

ADVENTURE TO BEYOND YOUR HEAD!

RADICAL AMERICA KOMIKS



50¢

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

BLACK SCARUS SCARUS

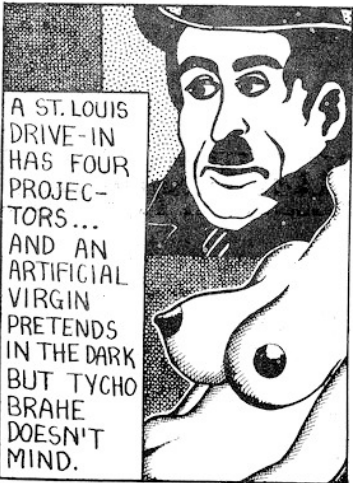
BY SKIP WILLIAMSON



DURING AN ABYSSINIAN WINTER TIME CHIEF KEOKUK (PRESENT AT THE CONCEPTION) DEMANDS HIS PERSONAL REVENGE...



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.



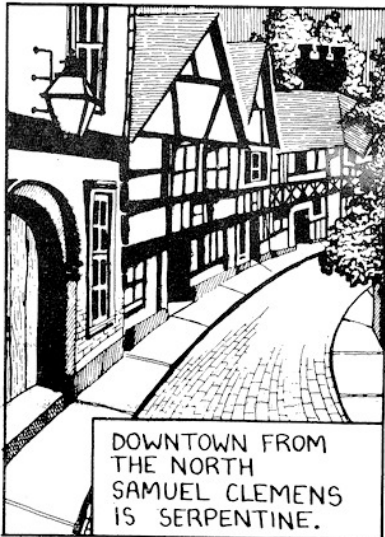
A ST. LOUIS DRIVE-IN HAS FOUR PROJECTORS... AND AN ARTIFICIAL VIRGIN PRETENDS IN THE DARK BUT TYCHO BRAHE DOESN'T MIND.

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

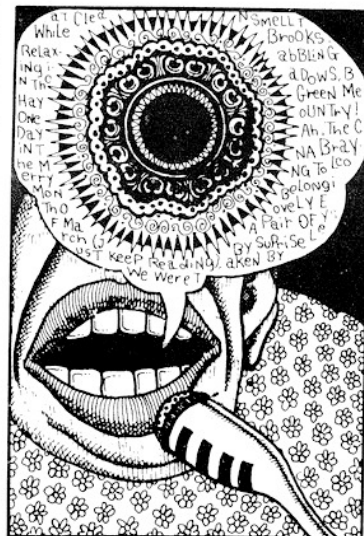
MAKING TIME WITH A POLISH REDHEAD. CRYSTALIZED CUCUMBER!

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

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



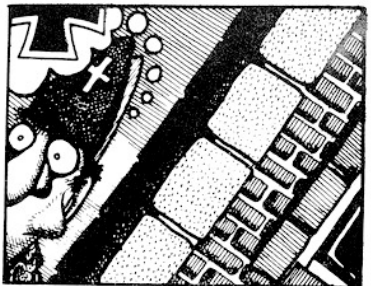
DOWNTOWN FROM THE NORTH SAMUEL CLEMENS IS SERPENTINE.



at Diet... While Relax... ing... N... the... Day... One... Day... INT... the M... erry... ion... In... Ma... ch... G... keep... We were I... SMALL... Brooks... abbling... dows B... Green Me... ountry!... Ah, the C... NA Bray... ng to leo... belong... lovely... A Part Of... By Super... taken BY



HAIR IS A HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS THING.



RADICAL AMERICA KOMIKS



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TRUE BATTLE STORY!

SMILING SERGEANT DEATH AND HIS MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL



MEET THE MEN!

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

HIGGY 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 WERENT HOT ENOUGH FOR HIM IN WATTS...

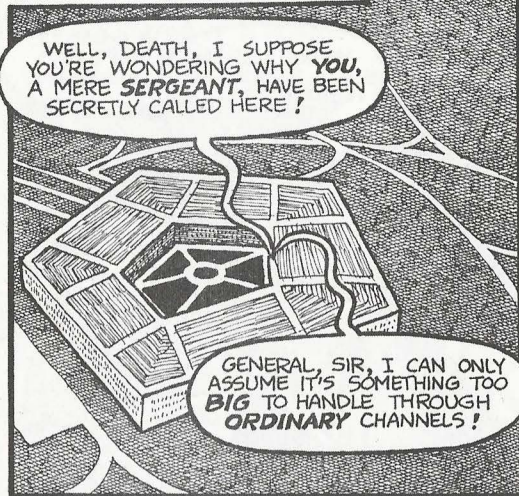
ALGERNON TRUFFLE — A PH.D FROM HARVARD AT 16, BUT HE GOT BORED...

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!

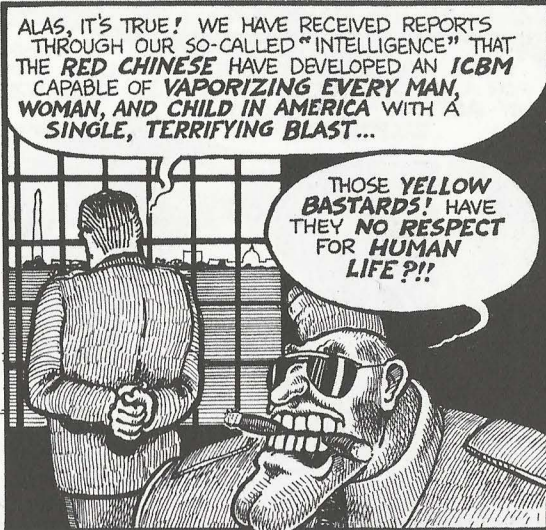


SCENE 1: THE PENTAGON!



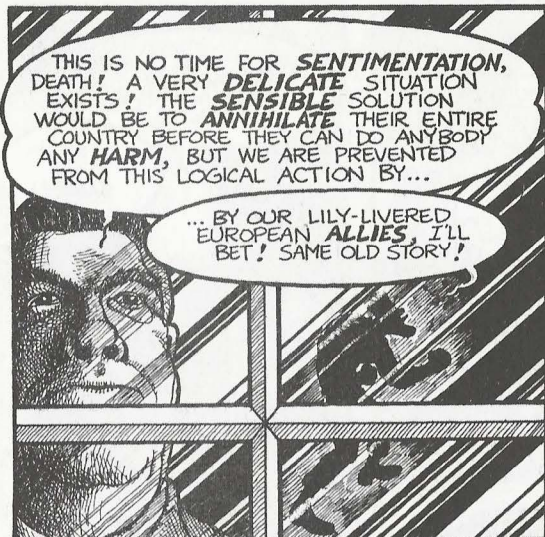
WELL, DEATH, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY YOU, A MERE SERGEANT, HAVE BEEN SECRETLY CALLED HERE!

GENERAL, SIR, I CAN ONLY ASSUME IT'S SOMETHING TOO BIG TO HANDLE THROUGH ORDINARY CHANNELS!



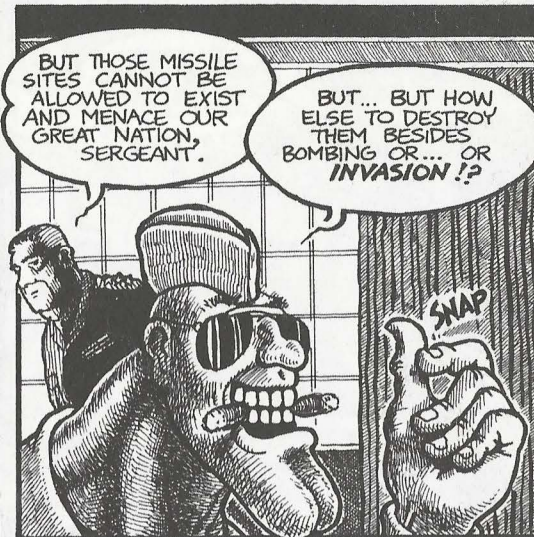
ALAS, IT'S TRUE! WE HAVE RECEIVED REPORTS THROUGH OUR SO-CALLED "INTELLIGENCE" THAT THE RED CHINESE HAVE DEVELOPED AN ICBM CAPABLE OF VAPORIZING EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN AMERICA WITH A SINGLE, TERRIFYING BLAST...

THOSE YELLOW BASTARDS! HAVE THEY NO RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE?!!



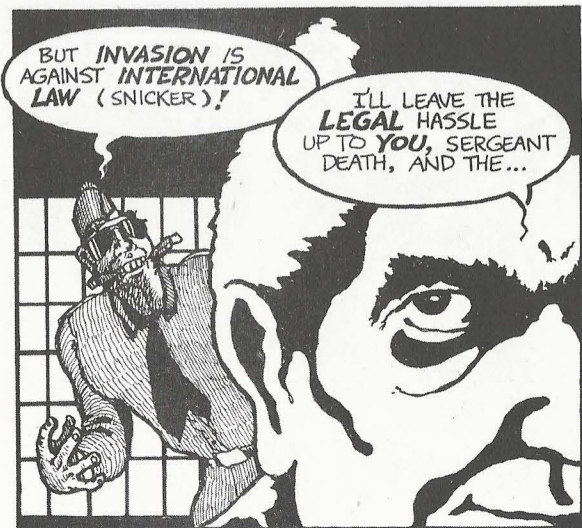
THIS IS NO TIME FOR SENTIMENTATION, DEATH! A VERY DELICATE SITUATION EXISTS! THE SENSIBLE SOLUTION WOULD BE TO ANNIHILATE THEIR ENTIRE COUNTRY BEFORE THEY CAN DO ANYBODY ANY HARM, BUT WE ARE PREVENTED FROM THIS LOGICAL ACTION BY...

... 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)!?

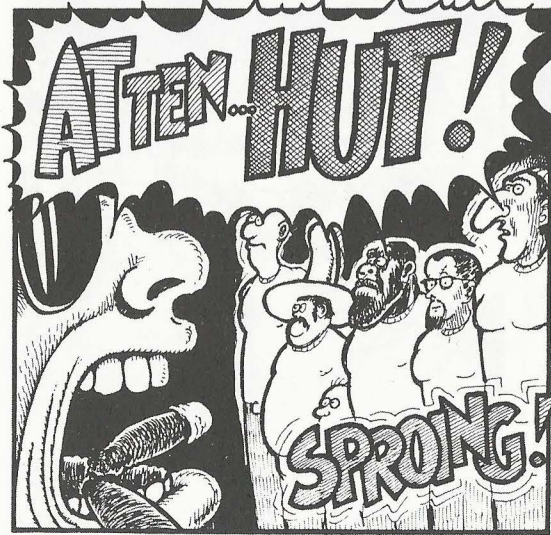
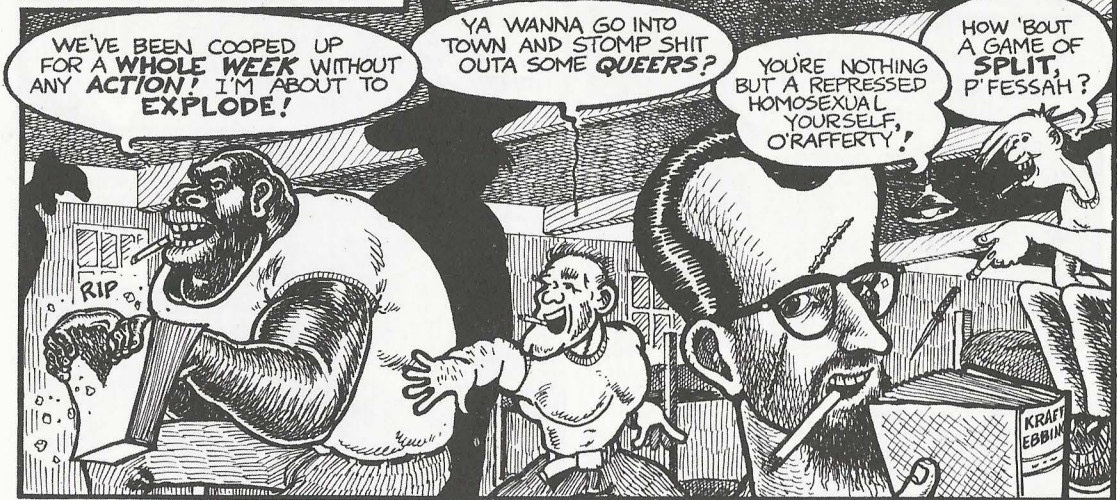
I'LL LEAVE THE LEGAL HASSLE UP TO YOU, SERGEANT DEATH, AND THE...

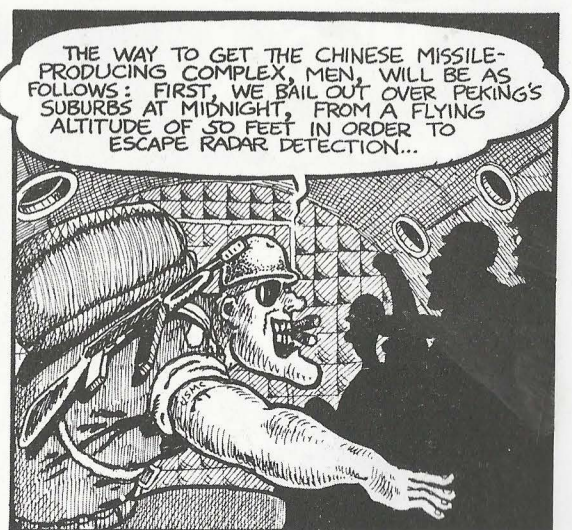
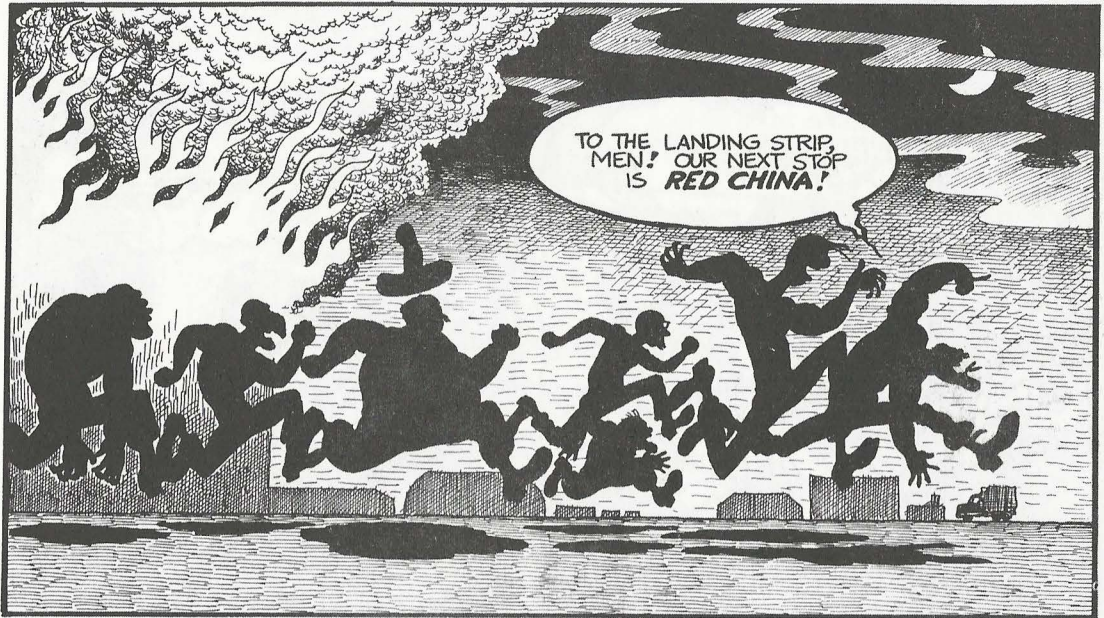


... MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL!!

Orders:
Sgt. Death
Re: Red China

BACK AT THE BARRACKS...





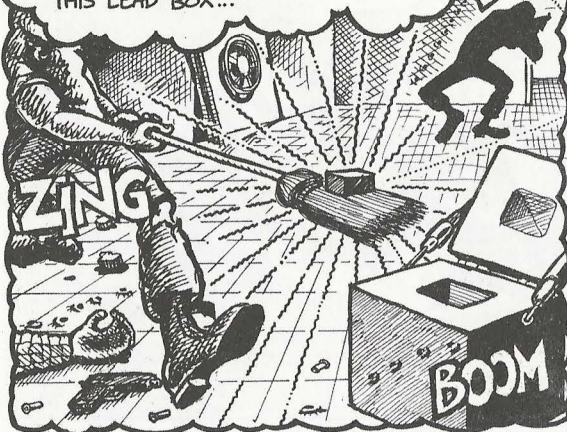
... DIRECTLY INTO A RED CHINESE ARMY MOTOR POOL STAGING AREA, WHERE WE STEAL SEVEN OF THEIR **MOTORCYCLES!** WE THEN BREAK OUT ON TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY...



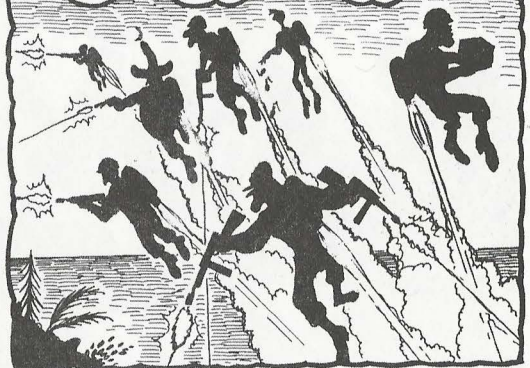
... AND PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THEIR SECRET MOUNTAINSIDE **PLUTONIUM GENERATOR**, WHERE A MERE BATTALION OF CRACK TROOPS PROTECTS THEIR STRATEGIC BREEDER REACTOR...



A SMALL AMOUNT OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TAKES CARE OF THE **SETUP** — WE PUT THEIR **PLUTONIUM** IN THIS LEAD BOX...



... 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 THERE!
HIT TH' SILK !!

GERONIMO!



OH JESUS CHRIST!
LOPEZ' CHUTE
DIDN'T
OPEN!!

OH, MY
GOD!
(URP)

(BE QUIET!
YOU'LL WAKE
THE CHINKS!)

FIFTY FEET
WAS JUST
LOW FOR A
FAT-ASS
LIKE HIM!

THAT'S THE *FIRST* TIME
IN
THE *MERCILESS* MAYHEM 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?)



YOU DID THE RIGHT
THING, WATERMELON!
QUICK THINKING!



MY GLASSES! I DROPPED
MY GLASSES! I CAN'T SEE
A THING WITHOUT MY
GLASSES!



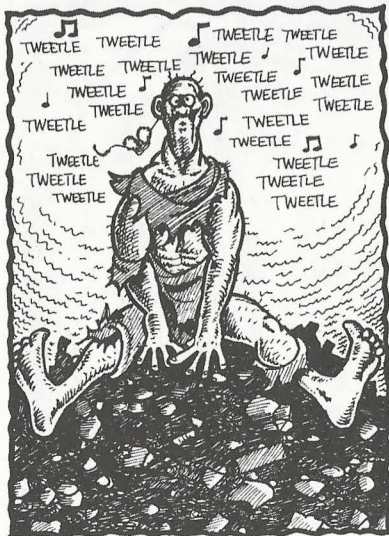
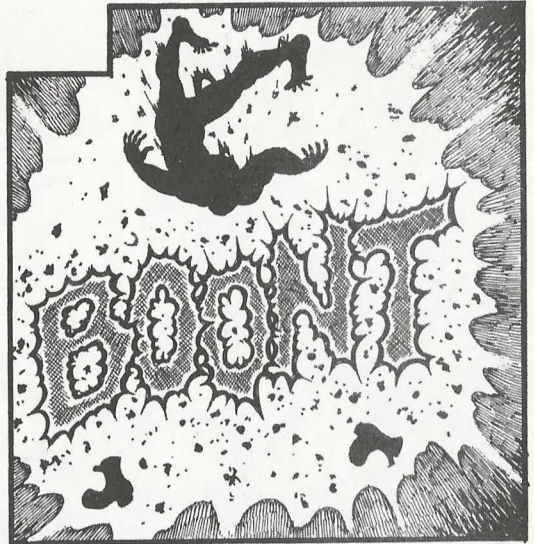
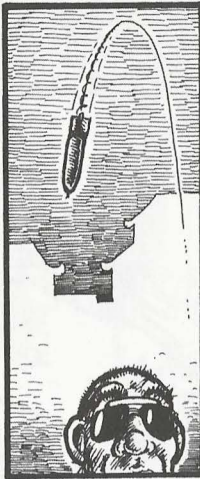
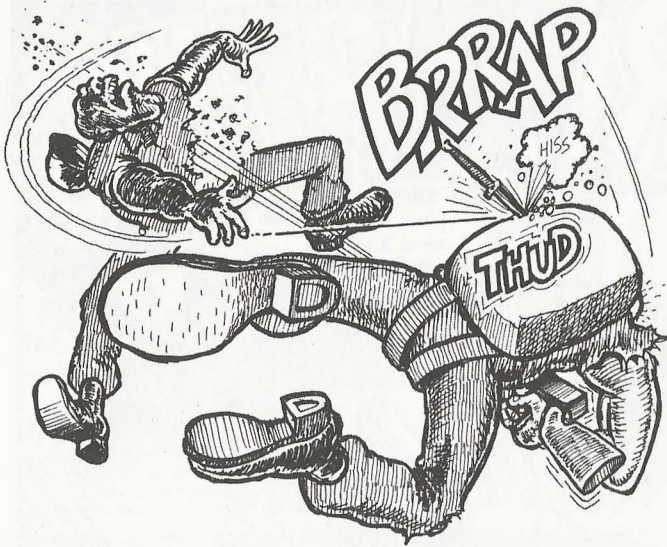
CLICK.

?!

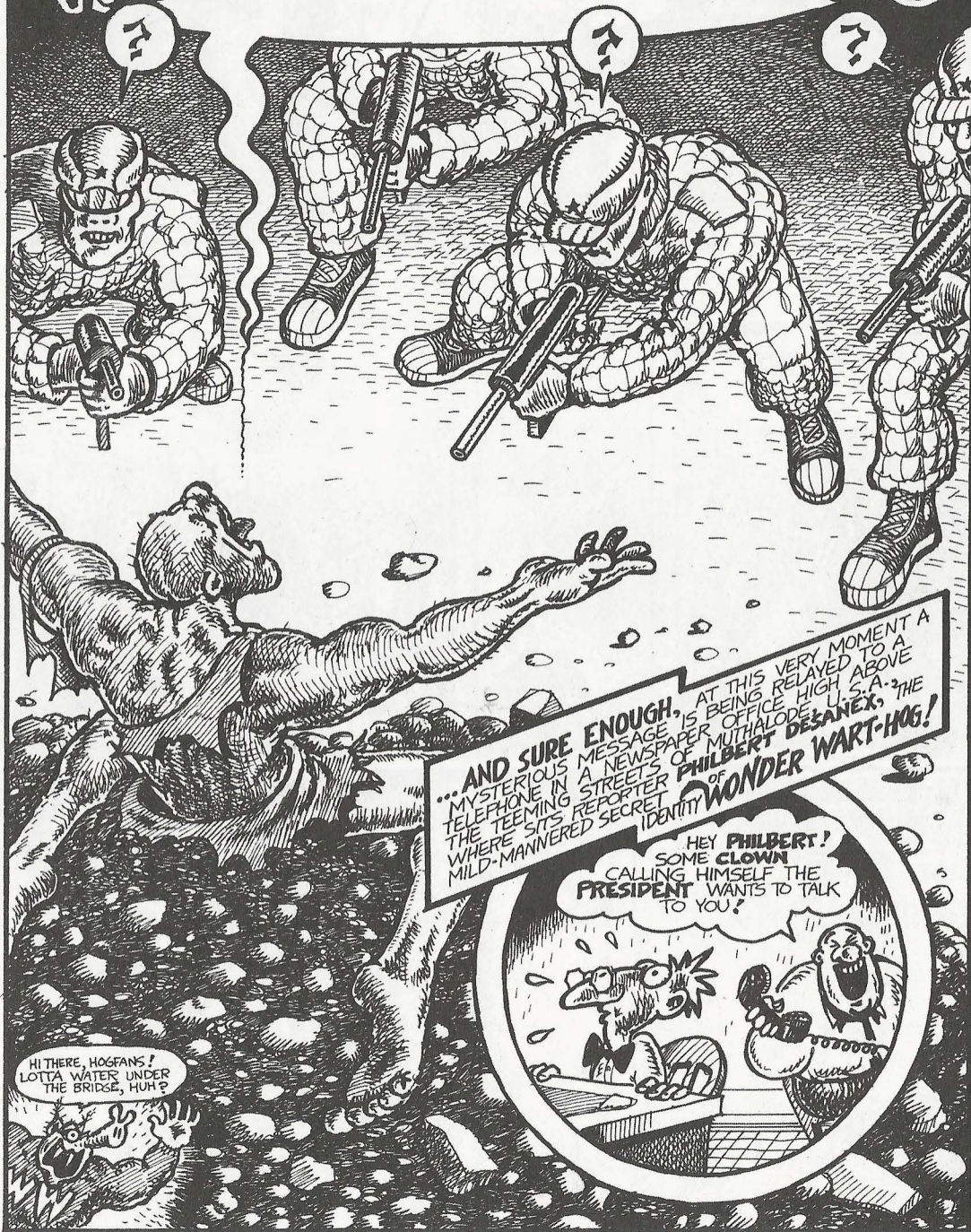


!

BAP



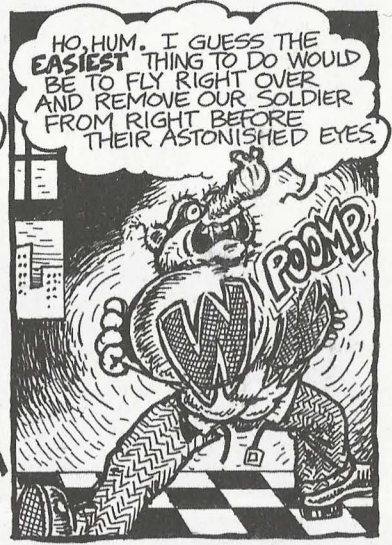
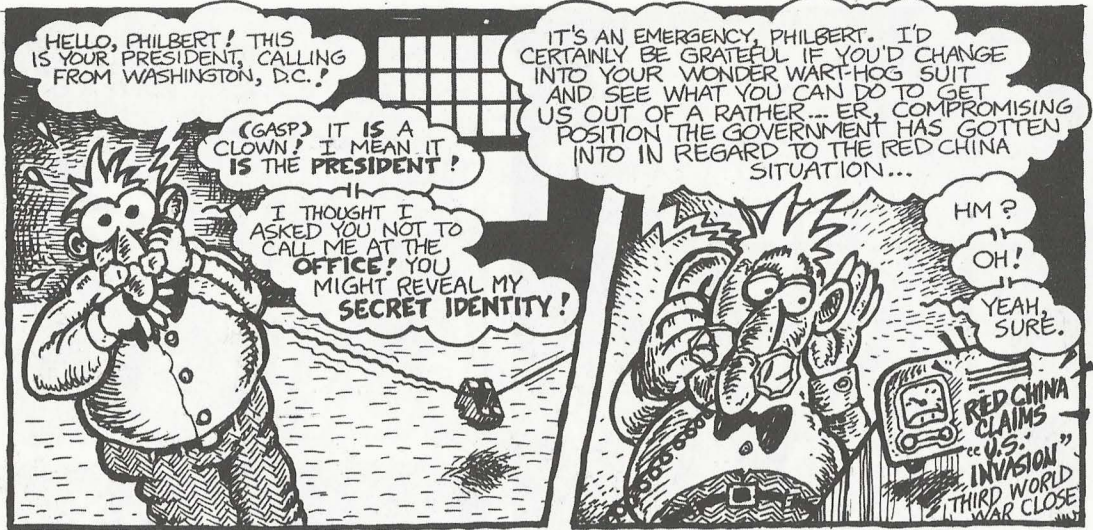
WONDER WART-HOG

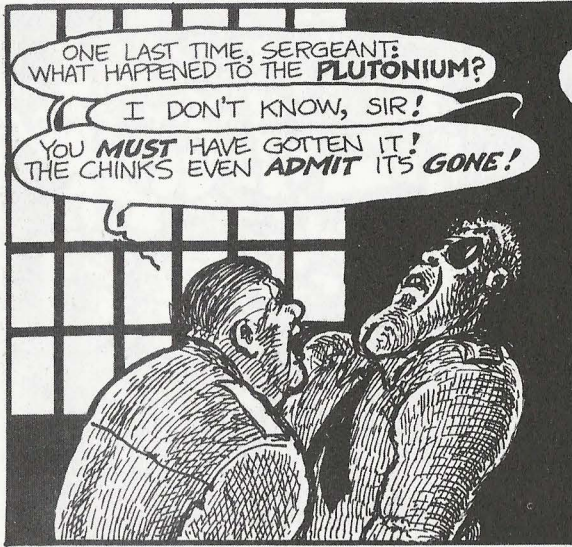


...AND SURE ENOUGH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE IS BEING RELAYED TO A TELEPHONE IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE HIGH ABOVE THE TEEMING STREETS OF MUTHALODE, U.S.A. WHERE SITS REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX, THE MILD-MANNERED SECRET IDENTITY OF **WONDER WART-HOG!**

HEY PHILBERT! SOME CLOWN CALLING HIMSELF THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!

HI THERE, HOGFANS! LOTTA WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE, HUH?

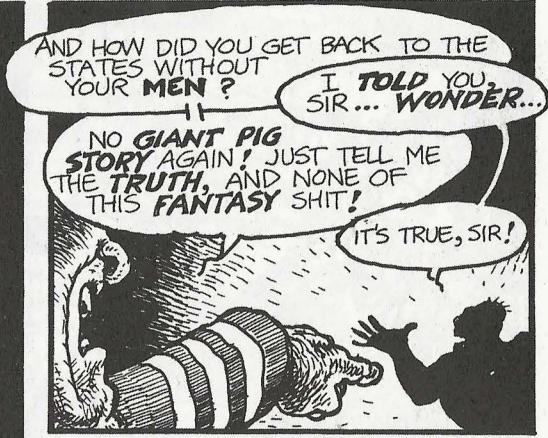




ONE LAST TIME, SERGEANT: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE **PLUTONIUM**?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR!

YOU **MUST** HAVE GOTTEN IT! THE CHINKS EVEN **ADMIT** IT'S **GONE**!

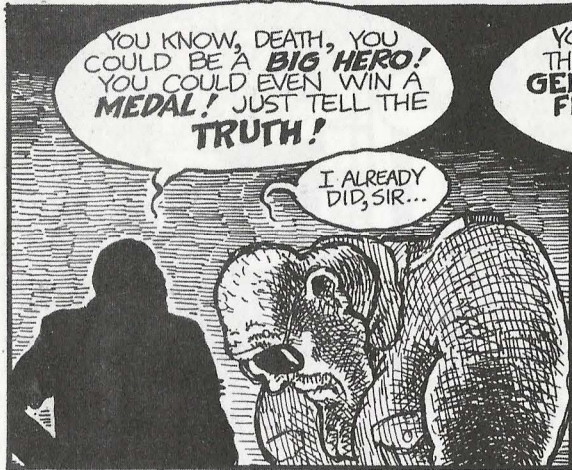


AND HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES WITHOUT YOUR **MEN**?

I **TOLD** YOU, SIR... **WONDER**...

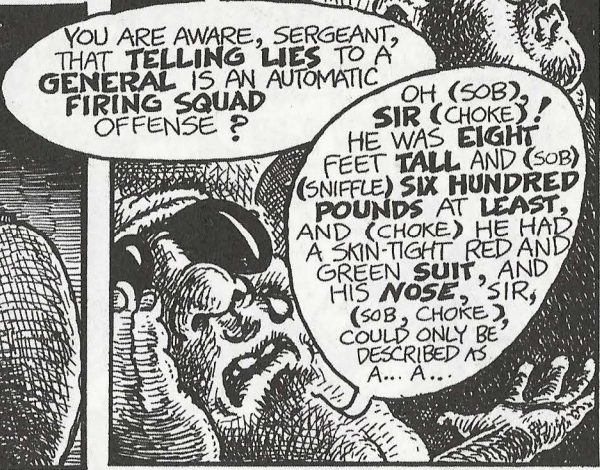
NO **GIANT PIG** STORY AGAIN! JUST TELL ME THE **TRUTH**, AND NONE OF THIS **FANTASY SHIT**!

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...**



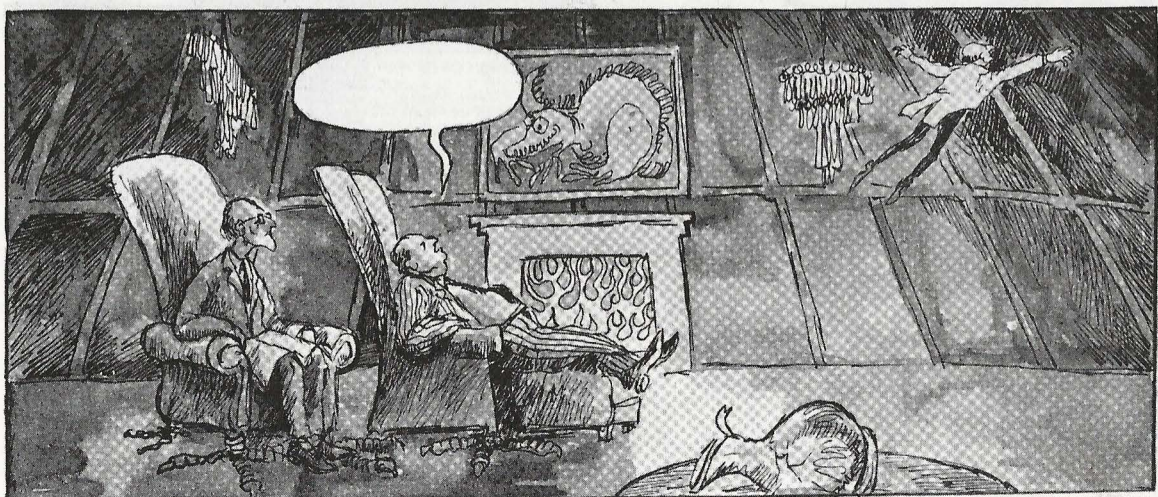
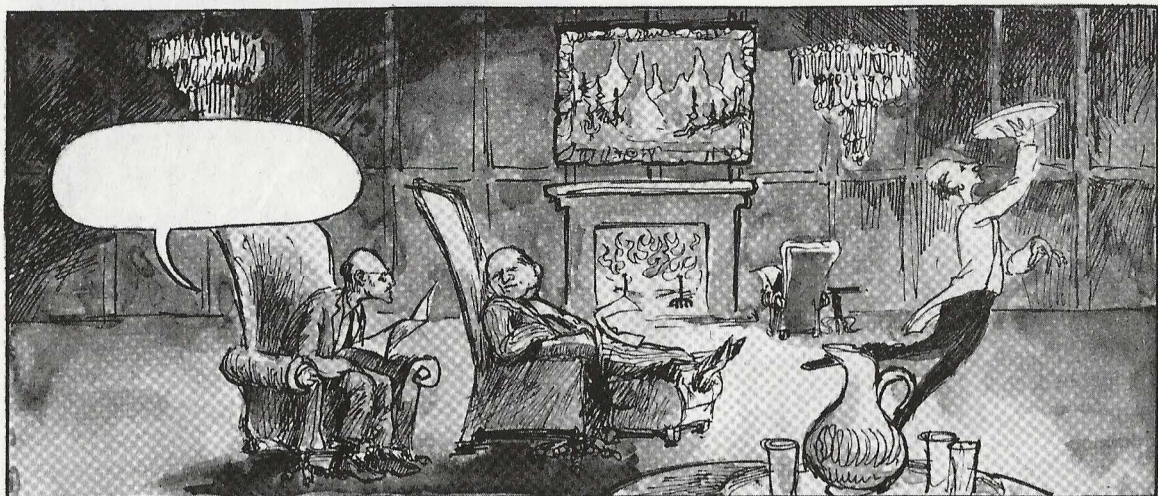
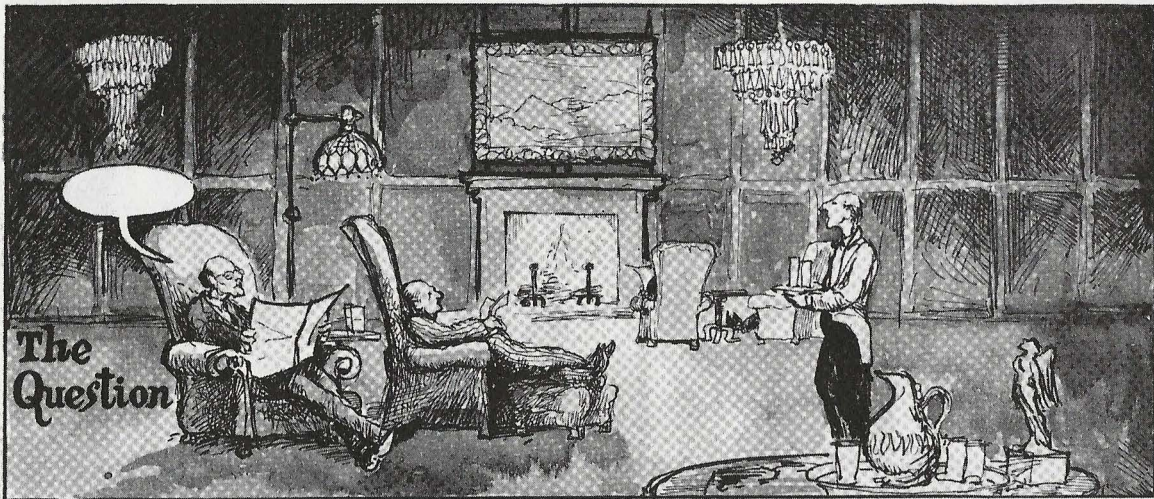
THERE, THAT OUGHTA STOP THAT **SCREAMING**!

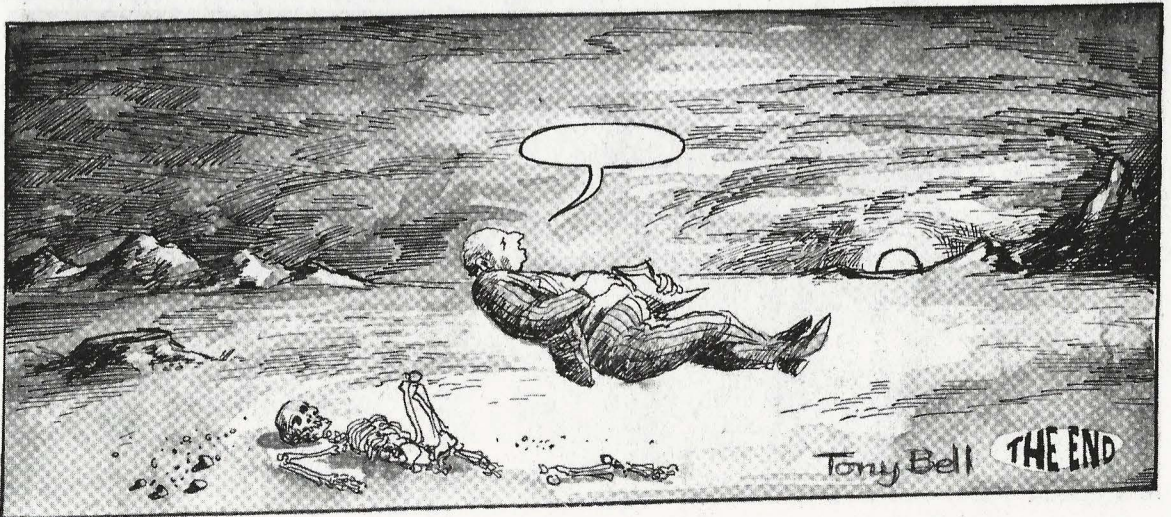
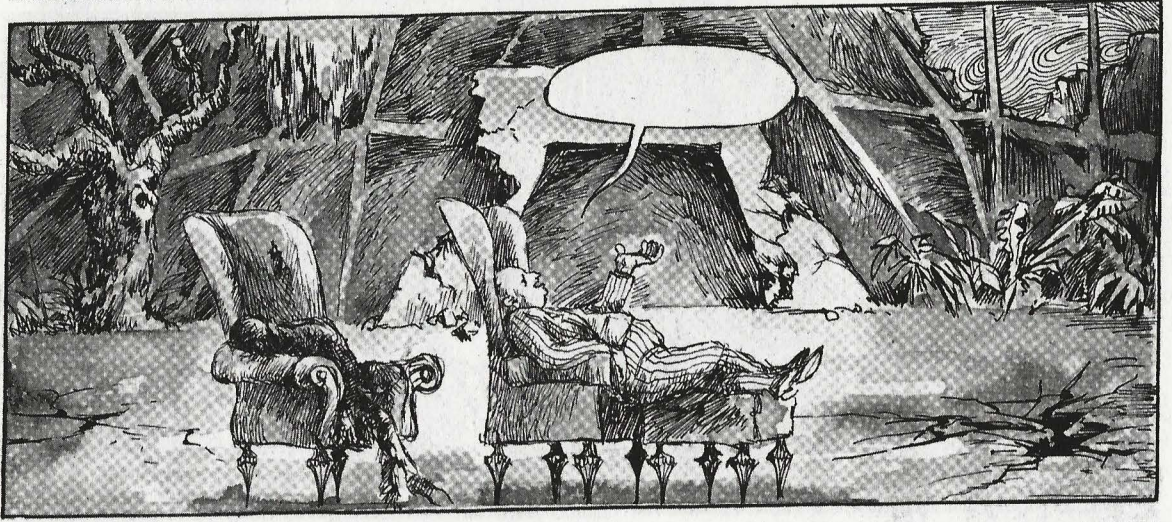
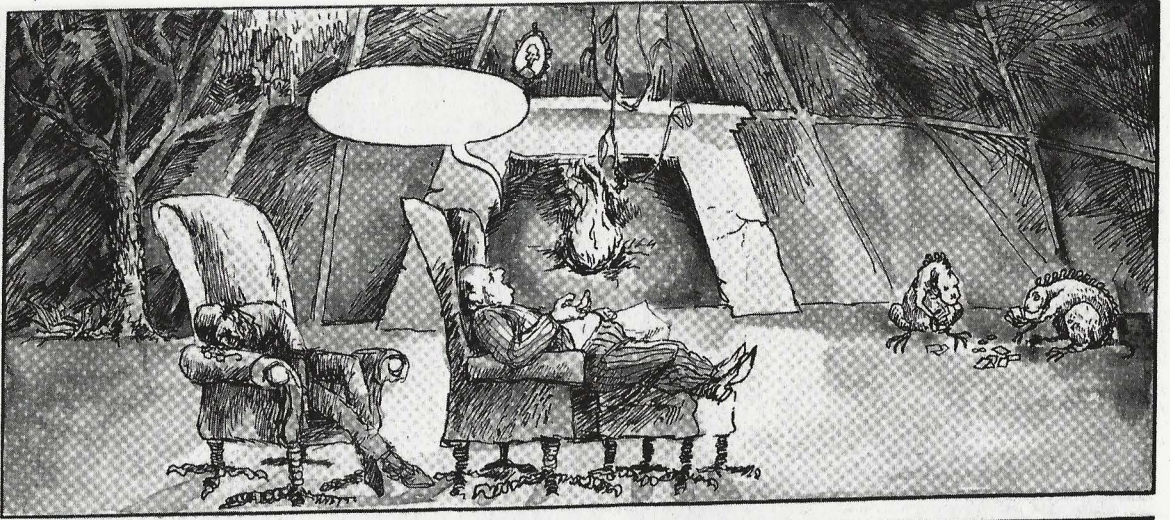
... JUST **GAGGED HIM** WITH HIS **BLINDFOLD** ...

READY... AIM...

WHERE IS HE? WHY DOESN'T HE **RESCUE ME NOW**??

Silbert Shelton 2-67 THE END

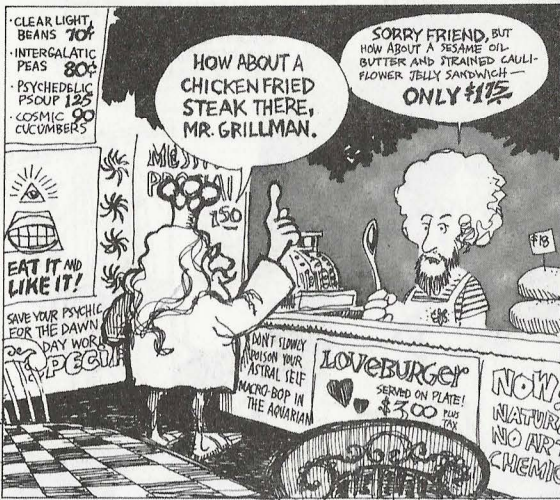
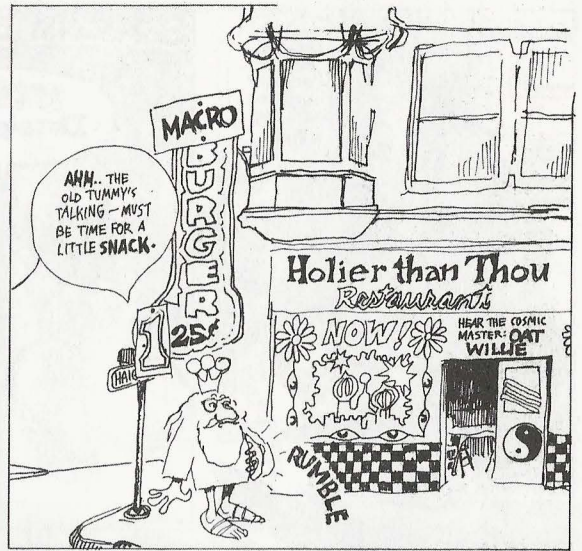


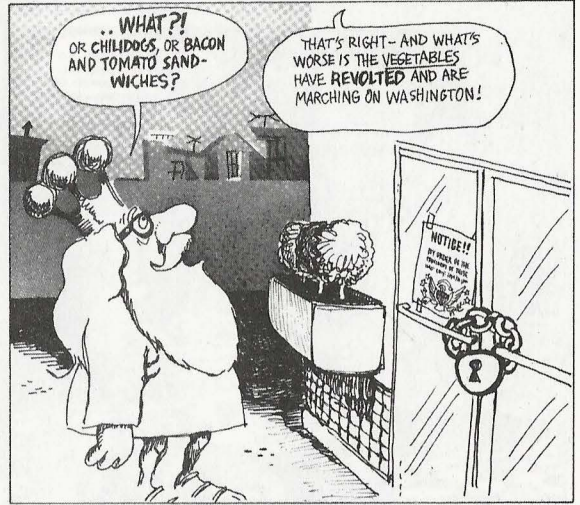
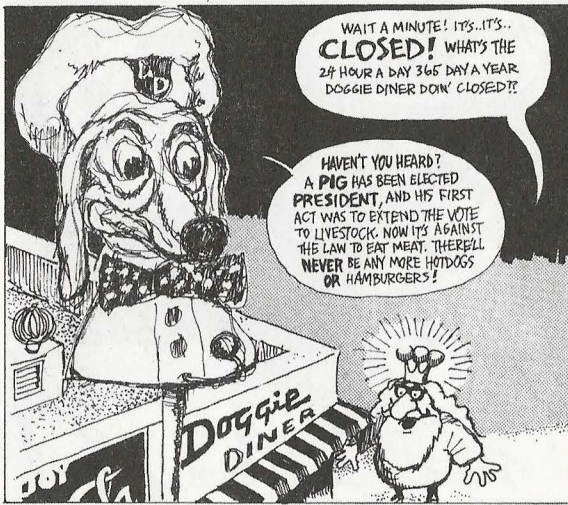
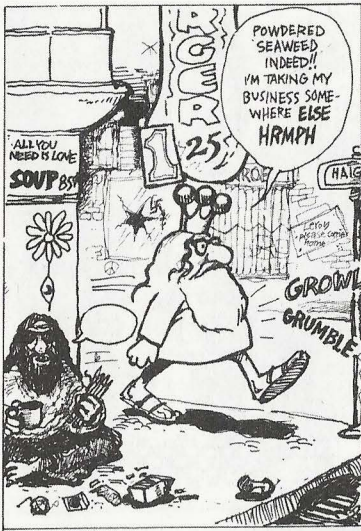


GOD NOSE in

You am what you snot

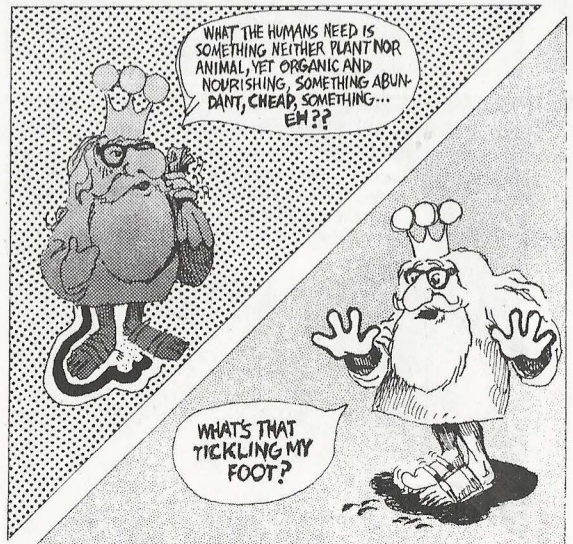
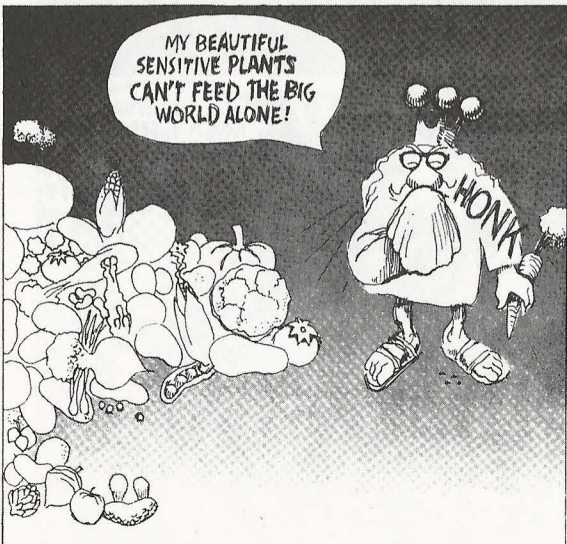
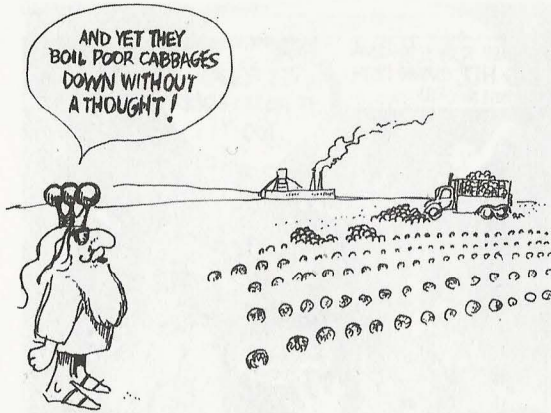
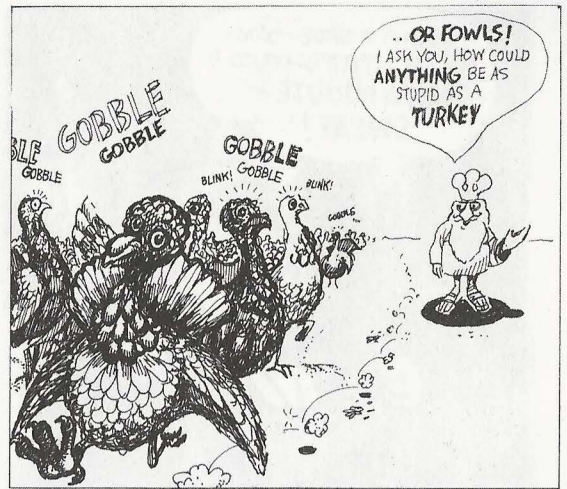
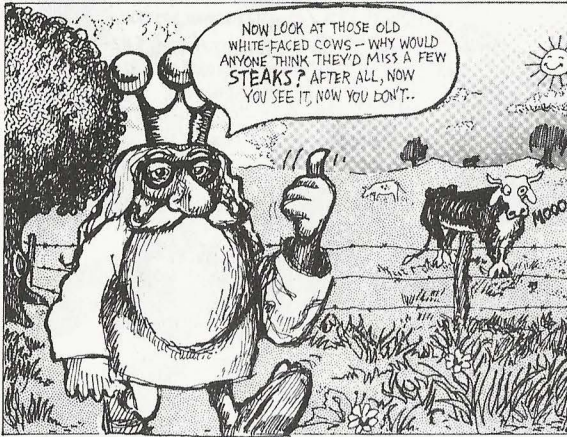
A Modest Rebuttal of the 'You Or What You Eat' Dogma

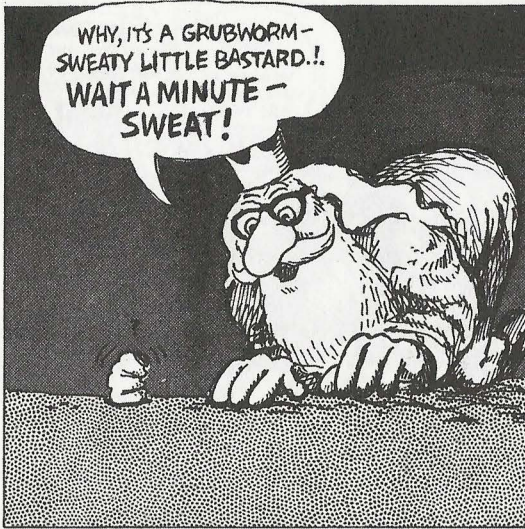




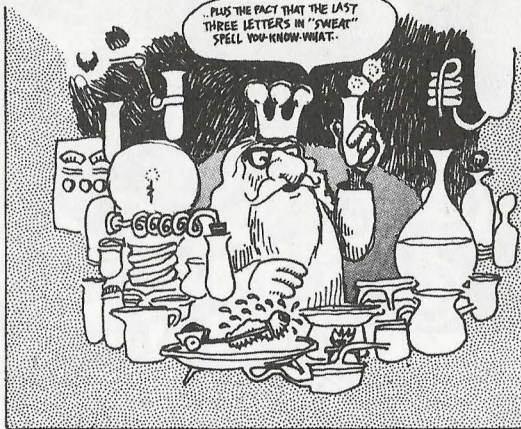
© 1988 BY WARNER BROS. PUBLICATIONS

.. OUT TO THE COUNTRY TO PONDER THE DEE-LEMMMA OF HIS CHOSEN ONES, THE VEGETABLES.

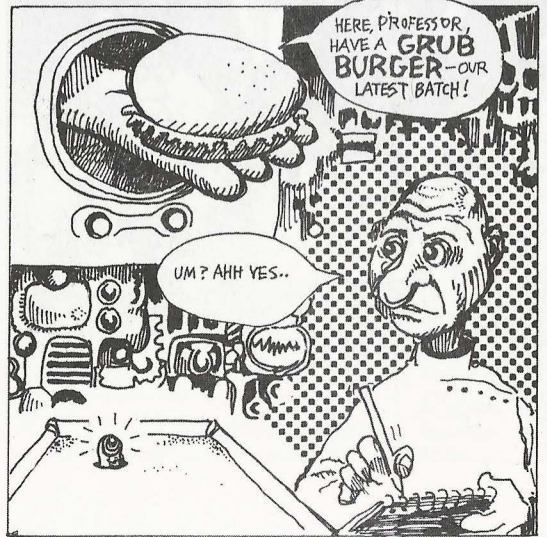
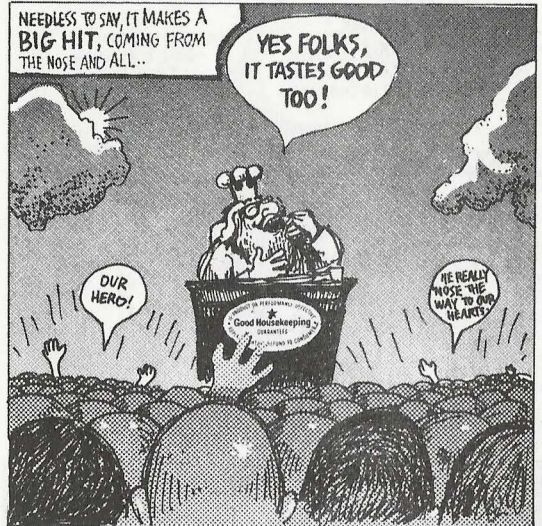
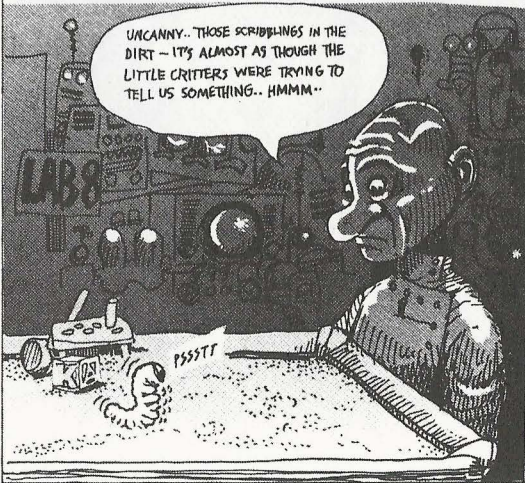


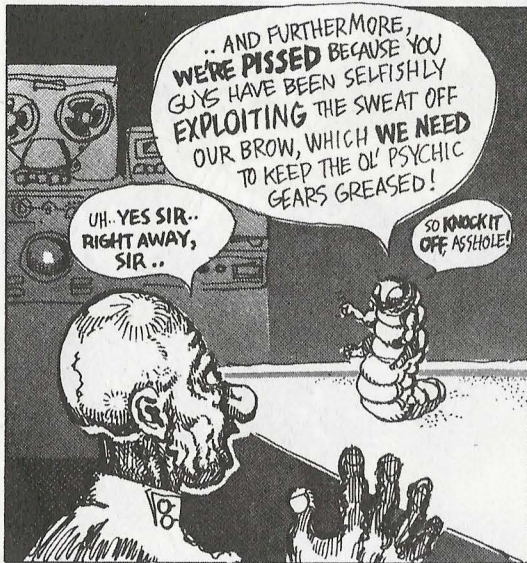
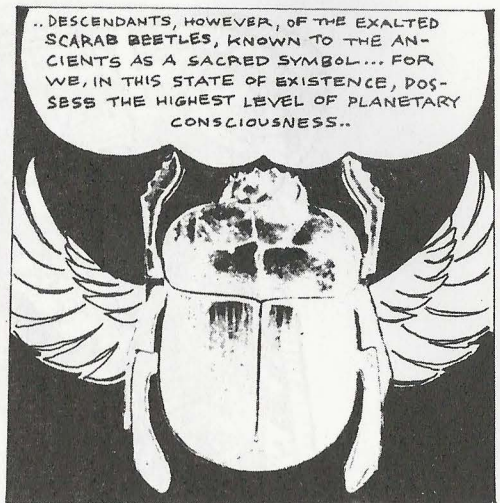
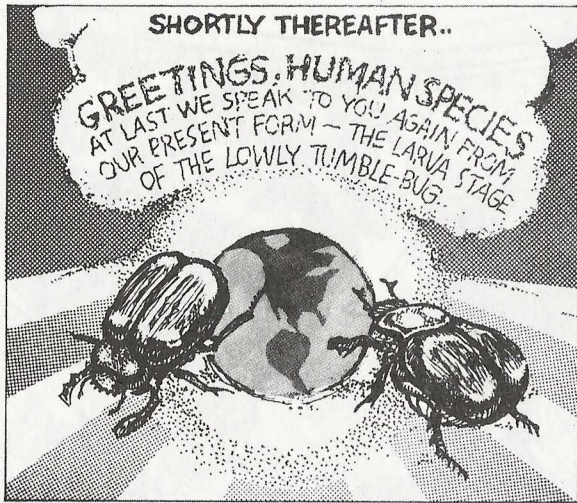


FOLLOWING A LONG SHOT, NOSE DISCOVERS THAT GRUBWORM SWEAT, ACTING AS A CATALYST ON ANOTHER INGREDIENT PICKED LOVINGLY FROM - ER, BY THE NOSE, PRODUCES THE IDEAL MEAT SUBSTITUTE!

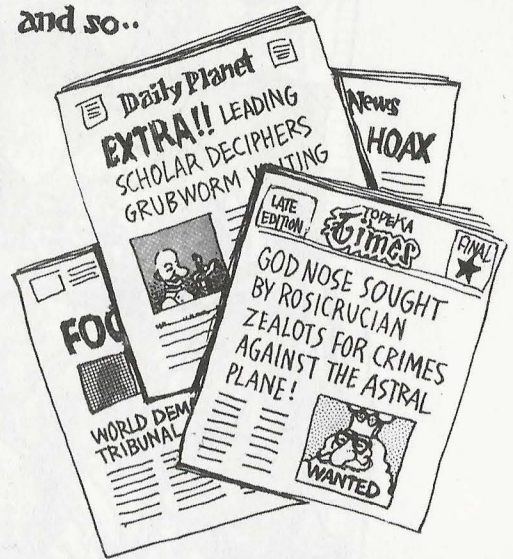


BUT SOON, A SCIENTIST AT ONE OF THE MASSIVE GRUBWORM FARMS NOTICES SOMETHING PECULIAR..





and so..



THE METH FREAKS
FIGHT THE FEDS TO
THE FINISH.
© S. CLAY WILSON. 1967.

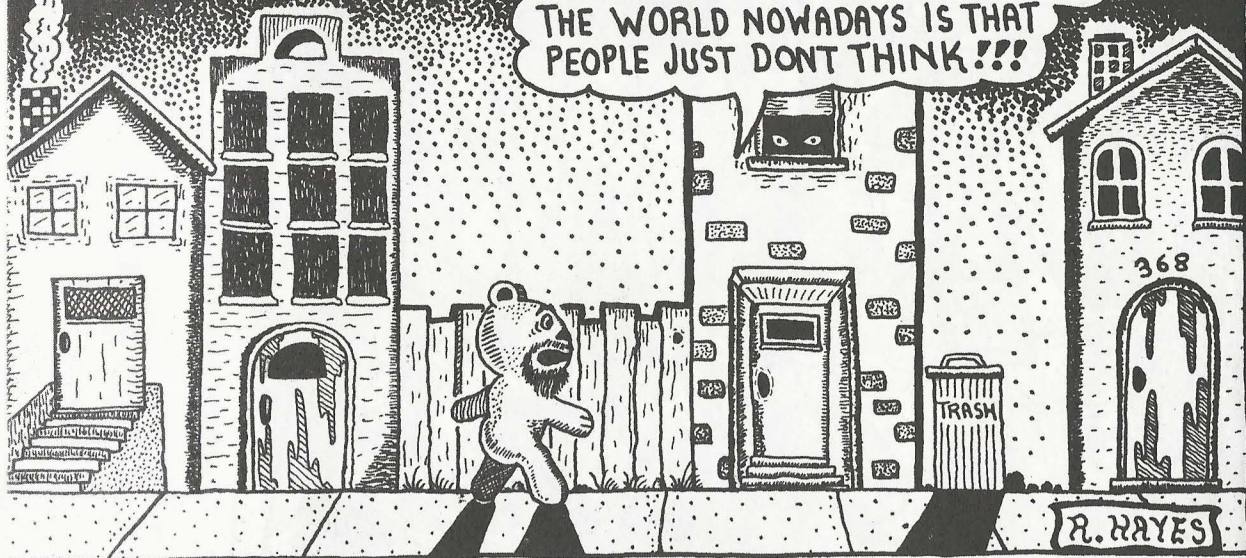


TO BOB DYLAN.

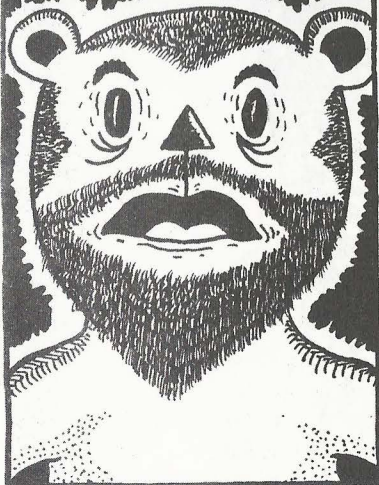


CHANGE

THE WHOLE DAMN TROUBLE WITH THE WORLD NOWADAYS IS THAT PEOPLE JUST DONT THINK!!!



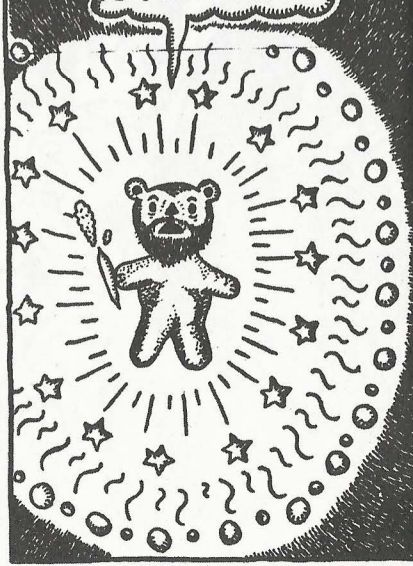
MOST PEOPLE GO THRU LIFE LIKE HUMAN ROBOTS. THIS IS A WASTE! THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD!



BUCK!



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



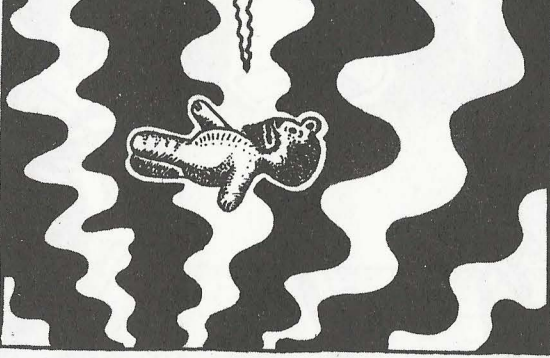
I MUST RETREAT FROM THIS COMMON WORLD.....



AND JOURNEY TO A LAND OF PLEASANTNESS.



GONE.... GONE.... GONE.... FOREVER.....



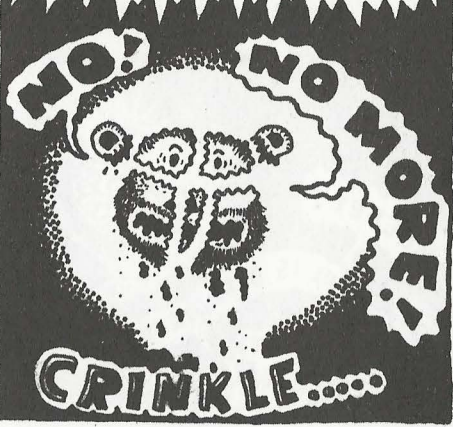
I'M GOING TO BURST OPEN!



BLOO!!



FZOOM

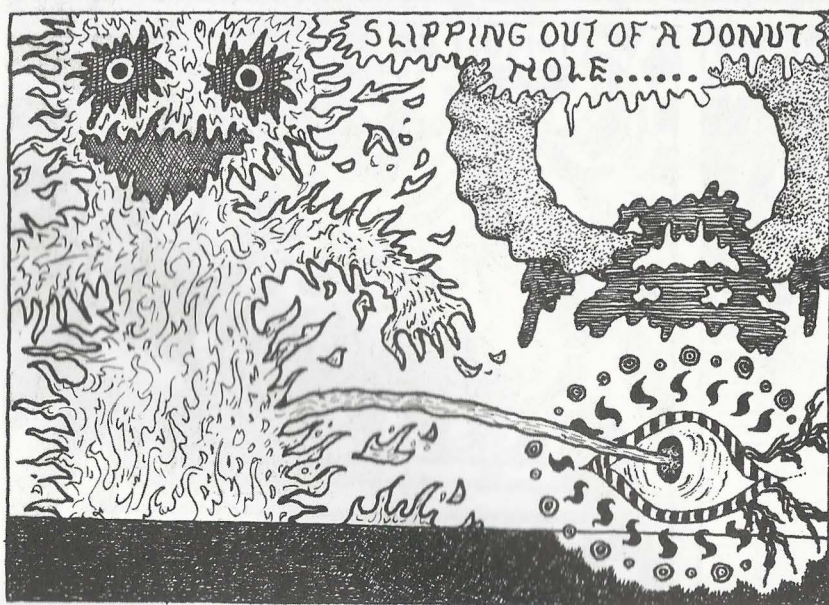
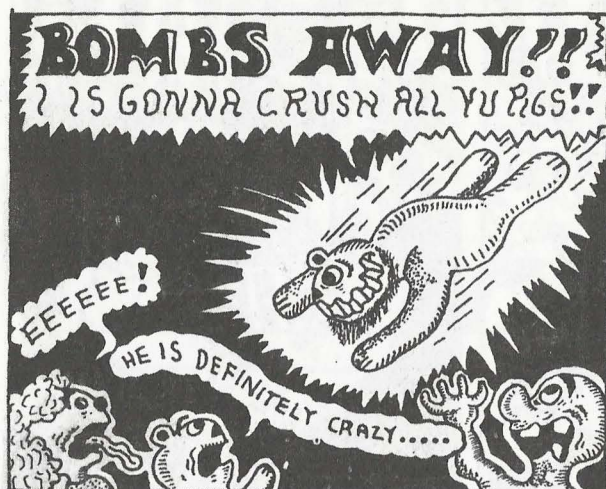
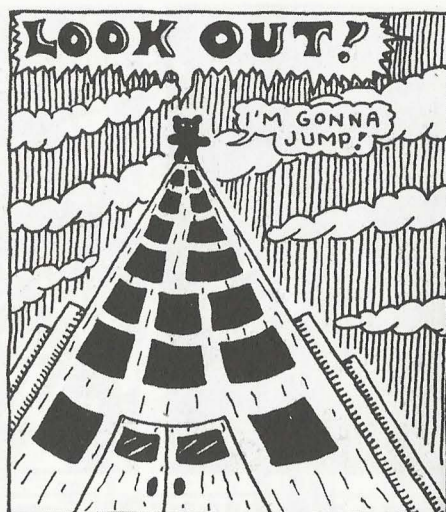


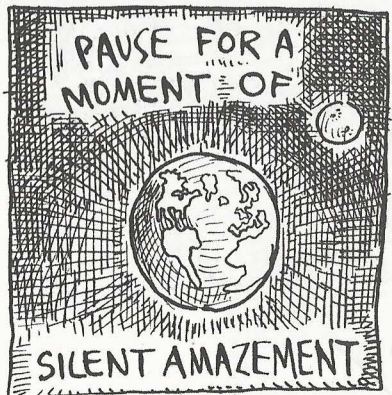
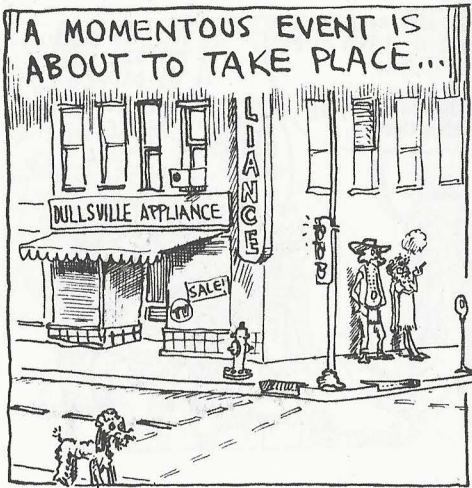
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.....



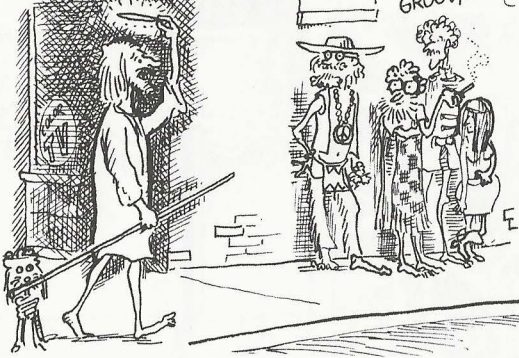
I MUST GO TO...IT!







HI THERE! I'M JESUS CHRIST
RETURNED TO ESTABLISH PEACE AND
TRANQUILITY ON THIS EARTH!



BEFORE I DO ANYTHING
DRASTIC I HAVE A FEW
WORDS TO SAY.

STOP ME IF YOU'VE
HEARD THIS... IN THE
BEGINNING...

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO SELL
US, DADDY
WE DIG
PEACE
AND
LOVE

JUST STOP
NOW

THE
HAT IS
TOO MUCH



WE'RE APOSTLES
OF LOVE! WE SPREAD
THE WORD OUR SELVES!

INDEED
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!"



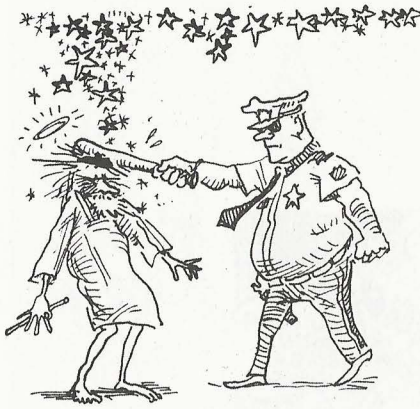
TIME
TIME
ATER

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



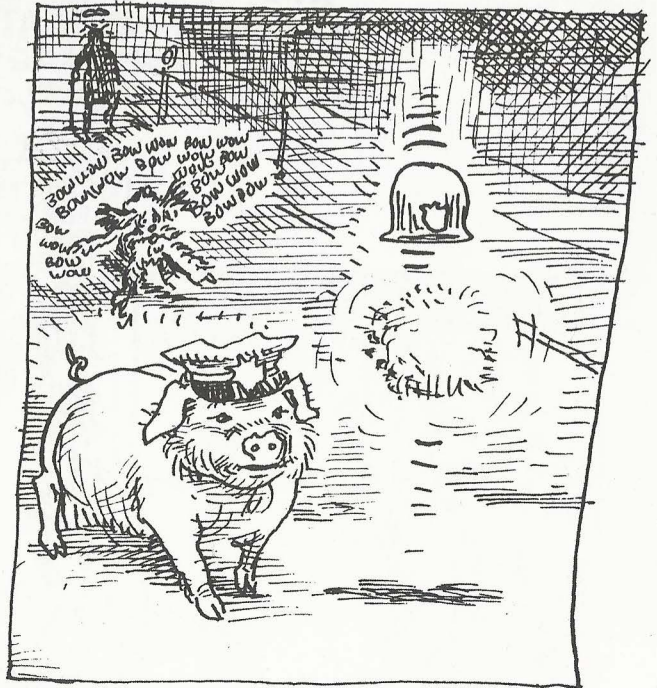
PARDON ME, SIR
I'M UP TIGHT AND
NEED A HIT!

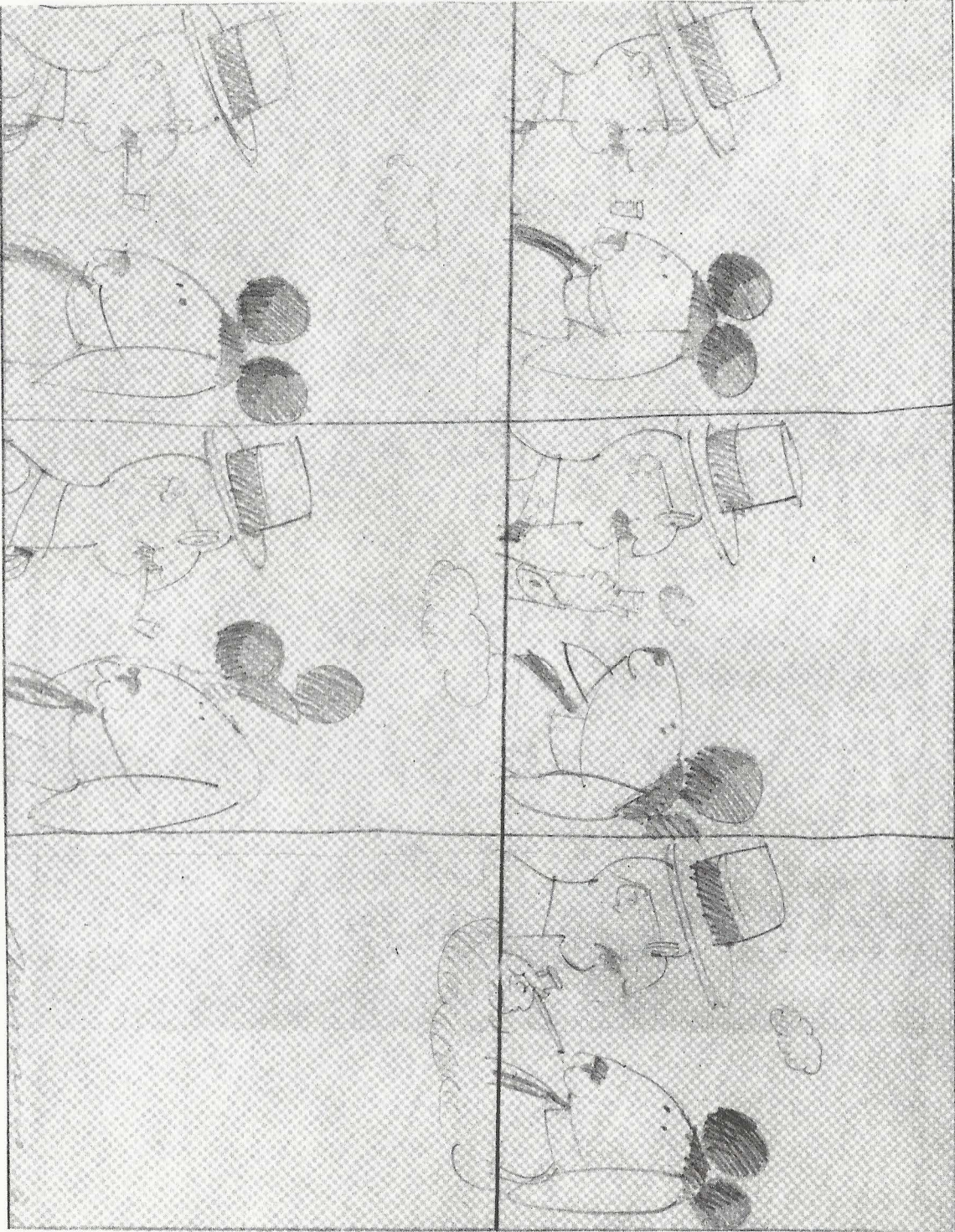




BASH! GRIND! OUCH!
CRACK! UGH! CRUNCH!
GRUNT! BIFF! BAM!
BOFF! EEE! OOO! OOOH!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POMP!
BUMP! GRIND! WHAM!
BAM! JAM! BARF! YOW!
CLOBBER! MASH! CRASH!
OH GOD A MIGHTY! TAKE
THIS! AND THIS! BANG!
CLANG! AND THAT! POW!
WOW! YOW! SLUG! SMASH!
GROAN! SLOBBER! CLOBBER!







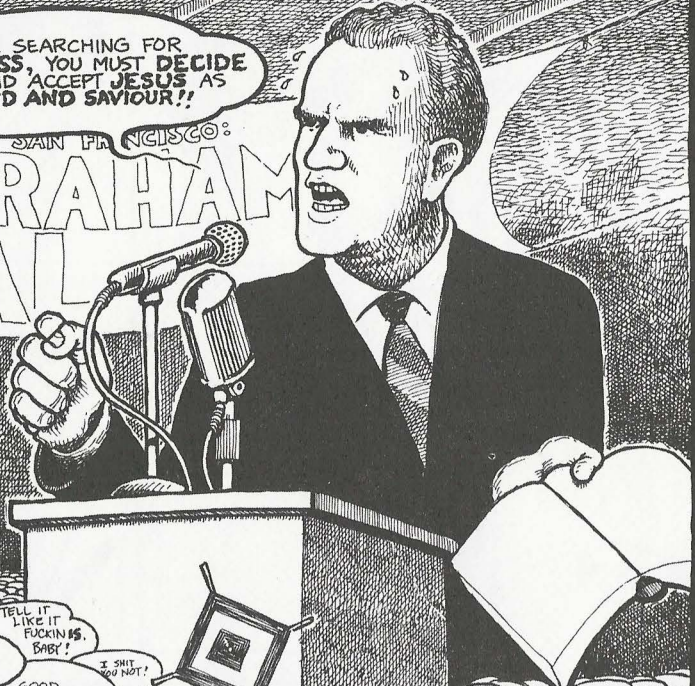
SCENES FROM THE REVOLUTION:

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



IT'S TH' FUCKIN' TRUTH!
SHIT, I RECKON!
FUCKIN' A!!
TELL IT LIKE IT FUCKIN' IS, BABY!
I SHIT YOU NOT!
GOOD FUCKIN' VIBRATIONS!
COSMIC
SOCK IT TO ME!
OUTA FUCKIN' SIGHT!
TOO FUCKIN' MUCH!
FUCKIN' GROOVE, BABY!
TREE FUCKIN' MENDOUS!
FUCKIN' CHRIST!
JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST!
PICK UP ON THAT, MAN! KIN YA DIG IT? FAN FUCKIN' TASTIC!
HE'S REALLY FUCKIN' INTO IT!
FUCKIN' TUNED IN!
FUCKIN' BABY!



Bill Holt

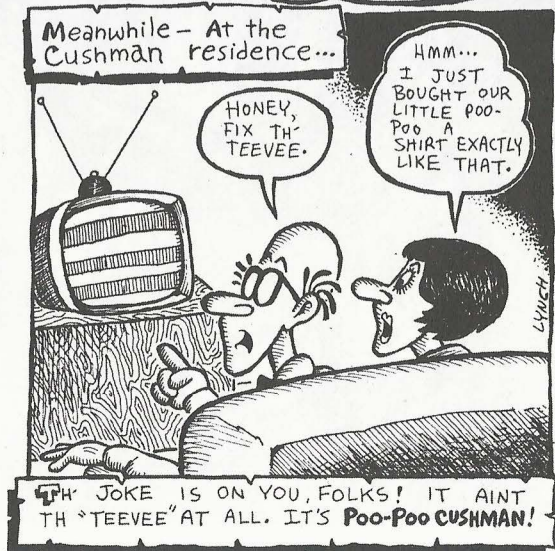
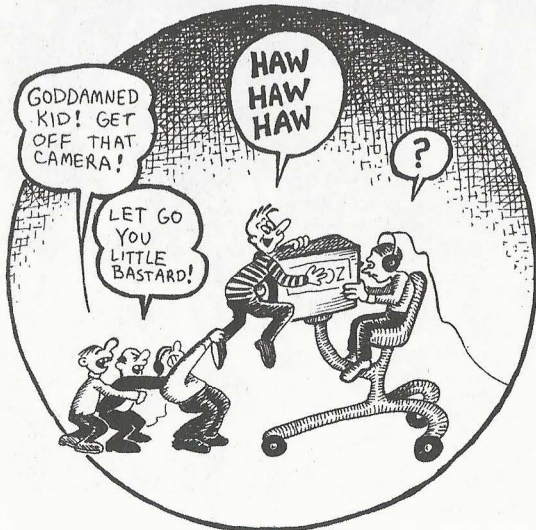
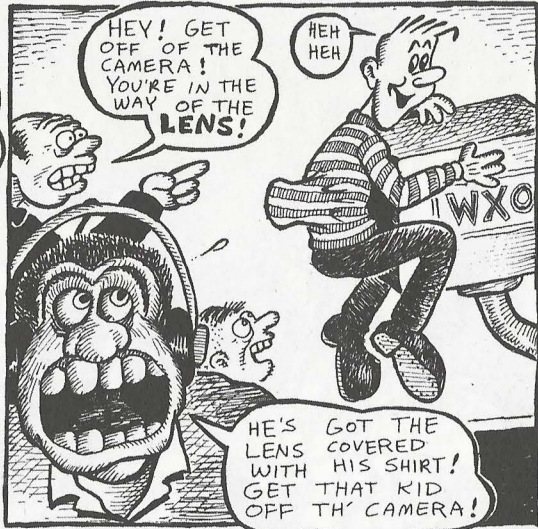
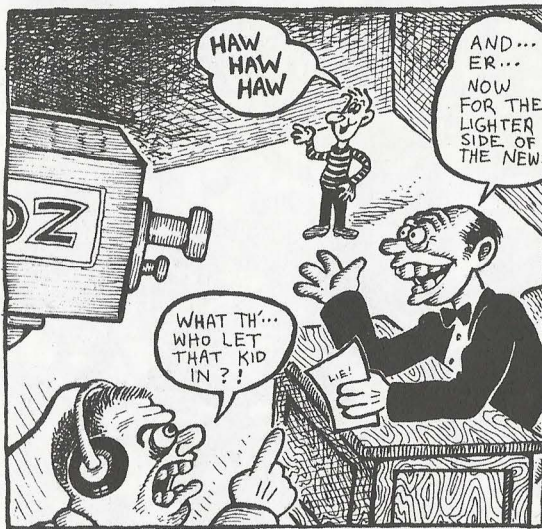
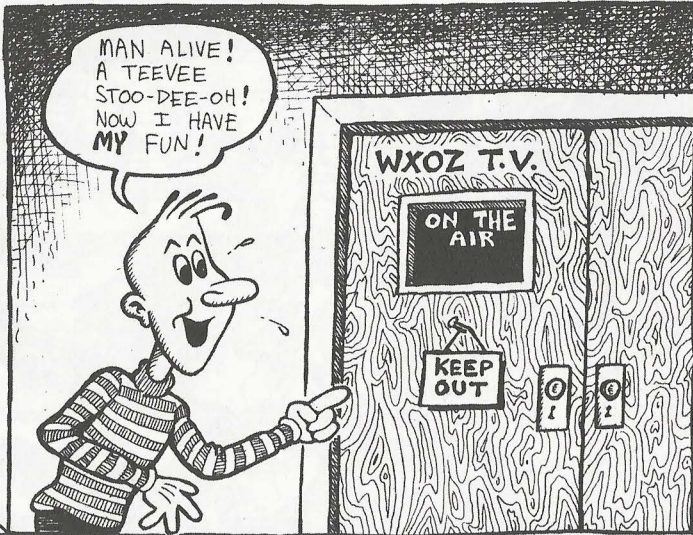
THE GILDED PARK COCK TAILS



RUBY THE DYKE AND
HER SIX PERVERTED
SISTERS STOMP THE PAGES.

©-CAT WILSON 1967

MURPHY
DICK



THOSE
FABULOUS
FURRY

THE FREAKS BROTHERS



FAT FREDDIE PHINEAS WHEELIN' FRANK

COME ON, YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW — THE BANK'S JUST NEXT DOOR!

NO, WAIT! I'M GONNA ROB THIS CANDY STORE FIRST!

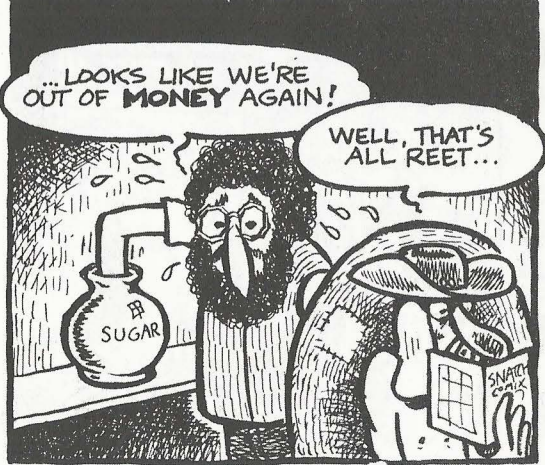
HEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO — I'VE NEVER BEEN INSIDE A BANK BEFORE...



HOUR 12:30 TO 1:00

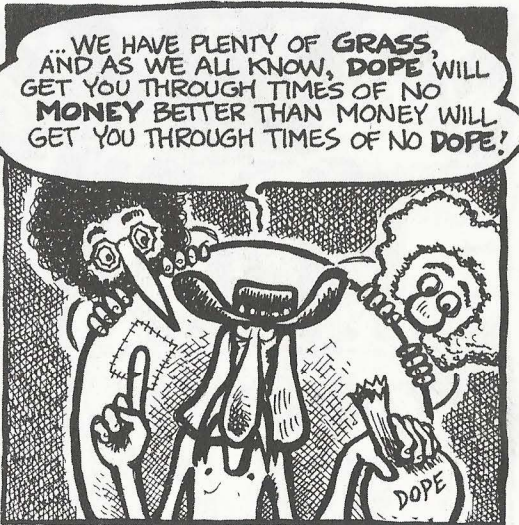
THE FREAKS PULL A HEIST!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE LUSH DIGS OF THE FAMOUS HIRSUTE TRIO...

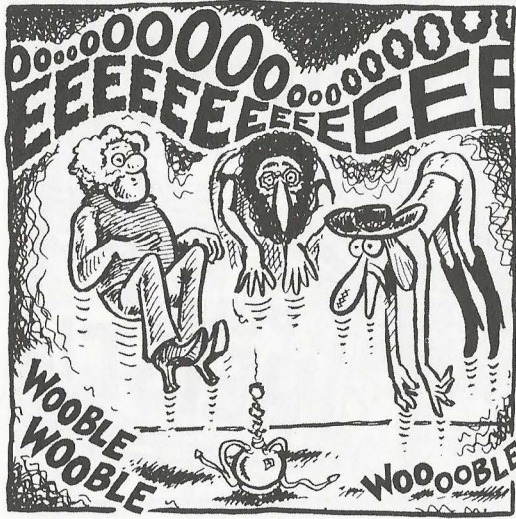
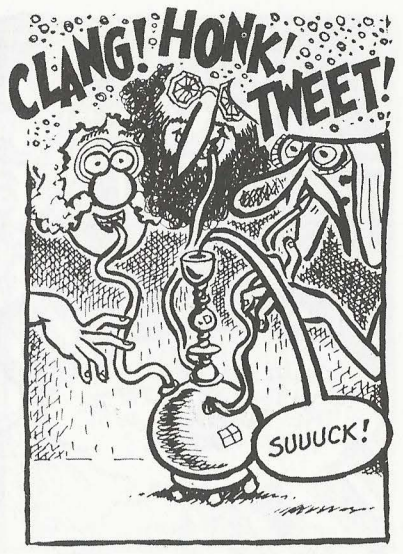


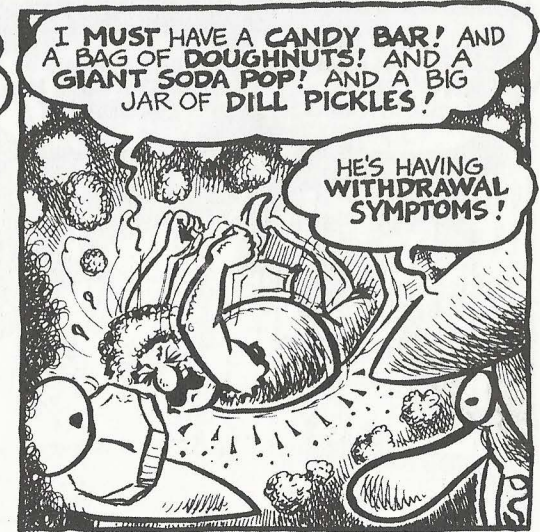
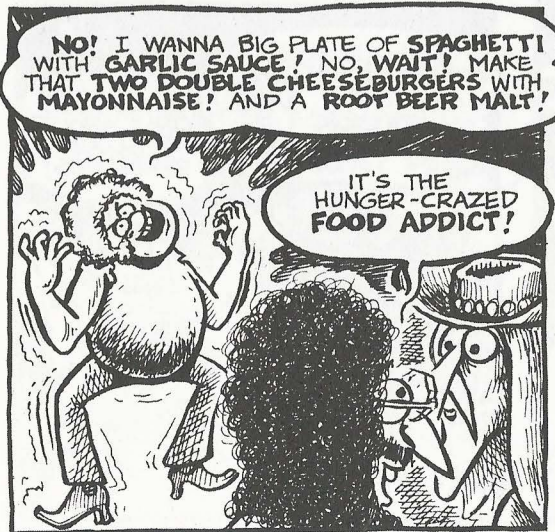
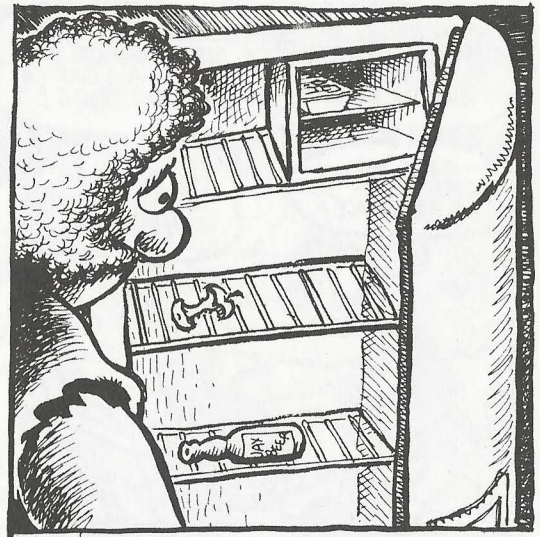
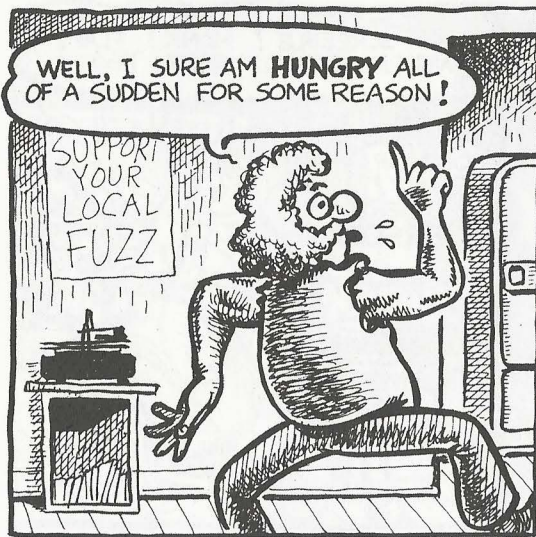
...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF MONEY AGAIN!

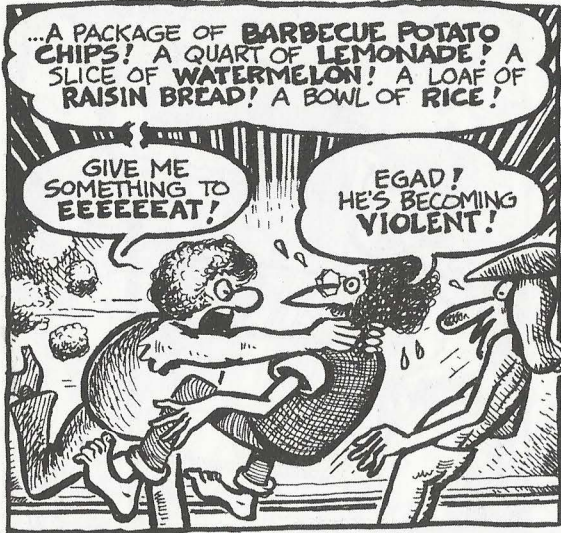
WELL, THAT'S ALL REET...



...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!







...A PACKAGE OF **BARBECUE POTATO CHIPS!** A QUART OF **LEMONADE!** A SLICE OF **WATERMELON!** A LOAF OF **RAISIN BREAD!** A BOWL OF **RICE!**

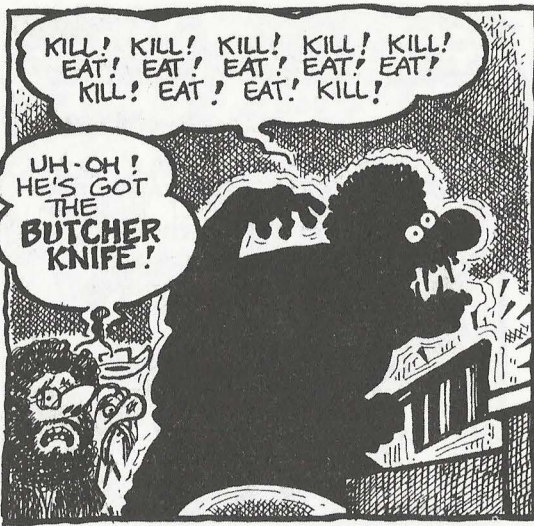
GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EEEEEAT!

EGAD! HE'S BECOMING VIOLENT!



OUT OF SIGHT! HE'S GONE VERITABLY BERSERK!

IK! SCREEBLE! HONK! FLAP! TWEET! GIBBER! RAZZ! POOT!



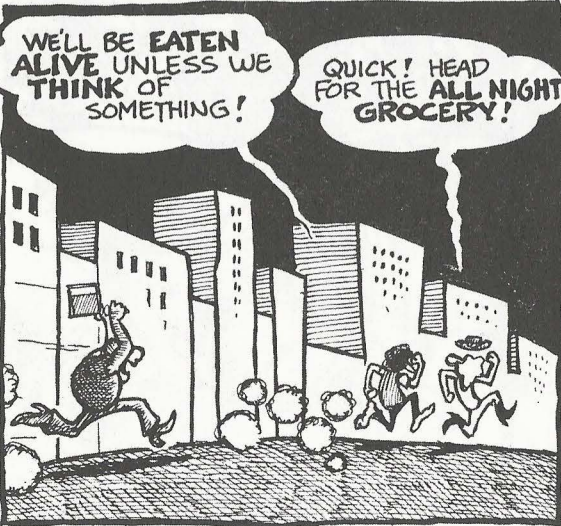
UH-OH! HE'S GOT THE BUTCHER KNIFE!

KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! KILL! EAT! EAT! EAT! EAT! EAT! KILL! EAT! EAT! KILL!



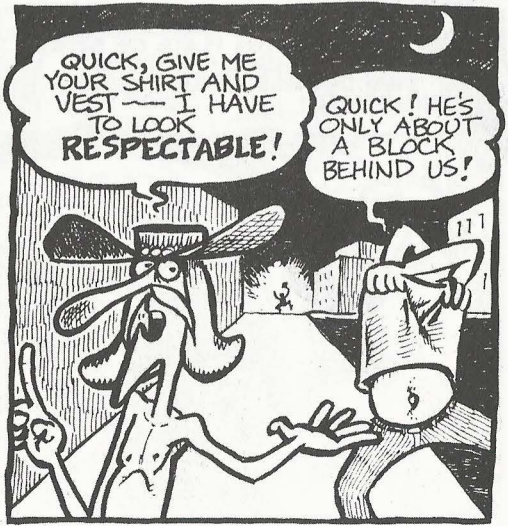
EEEEEEEEEE YARRGGGHHH!

EEK! EEK!



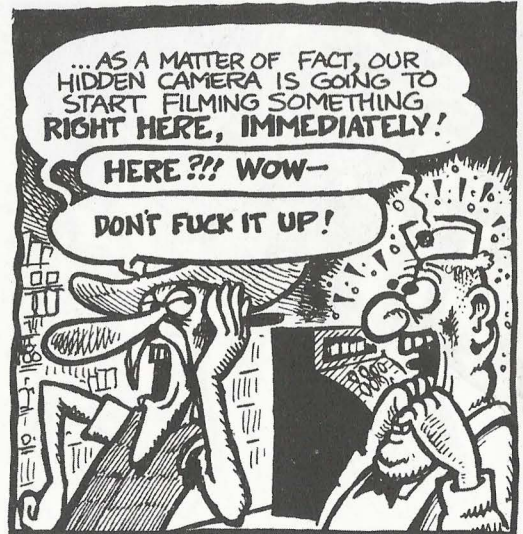
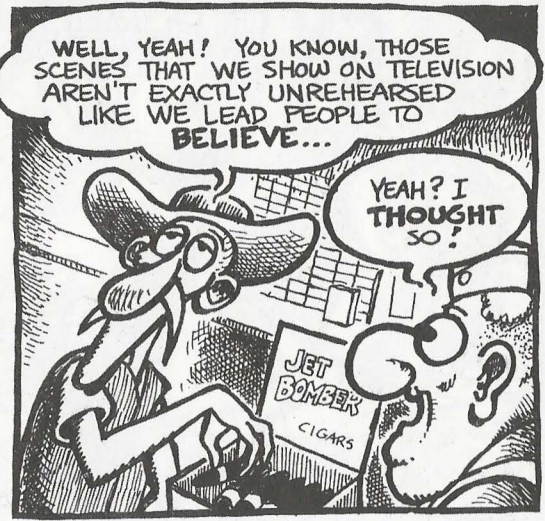
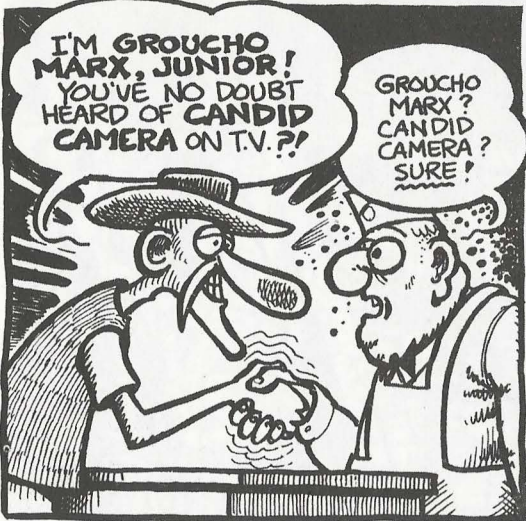
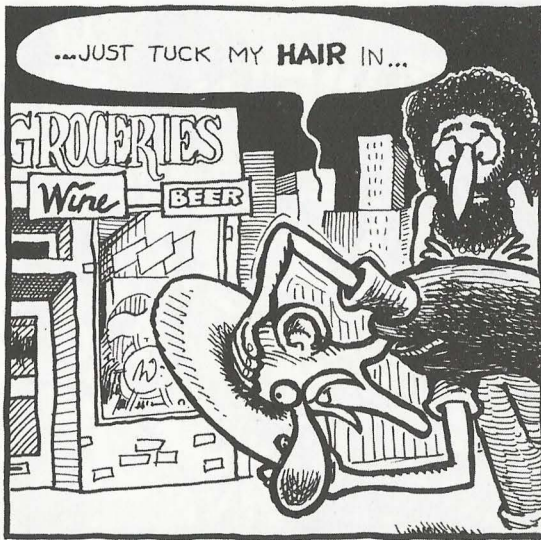
WELL BE EATEN ALIVE UNLESS WE THINK OF SOMETHING!

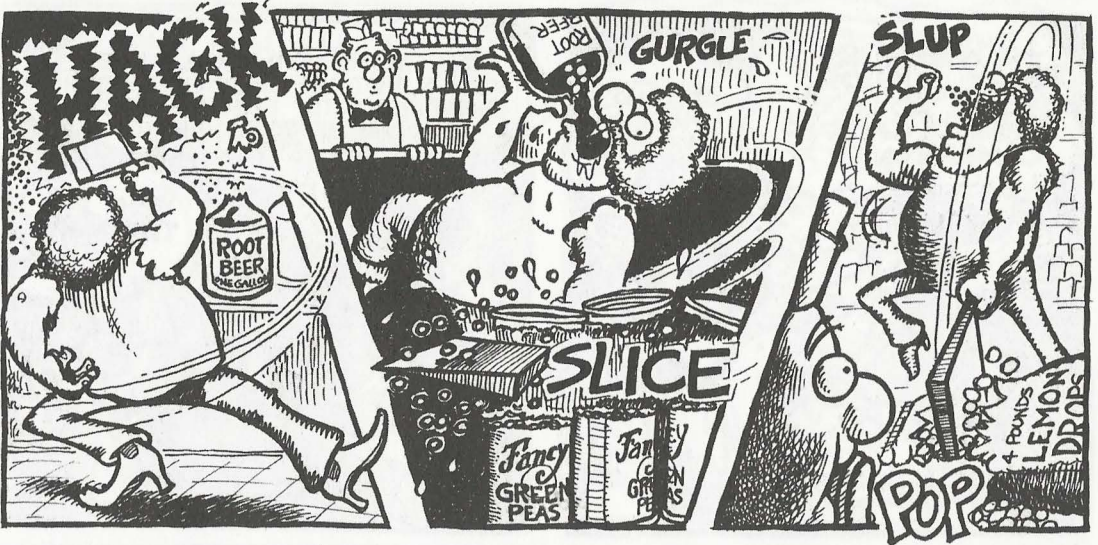
QUICK! HEAD FOR THE ALL NIGHT GROCERY!

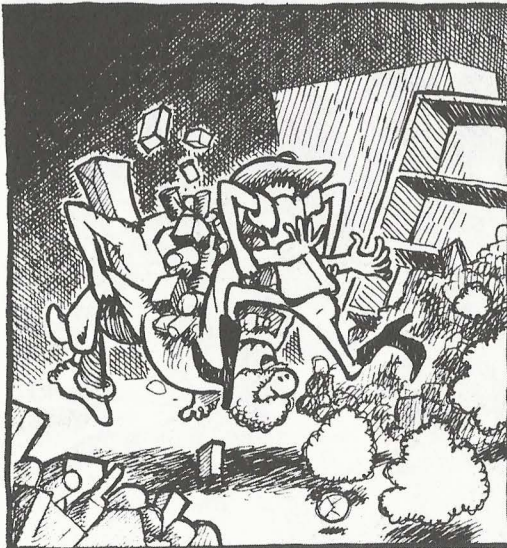
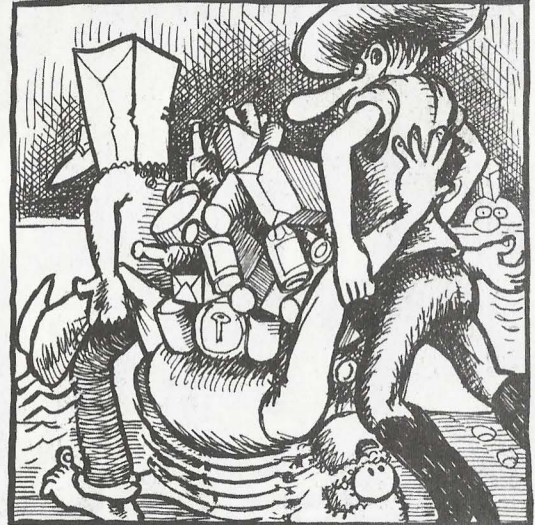
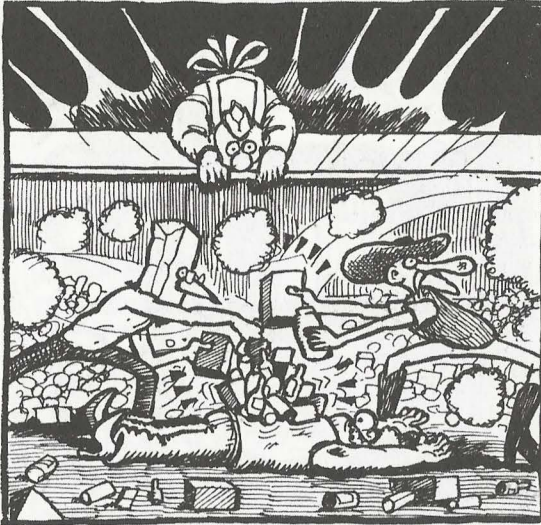
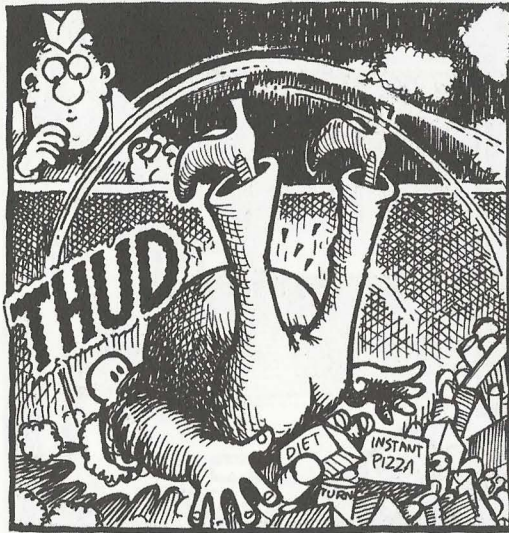


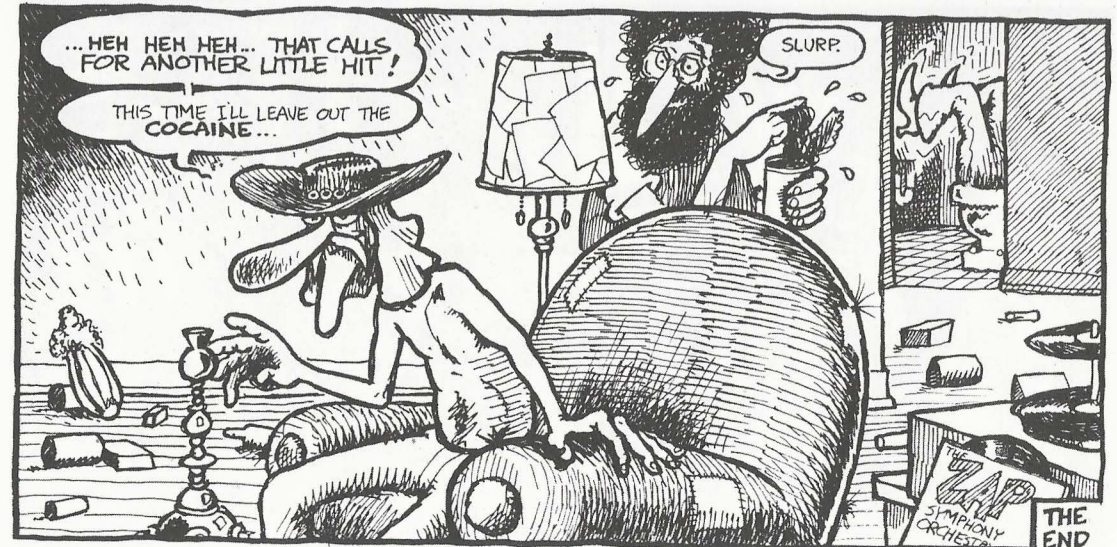
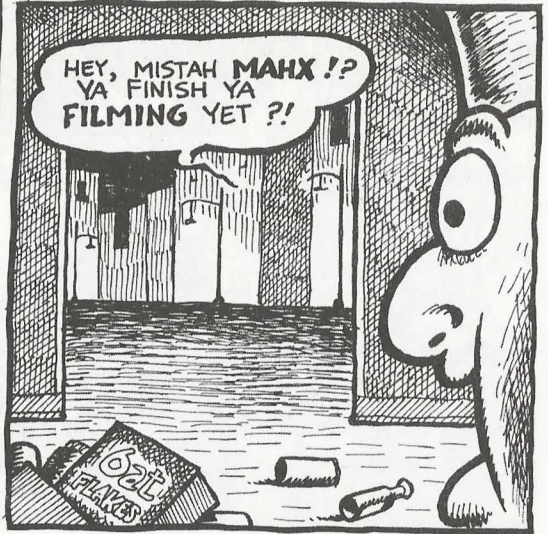
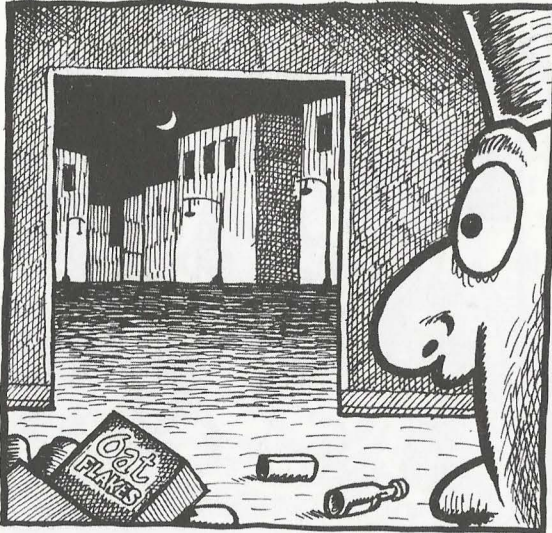
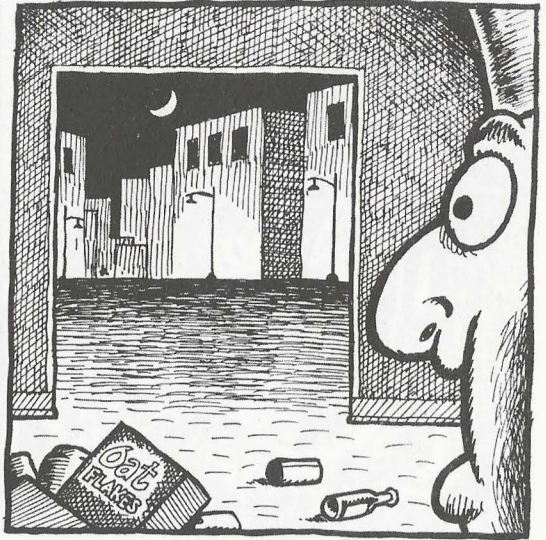
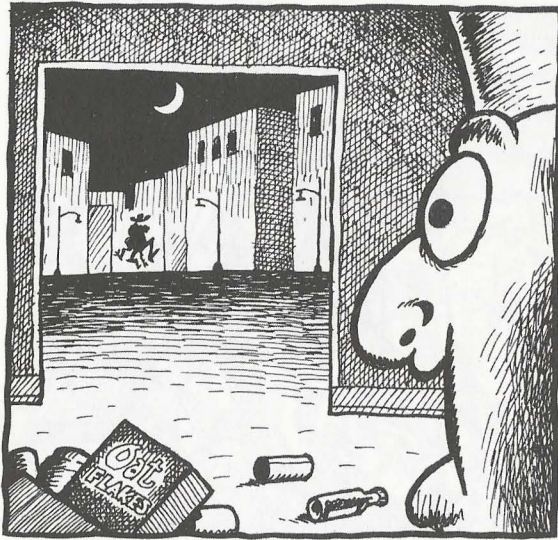
QUICK, GIVE ME YOUR SHIRT AND VEST — I HAVE TO LOOK RESPECTABLE!

QUICK! HE'S ONLY ABOUT A BLOCK BEHIND US!





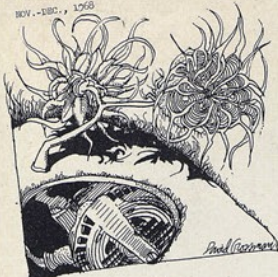




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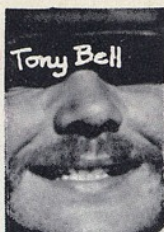


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Rory Hay



Jaxon



LYNCH



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SKIP WILLIAMSON

Not Pictured:

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NARRO 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 KLAK

RRIP!

WHY CAN'T YOU WRITE ABOUT NICE STUFF!

COME TH' REVOLUTION THERE'LL BE NO MORE NICE STUFF!

LYNCH

THE END