MAD®

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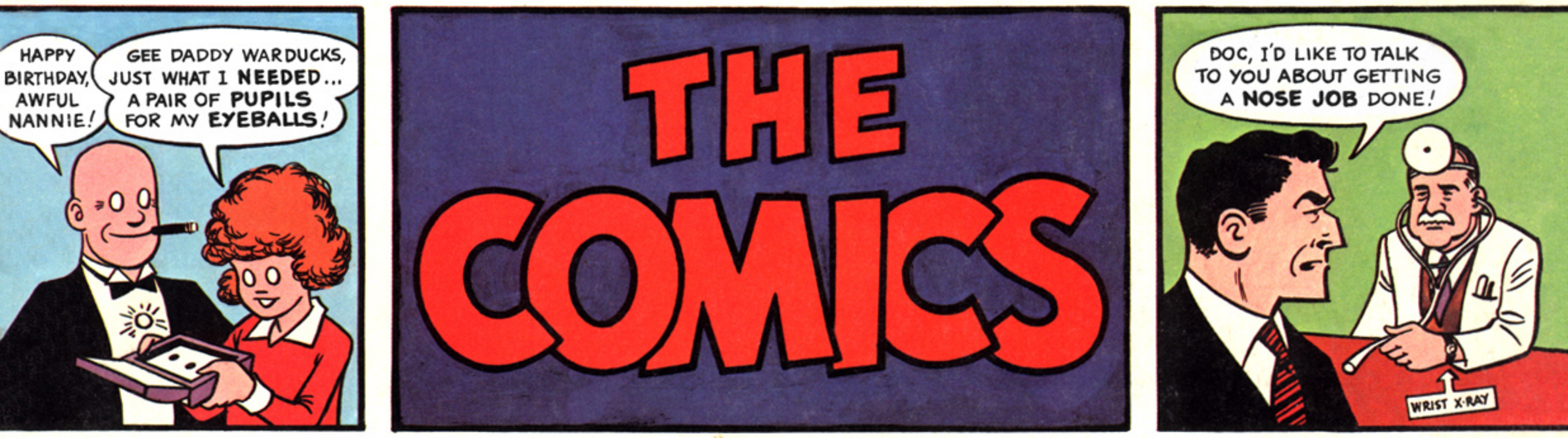
SUPER CHEAP

SUPER SPECIAL FALL 1981

THE COMICS



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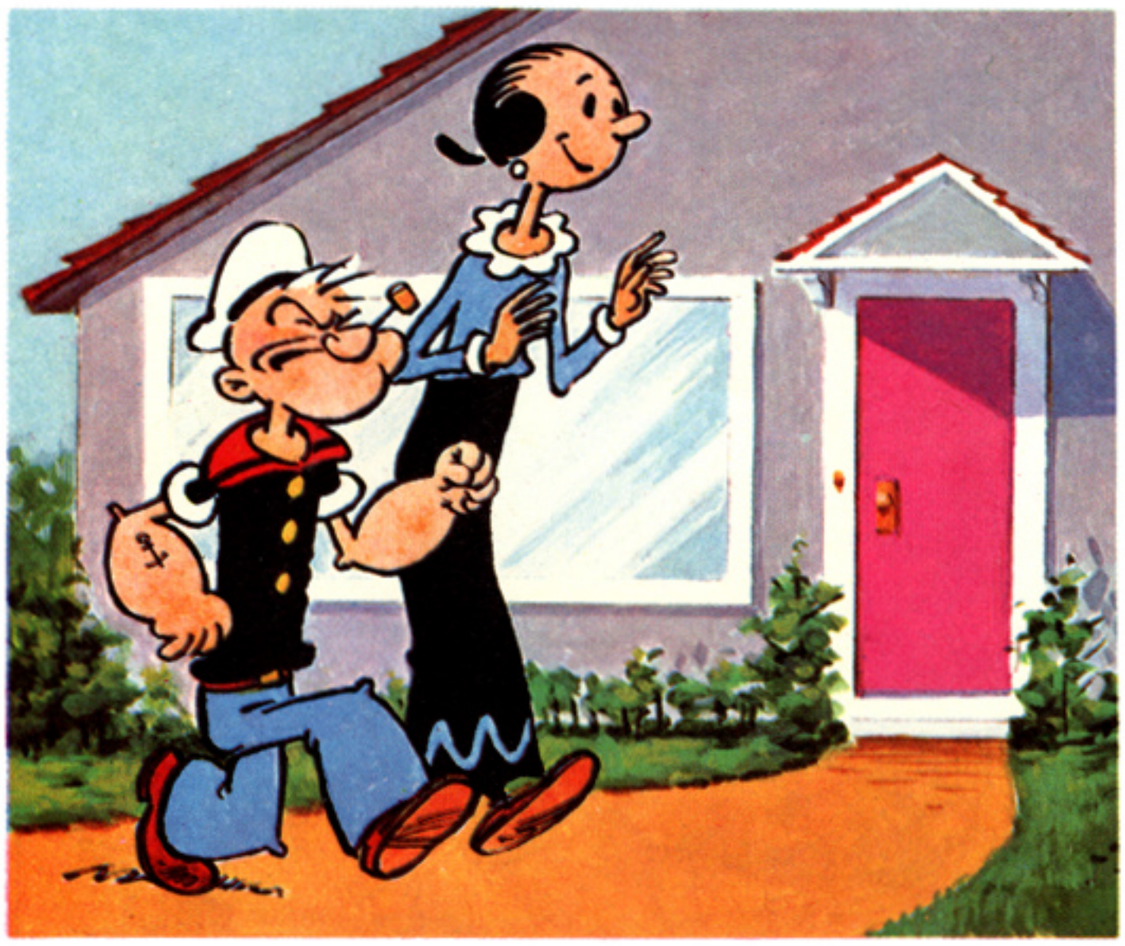
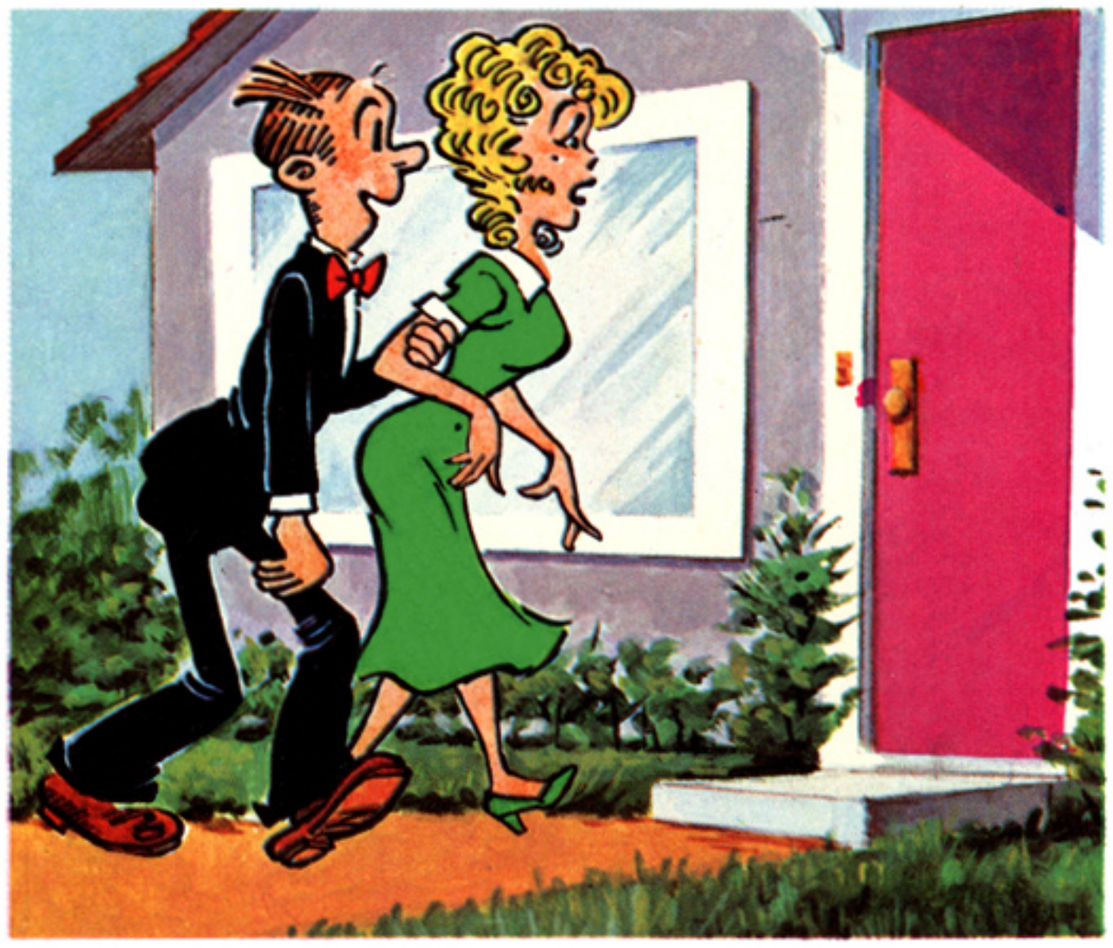
A 96-PAGE MAD LOOK AT THE COMICS OVER THE YEARS

A COLLECTION FROM PAST ISSUES OF THE BEST NEWSPAPER COMICS SATIRES * COMIC MAGAZINE HERO PARODIES * DON MARTIN INSANITY * AND SERGIO ARAGONES MADNESS

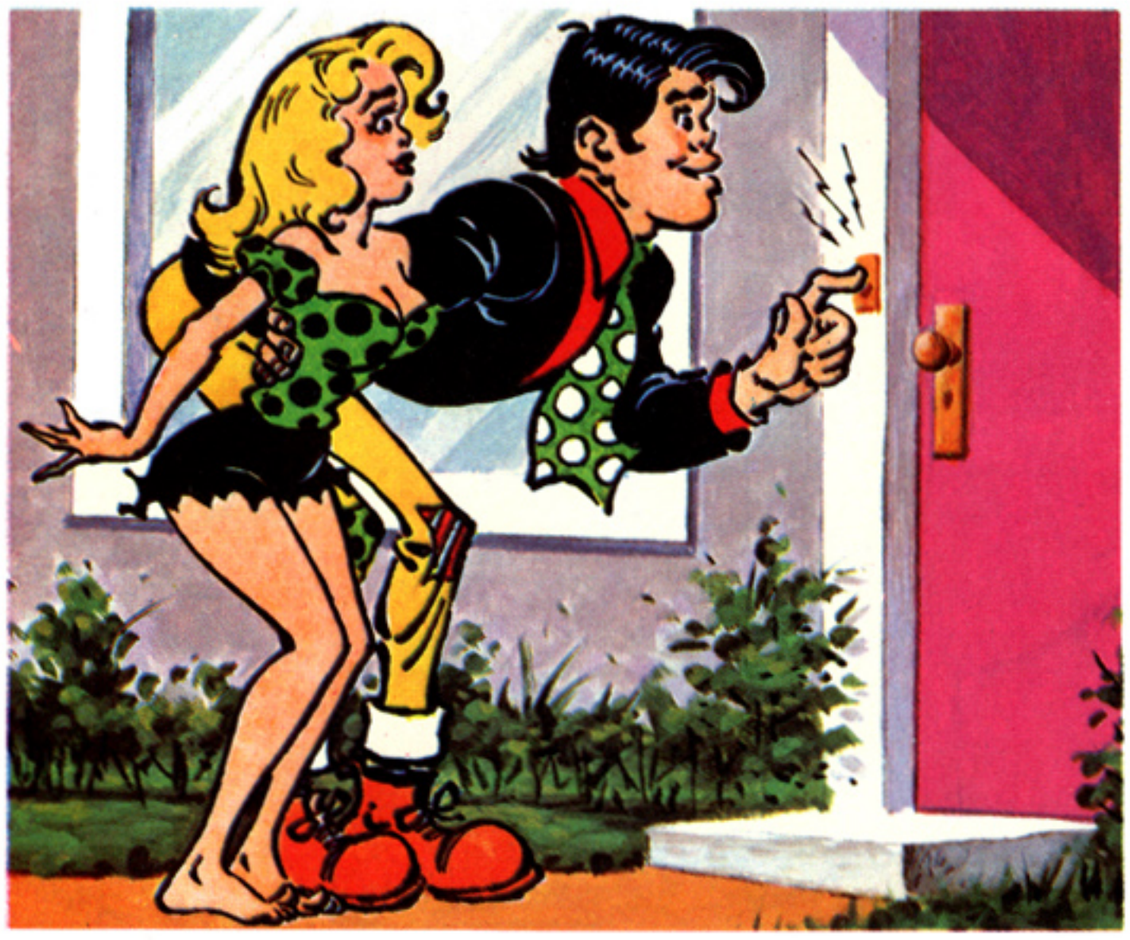
ONE DAY IN THE COMICS SUBURBS





ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



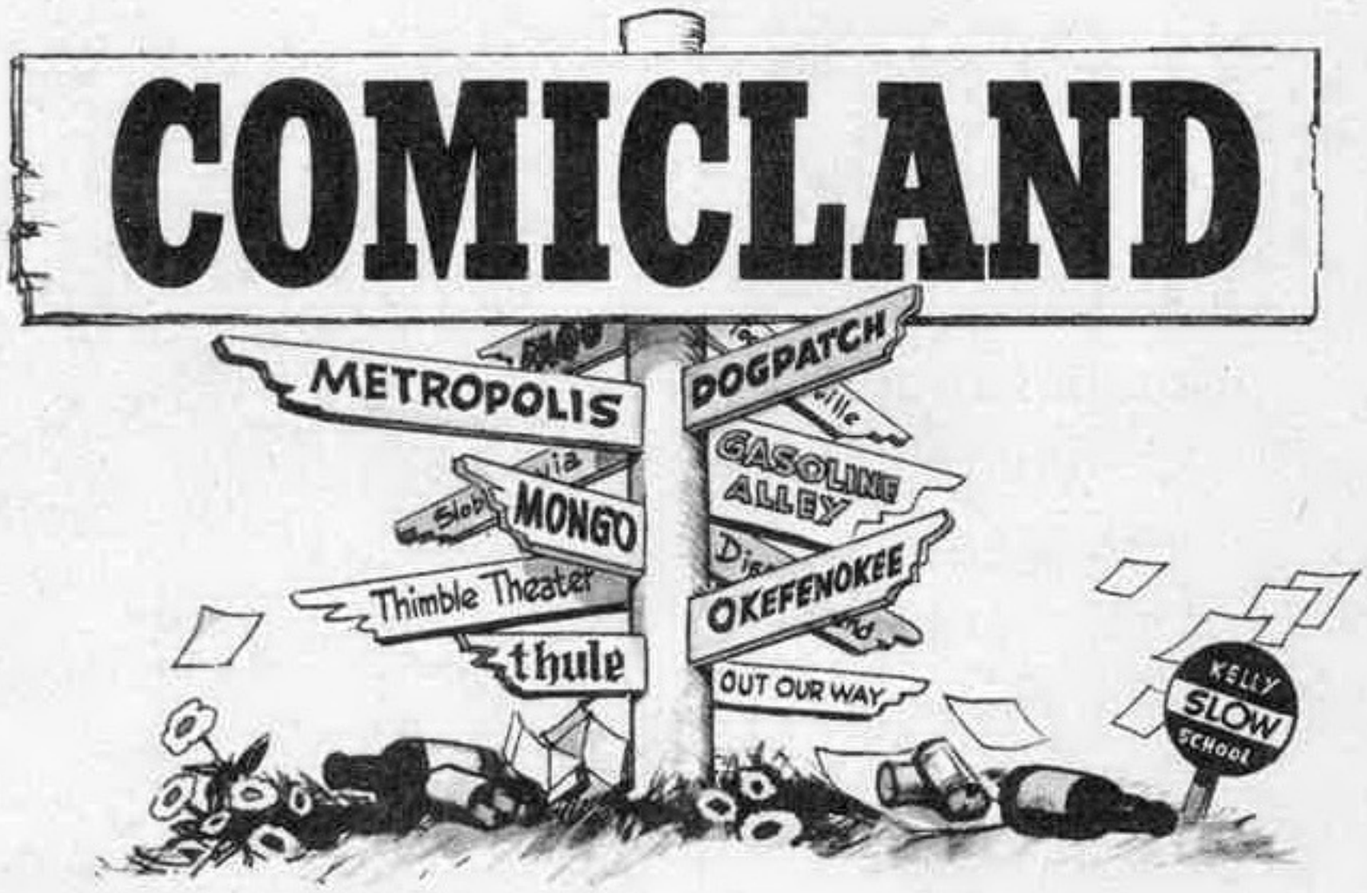
FALL 1981 MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER THIRTY-SIX

"You're a good man, Charlie Brown . . . which is more than we can say about most of our elected officials!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
NICK MEGLIN *senior editor* JOHN FICARRA associate editor

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots



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**Various Places Around The Magazine

STRIP TEASERS DEPT.

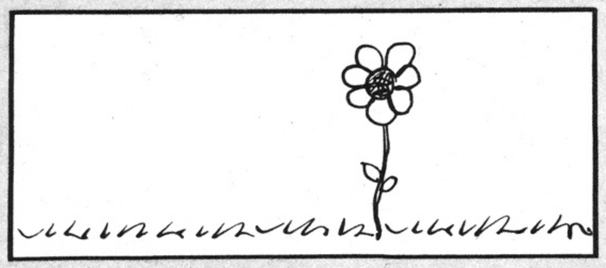
Recently, MAD invited some wonderful guys—comic strip artists we've kidded in the past, but whom we secretly admire — to let down their hair and join in the fun. What we did was ask them to draw the "Comic Strip Of Their Dreams"—the type of strip they'd really like to be doing instead of the one they do every day. And here is their response — as

Some Famous Cartoonists Go "MAD" - And Offer Examples Of

COMIC STRIPS THEY'D REALLY LIKE TO DO

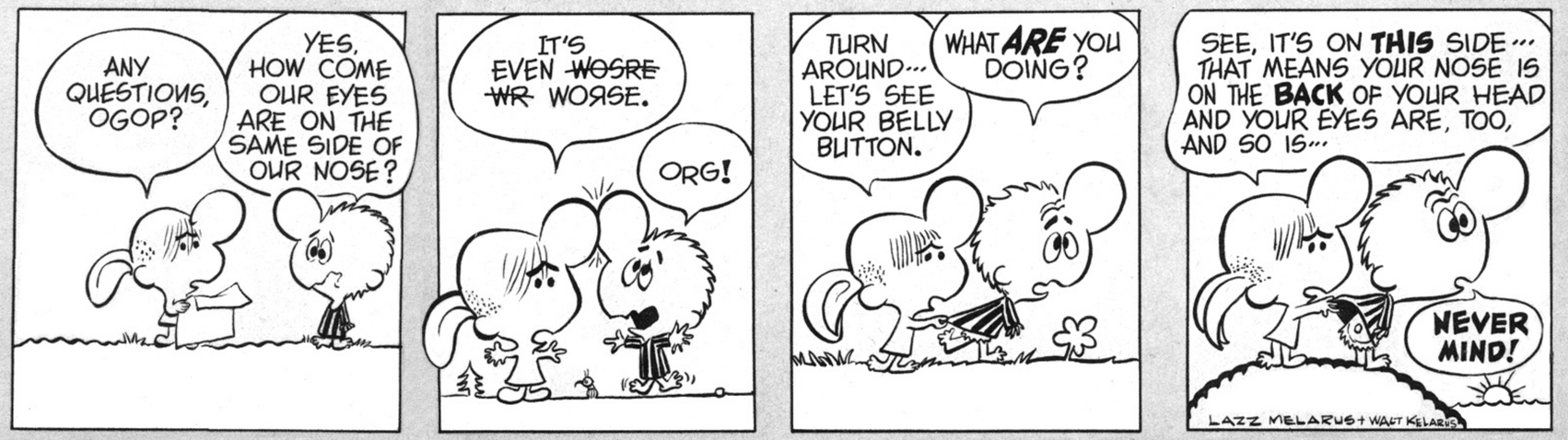
CHARLES M. SCHULZ—creator of *"PEANUTS"*

"This is the sort of comic strip I have secretly longed to do. When one is involved in drawing a strip like "Peanuts," which demands so much research and has such detailed characterization, intricate backgrounds, ornate costuming and complicated plots, one naturally looks with envy upon those who draw simple strips. I sometimes spend hours on one particular panel in order to achieve just the right lighting and action and dramatic effect. By drawing a much simpler type of strip, I would also be able to give up having to use reference photos and pose live models."



WALT KELLY—creator of *"POGO"*

"Here's the kind of thing I'd like to be doing—a comic strip that depends on straight and accurate drawing—like Mell Lazarus's 'Miss Peach'!"



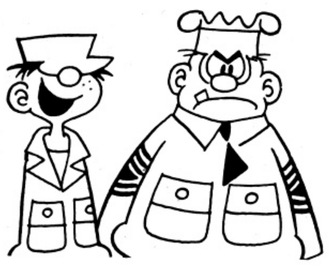
KEN ERNST & ALLEN SAUNDERS—creators of

"MARY WORTH"

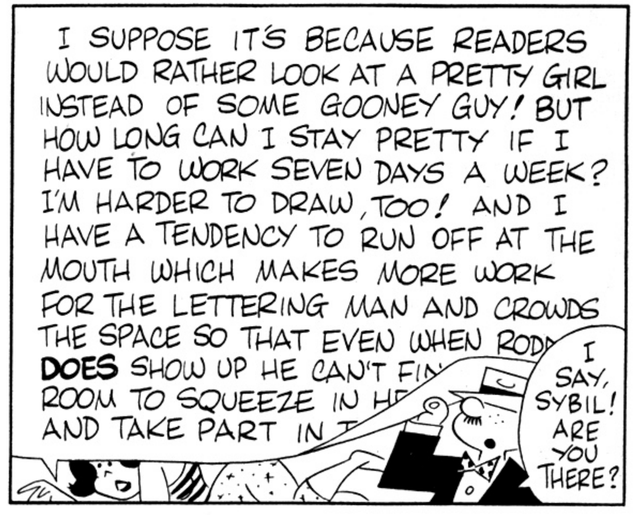
"We'd really like to do a "Peanuts" type strip. We're crazy about those kids . . . even tho' members of our own families have a maddening way of quoting Charlie Brown more often than Mary Worth!"

MORT WALKER—creator of

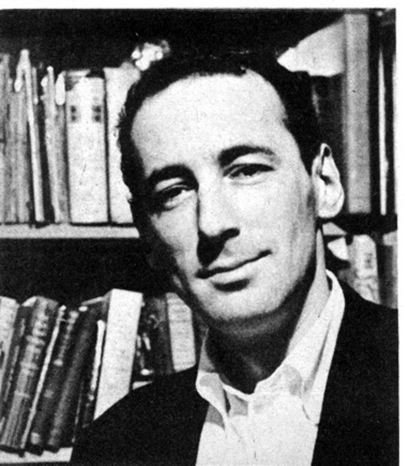
"BEETLE BAILEY"



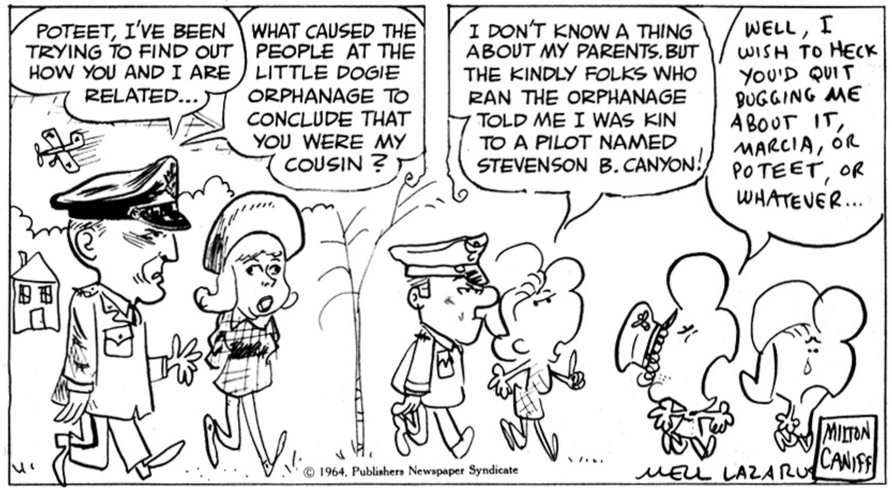
"I've always wanted to do a "Heart of Juliet Jones"-type strip called "The Chapped Hands of Sybil Sudsy." I guess working with an all-male cast for 14 years finally got to me. But this project was a good thing for me because it made me realize how lucky I am doing a strip for a living where it's not necessary to know how to draw!"



MELL LAZARUS—creator of *"MISS PEACH"*



"I've always wanted to do a "Steve Canyon" type of straight comic strip. In fact, I got my chance recently when Milt Caniff had to leave town suddenly. He asked me to finish off a "Canyon" strip due at the engravers. As you can see, I did a great job of continuing and imitating his style!"



© 1964, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

Did you ever stop to think what comic strip characters do when nobody's watching? Well, you won't believe this . . . mainly because it's a lie . . . but they do just what **you** do when nobody's watching. They read MAD. Also, they read those **other** magazines. The ones with those little ads in the back we all love. And so, here's what might happen . . .

IF COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS ANSWERED THOSE LITTLE ADS

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

**"Love Me Or Leave Me"—Arthur Godfrey

Like if LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE . . .

answered this eye make-up ad . . .

she'd end up looking like this.

And if sleuth DICK TRACY . . .

responded to this familiar ad . . .

he'd end up looking like this.

How about if DONALD DUCK . . .

answered an ad like this one . . .

he'd end up looking like this!

**"There's A Small Hotel"—Conrad Hilton

Picture the results if NANCY . . .

were to patronize this advertiser . . .

she'd end up looking like this.

If Nancy's friend, SLUGGO . . .

gave this old ad his business . . .

he'd end up looking like this.

Obviously, if ALLEY OOP . . .

was captivated by this sales idea . . .

he'd end up looking like this.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

And think about if HENRY . . .

were to get results from this ad . . .

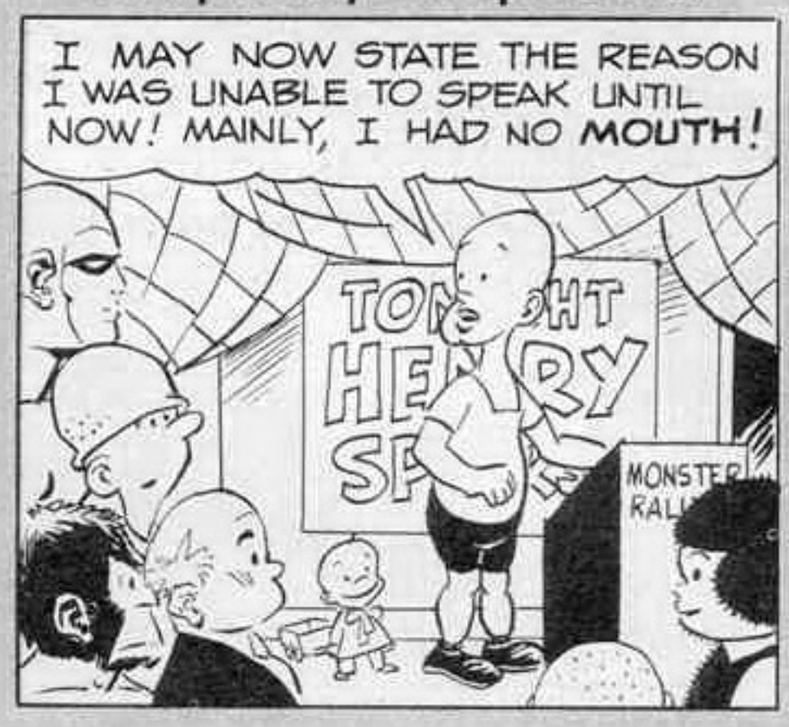
IMPROVE YOUR VOICE!

You can improve the power of your speaking voice . . . Success and popularity are waiting. Find out today! Now! Strengthen your voice. Earn more . . . be popular . . . succeed . . . Look what Hitler did with a little yelling!

TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF TROUBLE AND INTO SUCCESS!

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"THE POWER OF POSITIVE SPEAKING"
The book says nothing,
but then we got your name!
POWER THROUGH SPEECH
Box ARRGH, Bellows Falls, ARK.

he'd probably end up like this.



Consider if THE PHANTOM . . .

answered this provocative ad . . .

Why Suffer From Psoriasis

(Whatever the heck that is!)

Is your skin crusty, scaley, scabby? Do you have lesions, rashes, sores? Did you ever try taking a bath? If nothing has helped you, then you owe it to yourself to try SKUNKOIL. New formula guarantees results. Does not rot clothes or bed linen. It rots skin. 24 years of successful results. Our cemetery is full of customers who finally found relief. Send sample of skin for free diagnosis. We'll get our scratch eventually. Write now, without delay to:

SKUNKOIL LABORATORIES, SHINGLESITCH, WASH.

he'd end up looking like this.

Imagine if DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD . . .

fell for this corny old pitch . . .

"BUNK!" says Charles Fatless

"I TURNED A 97 POUND WEAKLING INTO A 197 POUND WEAKLING IN SEVEN YEARS, NOT DAYS!"

When you're out with your girl, do her muscles embarass you? Send for my "Neurotic Tension" Weight-Lifting Course, which includes the equipment. Then, next time that bully kicks sand on you at the beach, you can throw a bar-bell right back at him. Act today, write . . .

CHARLES FATLESS
Neurotic Tension Weight-Lifting Course
SNATCHES, TENNESSEE

he'd end up looking like this.

And finally suppose POPEYE . . .

went vain and answered this pitch . . .

DOUBLE CHIN

Sleep with "Selma's Corrective Chin Strap" for just seven days, and get amazing results. You'll lose inches of chin, and hours of rest. That ugly hanging flab will disappear from under your jaw! It'll move to under your eyes! Send for Free Trial Offer. Your money and chin back if you are not fully satisfied. Write now, to SELMA, SAG HARBOR, MASS.

he'd end up looking like this!

**"They Can't Take That Away From Me"—Col. Abdul Nasser

SONG OF INDIA INK DEPT.

Recently, some smart producer got the bright idea to make a musical out of "Li'l Abner!", and it turned out to be a resounding success both on Broadway, and as a Hollywood movie. The way we look at it, this will probably start a whole rash of musicals based on comic strips, like "Kerry Get Your Gun", "Call Me Sluggo" and "The Little King and I". So, to nip this nauseating trend in the bud, here is our version of a comic strip musical to end all comic strip musicals . . . mainly . . .

The Mad "Comic" Opera

"I can't understand it, folks! My 'sawing-a-woman-in-half' trick always worked before!"

ACT 1, SCENE 1: THE OFFICE OF DICK TRACY

Gee, Mr. Tracy! It's great to be a cop, and serve under you!

You'll find a cop's life is a good one, Mickey!

I hope I can move up as fast as you have, Sir!

Move up fast! HAH! That's a laugh!

* Oh, it's a long, hard grind
From cop to detective!
But it's longer still
When your aim's defective!

Though my fans adore me,
And I've won great fame,
Still, I'm sorry to say,
I've got lousy aim!

**Sung to the tune of "September Song"*

WOOD.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

Yet the crooks dwindle down
To a rotten few!
From Pruneface
to Flyface!

And you may wonder why
I'll never resign!
It's 'cause their aim
Is worse
Than mine!

Well, I don't care! I still admire you—
LOOK OUT!

Why, it's Tarzan! How come you're not out chasing apes?

Aw, it gets lonesome in the jungle Tracy! I'm looking for a wife! And if anyone can find one for me, you can!

Well, that's a little out of my line, Tarz! Tell me . . . what sort of girl do you want?

I know **exactly** what I'm looking for . . .

* The girl that I marry will have to be
As light on her feet as a chimpanzee!
The girl with whom I'll romp
Will swing through the jungle
And smell like a swamp!

A bone of white ivory will grace her nose!
She'll spring like a panther when I propose!
'Stead of sighin',
She'll be cryin'
With the roar of a half-crazy lion!
Athletic and hairy
The girl that I marry must be!

**Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"*

But what ever happened to **Jane?**

She ran off with **Mark Trail!**

Oh, that's a shame! Well, don't worry! **I'll** help you find a wife!

Hey, Tracy! I was just in Dugan's Bar, and I saw your girl-friend Orphan Annie!

So what, Phil! She's probably just waiting for me!

DEAD OR ALIVE

But she was with a guy in a **white coat!**

White coat, you say! That could only be **one man!** That hideous arch-fiend, Rex Morgan, M.D.! C'mon, Tarzan! We've got to **save** her!

ACT 1, SCENE 2: DUGAN'S BAR

Leapin' lizards! I don't like the way you've been **talking,** Rex Morgan, M.D.! What do you **want** with me, anyhow?

It's your **eyes,** Annie! I've never seen anything **like** them before! I must have you (heh-heh) **forever!**

* I've got no doctor's degree!
I'm just a quack;
A diploma I lack!
But when I first saw you, I knew
That I'd like to practice on you!

I'm just a phony M.D.!
Your glassy eyes
Give me such a surprise
That I'm sure that their size can't be true!
So I'd like to practice on you!

I look at you every time that we
Are meeting here
For highballs!
How you can see makes no sense to me!
You've obviously got
No eyeballs!

Why not leave Tracy for me?
Let's make a date—
After I operate
You'll look great there
Preserved just like new!
Oh, I'd like to practice
On you!

Hold on, Rex Morgan, M.D. Your evil plans are **doomed!**

He's mad, Tracy! **Stark raving mad!**

**Sung to the tune of "I Get A Kick Out Of You"*

Shoot me, Tracy, and you shoot your girlfriend!

If only I can aim straight!

Ha! Missed me, Tracy! Now, I'm getting out of here, and I'm taking Annie with me!

Sorry I nicked you, Dagwood! It's my lousy aim! I'd say you've got about five minutes left!

That's okay! My life's been nothing but misery, anyhow!

* Old Man Dithers;
That Old Man Dithers!
He pays me nuthin'
An' treats me rotten!
He just keeps screamin'!
He keeps on screamin'
All day!

I get no Blue Cross!
No paid-up pension!
A raise I'm needin',
But don't dare mention!
'Cause Old Man Dithers
He'd only lower
My pay!

Look at me!
It's just a crime!
No vacation
Or overtime!
Nine till five!
Like a slob!
Be a minute late
And I'd lose my job!

I feel I'm goin'!
It's gettin' hazy!
Goodbye to Blondie!
Goodbye to Daisy!
And Old Man Dithers
Can just keep screamin'
All day!

He's (sniff) dead, Tarzan!

*Sung to the tune of "Old Man River"

Why, Tracy! You're **crying!** Is it because you feel **sorry** for killing him by mistake?

No! But I'll **tell** you why!

* You ask me why I sob
Killing some poor slob!
I of course reply
When the bullets fly
Something makes me cry!

True, I am just a heel!
Sorrow I don't feel!
Shooting the wrong guy
Didn't make me cry!
Smoke got in my eye!

Now shaaz ka pop

Why, it's **Sandy!** He wants us to **follow** him! I bet he can lead us to Orphan Annie!

Arf!

*Sung to the tune of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"

ACT 1, SCENE 3; IN A PLANE, 18,000 FEET UP

I wonder why Sandy led us into this **plane?** Where do you think the pilot is **taking** us?

I don't know, but I always **trust** Sandy!

Arf!

You know, Tracy, I'm really **shocked** about Annie and Rex Morgan, M.D. I always thought she was just a little girl, and he was a respectable doctor!

That's where you're **wrong,** Tarzan! You can't believe everything you hear about comic strip characters! Listen . . . and I'll explain . . .

Allegro

*It ain't necessarily so!
It ain't necessarily so!
The comics you're readin'
Are often misleadin'!
They ain't necessarily so!

Flash Gordon, he flies to the stars!
Flash Gordon, he flies to the stars!
But I know he's lyin'
'Cause folks who've been tryin'
Can't even reach Venus or Mars!

Just look at that fellow, Clark Kent!
Just look at that fellow, Clark Kent!
His specs don't disguise him
And yet no one spies him
As being that Superman gent!

Now all of Steve Canyon's
Sweet female companions
Are at his beck and call!
They're cuttin' up capers
In hundreds of papers . . .
But don't believe it all!

*Sung to the tune of "It Ain't Necessarily So"

Now Annie is young, so you hear!
Now Annie is young, so you hear!
But I am assertin'
That I know for certain
She's now in her 36th year!

I want every reader to know!
The comics, they ain't nessa–
Ain't nessa—ain't nessa—
Ain't necessarily so!

Gee, Tracy! I never **thought** of it like that! I . . . HEY! Looks like we're running into some **bad weather**

The plane's going into a **steep dive!** Something tells me we're **crashing!** Hey pilot! **What happened?**

Well, I'll **tell** you . . .

Arf!

* It was just one of our wings!
Just one of our airplane's wings!
One of those breaks
That bad weather brings!
Just one of our wings!

It's been just one of those nights!
Just one of those perilous flights!
When you bail out,
Count ten and pull strings!
Just one of our wings!

If I'd thought a bit
To the end of it,
When I saw the plane
was unsound!
I'd have been aware
Once we'd reach the air
That we'd crash,
smash to the ground!

So goodbye, have a nice trip!
Here's hoping
I've still got a strip!
Now I must run,
'Cause we've got just one
Of our wings!

He bailed out!

Guess we better do the same! I sure hope Sandy can count to ten . . .

Arf!

*Sung to the tune of "Just One Of Those Things"

ACT 2, SCENE 1: PENNY'S HOUSE, 18,000 FEET BELOW

I'm so glad that Penny invited you and Lowizee to dinner with us, Snuffy! Tell, me! Are you **really** beatniks?

Someone's at the **door,** Mom! I'll see who it is!

One side, Kid! The name's Morgan, M.D., and I need a **hideout** for Annie and me!

Run for your lives! He's mad!

Don't listen to her! She's mad **herself!** Just look at those **staring eyes!**

Pore chile's all tuckered out! Ye **ailin',** honey?

I'm all right! It's just that I wish Dick Tracy were here! Gosh, I miss him!

* Tra-cy!
How I miss ya! How I miss ya!
My dear Dick Tracy!
I'd give the world to say
That you were here with A–
N-N-I-Even know that
San-dy's
Workin' for ya, barkin' for ya!
He'll find me, Tracy!
A happy girl I never will be
Till Tracy comes an' rescues me!

*Sung to the tune of "Swanee"

Don't worry, Annie! We're here! Sandy **did** lead us to you!

Tracy! **At last!**

And now for **you,** Rex Morgan, M.D. Take **that!** And **that!** And . . .

Darn it! I keep **missing** him!

I'll pick 'im off for yuh, Tracy!

My abdominal cavity has been laterally incised, and all them funny little things in there ain't **workin** no more!

He's dead! Will you **marry** me, Annie?

Leapin' lizards, **yes!**

I've searched **everywhere** for a girl like you, Penny! Come with me to the **Congo!**

Arf!

Sounds **super** to me, Tarzan!

Ain't it **wunnerful,** Paw? It's **luv!**

Everybuddy's doin' it, it seems . . .

* Like frinstance, Abbie and Slats do it!
Donald Duck and his three brats do it!
Let's do it!
Let's fall in love!

We've heard that Gumps without chins do it!
Mickey, Phil, and all the Finns do it!
Let's do it!
Let's fall in love!

Some say the Three Little Pigs do it
When the Wolf's out of reach!
Maggie and Jiggs do it!
Not to mention Miss Peach!

We know that Blondie and Dag do it!
Frequently a Yokum and a Scragg do it!
Let's do it!
Let's fall in love!

*Sung to the tune of "Let's Do It"

We're told that both Hans and Fritz do it!
Snazzy dames like Fritzi Ritz do it!
Let's do it!
Let's fall in love!

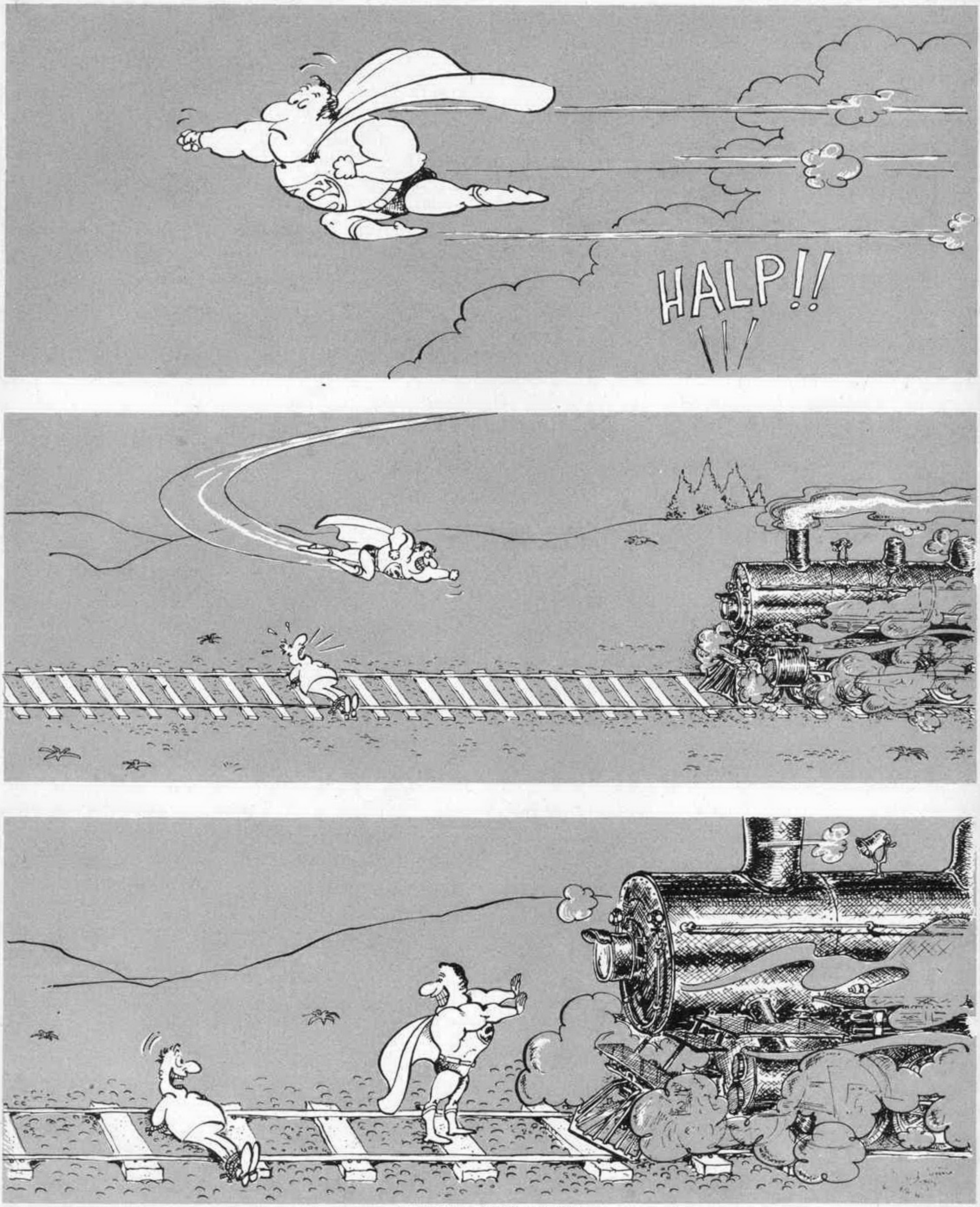
Prize pups like Pluto and Scamp do it!
Alley Oop and Pete the Tramp do it!
Let's do it!
Let's fall in love!

It's true that Kayo and Moon do it!
Though well-mannered they ain't!
Linus will soon do it!
Not to mention The Saint!

They say that most folks on Earth do it!
Even certain friends of Mary Worth do it!
Let's do it!
Let's fall in love!

THE END

MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE...



ARAGONÉS

DRAWING ON AN OLD FORMAT DEPT.

The latest rage in TV, it seems, is the "Adult Cartoon Show". It started when TV pollsters discovered that millions of Mommies and Daddies were enjoying a "Kiddie Cartoon Show" called "Hucklebuckle Hound". Quick to spot a trend (and the chance for a fast buck), TV Producers are currently scrambling to turn out cartoon shows specifically designed for grownups. The first of many more of these shows to come is called "The Flintstoners", and if this show is indicative of the trend, all we can say is: While the *look* may be new, the *sound* has an *old familiar ring!* Namely, the scripts of "The Flintstoners" are exactly like all the other scripts we've been seeing around the channels for years. The only thing that is changed, it appears, is that more and more TV actors are gonna be out of work due to . . .

ADULT TV CARTOONS

SAMPLE SCENE SHOWING HOW SCRIPT OF NEW ADULT CARTOON SHOW IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS SCRIPT OF OLD REGULAR-TYPE TV SHOW

THE FLINTSTONERS

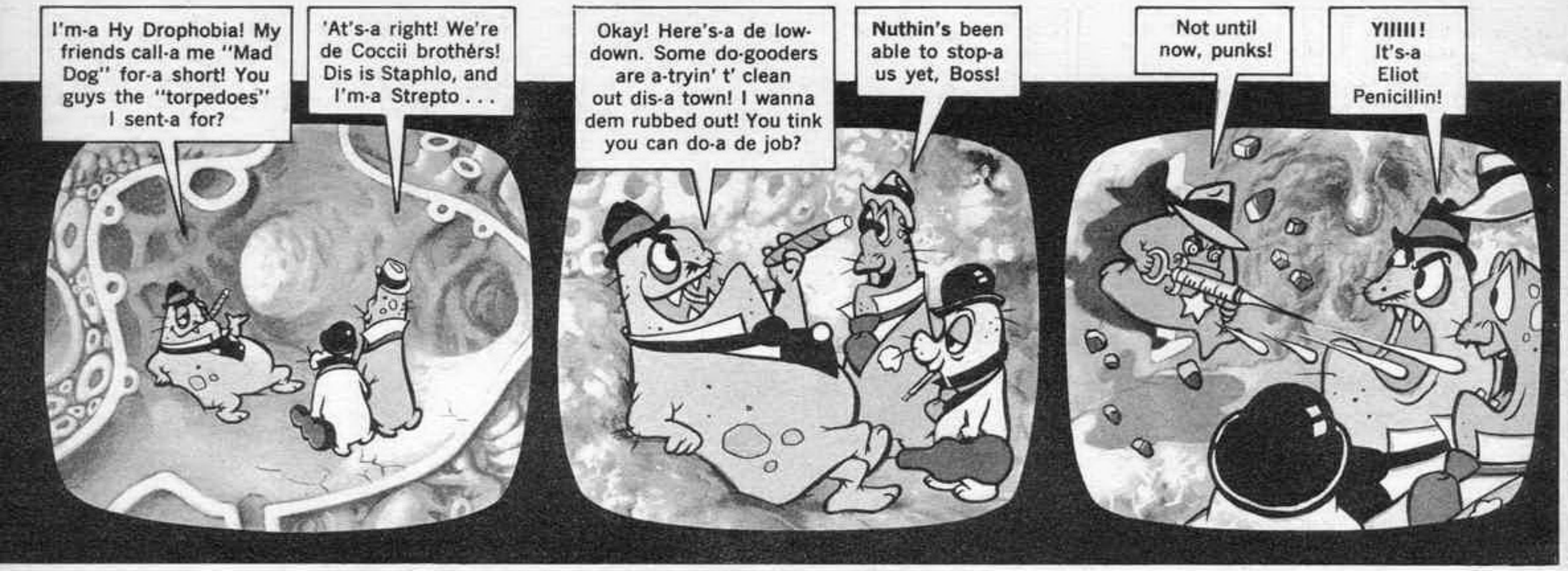
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD
WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE HONEYMOONERS

Yes, it's obvious that the television viewer isn't getting much that's new with "Adult TV Cartoons". But the Television Producer is getting a lot that's new! For one thing, he's getting actors that demand no salaries, royalties or residuals. And he no longer has to deal with temperamental stars. Expensive stage sets are out, too! So are props, costumes, lights, and shooting schedules. All he needs now is a low-priced cartoonist with a bottle of ink and a pen. Naturally, with an incentive like this, there's every reason to believe that all television programs will "go cartoon" eventually, and we'll be seeing shows like these . . .

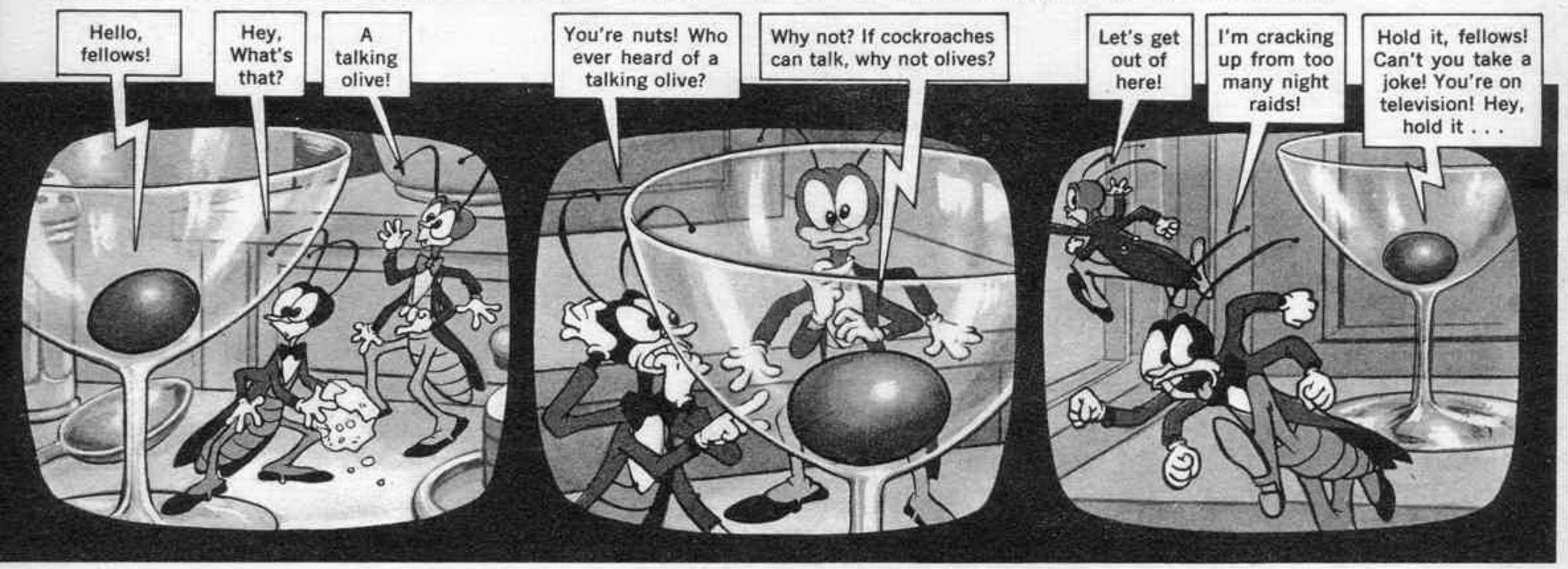
THE UNTOUCHABACILLI

These cartoon stories will be based on true facts from an era when dangerous bacteria threatened law and order in the land.



CANDID CAMERABUG

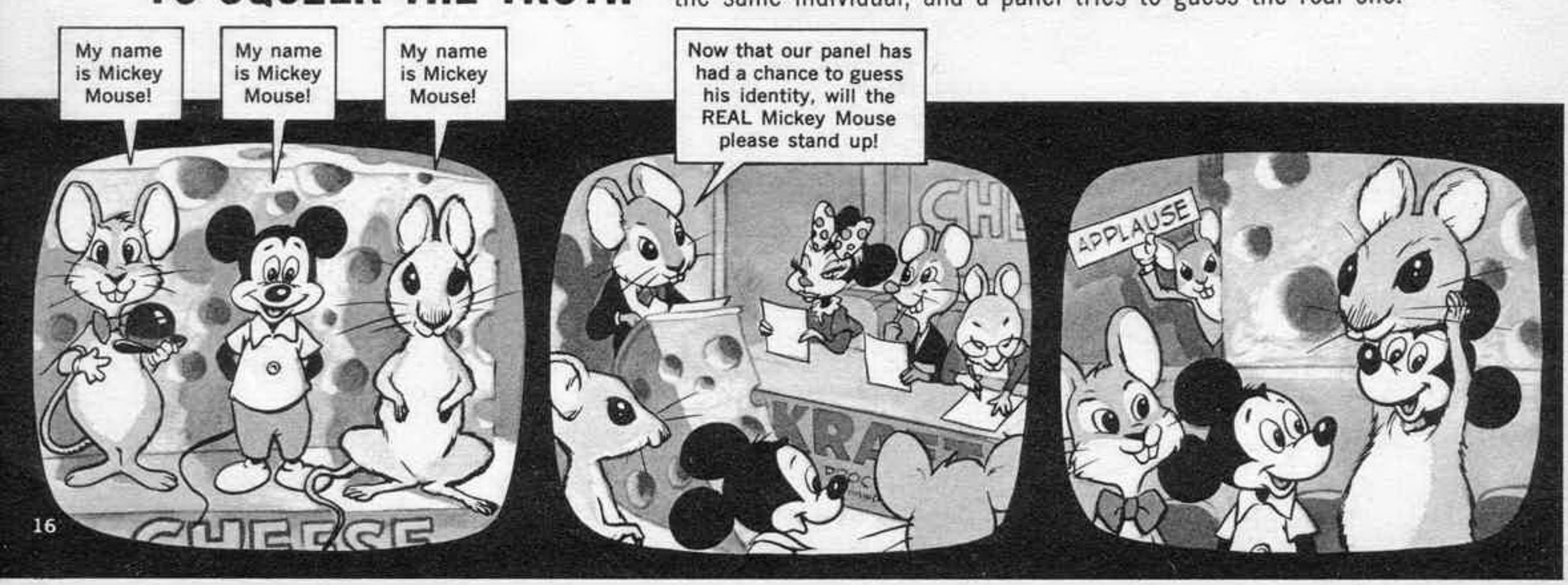
This new cartoon show will catch its victims off-guard, like an after-hours scene taken in a famous restaurant's kitchen.



**"Two beatniks with wigs are as alike as toupees in a pad.

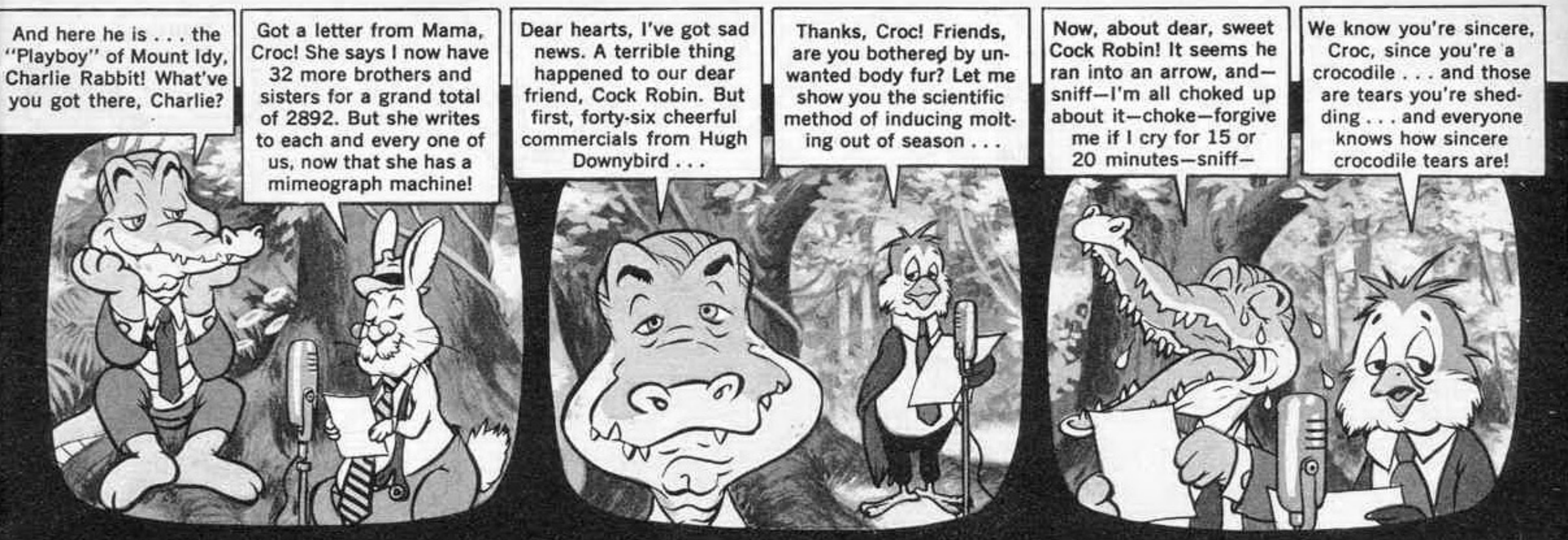
TO SQUEEK THE TRUTH

On this show, three cartoon characters will all claim to be the same individual, and a panel tries to guess the real one.



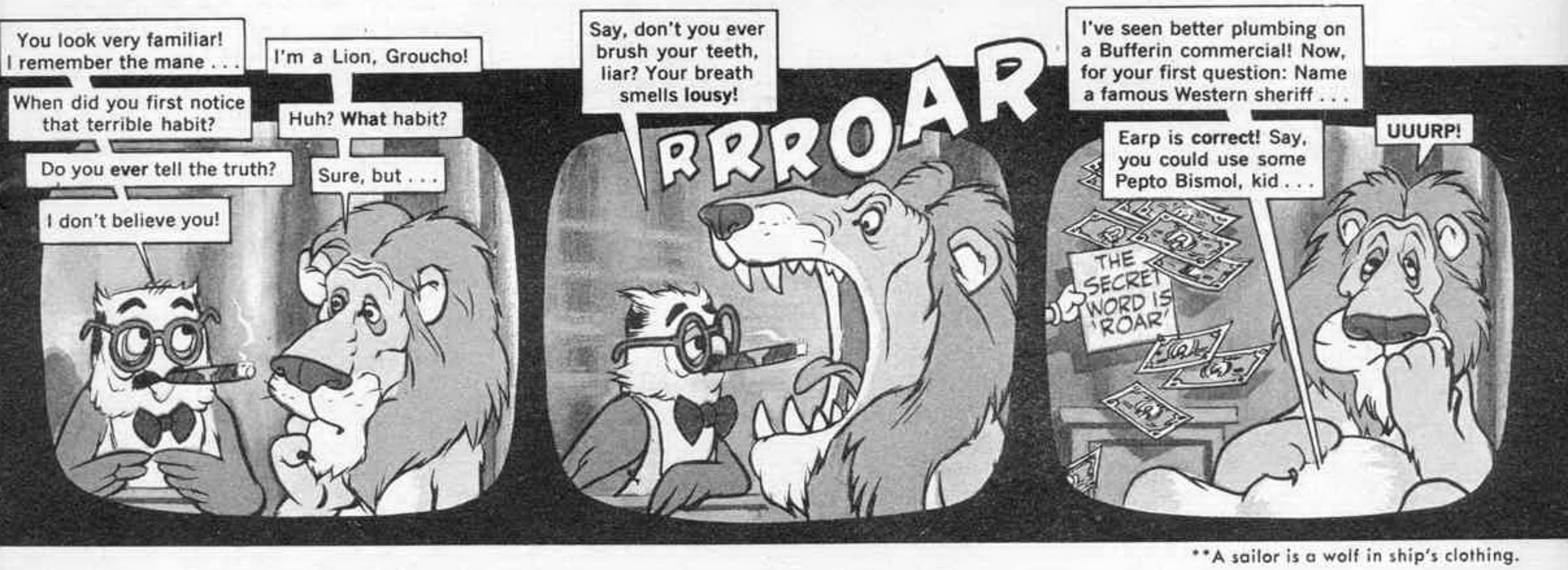
THE CROC PAAR SHOW

This fascinating night cartoon show will feature an emotional emcee, off-beat guests, frank discussions, plenty commercials.



THE GROUCHO OWL SHOW

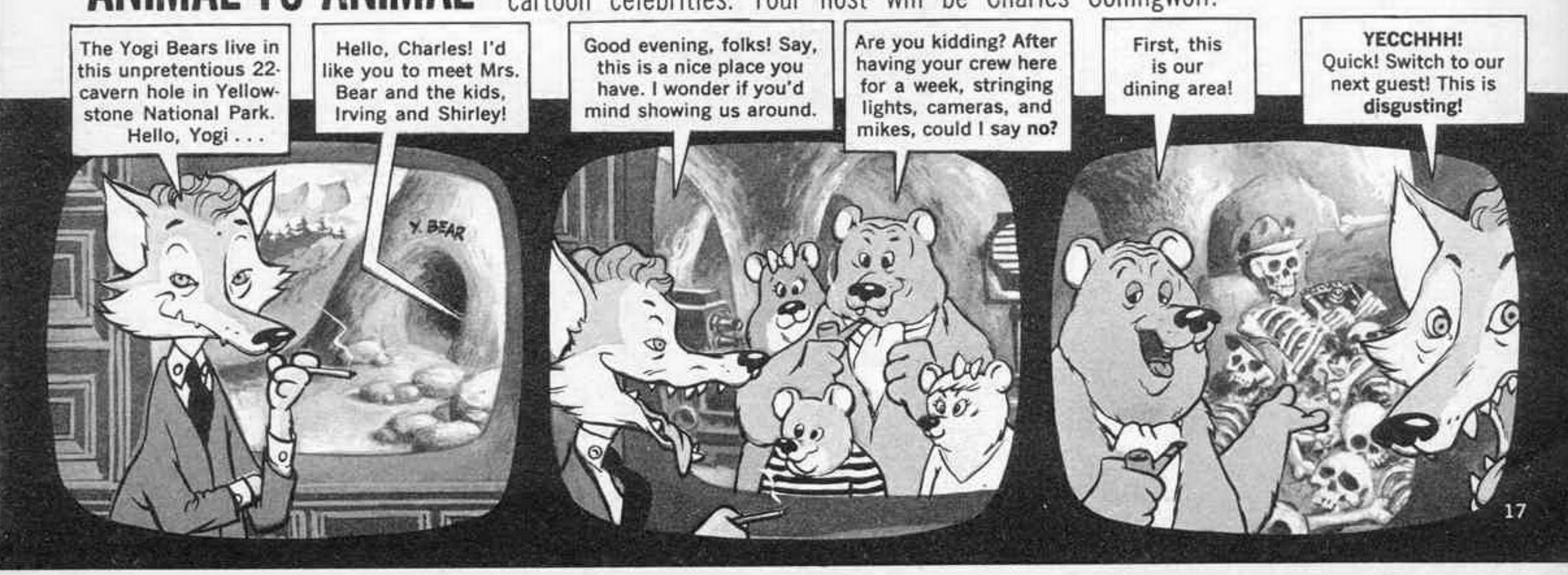
This new cartoon quiz will rely on the emcee's insulting the contestants for its entertainment. Questions are incidental.



**A sailor is a wolf in ship's clothing.

ANIMAL TO ANIMAL

This will be an interview show which visits the homes of TV cartoon celebrities. Your host will be Charles Collingwolf.



NO LONGER WORKING FOR PEANUTS DEPT.

What was once upon a time nothing more than a delightful comic strip has become, in the past few years, a business organization that could someday rival General Motors! We're talking, of course, about that $20-million industry called "Peanuts"! As this fantastic new enterprise branches out into more Books, more Newspapers, more TV Specials, more Dolls and Sweatshirts and Records and Off-Broadway Shows and so forth, Charlie Brown and his gang continue to be real, honest, sincere and endearing people. Nevertheless, we at MAD are worried. After all, Charlie Brown and his gang are practically "Human"! So it's only a matter of time before terrible things start happening to them. All we'd like to know is:

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL CHARLIE BROWN?

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

PEANUTS

HERE COMES LINUS. HEY, LINUS, HAVE YOU SEEN CHARL-- LINUS, WHAT'S THAT? A **MINK BLANKET?!**

WHAT'S **HAPPENING** HERE? LUCY'S GONE "HOLLYWOOD", SHROEDER'S PLAYING ROCK 'N' ROLL, AND LINUS HAS A "MINK BLANKET"...

THERE'S PIG PEN. HI, PIG PEN... WELL, THANK GOODNESS **YOU** HAVEN'T CHANGED.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THIS IS **IMPORTED DUST.**

SMELL THAT BOUQUET. IT'S GENUINE ITALIAN ANTIQUE. 50 B.C. WAS A **GREAT YEAR** FOR DIRT.

WHERE'S CHARLIE BROWN!?

PEANUTS

LINUS, HAVE YOU SEEN CHARLIE BROWN?

SORRY, I CAN'T TALK. SNOOPY'S **CAVIAR** WILL DRY OUT.

SNOO

HI, VIOLET, HAVE YOU SEEN-- OH, NO--THAT'S NOT FOR SNOOPY **TOO,** IS IT?

HE'S GOING TO **KILL** ME. WE'RE ALL OUT OF **ROQUEFORT DRESSING.**

FOR SNOOPY, I SUPPOSE.

I HOPE HE'S NOT UPSET. THE **PHEASANT** IS JUST RIGHT, BUT THE **GLASS** IT'S UNDER IS CRACKED.

OH, NO. IT'S NOT **HAPPENING.** MAYBE IF I CLOSE MY EYES IT'LL ALL **GO AWAY.**

PEANUTS

SHERMY, I **FOUND** CHARLIE BROWN.

GREAT. WHERE IS HE?

THIS WAY. HIS TEAM IS **PLAYING** TODAY.

MAYBE **I** CAN PLAY, TOO. I ALWAYS WAS THE BEST SHORTSTOP ON CHARLIE BROWN'S TEAM.

POLO?? CHARLIE BROWN IS PLAYING **POLO?**

SHERMY, OLD PAL, IT'S GRAND **SEEING** YOU AGAIN. WE **MUST** SIT DOWN FOR A BUDDY-BUDDY TALK. CALL MY SECRETARY. I THINK I CAN GIVE YOU **5** MINUTES NEXT TUESDAY.

PEANUTS "starring the fabulous Charlie Brown"

MR. BROWN WILL SEE YOU NOW, SHERMY.

AT LAST. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR 3 HOURS. I MUST SPEAK TO HIM. I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS TERRIBLE "SUCCESS DISEASE" THAT'S OVERTAKEN HIM AND THE OTHER KIDS.

HI, CHARLIE BROWN. I... A TOUPEE!?

YOU HEARD ME! BUY TOPPS BUBBLE GUM".

NOT ONE PIECE, STUPID. THE WHOLE COMPANY.

OF COURSE, I SAID I WANT TO MERGE -- BUT NOT WITH THAT COMIC STRIP.

THAT OLD BAG MUST BE AT LEAST 60. AND WHO NEEDS ANOTHER DOG? AT LEAST MINE HAS EYEBALLS.

CHARLIE, I JUST WANTED TO...

BE WITH YOU IN A SEC, SHERM. VIOLET, TAKE A LETTER TO MY BUSINESS MANAGER: "MAX, YOU CRUMB! I TOLD YOU I WANTED A FLAT 80% ON ALL TV, LP AND BOOK TIE-INS. AND DON'T TELL ME SCHULZ IS FIGHTING THE DEAL. HE WORKS FOR ME NOW!" MAKE 3 COPIES, BABY, AND STICK AROUND AFTER OFFICE HOURS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

OKAY, KID. NOW LET'S TALK. SORRY, YOU COULDN'T PLAY POLO WITH ME THE OTHER DAY, BUT IT'S KIND OF AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB AND YOUR NAME SOUNDS A LITTLE TOO-- YOU KNOW --

CHARLIE BROWN, YOU AND THE WHOLE GANG HAVE CHANGED. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

SHERMY, I WOULDN'T TRY TO KID AN OLD BUDDY. I KNOW WE'VE TURNED ROTTEN--BUT IN FIVE YEARS, IT'S GONNA BE A LOT WORSE!

WHAT? LUCY'S GONE "HOLLYWOOD", SHROEDER'S DESERTED "BEETHOVEN", AND YOU'VE TURNED INTO A RUTHLESS BUSINESSMAN, A LECHER AND A BIGOT. HOW COULD THINGS POSSIBLY GET WORSE?

SHERMY, YOU FORGET. IN ADDITION TO EVERYTHING ELSE, IN FIVE YEARS, WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE TEENAGERS.

GOOD BYE, CHARLIE BROWN.

THAT'S RIGHT. SUE THE PLANTER'S CO. FOR $10 MILLION FOR USING OUR NAME ON THEIR PRODUCT...

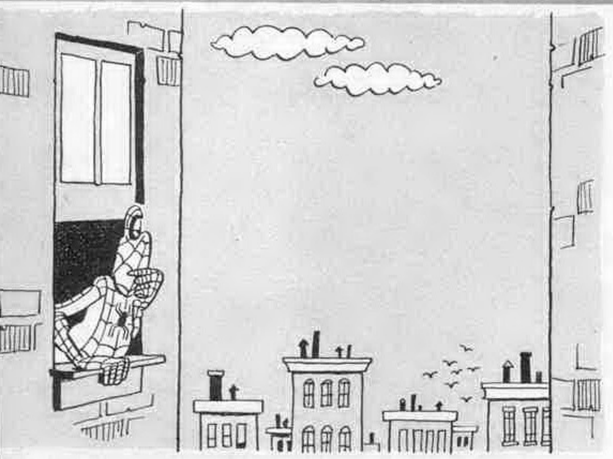
I DON'T CARE WHO CAME FIRST!

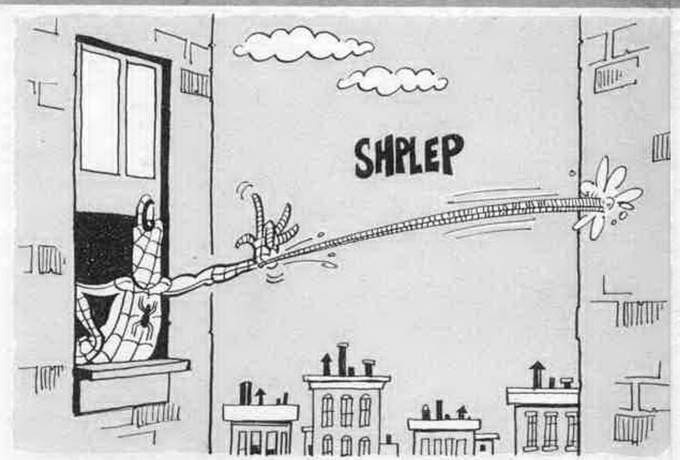
HELLO, J. EDGAR? LISTEN, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT MARY WORTH IS A COMMIE...

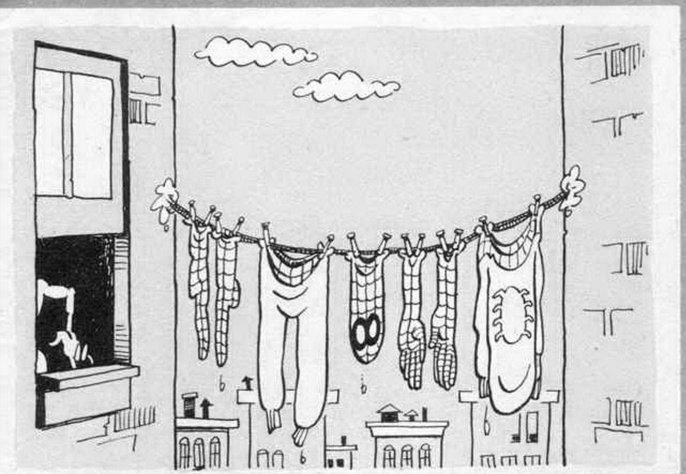
LAST WEEK, IN HER STRIP, SHE--

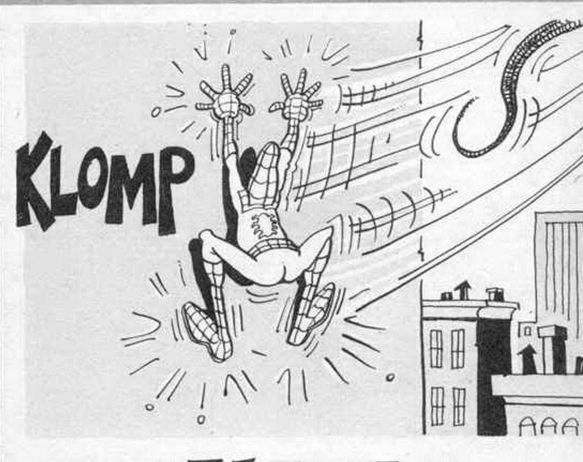
DON MARTIN DEPT.

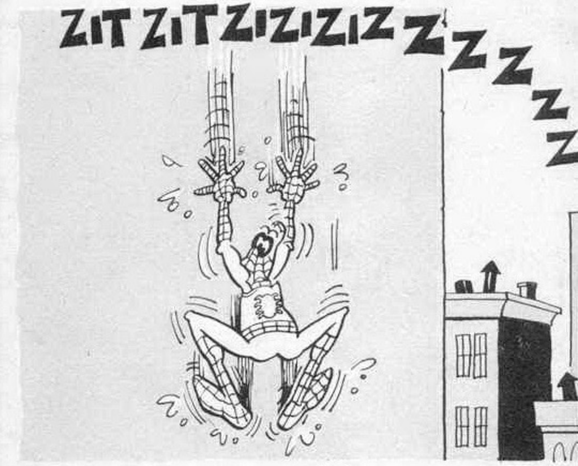
DON MARTIN LOOKS AT SPIDER-MAN

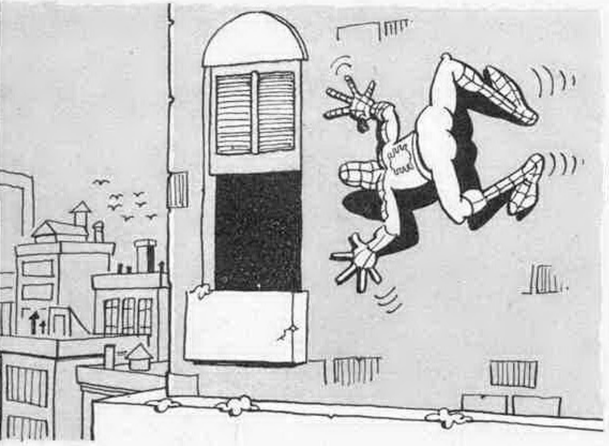












RIP

⊙★★XZ !!!

X⊙☆⊙:3!!!

FIRST NATIONAL

SPITZ SPOPPLE SPATZ

DING DING DING DING DING

WEB FLUID

THIS SALE

3765

THWOP

FWEEEEE

WAITER! ! There's a FLY in my soup! !

THHLORP

CHOMP CHOMP

D.MARTIN...

FUNNIES ARE PEOPLE DEPT.

TODAY, THERE ARE FAN MAGAZINES FOR PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY. MOVIE FANS HAVE MAGAZINES LIKE "*MODERN SCREEN*," TV FANS HAVE MAGAZINES LIKE "*TV GUIDE*," AND ROCK 'N' ROLL FANS HAVE MAGAZINES LIKE "*THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY*." BUT THERE'S A GROUP OF FANS THE MAGAZINE INDUSTRY HAS FORGOTTEN — MAINLY THE FANS THAT GO WILD FOR "*THE COMICS*." WHY NOT A FAN MAGAZINE FOR THEM, LIKE:

BATHLESS GROGGINS ANSWERS 15 INTIMATE PERSONAL QUESTIONS

COMICLAND

August 1963 | Vol. 1 No. 1 | 25¢

FLOGGING!
THE BEST CRIME-STOPPER OF ALL!
By Dick Tracy

●

WHY I CALLED REX MORGAN A QUACK!
By Donald Duck

●

THEY MAKE ME WORK FOR PEANUTS!
By Charlie Brown

●

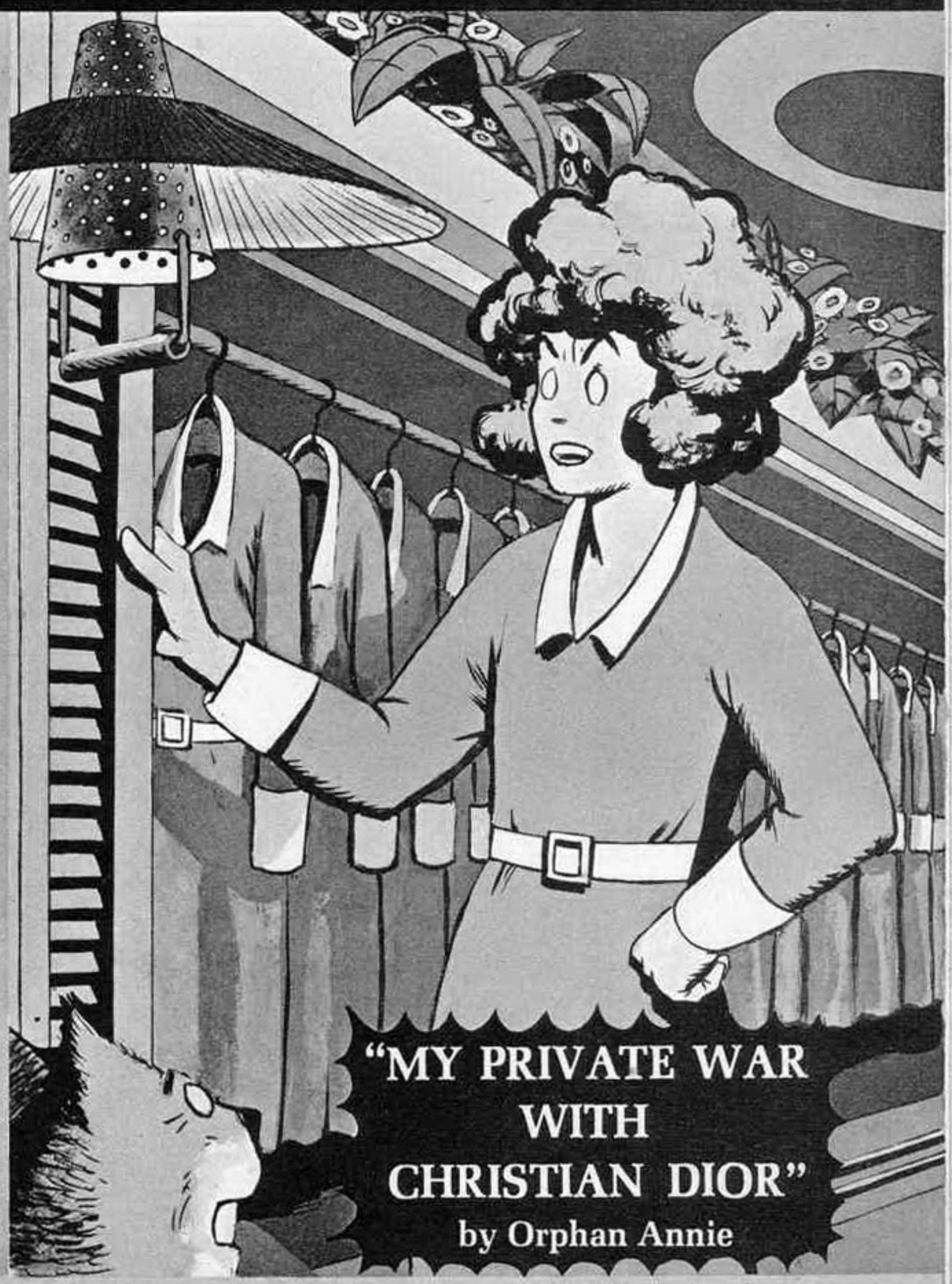
I'M ONLY HUMAN!
By Bugs Bunny

●

FALL-OUT!
HAIRLESS JOE'S SECRET FEAR!

●

APES TALK DIRTY!
By Tarzan



"MY PRIVATE WAR WITH CHRISTIAN DIOR"
by Orphan Annie

SPECIAL: FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT OF DAGWOOD'S NEWEST SANDWICH

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS & E. NELSON BRIDWELL

GLOSSY PIN-UPS

8 x 10 PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC STRIP BEAUTIES

ANY 5 FOR $1.00

SEND FOR ANY FIVE OF THE FOLLOWING COMIC SWEETIES AND RECEIVE A FREE PIN-UP OF GORGEOUS PRINCE VALIANT!!

Daisy Mae • Miss Mizzou • Mary Perkins
Eve Jones • Honey Dorian • Long Sam
Miss Lace • The Dragon Lady • Nancy

COMICLAND PIN-UPS
DEPT. WOW-WEE, HOO-HAH, N. Y.

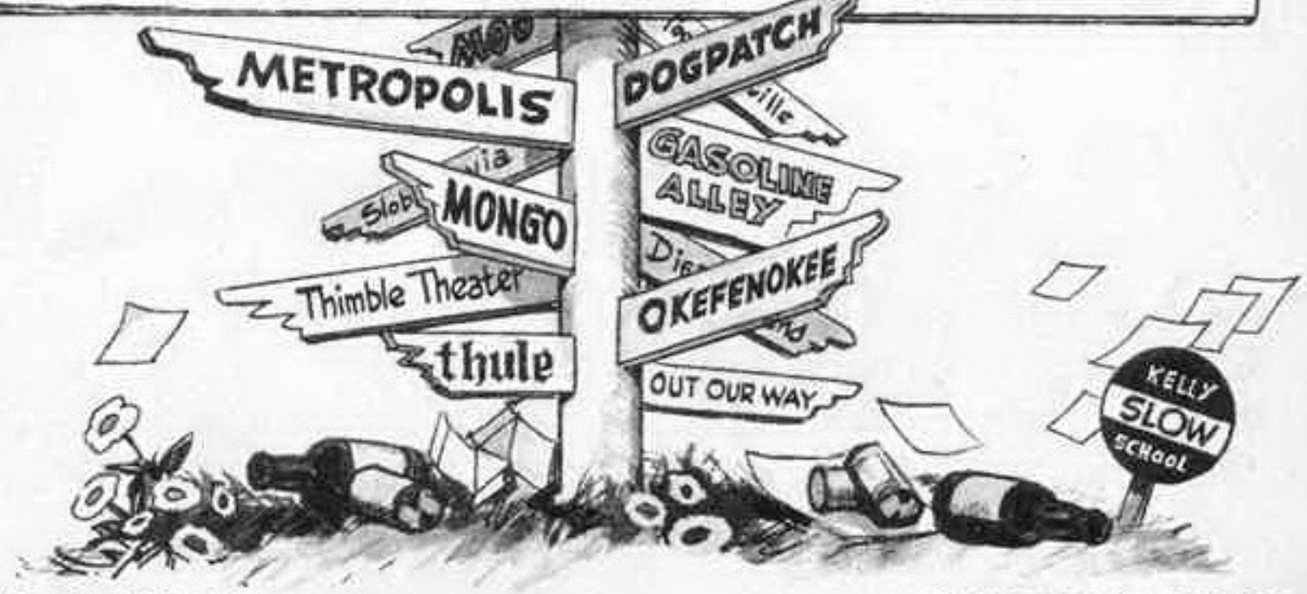
I enclose $1.00. Please send me photos of the 5 comic strip pin-up gals I've circled above—plus my free bonus photo of Prince Val, the sexiest pin-up of all.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMICLAND



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Fashions

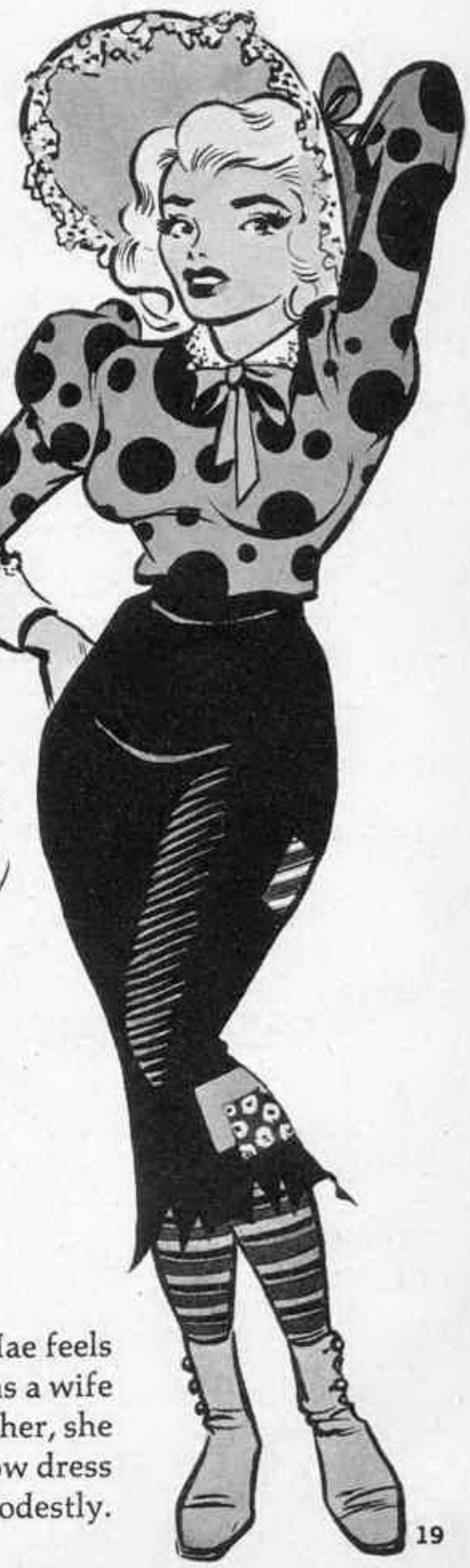
Comic Characters To Fight For Seasonal Costumes

For years now, many comic costumes have been standardized so that while some characters sweltered in Summer, others froze in Winter. With the new contracts between the Comic Characters Union and the Comic Strip Syndicates coming up, the Union will demand that this – plus other intolerable conditions – be corrected . . . with costumes like these . . .

Superman models his new Summer Outfit, designed for cool comfort under street clothes. Cloak and heavy boots have been eliminated, together with long sleeves and tights.

Donald Duck finally gets to wear more conventional suit, complete with long pants and custom shoes.

Here we see Henry's new Winter Outfit. For the first time, his head, arms and legs will be warm.



Daisy Mae feels that, as a wife and mother, she should now dress more modestly.

The Inquiring Photographer

This month's Question: What do you want to be when you grow up?

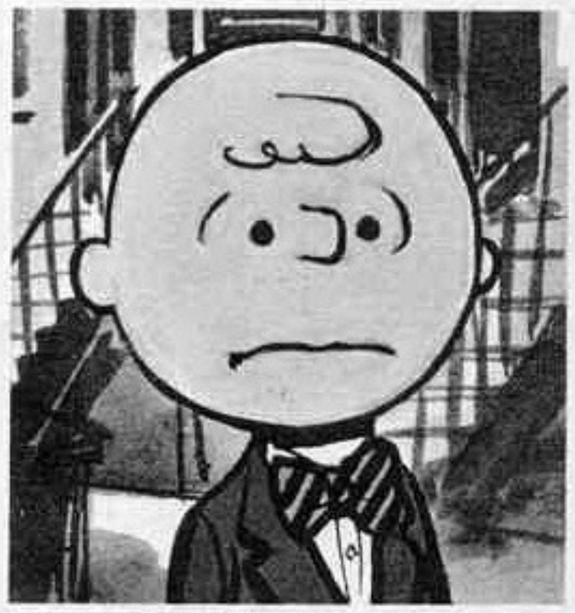
(Asked of Comic Strip Children)

NANCY: I suppose I'll grow up and marry Sluggo, and we'll settle down in another stupid strip, like maybe a "married-couple-situation-comedy-type."

SMITTY: By the time I have grown up, I'll have bought up enough shares of stock to gain full control of Mr. Bailey's company. Then, I'm gonna throw the old coot out on his ear!

DONDI: I want to grow up and be a Politician so I can start "viewing with alarm" and kick this "Pollyanna" bit. And I'd better grow up! It's a little ridiculous for a seven-year-old to still remember World War II!

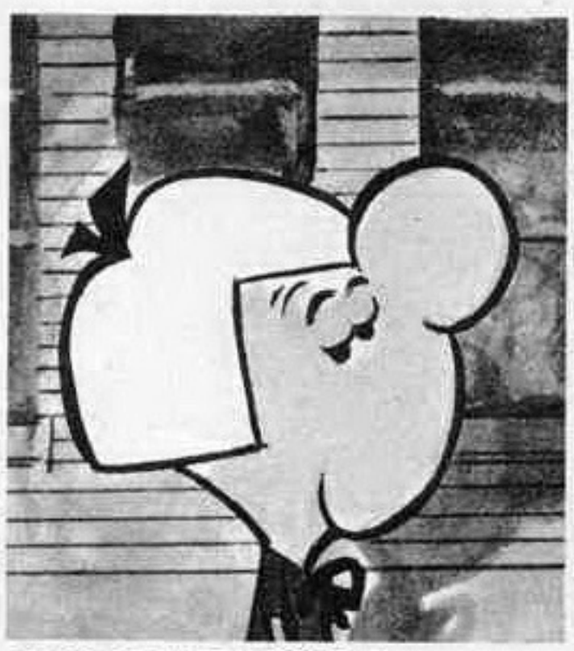
ALEXANDER BUMSTEAD: Well, I'll tell you what *I don't* want to be. I don't want to have to run for busses, work for a mean-tempered old boss, and lead a hen-pecked life at home. No, I think I prefer to remain a teenager—and at the rate Chic Young is aging me in the strip, it looks like I will!



CHARLIE BROWN: Actually, for all practical purposes, I *am* grown up! I speak like a grown-up, and I have grown-up reactions to the grown-up problems and grown-up situations reflected in my strip. But to answer your question — I think I'd like to be a fireman!

LITTLE LULU: The Advertising Account Executive for "Kleenex" has promised that they'll never forget me, once I've grown too old to do their ads. But I'm playing it safe anyhow. I've just signed a contract for the future—with Maidenform Bras.

KAYO MULLINS: When I grow up there will still be plenty of good jobs around, so I'm sure I will have no trouble finding work to be out of!



MARCIA MASON: I expect no important changes in my life. I want to continue to be the most beautiful, intelligent, and important person alive.

JUNIOR TRACY: I'd like to quit as a performer, and then become a cartoonist for this very strip. I can *already* draw lots better than Chester Gould.

Let's Get The Commies Out Of The Comics!

by Oliver (Daddy) Warbucks

THE COMIC STRIP business has been infiltrated by enemies of America! I say this emphatically, and with conviction—because I hold in my hands the names of 87 card-carrying Communists now working as characters in our beloved newspaper funnies. I have proof that each of these 105 "Reds" is out to destroy the comic strip world. We must rid ourselves of these 156 traitors before it is too late. For only when we eliminate all 213 of them can we return to the days of good clean decent American entertainment which prevailed in the comic strips before these 297 un-American saboteurs crept into our midst!

The most obvious Communist agent is "Pete The Tramp," whose laziness is an obvious cover-up for one of the most cunning brains in the Red Spy network. I ask you this: How has Pete The Tramp existed all these years without putting in one honest day's work? Through secret funds, supplied by Moscow, that's how!

Or take the case of "Henry!" Why doesn't he speak? Isn't it obvious? He doesn't dare! The only language he knows is Russian, and he's too clever to give himself away!

And I further contend that Henry is in league with "Ferd'nand," "Looie" and "Mr. Mum"—the other silent members of the Red conspiracy! Let's make them talk, and then clean them out!

Let's also clean out "Bathless Groggins," whose filthy habits are obviously masterminded by the Kremlin in order to corrupt our standards of decency!

And let's not forget the females in the Red conspiracy. Foremost is "Nancy" who works hand in hand with her Aunt Fritz. Their daily strip is purposefully idiotic and unfunny so that it will deaden the minds of loyal Americans and render them more vulnerable to Red propaganda!

Equally evil are "Blondie," "Dottie Dripple" and Jiggs' wife, "Maggie." Their henpecking has destroyed the masculinity and the morale of their husbands, and consequently is destroying the masculinity and morale of the entire American male population!

Which brings us to the Master Spy—the one comic strip character who controls the entire infiltration apparatus corrupting our business and in turn our nation. I feel it is my patriotic duty to divulge her name here and now, before it is too late, even though for years I have treated her as my own daughter. Nevertheless, we must wipe out this 43-year old "Mata Hari" who has been posing as "Little Orphan Annie" just as we cold-bloodedly and ruthlessly wipe out

(Cont. on page 55)

Mary Worth's COMIC LOW-DOWN

Who's Doing What With Whom Where, When & How

Hello from "Comicland"—and here is my first Exclusive! **Batman** and **Judy Wallet** are that way! They're waiting for **Robin's** permission . . . The **Thimble Theater** will convert to **Cinerama . . . Pogo** and his friends are taking up a collection to buy **Walt Kelly** a ruler. They're sick of his ragged panel outlines . . . After taking on one disgusting character after another, **Dick Tracy** tops his career by taking on the most disgusting character of all—**Nancy!**

* * * * *

Steve Canyon may resign from the Air Force to devote all of his time to his book criticizing our Defense Policy. He'll point out that **Beetle Bailey** is the main reason for the missile gap . . . Familiar trio around town: **Bathless Groggins, B.O. Plenty** and **Pigpen** swapping the latest dirt!

* * * * *

Smilin' Jack dropped in unexpectedly on the **Bumsteads** last month. He overshot the airport . . . **Red Ryder** and the **Lone Ranger** exchanged guest shots last week. Fortunately, nobody got hit . . . **Terry** is suing **George Wunder.** Says he doesn't like the shape his balloons are in . . . Look-Alikes: **Dagwood** and **Horace Dripple, Rex Morgan, M.D.** and **Rip Kirby, Juliet Jones** and **David Crane** . . . Seen Around Town: **Daisy Duck** nestling up to Donald's **Uncle Scrooge.** No dummy, she!

* * * * *

Alley Oop is proud of his Teenage Club for Boys. Weighs less than five pounds, and packs a real wallop . . . **Pogo** has turned thumbs down on a new paperback. Says he's swamped . . . **Snuffy Smith** will be designated a major disaster area . . . **Popeye** is ailing. Insiders suspect he's developed an allergy to spinach . . . **Bugs Bunny** and **B'rer Rabbit** will soon market their new hare tonic . . . **Long Sam** was nixed by "Playboy" as its Playmate of the Month. Seems they couldn't afford an eight-page fold-out!

* * * * *

Comic-Book Cutie, **Katy Keene,** whose readers design her clothes, had to decline a date because she had nothing to wear. The mail was late . . . **Archie Andrews** had a horrible fright when he received his latest report card. He nearly graduated . . . Reports that **Alfred E. Neuman** is really **The Yellow Kid** with a toupee are being hotly denied—by **The Yellow Kid . . . Secret Agent X-9** planning to make a comeback, but he'll use an alias . . . The cats were really tearing up the place at "Birdland" last night. Namely **Spooky, Felix, Sylvester** and **Cicero's cat!**

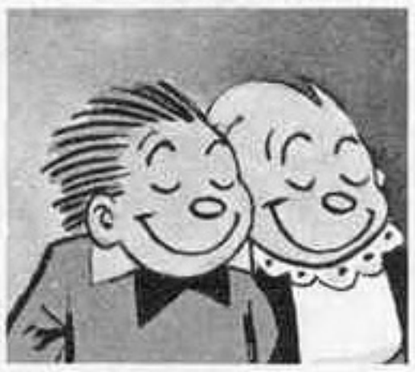
* * * * *

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? . . . **Jerry-On-The-Job** is out of work . . . **Tiny Tim** is a small businessman . . . It's rumored that **Skippy** is now a Navy Doctor . . . **The Human Torch** is now a cigarette lighter for a Texas millionaire. Has to keep clear of the oil fields, though . . . **The Reg'lar Fellows** are working at the advertising agency for Kellogg cereals. They're all account executives for All-Bran . . . Has anyone seen **Invisible Scarlet O'Neal** lately?

COMICLAND QUIZ

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE WORLD OF COMICS?

Hans and Fritz (The Katzenjammer Kids) are:



A. 49 years old.
B. Brother and Sister.
C. Up for parole.
D. Nazis.

This pile of dollar bills represents:

A. Mickey Finn's traffic ticket fixes for 1961.
B. Penny's phone bill for April.
C. The back taxes Joe Palooka owes Uncle Sam.
D. Jiggs and Maggie's weekly vase replacement expenses.

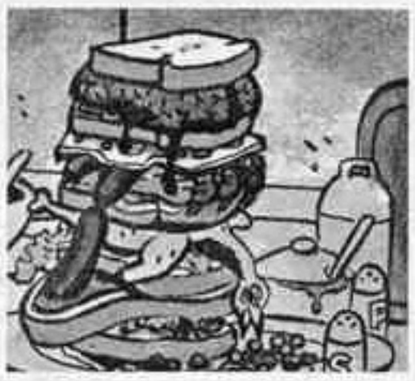
These are the plans for:

A. A Rex Morgan appendectomy.
B. The Okefenokee Swamp Urban Renewal Project.
C. Li'l Abner's new outhouse.
D. Sluggo's Bar Mitzvah.

This is an extreme close-up of:

A. Orphan Annie's left eyeball.
B. Charlie Brown's hairline.
C. Beetle Bailey's combat record.
D. Orphan Annie's right eyeball.

The one ingredient missing from this Dagwood sandwich is:



A. Halvah.
B. Arsenic.
C. Blondie's upper plate.
D. Judge Parker.

PEN AND "SHRINK" DEPT.

Nowadays, more people are going to Psychiatrists than ever before. And some of them are actually being helped! But there is a large group of mixed-up people who will probably never be helped by Psychoanalysis. We're talking about the poor troubled neurotics who inhabit our Comic Strips. Some of those nutty characters really have big problems, and a daily session on a Psychiatrist's couch would surely do wonders for them. Or would it? Let's see what could happen—

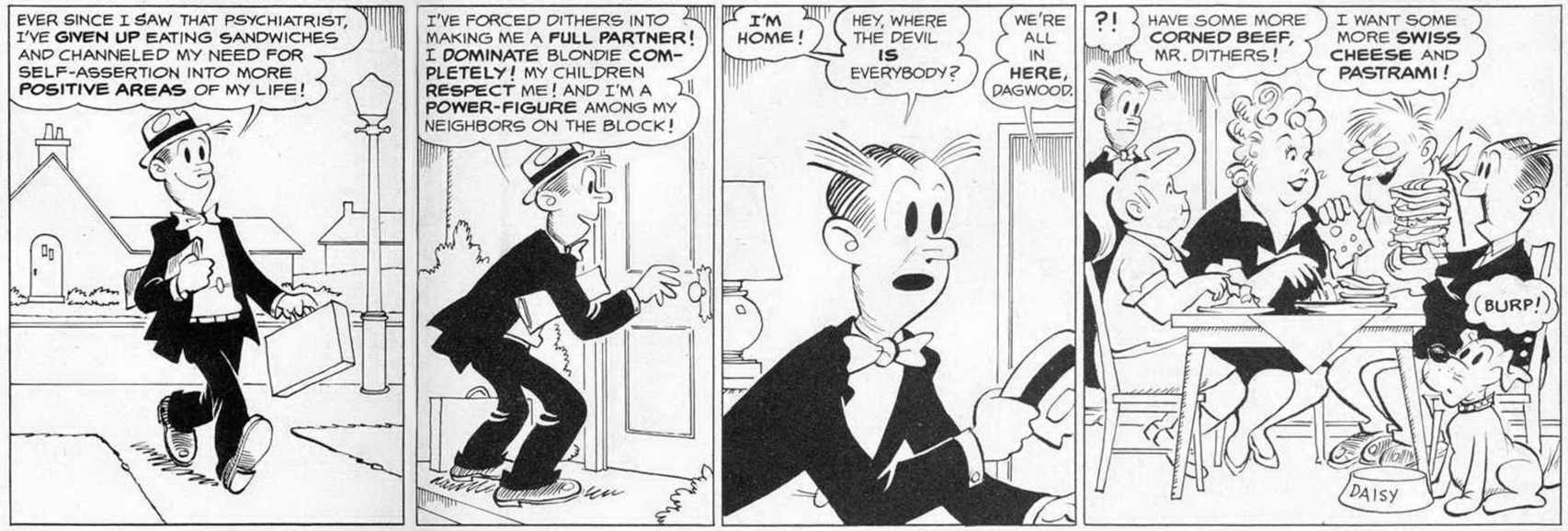
IF COMIC CHARACTERS WERE PSYCHOANALYZED

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

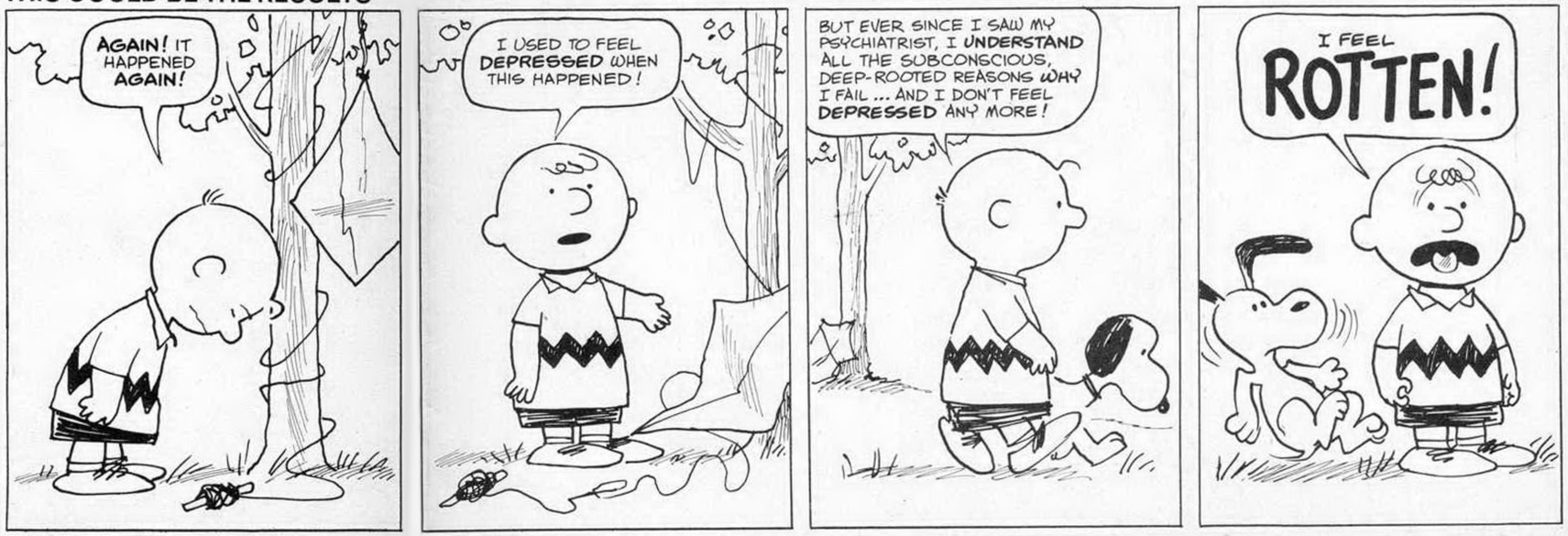
IF "DAGWOOD" WERE TO BE ANALYZED . . .

THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS

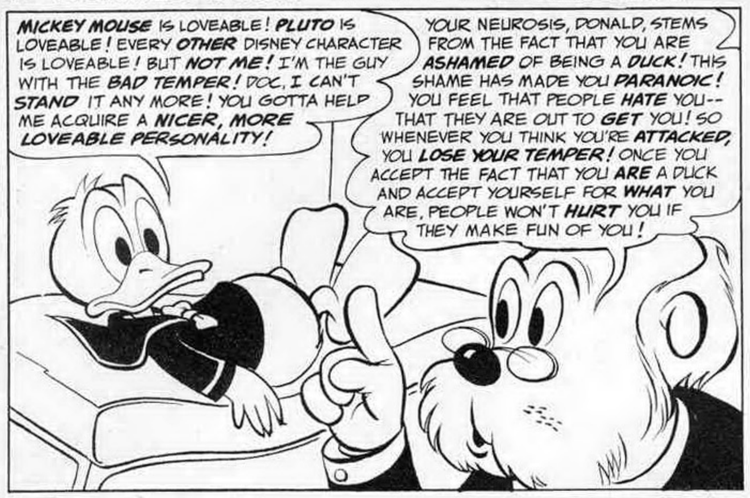


IF "CHARLIE BROWN" WERE TO BE ANALYZED . . .

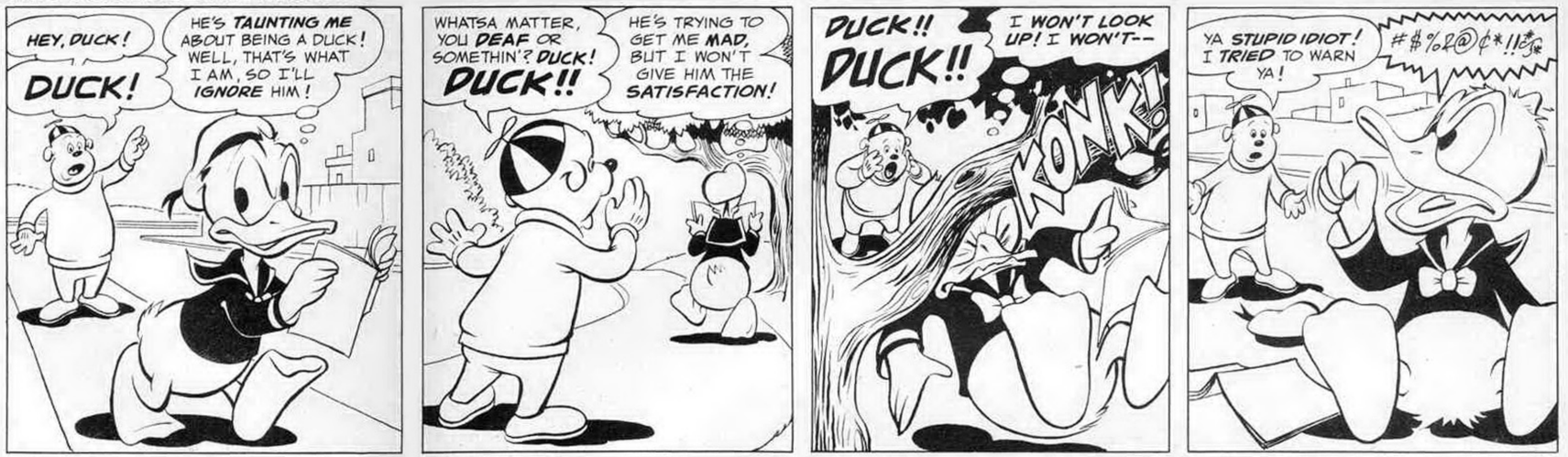
THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS



IF "DONALD DUCK" WERE TO BE ANALYZED . . .

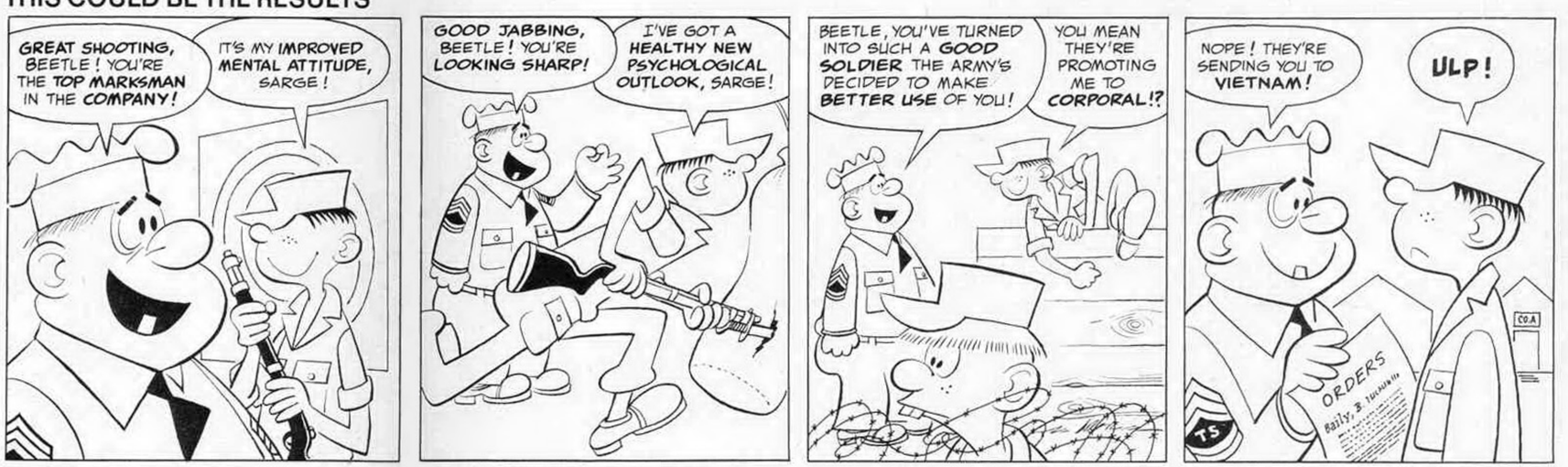


THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS



IF "BEETLE BAILEY" WERE TO BE ANALYZED . . .

THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS

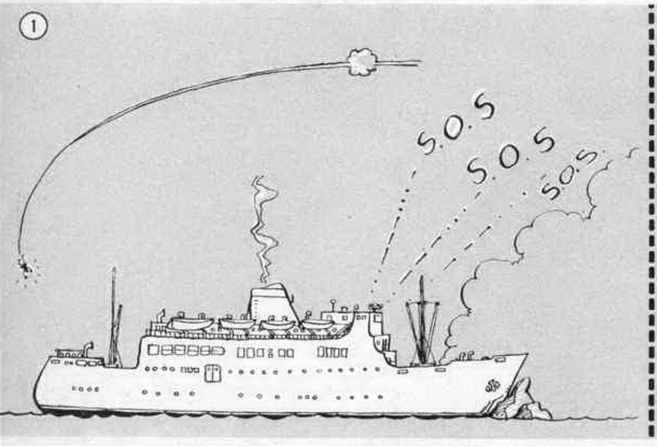


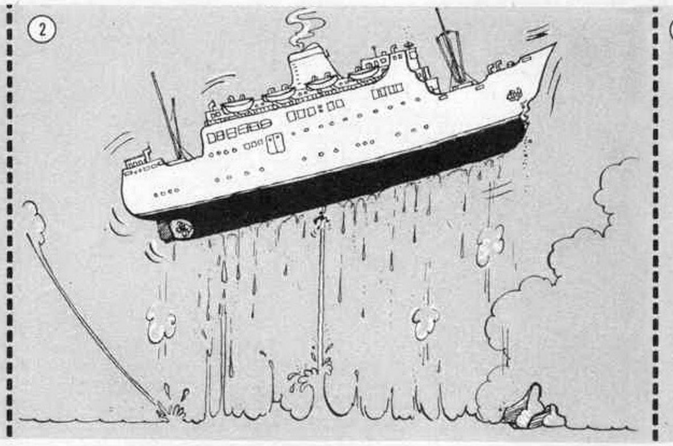
IF "MARY WORTH" WERE TO BE ANALYZED . . .

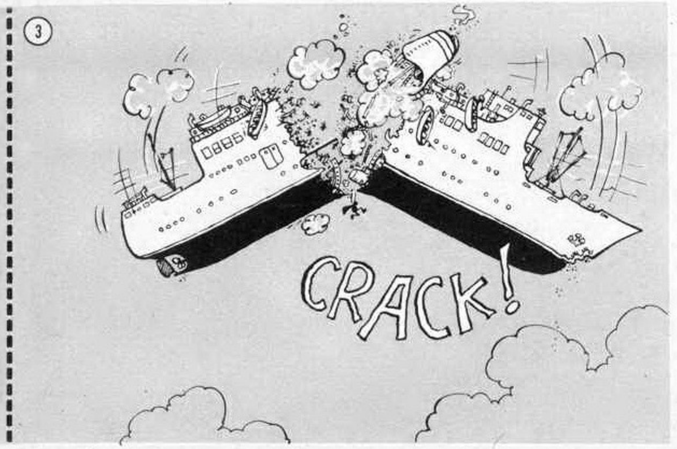
THIS COULD BE THE RESULTS

COMIC SHNOOK'S DEPT.

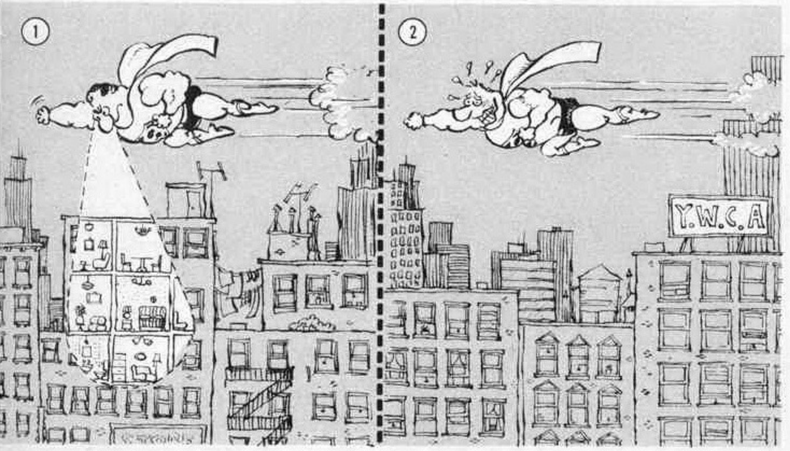
A MAD LOOK AT SUPER HEROES

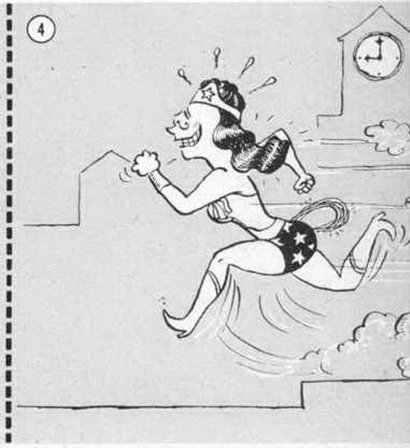


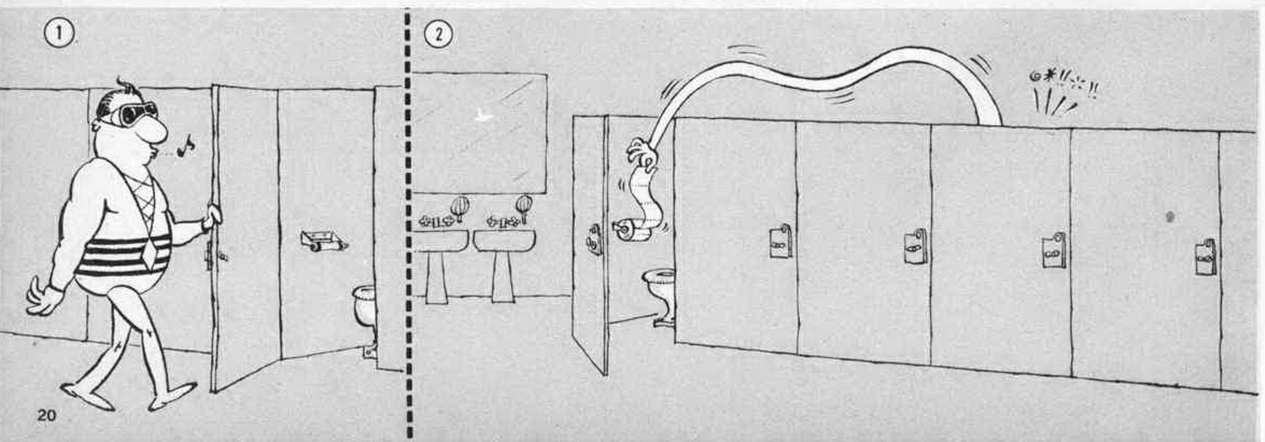




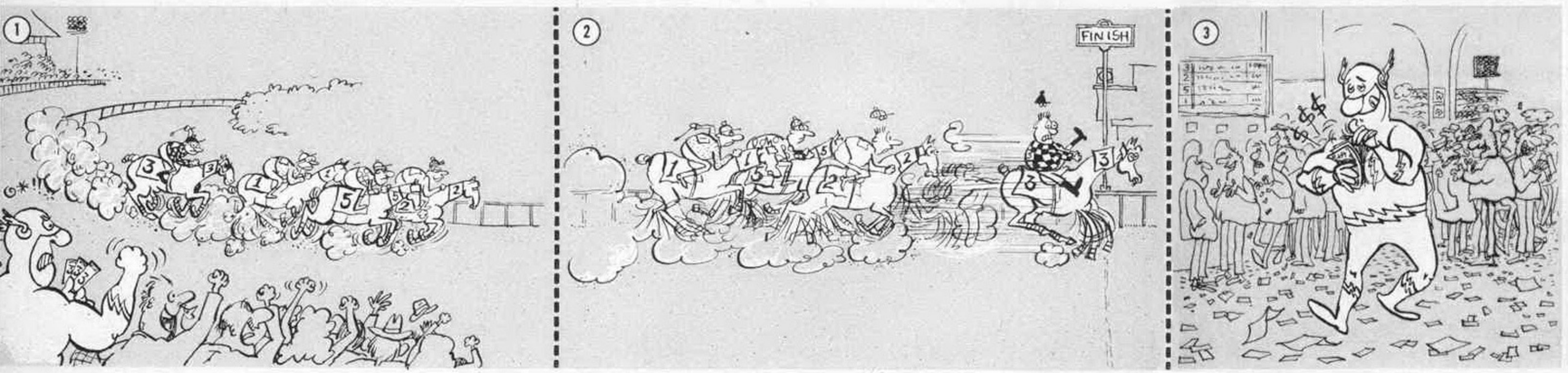
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





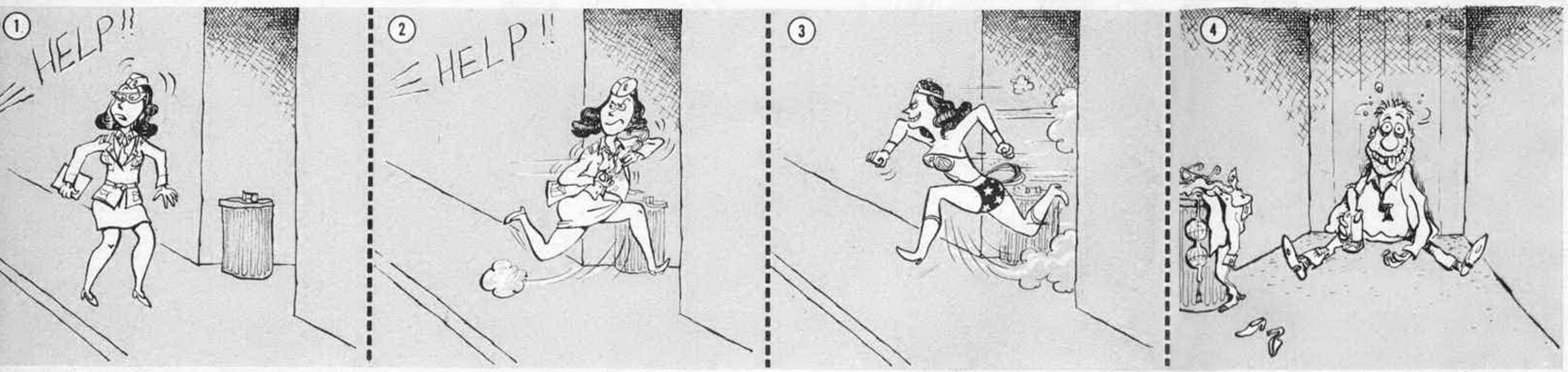


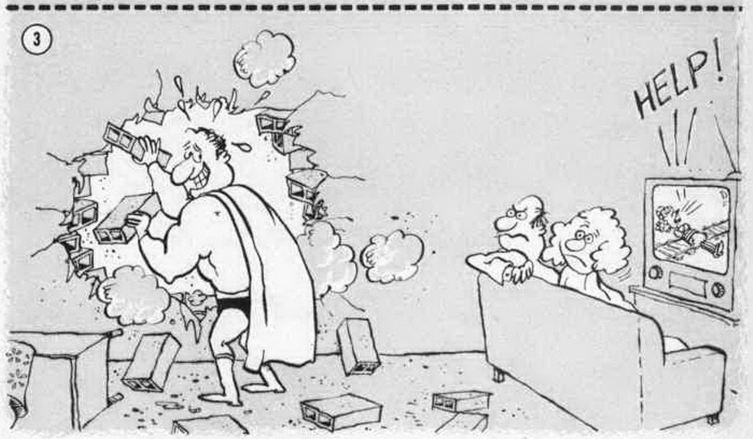
1
HIC!
2
HIC!
3
SHAZ...HIC!
4
BOOM
5

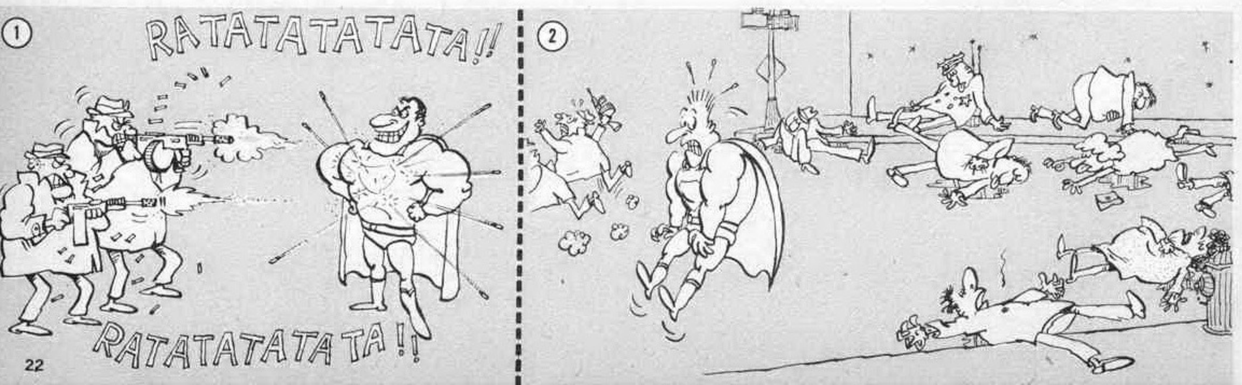

1
2
FINISH
3

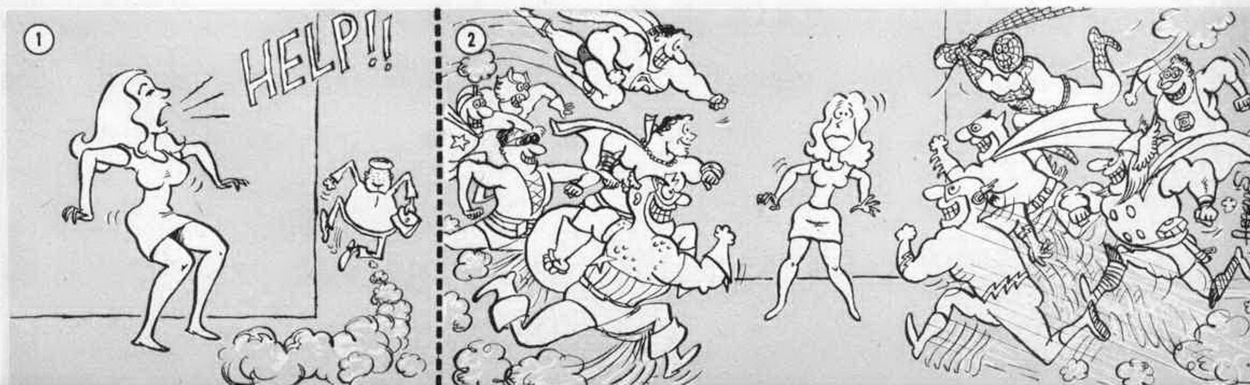
1
HELP!

2
FOOM!


1
HELP!!
2
HELP!!
3
4


3
HELP!


1
RATATATATATA!!
RATATATATATA!!
2


1
HELP!!
2

NANSY **by Ernie Brushfiller**

Recently, while scanning the pages of our favorite newspaper in search of material to swipe, our attention was magnetically drawn to the above comic strip. In fact, every day our attention is magnetically drawn to this comic strip because it always has a simple unique style, because it always has a simple unique gag, and mainly because we've always had a uniquely simple mind. After we read it (and hated ourself for our weakness), we thought about the unique style of this comic strip and how the same strip would look in the unique styles of other comic strips. Here, then, is MAD's version of how those other comic strip's artists would interpret Ernie Brushfiller's . . .

NANSY

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

NANSY DUCK **by Walt Dizzy**

DICK NANSY

by Chesterfield Oldgold

LI'L NANSY

by Cal App

NANSY CANYON

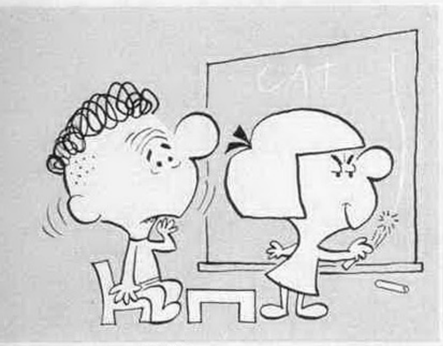
by Milton Knish

ROASTED PEANUTS DEPT.

One of the popular best-sellers of the past year has been a charming little book by the creator of "Peanuts," Charles M. Schulz, called "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy." Using his "Peanuts" characters, Mr. Schulz explores the little things of childhood that bring happiness. For example: "Happiness is walking on the grass in your bare feet," "Happiness is three friends in a sand box . . . with no fighting," "Happiness is a bread and butter sandwich folded over," etc. Which is all very well if you remember childhood being full of happiness. We at MAD have the distinct recollection of childhood being pretty miserable. So here is our version of how the rest of the comic strip kid-characters would show the other side of the coin in this MAD children's book called . . .

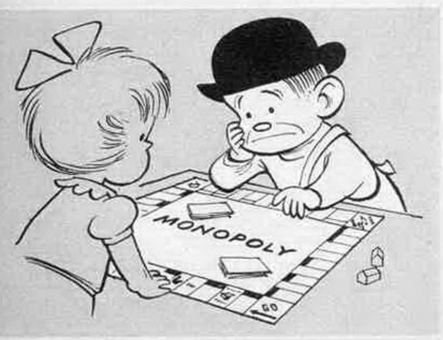
MISERY IS A COLD HOT DOG

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Misery is a classmate screeching nails on a blackboard.

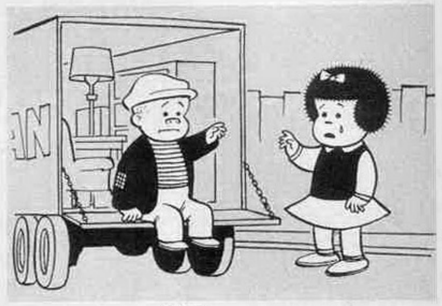
Misery is your ball down the sewer.



Misery is landing on *Boardwalk* with a *hotel*, just when you've gotten enough money to afford a house on *Ventnor Avenue*.

Misery is an overcoat that has to last for two seasons.

Misery is an ice cream pop falling off the stick.



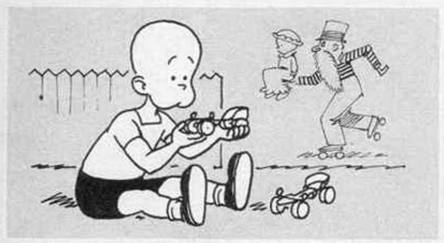
Misery is moving.

Misery is a sister.

Misery is having to share.

Misery is a knot in your hair.

Misery is the skinny end of your tie sticking out.



Misery is no skate key.

Misery is getting lost at the beach.

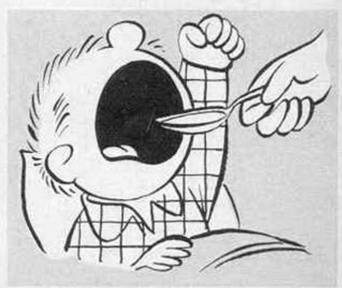
Misery is a left-handed kid sitting next to you, whose paper is impossible to copy from, during a test.

Misery is finding your pet goldfish floating.

Misery is a piece of birthday cake with no flower.

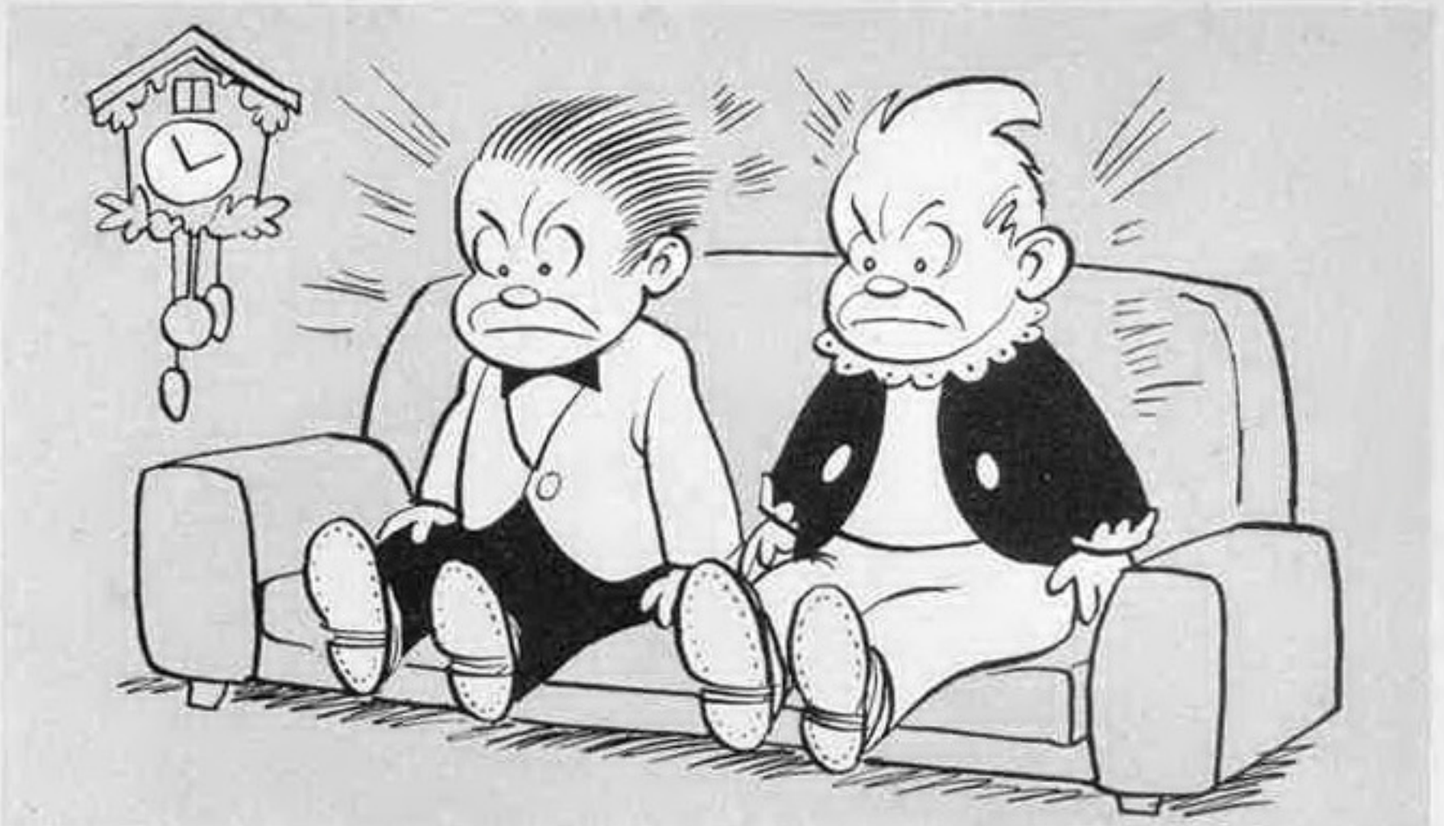
Misery is eating a peanut butter sandwich with braces on your teeth.

Misery is the first snowfall of Winter— and you have a cold.



Misery is Milk of Magnesia.

Misery is having to change
out of a wet bathing suit
under a towel at the beach.

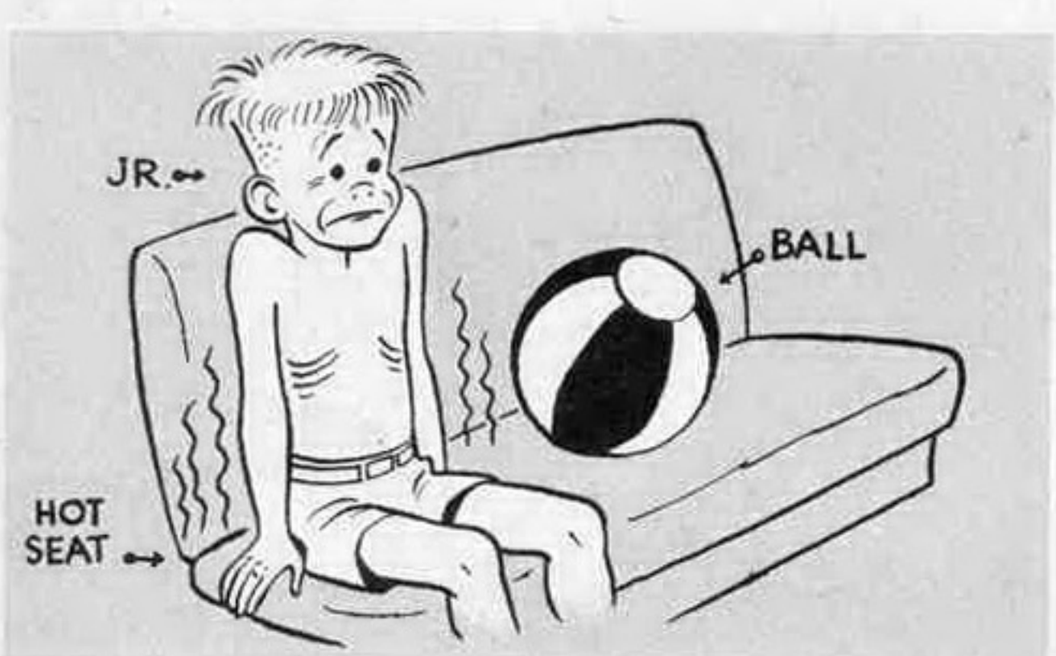


Misery is being dressed up
and waiting an hour before
the rest of the family is
ready to go out.

Misery is getting clothes
instead of toys
for Christmas.

Misery is a wet kiss
on the face by an
aunt with a mustache.

Misery is having to eat
the watery part of a
loose soft-boiled egg.



Misery is coming home from the beach
and sitting on hot plastic auto seat
covers wearing nothing but swim trunks.

Misery is a
tongue-depressor.

Misery is finding a
squashed banana in
your school lunch bag.

Misery is buying five baseball gum cards and getting five Marv Throneberrys of the New York Mets.

Misery is coming home with a rip in your best suit.

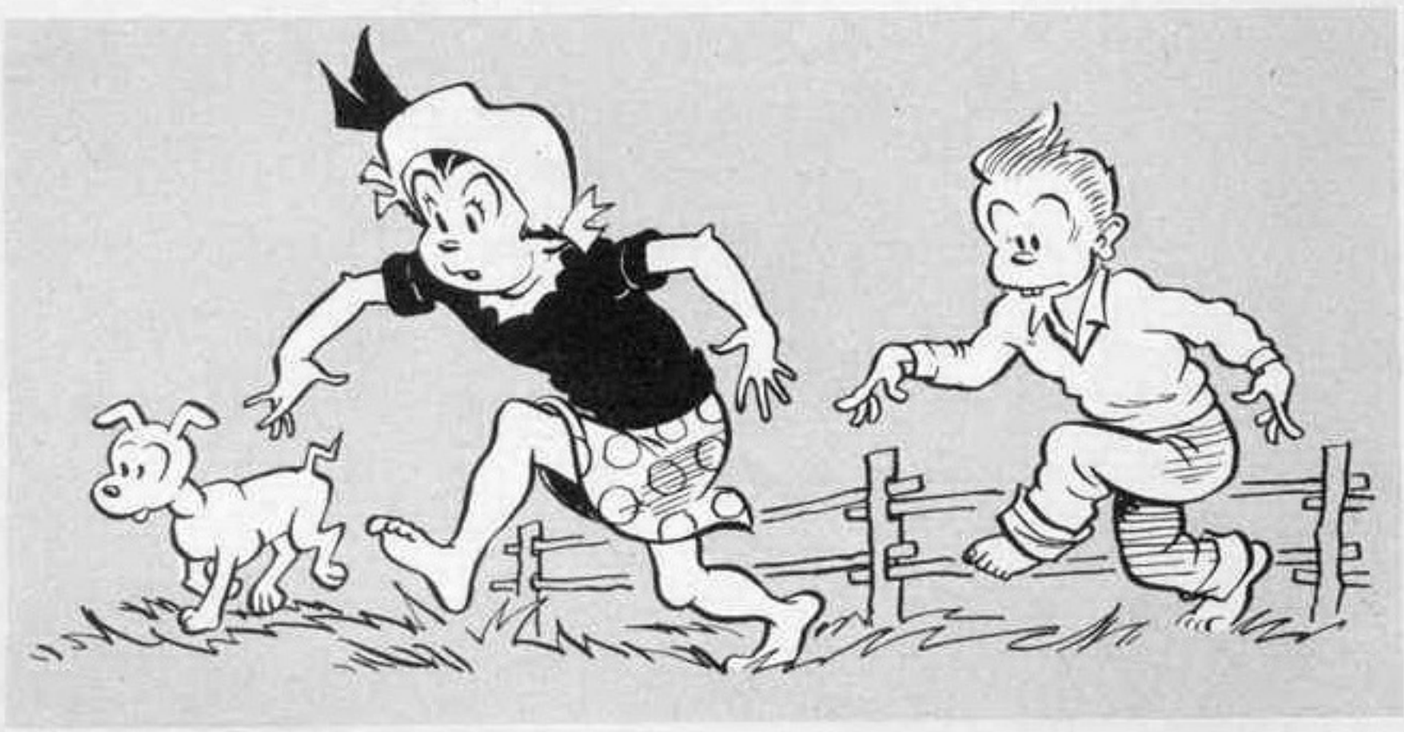
Misery is a roll of damp caps.

Misery is trying on clothes.

Misery is a sun-burned back, and then not being able to reach the good spots when it starts peeling.

Misery is when your parents won't let you keep a kitten you found.

Misery is crayons left out in the sun.



Misery is walking in the grass in your bare feet—and then discovering you're in a cow pasture.

Misery is a rectal thermometer.

WHAT MORTALS THESE FOOLS BE DEPT.

The characters in the comic strips do things that their real-life counterparts can only dream of doing. That's why we enjoy them so much. Through them, we can escape into a far more exciting and interesting world than the mundane one we live in. So even though they act completely unbelievable, we accept comic characters as if they were real living people. Which is why we feel it'd be such a shock . . .

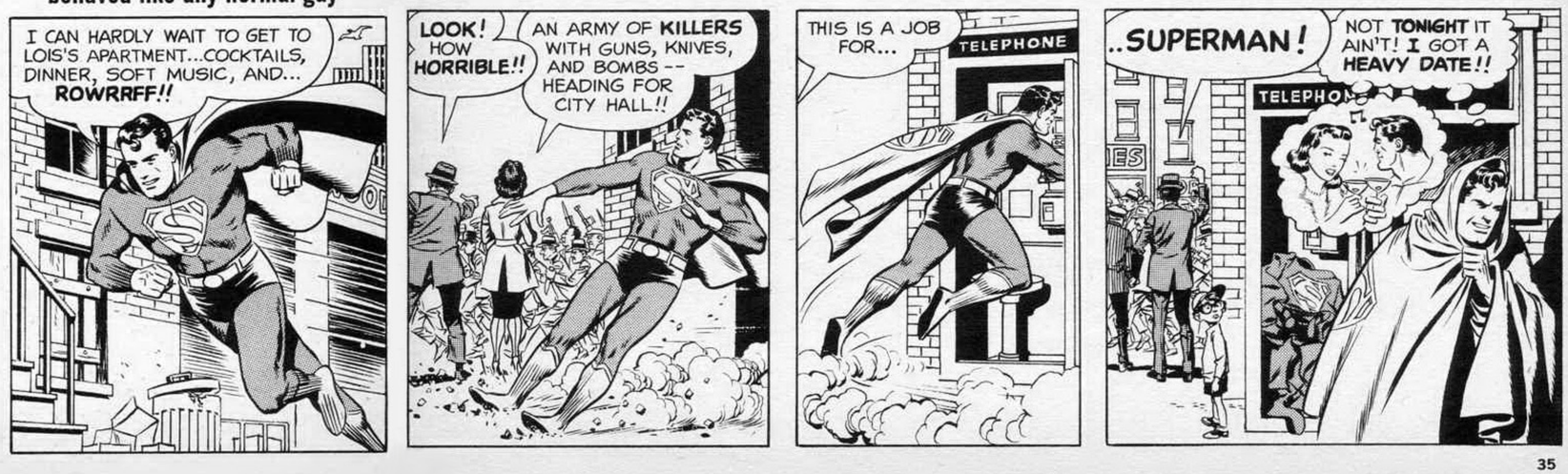
IF COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS BEHAVED LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: AL JAFFEE

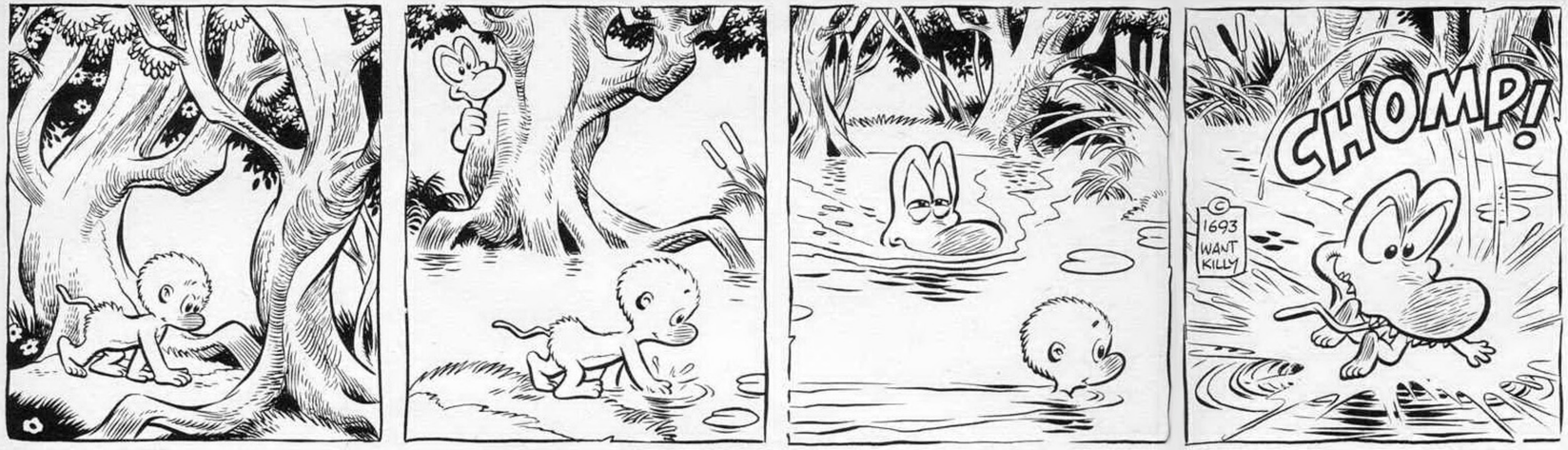
If PEANUTS
behaved like real-life children

If DICK TRACY
behaved like an ordinary cop

If SUPERMAN
behaved like any normal guy



If POGO characters behaved like real animals



If MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN had true-to-life talents

If B.C. characters acted like real cavemen

If BRINGING UP FATHER was about a real couple

If DENNIS THE MENACE had parents with normal patience

Enough is enough!!

HIGH FLOWN BALLOONS DEPT.

We've decided that the trouble with The Comics today is that they just ain't got no literary value! Things might have been a lot different if they'd started off right in the first place. We're convinced that comics would be considered high-class reading matter if only they'd hired some famous authors, poets and playwrights to handle the actual writing. So, if you have a strong stomach, keep reading and see what would've happened

IF FAMOUS AUTHORS WROTE THE COMICS

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

TEXT BY FRANK JACOBS

If Paddy Chayefsky Wrote: DONALD DUCK

If Gilbert & Sullivan Wrote: DICK TRACY

If Rudyard Kipling Wrote: PEANUTS

If Walt Whitman Wrote: THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS

If Rodgers & Hammerstein Wrote: REX MORGAN, M.D.

If Tennessee Williams Wrote: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

If Mickey Spillane Wrote: NANCY

If Edgar Allan Poe Wrote: DENNIS THE MENACE

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a slap and painful spanking that had made me sore —
Suddenly a strange desire prompted me to light a fire,
Flaming higher, fiery pyre — funeral pyre from the floor!
Bright it burned, a brilliant blaze that told me with a final roar
I'd get spankings, Nevermore!

"POP" GOES THE EASEL DEPT.

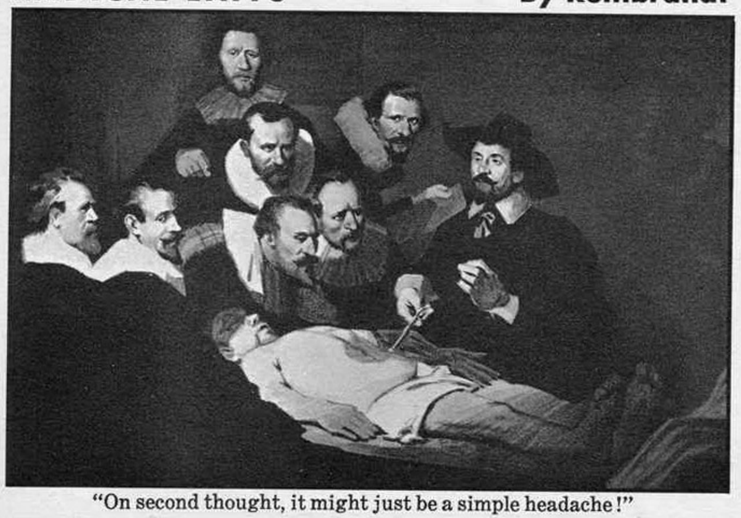
Look around in Art Galleries today, and what do you see? You see paintings of soup cans and Brillo boxes and incomprehensible blobs. Let's face it: If the great Masters of the past were alive today, they wouldn't stand a chance of success as serious painters. Their stuff just wouldn't sell in our modern Galleries. And so, they'd probably have to find work in another field of Art . . . like the Comic Strips, where their stuff would be appreciated. Which brings us to this article: Let's see what might happen

IF THE WORLD'S GREAT PAINTERS DREW THE COMICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

MEDICAL LAFFS

By Rembrandt



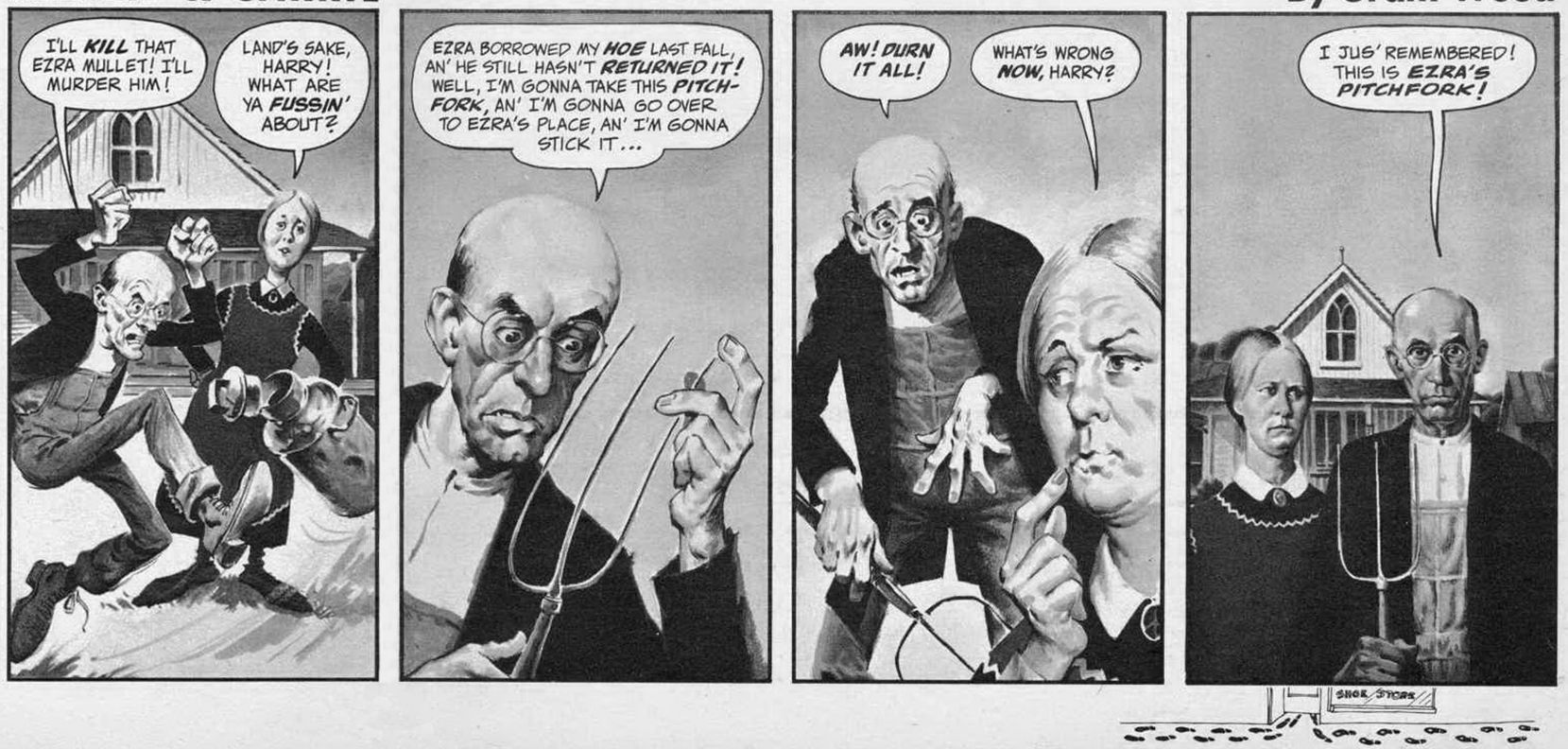
"On second thought, it might just be a simple headache!"

PRISSY PERCY

By Gainsborough

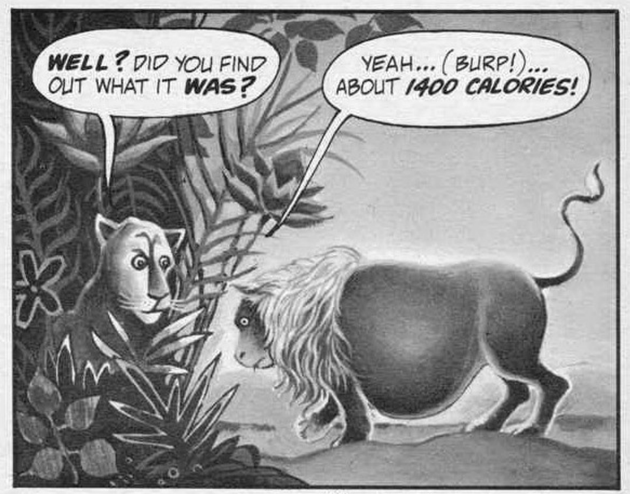
HARRIE & CARRIE

By Grant Wood

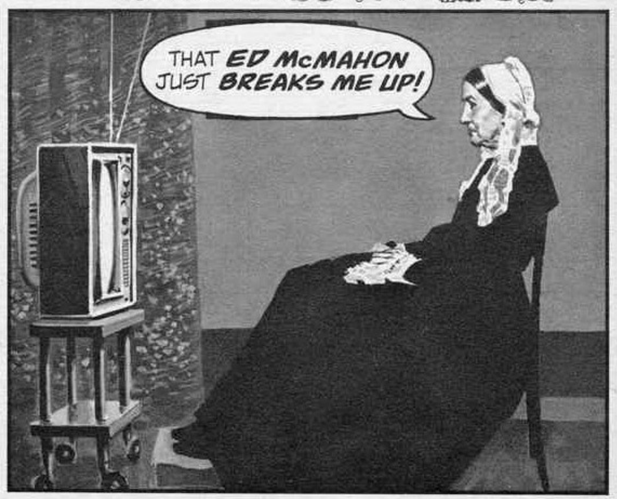


THOSE GIRLS — By Millet

COOL CATS — By Rousseau



TILLIE AND HER TV — By Whistler

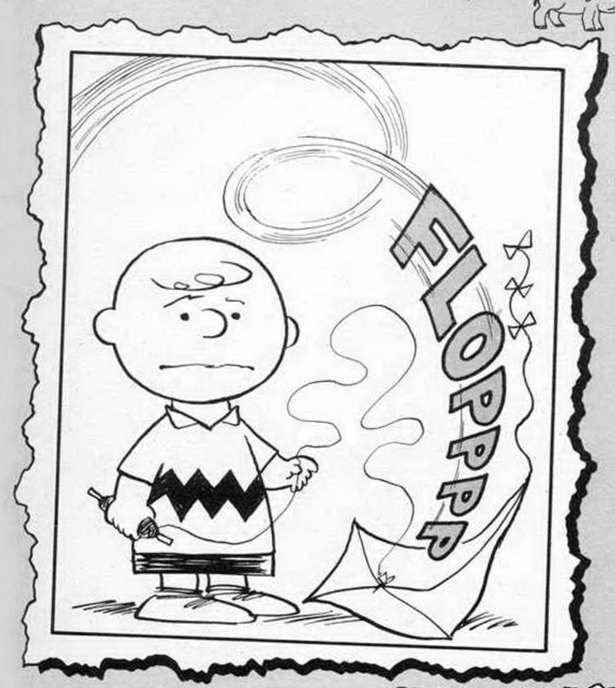


Y'know those "Cartoon Sound Effects" like **"BANG!"** and **"SOCK!"** and **"SPLAT-T!"** and **"WHAM!"** that we see in our daily Comic Strips? Wouldn't it be more effective if these "Sound Effects" actually represented what was taking place in the Comic Strip? To explain what we mean, here is . . .

A MAD PORTFOLIO OF...

APPROPRIATE COMIC STRIP SOUND EFFECTS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: EARLE DOUD



FRUMP!

SWISH!

THUG!

CLINK!

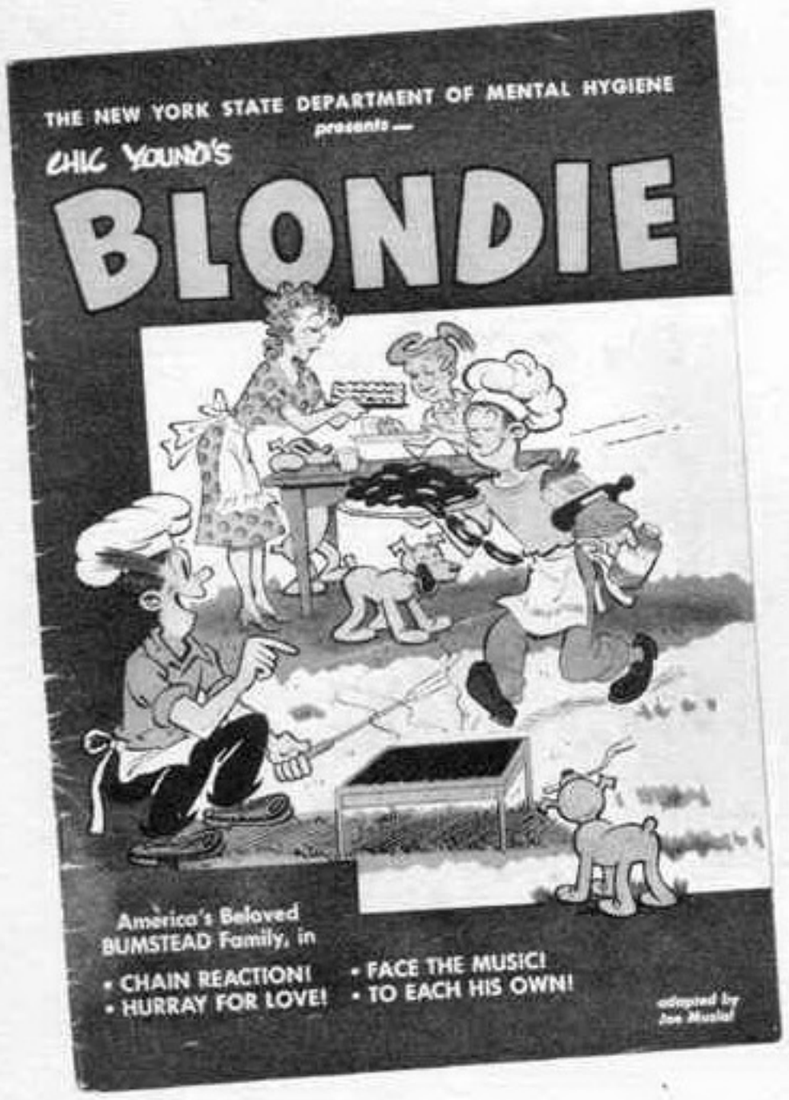
GOD BLESS OUR HAPPY SALOON

BAR ROOM

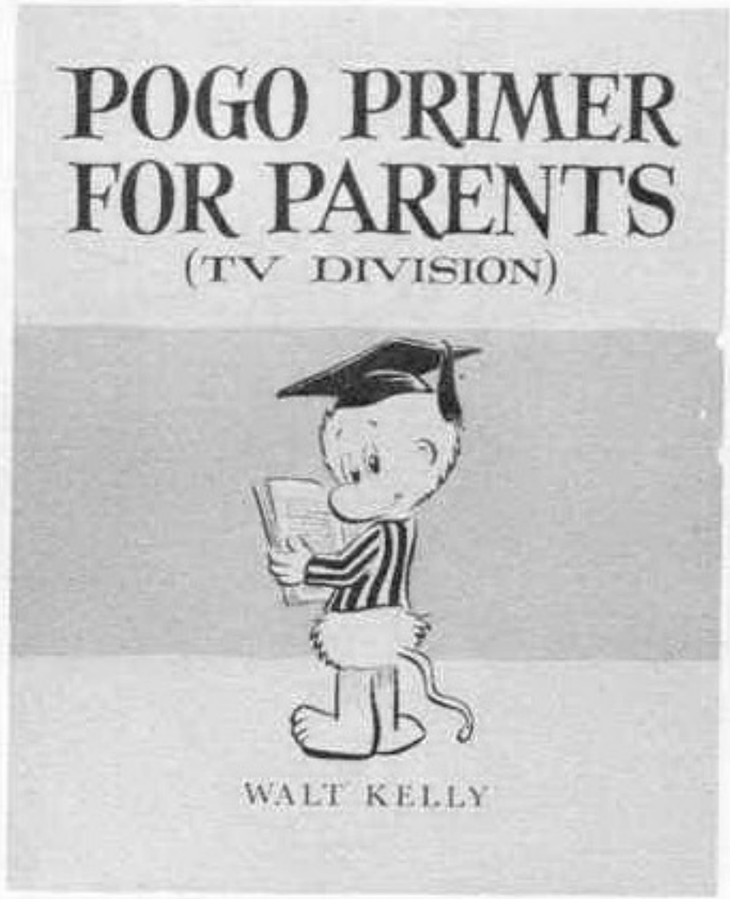
DUMBBBBBB

FUNNY PITCHES DEPT.

It's a fact that more people read the comic strips than any other feature in the daily newspapers. Why is this? Because most people don't *understand* them other features! For this reason, famous cartoonists are now being hired by worthy organizations to produce comic pamphlets with important messages. These organizations figure that if someone like Dr. Salk explains how necessary it is to take polio shots, nobody will understand him, but if Little Orphan Annie explains it, the whole thing will make sense. Obviously, they feel that the masses cannot identify with a distinguished scientist, but they *can* identify with an ageless, glassy-eyed idiot. Anyway, here are a few comic pamphlets recently published by non-profit and government organizations:



This pamphlet is put out by the N. Y. State Department of Mental Hygiene, and explains how very important good mental health is to our daily living.



This one is issued by the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare, and shows the necessity of establishing sensible TV viewing habits for kids.

This comic book pamphlet is published by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, and illustrates the value of planning a family intelligently.

Well, we don't know how successful these comic pamphlets have been for educational purposes, but we do know where a trend like this can lead if we're not careful. Mainly, we may be seeing these . . .

FUTURE EDUCATIONAL COMIC PAMPHLETS

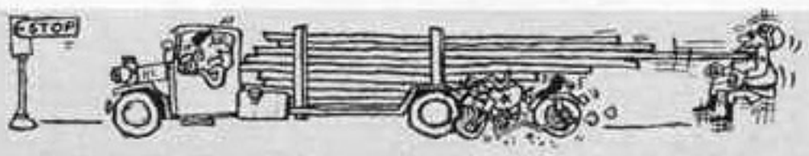
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

THE SOCIETY OF PLASTIC SURGEONS

presents

DICK TRACY

in an important public service pamphlet



THE MOBSTER BOXING PROMOTERS OF AMERICA
present

JOE PALOOKA

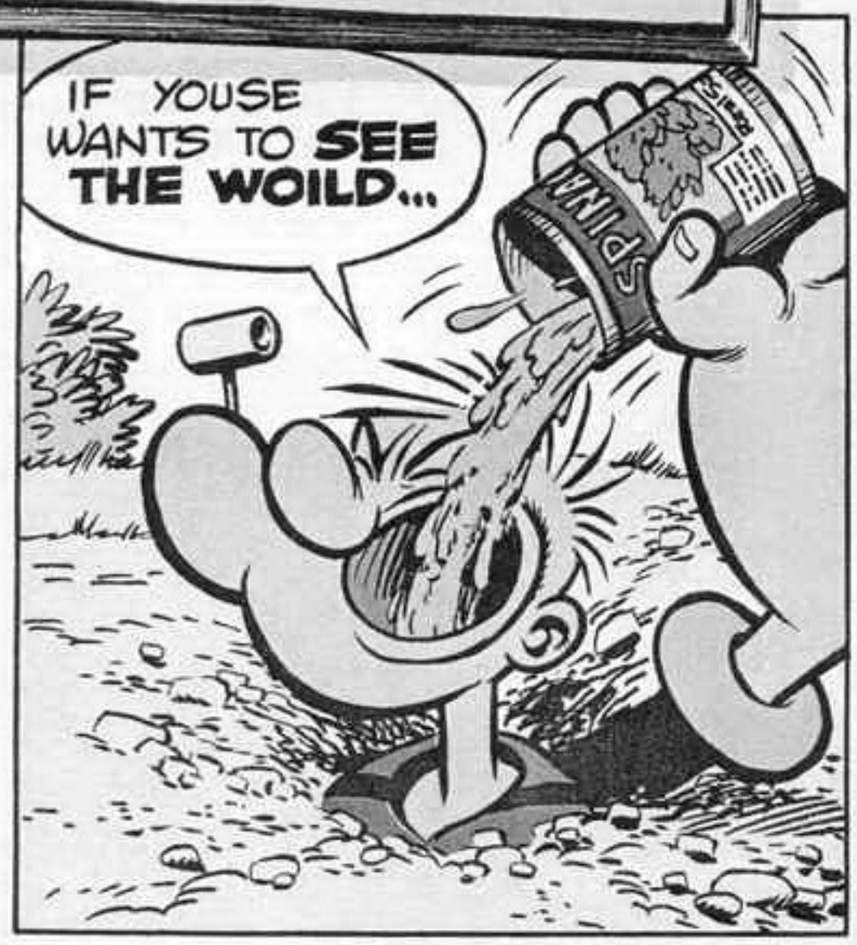
in a vitally important propaganda leaflet

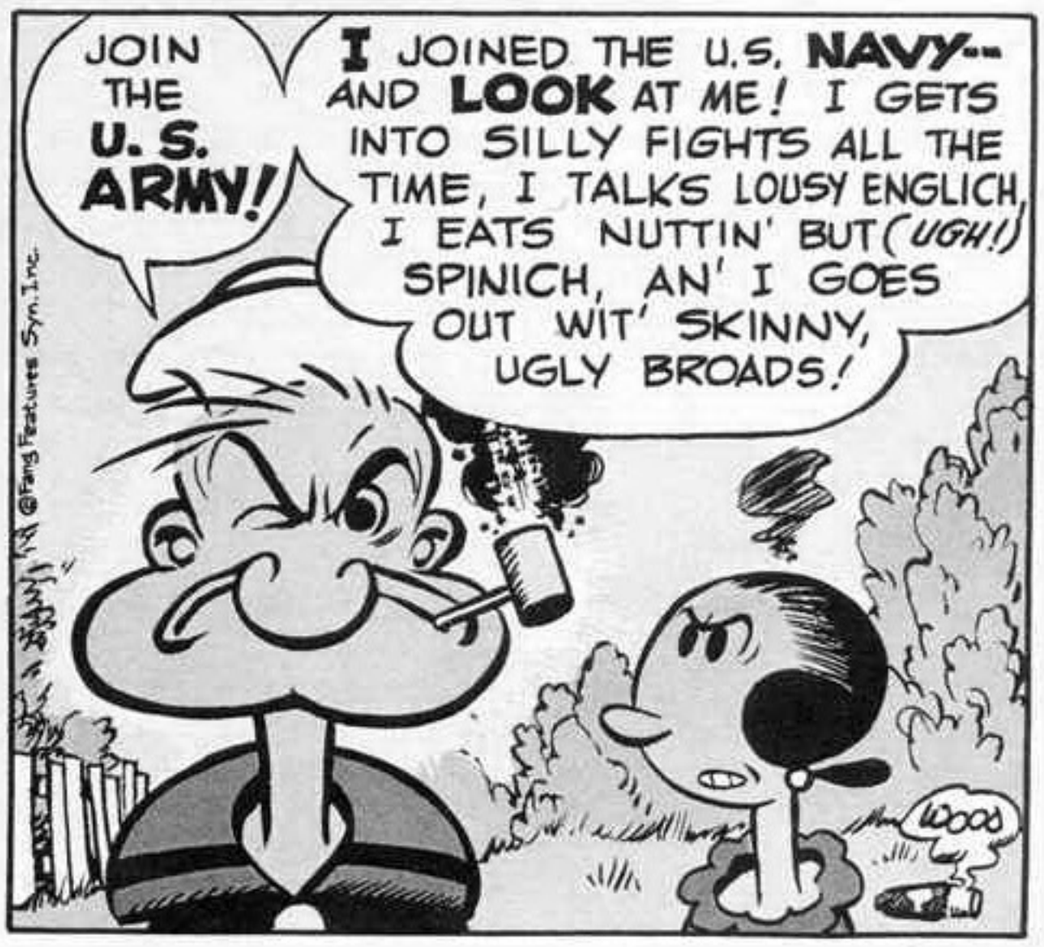
THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

presents

POPEYE

in an exciting enlistment brochure



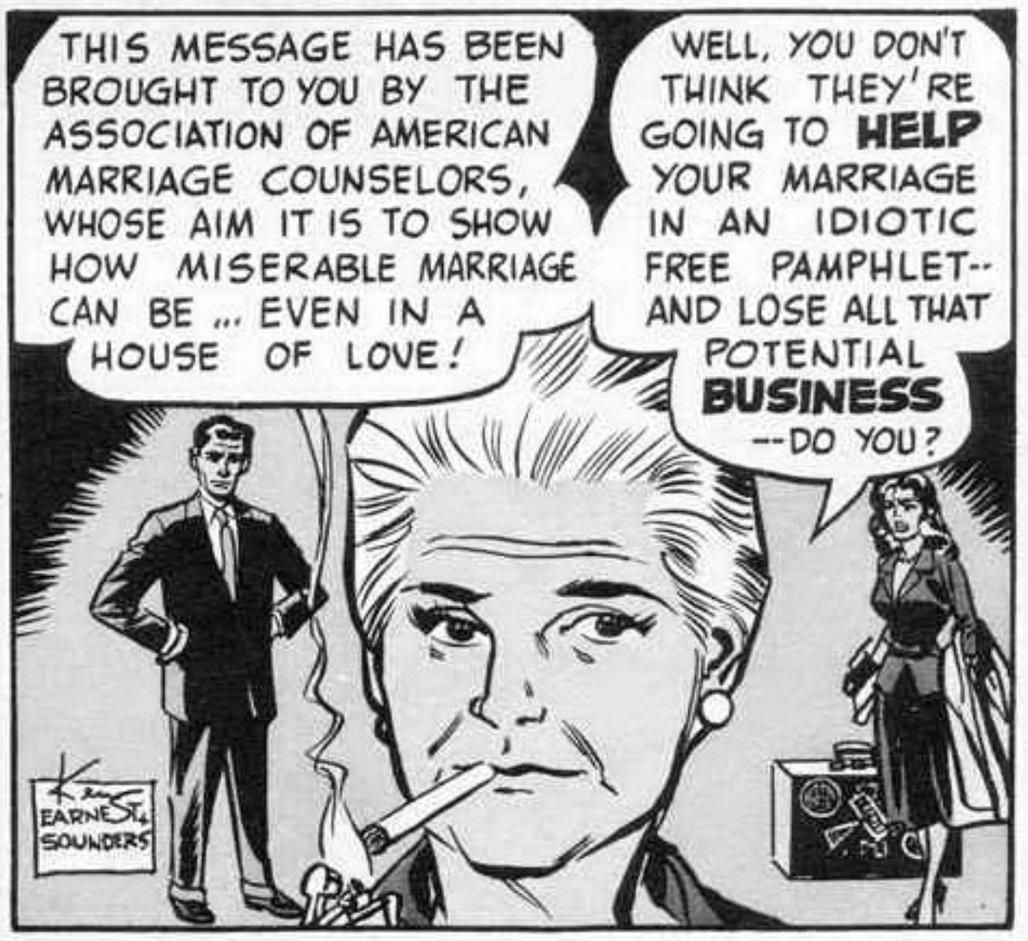


THE ASSOC. OF AMERICAN MARRIAGE COUNSELORS

presents

MARY WORTH

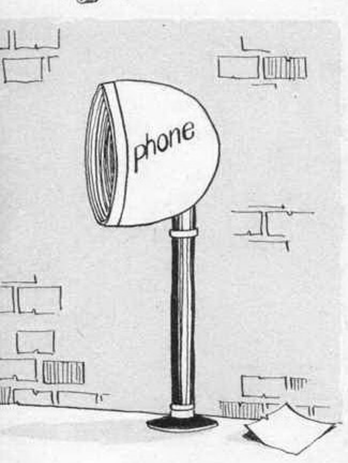
in a heart-warming cartoon document

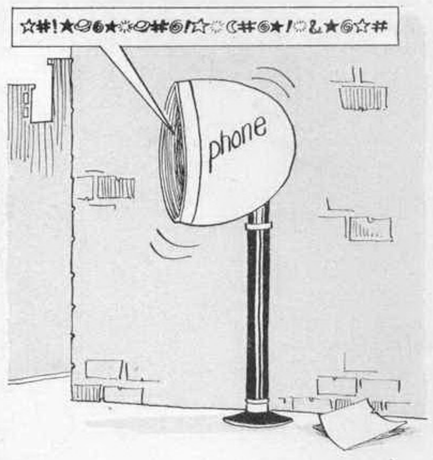


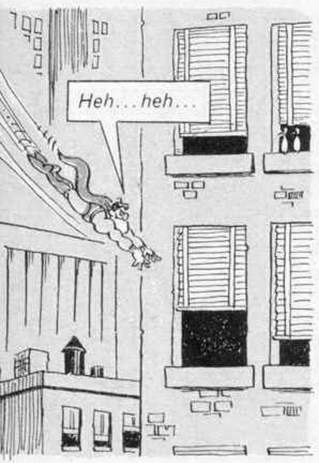
SHNOOK . . . UP IN THE SKY! DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT SUPERMAN

ARTIST: DON MARTIN
WRITER: DON EDWING







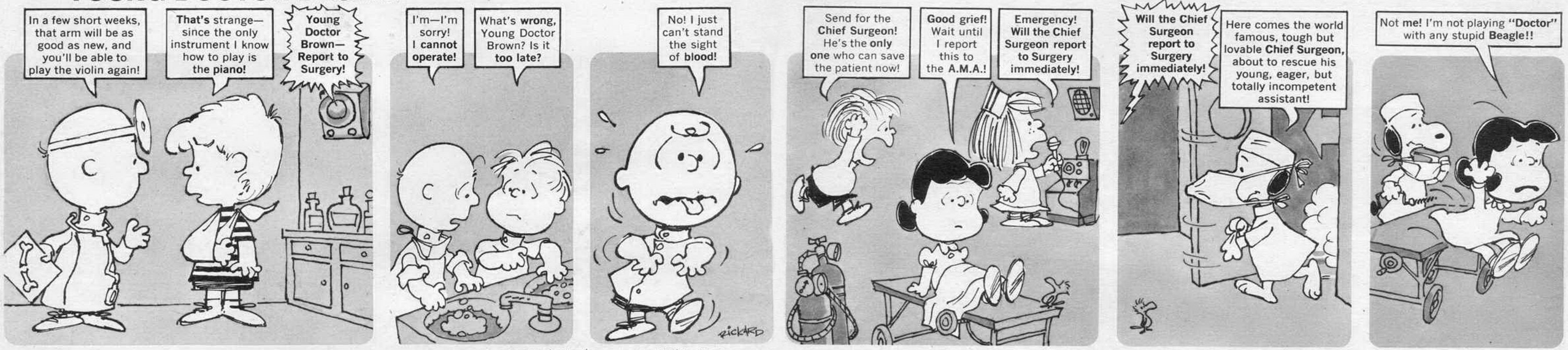
DOING IT UP "BROWN" DEPT.

One of the very few bright spots on TV these days are the "Charlie Brown Specials." Since these programs score way up there in the ratings, the networks have been bugging "Peanuts'" creator, Charles Schulz, to make "Charlie Brown" into a weekly series. So far, he's resisted because he knows it's impossible to maintain high standards while grinding out a show a week (as Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis, and a host of others have discovered!). We hope that Mr. Schulz continues to hold out, because if he doesn't, we can just imagine some of the typical mediocre TV formats he might be forced to adopt

IF "PEANUTS" WERE A WEEKLY TV SERIES

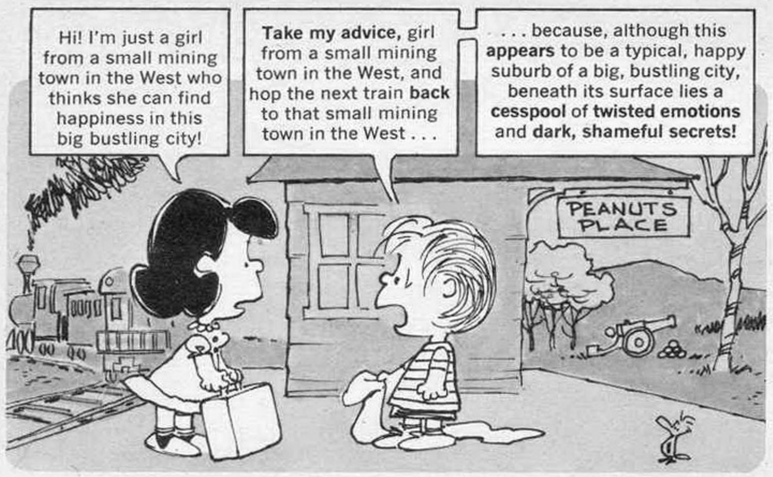
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

YOUNG DOCTOR BROWN

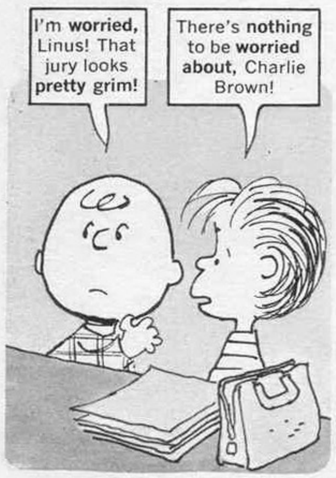


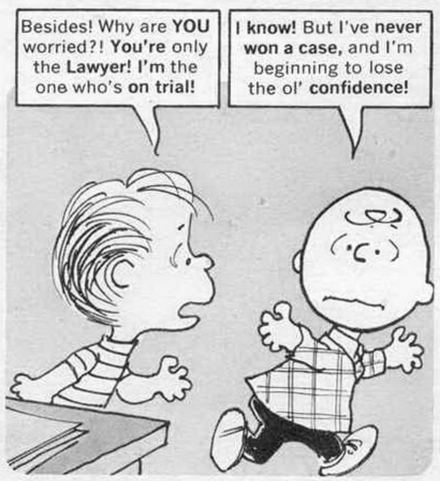
PEANUT SQUAD

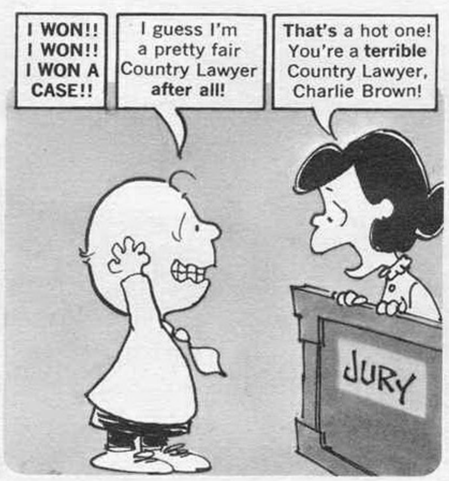
PEANUTS PLACE

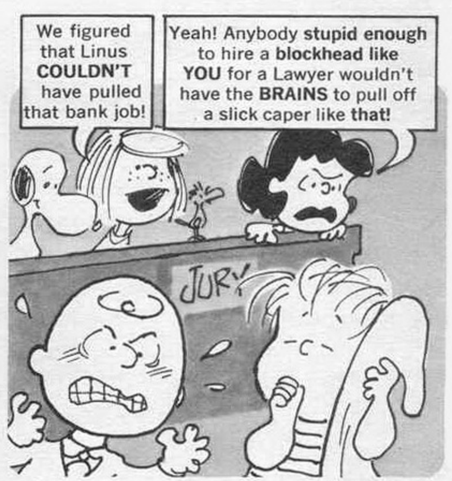


CHARLIE BROWN, ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSELESS

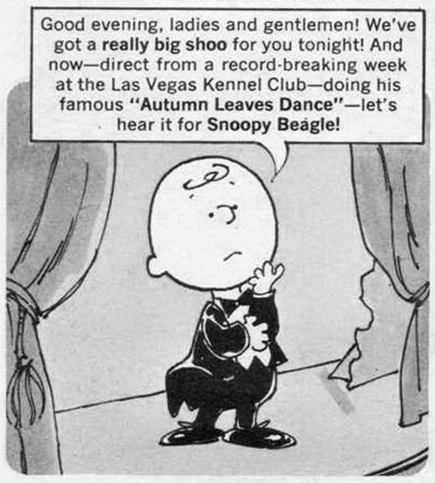


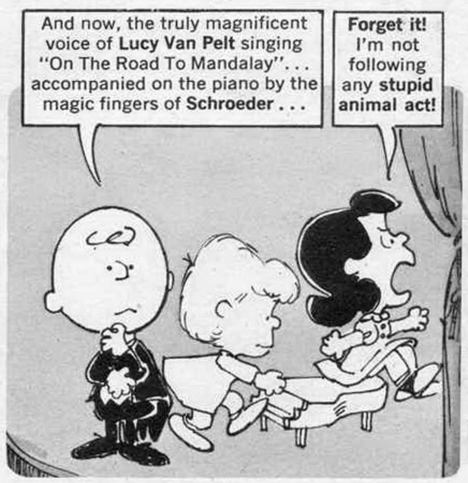


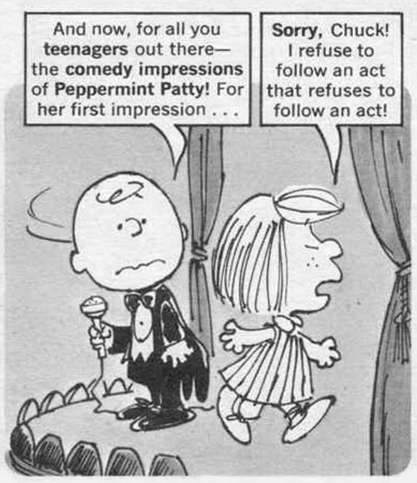


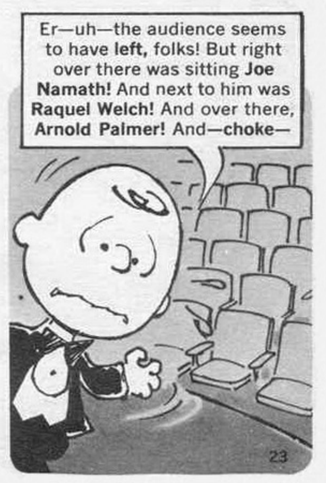


THE CHUCK BROWN SHOW









NEVER ON SUNDAY-PAGES DEPT.

Strange changes in personalities take place at office Christmas parties. Quiet little clerks tell off their department heads, shy bespectacled secretaries take off their glasses (and other things), old grouches suddenly love everybody, and bosses seem almost human. Mainly because there's liquor involved. But nowhere are these changes more apparent than at one of the most unpublicized Christmas parties in America . . .

THE COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: GARY BELKIN

HAVE YOU SEEN BUMSTEAD? HE'S A FINE WORKER AND I INTEND TO OFFER HIM A **RAISE** FOR CHRISTMAS!
YOU KNOW... **I'M** GOING TO DO THE SAME THING FOR TREMBLECHIN!
HEY POP! YOU'RE NEVER LIKE THIS AT **HOME!**
THERE'S NO **PRETTY GIRLS** AT HOME!
I THINK WE SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON OUR STUDIES, PENNY-- ESPECIALLY THE SCIENCE COURSES-- AVOID DATING... AND MAYBE WE'LL BE ELIGIBLE TO JOIN THE PEACE CORPS!
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT GETTING A NOSE JOB DONE...
I COULDN'T PASS THE PHYSICAL! I'VE GOT IMPOSSIBLE POSTURE FROM LOUNGING ALL DOUBLED UP IN MY STRIP FOR 20 YEARS!
SORRY, TRACY! I **GAVE UP** PLASTIC SURGERY AFTER I DESTROYED THE WHOLE GUMP FAMILY TRYING TO GIVE THEM CHINS!
SAY, TERRY! I UNDERSTAND **MILTON CANIFF** IS COMING! ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET YOUR "MAKER"?
SILENT NIGHT HOLY NIGHT
I THINK ALL CRIMINALS ARE **SICK!** A CRIMINAL ACT IS A SICK ACT! I HAVE COMPASSION! CRIMINALS SHOULD BE TREATED **PSYCHOANALYTICALLY** RATHER THAN **VENGEFULLY!**
MY WIFE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME!
WHY FEED ME THAT OLD LINE? **I'M** YOUR WIFE!
MY SYNDICATE CAN LICK **YOUR** SYNDICATE!
TCH! TCH!
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE SYNDICATE?
HOW COME THEY CALL YOU THE "SAINT"? YOU'RE JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER MAN!
ME **TARZAN!** YOU **JANE!**
ME WRONG JANE, NATURE BOY! **YOU DRUNK!**
IF I WERE KING, WHAT TREASURE I WOULD BRING...
JUST BRING ME A PLATE OF POTATO SALAD AND COLE SLAW AND **CUT** THE **FLOWERY TALK!**
BLANKETY-BLANK! *&G!!*&%*%!
THAT'S **ONE** MAGIC INCANTATION I NEVER HEARD BEFORE!
I GOT **ANOTHER** TRICK YOU CAN TRY, MANDRAKE! **CLEAN UP THAT MESS!**
I'M **ENJOYING** MYSELF! I **REALLY AM** ENJOYING MYSELF! IT'S PROBABLY THE SECURITY OF TALKING INSIDE A **BALLOON** FOR A CHANGE!
EEEK! A **MOUSE!**
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! A LITTLE SUCCESS AND THEY FORGET THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILY!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU **ARE** A DIRTY OLD MAN! **I LOVE YOU!**
AWAY WITH YOU, MADAM! LIPS THAT TOUCH WATER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE!
I LIKE YOUR **DRESS** NANCY! WHERE DO YOU BUY YOUR CLOTHES?
THE SAME PLACE LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE GETS **HERS!**
HEY KID! PLAY "MELANCHOLY BABY"!
HELLO GRANDPA!
JUST KEEP YOUR **MOUTH SHUT** DOTTY! THIS IS A **PARTY** AND I'LL DRINK ALL I WANT TO!
SURE, MY HUSBAND'S BEEN MISSING FOR 17 YEARS... BUT THE MINUTE THE STRIP STARTS LOSING PAPERS WE'RE GOING TO BRING HIM BACK!
..AND I KEEP HAVING THESE UNUSUAL **HALLUCINATIONS!**
LISTEN, WILL YOU **GO AWAY** WITH YOUR PROBLEMS! I'M **SICK** OF LISTENING TO EVERYBODY'S PROBLEMS! I'VE GOT PROBLEMS OF MY **OWN!**
I'M **LONELY** MA'AM! I'M **REALLY LONELY!**
WHADDYA MEAN WE'RE **TOO YOUNG** TO DRINK? HE'S **45** AND I'M **49!**
WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
GEE, DADDY WARBUCKS! JUST WHAT I **NEEDED!** A PAIR OF PUPILS FOR MY EYEBALLS!
HERE, DAGWOOD! I MADE YOU A NICE **SANDWICH!**
NO THANKS! I'LL JUST HAVE SOME OF THESE **CANAPES!**
JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY
FRA! FRA!
DESHMON' OL' BOY! GE'ME ANOTHER SCOTCH AN' SODA!
GET IT **YOURSELF** FOR A CHANGE, KIRBY!
ACTUALLY, I **HATE** ANIMALS! SURE. I SAVE THEM FROM BEING KILLED... THAT'S SO I CAN SELL THEM TO REX MORGAN... FOR **VIVISECTION!**
NOW REMEMBER! I SAID YOU KIDS COULD COME TO THIS PARTY IF YOU **BEHAVED** YOURSELVES! THE FIRST KID WHO STEPS OUT OF LINE GETS A **RAP** IN THE **MOUTH!**

** To see CYRUS EATON made HOWARD FAST!

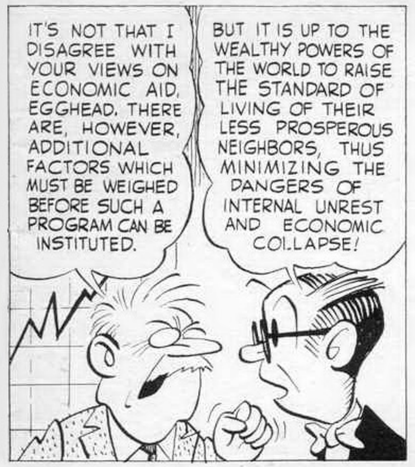
SOMEDAY SUPPLEMENT DEPT.

The other day, we came upon a small boy sitting on a curb, reading **The New York Times,** and crying. "Why are you crying, little boy?" we asked. "Because," he sobbed, "there ain't no comics in this newspaper!" This started us thinking. Practically everybody loves comics — and yet there are lots of publications that don't run them! How awful! How deplorable! But mainly, how wonderful! Because it gives us this opportunity to fill up four ridiculous pages with these:

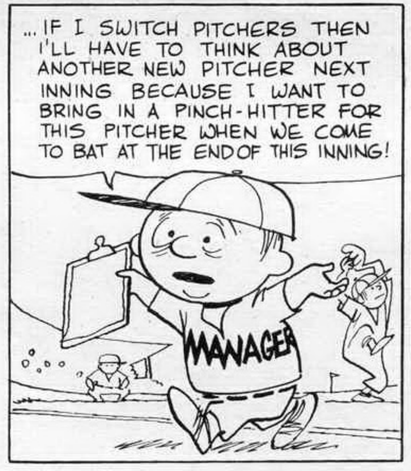
COMICS FOR PUBLICATIONS THAT DON'T HAVE COMICS

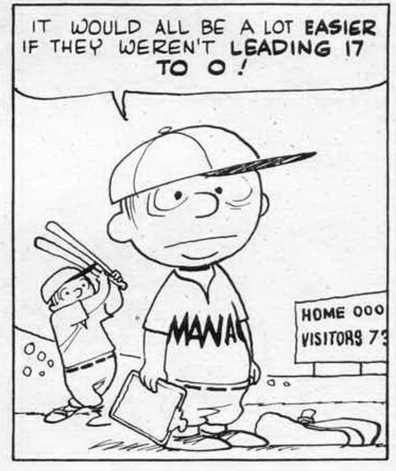
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BRAINY — for The New York Times

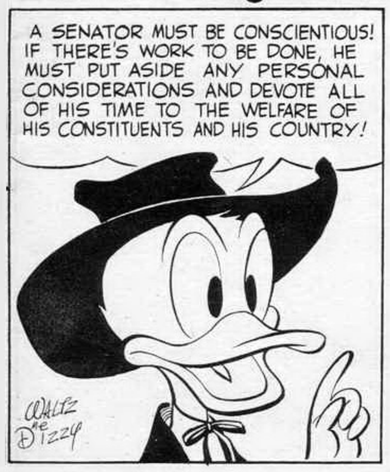


PITCHOUTS — for The Sporting News

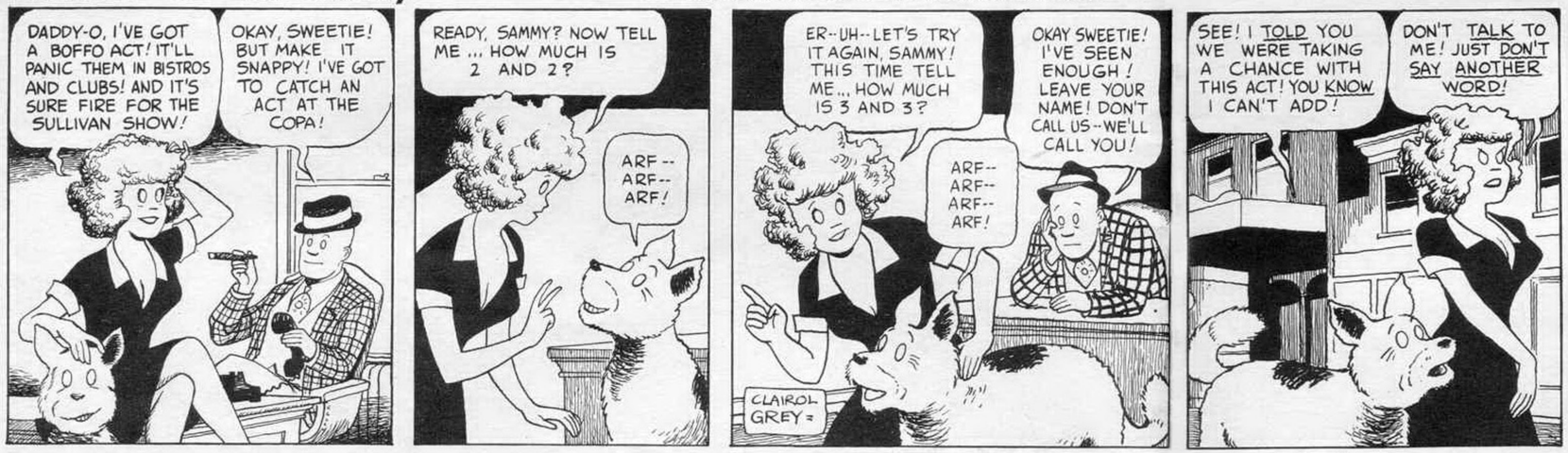




SENATOR DUCK — for The Congressional Record



DADDY-O — for Variety



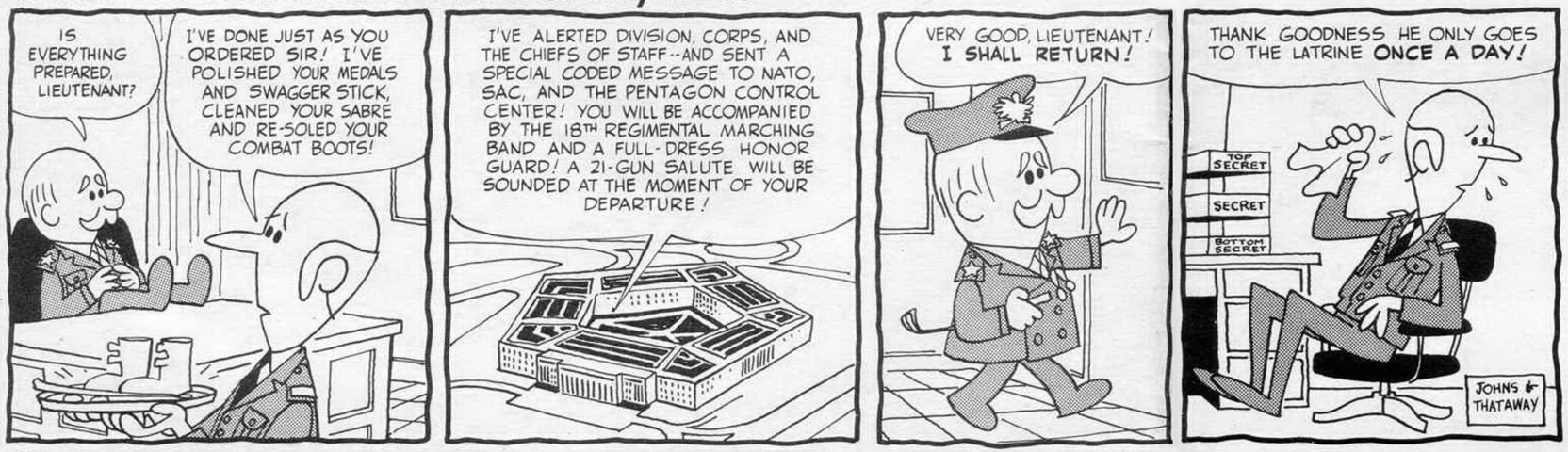
TY COON — for The Wall Street Journal

HY FASHION — for Women's Wear Daily

COOKIE THE BOOKIE — for The Morning Telegraph

"Okay, Jimmy! You've bet three popsicles on Flying Flash to win! Marvin, I've got you down for six bubble-gum cards on Rose Petal to place! Sorry, Eddie, but I'm not taking any frogs, unless they're alive! If ya wanna bet on Dish Water, ya gotta put up something valuable, like an alarm clock spring . . . or your baby sister!

GEN. ABERCROMBIE — for The Army Times



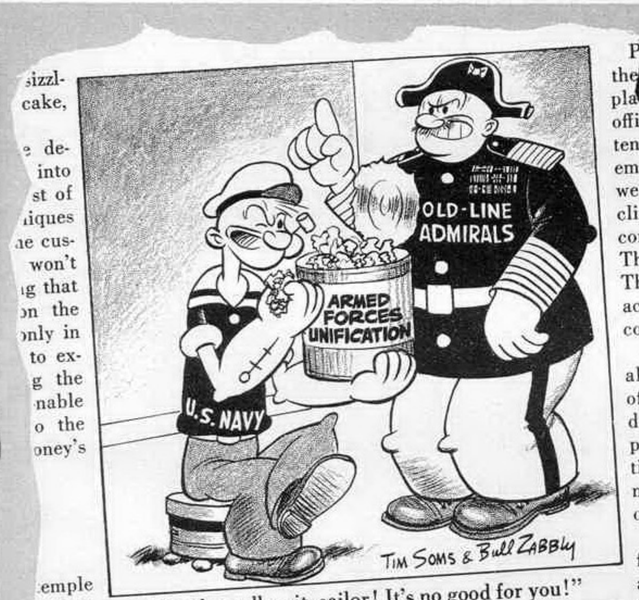
Today, the Editorial Cartoonist remains one of America's unsung heroes. (Mainly, we've never heard a single song about an Editorial Cartoonist!) This is because the Editorial Cartoon itself has never quite attained the popularity of, say, the Comic Strip Cartoon. Since Editorial Cartoons are really far more important than Comic Strip Cartoons (and we can't tell you in what way!), MAD feels they could be made more appealing . . .

IF COMIC STRIP ARTISTS DREW EDITORIAL CARTOONS

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

"A New Broom Sweeps Clean!"

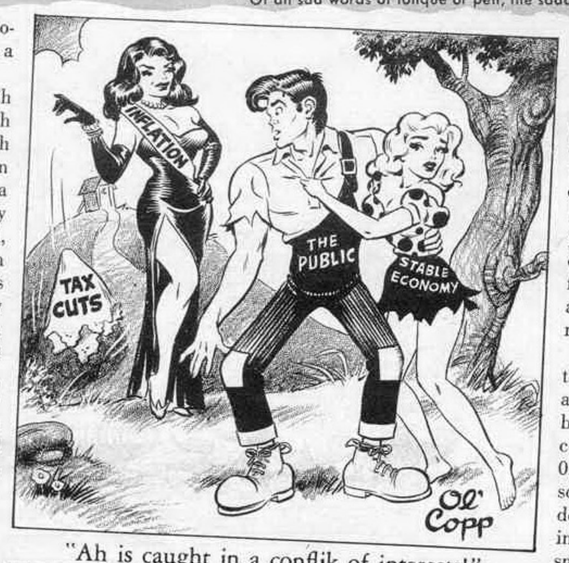
"Hey, look how this makes him rise again!"



"Don't swallow it, sailor! It's no good for you!"

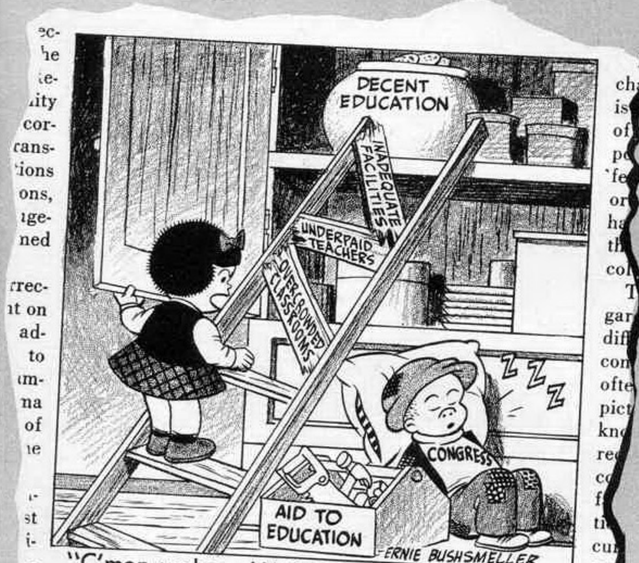
"Atta boy, Joe! Now finish him off with your right!"

•• "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!' "—ADLAI STEVENSON



"Ah is caught in a conflik of interests!"

"Leapin' lizards, Daddy, I wish they'd stop treating me like an orphan!"



"C'mon, wake up! Help me get those cookies!"

...and for sophisticated New Yorker types who don't read comic strips....

"Ignore the signs, kid! Keep going!"

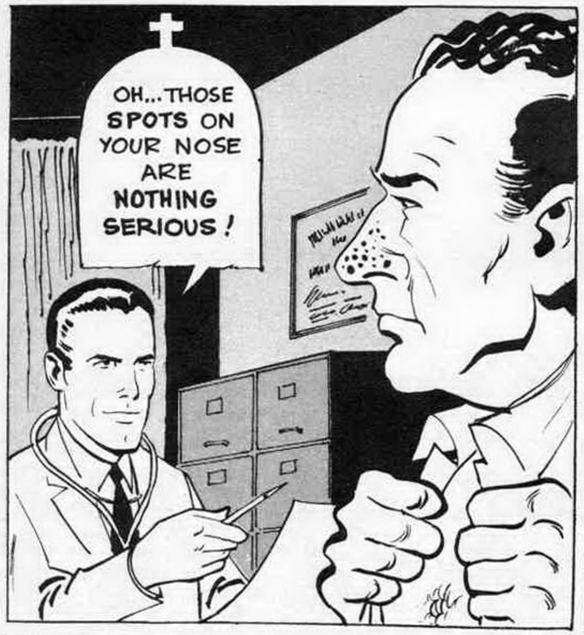
TRUE-TO-FORM DEPT.

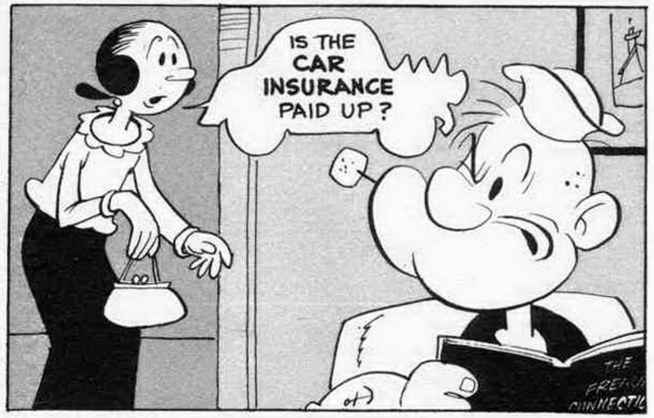
Today, everything is psychologically oriented. Books, movies, plays . . . all probe their characters' innermost thoughts and emotions. Which may be one reason why Syndicated Comic Strips are slowly fading from the American scene. It may be that they lack this psychological depth. So why not add a new Freudian dimension to Comic Strips by using

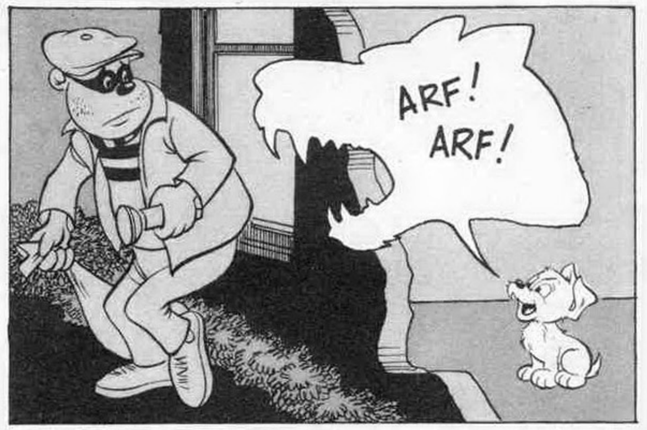
TELL-TALE COMIC STRIP BALLOONS

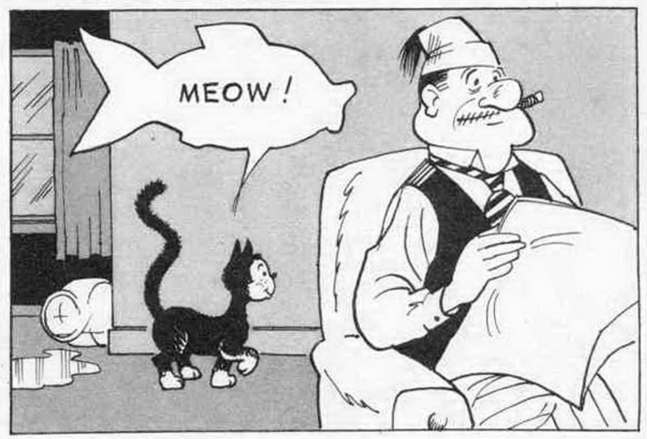
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

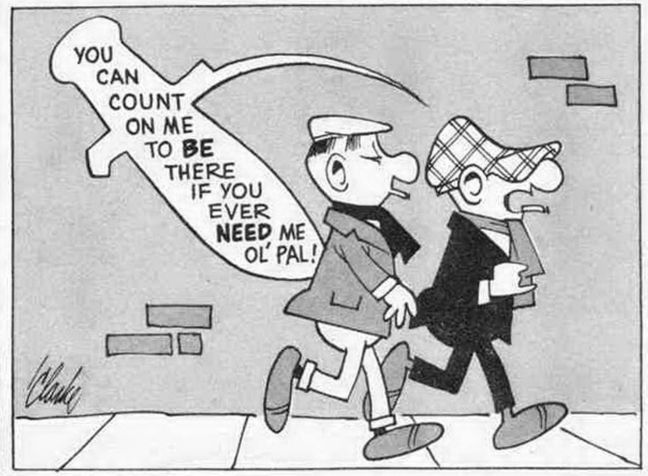
WRITER: DON EDWING











HI!

...WHICH REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER FUNNY STORY!

SAY! YOU'RE NEW HERE, AREN'T YOU?

HI HON, I GOTTA WORK LATE AT THE OFFICE!

THE WHITE MAN WILL DEAL FAIRLY WITH YOU IF YOU JUST SIGN IT!

TREATY

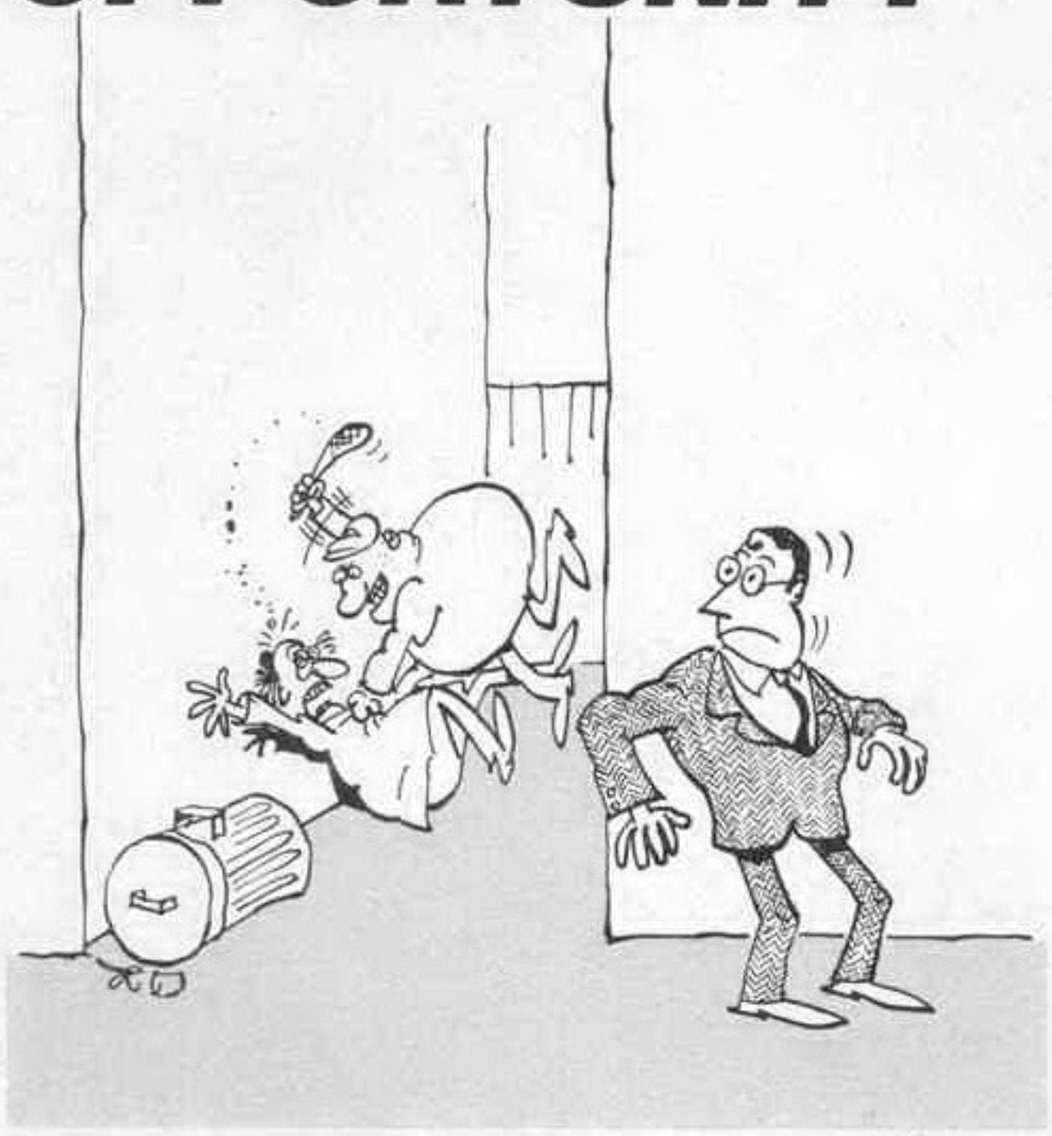
... AND HERE'S THE HOUSE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!

REAL ESTATE

ARCHIE, I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU...

YOU KENT WIN 'EM ALL DEPT.

A SUPER OPPORTUNITY



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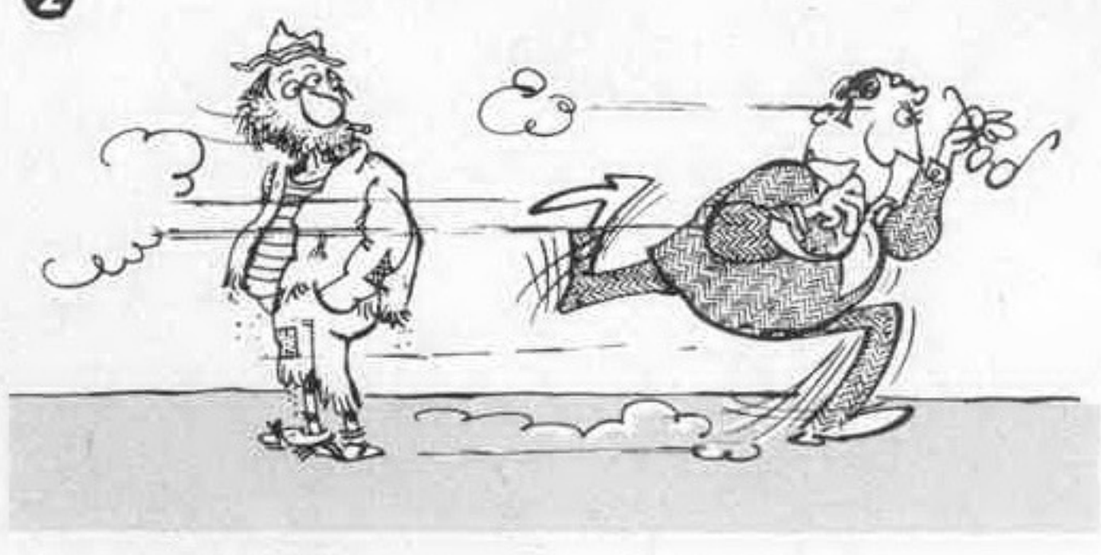

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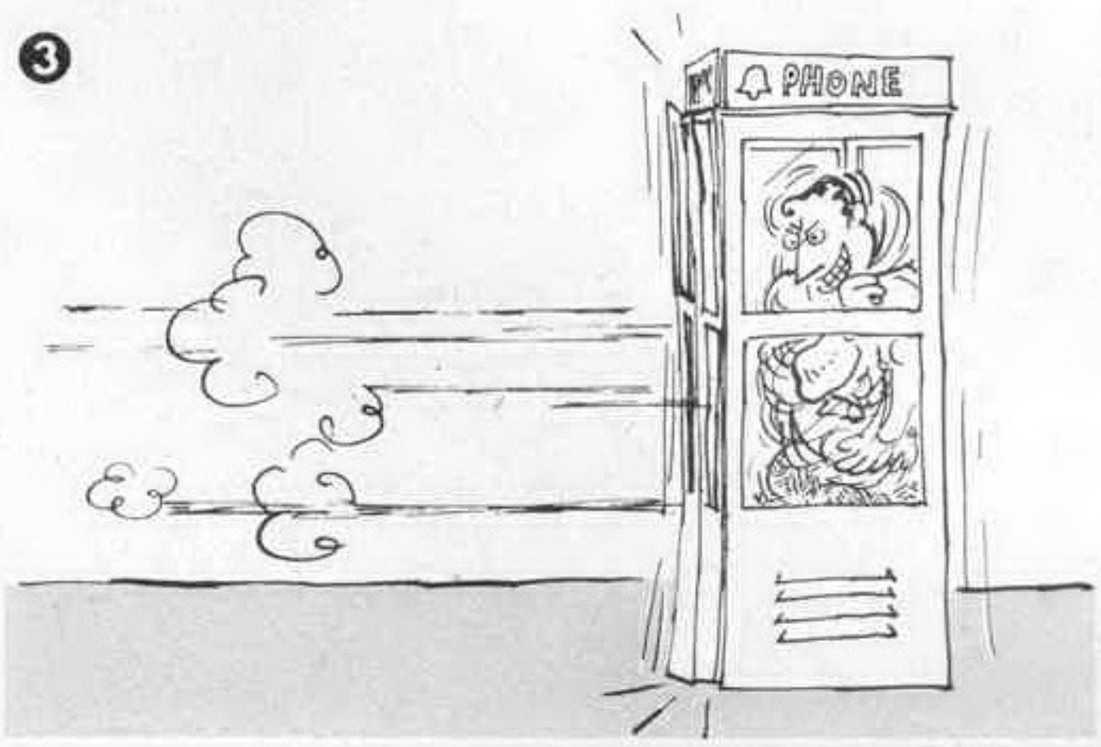

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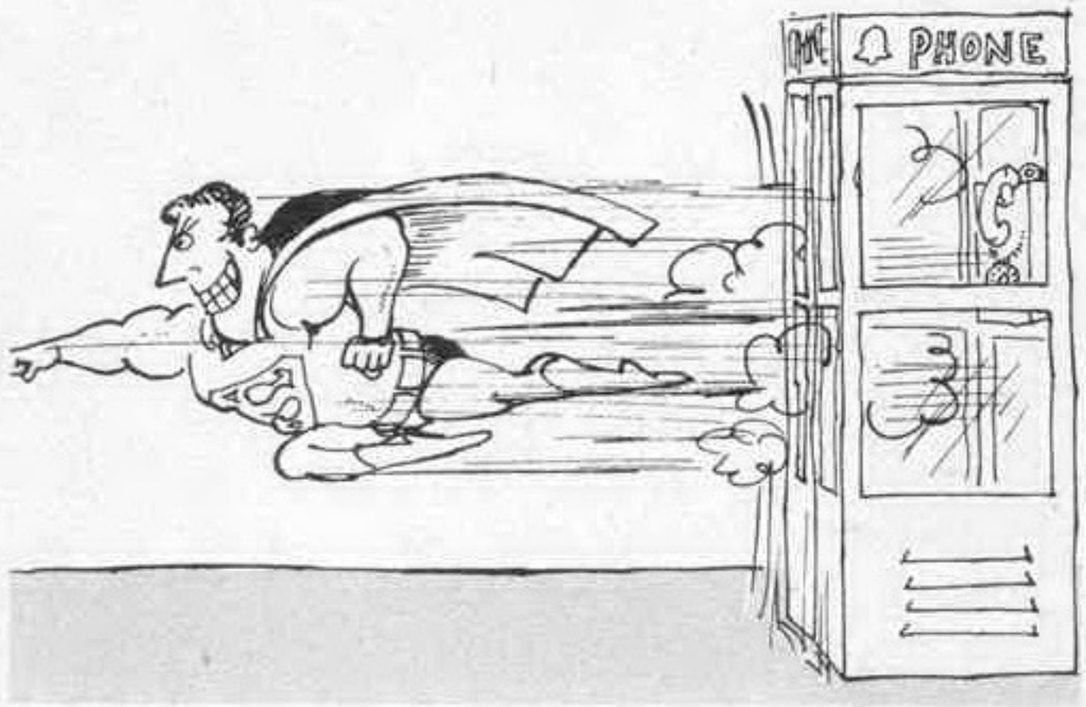

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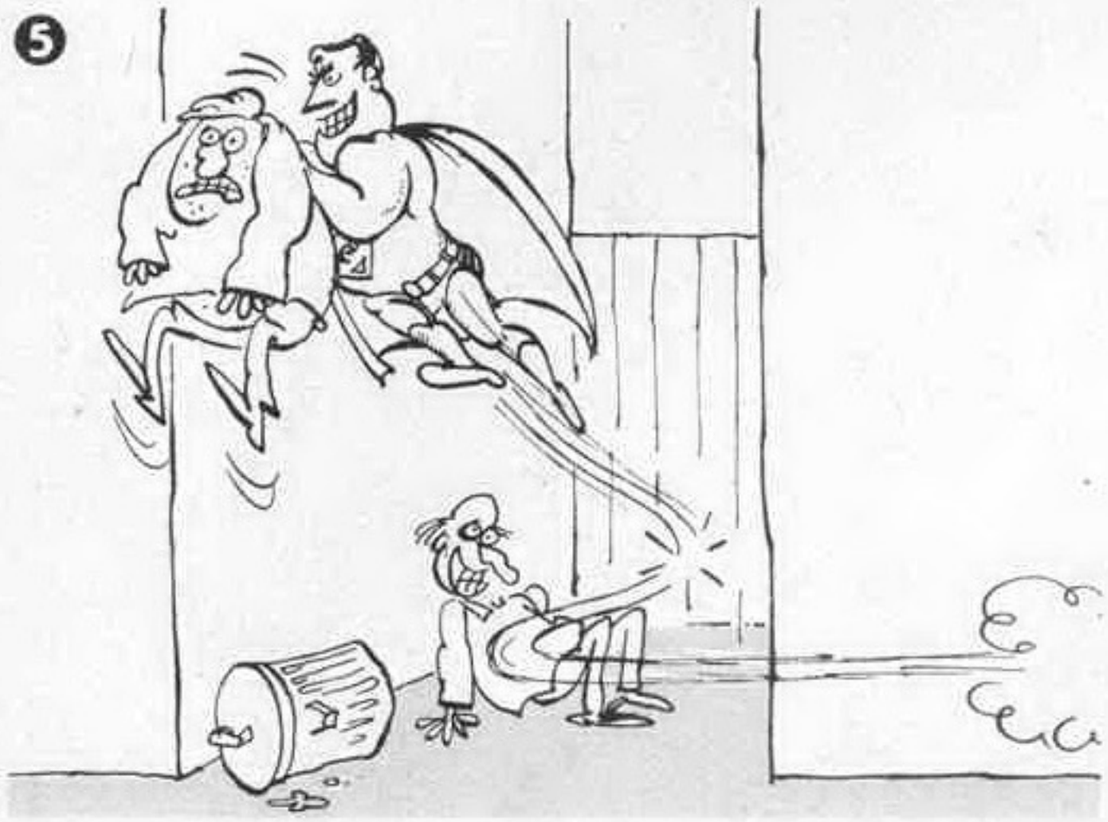

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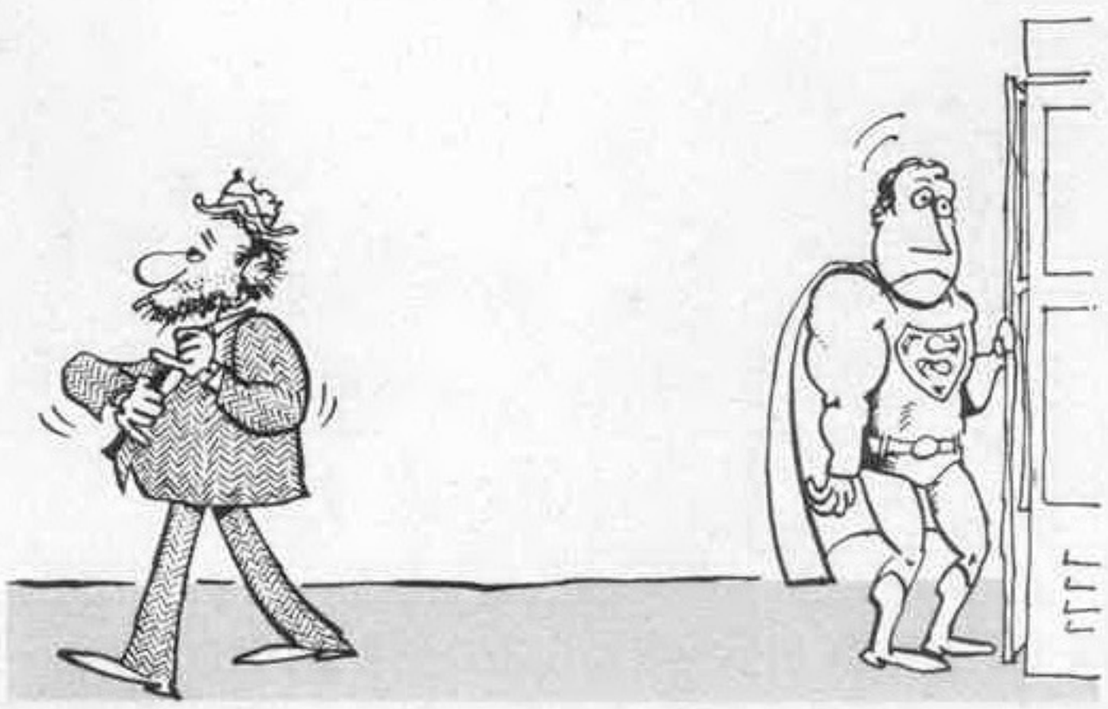


ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

THE YELLOWED KIDS DEPT.

Everybody gets old! Everybody, that is, except most comic strip characters! These jokers have the uncanny ability to remain the same dull age year after year, getting into the same dull situations. So MAD's gonna break the monotony . . . bearing in mind that if these comic strip characters were to age, one good aspect would be that they'd soon die off and we wouldn't have to suffer through them any more. Anyway, let's take away their fountains of youth, and see what the future would be like . . .

SUPERMAN

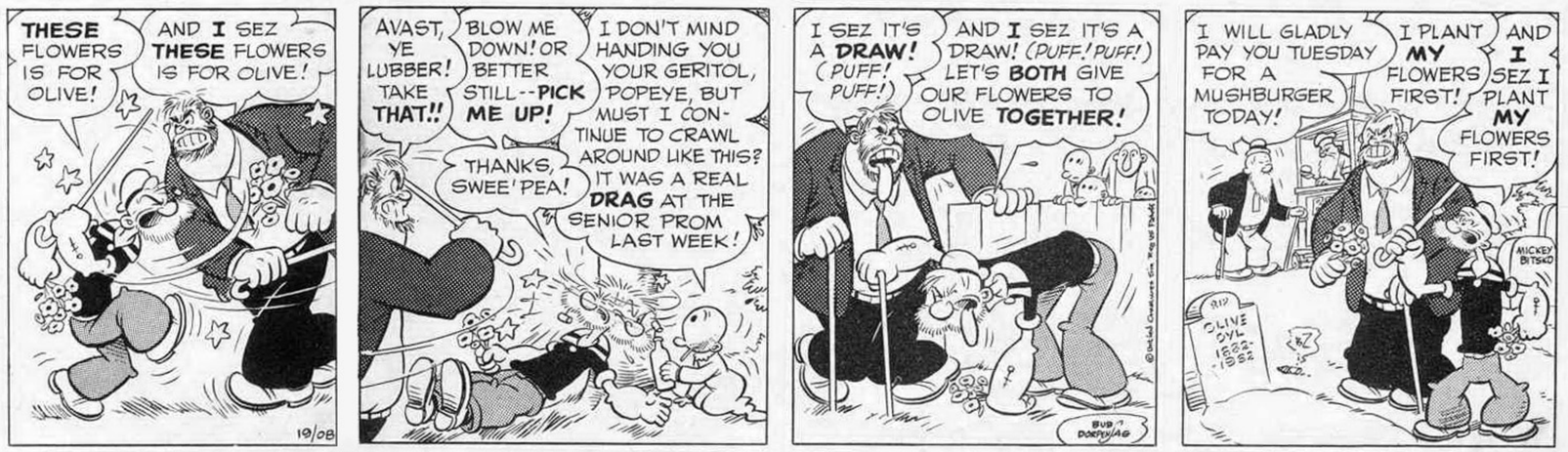
DICK TRACY

IF

COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS WERE AS OLD AS THEIR STRIPS

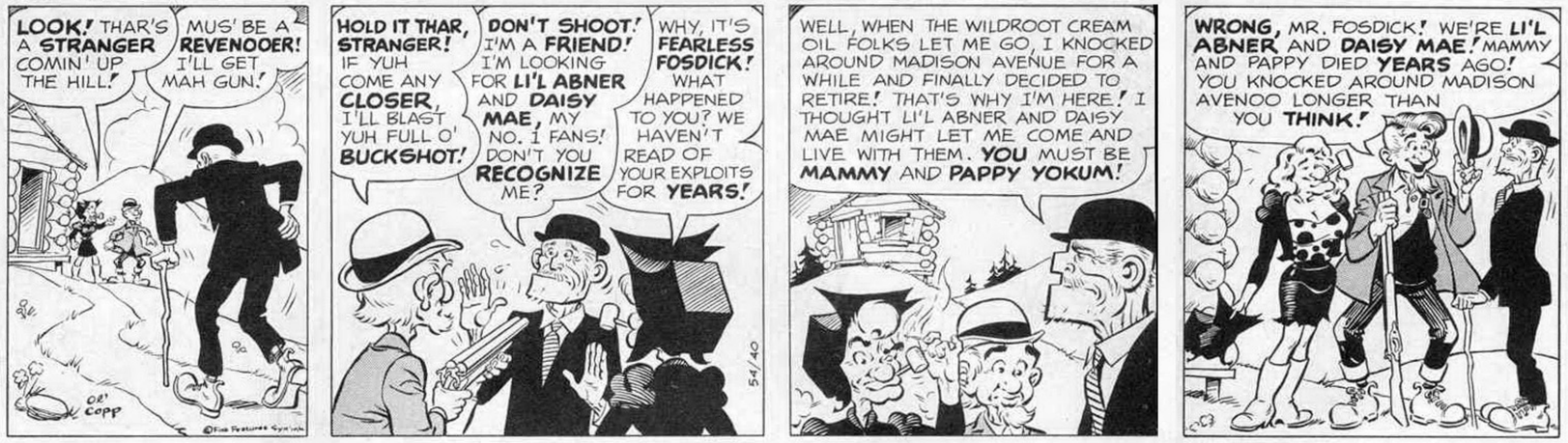
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: EARLE DOUD

POPEYE

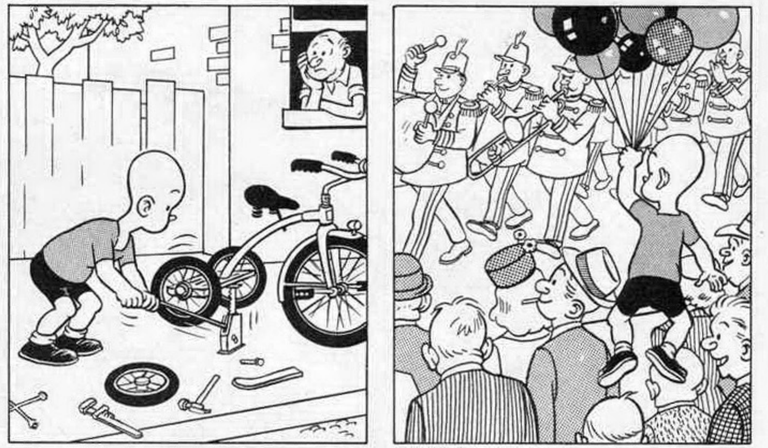


"...Don't Put All Your Yeggs In One Casket"—Brotherhood of Underworld Funeral Directors

LI'L ABNER

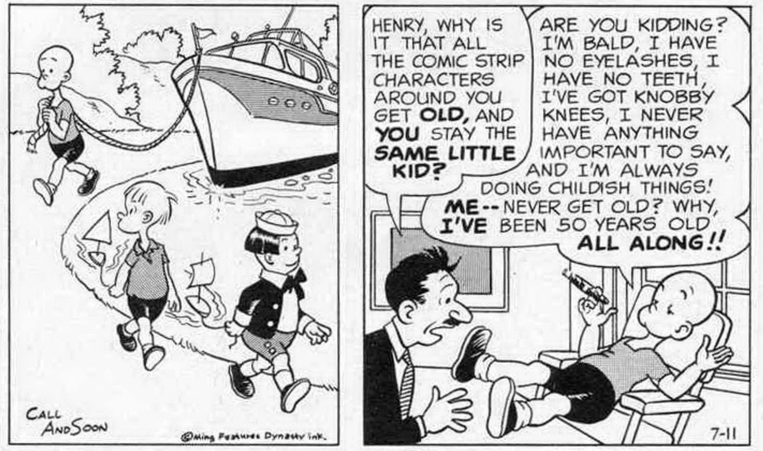


HENRY



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

TARZAN



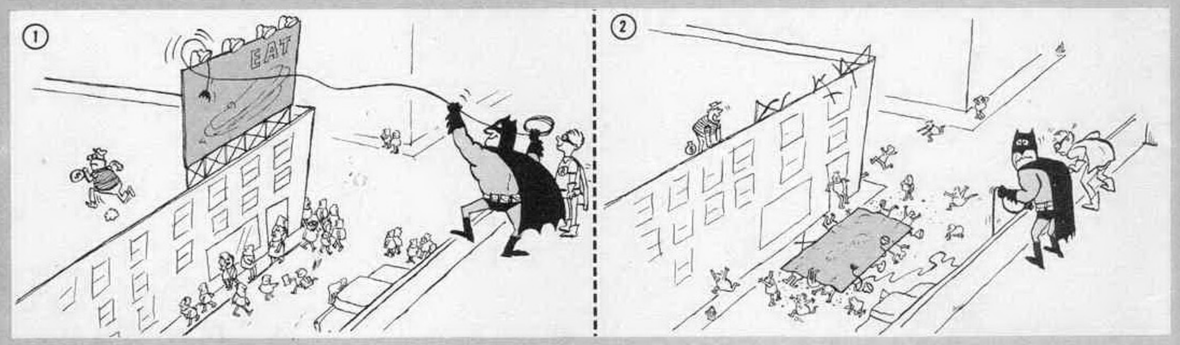
DENNIS THE MENACE

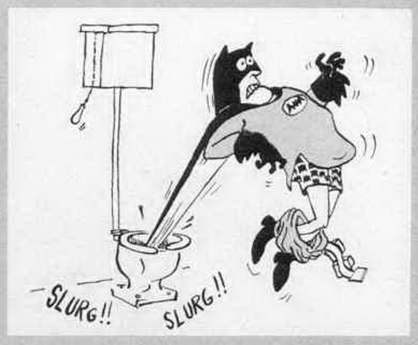
"As Chief U.S. Delegate to the United Nations, I would like to report that I have, through protracted discussion and extended mediation, accomplished the following: I have solved the Vietnam crisis . . . I have straightened out the Berlin situation . . . I have come up with a mutually acceptable disarmament plan . . . and I've put chewing gum on all your seats!"

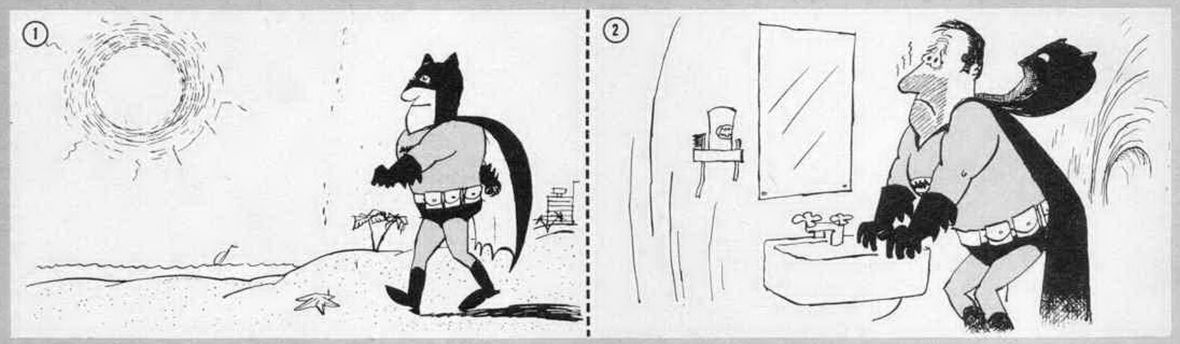
WEST–WARD–HO-HO! DEPT.

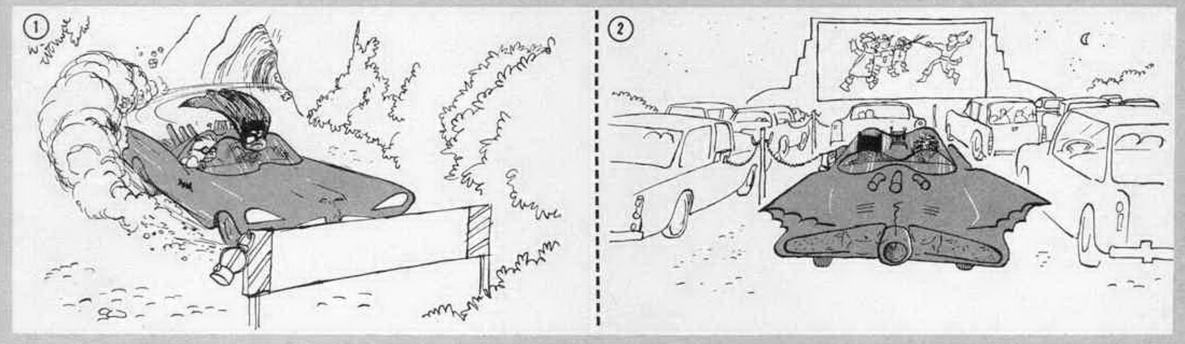
A MAD LOOK AT BATMAN

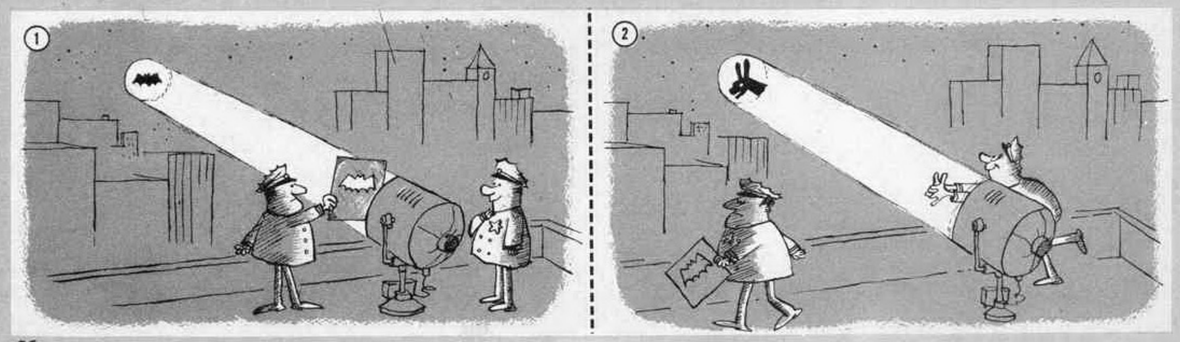
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







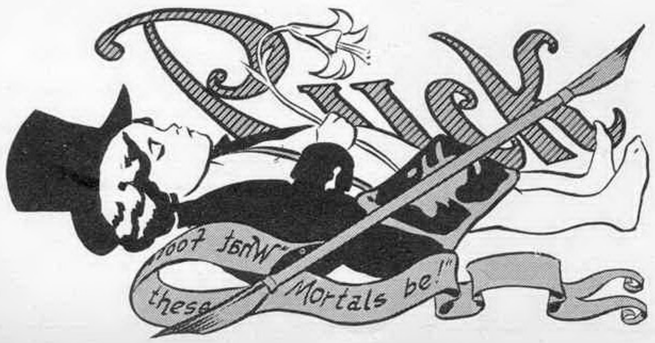




INSTALLMENT OVERDUE DEPT.

With all this emphasis on the need for more specialized, technical education in the age of satellites, American newspapers may soon be pressured into dropping their comics in favor of more elevating material. Like Correspondence School ads. Should this ever happen MAD suggests what the wind-up installments may look like as we finally reach

The END of COMICS



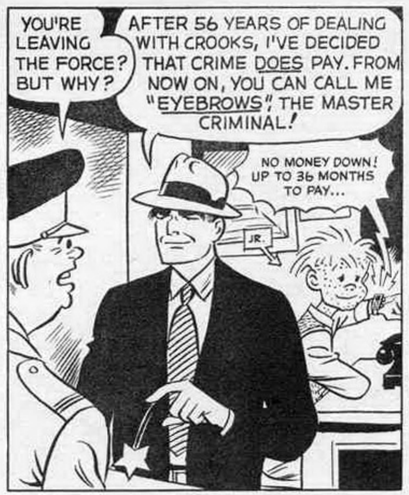
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

POGO

DICK TRACY



MARY WORTH

LI'L ABNER

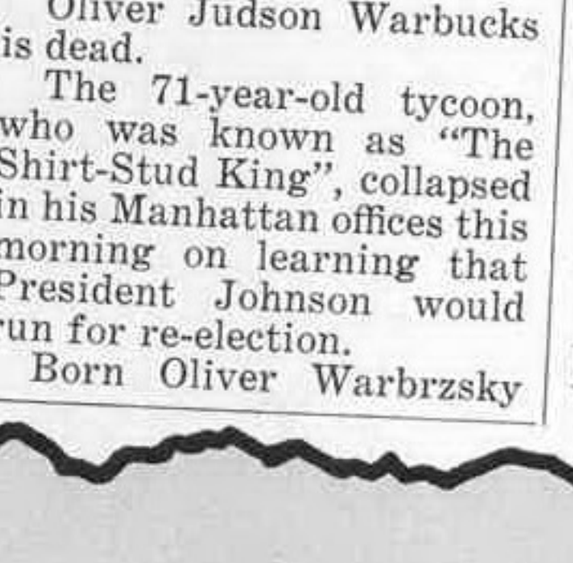
R.I.P. KIRBY DEPT.

According to U.S. Government statistics, the average American lives to be 70 years old. This, however, is not the case with the average American comic strip character. In the comics, it seems that people never die of old age; they just go on living . . . presumably forever. And this, of course, is preposterous. Nobody can live forever, not even these lovable folks in the comic strips. Therefore, let us look ahead to those black days in the not too far off future when we will open our newspapers, turn to the death notices, and be greeted by the following . . .

Obituaries For Comic Strip Characters

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Oliver Warbucks Dies; RENOWNED TYCOON WAS 71



Oliver Judson Warbucks

Oliver Judson Warbucks is dead.

The 71-year-old tycoon, who was known as "The Shirt-Stud King", collapsed in his Manhattan offices this morning on learning that President Johnson would run for re-election.

Born Oliver Warbrzsky in Brooklyn, Warbucks began his career as a peddler of men's underwear. With his profits, he began his shirt-stud company in the back of a candy store. After wiping out his competitors in the famed Rhinestone Price War of 1922, he merged his activities into one giant corporation, "Warbucks, Punjab and Asp."

Warbucks leaves one survivor, an adopted daughter, Annie, 45, to whom he has bequeathed the sum of one dollar. The remainder of his $17 billion estate will go to the National Institute to Combat Baldness.

It is requested that no flowers be sent to the funeral. Mourners are asked, instead, to send contributions in Warbucks's name to the John Birch Society.

KATZENJAMMERS PERISH IN BLAST

FABIAN MADRACH PHOTO

Mr. Hans Katzenjammmer

BRADFORD MADRACH PHOTO

Mr. Fritz Katzenjammer

Twin brothers Hans and Fritz Katzenjammer, 72, were killed today when their home-made bomb exploded prematurely. The victims had planned to detonate the bomb underneath the chair of their father, Captain Heinrich Katzenjammer.

The Katzenjammer brothers were born in Donnervetter, a suburb of Munich, Germany, but were deported by the German Government in 1914 for being too warlike.

The family moved to a small island off the coast of Africa where the brothers spent their careers inventing new methods of liquidating Captain Katzenjammer and a family friend, known as "The Inspector".

No funeral services will be held. Instead, the surviving members of the family will hold a three-day celebration. Arrangements are being handled by Rollo Worthington, a family friend.

NANCY RITZ DIES AT 42

PHOTO TAKEN IN 1932

Miss Nancy Ritz

Nancy Ritz, 42, died in her home today after taking an overdose of sleeping pills. Police term the death an apparent suicide.

According to a friend, Morris "Sluggo" Kelly, Miss Ritz had been despondent for the past 18 years, due to her inability to reach adolescence.

She is survived by an aunt, Fritzie Ritz.

Snuffy Smith, 55, Dies In Explosion

Snuffy Smith, 55, died in an explosion at his Tennessee farm today. The blast took place when he mistakenly emptied a can of gasoline into a five-gallon tank of simmering corn liquor.

According to witnesses, Smith was last seen passing in a northeasterly direction over the farm of a neighbor, Caleb Perkins.

Smith was born in East Tater, Arkansas, moving out of the state at the request of the State Liquor Authority. He became a successful turnip farmer, being aided greatly by his wife, Lowizee, whom he used as a plow.

A firearms enthusiast, Smith was noted for his marksmanship. His favorite targets were possums, buzzards and agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

In addition to his wife, Smith is survived by a son, Jughaid, and a cousin, Barney Google, a famed horse-breeder.

Donald Duck Killed In Hunting Accident

Mr. Donald Duck

Donald Duck, 36, noted man about town, was shot to death today in a hunting accident. Duck was killed by two hunters who mistook him for a species of wild canvasback.

Duck was born in a marsh near Chillicothe, Ohio. He became an orphan at the age of five when his parents, Exeter and Mamie Duck, strayed too close to a pillow factory.

A spirited eccentric, Duck was known for his clever wit, all of which was unintelligible. He countered this, however, with savage bursts of temper which accomplished nothing.

Duck is survived by an uncle, Scrooge, and three nephews, Huey, Dewey and Looey. In accordance with the wishes of the family, Duck's body will be sautéed over a low flame at 300 degrees.

PRINCE VALIANT DIES

Prince Valient, a crusading knight, died yesterday of natural causes. He was 649.

SMILIN' JACK MARTIN DIES AFTER ACCIDENT

Smilin' Jack Martin, 60, an out-of-work test pilot, died today of injuries sustained when he drove his car off the Golden Gate Bridge.

According to a surviving passenger, Downwind Jackson, Martin was suddenly stricken with the false impression that he was in a plane. "I would have warned him," Jackson said, "except I was looking the other way."

Martin was born in Kokomo, Indiana. He entered his first air meet at the age of seven, placing last when the rubber band broke. In 1941, at the request of the Army, he became a test pilot for the Navy. In 1944, during a dogfight with Japanese Zeros, he nearly lost his life when his

truss became impaled on his throttle.

Immediately following his death, the United States Government announced that Martin's moustache would be put on permanent display at the Smithsonian Institution.

Dick Tracy Dies Of Gun Wounds

Dick Tracy, 66, a local police detective, died today of lead poisoning after being shot for the 47th time in the left shoulder.

A dedicated lawman to the end, Tracy was giving instructions over his two-way wrist radio until just before his death in Mercy Hospital. According to Police Chief Pat Patton, Tracy's last words were, "I'll finish the job—up there!"

Born in New York City, Tracy enrolled in the New York Police Academy in 1919, and graduated in 1928. During World War II, he aided the scrap-metal drive by donating 33 bullets lodged in his body.

He is survived by an adopted son, Junior, and a half-brother, Morton ("Fearless") Fosdick. Immediately after Tracy's death, his widow, the former Tess Trueheart, announced her marriage to Chief Patton.

Detective Richard Tracy

MANDRAKE DIES MYSTERIOUSLY

PHOTO TAKEN IN 1945

Mesmerist M. J. Mandrake

Mandrake J. Mandrake, 68, the noted magician, died today under mysterious circumstances while rehearsing a new magic act for the Ed Sullivan Show.

According to police, Mandrake had just finished successfully changing his assistant, Sidney Lothar, into an ocelot, when the beast suddenly attacked him, clawing him to death before the magician could utter the magic words that would have brought Lothar back to his human form.

Mandrake is survived by a half-brother, known as the Phantom. Lothar has been purchased by the Bronx Zoo.

REX MORGAN DIES; PHYSICIAN WAS 49

Dr. Rex Morgan died in his office last night after trying unsuccessfully to remove his own appendix. He was 49.

Morgan was born outside Crawford's Crossing, West Virginia, and graduated with honors from the Acme Correspondence School in 1936, receiving a degree in Animal Husbandry. Three years later, he entered the Eastern West Virginia School for Veterinarians, but was dismissed from the institution after incorrectly diagnosing a hoof condition in a champion Black Angus as "Athlete's Foot".

Further details of his career were unavailable. Telephone calls to his office for the purpose of gathering this information were intercepted by his Answering Service, who insisted he was "making rounds at the hospital".

Henry Smith Found Dead In Elevator

FROM A "RECENT" PHOTO

Mr. Henry Smith

Henry Smith, 48, was found dead today in a stalled self-service elevator. A doctor at the scene estimated that Smith had been trapped there for at least three weeks.

According to medical reports, Smith remained alive until shortly before his body was found. It is believed that if he had cried out for help he could have been rescued. But for unknown reasons, he failed to let his presence in the elevator be known.

Friends and relatives of the deceased will attend private funeral services tomorrow at 11:00 A.M. at which time, in Henry's memory, they will observe two minutes of noise.

DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD DIES IN ACCIDENT AT OFFICE

PHOTO CAREFULLY RETOUCHED IN 1953

Mr. Dagwood Bumstead

Dagwood Bumstead, 61, was crushed to death today in a giant computer. The accident occurred in the offices of the J. C. Dithers Construction Co.

In describing the tragedy, J. C. Dithers, president of the firm, said that he had told Bumstead to run some information through the computer. Bumstead, it appears, took the order too literally.

Dithers immediately announced that he would use the money in Bumstead's pension fund to pay for the cost of repairing the computer.

Bumstead was employed by Dithers as an assistant associate junior executive. He joined the company in 1938 as an assistant associate junior executive.

Pallbearers at the funeral will include Dithers, neighbor Herbert Woodley, postman Myron Beezley, and Horace Dripple, a family friend.

JOE PALOOKA DIES AFTER RING KNOCKOUT

Joe Palooka, one-time heavyweight champion, died last night shortly after being knocked out in a five-round preliminary bout in the Altoona, Pennsylvania, Boxing Arena. The 55-year-old boxer was attempting a comeback.

According to his ex-manager, Knobby Walsh, now retired in Miami, Palooka refused to give up boxing even though he had been knocked out in 31 of his last 32 fights.

In recent years, Palooka worked as a sparring partner for local boxers and as a runner for city mobsters. It is estimated that the former champion earned more than two million dollars in his prime. But a series of bad investments left him bankrupt.

He is survived by his ex-wife, the former Ann Howe, now a waitress in the Times Square area.

Mary Worth Is Dead At 83; Made Fortune Selling Apples

Mary Worth, 83, died today of an acute earache. She had acquired the ailment, doctors reported, as a result of having to listen to the problems of her several hundred friends over the past fifty years.

Born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Miss Worth was the daughter of vaudeville stars, Sam and Flossie Worth. At 18, she began her own stage career, becoming famous as an exotic dancer at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. She was known especially for her daring artichoke dance, in which she performed in a costume made up of two dozen artichokes.

When her savings were wiped out by the Stock Market crash of 1929, Miss Worth was forced to sell apples. Known as Apple Mary, she amassed a fortune, which enabled her to devote the rest of her life to her favorite hobby, meddling.

Miss Worth is survived by a distant cousin, Juliet Jones.

WHICH MODERN ARTIST IS MOST SUCCESSFULLY COMMUNICATING WITH HIS AUDIENCE?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

GOOD

GRIEF!

A▸◂B

WHICH MODERN ARTIST IS MOST SUCCESSFULLY COMMUNICATING WITH HIS AUDIENCE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

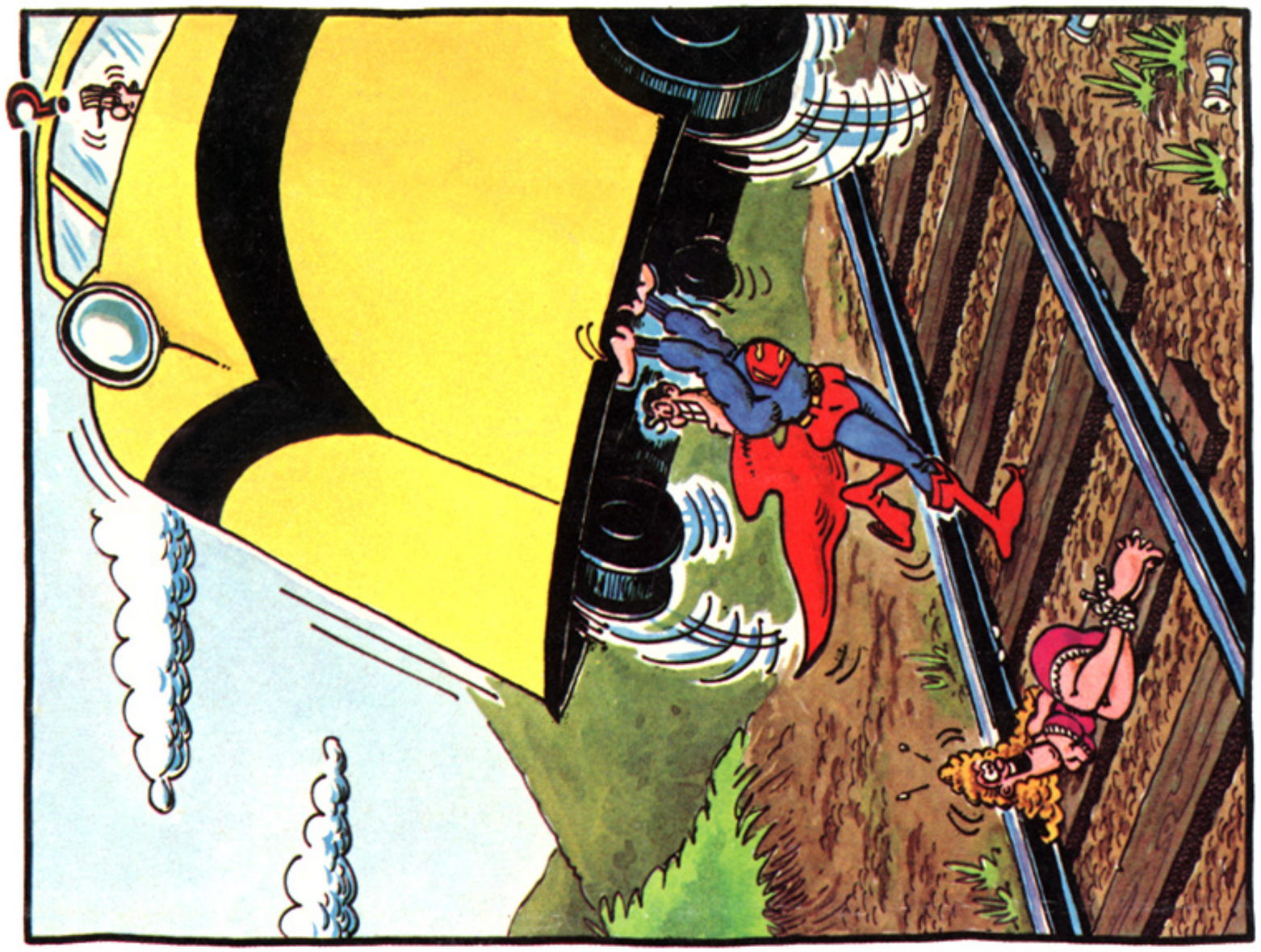
"Modern Art" has taken some pretty wild turns in recent years. But no matter which direction it takes, it seems to be headed more and more toward total incomprehensibility. Reactions like "What is it?" and "What does it mean?" are almost guaranteed. But there is one modern artist whose work is understood by everyone! To find out who this phenomenal genius is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

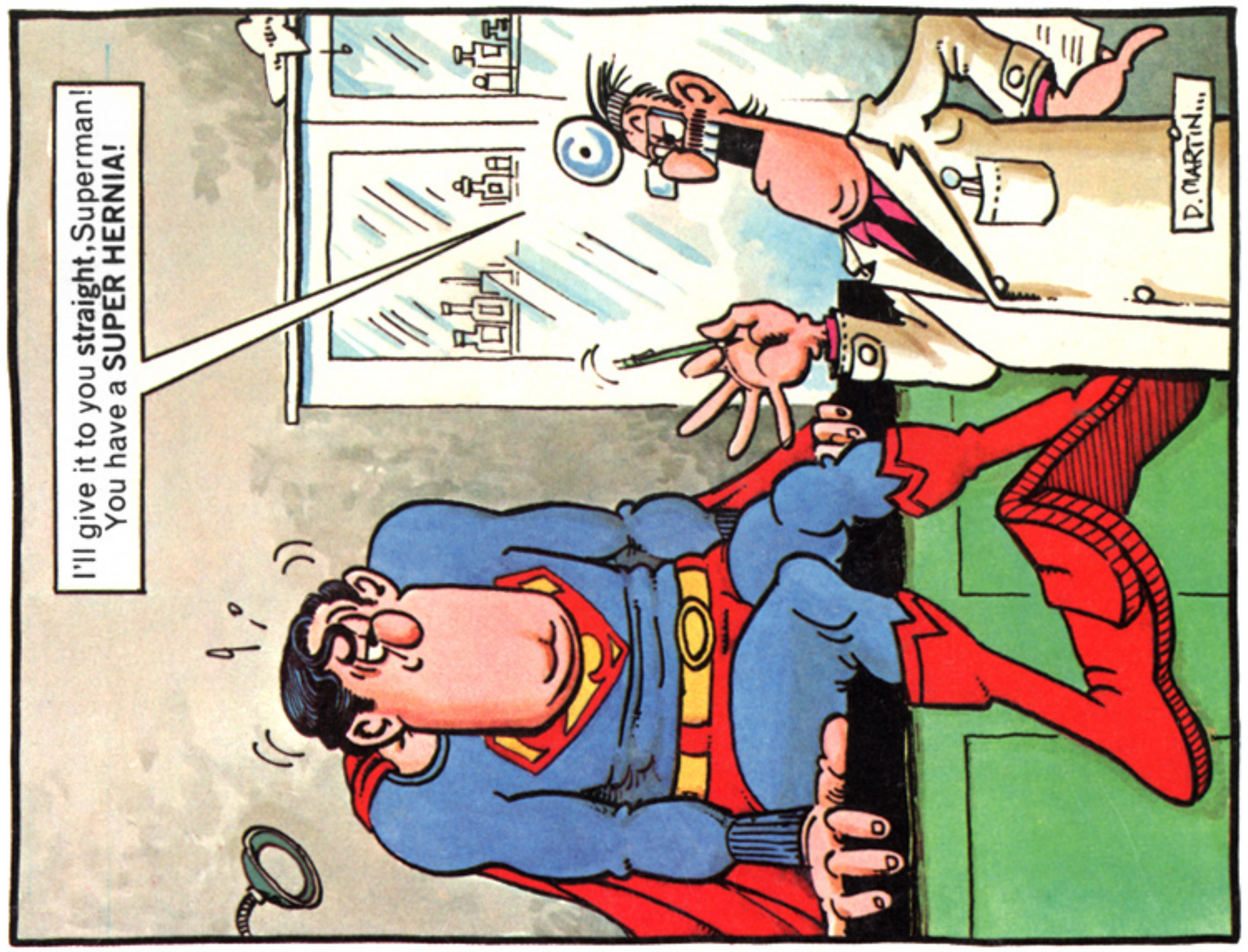
A▸ **FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT** **◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"**

MANY MODERN ARTISTS HAVE LONG FELT THAT GREAT ART NEED NOT NECESSARILY BE UNDERSTOOD BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC, AND SOME HIDEOUS GROTESQUERIES HAVE BEEN CREATED IN THIS BELIEF!

A▸ **◂B**



WRITER: DON EDWING



ARTIST: DON MARTIN