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MAD

OCTOBER 2007

NUMBER 482

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It's said a picture is worth a thousand words, but try telling that to a teacher who assigned you a thousand-word essay!



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Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I personally love your magazine. But as a telemarketer we are advised not to read your mag in our cubicles because it's not appropriate material for reading in the work place. I, being one of the many MAD-lovers of your magazine, started a petition to allow me and fellow employees to read MAD. My employer ripped up and threw it away. So, I'm writing the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to have MAD send a box of five MAD magazines and 100,000 subscription cards to me so I can give them out at work. Please make my Dumb Wish come true!

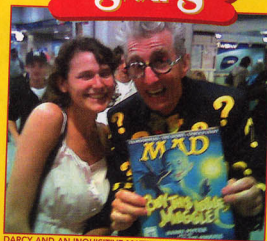
Douglas Clancey, Truman, MN

Doug E. Fresh — Thanks for your letter to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*! We'll send you the issues, but we'll do better than just send you the subscription cards! If you give us your home address, we'll personally drop them off! Everyday, for the next 100,000 days, we'll send one of our representatives to interrupt your dinner and hand-deliver a subscription card! Set an extra plate, our reps are coming hungry! —Ed.

I was walking through Penn Station in New York City and I saw a guy wearing a question mark suit. At first I panicked because I thought it was the diabolical arch-enemy of Batman "The Riddler." But then I calmed down and realized it was just infomercial pitchmaster Matthew Lesko! So my boyfriend took a really crappy picture on my cellphone so I could get a free MAD subscription!

Darcy Savit, New York, NY

Savvy — Wow! That's a great snap! Do you have a spy working in the MAD offices? Because believe it or not, Matthew Lesko is number two in our 50 "Worst Things About Advertising" in this very issue! We suspect foul play and we're determined to flush out whatever mole in our organization flipped you off! Enjoy your three-year MAD subscription! —Ed.



DARCY AND AN INQUISITIVE MATTHEW LESKO

HIT OR DISS

In the past year of reading your magazine I have leaned something (yes, it's true — MAD actually taught me something): the word "schmuck." It's my new favorite word and I've been saying it 24/7. People are getting kinda pissed off at me for saying it so often. Soooo...do you schmucks have any advice?

Tyler Jasper, Redding, CA

Ty Me A River — Of course we have some advice for you: Keep on schmuckin'! —Ed.

FEUD AWAKENING

I had heard that you guys at MAD love to tear families apart — well, here is your chance. My brother (if you can call him that) has always gotten everything good before me. He got his first MAD before me. He got a PSP before me — he even got a dog before me. So you see, he gets everything first. He loves MAD, so if you publish my letter before he ever gets one published he will hate me forever and I will rub his big fat face in it!

Isaac Corpe, Grosse Ile, MI

A Poke In The Isaac — We salute your determination to make your brother hate you! We usually have to do the heavy lifting when it comes to breaking families apart — so your letter was a real breath of fresh air! Enjoy your gloating now while you can, because he'll get his turn in the spotlight in next month's MAD when we run "Sergio Aragones' A MAD Look at Isaac Corpe's Brother!" —Ed.

OCEAN'S 8

Just wanted to let you know that my Naval Coastal Warfare Squadron Five sailors are enjoying reading your latest issue of MAD magazine — we don't have computers or the Internet, so issue #478 is our only way to see any web action! The only problem is that we are in the vehicle maintenance department and I can't get my guys to do any work when they are holding MADs instead of tools — that kind of throws a wrench into things. Keep your great issues coming, you've got at least nine mechanics over here that will simply go mad in this 120 degree heat without your magazine to cool us off...

Lieutenant Commander Daniel Kinske, United States Navy, Camp Patriot, Kuwait



MEN IN UNIFORM GO MAD FOR MAD

Lieutenant Dan — Thanks for sending the picture — and keep up the great work you guys are doing over there. We're really glad you wrote, actually — our FV103 Spartan Armored Specialist Personnel Carrier has been making a weird ka-chunk noise on right turns (never on lefts) and the grease monkeys at Pep Boys haven't a clue! Any thoughts? —Ed. P.S. Wait a minute, you're in the Navy, but you work on ground vehicles? What up with that?

READER ALERT 1

For those lucky enough to have your missives printed on this month's Letters Page, you'll receive a DVD copy of *Fantastic 4: Rise of The Silver Surfer* courtesy of our friends at Fox Home Entertainment.

If your letter didn't make it in, don't freak out — the DVD is on sale in October!



MAD'S 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT ADVERTISING

With 32 artists working to illustrate this year's "50 Worst Things About Advertising," we couldn't find the room to credit them all on the actual article. So instead, we decided to take away valuable Letters Page space, depriving certain readers the chance to win free DVDs! Below is a list of the artists next to the number of the example they illustrated.

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1) Drew Friedman | 16) Kevin Pope | 35) Dave Crosland |
| 2) Sam Sisco | 17) Tom Richmond | 36) Rick Tulka |
| 3) Tom Bunk | 20) Mark Hempel | 39) Hermann Mejia |
| 6) Scott Bricher | 23) Al Jaffee | 41) Evan Dorkin/Sarah Dyer |
| 7) Tim Hamilton | 24) Jack Syracuse | 42) Paul Coker |
| 8) Timothy Shamey | 25) Rich Powell | 43) Leonardo Rodriguez |
| 10) Peter Bagge | 27) Tom Fowler | 44) Peter Kuper |
| 11) Irving Schild | 30) Bob Staake | 46) Jose Garibaldi |
| 12) John Caldwell | 31) Francis Mao | 48) Sam Viviano |
| 13) Sergio Aragones | 32) Teresa Burns Parkhurst | 49) Angelo Torres |
| 15) Mort Drucker | 33) Charles Akins | |

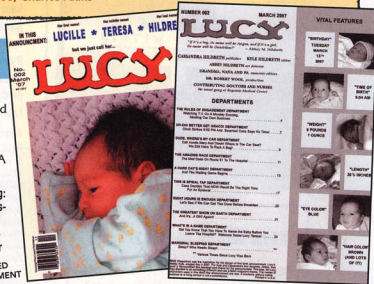
THE KID'S NOT ALRIGHT

My wife just had our second baby and we thought you would like to see the baby announcement. Enjoy!

Kyle Hildreth, Feeding Hills, MA

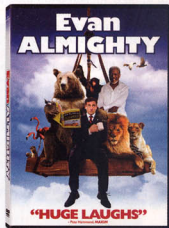
Running for the Hildreths — You've taught a valuable lesson in parenting: it's never too early to start embarrassing the hell out of your child! Congratulations to you and your wife and our deepest condolences to your child! —Ed.

KYLE'S MAD-THEMED BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT



READER ALERT 2

If you were lucky enough to get your letter printed, you'll also receive a DVD copy of *Evan Almighty* courtesy of our friends at Universal Home Video. If your letter isn't here, don't panic, *Evan Almighty* is out in October! Two free DVDs just for writing a stupid letter — if that's not incentive enough to write us, we don't what! So get off your lazy butts and write or e-mail us today!



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PICTURE IMPERFECT

I am a seventh grader in middle school and I have a problem. My parents are taking me to see John Edwards in a month to do a speech and I thought this would be a perfect opportunity to have a picture with him for Celebrity Snaps. The only problem is that when I asked my parents if I could do this, they looked at me like I was a crazy person and said no. Do you have any tips for me to convince my parents to let me take a picture with a MAD magazine with him?

Ben Piccarreta, Tucson, AZ

It's Raining Ben — That would be a great MAD Celebrity Snap, so we are going to help you out! Here are some can't-miss tips to snag that snap!

- Tell them that getting the picture printed in MAD would be great exposure and help get Edwards elected
- Point out to your parents that it won't be any more embarrassing for Edwards than having had run on a ticket with John Kerry
- Explain that Edwards can read MAD to pass the time while he gets his next \$400 haircut
- And if all else fails, just pretend to injure yourself so you get taken to the hospital. Then you can just ask him yourself after he's chased the ambulance there!

We'll be checking the mailbox for your picture! —Ed.



DEBATE AND SWITCH

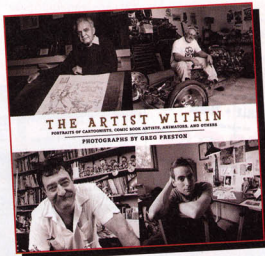
My dad and I recently had an argument. He thinks that all the letters in your magazine are made up, but I disagree. I think that you really do print the letters of your most adoring and pathetic fans. Please help me prove my dad wrong, and print this letter.

Joseph Hildula, San Francisco, CA

Hildula Oblongata — Well this should shut Papa Hildula up forever! Unfortunately, it is a win/lose situation for you (a bittersweet victory if you will). Although you've won this debate, you also have to live with the knowledge that your father is a moron and you share his genes! —Ed.

READER ALERT 3

Ever wonder what the studios of some of MAD's artists look like? Wonder no more! The Artist Within is a photo-filled coffee table book profiling the last half century's greatest cartoonists, comic book artists, animators and more. Featured in the book are MAD's own Sergio Aragonés, Mort Drucker, Peter Kuper, Dave Berg, Angelo Torres, Jack Davis and others!



THE BIG QUESTION

This Month's Question:
What celebrity would you like to see "clown dunked" in a septic system?

- Anna Nicole Smith's Sidekick/Lawyer/Opportunist Howard K. Stern
- Presidential Player-Hater Hillary Clinton
- American Idol's Space Filler Ryan Seacrest
- Man-faced Gyator Fergie

Please send your votes by e-mail (letters@madmagazine.com) and make sure you put "The Big Question" in the subject line, or via snail mail to Amy "The Big Question" Vozeolas, MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

**NEXT MONTH
IN MAD #483 ON SALE
OCTOBER 16!**

**I VS. 100! AND ZOMBIES,
ZOMBIES, ZOMBIES!**

**NEXT MONTH IN
MAD CLASSICS #19 ON SALE
OCTOBER 16!**

**SCARY MOVIE SPOOFS!
BRITNEY! JUSTIN!
AND SURVIVOR**

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associate art directors
Ryan Flanders assistant art director
Brian Durniak, Doug Thomson
production artists
Leonard Brenner graphics consultant

Administration

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Georg Brewer vp • design & DC direct creative
Richard Bruning senior vp • creative director
Patrick Cadden executive vp • finance & operations
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Mary Ellen McLaughlin vp • advertising & custom publishing
John Nee vp • business development
Gregory Noveck senior vp • creative affairs
Sue Pohja vp • book trade sales
Cheryl Rubin senior vp • brand management
Jeff Trojan vp • business development, DC direct
Bob Wayne vp • sales

Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

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"THERE COMES A TIME WHEN EVEN GODS MUST DIE."

—Lex Luthor

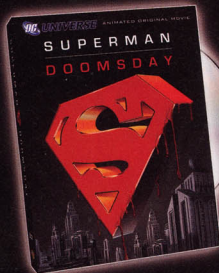


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PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED

ACTION VIOLENCE

Bonus Material/Trailer Not Rated.



SDH



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THURSDAYS 8/7c **CW**

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THE FUNDALINI PAGES

THE FAST 5

SIGNS THAT THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING SHADY WITH NBA OFFICIATING...

- 1 The crowd is asked to rise for the playing of *The Sopranos* theme
- 2 Alberto Gonzalez says that there's no problem at all
- 3 Suddenly, star players are getting slapped with fouls for "Flagrant Sweating," "Excessive Height," and yelling "I'm Open!"
- 4 The final score is printed right there on the ticket stub
- 5 "Ladies and gentlemen, your world champion Charlotte Bobcats!"



FUNDALINI ASKS "WHAT IF...?"

This Month...

WHAT IF SCRATCH-OFF LOTTERIES SALUTED THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS DICTATORS?

DESPOT O' GOLD!

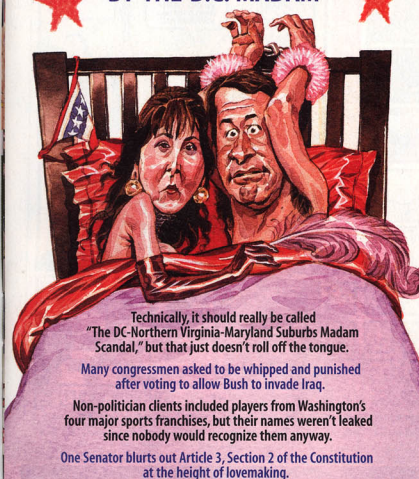
GET ANY 3 DICTATORS IN A ROW AND WIN!



AN AD WE'LL SOON BE SEEING



OTHER SECRETS REVEALED BY THE D.C. MADAM



Technically, it should really be called "The DC-Northern Virginia-Maryland Suburbs Madam Scandal," but that just doesn't roll off the tongue.

Many congressmen asked to be whipped and punished after voting to allow Bush to invade Iraq.

Non-politician clients included players from Washington's four major sports franchises, but their names weren't leaked since nobody would recognize them anyway.

One Senator blurts out Article 3, Section 2 of the Constitution at the height of lovemaking.

Despite the rhetoric, it turns out that *neither* party wants women to be on top.

THE KITCHEN SINK

TV SHOWS RUMORED TO BE IN THE WORKS

- ★ Are You Smarter Than A *F---ing* Idiot?
- ★ Law & Order - CSI Edition
- ★ Liver Swap
- ★ Amputate This!
- ★ Real Bad Sex
- ★ Cold Cream Files
- ★ XXIV - Roman Numeral Edition
- ★ Antiques Road Kill
- ★ So You Think You Can Come Up With a Better Show Title Than This?
- ★ Gay's Anatomy
- ★ Who Wants To Be A Putz?
- ★ Skank Jury
- ★ Genital Hospital
- ★ Dancing With The Has-Beens.
- ★ Star Trek: The Midget Generation
- ★ The McLaughlin Groupies
- ★ Meet the Press, Sleep with the Press, Never Call the Press Again
- ★ The Six Second Gourmet
- ★ Eye-Patch Judge
- ★ Hangin' with Mr. Anderson Cooper
- ★ America's Next Top Alcoholic

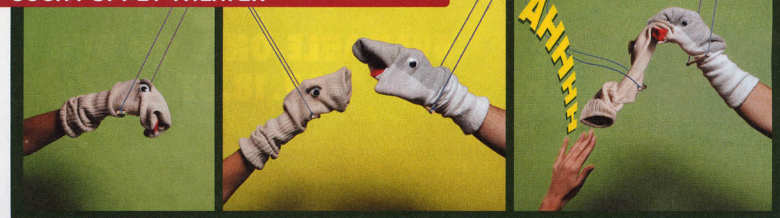


- ★ Judge Judy Garland
- ★ The Bionic Womanizer
- ★ The Young and the Restless Leg Syndrome
- ★ Dead Poetry Jam
- ★ Dateline: To Catch a Cold from a Predator
- ★ The New Adventures of Monkey Poo
- ★ The Bionic Squirrel
- ★ Every Day with James Earl Ray
- ★ Access Bollywood



- ★ X-treme Speed Shaving
- ★ Flip This Spouse
- ★ Dancing with the Scars
- ★ You S.O.B.!! Hate You! (Now in HD-TV)

SOCK PUPPET THEATER THE TRAPEZE TRAGEDY!



VEY TO GO!



GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

THE COMPLETE CHRIS WARE PAIN-THOLOGY
by Chris Ware • \$39.95, Fanboygrvitas Publishing

Chris Ware is the man of the moment in alternative comics. Ware's won every possible cartooning award. The Eisner! The Harvey! The Guisewite! He's a much sought-after graphic designer. His work has been displayed in various museums. Needless to say, he portrays himself as a self-doubting failure.

The Complete Chris Ware Pain-thology begins with Quimby the Mouse, who is best described as a happy-go-lucky Fleischer cartoon character with inoperable liver cancer. The wordless strips capture Quimby in the acts of suffering, weeping, regretting, and applying ointment. Plans for an animated version fell through when Danish director Lars von Trier decided the premise was "a little too depressing" for Scandinavian cinema.

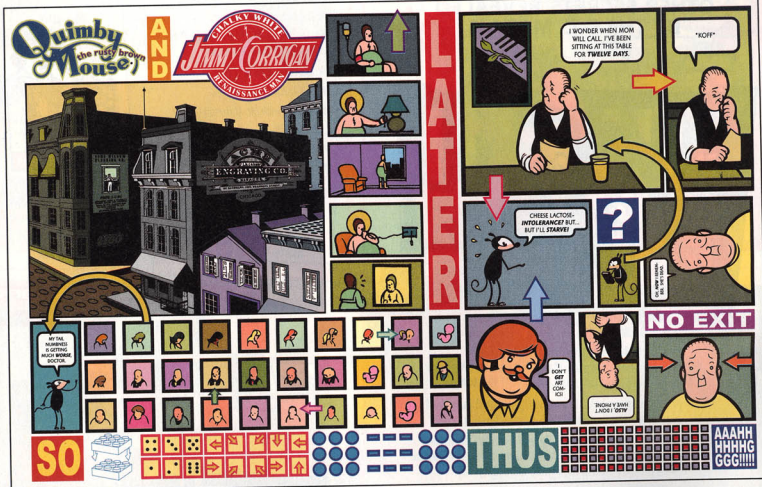
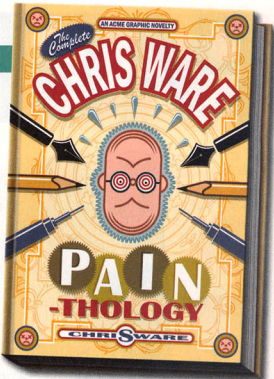
Next, his award-winning *Jimmy Corrigan, the Smartest Kid on Earth*. Corrigan is a friendless, awkward 12-year-old dreamer who hides from bullies and seeks refuge in superhero fantasies. It's a character type that comic book readers aren't used to seeing in their fiction. In their mirrors, yes, but not in their fiction. Much of the story is set in the late 19th century, a purer time without indoor plumbing. It's sure to strike a deep chord of nostalgia in anyone over the age of 110.


We follow Jimmy as he progresses from sitting at his kitchen table to sitting at his school desk to sitting in a hospital waiting room. Fans of plastic stacking chairs, this is the book for you! Corrigan ages from a beleaguered young boy to a feeble old man, although the story moves about 7% quicker than the real-life aging process. It's the quiet moments that register. Watching the reflected tint on a napkin dispenser change color slightly speaks more about inner torment than mere dialogue ever could, let alone plot development, or forward motion of any kind. In a bravura six-page sequence, Jimmy turns a doorknob.

The book ends on an upbeat note, as the dying protagonist remembers the one act of true kindness he ever knew: the time a stranger picked up Jimmy's leg after it had been severed by a trolley.

Realizing the untapped dramatic tension found in door jams, Ware then fleshed out the first grueling 185 chapters of his work-in-progress, *Building Stories*. The story of a front stop incrementally eroding, its remorseless drumbeat of hopeless sorrow and water-torture pacing made it the perfect choice to kick off the *New York Times* aptly-named "Funny Pages".

The last section of the book showcases the bleak non-adventures of Rusty Brown, a snivelling, comic-collecting misfit. He's the type of pitiful fanboy who's destined to meet a cowardly end: self-suffocated, his head still in near-mint condition inside a decay-resistant Mylar storage bag.





The shadow you cast is the shadow they fear.

ARTOON.

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MISTWALKER

TEEN



Alcohol Reference
Crude Humor
Fantasy Violence
Mild Language
Mild Suggestive Themes

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XBOX 360 LIVE



Do you hate advertising, but don't know what to do about it? Well, you *could* write some jokes about ads, hire artists to illustrate them, start a magazine and then publish it for all the world to see! But that's time-consuming, expensive and messy! Why not let MAD Magazine do the work FOR you? Say goodbye to confusing talent contracts and stubborn ink stains! For a limited time, MAD is offering not 30, not 40 — not even 45! — but 50 jokes all about advertising! It's a steal of a deal that you can't afford to miss! So don't delay, act now and start reading...

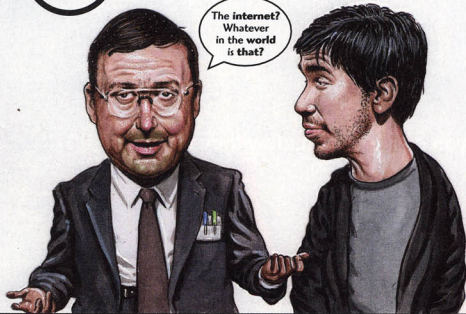
MAD'S 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT ADVERTISING

WRITERS: JEFF KRUSE AND SCOTT MAIKO

1

The genius ad agency that decided, given Apple's extremely limited market share of the entire home computer industry, that the best way to win over PC-users was to make them look like out-of-touch retards.

The internet?
Whatever
in the world
is that?



2

Matthew Lesko's hyperactive screeching about "free government money" which you'll never see a dime of. And from the looks of his absurd wardrobe, he didn't get much either.



3

Direct mail crap which refers to you as a "valued customer" when you only ordered from them once in the last ten years.

4

Match.com's promotion offering six free months if you don't find the love of your life in the first six. Great. What happens if you still don't find a mate after a whole year? Do they send you a free T-shirt that says "Loser"?

5

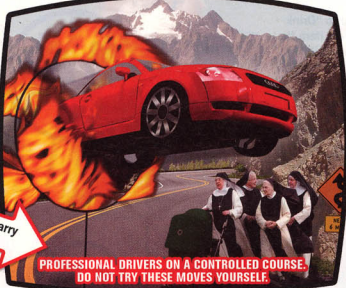
Businesses that brilliantly advertise on bus stop benches, where, at any given time, their phone number will be blocked by people's asses.



Presidential
ROYAL LIMOUSINES
FOR LUXURIOUS
SERVICE CALL: 888



6



Car ads that carry a disclaimer...

There's a great marketing angle: show potential buyers the coolest things they can do with the product, then tell them that they shouldn't do it ever.

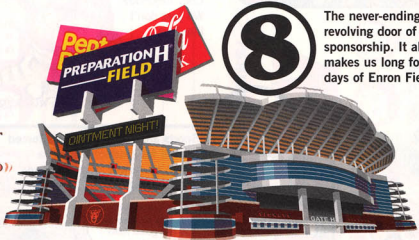
7

Magazine ads that use the phrase "As Seen on TV" — it's just taunting the Amish.



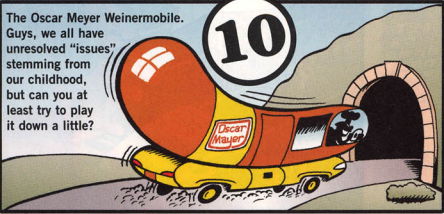
8

The never-ending revolving door of stadium sponsorship. It almost makes us long for the days of Enron Field.



9

Huge oil companies that take out expensive TV spots to tell you how much they care about the environment, instead of putting some of that money towards helping to clean up the pollution they caused.



The Oscar Meyer Weinermobile. Guys, we all have unresolved "issues" stemming from our childhood, but can you at least try to play it down a little?

11

Gillette going on and on about the fact that they've added yet another blade to their already scary-looking razors. Geez, if they add just one more, we'll need a 3-day waiting period to buy one.



12

Escort services that depict the women as being drop-dead gorgeous, but who, when you meet them, aren't even remotely attractive. Not that this has ever happened to us, of course. It happened to...some guy we know.

13

Liquor companies who urge you to "Drink responsibly" while selling the very item that makes you lose all sense of responsibility.

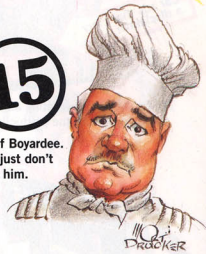


14

Food products that trumpet their "improved taste." Or, in other words, they've been making you eat the old, bad-tasting crap for years!

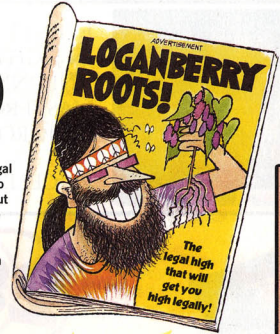
15

Chef Boyardee. We just don't like him.



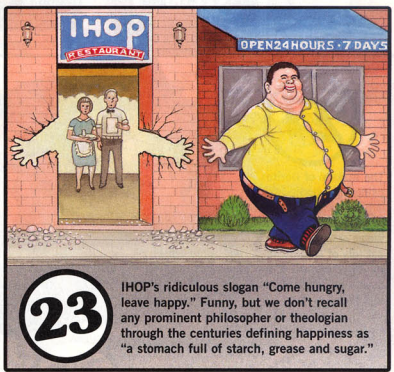
20

The ads in *High Times* touting "legal highs." We hate to break it to you, but the reason they're legal in the first place is because you can't get high off them.



21

Catalogs that come every few weeks informing you that it's your last one, unless you order from it.



23

IHOP's ridiculous slogan "Come hungry, leave happy." Funny, but we don't recall any prominent philosopher or theologian through the centuries defining happiness as "a stomach full of starch, grease and sugar."

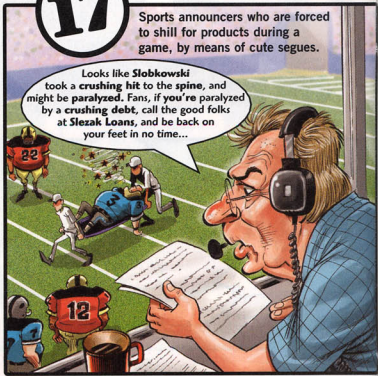
16

Sex-obsessed lunatics who can't look at a print ad without immediately discovering subliminal smut that no one else can see.



17

Sports announcers who are forced to shill for products during a game, by means of cute segues.



22

Weaselly cop-out phrases like "Prices may vary," "Your mileage may differ," and "Only at participating stores." Why don't they just come right out and say, "The claims we just made aren't true?"



25

TV ads where the husband is a clueless, whining man-child whose wife has to tell him what product will solve his absurdly minor problem.

24

The fact that NASCAR runs commercials during its televised races. Hey, Billy Bob: grab one of them thar dictionary books and look up the word "redundant."



18

Companies that brag about being "family owned," which can also be said about the Mafia.

Those pretentious...

Pretentious.

Pretentious commercials...

Featuring a bunch of different people...

A bunch.

Of different people.

Each repeating a part of the same line...

...A part of the same line.

...But emphasizing various words differently.

...Differently.

Differently.

19



26

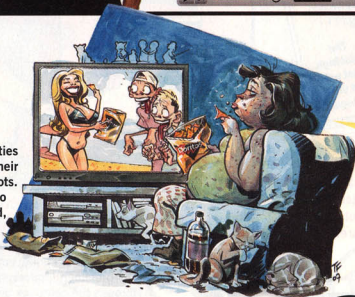


EVENTUAL END
IN SIGHT TO
UNFUNNY
MASTERCARD
AD PARODIES

PRICELESS

27

The makers of Doritos using tight-bodied hotties with flawless skin in their annual Super Bowl spots. We've seen women who eat lots of Doritos, and, for some reason, they don't look anything like that.



28

The surprising number of words that rhyme with "gellin'." Someone, for the love of God, please take away Dr. Scholl's rhyming dictionary.

29

Those frighteningly erratic fan-blown tube air dancers that are impossible to navigate around on a busy sidewalk without getting whipped in the face by a stinging swath of colorful rip-stop nylon.

30

Memorial Day sales. Because how better to honor Americans who gave their lives for freedom than to flock to big-box stores and buy stuff made in Asian sweatshops?



31

Videogame designers who think it's a brilliant idea to have product placement within games. As if *Grand Theft Auto* didn't have enough amoral prostitutes in it already.



32

Erectile pill commercials that hint at sex through embarrassingly obvious metaphors. Oh, spare us. Just show some hardcore XXX action. You'll earn more than enough money to pay the FCC fine.



33

The pandemic of copycat advertising by businesses that evidently think they're being clever by borrowing an idea the rest of us got sick of eight years ago.



34

The inexplicable power of infomercials. Two hundred channels of at least vaguely interesting actual programming, and for some unknown reason you've been hypnotized by a paid advertisement for a deep-frying rotisserie breadmaker for the last thirty-seven minutes.

35

The hair-brained Aqua Teen Hunger Force guerrilla marketing in Boston. Hey, Adult Swim, how about when it's time to promote *Tom Goes to the Mayor*, you pick out a bunch of elected officials across the country and mail them the unmarked envelopes filled with white powder!



Tonight on FOX:

Will Jack Bauer die, ending the entire series in mid-season?



Find out on an all-new episode of 24.

36

Promos that ask questions to which the answer is blatantly obvious.

37

Little hand-made paper pockets of hand-scrawled and poorly Xeroxed "Lose Weight Now, Ask Me How" flyers, taped to ATMs by would-be multi-level marketers — which no one, anywhere, has responded to. Ever.

38

What's worse than poorly-produced commercials featuring local business owners on cable television? Even more poorly-produced testimonial commercials featuring the same local business owners attesting to the power of advertising on cable television.



39

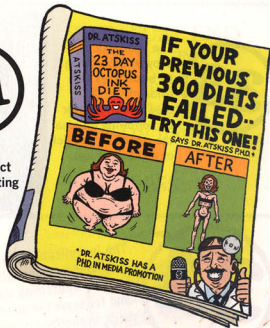
Those Dove ads with the chubby women. We don't see them that much anymore, but they still haunt us.

40

That familiar blue envelope from Valpak, chock-full of valuable offers for dry cleaner services you don't use, carpet cleaners you don't trust, ethnic restaurants you wouldn't eat at, and self-addressed address labels you don't need...that goes directly from your mailbox to the garbage pail, unopened.

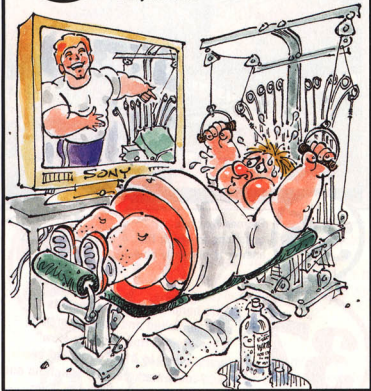
41

Diet product shills who sell their product by constantly repeating that fad diets don't work...except — AMAZINGLY! — their own.



42

Bowflex commercials featuring men and women with amazing bodies who anyone with half a brain knows did not get in that shape from dicking around with a flexible graphite rod three times a week for twenty lousy minutes.



43

The cynical exploitation of imperiled motorists in those loathsome OnStar radio spots.



44

Geico ads featuring a gecko (with two completely different voices), cavemen, high-fiving squirrels and random celebrity cameos. Nothing instills confidence in potential customers like an insurance company that can't even commit to one freakin' ad campaign.

45

Somewhere out there, there's a musician with "Set the words 'nausea, heartburn, indigestion, upset stomach, diarrhea' to 'music'" proudly listed on his résumé.



46

Timeshare come-ons. Did you really think they were going to give you three days and two nights in Aspen for free?



47

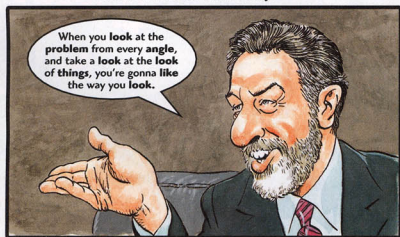
Classifieds that enthusiastically claim there's no experience necessary for the job. Gee, can't wait to work for a company with such lofty standards!

48

Internet banner ads of moronic things like two animated silhouettes doing the Hustle. As if that will get our minds off the internet porn we were searching for and get us thinking about refinancing our houses instead.

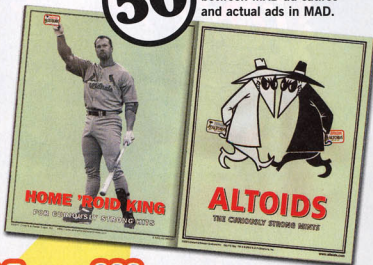
49

The irritating commercial trend for a company founder or other bigwig to discuss the merits of his product by looking at some indistinct point off to the side as though he somehow doesn't realize he's being taped and we're supposed to think he's participating in some impromptu interview. Look into the damn camera already!



50

Trying to tell the difference between MAD ad satires and actual ads in MAD.



But Wait, There's More!!!

51

Yard sale signs thoughtlessly left up for weeks after the actual event — sending would-be bargain hunters on a fruitless, soul-devouring, K-turn-filled wild goose chase through the suburbs' most boring backroads and cul-de-sacs.

52

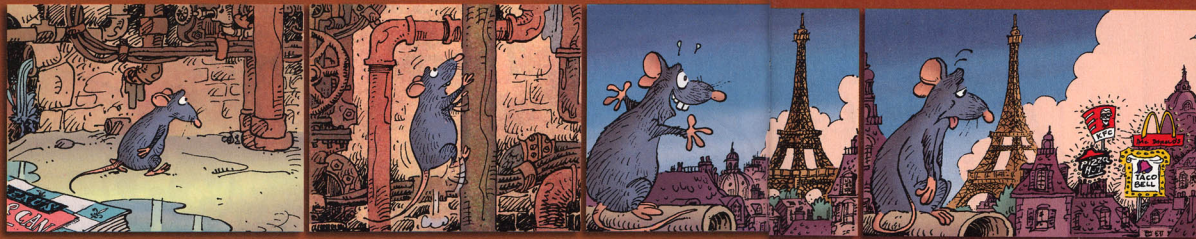
Full-page ads in the local high school yearbook. Great advertising strategy, Mr. Small Businessman! Because the first thing a senior does right after graduating is look for a good rooting and septic tank service.

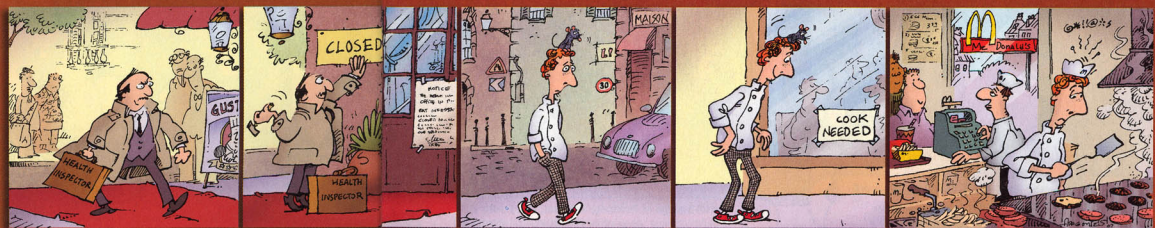
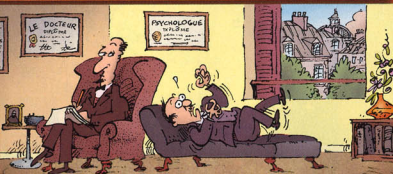
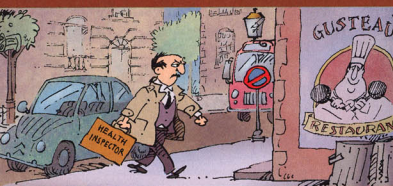
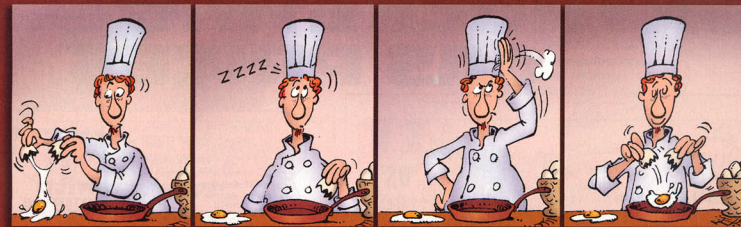
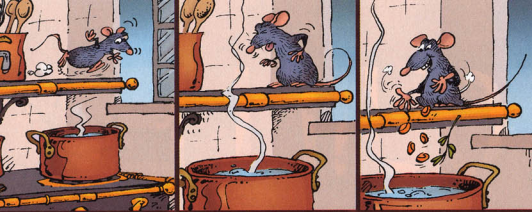
53

Craigslist.org — slowly and surely putting the nation's Pennysavers, Thrifty Nickels, Recyclers...and local sex/swing/escort/prostitute ad rags out of business, one poorly-produced, smutty paper at a time.

SERGIO ARAGONES
Presents

A MAD LOOK AT RATATOUILLE



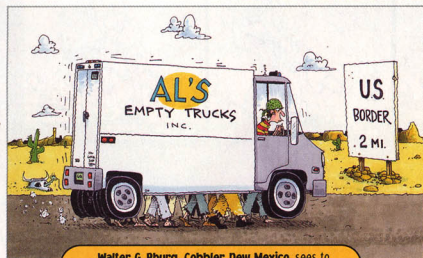


Gasoline prices have never been higher, and unfortunately the U.S. government's marriage to Saudi oil interests is even more enduring than the Iraqi quagmire it spawned. With no letup in sight, what's the little guy to do? Trade in his gas-guzzling SUV for a hybrid, saving the environment and eliminating our dependence on foreign oil? Nah, this is America! We can't let high gas prices stop us from our god-given right to drive from our kitchen to our living room! We need good ole American ingenuity! Until some arrives, here's...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

A Collection of Significantly Stupid Strategies For Battling SKYROCKETING GAS PRICES

WRITER AND ARTIST:
JOHN CALDWELL



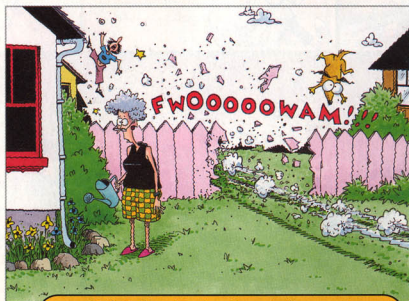
Walter G. Phurg, Cobbler; New Mexico, sees to it that smuggled immigrants pull their weight.



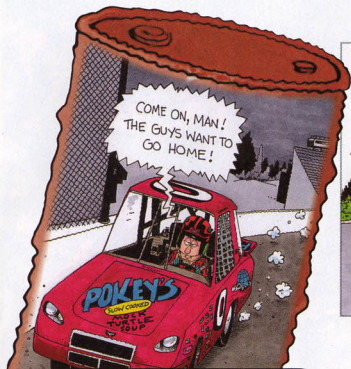
Victor "Big Augie" Parchesi of the Bronx cuts fuel costs by taking his "clients" for shorter rides.



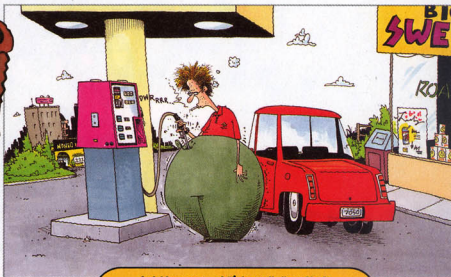
Salt Lake City software engineer Roy Pastine resorts to the delicate art of the fraudulent office collection.



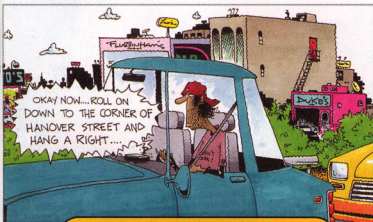
Verlin Smidge of Poutney, Vermont, slices away at his daily commute via a series of questionable shortcuts.



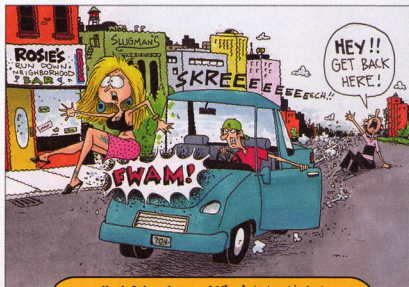
By driving at a prudent speed and avoiding jackrabbit starts, **Hartan Pilkow** manages to post a miles-per-gallon average previously unheard of in NASCAR events.



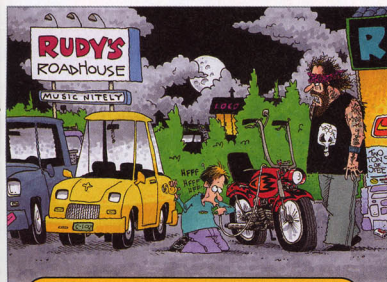
Art Mousseau of Fishsmell, New York, employs his self-designed "hoarding slacks" to ride out the predicted spike in prices.



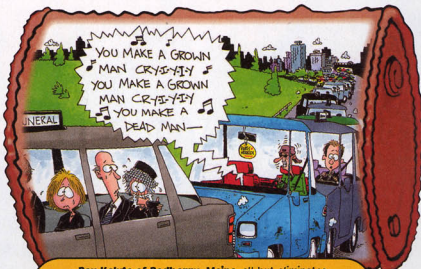
Herb Wickam of Dover, Delaware, bought a GPS unit that factors in coasting.



Hugh Schoonhover of Miami slashes his fuel budget to the bone by employing the skills he acquired from years of playing *Grand Theft Auto*.



Ted Pondillo of Needle Springs, Texas, spends his evenings making often-risky siphoning choices.




Roy Kaluta of Redberry, Maine, all but eliminates the drawbacks of stop and go driving by inserting himself into funeral processions going his way.

THE PRO ACTION SPORTS TOUR IS A SEQUENCE OF ADVERTISING

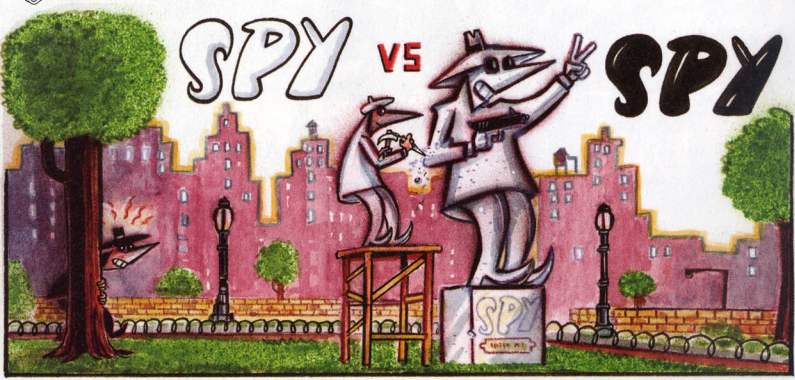
astdewtour.com



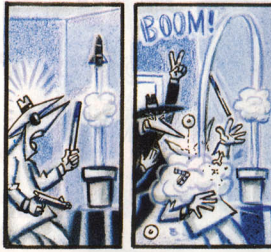
SEASON THREE...
WHAT'S NEXT?
WATCH IT LIVE ON 

THE PRO ACTION SPORTS TOUR |
SKATE. BMX. FREESTYLE MOTOCROSS





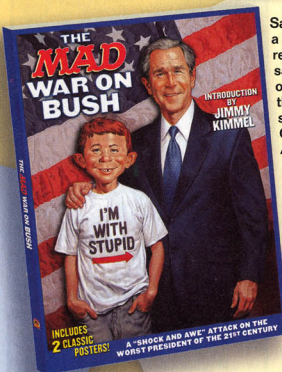
SPY VS SPY



KUPER

WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER

MILLIONS OF TREES GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THESE BOOKS. DON'T LET THEIR DEATHS BE IN VAIN!

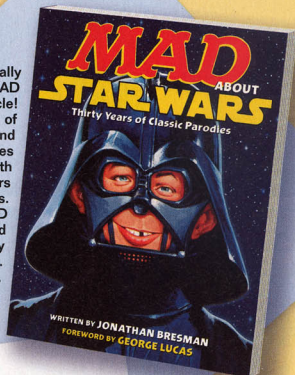


Savor the final days of a failed presidency by reading this hard-hitting satiric collection of articles on George W. Bush — the worst President since...well... Clinton!

ON SALE NOW!

Virtually every *Star Wars* article! Chock full of annotations and behind-the-scenes memories from both MAD artists and writers and Lucasfilm veterans. Written by MAD Senior Editor and former Lucasfilm lackey Jonathan Bresman. Published by Del Rey Books.

**ON SALE
OCTOBER 16!**

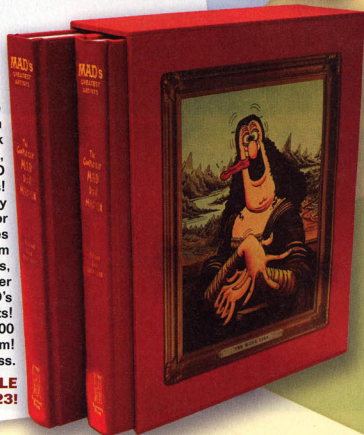


MAD's GREATEST ARTISTS

The COMPLETELY MAD DON MARTIN

A Deluxe 2-Volume Special Edition containing every work MAD's Maddest Artist, Don Martin, created for MAD over the course of 30 years! With a foreword by *The Far Side* creator Gary Larson and tributes to Don Martin from Al Jaffee, Sergio Aragones, Mort Drucker and other members of MAD's Usual Gang of Idiots! More than 1,000 pages — count 'em! Published by Running Press.

**ON SALE
OCTOBER 23!**

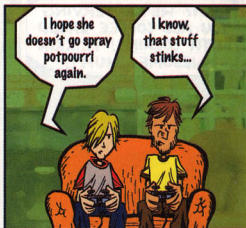




PEN AND STINK DEPT.

THE STRIP CLUB

"smells like mean spirit"
by vic black



**IT ONLY HURTS
WHEN I LAUGH**

"HAPPY CAFE"

HEE HEE HEE HEE

YOUNG MAN,
I WOULD LIKE
A SINGLE SHOT
AMERICANO,
PLEASE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. EVER SINCE
WE STARTED WINNING "BEST COFFEE
IN TOWN" AWARDS, STARBUCKS HAS
OPENED 3 BRANCHES WITHIN 300 FEET
OF OUR COFFEE SHOP, BUT YET WE SEEM
TO STILL MONOPOLIZE ALL THE COFFEE
CUSTOMERS FOR MILES AROUND.

THE REASON
IS SIMPLE: I
STARTED PUTTING
COCAINE IN OUR
COFFEE ABOUT
A YEAR AGO.

WHAT?!

AH JEEZ, DO YOU
NEED TO GET YOUR EARS
CHECKED AGAIN?

BUT THAT'S
IMMORAL, ILLEGAL
AND REALLY
UNHEALTHY!

AND HIGHLY ADDICTIVE! BEST BUSINESS
MODEL I'VE THOUGHT OF FOR RETAINING
CUSTOMERS SINCE THAT STRAP-CHAIR
I INVENTED IN HIGH SCHOOL.

AAUGH!! MY BUSINESS
PARTNER IS INSANE! AND ME,
I'VE BEEN DRINKING OUR COFFEE!
NOW I'M ADDICTED TO COCAINE!
AAAAUUUUUHHHH!

THE ONLY
DOWNSIDE IS
IT CAN MAKE
SOME PEOPLE
A BIT MANIC.

BUT NOT
YOU?

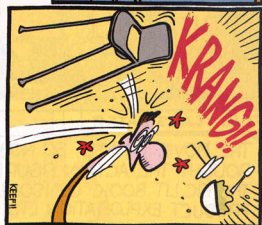
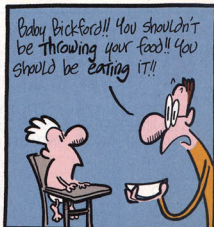
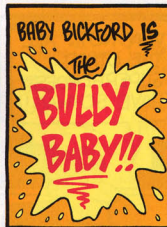
I DON'T GET MANIC. I GET IN THAT
"I'M-A-GOD-AND-CAN-DO-ANYTHING"
KIND OF MOOD, AND DO THINGS
LIKE YELL OUT TO EVERYONE:

HEY! WE'RE SERVING
YOU ALL COFFEE LACED
WITH COCAINE! FRIKKIN'
AWESOME, HUH?!

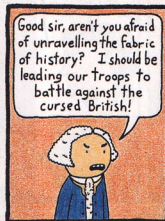
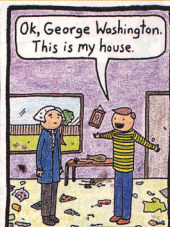
I THINK I'M GONNA FIX ME
AN ESPRESSO WHILE WAITING
FOR THE POLICE TO ARRIVE.

WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG.
HALF THE PRECINCT COMES DAILY AT
LUNCHTIME FOR THE COFFEE AND...
MY SPECIAL POWDERED DONUTS.

ACTUALLY,
MAKE MINE
A TRIPLE SHOT.



KEITH KNIGHT



JOE SAYERS

FANTABULAMAN

WORLD'S ONLY TRULY
UNDEFEATABLE SUPERHERO—
NO IFS, ANDS, AND/OR BUTS

YOUR
3:00
IS HERE.

SEND
HER
IN.

SO YOU'D LIKE TO
LICENSE THE
FANTABULAMAN
CHARACTER FOR
FILMS AND OTHER
MERCHANDISE.

WHY NOT? ALL
THE OTHER
SUPERHEROES
HAVE SCHWAG!

FIVE YEARS LATER

THE MOVIE TANKED, SO NOBODY
BOUGHT THE ACTION FIGURES OR
THE FIC LIT BOOK. CONSOLIDATED
PRODUCT EXPLOITATION LTD. IS
TERMINATING YOUR CONTRACT.

COULD IT BE...?
DEFEAT! AT
THE HANDS OF
CAPRICIOUS
CONSUMERS?

AS F-MAN'S DAD SAID, WHEN THE
LEMONS GET TOUGH, MAKE
LEMONADE! (F-MAN'S DAD HAD
ALZHEIMER'S.)

I'LL
FOLLOW YOU...
INTO THE
DARK...

ONLY THESE **SONG LYRICS**
UNDERSTAND ME. TO HELL WITH
CRASS CONSUMERISM! I'LL GO
INDIE! I'LL MAKE MY OWN F-MAN
"ANTI-MERCHANDISE"
MERCHANDISE!

SOON

YOUR LINE OF
**VULNERABLE
SUPERHEROES**
ARE HUGE WITH
IRONIC ONLINE
HIPSTERS!

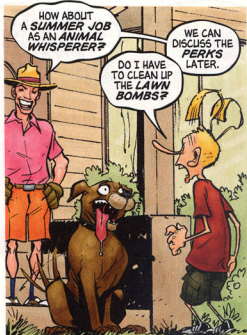
SPIDER-MAN HAD THE "EMO"
ANGLE TO HIMSELF BEFORE
YOU CAME ALONG. BUT
SPIDEY'S MOPEYNESS HAS
NOTHING ON YOUR SUPER-
"EMO" WHINY ÜBER
SENSITIVITY!

OUR INDOONESIAN
SWEATSHOPS CAN'T
KEEP UP WITH THE
DEMAND!

VICTORIOUS
AGAIN! I'M
CUTTING
YOUR FEE
IN HALF.

YOU KNOW, TO SUCCEED WHEN
YOU'RE TRYING TO FAIL **IS**
TO FAIL.

WHATEVER.
LOSER.



It's not quitting
time yet, it's...

MONROE

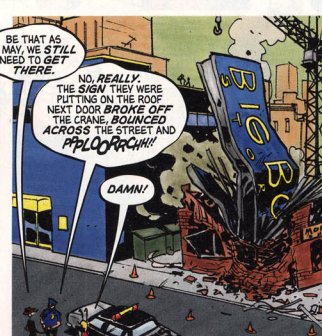
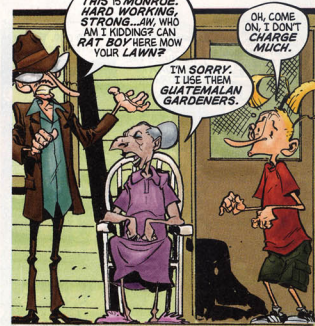
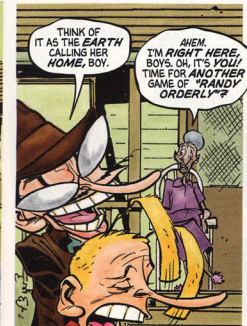
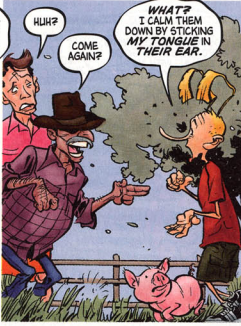
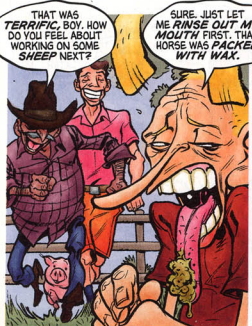
and...

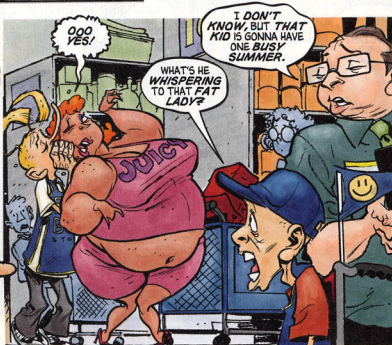
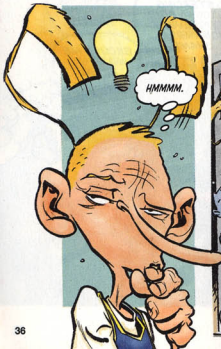
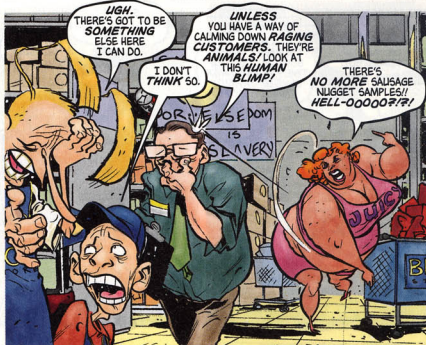
The Summer Jobs

Part 2



WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI
ARTIST: TOM FOWLER
COLORIST: RYAN FLANDERS







Recently President Bush underwent a colonoscopy during which he had several polyps removed. (Luckily, unlike Bush, his doctor did not rush in without an exit strategy.) Under the Freedom of Information act, MAD has obtained the President's confidential medical records which reveal the exact nature of what has been causing him so much pain and discomfort.

GEORGE W. BUSH'S COLONOSCOPY RESULTS

TOP SECRET!
DO NOT PUBLISH IN MAD!

REMOVED
RUMSFELD

REMOVED
ROVE

REMOVED
BROWNIE

**STILL TO BE
REMOVED**
RICE

REMOVED
LIBBY

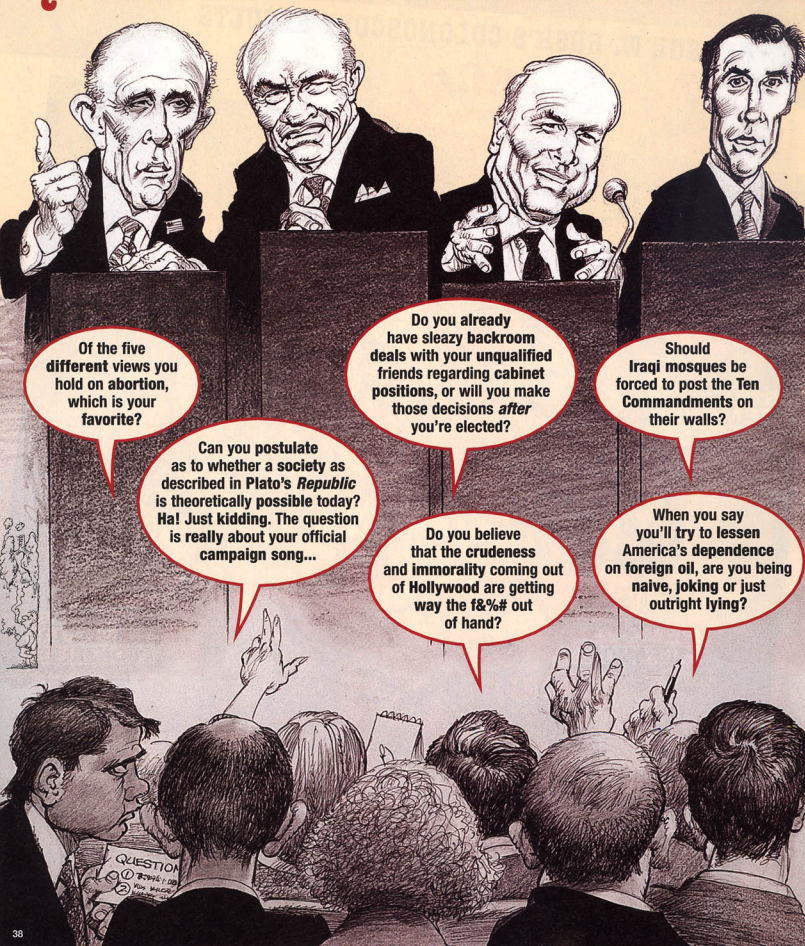
REMOVED
ABRAMOFF

**STILL TO BE
REMOVED**
GONZALES

**STILL TO BE
REMOVED**
CHENEY

REMOVED
MIERS

QUESTIONS WE'D LOVE TO SEE THE MEDIA



Of the five different views you hold on abortion, which is your favorite?

Can you postulate as to whether a society as described in Plato's *Republic* is theoretically possible today? Ha! Just kidding. The question is really about your official campaign song...

Do you already have sleazy backroom deals with your unqualified friends regarding cabinet positions, or will you make those decisions *after* you're elected?

Do you believe that the crudeness and immorality coming out of Hollywood are getting way the f&% out of hand?

Should Iraqi mosques be forced to post the Ten Commandments on their walls?

When you say you'll try to lessen America's dependence on foreign oil, are you being naive, joking or just outright lying?

public and starting an open, honest discourse! Or, you know, doing what they've been doing for the last glossing over all their half-assed past behavior! Someone needs to cut through the crap with these...

ASK PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES



We're ordering a bunch of post-debate pizzas. Sausage and pepperoni okay with you?

Hypothetical scenario: you're in the Oval Office when an attack worse than 9/11 occurs. How long would it take you to politicize it and blame the other party?

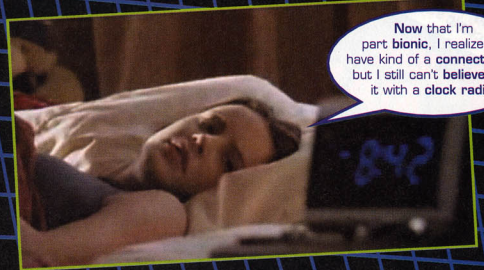
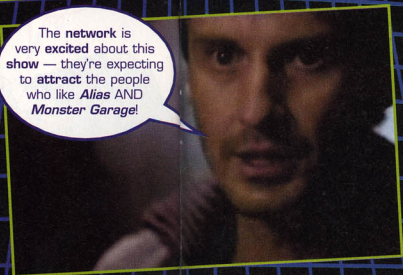
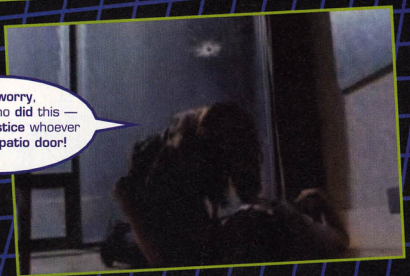
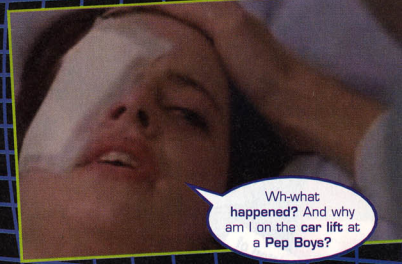
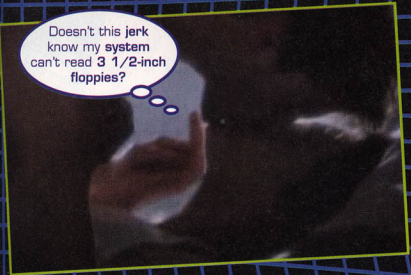
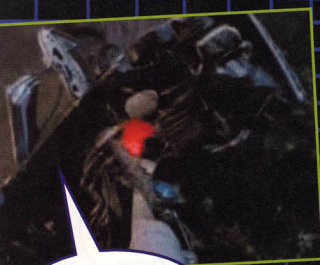
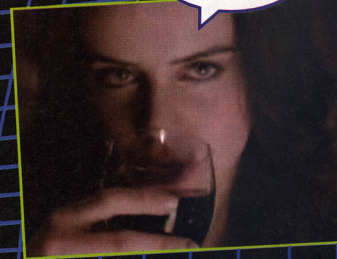
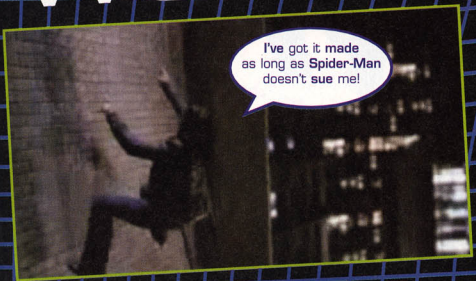
To curtail greenhouse emissions, would you consider trading in Air Force One and using a hang glider?

If a Supreme Court nominee actually answered a question directly, would that disqualify him or her in your eyes?

Boxers or briefs? And you aren't exempt from this question, Sen. Clinton.

Since we're pre-empting *Family Feud* in selected markets, I wonder if you could satisfy some viewers by naming a vegetable beginning with the letter C?

MAD's Better, Stronger, Faster Outtakes from **BIONIC WOMAN**



A TRULY
EXPLOSIVE
SEQUEL!

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VS

SPY²

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DAGGER FILES**

Over 200 "Spy vs. Spy" strips —
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Over 100 "Spy vs. Spy"
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**MORE
MAD
MISSIONS
OF
MADNESS**

BY **DAVID
SHAYNE**
FOREWORD BY
J.J. ABRAMS

ON SALE OCTOBER 2ND
WHEREVER BOOKS AND
ESPIONAGE SUPPLIES ARE SOLD!

Published by Watson-Guptill Publications

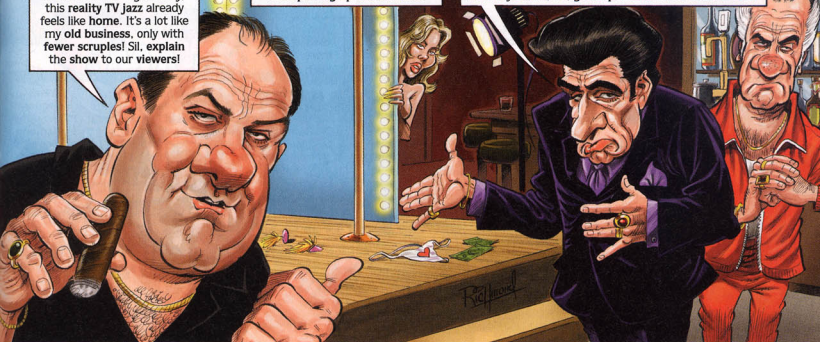
For years, *America's Next Top Model* has taken groups of bitchy, bulimic, charisma-challenged head cases and pitted them against one another. Each forgettable princess shared the same hope: to get her name on a modeling contract. But there's a brand new reality show in which the contestants definitely DON'T want their names to show up on a contract...

AMERICA'S NEXT top modelster

My name's Anthony Soprano, but I'm not gonna say it again! In my line of work, you're always looking for a way to take over somebody *else's* line of work! That's why we're muscling in here on the world of reality television. And I gotta say, this reality TV jazz already feels like home. It's a lot like my old business, only with fewer scruples! Sil, explain the show to our viewers!

Sure thing, TI We're about to bring up here on the beautiful stage at the Bada Bing four wiseguy wanna-bes! We're gonna give them a job to do and see if they got what it takes to be part of our crew. As you can guess, the jobs are gonna be a little tougher than picking up the cannolis!

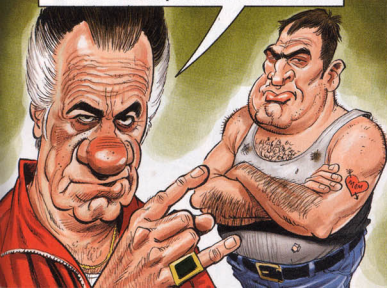
Each one of them thinks he's trying to make his bones out of sight, in the shadows! But what they DON'T know is that we're secretly filming the whole process from beginning to end. We'll find out which new guy handles the s\$@% that we put 'em through the best. The winner gets to have his balls busted by us for the rest of his life — which will probably end with a f@&\$%in' bullet from somebody he thought was a friend! And before you ask, no, grand prizes are NOT transferable!



WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

Enough f*#\$ing chitchat. It's time to start the game! This is Contestant #1, Vinnie from Queens! Vinnie says he's always wanted to join a feared family with a long history of inflicting ruthless punishment. But since the Stillers were filled up, we were his second choice!



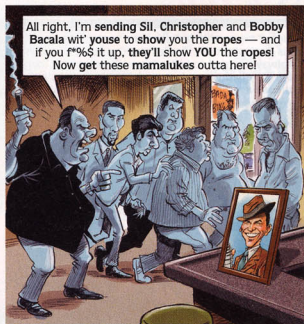
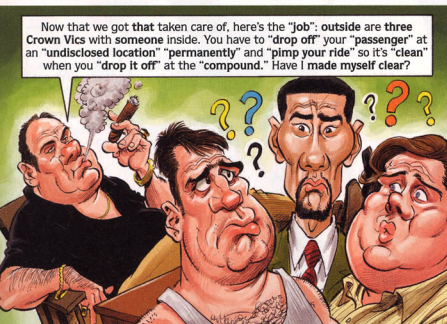
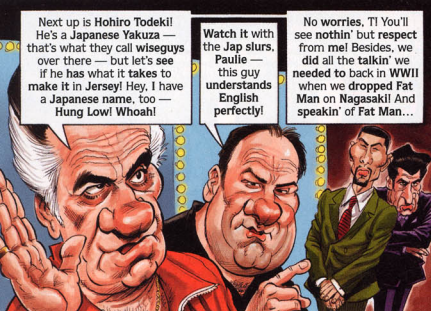
Contestant #2 is Roger from San Diego! It says here you practiced for this show by watching all the great crime movies.

What, like *The Godfather*, *Goodfellas*, *The Departed*?

No! *Wall Street*, *Jerry Maguire* and *Entourage*! Stock brokers and talent agents make you guys look like turnstile jumpers!

You got cocktail onions, kid! I respect that, so I'm not gonna shatter your kneecap until AFTER the show!

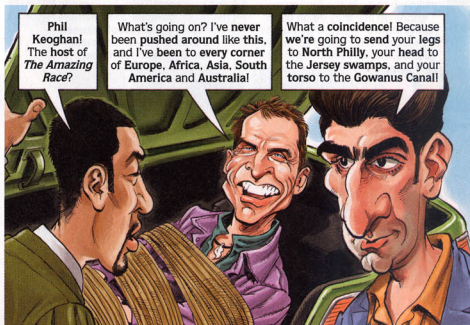






I don't get it. The boss said there was going to be someone waiting in the car!

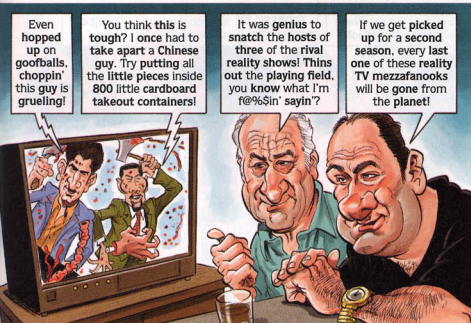
Stugotz! Pop the trunk!



Phil Keoghan!
The host of
The Amazing Race?

What's going on? I've never been pushed around like this, and I've been to every corner of Europe, Africa, Asia, South America and Australia!

What a coincidence! Because we're going to send your legs to North Philly, your head to the Jersey swamps, and your torso to the Gowanus Canal!

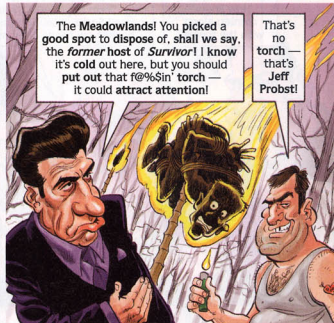


Even hopped up on goofballs, choppin' this guy is grueling!

You think this is tough? I once had to take apart a Chinese guy. Try putting all the little pieces inside 800 little cardboard takeout containers!

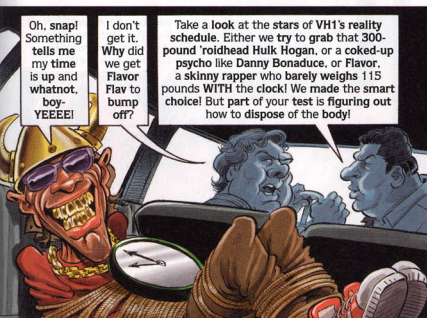
It was genius to snatch the hosts of three of the rival reality shows! This out the playing field, you know what I'm f@%\$in' sayin'?

If we get picked up for a second season, every last one of these reality TV mezzafanooks will be gone from the planet!



The Meadowlands! You picked a good spot to dispose of, shall we say, the former host of *Survivor*! I know it's cold out here, but you should put out that f@%\$in' torch — it could attract attention!

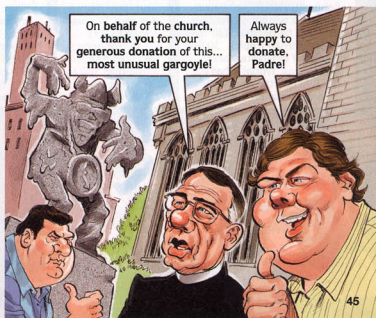
That's no torch — that's Jeff Probst!



Oh, snap! Something tells me my time is up and whatnot, boy-YEEEE!

I don't get it. Why did we get Flavor Flav to bump off?

Take a look at the stars of VH1's reality schedule. Either we try to grab that 300-pound 'roidhead Hulk Hogan, or a coked-up psycho like Danny Bonaduce, or Flavor, a skinny rapper who barely weighs 115 pounds WITH the clock! We made the smart choice! But part of your test is figuring out how to dispose of the body!



On behalf of the church, thank you for your generous donation of this... most unusual gargoyle!

Always happy to donate, Padre!

You all did good this afternoon — now, to see if you've really got the stomach to be in the family, we're gonna do like they do on other reality shows — you're gonna have to eat something totally disgusting! Janice, tell 'em what you made!

You'll start with some calzones, and antipasta with gabagool and prozhooh! Then, homemade manicott, gavadell and calamare with some pasta fazoool, mussels ma-dinara, clams oregonata, and eggplant parmigian!



Yo, T. what's disgusting about that? It sounds like an unbelievable feast!

She used store-bought tomato sauce!

Argghh! T. you sick f#@#!



Yo, Uncle Junior! Time to wrap it up! How are we coming along with the scores?

With 45 pancakes, it's Team Cupcake. Aw, s%#&, what did I say, Team Cupcake? I meant Team Cupcake. I had a dog named Socks once. Nice doggy. Hey, what did the Greek hooker say to the blind man's dog? Pancakes! Woof!

The scores, Junior! The SCORES!

Dammit! Dammit! I just made a number one in my pants!

It looks like our winner is Contestant Number One!



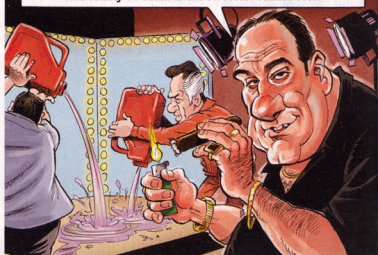
Congratulations, and salud. Vinnie! As winner of the contest, you'll be getting your own monogrammed icepick, 30,000 cartons of cigarettes, and a... whoa, whoa, whoa! What the f#@&? Lock the doors! This guy's wearing a wire!

But, but, it's for your own TV show! You just GAVE me the microphone so we could film this ceremony! You're wearing a wire yourself!

No more crocodile tears! Into the car trunk, Vinnie boy! We're taking a trip to the Pine Barrens!



Okay, let's get outta here! Once we torch the set and collect the insurance, we can start up production on *America's Next Top Mobster: Miami*, *America's Next Top Mobster: Boston*, and even *America's Next Top Mobster: Hackensack*! This reality TV scam is the sweetest racket ever!



And now, presenting
a Formerly New
MAD Feature!

WHAT THE HECK IS THE DIFFERENCE?

Can you find the **Idiotic**

Can you find the 9 idiotic changes we've made to this magazine cover?



ANSWERS: (1) The price of the magazine is upside-down. (2) Frankenstein's head scar is smaller. (3) Frankenstein's tongue is sticking out of the other side of his mouth. (4) Alfred's head is turned all the way around. (5) Frankenstein has nail polish on his pinky. (6) Alfred has a right hand. (7) The pair of tweezers has disappeared. (8) Frankenstein has a second scar on his left arm. (9) There's now a nailbrush in the bottom right corner.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET YOUR HANDS
ON A NANOBOT-SWARM-CANNON...
YOU GOTTA EARN IT.



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HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 1
OCT.-NOV.

LN 10



10¢

MAD

THAT THING!
THAT SLITHERING
BLOB COMING
TOWARD US!

WHAT
IS IT?

IT'S
MELVIN!





Greetings, you MAD readers! You're now holding in your MAD hands the very first MAD issue of MAD!

For us, the editors, this is a great occasion . . . for in the next few moments, you will be one of the many who are deciding the fate of MAD all over the country.

Many months ago, we had a meeting in the New York offices of Entertaining Comics. We decided we wanted to add another mag to our line . . . so we met behind locked doors to figure out what our new book would be. Well, we looked through our mail for a lead . . . we thumbed through our idea files . . . we paced the floor, beat our heads against the wall, and bit off all our fingernails! Should we do another war mag? No! Plenty of them on the stands already! Another science-fiction book? Nah! Market is filled to capacity! A horror book? Nyeh! Far too many of them around! Romance? Adventure? Western? Nope . . . nope . . . nope! We were tired of the war, ragged from the science-fiction, weary of the horror. Then it hit us! Why not do a complete about-face? A change of pace! A comic book! Not a serious comic book . . . but a COMIC comic book! Not a floppity rabbit, giggily girl, anarchist teenage type comic book . . . but a comic mag based on the short story type of wild adventure that you seem to like so well. THAT WAS IT! Immediately we leaped to our typewriters, our drawing boards, and our india ink . . . we worked like a crew of inspired demons! In no time at all, MAD was born.

You are now holding our dream child in your hands. We had a swell time creating MAD . . . and we hope that MAD will have a long successful life. But you, the reader, will decide that!

All right! We've said our piece. Now read! Enjoy yourself! When you're through with MAD, we'd like to know what you think of it. Any suggestions or criticisms you have to make will be greatly appreciated. Subscriptions to MAD, as to any other E.C. mag, will set you back 75c for six issues . . . full year's output! The address for letters or subscriptions is:

The Editors
MAD
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

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- WEIRD
SCIENCE
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- CRIME
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-
- FRONTLINE
COMBAT
-
- TALES FROM
THE CRYPT
-
- WEIRD
FANTASY
-
- THE VAULT
OF HORROR
-
- SHOCK
SUSPENSTORIES
-
- TWO-FISTED
TALES

TERROR DEPT.! PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!...VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHHEEEHHEE...

HOONAH!



NIGHT!... BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!

NIGHT... ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!

NIGHT!... WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!



GALUSHA! STOP SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD AND DRIVE WITH TWO HANDS! MUST YOU HUG ME ALL THE TIME?

I-I DON'T WANT HUGGIN' DAPHNE! I JUST WANT PROTECTION!



KAPOKA
KAPOKA
KAFONK
FZZT

GALUSHA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAR?

UH-OH! LOOK AT THE GAS METER! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF GAS!



UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN, EH, GALUSHA? WELL I'LL JUST GET OUT AND WALK!

HONEST, DAPHNE! NO GAS!



OUT OF GAS IN A RAINSTORM ON A DESERTED ROAD! HOW CONVENIENT, GALUSHA!

PLEASE, DAPH! HONEST!



MEN RESORT TO ANYTHING...! WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID! I'LL JUST WALK HOME...



...A LITTLE LATER, MAYBE!

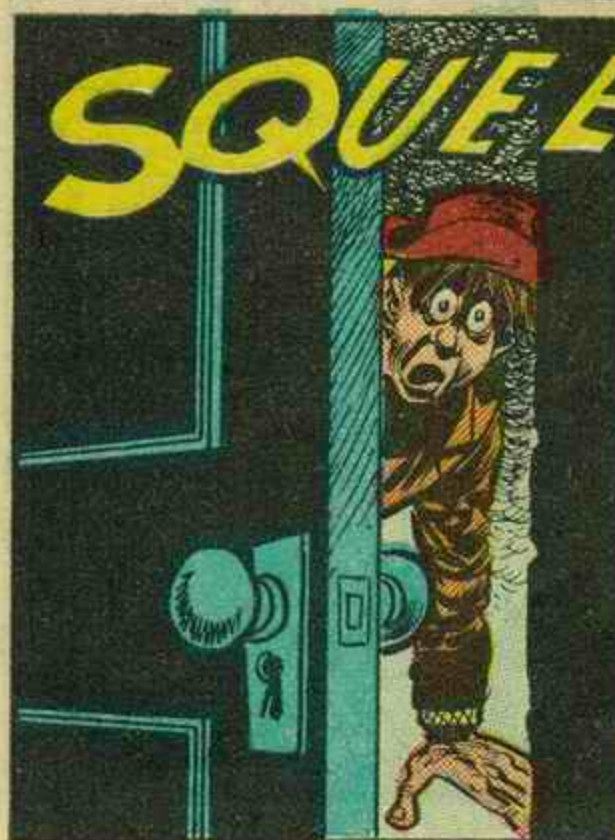
LISTEN, DAPHNE! WE NEED HELP! I'VE GOT TO GET A BUCKET SO I CAN GO TO A GAS STATION AND BRING SOME GASOLINE BACK!



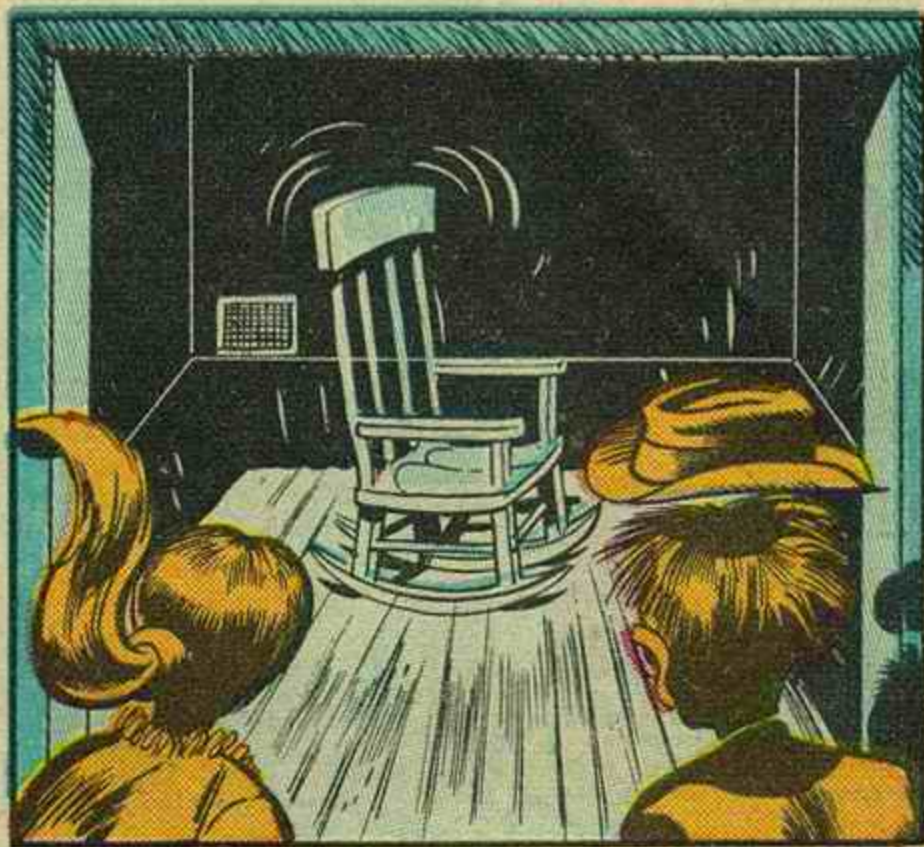
SUPPOSE'N I GO TO THAT HOUSE UP ON THE HILL THERE AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW A BUCKET, JUST SUPPOSE'N!

THAT HOUSE... ON TOP OF THAT HILL! OH N-NO, NO, GALUSHA... I MEAN GALUSHA! NOT THAT HOUSE!









THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND **NOTHING HUMAN COULD FIT THROUGH THERE!**



BUT **SOMEONE... SOMETHING...** WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR! THE STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD, HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!



THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY! JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCKING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING... EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK, SQUEEK, SQUAWK!





THEY'VE STOPPED! I KNOW THEY'RE BEHIND THAT DOOR BUT THEY'VE STOPPED! GET UP OFF THE FLOOR, GALUSHA, AND PROTECT ME!



I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, DAPHNE! THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT GOT ME, BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!



SUDDENLY I FEEL A DEADLY CALM SETTLING OVER ME! SUDDENLY I KNOW THAT NOW MY NERVES ARE STEEL!



...NOW I CAN TAKE ANYTHIN...

EXCUSE ME!

YIIIIII!

TAP TAP



GET AWAY! GET AWAY RUN ME!

I'LL CALLA COPS!

I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU! I'M MELVIN, THE CARETAKER HERE!

CARETAKER! A HAUNTED HOUSE WITH A CARE-TAKER?



LISTEN, CARETAKER! YOU BETTER TAKE BETTER CARE OF THIS HOUSE! IT'S FULL OF GHOSTS!

GHOSTS? A BIG BOY LIKE YOU BELIEVES IN GHOSTS? RUBBISH! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS!

WE HEARD THEM! BEHIND THAT DOOR! OPEN IT UP! YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!



SQUEEEEEEE





COME, SILVER
AVENGERS!
WE GO FOR
NOW... OR
MOM WILL
WHALE THE
HECK OUT OF

REMEMBER!
... GET OUT
OF THIS CLUB
HOUSE BY
DAWN
OR WE'LL
COME
BACK AND
BLAST
YOU!



CHILDREN!
OH, MY! HOW
RIDICULOUS
WE HAVE
ACTED,
GALUSHA!

AWW! I KNEW IT
ALL THE TIME! IT'S
THIS DRIVING THROUGH
THE RAIN! **DRIVING!**
DRIVING! DRIVING!
SETS A MAN ON
EDGE!... WOT?

IT'S LIKE I
SAID, YOUNG
FELLER! THERE
ARE NO
GHOSTS! NOW
I'VE GOT A CAN
OF GASOLINE!
YOU MAY HAVE IT!



OH, GALUSHA! IT'S STOPPED
RAINING! IT WAS NICE OF
THE LITTLE OLD MAN
TO GIVE US THE
GASOLINE!

YEP! HE'S WAYING TO US
FROM THE DOORWAY!
WAVE BACK!... **WHAT AN
EVENING THIS
HAS BEEN!**



IMAGINE! WE WERE SO WORRIED... AND THAT NICE LITTLE OLD MAN STAYS IN THAT BIG HOUSE **ALL BY HIMSELF** AND NEVER WORRIES **ONE** BIT!

I GUESS THERE REALLY
AREN'T ANY GHOSTS!
HOW SILLY WE WERE!
IMAGINE! THINKING
THERE WERE GHOSTS
WITH **HEADS CHOPPED
OFF!**



HEH, HEH! THERE THEY GO! SWERVING MADLY DOWN THE ROAD!



GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS!
GOOD-BYE! AND
REMEMBER...



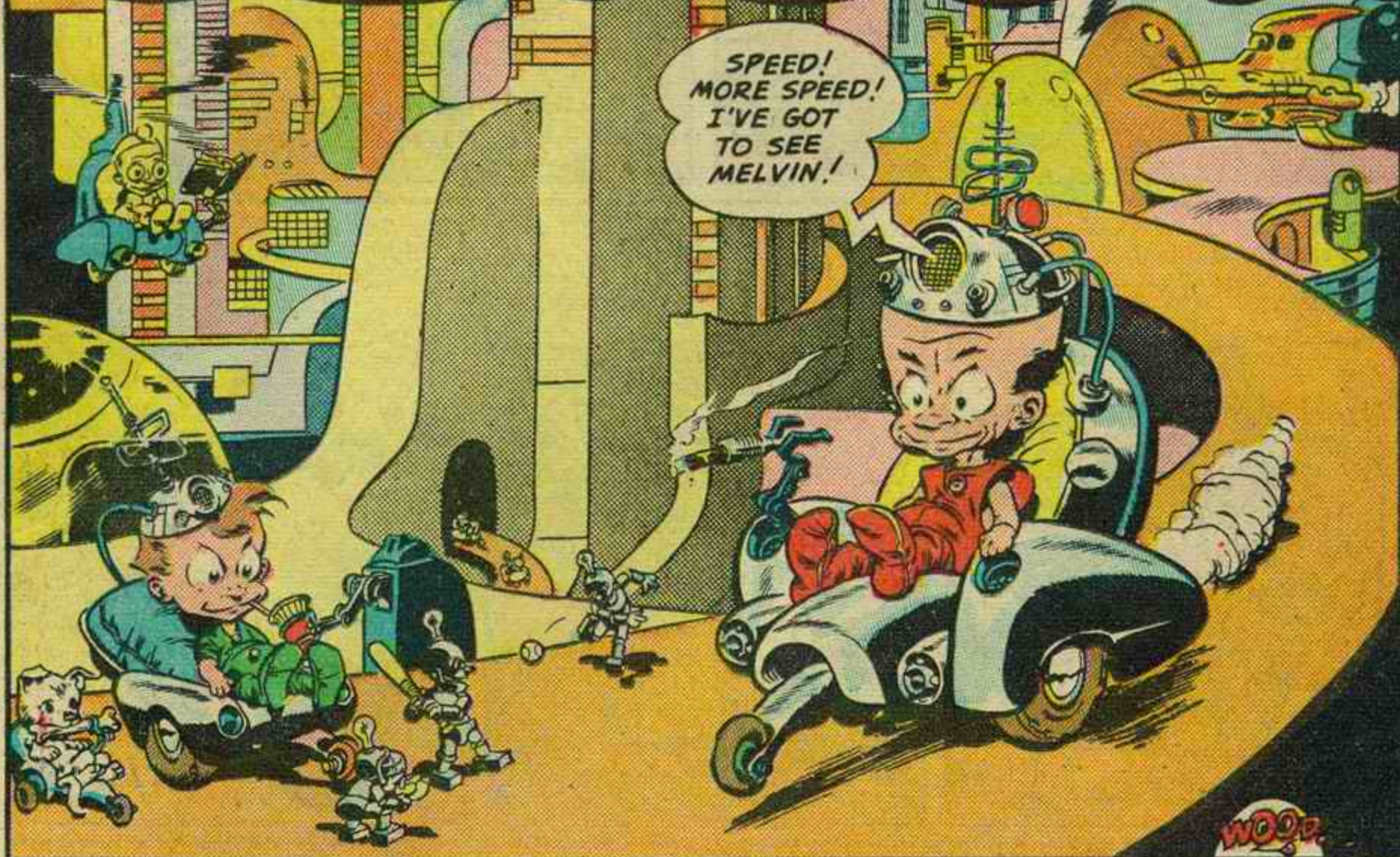
... REMEMBER... THERE
AREN'T ANY GHOSTS!
HEH! HEH!



...AREN'T ANY
GHOSTS AT ALL!

SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.! GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD INTO SPACE, FORWARD INTO TIME! GO FORWARD... 1952! 1962! 1982! GO! GO TO 1,000,000 A.D.! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! BACK UP A LITTLE! LOOK! THE EARTH! A MASS OF STEELY CITIES AND MEN! MEN? NO! NOT REALLY MEN! MORE LIKE ...

BLOBS!



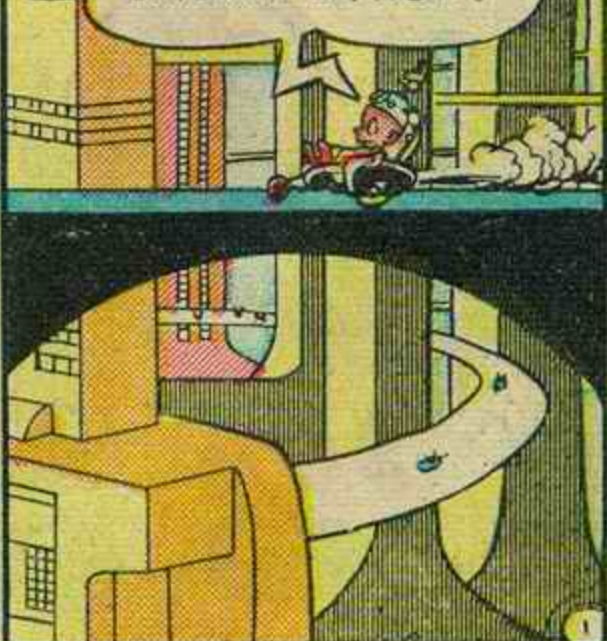
MELVIN, MY FRIEND! HE IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVE MINDS AROUND TODAY! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM MY HORRIBLE THOUGHT!



MELVIN, MY BUDDY! ONE OF THE RARE BRAINS THAT STILL THINKS! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM OF THE CALAMITY THAT MIGHT OVERTAKE US!



MELVIN, MY PAL! HE WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM THINKING! HE WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME! AAAH... THERE'S MELVIN'S SKYSCRAPER NOW!





FROM WHAT I READ IN OUR HISTORY BOOKS, THE FIRST PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN WAS MUCH LIKE A WALKING APE!



HIS LIFE WAS VERY UNCOMPLICATED! HE NEVER **RODE** ANYWHERE, AS WE DO TODAY! HE HAD TO **WALK**... POOR CREATURE... ON HIS **FEET**!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT THE WRETCHED THING NEVER HAD **VITAMIN PILLS**, OR... OR **DEHYDRATED MEALS**! JUST **RAW FRUITS, BERRIES**, AND SOMETIMES, **MEAT**!



HIS SOCIAL LIFE WAS EQUALLY SIMPLE! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IF HE SAW A FEMALE HE MIGHT DESIRE FOR A MATE, THERE WAS NO TAKING HER OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOME-SUCH!



HE SIMPLY WOULD **BASH** THE FEMALE ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST, OR SOME CONVENIENT BLUNT INSTRUMENT, AND **THAT** WOULD BE **THAT**! THERE WOULDN'T BE **ANYTHING ELSE** TO IT!

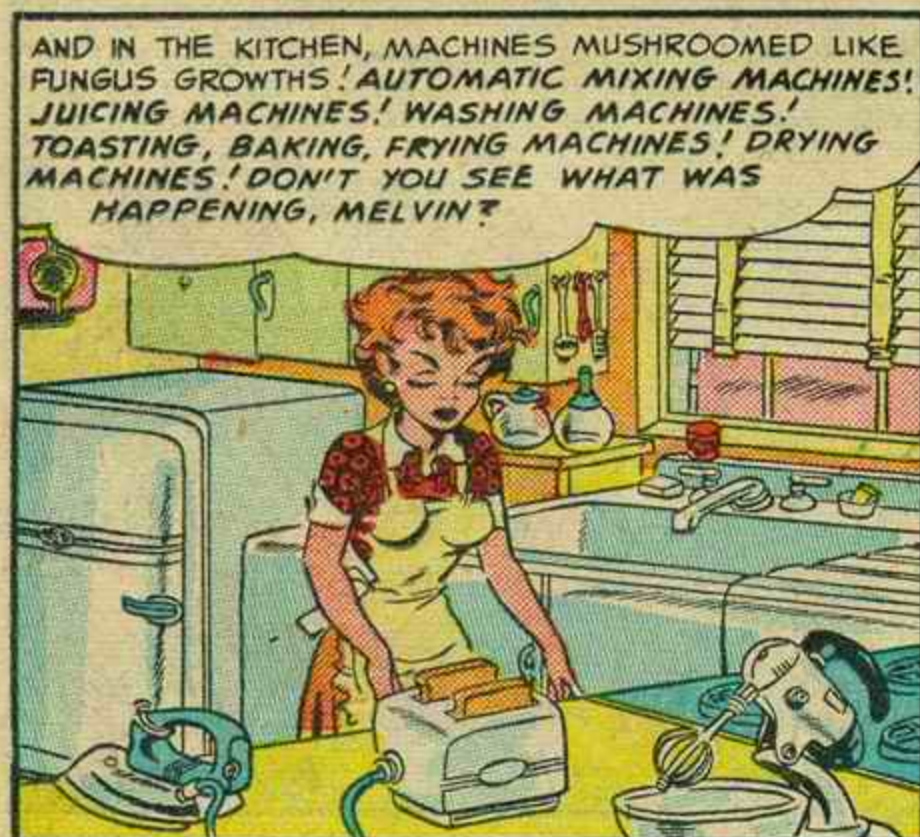


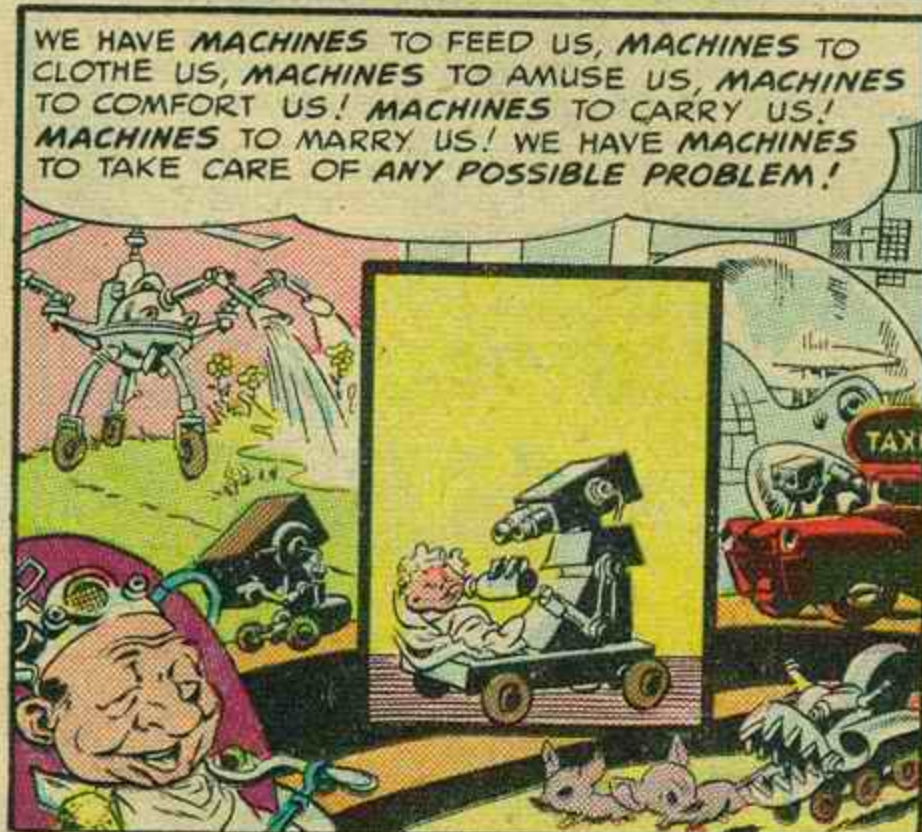
HE WOULD THEN **DRAW** THE FEMALE OFF TO HIS CAVE, AND THERE SHE WOULD REMAIN AS HIS WIFE! **SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE! AMERICAN!**... BUT **EVEN THEN**, THE **SICKNESS** WAS SETTING IN!



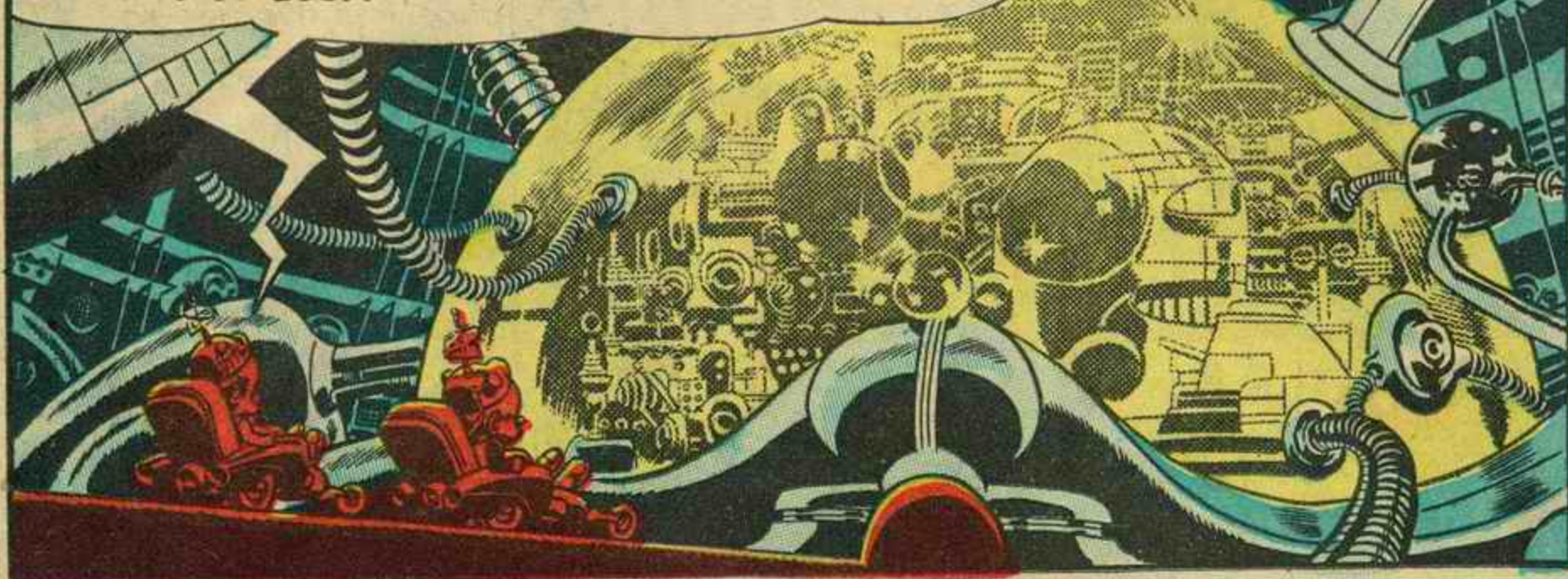
THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT.. THAT TOOL!... THAT WAS MAN'S MISTAKE! FOR **THAT TOOL**, WAS THE **FIRST** IN A HISTORY OF TOOLS THAT MAN WOULD FASHION TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM!







AND THE HEART OF OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS THAT MASTER MONSTER MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE COMPLEX MECHANISM THAT CONTROLS OUR WHOLE EXISTENCE! THE MACHINE WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD BE LOST! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?



WE HAVE EVEN DEVELOPED A MACHINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE... TO FEED IT, TO REPAIR IT!



AND WITHOUT THE MACHINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS! SEE OVER THERE! HE ONLY HAS TO THINK OF AN ICE CREAM SODA! THE MACHINE GIVE IT TO HIM!



LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! THAT FELLOW WANTS HIS BACK SCRATCHED! HE SENDS A THOUGHT COMMAND INTO THE MACHINE... IT SCRATCHES HIS BACK!



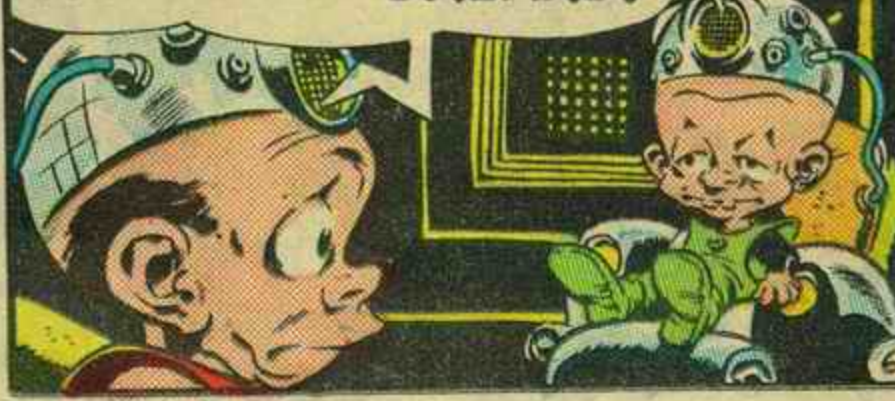
OVER THERE! THAT ONE WANTS ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMEN... ANCIENT 1952 HOLLYWOOD STYLE! HE PUTS A COIN INTO THE MACHINE AND GETS A ROBOT WOMAN! HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW LESS AND LESS MEN ARE GETTING MARRIED, AND MORE AND MORE OF THESE ROBOT WOMAN ARE BEING SOLD?



OUR CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO POT! WE LIE AROUND FROM DAY TO DAY SEEKING PLEASURE! DOING NOTHING! GETTING MORE AND MORE HELPLESS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!

SO... ALFRED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

PROVE? PROVE? MELVIN! WHAT... WHAT IF THE MACHINE THAT REPAIRS THE MACHINE... BREAKS?

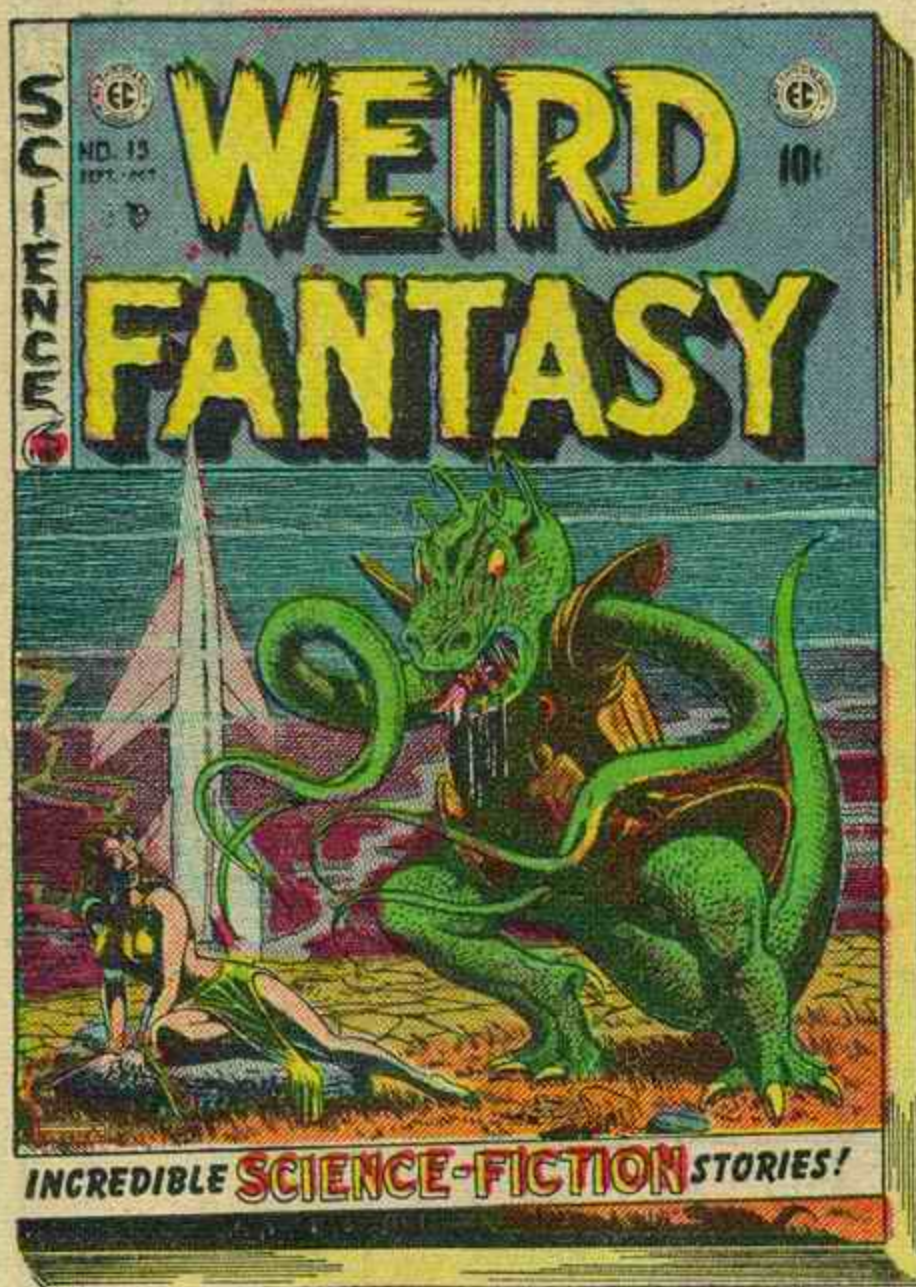




YES, DEAR READER! THE
MACHINE DID BREAK!

E.C. FANS!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
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**ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
ENTERTAINING COMIC!
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ENTER COSMO Mc MOON!

Captain Malfeasance O'Malley of the Bureau of Missing Persons was trying to console the unhappy and heart-broken couple who were sobbing holes through the hand-rolled, monogrammed Kleenex tissues he had received for Christmas! Poor Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were weeping over the loss of their only son, little Lemur Kayak.

O'Malley grabbed the rest of the Kleenex out of their tear-soaked hands and shoved it into a desk drawer. "This department has left *no stone unturned* in searching for your son. In fact, the mayor has ordered us to put the sidewalks back as they were!! But be of stout heart, for I have called the eminent Professor Cosmo McMoon—of Embraceable U.—in on this baffling case!

"The professor is accomplished in many fields. He's the man who put chlorophyll in Sen-Sen! He's explored the wildernesses of the human mind with gun and camera! He's been *in* so many minds, he's practically *out* of his own!! Have you read his latest tome, 'The Rest of Your Mind May Not Work . . . But Your Medulla Oblong Gotta!?' He is also the force behind the proposed 'Impeach Ben Franklin' movement. Unfortunately, Franklin was never president. He is the author of our new financial recovery program. He plans to send all Americans to Europe to live off Uncle Sam. A marvelous plan . . . it would reduce taxes tremendously!"

The door flew open! A distinguished man with a tuning-fork beard, clad in a midnight-blue dinner jacket, yellow Tunisian trousers, and open-toed, hob-nailed boots, stomped in!

"I received your urgent message on my tie-clasp radio, O'Malley, just as I was presenting my latest bill to the Senate page-boys! A bill to empty the Pacific into the Atlantic by means of a coast-to-coast bucket brigade. No more would our glorious West be threatened with

floods! But what of the missing cherub?"

Mrs. Kayak began the strange tale amid sobs and wails.

"Our dear little Lemur was a healthy, alert and normal boy until the day I brought home that box of table salt from the grocer's."

"What's so unusual about a box of salt?", asked Cosmo.

"Nothing! It was a famous brand. You've seen it! It comes in a round red box with a yellow top and a little tin spout for pouring."

"Yes, go on please!"

"Well, on the box, in a diamond shaped frame, is a picture of a Shaker lady with a brown bonnet on her head. The lady is smiling and in her hand she's holding another box of salt and on it is a picture of another Shaker lady holding another box of salt on which there is a picture of—"

"I know . . . a Shaker lady with a box of salt!!! They keep diminishing. Go on, please!"

"Well, our dear little Lemur just sat for hours on end and stared from one Shaker lady on to the next. He seemed fascinated! And then one day . . . (sob) . . . he . . . (sob) . . . disappeared! And just when I was about to change to a brand of salt with just *one* little girl with an umbrella on the package! That's life! When it rains . . . it pours!"

Cosmo McMoon stroked his beard thoughtfully. Captain O'Malley dried some wilted Kleenex by the heat of his desk lamp. The poor Kayaks just sobbed. Then the magnificent mind of McMoon came up with the solution!

"My dear friends! Your little boy has gone off into another dimension—and I am sure he's very happy there. Yes, he has gone into INFINITY . . . with the Shaker lady! The infinite is the unattainable limit of an unending process of construction. The extended objects of our ordinary perception do not occupy all the span of our field of vision. Objects last for a longer or shorter period, before which they were not experienced and after which they are no longer experienced. Lemur has gone into infinity . . . right down to the last salt box in the hands of the last unseen Shaker lady!"

Now Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were very happy. They hurried right home to talk to their little box of salt!



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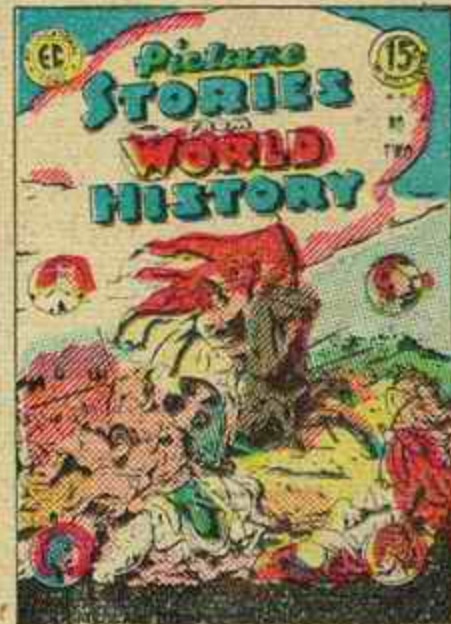


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Tiberius O'Leary—
Roman Counterspy!
Rome 106 B.C.

Senator Gaius Tobey assigned his best secret operative, Tiberius O'Leary, to crack down on gamblers who were fixing the spear-point spreads in the gladiator matches. The Romans had been shocked by the recent bribing of schoolboy athletes in the Colosseum!

Tiberius, working incognito, put on a zoot-toga and headed for a little poolroom just off the main drag, the Appian Way!

Inside the emporium, Marcus Sumatra, a dixieland lyre-player, crooned a tender refrain, "The Cry of the Wild Helvetian"! Tiberius quickly joined in a game of Roman Parchisi.

Amid cries of "You're faded, Brutus," "VII come XI," and "Baby needs a new pair of sandals," Tiberius raked in the chips! Suddenly, one of the heavy losers rapped Tiberius with a roll of denarii clenched in a closed fist. When Tiberius came to, the joint was raided by Chief Lucius Patton and the Forum Police, who put the bracchia on one and all!

Tiberius was thrown into solus confinement for 24 years and 8 months, despairing of ever fulfilling his secret mission. At this time, all men in Rome, between the ages of 18 and 25, received:

"Greetings from the Emperor! You are hereby ordered to report to local draft board MCXXV for a pre-induction physical!"

The Romans put Tiberius on their

shoulders and marched with him to the Grand Central Forum. They sang rousing choruses of "When Graccus Comes Marching Home Again," "The Chariot-Wheel of Fortune," "Bell Bottom Togas," "This is the Pedites, Mr. Tiberius," and "I'm a Roman Doodle Dandy"!!

At the draft board, Tiberius was immediately classified 1-A and sent to Fort Dixiebus for basic training.

At the fort, he was given a glass of milk; some gefuelte fish, and then an R.I. (Roman Issue) haircut. Now he was ready to relieve a Vestal Virgin for active duty!

He entered the Chemical Corps at the out-break of the Second Punic War. He was assigned to a place called Oak Ridge to carry on his explosive experiments.

Then the Romans invaded the White Cliffs of Dover! They discovered that the white cliffs were made of chalk, so they brought home a galley-full! The Roman Board of Education was elated! Roman students could write on their slates at last!

But the triumph of progress was short-lived! The kids were ruining their togas with chalk-dust. Tailors and cleaners were living off the fad of the land!!

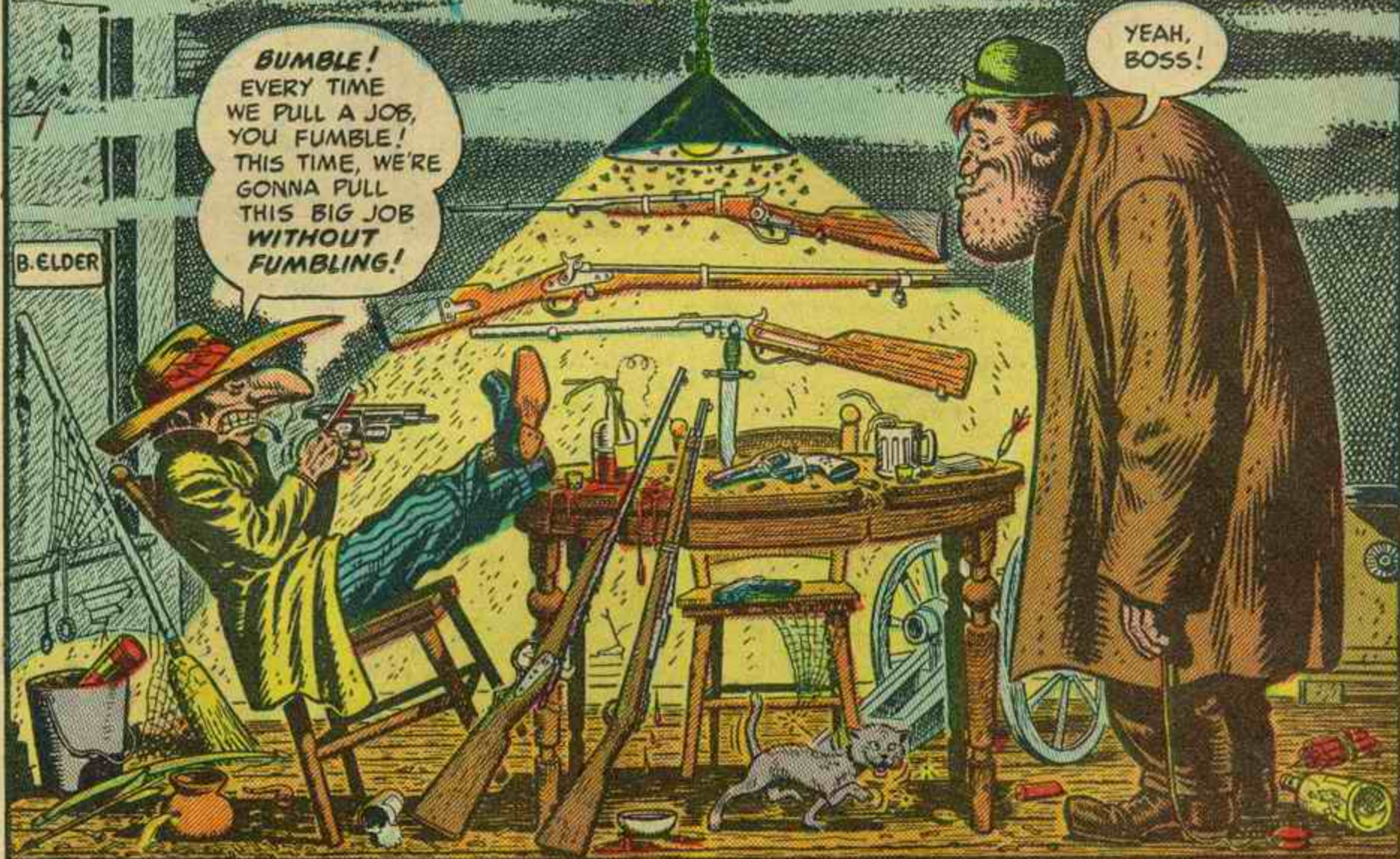
Tiberius retired to his lab, and after 32 years of research, came out with an implement to clean slates. It was called . . . "Eradico Scribendi"!

But, as he emerged from his sanctuary with his wonderful discovery, Rome fell!!

And that's how ERASERS were born!

CRIME DEPT.! COME AWAY FROM YOUR FRESH PAINT HOMES ON TREE-LINED STREETS!...AWAY FROM YOUR CLEAN LINEN, YOUR GRADE-A MILK! COME TO THE GARBAGE-CANNED, BROKEN WINDOWED LAND OF THE UNDERWORLD! COME TO THE HOME OF THE GANGSTERS, GORILLAS, AND...

GANEFS!



FOIST, WE CALLED DE MAYOR AN' TOLD HIM DAT HE GOTTA FORK OVER TEN GRAND OR WE'LL BUMP OFF HIS FAMILY! **DEN**, WE TOLD HIM HOW HE SHOULD LEAVE DE MONEY IN A BROWN PAPER PACKAGE ON TOLD AN' MAIN STREET! **DEN** I'M GONNA WALK OVA WIT DIS FAKE STOMACH TIED ON ME!



SHOULDER
HOLSTER
DRAW!

DEN, I'M GONNA PUT ON DIS COAT WIT' FAKE HANDS HANGIN' BY MY SIDES! **DEN**, I'M GONNA BE ABLE TO USE MY REGULA' HANDS! **DEN**, I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK MY REGULA' HANDS T'RU DIS HERE TRAP-DOOR IN DIS HERE PHONY STOMACH! **DEN** WE GOES TO TOLD AN' MAIN STREET!



POCKET
DRAW!

DEN, I WALKS OVA TO DIS BROWN PAPER PACKAGE WHICH IS LAYIN' LIKE DAT SAMPLE PAPER PACKAGE IS LAYIN'! **DEN**, WHILE MY FAKE HANDS HANG BY MY SIDES, I REACHES OUT WIT' MY REGULA' HANDS!



UNDER-
HAT DRAW!

DEN, I PULL DE REAL BROWN PACKAGE INTO MY STOMACH AND IN PLACE OF IT, I PUT A FAKE BROWN PACKAGE! **DEN**, IT LOOKS LIKE I NEVVA TOOK NO PACKAGE! **DEN**, IF DE COPS ARE WATCHIN', DEY DON'T KNOW NUTTIN'S HAPPENED!



PANTS
CUFF
DRAW!

DEN DEY WATCH AN' DEY WATCH... AN DEN DEY GET TIRED AN' TAKE HOME DE FAKE PACKAGE... WHICH DEY TINK IS DE REAL PACKAGE! **DEN** WHEN DEY OPEN IT, INSTEAD OF DEIR MONEY, DEY FIND A **STINK BOMB**!



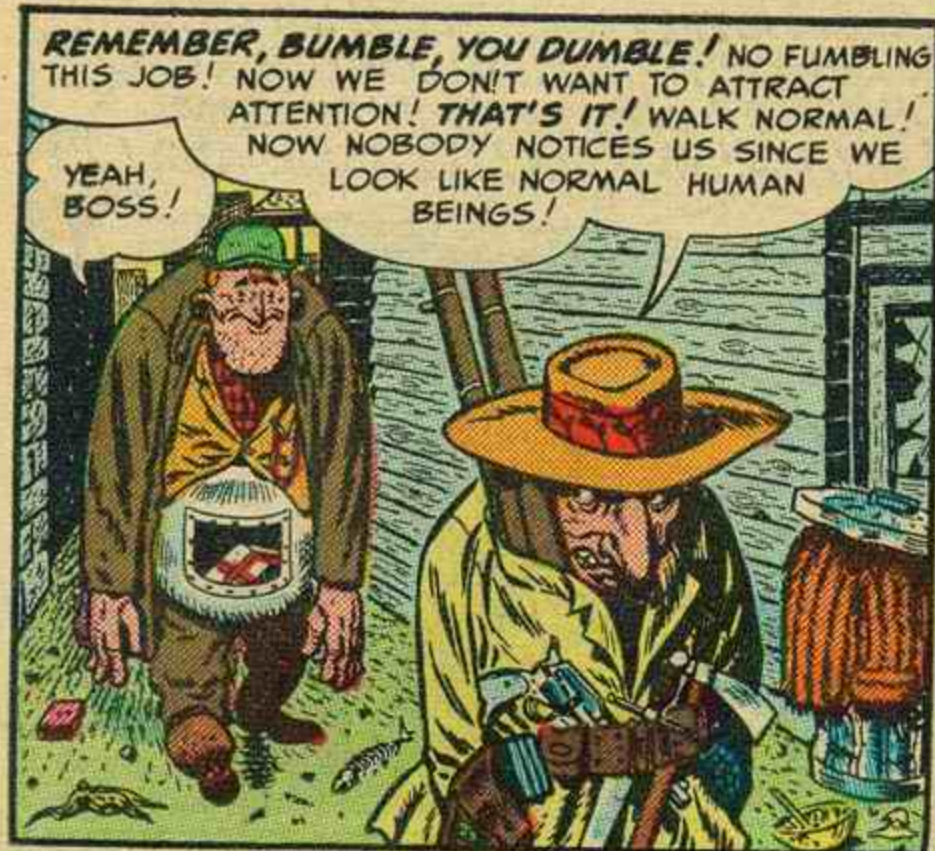
A STINK
BOMB!

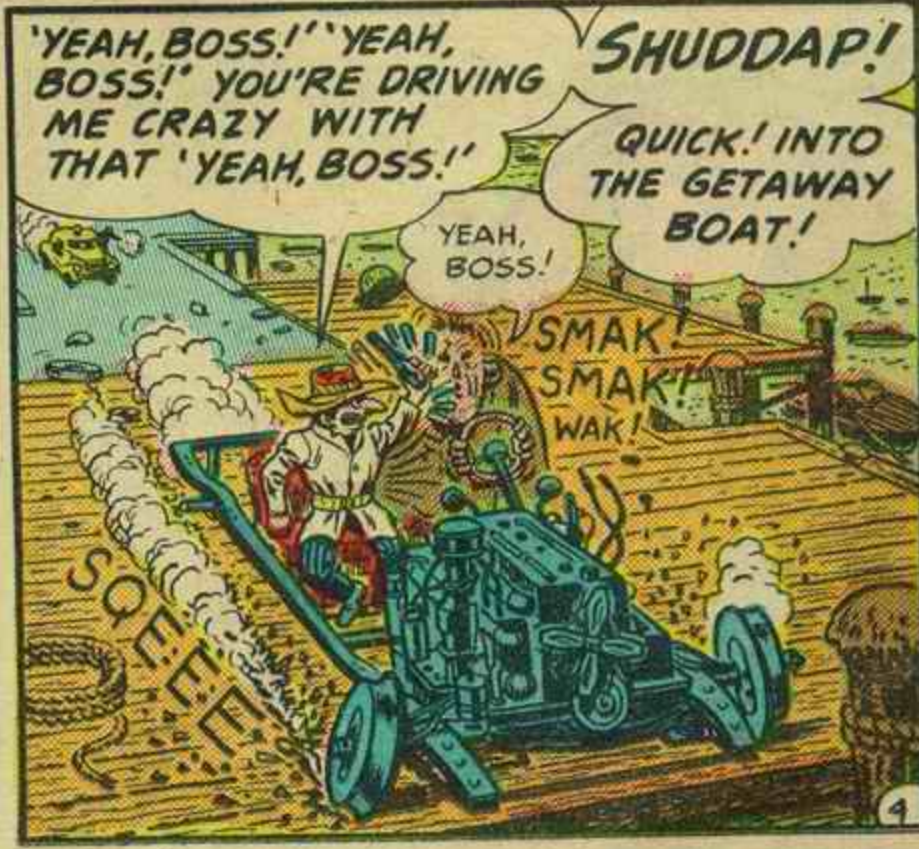
WHAT A
GAG!

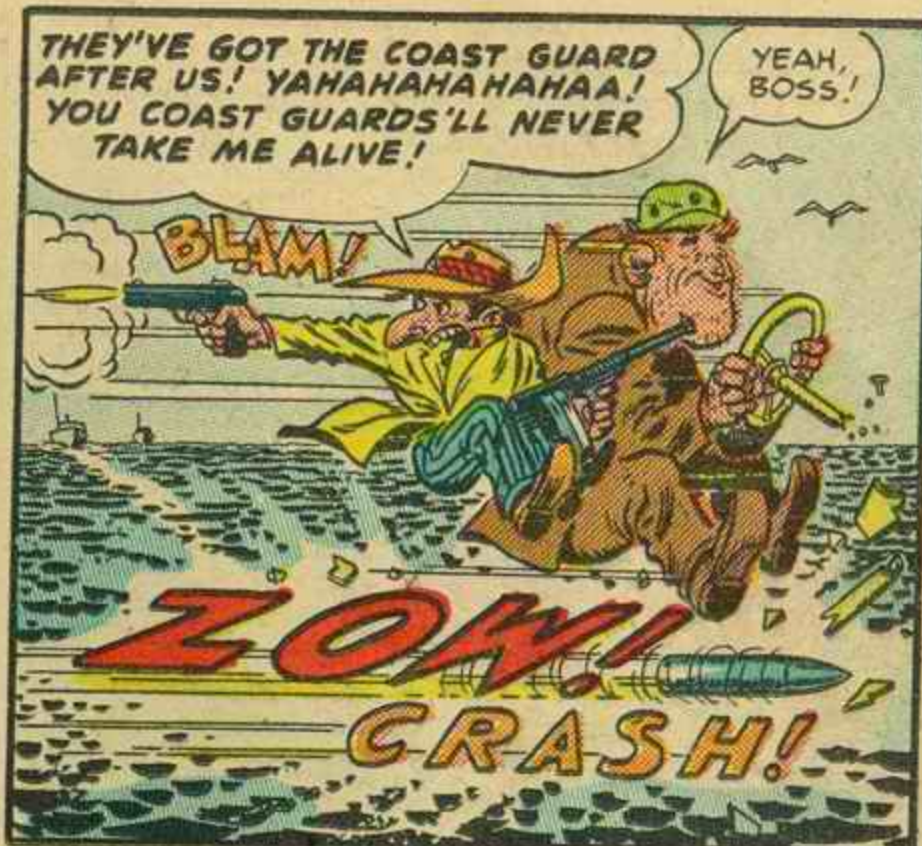


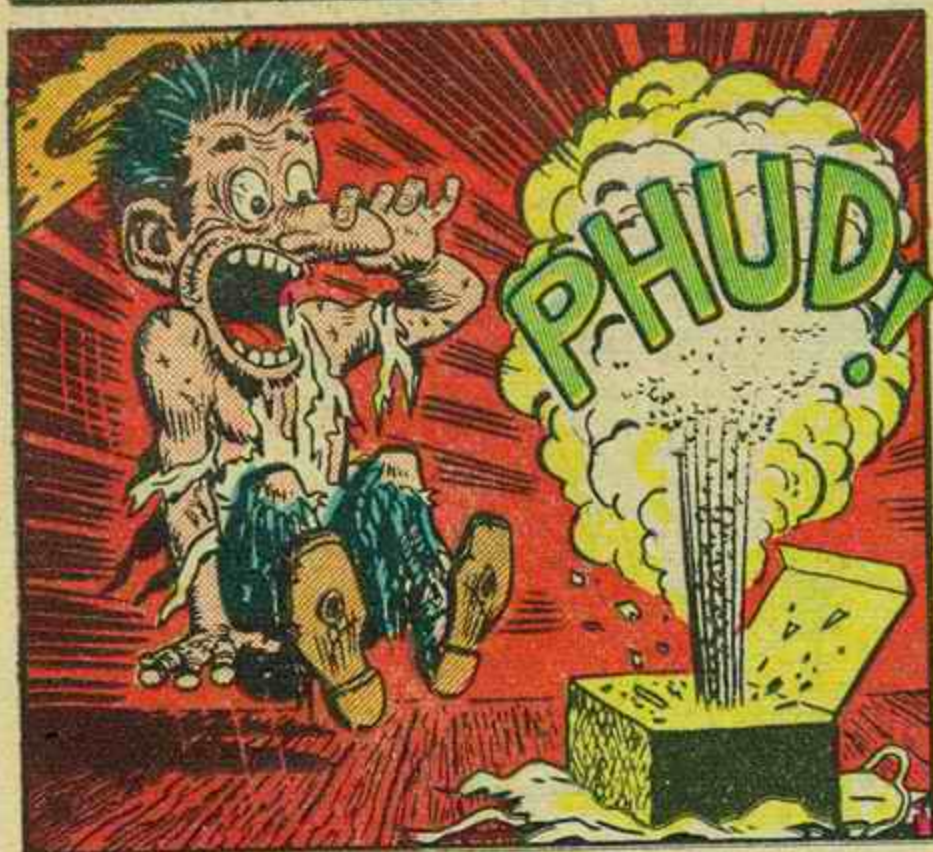
SHADDAP! THE TIME HAS COME! SYN-CHRONISE YOUR WATCHES! 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... HACK! LET'S GO!











A FOUL STENCH OF A CELLULOID STINK BOMB
RISES INTO THE CLEAR OCEAN AIR! FOR, YOU SEE...
BUMBLE... FUMBLER!

WESTERN DEPT.: GIMME A DRINK, JOE, AN' LET ME TELL YOU A STORY 'BOUT THE ROOTINEST, TOOTINEST, STRAIGHTEST SHOOTINEST COWPOKE EVER TO RIDE THE PECOS TRAIL! YOU SEE... WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY... AN' WHAT HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO WUZ... TO KILL A...

VARMINT!

J. SEYERIN





TEX! TEXTRON QUICKDRAW! YOU'VE COME BACK TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH... TO DO SUMTHIN'! AN' WHEN YOU MAKES UP YOUR MIND TO DO SUMTHIN', YOU DON'T CHANGE EASY! ONE Y'AR AGO, YORE BUDDY, MELVIN, WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY SOME UNKNOWN VARMINT!

YEP, SADDLE-SORE!

ONE Y'AR AGO, YOU SET OUT ON THE PECOS TRAIL TO HUNT DOWN THAT VARMINT... AN' WHEN YOU MAKES UP YER MIND TO DO SUMTHIN', YOU DON'T CHANGE EASY! ONE Y'AR AGO YOU STRAPPED ON YER GUNS AND VOWED NOT TO TAKE 'EM OFF TILL YOU GOT THAT VARMINT! 'P-PEARS LIKE Y-YOU STILL G-GOT YORE GUNS S-S-STRAPPED ON!

YEP, SADDLE-SORE!

I BEEN RIDIN'... FER THE PAST Y'AR SADDLE-SORE! 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! AN' I GOT MUH GUNS STRAPPED ON 'CAUSE WHEN I FIND THE VARMINT THAT SHOT MUH BUDDY, AH'M GONNA GIVE 'IM THE SAME CHANCET HE GAVE MELVIN!



I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! I DUG THE BULLET OUTTA MELVIN! A .48 SLUG WITH A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN RIDIN' CROSS'T THE PECOS TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GUN THAT THAT THERE BULLET CUM F'UM! AN' THE TRAIL BRUNG ME BACK H'AR! H'AR TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH!



I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! RIDIN' TILL I'M SADDLE-SORE, SADDLE-SORE! I BEEN FOLLOWING A .48 REVOLVER THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN FOLLOWING IT HERE TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT! A MAN BY THE NAME OF KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!



HOWDY, STRANGER!

I'M ... KICKIMINA-BELLY... KELLY!



KICKIMINA-BELLY KELLY!

HOO HAH!

THE FASTEST DRAW WEST OF LAREDO!

TEX DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HE WUZ A NICE FELLER!



DUST OFF A PLOT ON BOOT-HILL BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M REACHIN' FOR MY GU...



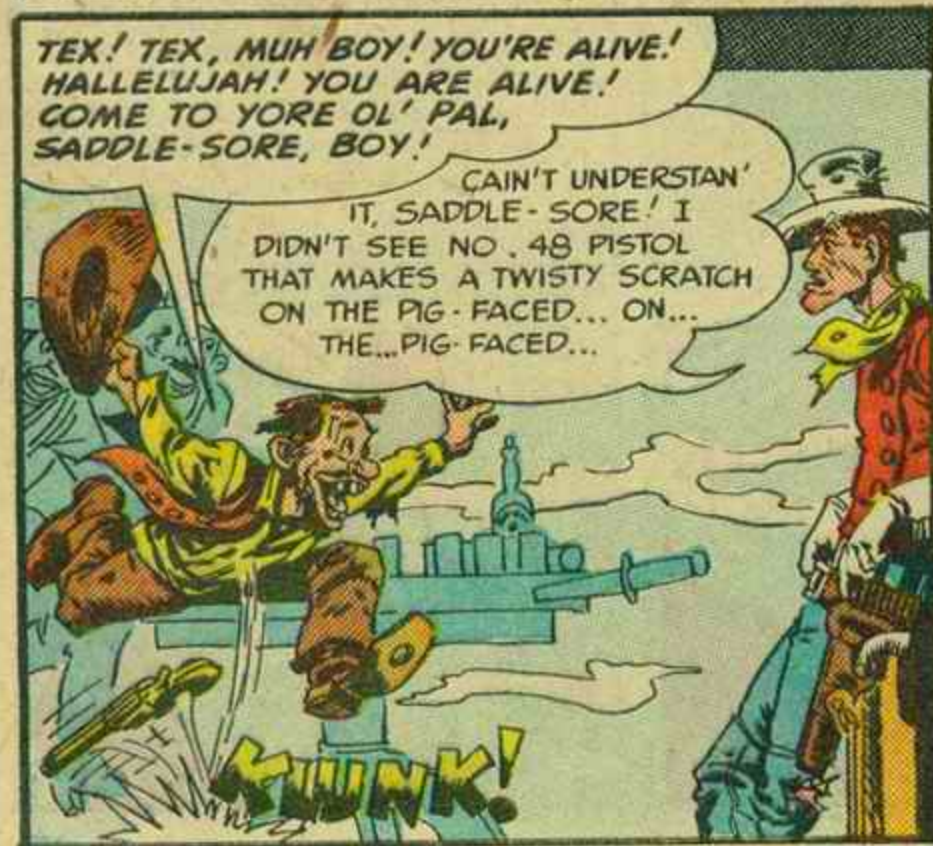
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLUDABL-BLAM!
BLAM!

...N!











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Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

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THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
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When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



Roger
Hirsch
before

ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
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as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



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Come on, **PAL**, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

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NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.



YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND**
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SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
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Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
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