

Look! In this
issue! It's a
bird! It's a
bomb! It's...

"SUPERMAN"

It's a waste of
space! It's...

**"BATTLESTAR
GALACTICA"**

It's a bunch of
crooks! It's...

**LAWYERS &
REPAIRMEN**

It's a slice of
life! It's...

**THE MEN'S
RAZOR RACE**

And it's a pack
of lies! It's...

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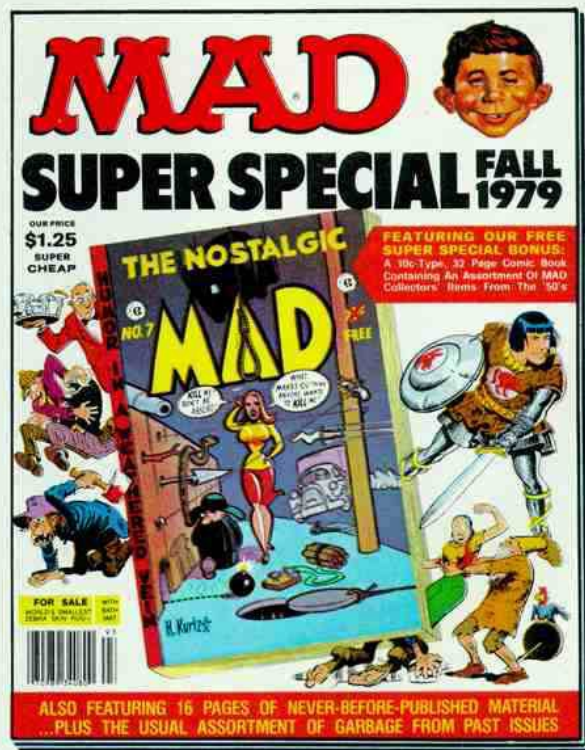
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"For some people, counting calories is a weigh of life!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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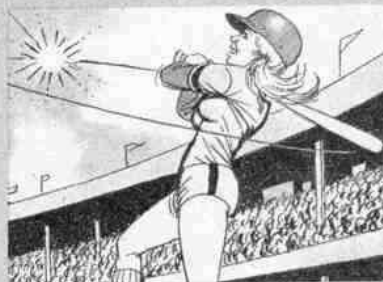
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(A MAD
Movie
Satire)
Pg. 4



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CLASSICAL
POETRY TO
GIVE WOMEN
EQUAL TIME
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A MAD
LOOK
AT
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MAN"
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And then...one day...I
discovered the REAL ME!!



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THE "ME"
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LETTERS DEPT.



HEAVING CAN WAIT

Maybe "Heaven Can Wait" for Warren
Beatty, but Drucker and Hart are definitely
on the preferred list!

Scott Mekan
San Francisco, Calif.

I was in seventh heaven, mainly be-
cause Stan Hart "changed a little stiffness
into an agonizing pain", with a few quick
twists!

Hames Ware
Little Rock, Ark.

Beatty, Christie, Grodin and Cannon
were never drawn better. They should be
on Clod Nine!

Laurie Pevey
Houston, Texas

WHO KILLED THE COUNTRY?

Congratulations to Bob Clarke and
Frank Jacobs for "Who Killed The Coun-
try?" It strikes at our country's basic
problems. Hopefully, its message will be
heeded, but, as the first frame suggests, it
probably won't.

Brian Rupel
Dayton, Ohio

The Jacobs and Clarke article, "Who
Killed The Country?" wins my vote for
best article ever to appear in MAD. Here's
one they left out:

*Who blackened its soul?
"I", said the porno publisher—
"With my non-stop glut
Of fortune making smut,
"I blackened its soul."*

Gary F Phillips
Hamilton, Ohio

*Who rifled its purse?
"I", said the Federal Reserve—
"In a daring daylight caper,
"I replaced its gold with paper.
"I rifled its purse."*

Leonard Rubin
New York, N.Y.

*Who laughed at its troubles?
"I", said MAD Magazine—
"Taunting its ev'ry flaw,
"Further convulsed its crew.
"I laughed at its troubles."*

James B. Ewbank
Lawton, Oklahoma

DE BARTOLO BRINGS IN A GUSHER

In your September, 1976, issue, Dick De
Bartolo manifested "more MAD ESP". His
article was entitled "Behind The Scenes At
The Major Oil Companies" and one of his
characters predicted that gas would go up
to \$1.00 a gallon. The 6:00 O'Clock News
confirmed that within two years, officials
believe that gas *will* go up to a buck a
gallon! De Bartolo's an invaluable MAD
"pipeline" and forecaster!

David Matthews
Aliquippa, Pa.

THE CARTERBURY TALES

Lou Silverstone and George Wood-
bridge deserve to be knighted for "The
Carterbury Tales". A greate, greate
jobbe!

William Garvin
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Heere continueth the Booke of the
Tales of Carterbury:

The Shab's Tale

*The Shab was the kyng of
an oyl-rych landd.
It ys sayd he ruled wyth
an yron handd.
The Carter loydy oyl,
so he helde the Shab dear.
But the Shab's people gave
hym a kyck yn the rear.*

Frederick Rauscher, Jr.
Arlington, Virginia

*I readeth wythe interest
The Carterbury Trashe
For once twas not wastyd
my sixty cents cashe
In vain dyd I searche for
The Rosalynn's Tale
Butt ye Cloddes dyd forgette
Numero Uno Damselle.*

Jonathan & Helene Blackwell
Cortland, New York

The Rosalynn's Tale



*The Fyrst Ladye we niver yntended
to slughte—
Butt lately she's been out of our syghte—
Yn 1980, the votyrs a new chieff may hail—
So Rosalynn's preparing a Whyte House
tagge sale. — ed*

I can't figure you guys out. How you do
a great satire like "The Carterbury Tales"
and "Everyday Scenes We'd Like To See"
(Yecch!) in the same issue is enough to
drive me MAD!

Ed Nichols
New York, N.Y.

A MAD LOOK AT TARZAN... TODAY

"A MAD Look At Tarzan... Today" tore
me from limb to limb!

Ted Kniering
La Canada, Calif.

SECOND OPINIONS IN NON-MEDICAL CASES

If someone tells you MAD has a right to publish its magazine, talk to a teacher with a drawer full of confiscated MADs, for a "Second Opinion".

John Gwin
Toms River, N.J.

When you said that your "Second Opinion" article was funny, whose second opinion did you get? Snee's or Coker's?

Paula Boucher
Old Town, Maine

My Mom thinks I'm an idiot for buying MAD. She says I'll be neither wise nor wealthy, reading it. Ask William M. Gaines for a "Second Opinion".

Roger Gutierrez
Canoga Park, Calif.

If the Board of Health says they check up and make sure that unsanitary conditions of businesses don't affect the public, talk to any MAD reader for a "Second Opinion"!

Erik Rothenberg
Santa Monica, Calif.

MAD "SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF" STRIPS

I fell for Henry Clark's "MAD 'Scratch 'N' Sniff' Strips", right in the store! I sniffed it while ten people were watching me.

Paul Williams
Skaneateles, N.Y.

I thought that was the dirtiest trick you could play on us. I scratched through two pages without getting any results!

Karl Ramonas
Waterbury, Conn.

You left out the clean, scrubbed smell of a gas station's rest-room.

Anthony Hall
Fairfield, Calif.

Your "Scratch 'N' Sniff Strips" really stunk!

Brad Calvert
San Diego, Calif.

THE EYES OF LURID MESS

Your satire on "The Eyes Of Laura Mars" should have been Dunaway with, I'd say!

Jim La Ruffa
Margate, Fla.

SMELLER DRAMA

You've done it again, MAD! On a recent edition of "60 Minutes", there was a report on aerosol can products for businessmen; for instance, if a restaurant owner wants to push, say, lobster on a given evening, he simply gets his can of "lobster spray" and gives the room a spritz or two to subtly influence his diners' decisions. Another was for used car dealers to spray in their beat-up old hulks to make them smell new, which, in an article entitled "Spray Cans We'd Like To See" (#134, April, 1970), you correctly predicted and called, "New Car Kick"!

Anne Butman
Danvers, Mass.

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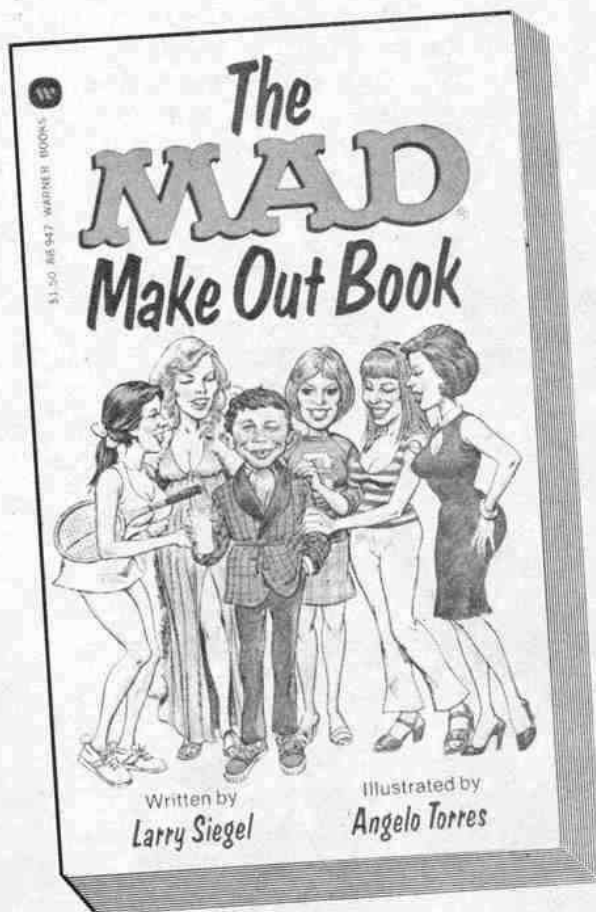
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SUPER MARKETING DEPT.

He started out in the Thirties as a comic book hero. Then, he became the star of a movie serial, a radio show, a television series, a Broadway musical, and now...at last...he's the star of a multi-million dollar full-length feature motion picture! Look...up in the sky! It's a gold mine! It's a bonanza! It's

SUPER

Prisoners of the planet, Krapton—do you have anything to say before we pass sentence...?

You don't frighten us! We're going to beat this rap!

You are each hereby sentenced to 453 years at hard labor!

Hear that?! I told you we'd beat the rap! I thought we'd get "Life" for sure!!

Fellow Council members, stop what you're doing! I have something of vital importance to say!

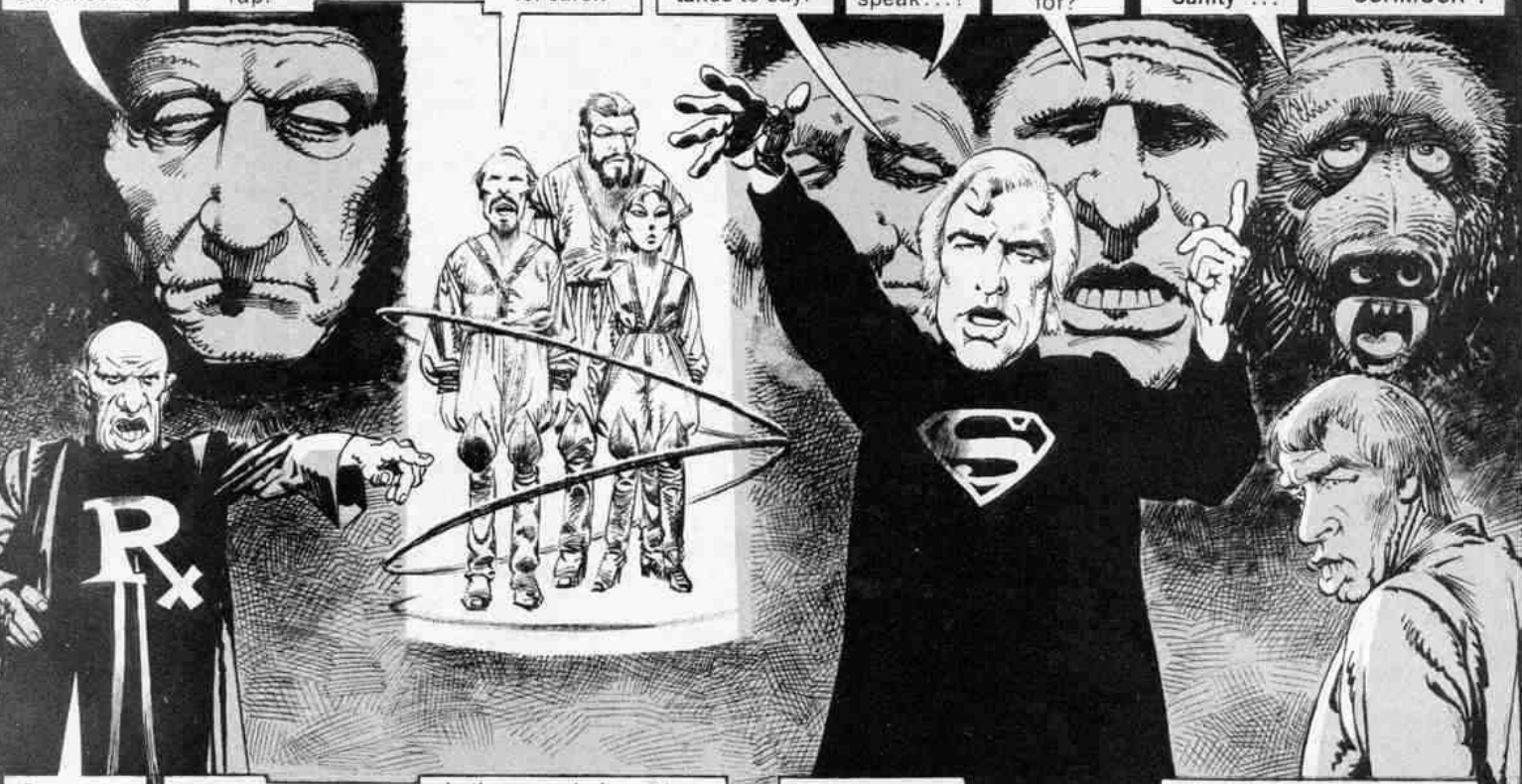
Attention! Jaw-Wel, the sage of Krapton, is about to speak...!

What does the huge "S" on his shirt stand for?

It stands for many things... "Smartness," "Sobriety," "Sanity"...

Our planet is doomed! We will all be destroyed in 24 hours!

...and also "SCHMUCK"!



Come on!! Buzz off with your Doomsday talk, Jaw-Wel!

No...! We must listen to what he says!

Not ME!! What could his words be worth?!

Let's see... he's getting \$3 million for 15 minutes work on this film! I would say about \$20,000 a word!

I'll listen! I'LL LISTEN!

This planet mustn't die! Ours is the most advanced civilization in the Galaxy!

You call THAT the products of an advanced civilization?!

You mean somebody ELSE has invented the hula hoop?

Not only that, but you know those "Davy Crockett" hats we're working on...



DUPERMAN



Our planet will be destroyed any minute now, Lurer! So we must save our Son! I'm wrapping him in crystal, and sending him off to Earth! He must land safely and, above all, he must not attract attention!

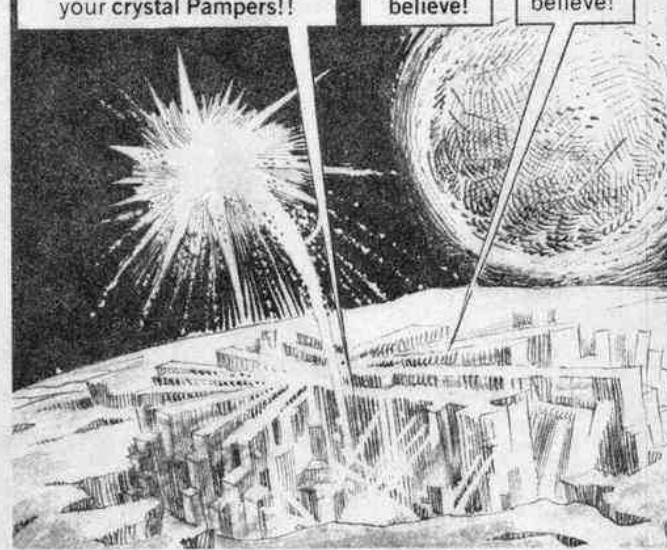
You're sending him there in a CHANDELIER, and you don't want him to attract attention?!?

I'm aiming him for the ceiling of the Radio City Music Hall! It's a million-to-one shot... but it just might work!

Farewell, my Son! May the gods be with you! Use your incredible strength and wisdom for the good of all humanity, and keep warm in your crystal baby bunting, your crystal booties and your crystal Pampers!!

Lurer, he's going to have an adventure you won't believe!

He's going to have a DIAPER RASH you won't believe!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

As soon as I fix this flat, Maw, we'll take off for town and... Well, I'LL BE!!

Look... up in the sky! It's a bird!

It's a plane!

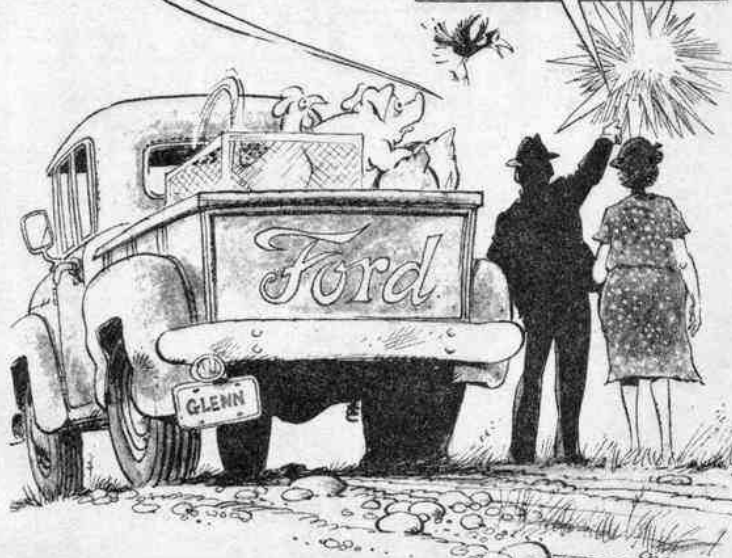
It's a... CHANDELIER!??

Seems to be a SLOGAN in there somewhere, Paw... but I think the PUNCH-LINE still needs work!!

Look, Paw!! The thing has landed, and a tiny creature is getting out! You can see he's not one of us, and he's got a strange look in his eyes! Like he's ready to take over the WHOLE WORLD!

My God! It's a midget ARAB!

No, you dummy! It's only a little baby!!



Aw, Paw!
Ain't he
the cutest
little
thing?!!

He sure is! Gi'me a minute to finish
fixing this flat, and we'll be on our—

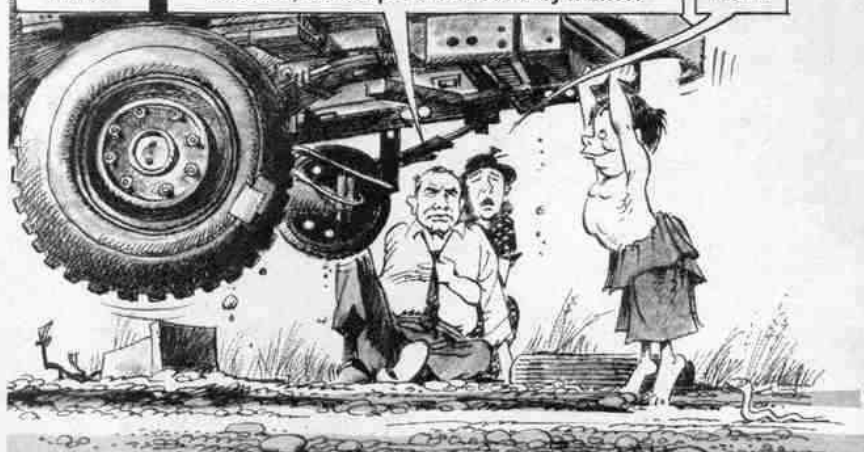
Good Lord!! The JACK is slipping! Maw!!
Help me! I'm gonna be crushed to death!!



Paw, look
what he's
doing! Can
we adopt
him?!!

We sure can! Now why don't we go into town,
and by him some formula and a Teddy Bear—
then sell our horse and ox and find us the
teeniest, tiniest plow harness they make?!

Paw
Kennt!
You're
all
heart!



What
will
we
call
our
new
Son,
Paw?

I figured
we'd name
him after
someone
who's very
near and
dear to us!

You mean our
prize CHICKEN?

Who else?! The
name shore has
a nice ring to
it, don't it?
CLUCK KENNT!!



'Bye Mom
and Dad!
Sorry I
had to
eat and
fly...
but I'm
late for
school!

Cluck has shore
grown into a
fine young man,
huh Paw! You
think his class-
mates find it
strange... the
way he goes
to school...?

You kidding? You
see what kids are
smoking nowadays?
They all go that
way! I hear the
Senior Class had
twelve mid-air
collisions last
week alone!



How
far did
I kick
the ball,
Dad?

Nine and a half miles,
Son! But that was
WITH the WIND! Keep
working on it! You'll
do a lot better!



Look, Dad!
I'm out-
racing a
speeding
locomotive!

Big deal! This is the Long
Island Railroad! Some folks
WALK faster than it! But
you're getting there, Son,
and I'm real proud of you!



Oh, Spirit
of my dead
Father! Why
have you
called me
away from
my adopted
parents?!!

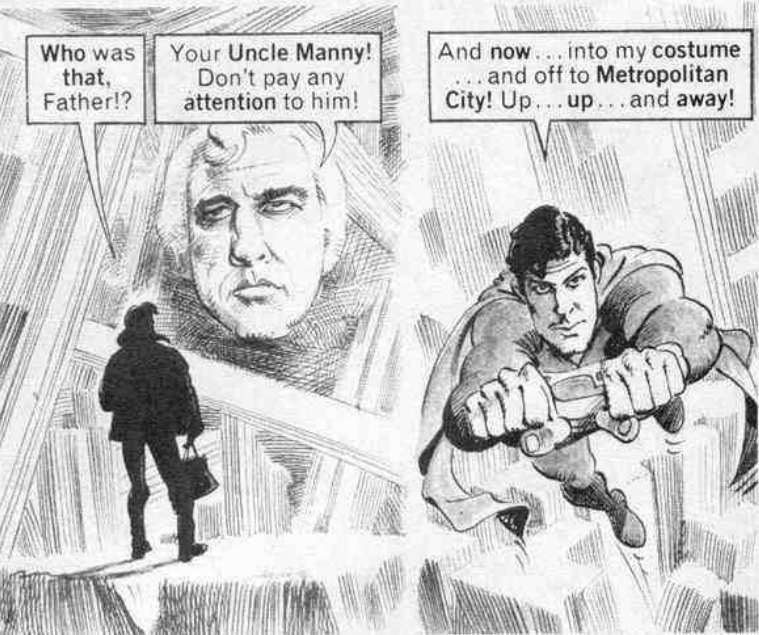
To tell you, my Son,
that you have come
of age now... and
the time has come
to make use of your
great gifts for the
benefit of Mankind!

I under-
stand,
Father!
How
shall
I do
that?

The secret is in
the crystals that
came with you from
the planet Krapton!
Remember, my Son!
All knowledge...
all strength... all
power is in crystal!

FORGET
crystal,
my boy!
Go into
PLASTIC!
That's
where the
money is!





Who was that, Father!?

Your Uncle Manny! Don't pay any attention to him!

And now... into my costume... and off to Metropolitan City! Up... up... and away!



Hello! You must be **Berry Blight**, the Editor here at the "Daily Planetoid"! I'm mild-mannered **Cluck Kennt**, your new Reporter!

Holy Cow...! These office elevators are fast! As soon as I stepped into yours, I was up here in a flash!

Kennt... we're on the **GROUND FLOOR** here! You stepped into a broom closet!!

No wonder that lady with the funny hair wouldn't talk to me! She must've been a **MOP**!



Cluck... this is **Lotus Lain**, one of my **Ace Reporters**!

Listen, **Lotus**... he's a nice kid, but he's a square! He's also rather insecure! I think he can use a lot of ego-building!

Trust me, Chief! Take me to lunch, **Four-Eyes**!

Hey... that's really puffing up the old ego!!



Sure nice of you to have lunch with me, **Miss Lain**!

Okay, Lady... hand over your purse and nobody gets hurt!

Cluck... he's got a **GUN**!

Stand aside, **Miss Lain**! I know exactly how to handle creeps like this!

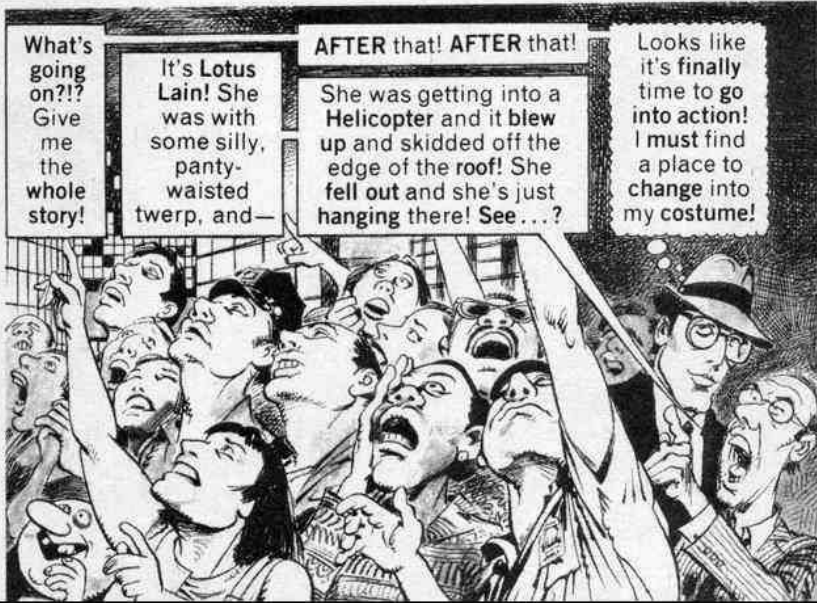


Here's the purse you wanted, **Creep**!

Hey, I could have done **THAT**, you silly pantywaisted twerp! Good-bye!!

But you heard what he said! If we give him the purse, nobody gets hurt! I didn't want to get hurt, did you? Pain is so icky-poo!

What the?!? I've heard of bullet-proof **VESTS**... but a bullet-proof **CHEST**?! Le'me out of here!!



What's going on?!? Give me the whole story!

It's **Lotus Lain**! She was with some silly, pantywaisted twerp, and—

AFTER that! AFTER that!

She was getting into a **Helicopter** and it blew up and skidded off the edge of the roof! She fell out and she's just hanging there! See...?

Looks like it's finally time to go into action! I must find a place to change into my costume!

Pardon me, Sir... but are you almost finished with your call...?

Scram, Buddy!! This ain't no telephone booth!!

Heh-heh! Sorry! I'm so nervous, I don't know what I'm doing! I better change on the way...!

Look... up in the sky! It's a bird!

It's a plane!

Nahh! It's just some weirdo in a cape who's probably late for a party on Fire Island!

Help! HELP! I'm FALLING!!

You—you saved my life!! Who are you? Where do you come from?

From a strange land, Ma'am! A place whose people and customs are totally alien to civilization as we know it today!

Oh! The BRONX, huh? Listen, if you're not doing anything tomorrow night, why don't you drop by my place?

It's a DATE, Ma'am!!

Hello! I hope I'm not late, Lotus!

No, you're right on time! I—I STILL can't get over it!! Who would ever believe that a man could FLY like you do?!

The same people who'd believe that a \$185-a-week Reporter could live in a TAJ MAHAL APARTMENT like this!

Y'know, if you were wearing glasses, you'd look exactly like someone I know, but I can't quite think who...!

Lotus, I realize that some people DO look alike, but... heh-heh... believe me, there is nobody you know with glasses who looks like me! NOBODY...!

I got it!! Henry Kissinger!

Except him!!

You're fantastic! From now on, I'm going to call you "Superduperman"!

Great! And I'm going to call you "Old Eagle Eye"!

What a night! When did a mere mortal ever soar through the clouds, holding on to a god before?!

Probably the last time somebody flew 20,000 feet in the air without an OXYGEN MASK!!





It's been a very exciting evening, Lotus, hasn't it? But before I leave, there's something I've been wanting to do all night, and I just can't wait any longer, so—

Lotus... I want to shake your hand and sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart for being such a swell date!

What a SUPER GOD...! What a SUPER DUD!!

Cluck... I just got a tip that Lox Looter, the arch-criminal, is about to pull off a caper that will destroy the entire West Coast!

Yes, and if anything happens to that wonderful girl because of me, I'll throw myself out the window, and...

Mr. Blight, we're on the Ground Floor!

...I'll sprain my ankle so badly, you won't believe it!

Didn't you just send Lotus to the Coast on a special assignment?

Listen to me, Onus, my stupid henchman, and Evil, my sexy girlfriend! I, Lox Looter, am about to pull off the most fiendish act in the history of crime... heh-heh...chortle!!

Tell me, Boss, why are you always wreaking vengeance on the world??

It all began 13 years ago when I was turned down for one of the arch-villains on the "Batman" TV Series—for being too boring! But, I'll show 'em!! I'LL show 'em, NOW! NOBODY CAN STOP ME!

"Nobody" is a mighty big word, Lox!

Lox, I plan to stop you... and have you thrown into jail!

Well... for starters, there's always "Pre-Meditated Mischief"!

On WHAT CHARGE???

It's Superduperman! But you're too late, my friend! In a few minutes, a 500-megaton bomb will zoom across the country, strike the San Andreas fault, cause a mighty earthquake, and send California into the sea!!

Don't fight me, Lox! You know there's nothing on this planet that's a match for my super-duper strength!

Oh? How about something from ANOTHER planet, like this piece of Kraptonite, f'rinstance...

No! No! Anything but that!

Starting to get all mushy inside? Starting to get weak in the knees? This Kraptonite is taking its toll, right, "Stupidman"?! Right! And the broad in the Bikini isn't exactly HELPING THINGS!!

SPRING ST.

Hang in there, Superduperman! I'll save you! Hang in there!

Evil, why are you doing this? You're LOX's girl! He's been sleeping with you for years!!

I know! And just ONCE, I'd like to find me a guy who'll STAY AWAKE!

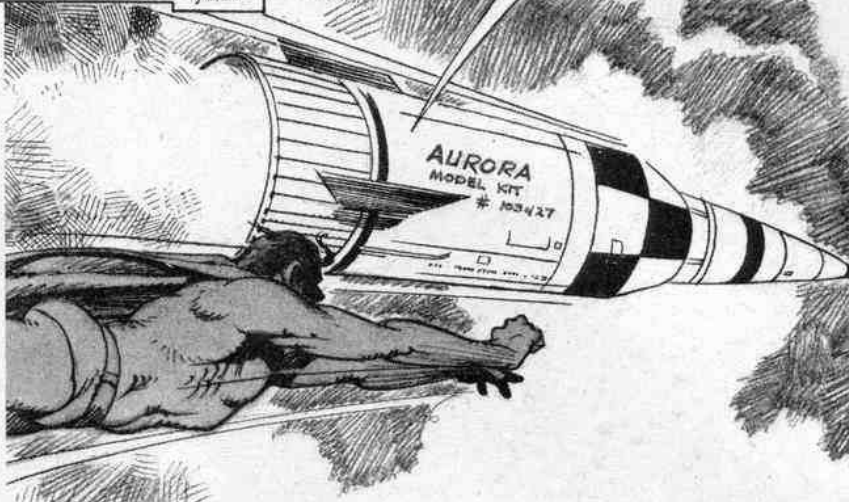
Thanks for saving my life, Evil! Now I must save Lotus and the entire West Coast! Hey... you just kissed me!

Good luck, "Inferior-Man"!

Wait a minute! How come you called me "Inferiorman"?!

I just kissed you!

There's the missile, just ahead of me... and it's headed right for the San Andreas fault!! I must STOP IT... before it's...



... TOO LATE!!

BOOM!



Good Lord! The West Coast is doomed by a gigantic earthquake that will cause a gigantic holocaust! Even Superduperman can't stop it now!!

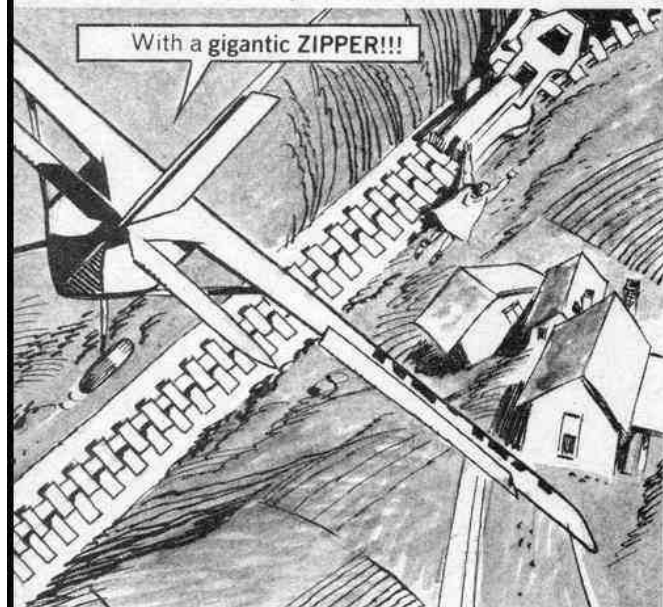
Wait! There IS a way he can stop it!

You mean??

Of course...

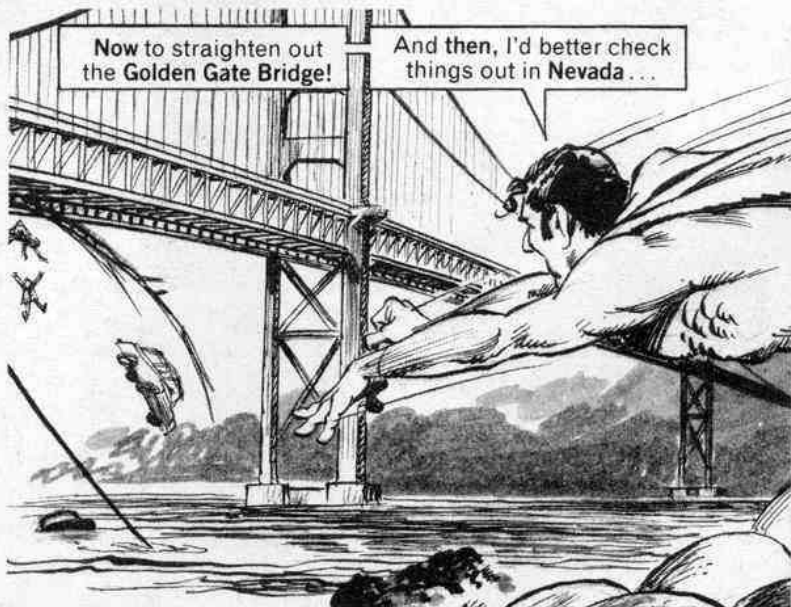


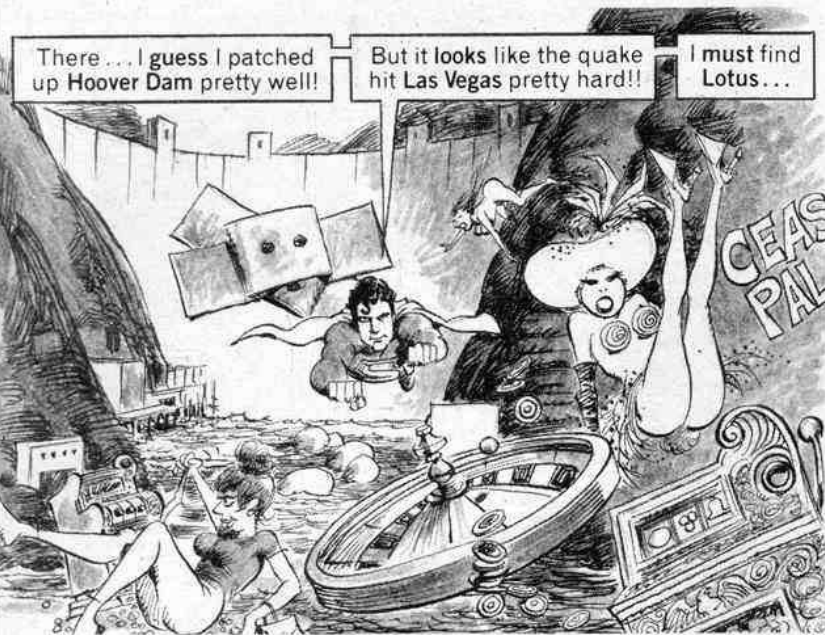
With a gigantic ZIPPER!!!



Now to straighten out the Golden Gate Bridge!

And then, I'd better check things out in Nevada...

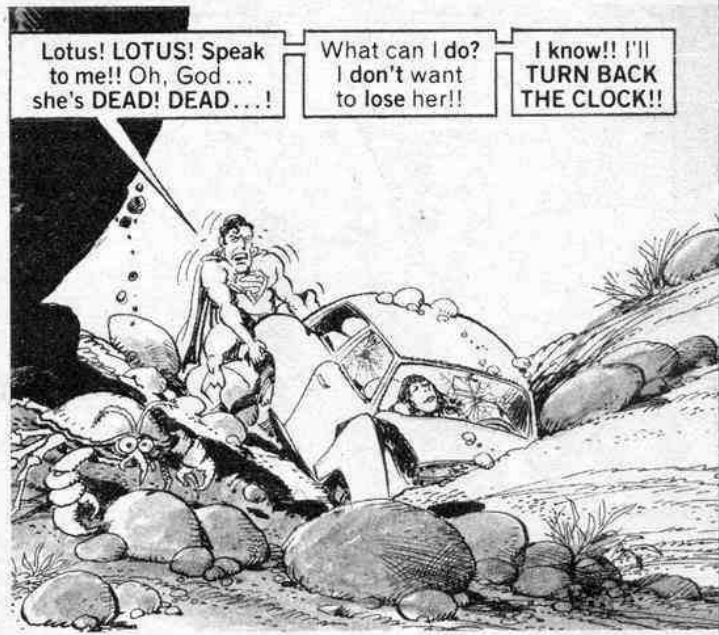




There... I guess I patched up Hoover Dam pretty well!

But it looks like the quake hit Las Vegas pretty hard!!

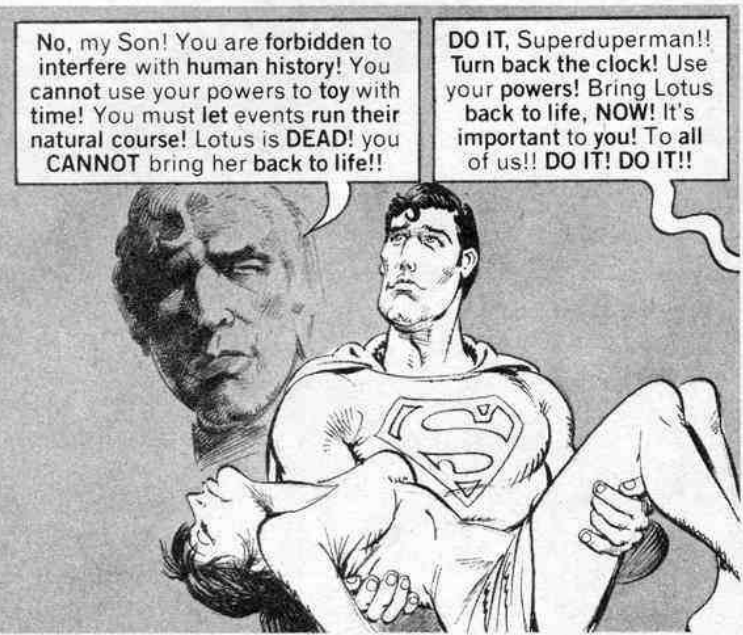
I must find Lotus...



Lotus! LOTUS! Speak to me!! Oh, God... she's DEAD! DEAD...!

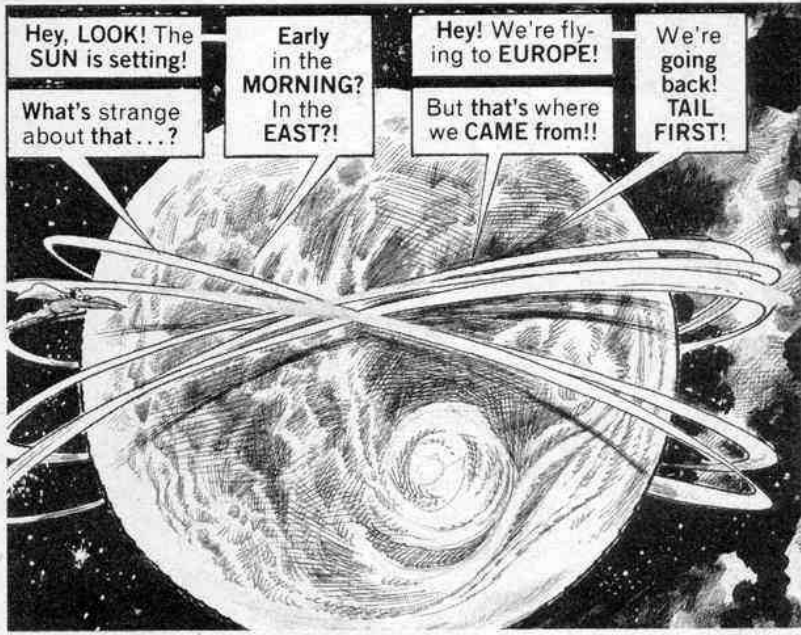
What can I do? I don't want to lose her!!

I know!! I'll TURN BACK THE CLOCK!!



No, my Son! You are forbidden to interfere with human history! You cannot use your powers to toy with time! You must let events run their natural course! Lotus is DEAD! you CANNOT bring her back to life!!

DO IT, Superduperman!! Turn back the clock! Use your powers! Bring Lotus back to life, NOW! It's important to you! To all of us!! DO IT! DO IT!!



Hey, LOOK! The SUN is setting!

What's strange about that...?

Early in the MORNING? In the EAST?!

Hey! We're flying to EUROPE! But that's where we CAME from!!

We're going back! TAIL FIRST!



I—Im ALIVE! I—I was DEAD, and now I'm ALIVE! How did you do it?

It was simple, Lotus! I merely spun the Earth backwards...

You turned back the clock?! But didn't you hear your Father's voice, warning you that you shouldn't?!?

Yes... but then I heard a chorus of other voices! They convinced me to do it!!



Who were they?

The Executives at Warner Brothers! They reminded me that without Lotus Lain, there's no "SUPERDUPERMAN II"!

A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE POEM DEPT.

In their battle for Equal Rights, women have fought to even the score in almost every field where they think they have gotten the short end of the stick. But there's one big area of prejudice they seem to have overlooked: Classical Poetry.

As every student who has ever suffered through an English Lit course already knows, most famous poets of bygone days were male chauvinists who wrote about the dramatic deeds of other male chauvinists. The only women who gained mention were

RE-WRITING CLASSICAL POETRY TO GIVE WOMEN A PLACE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

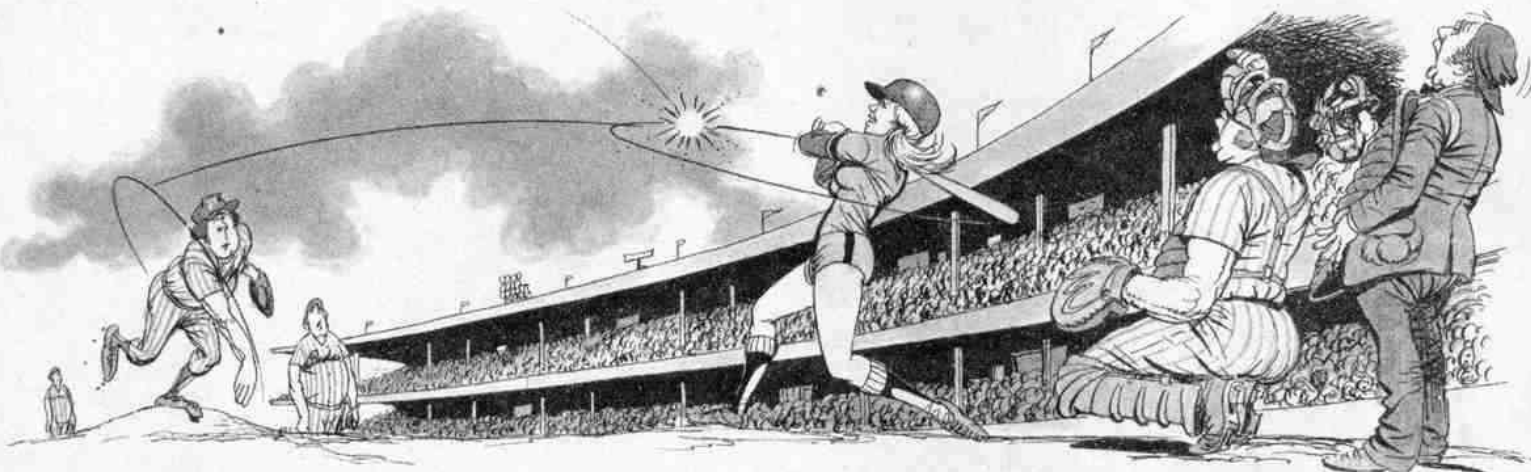
CATHY AT THE BAT

The Mudville fans were shocked to hear the judgment of the courts,
Which ruled that girls must be allowed to play in high school sports.
None feared that girls would louse up golf, or track, or things like that,
But letting girls play baseball might bring Cathy to the bat.

So tension grew as Mudville's nine approached that fateful day
When all the chips were on the line with one game left to play.
And as the home team fell behind, the fans in silence sat,
All fearing doom if, in the clutch, young Cathy came to bat.

Then in the ninth, O'Riley walked, and Flynn he did the same,
Which meant the next to stroke the ball could win or lose the game.
Then cries of anguish struck the hills, and echoed through the flat,
For Cathy, shapely Cathy, was advancing to the bat.

There was grace in Cathy's bearing as she swung her girlish hips,
And fetching charm was in her smile that shone through girlish lips.
"She's quite a dish," one fan remarked. "I'd love to date that dame.
But up at bat, I feel quite sure she's bound to blow the game."



The opposition pitcher sneered, and then he made his throw,
And then the air was shattered by the force of Cathy's blow.
In unison, the crowd arose to watch the batted ball
As up it soared and cleared with ease the farthest outfield wall.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land, male chauvinism reigns,
And macho guys expose their chests to show off macho chains.
But nevermore in Mudville will such childish things be done,
For Mudville's where a girl stepped up and slammed the winning run.

the fragile flowers whose feminine helplessness was admired in odes and sonnets. This sexist approach has no place in today's world, where we realize that men and women possess the same qualities, both good and bad. And so, MAD now attempts

to help women win their fair share of space in future poetry books by countering the classics penned by male chauvinist pigs of yesteryear with this collection of verse turned out by one of our own male chauvinist pigs who fails dismally at



CLASSICAL POETRY IN EQUAL TIME

WRITER: TOM KOCH

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW



Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's running too late.
Poor Dad's home alone with the children to feed.
He's sitting there cursing his fate.
His Swanson's beef dinner caught fire on the stove;
He'd left it, somehow, in the box.
The cat has thrown up, and your sweet youngest child
Has walked through the barf in his socks.
Come home! Come home! Come home!
Please, mother, dear mother, come home.



Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's gone past dark.
In struggling to win, you've now blown forty bucks.
And yet you call bingo a lark!
You promised that money was going for shoes
To warm up our frozen feet.
Instead, you have gambled our savings away
At odds you should know you can't beat.
So quit! So quit! So quit!
Please, mother, dear mother, just quit.



Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game may last all night.
Poor Dad's had no dinner but pretzels and gin;
He's really a sorrowful sight.
And Kitty, I fear, didn't simply throw up;
He died, and he's all stiffened now.
How tragic it was that you couldn't be there
To hear his last feeble meow.
Give up! Give up! Give up!
Please, mother, dear mother, give up.

MAUDE REVERE'S FRIGHT

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight fright of Maude Revere.
She'd been assigned to awake her spouse
In case the British drew near their house;
But waking Paul was a chore to fear.

Then, one dark night on the couple's farm,
Maude heard the bells ring a faint alarm.
She yelled at Paul, "Get your horse and ride!
There's British stalking the countryside."
Paul muttered, "I'm sure they mean no harm."

Maude shrieked again: "It's two if by sea,
And you on the opposite shore must be."
But Paul just gave a slumbering sigh,
And pulled the patch quilt blanket high.
"I'll get up after while," said he.



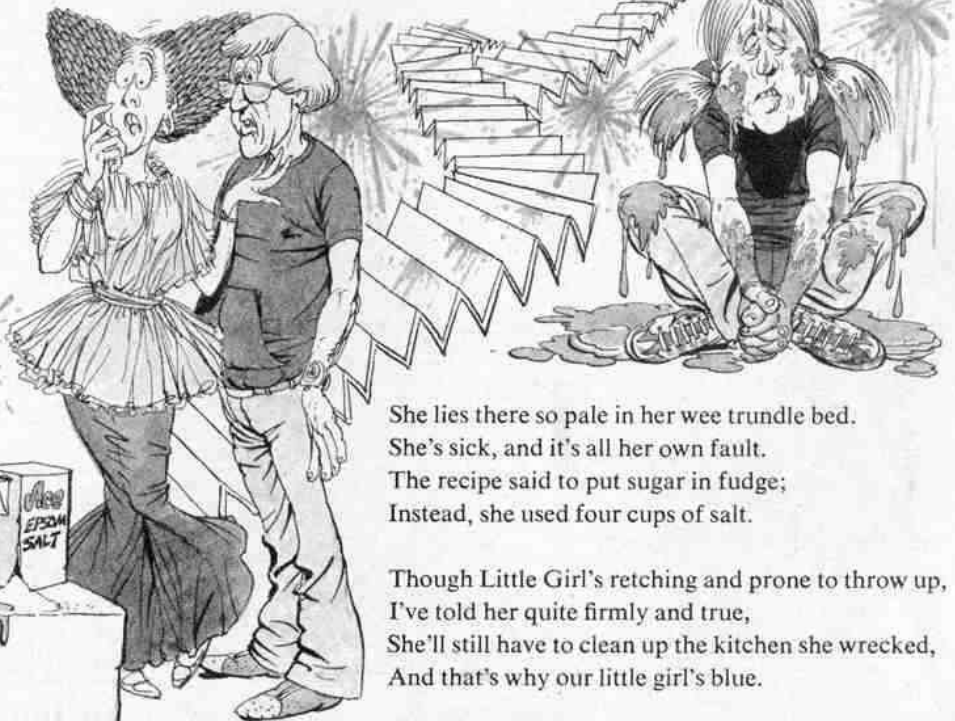
In fear, Maude followed a daring course:
She slung Paul's body across his horse,
Then pinned a note to his nightshirt blouse
And sent him, snoring, to warn each house
That British troops were around in force.

Each schoolboy's read of that night of fear
When danger lurked with the British near.
You've heard of pledges Paul rode to keep,
But now you know he was sound asleep.
That night's true hero was Maude Revere.



LITTLE GIRL'S BLUE

Our best kitchen kettle stands crusted with gook
That looks like petroleum sludge.
It serves to remind us our little girl's blue
Because she bombed out making fudge.
Time was when no kitchen disasters had struck,
And all the utensils looked new;
But now, they're all caked with a layer of crud,
While upstairs, our little girl's blue.



She lies there so pale in her wee trundle bed.
She's sick, and it's all her own fault.
The recipe said to put sugar in fudge;
Instead, she used four cups of salt.

Though Little Girl's retching and prone to throw up,
I've told her quite firmly and true,
She'll still have to clean up the kitchen she wrecked,
And that's why our little girl's blue.

THE SHOOTING OF ANN MCGREW

A bunch of the girls were whooping it up in the Discotheque Saloon,
While out on the floor, the go-go boys all danced to a funky tune.
Sipping her booze at the Singles Bar was Dangerous Ann McGrew.
She'd come to stare at the men down there, especially one named Lou.

Then out of the night and up to the bar, a female stranger came;
And though she'd never been there before, she knew the rules of the game.
"It's drinks on me!" she yelled, and winked at the gentleman known as Lou,
While down the bar came a look of rage from Dangerous Ann McGrew.

The stranger walked to the dance floor then, and silence engulfed the place,
For though she had feet like large pontoons, she moved with a ghostly grace.
The only one who didn't applaud was Dangerous Ann McGrew,
Who sat and stared with lustful eye at the gentleman known as Lou.

The barkeep spotted the danger sign, and spoke to the stranger low:
"The dude you fancy is spoken for. I'd strongly suggest you blow."
The stranger pulled out a gun and cried, "I'm claiming that man named Lou!"
Then six shots echoed along the bar, not one hitting Ann McGrew.

This story proves that women can drink, and stake their claim on a guy.
It proves that women can boldly seek the sins that money can buy.
It proves that women can brawl and cuss and spin out a manly yarn.
It also proves that armed with a gun, they can't shoot it worth a darn.



ZELDA DIN

Years ago, I served the Crown
In a humid Injun town,
Yet the comforts there were more than might have been.
Tho' we sweated while we drank,
Still we very seldom stank,
'Cause we had a laundry girl named Zelda Din.

She was Gunga Din's twin sister;
And I'll tell you one thing, Mister;
That poor heathen girl got no rest or repose.
Daily, each man soiled his shirt
While his socks got stiff with dirt.
For a thousand troops, that's quite a pile of clothes.



Fast as Gunga brought in water,
Zelda used the soap we'd brought her
To keep up with all our regiment's demands.
With no Fab to make clothes brighter,
And no bleach to make them whiter,
She just scrubbed 'til she got rough, unsightly hands.

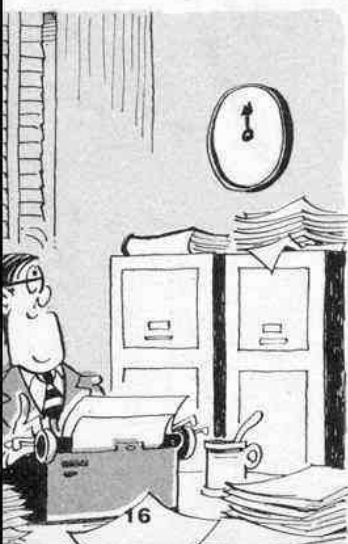
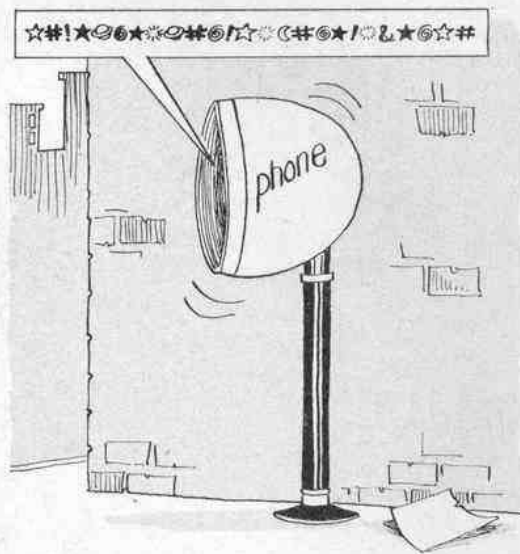
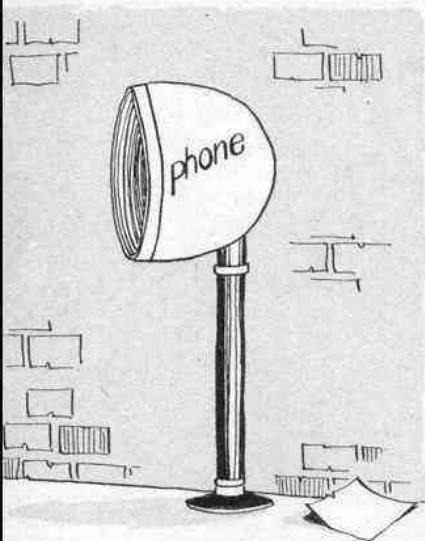
We all treated her like scum,
But when V.I.P.s would come,
She made sure each prize for dress parades we'd win.
So for sudsing out our smell,
I feel honor-bound to yell,
"You're a better drudge than I am, Zelda Din!"



SHNOOK ... UP IN THE SKY! DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

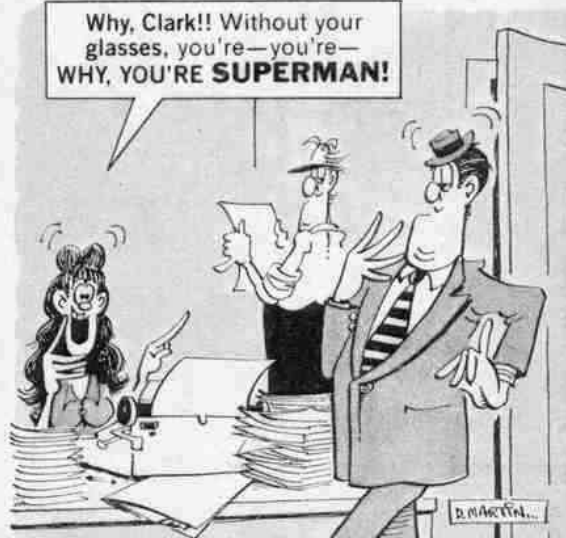
SUP



ERMAN

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DON EDWING



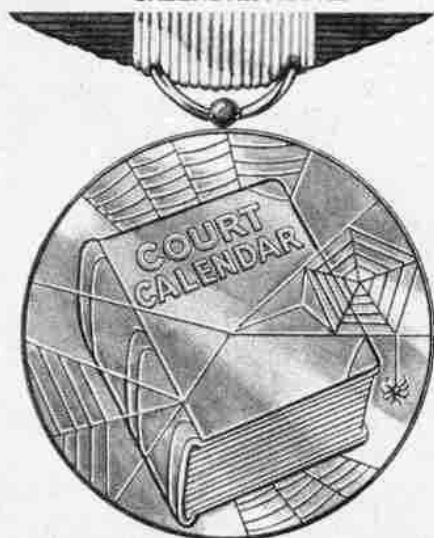
GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING LAWYERS

THE BACKED-UP
CALENDAR MEDAL



For boldly stalling and delaying . . . to drag out court trials, thus generating tremendous incomes for judges, lawyers, court employees, bail bondsmen, etc.—thereby strengthening the solid pillar on which our system of justice depends.

THE CREATIVE
CASE AWARD



For heroically creating law suits out of nothing, and running up huge fees for clients whether they win or lose, and getting lots of publicity which brings in more clients and may even be useful for future political activity.

THE EXPERT
WITNESS MEDAL



For bravely seeking and buying expert testimony that supports client's case (even if client is guilty of the most heinous crime) . . . thereby stimulating the economy by providing additional income to doctors, psychiatrists, etc.

THE ESPRIT
DE CORPS MEDAL



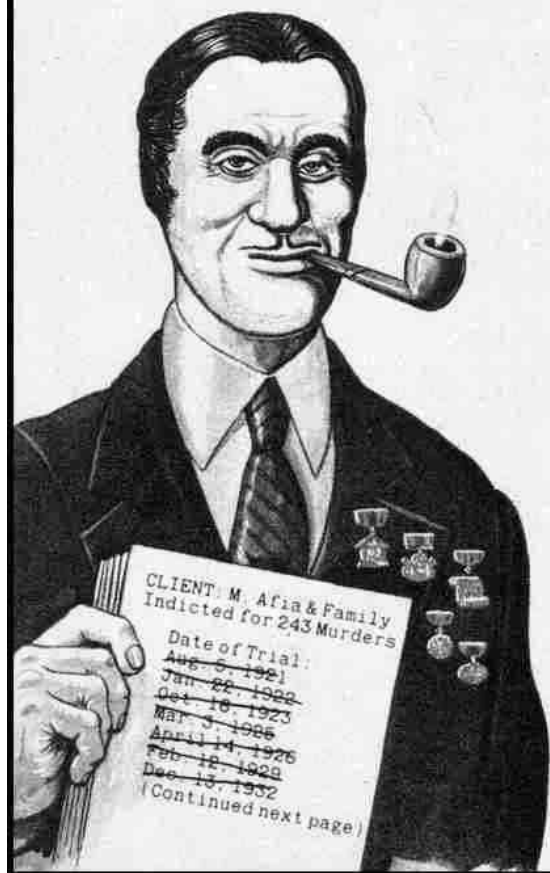
For gallantly sticking it to Insurance Companies by superb acting in front of juries, getting them to make fantastic awards despite the fact that everyone, including jurors themselves, will pay higher insurance premiums as a result.

THE GULLIBLE
JUROR AWARD



For bravely running for election, thus resolutely helping to fill almost all political offices with lawyers so that legislation, first and foremost, will protect the rights, the privileges and the profits of this noble profession.

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



POLL-ISH JOKE DEPT.

Hi! I'm Consumer Advocate **Ralph Raider**! This article will examine America's preoccupation with **fantasy**! As you know, there exist in this country **TWO Never-Never Worlds**, filled with **fairies** and **ogres** and all kinds of **strange creatures**! And **someday**, we'll take a look at "**Disneyland**"! But right now, we're going to examine our **Television Networks**! So won't you join me as...

MAD EXPLORES THE TV RATINGS SYSTEM

First, to get a little background on our subject, let's meet **Alex Schlockman**, the President of one of our top Television Networks!

Mr. Schlockman... I'm sure that our readers would all love to know just how a man like yourself got to **BE** President of a big TV Network!

Well, Ralph... it's the old "**American Success Story**"! I started my career in the mail room...

Many years ago, when you were a **teenager**?

No, **SIX MONTHS** ago, when I was **fifty-one**! In no time at all, I'd developed ten exciting new television shows!

And each was a bigger success than the other, and that led to your incredible rise...?

No... actually each was a bigger **BOMB** than the other! You see, in this business, you can't move anywhere but **UP**!



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Here's my latest masterpiece! It's called "**Phoebe and Sally**"! It's a Sitcom about the madcap antics of a couple of wild and whacky female garbage collectors in **Cleveland, Ohio**! We expect this series to go through the roof in the '79 season!

And what happens to you if it flops??

I'll probably be promoted to **Chairman of the Board**! Or with a little luck... **GOD**!

Tell me, why are TV ratings so vital to you Network people?

Obviously, it's very important to know how many people watch each show!

To please the audience—and reach them through the heart?

No, to grab the advertisers—and make them pay through the nose! You realize how many millions of dollars a single rating point represents?



In other words, ratings are a life-and-death matter to the TV Networks?

Not **THIS** one, Ralph! Listen to these mature, intelligent people around us! As you can see, they have more enlightening things on their minds!

We must do a prime time show on Solar Energy as a new life force!

Yes, that could fit in well with our projected retrospective on the paintings of Marc Chagall . . . !

I agree! But I think we should first contact the Bolshoi Ballet, and . . .

THE RATINGS ARE COMING!!

THE RATINGS ARE COMING!!



THE RATINGS!!
Le'me see them . . .

No, **ME FIRST!!**
Get out of my way or I'll kill you!

If we didn't beat "**Charlie's Angels**" last week, it's my **NECK!!**



Oh, my God!
Our Number One show went down the toilet!

What show is that?

You know! The one starring the bald photographer who fights crime . . .

Oh, yeah! "**Kodak**"! Sorry about that, Mr. Schlockman!



Well . . . I guess ratings really **ARE** your life's blood after all!

Don't be ridiculous, Ralph! What you just saw inside was a freak occurrence! Believe me, our lives are **NOT** governed by popularity polls! Well, I've got to leave now! I'm meeting my wife, Miriam!

I—I read somewhere that you're married to a woman named "**SONIA**"!

I WAS!! But then I found out that only 17% of the pedestrians were looking her over when we walked in the streets! I—I **HAD** to drop her!

Would you believe that 37% of the pedestrians looked Miriam over last week **ALONE!!**

No kidding!! Good luck, Mr. Schlockman! I sure hope your new marriage lasts!

Well . . . I'm committed to at least **13 weeks!** After that, we'll see!!





Well, so much for the **Network** side of our subject! I'm talking now with **Max Vontz**, a top executive with the **Neelsin Ratings** company!

Mr. Vontz, could you briefly sum up **Neelsin's** influence on the TV Industry?

Glad to, Ralph! We at **Neelsin** have our thumb on the pulse of the television-viewing public!

In other words—

Right! We're giving America the finger!

Hah-hah! A little inside joke, Ralph! But seriously . . . let me show you how it's done. . . .

This map shows our **1200 Neelsin** viewers! They tell us exactly what the country is watching!

1200 people tell us what over **100 million** are watching?

Absolutely! It's called "**Scientific Sampling**"! By taking the coefficient **framis** integers and then projecting the ratios and multiplying them by the **omni-probability** factor, we know that **40 million** people watched "**Donny and Marie**" last week!



How do you get away with that stuff?! Nobody knows what in heck you're talking about!!

Nobody knows what in heck "**Donny and Marie**" are talking about, either! But that doesn't stop them!

Maybe I can bring this down to a more personal level . . .

Each **Neelsin** viewer represents about **166,666 TV** viewers! Now, there are **3 Neelsin** viewers in **Buffalo, N.Y.**

Ghenghis Rosenberg, an immigrant **Cost Accountant** from **Mongolia**, **Samantha Guthrie**, a **Sexual Surrogate**, and **Amos Albright**, a **Wine-Taster** . . .

So if we ever want to know what TV shows the city of **Buffalo, N.Y.** is watching on a given night . . .

You contact a **Mongoloid** . . . a **Hooker** . . . and a **Wino**!!

You catch on fast, Ralph!



What we do is attach this little box to the TV set of each **Neelsin** viewer, and it records what shows they're watching! And as a special incentive, if anything goes wrong with their sets, we fix them free of charge! Last year, we replaced over **2,000 tubes** in viewer's sets!

How come all those tubes blew out? Over-use of the TV sets, I suppose!

No . . . faulty installation of the little box!

Here's one of our **Neelsin** families, Ralph! The **Finks**, of **Pawtucket, R.I.**! We like to choose **AVERAGE** viewers, not people who are addicted to TV!

Mr. Vontz is so right, Ralph! We really are very discriminating as viewers! We never let the TV influence our lives in any way!

Good for you! What wonderful children! What are their names?

This is **Lucy** . . . and that's **Desi**!

The twins, **Starsky** and **Hutch**, are upstairs!



Just think, Ralph! By projecting what WE watch, the Neelsin people know exactly what 166,666 of our neighbors and friends in Rhode Island are watching! It's really awesome, isn't it?!

Last night, f'rinstance, we watched this terrific new SitCom, "My Friends, Melvin and Selma"! We loved it! I discussed it with everyone in my office and all the people in my bowling league...

And I discussed it with my bridge group... and everyone at the Supermarket!

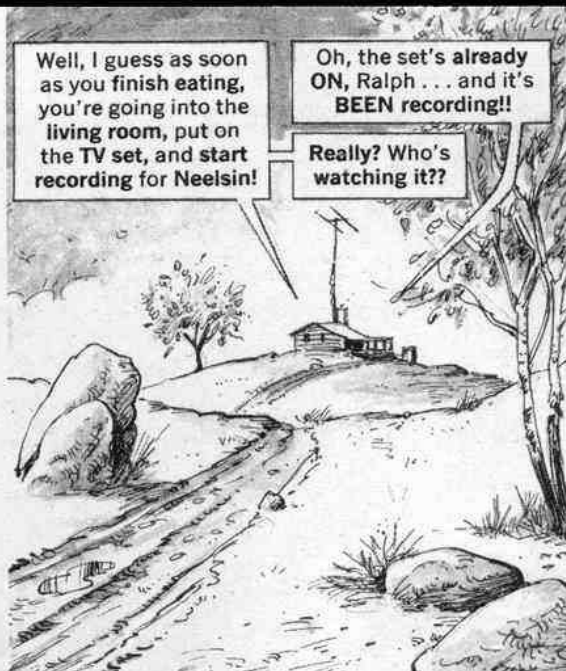
And did the others like it?

We don't know! Nobody else saw it!!

Well, I guess as soon as you finish eating, you're going into the living room, put on the TV set, and start recording for Neelsin!

Oh, the set's already ON, Ralph... and it's BEEN recording!!

Really? Who's watching it??



Our parakeet, "Fonzie"...!

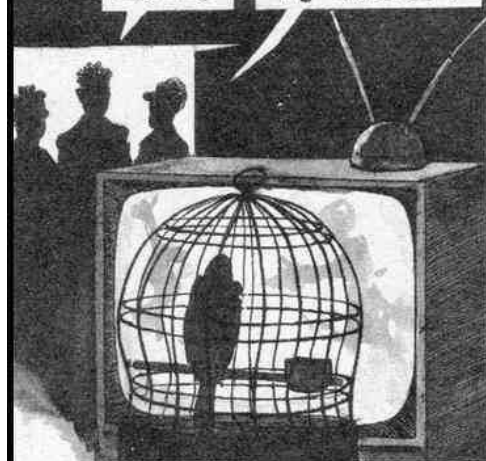
Mr. Vontz, does THIS tell you anything?

It sure does, Ralph! We now know for a fact that 166,666 birds of assorted species in Rhode Island are watching "Love Boat"!

Come now, Mr. Vontz! What do you really think about all these new facts you learned!

I guess Neelsin might have been a LITTLE bit off in its projections through the years, Ralph! Anyway, I've fed all the new information I picked up into our computers, and we should be getting feedback shortly!

Good Lord! I can't believe it! For years, we've been TOTALLY WRONG! Do you realize that practically NOBODY has been watching "Happy Days", "All In The Family", and Laverne and Shirley"?!! Not only that, but the three most popular shows in recent history were "The Bell Telephone Hour", "Hallmark Playhouse" and "60 Minutes"!!

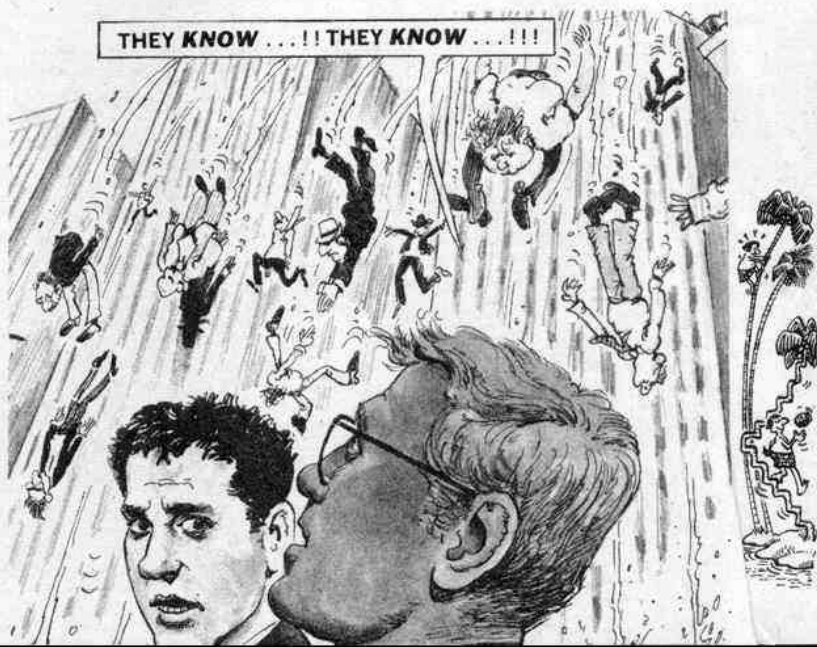


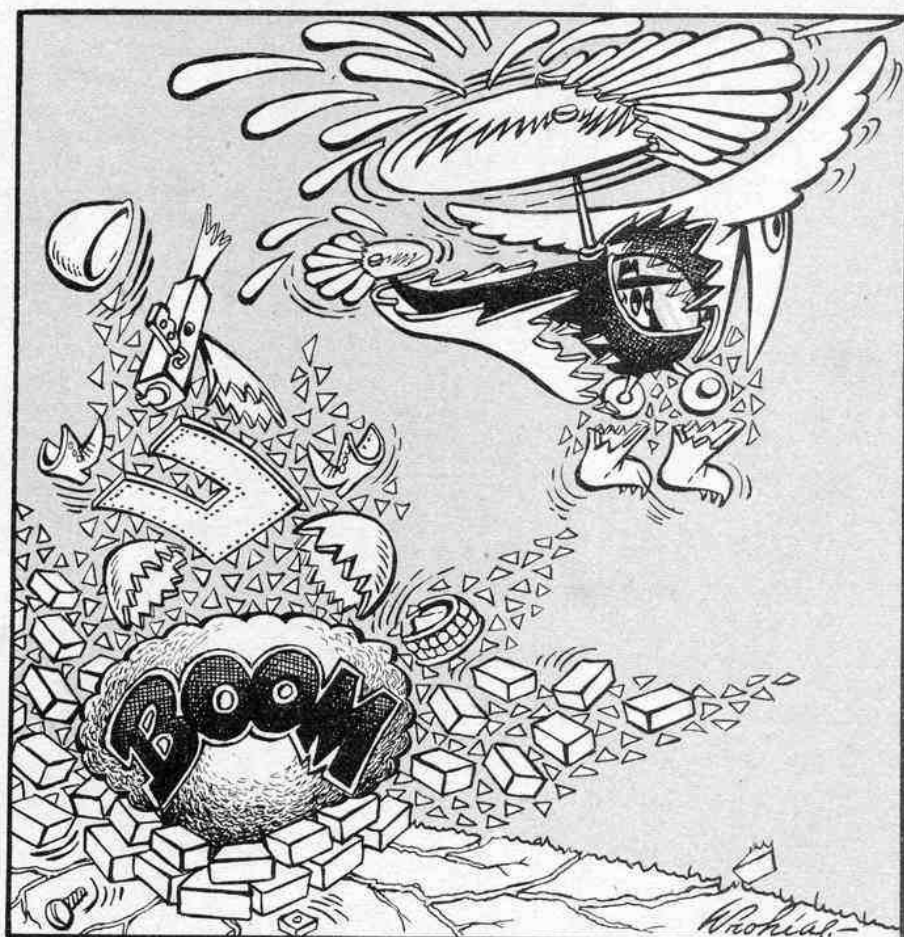
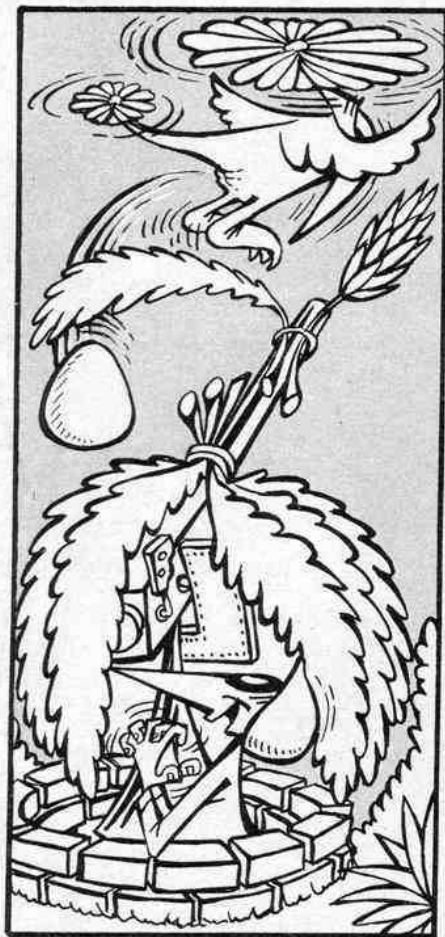
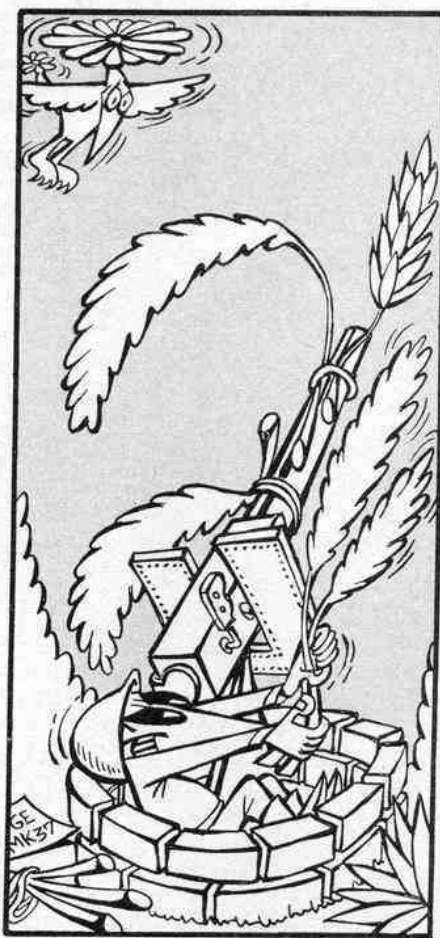
Look, Ralph—heh-heh—what do you say we just FORGET about all this and—

Forget?! Just think of all the billions of advertiser's dollars that went down the sewer... sponsoring the WRONG SHOWS!!

I've got to get over to The Avenue of the Americas—FAST! I wonder if Mr. Schlockman and the other Networks know about this yet!

THEY KNOW...!! THEY KNOW...!!!





AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFIDENT DEPT.

WHAT IS F

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

ONCE a famous person has finished cheating, whining, intimidating, screaming and lying to achieve all the material riches of life, he is often gripped by an urge to achieve Humility. You can almost predict when a famous person will first turn Humble. It usually happens right after he has founded a corporation named after himself. His initial outburst of full blown Humility may come when he interrupts a conversation about something else to say, "The Good Lord was kind to me." Or he may butt in to say, "I'm just grateful that I was put on Earth to spread happiness." Or he may simply say, "I owe a lot to the Man Upstairs." But whatever he says, he always makes sure he's saying it before an audience of twenty million people on a TV talk show.

IN ALL CASES, those blessed with Humility can be counted on to make profound comments. Who else but a Humble Actor would remind us that he could never have become a Hollywood star without the help of the guy who put film in the camera? Who else but a Humble Athlete would admit that he might not have scored four touchdowns in the Super Bowl without linemen in front of him? Who else but a Humble Tycoon would confess that he might have succeeded more slowly if his father hadn't manufactured automobiles, and his grandfather hadn't invented them? And who else but a Humble Politician would only promise to end war and erase poverty if he can count on God's assistance?

IT'S EASY to spot the celebrity in any crowd who has most recently turned Humble. He's the one who always refers to his new big budget movie as "a little film", and his thousand acre ranch as "a little country place" and his latest acquisition as "a little team in the National Hockey League." In fact, the only things he seems to view as larger than average are his alimony payments to his ex-wife, and the chest measurement of his current girl friend and, of course, his own deep Humility.

AS WITH MOST things, Humility has its luke warm supporters and its all-out fanatics. A luke warm supporter thinks he has been sufficiently Humble if he takes off his hat in the presence of the Pope, or holds an elevator door open for Queen Elizabeth, or refrains from addressing the President of the United States as "Buster". Among advocates of utter Humility, this is only a beginning. They also toil in quiet anonymity to have their agents found such worthy tax write-offs as the Danny Thomas Backgammon Classic, the Jerry Lewis Heartburn Telethon and the Sammy Davis Demolition Derby. In return, they ask for nothing more than a mass outpouring of love from a grateful nation.

POLITICIANS HAVE IT easier than other Humble Folk because they only need to slather themselves with Humility at election time. Anybody can stand to dance the polka at a sweaty factory



HUMILITY?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

workers's picnic once every four years. Anybody can put up with the limited wine list at the Dayton, Ohio, Travelodge on rare occasions. And anybody can tolerate a delegation of German-Americans with sauerkraut on their breath now and then. But it's the non-political celebrity who must withstand the day-in, day-out pressure of mingling with guys who wear neckties, and girls who drive Datsuns, and families from Kansas. It's hard for even the most devoutly Humble to face people like that without flaunting their superiority.

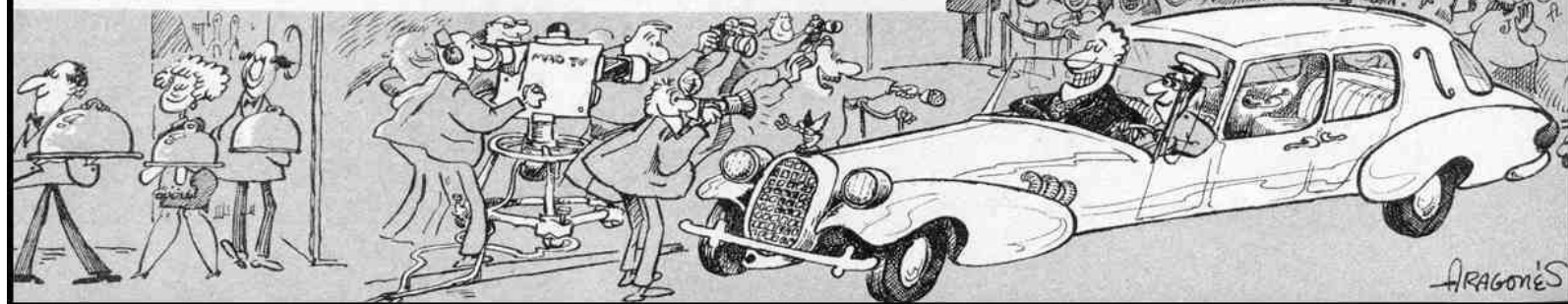
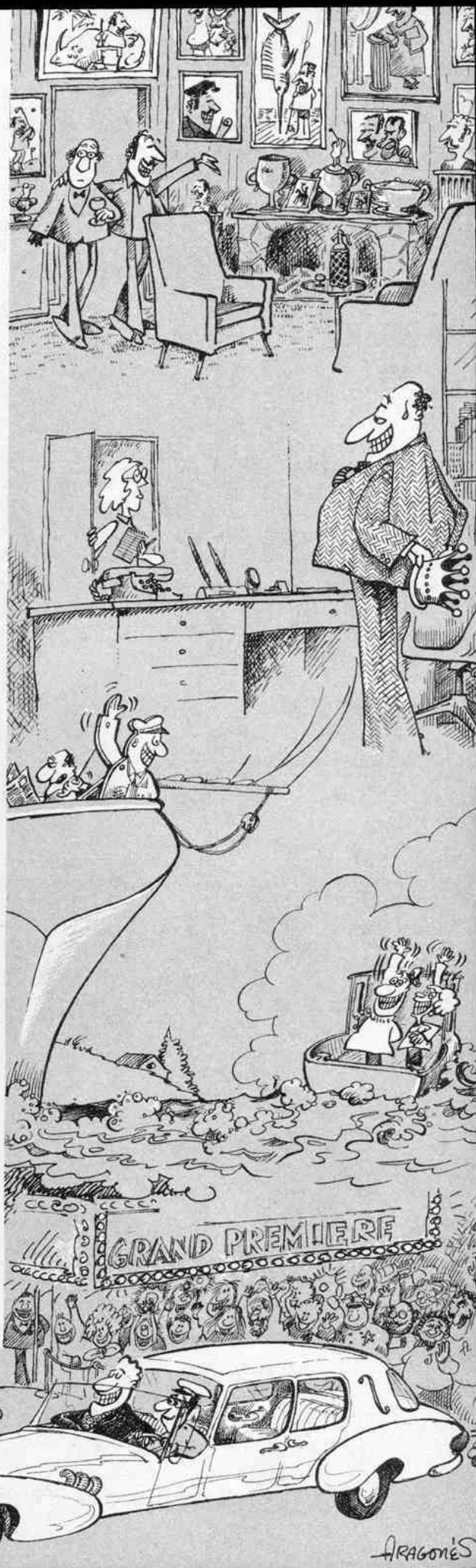
THE PRACTITIONER of Humility possesses the Thoughtful Wisdom of Idi Amin, the Unswerving Purpose of Patricia Hearst, the Tranquil Spirit of Telly Savalas, the Tireless Patience of Liz Taylor, the Studious Philosophy of Redd Foxx and the Keen Perception of Sonny Bono.

INDEED, A TRULY Humble Celebrity is much more than the two-dimensional Xeroxed copy of Pat Boone that we take him to be. He is also Firm Resolve hiding behind his public relations man, Pious Dedication tooling around in a Rolls Royce Corniche, Quiet Good Taste in a sequin dinner jacket, Warm Generosity mailing food stamps home for Mother's Day, the American Spirit floating proudly on a sea of self-indulgence, and Humanity's Best Hope for Tomorrow passing out after his sixth martini.

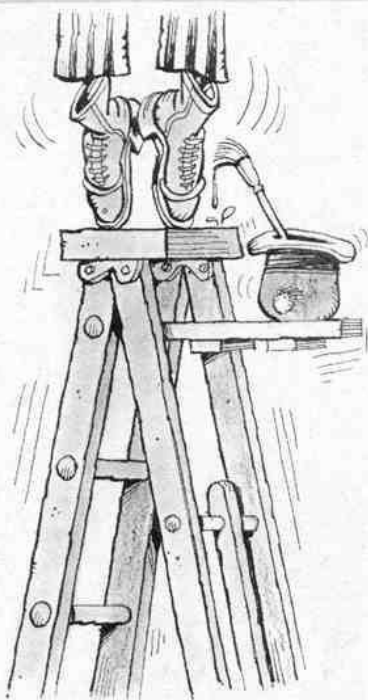
STILL, THOSE WHO have made Humility their lifetime endeavor are much like ordinary people in many ways. They have their moments of self doubt... when they wonder if they might have crusaded for a more popular charity than the Charles Manson Legal Defense Fund. They have their delusions of grandeur... when they honestly think that their maudlin mumbling about Brotherhood on the Johnny Carson Show was good enough to merit the Nobel Peace Prize. They even have their secret flaming desires... to beat Robert Blake with a rubber hose until he agrees to become as Humble as they are.

NO ONE REALLY knows what inner light guides so many beautiful, talented, lovable people onto the path of Humility. Some say they were inspired by their work-worn, saintly Mothers. Others tell long anecdotes about the Humble Wisdom passed on to them by beloved teachers, impoverished ministers, defeated revolutionaries, passionate librarians, short rabbis, stubborn sharecroppers, grubby newsboys and retired pole vaulters. In truth, most famous people who embrace Humility probably were led to it by some forgotten subordinate who finally went berserk and screamed the words of advice that every mealy-mouthed, saccharine sweet phony eventually hears:

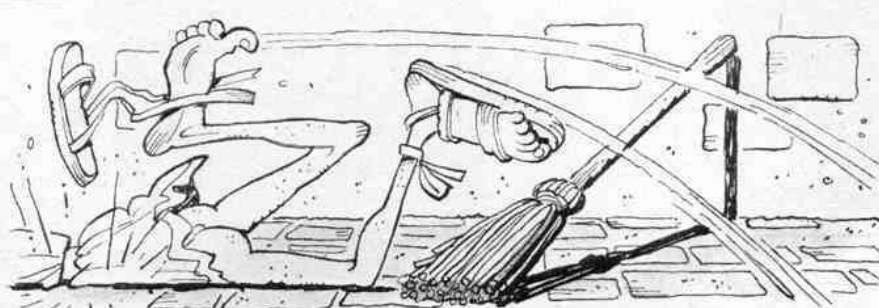
"UP YOUR IMAGE!"



CANDID CLOSE-UPS OF S



HENRI TOULOUSE-LAUTREC CHANGING THE LIGHTBULB IN HIS PARIS STUDIO



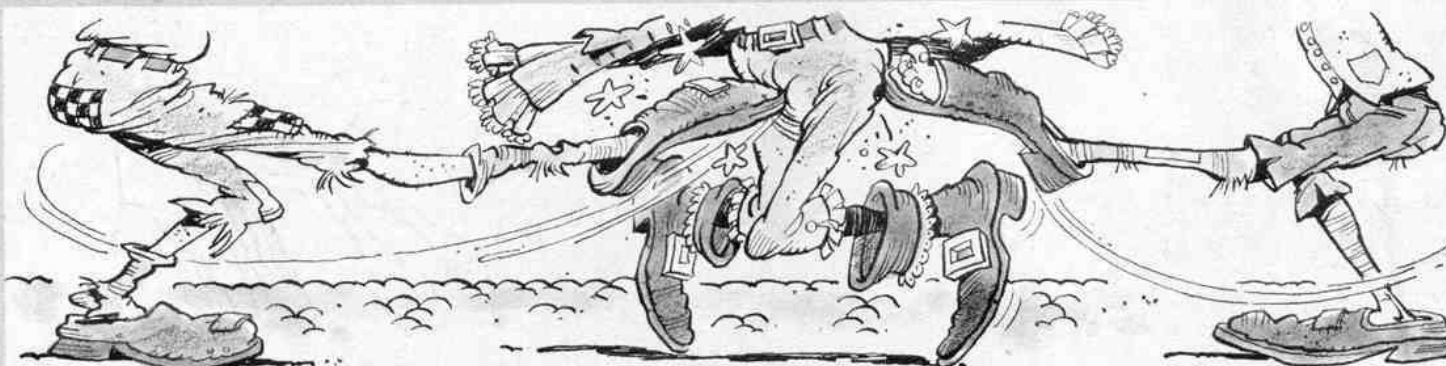
MATHEMATICIAN PYTHAGORAS STUMBLING ACROSS HYPOTENUSE



A PILGRIM MISSING THE FAMOUS LANDING AT PLYMOUTH ROCK



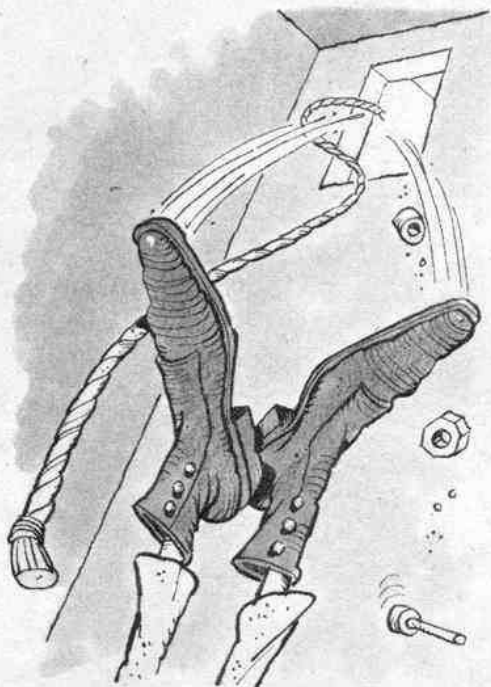
ADMIRAL BYRD BEING CAUGHT BY SUDDEN SPRING THAW WHILE ON SECOND SOUTH POLAR EXPEDITION



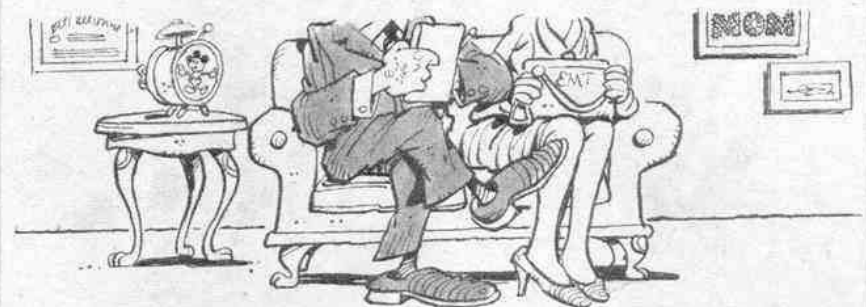
THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY ATTEMPTING TO INTRODUCE RULES OF GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT TO BRAWLERS



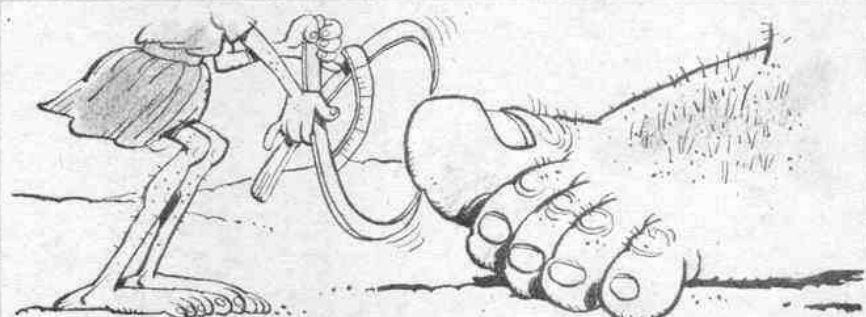
OME LEGENDARY FEET



**INVENTOR OTIS INSTALLING
THE VERY FIRST ELEVATOR**

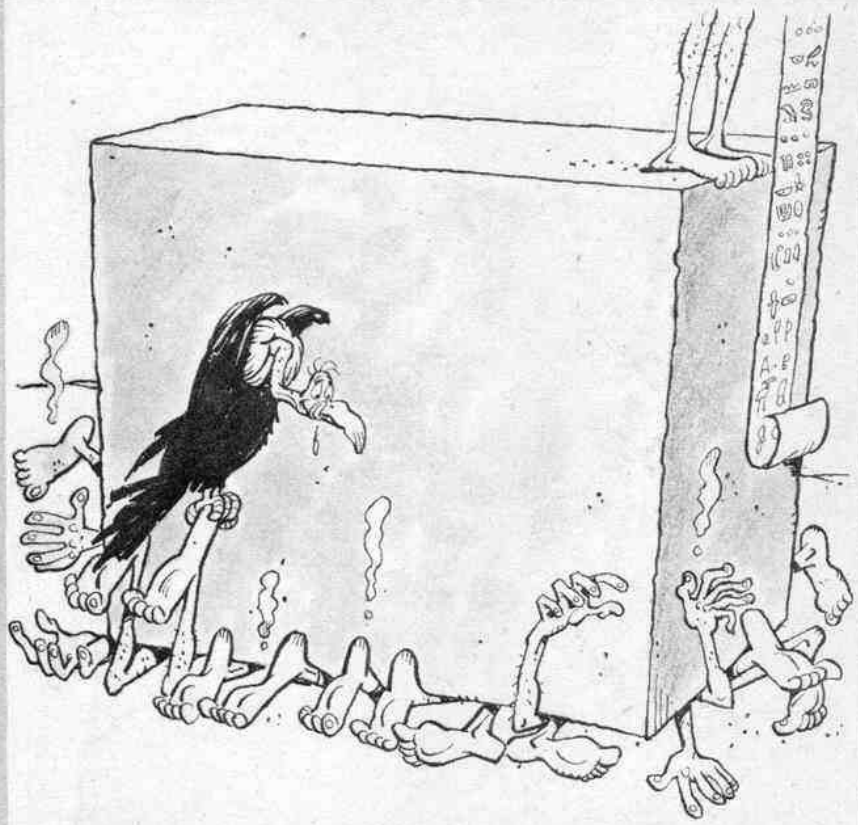


SIGMUND FREUD PRACTICING BEFORE HIS COUCH WAS DELIVERED



DAVID'S TRAINER SCOUTING GOLIATH FOR THE UPCOMING MATCH

ARTIST: BOB JONES WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



PHARAOH DEDICATING PYRAMID OF CHEOPS' CORNERSTONE



HANNIBAL DESCENDING THE ALPS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

The "m"

You think I was born with a magnificent body like this? It took years of hard work! I spent hours every day... pumping iron and sweating on scientifically-designed torture racks that build up muscles to their maximum!

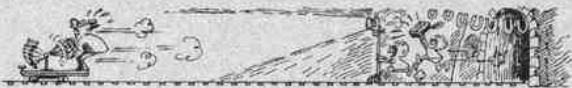
But it was all worth it! I finally achieved what I wanted! Today, I'm a he-man, a macho figure, an object of beauty to be worshipped and admired!!

Gee... all the girls must have the hots for you! You probably have to beat them off with a stick, huh?

Girls?!? Girls?!?

Who's got time for girls?!





I've just been watching the Eleven O'Clock News! Gad... everything is **TERRIBLE!** The Communist tentacles are out—slowly grasping Africa, Asia, Europe and even the Americas!

The Middle-East is still a hot spot! The greedy OPEC nations are still messing with oil prices and ruining the world's economies! And racial tensions can explode into civil wars everywhere!

Isn't there **ANY** good news—anywhere in this troubled world?!

Sure there is! I know some really great news!

I lost half a pound today!!



E" Generation

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

In the Sixties, I was under "peer pressure"! I claimed I was doing my own thing ... but actually, I was doing everybody **ELSE'S** thing!

Yep, in the Sixties, I was **outer-directed!** I was interested in everybody around me! It was "they" and "them"! And then I saw that all that sound and fury really didn't do much good! So, I turned over a new leaf! Now, I'm looking inward!

Now, in the Seventies, it's "I" and "me" and "mine" and "myself"! Now...at last... I'm truly doing my own thing!

Because **EVERYBODY ELSE DID!!**

What made you change so drastically...?



There was a popular song that affected my whole life! It inspired me to leave home and become independent of my domineering parents! And now, I'm changing my personality!

I'm patterning myself after my heroes! I'm developing the diplomacy of a Kissinger, the agility of an O.J. Simpson, the charm of a Cary Grant...

...and the wit of a Johnny Carson!

That's great! But what was the name of the song??

"I Gotta Be Me"!!



MISS Vivian Lipson?!? I thought you were married!!

I am! But I kept my maiden name! I didn't want to be known as MRS. Don Furd! I wanted to be ME, without losing my identity!

I didn't want to be a nothing Housewife! I wanted to be an individual... a SOMEBODY!! So I went out and got a job with a large corporation!

And what did they call you on the job...??

Number 803-78-0699!!

Hold it right there, young man! Where do you think YOU'RE going?

I've got to tell Sybil something TERRIBLY IMPORTANT!



When I was in college, my Professors marked and rated me! I hated that!!

Then I started living with a girl! She began marking and rating me on my sexual performance! I got sick of being judged constantly... so I quit college, and I broke up with the girl!

I even gave up sex! Now, I use up all that energy jogging!

Speaking of jogging—

On a scale of one to ten, as a runner, I rate you a five!



I'm on a frantic quest to re-make myself into a more fulfilled person! It takes all day and night, and week-ends! There's my Dance Lessons, my Health Spa, my EST Meetings and my Guru, to name a few!

But doesn't all this self-centeredness bother your Husband?!!

It sure did! That's why he left me, and we were divorced!!

Gee, that's really terrible!

No, it's not! I'm a liberated, independent woman!!

Who needs a Husband?!!

ALIMONY!! That, I need!!



Under no circumstances is Sybil to be disturbed! She is meditating! She is in an altered state of consciousness! Her metabolic rate is lowered! She is totally serene and at peace! I will not allow you to disturb her tranquility with any negativeness!

But NOTHING, young man! You can use some of her serenity yourself! Just give me the message and in twenty minutes, when she's finished, I will relay your news to her!

Okay, if that's the way you want it! At that point in time, just tell her in a calm manner that...

...her apartment's on fire!!



Every Tuesday, I go to my GROUP THERAPY session! It's done wonders for me!

I get up in front of all those friendly faces, and I let it all hang out! I spill my guts! I—I purge myself of the things I've bottled up inside me that have been troubling me all my life! Let me tell you, getting things off your chest to a group of sympathetic people is fantastic!

After I finish unburdening myself, each member of the group in turn gets up and tells his sad tale of woe!

Doesn't it become tiresome—hearing everybody's troubles?

WHO LISTENS...?!!



I am **SAVED!** I am a **BORN AGAIN PERSON!**

Before that, I was a reprobate, a drug addict, a drunkard, an adulterer, a devil-worshipper! Then I repented and was reborn!

Let me show you the true way! If you don't repent your sins... you'll burn in Hell!

But... I've never sinned!! I have nothing to repent!!

Then there's **NO HOPE** for you!!



But I've done **ENOUGH** talking about me! Now it's **YOUR** turn! **YOU** talk about me!

That's such an **OLD JOKE!** I think you're **FULL** of old jokes and old clichés!

I think you're **selfish** and **self-centered!** I think you're a **bore!** I think you're **callous** to other people's feelings! I think you're a **phony intellectual!** I think you're **shallow!** I think you're **immature...**

I think you listen, but you hear only what you want to hear! And I think that's a good summary of what you are!

Hardly...!

All you did was talk about what **YOU** think! You didn't say **ANYTHING** about **ME!!**



I made up my mind that I'd do everything in my power to bring out the "real me"!

So, I searched for the real me by joining all kinds of "self help" groups! I paid my dues to Scientology, Maharishi Ji, Krishna Consciousness, Naropa, Sufi, Yoga, Astrology—You name it... I joined it!!

And then... one day... I discovered the **REAL ME!!**

I'm the **WORLD'S BIGGEST SUCKER!!**



We're always panic-stricken whenever a car or an appliance breaks down and must be entrusted to a repairman. Suddenly, we experience a creeping fear that the job will take twice as long, and the Repairman will think of ways to make it cost three times as much as expected. MAD has long been fascinated with this universal phobia about Repairmen. After all, these guys come from various backgrounds and have been trained for their jobs in various ways. So how come they've gained identical reputations for stalling us, humiliating us, double-talking us and overcharging us? Now MAD finds that it's no coincidence at all! Repairmen are feared and shunned because they all equip themselves with the same devious gadgets bought from the same shady supply house! We recently came into possession of that firm's secret catalogue, and as a public service to victims of rascally repairmen everywhere, we herewith present...

CRAFTY BUNKO SCHEMES, INC. 1979-80 REPAIRMEN'S PARTS & SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR MECHANICS, REPAIRMEN AND THEIR IMMEDIATE ACCOMPLICES ONLY
Absolutely No Retail Sales To Motorists, Homeowners Or Other Pigeons



"1,001 BORING ANECDOTES." This amazing book boosts profits by letting you add many extra hours of labor charges for time actually spent chatting with customers. Contents are cross-indexed to insure that any comments made by customer will lead you naturally into long, dull stories about vacation spots on Lake Huron, your sick dog, floor wax removal techniques or any of the book's other 998 time wasting topics.

32287—PRATTLE-FOR-PROFIT ANECDOTE BOOK \$11.50

MADDENING TV "LOANERS" make customers so happy to get their own sets back that they often fail to notice how you botched the repair work. These small screen beauties are all professionally adjusted to provide plenty of flopper and snow, even in strongest reception areas. Available in grain, black-and-white or deluxe "green people-purple grass" color models.

29093—PUTRID PICTURE TV SET \$26.50

29094—EVEN WORSE COLOR MODEL \$79.75

LEAVE BLACK THUMB PRINTS WITH-OUT SOILING YOUR REAL HANDS! Lifelike imitation thumb helps you cover objects with enough dirty prints to assure even dubious customers that you spent hours working on their possessions. Includes indelible ink pad to simplify smudging of woodwork, leather, paste bathroom tile, etc., while you keep your own thumbs kissingly clean.

74388—"THUMB FUN" INDELIBLE SMUDGER \$8.98



PHONY ELECTRIC TEST—O—METER pays for itself in no time by convincing skeptical customers of the need for costly repair work. Gadget actually measures nothing but your shop's altitude above sea level. However, the handsomely calibrated dial seems to say that new parts are needed for any appliance being tested, including TV sets, washers and even iron fry pans.

63101—"DIAL-M-FOR—MONEY" BRAND TESTER \$48.75



"ALIBI IKE" PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE lets you present a variety of creative excuses for unfinished work without enduring the nuisance of talking to your customers in person. Just record the lame explanations we supply in your own voice, and let the machine do the rest. A "must" for those who never complete a job on time, but who prefer not to discuss the matter.

11376—WHINE-O-FONE ANSWERING MACHINE \$347.50



I GOT TWO GUYS OUT SICK!
MY SUPPLIER'S ON STRIKE!
OUR POWER'S BEEN OFF ALL DAY!

WIN PUBLIC TRUST BY WEARING FAKE RELIGIOUS MEDALS! These aluminum beauties are really World War I dog tags issued by the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but the gullible will assume that you're a devout person who lives by the Golden Rule. Best of all, you can still swindle without fear of sacrilege since the Austro-Hungarians weren't even on our side in the war.

47105—"HOLY TERROR" BRAND PHONY MEDALS \$14.50 doz.

RENT A SHAPELY BLONDE CASHIER to divert customers' attention from the exorbitant bills they are receiving. Each of these overly-developed ladies has been trained to operate such complex office machines as pencil sharpeners and rubber stamps, while simultaneously flashing enough charm to make \$83 seem like a small price to pay for having a loose wire tightened.

38862—CHEAP CHARMING CHICK CHARTER SERVICE . . . \$275 per week

CLAIM CHECKS WITH MIS-MATCHED NUMBERS produce instant horror for your clientele and instant profits for you. Numbers printed on customers' stubs cleverly fail to match the ticket on any item in your shop. System enables you to keep all items for re-sale, or grudgingly return them to owners who will be too grateful to notice that you failed to do repair work.

28533—MATCHLESS CLAIM CHECKS \$12.89 per 1,000



AUTHENTIC LOOKING TRADE PUBLICATION COVERS fit snugly over your copies of Hustler and Penthouse to make waiting customers think you're up to date on all technical data. Durable slip-on phonies include such impressive but non-existent magazines as *The Metric Equivalent Quarterly*, *Wrench and Ratchet* and *The Midwestern Cam Shafter*. 21217—COVERS FOR COMPLETELY UNCOVERED GIRLIE BOOKS. . . . \$6.50 doz.



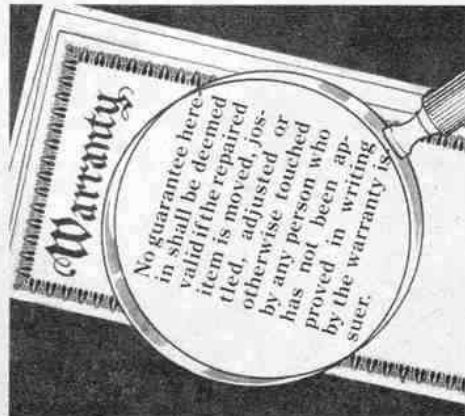
NOTHING BEATS PLASTER DUST for making any room look as if you've been doing some sort of vital work in it. We have contracted with a fine old wrecking company in Michigan to buy plaster crumbs from all of the condemned hotels and abandoned Edsel plants, that it demolishes. Sprinkle a heaping portion around on your next home repair job, and see how it impresses customers with your work methods. 55286—TRUSTY, DUSTY PLASTER PARTICLES. . . . \$6.25 per 100 lbs.



"HOKEY" MOTHER PHOTO works wonders when displayed on work bench or shop wall. Mushy inscription helps wipe out customers' natural fear that you are a slimy, rotten, conniving thief. Woman depicted in handsomely framed photo is a professional model who has been trained to wear the placid smile of one whose children all turned out well. 72781—HELPFUL LITTLE MOTHER PHOTO \$11.50



SIGN ANNOUNCING HIGHLY IRREGULAR BUSINESS HOURS can be a source of endless sadistic pleasure as you force pathetic customers to return time after time in hopes of finding your shop open. Ultimately leads to many high cost house calls as appliance owners become incapacitated by hernias from their repeated efforts to bring heavy items to you. 85189—"HOURS OF PLEASURE" BUSINESS SIGN. . . . \$4.98



MEANINGLESS WARRANTY FORMS have been riddled with loopholes to free you from all responsibility for the work you do. Confusing terms printed in microscopic type allow you to surprise customers by charging full price each time you botch up the same job. 31907—WEASLE-WORDED WARRANTIES \$11.50 per 100



BOGUS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATES can go a long way toward quieting public suspicion about your incompetence. Our impressively framed documents falsely certify that you are a master of your trade who also belongs to a respected professional association, in addition to doing whatever you do by special appointment to Her Majesty, The Queen. 11502—ASSORTED, PURPORTED EXPERT'S CERTIFICATES. . . . \$4.50 ea.



LET LIFELIKE LEGS quickly convince new customers that your one-man repair shop actually employs a full staff of busily working mechanics. Each set authentically contains a right and left foot in your choice of shoe sizes (4AA to 13EEE) for convincing placement under jacked-up cars, dry-docked boats, damaged sofas, etc. 37616—"FANCY FOOTWORK" BRAND MECHANIC'S LEGS. . . . \$46 pair 37617—SAME, BUT WITH GOLD SLAVE BRACELET ON ONE ANKLE. . . . \$375 pair



MEANINGLESS MOTTO BUSINESS CARDS help you win confidence of new victims without actually lying. Clever phrasing impresses all with your reliability, but has been cleared by our legal department for safe use by bunco artists, swindlers and even convicted felons still out on bail. Select the motto of your choice below, and send it with name, address and cash for prompt printing service. 22306—MOTTO: "THE SHOP YOU'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER" . . . \$12 per 500 22307—MOTTO: "WHEN YOU WANT DONE WHAT WE DO" . . . \$13 per 500 22308—MOTTO: "THE HOME OF INCREDIBLE SERVICE" . . . \$14 per 500

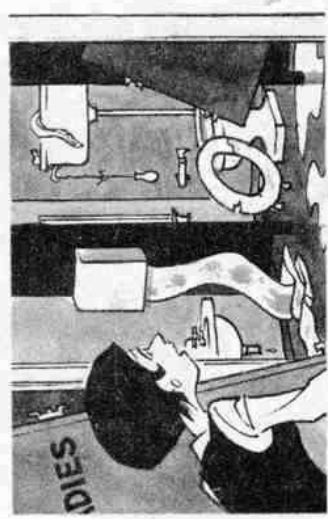


"SOUNDS OF WORK" TAPE CASSETTE discourages customers from bothering busy shop personnel during lunch hours, coffee breaks, nap periods, card games, etc. Realistic recording provides two full hours of industrial clatter that sounds for all the world like frantic activity in your back room work area. Let it play from morning 'til night. You'll be pleased with the results.

55342—RECORDED RESOUNDING RACKET \$6.79

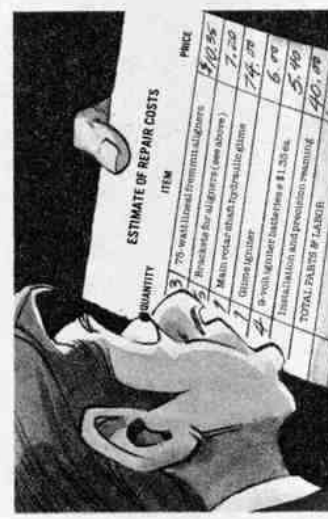
FANTASTIC KIT LETS YOU FILTHY UP YOUR REST ROOM so customers will be forced to go home and use their own plumbing facilities. Scheme cleverly prevents clients from hanging around to see how little work you do. Kit includes door hinge remover, grimy roller towel, two broken faucets (both marked COLD), cracked "Instant Agony" toilet seat and quart-size jar of flies.

87836—RAUNCHY REST ROOM KIT
\$67.88



"DOUBLE TALK" WORK ESTIMATE SHEETS quickly stifle complaints from cheated laymen who hate to admit that they don't understand technical terms. Pre-written forms also boost profits by allowing you to charge for non-existent parts. Terminology has been professionally garbled to permit use in any type of repair shop with never a fear of detection.

31727—CHEAP ESTIMATE SHEETS FOR EXPENSIVE REPAIRS \$12 per 100



SCIENTIFICALLY PRE-DIRTIED UNIFORM quickly convinces potential clients that you are a hard worker who's not afraid to tackle messy jobs. Black smudges are woven into the fabric to end periodic nuisance of rolling on a greasy floor to make coveralls look grimy enough. Best of all, simulated dirt won't rub off on bed sheets during your afternoon nap.

84157—CRUD-COVERED COVERALLS \$11.50 pr.
(Specify Size Desired:
Small, Medium, Large or Grotesque)



RETURNING WORN-OUT PARTS TO CUSTOMERS does much to convince them that you installed needed replacements, even though you probably didn't. Let us help you with this ticklish problem by offering our full line of worn-out, grease-coated junk. All items have been bent and pounded by hand to make them pass for whatever auto, TV or home appliance part you claim you replaced.

20933—MUDDY, CRUDDY, GREASY, SLEEZY JUNK PARTS 69¢ lb.



HIGH QUALITY AM/FM RADIO LOOKS LIKE A TELEPHONE! Lets you enjoy your favorite music, news or sports programs through earpiece while impatient customers assume you're transacting important business. Comes with hidden floor button that enables you to ring authentic sounding phone bell the instant you spot an irate patron entering your shop.

21055—PHONY PHONE ... \$58.25

COMPLEX SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS are proven winners in your battle to turn minor appliance problems into major repair jobs. These bewildering beauties are really government surplus drawings of the electrical system at Grand Coulee Dam. But just watch your confused customers take the bait when you claim they picture the insides of a trash smasher, a crock pot or even an early model water bed.

70895—SLY SCHEMERS' SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS \$2.50 ea.



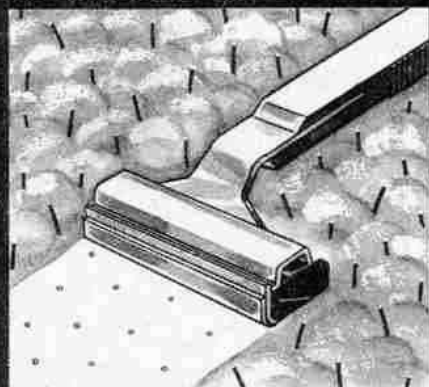
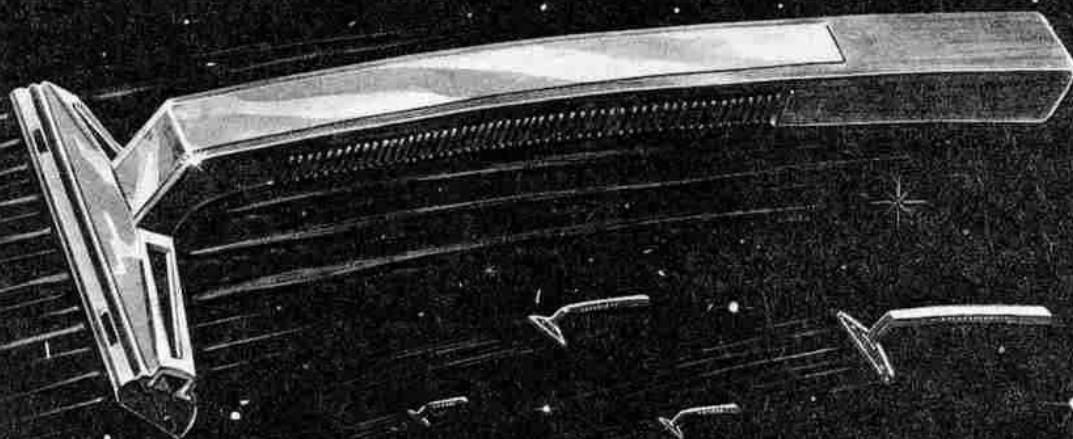
SAD STORY SUPPLY KIT offers every prop you'll need to win sympathy from all, despite your sloppy work. Includes crutches, arm sling, artificial dead dog, photos of sick baby, etc., designed to convince even your most irate victims that you've had a terrible day and shouldn't be yelled at. Many kit users report a 50% drop in their hassles with the Better Business Bureau.

76255—PROFITABLE, PITIFUL PROP KIT \$36.00

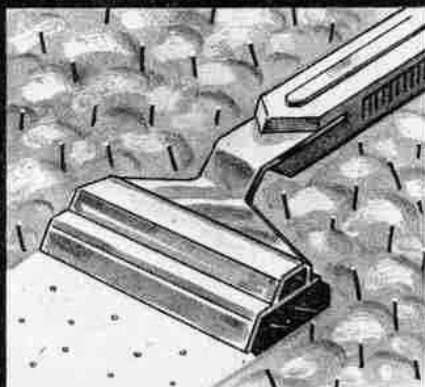
WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHAVE DEPT.

Since the dawn of time, men have been trying to get rid of their unwanted face hair. The only purpose the fuzz seemed to serve was to house insects, obscure vision, and keep track of food eaten by gathering samples of it. When the use of tools was discovered, one of their first applications was the removal of that bothersome beaver. Though crude at first, shaving instruments evolved through the ages until a major breakthrough was made: the invention of the standard safety razor. But this little marvel was so good, it almost ruined the shaving industry. It never broke down, it never needed replacing and it was handed down from father to son. The business looked dead until some genius decided to make razors the way other successful products are made: gimmicky and lousy! First they fooled around with the blades: Blades were made with chromium, platinum, tungsten and teflon, to name a few. Then they started fooling around with the razors themselves: Injector systems, double-bladed heads, swivel heads, etc. Just when you thought they couldn't possibly come up with one more "innovation," another popped up. So now, there's a new, flashier model every few months that makes the old one seem obsolete. And, cleverly, the new blade head won't fit the old handles. So where will it all end? It won't! MAD now projects some future products we're sure to see as we're hurtled deeper and deeper out into

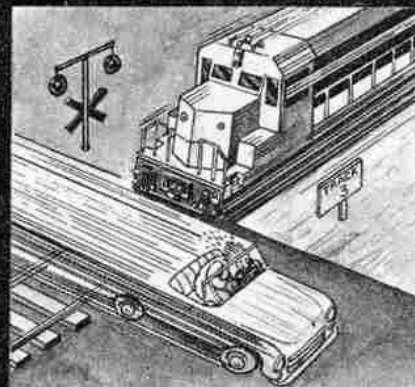
THE SPACE AGE RAZOR RACE



TRAC I
a very close shave



TRAC II
a truly close shave

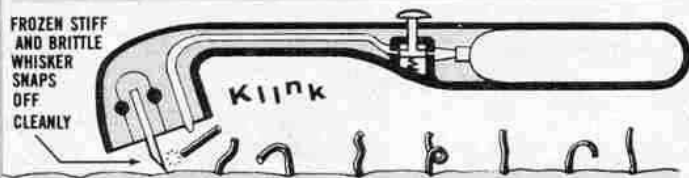
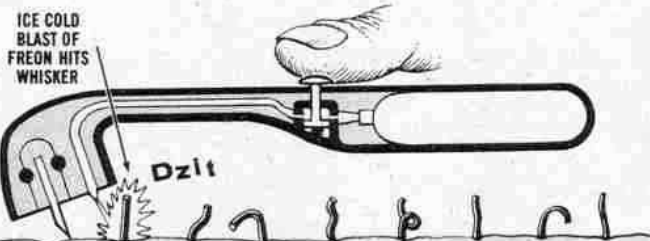
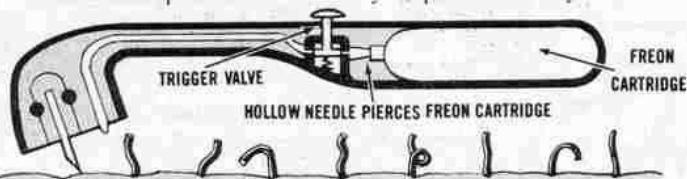


TRAC III
a terrifyingly close shave

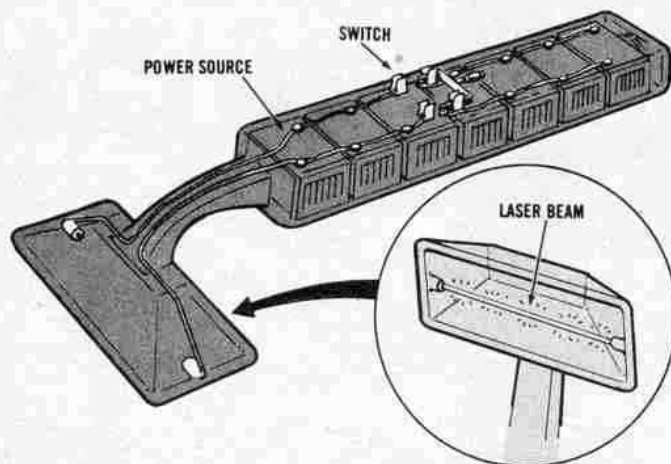
THE QUICK-FREEZE RAZOR



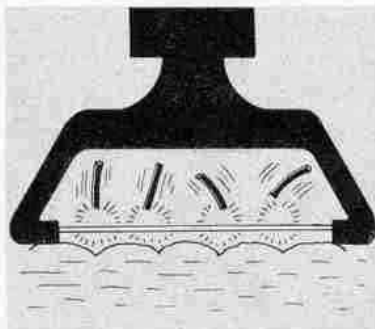
The Quick-Freeze Razor will be a simple but efficient instrument. A replaceable freon cartridge directs a blast of frigid air at beard. As whiskers freeze solid and brittle, an ice scraper follows and easily snaps them cleanly off.



THE LASER RAZOR



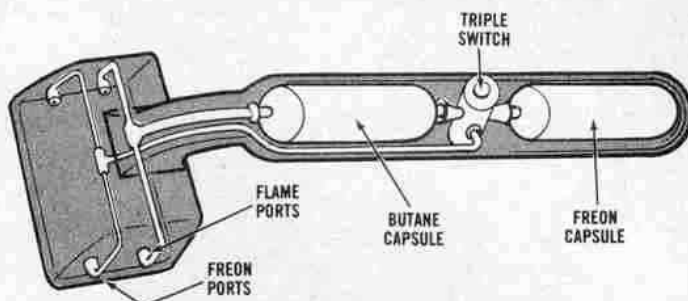
The efficiency of the laser beam is familiar to anyone who has ever seen one pierce an army tank or melt a concrete wall or open a sardine can without a key. By applying the laser beam principle to a shaving implement . . . even the mightiest and toughest beard will easily fall.



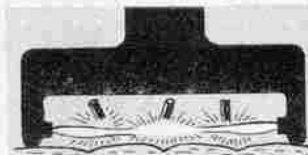
LASER BEAM RAZOR SLICES WHISKERS WITH EASE, PRECISION AND COMFORT



THE FLAME-THROWER RAZOR

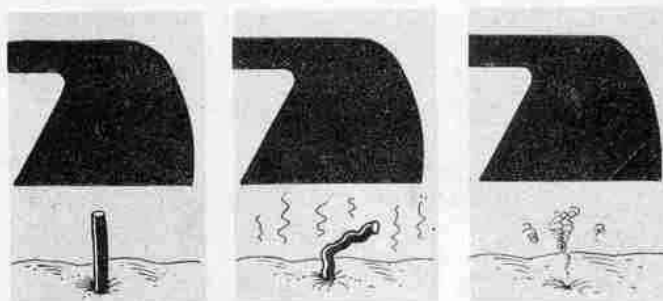
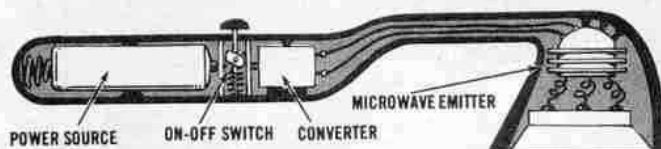


Depressing the trigger switch causes three things to happen simultaneously: (1) It releases butane gas. (2) It ignites the gas, which shoots out flames to sear off whiskers. And (3) Ice cold freon gas is then released which neutralizes the pain of your scorched and burning face.



FRONT VIEW OF FLAME-THROWER RAZOR ON SEARCH-AND-DESTROY MISSION OVER A TOUGH BEARD

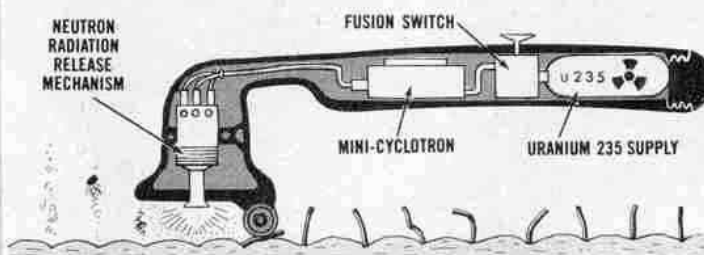
THE MICROWAVE RAZOR



When the Microwave Razor is drawn across whiskers, a high-frequency electromagnetic ray

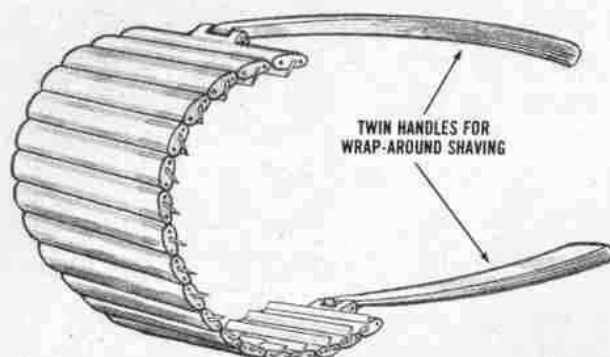
instantly withers hairs and reduces them to ash. Ash is then easily brushed from face.

THE NEUTRON RAZOR

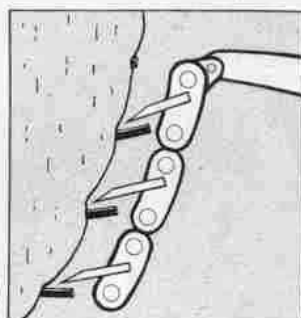


The ultimate shaver of the space age, it will be inspired by that wonderful new military weapon, the neutron bomb—whose claim to glory is that it destroys people without harming buildings. This unique razor will be capable of generating neutron radiation. As it passes over beard, it blasts each hair with minuscule radiation, and—like the great neutron bomb—kills whiskers but doesn't harm face.

THE TRAC LXXVI RAZOR

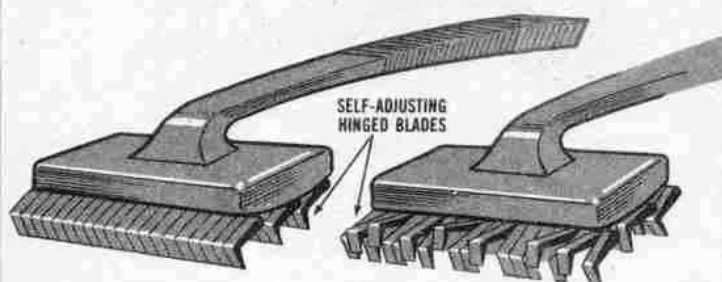


The Trac LXXVI razor will have seventy-six cutting edges on a flexible head that will wrap around an entire face and shave it close and clean in two or three effortless moves.

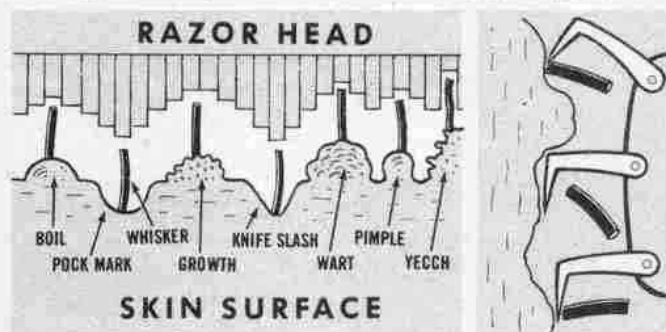


EACH TRAC LXXVI BLADE ENGAGES ITS OWN SEPARATE WHISKER HAIR

THE MULTIBLADE RAZOR

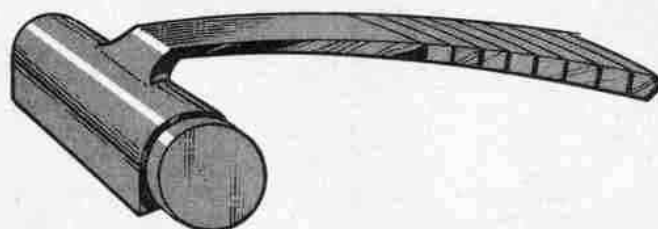


The Multiblade Razor will be created especially for people with special skin problems. Anyone who's ever shaved with an ordinary razor and lopped off pimples, boils and other parts of their uneven face will welcome it. Dozens of tiny hinged blades adjust themselves to user's craggy, bumpy face.

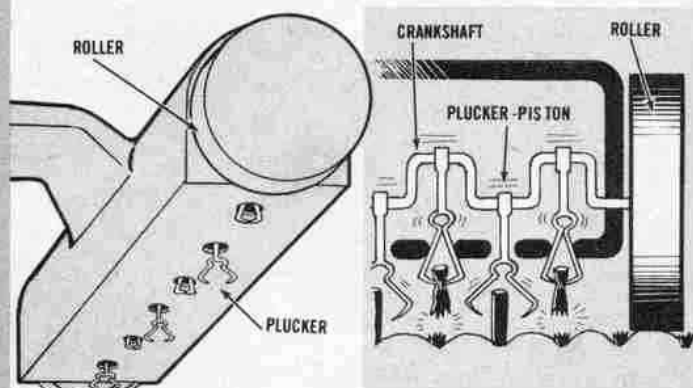


FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS OF UNEVEN SKIN SURFACES SHOWING HOW SELF-ADJUSTING BLADES HANDLE THESE TOUGH PROBLEMS

THE SIMPLE PLUCKER-I RAZOR

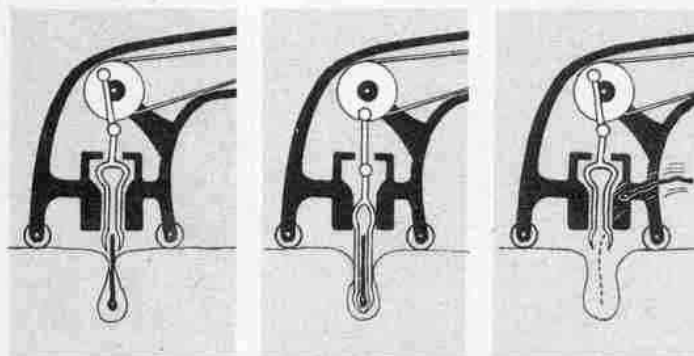
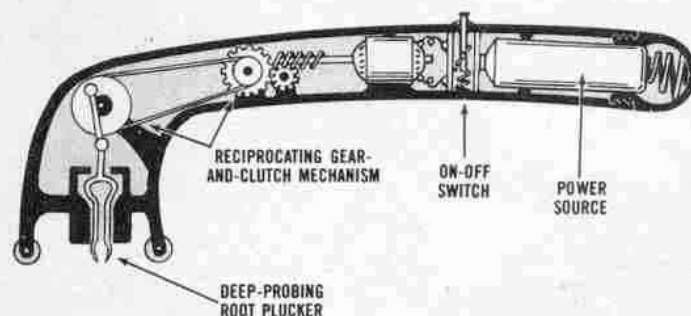


The Simple Plucker-I Razor is activated by rollers attached to a crankshaft. As rollers move across face, the crankshaft causes pluckers to go up and down, making plucking movements. When plucker encounters hair, it is firmly gripped and plucked. User may notice slight twinges of pain at first, but it all happens so fast, he will hardly notice it after a while.



CLOSE UP DETAIL FRONT VIEW OF HAIR-PLUCKERS IN ACTION

THE PERMANENT PLUCKER-II RAZOR



As razor head is drawn over beard, plucker moves rapidly up and down until it comes to a whisker hole. When this happens, plucker goes down to whisker root and yanks it out, completely eliminating the need to ever shave again.

UPSETTING THE SCOLD STANDARD DEPT.

IF CHILDREN TREAT THE WAY THEIR PA

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

I don't care if
Mrs. Shlepperman
DOES have a
mink coat!

You
can't
have
one!

Don't you
have a
mind of
your own?!

If Mrs. Shlepperman
jumped off the Empire
State Building, would
you jump off after her?!

And where do
you think
YOU'RE going?

Oh, no!! No
tennis for **YOU**,
Old Lady...

Not until you
finish your
HOUSEWORK!!

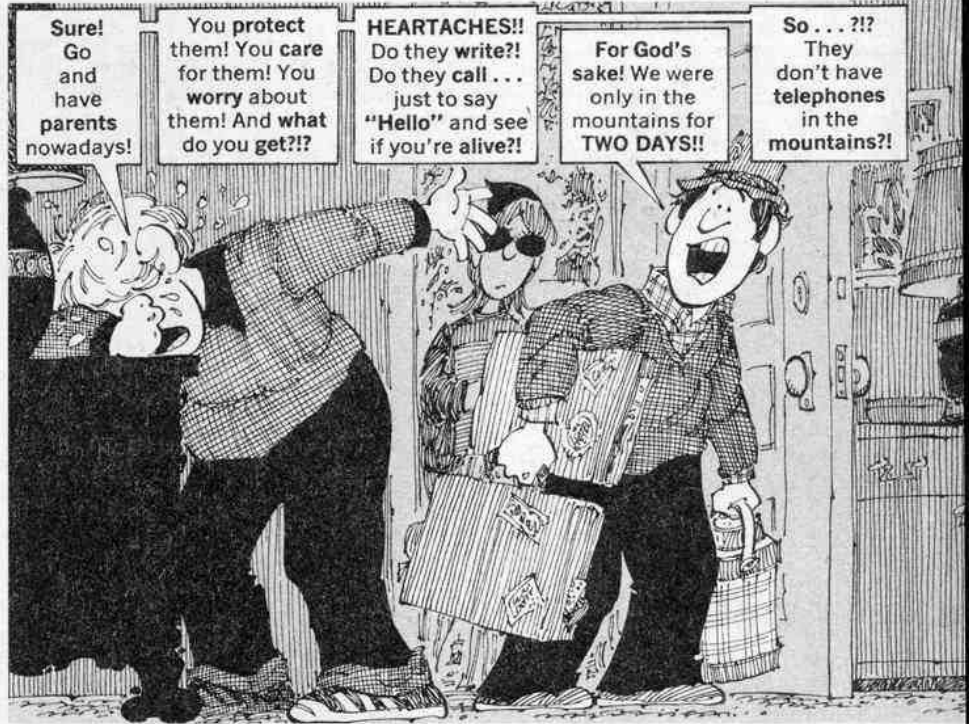
Not now, Dad!

I've had a hard day at the school!

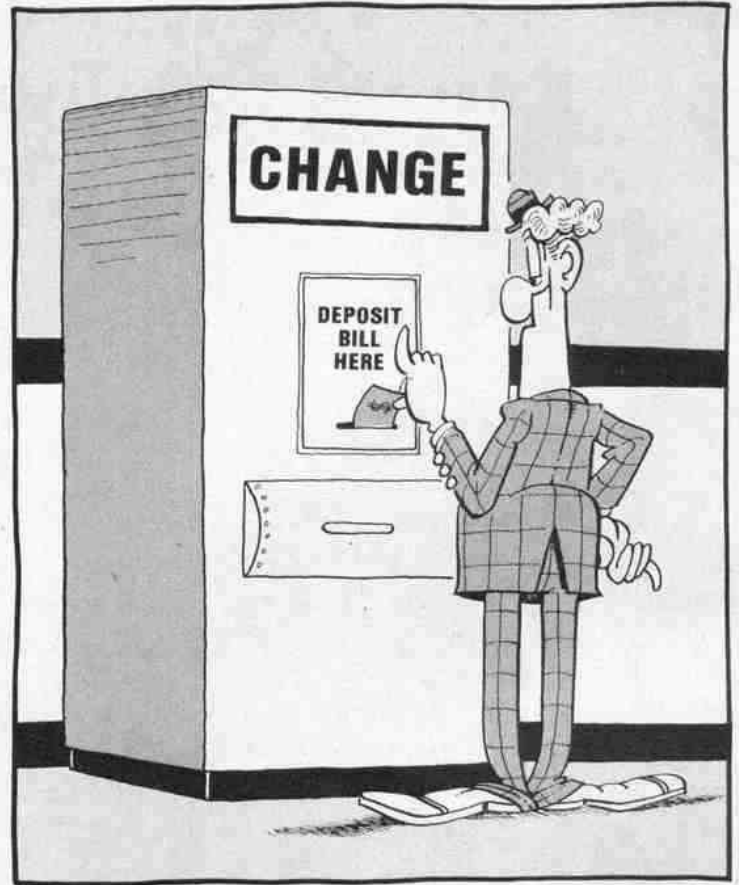
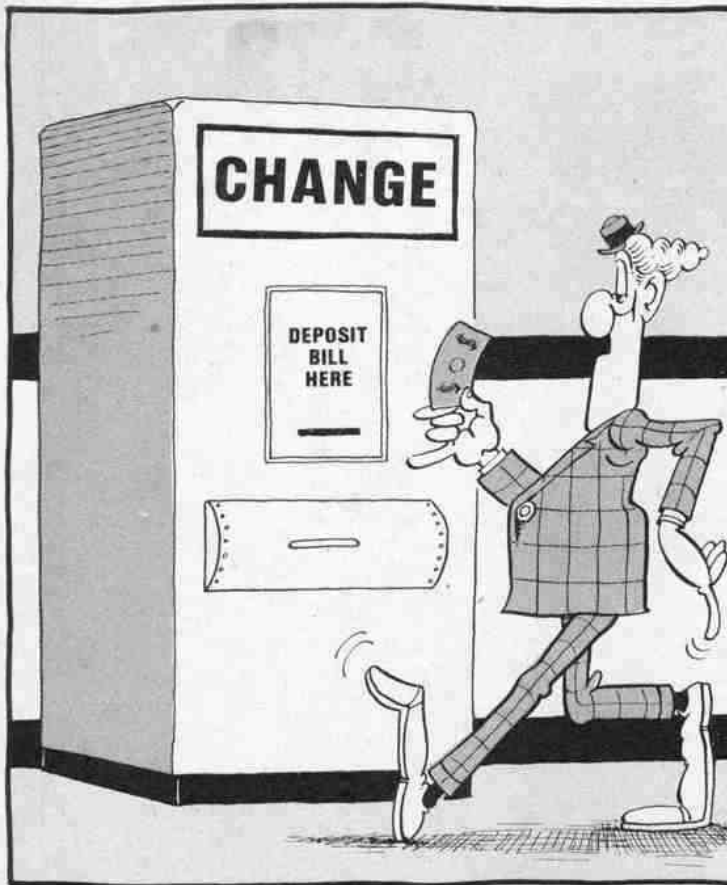
Society is so **PERMISSIVE** nowadays, it's no
wonder they have no sense of morality any more!

ED THEIR PARENTS RENTS TREAT THEM

WRITER: BARRY LIEBMANN



ONE NIGHT IN THE MIAMI BUS TERMINAL



WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

And now for MAD's version of the weekly TV series about a space ship hurtling through space . . . a space ship jam-packed with hundreds of people . . . a space ship named . . .

CATTLE CAR GALAXICA

Attention! All engines ahead one Frisbee...

But, Sir! The Bluestar Search Team hasn't returned yet! The Command Center shows them still one Megaphone away!

We must move on! I gave them six Scopes to complete their mission, and they're four Listerines overdue already! Now do as I say!

But, Sir! Your Son is in one of those Bluestars!

Very well! Try to contact him with the High Band Microwave Scanner...

We tried that, Sir! Nothing!

Then see if you can bounce a Secondary Pulsar Beam into the void in order to detect his ship!

Sorry, Sir! We tried that, too! Nothing!

Then there's only one thing left for us to do....!

Has anybody tried looking out the window?

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

What time is it?

It's two Tacos past a Burrito! We're very late getting back!

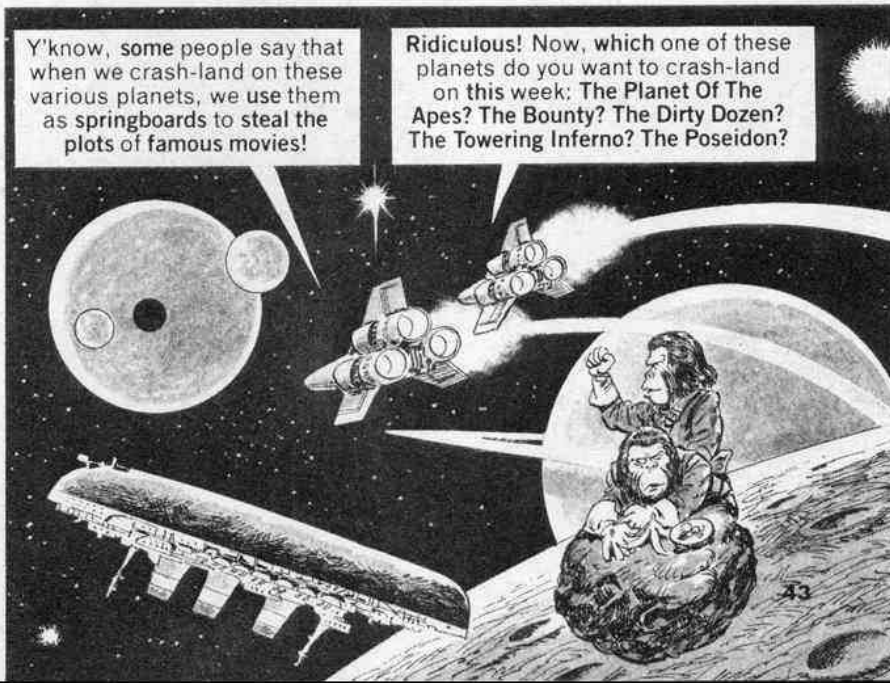
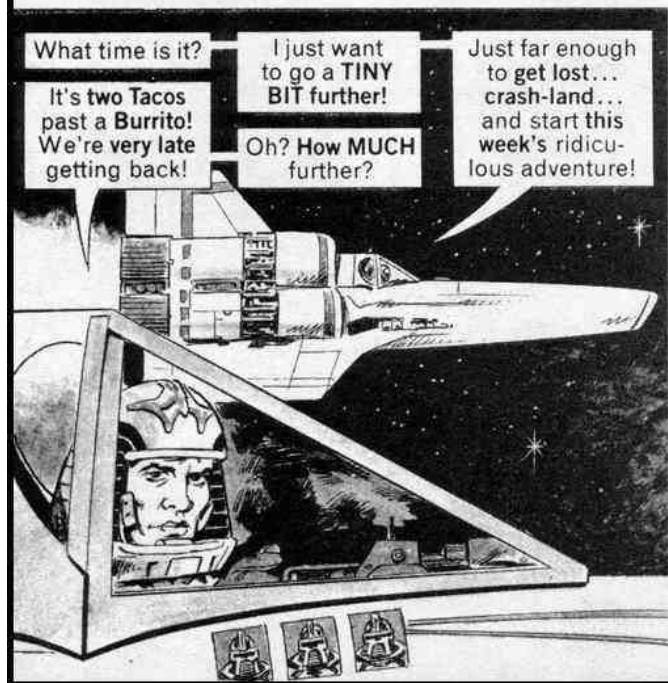
I just want to go a TINY BIT further!

Oh? How MUCH further?

Just far enough to get lost... crash-land... and start this week's ridiculous adventure!

Y'know, some people say that when we crash-land on these various planets, we use them as springboards to steal the plots of famous movies!

Ridiculous! Now, which one of these planets do you want to crash-land on this week: The Planet Of The Apes? The Bounty? The Dirty Dozen? The Towering Inferno? The Poseidon?



Two Colonial
Vipers are
over-flying
us, oh, wise
Baldstar!
What should
we do...?!

Turn on the Atomic
CuisinArt! It'll
make mince meat
out of their Pulsar
Signals! They'll be
forced to land!

And if that doesn't work?

Light up the sign that says,
"FREE FUEL / EATS / BINGO
AMAZON GO-GO DANCERS"

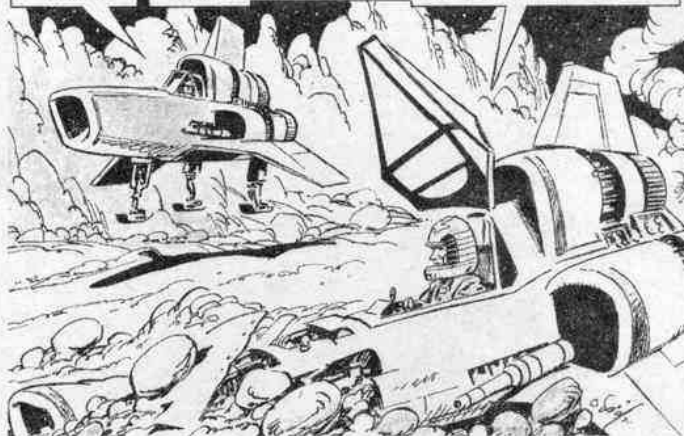
That gets 'em every time!

What goes
with you,
Appalling?
You crash-
landed
again!

What
do
you
mean,
"again"?

You
crash-
landed
last week!
Remember?

Oh, no, Starbuff!
YOU crash-landed
last week! We take
turns, remember? We
alternate on "THE
CRASH OF THE WEEK"!



Commander, I
want permission
to take a Viper
Fighter and go
out and look
for Starbuff
and Appalling!

A Viper Fighter
is a very complex
machine, Athinner!

What experience
have you had!

I've spent
many a
night in
the
Simulator!

And...??

And ENOUGH
with the
SIMULATOR,
already!! I want
to go out and
find me a REAL
LIVE MAN!!

Command Central to
Viper Fighter! You
know the procedure,
right? You take off
... come back ...
land ... take off ...
come back ... land
... take off ...

I
know!
But
WHY
so
many
times?

Viper Fighters tak-
ing off is the most
expensive piece of
special effects
film we've got...
so we have to show
it as often as we
can to make it pay!



That girl's
got a lot
of guts!

She's also got
a great set
of thrusters!

Let's see... there's the Pulsar Screen
... and it's got some "X"s on it? I—
I think I'm supposed to put some "O"s
on it, and see if I can get three of
my "O"s in a row before they can get
three of their "X"s in a row! Boy...
war is more fun than I ever thought!!

I can't believe what we've
stumbled across! The stuff
in these drums is the very
lifeblood of the Cyclones!

What is it? Liquid Protein?

No, Chrome Polish!
Without this stuff,
the Cyclones would
rust to death in
less than fifteen
Crêpe Suzettes!



Let's blow up the entire stockpile!

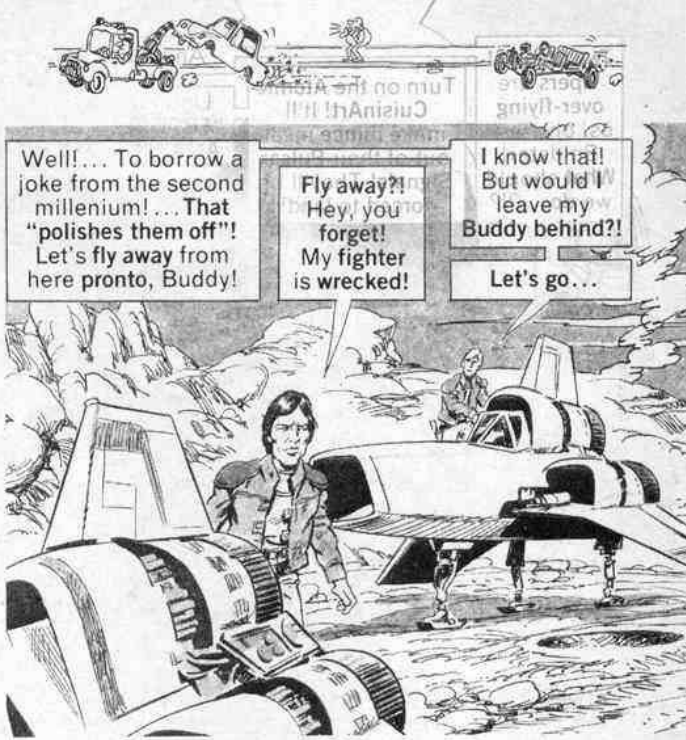
Not with this in my hand...the ultimate Cyclone deterrent!

More potent than that!

But if we attract attention, the Cyclones are sure to capture us!

Is that a Quartz Modular Pistol??

It's a Portable Electric Can Opener!



Well!... To borrow a joke from the second millenium!... That "polishes them off"! Let's fly away from here pronto, Buddy!

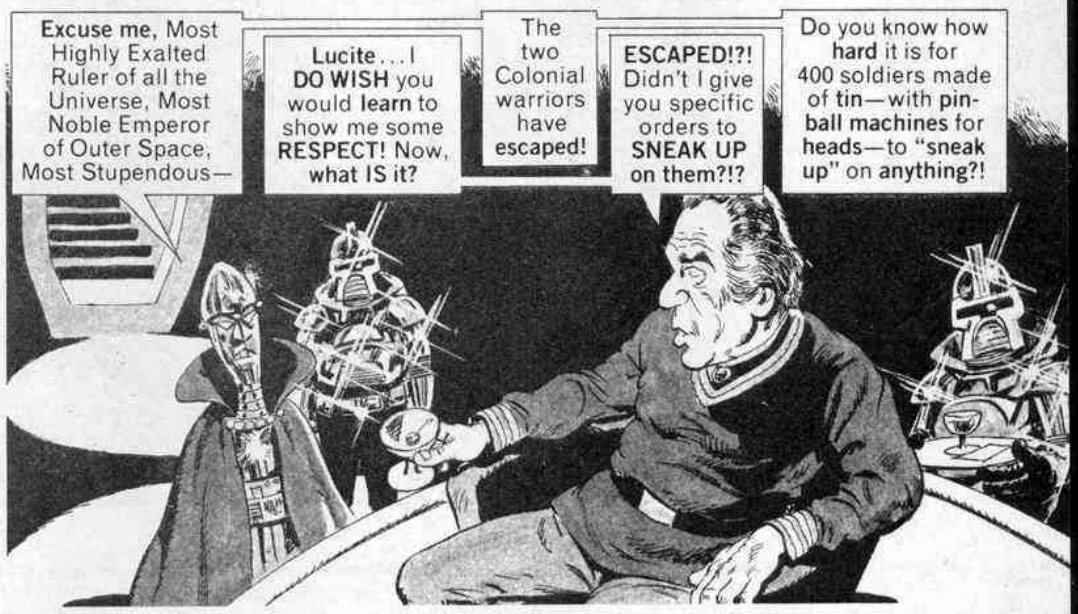
Fly away?! Hey, you forgot! My fighter is wrecked!

I know that! But would I leave my Buddy behind?!

Let's go...



Hmmmm! I think Starbuff just invented "No Frills" Viper Flights!!



Excuse me, Most Highly Exalted Ruler of all the Universe, Most Noble Emperor of Outer Space, Most Stupendous—

Lucite... I DO WISH you would learn to show me some RESPECT! Now, what IS it?

The two Colonial warriors have escaped!

ESCAPED?! Didn't I give you specific orders to SNEAK UP on them?!

Do you know how hard it is for 400 soldiers made of tin—with pin-ball machines for heads—to "sneak up" on anything?!



Well, if we didn't get them on LAND, we'll get them in SPACE!

We are taking steps to do that, Sir! We have sighted TWO Colonial Vipers on our scanners! One is being flown by a beautiful, sexy FEMALE pilot... and the other is being flown by a beautiful, sexy MALE pilot!

EVERYBODY turns you AC/DC Robots on, eh?



Colonial Viper up ahead—come in, please! Identify yourself! Identify yourself!

It's Athinner! I came out to find you guys!

But what do you know about flying complicated Viper Fighters...?

It wasn't easy! But I taught myself to push the "Automatic Take-Off" button, flip on the "Automatic Flight" switch and tune in the "Automatic Search and Rescue" control system!

Gee, Athinner, you're a regular female genius!!

That's right!
I don't like
to brag, but
I graduated
at the top
of my class!

I'll bet the others
were really jealous!

WHAT others?!!

Oh-oh! Starbuff...!

What is it,
Athinner...?

I'm getting
NAUSEOUS!
What'll I do?

Push the
"Automatic
Air Sickness"
button! It'll
automatically
barf for you!

Oh-oh! Son-of-a-bilge! My Warning Farknell just
went crazy! Let's see what the read-out says...

CYCLONE SHIPS
ATTACHING

PLOT THICKENS

GOOD TIME
TO BREAK
FOR A
COMMERCIAL

Here come the Cyclones!!
Let's defend ourselves!!

Starbuff! Something very
STRANGE just happened! I
fired ONE Zucchini missile,
and FOUR Cyclone Raider
Ships exploded into bits!

That's because our mis-
siles are armed with
deadly "Hollywood Movie
Logic"! It's a highly
advanced form of the
same "Logic" that lets
ONE Cowboy bullet
kill TWENTY Indians!

This is the part of the show
that the viewers really turn
on to... the fantastic space
battles! Let me pick out some
stunning effects for them...

BLUE ROCKETS THAT LEAVE
SILVERY FRINGED TRAILS
RED BOMBS WITH EXPLODING
"ROMAN CANDLE" EFFECTS
RAINBOW "STARBURSTER"
FLAMING TRACER BULLETS
ASSORTED ATOMIC BLASTS
SYNCHRONIZED TO MUSIC

We-are-doing-badly....Colonial-
warriors-are-beating-us-in-all-
areas... Aptness-of-thought...
Color... Explosive-Displays...
Originality... Tracer-patterns
...I-suggest-we-retreat....!!

The Cyclones are
turning back!

No one is better at the
"art" of war than we are!

Just look at this
gorgeous sky....!!

Why-is-it-that-we-
hardly-ever-score-
a-direct-hit-on-a-
Colonial-Viper?!?

How-can-we-do-any-better-with-
only-one-red-eye-that-keeps-on-
bouncing-back-and-forth-across-
our-face-like-a-ping-pong-ball?

Commander, our Sky Scanner is picking up signals from our Vipers! They're having a dog-fight with the Cyclones!

Gran'pa... if they're having a dog-fight, can I send Moxie in to help?

You're so precious, Barfy! Every week, you say some innocent, endearing thing that makes me long for the ultimate destruction of all life on this ship!!

By the way, Barfy! Your dog had an "accident" in my sleep bay!

But that's impossible! Moxie is a ROBOT!

I know! I found a big, smelly pile of nuts and bolts on my blanket!

Oooops! That's robot-doo, all right!!

Purple Scout destroys Yellow Cat!

Yellow Command returns fire, increasing power by three Veeblefitzers!

Our Officers certainly remain calm while tracking a battle!

That's no battle, Sir! That's our new Video Game!!

Boy, a new record! We shot down 84 Cyclones!

That's only HALF the record!! We DID it with only SEVEN missiles!

Athinner, we have got to return to the Galaxica! We started out with sixty Anchovies of fuel and I'm down to only six Pepperonis!!

On the way back, let's shut down our Pulsar Communication Units! That will not only conserve fuel, it will also give the Galaxica its weekly "WHERE ARE THEY NOW?!" worry!

Commander Adammit! We just lost contact with the Colonial Vipers! Where are they? What shall we do?!!

Get Hoss, Little Joe and the rest of the boys... saddle up the horses... and let's RIDE!!

Horses?! Ride?!

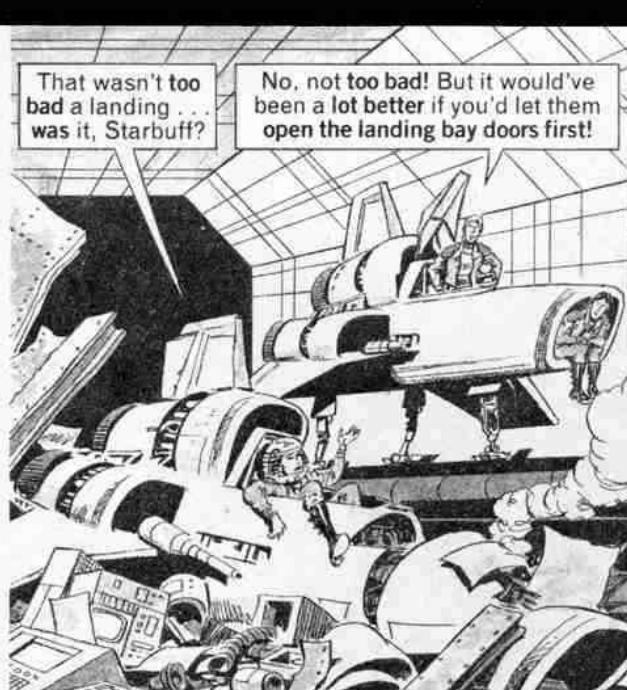
Huh! Oh, I'm sorry! I forget which show I'm doing sometimes!

Get Bummer, Jelly, and the rest of the boys... saddle up the space ships... and let's FLY!!

No need to do that, Sir! We just discovered their location!

Using the new Ten Channel Digital Laser Sequencer?

No, Sir... using your suggestion! We looked out the window! Here they come...!!



That wasn't too bad a landing ... was it, Starbuff?

No, not too bad! But it would've been a lot better if you'd let them open the landing bay doors first!

Son! Thank God you're back!

Yes, Father ... I am! Do you worry, Sir, because I'm your only Son?

No, I worry because we're running out of Viper Fighters! You and your buddies smash one or two of them up every time you go out on a mission!

Oh, Ruler of the Vast Void ... Oh, Prince of the Atomic Particles ... Oh, King of—

Why I ever installed one of those copper-topped batteries in you, I'll never know! I can't wait for it to go dead so you'll shut up! What now???

The Colonial Fighters have beaten us again!

Didn't our fighters do ANYTHING?

We DID manage to assault the intelligence of the TV audience!

Well, that's SOMETHING!

Anything else I can do for you, Baldstar?

Yes, you can shut off that light that's always shining up into my face to make me look evil! It's driving me nuts!!



That was real brave of you to rescue me, Athinner! I'd like to thank you properly! How about dropping by my sleep bay and—

Not tonight! I have a Cranium Megahurt!

Hmmm! Some things never change—even in SIX millenniums!



Commander Adammit, your Son is calling on the Ultra Phone ...

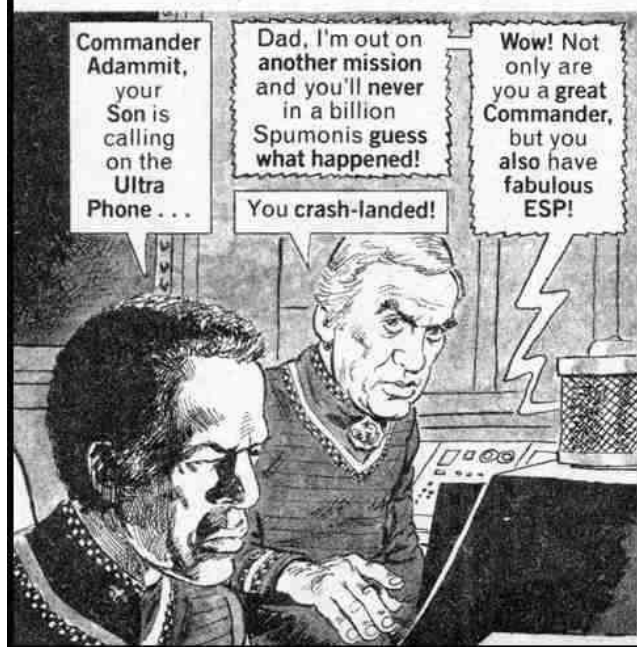
Dad, I'm out on another mission and you'll never in a billion Spumonis guess what happened!

You crash-landed!

Wow! Not only are you a great Commander, but you also have fabulous ESP!

Anyway ... I've never been on a planet as scary as this! The inhabitants all speak a steady stream of gobbledegook, and the Rulers of this sphere cheat and steal and tell lies to their subjects, and plunder its resources! I've never seen anything like this in all my thirty-five Bar Mitzvahs!

My Son ... you've done it! You've discovered EARTH!!



**WHAT
INSPIRING
LESSON DOES
PROFESSIONAL
SPORTS
TEACH OUR
CHILDREN?**

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

Hardly anyone today can escape the excitement and impact of the spectacular of professional sports. But our young people are particularly impressed and inspired by the wild goings-on in this great American industry. To find out exactly what the youth of our nation is learning from it, fold in page as shown on right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**OUR MAGNIFICENT SPORTING EVENTS
GREATLY IMPRESS AND INSPIRE THE DEVOTED
YOUNG FANS OF ALL FORMS OF SPORTS**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶

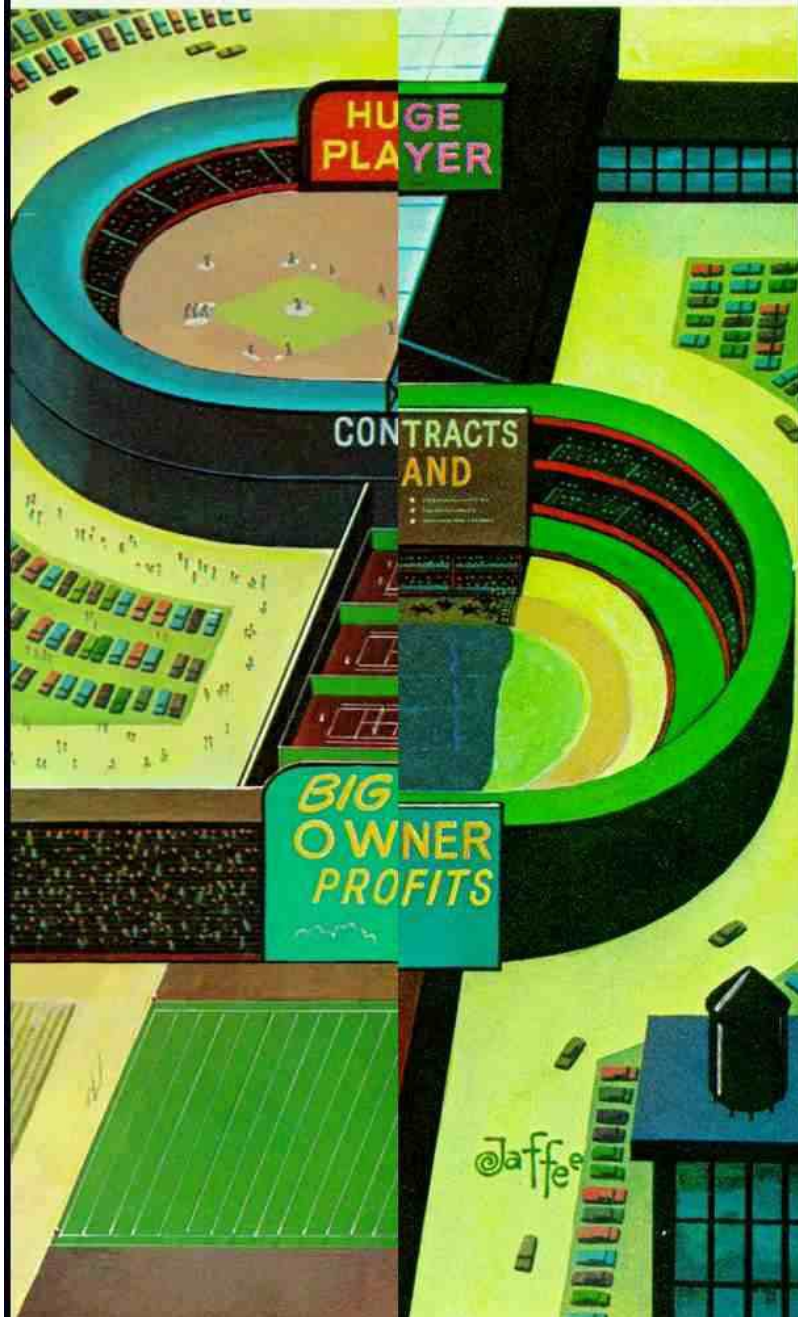
◀ B

**WHAT
INSPIRING
LESSON DOES
PROFESSIONAL
SPORTS
TEACH OUR
CHILDREN?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

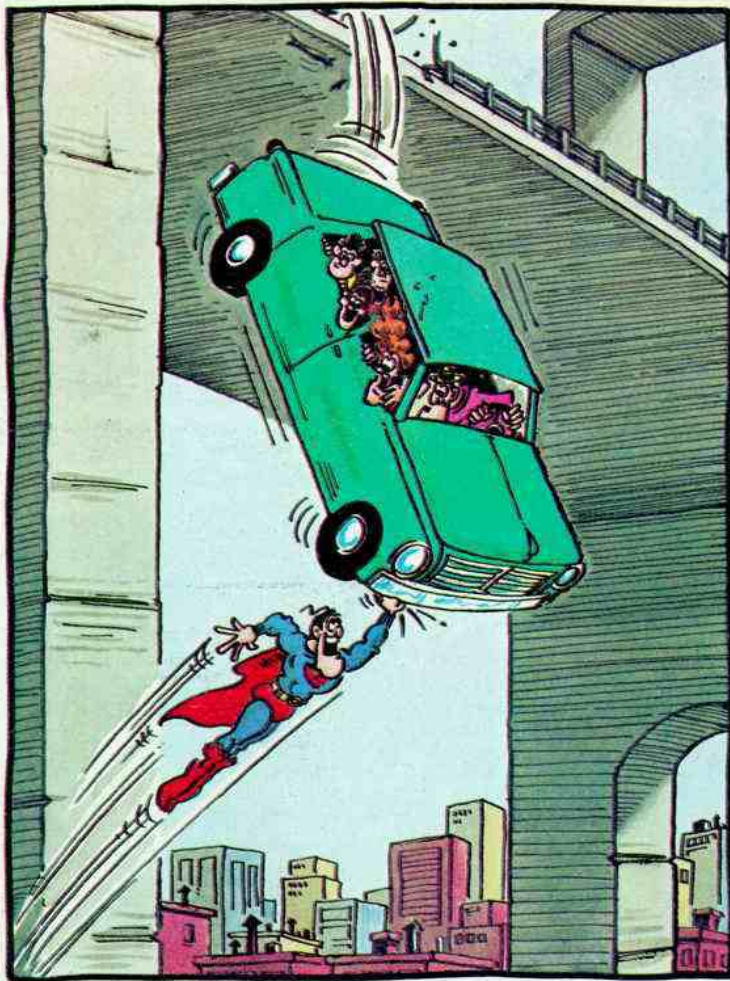
A >< B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GREED

A >< B



ARTIST: DON MARTIN



WRITER: DON EDWING

