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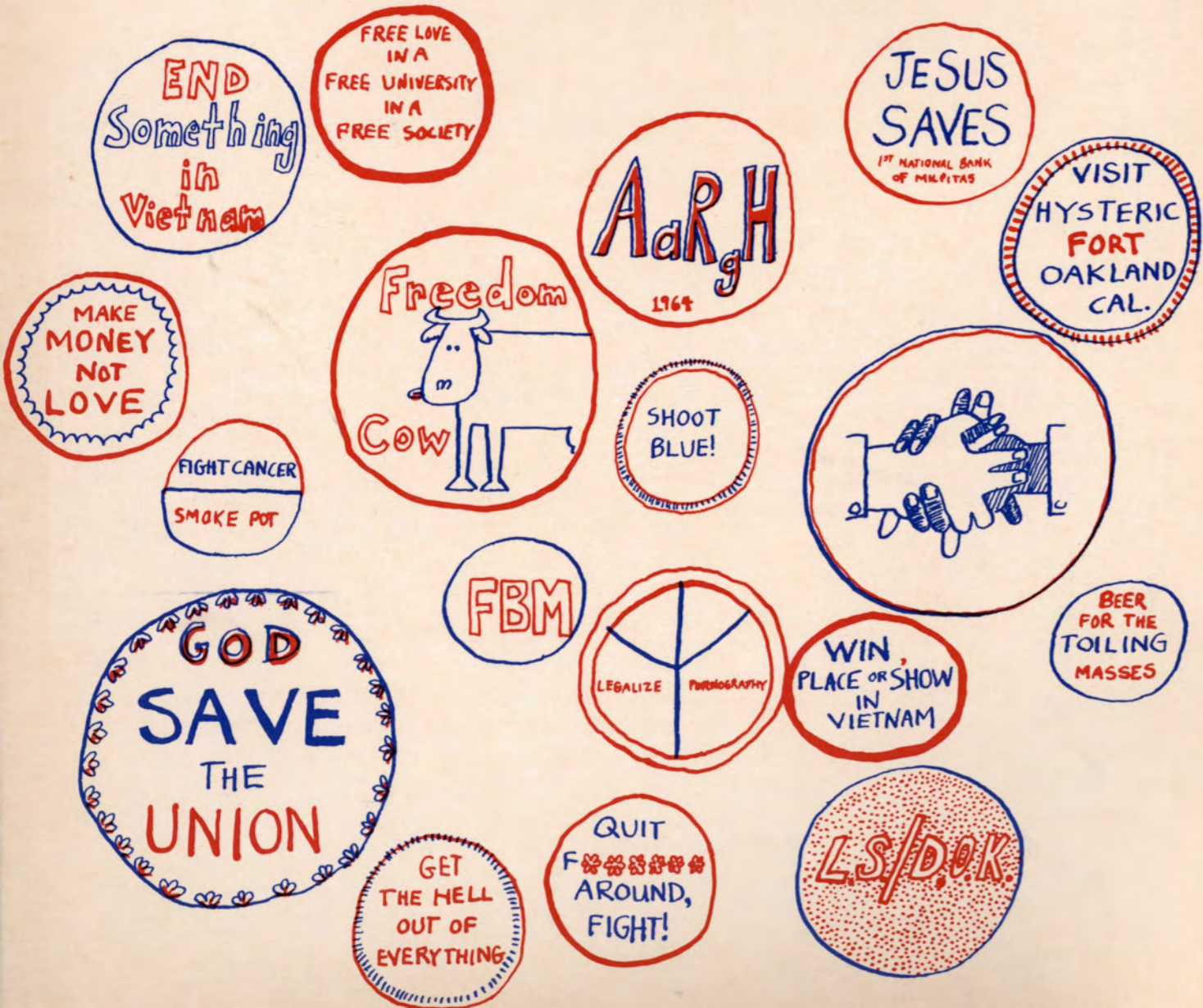
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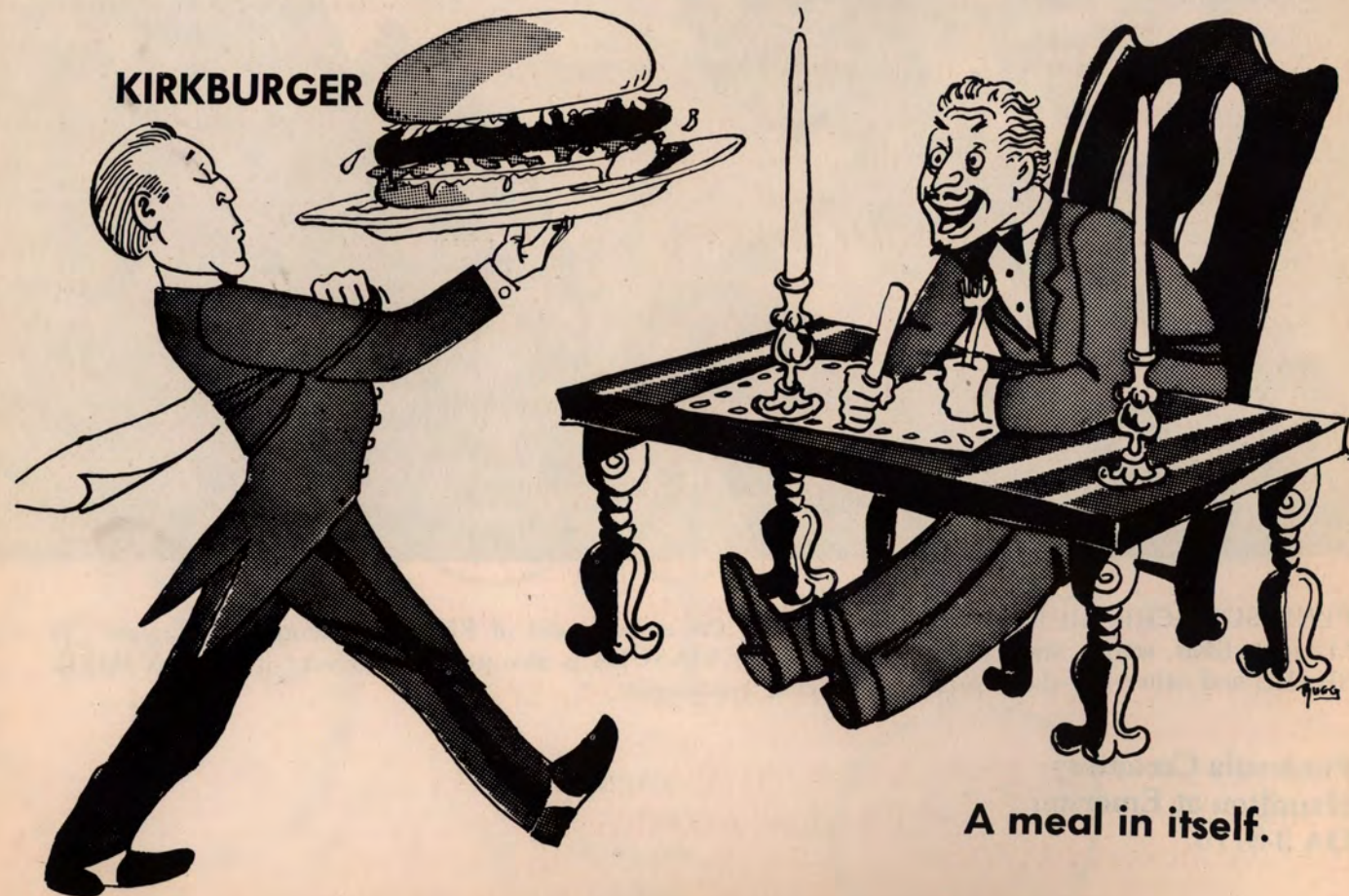


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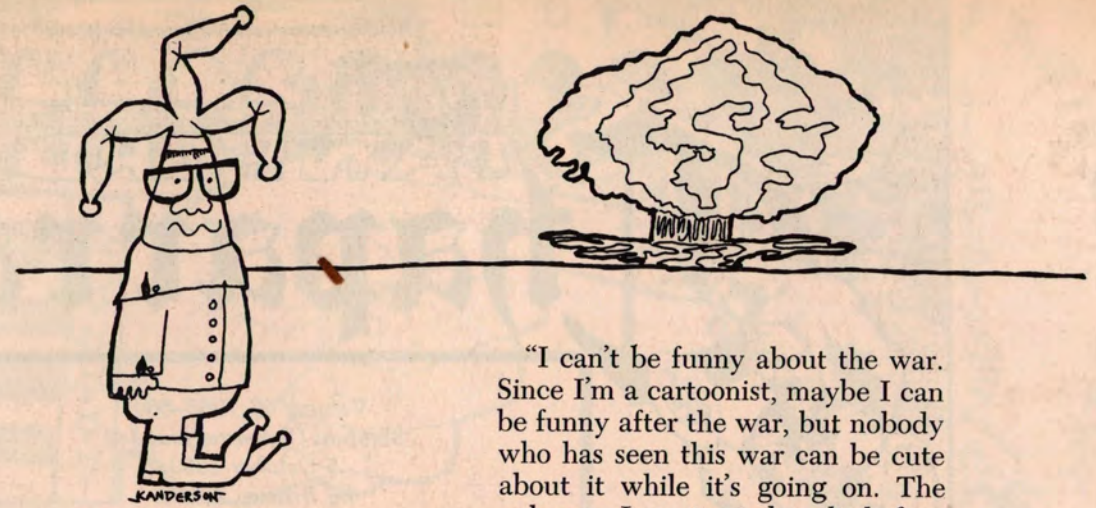
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"I can't be funny about the war. Since I'm a cartoonist, maybe I can be funny after the war, but nobody who has seen this war can be cute about it while it's going on. The only way I can try to be a little funny is to make something out of the humorous situations which always accompany misery. It's pretty heavy humor and it doesn't seem funny at all sometimes, when you stop and think it over."

—Bill Mauldin, 1945.

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The Stanford Chaparral



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 Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1965

THE CHAPPIES

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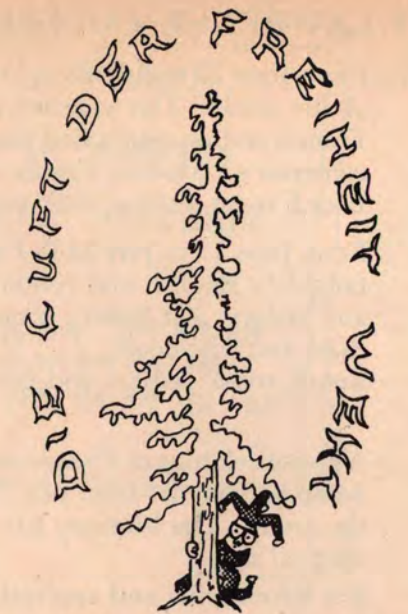
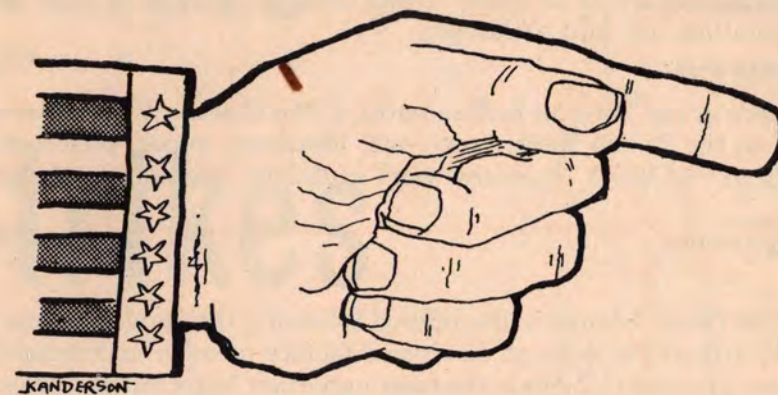
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NOW THAT it looks like rain outside, it occurred to me that there is nothing quite as funny as war. And this being, do I dare say it, a Humor magazine, we decided that we ought to devote a whole issue to war. And when you come right down to it, there really isn't anything quite so funny as war. Now admit it. War is the funniest thing around these days. Why just the other day I noticed that a friend of mine got shot in Vietnam. "Gee, that's funny," I caught myself thinking. "I never thought he'd really do it." We've all had the same kind of experience, I'm sure. But of course there are all kinds of war. And all kinds of activity that stems from it. So we widened the scope of the issue and we came up with a lot of bitchin' stuff about all kinds of war. For instance, Dick Murdoch gave us a little something he copied down while watching a new television program called "This Is Your War." John White has recorded the phenomenal rise of a group devoted to War on Apathy and Complacency and, specifically, "fatassed phonies." Our on-the-spot cameraman, Jerry Telfer, captured the action in a little War of the Sexes that occurred one drizzly Wednesday at San Gregorio Beach. There's also some good, do I dare say it, war cartoons. Like the phenomenal Mike Rugg's creation of "The Soldier as Seen By. . ." That's

not all of course. But it'll do to clue you kids in on the exciting pages that follow. But first, I'd like to say a few things about war in general. Ah come on, finish the article. Well, for you stalwarts, here it is:

It occurred to me the other day while war is loads of fun for us brave guys, it might be a little rough on little guys. I know that they have to take life as it comes, face reality and all that. But it seems to me that us brave guys just maybe might have given them a raw deal during the past 2,000 or so years. Maybe it's time we gave 'em a break. Now it goes without saying that the reason these innocent little guys keep getting knocked off is because they just get in the way of our wars. So what we do is move all of our wars to deserted areas! Now of course we can't just do that. Because us brave guys know that what we really like in a war is the feeling that somehow we're protecting our country's honor and all that stuff. How could we protect our country's honor in the Sahara desert, for Chrissake! But we still gotta give those li'l guys a break. (I feel sorry for 'em, don't you?) So I figured out the perfect solution. What we do is, instead of having regular wars, have Olympic War Games! Brilliant idea? Of course, you idiots! The battles

would be fought in deserted areas, and because we'd still be protecting our country's honor and all that, (just like in the regular Olympics) us brave guys would be perfectly happy about the whole thing. It really wouldn't be too hard to work out and arrange. Each country could choose its very best elite corps and we could have elimination rounds. For instance, we could have India and Pakistan fight it out in the Australian deserts for the Southeast Asia Area Championship and then meet the winner of the Inter-African War Games held in the Sahara. The winner of that could take on somebody like France or China and then the U.S. or Mexico could take on that winner and so on, until we had the World Championship Olympic War Games held in Nevada!

Of course I realize that some guys would cheat if there weren't really stringent rules. Like maybe China would lob a little nuclear stuff at Brazil in the semifinals. This kind of dirty play would have to be stiffly penalized. Penalties in this case could be free shots at the Chinese army for the Brazilians who survived. Kind of like free kicks in soccer.

But whether or not this particular plan is ever implemented, we really don't have to worry in this country about war. There'll never be a war here. Heavens, we're too civilized!

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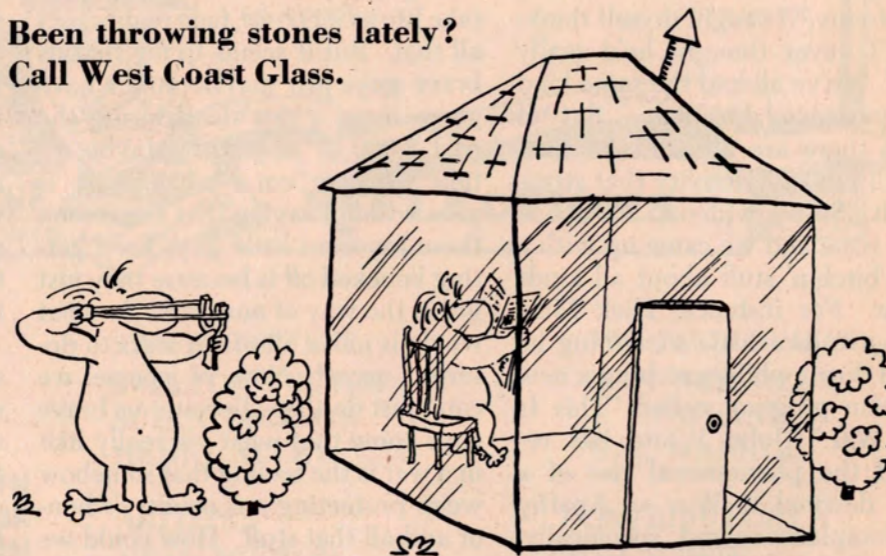
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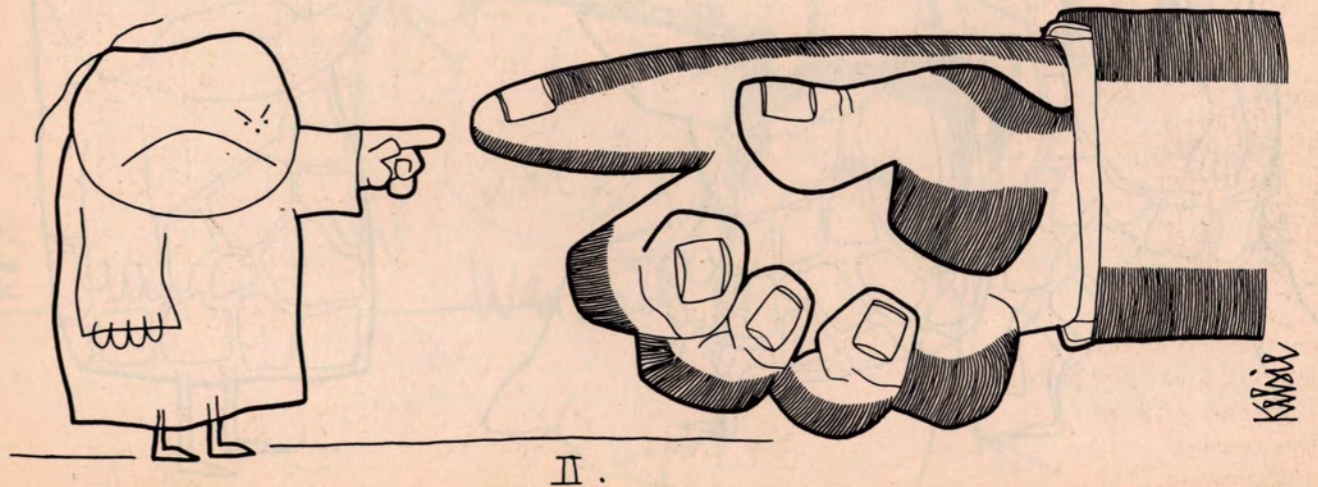
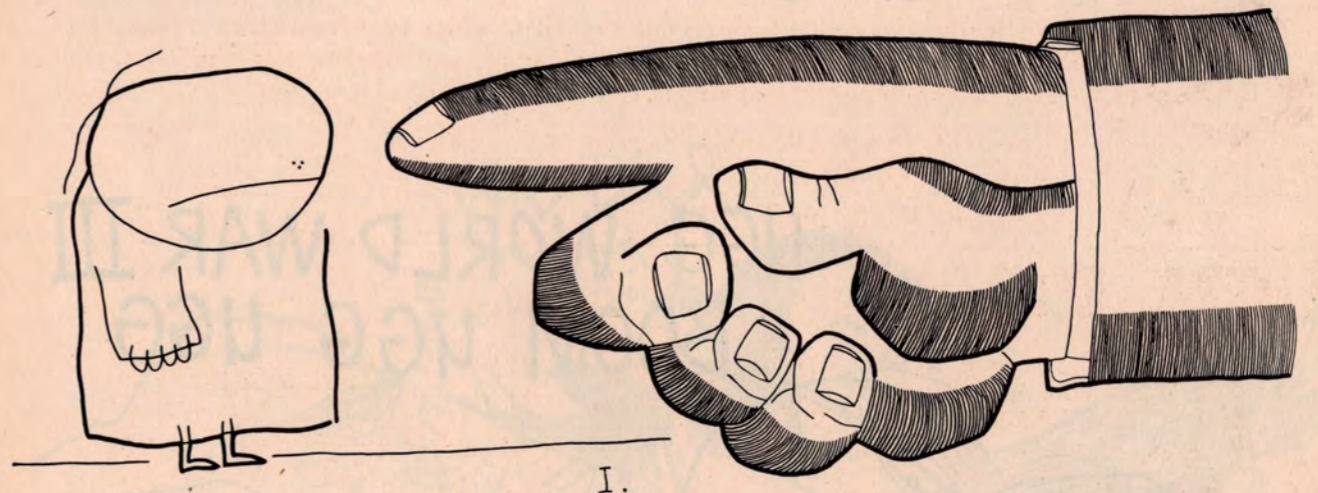
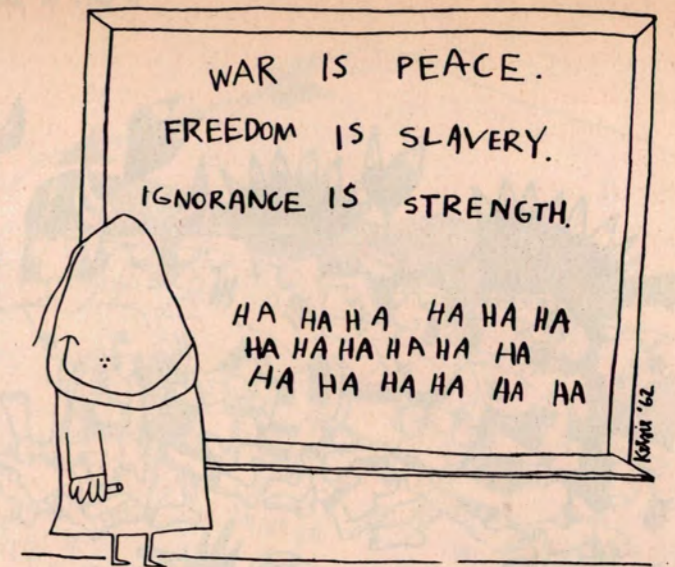


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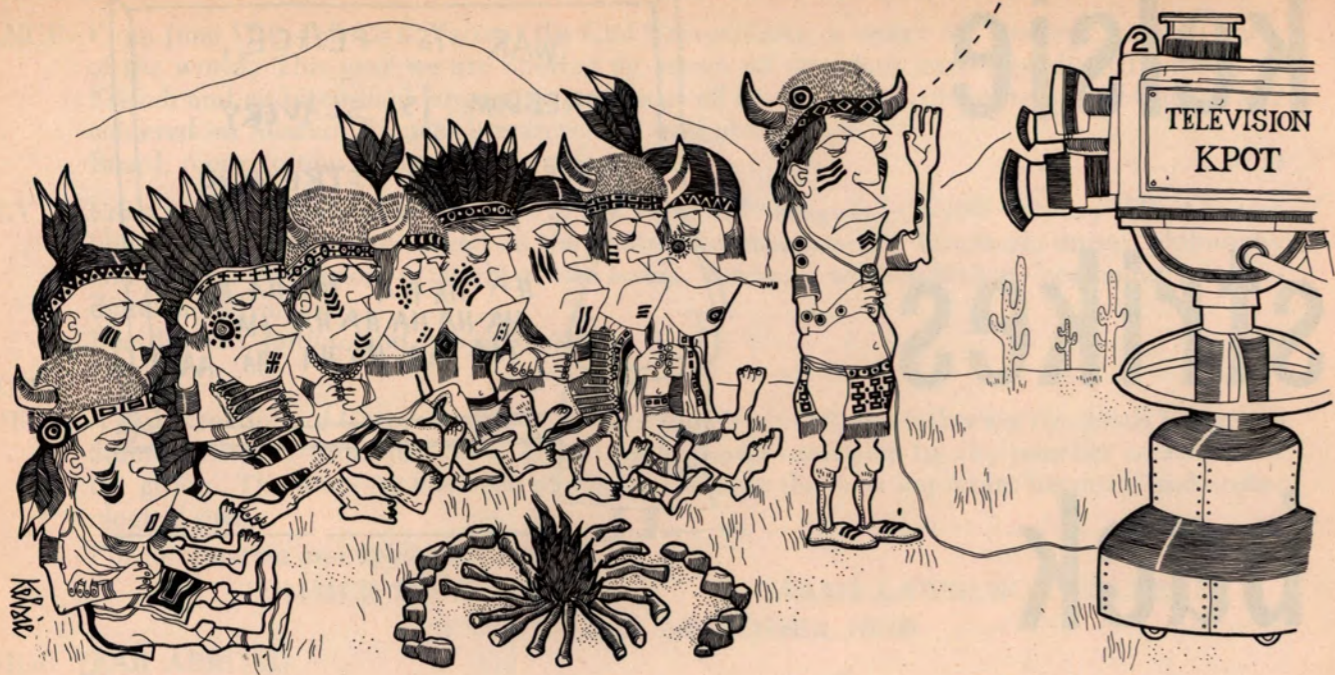
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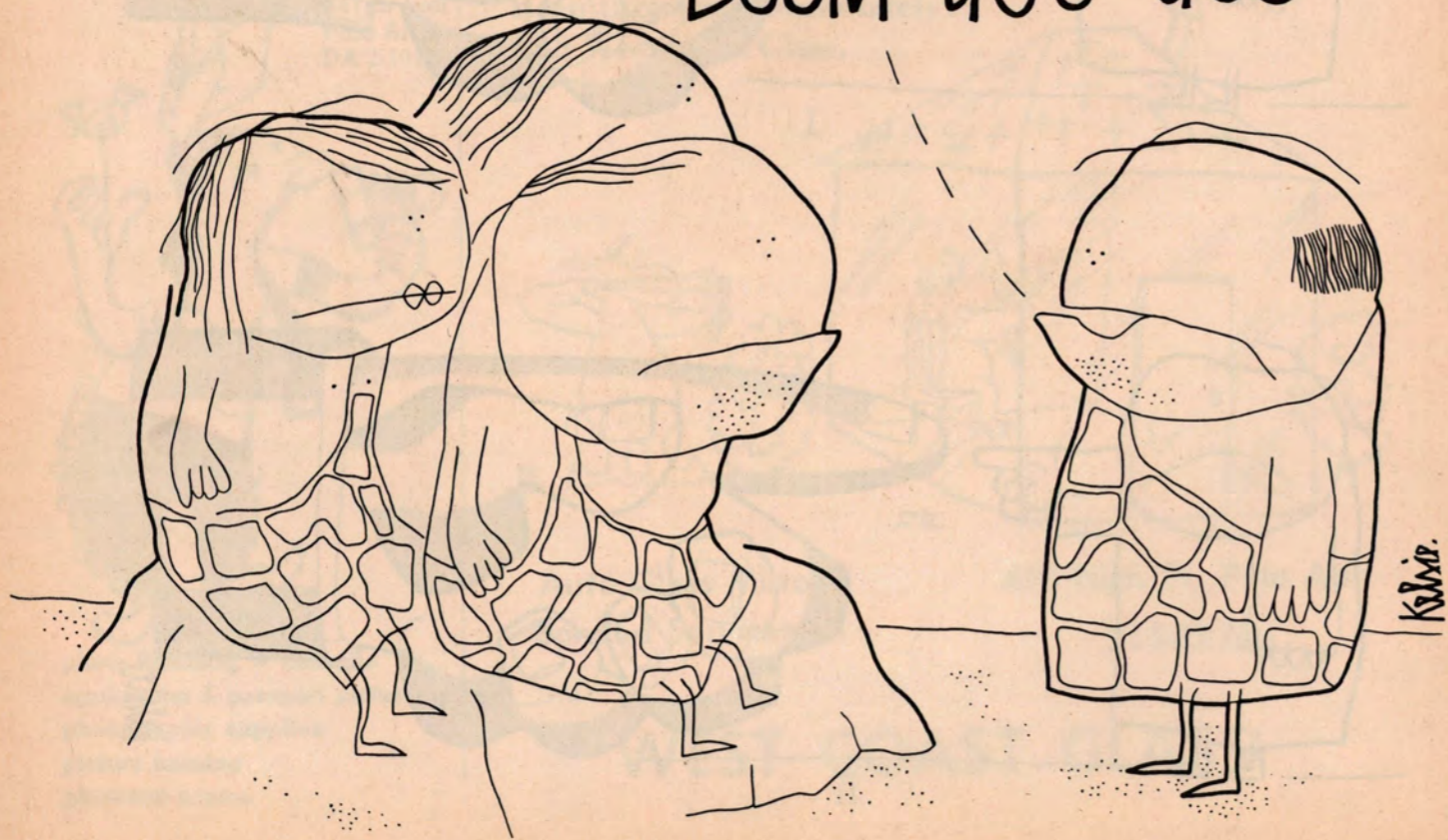


9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS RECOMMEND PEYOTE



Kalvir

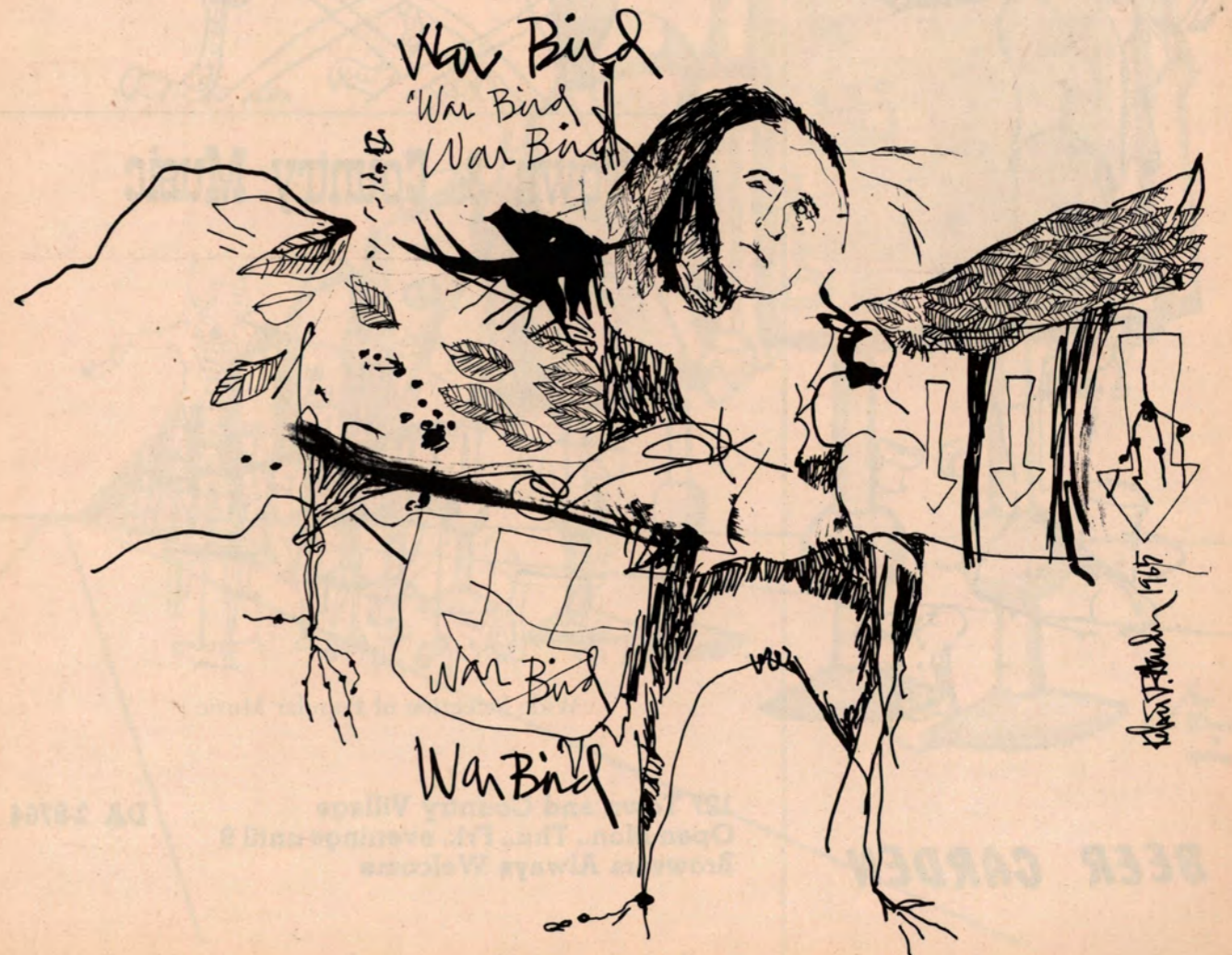
UGG WORLD WAR III
BOOM UGG UGG



Kalvir



Kalvir



War Bird

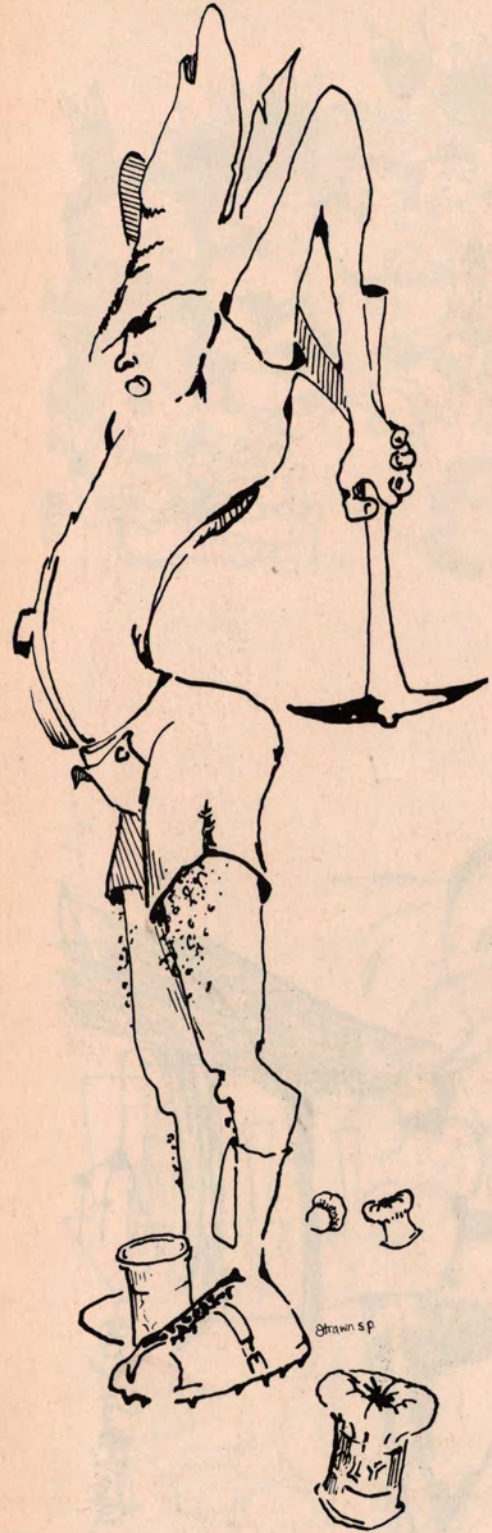
War Bird
War Bird

War Bird

War Bird

Robert Anderson 1967

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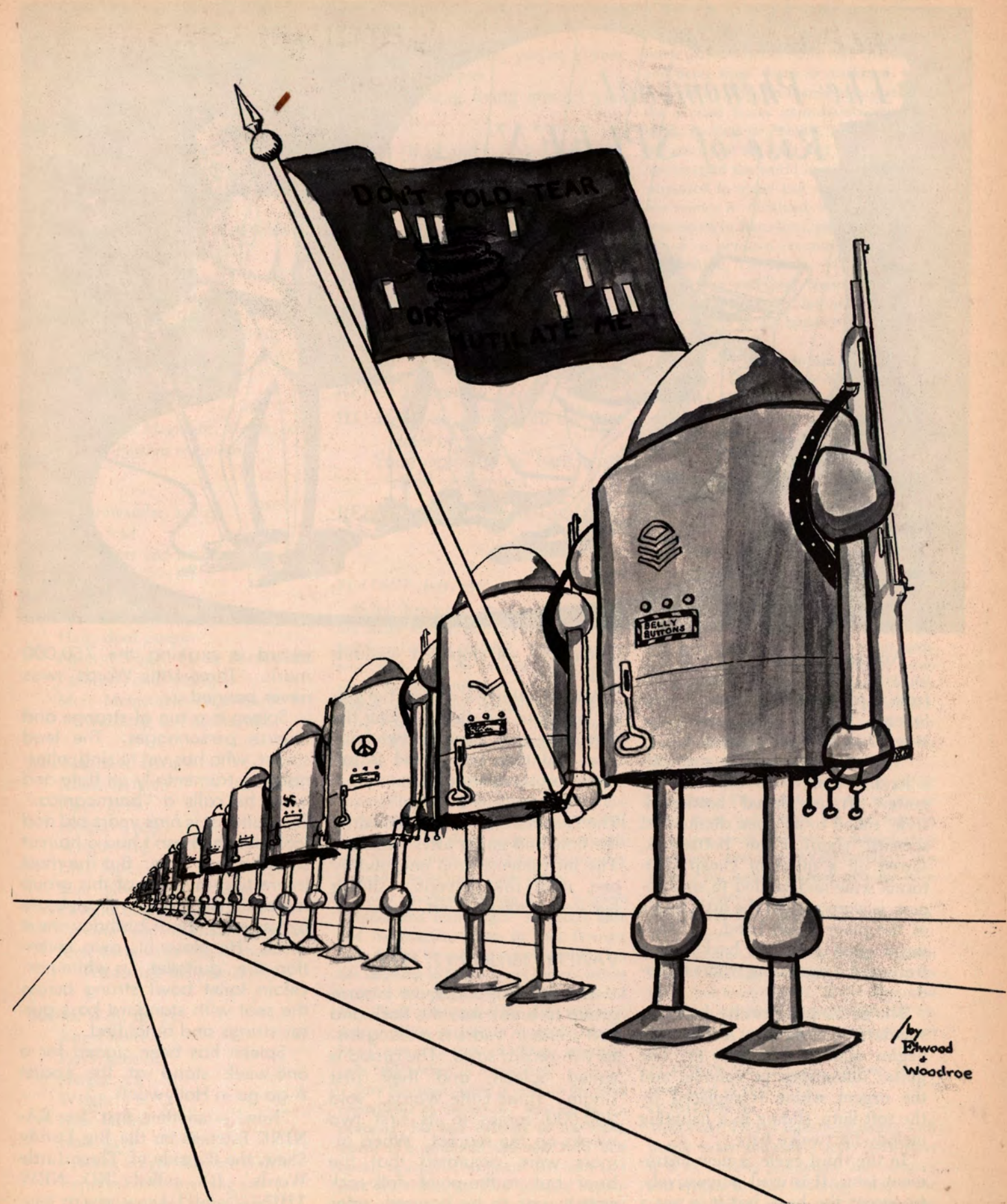
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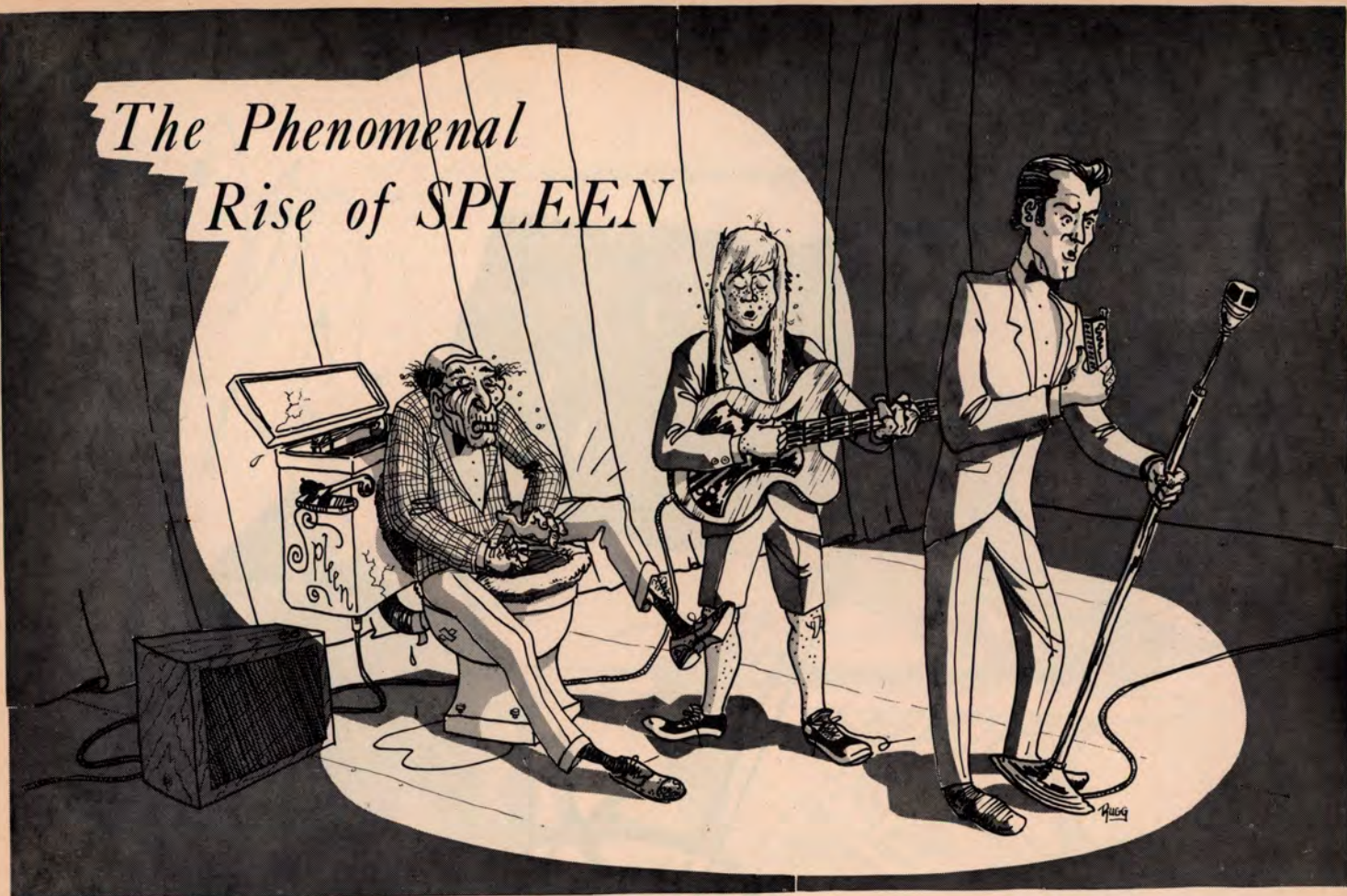
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The Phenomenal Rise of SPLEEN



"And now on radio K-N-I-N, 970 on your dial, a great new sound from a *fantastic* new group called Spleen. Here it is—"Three Little Words"—a KANINE exclusive!"

"Three Little Words" begins with a loud, heavily tremoloed electric guitar. It is played bottleneck style, tuned to an open diminished seventh chord. The bottleneck, sawed off a quart of cheap California wine and sanded to smoothness, is worn around the little finger of the player's left hand. By sliding it quickly up and back on the fretboard, a screaming whine is produced.

The guitar plays twelve bars of a standard blues pattern. As the cycle begins again, a flute joins in. The guitar diminishes in volume, and the urgent whine is replaced by the soft flute, sliding in a haunting melody for twelve bars.

In the third cycle, a new instrument joins. It is used percussively, to accent the beat, but it is not a drum. The sound resembles a bass

guitar with an amplified washtub hollowness.

After the thirty-sixth bar, the guitar and flute are silent, leaving the percussive beat alone for two bars. The beat then ceases and is followed by three words:

"You fatassed Phonies!"

The beat resumes, and is joined by the flute and guitar after two bars. The instruments drop out, one by one, until the quivering, sliding bottleneck sound is left. Fade out.

VARIETY, January 12, 1967.

The newest and most bizarre group to break into the Rock and Roll scene in years is making history in record sales. The group is called Spleen, and their first single, "Three Little Words," sold 250,000 copies in its first two weeks on the market. When rumors were circulated that the brief but to-the-point folk-rock smash was to be banned, sales boomed and, as of yesterday, the

record is pushing the 750,000 mark. "Three Little Words" was never banned.

Spleen is a trio of strange and diverse personages. The lead singer, who has yet to sing, alternates instrumentally on flute and what he calls a "harmonic." The guitarist is nine years old and looks like he hasn't had a haircut since he was born. But the most interesting member of this group is Marvin Welt, who will celebrate his seventy-third birthday next week. He plays his own invention, the "guitoilet," a white porcelain toilet bowl strung across the seat with standard bass guitar strings and amplified.

Spleen has been signed for a one-week stand at the Locust A-go-go in Hollywood.

"Now! — another first for KANINE listeners on the Big Daddy Show, the flip side of 'Three Little Words.' It's called 'NO NEW THING,' and I know you're gonna dig it!"

Guitar: B₇ A E B₇
B₇ A E B₇

Guitoilet: bum, bum, bum, vibrasonic flush.

Harmonica: joins in with a piercing whine.

Silence, then the words: "Man cannot utter it."

Guitoilet solo, then silence. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing."

Harmonica solo, then silence. "The sea is not full."

Guitoilet: bum, bum, bum, whoosh!

Fade out with the whisper, "There is no new thing under the sun."

TEEN IDOLS Magazine, March, 1967.
"A Portrait of Spleen"

Hobie Nicewander, age 22.

Sings: lead

Plays: flute and harmonica

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 140

Eyes: black

Hair: dyed purple

Favorite Singer: Hobie Nicewander

Favorite Food: escargots

Most Memorable Experience:
"Watching my mother die."

Joey Sharmon, age 9.

Sings: harmony

Plays: guitar

Height: 4'5½"

Weight: 113

Eyes: blue

Hair: blonde and very long

Favorite Singer: Soupy Sales

Favorite Food: all kinds of anything

Most Memorable Experience:
"Witnessing the primal scene."

Marvin Welt, age 73

Sings: never

Plays: guitoilet

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 130

Eyes: brown

Hair: grey

Favorite Singer: Raquel Welch

Favorite Food: anything soft

Most Memorable Experience:
"Reading *Babbitt*."

"The Living Dead"
(Nicewander-Sharmon-Welt)

I. Hey, you there, you're a verticle corpse
Everything living around you warps.

Chorus (lead and harmony sing):

Lacking, hollow, screaming, dead.

Your life's like sex in bed.

Barren, empty, brain at rest;

Learning nothing, caring less.

II. Hey, you there, you're a walking cadaver
The creed you cherish, inane palaver.

REPEAT chorus.

III. Hey, you there, with the portable crypt
Your cupboard is bare, your mind is stripped.

REPEAT chorus, instrumental fade-out.

PLAYBOY, July, 1967

In less than a year, the trio called Spleen has made history, both in recording sales and in volume of criticism. The talent, intent, and sincerity of this controversial group has been discussed in no less than seventeen national magazines, including *Life*, *Time*, and *Service Station Management*. Rather than pass judgment upon Spleen, *Playboy* sent this interviewer to meet them on their own ground (a plush apartment in Malibu, California), to discover how they feel about themselves and their work. A short biographical sketch may help to shed light upon the complex personalities of these three artists.

Hobie Nicewander, age 22, is Spleen's founder and lead singer. He plays flute and harmonica. Born in East Orange, New Jersey, he spent the early years of his life listening to Negro street singers, where he learned to play harmonica. He attended New York University for one semester, dropping out because it "bugged" him to be so close to Greenwich Village, which he calls "the hotbed of hypocrisy."

Joey Sharmon, age 9, is perhaps the most remarkable of the group. Striking in appearance, his hair extends to his waist, where it is gathered and tied to a belt buckle to support his pants. His baby face does not reflect the four years of experience as guitar accompanist to such diverse artists as Bo Diddley, Soupy Sales, Shirley

Ellis, and Judy Garland. He plays guitar and sings harmony for Spleen.

Marvin Welt, age 73, plays electric guitoilet, an instrument of his own invention, and never sings. Born in Auckland, New Zealand in 1894, his family immigrated to the United States immediately after his birth, settling in Pelham, New York. In the course of his long and active life, he has traveled the world over. He has been employed in many and various jobs: peanut vendor in Thailand, washing machine repairman in Barcelona, and at the tender age of 12, personal catamite to the Mayor of Oxnard, California. He met Hobie Nicewander and Joey Sharmon on Vietnam Day at Berkeley last year, where he was working as self-appointed bellboy in a girls' dormitory.

Spleen was formed in April, 1966. Their first single, "Three Little Words," was released last December. It sold well over a million copies. Since then, all of their subsequent releases, including "Drivel," "Echoes of Baudelaire," and "Coprophagy," have sold at least half a million.

Critics have already written volumes both hailing and assailing the splenetic three. Perce P. Tivity, perhaps Spleen's most favorable critic, calls them "extremely talented and original, distilling mordant social protest with pitiless wit." He goes on to say, "They attack the pomposites and hypocrisies of contemporary life with cutting bitterness. Their comment is brief but savage, backed by forceful melodic blend." B. F. Steatdcele, music critic for the *New York Times*, feels differently. "Literal garbage," he calls their music, "deserving only to be washed down Marvin Welt's guitoilet."

The above compiles only a brief glance at Spleen. The real key to the minds of these three individuals lies, we feel, in their own words as spoken in this informal interview. We at *PLAYBOY* believe this to be a fascinating journey into the character of Spleen.

PLAYBOY: Let's begin with your name. Why Spleen?

HOBIE: Man, it's the way we feel. Spleen is spite, malice, bitterness. We want to speak, but it isn't pretty. We're angry and we're out to enrage others with our insults. Insult people, and maybe you can get them to move, to act.

PLAYBOY: You *do* have a purpose, then—some kind of goal.

HOBIE: We do.

MARVIN: There's something wrong with people today, and they'll never learn what it is by reading philosophy and allegory and archaic Biblical babbling. Maybe the more intelligent people can benefit from these things, but what about the average

idiot who sits stupefied in front of a television set with a can of beer in his hand? You have to SPELL IT OUT for him, and put it in capitals, or else he'll never learn. PLAYBOY: Is this the philosophy behind your first record?

JOEY: In a way, it is. Suppose someone is driving to work and he hears "Three Little Words." We insult him, and he gets pissed off. "Who are they trying to call a fatassed phony?" he says to himself. Later, at the office, he maybe gets bothered and for the first time in his life, he might just begin to think about it.

PLAYBOY: I see. But what about a message? Do you claim to have one?

HOBIE: We have no message *per se*. People are not ready for a message yet. We are merely trying to install the phone, to establish a channel in a hitherto pathless brain. When the phone is installed, it's up to them to dial a number.

JOEY: That's where Dylan made his big mistake.

PLAYBOY: Bob Dylan?

JOEY: Yes. People weren't ready for him. His criticism was too deep: the average listener has yet to penetrate the surface. Worse, the average listener has *no desire* to penetrate. But Dylan came close; he got people to listen, even if they didn't understand.

PLAYBOY: Dylan came close, but you hit the target? By writing criticism at a level and in a medium directed at the average person, you feel you can instill a desire to "penetrate the surface"?

MARVIN: Yes. Through the use of the insult, we attempt to stir to action.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your instruments. How do they enforce your purpose? Joey, what about your guitar?

JOEY: It's the sound. I play it bottleneck style exclusively, because it screams, it's loud, demanding attention. It lends a high-pitched nervousness to the songs. It's suggestive, I like to think, of a mental tug-of-war.

PLAYBOY: What about your flute, Hobie? And why do you call your other instrument a "harmonica"?

HOMIE: This is not an ordinary harmonica. It has undergone a process of conditioning to make it moan. It was marinated in Beaujolais for fifteen days. On the sixteenth day, I wore it around my neck for four hours in a New York subway on a humid August day. Then, one more day of soaking in the wine, and it became a harmonica.

PLAYBOY: So that's how you get the "moan"?

HOBIE: Yes. And I often find it helpful to soak *myself* in wine for a few hours as

well.

PLAYBOY: And how about the flute?

HOBIE: The flute serves as a contrast to Joey's bottleneck style guitar. It's soft, and serves to mollify and knead the mind in preparation for things to come. When they're almost settled in complacent reverie, we let 'em have it with the spleen.

PLAYBOY: Marvin, what about the highly controversial guitoilet? What is its purpose in Spleen?

MARVIN: Well, the strings add a background to the music, of course. But its main effect is in the other sound. What could be more insulting to our listeners than the flush of an electric toilet? What's more, its mere presence onstage is a considerable slap in the face.

PLAYBOY: There's been a bit of criticism of your playing stance, or should I say "squat"? One critic has said, "Seventy-three year old Welt, leaning back on the seat of his guitoilet and plucking the strings in random cacophony, resembles a drooling lecher playing with himself in the first row of a skid row striptease."

MARVIN: Who was that, anyway? Whoever he is, he can get screwed.

PLAYBOY: Your songs, you claim, have a purpose. If not a message, an intent. Your music is rock and roll, rhythm and blues, an occasional ballad. One critic said, "Spleen blends the commentary of Bob Dylan with the searching, sensual blues of the Rolling Stones." This would place you in the folk-rock tradition, would it not?

HOBIE: Man, don't classify us. We're everything and we're nothing. To call us folk-rock takes the emphasis off the rock. To call us rock-folk dilutes the strength of the folk. And there's more to it than both of these anyway. It's a Happening, man, everything we sing and cut is a Happening.

PLAYBOY: Before we bring this to a close—next month you will give a concert in Shea Stadium. Tickets have been sold out since the day after they went on sale. How do you feel about performing for fifty-five thousand people?

MARVIN: How do they feel about listening to us? We'll be the same.

JOEY: May I make a comment on your magazine to close out the interview?

PLAYBOY: Please do.

JOEY: It stinks. It consists of a rancid blend of the fallowness of "The Wasteland" and the empty, meaningless, mechanical sex of *Brave New World*. I would rather spend ten minutes with a wrinkled, ugly, toothless whore than possess a lifetime subscription to your sterile publication.

END.

"The Haunted Carbuncle" (Nicewander-Welt)

A brief but poignant harmonica intro.

"Your beauty isn't even skin deep."

Guitoilet enters with a doubleflush.

"Your mind is a carbuncle."

Guitar, off key, jars in.

"Your thoughts and words are transparent boils."

Bottleneck slides up fretboard and all music stops.

"We're going to haunt you."

Resume music, repeat bottleneck slide and stop.

"LANCE THOSE BABIES!"

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE,
August 17, 1967.

SPLEEN FILLS SHEA STADIUM

Last night, 55,000 people watched in complete awe as Spleen performed in a two-hour, break-free concert. The largest ticketless crowd since the Beatles' concert less than two years ago was turned away. This writer was present at both performances, and what a difference!

At the Beatles' concert in the summer of 1965, sixty-one young girls were injured, two hospitalized. The quartet was protected from the screaming capacity crowd by three rows of sawhorses and a human chain of policemen. The noise was incessant, and no music could be heard in spite of the amplification and universally located speakers.

Last night, 55,000 people, ranging in age from twelve to fifty, filed noiselessly into the stadium and waited patiently for the show to begin. When Spleen appeared, there was scattered applause, but this was soon silenced by Hobie Nicewander, the group's lead singer. "I will tell you one time only—*no* applause," he demanded. "If I hear so much as one isolated clap, we are going to walk out of this place."

From that moment on, for the next two hours, the only other sound other than Spleen was an occasional cough.

Spleen sang all of its recorded songs, plus new and never-before-heard numbers like "Jonathan Swift for Cretins," "Another American Tragedy," and "Slobber."

At the end of the performance, the crowd left noiselessly, and the crew of two hundred policemen disbanded, unchallenged and amazed.

"The Poetic Mandrill"

(Sharmon-Nicewander)

Las'time I was down Borneo way,

A baboon saw me and called out, "Hey!

I think that I shall never see
A urinal lovely as a tree."

Who do you love?

Who do you love?

"I spent fourteen hours in a
bubble bath

Peelin' the skins off grapes of
wrath.

Brought dope through the border
inside a surfboard

Cut the Virgin Mary's umbilical
cord."

Who do you love?

Who do you love?

"Fadiman, Sheen and Kinsey
too

They're not gonna tell me what
to do.

I see you walking, other side of
the street

Like parallel lines we'll never
meet."

Who do you love?

Who do you love?

"Here it is—NOW—a KANINE exclusive—a live interview with Spleen! Spleen—the biggest, hippest, boss-est group in the world! This is Earl "Big Daddy" Falcon backstage at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Spleen has just completed a personal appearance, and *what a performance!* What a show, Spleen fans. Here they are now—just walking out of their dressing rooms—the crowd left for home long ago, proud—I'm sure to have been a part of this historic event. Boys! Over here, please. I guess I'm not the first to be con-

gratulating you for your phenomenal performance—I just wish all our listeners could have been here tonight!"

"Well, thank you, Big Daddy."

"You were out of this world! Stage presence, confidence, SOUL, you had it all! I'm now speaking with Hobie Nicewander, the lead singer. Hobie, how did you do it?"

"LSD."

"What?"

"LSD. Instant relief from hangups. You ought to try it, man."

"Hobie, I'm sorry, but I'll have to—we're on the air—live—"

"Don't cut me off, fat man, give me that mike. Listen to me, you people. Try it—see yourself, see the world. LSD, the miracle elixer—don't cut me off, fat man, DON'T CUT ME—"

"You'll Be a Limbo Starr"

(Nicewander-Welt)

Mow your lawn, wash your car.
Turn on the ball game, light a
cigar.

Kid needs a haircut, dog needs
a bath.

Feed the kid dinner, help him
with his math.

Brush your teeth, clean your
face.

You've done your job for the
human race.

Get into bed, turn out the light.
Bid your wife a rough good-
night.

One fine day you're going to
die

Never knowing the reason
why.

The world you know will cease
Darkness comes, you cannot
see.

Your eyes are blind, your ears
can't hear.

You cannot touch, you reel in
fear.

Step out assured, don't try to
hide:

It's the same as it was before
you died.

TIME Magazine, November 3,
1967

SPLEEN SPLITS SCENE Last week's sudden disappearance of Spleen, the trio of oft-debated sincerity but unexcelled popularity, was explained by a delayed letter addressed to "The Fatassed Phonies of the World," c/o the President of the United States.

Spleen is gone for good, much to the dismay of the frenetic folks at IRASCIBLE RECORDS, with whom they broke contract as well as contact. The letter, verbatim:

"In 1913, at the age of 71, Ambrose Bierce disappeared into Mexico. His last formal statement was, 'If you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags please know that I think it a pretty good way to depart this life.' Spleen has given up. We are going after Bierce."

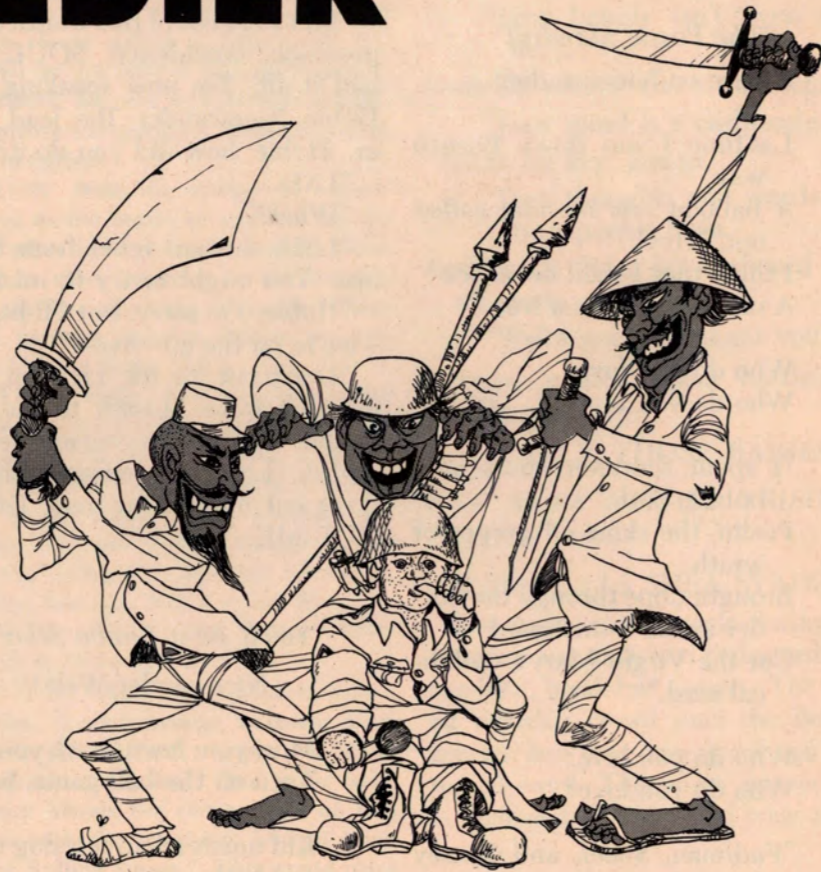
Spleen is gone, following the path of disillusionment left by the cynical journalist-poet-fabler fifty-four years ago. No one has found a trace of Ambrose, but perhaps one day in the distant future someone will uncover the shattered but unmistakable remains of Marvin Welt's guitoilet.



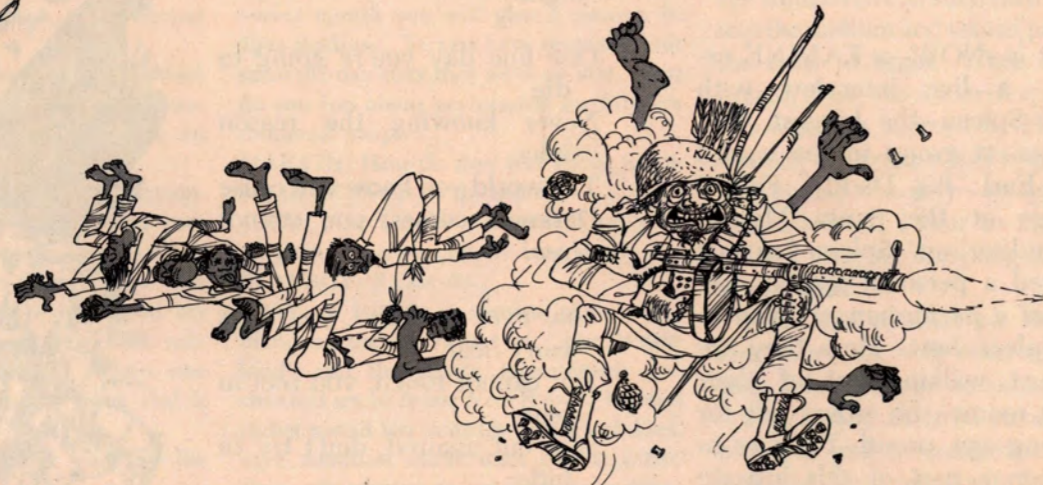
THE SOLDIER

as seen by...

his mother



his close buddies



the pacifist

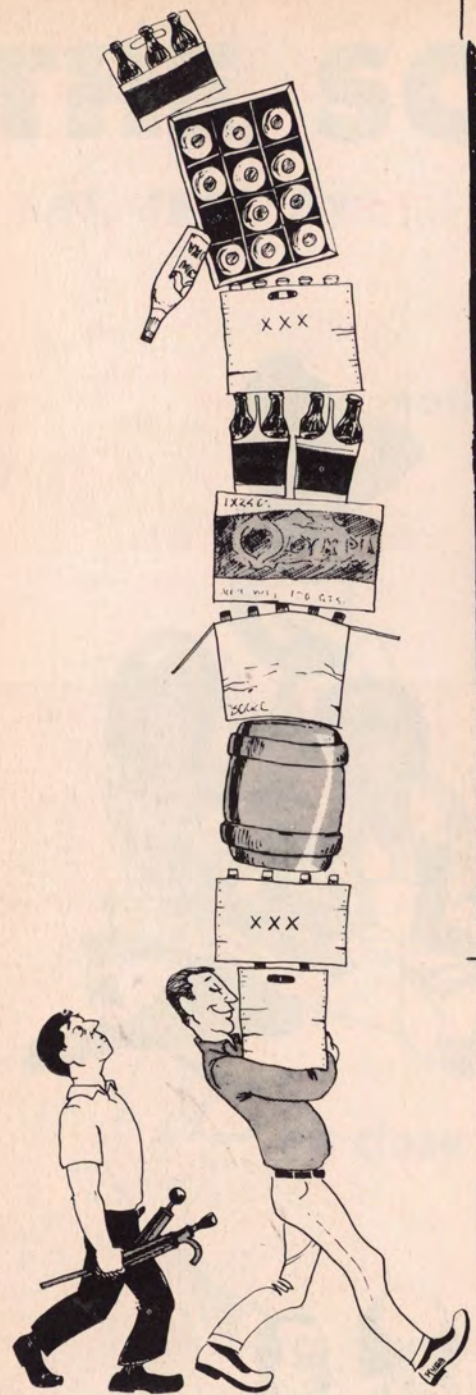
the Viet Cong



the girl back home



himself



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DA 2-2214

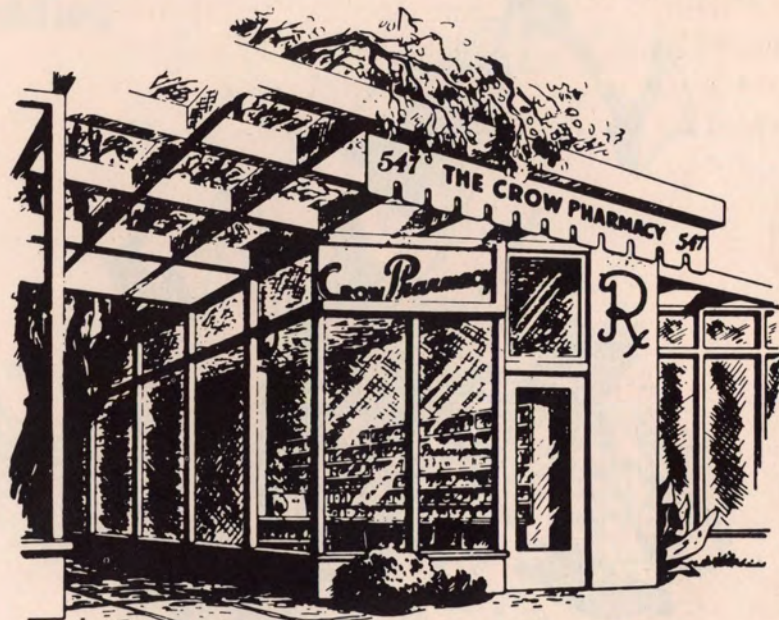
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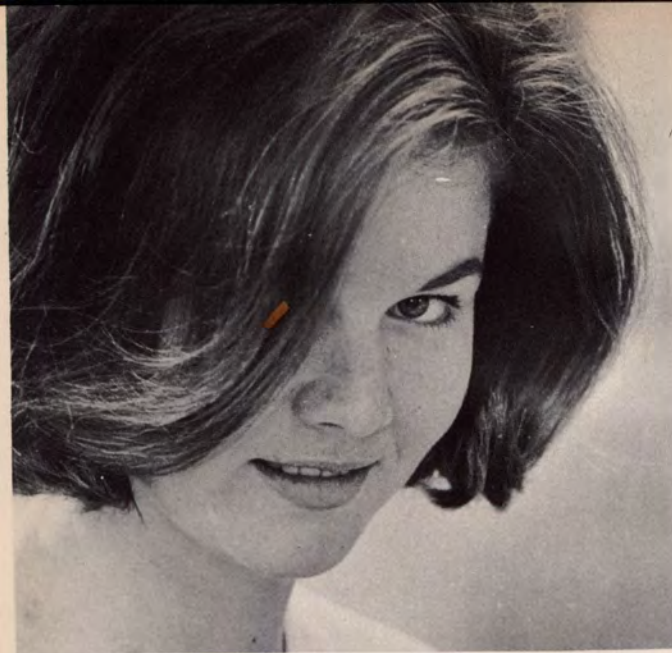
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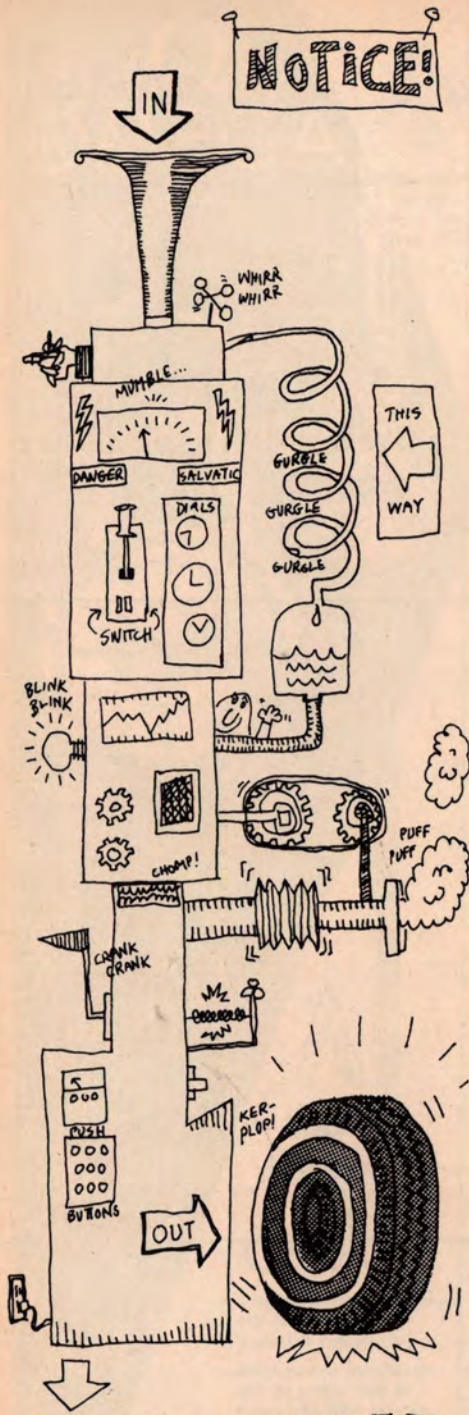
Hours: Monday through Friday: 8:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.
Saturday 8:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.



THE OLD BOY is very happy to have the succulent Miss Pamela Muller contribute some beauty to his otherwise somber mag. Miss Muller is a Junior transfer with a 4.0 GPA. She's majoring in Eastern Asian Hydraulics. Pamela lives in a steam tunnel somewhere in the vicinity of the RBR. She sings, dances, and does a passable imitation of James Cagney. The only guys she likes look like R. Mike Wright, which limits the field quite narrowly. Last summer she worked on construction down at Milpitas. Actually all this stuff is a big lie (except for R. Mike Wright) and if you want to know the truth about Pamela Muller, her steam tunnel hours are 2 to 4 M., W., and Th. The Old Boy thinks Pam is the best reason he's found for having transfer students.





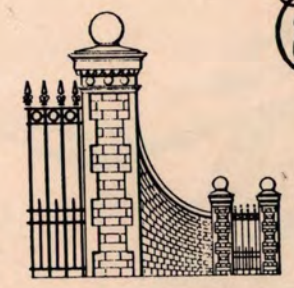


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Sharon Heights

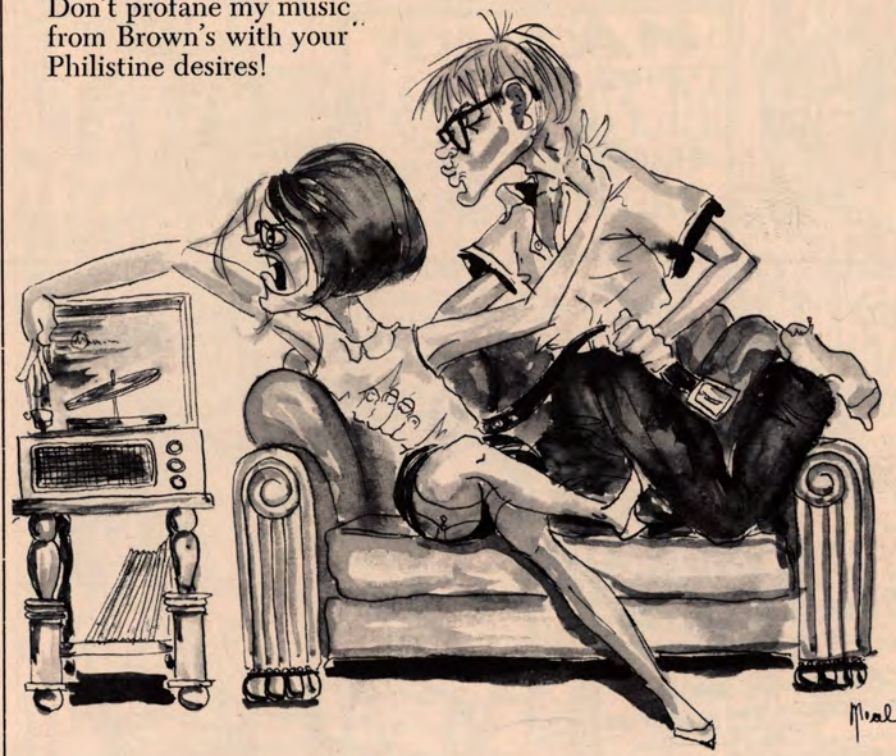


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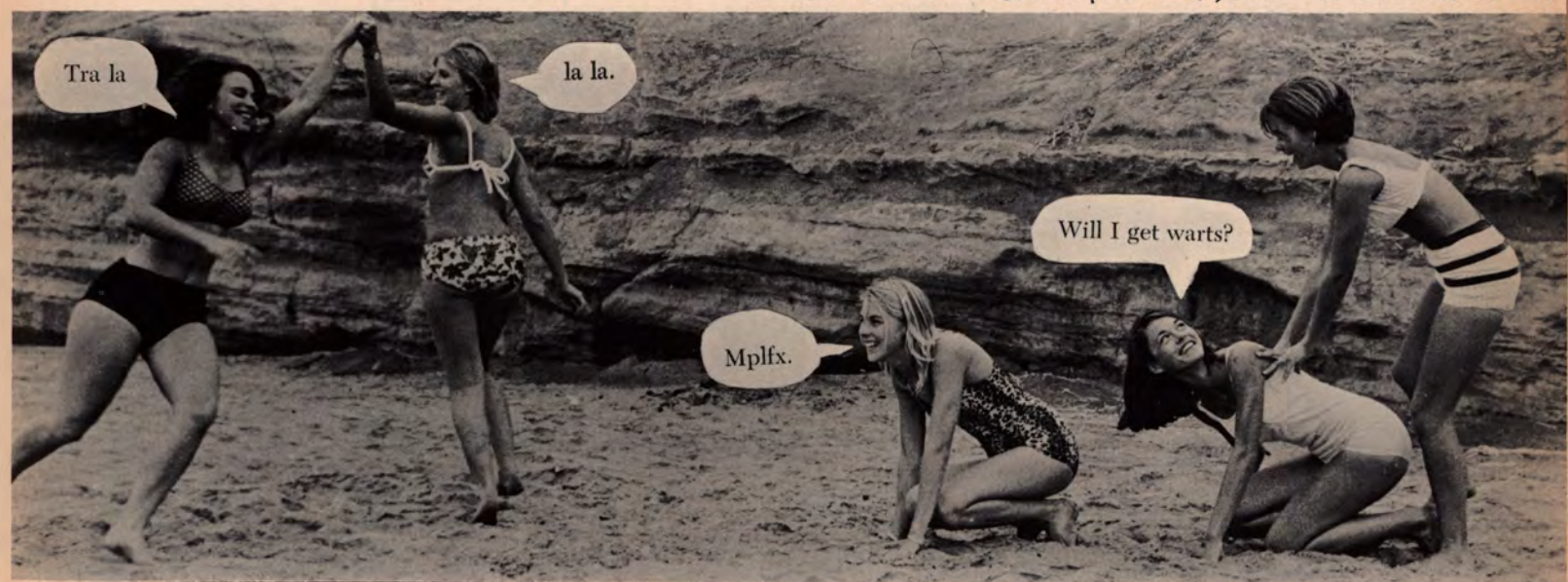
The Battle of San Gregorio Beach

STARRING

Voluptuous PAMELA BEACH
 Unforgettable THE OLD BOY
 Special Effects, MIKE RUGG
 Cinematography, J. TELFER
 With some lovelies from Branner
 and Durand and assorted uglies
 from Lake Lagunita.

Filmed in Black and White and Fog

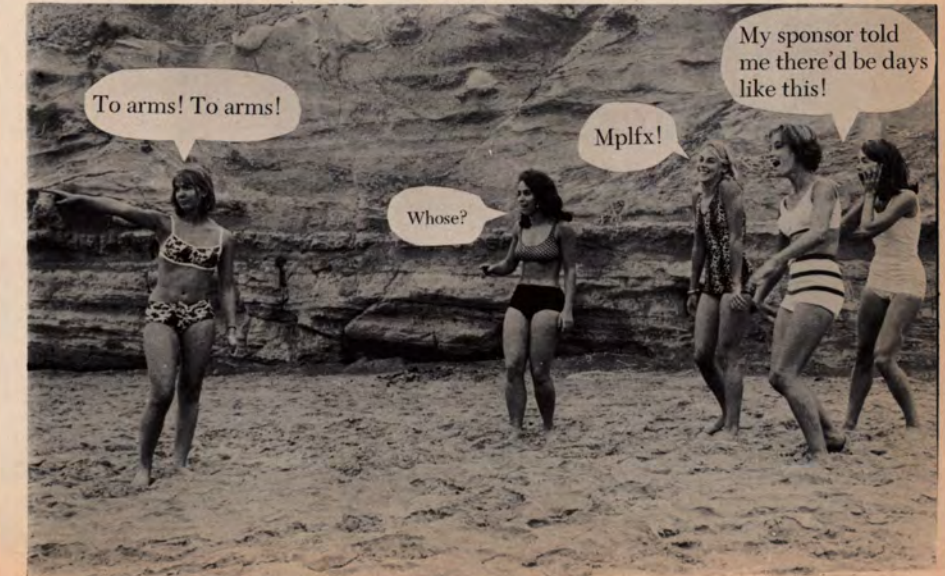
IT WAS A BALMY DAY ON REMOTE SAN GREGORIO BEACH. THE SUN WAS SHINING, THE SEA-GULLS WERE SINGING, AS A HANDFUL OF INNOCENT YOUNG PIES FROM NEARBY STANFORD FARM PLAYED CHILDREN'S GAMES, MERRILY, UPON THE WARM SANDS...



SUDDENLY THE PEACE IS SHATTERED BY A SAVAGE HORDE EMERGING FROM THE MENACING SURF!



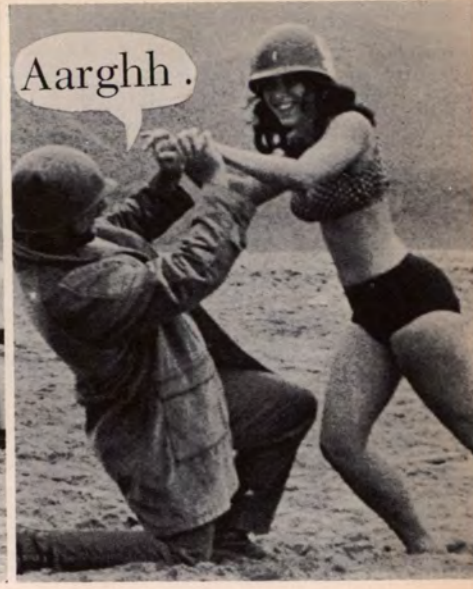
THE INNOCENT YOUNG PIES ESPY THE HORDE WITH STARK TERROR!



WITH MEPHISTOPHELIAN DISCIPLINE, THE HORDE RECONNOITERS THE BEACH-HEAD...

MEANWHILE, THE INNOCENT YOUNG PIES HAVE READIED THEMSELVES FOR THE ENCOUNTER...

THE BATTLE RAGES ON, NIP AND TUCK! THE EVENTUAL OUTCOME IS INDEED QUESTIONABLE!



THE SAVAGE HORDE PREPARES TO CHARGE!

[INTERMISSION]

BUT UNBEKNOWNST, THE PIES HAVE AN ACE IN THE HOLE, SO TO SPEAK...

AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE PIES RETREAT!!!



PART TWO: WITH VILLAINOUS VIRULENT VICIOUS VITUPEROUS VINDICATIVE VIOLENT ABANDON, THE HORDE ATTACKS!

THE HORDE IS LEFT MOMENTARILY STUPEFIED BY THE PIES' UNEXPECTED DEPARTURE...

(UNEXPECTED DEPARTURE)
↓



RECOVERING THEIR SENSES, THE HORDE REGROUPS TO PURSUE!

THE CHASE IS ON!

THE PIES REJOICE AND POINT WITH DISDAIN AT THE CRUMPLED HORDE. THEN, AS AMY GIVES THE HORDE A FINAL DISDAINFUL EPITHET, THEY RETURN TO THEIR MERRY GAMES...



Hey guys! We got 'em on the run!

After 'em! Victory is ours!

They're as good as licked now!



Hey, Wild Bill, wait fer me!

BUT UPON ROUND-HORDE IS CONFRONT THAT STOPS THEM HALTS THEM DEAD PARALYZES THEM WHY, IT'S THE ...



Take gas, muscle beach!



la la.

Tra la

BUT THEIR FROLICKING IS SHORT-LIVED AS ...

ING A CORNER, THE TED WITH A SIGHT IN THEIR TRACKS... IN THEIR BOOTS... IN THEIR SANDALS! SECRET WEAPON!



Zonk.

Zonk.

Zonk.

Zonk.

hot damn!

THE SECRET WEAPON!



What's that black thingie on the beach?



RUSHING DOWN THE BEACH (FORGETTING THE GREAT LESSON OF HISTORY LEARNT AT TROY AND OTHER PLACES, NO DOUBT) THE PIES CURIOUSLY SURROUND THE OMINOUS COFFIN...

THE BEWITCHING CHARM OF THE RAVISHING SECRET WEAPON'S VOLUPTUOUS AND PULCHRITUDINOUS BOD ASSAULTS THE HORDE'S LIBIDO WITH SUCH EXQUISITE ECSTASY THAT IT KNOCKS THEM COLD!



GLEEP

THE COFFIN CREAKS OPEN! THE SECRET WEAPON SWOONS! WHY, IT MUST BE ...

YES IT IS! THAT EPITOME OF MALENESS, THAT GOLDEN SECTION OF MANHOOD IN THE FLESH ... THE OLD BOY!



It's opening!

Some thingie's INSIDE!

Swoon!

Creak, creak ...



Worship.

Praise.

Mplfx!

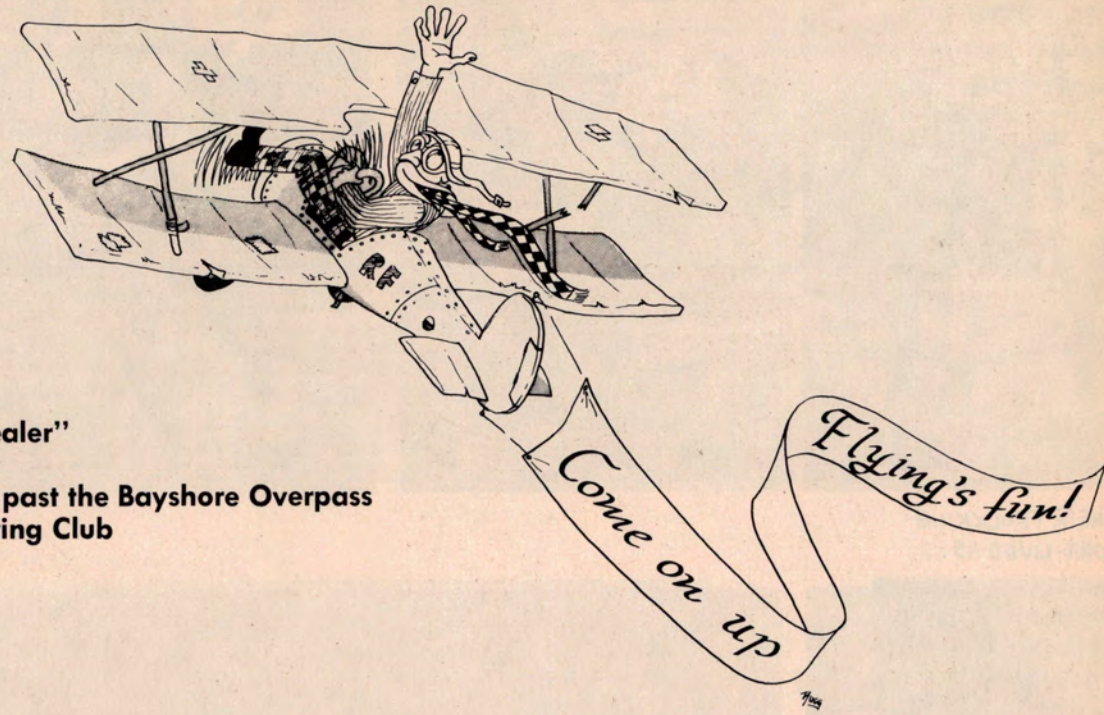
Adulation.

stoke

Once again Man has triumphed!

END?

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TIM HAIGHT
 &/OR DRAWN BY
 KANDERSON



...IT STRIKES ME AS A
 REVOLUTION OF EXPECTATION
 BASED ON LATENT VIET-LAO-
 DONG CENTRISM...

...OH, RATHER, I'D SAY IT'S
 A SOCIO-ECONOMIC PAN-ORIENTISM
 ALONG MAO-GIAP-JOHN FOSTER
 DULLES LINES...

...PERHAPS MORE OF A QUASI-
 NATIONALIST SINO-SOVIET
 CROOKED-STRAIGHT
 DIPLOMACY...



...SIR, THE V.C. IS MOVING FROM
 THE IRON SQUARE TO THE BAMBOO
 CIRCLE! WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

...BOMB THE HELL
 OUT OF THEM!

...NO, I THINK IT'S RATHER A
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 STATUS DRIVE...

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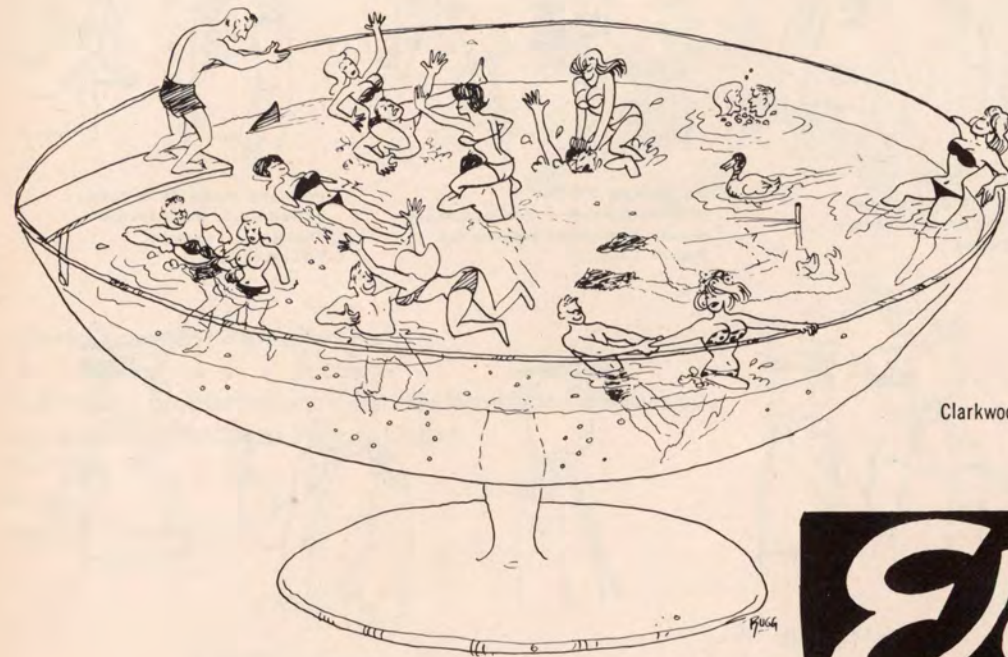
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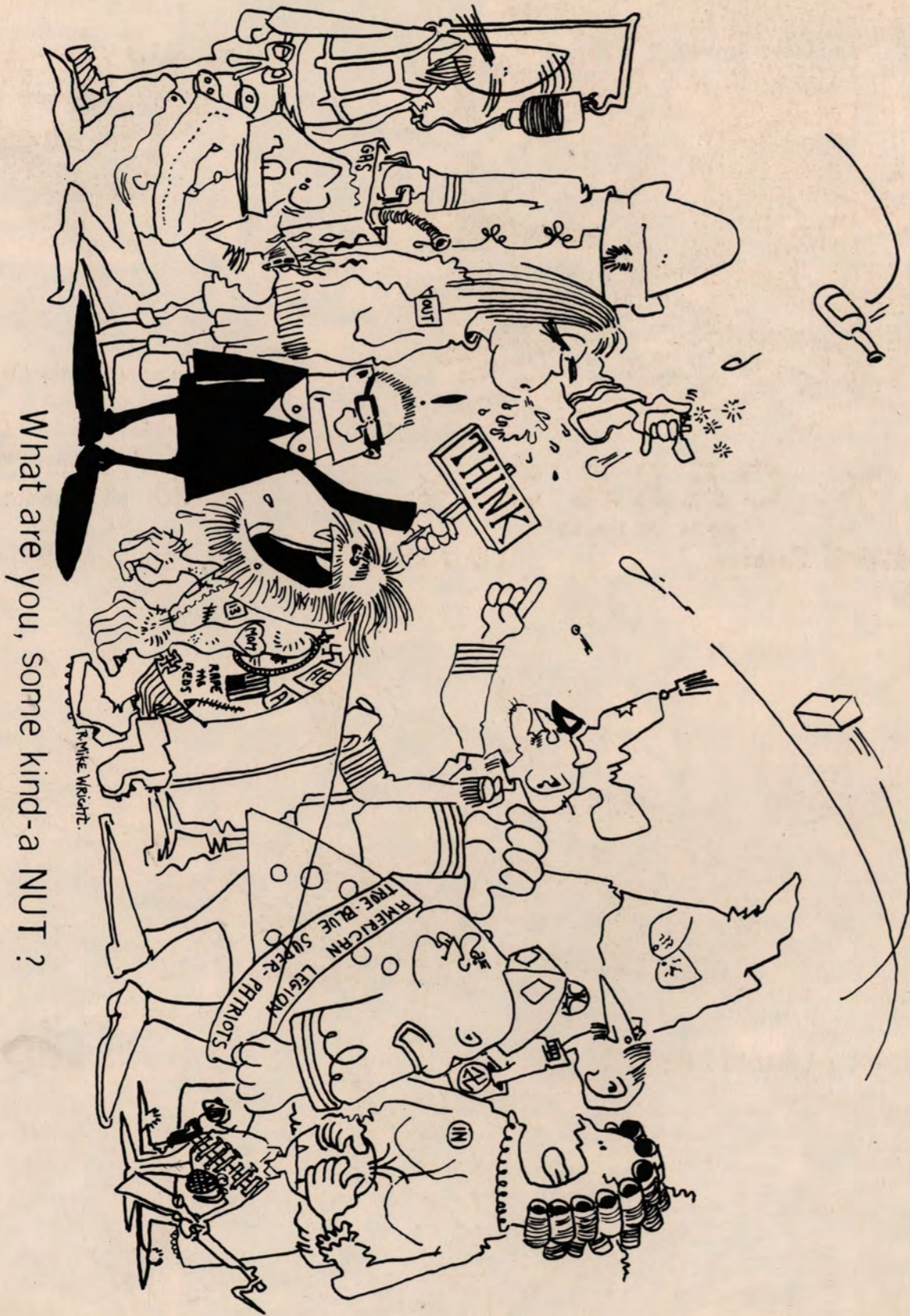
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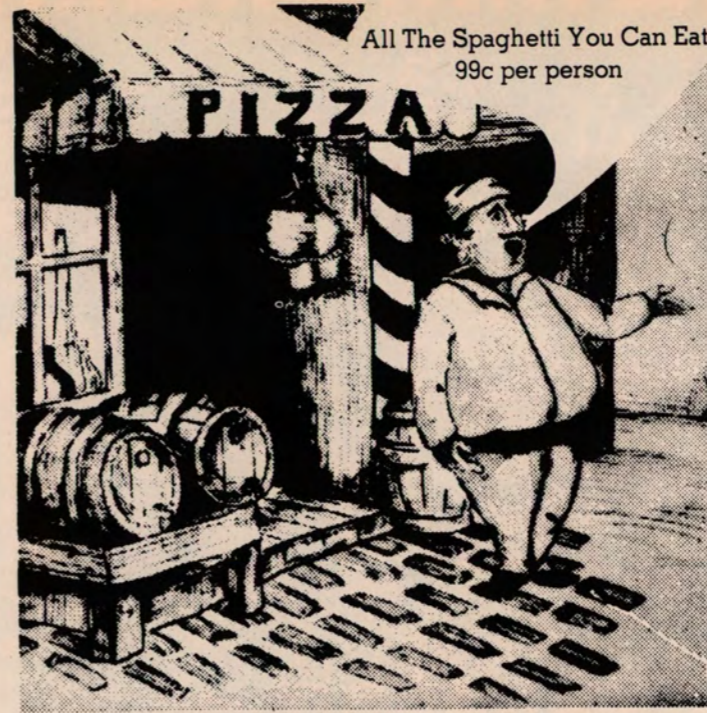
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What are you, some kind-a NUT?

FRANK WRIGHT



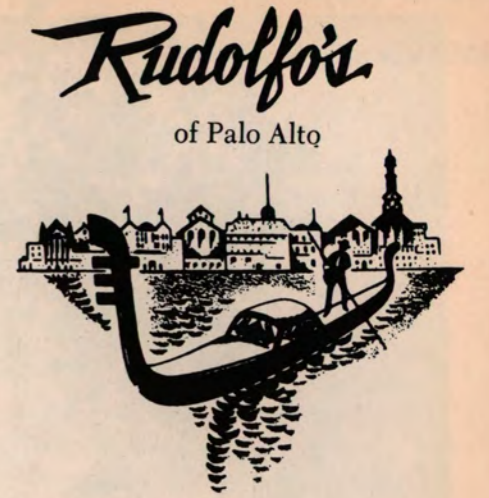
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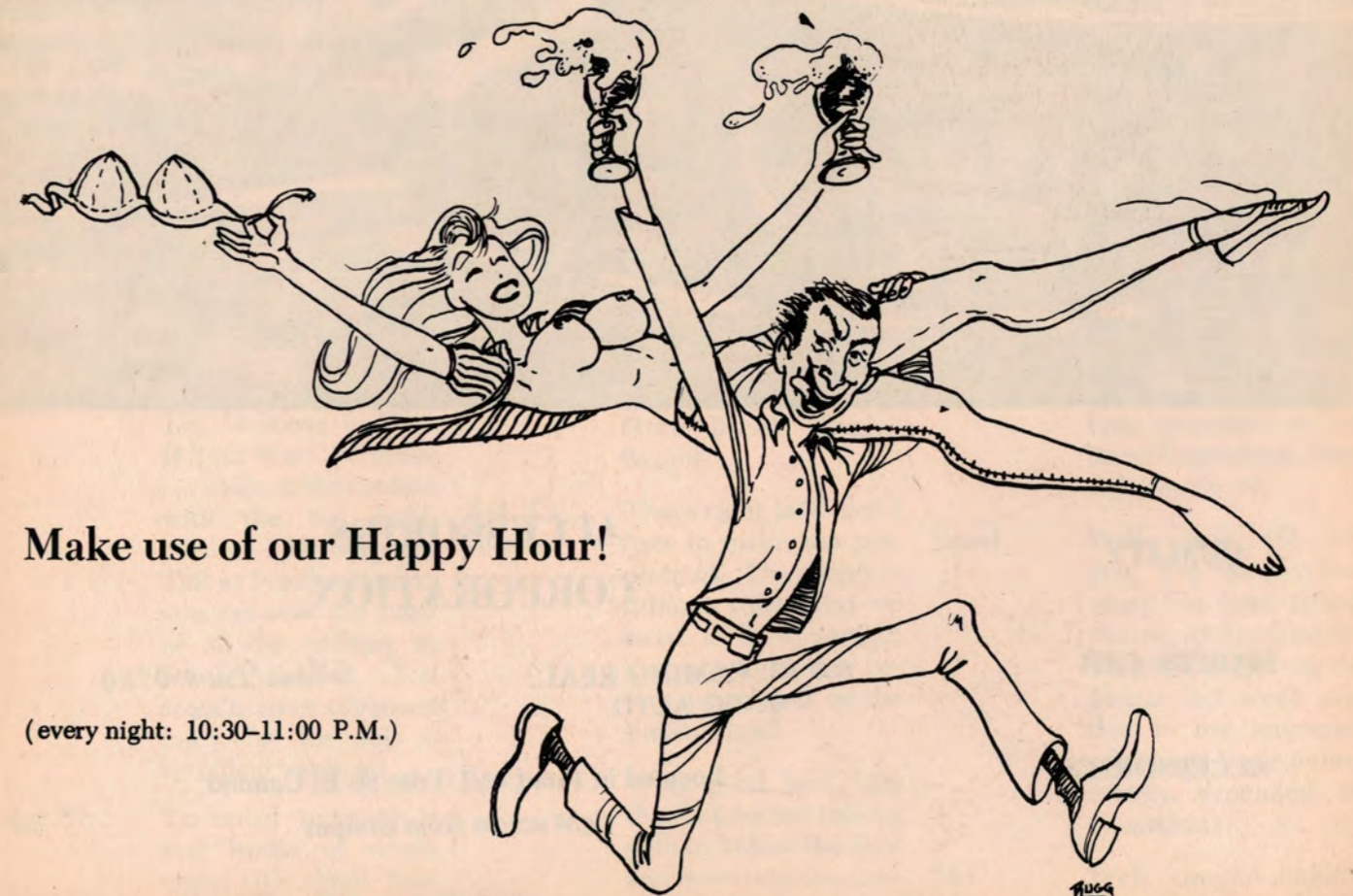
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this is your war

Richard Murdock &

Nevin van de Streek

(The following is transcribed, whatever that means).

Announcer: The following show is brought to you in living color, live from Pey Ton Place, South Vietnam, via the Early Bird Satellite. (Camera pans over a flooded rice field with background music, the Colonel Bogey March, and finally comes to rest on a small pillbox. Inside is a smiling American dressed in a grey suit. . .)

M.C.: Welcome to another in the continuing series of wartime drama shows brought to you each Tuesday and Thursday night at this time. I'm Jack Loos-coolie, your host on tonight's episode of "This Is Your War." The fight should start in just a little while, but right now, we're fortunate enough to have with us, the new head of the 422nd governing council of South Vietnam, ah. . . let me check my file cards. . . ah, yes! T/Sgt. Ky Delt Thi. Welcome to "This Is Your War," Sergeant . . . smile at the camera with the red light, please. . . Ah, Sergeant Thi, as I understand it, you are now the head of all the military in South Vietnam. You seem to have advanced fairly far for only a technical sergeant. . .

Sgt. Thi: Technical sergeant is real leader of whole army. It's about time people realize that the

army is run by the technical sergeants and not by the officers. Besides, I haven't been commander of South Vietnam yet and it's my turn.

M.C.: Looking at the record I see that your team has lost its last three engagements. So you think you'll pull out of your slump tonight?

Sgt. Thi: Well Jack, it's hard to say. As you know, we've had a little trouble with the right end of our offensive line. However, we've been working out some new strategies that should help us win tonight.

M.C.: Yes, and tonight is a big one for you, isn't it, Sarge?

Sgt. Thi: That's right Jack. A win tonight would mean that we would be only a half game out.

M.C.: I'm sure that both you and your men want to win tonight and keep in the running for the Rice Bowl. Right, Sarge?

Sgt. Thi: That's right Jack. But I hate to make any predictions. The enemy is a tough squad and we have a fight tonight and two tomorrow before we go back on the Pleiku Road.

M.C.: Well, good luck, and thanks a lot for talking with us before the fight and wave into the camera with the red light.

Sgt. Thi: (waving) Good night Jack, and good night, Mom. (leaves).

M.C.: And now, in a few more minutes, our next guest should arrive. Ah, here he comes now. Folks, I want you to meet Comrade Ka Mee Sneek, leader of the Viet Cong for tonight's engagement. Good to see you again, Sneek.

Sneek: Thanks, Jack, it's good to be here again.

M.C.: Tell me, Sneek, you've been hurt pretty bad by injuries to your defensive squad. What kind of shape is the defense in for tonight's fight?

Sneek: Well, Jack, I brought in some replacements from a few leagues up north. The boys really have high averages. One was hitting .525 in Tibet, and they have fit in quite well, Jack. We should be in great shape tonight.

M.C.: I notice that you've been promoted to Political Commissar. How did you do it?

Sneek: Well, Jack, I'll tell you. For the last few years I've been taking courses at Stanford-in-Vietnam. I got my diploma last week and due to my increased education I was immediately promoted to Commissar.

M.C.: Well, congratulations! Would you mind tell-

ing me and the viewers back home just why you're fighting in Vietnam? Are you trying to extinguish the forces of an already decadent capitalism and at the same time extend the power of the Marxist-Maoist branch of International Communism?

Sneek: No, actually I'm fighting to get the Americans out of South Vietnam. With 125,000 American soldiers in Vietnam it's damned impossible to get a date. You wouldn't believe the ratio. I thought Stanford-in-Vietnam was bad, but this is ridiculous.

M.C.: Gee, Sneek, I had no idea. . .

Sneek: You bet you had no idea. Why I'm so horny I could. . .

M.C.: Well thanks a lot, Comrade Ka Mee Sneek for being with us tonight before the fight and, before you go, wave to the folks back in the U.S.A.

Sneek: (Scowling). (Into the camera with the red light). Yankee, you die! I spit on your ugly country, but please send more Coca-Cola. (leaves).

M.C.: Well that about wraps up the pre-fight interviews. Looking out onto the battlefield, I see that both teams have taken up their positions, and the action will get underway right after we hear the National Anthem. (National Anthems are played, sung by Robert Goulet, who still doesn't know the words. . .)

M.C.: Well, there's the first shot of the evening, folks. Let's switch to our fearless cameraman on the battlefield to get some close-up shots of the action. . .

(Picture switches to a close-up of the battlefield and focuses upon the raging battle. A close-up shot is given of an American soldier who abruptly pitches backward, having been shot in the head by a sniper's bullet.)

M.C.: Wow! Did you see that? The way the bullet pierced his helmet and then took off half the back of that soldier's head!? Those VC must be using dum-dum bullets. And now let's see if we can view the action again via the fantastic facilities of "Instant Replay."

(The words "Instant Replay" flash on the screen, followed by a repeat performance of soldier's death.)

M.C.: Wow! What action. How about it, Mr. & Mrs. America? Was that soldier who just died your son? the boy next door? your daughter's fiance? Well, we'll find out in just a moment, but first, a word from our sponsor.

(Scene: Three tired and muddy American GI's running full blast to escape a VC ambush. They finally reach the nearby bivouac and sit down inside. One GI starts to talk:)

GI: (puff, puff) Yeah, we were surrounded by the little bastards, and I emptied my burp gun into a crowd of VC,

musta got at least twenty. . . (at this point someone hands him an icy bottle of "coca-cola") . . ." ran outta ammo so me and Sam and Ferd here just had to start running. (Sam and Ferd also guzzle Cokes). All the while I was thinking "God I'd like a Coke about now!" Yes-sir, Coke is great and provides that quick lift and pick-up that I need. (Music of Coke jingle breaks in, finishes).

M.C.: Well, here's what you've all been waiting for. The name of that soldier we saw killed by a sniper's bullet. It was (Camera pans to soldier's body, lying in the rice paddy). . . Specialist 49th Class Fernley K. Dingus of West Eaton, Pennsylvania. So now you know, and all you anxious mothers and sweethearts out there in Videoland can relax now, except for Mr. & Mrs. Dingus of West Eaton, Pennsylvania. All of America weeps with you, Mr. & Mrs. Dingus. And now let's get back to Where the Action Is.

(Camera returns to more shooting, killing and maiming. Suddenly there is a cry from the pillbox. . .)

M.C.: I've been Hit! (Camera pans in on his wound). Don't just pan there, do something!! (Camera switches to close-up lens, zeroes in). MEDIC! MEDIC!!! (Medic comes and starts to administer to the freely bleed-

ing wound, while 80 million viewers look on). Well, folks, now that my bleeding has stopped, I guess we can go on. The latter half of this show has been brought to you through the cooperation of the 422nd Ruling Junta of South Vietnam and the National Liberation Front. Any re-broadcast telecast without the written permission of the Secretary of Defense is prohibited. (A phone is handed to Looscoolie). Telephone? For me? . . . Hello? Oh, hello, Mr. President.

LBJ: (slow Texas drawl) Wull hello Jack. Me and Lady Bird were sitting here watchin yore fine show and we noticed you gettin' wounded. We figured that you'd be convalescin' for a while and wondered if you'd like to come on down to the ranch for a little visit.

M.C.: Well gosh, Mr. President; that's awfully kind. I'd sure like to come down to the ranch.

LBJ: Okay, boy, see ya thar. (hangs up).

M.C.: He's all heart. Well that's about it for tonight folks. Be sure and tune in Thursday for more of "This Is Your War." This is Jack Looscoolie saying good night and see you on Thursday if I get back from the ranch. (Credits are superimposed over a close-up of Jack's wound and in the background, Colonel Bogey's March rises.)

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The Round Table

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yes, (gasp), (pant) soon!

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