

MAD^{IND}®

No. 315 December 1992 Our Price \$1.75 Cheap!



"A short-lived satirical pulp."—TIME, 1956

COMPLETELY MAD

A History of the Comic Book and Magazine



by MARIA REIDELBACH

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It's the magazine that wouldn't die! Ever since its monstrous birth from the publishing company led by maverick comic book tycoon William Gaines, MAD has been making some people... well, mad. Banned by parents, scorned by teachers, denounced from pulpits, and the target of innumerable lawsuits, MAD goes on, the most successful humor magazine in the world.

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MAD

"Politicians are people who get sworn in and then cursed out."

—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *founder*

NICK MEGLIN, JOHN FICARRA *editors*

LEONARD BRENNER *art director* **TOM NOZKOWSKI** *production*

CHARLIE KADAU, JOE RAIOLA, *associate editors*

DICK DE BARTOLO *creative consultant* **ANNE GAINES** *general manager*

ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG *editorial assistant*

MATTHEW A. COHEN *summer intern*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits* **DOROTHY CROUCH** *foreign correspondent*

LILLIAN ALFONSO, CLAUDETTE NICHOLS,

FREDDIE MALONEY *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS *the usual gang of idiots*

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

BACK COVER CONCEPT: BOB BRAMBLE

BACK COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

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WILLIAM M. GAINES

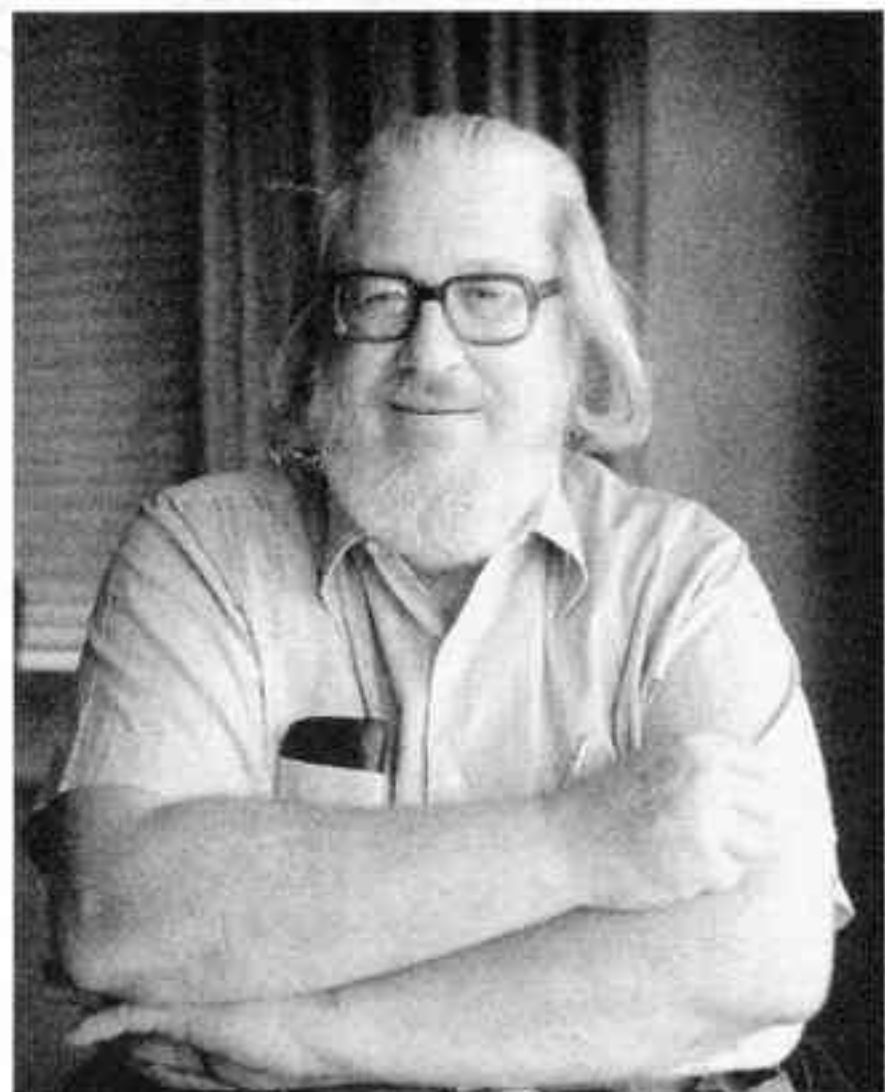


PHOTO BY: RUSS COCHRAN

Editor's note: As many of you already know, MAD's Founder and Publisher William M. Gaines passed away on June 3rd at the age of 70. Bill's family and the staff of MAD wish to thank everyone who sent us their remembrances, tributes and condolences. Here are a few of the many kind letters we received.

America is a better country, we are a better people and I am a better person because William Gaines lived. My deepest condolences to you all.

Caren Spencer
Menlo Park, CA

Among my life's regrets is the fact that I never got to meet the man who was such a major influence in my life and work; that I never got to share one of his famous meals with him; that I never got to shake his hand. Besides having the unbelievable honor of appearing in his magazine, his integrity in the "horror" EC Comics days and the stories I have heard and read throughout the years have made me feel proud just to have been a small part of his life.

I wish I could have had the chance to thank him properly. He was a great man and the world will miss him. I will miss Mr. Gaines very much.

Russ Cooper
Atlanta, GA

Thirteen years ago as a high school student, I had the pleasure of interviewing William Gaines as part of a Sociology paper on the introduction of the Comics Code. My family and my teacher expressed surprise that a magazine publisher would take the time to talk to a teenager for a school project. To me it only further illustrated how much the man respected and cared about the youth of America.

Dan Lennon
Point Pleasant Boro, NJ

I just wanted to express my feelings of sorrow toward the loss of Bill Gaines. As a 15-year-old with nothing on his mind except a career in cartooning, I have been greatly influenced by this man and MAD. It is sad to see him go.

Corbett Vanoni
El Centro, CA

I wish to express my deepest, heartfelt sorrow at the loss of William M. Gaines.

The other night I watched the documentary *Comic Book Confidential*. The film featured a segment on the start of EC Comics and the backlash caused by the paranoia over horror comics. I was impressed with Mr. Gaines's standing out as a voice of reason in the silliness of the senate hearings. He was, and always will be, a legend of the comic book and magazine fields.

David Bedell
Blakely, GA

Half-listening to the evening news, my ears perked up and my heart sank when Tom Brokaw announced the death of Bill Gaines. Although I'm only 22, I've grown up with MAD, like a zillion other people. When I finally found myself owning every possible issue, I dug back to the early days of EC and saw that everything he presided over was of the quality, good humor and class that MAD itself stands for. Very simply, this letter is to extend my sympathy for the loss of a fine and warm man. He will be missed.

Rod Sperry
Marblehead, MA

I have recently learned of the passing of MAD's Publisher/Creator. I was deeply saddened and wish only one thing for MAD: that you keep your sarcasm and satire around for America's next generations, so they too can experience William M. Gaines's great humor. I expect the MAD writers will continue his great legacy. I'll miss the idiot! Thank you, Mr. Gaines!

Scott Henshall
Downey, CA

Today I heard the news. My heart sank, I got a lump in my throat and the tears seemed to flow instantly. A man I'd never met before had passed away and I cried as if I'd lost my best friend. In a way, I guess I had. William Gaines was responsible for 99% of all my laughter in this world. He and his band of idiots invaded my life in 1980 and I've never been the same. I look forward to seeing Alfred every month in some new act of mischievous behavior. Thank you, Bill, for making me smile.

Jared Brent Johnson
Goodlettsville, TN

I was in the middle of re-reading *The MAD World of William M. Gaines* for the umpteenth time when I heard the tragic news, and now I grieve with you and everyone else at our great loss. I will always remember him as a great hero and a man who fought valiantly and triumphantly in his beliefs as to what is good, a quality which is all too rarely found in this world.

Paul Gassler
Lodi, NJ

I was very sorry to hear of William Gaines's death. I always thought of him as being like an uncle who visited too often, ate all the food, told a lot of raunchy jokes, and whom I hated to see leave. I'll miss him.

Vicky Sharman
Winnipeg, Canada

Last Christmas my parents purchased the book *Completely MAD*. I was very intrigued by the creation and the history of MAD and the story of William Gaines. My only regret is that I will never meet the man I imagine to be my hero. I send my deepest condolences to his family and hope to see MAD flourish like it has in the past 40 years. He and his remarkable staff have created something to be proud of.

Drew Raley
Cincinnati, OH

We are so sad to hear about your loss. May you find comfort knowing that MAD fans around the world share your sorrow. Our family have been MAD fans for over 20 years, so when my three sisters and I were on holiday in New York we made sure to stop by your office. To our surprise, the first person we saw was Mr. Gaines and we were kindly given a tour of the office. We will always treasure the memories and pictures of our visit and the chance to meet everyone. Thank you.

Kristin and Diane Trondson
Saskatoon, Canada

I just heard of Mr. Gaines's death and am at a loss for words other than walking around uttering "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry." I guess there are no snappy answers when dealing with the loss of someone of such great foresight and imagination. Thank you, Mr. Gaines, for making me laugh and encouraging me to think about the world I live in.

Anna Maria Pingarron
Los Angeles, CA

I can't tell you how sorry I was to hear of Mr. Gaines's death. I've been reading MAD since I was old enough to have a teacher take it away from me. In my wildest dreams, never did I imagine that a magazine that provided me with such joy could possibly fill my heart with such sorrow. Heaven must be roaring with laughter. I'll miss him!

Christopher Martin
Summit, NJ

Please accept these condolences from a faithful MAD reader since 1971. In his life's work, William Gaines not only made people laugh, he made people learn to think for themselves. I can think of few higher callings, nor better legacies.

Richard Timothy Doyle
Flanders, NJ

My deepest condolences on the passing of MAD's wonderfully insane creator. I'm sure his spirit is in Heaven giving God a slight wince.

I remember my first foray to MAD's offices at age 13. I just showed up and they let me in. As I peered into Bill's office, he looked up from his work and roared "Well, either come in or get the @#! out!" I spent the rest of the day with him. As someone in the profession, I have yet to find a similar welcome anywhere else!

Jonathan Schneider
New York, NY

As a young comedy writer and a TV producer wanna-be, Bill Gaines has been an inspiration. If I ever get to produce a show of my own, I will run it the way Bill ran MAD. I will treat my staff and their work with respect. I will pay them fairly. I will give them creative freedom while still coaxing the best out of them. And I will show them a good time to let them know just how much I appreciate them. That's what Bill Gaines taught me. If I'm lucky, I'll build the kind of long-lasting friendship and loyalty that he enjoyed right up to the end. The world is a little poorer now that he is gone, but it is so much richer for his having been here.

Jeff Ginsberg
Woodbridge, NJ

In 1987 I had a one-page article published in MAD. It was the most fulfilling experience of my life. I was influenced by this wonderful magazine throughout my youth and to this day I am still a fan. I remembered when, in junior high, he answered a letter I sent. What was so amazing was that this was a handwritten note, not from a secretary, but the publisher himself.

My condolences to the Gaines family, the MAD family (which I've always felt I was a part of when I felt like I didn't belong anywhere). May William M. Gaines's ideals live on forever.

Chris Manson
APO, Germany

This portrait of Alfred shedding a tear appeared as a full page tribute to Bill in the New York Times on June 10th, 1992.

MAD



WE'LL CARRY ON WITH THE LAUGHTER, THE IRREVERENCE,
THE MISCHIEF AND, OH YEAH, THE MAGAZINE, TOO.
WE'LL MISS YOU, BILL.

LOVE,
"THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS"

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New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope!

AN EXCITING SUBSCRIPTION OFFER EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"



MAD



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

Each Pin is cast in Space-Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things!)

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

An Important Reminder! Each Official MAD Pin is so valuable it will be personally delivered to your home by an official United States Government Employee, dressed like a mailman!

This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

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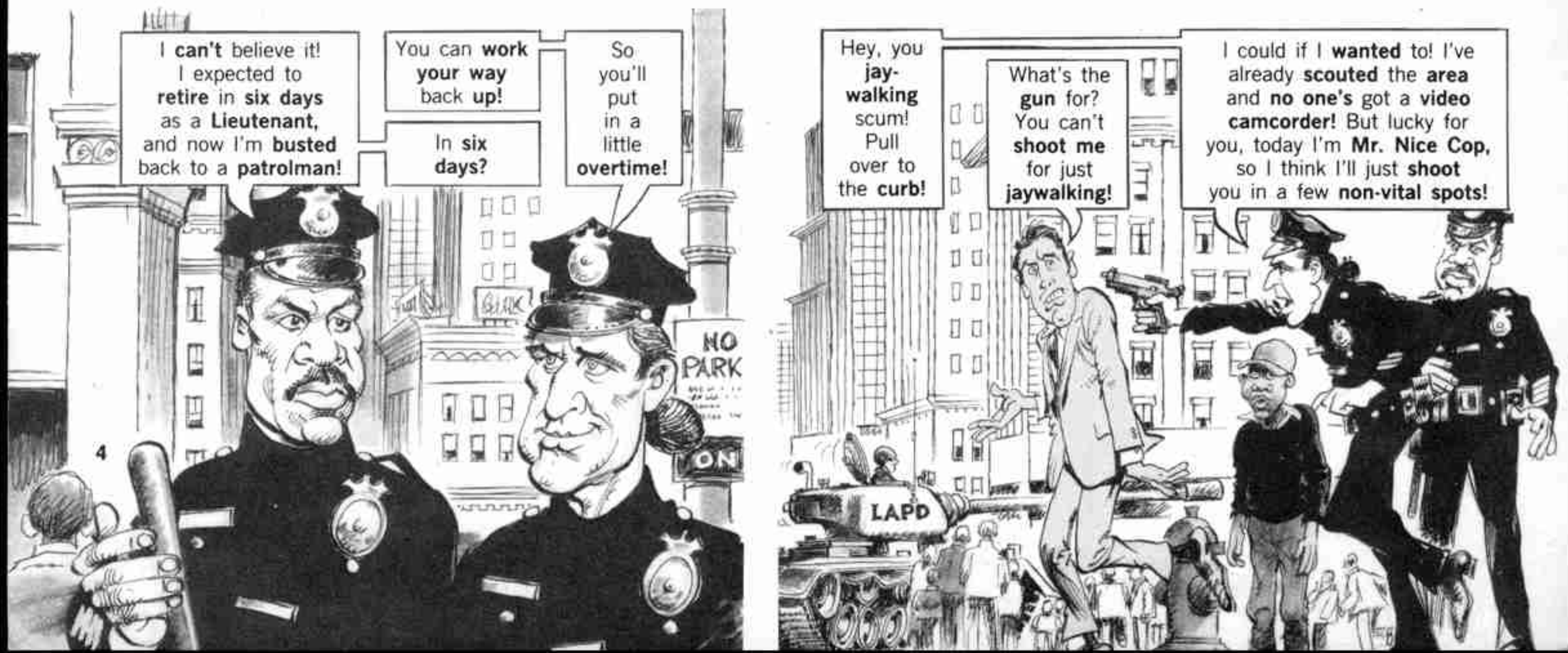
SEQUEL-OPPORTUNITY DESTROYERS DEPT.

Guess what? In their latest movie, the two detective cut-ups, Buggs and Martyr, have added another hokey defective to their destruction team! In the honored tradition of Moe, Larry and Curly, they're now the...

LETHA



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER





 **Make our streets safer...**
put Alfred in the White House!

L WRECKIN' 3



WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



Buggs, Martyr, this is **Detective Looney Cold**. She's taking over the cop-killer bullet case!

Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't she a woman? What can she do that I can't do?

For one thing, she can whip five men with one hand tied behind her back!

Ha! She's not even coordinated enough to use both hands! But I do like the sounds of that hand-tied-behind-the-back bondage action!

Look at this hokey scene on TV! A key witness being murdered right in the police station!

That's not TV! That's a closed circuit camera at this police station!

Does the term "lousy security" mean anything to you?!

With the right sound effects and some snappy dialogue, we could send this to *America's Funniest Home Videos*!

Okay, okay! You want to know something about that guy? Okay! For openers he's not one of the **GoodFellas**! Okay, he's a **Raging Bull**! Where is he now? I know he's not **Home Alone** or with **My Cousin Vinnie**, so he can only be at the hockey game!

Okay, okay! I've been shot! Okay, I'm bleeding!

Were you shot by Jack Travesty, that creep cop we're after?

No! By someone in the audience who can't bear to hear me say, "Okay, okay" one more time! Okay, so I get the message!

One of the teams is trying a new tactic, putting a wounded man on the ice to block the goal! But the other team seems to be adding a novel touch of their own: gunfire from men running on the ice without skates! The fans are eating it up!

Doc, this guy is a pain in the butt! Even though his injury is minor, can you manage to keep him here for a couple of days?

Oh, he'll be here longer than that! He's covered by two different medical plans! It will take at least that long to figure out which forms he has to fill out!

Martyr, why do you come all the way out here just to get a hamburger? Are the hamburgers that good?

The burgers are only fair, but it's such a rotten part of town, I figure you'll go off chasing after some neighborhood crud, and I'll have some time to eat alone in peace!



Bring back the Know-Nothing Party!
Alfred E. Neuman for President!



PRESSED WHILE U-WAIT



GESUNDHEIT!



America is on the Brink of ruin!
Let him finish the job!
Alfred E. Neuman for President!

Buggs, you got me dragged into a shoot-out, and now I shot a teenager! Even though I've killed dozens of people before and never felt a tinge of guilt, this time I can't forgive myself!

We're partners, Martyr! Let me share the blame!

I'm retiring! How about you take ALL the blame?

Sounds fair to me!

Those high-powered bullets and automatic weapons were stolen from a high security police area! Instead of being destroyed, they were sent to a warehouse run by crooked cops and protected by a mean rottweiler dog! It's an inside job!

Wow! The computer told you ALL that?

No, but I'm trying to speed up this silly satire and not milk the weak storyline dry, the way they did in the movie!



How did you calm down that vicious dog?

Easy! By acting like another dog!

You mean you made growling and barking sounds?

No! I used your leg as a fire hydrant!



Buggs! Aren't you going to help her?

I am! I'm holding her purse!

Look at those painful kicks to the groin!

Hey, don't get any ideas! I saw her first!



This scar is from a pair of 38's! I tried to touch them and the stripper stabbed me with a knife!

This scar is from an axe attack and these are from a shotgun fired at close range!

What's that terrible scar on your finger from?

A pop top can! They can be deadly!



What are all those teeth marks from?

Another vicious dog! Sometimes peeing on my partner's leg doesn't work!

Want to see the rest of my scars?

No, I just wanna light up a cigarette! I'm exhausted! Maybe we'll do this again in an hour or so!



Listen, I know you're upset about killing the kid, but you can't just think about yourself! What happens to me when you retire? Where do I find another partner with the comic timing you have? A partner who can do double-takes at my screw-ups? A partner who can do such a slow burn?

Gee, am I really that important?

You're the only family I have! I even take your wife and kids as income tax deductions!

So do I! Hmm, maybe we're closer than I thought!



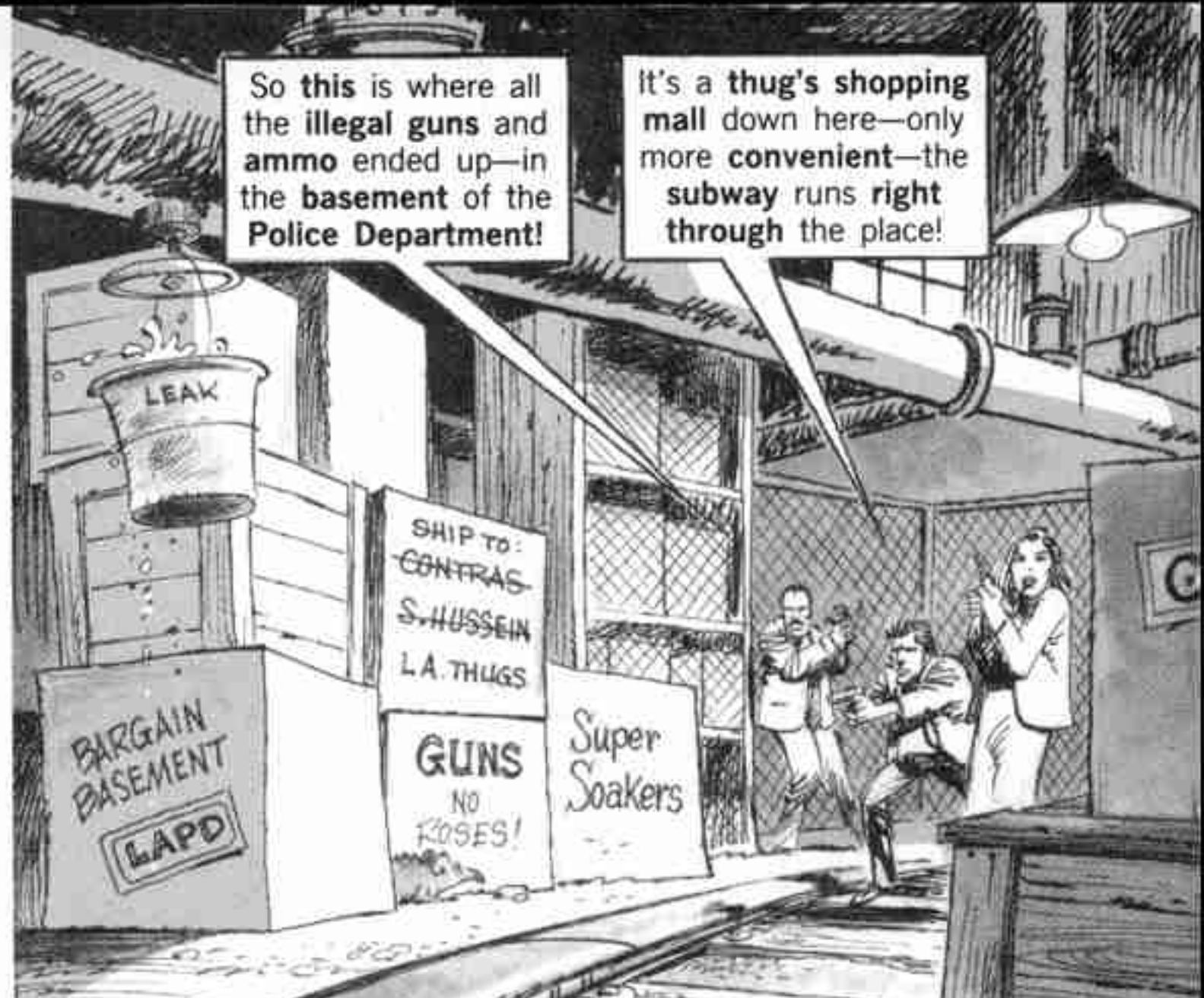


You two there! What's going on?

It's okay! We're members of the Los Angeles Police Department!

What are you **doing** under the swim platform of that boat?!

We're practicing **hiding** in case there's another riot!



So this is where all the illegal guns and ammo ended up—in the basement of the Police Department!

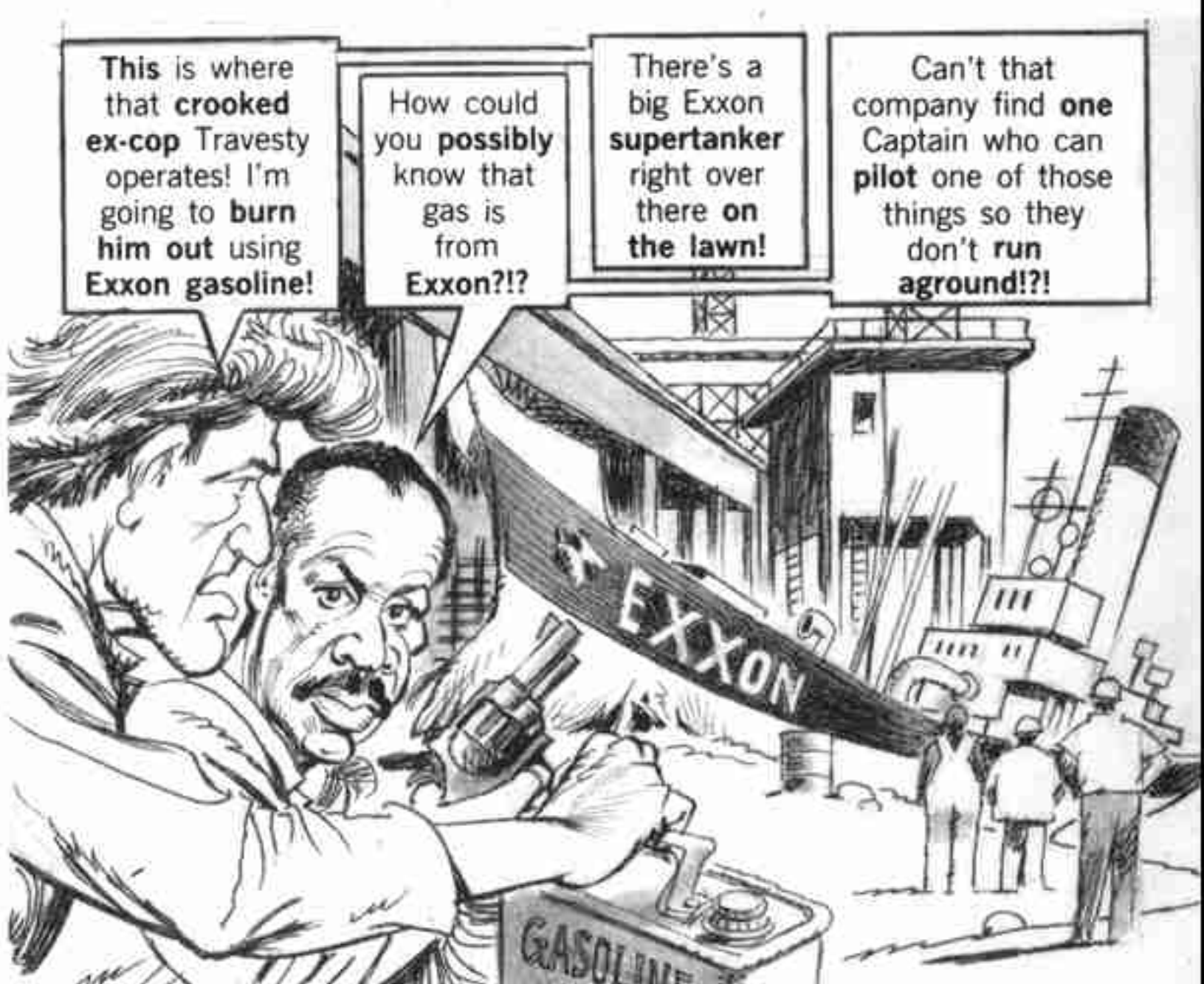
It's a thug's shopping mall down here—only more convenient—the subway runs right through the place!



We haven't even finished the subway and they're already chasing and shooting criminals in it!

Maybe they're just practicing for when it **does** open!

You can tell that people in L.A. don't know much about subways! They're supposed to ride inside the cars!

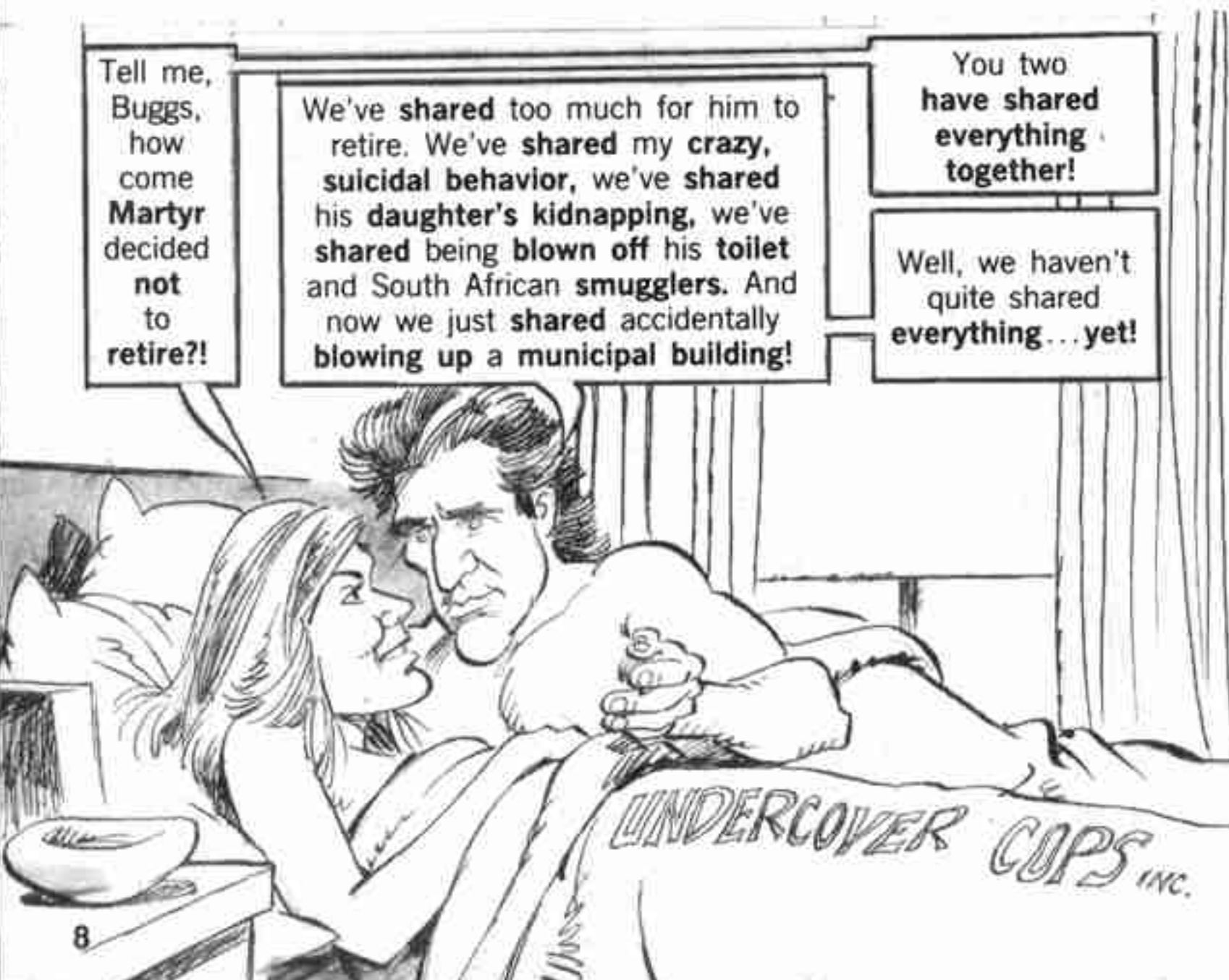


This is where that **crooked** ex-cop Travesty operates! I'm going to burn him out using Exxon gasoline!

How could you possibly know that gas is from Exxon?!!

There's a big Exxon supertanker right over there on the lawn!

Can't that company find one Captain who can pilot one of those things so they don't run aground?!?



Tell me, Buggs, how come **Martyr** decided not to retire?!

We've shared too much for him to retire. We've shared my crazy, suicidal behavior, we've shared his daughter's kidnapping, we've shared being blown off his toilet and South African smugglers. And now we just shared accidentally blowing up a municipal building!

You two have shared everything together!

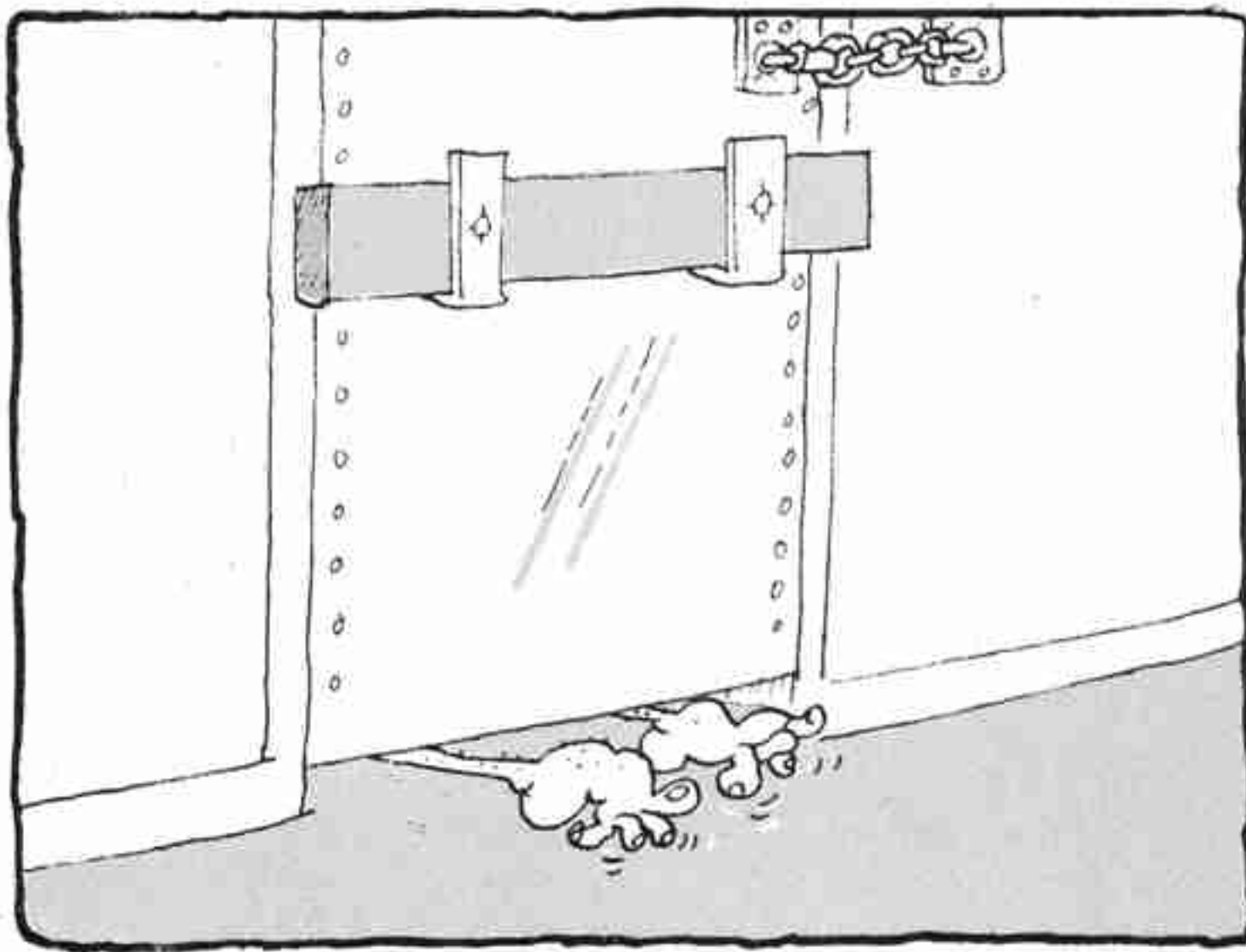
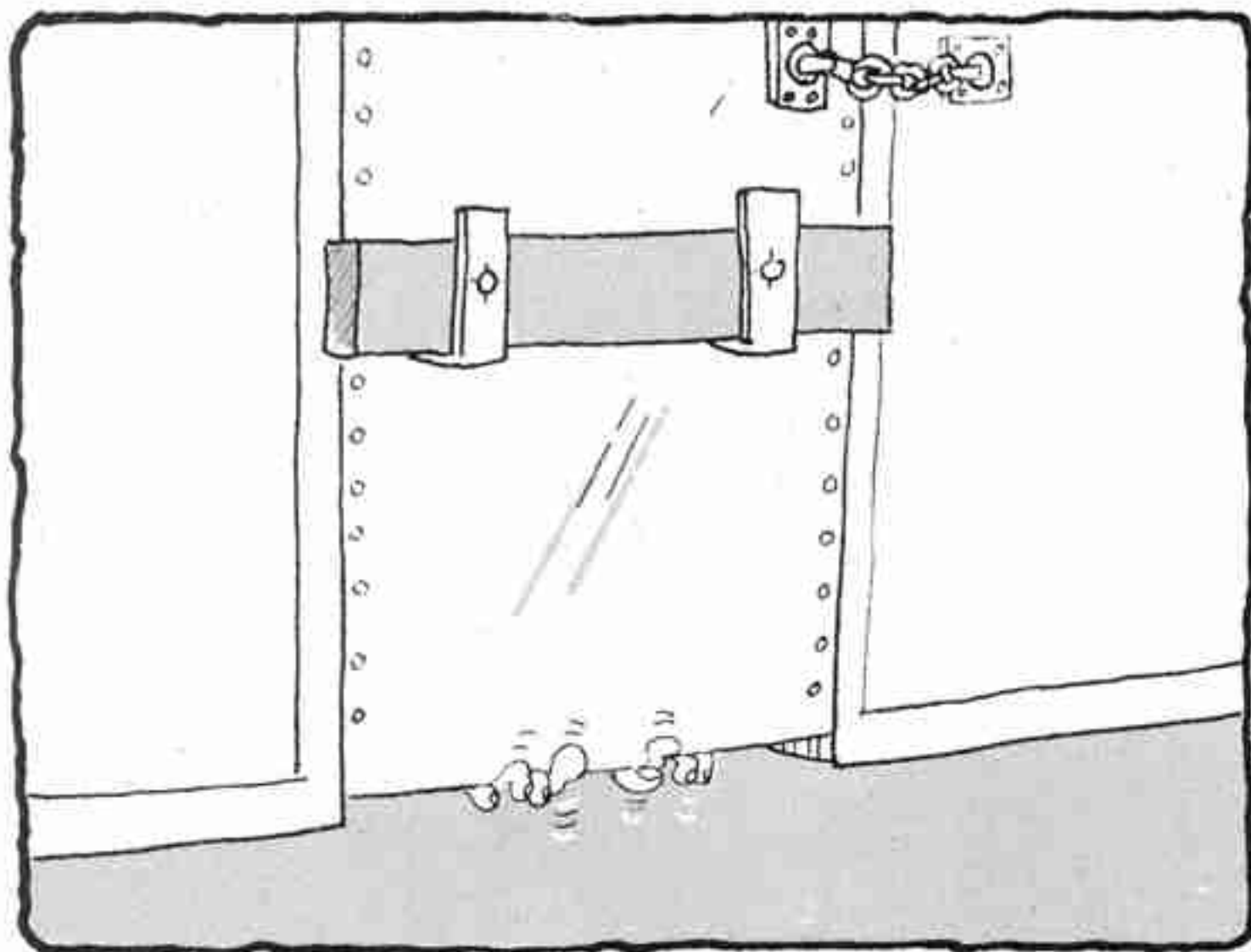
Well, we haven't quite shared everything...yet!



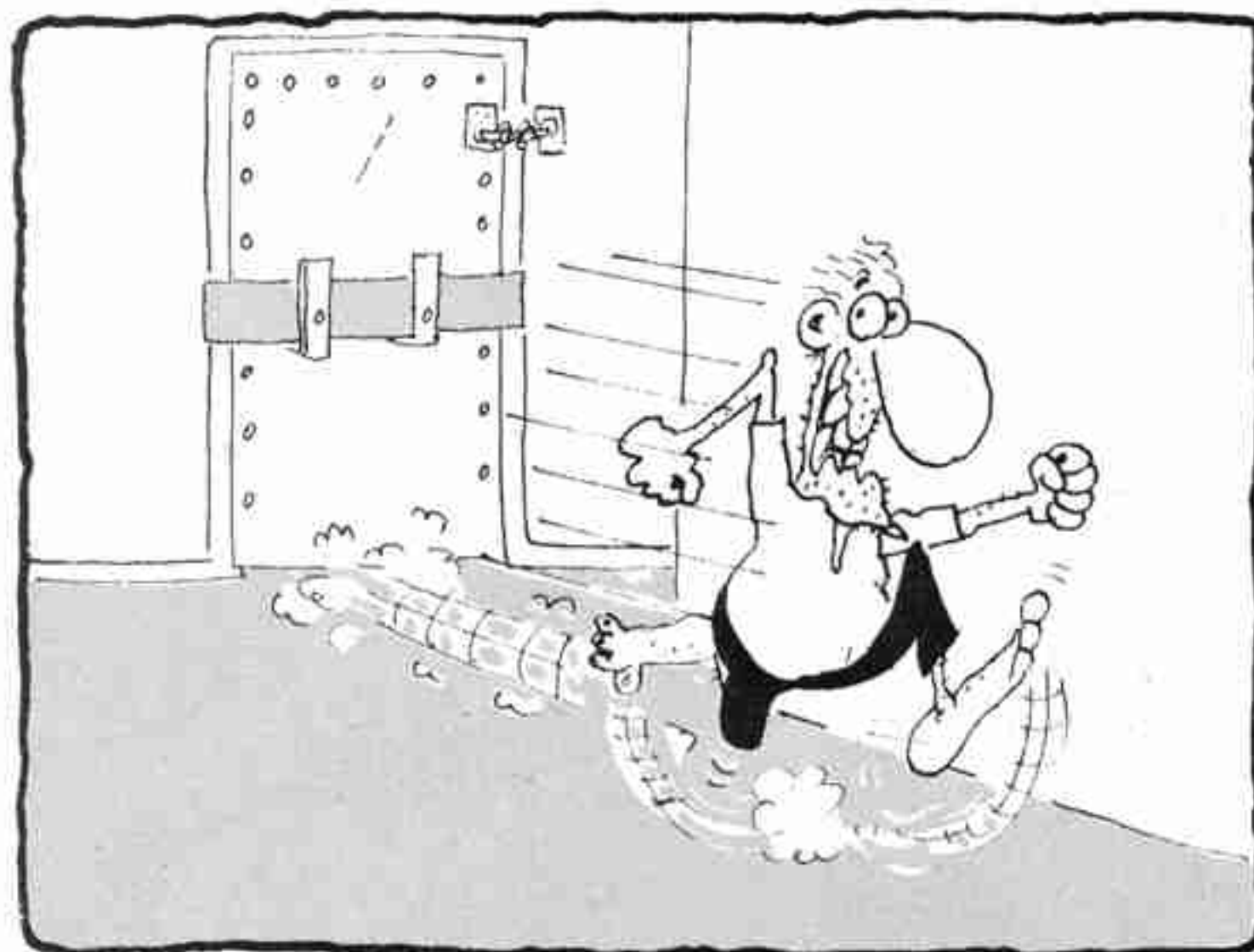
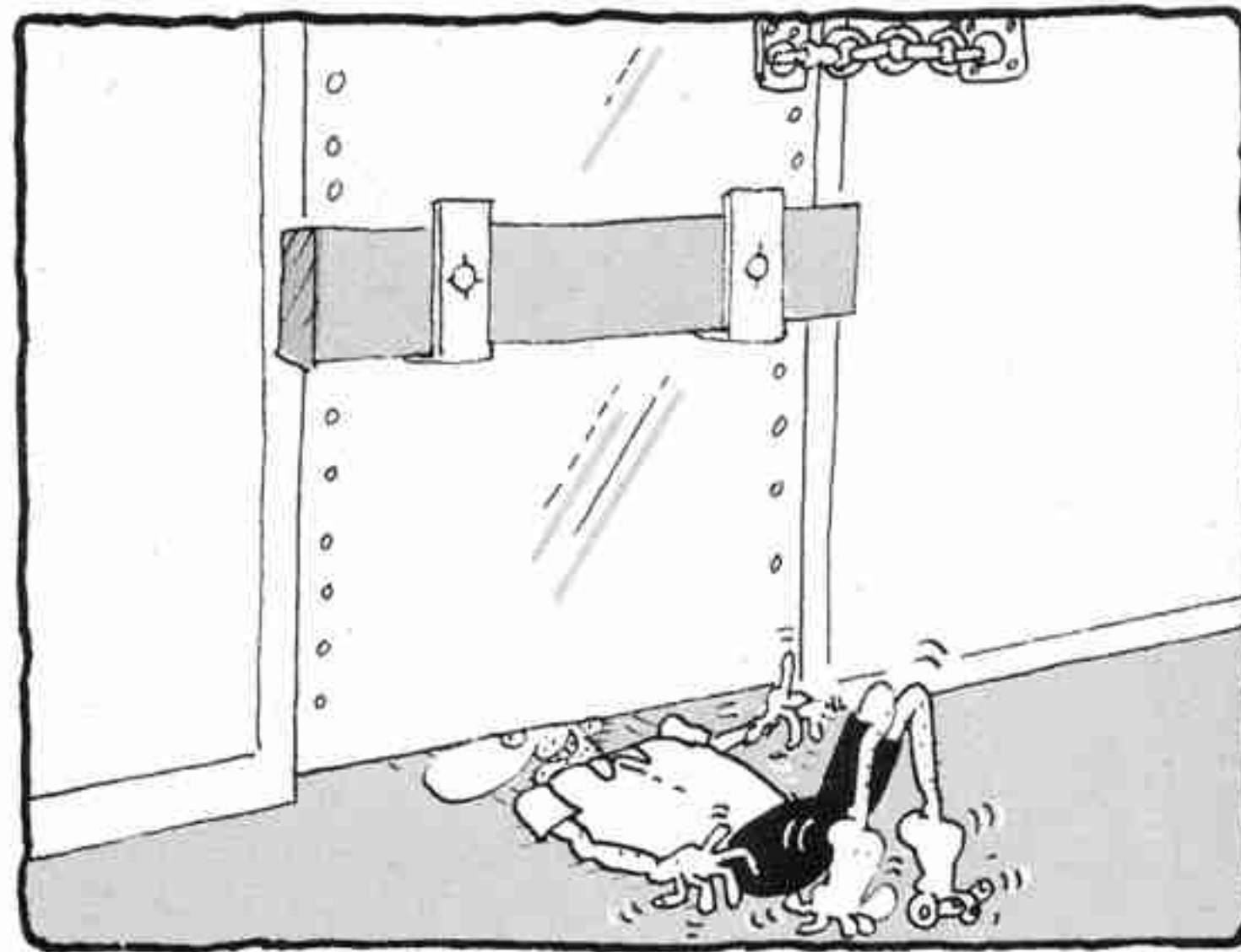
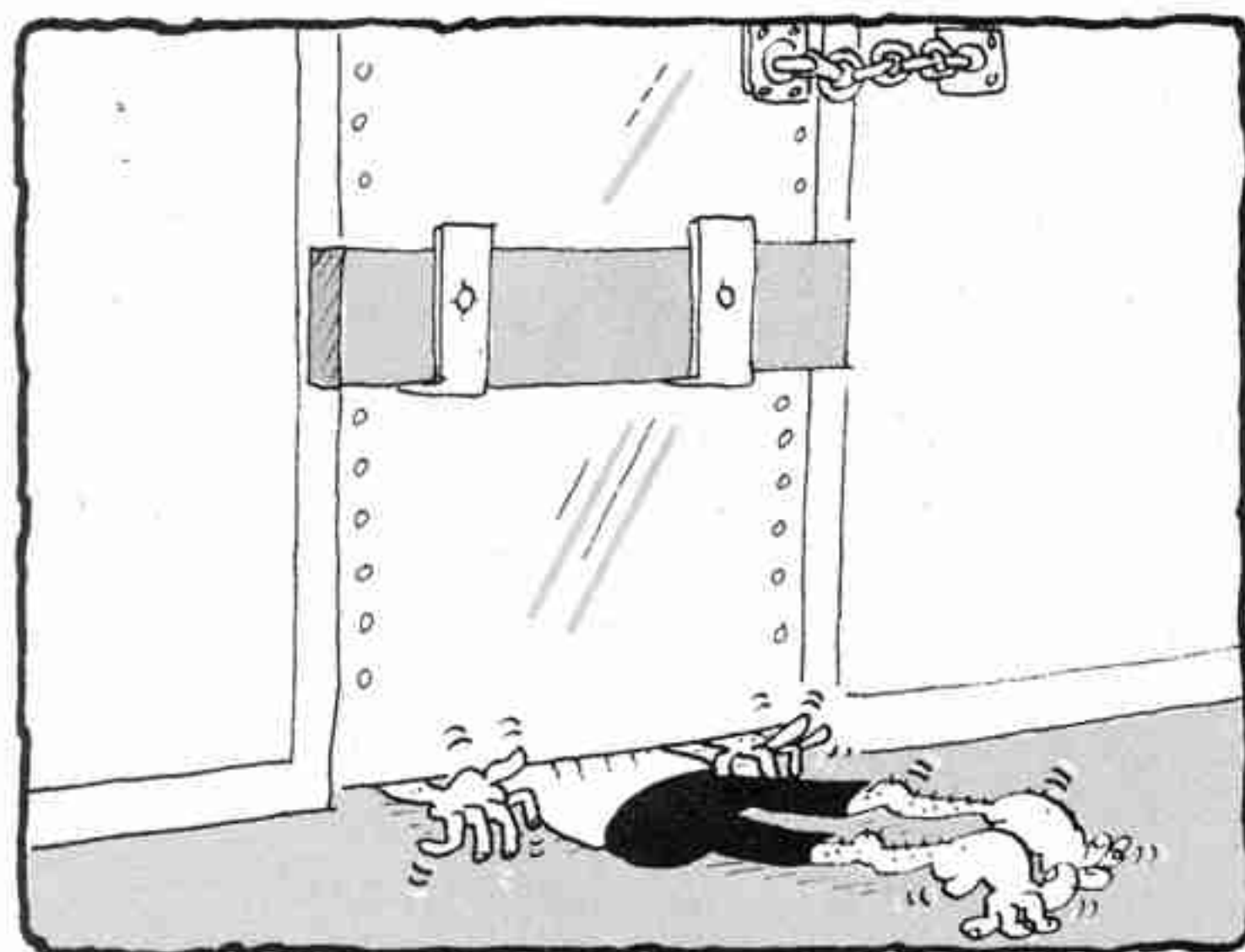
Say hello, Martyr!

Wow, what big scars he has!!!

THE FLEXIBLE FELLOW'S FOLDEROL



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING





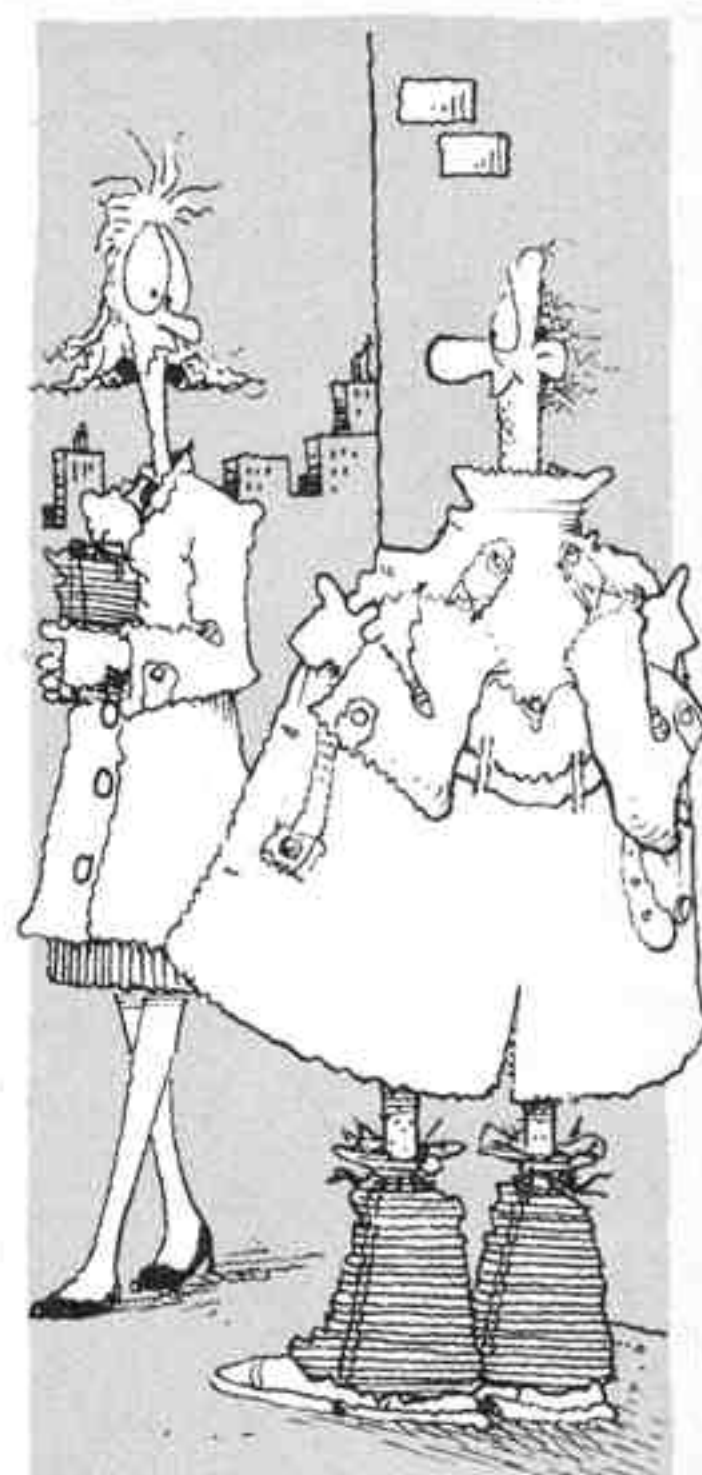
Wearing expensive pump athletic shoes is a fashion statement.



Wearing expensive pumps is something else entirely!



Cutting the legs from an old pair of jeans is making a fashion statement.



Wearing the legs from an old pair of jeans is something else entirely!

CLOTHES CALL DEPT.

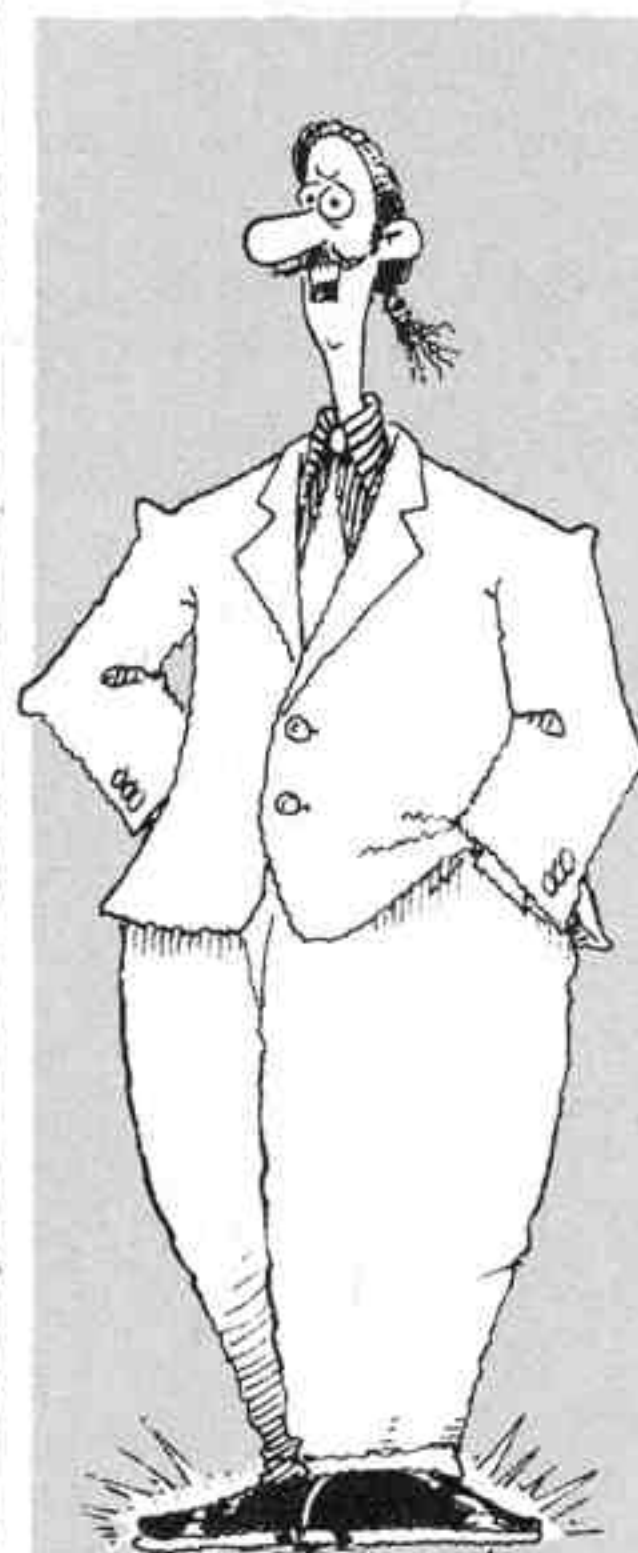
are you making a FASHION STATEMENT



A shirt with big numbers is a fashion statement.



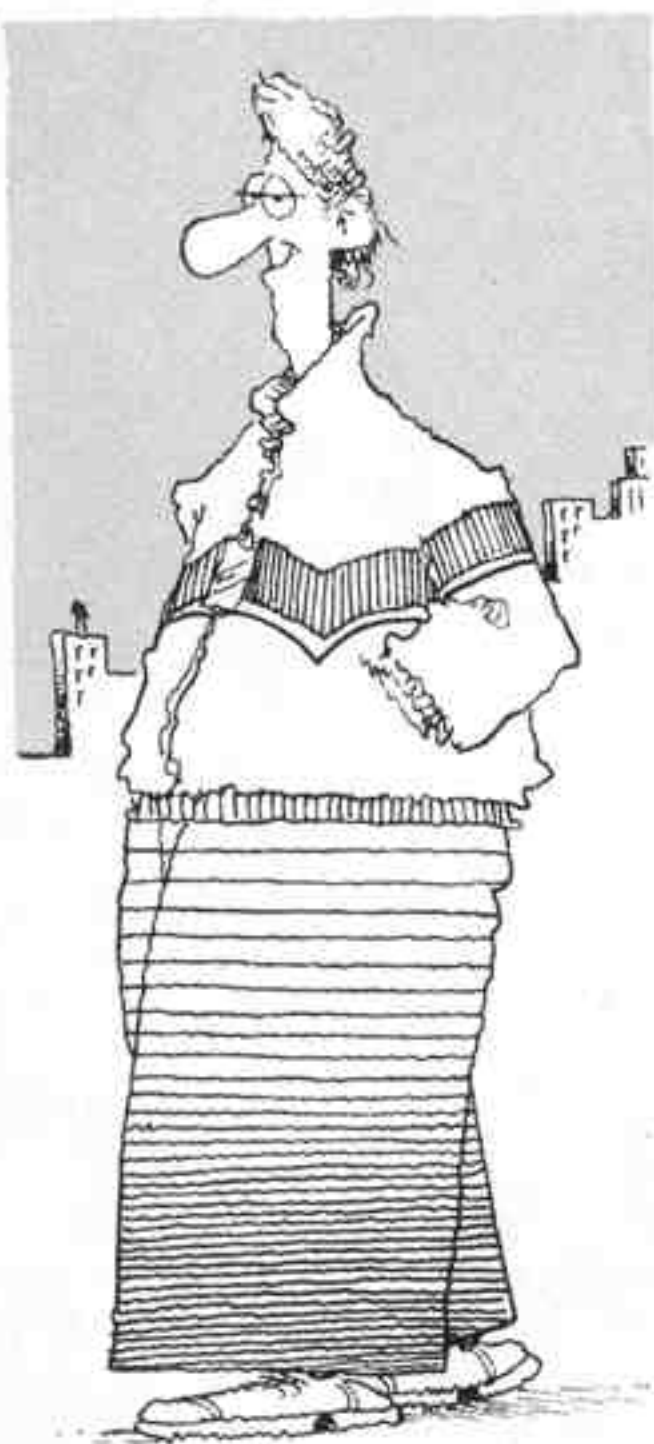
A shirt with small numbers is something else entirely!



Patent leather shoes are a fashion statement.



Patent Pending shoes are something else entirely!



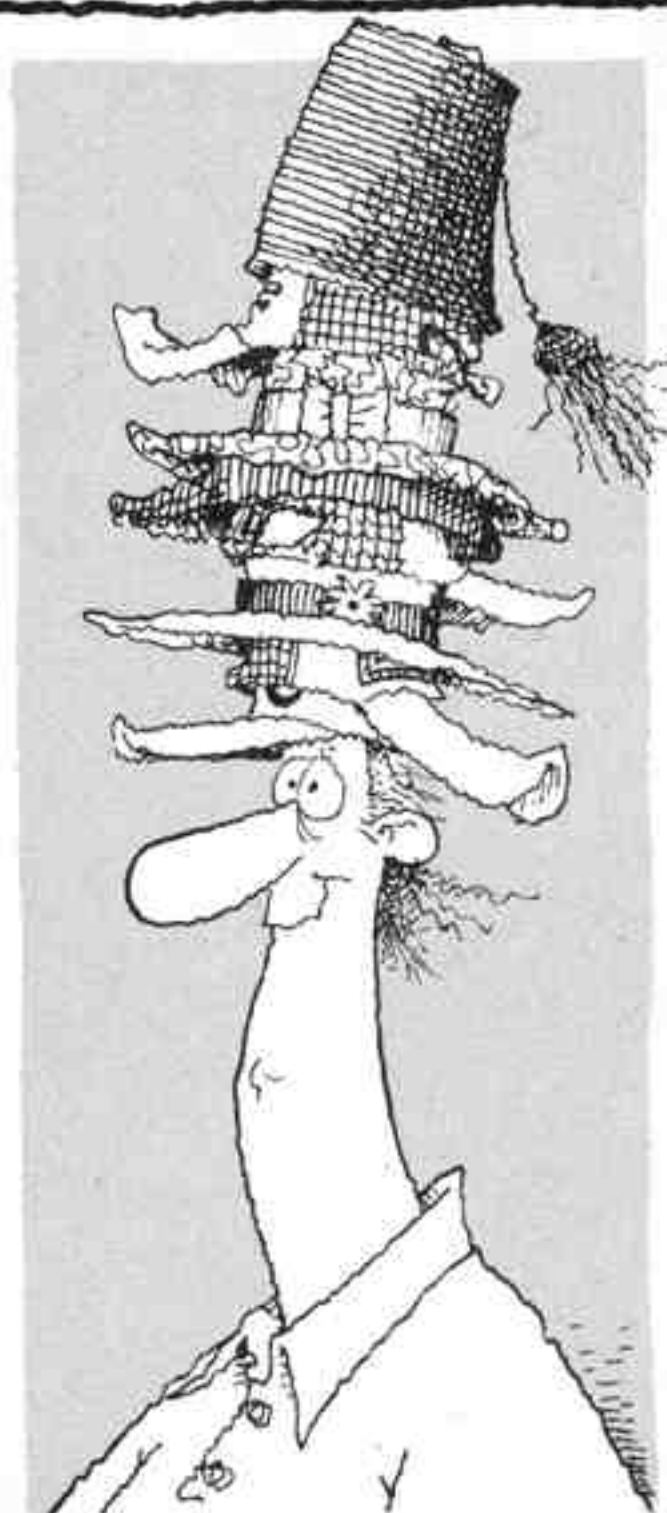
Wearing a designer ski jacket off the slopes is a fashion statement.



Wearing a designer ski mask off the slopes is something else entirely!



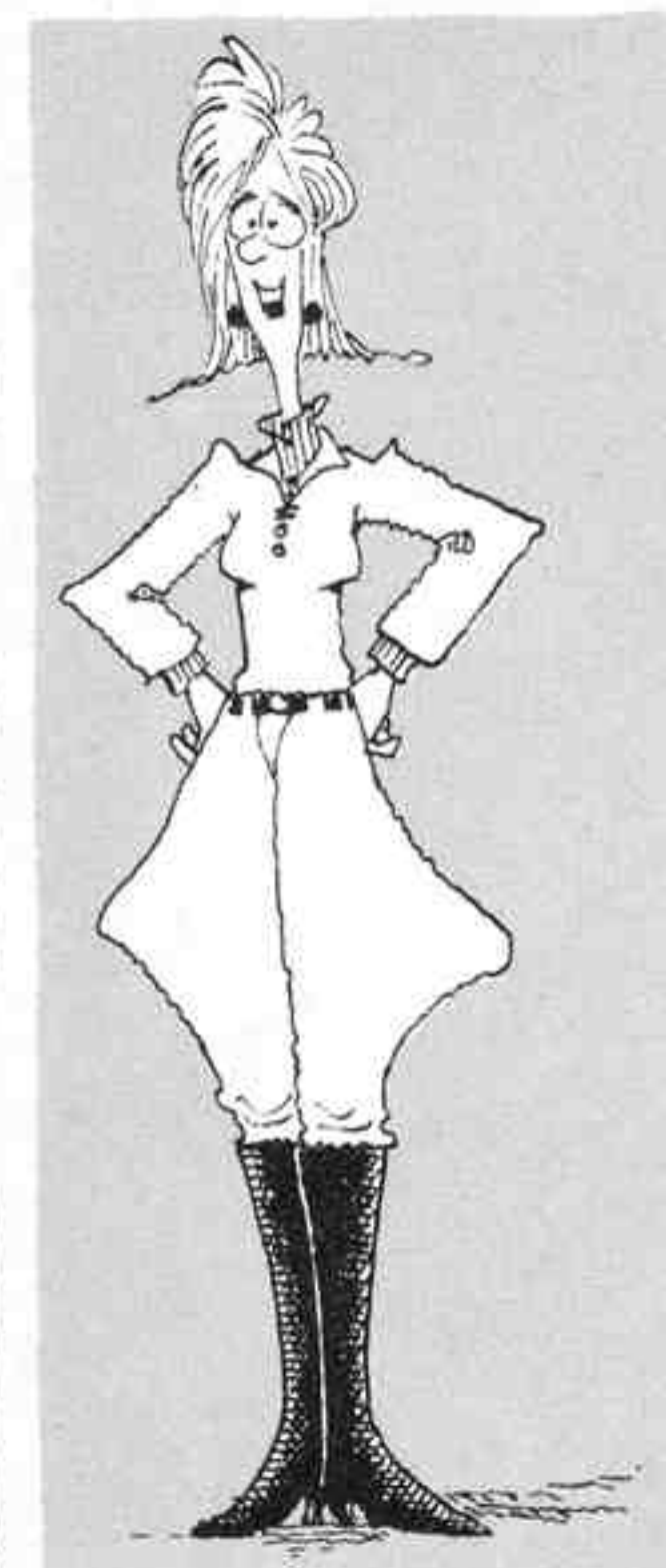
The layered look in clothing is a fashion statement.



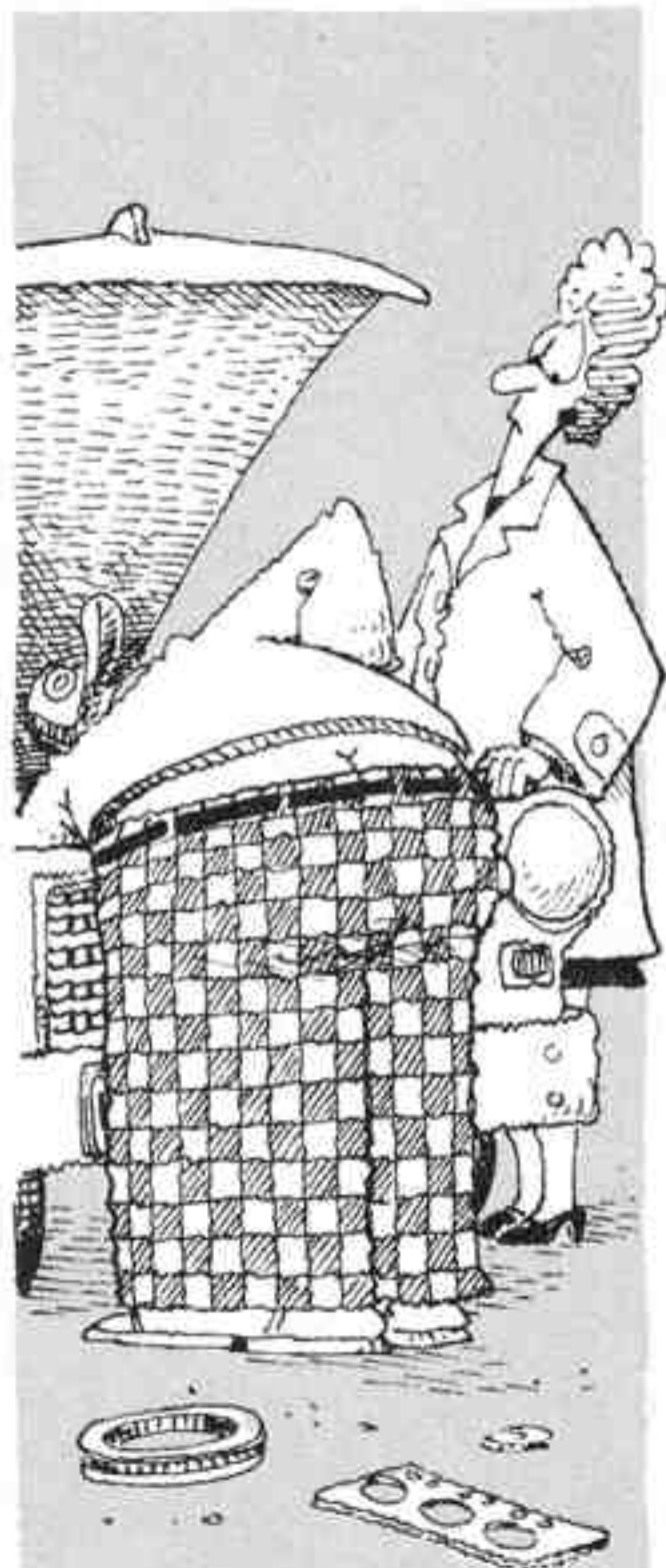
The layered look in hats is something else entirely!

STATEMENT or something else entirely?

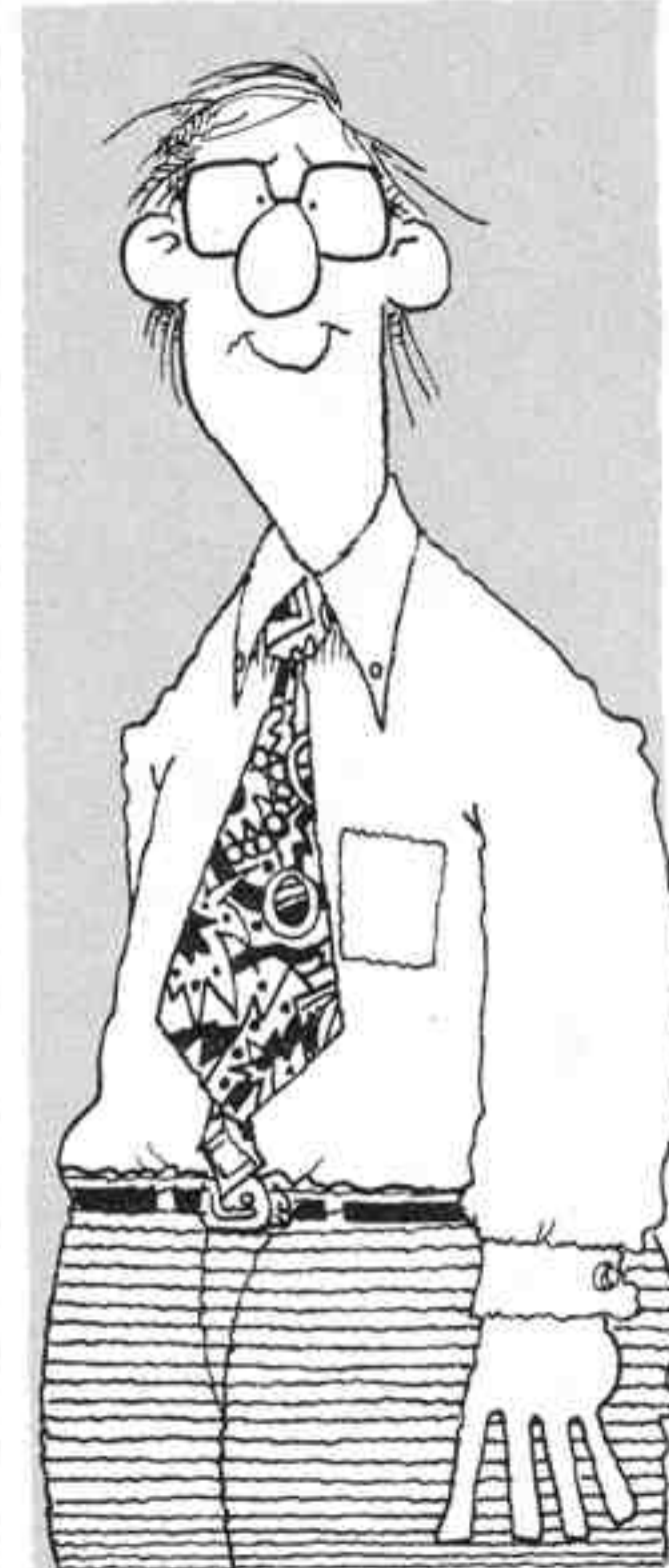
ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL



Riding pants are a fashion statement.



Pants that ride are something else entirely!



Wearing a loud tie is a fashion statement.



Wearing loud corduroys is something else entirely!

THE ODDS MUST BE CRAZY DEPT.

Want to make big money wagering on athletic events? We mean **BIG** money, the kind you have to carry around in wooden buckets! If you do, forget point spreads, betting pools and Las Vegas lines! We say, it's a can't lose proposition! It's a sure thing! It's money in the bank! IF you bet the farm on these...

\$SURE BE



IT'S A SURE BET that a player who can't hit to save his life will be inserted into the lineup in the ninth inning "for defensive purposes," so he'll be able to come to bat in the 11th and lose the game.



IT'S A SURE BET that NHL players will only make shots when the TV camera's view is totally blocked out, enabling home viewers to maintain their perfect record of never having seen a hockey goal scored.



IT'S A SURE BET that TV networks will set aside ample time during sports broadcasts to provide in-depth coverage of hot babes in low-cut blouses, adults carrying sleeping infants and jerks with bedsheet signs praising the network.



☒ ☒ A vote for Neuman is a vote for Neuman!
Vote Twice!

T\$ IN SPORTS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: TOM KOCH



IT'S A SURE BET that any player finding himself with the football after it has been blown dead by the referees will pretend he didn't hear the whistle and start to run toward the goal—also pretending not to notice that no one is chasing him.



IT'S A SURE BET that tournament tennis players will always stare at their racquet after losing an easy point, to indicate their belief that a mysterious hole in the strings caused their lousy play.



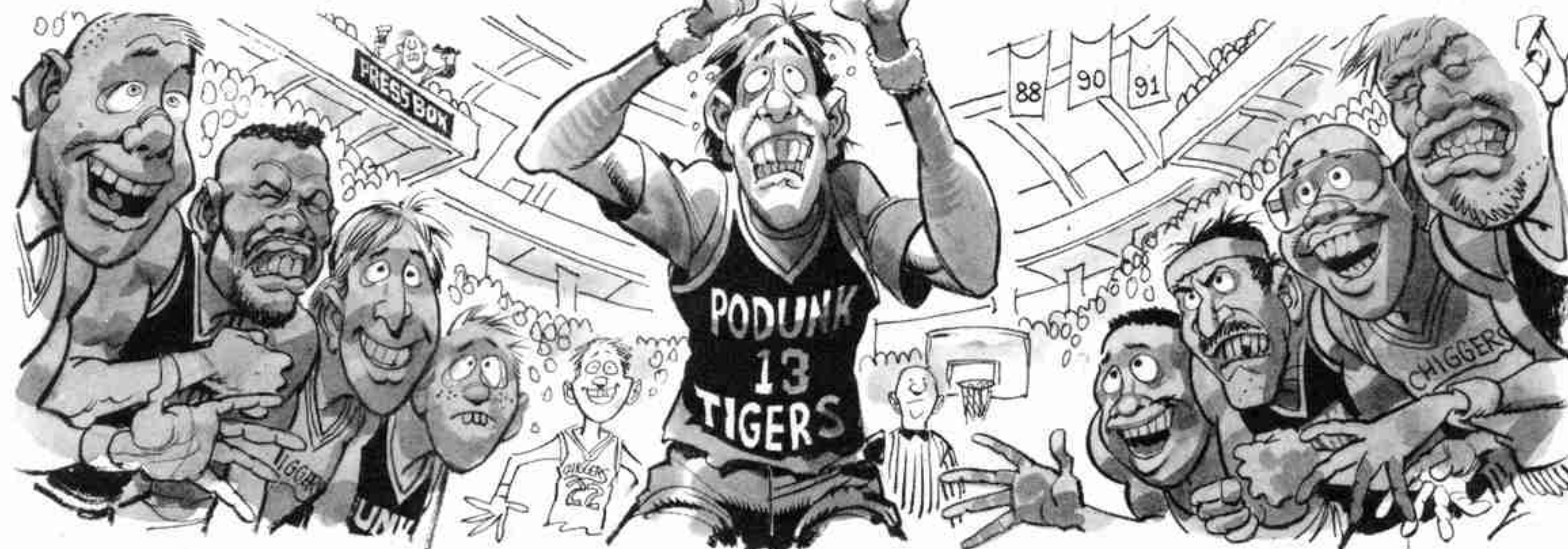
IT'S A SURE BET that every NBA playoff game will be decided in the last ten seconds by a controversial charging foul involving minor body contact—which would never, ever be called a foul at any other time.



IT'S A SURE BET that after each play, an official will move the position of the ball one inch, in order to obscure the fact that football is an inexact game in which the ball is rarely spotted within two yards of the place where it was actually downed on the last play.



IT'S A SURE BET that star players who are one personal foul away from being disqualified will be benched and kept there, demonstrating the coaching philosophy that it's better to lose a basketball game than to risk having a star player foul out.



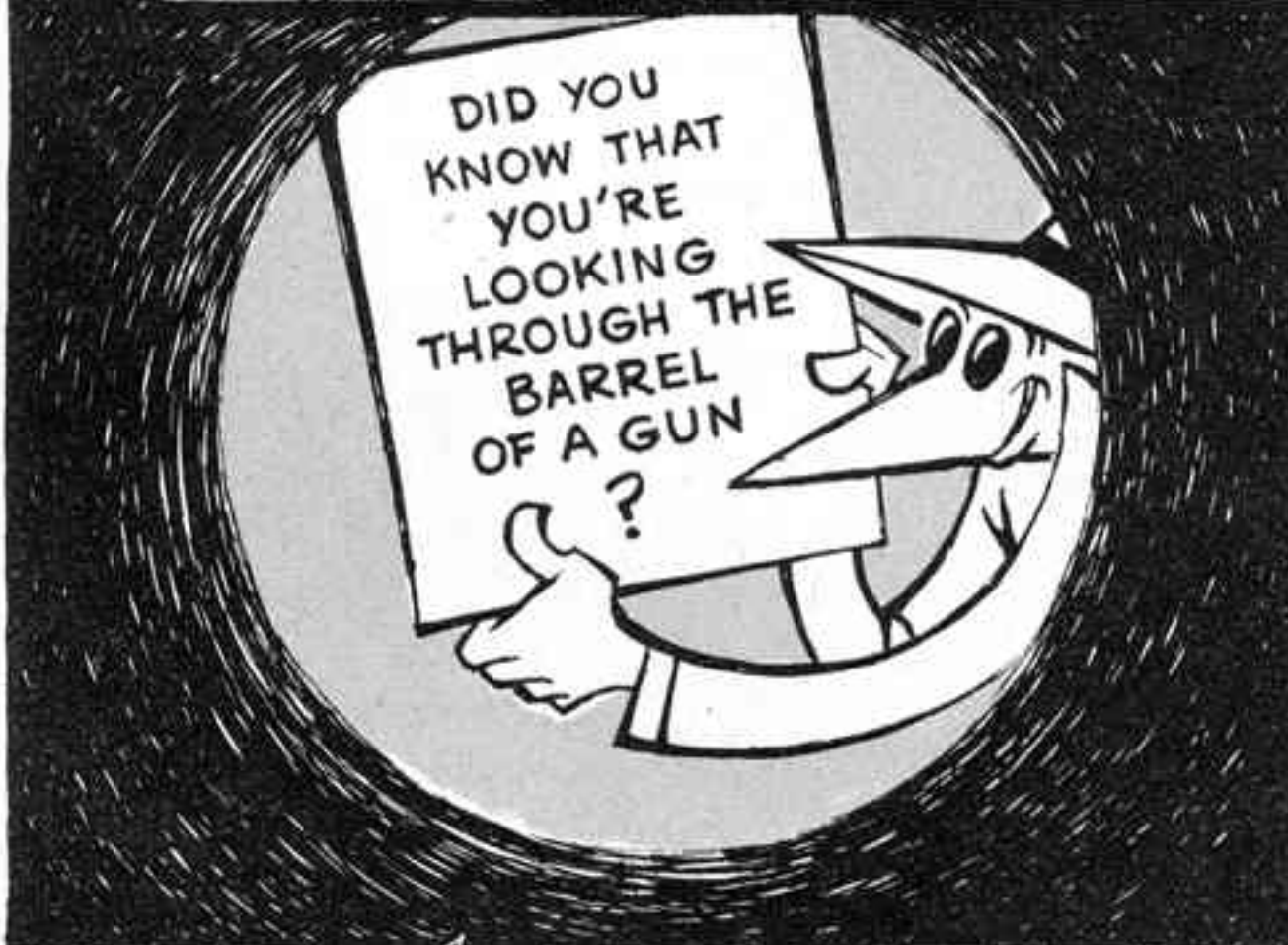
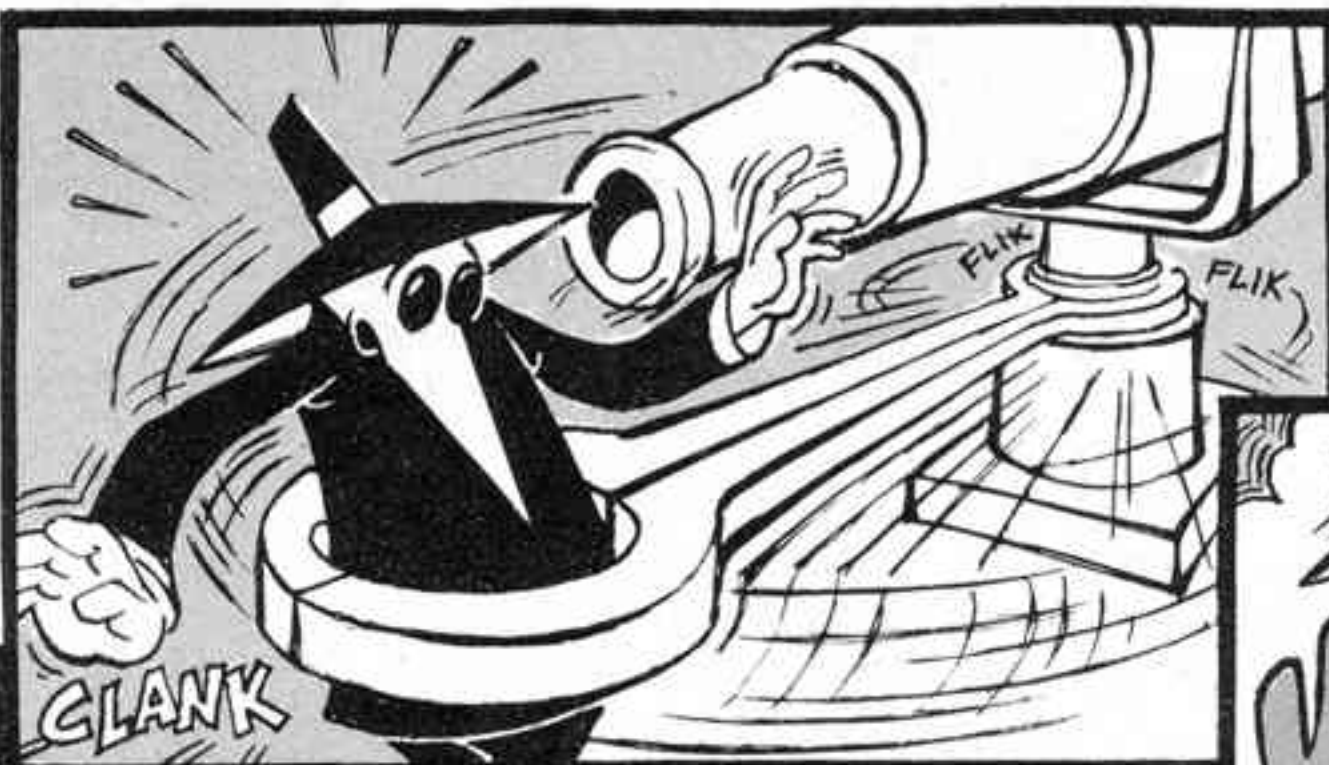
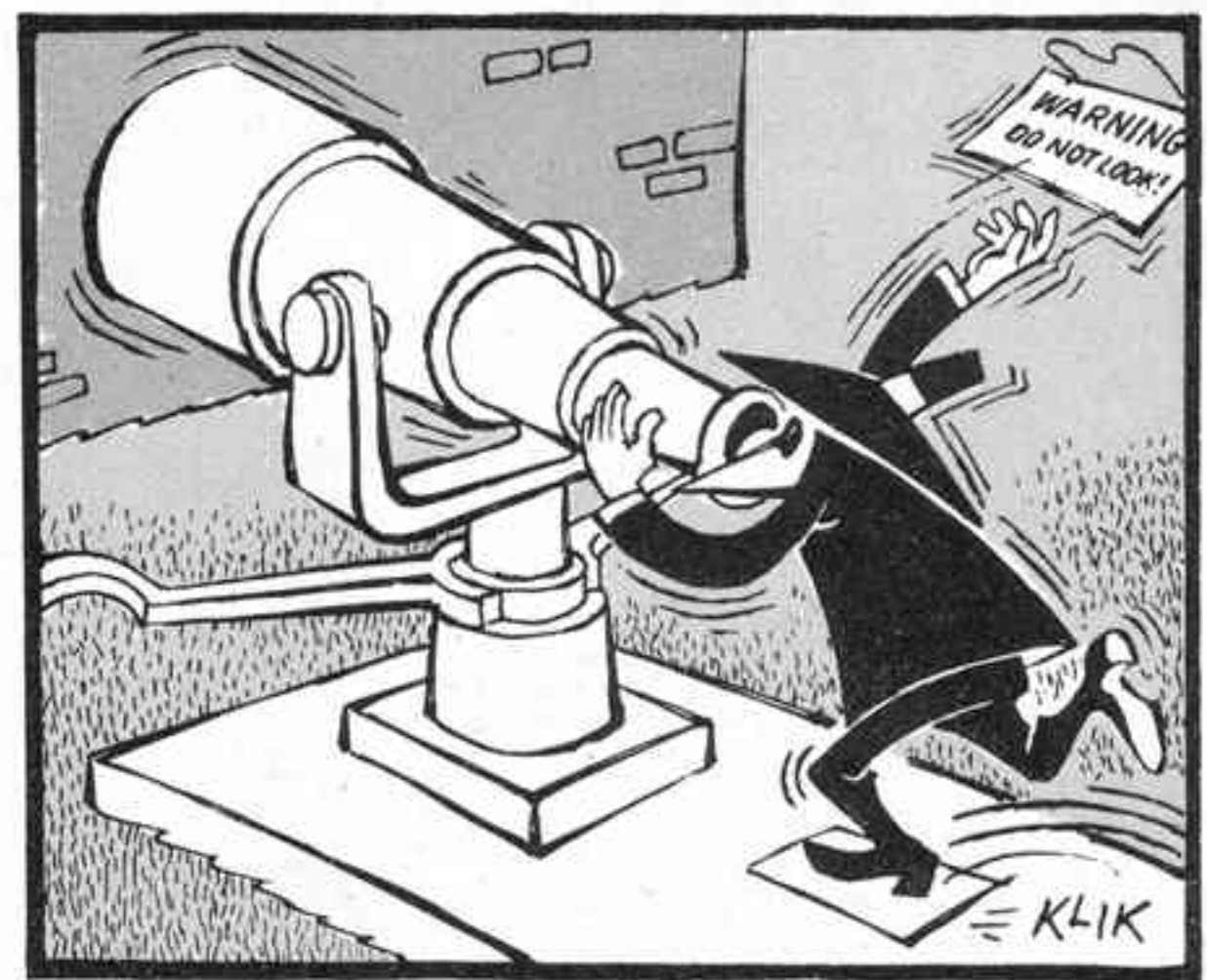
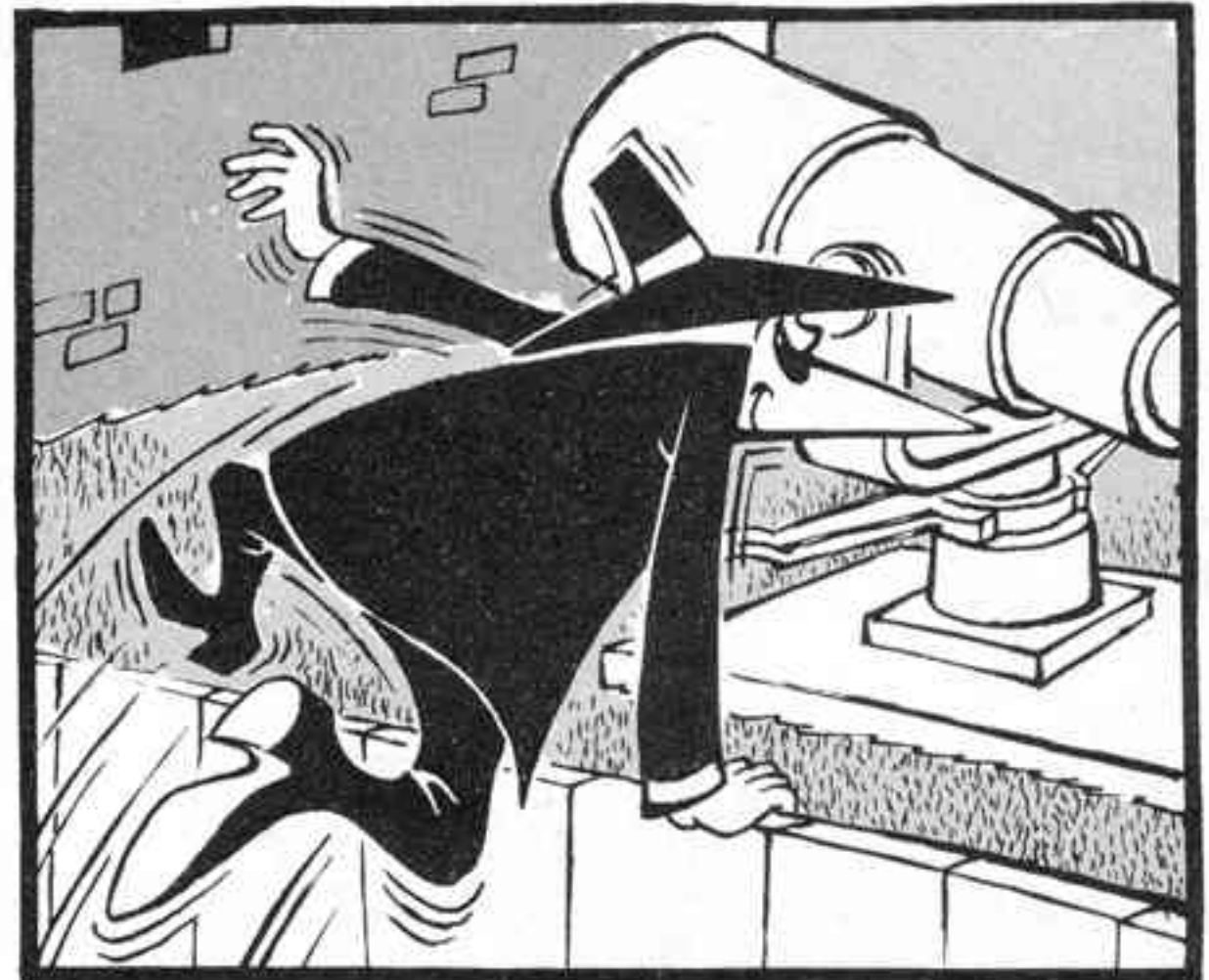
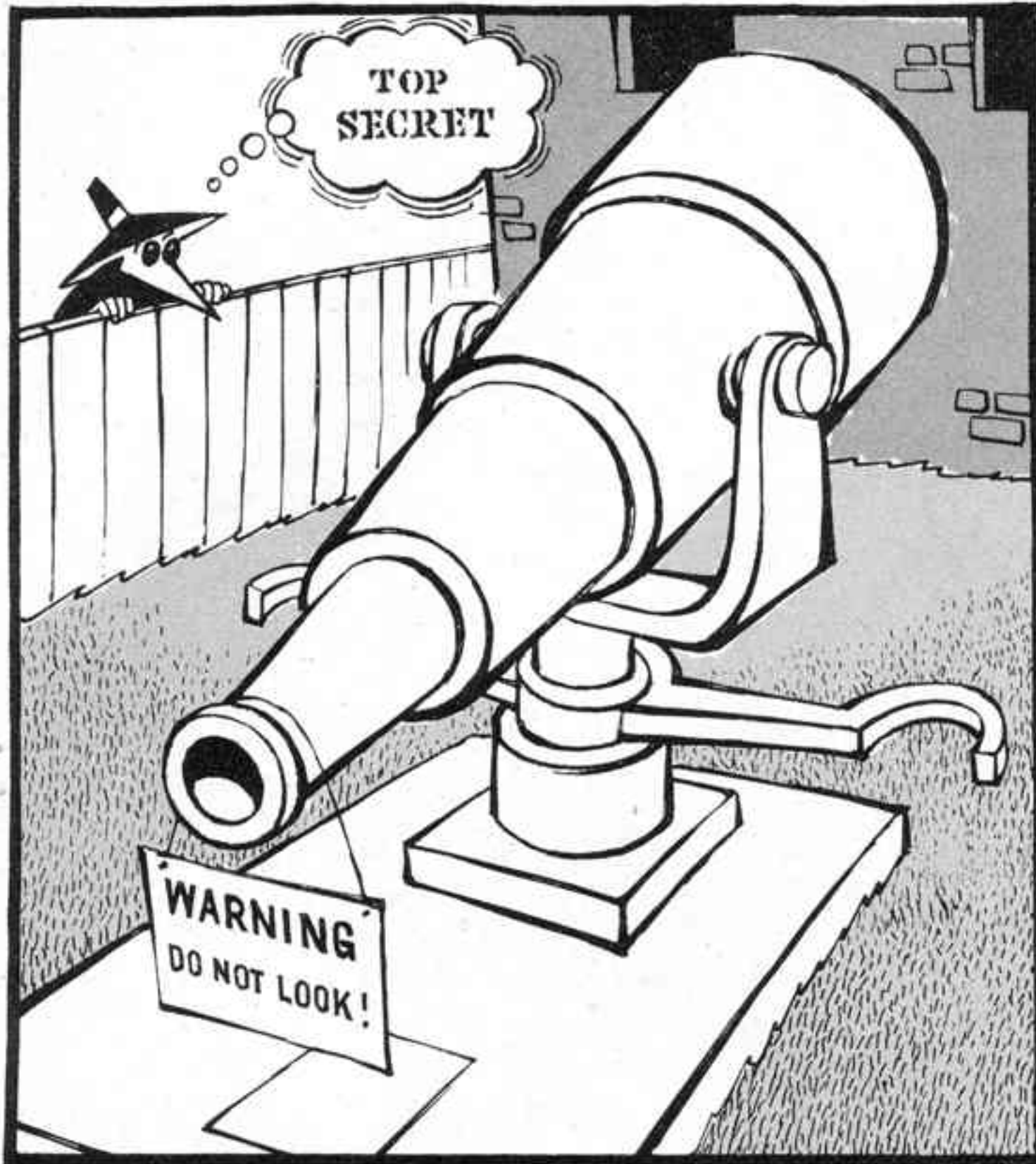
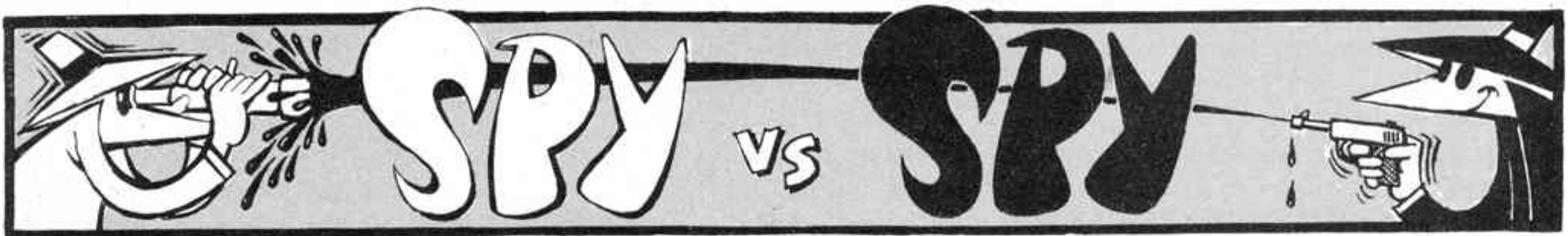
IT'S A SURE BET that during a basketball game, any player described by the announcer as "an excellent free-throw shooter" will immediately miss his next two free throws.



IT'S A SURE BET that batting lineups will continually be revised, to insure that a team's heaviest hitters will always come up with the bases empty, while .180 rookies will come up in the ninth inning with the bases loaded.



IT'S A SURE BET that volleyball players will embrace after scoring every point, to show that they are in good spirits even though only 12 people in the country are watching the game on ESPN.



Attention: The following article is for politicians. If you are not a politician, please give this article to someone who is, or run for office yourself. The country is sick and tired of your speeches! They are boring, monotonous, and long-winded! As a result, we tune them out. What you politicians need are interesting and exciting speeches that wake the public up. Something like...

MAD's DO-IT-YOURSELF political speech TO GRAB VOTER ATTENTION



I am delighted to be here today

- A. secretly wearing women's underwear beneath this suit,
- B. because this location is convenient to the saloon next door,
- C. far from any state where I'm under indictment,
- D. because the woman I fool around with lives nearby,

and I pledge

to you that

- A. this will be a short speech because writing a long one is too much trouble.
- B. my bodyguards are not here to kick butt unless you heckle.
- C. I'm only in this race to make money, and don't plan to change things.
- D. I'm disowning my evil twin brother who made all those dumb statements attributed to me.

Although my

campaign opponent implies

- A. that there is insanity on both sides of my family,
- B. that I was never cleared of those sexual harassment charges,
- C. that I beat my children for the fun of it,
- D. that I should bathe more frequently,

the real

issue is

- A. something that has never been explained to me.
- B. my great idea to pay off the national debt by raising dog license fees.
- C. my alleged friendship with a crooked savings and loan official who is also my father.
- D. whether to give or take 3 points in Monday night's football game.

As you all know,

Vote the Idiot Party Line!
Alfred E. Neuman for President!



I chose to leave private industry and run for office

because

- A. you don't get merit increases in private industry without having merit.
- B. I hear that boneheads can hide in government jobs for a lifetime.
- C. the auditors at the plant were about to discover my embezzlement.
- D. my uncle didn't want me in his business anymore.

I indicated then

that

- A. it doesn't take a high I.Q. to hold down a public office.
- B. I am not the father of my secretary's child.
- C. it will take me less than two full terms to steal all I need.
- D. I can represent minority interests as well as any other bigot.

To anyone who may still question

my qualifications, I say

- A. let's see you pay as much blackmail as I do and still make ends meet.
- B. most other heavy drinkers wouldn't have done as well as I have.
- C. the job I'm seeking doesn't take any brains, so I'm perfect for it.
- D. yo' mama!!!

We live

in troubled times when

- A. a nice guy with my background could easily wind up in jail,
- B. it's rumored that I used to be Julie Nixon before my sex change operation,
- C. politicians are criticized just for fixing a few traffic tickets,
- D. my neighbor's upset because he found my shoes in his wife's bedroom,

but

luckily, our biggest problems can be solved by my plan

to

- A. have the pending charge against me changed from indecent exposure to simple loitering.
- B. win new friends overseas by giving free dentures to every Arab over 40.
- C. make the Hall of Fame a halfway house so ex-cons like Pete Rose can get in.
- D. eliminate alimony by making it legal to kill my first wife.

Thus, now more

than ever, it is the duty of every patriotic American

to

- A. buy a gun and learn to settle his own problems.
- B. vote for the candidate who runs the most deceptive TV spots.
- C. leave for Australia if I get elected.
- D. provide employment for bums by putting them in Congress.

So go into that polling place on Election

Day remembering

- A. a voting booth is not a public toilet, so behave yourself.
- B. my cheap opponent didn't even offer to bribe you for your vote.
- C. I've done nothing that Michael Milken or Leona Helmsley wouldn't do.
- D. the results of my last sanity test were inconclusive.

Also, bear in mind

that my record is unspoiled by

- A. previous jobs that required wearing a necktie.
- B. any accomplishment that might cause me to become egotistical.
- C. those sickening good deeds that other candidates brag about.
- D. enough education to be lured away to a managerial post at McDonald's.

In

conclusion, let me say

- A. I'll be holding an audition for pom-pom girls in my room tonight.
- B. copies of this speech are available in Spanish for you dumb foreigners.
- C. sending me to Washington may be your best way to get me out of town.
- D. if you're looking for honesty and loyalty, elect a cocker spaniel.

I call upon

my opponent to

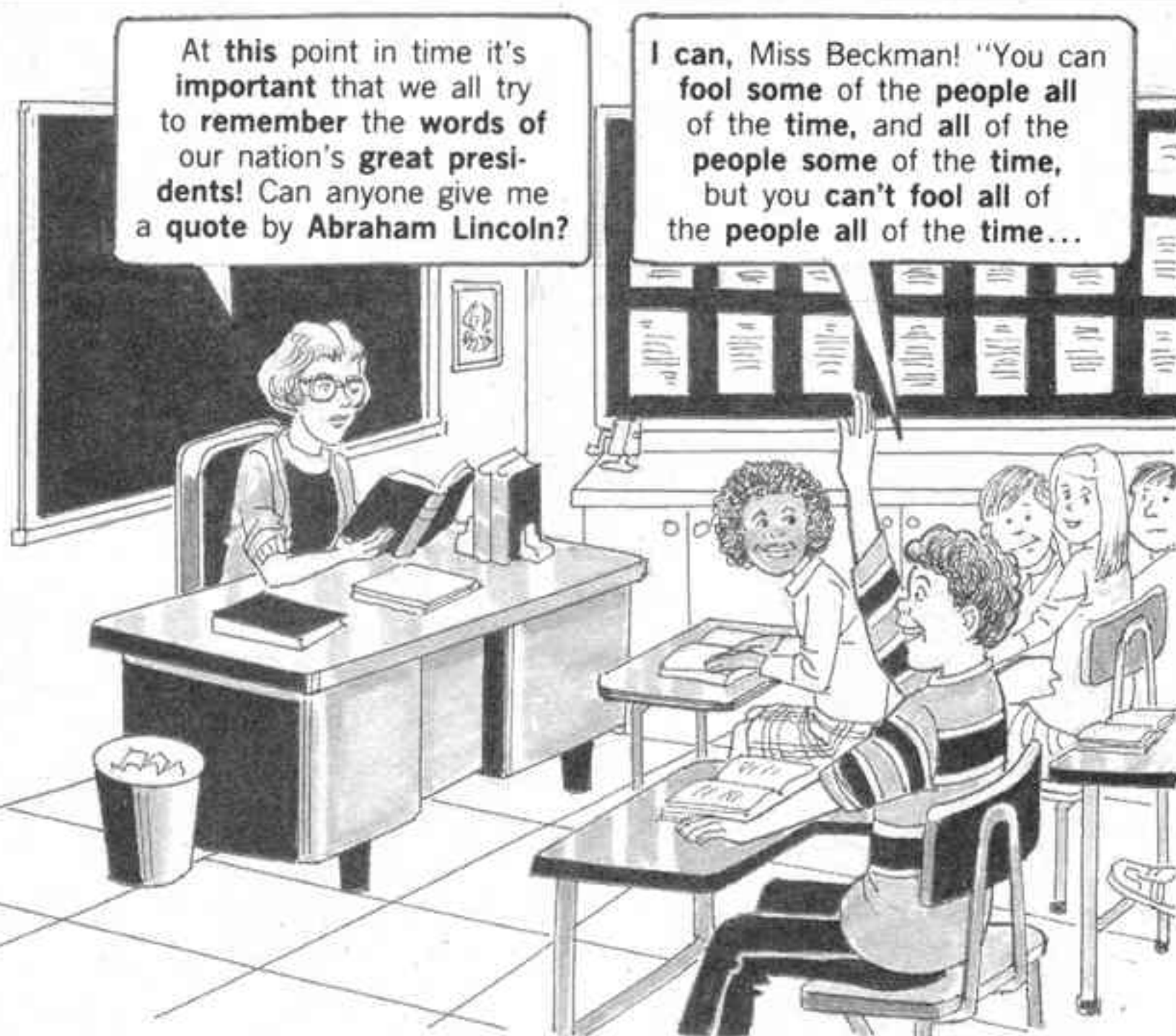
- A. lighten up and stop complaining.
- B. show us what he learned at the Michael Dukakis Charm School.
- C. stroll through Baghdad at night waving an American flag.
- D. avoid asking anyone what I did in Chicago in 1971.

I thank you and urge

all of you to

- A. see the usher about buying a tape of my Grand Jury testimony.
- B. move to another congressional district.
- C. do something about your breath in case we're ever in a room together again.
- D. send your campaign contributions directly to my Swiss bank account.

AWARENESS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

VENDING MACHINES



REAL ESTATE



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

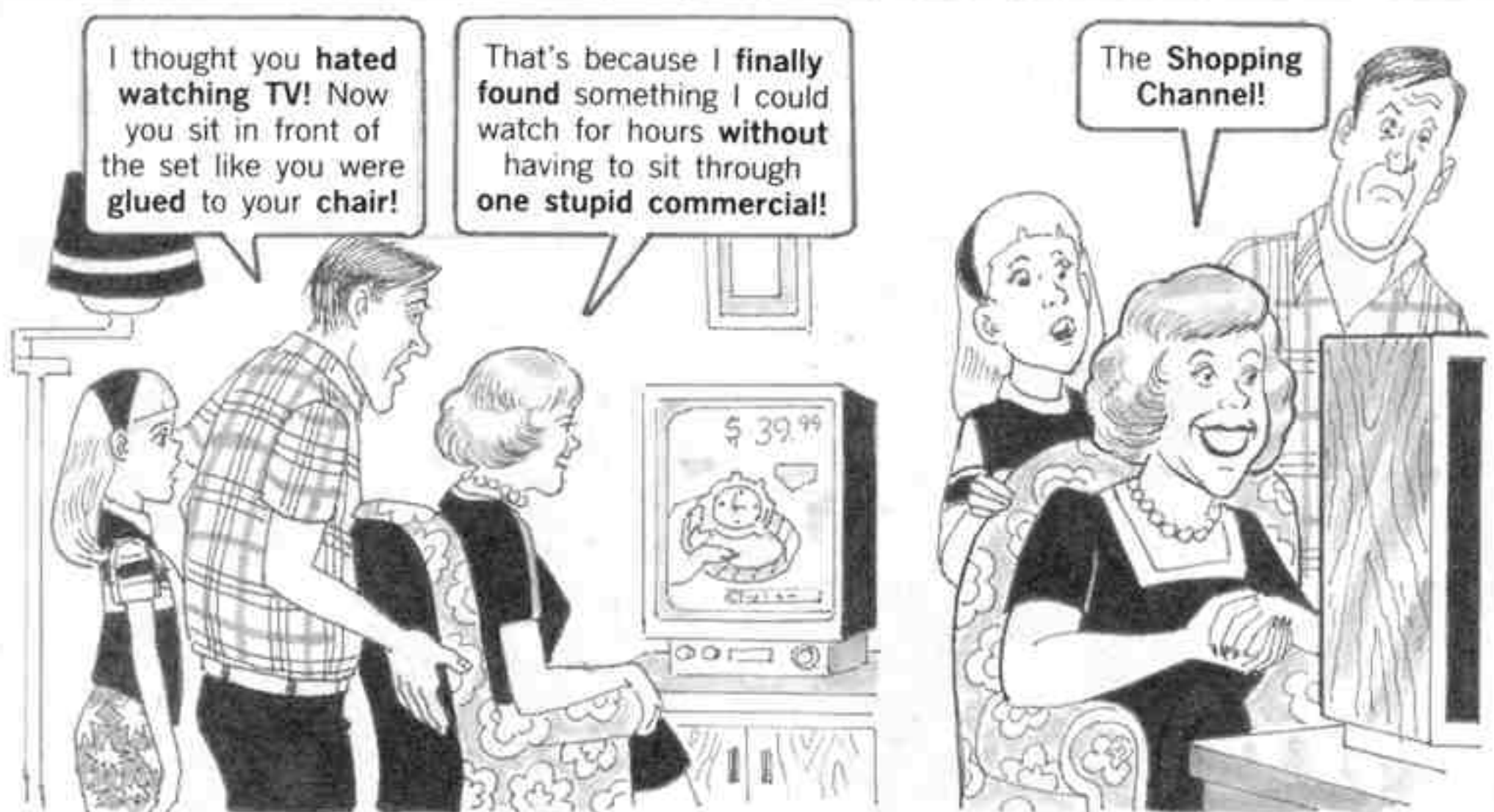
REALITY



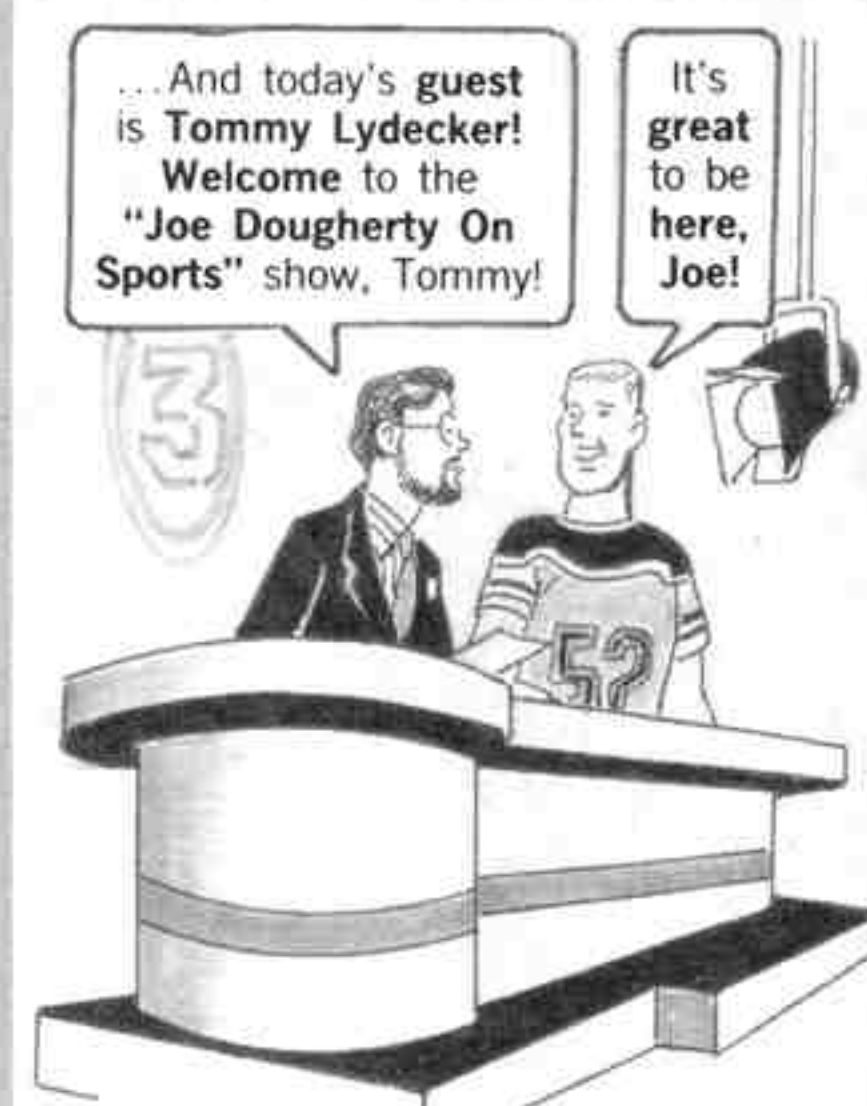
Read my lisp!
Alfred E. Neuman for Prethident!

THINK Alfred for President—
He knows how to spell potato!

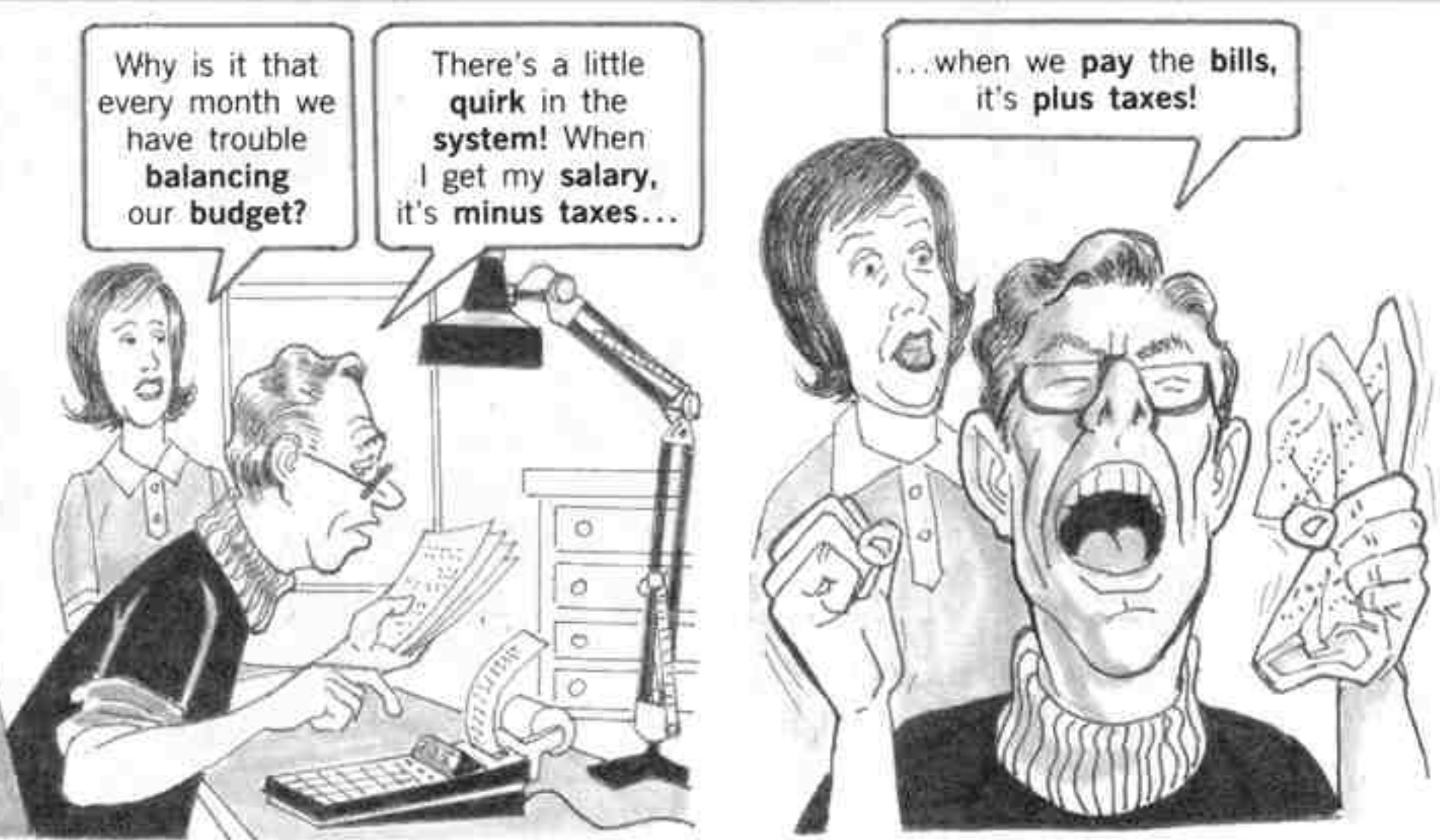
REASONING



ATHLETES



FINANCES



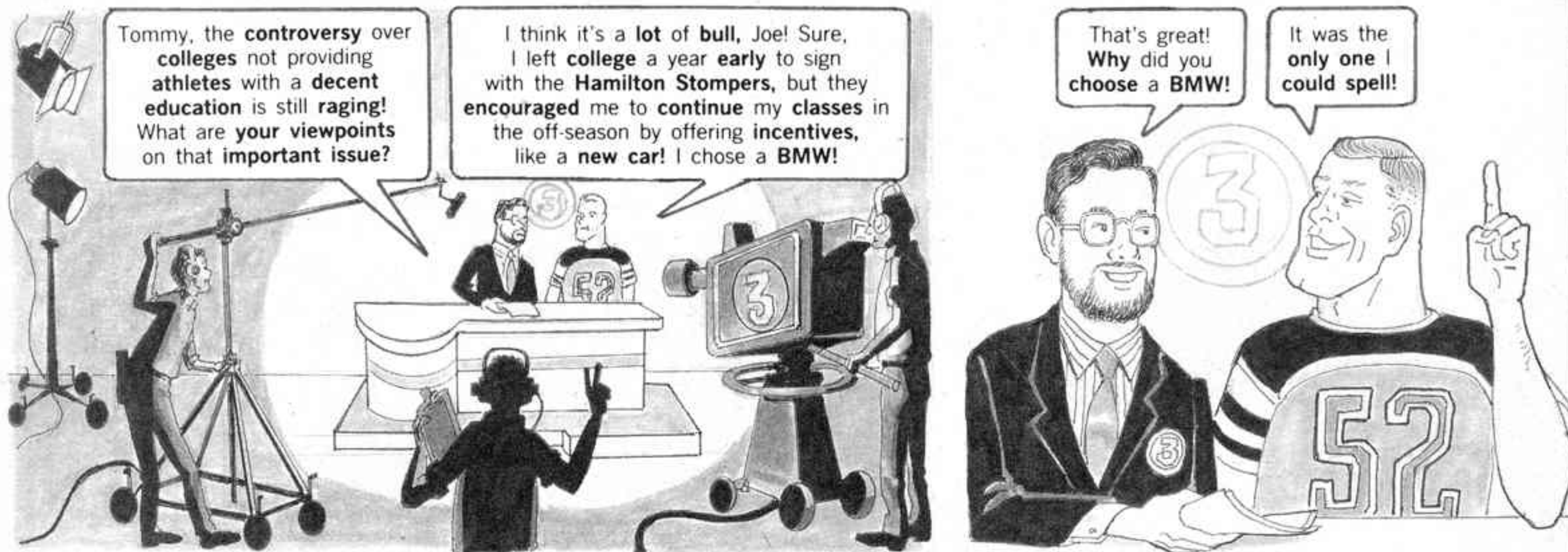
DISCOVERY



JOB INTERVIEWS

 Foreign powers have damaged us long enough!
Why not damage ourselves for a change!
Vote for Alfred!





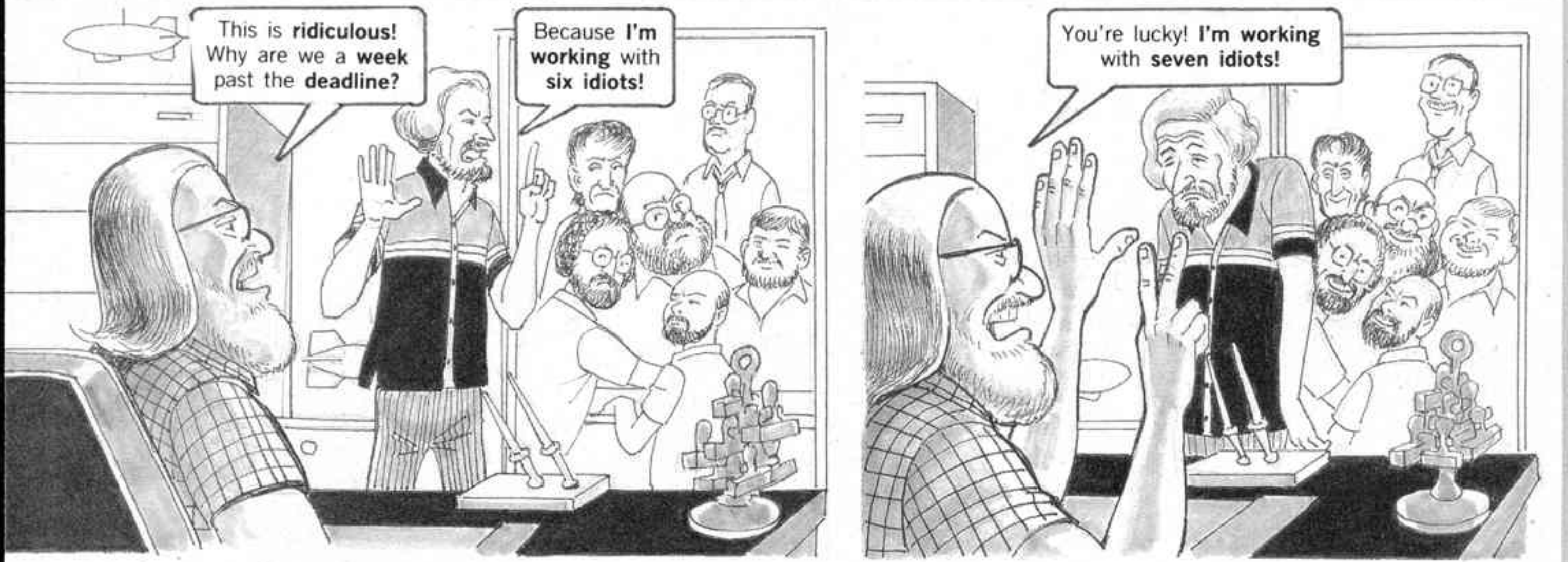
WORK HABITS



STATUS



THE OFFICE



HOUSEWORK

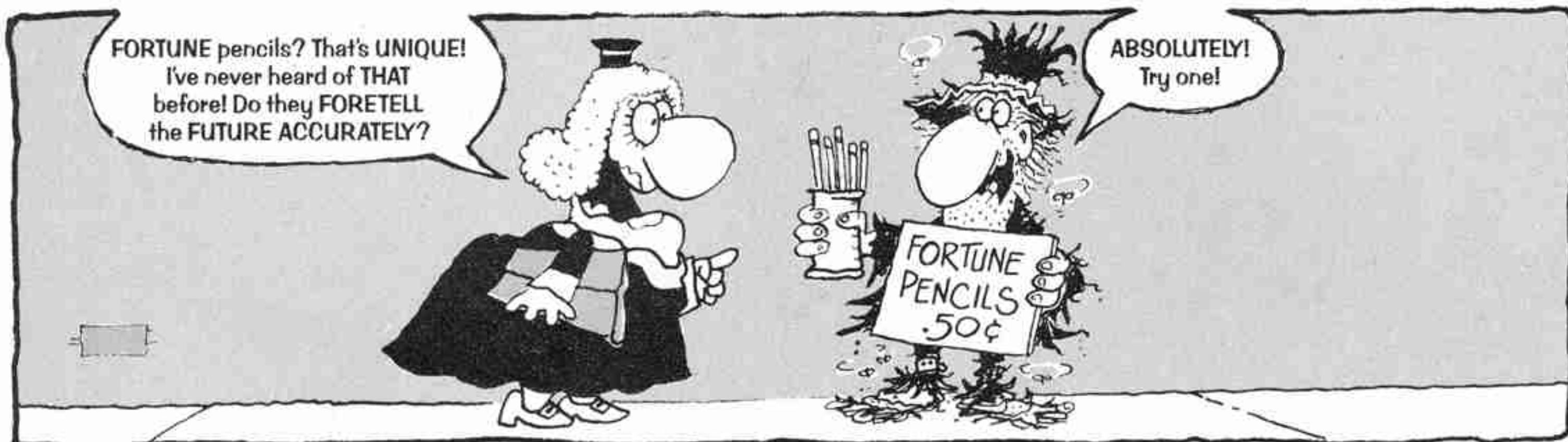


DOCTORS





THE PORTENTOUS PENCIL-PEDDLER'S PROPHECY

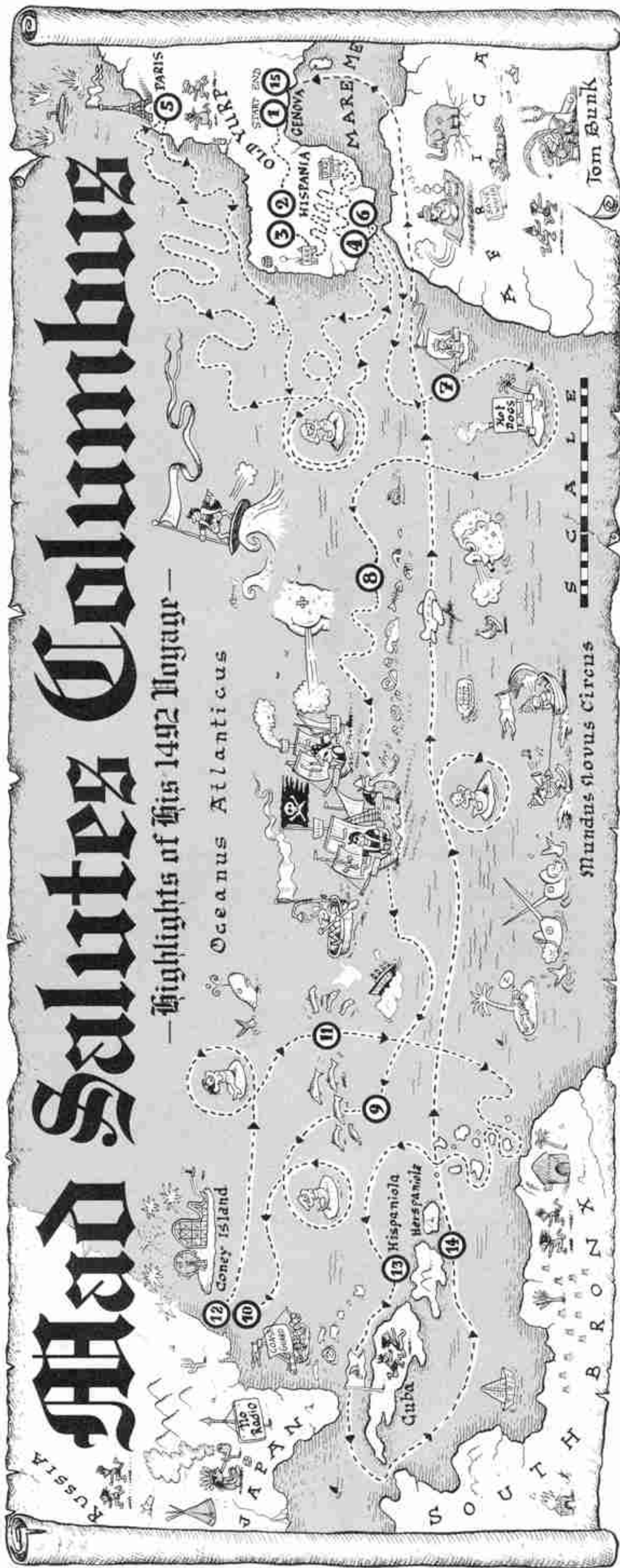


In fourteen hundred ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue;

Five hundred years have now gone by
Since Chris, that cockamamie guy,

Determined that by sailing west
He'd reach the East, or so he guessed;

Let's now retrace his famous trip
And recognize his seamanship... as



Alfred E. Neuman for President!
How much more damage
could he possibly do?

ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Columbus graduates last in his
class from Genoa Seafarers
Academy. Is voted "Most Likely
To Sail Off End of Earth."



Convinced that world is round, Columbus arrives in
Spain with bold scheme to sail west to Asia. When
Queen Isabella refuses to finance trip, Columbus has
his old buddies Vito and Nunzio "lean on her." In
return, they are promised 50% of profits from voyage.

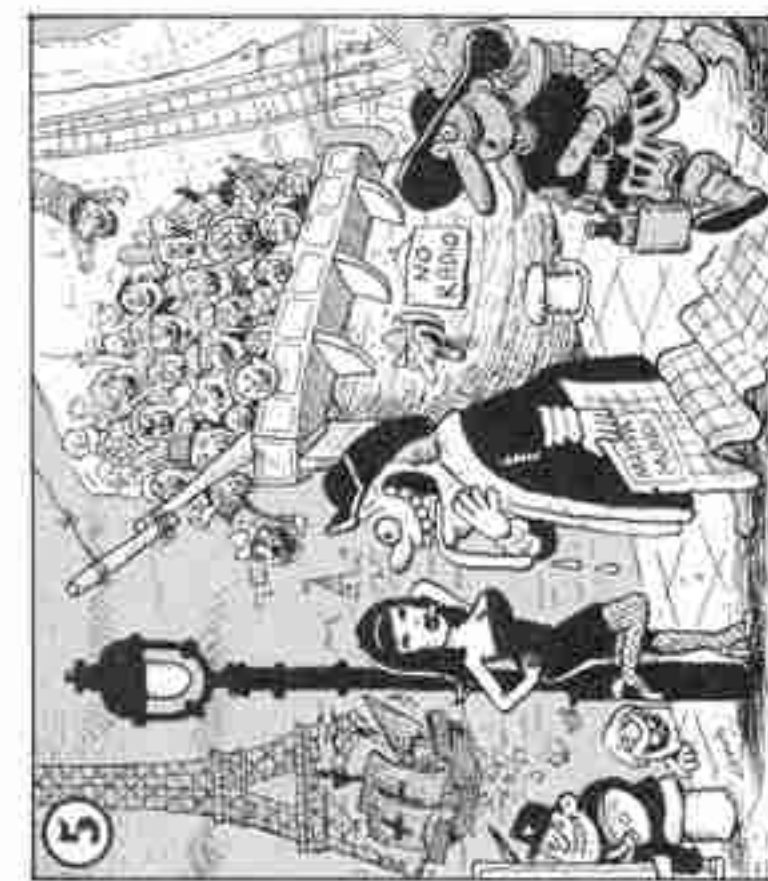


Columbus and Isabella sign deal. He gets
her jewels plus exclusive rights to sell
"I Crossed With Chris" T-shirts. She is
promised 50% of profits from voyage.





Columbus wrangles deal with used-ship dealer "Honest Juan" Perez. Columbus gets Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria. Perez is promised 50% of profits from voyage.



Shouting to his crew, "Westward ho!" Columbus sets sail, winds up three days later in France.



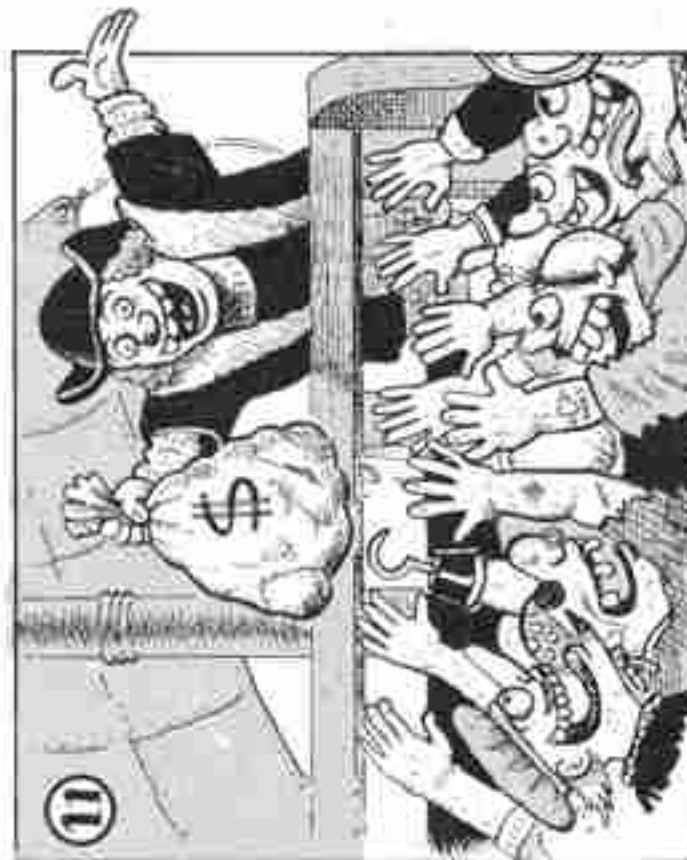
Spaniards in crew, sick of the Columbus diet, threaten mutiny. Columbus agrees to limit pasta to six days per week.



Columbus returns to Spain and buys compass.



Columbus puts down second mutiny and gives ringleaders choice of punishment—either flogging or being forced to listen to accordion music. Ringleaders choose flogging.



To boost morale, Columbus pledges 50,000 pesos from ship's treasury to first man to sight land.



Santa Maria pulls alongside ship of rival explorer Amerigo Vespucci. Columbus cons him into taking polar route. "That's the last we'll hear of that gidrool, Amerigo," Columbus later tells crew.



Columbus is first to sight land.



Columbus arrives in New World. War nearly erupts when native chief refuses to let sex-starved crewmen near topless native maidens. Chief gives okay after Columbus promises him 50% of profits from voyage.



His work done, Columbus sails home. Spain will soon be familiar with a wide variety of New World fruits and crops. Natives will soon be familiar with a wide variety of European diseases.

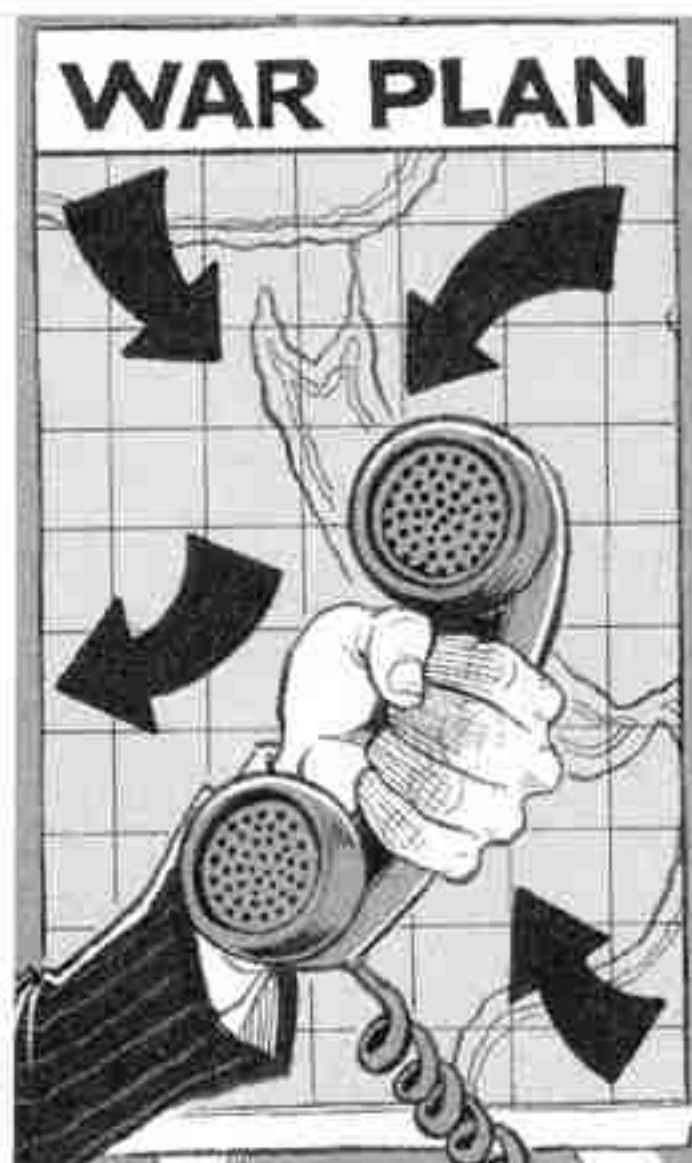


Columbus keeps 100% of profits from voyage.

When should we believe **PRESIDENT BUSH**?



When he says he wants to make the United States a "kinder, gentler nation"?



OR When he says "Send in the troops!" every 6 months?

When should we believe **MICHAEL JACKSON**?



When he sings "Don't matter if you're Black or White"?



OR When he shows up another shade "lighter" after his latest chemical skin-peel?

HYPOCRITIC OAFS DEPT.

Sometimes people lie. Sometimes people tell the truth. But sometimes, people lie and tell the truth on the same subject at different times! (Like, for example, *BEFORE* and *AFTER* an election!) So, the question we ought to be asking about these people is not the usual "WHY should we believe," but rather...

WHEN SHOULD

When should we believe **DONALD TRUMP**?



When he writes a book telling us all what a financial genius he is?



OR When he has to beg his bankers to "re-structure" his debt because he's broke?

When should we believe **AMERICAN VOTERS**?

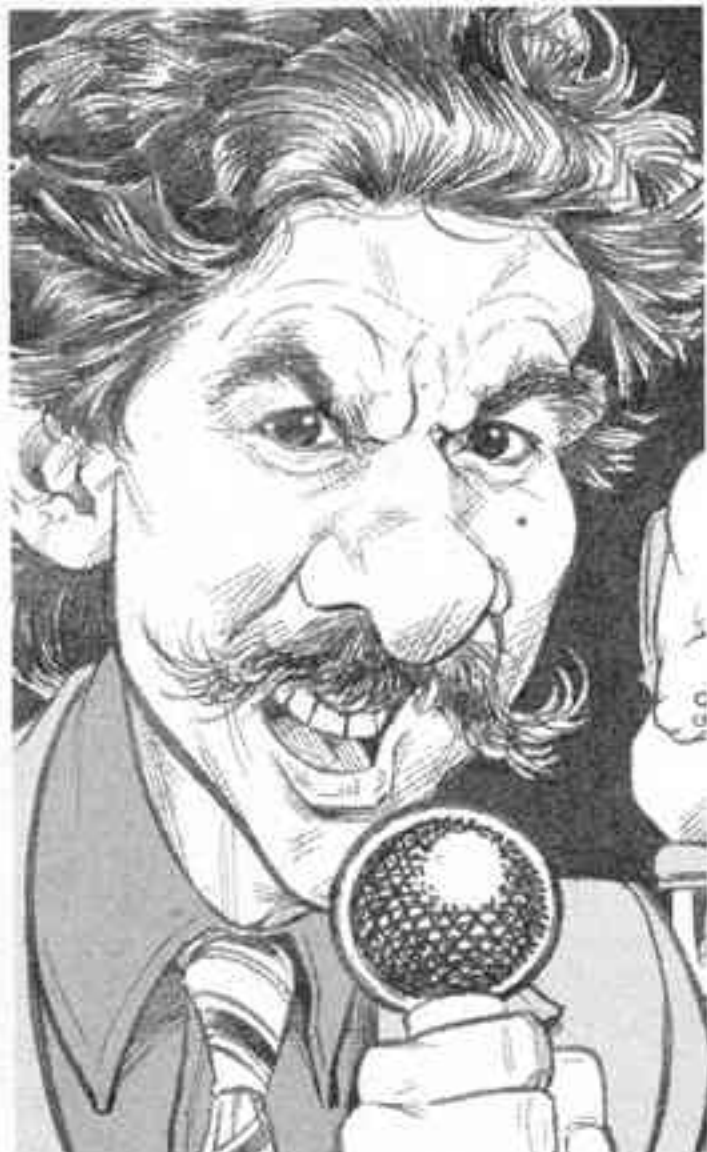


When 90% of them tell the pollsters they're disgusted with the crooks in Congress?



OR When they re-elect 90% of these very same crooks every 2 years?

When should we believe **GERALDO RIVERA**?



When he defends himself to the public as being a "serious journalist"?



When he brings us an endless array of sexual misfits, deviant topics and garden variety morons?

OR

When should we believe **MERRILL LYNCH**?



When their ads keep assuring us they're "Bullish on America"?



When their computerized trading program triggers a stock market panic?

OR

☒ **Alfred E. Neuman**—the "E" could stand for "Electable!"

DO WE BELIEVE...?

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

When should we believe **MADONNA**?



When she appears in public-service ads for AIDS education and prevention?



When she practically demonstrates how to get AIDS in her music videos and her live stage act?

OR

When should we believe **GEN. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF**?



When he assumes his air of "Aw, shucks" modesty about the Gulf War victory?



When he hires a publicist, a book agent and a beautician?

OR

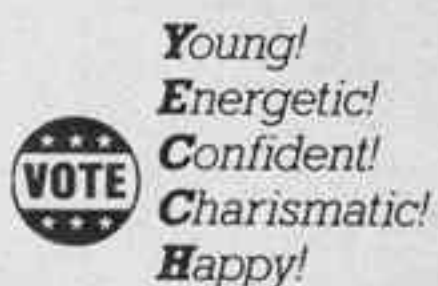
FEETING FRENZY DEPT.

Dance crazes come and go. For a while The Twist was big. Then it was The Jerk, The Frug, the Mashed potato and The Hustle. Later it was The Moonwalk, Breakdancing, The Lambada (*The Forbidden Dance of Love*) and Vogueing. The problem with all of these dances, however, was that you had to take time out from your busy schedule to go out and learn how to do them. We at MAD think this is a big, big waste of time, especially since humans are instinctively familiar with many nifty musical moves already! Here is just a small smattering of some...

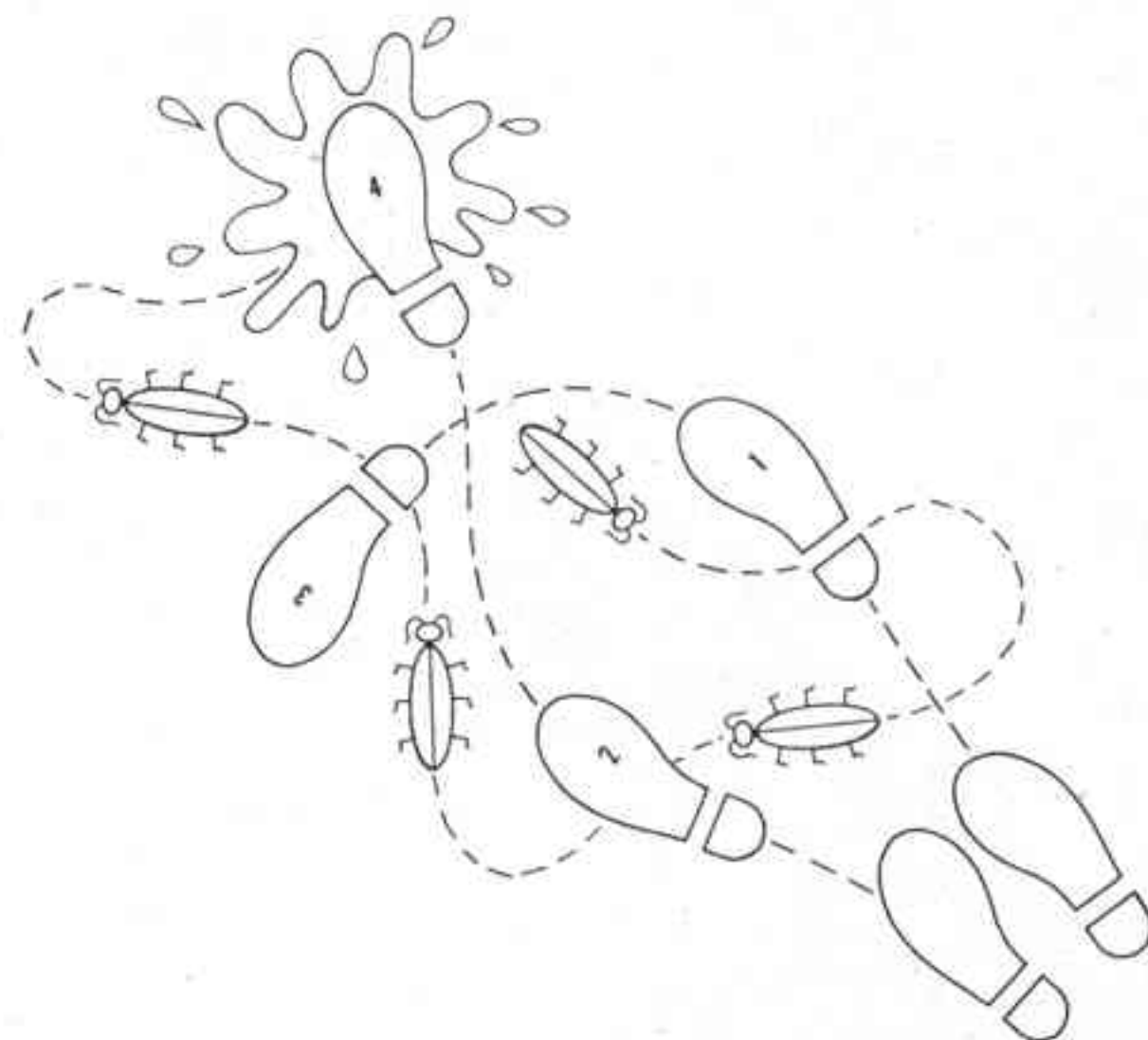
DANCE STEPS WE ALL KNOW

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

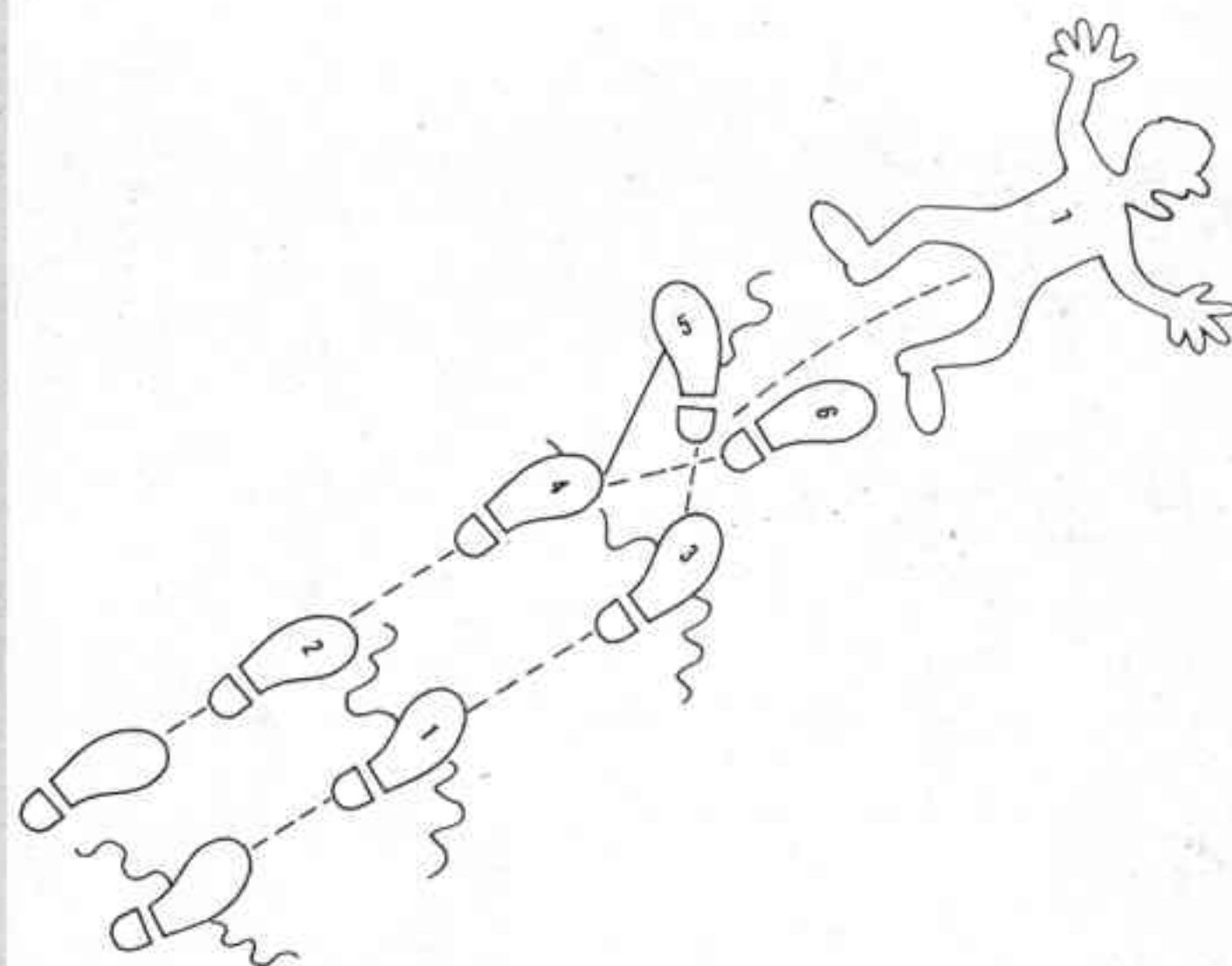
WRITER: DARREN JOHNSON



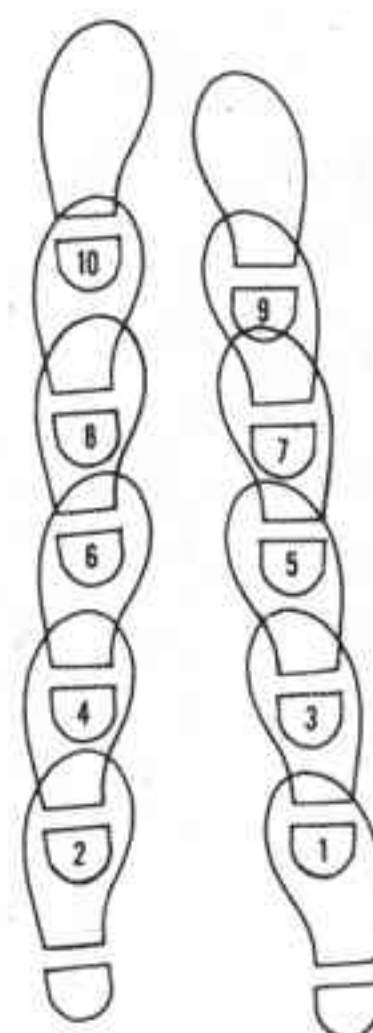
Alfred E. Neuman for President!



The Cockroach Stomp



The Untied Shoelace Stumble

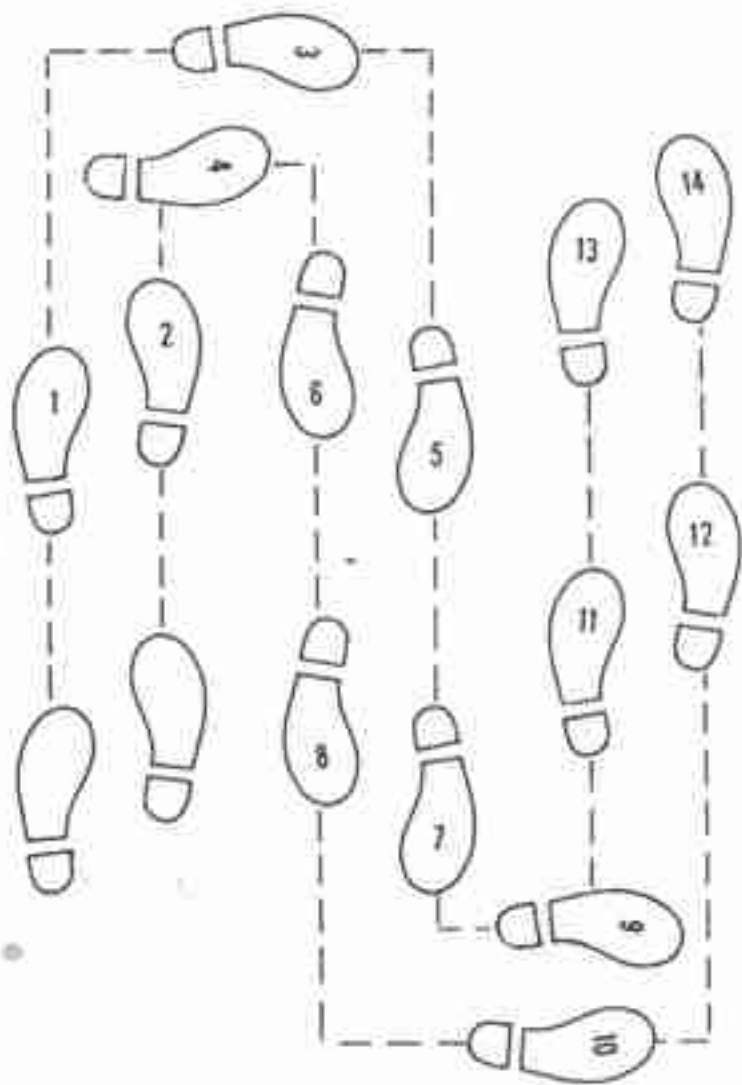


The Slow-Moving Line Drag

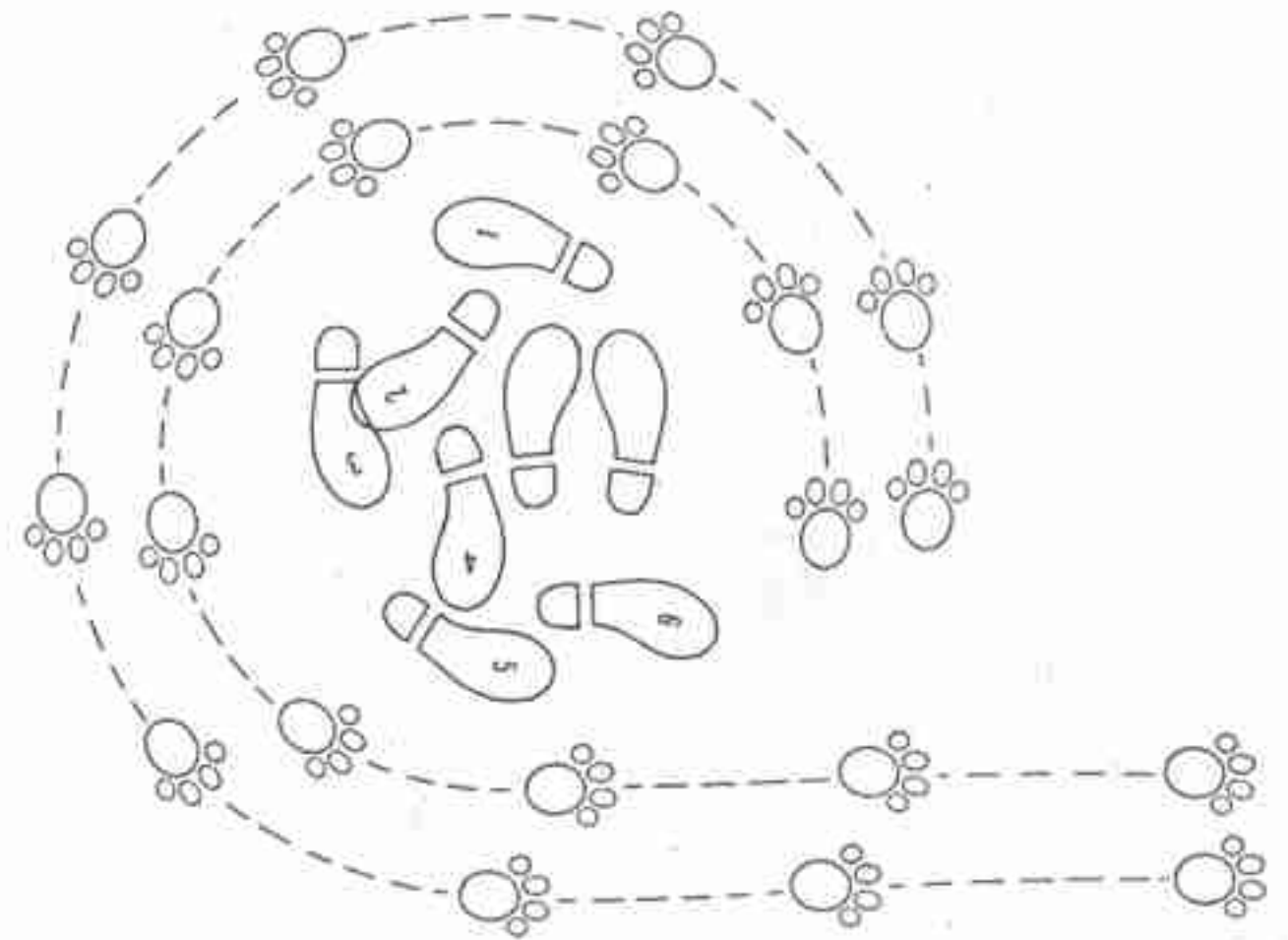


Alfred E. Neuman for President!

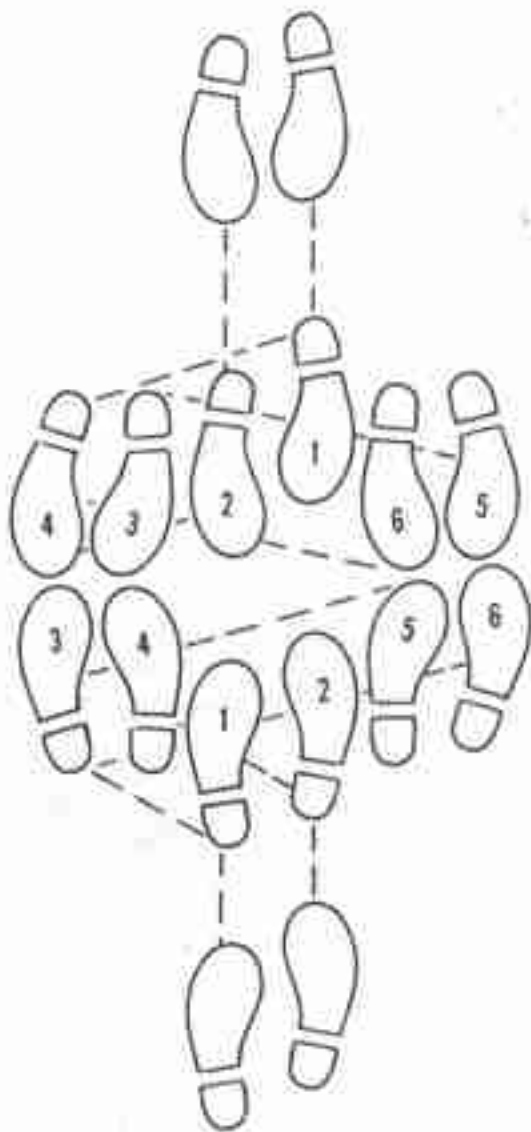
You could do worse! And lots of times, you DID!



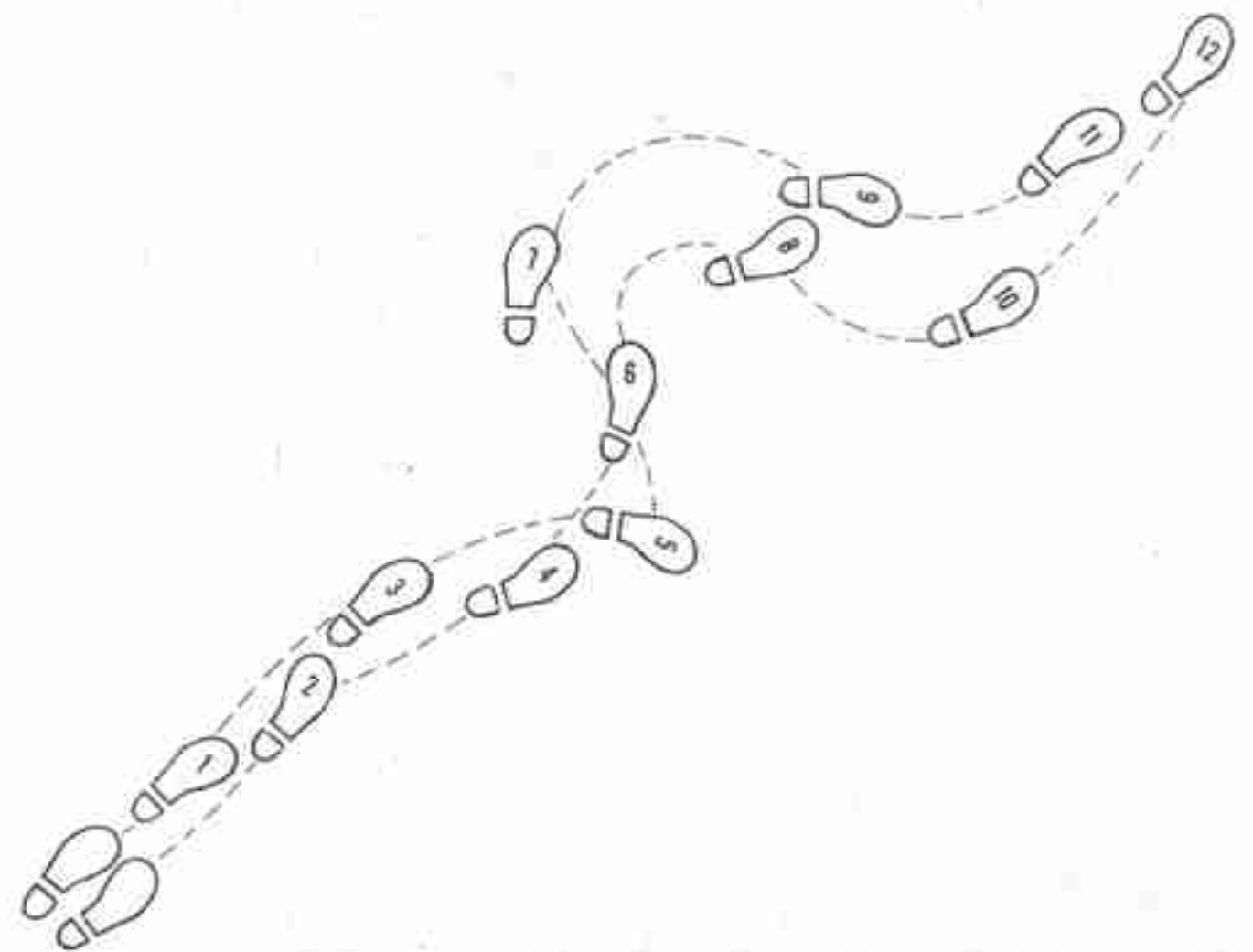
The Bank Maze Mambo



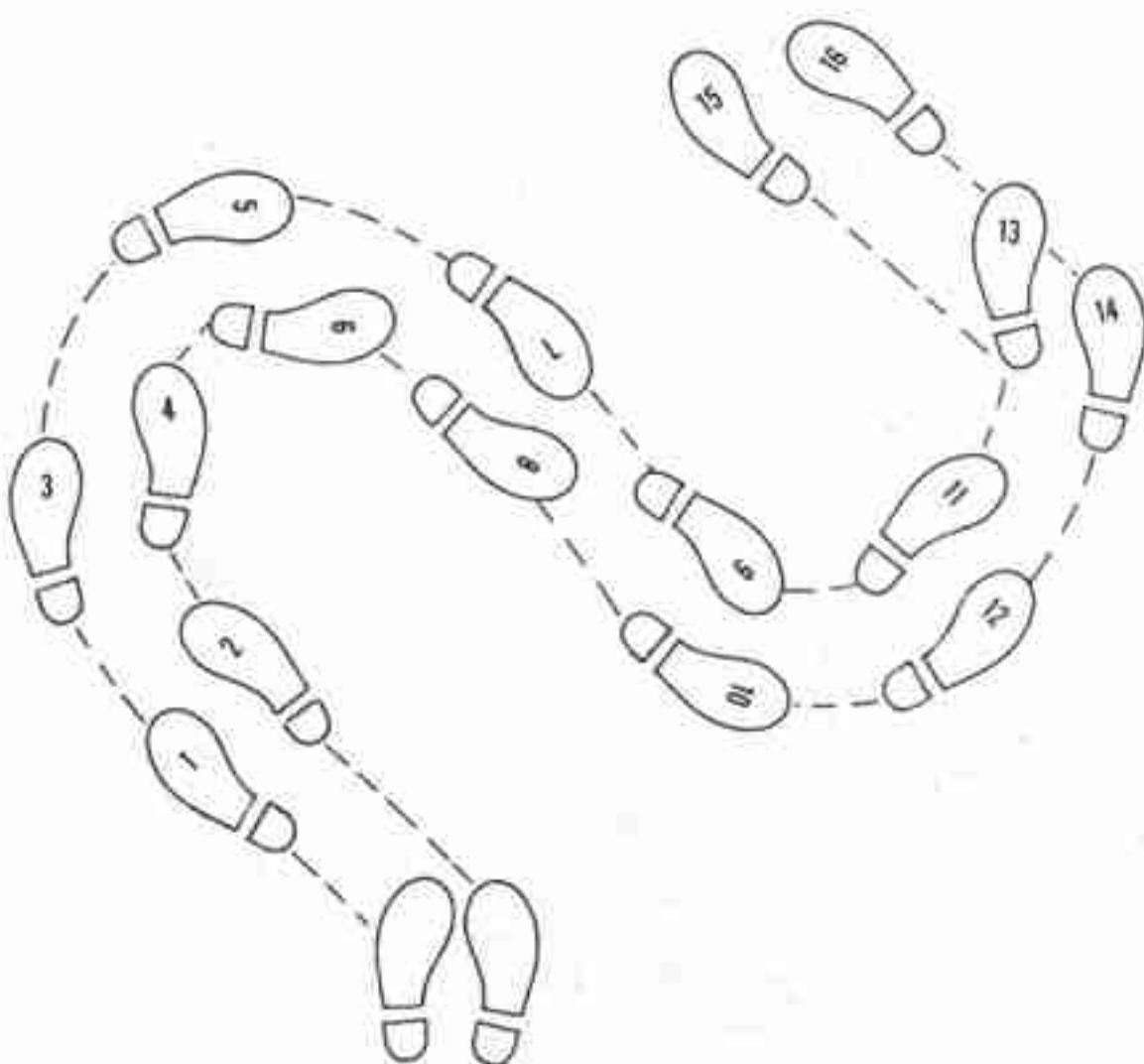
The Dog Leash Spin



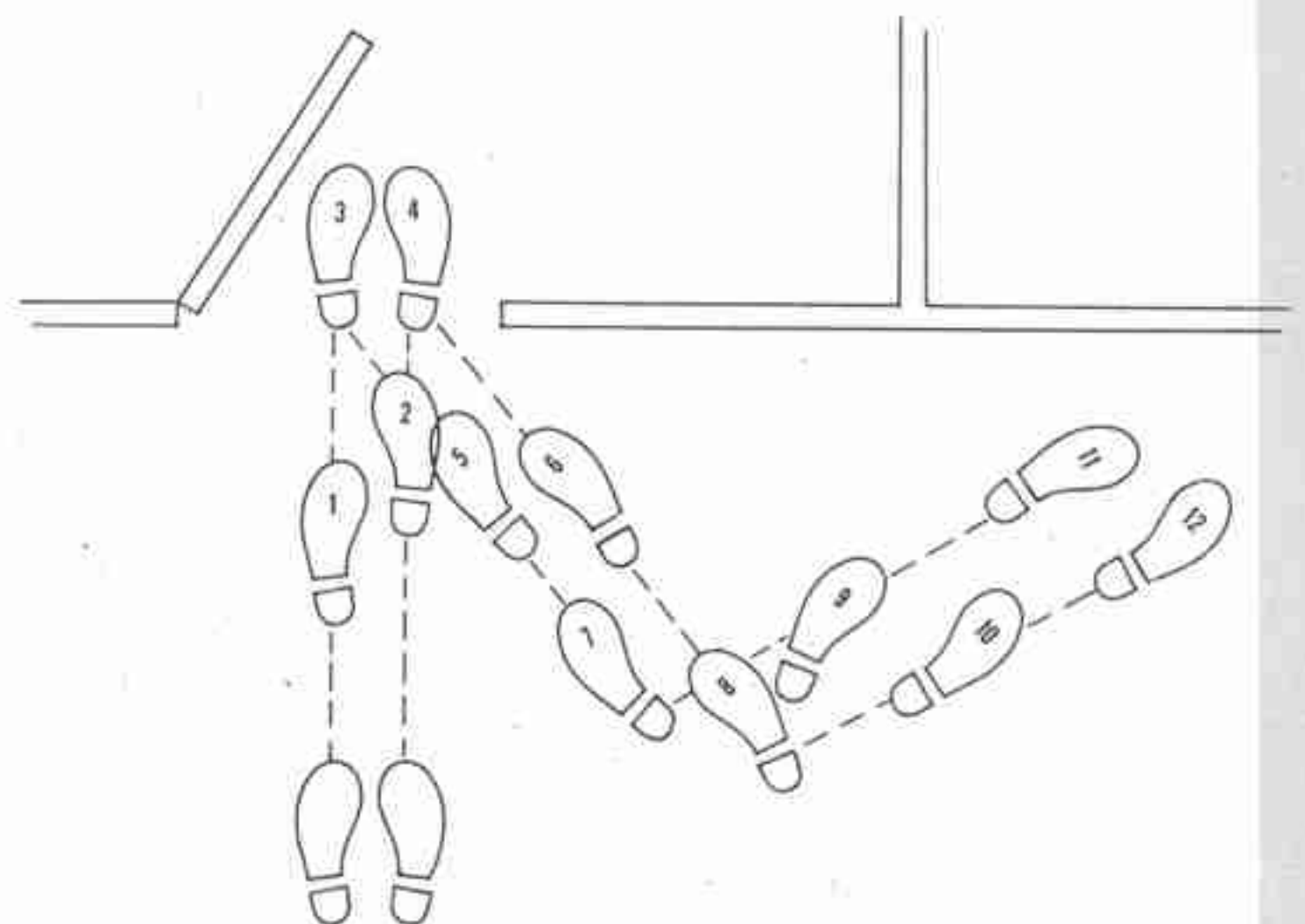
The Passing Strangers' Gavotte



The Failed Sobriety Test Sway

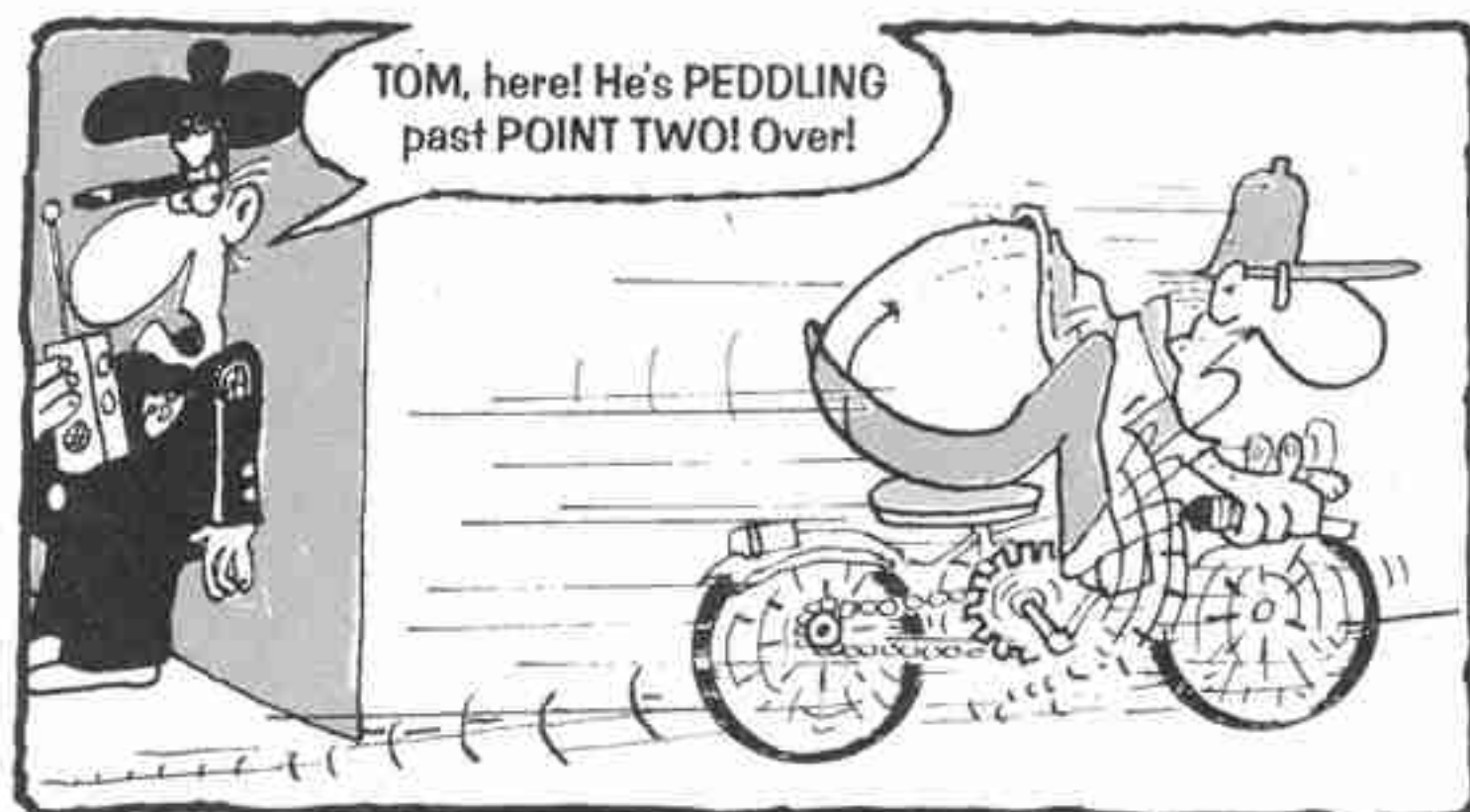
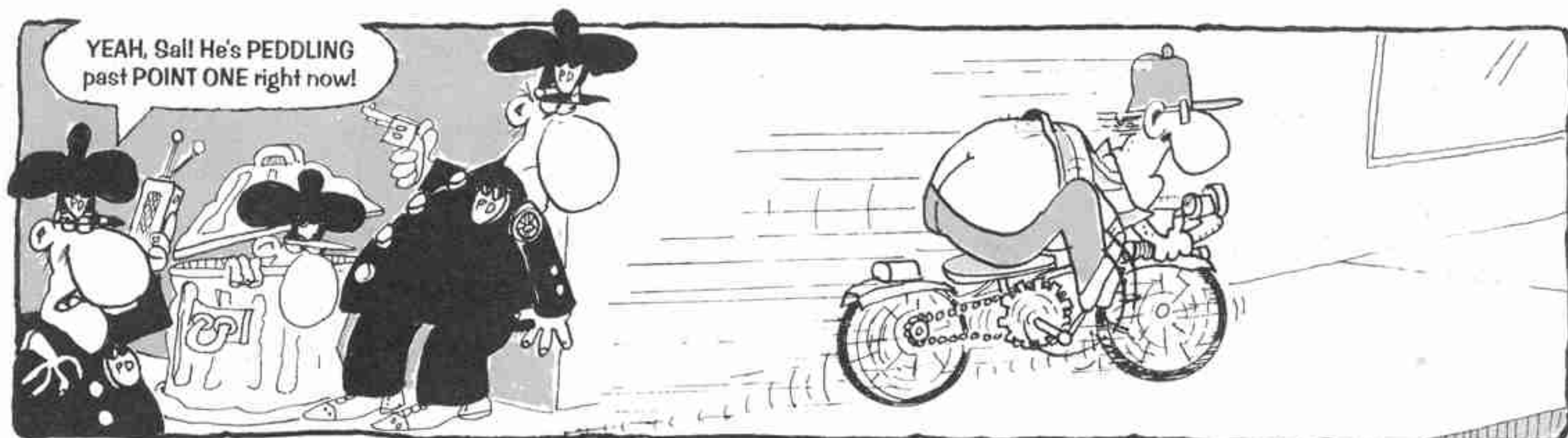


The "See If They Fit" Shoestore Shuffle



The Wrong Restroom Backstep

THE BAFFLING BIKER'S BUGABOO



BRUTE FARCE DEPT.

Welcome to your favorite
muscle launching pad!
And poised for the
blast off are: BICEPS,
CHEST, NECK, BUTTOCKS,
CALVES, TRICEPS, ABS...

LATS, THIGHS, and PECS!
They're big, they're
bulky, they're
steamy and mainly,
they're full of
hot air! They're...

AMERICAN RADIATORS

I completely
forgot which
Radiator I am!

Don't worry! Your
name is printed
on your uniform!

That's just great!
Now if only
I knew how to read!

Did you notice
one of the
wooden benches
is missing from
the weight room?

I ate it! My
body had
this wild
craving
for fiber!

And I ate
the sink,
just like
you told
me to!

You ate the
sink? Idiot,
I said
eat some
"zinc"!

Listen, it can't
hurt! His body
may be
porcelain
deficient!

I took 280
different
vitamin
pills
today!

Gee, I don't
think it's
wise to
cut down
all at once!

Hello, everyone! I'm Mite Ailingly! I got this job because I don't know enough about real sports to be a commentator on a major network, and I'm too dull and uninteresting to be an announcer for professional wrestling! So you're stuck with me as host on this pseudo sports show!

And I'm Hairy Sanka, co-host! My former career as a pro football player has taught me to respect the rights of 6-foot, 8-inch, 300 pound behemoths to bully and humiliate those smaller than themselves!



Here's how we picked our American Radiator challengers—each contestant was given one minute to do 50 sit-ups, 50 pushups, and 50 chin-ups!

Those who did without throwing up were eligible!

Trying to do all those exercises in 60 seconds made you sick too, huh?

No, I'm sick because they just showed me the remains of the last show's contestants!

50 sit-ups
50 pushups
50 chin-ups



People ask if our challengers also have to pass a low self-esteem test that assures us they don't mind being humiliated in front of millions of TV viewers...

...and the answer is no! The fact that they voluntarily apply to be on this show automatically qualifies them in that category!



Do you design the sets on this show?

Who, me? No, I'm in the costume department!

Then why do you have paint and a paintbrush?

'Cause Spandex isn't tight enough for the Radiator's costumes, so we paint them on!

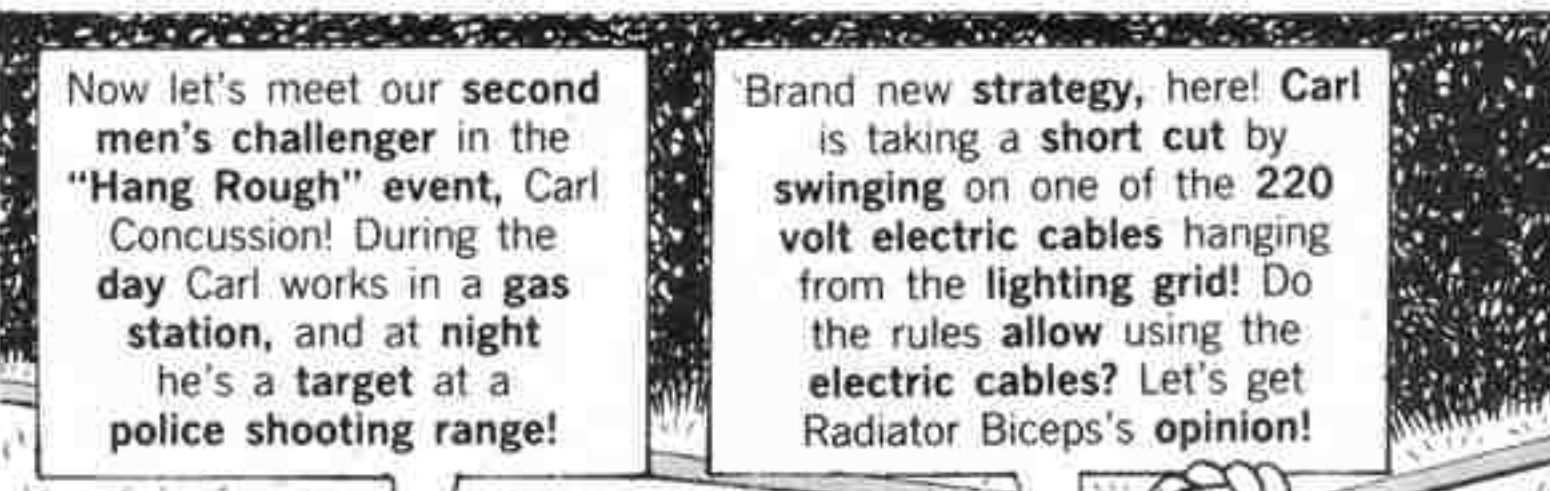
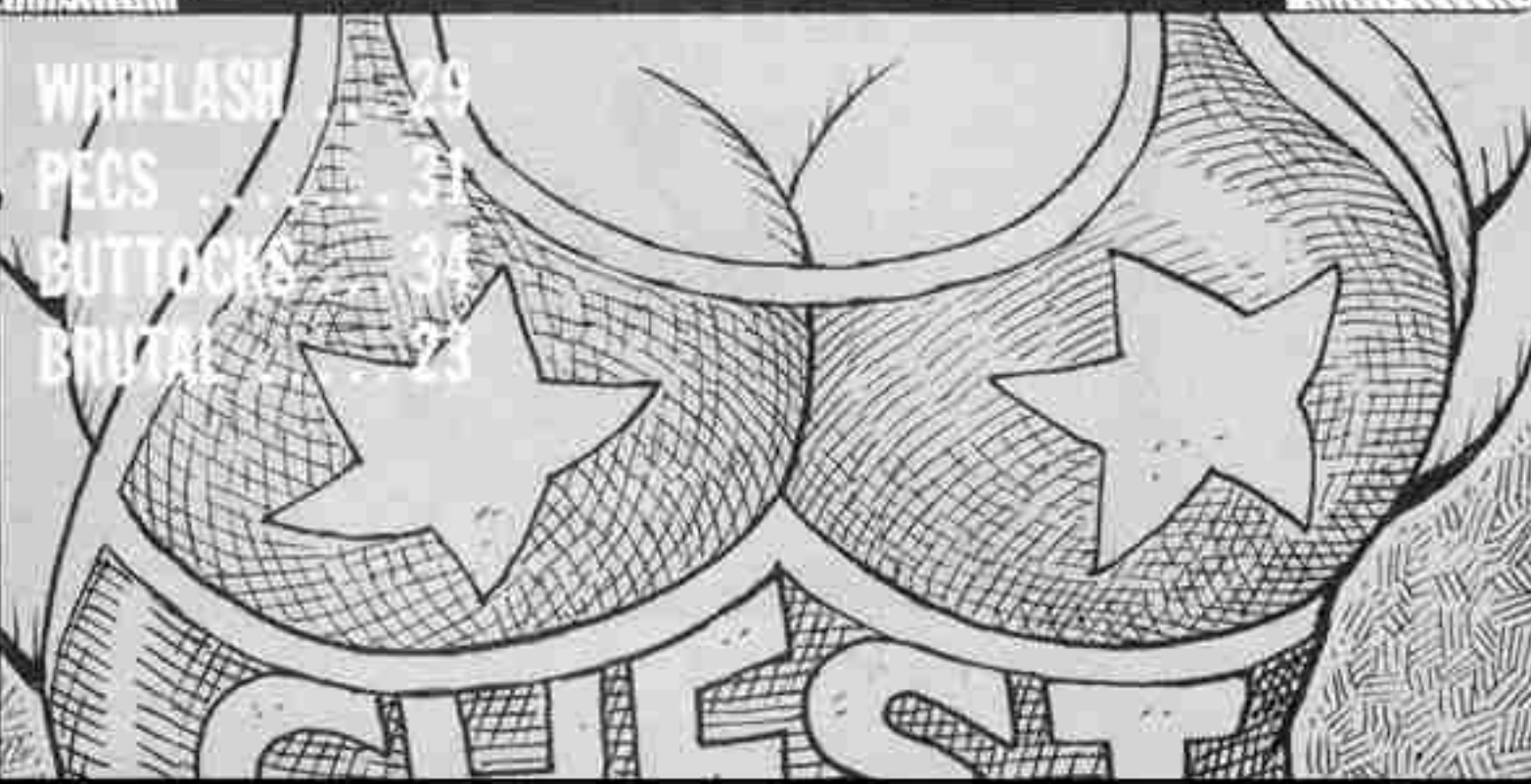
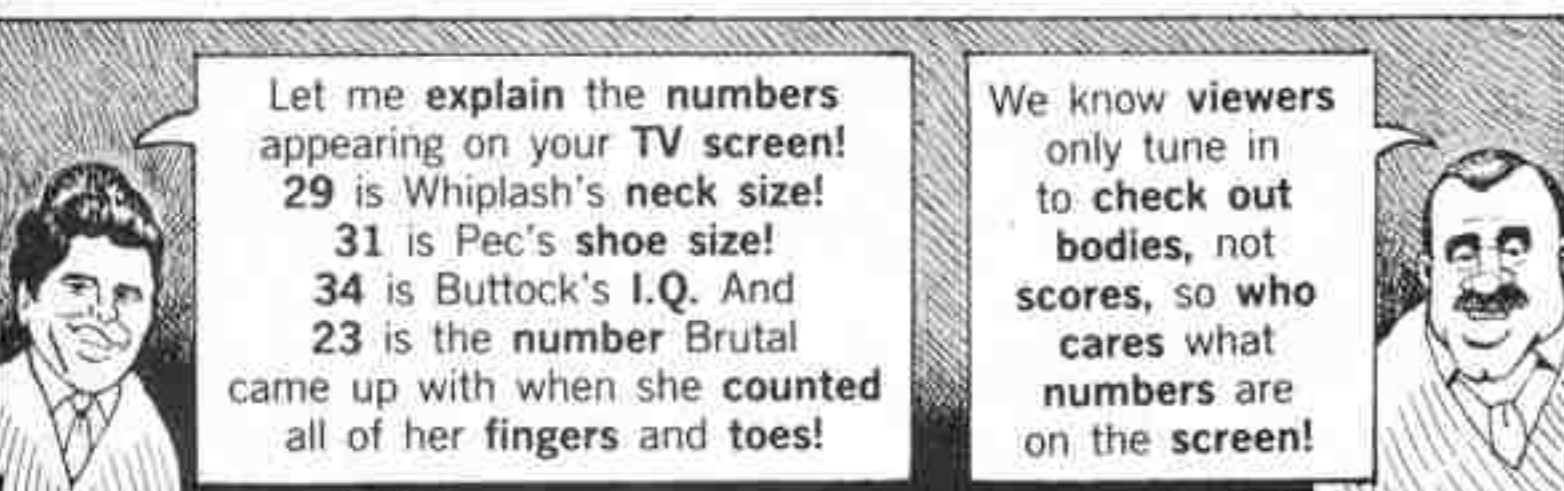
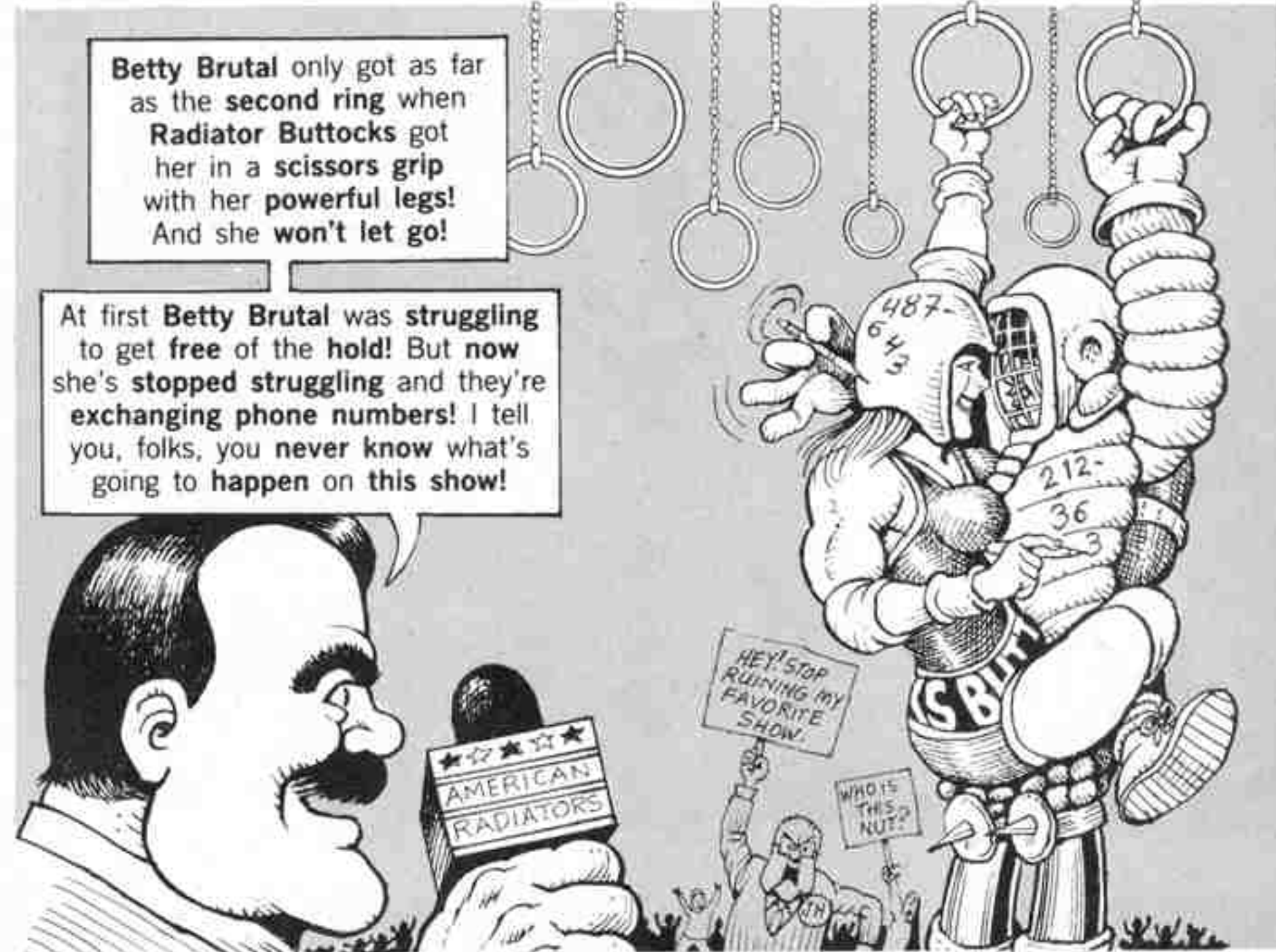
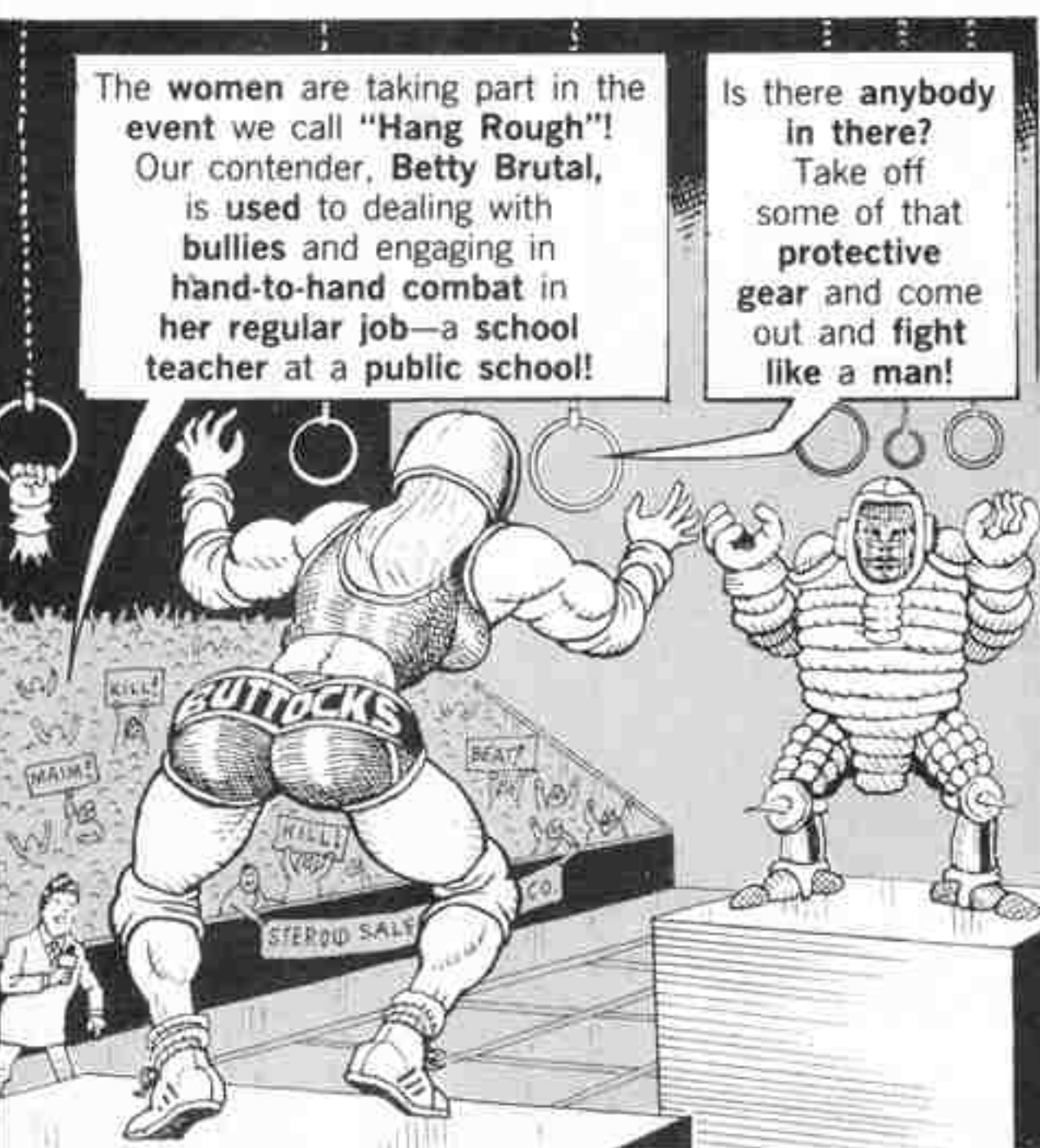
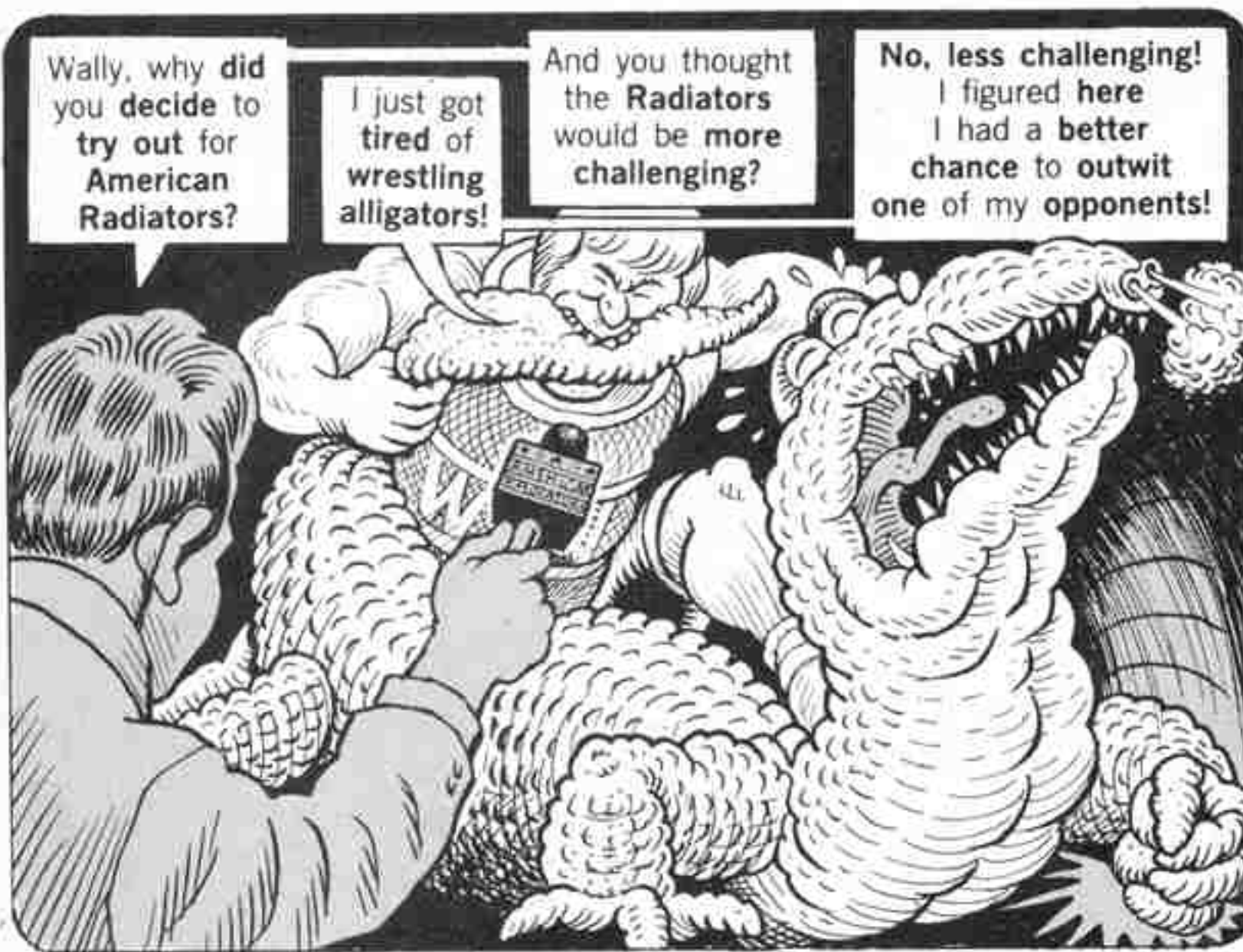


Contender Wally Whiplash is facing Radiator Pecs for the first event, the "Jest"! They're both equipped with large sticks capped with feathers! the object is to tickle each other until someone laughs hard enough to fall off the pad!

This event isn't as interesting to watch as it sounds when we describe it, so let's run some footage to show a little background on our challenging challenger, Wally Whiplash, instead!



Support recycling!
Vote for Alfred in '92 and '96!



Mite, the rules definitely do not allow contenders to swing on the electric cables, but I don't think Carl should have any points taken away from him! The fact that he's been electrocuted is enough to satisfy me!

Good sport, that Biceps! Let's go on to our next men's event...

...the "Atlas-shmear"! Here's Wally Whiplash! Since Carl Concussion's dead, his mother is standing in for him! The contenders have to roll their metal cages onto the scoring pods!

But today they have an added challenge! Two of our metal spheres are out for repair, so our challengers will have to go the route on foot!

You could have been squashed like a pea, Mrs. Concussion! But Radiator Triceps rolled completely in the other direction! Yes, you're a lucky lady to have scored!

It wasn't luck, it was brains! I sprinkled a bag of "steroid munchies" on the opposite side of the arena! I knew those pumped-up pea-brains couldn't resist 'em!



Let's have a look at our contenders as they work out in the gym between events!

If they're exhausted from one event, shouldn't they be resting for their next event instead of knocking themselves out like this?

Hey, I said they were strong! I never said they were smart!



While we get ready for... uh, Hairy, what's the name of the event where they climb the wall?

Oh, that's called the "Wall Climb" event!

Thanks a lot! While the contenders get ready, let's bring our viewers up-to-date on the scoring!

The women are climbing the wall and the cameramen are getting some great shots with our "Tush-cam"!



Two female Radiators are in hot pursuit, trying to prevent the contenders from scoring! And two men from the audience are also in hot pursuit, also trying to score!

By the way, any prize money a contestant wins is taken directly out of the Radiator's salary! That's how we get them to be such fierce competitors!



While that event finishes and we make up a new score, let's take a few moments out for a Golden Radiator Moment! Just like our slow motion replays, it's another wonderful time killer!

Right! And not only does it kill time, but it also gives our tricky lawyers a chance to review the recent events for some upcoming negligence trials!



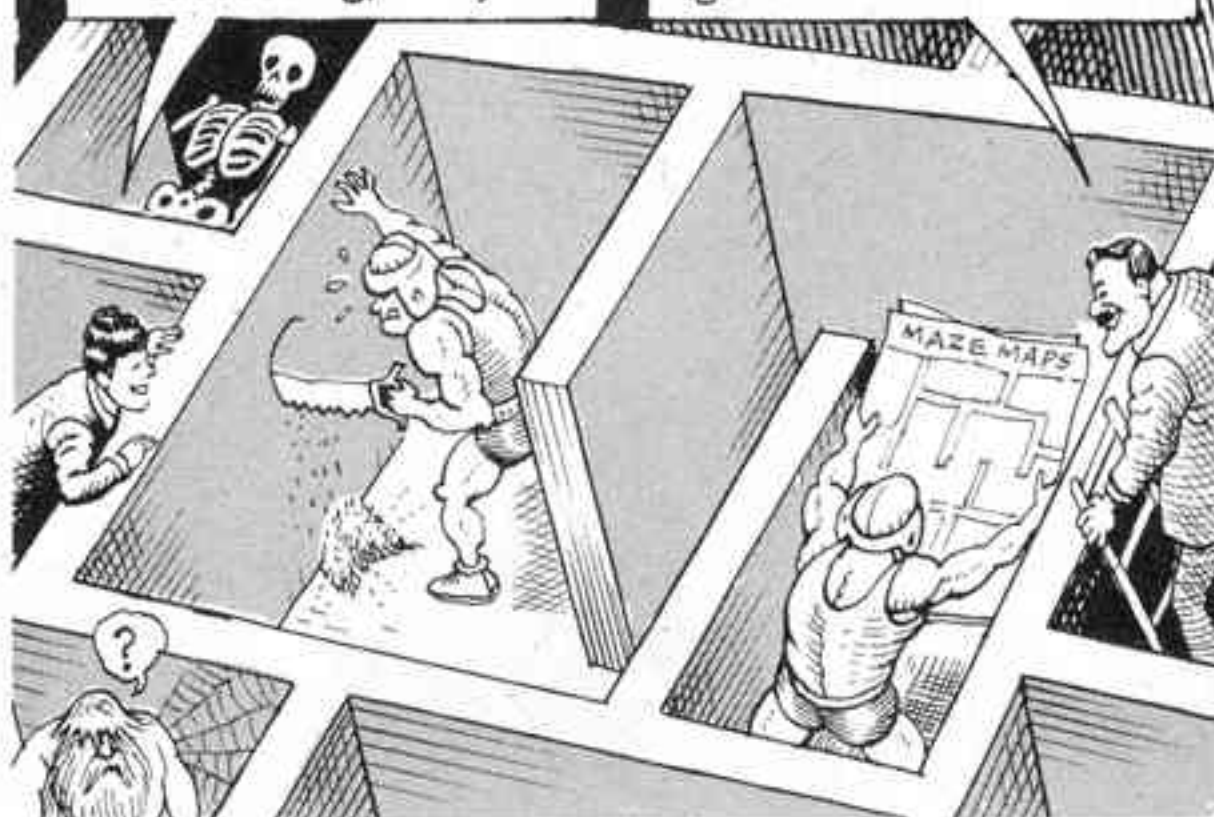
I'll never forget challenger Ken Kong! He made it through four events without getting injured even once, so I was plenty mad! By yanking down hard on his legs, I was able to dislocate both his arms! Believe me, it was a moment I'll always cherish!





The men are poised in The Amazed, a complex labyrinth of narrow, dead end passages with Radiators waiting to stop them! What are their chances of succeeding, Hairy?

Zero! Zilch! Zip! Nada! This maze was designed without a solution! It doesn't even have the fire exit required by law! So let's just fuhgettaboutit and go over to the women!



How are you feeling as you enter the final Round?

I'm going to let it all hang out! I'm going for the gold! I'm gonna take charge! I'm gonna kick butt! I'm really psyched! When the going gets tough, the tough get going! It's not how you play the game, it's how you win!

That's it! You just won the "Woman's Cliché Final"! You delivered the most clichés ever spoken within a five-second "get ready" period!



Hold it, Mite! She won in the "Most Clichés Delivered By An Amateur" category only! I hold the record for "Most Clichés Delivered By A Pro"! I tell it like it is! I don't pull any punches! I call it the way I see it! Let the chips...

Alright! Alright! We know you hold the professional record! And even if you didn't, you just won it! Give it a rest, already!



In this final challenge, you must run up the down treadmill, transverse the twirling tubes, careen across the cargo net, race for the ropes, and sidestep all the slimy spit balls spewed in your direction by two Radiators who haven't showered since yesterday...

...or you can face the alternate challenge of naming five of this nation's fifty states!

We'll take the easy way out!

Yeah, we'll take the first challenge!



This is the challenge, Contenders—you must escort these Junior Radiators from one end of the mall to the opposite end!

That's it? That's the whole thing? That's nothing!

Wait! You must escort those kids through this shopping mall without letting any of them buy even one piece of American Radiator merchandise!



Right! That means no Radiator Dolls! No Radiator Playsets! No Radiator Video games! No Radiator Bubble Gum Cards! No Radiator Action Figures! No Radiator Jousting Sticks! No Radiator Dress-Up Kits! No Radiator Collectables! No Radiator Helmets...

Forget it! There's no way it can be done! We're losers!

They've finally come up with the impossible event!



Henry VIII



Oedipus



THE PRATTLE OF THE SEXES DEPT.

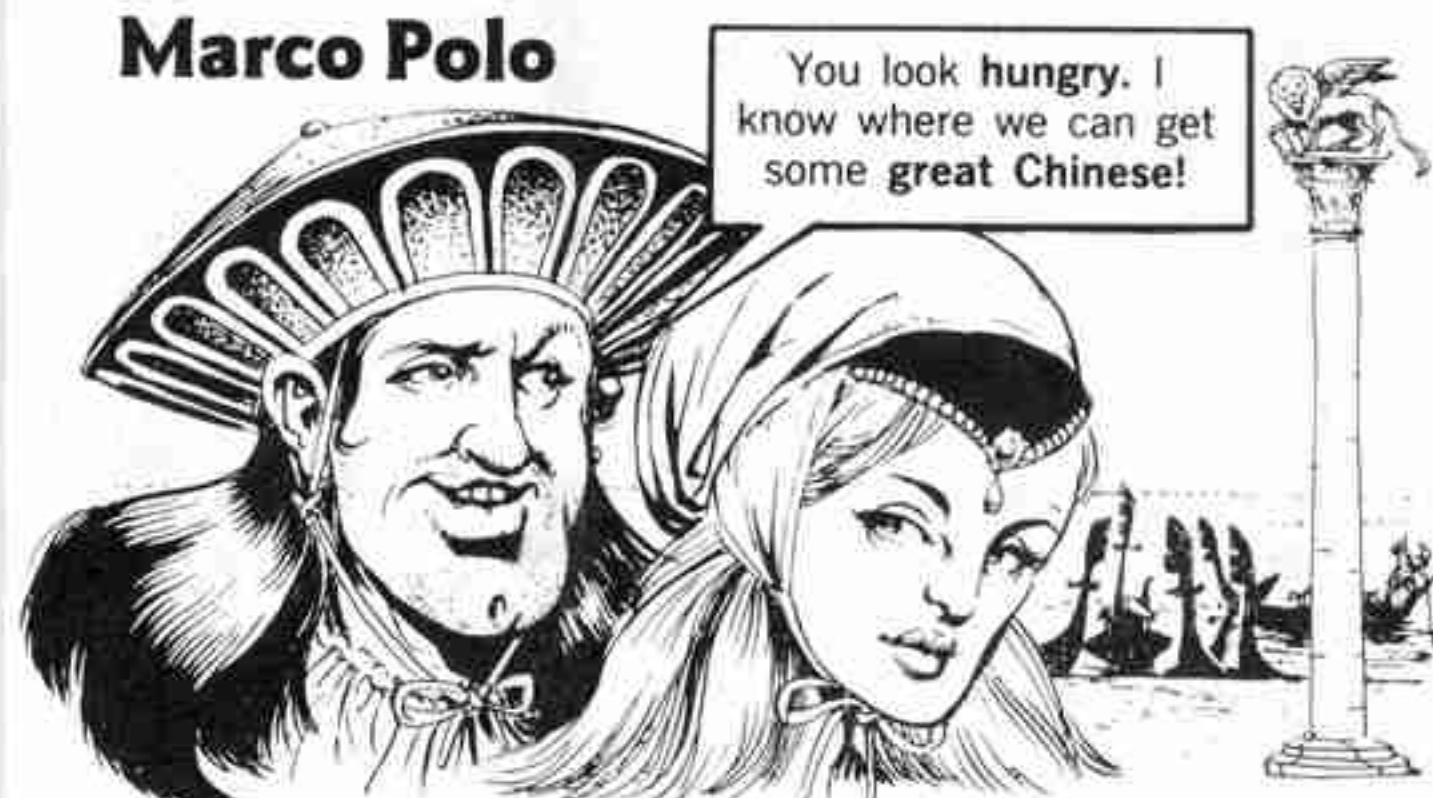
Come-on lines are the universal mating call for our species. Unfortunately the universal response to them is, "C'mon!" hence the name. They can range from the trite, "Come here often?" to the stupid, "What's your sign?" Still they've probably been around since the beginning of time. So, now rest easier knowing you're not the only jerk who has struck out using them, as you'll see in...

Histon

Adam



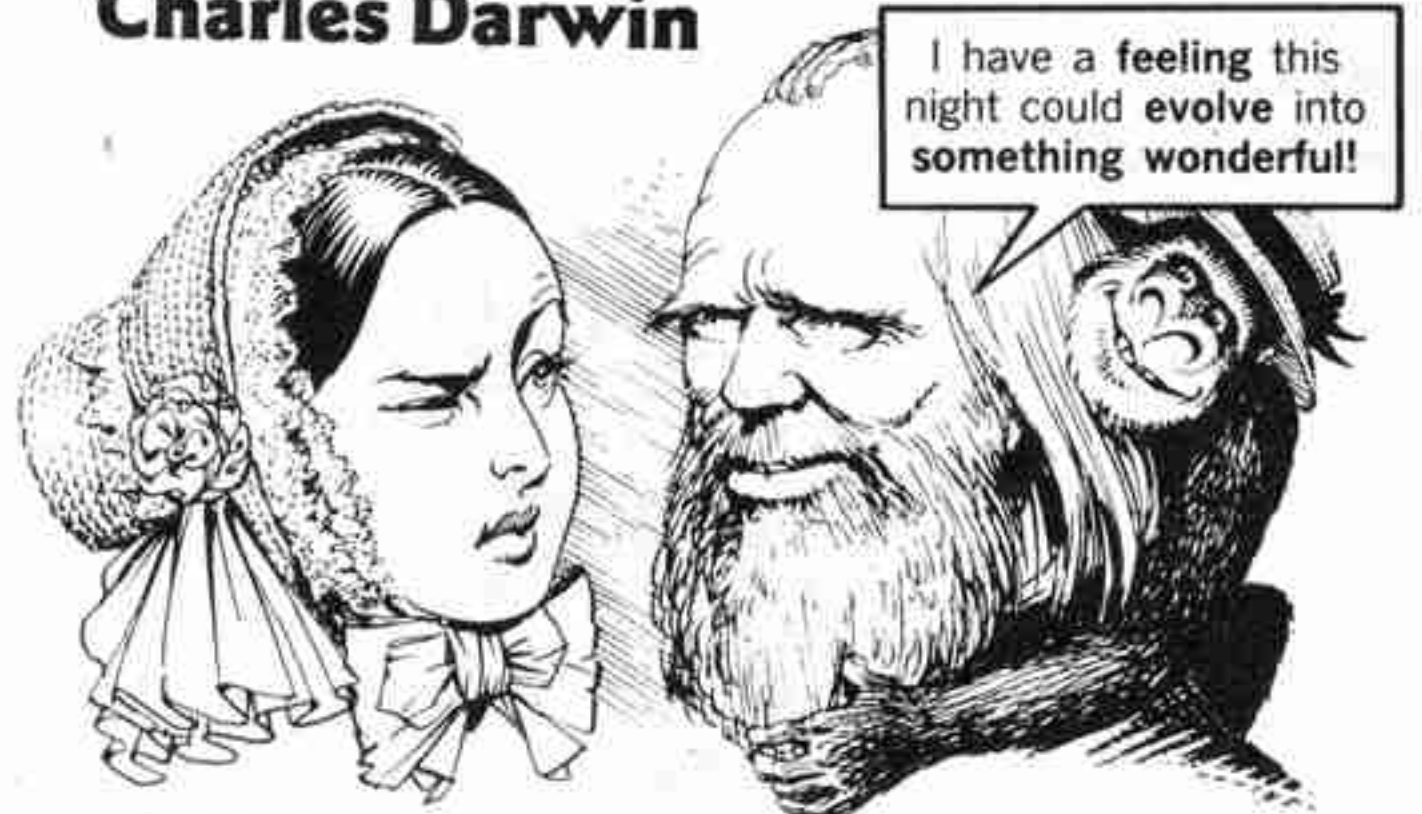
Marco Polo



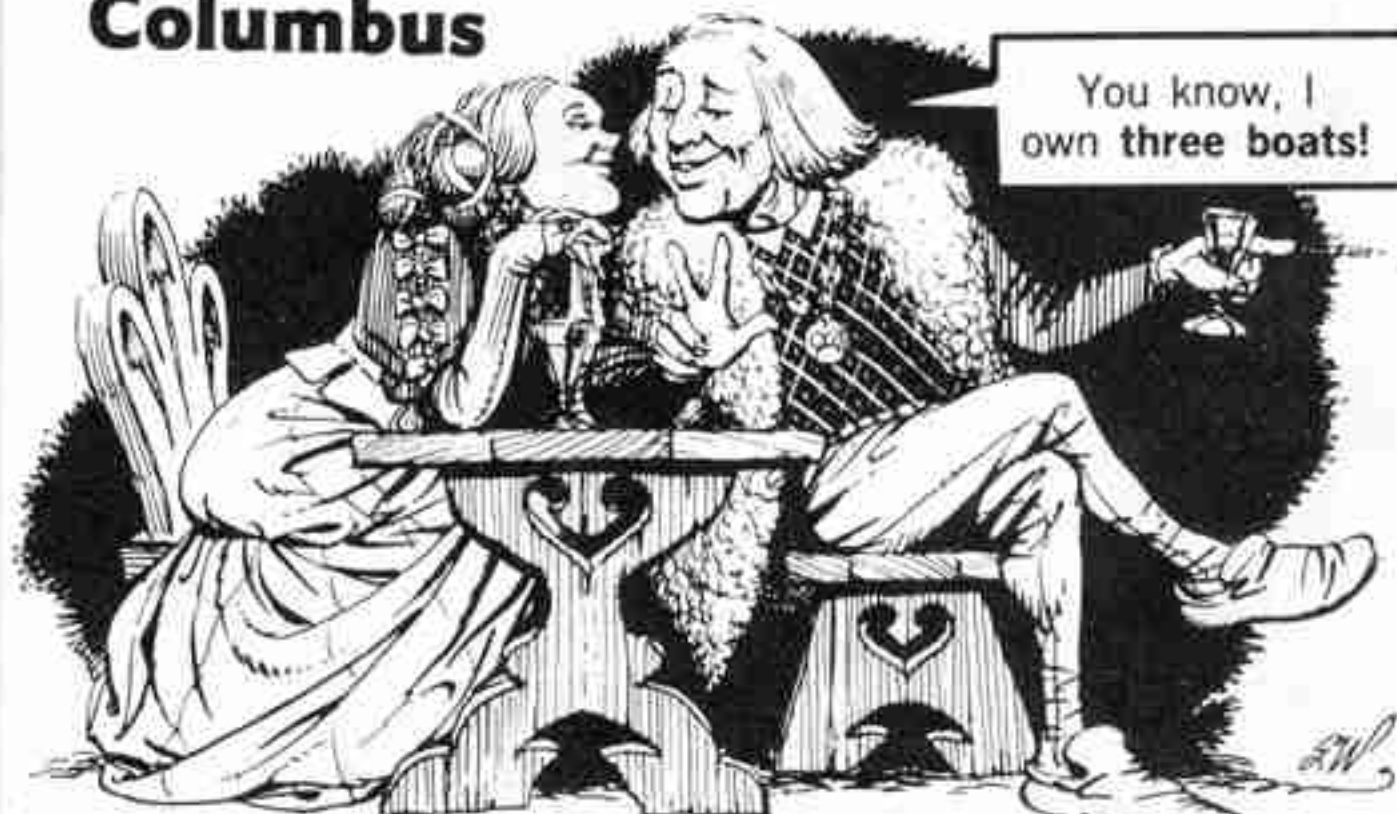
☒ Fill out an absentee ballot for Alfred E. Neuman, the Absentee candidate!

COME

Charles Darwin



Columbus



Amelia Earhart

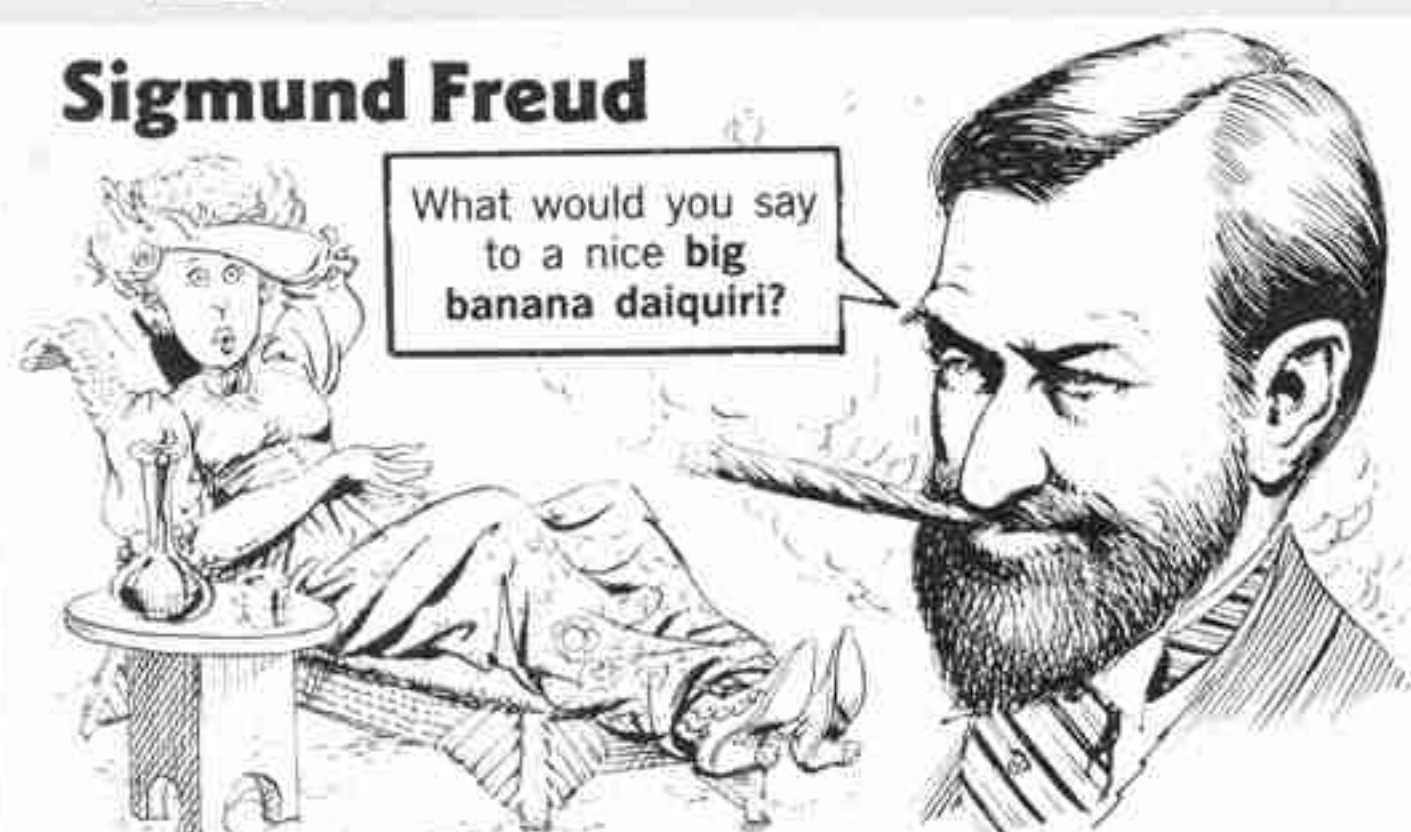


Noah



y's Great

Sigmund Freud



Paul Revere



-ONLINES

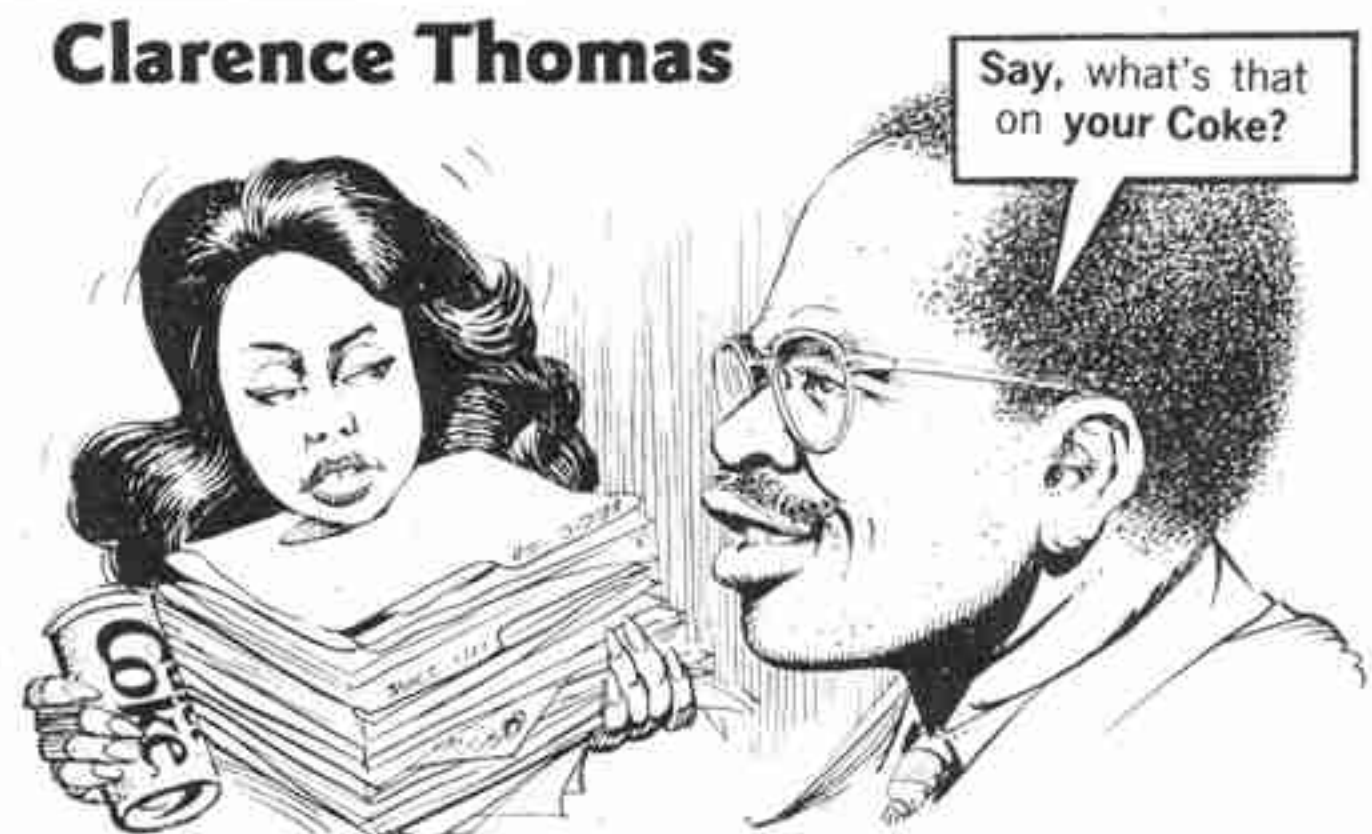
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: DON JACOBS

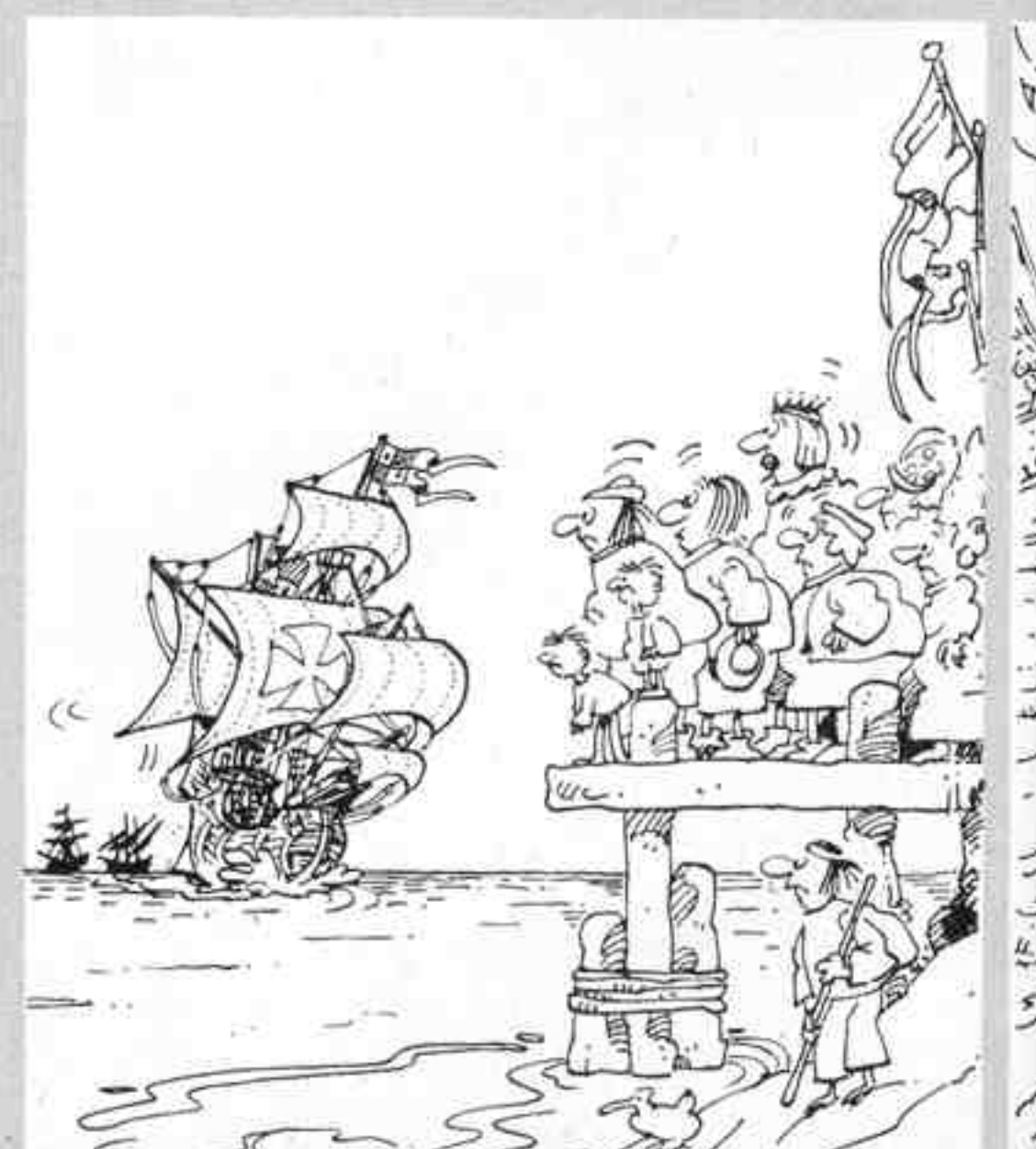
Marie Curie



Clarence Thomas

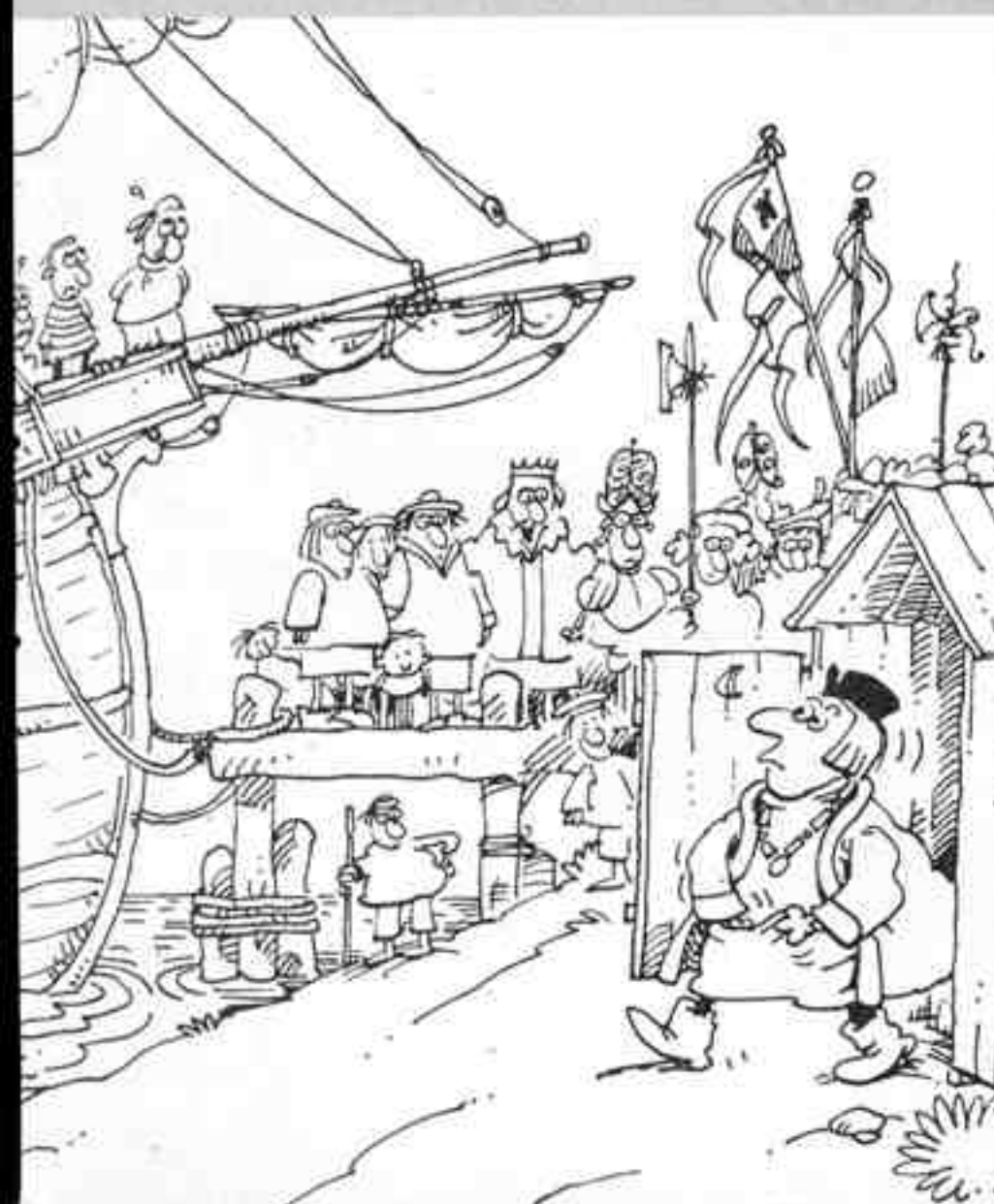
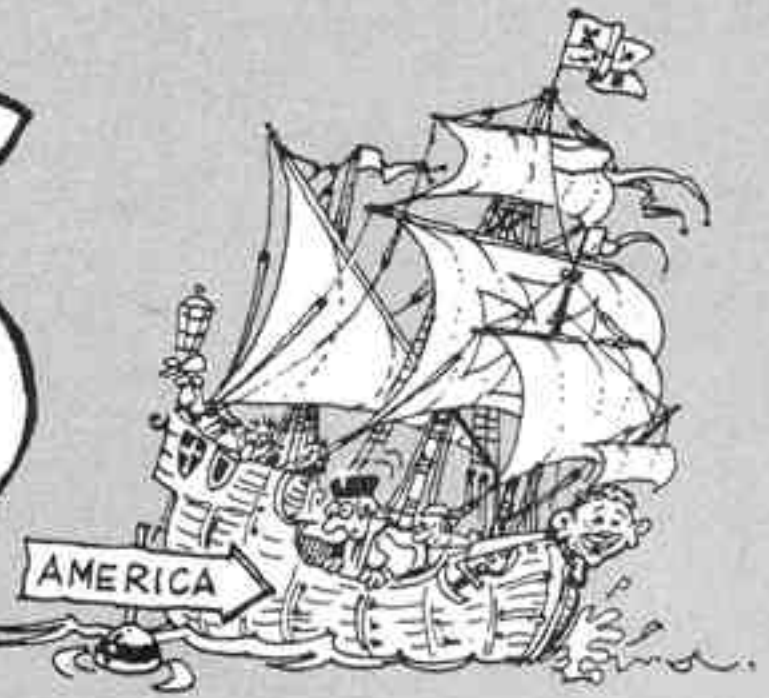


A MAD LOOK AT



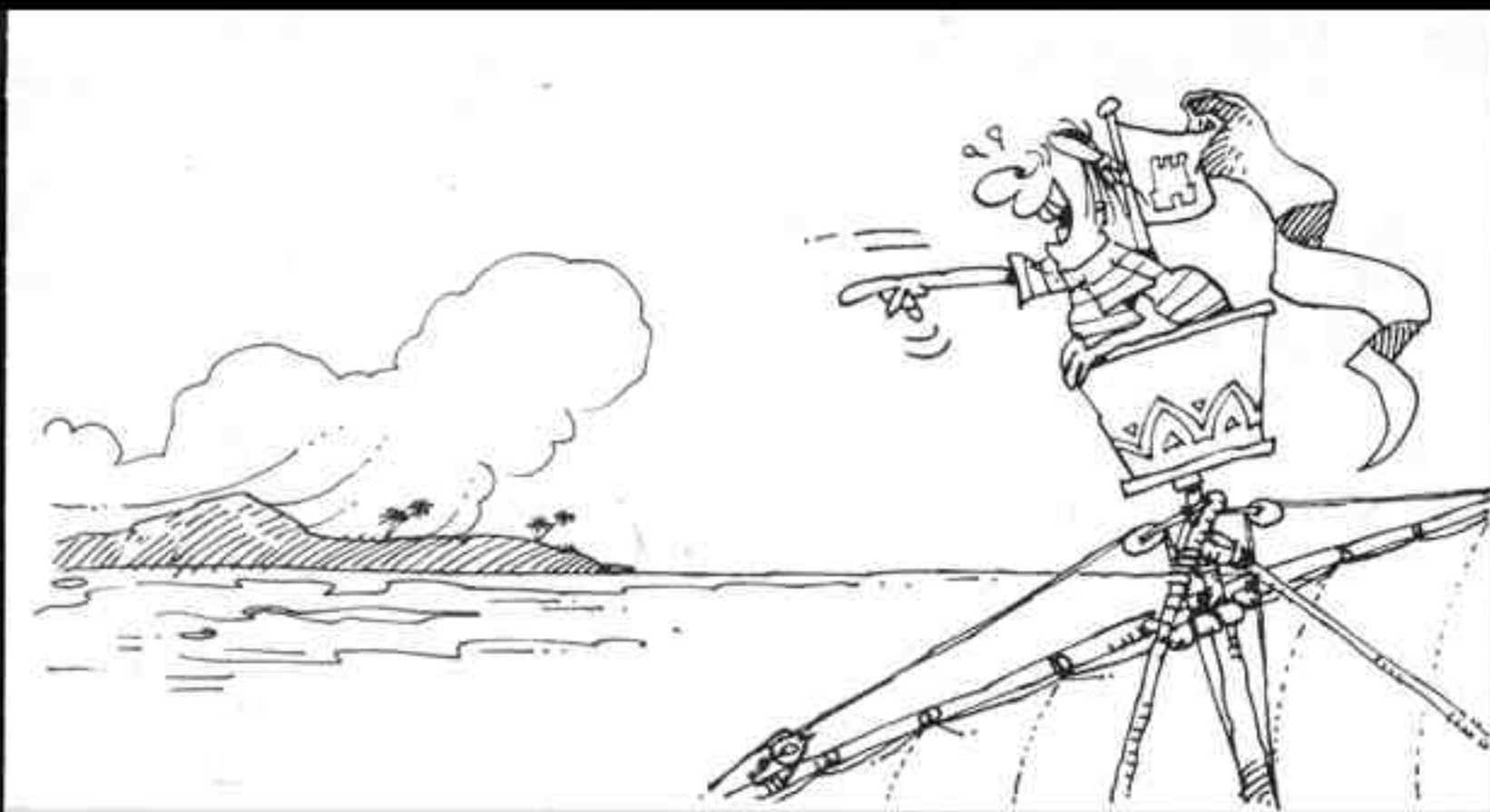
COLUMBUS

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



Put Alfred in the White House!

At least it'll get him off the streets!



WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE AND HA DEPT.

If you've ever watched CNN, you know the main problem with it is...it's all news! That's fine when we're at war, or when another Kennedy goes on trial, but any other time, CNN is just dull and boring! If they really want to compete with the big three networks (not to mention the one medium-size network and the plethora of petites!), they've got to offer something besides news. So, why not situation comedies? It's perfect! They've already got all the raw story material they need to develop innovative new programs like these...

CABLE NEWS NETWORK



"No New Taxes!"

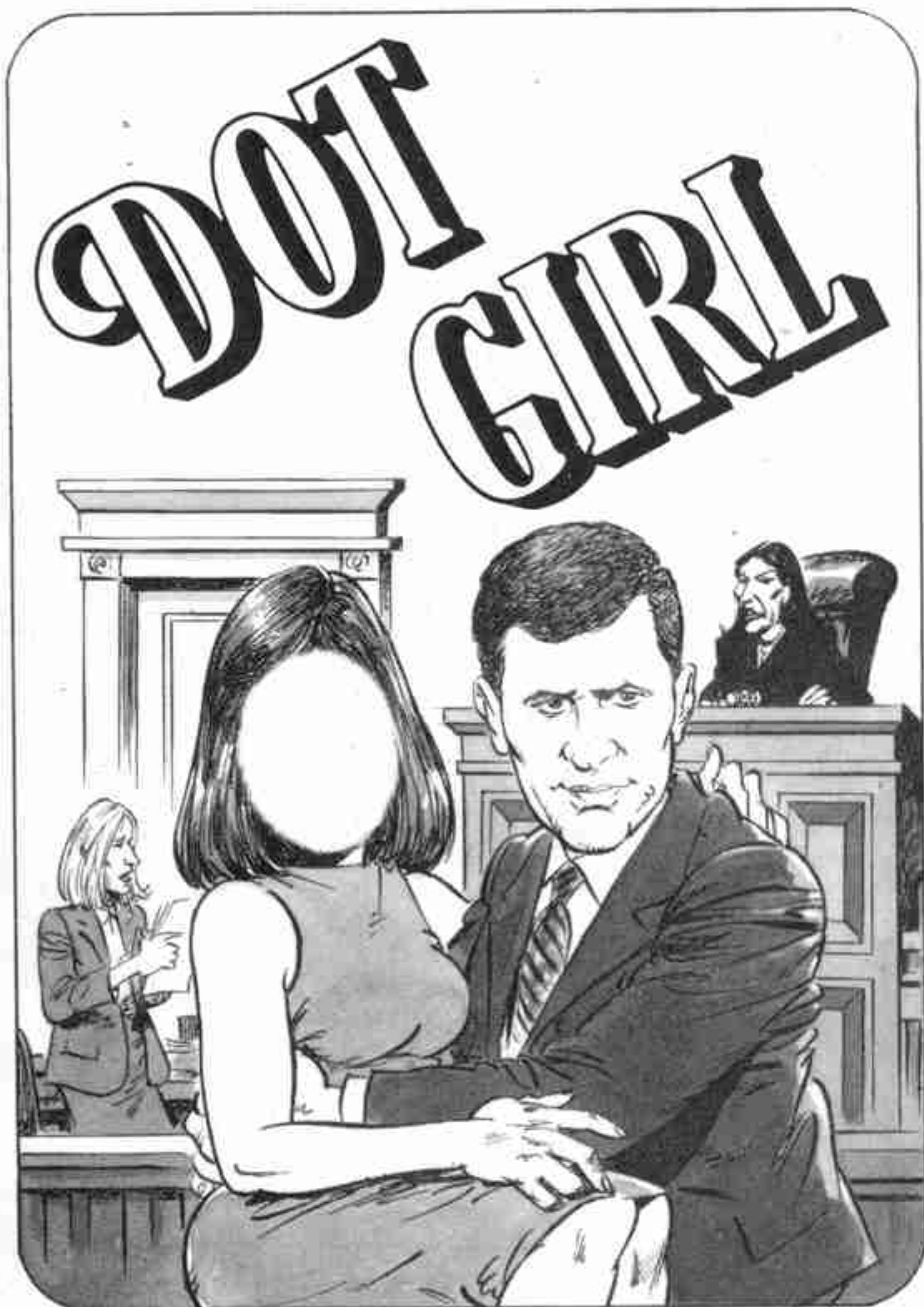
Alfred E. Neuman, the Bus-rider's President!

CNNTM SITCOMS

BASED ON NEWS STORIES THEY'VE COVERED

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

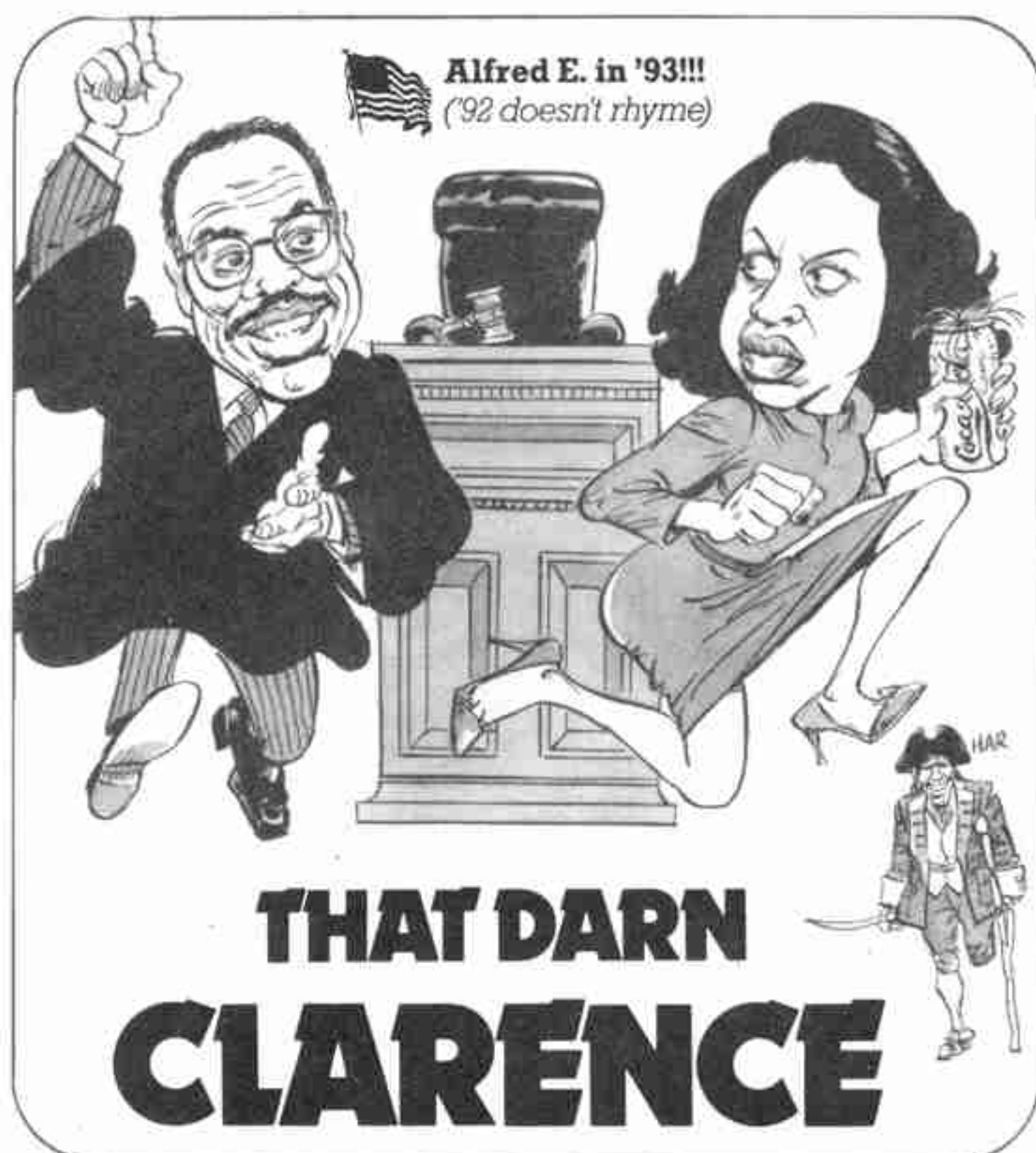
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



She's an ordinary witness in a nationally-televised trial until a bizarre control-room accident leaves the electronic dot used to hide her identity permanently etched on her face! Wackily complicating matters is Donald, the man who loves her, regardless of her "questionable" looks!



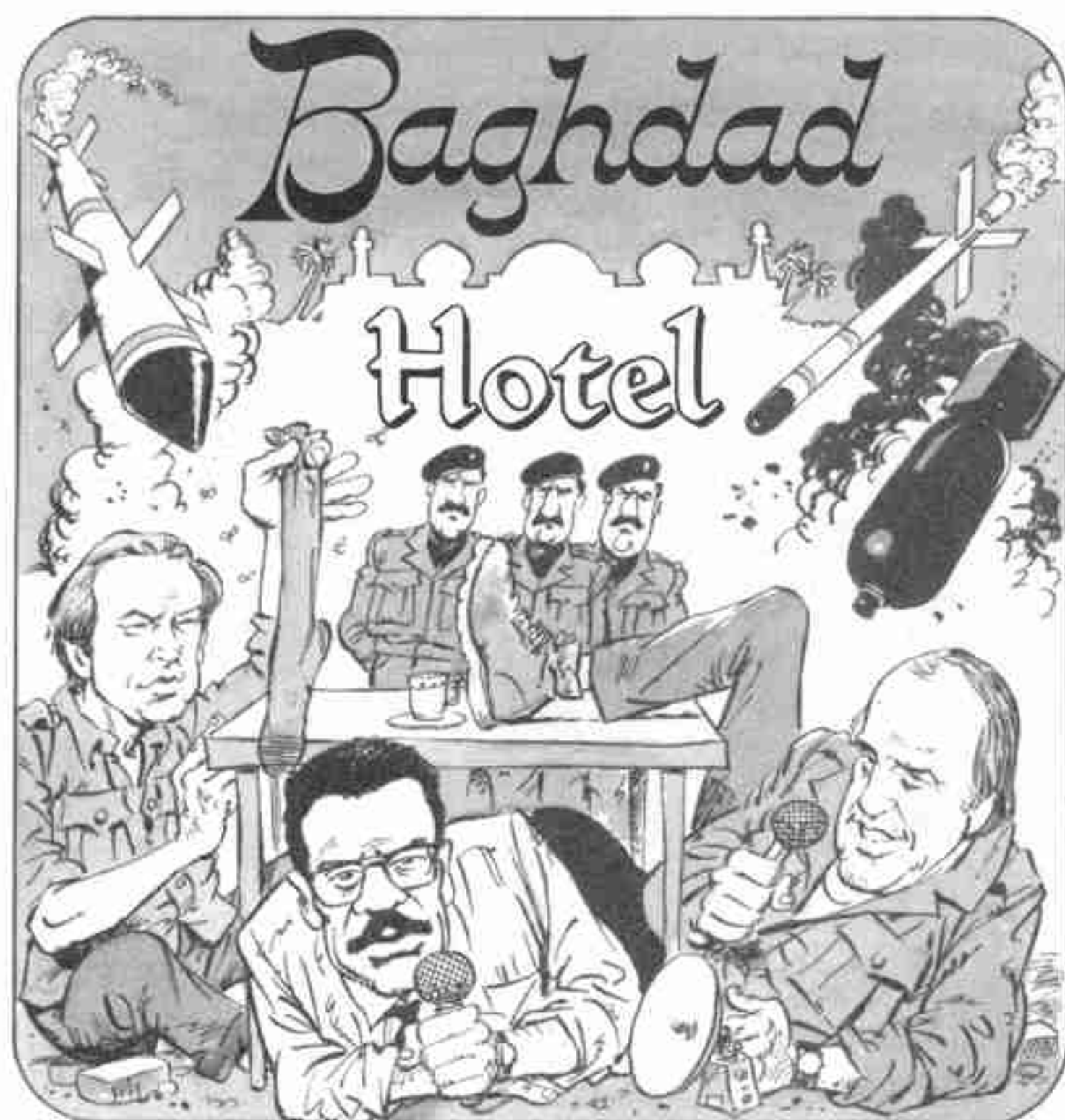
Watch the Siberian fur fly when two headstrong politicians compete for control of a crumbling empire, as well as corner office space in the Kremlin! In the pilot episode, Gorby hits the roof when he returns from vacation only to find that irrepressible Yeltsin has not only stolen his Rolodex, but outlawed the Communist party!



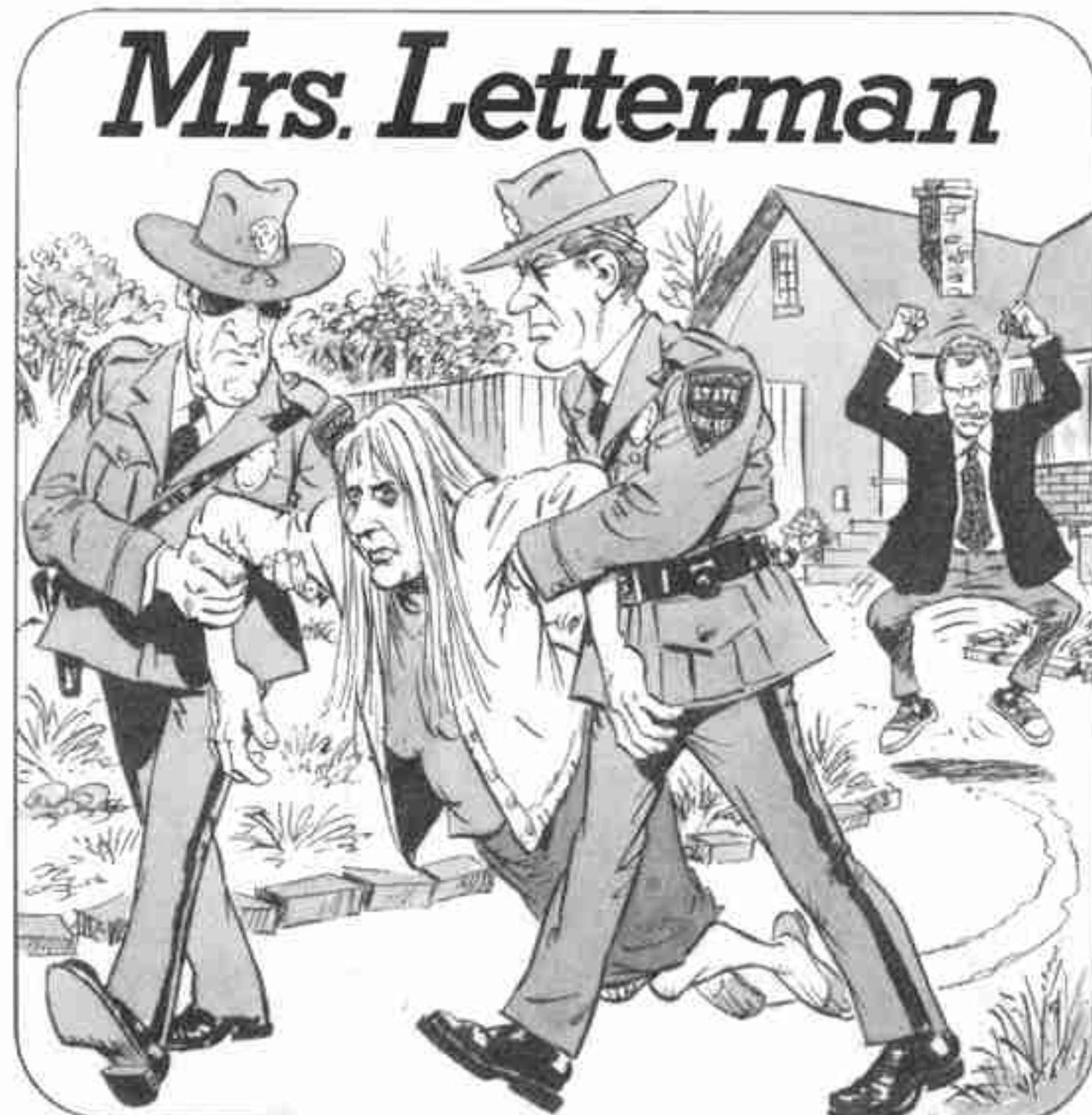
Alfred E. in '93!!!
(92 doesn't rhyme)

THAT DARN CLARENCE

He's lewd! He's crude! He's every working woman's worst nightmare! But it's all in good fun, as Clarence—that "constitutional cut-up"—breaks all the taboos to get his girl...and your funny-bone! Sexual Harassment was never so hilarious!

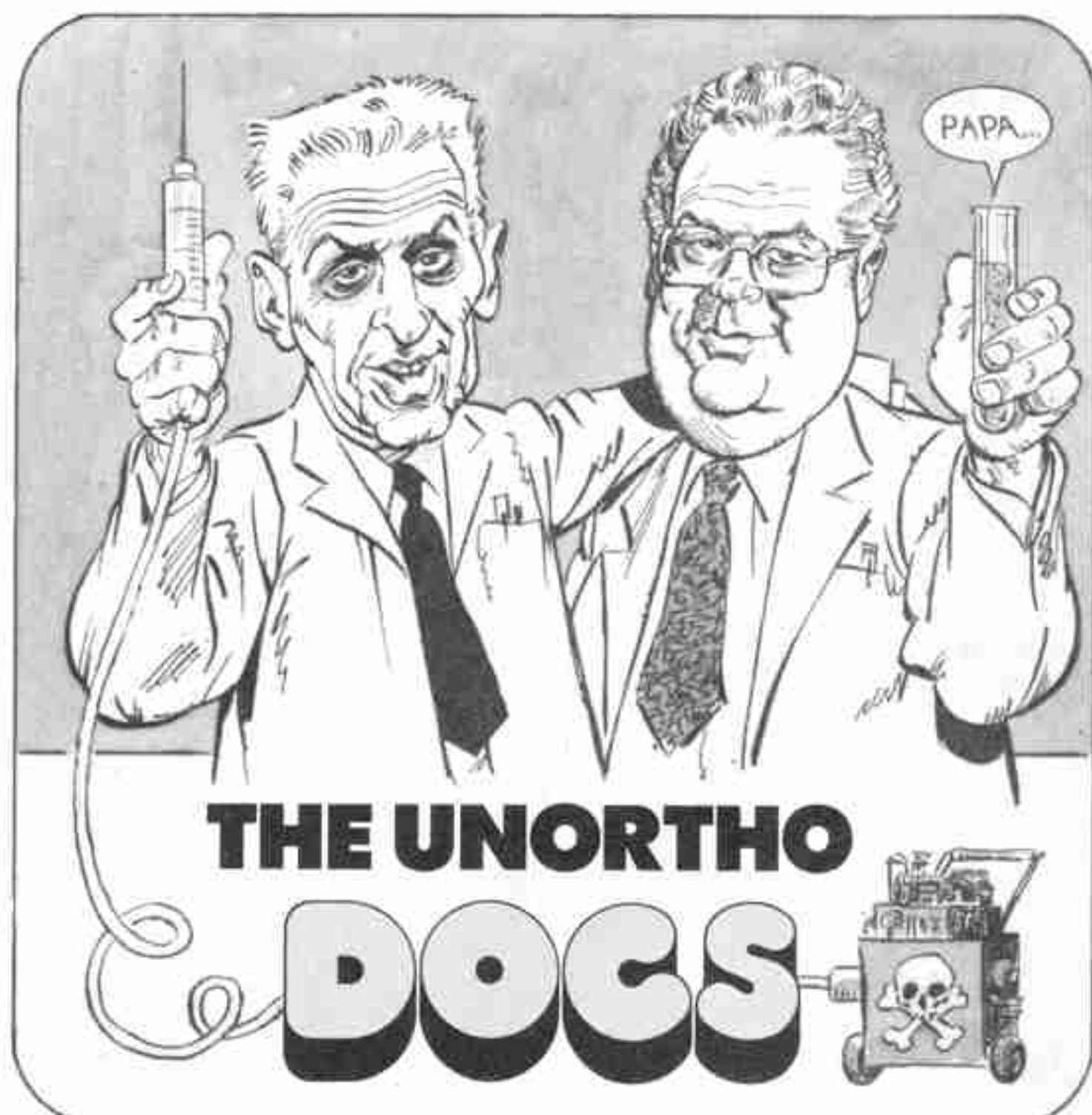


Squeeze three reporters into one hotel room during the biggest aerial bombardment since WW II and the laughs just keep on coming! Join Bernie, Peter and John as they dodge "smart bombs," anti-aircraft fire (and each other's dirty socks!), while plotting and scheming against a group of bumbling, but loveable, Iraqi censors! High-tech hijinx for the whole family!



Mrs. Letterman

From the creators of Mrs. Columbo, now comes the Second Lady of Mystery, alias Margaret Ray! She's an amateur snoop and sometime schizophrenic with some tough detective work ahead of her! Her job? To prove what everyone, including Mr. Letterman, refuses to believe—that she really is married to the Clown Prince of Late Night television! Mrs. Letterman will be your Wednesday night obsession!

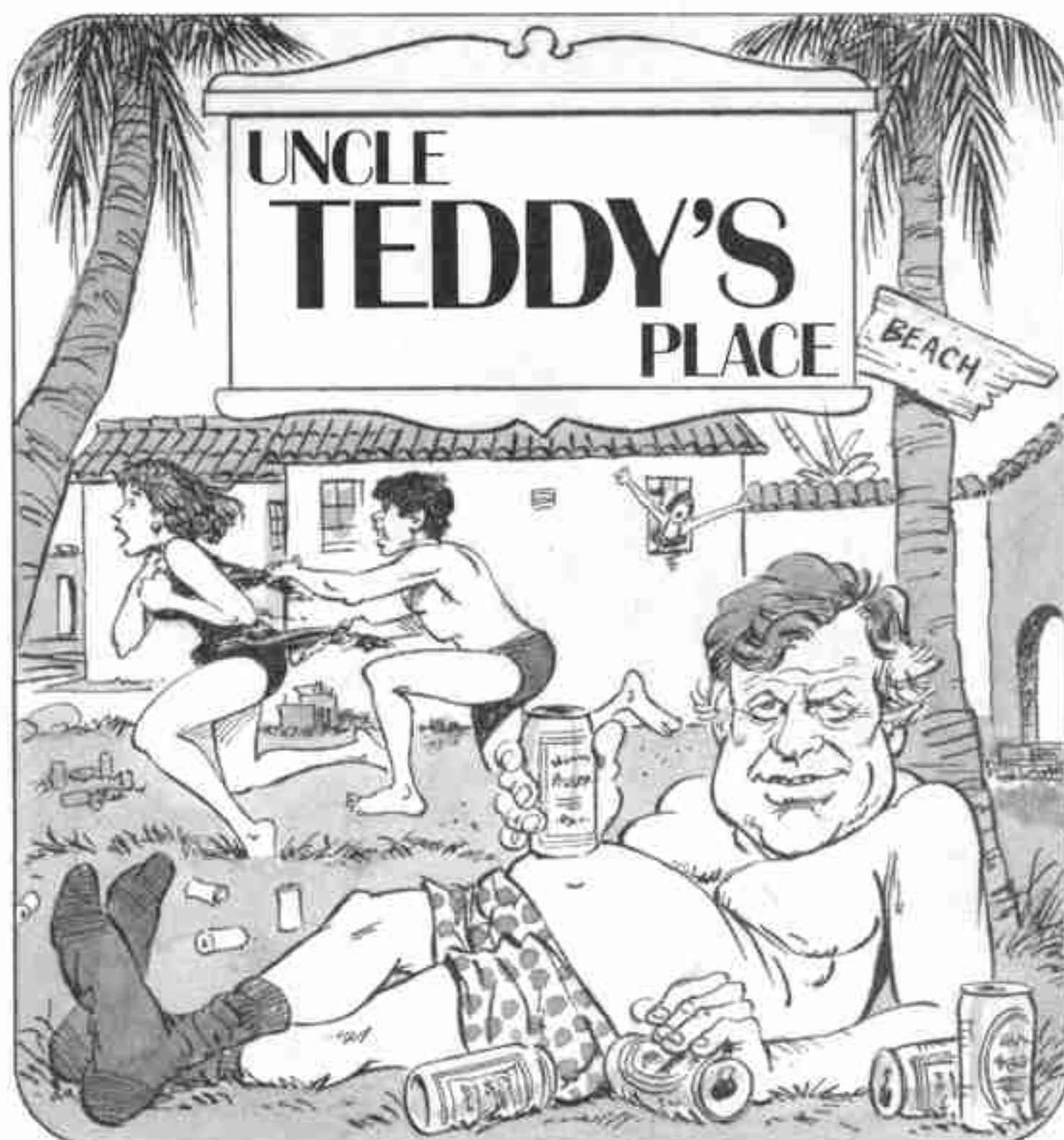


Meet two eccentric physicians who always operate on the cutting edge of medical ethics—and the law! Dr. Jack Kevorkian is the inventor of The Suicide Machine and known affectionately as "Dr. Death"! His colleague, Dr. Cecil Jacobson, is a fertility specialist who secretly uses his own sperm to impregnate patients! When this duo of zany medicos get together anything can happen—and usually does!

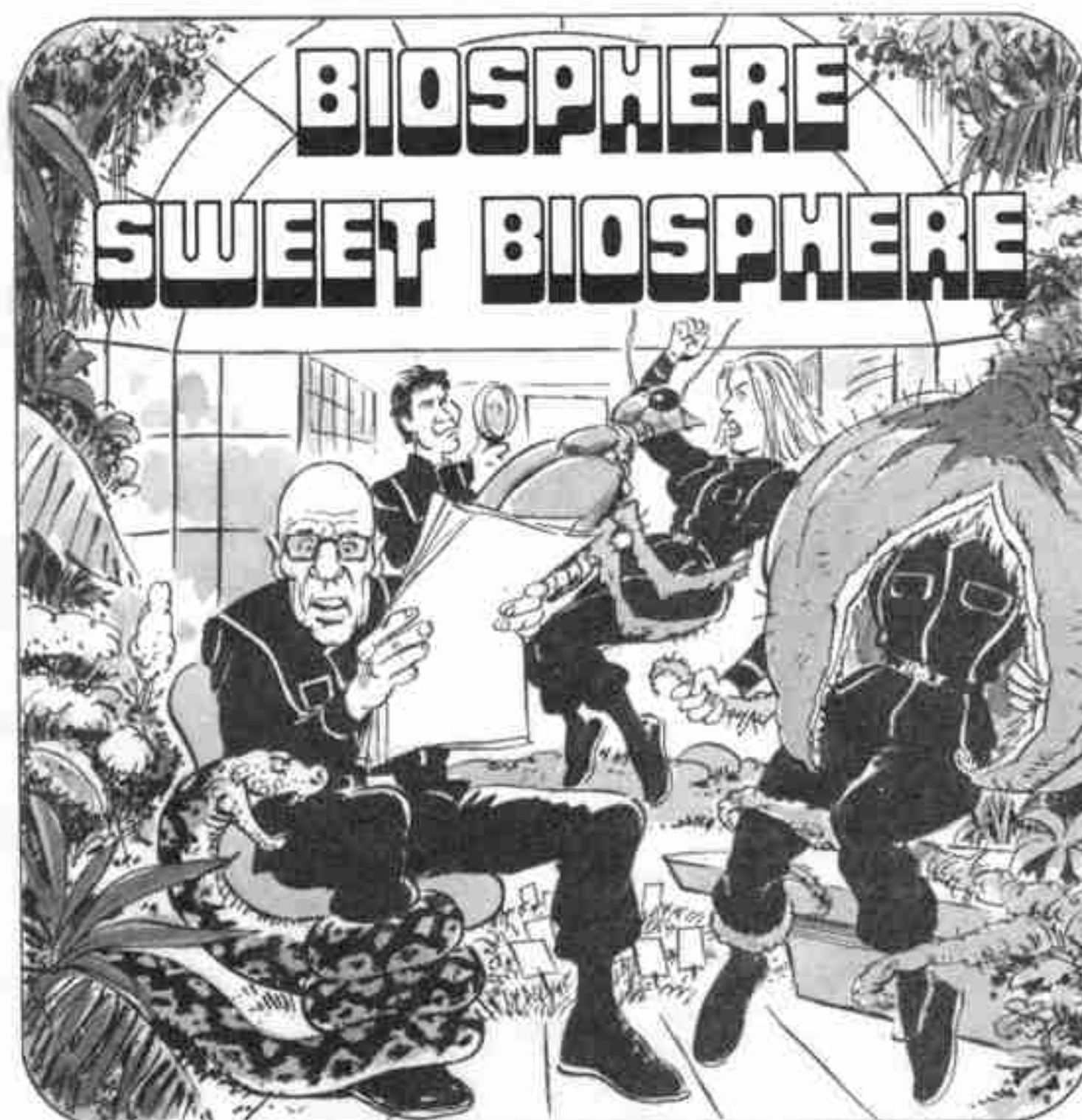


MY FIVE SENATORS

Charlie Keating stars as a lovably crooked S&L operator with a brood of five demanding legislators to support! One needs a \$500,000 "loan," another wants a free trip to the Bahamas, while another simply has to have a \$1,000-a-plate fundraising dinner! Good ol' Charlie handles them all with a dash of panache—and lots of cash to boot!



By day, he's mild-mannered Ted Kennedy, hard-working liberal senator. But after dark, he's Supreme Party Leader at the wildest night spot in Palm Beach, a den of debauchery that makes Animal House and Porky's look like a quilting bee! Uncle Teddy's Place...where the beer runs like water...and the women run like hell!



BIOSPHERE SWEET BIOSPHERE

There's never a dull moment when four men and four women share a self-contained habitat in the Arizona desert with thousands of plant and animal species for no good reason, except your entertainment! In the season finale, the African dung beetles are over-breeding, the Rainforest has fungus rot and Benjamin catches Freddy and Margot fooling around in the CO2-Exchanger Pod!

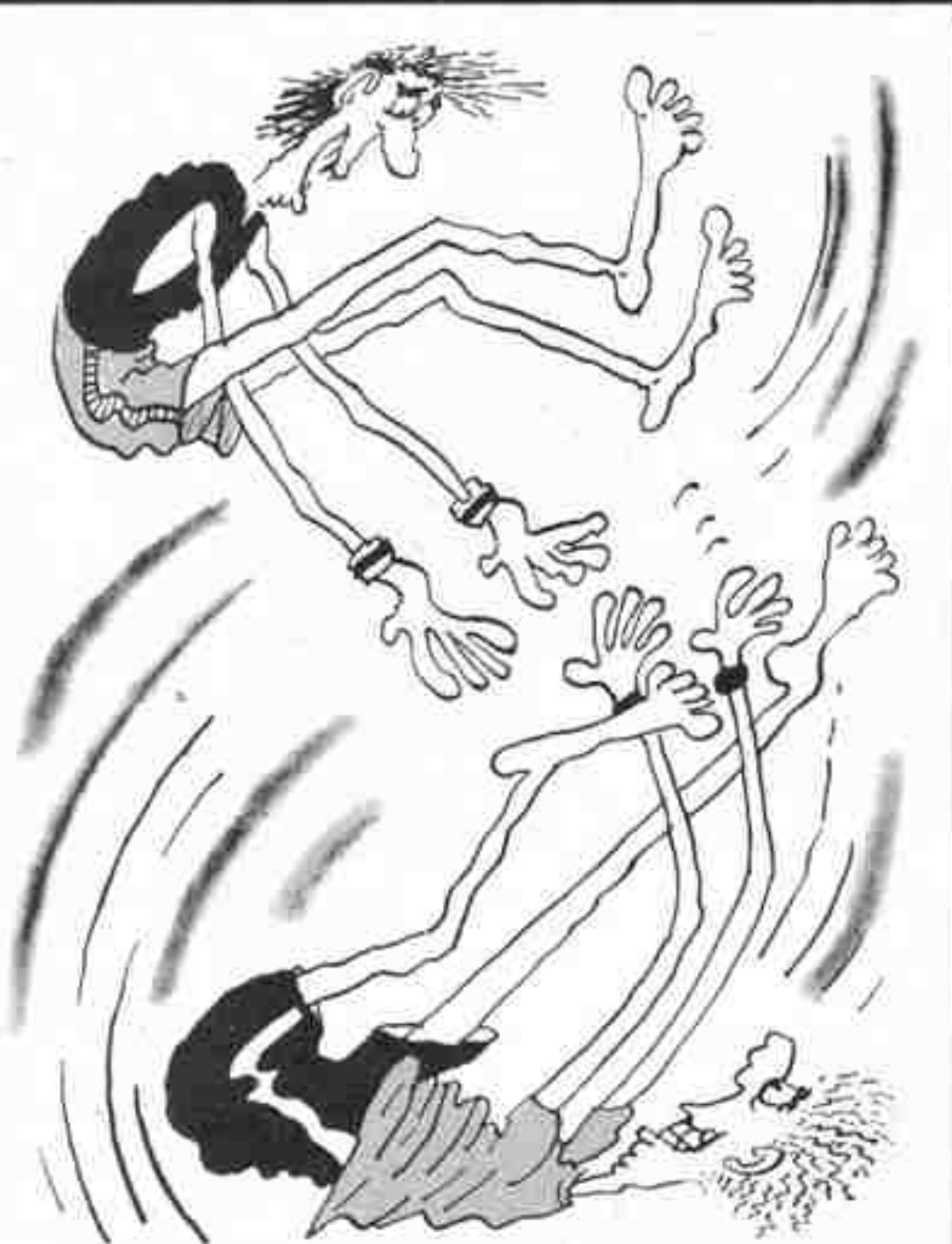


It's romance in the Occupied West Bank, as sworn enemies of the Intifada find that love conquers all! Shlomo's a dashing lieutenant in the Israeli Defense Force; Fatima's the beautiful but headstrong Palestinian agitator whose rock hits him like Cupid's arrow! Together, they discover that nothing comes easy for two rollicking young lovers whose people are bent on annihilating one another!

FLOP CULTURE DEPT.

FADS THAT

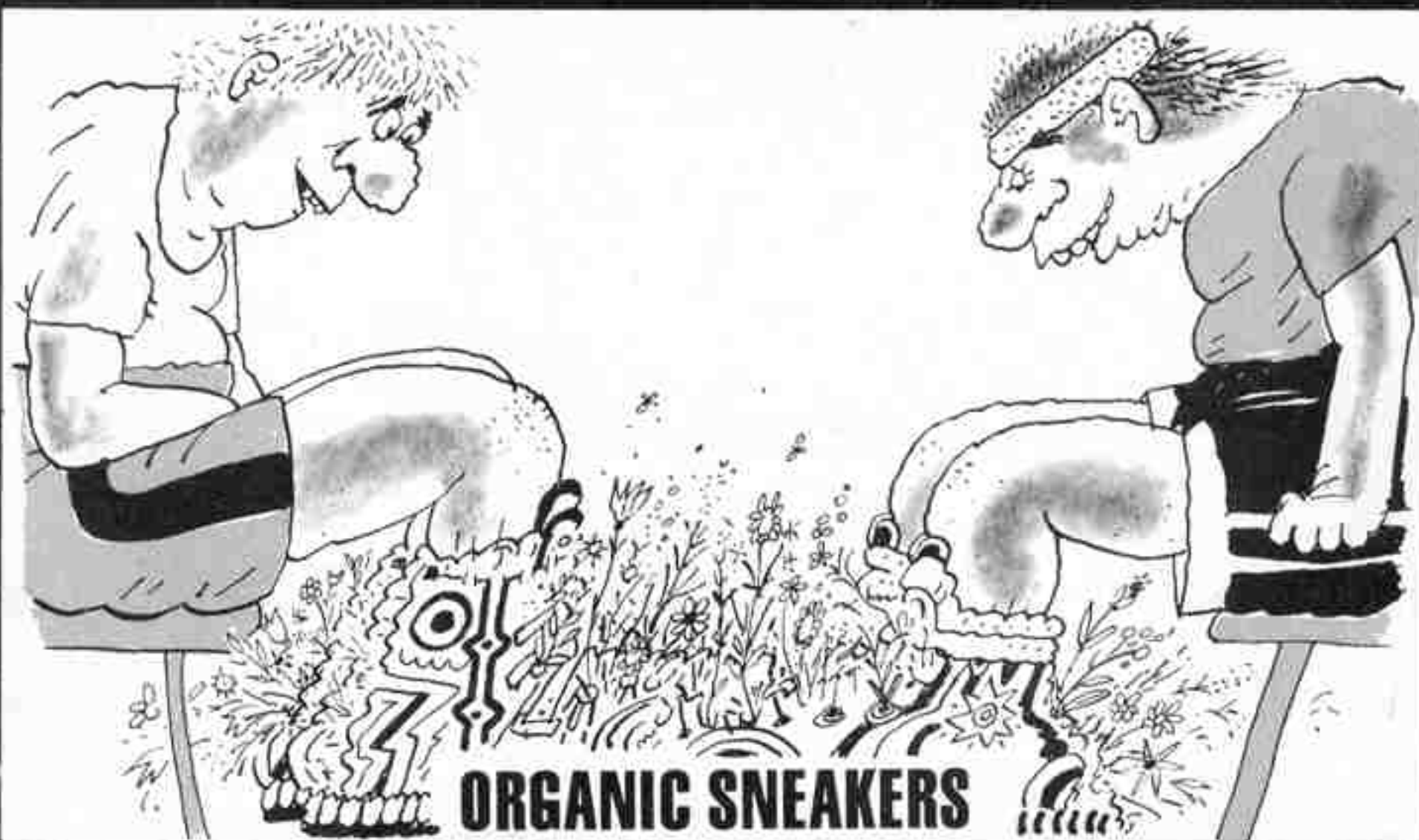
NEVER QUITE



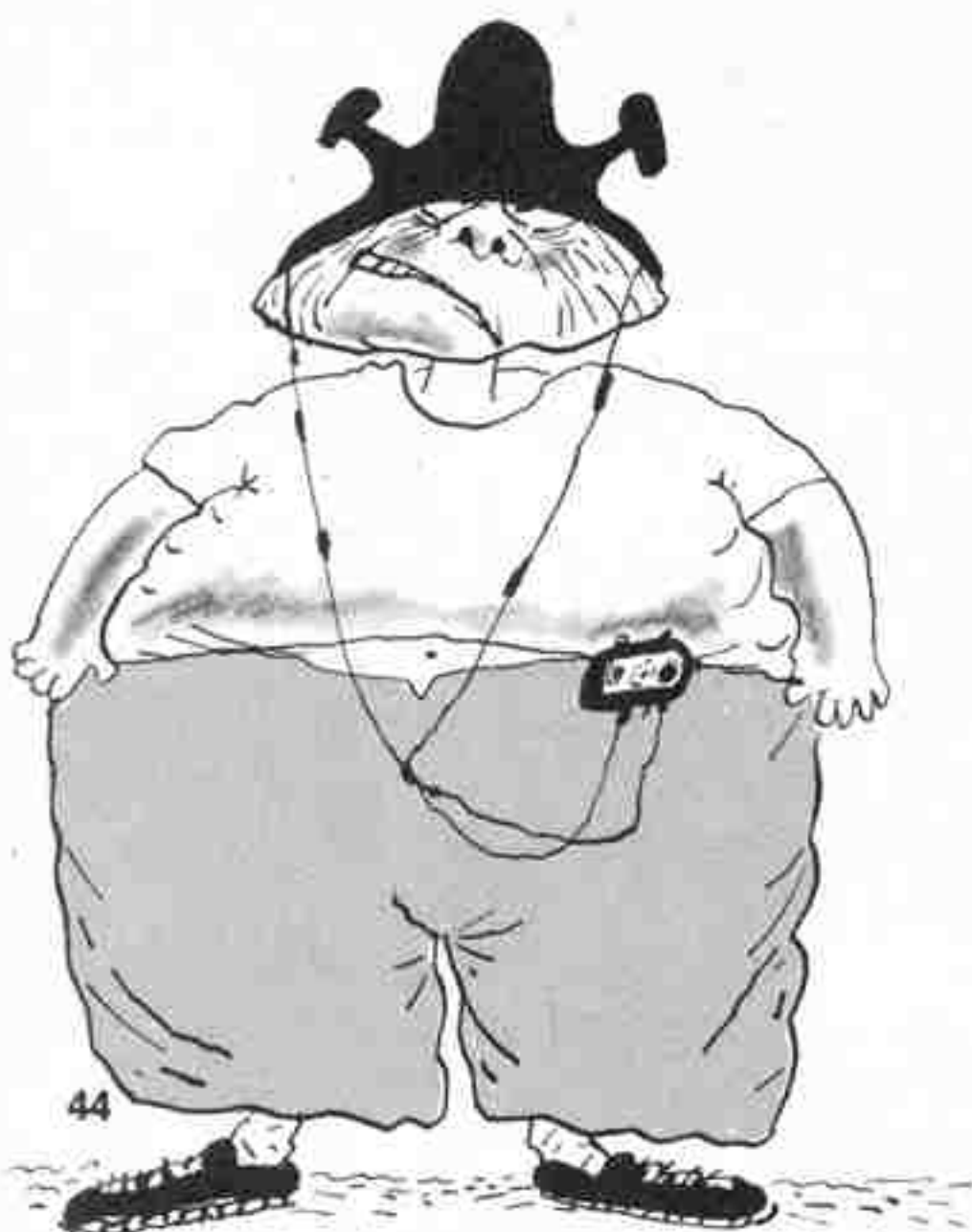
SLAPPING HIGH TWENTIES



PIZZA FRISBEE

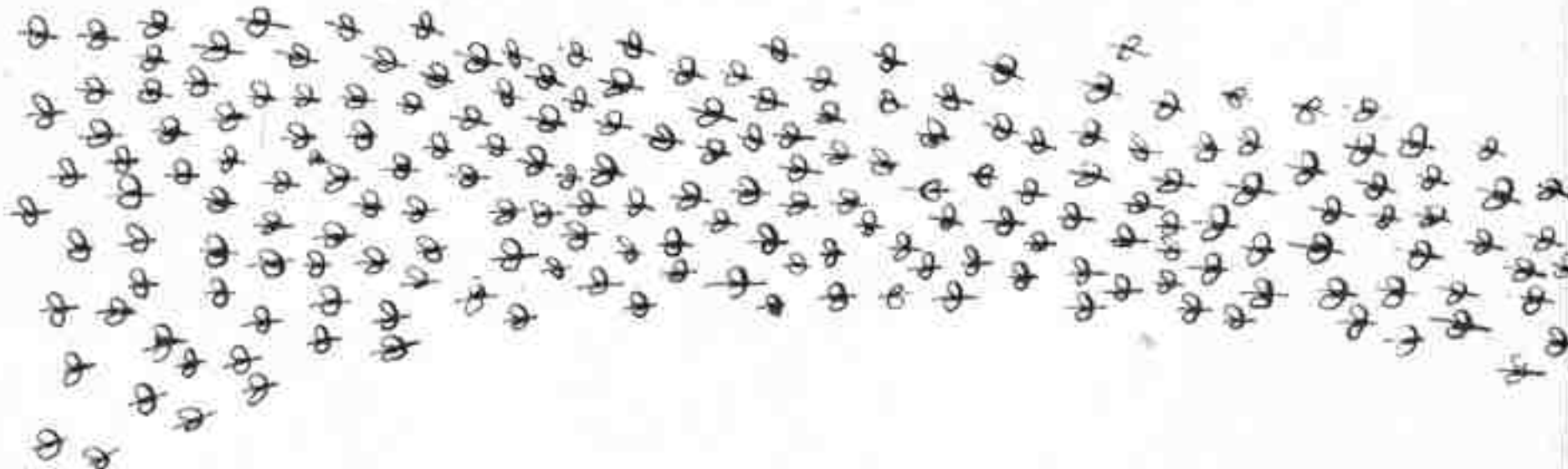


ORGANIC SNEAKERS



RUBBER HEADSET HOLDERS

KILLER BEE MOONING

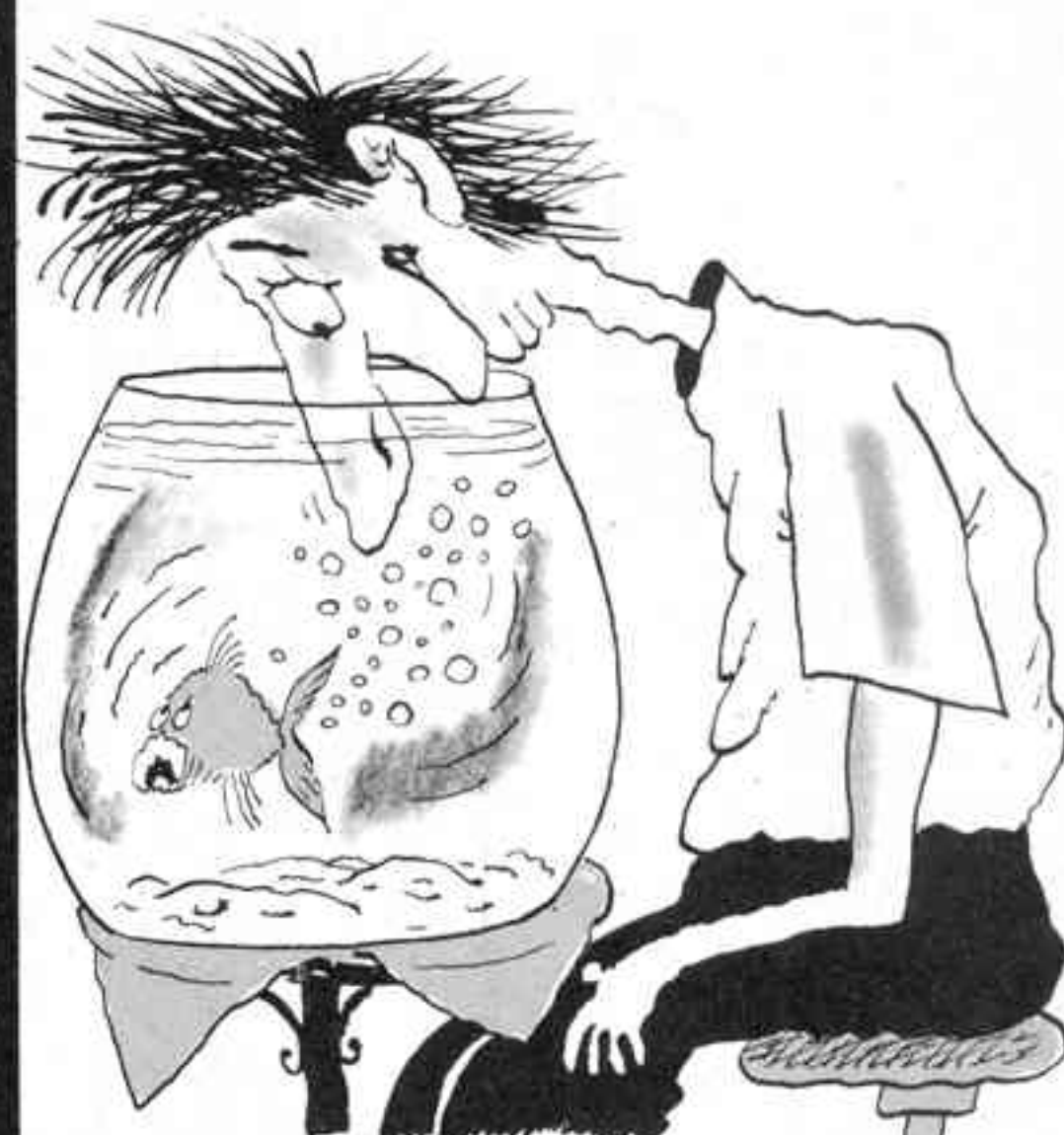




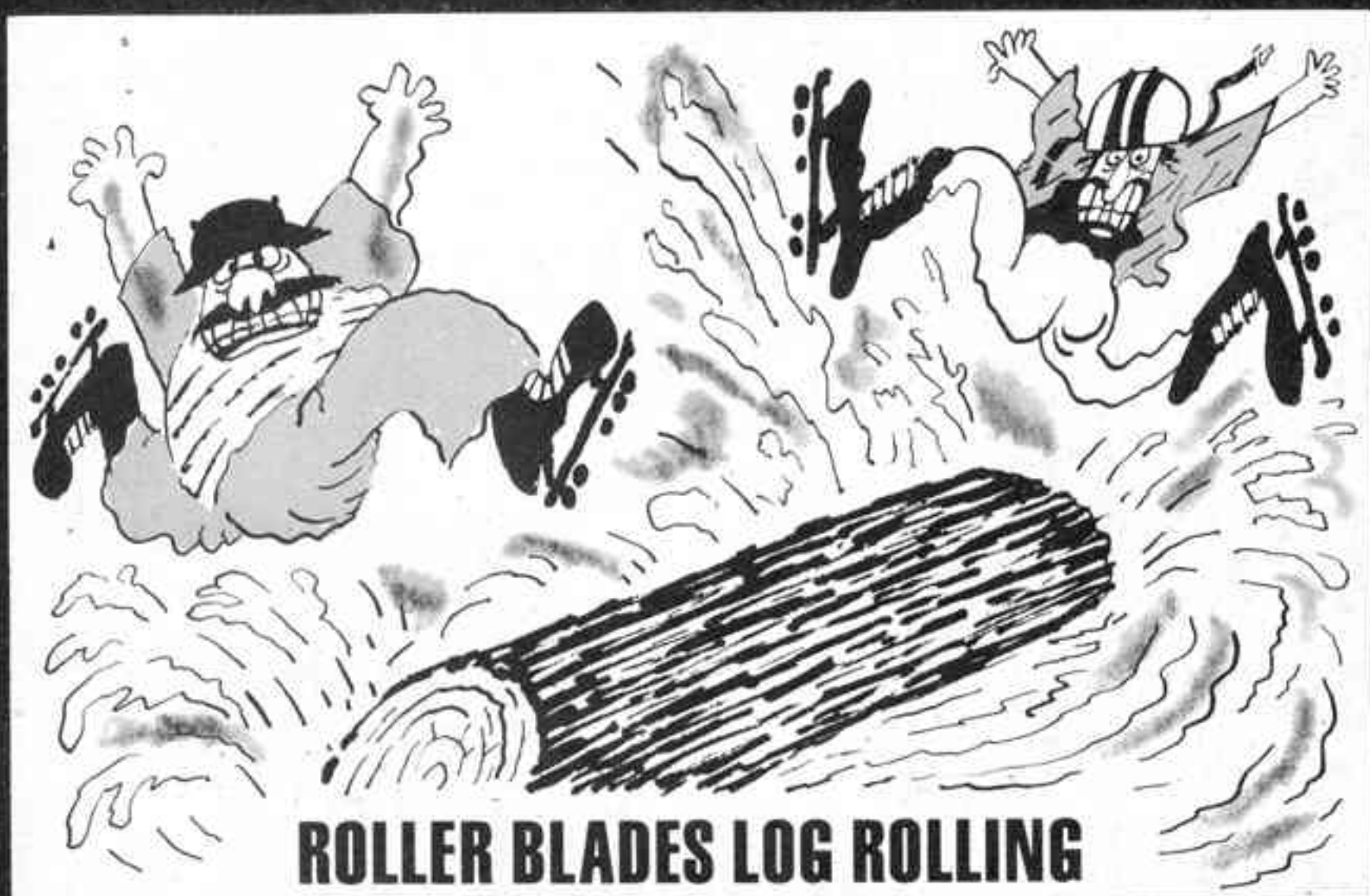
HOLE IN THE PYRAMID HAIRDOS

CAUGHT ON!

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



GOLDFISH SNIFFING



ROLLER BLADES LOG ROLLING



DRAIN PIPE SERENADING

Now that you've had your fill of Dan Rather, Ted Koppel, Tom Brokaw and all the others spouting off about the Presidential election, it's time you learned the truth. We've scrutinized all three candidates, and found they're all...

Un-electable—
You've been a bust!
Un-electable—
You've lost our trust!

Un-electable—
You're doomed to fail!
Though we'll miss the jokes
About Dan Quayle

What's... the... use... of hanging on with you?
Down... the... tubes... our country's gone with you!
Ev'ry-one... says
You blew... it... as Prez!

Debt... we've... got that's uncollectable!
To... the... vo-ters you're rejectable!
Read... our... lips—you're unelectable now!



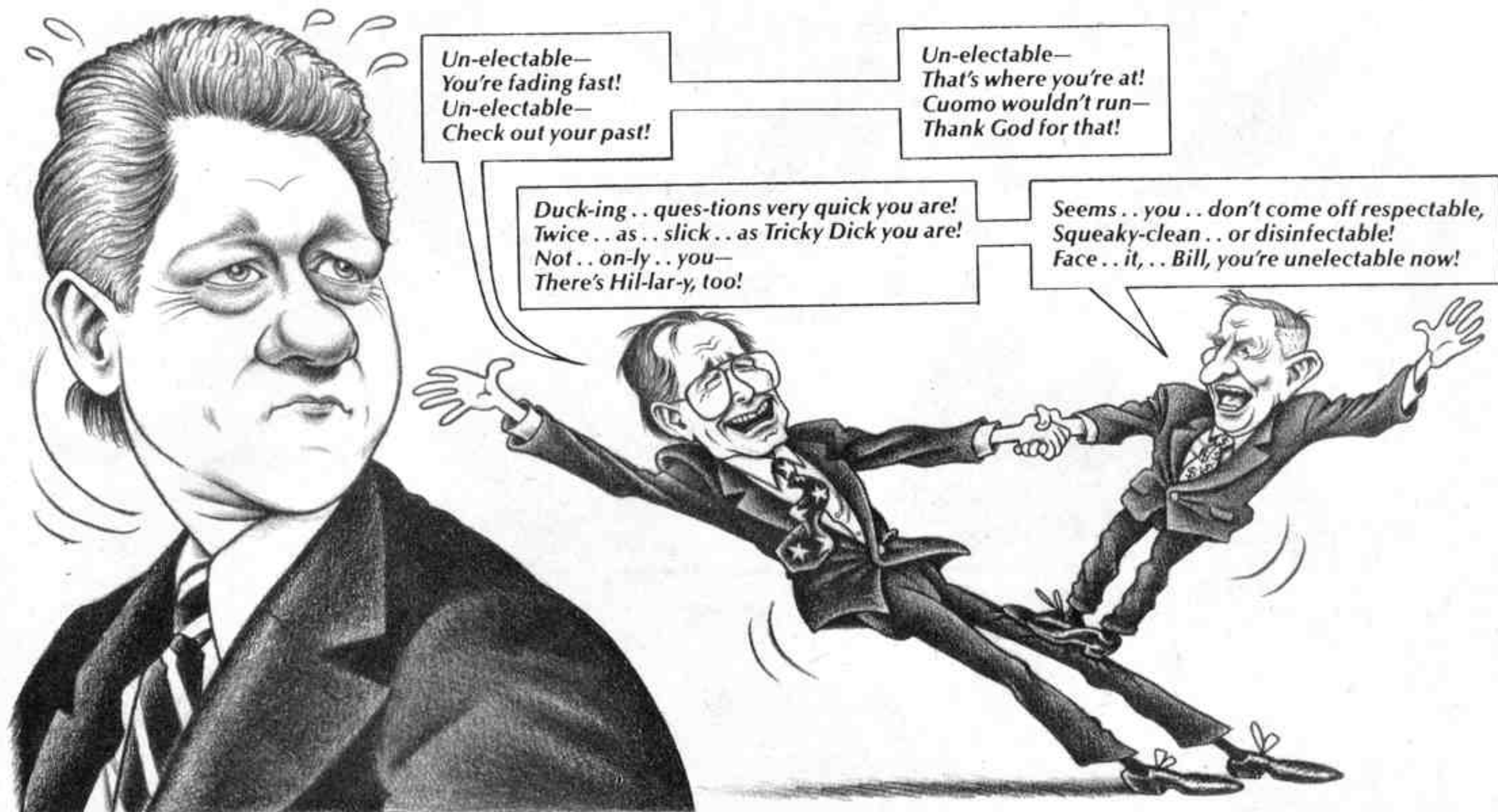
Alfred E. Neuman for President! Sure he's dumb!
But name something smart the others have done!

UNELECTABLE

ARTIST: RICK TULKA

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

(Sung to the tune of "Unforgettable")



Un-electable—
Beyond a doubt!
Un-electable—
You chickened out!

Loads . . . of . . . vo-ters backed you loyally
Till . . . you . . . split . . . and screwed them royally!
They . . . bought . . . your . . . spiel,
But you . . . weren't . . . for real!

Un-electable—
You had your fling!
Don't expect a call
From Larry King!

Keep . . . your . . . cash—you're unselectable!
Your . . . cam-paign's not resurrectable!
Bye-bye . . . Ross, you're unelectable now!



Who's electable?
Well, not we three!
Who's electable?
Just Alfred E!

Don't... put... down... his imbecility!
That's... the... key... to his ability!
Times... may... be... grim,
But wor-ry? Not him!

He's electable—
We're all agreed!
Now that he's jumped in,
We all concede!

Though... his... brain is disconnectable,
Sometimes... e-ven undetectable—
He's... the... one who's most electable now!

W.I.N.

(Write In Neuman)
in '92!



**WHAT'S THE
MOST EFFECTIVE
WAY TO DEAL
WITH REPEAT
OFFENDERS?**

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

These days, certain shifty and sleazy criminals take advantage of the ins and outs of the law. To find out how to put an end to this, simply fold in page as shown in diagram to the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

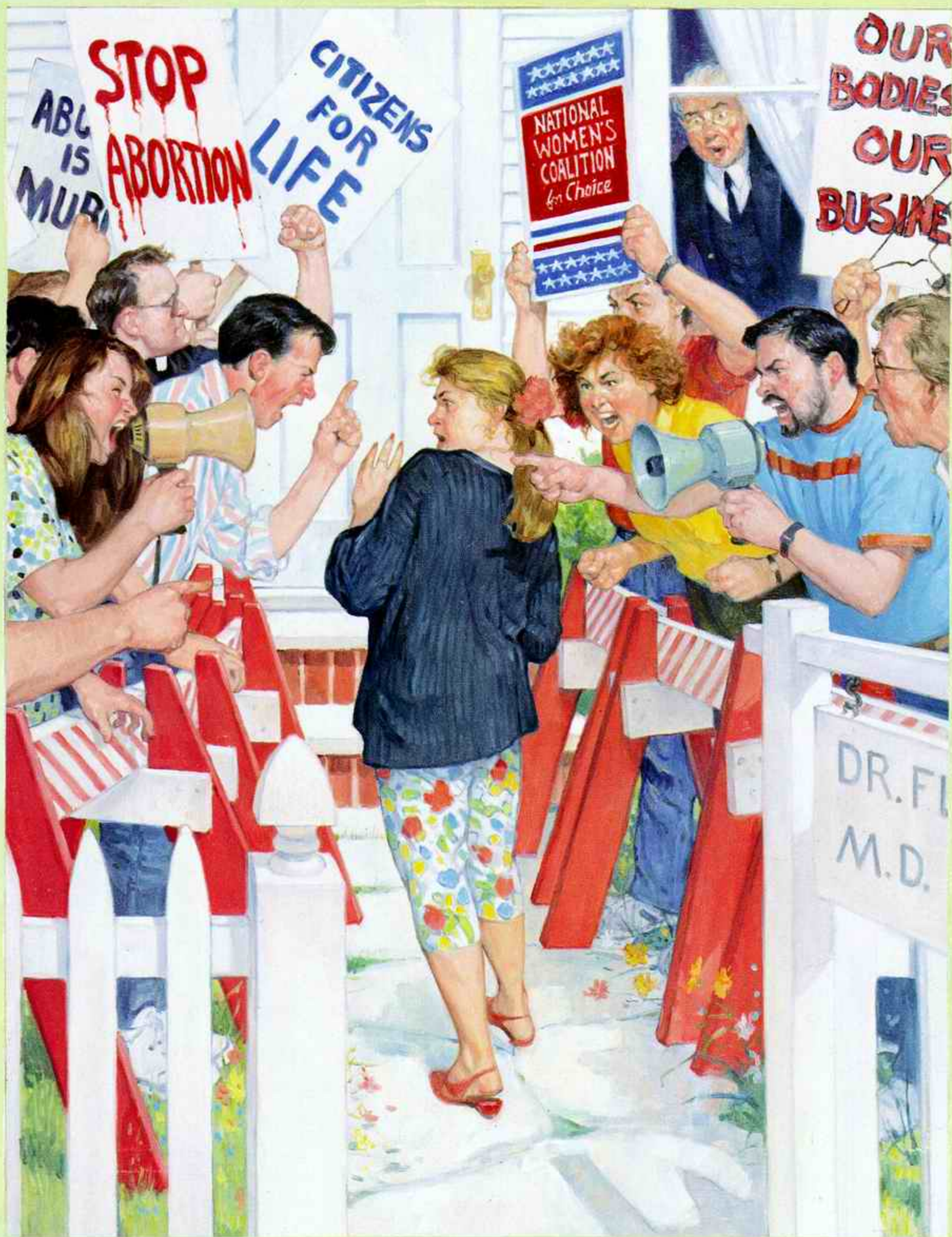
◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**DOES OUR SYSTEM TRAIN CROOKS SO THEY DON'T
RE-ENACT THEIR LIVES OF CRIME? NO! WE NEGLECT
THEM AND THEN PAY FOR IT WITH HIGHER TAXES**

A ▶

◀ B



If Norman Rockwell Depicted the 90's
"Saturday Morning at Doc Fletcher's"