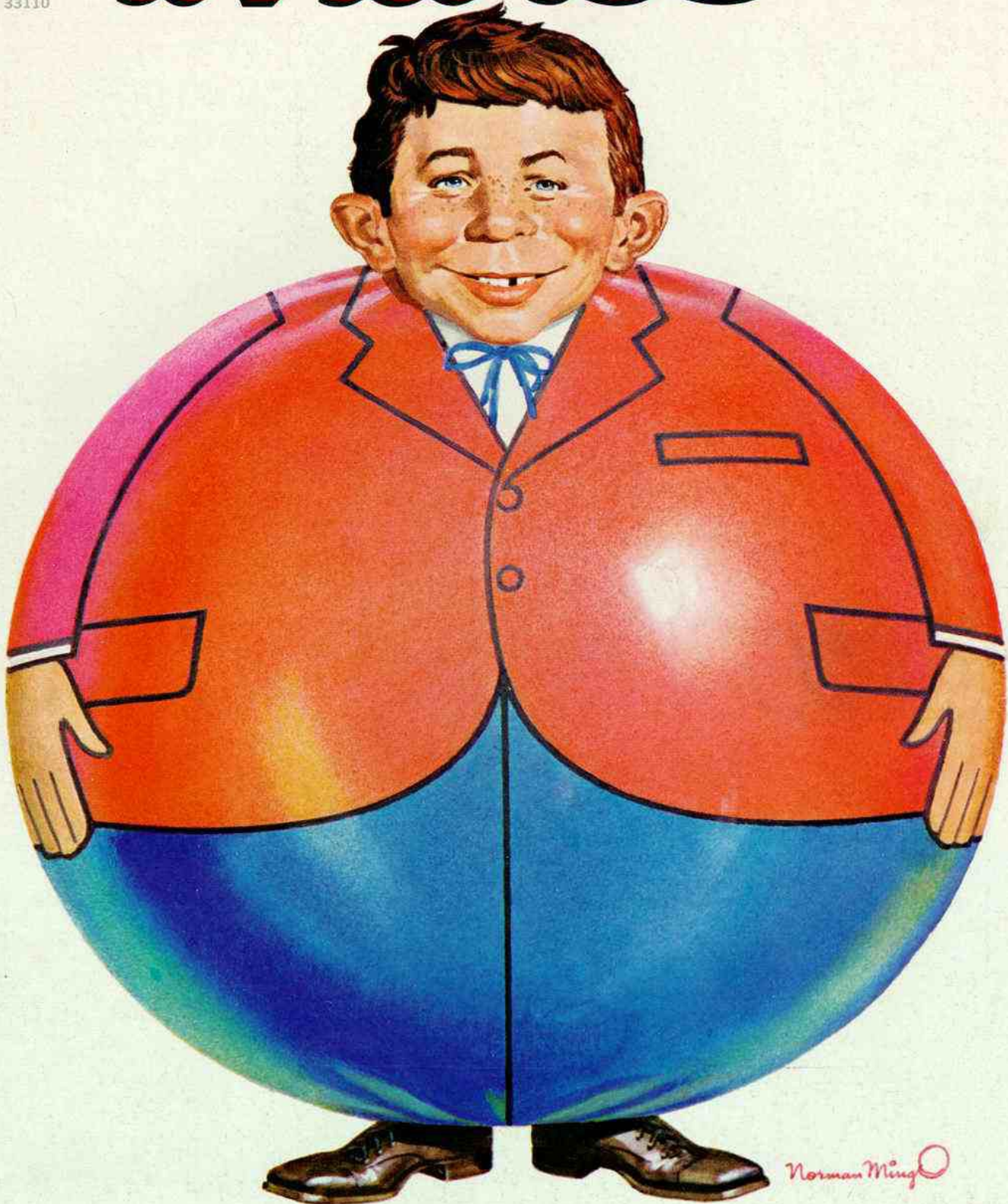


**SPECIAL INFLATION ISSUE**

No.  
145  
Sept.  
'71  
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**MAD** IND

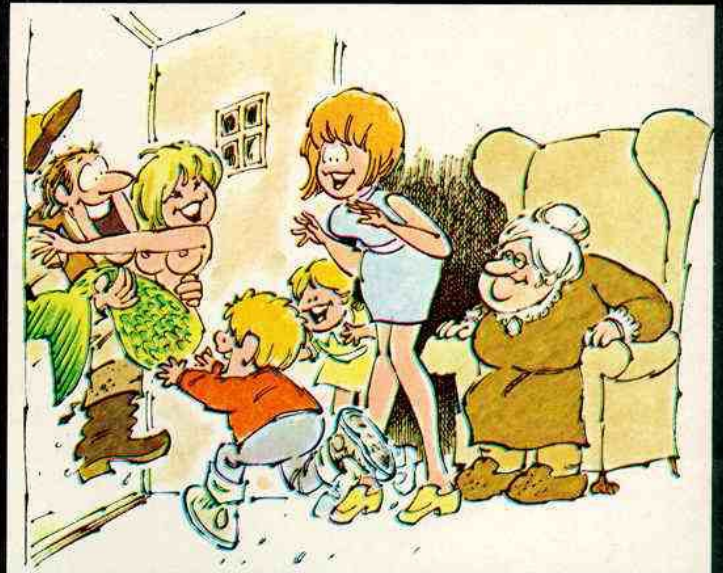
OUR PRICE  
**40¢**  
NO LAUGHING MATTER



**IN THIS ISSUE WE DEFLATE "FIVE EASY PIECES" AND "THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT"**



# A FISH TALE



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: AL JAFFEE



# MAD

*"Sometimes it pays to resist a temptation. A better one  
may be coming along!"—Alfred E. Neuman*

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

**JOHN PUTNAM** *art director*      **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*  
**JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN** *associate editors*  
**JACK ALBERT** *lawsuits*  
**GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,**  
**CURTIS ANDERSON** *subscriptions*  
**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS**  
*the usual gang of idiots*

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**\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine**

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Printed in U.S.A.

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(MOVIE  
SATIRE)  
Pg. 4**



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LIGHTER  
SIDE OF  
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CARDS FOR  
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**"THE FOUL  
AND THE  
PRISSY CATS"  
(MOVIE SATIRE)  
Pg. 43**

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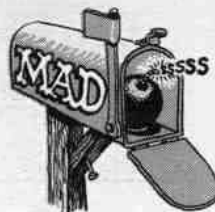
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## MOVING PICTURES?

Nope, it doesn't look like these ads offering our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid... suitable for framing or training puppies... are moving any pictures! On the contrary, they're our "still" pictures! Mainly, they're "still" cluttering our stockroom! But they "still" can be yours—merely by sending 25c for 1, 50c for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 and \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022



## LETTERS DEPT.



### NEW PRICE "SLASHING"

With inflation what it is today, the one thing we don't need is to pay more money for trash. *Forty cents*...! Have you people gone completely MAD?

Graham Holloway  
Danville, Va.

"Ouch!" That's what I said when I paid for #143. But, when I thought of a few things, I became calm. After all, other magazines obtain much or most of their revenue from advertising. I once counted only the full-page ads in LIFE, and the total was more than *half* of the entire number of pages. You are not getting money from *that* end. Add, then, the fact that nearly all magazines today cost sixty to seventy cents... *with* advertising. Anyone making cracks about "the outrageous price" of MAD will have to deal with me!

Gary Insley  
Springfield, Ohio

### VISITING EDITOR

Thanks for the chance to interview Editor Feldstein and to photograph your MADly delightful staff at work. Now I know why you're on target so much of the time. You aren't afraid to be honest and you make it fun for all of us. I hope our story on MAD, in the June issue of YOUTH magazine, can do justice to the MAD genius.

Herman Ahrens, Editor  
YOUTH Magazine  
1505 Race Street  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

PHOTO BY JOHN C. GOODWIN



YOUTH Magazine's Editor, Herman Ahrens, asks MAD Magazine's Editor, Al Feldstein, the eternal Neuman question: "What's it all about, Alfie...?"

## ABC'S CAMPUS RIOT OF THE WEEK

Many thanks to Jack Davis and Tom Koch. Tom caught Chris Schenkel's and Bud Wilkinson's styles of reporting and gave me some of the best laughs I've had in a long time. The world needs more satire such as that displayed in MAD. Perhaps if a more realistic view could be seen by two such opposing forces as those depicted in "Campus Riot", maybe hate would dissolve and then there'd truly be...PEACE!

Larry Peters  
Chicago, Ill.

Not only was it funny, it also showed how pathetically ridiculous campus rioting has gotten...

Howard Bell  
Easthampton, Mass.

## YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY OVER WHEN...

You Know It's REALLY OVER When...he invites you up to his apartment "to show you his collection of MADs"...and he really does!

Yma Suark  
Harbor Isle, N.Y.

...he starts reading MAD in bed!

Grace Locher  
Irving, Texas

## ORDURE OF THE DAY

Congrats to Ronnie Nathan and Paul Coker, Jr. on their powerful plea to prevent persistently pestiferous and pungent Pavement Pollution!

Sandra Cardone  
S. Hadley, Mass.

## NIXON AND AGNEW AS SEEN BY...

When a young liberal (yours truly) tries to read "Nixon & Agnew (As Seen By...)" over her conservative, middle-America parents' shoulders, it's hard to muffle hysteria. I couldn't say it then, but I can say it now... BEAUTIFUL! And, so true!!

Carolyn Wood Simons  
Waco, Texas



## ON A CLEAR DAY, ETC.

My compliments to Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker on their marvelous "On A Clear Day You Can See A Funny Girl Singing 'Hello Dolly' Forever." They gave Barbra Streisand some real digs but I suspect they dig her as much as the rest of us.

Tim McNicol  
Redding, Calif.

As one of Streisand's biggest fans, I was delighted with your hilarious satire. It was a brilliant piece of writing, but what really got me was the artwork. Whether Frank Jacobs is aware of it or not, this Hollywood phenomenon is a girl of many sides, and Mort Drucker did a brilliant job of capturing them all with unbelievable perception. Even her mannerisms and facial expressions! How about an encore on her latest, "The Owl And The Pussycat"?

Jim Todd  
Davidson, N.C.

I think it's outrageous that you should condemn a person just because she's extremely talented. What would *you* people know about talent, writing for that crummy magazine!

Cindy Guttman  
Yonkers, N.Y.

I happen to have seen all of Barbra Streisand's movies and find them to be exceptional. She's one of the finest singers and actresses since Judy Garland first came along; yet so unlike *any* great predecessor. Your satire disturbed me very much...

Scott Horowitz  
E. Brunswick, N.J.

Even on a cloudy day, it's clear to see your satire on Barbra Streisand is the best you've ever done. Even my parents enjoyed it!

Lukie Costin  
Reisterstown, Md.

This country needs more Barbra Streisand pictures! They're our only refuge from the torrent of Elliott Gould pot-boilers.

Joan McCabe  
New York, N.Y.

## MORE NEW PRICE "SLASHING"

I would like to inform you that the price of MAD is now equal to that of a school lunch in Kentucky. Prior to your price increase, they were equal only in content.

Debby Graves  
Jeffersonstown, Ky.

...I'm dumb enough to pay the extra 5¢ and then spend 6¢ on a stamp to complain to you about it!

Lynn Kohmer  
Seattle, Wash.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> MAD in Orbit         | <input type="checkbox"/> The Dirty Old MAD           | <input type="checkbox"/> Aragones's "Viva MAD"!             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Voodoo MAD       | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Steps Out        | <input type="checkbox"/> Aragones's MAD about MAD           |
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## CALLOUS KEY BUM DEPT.

Hollywood has been quick to cash in on the current trend among young people to drop out of our Establishment-oriented society by turning out a series of "Anti-Success" or "Drop-Out" movies. These films have dropped the "hero", the "plot" and the "dialogue"! In fact, the only thing they haven't dropped is the admission price! Here, then, is our version of film-land's latest salute to the cop-out . . . all wrapped up in—

# FIVE EA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

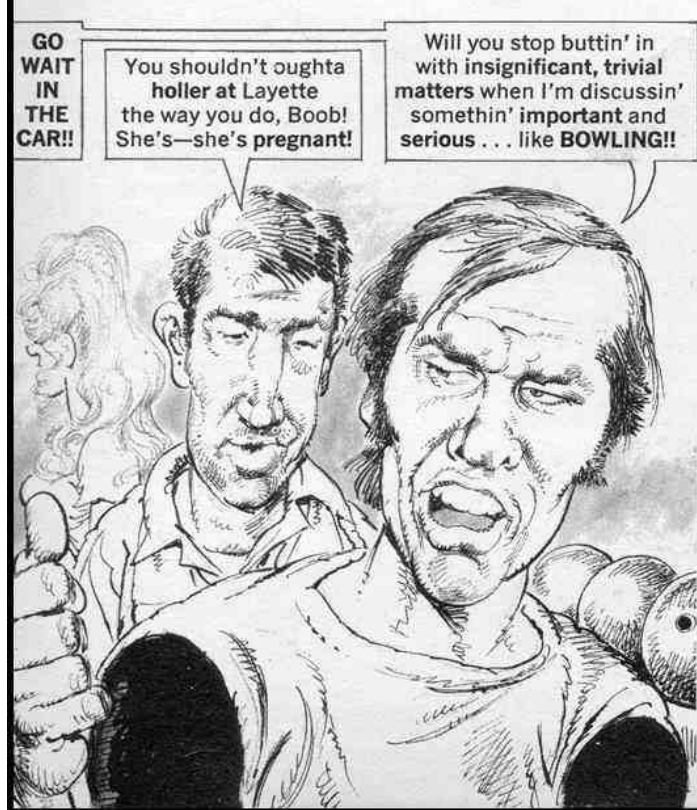




# SY PAGES!

AND TWO HARD ONES!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





Wal, Ah thank you ought t' get yo'self married, settle down, an' raise a family! There's nuthin' like it, le'me tell yuh!

Oh, yeah?! Then what are you doin' HERE with me?

Uh... Jus' seein' how the other half lives!

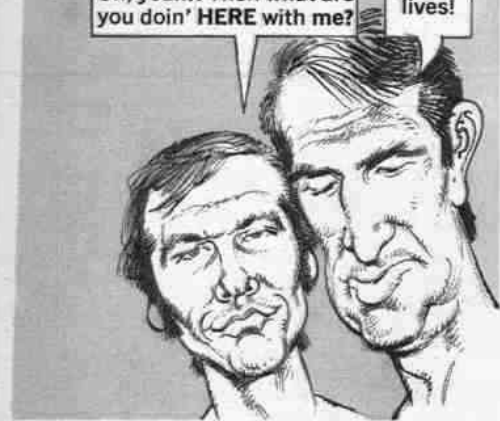
I don't blame you for not wanting to get married! I was married once... but my husband didn't understand me!

I was married—and MY husband didn't understand ME, either! And when I was a kid, my MOTHER didn't understand me!

See why I'm stayin' single, Elkhorn?! If I was to get married and settle down, Ah would miss meetin' so many beautiful, fascinatin' people an' havin' these stimulatn' intellectual conversations!

C'mon, Booby! Let's go! Layette's still waitin' in the car!

What's the big rush? It's only been two days!



Hey, Booby! Stop playin' that piano and get down from there!

Why? Does my piano playin' embarrass you, Elkhorn?

No... your piano playin' drowns out the Hillbilly Music on my car radio!

Millions of cars on the road and I have to get stuck behind a pianist that plays like an oil rigger!

What a shocking and ridiculous way to play the piano! There's no candelabra!!

CHOPIN?!? Good grief! Doesn't he know any Beethoven?!

It's times like these that I feel like dropping out of music and getting a nice quiet job in the oil fields!



Ah wants my kid t' finish school so's he don't end up workin'—like me!

Elkhorn, you're stupid! You got it made! Why do you think I dropped out?! Look... the best part of school is Summer Vacation, right? An' durin' vacation, most kids get the'selves jobs doin' manual labor, right? So being a laborer—your whole life is like a Summer Vacation!

Hey! What's goin on?! Why are you guys beatin' up on my friend here?

We're takin' him to jail!

JAIL?! Elkhorn—you?! What makes yuh think INTELLECTUALS are the only ones who're dissatisfied, Booby?

I used t' be a HOLDUP MAN! I dropped out t' find more meaningful employment!







Miss Dopier—your brother Booby is here! Take ten . . .

Boy, do I have an Excedrin headache!

Hi, Sis! I see you're still the same sweet loveable neurotic!

I'm glad you came, Booby! I'm afraid I have some bad news!

You mean I might have to listen to you play the piano!?

No . . . nothing as bad as that! It's about Father! He's had two strokes!

Gee . . . that IS bad news! Because THREE strokes and you're OUT! Har-de-har-har!

Oh, Booby! I really miss your warm, gay humor!

I gotta go back home, Layette! My Father's had two strokes an' he's very sick!

Take me with you!

Nothin' doin'! One look at you an' he'll have ANOTHER one! That'd kill him!

Is he havin' a temper tantrum because Layette is pregnant an' he can't bring himself to leave her?

&¢%\$## @! &¢%\$## @!

No, he's havin' a temper tantrum because the car dropped out—an' he can't start it!

Okay! You can come if you want to!

I sure am glad you changed your mind! I guess, down deep, you realized you really love me!

No, I realized it'll be a long trip and I'll need somebody to scream at, and abuse!

Hey, what's happening? Where are all you guys goin'? To work . . . ??

Man, like we don't work! We've all dropped out!

Yeah! Like we're all looking for something! I'm looking for America!

And I'm looking for truth!

And I'm looking for significance!

I'm looking for an honest man!

I'm looking for the Holy Grail!

I'm looking for broads!

Hey, Man! What are you two guys doin' on the road? You're over 30!

Listen, kid! Who do you think started these "Drop-Out-And-Hit-The-Road" pictures?!

Hi! Are you two looking for truth, significance, and America, too...?

No, Mac! We're looking for a ride!

Where you headed?

We're going to Alaska!

It's the last place on Earth that Man hasn't contaminated with his stinkin' crappy garbage! I saw a picture of it once, and it's clean and white and not polluted with Man-made junk and Man-made filth and Man-made crap!

Yeah, but that was before the "Big Bake"—when the sun came out and turned Alaska into a pile of mud!

I don't believe it!

Didn't you ever hear of BAKED ALASKA???

And it also ain't polluted with Man-made crappy jokes!!

I'll have a bowl of soup and a French roll!

You get two slices of white bread with a bowl of soup! No substitutions!

I see you serve Hero Sandwiches on French rolls!

That's right!

Okay! I'll have a Hero Sandwich with hard salami, soft salami, sausages, meat balls, provolone cheese, mustard, pickles and Kraft miniature marshmallows! Got that?

Yes, sir—gaakk! I've got it!

Okay... now HOLD the hard salami, the soft salami, the sausages, the meat balls, the provolone cheese, the mustard, the pickles and the Kraft miniature marshmallows... and just bring me the French roll!

Take it easy, will you, fella! This is my first day on the job! I used to be a Nuclear Physicist but I dropped out to find more meaningful employment!

Crap! That's all Man is involved in! Crap! Filth! Pollution! It stinks!

Okay! Out of the car! NOW!

Ah sure am glad you're getting rid of them, Booby! Is she making YOU sick, too?

I'll say! She's trying to do what I did in "Easy Rider"! She's doing a ten minute cameo bit, and she's stealing the picture!

You stay here at this motel! I'll go over to my father's house...

Le'me come with you?! Maybe I can be helpful!

I don't need your help! There'll be plenty of people there I can scream at, and abuse!



Welcome home, Booby...

Hi, Tedia! Gee, I hardly recognize Dad!

You mean because of the wheel-chair?!

No... because it's the first time I've seen him without his whip!

And brother Curl... Man, you sure look ridiculous in that neck brace! I'll bet you're a scream on the concert stage... trying to tuck your violin under your chin!

Ooooh, Booby! You're so mean to Curl!

I'm not bein' mean! I'm jus' tellin' it like it is! Hey... look at me! I got a broken neck! Don't I walk funny?!?

Giggle! I'm glad you came home, Booby! We don't get many laughs when you're not around!

It's a shame that a man of your obvious **SENSITIVE** nature gave up a career in music!



I'm Cathruin, your brother's fiancée and pupil!

What's he teachin' you...? How to be miserable?!

Booby, please play the piano for me!

That was just beautiful! Such warmth and inner feeling! Now you can make love to me!

Gee, this is the first time I ever scored with "Chopsticks"! Usually, I have to play sexy numbers like "When The Red-Red-Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along!"

I—I still can't get over your fantastic performance, Booby!

I'm not talking about the piano!

Heck, I did it better when I was 8-years-old!

Neither am I!



I got lonesome at the motel, Booby—that's why I came! I mean, I been at lots of motels... but never **ALONE!**

You're welcome to stay here!

Please pass the coffee!

Would you like it with cream?

No, I like it black!

Draw one—Hold the cow!!

What a colorful choice of words! Let me point out...

Don't you know it's rude to point, you ol' bag?! You're full of &¢%\$! You're **ALL** full of &¢%\$!!

I see Booby still has his temper tantrums!

This one's nuthin'! Sometimes he holds his breath till he turns blue!



What in  
heck is  
goin'  
**ON**  
here?!

What's it look like?! I never  
thought **YOU'D** object! Isn't  
scoring every chance you get  
part of your philosophy?!

Yeah, but  
this is  
**DIFFERENT!**  
She's my  
Sister!!

How come you're  
clobbering me  
when you're only  
a Male Nurse ...  
and I'm a rugged  
oil field rigger?!

I wasn't always a  
Male Nurse! I used  
to be in the music  
field, but I dropped  
out to find a more  
rewarding profession!

You were a  
musician?!

No, I was a  
piano mover!!

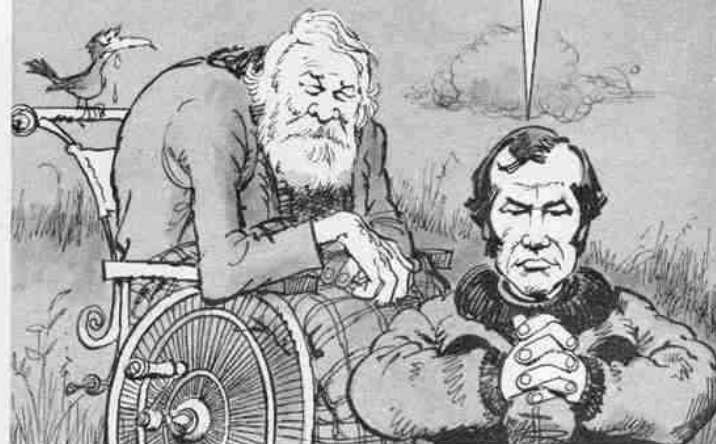
I'm  
sorry,  
Booby!  
I can't  
go away  
with you!

Why not? What can my brother offer you? Money?  
Security? Is that all you want out of life?  
Did you ever drink beer right out of the can?  
Or send out for pizza? Or bowl a strike? Were  
you ever pregnant ... and abandoned at a gas  
station? I can give you all of that!

There's something much more  
important, Booby! Something  
you just **CAN'T** give me!

What's that, Cathruin?  
Violin Lessons!!

Dad, I know you think I let you down! And maybe, by your  
old-fashioned, outmoded standards of success, I **AM** a  
failure! But, things have changed! Today, running away  
from responsibility and **DROPPING OUT** is what's **REALLY**  
**IMPORTANT!** So, in my own way, I've **MADE IT!** I'm a  
**SUCCESS** at being **UNSUCCESSFUL!** So long ... sniff-sniff!



Why, Booby, you're  
cryin'! That's so  
touchin'! I haven't  
seen you cry since  
you lost a **Monopoly**  
**Game!** You must really  
love your ol' Daddy!

It's not that! He  
just sat there like  
a vegetable! He  
reminded me of an  
onion ... and I  
**ALWAYS** cry when  
I'm around onions!

I sure  
am glad  
we're  
leavin'  
this  
place!

Why? Did you find the  
people pompous, stuffy,  
boring and overbearing  
... and the atmosphere  
deadly and oppressive?

Worse than that!  
I helped set the  
table and clear  
away the dishes,  
and nobody ever  
left me a **TIP!!**

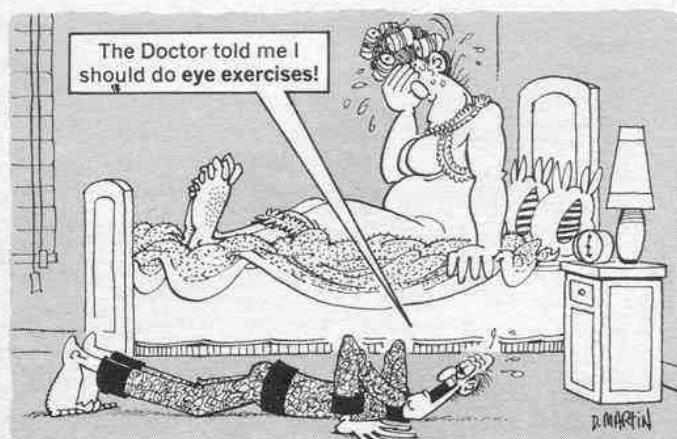
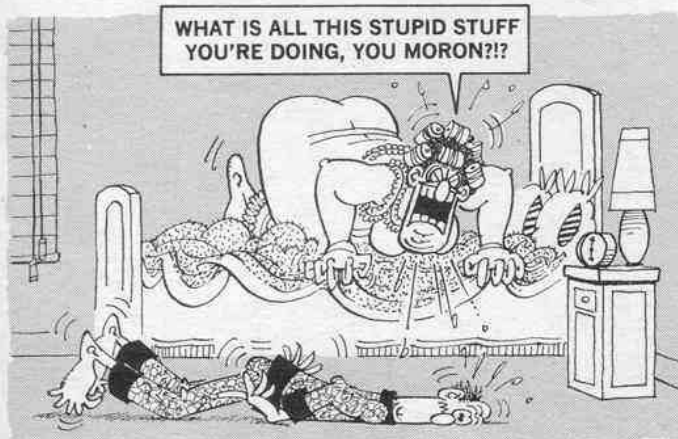
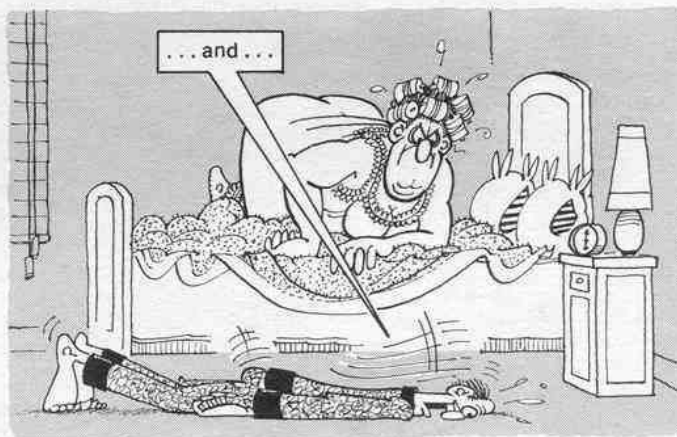
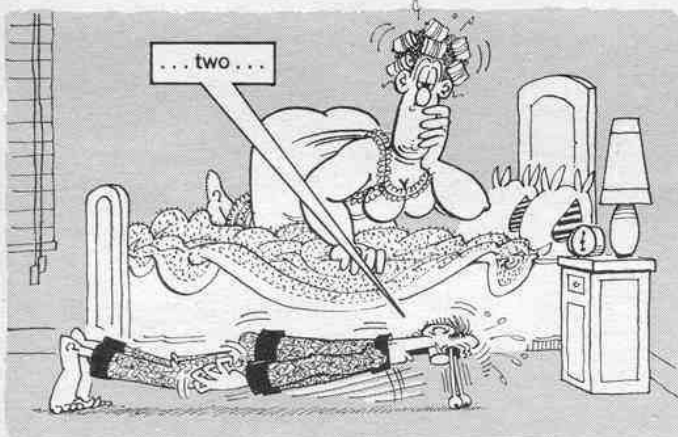
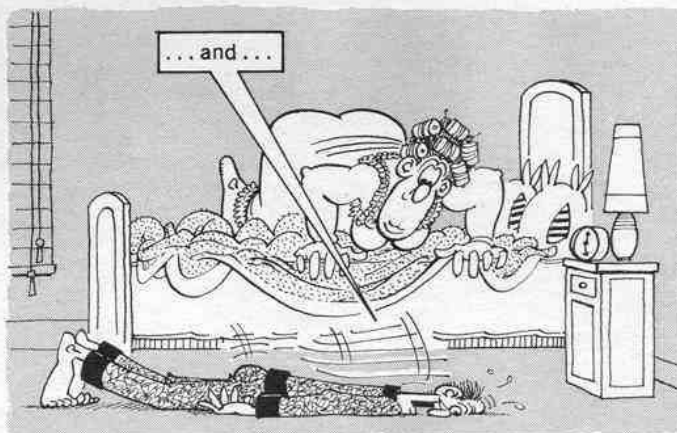
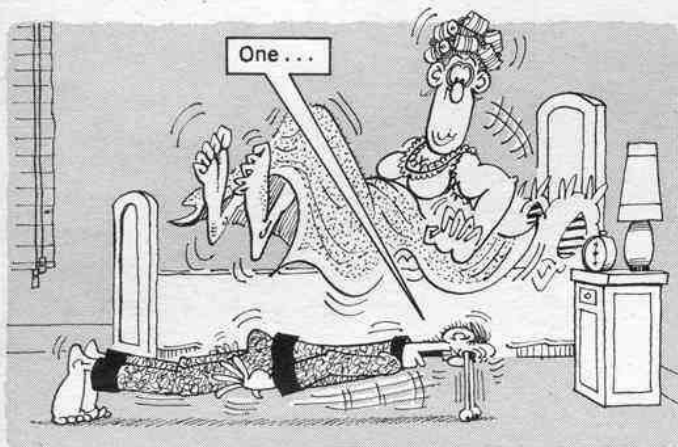
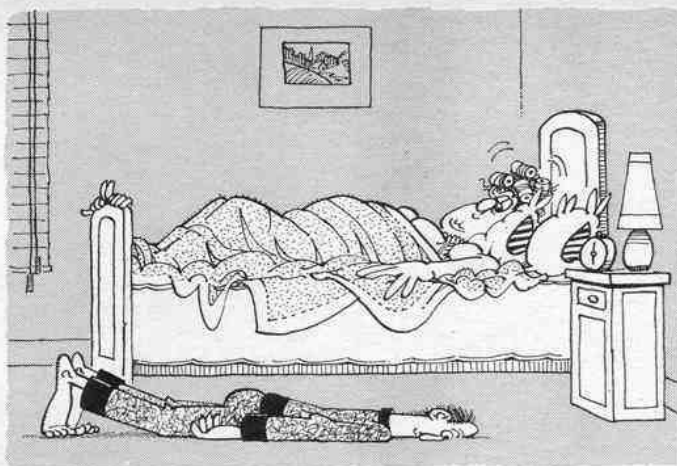
## EDITOR'S NOTE!

We apologize for not  
being able to show  
you our version of  
the exciting climax  
of this film ... but  
unfortunately, the  
writer and artist  
decided to drop out  
... and were last  
seen hitching a ride  
on a truck headed  
north into Canada.





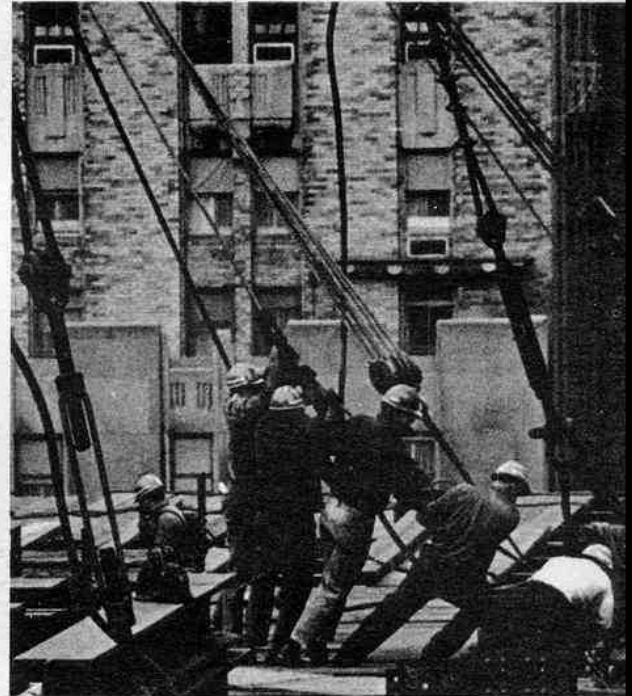
# VERY EARLY ONE MORNING



MALIGNANT GROWTH DEPT.

# A MAD LOOK AT

(Or "We've Come



From FLAG RAISERS . . . . .to FLAG WAVERS



From DECORATIONS . . . . .to DECLARATIONS



# THEN...AND NOW

A Long Way, Baby!")

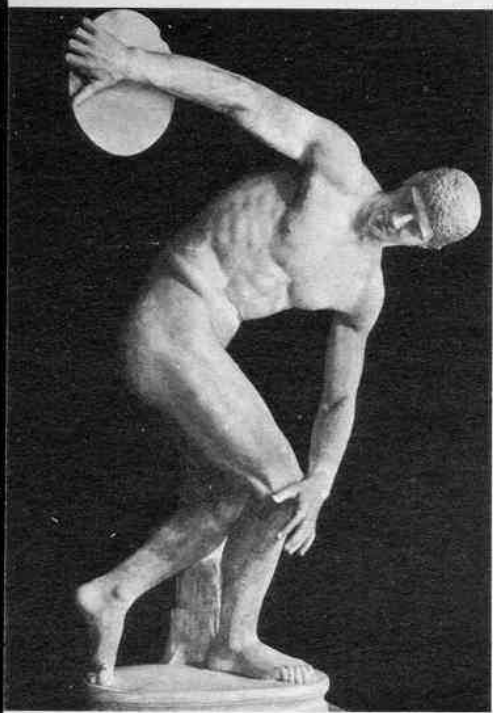
CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL



From THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE ... ..to THE FEMININE MISTAKE



From HERO ... ..to ZERO



From DISCUS THROWER ... ...to DISGUSTED THROWER



From PROPHET ...



From WAGON WHEELS ... ...to DRAGGIN' WHEELS



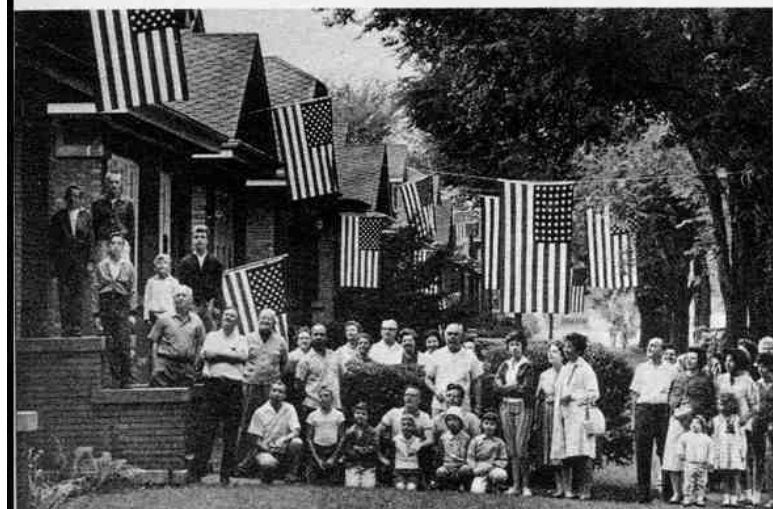
From OLD RUSSIAN ICONS ... ...to NEW SOVIET ICONS



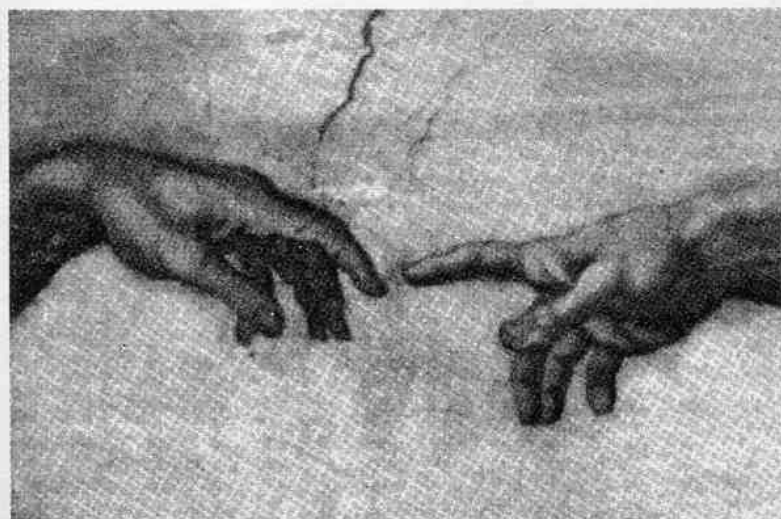


... to LOSS

From ADORATION ... ... to IMMOLATION



From DECORATION DAYS ... ... to DESECRATION DAYS



From THE CREATION OF MAN ... ... to THE DESTRUCTION OF MAN

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# BOAT

Do you realize that there are five oceans—covering 7/10ths of the Earth's surface! The Atlantic Ocean alone covers 31,530,000 square miles! And the Pacific covers 63,800,000 square miles!

Add to that all of the lakes, rivers and bays ... and it means that ¾ of the entire world is covered with water!

But just try to find a place to moor your boat!!



Now that we've got a new boat, we need a name for it! How about "The Wayfarer"?

Only a miserable little dumb runt like my husband could come up with such a name!

Well, then how about "The Wanderer"?

What did you do ... take a course in "Stupidity" and get all "A's"!!?

Listen, idiot! Remember me?! Lillian?! Your wife—who puts up with all your incompetence and bungling?! You **COULD** name the boat after ME!!

SA-A-Y! That's an idea!!



Every Spring, you spend weeks getting your boat ready for the Summer! You work on it like you were a common manual laborer!

That's true! But you must remember that my job is very taxing! I come home every night totally exhausted! THAT's why I have a boat ...!

It's my only relaxation!!





# ATTING



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Well! Fancy drifting into **YOU** out here in the middle of nowhere! I see you're still driving that old **Stink Pot**!!

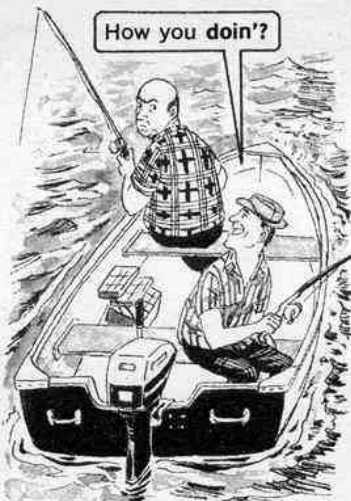
Don't knock it! I see you're nicely **BECALMED** in the middle of this nowhere!

Hah! And you dare to call my power boat a "Stink Pot"! Well, I don't have to rely on the fickle whims of the wind whether I go or not!

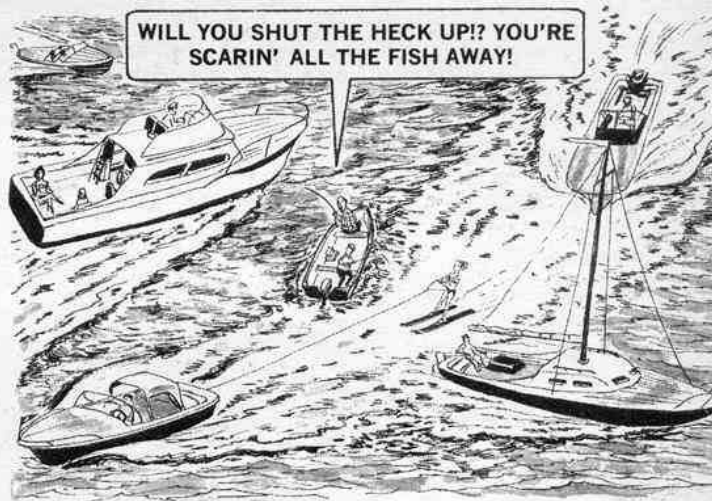
Okay! Okay! Don't rub it in! I admit defeat! Would you tow me in?

I'd love to . . .

But I'm out of gas!



How you doin'?



WILL YOU SHUT THE HECK UP!? YOU'RE SCARIN' ALL THE FISH AWAY!

I've been trying to attract Jeff Miller's attention for months . . . and I finally completed **Step 1**! I managed to wangle an invitation to a party aboard his yacht! Now comes **Step 2**—this Bikini I bought especially for the occasion! If this doesn't do it, nothing will!

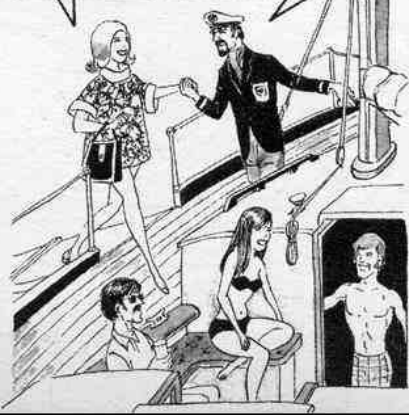
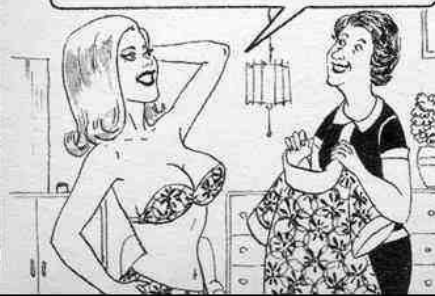
Thanks for inviting me, Mr. Miller!

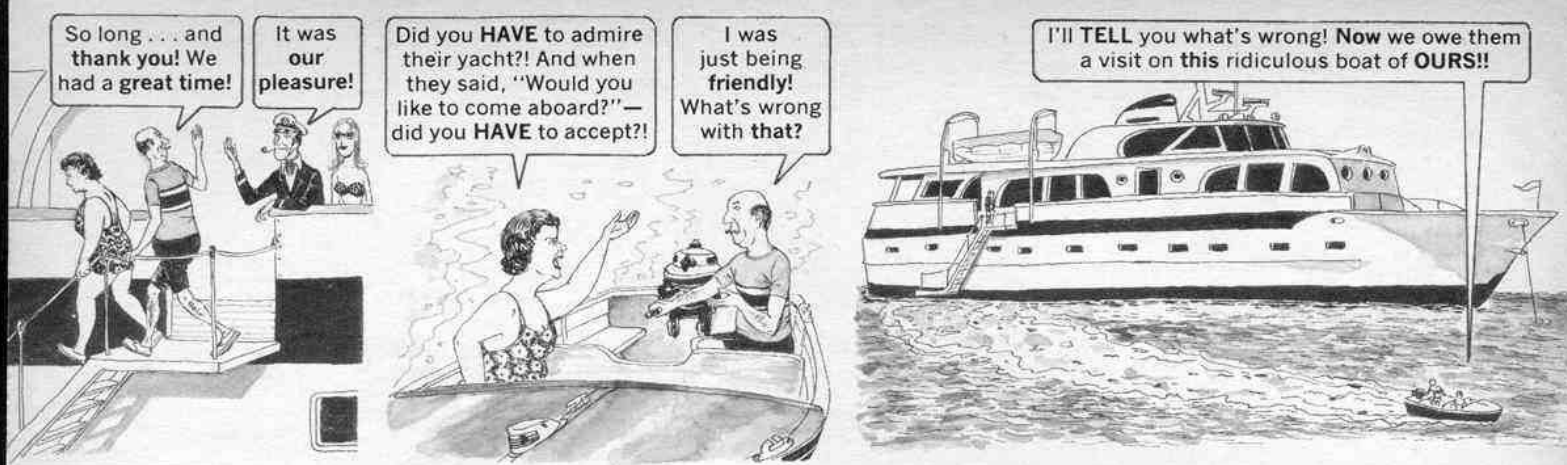
My pleasure, Miss Fleegle! Welcome aboard!

It's going to be rough today! Can you swim?

No, I can't!

Then you'd better wear this!





So long ... and thank you! We had a great time!

It was our pleasure!

Did you **HAVE** to admire their yacht?! And when they said, "Would you like to come aboard?" — did you **HAVE** to accept?!

I was just being friendly! What's wrong with that?

I'll **TELL** you what's wrong! Now we owe them a visit on this ridiculous boat of **OURS**!!



So long, Mom! I'm leaving now to spend the day on Norman's boat!

Hey, did you take your pill?

**PILL?!?**  
Oh, my God!!

What kind of wild orgies do you have on that boat of yours?!

Oh, Mother! Not that kind of pill! You've got a **dirty mind**! Norman is talking about an anti-sea-sickness pill!

But thanks for reminding me!!

Well, that's a relief!!



Boy, look at the McGillas down there! They bought a boat, but they **never** take it out! They just lie around on the deck and sun themselves! And do you know how much that boat costs? Twenty-five thousand dollars!!

Really?! Twenty-five thousand dollars?!

That's a pretty expensive **BEACH CHAIR**!!

Let's face it! One of the reasons we buy bigger and bigger boats is to impress our boating friends!



C'mon, Honey! Get up here on the side and help me trim the boat!

Hey! I'm getting wet from the spray! I'm getting down!

You better stay here or we'll capsize!

Capsize, shmaphsize! It's better than getting wet!

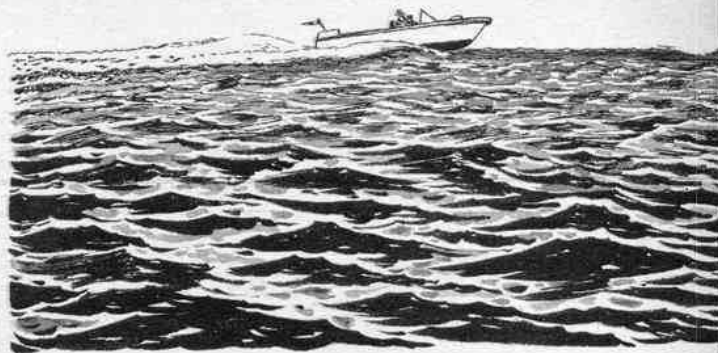




Here we go again!

Bail, bail, bail! That's all I ever do on this boat!

Where in heck does all the water COME from?!



Just a minute while I shoot the sun with my sextant...

Okay! Got it!

Now let me check the charts! Hmmm! Ah—there it is!!

I've got it!

You've got what?

I've charted our location and I know exactly where we are... on the button!

... THE NEW ROCHELLE MUNICIPAL YACHT CLUB!!



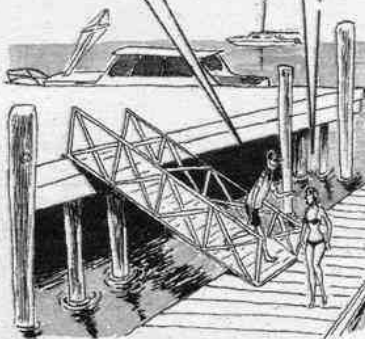
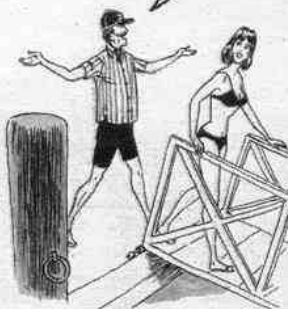
And one of the gimmicks we use to let people know we've moved up to a bigger boat is to keep the same name but put a number after it!

My first boat, "The Rover," cost me \$7000! But compared to the others, it was a dink! So I moved up to "Rover II"! That one cost me \$14,000!

The following year, I bought "Rover III" for \$21,000! And now... this year—

I know! You bought "Rover IV"!

Except that I decided to give it another name! This year, I decided to call a spade a spade!



Look at those nuts! They're waving at us like crazy!

Oh, that! It's sort of an unwritten law of the sea! When two boats pass, everybody waves at each other!

Well, in that case—

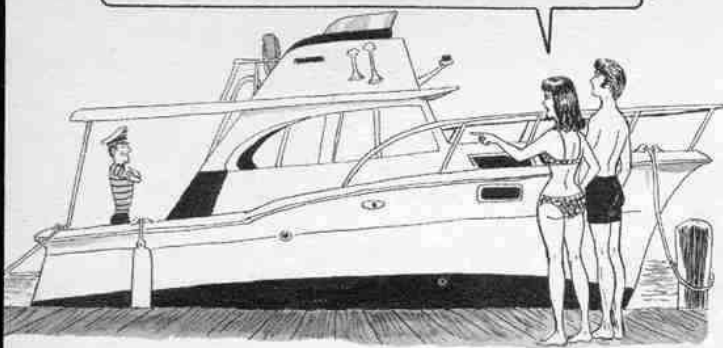
HI, THERE!!

Arnold! They're not stopping! !

YOU STUPID IDIOTS! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE SINKING?!!



Oh, wow! Look at Roger Kaputnik, there! When he told me he'd bought a boat, I imagined it was a little nothing runabout! But look at that! Wow!



So there you are! I was worried sick about you! I was just about to call all the hospitals! Where were you all this time?

You **KNOW** where I was! Taking my Power Squadron course in "Navigation"! Today was Graduation Day!

So . . . how long does it take to graduate from Navigation School?

N-not very long! But traveling was time-consuming!

The school isn't **THAT** far away!!

I got lost!



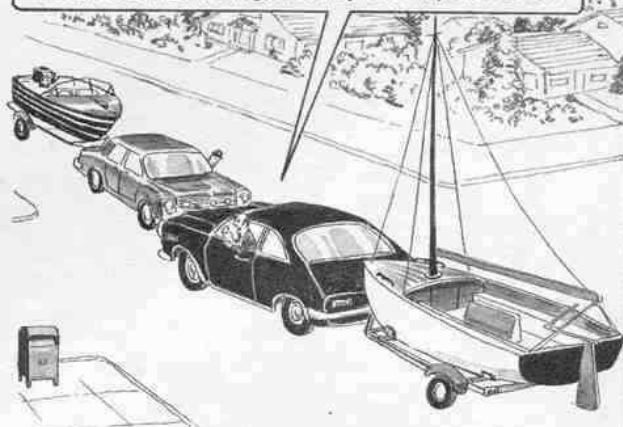
Why don't you watch where you're going, you idiot?!

I have the right of way!

The **HELL** you do!!

It says so right here in the regulations!

"A sail boat has the right of way over a power boat!"



Rita! Guess what! The Yacht Club finally accepted me!

That's great, Norman, but—

After years of having my name on a waiting list—and after three members vouched for me—and after I was thoroughly investigated, I made it!!

That's great, Norman—but the Membership Fees are so high!! Where did you get the money?

Don't worry! I managed to raise the dough!

**HOW!?**

I sold our boat!





### CHEWING GLUM DEPT.

Nowadays, everything is crooked! Politics is crooked, Real Estate is crooked, Religion is crooked, the TV Repair business is crooked, the Auto Repair business is crooked, etc. Well, we've found one thing that's more crooked than all the rest, and nobody seems to say much about it! So, knowing full well that we may be taking our lives in our hands, the Editors of MAD fearlessly expose... *Crooked Teeth*... with

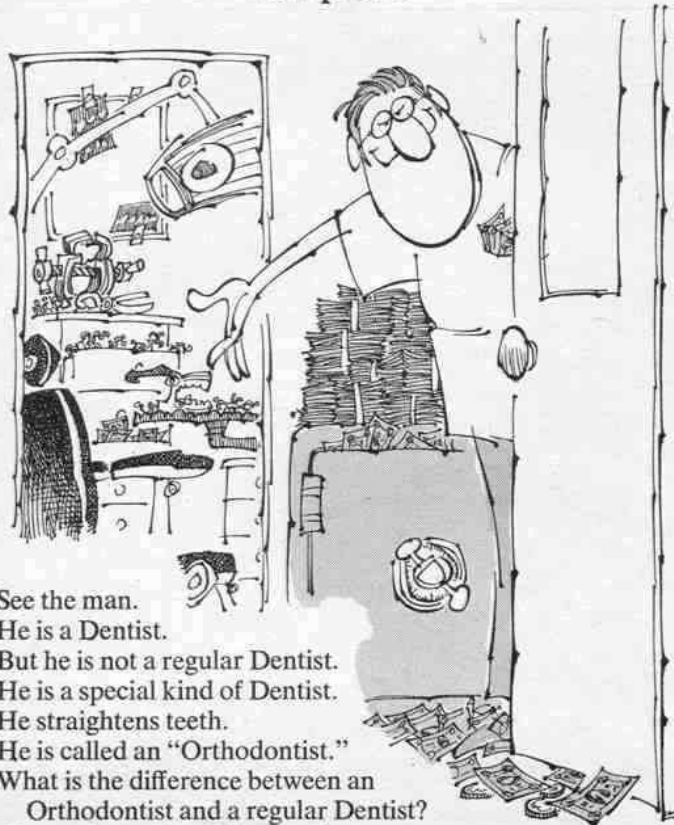
# THE MAD ORTHODONTIA PRIMER



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

## Chapter 1



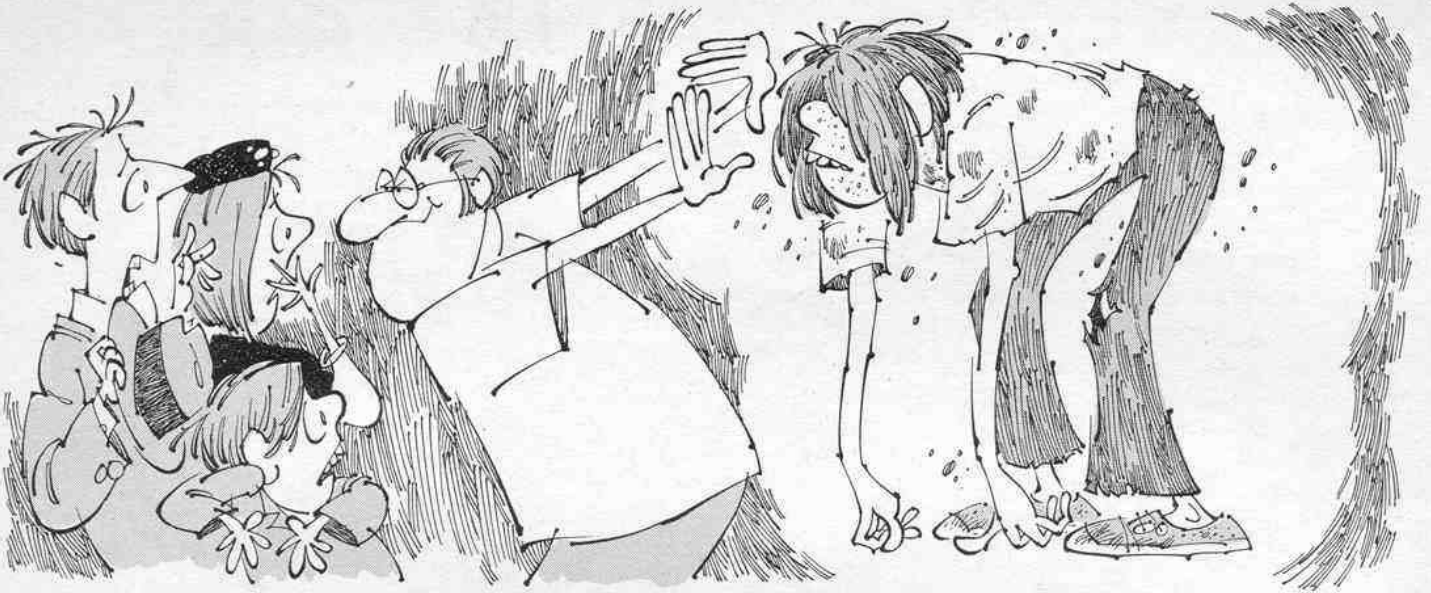
See the man.  
He is a Dentist.  
But he is not a regular Dentist.  
He is a special kind of Dentist.  
He straightens teeth.  
He is called an "Orthodontist."  
What is the difference between an  
Orthodontist and a regular Dentist?  
Oh... about \$25,000 a year!

## Chapter 2



See the boy.  
See the funny way his teeth stick out of his mouth.  
His parents have brought him to the Orthodontist  
To see if anything can be done.  
The Orthodontist has a name for this condition.  
He tells the parents he has found a "malocclusion."  
The Orthodontist has another name for this condition.  
He tells himself he has found a "gold mine."

### Chapter 3



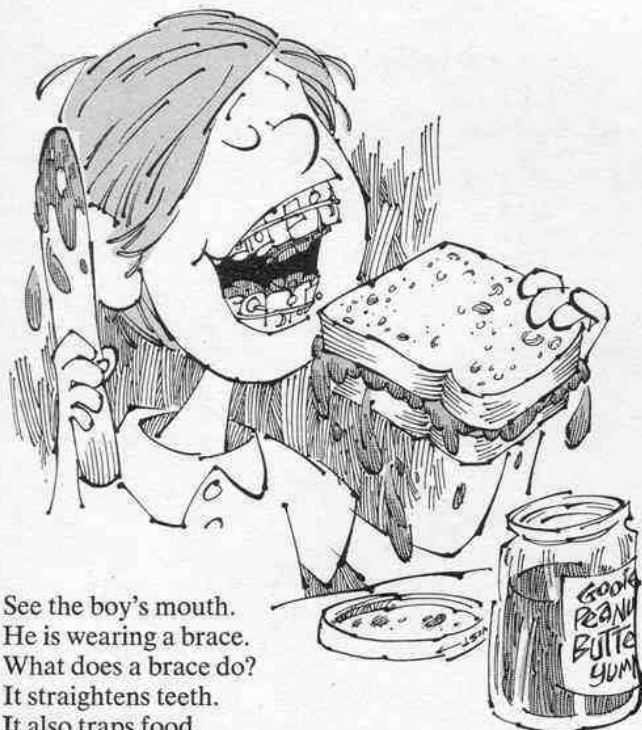
See the parents.  
They are very uncertain.  
They do not know if they want to spend a fortune  
to have the boy's teeth straightened.  
But the Orthodontist is very helpful.  
"Can you picture your son as a teenager?" he asks.  
The parents picture their son as a teenager.

They see him in faded torn jeans and a dirty undershirt.  
They see him with long, wild hair hanging over his face.  
They see his face covered with pimples.  
"Yes, we can picture our son as a teenager," they say.  
"Now . . . why should we have his teeth straightened?"  
"Because if you don't," says the Orthodontist,  
"He will grow up to be ugly!"



### Chapter 4

### Chapter 5



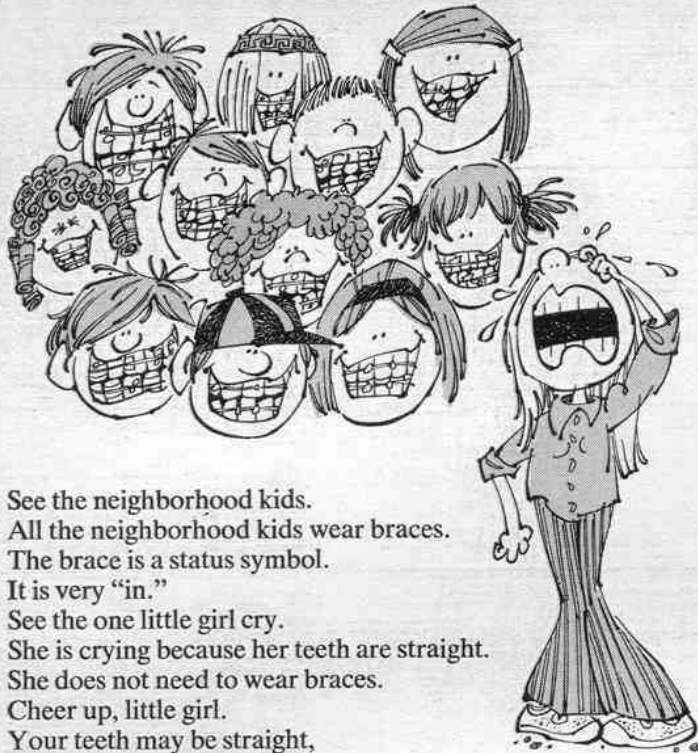
See the boy's mouth.  
He is wearing a brace.  
What does a brace do?  
It straightens teeth.  
It also traps food.  
The boy will wear the brace for two years.  
Tonight, he will eat a sandwich.  
The boy will also wear peanut butter for two years.



See the boy.  
What is he wearing now?  
It is called a "night brace."  
It fits over two wire hooks  
Over two wire coils  
Over his regular wire brace.  
The boy's parents are going out for the evening.  
They are leaving him two emergency telephone numbers.  
The family doctor . . .  
And the family electrician.



## Chapter 6



See the neighborhood kids.  
All the neighborhood kids wear braces.  
The brace is a status symbol.  
It is very "in."  
See the one little girl cry.  
She is crying because her teeth are straight.  
She does not need to wear braces.  
Cheer up, little girl.  
Your teeth may be straight,  
But your eyes are crooked!  
Perhaps you will soon wear mod, wire-framed Granny glasses.  
The Good Lord willing.

## Chapter 7



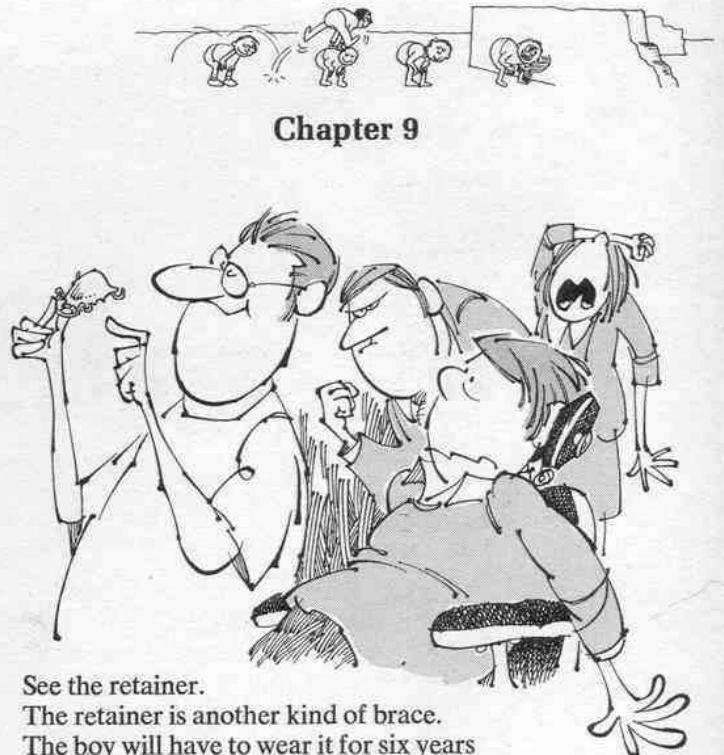
The two years are up.  
See the boy's teeth now.  
They are all straight.  
See the boy and his family walking to the Orthodontist  
For the last time.  
The Orthodontist will take off the boy's brace.  
Why is the family walking to the Orthodontist?  
Why don't they ride in the father's nice Buick?  
Because the father doesn't have his nice Buick anymore.  
He had to sell it to pay for the boy's braces.

## Chapter 8



See the Orthodontist.  
He is removing the boy's brace.  
The boy will never have to wear a brace again.  
Ever.  
The boy is happy.  
The boy's family is happy.  
Poor, but happy.  
However . . .  
To make sure his teeth remain straight,  
The Orthodontist announces  
That the boy will have to wear a retainer.

## Chapter 9



See the retainer.  
The retainer is another kind of brace.  
The boy will have to wear it for six years  
To insure the permanent effect of the first brace.  
Isn't that nice?  
Of course, there will be a slight charge for the retainer . . .  
Plus for each visit over the next six years.  
Isn't *that* nice?  
In one minute, the Orthodontist will have crooked teeth.  
He will call it a "malocclusion."  
The boy's father will call it "a punch in the mouth."

# THAT SINKIN

MARCH 5th, 1968

I pledge to you the new leadership will end the war and win the peace.



MAY 15th, 1969

Abandoning the South Vietnamese people would jeopardize more than lives in South Vietnam. It would threaten our long-term hopes for peace in the world.

Let me be quite blunt. Our fighting men are not going to be worn down. Our mediators are not going to be talked down. And our allies are not going to be let down.



MARCH 6th, 1970.

Our goal in Laos has been and continues to be to reduce American involvement and not to increase it, to bring peace . . . and not to prolong the war.

The levels of our assistance has risen in response to the growth of North Vietnamese activities.

As Commander-In-Chief of our armed forces, I consider it my responsibility to use air power to interdict the flow of troops and supplies across Laotian territory on the Ho Chi Minh trail.





# IG FEELING...

IDEA: MAX BRANDEL

RESEARCH: FRANK JACOBS

WRITER: RICHARD M. NIXON

APRIL 30th, 1970

JANUARY 5th, 1971

FEBRUARY 25th, 1971

In cooperation with the armed forces of South Vietnam, attacks are being launched this week to clean out major enemy sanctuaries on the Cambodian-Vietnam border.

This is not an invasion of Cambodia. Our purpose is not to occupy the areas. Once enemy forces are driven out of these sanctuaries and once their military supplies are destroyed, we will withdraw.

We take this action, not for the purpose of expanding the war into Cambodia, but for the purpose of ending the war in Vietnam and winning the just peace we all desire.

I have no desire to resume the bombing of North Vietnam. We do not want to go back to the bombing of the strategic targets in North Vietnam, and we do not want, even, to bomb military targets unless it becomes necessary to do so—and this is the key point—to protect American forces . . .

Now the President of the United States as Commander-In-Chief owes a responsibility to those men to see that they are not subjected to an overwhelming attack from the north . . .

That's why we must continue reconnaissance. And that is why, also, if the enemy at a time when we are trying to de-escalate, starts to build up its infiltration, starts moving troops and supplies, then I as Commander-In-Chief will have to order bombing strikes on those key areas.

Hanoi has made the war an Indochina conflict. In South Vietnam there are some 100,000 North Vietnamese troops. In Laos there are 90,000. In Cambodia there are over 50,000 North Vietnamese and Vietcong. These troops challenge the legitimate governments of Laos and Cambodia . . .

But our immediate concern is that North Vietnam uses them as springboards for assaults on a country where we have a firm commitment, have invested lives, treasure and prestige, and have Americans to protect as we progressively withdraw.

Furthermore, if Hanoi were to gain control of Laos and Cambodia, a large portion of the more than 140,000 Communist troops now engaged in these countries would be freed to fight in South Vietnam. To date, Hanoi has rejected diplomacy and spread the conflict.

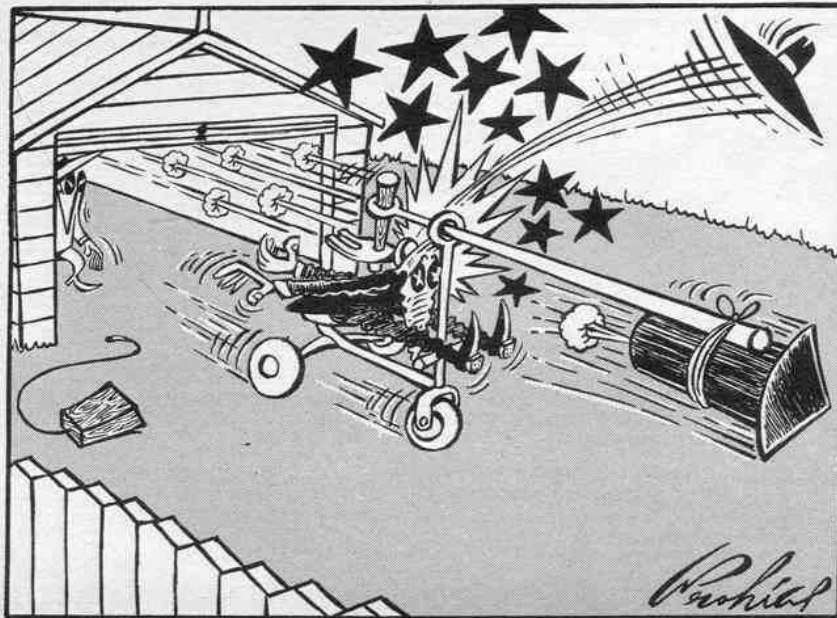
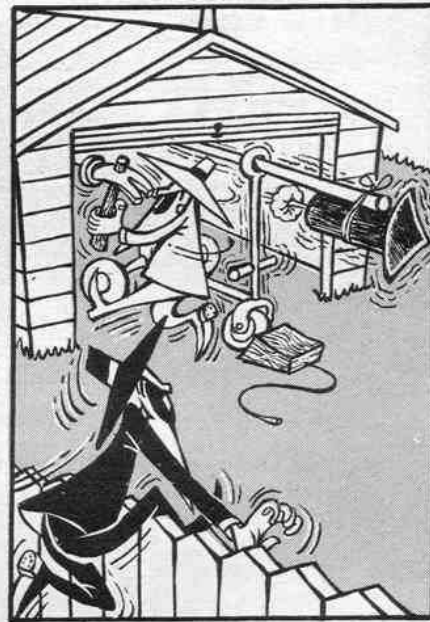
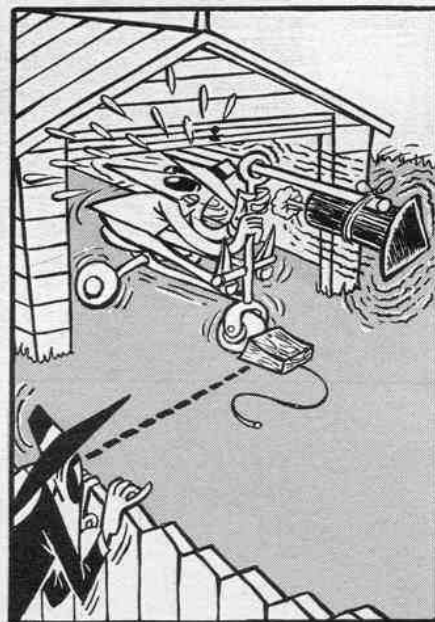
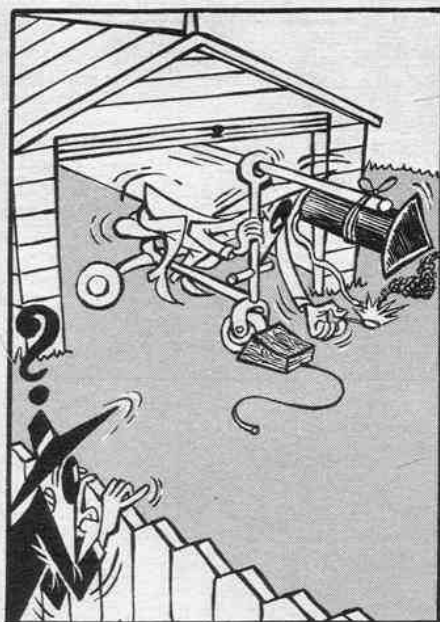
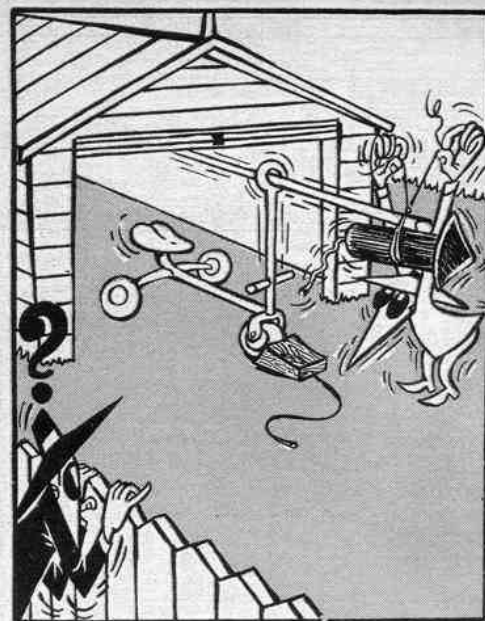
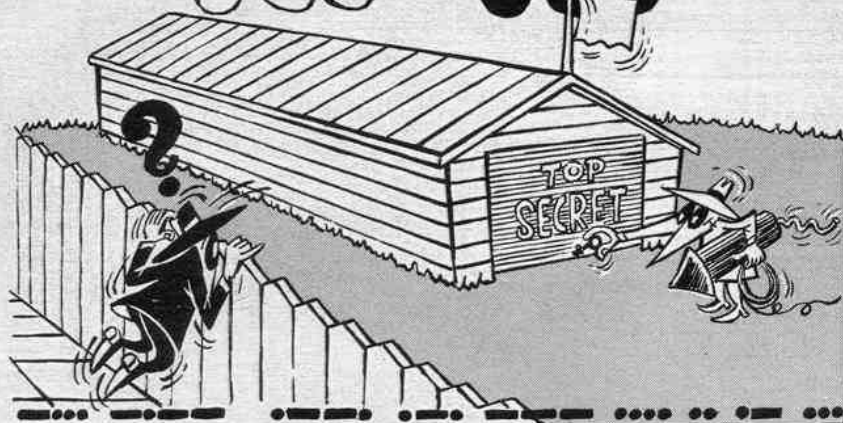
The Laos Government for many years, and the Cambodian Government this year, have turned to us and others for assistance . . .

If winding down the war is my greatest satisfaction in foreign policy, the failure to end it is my deepest disappointment.

PHOTO BY U.P.I.

Source for all quotes: "The New York Times"

# SPY VS SPY



*Prokier*





Okay, gang, here we go with another fearless probe into the reliability of statements we read in the newspapers...these from the pages of the Sports Section. Mainly, here we go with a MAD look at...

# WHAT COACHES SAY...

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

IN PUBLIC...

AND...

IN PRIVATE...

He loves to challenge the pitchers by crowding the plate!

The only way he can get on base is by being beaned!

I don't care how long his hair is! I'm only interested in how he hits the ball!

He's nothing but a troublemaker, and I'd trade him in a minute, but nobody wants him!

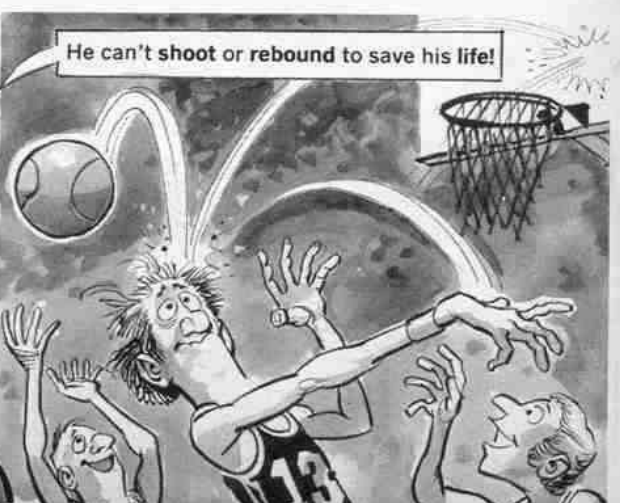
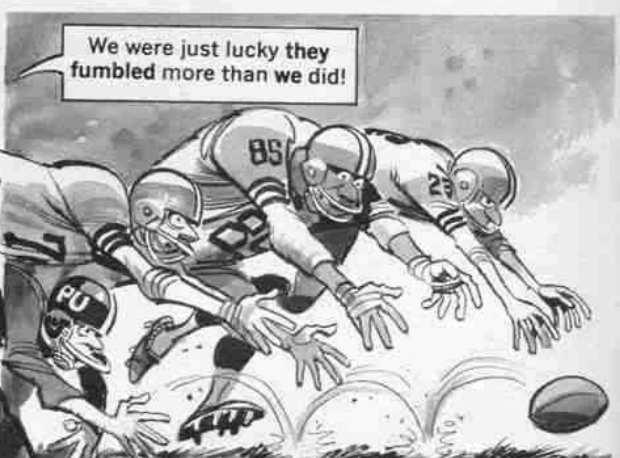
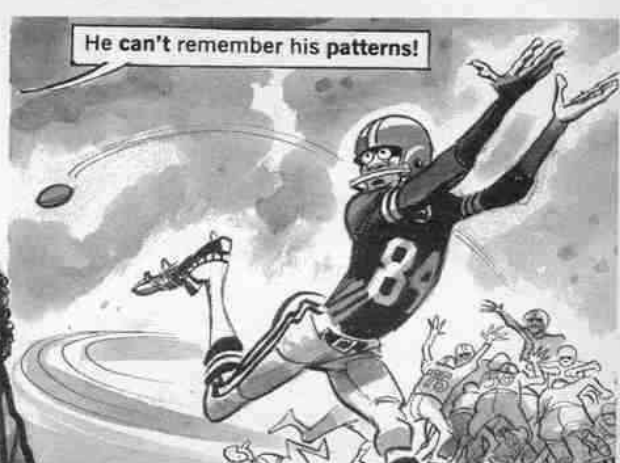
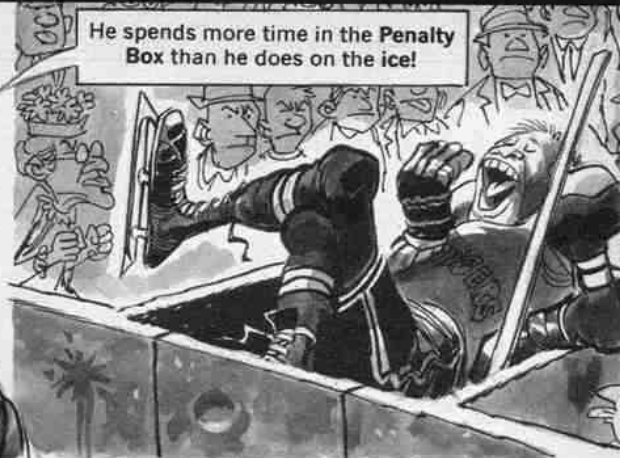
He uses his whole body every time he blocks the puck!

He can't stay on his feet!

IN PUBLIC...

AND...

IN PRIVATE...





**IN PUBLIC...**

**AND...**

**IN PRIVATE...**

The kid's got ambition and drive!



He's got no coordination!



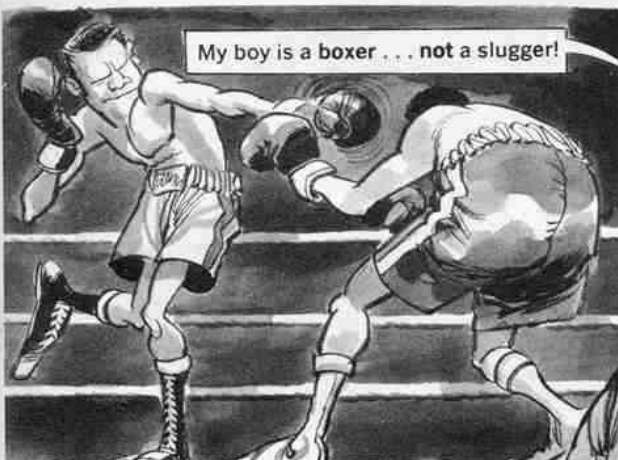
We want an immediate re-match!



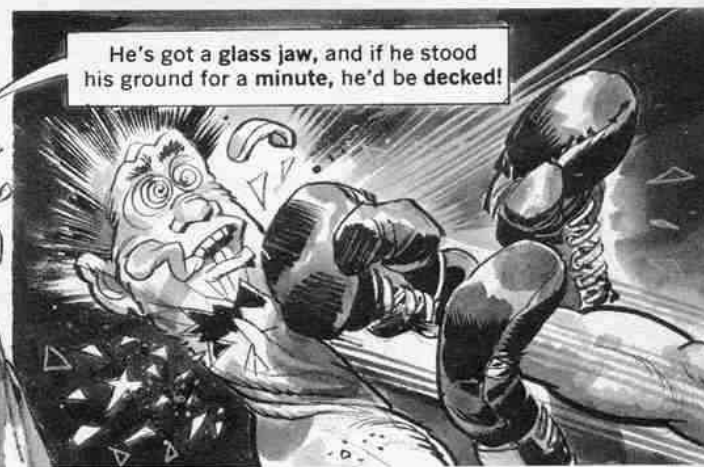
He'll be thirty-eight next year! He won't be able to climb into the ring soon!



My boy is a boxer . . . not a slugger!



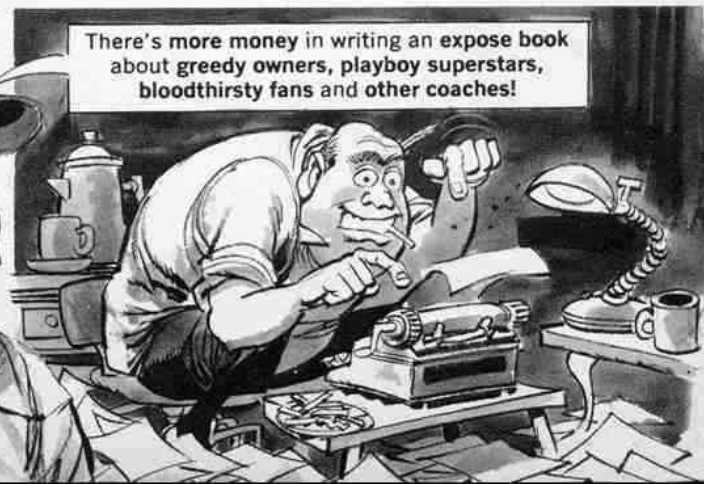
He's got a glass jaw, and if he stood his ground for a minute, he'd be decked!



This is my last season! I'm retiring from Pro Sports!



There's more money in writing an expose book about greedy owners, playboy superstars, bloodthirsty fans and other coaches!



**WOW "NOW" CARDS DEPT.**

There's a revolution going on and it's not being fought in the jungles of Asia or the mountains of South America. It's being fought in college dormitories, ski lodges, motels, summer resorts, drive-in movies and in

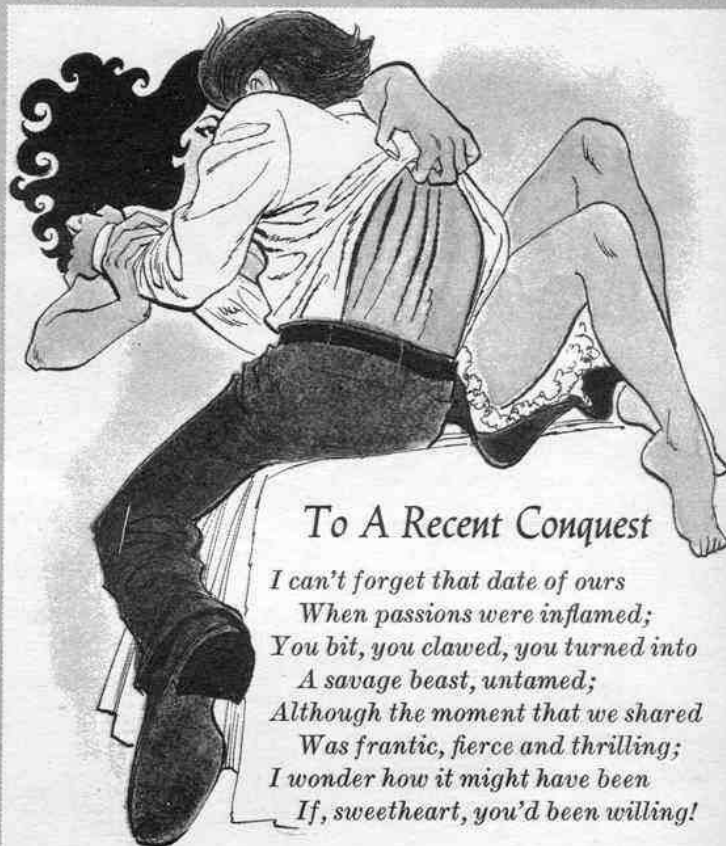
# GREETING CARDS FOR T

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

## To A Very Special Girl



No other chick can match you, kid,  
For sensual desire;  
Like, wow, you really know the ways  
To set a guy on fire;  
In gratitude for all those nights  
This card is sent with joy  
From Marvin, Danny, Harold, Bill,  
Sylvester, Fred and Roy!



## To A Recent Conquest

*I can't forget that date of ours  
When passions were inflamed;  
You bit, you clawed, you turned into  
A savage beast, untamed;  
Although the moment that we shared  
Was frantic, fierce and thrilling;  
I wonder how it might have been  
If, sweetheart, you'd been willing!*

## To A Sex Fetishist

You wear long boots with pointed heels—  
They're good for getting kicks;  
Your rumpus room is full of whips—  
They're great for swinging chicks;  
Your weirdo chums wear leather gear  
And chain you to a chair;  
What fun to have a hobby that  
Your friends and you can share!







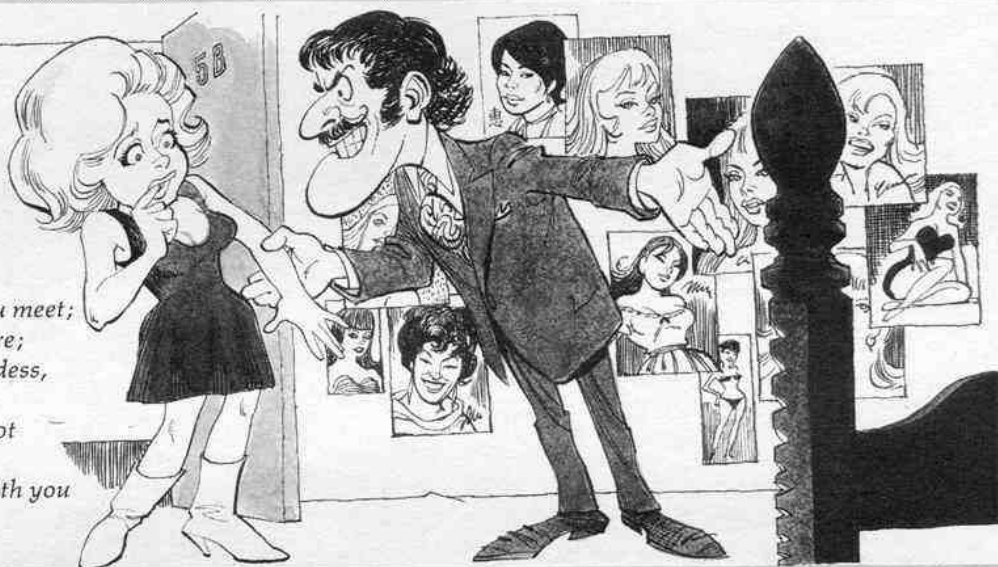
homes all over America. In case you're out of it, we're talking about the Sexual Revolution. Let us, therefore, salute the valiant fighters in this intimate struggle as we here at MAD — yes, MAD — present . . .

# THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

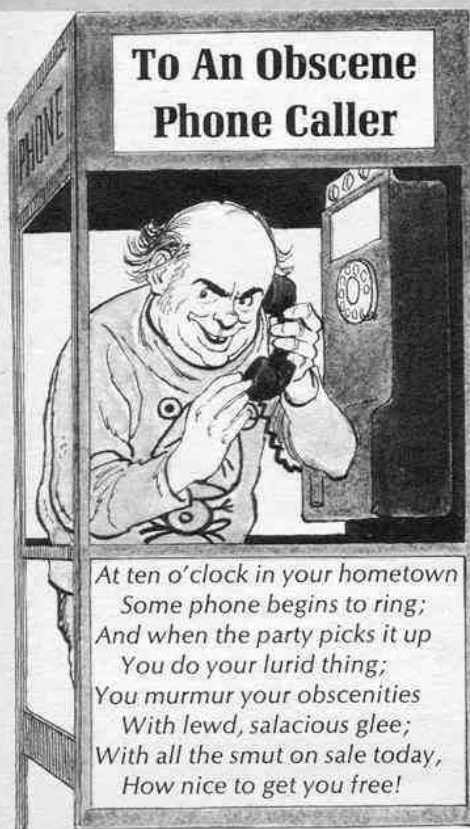
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## To A Make-Out Artist

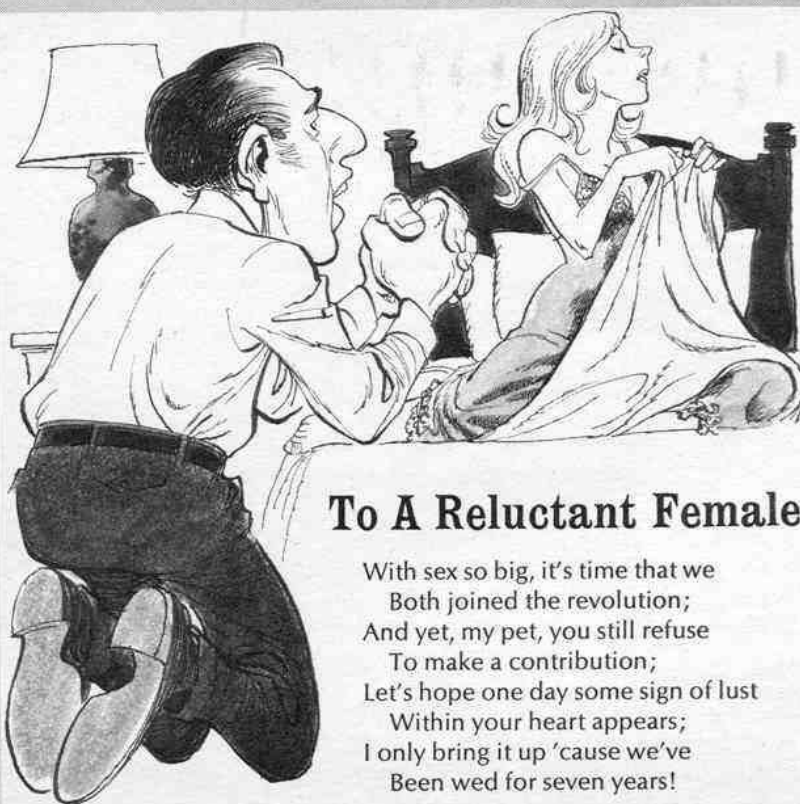
*You swing with every chick you meet;  
You're just a sex-mad creature;  
This week you've had a stewardess,  
Three stenos and a teacher;  
On every date you've always got  
A brand-new girl in hand;  
Perhaps it's 'cause one night with you  
Is all that they can stand!*



## To An Obscene Phone Caller

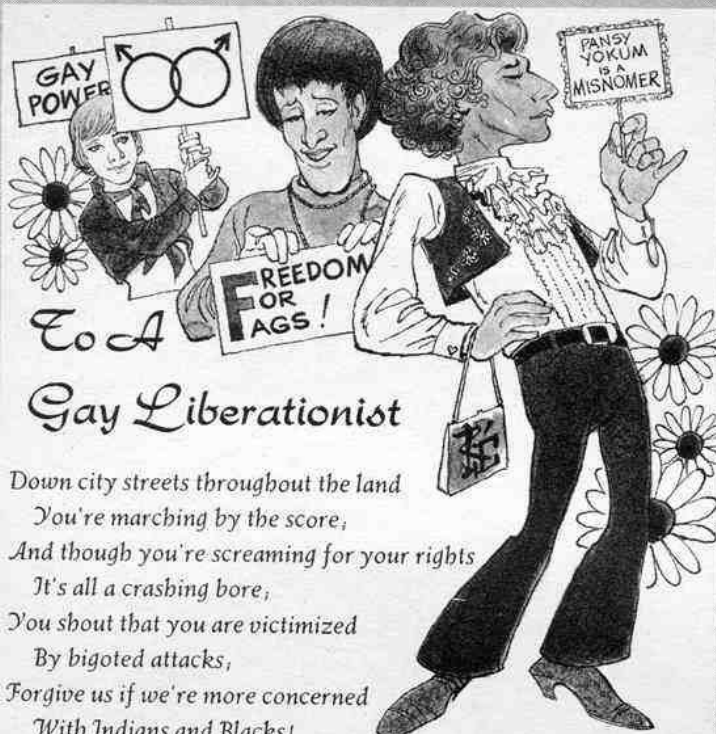


*At ten o'clock in your hometown  
Some phone begins to ring;  
And when the party picks it up  
You do your lurid thing;  
You murmur your obscenities  
With lewd, salacious glee;  
With all the smut on sale today,  
How nice to get you free!*



## To A Reluctant Female

*With sex so big, it's time that we  
Both joined the revolution;  
And yet, my pet, you still refuse  
To make a contribution;  
Let's hope one day some sign of lust  
Within your heart appears;  
I only bring it up 'cause we've  
Been wed for seven years!*



## To A Gay Liberationist

Down city streets throughout the land  
You're marching by the score,  
And though you're screaming for your rights  
It's all a crashing bore,  
You shout that you are victimized  
By bigoted attacks,  
Forgive us if we're more concerned  
With Indians and Blacks!

## To A Producer Of Skin Flicks



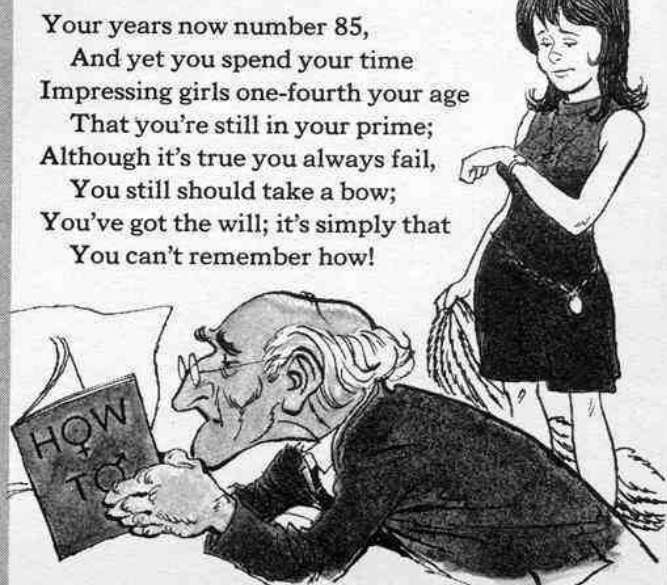
Each picture that you make is like  
A sexual excursion—  
With mixed-up nymphos, orgies  
And a plot of sick perversion;  
You should get wise that folks today  
Don't think your films are groovy;  
With sex in real-life like it is,  
Who needs a dirty movie?



## To A First Love

You cry out with the lust of youth  
And, sweetheart, so do I;  
The heartfelt yearnings that we feel  
We simply can't deny;  
And yet, despite the joy we seek,  
We know that we must wait;  
Perhaps next year we'll make the scene  
When both of us turn eight!

## To An Ancient Lover



Your years now number 85,  
And yet you spend your time  
Impressing girls one-fourth your age  
That you're still in your prime;  
Although it's true you always fail,  
You still should take a bow;  
You've got the will; it's simply that  
You can't remember how!





MAJOR HAWKS

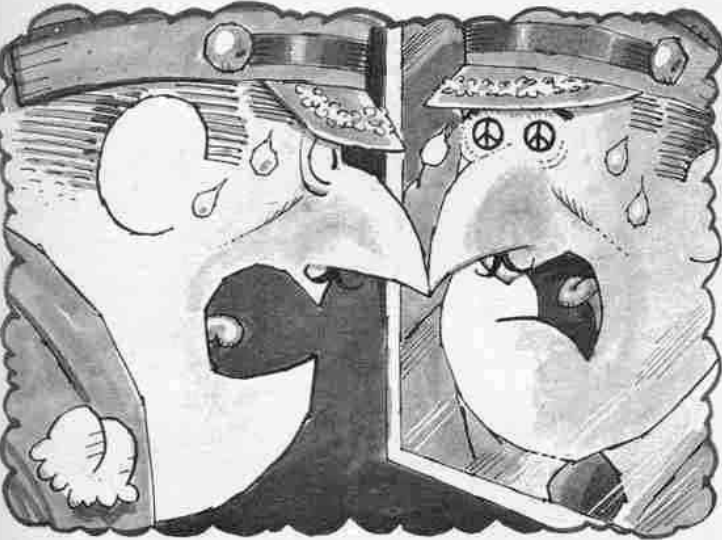
# HAWKS & DOVES



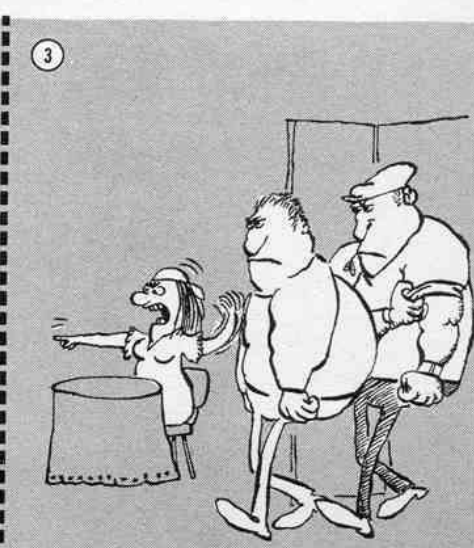
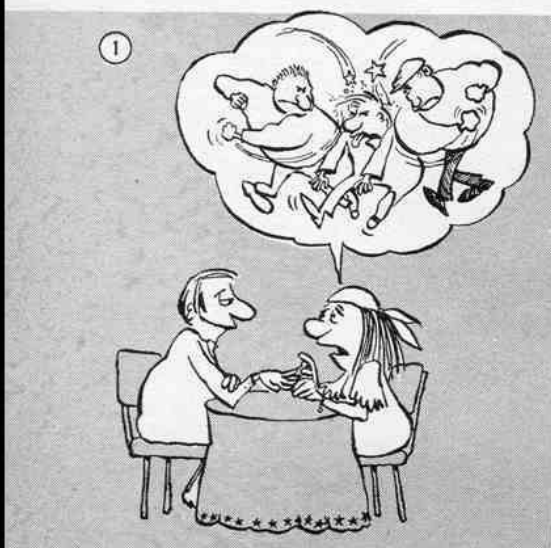
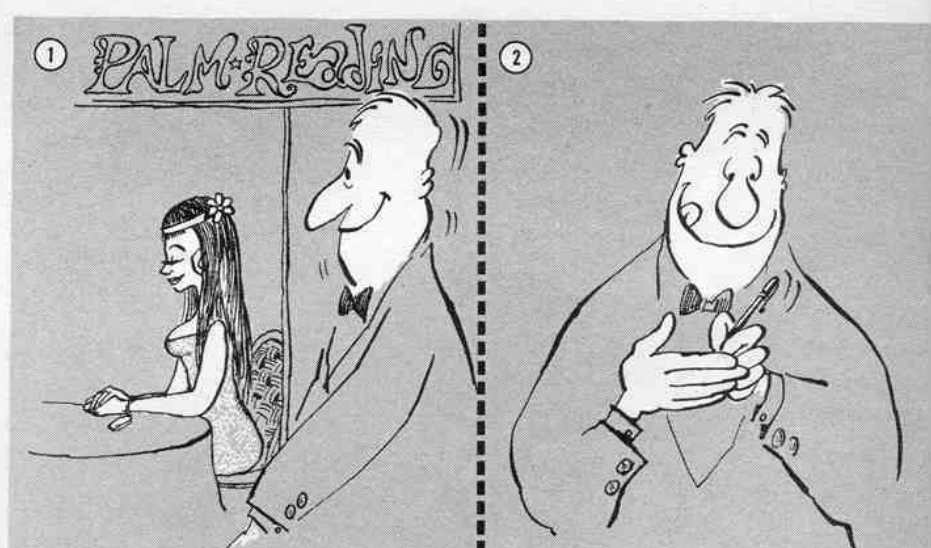
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES

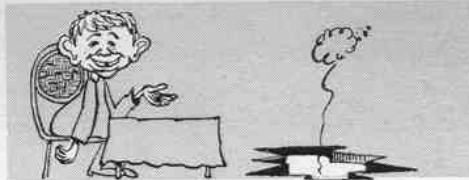


# A MAD LOOK AT PAL

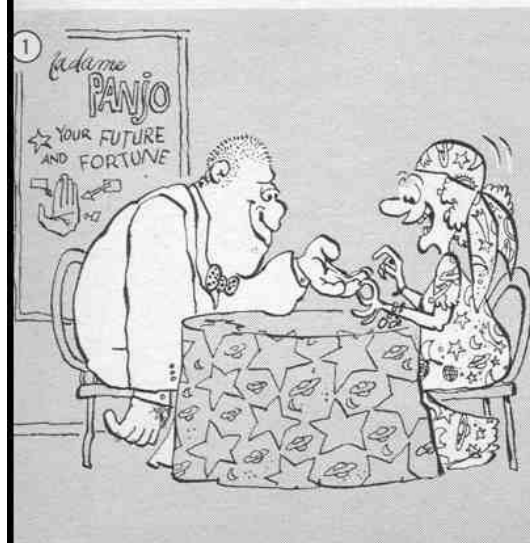


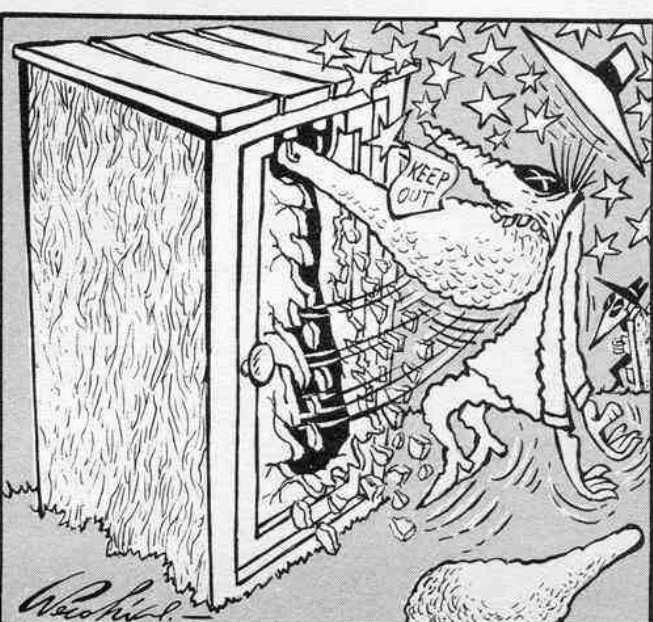
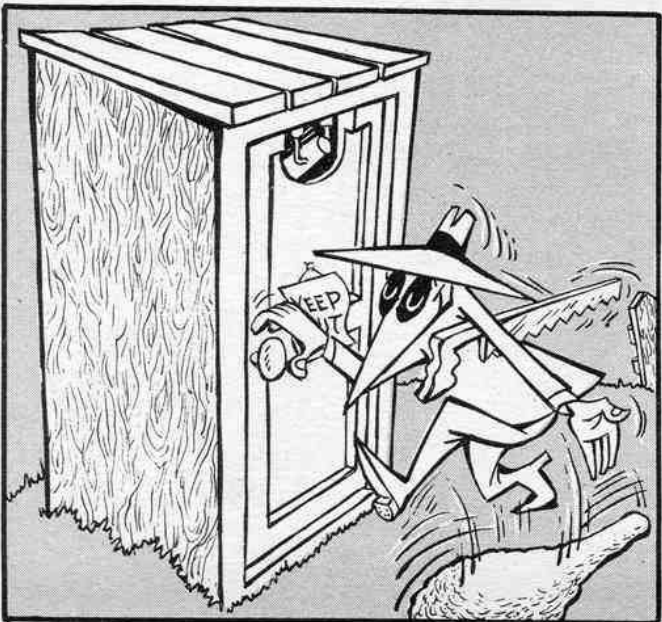
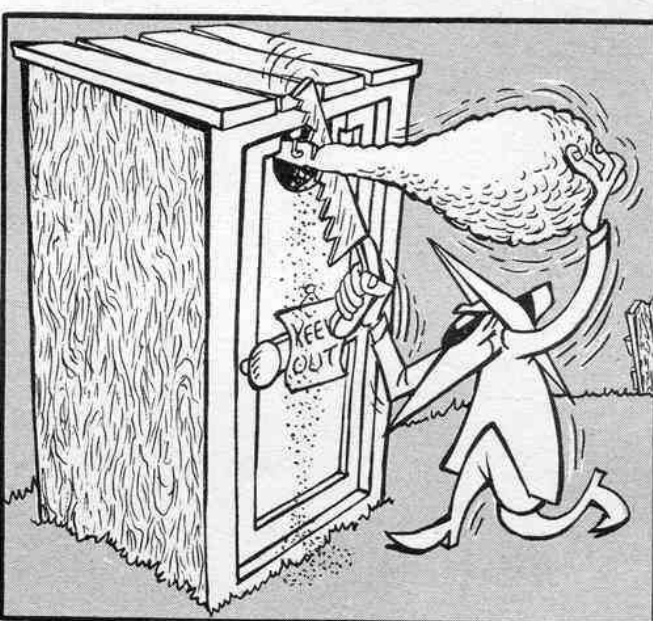
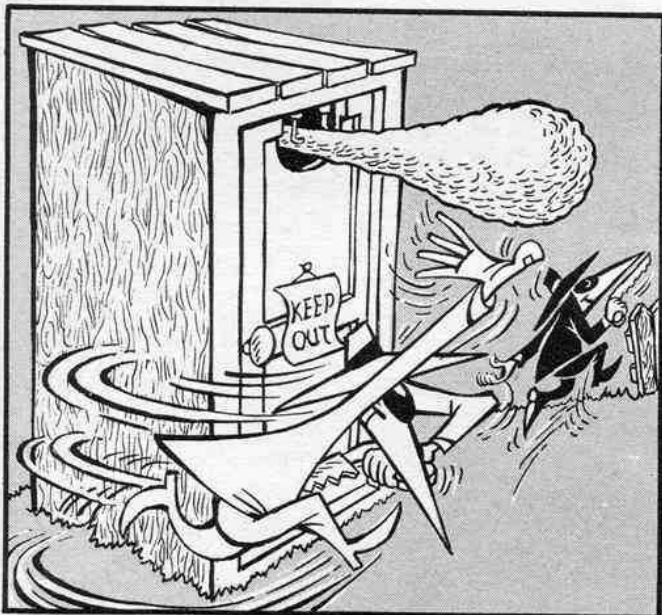
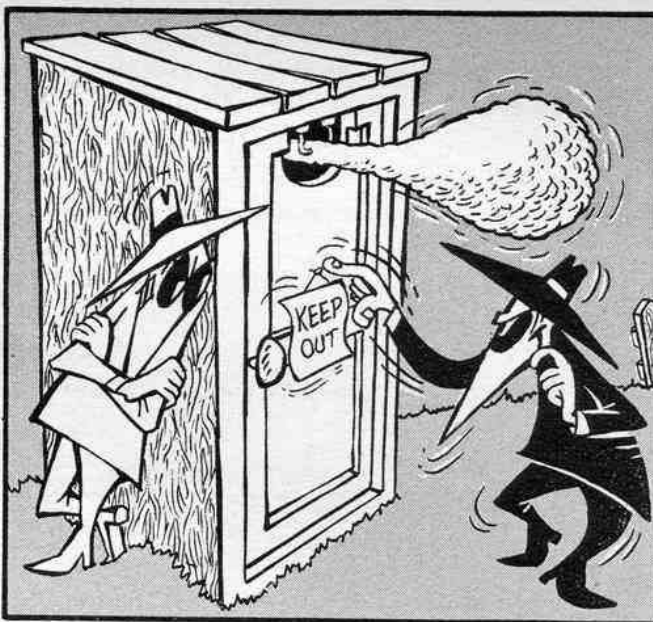


# M READING



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





DON'T KILL ANIMALS  
ENCOURAGE CONSERVATION  
PROTECT ANIMALS





Since the dawn of time, Homo sapiens have been making excuses to justify their behavior. And so have normal people! No matter what he is accused of, and no matter if he is right or wrong, every man, woman and child stands ready with a quick explanation that he hopes will get him off the hook. But in recent years, these alibis and denials have taken on a different tone from those of earlier times. And so, in order to compare the past with the present in this vital and significant area of human communication, MAD now presents...

# EXCUSES, EXCUSES!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITERS: DICK DeBARTOLO & DONALD K. EPSTEIN

## PAST... AND ...PRESENT

Why were you late for school?

I had to chop the kindling for the stove, fetch the water from the well, and milk the cows before starting out on my 12-mile walk to school through a blinding snowstorm!



Why were you late for school?

I couldn't find a space in the parking lot!



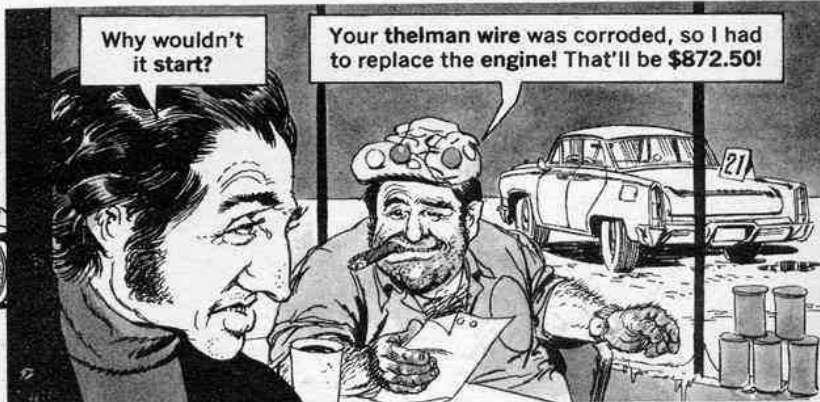
Why wouldn't it start?

Your thelman wire was corroded, so I had to replace it! That'll be 10c!



Why wouldn't it start?

Your thelman wire was corroded, so I had to replace the engine! That'll be \$872.50!



Why can't we get married?

Because my mother would object!



Why can't we get married?

Because my husband would object!



# PAST... AND ...PRESENT

Why do you need a new pair of blue jeans?

Because Johnny asked me to go on a hayride Saturday night!



Why do you need a new pair of blue jeans?

Because Janie asked me to be a bridesmaid at her wedding!



Why are the apples so expensive?

It's the fruit-pickers! They're getting more than 50c a day now!



Why are the apples so expensive?

Because they have to be chemically fertilized... sprayed with DDT, SST, and BMT... injected with worm-retardant... and artificially colored and flavored! And also... it's the fruit-pickers! They're getting more than 50c a day now!



Why can't you raise my allowance, Pa?

Because all my money goes for food, rent and clothing!



Why can't you raise my allowance, Pa?

Because all my money goes for alimony, Orthodontists and Psychiatrists!



How come there's no dessert?

I didn't have time to bake anything!



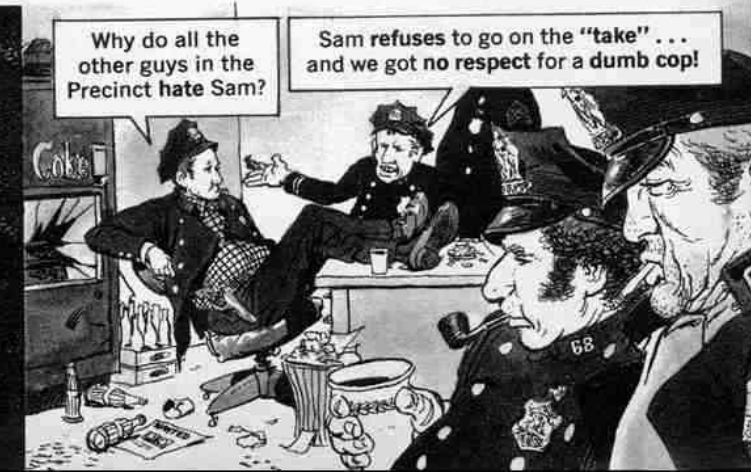
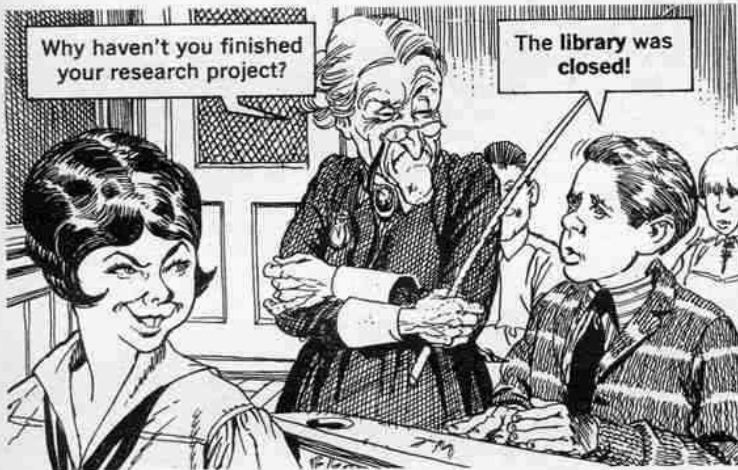
How come there's no dessert?

I didn't have time to defrost anything!





# PAST... AND ...PRESENT



## SING-SING SING DEPT.

When Folk Singer, Johnny Cash rocked the music world and climbed to the top of the Record Charts with his two smash albums,



we at MAD figured it wouldn't be long before other recording stars, looking to capitalize on this new trend, would also start entertaining prisoners and cutting albums at various corrective institutions. Although this could have some drawbacks—like how do you get 'em to applaud when they're wearing handcuffs?—it would also mean a fast buck, and we'd be seeing these

# "PRISON" RECORD ALBUMS OF THE FUTURE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



## Jim Nabors AT THE LEXINGTON NARCOTICS CENTER



★ "MR. EXCITEMENT" ENTERTAINS DRUG ADDICTS WITH THESE BIG HITS: ★

Is It True What They Say About Dexis?	God Didn't Make Little Green Pep Pills	Title Song From "They Shoot Horse, Don't They?"	King Of The Roach	Yes, We Have Smoked Bananas	Your Lips Tell Me, "No-No!"—But There's Methedrine In Your Eyes
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## Wayne Newton at the CHARLES ST. POLICE STATION in GREENWICH VILLAGE



Ode To Bill And Joe  
The Impossible Queen  
You're A Grand Old Fag  
What A Difference Sashay Makes  
Those Were The Gays, My Friends  
I Saw Bruce Kissing Santa Claus  
Maria, I Just Met A Guy Named Maria







## Englebert Humperdinck at the Berkeley Jail



Stormy Weatherman  
See Ya Later, Agitator  
Molotov Cocktails For Two  
Abbie, Won't You Light My Fire  
Give Me That Old Time Sedition  
Tear Gas Keeps Fallin' On My Head  
Oh, When The Pigs Come Marchin' In  
I've Grown Accustomed To Their Mace

## CONNIE FRANCIS AT THE PHILADELPHIA HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS



Hey, There, Orgy Girl  
Thou Swell, Thou Pregnant  
Everybody's Talkin' 'Bout You  
Bridge Over Troubled Daughters  
That's Why The Lady Has A Cramp  
On The Street Where You Lived It Up  
You Date 16 Bums And What Do You Get  
Dummy, Dummy, Dummy, You Got Life In Your Tummy



## KATE SMITH ATA GEORGIA CHAIN GANG



When The Goon Comes Over The Mountain  
May The Good Guard Lock And Keep You  
And One More For The Road Gang  
Ankles Away, My Boy  
Oh—Dem Golden Shackles  
These Brutes Were Made For Walking

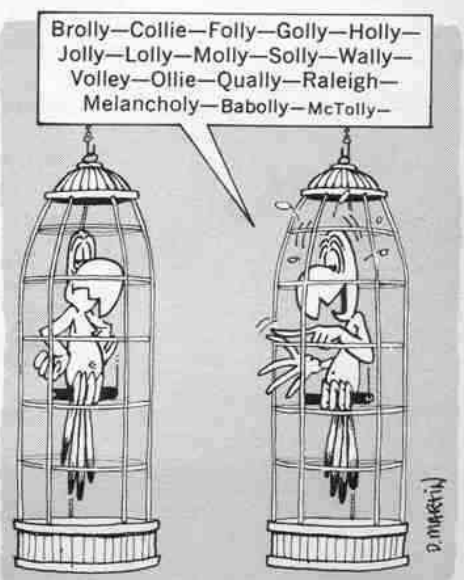
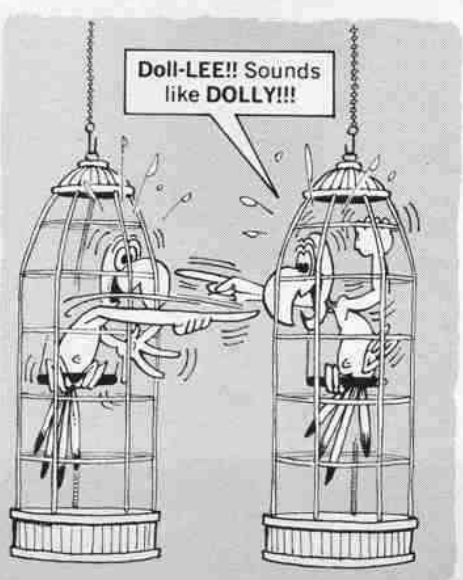
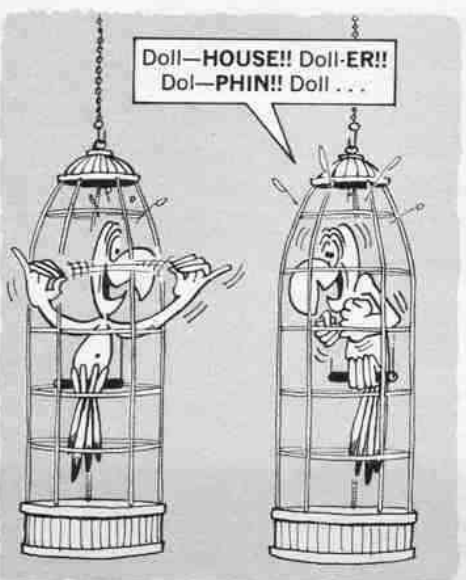
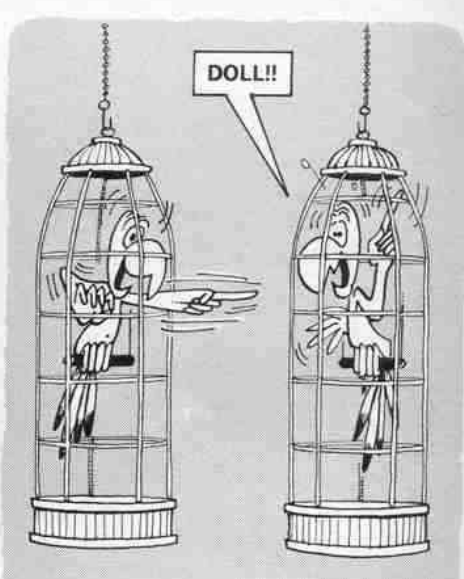
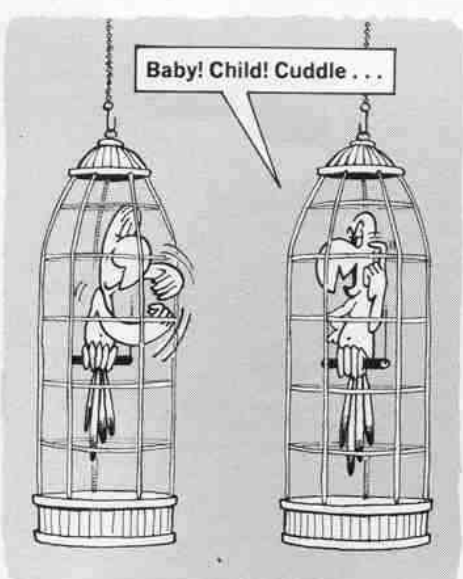
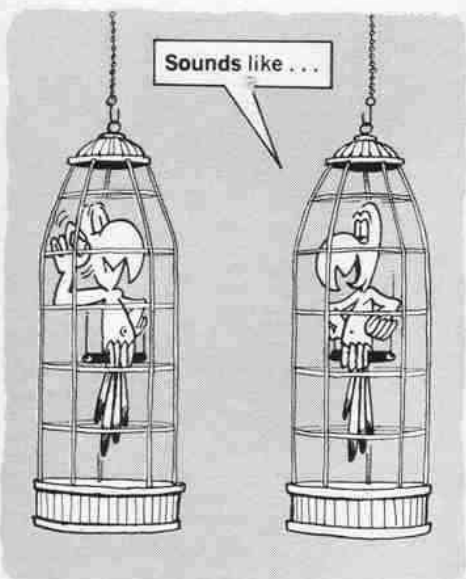
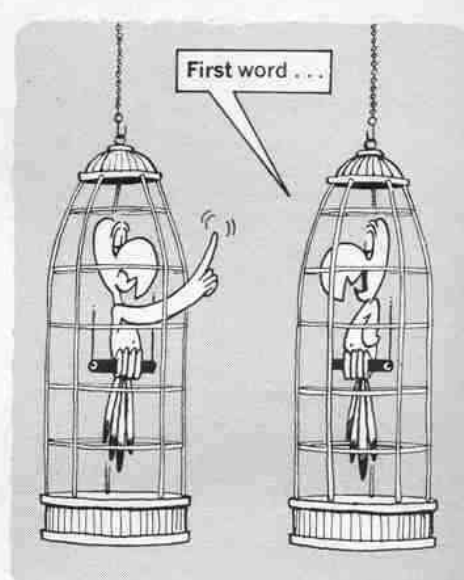
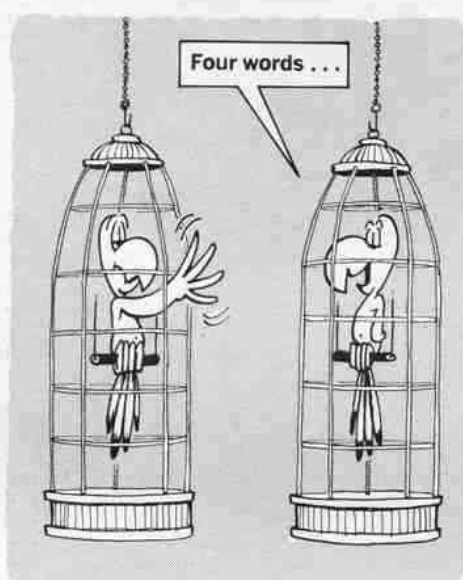
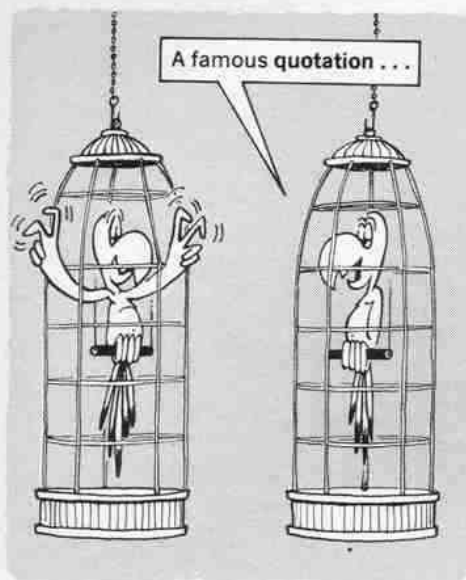
## The King Sisters AT MATAWAN PRISON FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE



Sever On Sunday  
"D" You're Degenerate  
Stabbin' On The Corner  
Stranglers In The Night  
If Ever I Would Cleave You  
I'll Never Maul My Love Again  
Deck The Halls With Parts Of Molly  
Try To Dismember A Guy In September



# ONE DAY IN A PET SHOP





Ever since Hollywood blew the censorship lid off, and you can say or do anything in a motion picture these days, all we've been getting is a steady stream of raw sewage called "Now Movies". Recently, Hollywood outdid itself with a movie that is nothing more than vulgarity and sordid sex. So, go see it! You'll love it! We're referring, of course, to the movie about those two characters: the obscene-talking sexy call girl, and the prudish inhibited writer . . . otherwise known as . . .

# THE FOUL AND THE PRISSY CATS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART

Hi! I'm Dooris . . . a part-time model . . . a some-time hooker . . . and a full-time yenta! If you like four-letter words, you'll love me!

Right now, it's pouring out . . . I'm getting soaked to my skin . . . and I'm trying to get home! So tonight, I'll let ANYBODY pick me up!

Come to think of it, tonight's no different from any other night!



Boy, some &¢%\$#@\*! night!

Look, lady! If you insist on using that kind of language, you'll have to sit in the back!

You got a back seat?

I mean—in back with the rest of the garbage!



How far are you going?

That depends on you, heh-heh!

Okay, I'll get in and we can start the meter!

I—I don't have a meter!

I know! But I do!!

Wow!  
This  
is  
absolutely  
amazing!

What? That you were  
able to pick up  
someone so great on  
a night like this?

No, that I was  
able to pick up  
someone so **DRY** on  
a night like this!

Shut up  
and read  
this  
**DRY**  
newspaper!

There are **SOME** dirty old  
men in this town who like  
to use young women for  
their warped desires! Isn't  
that a problem for you?

Yeah, a big problem!  
There aren't enough  
of those dirty old  
men to go around!  
Business stinks!



I—I  
didn't  
know you  
were just  
a common  
street  
walker!

Actually,  
I'm not!  
But lately,  
I've been—as  
they say—"up  
against it!"

Up against  
**WHAT?**

For \$20.00,  
I can be  
up against  
**YOU!**

\$20.00?! But  
you're not  
even pretty!

**EVERYONE's**  
pretty! I'm  
a novelty!



Damn it!  
Another  
rejection slip!

How can you tell? You  
haven't even opened it?

When it's addressed  
to "**Occupant**",  
you kinda know!



I've had  
complaints  
about the  
noise your  
typewriter  
makes at  
night!

Who ever heard  
of someone  
complaining about  
typewriter noise?!  
It just doesn't  
make any sense!

Listen—  
you think  
this is  
bad!? We  
still got  
over an  
hour to go!



I know who's complaining! But  
she shouldn't talk! Look for  
yourself at what she's doing  
—right out in the open where  
everyone in the world can see!

I can't see a **THING!!**

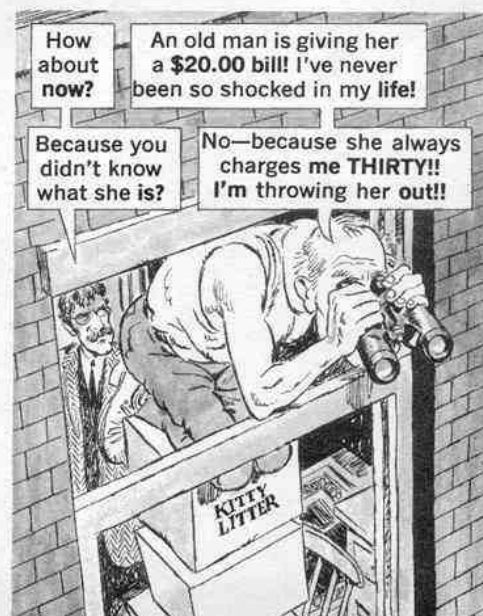


How  
about  
now?

An old man is giving her  
a \$20.00 bill! I've never  
been so shocked in my life!

Because you  
didn't know  
what she is?

No—because she always  
charges me **THIRTY!!**  
I'm throwing her out!!





I'm a very timid intellectual who leads a sheltered life, so I use my tape recorder to imitate reality! For instance, when someone bangs at my door, I use my "Dog Barking" band—

Arf! Arf! Growl! Woof! Woof!!

... or when I'm feeling unhappy, I use my "Loving Mommy" band ...

Dress warm, Booby, and don't forget to wear your rubbers!

... or when I'm feeling lonely, I use my "Making Out" band ...

Please ... not tonight! I've got a headache!

I—I also happen to be a very UNLUCKY intellectual!

You no good &£%\$#@! You squealed on me! I hate your dirty &£%\$#@ guts!

That's terrible!

What? My cursing?

No, those stupid symbols! You'd think in this day and age, MAD could use the same language the movies use!

You &£%\$#@! Why'd you have me thrown out of this vermin-infested, rat-ridden, disgusting old slum apartment house??!

I didn't want you to give the place a bad name!

I'm staying here tonight! Lucky for you I don't hold any grudges!

Really? Why not?

I don't hold anything I'm not paid to hold!

I want your opinion on something—

Do you think this outfit is too much?

I—I think the hands are in the wrong place!

They should be covering your mouth!!

BLESS OUR HOVEL

I—I can't understand it! When I look at you, I—I get all confused!

Don't you know what a beautiful, sexy girl in a filmy negligee is supposed to look like?

Yes, I do! That's what's so confusing!

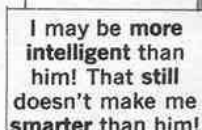
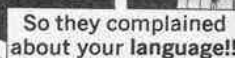
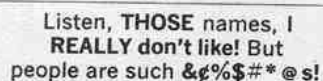
Hic! Oh, boy! Hic! I got a bad case of the hiccups! You gotta scare me—Hic!—so I can get rid of them!

I have just the thing! Close your eyes and don't look 'til I tell you to!

Now—open your eyes!

Why ... she's lovely! She's—Hic!—a born star! She has magic!

Hmmmm! Okay—I know! Wait here!





Aren't you going to **LIE DOWN** and sleep?

I sleep **sitting up!** Do you think that's **strange?**

No! The audience has been doing it since the movie started!

I can't sleep unless I have a **TV set on**, so you'll have to **entertain me!**

**Okay!** A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio tonight! I met a man who told me he hadn't had a bite in three days . . . so I bit him! But seriously, folks . . .

How come a minute ago you were a **tongue-tied goof**, and now you break out in old Henny Youngman routines?!

**YOU'RE** looking for consistency?! Must I remind you of the "**wet-clothes—dry-clothes**" fiasco in the opening scenes?!

Let me read you a **story** I wrote . . . "The sun vomited up daylight on the Earth . . ."

Boy, you really know how to **turn a girl on!** Come in here with me . . .

Are you making **advances** to me?

No, I'm stark naked under here because I'm going shopping for **bagels and lox** at the Deli! Boy—you're some **dummy!**

I—I really think we'd enjoy **TALKING** more!

Oops! Sorry! How clumsy of me . . .

Kiss . . . kiss . . . kiss . . . and stuff . . .

You were right! Talking **WOULD** have been more fun! You're a **lousy writer** . . . a **lousy lover** . . . and a **lousy Henny Youngman!** Good-bye!!

Where are you going?

For a walk!

Wait! I'll go with you! I'm also a **lousy walker!!**

**Wow!** That girl is **UGLY!**

And that guy is making an **ass out of himself!**

They both make me **sick!**

I hate the sight of them!

Listen, you guys! Do me a favor and **&%\$# off!**

You really shouldn't talk like that to them!

**Why?! Who are they?**

**Film critics!**

C'mon in!  
You gotta  
see my  
fiancée's  
fancy  
home...

Big deal! Say,  
let's make out  
so they'll give  
this picture  
an "X" rating!

America would  
be better off  
if they gave  
it a "G" rating!

How come...?

Then the kids  
could see just  
how boring raw  
sex and dirty  
language can  
get!

Have you  
ever smoked  
pot before?

No! Why?

It does wild  
things to  
your memory!

Like what?

Like it makes you  
forget that you've  
already seen this  
same scene in ten  
other "Now" movies!

PAT  
LOVES  
MARTY

There are lots of  
sick people around  
who pay me to do  
real nutty things!

Well, like there's "Weird  
Irving, The Crazy Artist"  
... who likes to paint me  
green from head to toe!

Yeah! Blue or  
red would be  
one thing!  
But, green...  
that's so—so  
perverted!!

Like what things?

That's—that's disgusting!

What's  
the  
meaning  
of  
this?!

It's  
my  
fiancée  
and her  
father!!

Well... if it  
isn't "Weird  
Irving, The  
Crazy Artist"!

You mean... HE's  
"Weird Irving"???

No, I mean SHE's  
"Weird Irving"!!

I want to  
thank you!  
You've done a  
lot for me!

No, really! You've  
taught me a couple  
of things, and I've  
changed drastically!

Aw, &¢%\$#@!

Changed? How?

Well, for one thing, all those  
big, fancy, high-falutin' words  
that once meant so much to me  
now make me sick!

Really!  
And  
what  
else?

Dirty, filthy, four-  
letter words make  
me even sicker!

So long...  
**FOUL-MOUTH!!**



**WHAT NEW  
PHENOMENA  
WILL SEND  
WORKINGMEN'S  
TEMPERATURES  
SOARING  
THIS SUMMER?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING **MAD FOLD-IN**

Workingmen throughout the nation will face a serious new problem this Summer ... one that threatens to impair their productivity and efficiency. To find out what this problem is, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ **B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



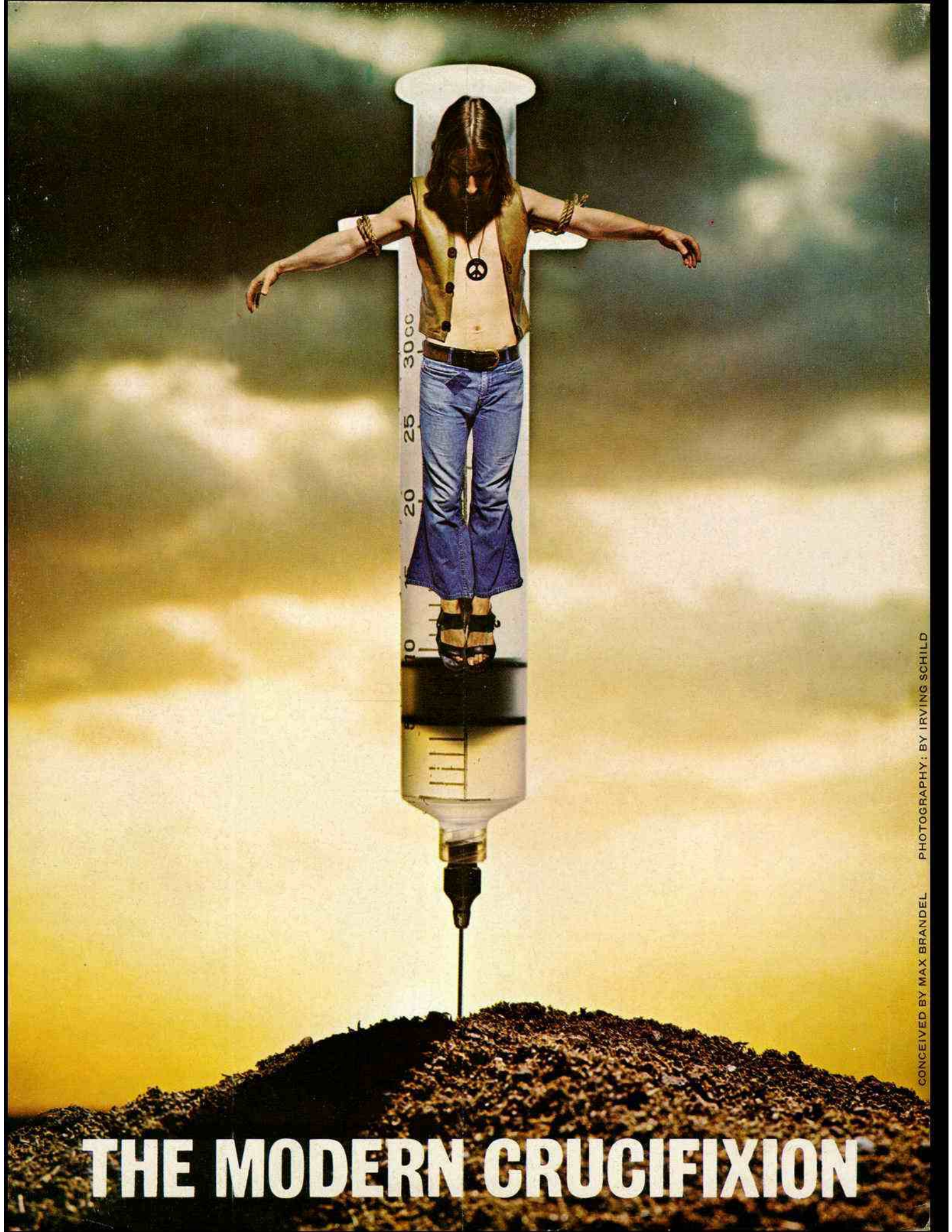
**HEAVY USE OF AIR-CONDITIONER UNITS WILL NOT  
RELIEVE PRESSURES FACED BY WORKINGMEN,  
PARTICULARLY IN MORE CLOSELY-CROWDED PLANTS**

**A**▶

◀ **B**

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE





CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

# THE MODERN CRUCIFIXION