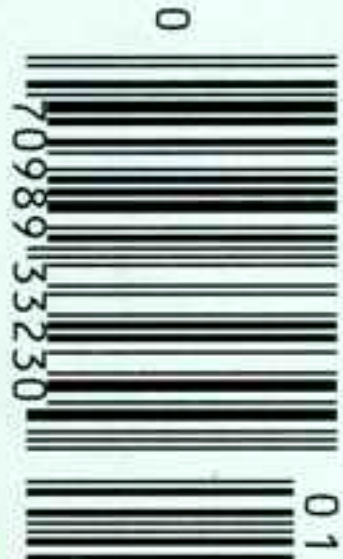


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No.
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January
1987

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MAD

"The only man entitled to be asleep at the switch is the owner of an electric blanket."
—Alfred E. Neuman

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GLORIA ORLANDO, M.C. GAINES, TINA HOLLOWAY *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS *the usual gang of idiots*

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COVER ARTISTS: WILL ELDER & HARVEY KURTZMAN

COVER IDEA: THE EDITORS

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VITAL FEATURES

**"FEARLESS
BULLER'S
DAY OFF"
(A MAD MOVIE
SATIRE)
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**A MAD PEEK
BEHIND THE
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**MORE LOGICAL
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REPLACE THE
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Pg. 34**

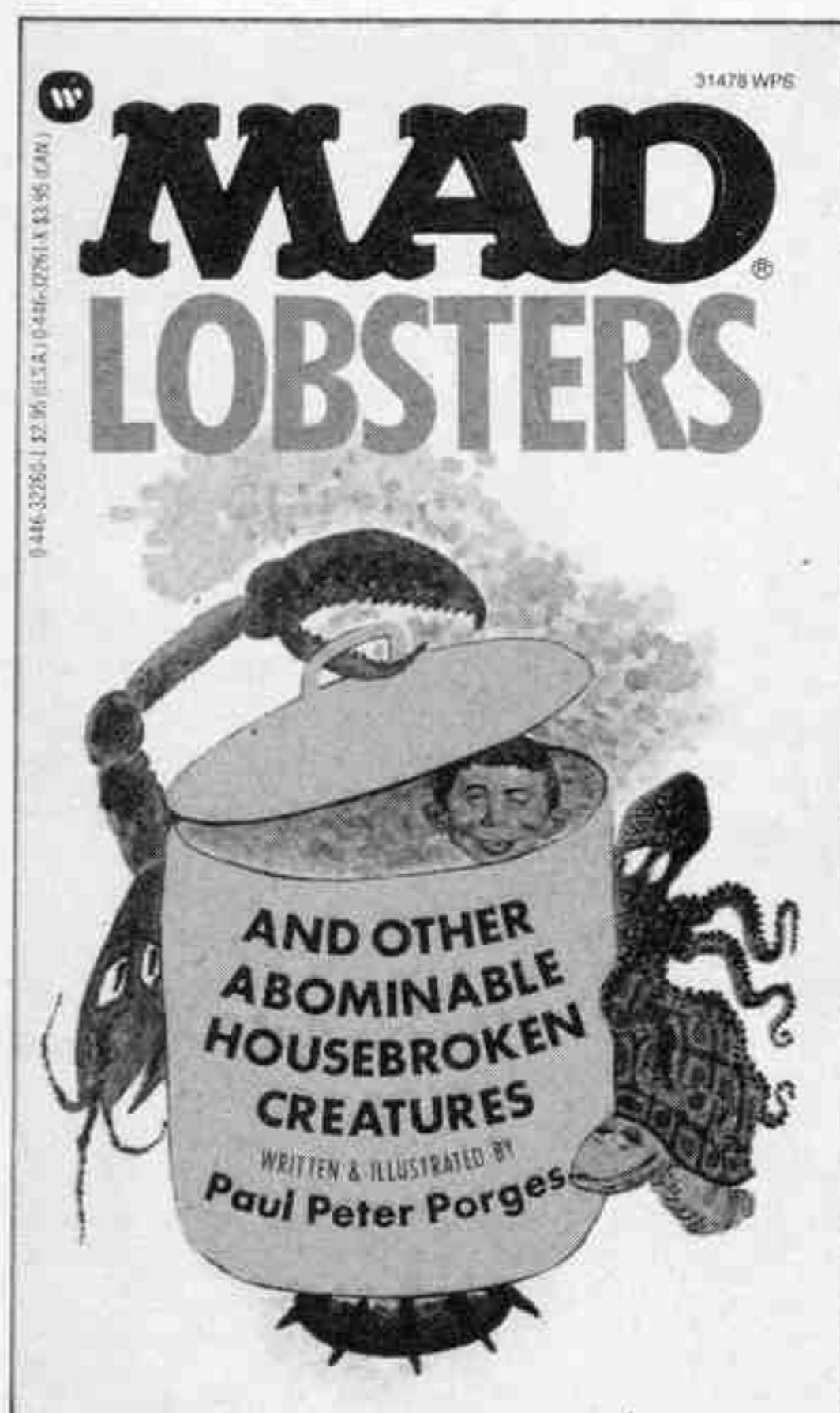
**THE MAD
RICHTER
SCALE FOR
HUMAN
BEINGS
Pg. 40**



**"ALIENATORS"
(A MAD
MOVIE SATIRE)
Pg. 43**

CREATURES from a BACK BUFFOON!

Mainly, this all new
potpourri of pet peeves
from Paul Peter Porges!



Shell out a few clams for
this crab-bag of laughs!

(So we can net a profit!)

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



HOT TV ISSUE

"Groaning Pains" was just plain
THICKENING!

Walter Crescitelli
Montreal, Canada

Thez you!—Ed.

In "The Cosby Show Nasty File" in
MAD #266 you completely forgot
Grandma Huxtable and Sandra. What
gives?

Anthony Agneta
Atkinson, NH

They are worthy of neither scorn nor men-
tion. In fact, we're sorry we printed your
letter.—Ed.

Your satire of "Wheel Of Fortune"
made me mental! It was so mean! Pat
Sajak is a pretty decent guy, I must say! So
lay off him!

Kevin "Ed Grimley" McGuire
Kenner, LA

Your TV issue should be cancelled!

Loren Keller
Muscatine, IA

RUTH-ACHE

Do you realize that six, count 'em, six
pictures of Doctor Ruth appear in issue
#266?! You could have combined all that
space and instead run a picture of one
person, say, Dick Clark!

Christian Perry
Nepean, Canada

The reason we used Dr. Ruth six times is
because, as she always says, once is not
enough!—Ed.

IT'S A SPIES' LIFE

I was tickled to see that Antonio Pro-
hias and his notorious Spies infiltrated
the September issue of *Life* Magazine.
Now if they could get Don Martin in
there they'd be on to something!

Mae Hemmes
The Trailer
Jackson, NJ

MADHATTAN, INC.

I just read the article about MAD in
the August issue of *Manhattan, Inc.* It
reminded me how much I loved MAD
when I was growing up, which is some-
thing I guess I'm still doing. So I want to
subscribe for 24 issues. My check is en-
closed.

Judith Wahler
New York, NY



SICK SICK SICK

I've had enough of the recent satanic
overtones present throughout your maga-
zine. Just take a look at Alfred E. Neu-
man, whose initials are A.E.N. Just add
the letters N,X,O,R,C,I,S,T,E,E,D,E,D
and you have the words "An Exorcist
Needed." Also, if you turn the name of
your magazine backwards you have
"DAM," which stands for "Dopey, Agnos-
tic Meanies." I am shipping you a crate
full of assorted religious pamphlets, vials
of holy water, ten versions of the Bible,
and some records by the Mormon Taber-
nacle Choir! All I ask in return is that you
redeem your ways.

Robert Boyce
Las Vegas, NV

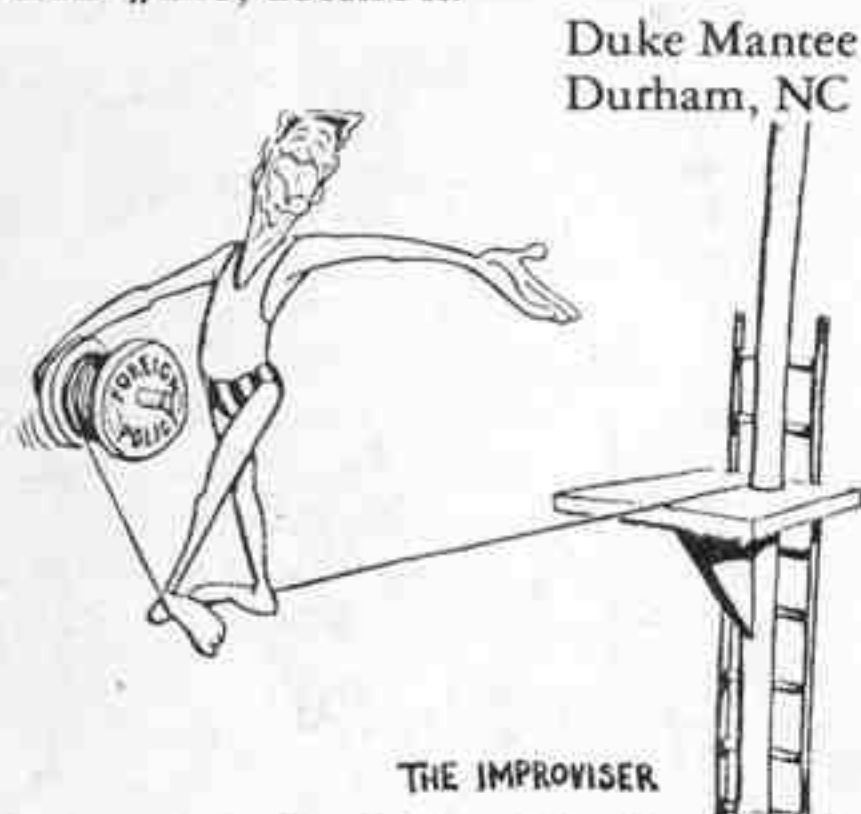
Sure, as soon as you move from Las Vegas,
the nation's capital of sin!—Ed.



Longtime MAD writer Dick DeBartolo recently paid a visit to Regis Philbin's
Lifestyles show on the Lifetime Cable Network. Dick spoke about his
many years with MAD and showed Regis the proper way to read an issue.
Who knows where Dick will pop up next; he's a very lonely guy!

ANOTHER MAD RIP-OFF

I found this editorial cartoon in a recent copy of *The Durham Morning Herald*. It sure does look a lot like the cover of MAD #246, doesn't it?



Cartoon from *The Durham Morning Herald*.



MAD issue #246, April 1984.

MAD SCAVENGER

Say, dig this! I take care of the landscaping at various establishments, and they have good stuff in their dumpsters sometimes. That's where I found the MAD from which I'm sending in the subscription. It's amazing! You guys made a three-year sale as a direct result of one MAD getting thrown in the garbage!

Great! Now you'll have a steady supply to put in your trash, where your garbage-picking buddies are sure to find them and become subscribers themselves!—Ed.

MORON MAIL

I hate when my teachers take away my MADs while I'm reading them. My friend's teacher (a nun) took away his MAD, read it and started to laugh out loud. Can you believe it?

Andrew Quinn
Ontario, Canada

We have FAITH in what you say. OUR FATHER tells us that many nuns are in the HABIT of reading MAD RELIGIOUSLY, since MAD has a POPE-pourri of GOD-awful material. AMEN.—Ed.

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LOOKING FOR A FUSE LAUGHS?

You'll get a bang out of...

SUMMER
1987
SUPER
SPECIAL

MAD

OUR
PRICE

CHEAP

BOMBS



96 PAGES OF EXPLOSIVE DUDS SALVAGED FROM PAST ISSUES
FEATURING A 10-PAGE PORTFOLIO OF SPY VS. SPY
INCLUDING THEIR CLASSIC FIRST ENCOUNTER!

ANOTHER BLASTED SUPER SPECIAL FROM THOSE DIRTY BLASTERS AT MAD!!!

Pick up a copy at your newsstand
today—before it GOES OFF... sale!

THE HOOKY MONSTER DEPT.

Because of one of this summer's teen movies, there's a new reason to call Chicago the "Windy City": A high school con man who's full of hot air! This glib and nervy kid is full of malarkey, baloney, bull and more bull! Which is why when he plays hooky we call it a...

FEARLES DAY



Ohhh...I feel **dizzy**...I'm seeing **spots**...But please, **somebody** help me get up... I **can't** miss school **today**! I've got a chemistry test!

You stay **right** where you are, you poor **baby**! You're obviously too **sick** to go to **school**! Your father and I are **very** worried about you!

There're **two** things I'll **never** understand about this family. First, **why** my parents let my brother, **Fearless**, get away with so much! And second, **how** Fearless got to be so **clever** and **smart** with **them** for **parents**!!

Slow, Fearless says he's going to show us a **great** time today when we play **hooky**! Maybe he'll finally bring a **smile** to my face!

"De gustibus non disputandum est!"



I'VE HAD BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS AND BILOXI BLUES, BUT **THIS** MAY BE TERMINAL!

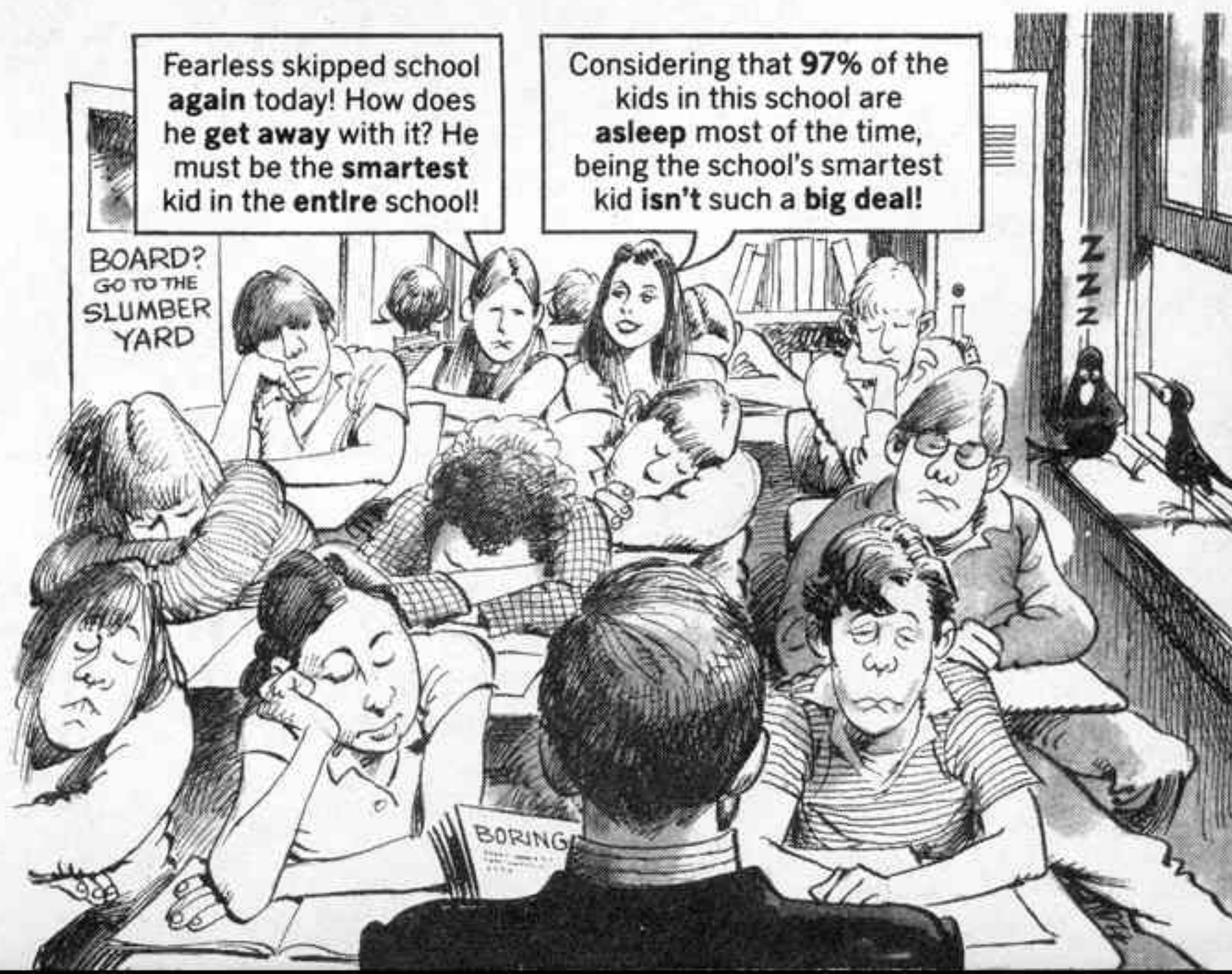
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Can you **believe** my parents fell for the old "I see spots" routine? Well, I guess you **can't** expect much from parents who are so **gullible** they actually contributed **money** to the **John DeLorean Defense Fund**! Anyway, if you ever want to **fake** illness so you can **skip** school, I have three basic **recommendations**:

1. Lick your palms to make them seem clammy.
2. Hold your face over the toaster to simulate fever.
3. Have parents who are morons.

Fearless skipped school **again** today! How does he **get away** with it? He must be the **smartest** kid in the **entire** school!

Considering that **97%** of the kids in this school are **asleep** most of the time, being the school's **smartest** kid **isn't** such a **big** deal!



BOARD?
GO TO THE
SLUMBER
YARD

BORING

S BULLER'S OFF



Don't bet on it, Cameroon! Fearless said he'd show us a good time, not perform miracles!

Grape, today's the day I, Egg Runny, Dean of Students, am finally going to outsmart Fearless Buller! Even if it means breaking the Golden Rule!

You mean not "doing unto others?"

Not that Golden Rule! The Golden Rule of High School Movies! "No adult shall have an I.Q. that's higher than his hat size!"

Do you know me? I'm the Pope! Fearless Buller convinced me that I could earn extra money for the church by doing American Express commercials. Persuasive boy, Fearless. And if you don't believe me, just ask anybody on the canonization committee that's considering him for sainthood!



WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

Mrs. Buller, your son has been absent 17 times this semester! He's setting a bad example—teaching the other students anarchy and a total disregard for all rules and authority.

Well, Mr. Runny, how about if I drop by tomorrow to discuss it?

No, tomorrow's no good! I and the rest of the faculty will be on strike, picketing for a pay raise, in defiance of a court order.



Am I a genius or what? Convincing Runny that Slow's grandmother was doomed because all of the radioactivity from Chernobyl settled in the top of her hair!

Maybe, but I have my doubts about taking my father's prized Ferrari out for a spin in Chicago.

And I have my doubts about a guy who would bring along excess baggage like Cameroon when he could spend all day alone with his hot 16-year-old steady!



Boy, the view sure is incredible from 1,353 feet above the ground!

Let's go, you guys! We gotta get out of here! NOW! Hurry!

What's wrong, Fearless? Are you afraid of heights?

No, I just realized it's been almost six minutes since we made an adult look like an idiot!

REFRIGERATOR PERRY BUILDING

Do you have a hearing problem, Percy? I'll say it again! I'm the mayor of Chicago and I want a table for three immediately!

Look, sonny, the mayor of Chicago is a sixty-year-old black man!

Oh! So you want it known that your restaurant doesn't serve blacks! Fine! Have it your way!

Fearless is amazing! He'll make anyone look like a fool! Even the Maitre d's!

That's Fearless! He's an equal-opportunity wise-ass!

Isn't this great! We're sitting here at Wrigley Field enjoying a ball-game while all those suckers are stuck in a boring history class!

We're learning a basic rule of history right here!

The Cubs are losing 18-0! That just goes to prove that "history does repeat itself!"

What do you mean?

You look a little upset. Egg, is everything okay?

It's that damn Fearless Buller! During lunch I was watching the Cubs game on TV and I saw Buller at Wrigley Field!

Are you sure it was Fearless Buller?

Positive! They announced his name in the bottom of the ninth when he came in to pinch hit!

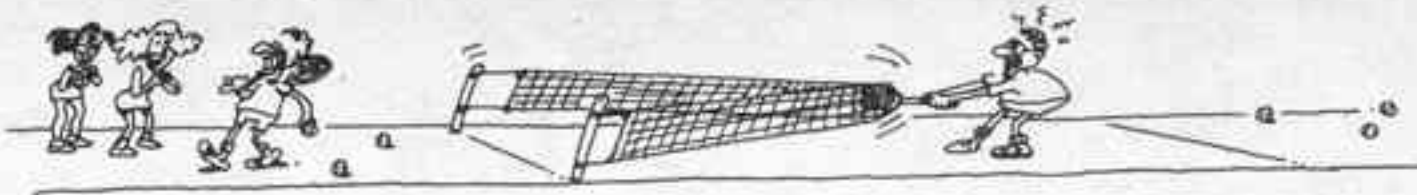
IT'S NOT THE PRINCIPLE, IT'S THE PRINCIPAL!

QUIRA REQUIEM

DING! DONG! HELLO?

DUMMY DEAREST

SILENCE HOSPITAL



Buller, it's Mr. Runny! I want to talk to you!

I'm afraid I don't feel strong enough to come to the door right now... But if you'll come back a little later—click—come back a little later—click—come back...

Gosh, maybe I shouldn't be so rough on Buller. I never knew he had a stuttering problem!

I think the Art Institute is one of the most fascinating places in all of Chicago.

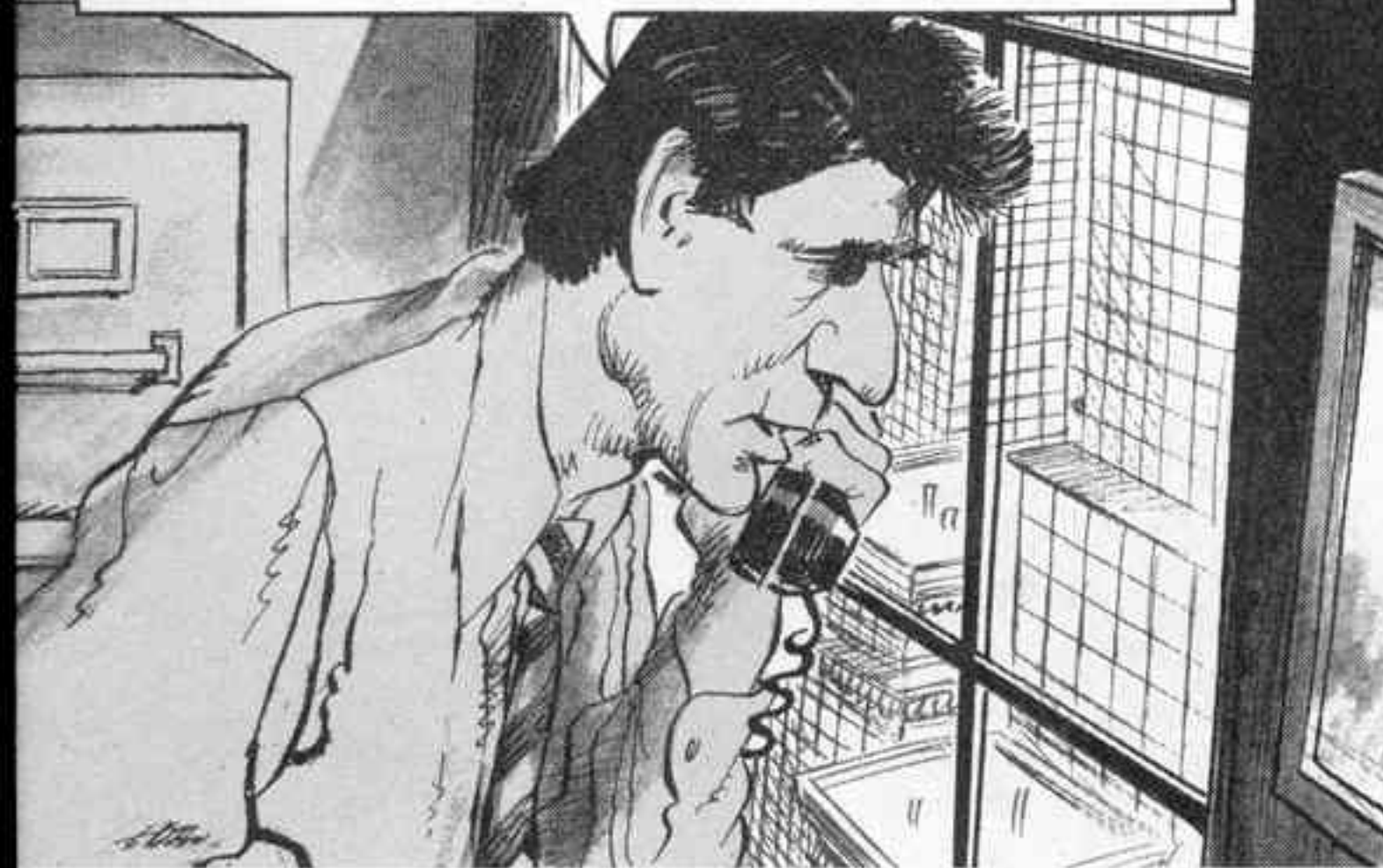
Yeah, you really planned a great day, Fearless! The Art Institute, the Commodities Exchange, the Sears Tower, Wrigley Field. Where to next?

The Chamber of Commerce! I have to pick up my check for turning this movie into one, long travelogue about Chicago!



Hi honey. Listen, I'm worried about Fearless. I just called the house and there was no answer. Do you think something could be wrong? Oh... wait a minute, dear. There's a big parade in the street outside and Fearless is standing on a giant float leading a sing-along...

Yeah, not to worry! Fearless looks fine! Hey, but wait a second! My God! Fearless's singing sounds like Wayne Newton! That settles it! Tomorrow he's going to the doctor!



Boy, this sure has been one fun-filled day! I can't remember another day when I changed expressions three different times!

Let's see, We drove all over town, attended a Cubs game, a museum, had a leisurely lunch and took part in the only parade ever held on a school day. Anything we didn't do?

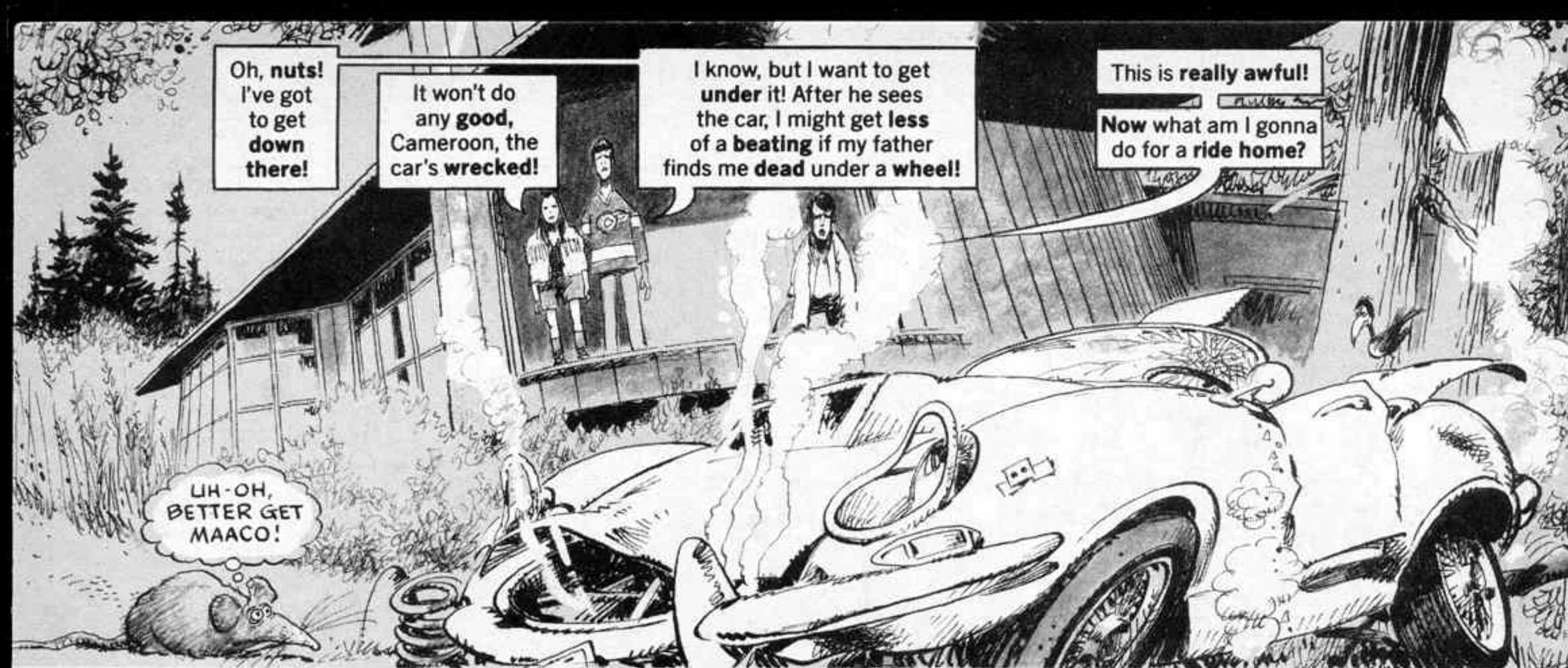
Yeah, stop at a bathroom! Outta my way! It's an emergency!

REST ROOMS

Come to think of it, how were we able to do so many things before three P.M.?

You know the expression, "Time flies when you're having fun"? Well the other half of that expression is "Time drags when you're with Cameroon!" God, is he depressing! Let's lose him!





Oh, nuts!
I've got
to get
down
there!

It won't do
any good,
Cameroon, the
car's wrecked!

I know, but I want to get
under it! After he sees
the car, I might get **less**
of a **beating** if my father
finds me **dead** under a wheel!

This is **really** awful!
Now what am I gonna
do for a ride home?

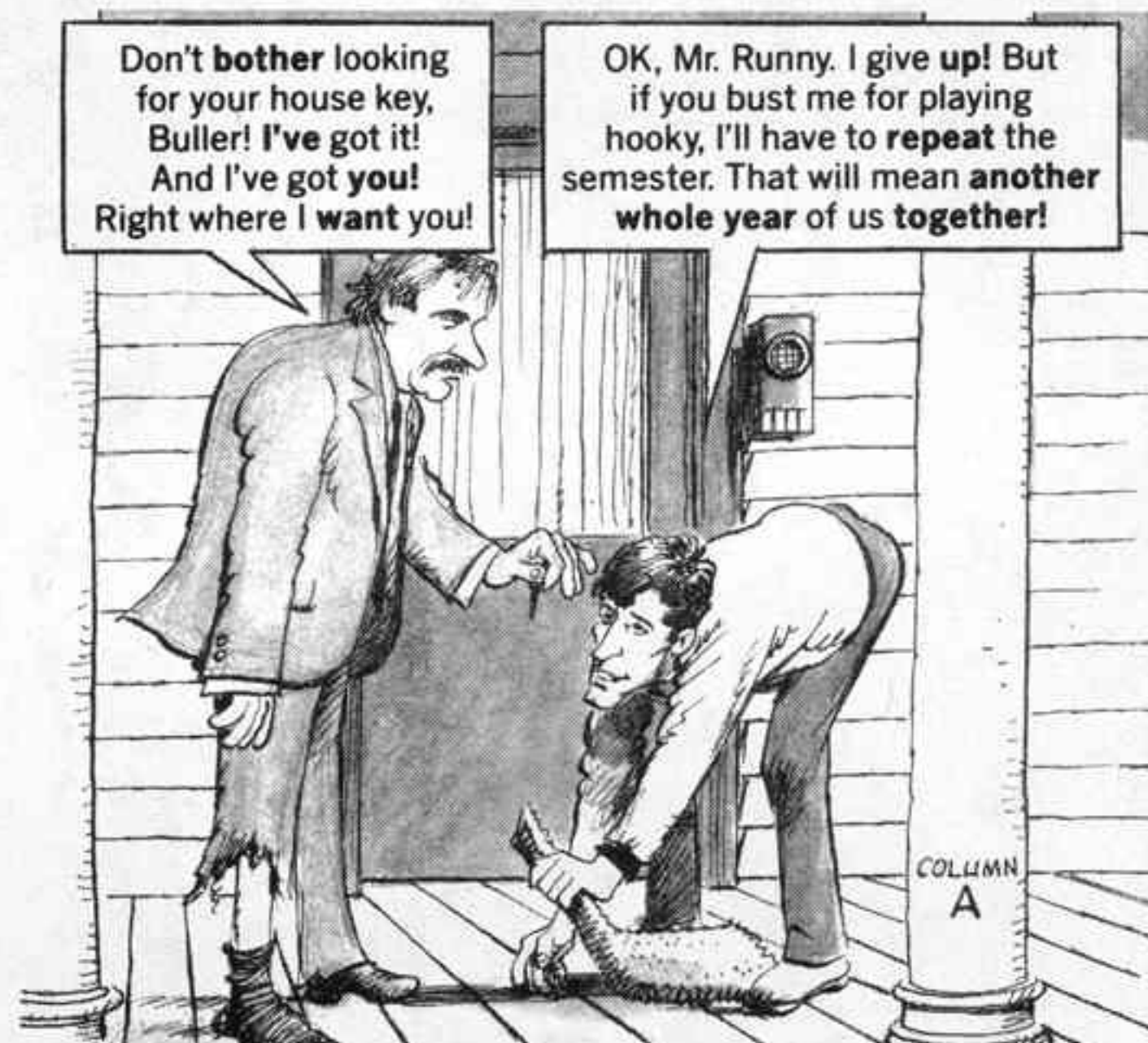
UH-OH,
BETTER GET
MAACO!



I'm Jeppie!
I'm a clean-
cut, non-
smoking,
drug-free
teenage
girl.

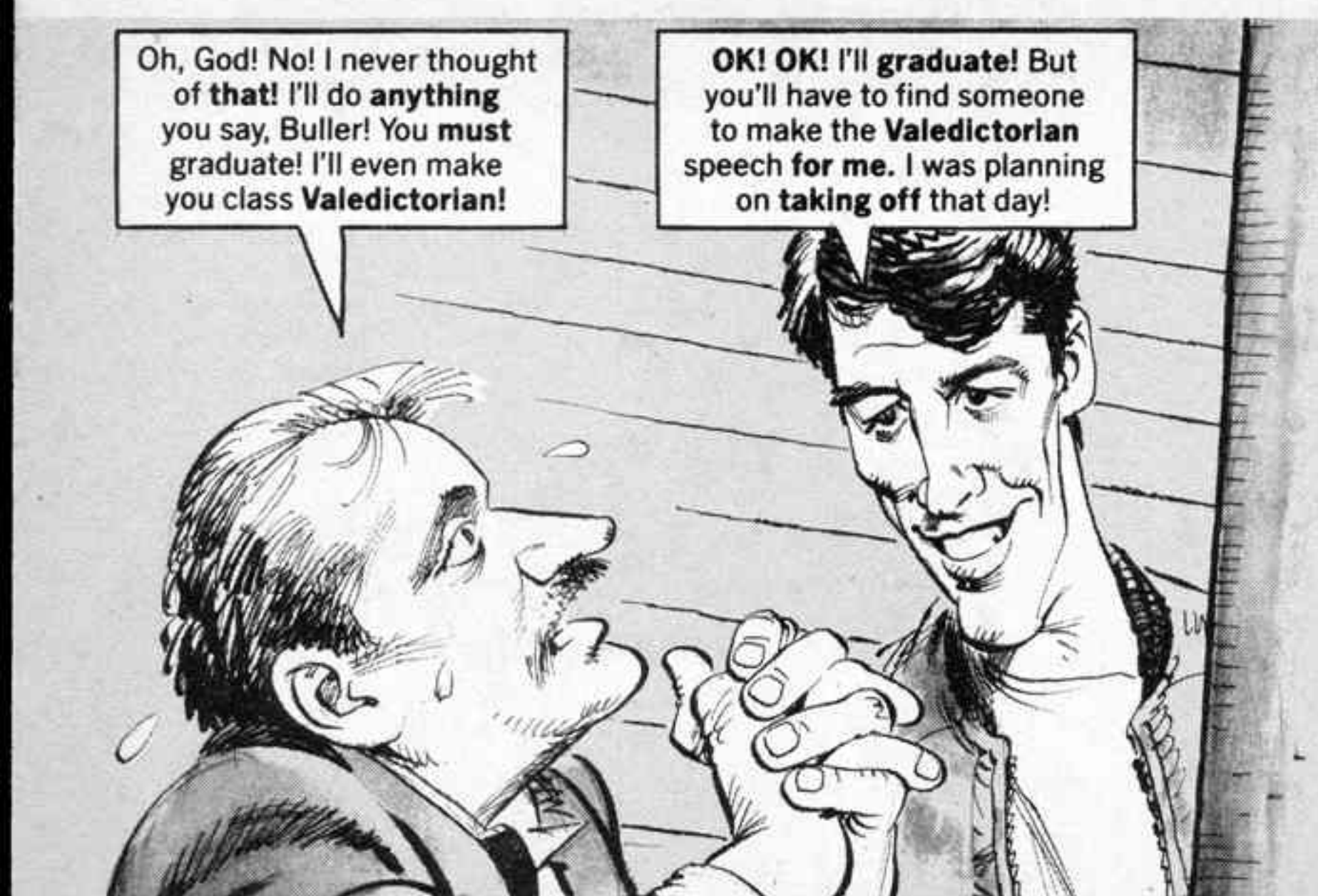
I'm Darth, a dishonest
drug-user. A dropout.
A real low-life. You're
probably not used to
being around the likes
of someone like me.

I'll say! You're
the first **decent**,
likeable and
believable
character I've
met in **18 panels**!
Let's make out!



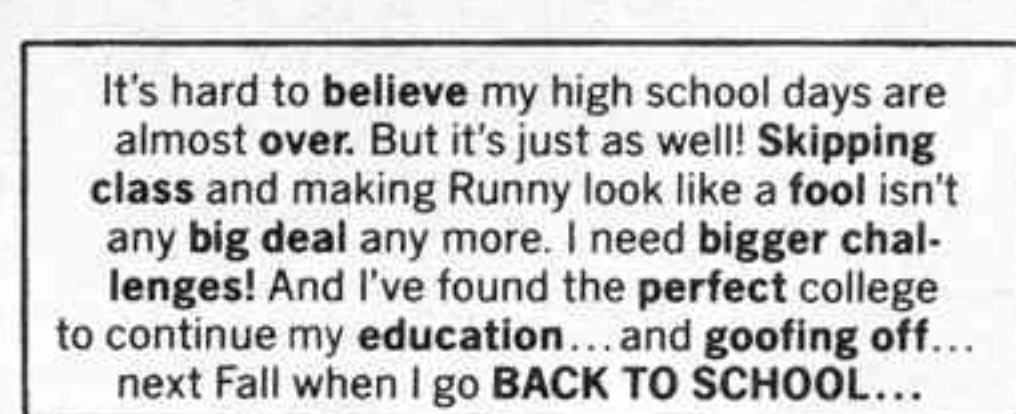
Don't **bother** looking
for your house key,
Buller! I've got it!
And I've got you!
Right where I want you!

OK, Mr. Runny. I give up! But
if you bust me for playing
hooky, I'll have to **repeat**
the semester. That will mean **another**
whole year of us together!

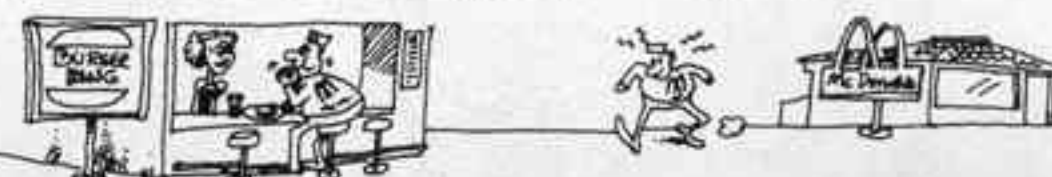


Oh, God! No! I never thought
of **that**! I'll do **anything**
you say, Buller! You **must**
graduate! I'll even make
you class **Valedictorian**!

OK! OK! I'll **graduate**! But
you'll have to find someone
to make the **Valedictorian**
speech **for me**. I was planning
on **taking off** that day!



It's hard to **believe** my high school days are
almost **over**. But it's just as well! **Skiping**
class and making Runny look like a **fool** isn't
any **big deal** any more. I need **bigger chal-**
lenges! And I've found the **perfect** college
to continue my **education**... and **goofing off**...
next Fall when I go **BACK TO SCHOOL**...





Hey, welcome to **Gland Lakes University!** This is **academia**—where people **drink beer, throw up**, and learn how to pronounce words like **"academia"**! I'm **Thorney Mellow**, the school's **oldest freshman**. I **know** what you're **thinking**! I enrolled in this college **just to chase pretty girls**. Well, you're **wrong**! I plan to chase **average**-looking girls, **too**! Right now I'm **majoring in one-liners**, with a **minor in not getting caught** with any **sorority sisters** who are **minors**! But the bottom line is I'm a **firm believer in education**—and at my age, my **beliefs** are the **only things** that are **firm**!

I'm Thorney's son, **Jaysun**, and I think it's **great** my dad's a student here. I just don't think it was a **good idea** for him to write his **first English Lit paper** on whether the dominant **character trait** of **Lite Beer** is **"Tastes Great"** or **"Less Filling"**!

Hey, cut your old man some **slack**, Jaysun! He's a **self-made** man! Plus, he gave **me** a chance to **escape my stereotype** as **Rocky Balboa's** sloppy, stupid **flunky** by becoming his sloppy, stupid **flunky**!

I'm **Diane Turn-on** and I'm **enchanted** with Thorney! Even though he's without **couth, manners or refinement**, as an English Professor I realize Thorney has **something** infinitely more **intrinsic in value**—**MONEY**!

As **Dean** here at Gland Lakes, I want to say that we **stand for academic excellence**! We **kneel and grovel** for **contributions**, but we **stand for academic excellence**!

**NULLA
REVERENTIA
MIHI
EST**

I'm Thorney's **secretary**! I **used** to be the secretary at **Fearless Buller's** high school, but I needed a **bigger challenge**! I want to make it as an **Ivy League Airhead**!

I'M **PROFESSOR TURBOSON** AND I **TEACH HISTORY**! **STUDENTS NEVER FALL ASLEEP** IN MY CLASS! **NOT BECAUSE MY LECTURES AREN'T BORING**, BUT **BECAUSE I SCREAM AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS**! **TODAY MY LECTURE TOPIC IS: "RAMBO: WHY IS HE SO SOFT ON COMMIES?"**

Oh...you're still here? Why? The **satire is over**! Turn the page to a **Don Martin** or **"The Lighter Side Of..."** Go on! **Hurry up! Turn!**



ZINGER AROUND THE COLLAR DEPT.

Those strange doodles shown above are some of the many "Clothing Care Symbols" found on shirts

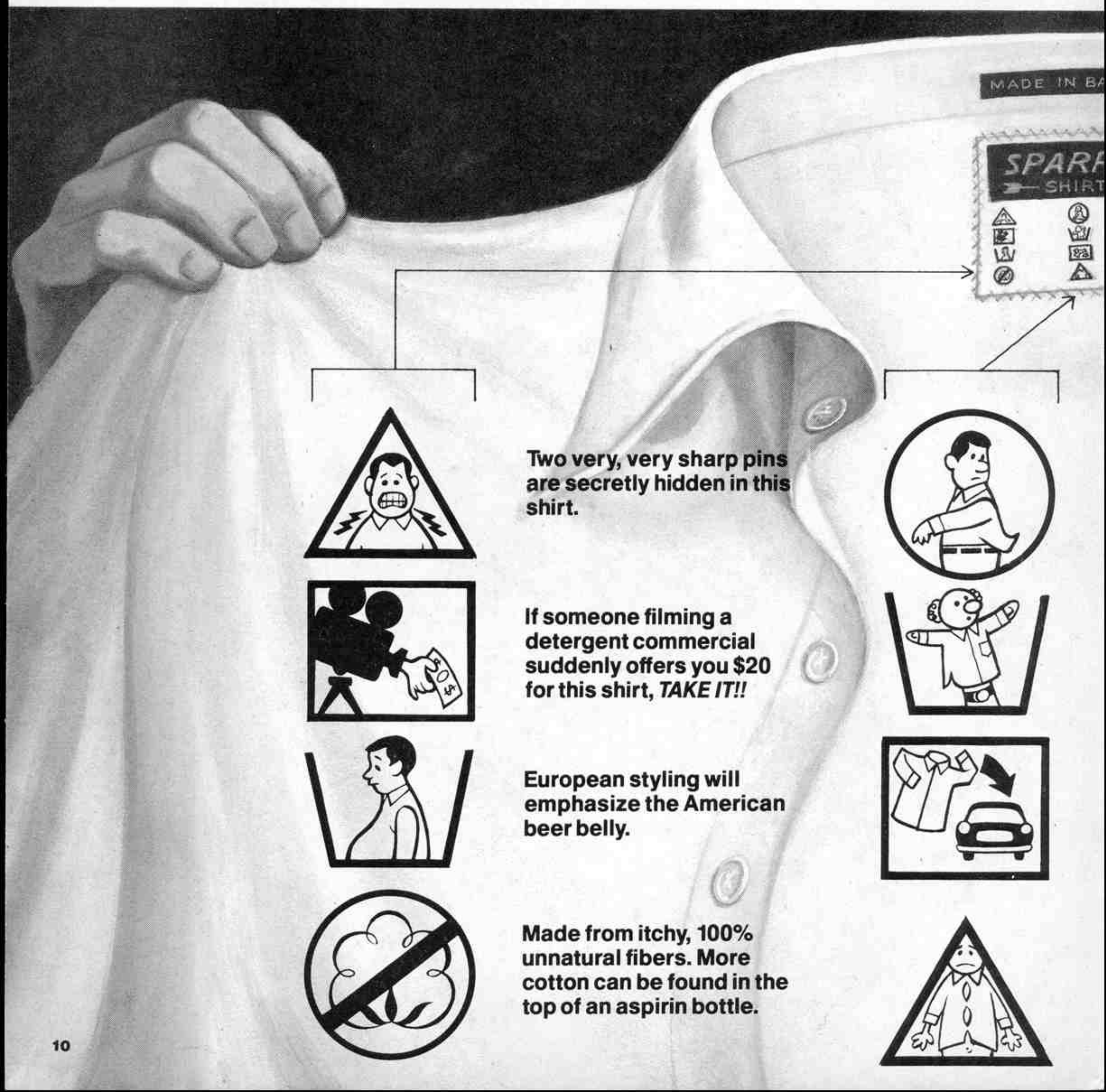
and other garments. We at MAD don't think they are very practical (especially since we never

NEW CLOTHING CARE SYMBOLS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



Use any solvent
except trichloroethylene.



Two very, very sharp pins
are secretly hidden in this
shirt.

If someone filming a
detergent commercial
suddenly offers you \$20
for this shirt, **TAKE IT!!**

European styling will
emphasize the American
beer belly.

Made from itchy, 100%
unnatural fibers. More
cotton can be found in the
top of an aspirin bottle.



Use chlorine bleach
as directed on the
container label.



Hand washable
using lukewarm water.



Do not press
or iron.

do laundry)! We think garment makers could do
us all a favor by using symbols for information

that's *really* important! So, with that in mind,
we take unusual pleasure in introducing these...

TOOLS THAT TELL IT LIKE IT IS

WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

**Extra short shirrtail is
guaranteed to stick out
unfashionably from
trousers at all times.**

**Will shrink to size of hand
puppet within three
washings.**

**This fabric will be more
effective as a car-washing
rag.**

**Manufacturer's sizing
system is incompatible to
any other in the history of
fashion. Your correct size
is as good a guess as
ours.**

**Garment may be ironed on
any setting. (But it won't
help!)**

**One button will fall off
every time this garment is
washed.**

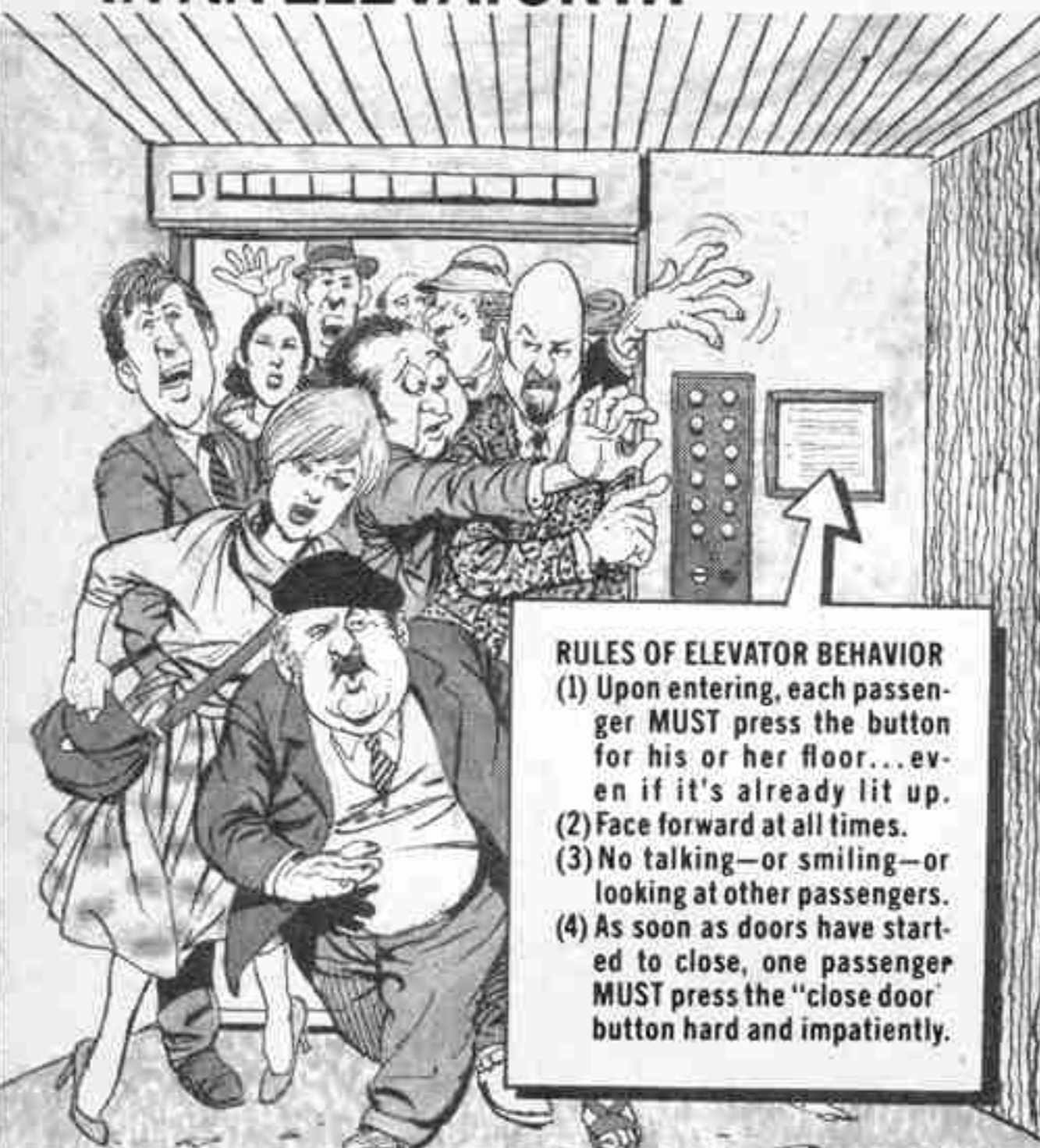
**Pulling even one teeny,
tiny loose thread will
cause entire garment to
completely unravel.**

**Other vital care
instructions have been
left off this label because
of space limitations.**

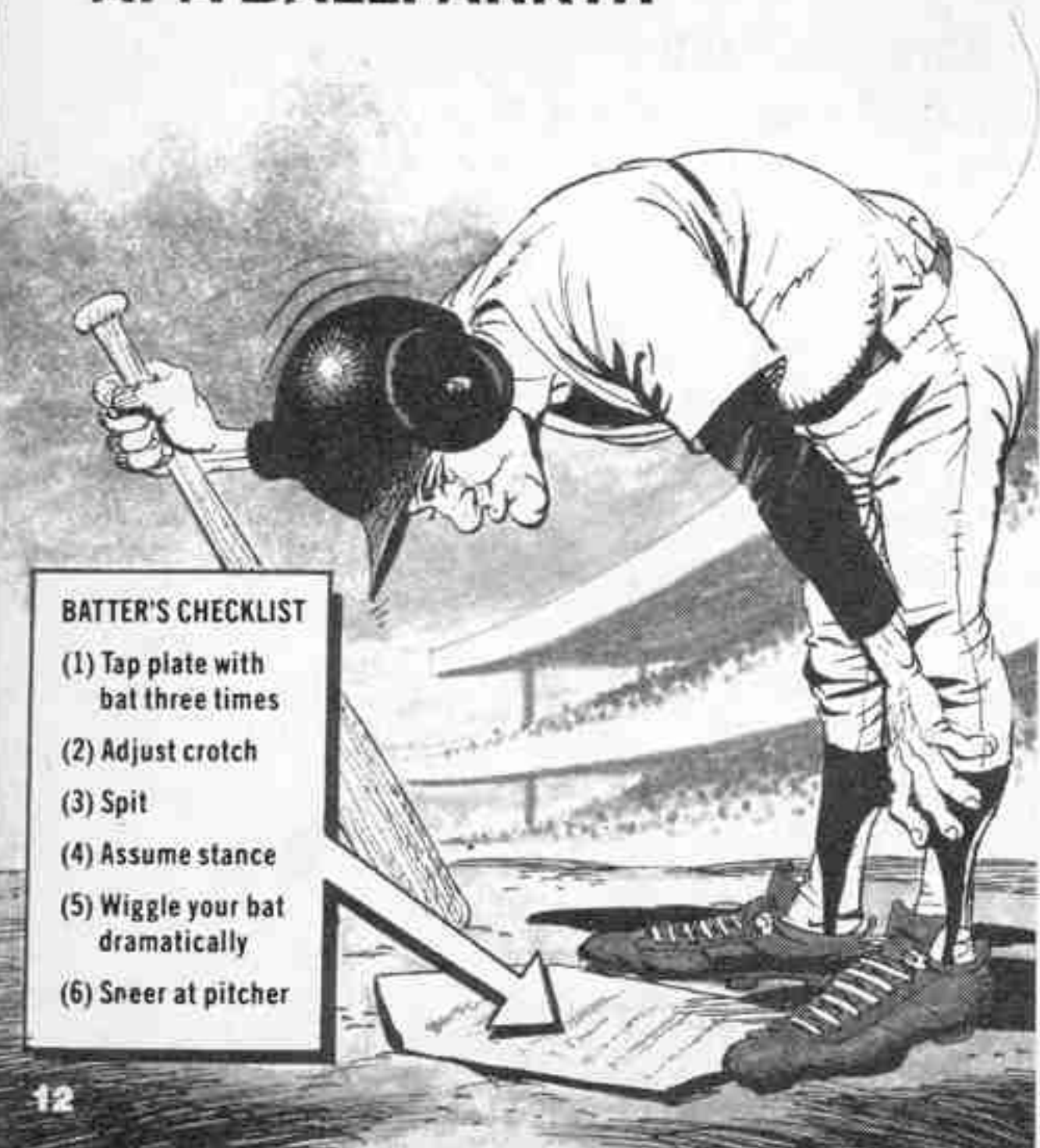
EDICT AND WEEP DEPT.

Ever notice how strangely people behave...like saying "Thank you!" to check-out clerks in supermarkets? Ever wonder what they're thanking them for? For giving them change for their own money? For over-charging them for several items in their shopping cart? For keeping them waiting on line for twenty minutes? There are a lot of things people do that make absolutely no sense. But everyone does them because everyone ELSE does them! It's as if we're all behaving according to some "unwritten rules" of our society. Like "Don't belch in public!" or "Cover your nose when you sneeze!" Except that most of the time, these "unwritten laws" are arbitrary and silly! How silly...? Well, we'll show you how silly—as we take this MAD look at what it would be like...

IN AN ELEVATOR...

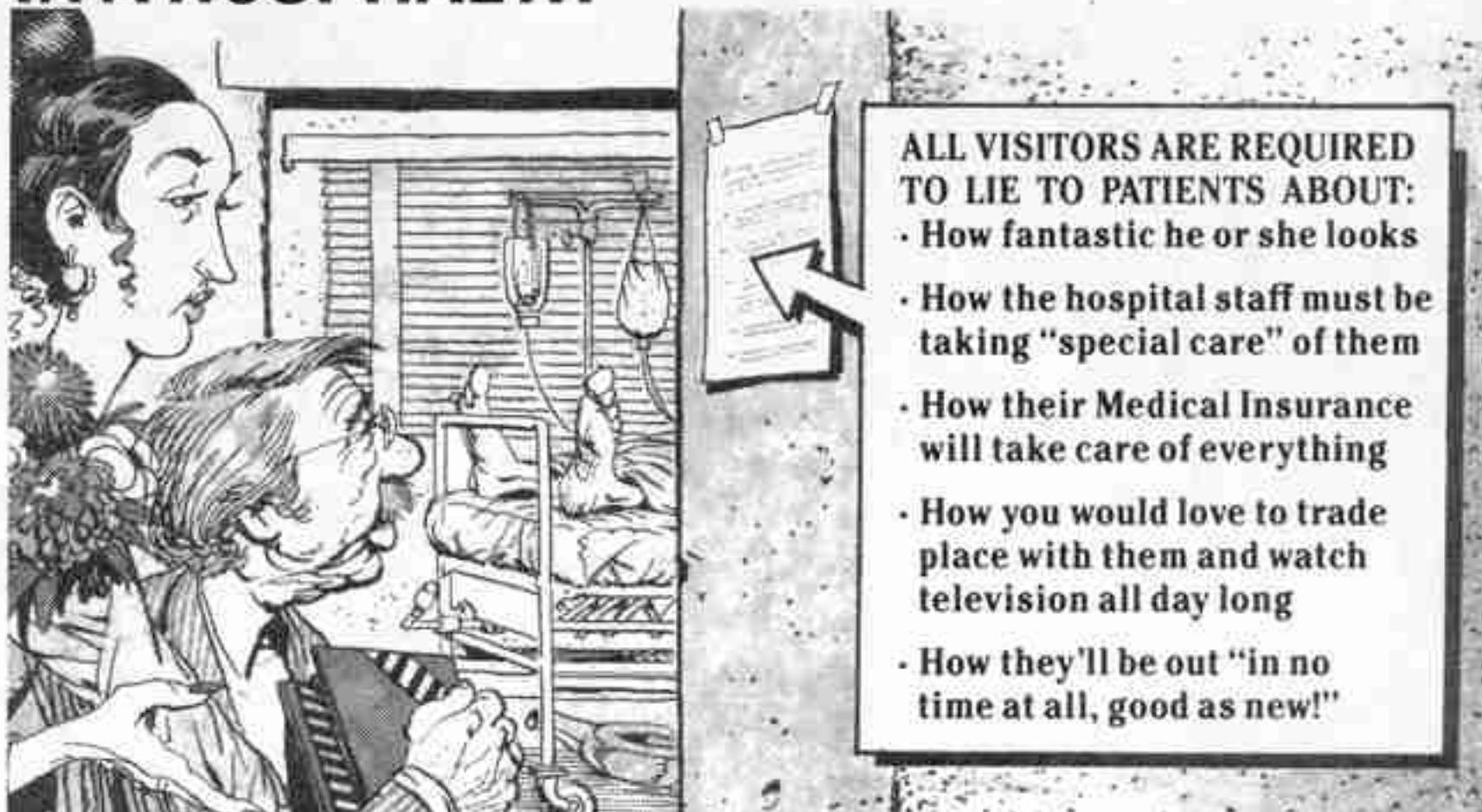


AT A BALLPARK...



IF SOCIETY'S Unwritten

IN A HOSPITAL...



AT A FAMILY REUNION...



AT AN INTERSECTION...





Rules of Behavior

WERE ACTUALLY WRITTEN DOWN

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

AT A BUSINESS MEETING...



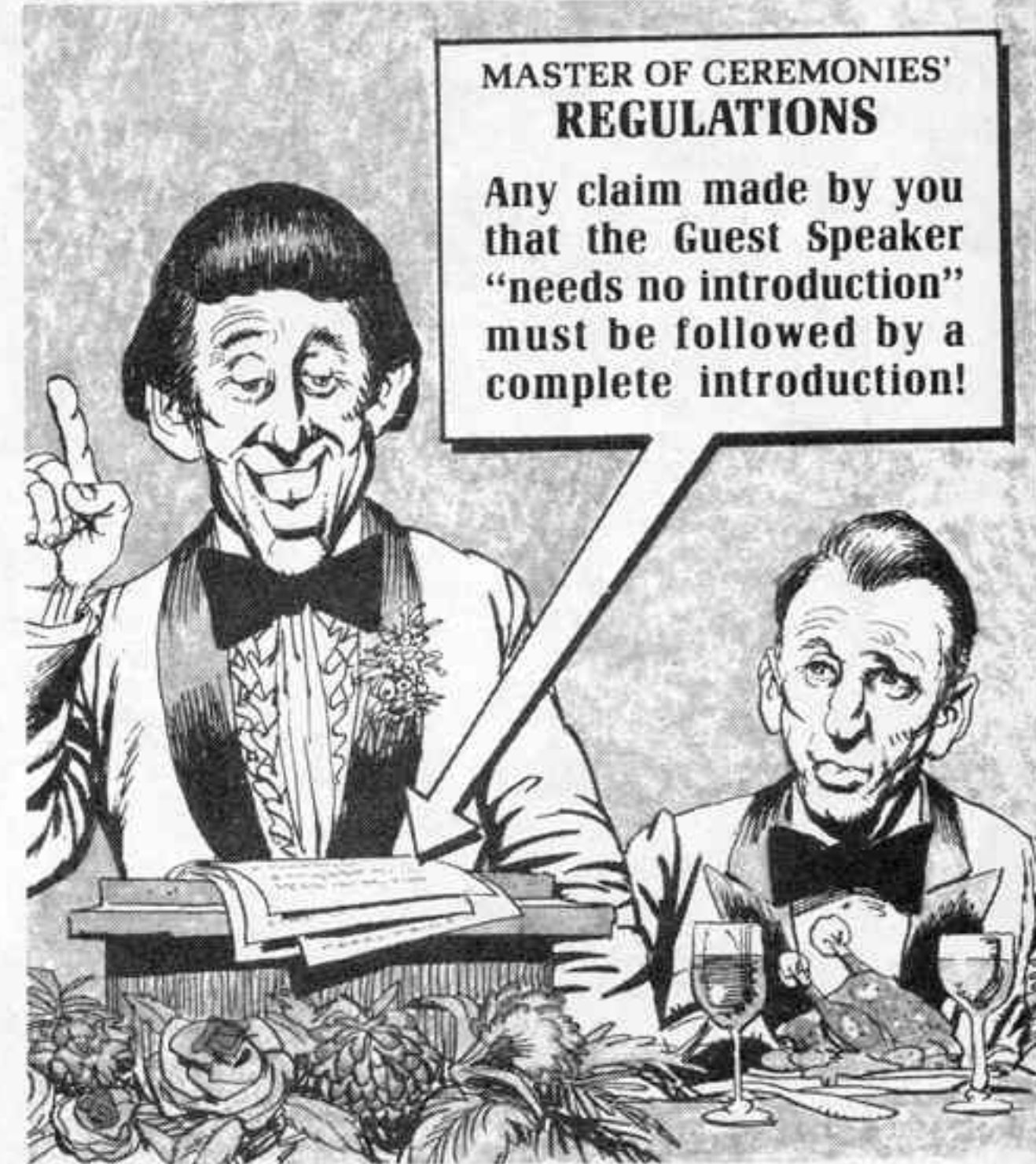
AT A CHECK-OUT COUNTER...



ON A MATERNITY FLOOR...



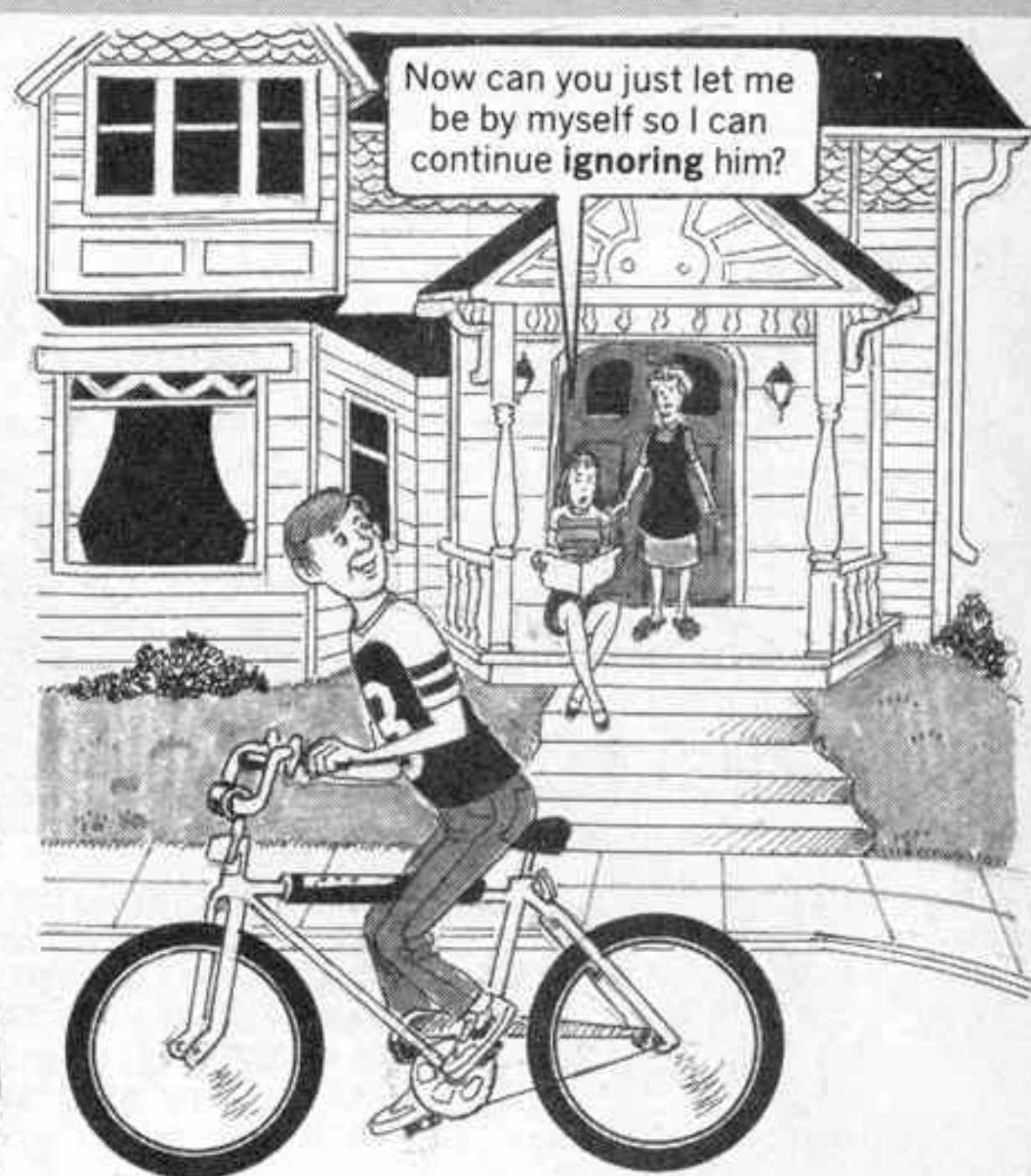
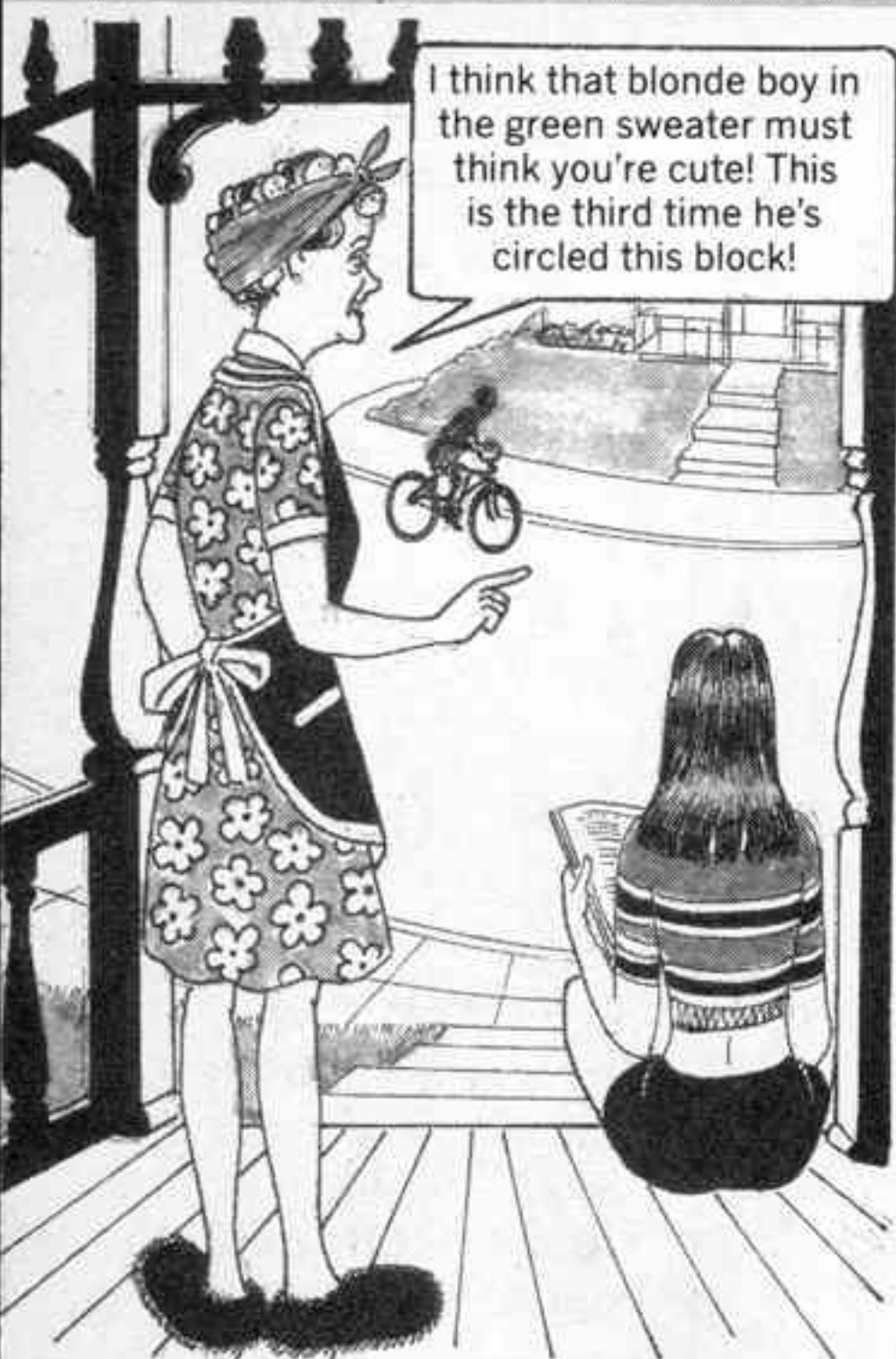
AT A SPEAKER'S PLATFORM...



IN A GARAGE...



FLIRTATION



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

BABY SITTERS



HEALTH FOODS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

DATING



EVOLUTION

Look at that! My husband is out there playing with his **new car**, and my son is going crazy on his **new skateboard**! Now I know what **separates the men from the boys**...



...the price of their toys!



BABYSITTING

How's the baby, Cathy?

Fine, Mrs. De Lucia! She's fast asleep in her crib...

...I think!



APPEARANCES

Look at that punker! He's got a face only a mother could love!

You're absolutely right!



OPTIONS

Gosh, John, it's such a lovely night! What shall we do?

Well, we can take a ride to the beach and look at the stars, or go to the new ice cream store and try out their gelati, or catch the new "Star Trek" flick at the Royal, or get together with Lenny and Karen, or...



They all sound great! So what'll we do?

Watch Wrestling!



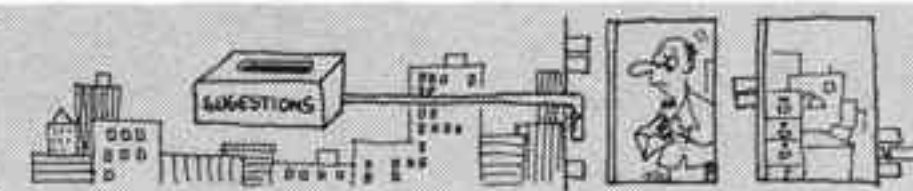
PUNISHMENT



RESTAURANTS



CURRENT EVENTS



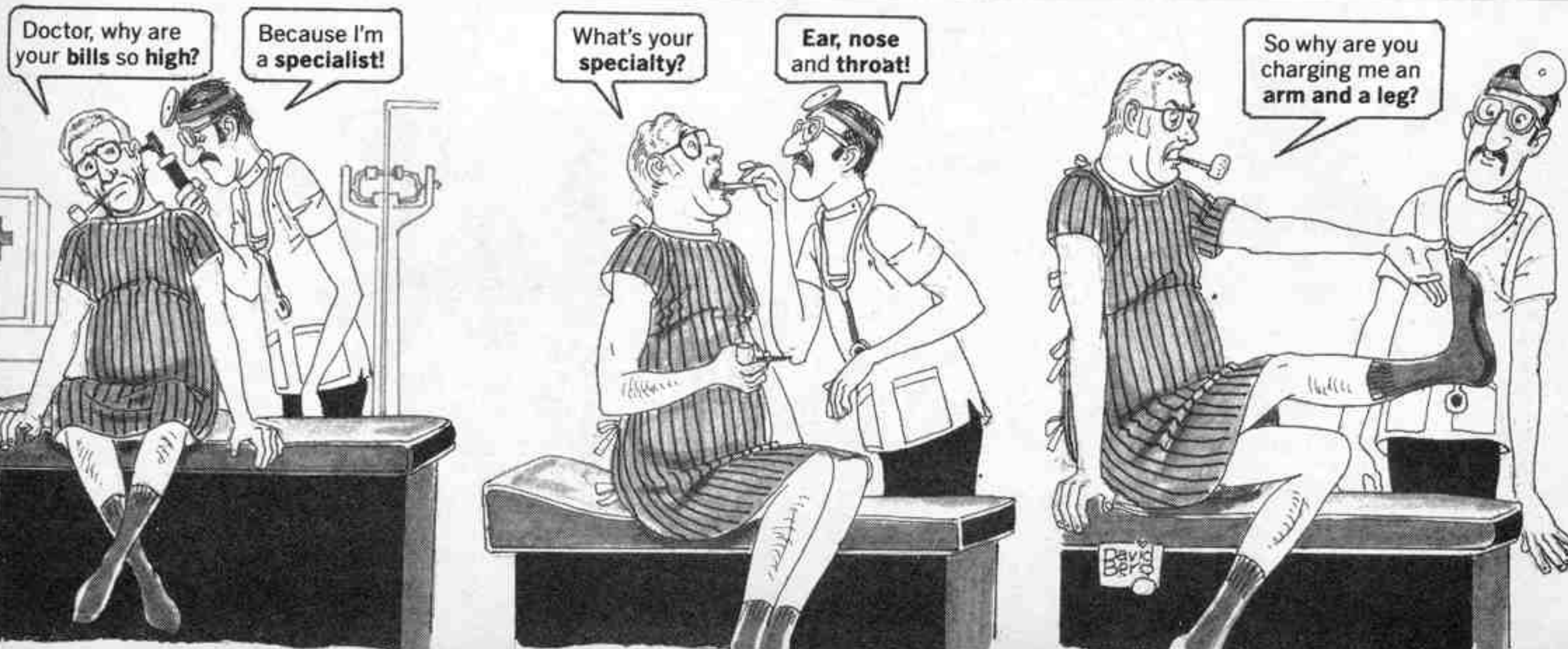
INSOMNIA



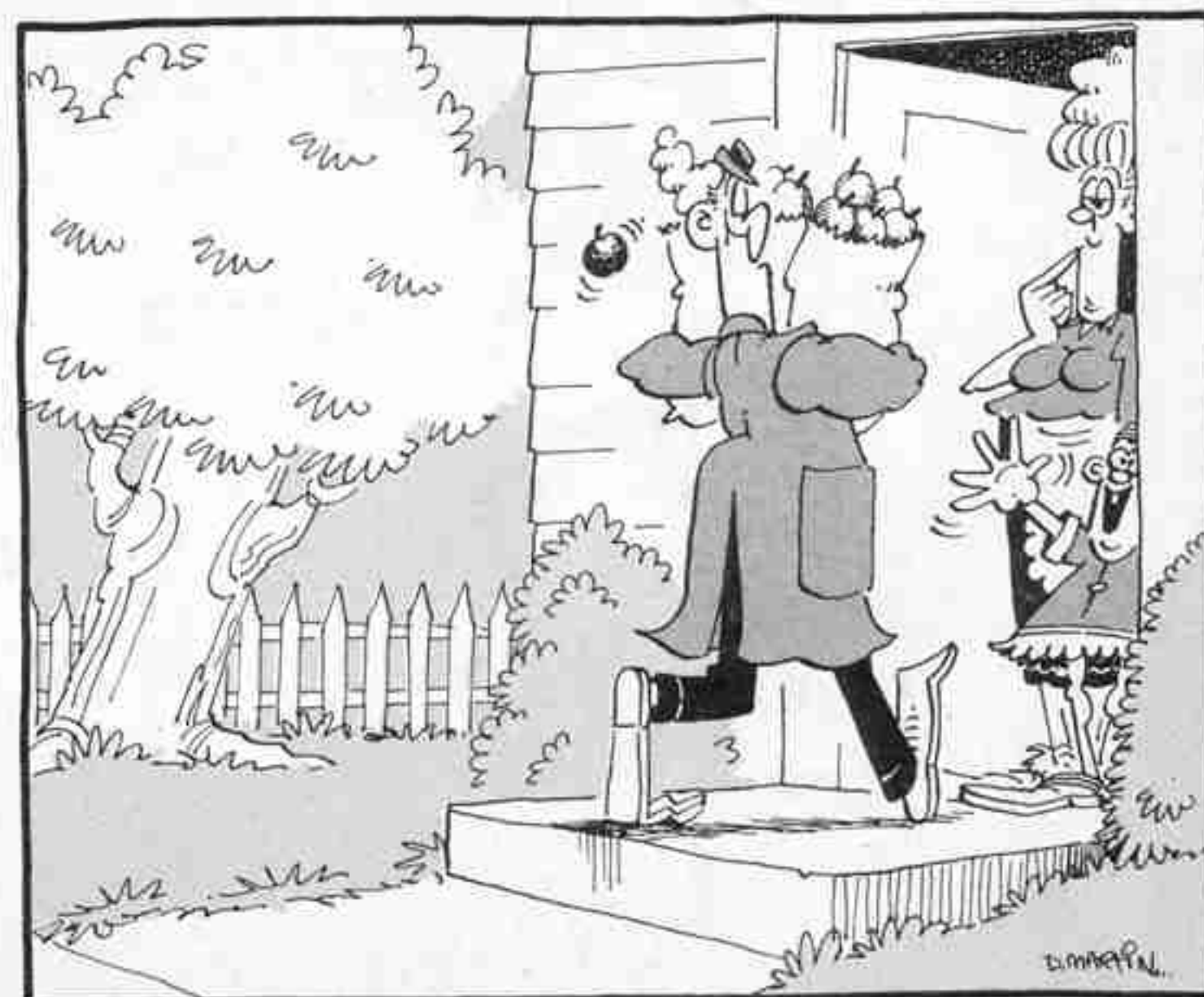
INSTRUCTION



DOCTORS



ONE BALMY NOVEMBER MORNING



Some time ago, we introduced an exciting new game that anyone with a sense of humor and a typewriter could play. Then we sat back and waited for the fad to sweep the nation. That was in 1962...and we're still waiting! What's wrong with you clods?! It's fun creating—

Typewiri-Toons

ARTIST: SMITH CORONA

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

Have you considered plastic surgery?

P I

Is this where I buy my ski lift ticket?

L I

What makes you think there's a problem at Three Mile Island?

*
*
*

) () (

I I

Damned pigeons!

V

I'd like you to meet my uncle from Texas!

\$ S S

You put too much starch in my shirt again, Honey...!

T I

God...I hate rush hour...!

y y y y y y y y

Hut...two...three four...! Hut...two three...four! HALT!

Okay, men...at ease!

/))))))))))



O O

Y

I

A

۲

nn

That guy will do anything to get some attention!

II

Junior! How many times have I told you to wipe your feet before you come in the house!

" " " " " " " i I

**Incredible! A new World's
Record for the javelin!**

II

III n

**Takes a lot of patience
to train a turtle!**

III u

As far as I'm concerned, he just doesn't exist!

cc

I broke it playing football...!

Σ

V

**You've got to try
to come out of that
shell of yours, Helen!**

④

၈၀

All right, Howie! Just smile into the camera and cut out the jokes!

" I I I I I
 I I I I I
 I I I I I
 I I I I I

I think I've had enough! I'm starting to see double!

V

A

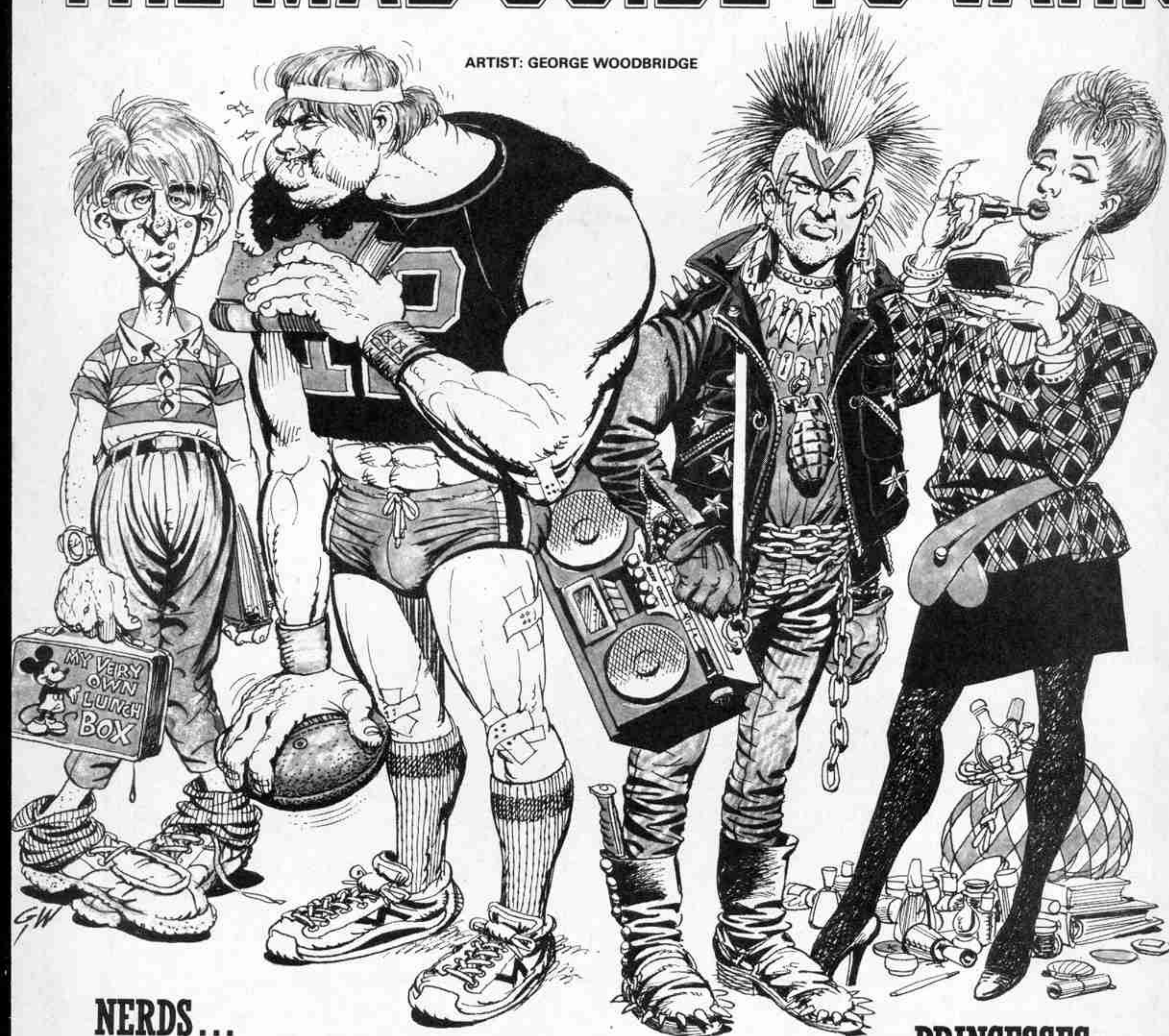
Don't you think it's about time you trimmed that nose hair of yours?

P

R

THE MAD GUIDE TO VARIO

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



NERDS...

...think Billy Joel is hard rock.

...wonder why people laugh at Pee Wee Herman.

...are the only reason the makers of Hush Puppies have not gone bankrupt.

JOCKS...

...use their textbooks—but only as weights.

...wear sweat bands to their prom.

...have trouble with concepts like "numbers" and "letters."

PUNKS...

...shop hardware stores for jewelry.

...have "his-and-her" lip tattoos.

...listen to Van Halen to "mellow out."

PRINCESSES...

...color-coordinate their spiral notebooks.

...looked up to Farrah Fawcett—before she "let herself go."

...wish scientists would hurry up and find a cure for perspiration.

US HIGH SCHOOL TYPES

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



LEADERS...

...believe Student Council is the first step on the road to the White House.

...think people who talk during Morning Announcements should be expelled.

...get more pictures of themselves in different places in the Yearbook than the entire Freshman class.



REBELS...

...have their own clever catch phrase: "Oh, yeah?!"

...never help decorate homecoming floats.

...believe that "burning rubber" is a dramatic social statement.



BRAINS...

...collect scholarships for fun.

...think a "hot date" is a trip to the planetarium.

...are good to know if you ever need the value of pi (π) to 127 decimal places.



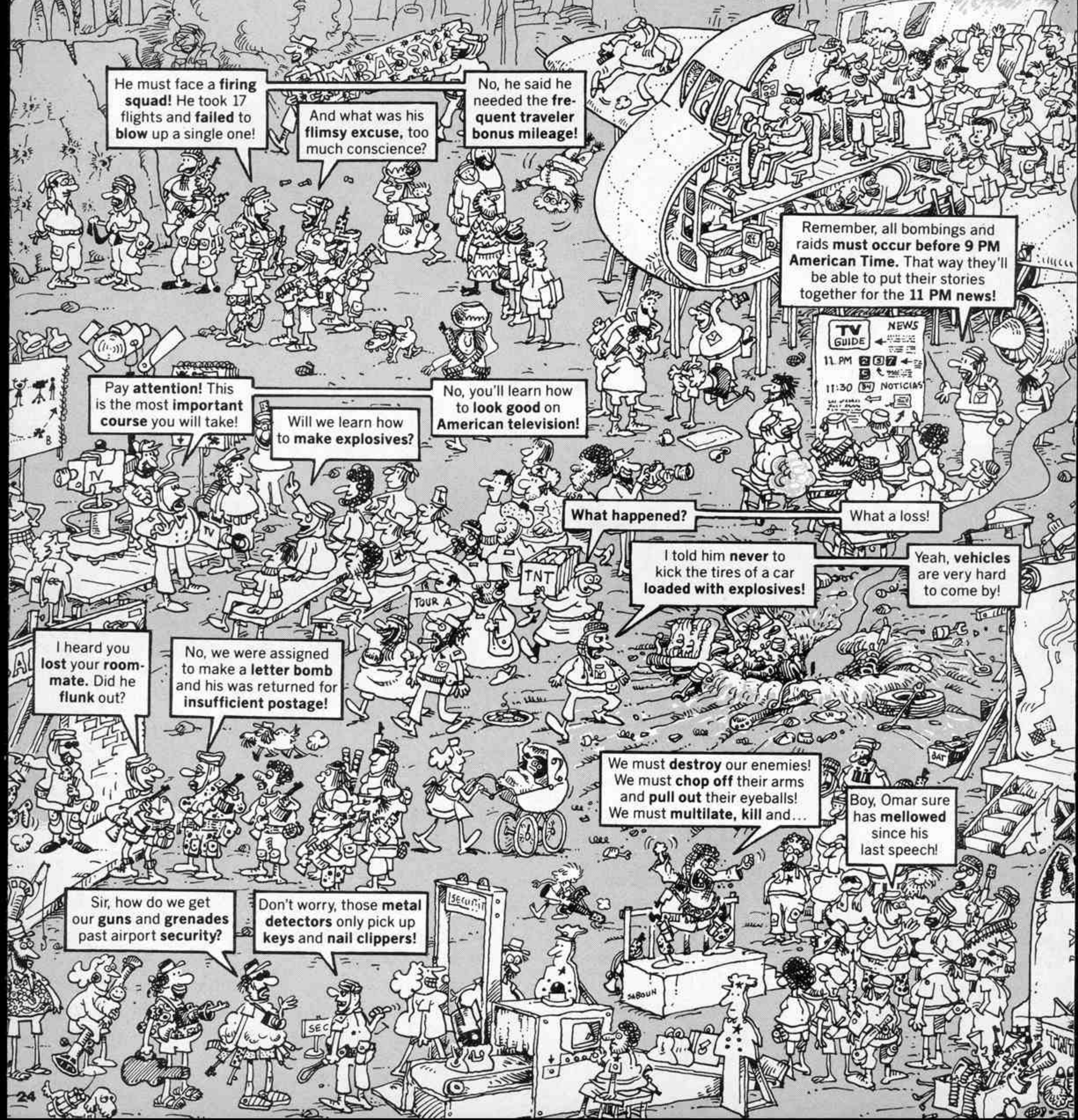
DRUGGIES...

..."sort of" remember Sophomore year.

...want the school to give letters for dealing.

...think "gram," "tab" and "kilo" are units of currency.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND TERRORIST TR



He must face a firing squad! He took 17 flights and failed to blow up a single one!

And what was his flimsy excuse, too much conscience?

No, he said he needed the frequent traveler bonus mileage!

Remember, all bombings and raids must occur before 9 PM American Time. That way they'll be able to put their stories together for the 11 PM news!

Pay attention! This is the most important course you will take!

Will we learn how to make explosives?

No, you'll learn how to look good on American television!

What happened?

What a loss!

I told him never to kick the tires of a car loaded with explosives!

Yeah, vehicles are very hard to come by!

I heard you lost your roommate. Did he flunk out?

No, we were assigned to make a letter bomb and his was returned for insufficient postage!

We must destroy our enemies! We must chop off their arms and pull out their eyeballs! We must mutilate, kill and...

Boy, Omar sure has mellowed since his last speech!

Sir, how do we get our guns and grenades past airport security?

Don't worry, those metal detectors only pick up keys and nail clippers!

TV GUIDE	NEWS
11 PM	3 3 7
11:30	94 NOTICIAS

THE SCENES AT A TRAINING CAMP

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Ishfahar, where are you taking that box of dirty, smelly, dung-stained rags?

To the PX. They're our shipment of new uniforms!

Who can tell me why we hijack, take hostages, blow up property and murder?

Correct!

Because ours is a religious struggle.

Okay class, if Haji has 13 hostages and Yasir has 18 hostages, how many hostages will Yasir have to kill to have the same amount as Haji?

I'll need grenades, ground-to-air mortars, a machine gun, ample ammunition...

Who is Saheed talking to?

His travel agent!

You should be proud! You have been selected for the **highest honor**—the privilege of **dying** for our noble cause!

If it's such a great honor, how come none of the **big shots** volunteer for these **suicide missions**?

The Russians' weapons may be all right but their **USO shows** are **absolutely the pits**!

Hey, get that animal outta here! Someone could get hurt slipping on **goat dung**!

Tomorrow he's driving a truck full of **explosives** into a military base and today he's **worried about slipping**!

Yeah, the Americans get **Bob Hope and Brooke Shields** and we get **Olga and her Magic Tractor**.

WELCOME
CLASS REUNION 1967

Wanna have a good laugh? Watch this!

Hi, it's great to see you but **where is everybody**?

We are everybody!

LIKE A VERSION DEPT.

Most storytellers bring a little of themselves to the stories they tell. Others bring way too

FAMOUS STORIES AS TOLD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Once upon a time there was an Italian-American named Don Corleone. Mr. Corleone was a successful olive oil importer. He was called Godfather because he was always being asked to be the Godfather of the children of his many friends and employees. The key to Mr. Corleone's success in business was his relationships with his customers. He made them offers they couldn't refuse. When Don Corleone died peacefully in his tomato patch, his son, Michael, inherited the family business.

During the war Michael was a marine and he received many decorations for bravery. But because he was from New York and was of Italian descent, a group of politicians accused this war hero of being involved in something called the "MAFIA." Michael, naturally, was cleared.

He sold the family olive oil business and bought several hotels in Las Vegas. Michael would like his son to go into politics because he wants to prove that any American can be elected to national office, even if his last name ends in a vowel.

The Godfather as told by Mario Cuomo



The Color Purple

as told by Sen. Jesse Helms



There was this nigra family livin' in the sovereign state of Georgia. They were your typical colored folks, they was into incest and havin' illegitimate babies and puttin' on airs. For example, the husband, Mister, insisted his wife Celie call him "Mister," when we all know he shoulda been called "Boy."

The nigra women folk used to go to church on Sunday and pray to our white God, which shows you how benevolent He is. Celie's sister, Nettie, went to Africa to be a missionary, which is a fine place for colored folks to go.

Mister treated Celie like a slave, which gets me to thinkin' that maybe the nigras really didn't object to slavery at all. Too bad Lincoln didn't mind his own business. Besides beatin' on his wife, Mister had a few other good points, like he smoked tobacco and we all know that the good Lord gave us tobacco for everybody to enjoy, even blacks!

Celie got into the women's movement thing and of course, she became involved in an unnatural, disgustin' relationship which is what women's lib is all about.

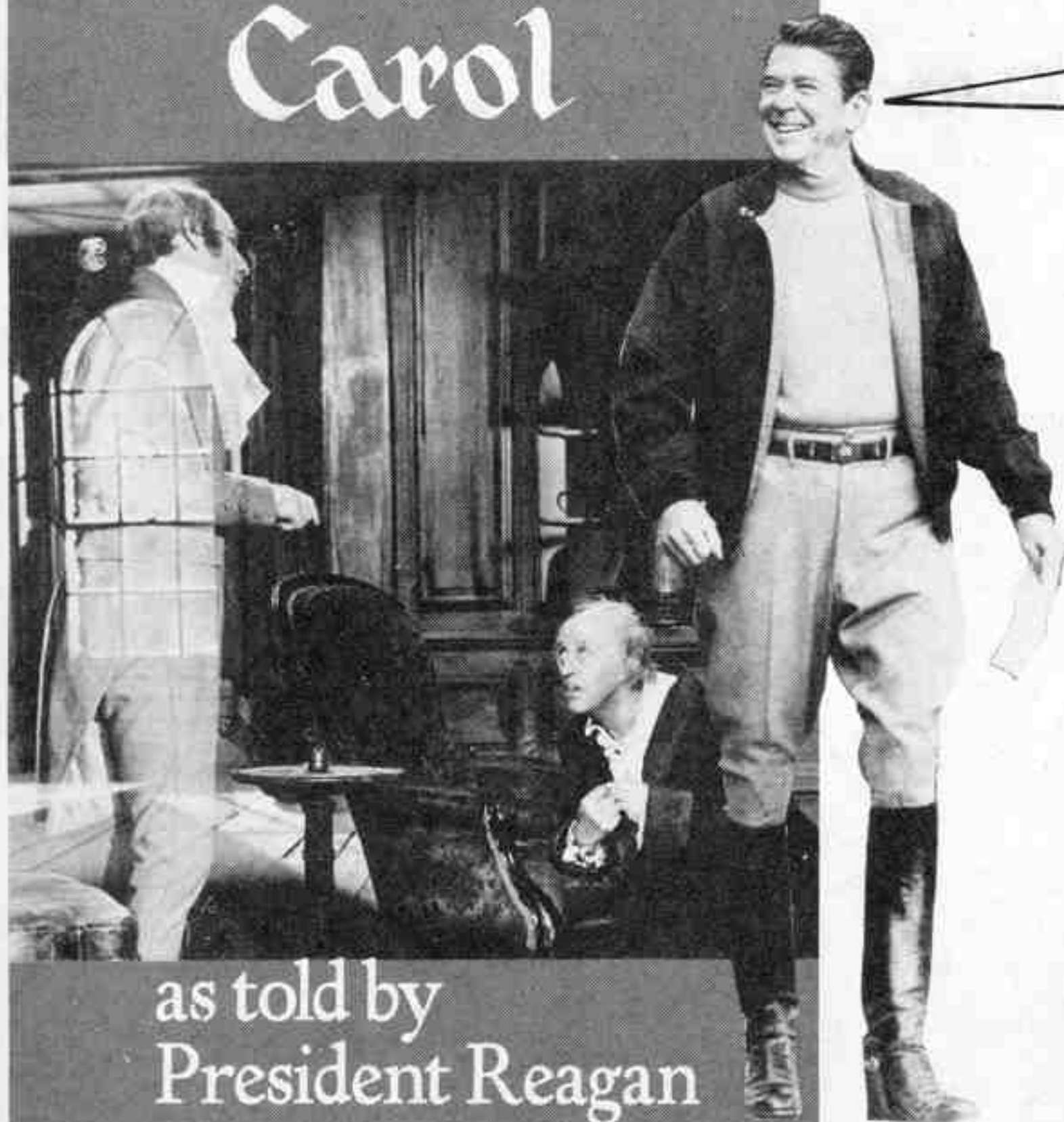
Mister summed it all up by tellin' Celie, "You black, you poor, you ugly and you a woman." Shoot, I couldn't have put it better myself.

much of themselves to the stories they tell. You'll know what we mean after reading these...

TOLD BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

A Christmas Carol



as told by
President Reagan

Ebenezer Scrooge was a hard working businessman. He employed Bob Cratchit as a clerk. Cratchit complained constantly. He wanted "more holidays," and "more money." He was always whining about the office being "too cold," and other such nonsense. It never occurred to Cratchit to roll up his sleeves and do an honest day's work or go to night school and pull himself up by his bootstraps. No, it was easier to complain.

When Christmas time came around the Cratchit family blamed Mr. Scrooge because they couldn't afford an elaborate dinner or expensive presents for their children.

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Scrooge had a terrible nightmare. He dreamt he was visited by his dead partner, Marley, and three ghosts. These ghosts, using Marxist-Lenin propaganda techniques, made Mr. Scrooge feel guilty because he was a success and Cratchit was a failure.

Mr. Scrooge allowed his own good fortune to trickle down by buying expensive gifts for the Cratchit children. He treated them to a fancy Christmas dinner and he paid their medical bills. Even though Cratchit received a fair salary, Mr. Scrooge gave him a raise, which only added to the inflationary spiral. I know this sounds familiar, because it's the same principle as our own welfare system—something for nothing—and it just doesn't work.

Well, we can only pray that next Christmas, Mr. Scrooge will be visited by three Conservative ghosts who will show him the error of his ways.

Yankee pride comes right from the top, the team owner. Naturally, Lou Gehrig was a ball player who knew the meaning of Yankee pride. Whether he was hurt or not, Lou played every day. He hit for average, he drove in plenty of runs and hit the long ball. Best of all, Lou's salary was less than I pay my groundskeepers today. Lou never asked to be traded or went crying to the press to complain about the owner. He was my kind of guy.

In many ways, Lou reminds me of myself. Yes, "the Boss" and "the Iron Horse" had a lot in common. Lou Gehrig and George Steinbrenner both had football backgrounds, we both wore our pinstripes with pride, we both knew what loyalty to our fans was all about and we were both proud to be Yankees—New York Yankees. I'm sure if Lou was still with us, he would be proud to be a New Jersey Yankee, if that's the way the ball happens to bounce.

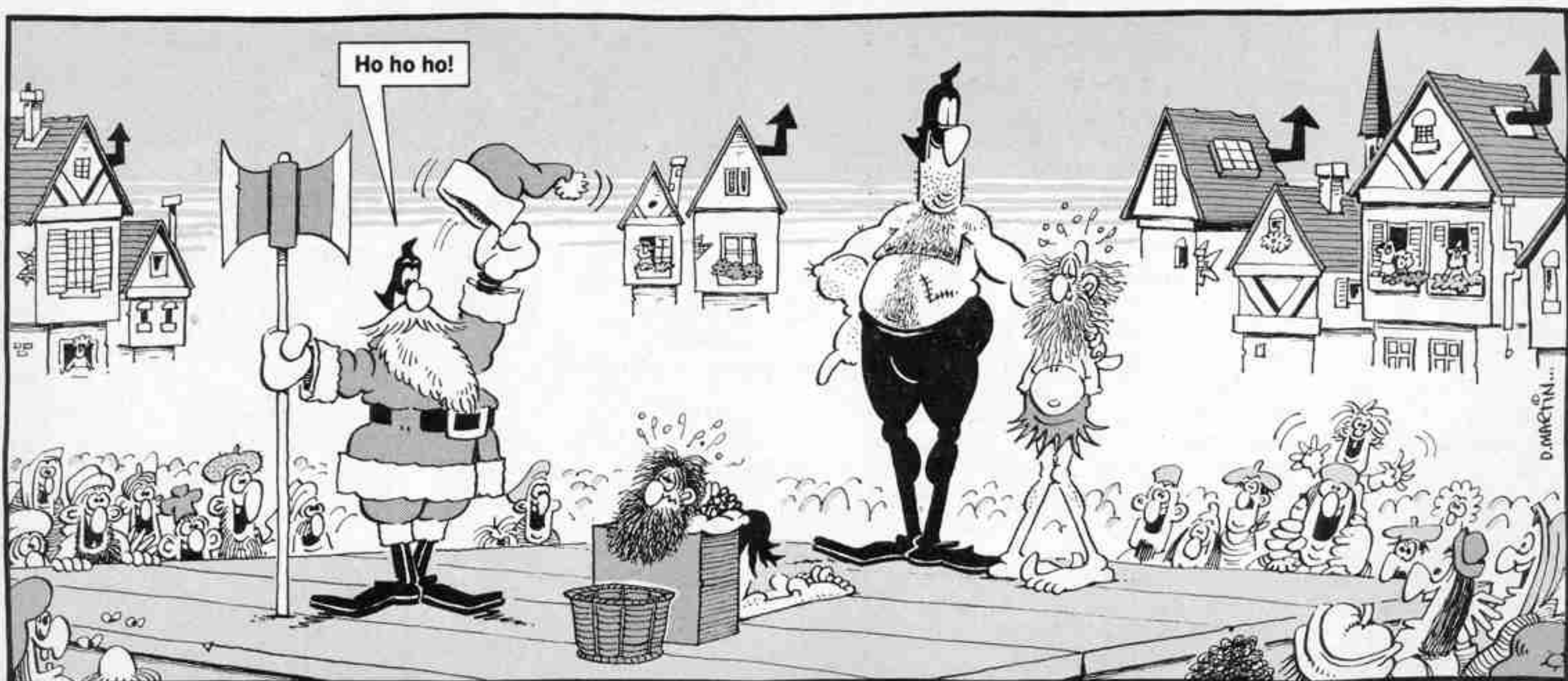
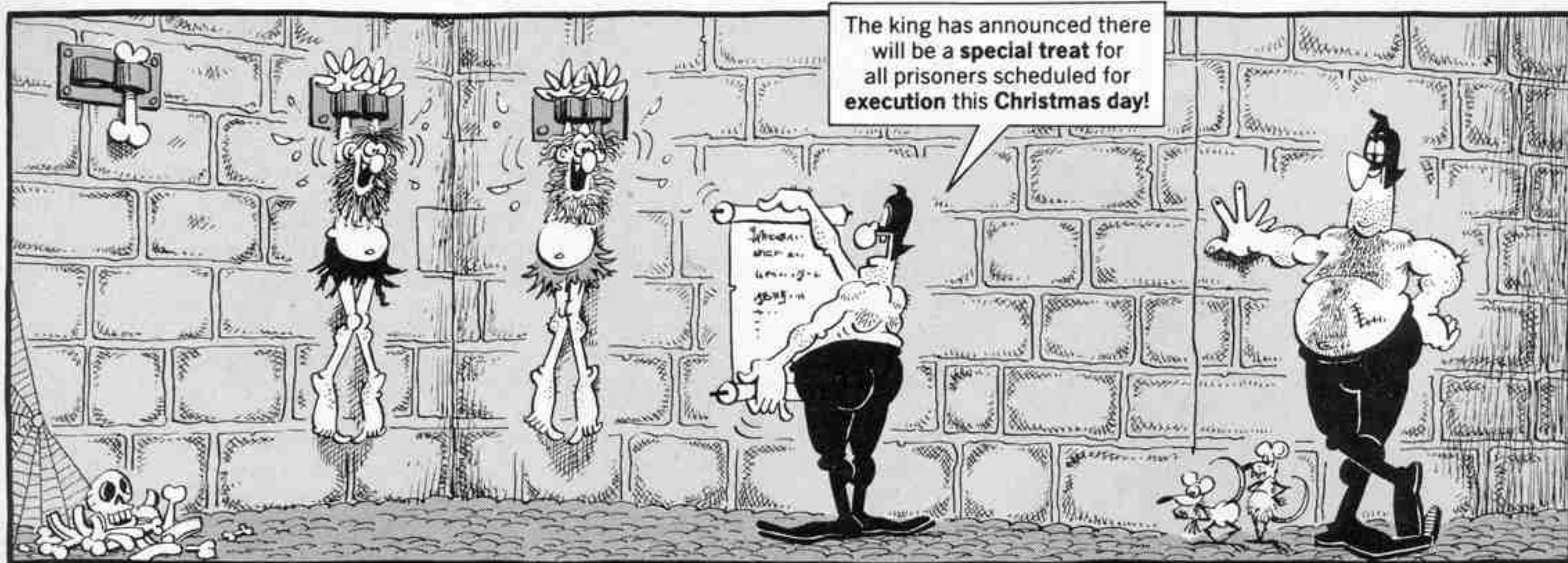
I still get a lump in my throat when I think of Lou Gehrig Day. Yankee Stadium was packed and the owner didn't have to give away free bats or helmets. Now that's what I really call "Pride of the Yankees"!

The Pride Of The Yankees

as told by
George Steinbrenner



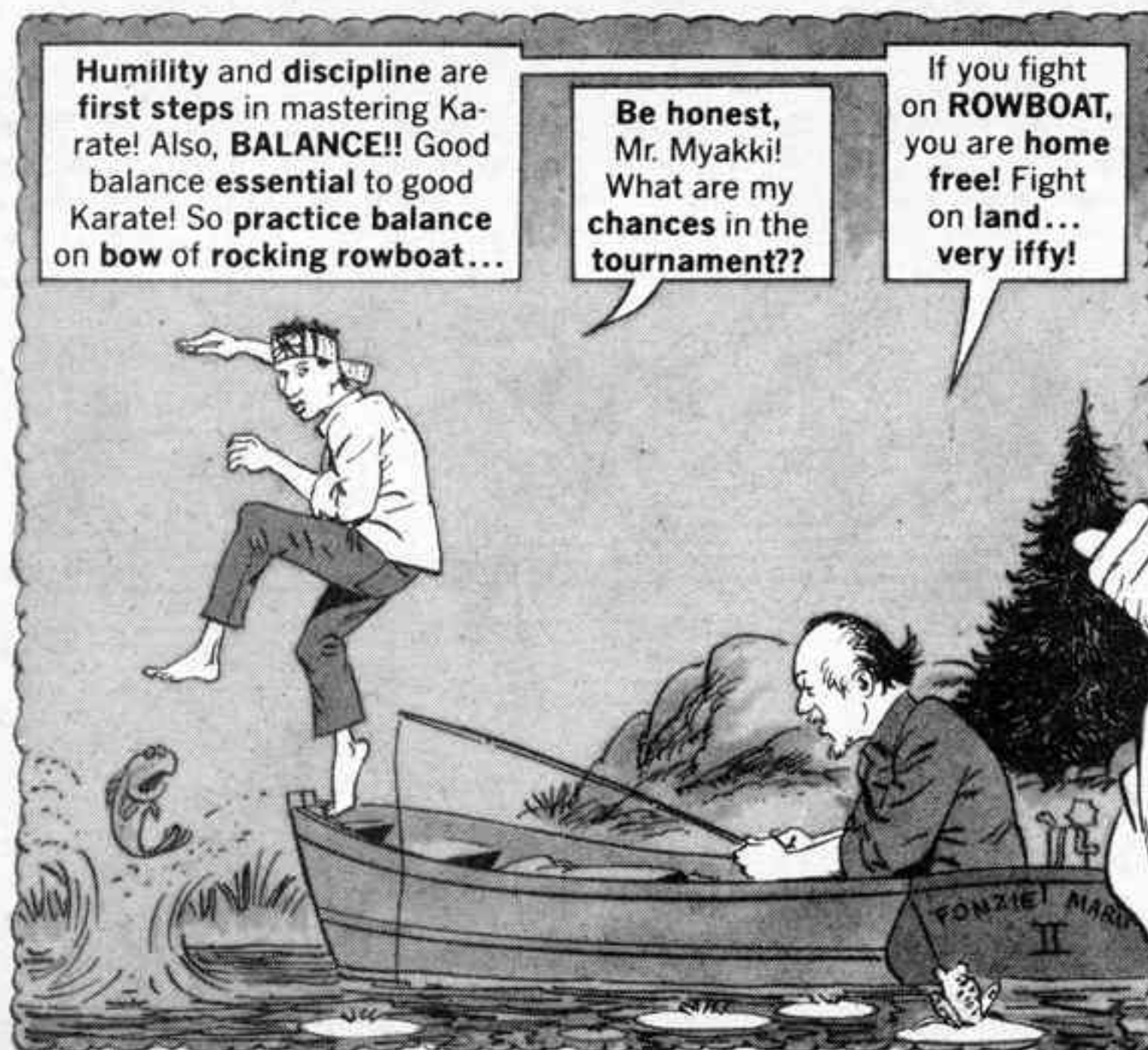
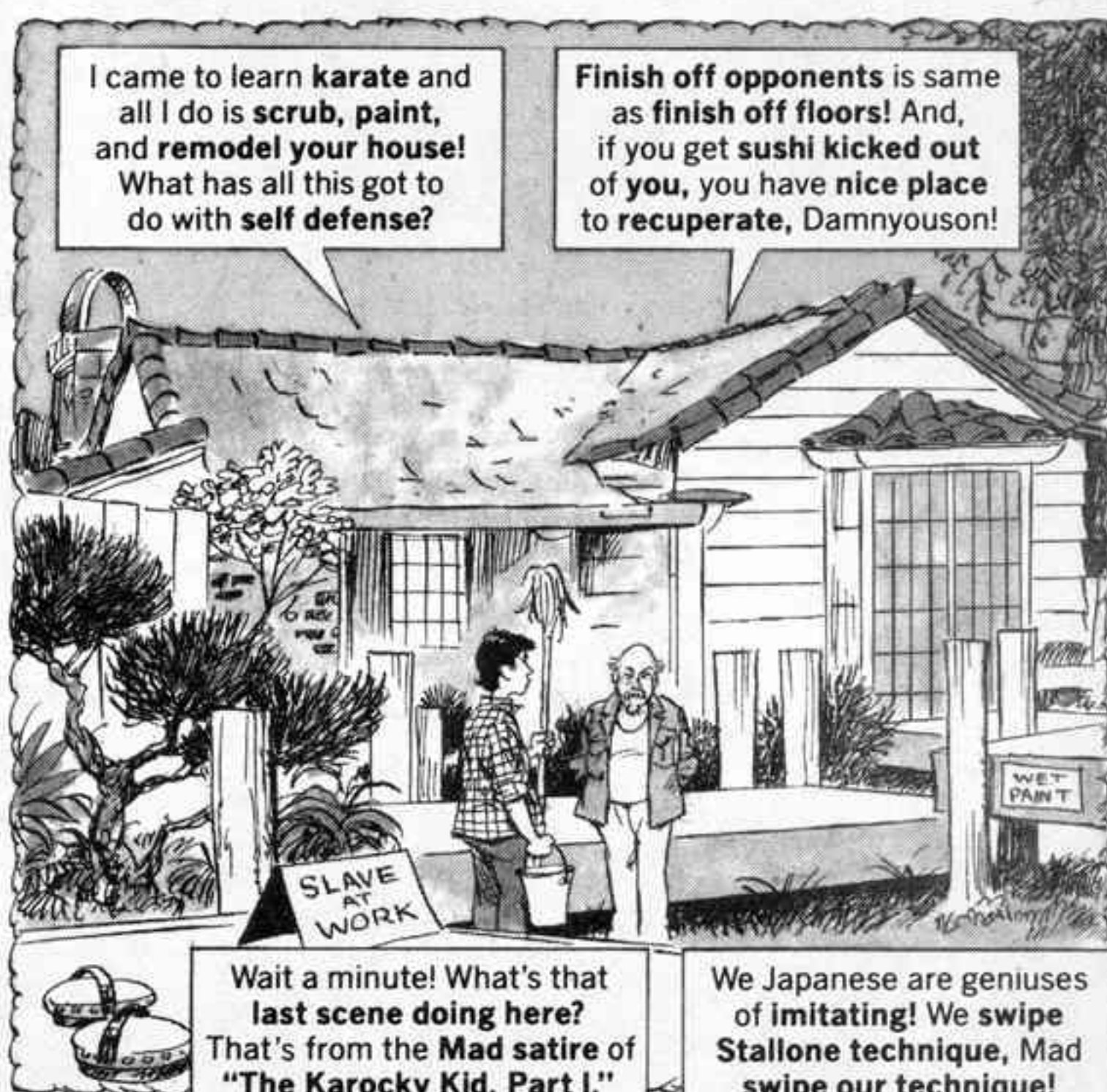
ONE GLORIOUS DECEMBER MORNING



To quote the philosophy of Sly Stallone—*"All men are created with sequels!"* Hollywood, of course, has an even broader point of view—*"All men and boys are created with sequels!"* Which leaves Mad, a "sequel opportunity employer," no choice but to present...



The Karocky Kid Part II



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

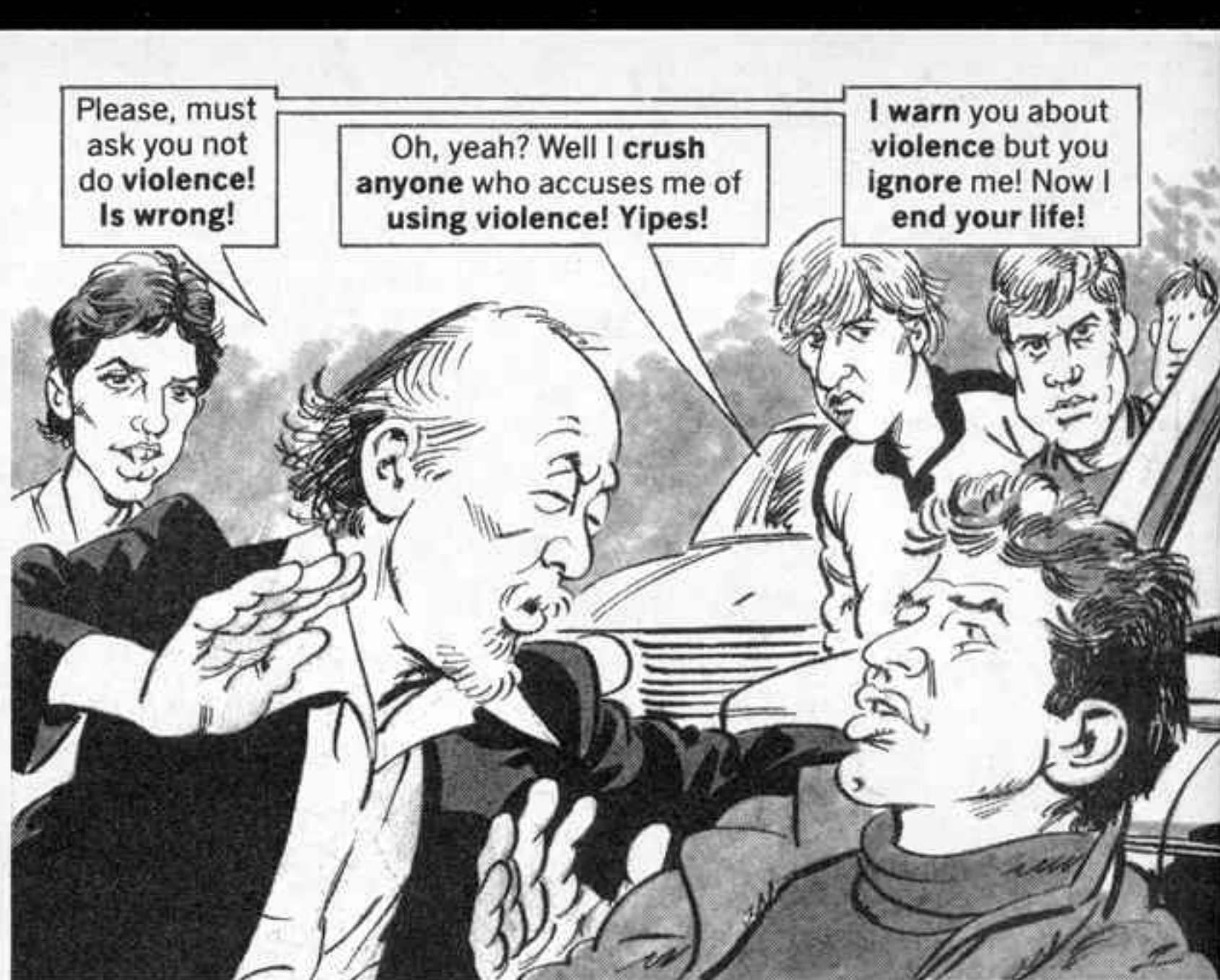
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Torres



Please, Truss, don't kick me anymore! After all, I did win **second place!**

Second place is **nothing!** Especially since there were only **two people** in the entire **competition!**



Please, must ask you not do **violence!** Is **wrong!**

Oh, yeah? Well I **crush** anyone who accuses me of using **violence!** Yipes!

I warn you about **violence** but you ignore me! Now I **end your life!**



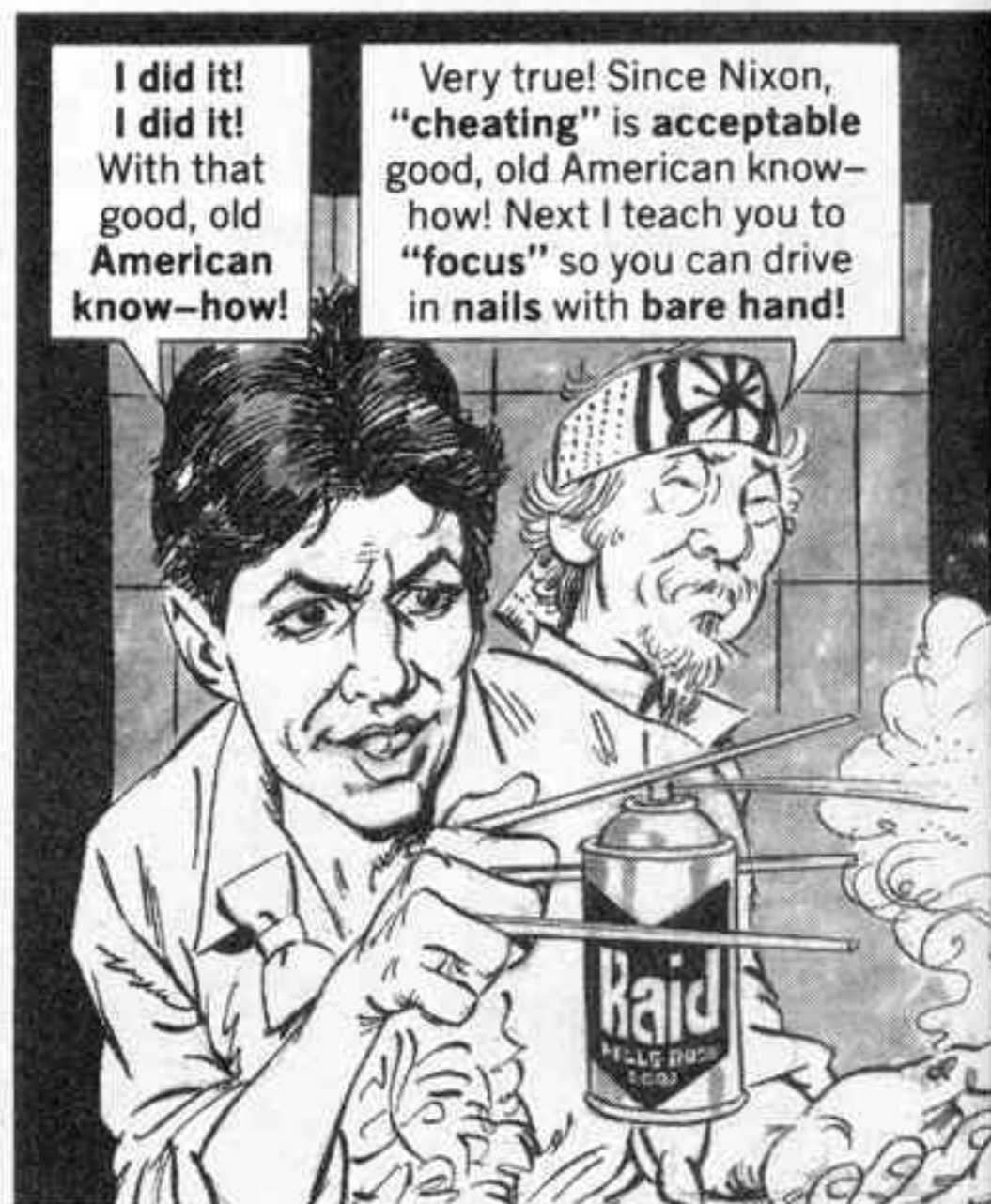
You could have **killed him**, Mr. Teriyaki, but you just **"tweaked"** his nose!

Always remember, **"Humiliation worse than death!"**

I see what you mean! If I got that **glitch** you **squeezed** from his nose all over my hand, I'd die from **humiliation**, too!



Look, I finally do it! I **catch fly** with **chopsticks!** Now you try!



I did it! I did it! With that good, old **American know-how!**

Very true! Since Nixon, **"cheating"** is **acceptable** good, old American know-how! Next I teach you to **"focus"** so you can drive in **nails** with **bare hand!**



Yow! This really **hurts!**

Don't focus on **pain!** Focus on **something else!**

Okay, I'll focus on how **cheap** you are for not **buying a hammer!**



Damnyouson, I must go **home** to **Okinawa!** Letter say my father very sick, may die soon! That mean **doing battle** with **Socko**, foe from **45 years ago!**

45 years ago? And you still have to **fight** this guy?

Not much to do in Okinawa, so **"holding grudges"** is popular **pastime!**





He's gone! May a thousand golden eagles fly about his head, but never poop on his tombstone!

Ah, sweet Oon-bel-di, such poetry! After all these years, you have not lost your sensitivity!

Me neither! I return kindness and compassion your father show me as a boy, Teriyaki! I give 20 minutes of peaceful mourning! Then I show you "Killer Karate"!

By you, 20 minutes to mourn and "Killer Karate" is kindness and compassion?

Yes! And since I also own flower store, I save you bundle! Make one funeral wreath for both graves!

Are you afraid of your upcoming fight with Socko, Mr. Teriyaki?

No, Teriyaki know best way to avoid "Killer Karate" death blow—move out of way very quickly! I use same technique 45 years ago...



Do you duck, or move to the side?

Move very far out of way—take plane to America! I develop that technique myself—is called "The Teriyaki Take-Off"! Remember these words, Damnyouson— When in doubt, get the hell out!

That my lifelong desire, Damnyouson!

To be a ballet dancer?

Close—belly dancer! And go to America and become "Solid Gold" dancer!

Hold it! Don't give away the plot of "Karocky Kid III"!



Bet all my bucks all six block of ice can be broken!

Wow, Mr. Teriyaki is going to break all six blocks of ice!

No, to break all six block, you need ice pick! So—"Ice pick you!" You get it, Damnyouson? Teriyaki make terrific joke!



But seriously, folks, is very important you learn to break ice!

Is that so I can better my focus?

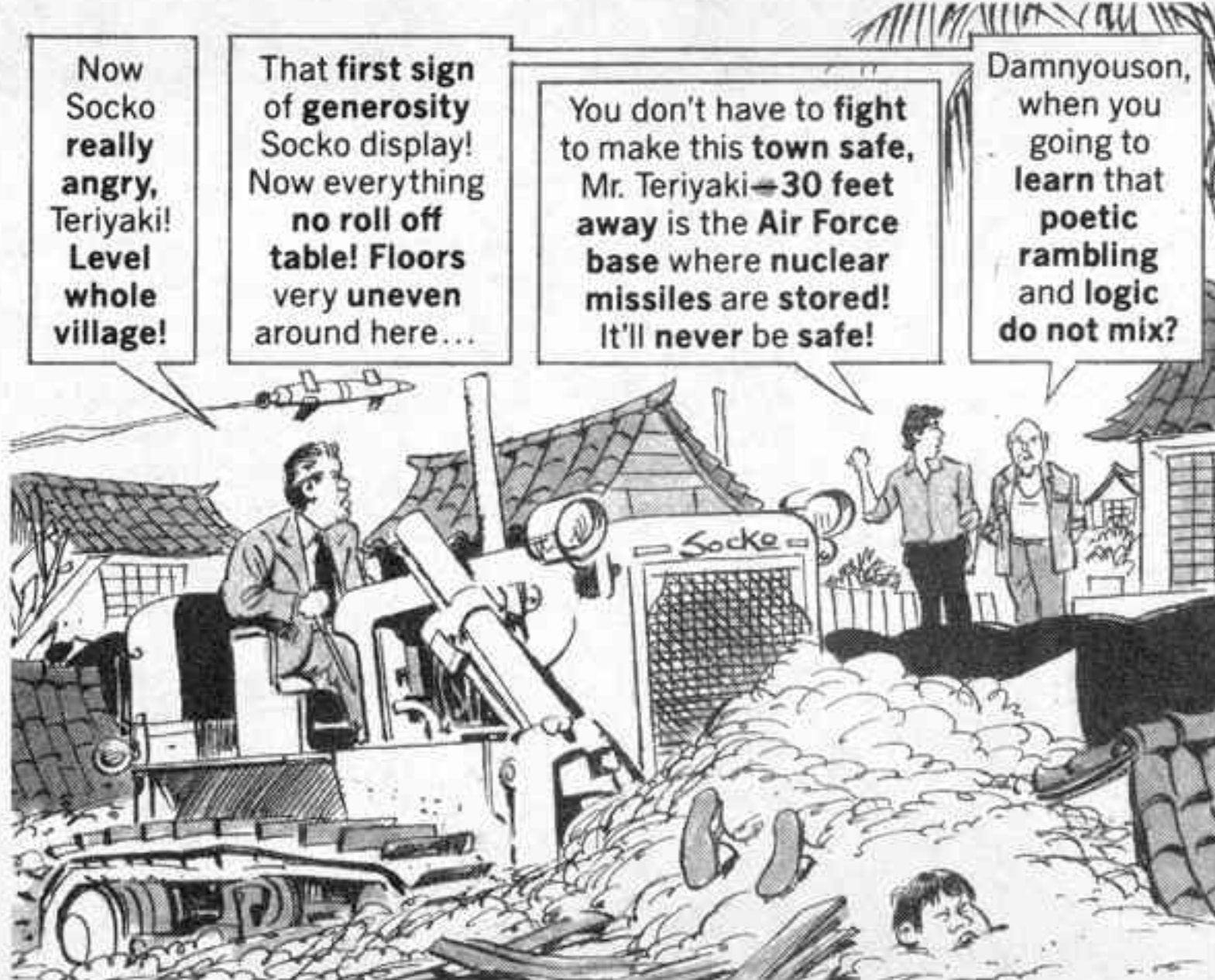
No, to better warm drink! Needs ice cubes! Hoo hah!

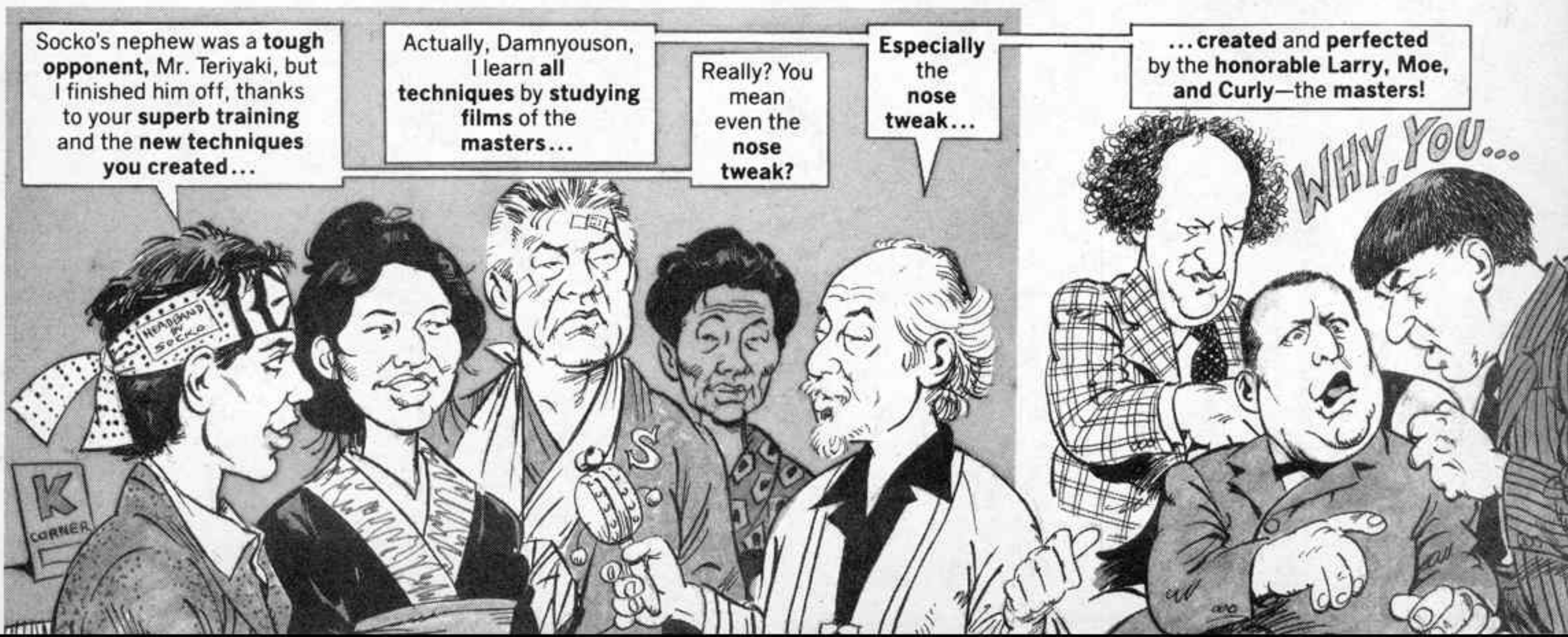
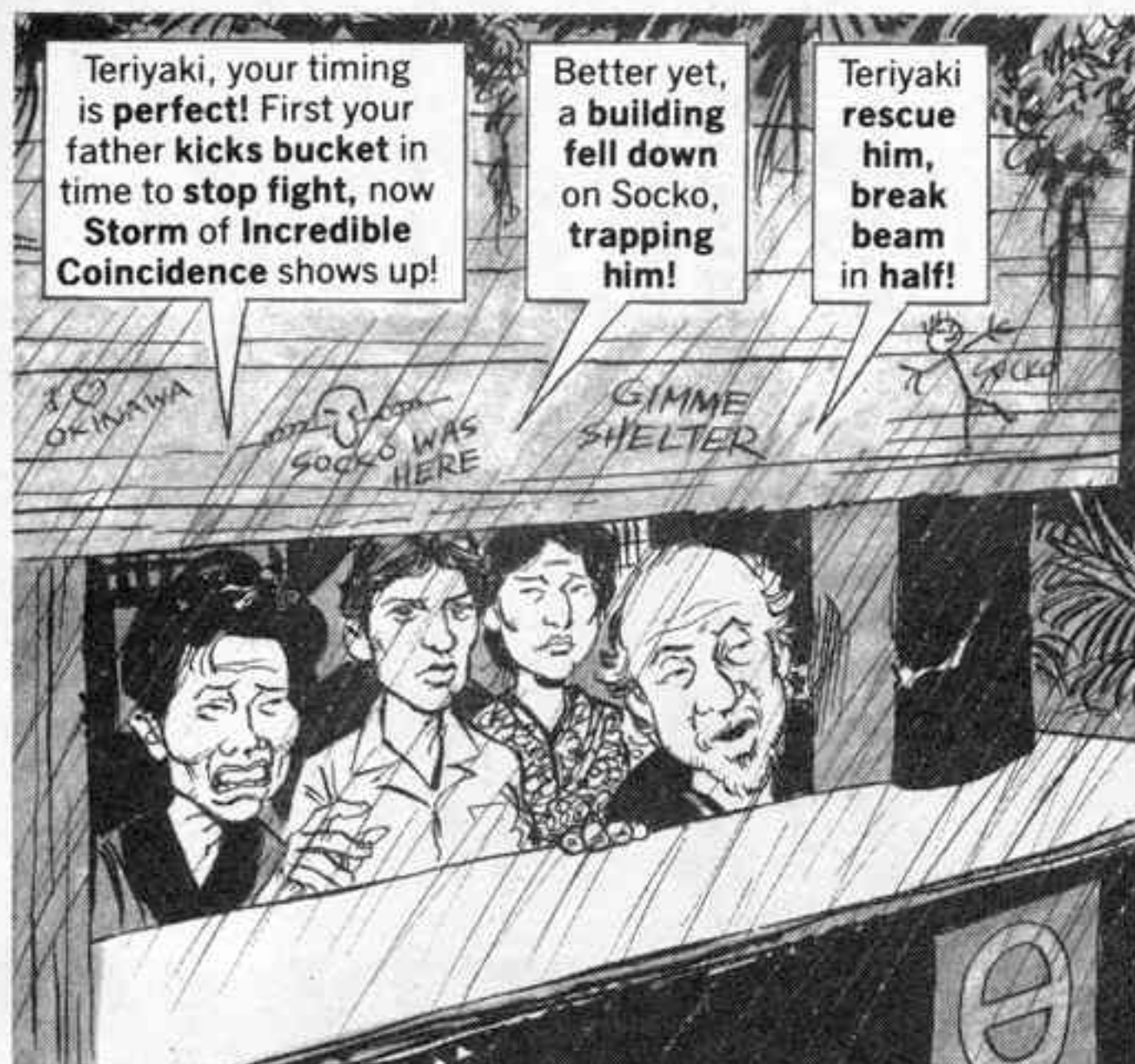
Now Socko really angry, Teriyaki! Level whole village!

That first sign of generosity Socko display! Now everything no roll off table! Floors very uneven around here...

You don't have to fight to make this town safe, Mr. Teriyaki—30 feet away is the Air Force base where nuclear missiles are stored! It'll never be safe!

Damnyouson, when you going to learn that poetic rambling and logic do not mix?





May all your luggage
be in the terminal!

Here's hoping your ears
unstop—eventually!

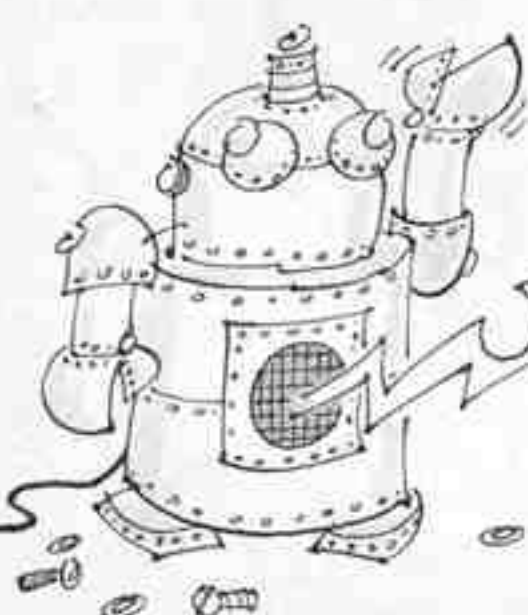
Happy sitting-in-airport-
traffic-for-2½-hours!

PAUL COKER

WAITERS

off as much warmth as a frozen enchilada. It's high time to revive the heartfelt good-bye! You'll be glad you're on your way out when you hear MAD's extremely meaningful, sincere and

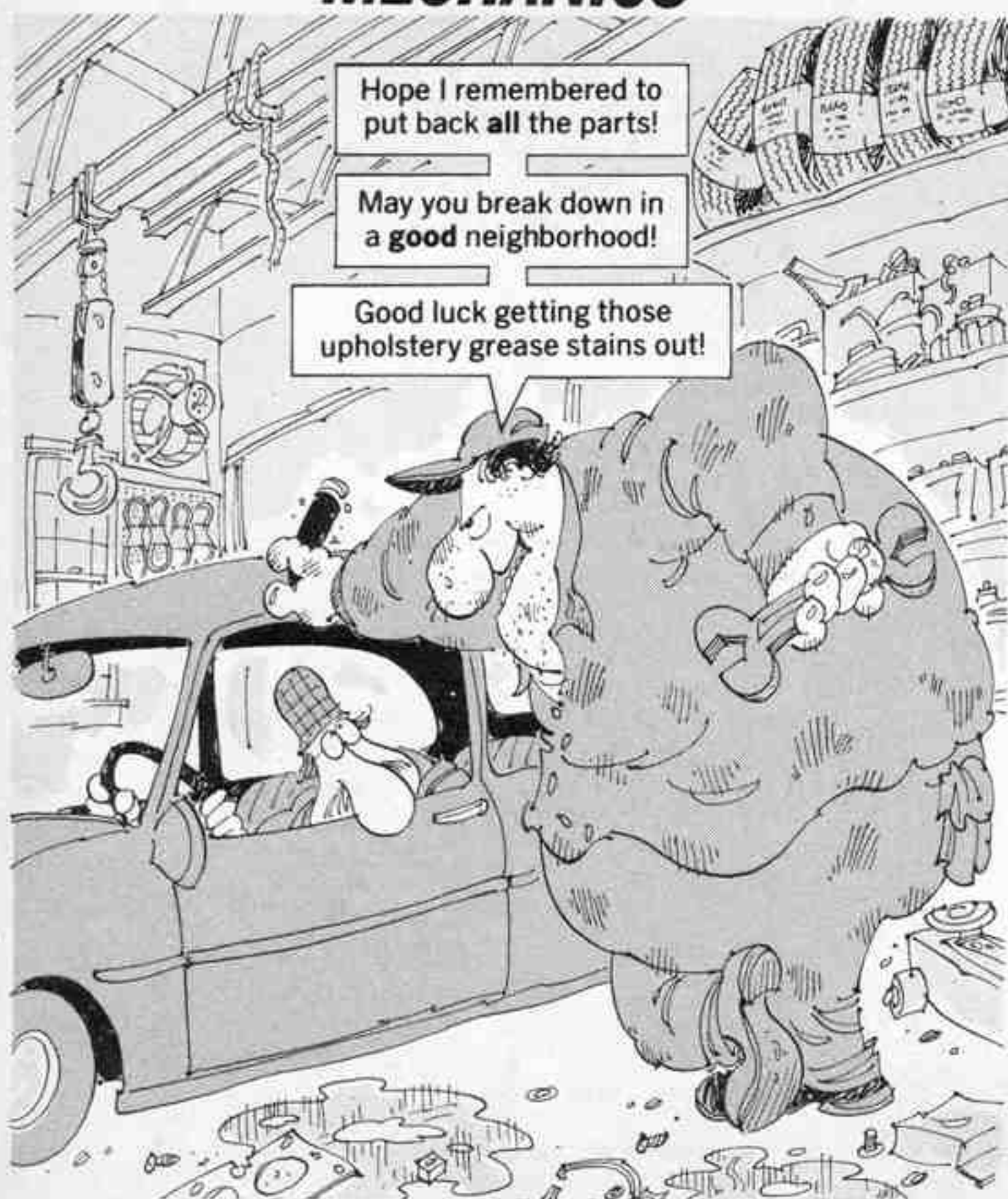
LOGICAL VELLS THE DREADED



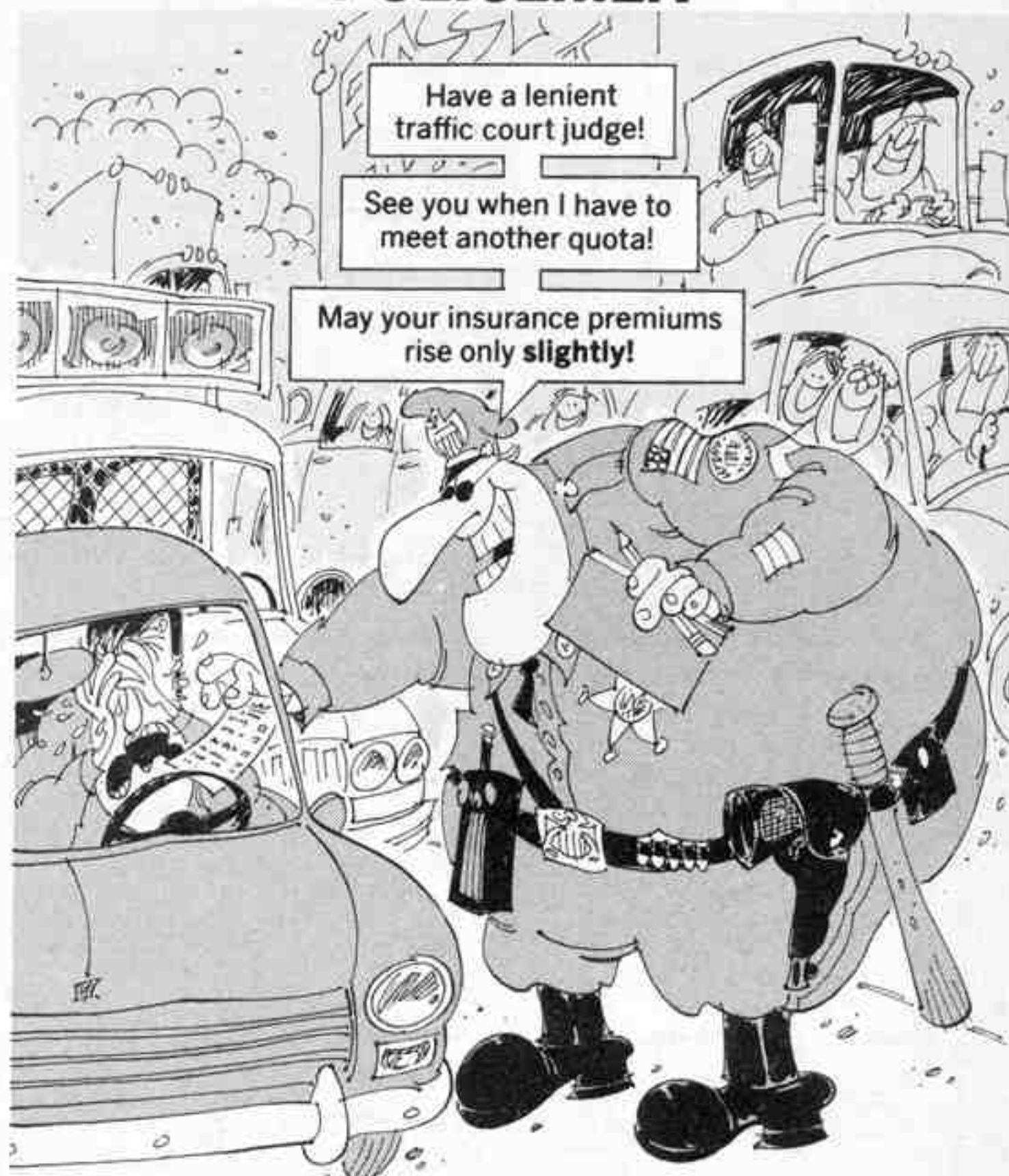
Have a nice day!
Have a nice day!
Have a nice day!
Have a...

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

MECHANICS

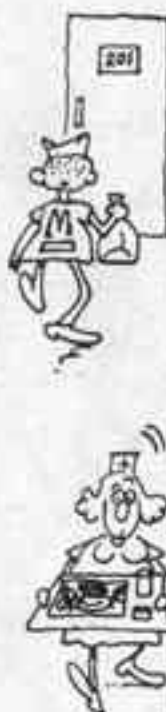
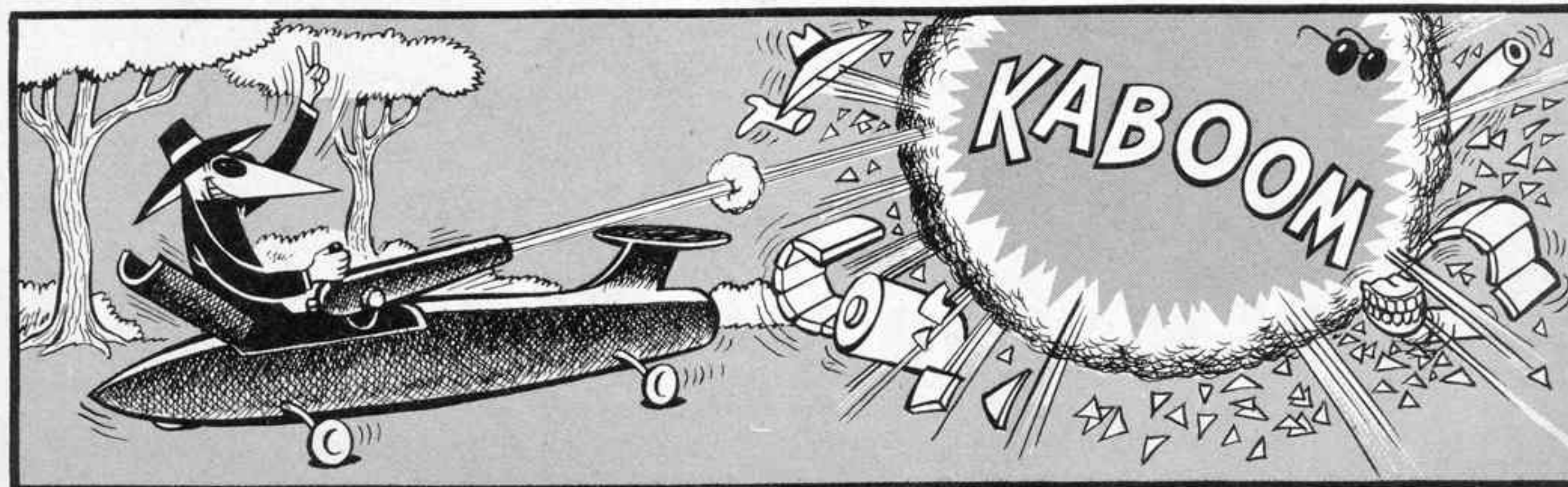
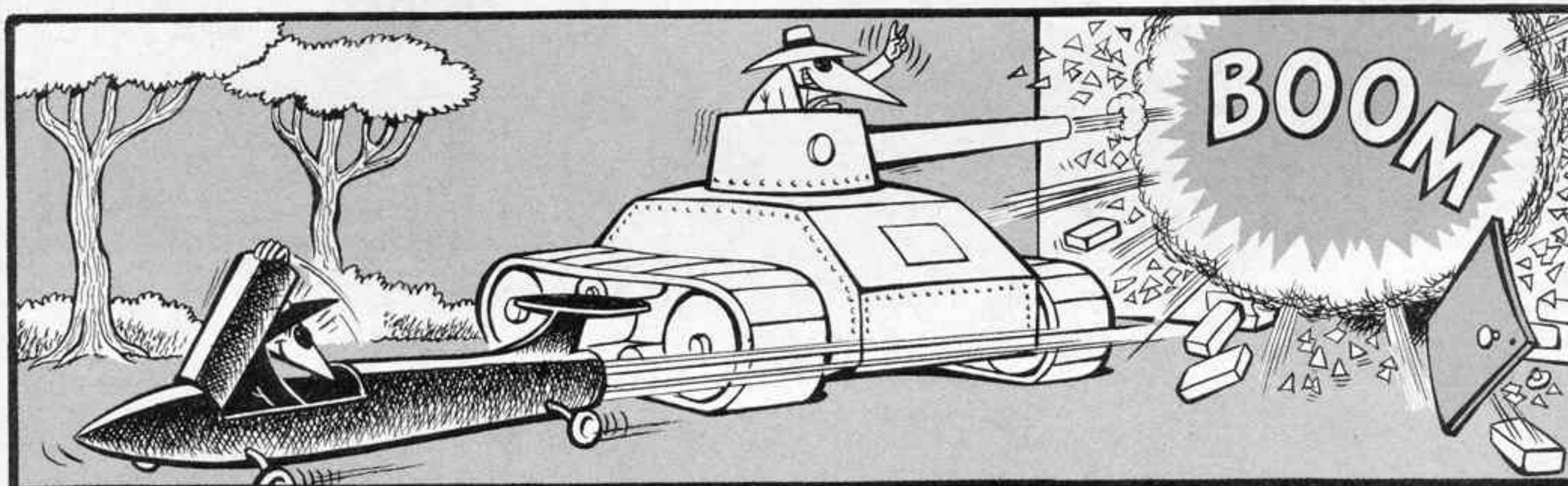
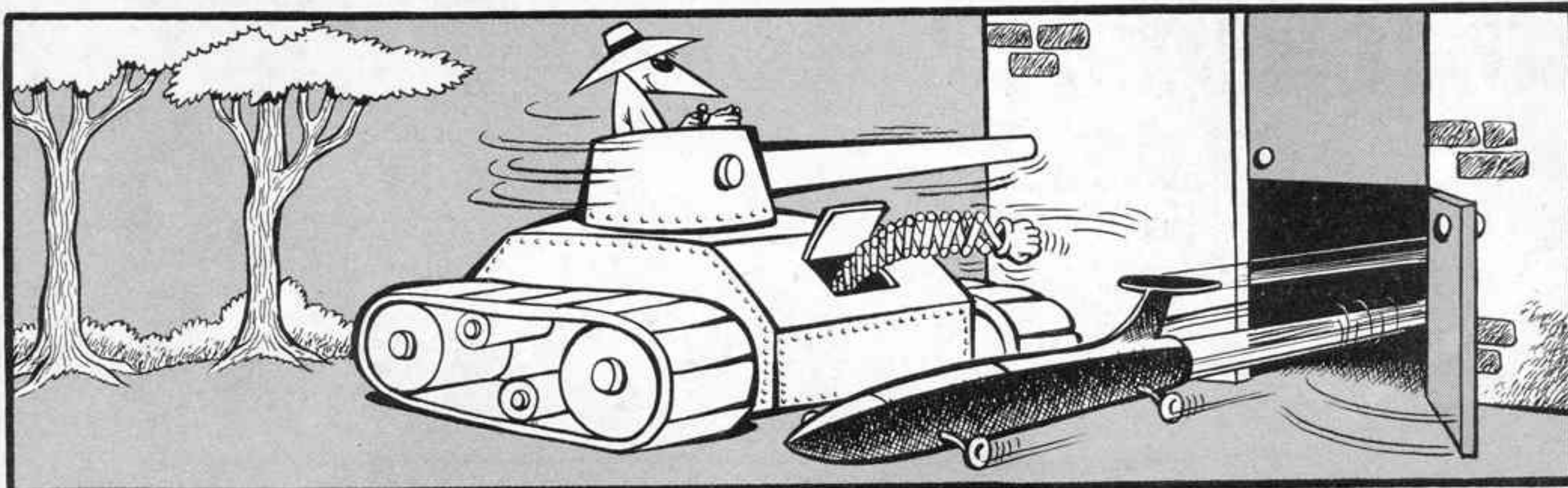
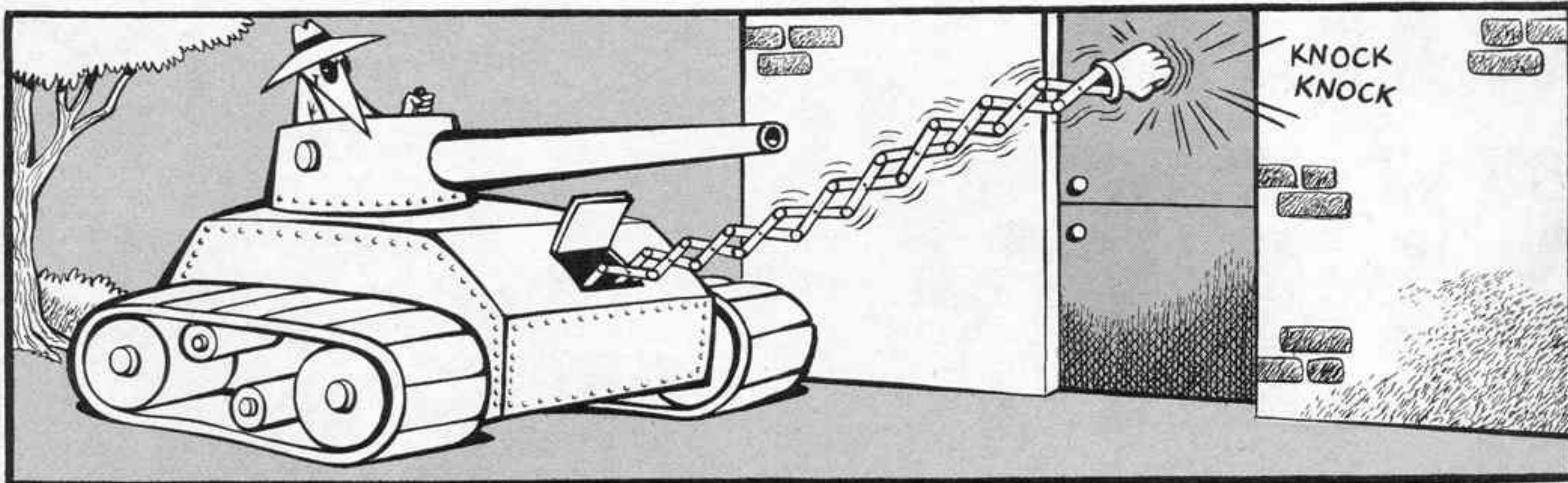
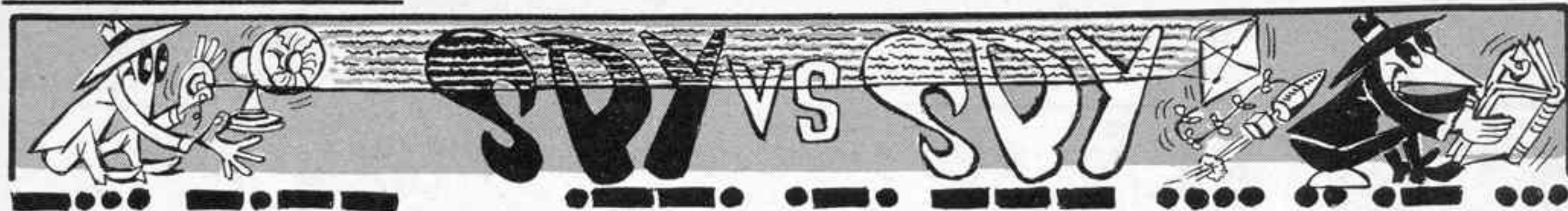


POLICEMEN



DR.'S OFFICE RECEPTIONISTS





110
109
108
107
106

And now, in tribute to the Attorney General and his Commission on Pornography, MAD presents...

the **FAR-OUT RIDE** of **EDWIN MEESE**

*Listen, dear readers, and mind this piece
On the far-out ride of Edwin Meese;
A war he declared on porn and rock;
Hardly a man could stand the shock
When his blueprint for battle he did release.*



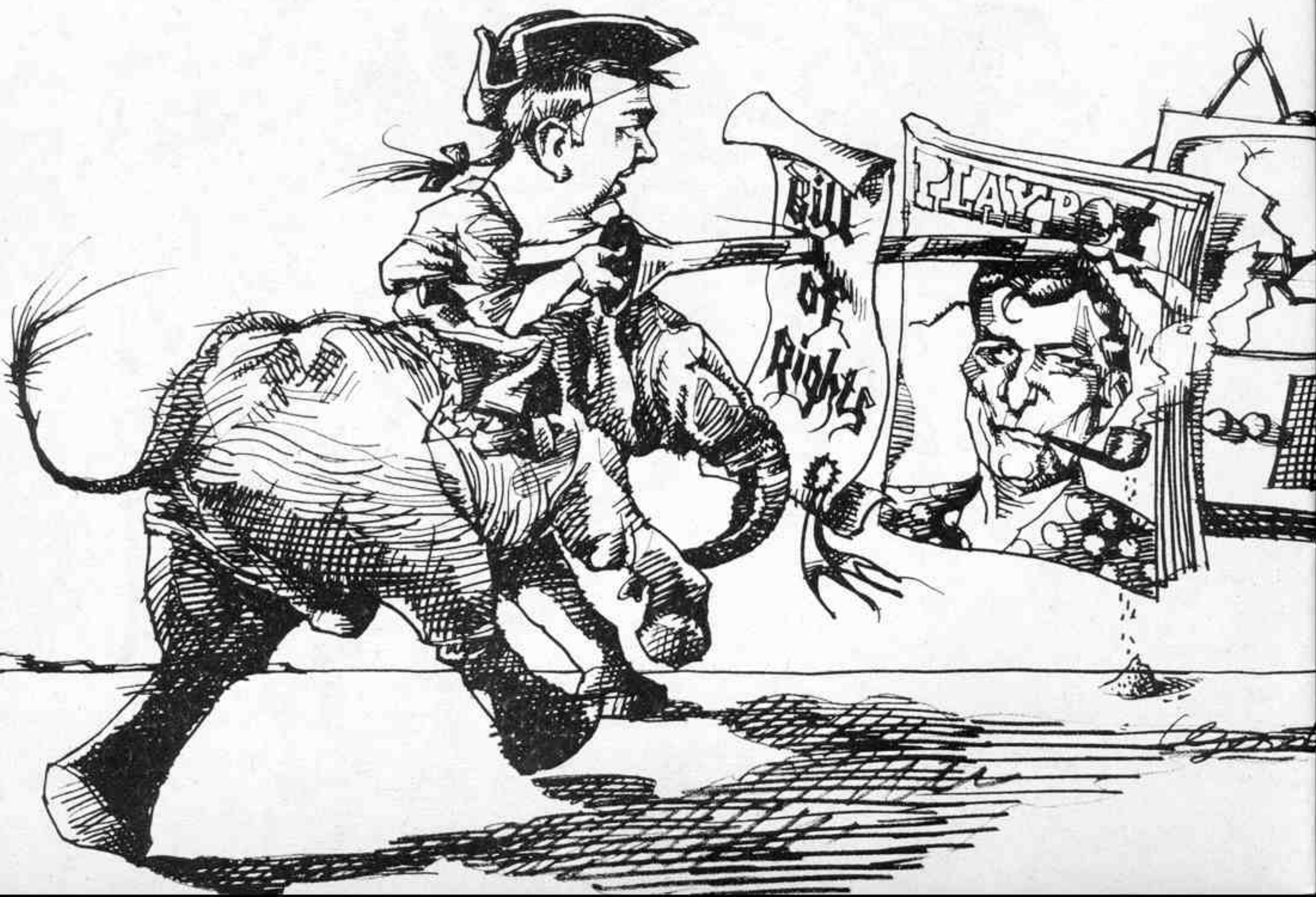
ARTIST: GERRY GERSTEN

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

*"The country," he shouted, "I've now rated X;
"By smut we're polluted, by filth overrun;
"I fear that our youngsters are learning of sex;
"A few, it's been rumored, have learned how it's done;
"A crisis of giant proportions we've got,
"Perverting our morals with mind-warping rot;
"It's worse than cocaine and more fiendish than pot,
"Which makes me believe it's a Communist plot."*

*He roared as he galloped throughout ev'ry state,
"My hand I'll be raising if something's obscene;
"A glance at my fingers will signal its fate—
"One if it's banned, and two if it's clean."
A lot of his critics expressed great dismay
That our freedom of choice he was taking away;
But Edwin Meese thundered, "Who cares what they say?
"Only I can decide what is decent today."*

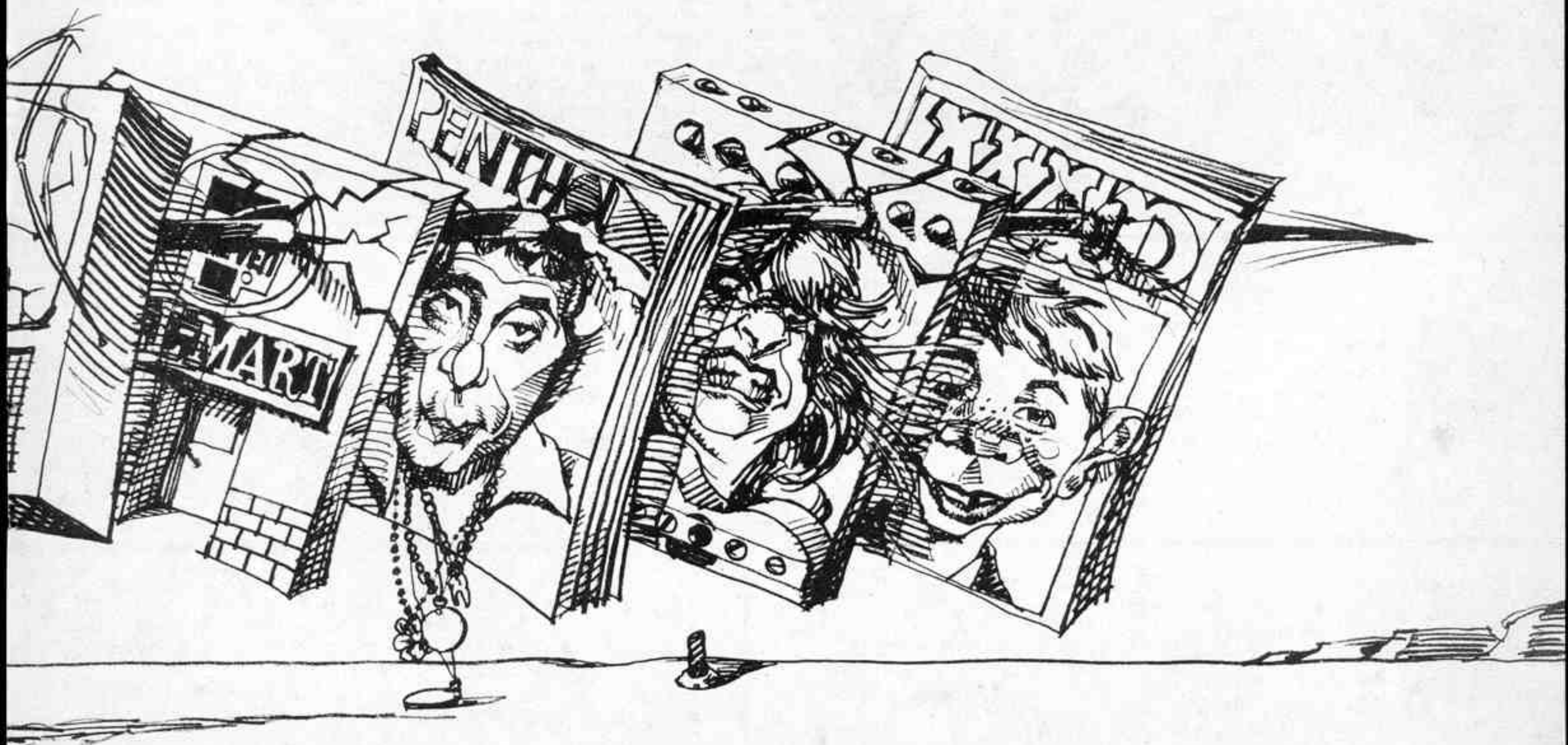
*Unswerved, Edwin Meese carried out what he'd planned,
Protecting the public from sellers of slime;
At 7-11's all "Playboys" were banned;
A couple of stores threw out "People" and "Time."
"I've seen," he declared, "what the swill-mills produce;
"Before I am done, I'll remove Mother Goose,
"As well as the Muppets, whose morals are loose;
"From there it's the Care Bears and then Dr. Seuss."*



*"The birthplace of smut," he proclaimed, "I have traced
"To video rock, which is filthy and lewd;
"Because it offends me, I'll have it erased,
"And, heavens to Betsy, I'm hardly a prude."
For lyrics obscene he continued to search,
While he cried in alarm from his high-minded perch;
The songs of Madonna he didn't besmirch
For fear, so he said, of offending the Church.*

*Some nosy reporters recalled how he stood
On minority rights, which he seemed to oppose;
But Edwin Meese hollered, "My record is good!
"All people are equal, as ev'ryone knows;
"My motto's 'Speak harshly, and swing a sharp ax';
"Before I am finished, they'll all get their whacks;
"No soul shall be spared from my righteous attacks,
"Whether misguided whites or degenerate blacks."*

*Just who's been behind him is somewhat in doubt;
When questioned, the President said with good cheer,
"I'm really not sure what the fuss is about;
"Get back to me later—like maybe next year."
And so Edwin Meese galloped onward with pride,
Uncovering porn with each earth-shaking stride;
Whatever the outcome, it can't be denied
He's taken the whole U.S.A. for a ride.*



MIRTHQUAKE DEPT.

When we want to measure the power of an earthquake, we use the Richter Scale, ranging from 1 for a mild tremor to 9 for a quake of total destruc-

THE MAD RICHTER SCALE

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

YOUR BODY

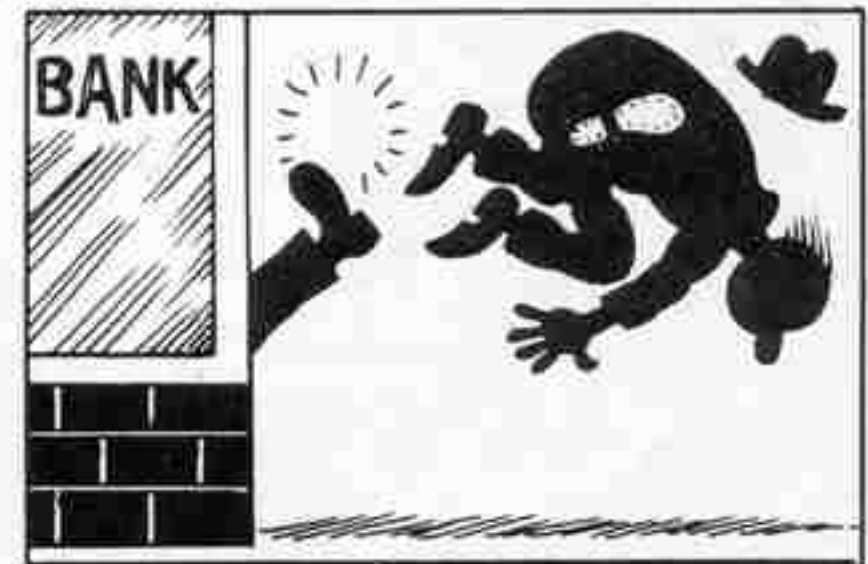
1

Except for a hangnail and some excess ear wax, your body functions adequately for someone of your nationality.



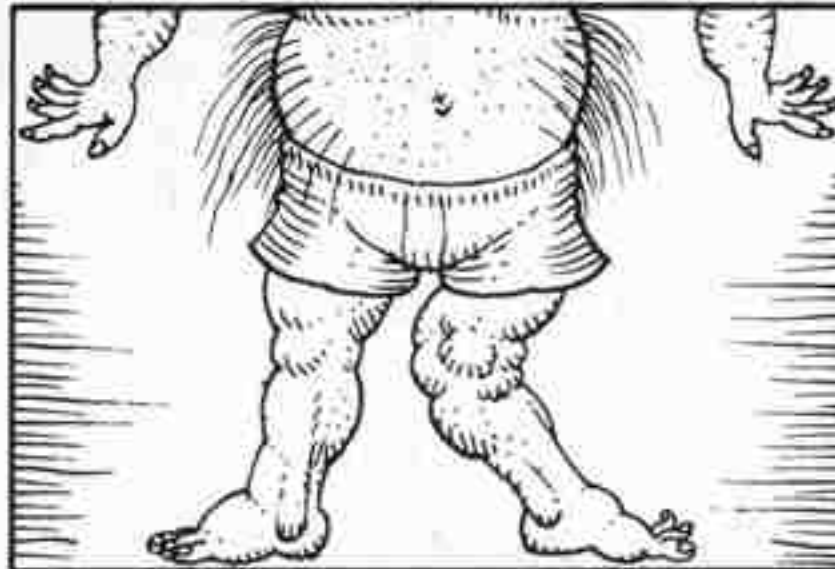
YOUR MONEY

You learn too late that your Daily Horoscope is an unreliable investment guide. The interest on your VISA Card exceeds your salary.

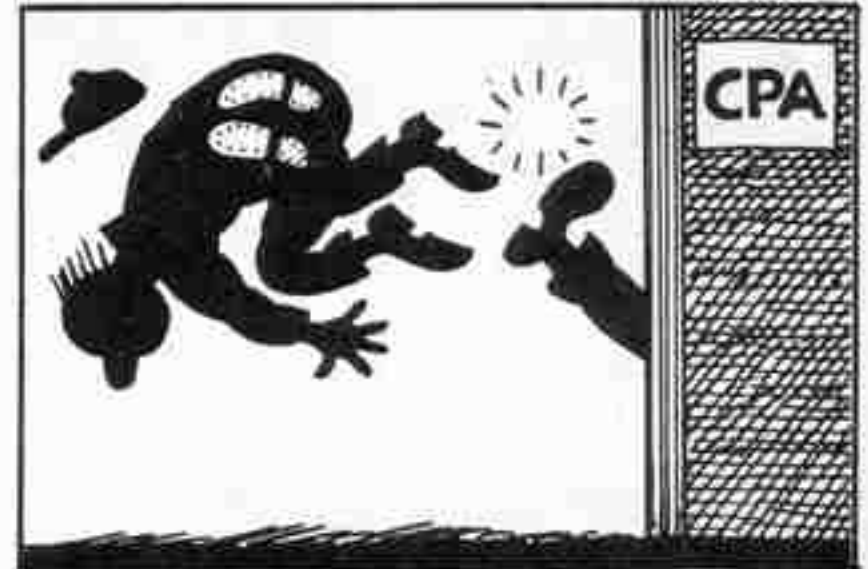


2

Because of a fungal disease, hair sprouts from your ribs. A shattered kneecap ends all dreams of playing professional lacrosse.



Your tax accountant begs off, saying he "doesn't want to get involved." There are no buyers for your bowling trophies.

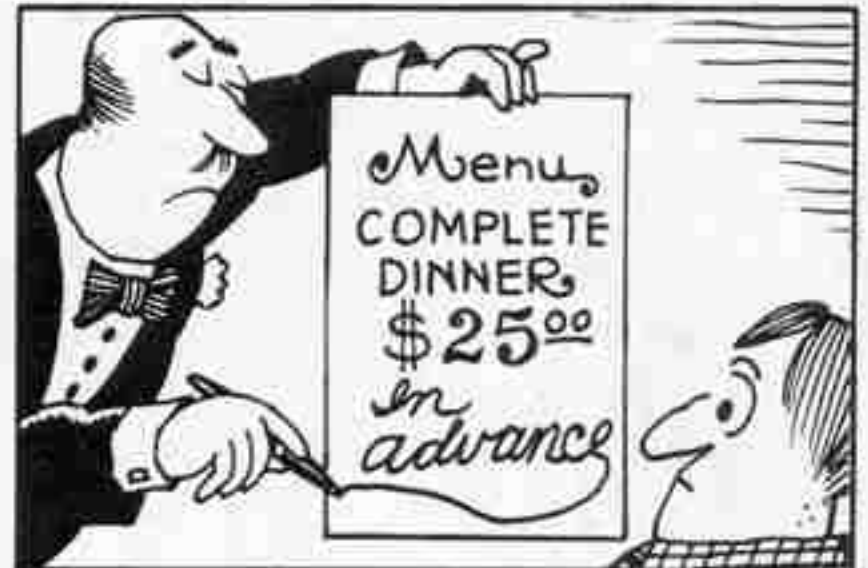


3

With no warning, you throw up four times a day on mixed company. Your only comfortable position is crawling on all fours.



Restaurants require you to put down a cash deposit before ordering. The word "Deadbeat" is imprinted by your bank on your personal checks.



4

Back spasms rack your body, ruining your plans for Arbor Day. Having no sense of smell, you are unaware you are giving off a terrible odor.



Bleeding in an alleyway, you learn that loansharks are not good listeners. Your scheme to mortgage your children is unsuccessful.



5

You are rejected by your life-support system for not "playing the game." Your vital organs give out one by one and later will be sold, though at a substantial discount.



A bus driver refuses your IOU. You wrestle a bag-lady for territorial garbage rights.



tion. Don't you wish there was a system that simple for indicating what shape our lives are in? There is now! A 1 to 5 grading system called...

LE FOR HUMAN BEINGS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE

Although you are not totally liked and often rub people the wrong way, your essential dullness still shines through.



YOUR SEX APPEAL

There is something about you no woman can resist, and one day you hope to find it.



You are trailed by a security guard while shopping for washcloths at a local K-Mart. Your camper is turned away at an RV park.



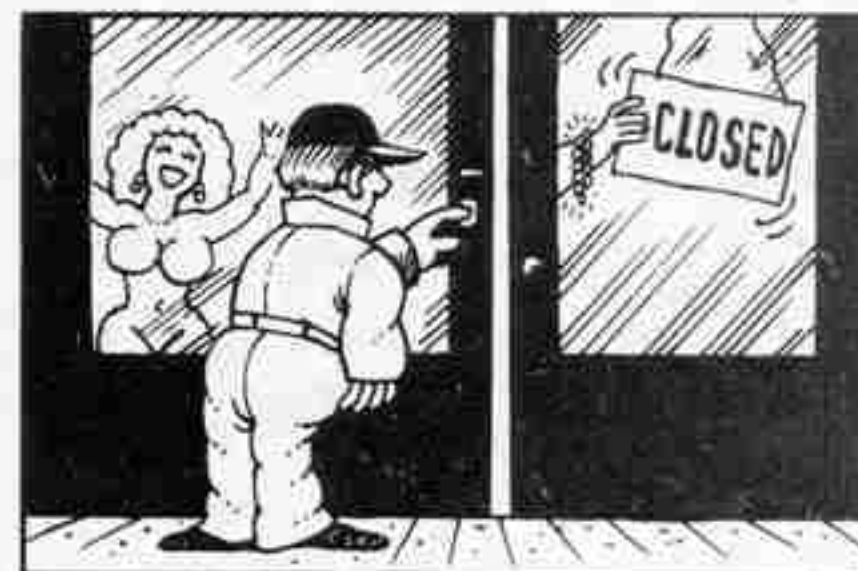
Two former girlfriends send you picture sex manuals on your birthday. Your dinner date takes along a pit bull as a chaperone.



No one knows who you are at a family reunion. Your minister requests that you change religions.



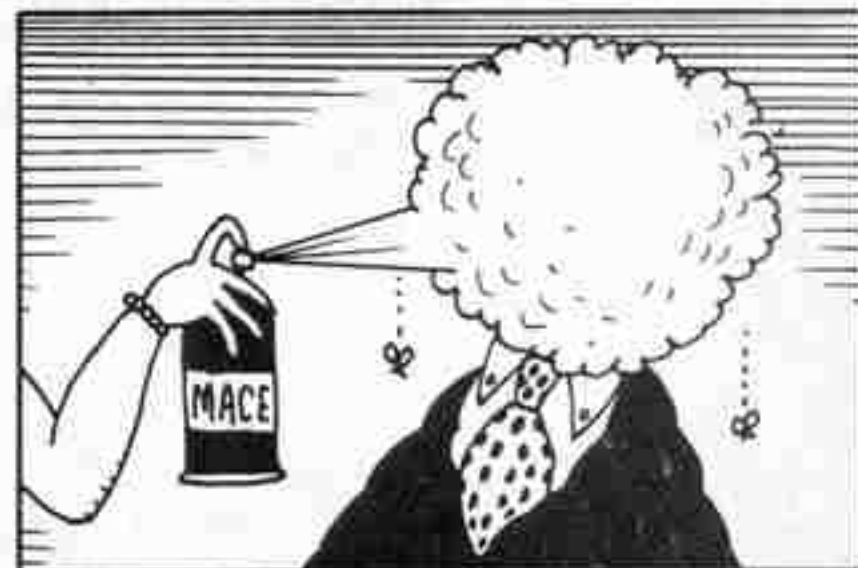
Dancers at a nude bar put on clothes when you enter. You see a sex therapist, who triples his fee after your first visit.



Large dogs use your leg as a hydrant. While taking your vacation, neighbors have your house towed away.



Alone with a date, you get your first sniff of Mace. A supermarket checker washes her hands after touching your groceries.



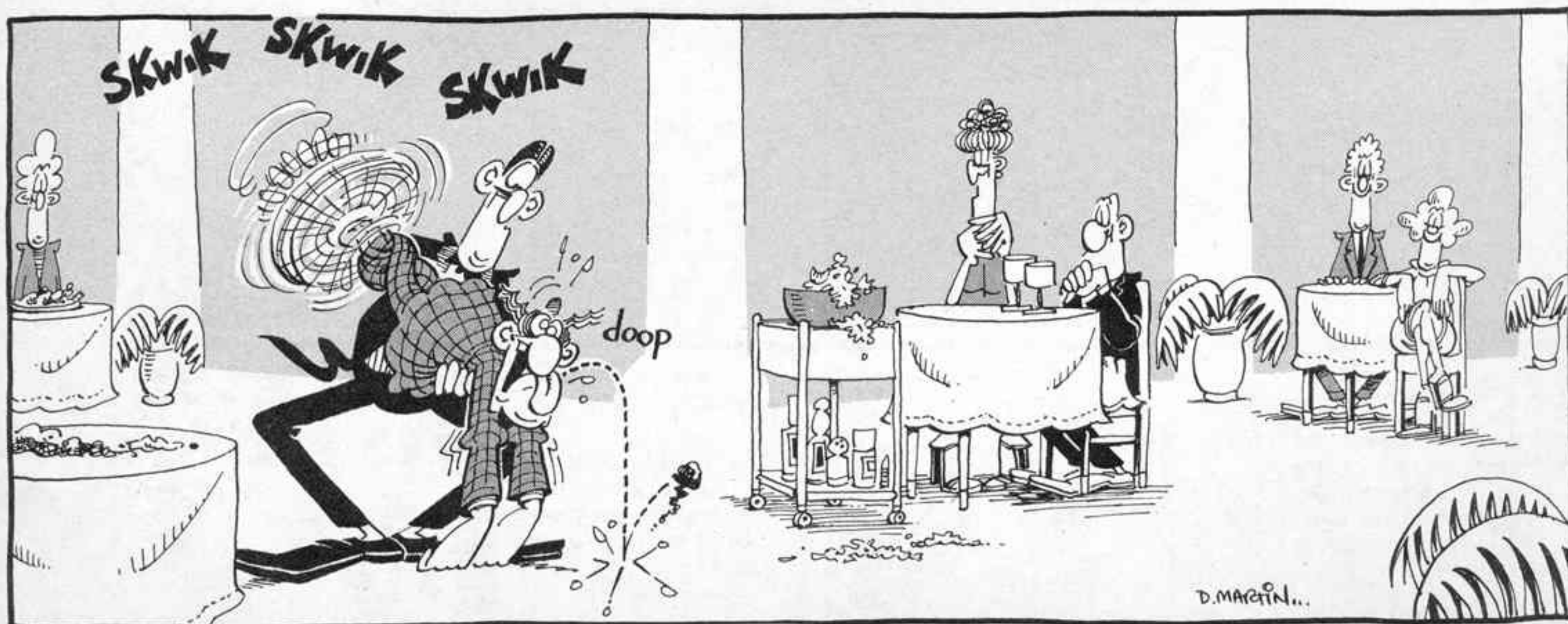
You collapse on a downtown street and someone calls for a sanitation truck. Because of "prior commitments," your family can't make your funeral.



The manager of an X-rated theatre says you're giving the place a bad name. You scout funerals for new widows.



ONE DELIGHTFUL JANUARY MORNING



THE SECOND SLIME AROUND DEPT.

Picture this...Creatures so hideous they would suck every breath of life out of you! No, we're not talking about the Internal Revenue Service, we're talking about the stars of one of this year's hottest films! Those cretins from another planet who burst out of people's stomachs, drip acid, ooze slime, torture and never once pick up a dinner check! We're talking about the...

ALIENATORS



God, no! Help! I can't stand it! It's awful, this oozing, slimy thing!

Is she dreaming about those hideous Alien creatures again?

Actually, I think she's complaining about the food again!

Let me give her something to make her sleep.

She's already slept for 57 years! I think we should let her get up! It's time to change the linen anyway!

So, you're here for a physical to see if you're fit for a tough mission or not?

No, to see if she's a woman or not!

Dudson, you have to watch your diet more carefully. Your tests show you contain 100% chicken fat!

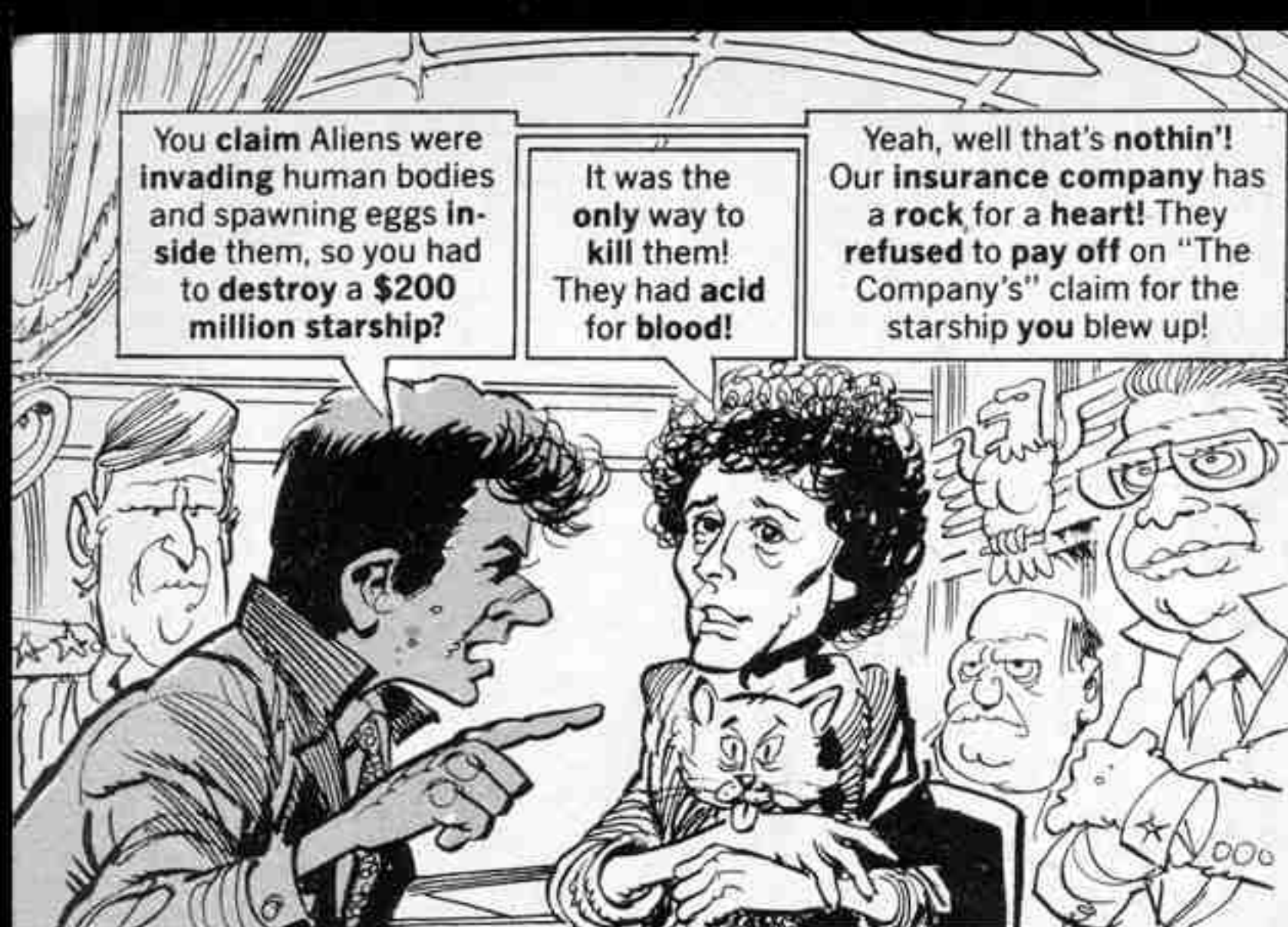
You better be an Android or you're in big trouble!

I hope this is a fur ball I'm about to cough up and not another Alien!

Fifty-seven years in space! Who is she?

She's Ripley, believe it or not!

Ripley
Spaced Out
57 YEARS



You claim Aliens were invading human bodies and spawning eggs inside them, so you had to destroy a \$200 million starship?

It was the only way to kill them! They had acid for blood!

Yeah, well that's nothin'! Our insurance company has a rock for a heart! They refused to pay off on "The Company's" claim for the starship you blew up!



We want you to go back to DOA426.

No! Never! I'll never go back!

What if I told you that even with your 57 years in space, you still need two million Frequent Flyer miles to qualify for a free trip to Puerto Rico!

Okay! Okay! I'll go! Dealing with "The Company" rules is worse than any stupid Aliens!



Come on, Marines, rise and shine! You've been asleep for three weeks! Coffee's ready!

Coffee is the last thing we want! The BATHROOM is what we want!

Me first! I have to shave!



No one told me there was an android aboard!

How did you know I am an android? Because I bled white fluid when I did that knife trick and cut myself?

That, and the fact that you're having pancakes smothered in STP Oil Treatment!



Okay, men, we're ready to launch our land rover and explore DOA426! Drop station at ready! Sequencers activated! Switching from GE range to sterno can! Septic tank plug tightened! Fuzzy dice on rearview mirror in place! Saint Christopher medal secured to dashboard!

Oh, stop making it sound so technical and just hit the button marked "GO"!



Look at this disgusting place! Pus-filled sores in these living-membrane walls! And that moldy-odored slime hanging from the ceiling! Don't touch it!

Whadda ya mean, don't touch it? I thrive on hand-to-slime combat! Can't we have any fun on this lousy mission?!

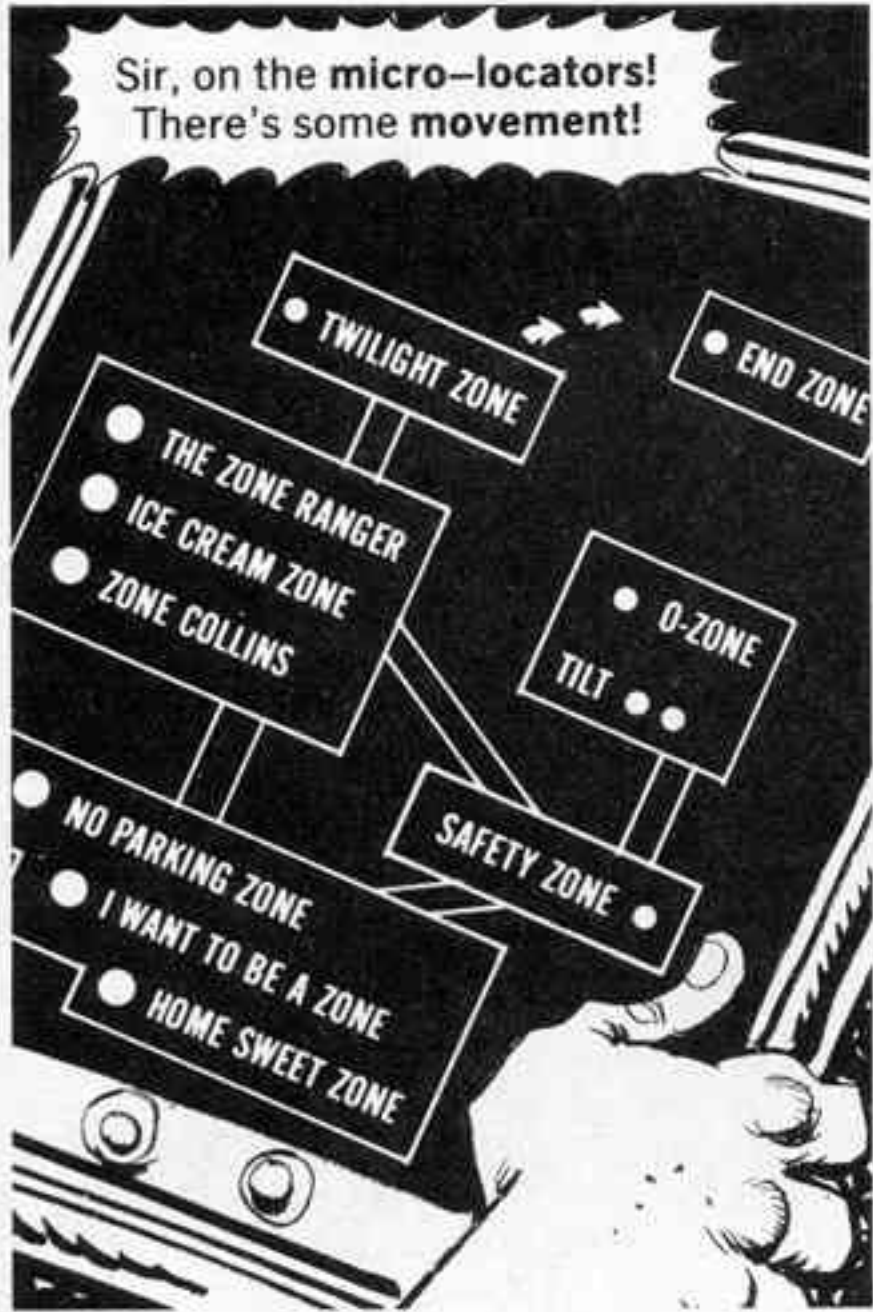
Corporal Hex, the tunnel your platoon is in is **right under** the Ronson Fuel-Ignited Generator! If they fire their weapons, we'll all be **blown** clear into the next article!

Er, guys, listen up! The plan is **EXACTLY** the same as before—**seek and destroy** the Aliens, but, er... **don't fire your guns!**

No guns?! What's that leave us with?

Barfing, running and sweating profusely are all OK!

We're doomed! We're going to die! And I only have **three years, 11 months** left to my **four-year** hitch!!! Oh... why did this have to happen to me now?!!

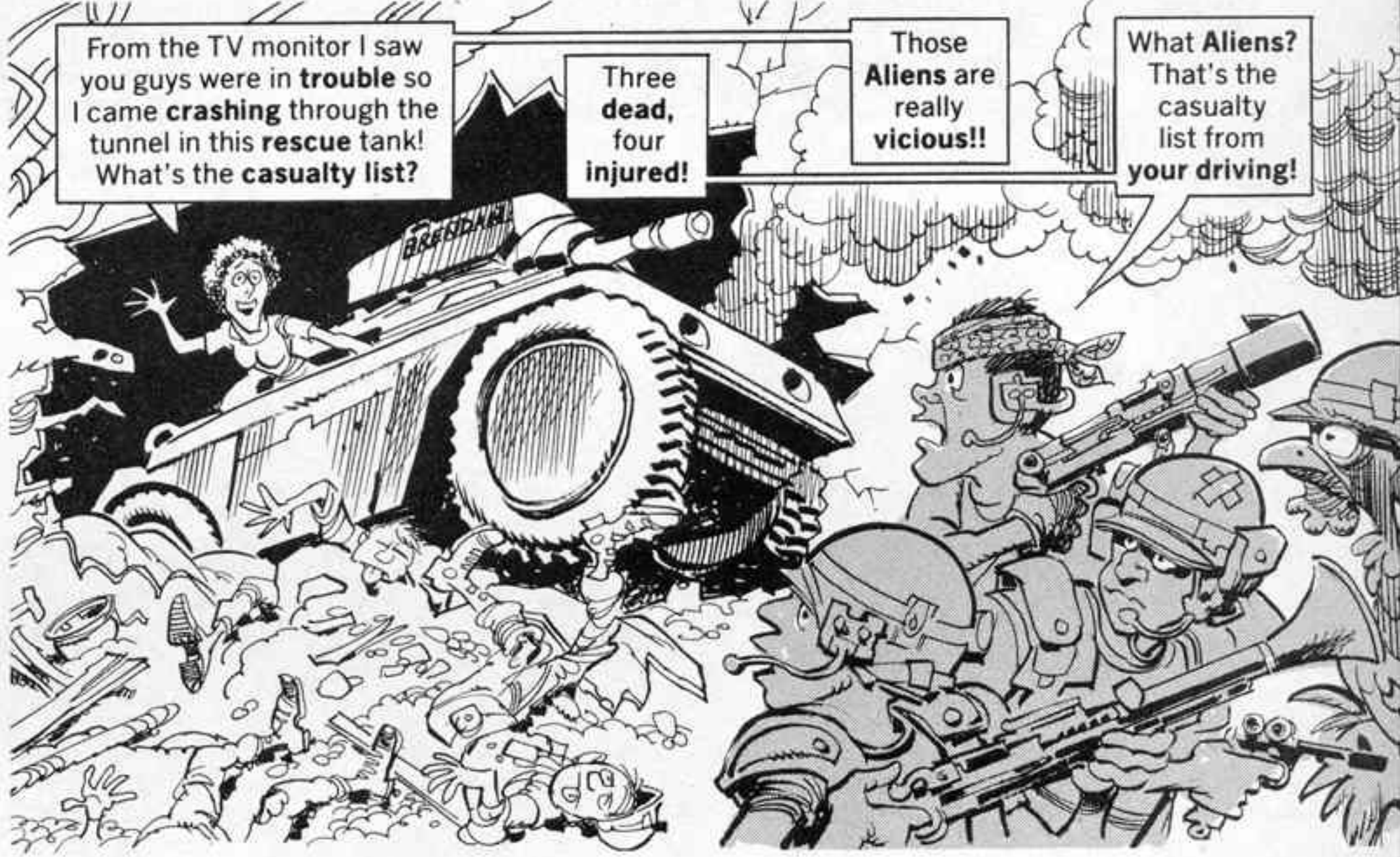


From the TV monitor I saw you guys were in **trouble** so I came **crashing** through the tunnel in this **rescue tank!** What's the **casualty list?**

Three **dead**, four **injured!**

Those **Aliens** are really **vicious!!**

What Aliens? That's the **casualty list** from your **driving!**



Are these the **Aliens**, Ripley?

Either that or we've discovered an **Italian Restaurant** with the galaxy's largest **calamari!** Of course they're Aliens!

Over there! **Look!** Help! Kill it! It's **alive!** Run! Run! Run for your **lives!**

That's a **little girl**, you **idiot!**

Yes, but she'll **grow up** to be a **big girl** like my **mother** unless we **shoot her now!**



Don't be **afraid**, little girl. We only came to **blow** this planet to **kingdom come** and **kill everyone** of those **¢&*!*&** Aliens! We're a **friendly** people here on a mission of **peace.**

Somebody give the kid a **machine gun** to use.





Ripley, we have **another** little problem. Our rescue vehicle from the mother-ship just **auto-landed** each of its 4,389 parts **separately**.

We're **doomed!**
I'm **scared!**
HELP!

Dudson, look at this little girl. She's been here with **no weapons and no training** and **she's not afraid!**

I know, but **she has that doll's head!** Kid, sell me that doll! I'll give you this **rocket launcher** for it! And take these **grenades...**



We found the **plans** to this **complex**. Now we have to find a way to keep the Aliens **out** of all of the **tunnels!**

How about a **toll booth?**
EXACT CHANGE ONLY!?!

Or we could **erase** the tunnels from the **plans!** Then the Aliens won't have any to **use!**

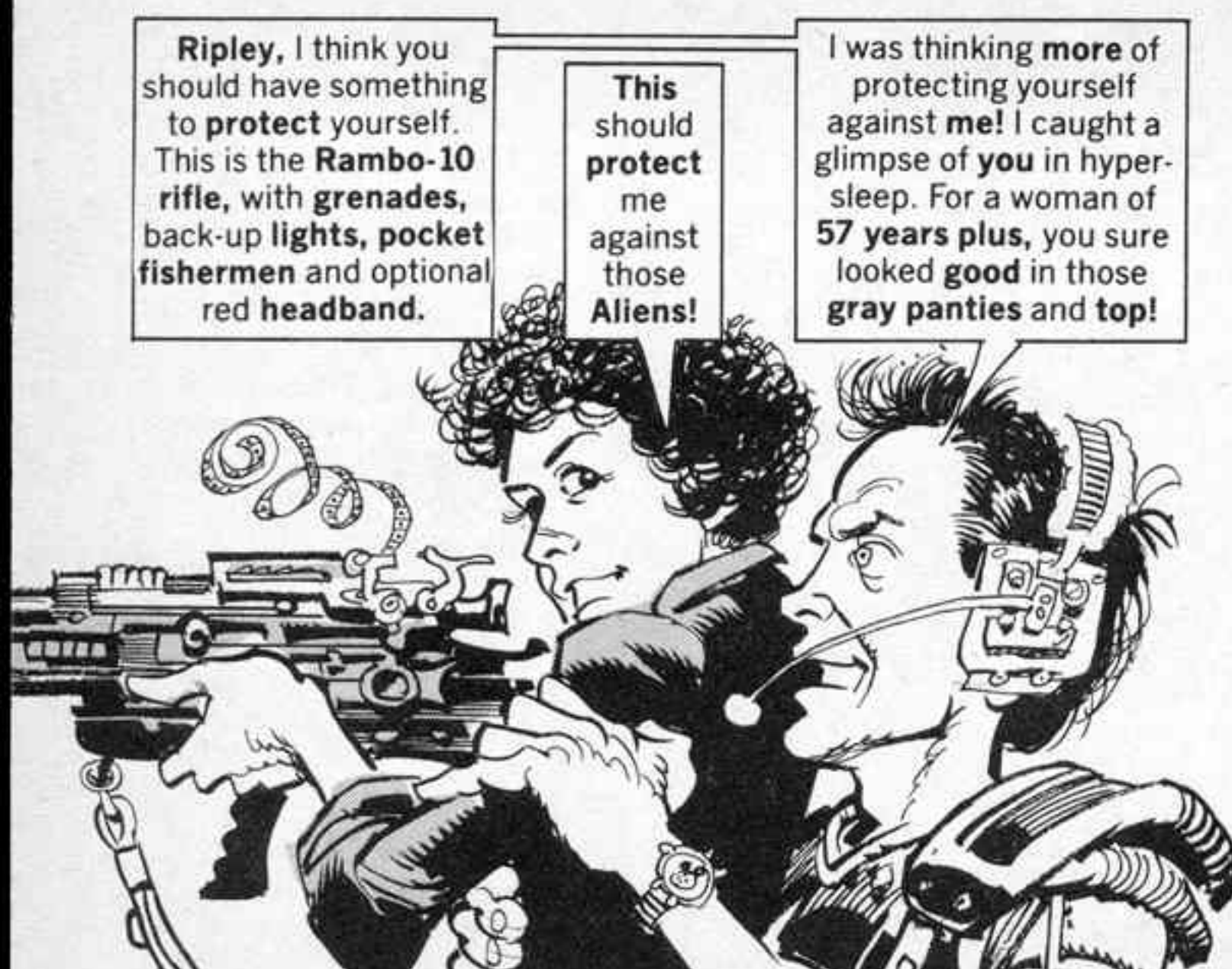
It's a **shame** you two don't have any **brains** to use!



We need someone to **sneak** outside past the Aliens and use the **satellite dish** to call down another **spacecraft**. How about you, **Bellhop?**

No! No! Not Bellhop!
Do you want to go instead, **Burp?**

Me? Hell no! But if we send the **android** and it's **destroyed**, it'll cost "The **Company**" a **fortune** to replace! I say we send the **kid!**



Ripley, I think you should have something to **protect** yourself. This is the **Rambo-10** rifle, with **grenades**, back-up **lights**, **pocket fishermen** and optional **red headband**.

This should **protect** me against those **Aliens!**

I was thinking **more** of protecting yourself against **me!** I caught a glimpse of **you** in **hyper-sleep**. For a woman of **57 years** plus, you sure looked **good** in those **gray panties** and **top!**



Aggh! Help, Hex! Help! **Burp** released this **Alien** so it would enter **my** body and he could **smuggle** it back to earth!

Why did you do it, **Burp?**

I had my **orders!** Big corporations like "The **Company**" have been **smuggling** **illegal** aliens for centuries! They're great **cheap** labor!



They're here!!
HELP!!

Don't worry, Nuke! They won't get you! I'm going to **protect** you as if you were my own daughter! But you must not **point**, dear. It's **bad manners!** And **don't** use such a **loud voice!** And **don't slouch!** Stand up **straight** or you'll go to bed without your **dessert pill** tonight!

God, Nuke would've been **better off** with one of the **Aliens** as her mother!

Through this way, Ripley! It's a **shortcut!**

Look, it's the **Mother Alien** giving birth! Look at all the **sticky goo** and **yucky webs!** **Yecch!** How **disgusting!** That **clinches it**, Nuke, I'm **adopting** you! I **NEVER** want to go through the experience of **childbirth!**

Emergency... all personnel! This place will **blow-up** in six minutes! Evacuate at once, but please **do not** steal any **stationery supplies** on your way out!

I **rescued** Nuke, Bellhop, but where's the **rescue craft?**

I couldn't align the **ship** with the **satellite dish** because "The Company" **scrambles** their **signal** like **HBO** does! So I called a **cab** instead!

You better **get in**, lady! The fare's already **\$2 million!**

Bellhop, you've been so **good** through this whole **scary mission**, and now you go to **pieces?!**

It's the **Alien!** It rode back with us! It's **ripping** Bellhop apart!

I'll call a **doctor!**

Forget a **doctor!** Get a good **auto-mechanic!**

ZAP

Don't worry, Nuke! If it's **one** thing I know, it's how to use **sophisticated machinery!**

Yo, Alien. C'mon! **Go for it!** **Make my day!** You're the **disease** and I'm the **cure!** **AGGHHHH!!!!!!**

Well, I guess we proved that **man** is **smarter** than any old **Aliens!**

Don't stop there! We **also** proved that **woman** is **smarter ...** and **tougher** than **man!**

I'll say! Boy, I wish I was **half** the **man** Ripley is. Hey wait! I **Am!**

...AND TO ALL A GOOD SIGHT DEPT.

SANTA CLAUS AS SEEN BY...

...a nosy kid!



...his tailor!



...an air traffic controller!

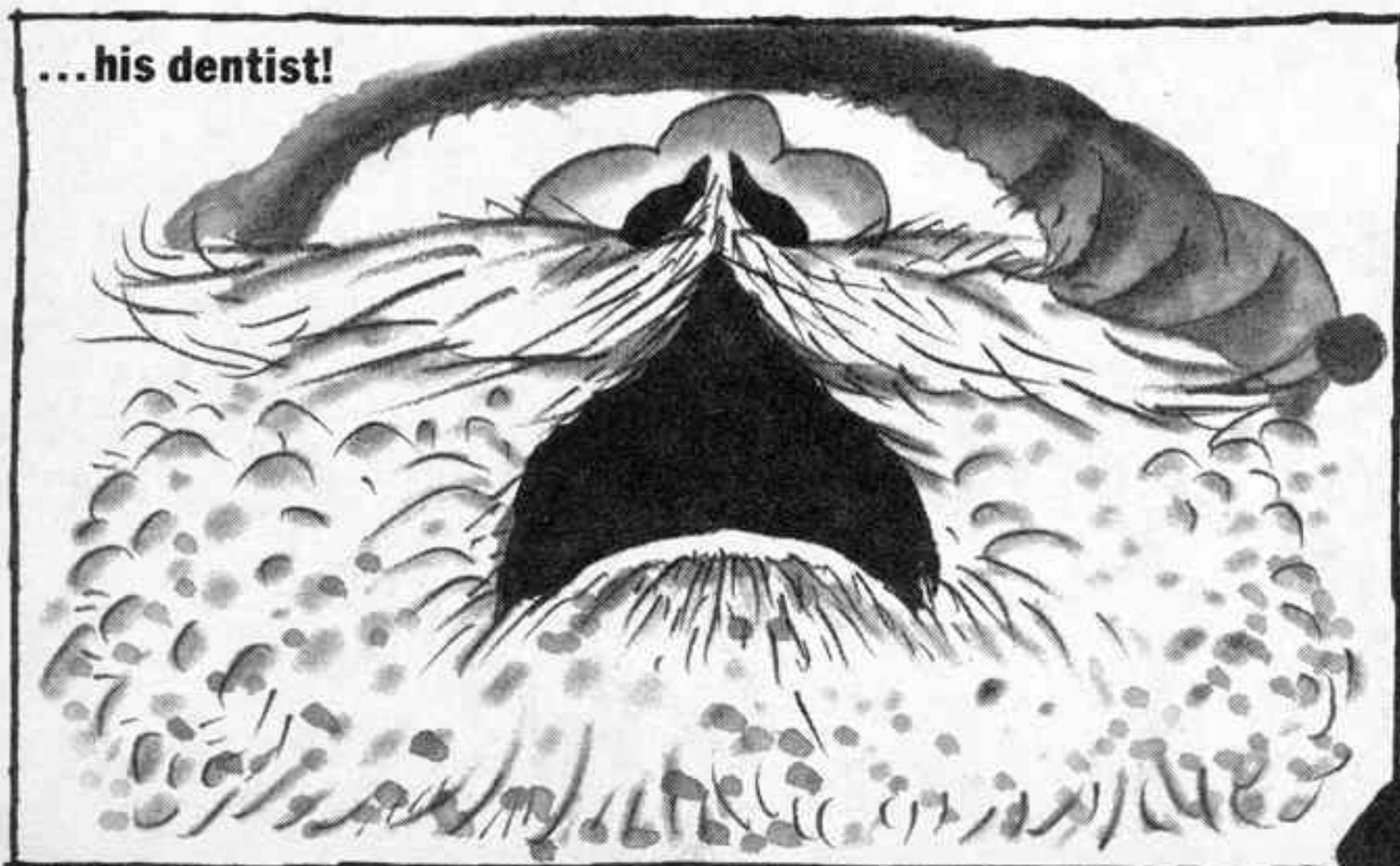


...the elves!

...Macy's temporary employment director!



...his dentist!



**WHAT DO
EXPERTS AGREE
MAKES STUDENTS
CONFUSED AND
OUT OF TOUCH
WITH REALITY?**

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

Parents, teachers and law officials agree on the one thing that causes students's problems. To find out what it is, fold in page as shown on the right.

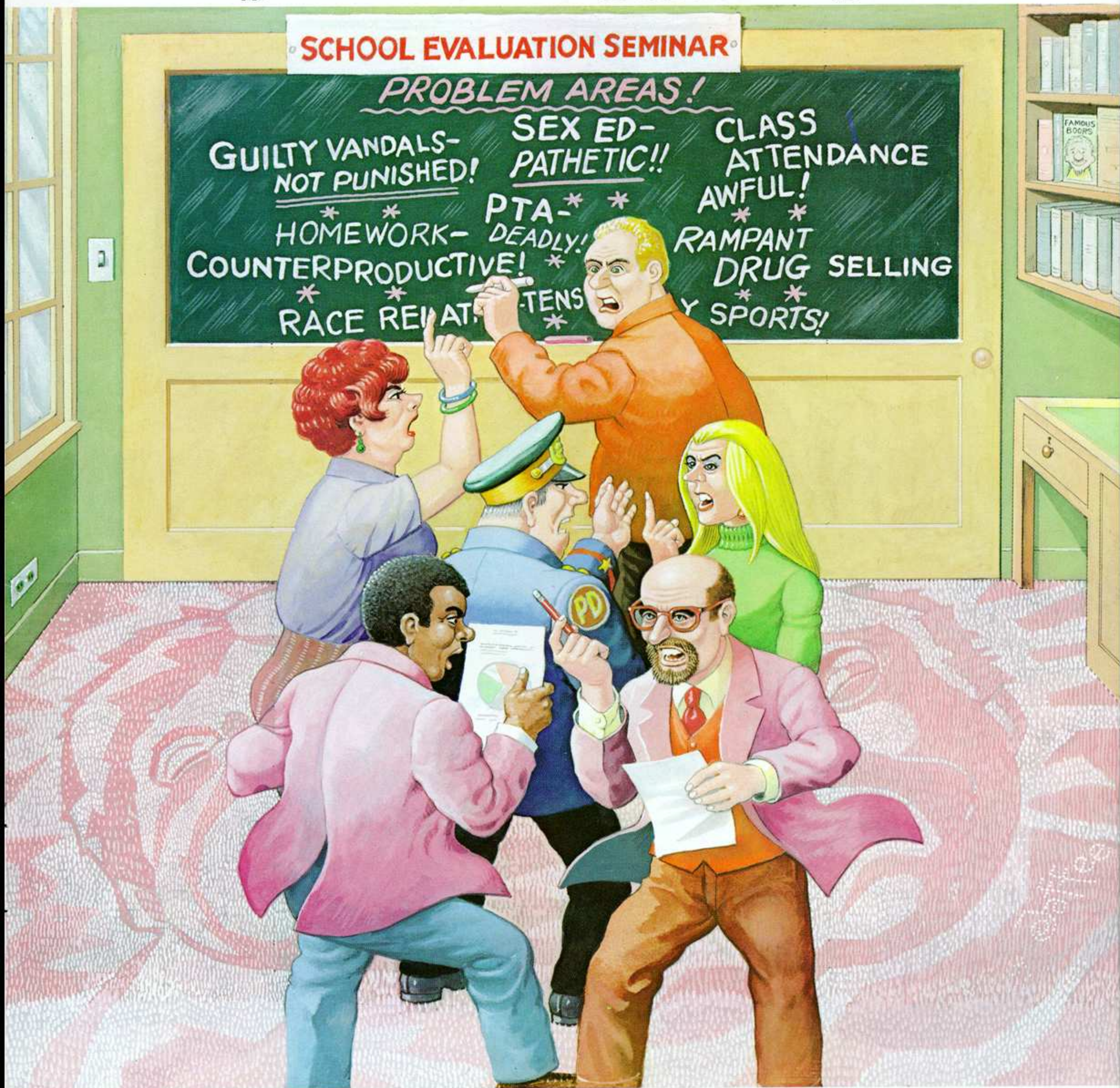


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



A▶

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

◀B

SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS AT RICHARD M. NIXON HIGH

