FALL 1985 SUPER SPECIAL

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SUPER STARS

VOLUME ONE

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DRUCKER

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THE CALL OF THE MILD





ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



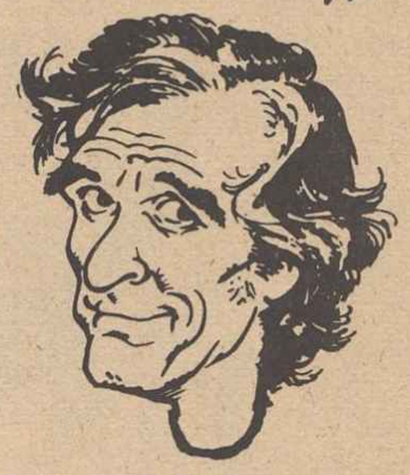
SUPER SPECIAL FALL '85 NUMBER 52

MAD SUPERSTARS VOL. I

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

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots





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CREEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS DEPT.



TV programs about families have always been popular! The Nelsons, the Waltons, the Bradfords, the Ingles, the Cunninghams, etc., all these families had certain things in common: they were all happy, they all loved each other, and none of them had very much money! Now, a different type of TV family has emerged to capture the top ratings. These people are more like the Borgias than the Bradfords! These people hate each other, they're miserable, and they're filthy rich! Yep, we're talking about that nighttime "soap" about a typical Texas family, soaking in depravity and sex! Boy, when it comes to remembering that there are finer things in life, all that base immorality on the TV screen tends to numb us, to deaden us, to—

DU

I'm **J. D. Phewing!** I'm **mean, corrupt, dishonest, evil** and **loathsome!** And **those** are my **GOOD qualities!** My **downright nastiness** has made me the most **popular** character on **TV,** except for maybe **Miss Piggy!**

I'm **J. D.'s Brother, Wary!** I'm a **snivelling weak coward**—and it's all **J. D.'s** fault! When we were **kids,** he used to **break** all my **toys**—and **torture** me! And **that** was when he was being **NICE** to me!! When I got **married, HE** went on the **honeymoon** . . . with **my wife!!**

My name is **Juicy! Wary** is **my Daddy!** At least I **think** he is! I'm a **typical Texas co-ed!** I'm majoring in **Advanced Sex, Partying, Adultery** and **Twirling!**

I'm **Sullen Phewing,** J.D.'s **beloved**—*hah*—**Wife!** J.D. tried to have me **committed** a couple of times just because I'm an **alcoholic nymphomaniac** with **paranoid-schizophrenic tendencies!** Luckily, my behavior was considered **normal** for a **nighttime soap!**

Hi! I'm J.D.'s **baby Brother, Booby!** I'm a **decent, moral person!** I'm rather **intelligent,** and I'm **normal** in **all respects!** In **other** words, I'm the **family SCHMUCK!**

I'm Booby's Wife, **Spamella Phewing!** That snake, J.D., was responsible for me having a **miscarriage!** He **ruined** my **father, destroyed** my **Brother's career,** and—**worst** of all—**cut** the **LABELS off** my **designer jeans!!**

#1

SEXAS

JUICY

HIC!

SALAD OIL

LLUS



I'm **Nelly Phewing** . . . and this is my Husband, **Jerk!** We're the **proud parents** of these fine specimens of Dullus manhood! Last season, my Son, J.D. was **shot,** and a **lot** of folks thought that maybe **I** did it! Now, **that's** downright **embarrassing!** I mean, if I'd **shot** J.D., I **wouldn't** have just **WOUNDED HIM!**

You may be wond'rin' why all the Phewing ladies are wearin' **FUR COATS** to this **outdoor barbecue** when the **weather** here in Texas is **110° in the shade!** Well, we Phewings are **SO RICH,** the **ENTIRE RANCH** is **air conditioned!**

Score cards! Get your **score cards** here! You **can't keep track** of **who's scoring** with **who** without a **score card!!**



Mornin' y'all! Sorry I'm late, but a **Girl Scout** came to the door and I swindled her out of her **cookies!** And **then** I had to break up a **romance** between **Roy Greppser** and **Donna Pulverson!**

Donna! You remember! **Sam Pulverson's Widow!** He was involved in that **shady oil lease deal** with me and **Cess Pool,** who was married to **Messy!** She's the gal who was **cheatin'** with **Wary** after he married **Valvoline** who was runnin' around with lawyer **Phil Kleindingst!**

Roy and **WHO?!?**

By God, I **can't keep track** of these people! I **shoulda** bought me one of them **score cards** in the last panel!!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

I've got some **GOOD NEWS! Juicy** has got herself **engaged!**

Well, now! That **IS** good news!

I—I **can't believe it!** You're **HAPPY** I'm engaged?!

Of course I am, Darlin'! I'm lookin' forward to the **pleasure** of **breakin' it up,** then **destroyin' your fiancee** and his **entire family,** including **pets!** But even **worse** than that, I'm gonna **TELL you** when your **Bridal Shower is** . . . and **RUIN** your **SURPRISE!**



SCORING

May I be excused?

Why? Got some last minute **homework** t'do?!?

No, I have some last minute **making out** t' do! This isn't **"Eight Is Enough,"** y'know! Besides, I **can't take** these **family meals! The Last Supper** had to be a **laugh riot** compared to eating with the **Phewings!**

Hold on there, young lady! We **all ENJOY** these family meals! Why, jus' look at the **SMILE** on **Mama's face!**

WHAT smile?!? That's **GAS!!**

Since you obviously aren't **MAN enough** to give Daddy a **Grandson** like **I** did, Booby, I'd like to offer my **services** to **help you out!**

Why, that's **right nice** of you, J.D. . . . wantin' to help out your **little Brother** that way!

Jus' cause your **Wife** had a **BABY** doesn't mean that **you're** the **Father,** J.D.! Not with **YOUR Wife,** it don't!

By God, J.D. . . . **you** shouldn't let anyone talk bad about your **Wife** like that! Why, if anybody dared say that about your **Mama,** I'd **kill** 'im!

So would I, Daddy! **Nobody** better say anythin' bad about **Mama** while **I'M** around!

Dammit, J.D.! For **once,** be a **man!** When somebody insults your Wife's honor, **DO somethin'!**

All right, Daddy! If that's what you **want,** then that's what I'll **do!** Just **watch me!!**

KILL GUN CONTROL

BIG GUN

SON OF BIG GUN

Now hear this!! If I find out that anybody's messin around with **my Wife,** I'll **KILL HIM!!**

Hi Yo Silver! Away!

Gittum up Scout!

Who was that masked man?!?

BLAM! BLAM!

Sullen, I **don't** want you goin' around, **casting doubts** about **me** bein' the **Father** of **our baby!** Why, do **you** know what people are **callin'** me . . .??

The **same** thing they're callin' the **baby,** I imagine!

Y'know, he's a **cute** lil'l devil! I **can't see** how **anyone** can say I'm **not** his **Daddy!** He **LOOKS** jus' like me . . . an' he even **ACTS** jus' like me sometimes!

Only when he gets **diaper rash!**

Hmmm! Next week is **Booby's birthday!** I gotta do somethin' **real special** for him! **I know!!** I'll break up his **marriage . . . !**

Dammit, Spam! Our **marriage** is **fallin' apart!** Now, I **KNOW** you don't want to have a **BABY** . . . but puttin' on **RUBBER GLOVES** to **shake hands** with me is **goin'** jus' a lil'l **too far!!**

DO NOT DISTURB

TINKLE!

TINKLE?

Well, it's **not** all **MY** fault our marriage is failing!! How about **YOU** and this **HENNA MAID!?**

I **TOLD** you!! There's **nothing between us!** Henna is just an **old school chum!**

Yeah? Well, **don't** hold any more **CLASS REUNIONS** here in **our bed!!**

The eyes of Texas are upon you—

TEXAS

TEXAS CLASS OF '72

Come to think of it, **WHY** would I want to **break up** that marriage?

Grandma, the Phewings are **so rich** and **beautiful!! How come** everybody is **so miserable??**

That's 'cause the TV audience **enjoys** seeing rich people **suffer!** It makes their **OWN** dull lives seem **more tolerable!**

SLAM!

Would you believe my image is being **ruined** by that **hockey puck** wearing a **Roy Rogers hat** . . . that **yo-yo** who **walks** like his **jockey shorts** are **twisted?!?** Thanks to **THAT dummy,** people think **I'M** a **NICE GUY!!**

Compared to **him,** we're **ALL** considered **nice guys!!**

JD PHE CO.

I LOST AT LOVE

J.D., I've got to talk to you!!

Lowland, this better be **important! I don't** like being **disturbed** when I'm doing **important business** like **interviewing** some **new Secretaries!!**

Secretaries?!? They look more like **Dullus Cheerleaders!**

On **this** show, **all** the gals look like Dullus Cheerleaders!

Gi'me a **J** . . .

Gi'me a **D** . . .

Gi'me a **PHEW!**

Gi'me an **ING!**

COWBOYS

Our **project** converting the **John Wayne Memorial Park** into a **real estate development** has hit a **snag!** The **Alamo Sisterhood Society** has **vowed** to **stop us!** They're threatening to **chain** themselves to the **statue** of **Roger Staubach . . . !!**

Of course, we **COULD** use the **LAW,** and have them **removed LEGALLY!**

LEGALLY? You must be **KIDDING!** Are you trying to **ruin** my **reputation?!**

That's no problem! **A.S.S.** is a group of **ladies,** right?! I'll just turn on the old **Phewing charm** and **seduce** the **gal in charge!**

Uh . . . the **Leader** of the group is your **Wife, Sullen!!**

Well . . . now we **DO** have a problem! That's the **ONE** lady in **Texas** that I **CAN'T** sweet talk into bed!

Hold it! Hey, I think I've **got** it . . .

Dr. Smelby, I need your **help!**

Frankly, Phewing, I **don't** even think **FREUD** could help you!! But I'll give it my **best shot!** What do these **remind** you of?

That one makes me think of **money** . . . and **that** one looks like a guy running a **stampeding herd** over his **family!**

I don't want THAT kind of **help,** Doc!! I **want** you to **commit my Wife!** I've got **PROOF** she's **crazy!!**

This is just your **MARRIAGE LICENSE!**

What woman in her **right mind** would **marry ME!?!**

Good Lord, you're **right! She IS** stark raving mad! I'll have her put away **immediately!**

PHEWING RANCH AIRLINES

PHEWING

LORIMAR

Lowland, didn't my new Secretary tell you I'm in **CONFERENCE** . . . and I **can't** be **disturbed?!**

J.D., honey, **I'M** your new Secretary!

Sorry, J.D., but this is **important!** Your **wife's replacement** as head of **A.S.S.'s "Committee To Save The Park"** is **your Mother!**

I guess that means I got to get rid of **Mama!!**

OIL LAMP

J.D.!! You **wouldn't** I mean . . . not even **YOU . . .!!!**

Kill Mama?! Lord, **no!** Texas juries don't mind you killin' your **business partner,** your **wife,** or even a **total stranger!** But they **DO** frown on anybody bumpin' off his **Mama!** Why, **that's** almost as bad as bein' **mean** to your **horse!!**

OILY BIRD

OIL LINE

Mama, Daddy, I been think-in'! Why don't you two take a li'l **vacation? I'll** look after the ranch while you're away!

Hah! The **last** time we left you in charge, you **mortgaged the ranch,** caused **3 miscarriages, 2 divorces, 5 suicides, 4 bankruptcies,** broke up **12 couples**—including our **prize heifer and bull**—and, **worst** of all, you **didn't feed my GOLDFISH!!**

I did, TOO, Mama! I **fed** 'em to the **CAT!!**

And don't forget what you did to your **poor Brother, Wary!** You **drove** him **clean off** the South Pork to **KNUTT'S LANDING!!**

Mama, I **did** it for his **own good!** Now, he's got a show of his **own!** Why, I even **go** there once in a while to see how he's **doin'!!**

You **only go there** to **torment** the po'r boy!

Yeah, but **havin' me** as a **"guest villain"** once in a while sure does **wonders** for his **NEILSEN RATINGS!**

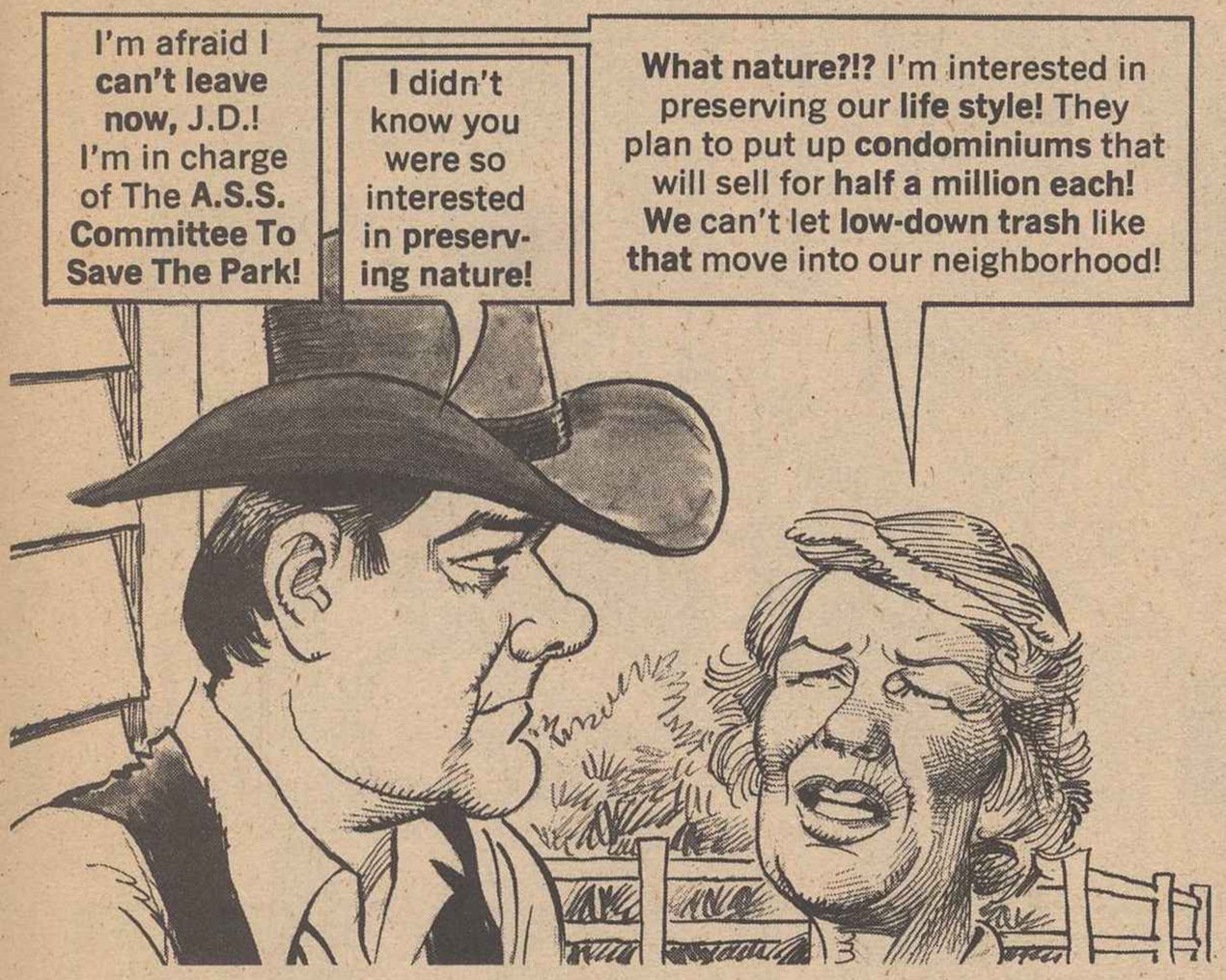
OIL SLICK

HOSPITAL

I'm afraid I **can't leave now,** J.D.! I'm in charge of The **A.S.S. Committee To Save The Park!**

I didn't know you were so interested in **preserving nature!**

What nature?!? I'm interested in preserving our **life style!** They plan to put up **condominiums** that will sell for **half a million each! We** can't let **low-down trash** like **that** move into our neighborhood!



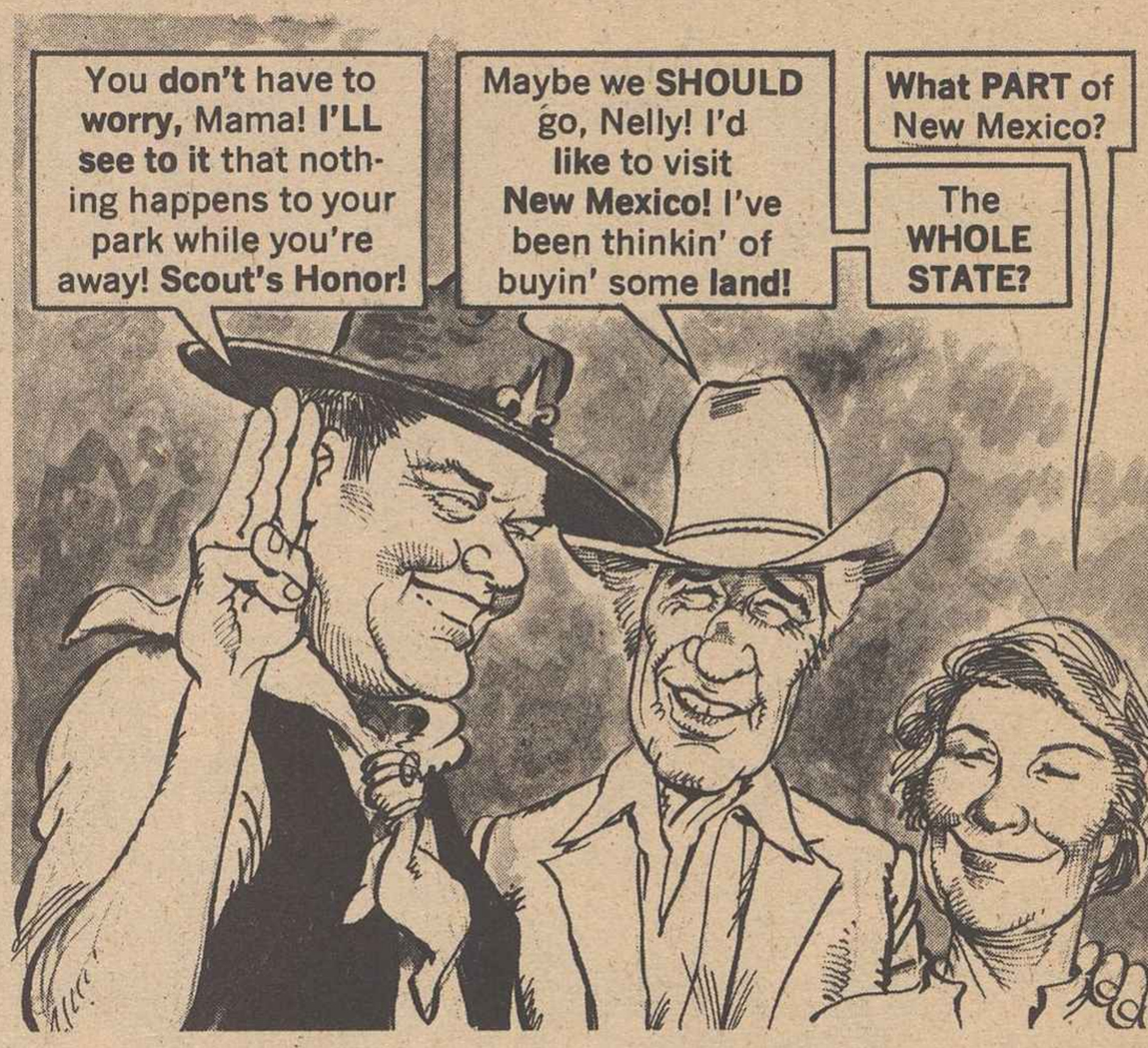


You **don't** have to **worry,** Mama! **I'LL see to it** that nothing happens to your park while you're away! **Scout's Honor!**

Maybe we **SHOULD** go, Nelly! I'd **like** to visit **New Mexico!** I've been thinkin' of buyin' some **land!**

What PART of New Mexico?

The **WHOLE STATE?**



Joke, don't you think J.D. seemed kind of **anxious** to **get rid** of us? **Packin'** our **bags** and makin' us **peanut butter and jelly sandwiches** like that?!?

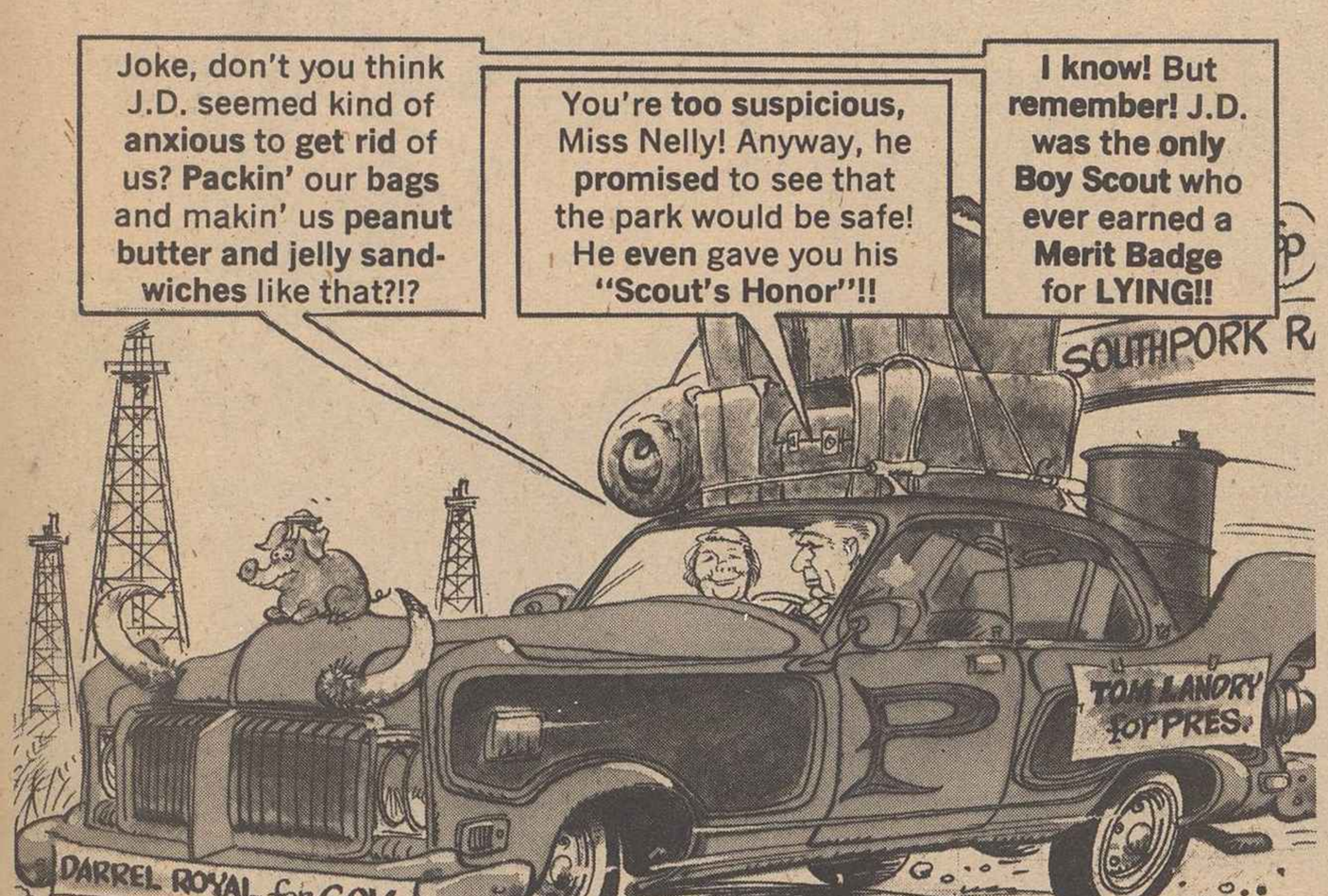
You're **too suspicious,** Miss Nelly! Anyway, he **promised** to see that the park would be safe! He **even** gave you his **"Scout's Honor"!!**

I know! But remember! J.D. **was the only Boy Scout** who **ever earned a Merit Badge** for **LYING!!**

SOUTHPORK R

DARREL ROYAL for GOV.

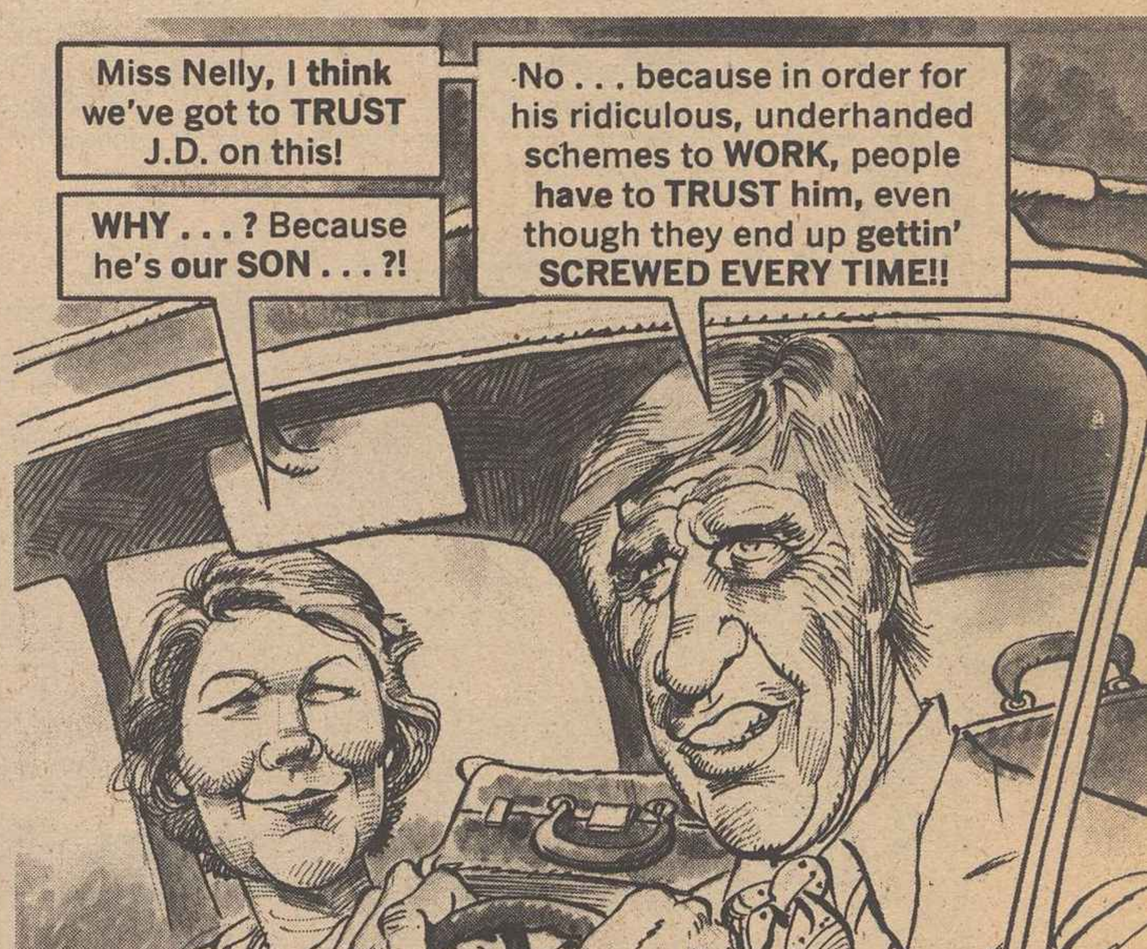
TOM LANDRY for PRES.



Miss Nelly, I **think** we've got to **TRUST** J.D. on this!

WHY . . . ? Because he's **our SON . . . ?!**

No . . . because in order for his ridiculous, underhanded schemes to **WORK,** people **have to TRUST him,** even though they end up **gettin' SCREWED EVERY TIME!!**



Good work, J.D.! With **Miss Nelly** gone, the **opposition collapsed!** We'll make a **fortune** on this!

Now **that's** funny! I **thought** you said **"WE"!** Didn't I **tell** you— this entire project belongs to **me!**

There goes **J.D.,** pullin' another **double-cross** on poor ol' **Lowland!**

No wonder he got **shot!**

I cain't understand all the **fuss** over the shootin' of **one varmint!** Especially here in **TEXAS!!**

Hell, **Hopalong Cassidy, Matt Dillon** and **The Lone Ranger** used to shoot **DOZENS** of people **every week,** and **nobody** ever thought a **thing about it!**

PLUNDER DEVELOPE INC.

why, **J.D.,** you **lousy crook!** You'd **swindle** your **own Mother!**

I DID, a **few panels back!** Now, it's **your turn!** Lowland, I've got some **information** that'd **RUIN you** if I made it public!!

Forget it, J.D.! You **can't** blackmail me! Everybody **KNOWS** that **I cheat on my wife, gamble,** and **swindle my depositors!** I'm **trying** to get my **own series!**

Listen to **this** . . .

I've got this **real deep dark secret,** Doctor Smelby . . .

It's a **tape** of one of my **sessions** with my **SHRINK!!**

What'd you **expect? Dolly Parton?**

YOU WIN, J.D.! I'll **do anything!** I'll **SIGN AWAY anything! Please!** Just **give** me that **tape! PLEASE!!**

TEXAS INSTRUMENT

Just put your **signature** on these **papers,** Lowland! They make you the **HEAD** of this **Real Estate Development!**

But . . . **WHY** are you putting **ME in charge?**

So **you** can go to **jail** when I **cheat** all the **customers!** But look at the **bright** side, Lowland! In **jail,** you'll be **safe!** My **Mama** won't be able to get her **hands** on you, 'cause she's gonna be **awful mad** when she sees what **you** did to her **park!**

Hey, J.D., **what** was **on** that **tape** that made him **cave in so easily?**

Ol' Lowland confessed to Doc Smelby that he **rooted** for the **STEELERS** over the **COWBOYS** in the **Super Bowl!!**

No wonder! Man, we'll tolerate a **lot** of **things** here in Texas: **murder, embezzlement, adultery!** But **THAT's** goin' a li'l **TOO FAR!**

Mr. Phewing, there're some people from **WASHINGTON** to see you!

I'll be right there, Darlin'!

Man, that **J.D.** really knows how to **live!! A PHONE** and a **BAR** in his **car!**

That's the way it **goes** with some people! **First,** a **MAGIC BOTTLE . . . now** an **EMPIRE!!**

REMEMBER THE ALIMONY!

J.D. we're from the **"Concerned America Party!"** After the **last election,** we **realized** that we **can't depend** on **conventions** and **primaries** to get us the **kind** of man we **need** in the White House!

We would be **honored** if **you'd** be our **Presidential Candidate** for 1984!!

I'm **flattered,** and it would make my **Mama mighty proud** . . . but . . . **WHY ME?!?**

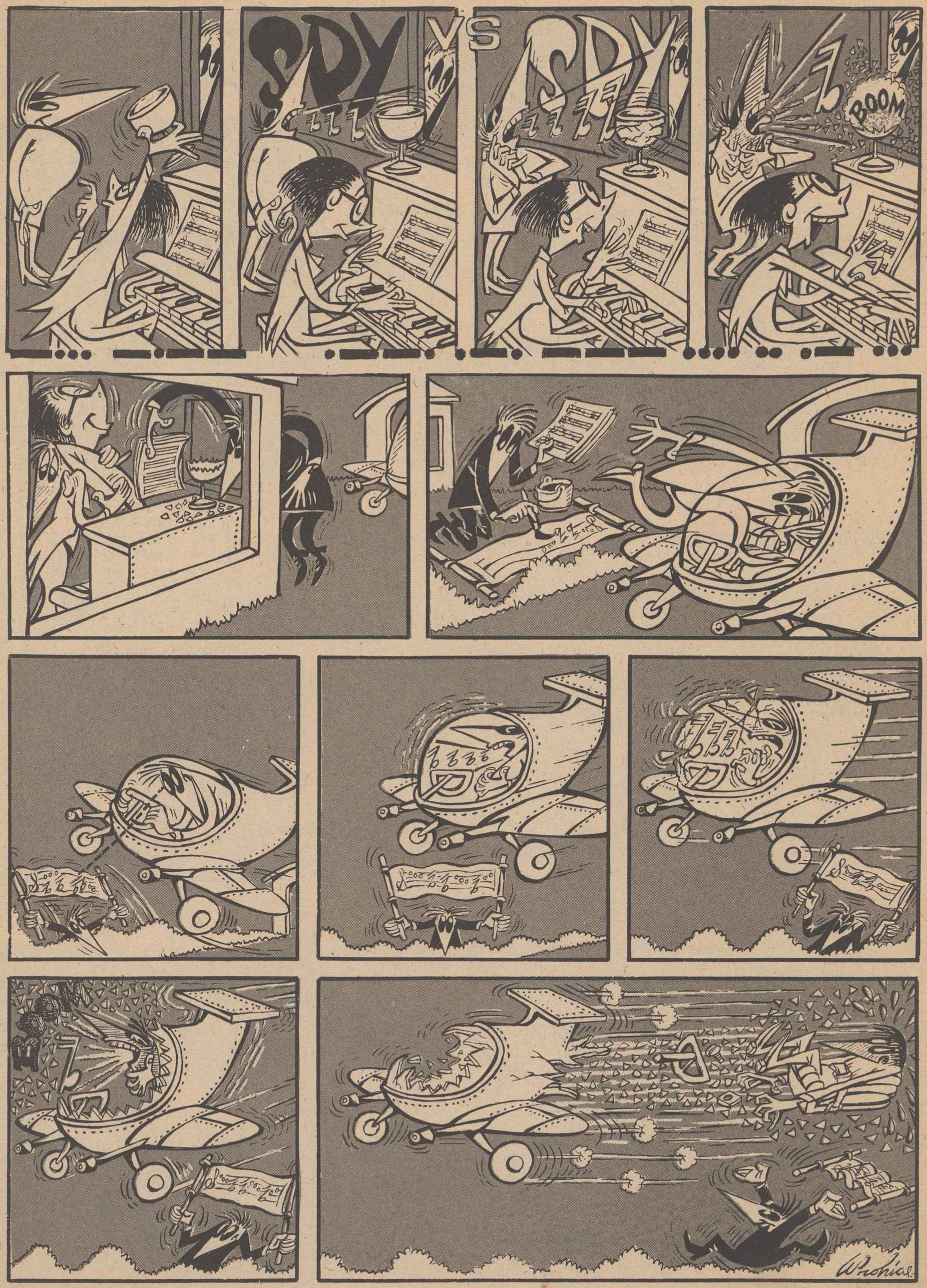
At **this** point in **history,** we **need** a **leader** who is as **underhanded** and **conniving** as the **Russians** . . . and as **scheming** and **devious** as the **OPEC countries!**

And **YOU,** J.D., are **THAT MAN!!**

Yes, sir! With **J.D. Phewing** wheeling and dealing in the oval office, the **U.S.A.** would be **NUMBER ONE again!**

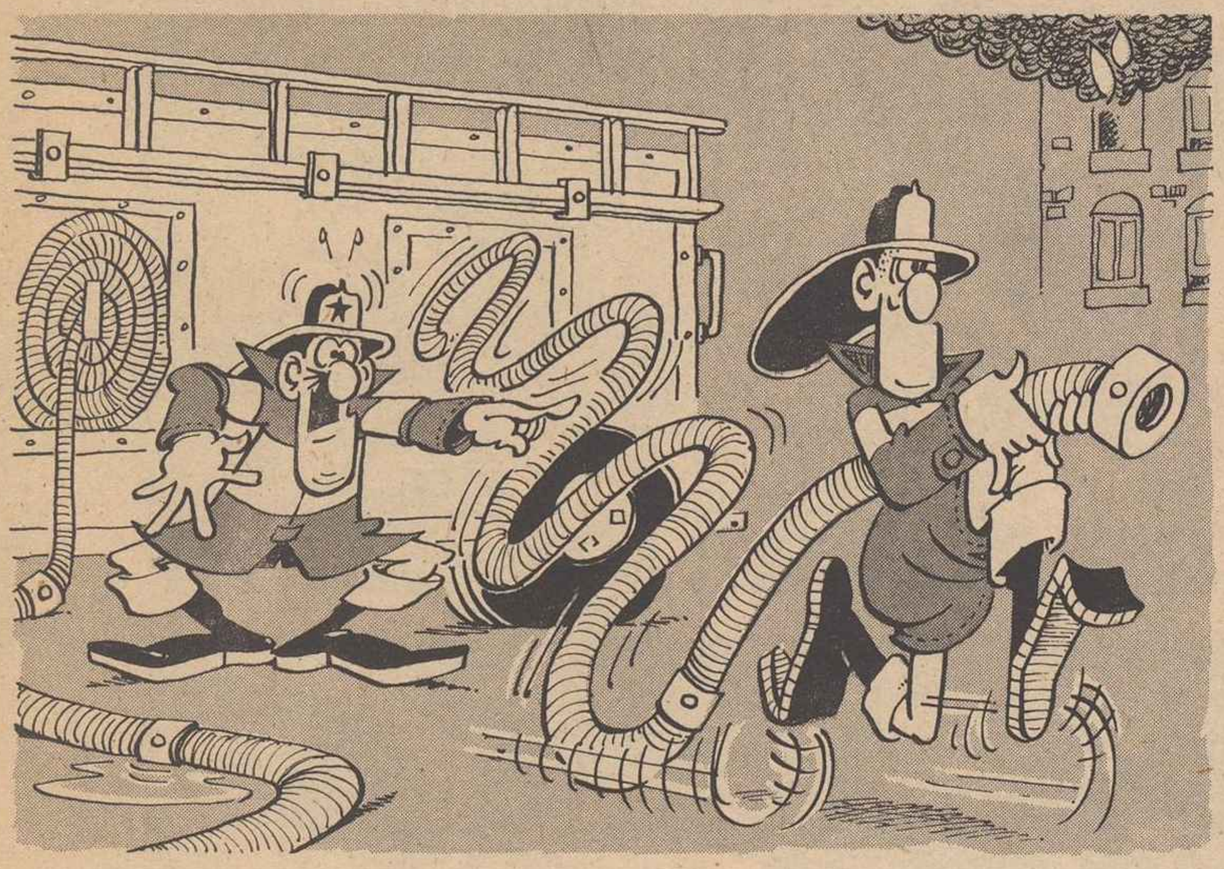
BELLO

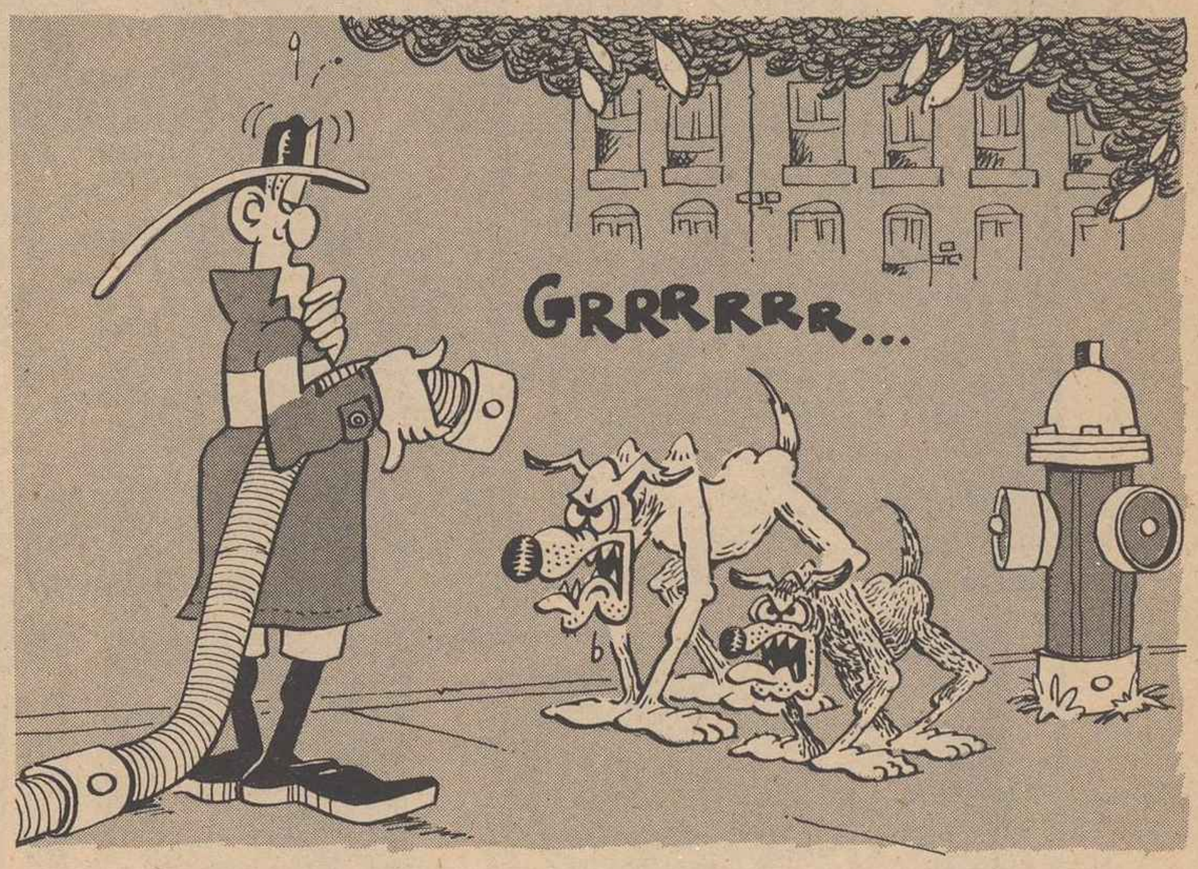
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

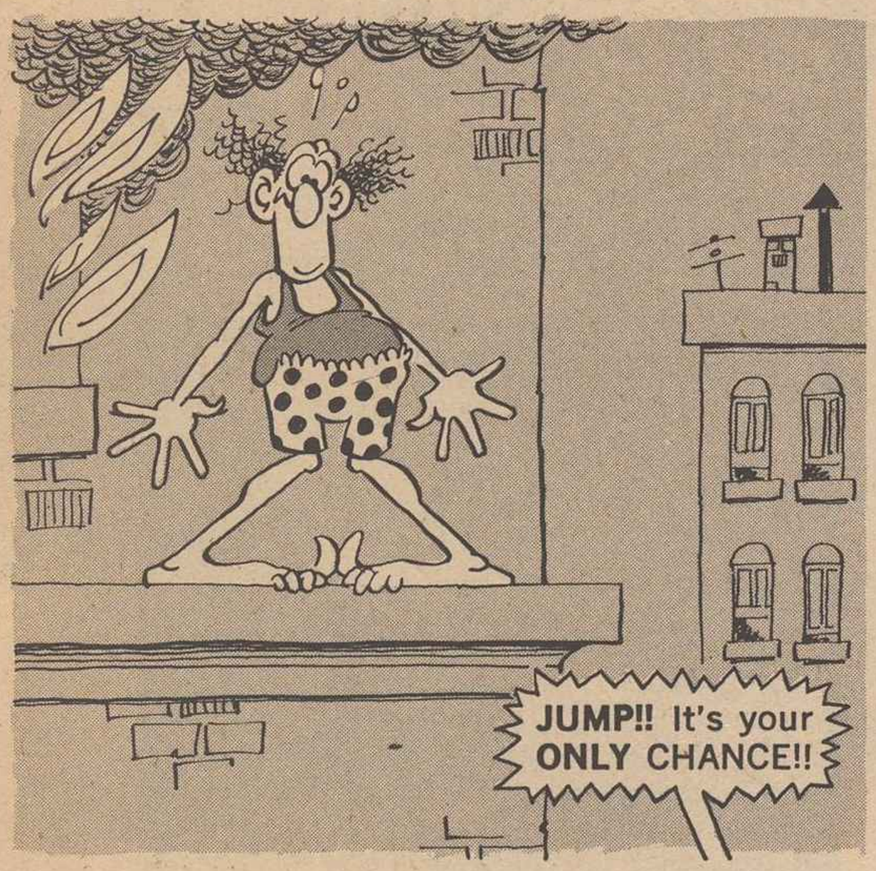


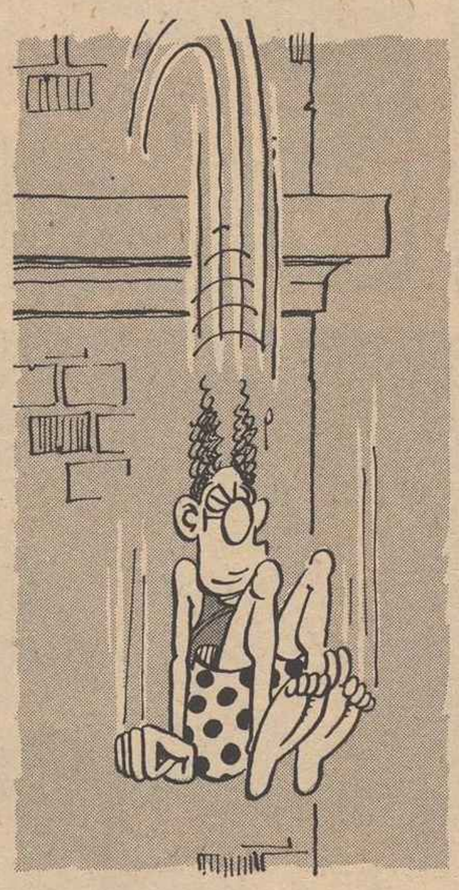
HOSE JOB DEPT. PART I

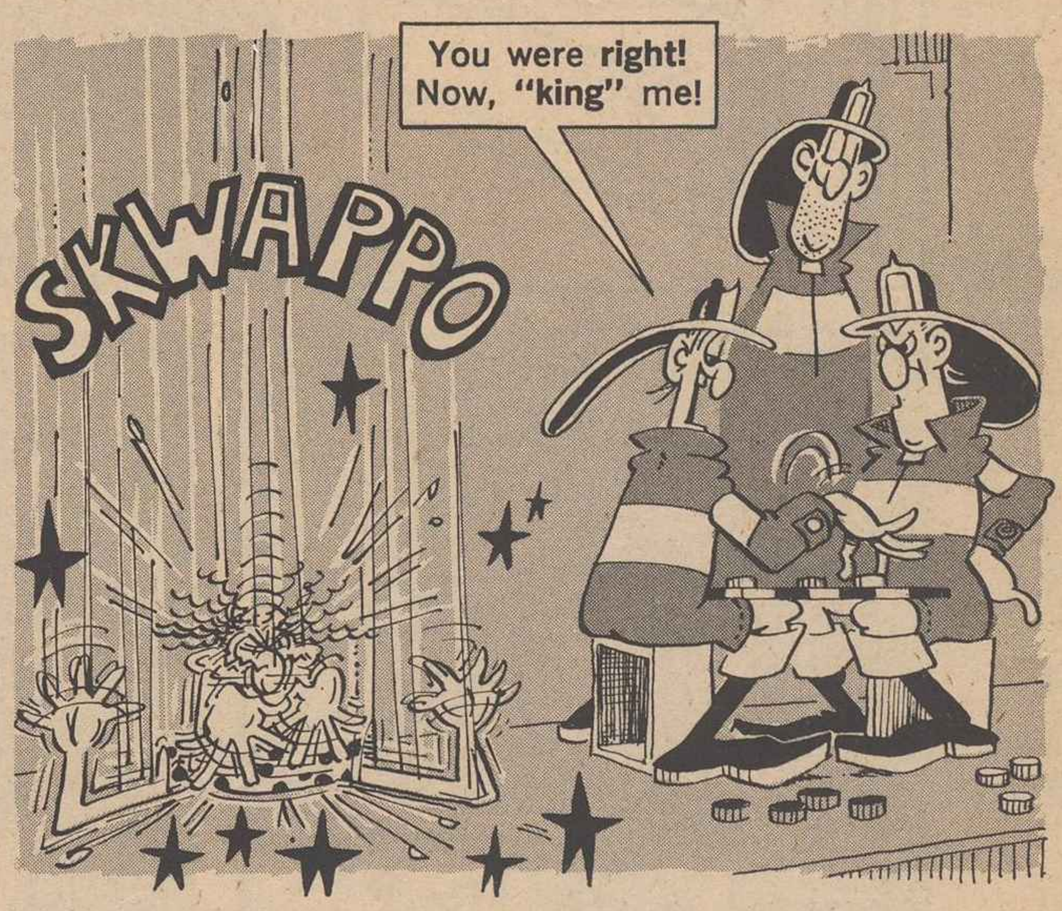
DON MARTIN LOOKS AT

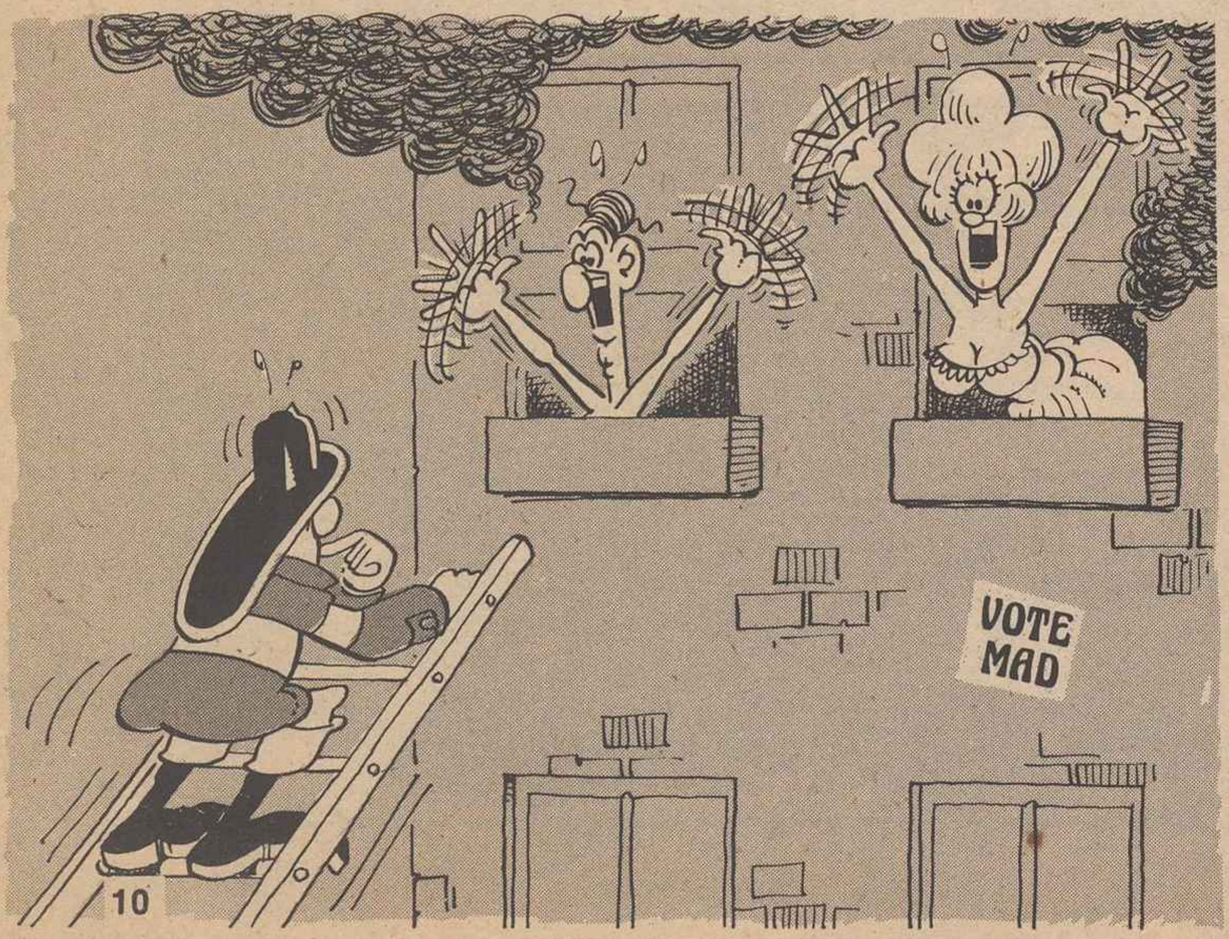


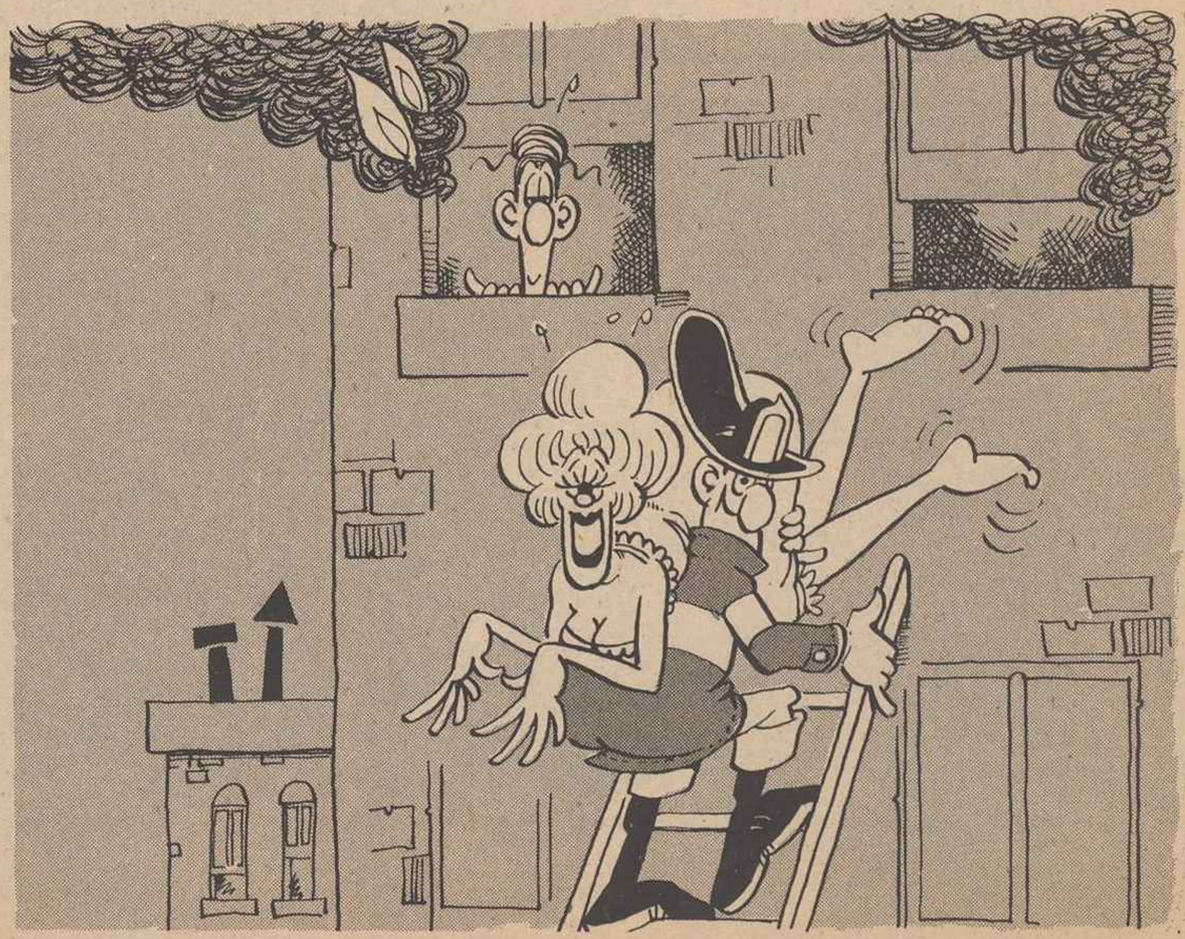




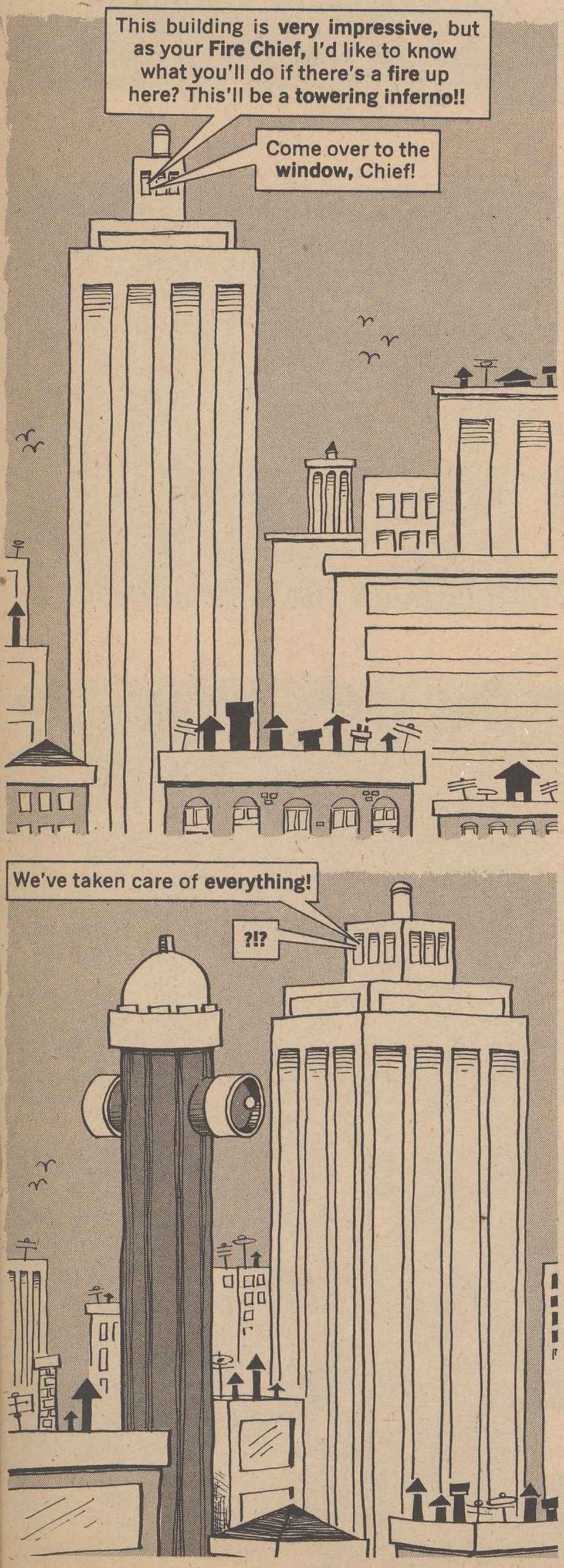




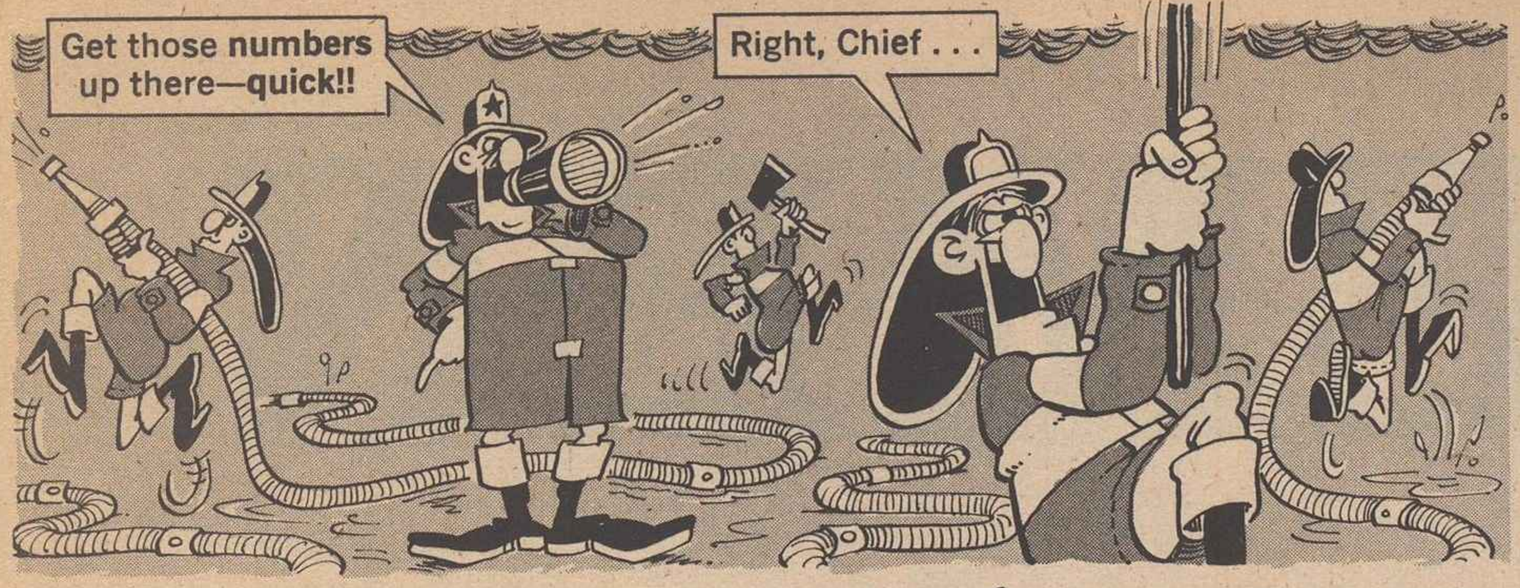


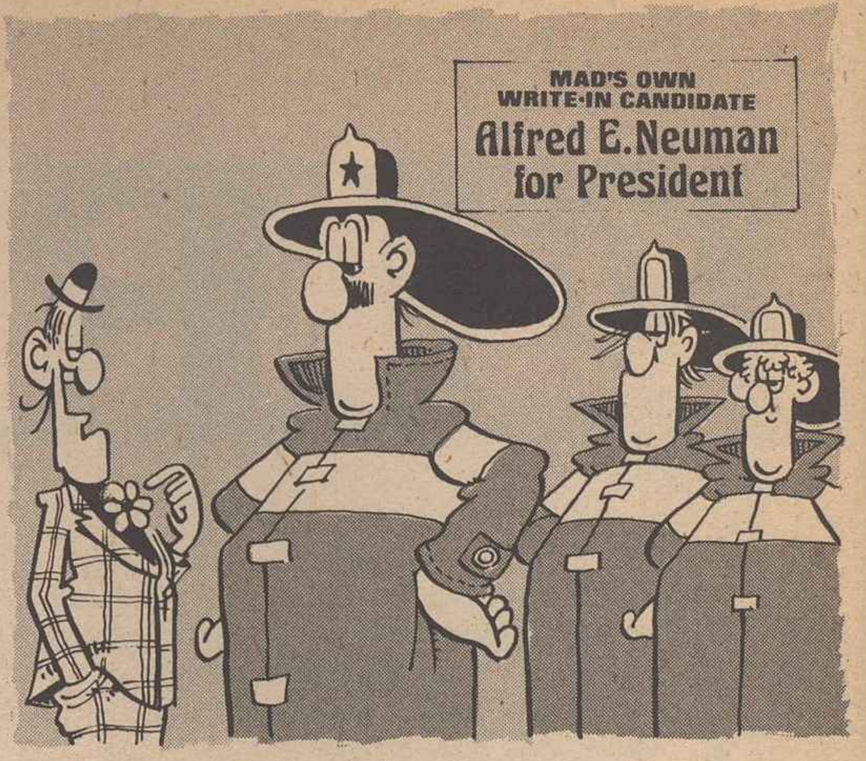


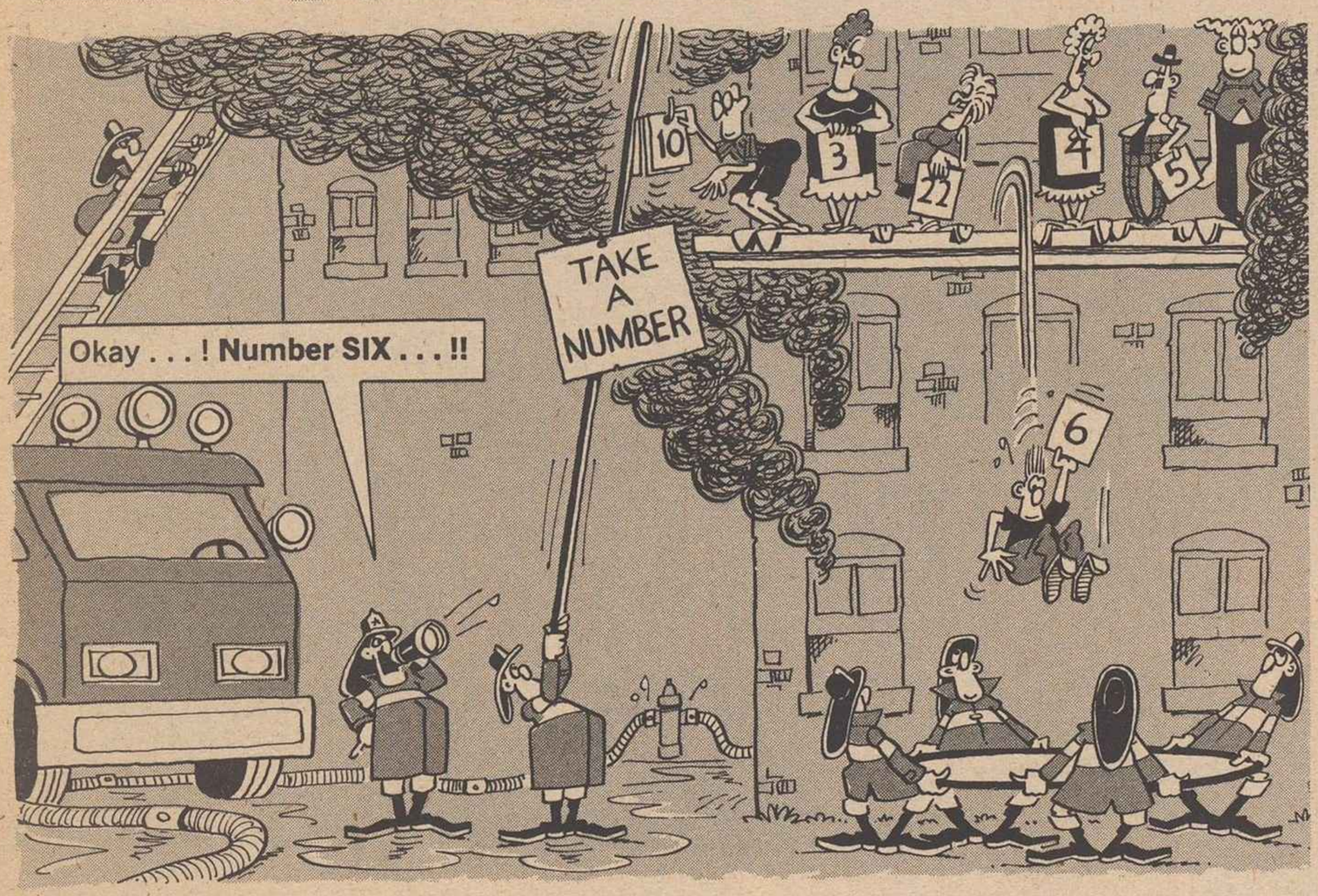
FIREMEN

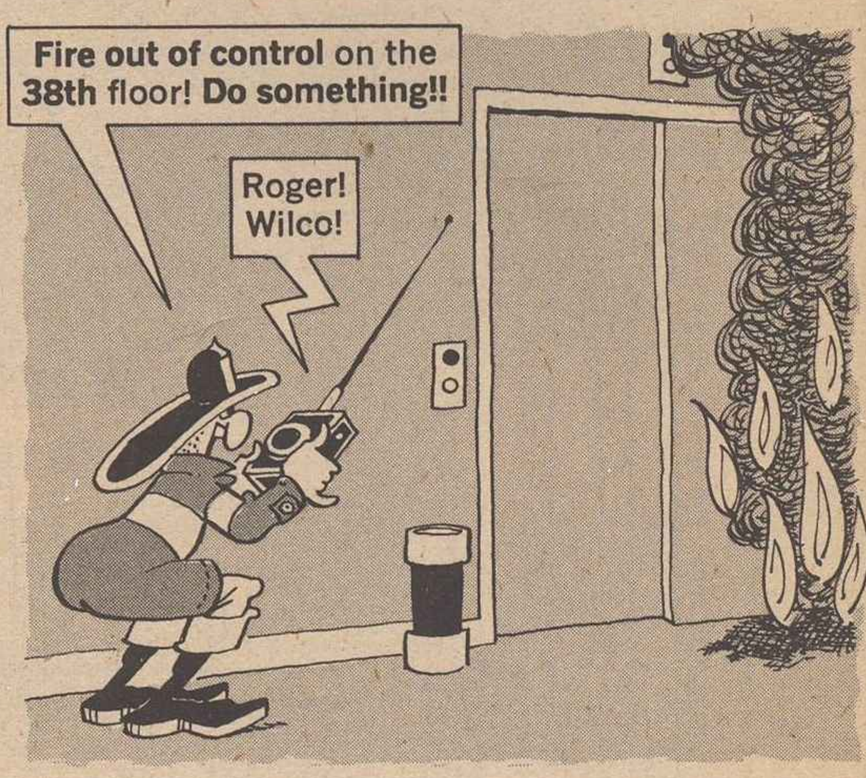

This building is very impressive, but as your Fire Chief, I'd like to know what you'll do if there's a fire up here? This'll be a towering inferno!!
Come over to the window, Chief!
We've taken care of everything!
?!?

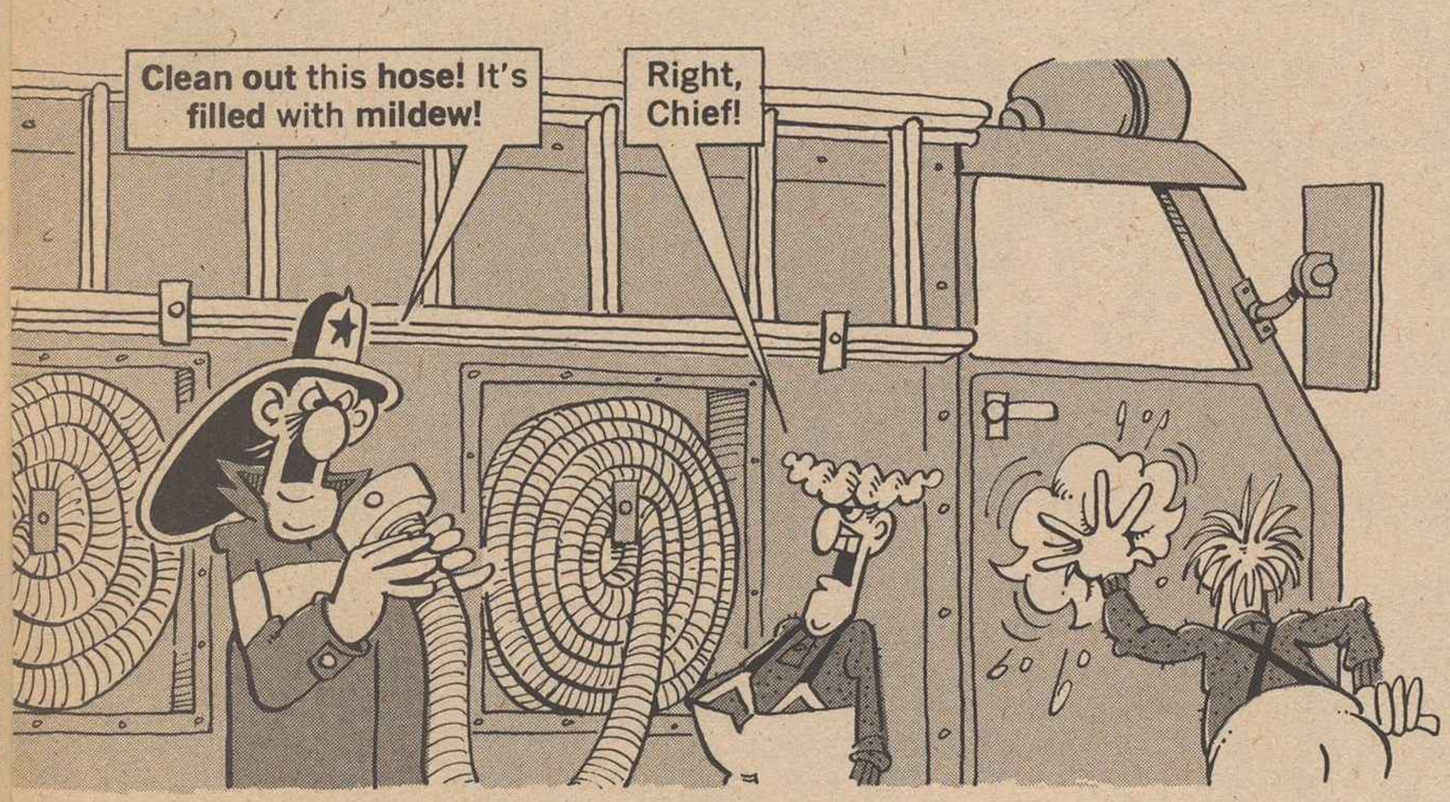

BING BING BING BING BING BING
BING BING BING BING BING BING
VOTE MAD
THUGAWUNK

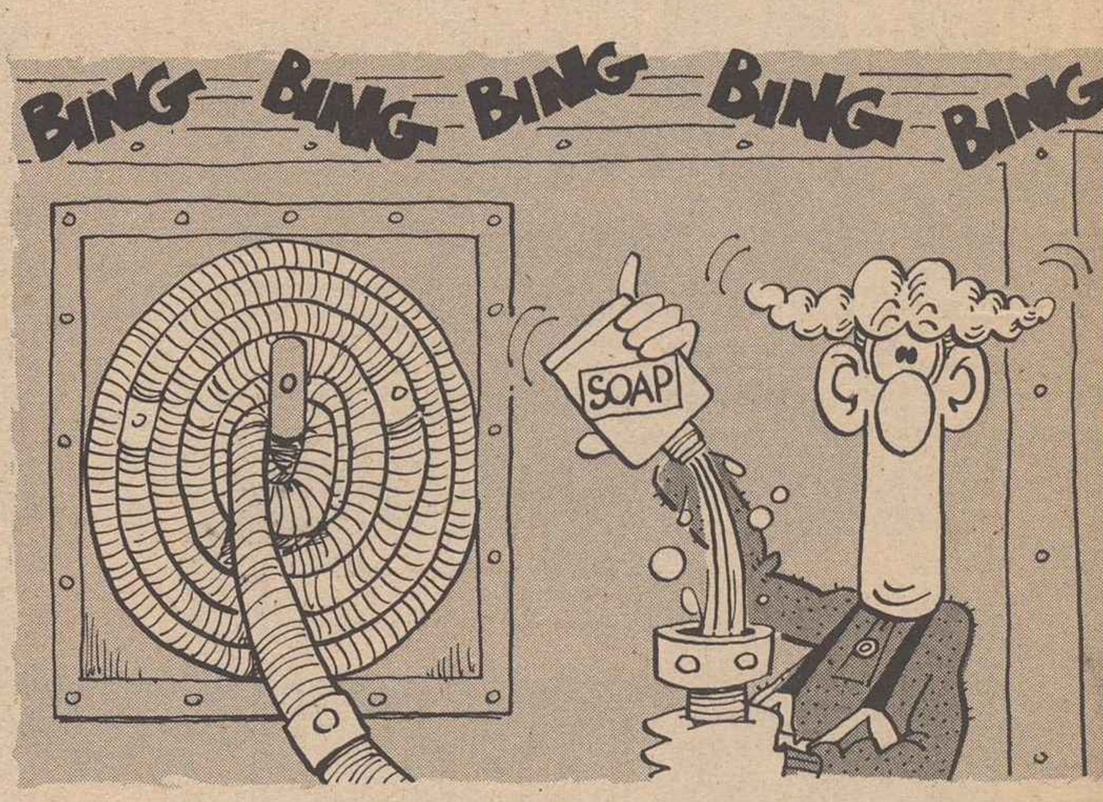

Get those numbers up there—quick!!
Right, Chief . . .

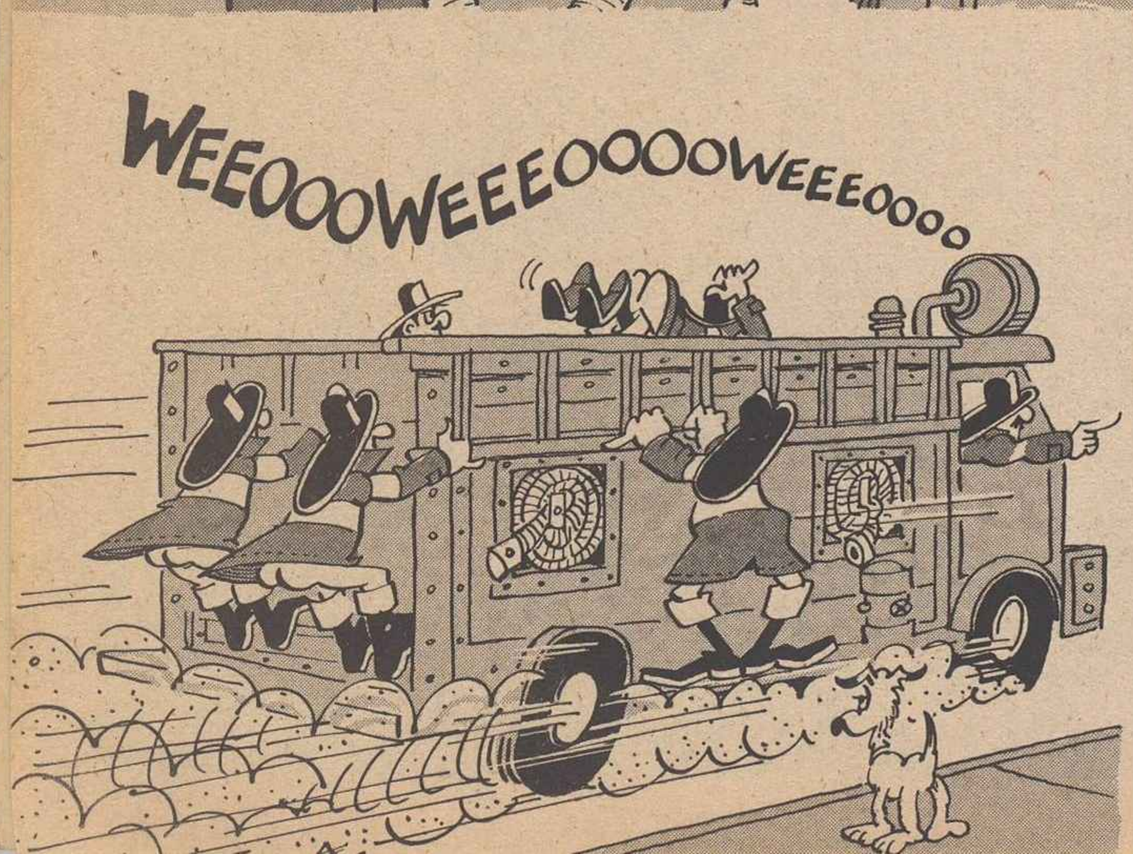

MAD'S OWN WRITE-IN CANDIDATE
Alfred E. Neuman for President

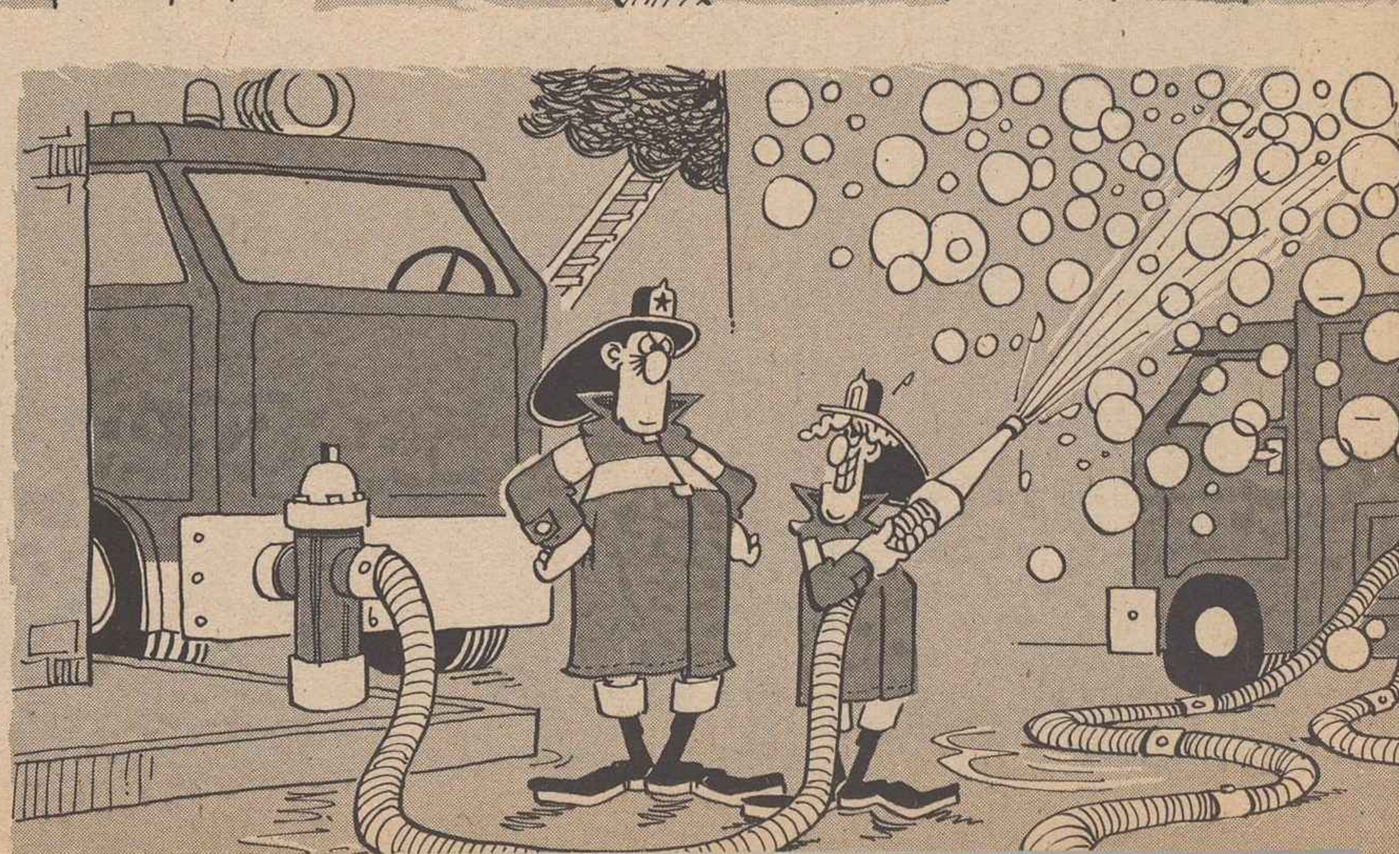

TAKE A NUMBER
10
3
22
4
5
6
Okay . . . ! Number SIX . . . !!

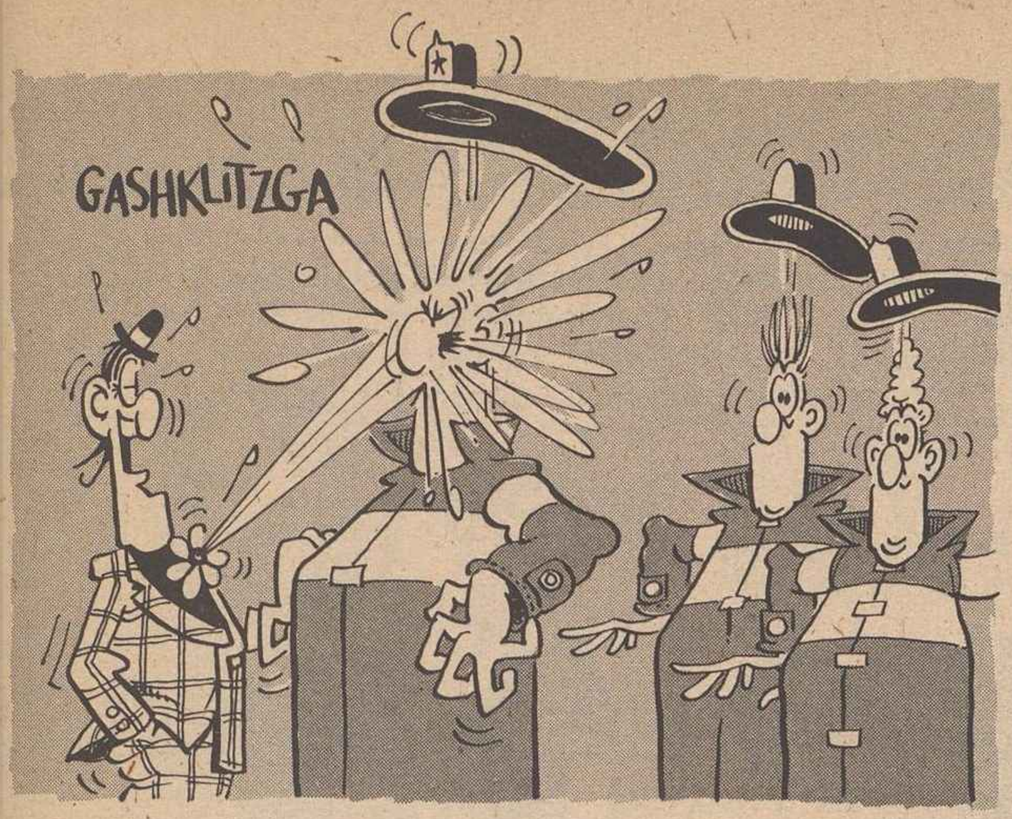

Fire out of control on the 38th floor! Do something!!
Roger! Wilco!

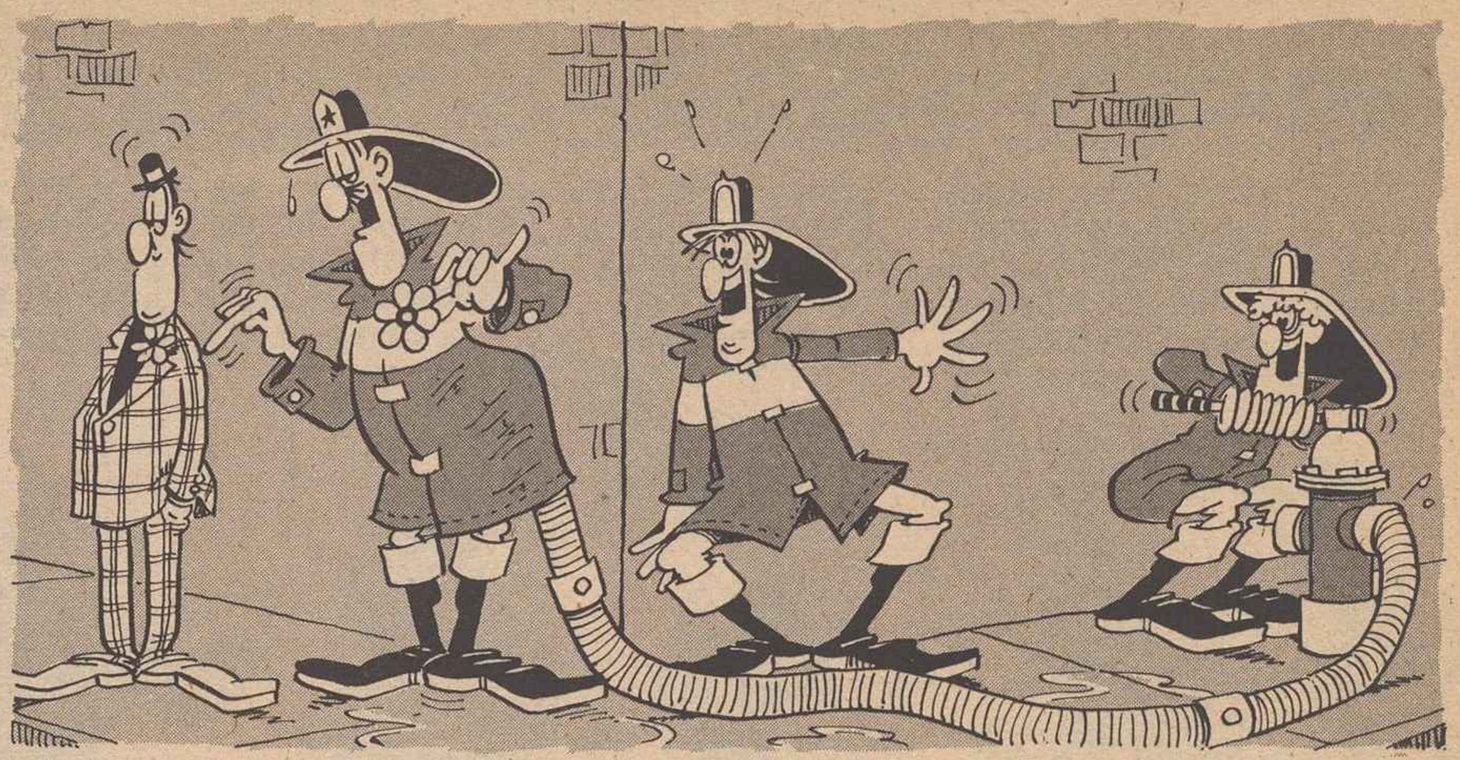

Clean out this hose! It's filled with mildew!
Right, Chief!

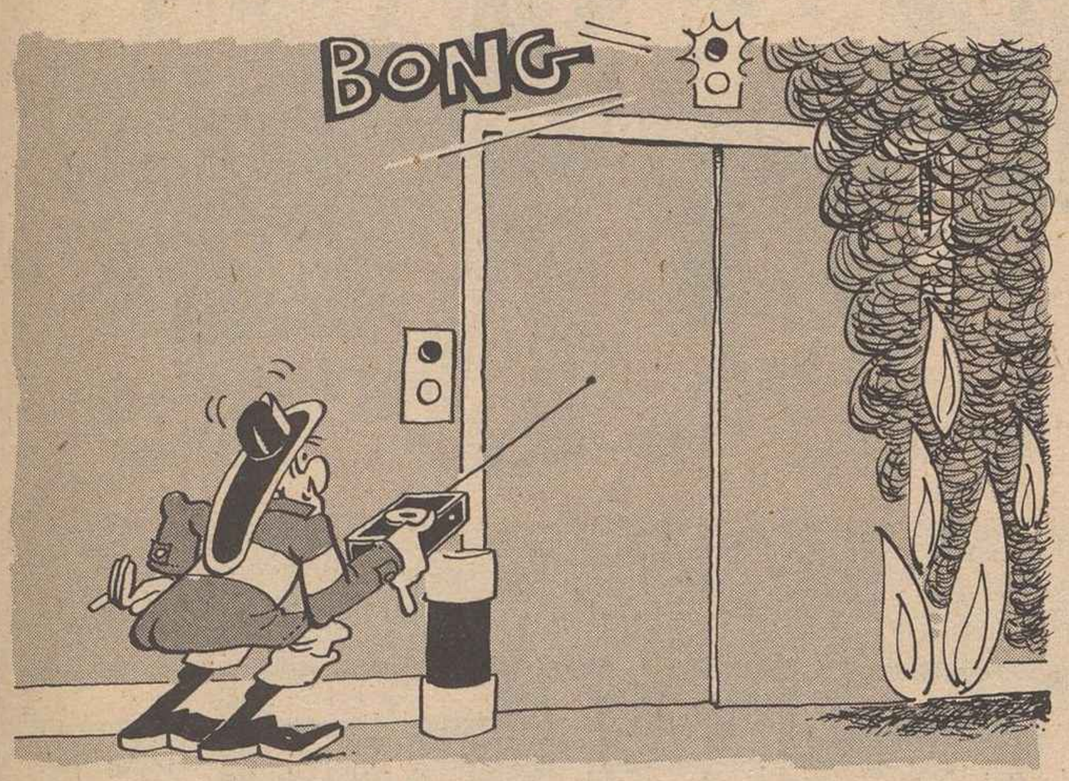

BING BING BING BING BING
SOAP


WEEOOOWEEEOOOOWEEEOOOO

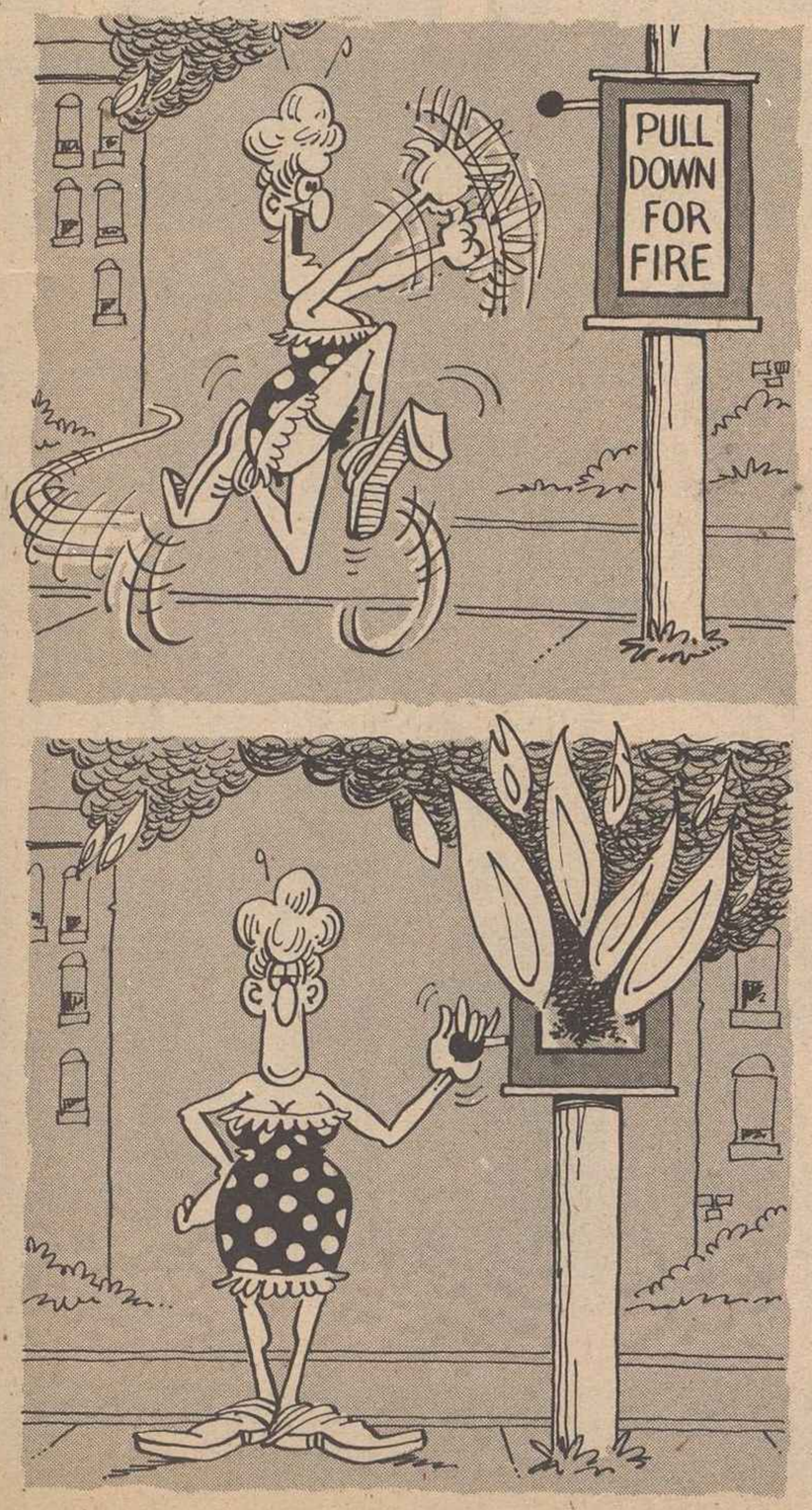


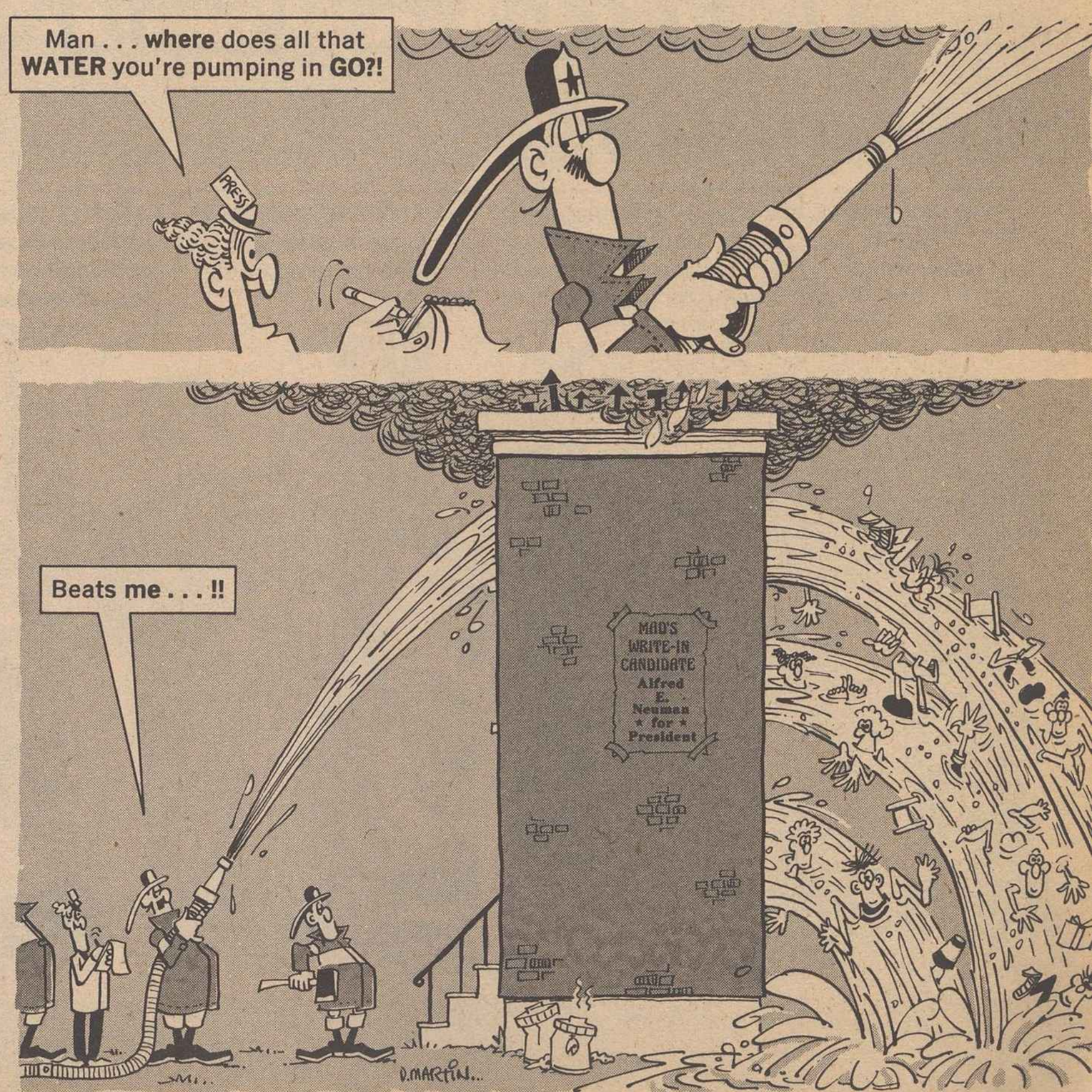

GASHKLITZGA




BONG


Y'know . . . nobody likes a wise-ass!
SPAZOOSH
SSSSSSSST


PULL DOWN FOR FIRE


Man . . . where does all that WATER you're pumping in GO?!
PRESS
Beats me . . . !!
MAD'S WRITE-IN CANDIDATE Alfred E. Neuman ★ for ★ President
D.MARTIN

DRUGS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

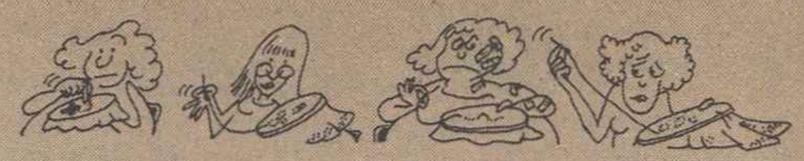
THE LIGHTE

SOCIAL CALLS





CHILDPLAY

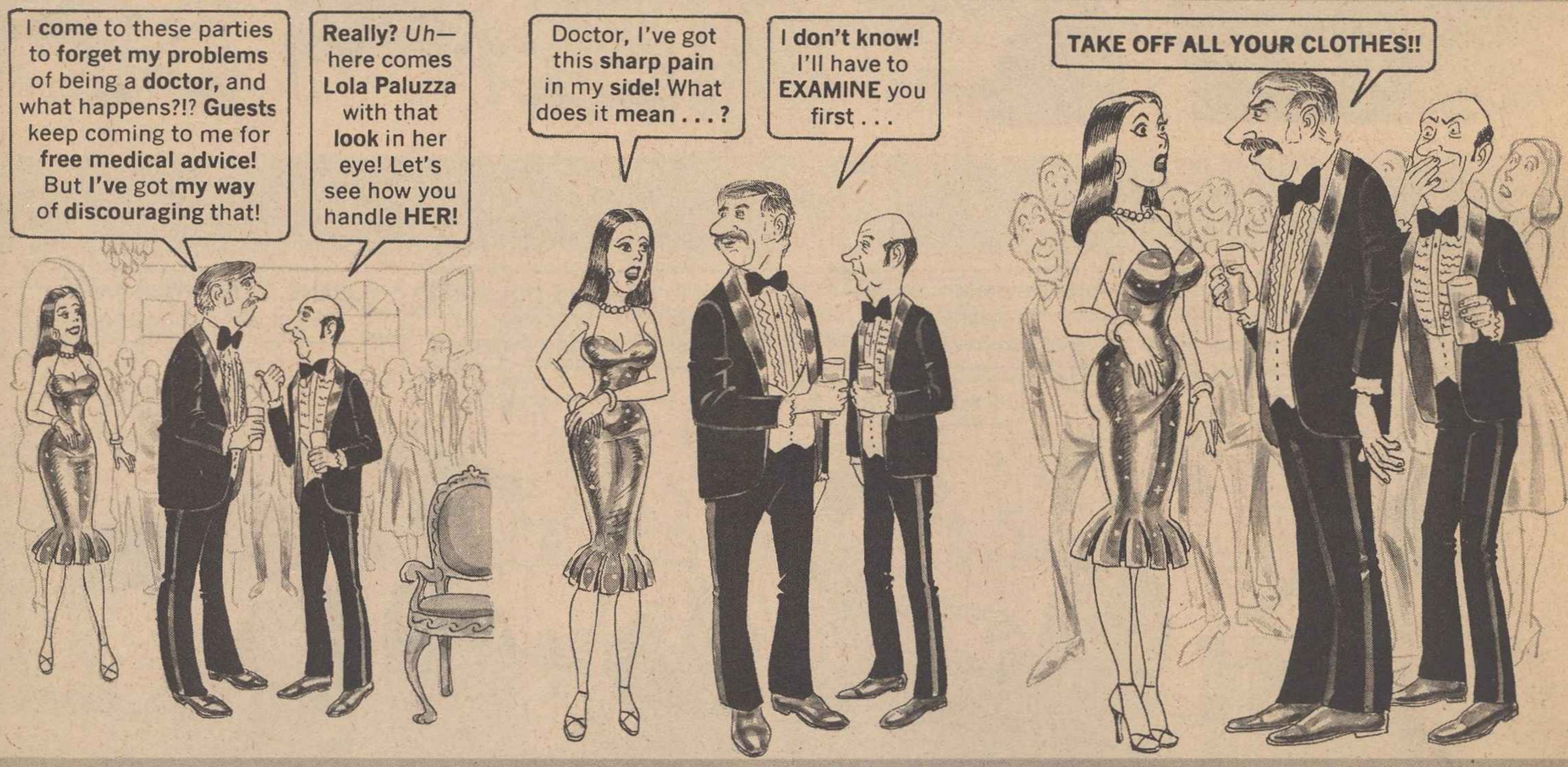




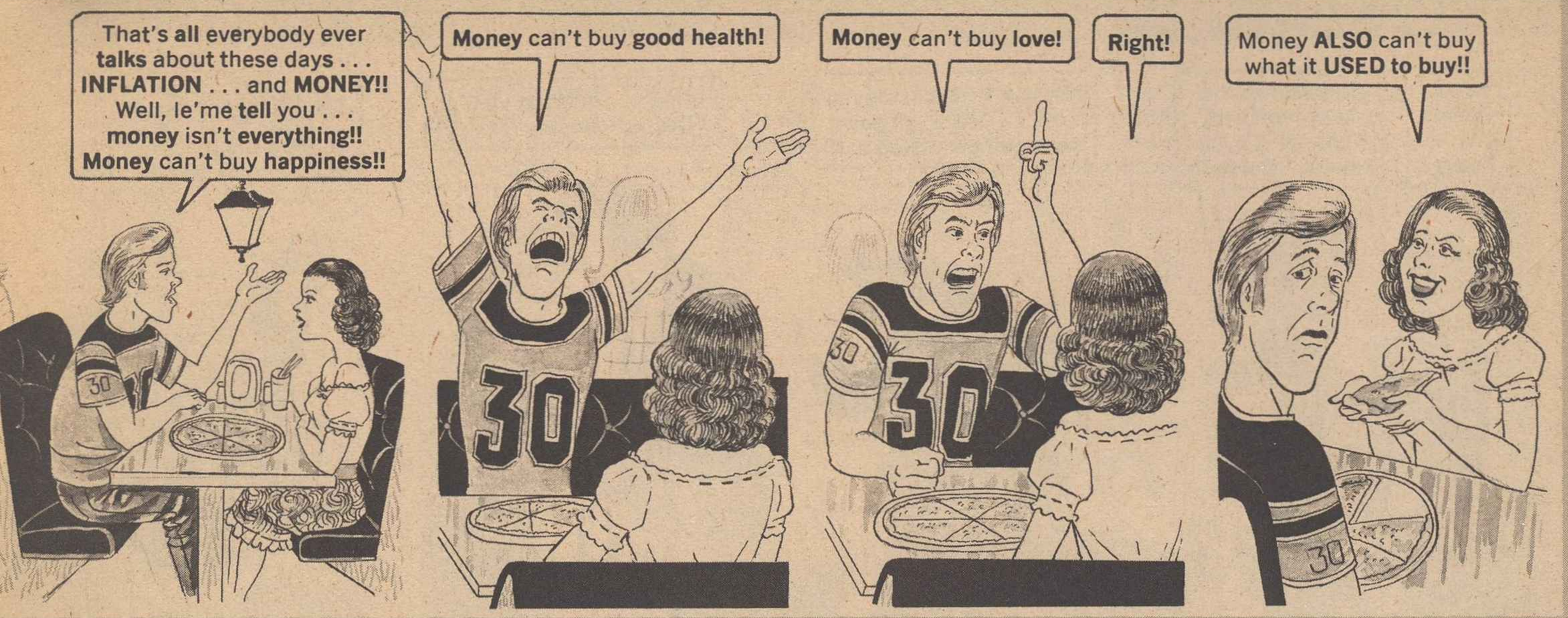
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

MEDICINE



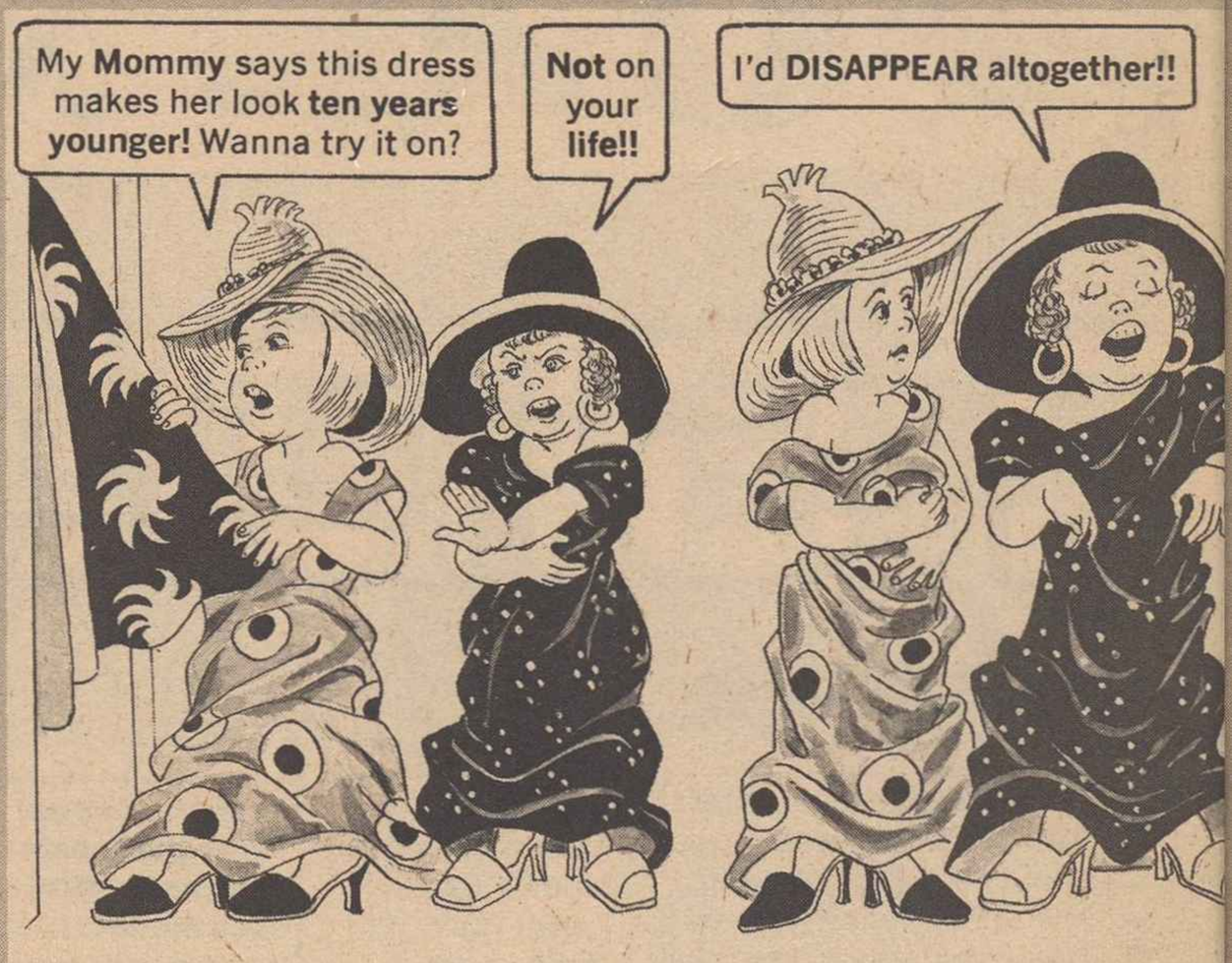
INFLATION



ON THE JOB

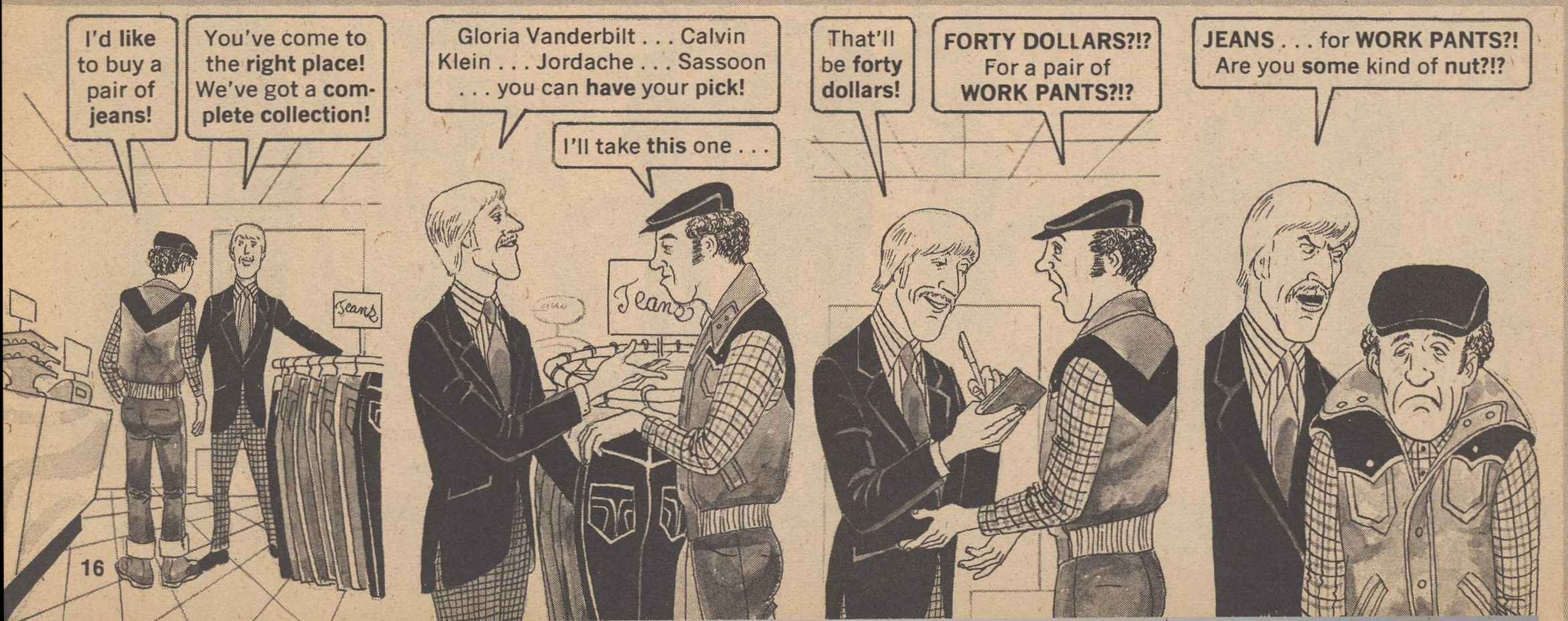


DRESSING UP





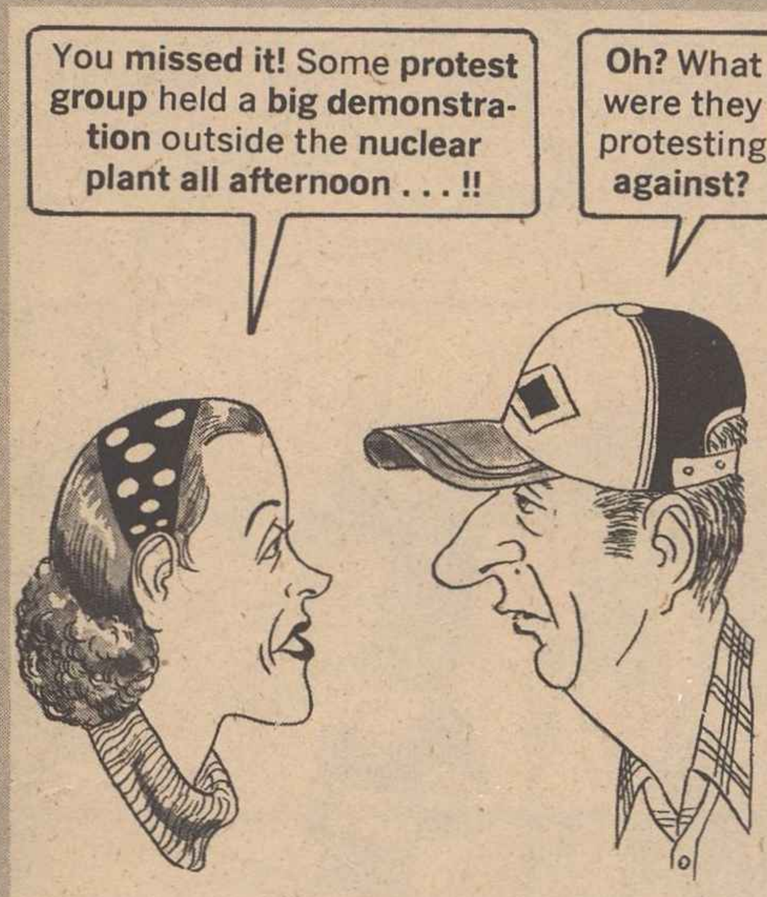
STYLES

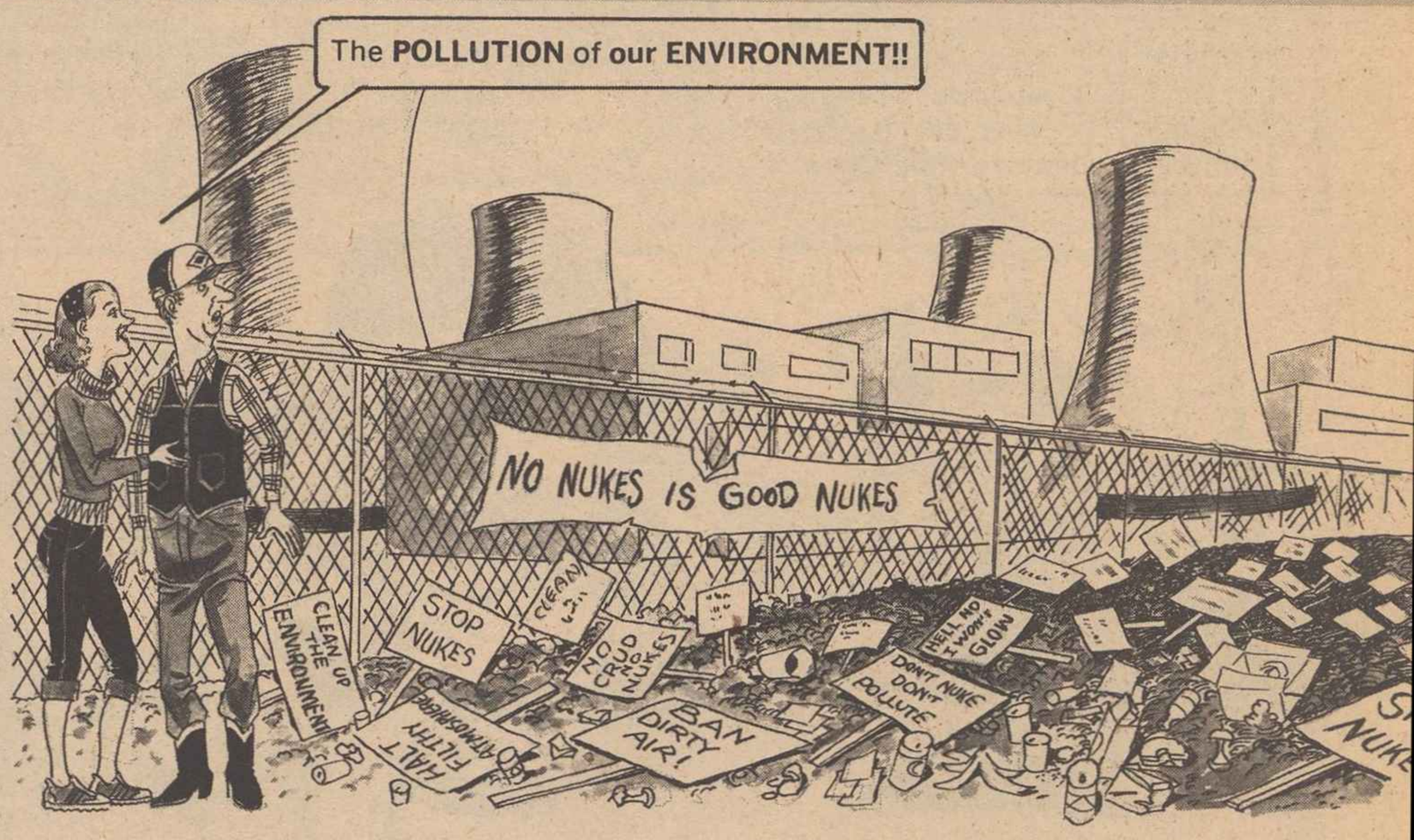


GIFTS

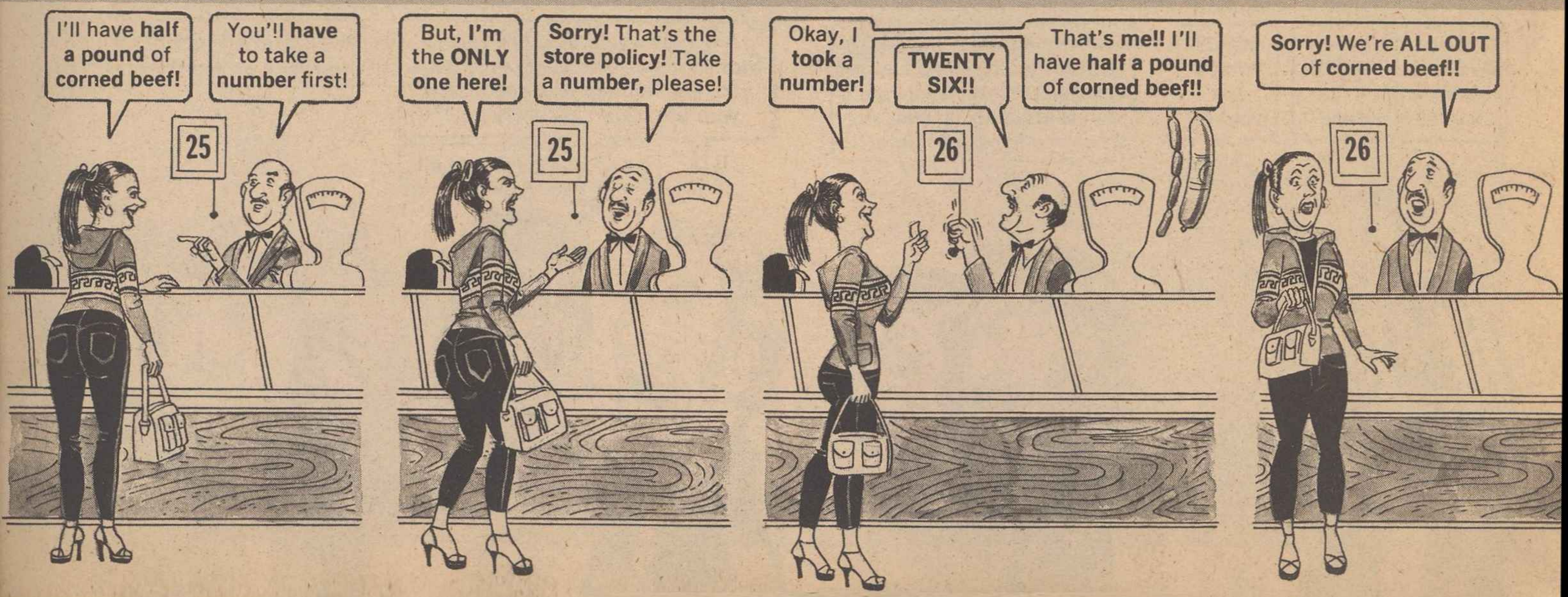


ACTIVISTS

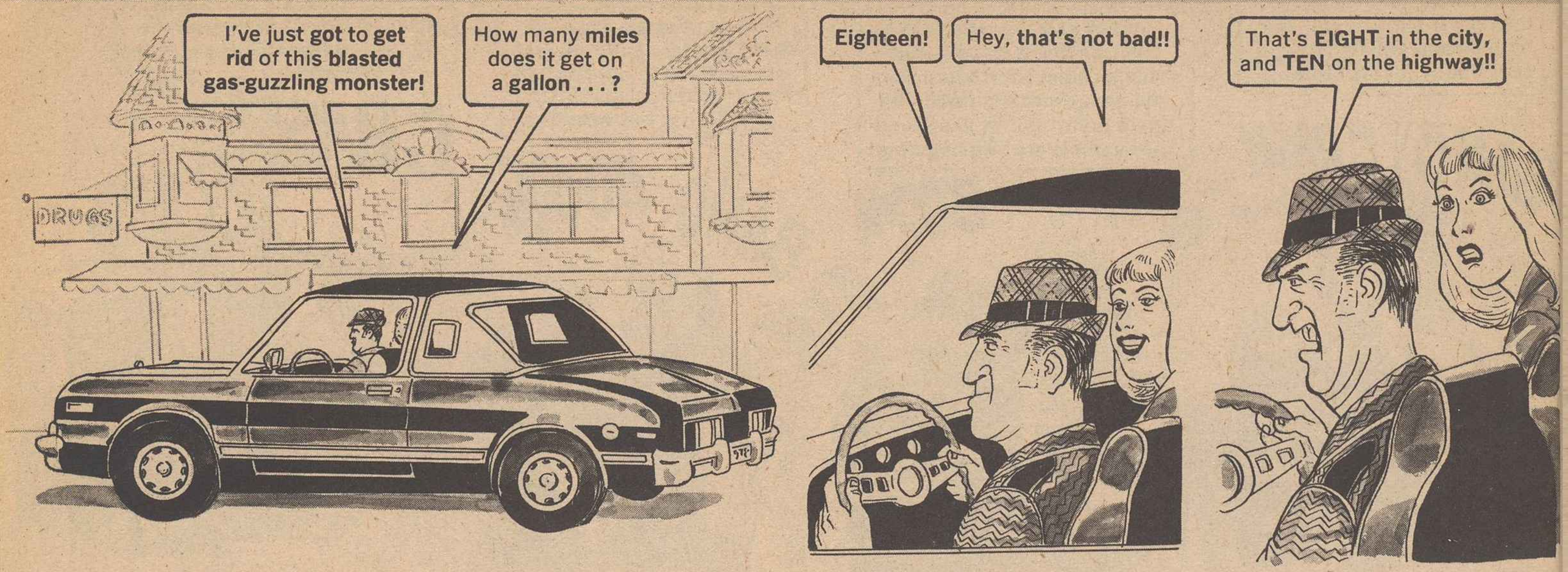




SHOPPING



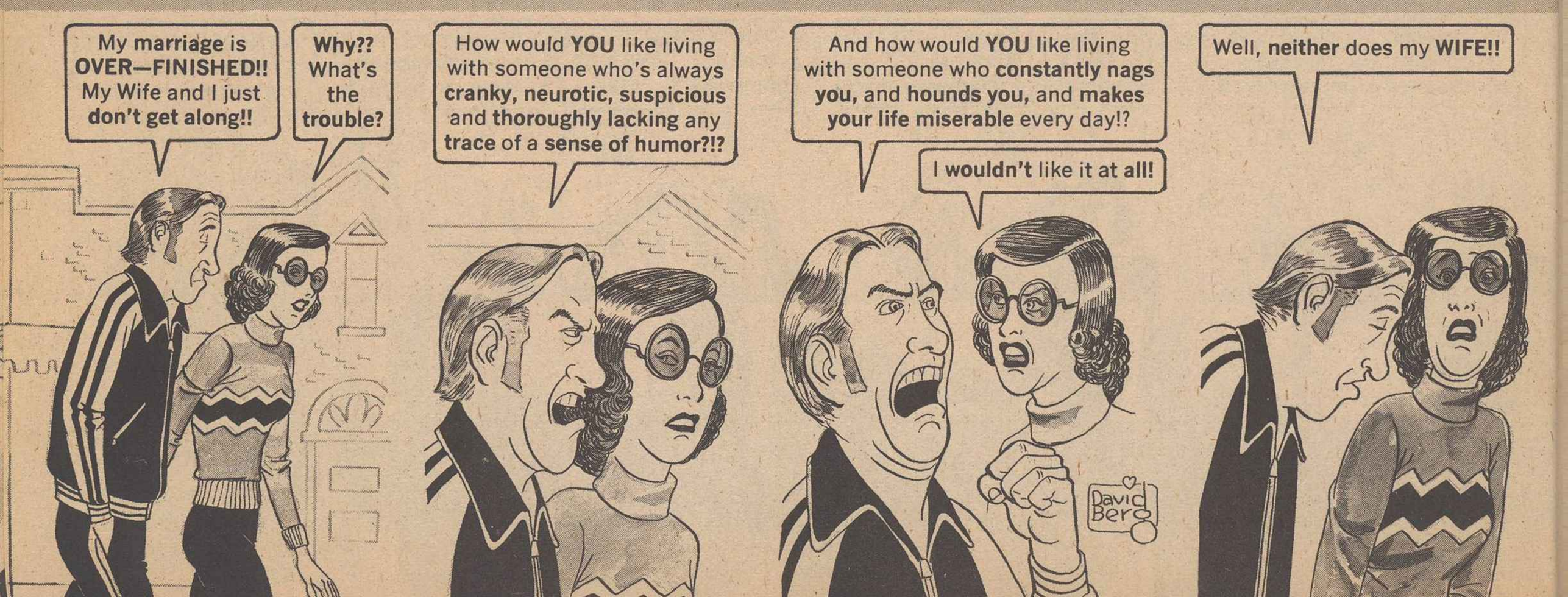
THE CAR



EATING

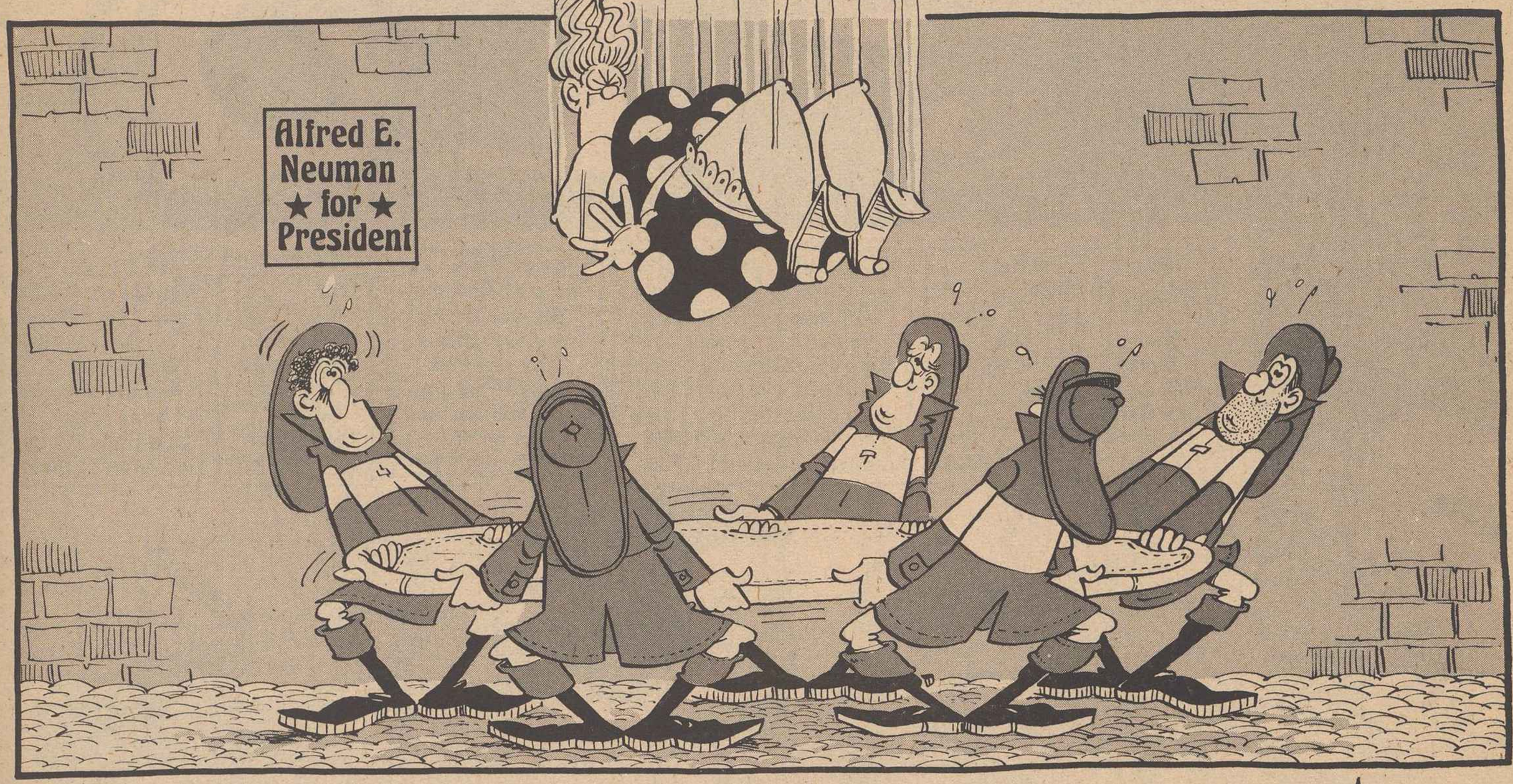


MARRIAGE

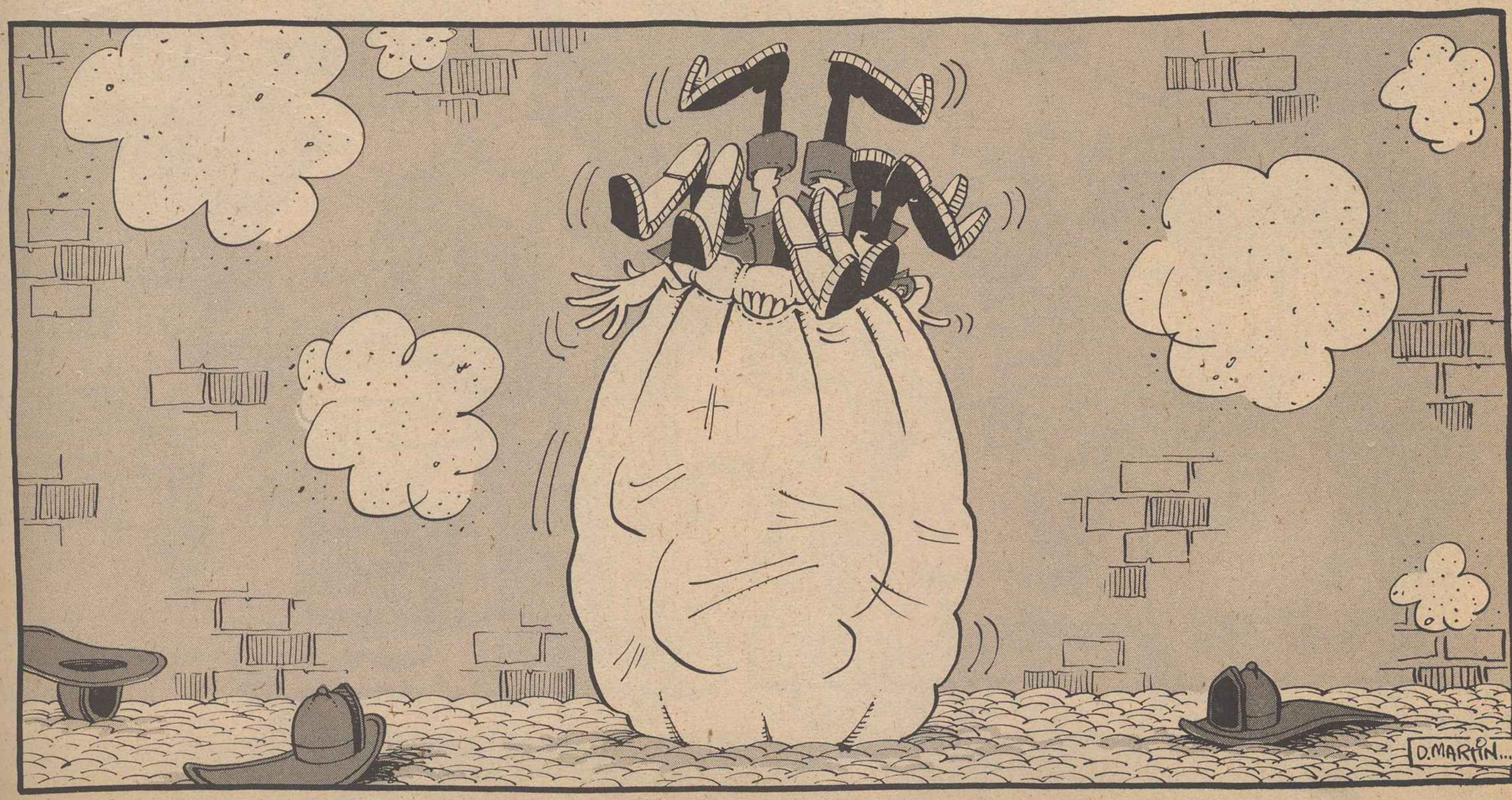


HOSE JOB DEPARTMENT II

DON MARTIN TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT FIREMEN







STRIP-WRECKED DEPARTMENT

FLO

How about **dis?!** Dey went an' made a **pitchur** about me wid **real people!** Dat means I'm gonna be even **more** famous den I **wuz before!** Yez can loin **all about me!** An' maybe **I'LL** even loin a ting or two! Like f'rinstance, **why** I talks like such a **moron!** An' **why** MAD calls **dere voision** of dis picture:

Isn't it **wonderful** how **Shelly Duvall** looks just like **Olives Oil** in this movie . . . !?

What's so **wonderful?!?** She looks like her in **REAL LIFE, too!!**

Oh, dear!

Maybe you can **explain** to me **why** they make a **movie** with **real actors** playing the parts of **famous cartoon characters,** and have them **ACT** like them, **too?!** Why don't they just make a **full-length CARTOON movie** in the **first** place?

Hamburgers, you **know** about! **Show Biz,** you **don't!!** You see, **this** is the **year** that **people** playing **cartoon characters** is **"IN"!**

Oh . . . you mean like the **unreal characters** in **"Flash Gordon", "Superman"** and **"Annie"!**

No, I mean the **unreal characters** like **Chevy Chase** in ***"Seems Like Old Times"*** . . . **Richard Pryor** in ***"Stir Crazy"*** . . . and **Dolly Parton** in ***"Nine To Five"!***

BEAUTY CREAM

I LOVES YA

TYP OF KET

OLD SPICE

OLD SALT

MORT DRUCKER

I HOPE THEY DON'T MAKE A MOVIE ABOUT **US** AND USE REAL LIFE ACTORS.

THAT WOULD BE HORRIBLE!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

POPEYE



Another reason to make a **live movie** rather than a **cartoon** is because of the **VIOLENCE!**

Right! In **kids' cartoons,** you have to be **careful,** but in **kids' movies,** you can be as **violent** and **disgusting** as you **want!** And **also,** in that way, you earn yourself a **"PG" rating!**

Yeah!! No kid would be caught **dead** going to a **"G"-rated** movie nowadays!

The **Director** tells me to put on these **phony arms,** squint one **eye,** jut out me **jaw,** talk through **clenched teeth,** and then—**act natural!!**

Mutter, mutter . . .

What's he **saying?** I can't **understand** his **inaudible muttering!**

I think he's saying a **quiet "GOOD-BYE"** to his **comedy career!**

Why does Robin Williams look so **confused?**

He **can't** tell if he's **funny** or not!

How come??

Because, **unlike *"Mork & Mindy"*,** in a **MOVIE,** they don't have a **LAUGH TRACK** to **tell** him!

THEY'D PROBABLY GET A **LOUD MOUTH FLAT CHESTED** REAL ACTRESS TO PLAY ME!

LET'S SEE, WHO COULD PLAY ME? DUSTIN HOFFMAN? ...TOO SHORT.

Well, well! So dis is **Sweat Haven!** I hopes de **peepuls** here is **friendly** to a poor, ship-wrecked Sailor . . .

We're **not** friendly to **strangers!** We're **only** friendly to **friends!!**

Huh? How'm I suppoze to unnerstan' **dat?!?**

The **same way** that **I'm** supposed to understand how a man with **one eye** and **deformed arms** got into the **NAVY!**

SWEAT HAVEN BOAT SHOP

PIER GROUP

Let's see . . . you owe me a **"Landing Tax,"** a **"Muttering Tax"** and a **"Bad Acting Tax"!**

But the **worst** tax is the **"Imagination Tax" . . !!**

It's for **taxing** the **imagination** of the **audience** with an **idiotic movie** that has **no plot!!**

Dem **taxes** is **scary!!**

What's **dat?!**

SWEATHAVEN SHOP

Gee, **dese** peepuls ain't got **no compassion!**

Look who's talking **compassion!**

Hey, youze! **I'ze** got **plenny** of compassion!

Really? Then **tell** us: What happened to all your **shipmates** when you got **shipwrecked?**

I never axed about dem!

You **see** what **I mean . . .?!**

SLAM!

NO ROOMS

NO ROOMS FOR RENT

NO ROOMS

I want to look **pretty** for my **En-gagement-To-Bruto-Party,** but I look **ugly!** Trouble is, there's **no stylish boutique** in Sweat Haven!

There's **ALSO no Plastic Surgeon!**

You can rent **THIS** room if you want to!

How **dare** you! I cleaned it **myself** when the **last boarder** moved out!!

It **ain't too clean!**

When was **dat?**

Three years ago!!

I'll **find** me **Pappy** if it's de **las'** ting I **eer duz!**

Well, it's **about time** dey came up wid **a plot** to dis pitchur! I guess de story is about **me** lookin' for me long losk **Dad!** You know, like dat ol' **Greek** story of **O'Dishes** an' **Menalouse!** It'll be kinda like **"The Odyssey For Idiots"!**

BIG SWINGER

So you're looking for your long lost **Father,** eh?

Dat's **right!** Me **Pappy** ran off an' **left** me when I wuz just a mere **infink!**

Your **Mother** must have been **very upset!**

Not really! She ran off **WID HIM!**

PITCHERS AT AN EXHIBITION

Hey, you one-eyed dumb-lookin' swab! You better **leave town** . . . before we **rough you up!!**

What'sa matter wid **doze** guys?!?

They **hate all strangers . . . !**

Dis is **some un-friendly town!**

You don't know the **half** of it! Those guys are our **"WELCOME WAGON"!!**

FIGHT! FIGHT!

TYPE O' KETCHUP

It **amazes** me how he can **beat them up** without any **help!!**

It **amazes ME** how he can beat up **ANYBODY** widout any **SPINACH!** I **always** eats **spinach** before I beats up **anybody!** Dis pitchur is **sure confoozin'!**

THUD!

POW!

BOK!

JORDASS...

oOOH!

BELL BOTTOM PANTS

Bruto and I will be **very happy** when we're married!

She **really can't stand** him! And **he** can't stand **her, either!** After they're **married,** they'll have **absolutely no relationship!**

So . . . **WHY** are they **doing** it?!

To inject a note of **realism** into this film . . . by showing a **typical modern marriage!**

Grrrrr! Arrrgh!

Do you think Bruto wants Olives Oil for her **body?**

No . . . **in spite** of it!

I've got to **escape** from **Bruto!**

But I taut you **liked** him!

I thought so, **too!**

Den **why** is you **excapin?**

It's a **secret!**

Youze can tell **me!!**

I **can't,** because it's **not MY secret!** It belongs to the **Writer** and **Director!** They're the **only** ones who **know** what my motivation is!

Olives, youze is **different** from de udder goils I know!

Really?! What am **I like?**

Like de udder **BOYS** I know!

Olives is **gone . . .** and **Bruto** is **furious!!**

How can he smash up all the **furniture** like that?!?

He used to work for a **Moving Company!**

CRASH!

Take THAT, you squint-eyed runt!!

Hey, **hold on** a minute! How comes I kin knock out **five tough guys** just **seven panels ago,** an' **now** I can't even defend myself against **one tub of lard** like **him?** Dis pitchur makes **less** an' **less sense** as it **goes on!**

POW

I'm giving my **baby** to **Flopeye** and **Olives Oil** before I **disappear!** No one will **ever know** who the baby's **REAL Mother** is!!

Although . . . in a town with **35 people,** like **Sweat Haven,** it's **kinda tough** to keep something like **THIS** a **secret!!**

Hey! Look at dis **baby poison!**

Should we **keep** him, Flopeye?

Sure ting! He's a **lucky kid!** He'll have **me** for a **Fadder!** I'll always **protext** him!

And **I'll** be his **Mother** so he's **twice** as lucky!

Hmmm! I'm **not so sure** about dat!!

What do you **mean?!?**

He **might** be in **trouble** if he needs to be **breast fed!**

Since you **cannot pay** your incredibly high **taxes,** you must **lose your home!!**

Why are they **DOING** this?

To inject **another** note of **REALISM** into this movie!!

I THINK I'LL ASK HIM!

BROOKE SHIELDS WOULD BE O.K.... IF SHE WEARS A DRESS.

I hates t' make a **pest** of meself, but does anyone out dere know **what business** Olives' Fadder, **Mr. Oil,** is in . . .?

Or for **dat** matter, what **ANYONE** in Sweet Haven **does** for a **livin . . .?**

Just taut I'd **axe!**

EVICTION NOTICE

I'D CONSIDER LASSIE.

What's **THIS** all about . . .?

Soich me! I guess a movie like **dis** one kinda **stops** an' **starts** when it's made up of **plots** from a **dozen ten-minute animated cartoons!**

Swee'tea, you think **Flopeye** has a **chance?**

Uggh! Umpf! Uhhh

Did you **hear that,** Wimpy . . .? Do you have **any idea** what it **means . . .?**

Either he said **"Yes!"** . . . or he just had a **bowel movement!**

THUMP!

Flopeye, you're **wonderful YOU'RE** the man for **ME!!**

When youze **tink of us** . . . livin' like **man** an' **wife, widdout** bein' **married** . . . an' us don' de tings dat **married peepul** do, it's a little **sinful,** ain't it?

When **I** think of you two making love together, it's **MORE** than a little sinful! It's **nauseating!**

This child can **predict ANYTHING!** He's picked **THREE WINNERS already!!**

Gee, when he **grows up,** he can be a **racetrack tout!**

Small potatoes!! When he grows up, **I'm** taking him to **Hollywood,** where he can become the head of a **Motion Picture Studio!**

Predicting the **success** or **failure** of **big-budget MOVIES,** is a lot more **LUCRATIVE** than doping out the **HORSES!**

I had **Wimpy** bring us this **brat!** He can tell us where the **TREASURE** is **buried!!**

Sure he can! In about **3 years—** when he **learns to TALK,** you moron! He's **too YOUNG** to tell us **ANTHING!**

Why must **YOU** think of that when neither the **Writer** nor the **Director** did . . .?!?

Say, doesn't that old man look like someone **I know? The squinty eye,** the **silly pipe,** the **deformed biceps!!**

Hmm! **No,** I guess **not!**

This **"Family Outing"** is **real nice!**

But . . . we're **not a family!!**

That's what's so **NICE** about it!

TITANIC

I BRAKE FOR WHALES

BUOY MEETS GULL

2

Eat your **spinach,** Flopeye . . . an' **save Olives** an' **Swee'tea!**

But . . . I **don't likes** spinach!

SPINA

What de hell **is** dis?! Since **when** don't I likes **spinach!?** Everyone in de **woild** knows Flopeye loves spinach! Everyone except the **goofs** who made this **pitchur . . .!**

Oudda me way! It's **Flopeye** to the **rescue!!**

You're going to save **Olives** and **Swee'tea?!?**

I'm gonna do **MORE** den dat! I'm gonna save dis **disgustipating pitchur!!**

SPINACH

But—but **YOU** can't do this in a **live movie!** You're only a **two-dimensional character!**

Oh, **yeah?** Look who's **talkin!**

Well **what** makes you think **YOU'RE** so hot?! **What** kind of a **role model** are **YOU** for kids?! You **smoke,** you **squint,** you **curse,** you **mumble,** and you **mangle the English language!!**

THUNK!

TITANIC

Oh, Flopeye, you're **absolutely wonderful!**

Tanks! An' **now** I'm gonna take care of de **one poison** dat makes me look like a **bum!**

You mean **Bruto,** huh?

ENOUGH ROPE

NOISELESS EMPTY BARREL

No . . . **HIM!!**

We **certainly understand . . .!**

SPLAT!

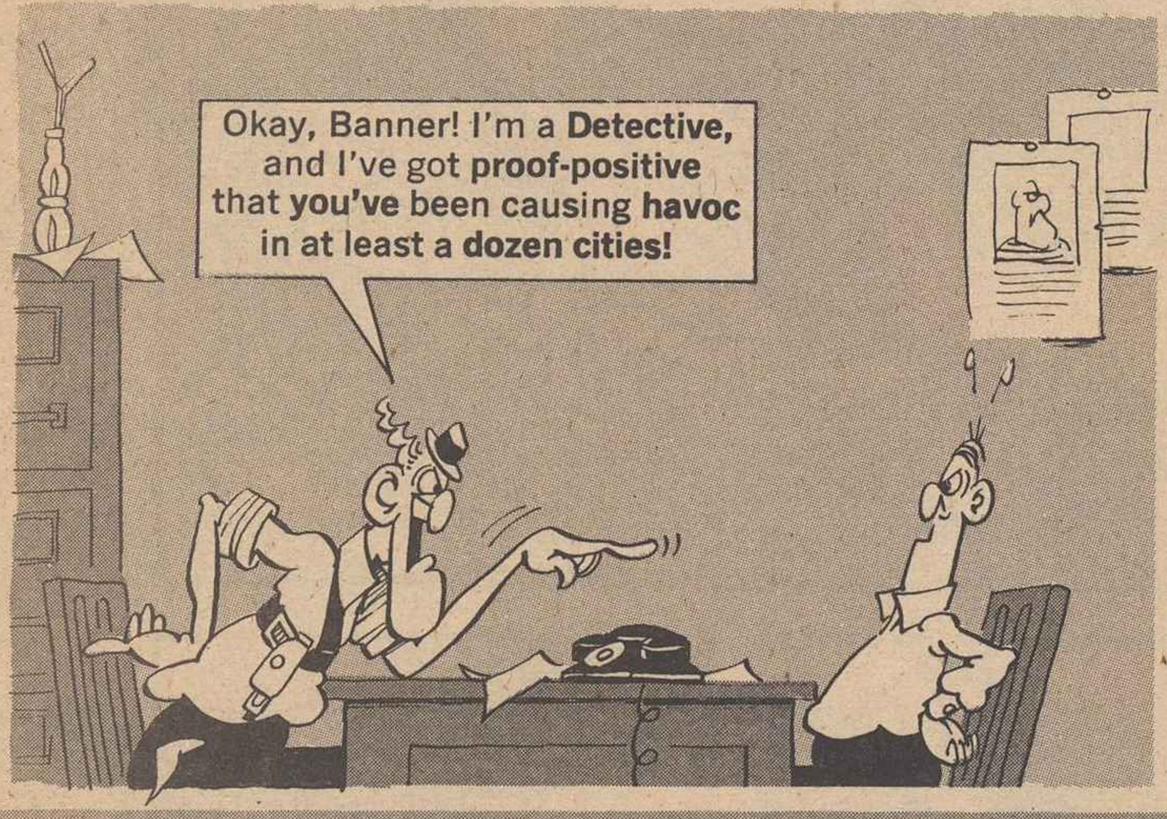
An' to all me **fans** . . . if I gots any **LEFT** after dis pitchur . . . I **apologizes profoosely!** I means, I **YAM** what I **YAM** . . . but **DAT guy** wuzn't even **CLOSE!!**

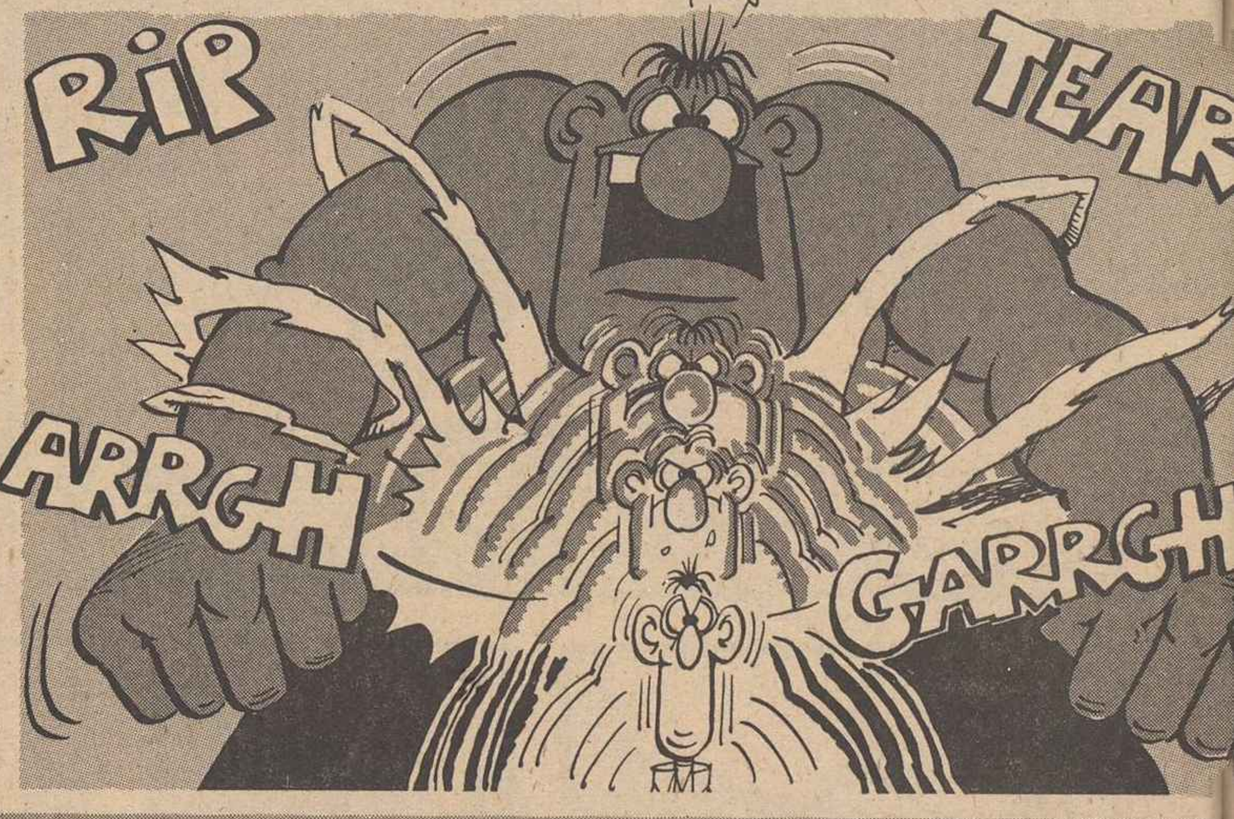
SPY VS SPY

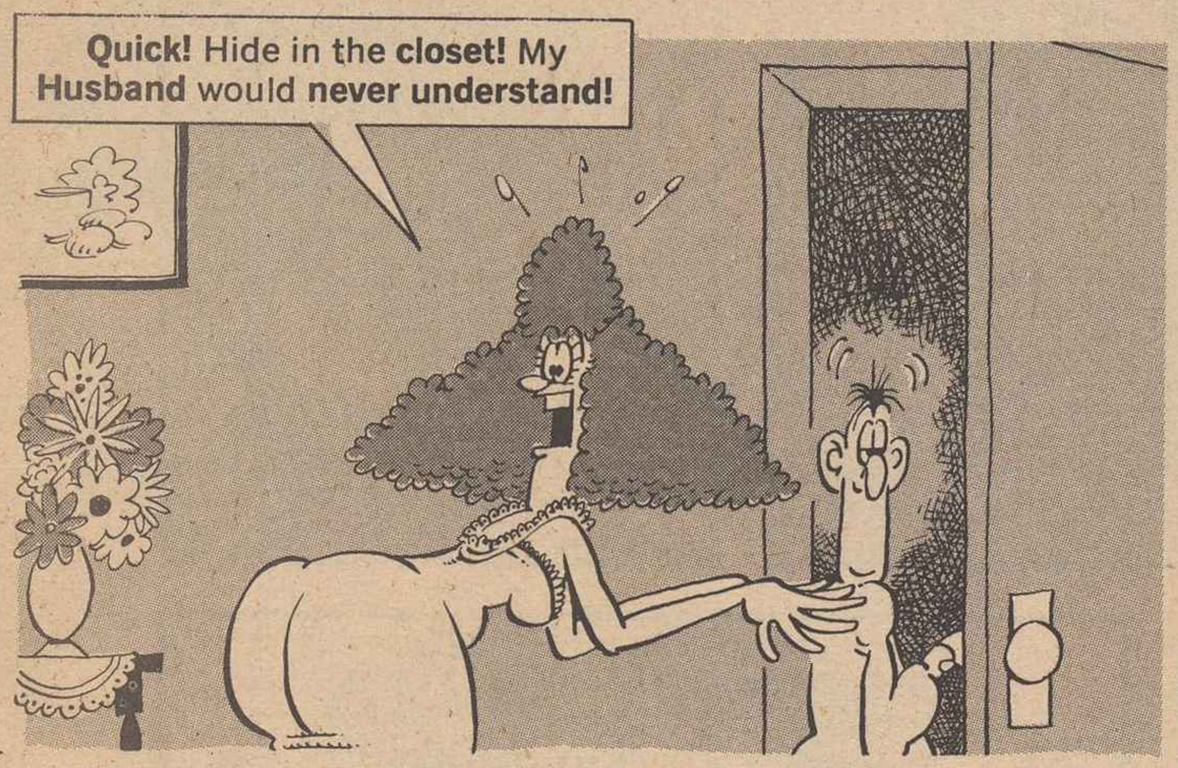


GREEN AND BARE IT DEPT.

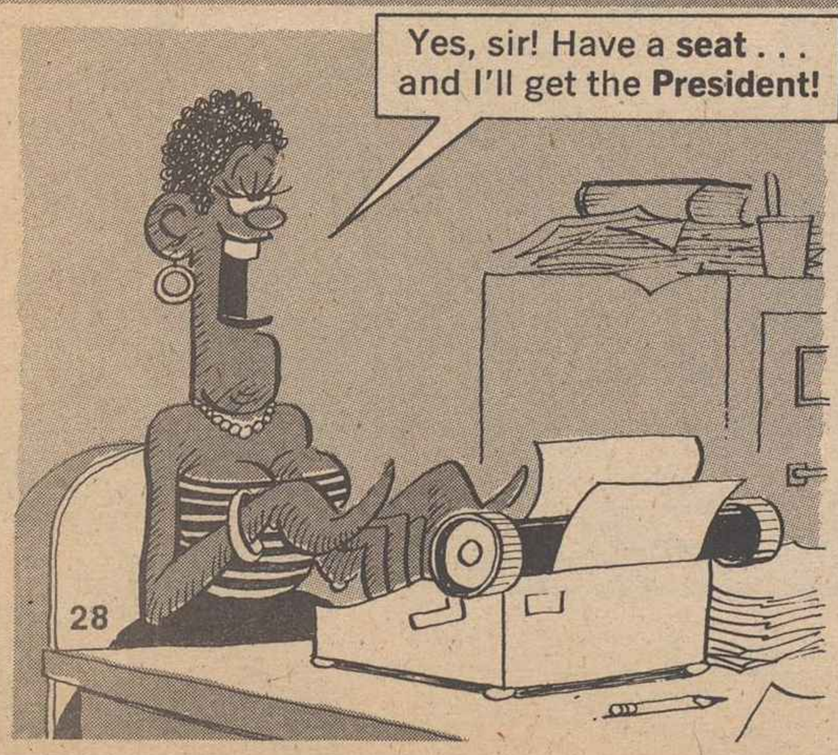
DON MARTIN LOOKS AT...

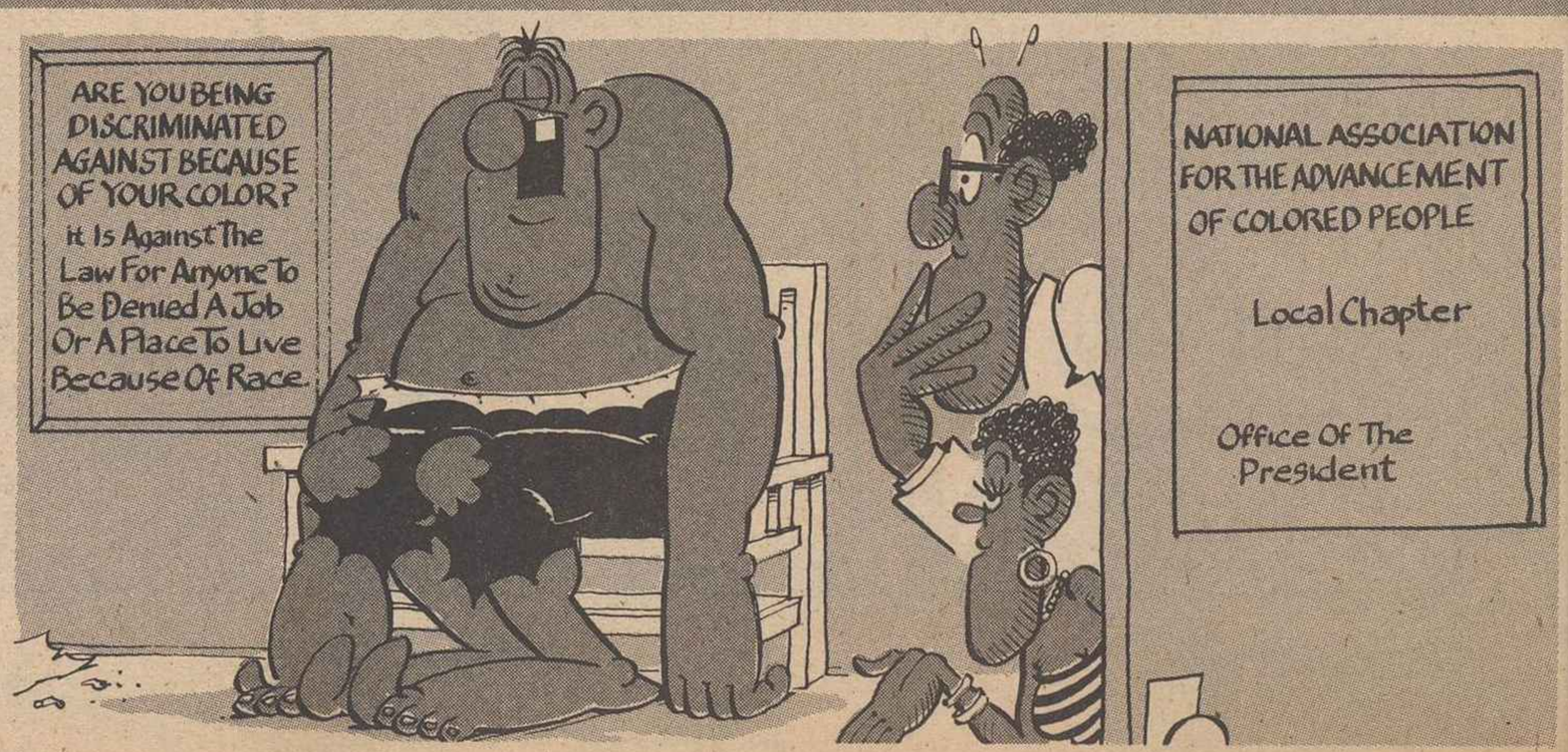






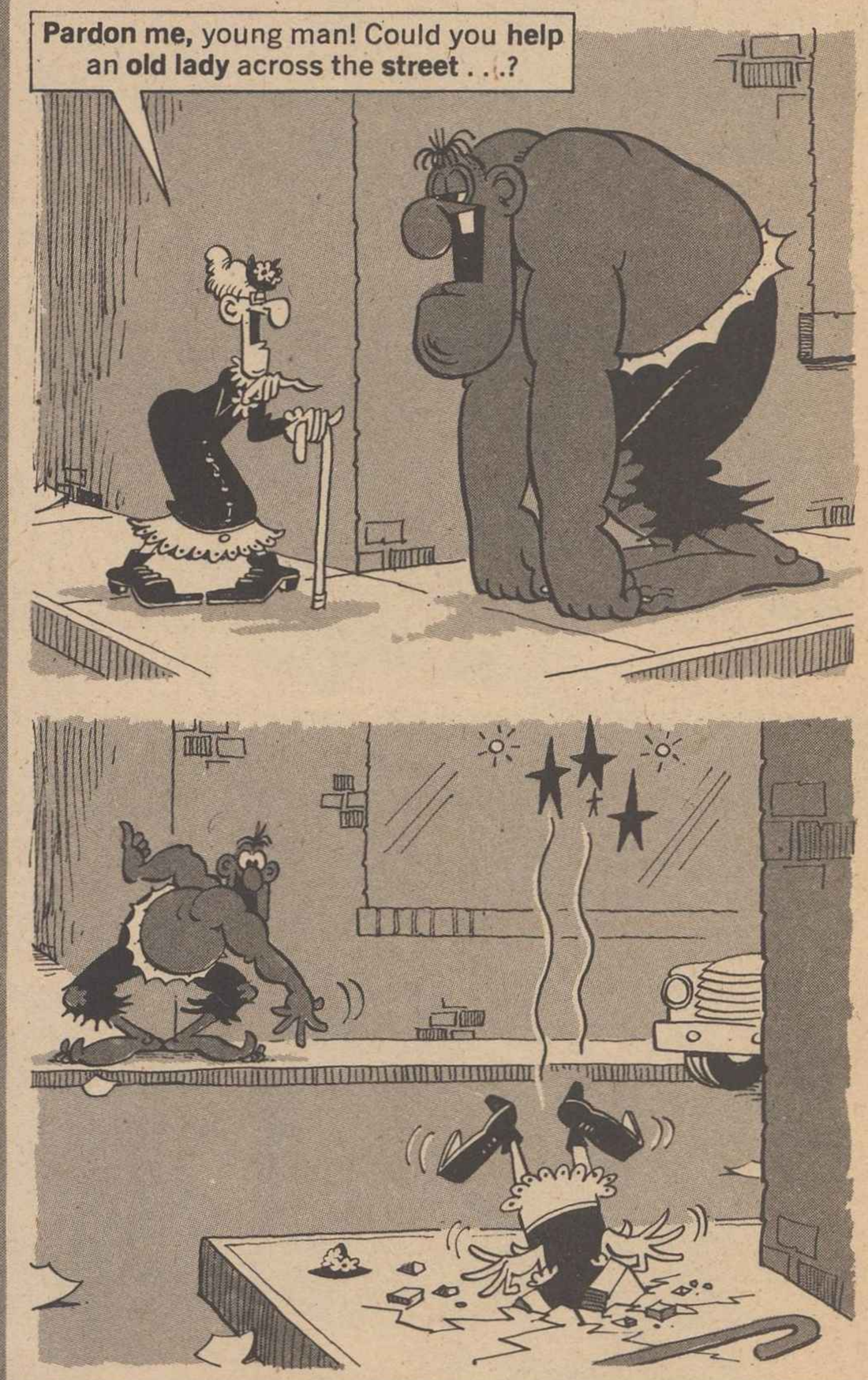


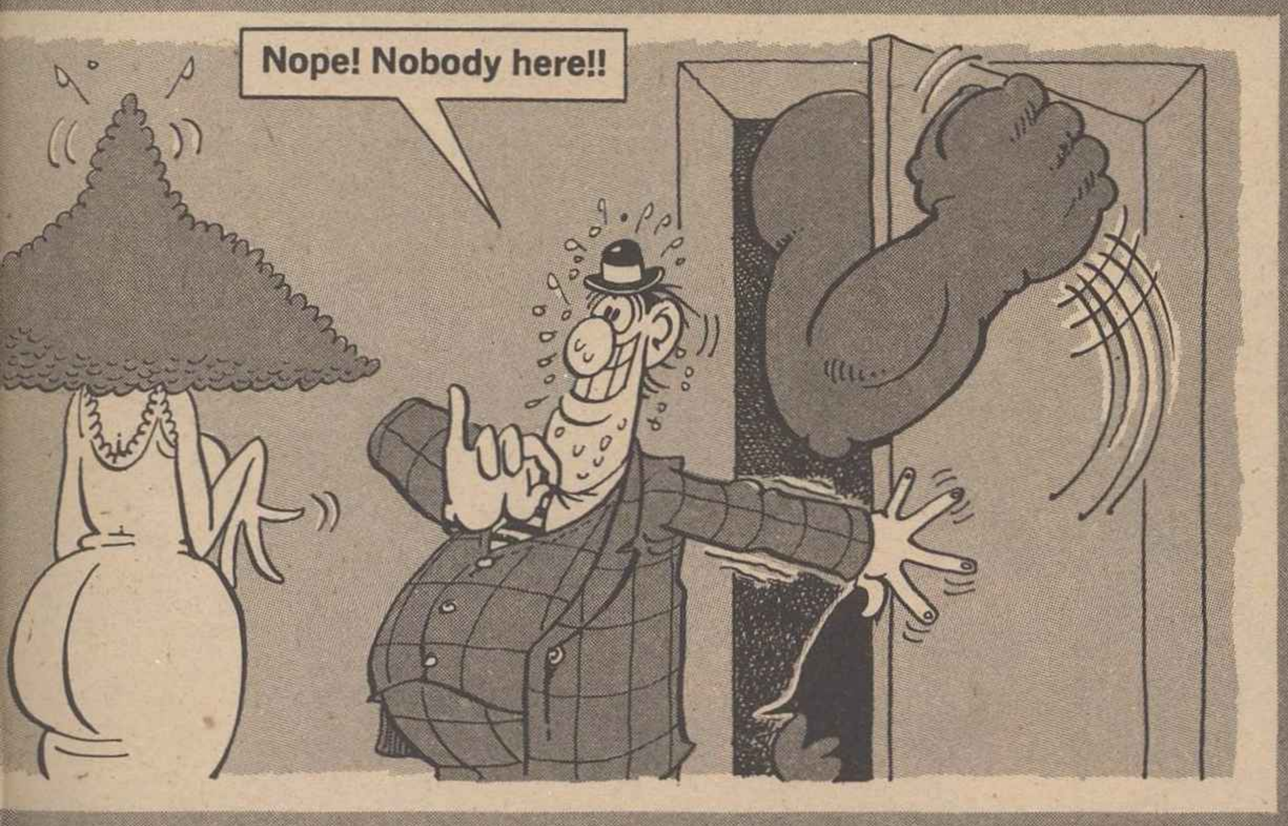


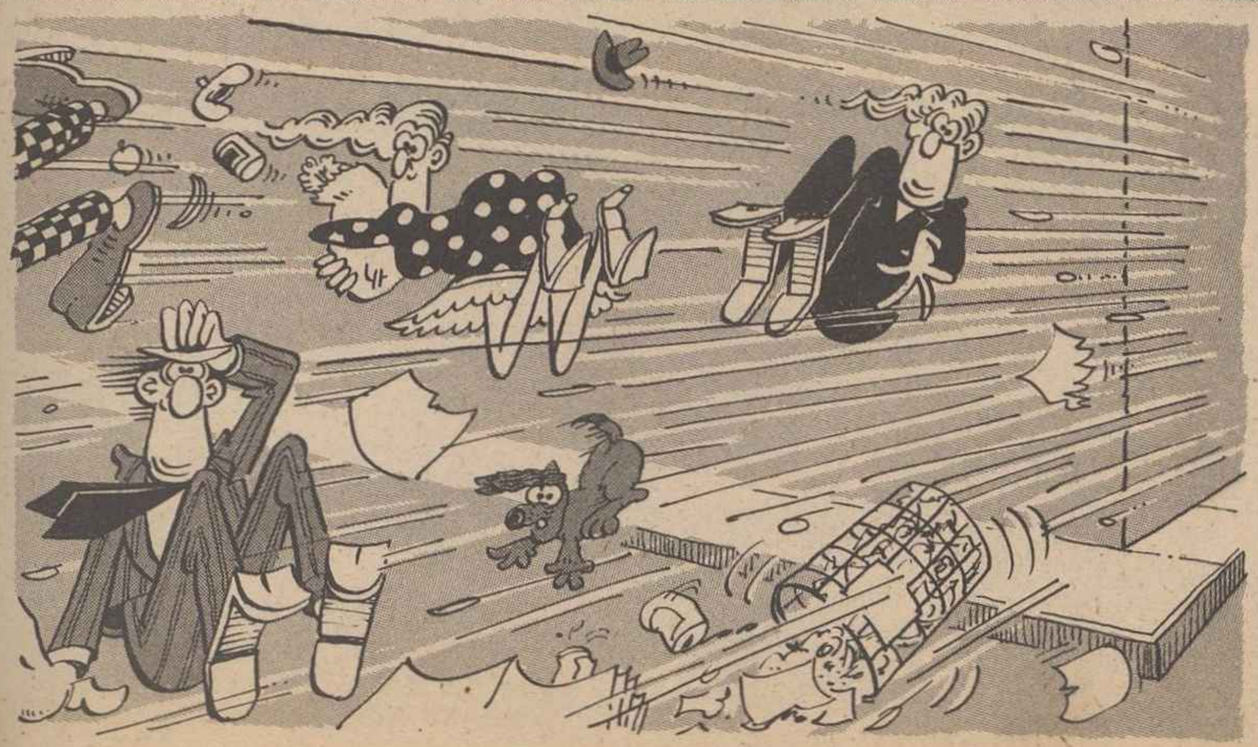


THE HULK

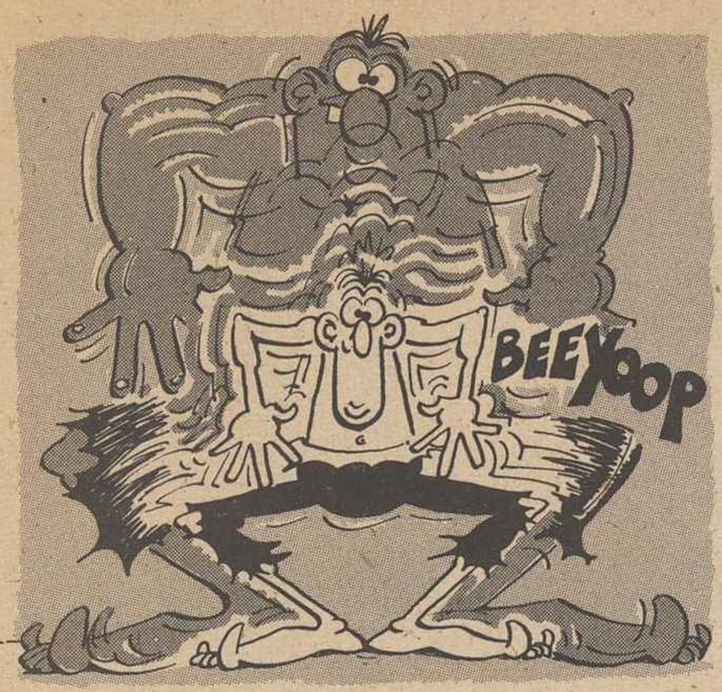

Of course, I could be mistaken!

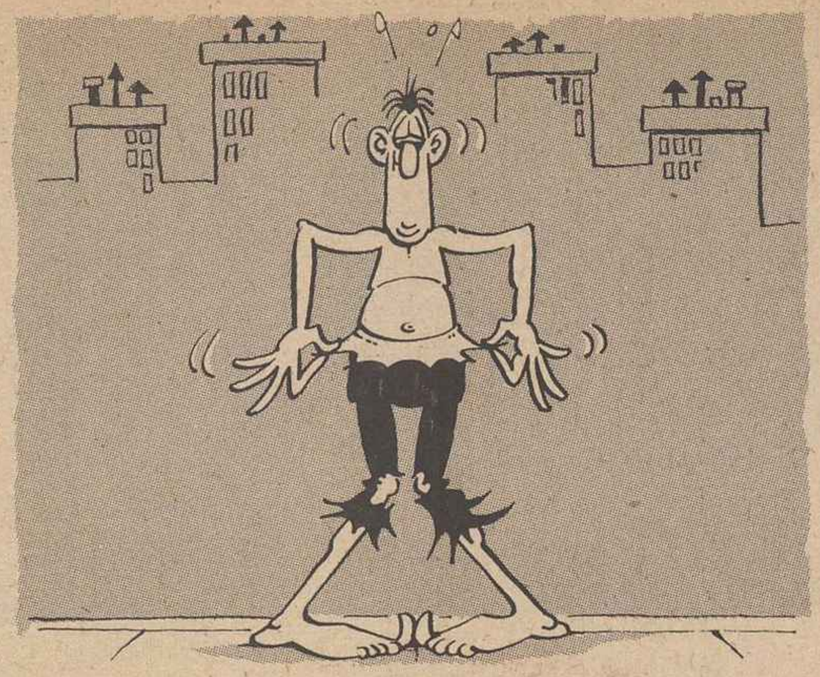

Pardon me, young man! Could you help an old lady across the street . . .?


Nope! Nobody here!!

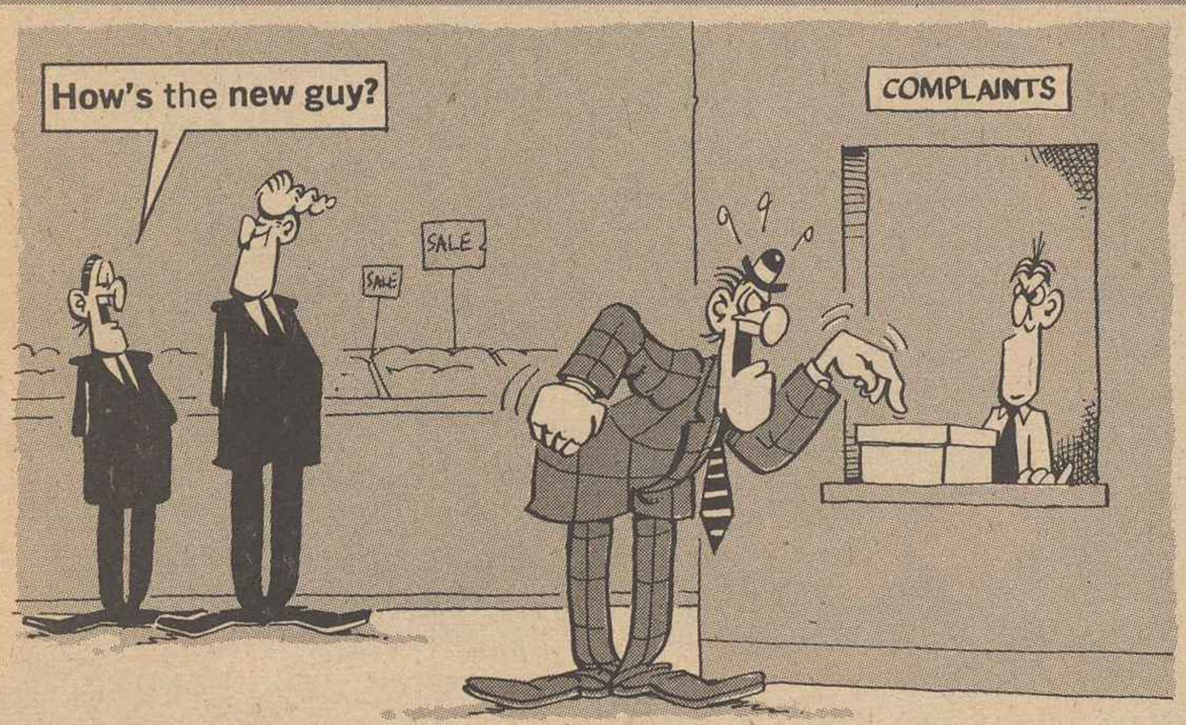


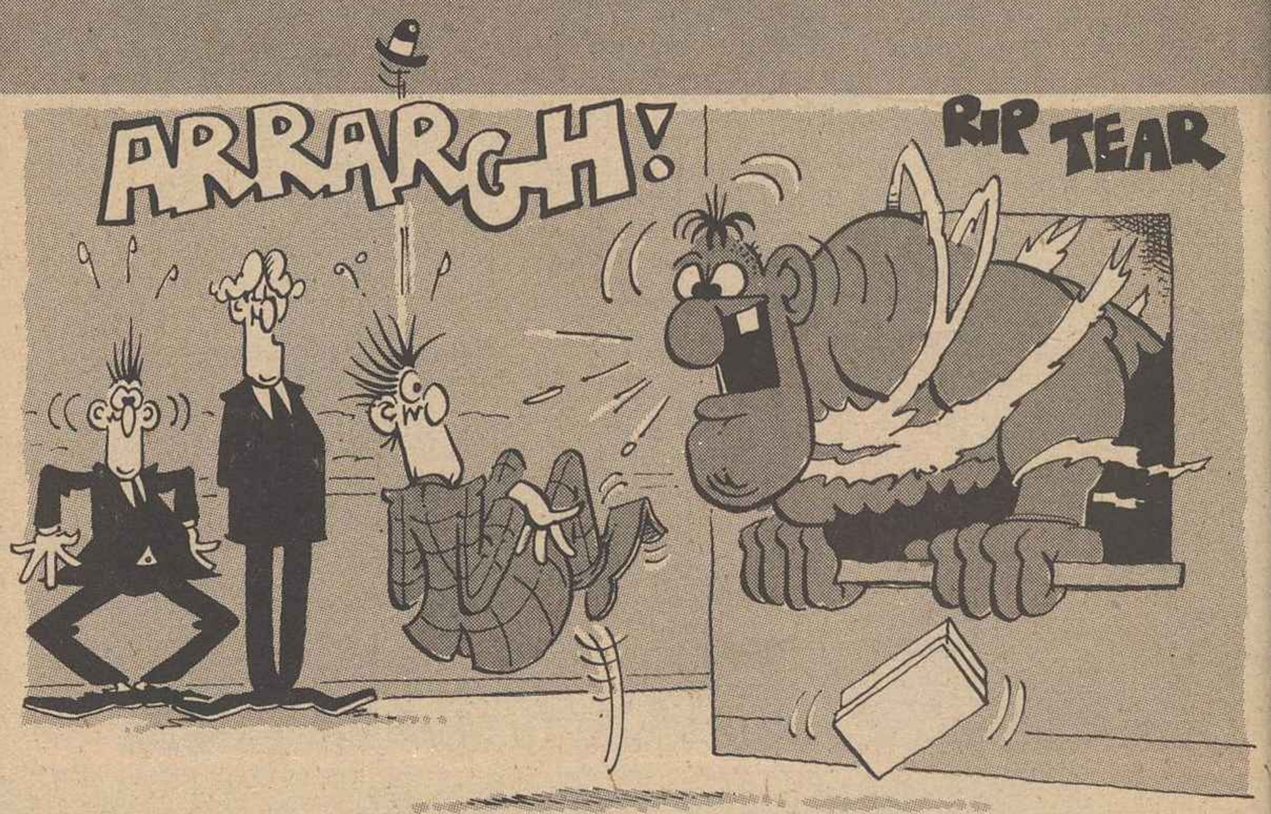

Gesundheit

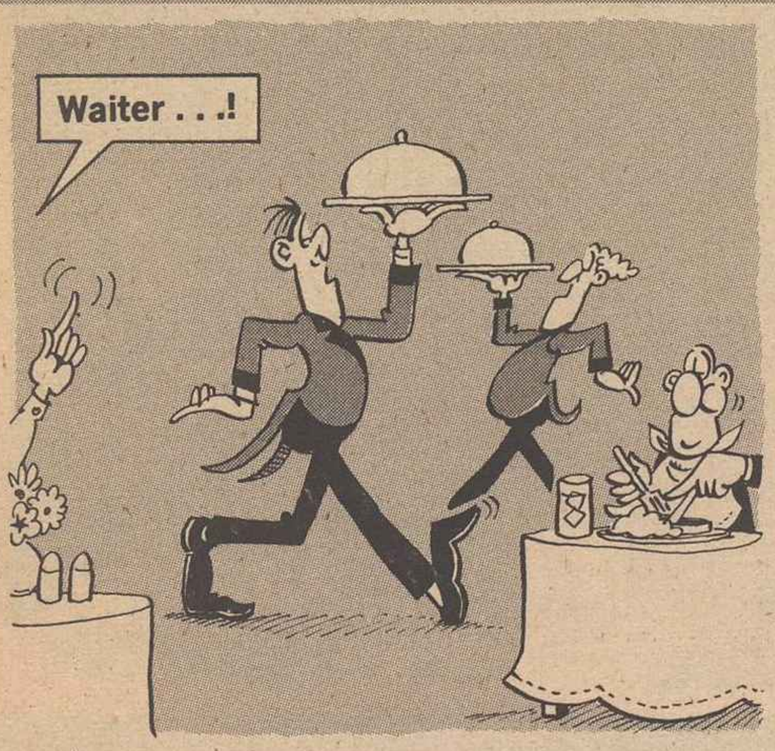

BEEYOOP

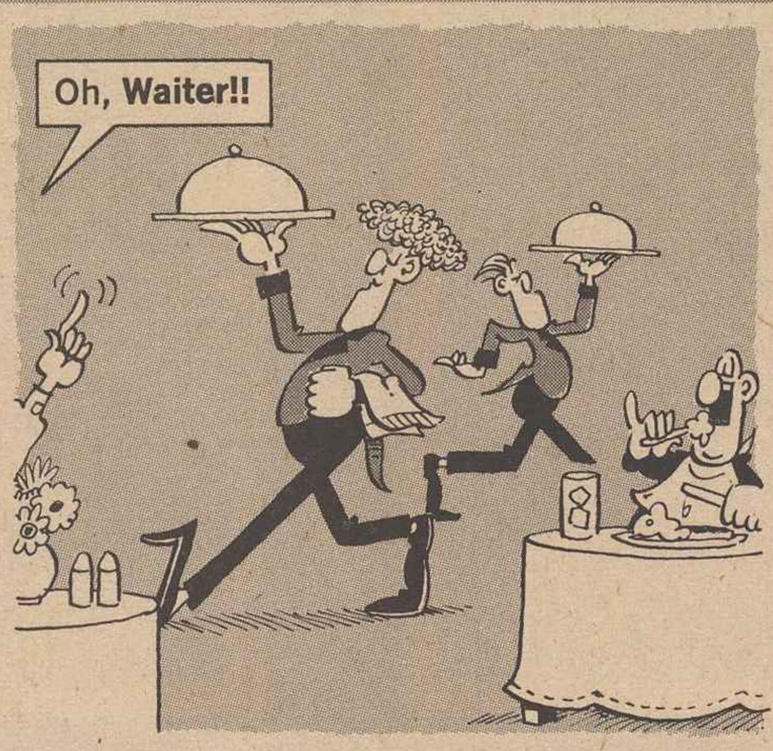


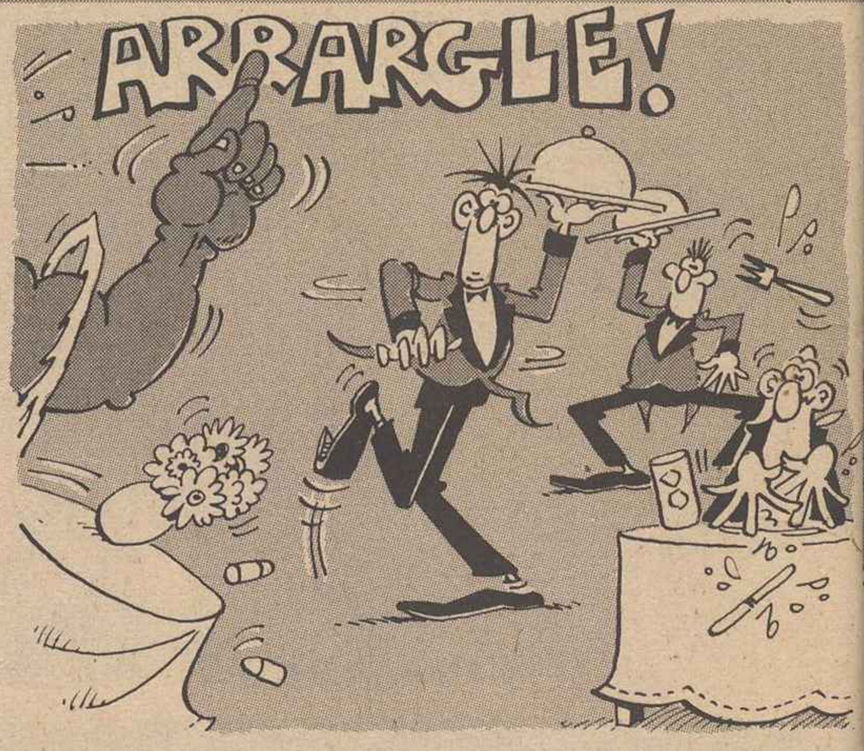

MEN'S CLOTH

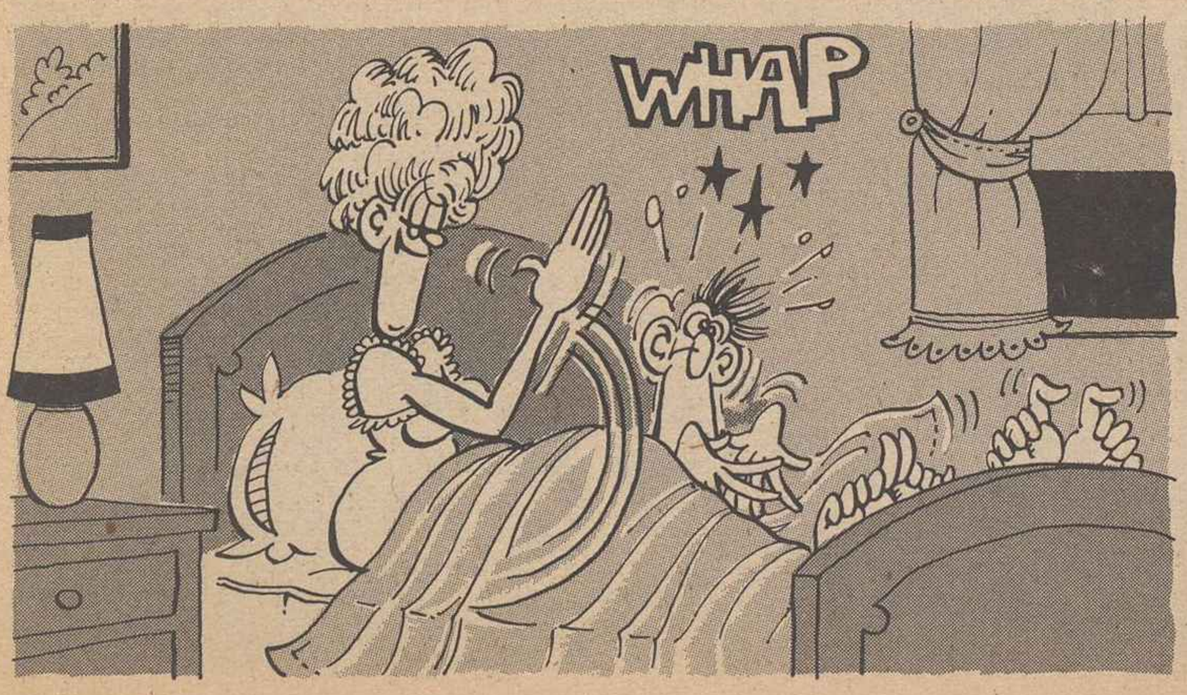

How's the new guy?
SALE
SALE
COMPLAINTS

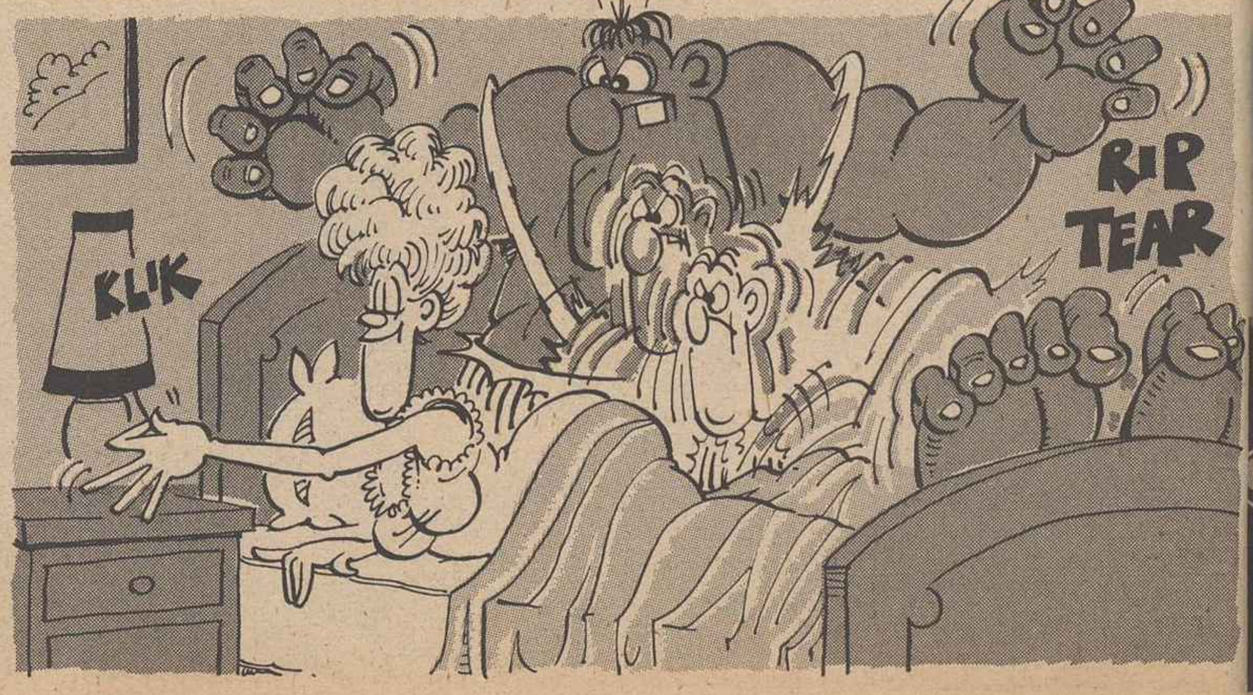

ARRARGH!
RIP TEAR

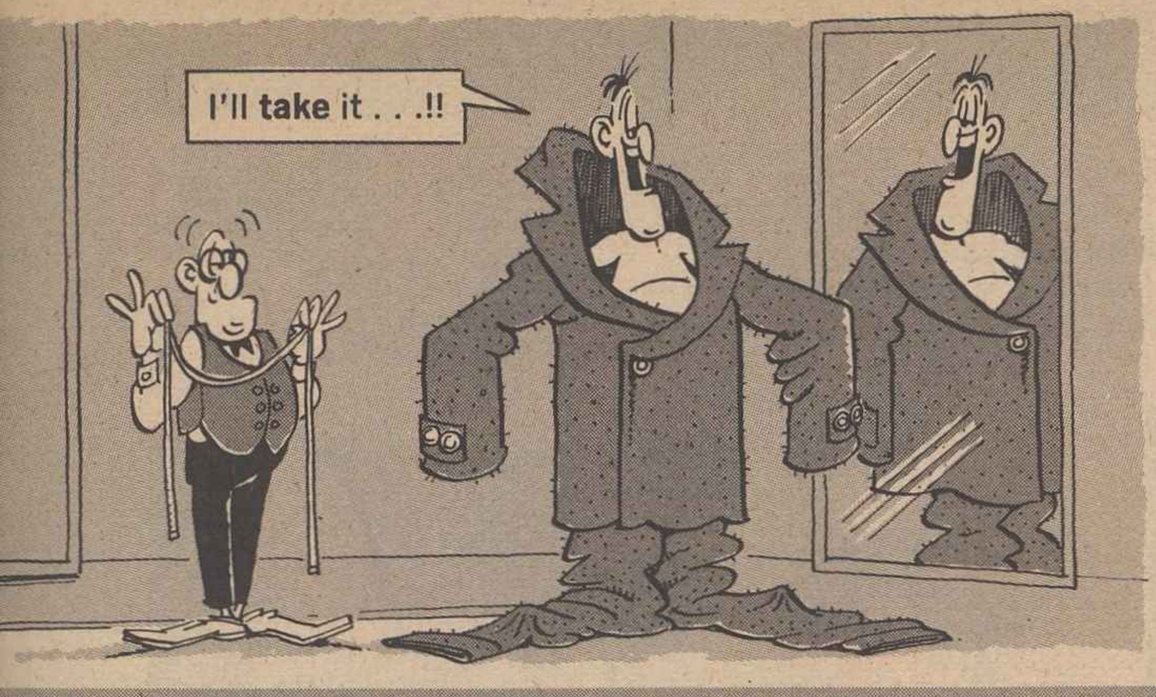

Waiter . . .!

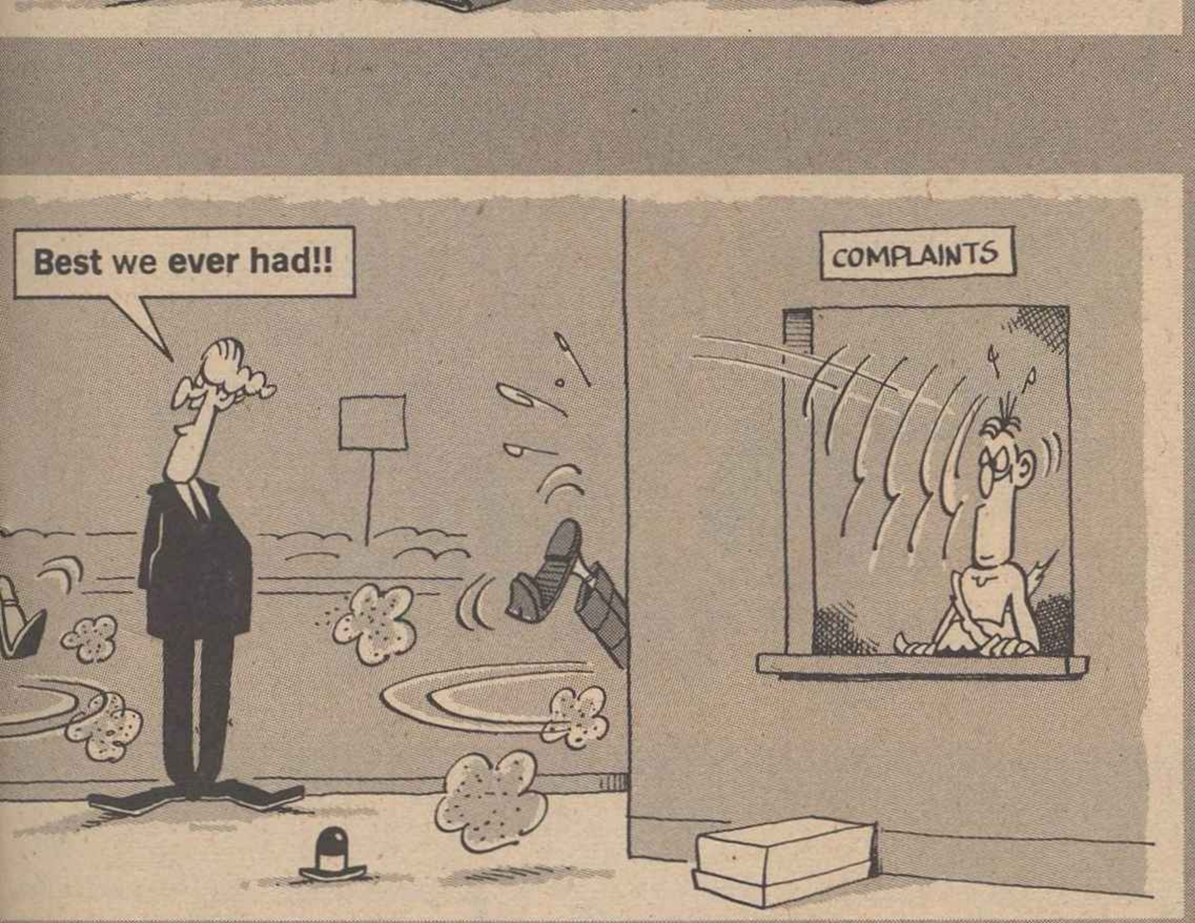

Oh, Waiter!!

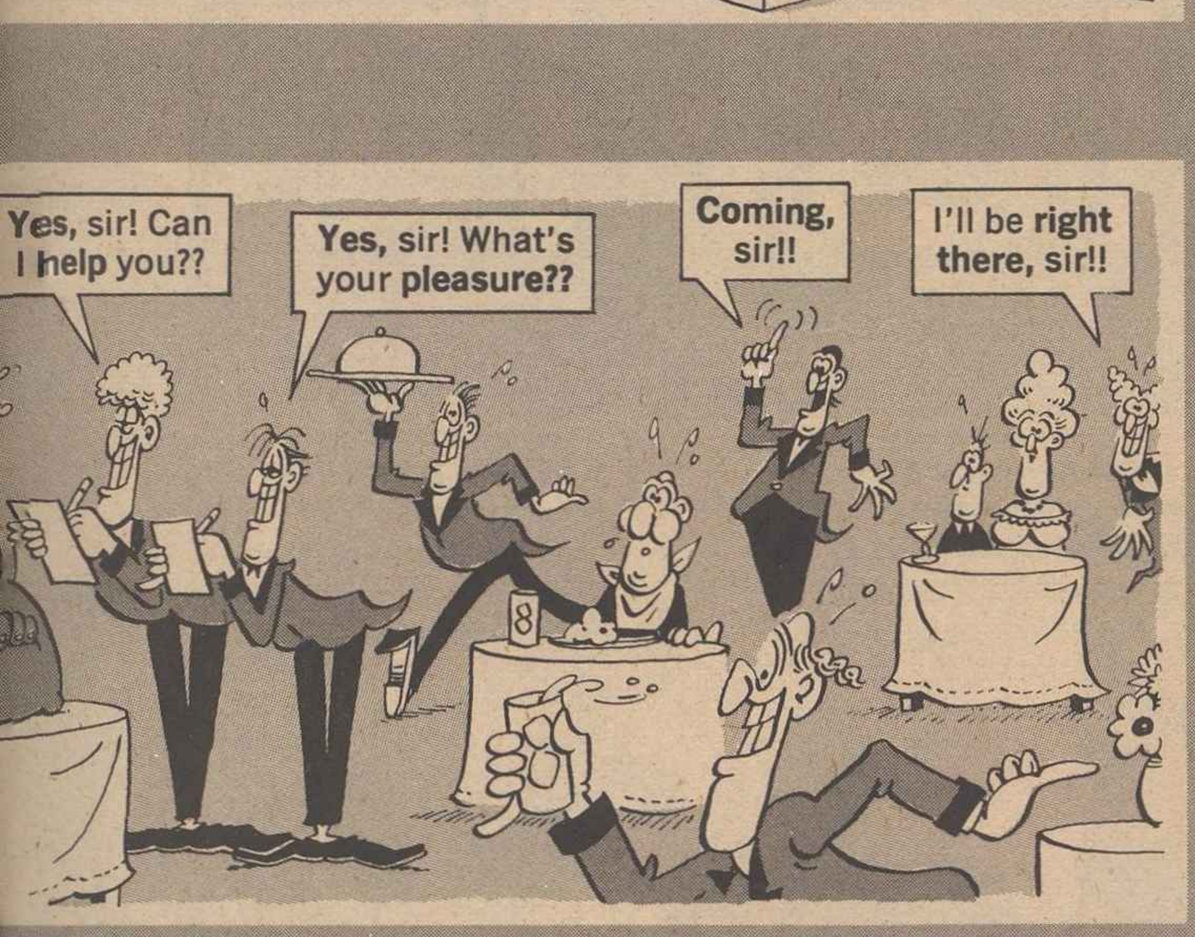

ARRARGLE!


WHAP

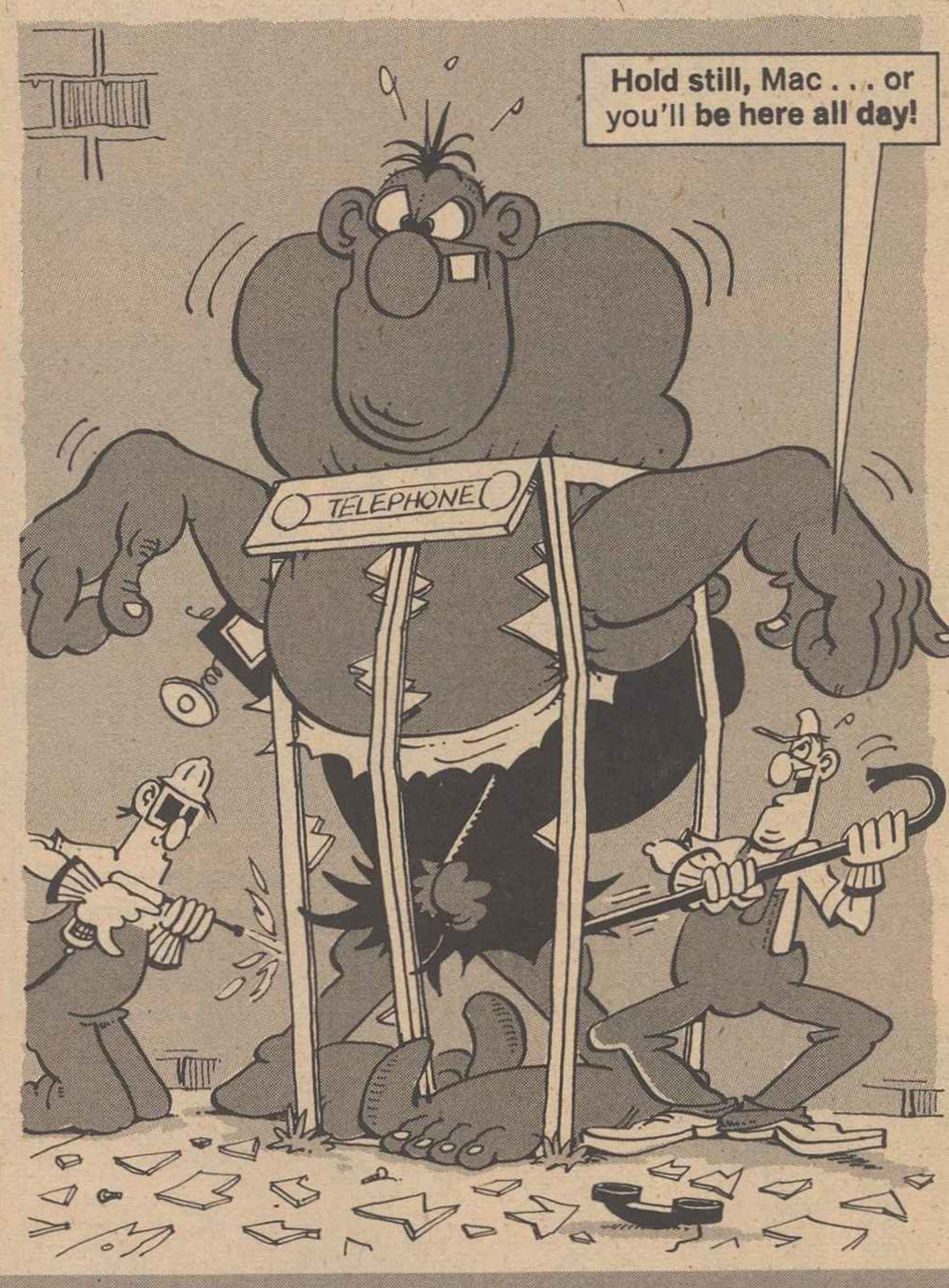

KLIK
RIP TEAR

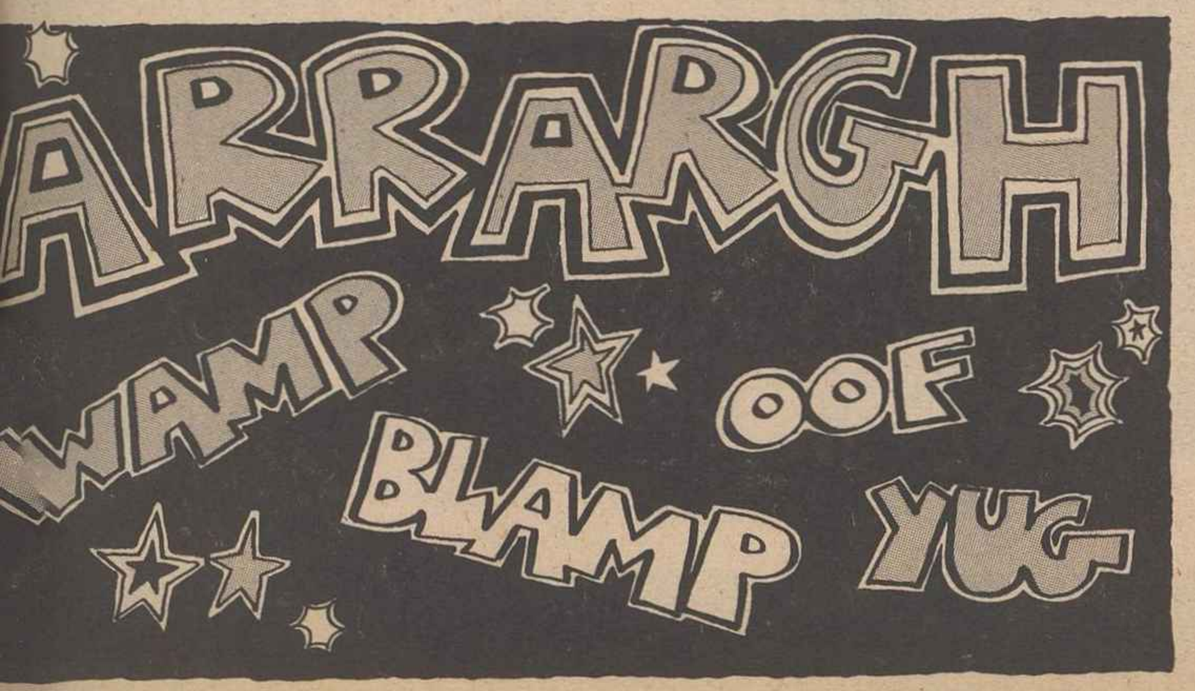

I'll take it . . .!!

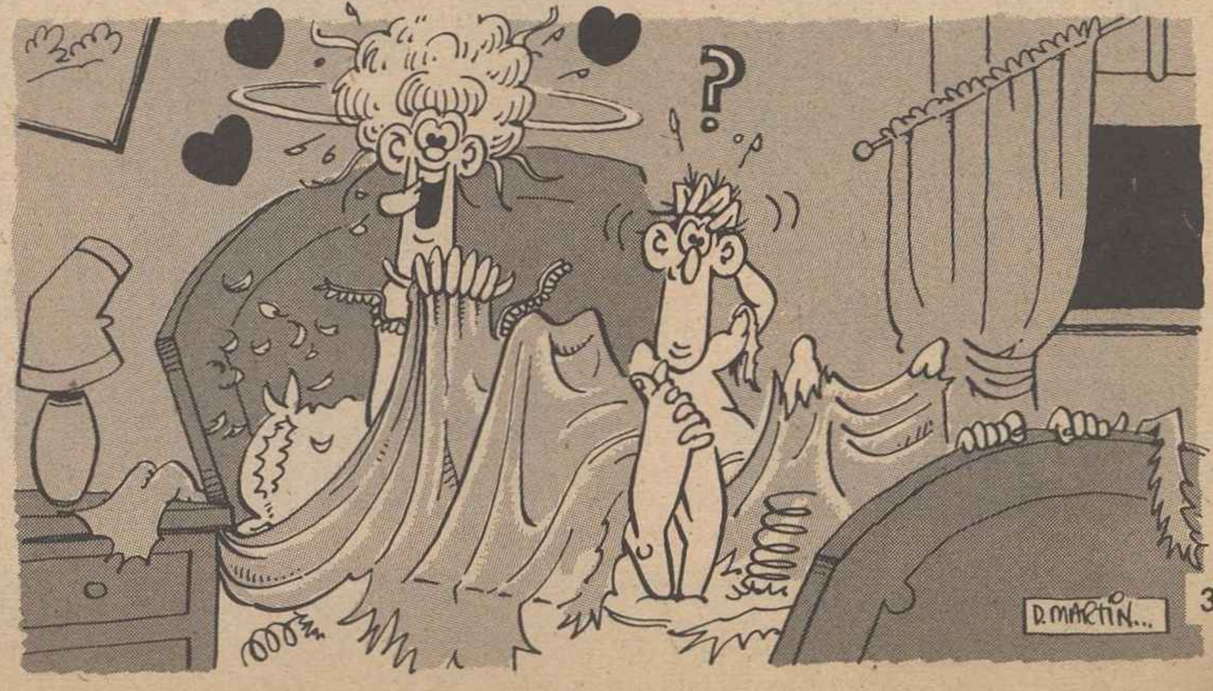

Best we ever had!!
COMPLAINTS


Yes, sir! Can I help you??
Yes, sir! What's your pleasure??
Coming, sir!!
I'll be right there, sir!!

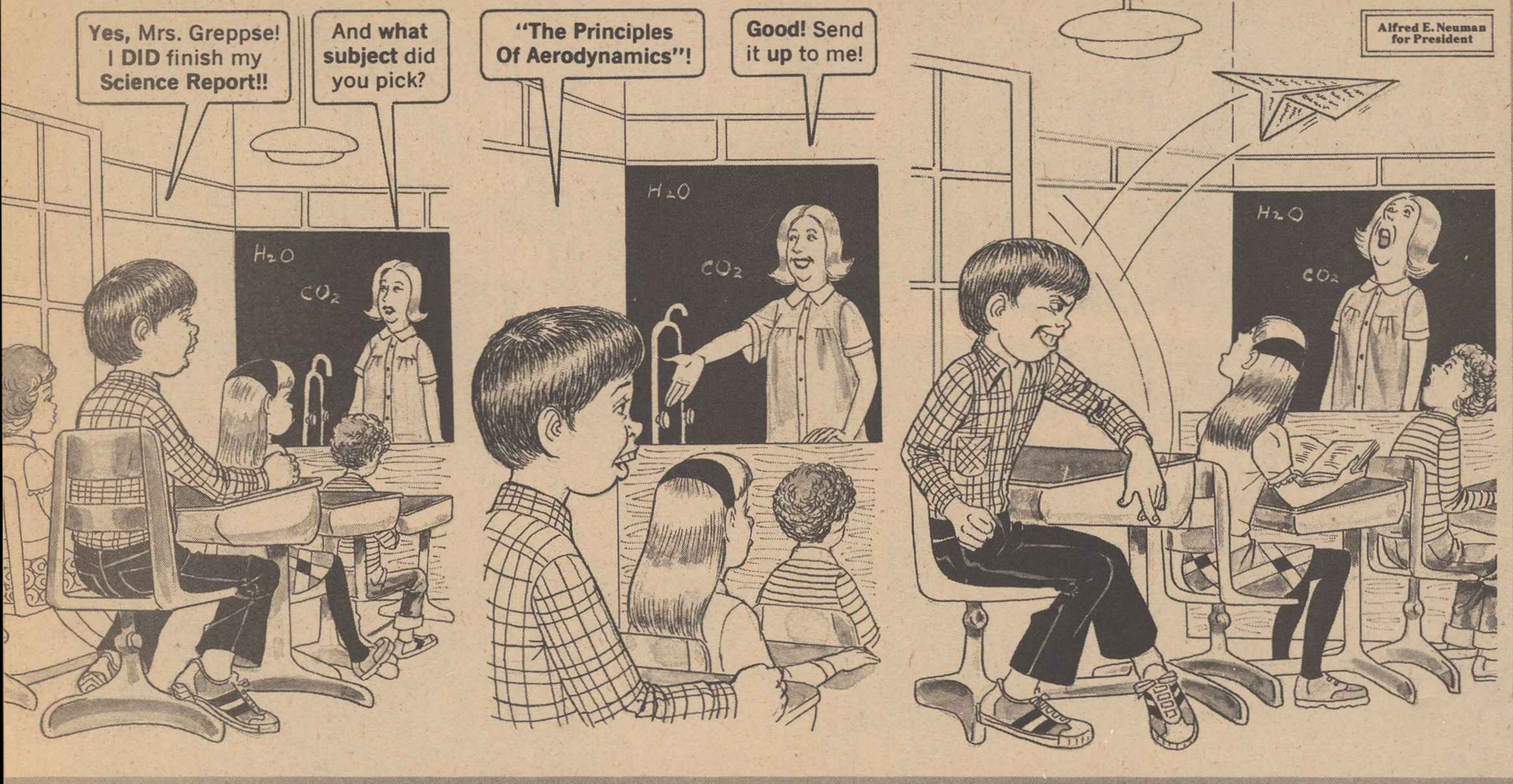

Operator, I just inserted my last coin, and the telephone took it! Could you return it or give me my number, please?
This is a recording! If you have lost any money, leave your name and address, and we will mail—


Hold still, Mac . . . or you'll be here all day!
TELEPHONE


ARRARGH
WAMP
OOF
BLAMP
YUG


?
D. MARTIN...

SCHOOL



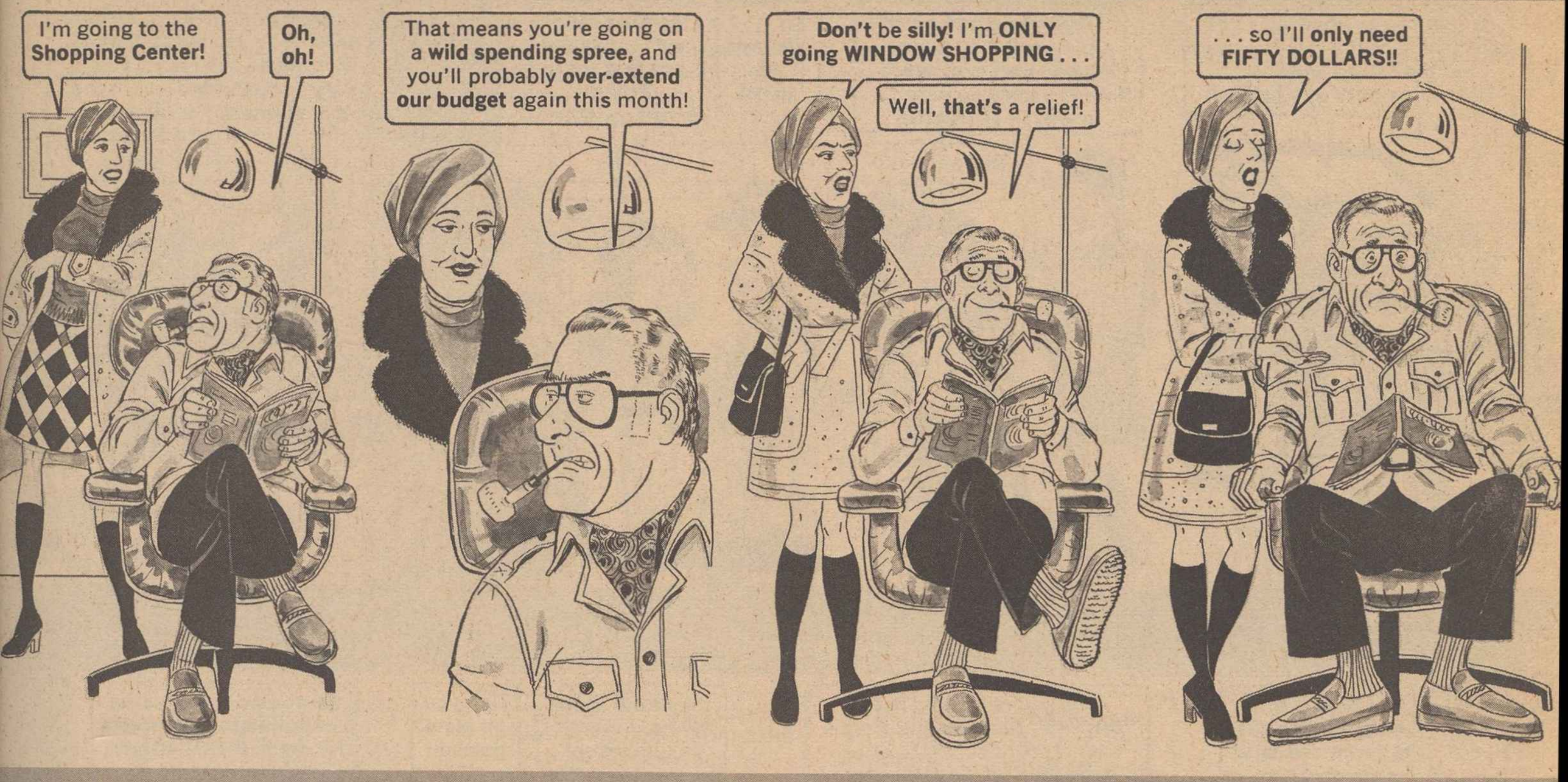
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

THE ENVIRONMENT



BUDGETS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

PARENTS



SHOPPING

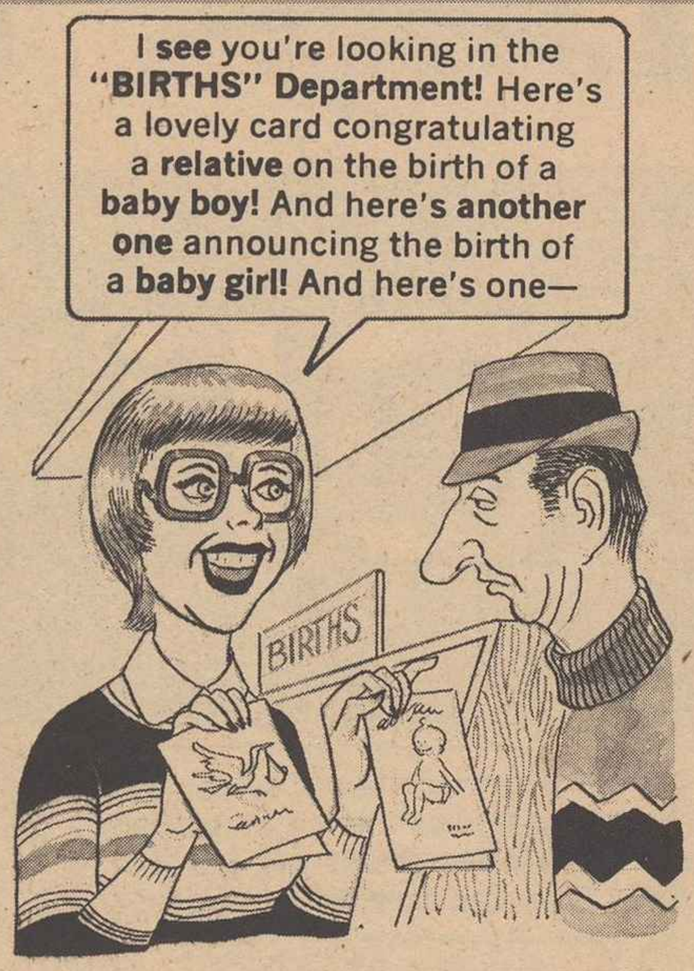


DATING



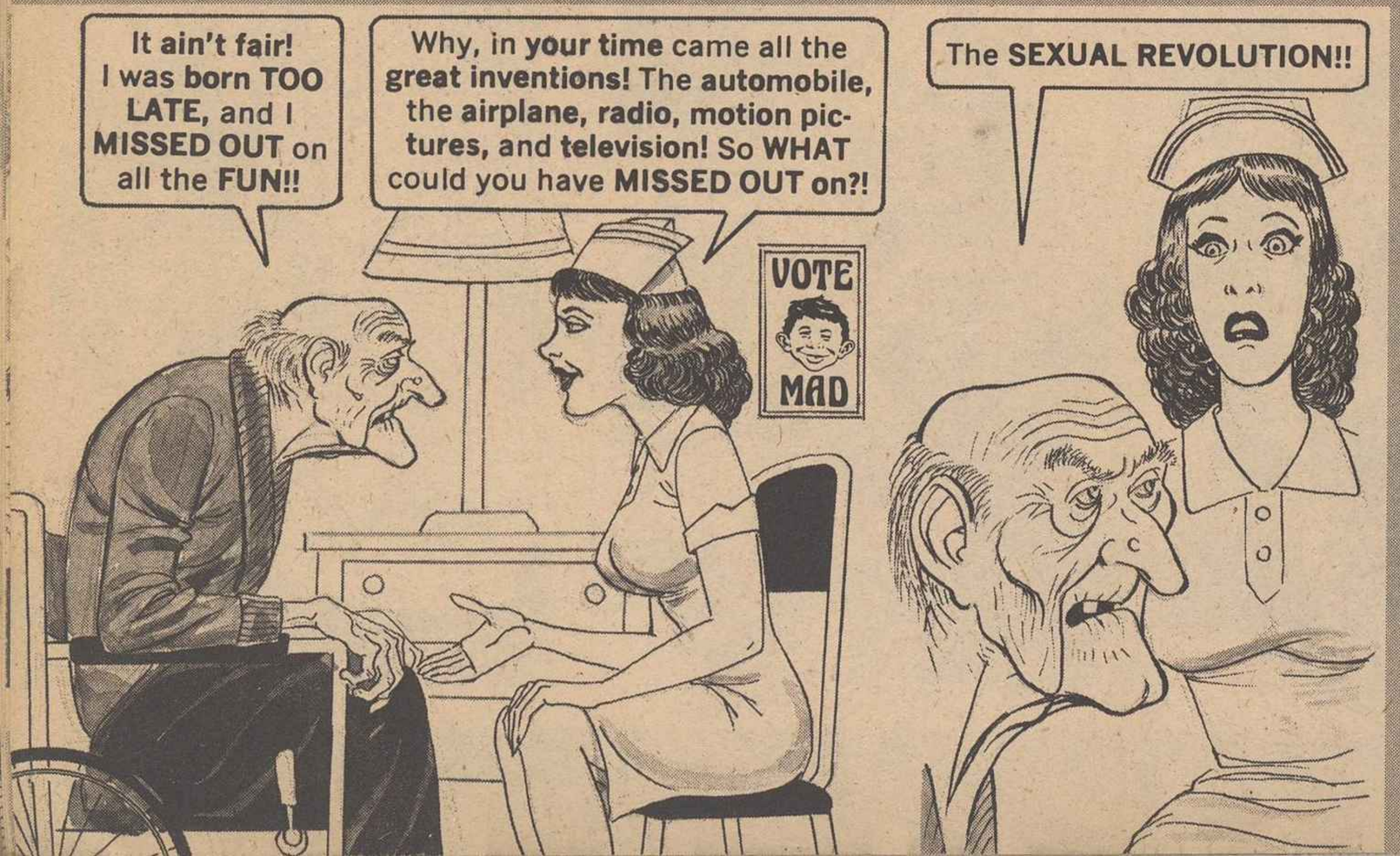
GREETING CARDS







OLD AGE

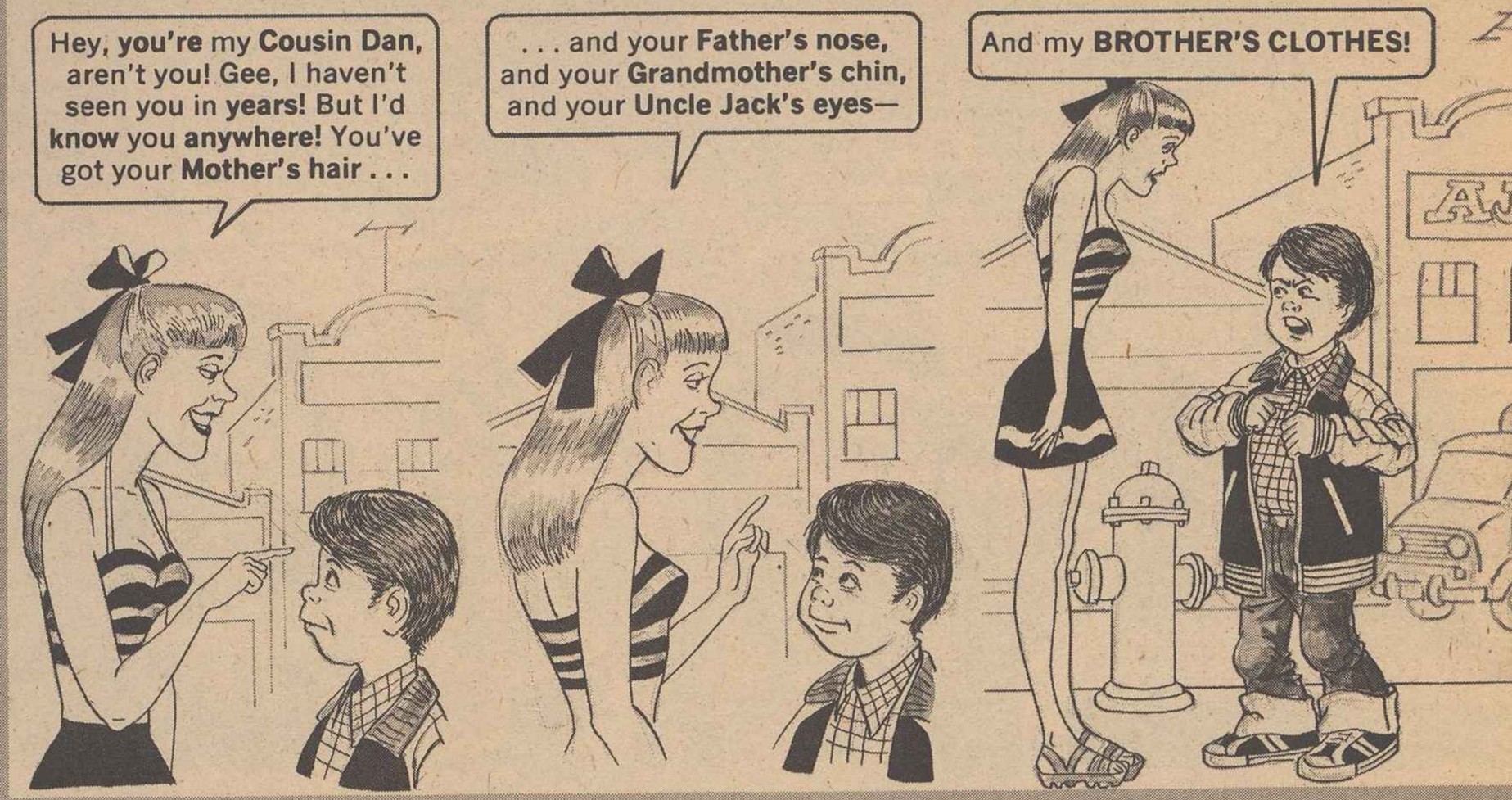


TRADITION

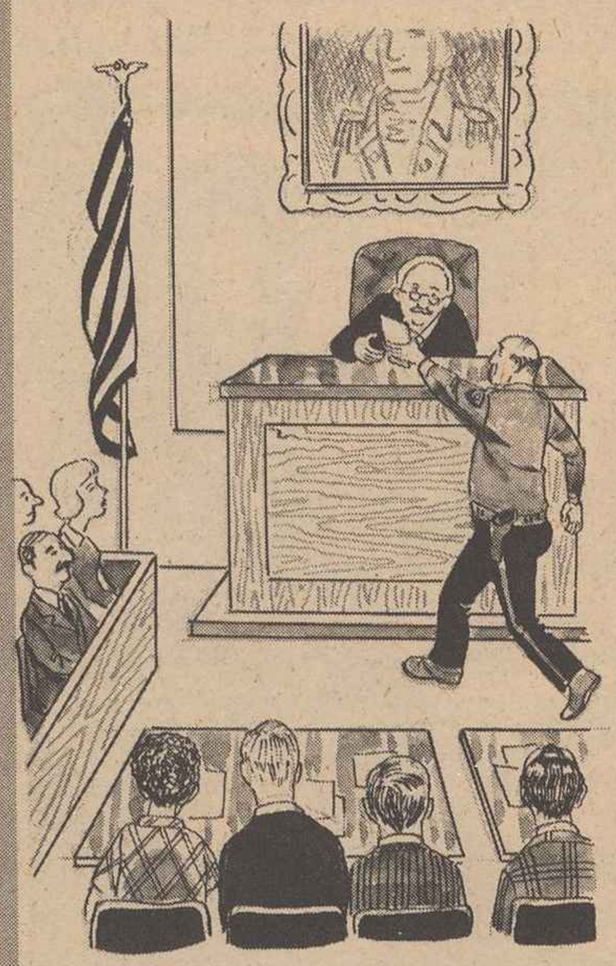


THE FAMILY





THE LAW

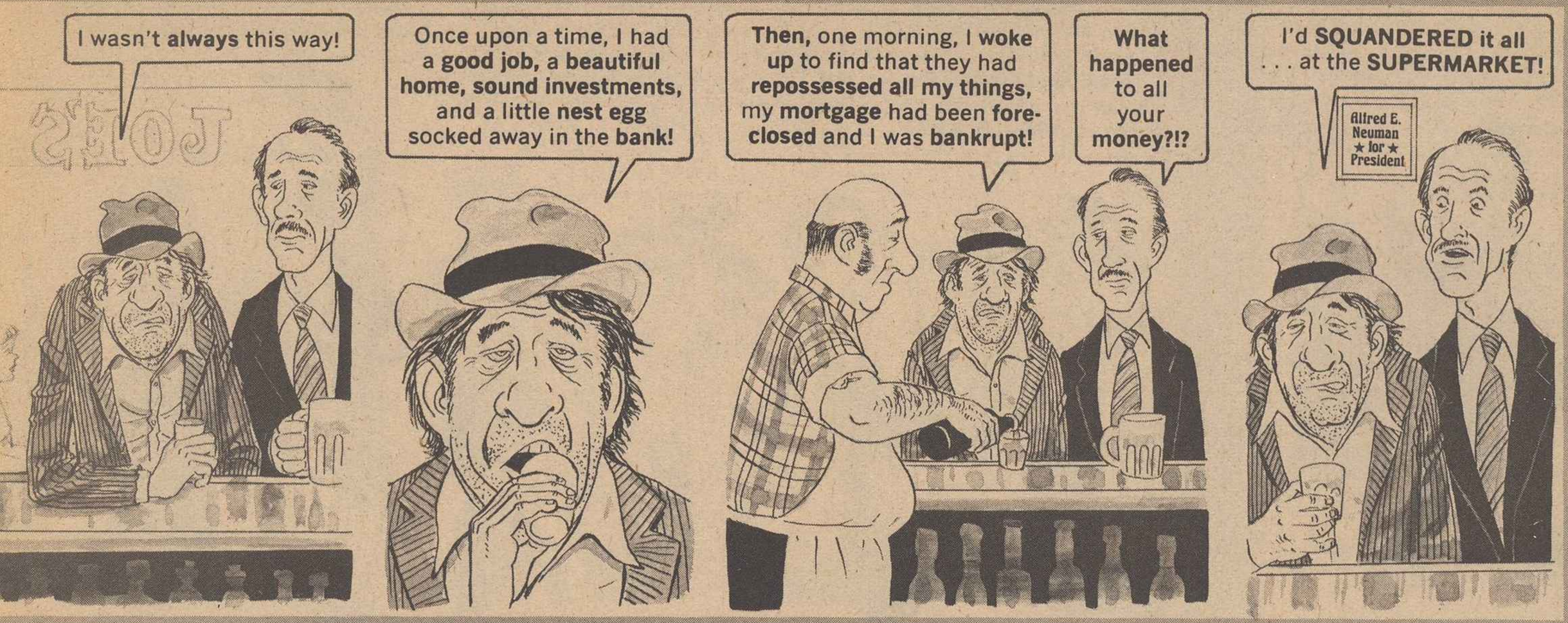


GIFT-GIVING





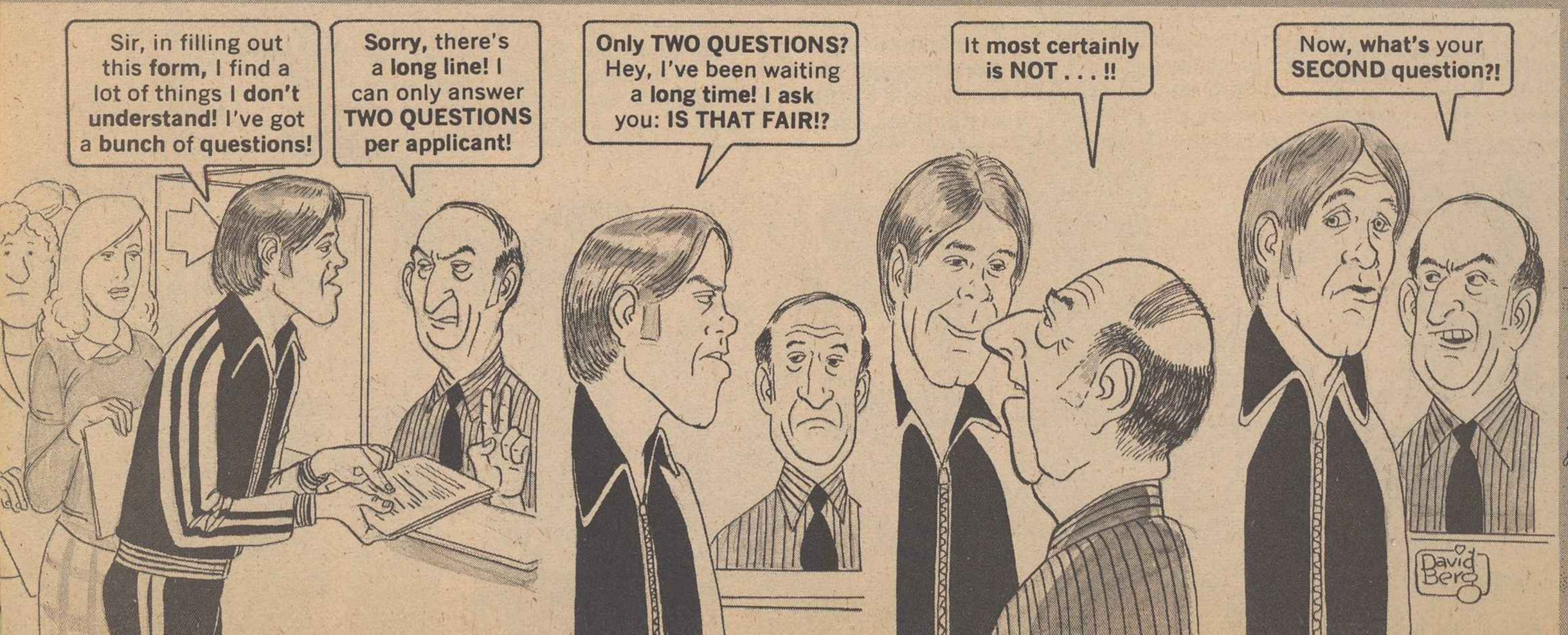
THE ECONOMY



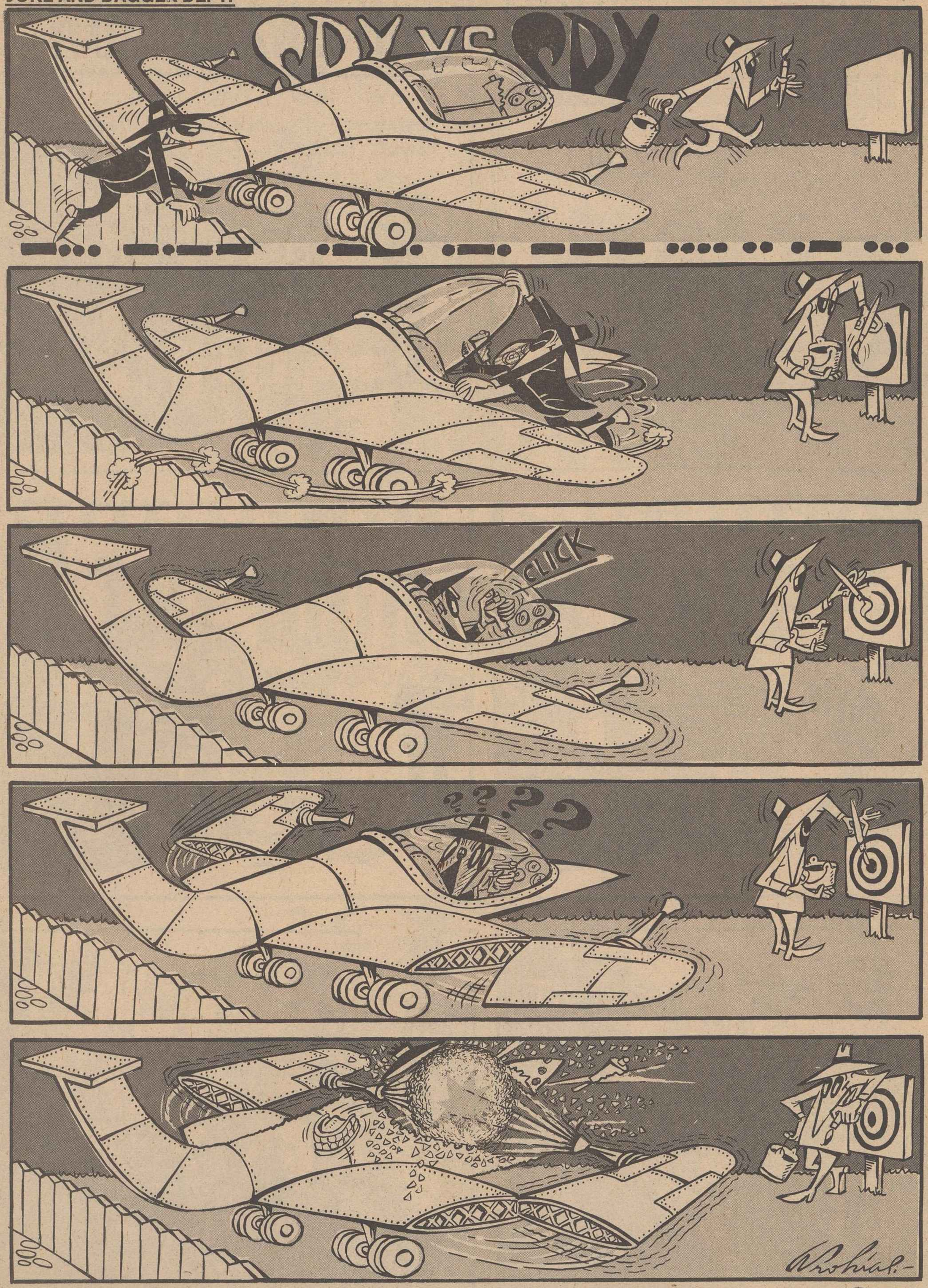
BUREAUCRACY



ATHLETICS

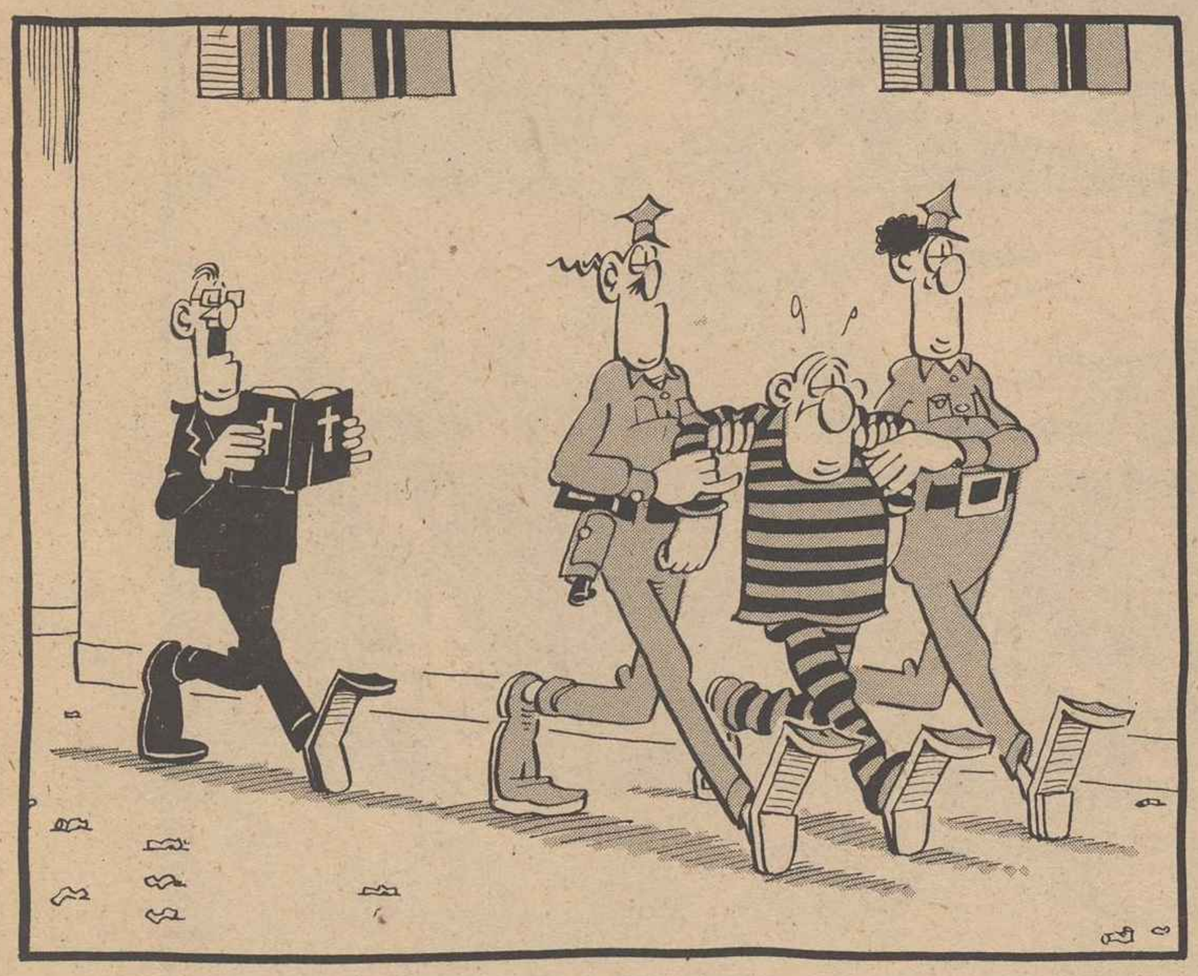


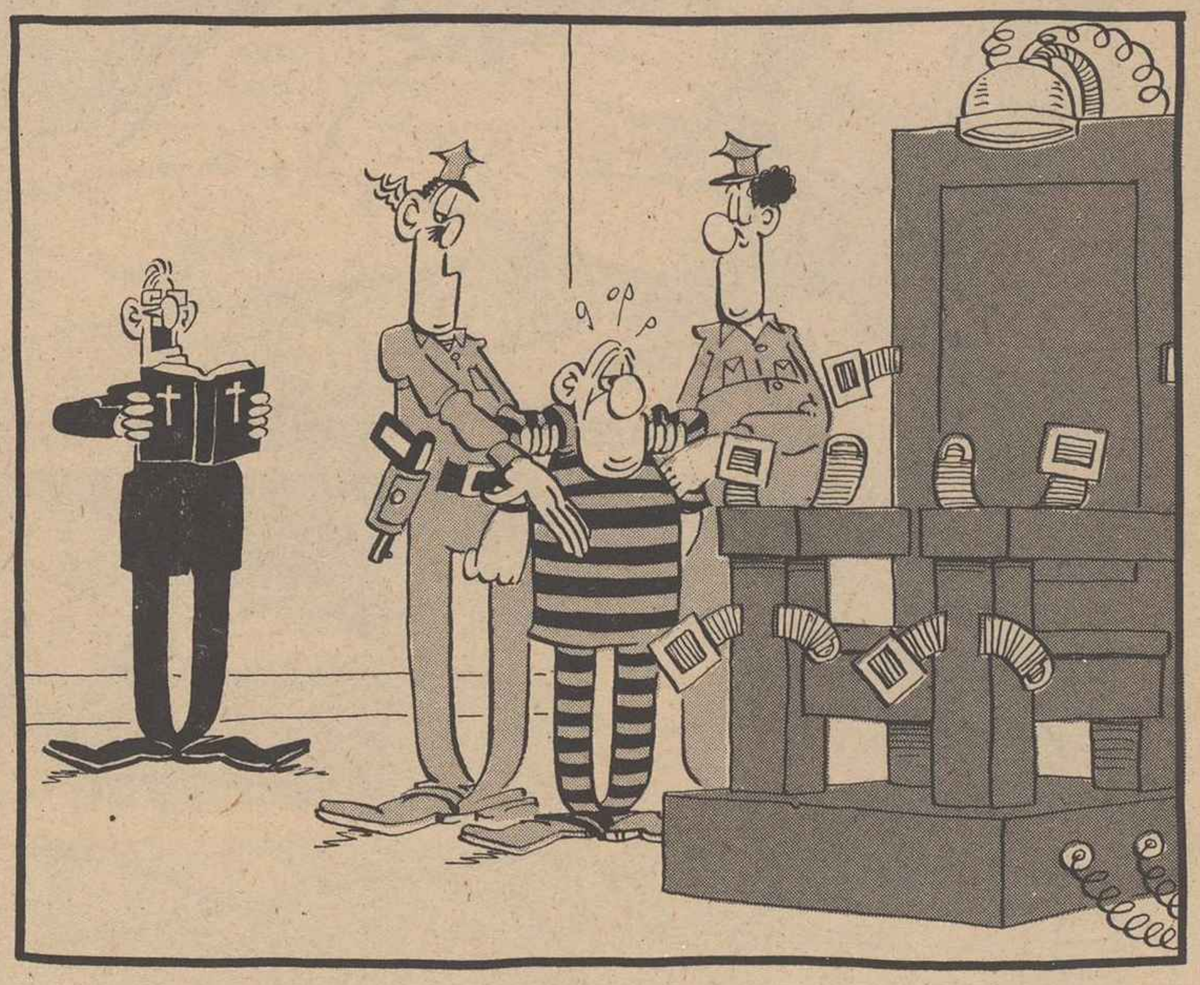
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

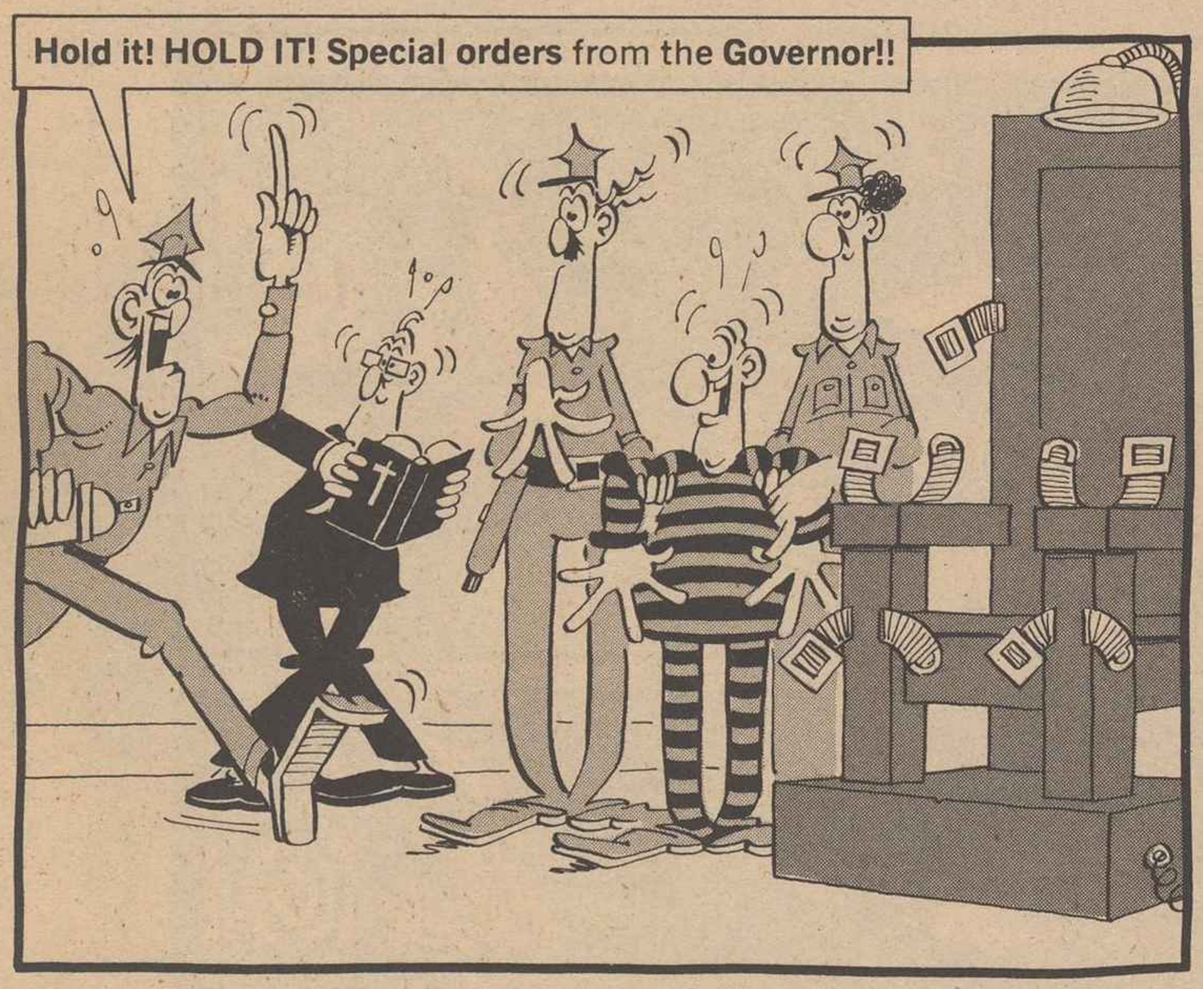


DON MARTIN DEPT.

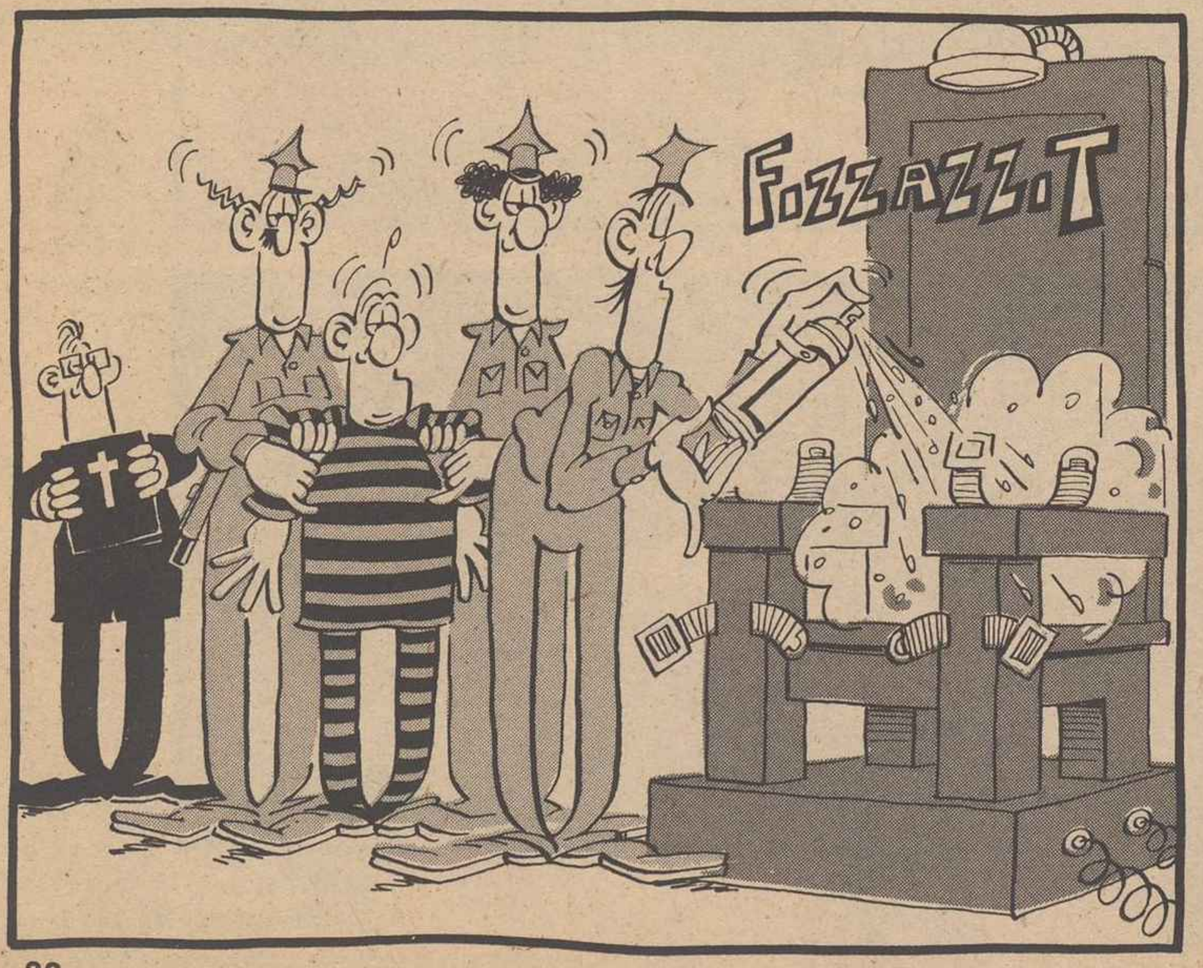
LATE ONE EVENING ON DEATH ROW















THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR TRILLS DEPT.

Want to make a successful "Musical"? Then take a novel like "Don Quixote" and turn it into "Man of La Mancha"...or take a play like "Pygmalion" and turn it into "My Fair Lady". Want to make an even *more* successful Musical? Then take fantastically successful movies...like "The Godfather"...and "Towering Inferno"...and "Jaws"...and turn *them* into Musicals! Which is exactly what we've done in this next article, wherein MAD proudly presents

NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE MOB'S ALL HERE

Based On "The Godfather"

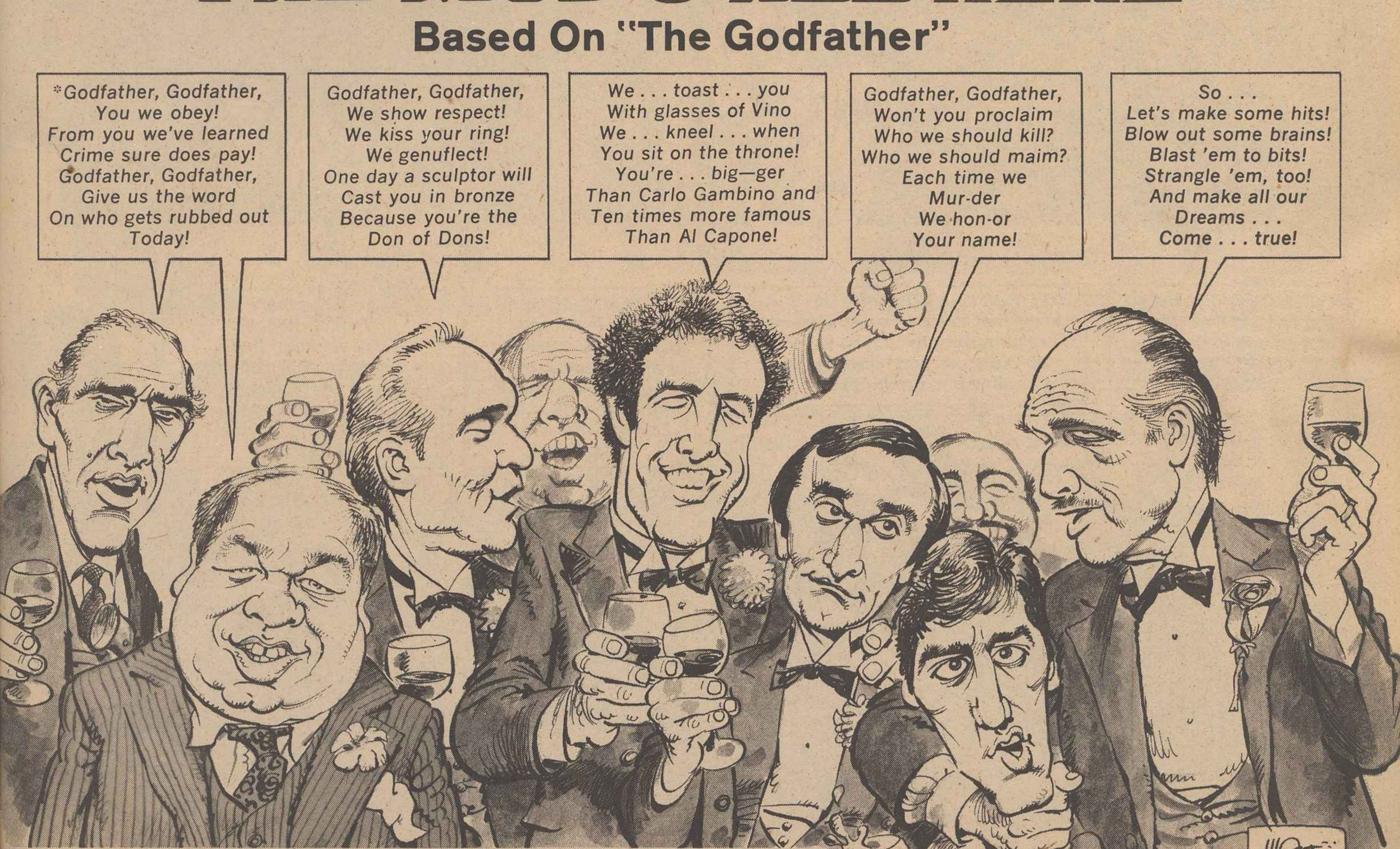
*Godfather, Godfather,
You we obey!
From you we've learned
Crime sure does pay!
Godfather, Godfather,
Give us the word
On who gets rubbed out
Today!

Godfather, Godfather,
We show respect!
We kiss your ring!
We genuflect!
One day a sculptor will
Cast you in bronze
Because you're the
Don of Dons!

We . . . toast . . . you
With glasses of Vino
We . . . kneel . . . when
You sit on the throne!
You're . . . big—ger
Than Carlo Gambino and
Ten times more famous
Than Al Capone!

Godfather, Godfather,
Won't you proclaim
Who we should kill?
Who we should maim?
Each time we
Mur-der
We hon-or
Your name!

So . . .
Let's make some hits!
Blow out some brains!
Blast 'em to bits!
Strangle 'em, too!
And make all our
Dreams . . .
Come . . . true!



*Sung to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

Ah, my sons! Sonny . . . a vicious psychopathic killer, and the light of my life! Fredo . . . weak and spineless, but he moves well with his left! And Michael . . . who repays my love with the one thing I can't stand . . . **DECENCY!**

But, **Pop!** All I **really** want is **"The Good Life!"**

Michael, as you'll **learn** from this **next number,** this **IS** "The Good Life!"

*Life is a treat
In the Mafia;
Rackets are sweet
In the Mafia;
Bigshots you'll meet
In the Mafia;
And how you'll eat
In the Mafia!

I think a young man should go straight!

How can you be such an in-grate?

I'm no be-liever in Mob rule!

I think you went to the wrong school!

*Sung to "I Like It Here In America"

You'll have it made
In the Mafia!
Be highly paid
In the Mafia!
Learn to "persuade"
In the Mafia!
That's a skilled trade
In the Mafia!

I want to work hard and go straight!

I can't conceive of a worse fate!

I'll make you proud of what I've done!

How could I have such a bad son?

You'll testify
In the Mafia!
Crimes you'll deny
In the Mafia!
You'll never fry
In the Mafia!
Judges we buy
In the Mafia!

I'll buy a business and go straight!

Join me! I'll buy you the whole State!

Rackets and dope just aren't my line!

Pack up and move, 'cause you're not mine!

Fellow Dons! I've called you here so that we can put an **end** to the **gang wars** and the **bloodshed!**

But why are we meeting **here** . . . in a **restaurant?**

You must be a **NEW Don!** Don't you know that there's something even **more important** to a Mafia Boss than all the **drugs** and **hijacking** and **gambling** and **prostitution** . . .?!?

What's **that?!**

FOOD!!

*Cold antipasto and
Hot minestrone,
Plates of lasagna and
Sliced provolone,
Cheese ravioli that's
Smothered with sauce—
This is a snack for a
Mafia Boss!

Shrimp marinara and
Veal scallopini,
Fried calamari that's
Served with zucchini,
Chewed while discussing our
Profit and loss—
This is a snack for a
Mafia Boss!

*Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"

When we're done here,
With our meet-ing . . .
And we've made our deal—
We'll all hurry home,
Ev'ry Mafia Boss,
And have a nice
Home-cooked
Meal!

Bowls of spaghetti washed
Down with Chianti,
Olives and eggplants and
Asti Spumante,
An—chovies in a big
Salad you toss—
This is the snack for a
Mafia Boss!

Chicken marsala and
Baked canelloni,
Café espresso and
Tasty spumoni,
Shared with a friend who
You'll soon double-cross—
This is the snack for a
Mafia Boss!

If there's troub-le
When we leave here,
And we wind up dead—
We're happy to know
As a Mafia Boss
That we'll never
Die . . .
Un—fed!

The **OLD** Godfather is **DEAD!**

Long live the **NEW Godfather!**

Already, he's wiped out **three rival mobs,** bought control of **Las Vegas,** killed his **own brother,** and squeezed out a **SECOND "Godfather" Picture!**

Yeah, but I hear he may **retire!**

ME . . . retire?! I'm heading where the **REAL crime** is . . . where I can boss **really BIG crooks!**

Hey! Where's **that?**

In **POLITICS!!** First, I'll be **Governor,** then **Senator,** and in a few years . . . **PRESIDENT!** And before long . . .

*I'll raise the income tax by billions!
Hoo-boy, my take will really climb—
I'll pull the cash in,
Or heads I'll bash in
To satisfy my itch for crime!

TWO HOODS WITH EVERY CAR

NEW YORK FOR THE GODFATHER

PRESIDENT

GODFATH

*Sung to the tune of "Get Me To The Church On Time"

I'll shake the British down for millions!
Squeeze till the Swiss don't have a dime—
Sell France protection,
Make my collection,
And satisfy my itch for crime!

With all this pow-er,
I just can't lose;
I'll make them of-fers
That they can't
Refuse!

I'll fill the Senate with Sicilians—
They'll follow orders ev'ry time;
No Feds will stop me—
No mob can top me—
I'll satisfy my itch—

At last I'll satisfy my itch . . . for crime!

He'll satisfy his itch—

THE SHARK AND I

Based On "Jaws"

*To scream the incredible scream—
To cry the hysterical cry—
To shriek—while a shark drags you under—
To know that you're going to—**ARGGHHH!!!**

*Sung (briefly) to "The Impossible Dream"

Chief . . . as the town's leading **businessmen,** we want you to put an **end** to these **SHARK RUMORS!**

RUMORS . . . ?!? A girl's been **KILLED!!** How **many** deaths can this island **take?**

Of **PEOPLE . . . plenty!** Or our **BUSINESSES . . . none!** You see—

REAL ESTATE

NO SWIMMING
BEACH CLOSED
By Order Vomity P.D.

THE DELI SHOP

*Ten thousand tourists soon
Will disembark here;
The money that they're
Spending means a lot;
To tell them there's a great
Big hungry shark here
Is tommyrot!

It's possible in seaweed
She was strangled;
A lobster may have
Killed her on the spot;
To claim that by a shark
The girl was mangled
Is tommyrot!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
She
may have
died
inside a
whale!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
Or
met
a
vicious
snail!

She may have tried to swim right after eating;
Or met a giant clam, if you prefer;
The flu she may have got—
It's going 'round a lot!
To say a shark has
Made a meal of her . . .
Is . . . tom-my . . . rot!

*Sung to the tune of "Camelot"

Hooper . . . you're an **Oceanographer** and an **expert** on **sharks!** I want a **detailed, scientific explanation** of **shark behavior!**

It's **very complicated,** but I'll **try . . .**

*JAWS —a mouth, a great big mouth!

TEETH —those things that kind of crunch!

BITE —the way sharks say "Hello"!

US —his fav'rite quickie lunch!

BLOOD which turns the ocean red!

CHOMP —which makes a swimmer pause!

GLUB —which means the shark's been fed!

Which brings us back to JAWS!

*Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"

Men, the shark is closing in for his **attack!** Does everyone know what he's **supposed to do?**

I'm going to lower myself into the **water** and **stab** him with a **poisoned harpoon . . .** the **odds** of bringing this off being **100,000-to-1!**

I'm going to get **sea-sick,** after which I'll **crouch,** frozen in **fear,** while the shark tears our **boat** in **half!**

Boy, am I **sorry** I **asked!**

THE SHARK'S GOT ME! KILL HIM, MAN! Kill Him!!

*I have never felt such great fear before;
I have also never sung to sharks out here before;
This one's out to kill,
And I'm sure he will,
'Cause I'm here in the sea where they live!

Hear me pray to God
To deliver us!
For by now you should have learned
Sharks are carnivorous!
If he gets to me,
Very dead I'll be,
Stuck out here in the sea
Where they live!

And, oh . . .
That wi-ild sensation,
When I see . . .
His body explode!
And, oh . . .
The realization
To know I didn't have to
Take time to re-load!

All those floating bits
Once were jaws out there,
Not to mention vital parts of
Robert Shaw's out there!
Through the blood-drenched foam
I . . . shall swim back home,
Far away from the sea
Where they live!

BAM!

BAM!

*Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"

GO TO BLAZES!

Based On "The Towering Inferno"

Welcome to the **Grand Opening** of **The Glass Tower!** I know you're **burning** with curiosity and **aflame** with excitement! So let me **tell** you—

*We could not wait
To ded-i-cate
This great enormous
Spire!
The show we've got
Is really hot,
'Cause the
Building is on
Fire!

On
fire!
On
fire!
The
building
is
on
fire!

It's really grand
That you're on hand
In all your fine
Attire!
A barb-e-cue
We've planned for you,
'Cause we
Can't put out the
Fire!

The
fire!
The
fire!
They
can't
put out
the
fire!

We're very high
Up in the sky;
No building reaches
Higher!
I'm sure no one
Will eat and run
'Cause we're
Trapped here in the
Fire!

The
fire!
The
fire!
We're
trapped
here
in the
fire!

*Sung to the tune of "They Call The Wind Mariah"

The flames, I fear,
Will soon be near,
And then we will perspire;
I'll share my can
Of Ultra-Ban
While we die here in the fire!

The fire!
The fire!
We'll
die here
in the
fire!

Where did the fire **start . . . ?**

In the **Acme Turpentine Co.!**

THAT's no problem!

Then it spread to the **Ajax Cigarette Lighter Fluid Co.!**

And **THAT's** no problem!

And now it's headed for the residence of a **Mrs. O'Leary,** who owns a **cow!**

Now **THAT** could be a **problem!**

BOOM!

You look **sad,** dear! Are you **upset** by the **burning up** of your **building?**

No . . . by the **fizzling out** of my **career!**

*Inferno! I'm cast in this Awful inferno! Can anyone believe They've billed me Under Steve McQueen?

Inferno! We'll both make it Through this inferno! I'll lay you 8-to-5 The top stars Will survive The scene!

Inferno! See the flames lighting up San Francisco!

While us lesser-paid stars fry like Crisco!

Inferno! We're stuck in this dreadful inferno!

*Sung to the tune of "Maria"

Hey, fellah! I wonder if you could do me a **favor?**

I'm falling **100 stories to my death,** and **you** want **me** to do you a **favor?!?**

Yeah! When you pass the **flames** shooting out of the **47th floor,** try to work up some **SPIT!!**

We made it! **We survived the fire!**

Listen to that crowd **cheer** us!

Hey! **That's no ordinary crowd!** That's **Charlton Heston** . . . and **Ava Gardner** of **"Earthquake"!**

And **Gene Hackman** and **Ernest Borgnine** of **"The Poseidon Adventure"!**

And **Burt Lancaster** of **"Airport"!** And **Charlton Heston . . . AGAIN** . . . of **"Airport '75"!**

Sorry, kids! We're **not cheering YOU!**

We're cheering these **Disaster Movies** that are **prolonging** our **careers!**

*Burn up big buildings! Plant bombs in planes! Go for dev-a-sta-tion! That's what en-ter-tains!

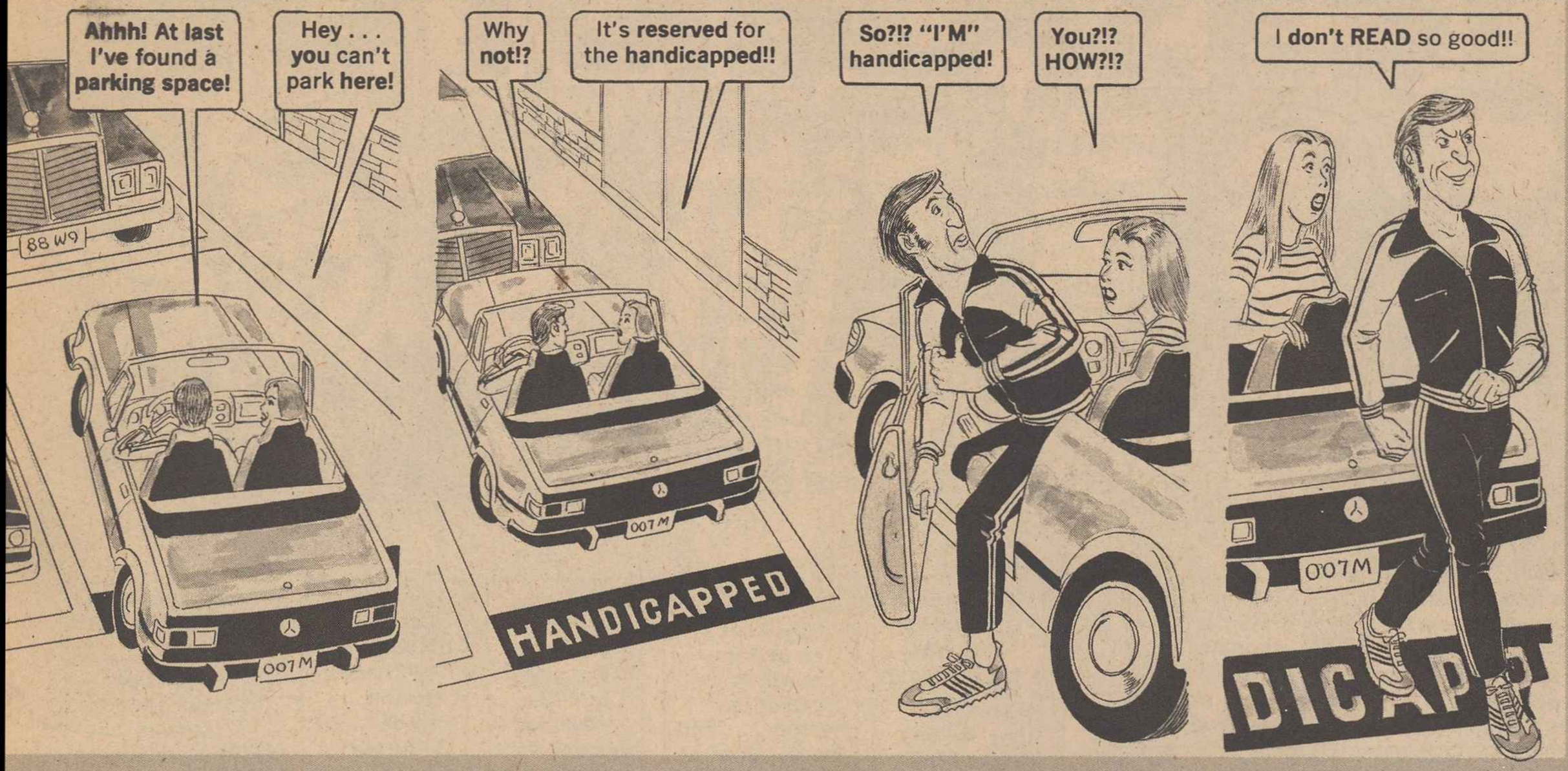
Show ocean lin-ers Turned up-side down! Fake a gi-ant earthquake Lev-el-ling a town!

Ev'ry studio knows What the public expects— A ri-di-cu-lous plot With great spec-ial effects!

Stick with dis-as-ter! Rake in the cash! You may lose the crit-ics— But . . . you'll . . . have . . . a . . . smash!

*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain"

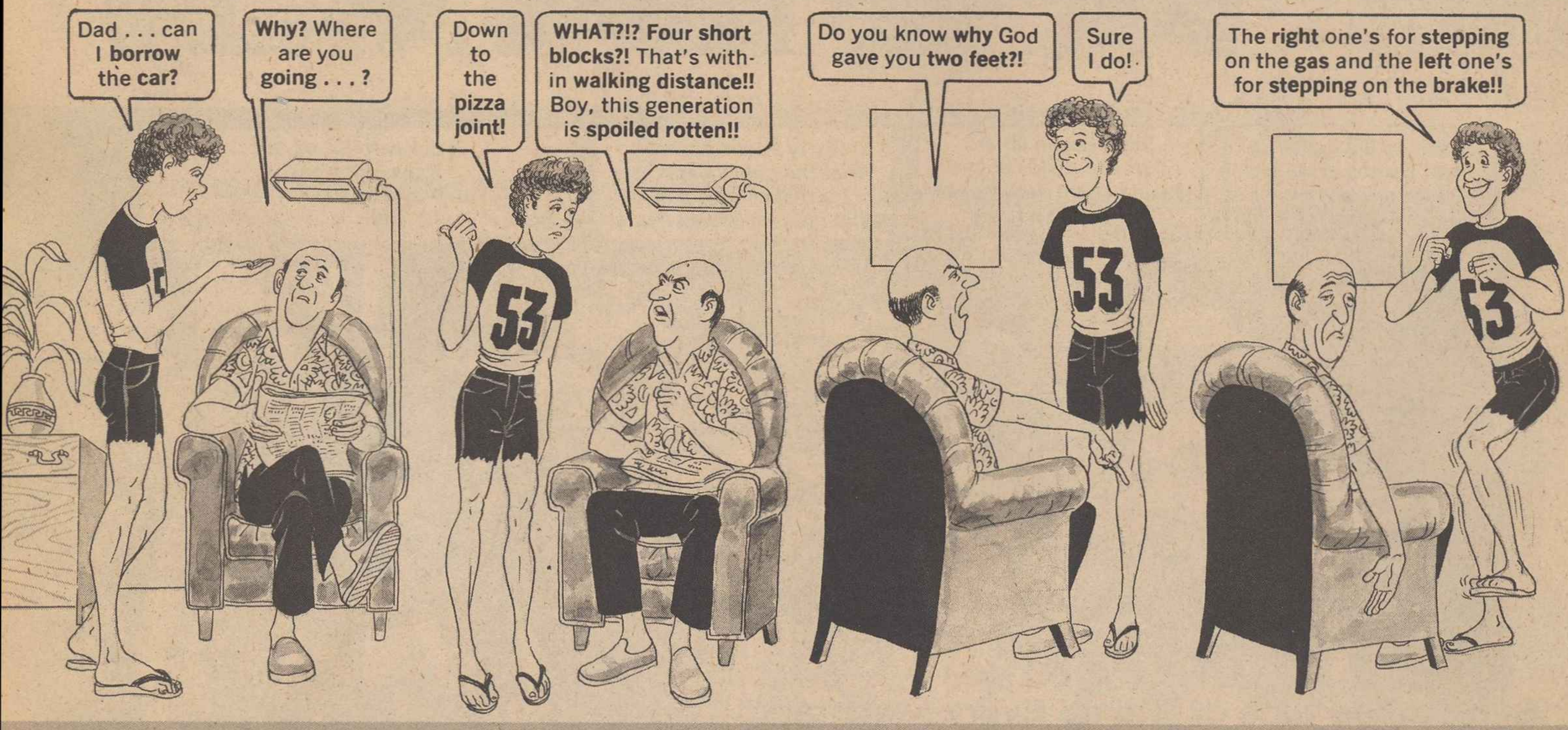
PARKING



BERG's-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

THE CAR





GRANDPARENTS





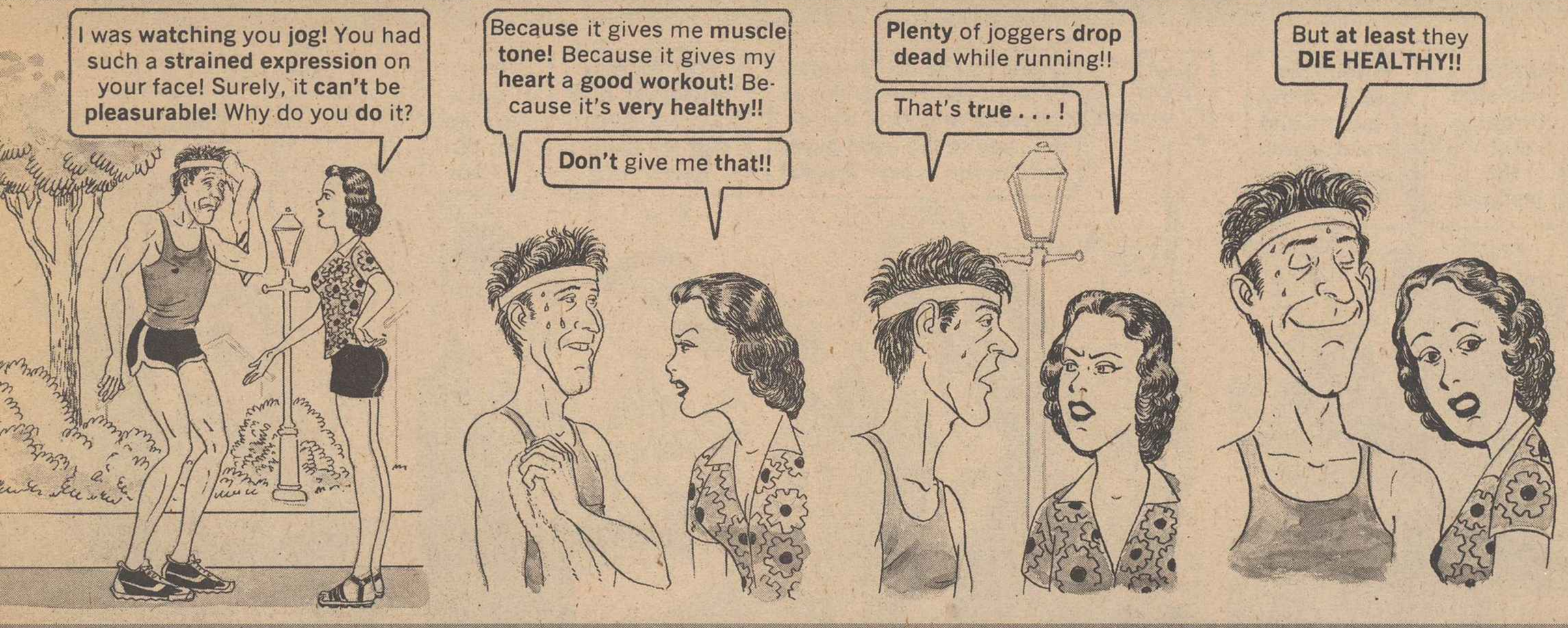
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

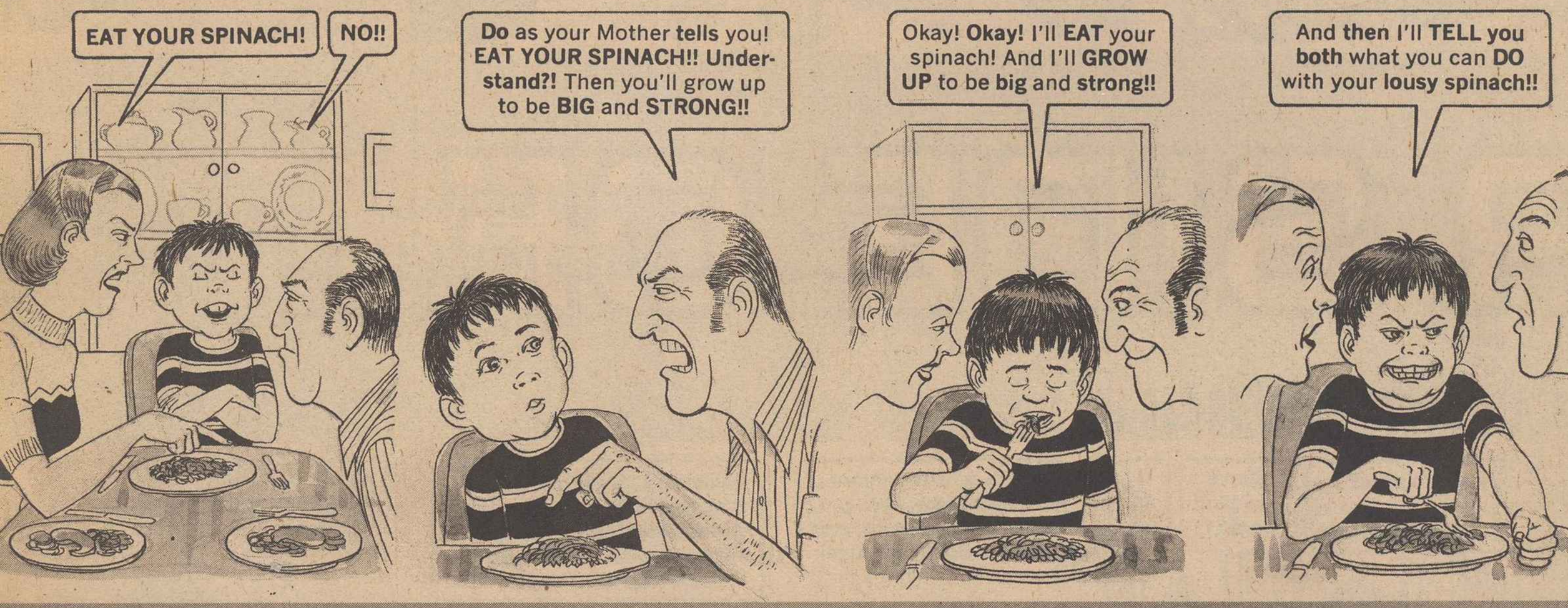
CONFESSIONS



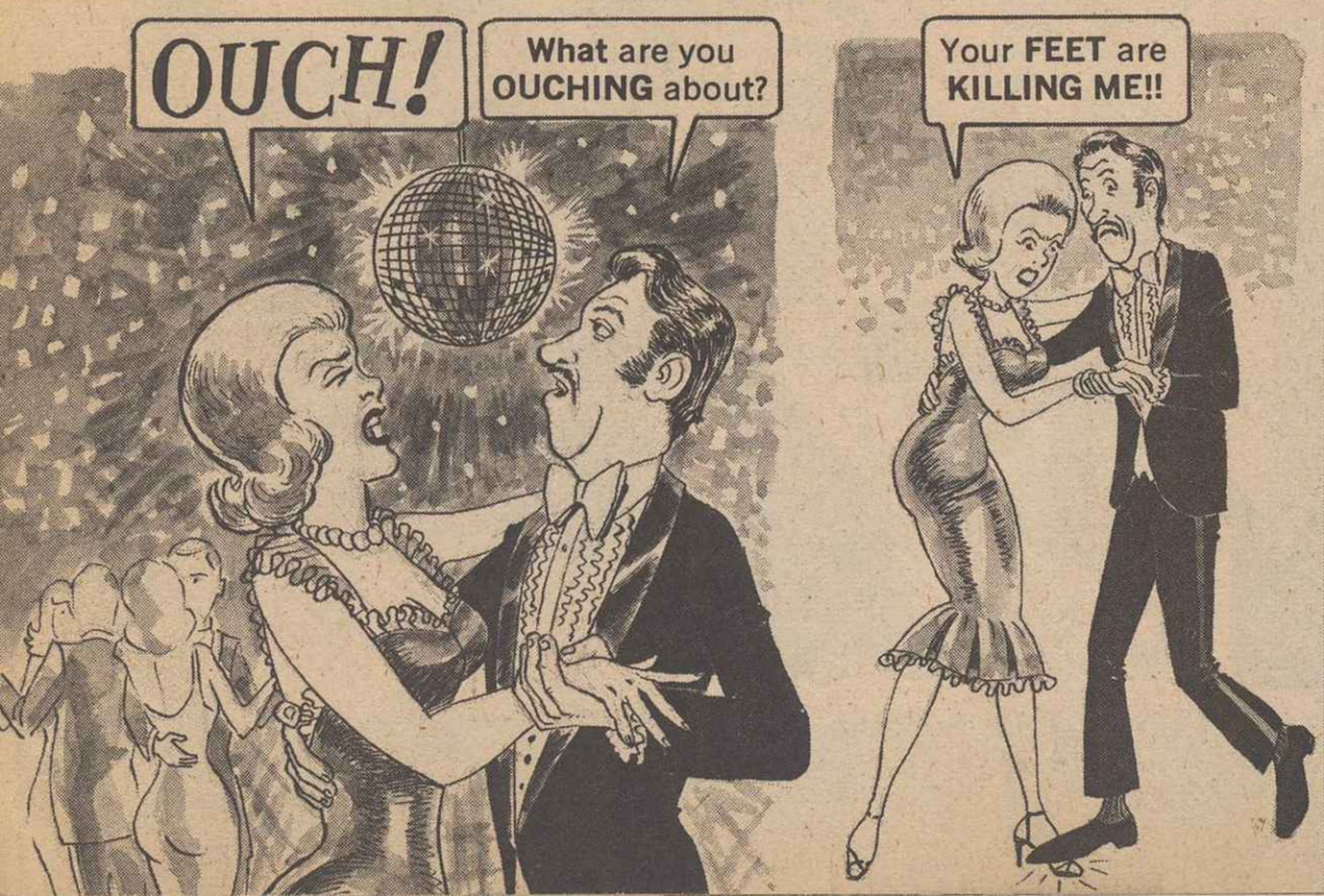
JOGGING



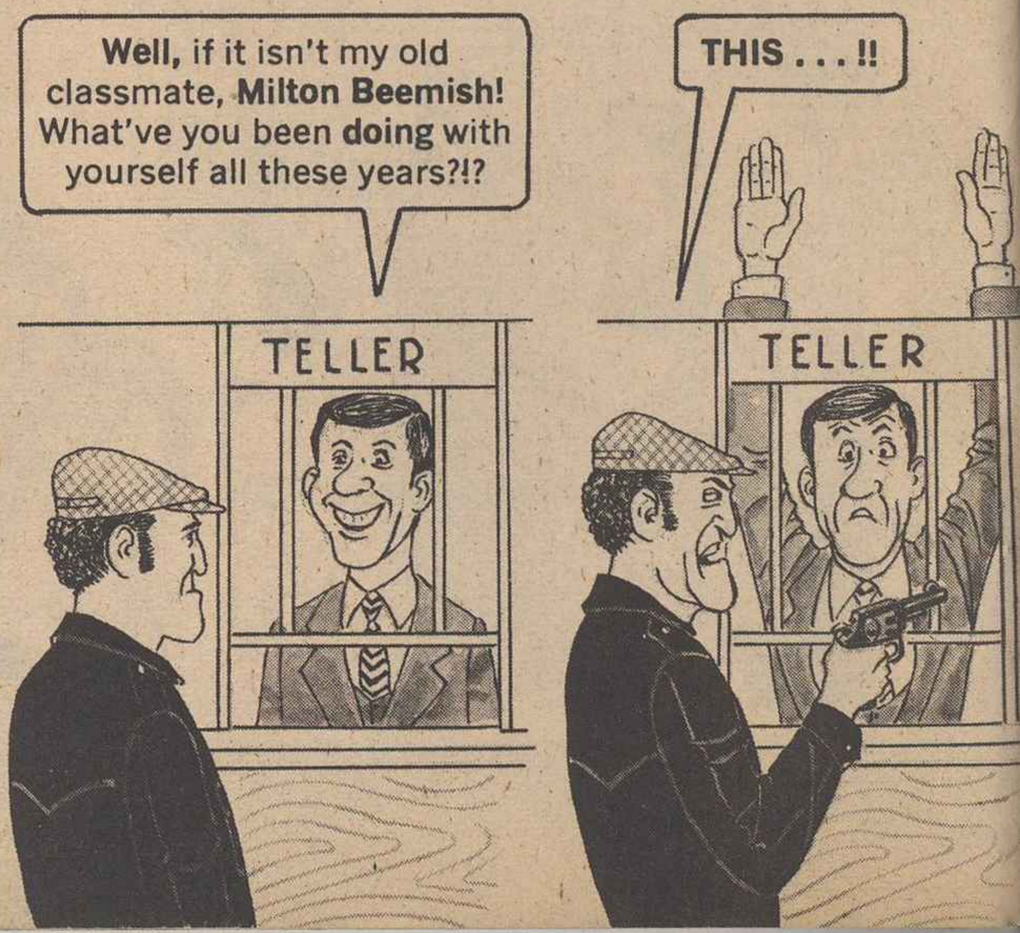
EATING



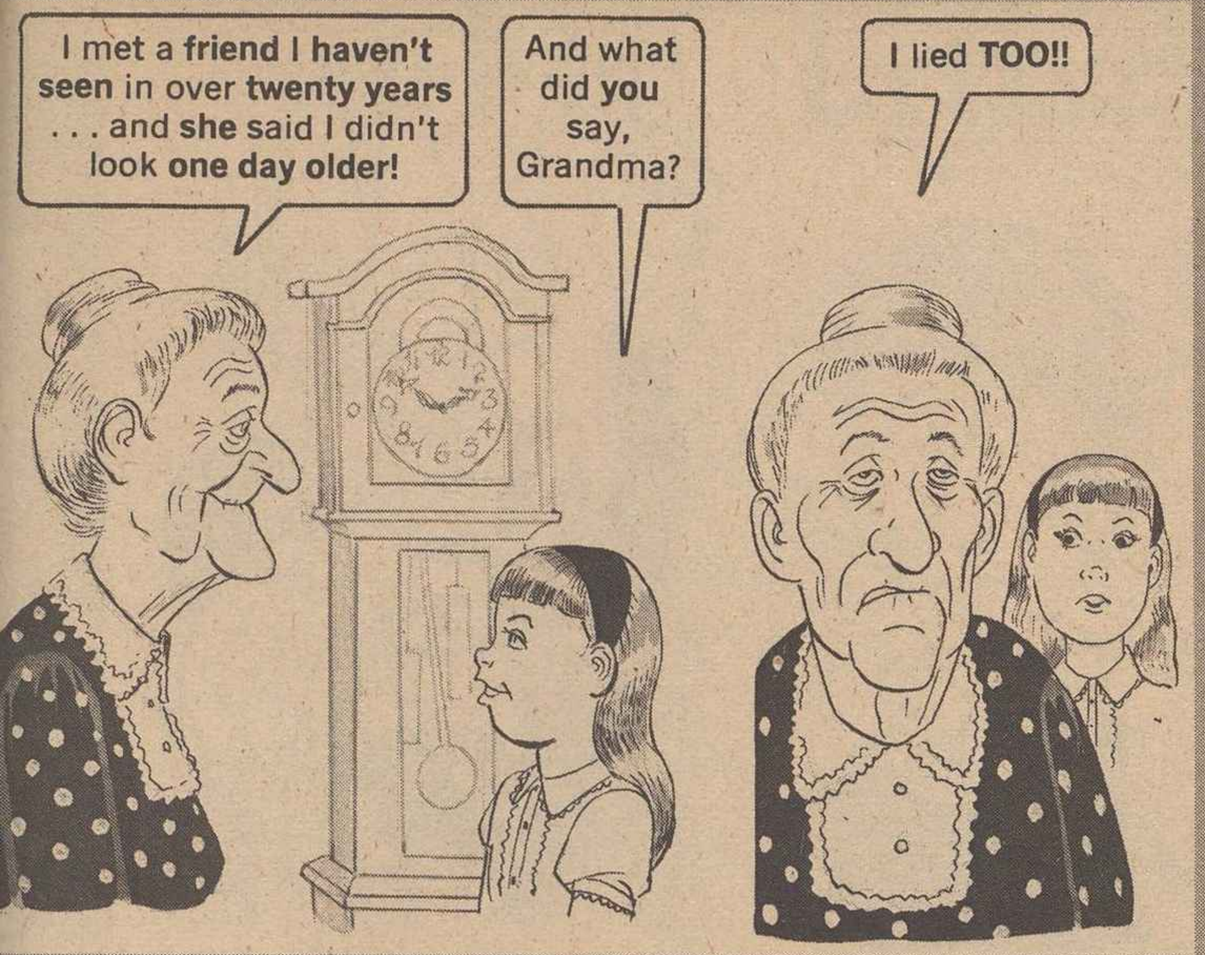
DANCING



REUNIONS



OLD FRIENDS



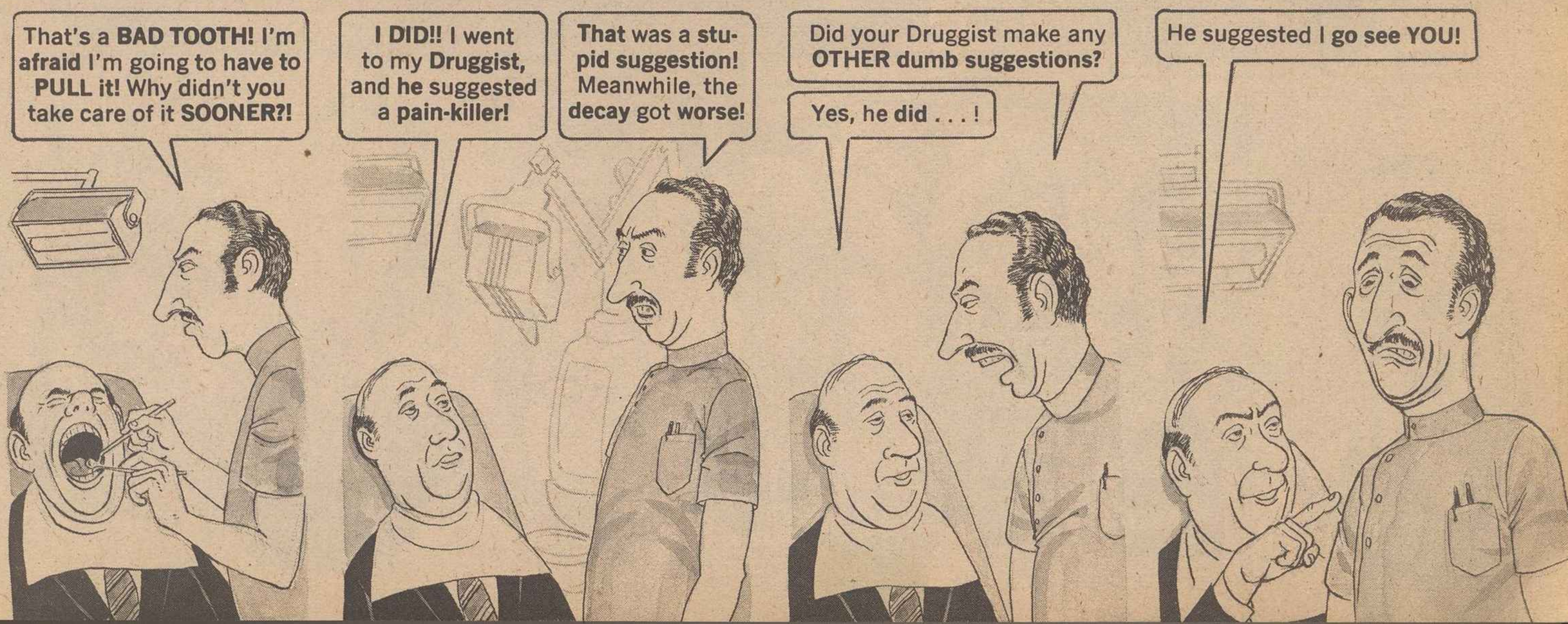
THE ECONOMY



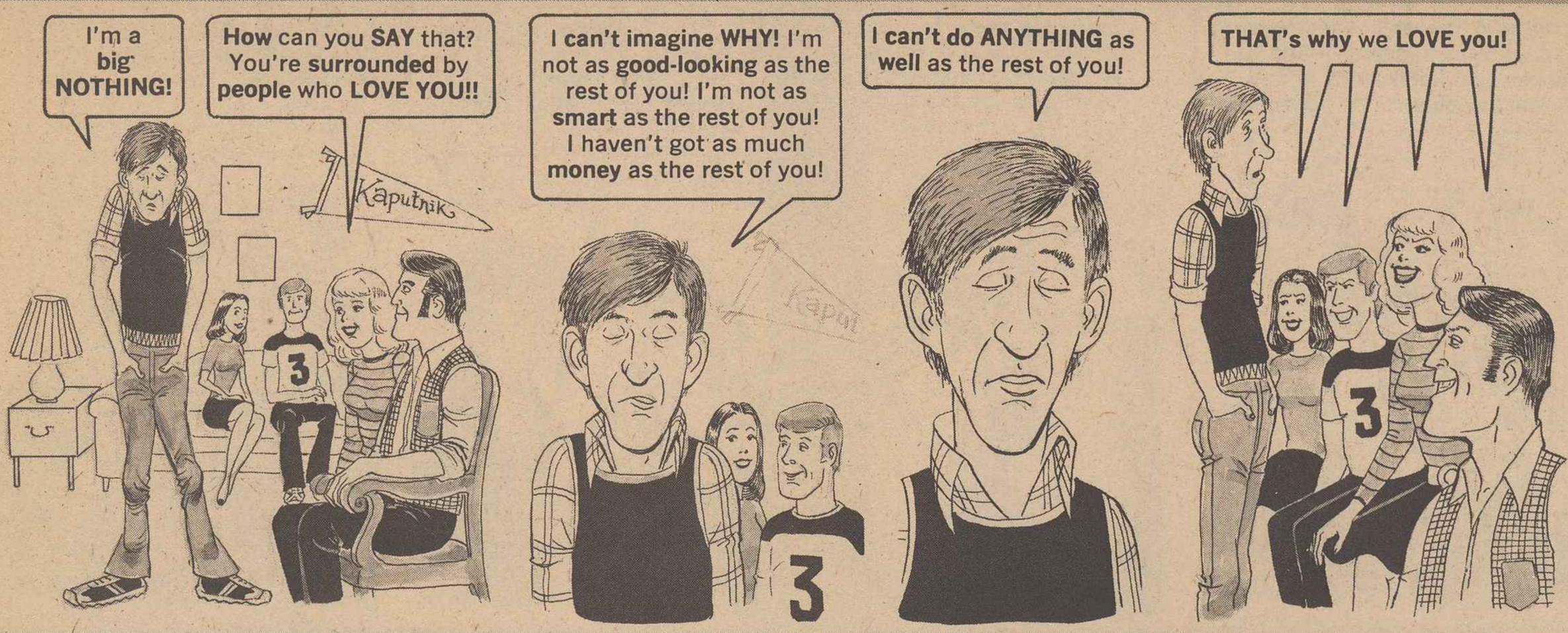
HOSPITALITY



THE DENTIST



RELATIONSHIPS



TEENAGERS



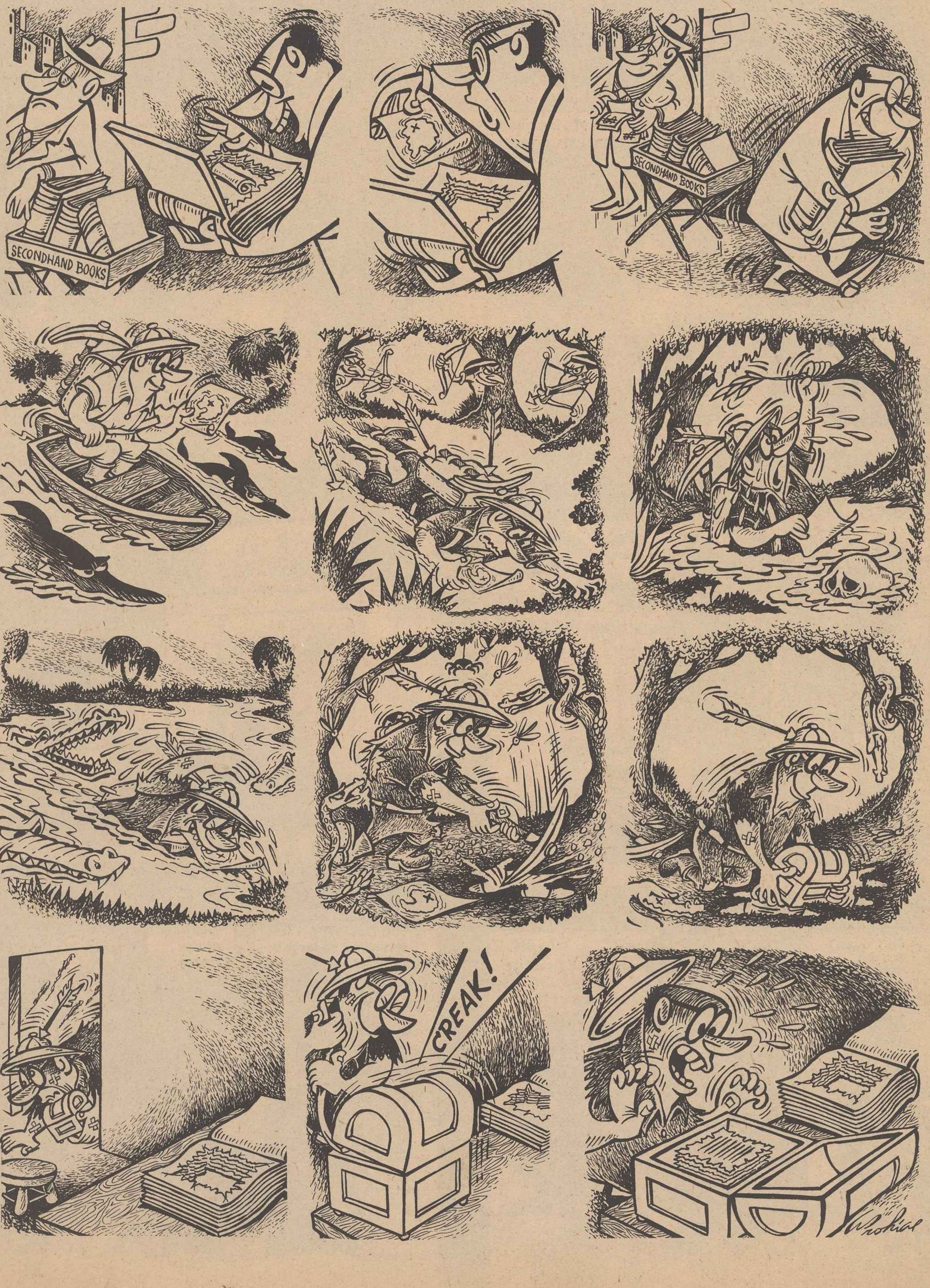
MEALS



FINDERS, WEEPERS DEPT.

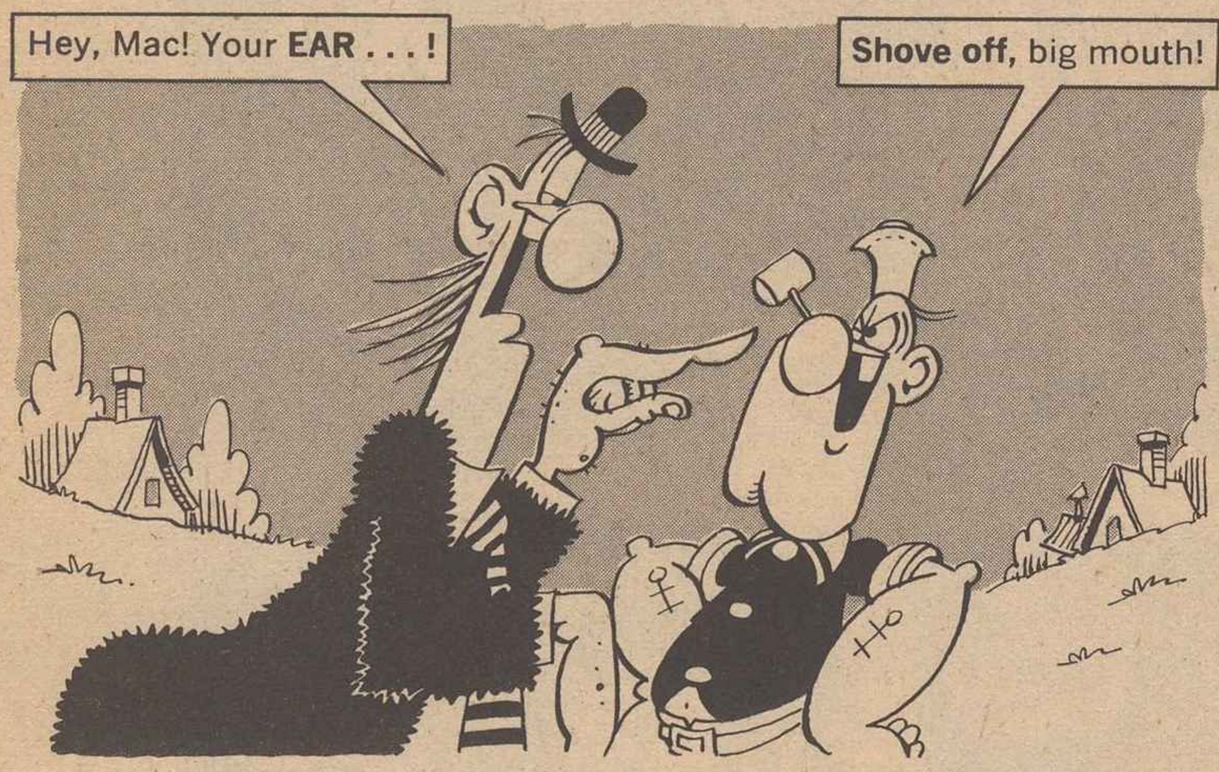
THE TREASURE MAP

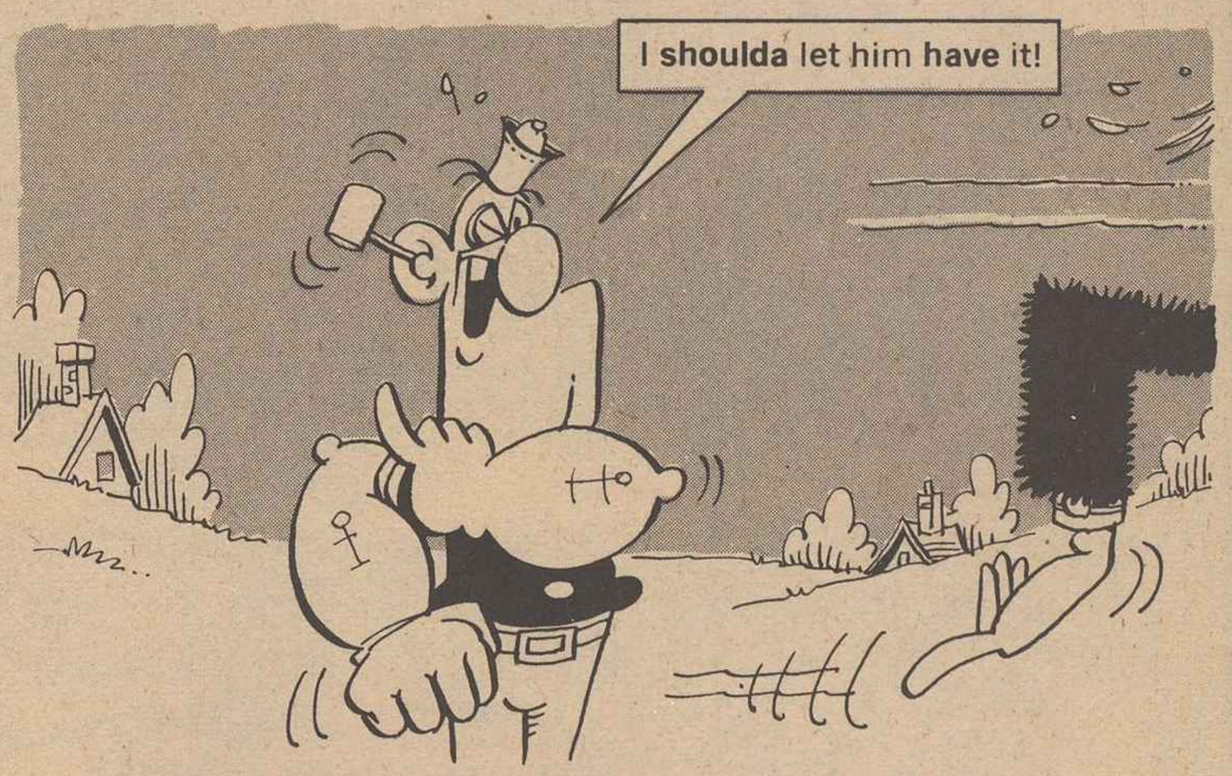
ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS

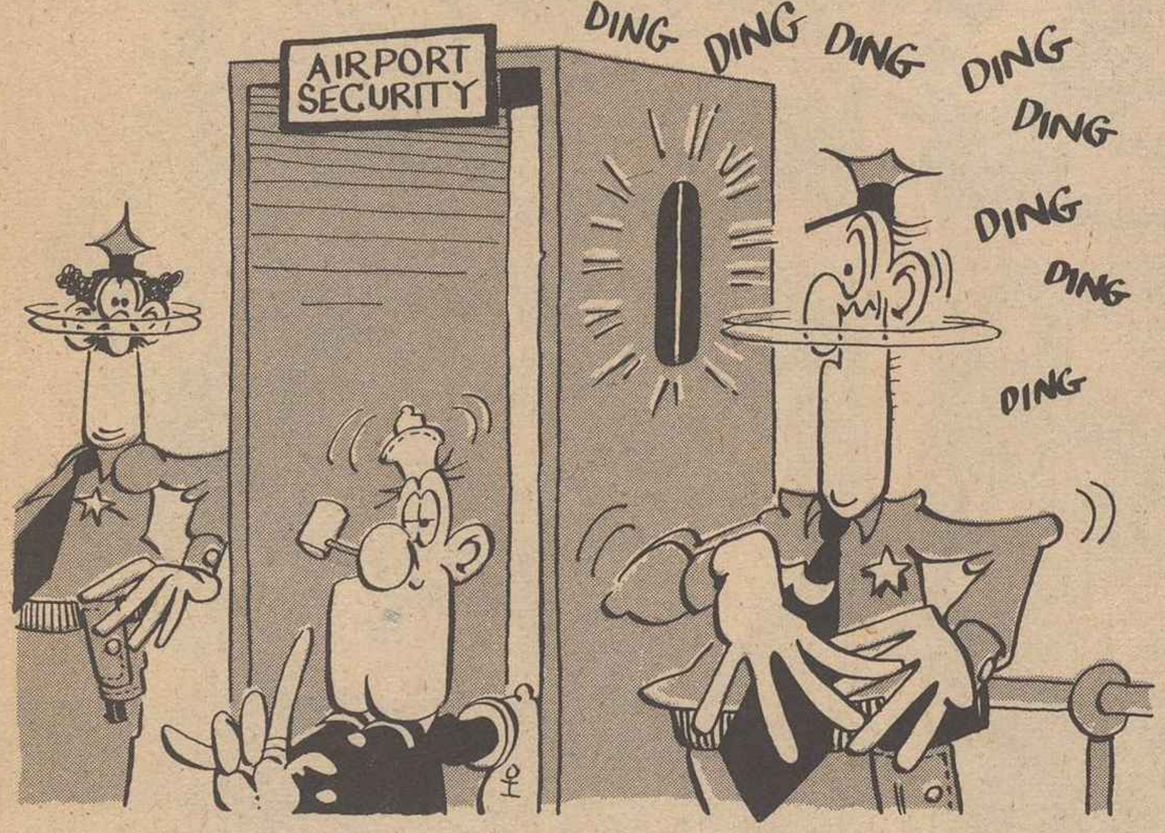


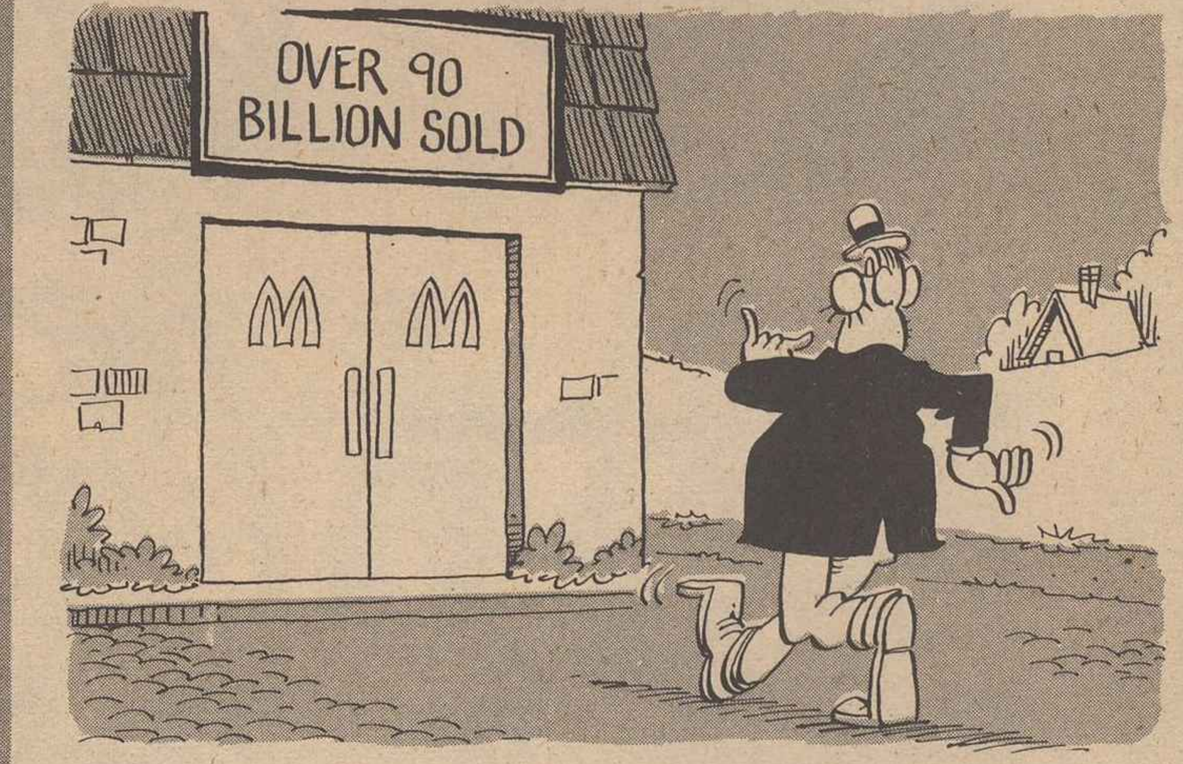
SAILOR MAN-SLAUGHTER DEPT.

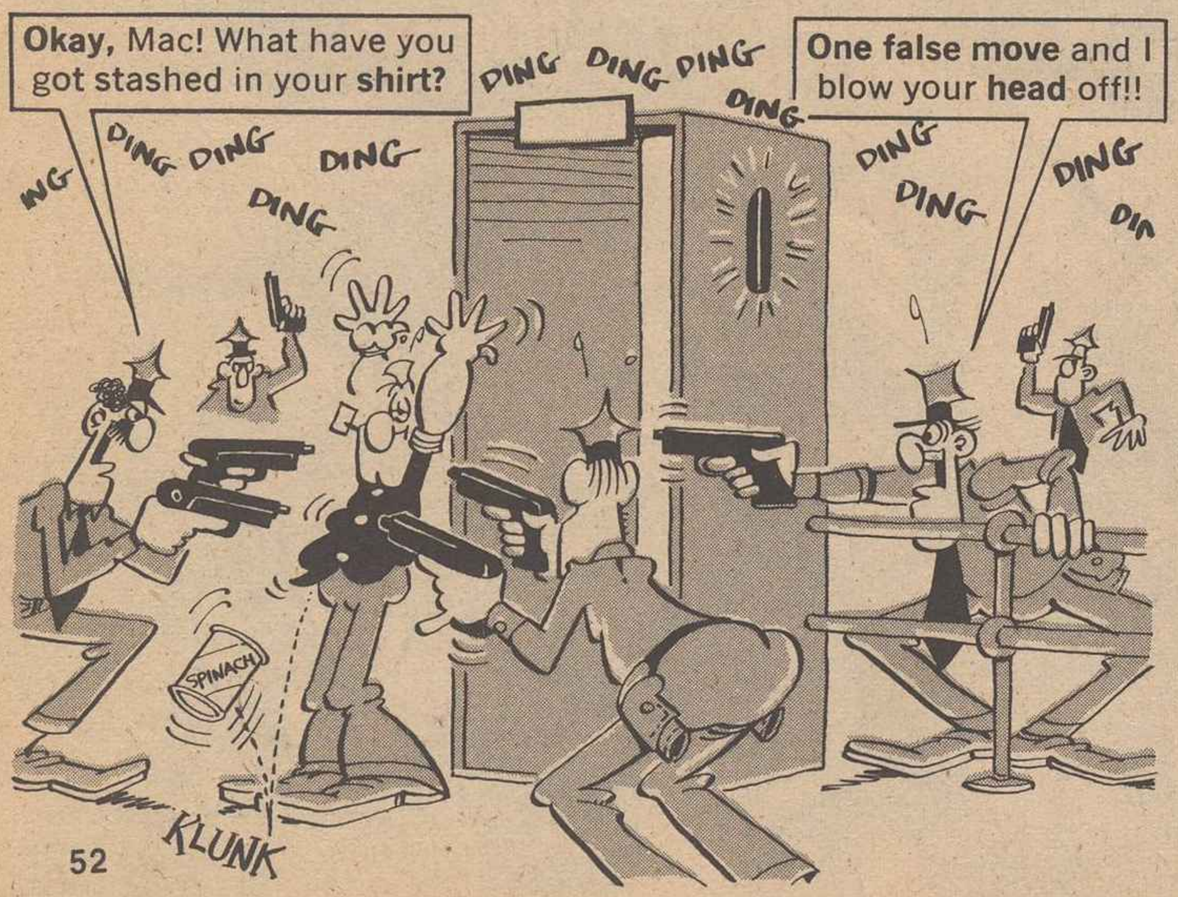
DON MARTIN

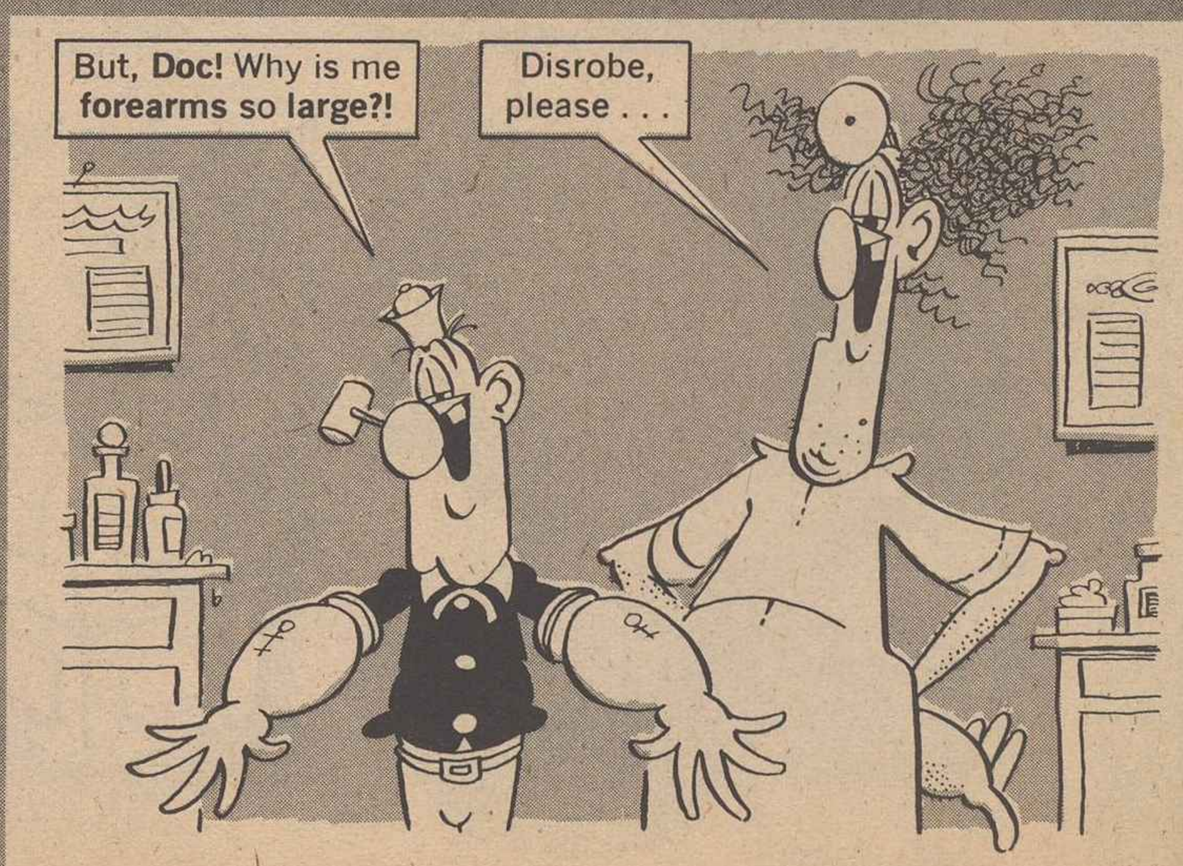




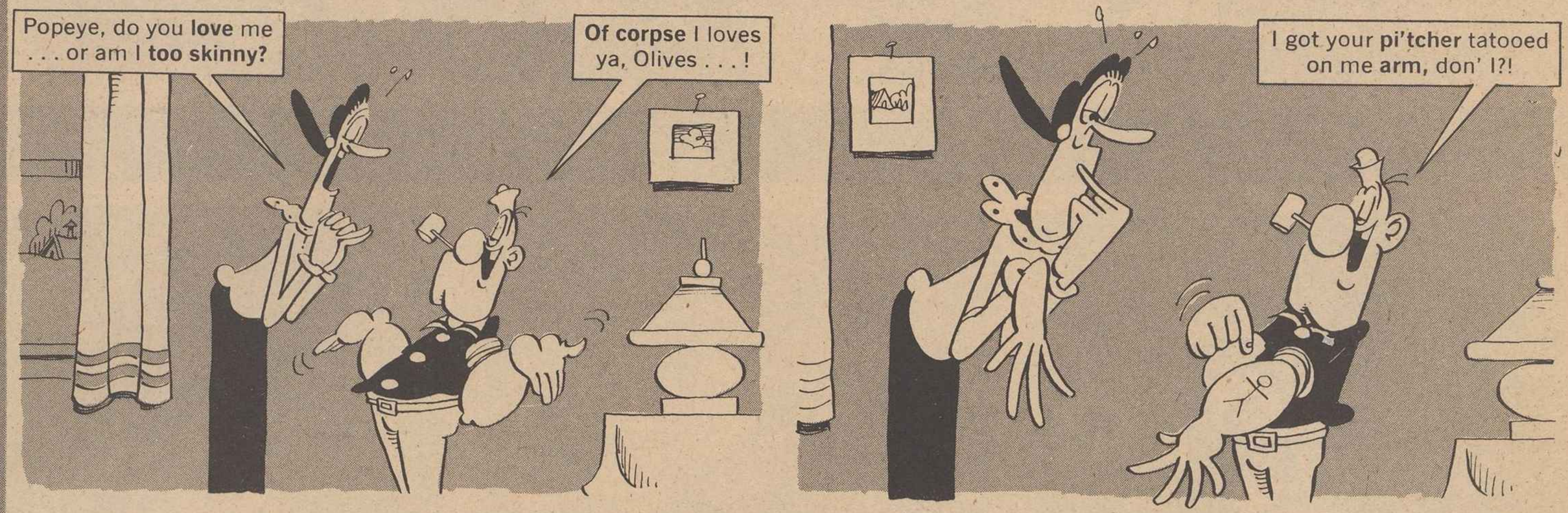


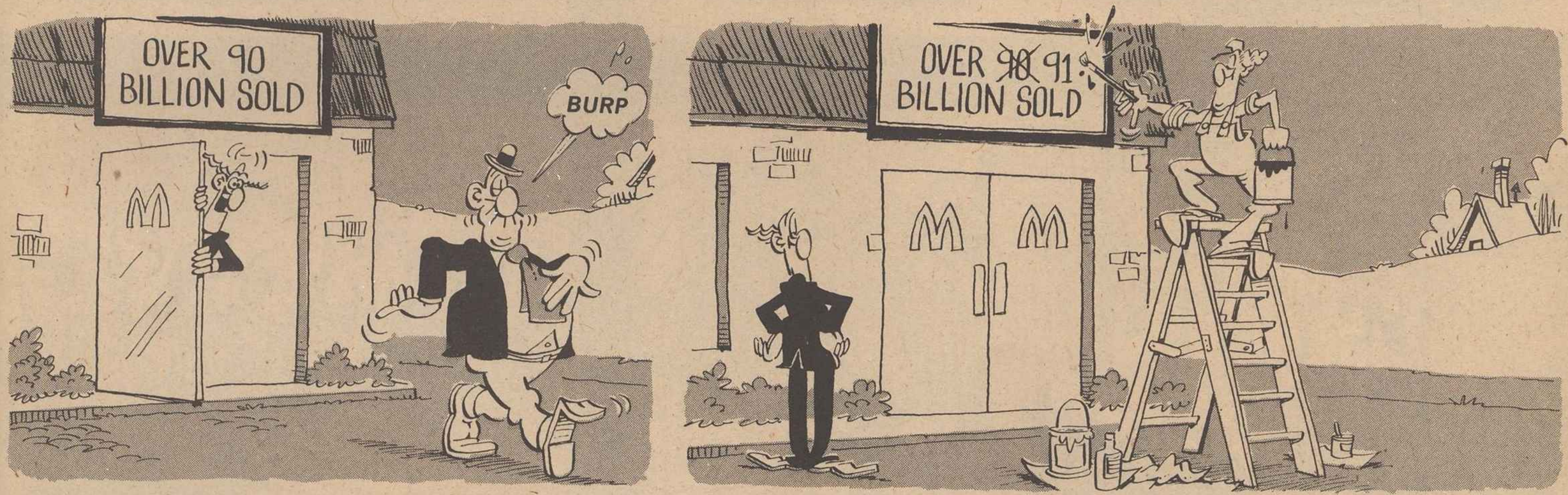


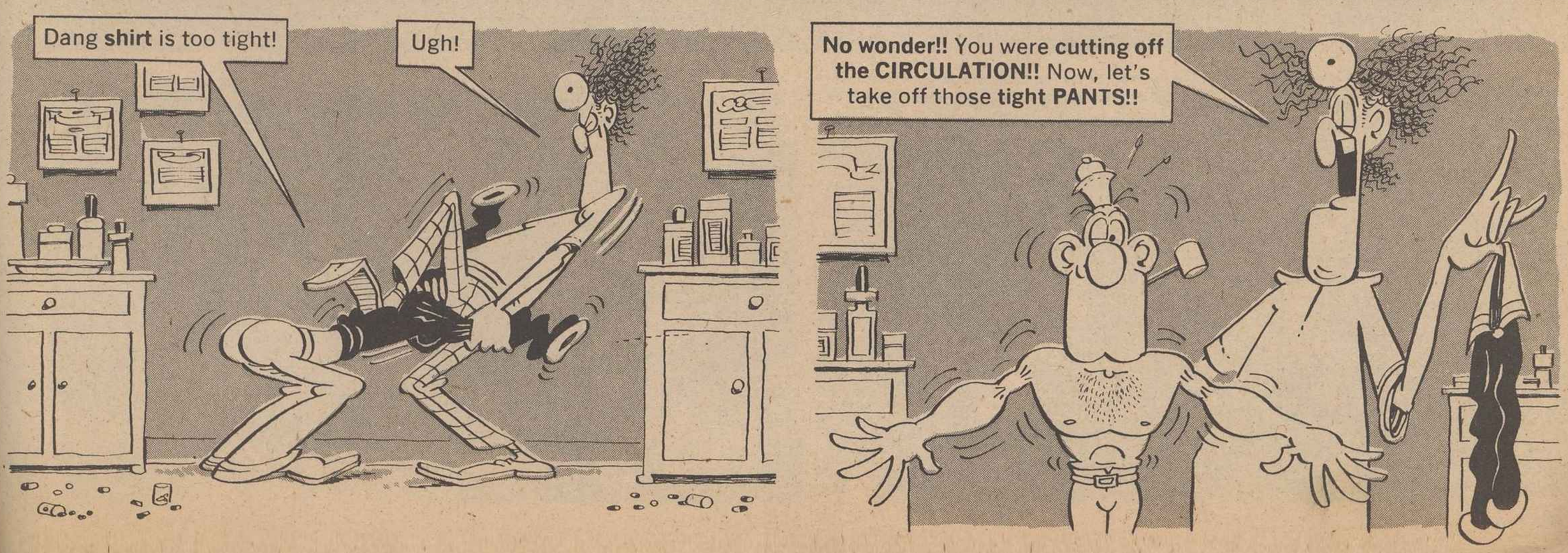




LOOKS AT POPEYE







Popeye, **you** grow your own spinach! Tell me, how can **common spinach** give you so much **strength?**

SPINACH

WARNING FALL OUT AREA

Beats me . . . !

GLUK GLUK GLUK GLUK

SPINACH

OH

BLOIT

HO

GLIT GLIT GLIT GLIT

SPINACH

Well, **blow me down . . . !!**

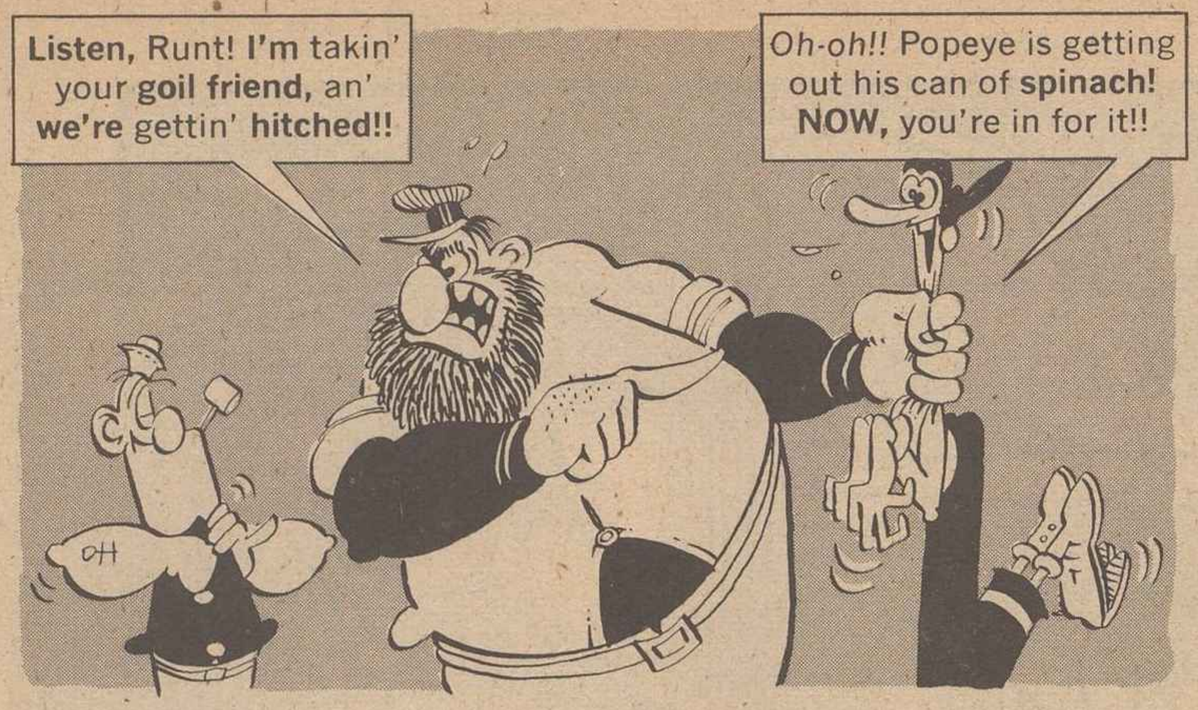
WHOOSH

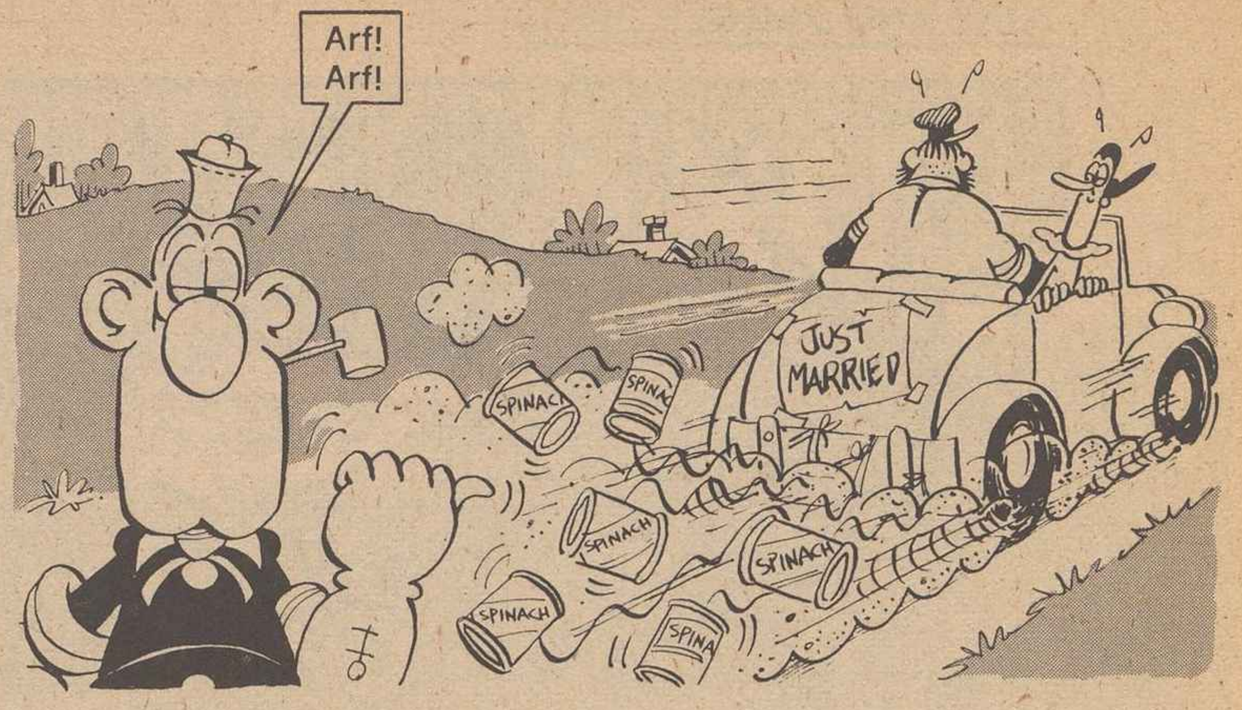
Popeye, at last we're **married!!**

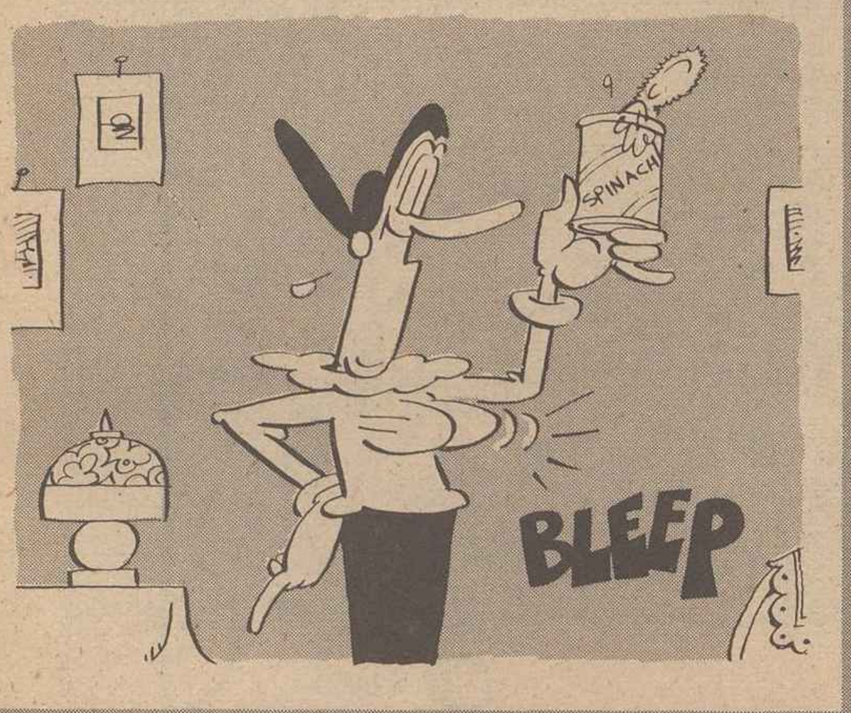
Dat's because no **other** woman ever **appealed** to me likes you, Olives!

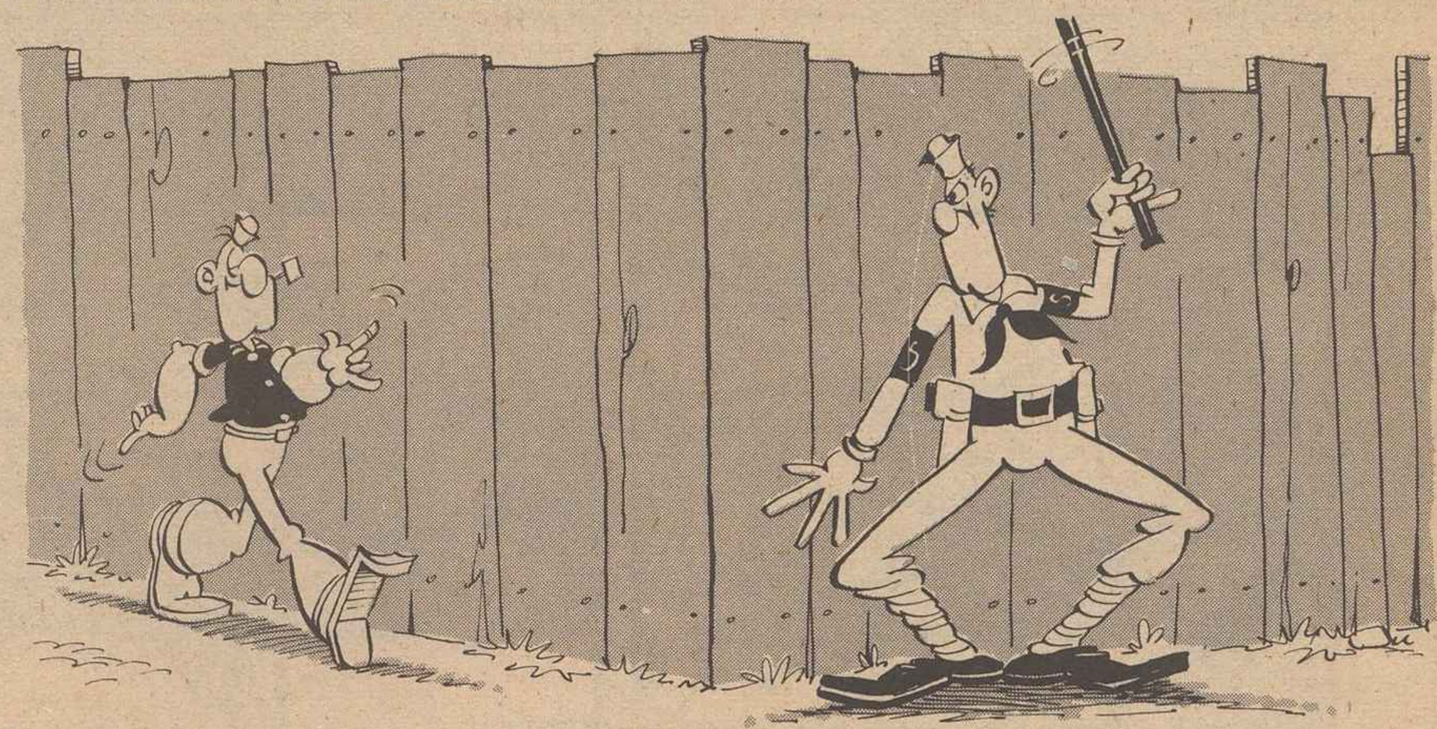
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

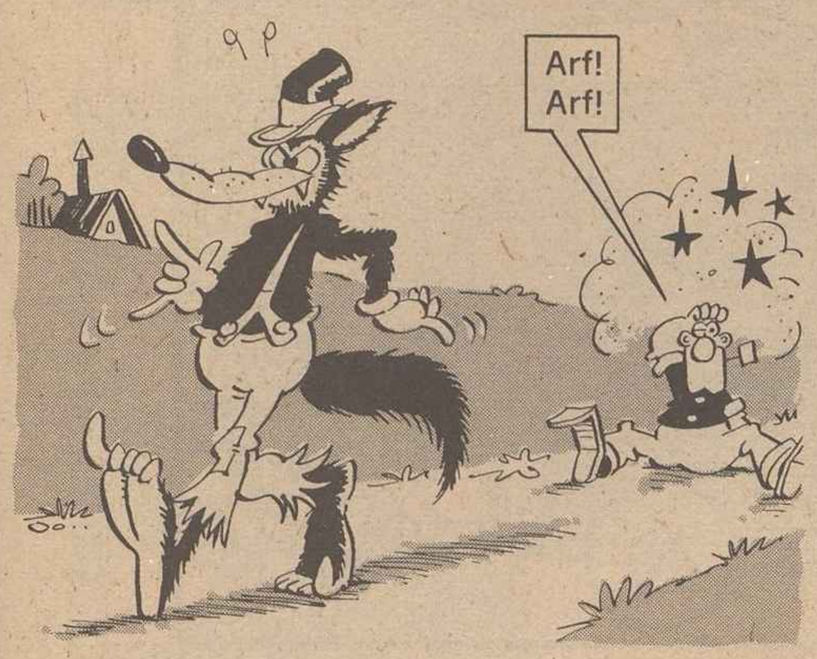
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

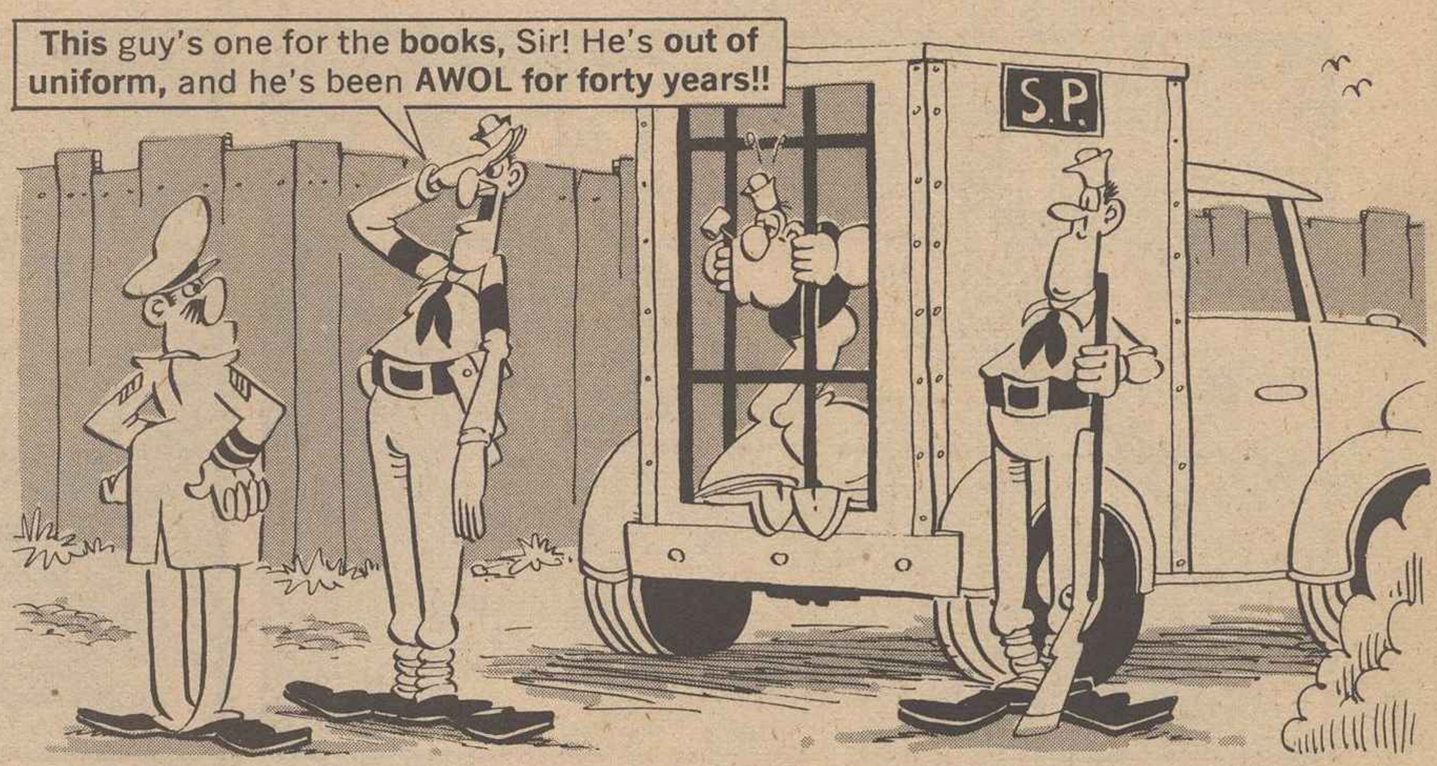

Listen, Runt! I'm takin' your goil friend, an' we're gettin' hitched!!
Oh-oh!! Popeye is getting out his can of spinach! NOW, you're in for it!!

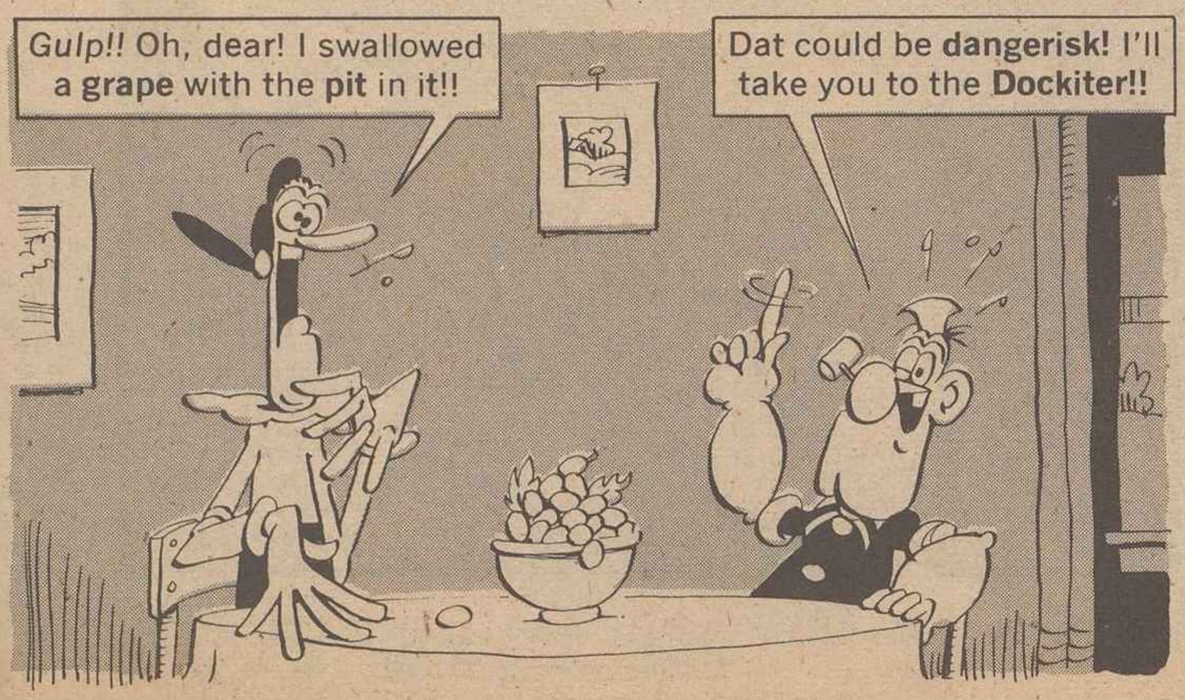

Arf! Arf!
JUST MARRIED
SPINACH

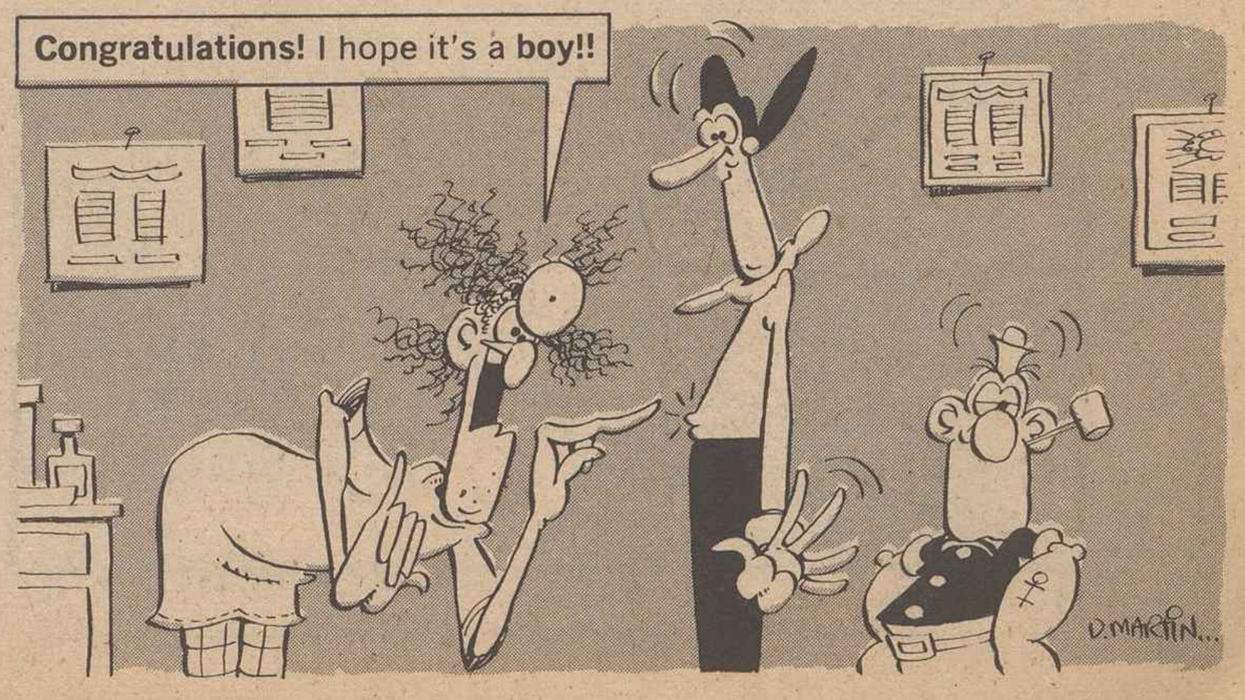

SPINACH
BLEEP

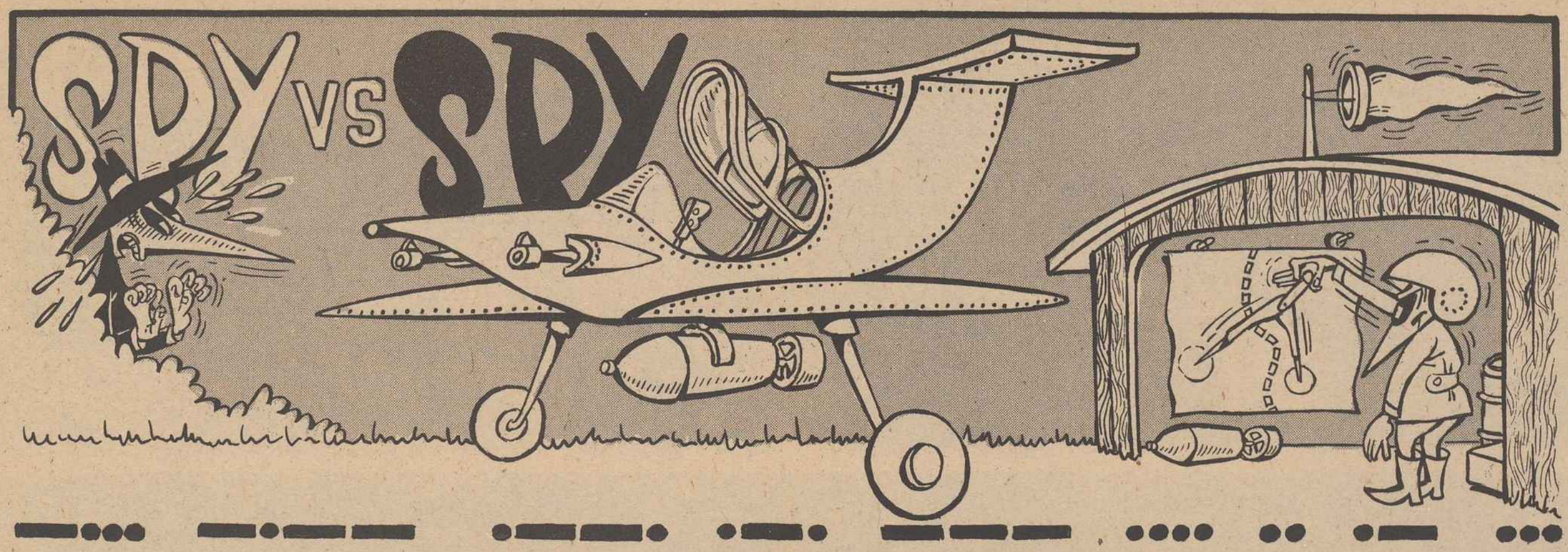


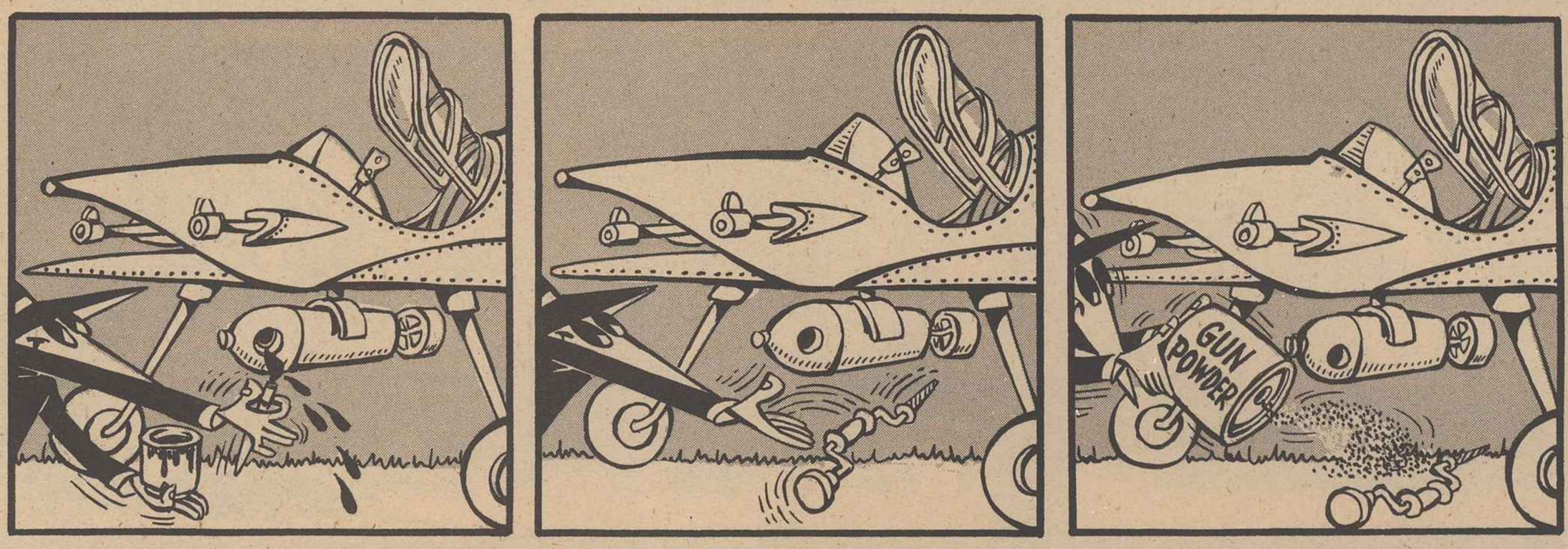

Arf! Arf!

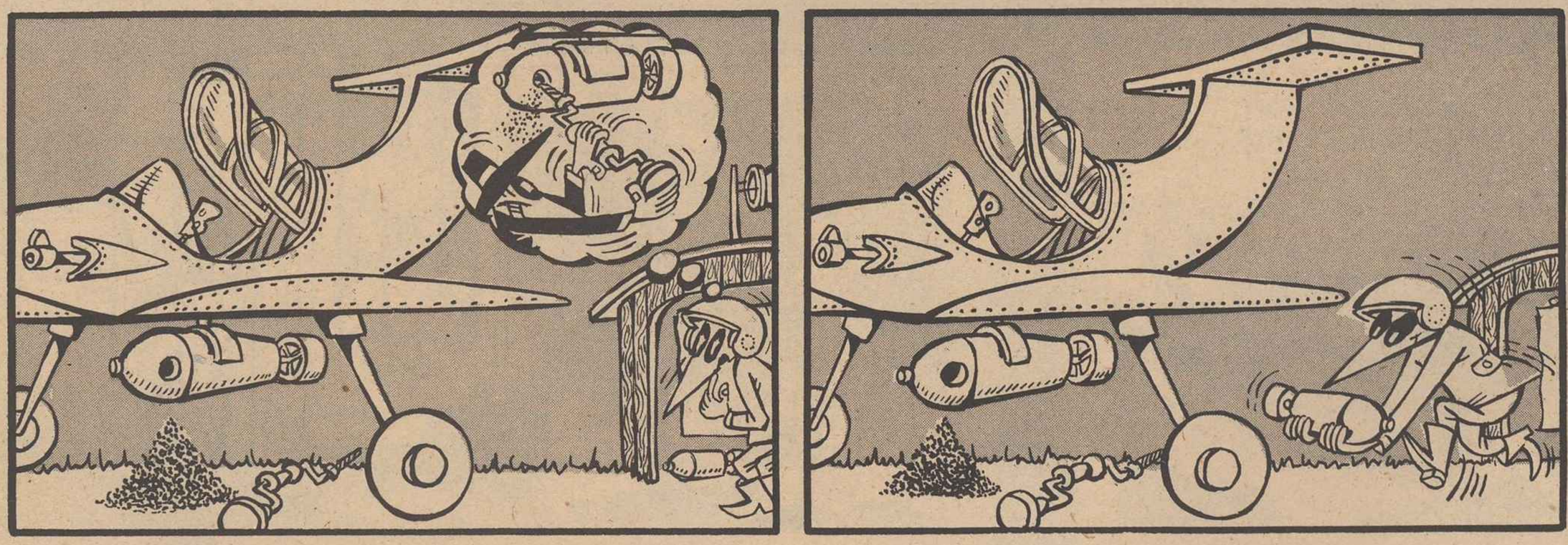

This guy's one for the books, Sir! He's out of uniform, and he's been AWOL for forty years!!
S.P.

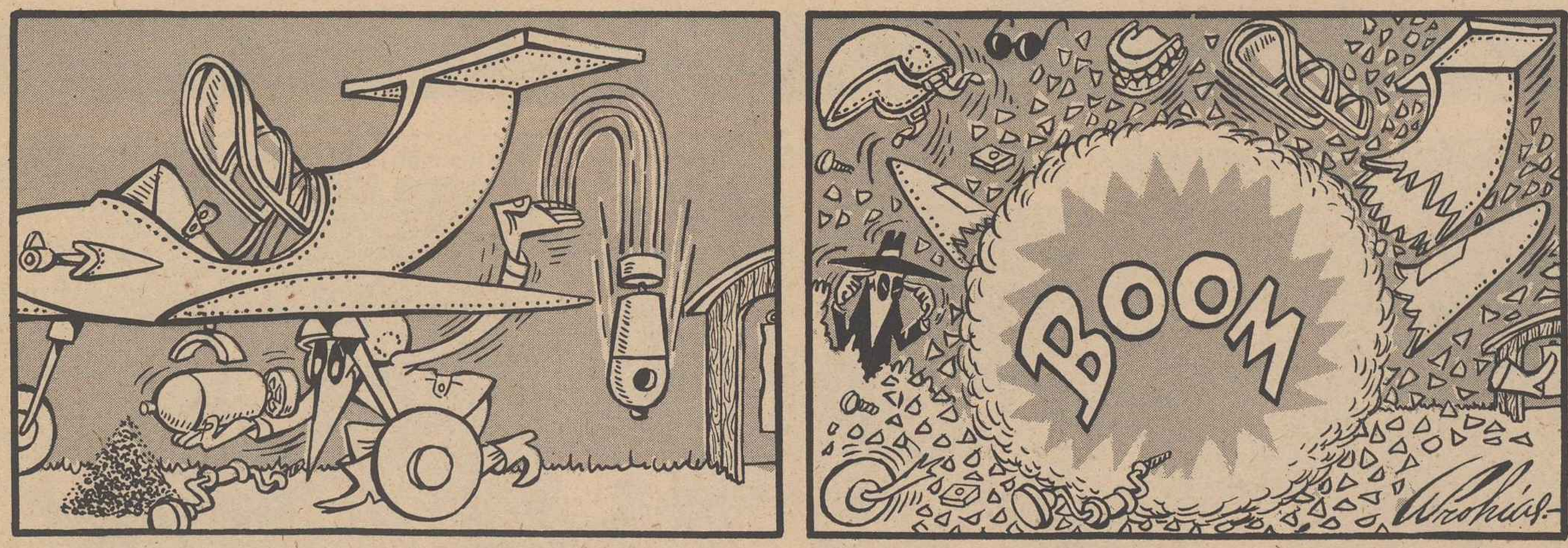

Gulp!! Oh, dear! I swallowed a grape with the pit in it!!
Dat could be dangerisk! I'll take you to the Dockiter!!


Congratulations! I hope it's a boy!!
D.MARTIN...


SPY VS SPY

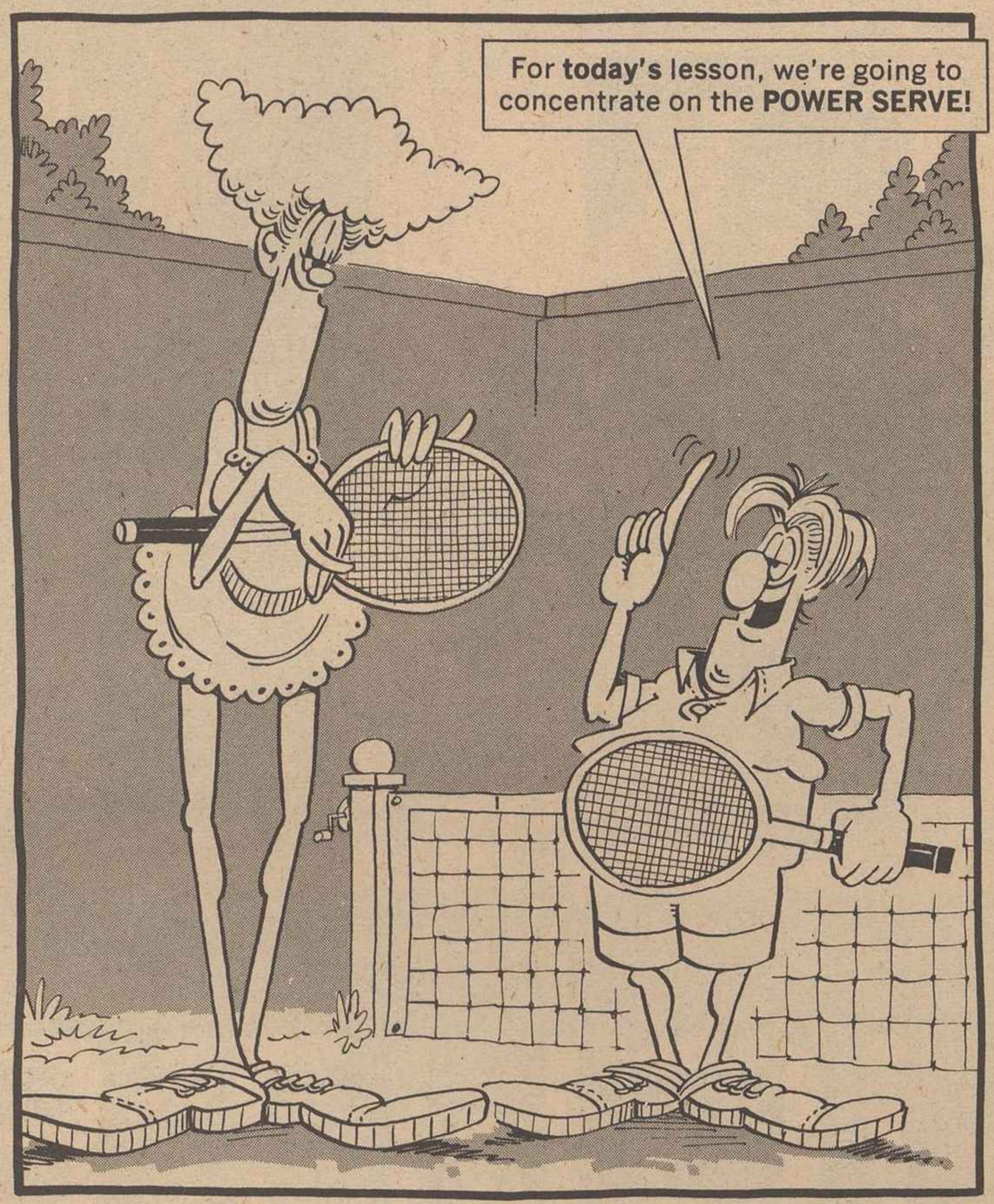

GUN POWDER

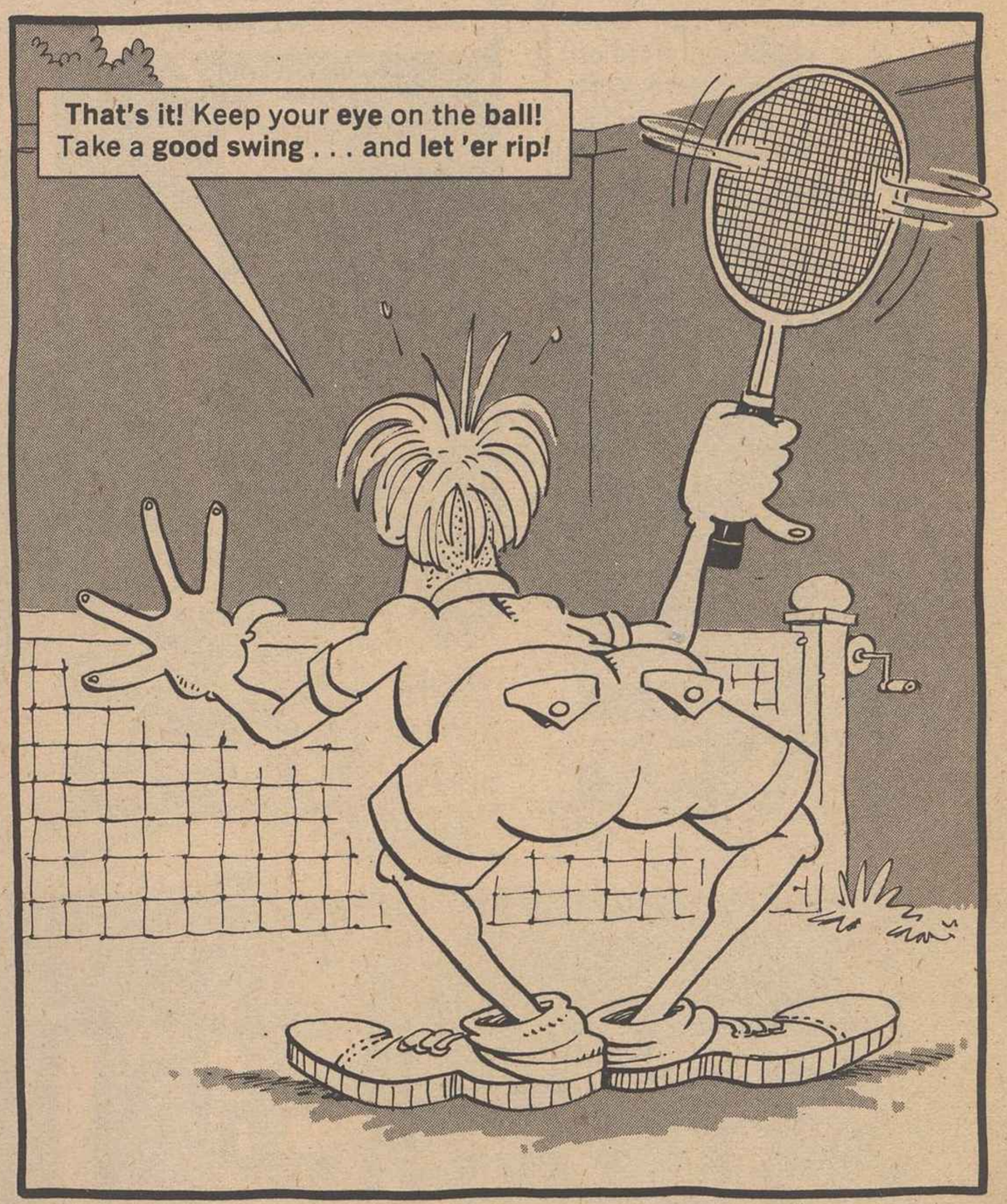



BOOM

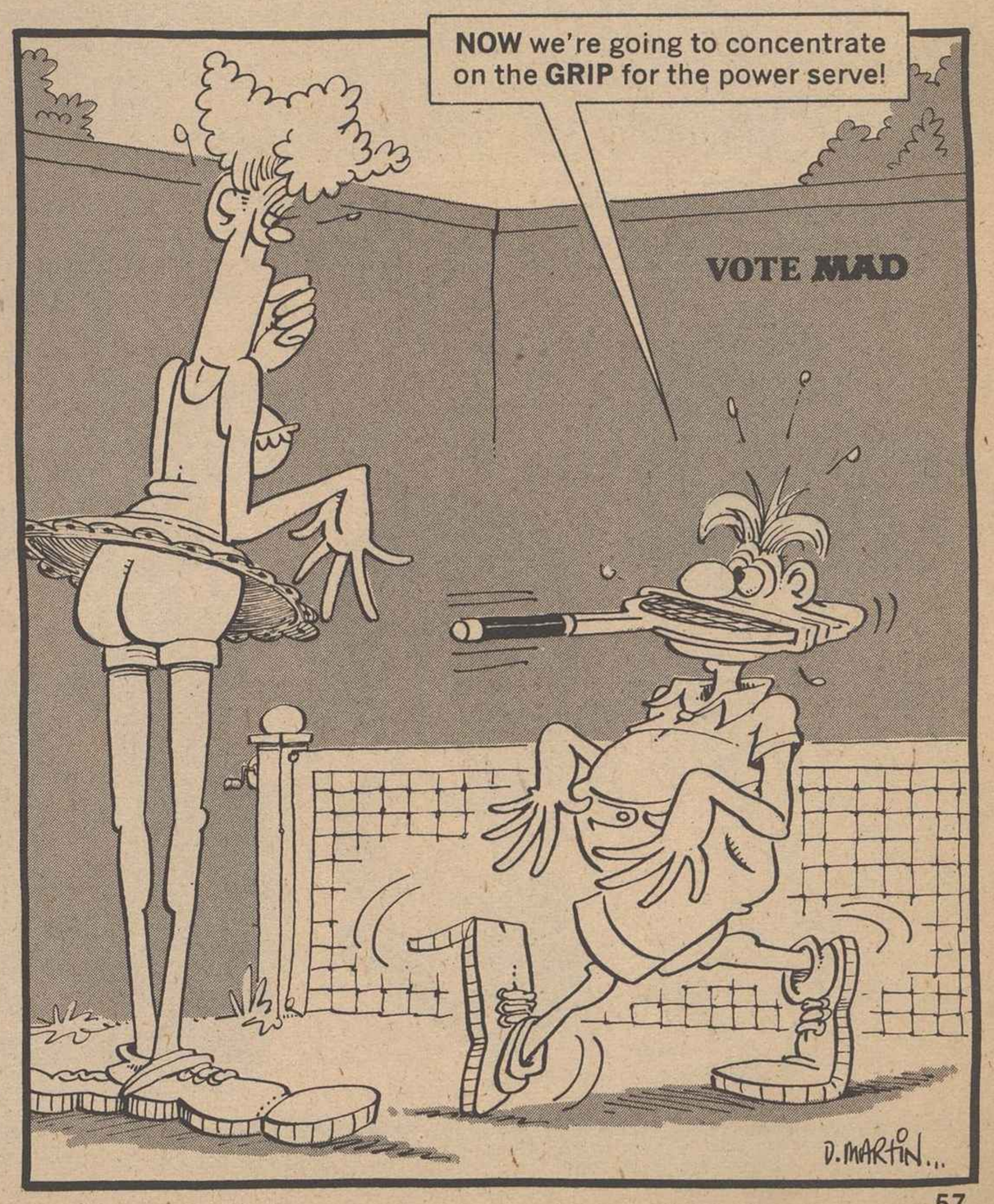
DON MARTIN DEPT.

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TENNIS PRO









SCHOOL



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

TRAVEL



DIVORCE

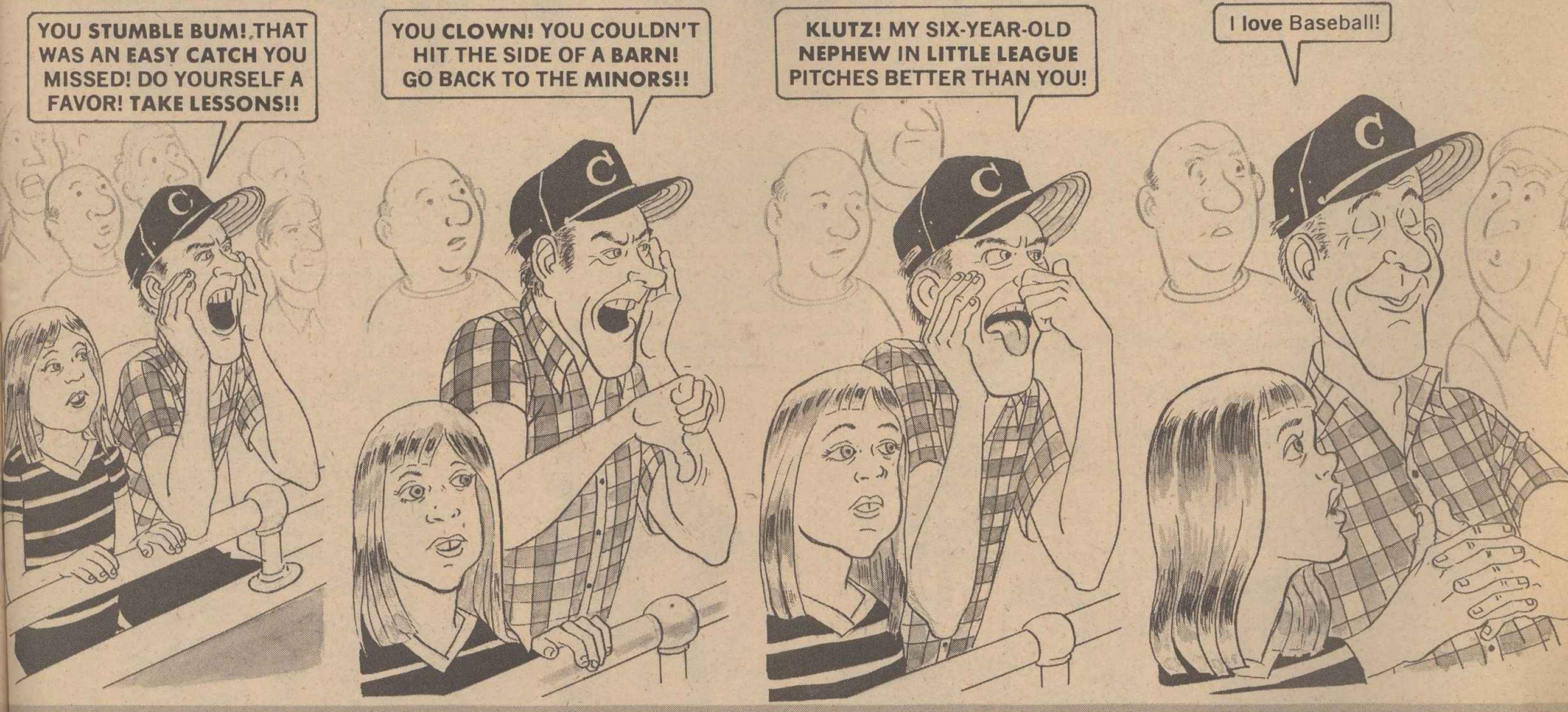




R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

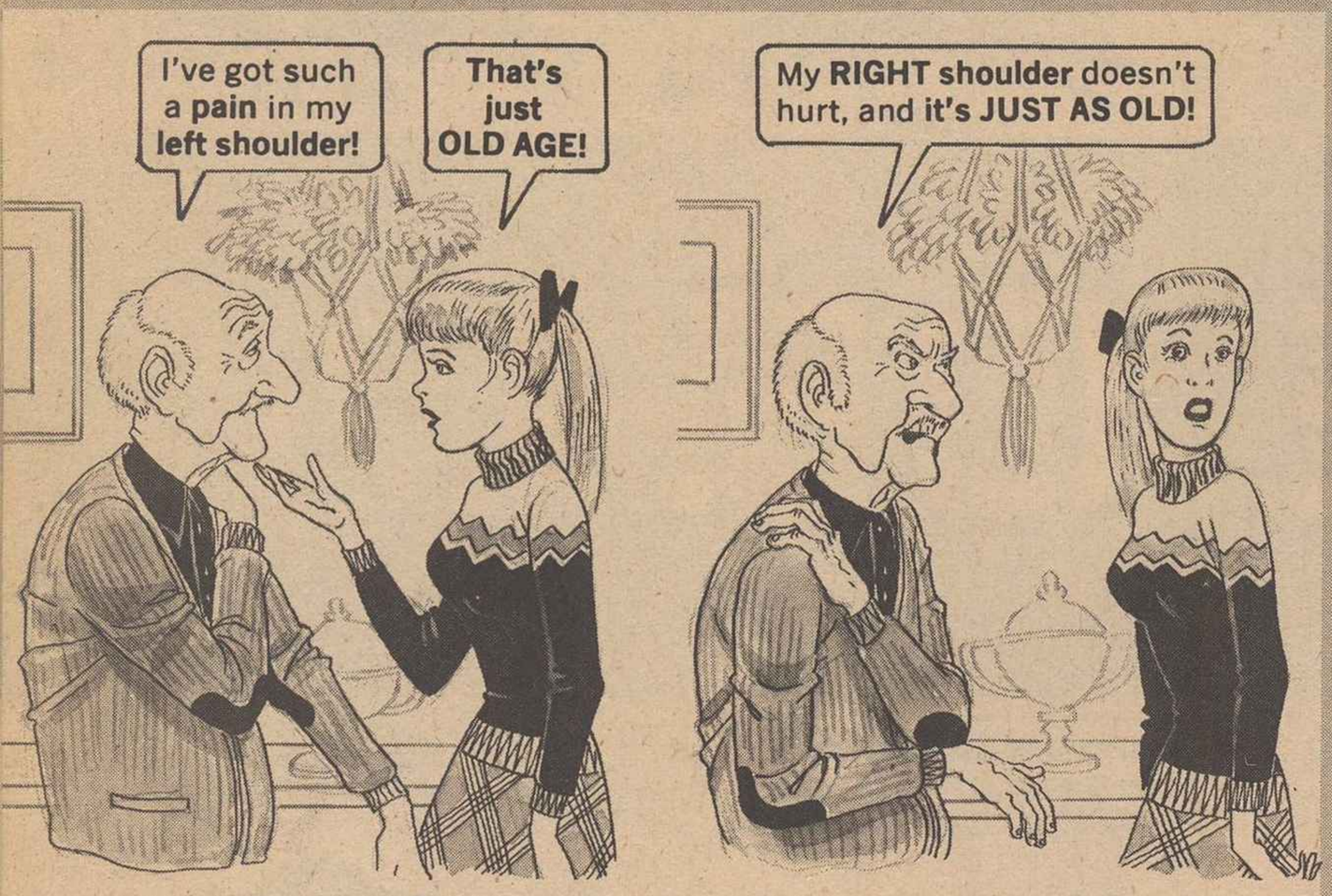
SPORTS



MARRIAGE



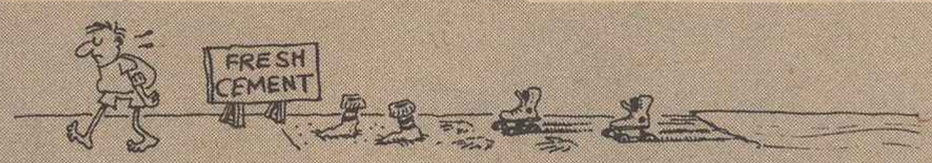
OLD AGE



WEDDINGS

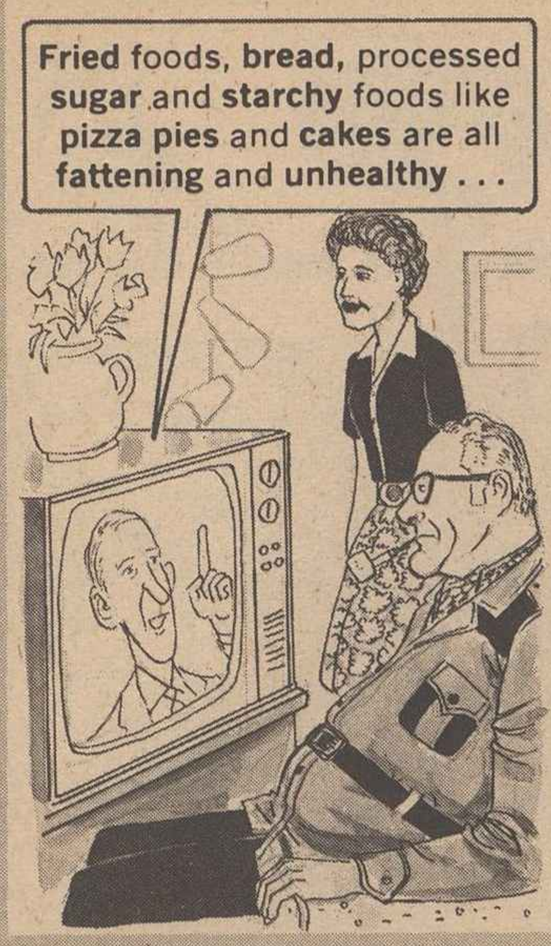


MOTHERS

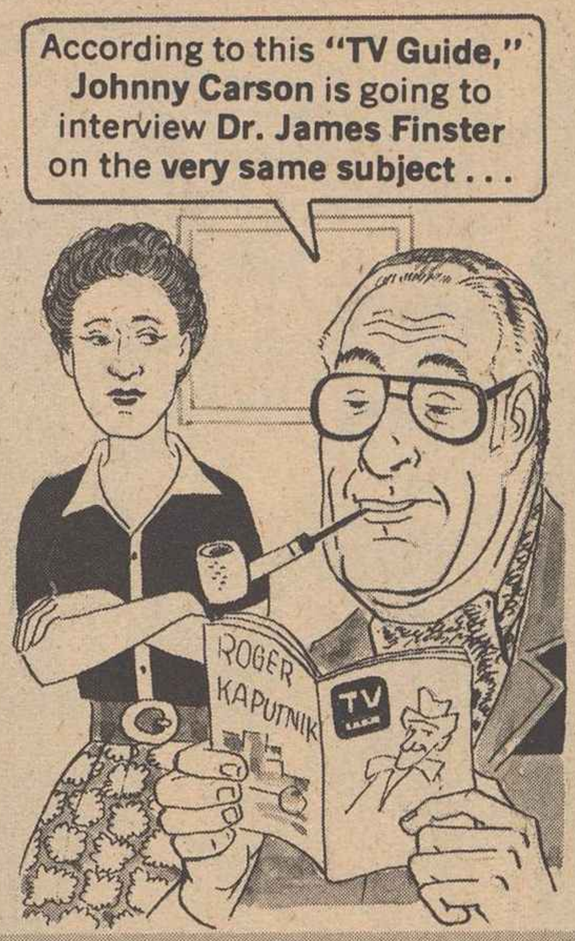




MEDICINE





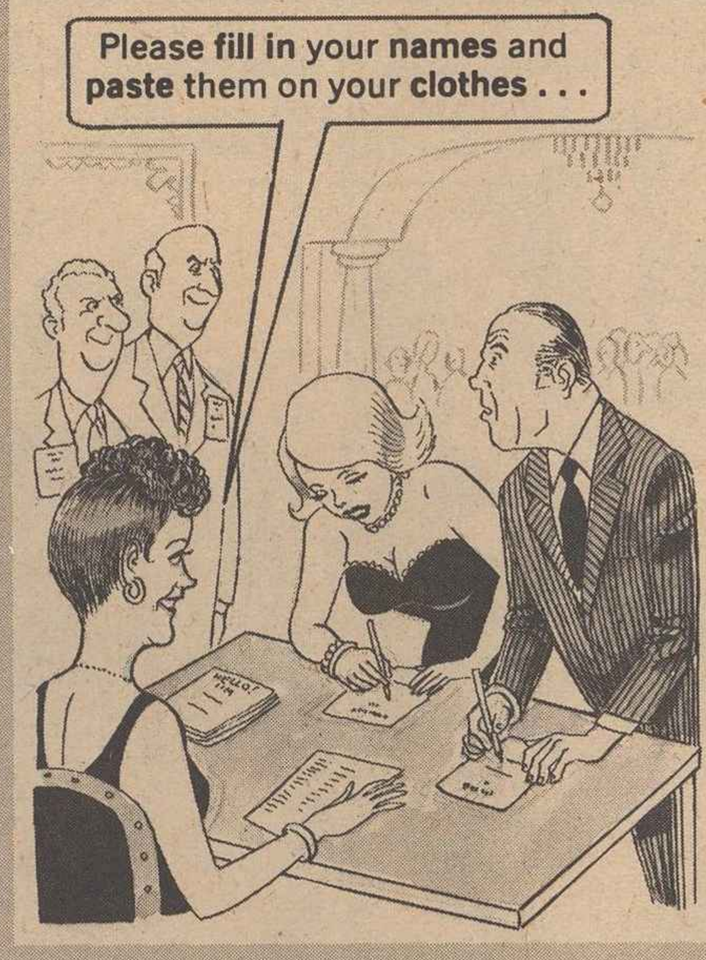


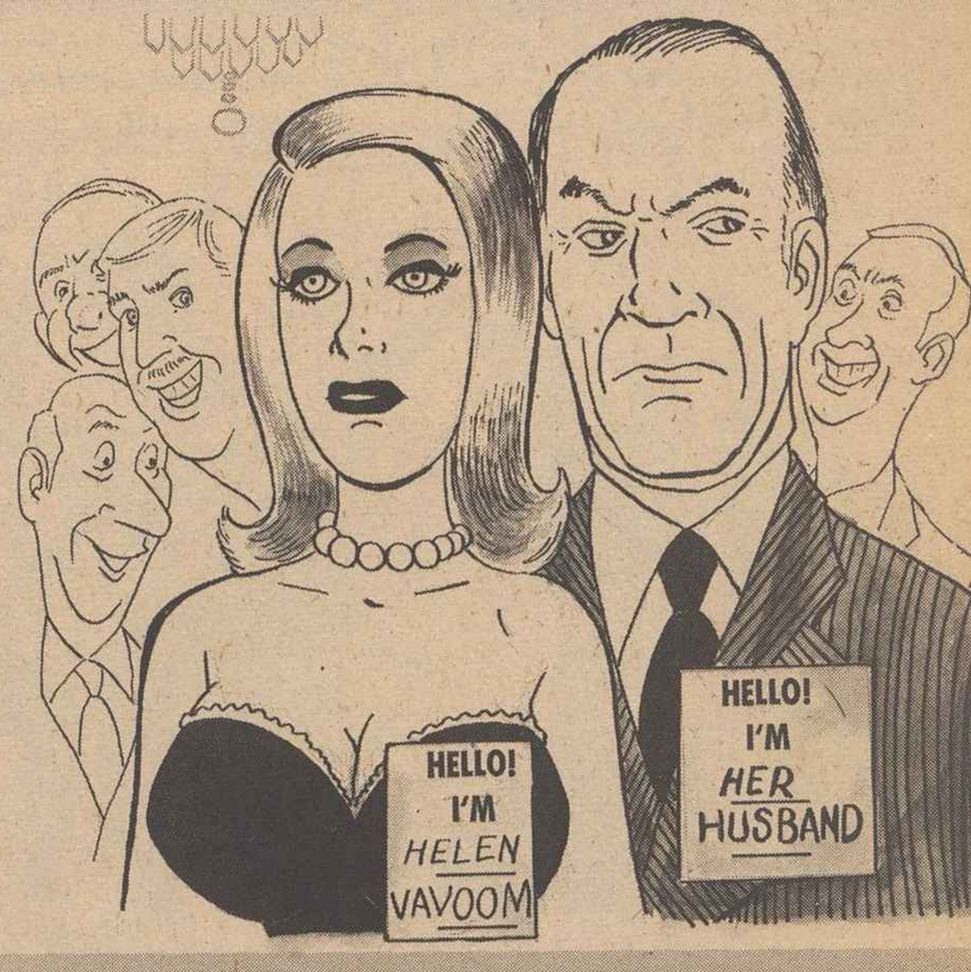




CONVENTIONS



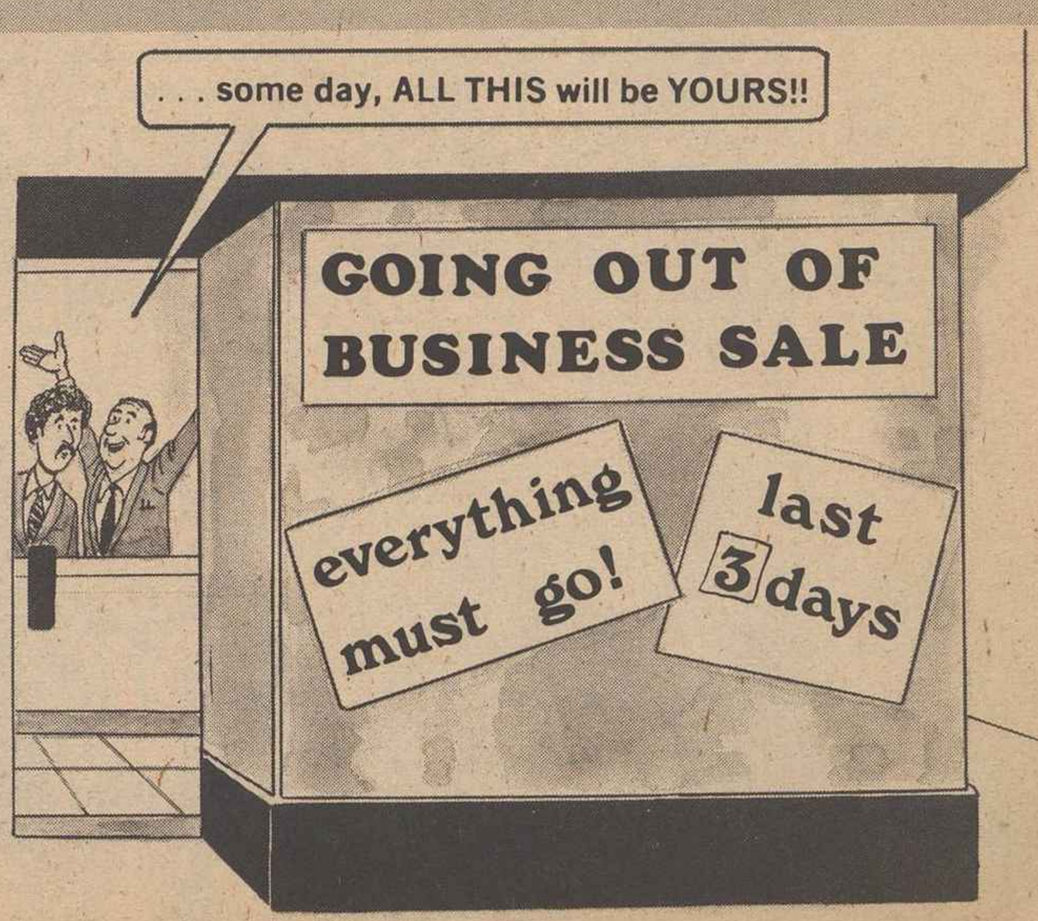




FAMILY







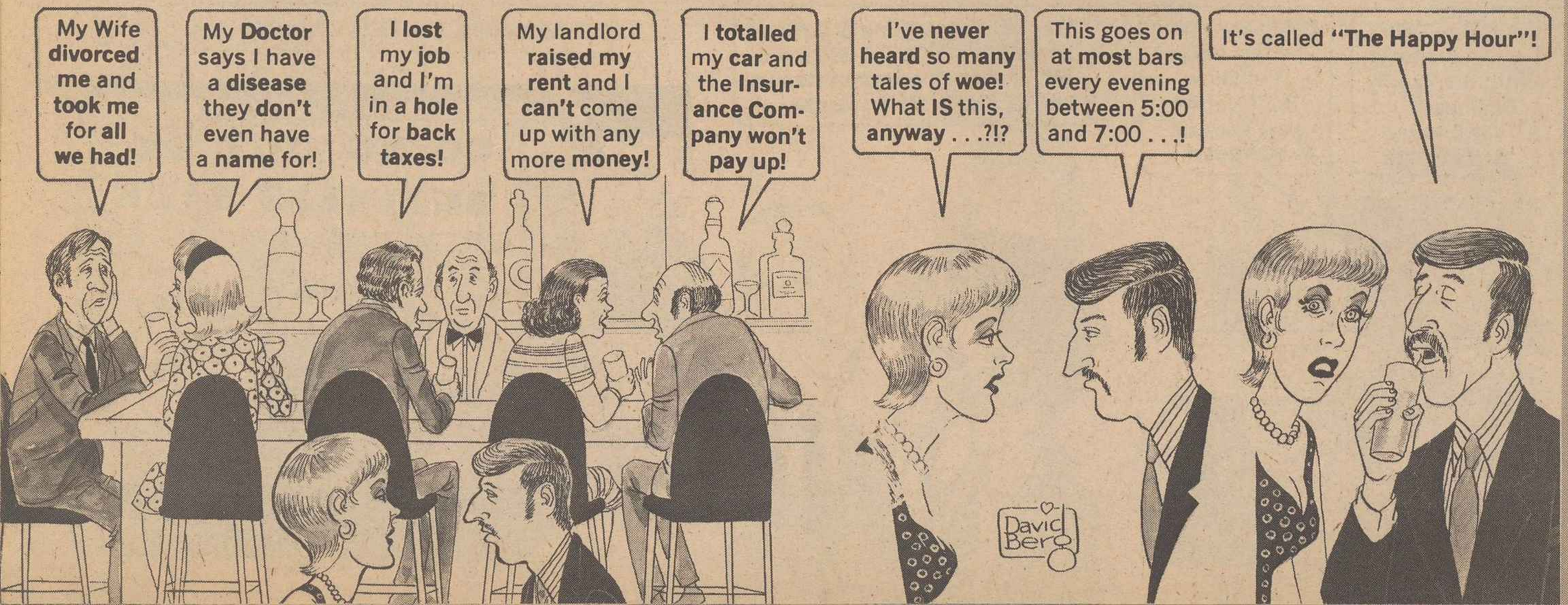
PHONE CALLS



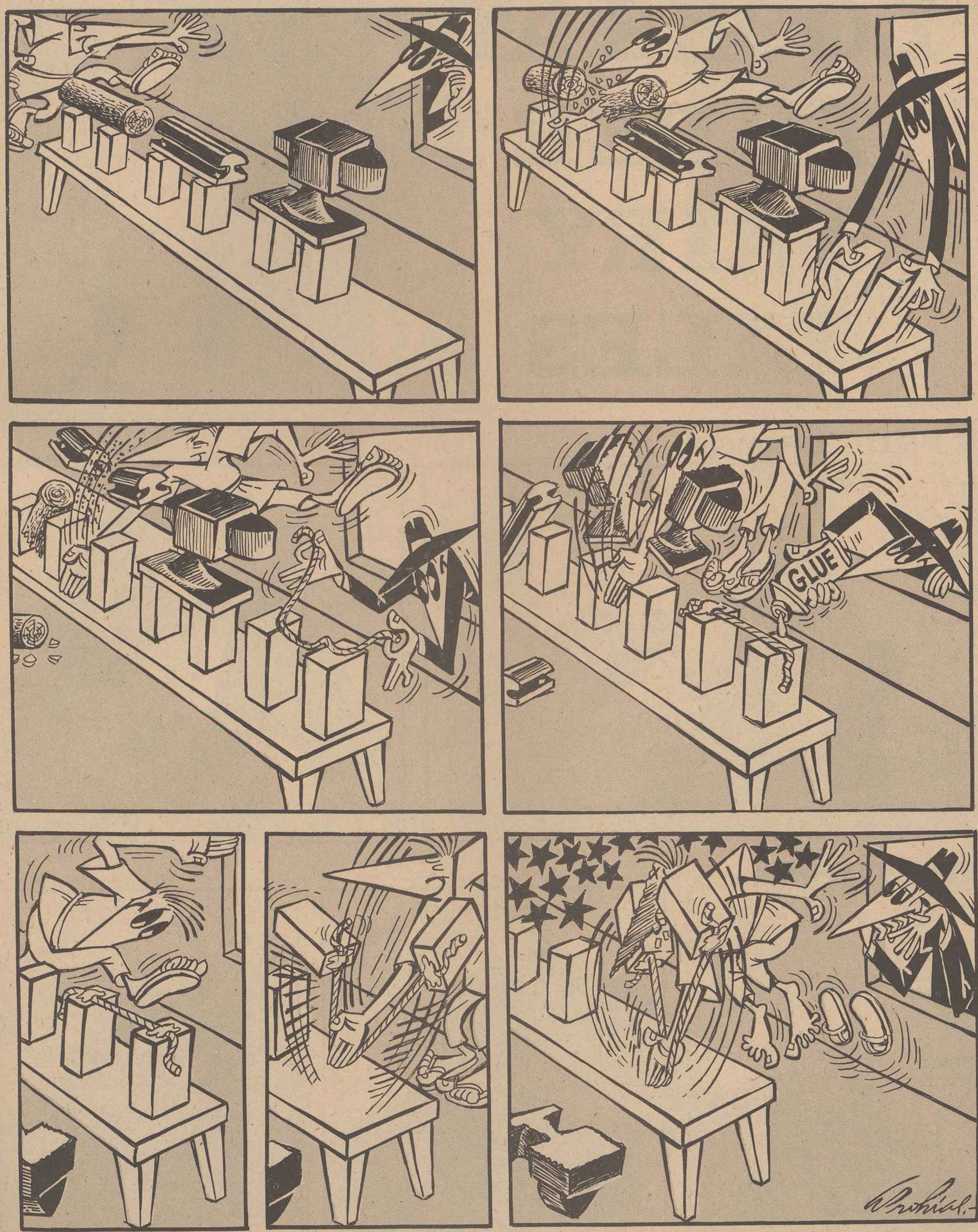
CHILDREN



BOOZING

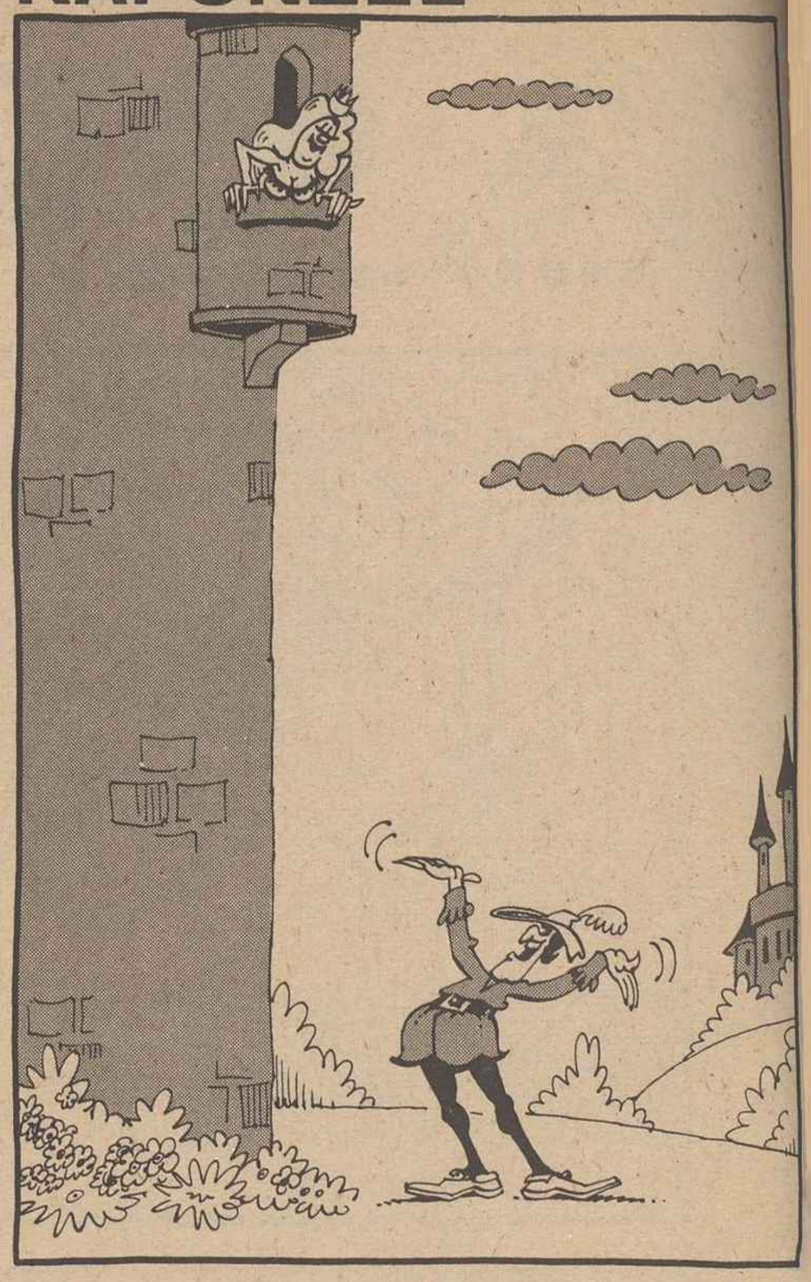


SPY VS SPY

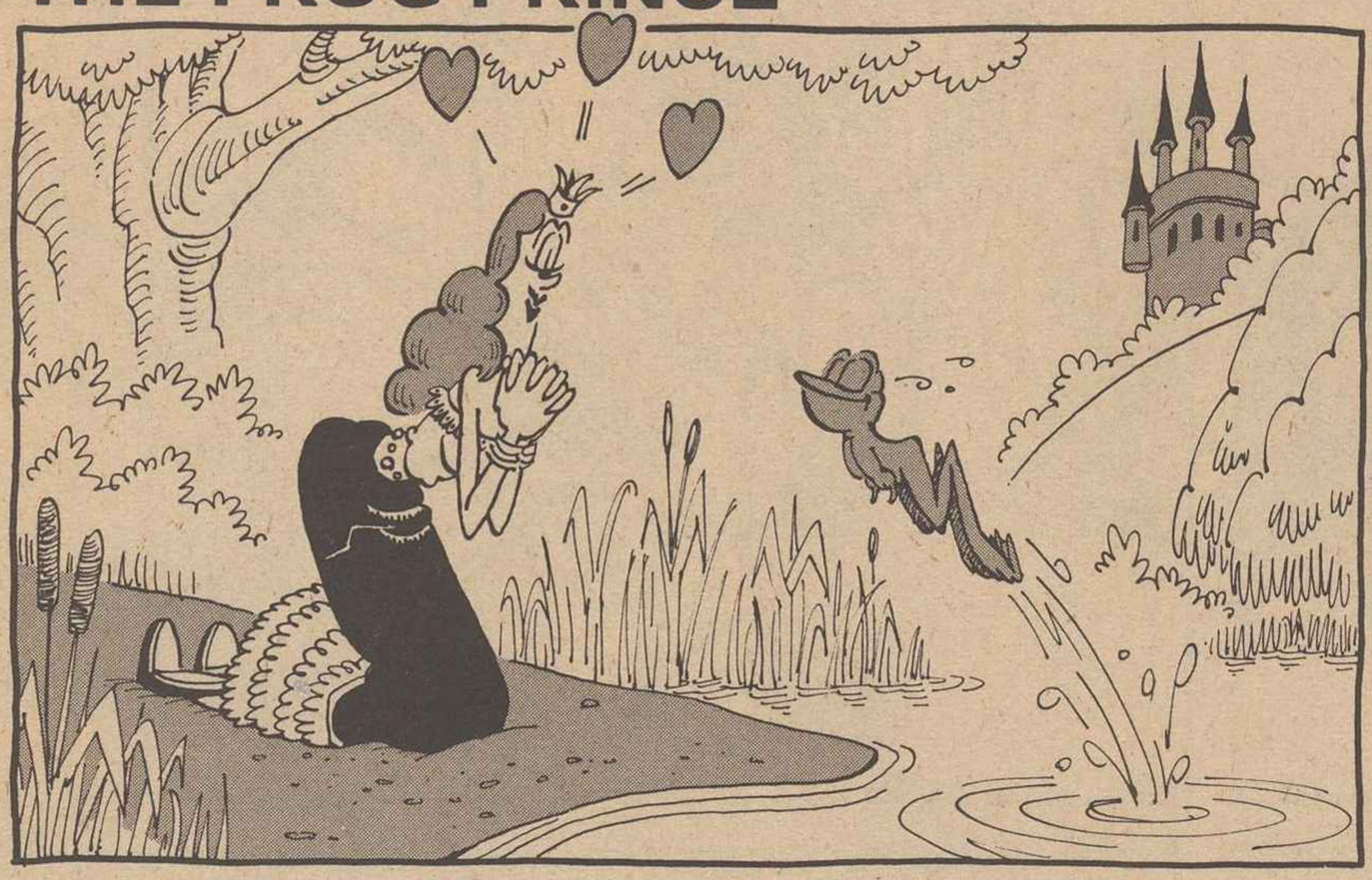


DON MARTIN LOOKS AT THREE FAIRY TALES

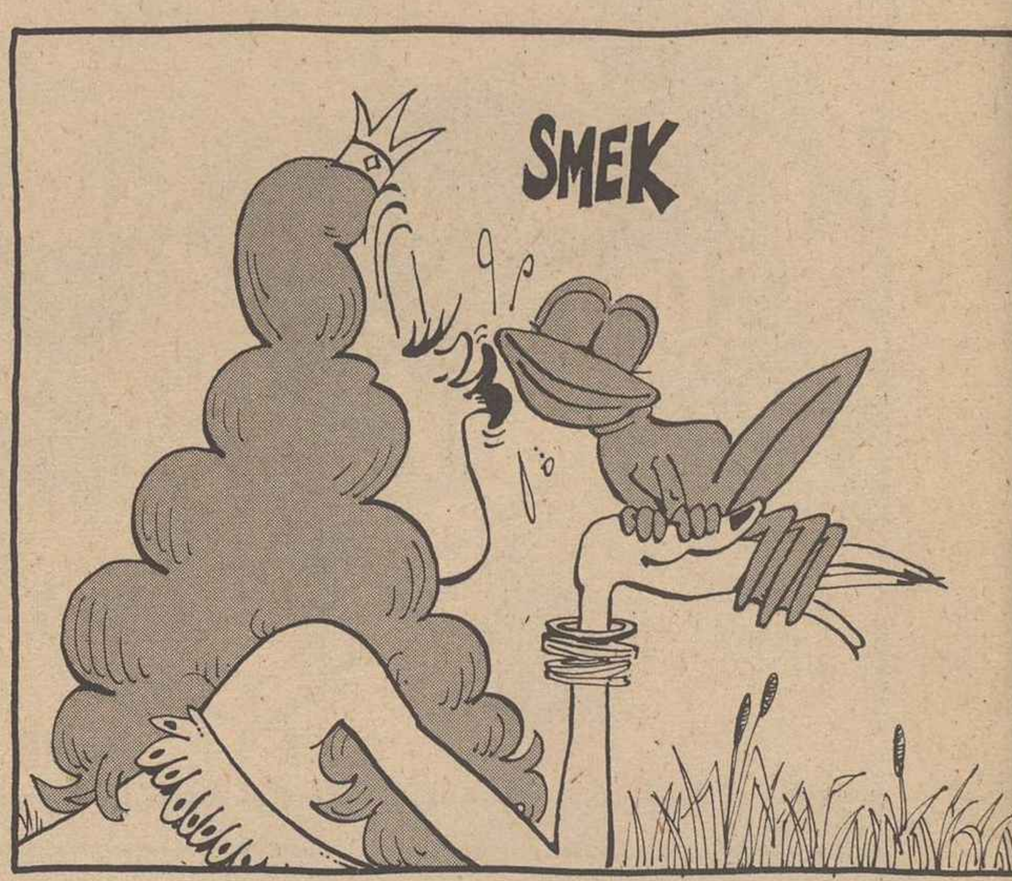
RAPUNZEL



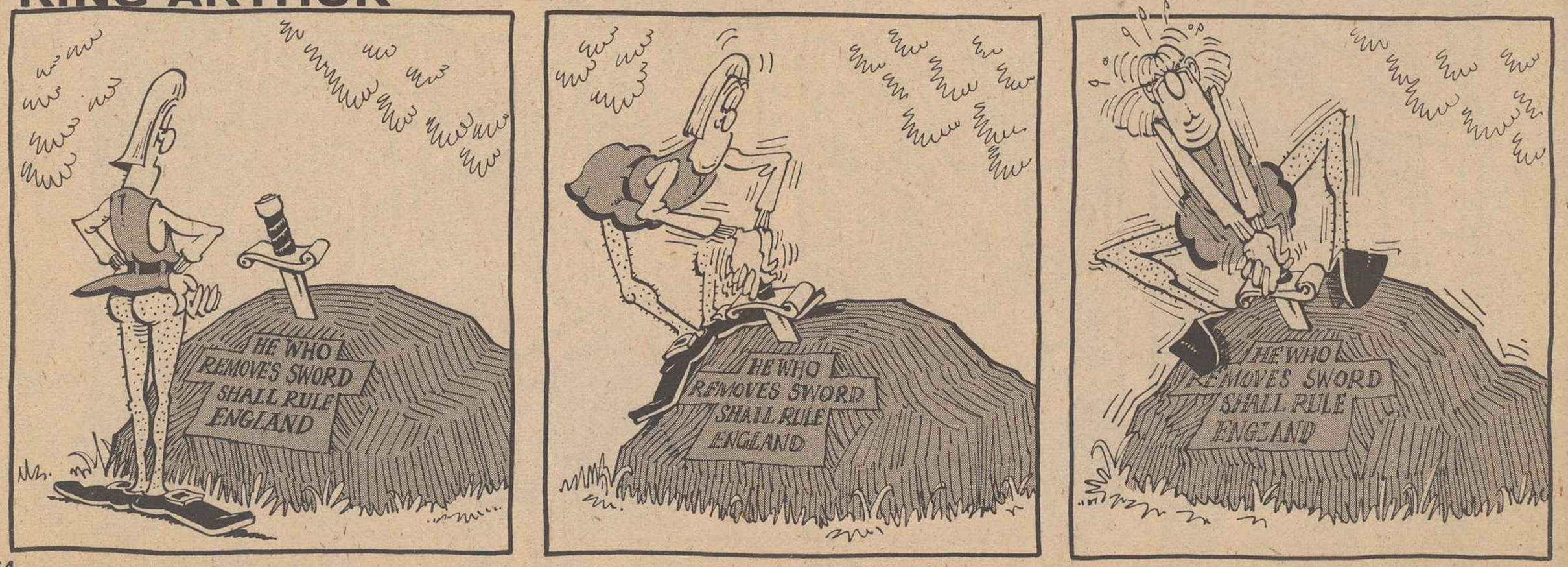
THE FROG PRINCE



SMEK



KING ARTHUR



THOO DOOMP

D. MARTIN...



MUCHO DE NIRO DEPT.

For as long as we can remember, the plot of a "Fight Picture" was usually very simple. An underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the top. Then, along comes the first major Fight Picture of the '80's, and what do we get: an underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the sewer! Boy, Hollywood has given us our fair share of "anti-heroes" in the past, but now make way for the "anti-anti-anti hero" affectionately known as the . . .

RAVI

Wow! This is the **greatest fight** of **1941!**

Look at that! A **White man** and a **Black man,** together in the **same ring,** beatin' each other's **brains** out!

Yeah! **Who said** integration would never work!?

That **Jerk LaMutha ain't HUMAN!** He's **never** been knocked off his **feet!!**

He's **never BEEN** off his feet **—period!!** He even **SLEEPS standing up!!**

Are you **sure?!?** Only **horses** sleep standing up!

Trust me! He once spent two weeks in my **stable!**

They **promised** me a **crack** at **LaMutha,** but **first** I gotta win a couple of **real easy warm-up fights!**

Yeah . . . ? With **who?**

The **Japs** and the **Nazis!**

Kill the friggin' bum, Jerk! Hit the frig right in his friggin' **mouth!!**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

I **can't believe it,** Shmoey! It **—it's** my **first loss!** I **dropped** the **decision!!**

Big deal! So you **lost!** You gotta act like a **MAN!** You gotta do what's **expected** of you!

I guess you're right!

Okay! Now **beat up** the **Referee** and the **two Judges** and **let's go!**

What's wrong with **Jerk** these days, Shmoey?

Why? He's his **usual self!** Mean, rotten, foul-mouthed and disgusting!

Yeah?!? How come he won't let the **Mob** buy into him? Why won't he **throw fights?**

Okay!! **Okay!!** Gee . . . I **never** said he was **PERFECT**

A STREET IN THE BRONX N.Y.

NG BULLY

I've never heard such **language** in my **entire life!!**

"Friggin' " is **dirty?!** They use worse language than that on **Saturday Morning TV Cartoons!**

For **MAD Magazine** it's dirty! Remember the **good old days** when MAD used to use **"✱◎☆☾☼!★"** instead of curse words! They've sure come a **long way!!**

Using **"friggin' "** instead of **☆◎☼!◎★◎** is **some long way!** On a flight from **New York** to **L.A.,** that's like a **forced landing** in **Jersey City!!**

Hey, Jerk!! **Destroy** the friggin' bum!

Tear the friggin' crud **apart!!**

FRIGGIN'! FRIGGIN'! That's all I **hear! Enough** already with that **vile, disgusting word!!**

KILL the @#&+%$@+ bum! Knock his @#$%&! **head** off!!

Hey, **who** are **you?!**

The **Editor** of MAD Magazine . . . just taking a little trip down **Memory Lane!!**

I'M THE CHAMP! I'M THE CHAMP!

I COULDA BEEN A CONTENDER!

PRESS

ROBERT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Of all the guys in The Bronx, **I** had to marry **you!** Look at you! **You** ain't a **man!** You're an **animal!!**

An **animal?!** Hey, you friggin' broad! Don' **ever** call me an animal **again!** I may be just a **pug,** but I got **pride** and **dignity!** I **ain't** no **animal!!**

Okay! **Okay!** Now . . . **how** do you want your **meat . . . ? Raw,** as usual?!?

Yeah! With maybe a li'l **Gravy Train** on the **side!**

Okay, here's your **meat,** Meat Head!

You call this **RAW?!?** Here's a **KNUCKLE SANDWICH** for **YOUR supper!!**

Hey, you two! What's **goin' ON** up there?

I'LL tell you what's goin' on here, fight fans! **Jerk** lands a **left** to the **eye** an' the **broad** counters with a **hard right** to the **ribs!** Two quick **jabs** from **Jerk** sends her **reeling,** an' he closes in for the **finish!** Her **legs** are **wobbly!** She's **down!!**

MILK-BONE

Hey, **Shmoey!** Spare us the **blow-by-blow,** and just give us the **RESULTS,** okay . . . ?!

It's **Jake . . .** by a **knockout!**

I don't believe it! The old lady probably took a **dive!** She could **KILL** that bum if she **wanted!**

CHEESE

'You're an **idiot** for beatin' up on your **Wife** like that, Jerk! That's the **worst** thing you can **do!**

Why?? 'Cause she may **pack up** an' **leave me??**

No, cause you got a fight with **Sugar Ray** comin' up, an' you **might ruin your hands!**

Gee . . . I wish **I** cared about people the way **YOU** do, Shmoey!

It's somethin' you're either **born with,** or you **ain't!** From now on, use that **CLUB** I got you for your **Wedding Present!!**

Shmoey, you wanna do me a **big favor?** Start **punchin' me** in the **face** as **hard** as you **can!**

Anything you **say,** Jerk . . .

SPLATT

SOK

BAM

I **know** it gets **boring** between **fights,** Jerk, but **one** of these days you **GOTTA learn** how to **collect stamps** or **paint by the numbers** . . . like **OTHER** people!

Ain't **this better** than being **punched** in the **face?!?**

Yeah, it's **great!** A **modern swimming pool** . . . right in the heart of **The Bronx!** But, **when** does it get **filled up** with **water?!?**

Any minute now! It **looks** like **rain!**

Shmoey, who's that **sexy blonde** over there?

Her name is **Vixen!** But **keep away** from her, Jake! I hear she's **big trouble!**

Hi! If you **ain't doin' nuthin,'** whaddya say we kinda go over t' **my** place, have a couple of **drinks,** an' **see what happens?**

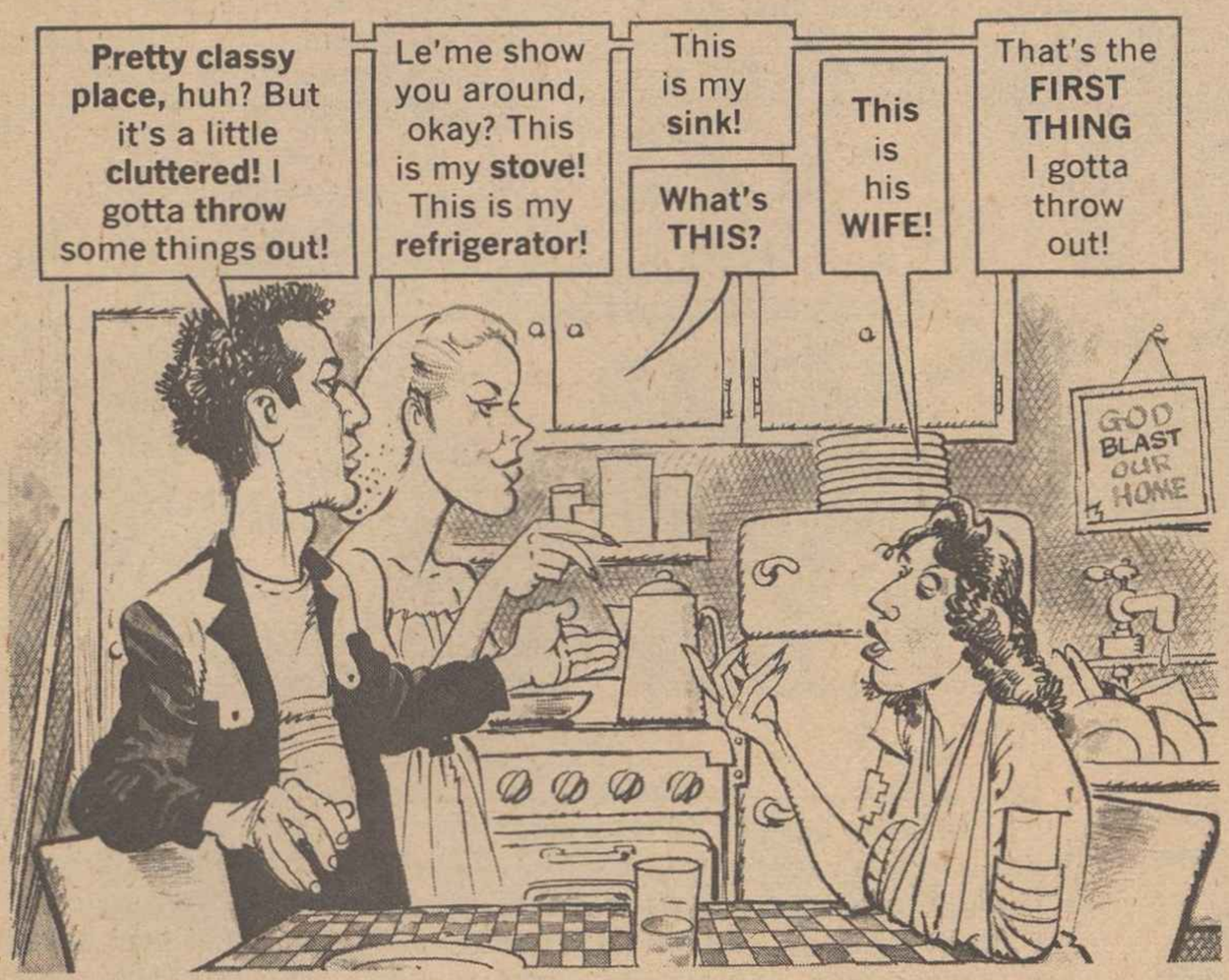
Well-l-l . . .

Uh—**OKAY!**

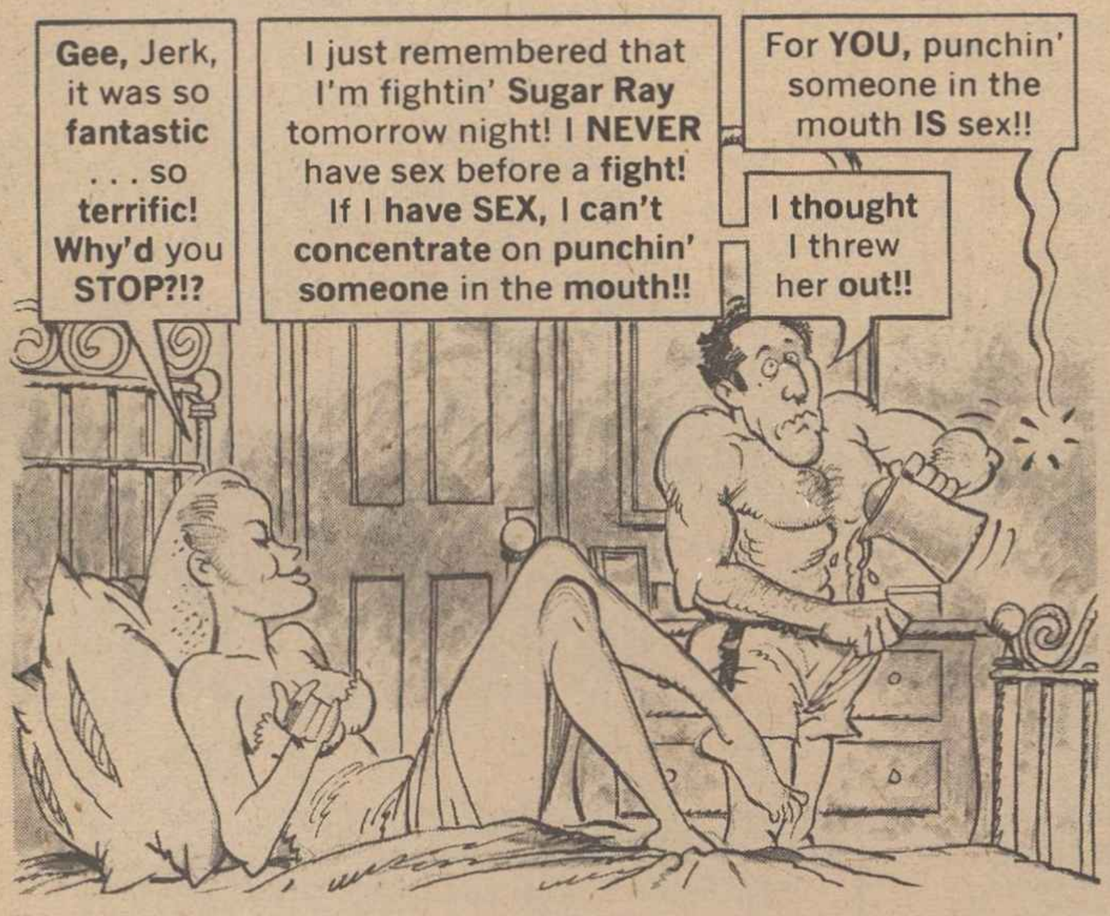
Boy, if there's **ONE thing I CAN'T STAND,** it's a **TEASE!**

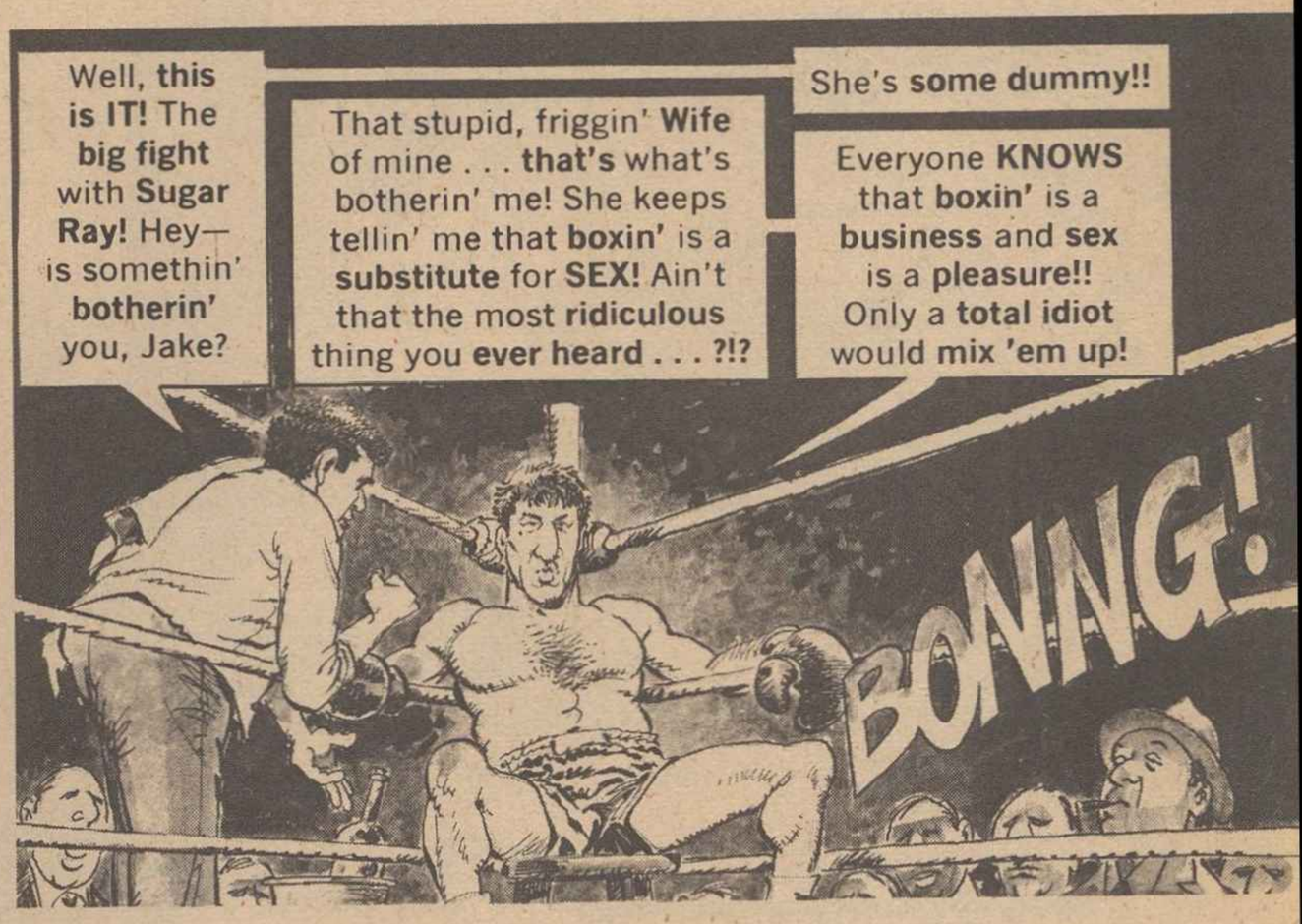
HUBBA HUBBA


WHACK!

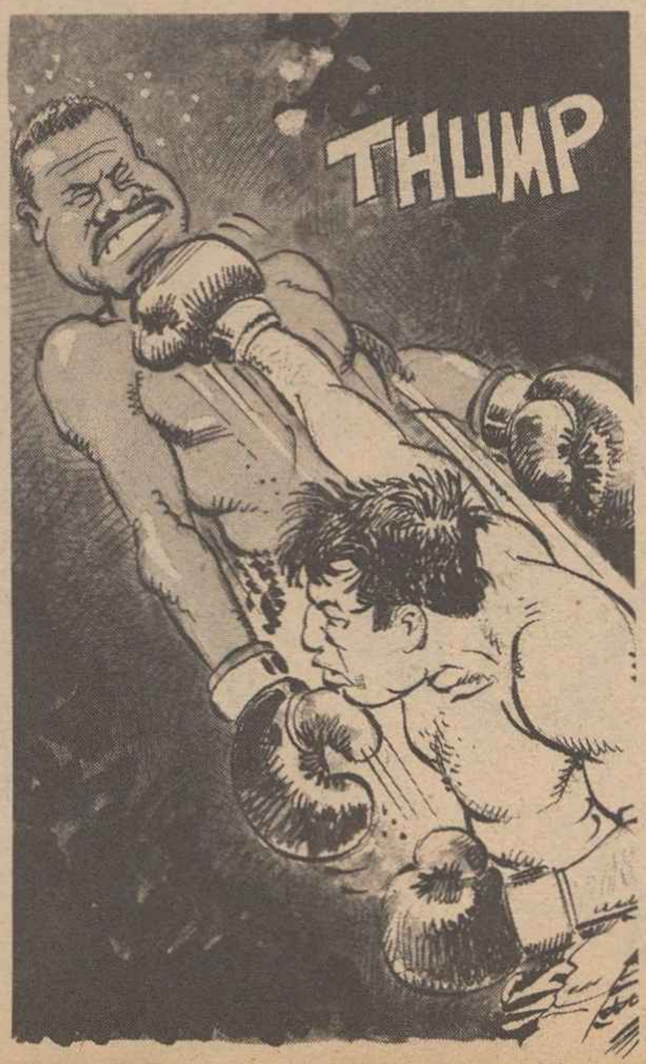

Pretty classy place, huh? But it's a little cluttered! I gotta throw some things out!
Le'me show you around, okay? This is my stove! This is my refrigerator!
This is my sink!
What's THIS?
This is his WIFE!
That's the FIRST THING I gotta throw out!
GOD BLAST OUR HOME

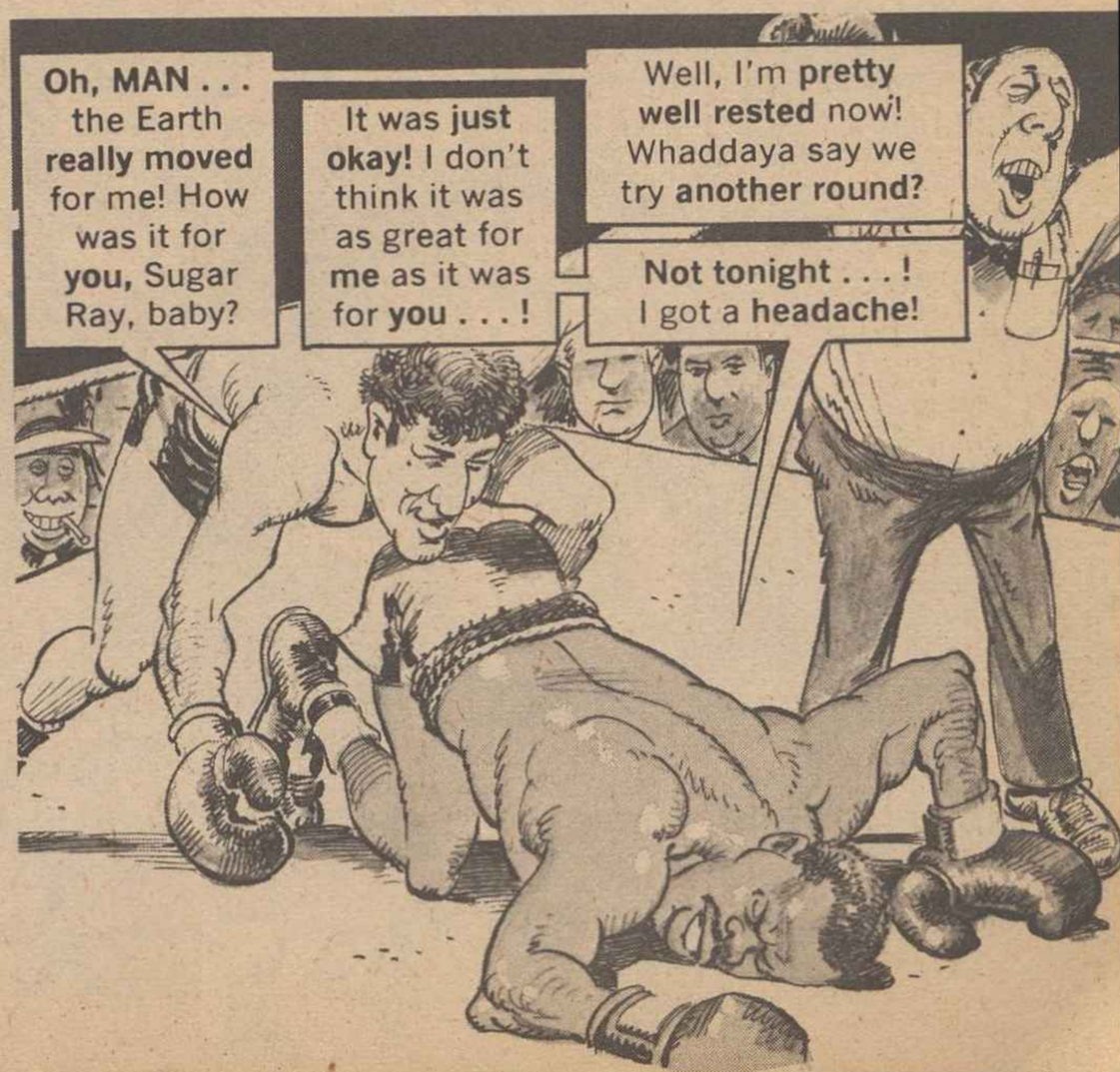

There's the chair! An' there's the dresser!
An' there's the BED . . .
Look, before you start anything, I want you to know I come from a good, respectable, religious family . . . and I never kiss on the first date!
I was thinkin' maybe we'd get undressed an' fool around!
Okay . . . but no kissing!!


Gee, Jerk, it was so fantastic . . . so terrific! Why'd you STOP?!?
I just remembered that I'm fightin' Sugar Ray tomorrow night! I NEVER have sex before a fight! If I have SEX, I can't concentrate on punchin' someone in the mouth!!
For YOU, punchin' someone in the mouth IS sex!!
I thought I threw her out!!


Well, this is IT! The big fight with Sugar Ray! Hey—is somethin' botherin' you, Jake?
That stupid, friggin' Wife of mine . . . that's what's botherin' me! She keeps tellin' me that boxin' is a substitute for SEX! Ain't that the most ridiculous thing you ever heard . . . ?!?
She's some dummy!!
Everyone KNOWS that boxin' is a business and sex is a pleasure!! Only a total idiot would mix 'em up!
BONNG!


FFFT


THUMP


Oh, MAN . . . the Earth really moved for me! How was it for you, Sugar Ray, baby?
It was just okay! I don't think it was as great for me as it was for you . . . !
Well, I'm pretty well rested now! Whaddaya say we try another round?
Not tonight . . . ! I got a headache!

Great news, Jerk! I finally got you that **Title Fight** with **Cerdan!** But there's a **catch! First,** you gotta fight some **bum** an' **take a dive!**

WHAT?! Are you **kiddin'?! I never** took no **dive** in my **life,** an' **I ain't** gonna **start now!!**

Listen, there's a **HUNDRED GRAND** in it for you!!

Whaddaya **want . . . ? A swan . . . ? A jack-knife . . . ?** I do a **great belly-whop!!**

GRAZIANO WINE

BOOOO! HISSS!

FIX!! FIX!

You're a **BUM,** LaMutha!

Would you **explain** something to me . . . ?

Sure! Just **axe** me . . .

How is **LaMutha** gonna **remain** the **Number One Contender** by **losing** this **fight?** Wouldn't the guy who **BEATS** him **then become** the Number One Contender?

Maybe **ROBERTO DURAN** is his **strategist!** It's **obvious** you **don't understand** the **Fight Game!!**

I **lost** it, Shmoey! I coulda **killed** 'im an' I **lost** it! I **threw it!** I **took** a **dive** . . . *sob* . . .

This is only the **second time** in his **life** I seen him **cry!**

When was the **first?**

The time he threw a **left hook** at our **Mother . . .** an' **MISSED!**

TONIGHT ROCKY TON

BOXING

GRAZIANO WINE

PENNIES

The years sure fly by **fast,** eh Jerk? You finally became **Champ!** You got a **divorce,** and you married **Vixen!** An' I got married, **too!** Ain't everythin' **great?!** What can possibly **spoil** it?

Off-hand, I can think of a **couple** of things! Like f'rinstance, if your **Wife** ever **catches you** with **THIS broad!!**

SPEAKIN' of foolin' aroun', do you think **Vixen** is **cheatin'** on me . . . ?

Look, you been **buggin' me** for **days** with that **jealousy crap!** I tell you she **ain't** foolin' aroun'! **What** makes you think she **is?**

The way everybody **looks** at her and seems to **know** her! Like **THOSE guys,** for example . . .

Hi, there, Vixen!

How's it **goin'?**

What's cookin', Baby?

MOUTH WASH

For **God's Sake,** Jerk! **One** of those guys is a **PRIEST!** The **other** is **GAY!!**

Yeah, but **look** how the **THIRD ONE** is look-in' at her!!

That's **"COCKEYED" CAVELLO!!** He's **lookin'** at **ME!!**

I **STILL** think she's foolin' aroun'! Last week, when she got back from **Atlantic City,** she had this **DOPEY GRIN** on her face . . . like she'd had **plenty** of **SEX!**

You friggin' idiot! **YOU** were with her in Atlantic City!! You were on your **HONEYMOON!**

And I **NEVER TOUCHED her!!** I **TOLD** you she was foolin' aroun'!!

Okay, you dirty two-timing broad!! Where **WERE** you?! Who were you **MESSIN' AROUN'** with?!? **"HOT LIPS" HOROWITZ? "LOVER BOY" LUNDIGAN?!? "ROMEO" RICOTTA?!**

F'r **cryin' out loud!!** I **jus'** took out the **GARBAGE!!** I was gone a **minute and a half!**

You **gotta stop** wearin' yourself **out** like this, Jerk! Listen . . . you got a big **return match** with **Sugar Ray** comin' up! You gotta **concentrate** on **that!** You **promise me** you're gonna **concentrate** on **nothin'** but the **Sugar Ray fight?**

Okay . . . I promise . . .

Way to **go,** Jerk!!

He's in **terrific form!**

I **never SEEN** him so sharp!!

SOK

BAM

WAK

Now, **you** do **that** to **SUGAR RAY,** and you're a **shoo-in!!**

You **friggin' tramp!** Take **that** n' **that! THIS** will teach you to cheat on **ME!**

I **AIN'T** cheatin' on you, you **damn fool!!**

Yes you are! **C'mon!** Tell me **WHO** you been cheatin' **with,** or I'll **KILL** ya . . . !

Okay, you **really wanna know?!** I'll **tell** you! I been cheatin' with **Clark Gable, John Wayne, Haile Selassie, Pres. Truman,** and your **own brother, Shmoey!**

My God! A friggin' **ORGY!!**

POW!

HAK

You **idiot!!** Can't you see she's **JOKING?!? I ain't cheatin'** on you! Don't you think I got any **family loyalty!** I would **NEVER** cheat on my **Brother . . . !!**

That's **RIGHT!** I'm **married** to him, and **I know Shmoey** better than **ANYBODY!** He would **NEVER** cheat on his **Brother!** On his **WIFE, maybe,** but **never** his **Brother!**

Boy, that LaMutha sure made a **MESS** out of his life!

Yeah! His own Brother **walked out** on him, his Wife **hardly talks** to him, and now, **Sugar Ray** is poundin' the **crap** out of him!

And look at the **SHAPE** he's in! You **can't tell ME** he's a **Middleweight!**

No?!? Take another look at his **middle!**

BELT

Y'know, Viven, I think I been hit in the **head** too many times! Here I am in a **black an' white film**— lookin' at **home movies** of **us** in **Florida** after I **retire,** an' they **look** like they're **IN COLOR!!**

Yeah! You think **THAT's** strange?! How about a **black and white film** with a **color home-movie sequence** in a **black an' white MAGAZINE?!?**

BELL VS. HOWELL 10 ROUNDS

Since I **retired** from the **ring** and opened up this **night club,** things have been **great!** Plenty of **booze, broads** and **food** . . . and lots of **laughs!**

Man, he musta put on **200 pounds!**

There's a **rumor** he's goin' into **Show Business!** Is it **true** he's gonna do **"The Odd Couple"?!?**

Yeah . . . he's gonna play the **TITLE ROLE!**

Well, folks, I **hate** to **eat** an' **waddle,** but **Vixen's waitin'** for me out in the **car!** We've had our **problems** through the years, but she's been **loyal** to me . . . right to the end . . . !

Yeah . . . she **stuck by** him through **thick** an' **THICKER!**

LA MUTHA VS TONY JANIRO

Hi, Hon! **Sorry** I'm so late . . .

It **don' matter** no more, Jerk! **It's all over!** I'm **leavin'** you! **Forever!**

Look . . . I'm **sorry** I've accused you of cheatin' on me all these years! I was **wrong!**

No, you were **right! I WAS** cheatin'! I been **seein' someone** on the **side all along!!**

What are you **talking** about?!

He's **everything you ain't!** He's **sensitive** and **sweet** and **loved** and **respected!**

Yecccch!

Sounds to me like you been seein' a **COLLEGE PROFESSOR!**

PARKING

LA MUTHA'S PLACE

FLORIDA SUN NEW YORK FREEZES

BUS STOP

Next to **YOU,** he **IS** a **College Professor!!**

Come back, Vixen! **Please** come back!

He's **just another pug!** What can **HE** give you **I** can't?

Well, for **one** thing: **financial security!!**

He's got at least **FIVE MORE "Fight Pictures" in HIM!!**

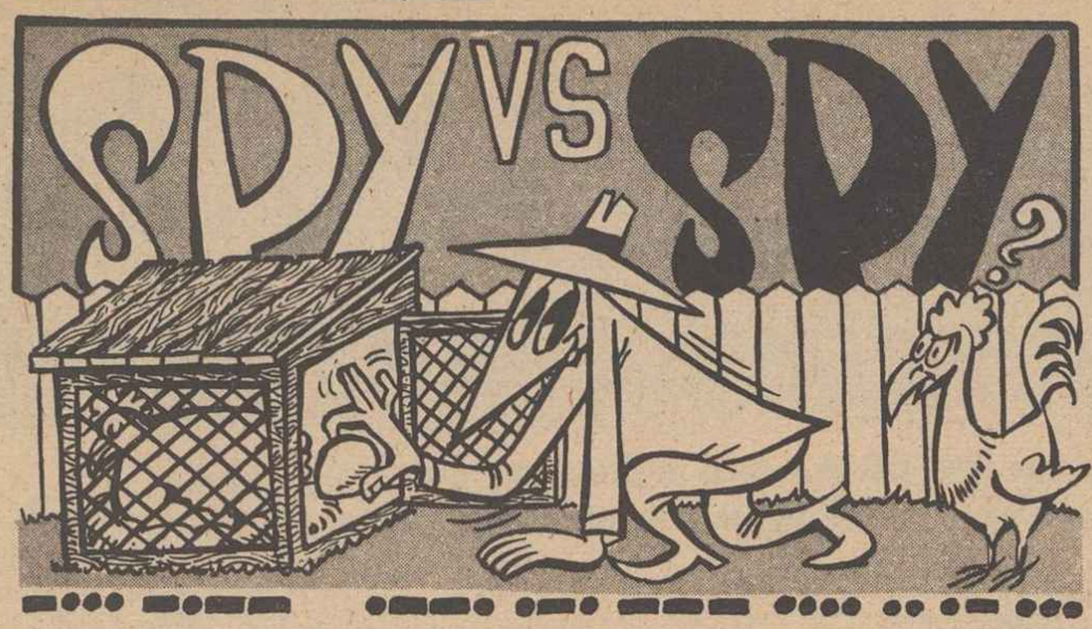
Hollywood's got about as **much chance** of making some **more money** on a fat creep like **YOU** with a **sequel** than they **got** making a sequel to **"The Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes"!**

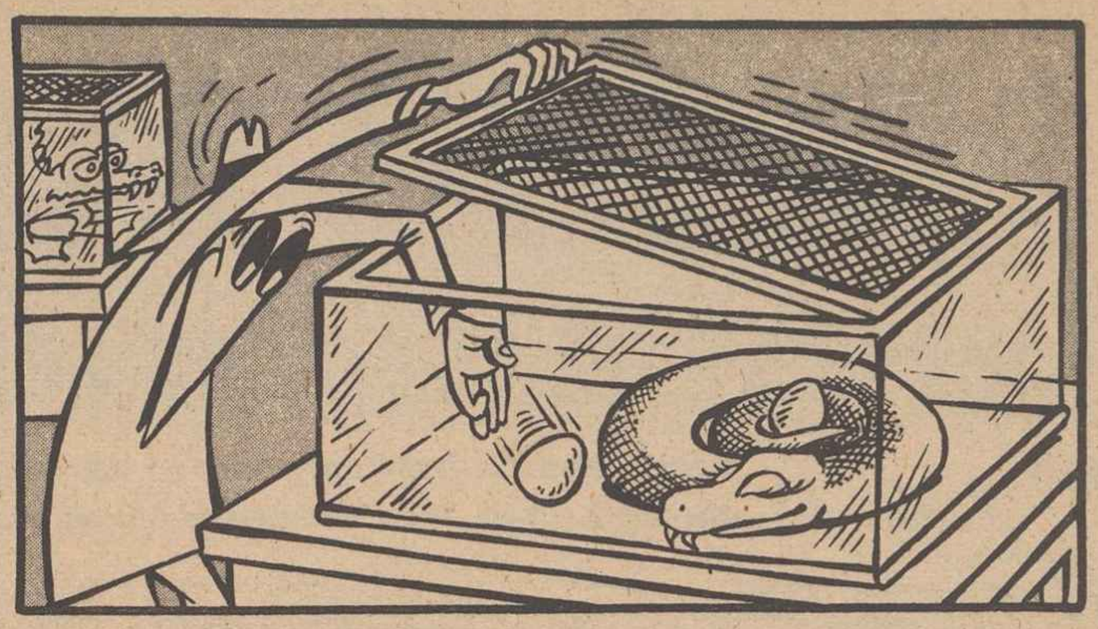
VRROOOOM

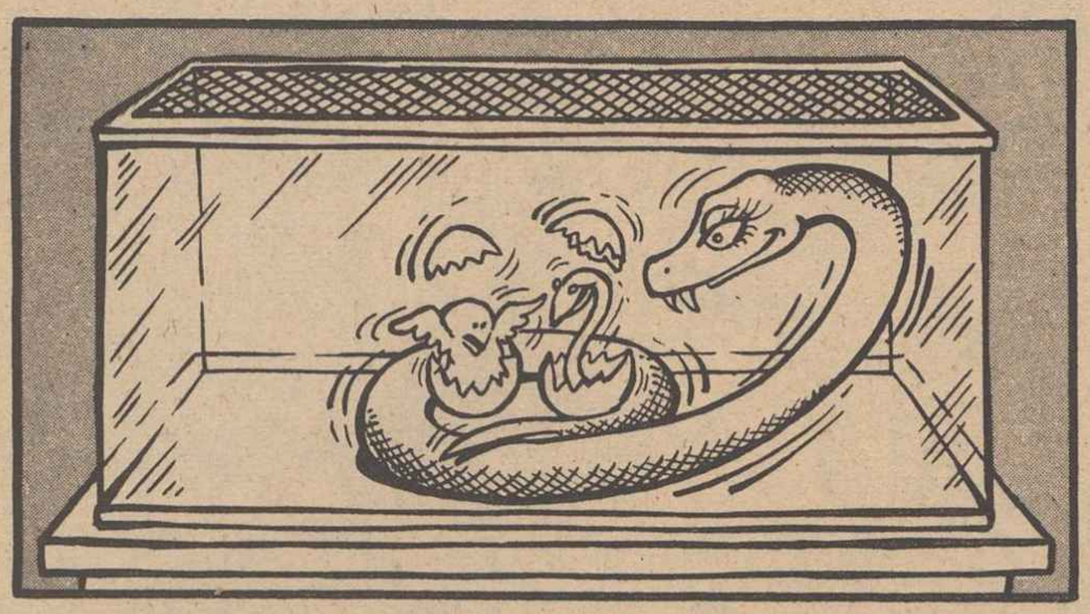
PARKING

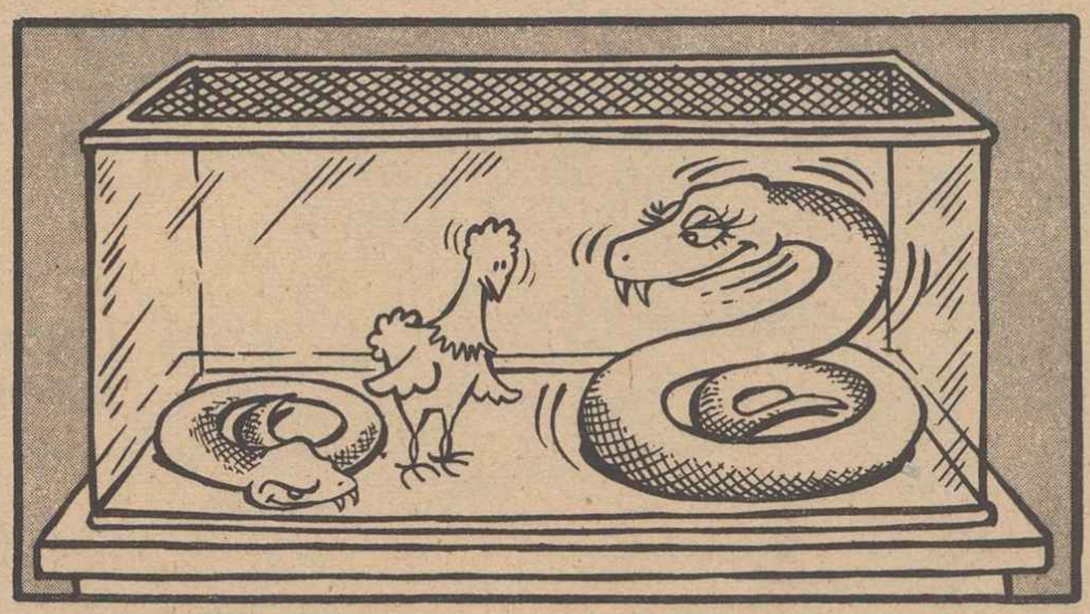
THE END

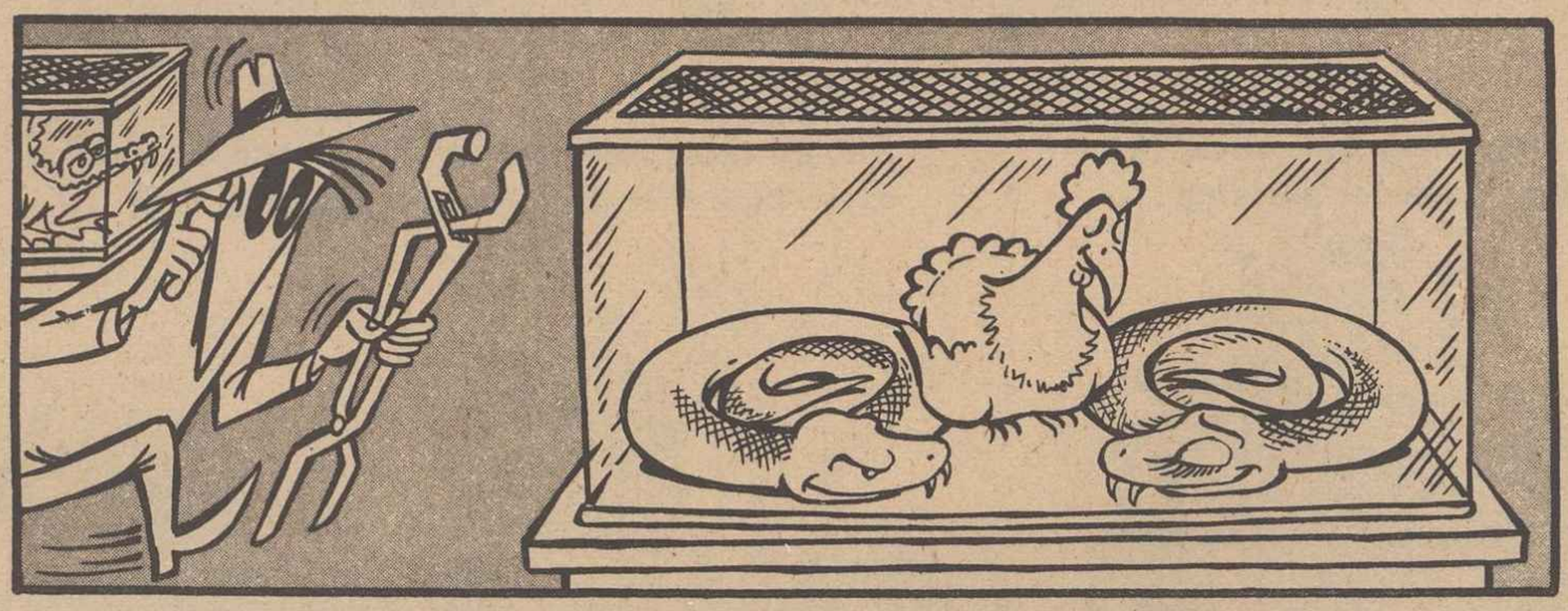
ROCKY ♡


SPY VS SPY

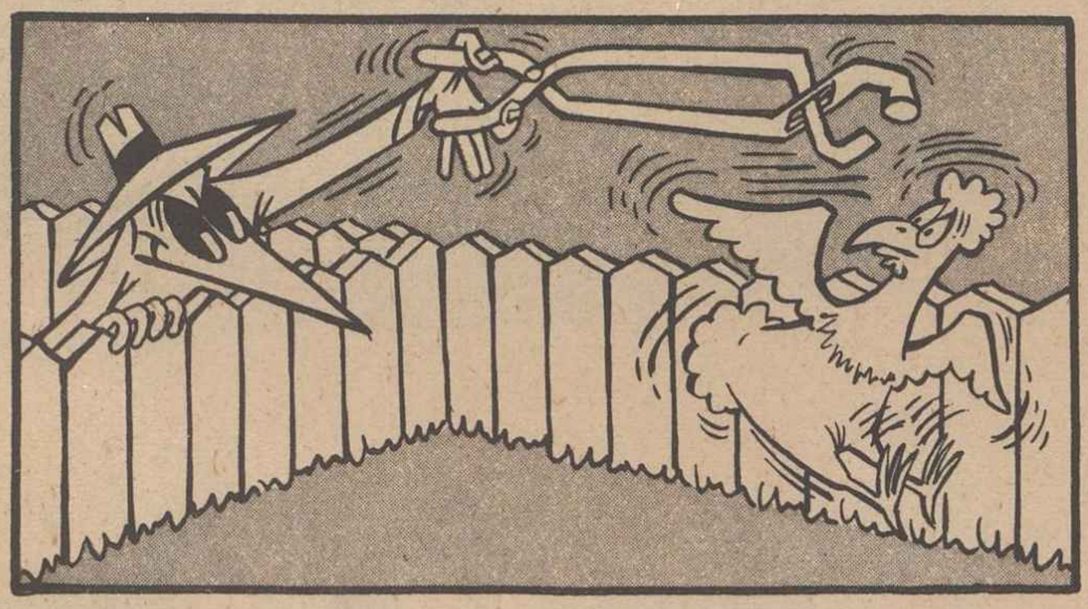


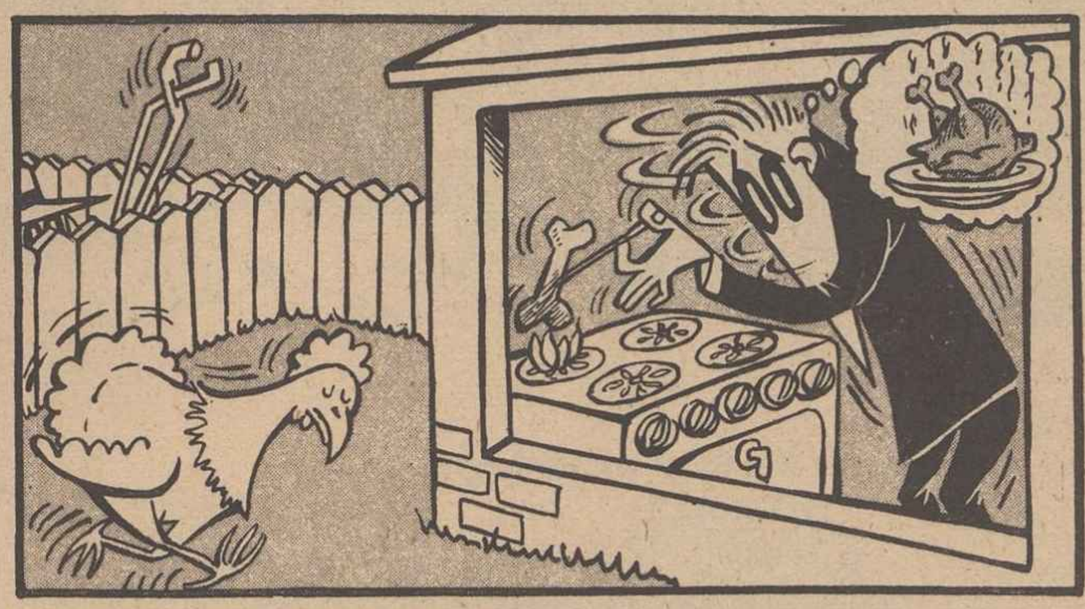


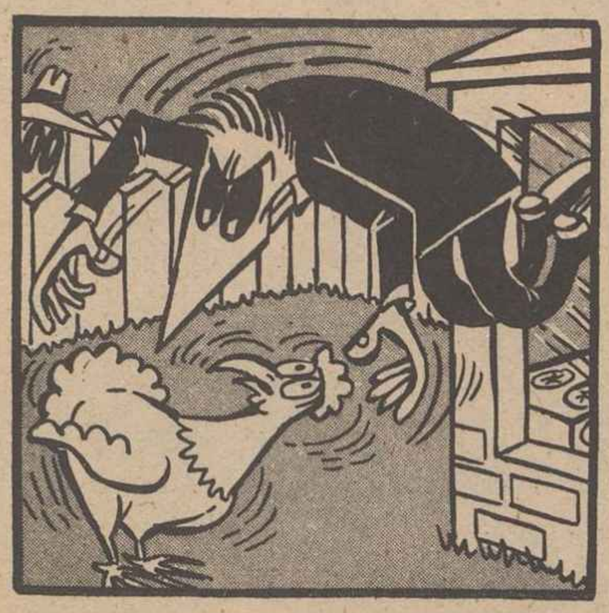


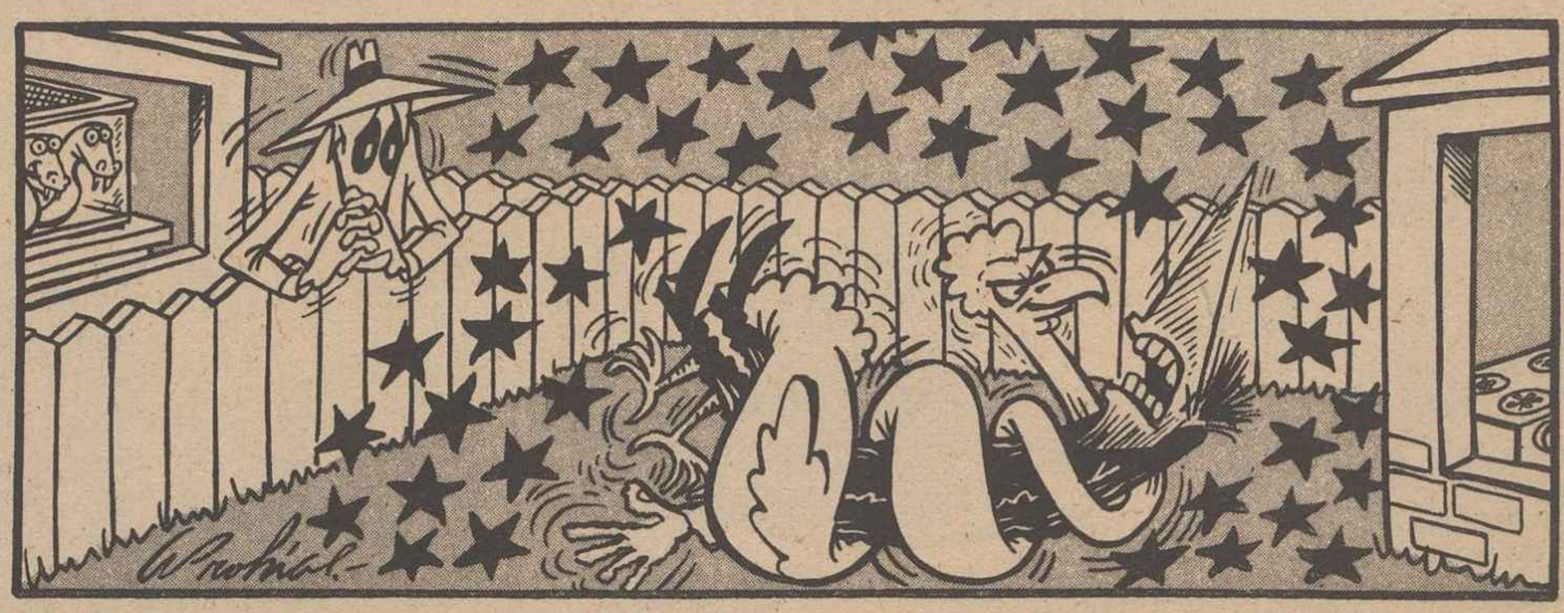








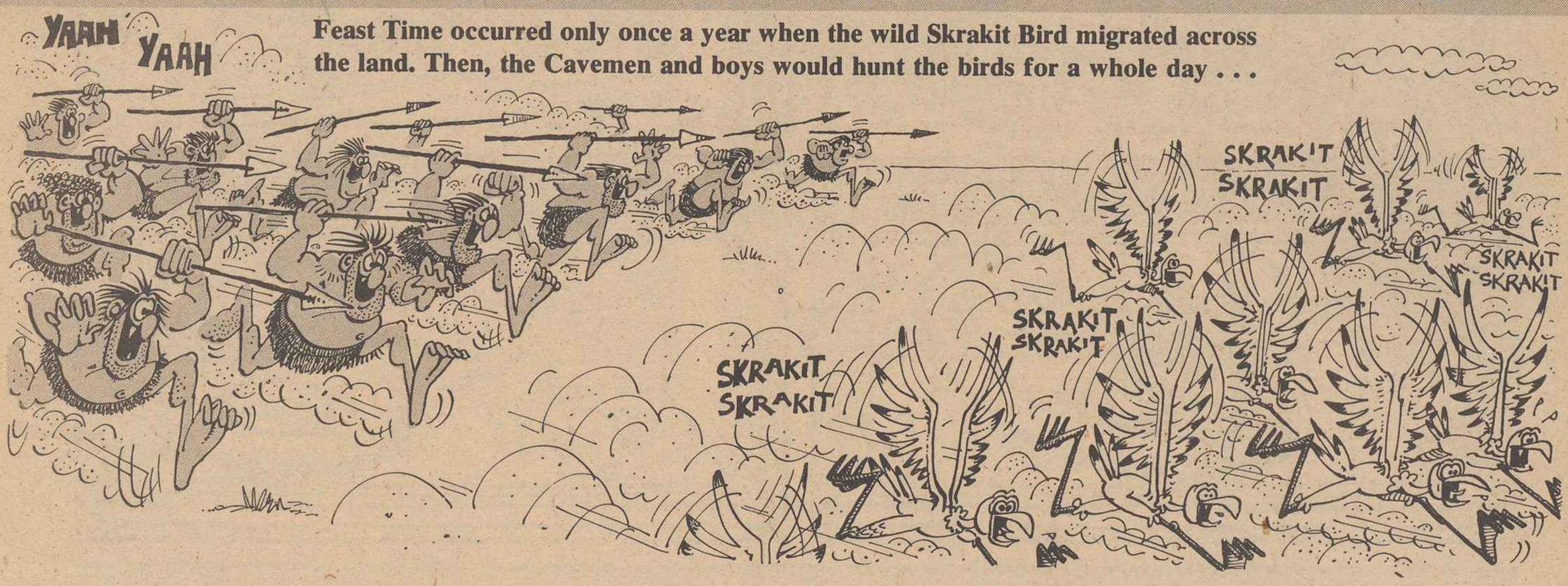




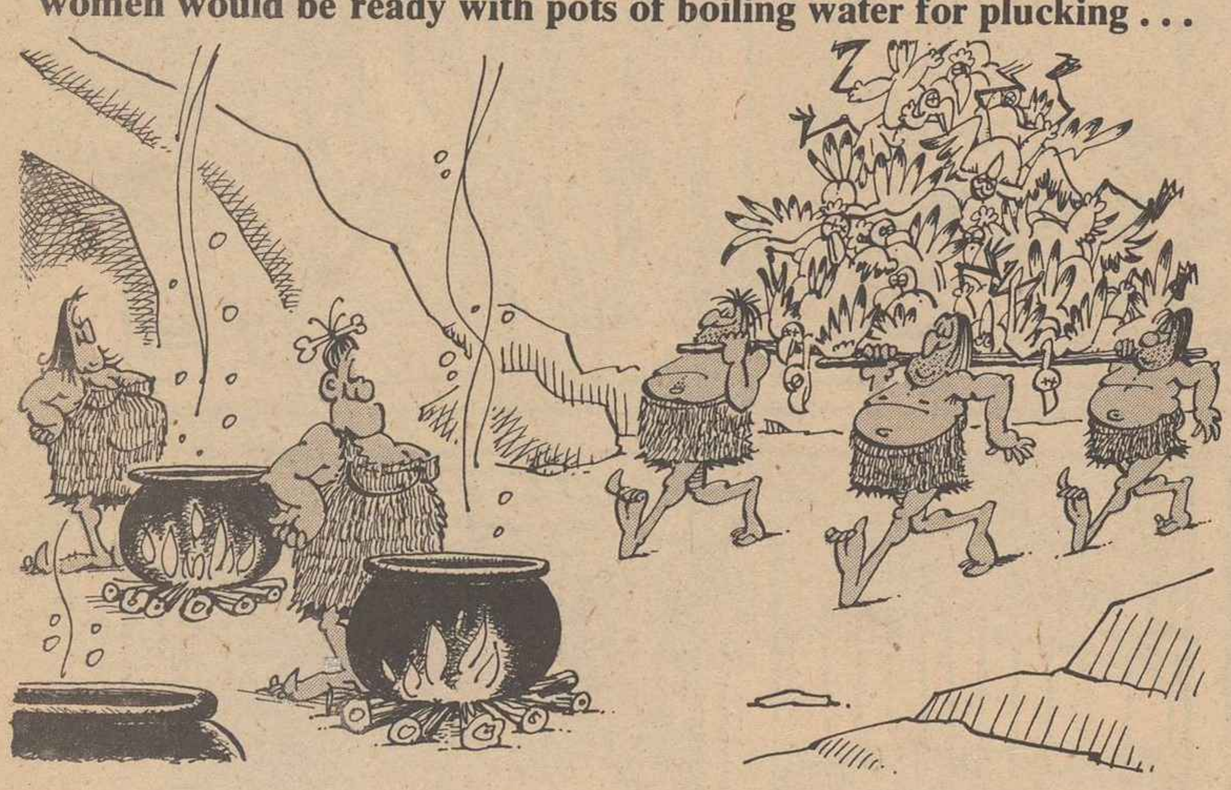
DON MARTIN LO

PART I — FEAST TIME FOR CAVEMAN COMMUNITY

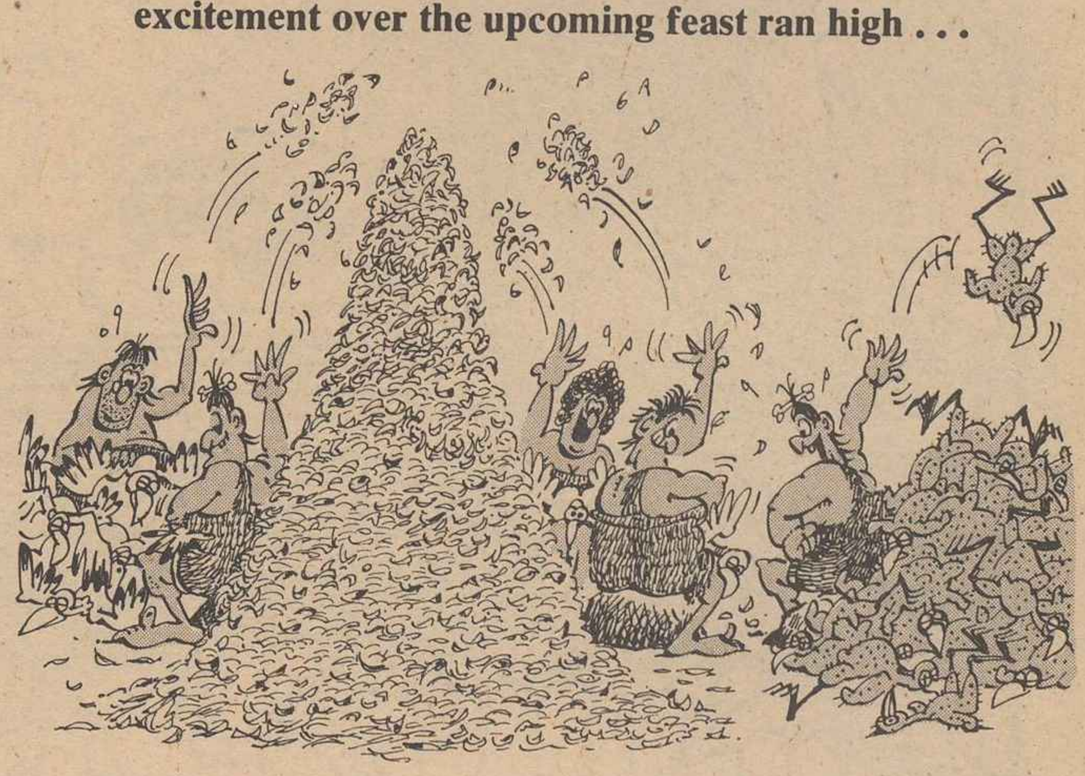
Feast Time occurred only once a year when the wild Skrakit Bird migrated across the land. Then, the Cavemen and boys would hunt the birds for a whole day . . .



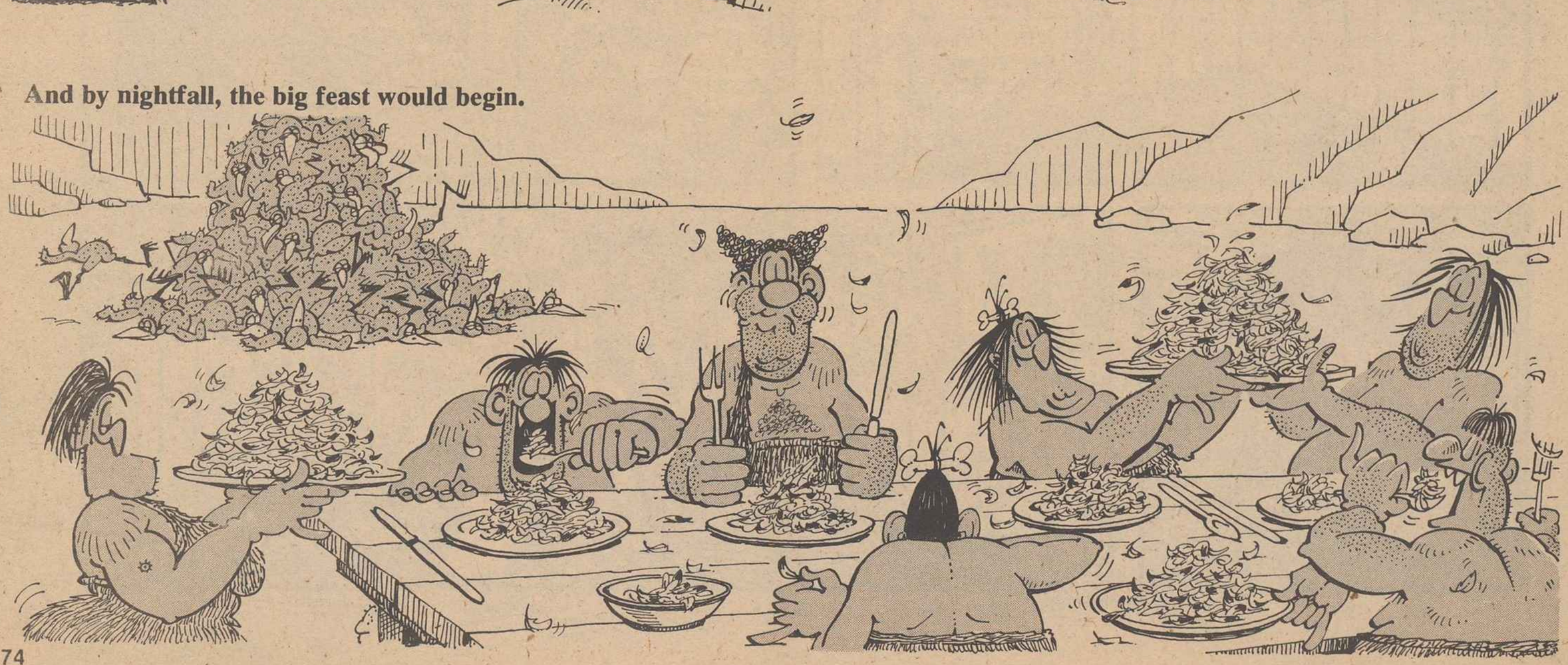
When they returned the following morning laden with birds, the women would be ready with pots of boiling water for plucking . . .



The plucking took most of the second day, and excitement over the upcoming feast ran high . . .

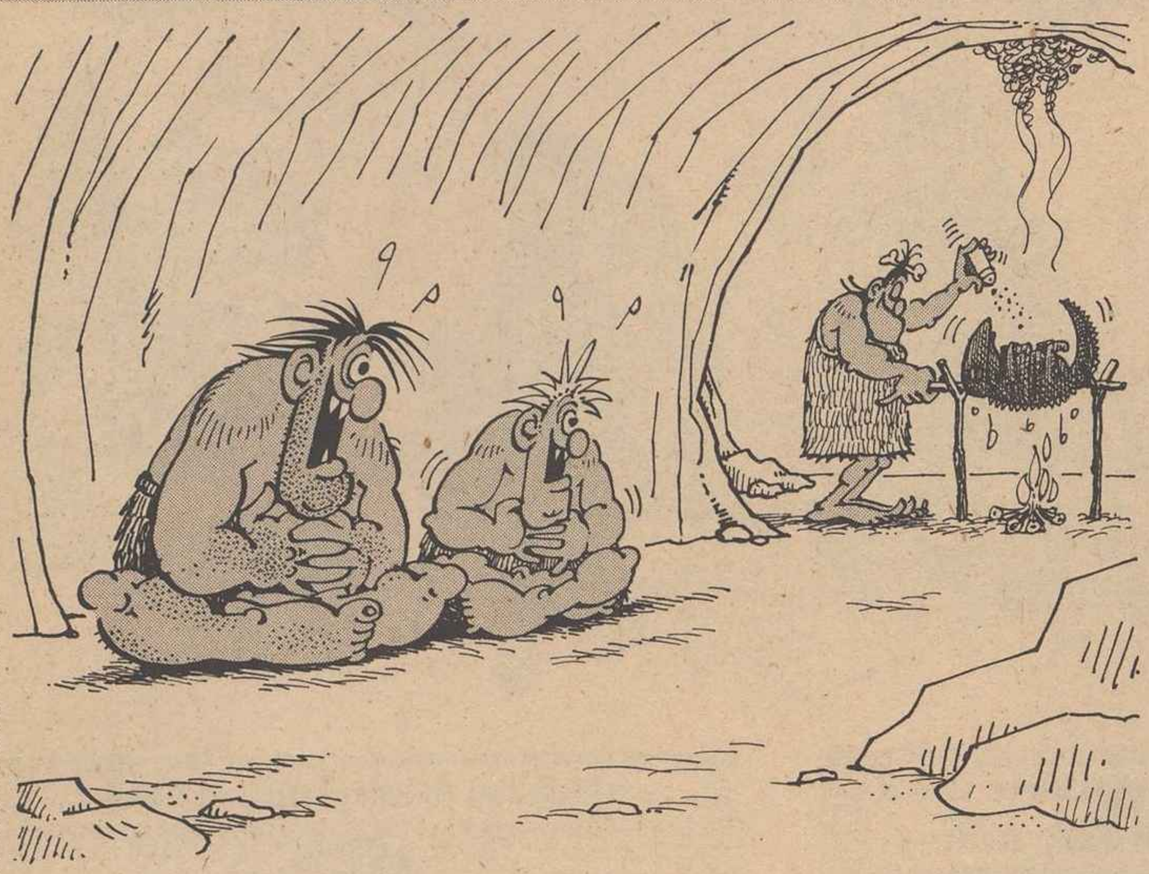


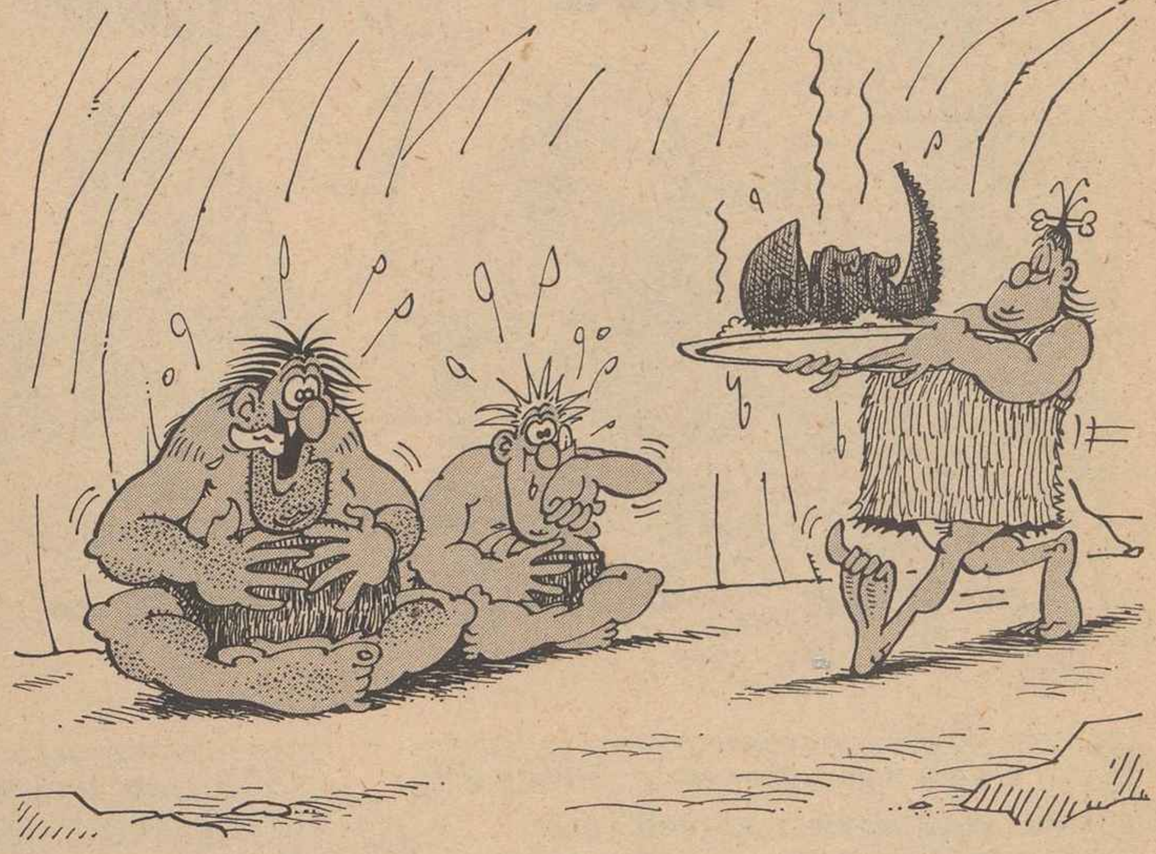
And by nightfall, the big feast would begin.

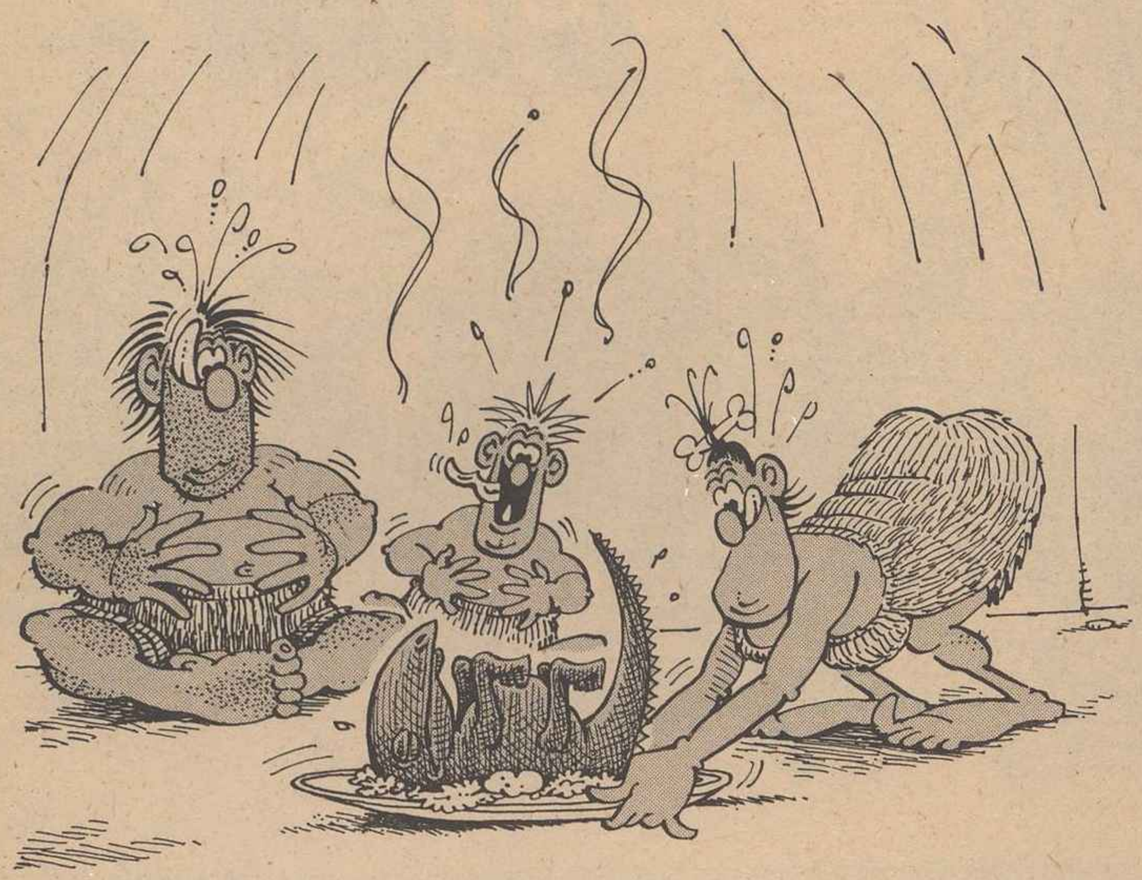


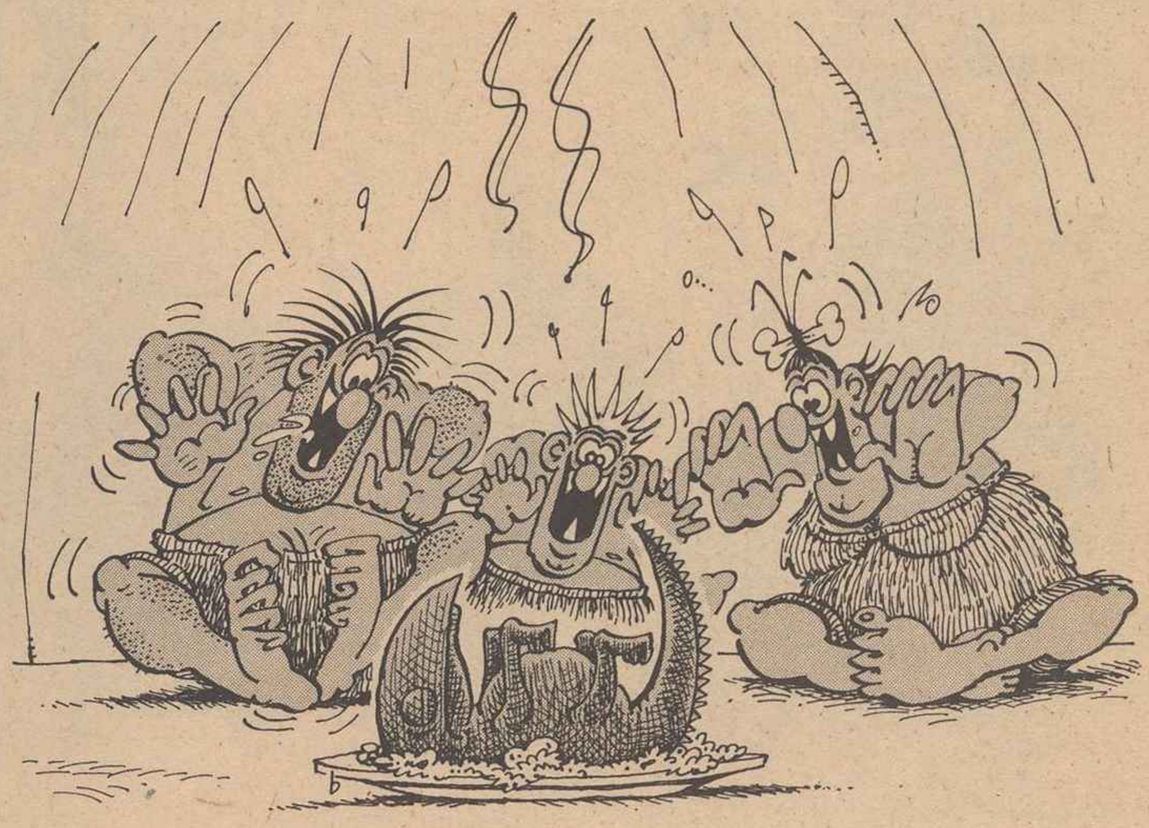
OKS AT CAVEMEN

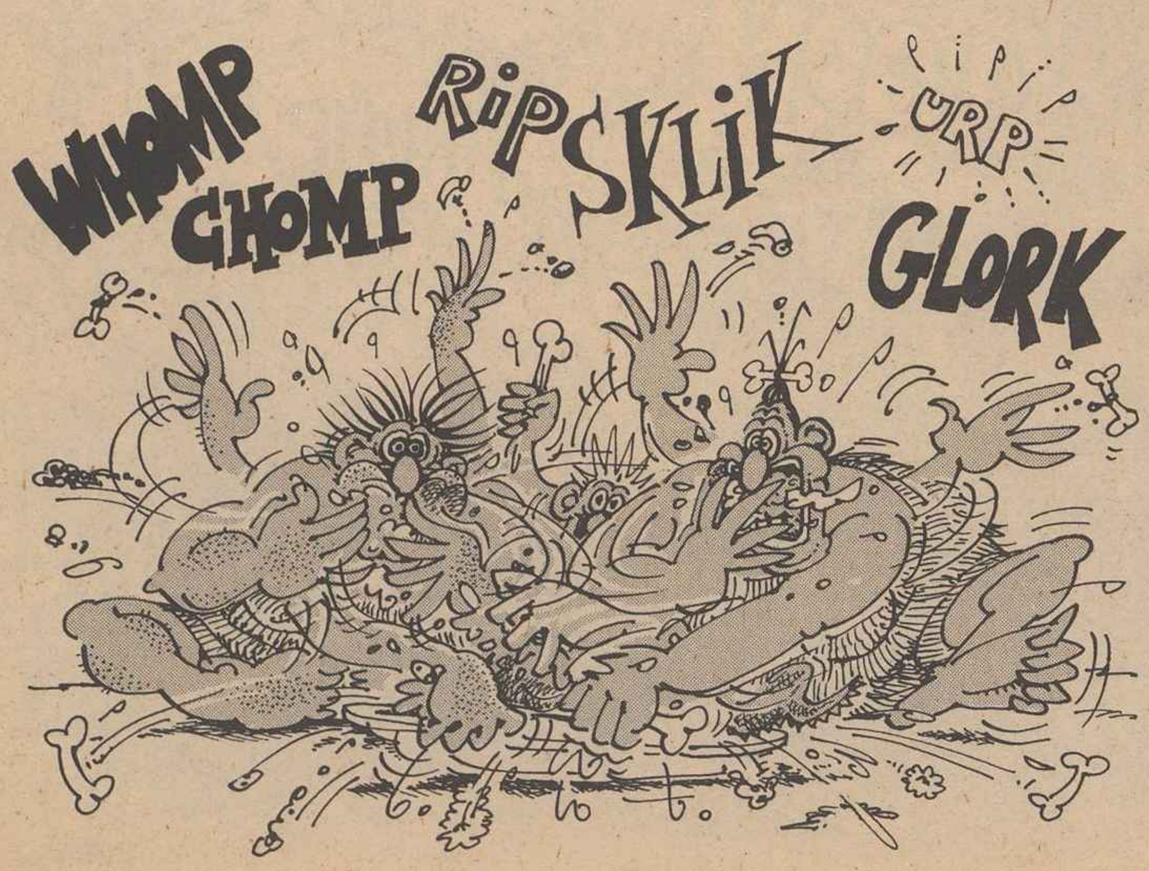
PART II — THE HUNGRY CAVE FAMILY AT SUNDAY DINNER

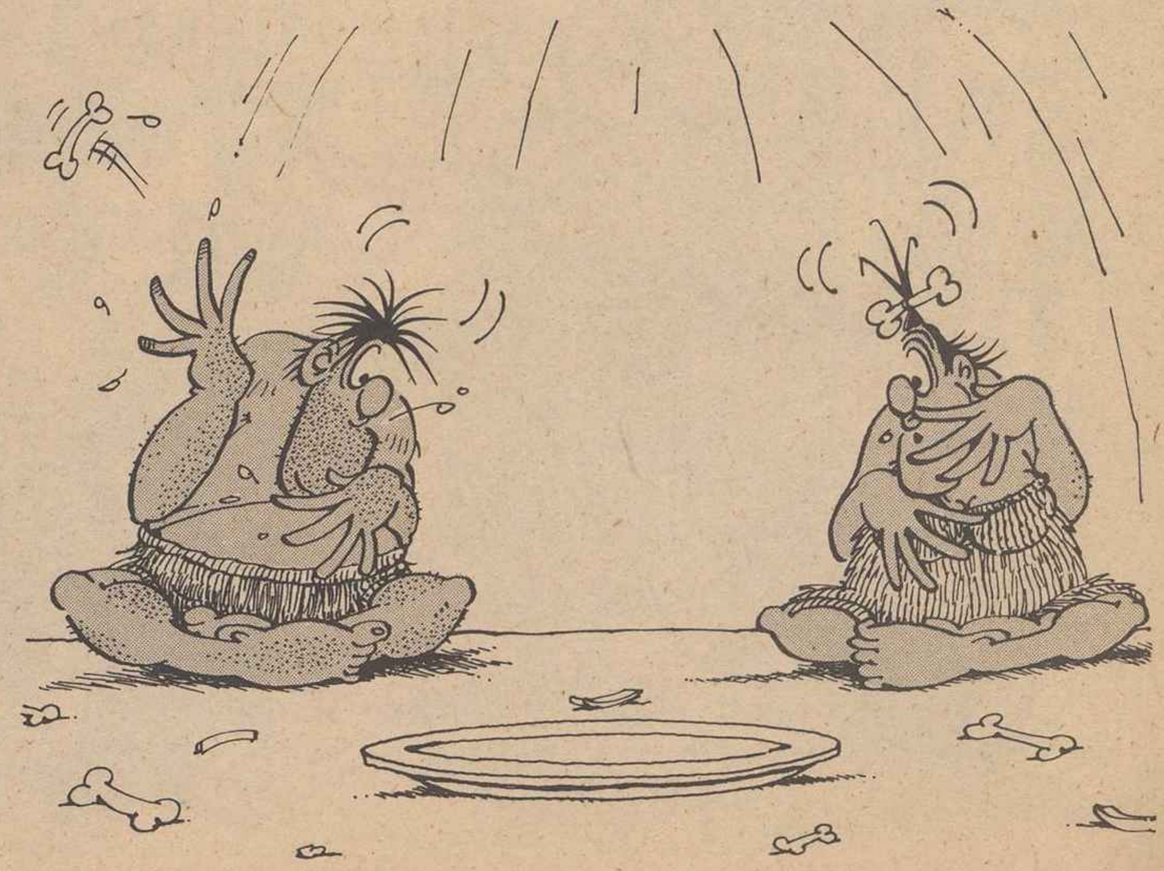






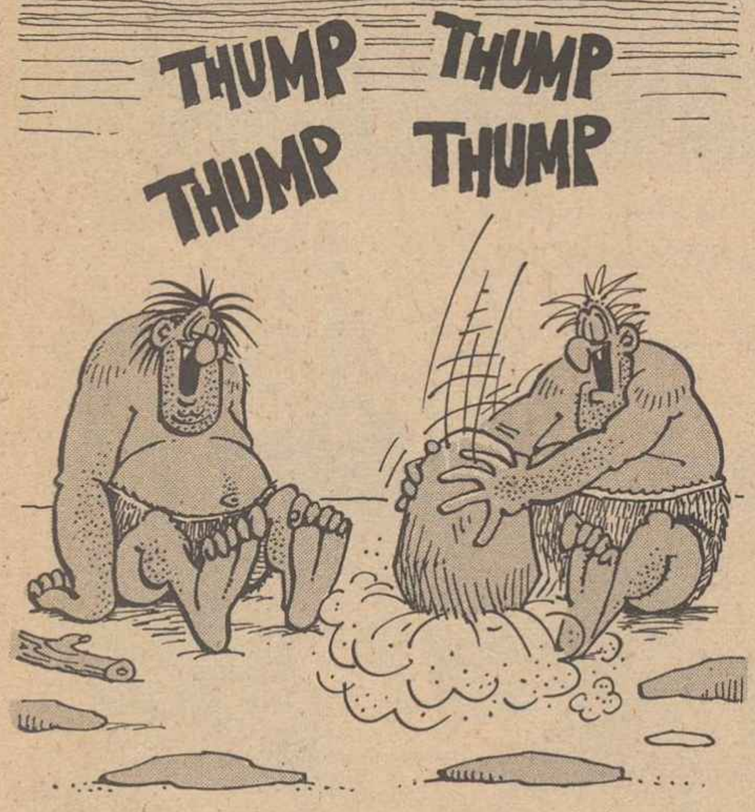




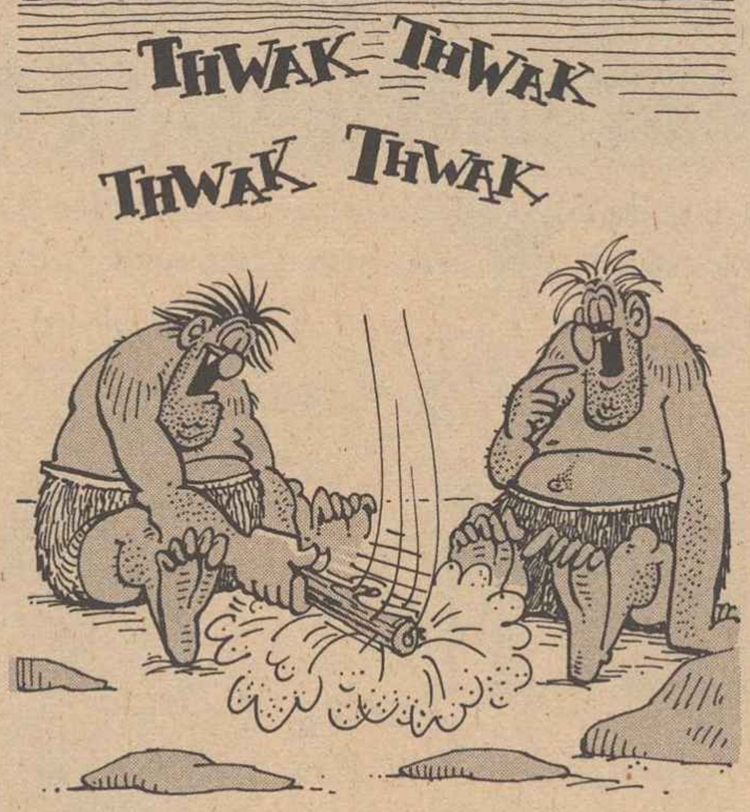


PART III — THE DEVELOPMENT OF PRIMITIVE MUSIC

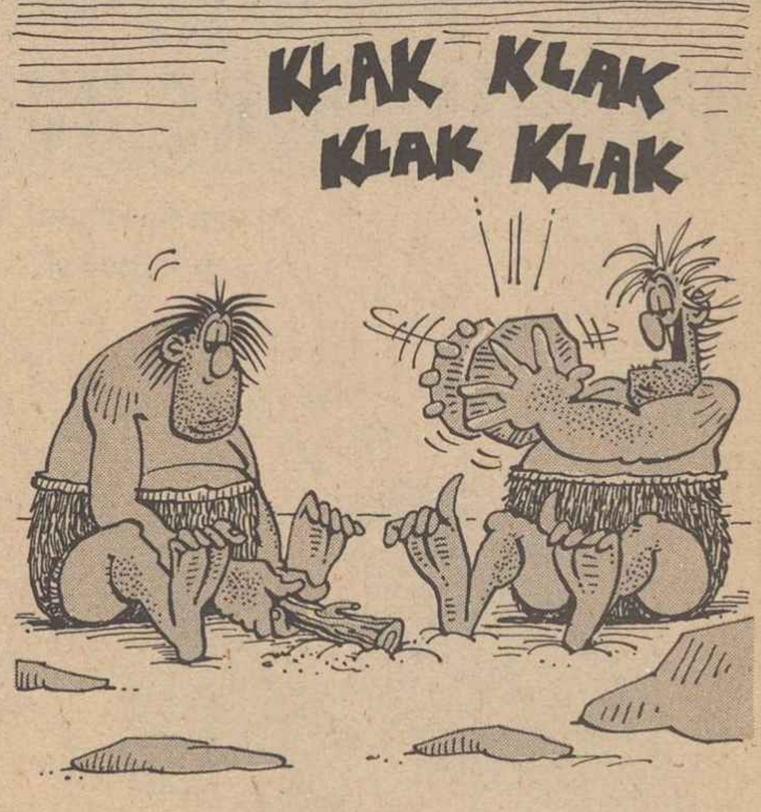
The first "instrument" was a big rock beaten rhythmically against the ground.



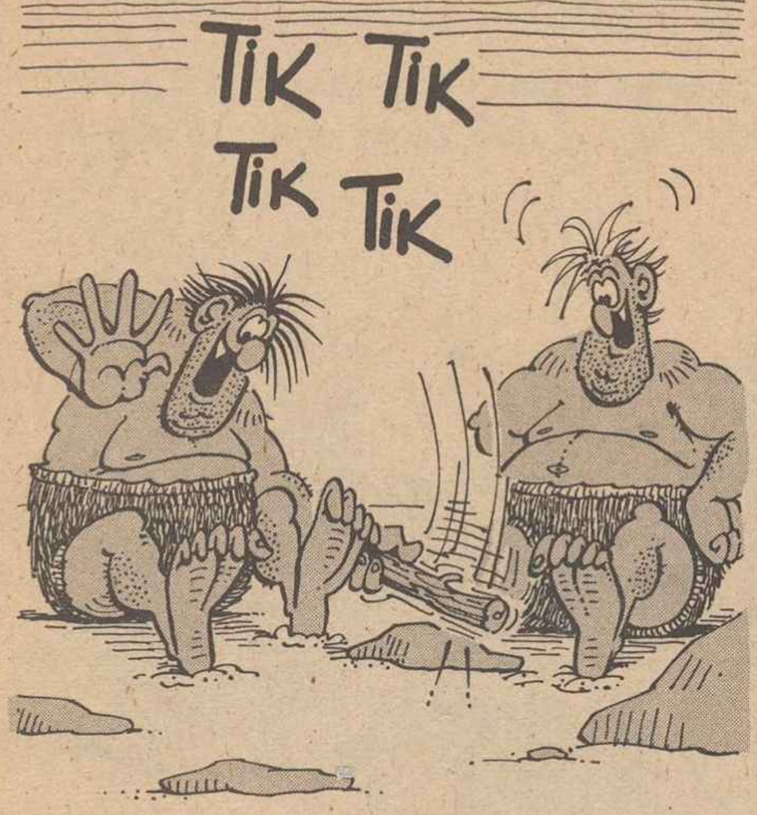
Next, a stout stick beaten against the ground was tried and accepted.



Hitting two small rocks together was the next innovation to be tried . . .



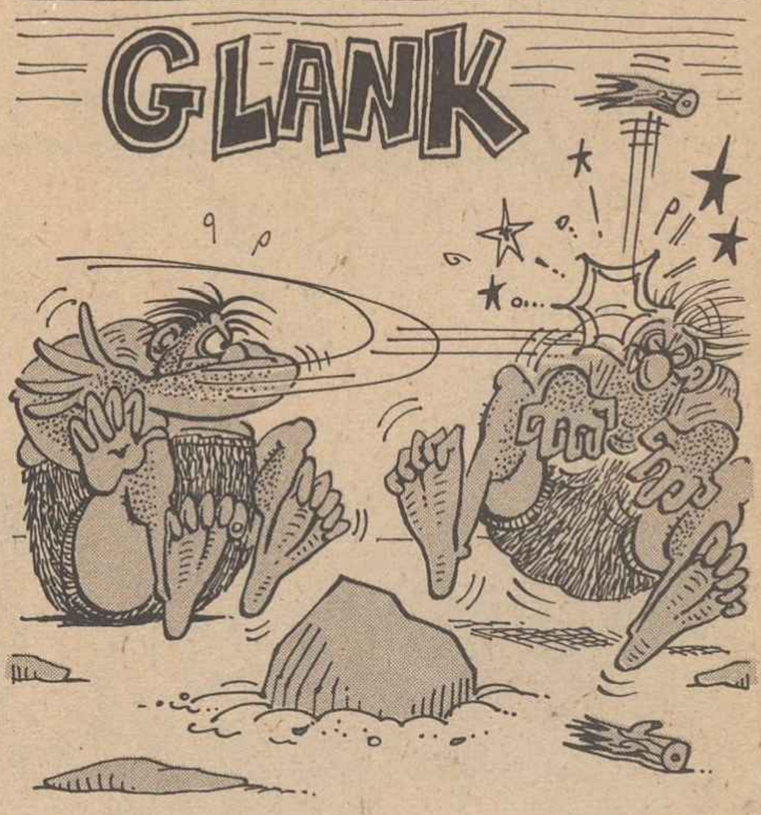
. . . which was followed by hitting a stout stick against a small rock . . .



The next logical progression was a large rock against a stout stick . . .



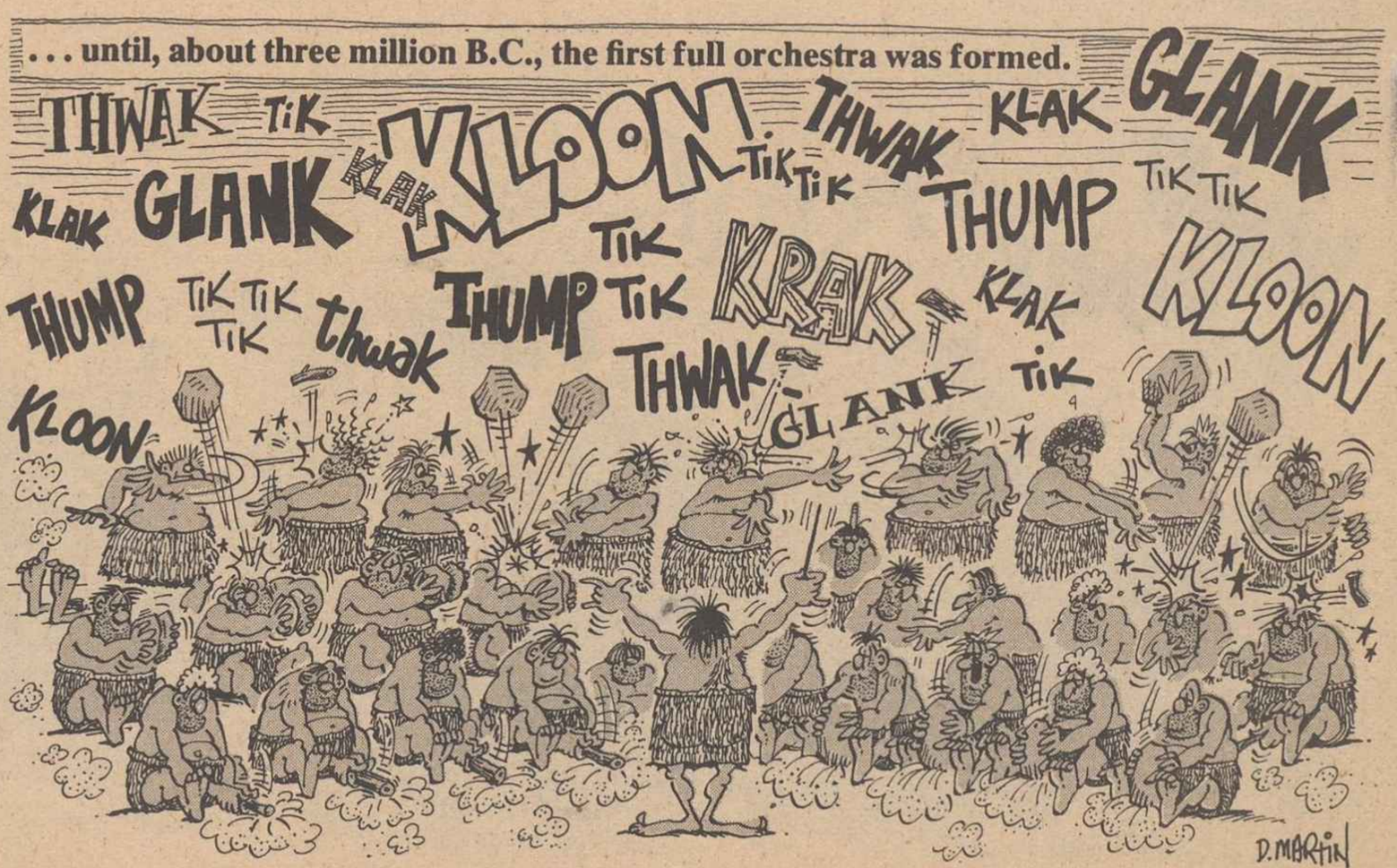
. . . which led to stick against head . . .



. . . which led to rock against head . . .



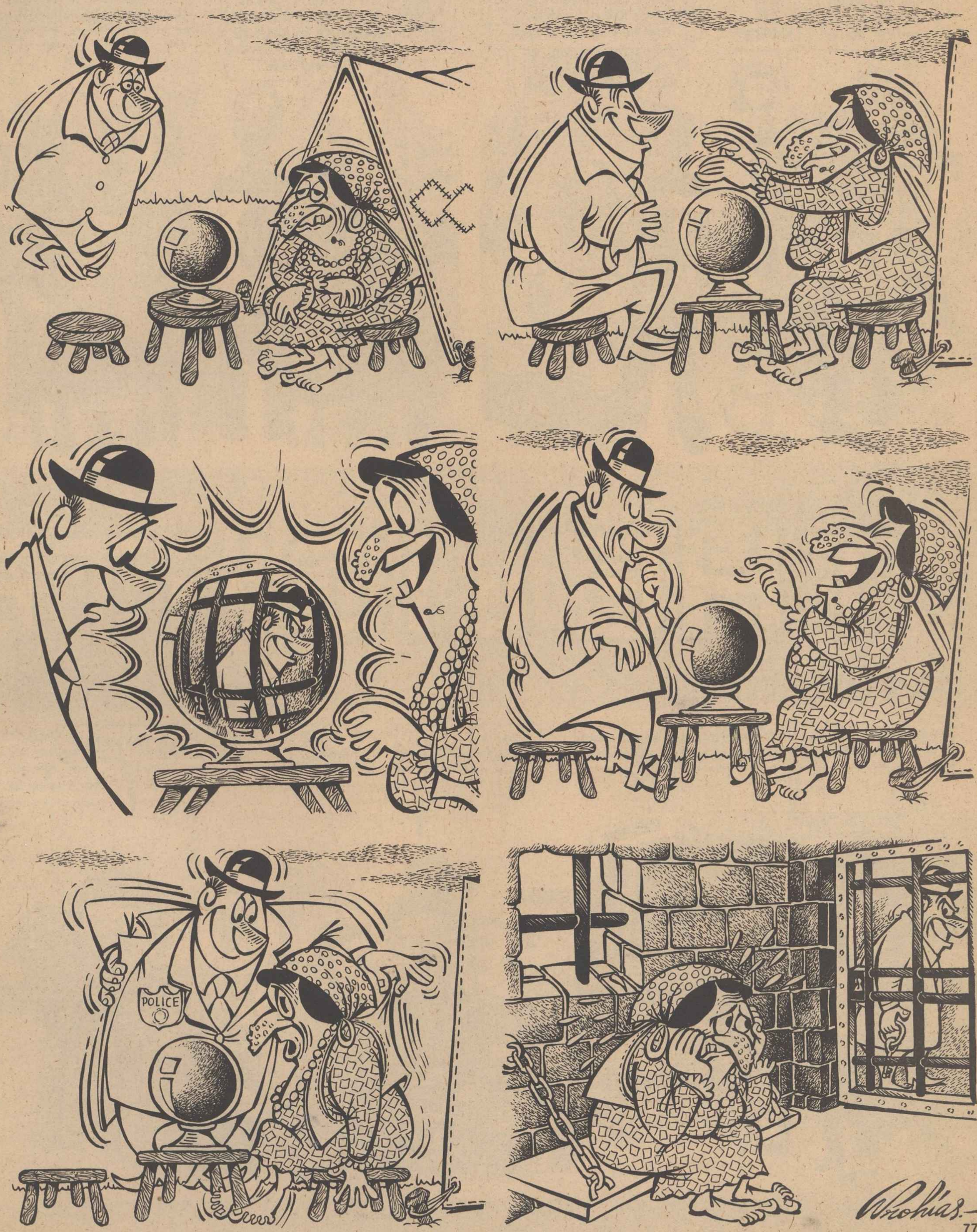
. . . until, about three million B.C., the first full orchestra was formed.



FORTUNE KOOKIE DEPT.

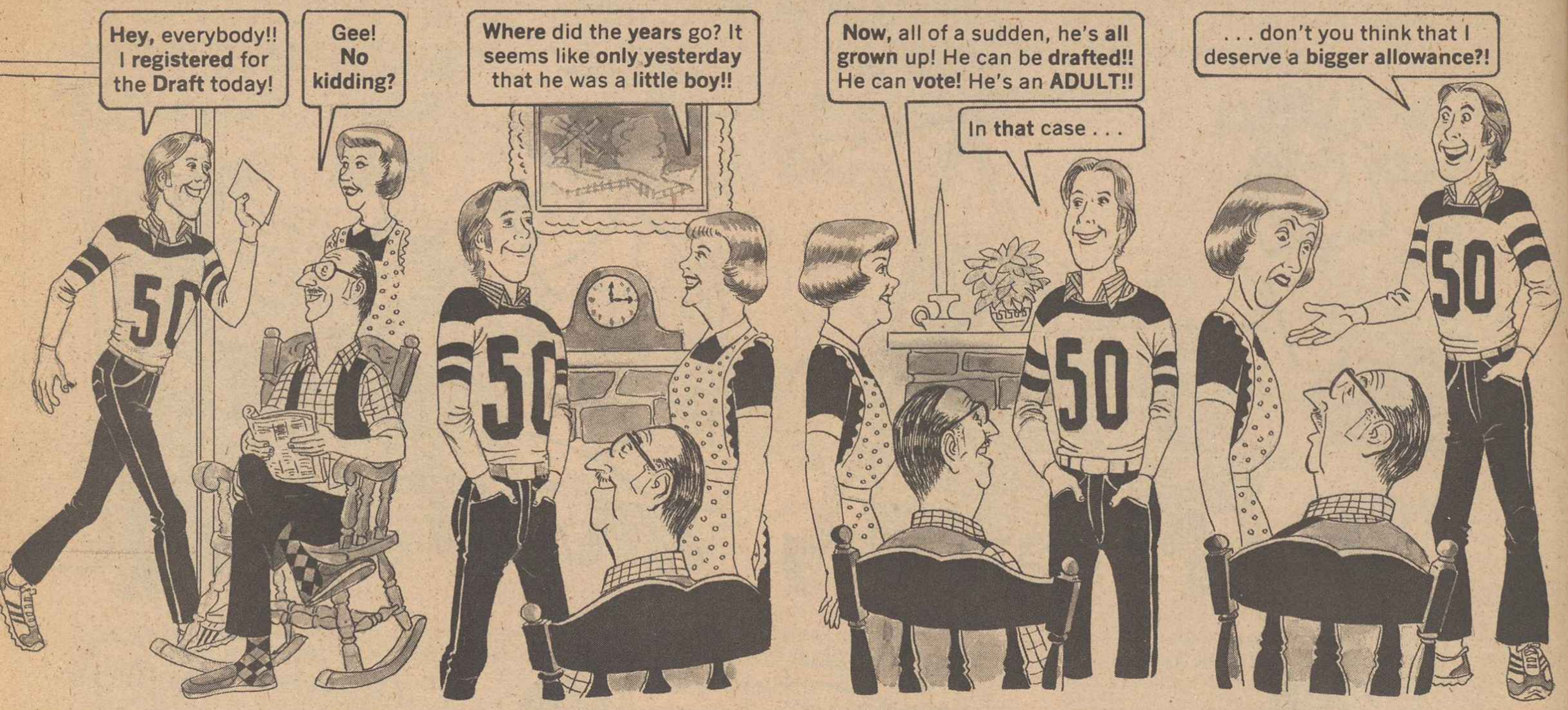
THE OLD BALL GAME

ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS



Prohias

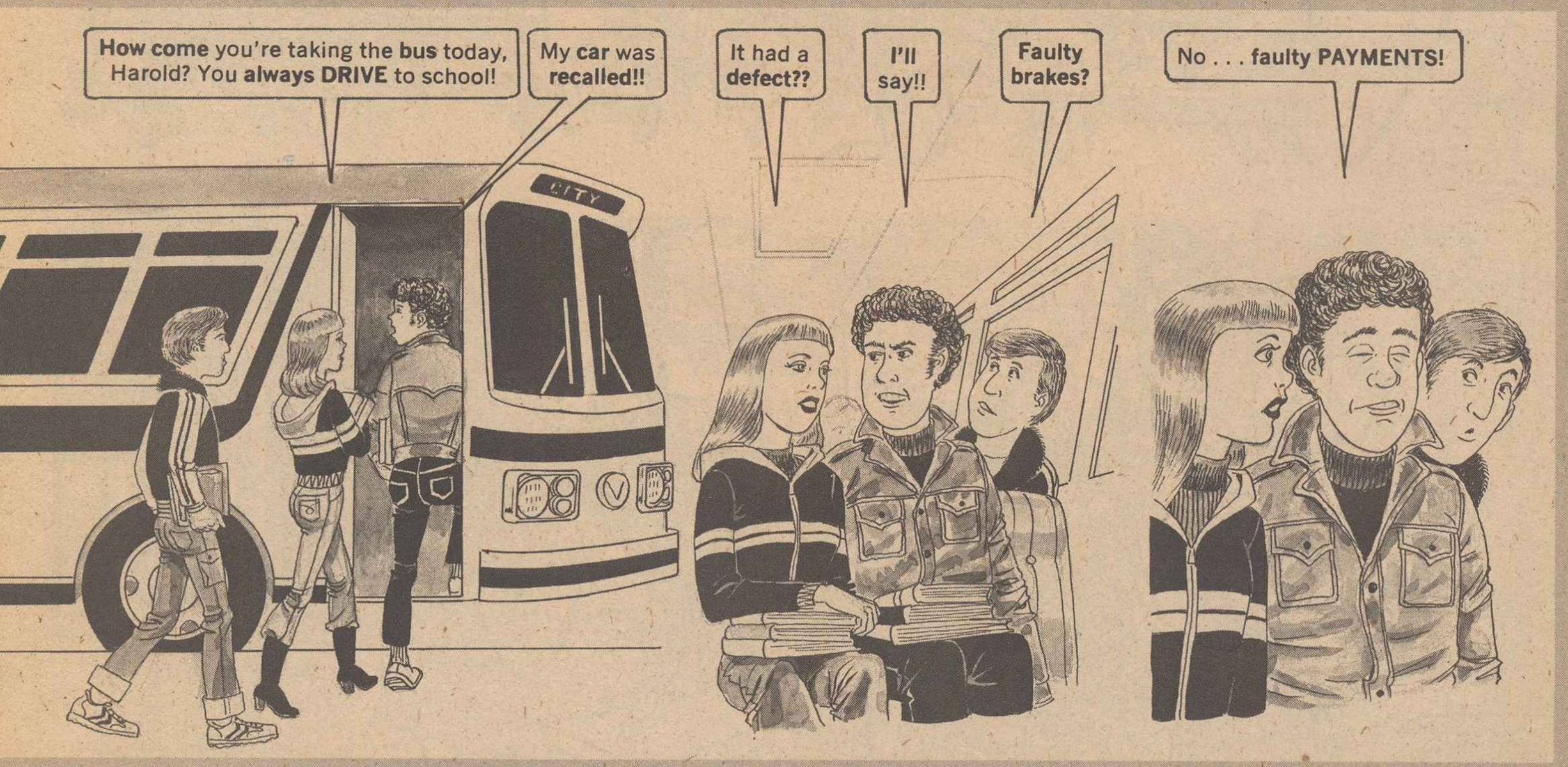
GROWING PAINS



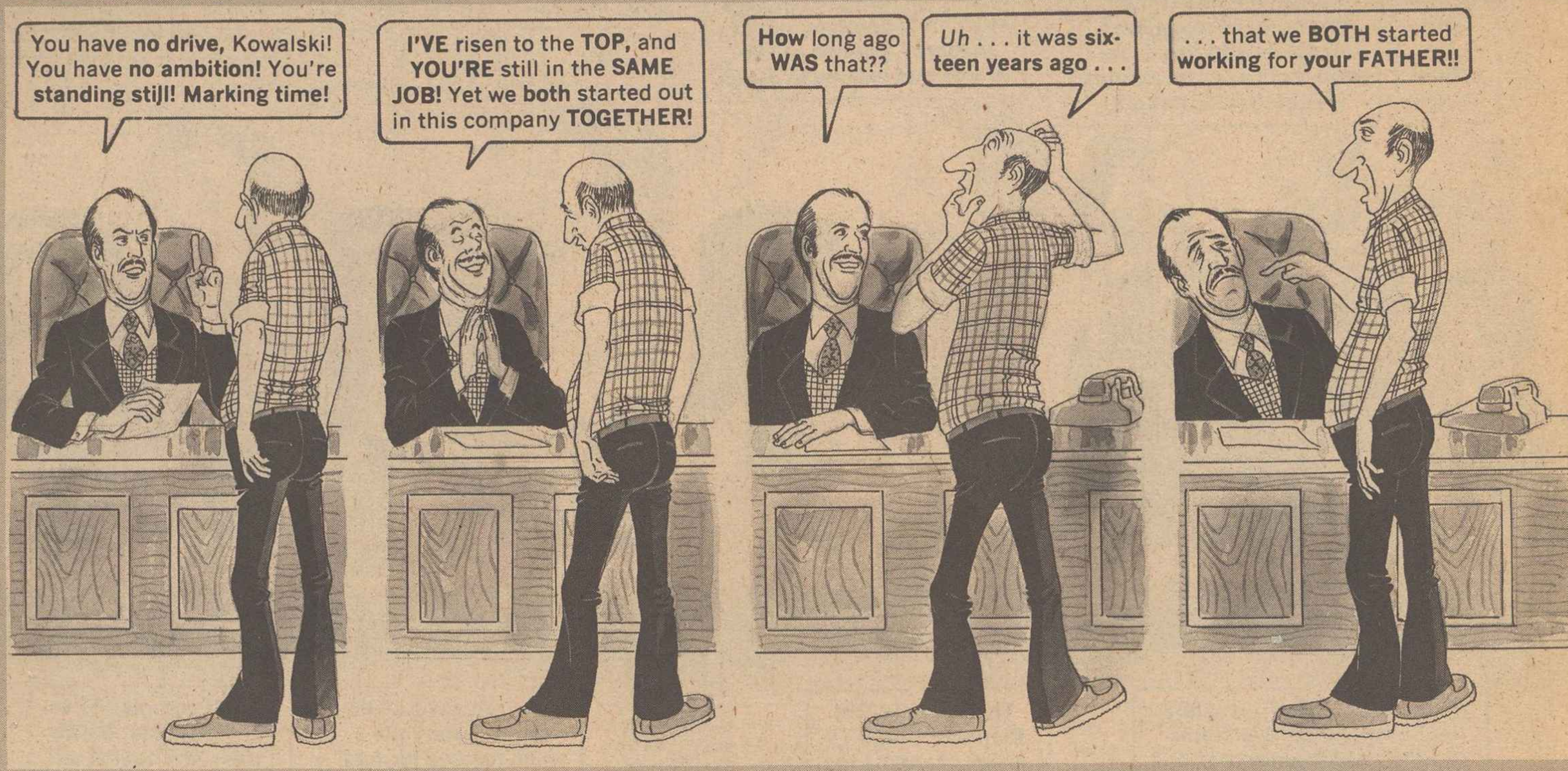
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

CAR OWNERS



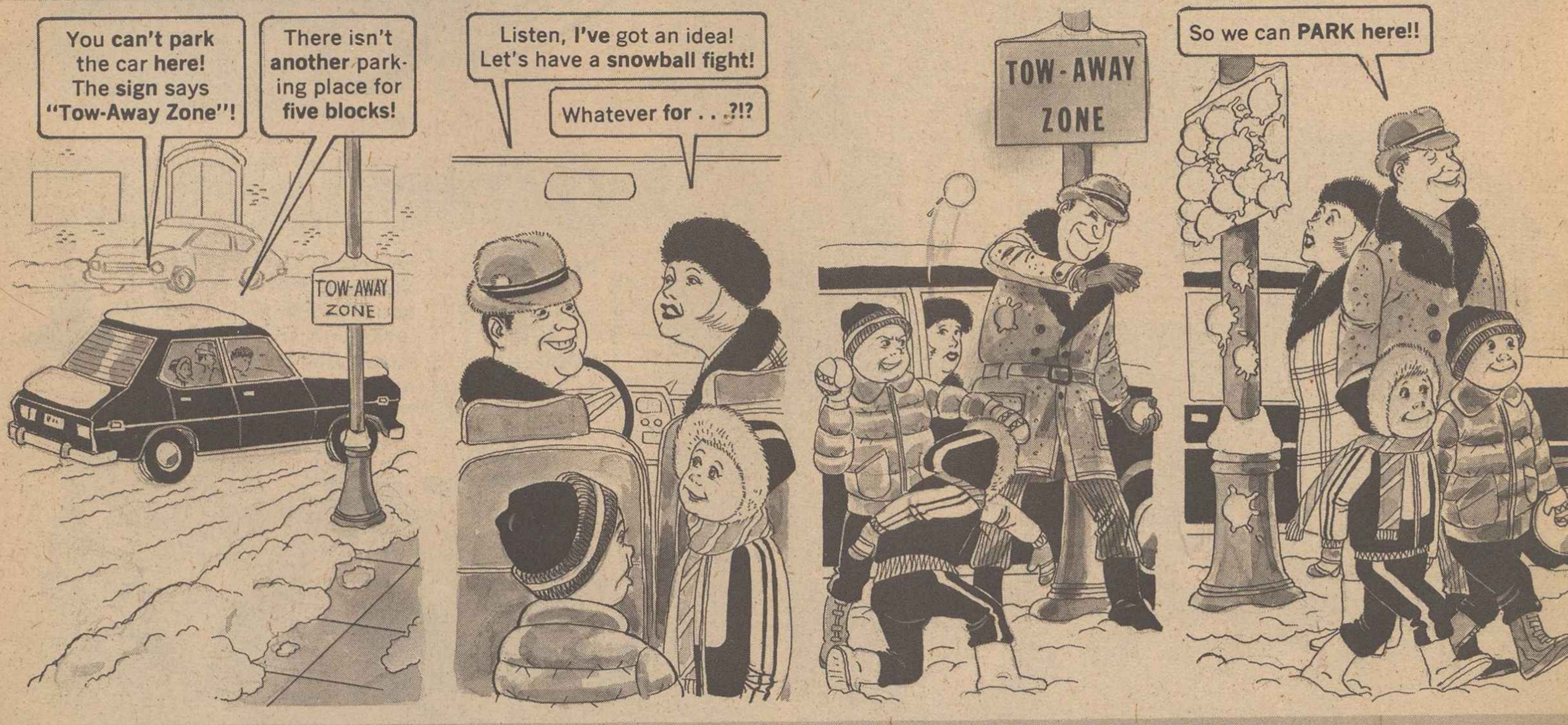
SUCCESS



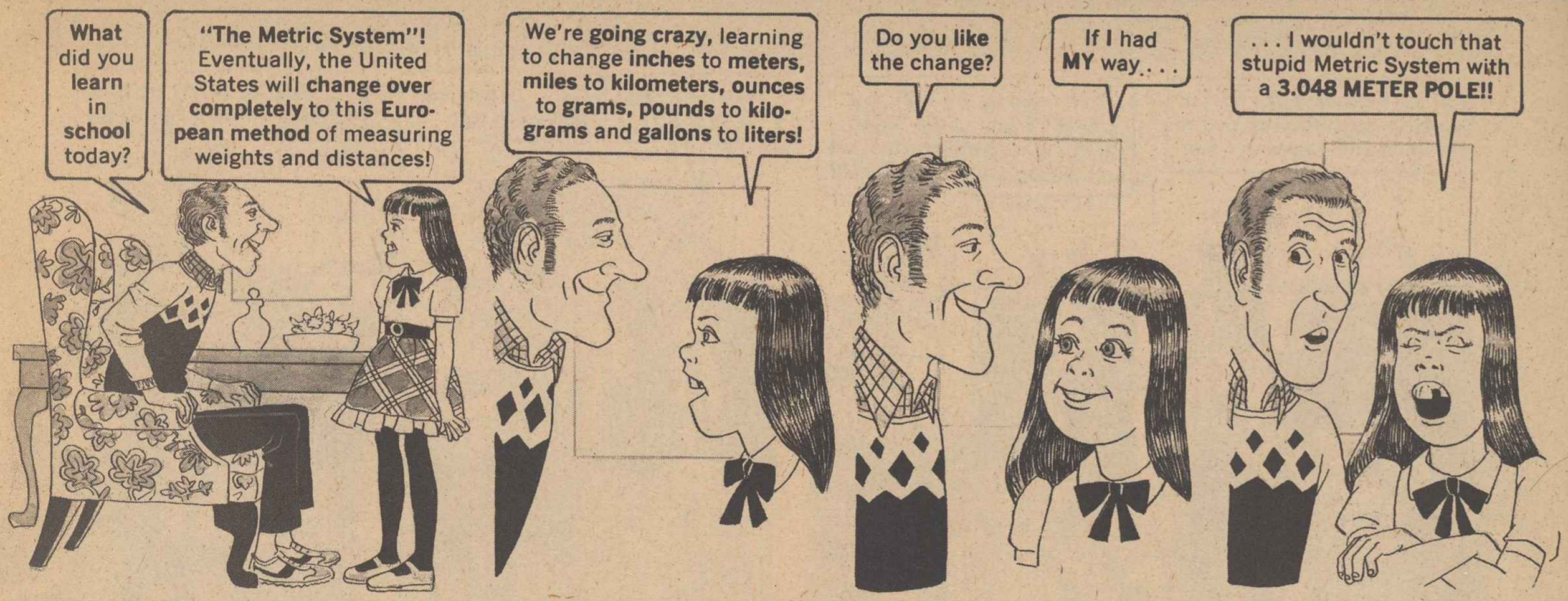
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

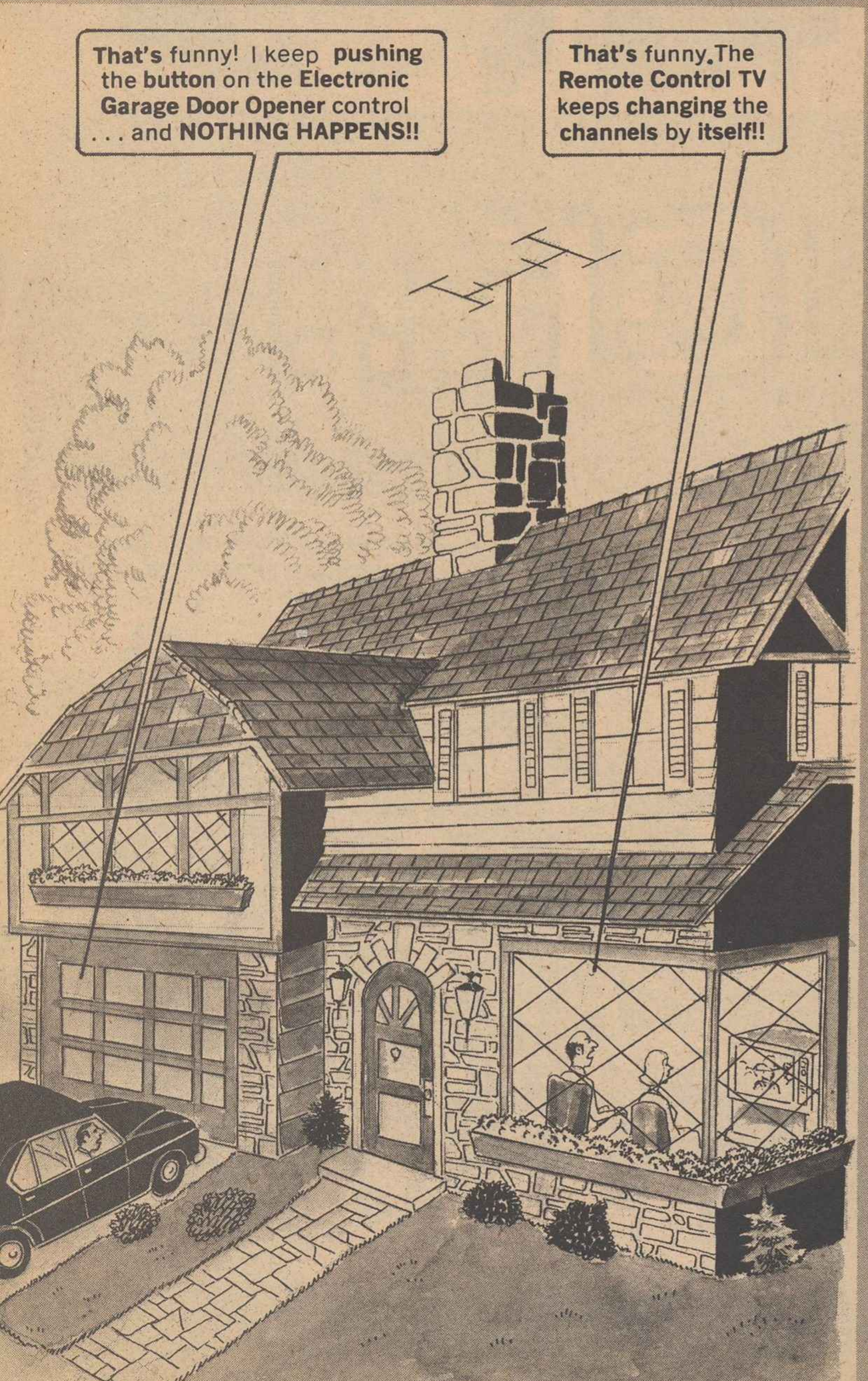
PARKING



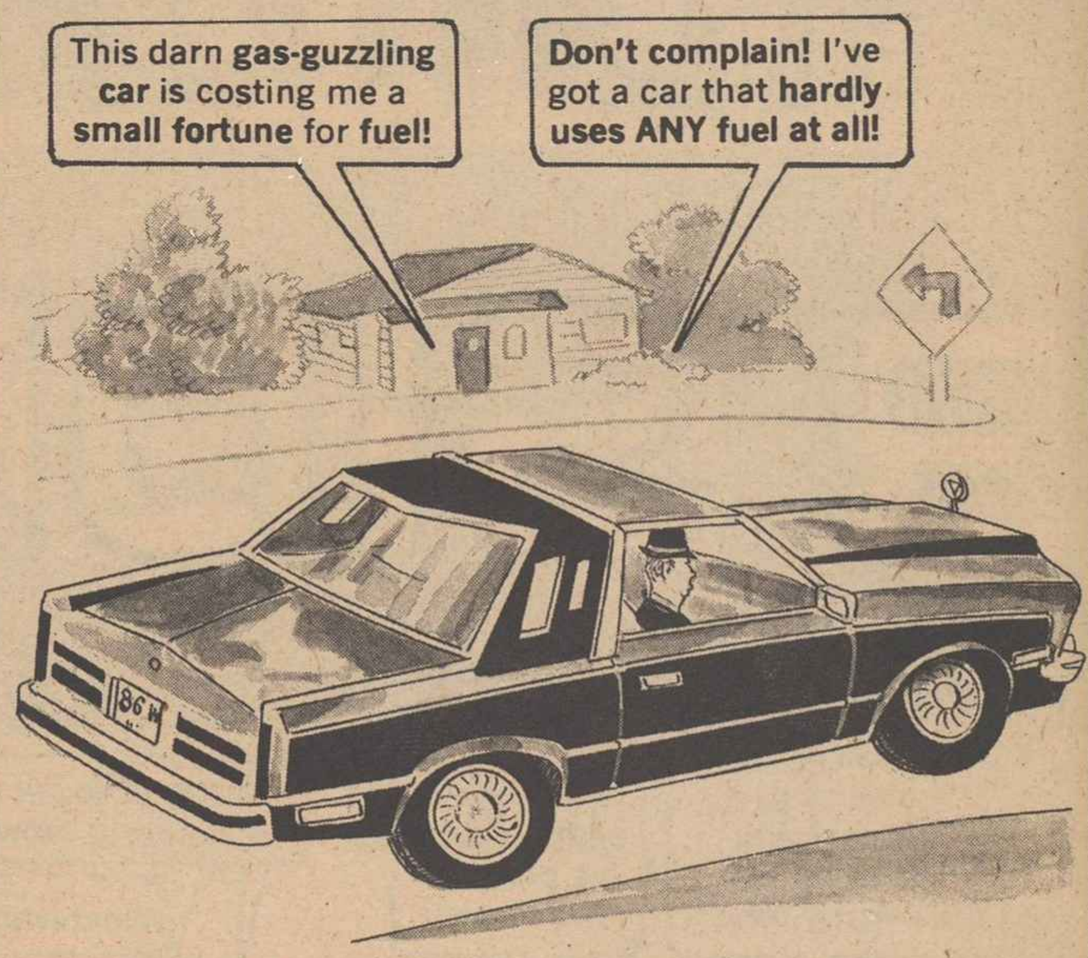
EDUCATION



MODERN TECHNOLOGY



THE ENERGY CRISIS



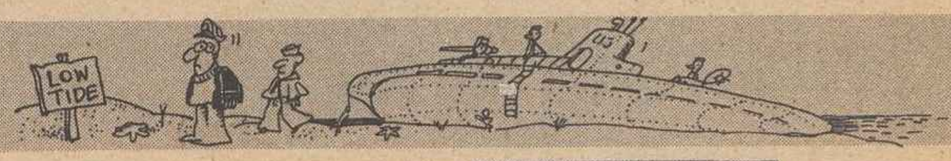
INFLATION



MARRIAGE

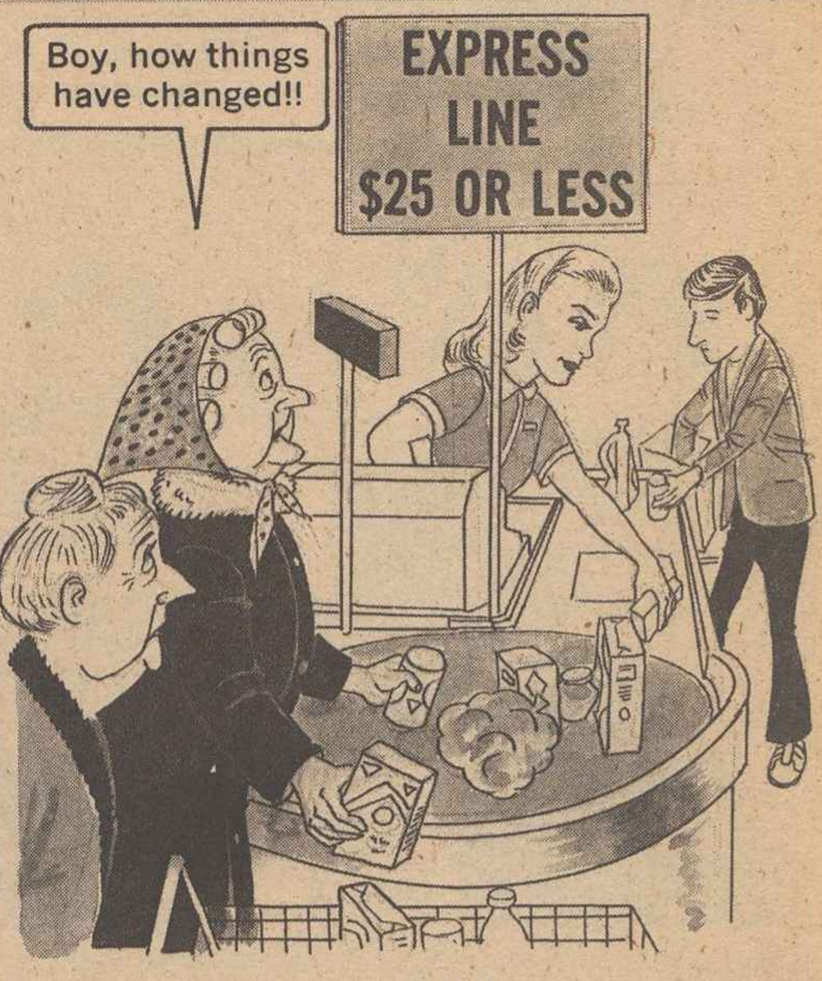


SHOPPING

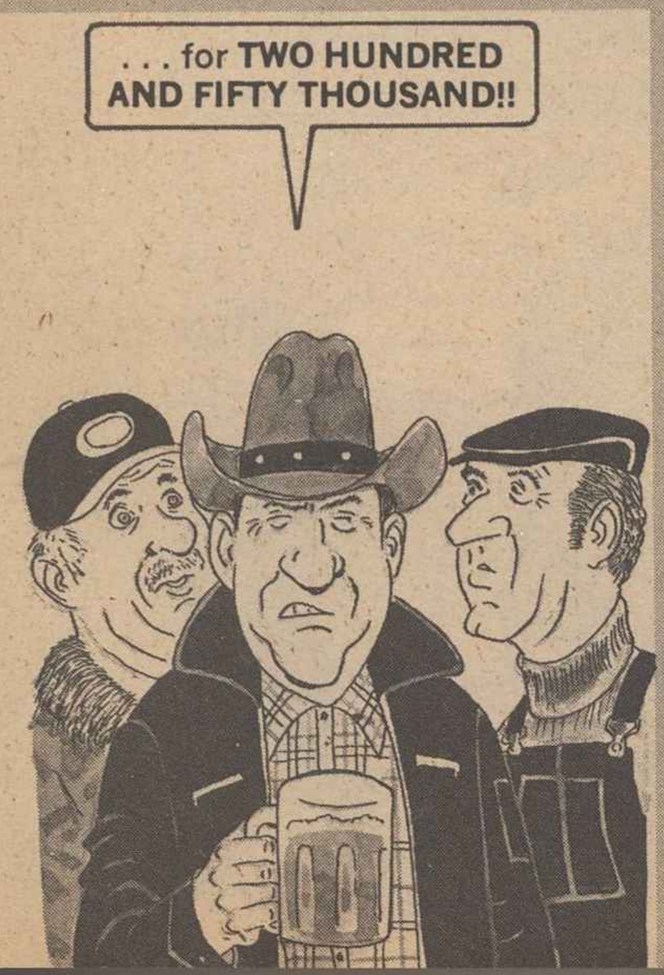








CHILDREN



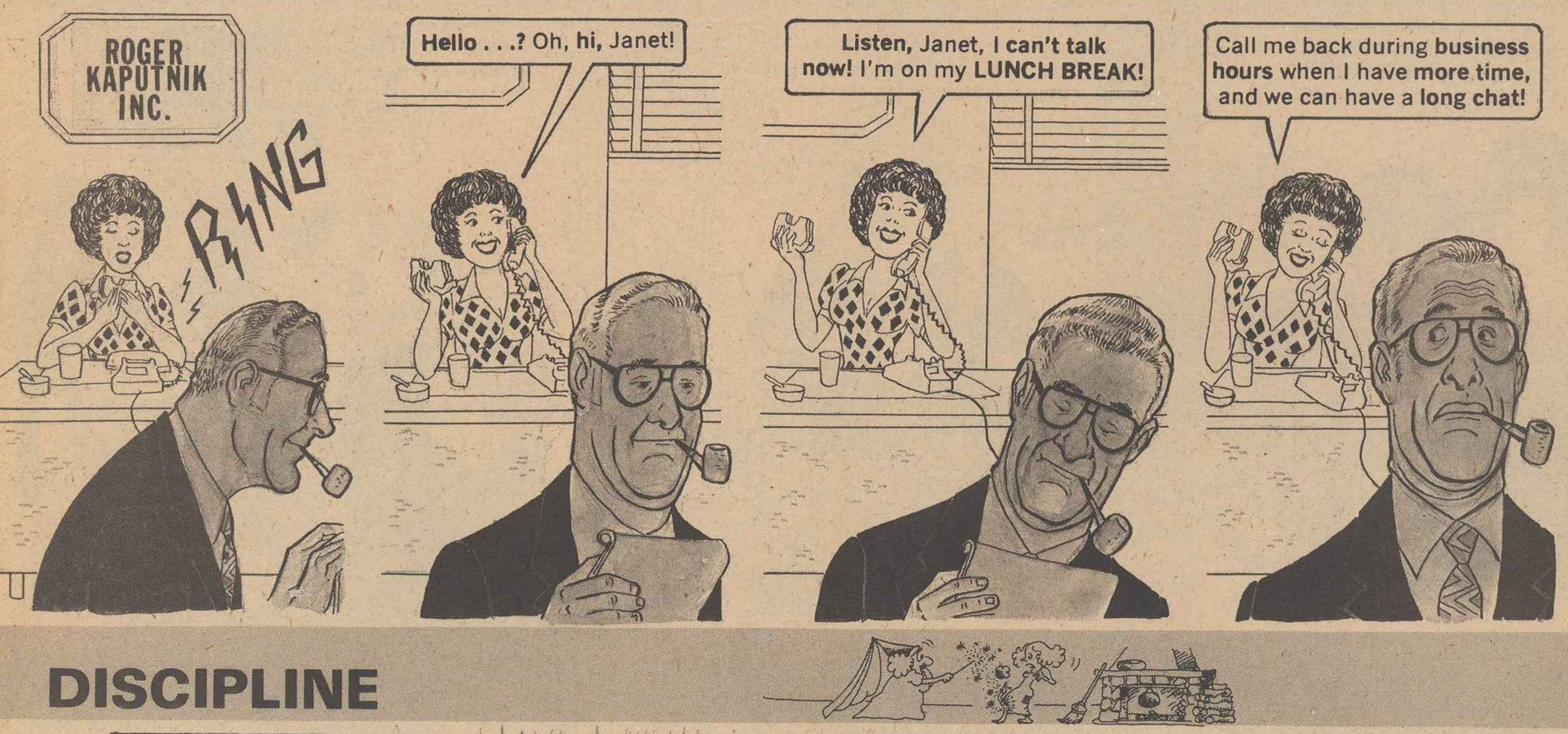




WINTER

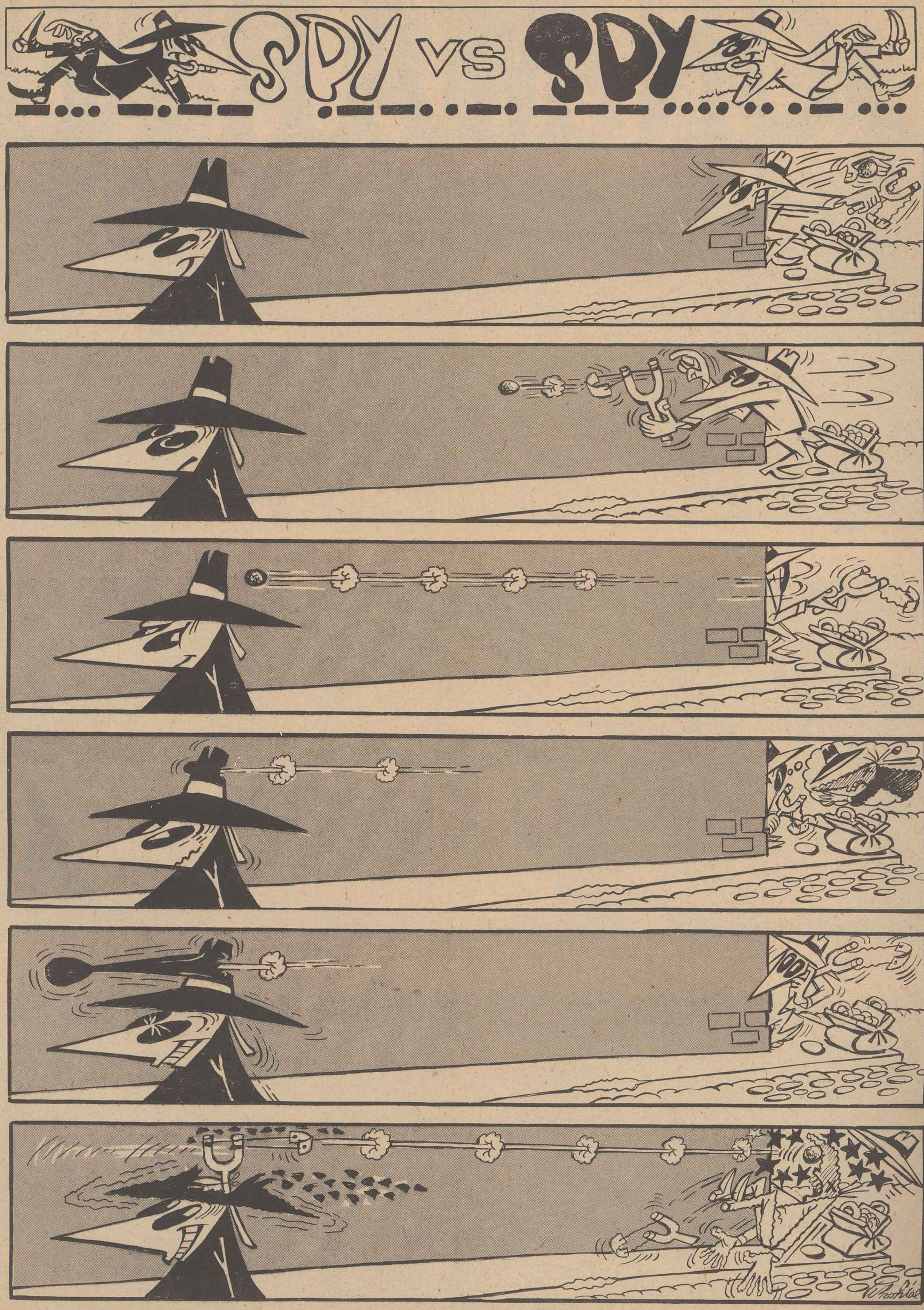


ON THE JOB



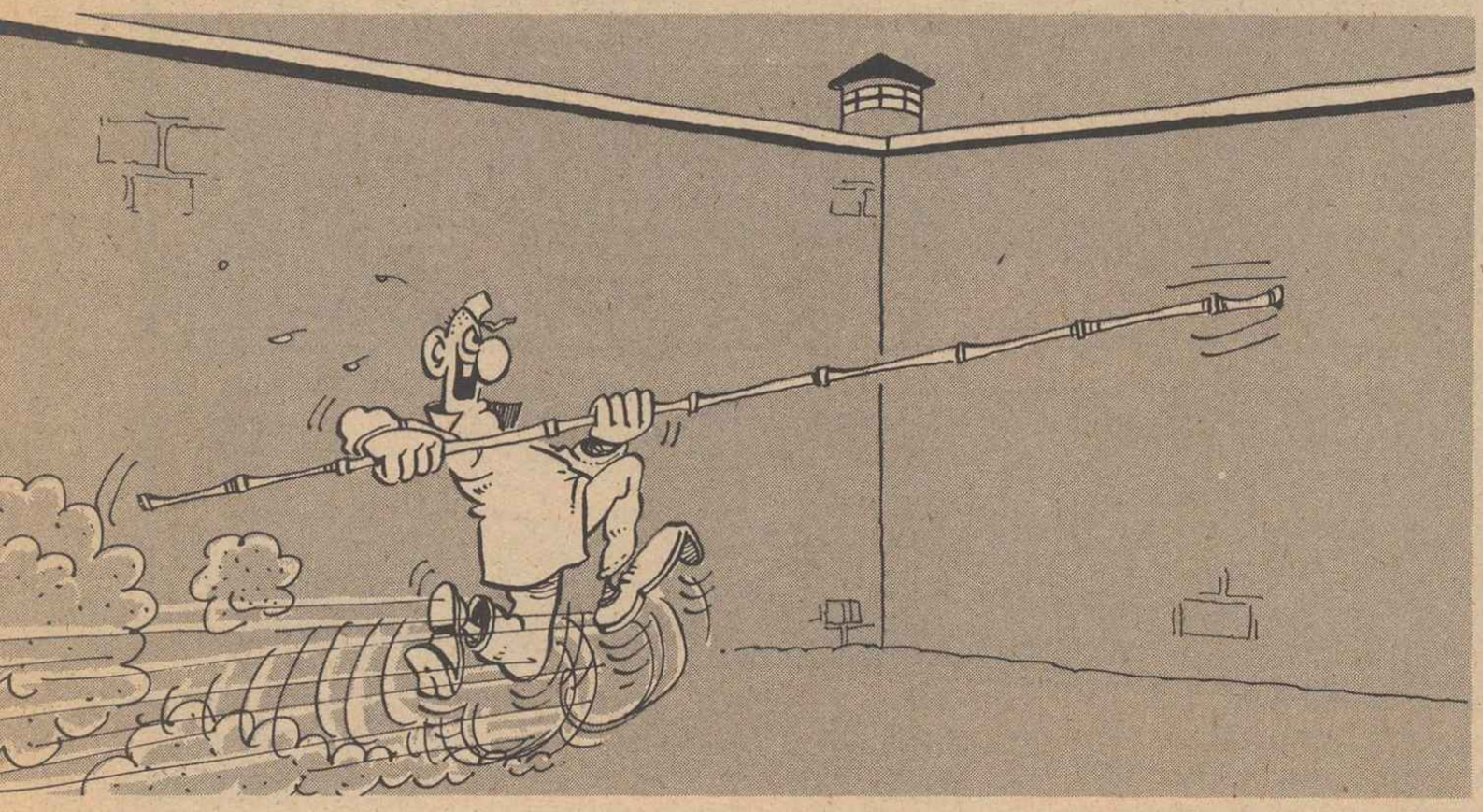
DISCIPLINE

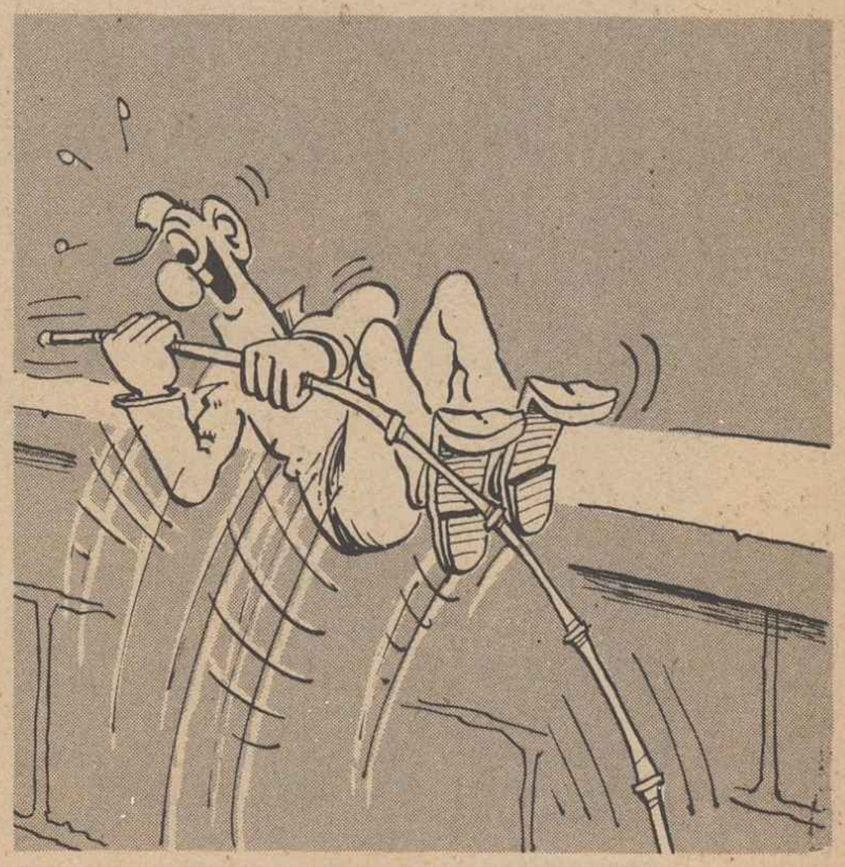



SPY vs SPY
ART LESSON I

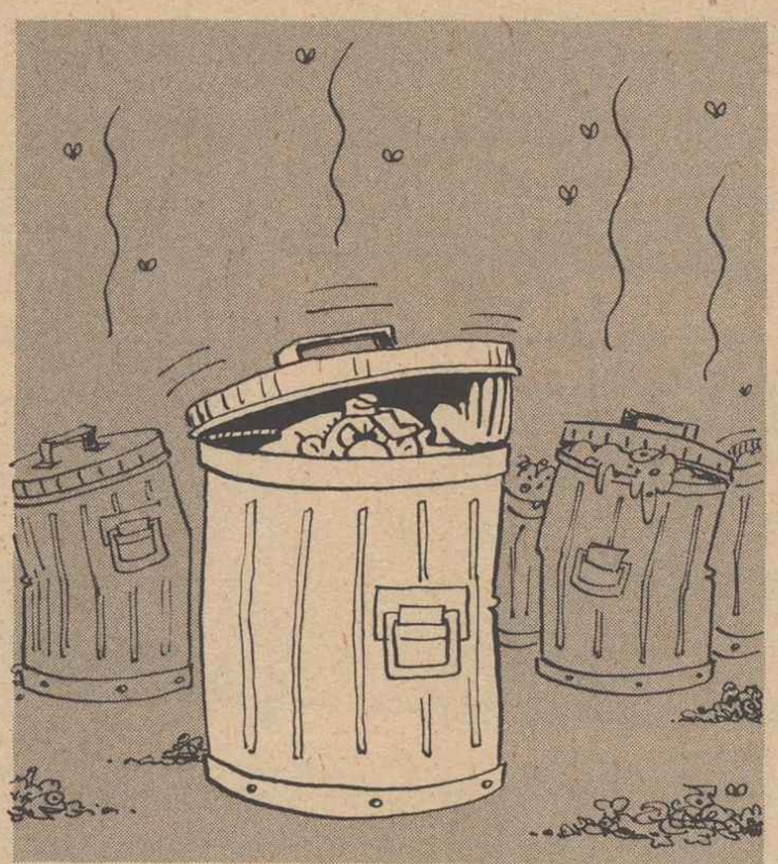
DON MARTIN DEPT.

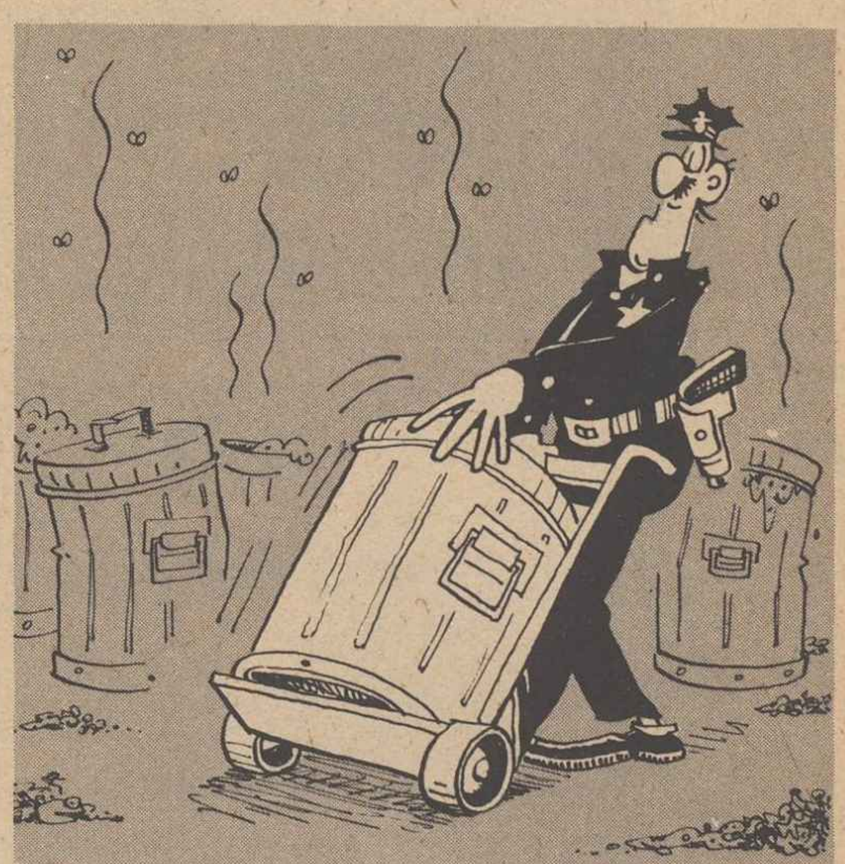
DON MARTIN



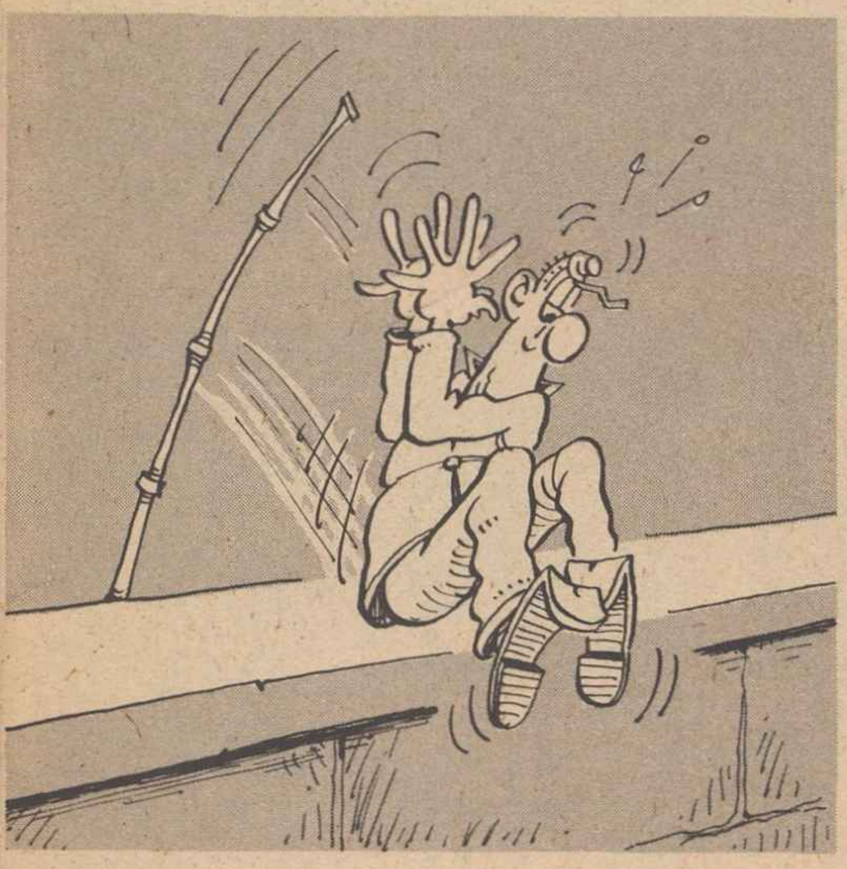


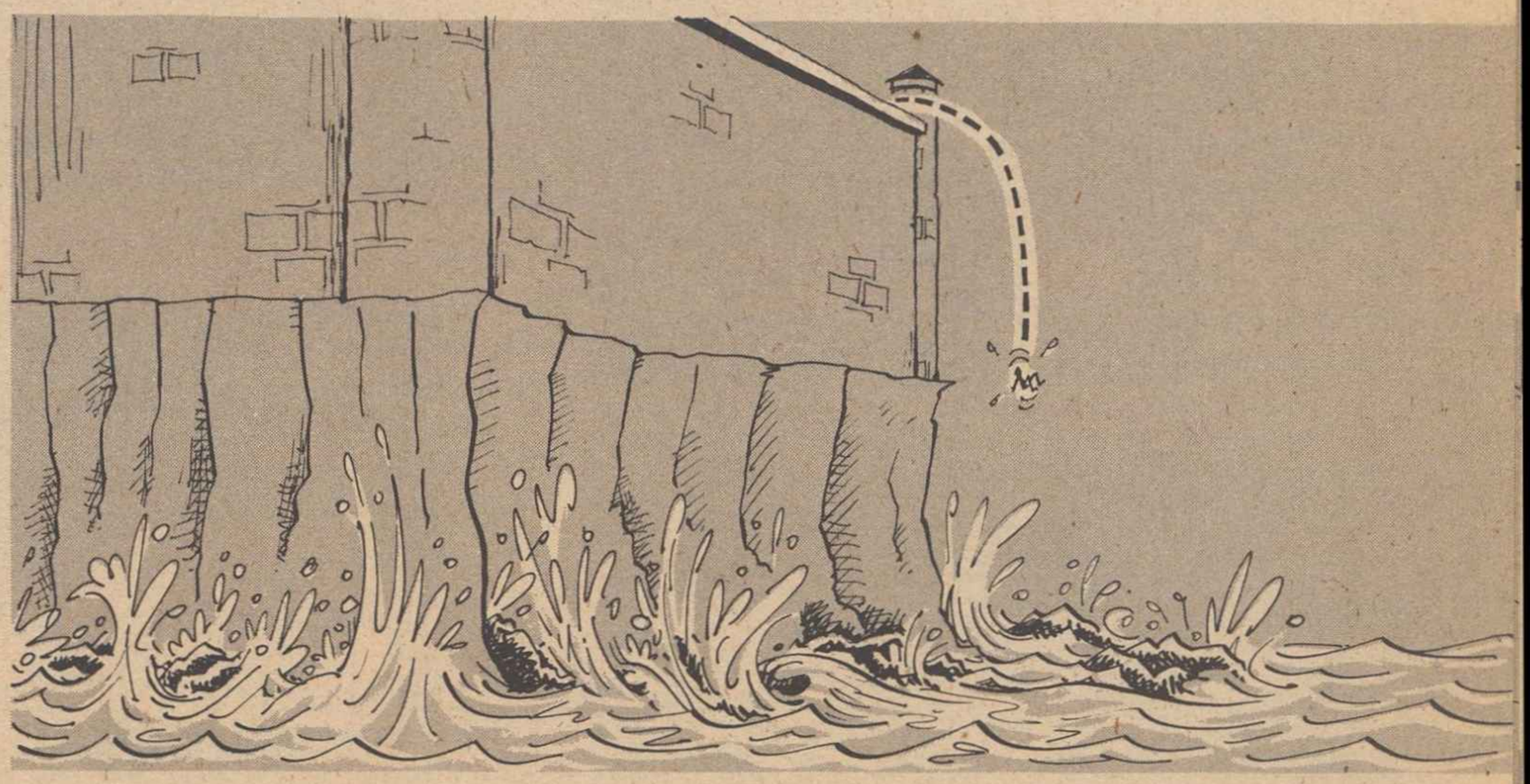


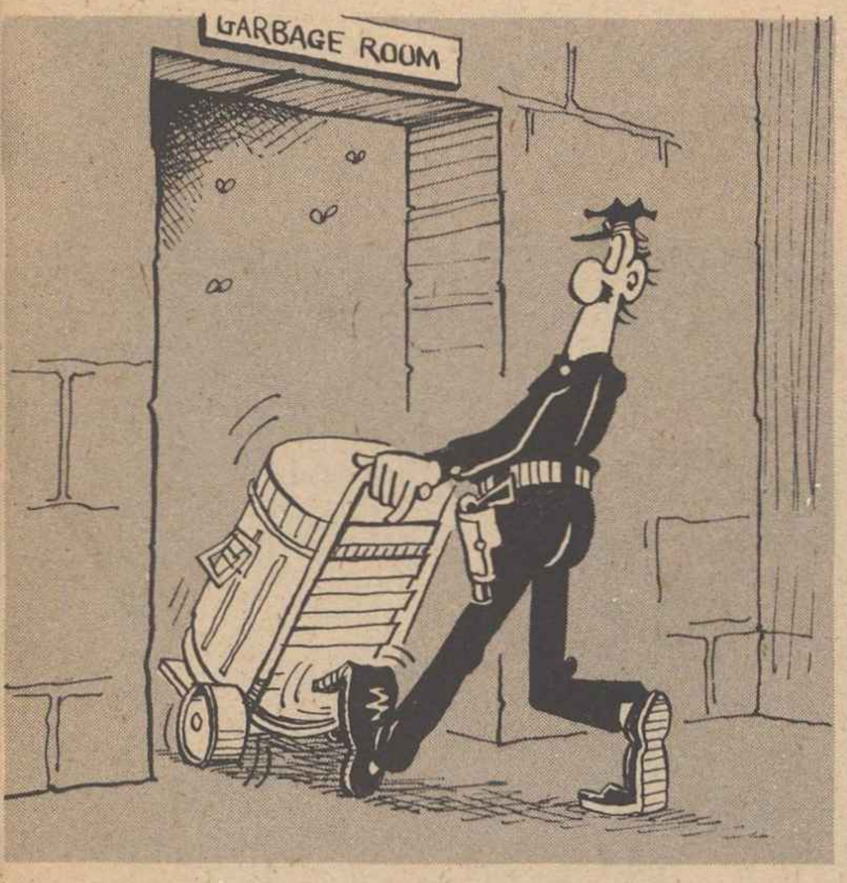


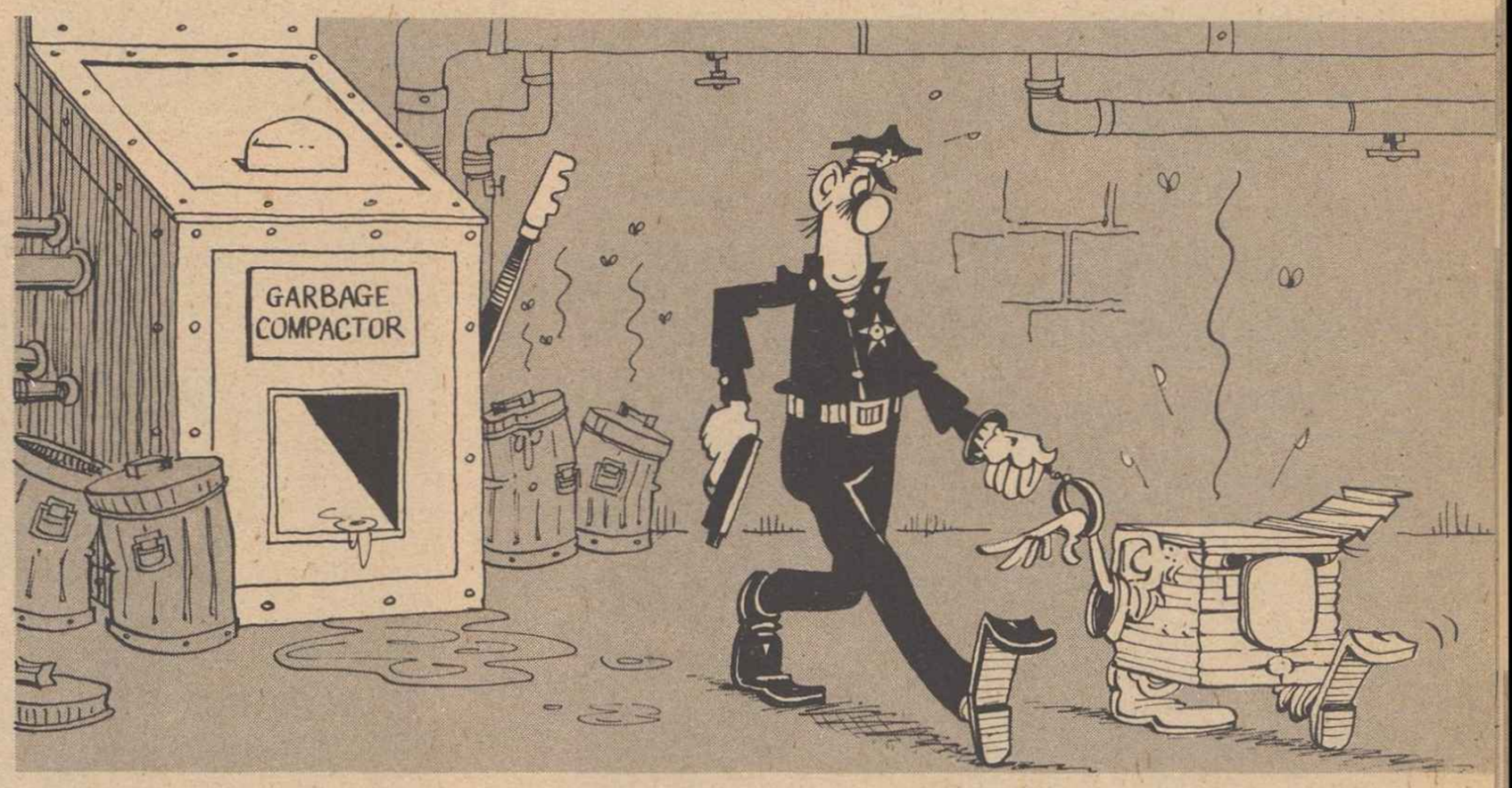


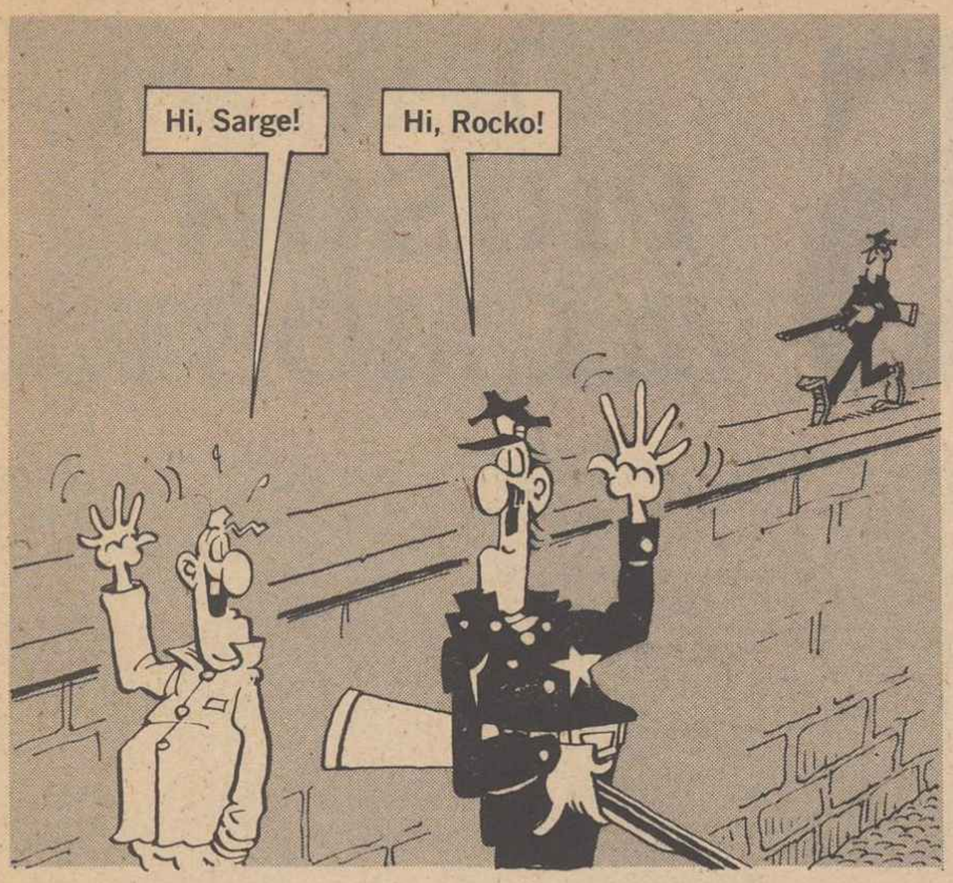
ESCAPES ...FROM PRISON... ALMOST!

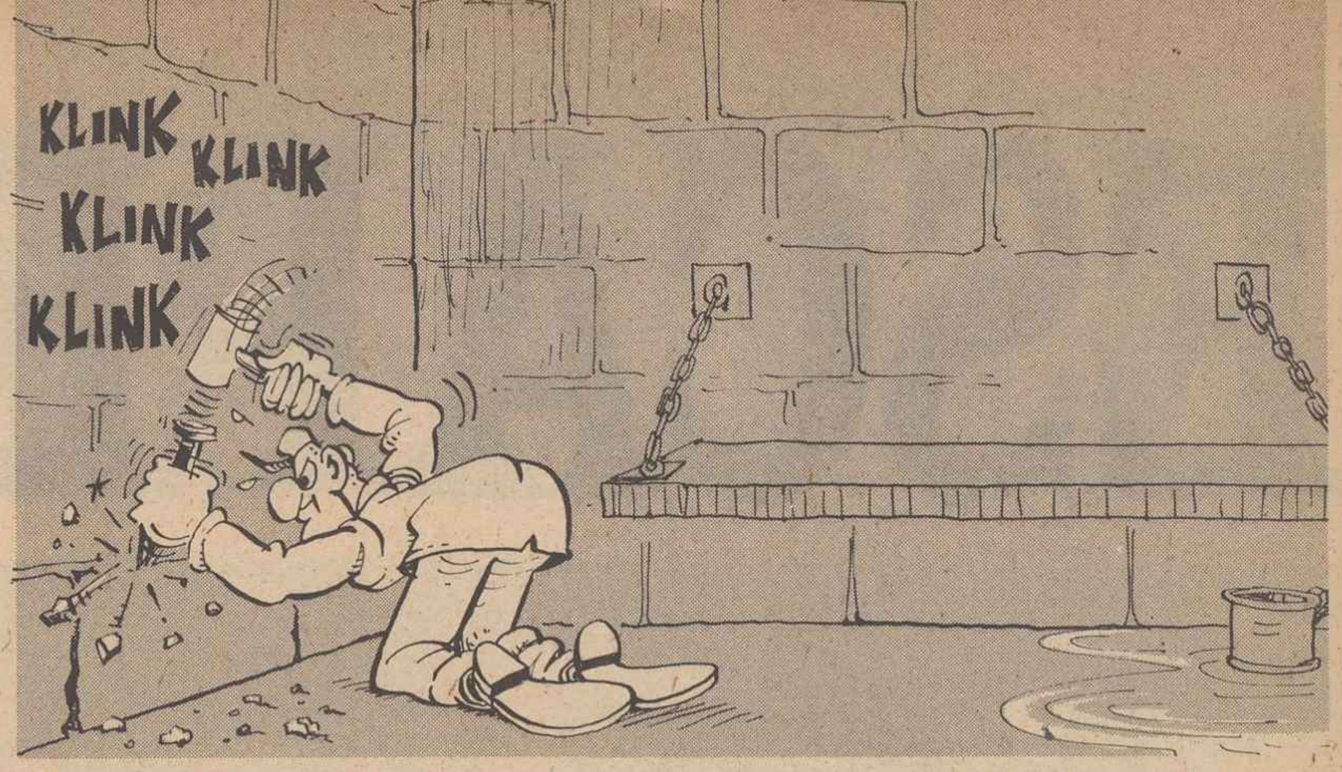


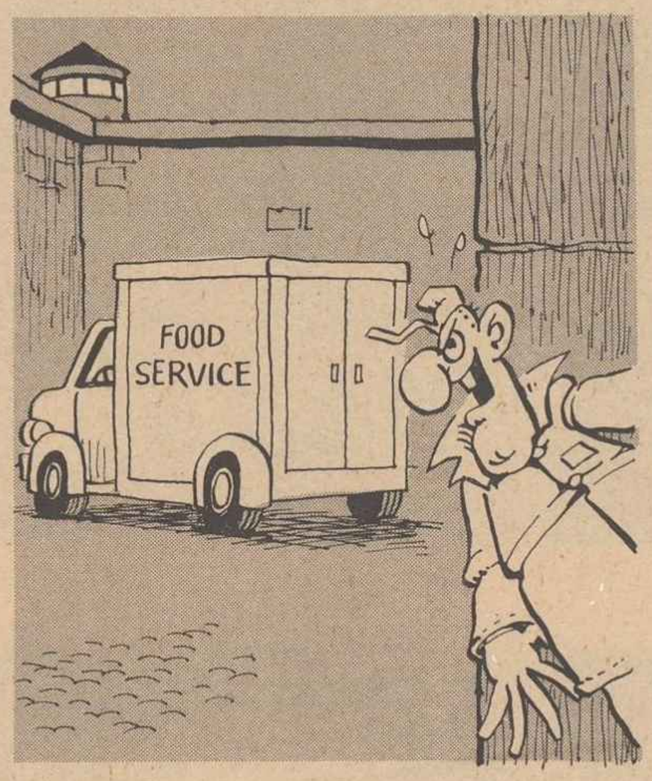


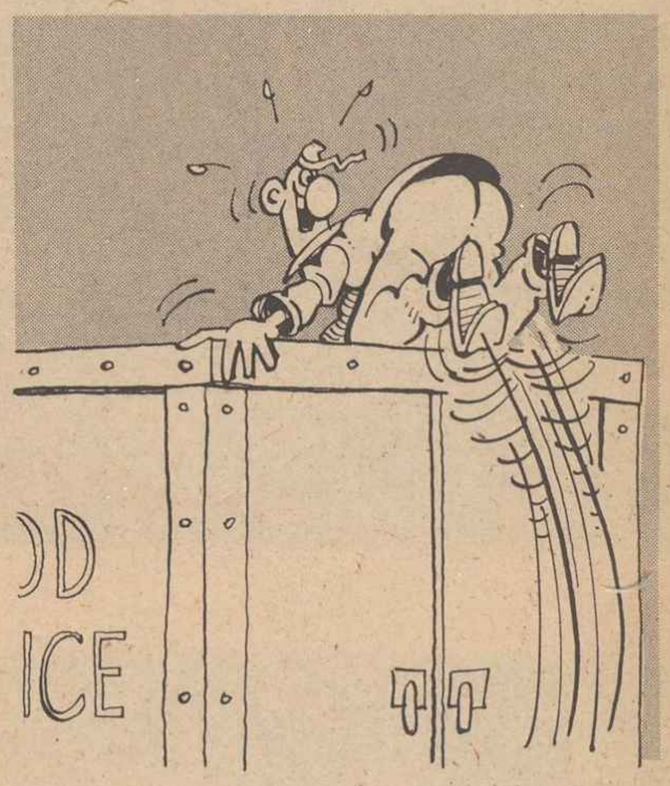


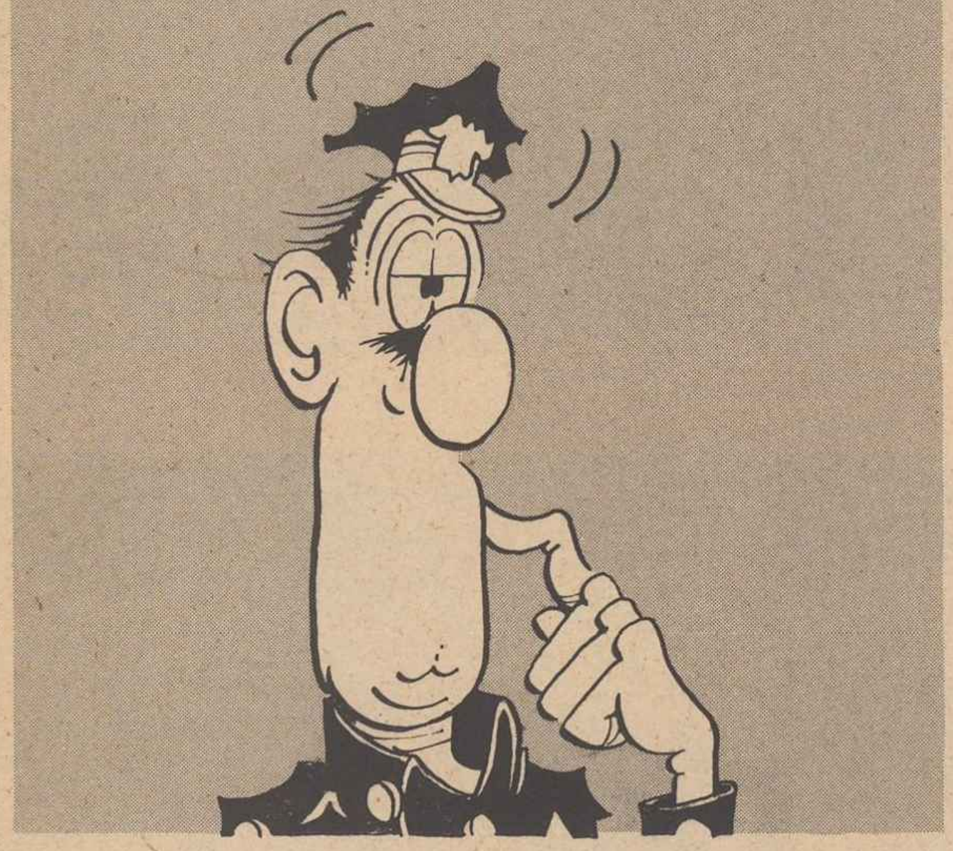


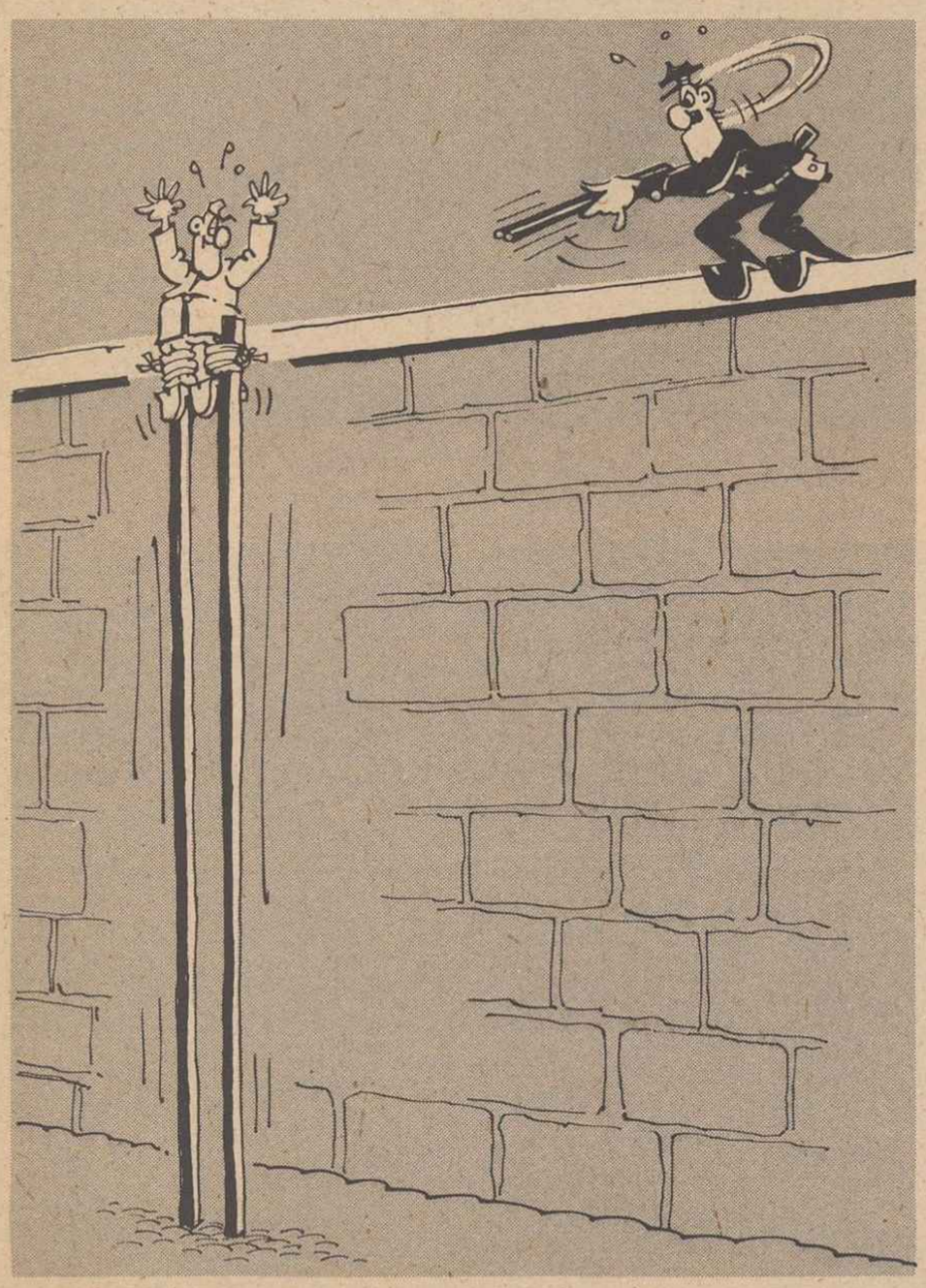

Hi, Sarge!
Hi, Rocko!


KLINK
KLINK
KLINK
KLINK

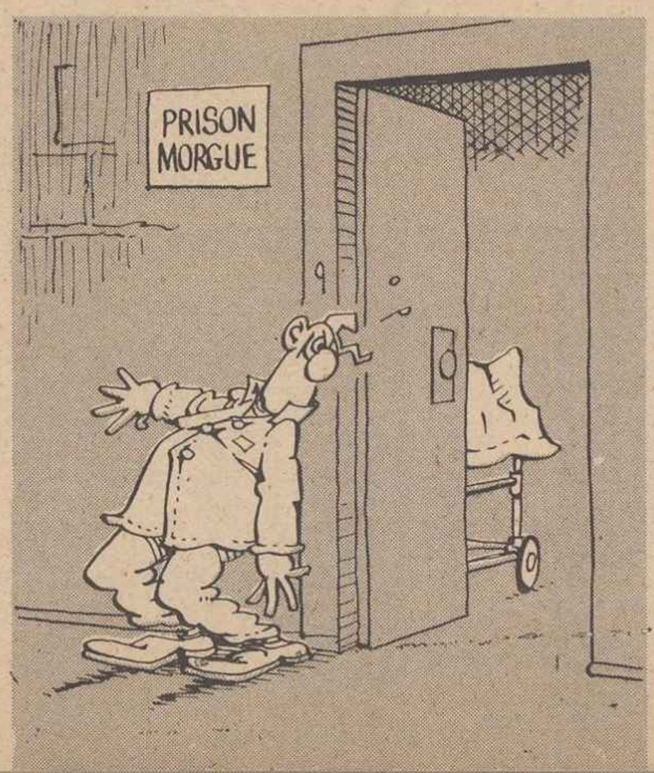

FOOD
SERVICE

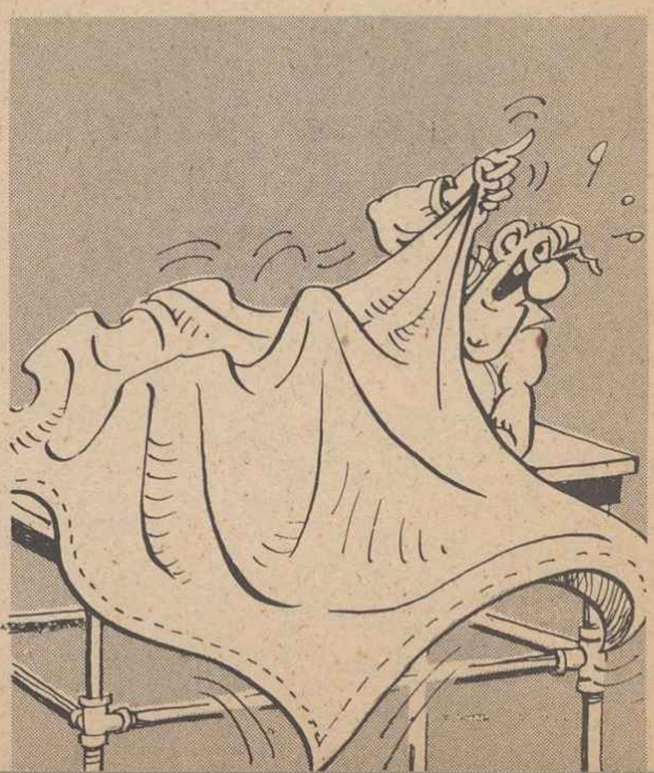

ICE

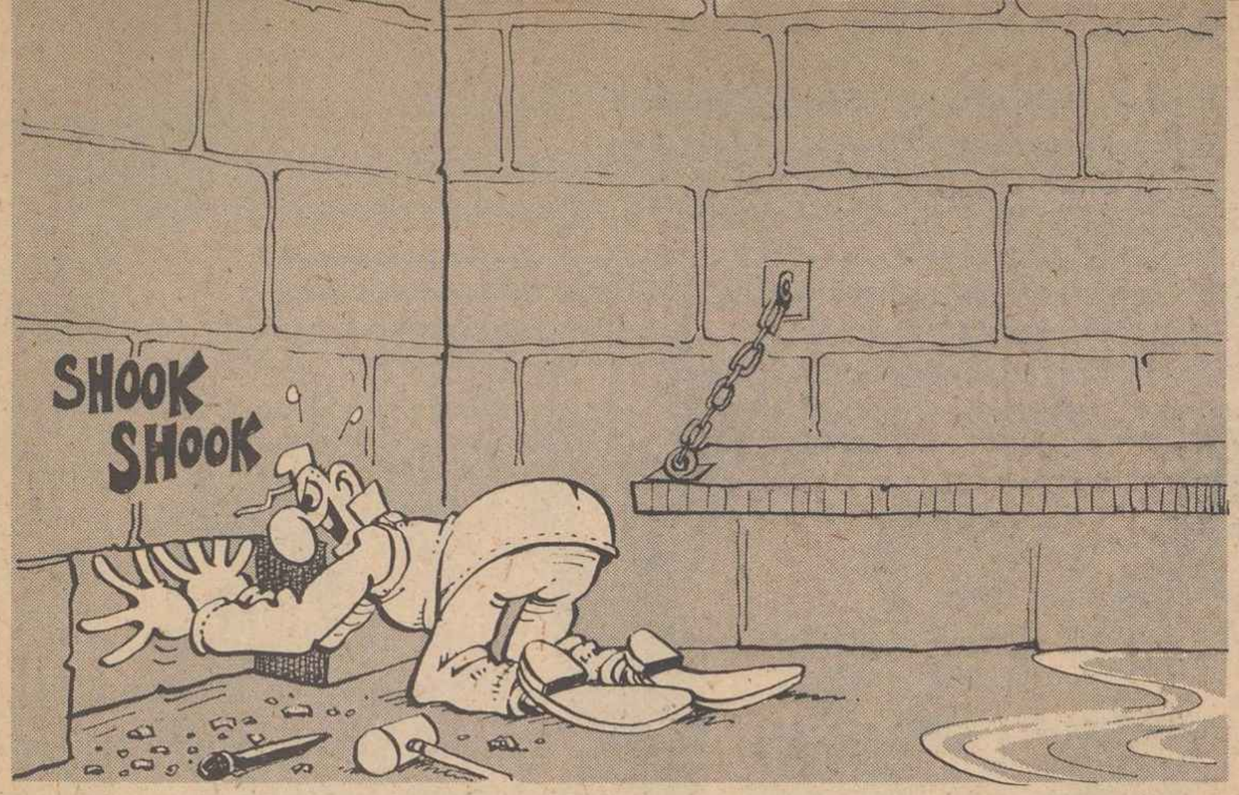


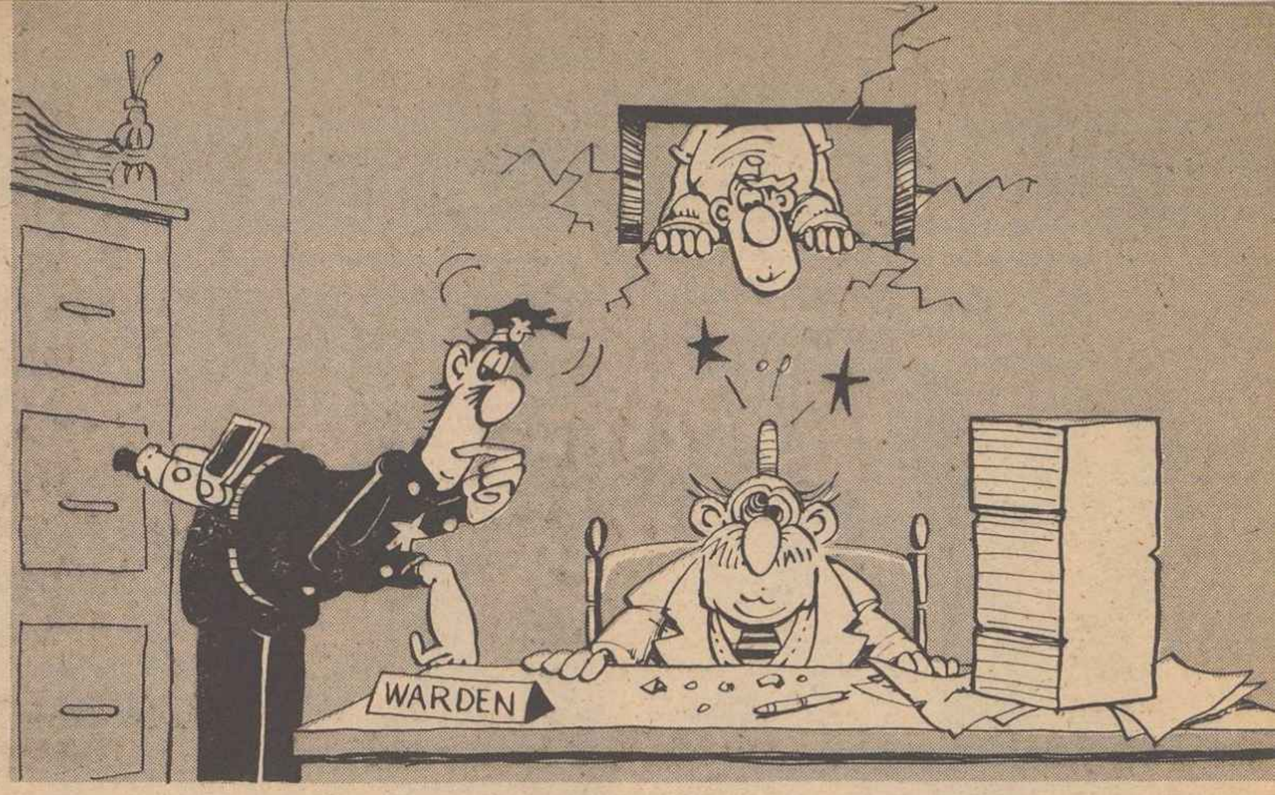


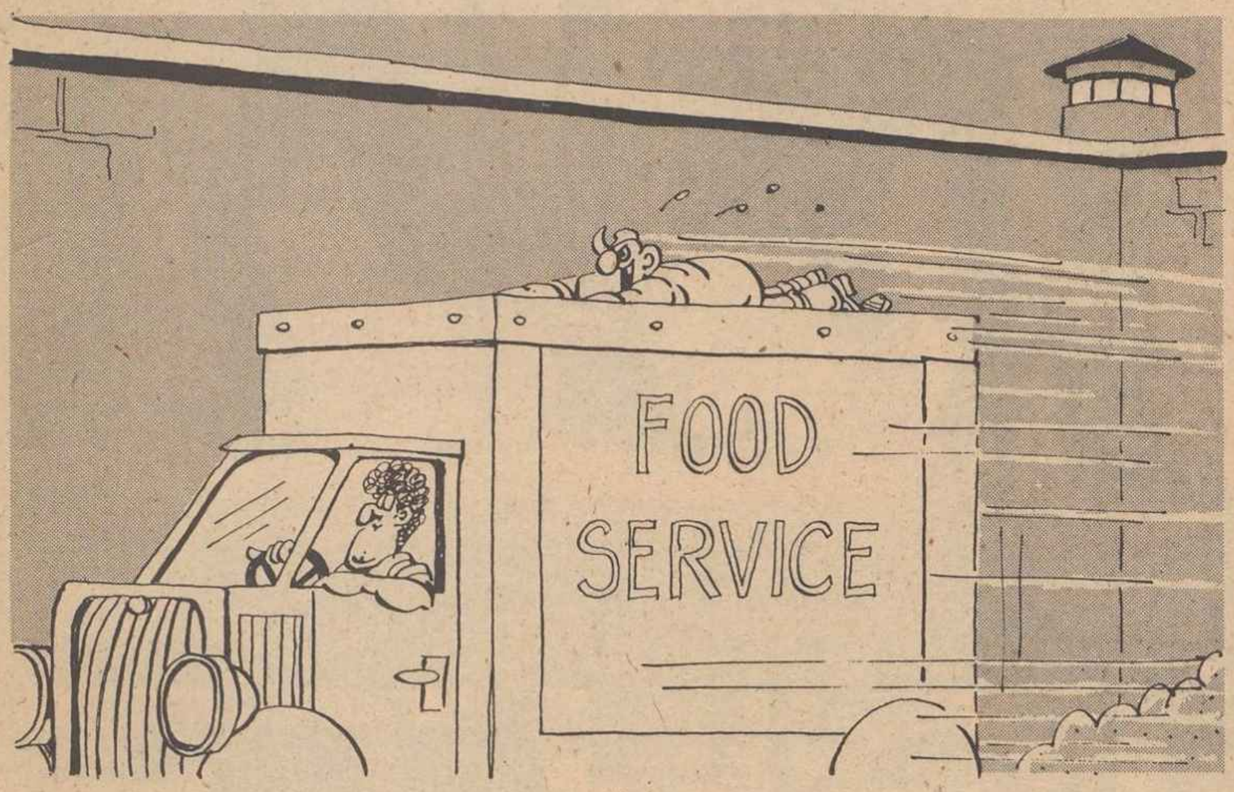

WUNK

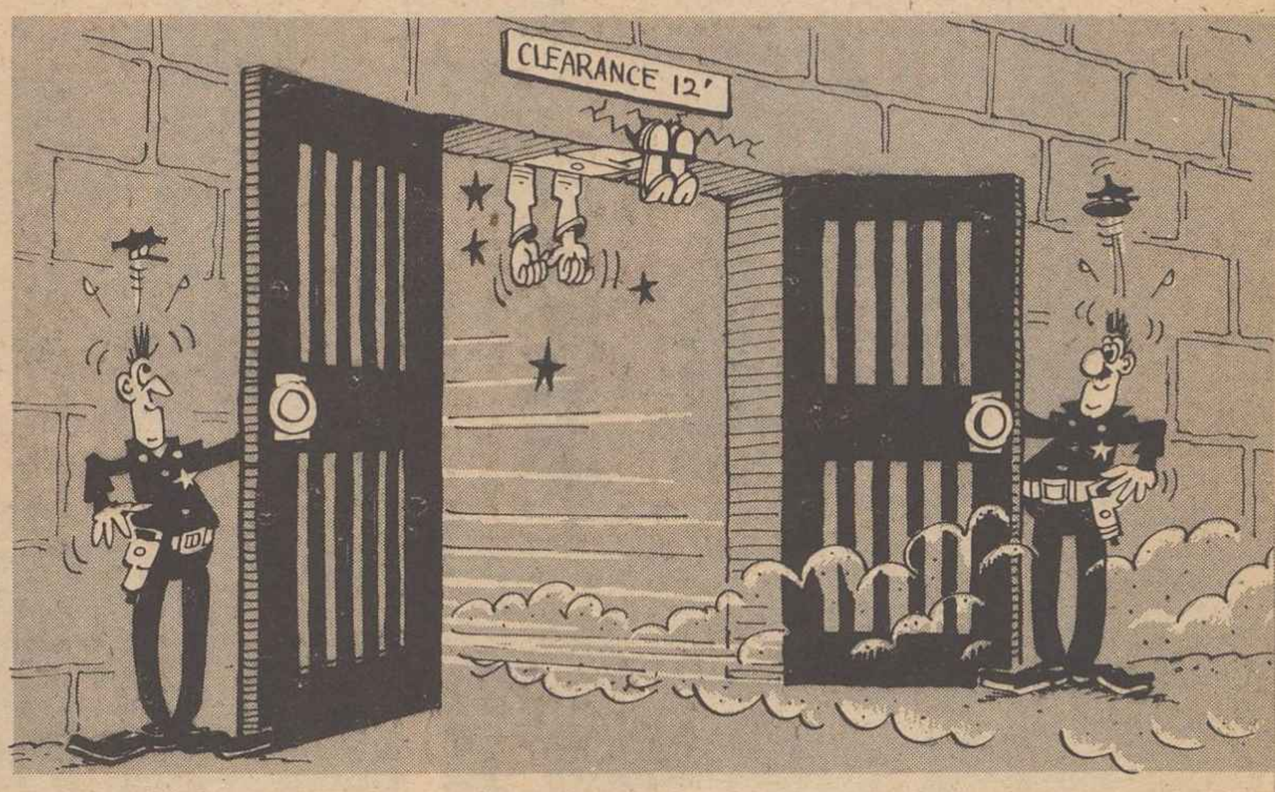

PRISON
MORGUE




SHOOK
SHOOK


WARDEN


FOOD
SERVICE


CLEARANCE 12'



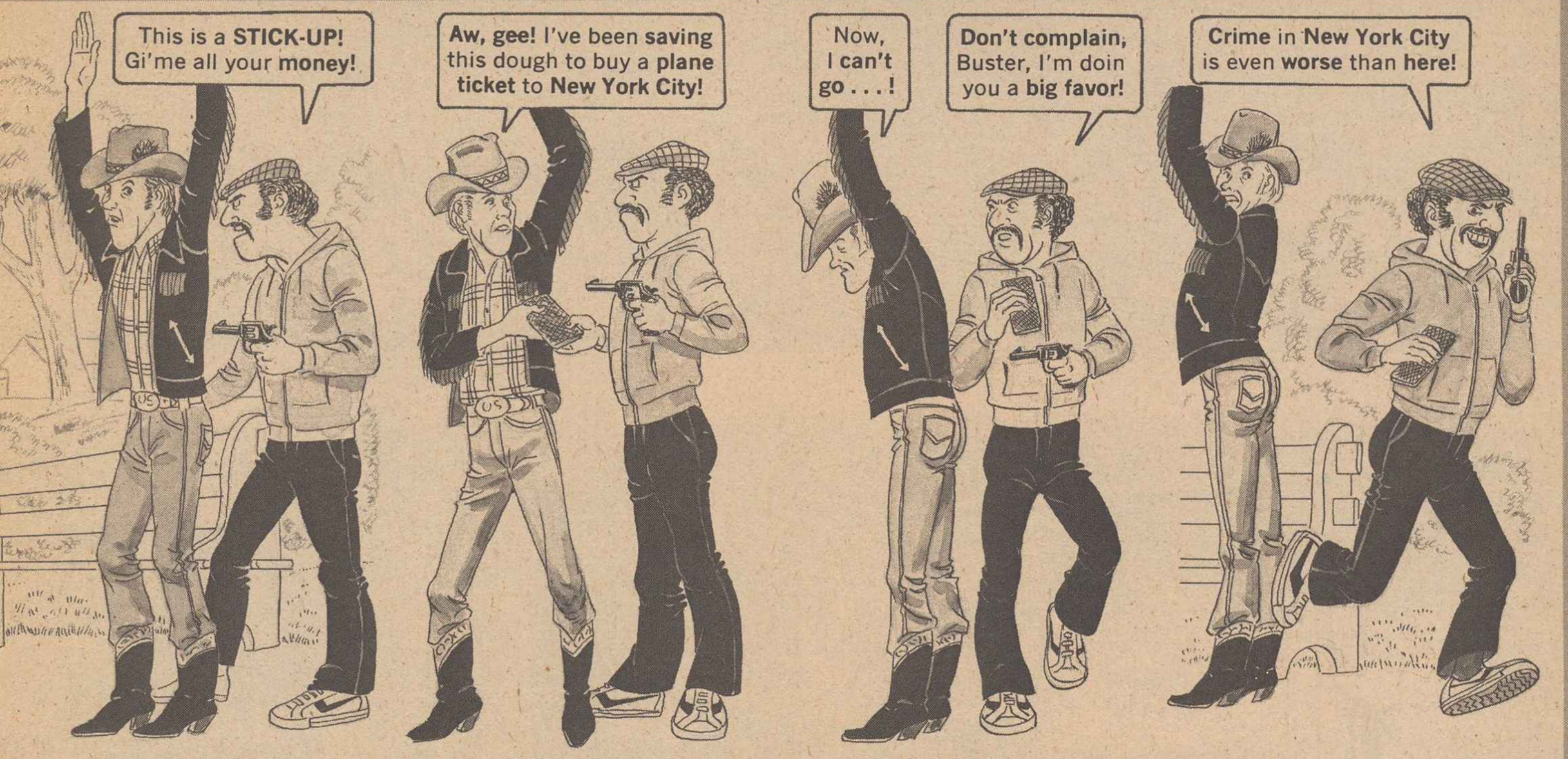



WONK

PRISON
MORGUE

CREMATORIUM
O. MARTIN...

CRIME IN THE STREETS



BERG's-EYE VIEW DEPT.

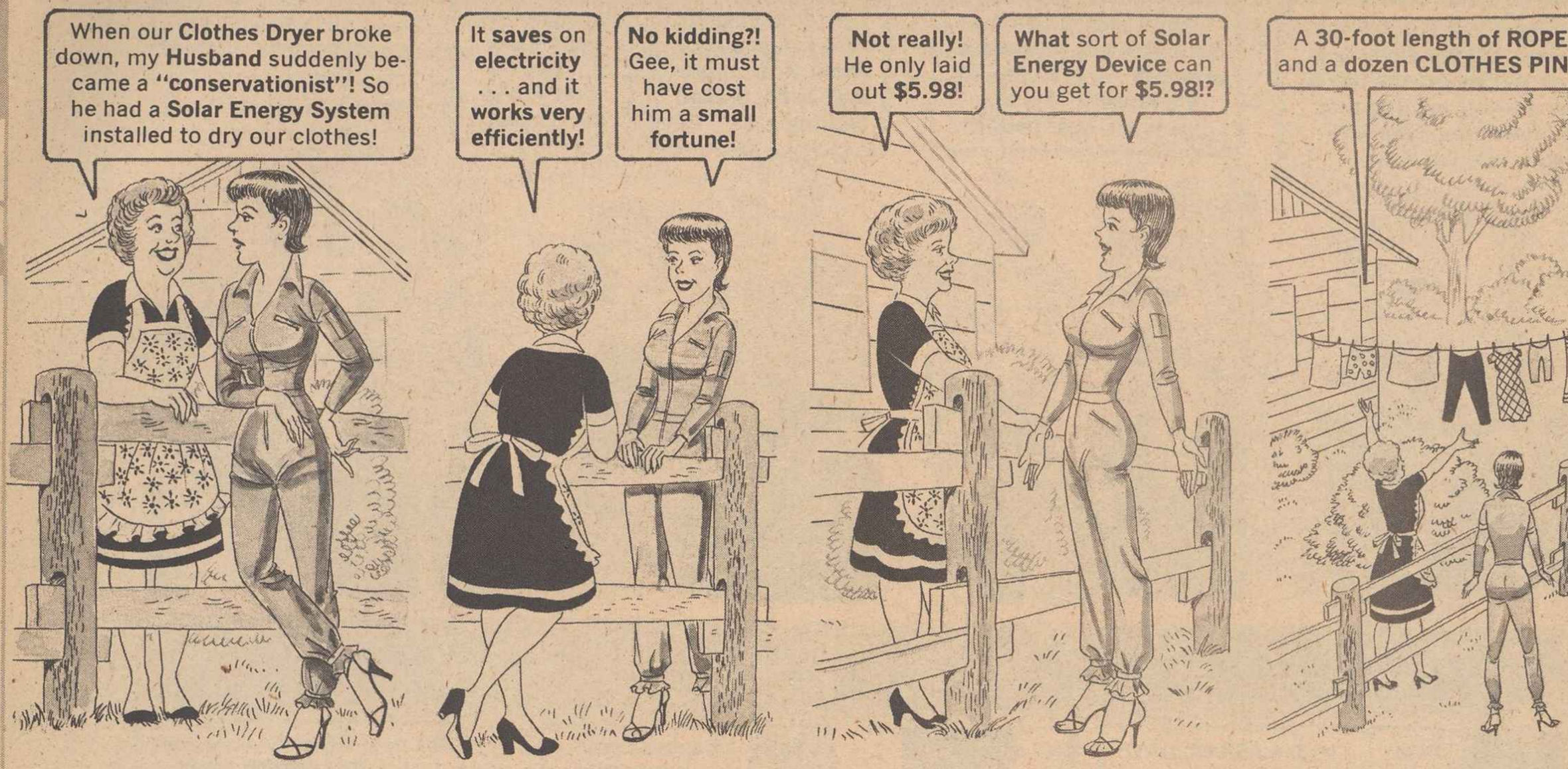
THE LIGHTE

SPORTS



THE ENERGY CRISIS

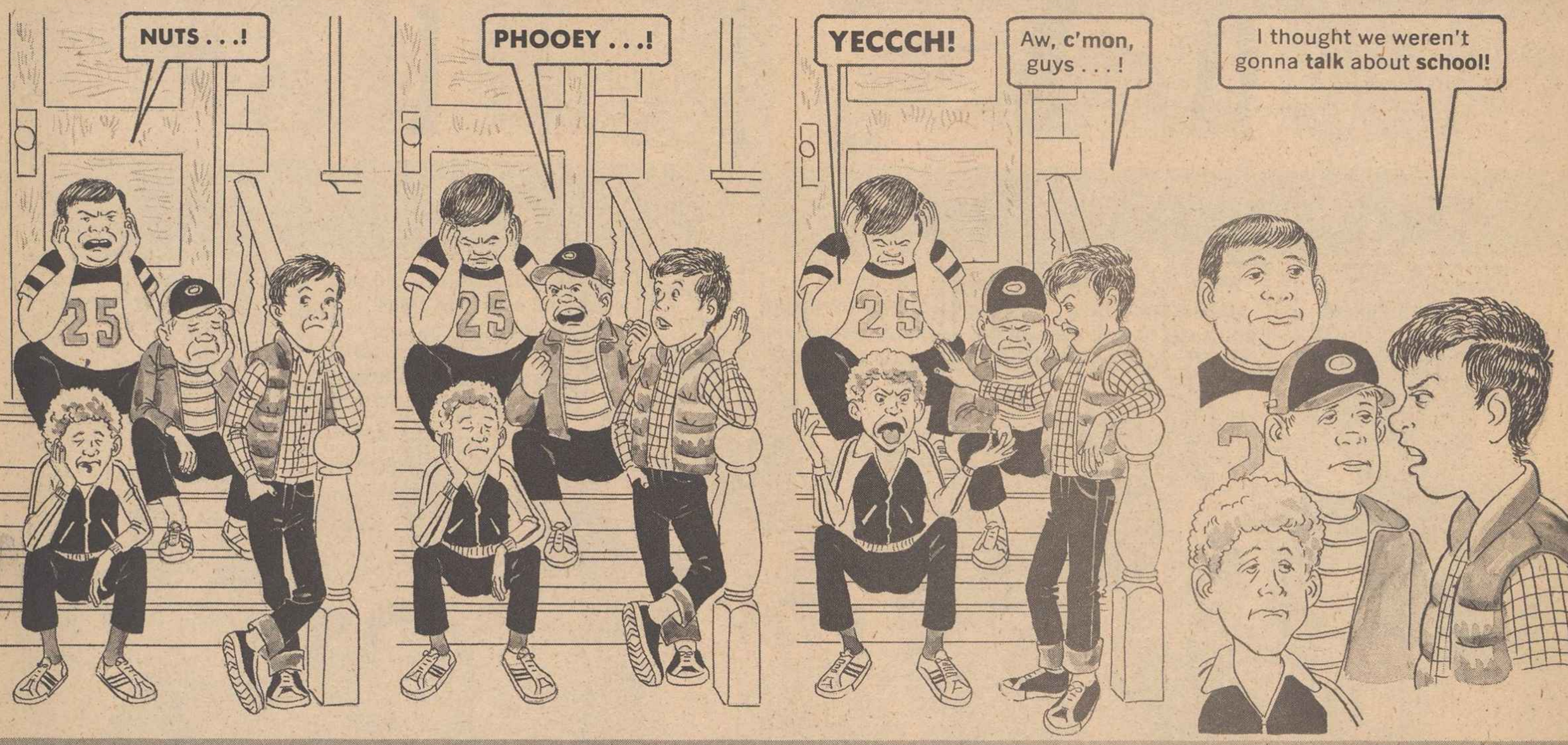




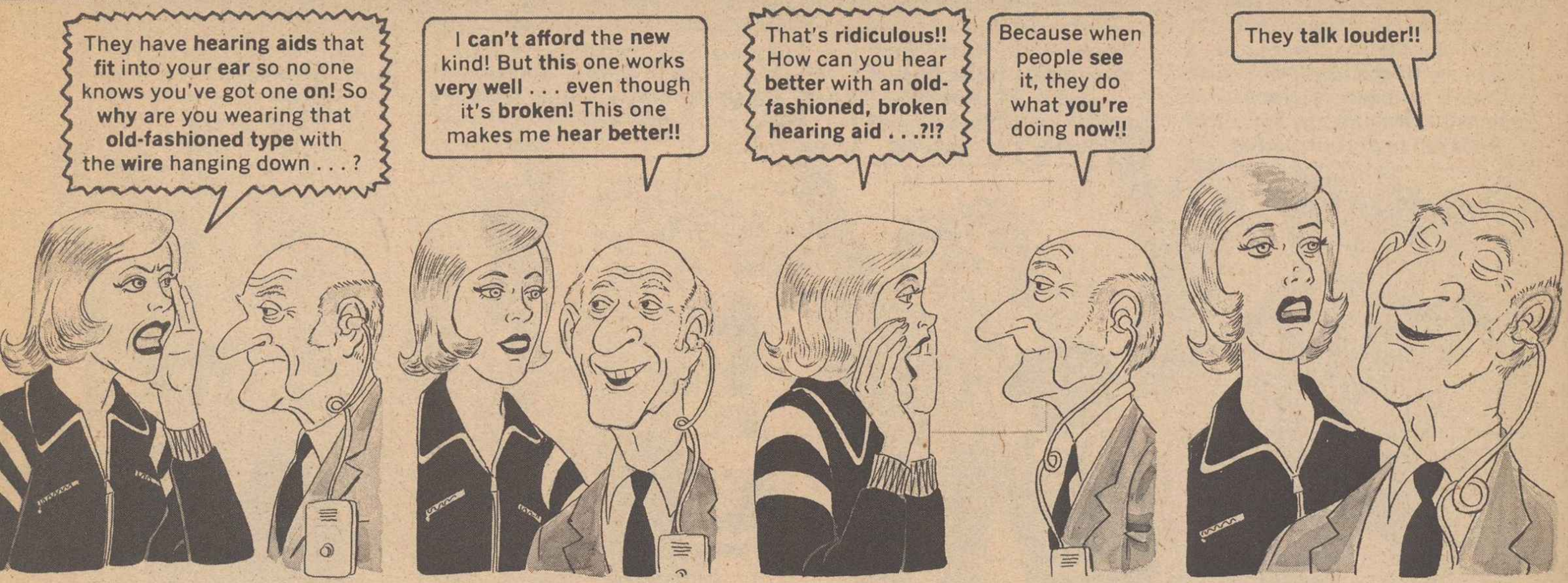
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

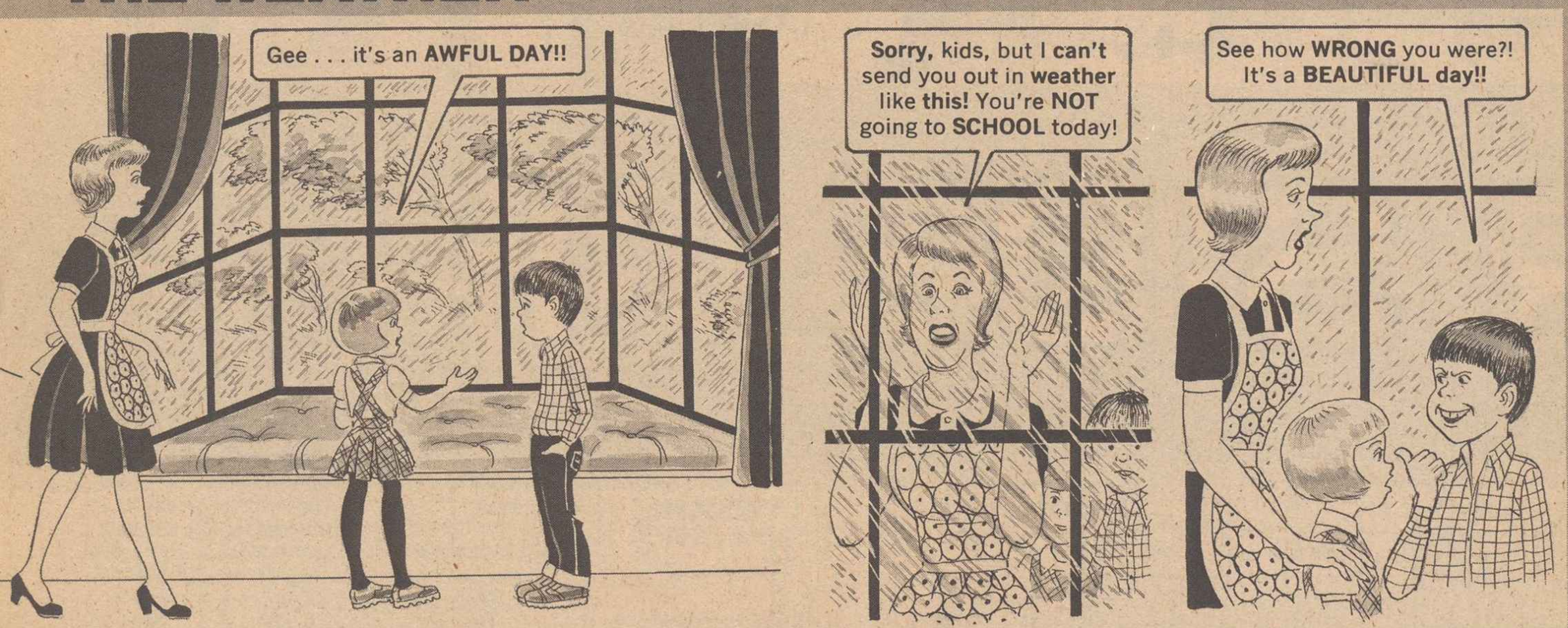
KIDS



MEDICAL GADGETS



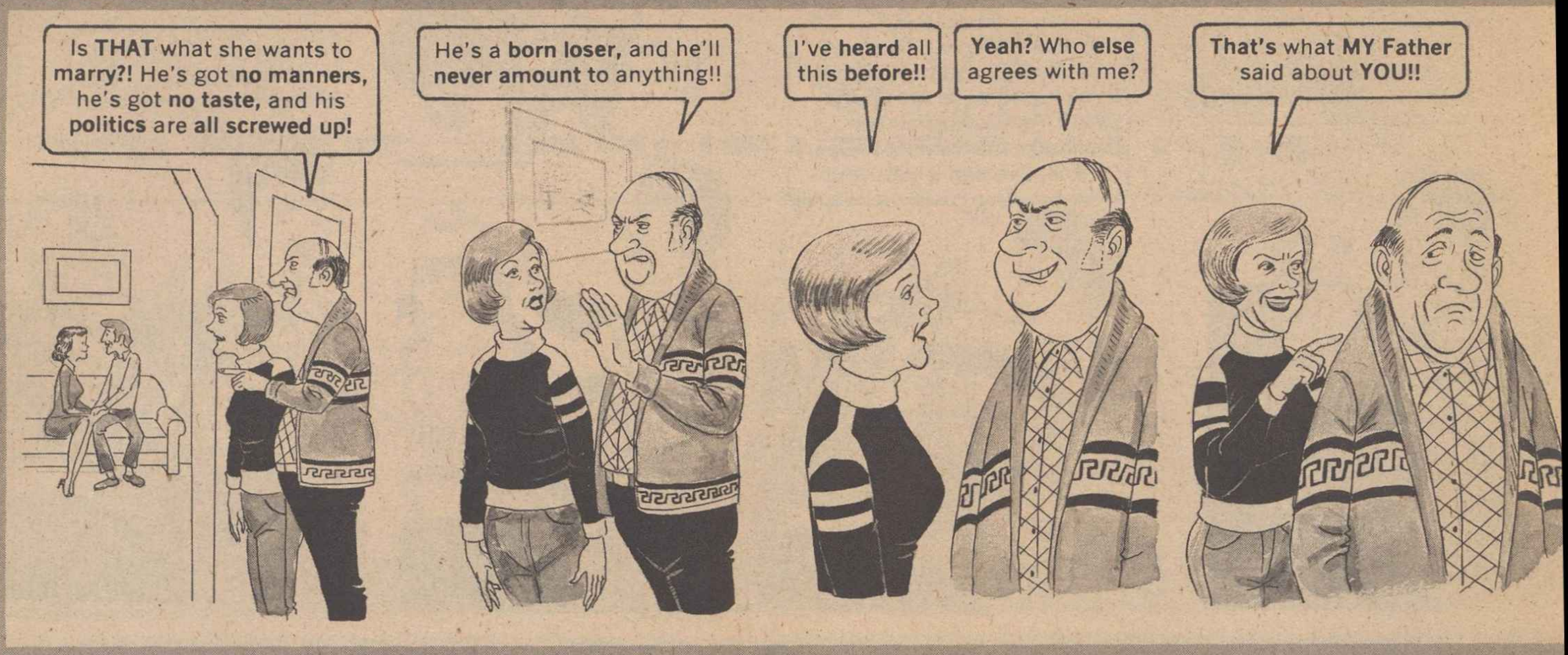
THE WEATHER



CRIME IN THE HOME



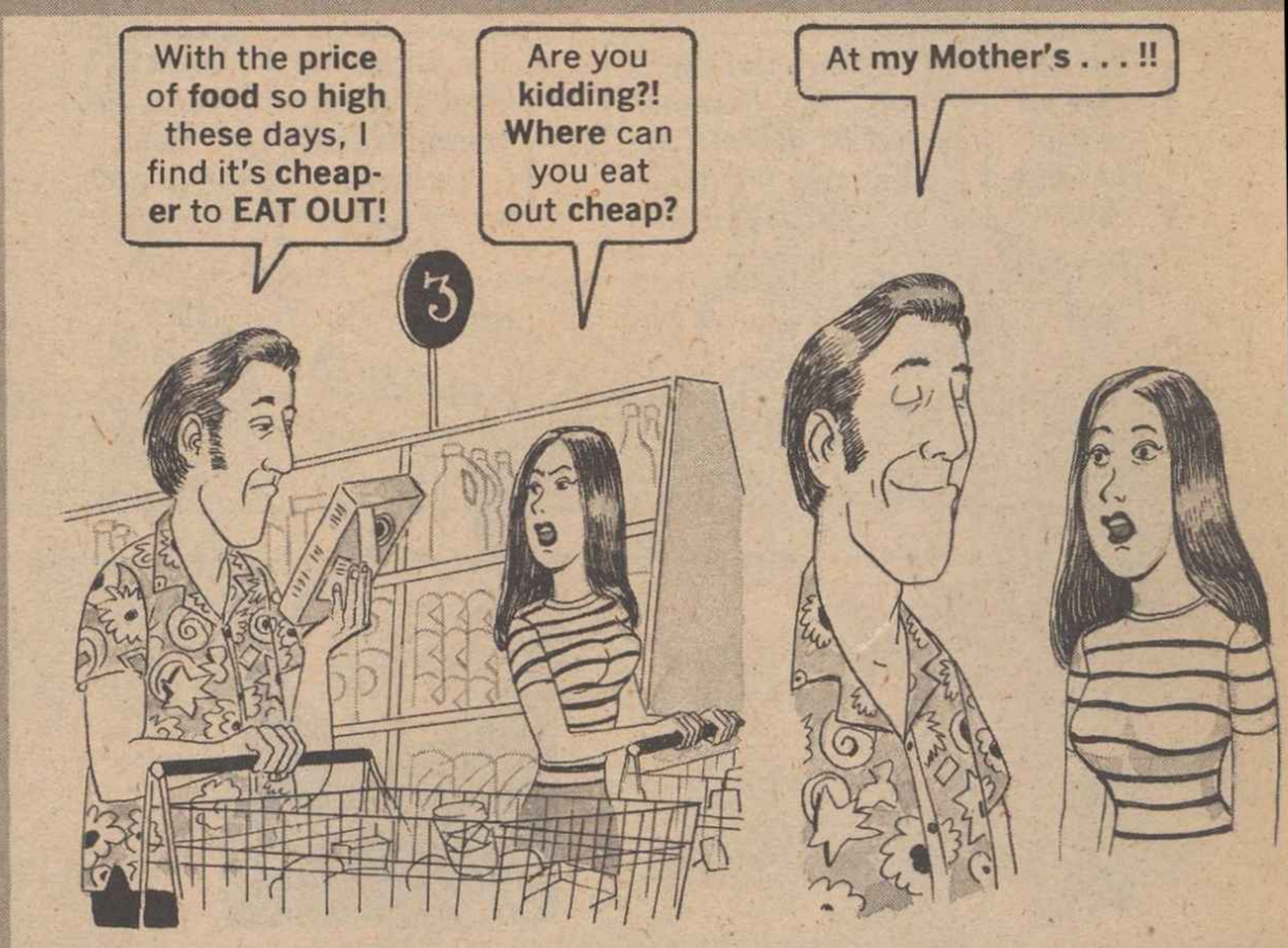
THE FAMILY



JOGGING



THE ECONOMY



HOUSE PLANTS



HEALTH



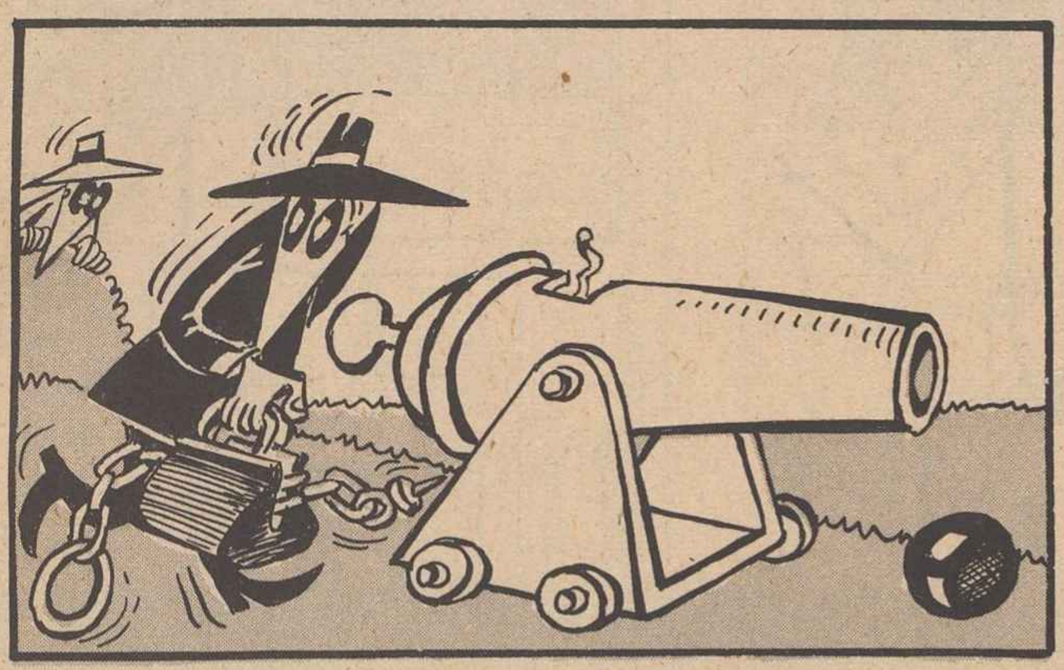
TOYS

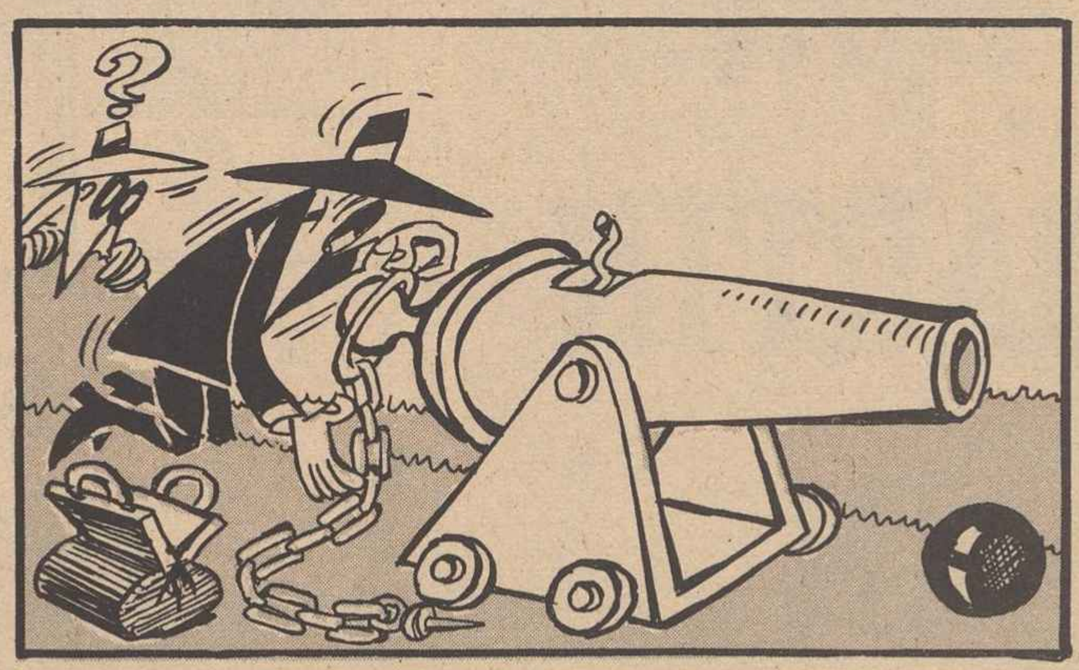


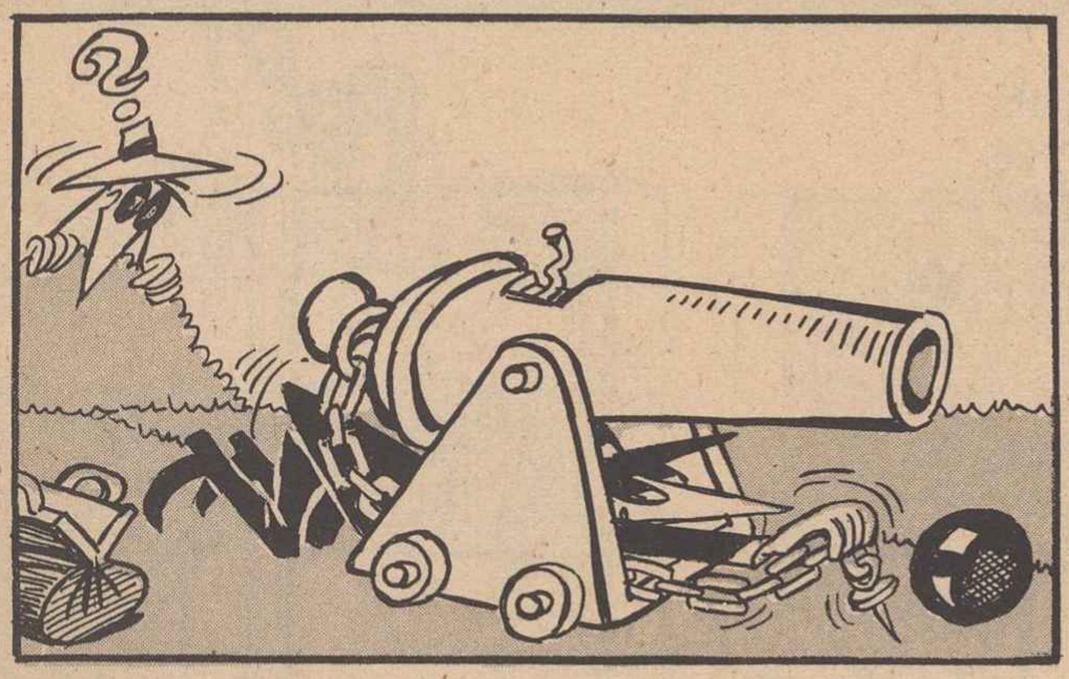
FURNITURE

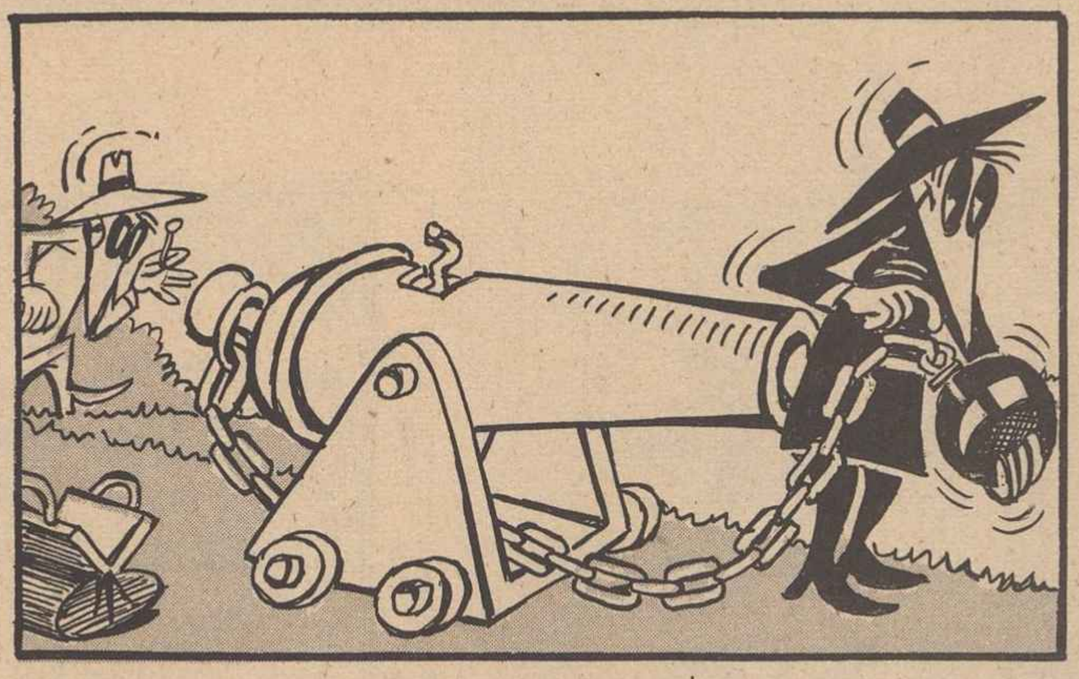


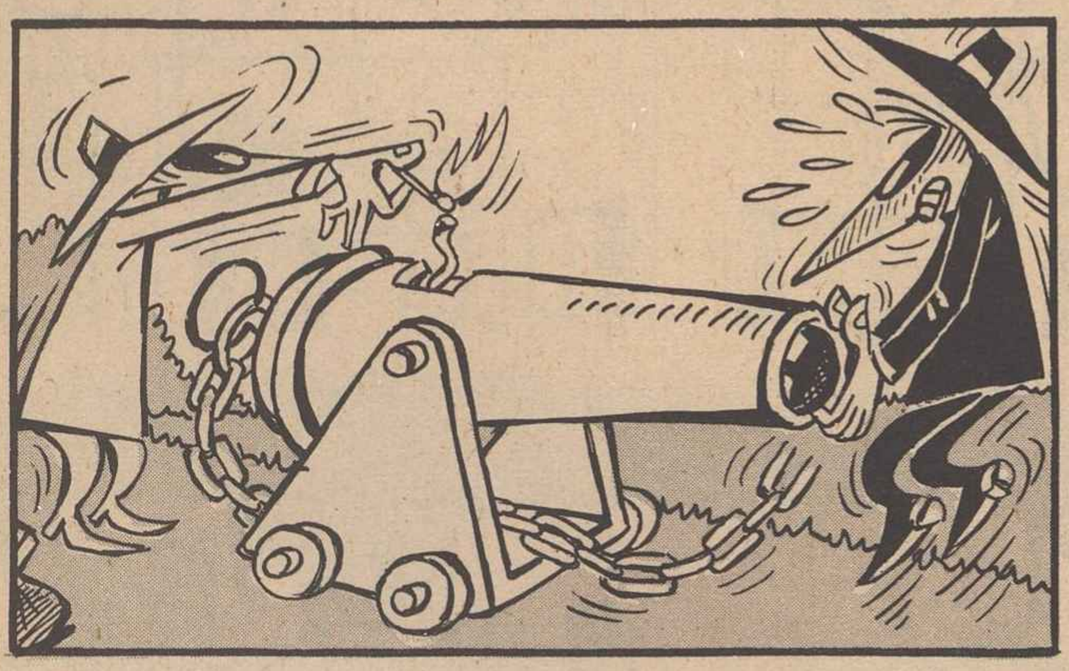
SPY vs SPY

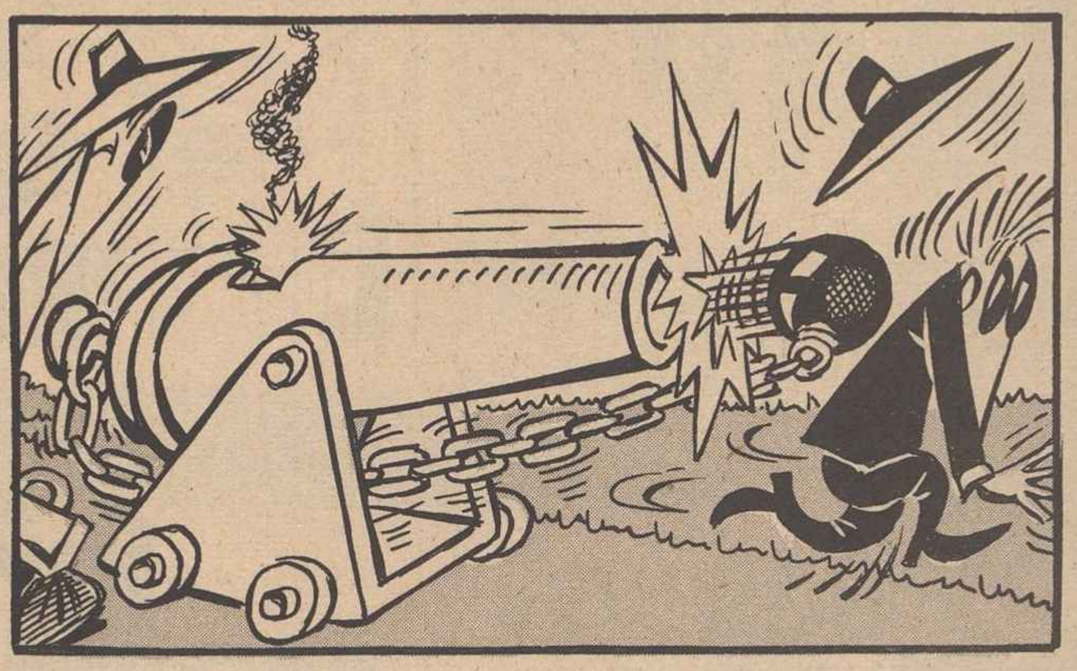


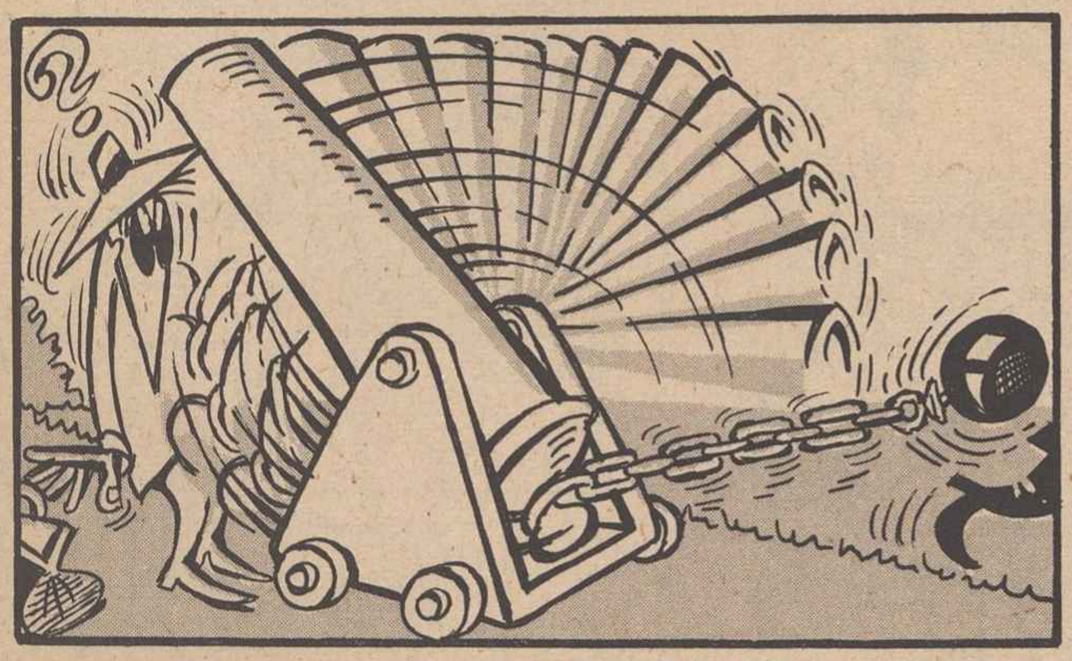


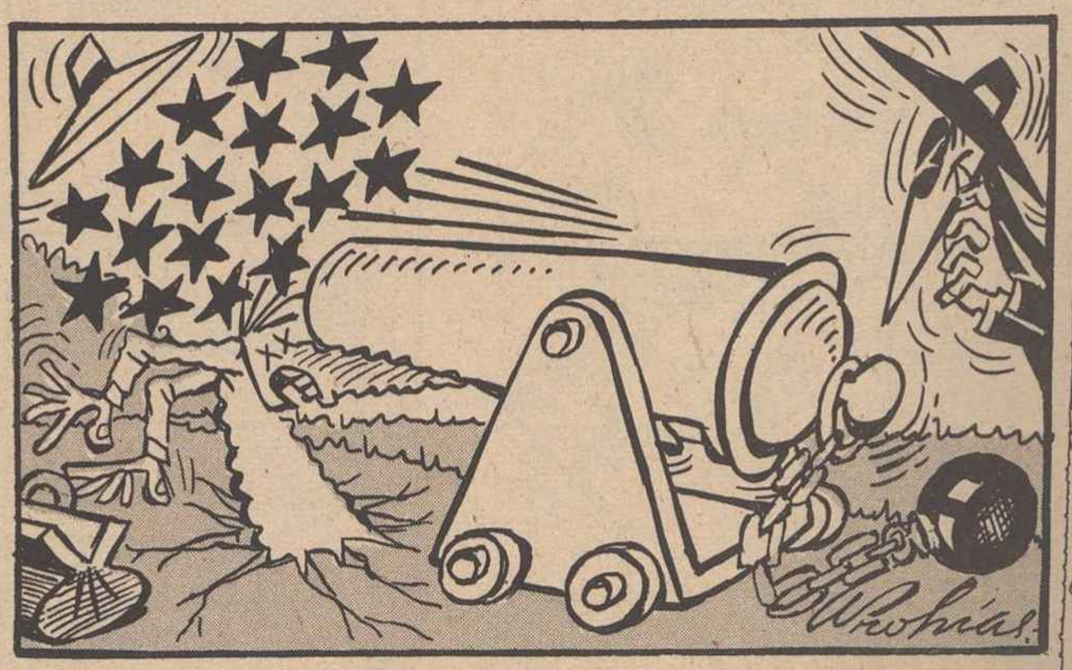






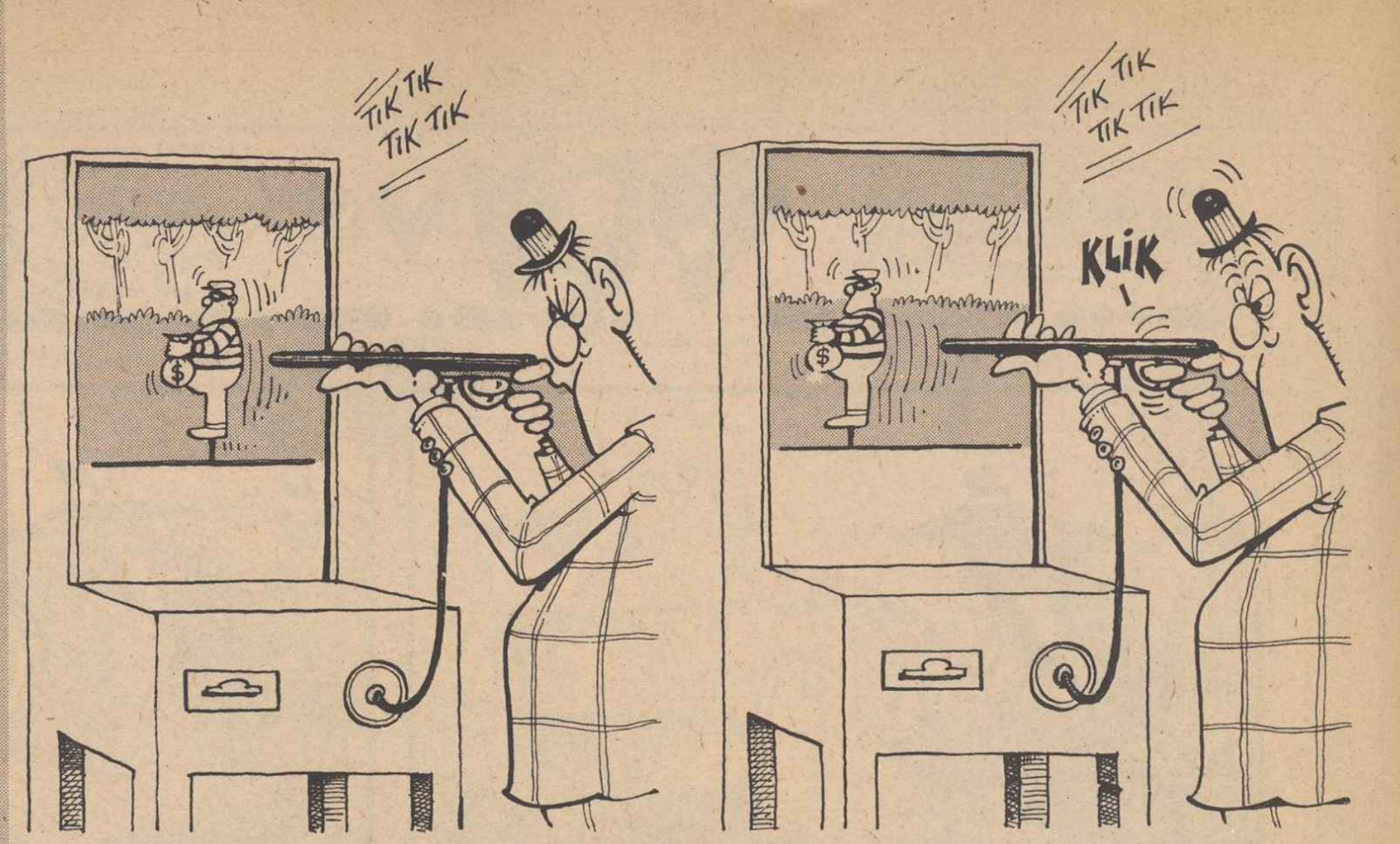


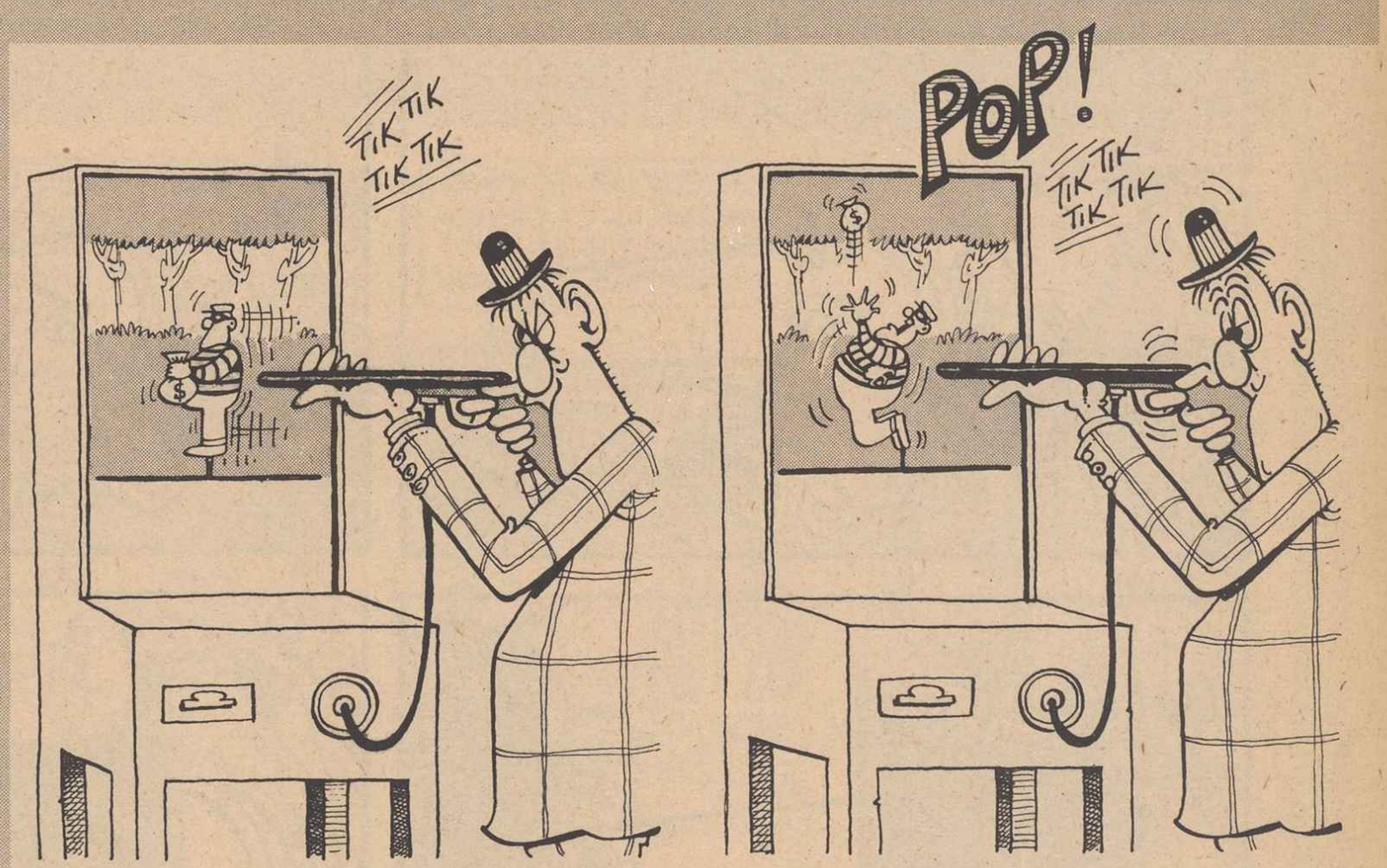


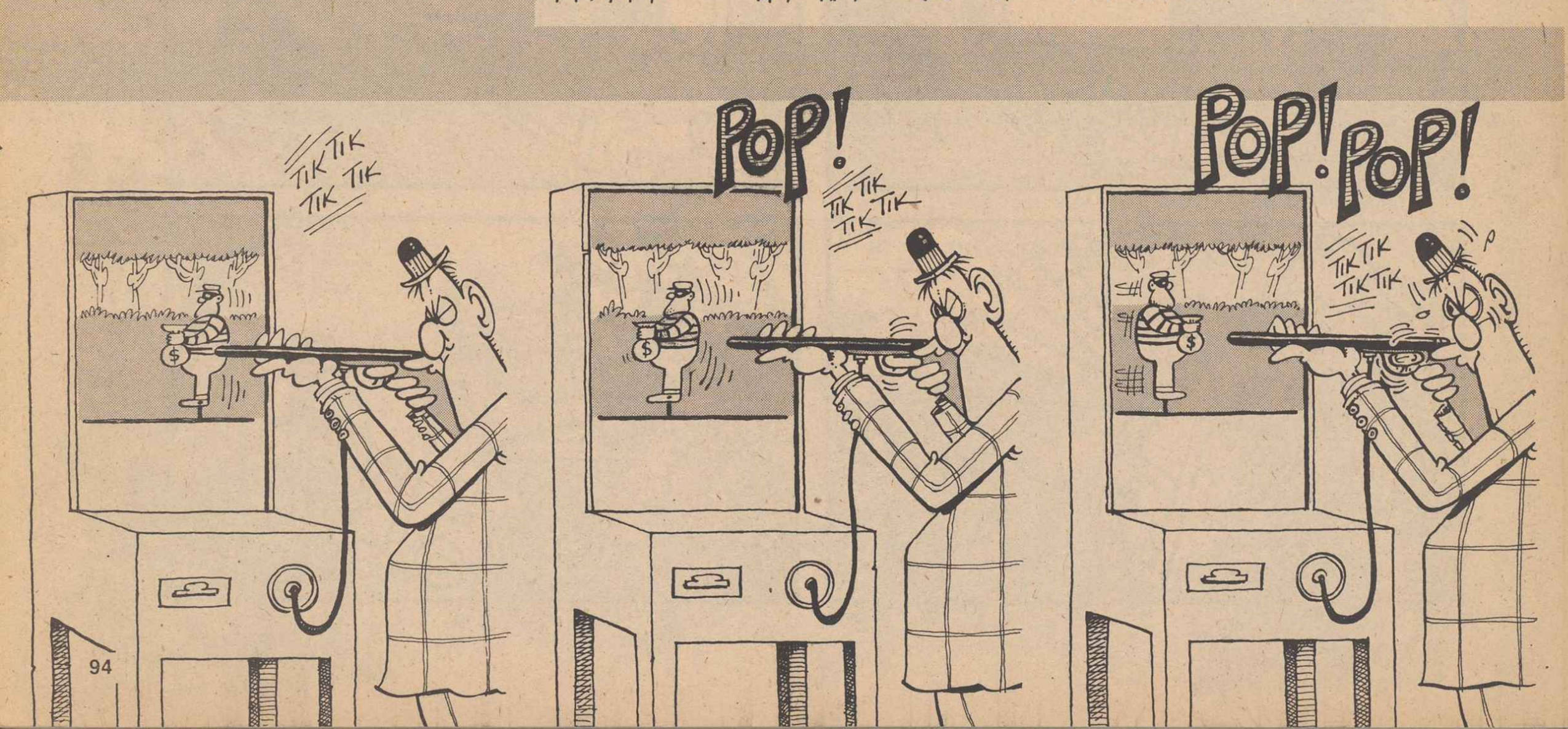




DON MARTIN IN A PLAY-LAND







TIK TIK
TIK TIK

Rats! The **trigger's** jammed!

KLIK KLIK
KLIK KLIK

TIK TIK
TIK TIK

Ahh! **Now** it's working!

POP!

TIK TIK
TIK TIK

TIK TIK
TIK TIK

TIK TIK
TIK TIK

GASP!

POP! POP! POP!

POP!

TIK TIK
TIK-TIK

TIK TIK
TIK TIK

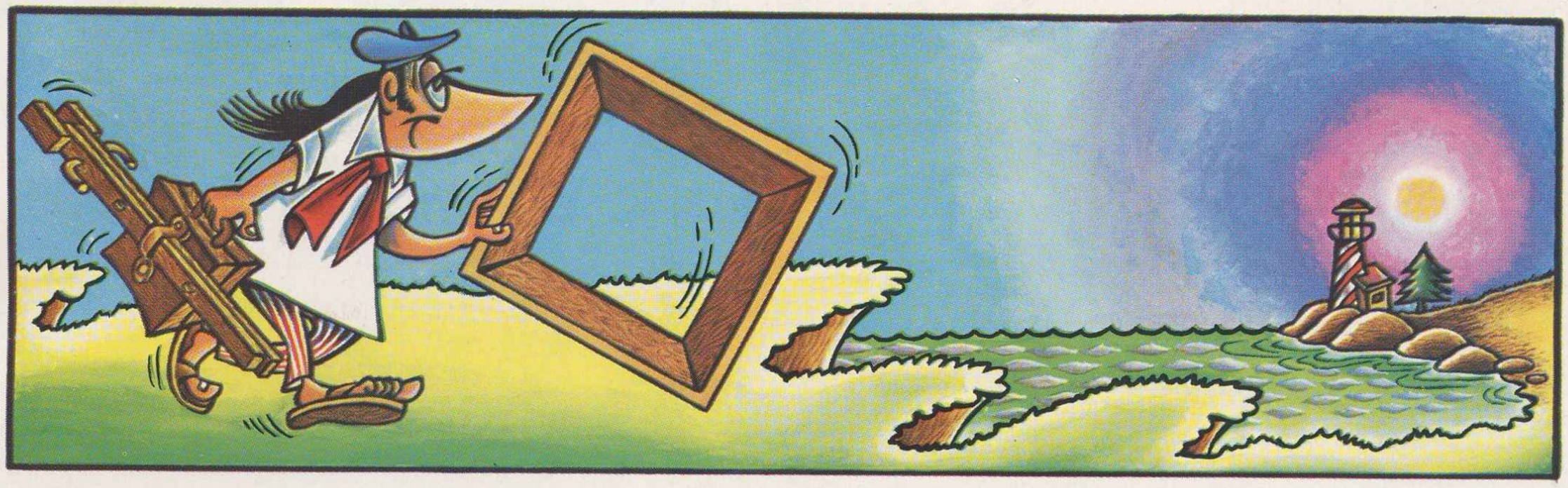
BLOOM
BLOOM

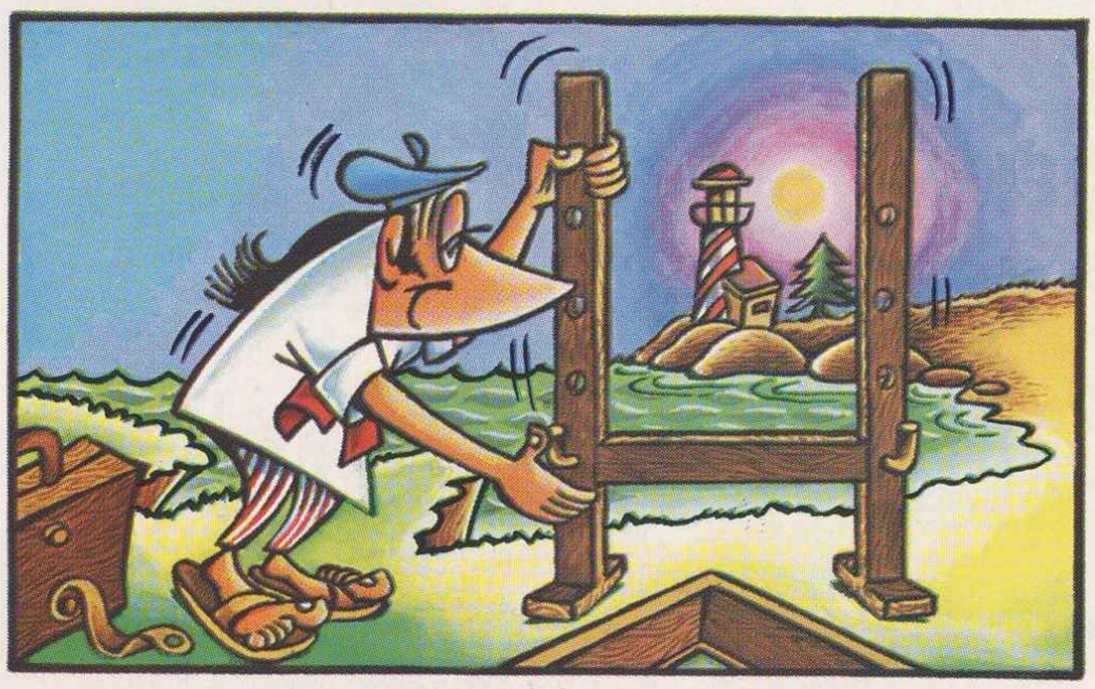
D. MARTIN

SPY VS SPY

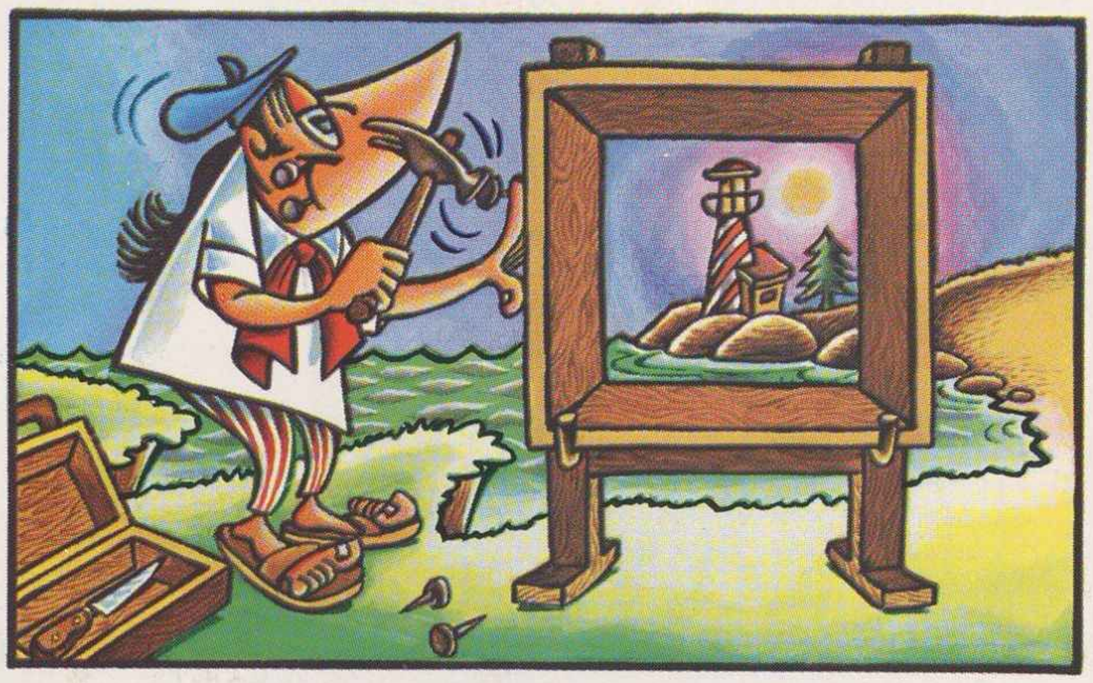


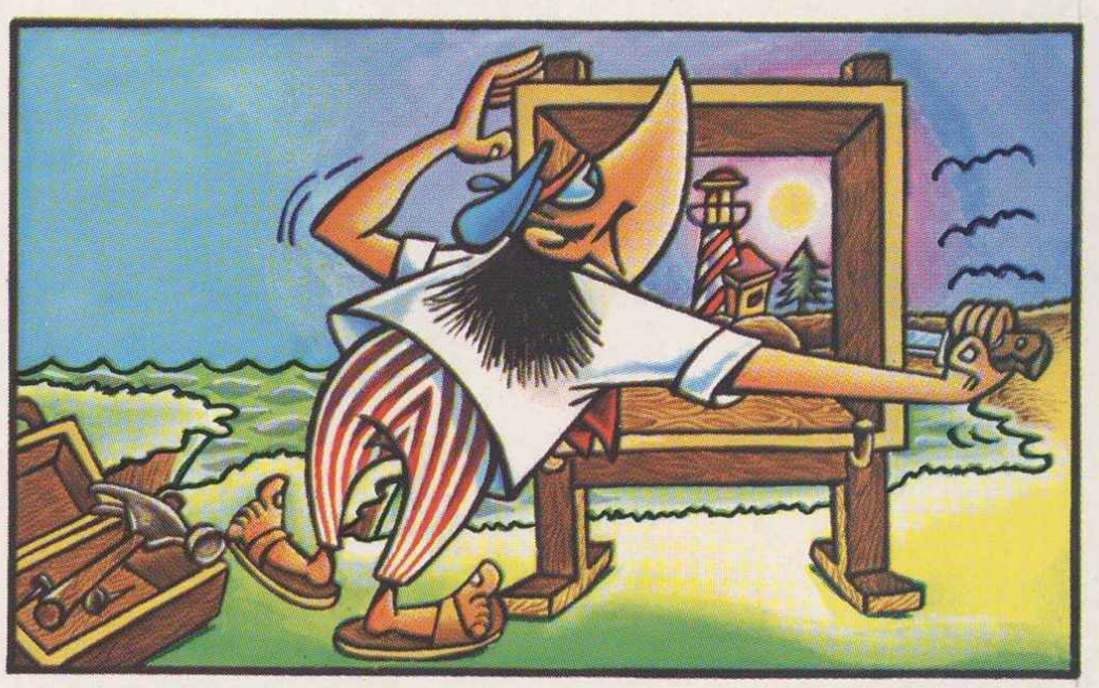
THE ARTIST

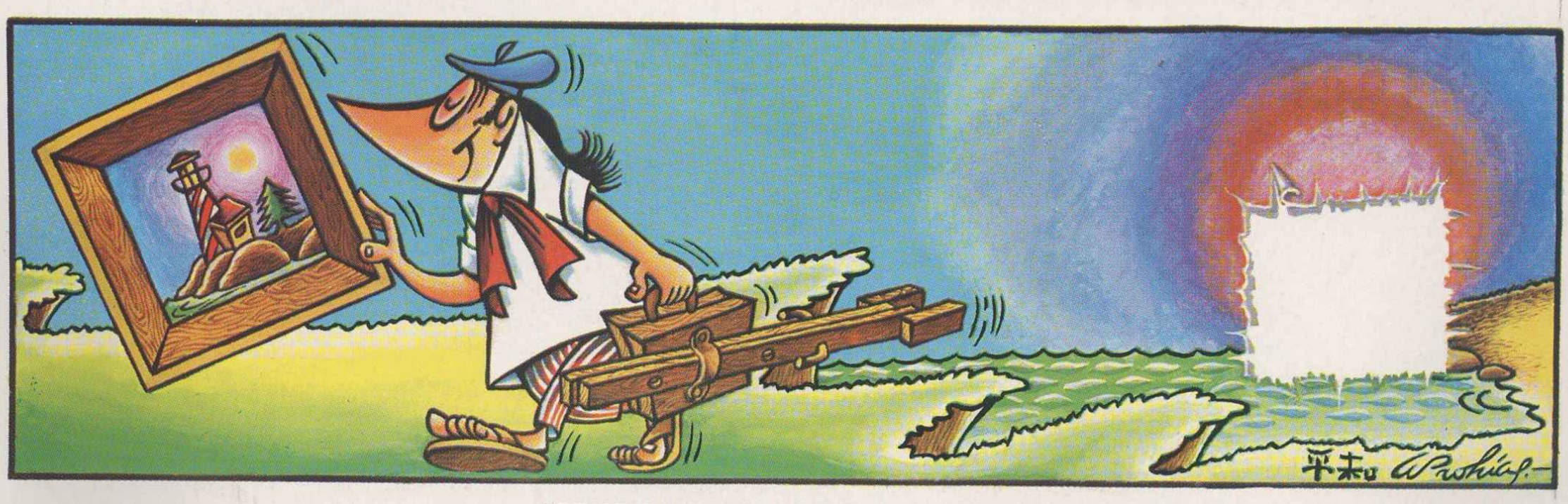












ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS

ANOTHER SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE



(THE FROG PRINCE)

