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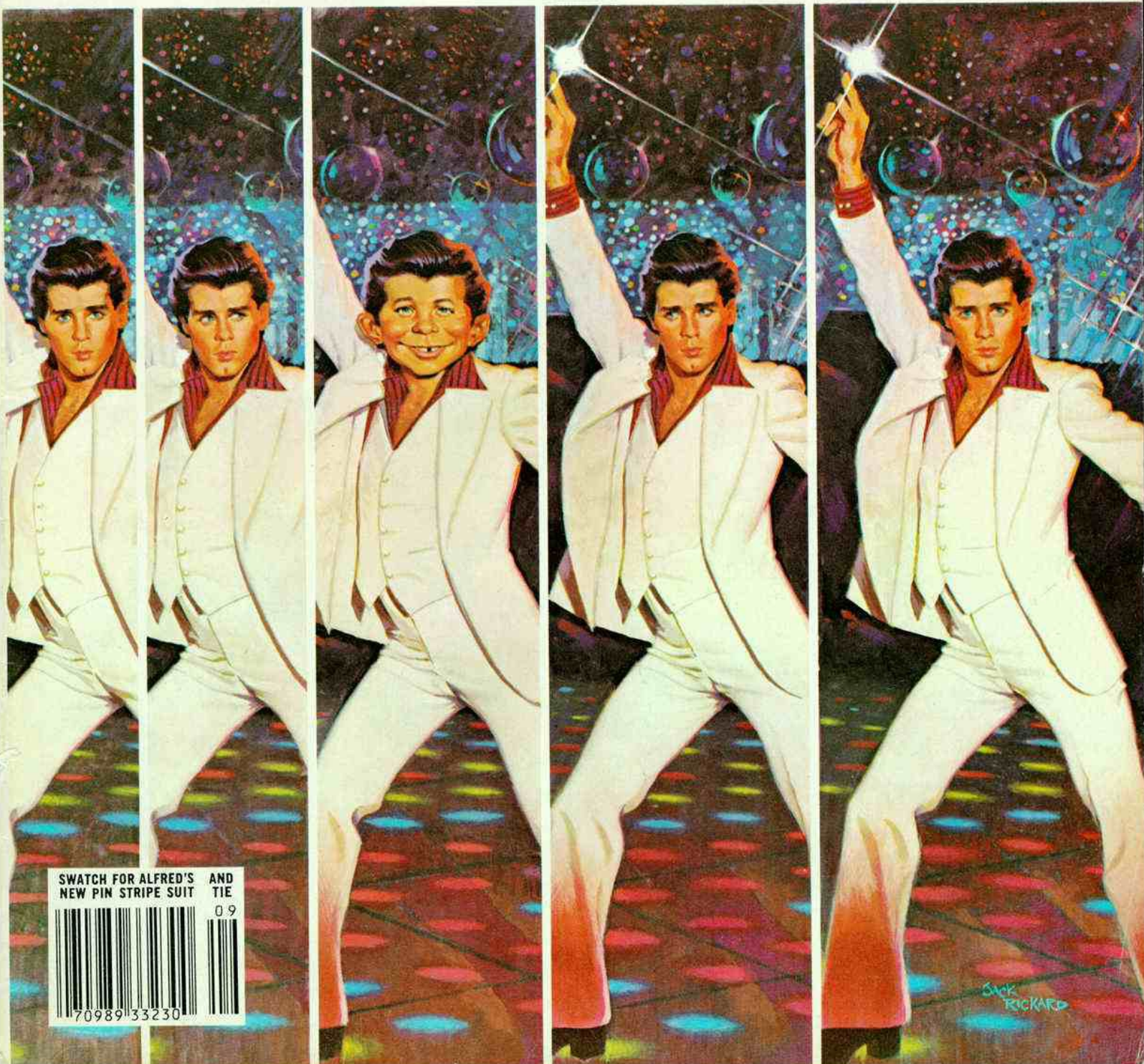
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JOINTS

"EIGHT IS
ENOUGH"

No.
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"Falling in love is like eating mushrooms: You're never sure it's the real thing until it's too late!" —Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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"EIGHT
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LETTERS DEPT.



AL JAFFEE'S DOG-GONE COVER

I was surprised to see Al Jaffee take the cover chores away from Jack Rickard. I guess that's dog-eat-dog competition.

Ed Summer
New York, N.Y.

Al Jaffee's cover was definitely in "bad taste"!

Curtis J. Rist
Baie D'Urfé, Québec
Canada

THE SPY WHO GLUBBED ME

Your movie satire "The Spy Who Glubbed Me" is like the real James Bond flicks. You can't figure them out either.

S.S. Johnson
Carson City, Nev.

"Nobody does it better than Bond" and Drucker and De Bartolo!

Jon Korfmacher
Redlands, Calif.

In the words of Maws (GRUNNNT! GRUNNNNT!) it was something to sink your teeth into.

Jeff Shilling
Highland Park, N.J.

THINGS WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND

I'll never understand why MAD printed Stan Hart's "Some MAD Things We'll Never Understand".

Jeff Rosen
Chalfont, Pa.

"We'll Never Understand..." why guys like me work at rock-bottom starvation wages and then go out and blow their money on MAD.

Phil Huffman
New Hampton, Iowa

SURPRISE TELEVISION COMMERCIALS

I think "Surprise Television Commercials" was outlandishly funny but when they compare detergents they don't bother to use two tee-shirts, they just rip-p-p-p one apart.

Steve Wielgos
East Chicago, Ind.

MAD'S "PUNK ROCK GROUP"

Your article on "MAD's 'Punk Rock Group' Of The Year" was a good piece of news reporting. I've been reading MAD for nine years now and have always thought your magazine was fictional.

Danny Evans
Falls Church, Va.

Thanks, North and Siegel! I find this new brand of "music" an assault on Rock and Roll. Why don't those "Punkers" go back where they came from, mainly, England!

Mike Nilsson
Holbrook, N.Y.

I thought MAD was most admirable, *not* beating around the band! You'll get lambasted for "Johnny Turd And The Commodes", but a Punk piece wouldn't be Punk if you cleaned it up.

Rodney Publitz
Chicago, Ill.

The Rock star's name was most offensive and not even necessary.

Nancy Cardwell
Wilkesboro, N.C.

I am certainly no prude, but Larry Siegel could easily make his statement without the graphical depiction of filth; actions and words.

Kenneth L. Torgerson
Douglas, Alaska

You can be sure that I will not buy another MAD that contains an article by Larry Siegel.

V. Louise Wisenbaker
Morgantown, Ga.

It was really something to puke over!

Karen Gray
Cedar Falls, Iowa

I agree that Punk Rock groups are like this, but for a family magazine, you should have cleaned it up.

Bruce W. Glover
Sebring, Florida

Thank you for your article, Larry Siegel and Harry North. I'm sick and tired of those weirdos who use noise, grotesqueness and vulgarity as a substitute for musical talent and dare to call themselves Rock. The only complaint I have is that you used Anita Bryant as the interviewer. What she's doing in real life is even worse than what the Punk Rock groups are doing!

Karlene Grier
Antioch, Calif.

INQUIRY FROM DOWN UNDER

I bought issue #196, just recently. You know, it takes a while for MAD to reach Australia. When I came to the end of "He's Company", that effeminate-acting bloke says, "Good Lord! ANITA BRYANT!!" Who's *Anita Bryant*?

David Martin
Manwell, Victoria
Australia

She's some sort of a Gospel slinger!—Ed.

SOME LEGENDARY COMMODES

I ran all the way home from the newsstand because I had a deep-seated urge to read "Legendary Commodes" in familiar surroundings.

Joe McMahon
Hackensack, N.J.

After reading "Some Legendary Commodes", I flushed the issue down the toilet.

Eli Catalan
FLUSHing, N.Y.

Coker's commodes and Porges's potties really bowled me over.

Keith P. Yahraus
Worthington, Ohio

Tell Porges and Coker that Robin Hood only had a "Little John".

Arnold Smith
Scarborough, Ont.,
Canada

ONE MORNING IN A PRISON TOWER

Don Martin's "One Morning In A Prison Tower" was a real stretch of the imagination!

Zachary Prusak
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Don Martin's "Prison Tower" could be classified as a tall tale!

Matt Lolkema
Lynden, Wash.

MAD'S REAL-LIFE "CATCH-22'S"

Another "Real-Life 'Catch 22'" is: You're allowed to stay up as late as you want to watch a movie, but you fall asleep just before it starts!

Mike Duarte
Flushing, N.Y.

WHAT HAPPENED?

The Silverstone dominant gimmick in "What Happened?", tracing the black image through ethnic projections from early TV Guides listings to today, is positively inspired! Artist Angelo Torres made an equally vigorous statement of the black stars' farcical roles on TV which can only be regarded as blacksliding.

Alma Leah Noll
San Jose, Calif.

Lou Silverstone's well-conceived chronology of black stars' characterizations, since their break-through in TV shows to their current enforced ignominious portrayals, sadly shows how they've made the grade; the *retrograde*!

Lars Ruhlmann
Gary, Indiana

ONE NIGHT IN THE CITY

While I normally like Al Jaffee, for some reason his "One Night In The City" really bugged me!

Kate Notman
Westmoreland, N.H.

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Yessiree, here we are . . . back again to press you to buy these full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman. They're great for framing, wrapping fish or lining small garbage pails. Only 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.65 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81. Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



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- ☐ MAD Overboard
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ DON MARTIN's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DON MARTIN Cooks

- ☐ DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
- ☐ DON MARTIN Carries On
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Further Out
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- ☐ 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ 4th MAD Classified SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies
- ☐ Return of MAD Old Movies
- ☐ MAD-Vertising
- ☐ A MAD Look at TV
- ☐ A MAD Guide to Leisure Time
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MAD CLOWNS AROUND

#48





HIGH TRAVOLTAGE DEPT.

Combine a dynamic young TV star with the soundtrack of a hot, exploitable singing group and some "R"-rated dialogue, insure it with some sub-plots from other hit films like "Rocky," "American Graffiti," "West Side Story," "Mean Streets," and "Beach Blanket Bingo"... and you've got the formula for one of the biggest blockbuster movies of the year, right? Wrong! Because the best "hustle" may not be the one they're dancing up on the screen, but the one foisted on us by the producers—for making millions on a film that does have spectacular choreography... but not much else! Yep, as far as we at MAD are concerned, you wasted your money on...

Look at that Tony Manuro... bouncing up and down! He's oozing sex all over 86th Street!

Never mind that! He's dripping PAINT all over 86th Street!

He's King of the Brooklyn Discos! Tony has brought sex and excitement to Bay Ridge!

A parade of midgets in leisure suits would bring sex and excitement to Bay Ridge!

Wow! That Tony! He moves with such grace and rhythm! You can almost hear the music when he walks!

You CAN hear the music! That's the first of five recorded songs by THE BEE GEES!

Say, don't you think the music is a bit too loud?

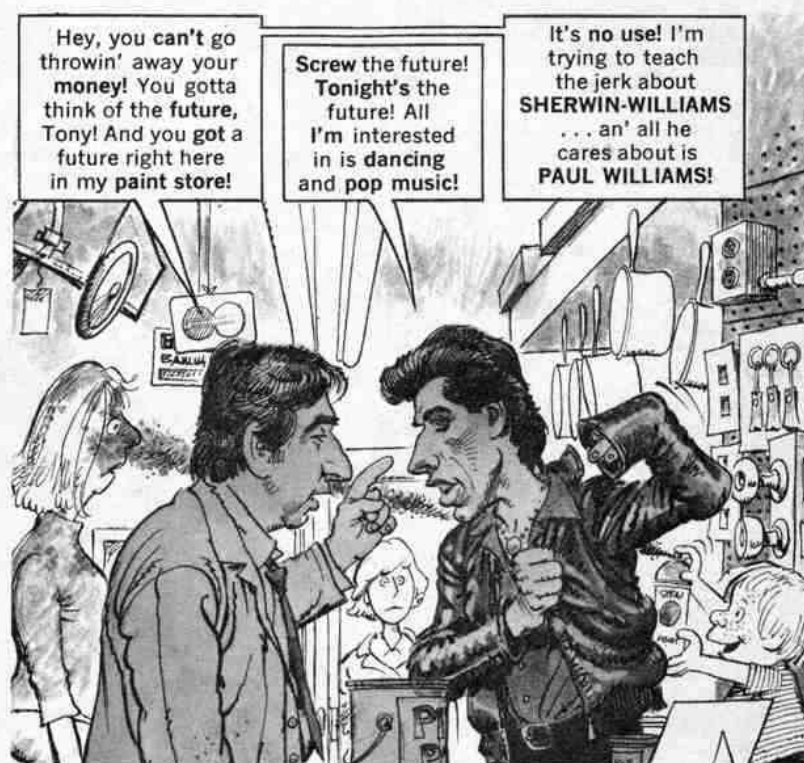
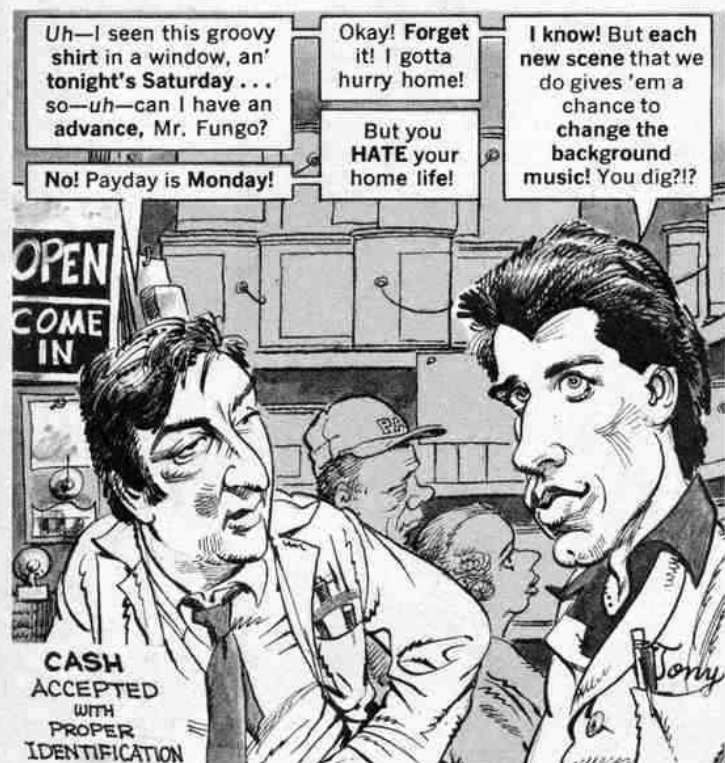
Huh?!? You'll have to speak up, Baby! The music is a bit too loud!

Tony's basically a good boy, but he comes from a rigid, stifling Catholic family! That's the plot of the movie—a tough Brooklyn street kid, trying to break out of his environment!

It looks more like a tough Brooklyn street kid, trying to break out of his pants!

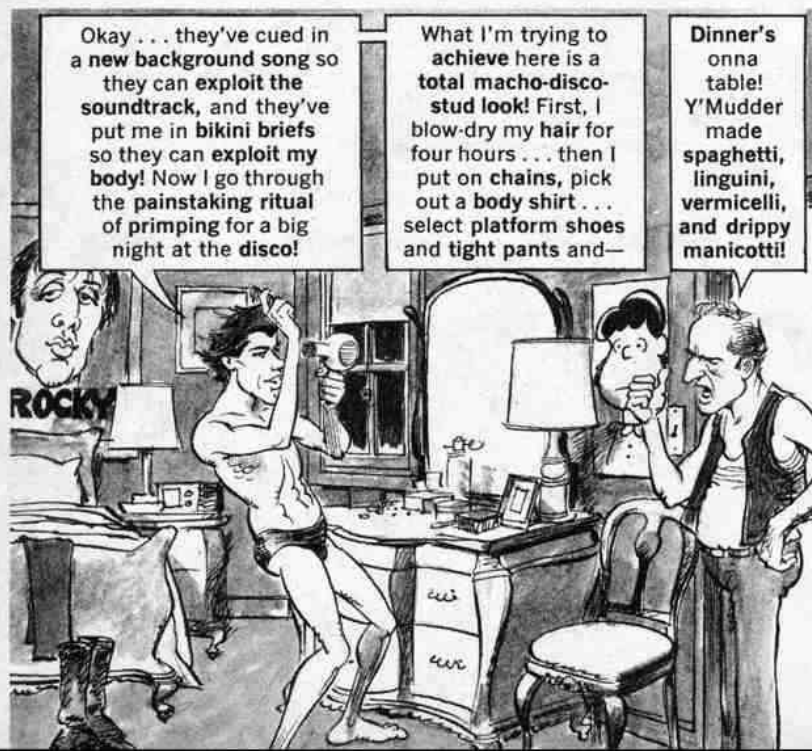


SATURDAY NIGHT FEEBLE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

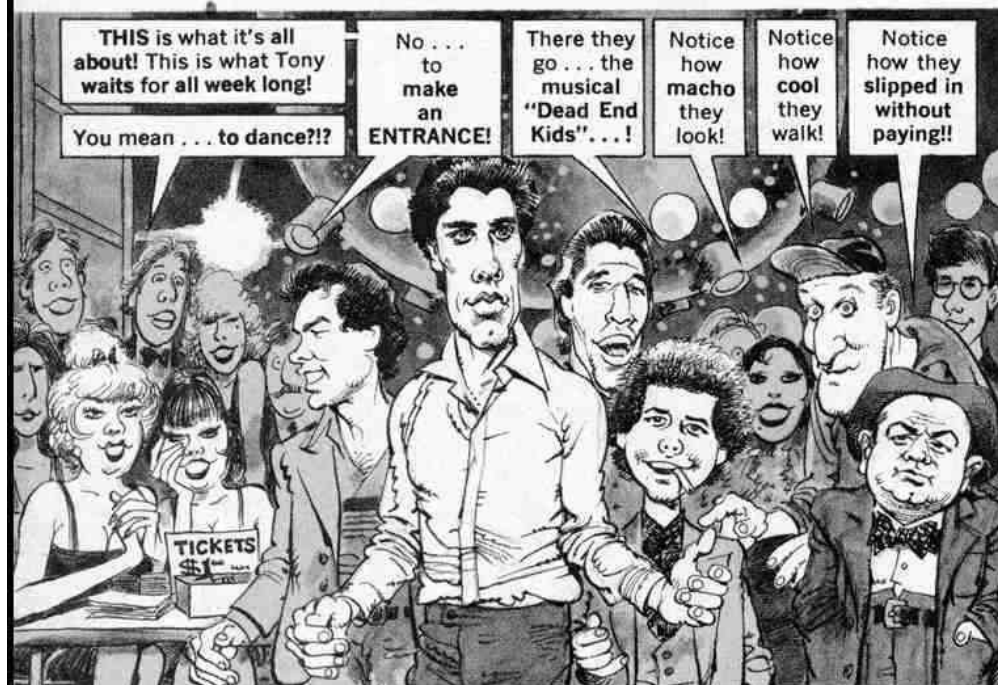




I meant the SPAGHETTI!!
Not HITTING
and SLAPPING
and SOCKING!!

Hey! Watch the hair!
I worked on the hair
for a long time and
... and you hit it!

I hope you didn't
work on your CHIN
CLEFT for a long
time, because now
I'm gonna hit that!!



THIS is what it's all
about! This is what Tony
waits for all week long!

You mean ... to dance??

No ...
to make
an
ENTRANCE!

There they
go ... the
musical
"Dead End
Kids"...!

Notice
how
macho
they
look!

Notice
how
cool
they
walk!

Notice
how they
slipped in
without
paying!!



Hi,
Tony!
Would
yuh
care
to
dance
with
me?

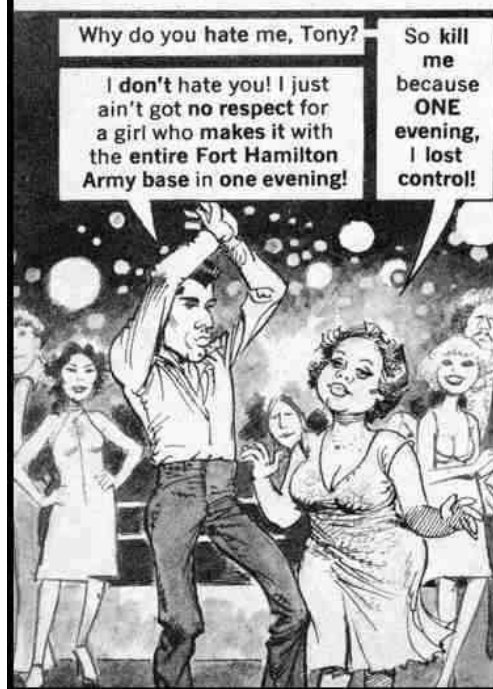
With YOU,
Annett?! Are
you kidding?!

Okay, then
... would
you care to
go to bed
with me?!!

Forget
it!
C'mon!
Let's
dance!

Oh ...?
How
come?

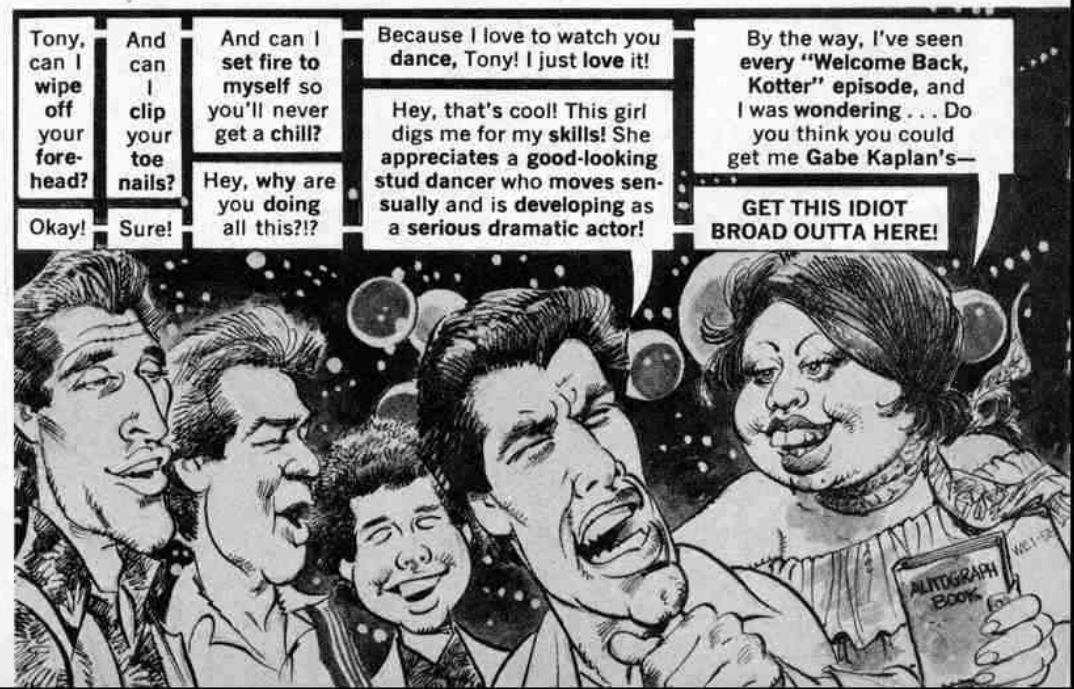
At
least
when I
dance
with
you
... I
don't
giggle!



Why do you hate me, Tony?

I don't hate you! I just
ain't got no respect for
a girl who makes it with
the entire Fort Hamilton
Army base in one evening!

So kill
me
because
ONE
evening,
I lost
control!



Tony,
can I
wipe
off
your
fore-
head?

Okay!

And
can
I
clip
your
toe
nails?

Sure!

And can I
set fire to
myself so
you'll never
get a chill?

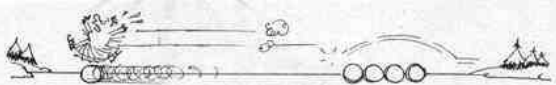
Hey, why are
you doing
all this?!!

Because I love to watch you
dance, Tony! I just love it!

Hey, that's cool! This girl
digs me for my skills! She
appreciates a good-looking
stud dancer who moves
sensually and is developing as
a serious dramatic actor!

By the way, I've seen
every "Welcome Back,
Kotter" episode, and
I was wondering ... Do
you think you could
get me Gabe Kaplan's—

**GET THIS IDIOT
BROAD OUTTA HERE!**



Hey, Double-X! You see that girl over there? That one ...?

Yeah ...?

Is she NEW?

Nahhh! She looks to be about twen'y-two or twen'y t'ree!

Don't break my chops, huh? I meant, did you ever see her at the "3001 Spaced Odyssey Disco" before!?

No, Tony. I ain't never did!

Well, that chick can DANCE!! She don't have the right PARTNER ... but she can DANCE!!

You sure? The guy looks okay to me!

Forget it! Some dudes are born to dance! Others ain't!

You gonna ask her to dance, Tony?

Not tonight, Double-X! Right now, we got our work cut out for us!!

You mean a Gang Rumble?

That's later!

You mean a Gang Bang?!

That's later, too ...

Tony, what the @#\$%& are you talking about?!

I'm talking about a GANG DANCE!!

Hey, isn't it amazing how 200 strangers in a Brooklyn Disco can suddenly fall in line and begin doing the most intricate and involved precision dancing you've ever seen in your life?

It's not so amazing when you realize that Radio City Music Hall recently closed, and half these dancers are probably LAID-OFF "ROCKETTES"!

It's easy! Just follow the "dancing footsteps" painted on the floor!

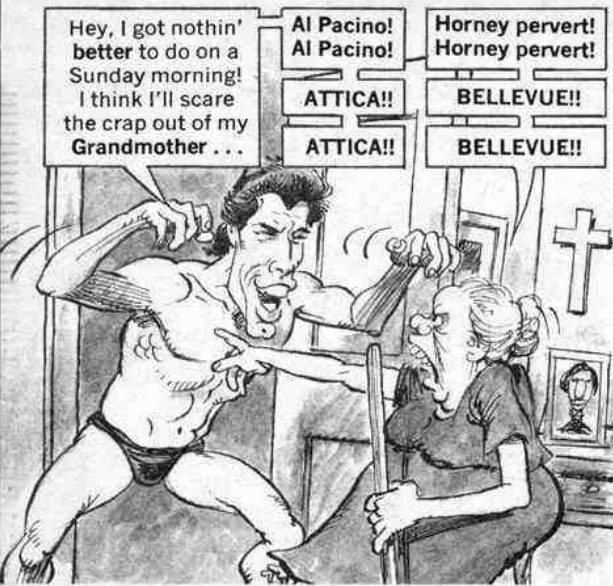
Oh-oh! I think our row is in deep trouble!

Why? Is somebody dancing out of step?!

Even worse! Somebody's DEODORANT just failed!

Yeah? Whose?

I'm not sure, but the term "Sweathog" suddenly takes on a great significance!



Hey, I got nothin' better to do on a Sunday morning! I think I'll scare the crap out of my Grandmother ...

Al Pacino!
Al Pacino!

ATTICA!!

ATTICA!!

Horney pervert!
Horney pervert!

BELLEVUE!!

BELLEVUE!!

Hey, Pa!
I got a
RAISE
down at the
Paint
Store
today!

A
raise,
huh?
How
much?

Four
bucks!

FOUR BUCKS!?! You
gotta be kidding!!
That's a JOKE!!
Four lousy bucks!
Big @ # \$ % deal! Four
bucks don't even
buy @ # \$ % & today!!

I knew you'd
be happy for
me! Besides,
that's more
than YOU
get! YOU'RE
UNEMPLOYED!

Yeah, I can't
understand it!
Somehow, I
just couldn't
hold on to that
job as a TEEN-
AGE GUIDANCE
COUNSELOR!



Uh—Hi! I'd like
t' meet you! My
name is Tony
Manuro! I'm a
great dancer, an'
I'm just growin'
out of Punkdom!

I'm Stepfunny Mandingy!
I'm a social-climbing
Secretary who don't
care for no guys who
come on too strong
with chicks! You dig?

We'd be dynamite
together! There's
a contest at the
"3001" next week!
You wanna enter
as my partner?!?

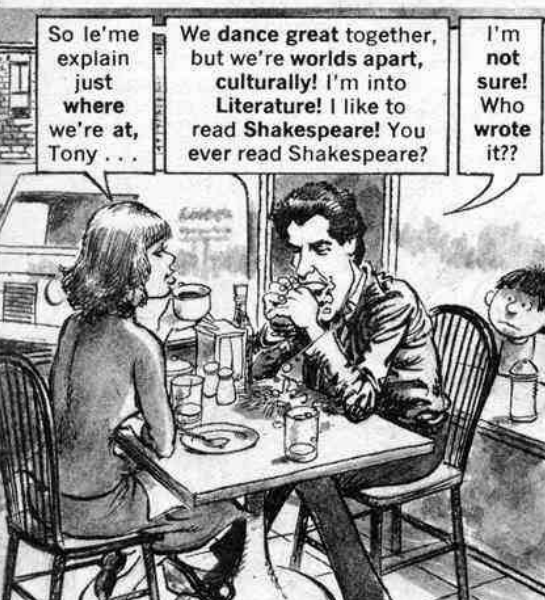
Sure! As
long as
it ain't
a Diction
Contest,
we stand
a chance!

What's
goin'
on here?
Everyone
looks
like a
ZOMBIE!

I got bad news ...
and worse news!
First ... the bad
news! Your brother,
the Priest, has
left the Church!!

And the worse
news ... !?!

That makes
YOU the
star of
the family!!



So le'me
explain
just
where
we're at,
Tony ...

We dance great together,
but we're worlds apart,
culturally! I'm into
Literature! I like to
read Shakespeare! You
ever read Shakespeare?

I'm
not
sure!
Who
wrote
it??

I'm a growing
person, and
you're not!
Sir Lawrence
Olivier said I
should get out
of Brooklyn—

Sir ... WHO?!?

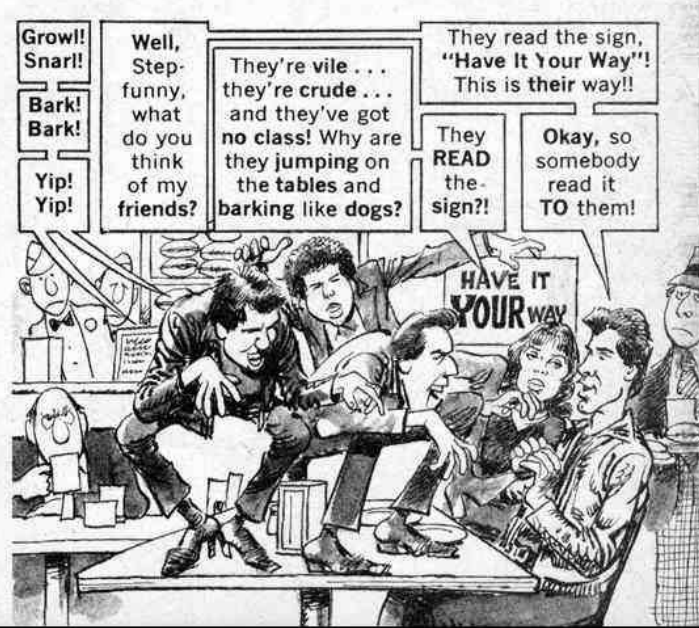
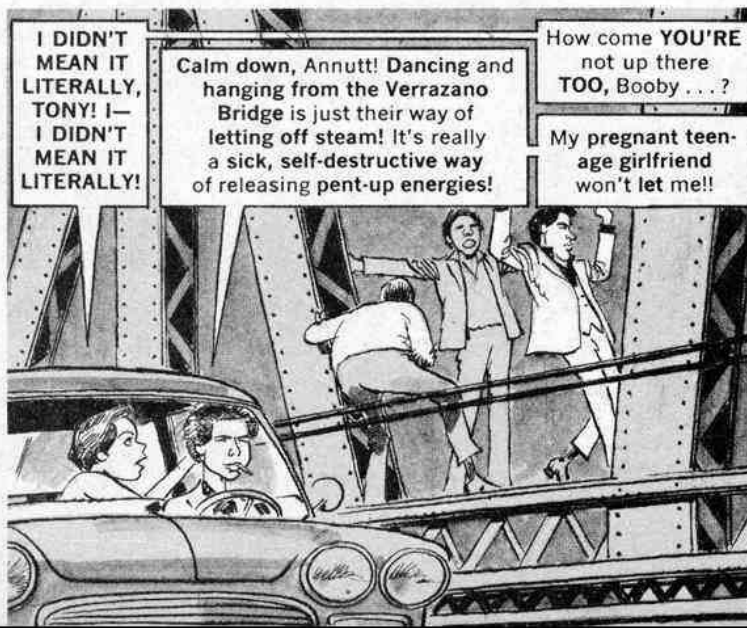
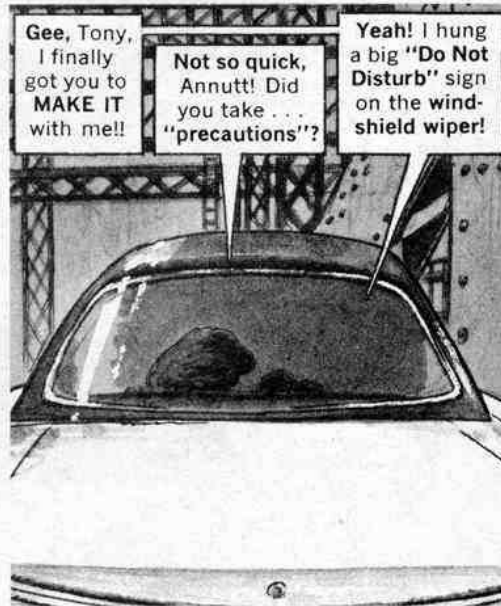
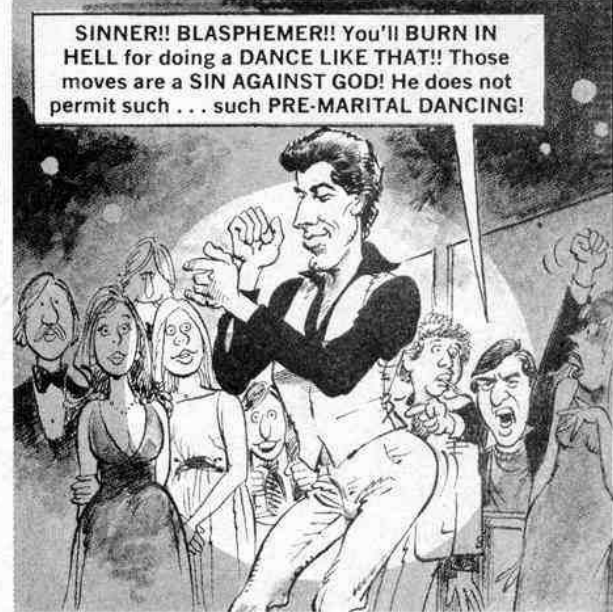
SIR LAWRENCE
OLIVIER? The
English actor!
He dropped by
the office! And
last week, I
met MC LEAN
STEVENSON!

And yesterday,
I had tea with
FATS DOMINO!
And the day
before, I met
ANDY WORHOL!
And tomorrow,
I'm meeting—

You got a
problem
Stepfunny!
You know
what your
problem is?
You like to
NAME-DROP!

No, I don't!
You know who
stopped by
the office
and told me
I don't have
that problem?
DR. JOYCE
BROTHERS!!





Tony, don't you feel limited . . . running around with a bunch of weird, nutsy guys who speak bad English and have bad manners?

Not in a major motion picture! But I don't think I could ever do a **TV SERIES** with creeps like that!

Taking this day off got me fired, y' know!

I appreciate your helping me move, Tony!

Now that you're moving to your own place in Manhattan, I'll bet you're gonna make it with a lot of ad agency guys and have a lot of sex orgies, huh, Stepfunny?

Wrong!! I'm just gonna continue to become cultured . . . and expand my mind! Why do you think I'm planning to have sex?

Well . . . I don't see no **BOOKS** strapped on the top of the car!



Okay—sob—so you found out I've been having sex with **ONE GUY!** Big deal!!

Listen, Tony, I've had a very emotional day. I'm nervous . . . I'm irritable . . . I'm sick of your jealousy . . . I'm sick of your whining . . . and I'm sick of seeing **BRIDGES!!!** This is the **THIRD BRIDGE SCENE!!** Please . . . no more **BRIDGES!!**

Okay! Okay!! I'm not sore Take it easy! Le'me take you to a spot where you can calm down . . . and relax!!

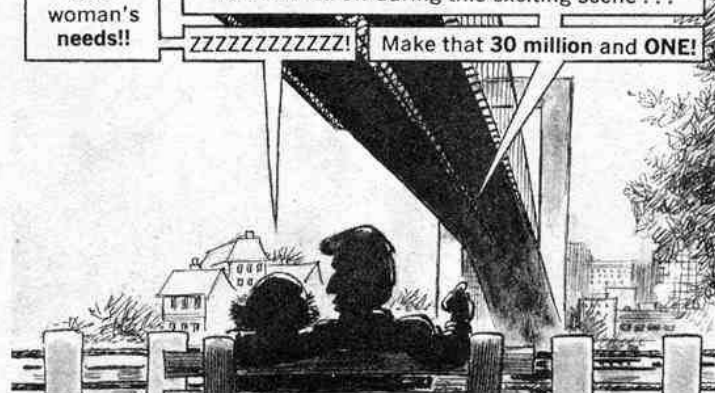
This is it . . .

Thanks, Tony! You sure are sensitive to a woman's needs!!

I like to come here, relax, meditate, and quote statistics that nobody cares about! Like do you know that the bridge towers go up **690 feet!** The center span is **4,260 feet long!** **49 million cars** cross it a year! It's got over six million tons of steel in it! The whole thing was built with a **#4 Gilbert Erector Set!** And **30 million people** have dozed off during this exciting scene . . .

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Make that **30 million and ONE!**



Geez . . . these Barracudas are a tough bunch!

Barracudas?!? Aren't these "The Sharks"?

Are you crazy? "The Sharks" is the name of the gang taken directly from "West Side Story"!

So is **THIS SCENE!**

Hmm! Come to think of it, there ARE similarities! Like a **WHITE** gang vs. a **PUERTO RICAN!** And the name of the lead character is "Tony"!

Gee! What else??

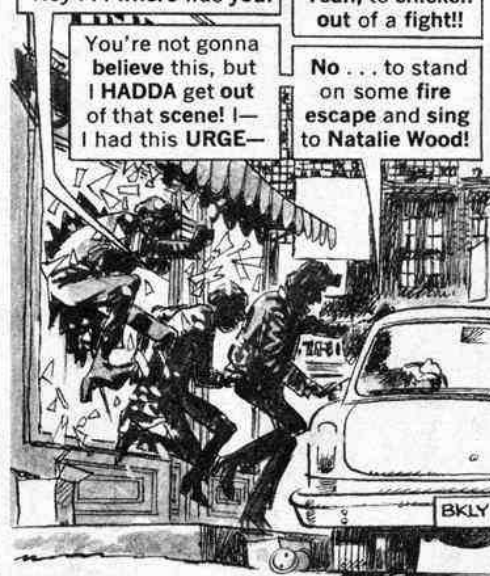
I dunno, but I'm getting pummelled! Let's **DANCE** our way out of here, and figure it out!

Hey . . . where was you?

Yeah, to chicken out of a fight!!

You're not gonna believe this, but I **HADDA** get out of that scene! I—I had this **URGE—**

No . . . to stand on some fire escape and sing to Natalie Wood!





Man... dig that style! That grace! That form!

It's no contest! Not even close!!

In the pocket! They won—going away!

Is this the big dance contest?

No, it's the tryouts for the movie poster! The dance contest'll start any minute!



Look at Tony! He won the contest and he's sulking!

I heard of sore losers—but a **SORE WINNER?! What's that?**

He should be thrilled! He won some first prize!

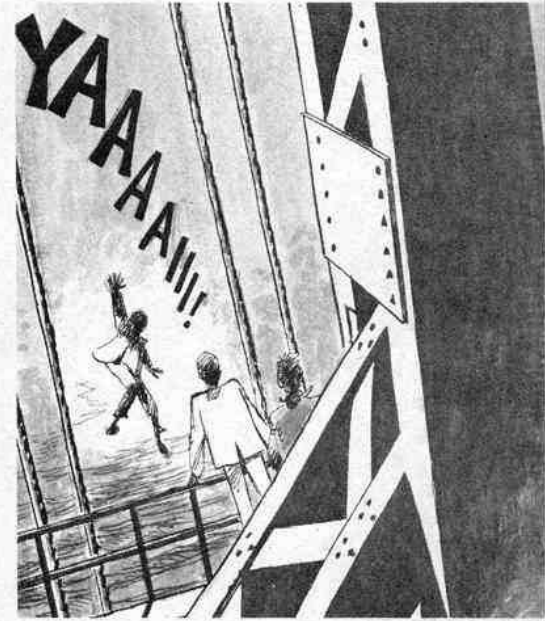
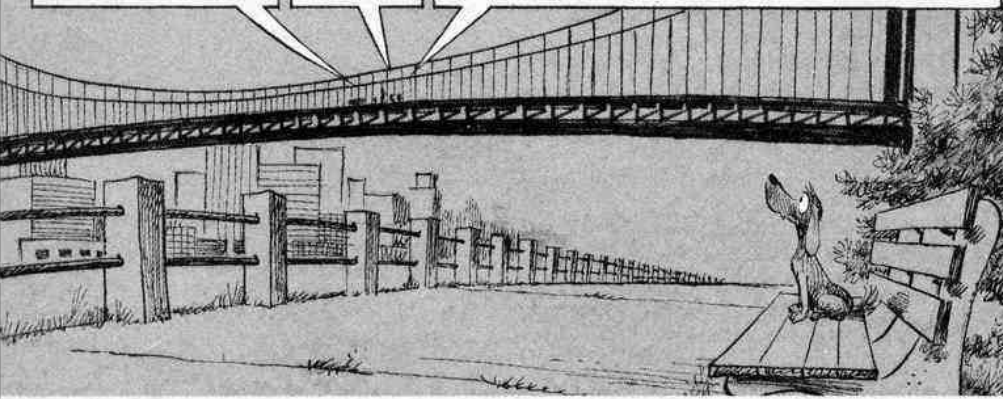
He don't have to go in the back and make it with Annutt... like the rest of us!



I've got nothing to live for! I'm short! I'm chicken-hearted! I got my girlfriend pregnant! And on top of that, I'm feeling headache-y, listless and out of sorts!

Hey, he's depressed! He's gonna jump! Talk to him, Tony! He'll listen to you!

Hey, Booby... did you know that this bridge you are about to jump off has over 300 miles of cable, almost a million yards of concrete, and the water... 228 feet below the center span... is a chilly 42 degrees! There have been 39 attempted suicides since the bridge was built... and of those, three were short people who were also chicken-hearted and had gotten their girlfriends pregnant... and—



Well, I've done it! All that's left for me now is to take a soul-searching ride on the subway, and think about where I am at and where I am going with my life!

There are a lot of questions to be answered... like why I'm so inarticulate... and why I resent my parents... and why the volume on this Bee Gees soundtrack song is louder than the rumble of the subway... and it's a soft ballad, yet!!

The answer is clear! If I'm ever gonna get away from my old gang, and Brooklyn, I gotta hurry to that one girl... the girl that's the key to my whole future...



OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN!

'Cause if "Grease" turns out to be a blockbuster, too, I can dump "Kotter" and TV forever!

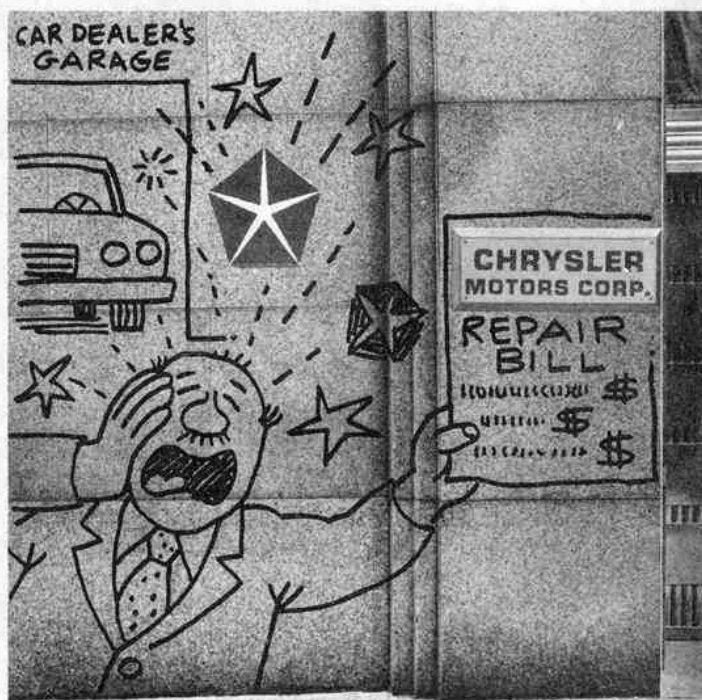
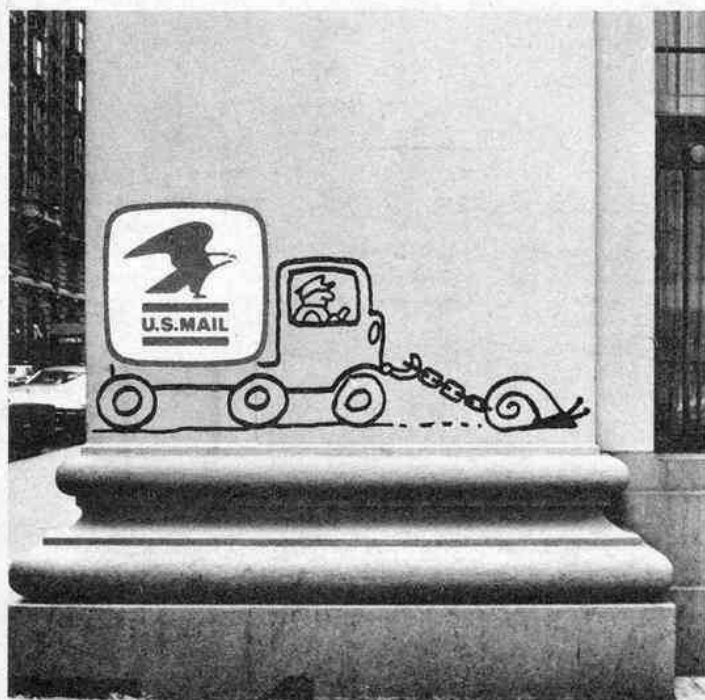
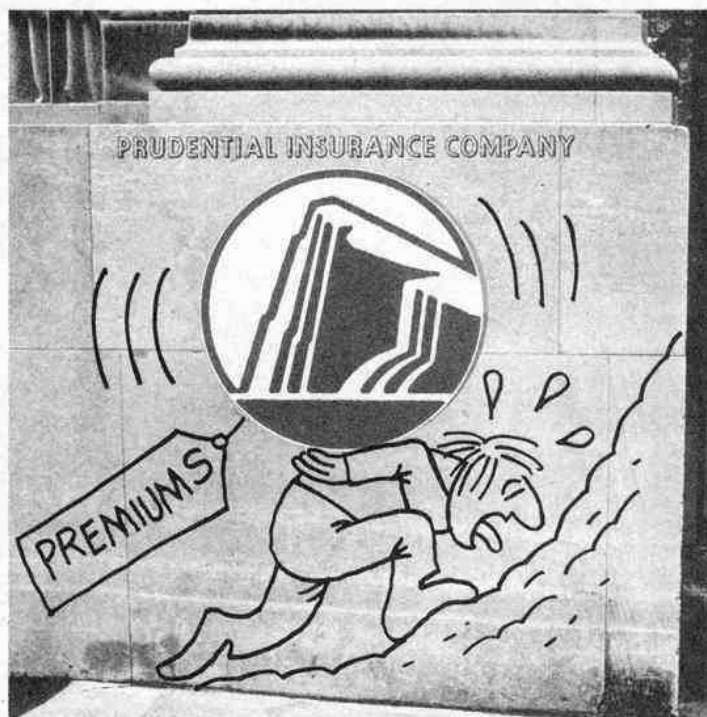
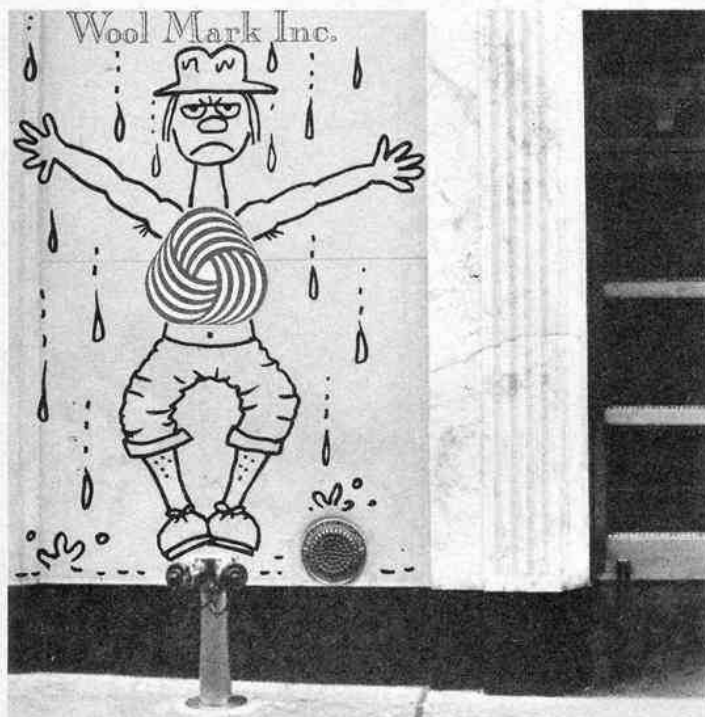




THE BRANDWRITING IS ON THE WALL DEPT.

Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence are added to trains, buses, buildings and any other available public surface. Back in MAD #169, we shuddered to think of what might happen if those Graffiti Rascals ever started attacking that

TRADEMAR

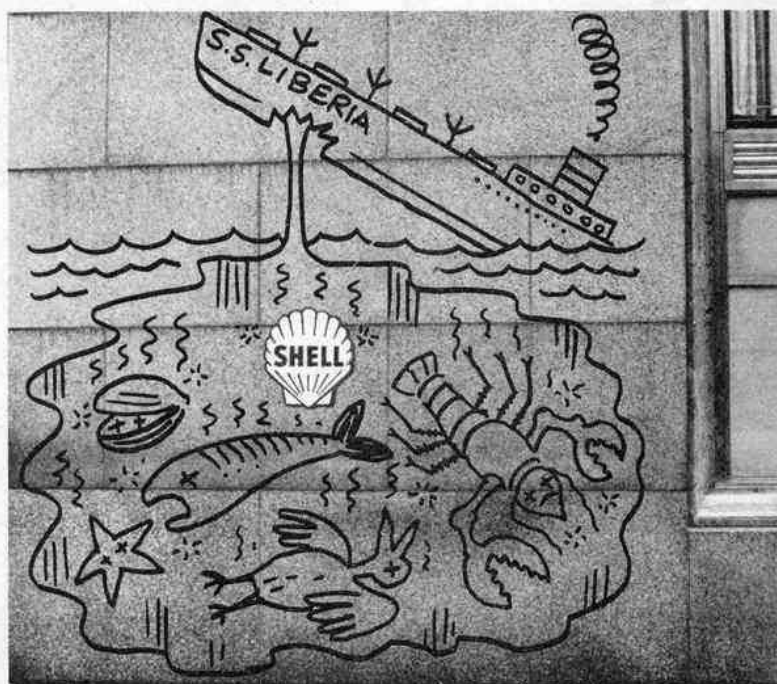
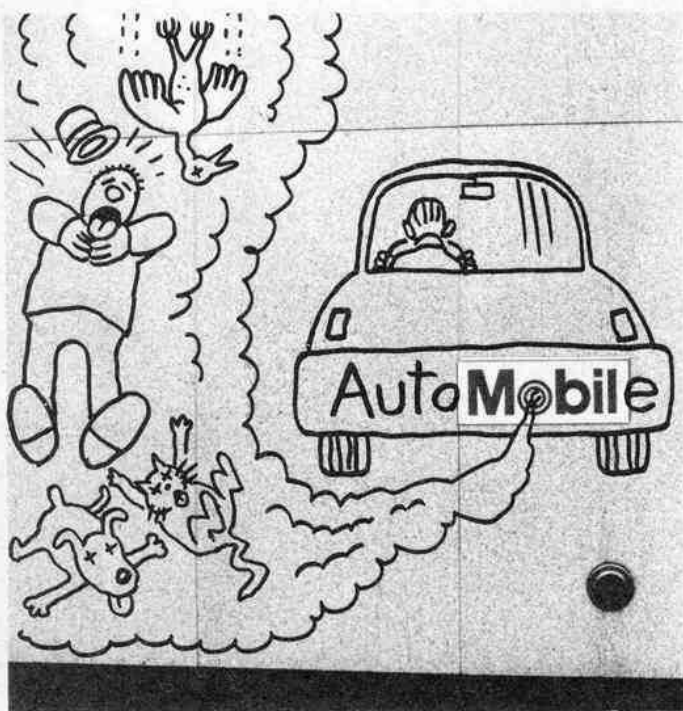
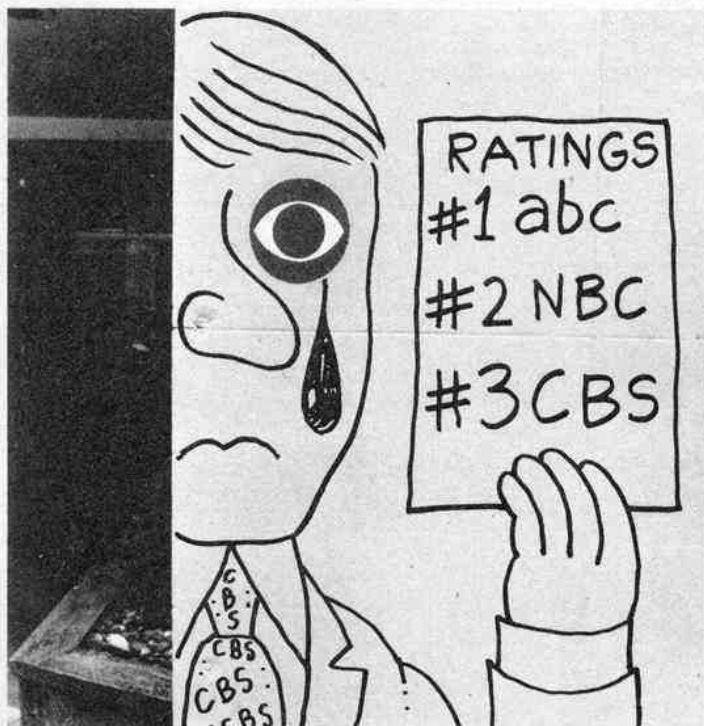


holy of holies, the Corporate Signature, with verbal comments. Now, we're back with the work of one special Graffiti Rascal . . . namely, Al Jaffee . . . and his attacks on some Corporate Signatures in his own inimitable style of *visual* comments. So here we go with a MAD Artist's contribution to

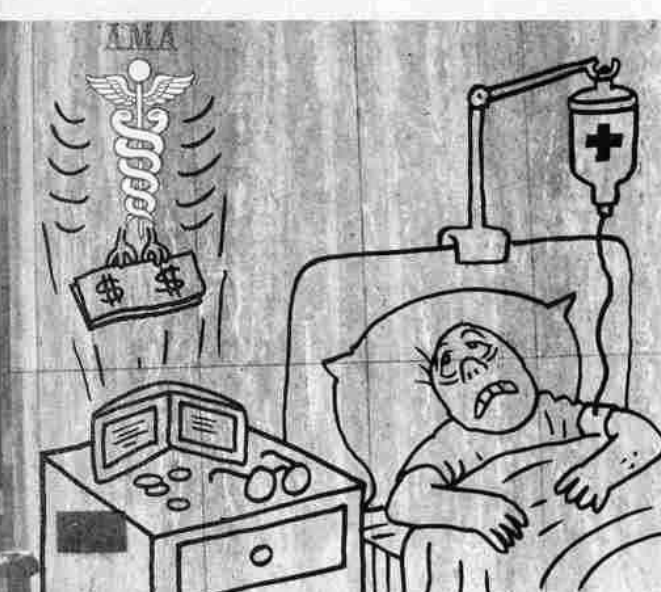
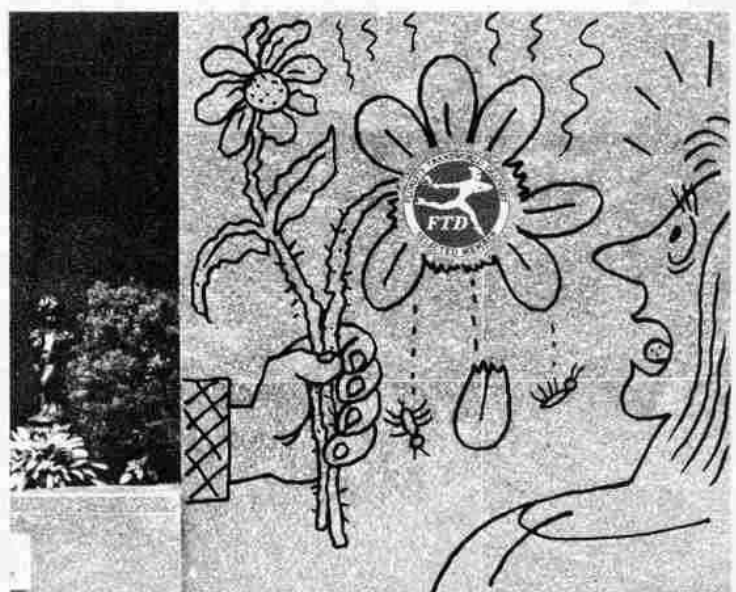
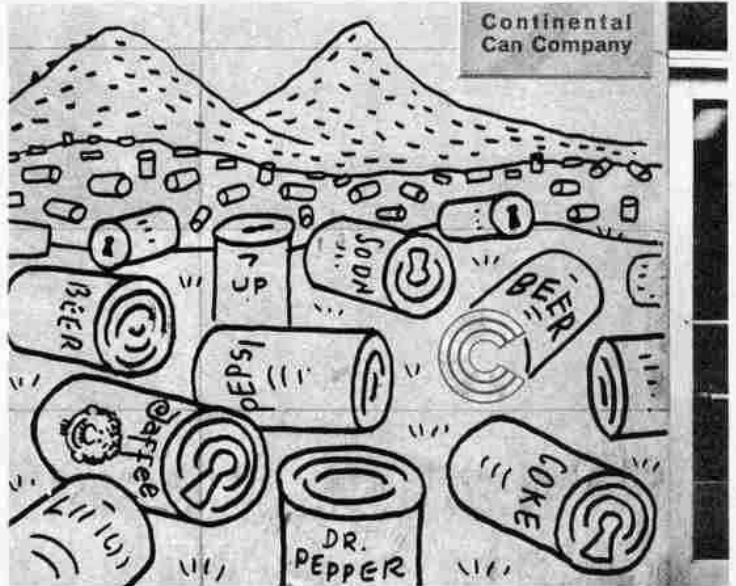


K & GRAFFITI

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

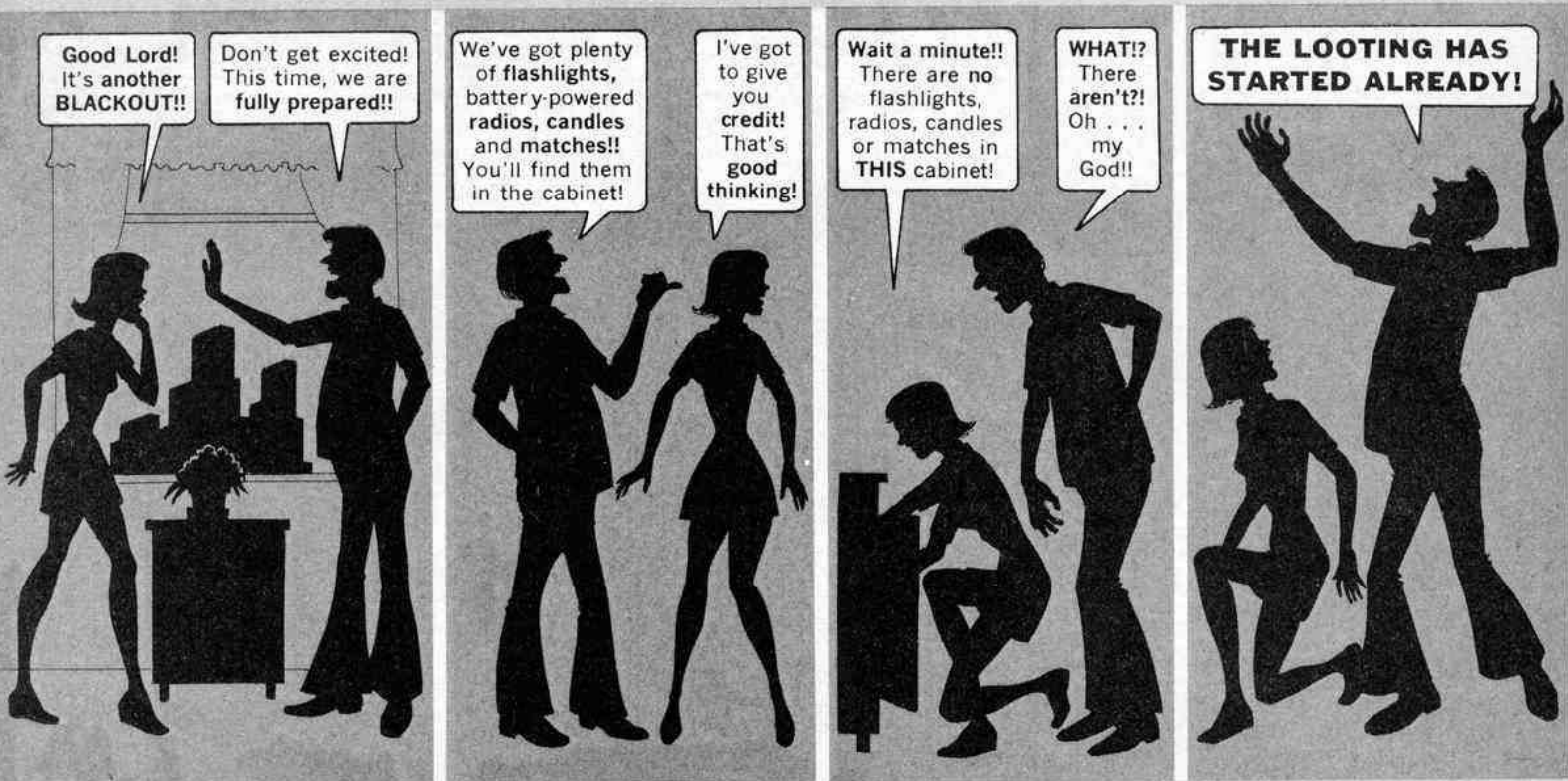


PHOTOS BY: JIM RUTH



ONE FRIDAY MORNING





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

SUMMER





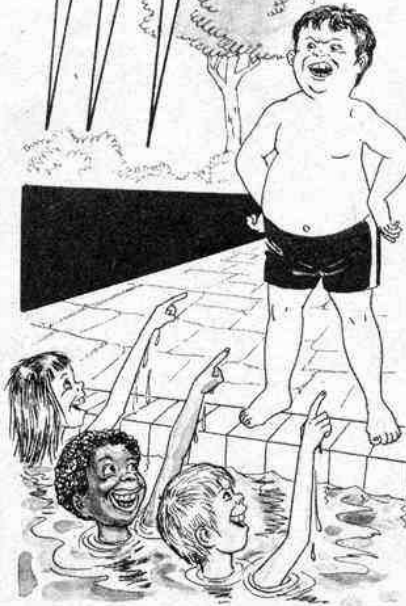
LAST ONE IN THE POOL
IS A ROTTEN EGG!!!



SPLASH



HA! HA! SIDNEY
IS A ROTTEN EGG!



No, I'm
not!!

I never went IN the pool!!



PROBLEMS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVID BERG

Here's a bunch of tickets!
Have yourself a wonderful
time at the carnival!

Gee,
Mom!
Thanks!



Well??
Are you
having
a good
time?

I am! But my stomach
isn't! The pizza pie,
cotton candy and hot
dog I ate is making
me wanna throw up!



It's no wonder!
Who told you
to buy all that
JUNK FOOD?!

What
else
could
I do?



You gave me all this JUNK MONEY!



You're not keeping your left arm stiff on your back swing! And keep your head down . . . !!

And you're not following through! FOLLOW THROUGH!

See! You're not listening to me, and now you've landed right in a sand trap!

There sure are an awful lot of traps in this golf course . . .

. . . and just for a change, I WISH YOU'D KEEP YOURS SHUT!



OWWW! This Jacuzzi is HOT!!

I'm being boiled alive! I feel like a live lobster!!

How can the human body STAND such agony!?!?

Idiot! If you can't take the heat, get out of the Jacuzzi!

At \$60 a day, I'm gonna use every facility in this Health Spa, even if it KILLS me!!



It's so darn hot, and you're sitting there with a ROBE on! Why don't you go in the water and cool off?!?

I can't! I never learned to swim! I'm terrified of the beach!

Gee, what's to be afraid of at the beach?

When I was young and impressionable, I had a horrifying experience! Ever since then, I've had this—phobia—about the beach!

You mean you nearly drowned?!?

Worse than that!!

The first time I put on a bathing suit, everybody LAUGHED!!

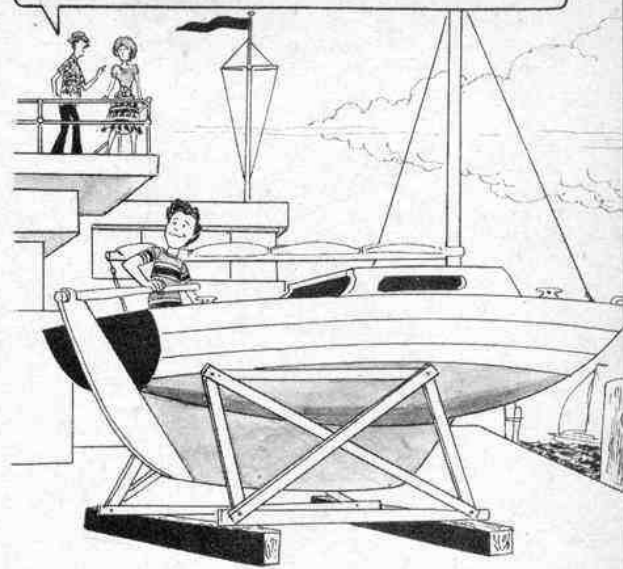
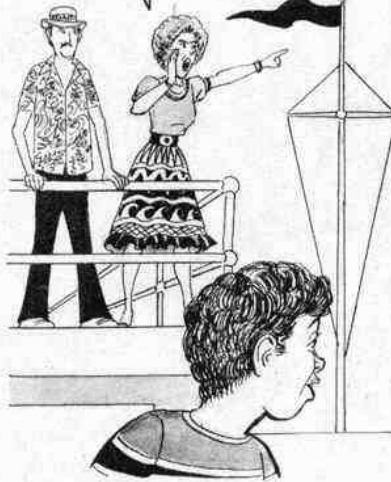


Harold, you get out of that boat this instant!

Why, Mom?

Can't you see the red flag on the Yacht Club mast?! That's the "Small Craft Warning"! Get out of that boat before you're swamped ... or overturn ... or—

Mildred, dear, I know you tend to be over-protective, but don't you think you're carrying it a bit too far?!



That's the trouble with these resort hotels! There is nothing to do but sit around and eat!

I got plenty to do! I met this groovy chick! So—can I have the car tonight?

I'm talking about my weight ... and all YOU care about is cars and girls! I'm ashamed to tell you how much I've gained!!

Aw, c'mon, Ma! I'm not interested in your weight! I need wheels tonight!!

I'll give you the car if you can guess—within three pounds—how much I weigh!

I—I'd say ... Ninety-eight pounds!

NINETY-EIGHT?!? That's close enough! Here ...!



@#\$%&! Blast this stinking lousy rotten outboard motor! It WON'T START again!

I've HAD IT with this piece of junk! I'm DUMPING IT!!



There's a heat wave outside! **Nothing** is going to get me out of this delightfully air-conditioned house, and into the blazing sun! **Nothing!!**

No, sir! My mother didn't raise any stupid children—any weak little baby boys! My will is **CAST IRON!!**

However, there **MAY** be some circumstances that **supercede** inheritance and upbringing!

I—gasp—I'll have a pack of cigarettes for my Mother's stupid, weak little baby boy!



DON'T TOUCH ME!!!

I fell asleep while I was sunbathing today, and got burned to a crisp! My skin is so sensitive, I can't stand the **slightest** contact with anything!!

Gee, what a shame! And here, I bought you this **pearl necklace**, which I was just about to put around your neck . . . !

TOUCH ME!!



Brrrrrrr
This water is cold!

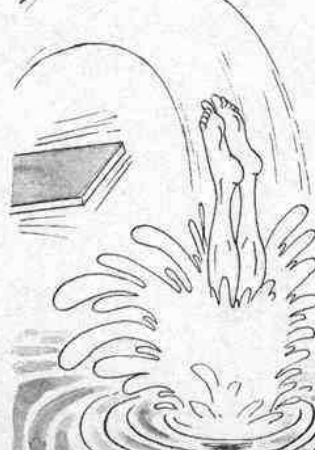
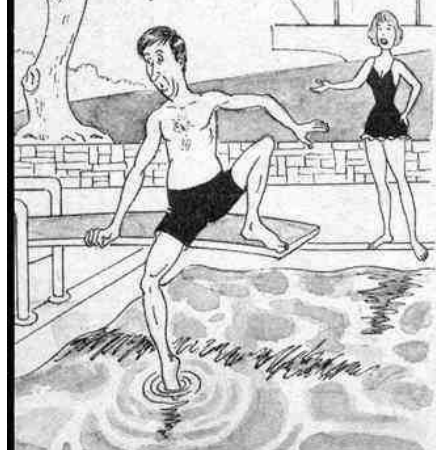
So go in slowly until you get used to it!!

SPLASH

OHHH! OHHH!
It's **FREEZING!**

I **TOLD** you to go in slowly!!

I **CAN'T DIVE** any slower than that!!



David Berg

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON



This next article deals with the incredible growth of Crime in our country. We had originally planned to present an incisive, objective introduction to this story . . . but unfortunately, our "Introduction Writer" was mugged on the way to the office. So lacking it, here's

A MAD LOOK AT THE CHAN

REMEMBER WHEN...



... "the punishment fit the crime", and a guy who committed anything from a misdemeanor to murder pretty much got the sentence he deserved.

TODAY...



... a guy who rips off a bank, pistol-whips a teller and drives away with 9 hostages gets a "suspended sentence" because it's only his first offense.

REMEMBER WHEN...



... you could always spot crooks. They looked tough . . . wore caps, eye-masks and turtleneck sweaters . . . and said things like, "Hands up, youse guys!"

REMEMBER WHEN...



... they used to protect young people from possible homosexual assaults by throwing all the "gays" into jails.

TODAY...



... they want to take young people out of jails to protect them from homosexual assaults by the "gays" who are in.

REMEMBER WHEN...



... a convicted murderer usually got a death sentence, which meant he had a choice of the electric chair . . . or the gallows . . . or the gas chamber.

REMEMBER WHEN...



... a notorious criminal invariably ended up being grilled in court . . . found guilty . . . and forced to pay 22 the price for his terrible crimes.

TODAY...



... he's interviewed on television, and writes books, and the price for his terrible crimes runs into millions of dollars. Only they pay him!

REMEMBER WHEN...



... it was rare that a person was mugged and knifed on the street . . . and when it did happen, 14 people would run over and help the victim.

GING FACE OF CRIME

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

TODAY...



... most crooks look like oil tycoons ... dress like bankers ... and talk like politicians. Mainly because they *ARE* oil tycoons, bankers and politicians.

REMEMBER WHEN...



... a convicted criminal, like maybe an embezzler, spent years in jail ... and all he had waiting for him when he got out was a new suit and 20 bucks.

TODAY...



... an embezzler is fined \$30,000 for his crime ... and all he has waiting for him when he gets out is \$470,000 out of the half million bucks he stole.

TODAY...



... he gets "life," which means he's out in 7 years, which means he has a choice of killing you before or after his first visit to his parole officer.

REMEMBER WHEN...



... the corner cop was a servant of all of the people ... who earned our respect by standing with his hand like this ...

TODAY...



... he's a defender of special people ... who has lost our respect, because he stands with his hand like this ...

TODAY...



... 15 lawyers and the American Civil Liberties Union run over to help the *nugger*, and Ralph Nader accuses American industry of making lousy knives.

REMEMBER WHEN...



... you used to get 48 pages of *MAD* for 25¢, which you considered to be a rip-off, and thought that the publisher was a crook.

TODAY...



... you get the same 48 pages for 60¢ ... and the crook publisher considers himself to be a great environmentalist for recycling garbage as entertainment.



REDEEMING FEATURE DEPT.

If you're like most Americans, you've probably accumulated a whole drawer full of valuable looking coupons that entitle you to a few cents' discount on your next purchase of Puppy Kibbles or Roach

Powder or Frozen Zucchini. Because if you're like most Americans, you probably don't want any Puppy Kibbles or Roach Powder or Frozen Zucchini, even if you can buy them all at a discount. What you

DISCOUNT COUPON WE REALLY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



15

Save 15 Minutes

15

OF FRANTIC STRUGGLING TO COLLECT YOUR GOOD NIGHT KISS

This coupon entitles the Bearer to one unresisted doorstep clinch upon presentation of receipts proving that he has spent at least \$20 during the evening on such luxury items as movie tickets, parking lot fees and fried onion rings, which are only available on the à la carte because all you can get for free with a cheeseburger are lettuce and tomato.

THIS COUPON MUST BE HONORED BY ALL GIRLS WHO INSIST THEY WANT AN "HONEST RELATIONSHIP", WHATEVER THAT IS.

15

15

FOOD REFUSAL OFFER

LEAVE 12 GREEN BEANS ON YOUR PLATE ABSOLUTELY FREE OF PARENTAL CRITICISM

When You Eat 1 Acceptably Large Portion
Of Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Harvard
Beets, Mooshy Turnips, or Mom's Good
Old Fashioned Greasy Pork Chops.



Note To Parents: This coupon is valid for all refusals of green beans when other conditions described above have been met. Your insistence that said beans be eaten anyway shall constitute a serious violation of this mutual agreement, entitling your child to throw up his entire dinner, if he so desires.

10db A NORMAN LEAR ENTERPRISES "MERCY COUPON" 10db

GOOD FOR 10 DECIBELS OFF

The Normal Screaming Voice Level
Of Archie Bunker, Maude Or The
Jeffersons To Any Viewer Who Has
Completed Five Years Of Painful
Television Endurance



Instructions to Coupon Holder: (1) Assemble proof of your five years of faithful viewing by writing a synopsis of each episode that has been aired. (2) Mail synopses to the address below, together with your request for a 10-decibel reduction in the level of bellowed dialogue normally emitted by our bickering characters. (3) Prepare to open your home to a Norman Lear Enterprises technician who will arrive by return mail to move your television set far enough out into the front yard to protect you against any further eardrum damage.

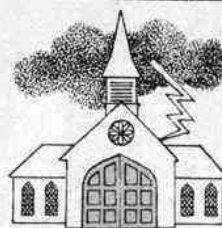
10db NORMAN LEAR ENTERPRISES—DINGBAT TOWERS 10db



really need instead are discount coupons of a radically different type that may never exist. MAD has done some day dreaming about the subject, and we've conjured up this priceless collection of...

COUPONS NEED

WRITER: TOM KOCH



Lost Souls' Church

"Helping You Avoid
Eternal
Hellfire Since 1882"

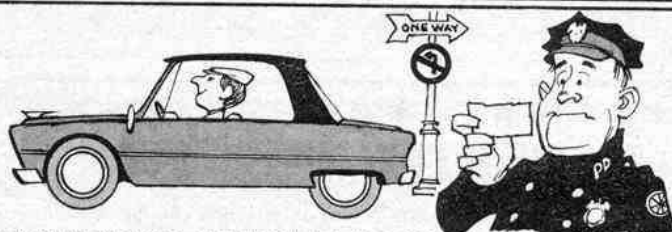
BE ABSOLVED OF ONE EMBARRASSING SIN
FREE OF SHAME
WITH EACH TEN YOU CONFESS AT LOST
SOULS' INTER-DENOMINATIONAL CHURCH!

The burden of guilt for one (1) sin will be lifted from your shoulders absolutely free of penance by presenting this voucher, together with full confessions to any ten (10) of your other transgressions. Voucher and confessions can be received only by an ordained pastor, deacon, elder, organist, choir member or janitor of the Lost Souls' Church. NOTE: This coupon is not for use on mortal sins, nor does it legally absolve the bearer for spiritual misdeeds that may also be charged as felonies.

THIS COUPON WILL
BE HONORED
BY POLICE FOR

ONE ILLEGAL LEFT TURN

IN EXCHANGE FOR EACH
\$100 IN FINES ALREADY
PAID BY THE BEARER



QUALIFICATIONS & LIMITATIONS

1. Only one coupon may be redeemed by the bearer within any 24-hour period for unlawful motoring.
2. Coupons may not be hoarded and used in bulk quantity for avoiding punishment in connection with more serious traffic offenses, such as driving on sidewalks

for the purpose of chasing pets and stray pedestrians.

3. This coupon is recognized only by the Traffic Division of your local Police Department, and may not be redeemed to get you off the hook with the Vice Squad, the Burglary or the Arson Detail.

HUMILIATION SUFFERER'S COUPON

GOOD FOR ONE GUARANTEED DATE WITH THE FOXY CHICK OF YOUR CHOICE

When Accompanied By Proof Of Eight (8) Prior Humiliating Rejections



Our Founder

This coupon entitles the Bearer to one entire evening (except Friday or Saturday, of course) with the Foxy Chick of his choice upon presentation of the voucher with all eight Rejection Squares punched out. The Bearer shall also have his voucher officially punched on each occasion when his request for a date with the Foxy Chick is contemptuously turned down for such obviously phony reasons as (1) her claim that she has to stay home all next week to wash her hair; (2) her contention that she must keep every evening open for her little brother's Bar Mitzvah, in the event he decides to become Jewish, or (3) her expressed belief that she may be married by tomorrow night, even though she isn't going steady right now.

ONE NUMBER TO BE PUNCHED OUT BY FOXY CHICK AFTER EACH HUMILIATING REJECTION

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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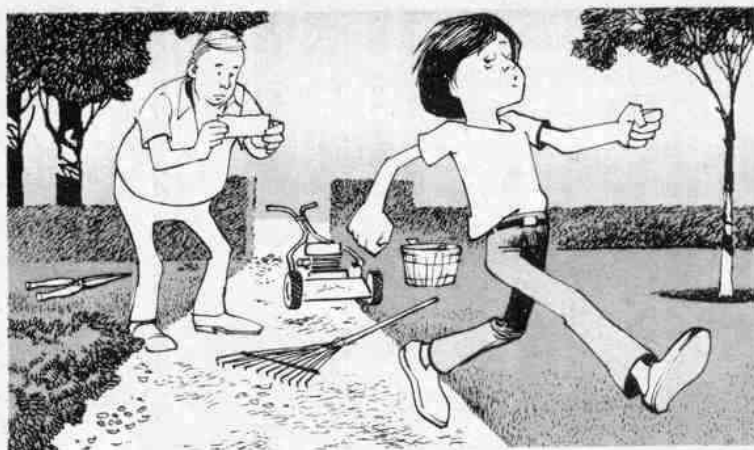
WORK AVOIDANCE COUPON

Good For

ONE OMITTED WALK SWEEP

Upon Completion Of Any Full-Scale Lawn Mowing,
Hedge Trimming Or Leaf Raking

Attention Dear Old Dad, Or Other Steely-Eyed Parent: This coupon is valid when presented by your Beloved Offspring after he has spent long hours at sweaty labor, for which you plan to pay him very little, or possibly even nothing at all. Failure of the Parent-In-Charge to honor this coupon shall release the said Offspring from any and all obligation to put lawn implements back in the garage, or to cooperate in any other way with the long established family system of Bonded Serfdom which is still currently in effect.



5 MINUTES HEAD START

Is Hereby Granted To Any Weak, Defenseless Coupon Holder
Who Already Has Been Beaten To A Pulp At Least Twice This
Week By The Playground Bully



This voucher shall be honored upon presentation with the understanding that the Bearer will not alter his route home tomorrow or take any similar devious action that might threaten to deprive the Bully of his normal sadistic pleasure. It is further understood that any efforts by the Bearer to tattletale to his Mom about past pummelings shall (1) render this coupon void, and (2) shall render the Bearer void at the Bully's earliest convenience.

THIS COUPON PERMITS
THE HOLDER TO RETAIN

ONE MESSY CLOSET

In Exchange For A Thorough
Straightening Of His (Or
Her) Room Before Company
Is Scheduled To Arrive



To Use This Coupon: The Bearer must first expend sufficient energy to make the room in question appear tidied and free of the gosh awful clutter that normally renders it unfit for human habitation. Having created such an appearance, the Bearer may redeem this coupon by presenting it to the Maternal Parent. In return, Mom agrees to refrain from noticing that all of the junk has merely been stashed out of sight by throwing it into the closet.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES THE BEARER TO PLAY

THREE (3) INNINGS OF ONE (1) LITTLE LEAGUE GAME

Upon Completion Of Almost A Full Season Of Having To Sit
On The Bench And Watch The Other Guys Play Just Because
They Do It Better



TO THE LITTLE LEAGUE COACH: The obligations specified hereabove may be fulfilled most painlessly by (1) having the Klutzy Kid play right field where he probably can't do much damage, or (2) inserting him in the lineup during the late innings after your team already is 15 or 20 runs behind, or (3) letting him play in an out-of-town tournament to which he can get his rich parents to pay his own bus fare, while some of the more talented kids on the team can't.



**JUNIOR ASSOCIATION
OF KLUTZY ATHLETES**



By Presenting This Voucher During Your Next Visit To Any Branch Of Fiduciary Federal



Instructions To Coupon Holder: Display voucher to the two persons standing immediately ahead of you in line, and then step in front of them as you firmly announce, "I'm a preferred customer of Fiduciary Federal, and I am entitled to this special treatment." From that point on, our team of e'derly bank guards who carry unloaded guns will do their best to protect you.

Upon Completion Of One-Half Semester Of Fairly Regular Attendance.¹

(1. Proportionately less than one-half semester required for any poor schnook who is enrolled simultaneously in any 2 of the following subjects: Trigonometry, Conversational Latin, or Remedial Hygiene.)

TO THE TEACHER: This coupon must be accepted in lieu of an absence excuse note when presented by any student regularly enrolled in your classes who has dutifully appeared almost daily despite your dull lecturing techniques and the nice weather we have had lately. And you are not required to accept more than one coupon from any student during each half-semester, assuming, of course, that you don't really care what happens to your car when you leave it parked outside the school building unattended.

**In Return For Suffering Through One Full Day Of Infernal Racket
Created By Your Loutish, Inconsiderate Neighbors**

LIMITATIONS & EXCLUSIONS: This coupon may not be redeemed during Christmas Week when children in nearby units are at home on vacation, or late Saturday night when some of the neighbors may be having a party, or Sunday morning when you would like to use your 2 hours of silence to sleep, or during an argument when the people next door are planning their divorce, or at any other time except the Fourth of July weekend when most condominium occupants happen to be out of town.

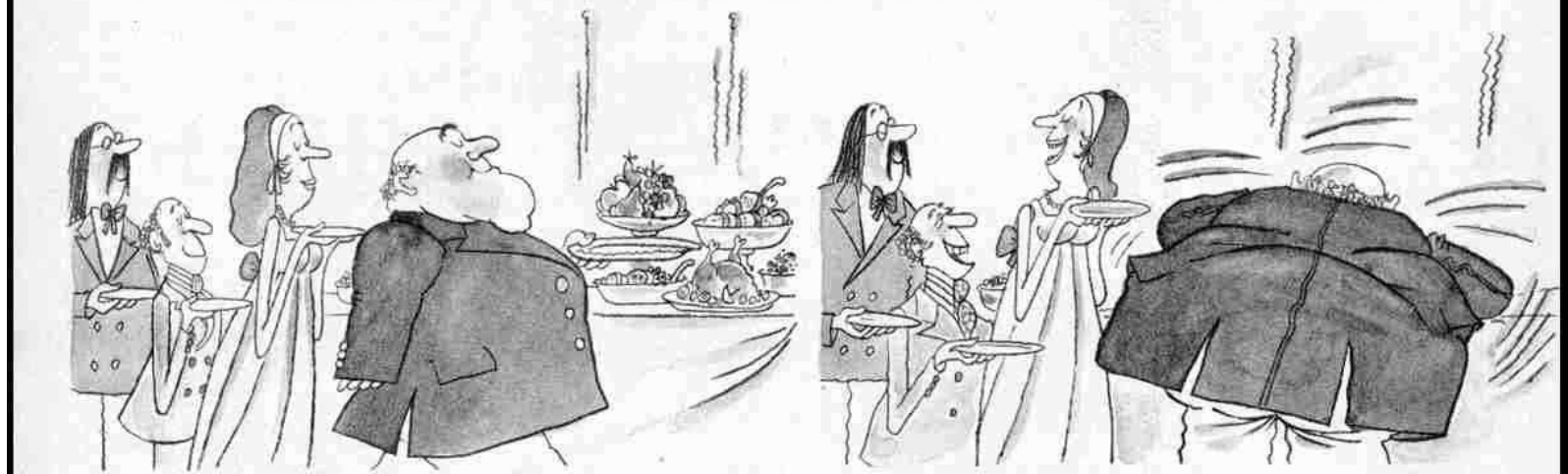
Before Suffering A Long Bawling Out From Irate Parents For Disobedience



EXPLANATION OF TERMS: As used in this coupon, the term "disobedience" may be applied to such lesser infractions as returning home from a date after curfew, hanging out with the wrong crowd and failing to perform icky household chores. It may not be applied to such serious infractions as committing grand theft, getting tattooed on a dare or becoming pregnant. The term "logical explanation" may be applied to anything that seems logical to the coupon holder, including stories of tardiness due to an ambush by Berber tribesmen, or claims that every clock in town mysteriously has been set on Johannesburg Standard Time.

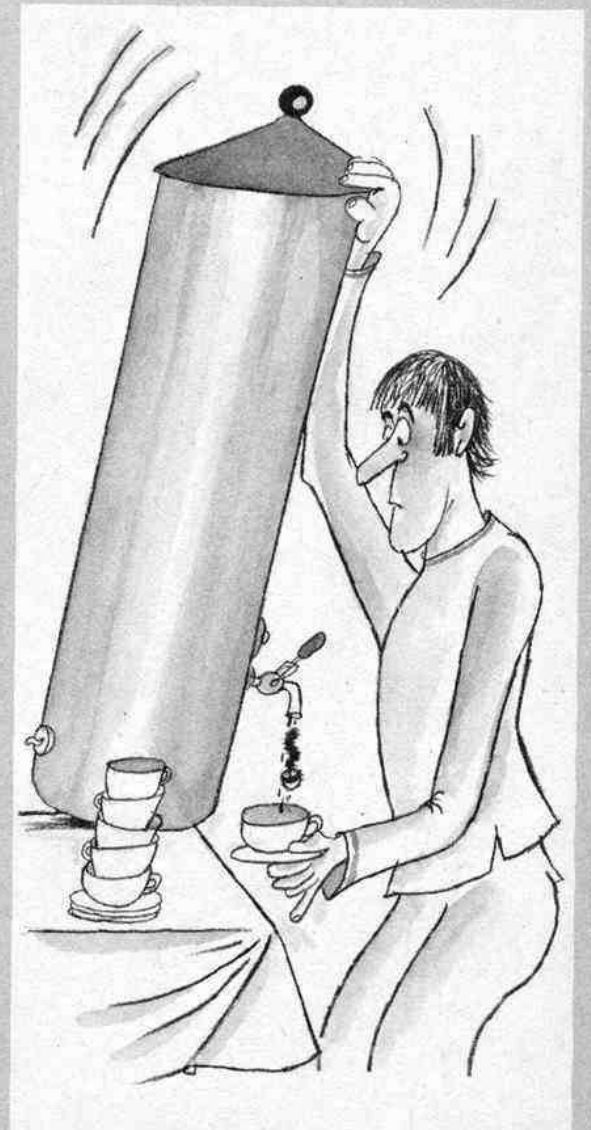
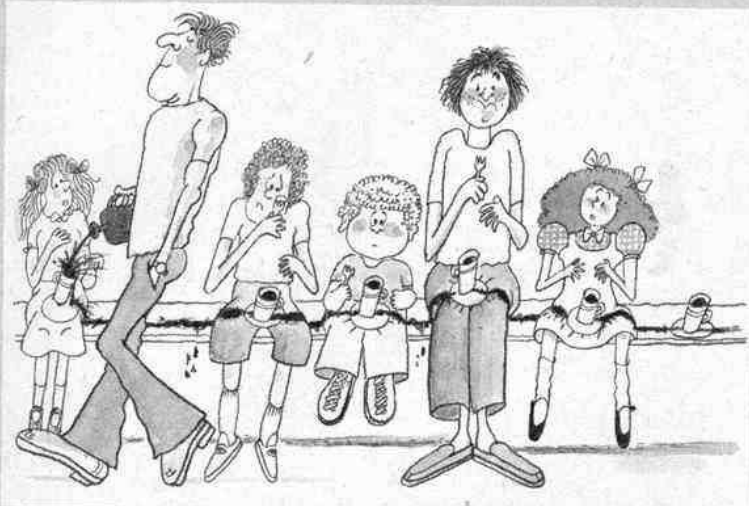
LAPPING IT UP DEPT.

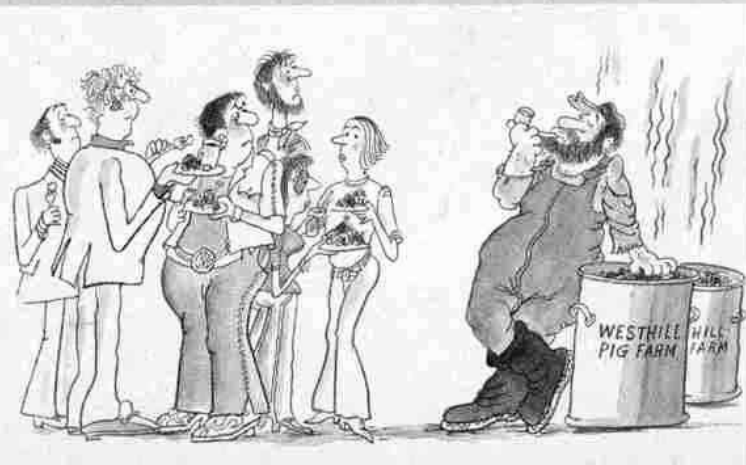
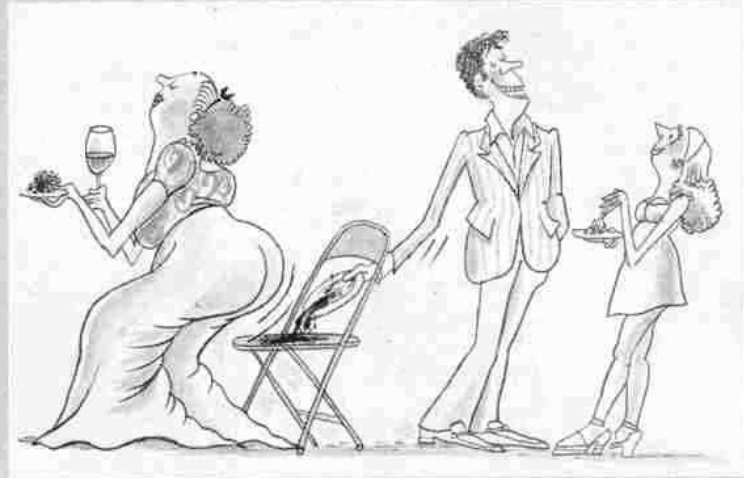
MAD GOES TO A



BUFFET SUPPER

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



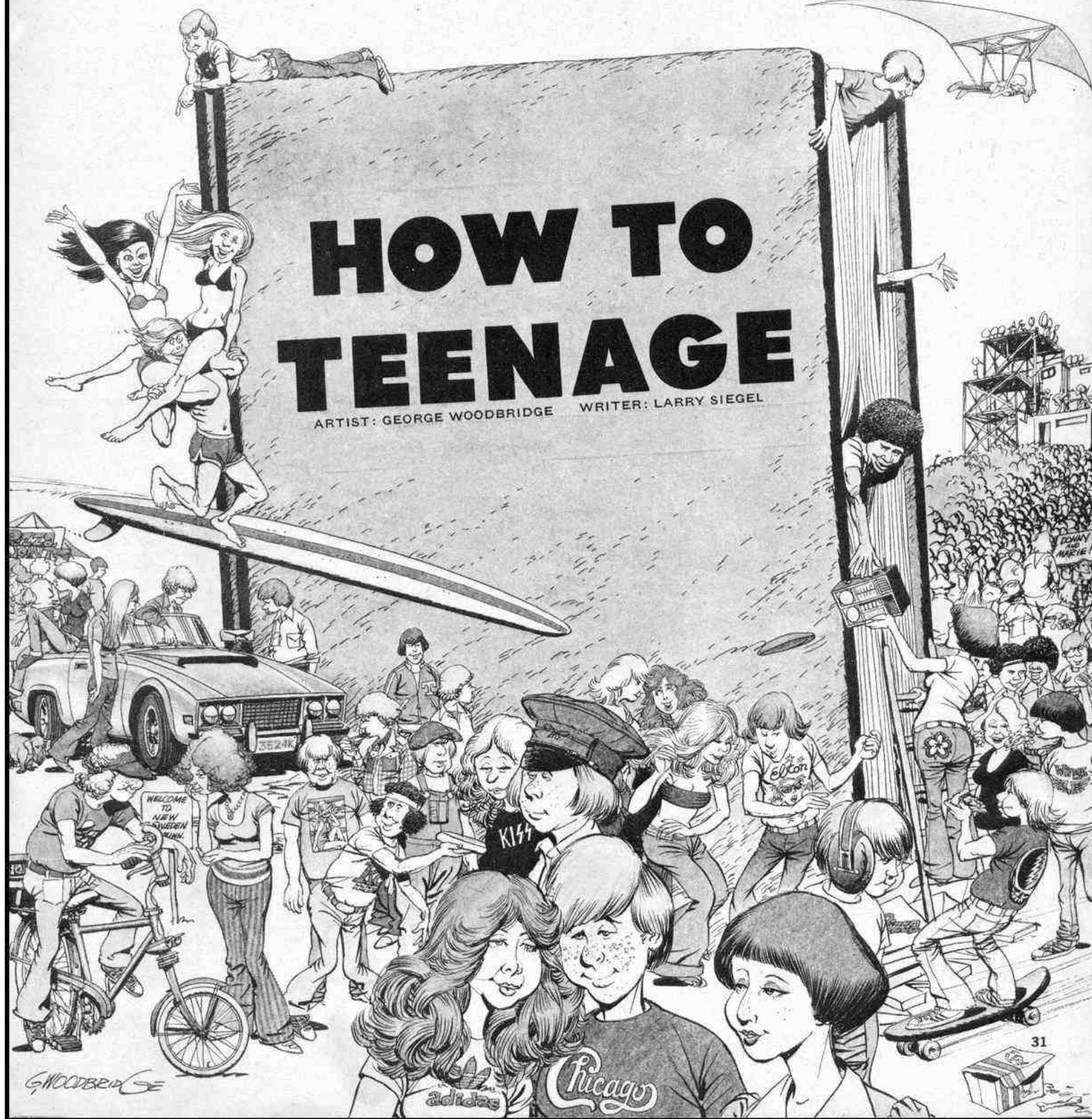


So you just reached your 13th birthday, and you think that automatically makes you a Teenager, right? Wrong! Sure, you're a Teenager chronologically, and naturally you are going through physical and psychological changes (if you're a boy your voice is changing from high to deep; if you're a girl, your voice is changing from no to yes). But like most other careers (and make no mistake about it, you are embarking on a 7 year career), Teenaging requires careful training. And so, to help pave the way for you, the following publication contains everything you will ever have to know about the highly complex, but deeply rewarding art of



HOW TO TEENAGE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



THE TEENAGE IMAGE

To begin with, it is absolutely imperative to project the right image. And here the catchword is hostility. Remember, a Teenager is *always* hostile. On the outside chance that you're a Teenage Freak (i.e., a member of the one percentile in the Teenage World who is a pleasant person) don't worry about it; you'll just have to try harder and work on your hostility. One of the best ways to wipe those obnoxious pleasant thoughts from your mind and become angry is to think of terrible things. For example, oil tycoons, environment polluters, Adolf Hitler. If this doesn't work, think of your parents. That *never* fails.

So much for your inner being. Now for your outer appearance. The same way that you learned the three R's in school, you must learn the three S's of Teenaging. These are: Sulking, Slouching, and Schlumping.

The Teenage Sulk

The ever-popular sulk is easy to master once you get the hang of it. Close your eyes almost all the way until they are slits, dilate your nostrils, and let the corners of your mouth droop until they reach your chin. Got it? Good. Now freeze this expression for seven years.



The Teenage Slouch

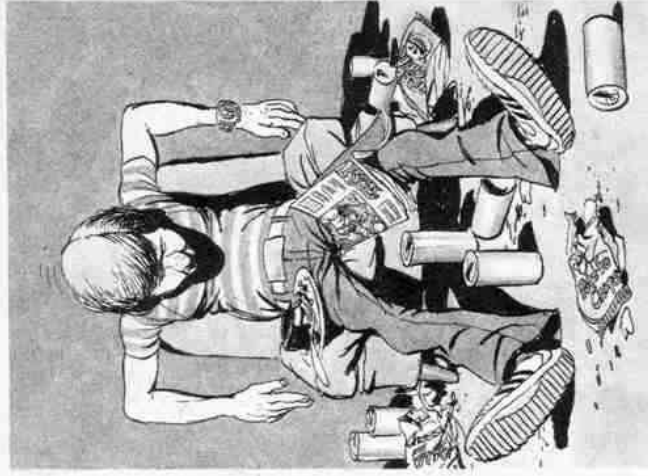
Correct posture is imperative in Teenaging. Take a jacket off a hanger in the closet, put it on, go in the street, and practice moving along with your shoulders hunched over so that you look like a walking question mark. Note: if you find your back tends to straighten up uncontrollably from time to time, leave the hanger *in* the jacket.



The Teenage Schlump

Schlumping is not only a way of life for Teenagers, but also a highly polished art form. As illustrated here, the proper schlump is not quite lying down, but a little bit more than sitting. The successfully schlumping Teenager can flop around like this for weeks at a time.

Historical note: The most unusual case of schlumping occurred in 1974 in Lincoln, Nebraska, when 16-year-old Alex Gribbish made the "Guinness Book of Records" and "Believe It Or Not" in the same year, having schlumped for 109 straight days, and then dying and coming back to earth as a beer pretzel.



GROOMING AND DRESS

As a Teenager, you should know immediately that the most important part of your body is your hair (of course there is one other part of your body, which *may* be as important and *might* give you as much pleasure, but we'll discuss your ears later when we get to Rock Music and Telephoning).

You have a choice of wearing your hair one of three ways: on your shoulders, on your waist, or around your ankles. For girls, it's pretty much the same. There has been some experimentation in recent years, whereby the hair is worn on a revolutionary place—the head. One of the most common of these styles is called the Afro. And it's become so popular of late that even some Black teenagers are trying it.

As far as dress is concerned, you have a choice of two shirts—the monogrammed T-shirt and the work shirt. If you wear the latter, you'll find you'll become very popular if you wear it unbuttoned to the waist (particularly if you're a girl).

We now come to *the* most important article of attire for Teenagers—the jeans. There's only one thing you really have to know about jeans: *they must be tight*. If you try on a size 28 waist and you find you can't breathe, do the sensible thing: get a size 26.

Now let's try a little quiz. Which Teenager in the following illustration is wearing jeans, and which one isn't?



Answer: You got it right away, didn't you? Of course. The Teenager on the left is wearing tight French jeans and the nude Teenager on the right has a bad skin condition.

In case there is ever any doubt in your mind about jeans, remember this simple slogan: "If you can sit, the pants don't fit."

TEENAGE COMMUNICATION

As a Teenager it's vital that you learn how to communicate with others.



If you feel upset or emotional, don't be afraid to display your feelings. Sigh a lot, moan pitiously, fling your arms around, use grandiose gestures, be dramatic (think of Shakespeare's King Lear).

While at other times, you may want things from your parents. The best way in which to communicate this is by snorting, grunting, growling and beating on your chest (think of Dino De Laurentiis's King Kong).

As a last resort (and remember, *only* as a last resort) you may have to speak. The important thing is: don't panic. But before you utter a syllable, remember this: Teenagers are always incoherent. The best way to achieve this effect is by swallowing your words. Does this worry you? It shouldn't. Medical science has proved time and time again that Teenagers can eat *anything*. Following are some typical garbled Teenage speeches and their closest English translations. Use them. Perhaps you might even want to make up a few of your own:

TYPICAL TEENAGE COMMENTS	CLOSEST ENGLISH TRANSLATION
(a) Pspazzdebuu.	(a) Please pass the butter.
(b) Lezzgoroonceshrotueez.	(b) Let's go to the rock concert on Shrove Tuesday.
(c) Mizzstorkahwanpotpotpot.	(c) Mr. Storekeeper, I want a potted plant, French Fries and marijuana.
(d) Sicksexsax.	(d) I'm tired of making out with saxophonists.
(e) Ackneenonu.	(e) I've had this bad complexion for years.
(f) Brtzzzg!grppquint.	(f) Brtzzzg!grppquint.

TEENAGING AND THE TELEPHONE

The two main things to know about telephoning are these: if you're a boy it's all relatively simple. You dial a friend, you say, "Heymayawangobow?" (Hey man, you want to go bowling?) Your friend says yes; you say, "Meetchoncor," (I'll meet you on the corner) and that's it.

For a Teenager girl, however, it's a whole different ball game. Whenever you're home, the telephone *must* be permanently attached to your ear. This is not always easy, and for that reason science is working overtime to help you in this area. For instance, at present in Terre Haute, Indiana, an inventor is working on a project, whereby if you pierce extra large holes in your earlobes, you may slip the telephone wire through. As soon as he irons out one last bug—namely, how to push the phone receiver through the ear-lobe first—it should be on the market.

Remember, it doesn't really matter what you say on the phone, *just don't hang up*. Important note: you must—repeat, *must* call up the girl friend you just spent the day with; no later than three minutes after you leave her. It is vital that she know about your fascinating trip home—across the street; the incredible experience of opening your front door; and your near brush with death walking through the garbage-littered mine-field of your room.

In short, the telephone is not only an integral part of your life, it's also an inseparable part of your body. And you will learn, in time, under ordinary circumstances, how to keep it on your ear at all times. Occasionally, however, an emergency situation may come up. Here is only one typical example, and how to handle it.



In the event of fire, cradle the phone on your right shoulder. Hold the fire extinguisher tank in your left hand and hold the hose in your right. Then spray the fire and talk to your girl friend at the same time. Note: In case of extreme emergency, like a cramp in your shoulder, do the only sensible thing: drop the fire extinguisher.

TEENAGING AND MUSIC

There is really nothing anybody has to tell a Teenager about music. All your actions in this area will be instinctive. You will instinctively know what stereo to buy, where to install your 83 speakers, what records to get. And then after an evening of listening to rock, you will instinctively know how to relax in front of your TV set watching "The 11:00 O'Clock News for Viewers with Impaired Hearing."

Instead let's discuss music-performance. For argument's sake, let's say that you have just reached 13 and you haven't cut a record yet (this has been known to happen in one out of every 200,000 births). The first thing you'll want to do is form your own Rock Group. Now let's try another little quiz. Which of the following Teenagers should you use in your Group?



Answer: Forget the guy on the left. He seems to know how to *read* music, which could be a lot of trouble in Rock. Ignore the guy in the center. He is standing too still and is not shaking his body. Choose the guy on the right. If nothing else, at least he *looks* like a Rock Singer.

Once the Group is formed, you will want to choose a title. Stay away from the following names, which have already been used by successful Rock Groups: Kiss, Chicago, Queen, Boston, Eagles. Here are some suggestions: Bronchitis, Phlegm, Belch, Canarsie, Puke, and Bellybutton. (Note: Use only *one* of these names, not all of them; since this happens to be the title of a Teenage Law Firm in Mamaroneck, N.Y.).

Finally, let's say you have a beautiful singing voice and have won music awards in school. This need not be a problem if you work on it. Just remember that to be a successful Rock Singer today, no matter how old you are, or what part of the country or world you come from—you *must* sound like the constipated driver of a poultry truck in Yazoo, Mississippi.

TEENAGING AND SEX

First of all, let's put an end to a popular myth. We object to the ridiculous claim that most young people nowadays make out for the first time when they are Teenagers. This is a flagrant lie. It's true, of course, that a large number of 13-year-olds *do* make out, but believe us, it's not for the first time.

We suppose we're a bit old-fashioned in this matter, but concerning sex, we advise caution at all times. Naturally you're going to meet people you like and you're going to want to start dating. That's perfectly normal. Just take your time, get to know the other person, spend months building up a relationship and developing mutual interests. And then—and *only* then—is it time to pop the first important question. Namely, "Are you a boy or a girl?"



Considering the way Teenagers look and dress nowadays (see above illustration) it's natural for you to be confused. You just don't know. This need not be a problem. The problem arises when the person you ask doesn't know either.

As soon as you both find out, and you're delighted to discover that you're a boy and she's a girl, or vice-versa, or vice-versa, or versa-versa, proceed accordingly. (See Chapter 24, "Once In A While It's Not So Terrible To Fool Mother Nature").

If your relationship develops into something permanent, you might want to look more deeply into such interesting areas as Chapter 25 ("Sex Before The Wedding") Chapter 26 ("Sex After The Wedding") and perhaps the most interesting area of them all, Chapter 27 ("Sex During the Wedding").

TEENAGING MISCELLANIA

In our concluding chapter we will try to cover briefly a few other important areas of Teenaging.

Handling Weirdos



If you ever walk into your house and are suddenly and unexpectedly accosted by an elderly stranger, don't panic or call the police. Distract him by introducing yourself and starting up a conversation. Who knows, in time you may even get to like your Father.

Earning Extra Money



Teenagers can always use a few extra dollars. You can look into a part-time job, if you wish. But there is a simpler way: apply for Federal Funds. This is not nearly as difficult as it may sound. Merely wire Pres. Carter and have him declare your room a Disaster Area.

Teenaging And Religion



You may want to consider joining the thousands of other Teenagers who are turning to Religion lately and are beginning to see the light. You find this hard to believe? Only last week 15-year-old Rick Hammerfleisch, of Los Angeles, received a sermon from the Mount and saw a man walking on water. His explanation for these phenomena was both simple and reverent: There's no skiing this weekend, but surf's up.

Finally, we would like to close with a multiple-choice quiz.



Why is this typical Teenager watching "The Six Million Dollar Man" with one eye, while reading a book with the other, as he listens to a Stevie Wonder record and a football game with one ear, while talking on the phone with his mouth and listening with his other ear?

- (a) He is practicing to join a Circus Side Show as a Mental Wizard
- (b) He is rehearsing to go on "The Gong Show" as a One-Man Concentration Machine.
- (c) None of these.

Answer: (c) None of these. He is studying for a Geometry final.

A MAD LOOK AT DISCOS

These new lights are 10,000 watts each, and they flash on and off right into the dancers' eyes ... in time with the music, yet!

They must have cost you a fortune!

They didn't cost us ANYTHING! They were a gift from "The American Eye Doctors Association"!!

I'm ready for the usual wild disco crowd! I put out bowls of pretzels ... bowls of pop corn ... bowls of potato chips ... and bowls of birth control pills!

Now, this is the bin where I put the new records that arrived today ... and all these records from last week go over there in the "Golden Oldies" bin!

I hope I don't have to fill in for you tonight! I'm afraid I still don't know how to "mix" records!

Hey, Man! No problem! Just play this new DONNA SUMMER album! It's EIGHT HOURS LONG!!

Hey, that "fog" effect last night was really terrific! How'd you do it?

It was an accident! All you gotta do is cram 500 people who are smoking into a room meant for 50— and then have the exhaust fan conk out!

Gee, I sure hope they play some sophisticated disco songs for a change tonight!

And what do you consider sophisticated disco songs ... ?

Songs with more than four different words in the lyrics!

My job is to keep out the undesirables!

What kind of people are undesirable?

Anybody who ain't got the five bucks admission!

Listen, our neighbor upstairs said the music was TOO LOUD last night

Well ... you tell that Bowling Alley owner, "Tough!"

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Ten minutes in the bathroom? What took you so long??

It took me that long to dry my hands! Would you believe they have the **ELECTRIC HAND-DRYERS** wired to go on and off to the beat of the music, too!!

Man, he's fantastic! Does the routine he's doing have a name?

Yeah, it's called an epileptic fit!

Gee, I wonder if he can teach it to me!!

I've heard that listening to loud, blaring music for long periods of time can affect your hearing! You think that's true??

Hey! This music sounds familiar! It's "**Beethoven's Fifth Symphony**" with bongos and a disco beat!

Oh, wow! I just LOVE the classics!

Fine, thank you!

I'm not like most of the girls who come here just to pick up guys! I come here to **DANCE!**

Great! Would you like to dance!

I sure would! Your place or mine!

Hey, pretty baby! You want to dance?

Oh, sure! It always starts out as dancing, but it always ends up as 'making out'!

I promise! No making out!

NO MAKING OUT!? Get lost, you pervert!!

Boy, you can really move in this crowd!

I practice an hour every day!

Evenings at a dance studio??

No ... **5:00 PM** during the subway rush hour!

Boy ... it's so great to get away from those crowded classrooms ... and relax for a change ... !



You look really great! You're wearing that **NEW LOOK**... the "**TRASH**" LOOK! How did you do it?

I just put on my regular clothes—and then I threw myself down two flights of stairs!

Y'wanna sit down? Let's wait for the next break!

This is a **DISCO**... remember?! The next break is 7 hours from now!

Yeah, she passed out cold twenty minutes ago, but the place is so crowded, there's just no room for her to fall down!

Our boss is the **cheapest** guy in the world! We've got 40,000 chase lights, 80 strobes, 53 revolving spots, and 19 color wheels... and I get yelled at for leaving the light on in the storeroom!

Hey, I don't see Chris here tonight!

Chris had an accident! He fell off his platform shoes!

Man... I can't stop m-o-o-ving... m-o-o-ving **M-O-O-VING!!** I think I took too many "uppers"!

Gee, don't you have any "downers"?

Yeah, but I left my parents home!

Listen, we got another complaint about the noise!

I **TOLD** you what to tell the people who run the Bowling Alley!

No, this is a complaint from the people **DOWNSTAIRS!**

Well, you tell the people who run the **SUBWAY** the same thing!!

Uh—Do you think the way they're moving their hips together has a sexual connotation?

I sure do! Especially since the music **STOPPED** nearly five minutes ago!



NO CONFIDENCE GAME DEPT.

HOW CAN Y

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



... The Druggist who does both
urine analysis ... and sundaes!



... the Wildlife Guide who is
covered with poison ivy sores!



... the law-and-order Mayor who double-
parks his imported \$28,000 official car!



... the Investment Expert who brown bags his lunch, and
wears 1960 type narrow ties and shoes that need re-soling!



... the exclusive Men's Shop Clerk who wears a dark
blue suit with brown shoes and white anklet socks!

YOU TRUST...

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



... The Ecologist who litters the streets with his pamphlets urging us to save our pulp woods!



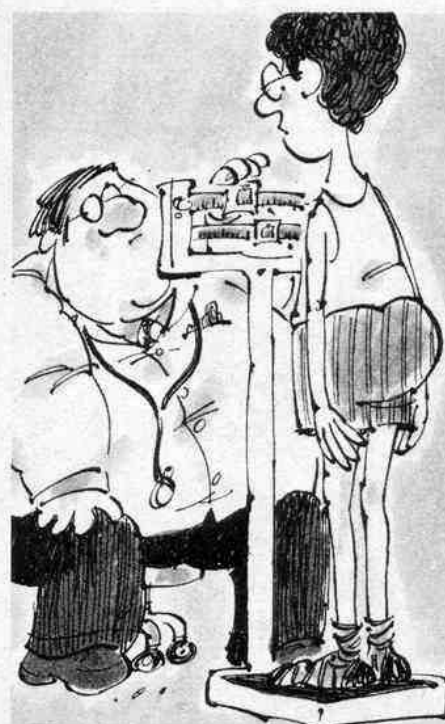
... the Airline pilot whose pre-flight check consists of kicking the tires, and who hangs a rabbit's foot on his instrument panel!



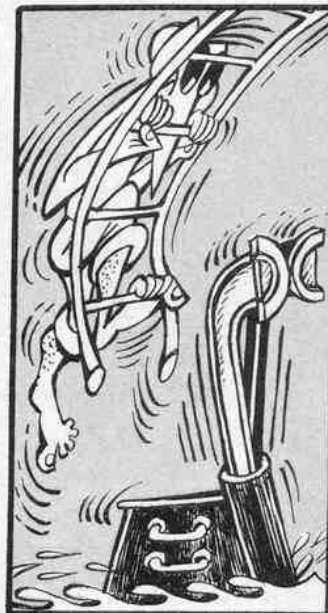
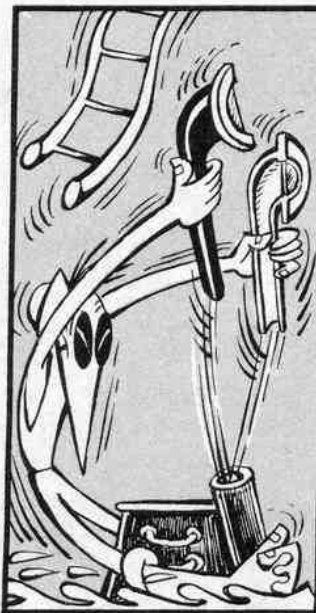
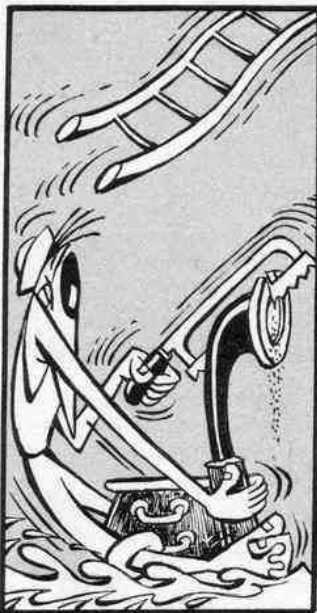
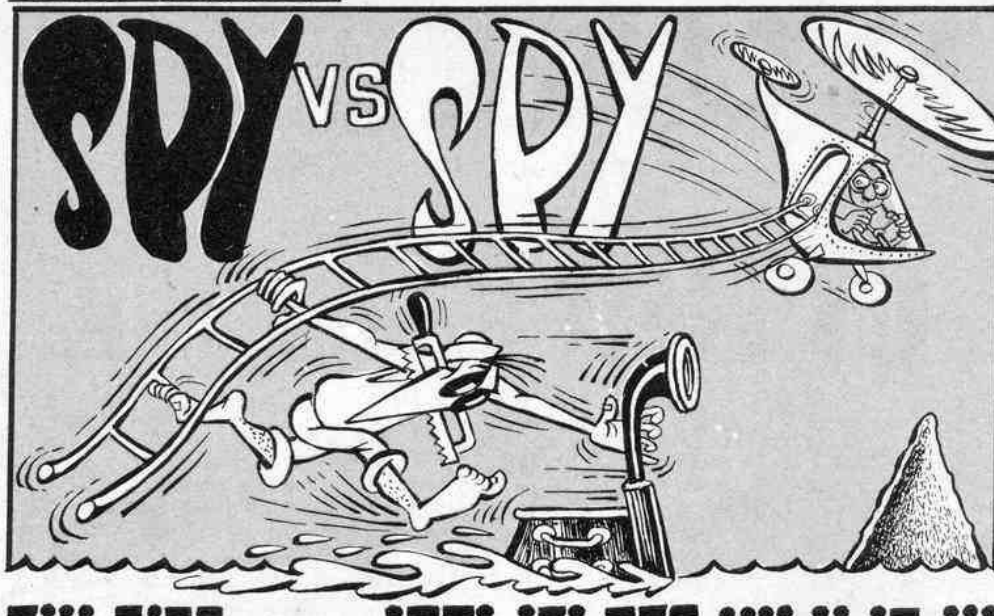
... the Suicide-Prevention Line that's always busy!



... the Little League Coach who has 3 sons, 4 nephews and his kid sister on the team!



... the Diet Doctor who weighs over 300 pounds and wheezes when he talks!



Whisk

BROOD FORCE DEPT.

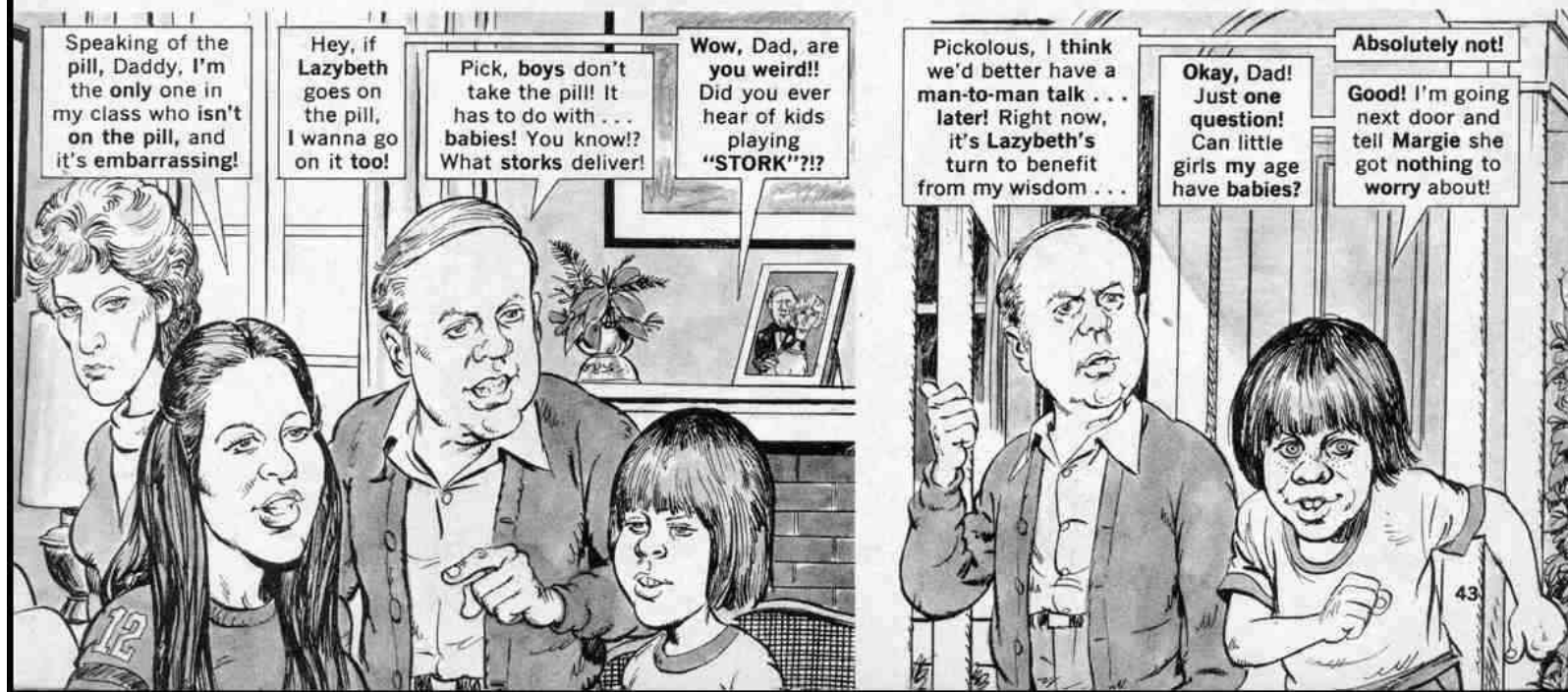
Once upon a time, TV parents—especially Fathers—were portrayed as good-natured bumbling clods. But today, there's a new trend in TV Dads. They have the combined wisdom of Dr. Freud, Dear Abby and Hugh Hefner. No matter what the problem, they have the solution. Except when it comes to the hit TV show about a family with 8 kids. Even Freud, Abby and Hefner couldn't handle all their problems, because . . .

eight is too rough



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Dad, can't I go on the pill?! All of my friends are laughing at me!

If you're so concerned about what your friends think, tell them you ARE on the pill, and take "M & M's" instead!

Thanks, Daddy! You're really cool! I never knew "M & M's" could be substituted for the pill!

The Partridge Family and The Brady Bunch never had these kind of problems!! Why ME???

Gabby, you're studying for your Ph.D., which means you have at least **NORMAL** intelligence! How come you put starch in my long johns?! I can't get the flap up!

If I had normal intelligence, would I have married a short, plump, balding, middle-aged clod with eight kids?!!

STARCH

Dad! Dad! I've got some great news! I went out for the Football Team, and guess what!!

You made the team!! That's great! I told you if a person tries hard enough, he can accomplish anything!

No, I **DIDN'T** make the team! I was the first one they cut!! I'm a real loser! Aren't you proud?

Y'know... there's something very strange about that kid...!

He's only acting out your "no-win" philosophy!

No, it's not that! He seems... different somehow!

He **IS** different! He's a replacement! Your original son left to be in "Star Wars"! All of your kids are typical bland, plastic, no-personality TV types that can easily be replaced without the audience ever noticing the difference!

Dad, can we go to a slumber party?

Of course! I'm glad today's teenagers still enjoy old-fashioned, clean fun like slumber parties! They used to call them pajama parties!

Who wears pajamas...?!

I—I think these parties have changed since your day, Tum!

Girls still sleep over one girl's house, and they still lay around and play records and giggle a lot, right?? What's the big difference??

It's not just girls!!

WHAT?!!

Don't worry, Dad! I took my "M & M's"!

While you're busy solving problems for everyone . . . I've got one, too! I have to cook, shop, clean house, iron your shirts, make like a wife, attend school and hold down a job!

So what's your problem?!!

I simply don't have enough time for everything!

Well, for openers, you can stop putting starch in all my clothes! That should save you plenty of time!

The starch bit is what passes for humor around here, and we **NEED** all the laughs we can get!!



Gabby, we have to establish what's important! My shirts have to be ironed, we have to eat, and the house has to be kept clean! So, either your school, or your job has to go! It's your decision! Just remember you're a married woman with eight kids! So which is more important? Going to school . . . ? Or bringing home a paycheck . . . ?

Where are you going?

To tell my Boss I QUIT!!



But, we have 8 mouths to feed! You just can't—

With so many people living here, how come you're talking to yourself, Dad?

I was talking to Gabby, but she left!

Since you married her, things aren't the same around here, Dad!

I know you miss your Mother! But remember, she died happy! When the Doctor told her she had less than a week to live, she giggled, "Thank God! I thought I was pregnant again!"

Before you re-married, I used to get involved in crazy SitCom Plots, like fixing you up with my friends' divorced Mothers! Now, I don't have anything to do!

Stop complaining! You still get all the funny lines!!



But, Doctor . . . I mean, Dad, it's not enough just being another smartass six-year-old version of Alan Alda! I need involvement!!

Hmmmm! Well . . . you DO have five unmarried Sisters! Why not fix THEM up?!!

That's a great idea, Dad! Thanks!

I saw him first!

Well, I'm the oldest!

He's mine! He's mine!

What's going on here?!

I did like you told me, Dad! I fixed them up!

Then, why are they fighting?

I fixed them all up with the same guy!!



Bratford, this paper has run an Advice Column for 15 years! It was never sensational . . . but we never had any trouble! You've been doing the column one week and—

I know!! You want me to take it over permanently!

No, you moron! I want you to NEVER write it again! Thanks to your idiotic advice, 5 people committed suicide . . . 12 couples got divorced . . . and 19 people are suing this paper!!

Hi, Honey! What are you doing here?

Dad, you DO believe in Freedom of the Press, don't you?

Of course I do! A Free Press is the bulwark of Freedom and Democracy!

Good! Then you won't be angry because I got myself thrown out of school!



I'm a reporter on the school paper, and I was told that if I didn't kill these stories, I'd be expelled!

You can't print stuff like this!

But you told me to write stories about things that would interest the students!

I meant things like basketball games and school elections and senior proms and hobby clubs and like that! The trouble with YOUR generation is: It's much too preoccupied with SEX!!

So how come YOU have 8 kids?!

We'll talk later! I have a tennis date with Rave!

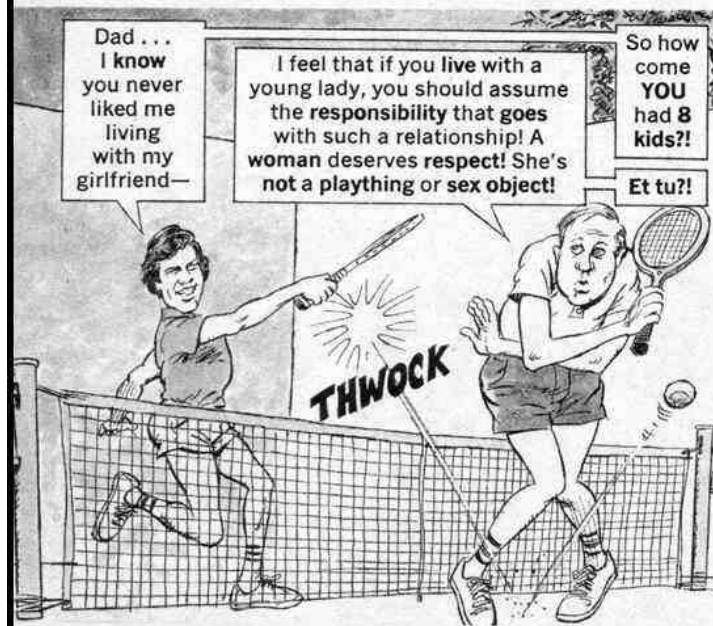


Dad . . . I know you never liked me living with my girlfriend—

I feel that if you live with a young lady, you should assume the responsibility that goes with such a relationship! A woman deserves respect! She's not a plaything or sex object!

So how come YOU had 8 kids?!

Et tu?!



You're saying if I live with a girl, I should marry her! Well, I'm taking your advice, and—

You're getting married?! That's great!

No—I'm getting rid of my girlfriend!

Dad, meet my new roommate, Bruce!

Hi, there! Anyone for mixed doubles?





I don't know what to do, Tum! My wife seems more interested in the TV than in me!

Well, at last we finally get to tonight's plot!

Doc, I've had a lot of experience with women! You just have to leave home for a few days... until she realizes how much she misses you!

But... where can I go?

Stay with some close friends!



Gabby—uh—Doc and his wife had a misunderstanding, and he's going to spend a few days with us as our guest!

Does he have to SLEEP with us?!

It's either here with us, or with one of the girls!



I slept like a log! How about you...?

I had a lousy night, Doc! How about giving me something for a bad headache?

If you're sick, come to my office! You KNOW I don't make house calls!

I think I'll have a talk with your wife...!



You shouldn't be wasting your time, sitting around watching TV! You're still a vibrant, attractive woman! You should be getting out and enjoying yourself!

You're right! I'm going to start swinging tonight!

Doc will be real glad to hear that!

Not with that old fool! I'll get myself a young stud! I'm still a vibrant, attractive woman, right?!



I've talked to your wife, Doc! I've got some good news, and some bad news! First, the good news! She said you can keep your collection of "Hustler" magazines, your tennis racket, and one can of tennis balls!

And now for the bad news...! She wants EVERYTHING ELSE!



Now that I've straightened out Doc's life, do any of YOU have a problem...?

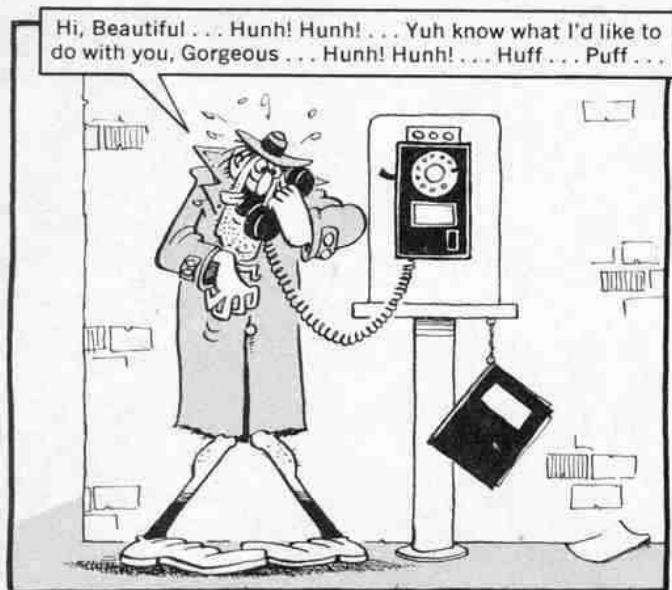
Yeah... we ALL have one problem!



YOU!!



ONE SUNDAY EVENING



WHAT COLORFUL
SPECTACULAR
CREATURE IS
STILL BEING
EXPLOITED ...
EVEN AFTER IT
HAS WIGGLED
AND DIED?

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

Fabulously attractive creatures quickly become over-exploited commercially. Leopards, cheetahs, peacocks, parrots, tropical fish and butterflies are good examples. But recently, a new and very special specimen has fallen into this category. To identify this creature, fold in page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



FABULOUS CREATURES ARE EXPLOITED WHEN
ELEMENTS IN OUR SOCIETY, FROM KIDS IN LEVIS
TO MATRONS IN MINK, CREATE THE DEMAND

A▶

◀B

WHAT COLORFUL
SPECTACULAR
CREATURE IS
STILL BEING
EXPLOITED...
EVEN AFTER IT
HAS WIGGLED
AND DIED?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ELVIS

A ▶ ◀ B

ONE THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT THE EDGE OF A MEADOW

