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MAD IND

SUPER SPECIAL

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INCLUDING 36 GRUESOME PAGES ON . . .

VIOLENCE!

AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

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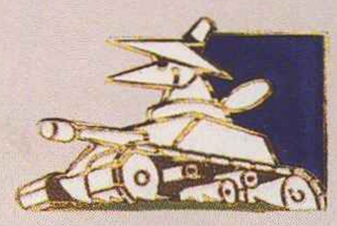
"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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485 MADison Avenue MAD **New York, New York 10022**

☐ **I enclose $53.75 for a 40-Issue Subscription. I'll save $16.25 off newsstand price and get all three MAD Pins shown above absolutely free!**

☐ **I enclose $33.75 for a 24-Issue Subscription. I'll save $8.25 off newsstand price and get the official MAD Logo Pin absolutely free!**

☐ **I enclose $13.75 for an 8-Issue Subscription. I'll save a paltry 25¢ off newsstand price and get to look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't send me any!**

☐ **CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL**

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Our Pledge: MAD will not sell or give your name and address to anyone for any reason!

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USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

VIOLENCE II

MAD SUPER SPECIAL 81 MAY 1992

DEPARTMENTS

LOOK OUT! (UGGHH!)
DANGER! DANGER!
MAD'S PUMMELING, POUNDING
PAGES OF BONE-CRUNCHING,
SENSELESS AND GRATUITOUS
VIOLENCE START HERE!!!

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

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ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG *editorial asst.* **CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS** *the usual gang of idiots*

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Printed in U.S.A.

HENN
HER

(OR: "PLAY ANNIE HALL'S

KNOCK ON WOODY DEPT.

I'm **Woody Alien!** I'd like to introduce you to my **latest film!** I'm very proud of it—it's **new,** it's **different!** Like for instance, even though it's the 14th consecutive film in which I've played a **total neurotic,** this is the **first time** there are **other neurotics** in even **worse shape** than **me,** mainly...

I'm **Henna,** and these are my **two sisters, Hollow** and **Loose!** Welcome to our hip, contemporary, utterly ***Nouveau York*** Thanksgiving dinner! **Let's get started!**

Okay, I'll start with **neurosis** and **guilt!**

Who wants some **angst** and **despair?**

Please pass me a **double helping** of **letching!** And make sure you **lean all over me** when you serve it!

Thank you for the **blessings** we're about to receive—the **turkey,** the **stuffing,** the **cranberries,** and the **one-liners** about **Franz Kafka, Nazis,** and **psychoanalysis!**

MAN O SHEV ITZ

Listen, everyone—Melissa just said her **very first word!** Say it **again,** Melissa!

Depression!

Isn't she just **darling!**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

NA AND SICKOS

MANHATTAN MEMORIES AGAIN, SAM!")

Can I make a **wish?**

If it's **appropriate...**

I wish for **world peace!**

That **won't do...**

Okay, how's **this**—I wish to attend a **Gestalt Therapy summer camp** so I can work through my **anxiety crisis!**

That's **much better,** dear!

This is a veritable **masterpiece!** Woody has certainly **grown** as a **filmmaker!**

What **brilliant touches!** Instead of **Gershwin** music, he's using **Rodgers** and **Hart!** And instead of **Diane Keaton** talking in **overlapping dialogue,** he has **Mia Farrow** doing it!

HOW AM I DOIN'?

I ♡ TO HATE N.Y.

THANKSGIVING ISSUE "MAD" A REAL TURKEY!

He shows real **maturity** as a **Director** since ***"Manhattan"*** and ***"Stardust Memories"!***

Right! Woody's **finally** learned where to buy **color film!**

WRITER: DEBBEE OVITZ

You missed a really **terrific Thanks-giving,** Heimlich!

I can't be **bothered** with such **frivolous nonsense**—I'm getting ready for an **important engagement** next weekend!

Oh? A new **gallery showing** of **your work?**

No, I'm entered in the **All-City Brooding Tournament!** I'm **seeded third!**

Level with me, Doctor! It's a **brain tumor,** isn't it?

Murk, you are a **world class hypochondriac!** It's just a **minor hearing loss!** Injured your **ear** lately?

Well, yes... I did **bang my ear** against the side of the **oven...**

What were you doing, **baking** a pie?

No, **attempting suicide!** I was **sure** I had a **brain tumor!**

My new career as a **caterer** is fizzling—nobody's even touched my chopped liver mold of **Sigmund Freud!**

I would have **devoured it** if it was in the shape of **Frank Lloyd Wright!** You see, I'm an **attractive architect** by profession, and a **cultural snob** socially! Let me whisk you two lovely creatures away from the world of herring and cheese puffs to the world of **unbridled passion!**

STANISLOBSKY CATERING co.

This is **it?** This is your idea of **unbridled passion**—looking at the Chrysler Building, the Williamsburg Bridge, and the World Trade Center?

We're two horny gals, and you take us on a **"Wide World of Concrete" tour?**

Hey, don't blame **me,** I didn't write this scene! **Woody** is horny for anything and everything about **New York City!** I understand his next film has a romantic tour of all the "Spaldeens" lost in Brooklyn sewers in the summer of '56!

Leah, I am weak with **desire** for you!

Elliyup, you're such a **nervous wimp!** Why can't you be more like you were in your **other movies?**

Like the **sexy charmer** in **"Alfie"?**

Even like the **maniac** in **"Dressed To Kill"** would be an **improvement!**

SCIENCE FICTION

BALANCED BUDGET

EQUAL TAXATION

PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

I'm afraid this doesn't look **too good!**

I **knew** it! That must be my **brain scan!** I'm **dying!**

These are **box office results** of your films in areas **outside** of **New York** and **L. A.! You're** not **dying**—your **movies** are!

But I've got a **tumor** the size of a **basketball! The Knicks** were practicing **slam-dunking** with my head!

Look, you're tense! You need something to take your mind off **today's problems!** I'm **prescribing** a **flashback** so you can deal with **yesterday's problems...**

Good news— these **fertility tests** indicate you **can't** have any **children!**

Why is that **"good news"?**

That means there will be **one less bouncing baby neurotic** brought into the world!

Considering how you're a **close friend** and how I've managed to use you in most of my pictures **despite** your **sagging career,** you gotta do me this **favor** and become the father of my child! No **physical contact,** of course...

Gee, Murky, I don't know... it's all so **cold, clinical, unromantic...**

You want **romance?** Take the **test tube** out for a **candlelight dinner!**

That's **terrific** news, Murky! The **lab tests** proved **negative!** You're **not** going to **die!**

Right! And my **brush** with **death** gives me a chance to do a **"search for the meaning of life" segment...**

...complete with a **voice-over monologue** that enables me to use **leftover gags** from my **other films,** since they're **all** so easily **inter-changeable...**

...I can pick on **Socrates, homosexuals, Ice Capades, boiled chicken...**

....and deal with some **major questions** that have been plaguing mankind, like **"Does God exist?", "Is there life after death?"** and, **"Will I ever be able to top 'Annie Hall'?"**

Mother, tell me the **truth,** was I an **adopted child?**

Of **course not,** Henna! Why do you ask?

Well, it's **hard** to **believe** that a couple so **colorful** could have a **daughter** as **wooden** and **boring as me!**

Mother, your **boozing** and **flirting** has really **upset** Father! He's **not himself!**

How can you tell?

He stopped playing **Cole Porter** and started playing **Van Halen!**

You've been to bed with my sister Henna and with me! Who was the **best?**

Without question—**I was!**

BOOZE

BIBLE

PAY TV

Hollow, you're the **flakiest** of all the sisters! You dress like a deranged Gypsy and you snort coke like a pro athlete! I can't believe I brought you along...

Murky, it's only a date!

Who cares about the **date**—I can't believe I brought you along on this **next flashback...**

I think I need a **dramatic change** in my life! I'm thinking about **converting** to **Catholicism!**

I'm sorry, but we **can't** allow any more of you into the fold! We have a **quota!**

Quota? Of **Jews?**

No, of **nerds!**

I can't seem to **reach God**—I think he's too busy answering prayers of **William Morris agents!**

Are you **really serious** about **conversion,** or are you merely looking to find **salvation** for your ridiculous **one-liners?!**

Can I **join you guys?** I've **given up** on being a Catholic!

Can you **beg** at **air-ports?**

No, that's not my style! The only place I **beg** is in **bedrooms!**

Oh, it's **one-liners** you **seek!** Why don't you try the **Moonies?**

Henna, I have to **borrow some money** for my **new career...**

Again?

You think I'm just a **loser,** don't you?

I've tried to be supportive, Hollow, but a career in **"electrolysis by mail"?**

Hollow! I haven't seen you since our **disastrous date!** What have you been up to?

Oh, bouts of **depression, insecurity,** and **career failures,** and a series of **life crises...**

Sounds **great!** Let's you and me **get married!**

Murky, do you **really mean it?**

Of course! I've always been **sexually attracted** to women with a **suicidal flare!**

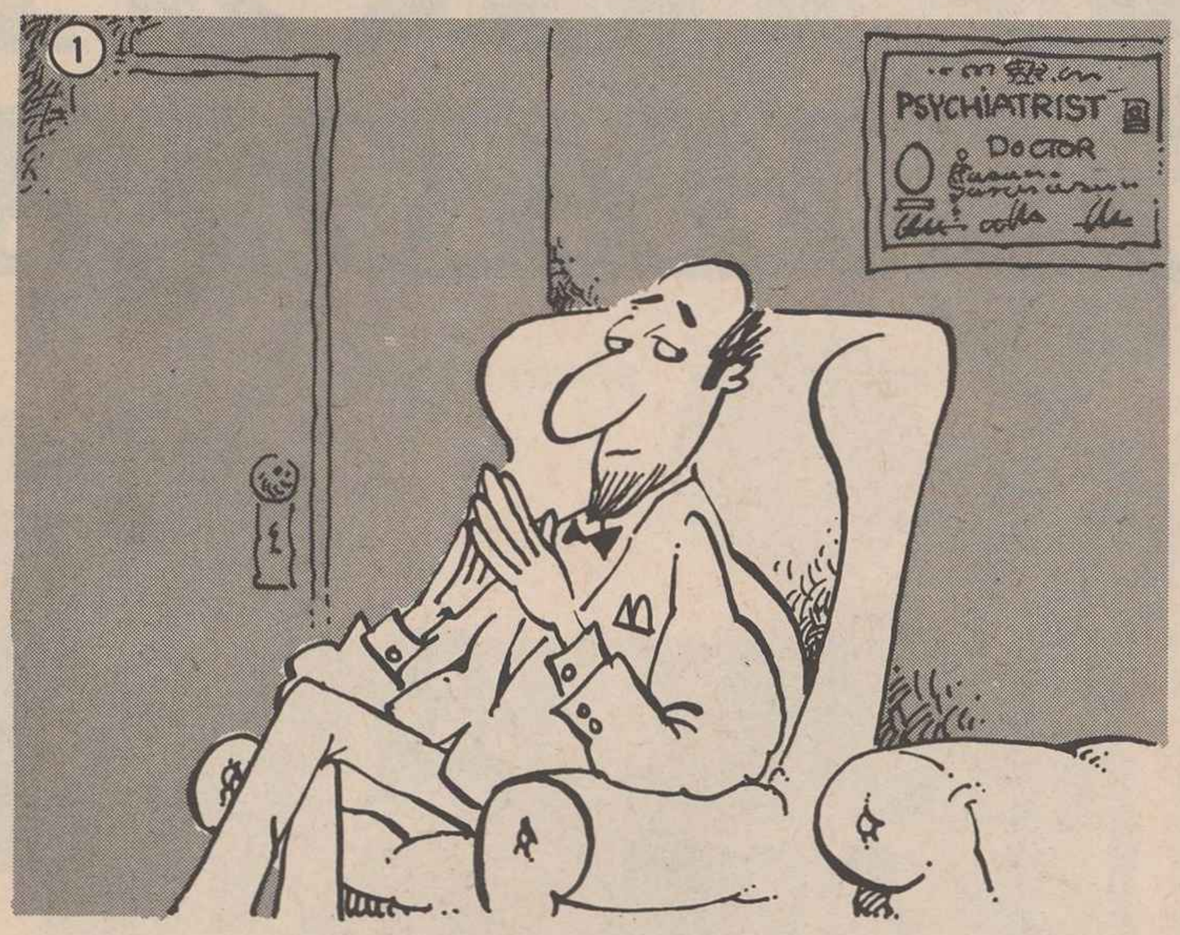
RECORDS TAPES

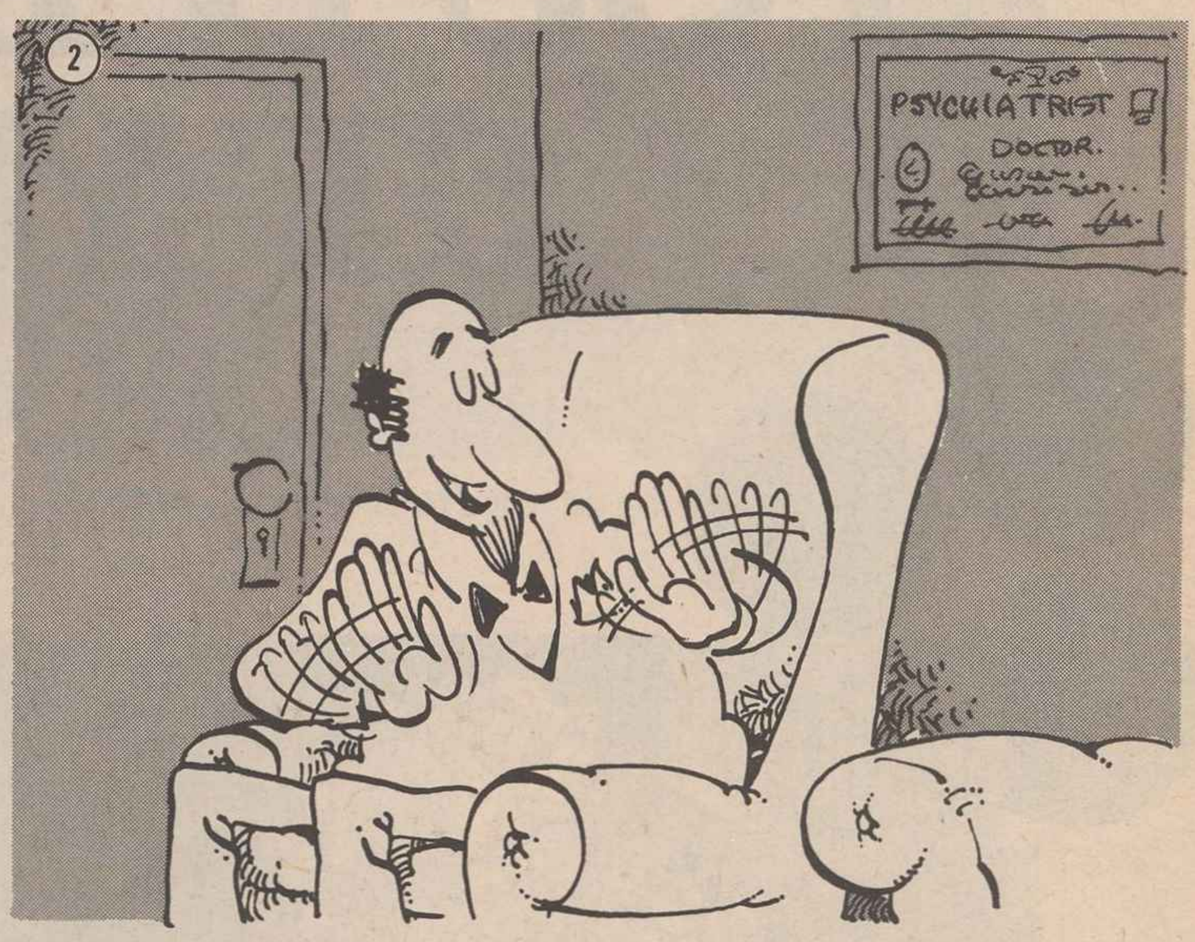
Sitting in that movie house has **turned my life around!** I've made a major, **mind-blowing discovery!** The **Marx Brothers** made movies just to be **funny!** They **never** felt they had to **hide** from the **press** or **fear** their **fans**...**never** felt the **need** to drop the names of **pseudo-intellectuals** in their movies...**never** became **obsessed** about **secrecy** over their next film! They **never took themselves seriously** and today, they're considered **great artists!**

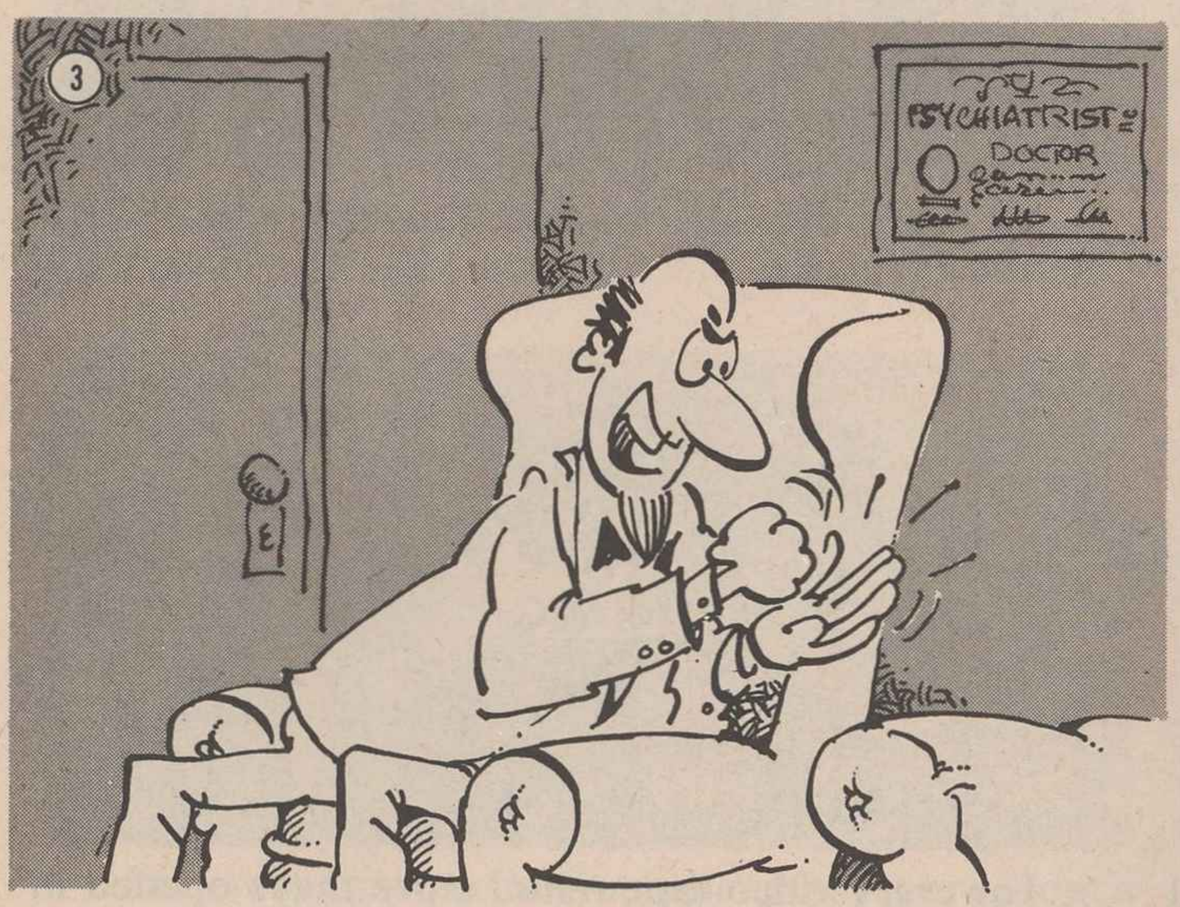
And I'll bet no **one ever** told **Groucho** that they liked his **earlier films better!**

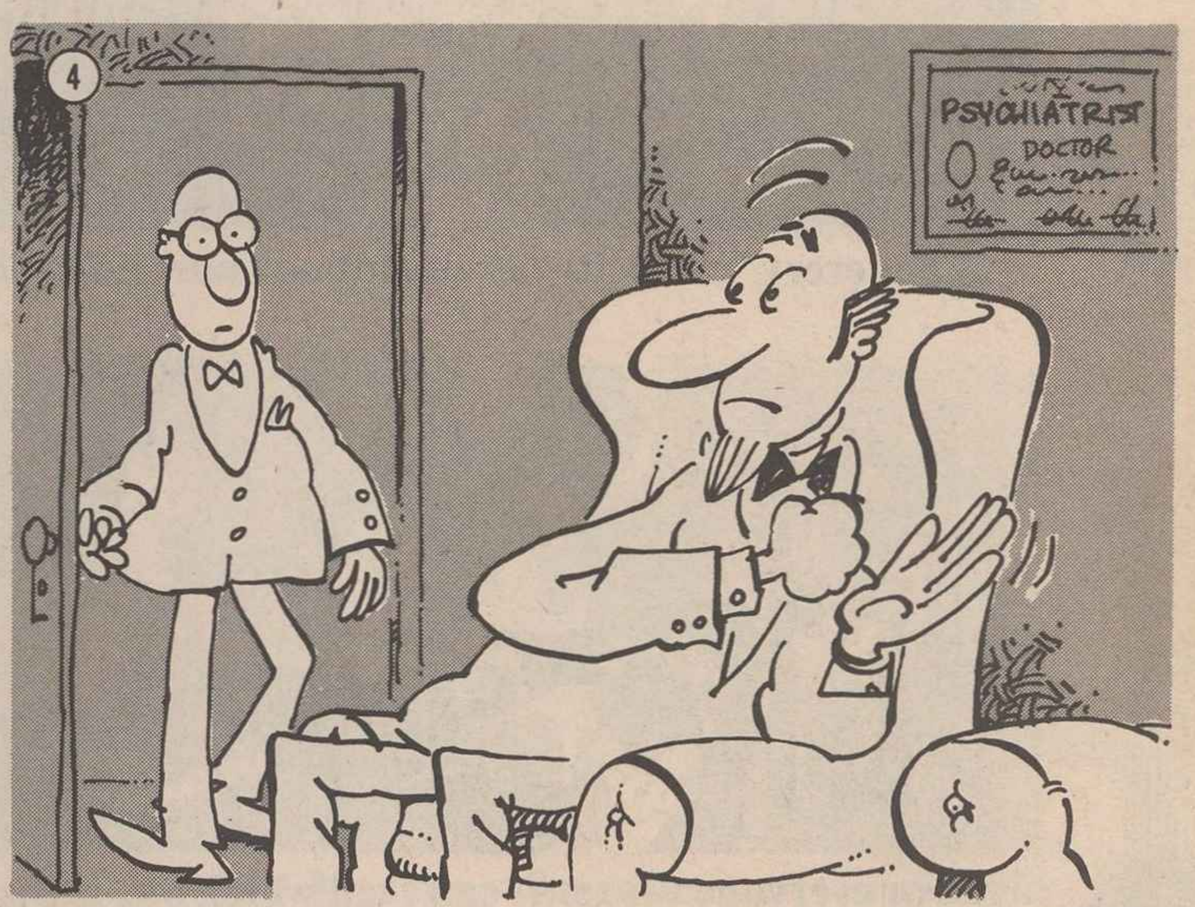
SERGIO ARAGONES DEPT.

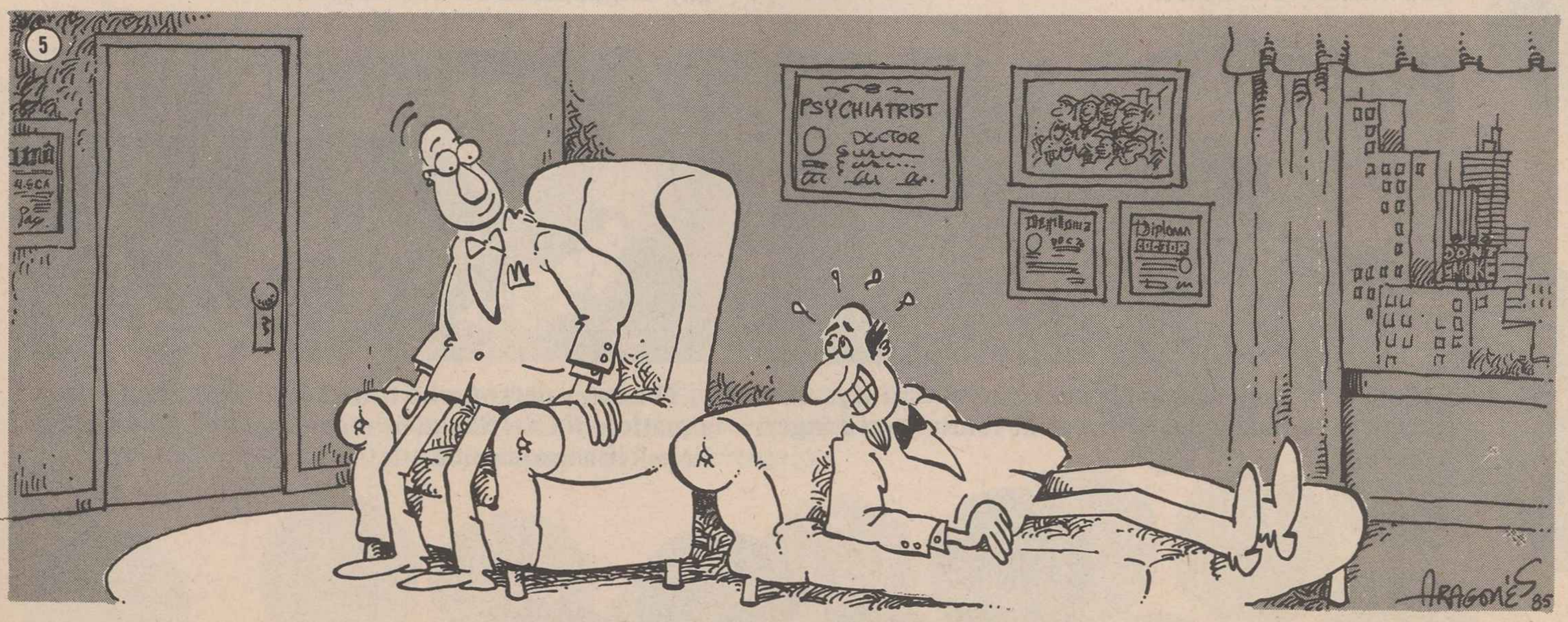
HEAD TRIP











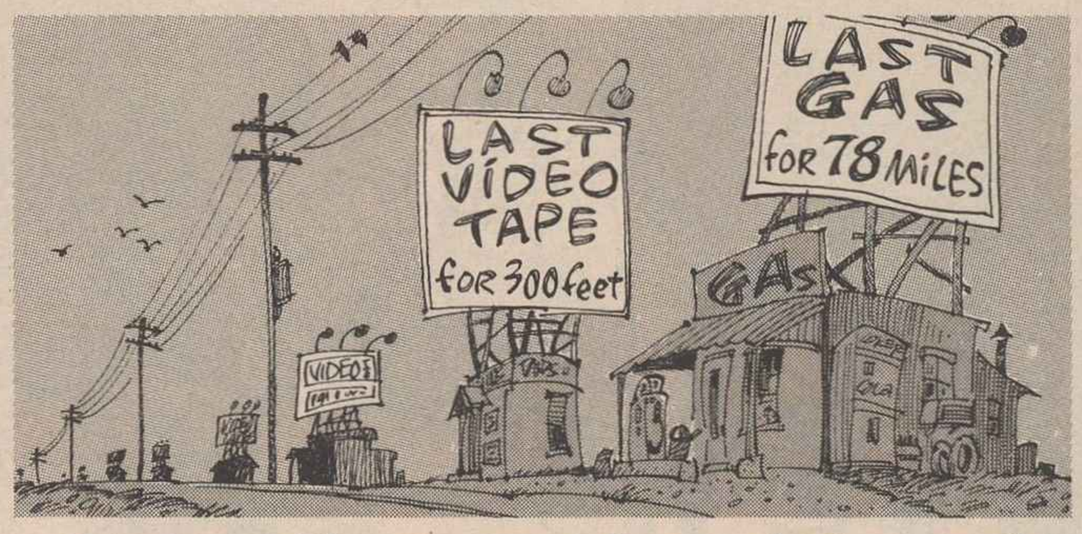
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

YOU'D BE RICH IF YOU HAD A

...For every "celebrity" exercise book now available.

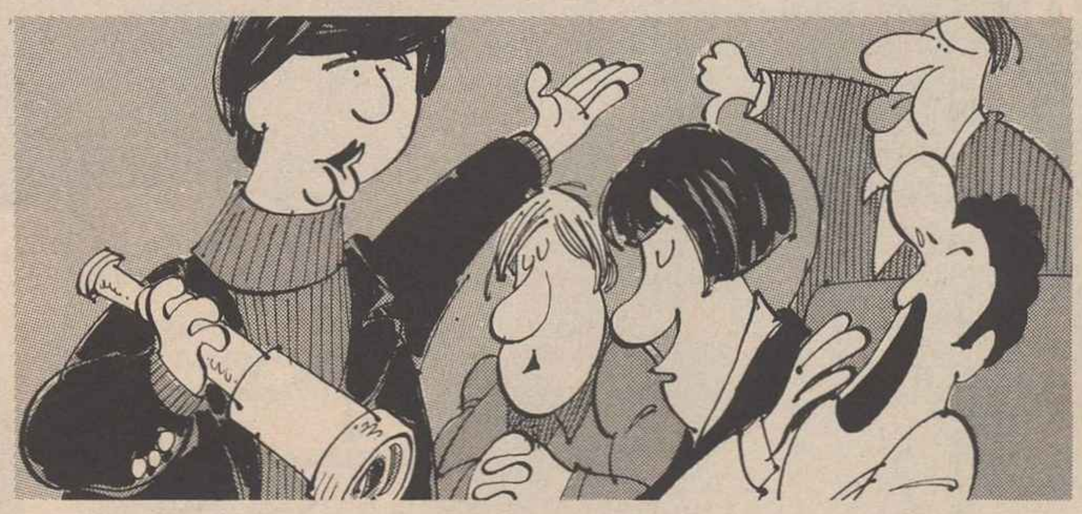
...For every journalist who has referred to Mary Lou Retton as "perky."

...For everyone who *still* can't tell which one is Siskel and which one is Ebert.



...For every video tape rental store that's opened in *any* neighborhood in the last year.

...For every nuclear reactor spokesman who says that the latest radiation leak poses "absolutely no danger to anyone."

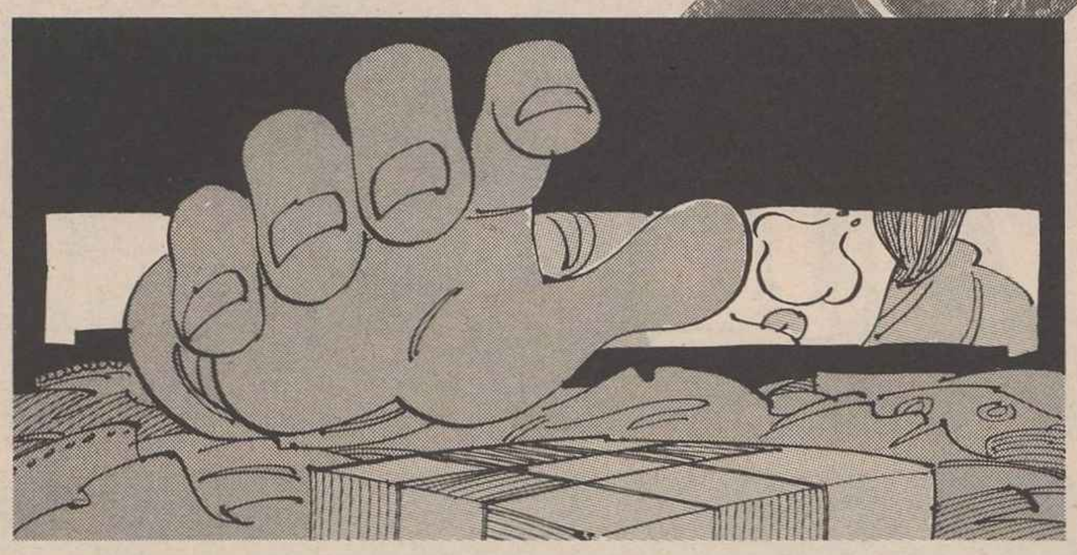


...For every person who thinks he does a great impersonation of Carl Sagan by repeating "billions and billions" in a nasal voice.

NICKEL...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

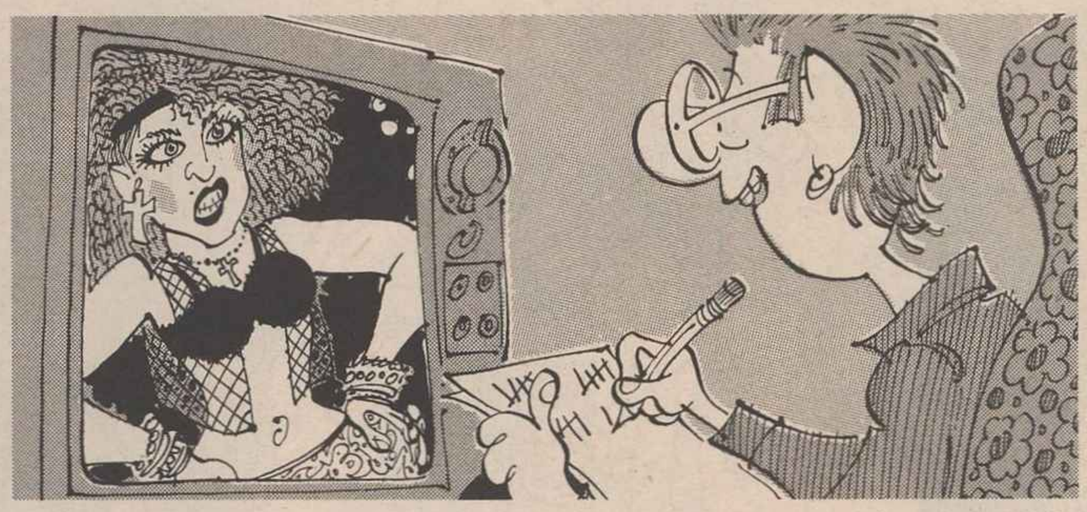
...For every sequel that's not as good as the original.



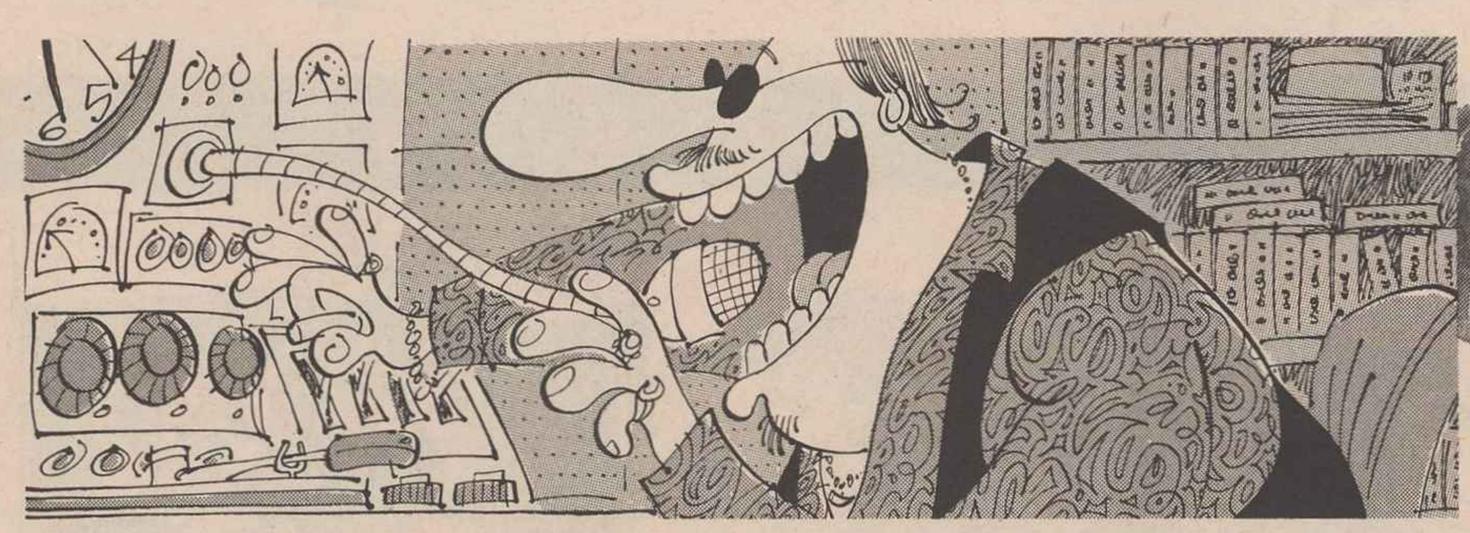
...For every unsolved Rubik's Cube in the back of someone's bureau drawer.

...For every Betamax owner who wishes he'd bought a VHS instead.

...For every time you hear a helicopter report about a massive traffic jam... *after* you're already in it.



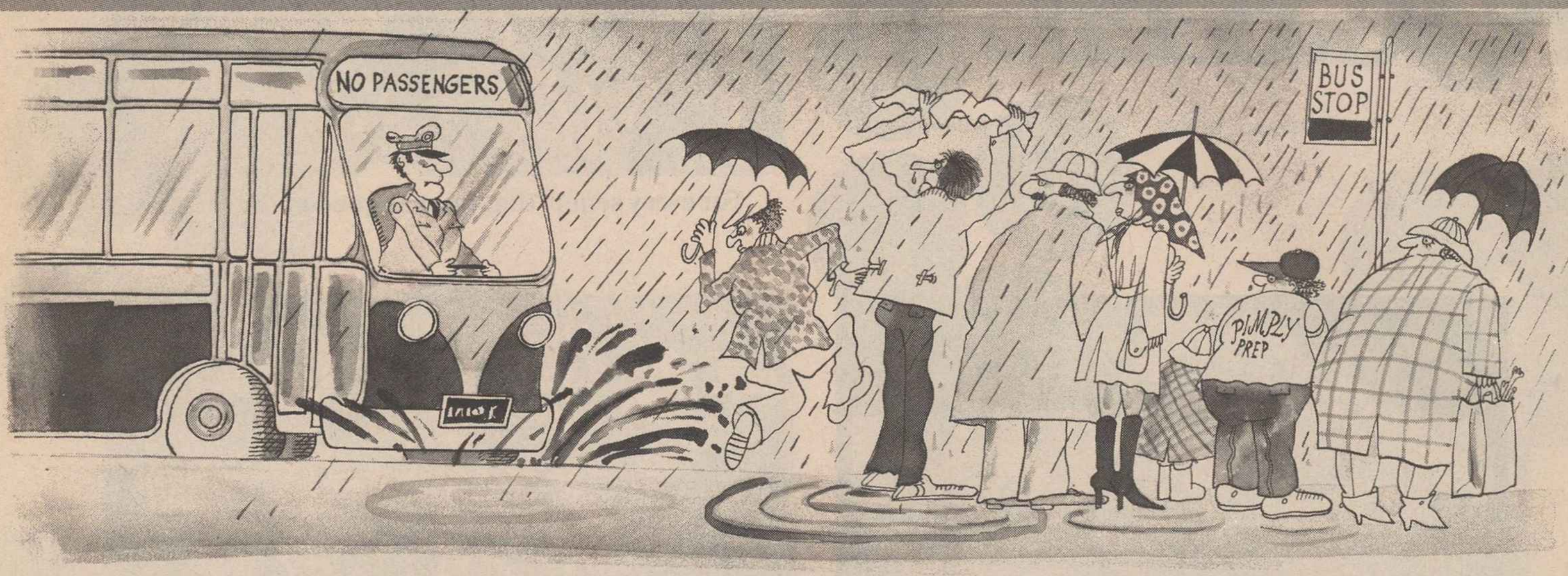
...For ever time Madonna shows her navel in a music video.

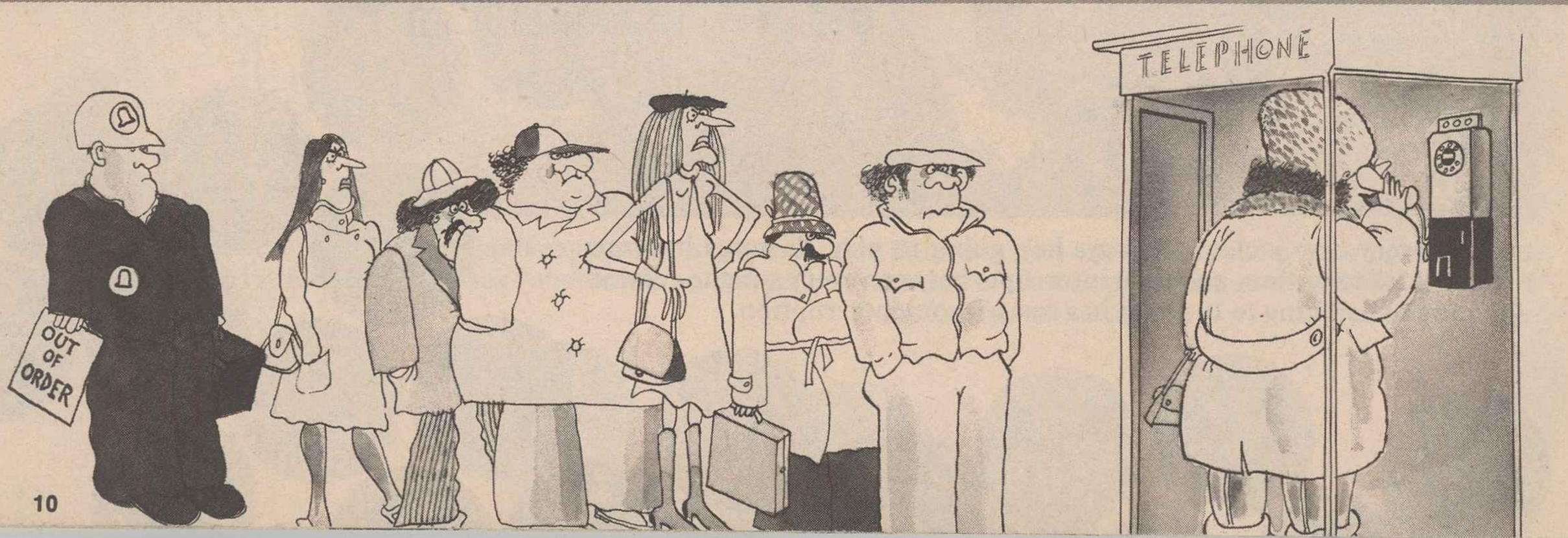


...For every disc jockey who says he's going to play 10 songs in a row without interruption, and then interrupts between every song to remind you you're listening to 10 songs in a row without interruption.

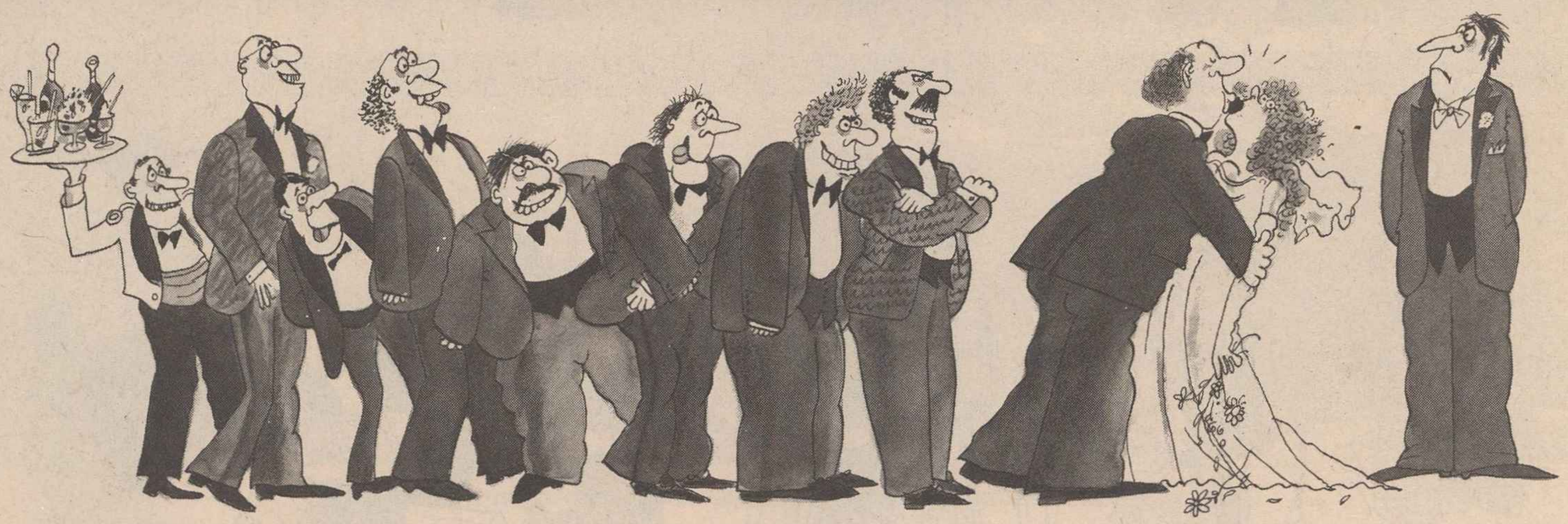
QUEUE TEASE DEPT.

A MAD LOO





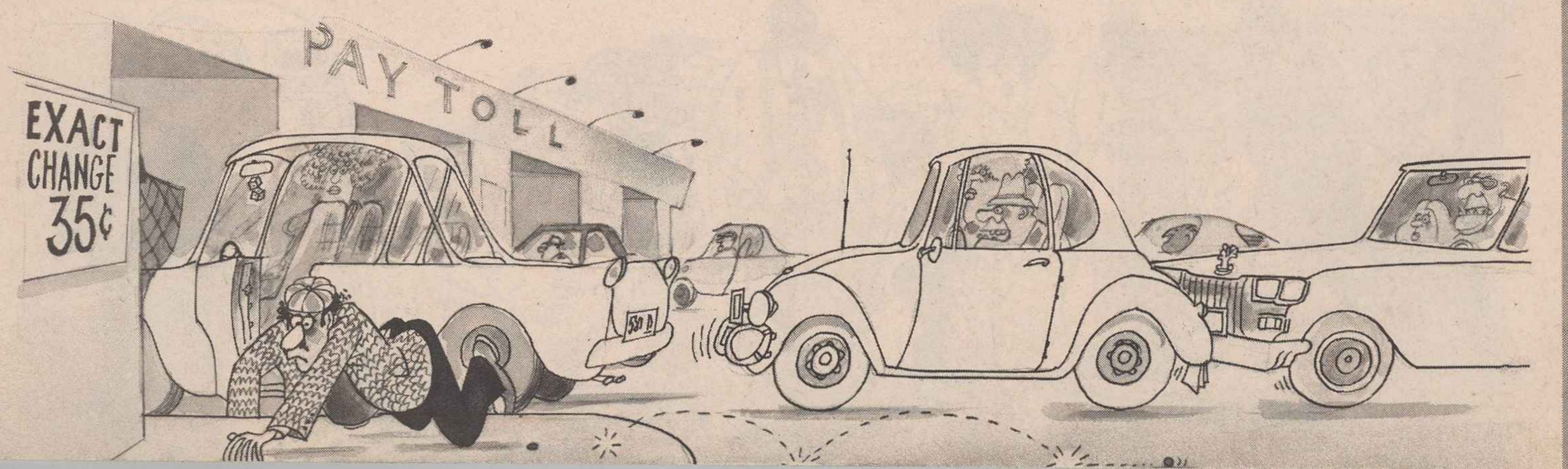
OK AT LINES



ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

NO
ELECTIONEERING
POLL

DOG
JUNK FOOD
POWER


EXACT
CHANGE
35¢
PAY TOLL

MANY UNHAPPY RETURNS DEPT.

Who is the most **feared person** in the **world?** No, it's **not** an **international terrorist** or a **Mafia hit man** or a **guy** who can **push the button** and **start a nuclear war!** It's a **boring, wimpy little accountant** who happens to be a **man** from the **I.R.S.!** And **why** does this mild-mannered little guy strike **terror** into the hearts of even the **bravest** of men? To find the answer, we bring you another **fearless, hard-hitting, no-holds-barred interview** ... this one with **Mr. Shylock Leach** who has been selected as

MAD'S I.R.S. AGENT OF THE YEAR

Hi, folks! I'm **Eddie Smurphy** ... and you're probably wondering **why** I'm conducting this interview on **taxes!**

Well, I happen to be an **expert** on the subject! I put **all my money** into **taxes,** 'cause **that's** the **only thing** that **keeps going up!**

Hey, **c'mon,** Mr. Leach! When I say stuff like that on **"Saturday Night Live,"** the audience screams, **"Whooooooo!"**

Actually, those weirdos scream **"Whoooo!"** no matter **what** I do!

Hey, Leach! You oughta print **tax forms** on **KLEENEX!** We **PAY** through the **NOSE!**

Better yet, print tax forms on **CHARMIN** ... 'cause they're **one pain** in the—

Did you bring all your **receipts** and **cancelled checks,** Mr—*uh*—I didn't get your **name!**

M-m-my name?!? **Richard Pryor!** But **I'm** not here for an **AUDIT!** I'm here to **interview** you for **MAD Magazine!**

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE **WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE**

Tell me, Mr. Leach, **why** did you **become** an I.R.S. Agent? Are you into **"S & M"?**

Do you remember when you were in **school,** and there was always **one kid** that everybody **picked on?!?**

Right! I KNOW the wimp!! **Short** little sucker! Wore **big old glasses!** Had all them **ball-point pens** in his pocket! Carried a **calculator!** And the turkey **always** did his **homework!!**

Yes ... well, **I** was that **kid** that everybody always **picked on ... !**

Not ME, Man!! **I** never hassled the dude! I used to tell the other guys, **"Hey,** you fools! You be **leavin'** that boy **alone** ... or you're gonna hafta **deal** with **ME!"**

But **NOW** it's **"PAY-BACK TIME"!** If anybody gives me the **slightest trouble,** I hit him with the **magic words:** "May I have your **FULL NAME** and **SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER?!?"**

You I.R.S. guys make **big bucks,** huh?

No! We're **Civil Service!** We get paid the same as **mailmen, sanitation workers** and **xerox operators!**

Yeah, but I'll bet you make **plenty** on the **side** from those **rich cats** you **catch cheating!**

May I have your **FULL NAME** and **SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER?!?**

Hey ... **I'm** only **messin' around!** Sure, you I.R.S. guys are **honest!** I mean, just because you **don't** make much **money** ... and you're **auditing guys** who are **MILLIONAIRES** ... is **no reason** to think you'd take a **bribe,** huh ... ?!?

Actually, we **DID** have a **BRIBERY SCANDAL!** A **Congressional Investigation Committee** found that there were a **lot** of I.R.S. people **on the take!** But that was **thirty years ago ... !**

Today ... **nobody's on the take?!?**

No, today, **nobody's investigating us!**

DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS DETENTION ROOM

NO SMOKING SPITTING TALKING RADIO PLAYING, CHEWING GUM, FOOD, VISITORS, BEVERAGES THINKING FEELING

What's **this??** The **TV Game Room?!?** You got **PAC MAN??**

No, these are the **computers** that help us find **tax cheats!** As a matter of fact ... I just **caught me one!**

You **ZAPPED him** with your **technological hardware?!?**

Not exactly!! His **WIFE** turned him in!

Why'd she do **that?**

She found out that **taxes** weren't the **ONLY thing** he was **cheating on!** And, of course, there was the **reward** we pay to **informers!!**

You **PAY** people to **RAT** on each other?! Gee, you oughta run **ADS!**

"Kids, get that **new stereo** you want! Turn in your **old man!"**

IRS GARAGE

Great idea! I'll bring it up at our **next meeting!** If the President expects **doctors** and **nurses** in **Family Planning Clinics** to squeal on **pregnant teenagers,** why shouldn't **we** expect **teenagers** to squeal on their **parents?!** It's the **American Way!!**

Let's hear it for **America** ... the land of the **free** and the home of the **fink!**

UNOBTRUSIVE VAN Co

722-IRS

Hey, Man! Is this **YOUR house?**

No, this is where a **suspected tax cheat** lives!

But you're **reading** the guy's **MAIL!!** Man, it's **ILLEGAL** to get evidence **that** way!!

What evidence?! This is a **letter** from his **GIRL FRIEND!**

UNOBTRUSIVE VAN Co

What's a letter from his **chick** have to do with his **taxes?!?**

Nothing, really! But in **this business,** we **NEED** a few laughs!

But you're **violating** his **Civil Rights!** Hey, even **MURDERERS** have their **Civil Rights,** Man!!

Murderers, **yes!** Taxpayers, **no!!**

Now you're bugging the guy's **phone?** Don't you ever watch **TV...?** You **can't use** that stuff **in Court!!**

Who said anything about **Court?!** All we want is the poor slob's **money!** Off the record, I have a **quota** to meet! The more loot we **bring in,** the faster we get **promoted!**

I'm with the **Government!** I'd like to see **Mr. A. Giblet's bank records!**

Sorry! That information is **confidential!** You'll need a **Court Order!**

I have **something** even **better**—my **I.R.S. card!** Now, **what** did you say your **name** was...?

Uh... I'm **always** glad to cooperate with the **I.R.S.!** Here are Mr. Giblet's **complete banking records**... including his **Christmas Club,** his **wife's checking account,** his **kids' savings accounts,** and a **brand new toaster**... just for **you!**

No trip to the **bank** is **complete** without a **FREE gift...** *heh-heh!*

Man, you **sure scared that turkey** at the **bank!**

Intimidation is an **important part** of our operation!

I **only** took **records!** I **HAVE** the **power** to seize a person's **bank accounts.** his **house,** his **car** and **everything he owns!!**

I **dig!** Same thing in **our neighborhood!**

Man, just wait till the **brothers** hear about this **... LEGALIZED LOOTING!!**

Besides using **paid informers**... where **ELSE** do you get tips on people...?

We read the **newspapers!**

I **know** that newspapers list a **lot of stuff**... like **"The Top Ten"**... but **TAX CHEATS...?!**

We check out the **Society Page** to see who threw an **expensive bash!** Then we look up the guy's **return** to see if he can **afford it** on his **"declared income"!**

Man... the **next time** that **I** party, I'm sure not gonna tell **The National Enquirer!**

We **also** check to see who was **robbed!**

Here's a house that was burglarized! The **victim** claims that the thieves took **"a half a million in jewelry"!**

Now, **according** to his **1040,** there's **no way** he could have **that much loot!** I'll just call him in for an **audit!**

You mean, **after** the man's been **RIPPED OFF, you're** gonna do it to him **again!?**

You **better believe it!** It's little things like **THIS** that makes this job **WORTHWHILE!**

Today, taxpayers have it **easy!** Why, back in **Ancient Egypt,** they **whipped** delinquent taxpayers! And in **Rome,** they used to **torture** their tax cheaters!

From what **I** hear, the **rack** would be a **piece of cake** compared to an **I.R.S. audit!**

How do you feel about the **FLAT TAX,** where everybody pays a **straight percentage** and all the **red tape** and **junk** is **eliminated!**

That would be a **National Disaster!** Collecting taxes is this country's **biggest business!** Tons of **Government workers** would **lose their jobs!**

That *sounds* **pretty good!**

And thousands of **tax lawyers, accountants** and **tax preparers** would **suddenly** be **thrown out of work!!**

All right! Sounds **GREAT** to **ME!!**

But with the **Flat Tax,** the Government would **STILL** get its **money!**

It's **not** just the **money!** Making Taxpayers **suffer** by filling out **forms** they **don't understand** is as **American** as **apple pie!**

Do **you I.R.S. guys** really **understand** all these forms?

Of course not! But it **doesn't matter**— because the **taxpayers THINK we do!**

What about the **tax laws?** Why are they so **complicated**– with so many **loopholes** and **deductions** that favor a **privileged few . . . ?**

Don't blame **me!** Blame your **Congressmen!** They **pass** those laws! That's why they call it a **"Tax Code"!** Because it's **written** in **CODE!**

That's an **old Congressional joke!**

I know a **lot** of **old Congressional jokes!** I've **VOTED** for **several!**

Wait here! I've got an **appointment** with the **President** of a **company** I'm auditing! I think he's **skimming profits** and putting them into a **Swiss bank account!**

Go get 'im!!

POTRZEBIE BUILDING

Well? Did you **nail** the sucker?

No, he made me an **offer I couldn't refuse!**

The man put out a **contract** on you?! **So long!** I'm **splitting!**

No, he **offered** me a **contract** to **work** for his **firm** at **three times** the **money** I'm **getting!**

What about the **skimming** . . . and the **Swiss bank account?!?**

Never heard of it!!

Won't your **Boss** be **SUSPICIOUS** of your taking a **high-paying job** with a **company** you're **auditing?**

That's an **old I.R.S. tradition!**

This **whole tax scene** is a **total rip-off!**

I mean, the guys with the **big money** get all those **loopholes** and **deductions** and **shelters** and **depletion allowances** and **special laws** passed . . . while the **rest** of us poor schmucks just get **screwed!**

That's an **even OLDER I.R.S. tradition!**

This is **Ed Smurphy,** signing off for **MAD Magazine!**

LEACH-1

BUSHWICK

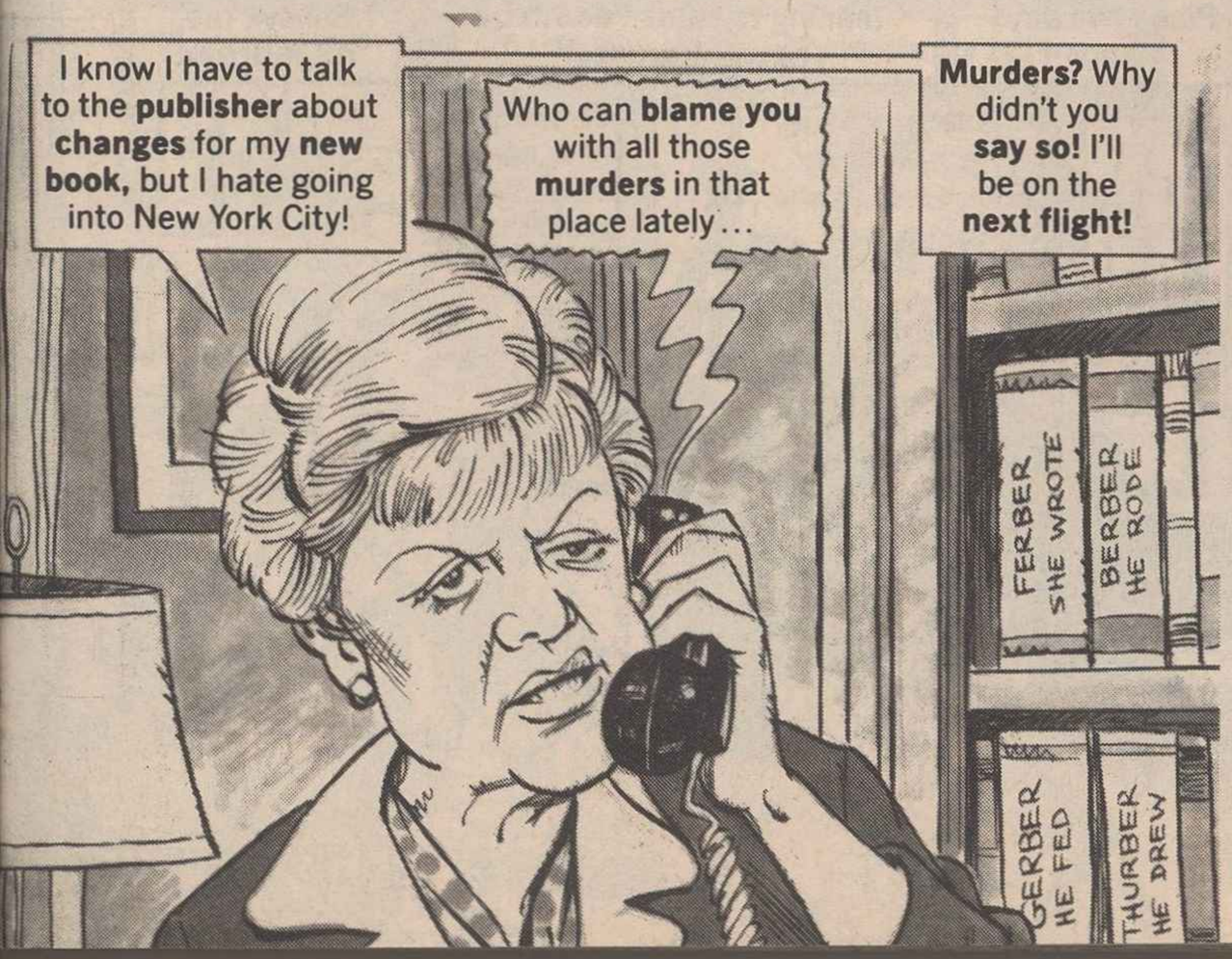
GWOODBRIDGE

SLEUTH DECAY DEPT.

MURDER SHE HOPES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES



This sure is one exciting **murder mystery!** I bet the **artist** is is the **killer...**

You're on! A free room for two nights or double the rates says it was the **window washer!**

HOTEL

DESK

PRIVATE EYESORE

Guessagain, the publisher liked your new book, **"Murder on $5 a Day,"** but he said it was a bit **out of date...**

I agree! I have the **re-writes** with me!

Wonderful! Is the plot **basically** the same as before?

It's **exactly the same!** The only thing I changed was the **title—"Murder on $105 a day!"**

GIVE HER THE CHECK

Now this is a really **exciting menu!** Look at all these **foreign dishes!**

They are all **American dishes,** madam—you're holding the menu **upside down!**

Hmm, may I ask what that man at the **next table** is having?

I believe he's having a **heart attack**—he just slumped face down in his cream of asparagus soup!

AL DENTE SAT HERE

Waiter, I would like a **doggie bag** to take food home!

A **doggie bag?** But madam, you **haven't** even placed an **order!**

I want all the **leftovers** from **that table—** everything in the **dead man's plate!**

I've had **cheap customers** before, but this is **ridiculous!**

A B

Menu

Harry, what did you find in those **food samples** I gave you to **examine?**

Rat hair, roach eggs, rodent fur, fly wings...

That's **disgusting!** Was there enough to **kill a man?**

Naw, just the normal, **accepted amount** you find in **all food** from a **restaurant!**

Captain, is there **anything new** with that man who was **murdered** in Chick Glitz's Place two days ago?

No, but then again, what can be **new** with a **dead man?** Besides, we never said "murder," **you did!** We happen to be leaning towards **"death by natural causes!"**

Impossible! No one dies of **natural causes** when **I'm around!** Believe me, it's **murder!**

What's **your** interest in this case, anyway?

Well, sir, I certainly hold no **official capacity,** but I **do** write **murder mysteries!** That gives me **some expertise** about **searching** for **clues** and **motives** and such...

Well, let me tell you there's a **big difference** between the **fiction** you write and the **facts** of **a real case!**

Yes, **I know—** all **my crimes get solved!**

WANTED

UNSOLVED CASES VOL. 26

UNSOLVED CASES VOL 18

?

Guessagain, the publisher liked your **changes,** but they felt their **team** of **editors** should make **one drastic change...**

I hope they didn't **wreck** my **work!**

No, they just changed the **title** to, **"Murder On $505 A Day!"**

For **that** they needed a **"team?"** Those poor dears are terribly **over-worked!**

Waiter, am I **mistaken,** or is that man at the **next table dead?**

My gosh— I do believe **you're right!**

Hmm, is it just **coincidental** that this is the **second time** I've eaten here and also the **second time** someone **died during** the **meal?** What are you going to **do** about **that?**

I suppose we'll begin a **new policy** where the **check** is **paid before** the meal is **served!**

The restaurant's **books** and the **background** of **every employee** have been **checked out!** I've listed **every conceivable motive!** The only **purely scientific procedure** left is to **throw** a **dart** at that **wall!**

"Wheresoever this dart shall land, that will be the guilty hand!"

OWNER

LANDLORD

CHEF

MAITRE'D'

BUSBOY

ALEXIS

CRYSTAL

NIXON

Captain, we do have **"smoking"** and **"non-smoking" sections,** but asking me to install **"death"** and **"no death" sections** is totally **absurd!**

Be with you in a second! I just want to see if the **jealous husband** is the **killer!**

My instincts tell me it's the **window washer,** but that's **easy** for a **pro** like me! Let's line up **everyone** and have a **real life murder solution!**

CHEF OF THE FUTURE

Mr. Brandes, you **own** this **building!** If you could **force** the **restaurant** to **fold,** you'd be free to lease this space to a **new rental** for **10 times** the amount you're now getting!

That would make me a **dishonest landlord,** and **everyone** knows there are **no** dishonest landlords in New York so your **accusations** are absurd, **turkey!**

One turkey...

CHEF DUMB & BLIND

Mr. Ames, as **head chef** who has recently accepted a **partnership** role with a **new restaurant** opening **across** the **street,** you might just want to **dissuade customers** from coming here so that your **own place** will **benefit!**

If I wanted to drive people **away** from here, all I'd have to do is let them know what I put into the **meatloaf!**

That's **one meatloaf!**

Chef BOY-RD

And **you,** Mr. Kelbeck— weren't you given **two week's notice** last Friday? Both deaths have occurred **since** then! Perhaps **you're** trying to **get even** with your boss for **firing** you!

Baloney!

One **baloney** coming!

POT R ZEBIE

R.I.P BEEF HASH

THE POT THICKENS

And what about **you,** Mr. Hyman? As **half-owner** of this place, you've been trying to **buy out** your partner for 2 years! Maybe he'd finally **sell**— and for a much **lower price**— if the business **faltered** because of your **spitework...**

I've got a **Sprite working!** With **baloney, turkey, meatloaf...**

You're full of **beans,** lady!

You got that? **Beans, baloney, Sprite, meatloaf, turkey!**

Cheese-burger! Cheese-burger! No Sprite! Only **Pepsi! Pepsi!**

GRUEL DU JOUR

We need a **coffee** on table **six,** and a **coffin** on table number **seven!**

Oh, **no!** The **killer** has **struck again!** And look— The **same guy** is leaving the dead person's table as **last time!** That's a tad **suspicious,** don't you think, Captain? I'll **follow him...**

He's going into **"Funerals 'R Us!"**

FUNERALS R'US

IN

Boy, **Los Angeles** has really had an **influence** on the **east coast!** Look at this **list** of **options!** I'll **play dead** and see what this guy does!

REGULAR FUNERALS

CREMATION

CREMATION, WITH SALAD BAR

CREMATION, EXTRA CRISPY

What a **break!** Somebody must have just **dropped off** this **corpse!** I don't even have to **steal** one from the cremation room! I'll take her home with me until **dinner time!**

You're probably wondering how I can **afford** to take you to my **favorite restaurant!** Well, after I've eaten my meal, I just let you **fall into your plate!** Then, while everyone goes crazy because of your **"death,"** I **sneak out!** Who needs **Master Charge! Master Corpse** is a helluva lot **cheaper!**

CHEEK TO CHEEK

MOM

DETOUR

I love **murder mysteries!** I'll bet the **artist** is the **killer...**

No, **idiot,** it's the **window washer!**

Well, well—you're **still alive!** I'd better **change that** or I won't be able to **"stiff"** them for the **check!** This **injection** should do the trick...

Two for **dinner!** I hope you have **"Chicken** in the **Casket"** tonight!

You re lucky, we have **one** table left! People have been **dying** to get into **this place!**

I'll have the **beef hash!**

My God! She's **still alive!**

She **won't** be after she eats the **hash,** that's for sure!

SECTION 8

BATES MOTEL

Why aren't you **dead!** I **injected** you with **every chemical** they use to make **packaged bread!**

The **oldest trick** in the book—I used this **fake rubber arm!** Captain, **here** is your **killer!** When he couldn't **steal** a corpse, he'd go out and **make one!** Justice must be **served!**

Not by **me,** dear! This **isn't my table!**

I ♡ MOM

GOODYEAR

You'll **never** be able to **prove** anything!

Maybe **not,** but **let's go to the tapes!** I always sum up with **flashbacks** of the **show...**

No, **no! Anything** but **that!** I'll **confess** to whatever you want! I'm **guilty!** But no boring, long-winded explanations! **Mercy!**

I'M PSYCHO TOO

Well, you **did it,** Mrs. Catcher! So, in your **honor,** a **toast...**

One **order** of **toast...**

PLOP PLOP

Guessagain, I **still** can't figure out how you **knew** this guy was a **murderer!** I checked it out—he didn't even have a **criminal record!**

But he **did** have an **employment record** which showed that he once worked as a **window washer!**

So? That doesn't mean anything!

To a **police captain,** perhaps! But to a brilliant **mystery writer** like myself, a **window washer** must **always** be considered as a **prime suspect!**

CHEF CRAZY HORSE

In **honor** of your fine work, I'm going to **name** a **ham and Swiss cheese sandwich after you,** Mrs. Catcher...

Why a **ham** and **Swiss sandwich?**

The **Swiss cheese** is for the gaping **holes** in your **explanation,** and the **ham** sums up your **acting** perfectly!

SANDWICH SPECIAL

CATCHER ON THE RYE

HAM + SWISS CHEESE

LIKE A VERSION DEPT.

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

FAMOUS STORIES AS TO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

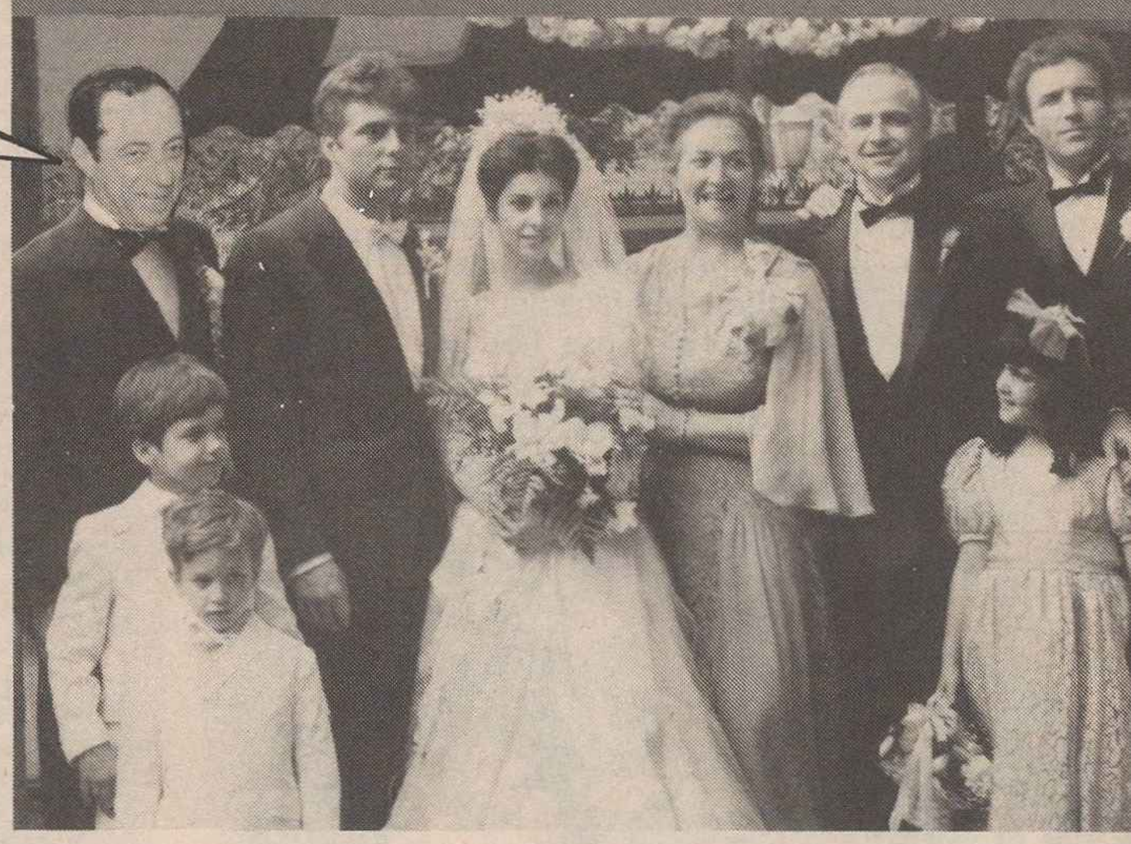
Once upon a time there was an Italian-American named Don Corleone. Mr. Corleone was a successful olive oil importer. He was called Godfather because he was always being asked to be the Godfather of the children of his many friends and employees. The key to Mr. Corleone's success in business was his relationships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

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

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

The Godfather

as told by Mario Cuomo



The Color Purple

as told by Sen. Jesse Helms

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

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

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

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

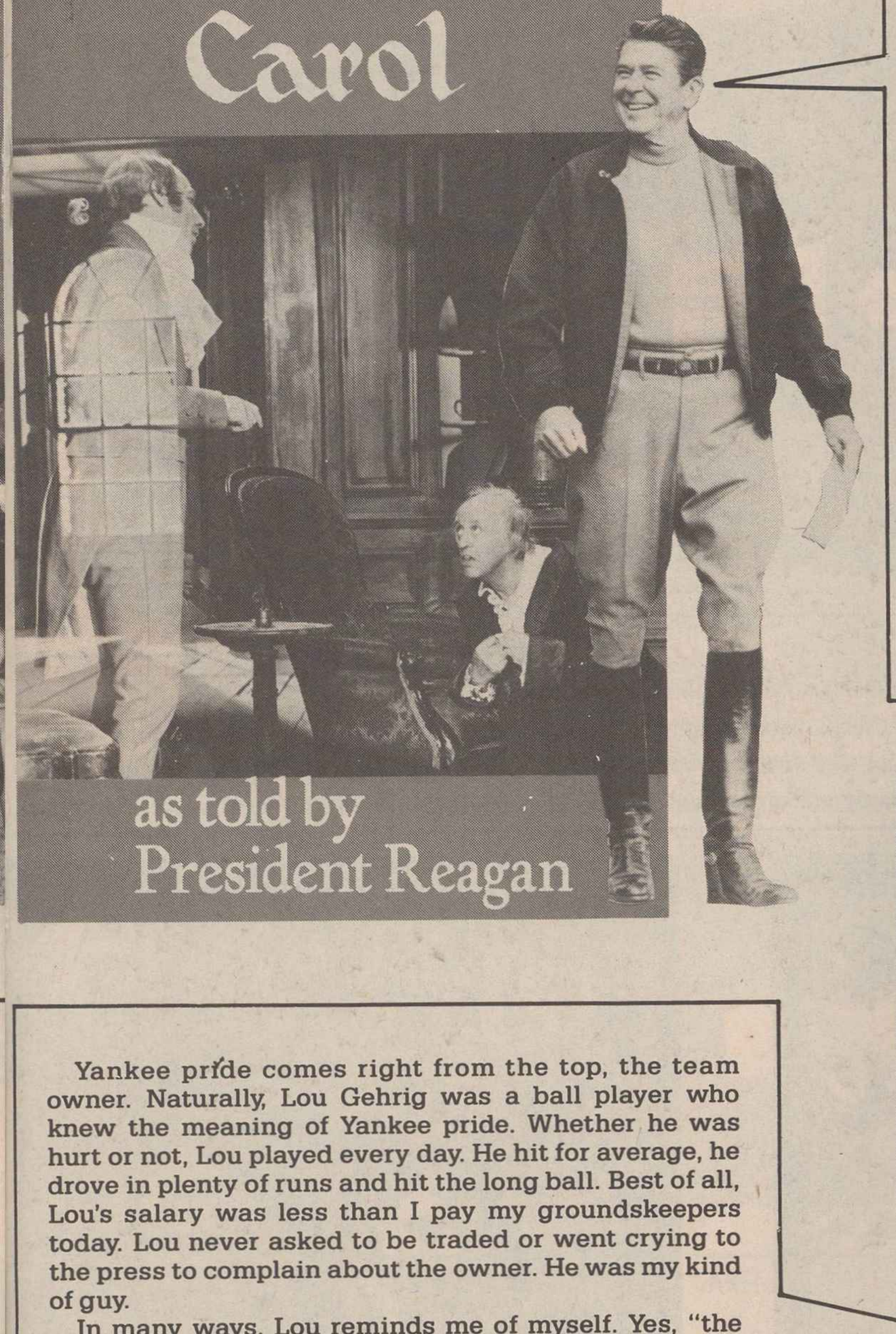
Mister summed it all up by tellin' Celie, "You black, you poor, you ugly and you a woman." Shoot, I couldn't have put it better myself.

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

OLD BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

A Christmas Carol



as told by President Reagan

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

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

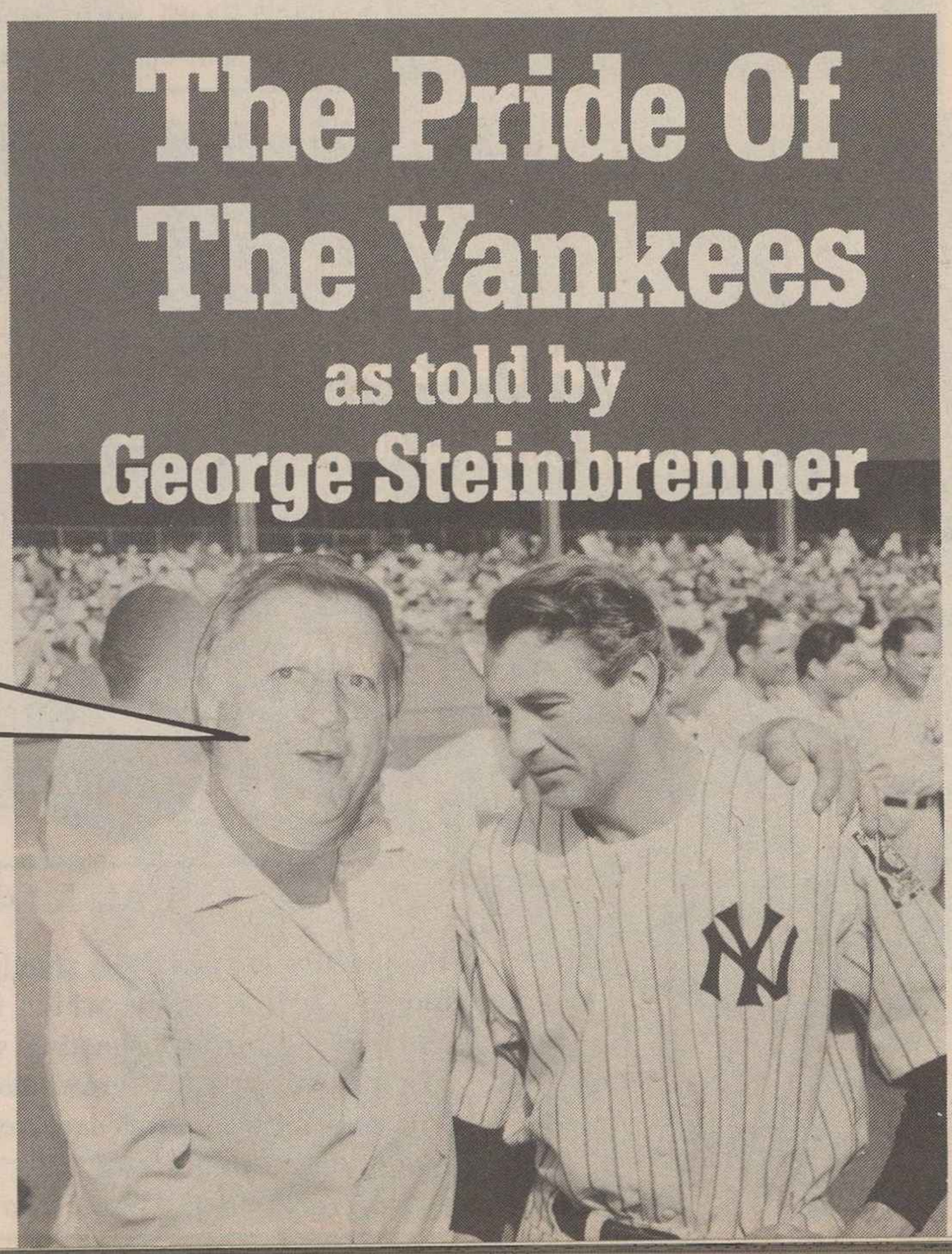
On Christmas Eve, Mr. Scrooge had a terrible nightmare. He dreamt he was visited by his dead partner, Marley, and three ghosts. These ghosts, using Marxist-Lenin propaganda techniques, made Mr. Scrooge feel guilty because he was a success and Cratchit was a failure.

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

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

The Pride Of The Yankees

as told by George Steinbrenner



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

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

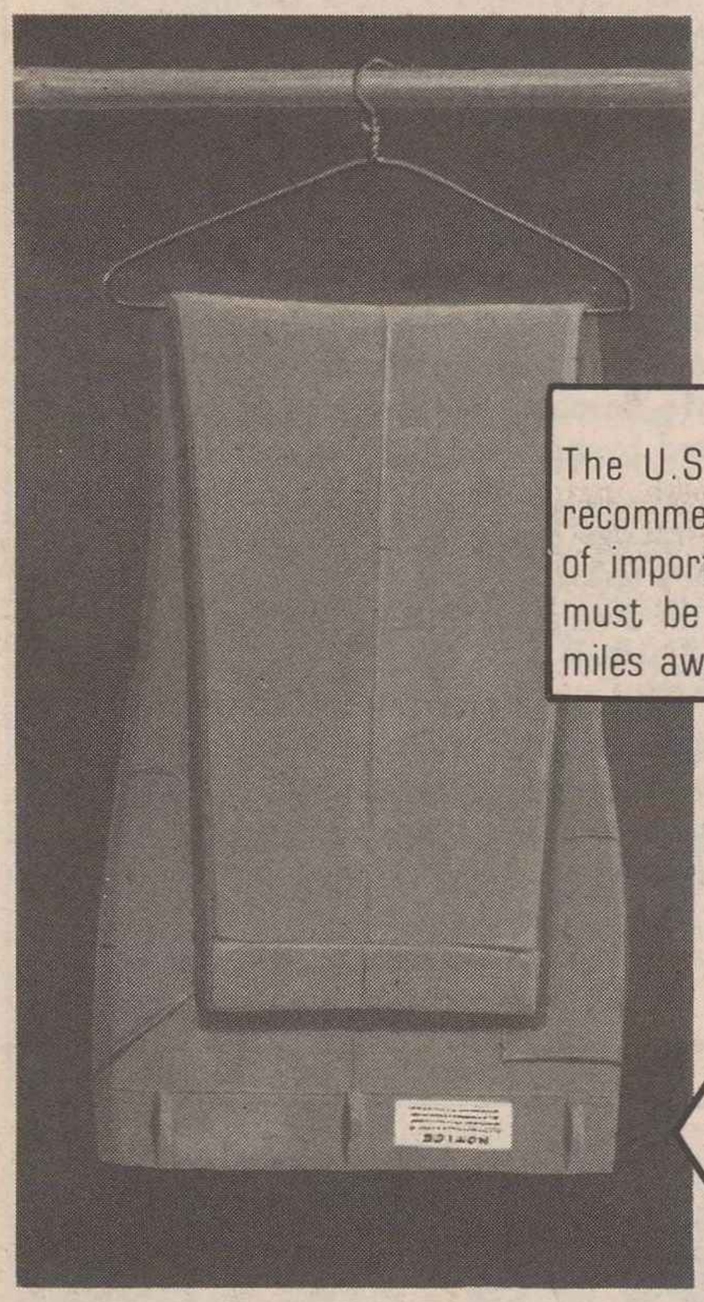
I still get a lump in my throat when I think of Lou Gehrig Day. Yankee Stadium was packed and the owner didn't have to give away free bats or helmets. Now that's what I really call "Pride of the Yankees"!

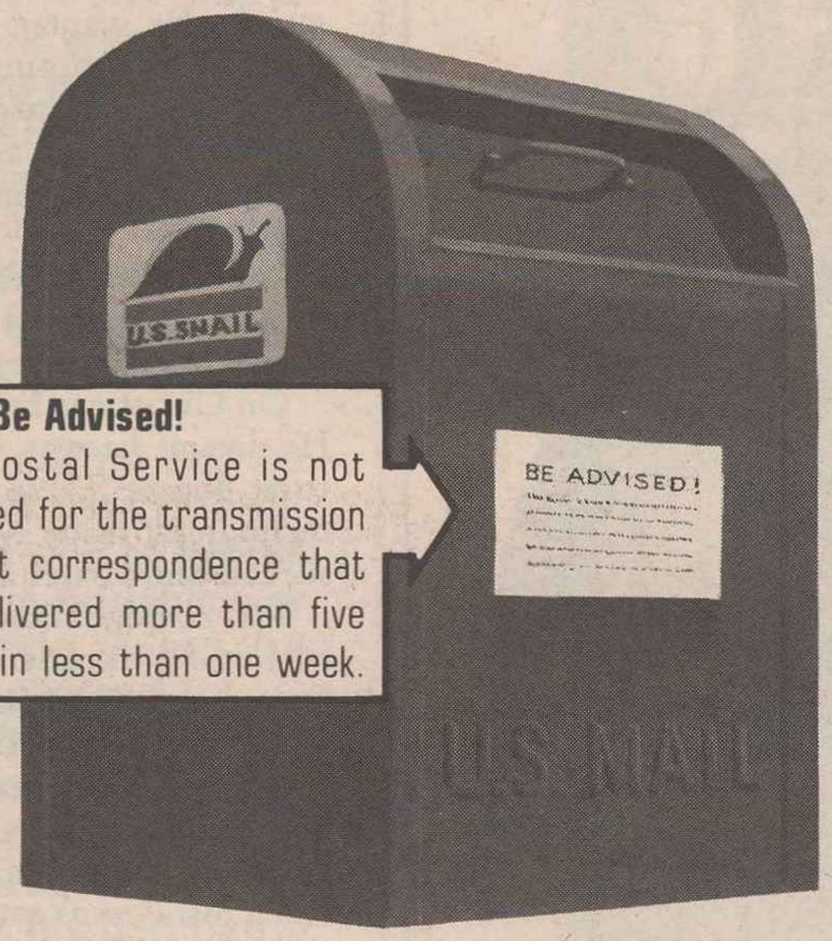
WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPT.

Recently, the government began requiring warning labels on certain products considered to be dangerous to our health, our wallets or our sensibilities. The first to appear were those chilling notices on cigarette packs telling us that smoking can kill us. Since then, these labels have ranged from meaningless ("Warning! This medication contains bio-

WARNING LABELS W

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE





Be Advised!

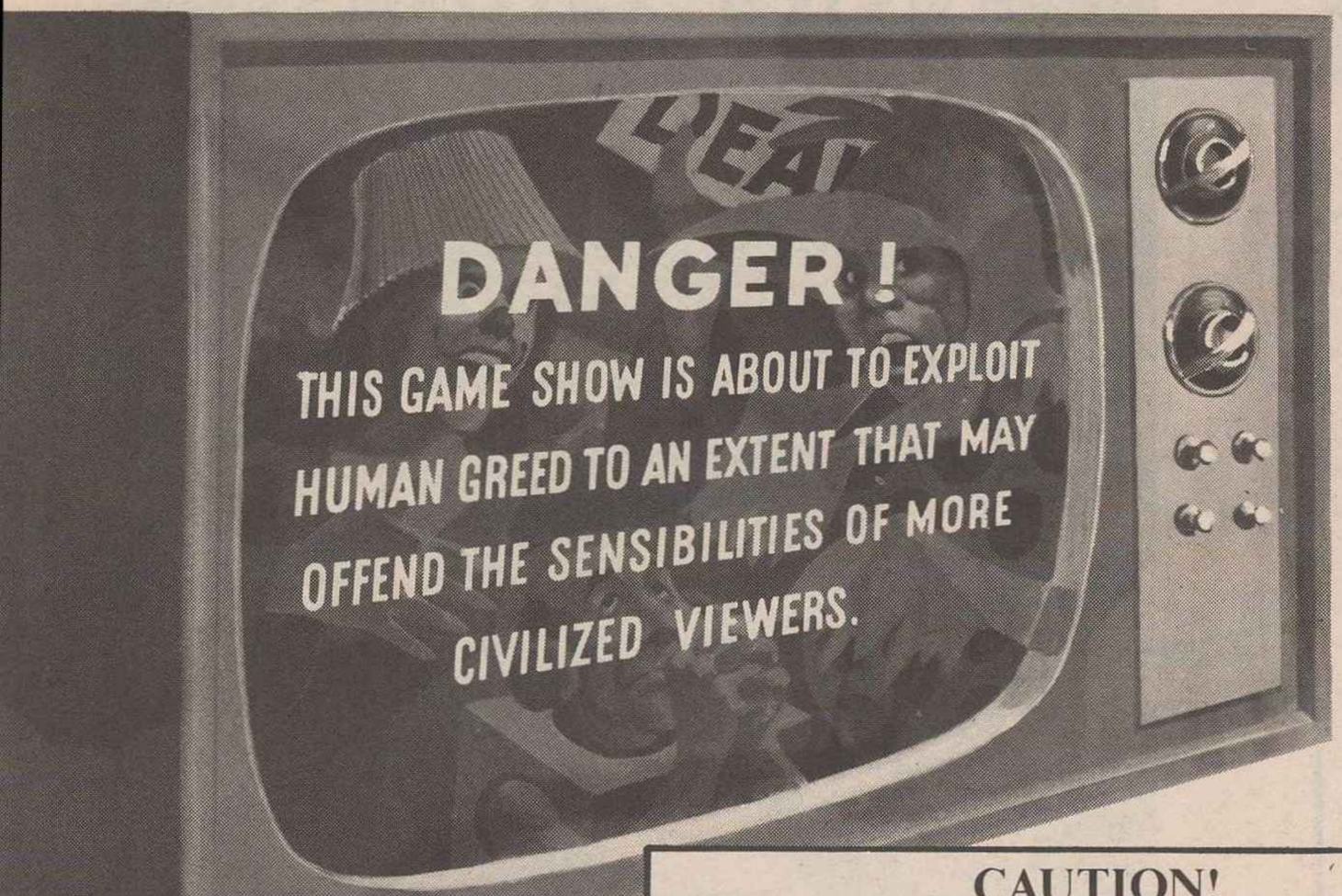
The U.S. Postal Service is not recommended for the transmission of important correspondence that must be delivered more than five miles away in less than one week.

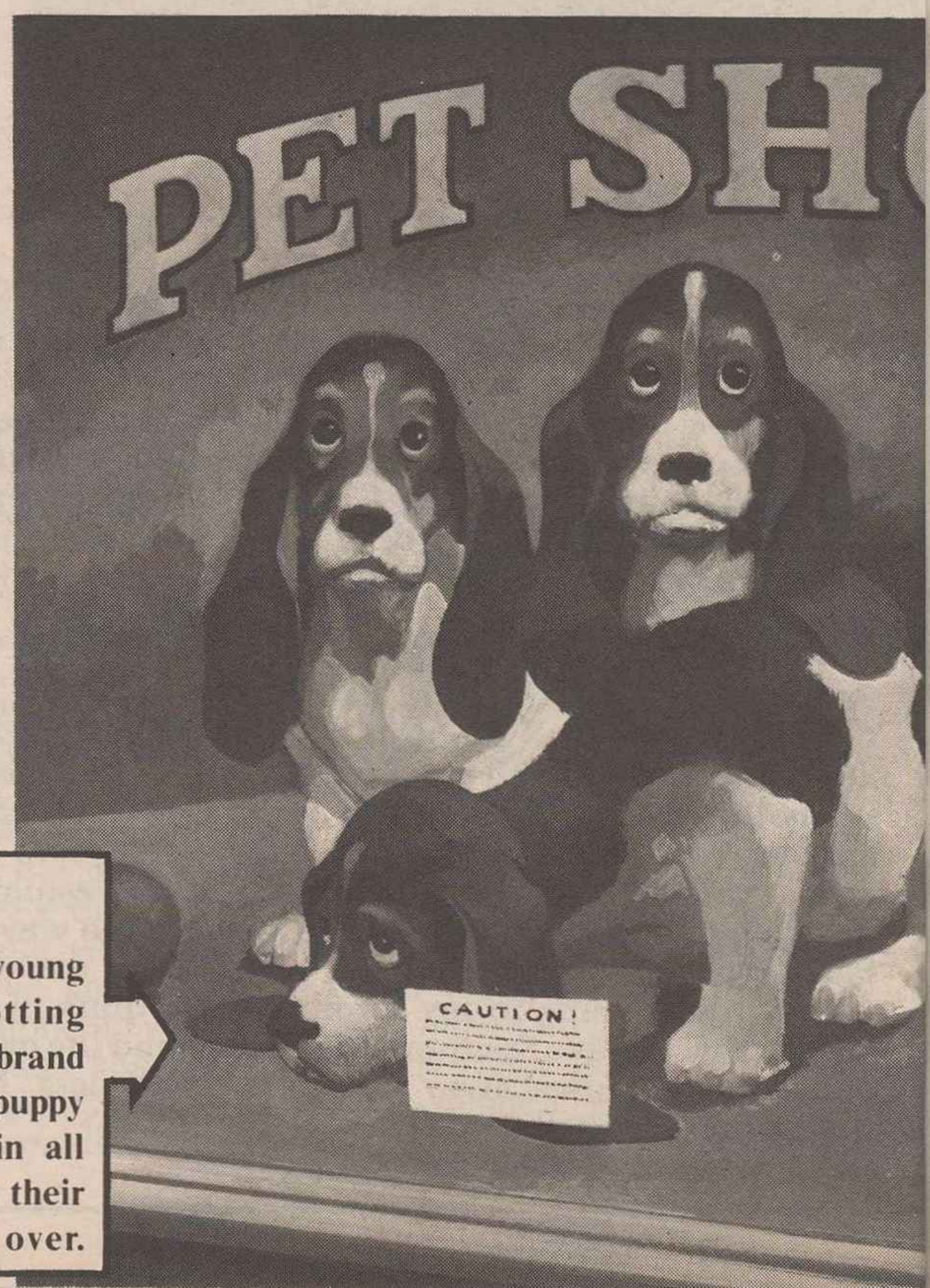
NOTICE

These slacks have been cheaply sewn together in Taiwan, and should never be worn in any public place where having the seat of your pants split open might cause embarrassment.

FATTIES BEWARE!

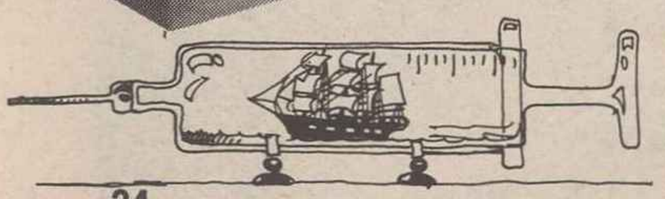
Each glob of this sauce contains enough calories to add three full pounds to some portion of your widening body where you least want it to settle.





CAUTION!

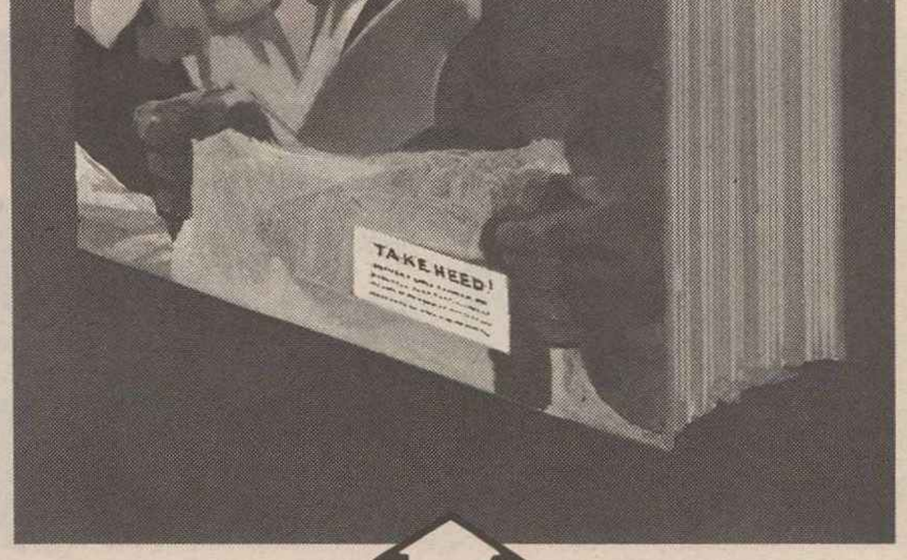
Prospective puppy buyers should be aware that young dogs require training, which includes the blotting and picking up of disgusting stuff from your brand new carpets, and that grown dogs (which your puppy will hopefully be someday) require walking in all kinds of bad weather at least twice a day for their complete 12-to-15 year lifespan. So think it over.



sulfuric enzymes.") to ridiculous ("Note: The EPA mileage rating for this car is not what you can expect from normal driving.") Despite this flood of questionable labels, MAD feels there are still many unregulated items that consumers should be cautioned about. Frankly, we won't consider ourselves protected until they pass laws requiring these

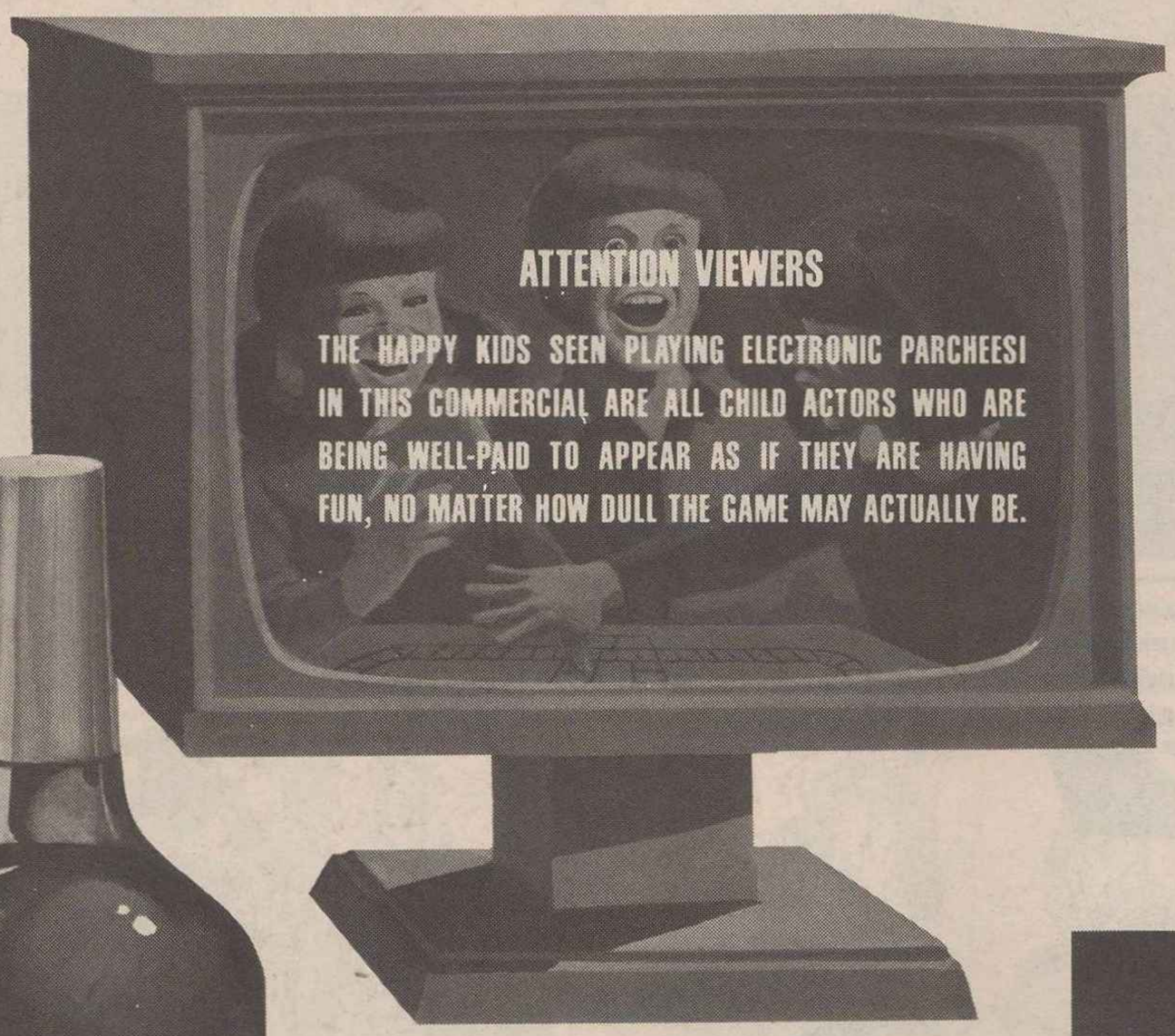
E DESPERATELY NEED

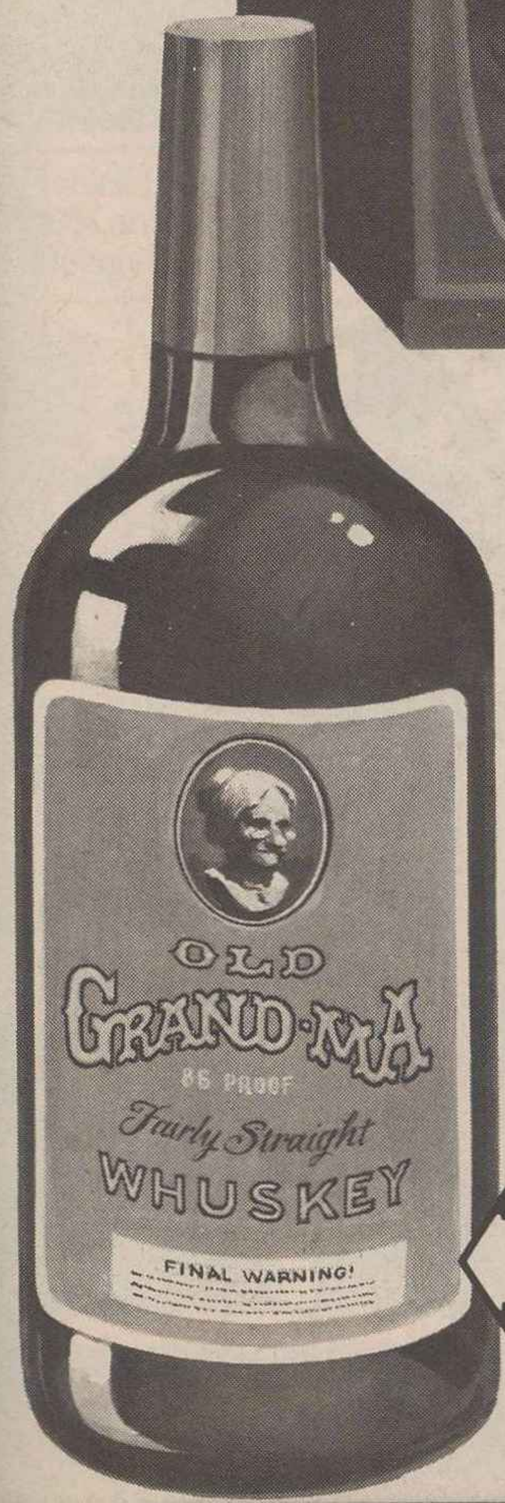
WRITER: TOM KOCH



TAKE HEED!

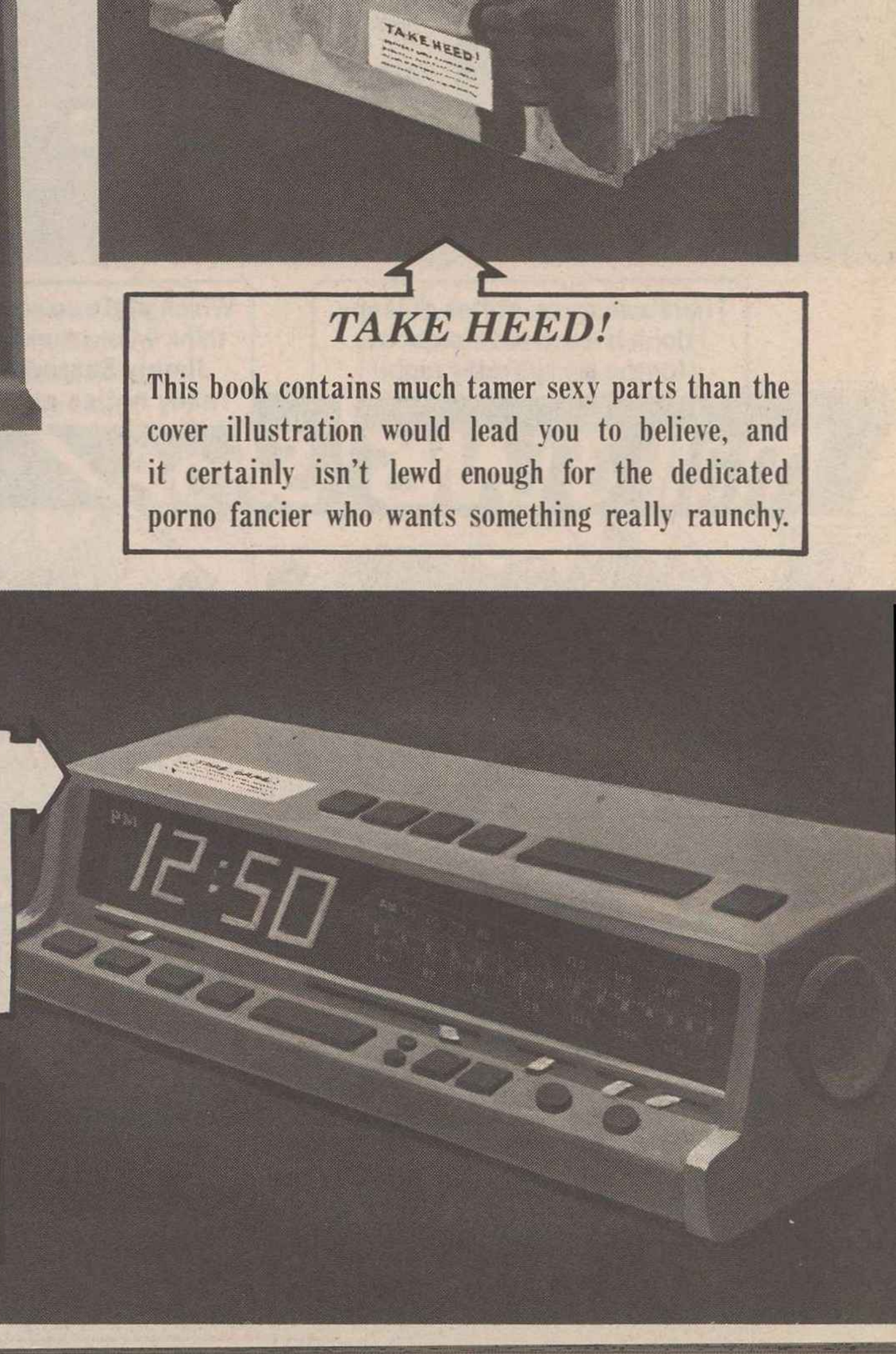
This book contains much tamer sexy parts than the cover illustration would lead you to believe, and it certainly isn't lewd enough for the dedicated porno fancier who wants something really raunchy.





TAKE CARE!

You need a Master's Degree in Computer Engineering to fully understand all the buttons on this alarm clock to get it to function properly so you won't oversleep and lose your job and end up on welfare.



FINAL WARNING!

Excessive boozing has been found to cause brain damage and liver rot. Therefore, if you plan to consume this product, the Surgeon General says to tell you goodbye.

PUMPING IRON

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

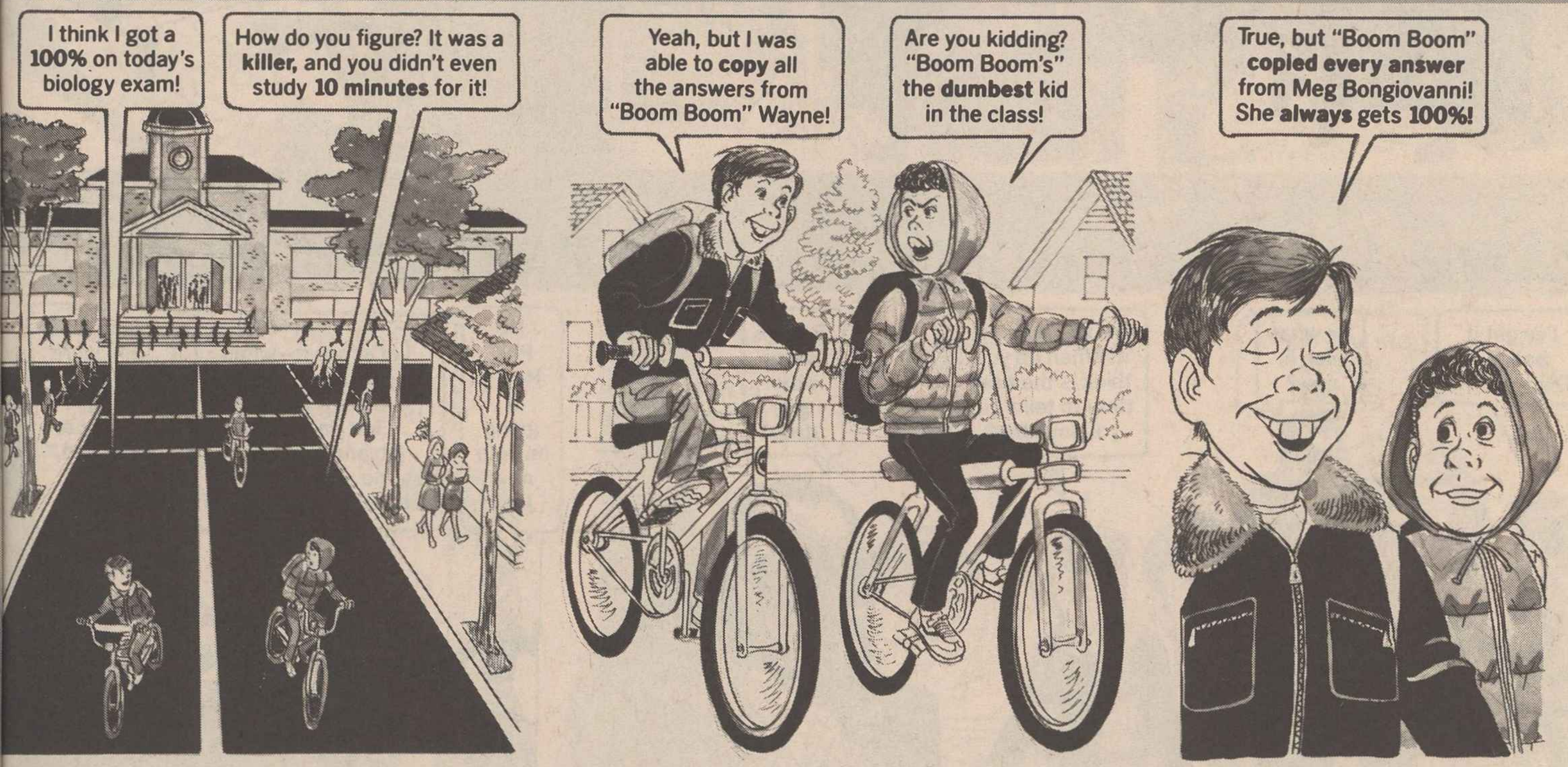
CLOTHES

DRIVING

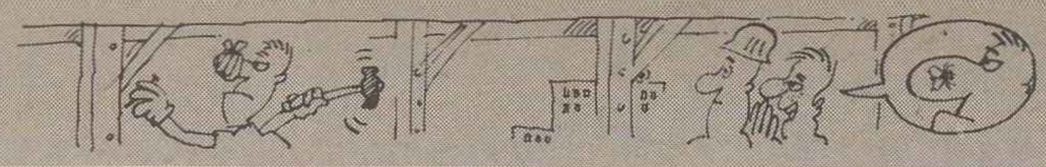
R SIDE OF...

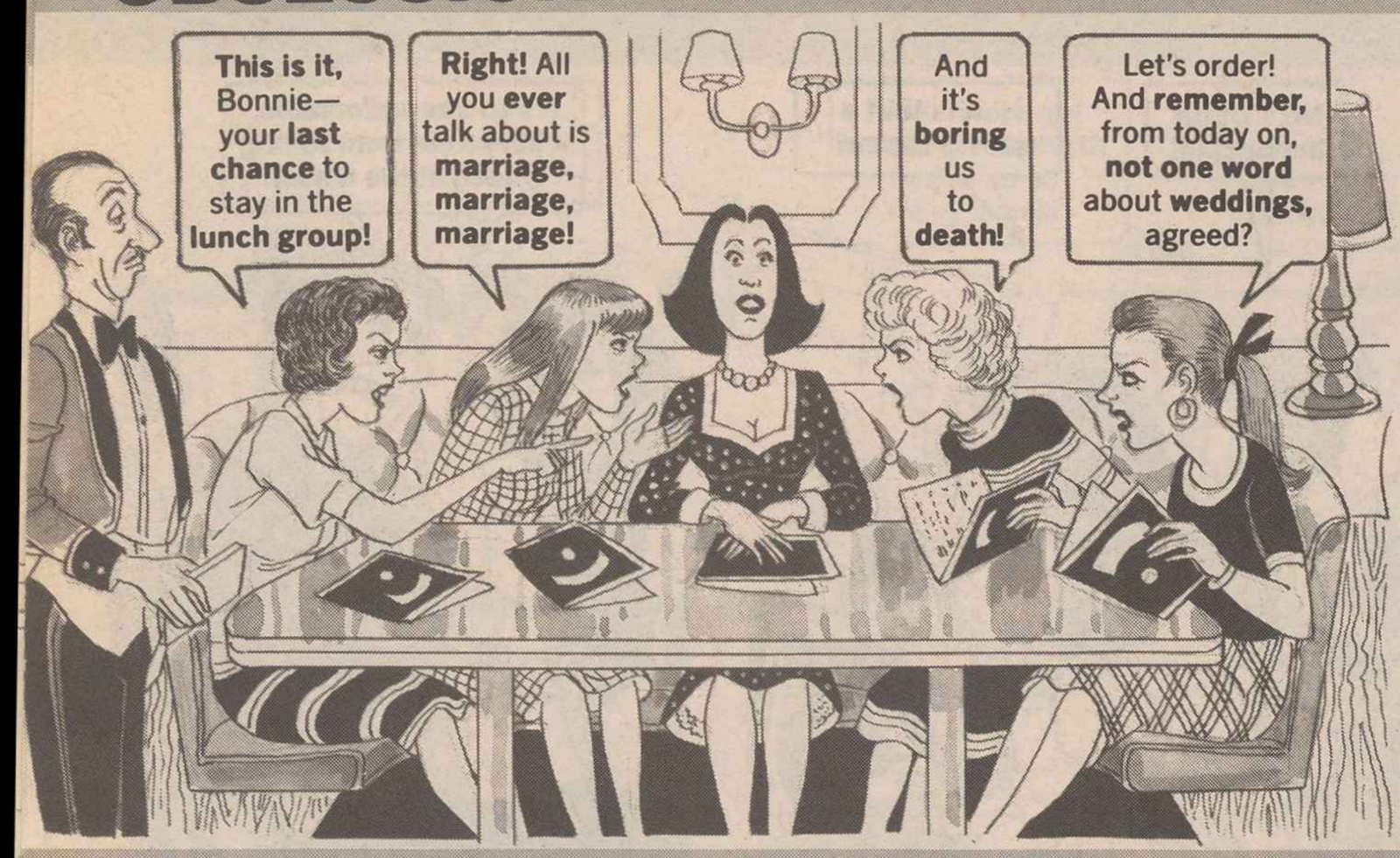
ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

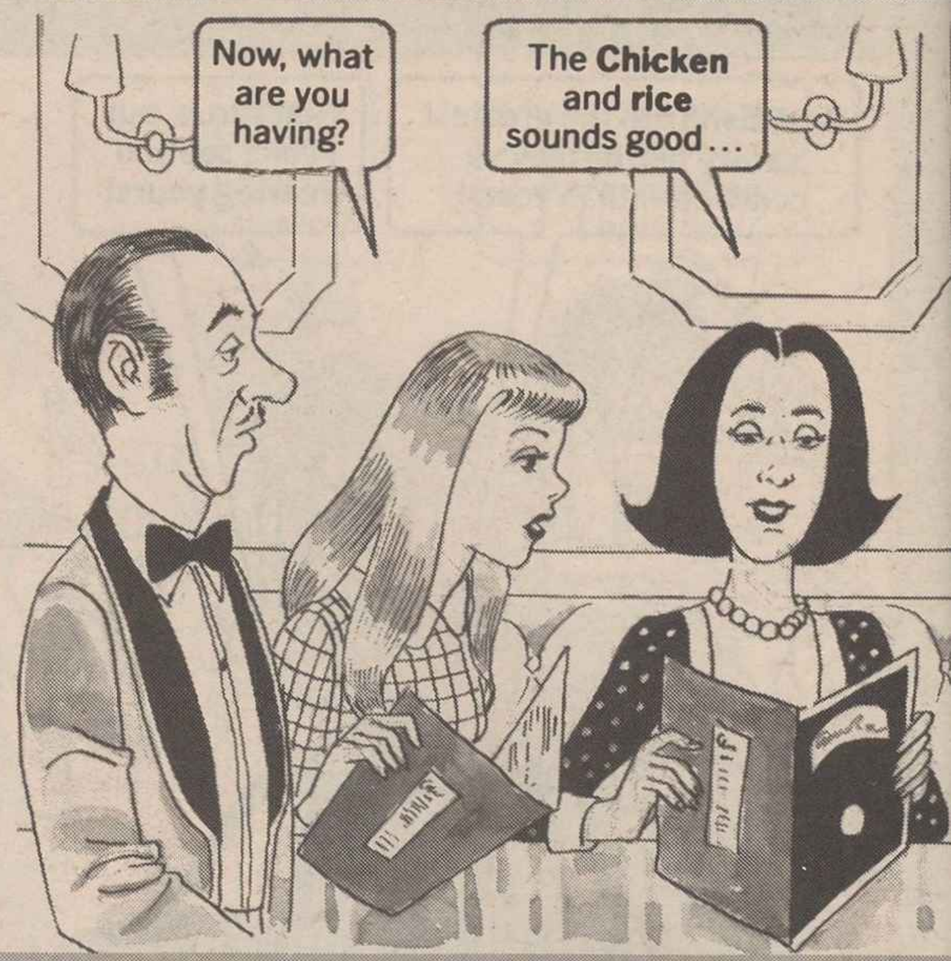
EXAMS



OBSESSION

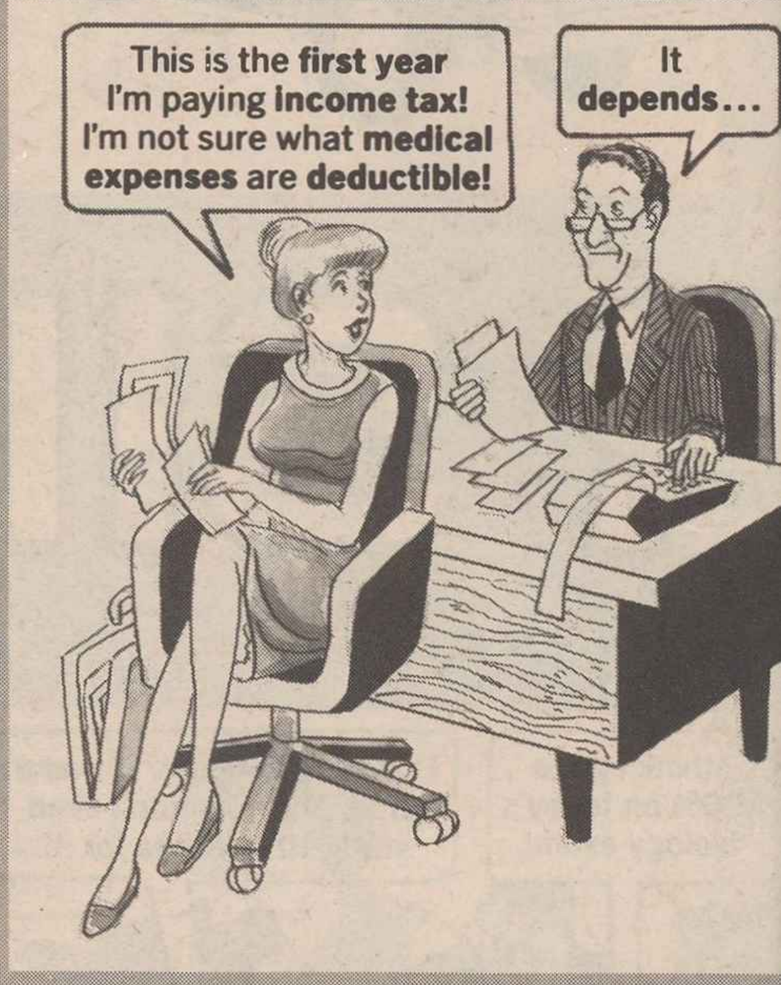




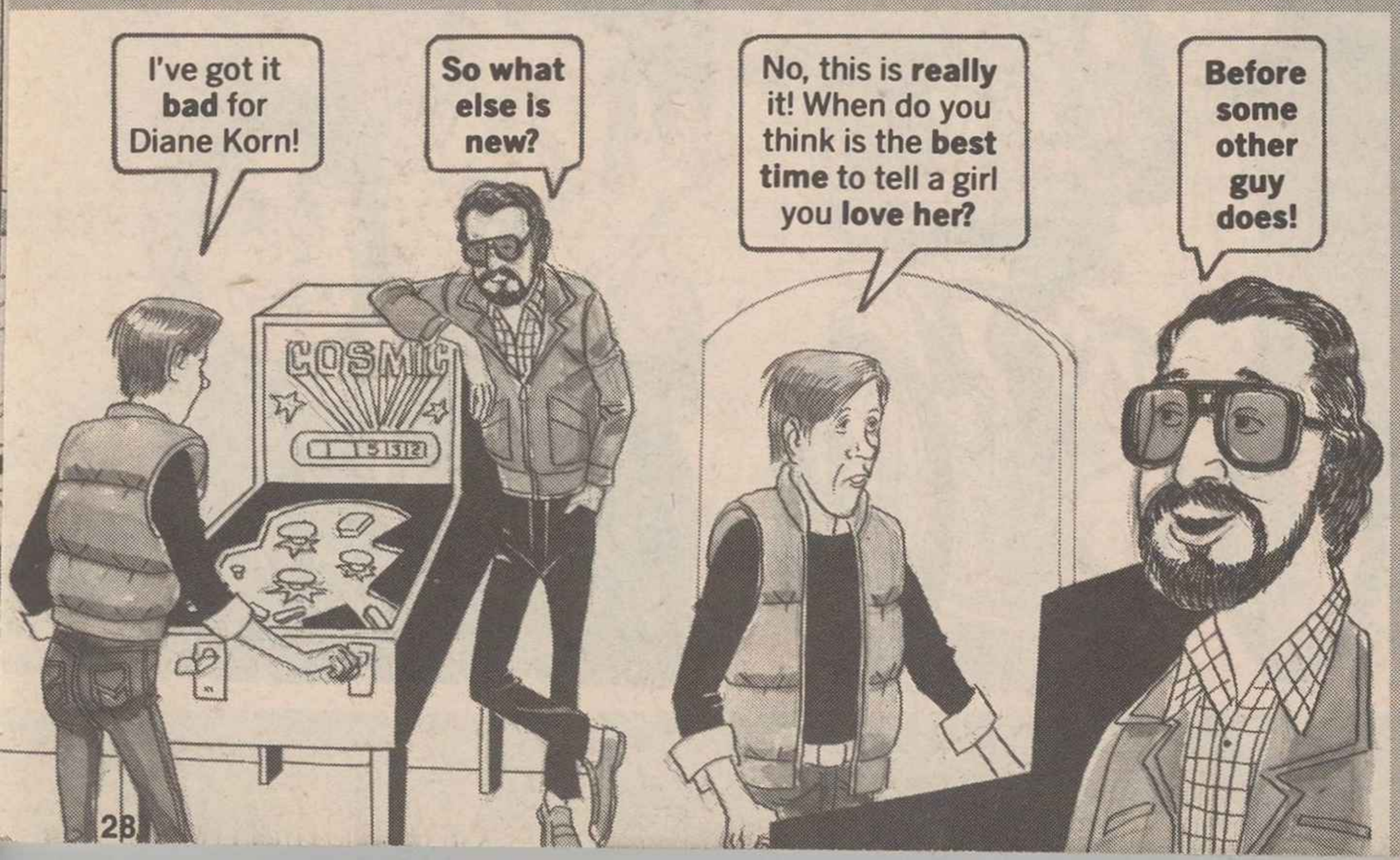


SPENDING

DEDUCTIONS



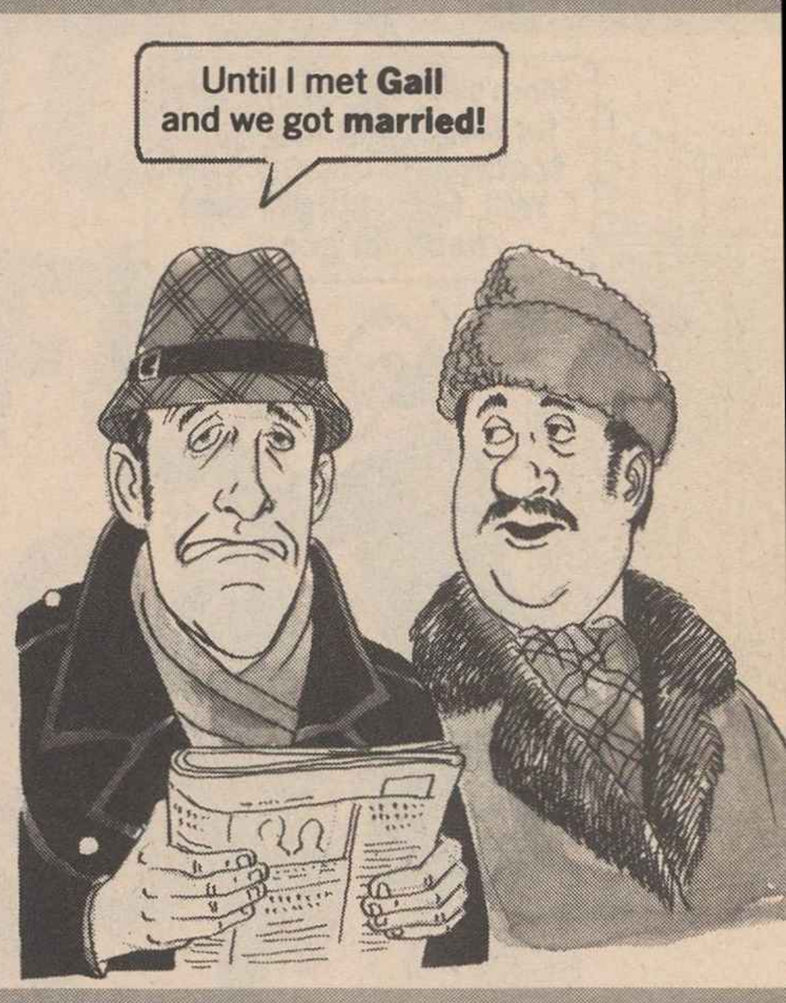
LOVE

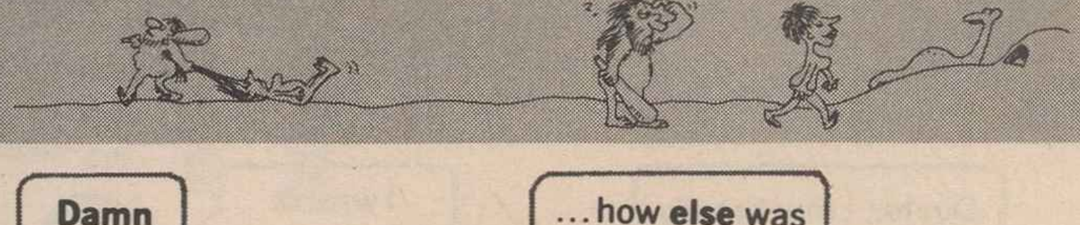


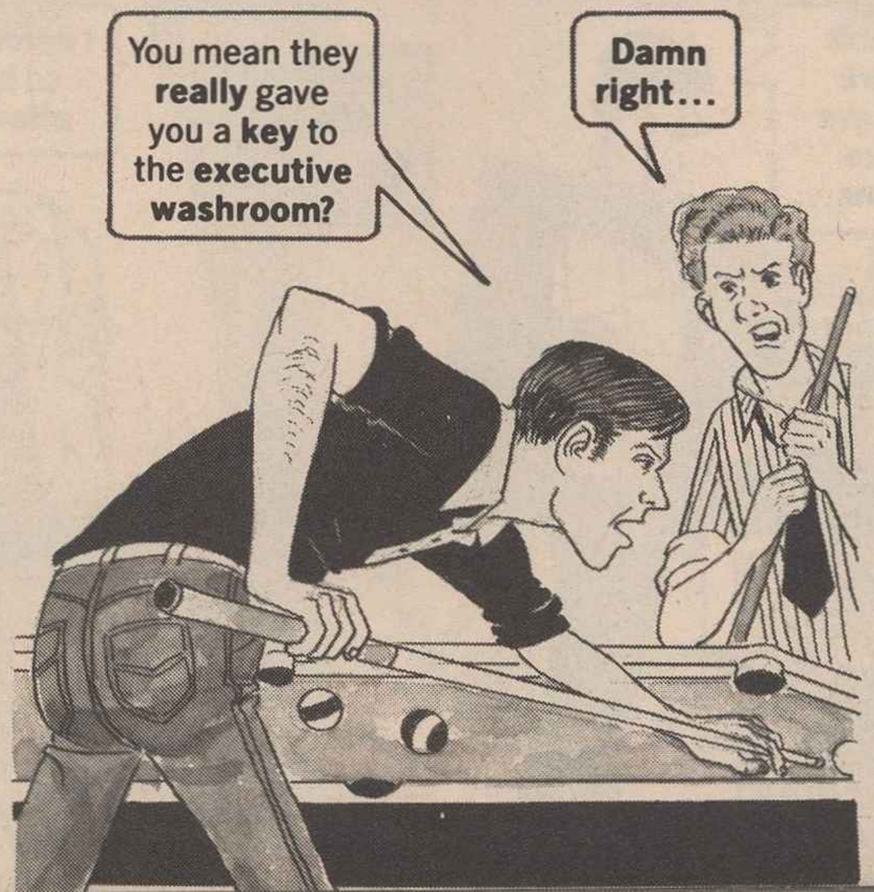
RESPONSIBILITY

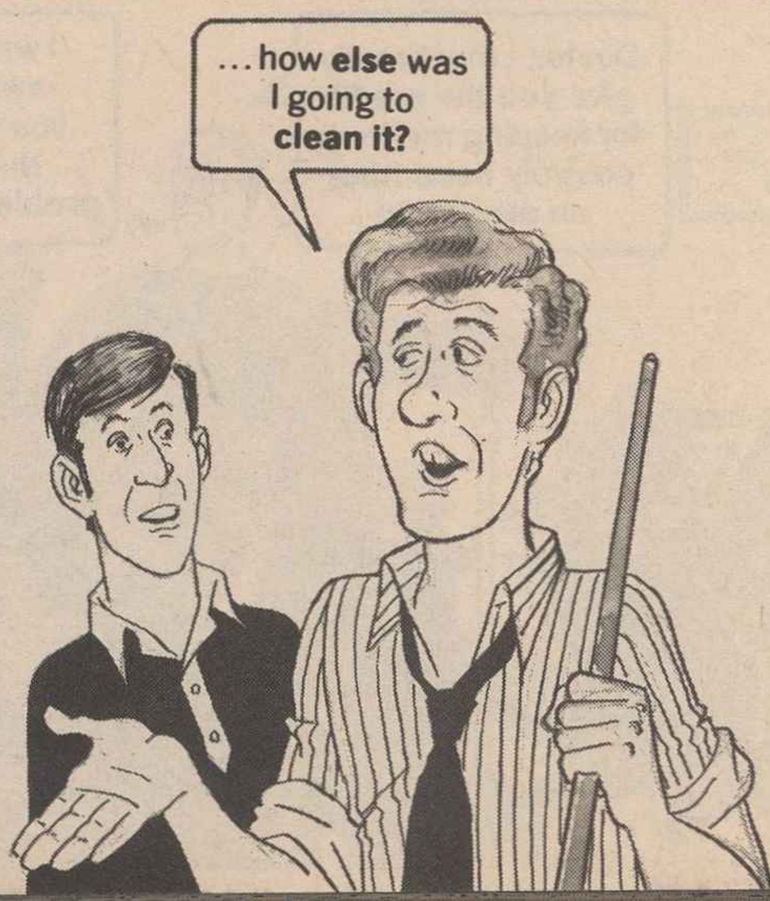
TELEVISION

SELF-EFFACEMENT



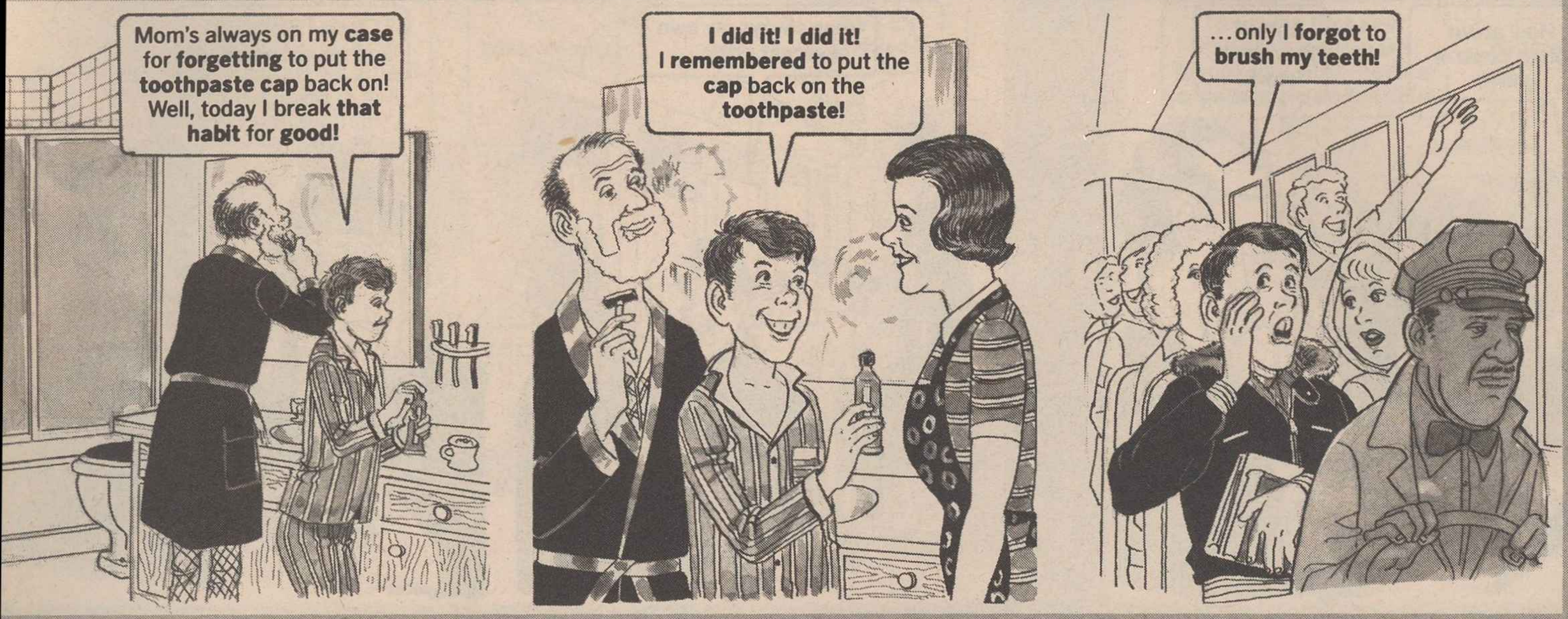






GOLF

HABITS



DOCTORS

SCARR
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MBO
NATORS
ME FU!
R GOOSE
/S. SPY
CKY

VIOL ENCE!

Abandon Hope All Ye Who Read Here...

SNORT SUBJECT DEPT.

Some time ago, a promising young film star rose to new heights portraying a brilliant Italian-American college graduate who takes over a huge criminal empire. Now, more than ten years later, this same film star sinks to new lows portraying a sick, amoral Cuban junkie who takes over another huge criminal empire. In real life, this would be called "degeneracy." In Hollywood, this is called "progress." Anyway, here's our version of—

SCAR

Thiss **Miami** iss **a terrible place!** Jus' look at what our countrymen are **doing** to each other here!

Iss **much worse OUTSIDE** the camp! I saw **twenny-two AMERICANS** killing eaçh other! **Ugg!** What **blood** an' **violence**...!

Oh? What wass happening...?

The **Dolphins** were playing the **Steelers!**

All right, children! Time for your **lesson!** Now...who wants to conjugate **the MOST IMPORTANT VERB in this movie?** Miguel??

I frigg... You frigg... He friggs... She friggs... We frigg... They frigg...

Well, we may not **haff** much here in thees camp, but at leas' our **keeds** are getting a **decent American education!**

DESI ARNAZ ELEMENTARY SKOOL

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

How'd you guys like to work for **Rank Lopizz,** the big **junk dealer?** But you gotta be **really tough!!**

We're **really tough,** Man! We **killed** a **lot** of **frig-gin' people!**

Yeah? **How many...?**

Today alone **....twenny-seven!!**

ARRRRRRGH!!

Make that **twenny-eight!!**

We're supposed to make a **cocaine pickup** in **one** of thees **apartments,** but I ain't chure **which one**...!!

Coke iss **it** ...the mos' refreshing **sniff** in town...!!

Thiss muss be the **plase!**

What makes you **say** so?

Truss me! I got a **NOSE** for thiss sorta thing!

13

GO SEE ESTA

RED FACE

Listen, I got **beeg dreams,** Bebbee! **Some day,** all of **thiss** weel be **YOURS!!**

THISS...?!? Feefty dirty **tents**...an' ninety tons of **street crap?!?**

I **said** I had **BEEG dreams,** Bebbee...!! I **never** said I had **TERRIFIC ones!**

Iss **all set,** Toadie! **Rank Lopizz** says he weel **spring us** from here! All we gotta do iss **ICE** one of his **ol' enemies**...!

Man, in **Cuba,** they locked us **UP** for killing somebody! **Here,** they're gonna let us **OUT** for killing somebody! I **tol'** you **America** iss **GREAT!!**

They say that **Fidel Castro** emptied his **Cuban jails** of the **worst criminals** and shipped them **here** to **Miami Beach...!!**

There goes the **neighborhood!!**

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hey, Man! We're here to deliver the **money** for the **coke pickup!**

Juss a **minute,** Man! We **ain't finished** with the delivery boys **ahead** of you!!

Hoo-hah! I guess thiss means they **don' tip!!**

SYAAAH

BRZZZZT

Remember the **good old days**...when kids used to **eat CAKE** at birthday parties, instead of **sniffing coke?!**

Well...at least they **still hire CLOWNS!!**

You done a **good job** for me, Toadie! You steek with **Rank Lopizz,** an' you gonna make it **beeg!**

Oh, thiss iss my **gringo girl friend, Elvirus...**

Charmed. I'm Chure!

Go suck an **egg,** you friggin' greaseball!!

Hey, Toadie, I theenk maybe she **LIKES you!** Weeth **ME,** she's a leetle **cold!**

Hey, Bebbee! How 'bout a **ride** in my **classy new car?**

In **THAT monstrosity?!** With those **OBSCENE seat covers!** I happen to **LOVE** animals, and I wouldn't sit on **LEOPARD skin** for all the **gold** in **Ft. Knox!!**

Thiss ain't **LEOPARD skin,** Bebbee! Thiss iss **HUMAN skin!** The **spots** all over it are **BULLET HOLES!!**

Well, in **that** case— maybe a **short spin!!**

Great news, Meanie!! **Elvirus** an' **me** iss **gettin' married!** I asked her to **name** the **day,** and she **did!**

Man, thass **terrific!!** When iss it gonna **be??**

I'll let you know as soon as I check out when **HELL** iss gonna **FREEZE OVER!**

Mama, iss your **son, Toadie!** I became a **beeg shot** here in America, an' I got plenny of **BUCKS** for you! **Here...**

I **don' wan** your feelthy money! I can **imagine** how you **got** it, you **dirty bum!**

Mama, all I do is **ring doorbells** an' **deliver** packs of **POWDER!!**

Oh...?! You're an **AVON MAN!** Why didn't you **SAY** so?!

Iss good to see my **sister, Genie,** again! To **me,** you are a **pure angel!** An' **that** iss why I don' wan you to let **men** do all those **sick, disgusting theengs** to you!

WHAT sick, disgusting theengs, Toadie??

The sick, **disgusting** theengs **I'm** doing to you **right now!!**

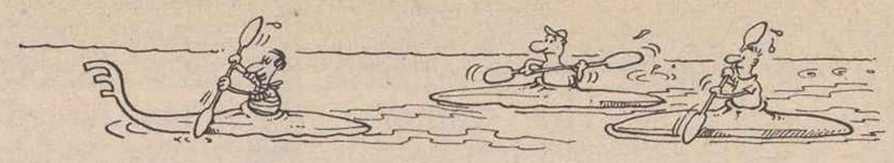
Toadie iss after my **girl,** an' he iss trying to take over my **business!** Iss time to pull the **plug** on him!

How do you wan us to **take care** of him, Boss??

Gun the dirty @#$%& **down!!**

But **remember**... there are **INNOCENT PEOPLE** around! So make sure **THEY** get it, **too!**

GESUNDHEIT!



Hey, **Waiter!** Those two **guests** just filled you full of **lead!** How come you **don't die?!**

Sorry... it's **not my table!**

RATAT TAT TAT

BLAM BLAM

I took friggin' **care** of your friggin' **hoods,** an' now I'm gonna wipe **YOU** off the friggin' **face** of the friggin' **Earth, too!**

Frigg **you,** fink...!!

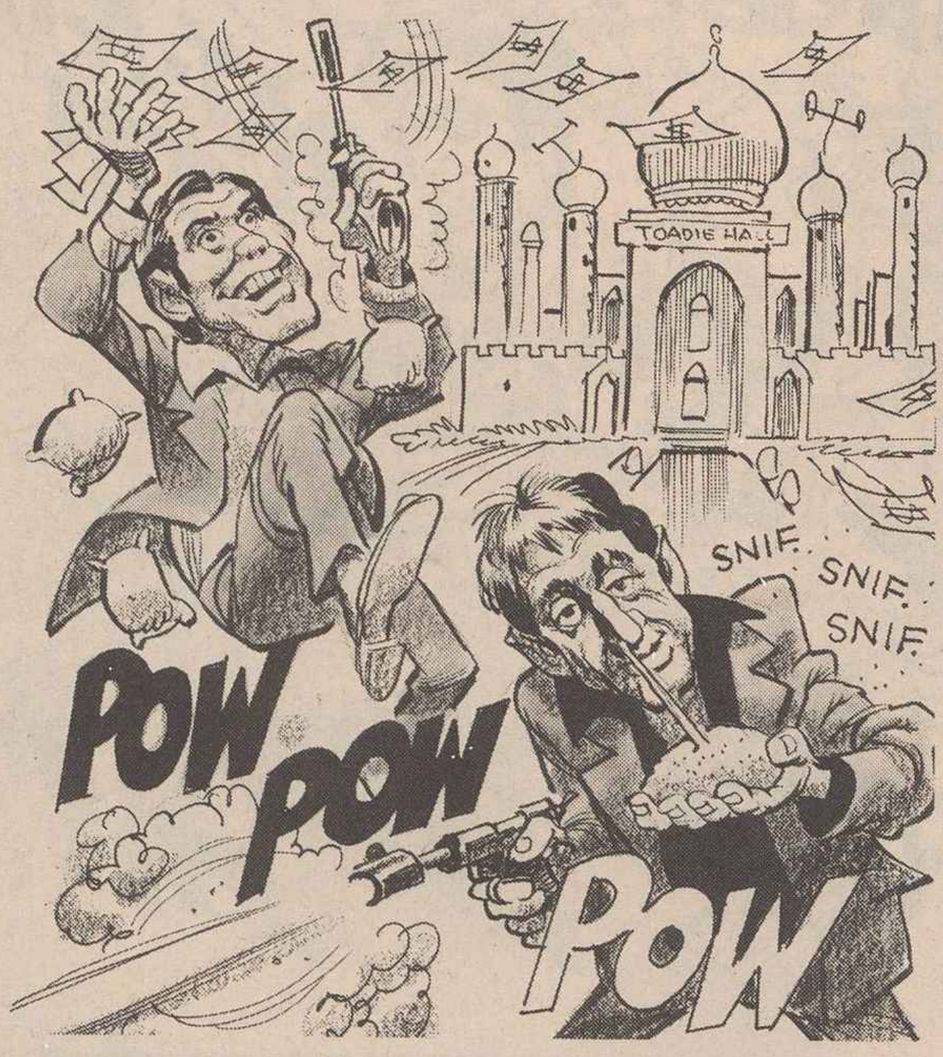
Frigg **YOU,** Rank...!!

Wow! You realize they used the word **"frigg"** in this move as a **noun,** a **verb,** a **preposition,** an **adjective**... **forty ways in all!** There's **no other way** to **say** it!

Hey, Man, that's **fanfriggintastic!**

Make that **FORTY-ONE!**

BAM BAM



Well, Bebbee... how you like bein' **married** to the **mos' important dope dealer** in **Miami,** with **six billion dollars** an' **ninety-two mansions!?**

You're **still** a **greaseball,** Toadie!

Greaseball...?!? I take **eight bubble baths** a **day!!**

Is **that** what you call them?! You're **supposed** to use **SOAP** in the water, **not COCAINE!**

You take **YOUR** bubble baths, an' **I'll** take **MINE!!**

Boss

Hey, **Boss...** I juss found out that your **bes' friend, Meanie,** iss livin' with your **Sister!**

What?!? ***Yecch! Ptui!*** That makes me feel **dirty all over!** I'll grab another **bubble bath,** an' then I'll fly over an' **see** them!

They're **livin'** right here **in town,** Boss! You **don't need** to take no **PLANE!!**

Hey, Man... I said I'd **FLY over!** I **didn't** say nuthin' about no **PLANE!**

Wait, Toadie! Before you **say** or **do** anything **crazy,** please **listen** to me! Meanie and I are **MARRIED!**

Married?!? You're a **sweet, decent girl!** You **CAN'T** marry **him!** Don't you know that your marriage wass **already arranged**... to a **decent, wonderful, old-fashioned boy...!!**

Who...???

ME...!!!

YOU?!? But, **Toadie!** You **KNOW** that's **impossible!**

Okay! **Okay!** I'll get a **divorce!**

Oh... thass **right!** We're **Catholic!** I'll get an **annulment!!**

Forget it!!

Forget it...?! Five years ago, **Mama** turned me down! And now, **YOU?!** How much **rejection** can I **take...?!?**

BLAM BLAM

You've **had it,** Toadie! We're **Federal Narcotics Agents!**

This is **it,** Toadie! We're **Dope Pushers Local 14!** You **don't** run a **Union Shop!**

Toadie, we're from the **National Rifle Association!** We're here because we just **love** to **shoot!!**

BLAM BLAM **RAT-A-TAT TAT** **FOOOM KABOOM!**

Well... it looks as if he **died** where he **wanted to** ...in his **bubble bath!**

Yeah! But at least he seems to be showing some **remorse** for the inexcusable life he led! Hear him **crying?**

He's not **crying!** He's **still sniffing coke!** I hear that in **extreme cases** of **addiction**... **death** is **not necessarily** a **final deterrent!**

SNIF SNIF

Look at that **big, ghastly scar** on his face! I can **see** where he got his **nickname!**

If you think **THAT scar** is **ugly,** wait till they **look up** his **NOSE!!**

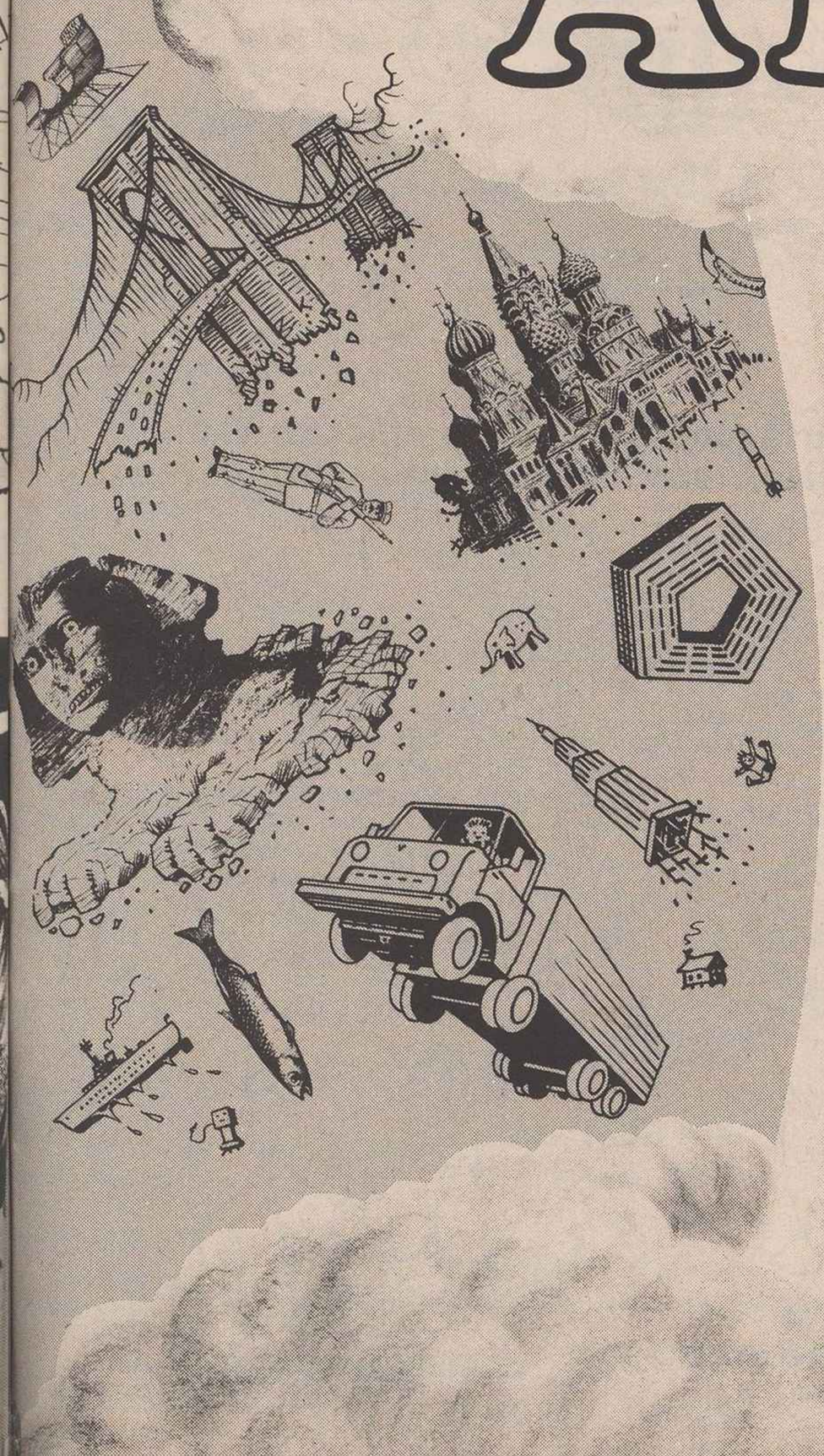
BLAST LAUGH DEPT.

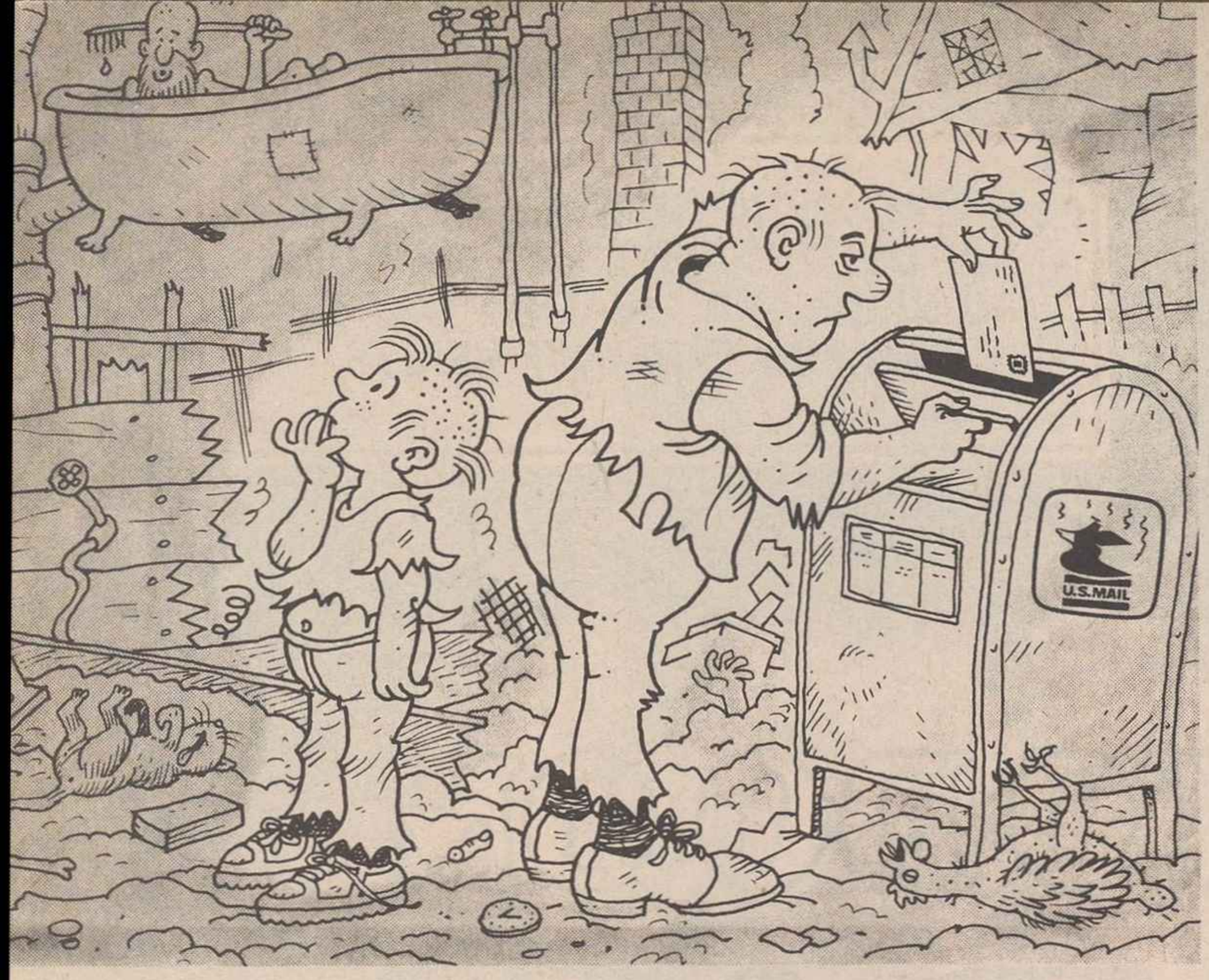
Everyone knows that the best thing to do in difficult times is to keep busy! Keeping busy occupies your mind and prevents you from going into deep depression. So, just to be safe, here are some MAD suggestions for keeping busy during the difficult time ahead. Mainly, here are some

WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT EXPOSURE TO NUCLEAR RADIATION MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

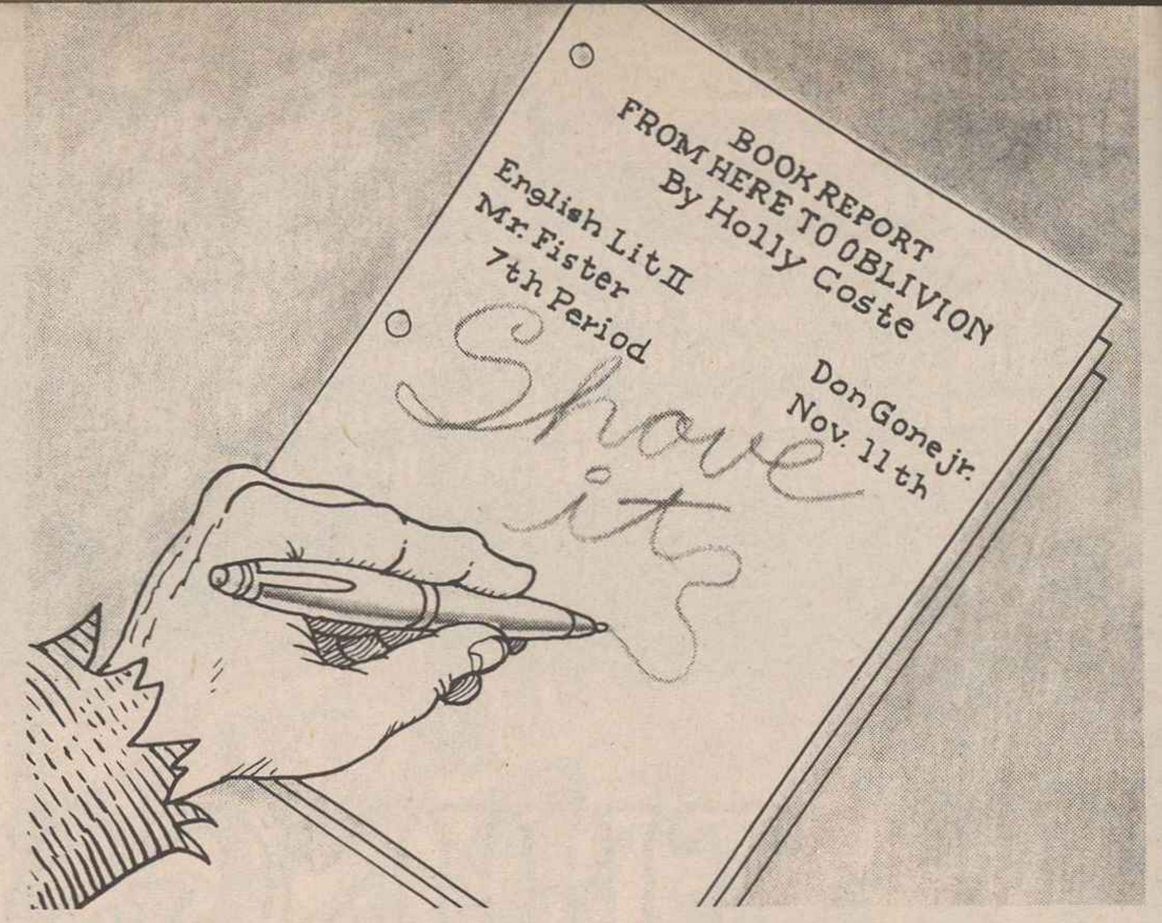
THINGS TO DO ON THE DAY AFTER

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

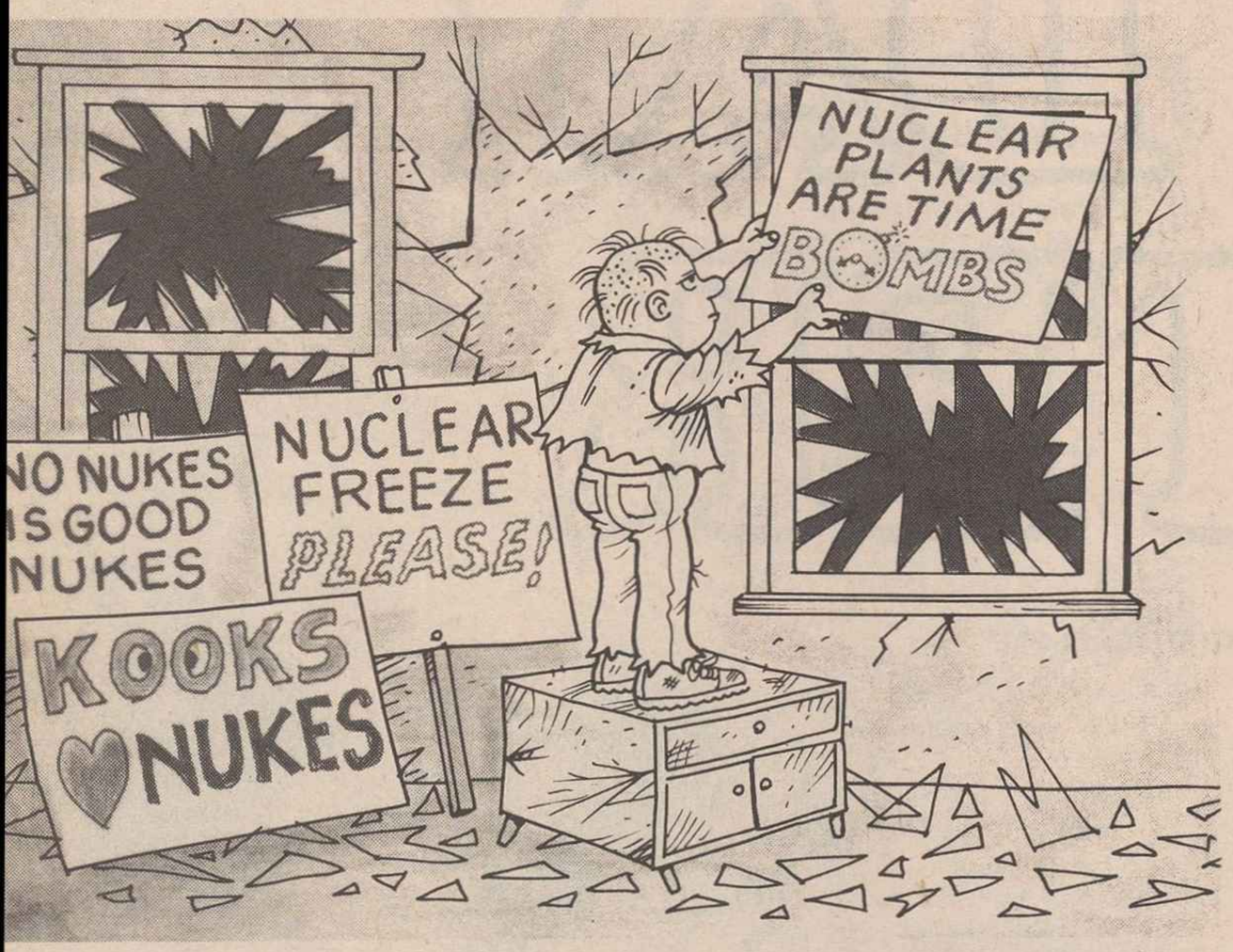




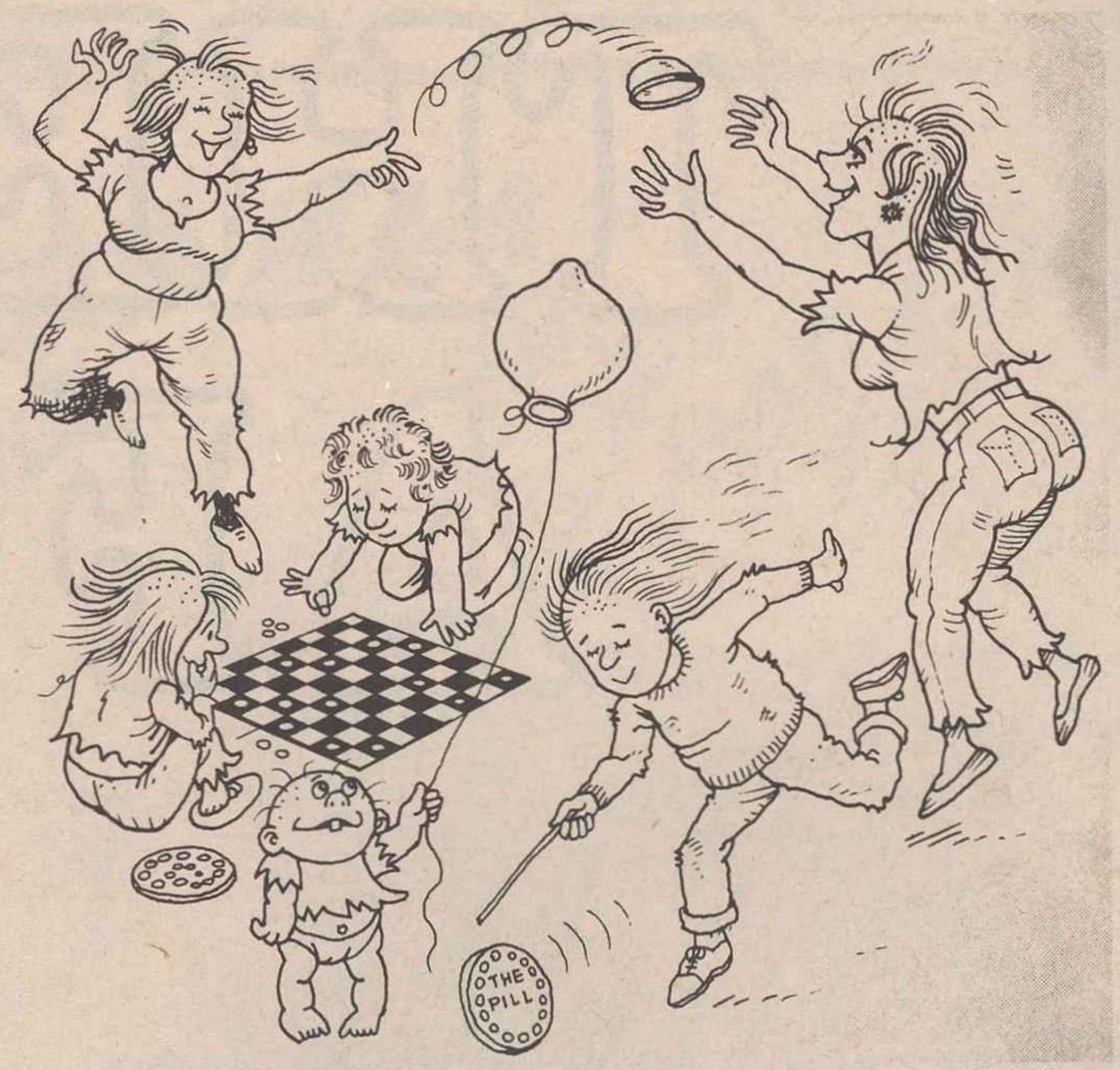
Cancel your subscription to "House Beautiful" magazine.



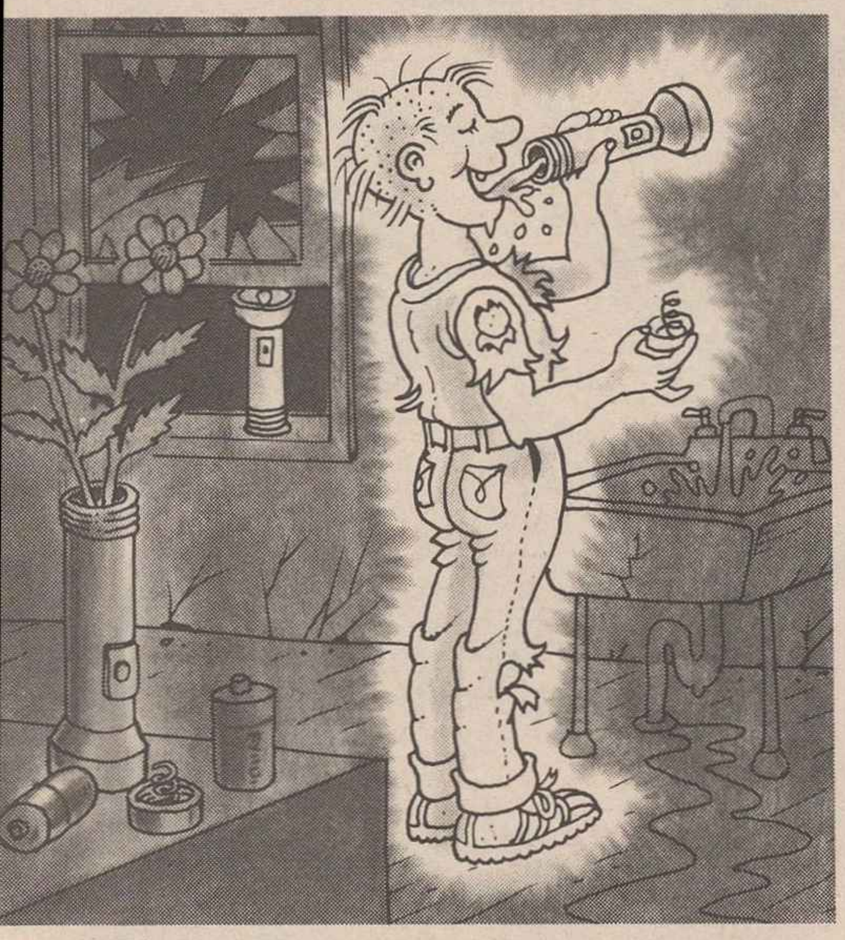
Write a tender message on your overdue term paper.



Use old "Nuclear Protest Signs" to close broken windows.

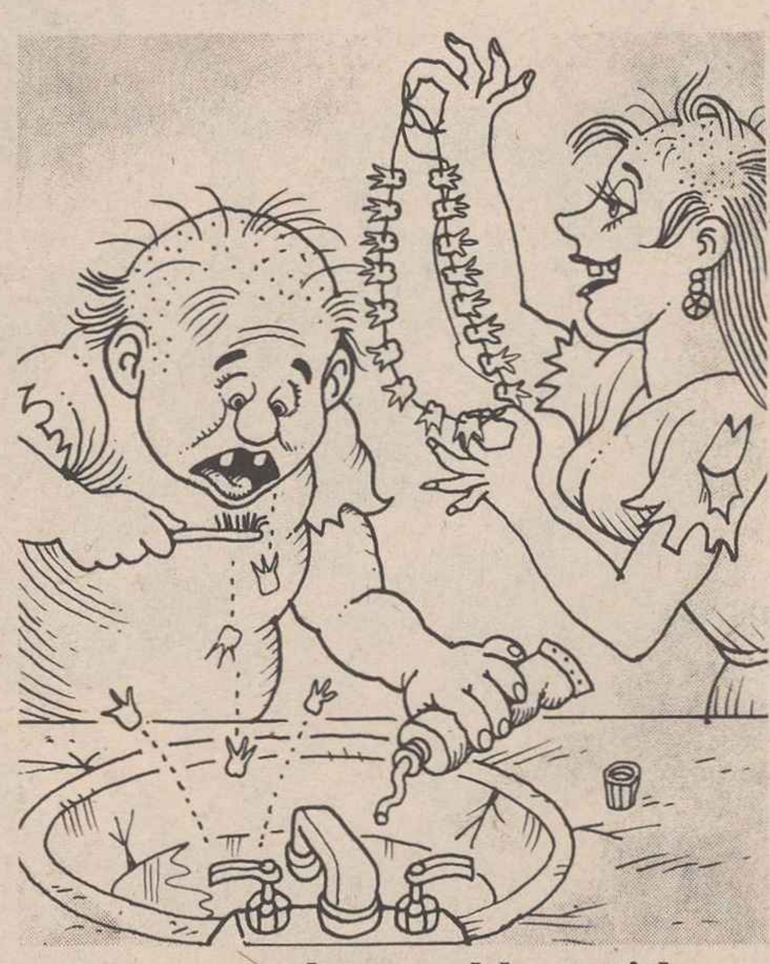


Use birth control devices for other recreational activities . . . now that everyone's sterile anyway.

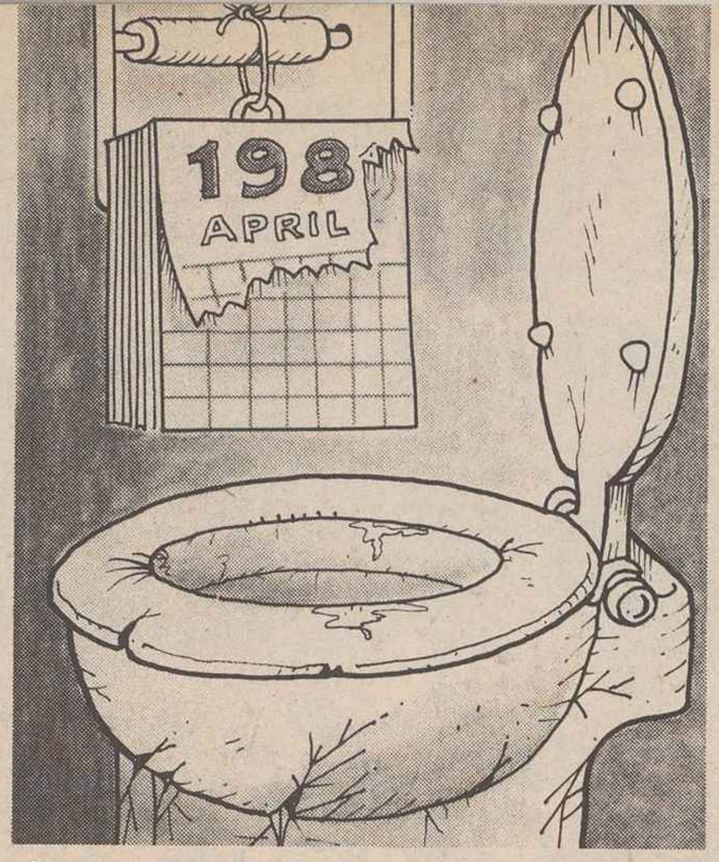


Find other uses for flashlights, now that you glow in the dark.

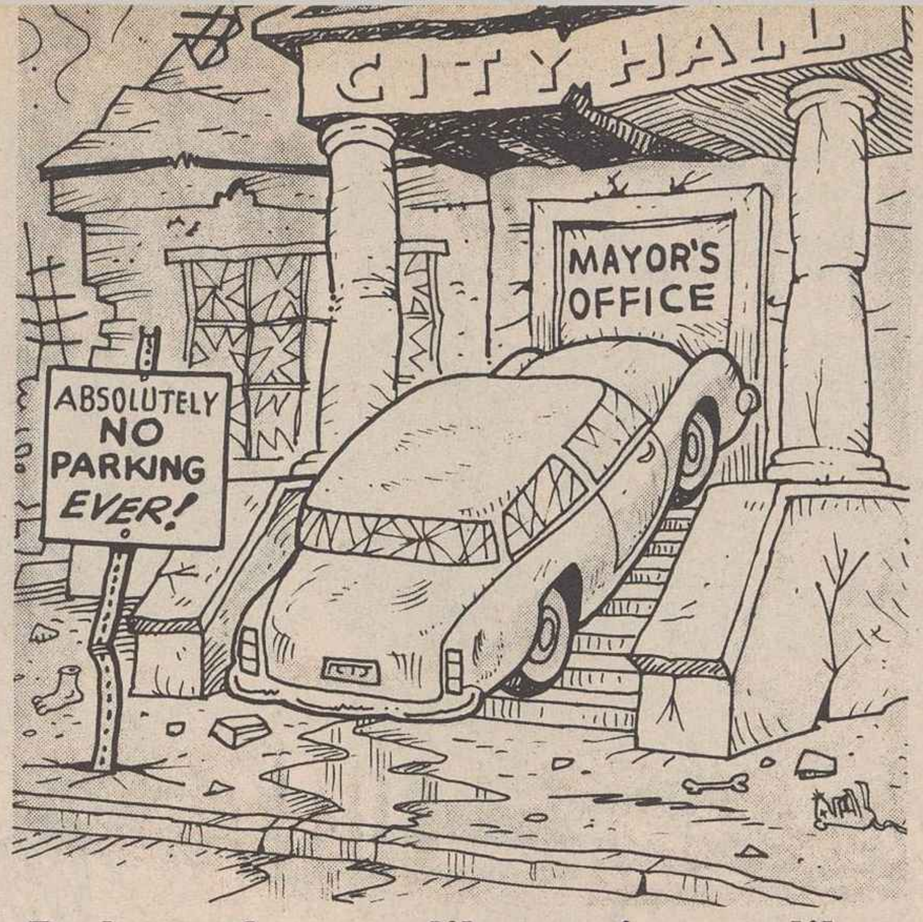
Stuff a pillow with your falling-out hair, and . . .



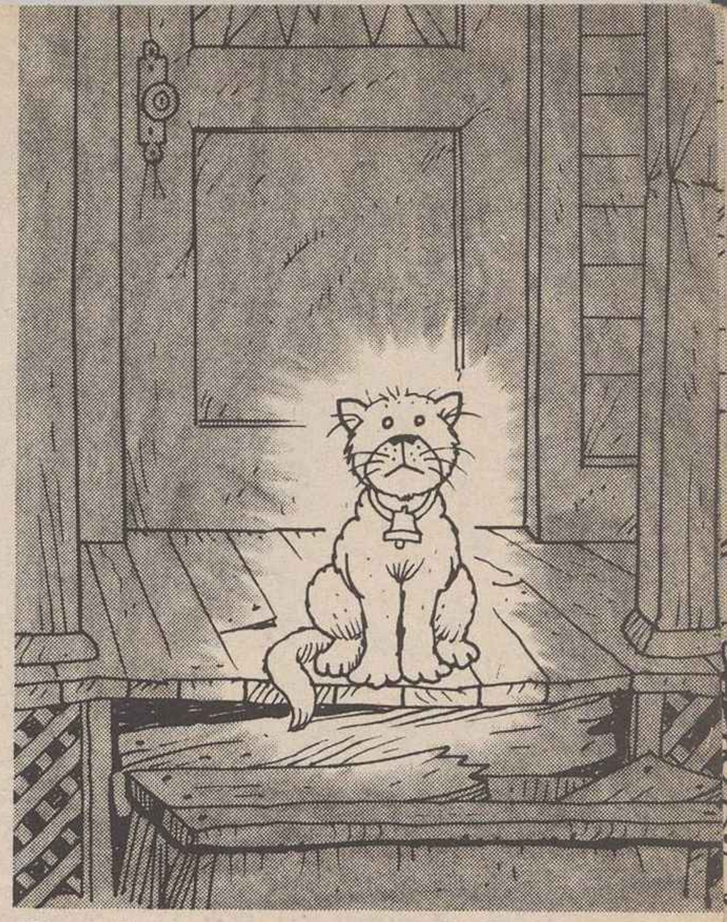
. . . make a necklace with your falling-out teeth.



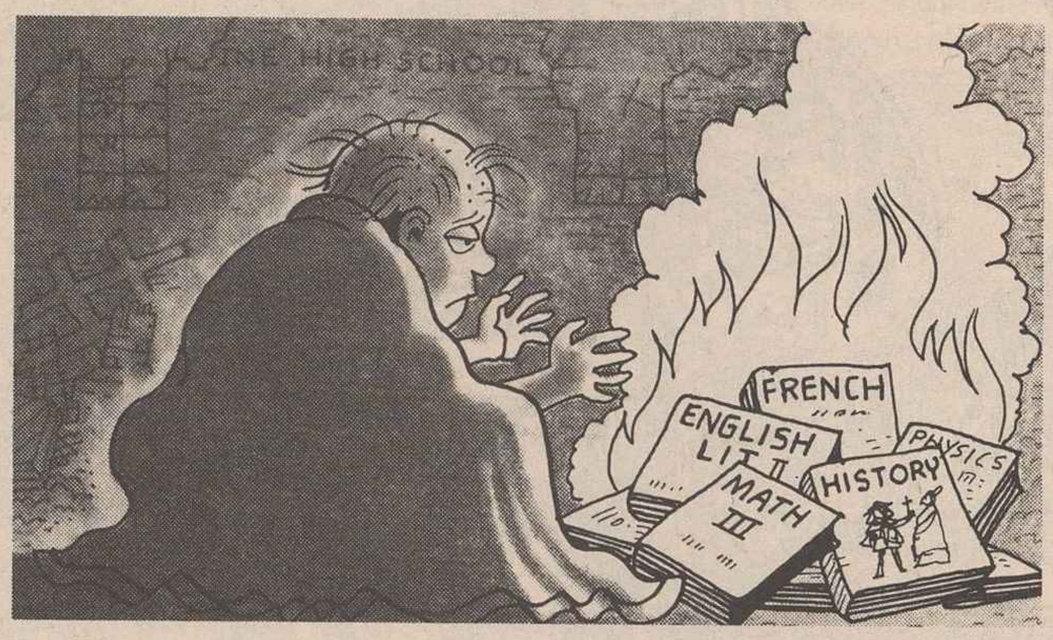
Put your Ten-Year-Calendar to more immediate practical use.



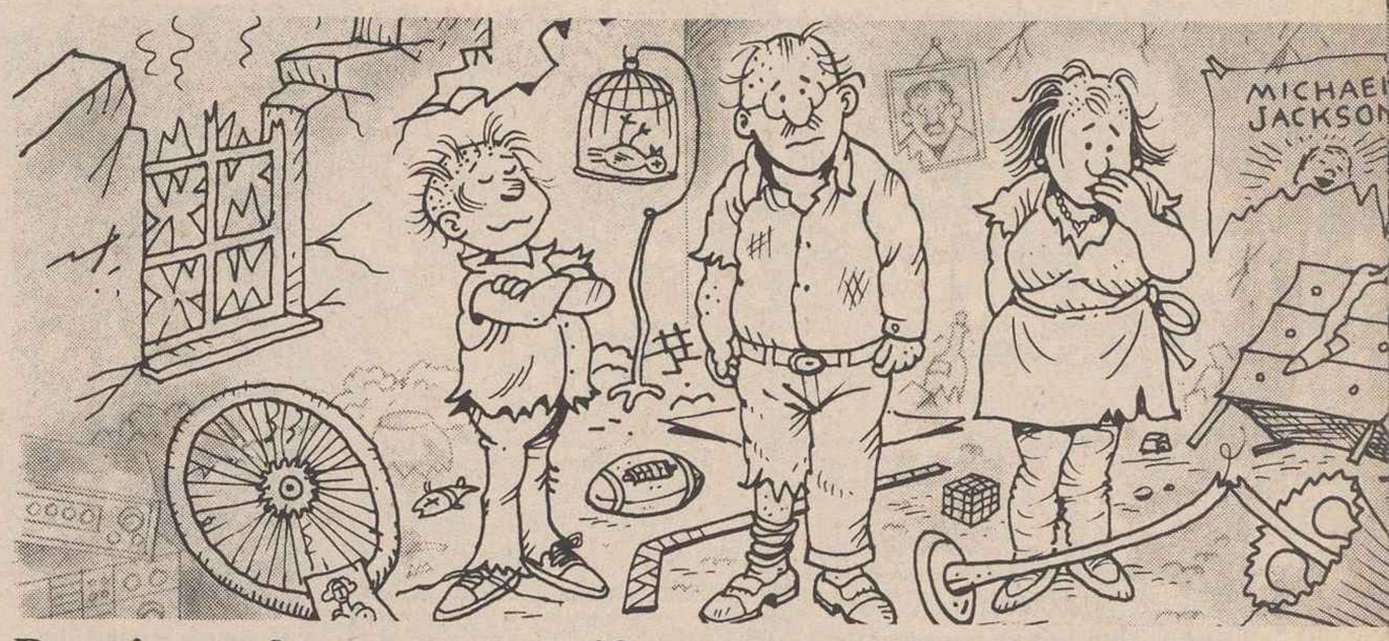
Park anywhere you like any time you like.



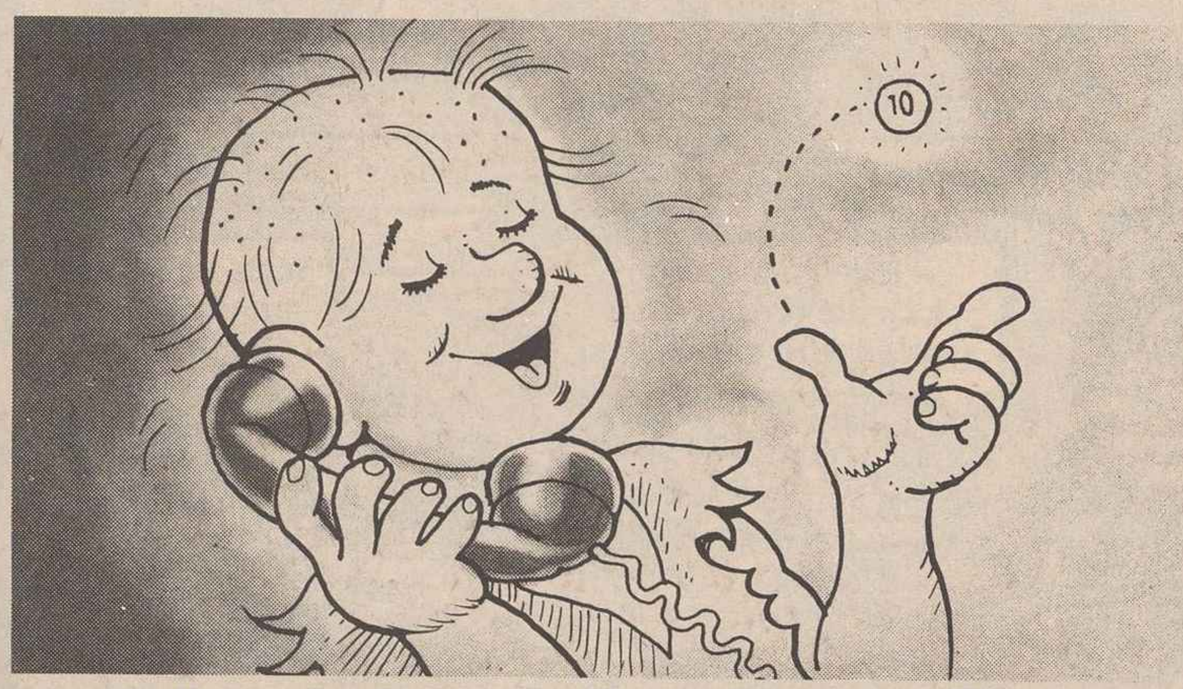
Put the cat out as a night light.



Use your school textbooks to keep warm.



Promise to clean your room if your parents buy you a bulldozer.



Call any broker and offer to buy ten million shares of General Motors Corp. for ten cents.

Eat, drink and smoke anything you want! The nicotine, tars and additives are the least of your problems now.

Treat your "Pro-Nuke" neighbor to a special cigar you've saved for just such an occasion.

A MAD PEEK BEHI TERRORIST TR

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

And what was his **flimsy excuse,** too much conscience?

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

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

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

Will we learn how to **make explosives?**

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

What happened?

What a loss!

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

Yeah, **vehicles** are very hard to come by!

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

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

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

Boy, Omar sure has **mellowed** since his last speech!

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

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

D THE SCENES AT A AINING CAMP

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

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

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

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

Correct!

Because ours is a **religious struggle.**

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

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

Who is Saheed talking to?

His **travel agent!**

TNT

مرحبا اهمي ليلت

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

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

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

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

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

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

WELCOME
CLASS REUNION 1967

Wanna have a good **laugh?** Watch **this!**

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

We **are** everybody!

DANGER! KHATAR

GETTING BLOOD FROM STALLONE DEPT.

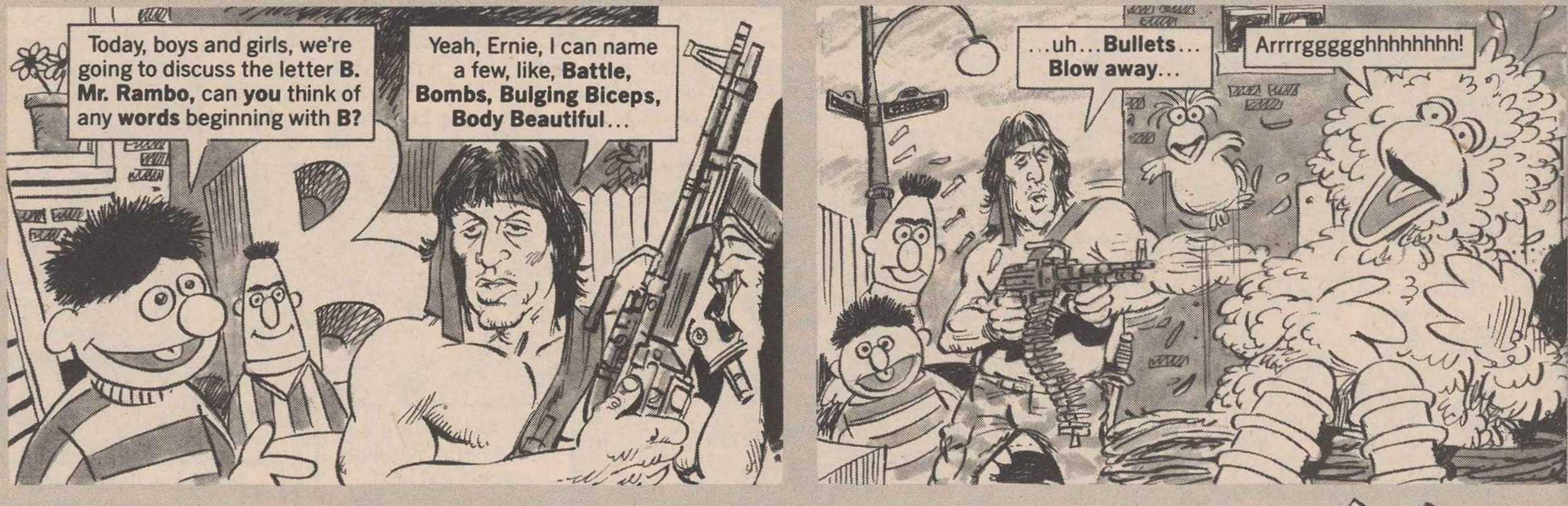
Ever since the Vietnam War, Americans have been looking for a hero to restore our national image. At last, thanks to Hollywood, we have our man—Rambo! That tough, no-nonsense galoot generates pride! Confidence! And egomania! He's given this country a badly needed shot in

WHEN THE RAMBO INFLUEN

COMIC STRIPS

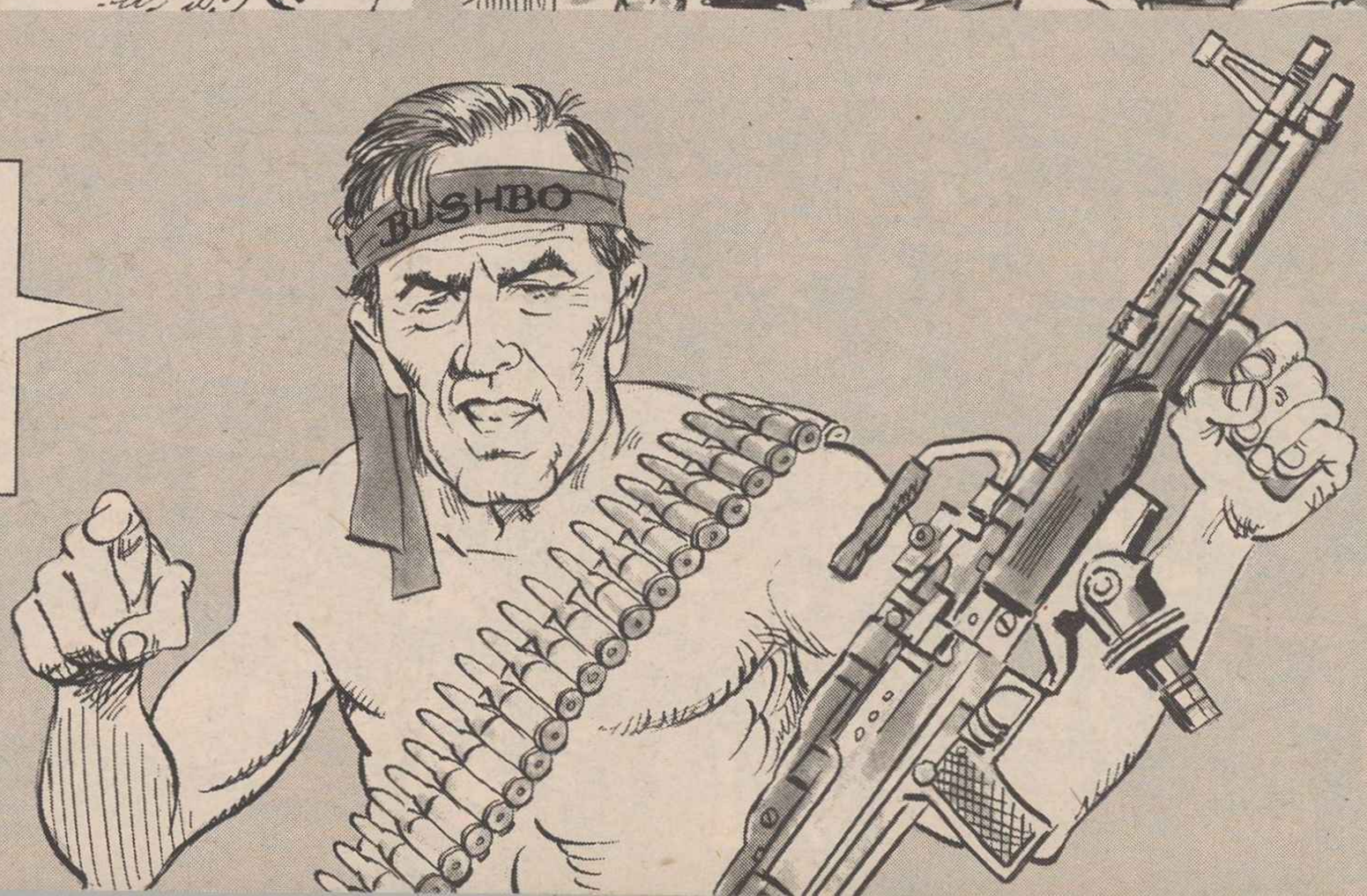
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITERS: LOU SILVERSTONE AND J. PRETE

KIDDIE TV SHOWS



POLITICS

Yo, third world creeps! I'm gettin' **tired** of you faggots runnin' down the U.S. of A.! Who the hell do you think **foots the bill** for this **paradise** where you hang out? **America!** If you bums keep bad-mouthin' the land I love, I'm gonna blow you back so fast your hair will **fry!** You'll have to **crawl** back to those stinkhole countries you came from, and the **good life** will be **over!** So start sidin' with the USA, **or else!**



the arm—with the business end of a bazooka! That kind of spirit is pretty darn contagious! We at MAD bet that sooner or later it will get around to all areas of life. In fact, we've written a little article on it! You'll read it—and you'll LIKE IT!! And you'll be ready

CE SPREADS EVERYWHERE

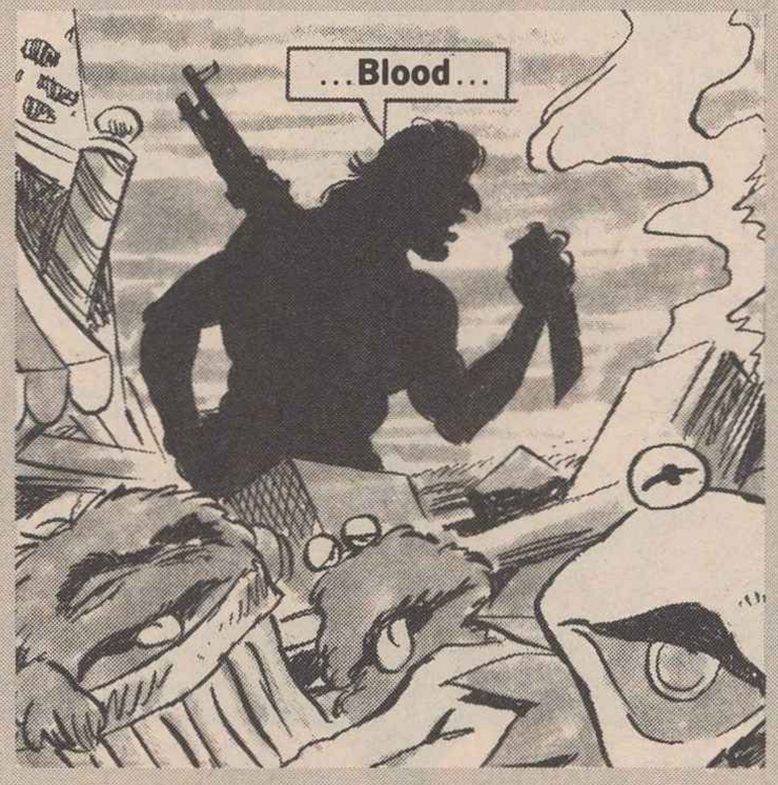
ADVICE COLUMNS

DEAR ANN: I've always been a very religious person, so naturally I'm opposed to war. I just turned 18 and I'm supposed to register for the draft. This goes against all my religious beliefs. As the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill." My father says I should follow my own conscience. What do you advise?

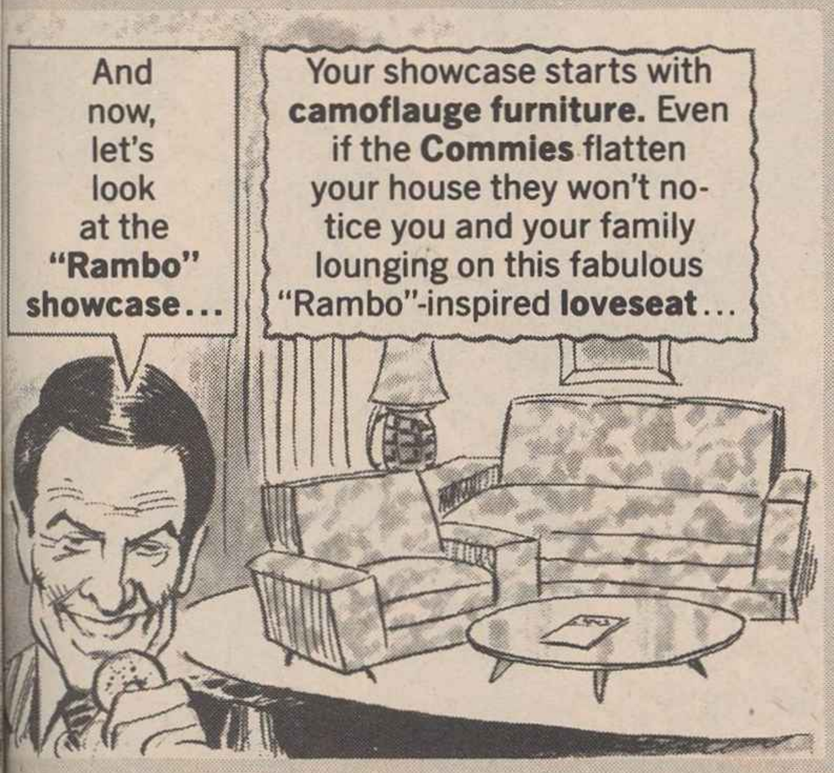
—Troubled in Ohio

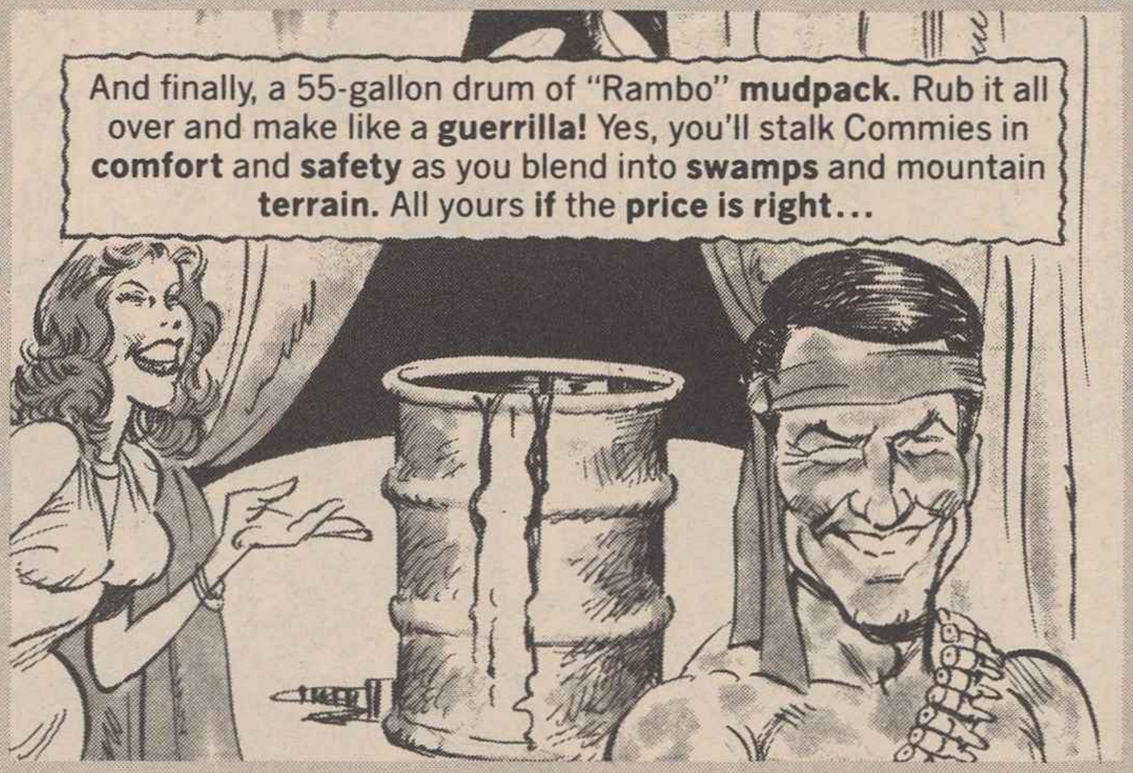
Dear Troubled: Wimps like you make me want to throw up. You're just another coward hiding behind the Bible. In case you missed it, the Bible also says, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." So cut out all that phony religious garbage and for once in your life be a man! Be proud to serve your country! If all you religious nuts had your way, we wouldn't have an army and the Commies would take over without a fight, and believe me, they'd know how to deal with you Bible-thumping porkers!

Send for a copy of Ann's free booklet, "Killing Made Easy, a Guide For Patriotic Teenagers."

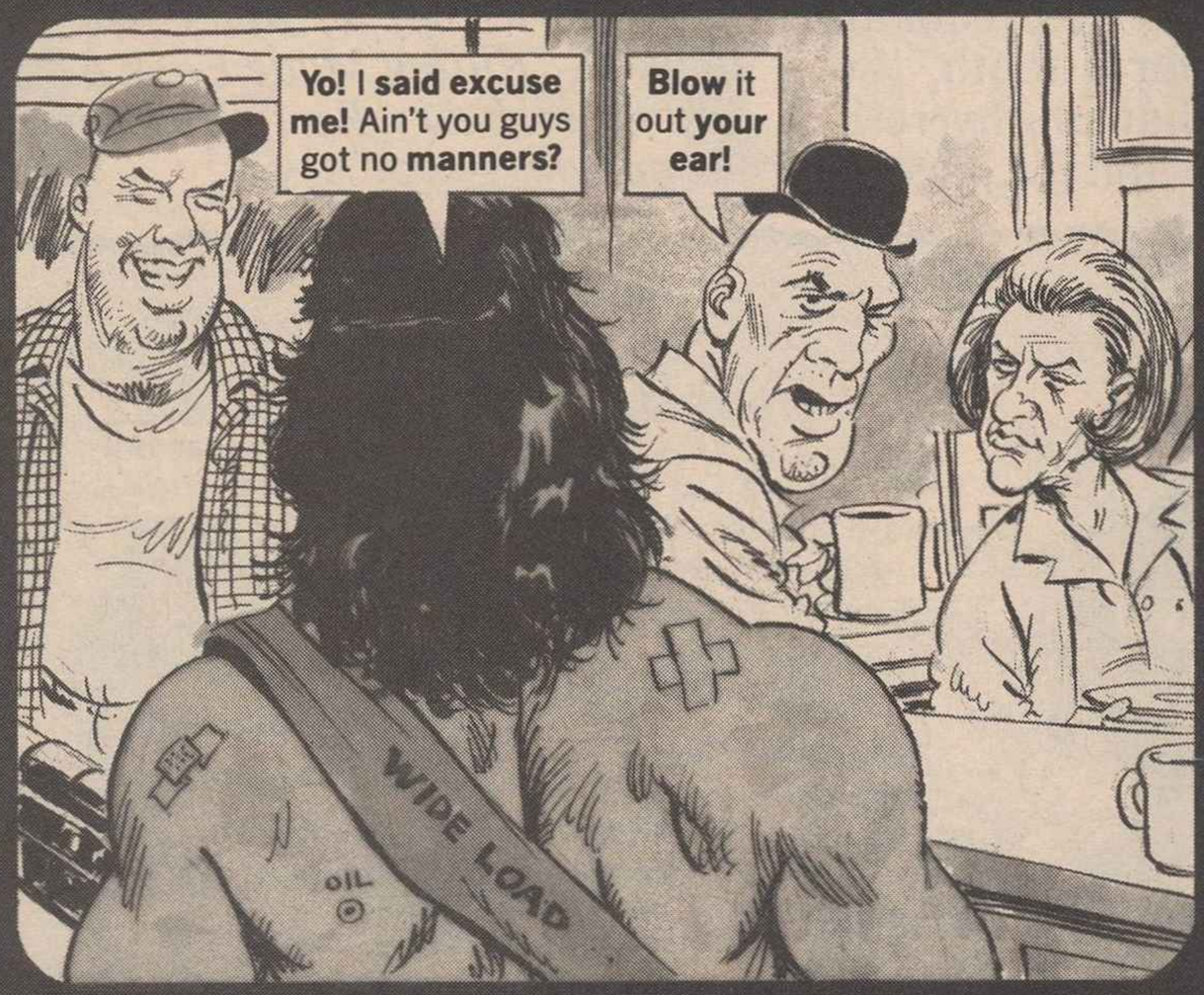


GAME SHOWS





ADVERTISING



THE SECOND SLIME AROUND DEPT.

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

ALIENators

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

Is she **dreaming** about those hideous **Alien creatures** again?

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

Let me give her **something** to make her **sleep.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fifty-seven **years** in **space!** Who **is** she?

She's **Ripley, believe it** or **not!**

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

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

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

We want **you** to go **back** to **DOA426.**

No! Never! I'll **never** go **back!**

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

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

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

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

Me first! I have to **shave!**

No one told me there was an **android** aboard!

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

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

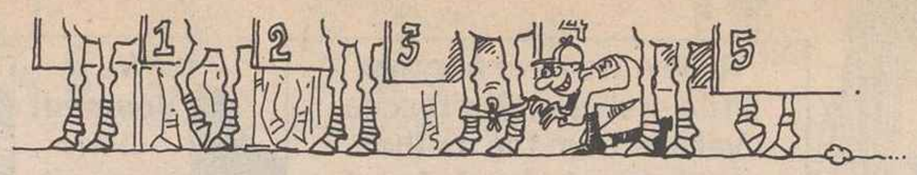
Okay, men, we're ready to **launch** our land rover and **explore DOA426!** Drop station at **ready! Sequencers activated!** Switching from GE **range** to **sterno can! Septic** tank plug **tightened!** Fuzzy **dice** on rearview mirror **in place! Saint Christopher** medal secured to **dashboard!**

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

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

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

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS **WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO**



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

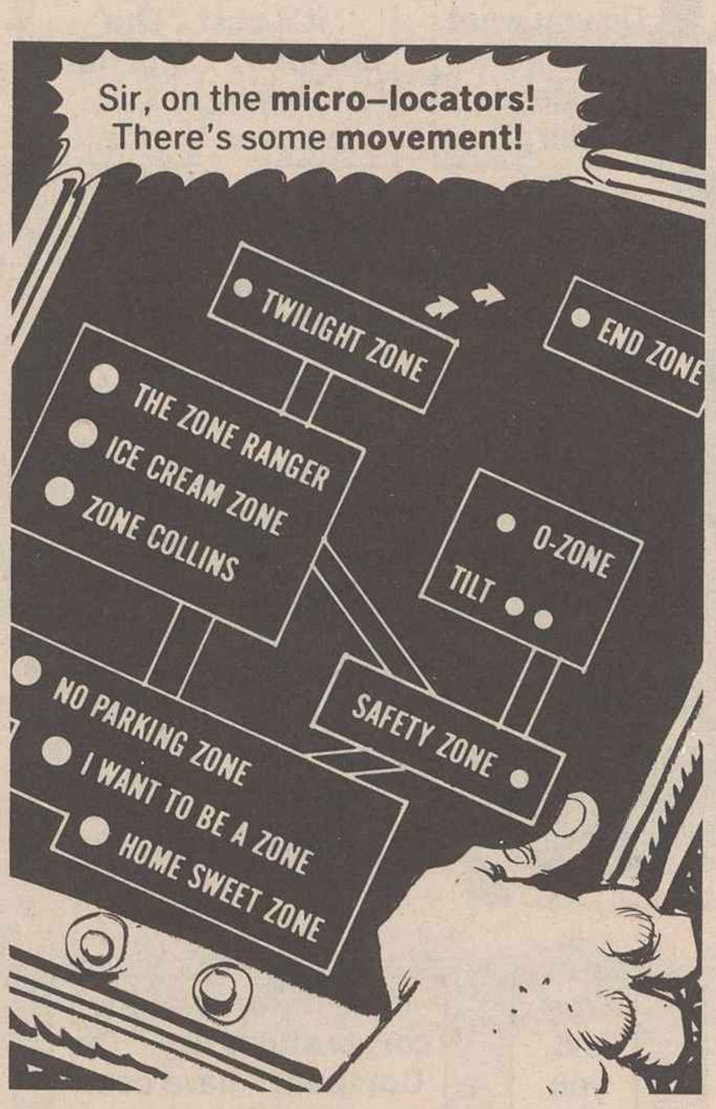
Er, guys, listen up! The plan is **EXACTLY** the same as before— **seek** and **destroy** the Aliens, but, er... **don't** fire your **guns!**

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

Barfing, running and **sweating profusely** are all **OK!**

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

Sir, on the **micro–locators!** There's some **movement!**



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

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

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

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

Are **these** the **Aliens,** Ripley?

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"BLUE PRINT "WORLDTRADE CENTER

DECOY DUCTS

DUCT

DEFT DUCT

DUCT

WHAT'S UP DUCT?

DUCT TAPE

DEVILED DUCTS

WILD DUCTS

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

No! No! **Not Bellhop!**

Do **you** want to go instead, **Burp?**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They're **here!! HELP!!**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TAXI

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

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

I'll call a **doctor!**

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

ZAP

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

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

ELECTROLUX

WHRRRRRRR

ON OFF

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

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

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

THE KARATE KIDDING DEPT.

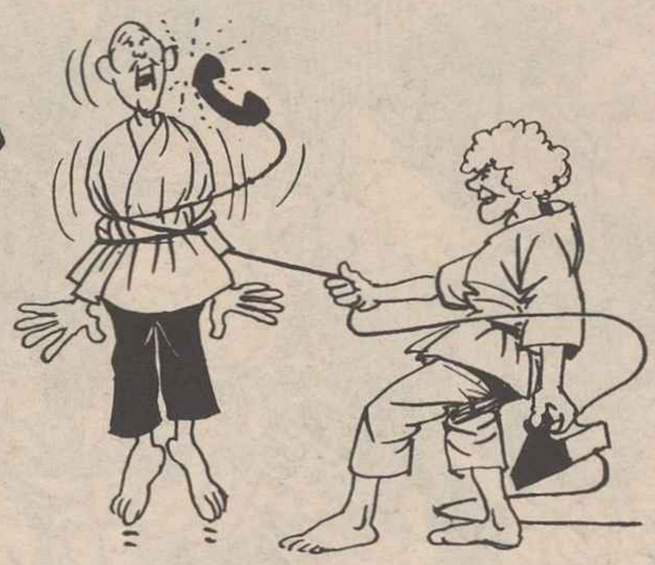
HOM

Kung Fu started many years ago when poor Chinese farmers, who could not afford real weapons, developed self-defense techniques using whatever was available: plow blades, staffs, even benches. Nice idea. But since very few poor Chinese farmers are MAD readers, it made very little sense to us to write an article on Kung Fu. So instead we wrote an article about a self-defense technique the average American could use. A deadly defense called:

Phone Fu

BLOCKING: *The phone conveniently fits over the hand in a way that allows the steel bottom to deflect your opponent's blows.*

ENSNARLING: *By holding the body of the phone in one hand, and the receiver in the other, you can use the cord to tangle up your opponent.*



OFFENSE: *By holding the cord at mid-length, the receiver may be swung and launched at your opponent. It may also be used for long-distant ensnarlment.*

LAST RESORT: *If you hate violence you can still use the phone to call your enemies in the middle of the night and mutter obscenities.*

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: RURIK TYLE

The Links Of Agony

WHIP METHOD: *Grasp one end of a sausage and savagely snap the other end at your enemy!*

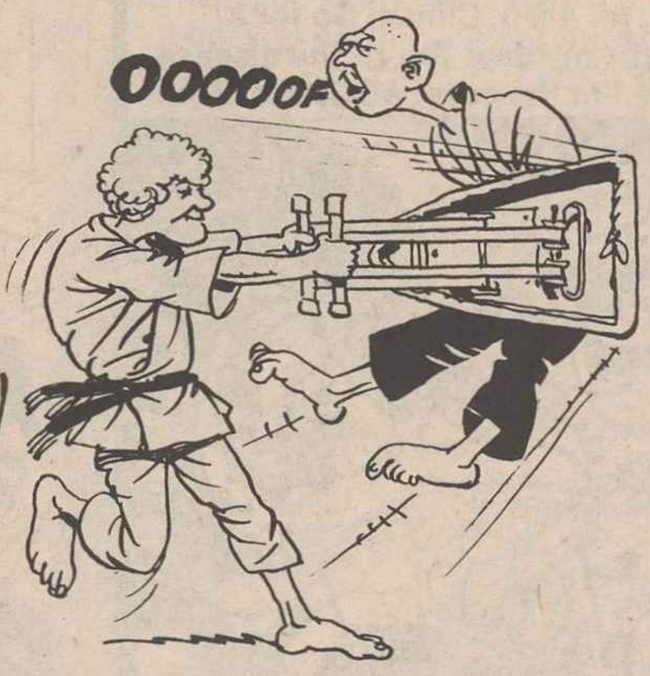
NUNCHAKUS METHOD: *This is a complicated maneuver and is not recommended for beginners!*

PELTING METHOD: *Break up the links, grab an equal amount in each hand, and throw all of them at your opponent!*

The Iron Ning Board

BLOCKING: *Because the Iron Ning Board is roughly the same length and width as the human body, it makes a very effective blocking tool.*

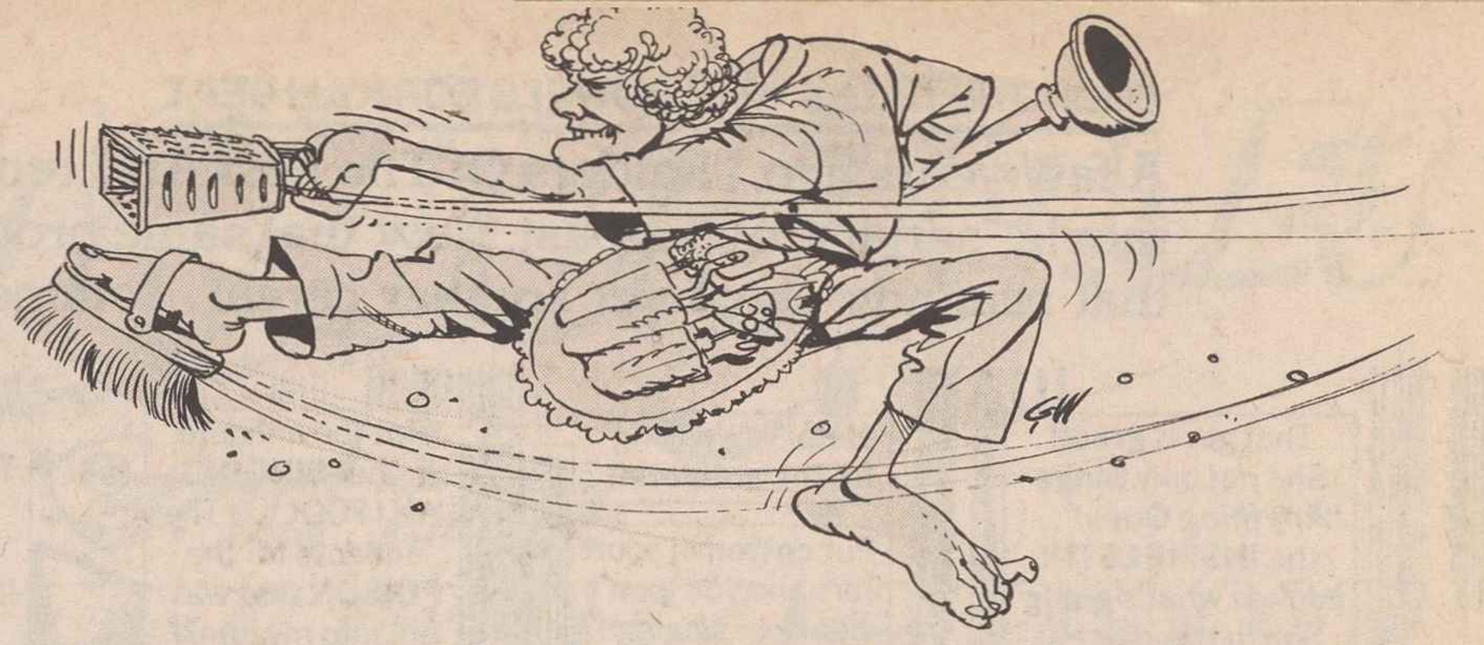
OFFENSE: *Grasp the feet of the board while it is in the closed position.*



Quickly bring your arms together while aiming at your opponent.

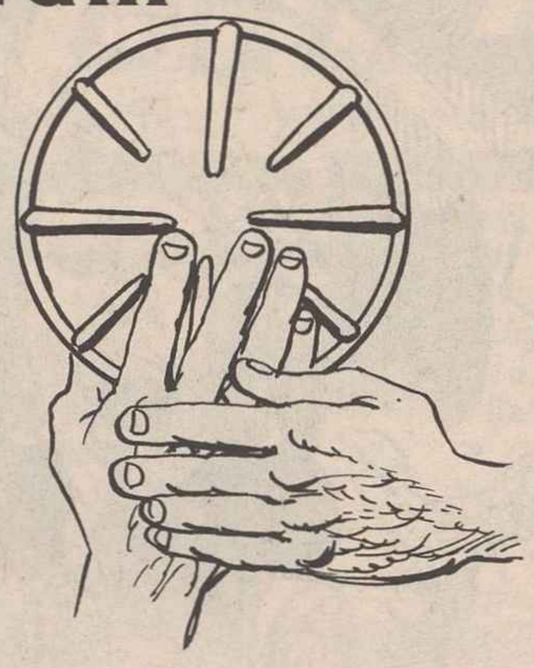
ESCAPE: *If all else fails, you can use the Iron Ning Board to slide down the stairs and beat a hasty retreat.*

E FU!



The Stove Of Death

OFFENSE: *Even an empty stove can provide you with a deadly weapon!*



Grab the burner guard as shown.

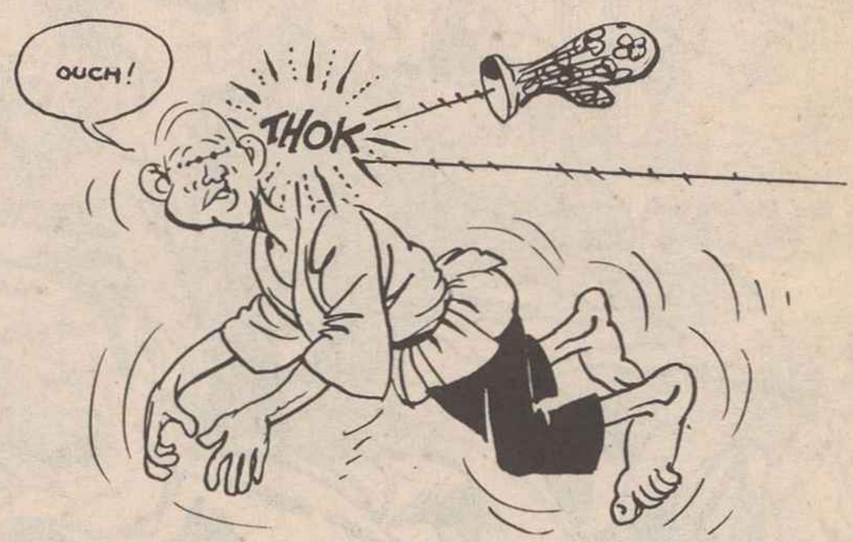
In a quick motion, hurl the burner at your opponent!

IMPORTANT! *Do not use this technique if you have just been cooking something!*

The Oven Mitts Of Death

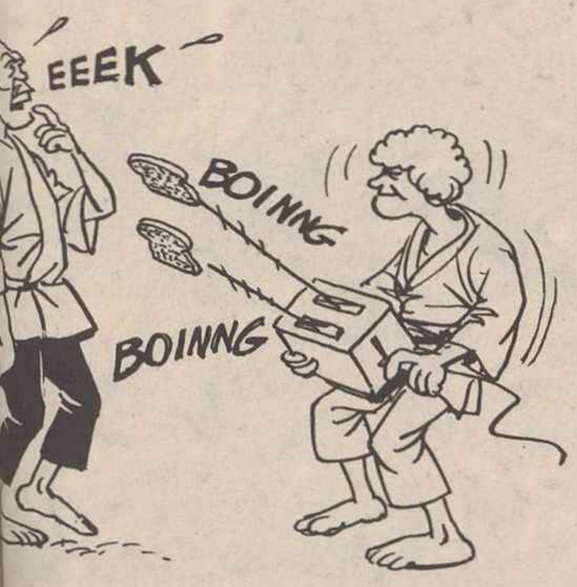
PREPARATION: *Oven mitts offer the same benefits that boxing gloves do —they protect your hands in combat!*

They are quick in that they fit either hand, thereby avoiding confusion at critical moments.



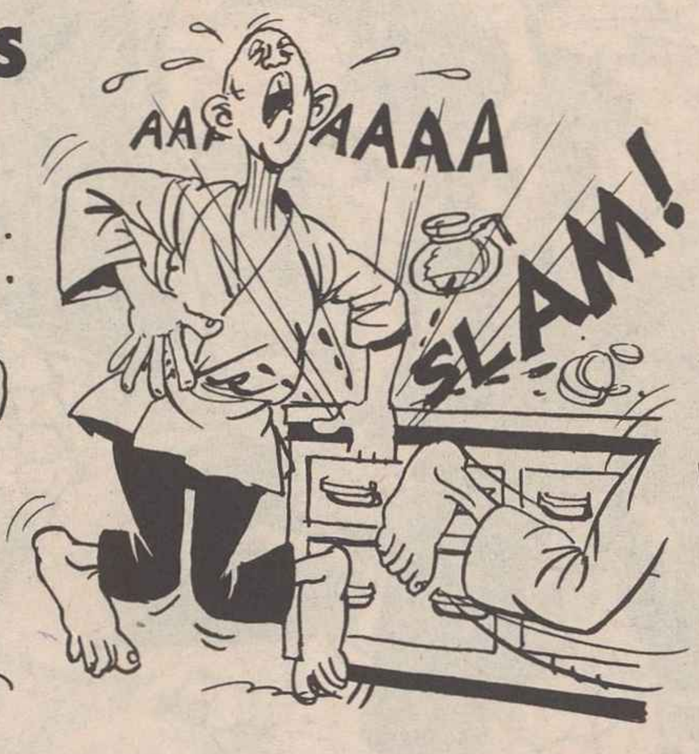
OFFENSE: *When stuffed with a potato they make an effective long distance weapon.*

Other Home Fu Maneuvers



Twin Slices Of Doom!

Kung Fruit!



Drawer Of Destruction!

Fridge Fu!

ECCH THE HALLS WITH BOWELS FOR KALI DEPT.

A few years ago, "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" reminded theater audiences of the great movie "serials" of the past. Now, that same production team has brought us a sequel that reminds us of yet another cereal... oatmeal! We're talking, of course, about—

That girl is **great!** She not only **Sings *"Anything Goes"*...** she **INSPIRES IT!!** Look at what's **going on** in this place!

Help! I'm looking for the **antidote!!**

Put **cotton** in your ears and you **won't hear** her singing!!

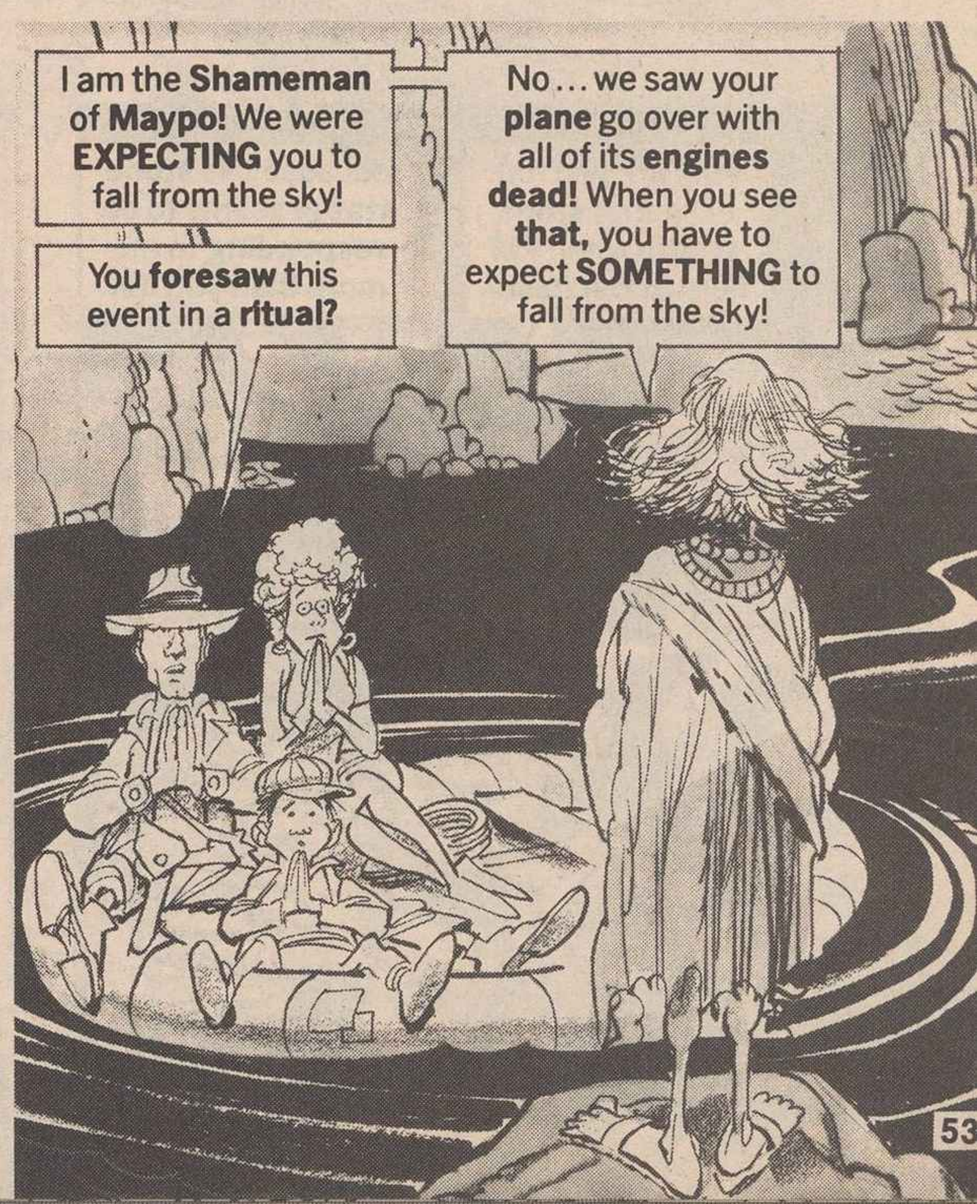
Not the antidote for her **SINGING,** YOU FOOL...! The antidote for the **POISON** that was put into my drink!

Don't worry about it! The way we **water down the drinks** here, the **most** that the poison will do is give you a **slight headache!!**

I **told** the Manager here I wanted a little **PRODUCTION VALUE** added to my number... but **this** is **ridiculous!**

TINBANANA JONES and the TEMPLE OF GOONS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



A **curse** has befallen our Maypo village! Men from the **Temple of Pancake** have **stolen** our **sacred Sanka stone!!**

And they've **also** taken all the **children** of the village!

Can you **bring them back?** If not **BOTH,** can you **at least** bring back the **stone?**

The Shameman of Maypo **needs our help!** We must set out for the **Pancake Palace!** Pack your **trunk!**

I **don't have** a trunk!

I was **talking** to the **elephant!!**

I am **Chatter Low** ... the **Prime Minister** of **Pancake!**

Welcome, my friends! **Tonight,** the **Maharajah of Pancake** will have a **sumptuous FEAST** in your honor!!

Can you **speak** a little **louder...?**

Great! I'm so **hungry,** I could eat a **horse!**

You're **close!!**

Uh... do you happen to have any food that **doesn't look back at me?**

In America, **motzah ball soup** is big! Here... **EYEBALL soup** is big!!

Ahh, you **do not care for** our **International food...?**

I—I **love** it! but, I... I thought all **International Palaces of Pancakes** had **SALAD BARS!**

I hope you enjoy our specialty... **monkey brains!** We **USED** to serve **politician brains,** but they **weren't** very **filling!**

Inbanana! That **palace assassin** tried to **kill** you! Why didn't you **call me** for **help?** You **KNOW** I'm one of your **biggest fans!!**

Thanks, Shortstack, but one of my **OTHER fans** took care of him!

Why are you fondling that **stone statue** when **I'M** here **in the flesh?**

Because this **stone statue** seems to be **responding** to me more than **you** do!

Look! This **passageway** leads down to the **Temple of Goons...!**

Is **that** what this **Sandskrit writing** means...?

Maybe!! But **I'm** just reading this **OTHER** sign!!

THIS IS THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE TEMPLE OF GOONS. OPEN TUESDAY TO SUNDAY. CLOSED MONDAYS AND ALL HEATHEN IDOL HOLIDAYS.

Silly!! Help!! We're **trapped** inside this **death chamber!** Sharp **spikes** are **closing down** on us!!

There's an **"Emergency Handle"** right outside this room! **Quick!** Come down here and **pull it!**

What for! You **already HAVE** an emergency!!

YIIIIPE! Inbanana, why are there **fifty million disgusting BUGS** down here?!?

They're **HIDING** from the **CHEF!!**

We're witnessing the dreaded and outlawed **"THINGEE" Ritual!** The **High Priest, Moldy Rum,** will stick his **hand** into the victim's **chest** ... and **rip out** his **"thingee"** ... mainly, his **HEART!** Then, they'll **drink** his **blood** and **burn** his **body!**

I'll bet the **refreshment stands** in all the theaters that **show** this movie don't sell very much **popcorn** and **candy** during the picture's run! Everybody will be too busy **retching** and **barfing!!**

They worship the **god. Kali!** Look!! Those **petals** that they're throwing are from his **favorite blossom**—the **Kali flower!!**

That swirling molten **lava,** and the **smoke,** and the **eerie music** are all part of the **sacrifice!**

yeah, we've **sacrificed** all **logic** and **feelings** for **senseless violence** and **cheap thrills!**

How about the **movie-goer** who sacrificed **five bucks** to **watch** this trash?!

Look! There are the **children** of **Maypo!!** How can they be **forced** to **work** in this **mine?!**

Why not?! They're **MINORS!!**

Nuts! The guards have **captured Inbanana** ... and now they're forcing him to **swallow BLOOD** from that **MUMMIFIED SKULL!**

I've heard of putting a **HEAD** on a drink ... but **that** is **ridiculous!**

I have **drunk** the **blood** of **Kali,** and **now** I am **one** of them!

What happened to your talk of **fame** and **fortune?**

I changed my mind! I'm now into **flame** and **torturin'!** So get ready to be lowered into **Kali's Lava Pit!**

This is **Kali's Lava Pit?!?** Oh, I'm gonna **kill** my **Agent!** When he booked me into **Kali's Lava Pit,** I thought it was an **intimate night club** with a **FIREPLACE!**

Don't worry, Short-stack! I'm **out** of my **trance!**

Then **why** are you **punching** me ... ?

Because **me** ... and **everybody ELSE** in the world ... has **HAD IT** with **precocious kids!!**

What broke the **spell?**

When you **burned my arm** with the **flame** from that **torch!** It seems that a **great deal of pain removes hypnotic trances ... !**

Good! Then **no one** watching this **movie** will **go home** in a **trance!**

Now... we'll be **free** all of the **children!** Thank goodness this **ONE KEY** fits **all ten thousand** of these **locks!!**

Hey... **where'd** you get the **skeleton key...?**

From a **skeleton,** where **else?**

What are you kids **MINING, anyway?**

Rocks! Plain **rocks!**

Plain ROCKS?! What **FOR?!?**

The Maharajah spent **eleven million dollars** for that **ROCK CRUSHER** and he needed **SOMETHING** to put **into** it!

Fighting **Moldy Rum** would be a helluva lot **easier** if that **young Maharajah** would **lay off** his **VOODOO DOLL...!!**

I'd **give up** this **Voodoo Doll** in a **second** if someone would just get me a **CABBAGE PATCH DOLL...!!**

Help...! I'm **stuck** between a **Rock Crusher** and a **hard place!**

I **HAD** to slam you across the face, Your Royal Highness —but only to **break** the **evil spell!!**

Well, you **DID** break the evil spell... along with my **jaw...** **six teeth...** and my **collar bone,** Idiot!!

Okay... **NOW,** let's **PICK UP THE PACE...!**

Pick up the PACE?!? We're leaping, fighting, killing, hanging, pinching, pounding, punching, stabbing, swinging clinging, screaming, frying and dying!! **WHY** do we have to **PICK UP THE PACE...?!**

Because we're an **hour and forty five minutes** into the **picture...** and people **MAY** start to **notice** that there's only been a **THIRTY SECOND PLOT!** So we **mustn't** give them **time** to **THINK!!**

SPIELBERG

LUCAS

Okay... then **here we go!! First,** I **escape** from the **onrushing guards...**

Then... I **escape certain death** in an **out-of-control speeding mining car...**

Then... I **escape falling to my death** from a **collapsing rope bridge...**

Now... if only I could **escape from my contract...** I wouldn't have to make **"INBANANA JONES III"...!!**

Here is the **Sanka Stone!**

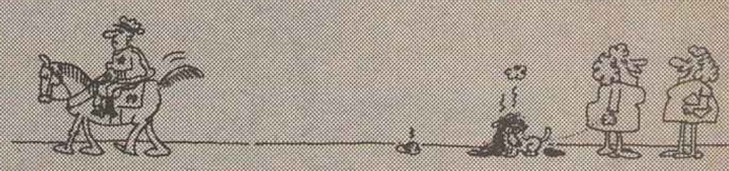
Thank you, Inbanana Jones! **Now** there will be **singing** and **dancing** in the **streets** of our **village** once again!

Can you tell me what **magic** the stone holds?

Oh... **no magic!!** It's the **BUNG** to our **BEER KEG!!**

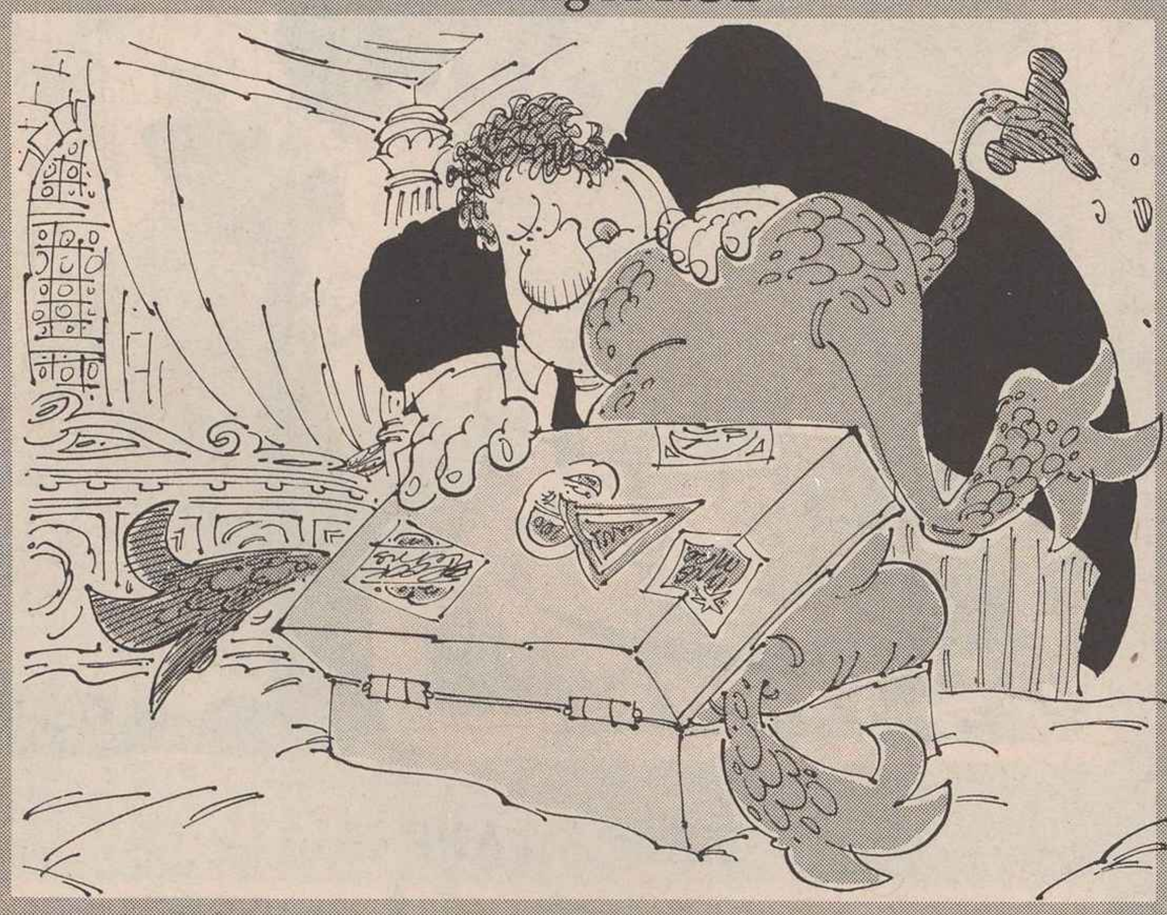
OUR CREATURE PRESENTATION DEPT.

HORRIFYING CRIME CLICHES...

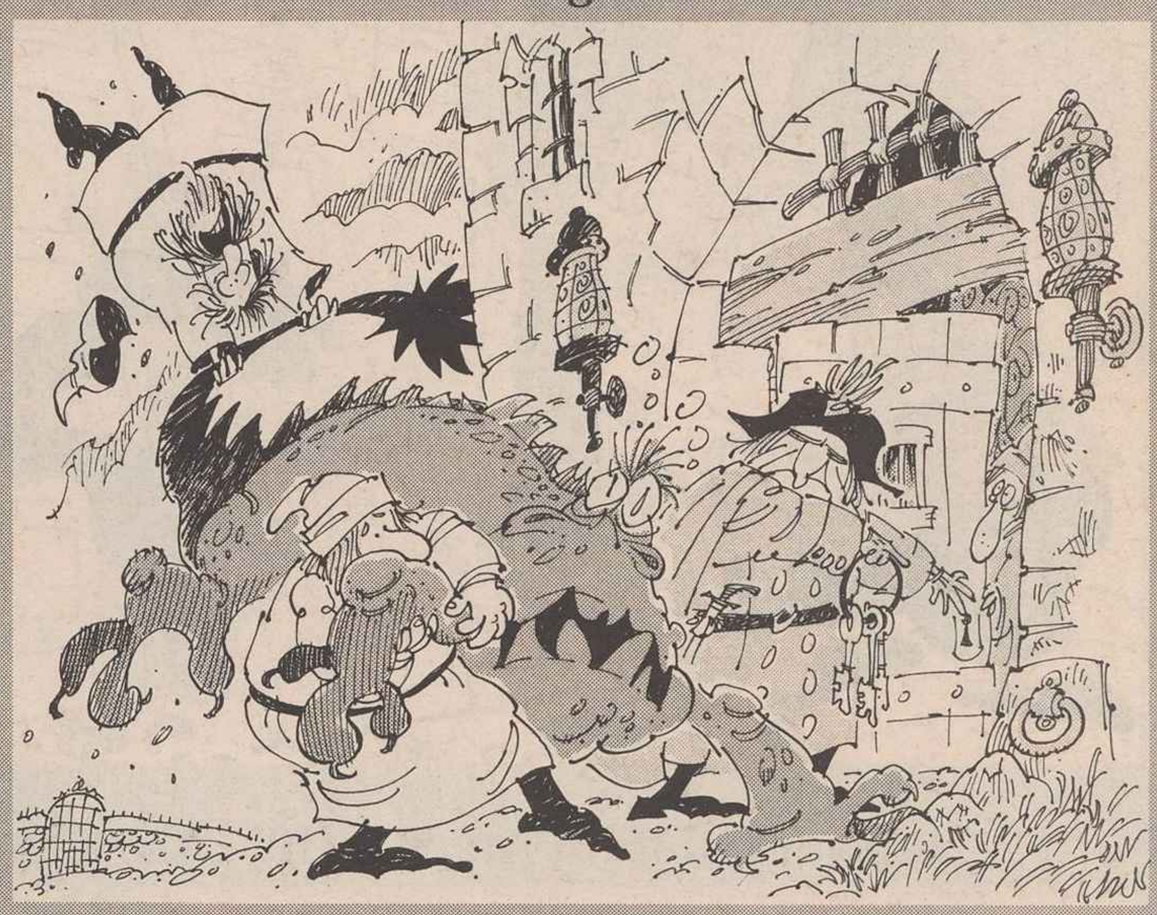


ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

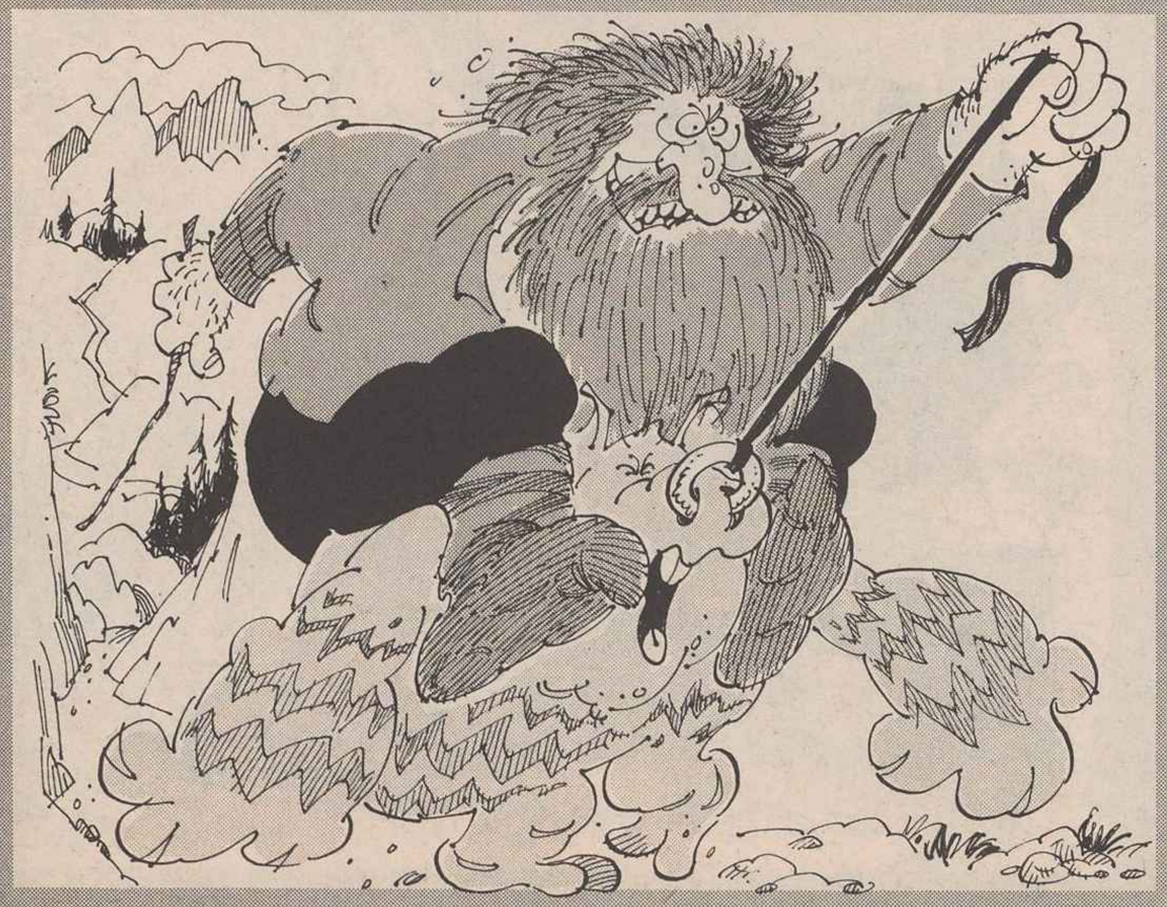
Packing A ROD



Committing A FELONY

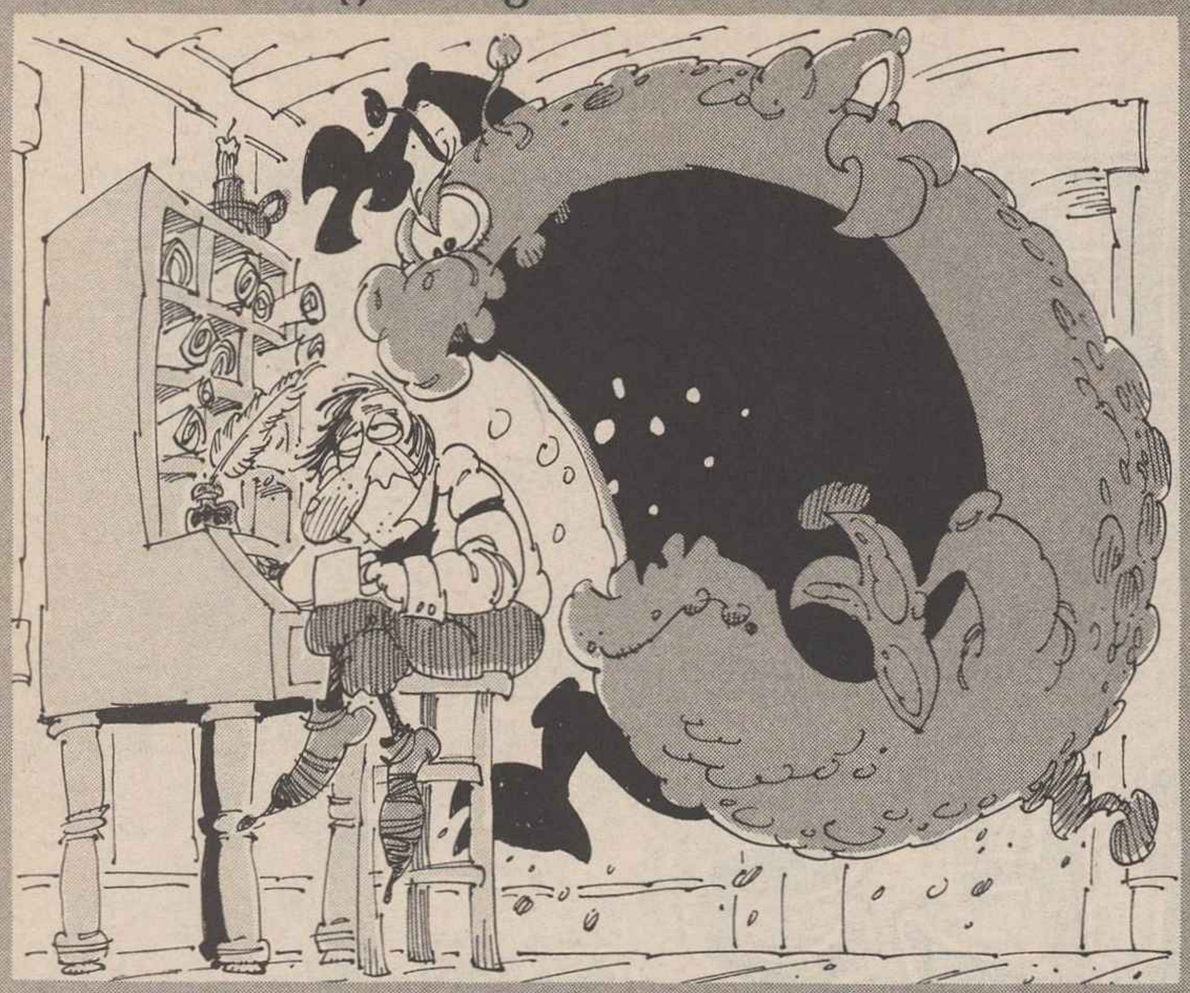


Running A RACKET

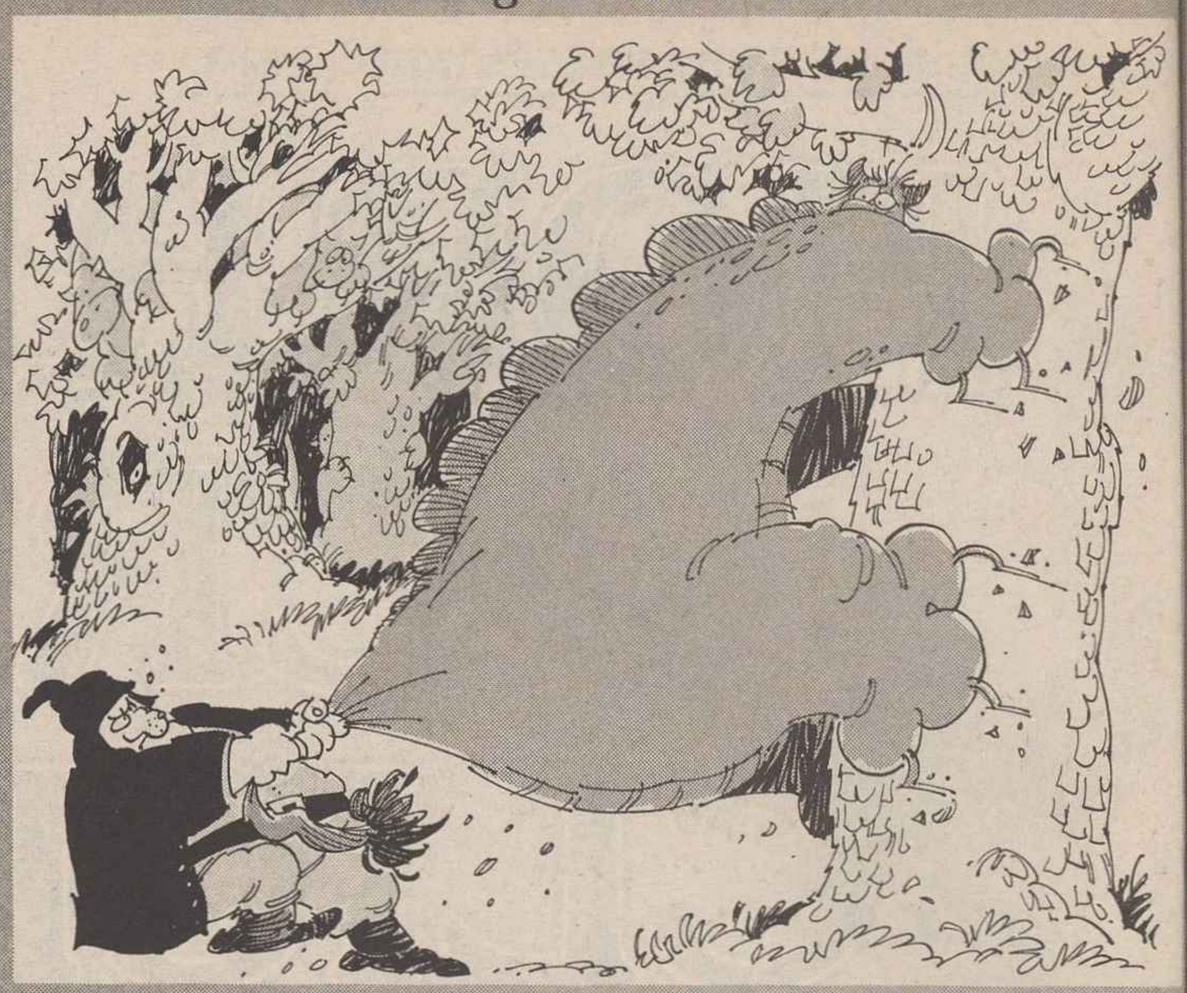


Putting Out A CONTRACT

Ignoring A SUMMONS

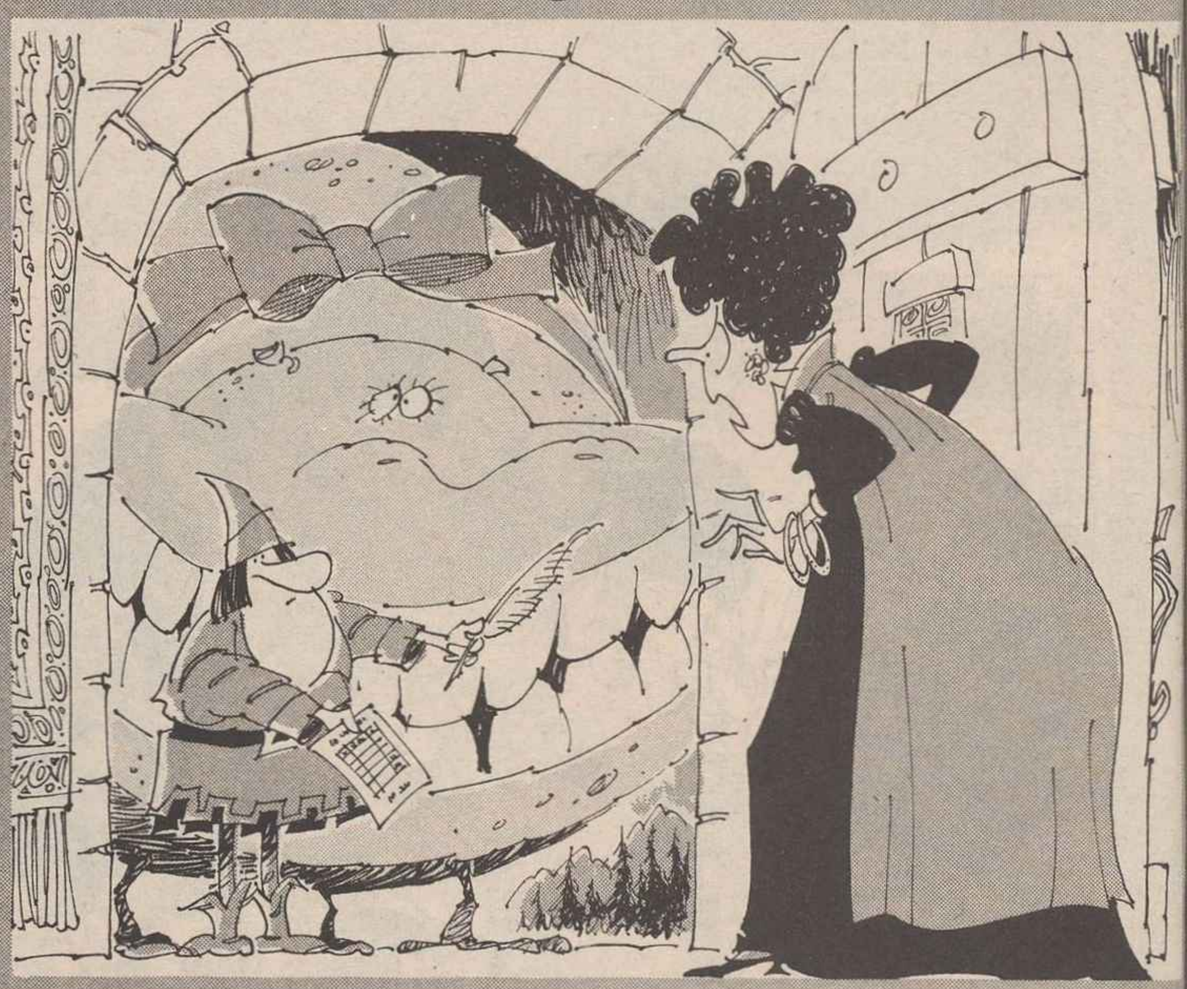


Pulling Off A CAPER



Impaneling A JURY

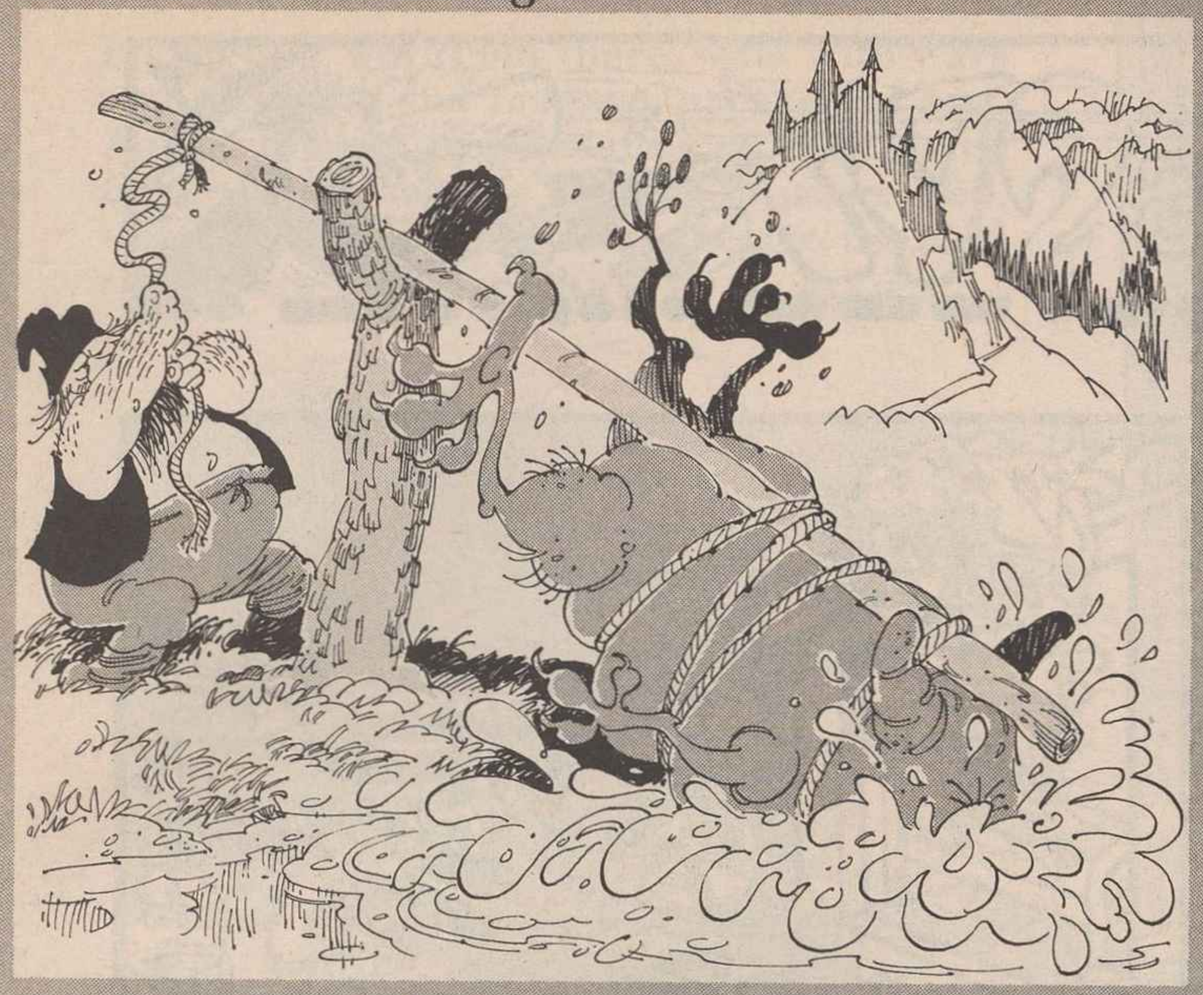
Delivering A VERDICT



Getting Off With An ACQUITTAL

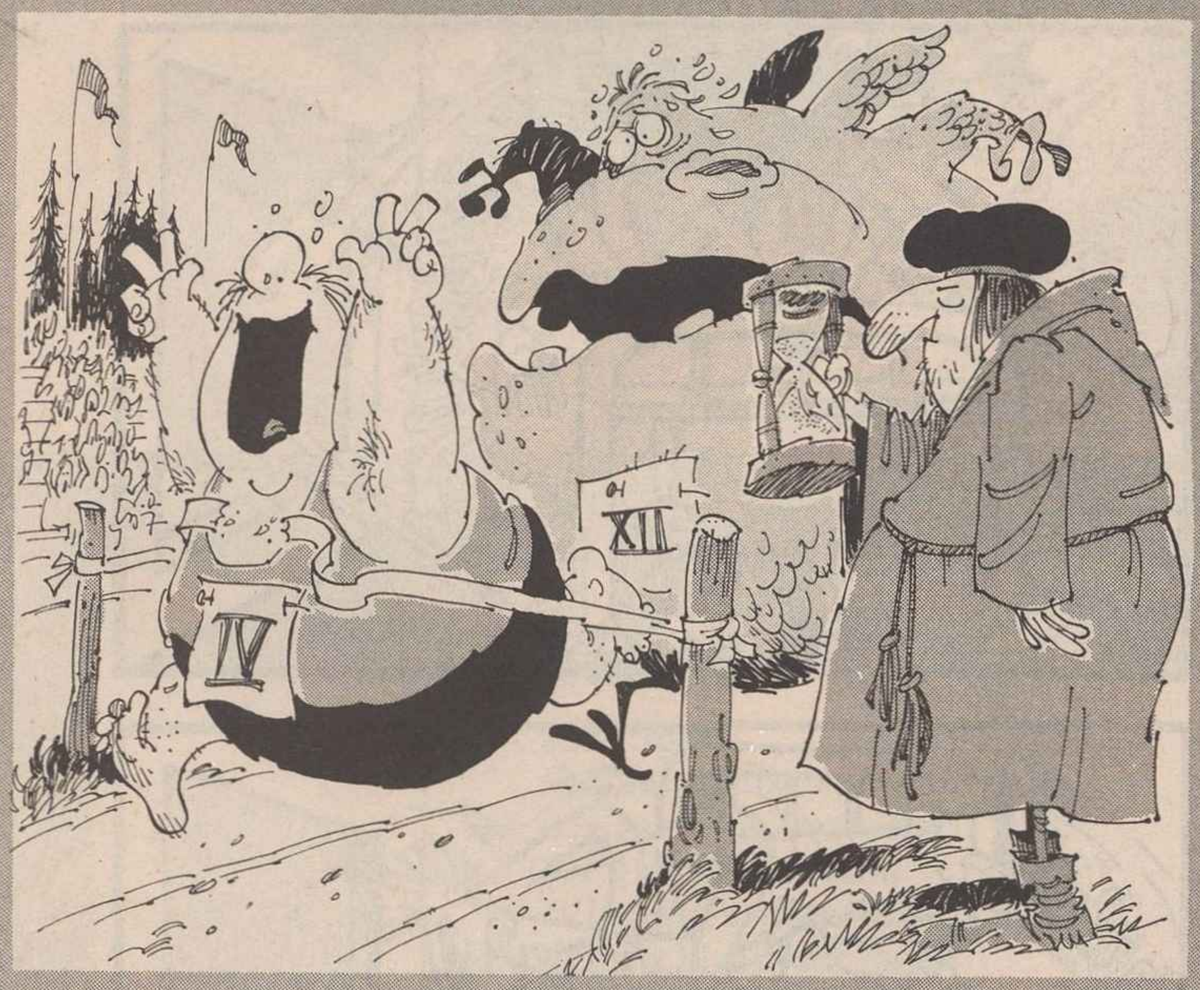
Filing An APPEAL

Ducking A WARRANT

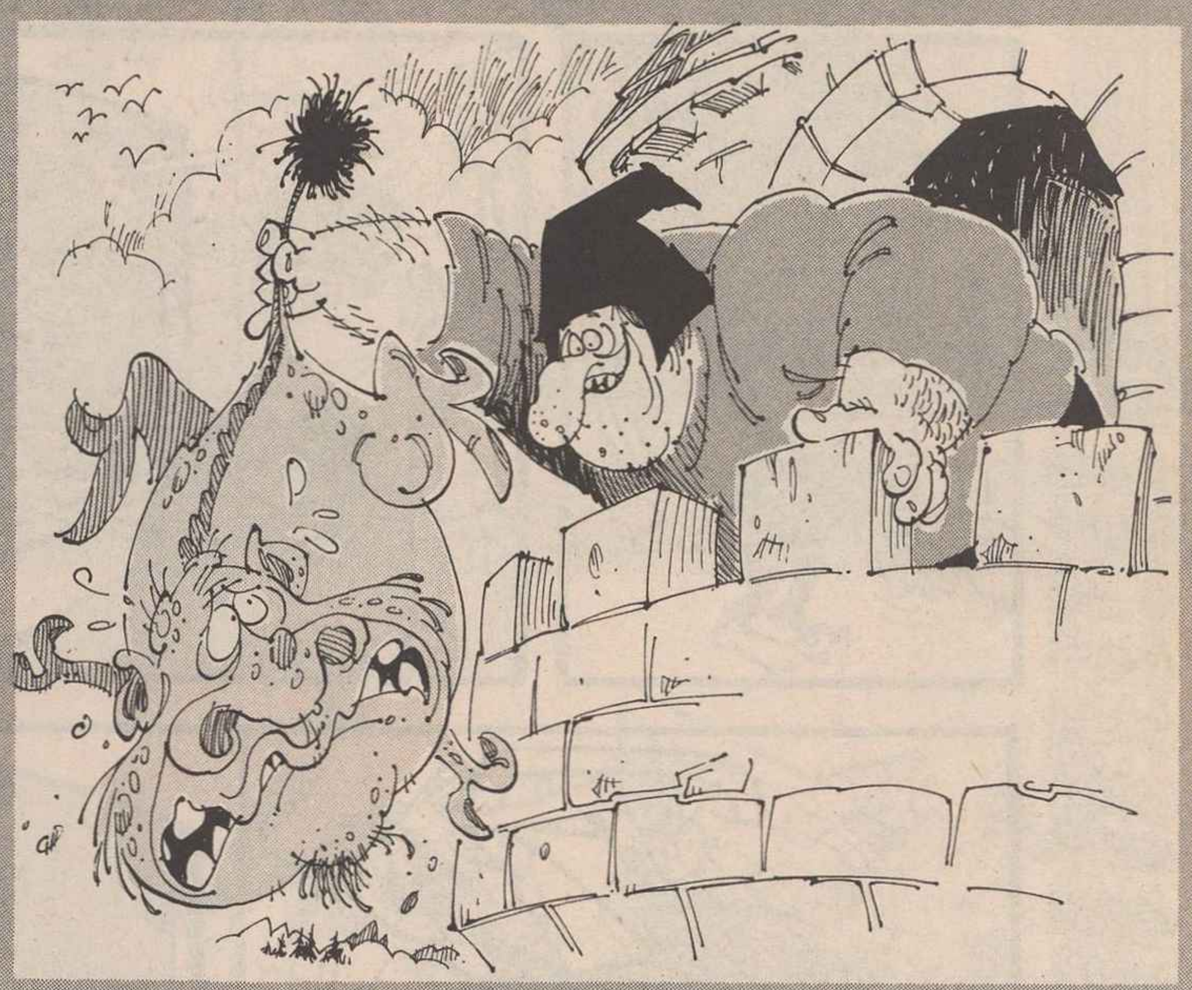


Copping A PLEA

Beating A RAP

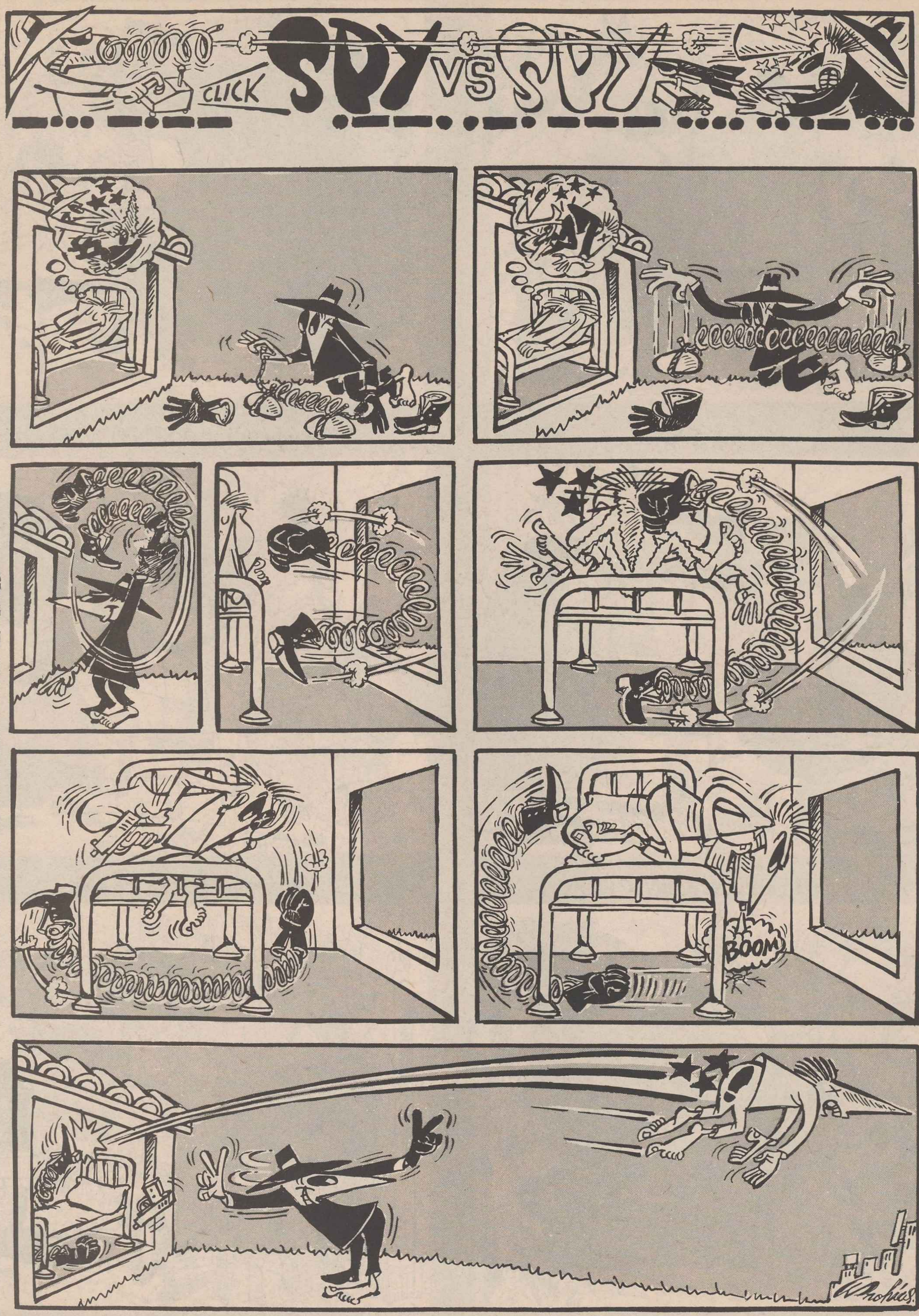


Suspending A SENTENCE



Overturning A CONVICTION

Serving A STIFF TERM

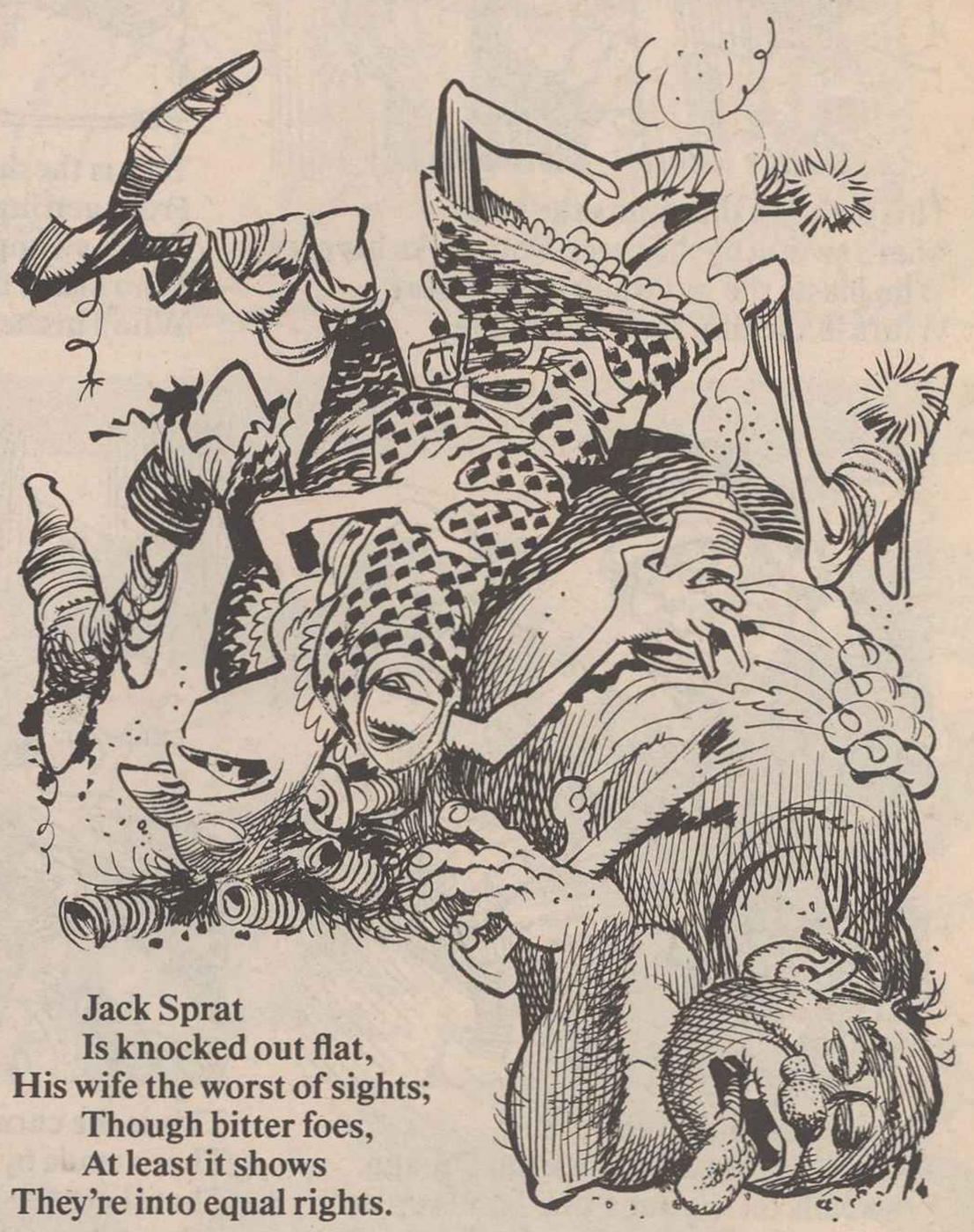

CLICK
SPY VS SPY
BOOM!

It's an ugly world out there, what with wars and terrorists and muggers and all the rest. And it's time we prepared the kiddies by giving them the message as early as possible. Well, what better way to introduce them to the hard realities of life, than with Mad's...

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

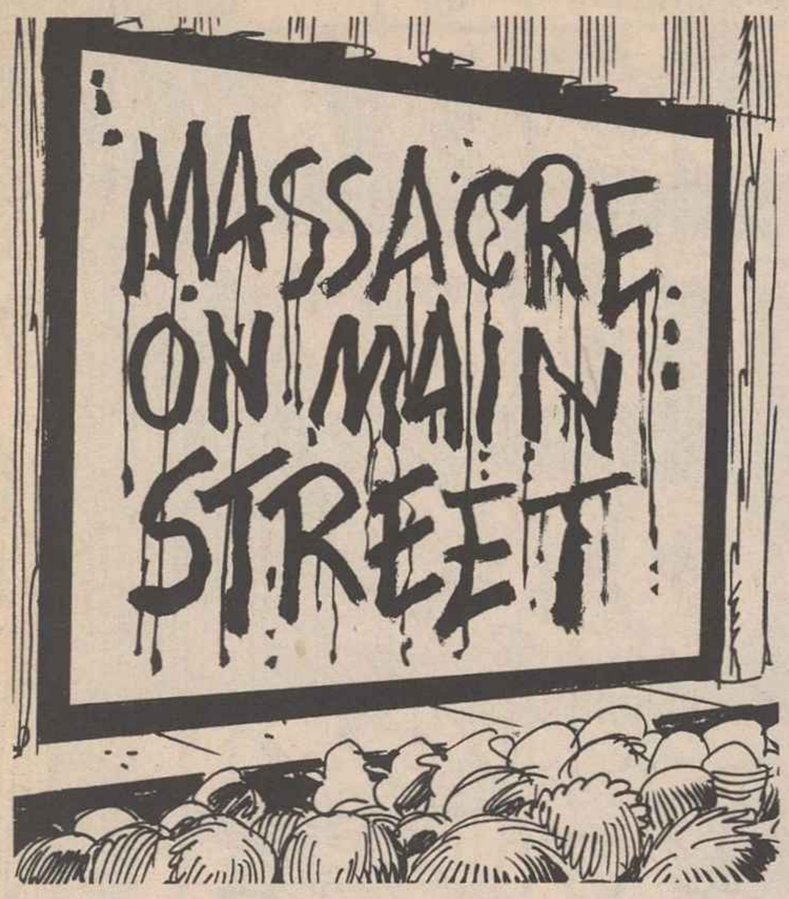
JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat
Can swing his bat;
His wife can spray her mace;
He'll smack her hard
When she's off-guard;
She'll spritz him in the face.



Jack Sprat
Is knocked out flat,
His wife the worst of sights;
Though bitter foes,
At least it shows
They're into equal rights.

THIS IS THE FILM THAT JACK MADE



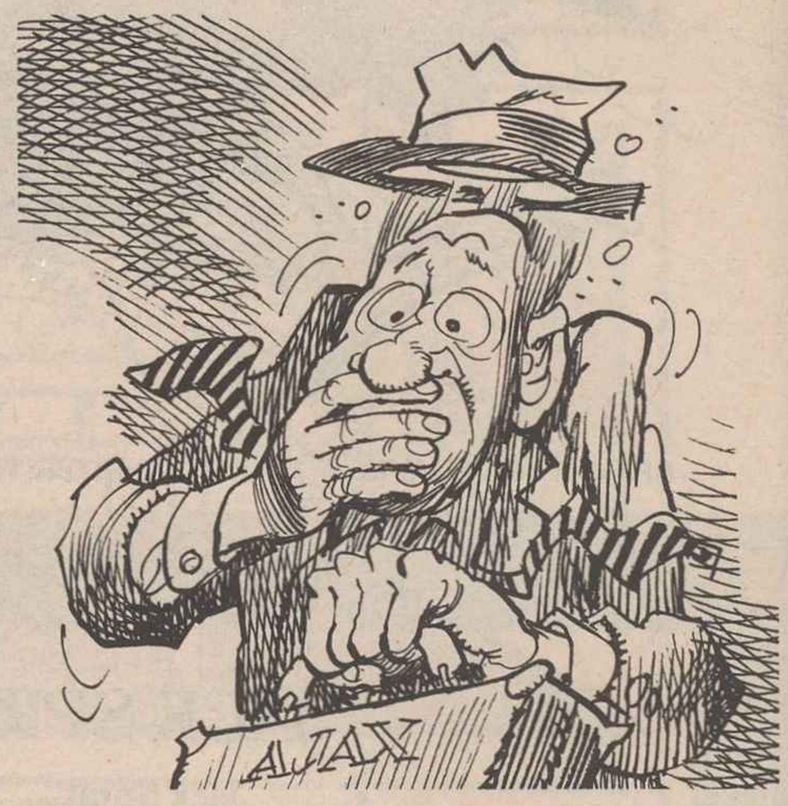
This is the film that Jack made.

This is the girl who's blown away
who's in the film that Jack made.

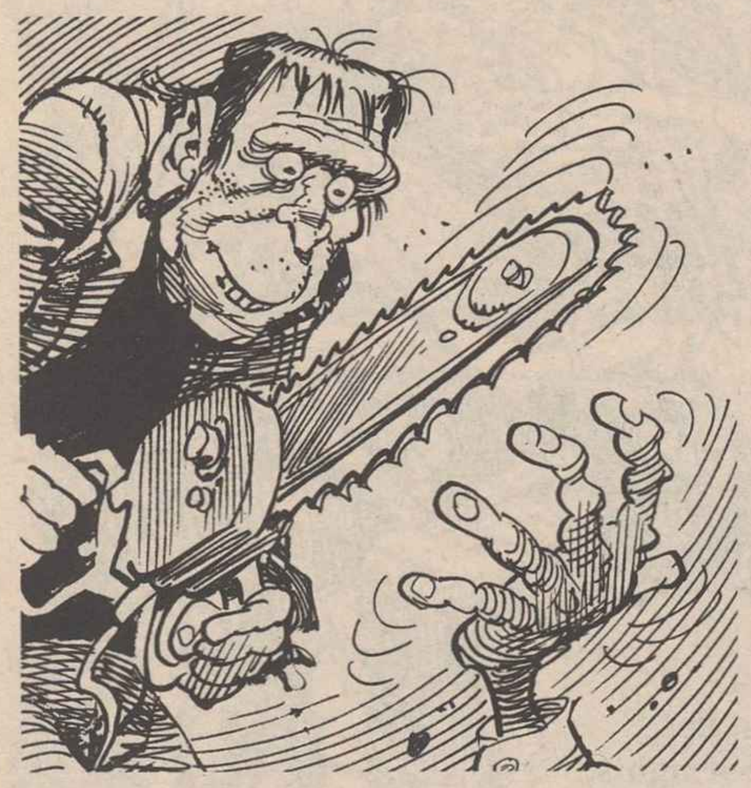
This is the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.

This is the ax that splits the head
That's swung by the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.

This is the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.

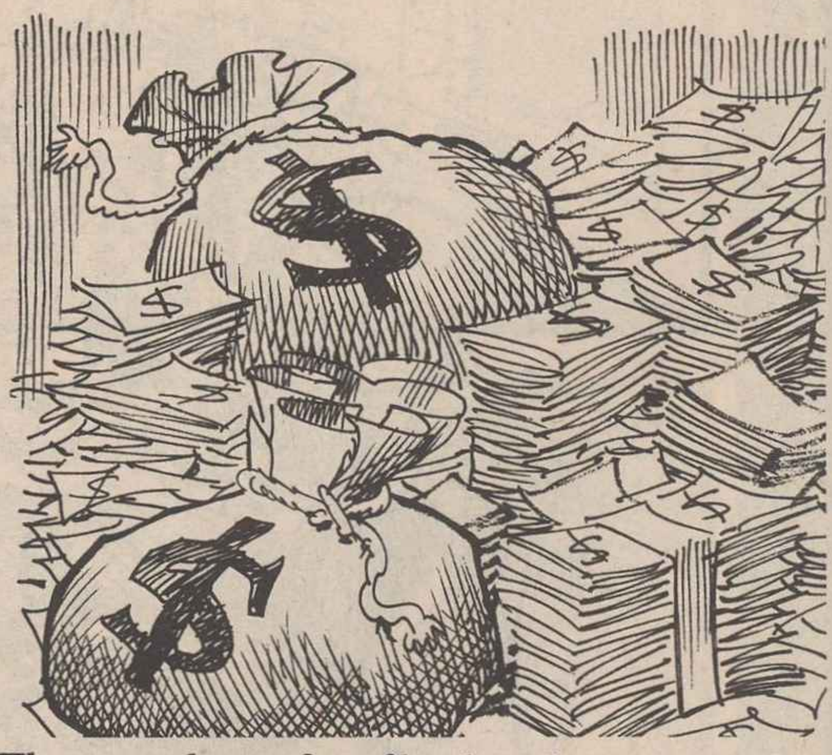


This is the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who blasts the
girl who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who blasts the
girl who's in the film that Jack made.

This is the carnage of blood and gore
That's made by the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who gets the ax
that's swung by the creep who blasts
the girl who's in the film that Jack made.

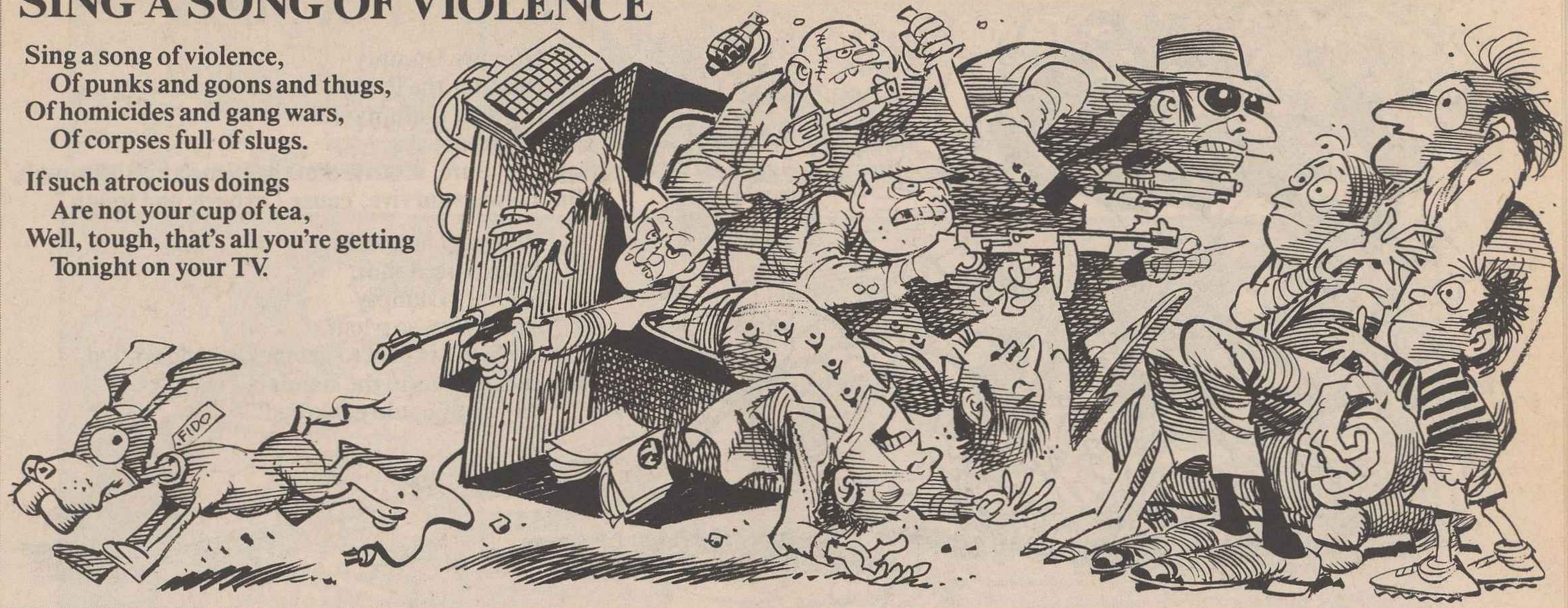


These are the profits of bucks galore
That come from the carnage of blood and gore
That's made by the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who follows the dude who gets the ax
that's swung by the creep who blasts
the girl who's in the film that Jack made.

SING A SONG OF VIOLENCE

Sing a song of violence,
Of punks and goons and thugs,
Of homicides and gang wars,
Of corpses full of slugs.

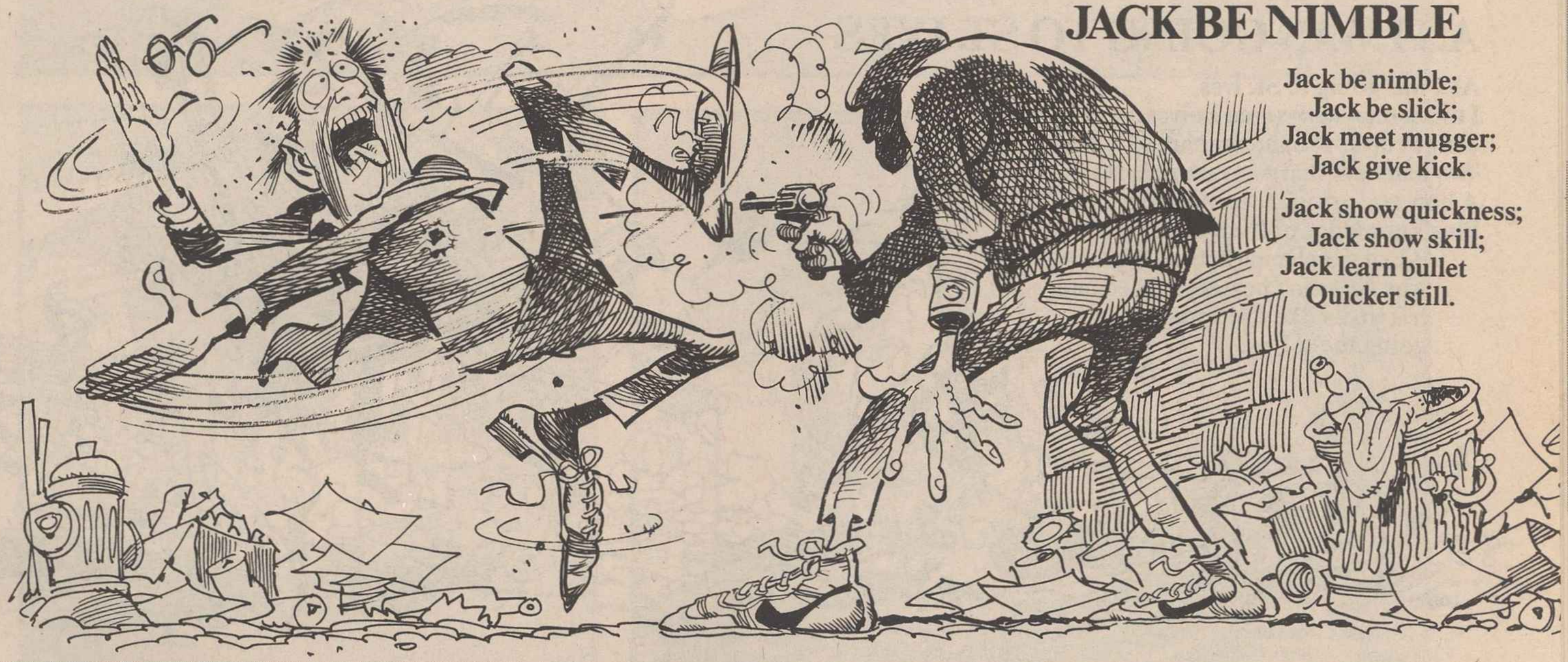
If such atrocious doings
Are not your cup of tea,
Well, tough, that's all you're getting
Tonight on your TV.



JACK BE NIMBLE

Jack be nimble;
Jack be slick;
Jack meet mugger;
Jack give kick.

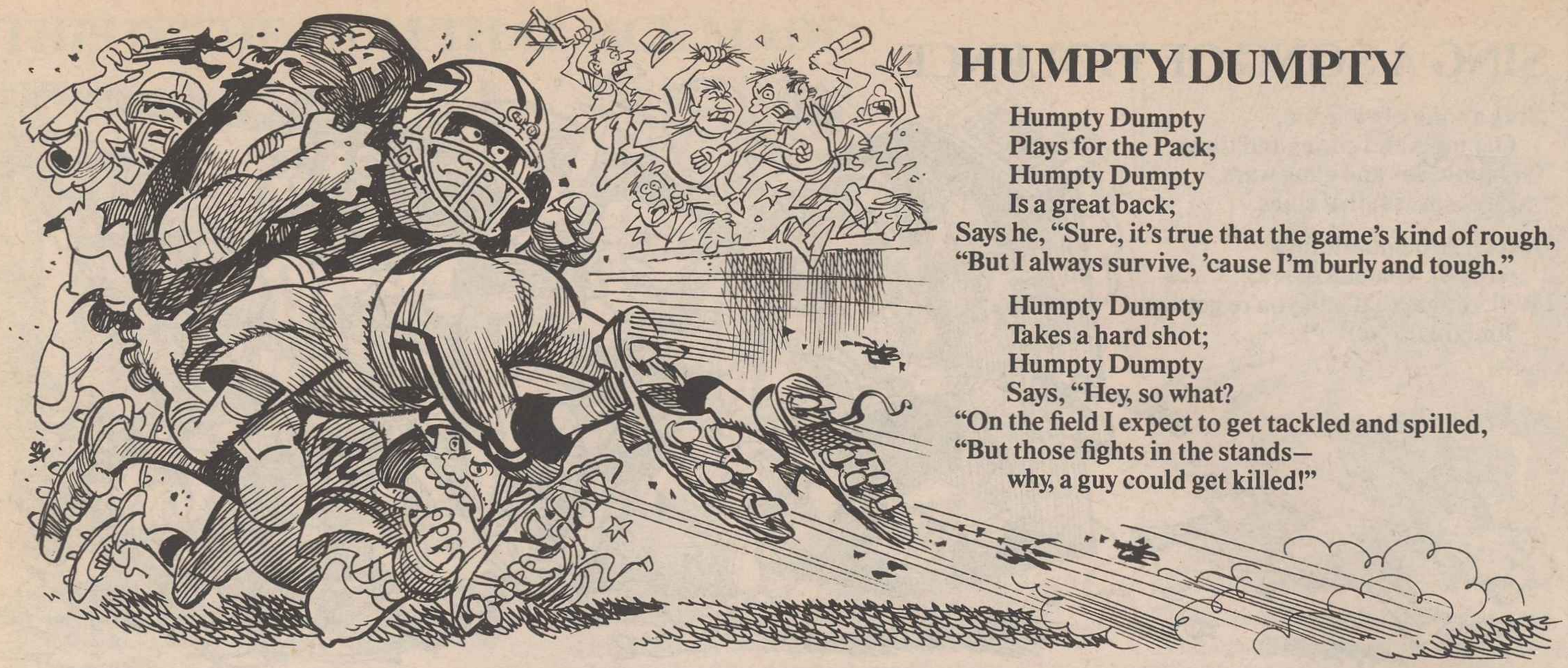
Jack show quickness;
Jack show skill;
Jack learn bullet
Quicker still.



OMAR HAD A LITTLE BOMB

Omar had a little bomb;
He found it filled a need
For getting rid of all those folks
With whom he disagreed.

Omar let his bomb go off
Without the proper care;
And now we're finding little bits
Of Omar ev'rywhere.



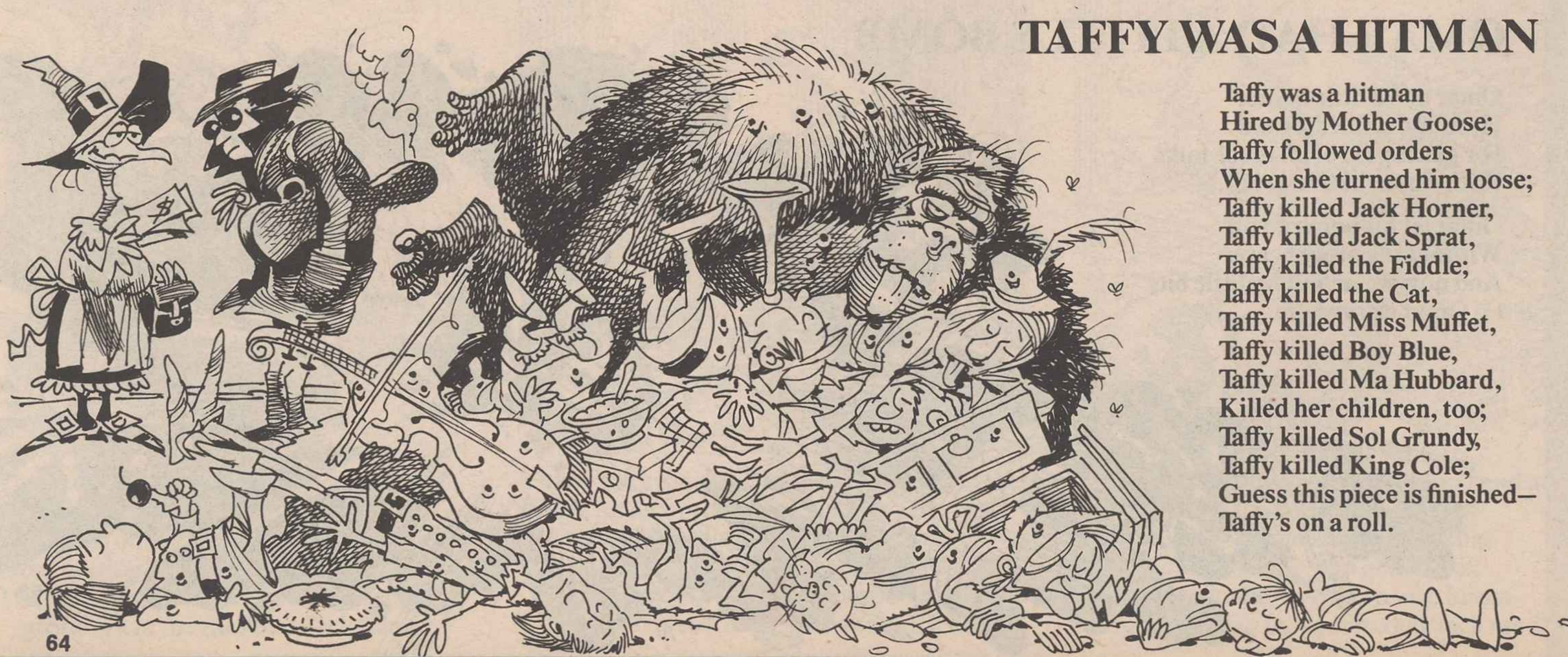
HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty
Plays for the Pack;
Humpty Dumpty
Is a great back;
Says he, "Sure, it's true that the game's kind of rough,
"But I always survive, 'cause I'm burly and tough."

Humpty Dumpty
Takes a hard shot;
Humpty Dumpty
Says, "Hey, so what?
"On the field I expect to get tackled and spilled,
"But those fights in the stands—
why, a guy could get killed!"

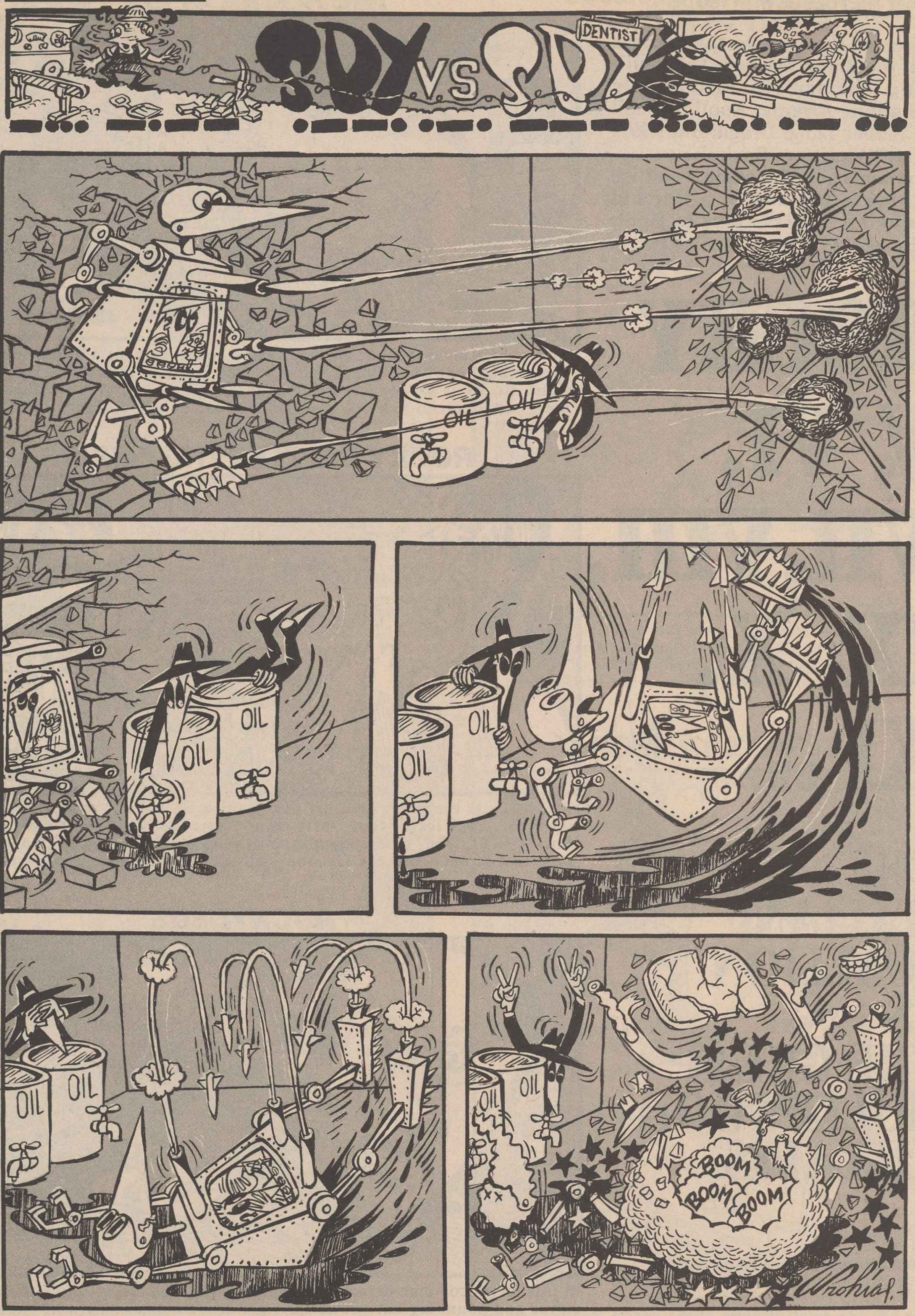
AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES

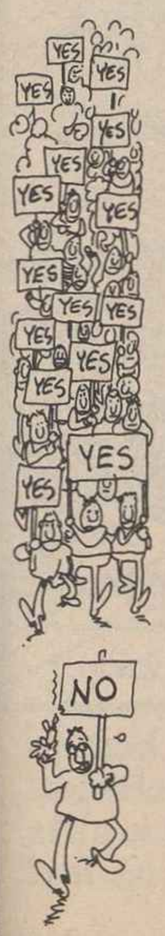
As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven knives,
Three rifles, 14 hand grenades,
Two hatchets sharp as razor blades,
A bow and arrow, poison darts,
Plus knowledge of the martial arts;
All of which may help to explain
why *he* wasn't beaten, robbed and
left to die like *I* was while
going to St. Ives.



TAFFY WAS A HITMAN

Taffy was a hitman
Hired by Mother Goose;
Taffy followed orders
When she turned him loose;
Taffy killed Jack Horner,
Taffy killed Jack Sprat,
Taffy killed the Fiddle;
Taffy killed the Cat,
Taffy killed Miss Muffet,
Taffy killed Boy Blue,
Taffy killed Ma Hubbard,
Killed her children, too;
Taffy killed Sol Grundy,
Taffy killed King Cole;
Guess this piece is finished—
Taffy's on a roll.


SPY vs SPY
DENTIST
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM


YES
NO

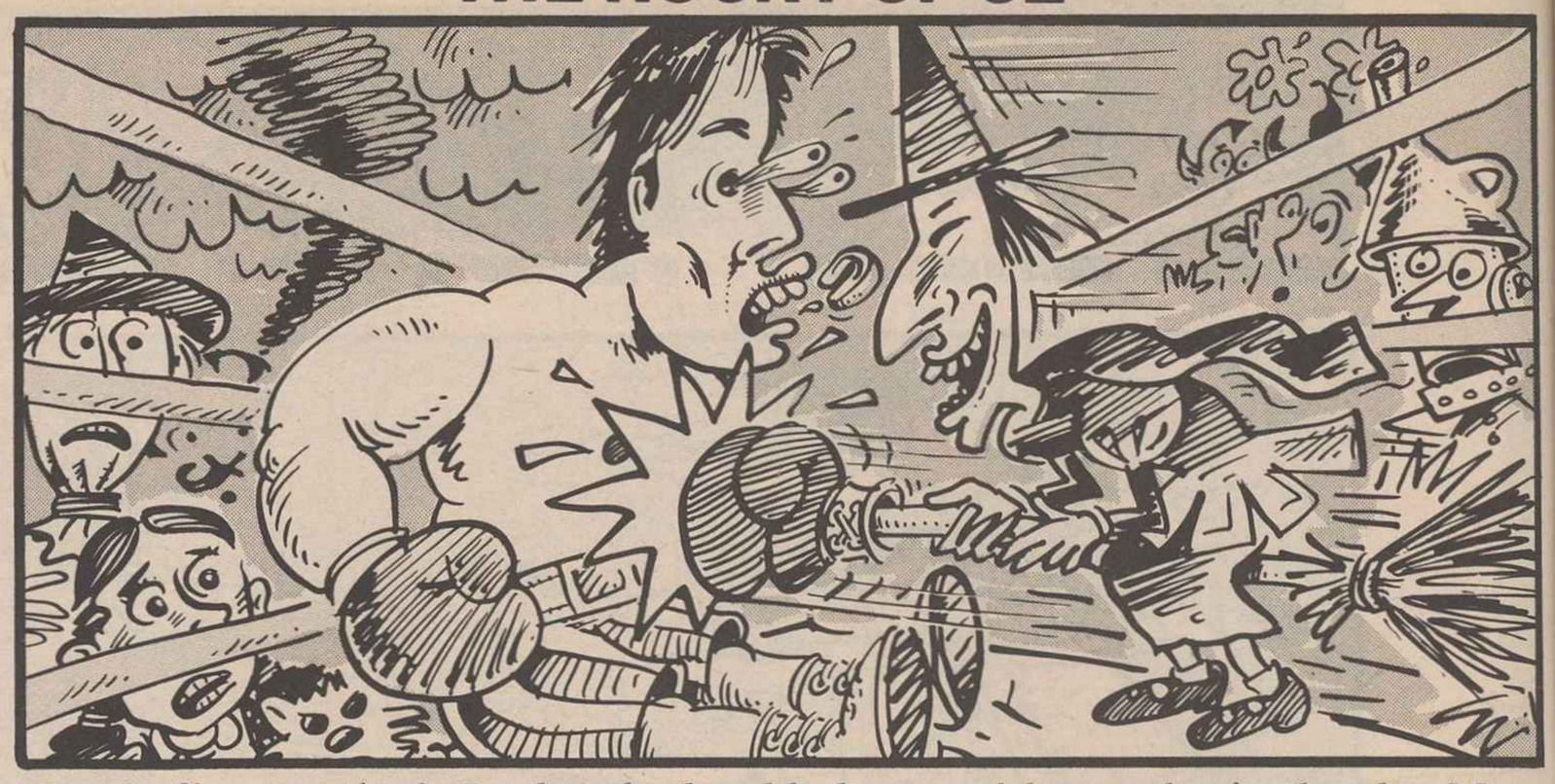
MAY THE FOES BE WITH YOU DEPT.

One of the keys to the success of the Rocky series is the thrilling, charismatic villains Sly Stallone invents: Apollo Creed! Clubber Lang! Drago! But who's left? Where are Rocky's next opponents going to come from? We think Sly plans to pilfer old movies for Bad Guys to fight. Here are the scenerios for...

ROCKY V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI OR, THE ITALIAN SCALLION VS THE GREAT HOLLYWOOD VILLAINS

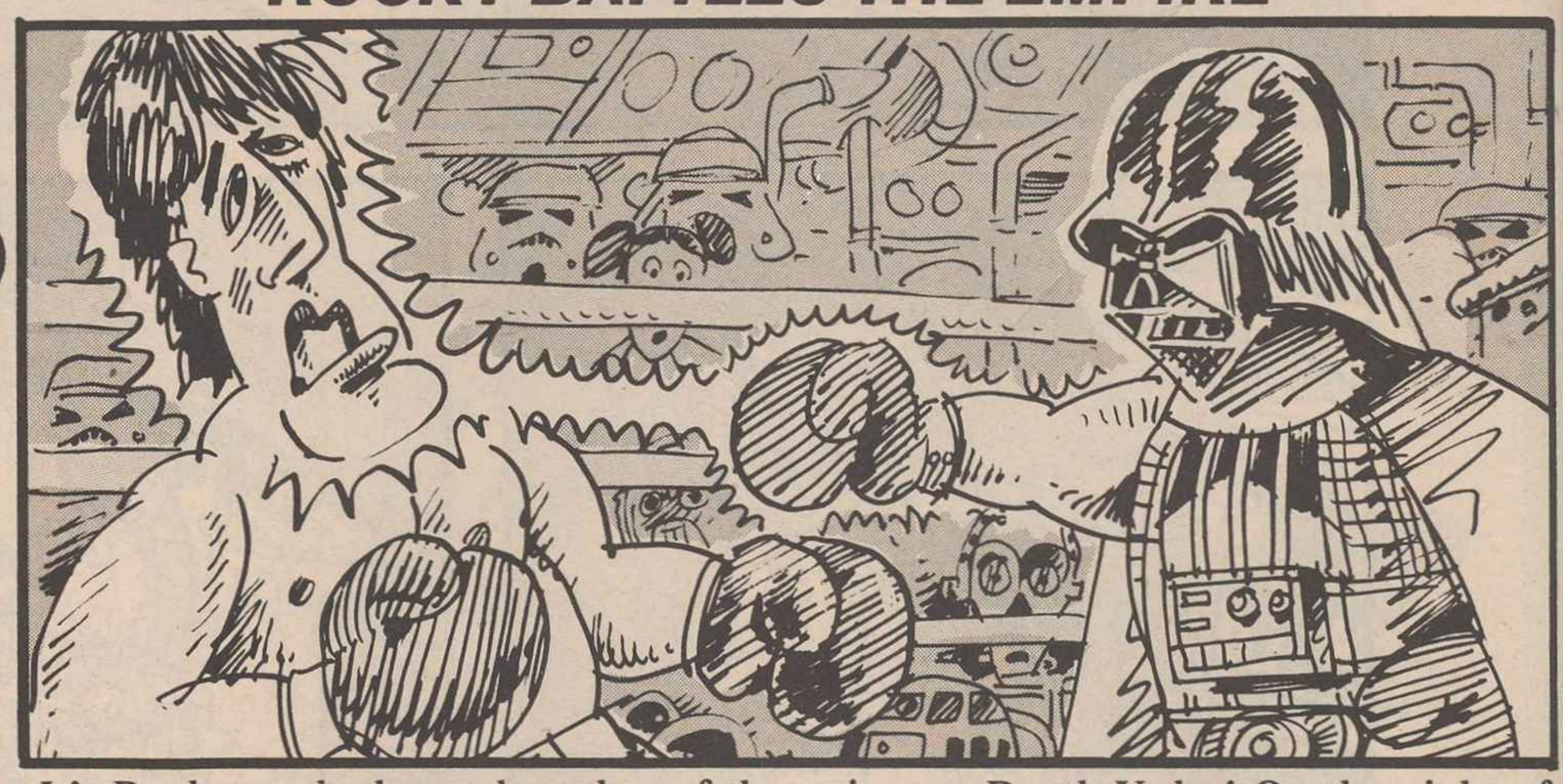
ARTIST AND WRITER: TOM HACHTMAN

THE ROCKY OF OZ



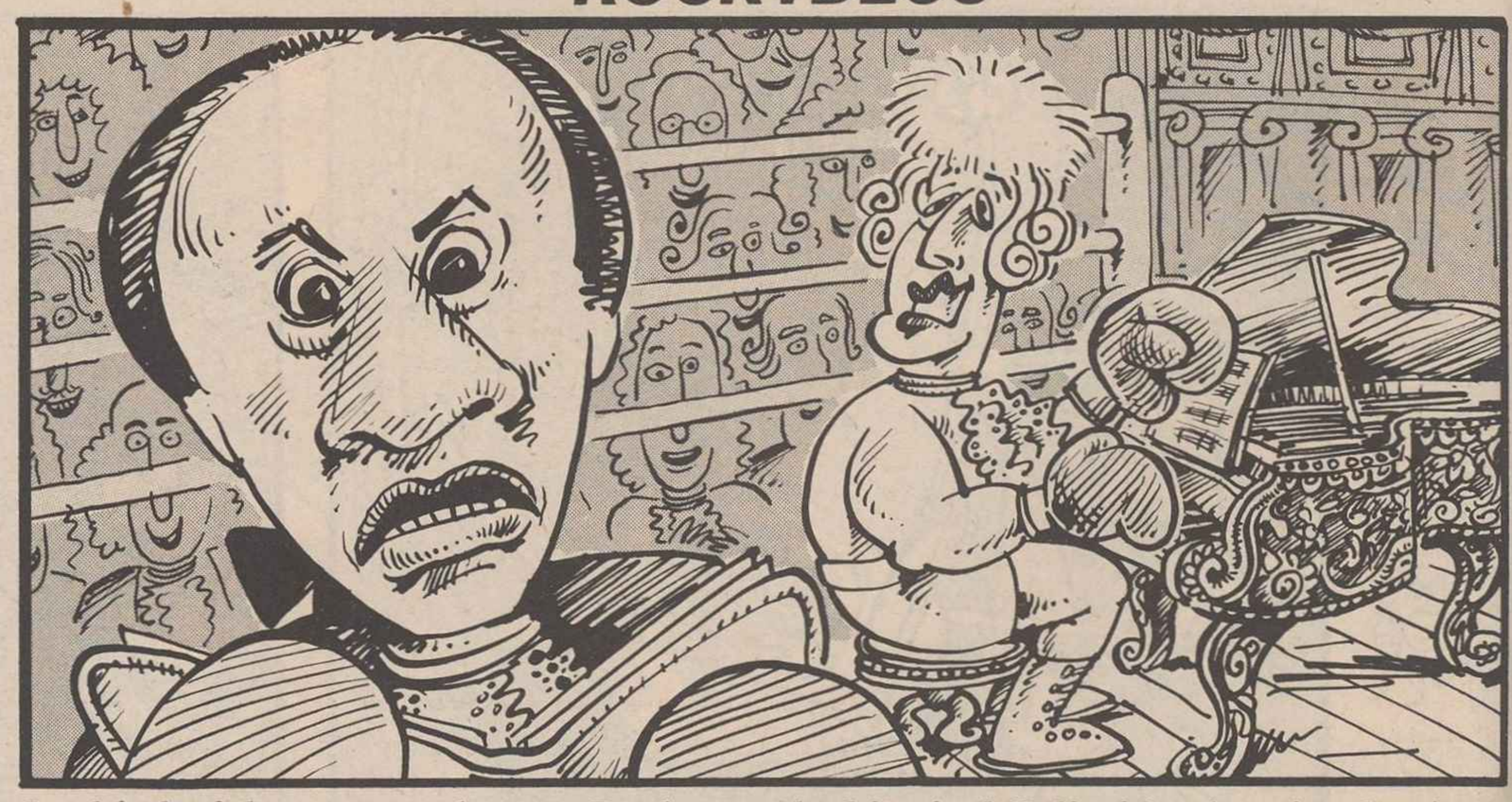
In his first musical, Rocky, the lovable boxer without a brain, battles Margaret Hamilton, The Wicked Witch of The West! In the closing seconds of the fight, Rocky is saved from being counted out when a giant tornado picks up the Champ, carries him over the rainbow, and dumps him back in South Philly!

ROCKY BATTLES THE EMPIRE



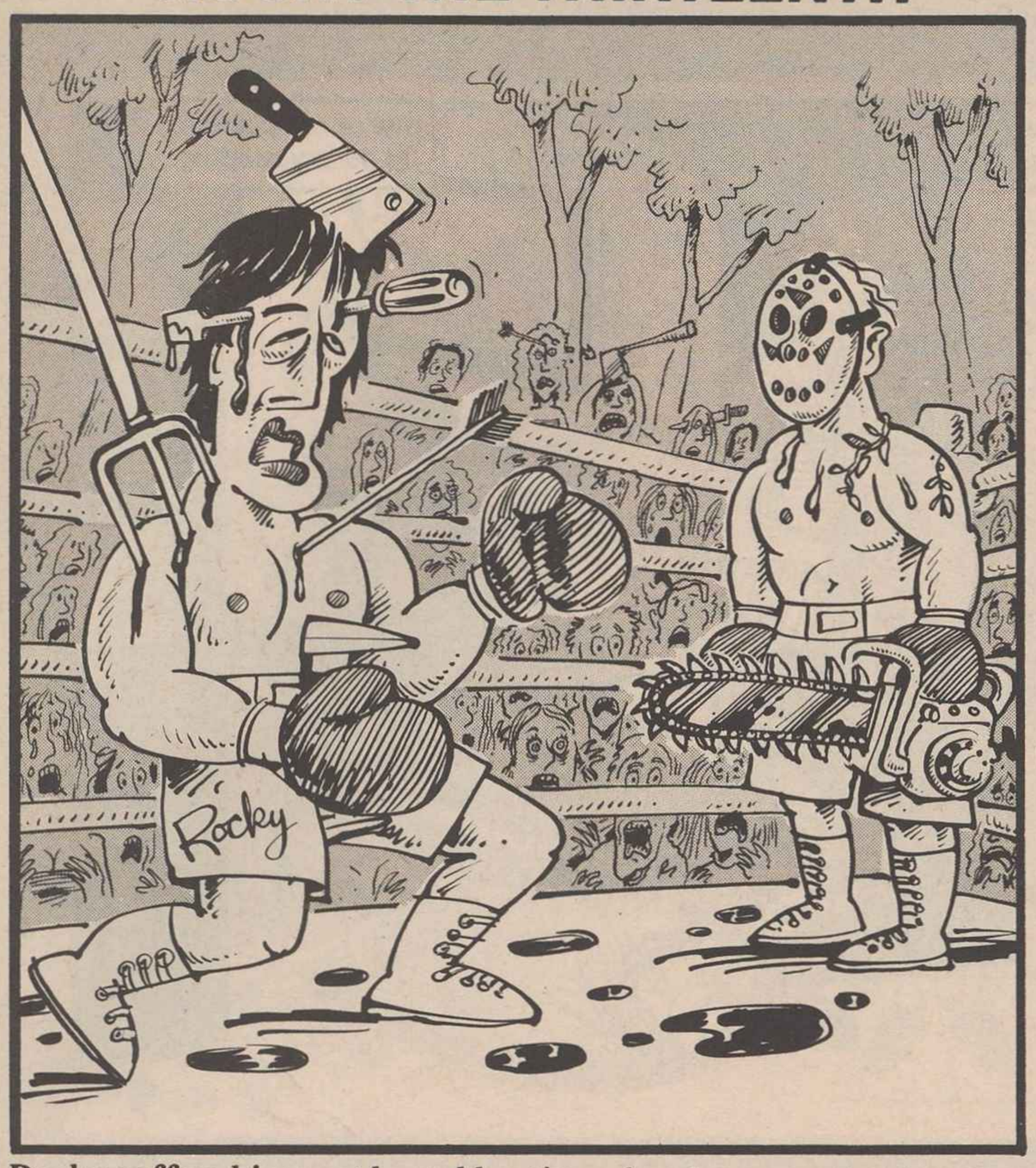
It's Rocky vs the heavy breather of the universe, Darth Vader! On the night of the fight, Rock learns that Darth (aka "Lazer Fists") is really Don King! Can Rocky call on "The Force" in time to save the Boxing Federation? Is Don King Rock's long lost father? May the fists be with you in this battle of slow wit vs evil!

ROCKYDEUS



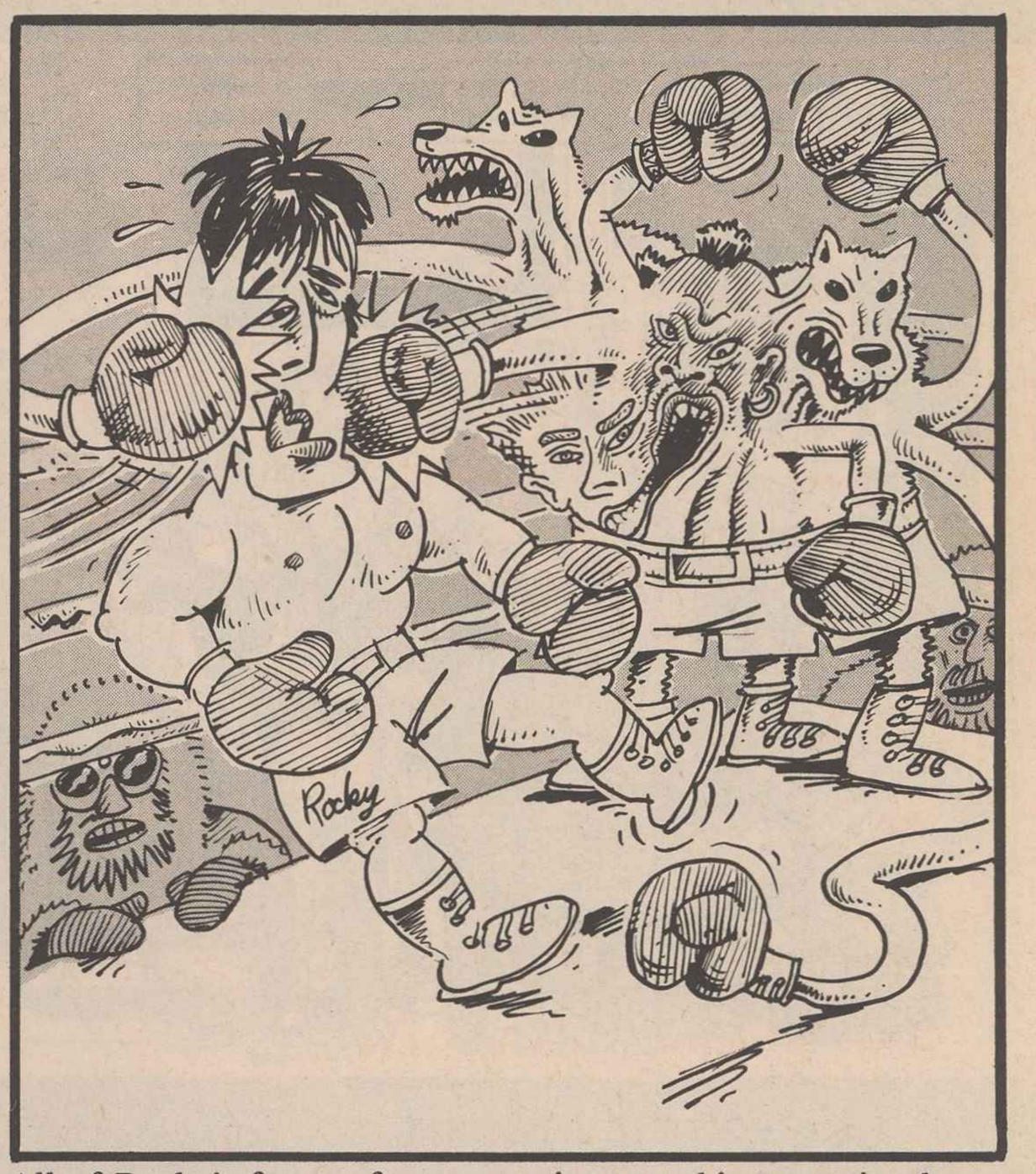
In this lavish costume drama, Rocky mocks his rival Salieri by donning boxing gloves and pounding out one of the poor man's bland melodies on the clavier. Salieri beseeches God, "Why did you choose this moronic brute for such gifts and not me?!" This is the cultural Rocky film the critics have been asking for!

ROCKY THE THIRTEENTH



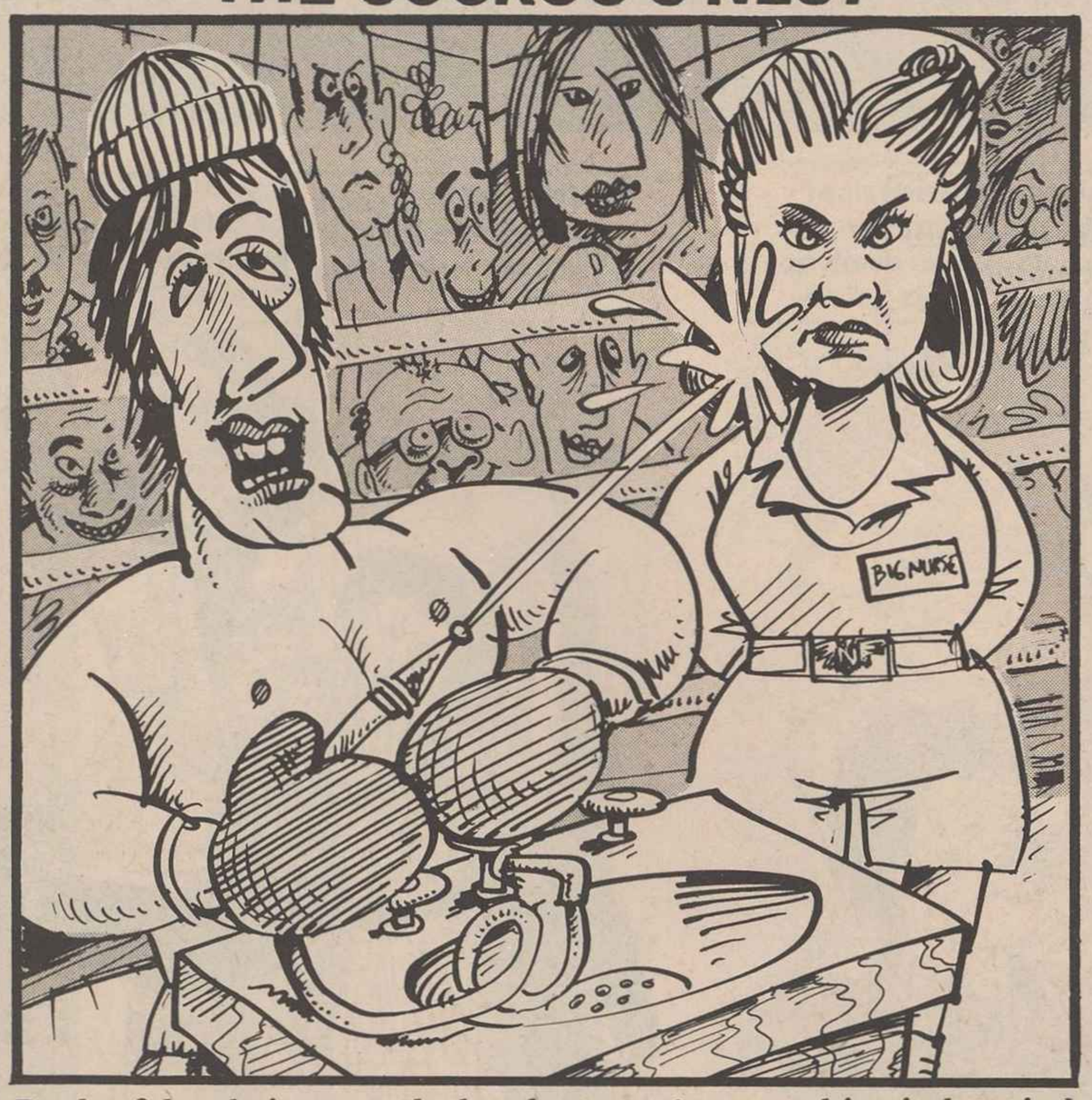
Rocky suffers his most brutal beating when he meets the summer camp champ, Jason, "The Mutilator"! Will this battle of the sequels really be "The Final Chapter"?? A blood lover's delight!

JOHN CARPENTER'S THE THING IN THE RING



All of Rocky's former foes merge into one big, mutating lump and return for a rematch. If Rock isn't careful this slithering "Thing" will mimic his cellular structure and Rocky movies will never be the same—or just possibly more alike than ever!

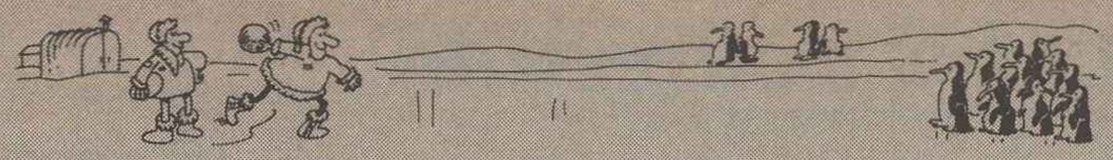
ROCKY FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

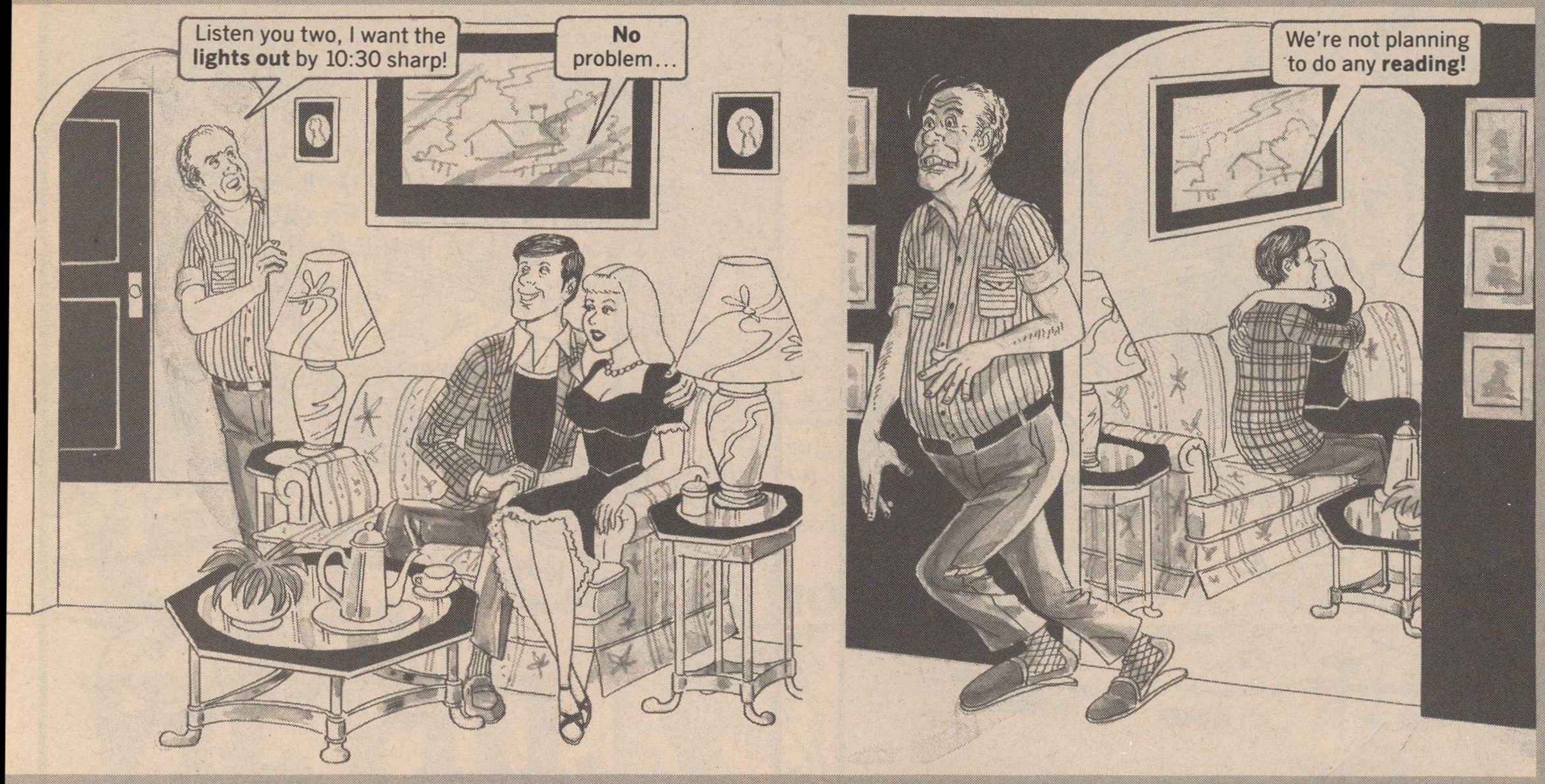


Rocky fakes being punch-drunk to get into psychiatric hospital for a rest. But once in, he faces his meanest opponent yet—Nurse Cratchett! In round one, Big Nurse gives Rock a dose of medication! In round four, she zaps him with electro-shock! In round 10, she hits him with a frontal lobotomy! Will any of this punishment have a noticeable effect on the Champ??

ROCKY DEAREST

Faye Dunaway is charming as Joan Crawford—until the blood starts to spill! The minute one itsy bitsy drop soils the spotless canvas, Rocky finds himself down for the count—scrubbing the mat! As the referee cries, "NO WIRE HANGERS!" a dazed Rocky wonders if this could be his last tangle!



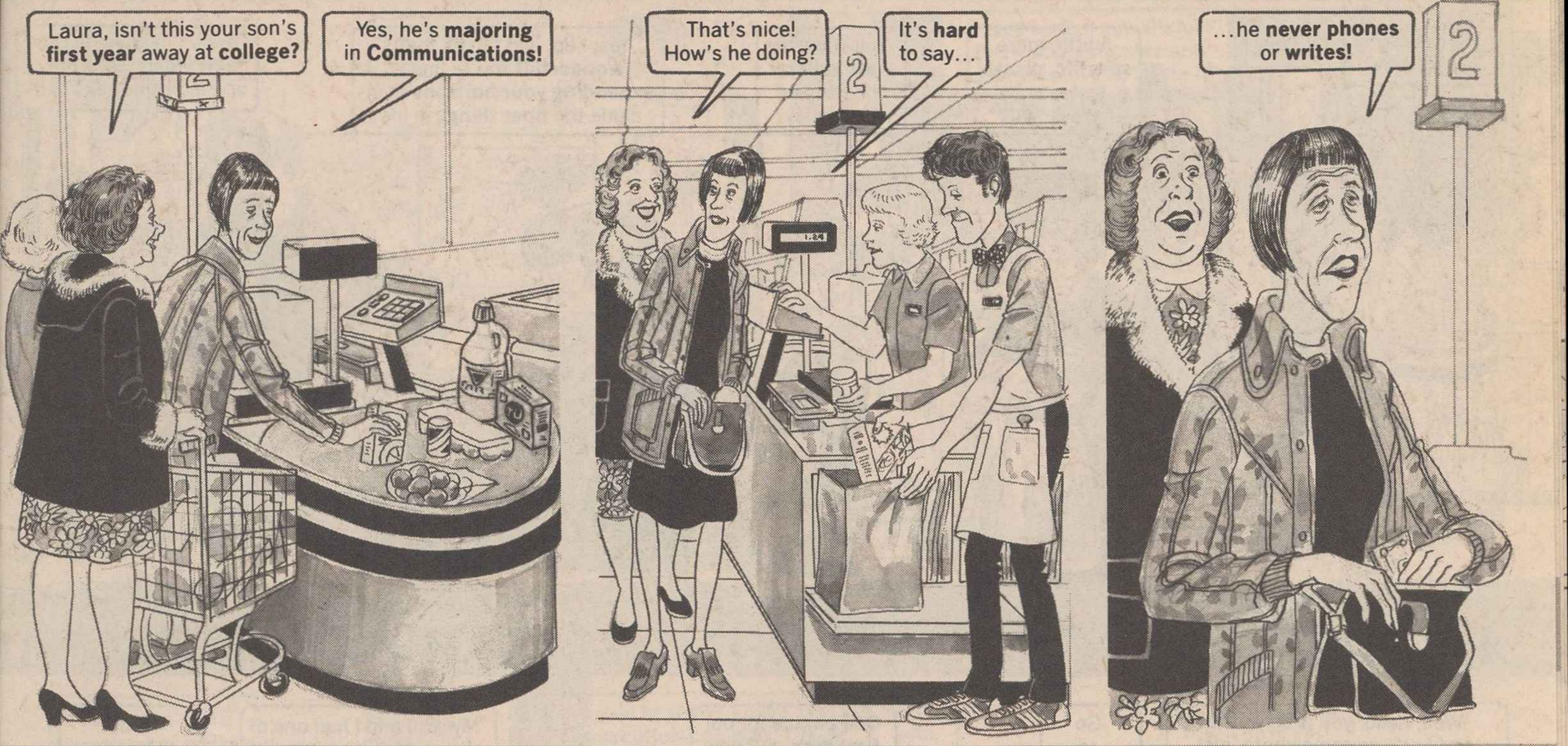


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

KNOWLEDGE

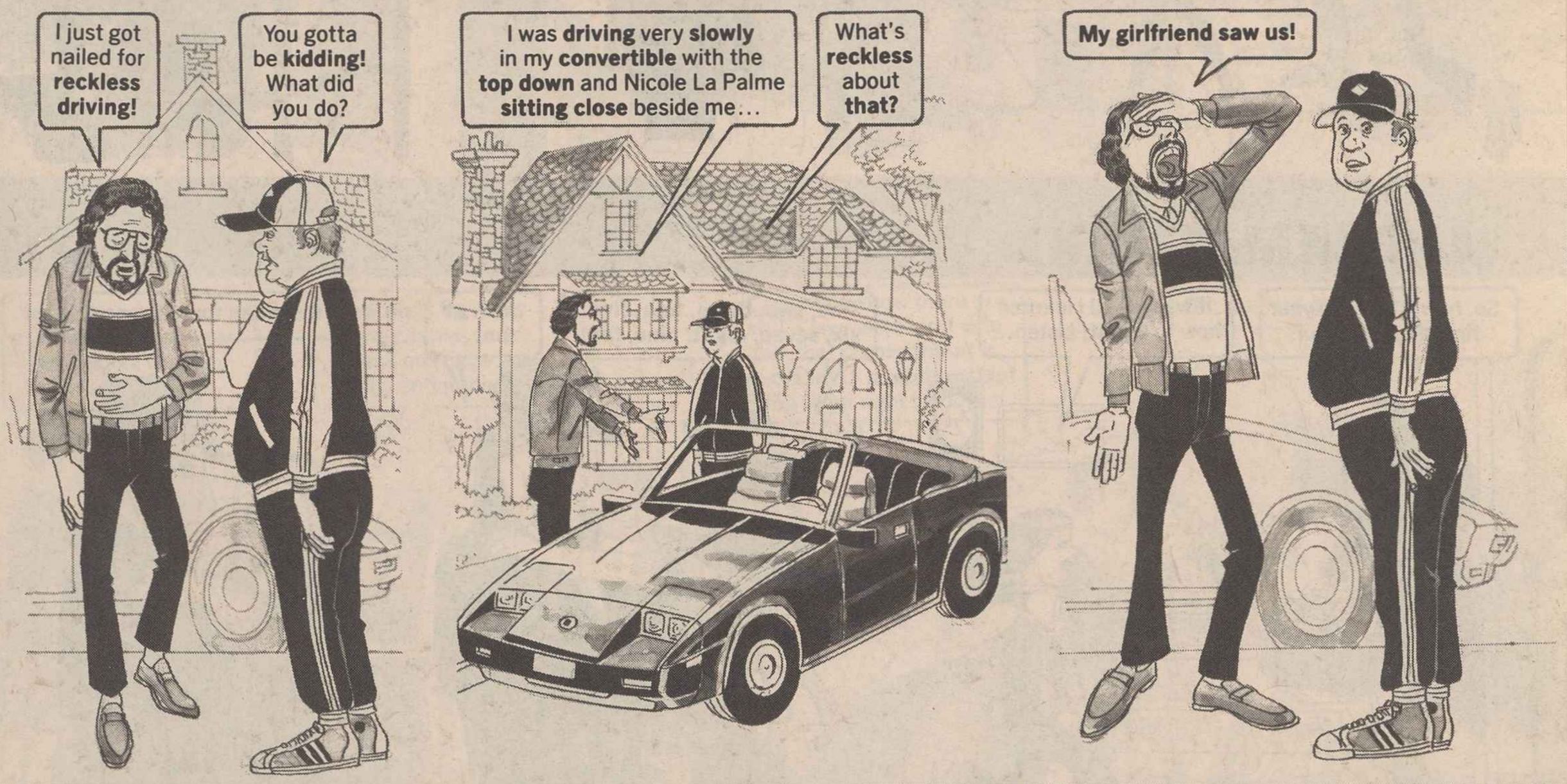
COLLEGE



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

GETTING CAUGHT

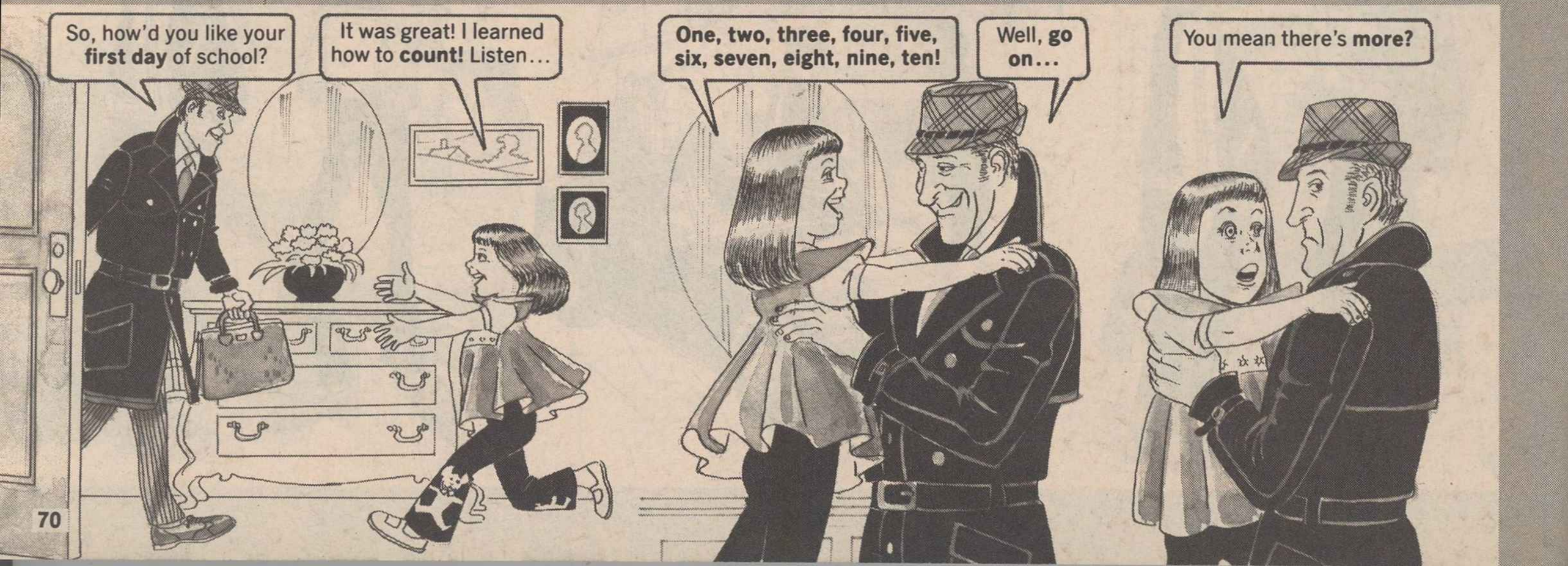


CULTURE

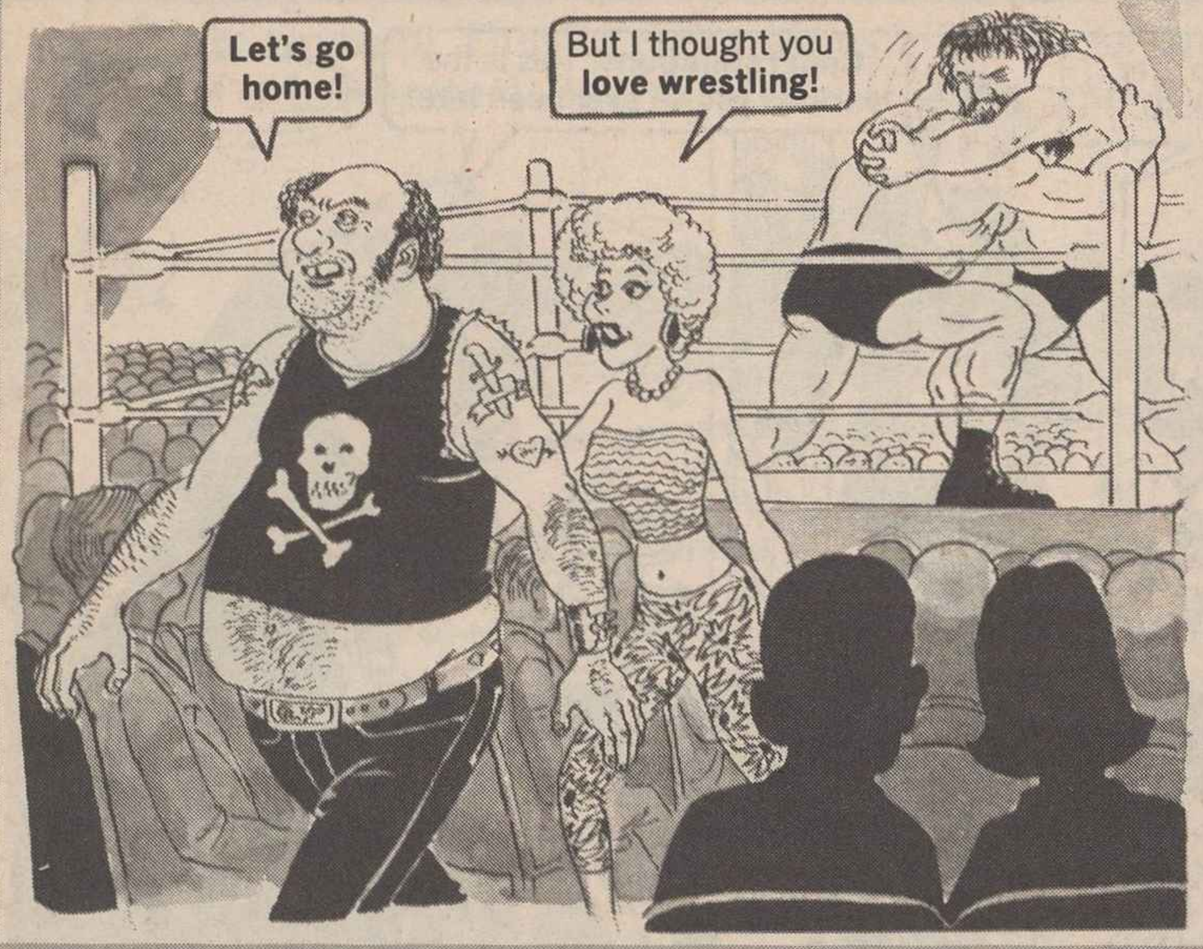
PICKUPS

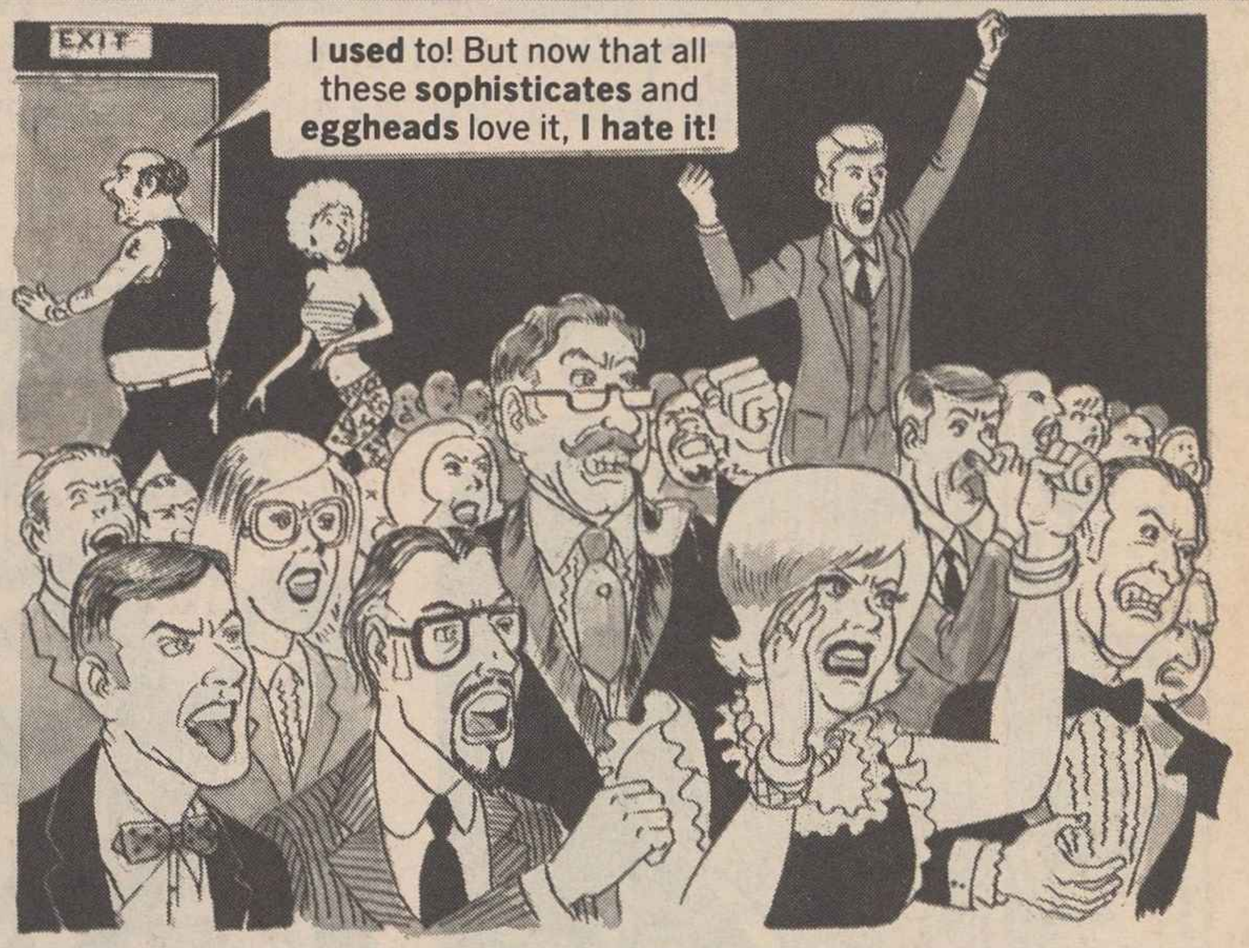
ARGUMENTS

MATHEMATICS

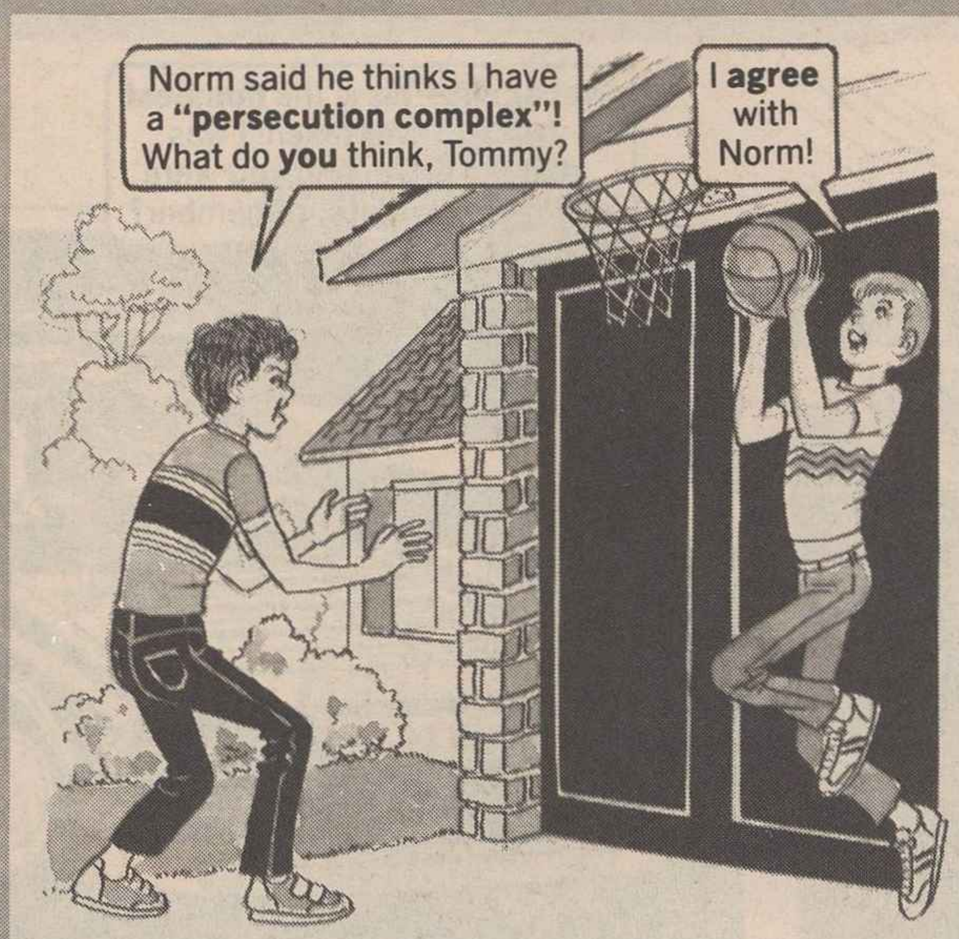


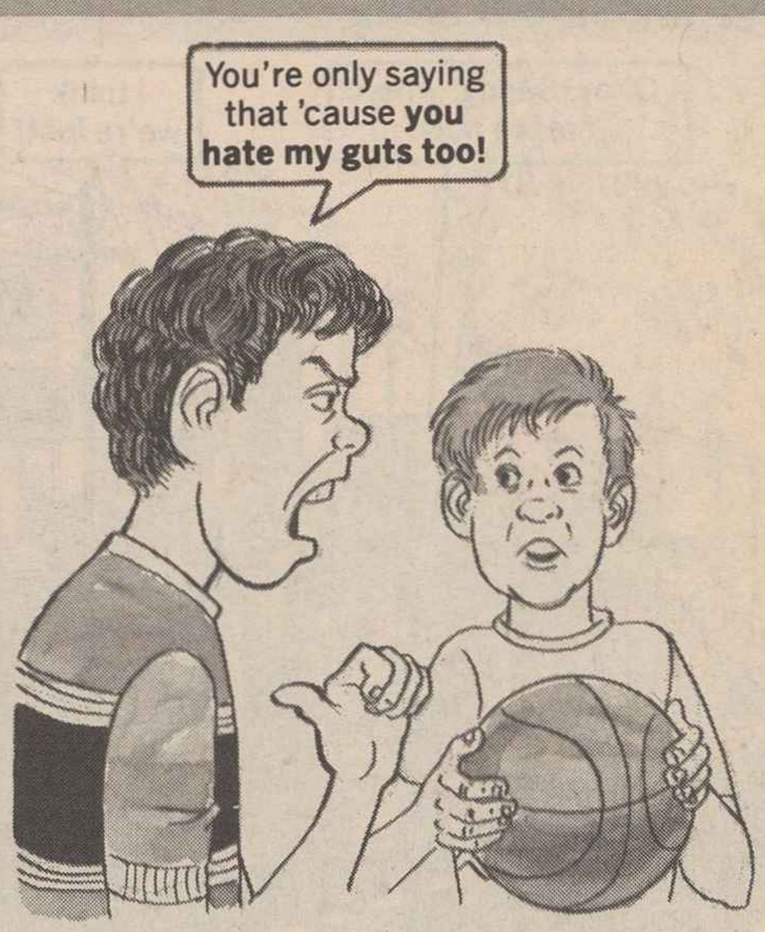
WRESTLING





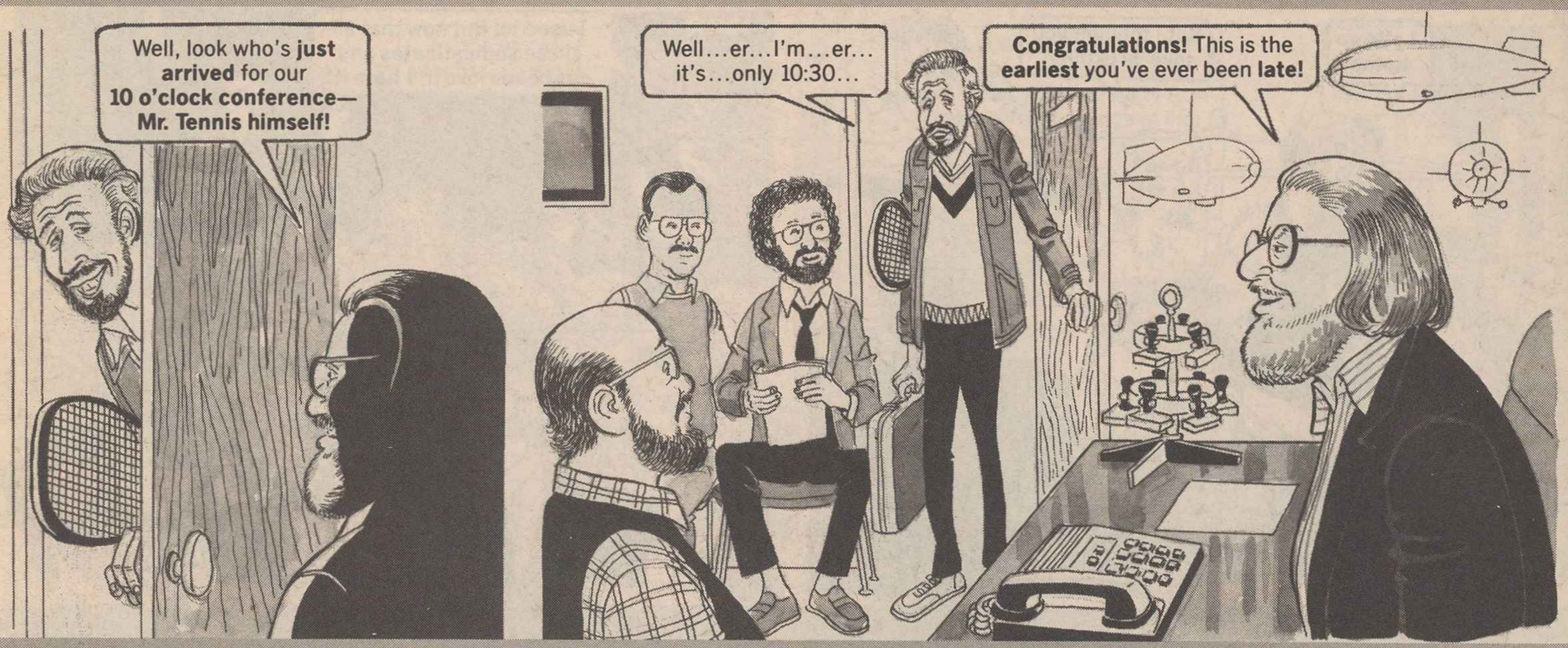
PSYCHOLOGY



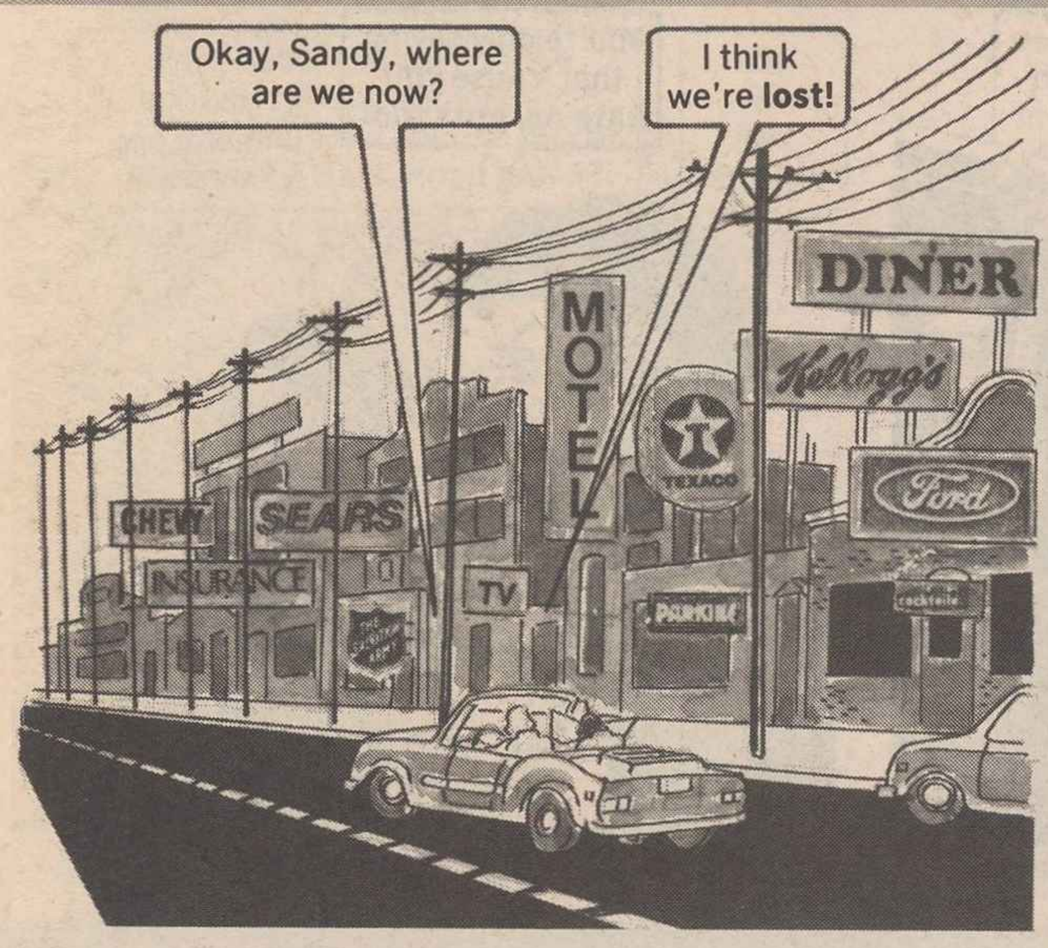


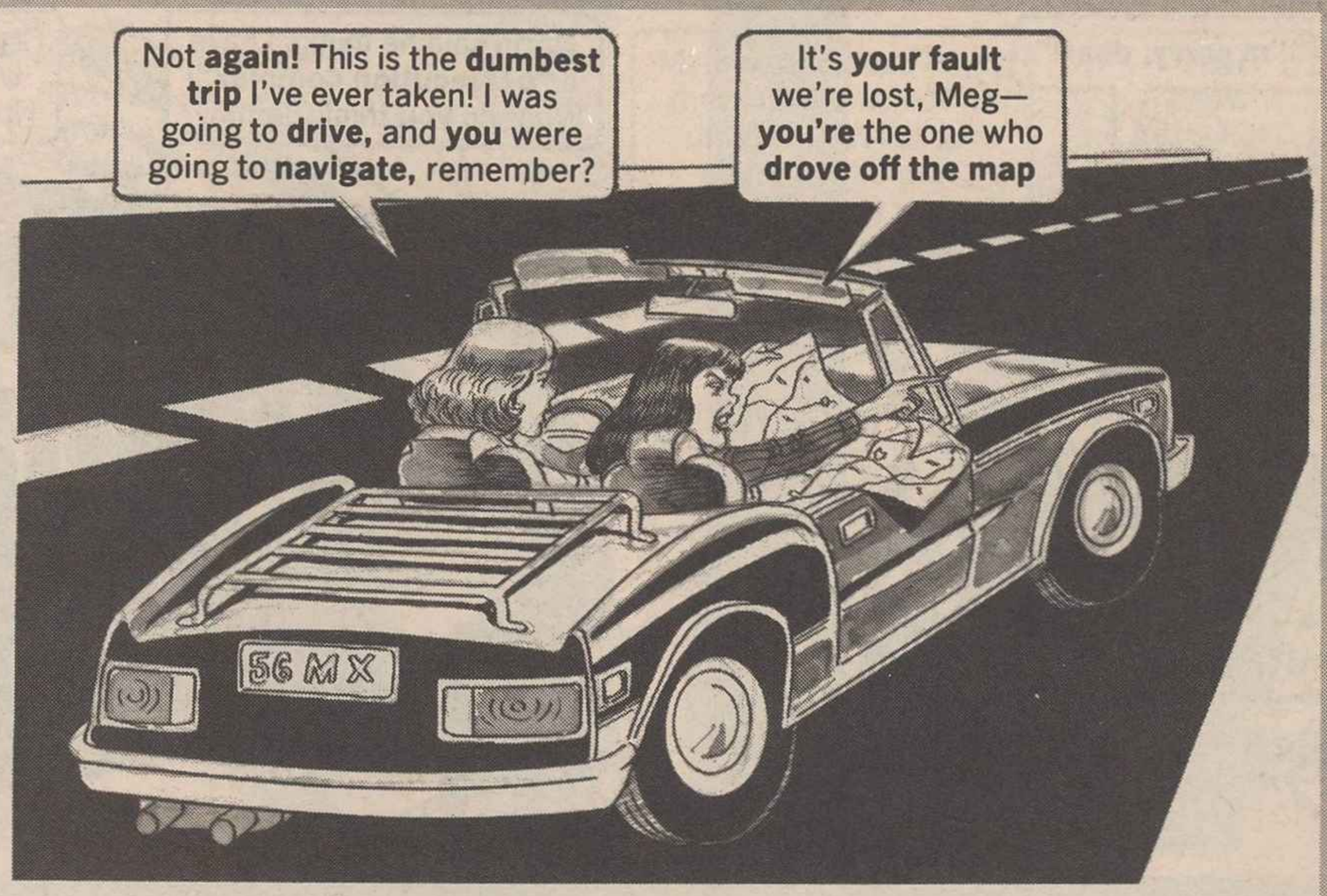
MARRIAGE

BEING ON TIME

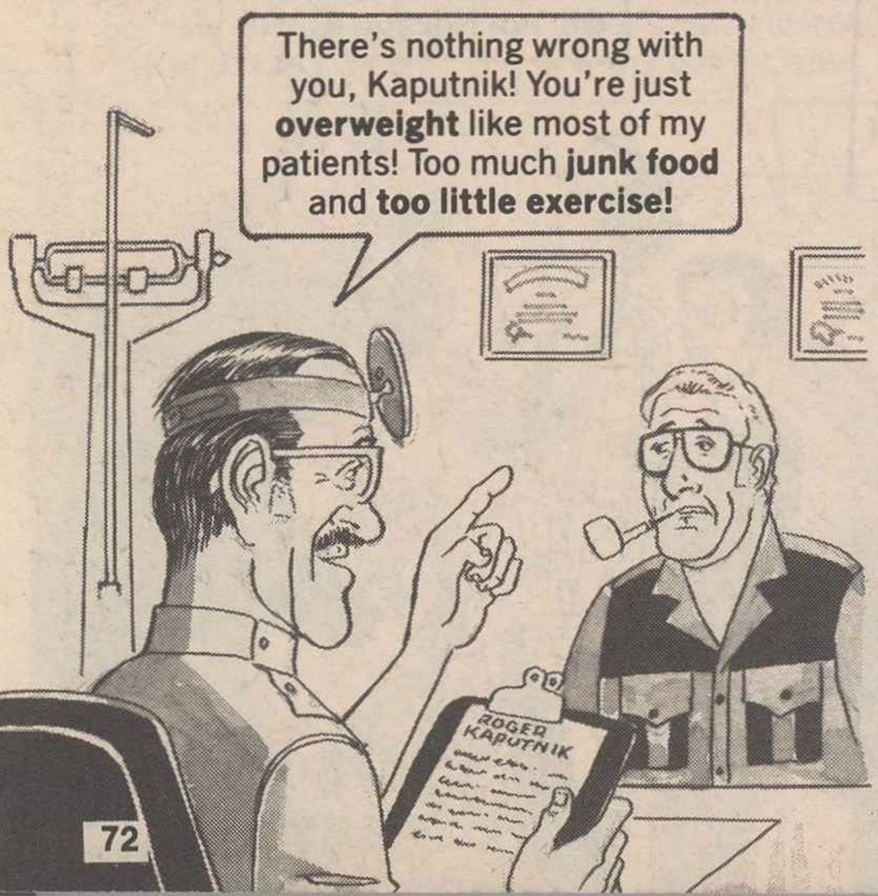


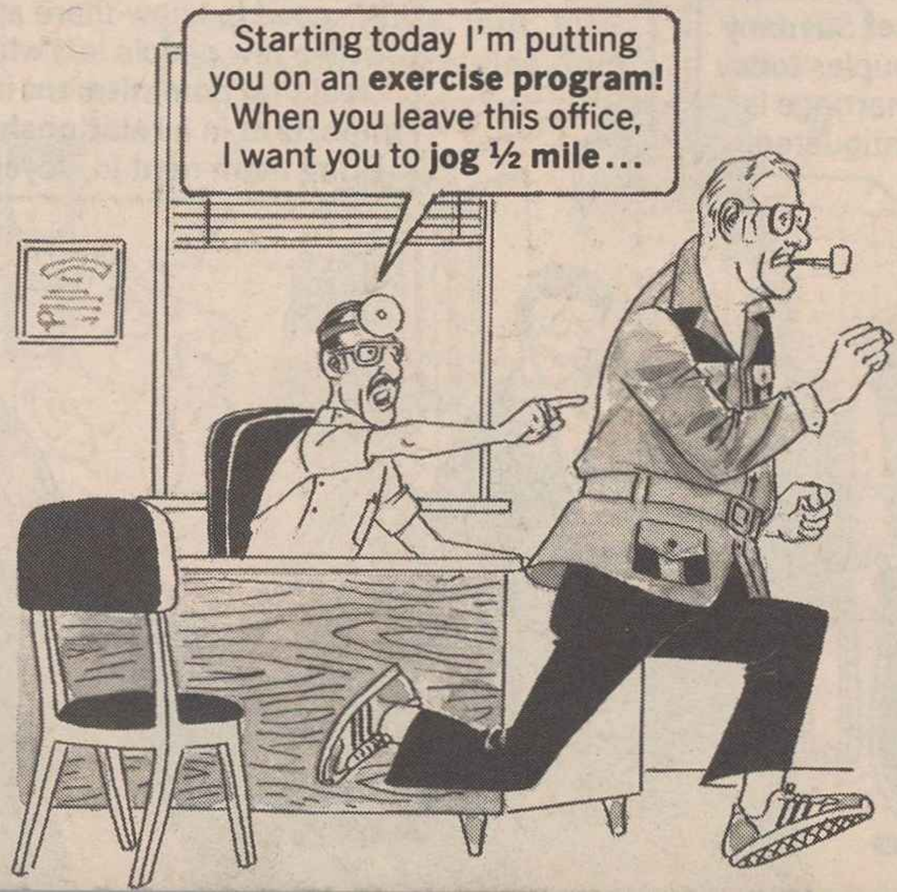
TRAVEL

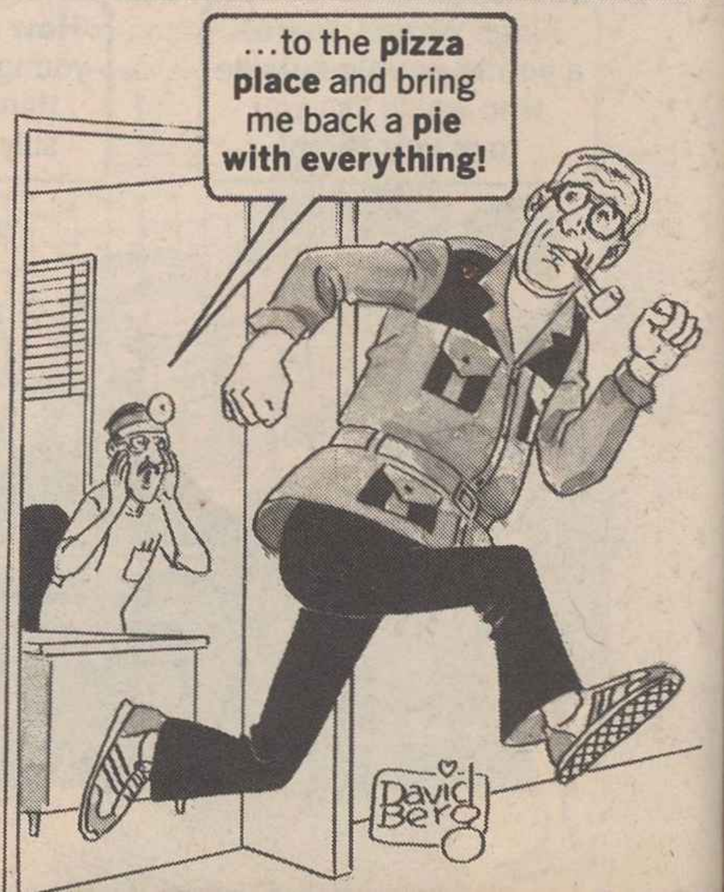




DOCTORS







OFFICERS IN DIS-DRESS DEPT.

It wasn't long ago when all the detectives on television were men. Women were portrayed as being frivolous and silly. But now we have a crime drama show where two of the detectives are women! They're every bit as effective as their male counterparts, and they smell a heck of a lot better! But they're still silly and frivolous! Of course, we're talking about...

Grabme & Spacey

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I'm **Pristine Grabme!** I'm **40-ish,** but I look **younger!** I'm also **single** and I **drink** a little **too much.** But hopefully one day I'll be **married** and I'll have someone to **share** my **life**... and the **cost** of my **booze!** In the meantime, I'll go on working as a **plainclothes detective.** And believe me, on the **salary** they pay New York cops, **plain clothes** are all I can **afford!**

I'm **Merrybet Spacey,** Grabme's **partner!** I'm **40-ish,** but look **older!** I'm a very **private person,** so **don't** ask me about my husband **Hardly,** who's usually **out of work** or **not happy** with the job he **has,** or my **two boys** who wish I wasn't a **cop,** or our new **baby daughter** who drives us all **nuts** with her **crying!** Oh, did I mention our new **house?** Anyway, the guys down here at the police precinct are always **teasing** me. They say they don't know which is **thicker:** my New York **accent** or my **midriff bulge!**

I'm **Lt. Darnrules.** I'm **in charge** here! And although I'm a bit **gruff,** I'm not a **male chauvinist** at all! In fact, I kinda **like** having Grabme and Spacey on my staff. Having **two broads** around here **brightens up** the place a bit!

I'm **Issexy,** God's **gift** to **women!** Now if I could only get some women to **accept** the **"gift"!**

I'm **Detective Peachy** and I'm just a **token** around here! Not a token **black,** a token **detective!** Grabme and Spacey get all the **good** cases in this precinct, so the **rest** of us **guys** are **all tokens!**

I'm the **desk sergeant.** I just mostly **smile.** But everyone in this precinct is so **heavy-handed** and **depressing,** a simple **smile** is like **major comic relief!**

We're **Starsky** and **Hutch!** We want to report a **robbery!** Someone **stole our show** and **gave it** to two **women detectives!**

OK, **listen up!** We've got a **rape, arson,** a **drug bust** and a hit-and-run **accident.**

Perfect! I was **hoping** for a **quiet** day!

The **Chick Glitz Deli** was held up for the **third** time **this week!** Grabme, **you** and **Spacey** get on it right away!

Naw, that's too **cut and dry!** No **pathos** or chance for long-winded **speeches** on "the world as seen by **two modern women."**

A **Mr. Manana** called. He's being **harassed** by his **landlord** so he'll **move out.**

Bingo! That case sounds like **"maudlin city"!** Let's get over there **right away!**

You know, Spacey, sometimes I think I'm **never** going to meet **Mr. Right!** Guys are **afraid** to date a **woman cop!**

That's **not true!** What about the guy that **followed** you **everywhere** all last week?

He **stopped** following me once I **took off** the **handcuffs!**

How about that **other guy** you were dating? The one you **lied** to and told you worked in a **doughnut shop?**

He **split, too!** On our last date, I opened my purse and my **gun** fell out. I told him I used it to shoot **holes** in the **center** of the **doughnuts** but he didn't **believe me** for a **second!**

PARK

"WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' BADGERS"

BRONX ZOO

HELP!

FALLEN CRANE ZONE

FALLEN BRICK ZONE

You know, Merrybet, you **passed** the address we're going to **three times** already!

I know, but **I** have a **wonderful husband** and three **great kids! Your** personal life is **nothing** but **despair** and **depression!** So I thought the **least** I could do is **keep driving around...** until you finished **complaining!**

You have a lot of **class,** Merrybet!

Look at this place! **Roaches** are everywhere! There hasn't been **heat** or **hot water** for **six months! Hookers** and **drug pushers** live on both sides of me! I need **help** fast!

Let me ask you one question first: Are there any **vacancies?** This place sounds a lot **better** than the **dump** I live in **now!**

TOC!

You don't **want** to live **here, believe** me! The landlord is trying to **force** us all to **move** so he can sell the building to a **condo developer.** They **harass** us day and night! Today there was a **dead body** in the **garbage chute!**

Well, at **least** they're **neat!** They could have **left** the stiff in the **hallway!**

You should **organize!** Elect a **tenant repre-sentative!**

We did! **That's** the guy they found in the **garbage chute!**

This **floor** is a **mess!**

That's **not** the **floor,** that's the **ceiling!**

What's the ceiling doing on the **floor?**

The **same thing** that the **wall** is doing in the tub, **FALLING!**

At least you have a **cat** to keep you **company!**

What **cat?** That's a **rat!** One of the **smaller ones!** I think they truck them in from **other slums!**

How about **getting even** with the sleazebag that's doing this to you?

I'd like to, but I'm **afraid** he'll do something **drastic**—like fire his **96–year–old mother!** Then we'll have **no janitor** at all!

ROACH CONDO

TICK TICK TICK

You must **testify** against your landlord! You must, **must MUST, MUST!!!**

OK! OK! I'll **testify!** I can't take any more **harassment!**

That's why we're going after your **landlord!**

What landlord? The harassment **I** mean is **you** and your **partner!** Get **out!**

Hey, **Slimebucket!** Here's a **subpoena** for you to appear in **court!** Mr. Manana is going to testify **against** you. The **charge** is **harassing tenants!**

Whadda ya mean? I'm one of the most **generous** landlords around! Who **else** arranges for the **garbagemen** to **come** every **day** of the week?

Yeah, but **yours** come everyday to **deposit** garbage!

Big **deal!** So **hang** me for mere **details!**

I suggest you get yourself a **good lawyer!**

Perhaps a **young, handsome** lawyer who's **single** and might be attracted to a **lady detective** who's charging his client with harassment. See, my partner, **Pristine,** is a **lonely lady** and...

MERRYBET! You know, sometimes I **wonder** if you're **worth** the **embarrassment!**

How's **Grabme,** Mom? We haven't **seen** her in a long time.

Grabme's okay, but she still **wishes** she had a **husband** like **I** do. She longs for a **family** and **home–cooked meals!** Now, will you kids please **shut up,** eat your **Chicken McNuggets** and just **stay out** of my **hair!**

NYPD

WEIGHTWATCHER

So tell me, **Hardly,** how was your **first day** on the **new job?**

It was **okay!** But it was only a **half day.** I **changed** jobs during my lunch hour!

Hardly, you change **jobs** more **often** then New York City **politicians** accept **bribes!**

I **changed** my mind! I **don't** want to **testify!**

You **can't** let that creep get away with **illegal harassment!** Unless you change your mind and testify, **I'll** show you **harassment!** I'll have your car **ticketed** every day, I'll **watch** your...

Pristine, let **me** deal with him. Sometimes being a **mother** helps a person **relate** better! Mr. Manana, do you want me to send you to **bed** with **no dinner?** How would you like **no TV** for a whole **month?**

I'm **scared!** Yesterday, my car **blew up!** Last night, my apartment caught **fire!** This morning, somebody took a **shot** at me!

You **can't** take that stuff **personally!** This **IS New York!**

Work with us and we'll give you a **new identity!** See that photo? That's **Jimmy Hoffa! He** worked with us and just **look** what we did for **him!**

Boy, I hope Mr. Manana doesn't **change** his **mind again!**

If you're waiting for a **Spanish** guy, about **40, short** with a **moustache,** I think he was **abducted** about ten minutes ago.

What makes you think **that?**

Because as three men **dragged** him out the door he was **screaming,** "Somebody **help me!** I'm being **abducted!!!"**

We've **got** to find Manana right away or **Sleezebag** could **win** this case!

Hey, what are **you two** doing in **here?**

We **always** go into the **bathroom** to **confer!**

But **this** is the **men's room!**

I **know!** What **better** place for my **single** partner here to meet **eligible bachelors!**

Merry-bet... PLEASE!

YOUR BADGES — DON'T LEAVE JOHN WITHOUT 'EM!

Okay, buddy, **pull over** to the **curb!**

I **am** at the **curb!** Traffic is so **heavy,** I haven't been able to **leave** the curb for the past **twenty minutes!**

That's why catching crooks in **New York City** is so much **easier** than **anywhere** else!

Well, we **finally** got Mr. Manana to court **safely!** Let's **hope** the case goes **well!**

The judge will now hear the case of the **upstanding, honest**–as–Abe–**Lincoln** landlord versus the **rotten, no–good weasel** tenant!

Uh oh! My **gut feeling** tells me the **fix** is **in!**

How did the **hearing** go?

Mr. Manana **lost** on a small **technicality.**

What **kind** of **technicality?**

The **judge** was on Sleezebag's **payroll!**

Poor **Manana!** Are you **still** going to give him a **new identity?**

He **already** has a **new identity.** The **minute** the case was thrown out of court, four of Sleezebag's **goons** worked Mr. Manana over. **Believe me,** he doesn't look **anything** like he used to!

Merrybet, don't you **wish** that, just **once, one** of our cases would have a **happy ending?**

Good news! It just came over the wire. Mr. Slimebucket was **killed** by a **drunken driver!** And that drunken driver was the **judge** who threw out **your case.** He'll get 30 years!

Hey... could **this** be our **first happy ending?**

Nah, this is **New York!** Chances are, Sleezebag isn't **really dead**—the **Coroner's** Office just **botched** the **diagnosis!** And as for the **judge,** he'll probably **beat** the drunk driving rap with a **suspended sentence** and wind up with some **cushy political job** down at **City Hall!**

God! I **wish** I had a **man!**

MIRTHQUAKE DEPT.

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

THE MAD RICHTER SCA

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

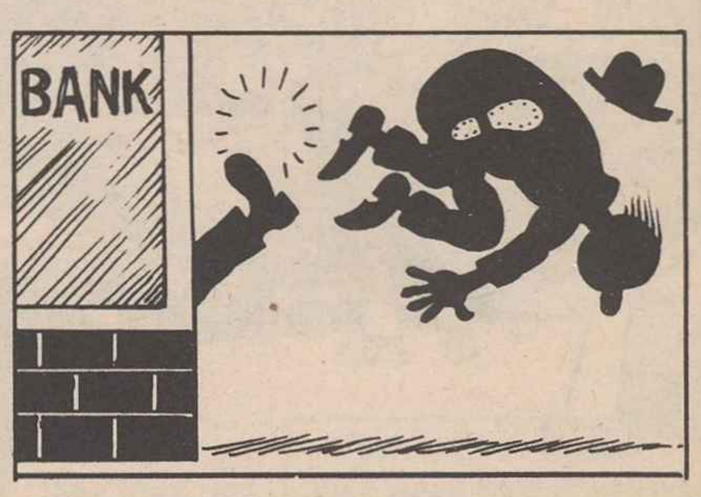
YOUR BODY

1

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

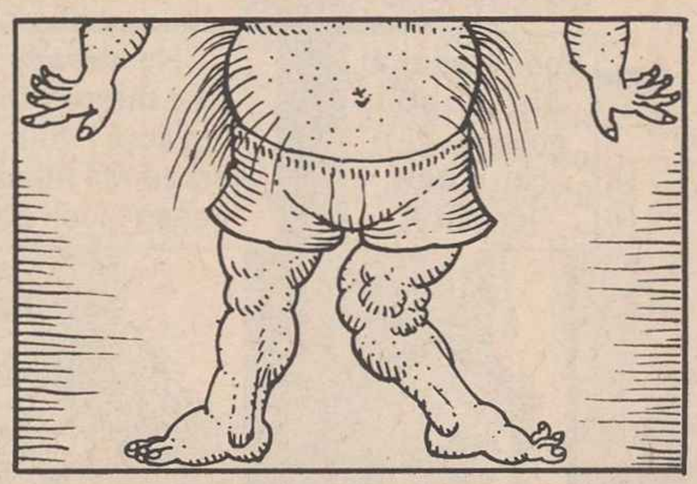
YOUR MONEY

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

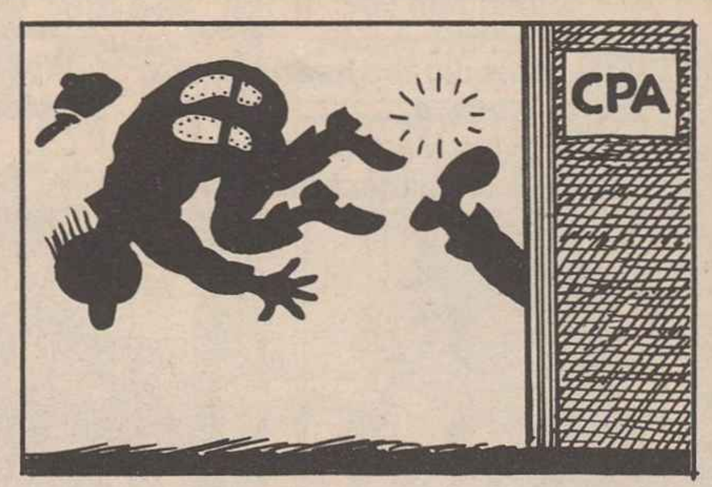


2

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



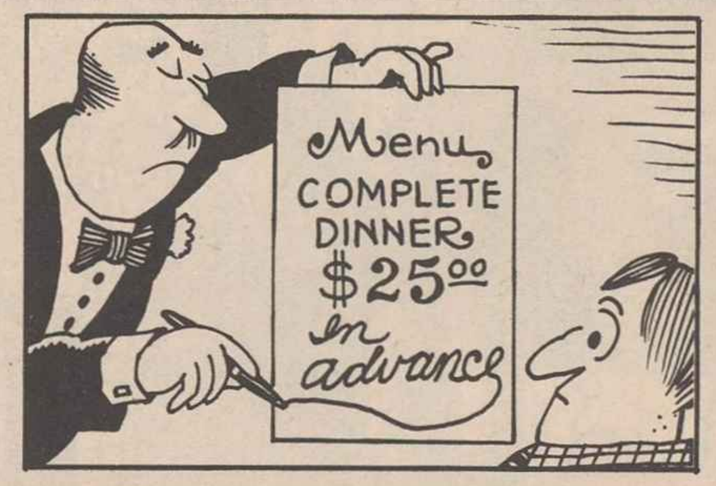
Your tax accountant begs off, saying he "doesn't want to get involved." There are no buyers for your bowling trophies.



3

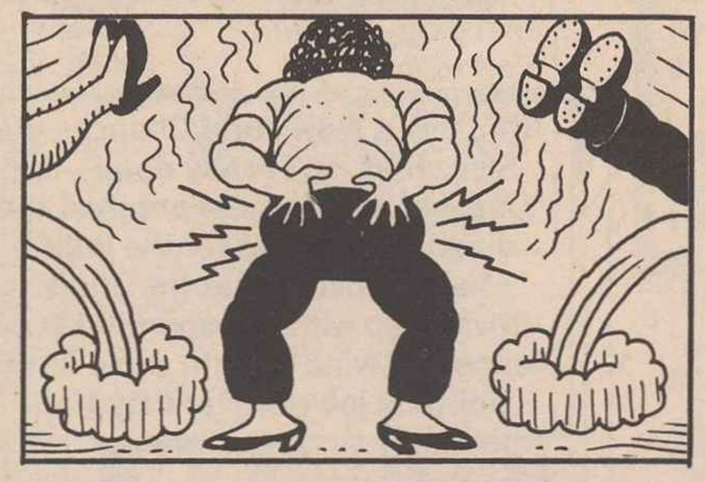
With no warning, you throw up four times a day on mixed company. Your only comfortable position is crawling on all fours.

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

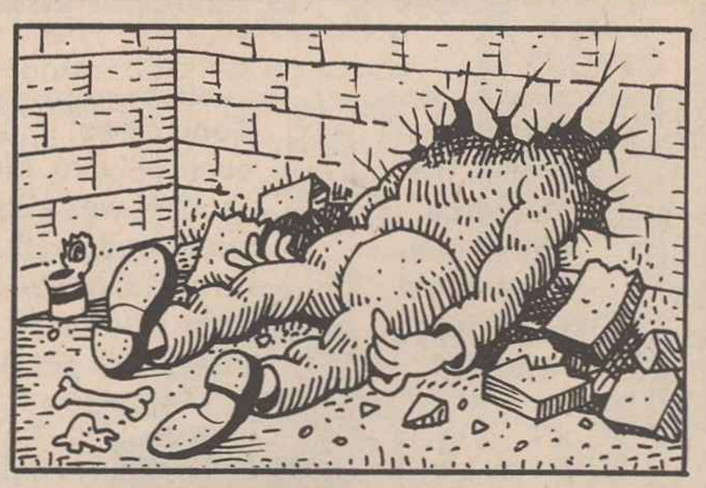


4

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

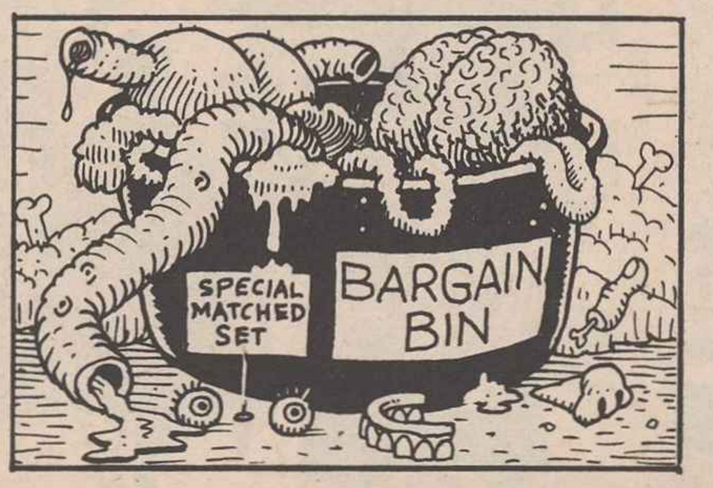


Bleeding in an alleyway, you learn that loansharks are not good listeners. Your scheme to mortgage your children is unsuccessful.

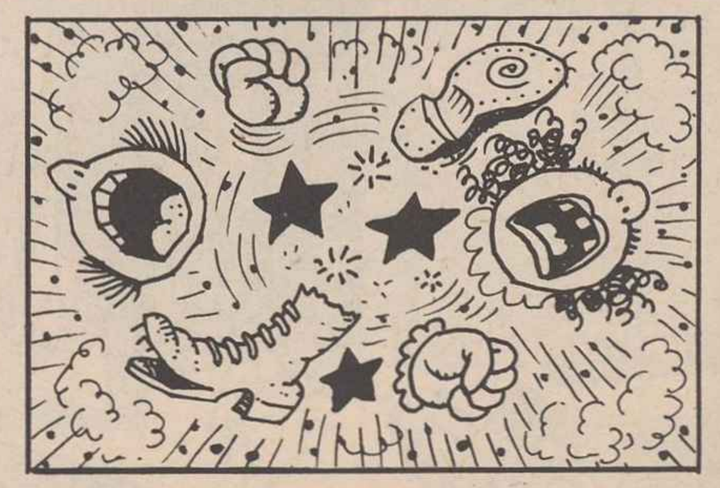


5

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



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



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

LE FOR HUMAN BEINGS

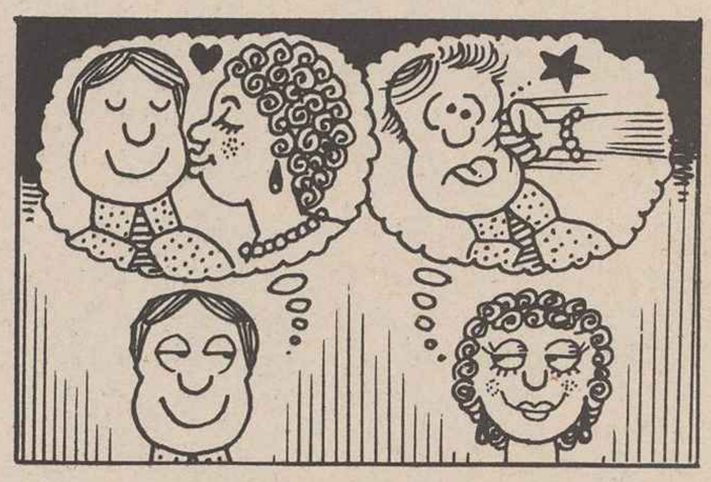
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE

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

YOUR SEX APPEAL

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

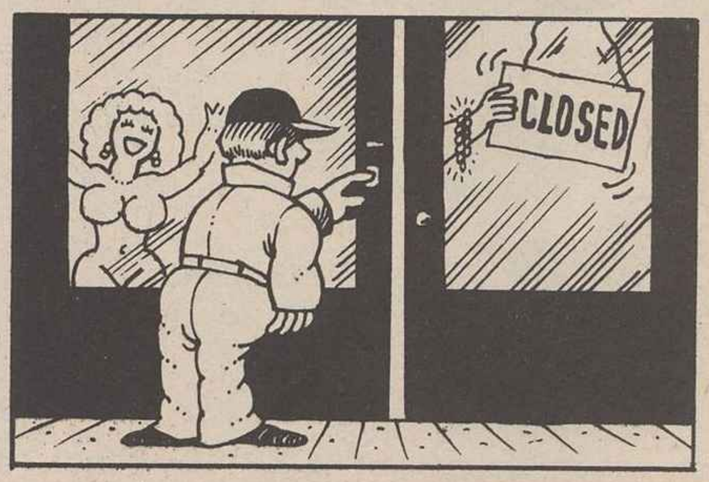


You are trailed by a security guard while shopping for washcloths at a local K-Mart. Your camper is turned away at an RV park.

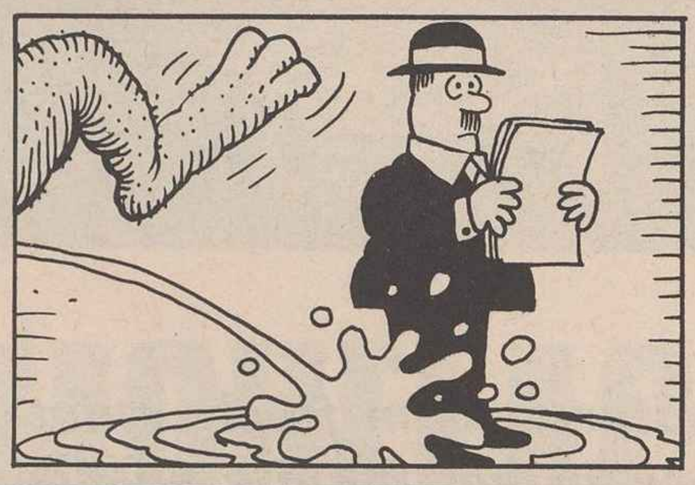
Two former girlfriends send you picture sex manuals on your birthday. Your dinner date takes along a pit bull as a chaperone.

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

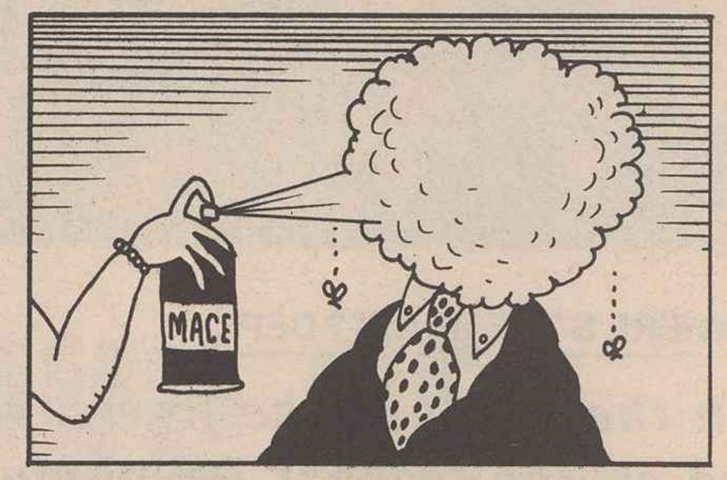
Dancers at a nude bar put on clothes when you enter. You see a sex therapist, who triples his fee after your first visit.



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

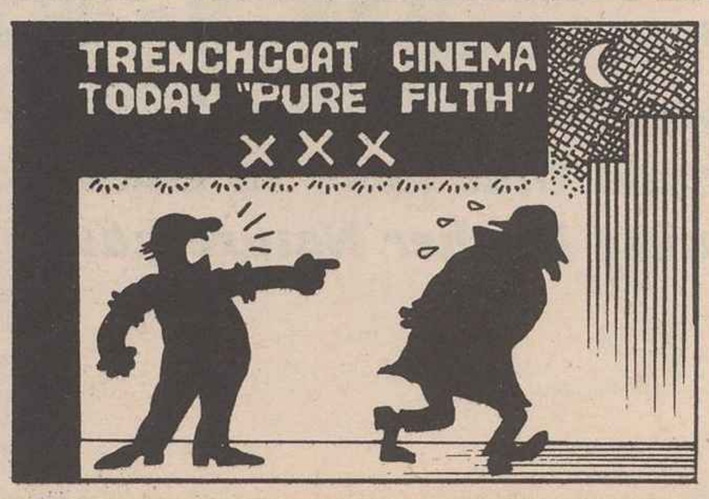


Alone with a date, you get your first sniff of Mace. A supermarket checker washes her hands after touching your groceries.



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

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



WHERE'S THE BEAST? DEPT.

In the wilds of the forest, where all God's creatures roam freely, animals must constantly be on the lookout for predators. Mother Nature, in her infinite wisdom, has provided for these animals by giving them the ability to blend in with their wilderness surroundings. But what about those unfortunate creatures who don't live in the wilderness? What about the animals that have to endure the hardships and hassles of city life? Well, not to worry, because Mother Nature has taken care of them quite well, as you'll see by taking a look at...

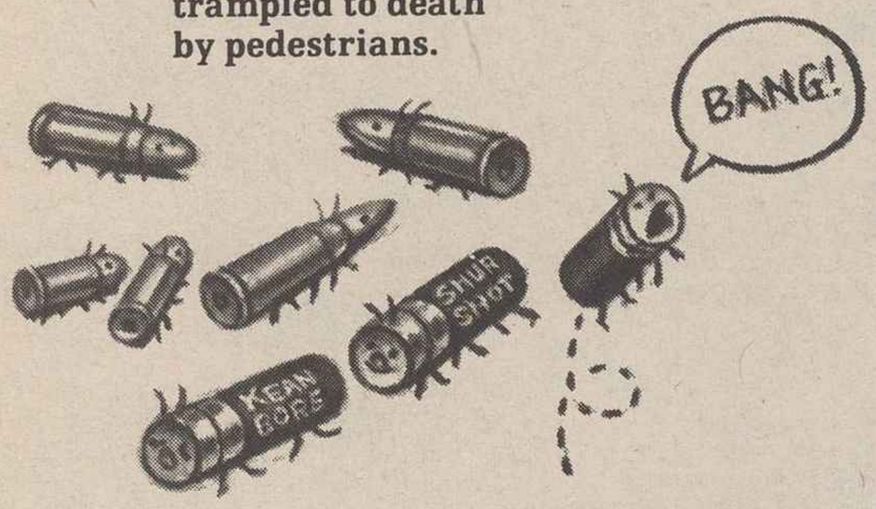
CAMOUFLAGE TRICKS OF CITY ANIMALS

ARTISTS: HARVEY KURTZMAN & WILL ELDER

WRITER: RURIK TYLER

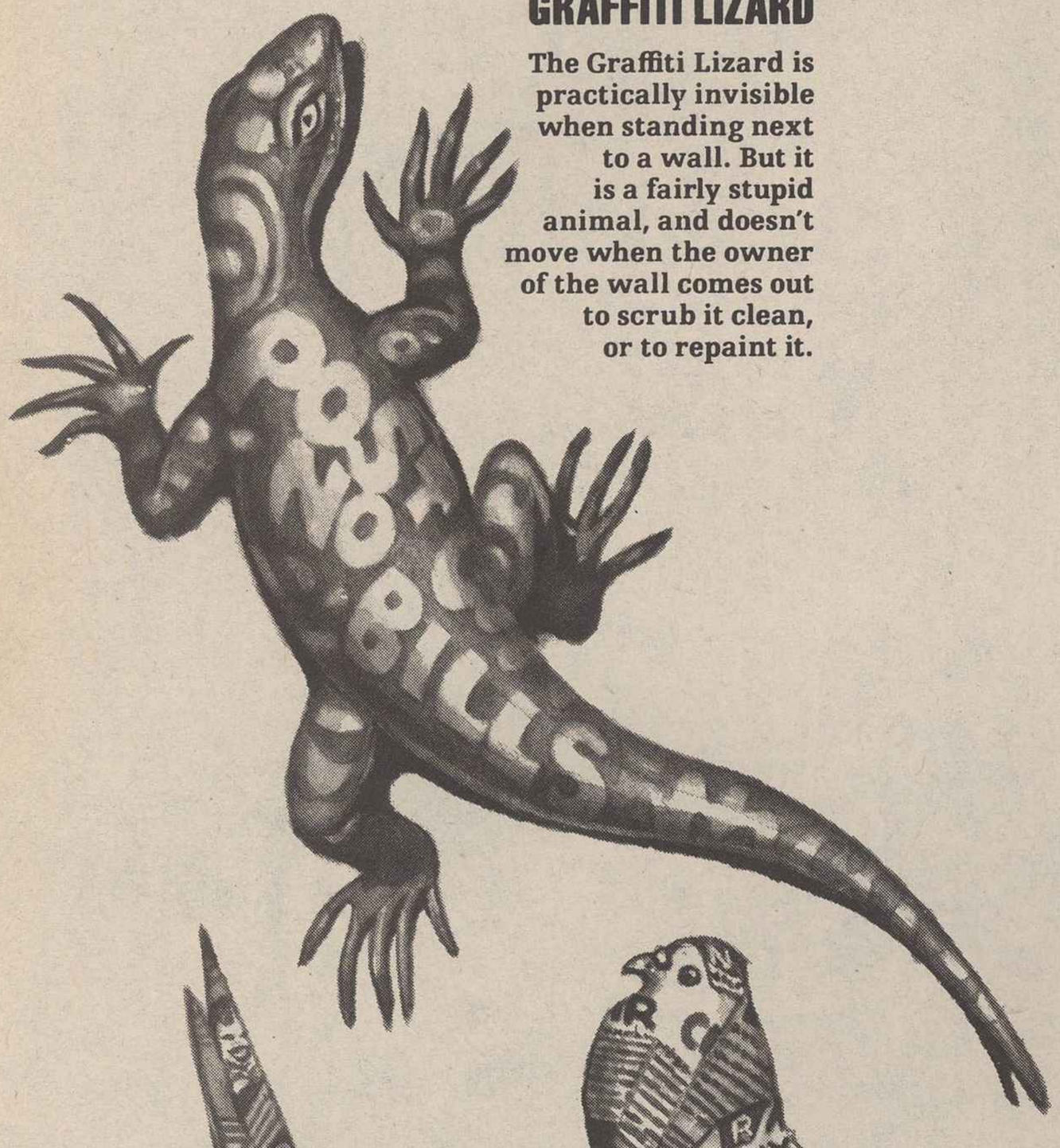
BULLET BEETLE

Bullets in the big city are so common, no one takes notice of them. So while the Bullet Beetle's disguise saves it from predators it is often trampled to death by pedestrians.



GRAFFITI LIZARD

The Graffiti Lizard is practically invisible when standing next to a wall. But it is a fairly stupid animal, and doesn't move when the owner of the wall comes out to scrub it clean, or to repaint it.

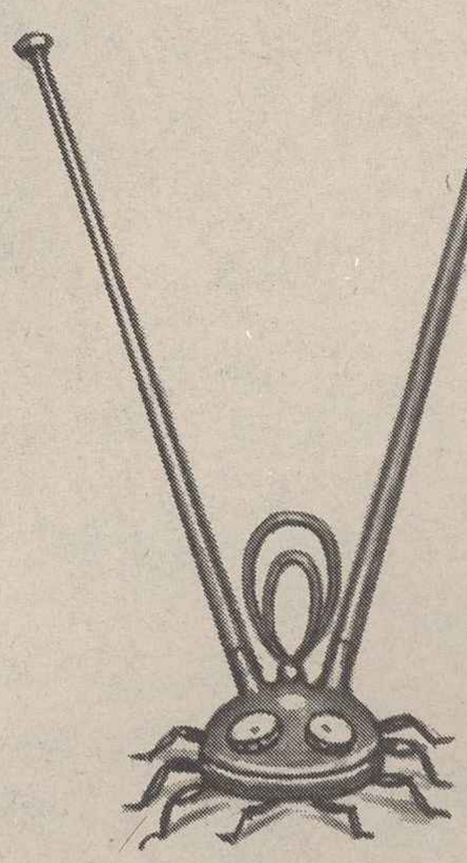


NEWSPAPER PIGEON

Taking advantage of high winds that send newspapers flying, these birds can soar undetected. They are a treat for winos who start out looking for something to use as a blanket and wind up with a meal.

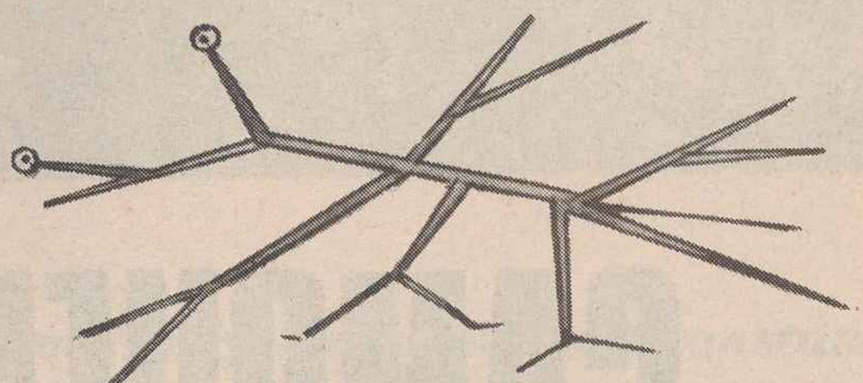
RADIO-FACED RACCOON

The Radio-Faced Raccoon looks like the gear of a typical city kid—a radio face and sports bag body with a clip on raccoon tail. Known to hang on to unsuspecting passersby when in danger, it is a nasty surprise for people who think they have found a free radio.



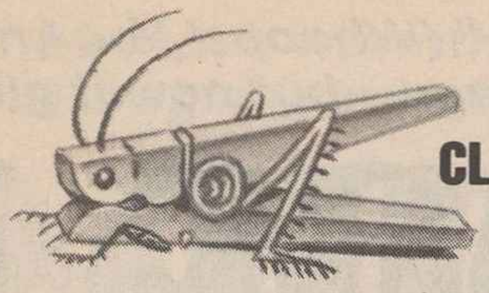
ANTENNAE BUG

The Antennae Bug lives a symbiotic life with the Radio-Faced Raccoon, living off the Raccoon's food scraps. It can also live on top of T.V.'s, buildings and certain visiting martians.



WALKING WINDOW CRACK

The Walking Window Crack is a thin white insect. It's disguise works so well, it is virtually invisible to its predators. It s only worry is being drowned or crushed by the squeegees of window washers who don't realize it's there.



CLOTHESPIN CRICKET

The Clothespin Cricket is a harmless insect. It is threatened only by nearsighted people who ordinarily step on clothespins thinking they are crickets.

BEER TAB BUTTERFLY

A beautiful creature, the Beer Tab Butterfly has no enemies except oddball bag ladies who use beer tabs as jewelry.

CIGARETTE WORM

The Cigarette Worm's camouflage is very effective. Its only enemies are smoking birds.

CHANGE PURSE CLAM

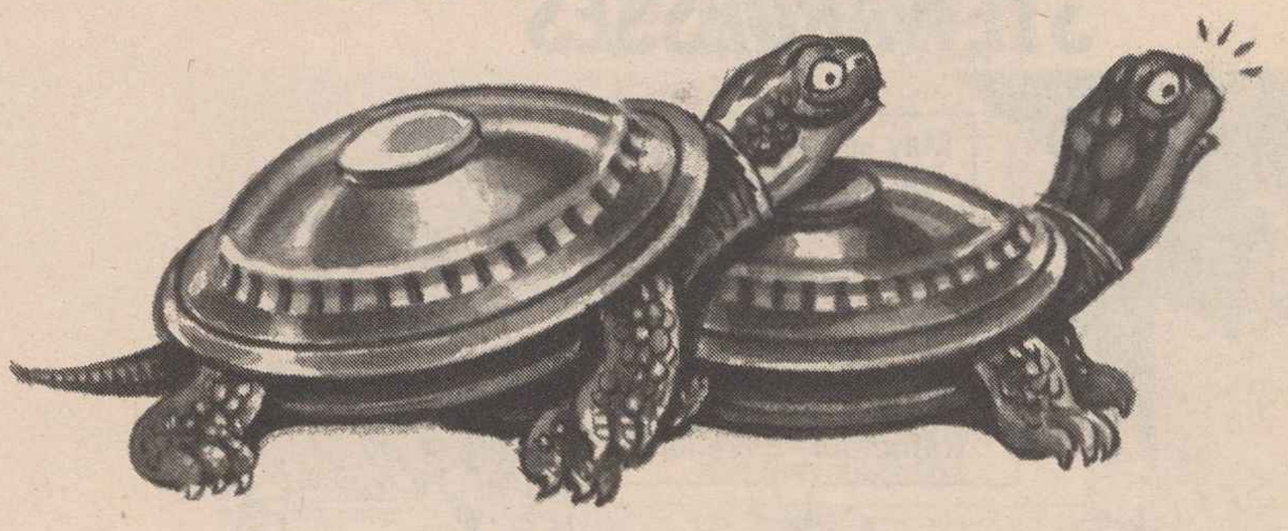
The Change Purse Clam is a miser's delight. Once something finds its way in, the jaws snap shut and nothing gets out again.

EXTENSION CORD ANACONDA

The Extension Cord Anaconda is a cousin of the electric eel. It is usually found in display bins at big city hardware stores where it is often mistaken for the real thing, taken home and electrocuted.

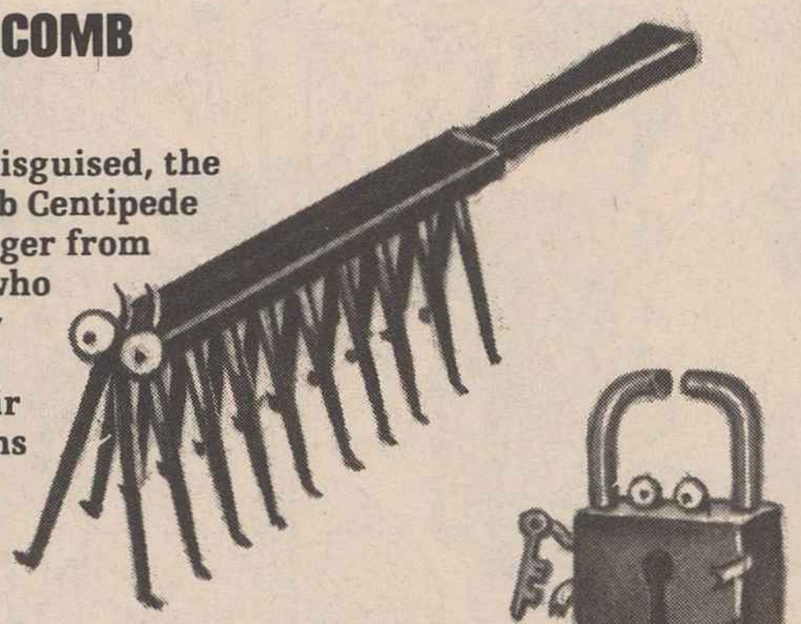
HUBCAP TURTLE

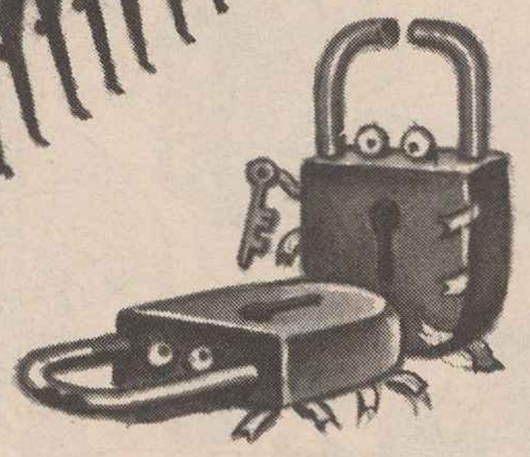
Very slow and harmless, the Hubcap Turtle is fine until a young hubcap thief figures him for an easy score.



CRAWLING COMB CENTIPEDE

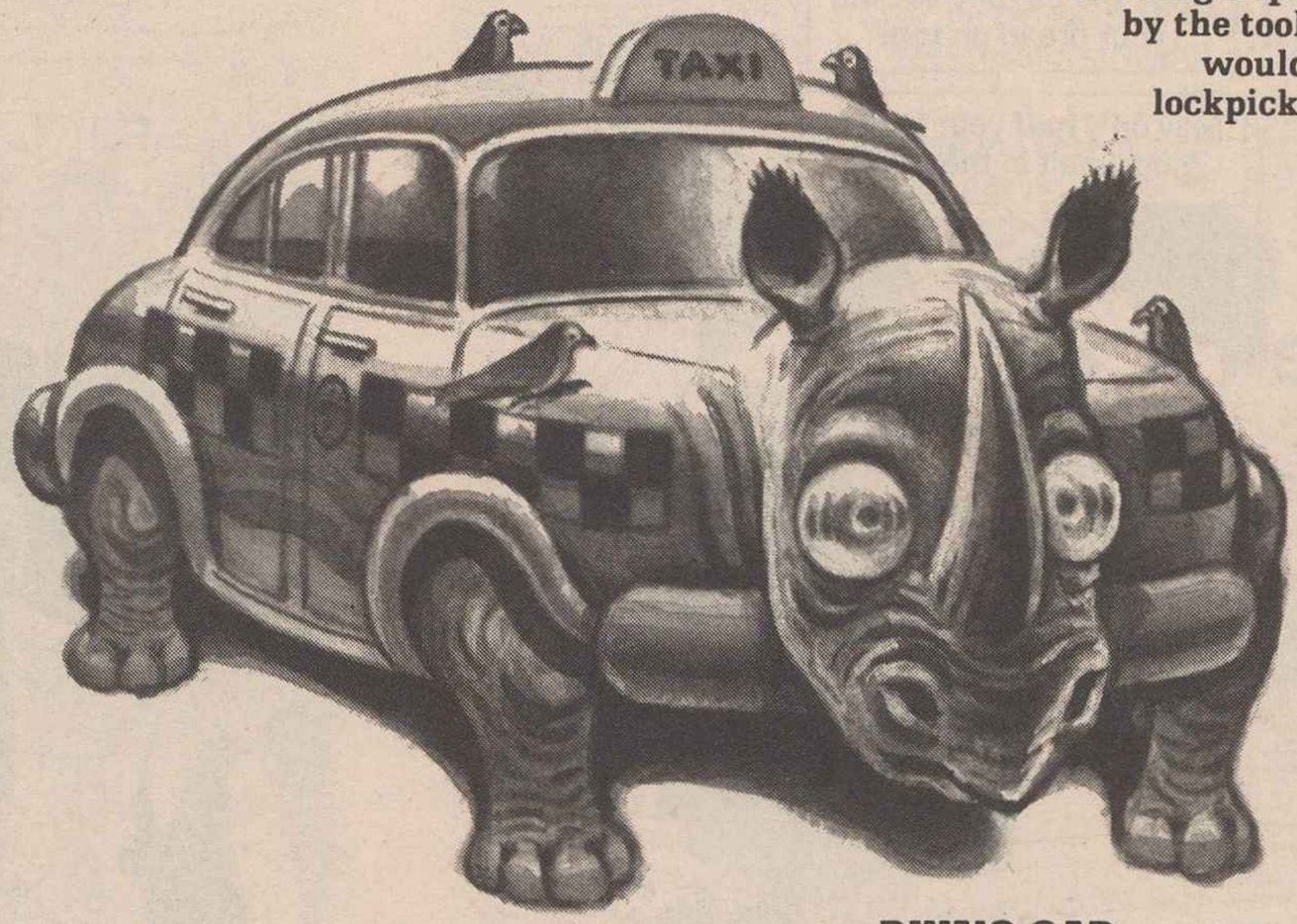
Wonderfully disguised, the Crawling Comb Centipede only faces danger from those people who don't have any qualms about acquiring their grooming items from the gutter.





PADLOCK BEETLE

The Padlock Beetle has super strong mandibles that allow it to hang from anything! Yet, when lying in the gutter, it looks like a snapped lock and is left alone. It lives with constant fear of being impaled by the tools of would-be lockpickers.



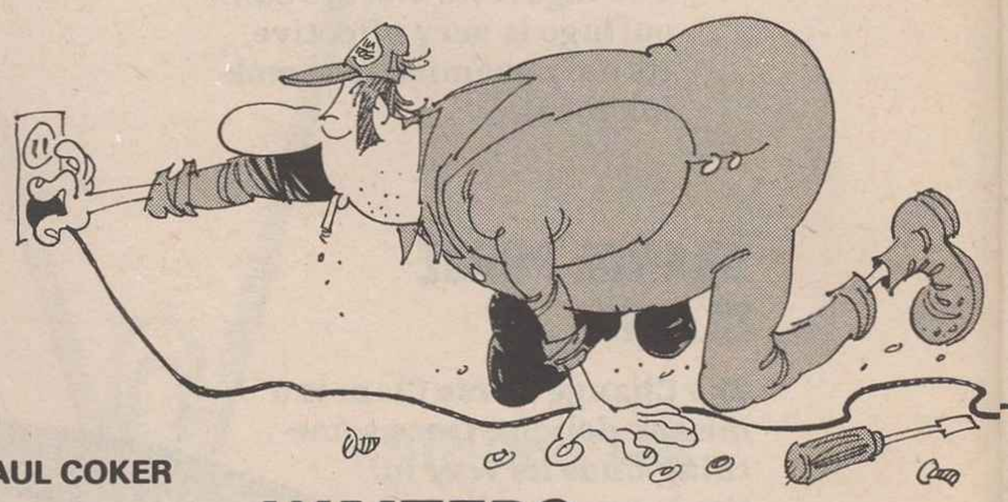
RHINO CAB

This big lumbering animal roams the street with no worries. It's built better than any modern car and can walk away from a collision. It comes with its own horn.

MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING DEPT.

Nothing makes the skin crawl like that tired old parting remark "Have—" (Whoops! You know the one we mean!) Maybe it used to generate good feeling—30 years ago—but now it gives

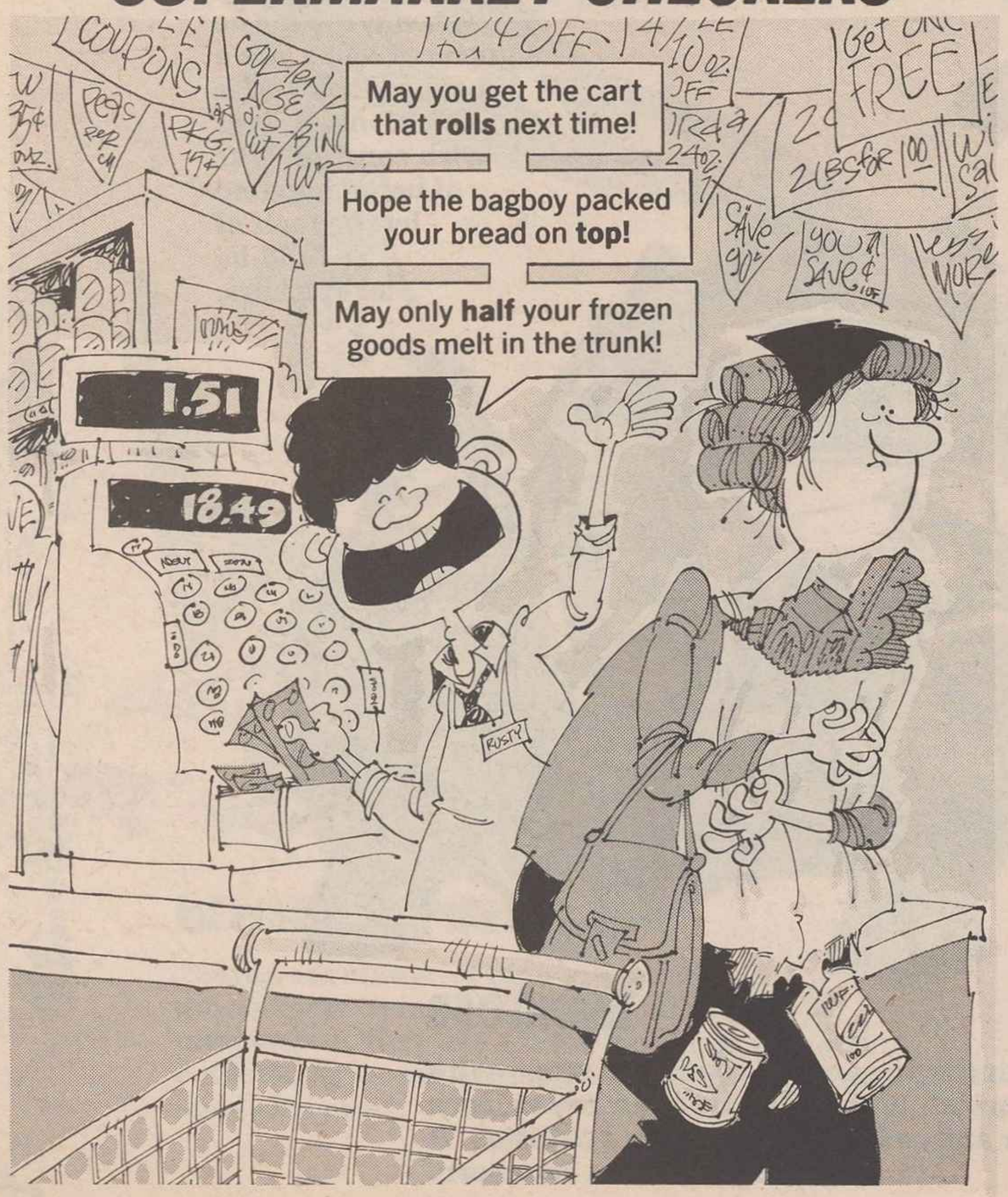
MORE L FAREW TO REPLACE T



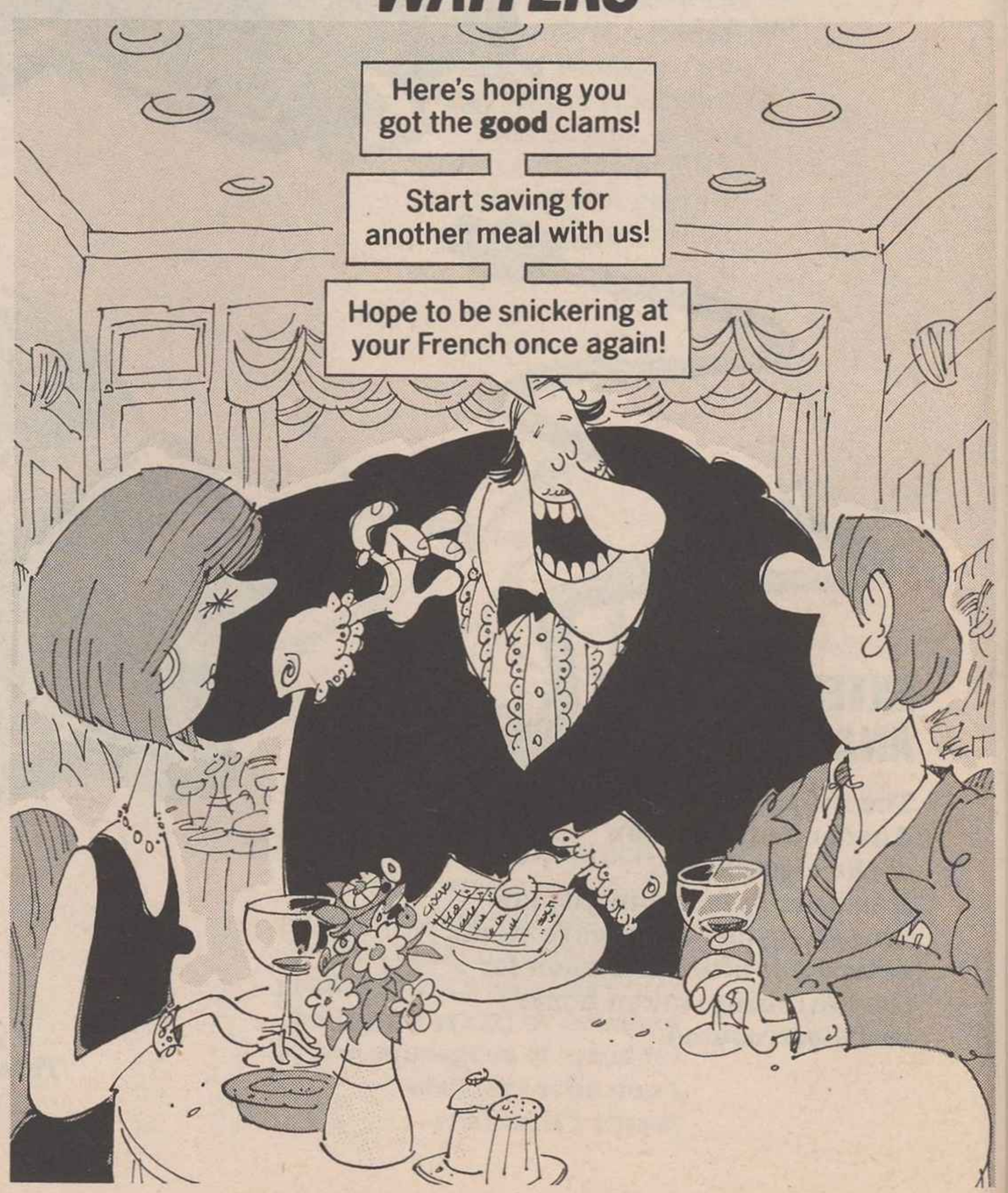
ARTIST: PAUL COKER

STEWARDESSES

SUPERMARKET CHECKERS



WAITERS



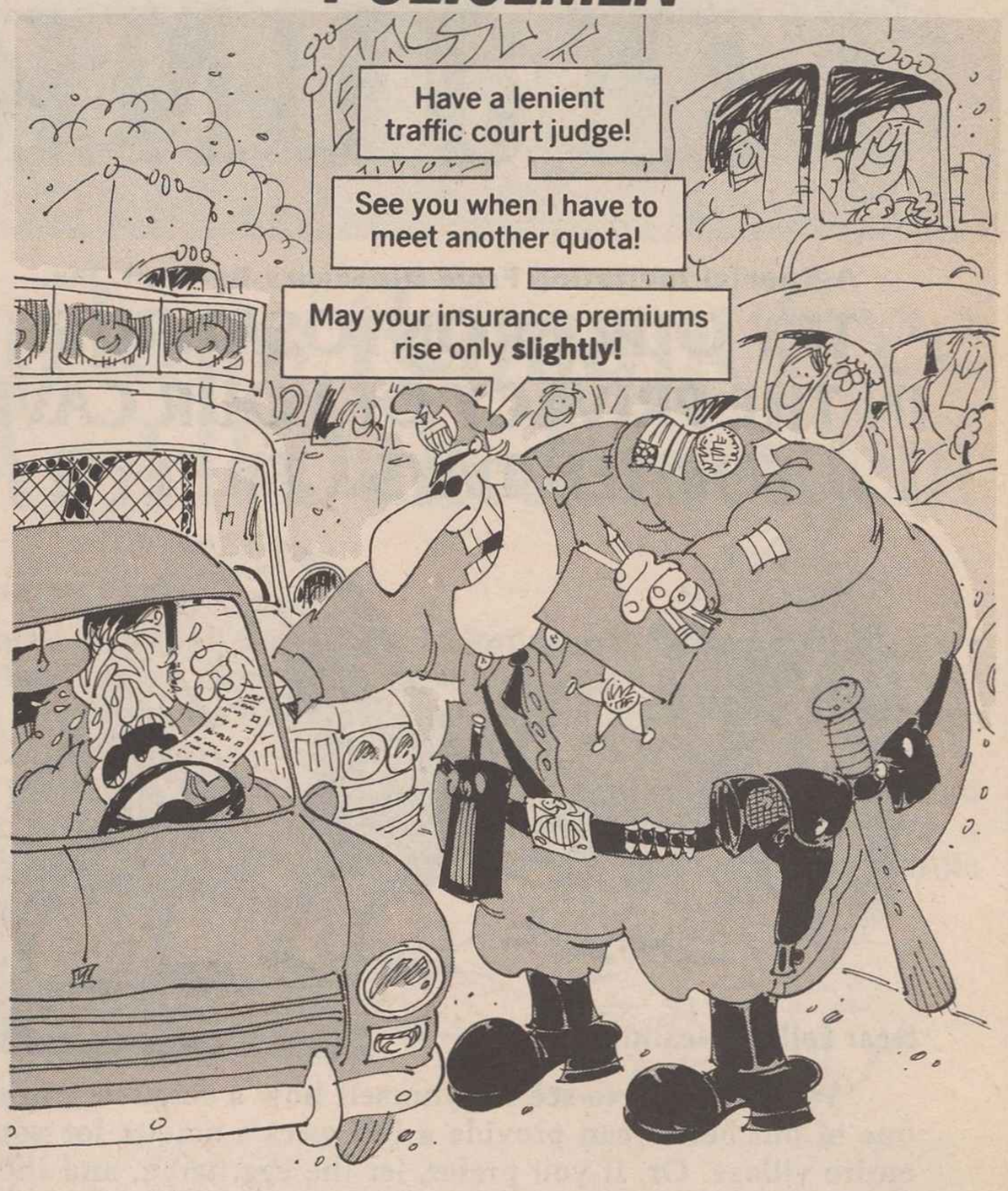
off as much warmth as a frozen enchilada. It's high time to revive the heartfelt good-bye! You'll be glad you're on your way out when you hear MAD's extremely meaningful, sincere and

OGICAL VELLS

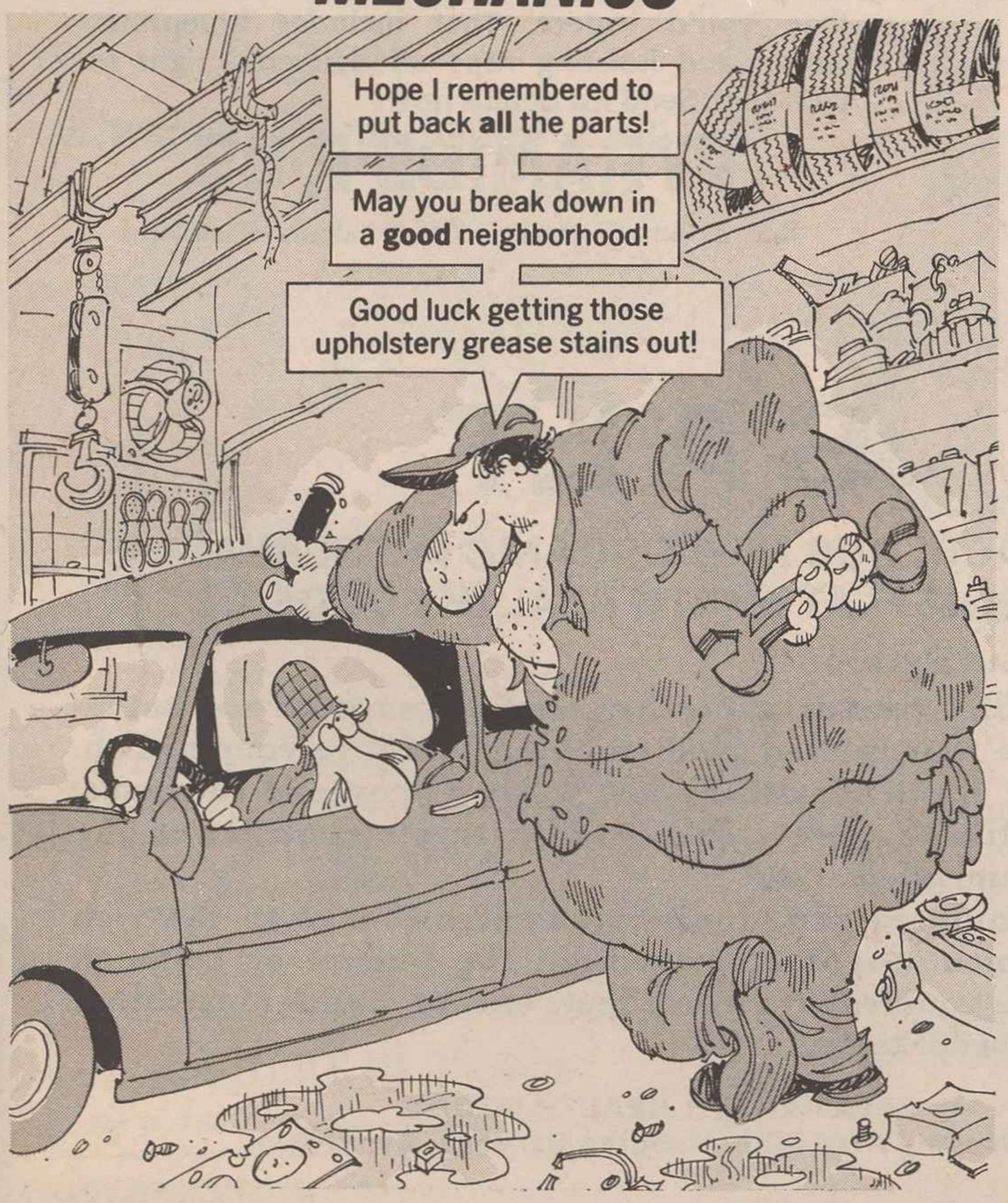
HE DREADED

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

POLICEMEN



MECHANICS



DR.'S OFFICE RECEPTIONISTS

POST DATED DEPARTMENT

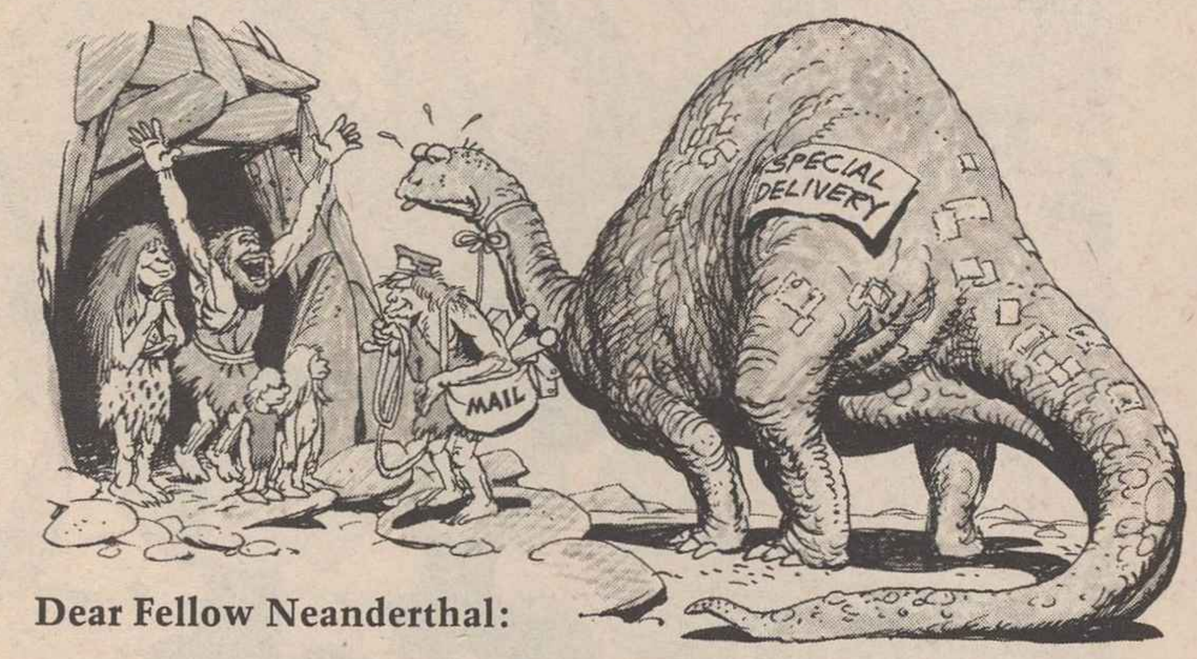
One of the new plagues to befall mankind during the past generation is Junk Mail. The type of advertising trash that postmen now deliver hadn't even been conceived in our grandparents' time. Which is our bad luck. But it also may have been very

IF JUNK MAIL HA

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

A Special Invitation From Dinosaurs-By-Mail, Inc.

TRY OUR BRONTOSAURUS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR CAVE FOR TEN DAYS...FREE!



Dear Fellow Neanderthal:

We want you to see for yourself how a single egg from one of our beasts can provide a full week's omelet for your entire village. Or, if you prefer, let the egg hatch, and then freeze the young one for your winter meat supply.

If, after ten days, you don't agree that our brontosaurus is everything we claim, just send him back and pay us nothing. It's our way of acquainting preferred semi-humans like yourself with our products. Order now while supplies last.

DINOSAURS-BY-MAIL, INC.
Dripping Fern Trail Great Primeval Ooze 53127

SEND NO TRINKETS NOW–OUR BRUTES WILL COLLECT LATER

DON'T LET RISING COSTS PREVENT YOU FROM BEING BURIED IN A PYRAMID

Dear

Our records show that you're a respected citizen of the Twelfth Dynasty who'd like to be laid away in a classy pyramid just like our lately departed pharaoh. But chances are that the labor costs involved in a 30-year construction job are beyond your means.

Well, you needn't be resigned to leaving your carcass for the buzzards. We'll supply everything needed to build your own pyramid for less than you'd expect. That includes blueprints, stones and hoisting rope all delivered right to your tent. Send for details now!

PYRAMIDS-R-US

R.R. 2, Omar's Oasis Great Sahara Wasteland

EAT RIGHT... AND LIVE TO BE 40!

SALT

THE MIRACULOUS NEW ORGANIC PRESERVATIVE FROM FLAT EARTH HEALTH FOODS

Dear Nauseous Person:

Reputable wizards and other medical experts are beginning to agree that tainted food can be harmful to your health. Here at Flat Earth Health Foods, we've discovered the pure, natural additive that prevents meat from turning putrid and getting green scum all over it.

It's granulated salt, formerly available only to the rich from spice mongers, but now within the budget of common wretches like yourself. No side effects except maddening thirst. Place a trial order today.

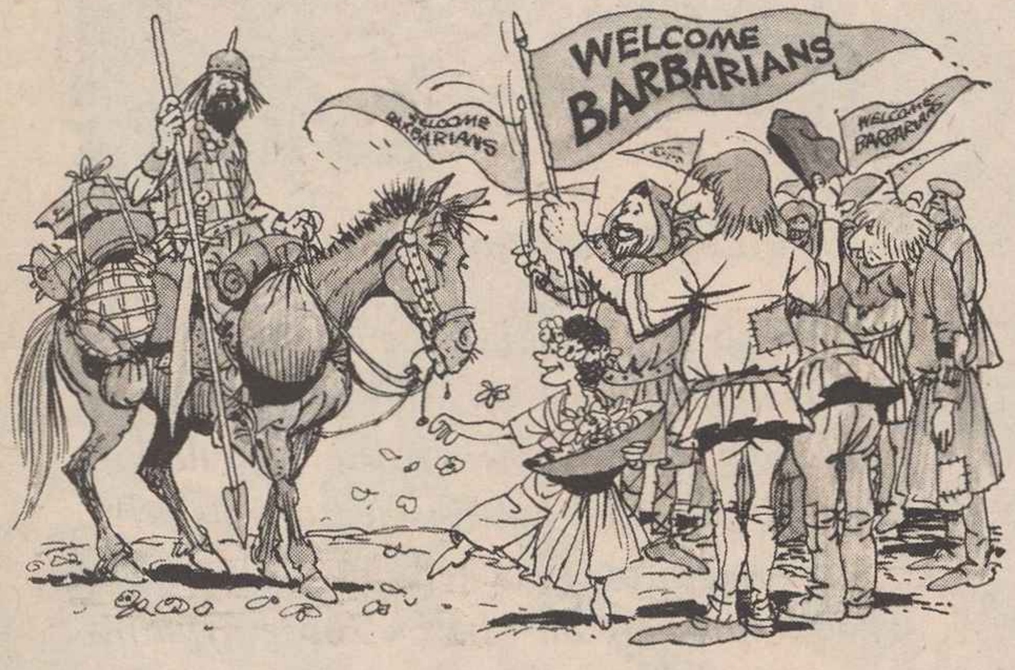
FLAT EARTH HEALTH FOODS
Alchemy Arts Bldg. Hanging Gardens, Babylonia

unfortunate for our ancestors. With no radio or TV to provide them with advertising, they probably would have welcomed the mail order offers we now consider such a nuisance. And so, MAD envisions what postmen long ago might have delivered . . .

D ALWAYS EXISTED

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Get A "Welcome Barbarians" Pennant Free Just For Chatting With An All-Dukedom Agent

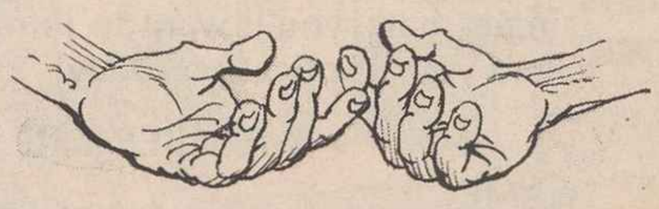


Dear Potential Victim:

Chances are that the Mongol Hordes will soon overrun your village. Once you're required to open your home to the invaders, you may find that you don't have enough household insurance to cover the resulting damage.

Just think how much bric-a-brac a clumsy Hun can destroy, and then rush to see your All-Dukedom Insurance Agent. He'll give you a free "Welcome Barbarians" pennant that may save your neck while he tries to save your property.

You're In Good Hands With All-Dukedom



Learn to be a Highly-Paid Fool The Easy Home-Study Way

Dear Overworked Churl:

Court Jesters and skilled knaves earn big money, plus such fringe benefits as getting to sleep indoors and eat unrotted food. So why not leave your drab dolthood behind with a home study course from the famed College of Fools?

You'll receive guidance in juggling, somersaulting and other oafish arts. To enroll, just fill out the coupon below (which happens to be a binding legal contract) and mail it today.

I want to make a fool of myself, which is why I'm signing this coupon and agreeing to pay whatever you charge for your juggling and somersaulting course.

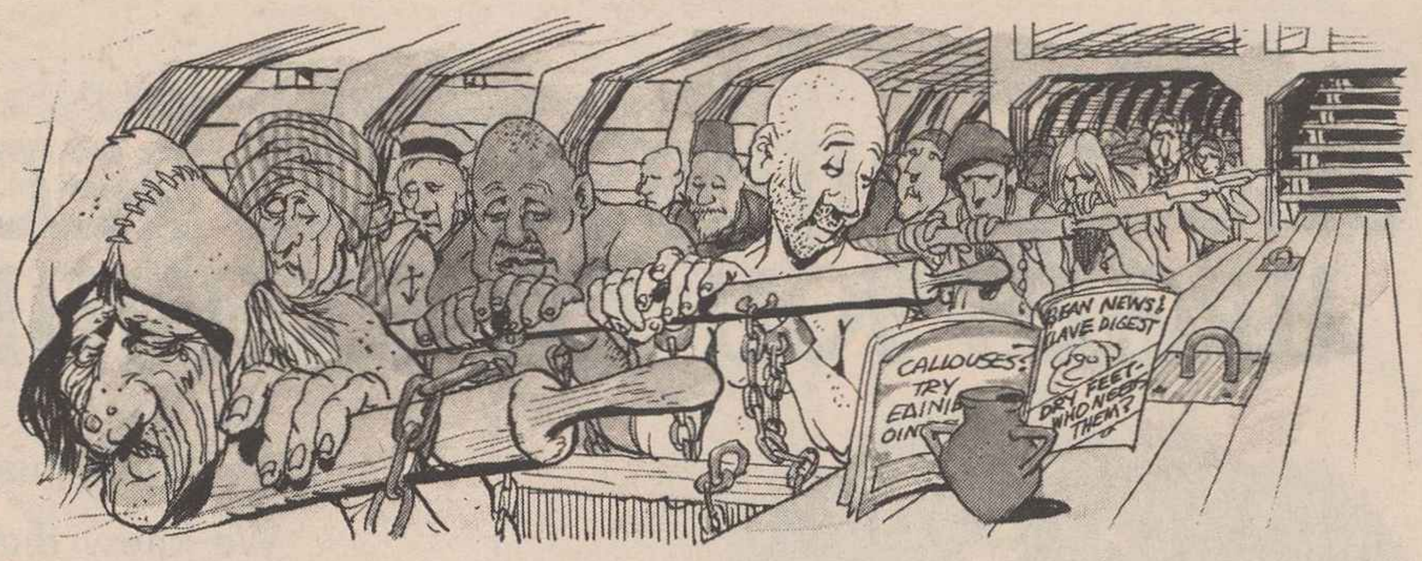
SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

College of Fools

Box 46, Thieves' Station, Dawdling-On-Thames

at last! a magazine expressly written for a busy galley slave like yourself!



Dear Oarsman:

Pursuing a lifetime career like yours means that a fellow is always on the go, with little time for extensive reading to keep up with new developments in your field.

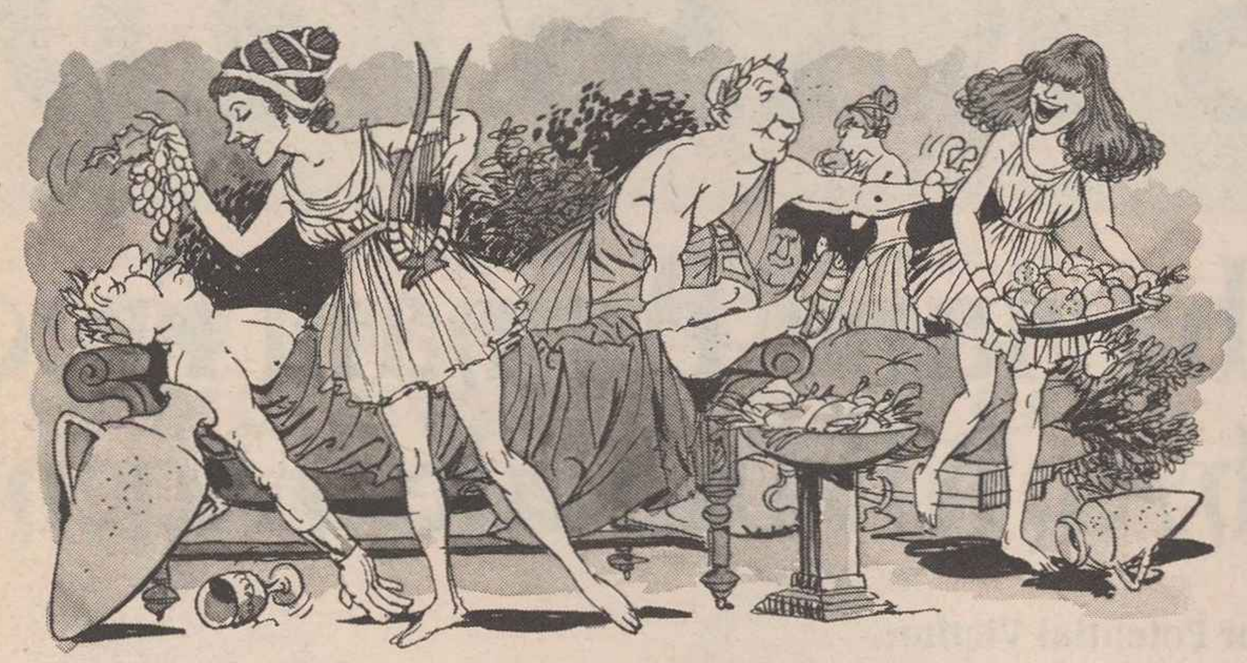
That's why you'll welcome AEGEAN NEWS & SLAVE DIGEST, the fact-filled publication that's concisely written with you in mind. It contains all that a professional rower needs to know, boiled down to a few words that can be scanned during those brief work breaks.

STEAL 4 PIECES OF SILVER AND SEND THEM AT ONCE FOR 12 BIG ISSUES OF

AEGEAN NEWS & SLAVE DIGEST

YOU'LL CAROUSE WITH CLASS AS A MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE

ROMAN ORGY CLUB



Dear Decadent Citizen:

You have been selected from among our city's most aristocratic drunks to receive this membership invitation from the new Roman Orgy Club. Deluxe facilities include ample wine served by charming maidens, relaxing massages given by charming maidens and anything else you have in mind provided by charming maidens.

If you're tired of the smelly peasants who hang out in singles bars, you'll want to join while we still have openings. Send your application today!

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME _____

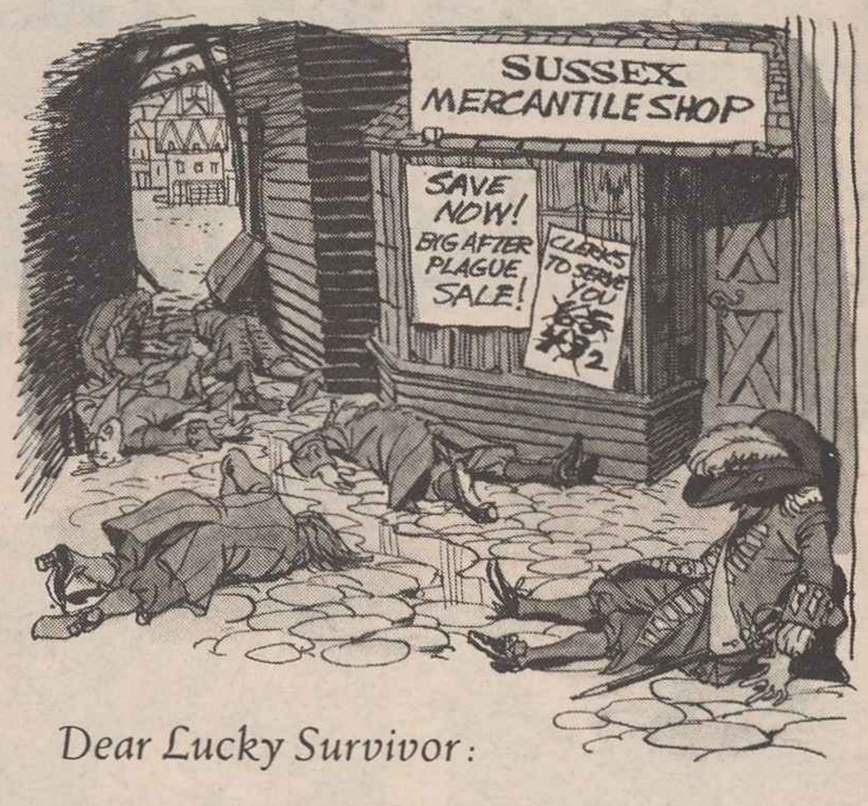
IMPRESSIVE TITLE _____

ADDRESS _____

QUALIFICATIONS: (Check one)

☐ I come from an influential family and possess great wealth.
☐ I possess great wealth, so never mind the family bit.

At The Sussex Mercantile Shop THE BLACK PLAGUE Is Your Good Fortune

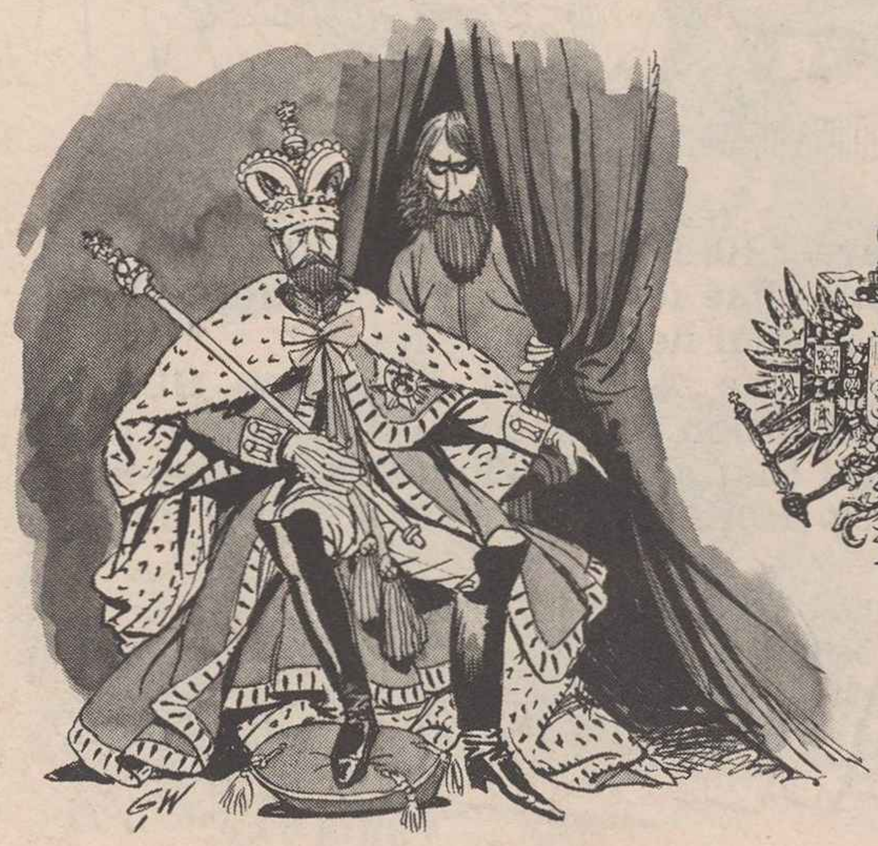


Dear Lucky Survivor:

Whoo hoy, has the recent plague made us feel silly! Frankly, our buyers never dreamed that 95% of the population would be wiped out this season. As a result, we're overstocked on fashionable hair shirts in all sizes. Those healthy enough to get to our store can save big money while supplies last.

For Personalized Service, Ask For Hugo Merlin Dunston Anyone Who's Still Alive

THE COMMITTEE TO RETAIN THE CZAR URGES YOU TO EXAMINE THE ISSUES



Dear Monarchist Sympathizer:

We know that your mailbox is filled these days with campaign trash from the Bolsheviks, Marxists and other crackpot organizations, all trying to win your support in the coming Russian Revolution.

You're undoubtedly sick of receiving all that junk mail, and that's why we urge you to support Czar Nicholas when the fighting spreads to your village. He never sent the peasant class any unwanted mail before, and he promises that you'll never hear from him again once he's back in power.

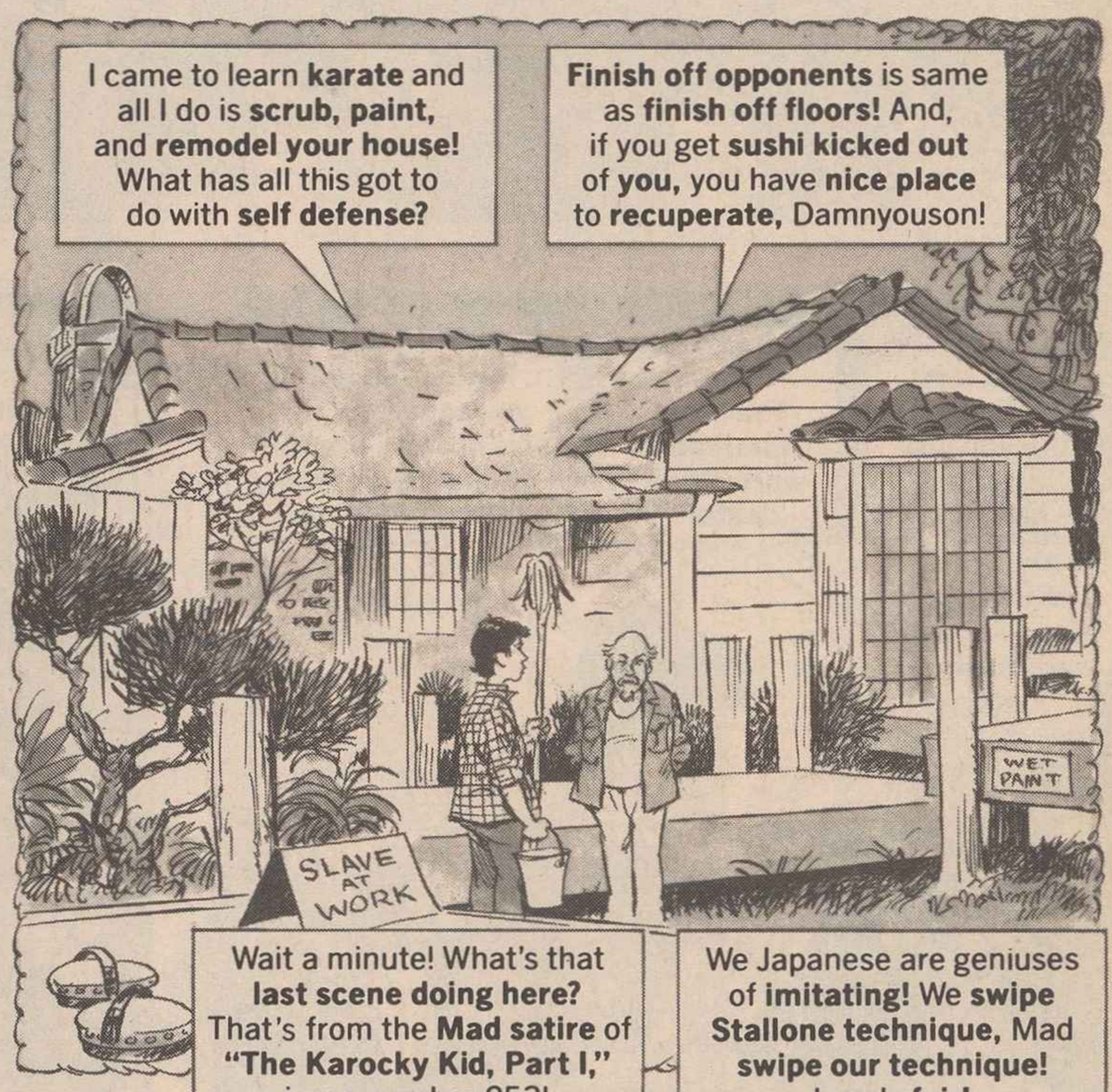
STAND UP FOR NICHOLAS IN '17

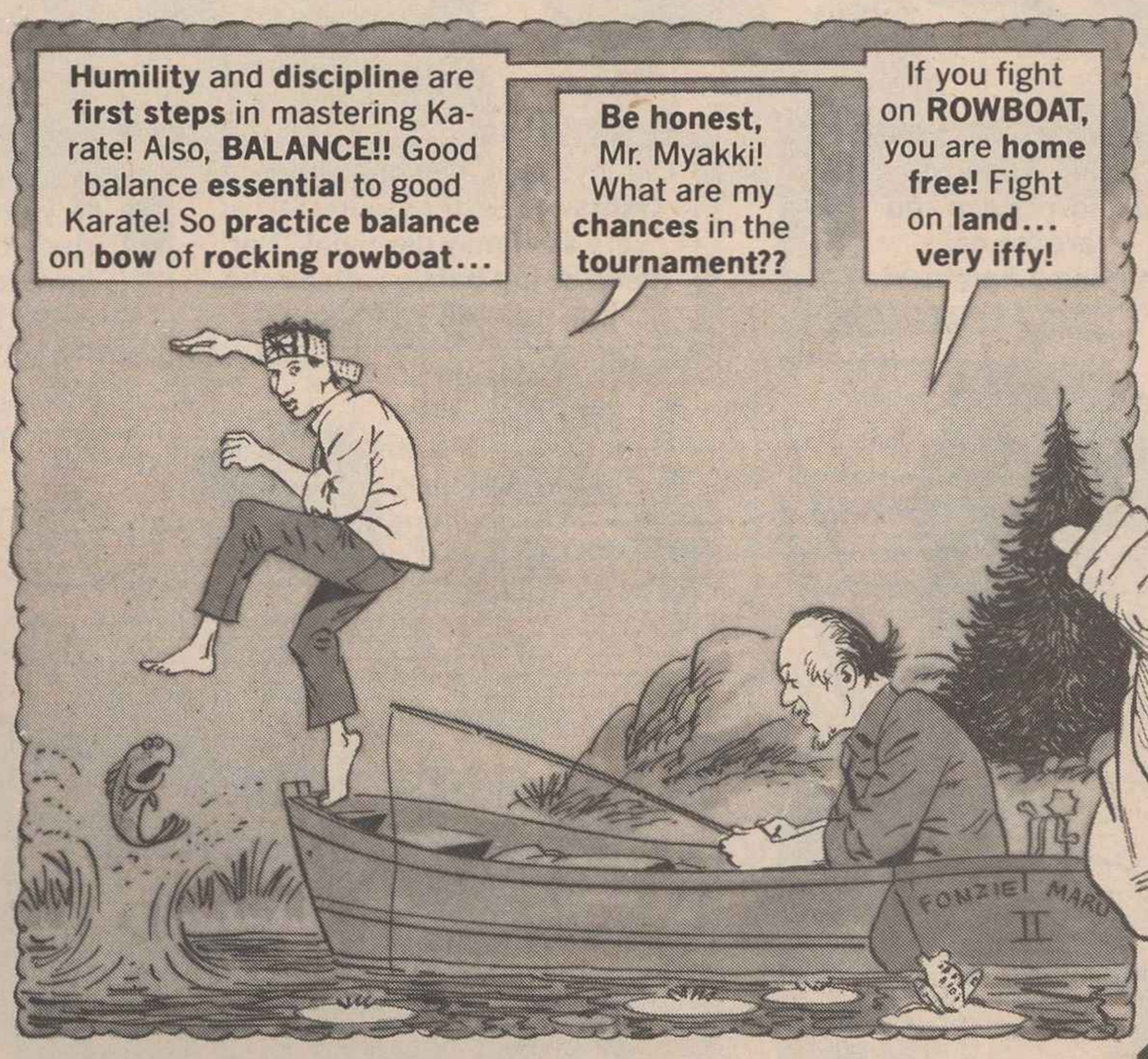
"The People's Tyrant"

(This literature paid for by the Committee To Retain The Czar)

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

The Karocky Kid Part II





ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Torres

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Raid KILLS BUGS DEAD

Yow! This really **hurts!**

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

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

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

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

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

KUNG-FU KARATE SCHOOL

Mister Teriyaki, I'm coming with you to **Okinawa!**

Is a **miracle** I get **passport** in only **one day,** how you do it in **one hour?**

I bought a **used one** from a guy selling 'em on a street corner!

Please take your seat, **Mrs. Smith,** and here's your **passport back** along with your **frequent flyer card!**

FIRST CLASS

NO CLASS

Welcome to Okinawa, Mr. Teriyaki! Sorry you have to come here for **reasons** of **death!**

You have heard my father **very ill?**

I'm talking about **your death!**

SOCKO AND BON-SET! CAR SERVICE

So, Beef Teriyaki, my **ancient foe,** you return to Okinawa!

Yes, Socko Too-mee, my **oldest friend!** My father very near **death!**

Well, you know ancient proverb, **"Like father, like son!"** Among many businesses I own here, I sell **coffins!** Give you **good deal** on **coffin built** for **two!**

SOCKO AVIATION

SOCKO AIRWAYS

WIND SOCKO

Oon-bel-di, my **first love!** You look as **young** as the day I **leave** here! Maybe **that's** why I **leave!** How you know where to find me in States?

Socko told me look in **Yellow Pages** under **"Marinated Chickens"** and there you were!

How my father doing?

Well, yesterday he **wheezing** and **gasping,** today, he no sound as **well!** I put it **this** way—Socko also own **insurance business**—ask him about **"15-minute" policy!**

SOCKO INSURANCE CO.

If I am **dreaming,** don't let me **wake up!** And if I am **awake,** don't let me **dream!** But if I am **dreaming** that I'm **awake,** then let me **dream** that I **fall asleep** so I can finally get some **rest** around this place!

Is the **excitement** of my return making you **weaker,** my father?

No, but all the talk about my **dying** is **boring** me to **death!**

Okay, Teriyaki, is time to **fight** to **death!**

No time for that now! Father want to see both of you **together!** Must come quickly—he finally thought of something **knowing** and **inspirational** to say for his **"death speech"!**

Gobble-dee-gook! Gooky-dee gobble!

What did he say?

"No hitting below the kimono!"

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

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

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

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

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

SOCKO SAKE

IN MEMORY OF BOTH OF YOU

MADE IN JAPAN

SAPPORO BEER

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

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

CLUNK !!

Do you **duck,** or move to the **side?**

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

That my **lifelong desire,** Damn–youson!

To be a **ballet dancer?**

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

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

TOO MANY YEN

SALE CRAZY HIDEKI

SOCKO TRINITRON

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

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

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

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

Is that so I can **better** my **focus?**

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

Now Socko **really angry,** Teriyaki! **Level whole village!**

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

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

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

Okay, Socko finished **hawking tickets** and setting up **parking** and **refreshment concessions!** Now let the **fight begin!**

Socko

PRO KARATE

PROGRAMS SCORE CARDS OFFICIAL HEAD BAND

BALLPARK SUSHI

Teriyaki, your timing is **perfect!** First your father **kicks bucket** in time to **stop fight,** now **Storm** of **Incredible Coincidence** shows up!

Better yet, a **building fell down** on Socko, **trapping him!**

Teriyaki **rescue him, break beam** in **half!**

I ♡ OKINAWA

SOCKO WAS HERE

GIMME SHELTER

SOCKO

Wouldn't it be **easier** with a **chain saw?**

Teriyaki need some **"focus"** practice, **break beam** in **half!**

Nice shot! But you also **broke** Socko's **spine** in half at the same time!

Wow! Teriyaki **"focus"** in **better shape** than I thought!

SOCKO TOO-MEE LUMBER CO.

Teriyaki save my uncle to restore **his honor!** You must now fight me to the **death** for hurting **my honor**—which is hard to do since I **have none!**

I'm in **worse shape**—I've got **honor,** but not **Blue Cross!**

Honorless nephew pulling every **dirty trick** in the book! He'll **kill** Damnyouson!

Fear not! I teach Damnyouson **most important move** in **karate!**

He **jump on plane?**

No...

That silly, unexplainable plot gimmick—the **"swinging drum move"?**

No...

Not the famous Teriyaki **nose tweak?!** Get me out of here—is much too **disgusting** to watch!

The **new, improved Teriyaki nose tweak**—done with **Kleenex** in **hand!**

Socko's nephew was a **tough opponent,** Mr. Teriyaki, but I finished him off, thanks to your **superb training** and the **new techniques you created...**

Actually, Damnyouson, I learn **all techniques** by **studying films** of the **masters...**

Really? You mean even the **nose tweak?**

Especially the **nose tweak...**

...created and **perfected** by the **honorable Larry, Moe, and Curly**—the **masters!**

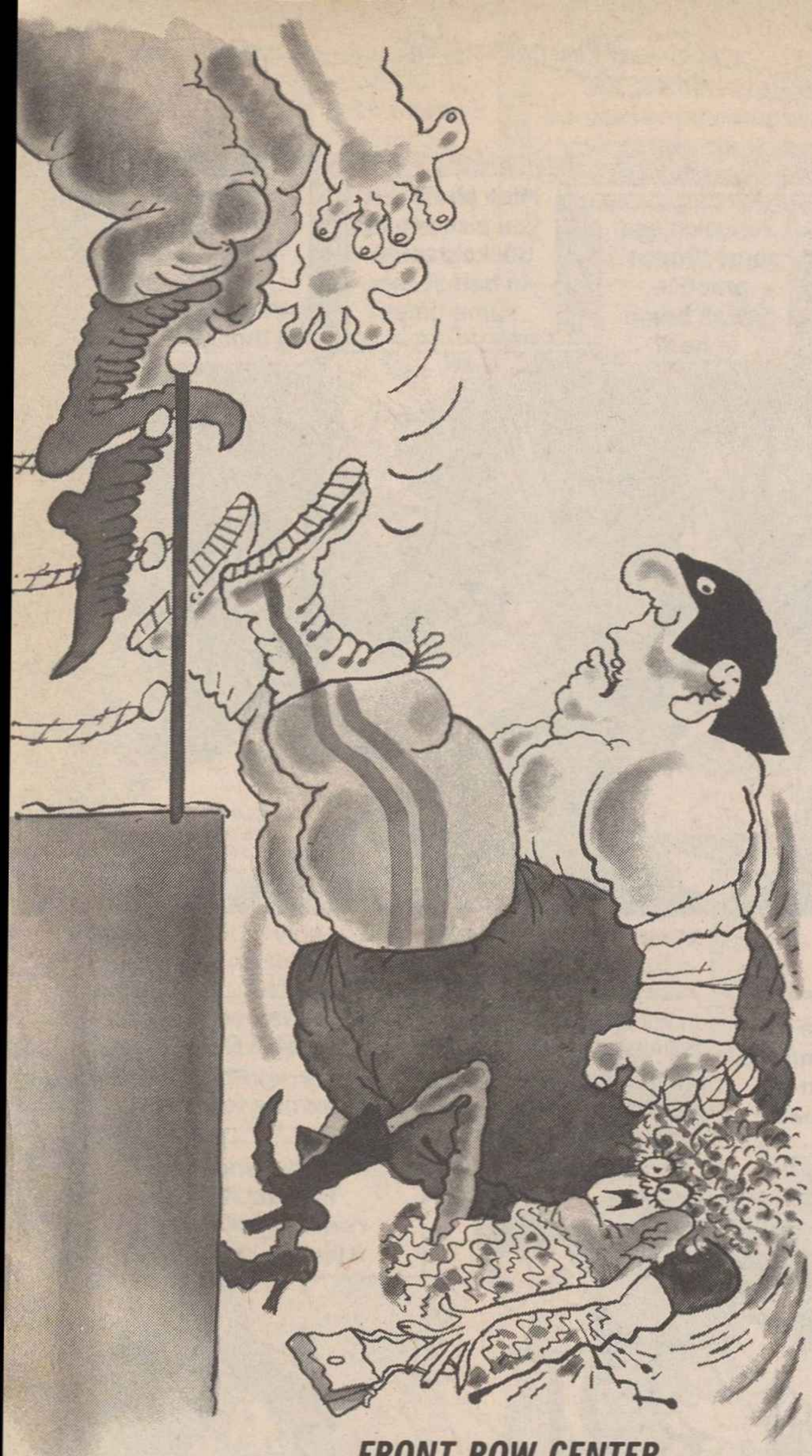
WHY, YOU...

HEADBAND BY SOCKO

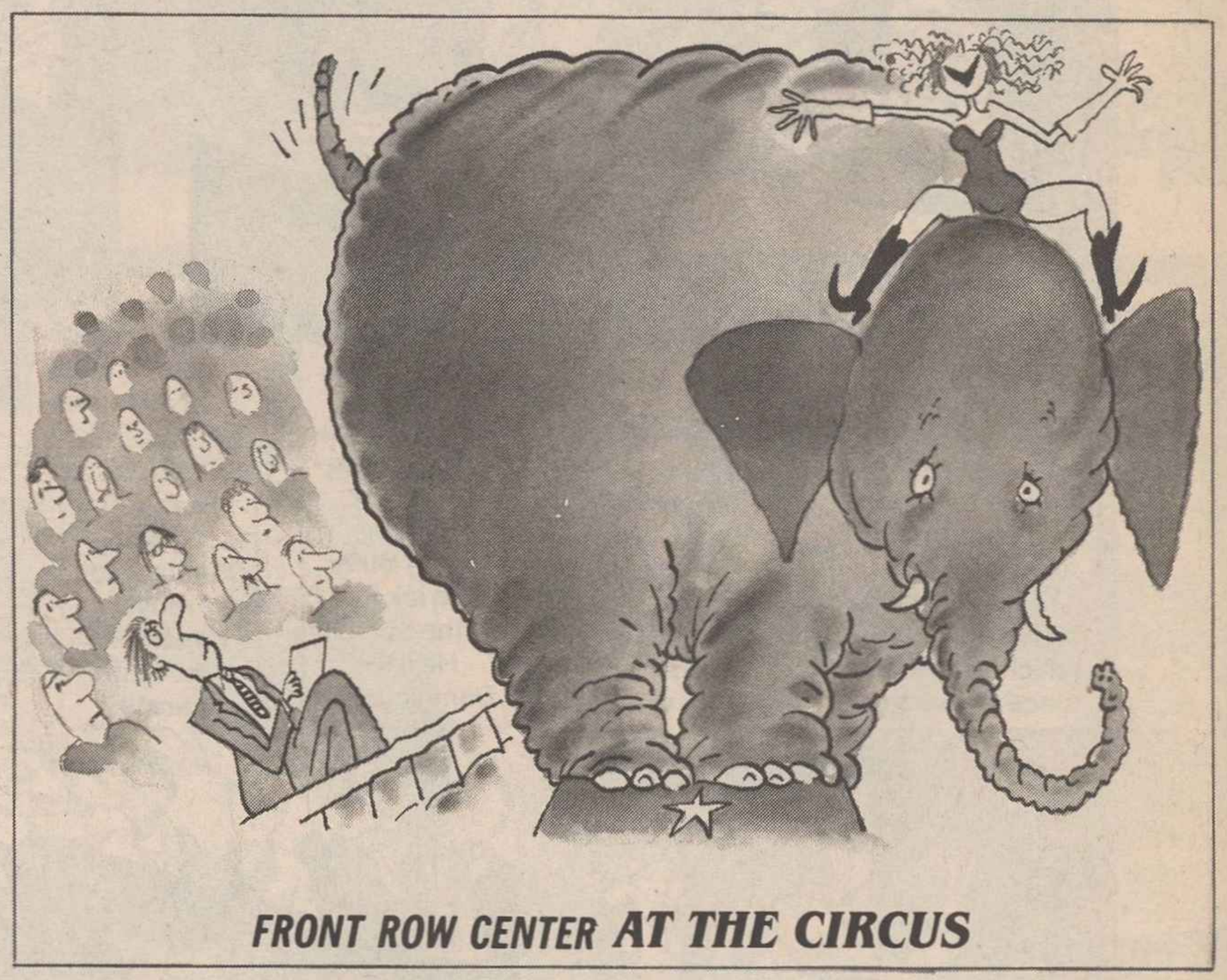
K CORNER

FRONT ROW

The High FRONT



FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE WRESTLING MATCH



FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE CIRCUS

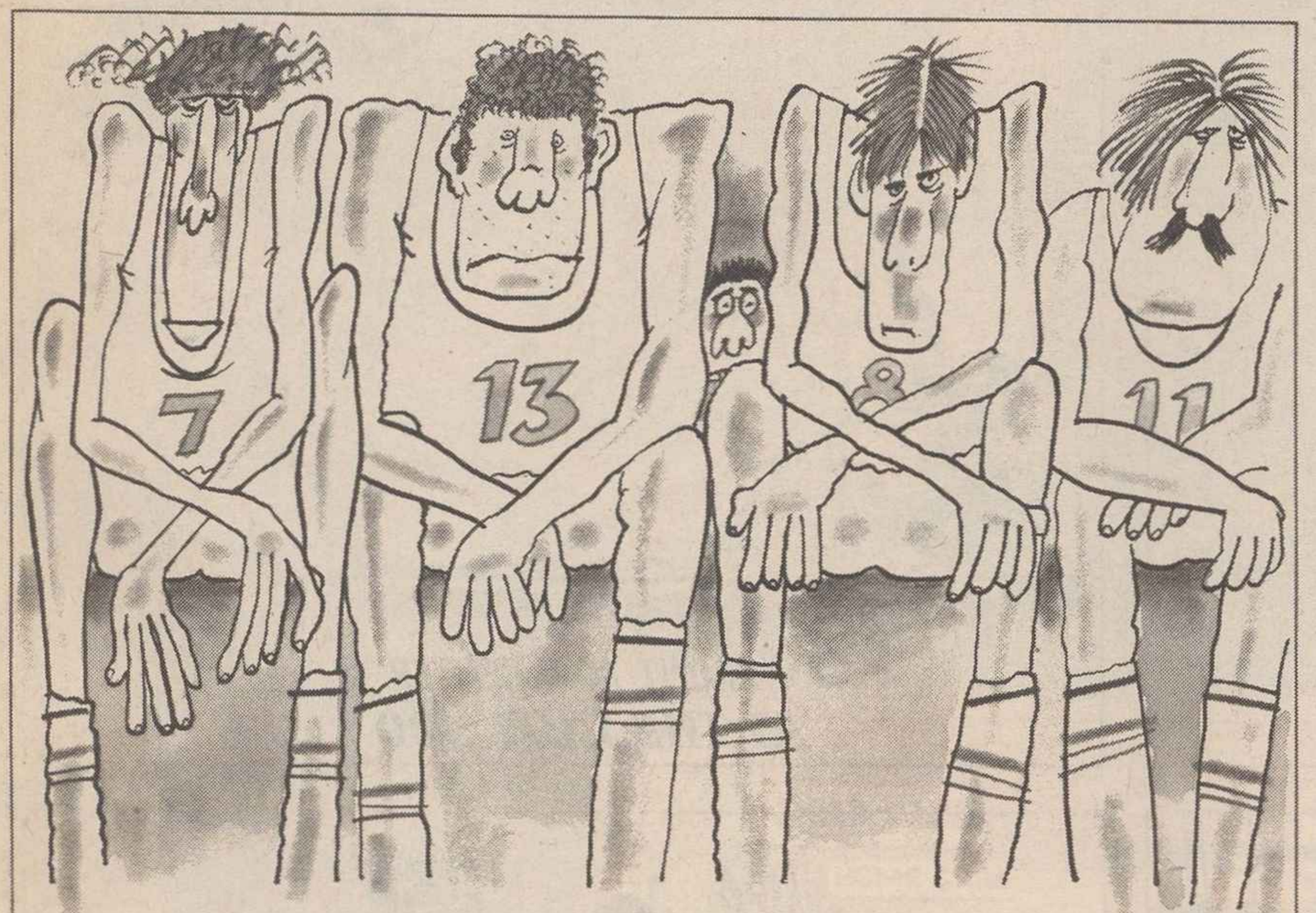
FRONT ROW CENTER AT SEA WORLD

FRONT ROW CENTER

Risks of Row Center

ADMIT ONE
FRI., MAY 30 $100.00

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

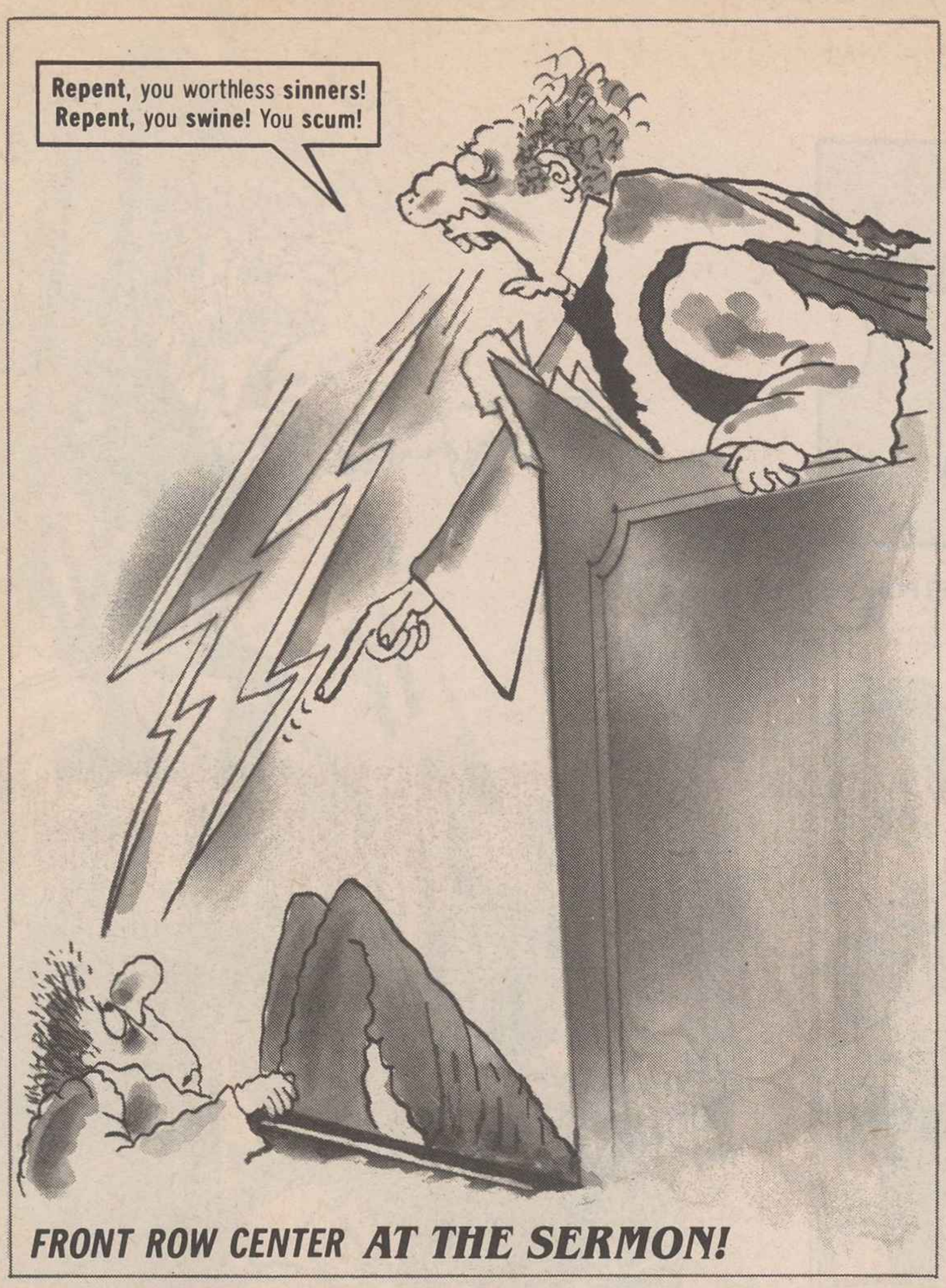


FRONT ROW CENTER AT AN NBA GAME

FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

AT A 4TH OF JULY DISPLAY

FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE RODEO



FRONT ROW CENTER **AT THE SERMON!**

FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE INDY 500

FRONT ROW CENTER
AT A DAVID LETTERMAN STUPID PET TRICK TAPING

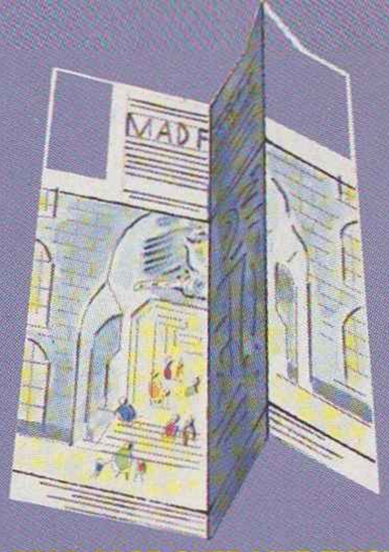
FRONT ROW CENTER
AT A HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING MATCH

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST FINANCIAL DRAIN ON THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT?

SURPRISE! HERE'S ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Our government supports thousands of expensive programs. Fold page in as shown to find out the one that's really draining the Treasury!



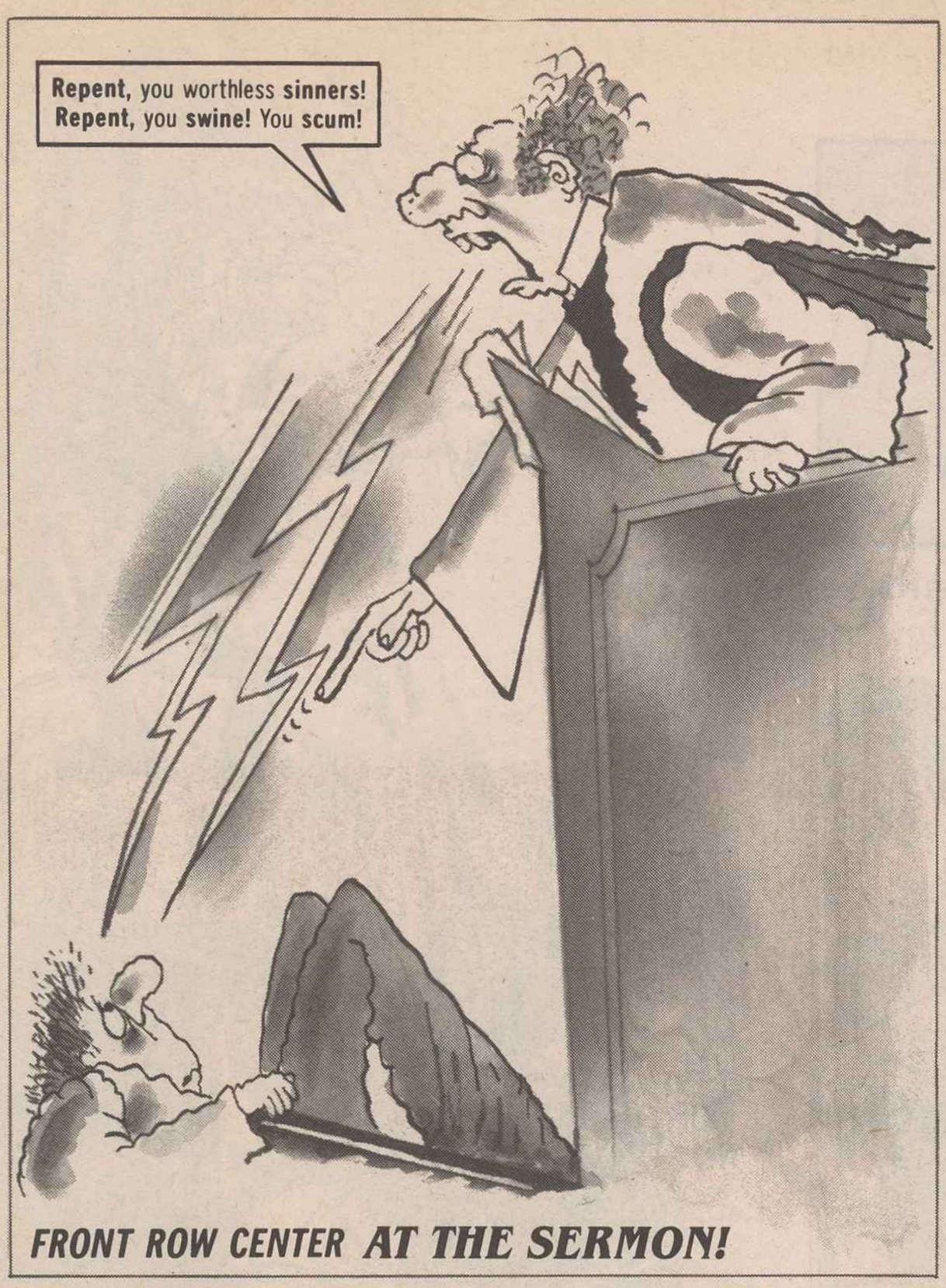
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

DEFICITS ARE CAUSED BY PROGRAMS WHOSE EXPENSE WE CAN'T AFFORD. TO END THIS WE NEED NEW CONTROLS. TAX PAYERS ARE TIRED OF BEING BENEFACTORS

A► ◄B

WRITER AND ARTIST:
AL JAFFEE



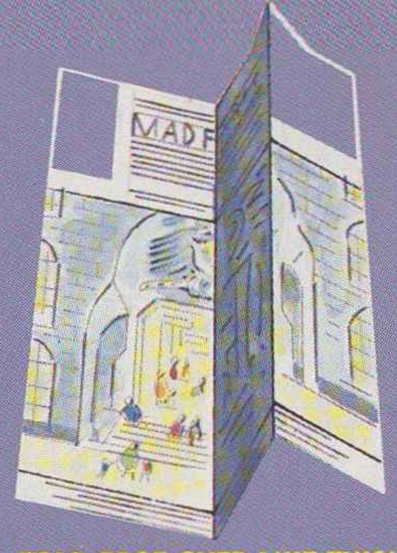
FRONT ROW CENTER **AT THE SERMON!**

FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE INDY 500

FRONT ROW CENTER
AT A DAVID LETTERMAN STUPID PET TRICK TAPING

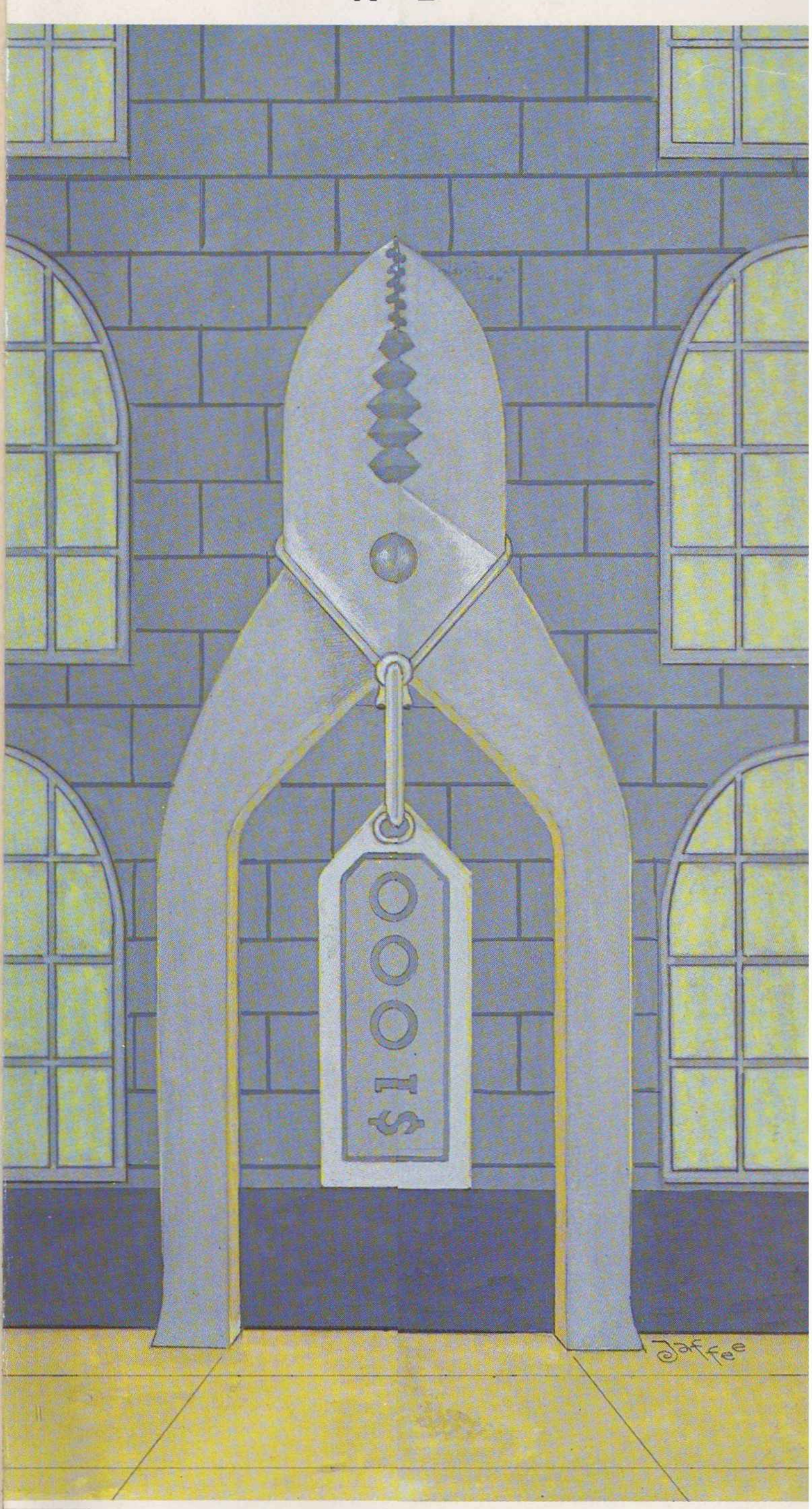
FRONT ROW CENTER
AT A HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING MATCH

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST FINANCIAL DRAIN ON THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A⋈B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DEFENSE

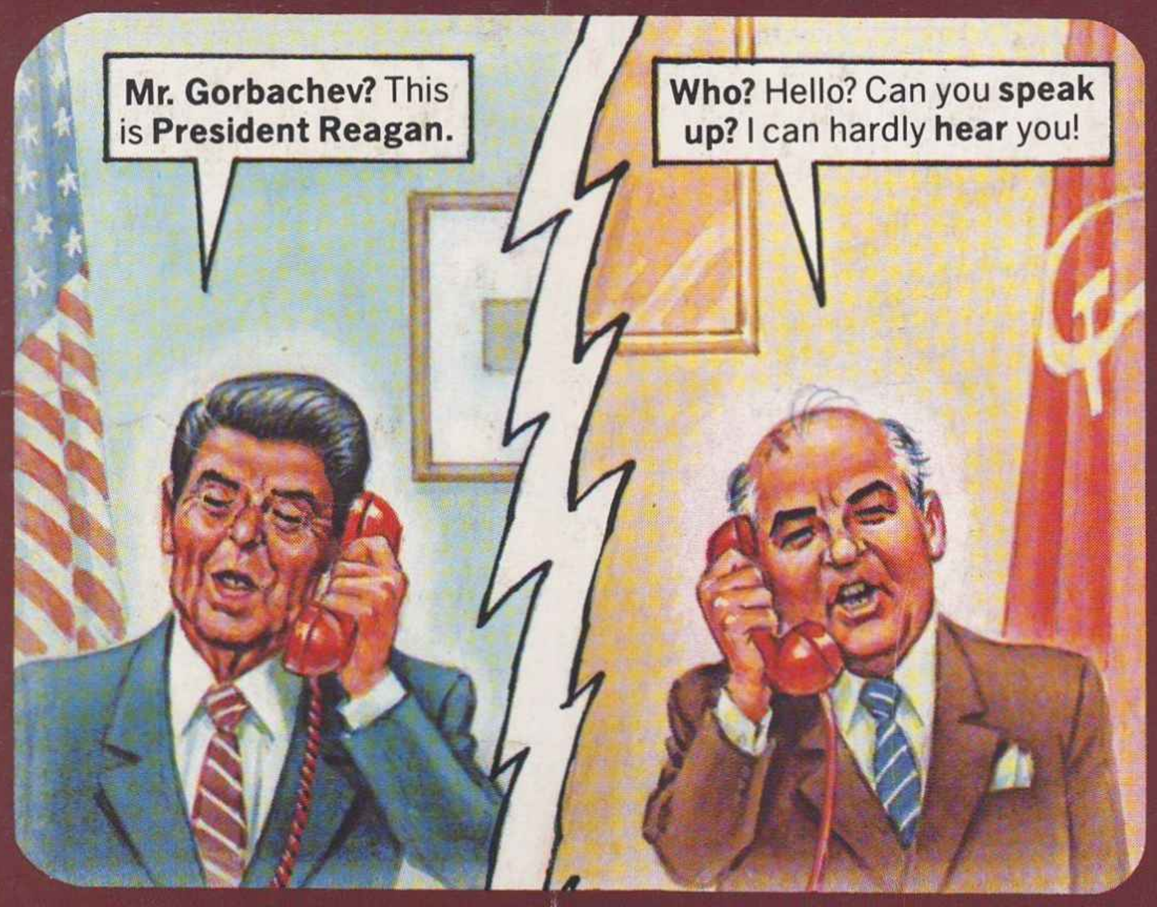
CONTRACTORS

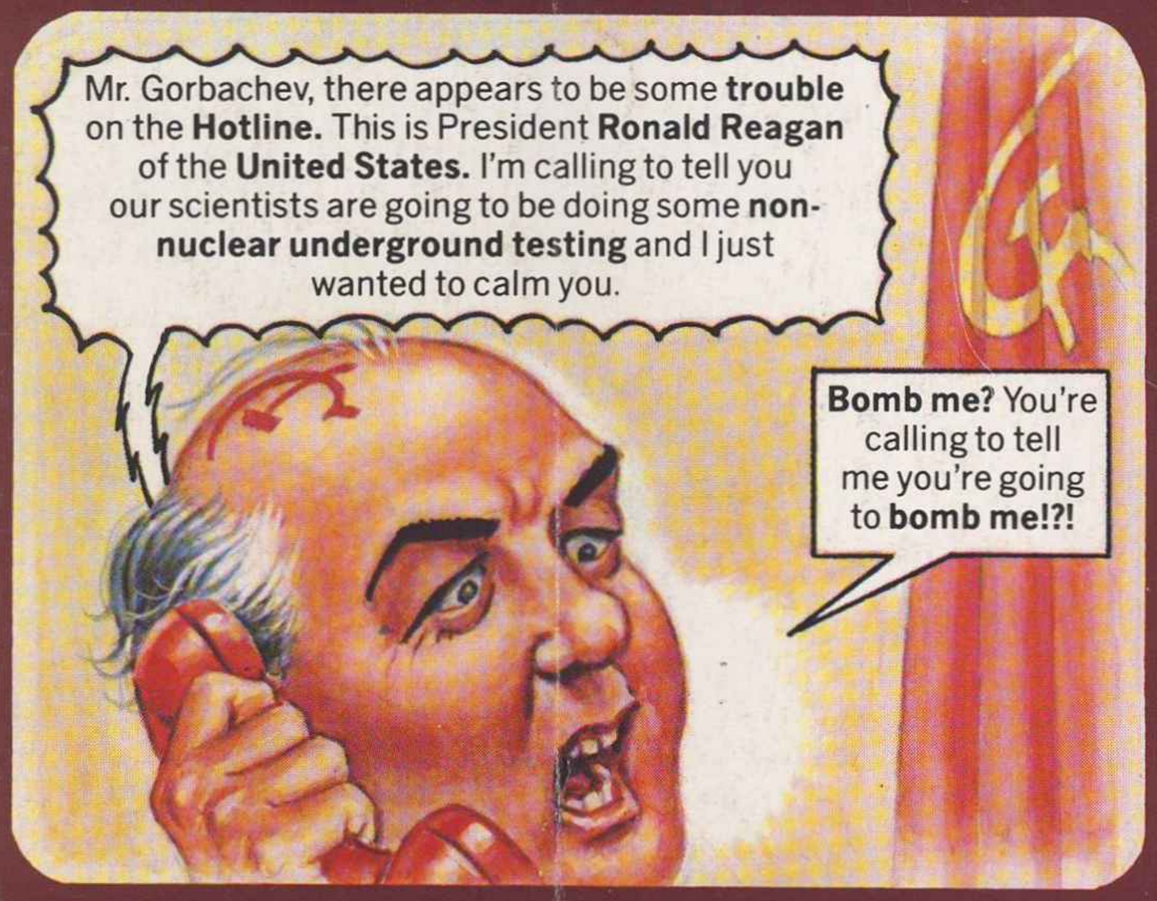
WRITER AND ARTIST:
AL JAFFEE

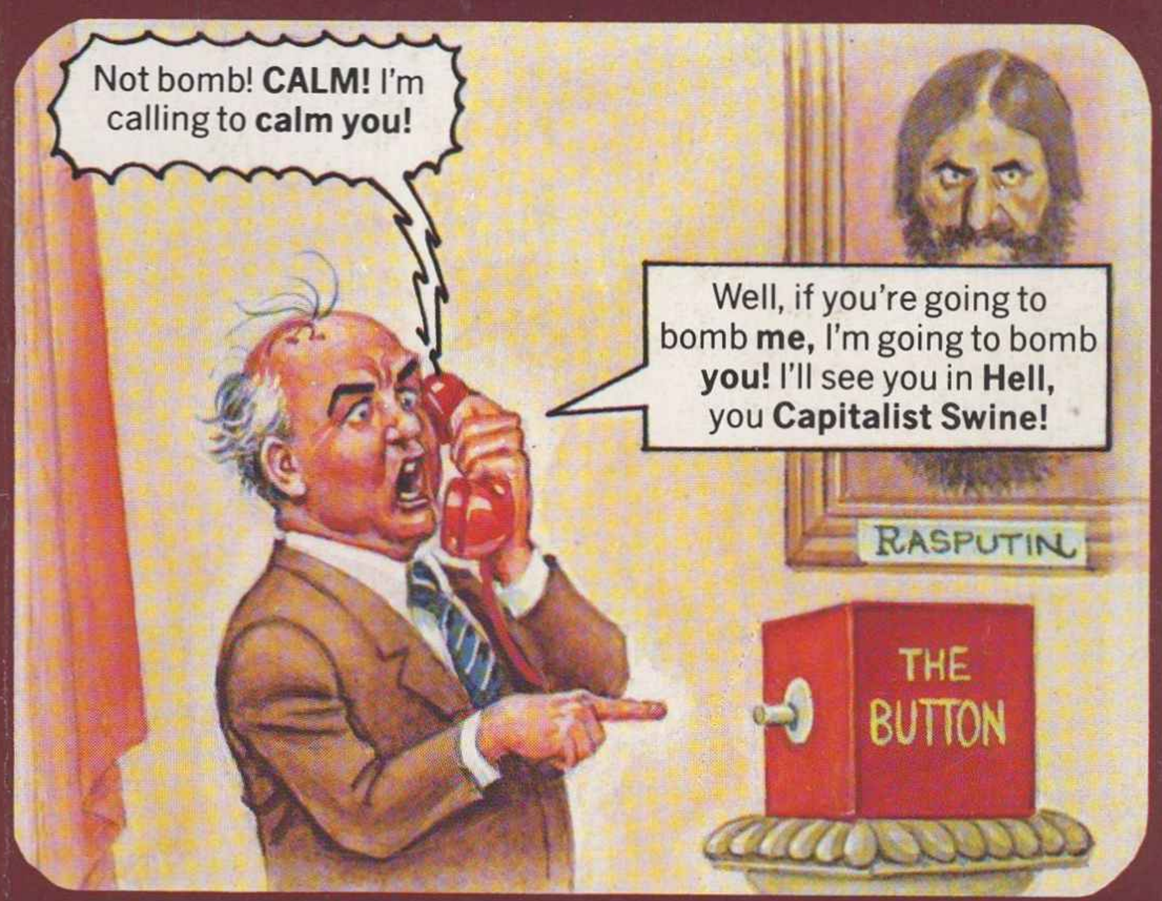
A⋈B

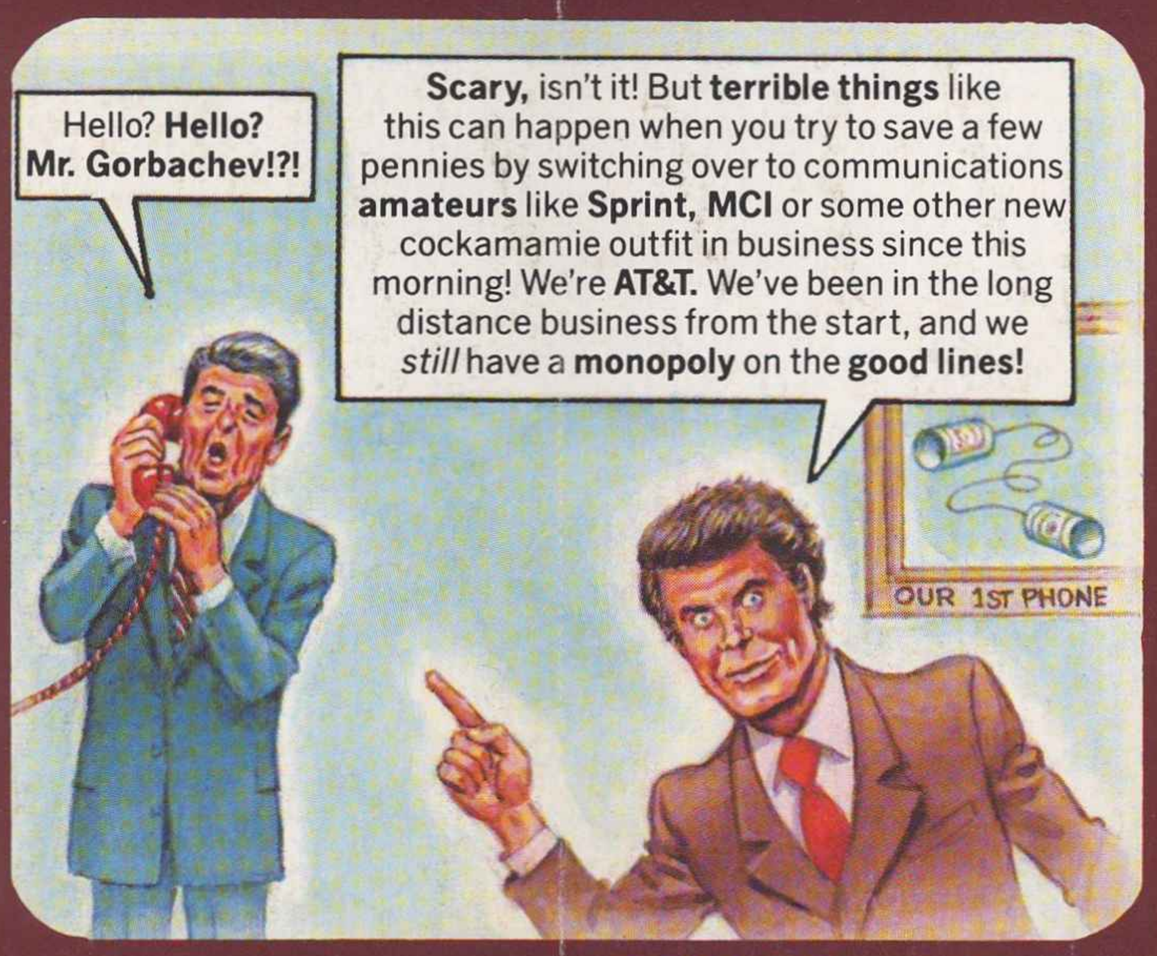
GREAT MOMENTS IN ADVERTISING

The Day AT&T Went Too Far









ARTISTS: HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER WRITER: JOHN PRETE