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“THE PLANET OF THE APES”

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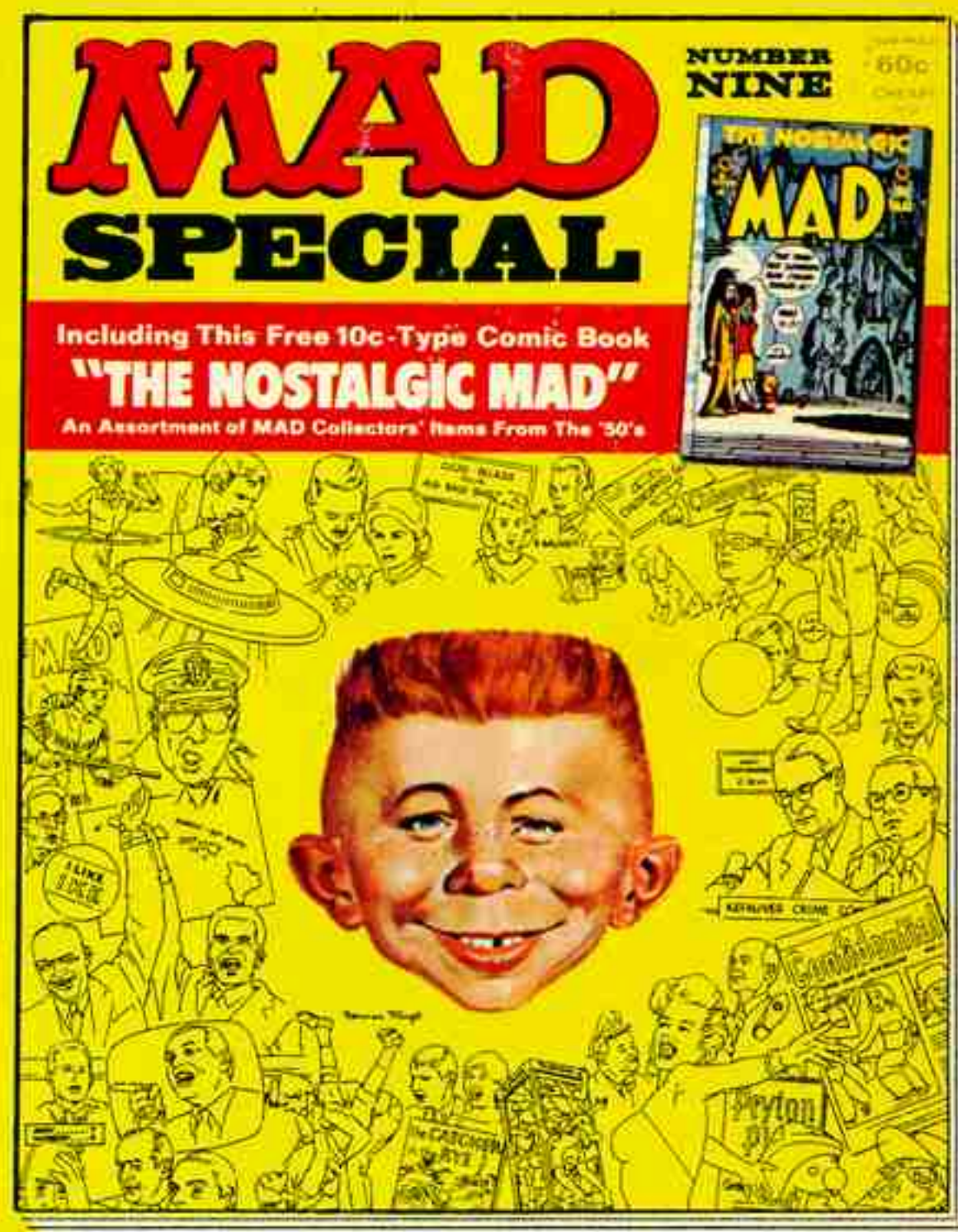
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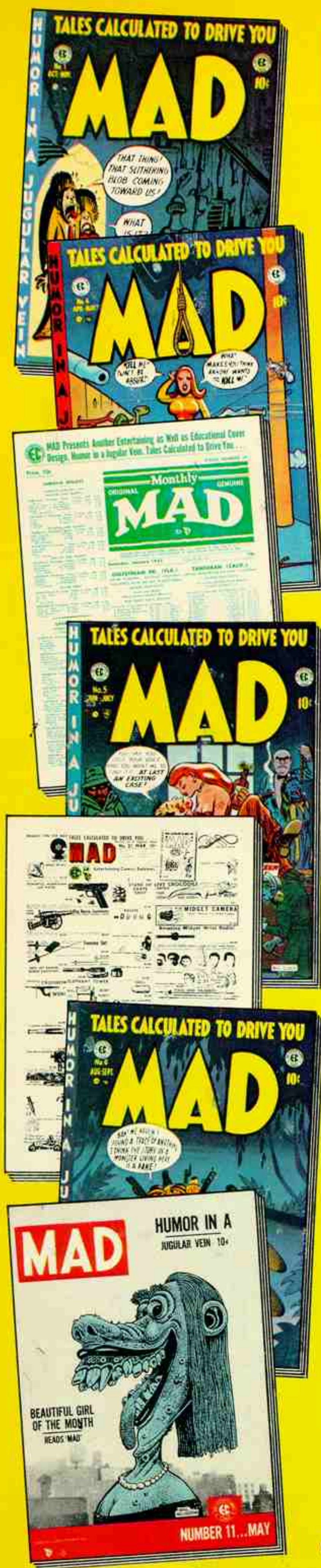
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the usual gang of idiots

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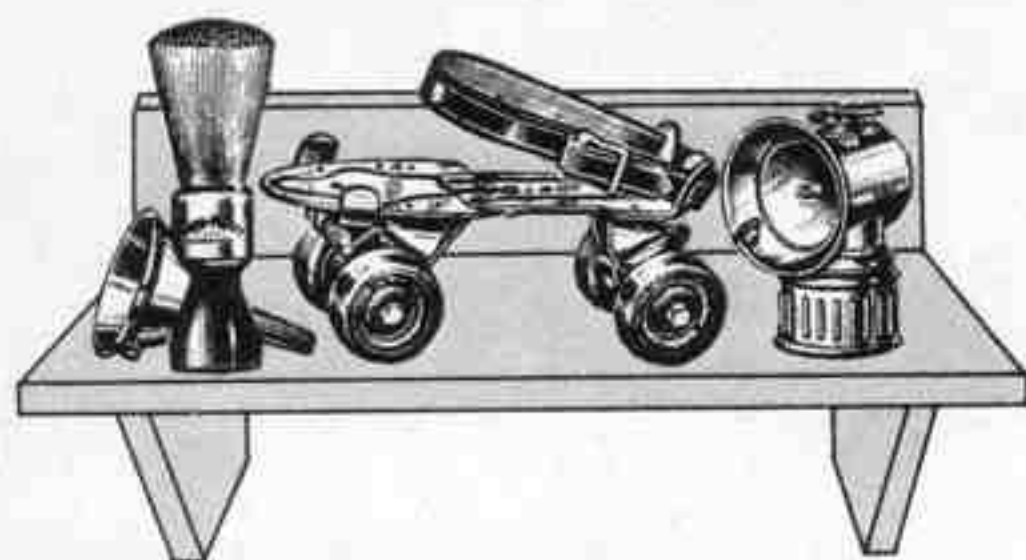
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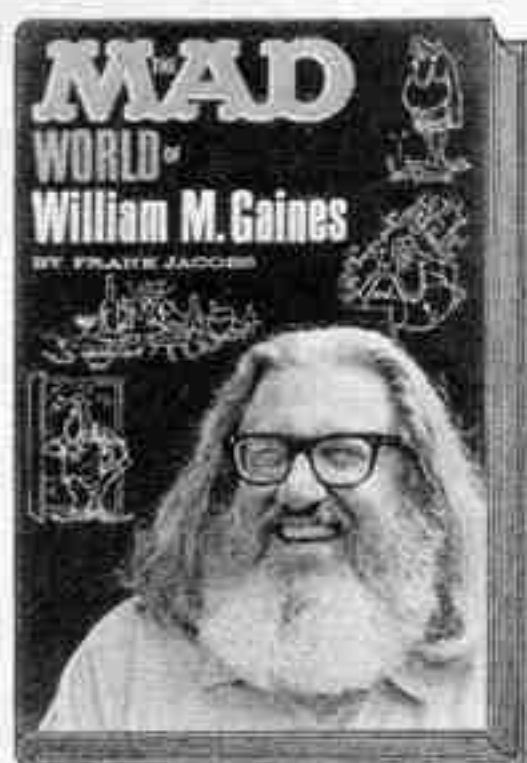
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MONKEY BIG BUSINESS DEPT.

There's a wise old expression that goes: "Leave well enough alone!" It seems that everyone in the world has heard the expression except a certain movie studio that gave us a brilliant science-fiction epic a few years back... and then proceeded to give us sequel after sequel, each one more tiresome and boring than its predecessor. And it doesn't look like there's any end in sight, because we hear they've got at least two more sequels planned. Well, we think they should put a stop to this monkey business! Yep, it's time they quit

THE MI PLANET

FIRST CAME THE ORIGINAL...

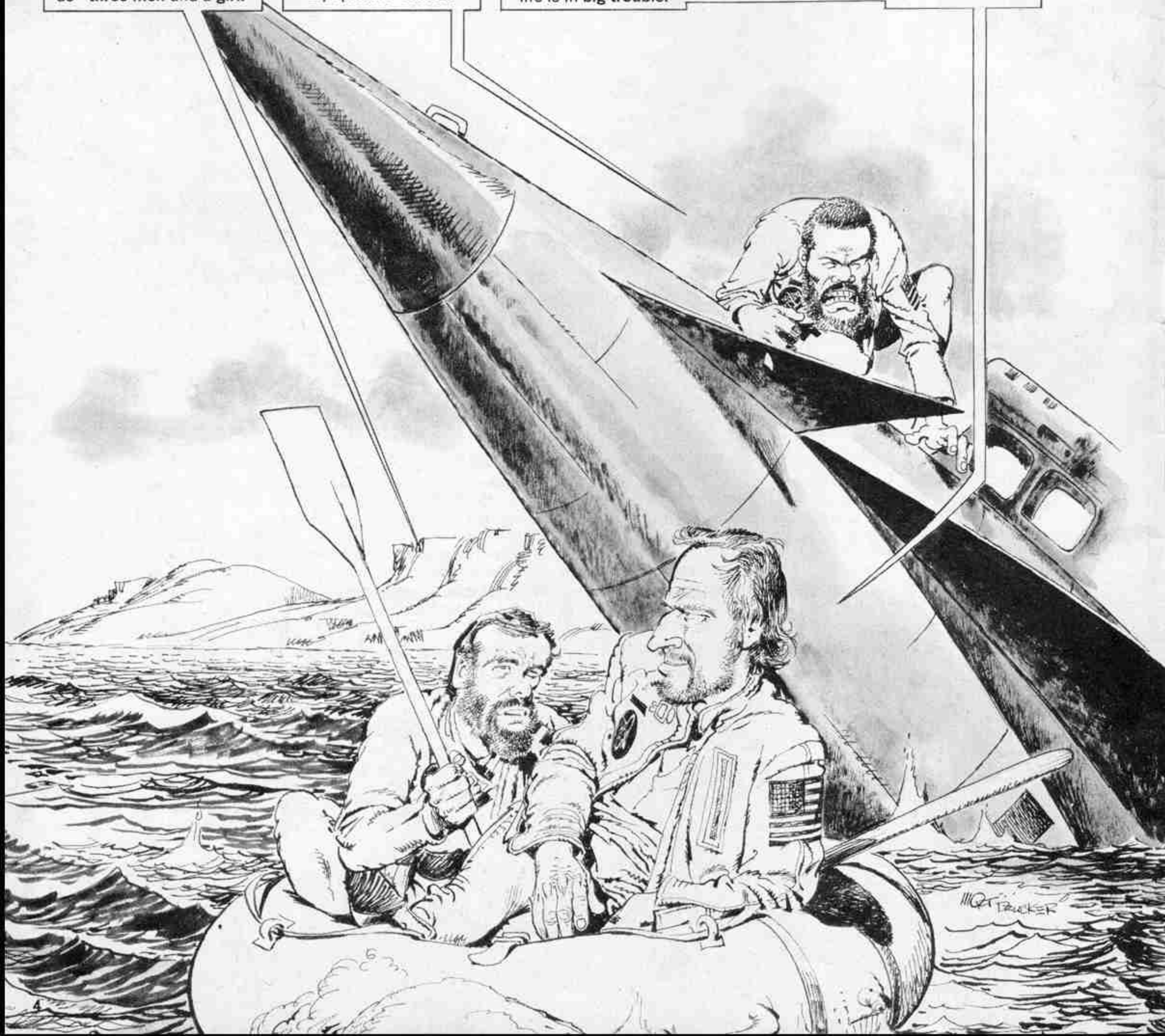
Here we are... 18 months away from Earth... and stranded on this **strange planet!** Just the **four of us**—three men and a girl!

Wrong! The girl astronaut is... **yecch... dead!** Her "Suspended Animation Equipment" failed!

Well, unless one of you guys can **dance backwards**, our social life is in **big trouble!**

We'll never get out of this forbidden place! It'll take a **MIRACLE!!**

Don't look at **ME**, fellas! I used up my quota of miracles in another movie!





LOOKING OF THE THAT WENT APE

"THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

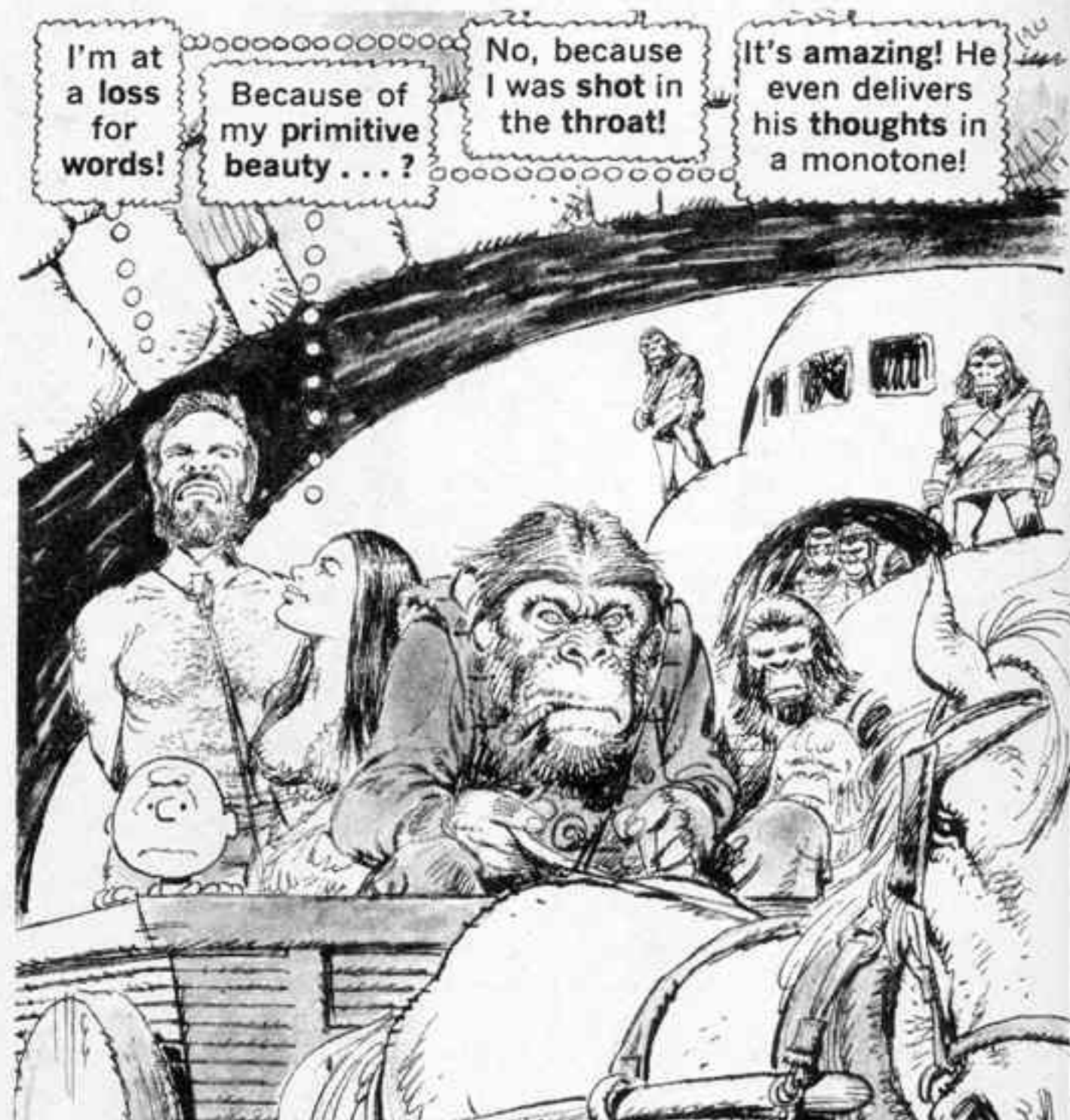


HUMANS!
GET THEM!

THERE'S ONE!
KILL HIM!!

I don't believe it!
A planet where apes
ride horses, and have
superior intelligence!

Listen! Thank God for
small things! It would
be pretty ridiculous
the other way around!



I'm at
a loss
for
words!

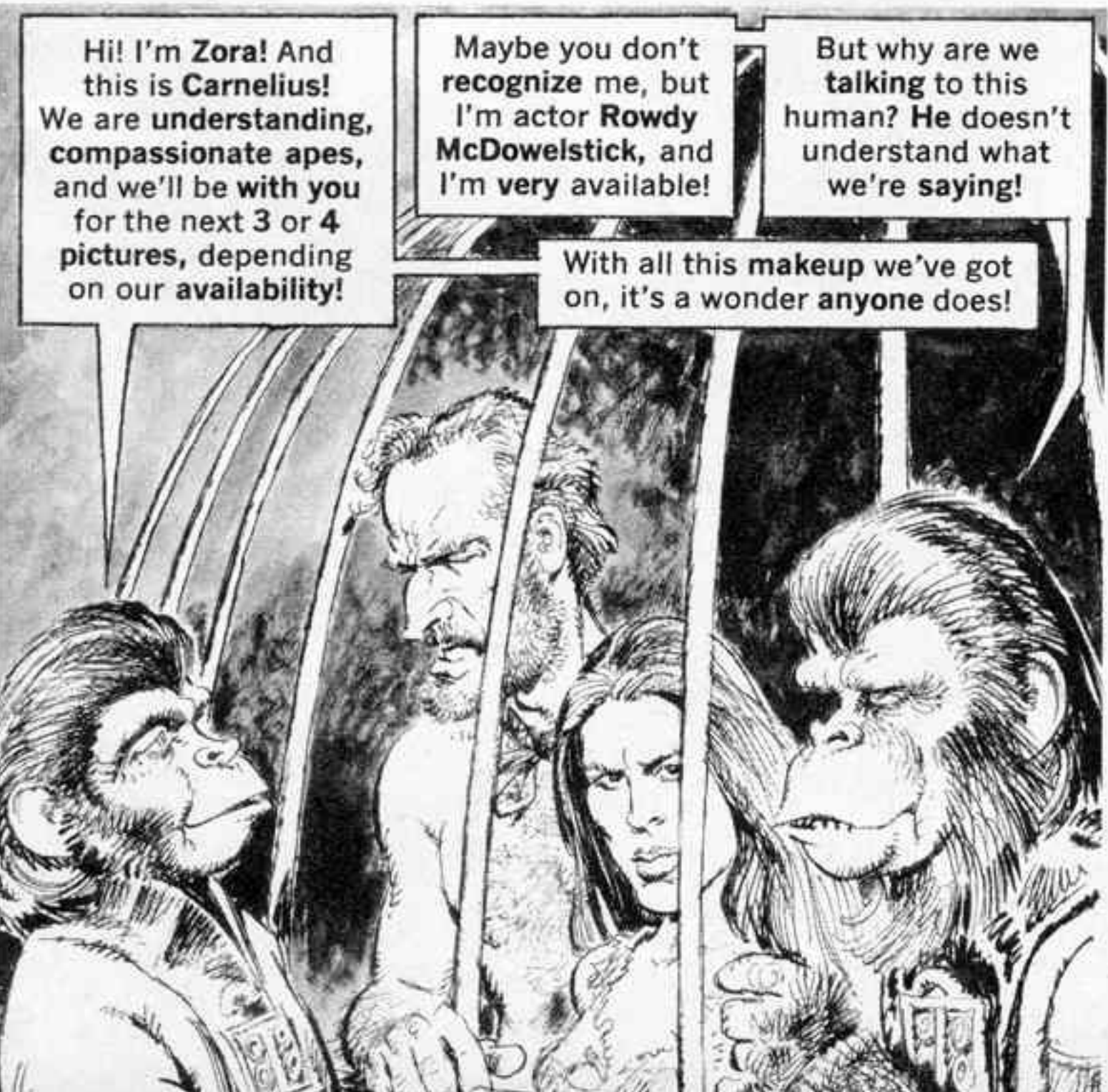
Because of
my primitive
beauty . . . ?

No, because
I was shot in
the throat!

It's amazing! He
even delivers
his thoughts in
a monotone!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

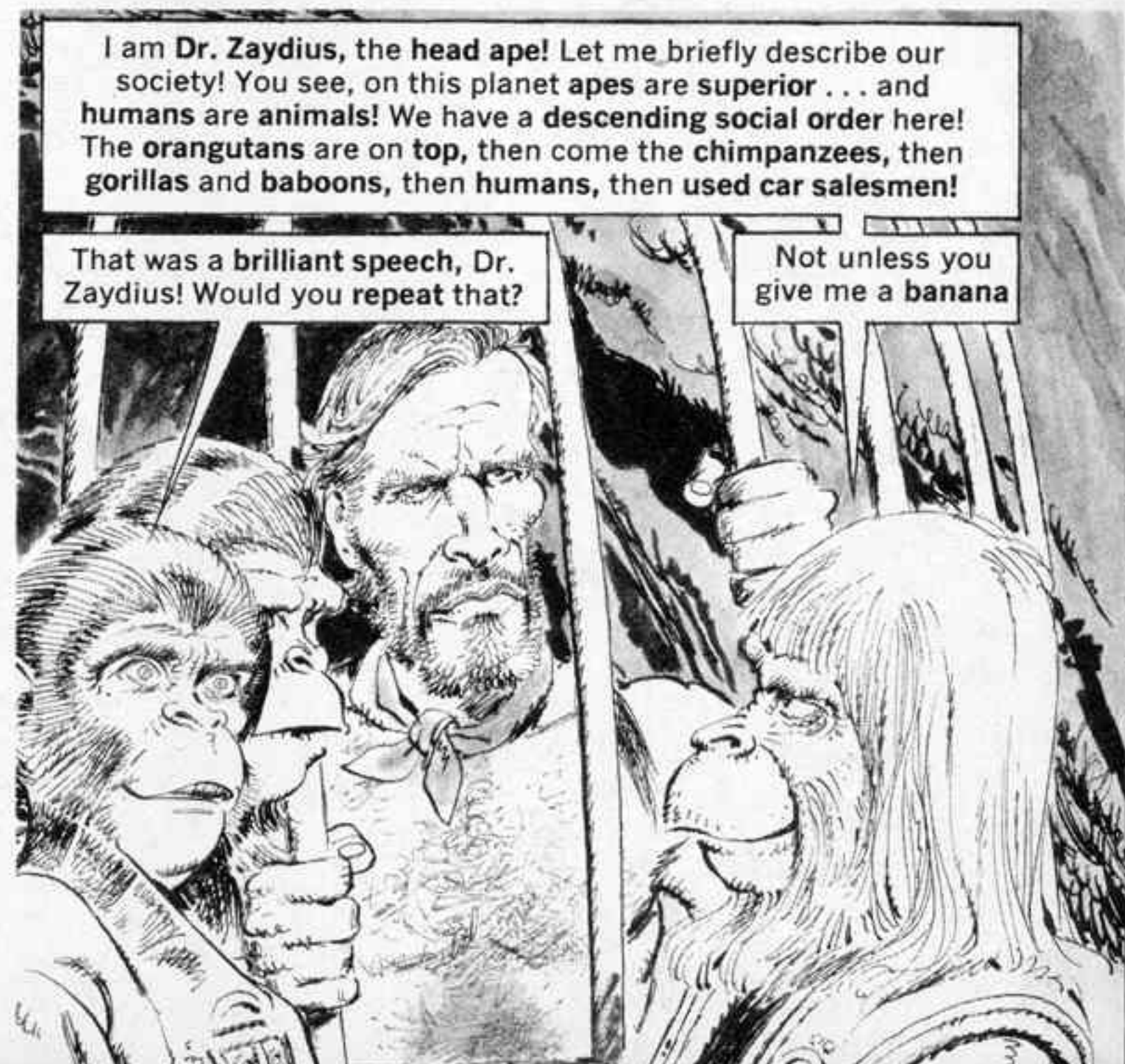


Hi! I'm Zora! And
this is Carnelius!
We are understanding,
compassionate apes,
and we'll be with you
for the next 3 or 4
pictures, depending
on our availability!

Maybe you don't
recognize me, but
I'm actor Rowdy
McDowelstick, and
I'm very available!

But why are we
talking to this
human? He doesn't
understand what
we're saying!

With all this makeup we've got
on, it's a wonder anyone does!



I am Dr. Zaydius, the head ape! Let me briefly describe our
society! You see, on this planet apes are superior . . . and
humans are animals! We have a descending social order here!
The orangutans are on top, then come the chimpanzees, then
gorillas and baboons, then humans, then used car salesmen!

That was a brilliant speech, Dr.
Zaydius! Would you repeat that?

Not unless you
give me a banana

Tyler has escaped! He's in our Museum Of The Humans!

And his throat wound is all healed! He's about to utter his first words!

LET MY PEOPLE GO!!

Boy! Once he gets hold of a hot expression, he doesn't let up, does he?!

Order! Order! Order in the Court!

Shouldn't that be "Odor in the Court!"?!

I'm suddenly sorry you got your voice back!

Well, you have to admit it does get pretty gamey here on The Planet That Went Ape!

You're lucky! If your ship had gone three million miles further, you'd have landed on The Planet Of The Diseased Buffaloes!



I hereby order this trial to begin, and that it be conducted under Ape Law Number 77-K22!

What law is that?

That if you try anything funny, the Sergeant At Arms will hit you over the head with a coconut!

This trial is unfair! I don't want APES judging me! I want a jury of my peers... my equals!

Please! Don't be ridiculous! Where are we going to find 12 millionaire blond actors who speak in a monotone?!



Okay, we've escaped and taken you as our hostage, Dr. Zaydius! Now, tell us where we are!

This is "The Forbidden Zone!" A strange civilization once lived here!

Look! A human DOLL! It says "Mama" and "Papa"!

Yecch! It also does a few other things! Not only was this civilization strange, it was warped!!



Well... it's the end of a long and tiring journey! Goodbye, Zora... and thanks!

Uh—I'm Carnelius! Zora's over there!

I TOLD you it was a long and tiring journey! Besides—go tell apes apart!

How did it feel... kissing an ape?

Not bad! It's just a shame they never heard of "Certs"!

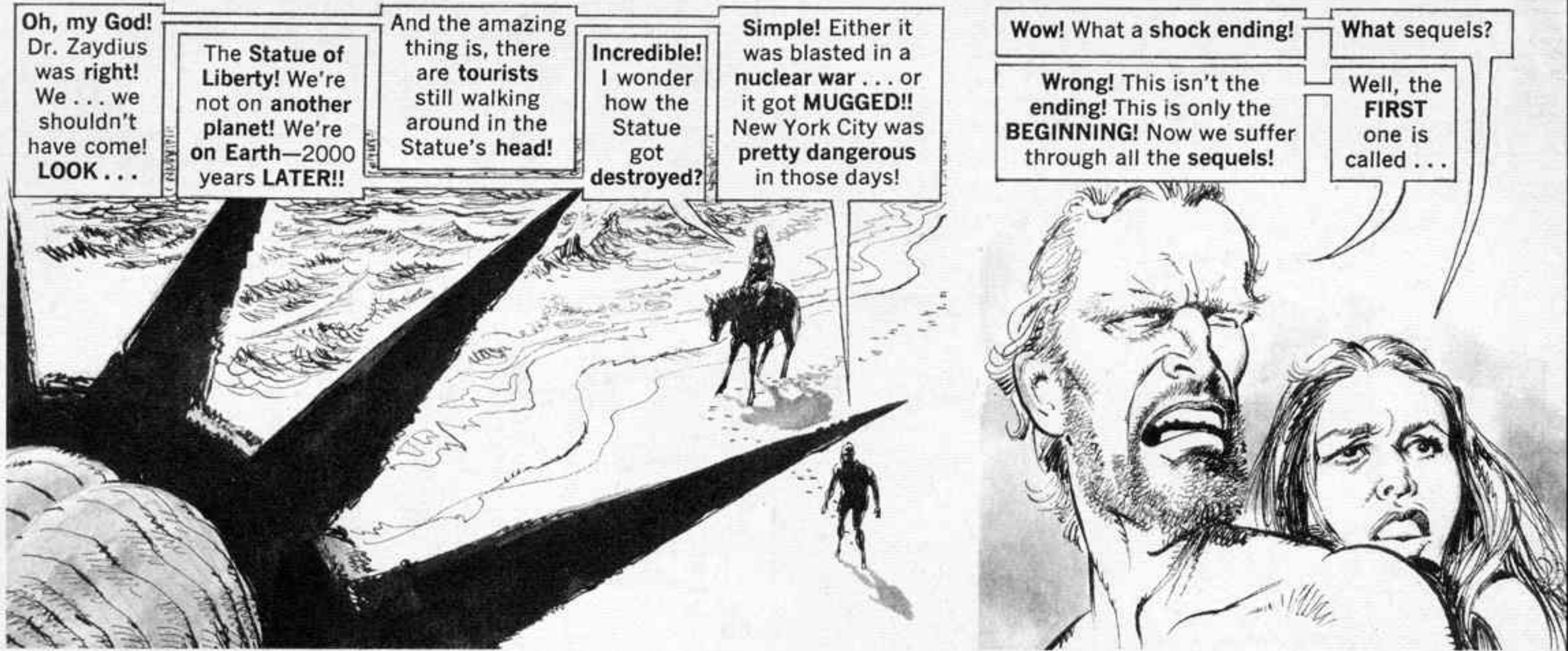
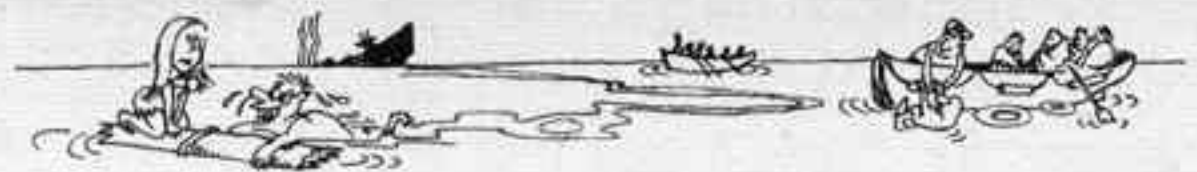
Where will you go from here, Tyler?

Nono and I will head down to the beach to look for a taxi... an exit sign... ANYTHING to get us off this nutty planet!

No! No! I warn you! Don't go down to the shore area! You won't like what you see!!

You forget, Dr. Zaydius—I'm from Earth! I've seen seven oil slicks off Santa Barbara, thousands of dead fish off Miami and millions of pickles off Coney Island! Nothing scares me any more!





Oh, my God! Dr. Zaydius was right! We... we shouldn't have come! LOOK...

The Statue of Liberty! We're not on another planet! We're on Earth—2000 years LATER!!

And the amazing thing is, there are tourists still walking around in the Statue's head!

Incredible! I wonder how the Statue got destroyed?

Simple! Either it was blasted in a nuclear war... or it got MUGGED!! New York City was pretty dangerous in those days!

Wow! What a shock ending!

What sequels?

Wrong! This isn't the ending! This is only the BEGINNING! Now we suffer through all the sequels!

Well, the FIRST one is called...

"UNDERNEATH THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"



Hi! I'm Astronaut Brunt! I was sent here from Earth!

To search for Astronaut Tyler?

That was the official reason! Actually, they couldn't bear to watch me in another of my string of unsuccessful television series!



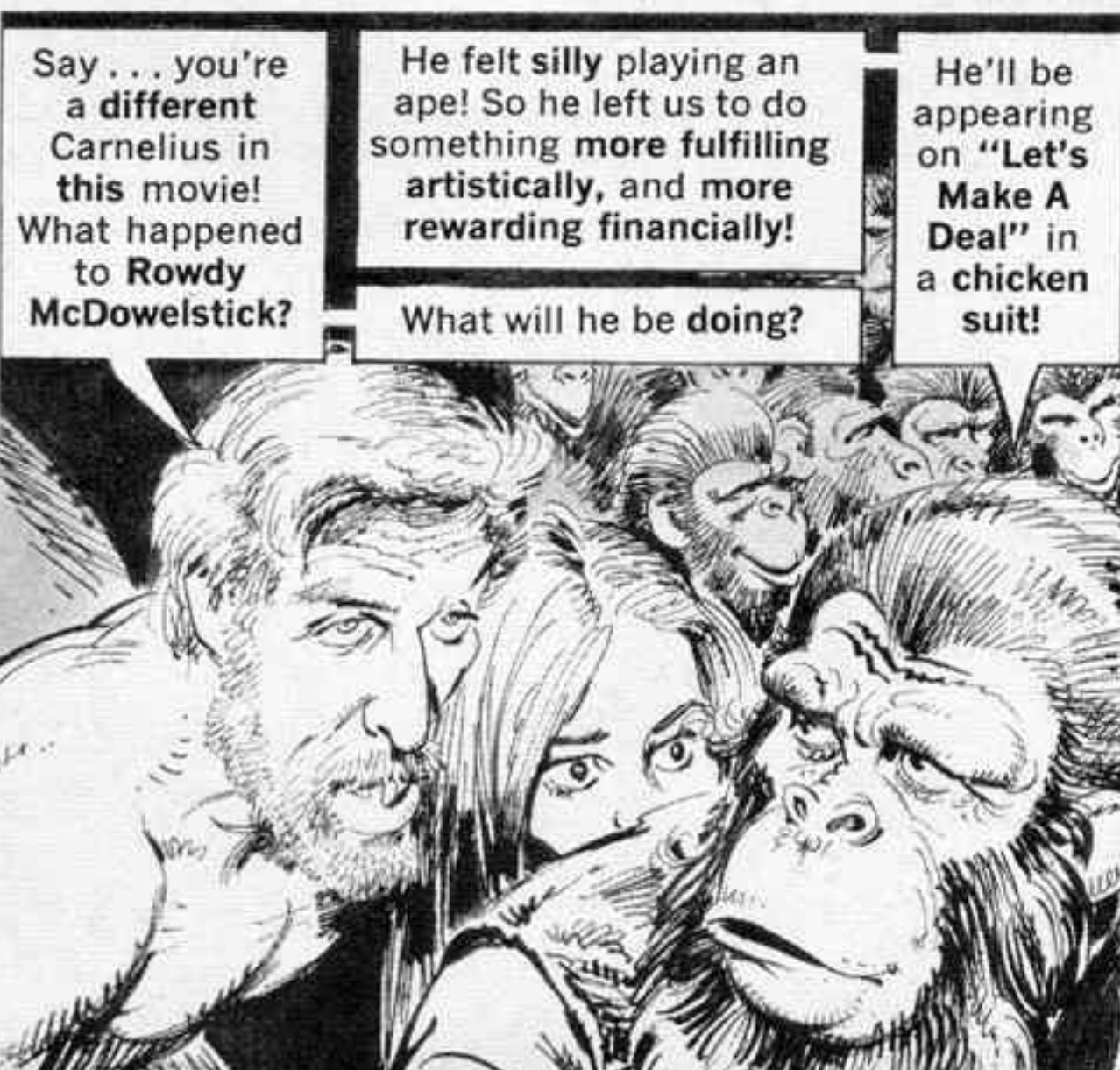
I am power-mad General Versus! I believe in war! I guess you could call me the very first "Ape Hawk"! I say we attack the humans in the Forbidden Zone!

And I, Dr. Zaydius, forbid you to attack the Forbidden Zone!

So the dialogue isn't very brilliant! After all, we're only apes! What did they expect... Shakespeare!?

And I forbid YOU to forbid ME to attack the Forbidden Zone!

From YOU they did!



Say... you're a different Cernelius in this movie! What happened to Rowdy McDowelstick?

He felt silly playing an ape! So he left us to do something more fulfilling artistically, and more rewarding financially!

What will he be doing?

He'll be appearing on "Let's Make A Deal" in a chicken suit!



I... I can't believe it! The New York City Subway System!

You mean the REMAINS of the New York City Subway System!?

No, I mean THE New York City Subway System! This is a well-preserved section of how it actually looked back then!!

We are the humans who live here in the Forbidden Zone! You have stumbled into our Cathedral—our Temple—where we worship the mighty NUCLEAR BOMB! The Bomb is our God!!

Boy . . . I sure hope I'm not here for your HIGH HOLY DAYS Services!

We are mutants whose faces have been destroyed by the radiation from nuclear war!

There! We took off our masks!

Now, you take off your mask!

But I'm not wearing a mask!!

C'mon! Quit kidding! No one can show such a limited range of expression and emotion with a REAL face!

Wait! Stop! Why are we fighting, Brunt? I thought we were old friends!

We are! But through thought-transference and hypnosis, that Inquisitor is making us hate each other—and all human beings!

You're right! I was always a Liberal! But now, for the first time in my life, I'm ANTI-busing!

Look! The apes are attacking the Temple! They want the Domsday Bomb!

I . . . I can't take any more! I've had it up to here with allegory, fantasy and social comment! I'm going to press these buttons and END IT ALL!!

You're going to activate the Domsday Bomb?!!

No, I'm going to call my Agent! He's got to get me out of this idiotic series!

You mean there's gonna be another sequel?!!

Yes, and anyone surviving on this planet is in it!

Here! Let ME detonate that blessed Bomb!

In case anyone's interested, the next sequel is called . . .

"ESCAPING FROM THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

It's an alien spacecraft! It just landed here . . . off the coast of California!

How convenient! With this next sequel located right at home, and no fantastic sets to worry about, 20th Century Farce will really rake in the ol' profits!

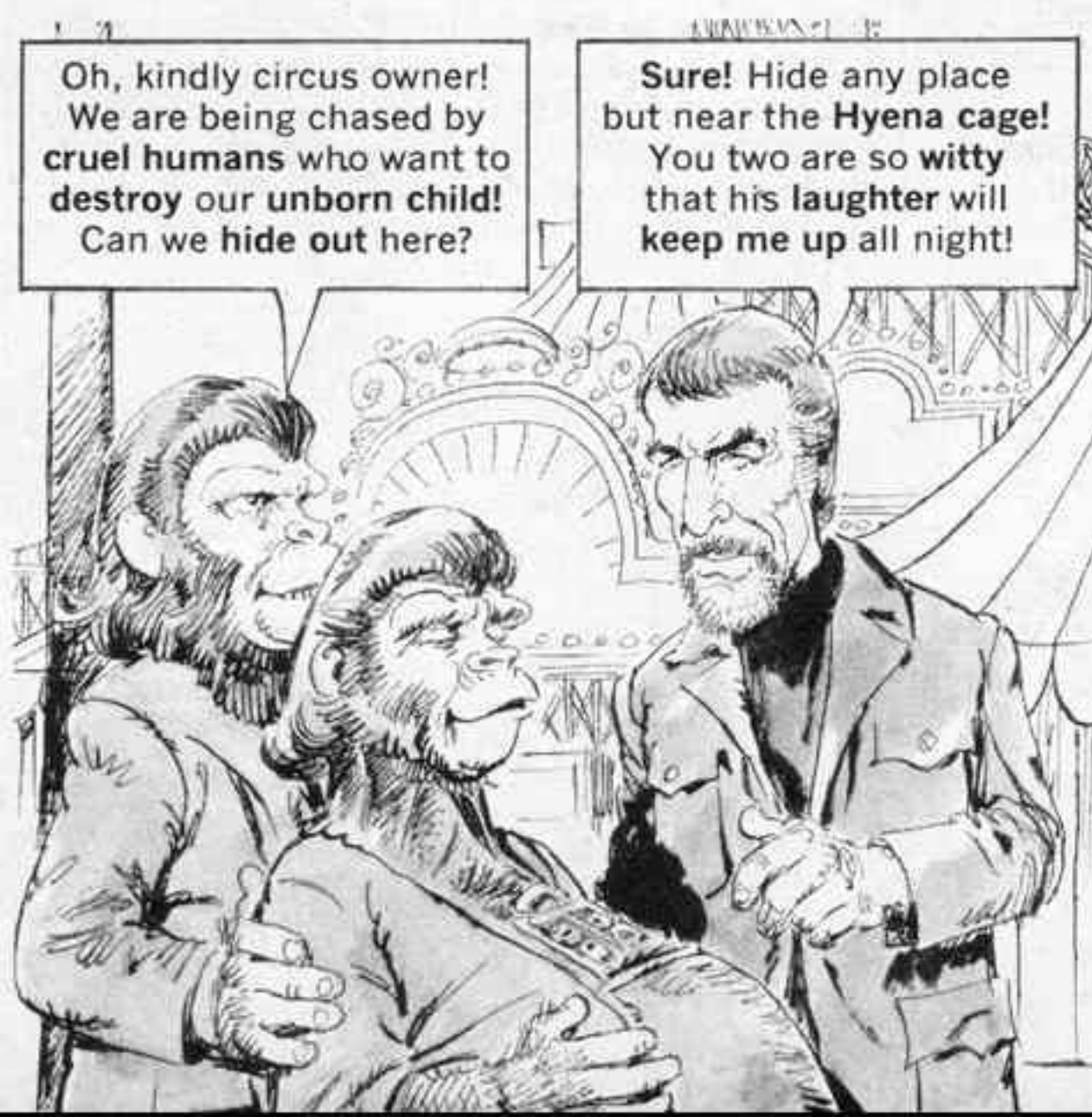
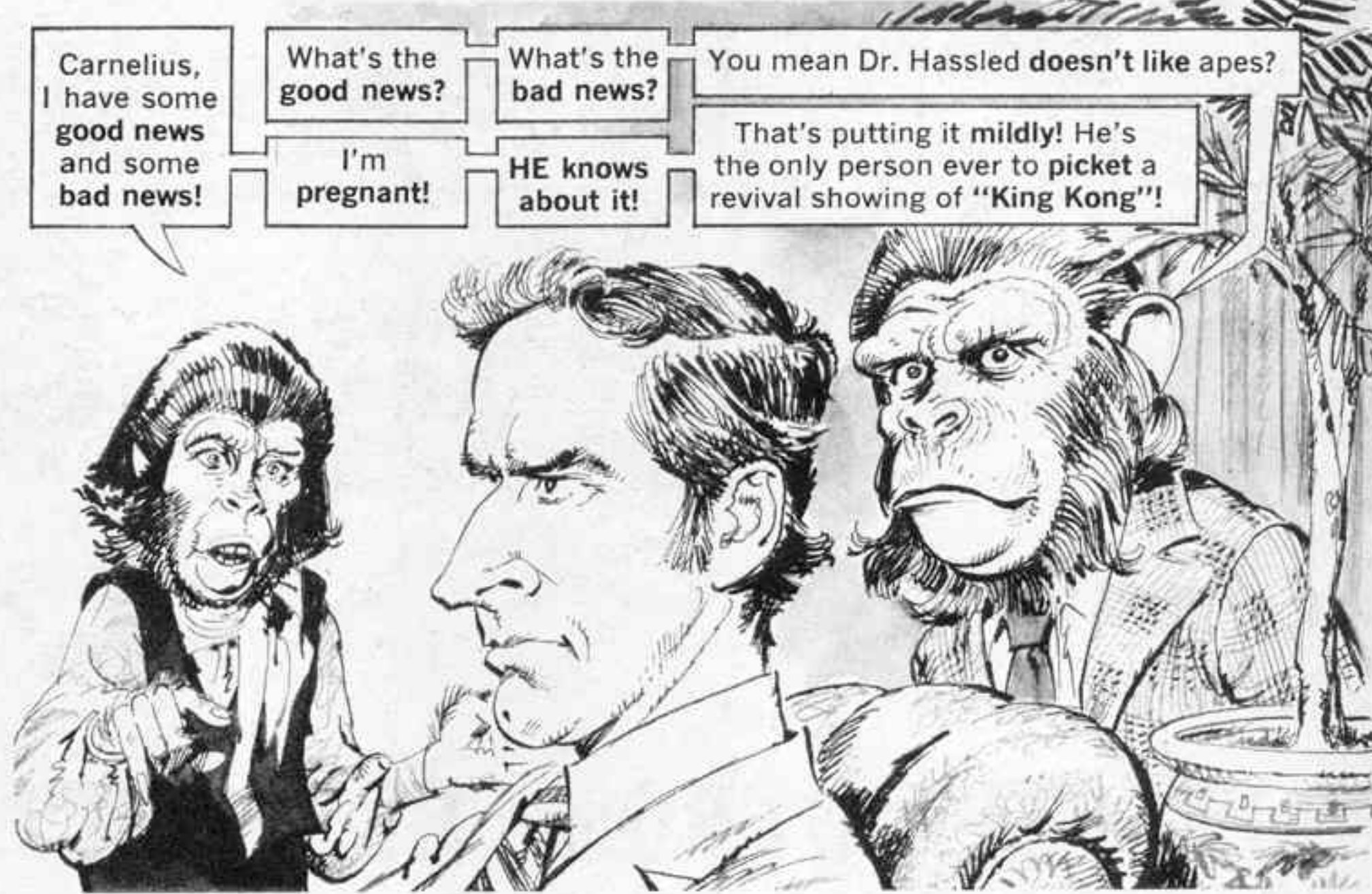
I'm going crazy keeping track of the role-changes! Who plays Carnelius this time?

Good news, folks! I'm back!!

Rowdy McDowelstick! It's YOU!!

Yes! My Agent advised me to take this role again because he doesn't want the public to forget my face!

I'm Sal Moneyo! And MY Agent advised me to take THIS role because he wants the public to REMEMBER mine!!



What a novel way to end this, the wittiest of the ape flicks! You, me and the baby—shot to death!

Good! Then this finally ends the series!

Not exactly! WE'RE dead ... but the scriptwriter is still quite active!

What a brilliant twist! We cleverly switched chimps so the REAL baby with unbelievable intelligence will survive here with me!

I know that he's unbelievably intelligent ... because it was HE who suggested the idea in the first place!

Isn't that right, Julius? Come! Say something! Show the audience how intelligent you are!

TARZAN! JANE! HELP! I want to get out of this mess and into a respectable "Jungle" movie!

It's too late! They've already started plans for ...

"CONQUERING THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

Are you sure this is the last one of the series!

No one is sure! But this one is certainly the most ingenious! It will have a vast audience!

Yes! It can be enjoyed by six-year-olds of ALL ages!

Now, remember, Julius! Thees is 1990! We are leeving in a Poleez State! Don't let anyone hear you spick, or we weel be arrested by The Central Security Force!

And don't let anyone hear YOU speak, or we'll be arrested by The Actors Guild!

Thank God he hasn't lost his parents' quick wit and sense of humor!

We've come full circle from that very first ape movie! In this society, the apes are the slaves! They're taught to shine shoes, run errands, wait on tables, make the beds and sweep the streets!

Why are those apes being beaten?

They're not very bright! They're making the streets and sweeping the beds!

FASCIST PIGS!



Hold it! **WHAT DID THAT APE SAY???**

Uh—don't be silly! Apes can't speak!

I'm **positive** I heard that ape speak!

Impossible! Apes do not have the power of speech!

Then how come I heard sound coming from his mouth???

Because **THAT** ape is a **ventriloquist!**



We suspect you are hiding an **intelligent** ape that escaped as an infant 20 years ago!

It's **not** true! Besides, why all this fuss about a **talking** ape?

Because an **intelligent**, talking ape could lead the **other** apes out of their slavery . . . and we must perpetuate slavery! We have always needed slaves, and we always will!

Ever get the feeling you're in the **wrong** movie?!



We are going to **torture** you to prove that you are **THE** talking ape! We have the voltage set on **500!** Now, **TALK!!**

Stubborn, eh, Julius! All right, we'll push the voltage up to **600!** Now, **TALK!**

Okay, it's your **last** chance! If you **DON'T** talk, we'll put you into the **FIFTH "Planet That Went Ape"** sequel!

Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers brought upon this continent a new nation, conceived in . . .



Of all the apes in the 4 movies so far, **you** are easily the **stupidest!** So if I'm going to lead you in a **revolt** against the humans, you are going to have to **follow my** advice and **not** embarrass me! Like from now on, when you put on your shoes and socks, **DON'T** do it in that order!



Look! The apes are **revolting!**

Well, let's say they're a bit **tacky!**

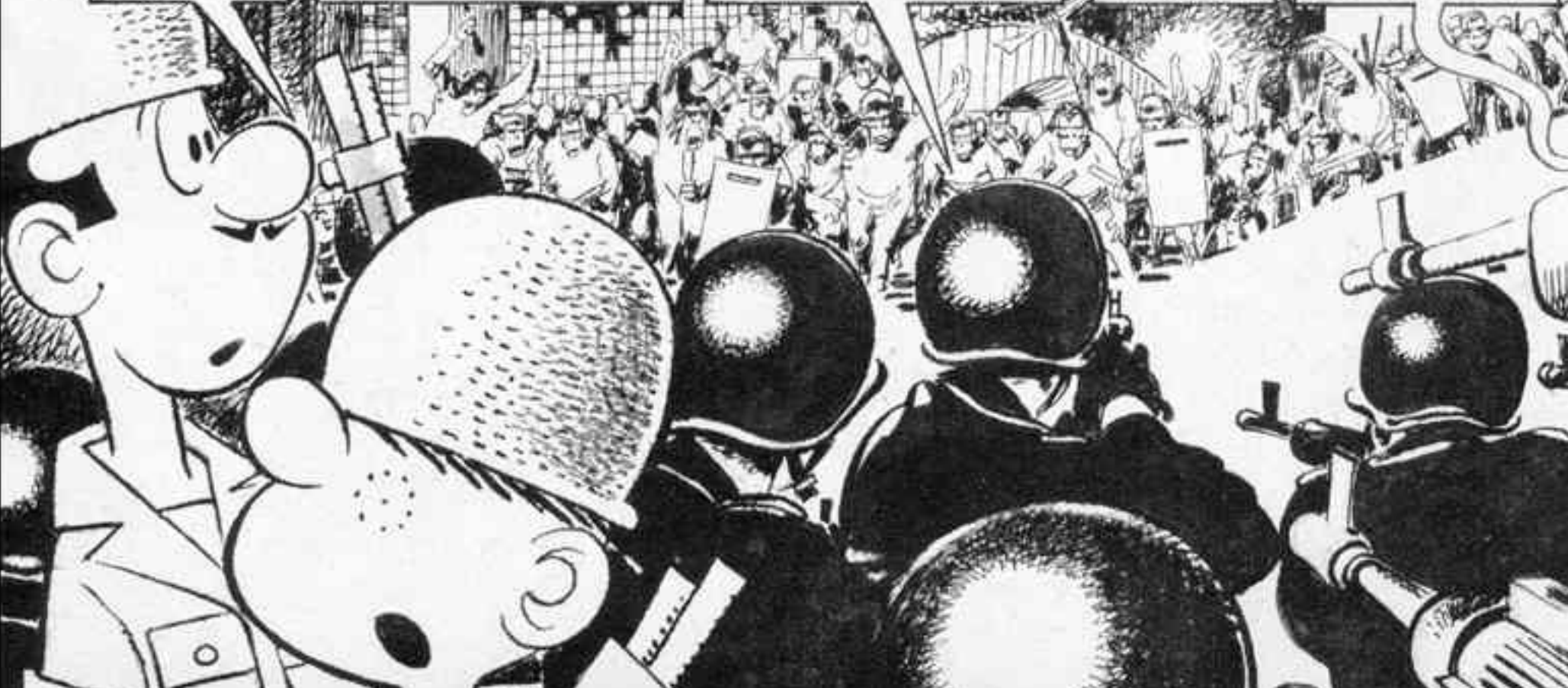
No, they're **rioting**, **looting** and **burning!** Gee, when I trained for **Gorilla Warfare**, I never dreamed I'd really get to use it!

They don't stand a chance! We've got **sophisticated** weapons, **electronic** computers, and an army of **8000** men!!

But Julius is **brilliant!** He has an arsenal of weapons that just might **destroy** us!

WHAT weapons!

He's got **8000** banana peels!



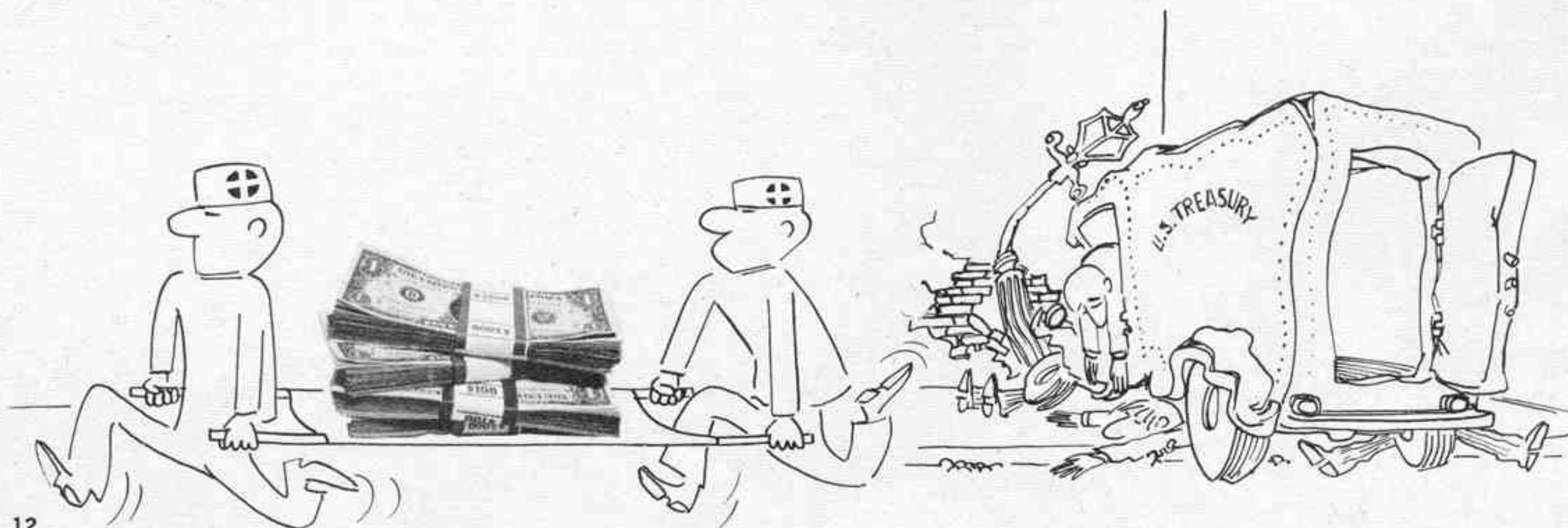
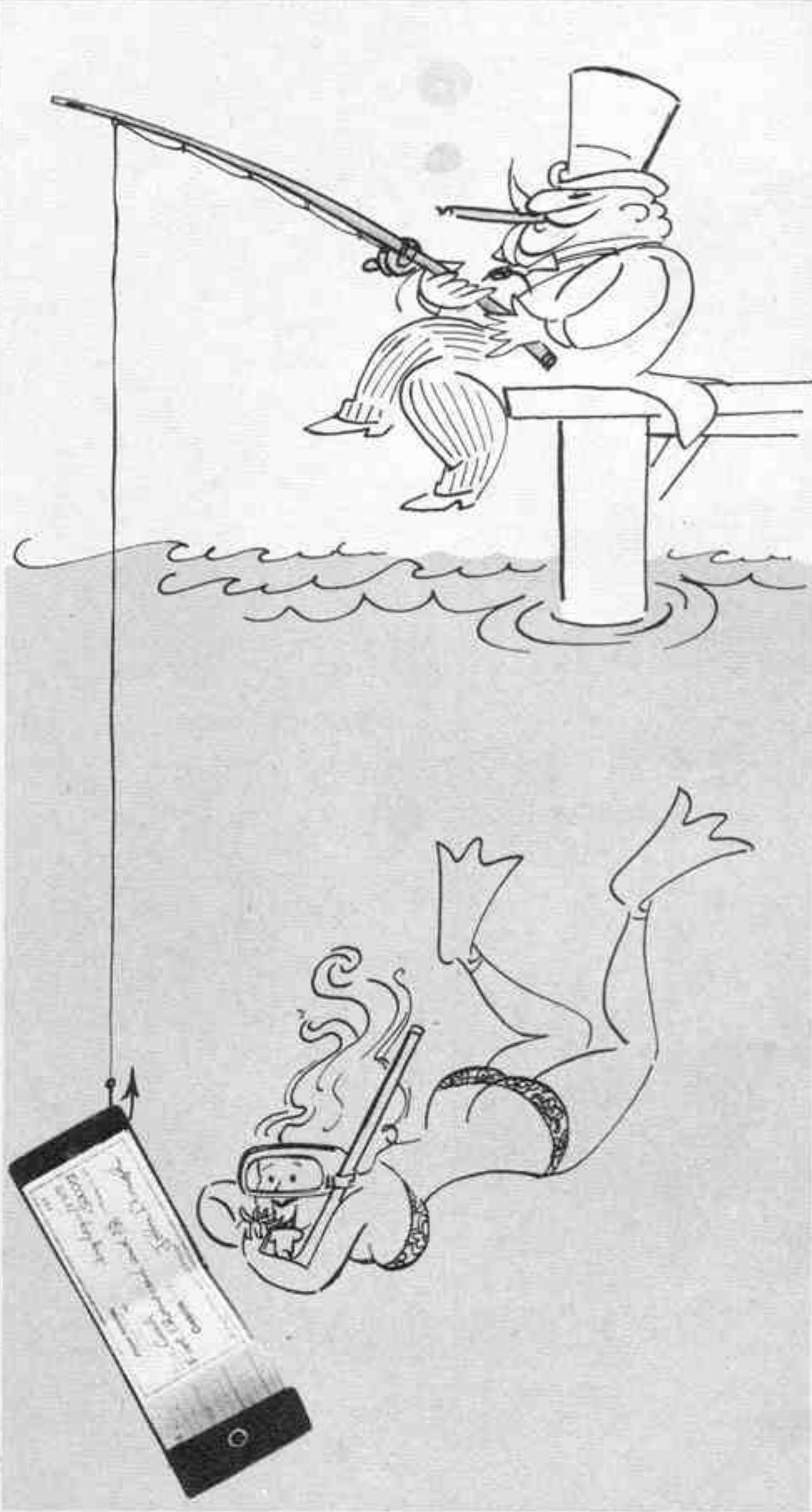
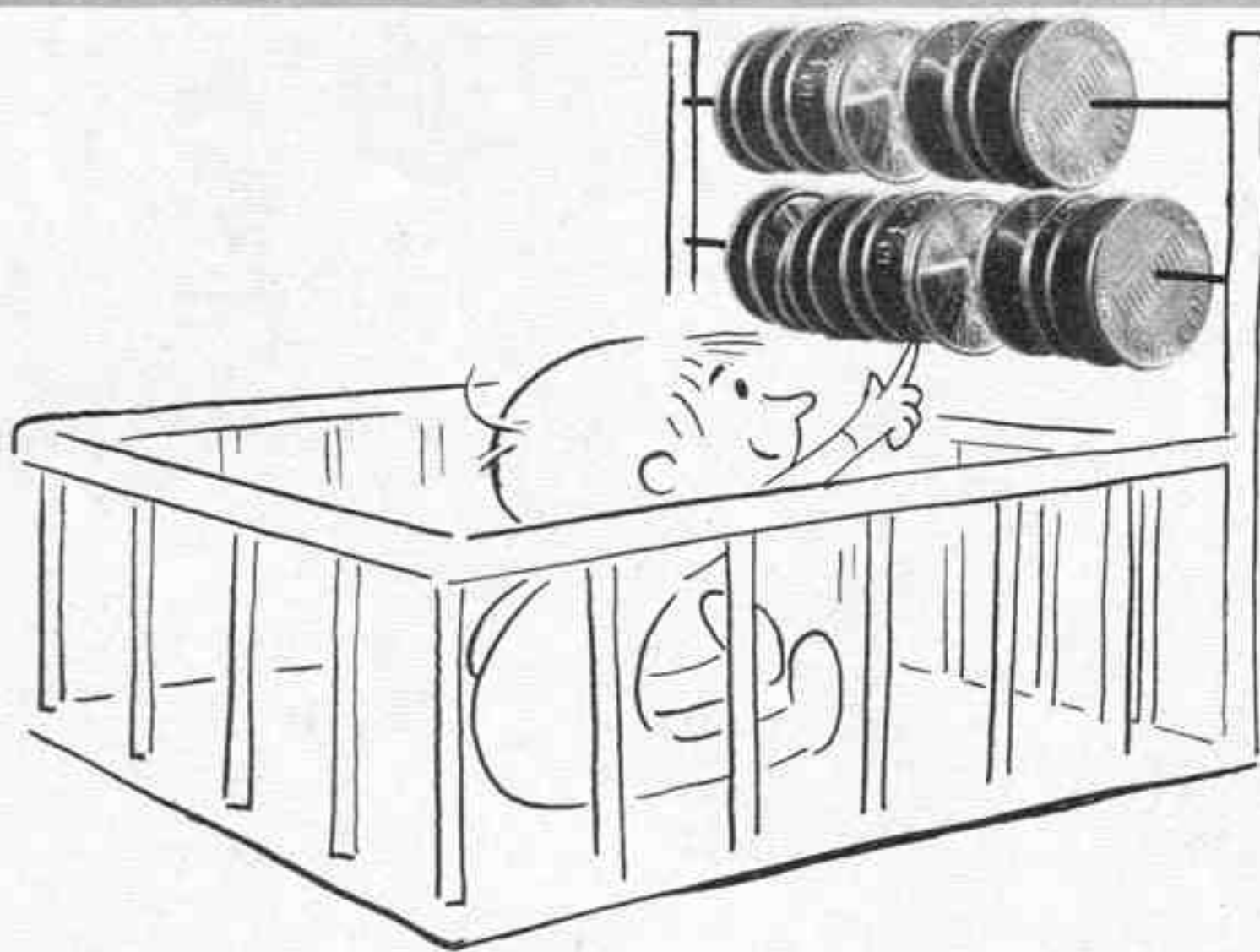
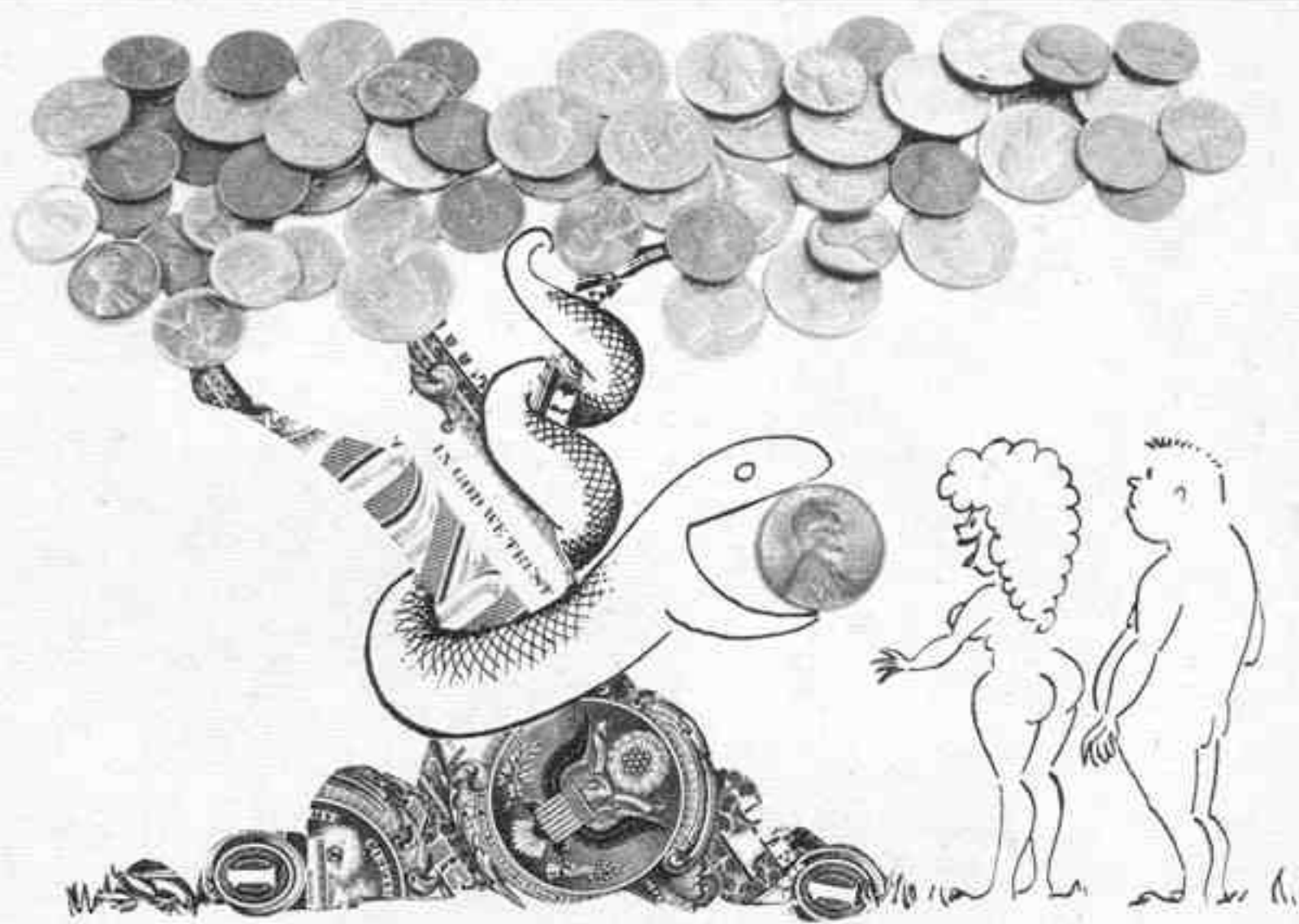
Well, Julius, your banana peel trick **worked!** You've won! Now that you've taken over, what are your plans?

It beats me! I'm not **THAT** intelligent! I won't know myself until the sequel!



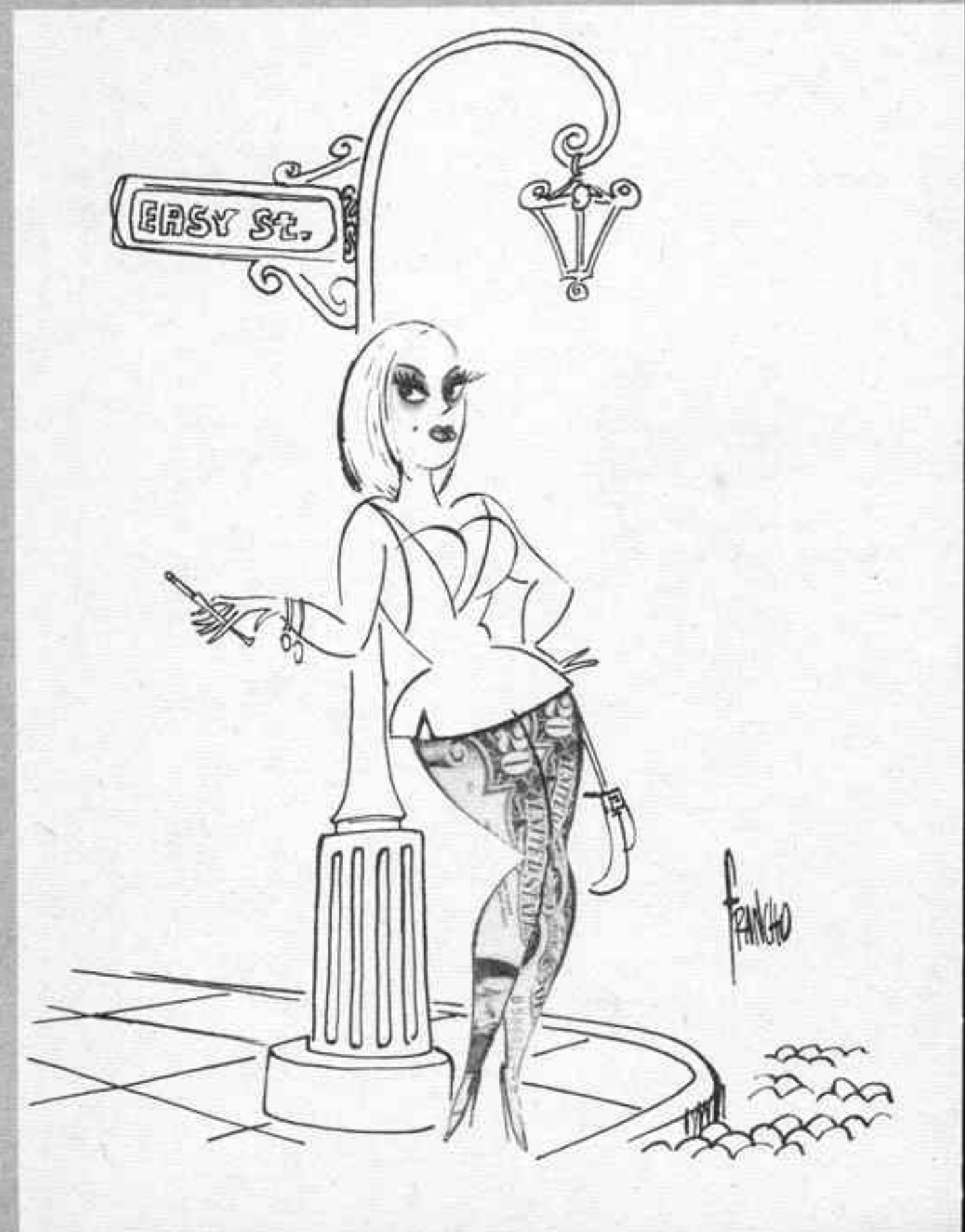
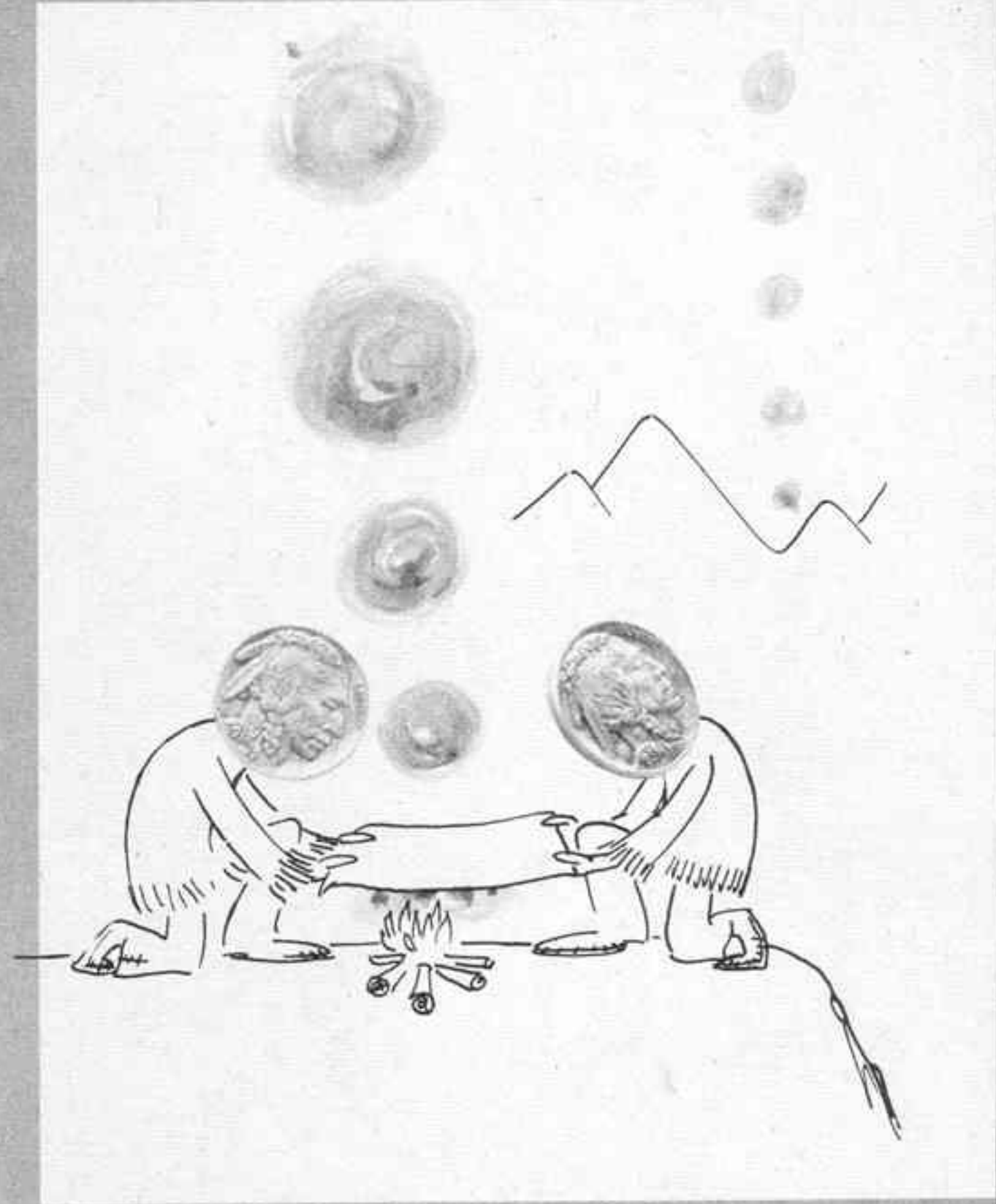
MINT CONDITIONING DEPT.

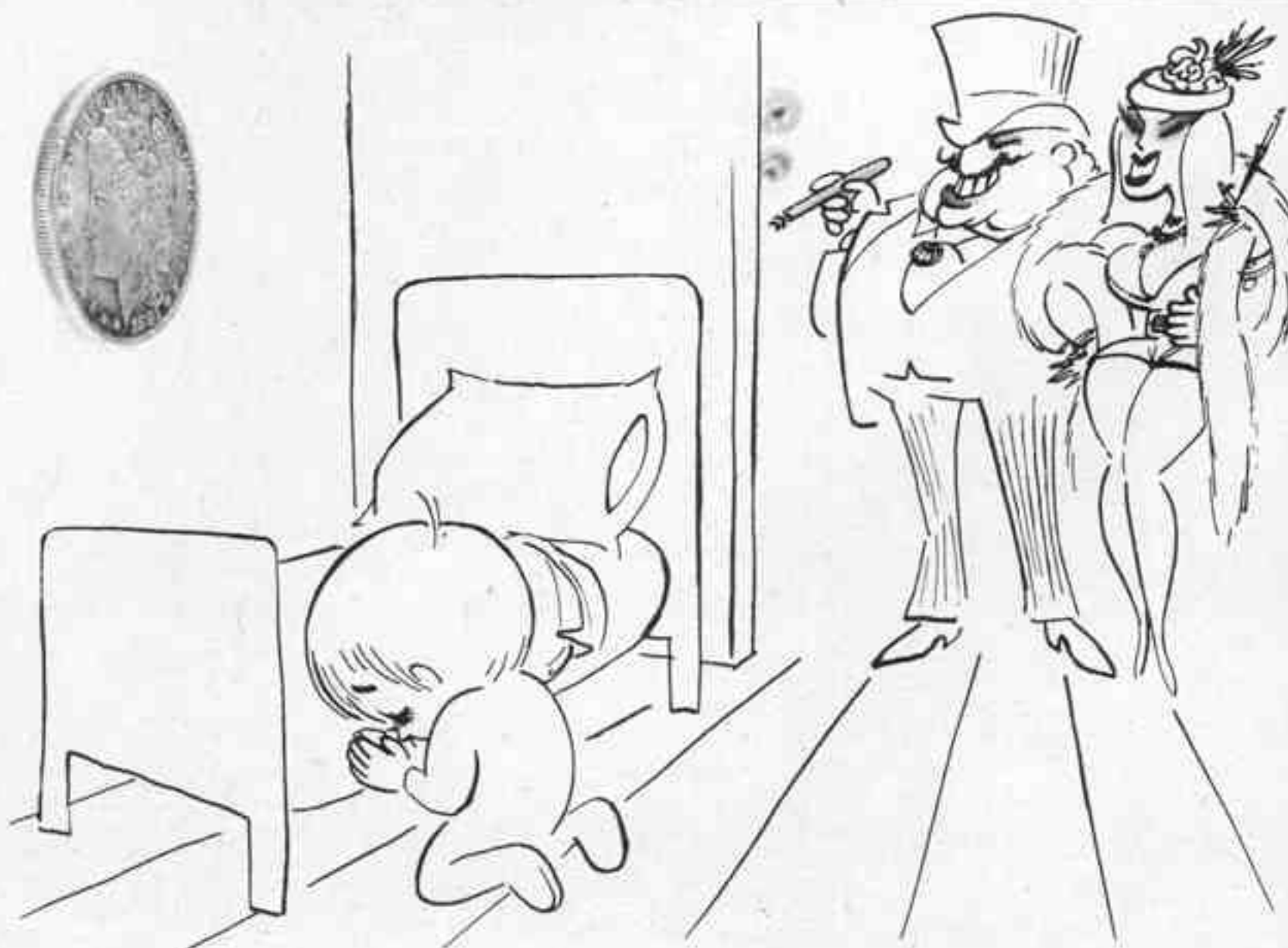
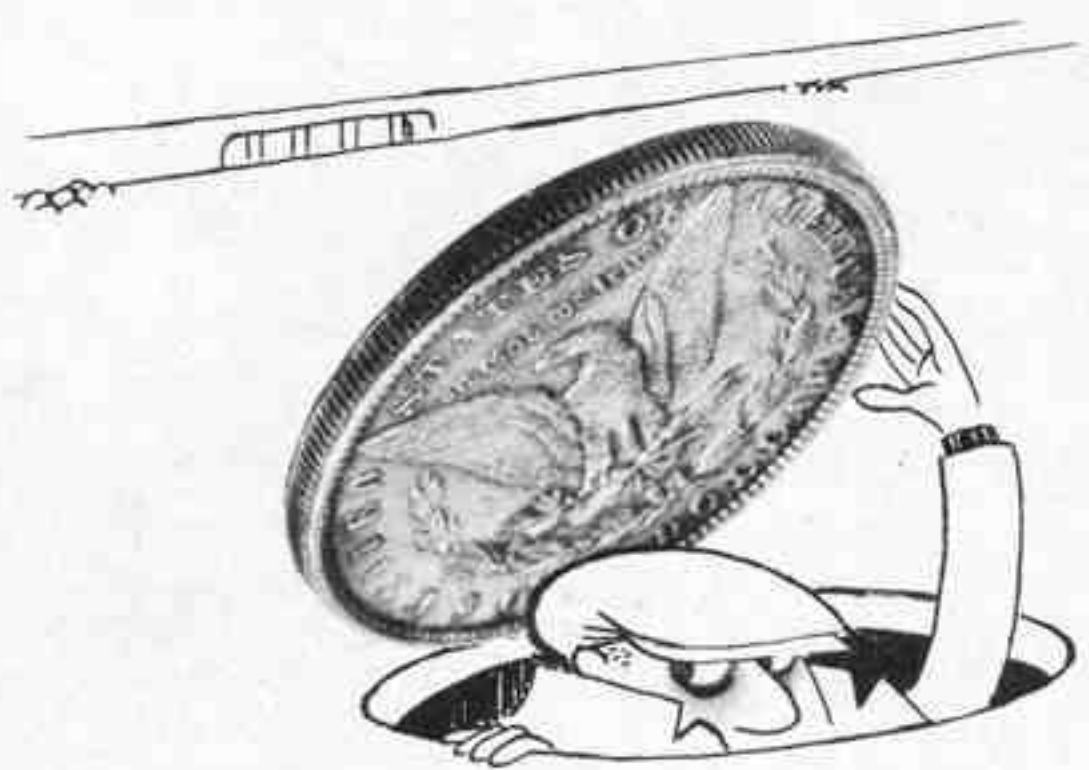
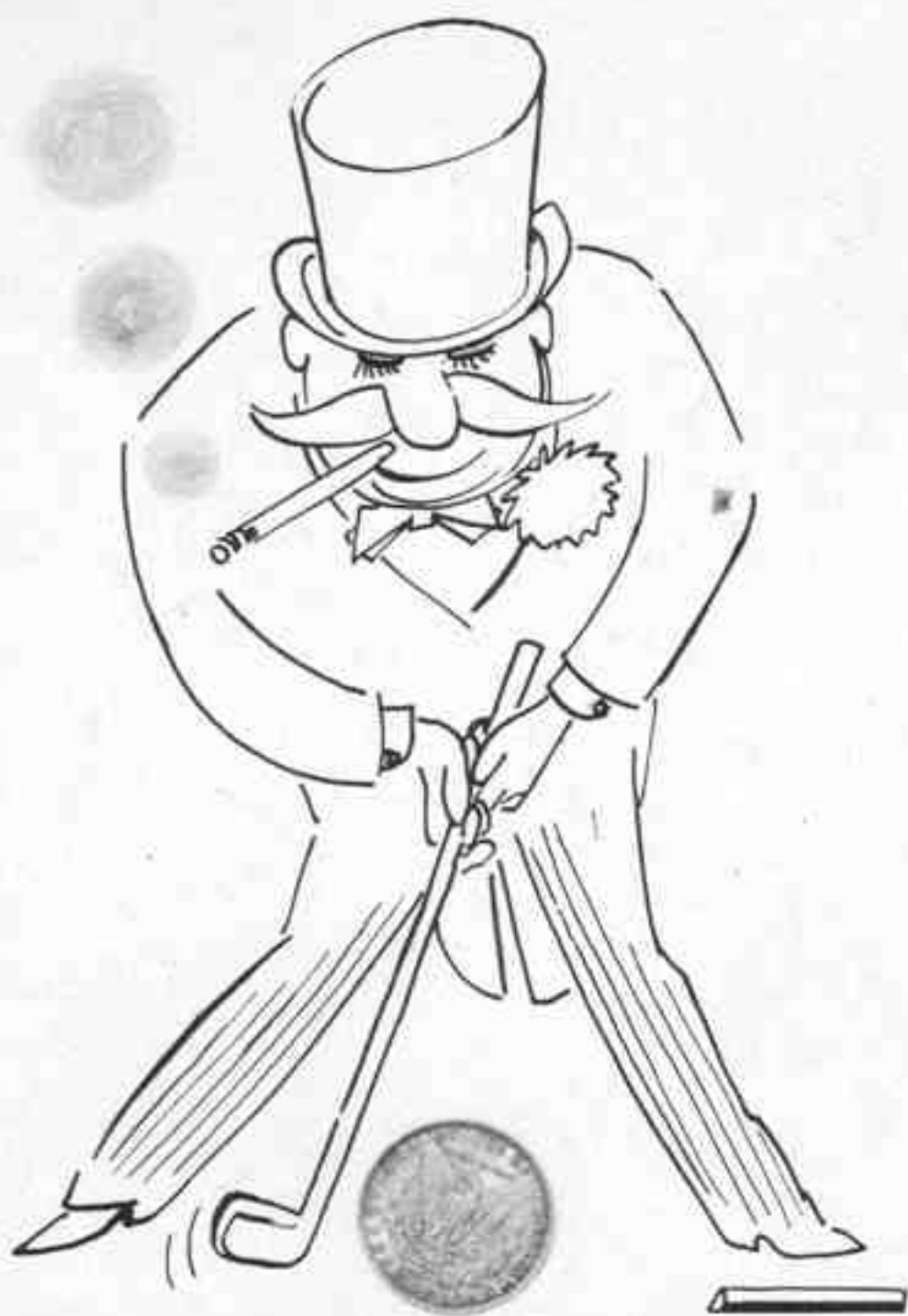
A MAD LOOK



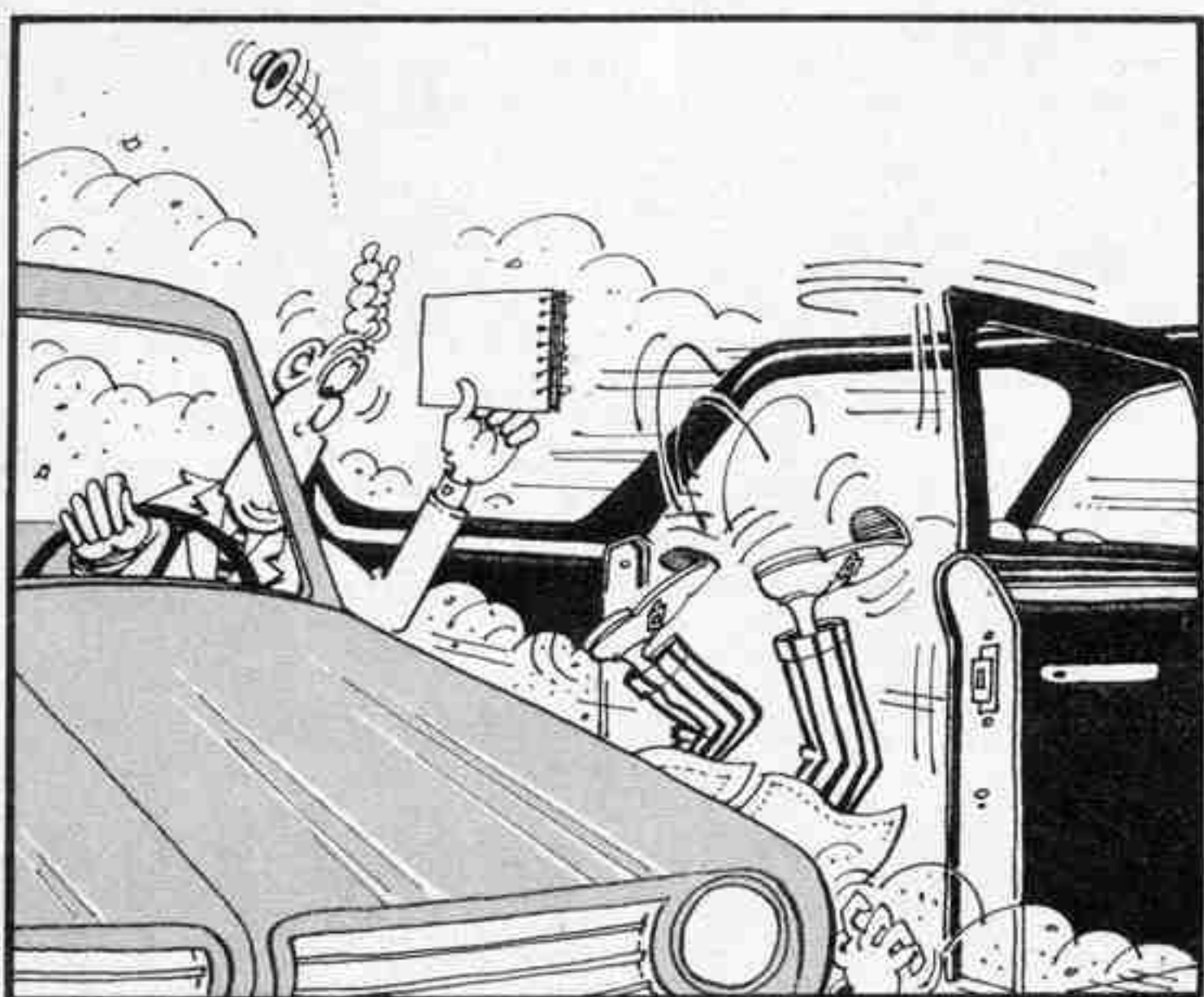
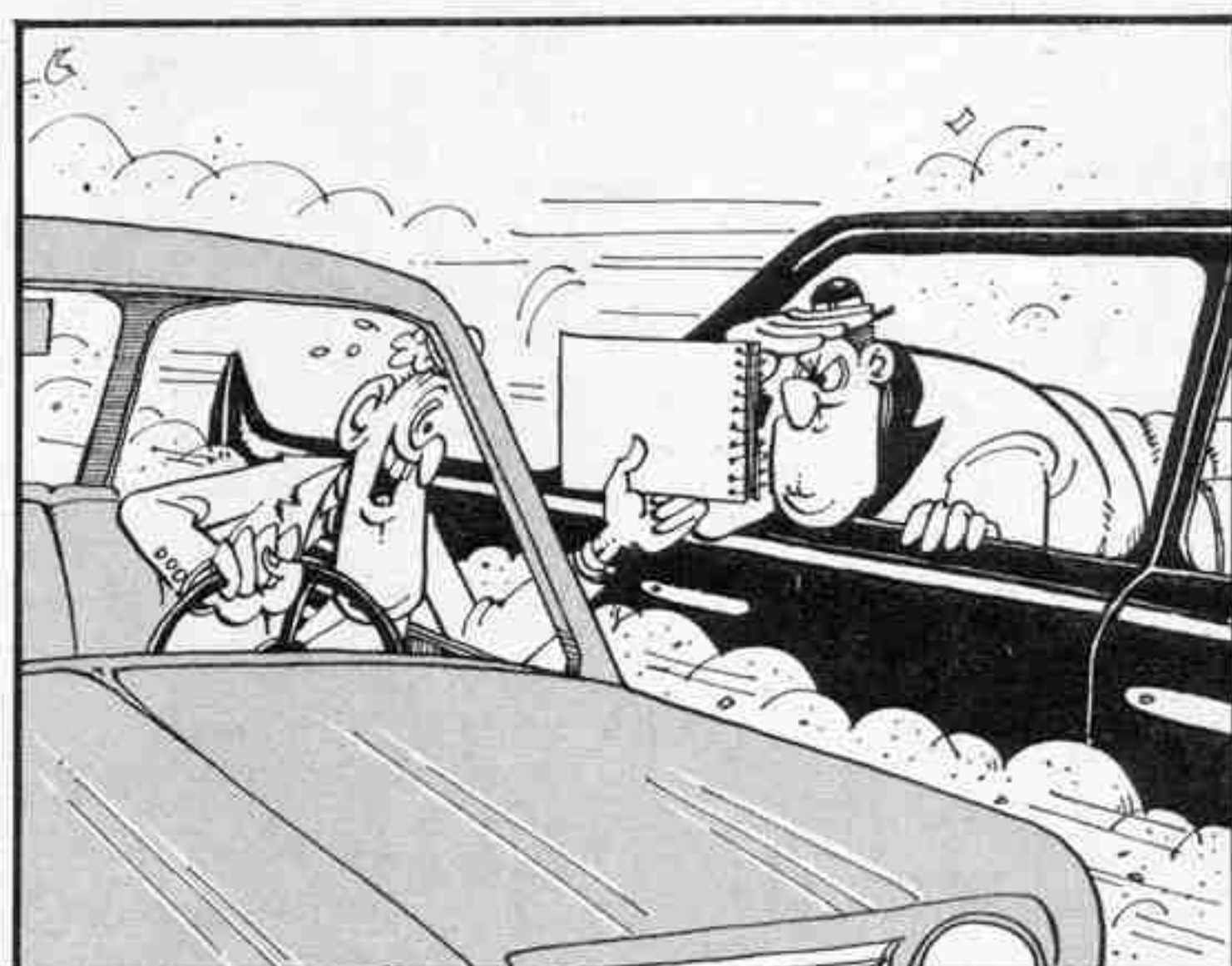
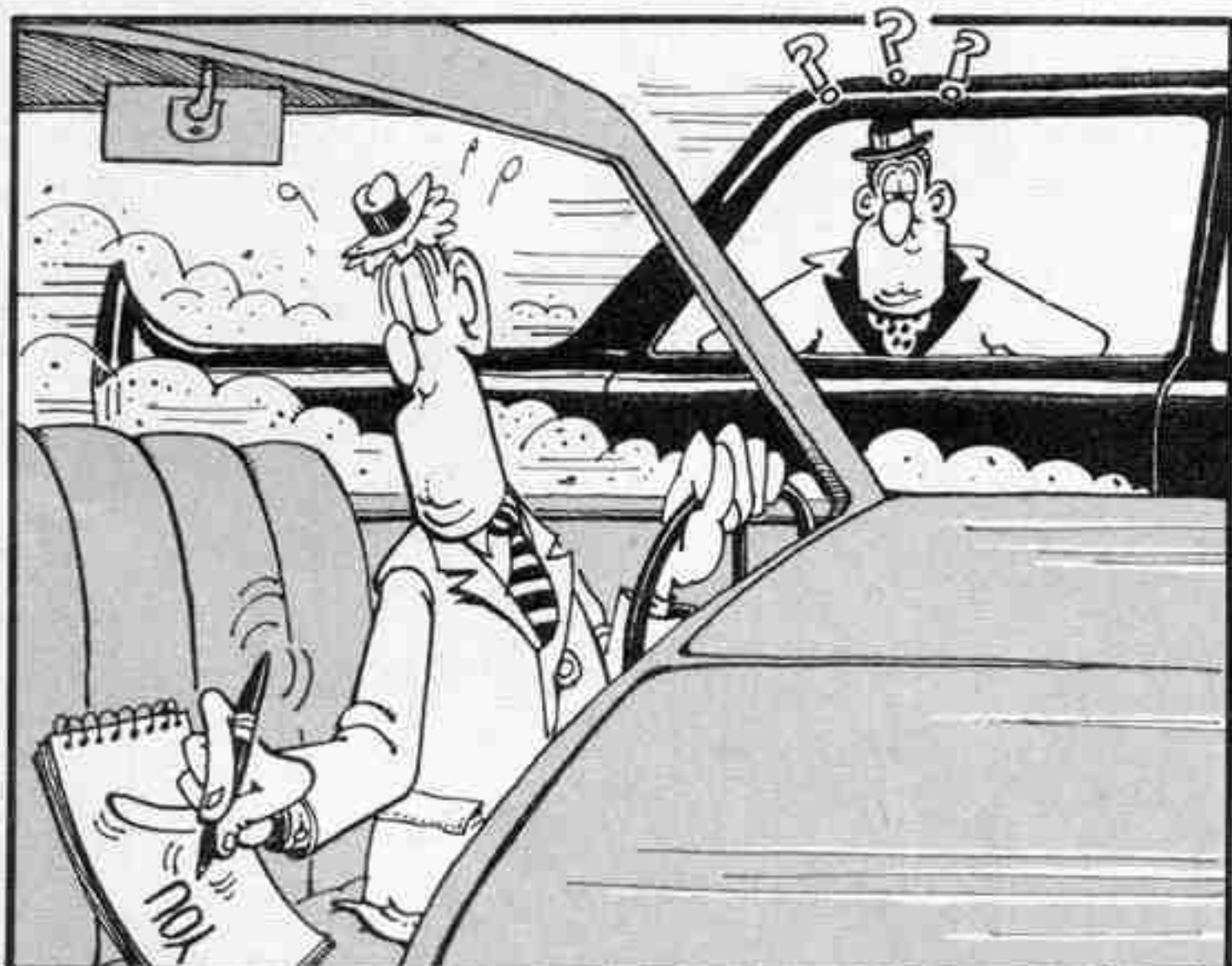
AM MONEY

ARTIST & WRITER:
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI





ONE DAY ON THE HIGHWAY



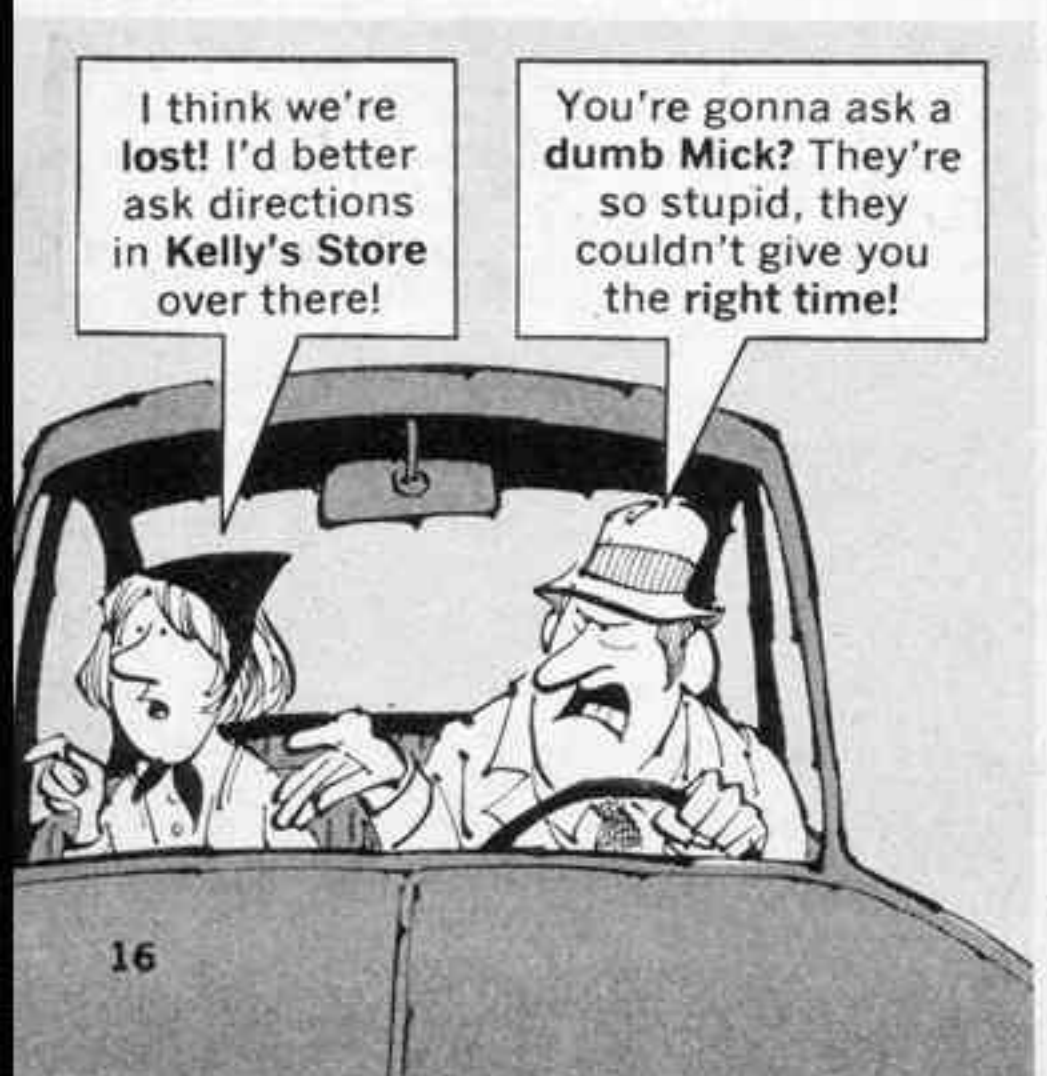
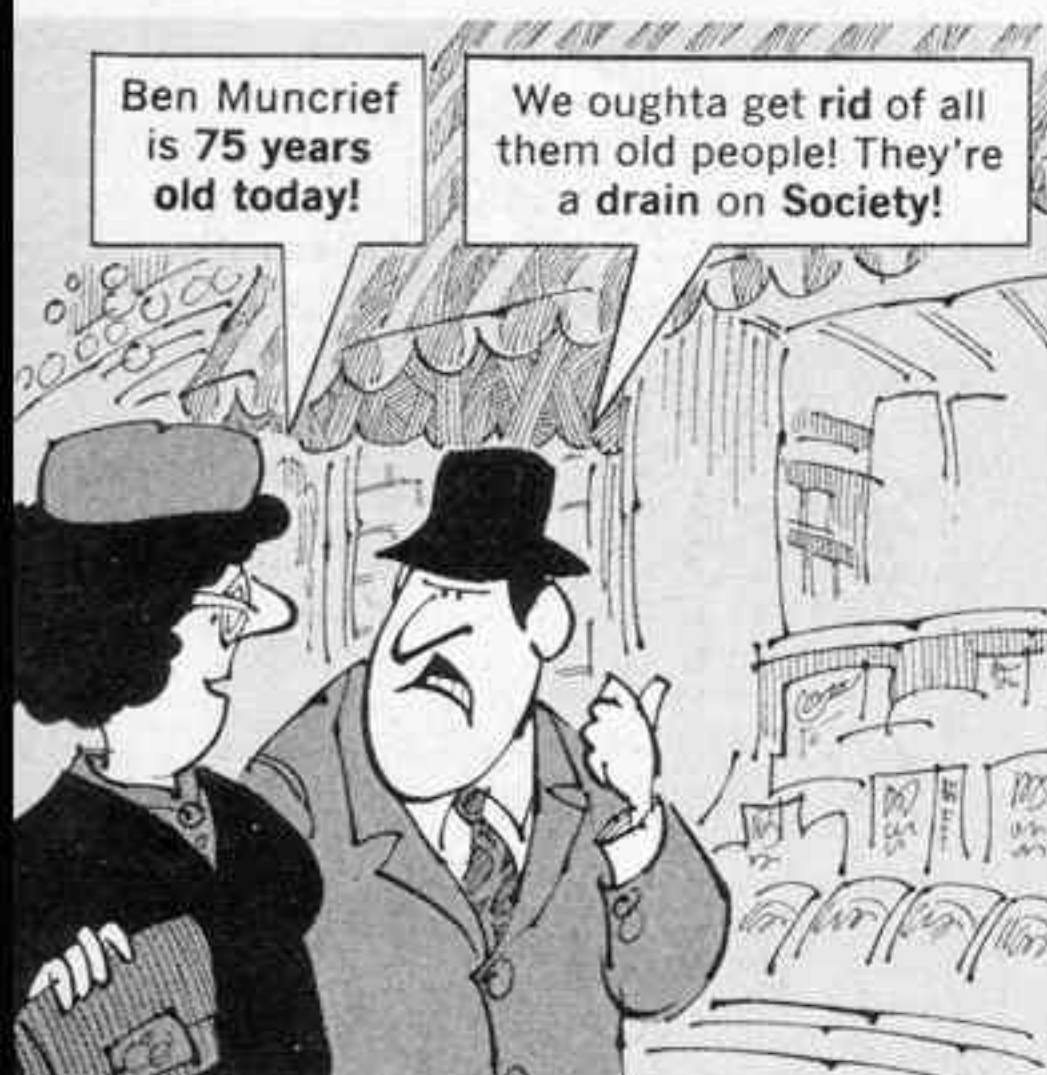
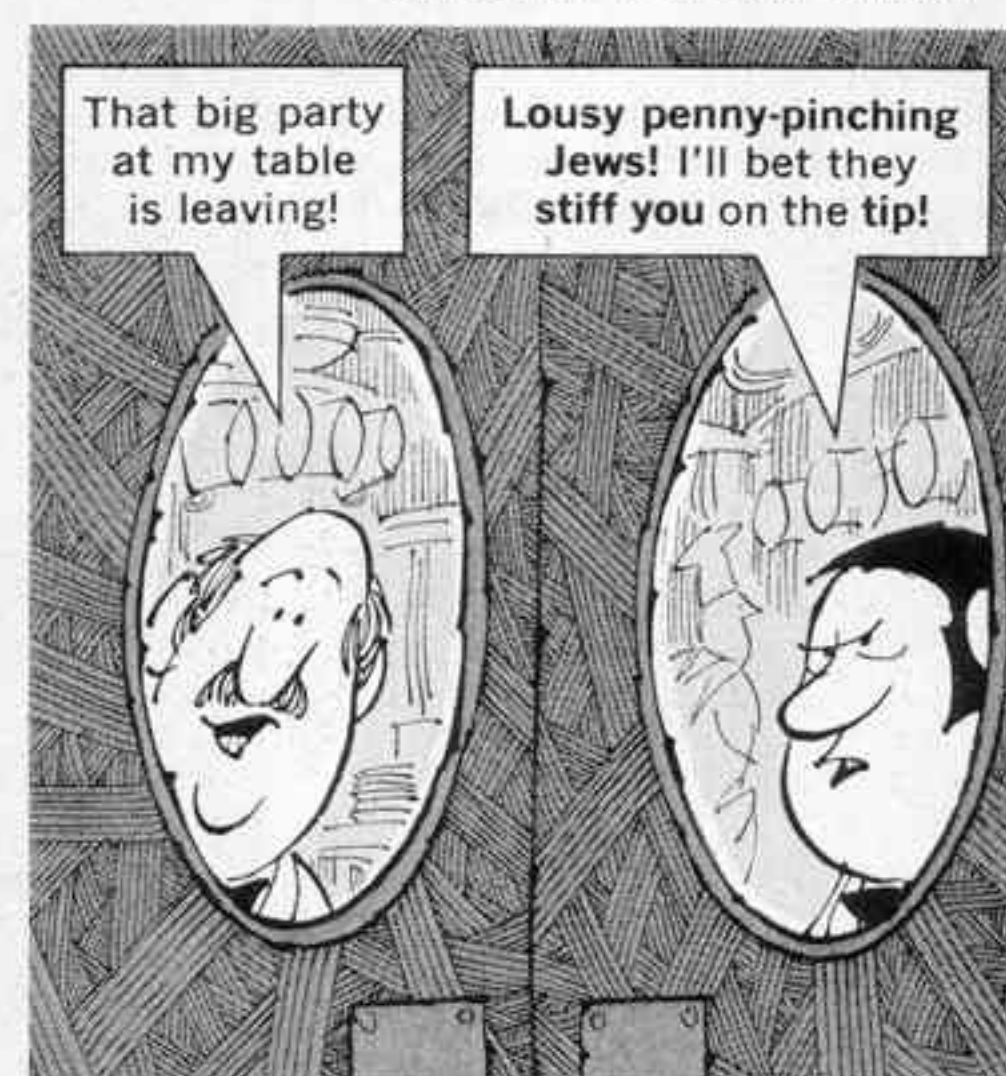


IN THE IRE OF THE BEHOLDER DEPT.

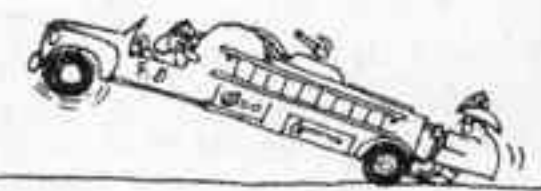
Ever meet a "Bigot"? Ever try to talk sense to him? If you have, then you know it's a losing proposition. Because no matter what you say, he has an

YOU NEVER CAN W

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

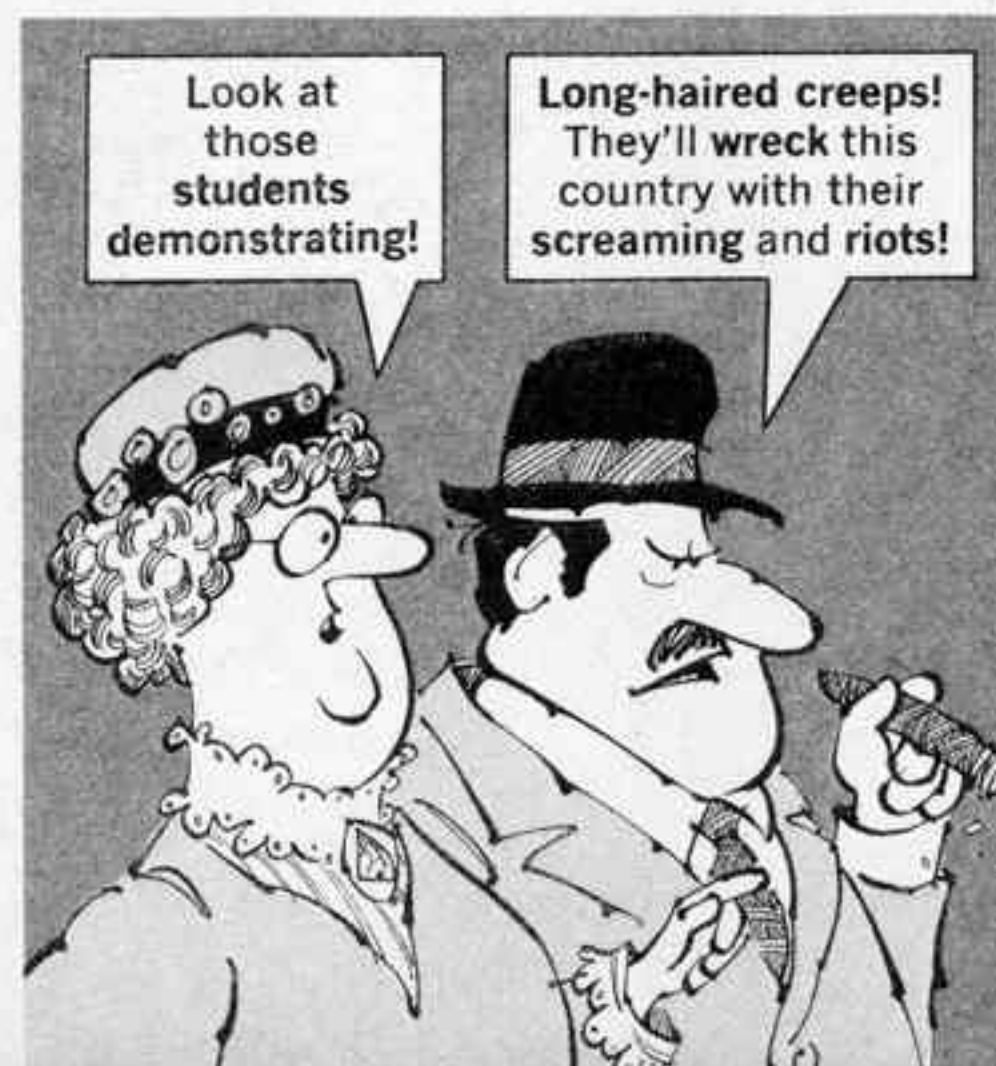
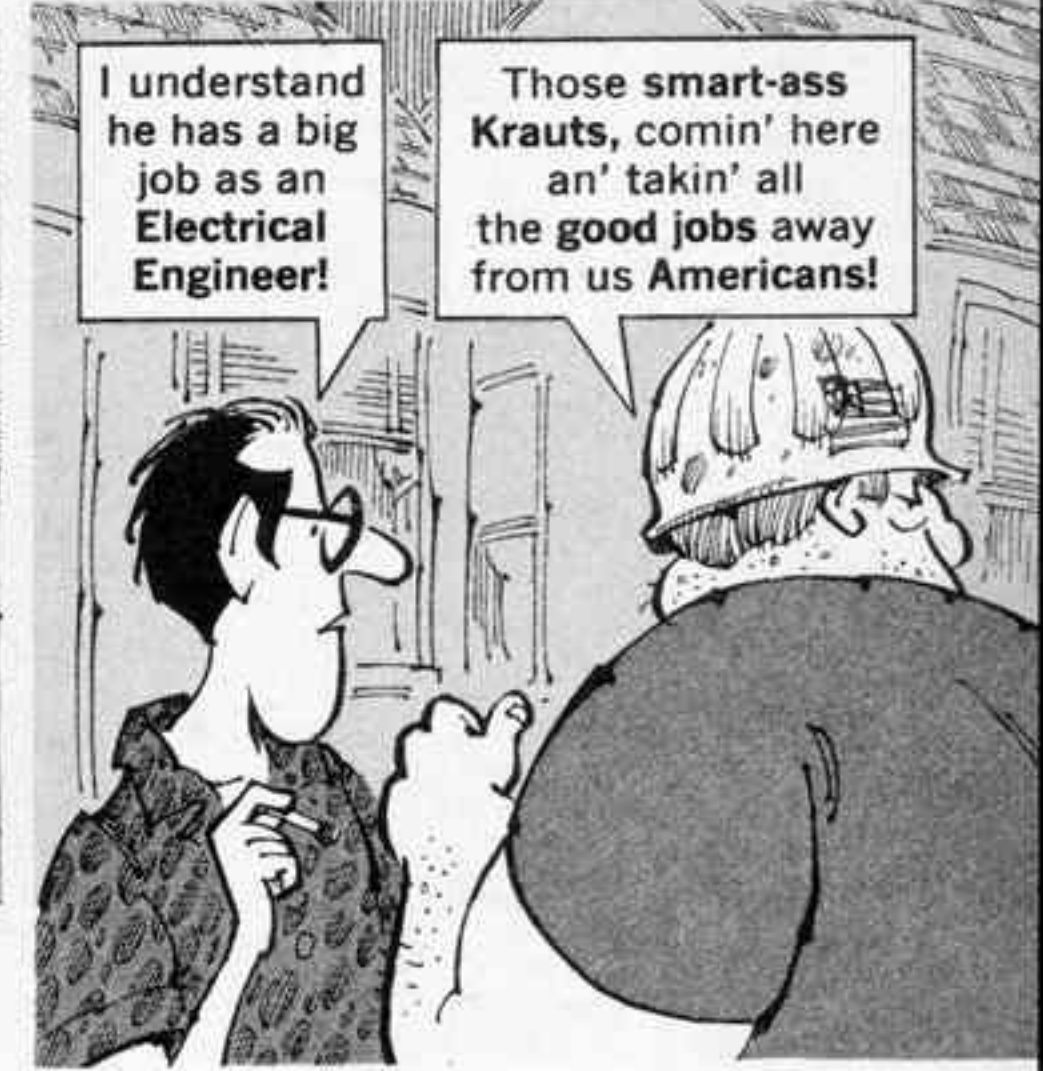
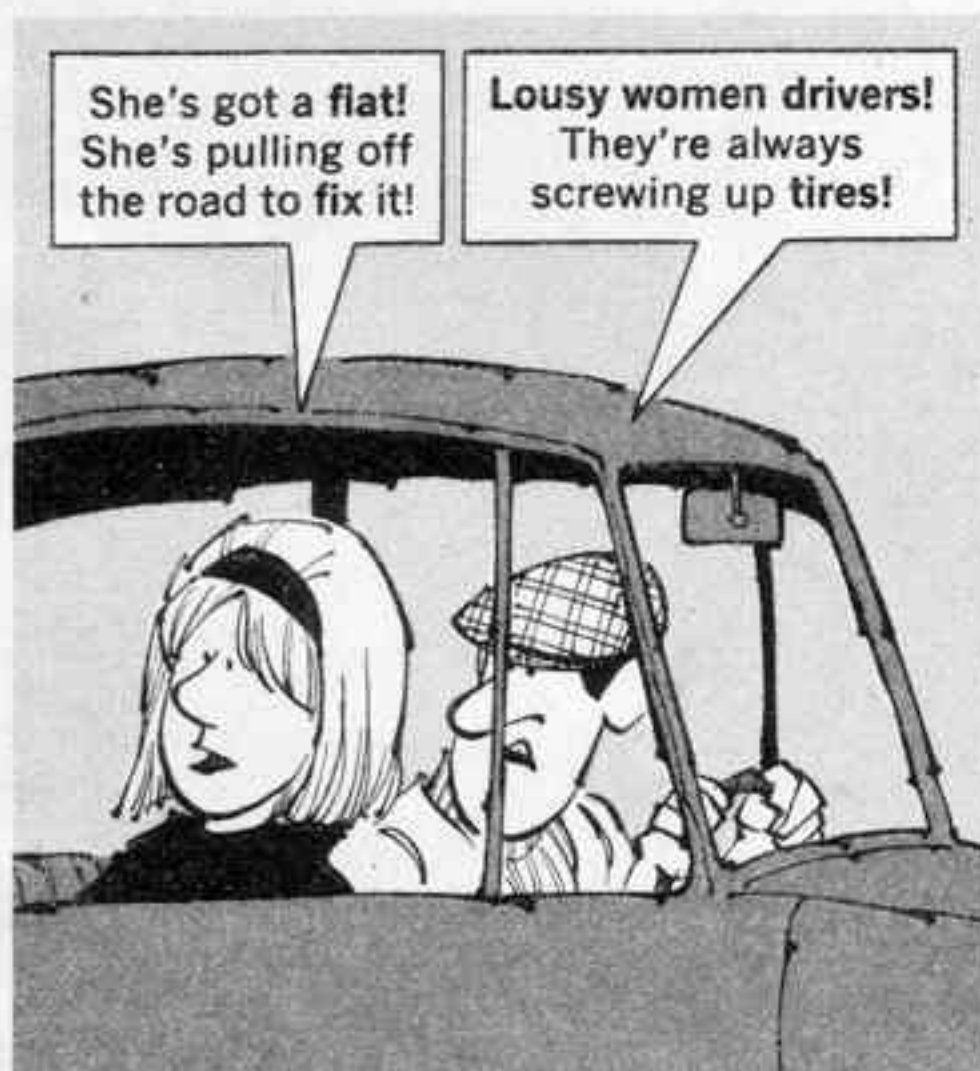


answer that supports his warped point of view. If you don't believe it, then try reading the following examples which clearly demonstrate exactly why...



IN WITH A BIGOT!

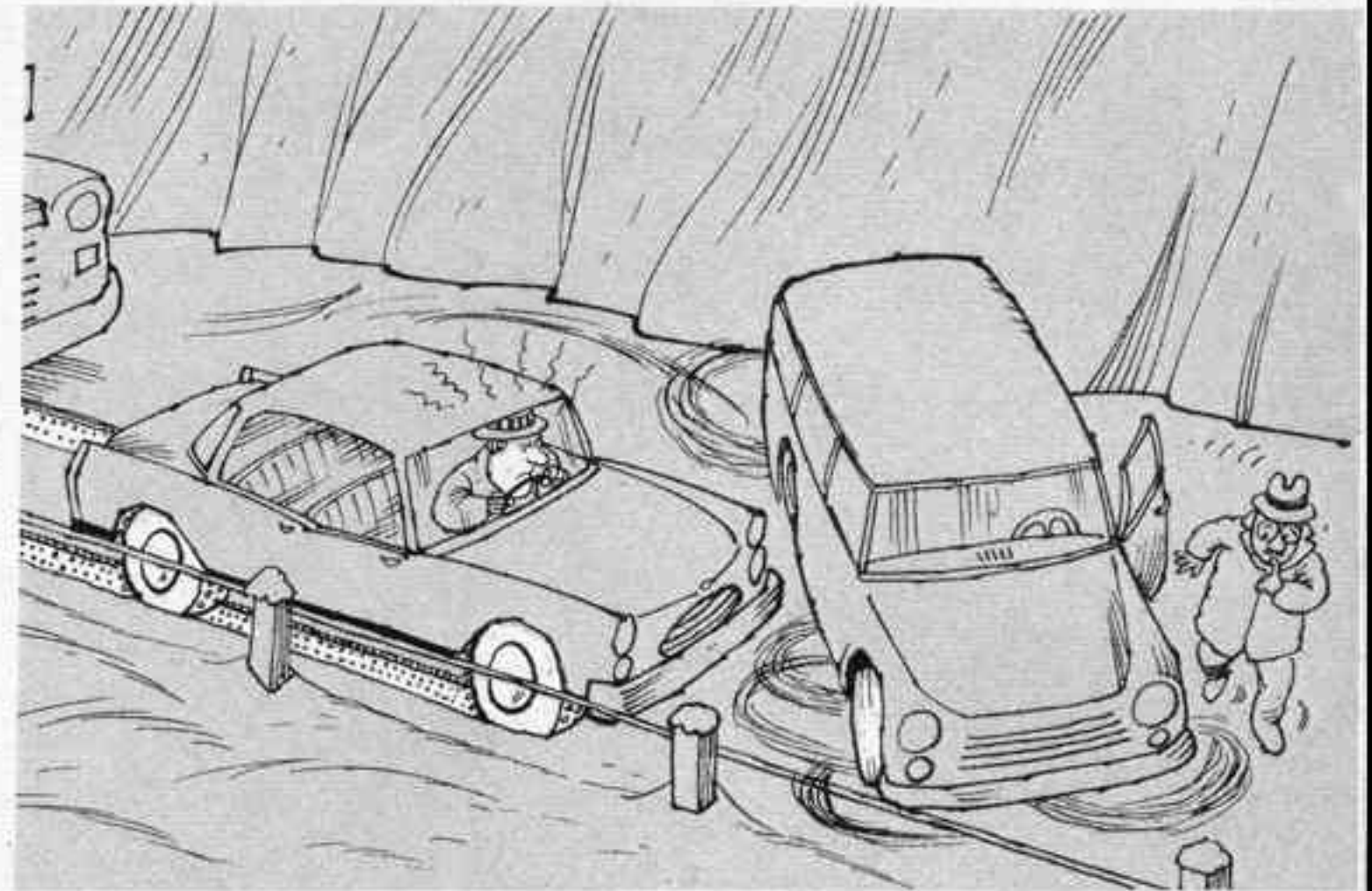
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



MISFORTUNE KOOKIE DEPT.

It always happens! You plot and you plan and you work to carve out a perfect little life for yourself. But no matter how carefully you look before you leap, and save

Don't You Feel Li



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

... preparing for winter with the best snow tires money can buy ... and winding up stuck behind a guy who didn't!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

... eating fish to cut down on cholesterol ... and accumulating enough mercury in your system to kill a whale!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

... putting on an expensive exotic perfume ... and the person you're spending the evening with smells like a goat!

for a rainy day, some event—completely beyond your control—brings the whole scheme tumbling down. And as you sit there in the rubble and ruin of your best-laid plans—

Like A Schmuck?!

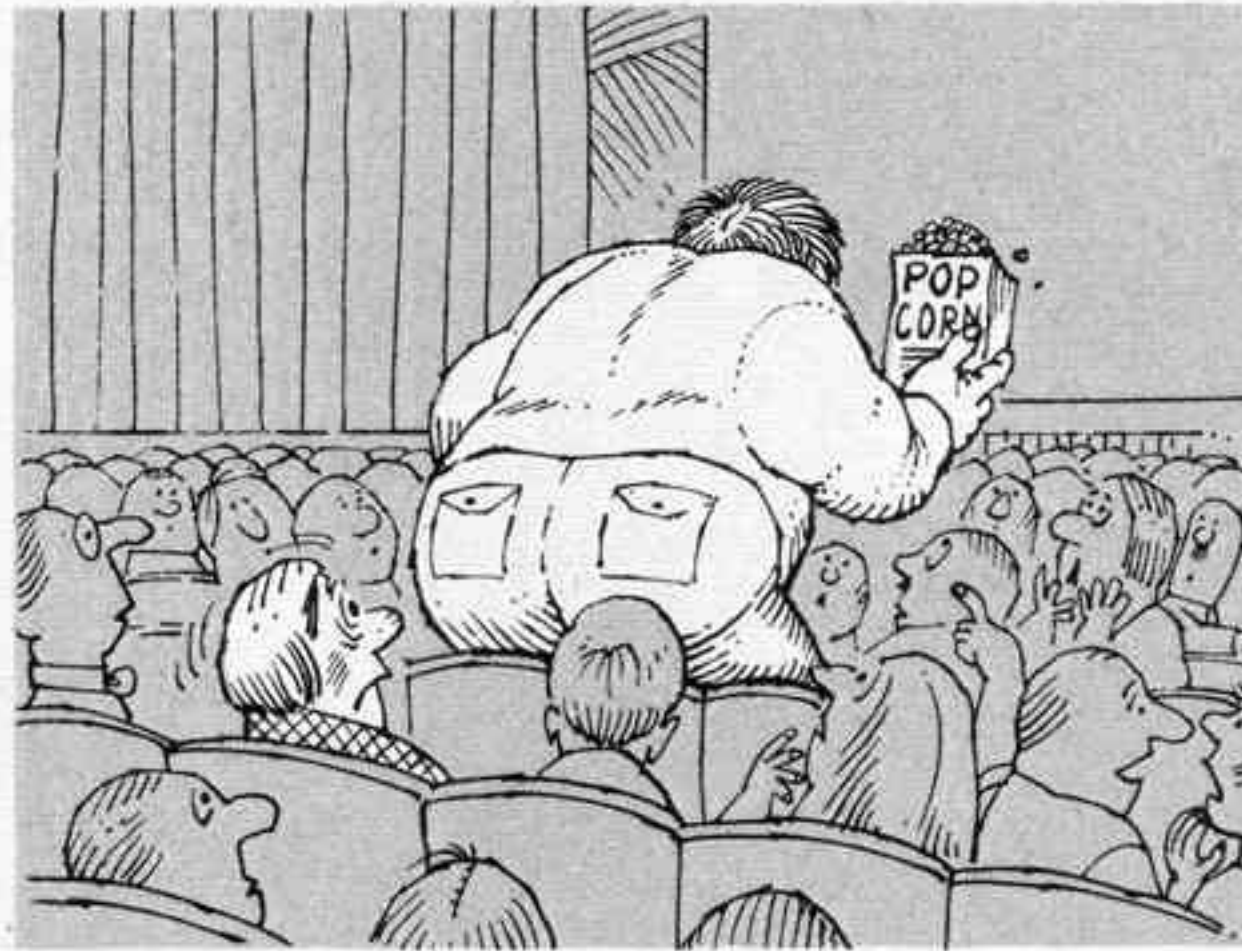
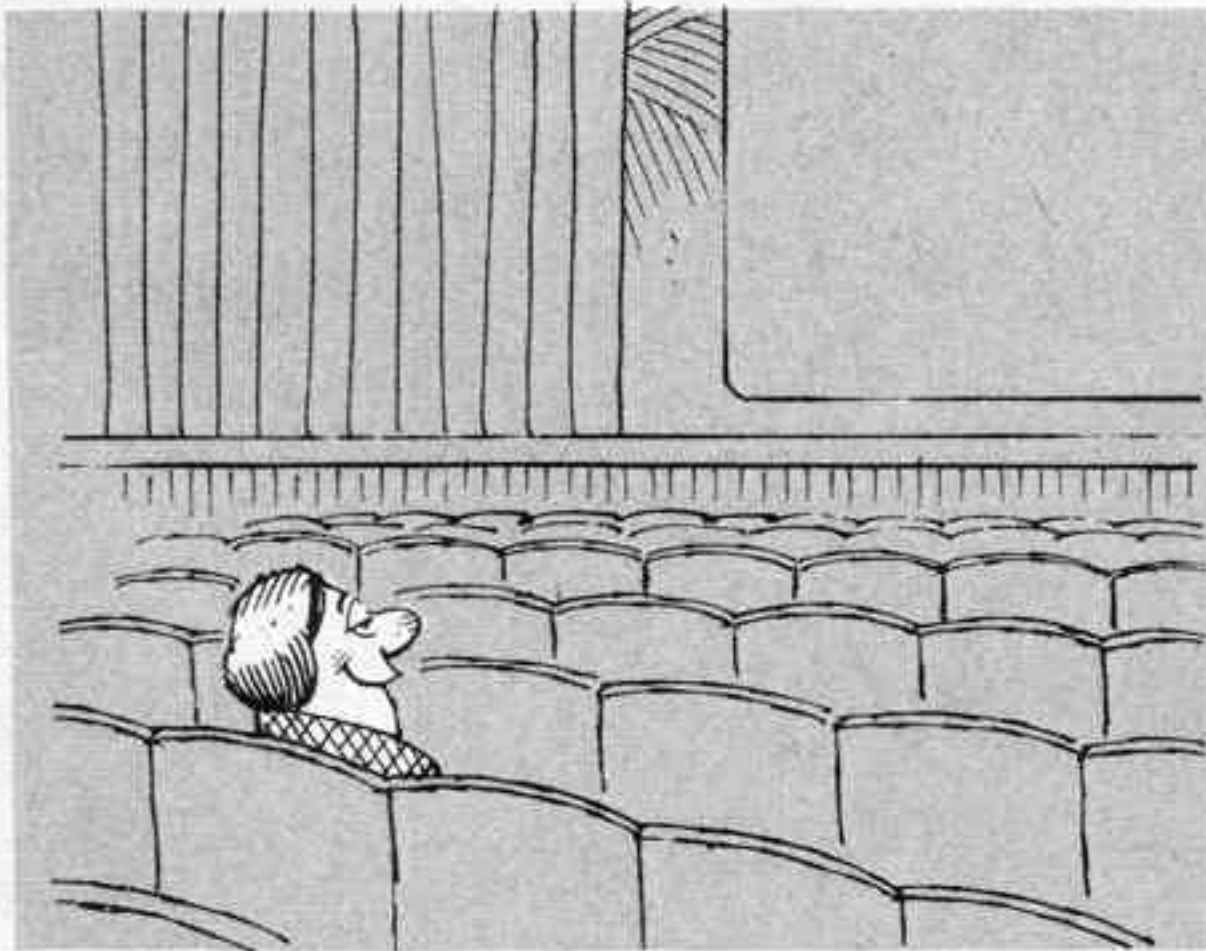
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

...obeying your County's anti-pollution laws...

... when your water comes from another County with no such laws!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

... getting to the theater early to get a good seat...

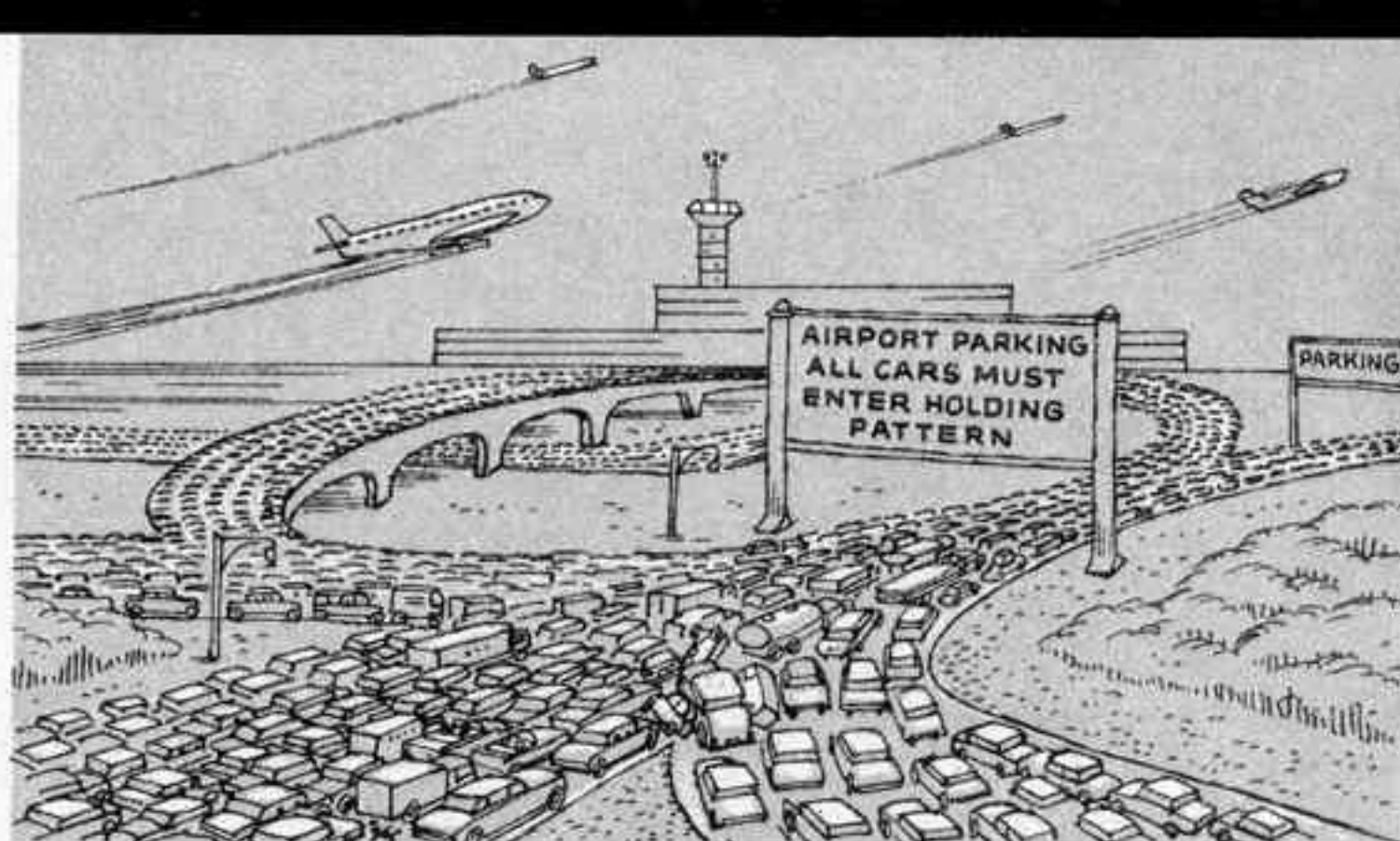
... and at the last minute, an eight-foot giant picks the only empty seat left... the one directly in front of you!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

... doing all you can do to avoid catching a cold...

... and some careless, sick slob coughs right in your face!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

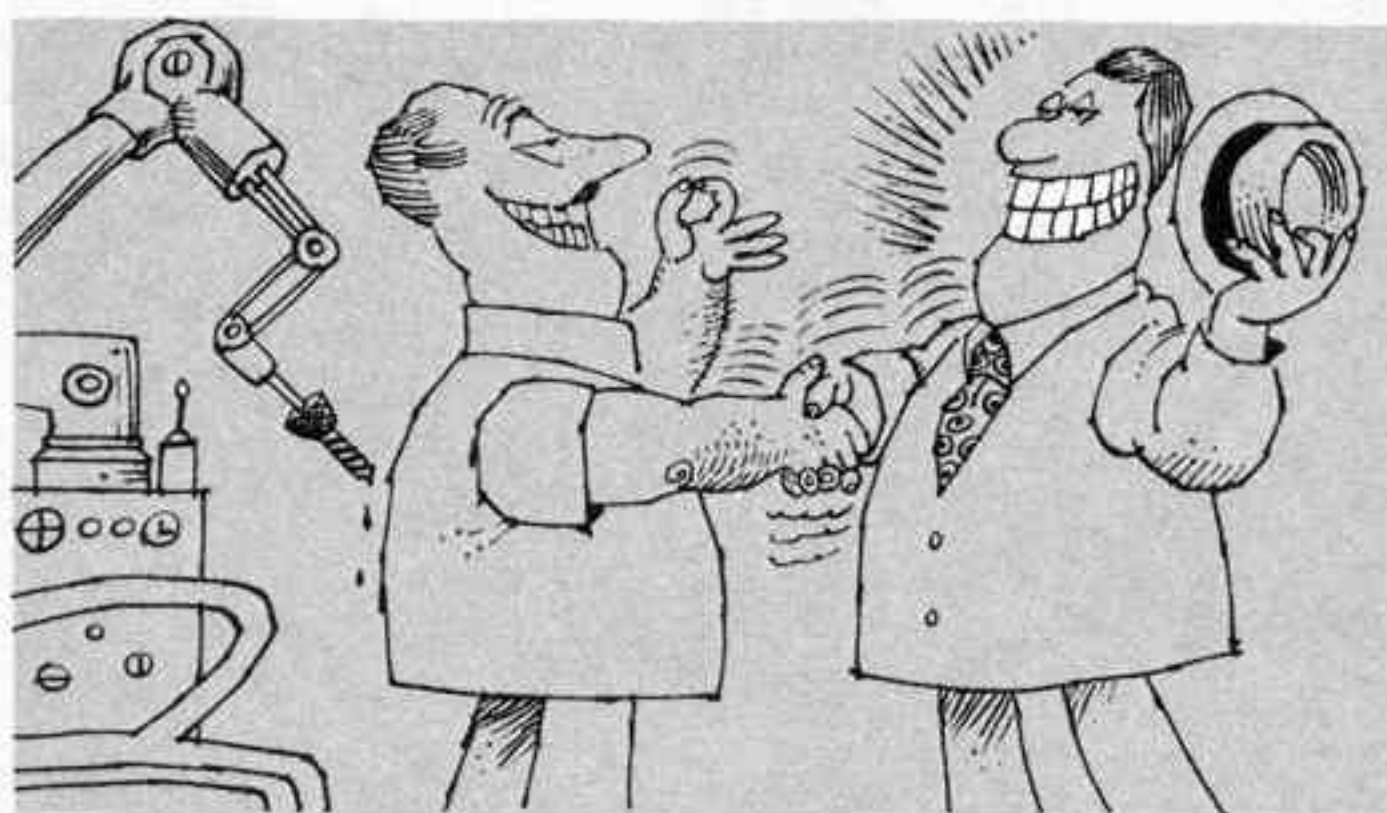
... paying a fortune to fly in order to save time ... and spending the time you save in an airport traffic jam!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

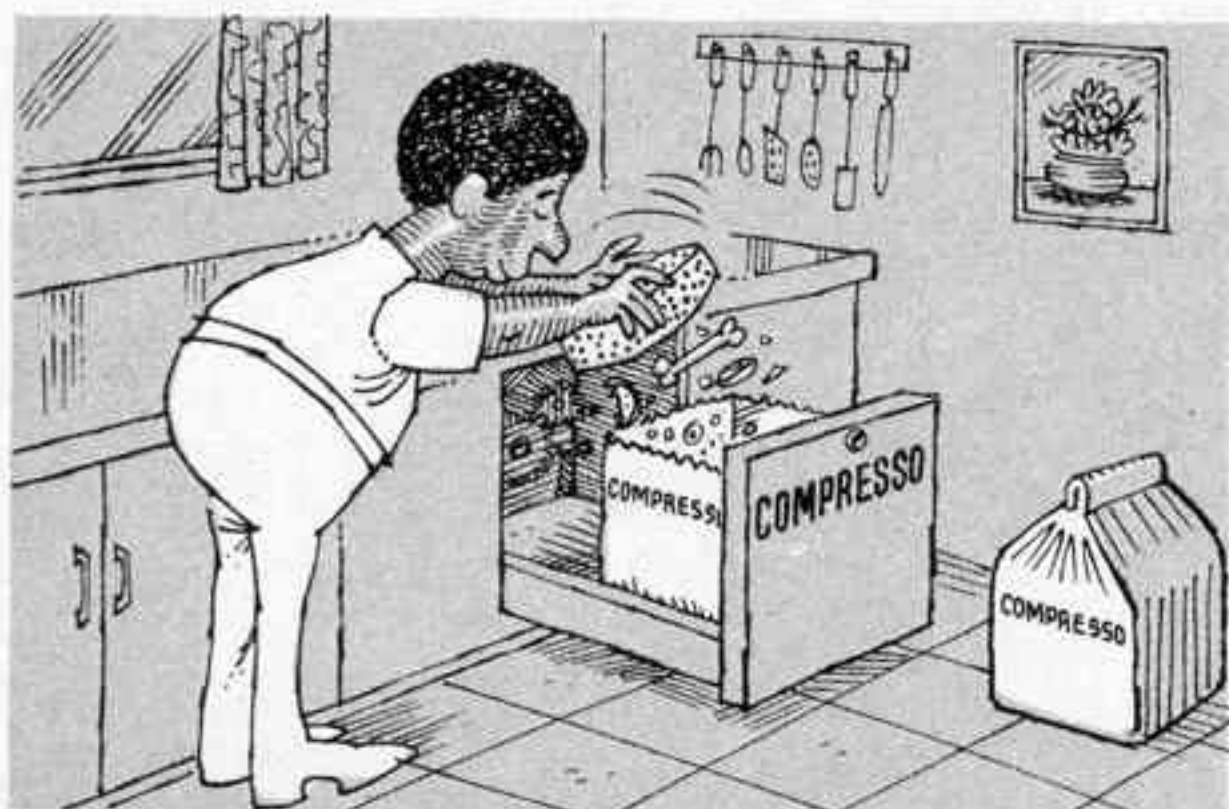
... spending months, training your dog to "go" in one special out-of-the-way spot ...

... while your neighbor lets his dog loose to "go" wherever it pleases!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

... taking perfect care of your teeth for thirty-three years ... and blowing it all on one stupid barroom argument!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...

... compressing your garbage into neat little packs ... and the neighbors' loose stuff ends up all over your lawn!

... making sure you're insured to the hilt ...

... and your *uninsured* Mother-in-Law's 14-month illness wipes you out!

... coaching, advising and helping your fellow worker for years, because he's sending his son through college...

... and the kid finally graduates ... right into your job!

... moving to the country to escape the sounds of the city ...

... without first checking out the sounds of the country!

... buying a new garment with a special washing instruction label sewn right into the lining ...

... and the first moron who launders it completely ignores the label!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

PERM

What a messed up bunch of kids we got! Martin won't go to school and won't go to work!

Melissa is a militant, man-hating Women's Libber!

And Billy's a man-loving Gay Activist!

And Stephanie is a regular Typhoid Mary spreading VD wherever she goes!

There's one thing I want to know!

There's one thing I want to know, too!

WHERE DID YOU GO WRONG?!



I've got the worst parents in the whole world! They're so old-fashioned and strict!

They refuse to let me stay out till all hours of the morning! So you'd better drive faster because we've got a long way to go!

I MUST be in the house by a definite time . . . and not ONE MINUTE LATER!!

Gee! How horrible! What time is that?

3 A.M.!!



Where are you going?

What are you doing?

Out!

Nothing!

No wonder kids today are spoiled rotten! Every time you ask her those questions she gives you the same dumb nebulous answers! Why don't you become a strong Father and assert your authority!

Okay, I will . . . !

JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING???

OUT!!

AND WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU DOING???

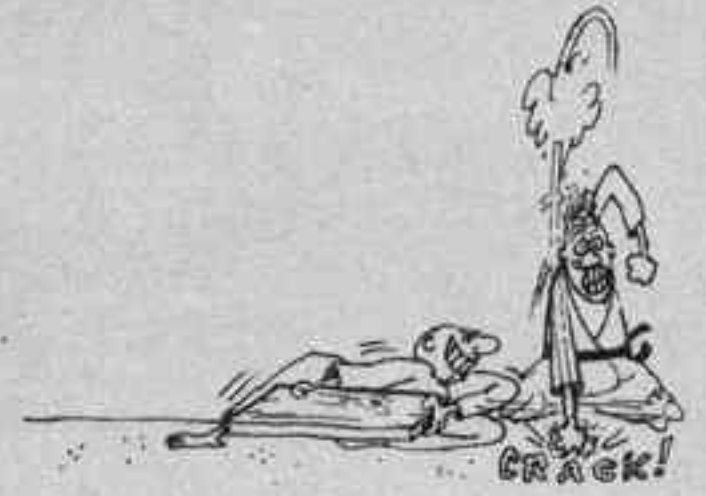
NOTHING!!

There! You can't accuse me of being a weak Father NOW!



ISSIVENESS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



I was a deprived kid, so I was determined that my kids would have everything I never had!



I worked like a horse, and I finally made it!



Now, my children have everything I never had!



Drug addiction, venereal disease, loss of identity, aimlessness . . . and a long list of Police arrests!



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK, I'M GONNA DO IT ANYWAY!



If I'd shouted at my Father like that, he'd have taken off his belt and whipped me bloody! How come you let your Son shout at you that way?

What else can I do . . . ?



The "Generation Gap" has become so WIDE . . .



. . . the only way we can communicate is to shout!!



Is it true that you're living with a tall, handsome blond fella?

Is it ever true? Like, oh wow!



Don't your parents object?

Oh, they object, all right!



But so far they haven't hassled me! Because if they ever did, I'd stop living with the tall, handsome blond fella . . .



And go live with a tall, handsome BLACK fella!!



You're her father! You go down there and tell her to stop smoking!!

Oh? You want me to be the heavy!? You want **your** child to love you!? Well, I want my child to love me! **Everybody** wants to be loved! So if we do it, we do it **together**!!

Dear, speaking for your Mother and myself, we think you're too young to smoke!

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG! I'M FIFTEEN! AND I HATE THE BOTH OF YOU!

Why are you hating ME?? I didn't say it!! HE did!!



My goodness! Such filthy language!

What's wrong?

We just received an obscene phone call!

Why didn't you yell!? I could've called the Police on our **other** number and have them trace it!

It wasn't necessary! I knew who the obscenities were coming from!

It was our **DAUGHTER** ... calling from College!



Will you look at that! It's my Son and his date!

Where did he get the money to take her to such an expensive restaurant?

Don't worry! When my Son wants something, he knows how to get it!

Beg pardon, Sir, but that young man asked me to give this to you!

See what I mean ... !?!



One of my students pulled a knife on me in class!

How horrible!!

Don't worry! I got the knife away from him!

How wonderful!

I'm not one of those permissive teachers who allows the kids to bully them!

How did you get the knife away?

I bought it from him!!



We adults did such a bad job on you kids that it's a **NATIONAL DISASTER!**

Now . . . it would take another National Disaster to shock you kids out of the first Disaster!

Like what . . . ?

Well . . . like . . . all the adults could suddenly **DROP DEAD!**

Naahh! That wouldn't work!

Because that wouldn't be a **DISASTER!!**



Well, Miss Woodstock Generation! So tell me, what **terrible things** did you **do** at the Rock Festival?

Nuthin'!

When you say "**Nothing!**", that means "**Something!**" What did you do?

If you must know, I went **skinny dipping** in the lake with a bunch of **fellahs!**

OH, MY GOD! WHAT A FILTHY, DISGUSTING THING TO DO!!

Oh, Mom—stop being such a **prude!**

What **prude?!?** That lake is **POLLUTED!!**



I have the **cruelest parents** in the world!

No matter how much I **provoke** them, they won't **punish** me!

Instead, they make me sit down and **TALK IT OVER FOR HOURS!!**

That's the **cruelest punishment** of all!!



What kids today are doing is **testing** us adults to see how far they can go! But I **fooled** my kids! I used **reverse psychology** on them!

When my **Sally** threatened to run off to some **Commune**, I said, "**Go ahead, see if I care!**" When my **Jerry** threatened to go on drugs, I said, "**Go ahead, see if I care!**" And when my **Laura** threatened to become a **Militant Activist**, I said, "**Go ahead, see if I care!**"

They **learned!** Nobody fools around with me! I was a **Psychology Major!**

Gee . . . you **ARE** smart! How did your kids react to your **cunning maneuvers?**

Sally ran away . . . Jerry's hooked on **heroin** . . . and Laura's **fire-bombing banks!**



Today, with all this new sexual permissiveness, there are so many **BAD GIRLS** running around!

And the **worst** of it is, they get **AWAY** with it!

On the **other** hand, take the case of my **Niece**! She's only **18**! Twice, now, she's become **pregnant** . . . and twice, now, she's had to have an **abortion**!

How come it's only the **NICE** girls that get caught!?!?



Maybe the trouble is we never gave you any **responsibilities** around the house . . . like **chores** and things like that!

The least you could do is **help me now**!

What do you want from me!?!?

I'm holding the door for you, aren't I!?!?



I'm going to the **greatest school**! We can take any courses we want!

So I worked out a real "**fun**" program: "**Ceramics**," "**Flower Arrangements**," "**Snorkeling**" and "**Basket Weaving**"!

Oh, **wow**! That's **wild**! What do you expect to be when you **graduate**?

Unemployed!!



Okay, so now you know the **truth**! I'm hooked on a **fifty dollar a day** habit!

My God! Where do you get **fifty dollars a day**!?!?

Where do you **think**?! I steal it!

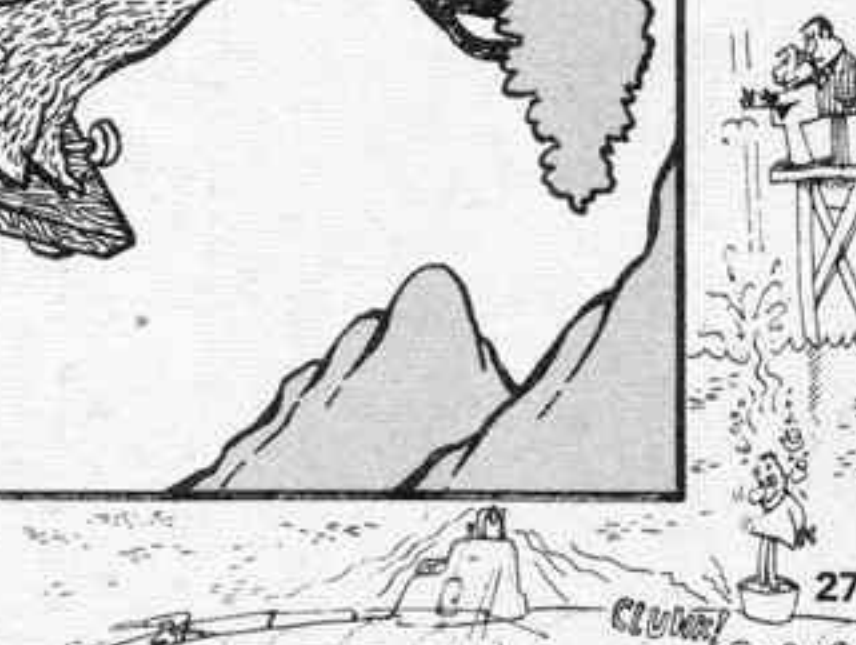
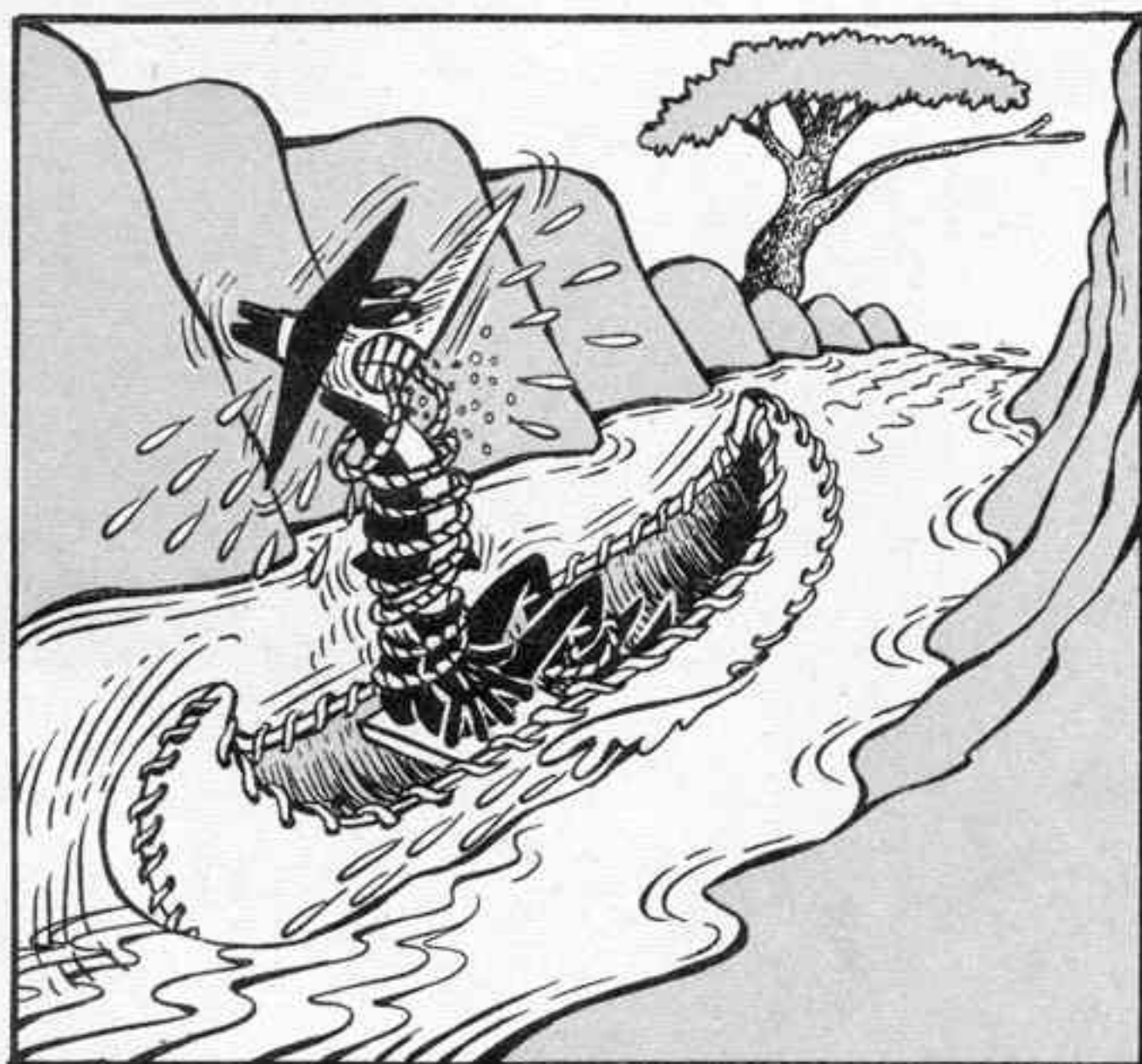
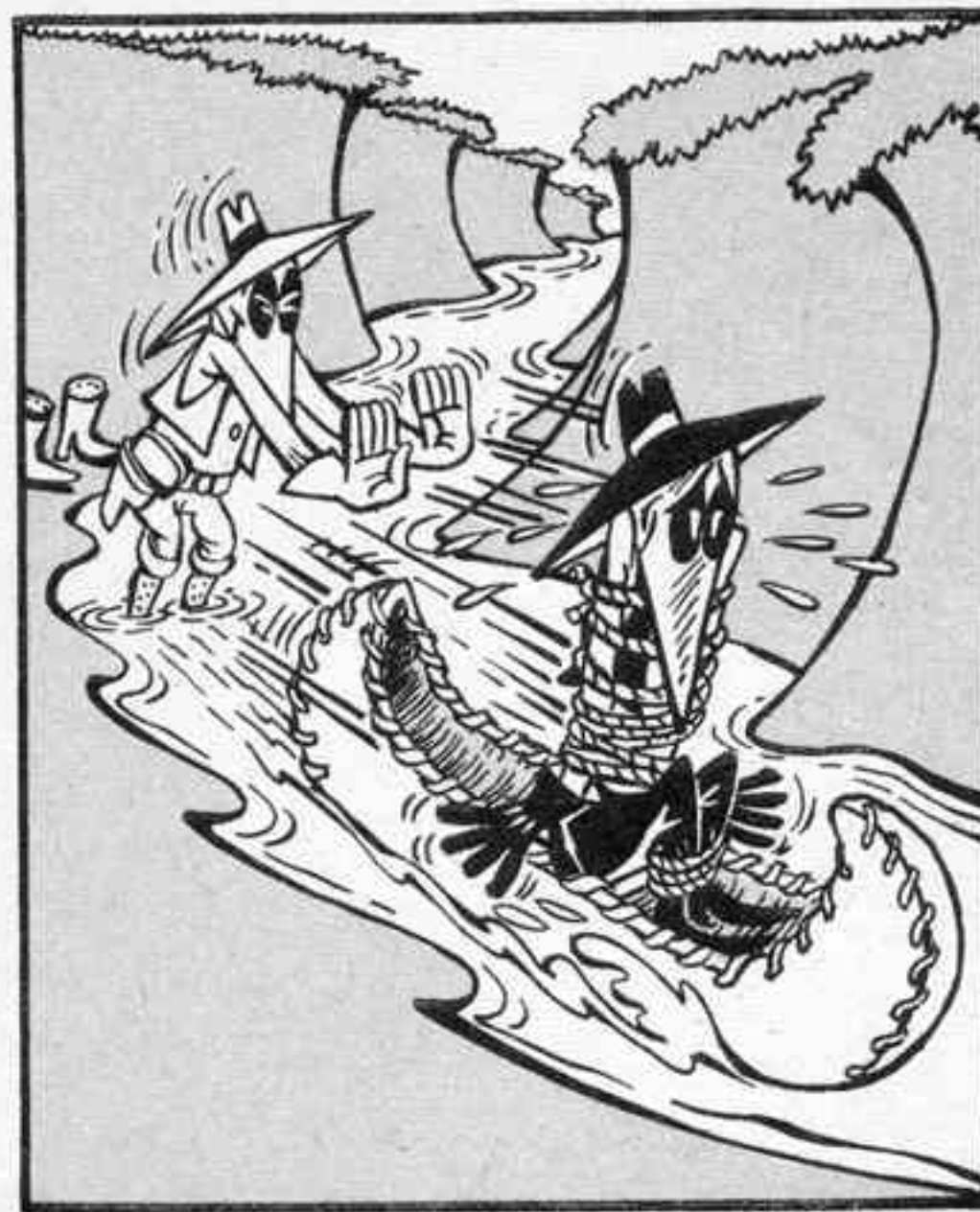
My God!! Don't steal any more! You could get **ARRESTED** . . . and ruin your life!

WE'LL give you the money!

HAH! Where are **YOU** gonna get that kind of bread!?!?

WE'LL STEAL IT!!





TIGHTENING THE MONEY BELT DEPT.

You've heard of "Inner City Poverty" and "Appalachian Poverty" and "Old Age Poverty." And yet, millions of our citizens are being inflicted with another kind of poverty. We're referring, of course, to the great American Middle Class...working...paying bills and taxes...and somehow, just about making it through from payday to payday! They know—and you know—we all know that...

MIDDLE CL

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



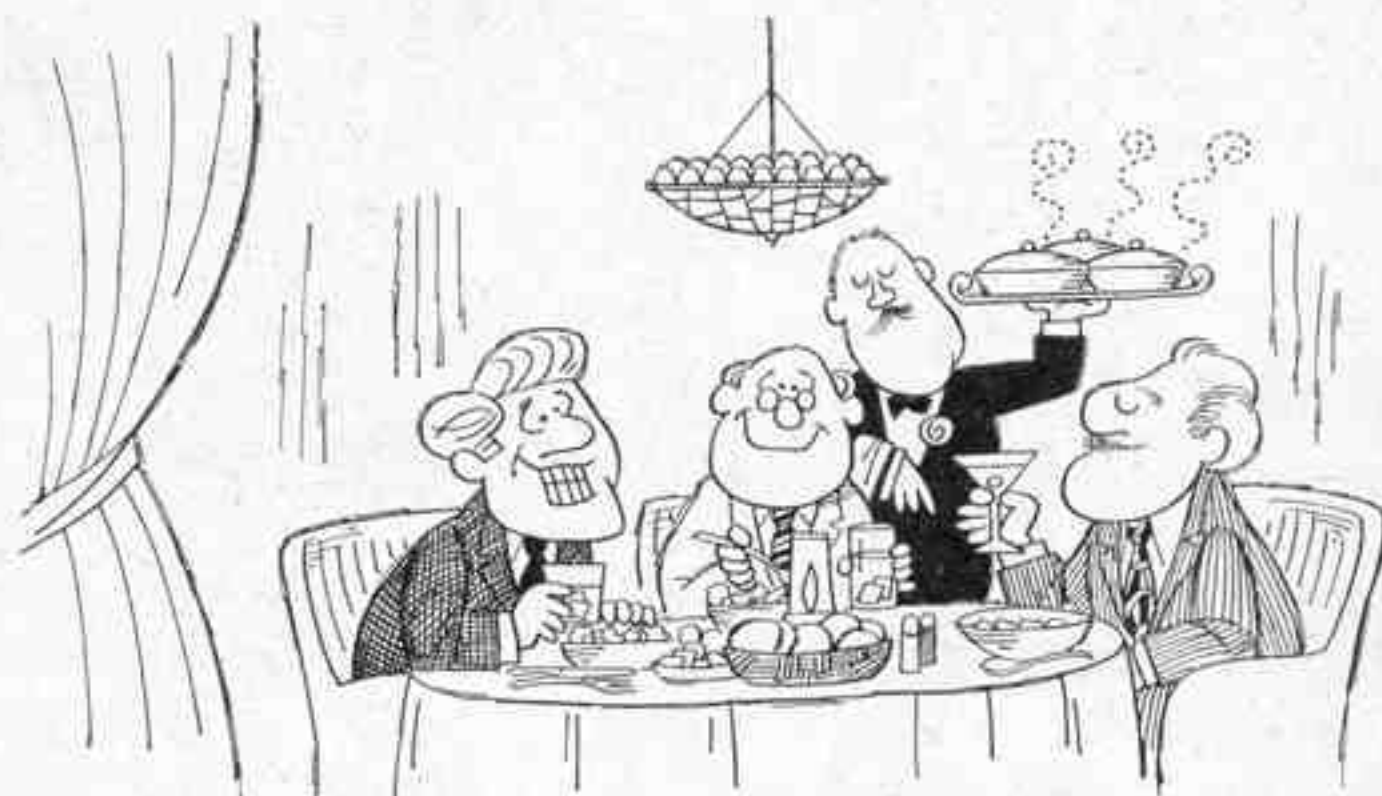
...hiding inside your \$30,000 house because you don't have the money to pay the paper boy.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...sitting all alone at the end of the bar so you won't have to buy a round for your friends.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...having lunch with clients on your Company's expense account



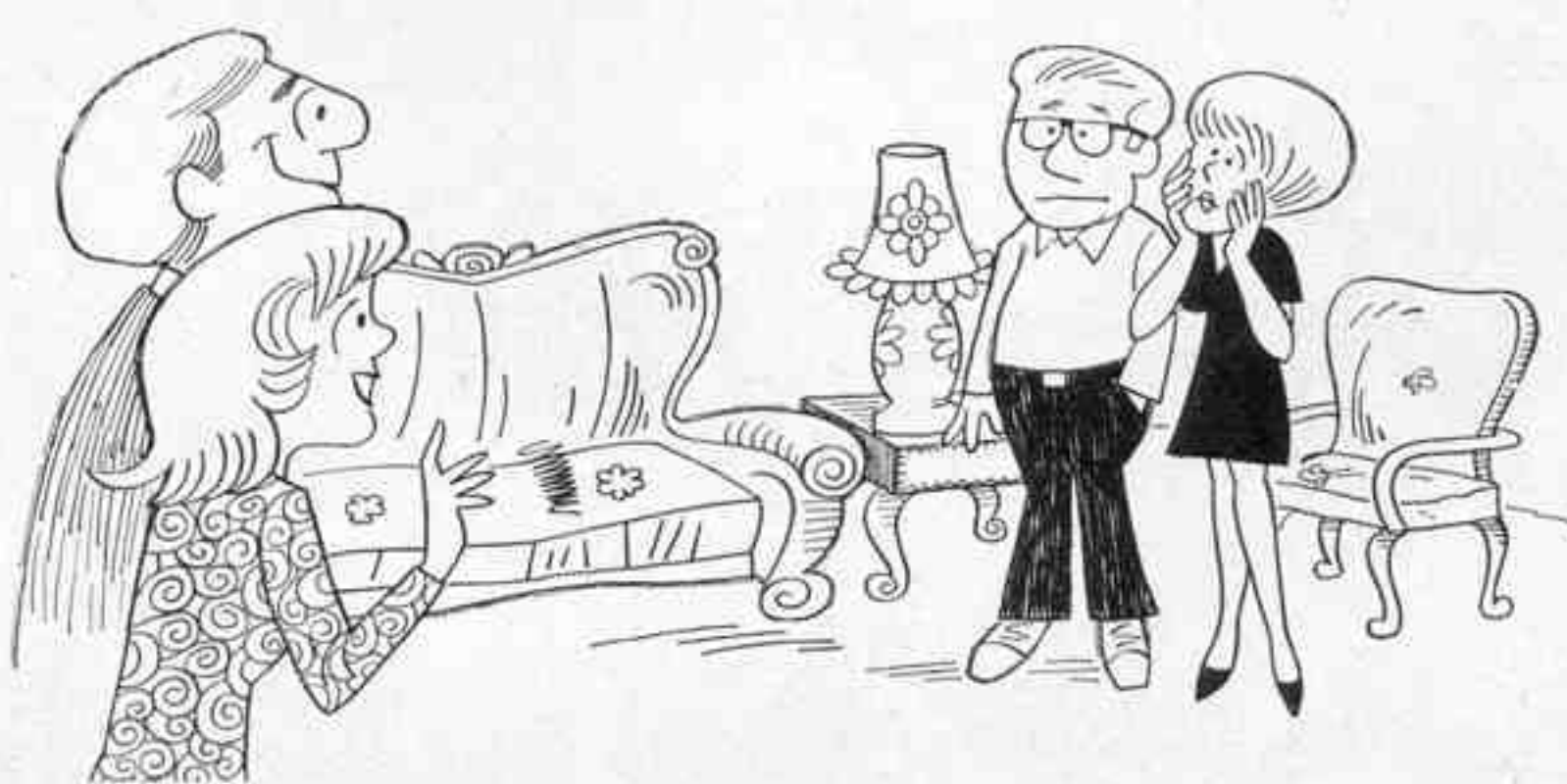
...and having lunch on your own.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...wearing an old suit from 1948 and hoping it looks like the new mod style.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...receiving compliments from your friends on your antique furniture...and you never even knew you owned any antiques.

ASS POVERTY IS...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... expounding the virtues of your new little economy car to your neighbors ... when you actually were dying for a Cadillac.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... getting a moonlighting job at your local gas station, and hoping none of your neighbors show up.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... pouring a Brand-X Scotch into an empty fifth of the good stuff.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... having to return something to the shelf at the Supermarket.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



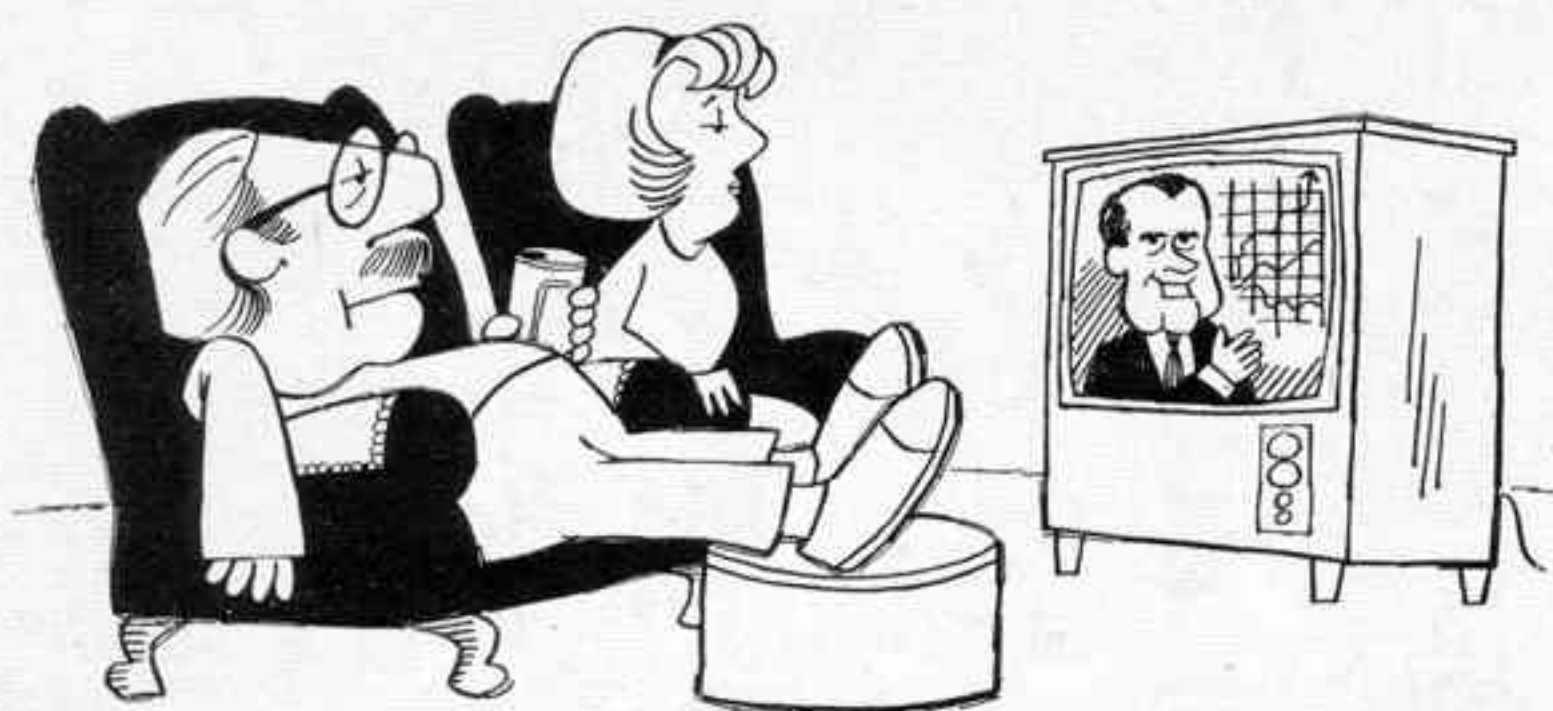
... spending your vacation just relaxing at home.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... discovering an expensive restaurant is not on the Diners' Club.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... watching the President on TV announcing that the recession is over ... the same day you were canned.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



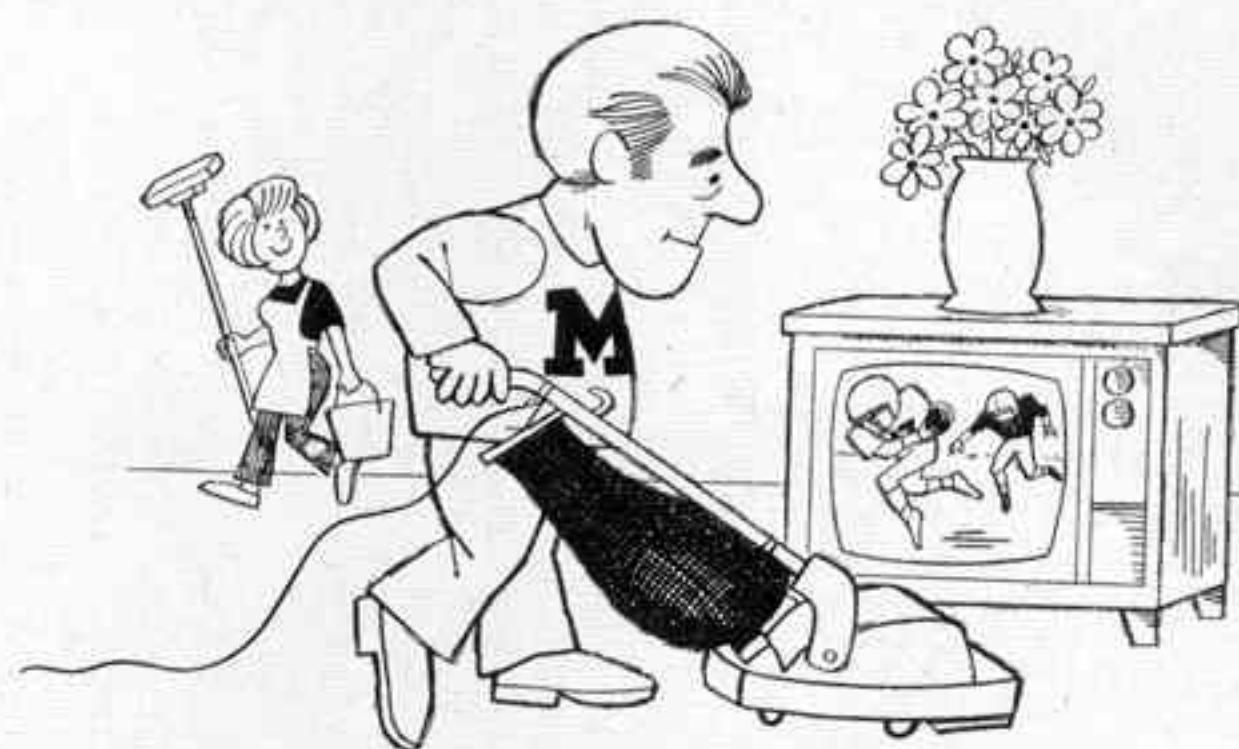
... having to say "No!" to a girl scout.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... encouraging your daughter and her fiancée to elope.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... helping your working wife clean the house on Saturday.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... having to wait to read the latest best seller until it comes out in paperback.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... not being able to scream at your kid to get a haircut because you can't spare the three bucks.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... spending a quiet evening at home reading your time payment books.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... being a contributor to MAD Magazine.



CAPTIVE AUDIENCE DEPT.

In recent years, there has been a lot more violence in prisons with miserable living conditions and a lot less violence around industrial plants with miserable working conditions. How come? Much can be attributed to those tricky company magazines that are handed out to every employee every month, full of cheery articles all designed to brainwash the poor, underpaid slobs into believing that they're really lucky to be working in such a "fun" place! Why shouldn't it work on convicts, too? MAD herewith offers

Your Monthly "PEN" PAL

No. ~~11~~ 11
Vol. ~~11~~ 11

**ABSOLUTELY
FREE**

(But Guards Will Be
Happy To Accept
Voluntary Contributions
of 25c Per Copy)

Lovingly Published for the Joyful Cons at San Dismal State Penitentiary

IN THIS ISSUE:

"I CAME TO VISIT
A FRIEND IN A
STOLEN CAR AND
STAYED TEN YEARS!"

by Daniel "Dummy" Clodinsky

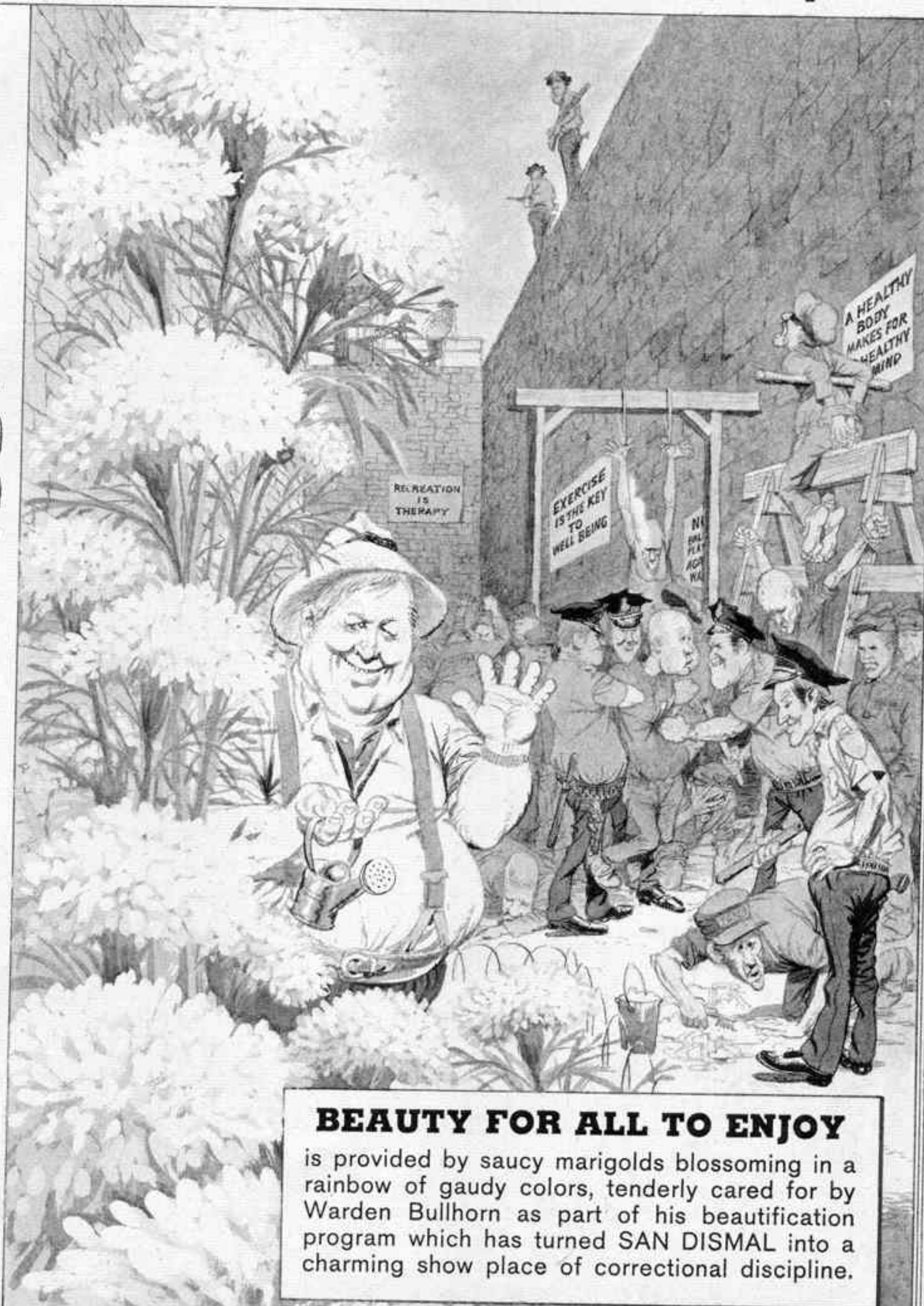
COMPLETE RESULTS
OF MESS HALL
COCKROACH RACING
SWEEPSTAKES

"AFTER I LOST MY
SHOWER PRIVILEGES,
EVEN THE BULLIES
LEFT ME ALONE!"

by Bernard "B.O." Overscent

A NEW FUN WAY
TO PASS TIME
IN SOLITARY:
COUNT YOUR
EYEBROW HAIRS

INSTALLMENT LXXXVI OF
"A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF WARDEN BULLHORN"



BEAUTY FOR ALL TO ENJOY

is provided by saucy marigolds blossoming in a rainbow of gaudy colors, tenderly cared for by Warden Bullhorn as part of his beautification program which has turned SAN DISMAL into a charming show place of correctional discipline.

THIS MONTH'S RECREATION & SOCIAL CALENDAR



FEB. 2—NATURE HIKE—Residents are invited to join guards for an all-day stroll along scenic Highway 14, observing and repairing chuckholes, road washouts, etc. Picks, shovels and leg irons furnished free. No charge for stew at noontime picnic.

FEB. 4—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: State Police Public Relations Film #74 entitled, "Receiving Traffic Citations Makes You a Better Person." Admission—75¢. Attendance required.

FEB. 7—INTRA-MURAL BASKETBALL—"C" Block Inmates vs. North Guard Tower Gunners for the league championship. The "C" Block team is advised that the Gunners wish to win by at least 25 points. All "C" Block residents will provide halftime entertainment by dancing energetically for 45 minutes.

FEB. 8—MAIL CALL—Copies of the *Reader's Digest*, appeals from charities, seed catalogues and similar uncontroversial mail will be distributed to inmates with good conduct ratings. Personal letters from loved ones will be burned by guards in the regular monthly bonfire ceremony.

FEB. 11—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: the first and third reels of "Lassie, Go Home." (Due to the immense popularity of this film classic, advance ticket reservations will be needed. All seats—\$3.50. Attendance required.)

FEB. 12—LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Formal Dinner-Dance in the Main Auditorium for management personnel only. Inmates will observe the occasion in their cells by facing Springfield, Ill., and saluting from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FEB. 14—VALENTINE DAY PARTY—All are cordially invited to the Central Interrogation Room to enjoy lengthy probing into the personal habits of inmates caught sending valentines to each other.

FEB. 15—CHESS TOURNAMENT—Members of the Chess-By-Mail Club will be permitted to send out post-cards describing their 46th move in the current games which began in 1967. Spectators may gather at the main mail chute to cheer the action. No admission charge.

FEB. 18—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: "Career Opportunities in Your Wyoming National Guard." Admission—75¢. Attendance required.

FEB. 20—AMATEUR TALENT NIGHT—Guards will search all cells and judge the talent of suspected amateur tunnel diggers. Participants will then be taken to the Central Interrogation Room to demonstrate their singing talent. First prize—an unforgettable two-month vacation downstairs.

FEB. 22—WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Buffet and Cocktail Party in the Main Auditorium for management personnel only. Inmates will re-enact a famous feat of our first president by trying to throw silver dollars across the Exercise Yard. Anyone succeeding will get his silver dollar back.

FEB. 25—DAY OF REST—(For medical experiment volunteers only.) All will report to the Infirmary for inoculations of typhus, cholera and plague germs. Volunteers will then be allowed to rest until it can be determined which of the fatal diseases they have contracted.

FEB. 27—WARDEN BULLHORN'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Gala pork fat and beans banquet in the Main Mess Hall. Presents from inmates to our beloved warden are optional. However, names will be taken and gifts appraised at the door.

FEB. 30—TELEVISION NIGHT—Original plans called for permitting residents to watch the set purchased with their pooled savings until 9:30 P.M. Upon discovery that there is no Feb. 30 this year, TV Night has been tentatively re-scheduled for June 31.

NOOSE BRIEFS

GRATEFUL SAN DISMAL-ITE GIVEN 30-YEAR ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE

Veteran Minimum Security Wing Resident Seymour (The Mouse) Slipdigit was recently honored for his 30 years of faithful incarceration at a gala creamed chipped beef on toast luncheon hosted by genial Warden Lamar L. Bullhorn.

Generously digging into the Convict Recreational Fund to provide liquid refreshments for the executive staff and a party hat for Slipdigit, Warden Bullhorn was praised by all for making the occasion a social success. The Warden, in a further display of his unstinting nature, presented Slipdigit with a lifetime library pass, a well-preserved cigarette butt and two handsome sheets of notebook paper.



Long-time Inmate Slipdigit (at left) shown receiving lifetime library pass from Warden Bullhorn at festive ceremony.

In a tearful acceptance speech, the guest of honor said he would use the note paper to write one final appeal to the parole board begging for his release. Slipdigit entered San Dismal in 1942 to begin a two-year sentence, but has remained with us ever since due to a clerical error which indicates that he was set free on schedule and is no longer here.

Warden Bullhorn, in his remarks to the gathering, made only a brief reference to Slipdigit's whining complaint of mistaken imprisonment. "You have long been a credit to the uniform you wear," he told Slipdigit, "so I'm willing to forget that your little outburst of insubordination today ever took place."

In a final exhibit of his humanitarianism, the Warden permitted Slipdigit to keep his party hat when he was returned to his cell. The other gifts were, of course, confiscated. However, good behavior could result in the issuance of a new library pass as early as 1977.

MID-WINTER CLEARANCE ON LUXURY ITEMS AT "LE AVANT" SUPPLY DEPOT BOUTIQUE



Come In and Browse Around During
Your Next Ten-Minute Lunch Hour

Use that idle cash slipped in by loved ones for Xmas to stock up NOW on those little extras that make cell life even more palatial. Up to 50% off while they last!

GENUINE LYE-FREE SOAP	40¢ a bar
USABLE PENCIL STUBS	10¢ ea.
FAIRLY NEW RAZOR BLADES	25¢ ea.
NEAR-NEW COPIES OF "PLAYBOY"	\$2.50
SLIGHTLY WATER DAMAGED MATCHES	15¢ a box
BENT CIGARETTES	5¢ ea.
PLAYING CARDS (Nearly Complete Decks)	\$2.98
GOOD USED TOOTH BRUSHES	75¢

Cash and carry as always. WARDENCHARGE credit cards accepted on non-discount items only.

"LE AVANT" SUPPLY DEPOT BOUTIQUE

Lamar L. Bullhorn, Prop.

Meet Your Guard

THIS ISSUE:

Residents Of "E" Block Look To Mr. Jukes For Fatherly Guidance And Advice

To mid-day strollers in the warm, grey shadows of the "E" Block exercise yard, Enforcement Officer Virgil (Boss Man) Jukes and his lovable hound, Mangler, have long been a familiar sight. This month's featured member of the San Dismal management team recently launched his third memorable decade of counseling and guidance work here by counseling four unruly inmates to remove their caps when spoken to, and then guiding them to "that room" when they were slow to comply.

Such unswerving dedication to the hallowed traditions of San Dismal is typical of Officer Jukes, who gave up a promising career at a Chicago slaughterhouse in 1952 to devote his life to "learning you boys a little respect for them as is better 'n you." Mr. Jukes' tireless pursuit of this goal has earned him the groveling gratitude of all who have benefited from his fatherly instruction over the course of two decades.

Mr. Jukes, who originally joined the San Dismal family as a Gas Chamber Cyanide Dispenser, nearly retired in discouragement when the state outlawed the death penalty in 1961. "I figgered I'd never get to see a man crawl and beg for mercy again after they quit draggin' 'em to the green room," he says now with some amusement. "But then, I started walkin' the exercise yard with this big, mean dog to protect the men from theyselves, and a funny thing happened." Mr. Jukes did not elaborate on the funny thing that happened, but the crinkly little smile appearing on his face indicated that the event must have been quite amusing.

The veteran guard also declined to say much about his private life and interests. Always shy and fearful of boring his listeners, he merely stated that he lives alone in a cottage nearby. Mr. Jukes reportedly brought a wife and six children with him when he came to San Dismal, but no one knows their whereabouts—and no one is about to ask.



NEW ACCIDENT POLICY PAYS UP TO \$10 A WEEK IF YOU'RE DISABLED

Don't be lulled into the false notion that just because you've been "safely" put away, you can afford to be without the protection of accident insurance! San Dismal records show that many inmates take nasty falls each year while working on the road gang. What's more, those long hours spent in your cell are not always 100% free of disabling mishaps either. Right now, some homicidal fellow con may be waiting to attack you the moment your friendly guard turns his back! Yes, friends, such unfortunate things do happen.



Why take a chance when low cost accident coverage by SAN DISMAL MUTUAL INSURANCE Co. can now be yours? SAN DISMAL MUTUAL's all-purpose policy guarantees to pay you up to \$10 a week in cash benefits if you are badly injured on the road or anywhere within these hallowed walls. And what is even more important, our records show that 97% of all accident victims at San Dismal last year were the thoughtless inmates who failed to sign up for this vital coverage.

A mere coincidence? Of course! But consider these two important facts before you buck the odds: (1) Full accident coverage by SAN DISMAL MUTUAL can be yours for only about 50¢ a day, and (2) Your cellblock guard is also your SAN DISMAL MUTUAL AGENT. Think about it.



SAN DISMAL MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

LAMAR L. BULLHORN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Your Signature Here And First Half A Buck Starts It Rolling

PEN PAL SALUTES:

San Dismal's CON of the Month

The boundless appreciation felt by San Dismal residents for their easy life and luxurious surroundings was graphically demonstrated recently when Solomon (Solly the Songbird) Blabbinsky begged for permission to stay here even though he had been granted parole. Solly's unprecedented plea made him a unanimous choice to receive the latest "Con of the Month" award, just moments before his tearful appeal was rejected and he was shoved out the main gate.

Blabbinsky took up local residence in 1966 to begin a scheduled ten-year term. However, the Parole Board voted to reduce his sentence shortly after he cooperated with the District Attorney by supplying ample evidence to convict 23 Syndicate big-wigs.

The talkative little "Con of the Month" award winner is best remembered by his fellow inmates for the many near-fatal accidents he suffered here following his meeting with the D.A. In addition to being grazed by heavy falling objects at least four times in the past few weeks, Blabbinsky clumsily backed into ice picks on three other occasions.



Solly's accident prone behavior continued to plague him upon his release as he stumbled into a barrage of gunfire just outside the Main Gate and was killed instantly. However, he went down still clutching his "Con of the Month" plaque to his bosom. This final gesture of appreciation to the San Dismal staff and its revered leader, Warden Bull-

(cont. on Page 83)

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS CORNER

MODEL LINCOLN MEMORIAL MADE OF BREAD CRUST IS 12-YEAR HANDICRAFT PROJECT OF TALENTED INMATE



A handsome replica of the Lincoln Memorial made entirely of stale bread crust has been unveiled by its creator, Maximum Disciplinary Section Resident Gerard (Mad Dog) Klavverman. The project, which Klavverman worked on for 12 years while being temporarily confined to "The Hole" for sassing a guard, was inspired by the picture on the back of a penny.

"I found this penny in my pants cuff after they threw me down here," Klavverman explained in a note he was permitted to hand up to your reporter. "For a few months, I just stared at it to keep my mind occupied. But then, the guards kindly encouraged me to begin work on my model by feeding me bread crusts that nobody could possibly eat."

Warden Lamar L. Bullhorn, long known as a patron of the arts, paid a special visit to Klavverman's cell to view the intricate accomplishment and pronounced it "pretty damn good for a maniac like that who's really nothing but an animal." Unfortunately, the Warden also found that Regulation 2977-B, which prohibits an inmate in solitary from harboring luxury items (which, of course, would apply to any form of sculpture), made it necessary to order the model demolished at once.

However, in a humane gesture that is typical of Warden Bullhorn, Klavverman's penny was merely confiscated, and will be returned to him when he is released in 2054.

YOUR PHINKING PHOTOGRAPHER

QUESTION: Which of the many recent improvements made at San Dismal by your beloved Warden, Lamar L. Bullhorn, has drawn your most heartfelt and sincere appreciation?

This month's loaded question was submitted by Bobby Joe Bullhorn, Absentee Administrative Assistant and Full-Time Golfer. The favorable-or-else answers were offered by inmates in the North Exercise Yard.

BIG EDDIE KLUTZ, SAN DISMAL MACHINE SHOP



Putting a real, bona fide premed student in charge of the Infirmary meant a lot to me a few days ago when I got caught in a power saw with no safety guard and was hacked up real bad. This new medic found some rags on the floor right away to bandage me with, and I was back at work in an hour. Of course (GASP) the bleeding still hasn't stopped... (WHEEZE) but I'm (GURGLE) feeling much (GAAAAAAAK) better.

SOL (Senile Sol) TREMBLE, LICENSE PLATE SHOP



I haven't had near as much time to sit around and get depressed since the warden decided to let us all work 16 hours a day, seven days a week. I was even too busy to get the blues on Christmas Eve like I usually do. It's simply wonderful how thinking about what will happen to me if I don't meet my work quota helps keep my mind off really unpleasant things.

MORTON (Morty the Meek) FUTZ, LAUNDRY ROOM



For a man like me who's only got a little more time to serve on a 99 year term, the main thing is to keep out of trouble. That is why I'm grateful to Warden Bullhorn for his announcement of a new policy to avoid protest demonstrations. The young hotheads should realize by now that grabbing hostages and making demands is pointless since the Warden's told them he'll never give in, no matter who happens to get killed.

OLLIE DUMBKOPF, KITCHEN FLOUR SACK STACKER



I think that Warden Bullhorn has taken a big step forward in prisoner education by giving those weekly lectures to inform us of our constitutional rights. Until Mr. Bullhorn was kind enough to explain the subject, I had not even understood why nothing that is guaranteed by the Constitution applies to a con like me anyway.

PEN PAL'S CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER

Brutally frank answers to your questions

by Frank Brutally,

Assistant Chief Disciplinary Officer

Dear Frank,

During my three years at San Dismal, I have been gathering data for the exposé I plan to write after I'm released about the horrible prisoner treatment here. I still need to collect a little more evidence, but now I'm scheduled for a Parole Board hearing next month. If I'm let out early, do you think I should go ahead with my book based on what I already have?

J.Q.

Dear J.Q.,

No need to worry. I have just turned your letter over to the Parole Board, and since only one prisoner with the initials J.Q. is scheduled for a hearing next month, I'm sure you'll still be here gathering data for many years to come.

Dear Mr. Brutally, Sir,

About 20 years ago, I heard that inmates who show the "proper attitude" toward officials are given special consideration for work assignments in the library and infirmary. Since then, I have sent our beloved Warden the most expensive gift I could afford every Christmas, and have voluntarily shined the shoes of all the guards in my cellblock daily. What more do I have to do?

H.G.

Dear H.G.,

Your question is a hard one to answer, due to the fact that cry babies and ingrates who write to this column begging for cushy jobs automatically have their names dropped down to the bottom of the list.

Dear Frank,

I read somewhere that a person who has been forced to eat food with bugs crawling all over it can contract terrible diseases, like beri-beri. Is this true?

Weak and Sickly

Dear W. & S.,

Of course not! The whole idea is ridiculous. Beri-beri is a nutritional disease caused by improper diet especially lacking in vitamin B. What you probably read is that people suffering with beri-beri often hallucinate and imagine they see bugs crawling all over their food. Feel better now?

Dear Frank,

A while back, I saw a bulletin board notice about a rock festival. However, the announcement didn't give any details. Please tell me where it's being held and how I can participate in it.

J.J. Woodstock

Dear Jay-Jay,

This column is always happy to assist residents who wish to take part in recreational activities. Therefore, we have already signed you up for the rock festival. Just report to the Road Gang Foreman next Monday at 7 A.M. and he will give you all necessary information and a sledge hammer.

Dear Frank,

I was convicted on a bum rap and I can prove it. But whenever I write my lawyer asking how to present new evidence to the Appeals Court, his answers come back with so many parts blacked out by the prison censors that I can't understand what he means. Can you advise me?

Railroaded

Dear Railroaded,

Any wrongfully convicted person has the right to appeal. Merely submit written proof of your innocence to [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Within 30 days, you should receive a [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] If not, notify the [REDACTED] that you wish to [REDACTED] and they will promptly [REDACTED]

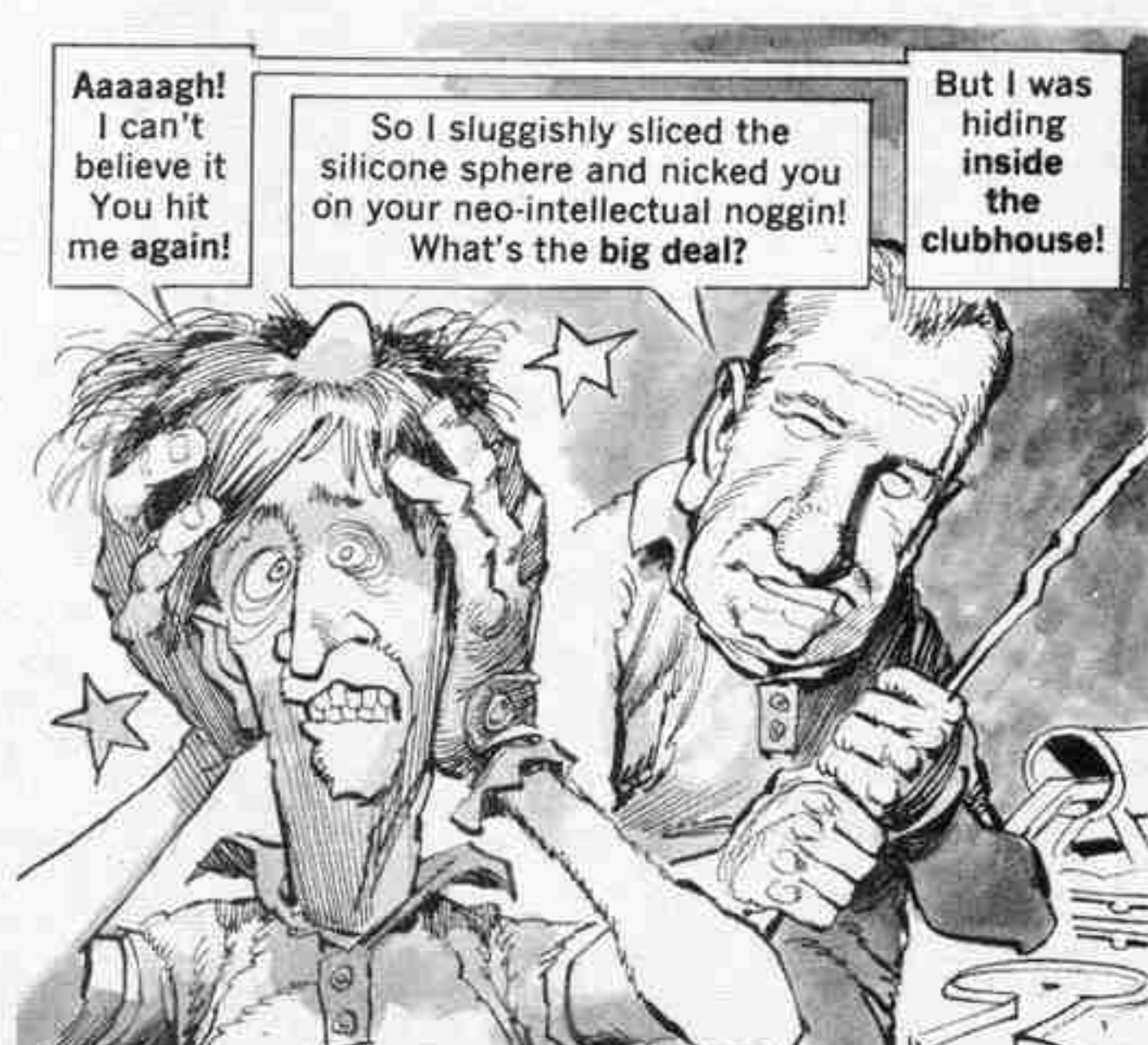
See how easy and democratic it is once you stop complaining and just follow the normal procedures?



The new adventure hero of the day is George Plimpton. Not a typical hero type, George displays more brain than brawn. Usually. Sometimes he doesn't. Like when he stepped into the ring to fight Archie Moore, when he played quarter back for the Detroit Lions, and then later for the Baltimore Colts, and when he took a leap on a trapeze, and when he hunted big game in Africa. At times like those we questioned the man's intelligence, if not his sanity. But if he *must* take on these suicidal self-assignments, then why not go ALL THE WAY!? Why not take on some real toughies? In other words, we at MAD now suggest...

SOME REALLY DANGEROUS JOBS FOR GEORGE PLIMPTON

PLAY GOLF WITH SPIRO AGNEW



FLY CROSS-COUNTRY ON A 747 JET

Stewardess, isn't there any **modern contemporary** music available on these head set channels?

Yes, we have **wild 1940 show tunes** on 5, and the controversial **Mantovani Strings** on 8!

Er, never mind! Tell me, what's the **movie**?

Doris Day, Fred MacMurray, Debbie Reynolds, and Dean Jones in "Willie and His Chocolate Wonka!"

And tell me—what **maga-zines** do you have?

Readers Digest, McCall's, Parents, Womens Day and Good House-keeping!

I don't know if I can last through this flight! If we're not hi-jacked or crash some-where, I may be **sweetened to death!**

Stewardess, the aroma of all that wonder fully bland food is making me **hungry!** When will I be served?

You'll have to wait your turn, sir! We have **230 passengers** to feed and only **two stewardesses!**



LIVE WITH JERRY LEWIS FOR A WEEK

Hi, Jerry! Go ahead—snip off my tie with a **scissors!** Smear peanut butter on my **nose!** I can take it!

Don't be ri-
diculous! That was the old Jerry Lewis! I've matured!

C'mon! Where's that irrepressible pixie we all loved and laughed at!?

Gone forever, my friend! Jerry Lewis is now a producer, director, actor, theatre owner, religious philosopher and the proud owner of 400 sports jackets!

That's hysterical, Jer! Funniest thing I've ever heard! I knew you could still break me up any time you wanted to!



WALK ON 42nd STREET FROM 8th AVENUE TO BROADWAY

Well, so far so good! **Nothin's happened** and I've already walked a foot and a half!

I'm a **weirdo**, Mister! Give me all your money!

That's not so weird!

All your money or I'll smear you with **hot potato salad!**

That's weird!

Hi, handsome! I'm a New York City **Street Hostess!** Would you like a good time?

Well, gee, thanks, but I've already planned a good time—I'm going to see Leonard Bernstein at Lincoln Center!

Agnew was right! You intellectual snobs are effete! Take **THAT**, creep!





Only two for this apartment house with wings?

Yes! The others are all out doing television commercials!

Welcome to our piano lounge! Just have a seat and relax!

I would if it wasn't for that noise! Tell me, is that bratty kid going to play "Chopsticks" off-key for the rest of the trip?

No, his kid brother is waiting his turn at "Heart and Soul" off-key for a few hours!

This is a hijack! I've already got \$100,000! Now all I need is a parachute and no one will be harmed!

Make that TWO parachutes! I'm jumping with you!



You can leave, Plimpton! You had the chance to spend a week with one of the true geniuses of our age—and you blew it! OUT! OUT!!

Okay, Jer! I'll go if that's what you want, but I still got the feeling this whole thing is one of your great put-ons!



Help! I've been attacked by muggers, addicts, prostitutes, and all kinds of weirdos—and I haven't walked 15 feet yet! At least you two look like a normal couple! Would you please walk to Broadway with me for added protection?

We'll be glad to help! My name is Sheldon, and this is my wife, Murray!



SWIM ACROSS LAKE ERIE

I really don't think there'll be any problem making it across . . .

You mean you're actually going to swim across that filth?

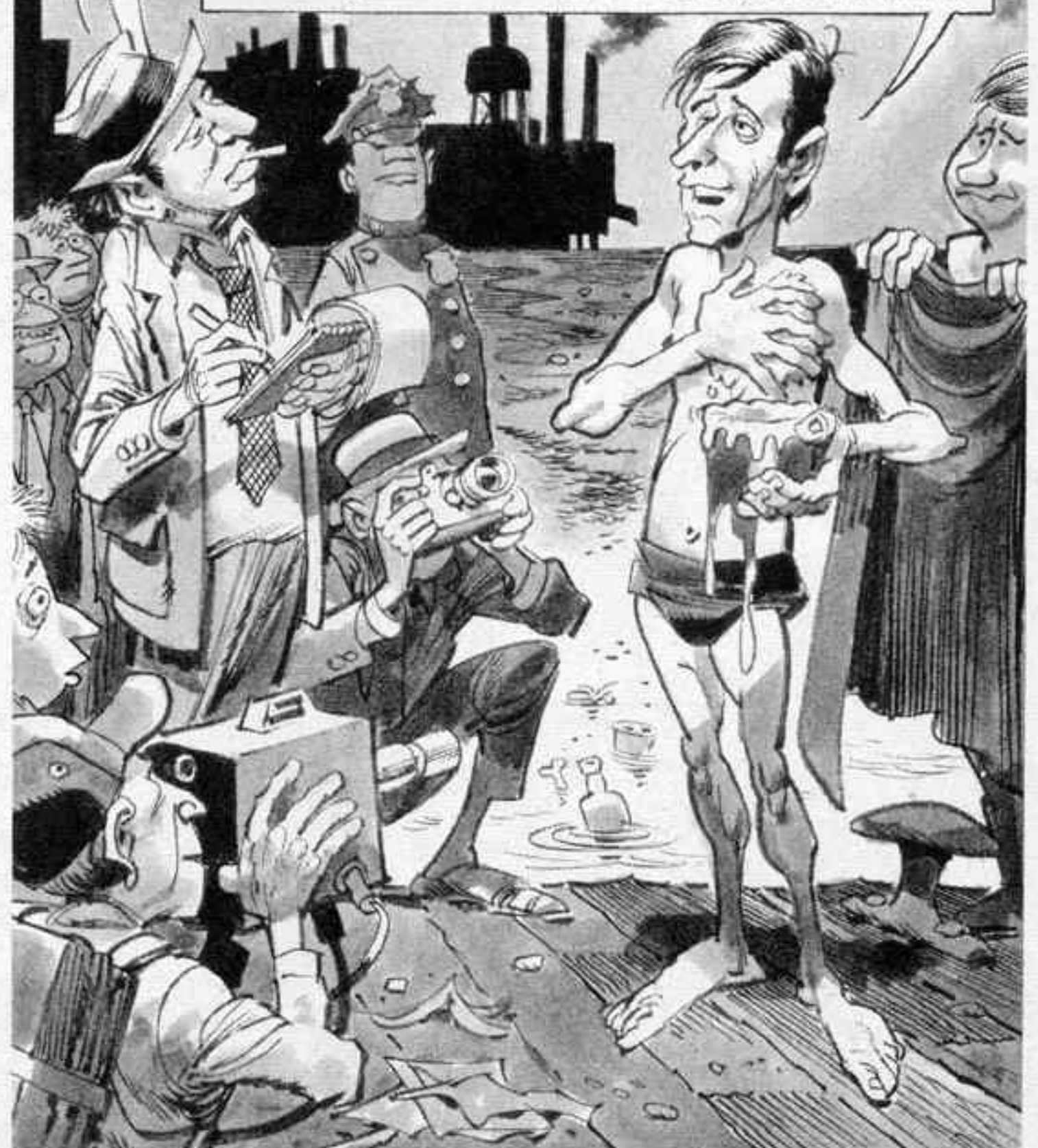
No, it's so polluted I figure I'll walk across it!

What are you rubbing on yourself, grease?

No, penicillin!

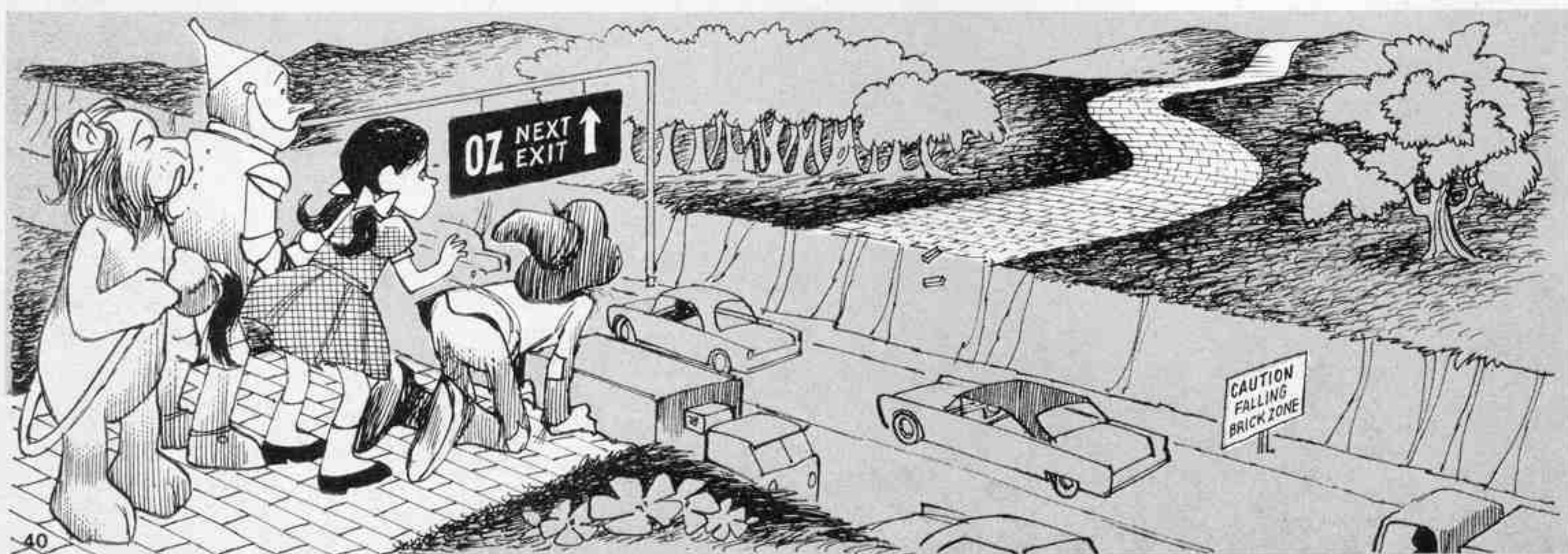
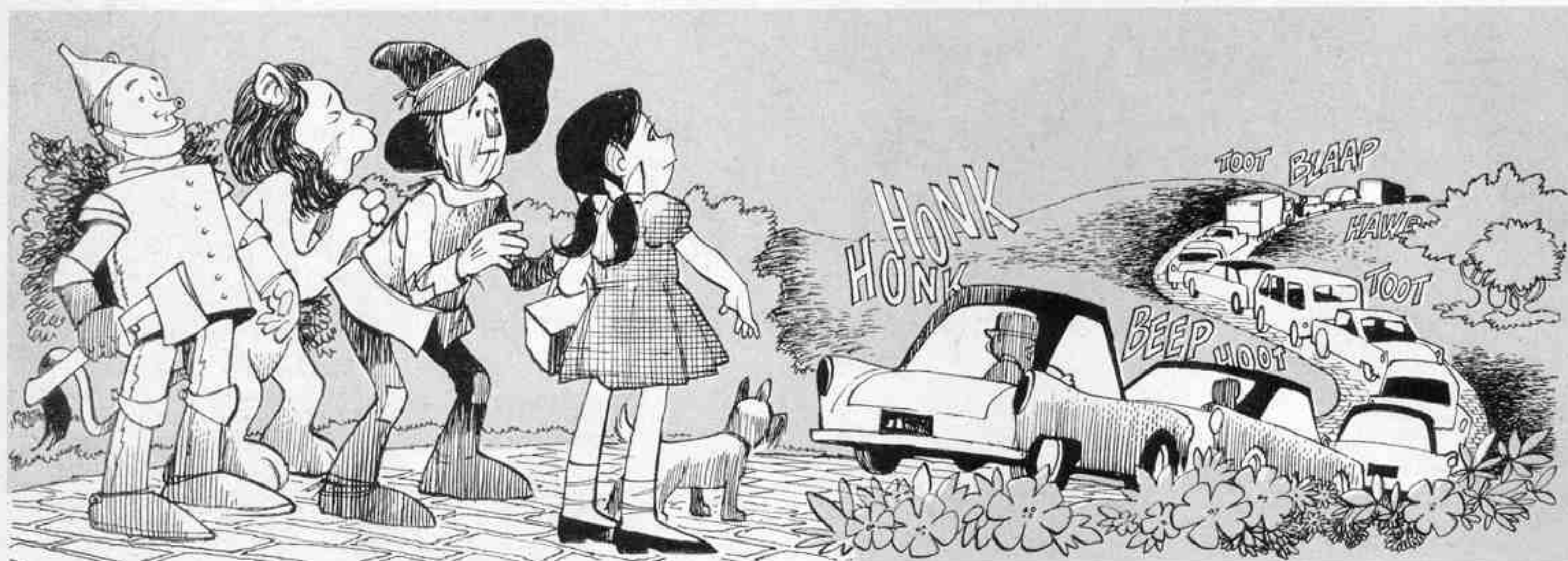
Well, don't be concerned about drowning—we'll all be right behind you in a rowboat!

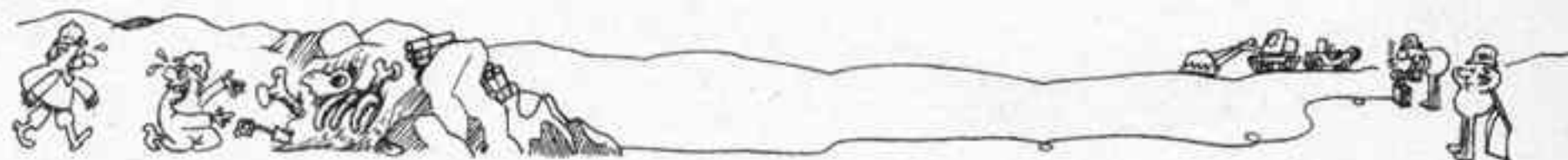
Drowning doesn't worry me, but that cigarette you're smoking does! I'm afraid the lake might catch fire!



GEE, WIZARD! DEPT.

on-revise

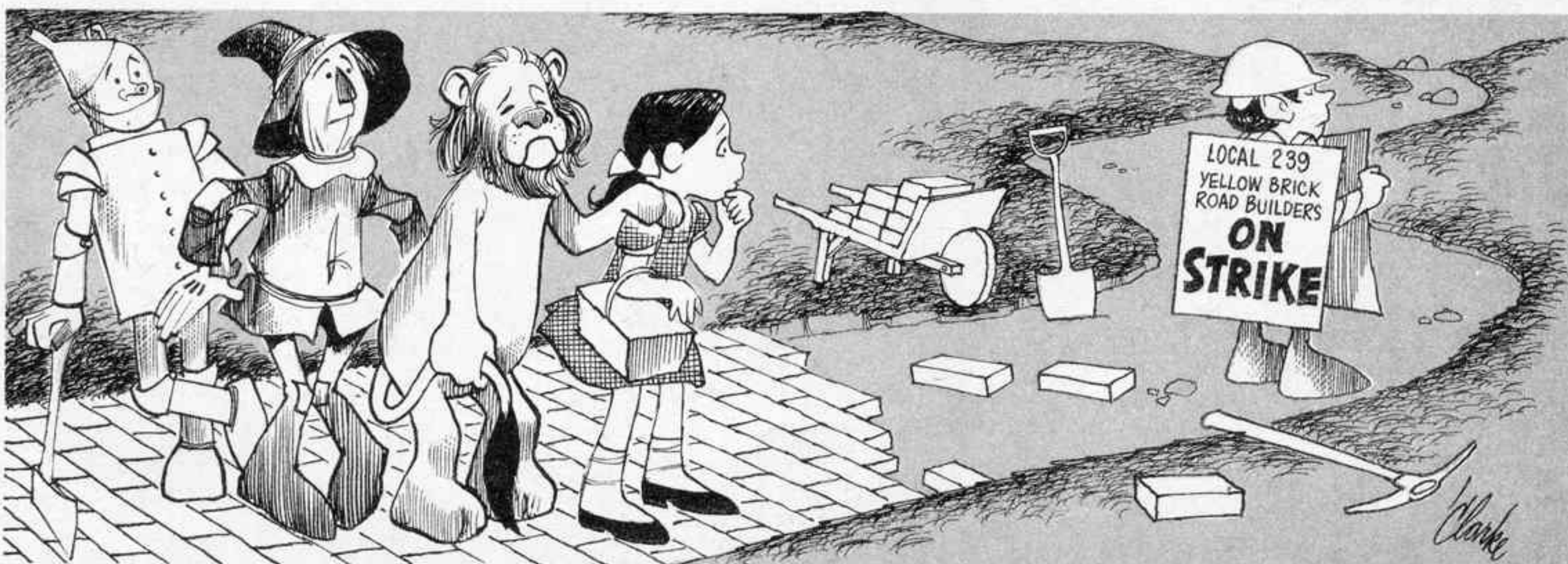




OR...LET'S FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD AGAIN...IF WE CAN!

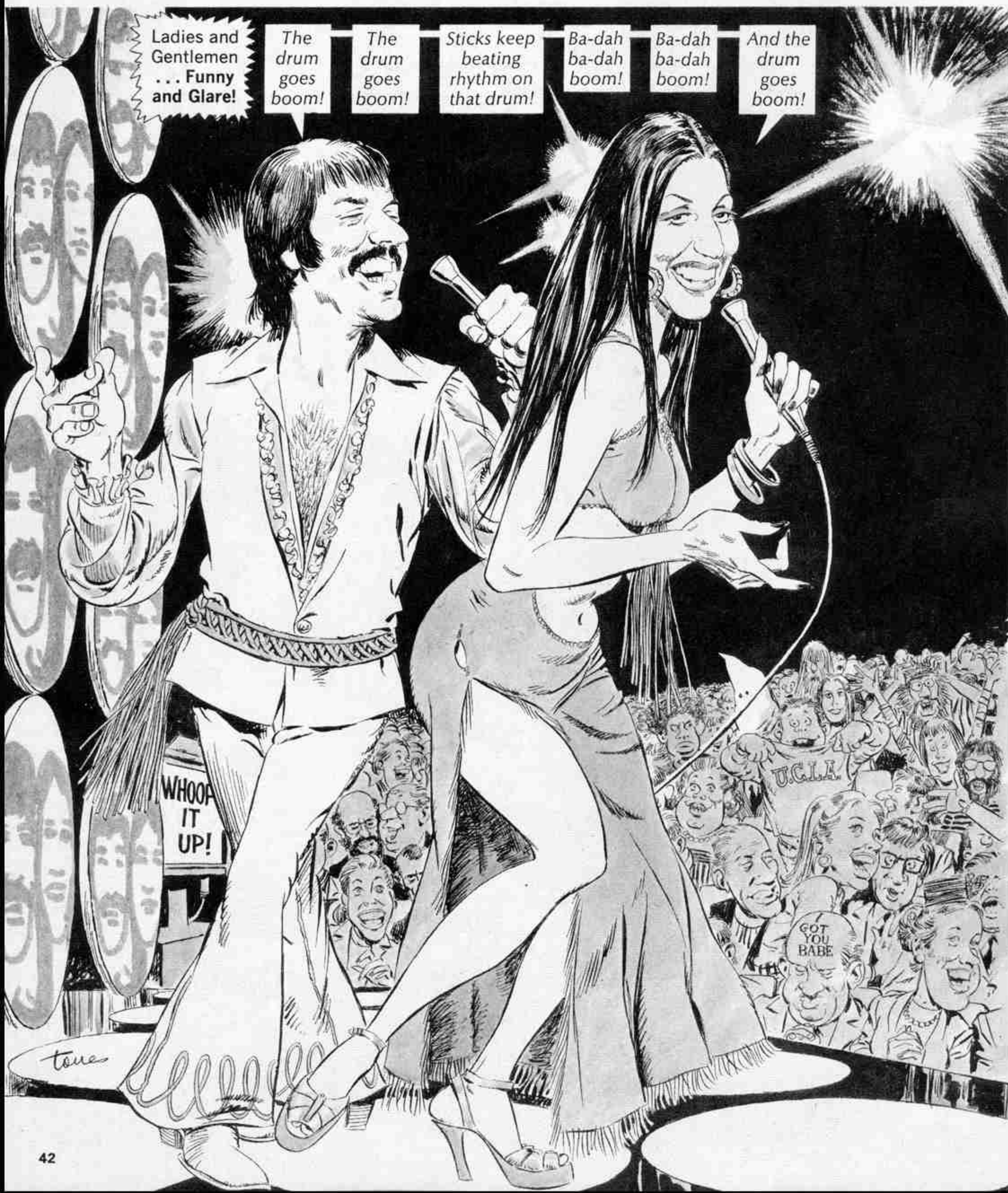
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON EDWING



THE MOD COUPLE DEPT.

Each year, television networks seek out new faces and fresh talents to build shows around. Last season, CBS had a unique inspiration: to bring before the millions that comprise the viewing public a married couple with verve, charm, charisma and drive. We're referring, of course, to John and Martha Mitchell. But since they had other commitments, CBS brought us instead . . .



THE FUNNY & GLARE SHOW

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Hi, everybody, and welcome to our show! My name is Funny... and this is Glare... and we—

Hey, MY name is Funny! YOUR name is Glare!

I beg your pardon! I'M Funny... and YOU'RE Glare!

You're wrong! Funny is the GUY!!

Well, I AM the guy! Just look what I'm wearing! Sheer tricot bellbottoms with gold piping, a low-cut see-through blouse with bolero sleeves, and a slightly-teased page-boy hair-do...

See what I mean?! You call that an outfit for a GUY?!

Well, that's what happens when we wear the same size outfits! Er—c'mon, Glare, what shall we talk about this week?

Since this is our opening monologue, there's only one thing we CAN talk about: your Guinea background, your garlic breath, or your meatball intelligence!



That's right! We do it every week! Do you think that people will accuse us of stealing this kind of humor from "All In The Family"?

We're nothing LIKE "All In The Family"! They do the racial shticks for 30 minutes, and we do 'em for 60 minutes and sing in between!

Understand, you garlic-breathed Guinea meatball?

That was great! All three in one sentence!

Hey, you forgot something! What happened to the joke about my nose, in return? C'mon, Funny! Shape up! We've got a formula to follow!

Y'know, Glare, your nose is right on your face!

That's no joke!

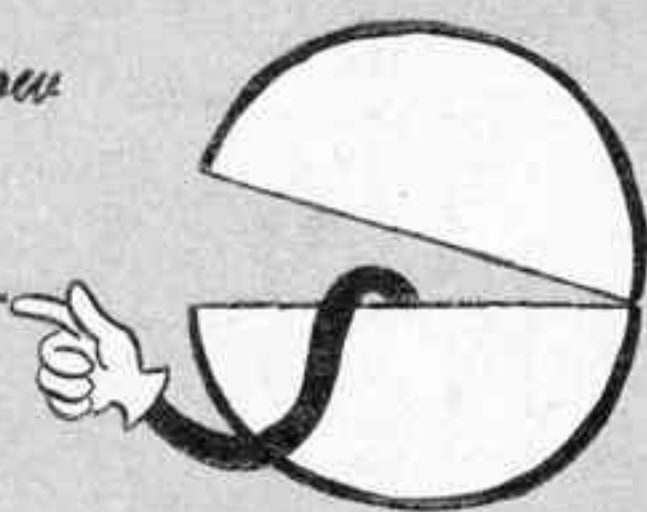
Yeah, but didn't you notice? With this audience, it gets the same amount of laughs as any of the funny lines!

You're right! Then why do we bother to do funny lines?

I guess you didn't notice that either! We don't!!

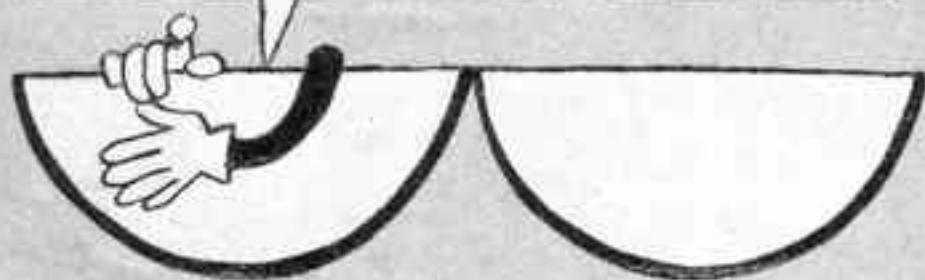


*The Funny & Glare Show
will continue
in just one moment—*



Don't you envy me? All I have to do is come out for a few seconds a couple of times during the show!

You folks at home have to watch the **WHOLE THING!**



This is the "Guest Portion" of the program and—as you know—we never announce our guest's name at the beginning of the show!

Because we want it to be a surprise!

And also because we don't want to confuse you! See, we only have our picture on-stage here 78 times, and we only have them flashed on screen 57 times, and we only have our names flashed on screen 42 times, and we only have them announced 21 times—and we wouldn't want you to forget whose show it is by hearing another name like our guest's mentioned once!

But enough talk about modesty! Let's meet this week's guest, **George C. Scott!**



Welcome to "The Funny & Glare Comedy Hour," George!

I've enjoyed all of your movies, George!

You don't do many TV guest appearances, do you, George?

That's why we're doubly-honored you consented to be our guest!

Y'know, we thought that doing one of those "Guest-and-Host-Chat-Casually" routines would be **DULL** with you, George... but it was **REALLY EXCITING!!**

Thanks! It's a real pleasure to be here!

Thanks! It was a real pleasure to make them!

No, I don't do many TV guest appearances, Funny!

Well, I was doubly-honored you consented to ask me to be!

Then I must be watching a different show, because I'm falling asleep!

Hey, look who's coming out! Why, it's Glare! I'll bet she's really pleased that you were able to be here! Glare, are you really pleased that George was able to be here?



Now we do the usual shtick where Glare makes a big fuss over our virile male guest... and I pretend not to care!



I mean, who cares that they're going at it ten times more seriously than at rehearsal... and that I saw them exchange telephone numbers?!

I mean, I guess it's supposed to be cute to see a guy castrated by his wife in public!

Hey, Funny! How come—week after week—your voice seems to get higher-pitched?

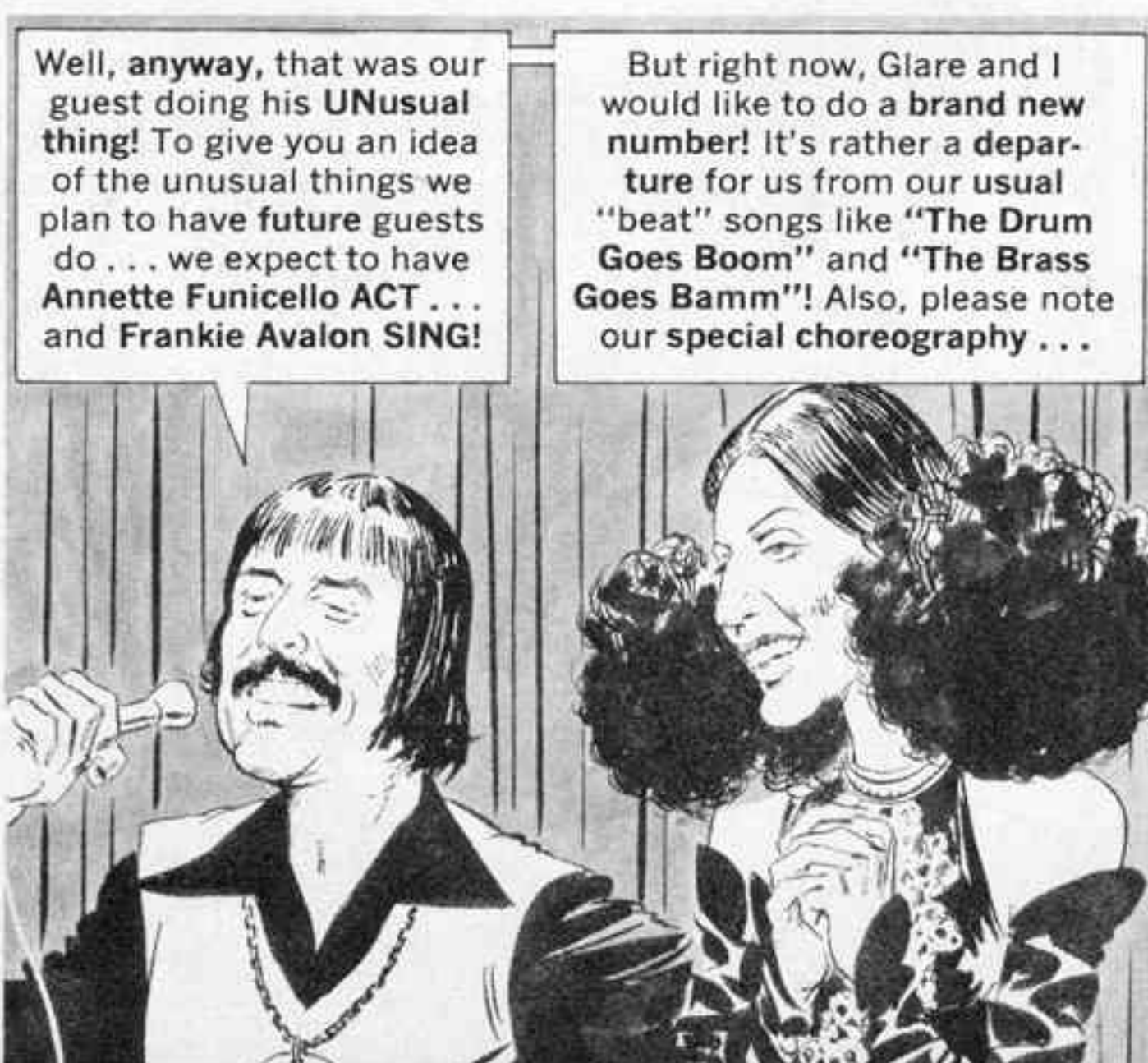
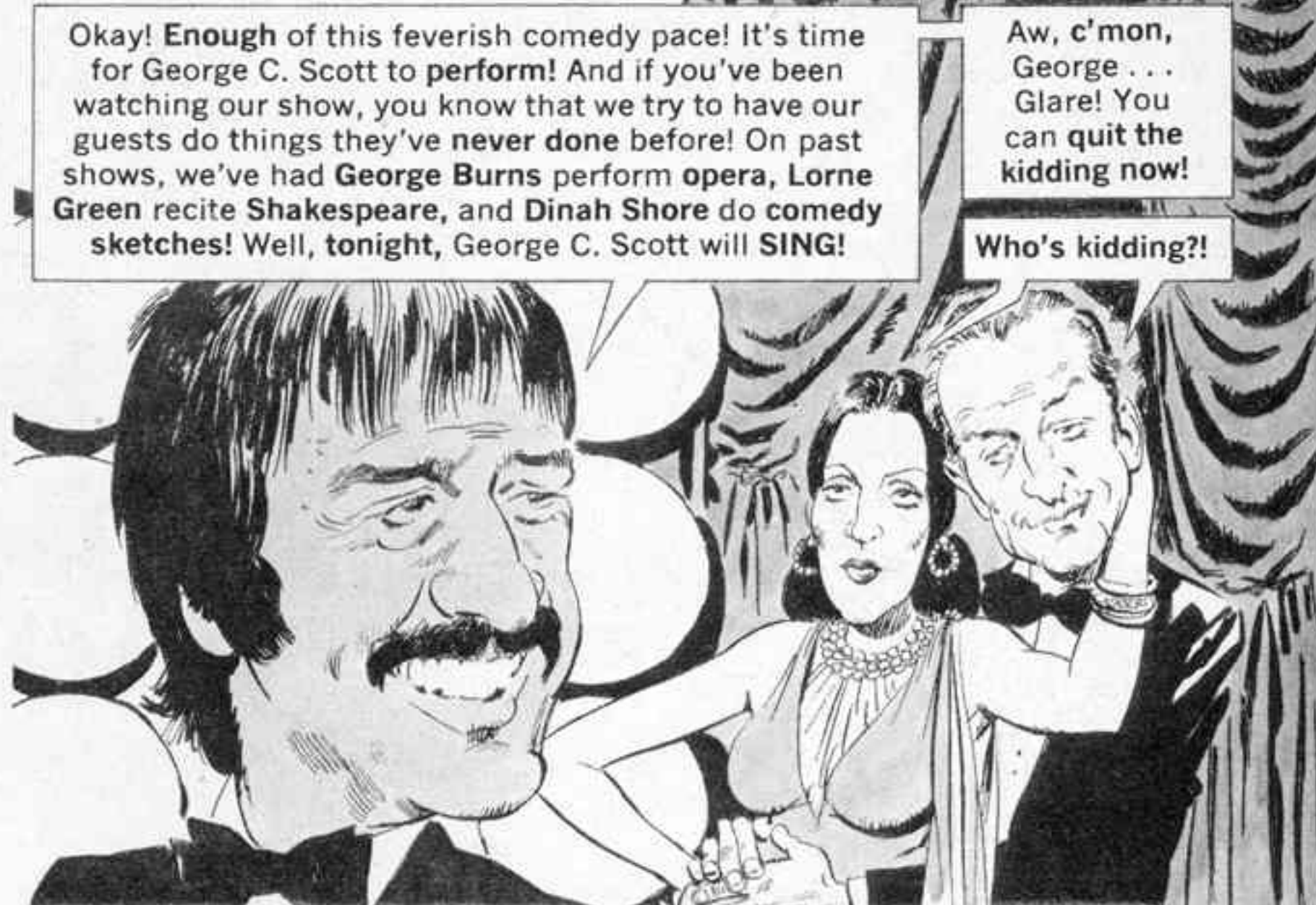
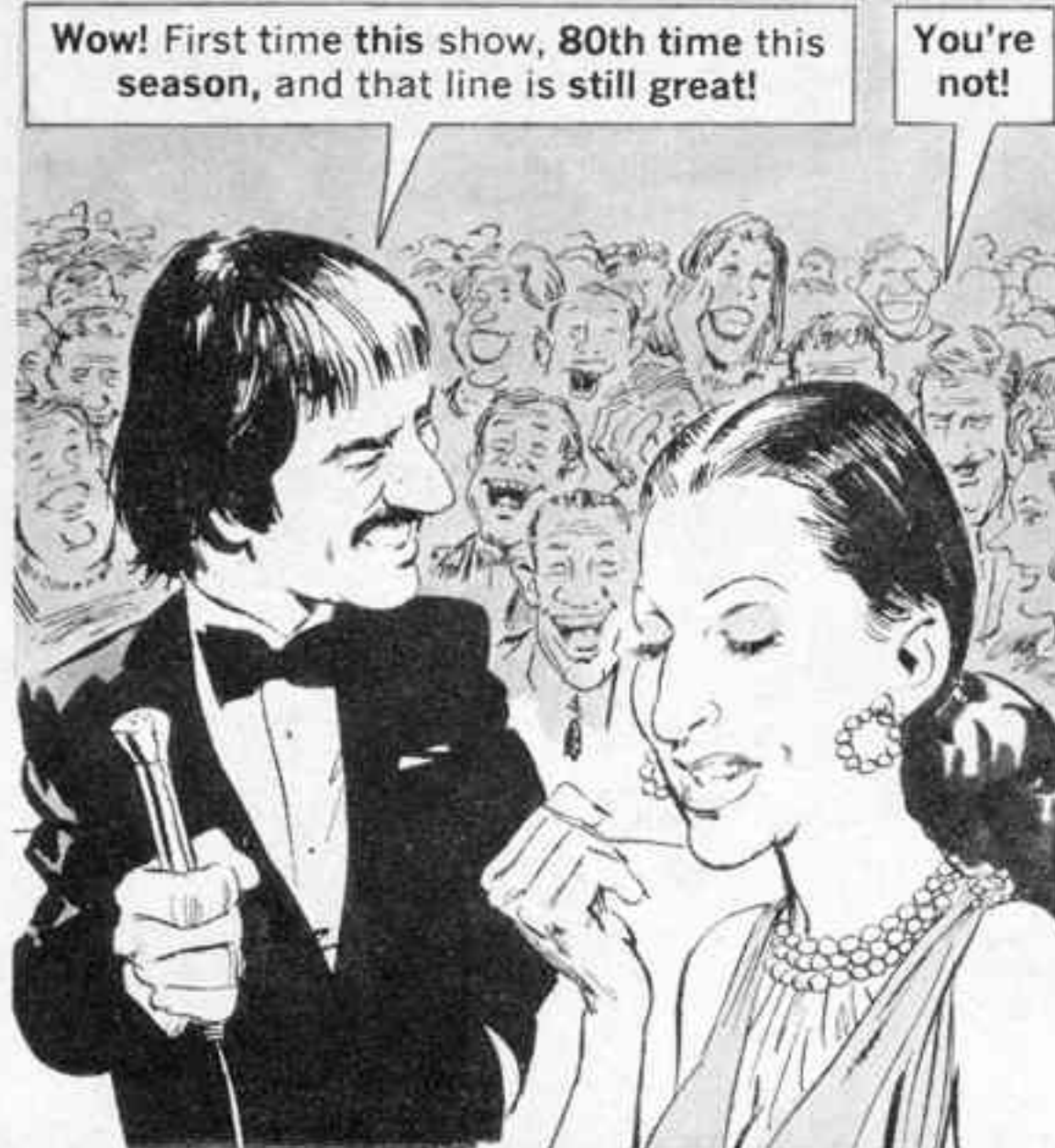
Well, I...

Hold it, there, eunuch! Since when do you think a question should be answered?!!

Keep it up, Glare... and you're gonna get yours!

You're not!





Thanks! Thanks very much! It sure is good to see our studio audience here finally start to warm up!



Hi! It's me again! Have you noticed that I'm only on the screen for about five seconds at a time?



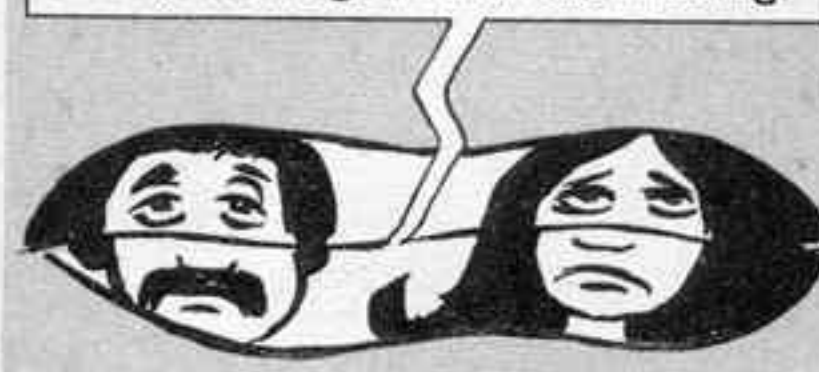
And right after those five seconds, Funny & Glare show up in totally different clothes and totally different hair-dos?



That, folks, is the magic of television!

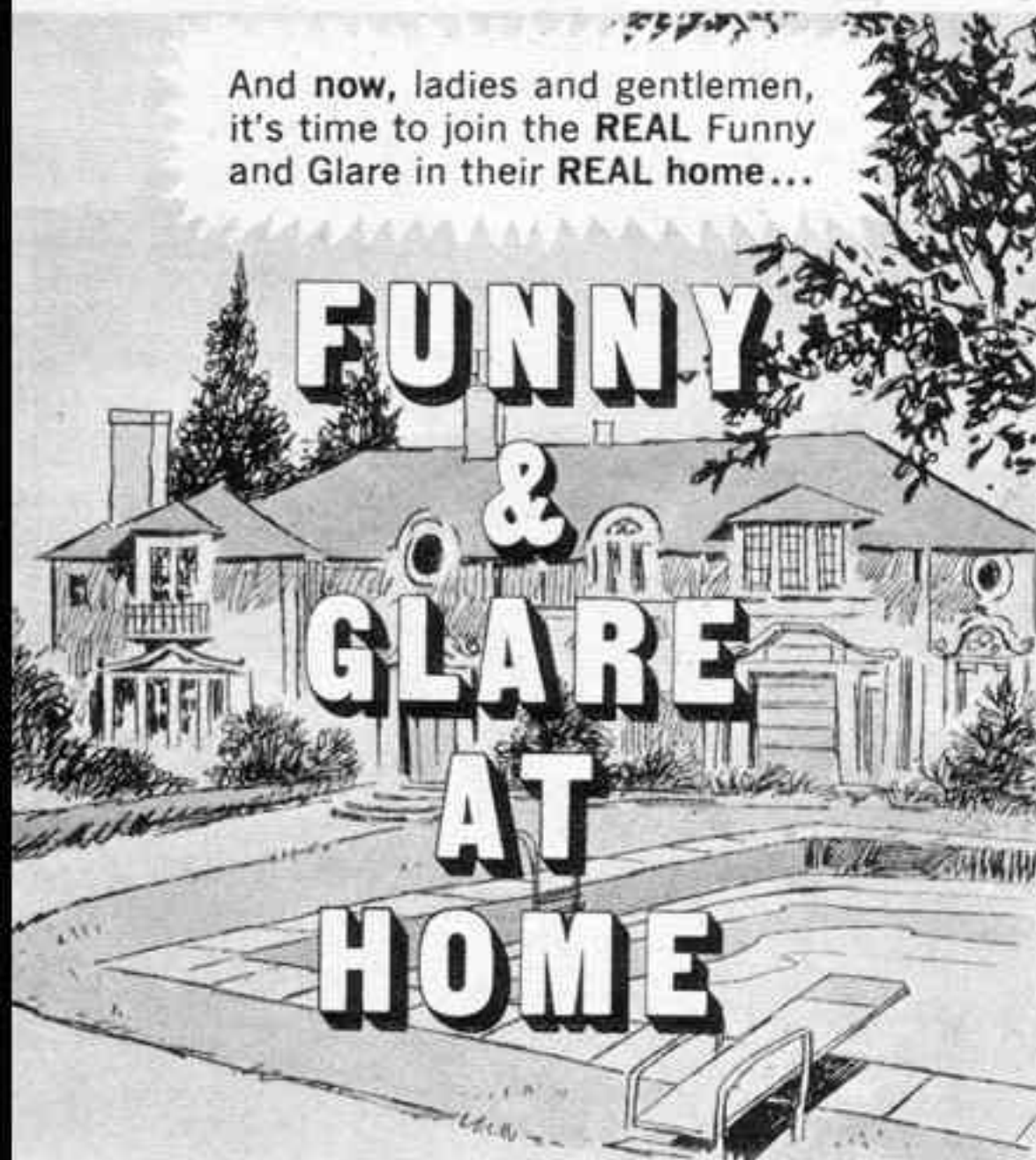


But for the idiots here in the studio audience who have to sit for seven hours while they tape this one hour show, the magic is somehow fading!



And now, ladies and gentlemen, it's time to join the **REAL** Funny and Glare in their **REAL** home...

FUNNY & GLARE AT HOME



Boy, what a work schedule! People think we have it made, but I worked 12 hours straight yesterday and 15 hours straight today, and I **STILL** haven't counted all the money we made this week! Hey, Glare, how about bringing me a cool drink?



Get up on your own two spaghetti legs and fetch it yourself!

Gee, Glare! We're at home! Why are you doing the TV shtick?

What ever gave you the impression it was a **SHTICK**, oregano brain?!!

Oh, you're gonna get it!

You're not! And besides—

Hey, you didn't wait for the laugh that line always gets!

We're at home now, remember, linguini mouth?! The only laugh here is you!



Glare, are you going to continue to cast doubts on my manhood, even in the privacy of my own real home?

Not if you'll do me a favor!

Sure! Anything! Just name it!

If I give you those high-heeled shoes you want for your birthday... can I wear 'em sometimes?



Sure! If you promise me something in return!

Okay! What is it...?

That someday soon, I'll **REALLY GET IT!!**

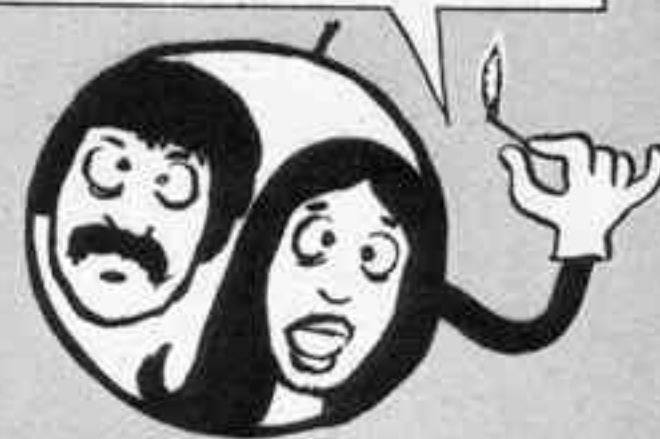
Never mind! I'll buy my own high-heeled shoes!



This animated bit of film is known as a **transition device!**



It takes us from that last bomb... to **THIS** bomb...



... to the **NEXT** bomb! Watch...



Well, that's our show, folks! But before we go, I'd like you to meet our **TV Director!** He's the one responsible for all those out-of-focus, fuzzy, way-out arty shots!



And here are our writers... the two guys responsible for our fresh, new format of having one lead star as the underdog, and the other lead star constantly insulting him...



Mother always liked **you** best!

Oh, yeah! Well, when we get home, you're gonna **GET** it!

Gee, I hope not!!



May God bless each and every one of you... and keep His Eye on all the banks we have money deposited in! And now, here's our theme song...

The dough rolls in!

The dough rolls in!

TV's adding millions to our wealth!

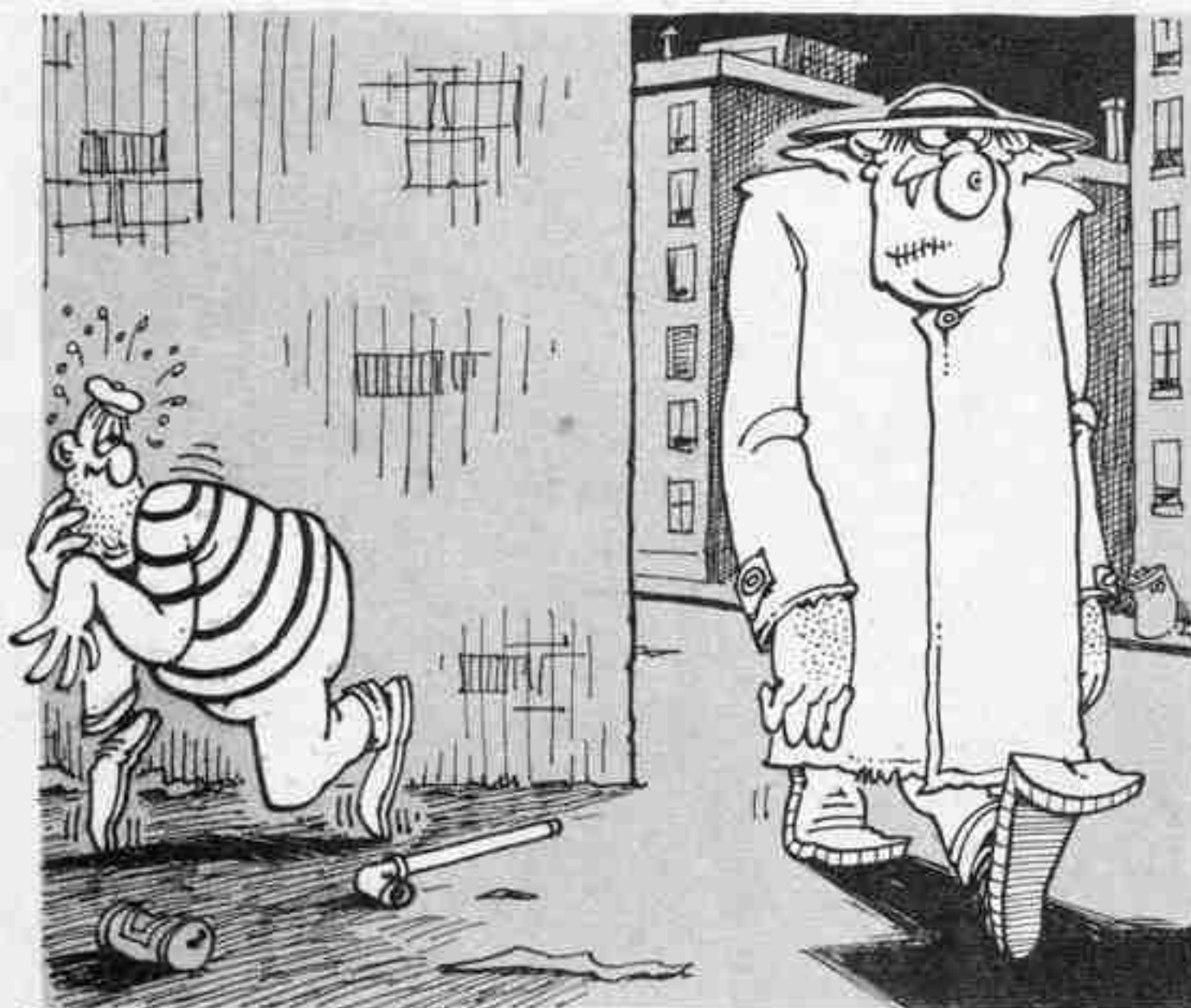
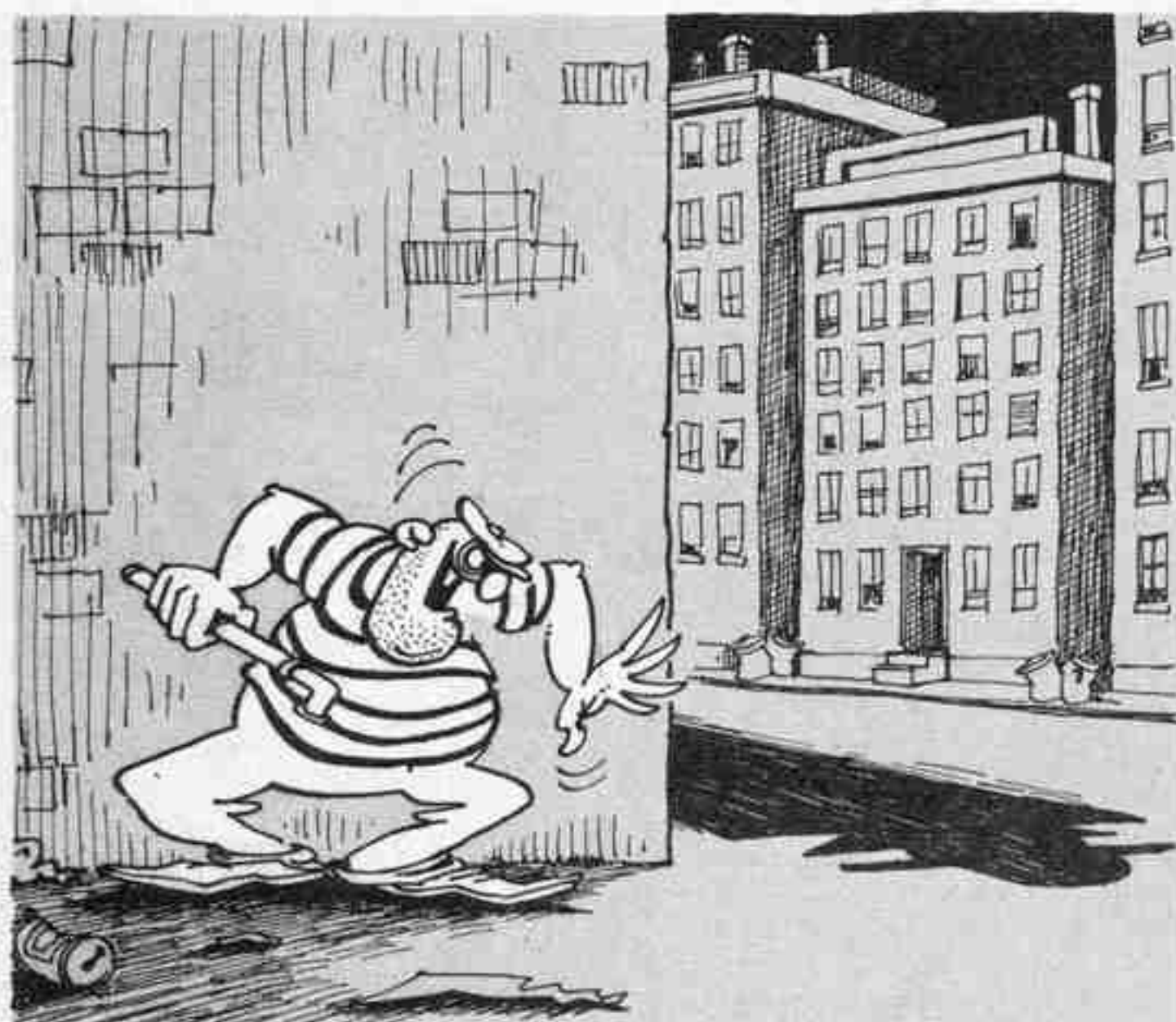
Ca-ca-ca-cash!

Ch-ch-ch checks!

And the dough rolls in!



LATE ONE NIGHT ON A DARK AND SCARY STREET



**WHAT
CRAZY
NEW TRIPS
ARE THE
FREAKS
INTO
LATELY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The weirdos of the world always seem to come up with wild new ways to freak out. To discover what these crazy nuts are up to now, simply fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**SKIRTING SICKNESS—EVEN DEATH—BLEARY
EYED FREAKS "TRIP" WITH ANY NEW
JUNK THAT'S MIND-BLOWING AND BODY-WRACKING**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀B

THE CHOKE'S ON US!



PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING SCHILD CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL