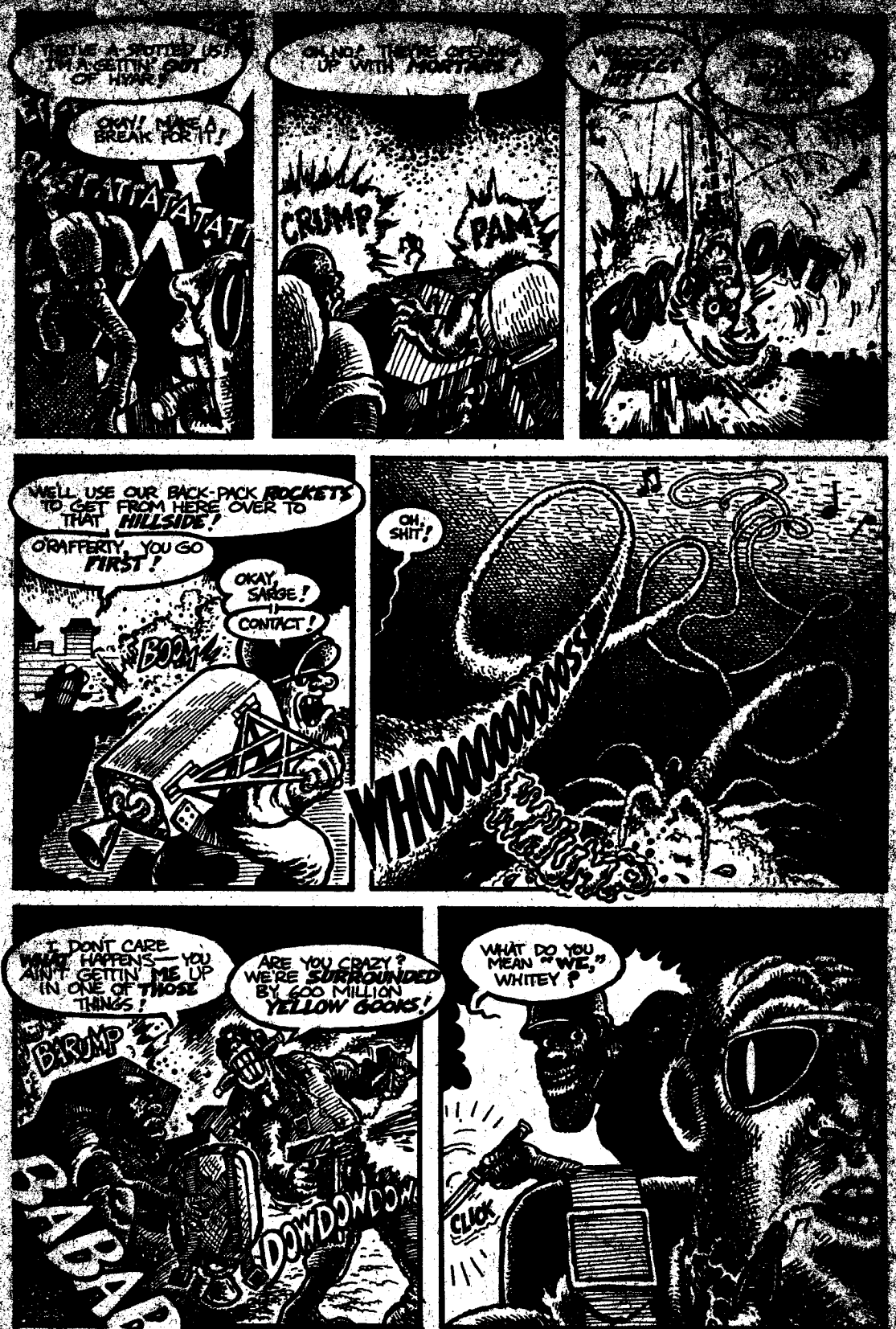
GENERAL, SIR, I CAN ONLY ASSUME IT'S SOMETHING TOO BIG TO HANDLE THROUGH ORDINARY CHANNELS!
THOSE YELLOW BASTARDS! HAVE THEY NO RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE?!!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR SENTIMENTATION, DEATH! A VERY DELICATE SITUATION EXISTS! THE SENSIBLE SOLUTION WOULD BE TO ANNIHILATE THEIR ENTIRE COUNTRY BEFORE THEY CAN DO ANYBODY ANY HARM, BUT WE ARE PREVENTED FROM THIS LOGICAL ACTION BY...
...BY OUR LILY-LIVERED EUROPEAN ALLIES, I'LL BET! SAME OLD STORY!
BUT THOSE MISSILE SITES CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO EXIST AND MENACE OUR GREAT NATION, SERGEANT.
BUT... BUT HOW ELSE TO DESTROY THEM BESIDES BOMBING OR... OR INVASION!?
BUT INVASION IS AGAINST INTERNATIONAL LAW (SNICKER)!
I'LL LEAVE THE LEGAL HASSLE UP TO YOU, SERGEANT DEATH, AND THE...
...MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL!!
Orders:
Sgt. Death
Re: Red China

FOR A WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT ANY ACTION! I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE!
RIP
YOU GUYS EVER TRY CHICKEN SOUP AND DICKLORINE? IT'S AN OLD JEWISH RECIPE!
I'LL STEEK TO CORN FLAKES AN' TEQUILA!
YOU SMELL LIKE SWEAT, JONES.
YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, HUH, TRUFFLE? FIGURE THIS ONE OUT!
WHAT'S THIS COMMIE PROPAGANDA DOING IN THE BARRACKS?
(!?... TH' SARGE!)
ATTEN... HUT!
SPRONG!
WHAT KINDA GODDAM COMMANDOS YOU GUYS CALL YOURSELVES!? THIS PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE A HAIGHT STREET HIPPIE PAD THAN A MARINE CORPS BARRACKS!!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CLEAN UP A PLACE THAT'S THIS FILTHY!
THAT WAY IS TO...
BURN IT..
TO THE LANDING STRIP, MEN! OUR NEXT STOP IS RED CHINA!
WE'LL BE OVER PEKING IN ABOUT THREE AND A HALF HOURS, SERGEANT!
THANKS TO OUR MACH 3 TROOP TRANSPORT!
THE WAY TO GET THE CHINESE MISSILE-PRODUCING COMPLEX, MEN, WILL BE AS FOLLOWS: FIRST, WE BAIL OUT OVER PEKING'S SUBURBS AT MIDNIGHT, FROM A FLYING ALTITUDE OF 50 FEET IN ORDER TO ESCAPE RADAR DETECTION...

DIRECTLY INTO A RED CHINESE ARMY MOTOR POOL STAGING AREA, WHERE WE STEAL SEVEN OF THEIR MOTORCYCLES! WE THEN BREAK OUT ON TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY...
AND PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THEIR "SECRET" MOUNTAINSIDE PLUTONIUM ENRICHMENT... WHERE A MERE BATTALION OF CRACK TROOPS PROTECTS THEIR STRATEGIC BREEDER REACTOR...
BAP BAP BAP
ZING RRRRRR
A SMALL AMOUNT OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TAKES CARE OF THE SET UP — WE PUT THEIR PLUTONIUM IN THIS LEAD BOX...
BAM
ZING
BOOM
...AND ESCAPE USING OUR BACK-PACK ROCKETS TO CARRY US TO THE OPEN SEA...
...WHERE A U.S. NAVY VESSEL WILL BE WAITING TO PICK US UP AND BRING US BACK TO THE STATES...
...PROVIDING WE'RE NOT ALL KILLED, OF COURSE. YOU MEN REALIZE THAT OUR CHANCES OF PULLING THIS OFF UNSCATHED ARE APPROXIMATELY TEN THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST OUR SUCCESS...
WE'RE WITH YA, SARGE!!

GERONIMO!
WHOOMP
OH MY GOD! (URR)
(BE QUIET! YOU'LL WAKE THE CHINKS!)
FIFTY FEET WAS JUST TOO LOW FOR A FAT-ASS LIKE HIM!
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY ONE IN THE MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL EVER GOT KILLED! I... I'M SICK!
(SHUT UP AND GET DOWN, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL GET US ALL KILLED!)
KA-THUNK
...I HAD TO DO IT, SARGE! HE WAS ENDANGERING THE WHOLE MISSION!
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, WATERMELON! QUICK THINKING!
MY GLASSES! I DROPPED MY GLASSES! I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES!
CLICK.
?!
!

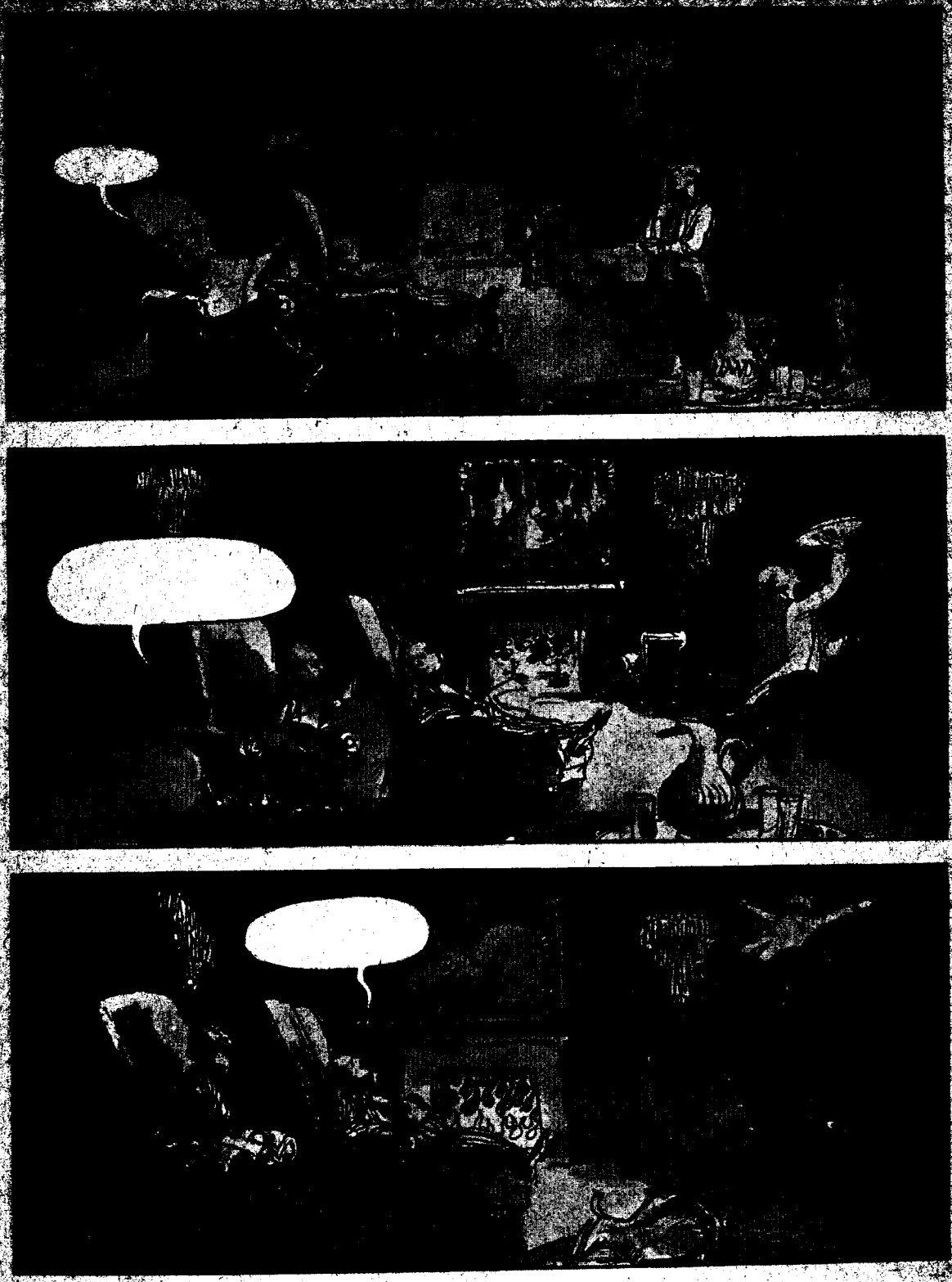

THEY'VE A-SPOTTED US! I'M A-GETTIN' OUT OF HYAR!
OKAY! MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
TATATATATATA
OH, NO! THEY'RE OPENING UP WITH MORTARS!
CRUMP
PAM
WE'LL USE OUR BACK-PACK ROCKETS TO GET FROM HERE OVER TO THAT HILLSIDE!
O'RAFFERTY, YOU GO FIRST!
OKAY, SARGE!
CONTACT!
BOOM
OH, SHIT!
WHOOOOOOOOOOSS
I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS—YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ME UP IN ONE OF THOSE THINGS!
ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE SURROUNDED BY 600 MILLION YELLOW GOOKS!
BARUMP
DOWDOWDOW
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE," WHITEY?
CLICK

BRRAP
HISS
THUD
(GOOD LORD (CHOKE)! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT BUT ME! THE REST ARE DEAD TO A MAN!)
...AND MY ROCKET PACK IS RUINED...
...AND I'M OUT OF AMMO!
...AND THOSE MORTAR SHELLS SURE ARE GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER...
FUNT
GROOMP!
BOOM
TWEETLE
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE MUST CALL UPON HELP FROM SOURCES GREATER THAN HIMSELF. I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME, BUT...
IT'S TIME TO CALL ON...
POW

WONDER WART-HOG
?
?
?
...AND SURE ENOUGH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE IS BEING RELAYED TO A TELEPHONE IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE HIGH ABOVE THE TEEMING STREETS OF MITHALODE U.S.A.-THE WHERE SITS REPORTER OF MILD-MANNERED SECRET IDENTITY PHILBERT DESANEX, OF WONDER WART-HOG!
HEY PHILBERT! SOME CLOWN CALLING HIMSELF THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
OINK OINK
HI THERE, HOGFANS! LOTTA WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE, HUH?

HELLO, PHILBERT! THIS IS YOUR PRESIDENT, CALLING FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.!
(GASP) IT IS A CLOWN! I MEAN IT IS THE PRESIDENT!
I THOUGHT I ASKED YOU NOT TO CALL ME AT THE OFFICE! YOU MIGHT REVEAL MY SECRET IDENTITY!
IT'S AN EMERGENCY, PHILBERT. I'D CERTAINLY BE GRATEFUL IF YOU'D CHANGE INTO YOUR WONDER WARTHOG SUIT AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO TO GET US OUT OF A RATHER... ER, COMPROMISING POSITION THE GOVERNMENT HAS GOTTEN INTO IN REGARD TO THE RED CHINA SITUATION...
HM?
OH!
YEAH, SURE.
RED CHINA CLAIMS "U.S. INVASION" THIRD WORLD WAR CLOSE
GEE, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO CHINA BEFORE BECAUSE IT SAID I COULDN'T ON MY U.S. PASSPORT...
I WONDER IF THEY STILL HAVE OPIUM DENS THERE (HEH HEH)?
AHA! HERE'S A MEN'S ROOM I CAN USE TO CHANGE CLOTHES IN!
MEN
SQUEECH
HO, HUM. I GUESS THE EASIEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO FLY RIGHT OVER AND REMOVE OUR SOLDIER FROM RIGHT BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES.
POOMP
I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE U.S.A.!
HE'S REALLY REAL!
PLUCK
...AND THEN I'M TAKING THAT PLUTONIUM RIGHT BACK TO PLUTO, WHERE IT BELONGS!
...AND THEN I'M GONNA CHECK OUT THAT OPIUM DEN THING.
I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY AND I NEED TO RELAX A LITTLE.

ONE LAST TIME, SERGEANT... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PLUTONIUM?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR!
YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN IT! THE CHINKS EVEN ADMIT IT'S GONE!
AND HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES WITHOUT YOUR MEN?
I FELL, SIR... I FELL...
NO GIANT PIG STORY AGAIN! JUST TELL ME THE TRUTH, AND NONE OF THIS FANTASY SHIT!
IT'S TRUE, SIR!
YOU KNOW, DEATH, YOU COULD BE A BIG HERO! YOU COULD EVEN WIN A MEDAL! JUST TELL THE TRUTH!
I ALREADY DID, SIR...
YOU ARE AWARE, SERGEANT, THAT TELLING LIES TO A GENERAL IS AN AUTOMATIC FIRING SQUAD OFFENSE?
OH (SOB), SIR (CHOKE)! HE WAS EIGHT FEET TALL AND (SOB) (SNIFFLE) SIX HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST, AND (CHOKE) HE HAD A SKIN-TIGHT RED AND GREEN SUIT, AND HIS NOSE, SIR, (SOB, CHOKE), COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A... A...
THERE, THAT OUGHTA STOP THAT SCREAMING!
...JUST GAGGED HIM WITH HIS BLINDFOLD ...
READY... AIM...
WHERE IS HE? WHY DOESN'T HE RESCUE ME NOW?!
Gilbert Shelton
THE END



THE END

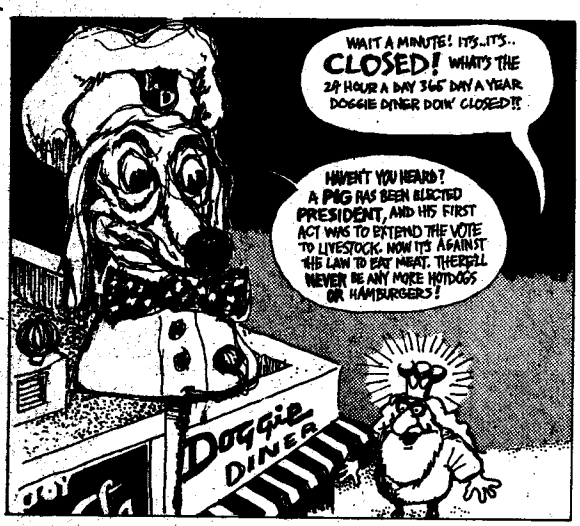
GOD NOSE in

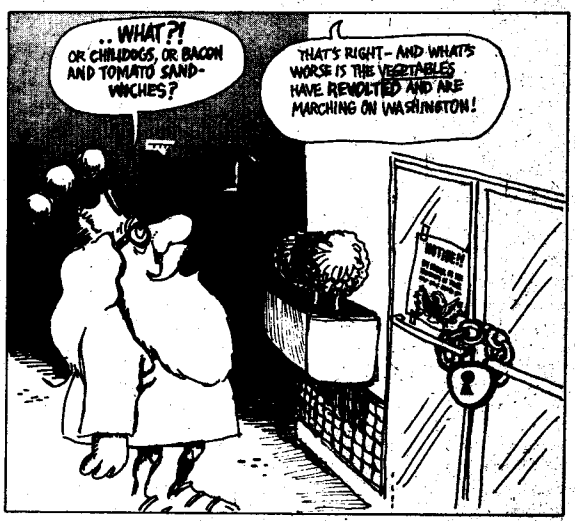
You am what you snot

A Modest Rebuttal of the 'You Or What You Eat' Dogma

POWDERED SEAWEED INDEED! I'M TAKING MY BUSINESS SOMEWHERE ELSE! HRMPH
25¢
GROWL
GRUMBLE

AT LAST! A DOGGIE DINER!
Coca-Cola
DOGGIE DINER

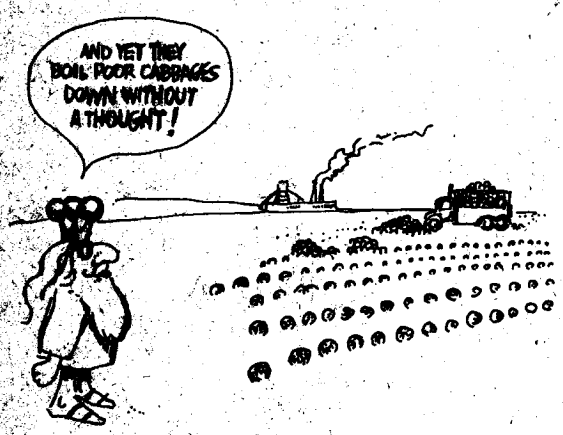

WAIT A MINUTE! IT'S..IT'S.. CLOSED! WHAT'S THE 24 HOUR A DAY 365 DAY A YEAR DOGGIE DINER DOIN' CLOSED?!
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? A PIG HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT, AND HIS FIRST ACT WAS TO EXTEND THE VOTE TO LIVESTOCK. NOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO EAT MEAT. THERE'LL NEVER BE ANY MORE HOTDOGS OR HAMBURGERS!
DOGGIE DINER


.. WHAT?! OR CHILIDOGS, OR BACON AND TOMATO SANDWICHES?
THAT'S RIGHT - AND WHAT'S WORSE IS THE VEGETABLES HAVE REVOLTED AND ARE MARCHING ON WASHINGTON!

OH GOODNESS - THAT COULD MEAN A DEFINITE FOOD SHORTAGE!
READ ALL ABOUT IT! LEADING DIETICIAN CONCLUDES THAT TO BE HUMAN, YOU GOTTA EAT OTHER HUMAN BEIN'S!
EXTRA
YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT!

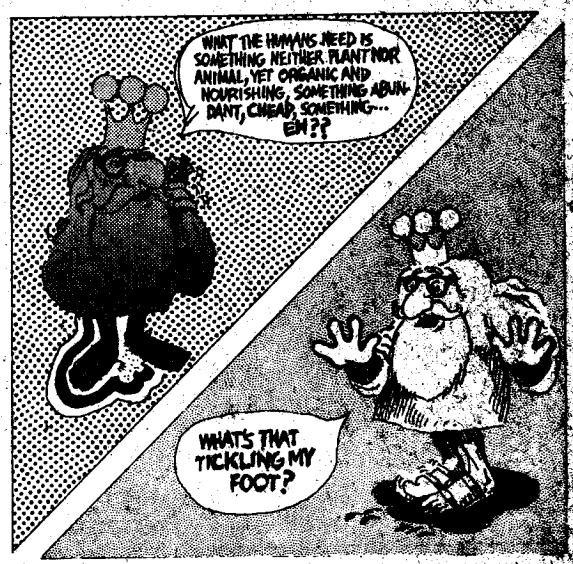
STEAKS! AFTER ALL, NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T.

GOBBLE
GOBBLE
GOBBLE
GOBBLE
I ASK YOU, HOW COULD ANYTHING BE AS STUPID AS A TURKEY


AND YET THEY BOIL POOR CABBAGES DOWN WITHOUT A THOUGHT!

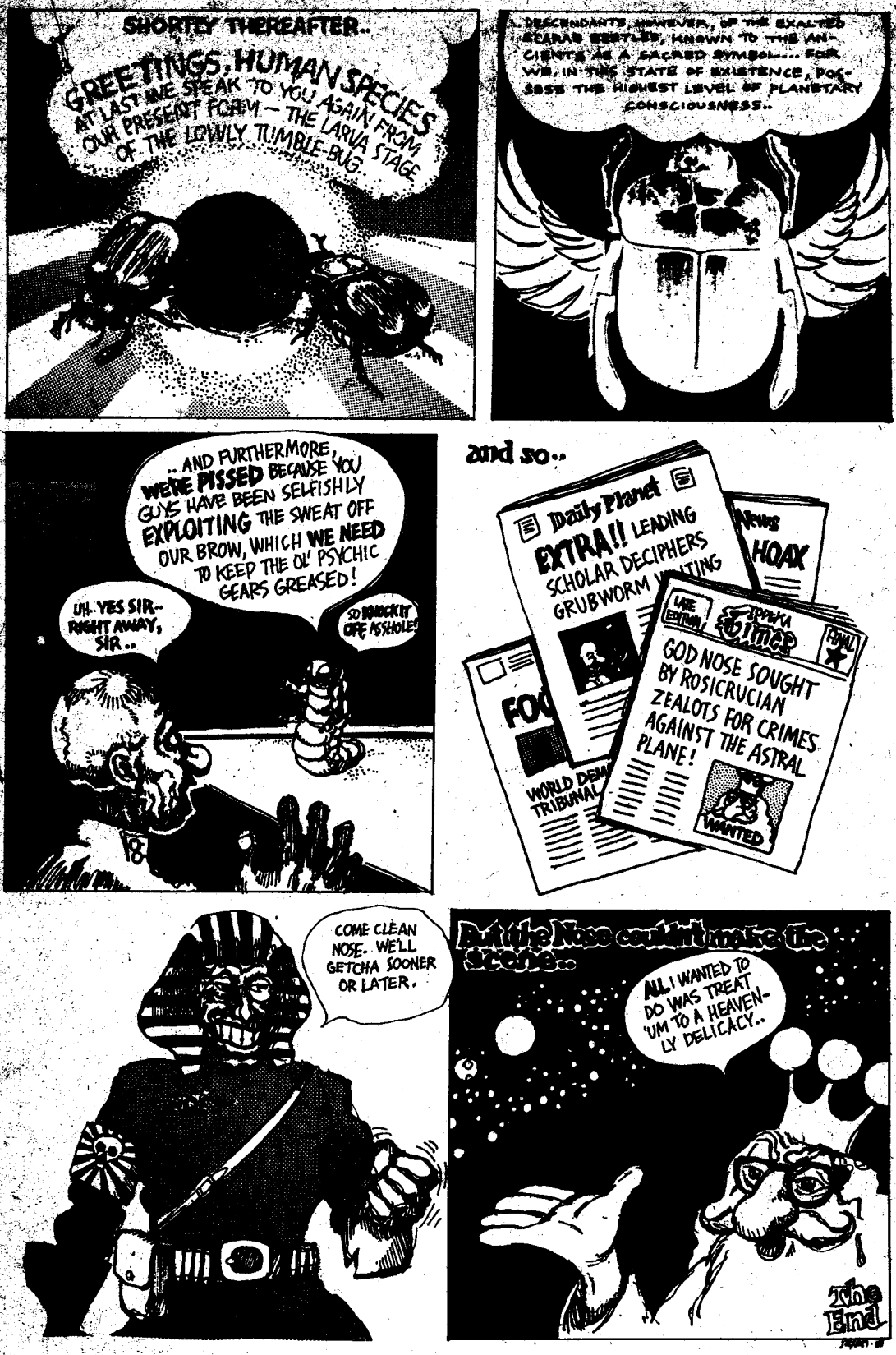
AND CHOP CELERY AND DICE BEETS AND CREAM PEAS, AND SLICE CUCUMBERS.. POTATOES NOT TO MENTION POP CORN!

MY BEAUTIFUL SENSITIVE PLANTS CAN'T FEED THE BIG WORLD ALONE!
HONK


WHAT THE HUMANS NEED IS SOMETHING NEITHER PLANT NOR ANIMAL, YET ORGANIC AND NOURISHING, SOMETHING ABUNDANT, CHEAP, SOMETHING... EH??
WHAT'S THAT TICKLING MY FOOT?

FOLLOWING A LONG SHOT, NOSE DISCOVERS THAT GRUBWORM SWEAT, ACTING AS A CATALYST ON ANOTHER INGREDIENT PICKED LOVINGLY FROM - ER, BY THE NOSE, PRODUCES THE IDEAL MEAT SUBSTITUTE!

BUT SOON, A SCIENTIST AT ONE OF THE MASSIVE GRUBWORM FARMS NOTICES SOMETHING PECULIAR..


SHORTLY THEREAFTER..
GREETINGS, HUMAN SPECIES AT LAST WE SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN FROM OUR PRESENT FORM — THE LARVA STAGE OF THE LOWLY TUMBLE-BUG.
DESCENDANTS, HOWEVER, OF THE EXALTED SCARAB BEETLES, KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS AS A SACRED SYMBOL... FOR WE, IN THIS STATE OF EXISTENCE, POSSESS THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF PLANETARY CONSCIOUSNESS..
.. AND FURTHERMORE, WE'RE PISSED BECAUSE YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN SELFISHLY EXPLOITING THE SWEAT OFF OUR BROW, WHICH WE NEED TO KEEP THE OL' PSYCHIC GEARS GREASED!
UH.. YES SIR.. RIGHT AWAY, SIR..
SO KNOCK IT OFF, ASSHOLE!
and so..
Daily Planet
EXTRA!! LEADING SCHOLAR DECIPHERS GRUBWORM
News
HOAX
LATE EDITION
Topeka Times
FINAL
GOD NOSE SOUGHT BY ROSICRUCIAN ZEALOTS FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE ASTRAL PLANE!
WANTED
WORLD DEM
TRIBUNAL
COME CLEAN NOSE. WE'LL GETCHA SOONER OR LATER.
But the Nose couldn't make the scene..
ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS TREAT 'UM TO A HEAVENLY DELICACY..
The End

THE METH FREAKS FIGHT THE FEDS TO THE FINISH.
©S.CLAY WILSON. 1967
ZOOM
HIGHWAY 61 BEER
RED WINE
TREE FROG BEER
BOBBY
TO BOB DYLAN.

CHANGE

THE WHOLE DAMN TROUBLE WITH THE WORLD NOWADAYS IS THAT PEOPLE JUST DONT THINK!!!
368
TRASH
R. HAYES

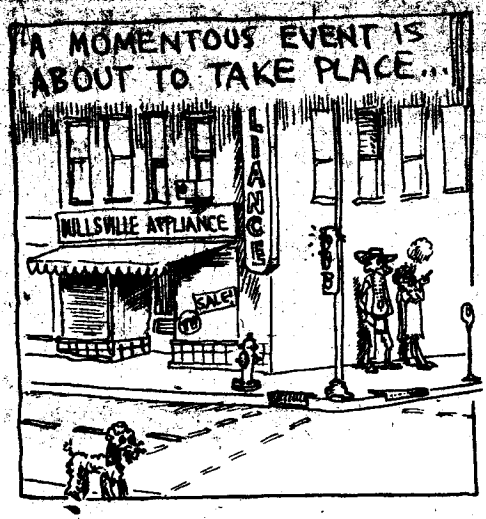
MOST PEOPLE GO THRU LIFE LIKE HUMAN ROBOTS. THIS IS A WASTE! THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD!

SUCK!

WHAT I MEAN IS THAT THESE SO-CALLED HUMANS ARE AFRAID TO EXPERIENCE! A PERSON MUST OPEN HIS MIND COMPLETELY AND ABSORB EVERYTHING!

I'M GOING TO BURST OPEN!
BLOO!!
SZOOM
CRINKLE...
I MUST GO TO...IT!

BOMBS AWAY!!
IS GONNA CRUSH ALL YU PIGS!!
HE IS DEFINITELY CRAZY.....
ICK!
IT HURTS!
AND HOW!
SHIT!
TOTAL EXPRESSION!
WOW!
SPLOOT!
SLIPPING OUT OF A DONUT HOLE.....
HO HUM.
THE END


A MOMENTOUS EVENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE...
HILLSVILLE APPLIANCE
SALE
LIANCE

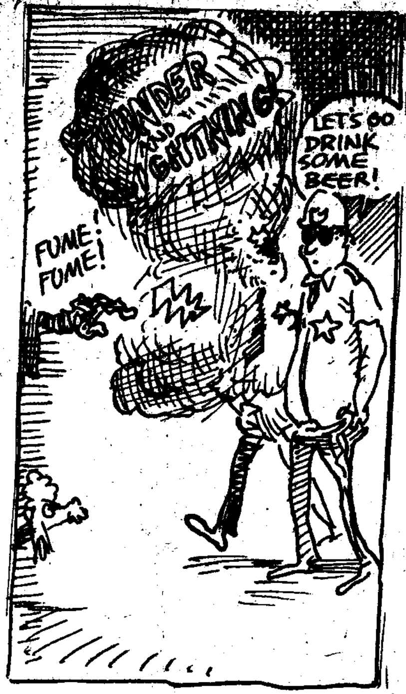
AND HERE IT IS... THE LONG AWAITED, EARTH SHAKING ROCKEM-SOCKEM
SECOND COMING
OF JESUS CHRIST!
WHING!
USE ZIP CODE
BY ROBERT STURGEON 10-23-68

PAUSE FOR A MOMENT OF
SILENT AMAZEMENT

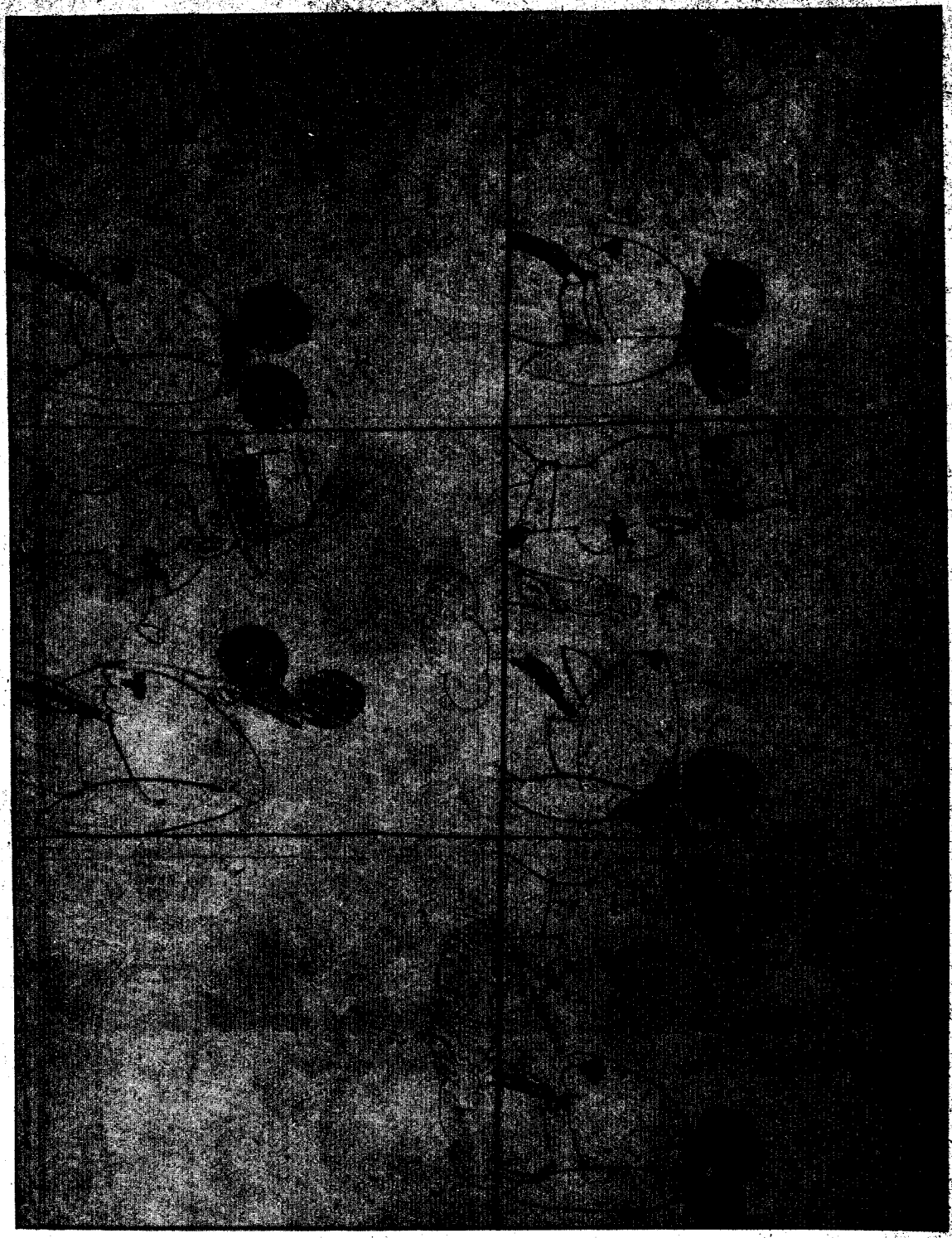
HI THERE! I'M JESUS CHRIST RETURNED TO ESTABLISH PEACE AND TRANQUILITY ON THIS EARTH!
GROOVY!
BEFORE I DO ANYTHING DRASTIC I HAVE A FEW WORDS TO SAY,
STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS... IN THE BEGINNING...
JUST STOP NOW
YOU DON'T TO SELL US, DADDY WE DIG PEACE AND LOVE
THE HAT IS TOO MUCH
WE'RE APOSTLES OF LOVE! WE SPREAD THE WORD OUR SELFS!
INDEED? HOW?
LIKE THIS!
INCIDENTALLY, I'M NEW AROUND HERE. HOW DO I GET A BITE TO EAT, A BED FOR THE NIGHT AND LIKE THAT?
DON'T SWEAT THAT STUFF! DO YOUR THING, AND WHEN YOU'RE UP TIGHT FIND A GROOVY CAT AND SAY, "MAN, I NEED A HIT!"
SEE YA AROUND MAN!!
I HAVEN'T HAD A A MOVEMENT IN WEEKS GUESS I'M UP TIGHT!
PARDON ME, SIRS I'M UP TIGHT AND NEED A HIT!
CRAMP!
TRAP!

BASH! GRIND! OUCH!
CRACK! UGH! CRUNCH!
GRUNT! BIFF! BAM!
BOFF! EEE! OOO! OOOH!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POMP!
BUMP! GRIND! WHAM!
BAM! JAM! BARF! YOW!
CLOBBER! MASH! CRASH!
OH GOD A MIGHTY! TAKE
THIS! AND THIS! BANG!
CLANG! AND THAT! POW!
WOW! YOW! SLUG! SMASH!
GROAN! SLOBBER! CLOBBER!

WARNING! TICKET!!


LET'S GO DRINK SOME BEER!
FUME! FUME!

BOW WOW BOW WOW BOW WOW



SCENES FROM THE REVOLUTION:
BILLY GRAHAM REACHES THE DOPE MYSTICS
...AND IF YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR TRUE HAPPINESS, YOU MUST DECIDE FOR CHRIST AND ACCEPT JESUS AS YOUR LORD AND SAVIOUR!!
BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO:
BILLY GRAHAM REVIVAL
FUCKIN' A!
TELL IT LIKE IT FUCKIN' IS, BABY!
PICK UP ON THAT, MAN! KIN YA DIG IT? FAB FUCKIN' TASTIC!
GOOD FUCKIN' VIBRATIONS!
COSMIC
FA-A-A-A-AR FUCKIN' OUT!
SOCK IT TO ME
OUTA FUCKIN' SIGHT!
NO FUCKIN' SHIT, MAN!
FUCKIN' GROOVE, BABY!
TOO FUCKIN' MUCH!
TREE FUCKIN' MENDOUS!
HE'S REALLY FUCKIN' INTO IT!

RUBY THE DYKE AND HER SIX PERVERTED SISTERS STOMP THE FAGS.
© CLAY WILSON 1967.
THE GILDED LILY
BAR
COCK TAILS
DORIS
I WISH I HAD ONE

PRE-ZENTING... THE ONE... THE ONLY...
POO-POO CUSHMAN
ROLL OUT TH' BARREL, AN' WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN...
MAN ALIVE! A TEEVEE STOO-DEE-OH! NOW I HAVE MY FUN!
WXOZ T.V.
ON THE AIR
KEEP OUT
HAW HAW HAW
AND... ER... NOW FOR THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE NEWS.
WHAT TH'... WHO LET THAT KID IN?!
HEY! GET OFF OF THE CAMERA! YOU'RE IN THE WAY OF THE LENS!
HEH HEH
HE'S GOT THE LENS COVERED WITH HIS SHIRT! GET THAT KID OFF TH' CAMERA!
GODDAMNED KID! GET OFF THAT CAMERA!
HAW HAW HAW
?
LET GO YOU LITTLE BASTARD!
Meanwhile – At the Cushman residence...
HONEY, FIX TH' TEEVEE.
HMM... I JUST BOUGHT OUR LITTLE POO-POO A SHIRT EXACTLY LIKE THAT.
TH' JOKE IS ON YOU, FOLKS! IT AIN'T TH' "TEEVEE" AT ALL. IT'S POO-POO CUSHMAN!

FABULOUS FURRY
FREAK BROTHERS
BY FREDDIE PHINEAS
COME ON, YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW— THE BANK'S JUST NEXT DOOR!
NO, WAIT! I'M GONNA ROB THIS CANDY STORE FIRST!
HEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO— I'VE NEVER BEEN INSIDE A BANK BEFORE...
FILL 'ER UP!
THE FREAKS PULL A HEIST!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE LUSH DIGS OF THE FAMOUS HIRSUTE TRIO...
...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF MONEY AGAIN!
WELL, THAT'S ALL REET...
SUGAR

...WE HAVE PLENTY OF GRASS, AND AS WE ALL KNOW, DOPE WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO MONEY BETTER THAN MONEY WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES OF NO DOPE!
DOPE

SUDDCK!
O...OOOOOO......OOOOOOO
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
WOOBLE
WOOBLE
WOOOOBLE
SPROING
ZONK
POW
FLASH
... PRETTY GOOD STUFF YOU HAVE THERE, BROTHER!

WELL, I SURE AM HUNGRY ALL OF A SUDDEN FOR SOME REASON!
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL FUZZ
ARRGGGGHHHHH!
I JUST REALIZED WE'RE OUTA FOOD AND WE'RE OUTA MONEY TOO!
I'M HUNGRY! I WANNA PIZZA! I WANNA TEEVEE ENCHILADA DINNER AND A SIX-PACK OF BEER! I WANNA SACK OF FRIED PORK RINDS!
NO! I WANNA BIG PLATE OF SPAGHETTI WITH GARLIC SAUCE! NO, WAIT! MAKE THAT TWO DOUBLE CHEESEBURGERS WITH MAYONNAISE! AND A ROOT BEER MALT!
IT'S THE HUNGER-CRAZED FOOD ADDICT!
I MUST HAVE A CANDY BAR! AND A BAG OF DOUGHNUTS! AND A GIANT SODA POP! AND A BIG JAR OF DILL PICKLES!
HE'S HAVING WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS!

A PACKAGE OF BARBECUE POTATO CHIPS! A QUART OF LEMONADE! A SLICE OF WATERMELON! A LOAF OF RAISIN BREAD! A BOWL OF RICE!
GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EEEEEEAT!
EGAD! HE'S BECOMING VIOLENT!

IK! SCREEBLE! HONK! FLAP! TWEET! GIBBER! RAZZ! POOT!
OUT OF SIGHT! HE'S GONE VERITABLY BERSERK!

KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! EAT! EAT! EAT! EAT! EAT! KILL! EAT! EAT! KILL!
UH-OH! HE'S GOT THE BUTCHER KNIFE!

EEEEEEEEEE YARRGGGHHH!
EEK!
EEK!

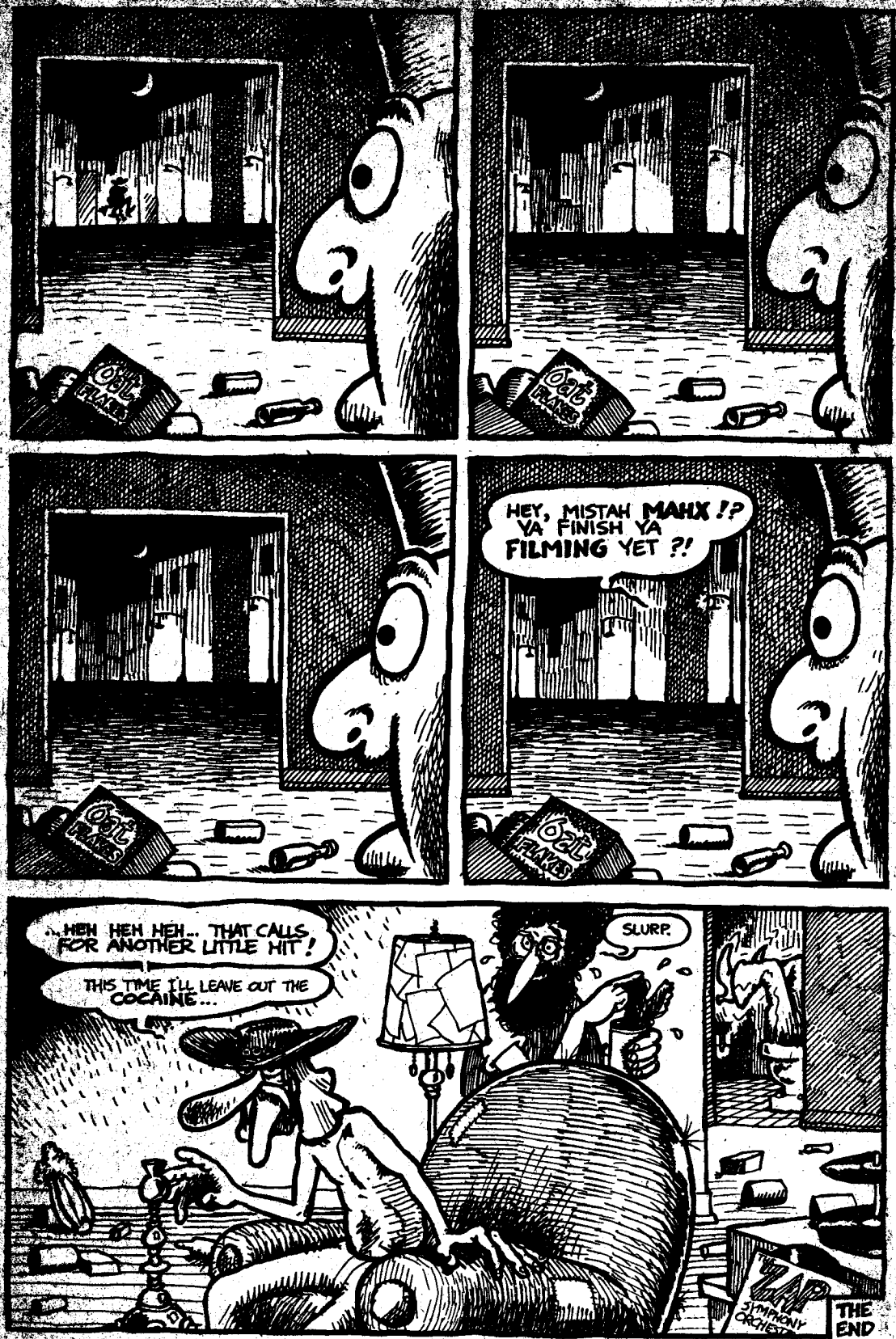
WE'LL BE EATEN ALIVE UNLESS WE THINK OF SOMETHING!
QUICK! HEAD FOR THE ALL NIGHT GROCERY!

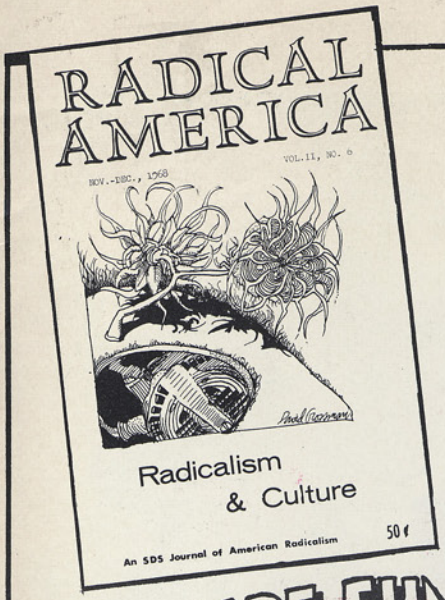
QUICK, GIVE ME YOUR SHIRT AND VEST — I HAVE TO LOOK RESPECTABLE!
QUICK! HE'S ONLY ABOUT A BLOCK BEHIND US!

YES, SIR?!
I'M GROUCHO MARX, JUNIOR! YOU'VE NO DOUBT HEARD OF CANDID CAMERA ON T.V.?!
GROUCHO MARX? CANDID CAMERA? SURE!
WELL, YEAH! YOU KNOW, THOSE SCENES THAT WE SHOW ON TELEVISION AREN'T EXACTLY UNREHEARSED LIKE WE LEAD PEOPLE TO BELIEVE...
YEAH? I THOUGHT SO!
JET BOMBER
CIGARS
YEAH! WE DON'T EXACTLY TELL PEOPLE WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, YOU UNDERSTAND! WE JUST GIVE THEM A LITTLE FOREWARNING THAT SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN, SO THEY WON'T PANIC!
OH.
...AS A MATTER OF FACT, OUR HIDDEN CAMERA IS GOING TO START FILMING SOMETHING RIGHT HERE, IMMEDIATELY!
HERE?!! WOW—
DON'T FUCK IT UP!

KREEGAH
CRASH
HACK
ROOT BEER
GURGLE
ROOT BEER
SLICE
Fancy GREEN PEAS
SLUP
POP
MUNCH MUNCH
GREEN ONION
GOBBLE GOBBLE SCHMACK
DRIBBLE DROOL SLOBBER
GORGE GLUB SHOVE
STUFF SMEK SNORT
SLURP CHOMP SNUK
Belch.

THUD
DIET
INSTANT PIZZA
EGG ROLLS
THIS SIDE UP


Oat Flakes
Oat Flakes
Oat Flakes
HEY, MISTAH MAHX !? YA FINISH YA FILMING YET ?!
Oat Flakes
...HEH HEH HEH... THAT CALLS FOR ANOTHER LITTLE HIT!
THIS TIME I'LL LEAVE OUT THE COCAINE...
SLURP
ZAP
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
THE END



IS MORE FUN!

BUT IT HAS ITS **SERIOUS** SIDE TOO, YOU UNDERSTAND...

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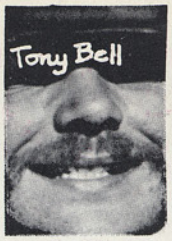
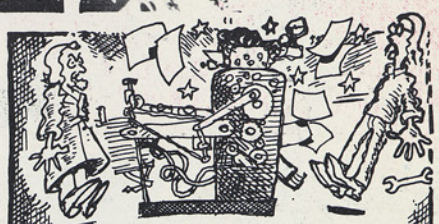


Not Pictured:

-S. CLAY WILSON -
FOOLBERT STURGEON
RICK GRIFFIN



...WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO **DAVE & EWIE** DOWN AT THE OLD RIP OFF PRESS

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HARD n' PAT
NAUGHTY KITTY-KAT! STOP BITING YER NAILS!
AH GO SQUEEZE A BREEZE! I AINT BITIN' MY NAILS. I'M SCRATCHIN' MY TEETH. A NERVOUS HABIT I PICKED UP AS A RESULT OF YER CONSTANT NAGGING!
ENUFF OF THIS CRAP! I'M GOING INTO MY STUDY TO WORK ON MY NOVEL!
HAW HAW! CUTE LIDDLE KITTY-KAT THINKS HE'S A LITERARY SCION.
HAW HAW HAW!
LESSEE NOW. CHAPTER FOUR: "HE PLACED HIS TREMBLING HAND AGAINST THE CREAMY WHITENESS OF HER QUIVERING BREAST. HER PULSATING THIGHS PROMISED UNTOLD PLEASURES..."
?
KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK
NOVEL SCHMOVEL! THIS IS NOTHIN BUT SMUT! KITTY-KAT, YOU ARE PREOCCUPIED WITH "YOU KNOW WHAT"!
"... HER SENSUOUS LIPS PARTED, REVEALING HER SHIMMERING PINK..." HEY!
KLAK KLAK KL..
RRIP!
WHY CAN'T YOU WRITE ABOUT NICE STUFF!
COME TH' REVOLUTION THERE'LL BE NO MORE NICE STUFF!
LYNCH
THE END