Radical America Komiks

Volume III, Number 1, of Radical America,
An SDS Magazine of American Radicalism!
DURING AN ABYSSINIAN WINTERTIME CHIEF KEOUK (PRESENT AT THE CONCEPTION) DEMANDS HIS PERSONAL REVENGE...

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

FREE BEER IN CHURCH: METHADRINE IS SPILLED IN A WOOLWORTH'S TELEPHONE BOOTH...

MY STRAWBERRY SAGITARIUS IN GREEN VELVET CLOTHES WITH A SIDESHOW SUPERINTENDANT WHO SOMEHOW REALLY KNOWS OF DAFFODILS AND VENGEANCE AND YELLOW GLOVED AFFAIRS...

...BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, 'CAUSE I'M BLEEDING.

A ST. LOUIS DRIVE-IN HAS FOUR PROJECTORS... AND AN ARTIFICIAL VIRGIN PRETENDS IN THE DARK BUT TYCHO BRAHE DOESN'T MIND.

MAKING TIME WITH A POLISH REDHEAD, CRYSTALLIZED CUCUMBER!

HAIR IS A HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS THING.

DOWNTOWN FROM THE NORTH SAMUEL CLEMENS IS SERPENTINE.
TRUE BATTLE STORY!
SMILING SERGEANT
DEATH
AND HIS MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL

MEET THE MEN!

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

ROBERT 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 ENOUGH FOR HIM IN WATTS...

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

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

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!

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 any harm. But we're prevented from this logical action by...

...by our lily-livered European allies. I'll bet they're all old story.

But invasion is against international law (snicker)!

I'll leave the legal hassle up to you, Sergeant. Death, and the...

...merciless mayhem patrol.
ATTACK HUT!
There's only one way to clean up a flag 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 mine, we slip down even of their motorbikes! We then break out on to the main highway...

And proceed directly to their secret main nuclear power plant where a heavy battalion of tank troops protects their strategic breeder reactor...

A small amount of plastic explosive was put in their Plutonium. In

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 unsathed are approximately ten thousand to one against our success...

We're with ya, Sarge!!
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY ONE IN THE MERCILESS MAMMOTH PATROL EVER GOT KILLED! I... I'M SICK!

...I HAD TO DO IT, SARGE! HE WAS ENDANGERING THE WHOLE MISSION!

SHUT UP AND GET DOWN, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL GET US ALL KILLED!

MY GLASSES! I DROPPED MY GLASSES. I CAN'T SEE WITHOUT MY GLASSES!

CLICK.

YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, WATERMELON! QUICK THINKING!
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...

There are 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...

...and my rocket pack is ruined...

...and I'm out of ammo!
AND SURE ENOUGH! AT THIS VERY MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE HAS BEEN RECEIVED AT THE WHITE HOUSE. IT IS BEING RECEIVED BY A MIGHTY MIGHTY RADIO RECEIVING DEVICE. THE MESSAGE IS WRITTEN IN CONTROLLED CODE.stryy WONDER WART-HOG.

HEY PRESIDENT! SOME GENTLEMAN CALLING HIMSELF THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

OH TREES, HOSSNINS! LITTE WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE, MAM'.
IT'S AN EMERGENCY, PHILBERT. I'M CERTAINLY NOT SURE IF YOU COULD COME INTO MY OFFICE RIGHT NOW TO HELP ME OUT AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO TO GET US OUT OF A RATHER... COMPROMISING... SITUATION...

IT'S THE PRESIDENT!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID NOT TO CALL ME AT THE OFFICE! YOU MIGHT REVEAL MY SECRET IDENTITY!

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 DOGS THERE (HEH HEH)?

AHA! HERE'S A ROOM I CAN USE TO CHANGE CLOTHES IN!

NO, HUM. I GUESS THE EASIEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO FREE THE POW AND REMOVE OUR SOLDIER FROM RIGHT BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES

I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE U.S.A.!

HE'S REALLY REAL!

AND THEN I'M TAKING THAT PLUTONIUM RIGHT BACK TO PLUTO, WHERE IT BELONGS!

AND THEN I'M GONNA CHECK OUT THE OPIUM DOGS 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!

NO, HOW DID YOU GET BACK INTO THE STATES WITHOUT YOUR MAN?
I... I DON'T KNOW, SIR... I WORKED...

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, TELLING LIES TO A GENERAL IS AN AUTOMATIC FIRING SQUAD OFFENSE?
OH (SOB), SIR (CHORE)? HE WAS EIGHT FEET TALL AND (SOB SNIFFLE) SIX HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST, AND (CHORE) HE HAD A SKIN-TIGHT RED AND GREEN SUIT, AND HIS NOSE... SIR, (SOB, CHORE) 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?!!
GOD NOSE in
You can what you snot
A Modern Rebirth of the You Or What You But Dogma

You funny? Why we didn't this morning?
Help help lose you friend!

It's too
SOOO HUNGRY!

Ah, the old thyme grub the time for a little snack.

How about a chicken fried steak there, Mr. Grillman.
Sorry friend, but we got a regime to follow now.

How about a hamburger?
Well...er... make it a hamburger!

Loveburger now! Vegetarian, no fat, cholesterol.

...a hotdog maybe?
Brown rice with striped orange sauce, baggy balls, an all-natural, steamed carrot too! Guaranteed in tigers milk from pets.

Come to think of it, I'm not very hungry, I'll just have a glass of water.

Distilled pure water, rocky mix steam or tissue paper well water?
GET THIS! A Doggie Diner!

What a minute! It’s...closed! Want the 3-hour dinner special with your Doggie Diner don’t closed!

Have 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 pork, though there’s no meat without it.

Oh goodness – that could mean a definite food shortage!

Read all about it! A leading dietitian concludes that to be human, you gotta eat other human beings!

Extra
You’re what you eat!
AND YET THEY BOWL PLOW CHOSES DOWN WITHOUT A THOUGHT!

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

AND CHOP CUCUMBERS AND BEETS AND GREAMPEARS AND ZUCCHONER. NOT TO MENTION COURS.

WHAT'S THAT TICKLING MY FOOT?
WHY, IT'S A GHASTLY
SMELLY LITTLE BEAST!
WAIT A MINUTE —
SWEAT!

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!

Needless to say, it makes a big hit, coming from the nose and all.

Yes folks, it tastes good too!

But soon, a scientist at one of the massive grubworm farms notices something peculiar...

Geez... those creatures in the box — it's almost as though the little critters were trying to tell us something... hmmm...

Here, Professor. Have a grub burger — our latest batch!

Um? Ahh yes...
GREETINGS, HUMAN SPECIES

AT LAST WE SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN FROM OUR PRESENT FORM - THE LAMA STAGE

.. AND FURTHERMORE, WE'RE MISSED BECAUSE YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN SELFISHLY EXPLOITING THE SWEAT OFF OUR BROW, WHICH WE NEED TO KEEP THE OL' PSYCHIC GEARS GREASED!

OH YEAH SIR... RIGHT AWAY, SIR...

COME CLEAN NOSE, WE'LL GETCHA SOONER OR LATER.

AND SO...

DAILY PLANET

EXTRA!! LEADING SCHOLAR DECIPHERS GRUB WORM HOAXING MAFIA!

GOD NOSE SOUGHT BY ROSICRUCIAN ZEALOTS FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE ASTRAL PLANE!

ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS TREAT 'UM TO A HEAVENLY DELICACY.

THE END
THE METAL REVOLTS
FIGHT THE FEDS TO
THE FINISH.
O.S.W. WILSON, 1982.
The whole damn trouble with the world nowadays is that people just don’t think!!!

Most people go thru life like human robots. This is a waste! They might as well be dead!

What I mean is that these so-called humans are afraid to experience. A person must open his mind completely and absorb everything!

Suck!
I'm going to burst open!

Bloo!!

Fzoom

Crinkle

I must go to... it!
BOMBS AWAY!!
15 GONNA CRUSH ALL YU RGS!!

SEE!
HE IS DEFINITELY CRAZY...

ICK!
IT HURTS!
AND NOW!

SHIT.
TOTAL EXPRESSION.
WOW!

SLIPPING OUT OF A DONUT HOLE......

HO HUM.

ONE END.
A MOMENTOUS EVENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE...

AND HERE IT IS... THE LONG AWAITED, EARTH SHAKING ROCKEM-SOCKEM SECOND COMING OF JESUS CHRIST!

PAUSE FOR A MOMENT OF SILENT AMAZEMENT
WE'RE APOTLE OF LOVE! WE SPREAD THE WORD OURSELVES!

INDEED THAT'S HOW?

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!"

I HAVEN'T HAD A MOVEMENT IN WEEKS. GUESS I'M UP TIGHT!

PARDON ME, SIRS. I'M UP TIGHT AND NEED A HIT!
BASH! GRIND! OUCH!
CRACK! UGH! CRUNCH!
GRUNT! BIFF! BAM!
BOFF! EEE! OOO! OOOH!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POMP!
BUMP! GRIND! WHAM!
BAM! JAM! BARE! YOW!
Clobber! Mash! Crash!
Oh God a mighty! Take this! And this! Bang!
Clang! And that! Pow!
Wow! Yow! Slug! Smash!
Gronk! Slobber! Clobber!

CALL ME "MR. POLICE MAN, SIR!"

IS THAT ALL, COP?

I DON'T LIKE TO BE CALLED NAMES

JAIL, HUM? FOR WHAT EVER I'VE DONE?—SIR!

I GOT NO TIME FOR FORMALITIES.
TAKE THIS WARNING TICKET AND BEAT IT!

AND DON'T LET ME SEE YOU HERE AGAIN!
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 PREACHES IN SAN FRANCISCO:

BILLY GRAHAM REVIVAL

FUCKIN' A?

PICK UP ON THAT, MAN! KIN YA DIG IT?

HE'S REALLY FUCKIN' INTO IT!

GOOD VIBRATIONS!

GOD-LIKE IT LIKE IT, TONY!

BRAH!

OUTTA SIGHT!

FUCKIN' MOTHERFUCKER!

TRUE MOTHERFUCKIN' MENDOUS!
**POO-POO CUSHMAN**

"MAN ALIVE! A TEEVEE STOP-DEE-OH! NOW I HAVE MY FUN!"

"ROLL OUT TH' BARREL, MY WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN..."

"HAW HAW HAW"

"AND... NOW FOR THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE NEWS..."

"WHAT TH'... WHO LET THAT KID IN?!"

"HE'S GOT THE LENS COVERED WITH HIS SHIRT! GET THAT KID OFF TH' CAMERA!"

"HEY! GET OFF OF THE CAMERA! YOU'RE IN THE WAY OF THE LENS!"

"GODAMNED KID! GET OFF THAT CAMERA!
LET GO YOU LITTLE BASTARD!"

"HAW HAW HAW"

"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!"

---

**WXXZ T.V.**

---

**ON THE AIR**

---

**KEEP OUT**

---

**CUSHMAN RESIDENCE**
Our story begins in the lush digs of the famous hirsute trio...

Looks like we're out of money again!

Well, that's all right...

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...

Hey, I don't know what to do—I've never been inside a bank before...

No, wait! I'm gonna rob this candy store first!
... Pretty good stuff you have there, brother!

FLASH
WELL, I SURE AM STARVING 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!

I MUST HAVE A CANDY BAR! AND A BAG OF DOUGHNUTS! AND A GIANT SODA POP! AND A BIG JAR OF DILL PICKLES!

IT'S THE HUNGER-CRAZED FOOD ADDICT!

HE'S HAVING WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS!
A package of Barterford's tobacco / A quart of lemonade / A piece of raisin bread / A bowl of rice.

Give me something to eat!

Egad! He's becoming violent!

Out of sight! He's gone veritably berserk!

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Kill! Eat! Eat! Eat! Kill!

Uh-oh! He's got the butcher knife!

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!
I'M GROUCHO MARX, JUNIOR! YOU'VE NO DOUBT HEARD OF CANDID CAMERA ON TV.??

GROUCHO MARX? CANDID CAMERA? SURE!

WELL, YEAH! YOU KNOW, THOSE SCENES THAT WE SHOW ON TELEVISION AIN'T EXACTLY UNREHEarsed LIKE WE LEAD PEOPLE TO BELIEVE....

YEAH? I THOUGHT SO.

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 C HIDDEN CAMERA IS GOING TO START FILMING SOMETHING RIGHT HERE, IMMEDIATELY!

HERE?? WOW-- DONT RUCK IT UP!
HEH, HEH, HEH... THAT CALLS FOR ANOTHER LITTLE HIT!
THIS TIME I'LL LEAVE OUT THE COCAINE...

HEY, MISTAH MAHK! WHY, FINISH YA FILM YET?!
NARPS
"PAT"

Naughty Kitty-Kat! Stop biting yer nails!

Ah, go squeeze a breeze! I ain't bitin' my nails. I'm scratchin' my teeth. A nervous habit I picked up as a result of yer constant nagging!

Eanuff of this crap! I'm going into my study to work on my novel!

Haw haw! Cute little Kitty-Kat thinks he's a literary scion.

Lessee now. Chapter Four: He placed his trembling hand against the creamy whiteness of her quivering breast. Her pulsating thighs promised untold pleasures...

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!

Why can't you write about nice stuff!

Come thy revolution. There'll be no more nice stuff!

Rrip!