

SPECIAL POLLUTED ISSUE OF

MAD

No.
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Oct.
'71

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Norman Mingo

IN THIS ISSUE, WE CONTAMINATE "LOVE STORY"

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the usual gang of idiots

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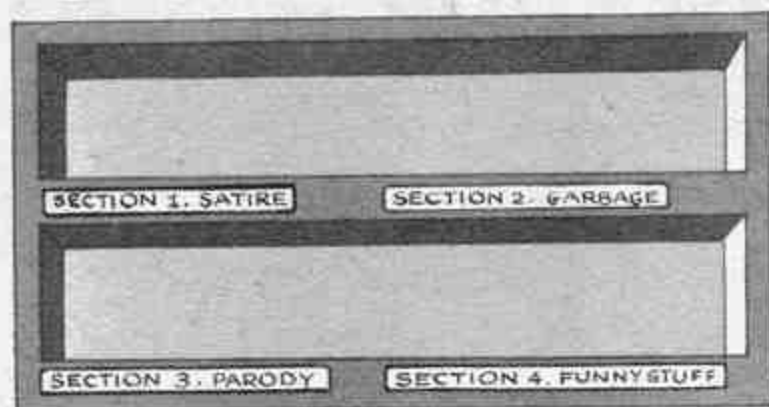
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LETTERS DEPT.



"SHMOE"

Your movie satire of "Joe" is a smash! Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker ought to receive a medal for it, from Congress.

Bobby Baro
Warren, N.J.

"Shmoe" was great! My Mom played Joe's wife in the picture but I still think your version was *better* than the movie.

James Callan
New York, N.Y.

Mort Drucker never fails to amaze me with his caricatures of various personalities. "Shmoe" is perfect!

Alix Stanley
Delaware, Ohio

Such snide remarks about our honorable Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew tend to corrupt the foundations of our firmly planted patriotism and undermine the efforts of our hard-working administration.

Yaral Legeis
New York, N.Y.

Your satire on the movie "Joe" was so funny, I took a right-winger out to lunch.

Avram Steinhardt
Livingston, N.J.

The article "Shmoe" was better dead than read.

Peter Heller
White Plains, N.Y.

With trash like "Shmoe" in your issues, I guess I'll continue to be willing to shell out your "outrageous!" price.

John Williams
Ann Arbor, Mich.

MAD SURPRISE PARTY

After I had the good fortune to break bread with all the MAD-men during the recent surprise party for your Production wizard, Leonard Brenner, it occurred to me that readers might like to see what the various MAD-men look like at "play". Photos taken that evening, as well as drawings presented to Leonard, are included in issue #10 of the quarterly magazine, "CARTOONIST PROFILES," which I have the fun editing. Subscriptions, if you'll pardon the expression, are \$8.00 per year.

Jud Hurd, Editor
"CARTOONIST PROFILES"
P.O. Box 325
Fairfield, Conn. 06430

DOVE STORY

The enclosed picture is from the "Long Island Press" newspaper for May 9, 1971. It proves that our soldiers read MAD and take hints from Al Jaffee's clever "Hawks & Doves".

Harry Beshers
Flushing, N.Y.

May I direct your attention to the enclosed from the "Pacific Stars and Stripes," May 11th. It seems the 101st Airborne Division has a Private Doves of its own. Incidentally, as an avid reader of MAD for around fifteen years, I'm *still* keeping the faith. The issues arrive a little late but they go fast. Over here, MAD returns me to the sanity of the *real world*.

1Lt. James Calantropio
Hue, South Vietnam



Apparently made by a U.S. Army bulldozer, the peace symbol stands out in the landscape near Camp Eagle, site of the 101st Airborne Division Headquarters in northern South Vietnam.

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD

INCREDIBLE OCCULT MAGAZINE

Your article, "Incredible Occult Magazine", shows how ridiculous the whole business of astrology is. It shows that anyone who can generalize can write an astrology book.

Robert Olmik
El Paso, Texas

Congratulations to Frank Jacobs and George Woodbridge for livening up the spirits!

Andrew Rivera
Bronx, N.Y.

The minute I read your "Incredible Occult Magazine" I tore up the book and burned it. But last Friday it came back and it's been haunting me ever since.

Richard Mullins
Elkhart, Ind.

NON-SMOKERS HATE BOOK

Al Jaffee's "Non-Smokers Hate Book" is very true. Next time, he might add a good one to benefit *non-smoking* GI's who have to pick up other GI's butts while policing the area.

Sp/y Eugene Wagstaff
Fort Ord, Calif.

It brought to mind all the things that smokers do to me. Do you know a place where I can get loaded cigarettes?

David Lynch
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Being a confirmed non-smoker, I have suffered almost all the abuses cited by Mr. Jaffee. A salute to him and no butts about it!

Warren Goldfein
Elizabeth, N.J.

Even if they managed to clean up the air pollution in this country, the idiots who smoke wouldn't know the difference. You really gave them a lung-full!

Clinton Bennett
Tulsa, Okla.

THE MORNING DELIVERY

Congratulations to Max Brandel and Irving Schild on "The Morning Delivery". They really told it like it may become...

Jeff Goldberger
Randallstown, Md.

I loved the back cover, "A Scene We'd Hate To See," but shouldn't the subtitle read: "The Mourning Delivery"...?

Gail Morse,
Bergenfield, N.J.

Regarding your "Morning Delivery", pretty smart on your part to have a newspaper in the pic instead of the biggest polluter of them all... MAD!

K. Vasudevan
Gainesville, Fla.

Those bottles on the doorstep (labeled Uncontaminated Milk, Clean Air, Pure Water) look like grim headstones for humanity. When will we wise up? Everybody talks about lousy water, especially when they're pouring good scotch into it.

Hames Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

MAD IS JUST FAIR

You have gratified many readers like me because you make fun of the people on both sides of any situation, the young, the old, the ambitious, the lazy, the pompous, the humble, the bombastic and the simple. I believe that your fairness in reducing all the victims of your satire to animate rhubarb has helped your magazine to thrive.

Bill Libby
Princeton, N.J.

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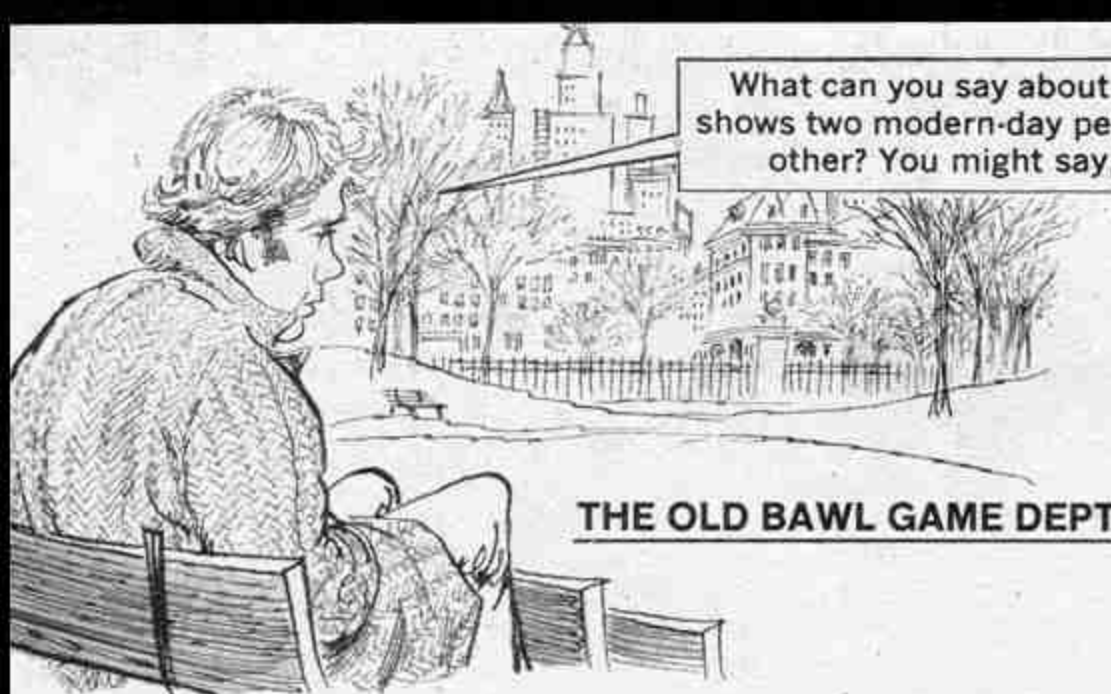
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WORK OF ART!

Yep, shipping out these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or training puppies—is the work of Art Fleagle, our stock room boy! Unfortunately, Art hasn't worked since we hired him! So put Art to work! Order your portraits! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022





What can you say about a movie that actually shows two modern-day people involved with each other? You might say, "That's strange!"

What can you say about a movie that not only shows two people involved with each other, but also in love? You might say, "That's unusual!"

THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPT.

LOVE

Hi! I'm Oscar Wallet IV! I'm incredibly rich, fantastically handsome, a superb hockey player, and perhaps the best kisser in Harvard... give or take a lip!

Get lost, Pee-Pee!!

No... you mean "PREPPIE"! Pee-Pee is a form of childish vulgarity!

BULL\$#*%! Now, get lost, you %\$#* @#\$%&*!

Hmm! I guess you DID mean Pee-Pee!

Look, you're annoying me! Please... get the hell out of here!!

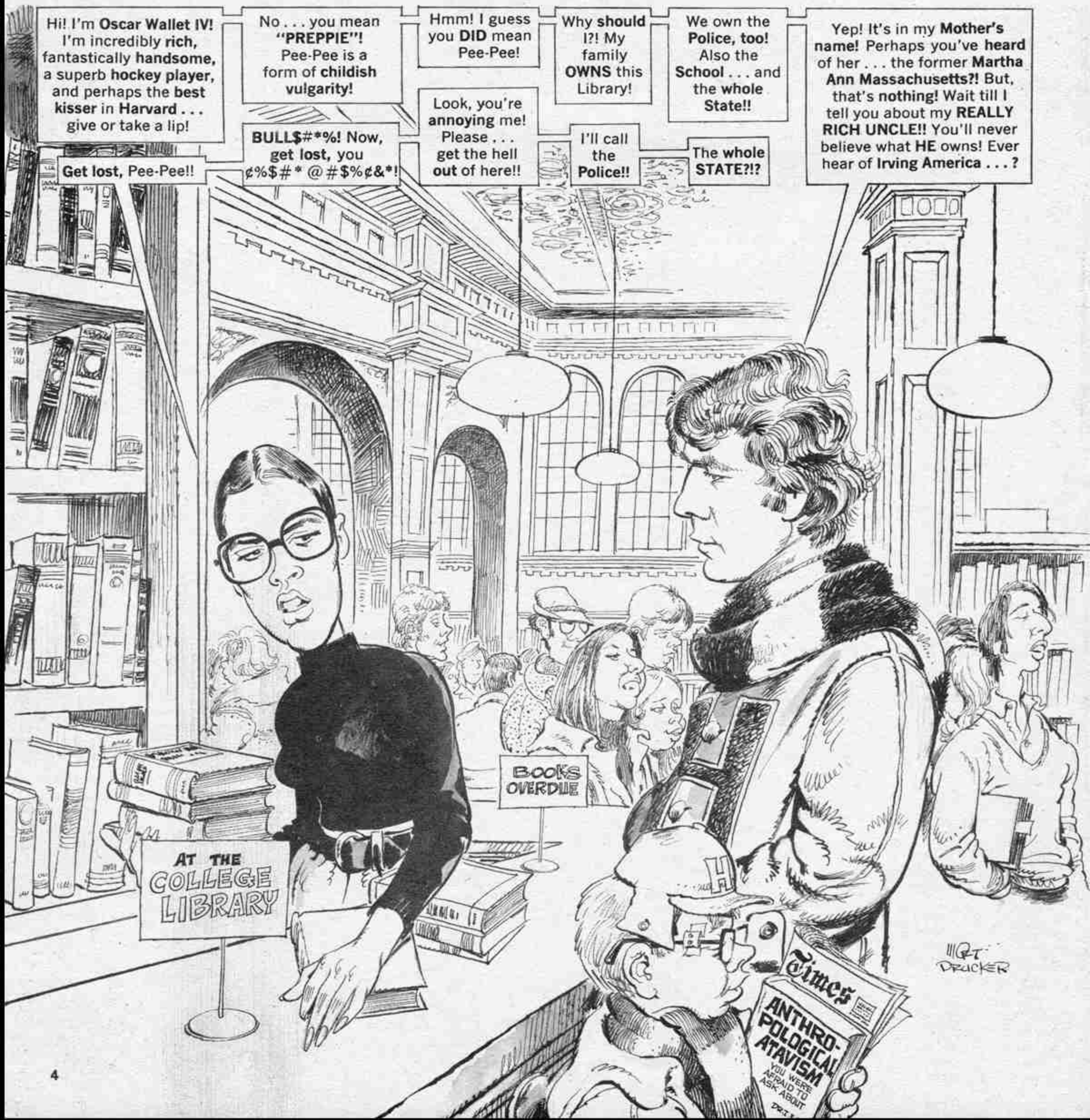
Why should I?! My family OWNS this Library!

I'll call the Police!!

We own the Police, too! Also the School... and the whole State!!

The whole STATE?!!

Yep! It's in my Mother's name! Perhaps you've heard of her... the former Martha Ann Massachusetts?! But, that's nothing! Wait till I tell you about my REALLY RICH UNCLE!! You'll never believe what HE owns! Ever hear of Irving America...?



Well, then what do you say about a movie that, in this day and age, not only shows two people involved with each other and in love, but also of different sexes? You might say, "That's sick!"

Okay, but please bear with me! Get out 25 boxes of Kleenex and be prepared to cry your eyes out! You see, this is a . . . sob . . . gulp . . . choke . . .

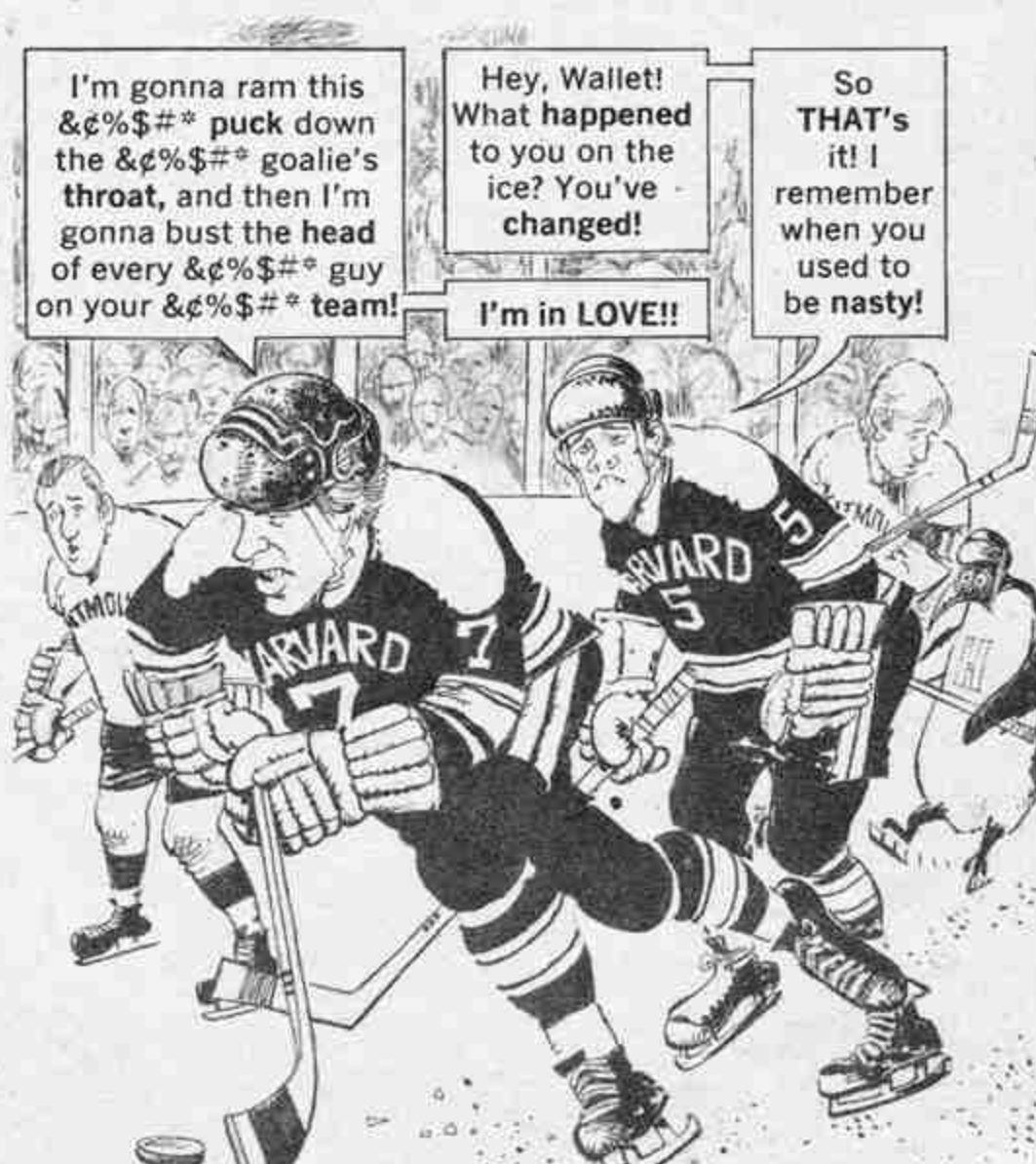
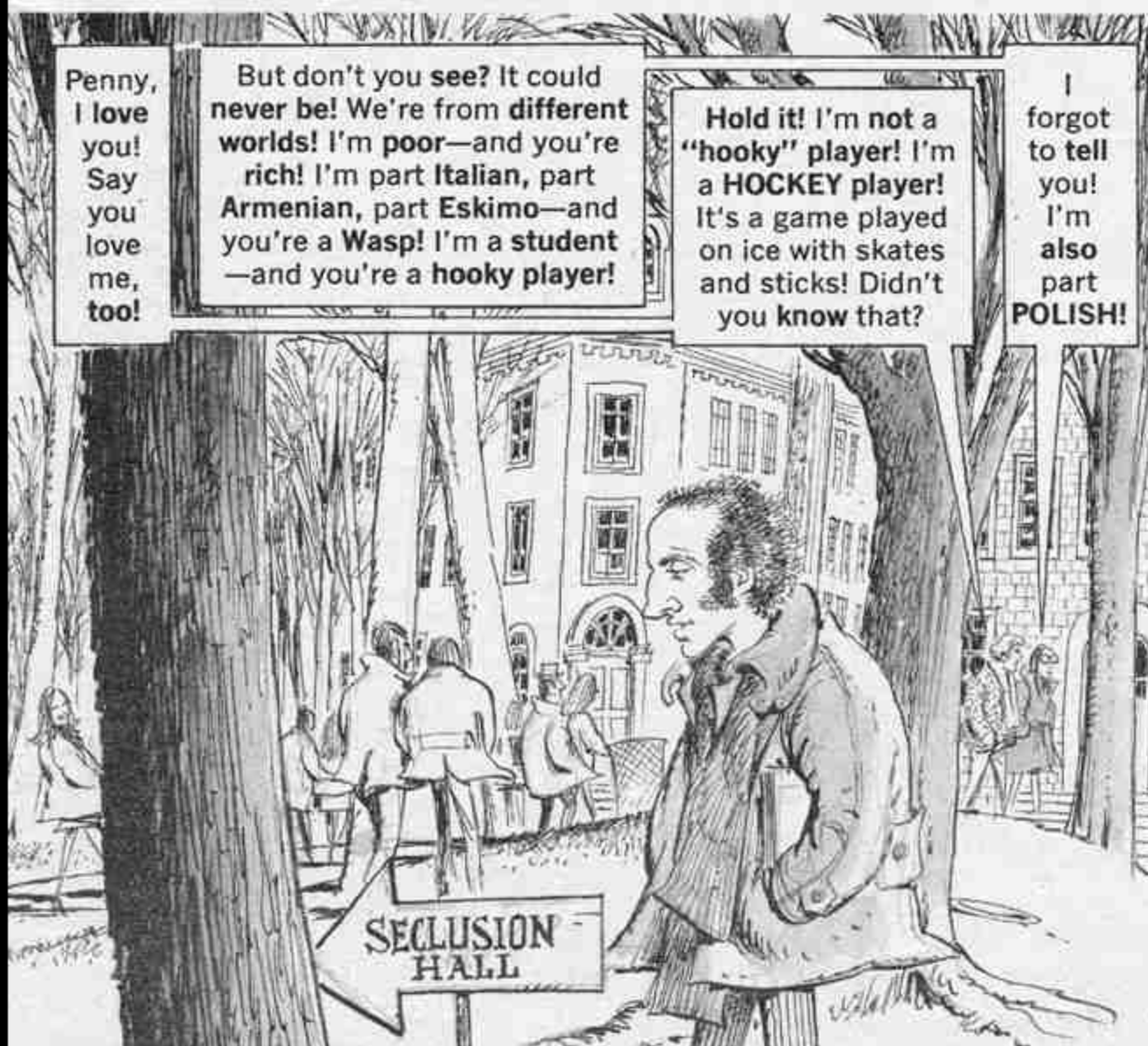
R'S STORY



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Penny!
You came to see me play!

Yes, Oscar! I decided I love you after all, in spite of everything!

You mean, in spite of my handsomeness, my incredible breeding, and my wealth!?

That's what love is all about, Silly! Sacrificing! Lots of sacrificing!

You, there! Wallet! Into the penalty box!!

That dirty &€%\$#* referee! I'll kill him! Imagine ... penalizing ME ... Oscar Wallet IV ... for THAT?!

What did he penalize you for? Roughing? Cross-checking?

You won't believe this ... SLOPPY KISSING!!

I believe it! I believe it!

Darling! Our first fight!!

Penny, isn't it wonderful to be young and alive and American and in love ... ?

SPLAT

And part Polish!!

Darling, what do you say we romp and frolic in the snow like true young lovers?

Snow?! There's no snow! This is June!!

If I say snow—there will be snow!!

Wow!! Your family owns **EVERYTHING!!**

Dearest, let's call this "**OUR SNOW**"!!

Actually, I prefer to call it "**MY snow**"—but I'll share it with you!

Isn't it all too beautiful? Too unreal?

You mean our pure, clean, fairy-tale love?

No, I mean our pure, clean, fairy-tale campus! No riots, no demonstrations, no hippies, no Blacks!

You're wrong, Penny! There **IS** a Black on campus! He's in my room!

Your roommate?!

No, my slave!



Who'd've thought I'd ever be on your bed, making love to you?! Oh, Oscar, I love you so much it hurts! Love can be so painful!

That's because you've got such a big soul—such a big heart!



No, it's because I've got such a big HOCKEY SKATE in my back!

I usually don't sleep with that, but my Teddy bear is at the cleaners!!



I'm sorry you hurt your back last night, Penny!

Always remember, Oscar—Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Gee, I sure hope you like my folks! But if you find them impossible—well, I'm sorry!

Oscar, I just told you! Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Oh, no?! Wait'll you meet my father!



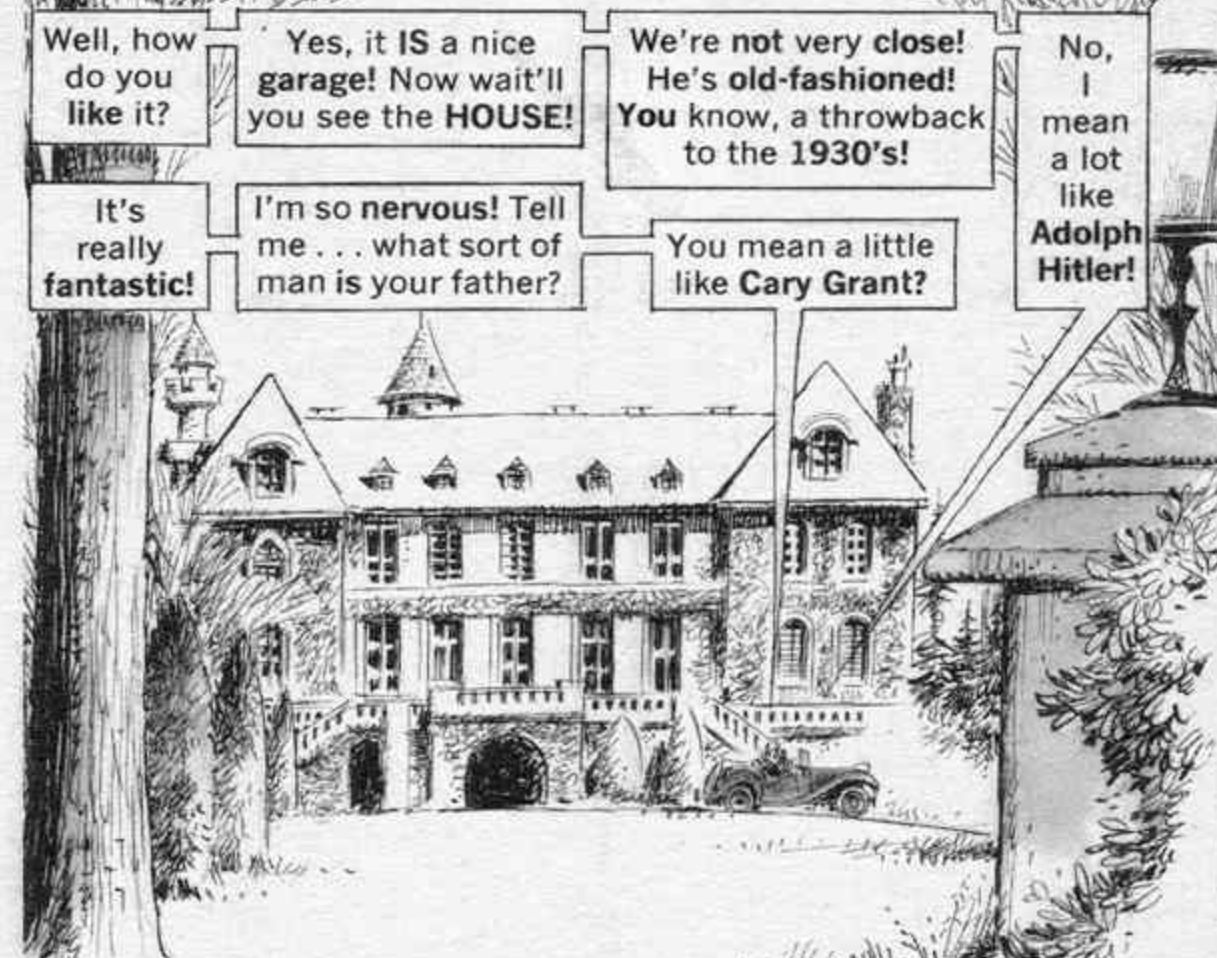
Maniacs! You came zooming by doing 85, you were in the wrong lane, and you made me wreck my car! You could at least say you're sorry!

Boy, are you stupid! Can't you see we're in love?!

In LOVE!? Well, why didn't you say so?! You don't have to say you're sorry! Never!! To think that I took up your precious time with my problems! I'M sorry!

THEY smashed OUR car! Why do YOU say you're sorry?

Idiot! I'm not in love!!



Well, how do you like it?

Yes, it IS a nice garage! Now wait'll you see the HOUSE!

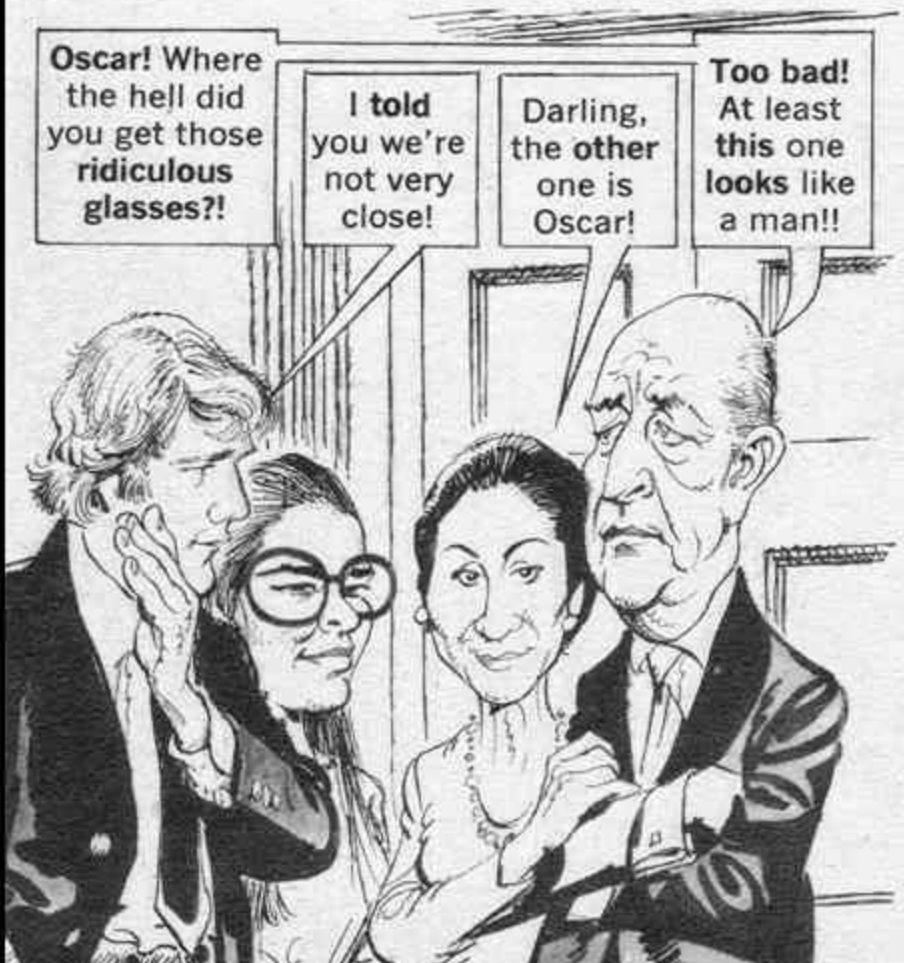
We're not very close! He's old-fashioned! You know, a throwback to the 1930's!

No, I mean a lot like Adolph Hitler!

It's really fantastic!

I'm so nervous! Tell me... what sort of man is your father?

You mean a little like Cary Grant?



Oscar! Where the hell did you get those ridiculous glasses?!

I told you we're not very close!

Darling, the other one is Oscar!

Too bad! At least this one looks like a man!!



Father, this is the girl I'm going to marry!

She doesn't look at all like High Society to me! What's your last name, girl...?

Cowznofskibumstein

That's the most idiotic name I ever heard in—

—pastafazoola!

I can't believe that's your real name!

It's not! You should have heard it before we shortened it!

Oscar, I refuse to allow you to marry this... this commoner!

Dear, try to be more tolerant! Look at it this way: We won't be losing a son... we'll be gaining the United Nations!

The United Nations?! That did it! Out of my life forever... both of you!!

I don't care what you say, Father! We're getting married!

I won't pay for the Church or the Minister!

Who cares?! We don't believe in your religion!

I'll cut you off without a cent!

We don't believe in your money, either!

I believe! I believe! Hallelujah!

No, Penny! We're going to live our own lives... and get married in our own way!



Isn't it exciting?! A do-it-yourself, mod wedding! The bride and groom marry themselves!

Just someone who was passing the chapel! All he does is listen to the ceremony and sign the marriage document!

He's not! He's actually a TV Repair Man!

Who's that fellow up there with them?

He doesn't look like a Priest or a Minister!

Well in a sense, THEY'RE like God!



Do I, Oscar, take you, Penny, and do you, Penny, take me, Oscar, and do we, Oscar and Penny, take us, Penny and Oscar, to be my, your and our respective wedded whatever?

Now, to seal their marriage, they recite a poem to each other! It's usually a poem that has special meaning for both of them in their early years and symbolizes their whole future life together!

I-You-Us-We all DO!



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man! Bake me a cake as fast as you can!

Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with a "T"!

There will be plenty for baby and me!

Under the powers vested in me by Barney's TV Repair Service, I now pronounce you a working set! The Groom may kiss the Bride and take her into his shop.



Wasn't that ceremony just too beautiful for words?

It made me want to laugh and cry at the same time!

Maybe your daughter, Zelda, would want a wedding like that?

I really don't think so! She's not very religious!



Well, Darling, this is where we're going to live in New York—on the top floor of this building! Just think—our first home, our first apartment, our first love nest...

Oscar, you'll have to carry me up the stairs and across the threshold!

Oh-oh! Our first hernia!

Darling, we've been married over a year, now, and we still love each other as much as ever! It's as if we were still honeymooners!

Carry me across the kitchen threshold and I'll make breakfast...

And yet, something troubles me...

Then... carry me across the bedroom threshold and I'll get dressed...

I can't understand why you're STILL not pregnant!

But first, carry me across the bathroom threshold!

Hey, I got an idea! Maybe—if instead of carrying you all the time, I put you down JUST ONCE!



Doctor, how come my wife and I can't have a baby?

Forget babies, Mr. Wallet! I've looked at your wife's tests and I have both good news and bad news for you! First of all, your wife only has one hour to live!

Doc, do you realize what you're saying? That... that sweet, beautiful, adorable creature has only one hour to live!

Yes! Well, so much for the good news!

That's GOOD news?!? Doctor, give it to me straight! What's my wife got?

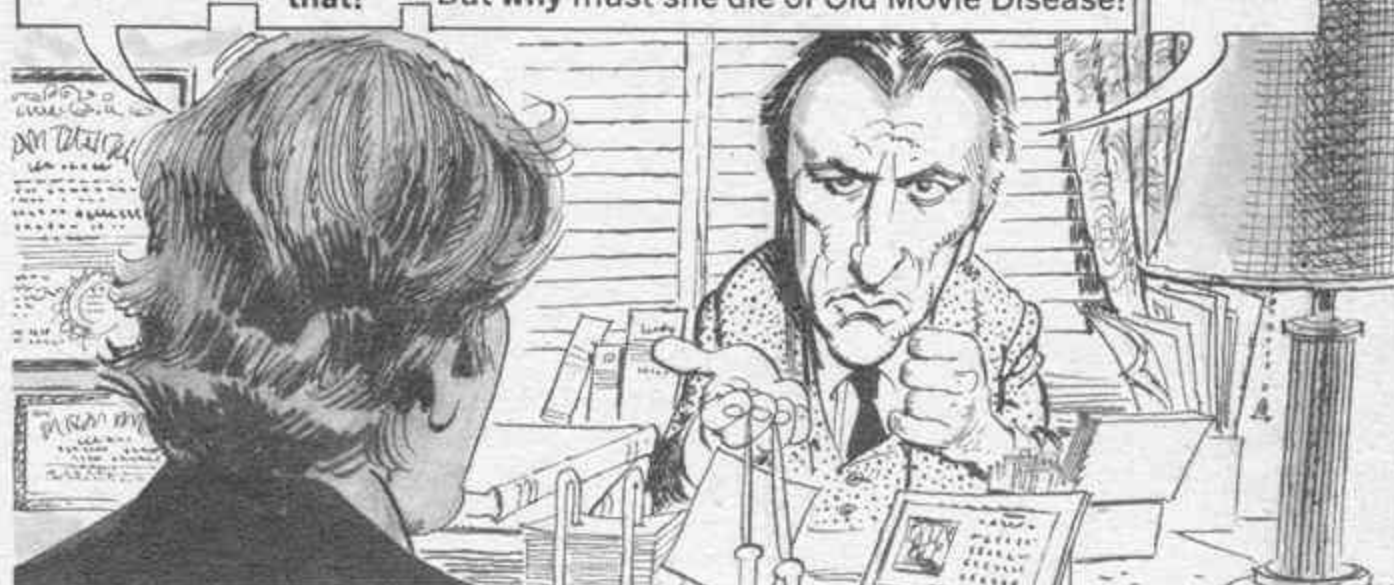
A rare ailment called "Old Movie Disease"!

What's that?

Well, you know how lately in films with all the sex and violence, people die horrible, bloody deaths? In the old days, they used to die beautiful glamorous deaths! Well, Mr. Wallet, your wife is going to die such a beautiful death, it'll take your breath away before it takes her breath away!

But why must she die of Old Movie Disease?

Because, let's face it... no matter how it's dressed up, THIS is an Old Movie!!



But it's not fair! She—she MUSTN'T die!

I'm afraid it's out of our hands!

You mean medical science is powerless?

What medical science!? I'm talking about cinema science! Think back! What have we got so far? A corny soap-opera plot! Unbelievable dialogue! A schmaltzy piano music background! Can't you see? If the producer doesn't have a tragic, sobbing ending to make all this garbage seem meaningful, he's got absolutely nothing!

In other words, if my wife doesn't die...

Right! The Studio dies!

I'll bring her to the hospital immediately!

Excuse me, Doctor! I was looking for my wife's room! I didn't know that Raquel Welch was also a patient in this hospital!

THIS is your wife, Mr. Wallet! Old Movie Disease is really taking its toll now! She's getting more beautiful by the minute!





Can I speak to her!

Yes, but pretend there's nothing the matter! Above all, don't let her know she now has only a half hour to live!



The doctor says you're going to be—gulp—fine, honey! He says you're going to live a—choke—long, full life!

I'm glad! Darling, would you please put the TV set on for me?

Good idea! You can watch your favorite CBS program . . . "Thirty Minutes"!

No, silly! You have the title all wrong! I'm going to watch "Sixty Minutes"!

Trust me!

Look, Doc! The color is coming back to her cheeks, the mascara's coming back to her eyes, her bust-line has grown four inches, and all of her teeth are suddenly straight!

Poor kid! She's sinking fast!



Doctor! Doctor! Is she—?

I'm afraid she's gone!

But according to my watch, she should've lasted another ten minutes!

Medicine isn't perfect, Mr. Wallet! I'm sorry!

Hold it, Doc! Always remember, medicine is never having to say you're sorry!



This has GOT to be the most beautiful movie death EVER!!

This moment sort of makes me wonder!

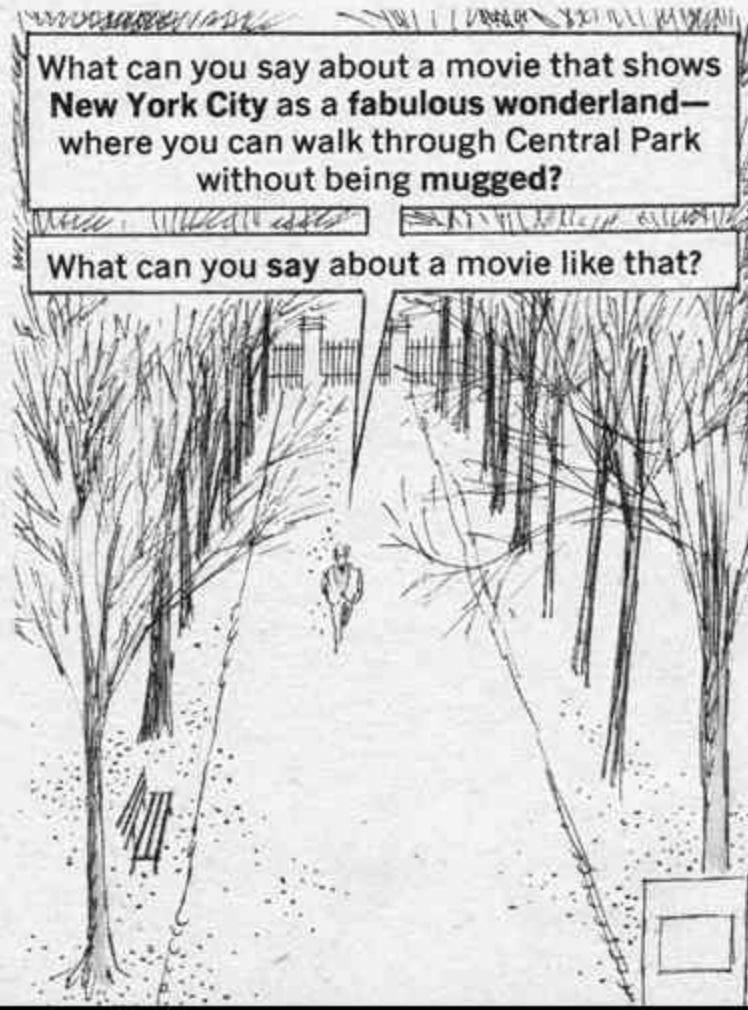
About the mortality of Man here on Earth?

No . . . about whether those angels and cherubs are covered by my Blue Cross!



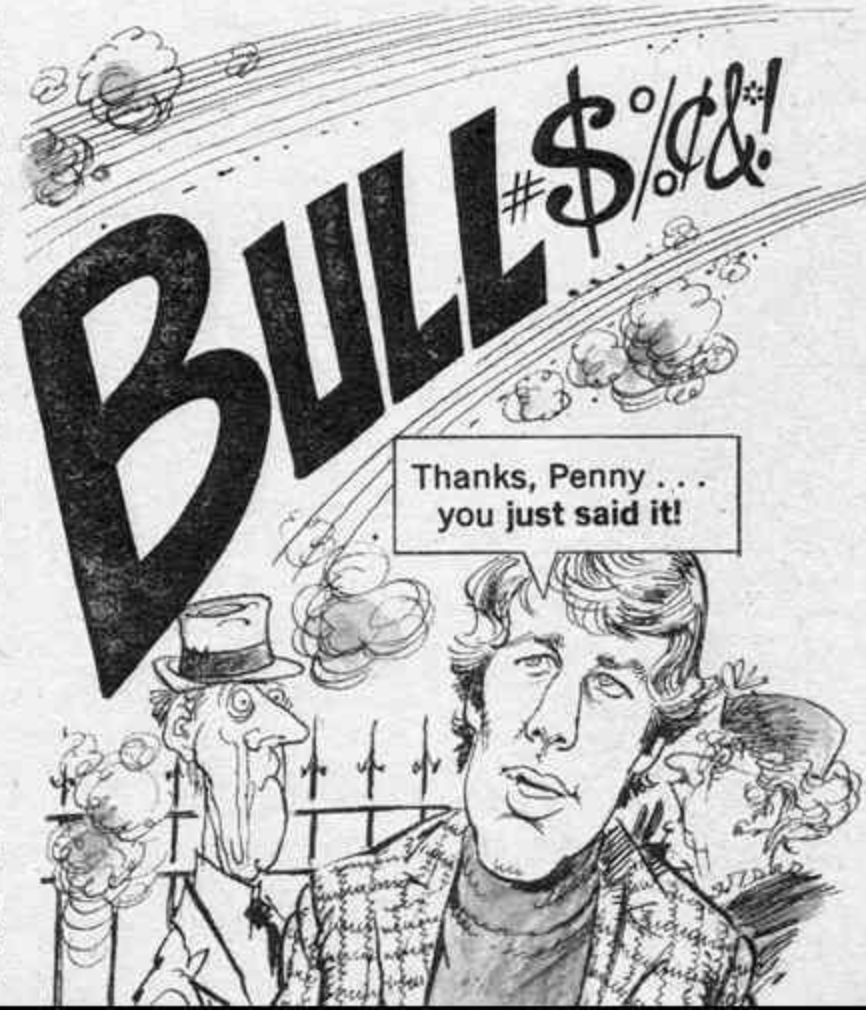
What can you say about a tear-jerker movie that makes death so beautiful?

What can you say about a movie that shows a fairy-tale college campus that couldn't possibly exist today?



What can you say about a movie that shows New York City as a fabulous wonderland—where you can walk through Central Park without being mugged?

What can you say about a movie like that?



BULL \$%&!

Thanks, Penny . . . you just said it!



MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS



DOVES



PRIVATE DOVES

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

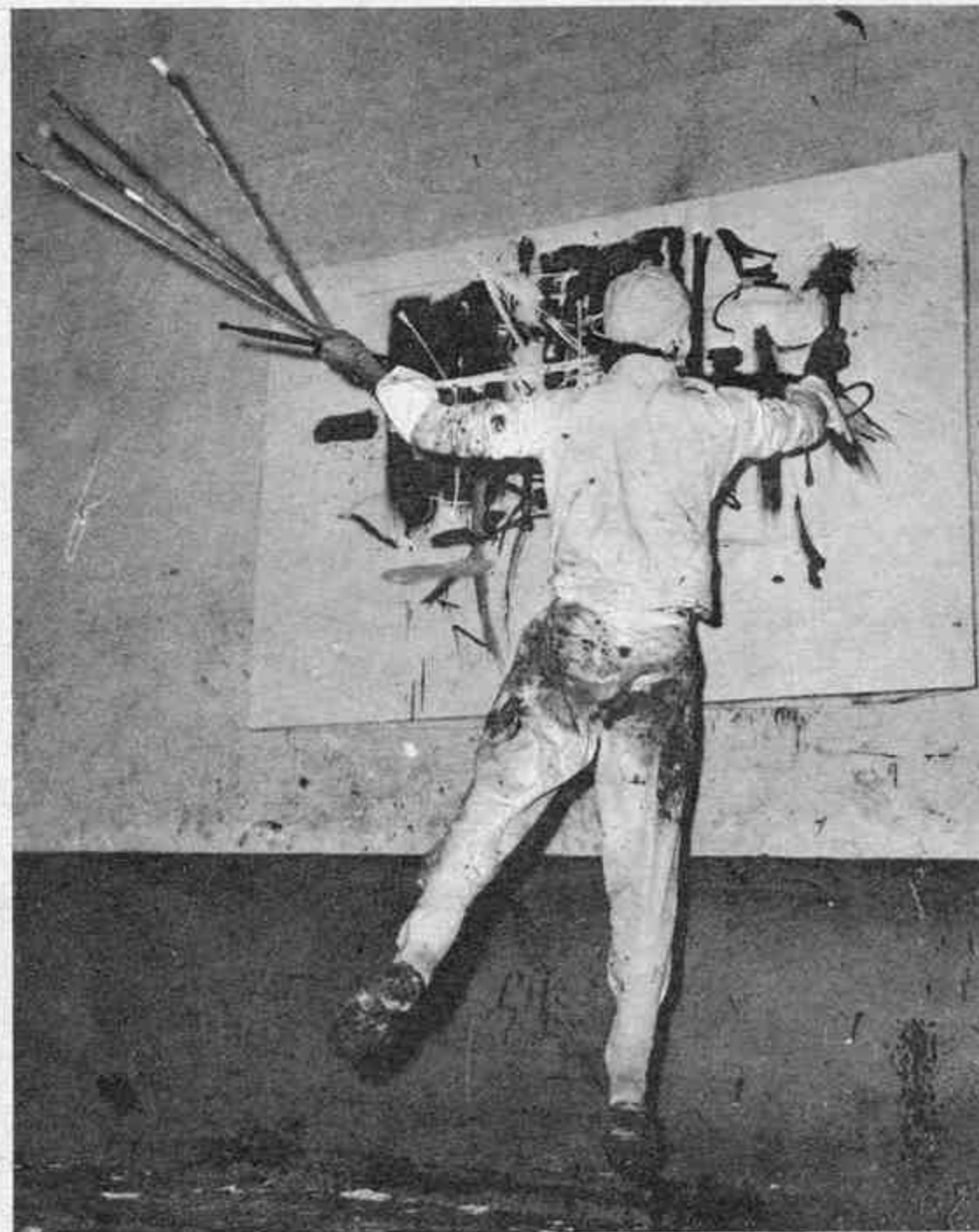
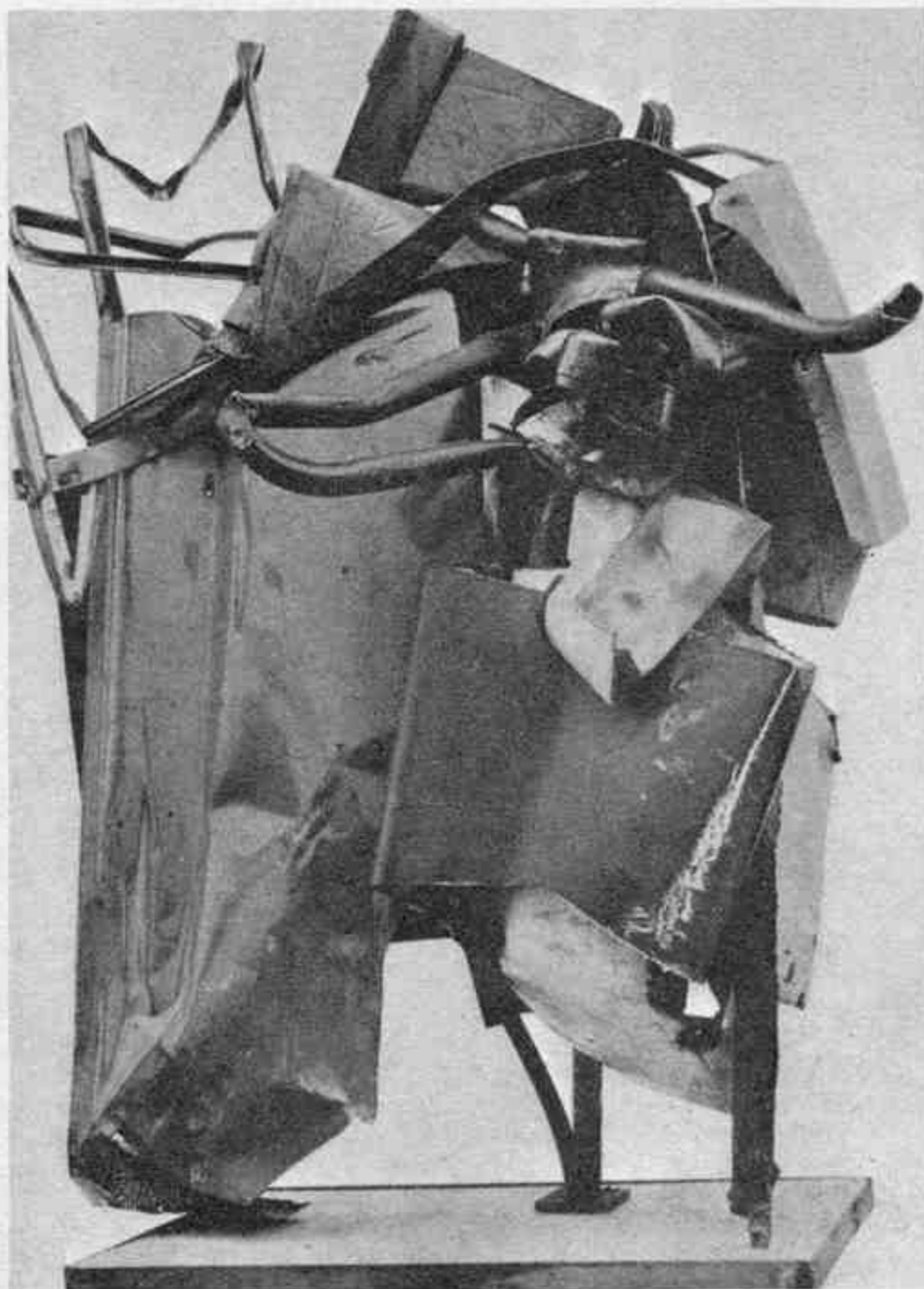


TURNING A PHRASE DEPT.

THIS IS A



...where glory means death ...and death means glory!



...where junk is art ...and art is junk!

AMERICA...

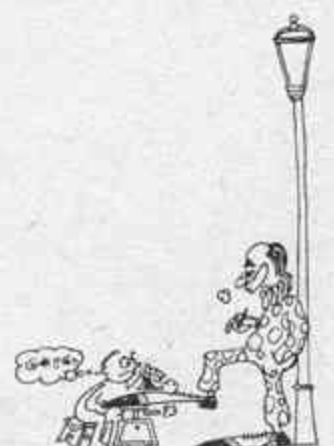
CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL



...where a dream is a reality ...and reality is a dream!



...where a nobody is a somebody ...and a somebody is a nobody!





...where night is day ...and day is night!



...where they don't say what they know ...and they don't know what they say!



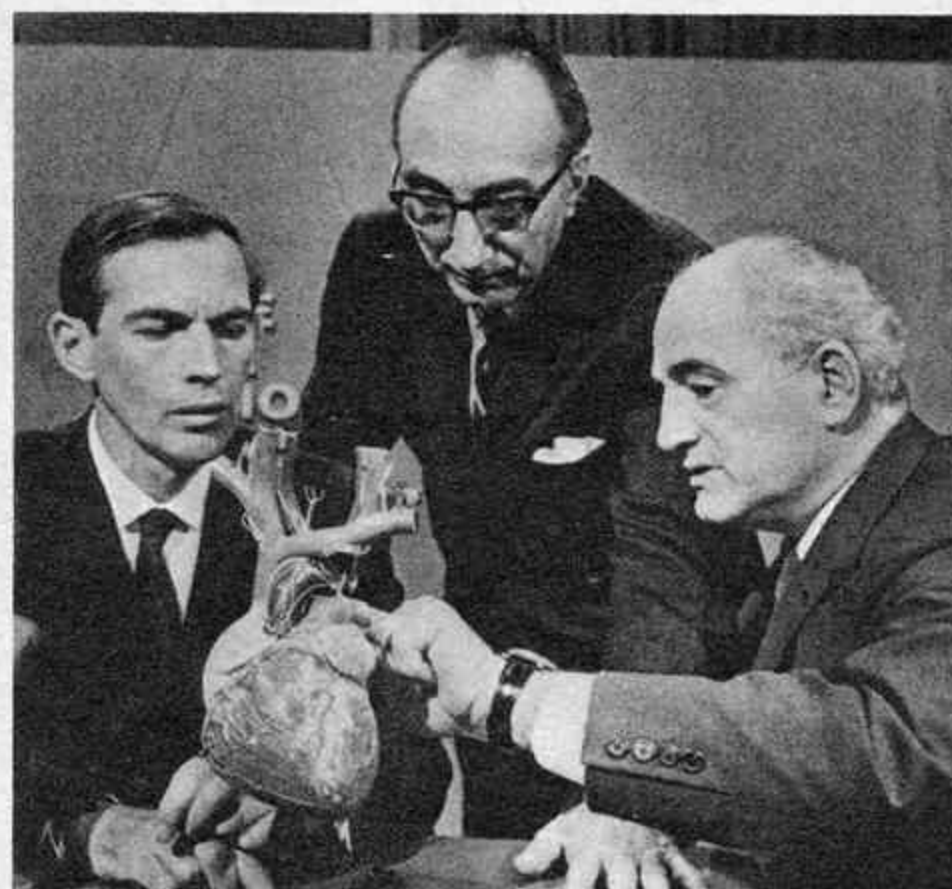
...where much is done about nothing ...and nothing is done about much!



... where kids are adults



...and adults are kids!



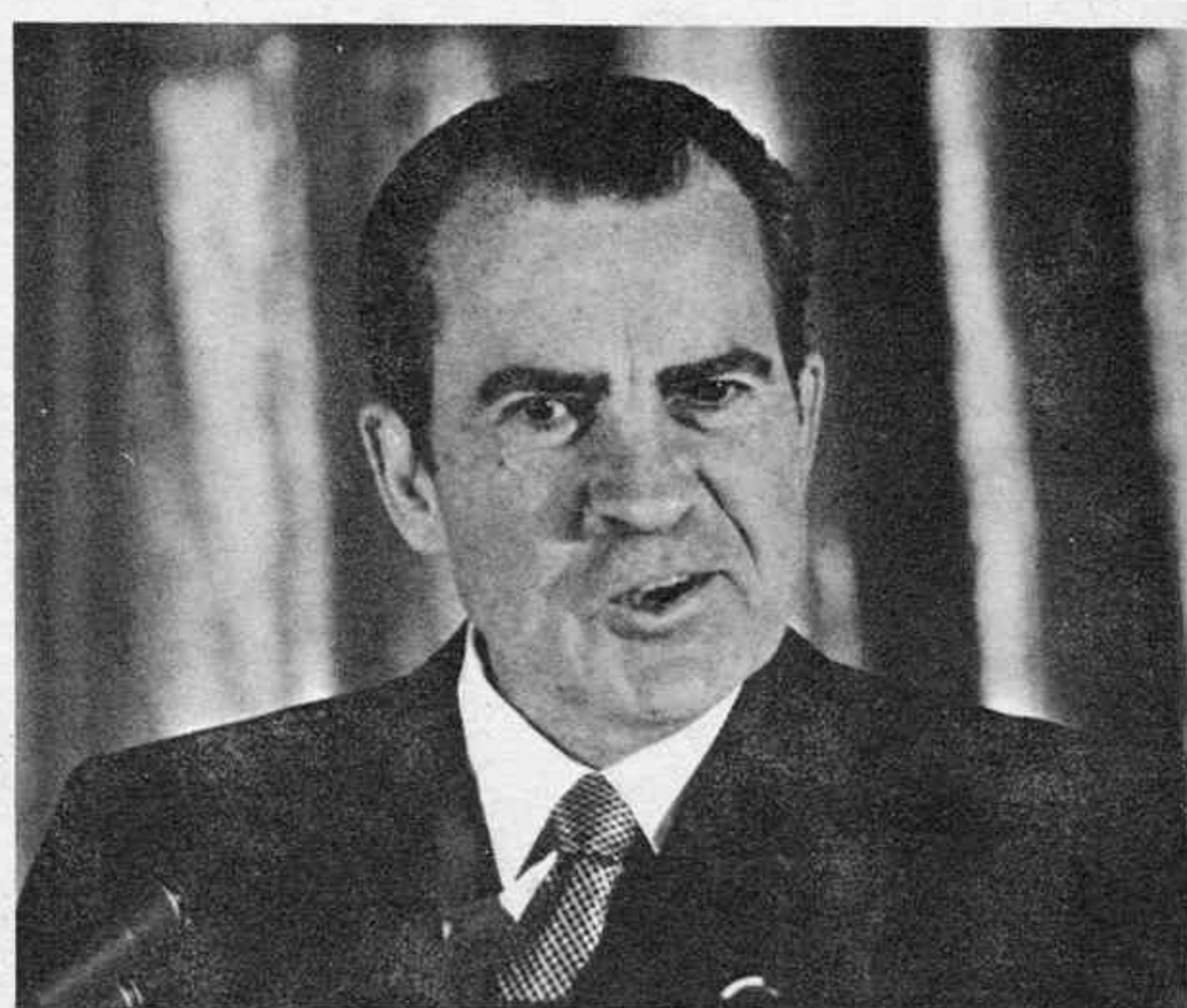
... where the impossible is possible



...and the possible is impossible!



... where winners are losers



...and losers are winners!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE...

"N

Why do you call it the **"NOW"** Look when it's really just a conglomeration of **OLD** looks? Those knickers, jeans, knitted berets, Buffalo Bill jackets . . .

. . . Maxi coats and dresses, Midi coats and dresses, Minis, Ponchos . . . they're all from the Looks of **YESTERDAY!**

So why do you call it the **"NOW"** Look?

Because we weren't around **"Yesterday"** . . .

And we're wearing it **NOW!**

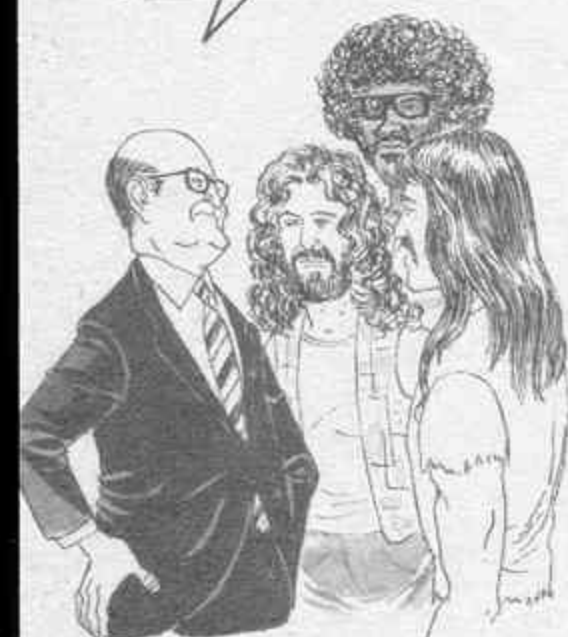


Tell me . . . why do all you boys wear long hair?

TO BE DIFFERENT!

What about **you**, Richie? Why are you the only boy around who wears **short** hair . . . ?

To be **REALLY** different!



I see you got one of those **watchamacallit** jackets . . . You know . . . the **damp** look!

You mean the **"WET"** Look!

Yeah! Yeah! That's it! The **"Wet"** Look!

You're talking about that new plastic material that has such a sheen to it that it gives the appearance that water is on it!

Yeah! That's it! Right!

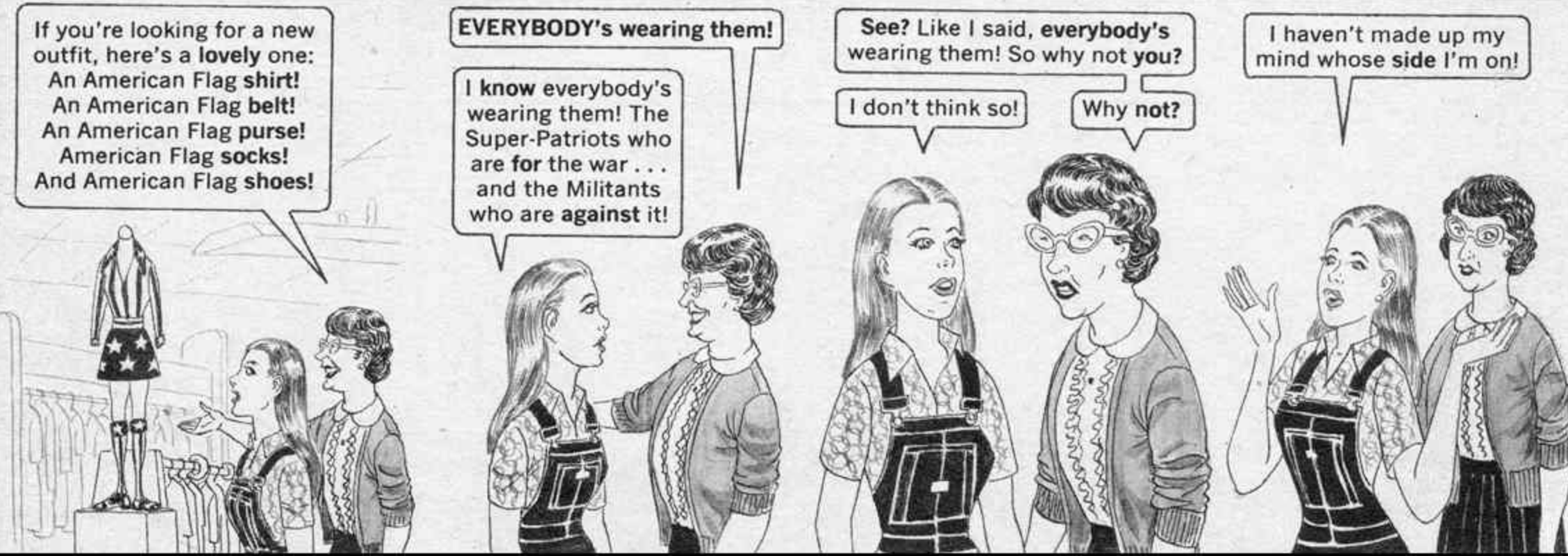
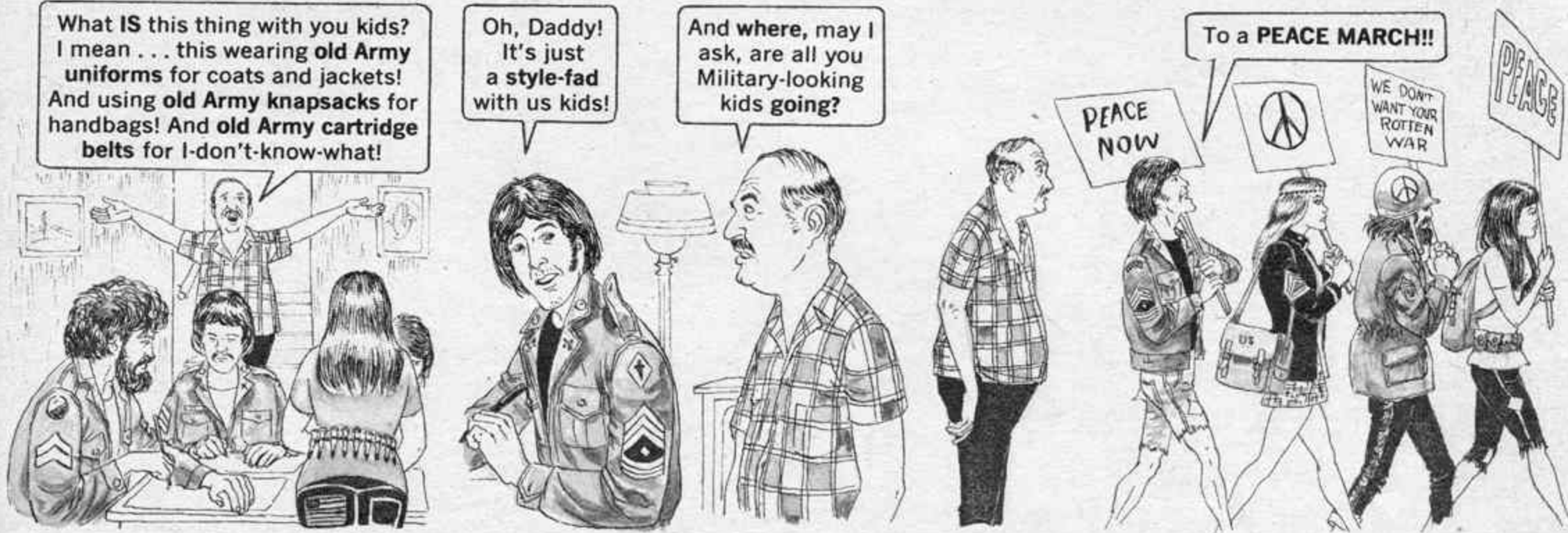
Well, this isn't one of those jackets!

It's **RAINING** outside!



OW LOOK!!

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Well, Son? While you were away at school, I let my hair grow long! How do you like it?

I don't! It's awful! Why can't you just be like **OTHER** fathers?

BALD!!

What are you doing ... sewing name tags? Aren't your kids **too** old for camp?

Of course they are! Besides—I'm not doing this for **THEM**! I'm doing it for **ME**...

... so I can tell which clothes are "**HIS**" ... and which clothes are "**HERS**"!

My goodness! You're the spittin' image of your Great Grandfather!

Hey, look at that! The same **hairdo** and everything!

Man, he must've been with it! He must've been real hip! A radical, a rebel, a swinger! He must've been, like, right or!

I don't understand much of the language you young people use today, but this I can tell you about your Great Grandfather...

He was a real **SQUARE**!!

And what style of eyeglass frames would you like?

I'd like those little squared-off wire frames! You know ... like the kids are wearing!

Oh, you mean the "**Granny Glasses**"! My Grandmother used to wear frames like that!

I know! So did mine!

I see! And now that **YOU'RE** a Grandmother, you'd like to wear something befitting your age!

Don't be ridiculous!

I want to wear something to make me look **YOUNGER**!!

Hey, Sis! Look at this picture in the old family album!

O, my gosh! That—that's absolutely hysterical!

HA HA HA

Man, that picture of Daddy sure is funny!!

DADDY?! I thought it was a picture of **MOTHER**!!

VAVAVAVOOM!!
Look at those
Mini skirts!

I'm too busy
looking at the
Hot Pants!

Look at 'em
bounce! I'll
bet there
isn't a bra
in the bunch!

That's the sexiest
group of broads
I've ever seen! They
bring out the—the
ANIMAL in me!!



DOWN WITH
MALE
CHAUVINIST
SEXISTS

WOMEN'S LIB
OBJECTS TO
WOMEN BEING
SEX OBJECTS!

STARVE A
RAT TODAY!
DON'T FEED
YOUR SEXIST
HUSBAND



I was
just
ROBBED!

Gee, that's
awful! How'd
it happen?

It's all because of these tight
pants they're making nowadays!
You can't put a wallet in the
pockets without it bulging! Not
to mention keys, a handkerchief,
and all the other stuff I carry!

So I finally
found a
solution to
the problem!

WHAT IN HECK HAS
ALL THAT GOT TO
DO WITH YOU
BEING ROBBED?!

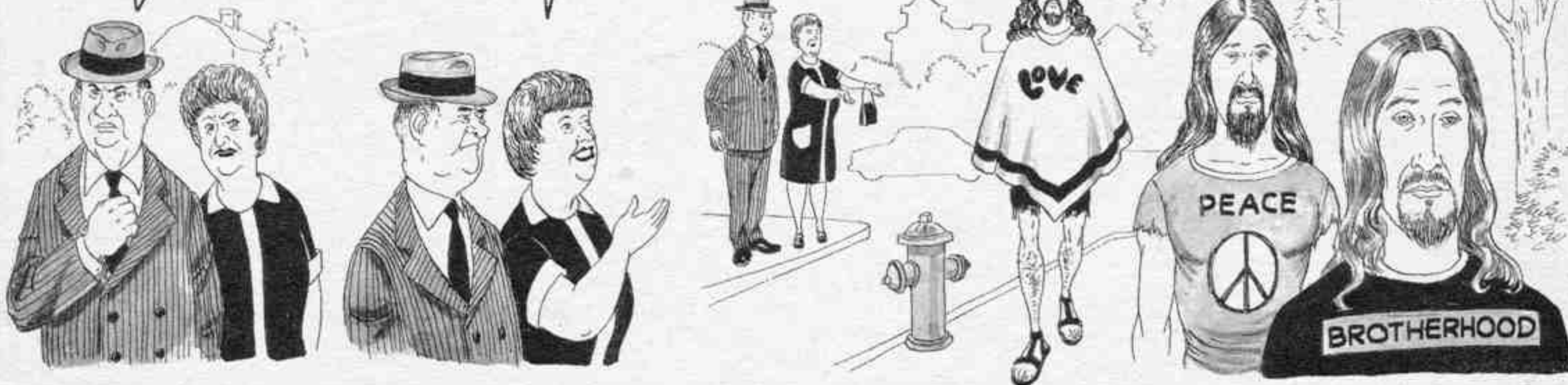
Somebody stole my PURSE!!



The trouble with kids
today is ... THEY
AIN'T GOT RELIGION!

Are you kidding?!
Look at them!!

If that's not "Religion" ... what is??



May I ask why
you're putting
on sneakers and
a sweatshirt?

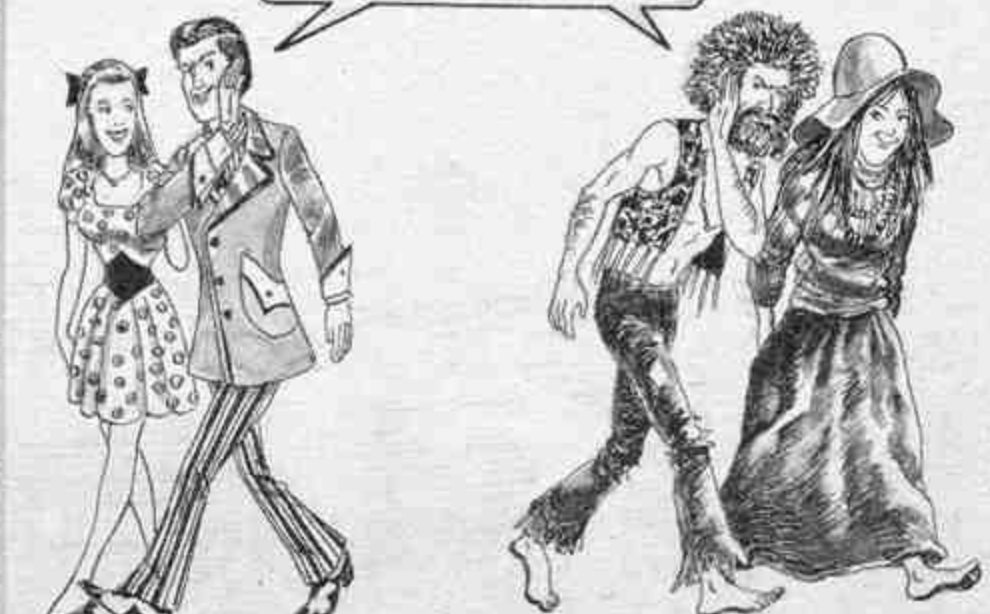
There's a
basketball
game
today!

I don't believe it! In a nation
of spectators ... where hardly
anybody participates any more
... my son is actually going to
play in a basketball game?!

Play?! I'm gonna watch!!



Psssst ... Dig the FREAKS!!



What's taking you so long?!

I'm lacing up my boots!

Lacing?! But that goes back to the 1920's!

It happens to be part of the "Now" Look!

That's . . . that's ridiculous!! Why didn't you get a pair of boots with Zippers? They take no time at all to put on?

ZIPPERS ARE OLD-FASHIONED!!

Zippers?! Are you crazy?!

Hey, Man! Like, you gotta get with it! You gotta stop being a capitalistic money grubbing materialistic square!

Look, you do your thing and I'll do mine, okay? I like material things! And speaking of "things"—how much did that Buffalo Bill jacket cost?

Gee, I dunno! Money isn't important to me! Around \$100 I guess!

. . . And how much did that Guitar of yours cost?

Oh, \$200 maybe! But forget about that! How about coming over to my way of thinking?

No, thanks! I'll stick to being materialistic!

It's CHEAPER!!

Hey, Pop! Can I have some Sandpaper?

Sandpaper?! Whatever for?

I'm gonna FIX something!

I . . . I can't believe it! YOU'RE going to do something constructive around here?!

Tell me, what are you going to fix?

I'm gonna take this brand new pair of nothing slacks . . .

. . . and I'm gonna FIX them into looking like beat-up, worn, torn, smart-looking up-to-date "Now" look slacks!

Just what IS the "Now" Look?

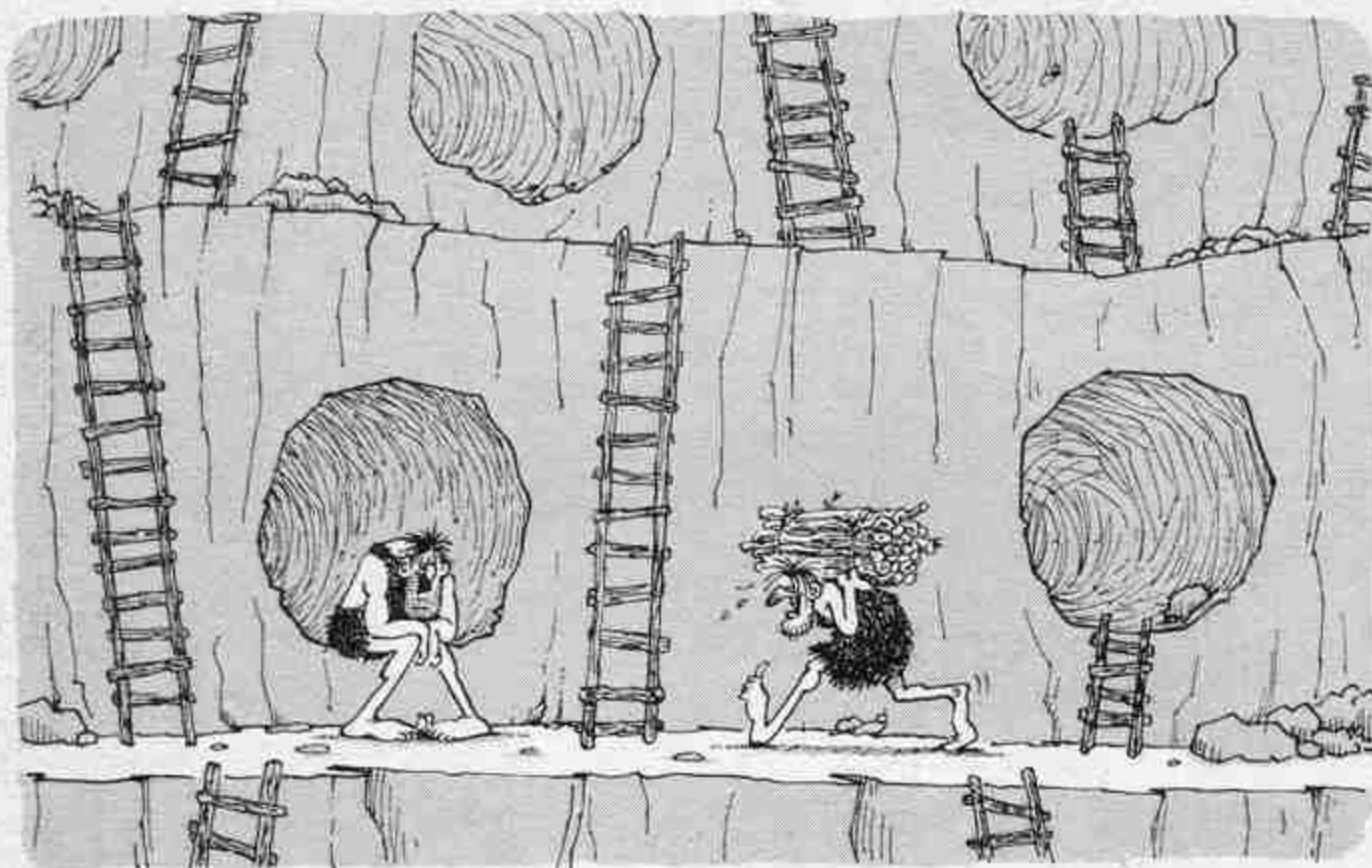
Well, it's many things! It's "Mod" clothes . . . and "Hippie" clothes . . . and "Antique" clothes . . .

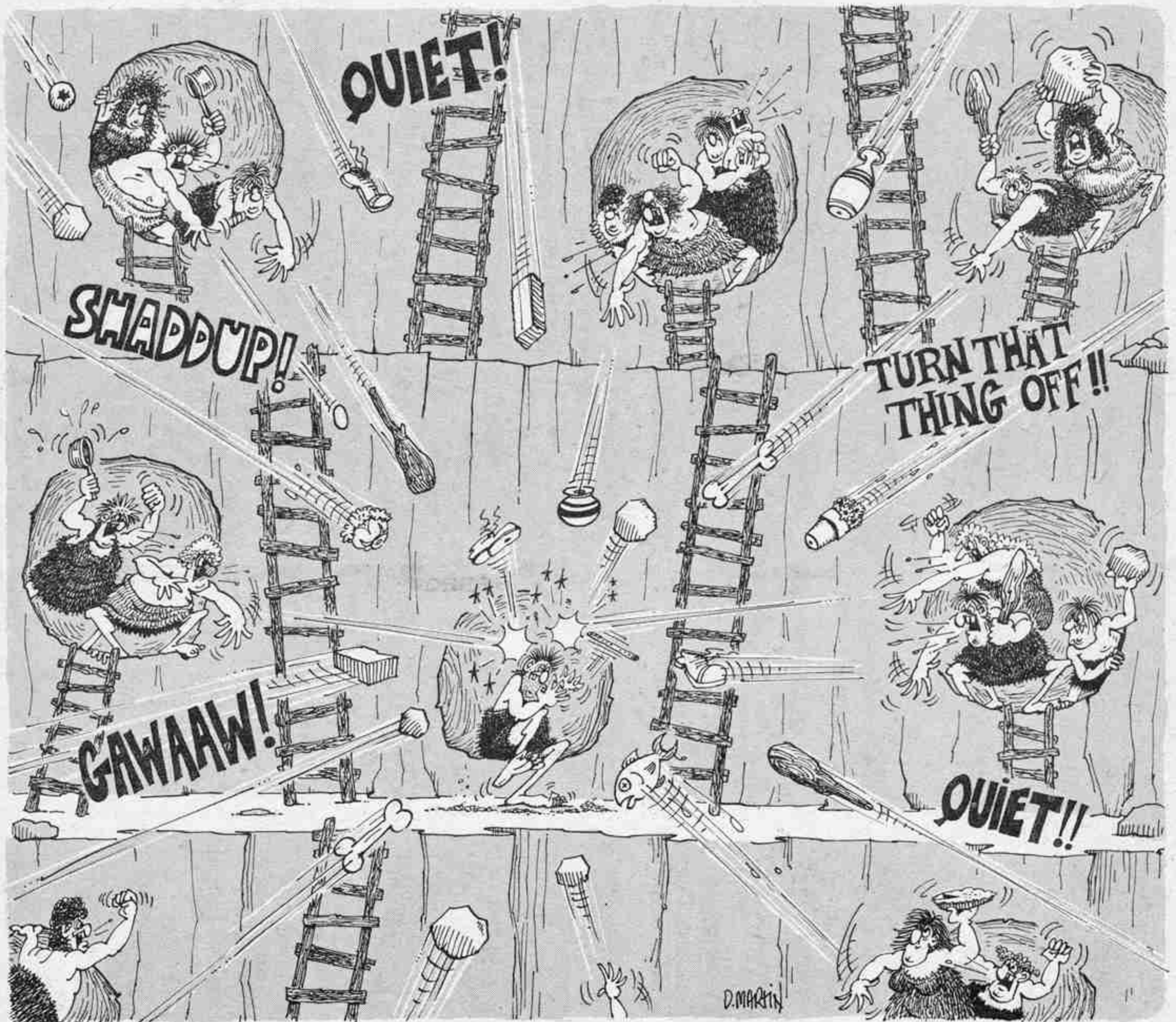
. . . and "Mini" clothes . . . and "Maxi" clothes . . . and "Midi" clothes . . . and "Afro" clothes . . .

. . . and NO CLOTHES at all!!



THE VERY FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT



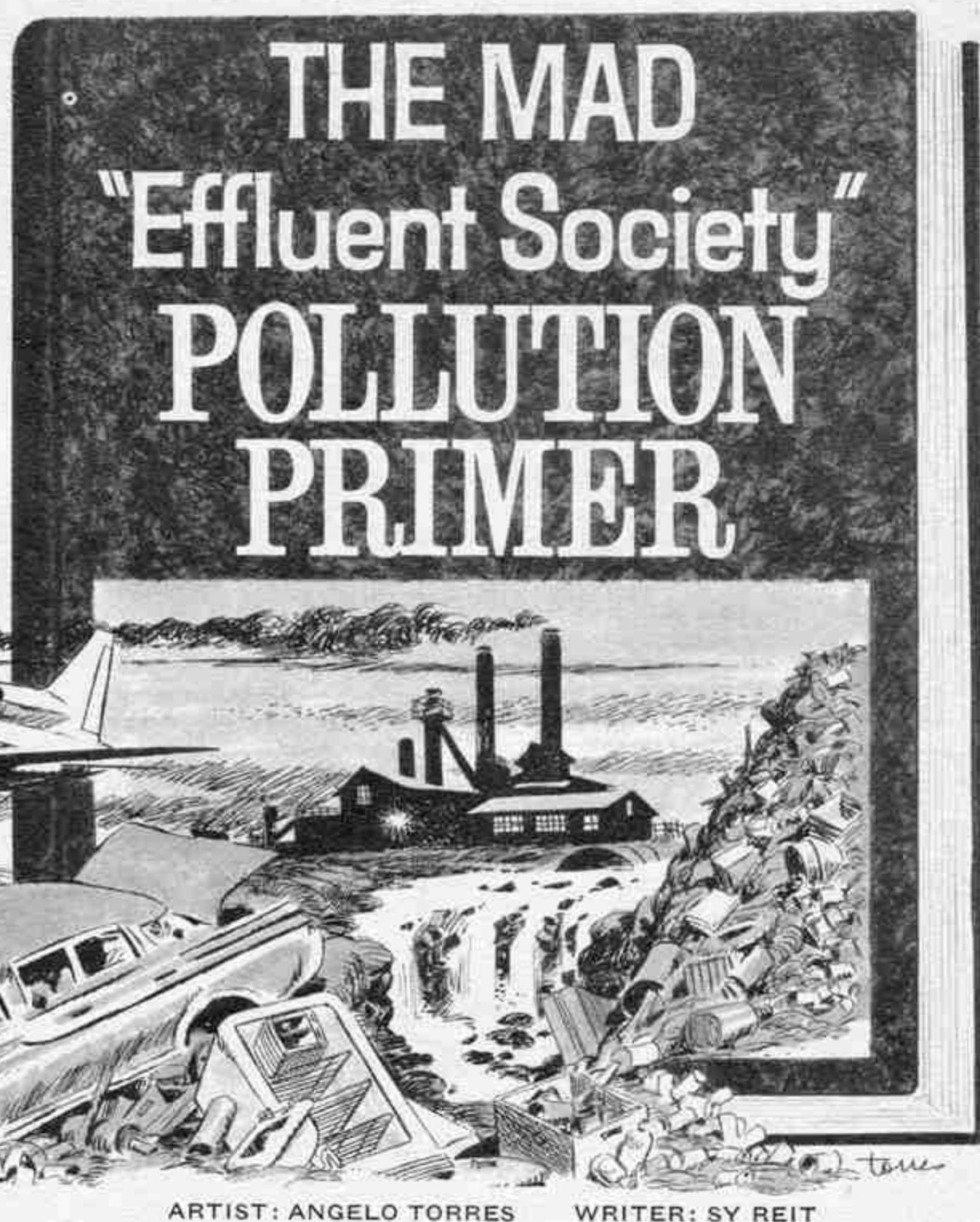


ECCHOLOGY DEPT.

In this uncensored world, where anything goes (including the censor), people can read lots of dirty words in books and magazines. Or hear even worse in the movies. And so, in line with this "let-it-all-hang-out" trend, MAD hereby presents the dirtiest word in the English language. Ready?

pollution

Yep, that's it. Not only is it the dirtiest word in the English language, but the deadliest! Ask any tuna fish lover. For months now, the nation's pundits have been permeating the press with their plaintive prattlings about pollution. Well, it's still a lot of garbage to us. So we've wrapped it all up in this 100% smog free, non-disposable . . .



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

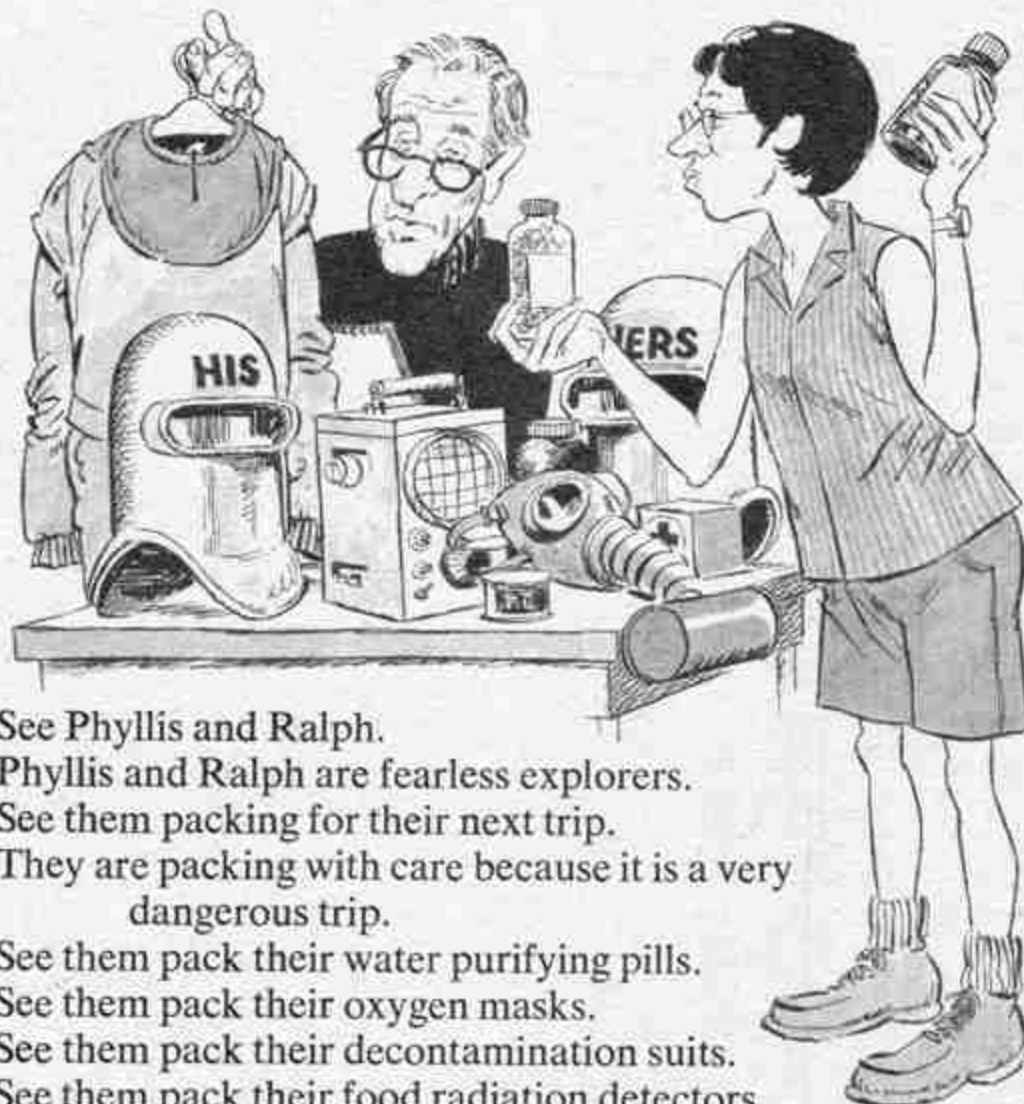
WRITER: SY REIT

Chapter 1.



See wretched Lester.
See how sick and shaky he looks.
Wretched Lester is trying to kick a nasty habit.
He is trying to quit something that is ruining his health.
And giving him terrible coughing spells.
And gradually turning his lungs black.
Lester knows that if he doesn't quit soon, he may die.
But he is having a rough time.
By comparison, giving up high-cholesterol foods was easy.
And giving up drinking was easy.
And giving up smoking was easy.
But how many people can successfully give up *breathing*?

Chapter 2.



See Phyllis and Ralph.
Phyllis and Ralph are fearless explorers.
See them packing for their next trip.
They are packing with care because it is a very dangerous trip.
See them pack their water purifying pills.
See them pack their oxygen masks.
See them pack their decontamination suits.
See them pack their food radiation detectors.
Pack everything you'll need, Phyllis and Ralph!
Everything, everything, everything.
You can't be too careful when you're planning a vacation in a big, modern American city!

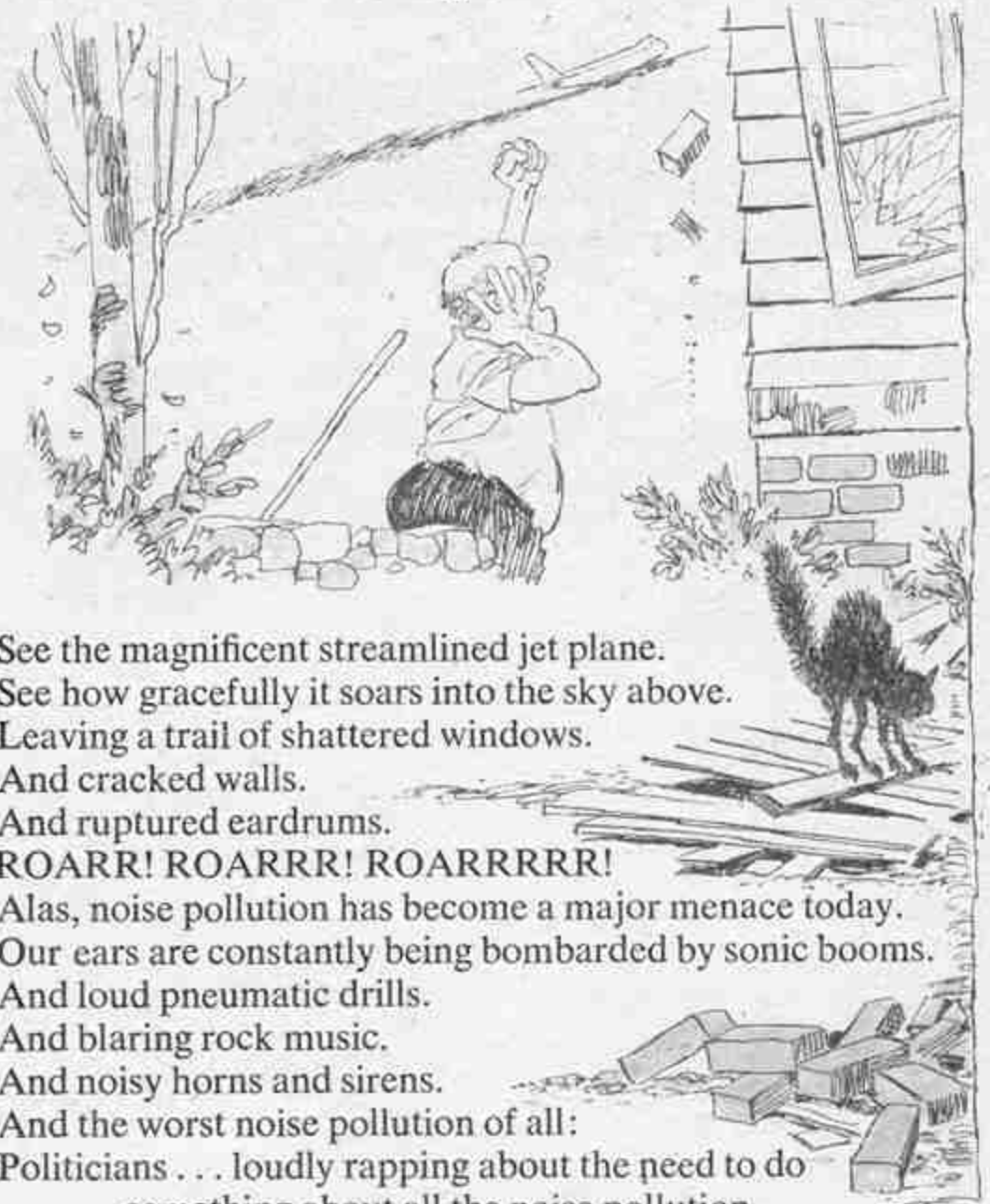
Chapter 3.



See the modern housewife.
See her shopping at her local supermarket.
Is that a shopping list in her hand?
No, it is the latest Analysis Report
From the U.S. Government Testing Laboratories.
She is using it to check out her purchases.
She has to watch for mercury in the tuna.
And strontium-90 in the milk.
And plutonium in the butter.
And cyclamates in the soft drinks.
And thorium in the halvah.
And DDT in the gefilte fish.
Yes, to be a modern housewife today, it really takes a lot.
It really takes a lot of courses in Advanced Chemistry.

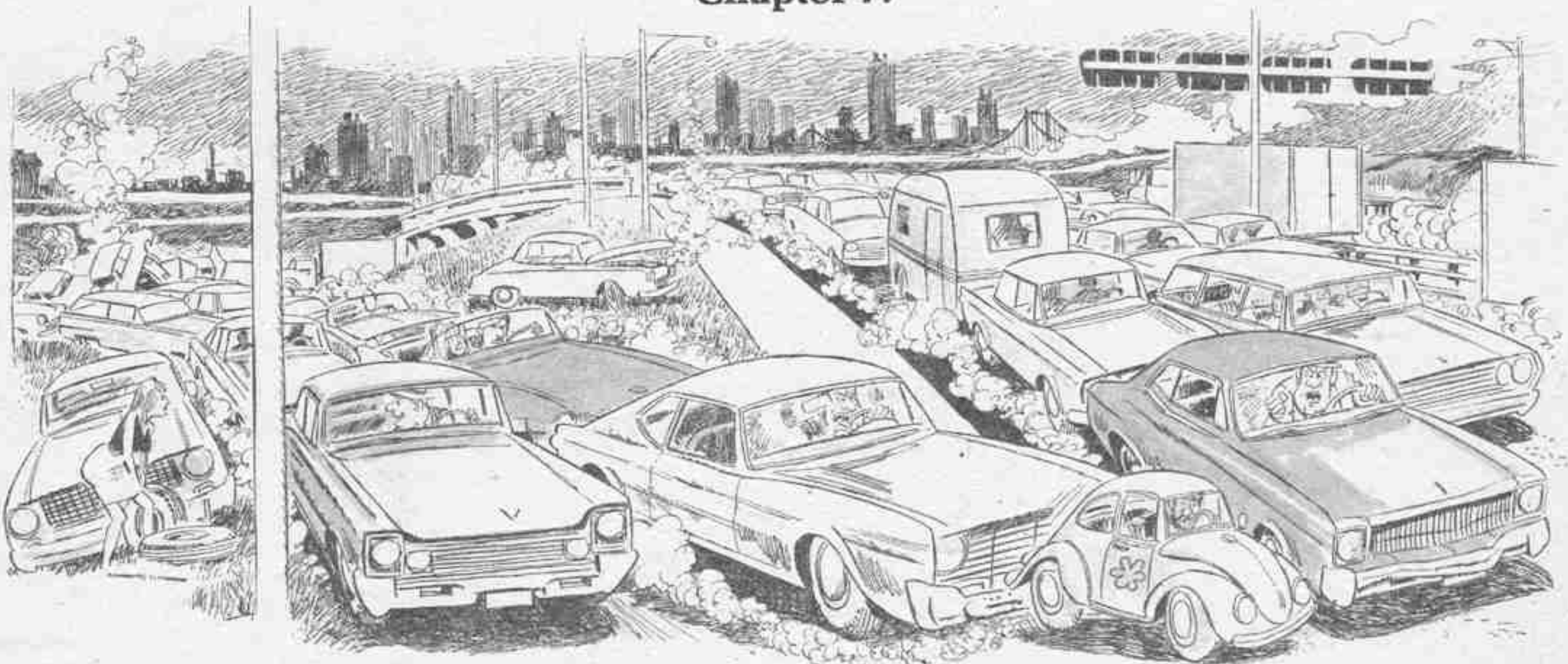


Chapter 4.



See the magnificent streamlined jet plane.
See how gracefully it soars into the sky above.
Leaving a trail of shattered windows.
And cracked walls.
And ruptured eardrums.
ROARR! ROARRR! ROARRRRR!
Alas, noise pollution has become a major menace today.
Our ears are constantly being bombarded by sonic booms.
And loud pneumatic drills.
And blaring rock music.
And noisy horns and sirens.
And the worst noise pollution of all:
Politicians . . . loudly rapping about the need to do
something about all the noise pollution.

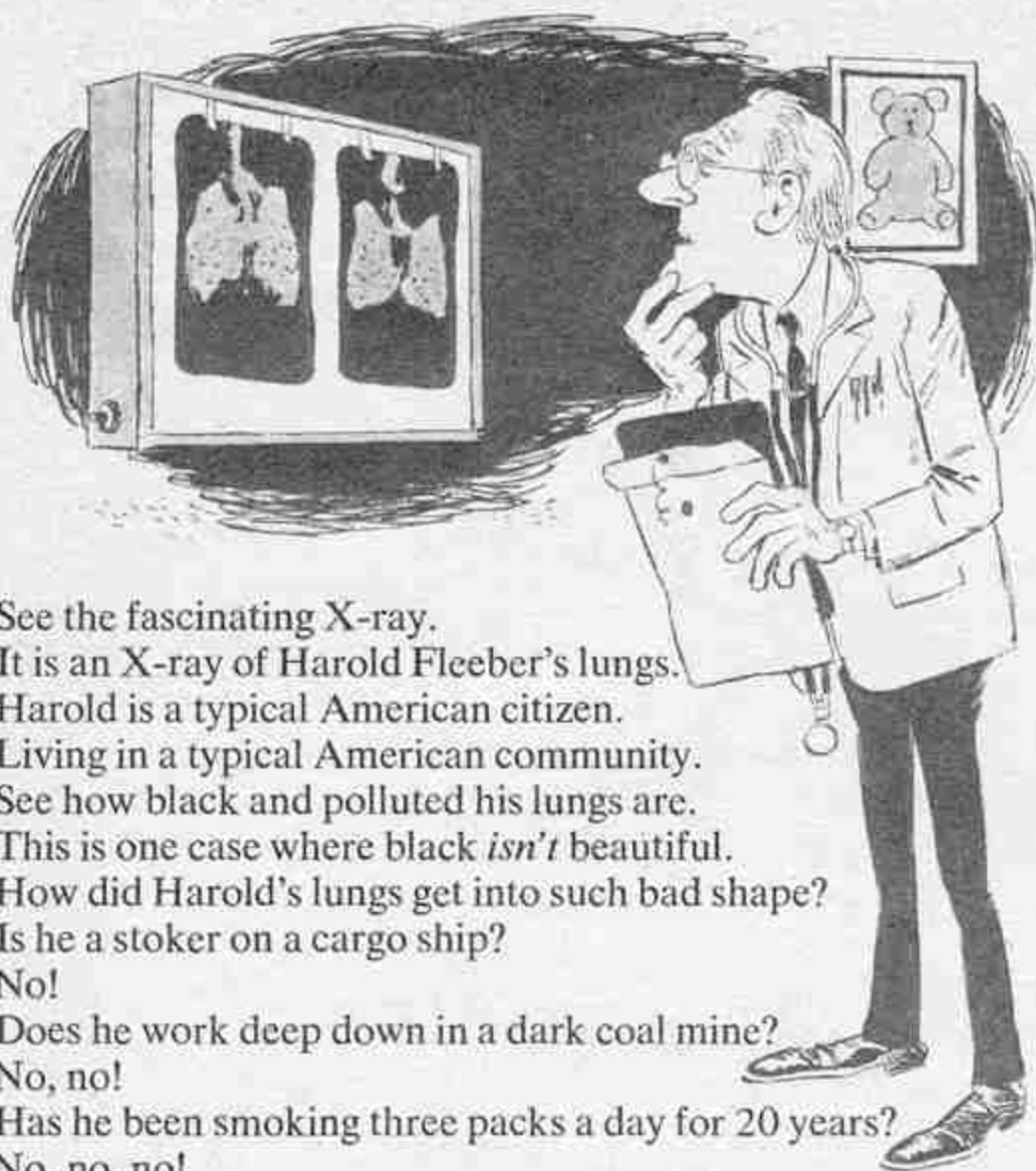
Chapter 7.



See all the shiny new automobiles.
See them jammed, bumper-to-bumper, on the Freeway.
Hear their horns blaring.
Honk! Honk! Honk!
Hear their drivers cursing,
&¢%\$#@! &¢%\$#@! &¢%\$#@!
See their exhaust pipes emitting.
Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

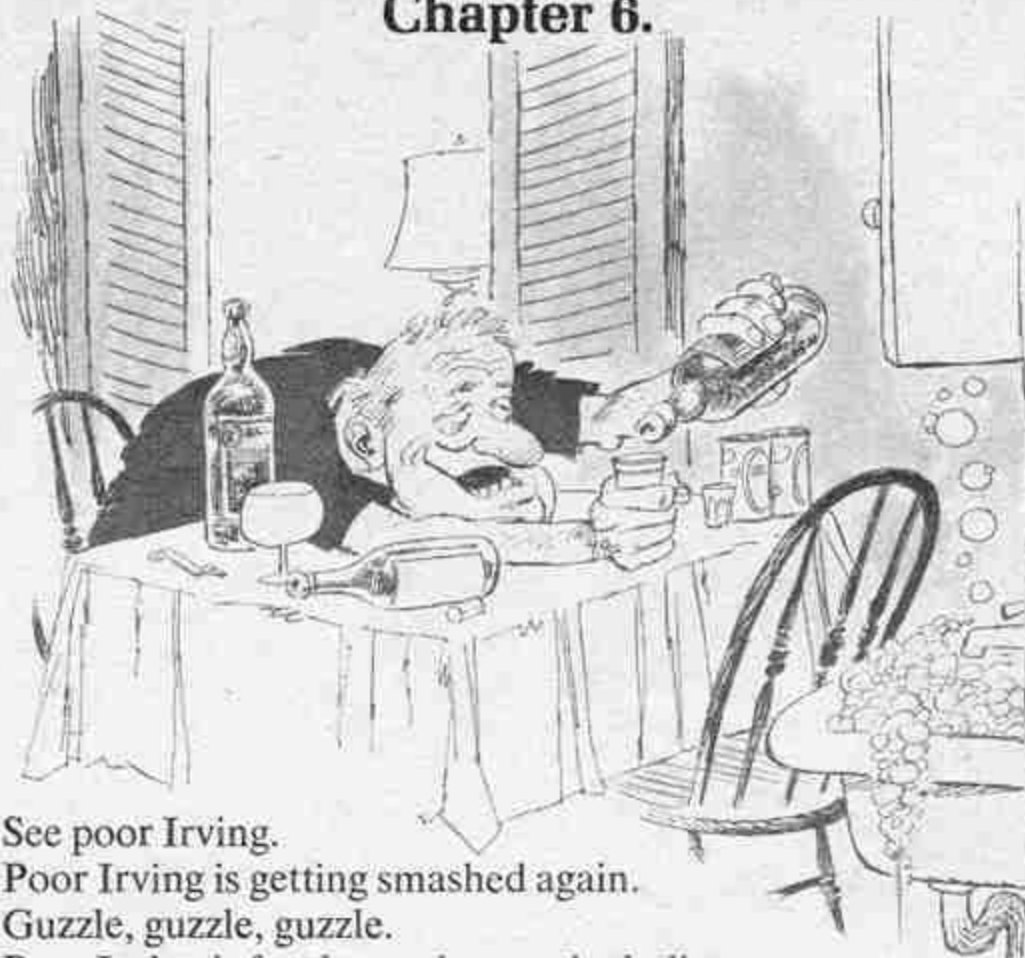
Why are all the drivers in their shiny new automobiles
trying to get out of town?
To escape the horrible carbon-monoxide smog of the city
caused by so many shiny new automobiles.
Are any of them willing to give up their shiny new little
carbon-monoxide makers?
Don't be ridiculous!
Pollution is always the *other* guy's fault!

Chapter 5.



See the fascinating X-ray.
It is an X-ray of Harold Fleeber's lungs.
Harold is a typical American citizen.
Living in a typical American community.
See how black and polluted his lungs are.
This is one case where black *isn't* beautiful.
How did Harold's lungs get into such bad shape?
Is he a stoker on a cargo ship?
No!
Does he work deep down in a dark coal mine?
No, no!
Has he been smoking three packs a day for 20 years?
No, no, no!
To tell the truth, Harold hasn't really done much of anything.
How much can an eight-month-old baby do?

Chapter 6.



See poor Irving.
Poor Irving is getting smashed again.
Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle.
Poor Irving is fast becoming an alcoholic.
But it isn't really Irving's fault.
When Irving is thirsty, all he wants is a nice glass of water.
But whenever he turns on the tap, what does he get?
A glass full of soap suds.
Yes, poor Irving's water supply is loaded with detergents.
So he is forced to guzzle booze instead.
Barf, barf, barf.
Looks like there's more than *one* way to get polluted!

Chapter 8.

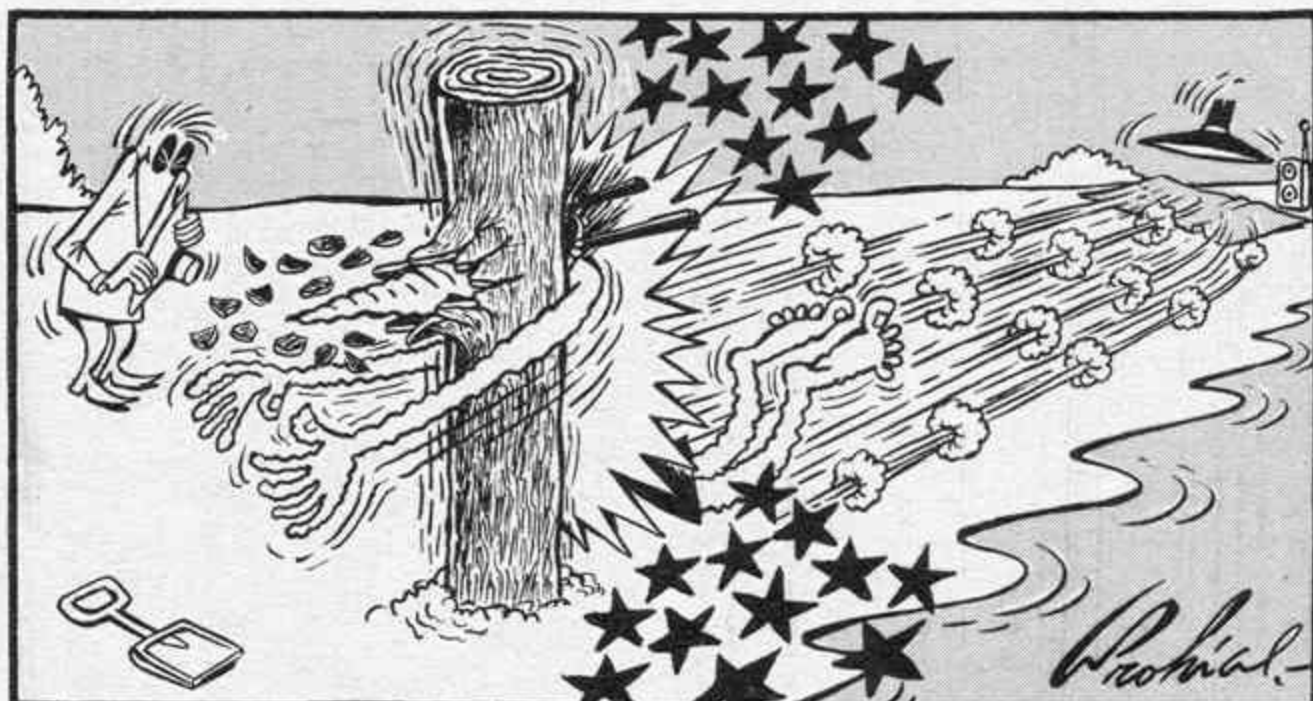
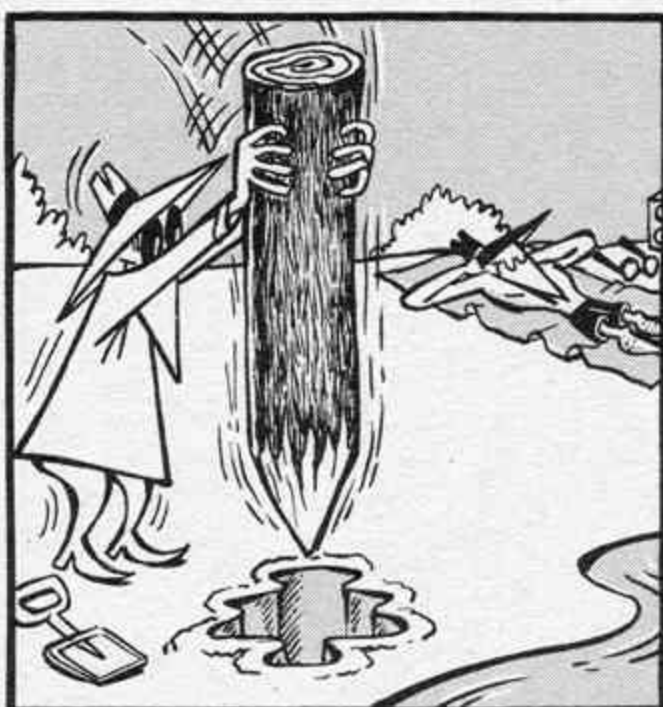
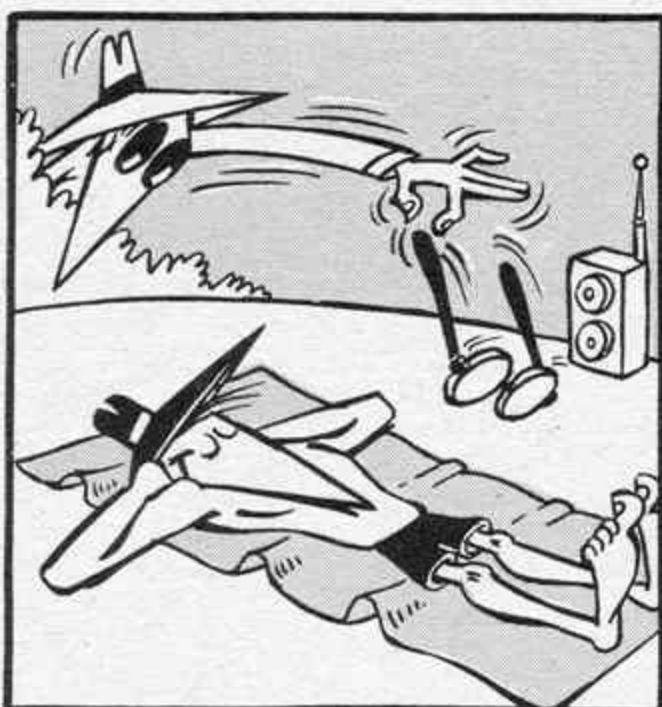
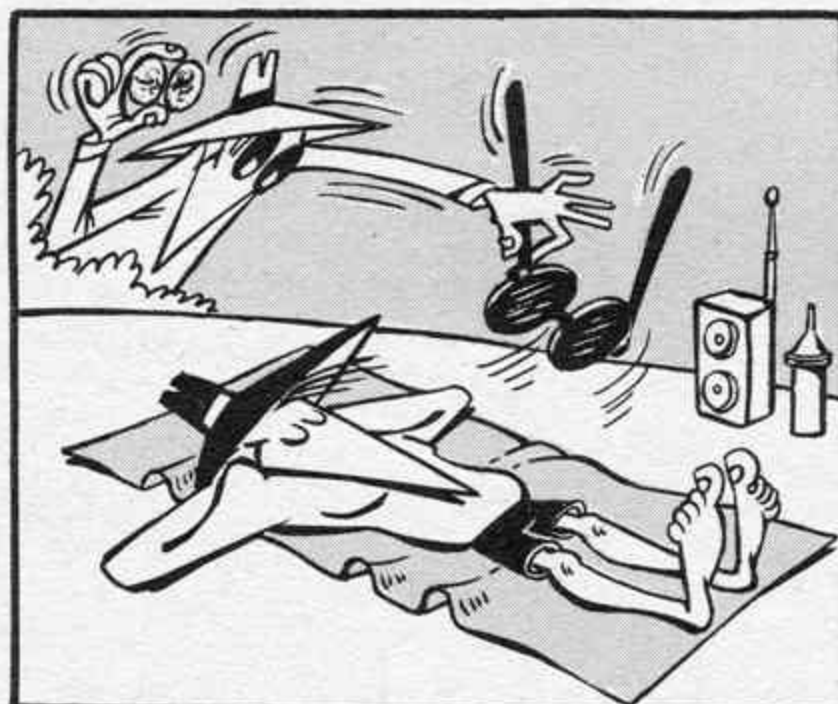
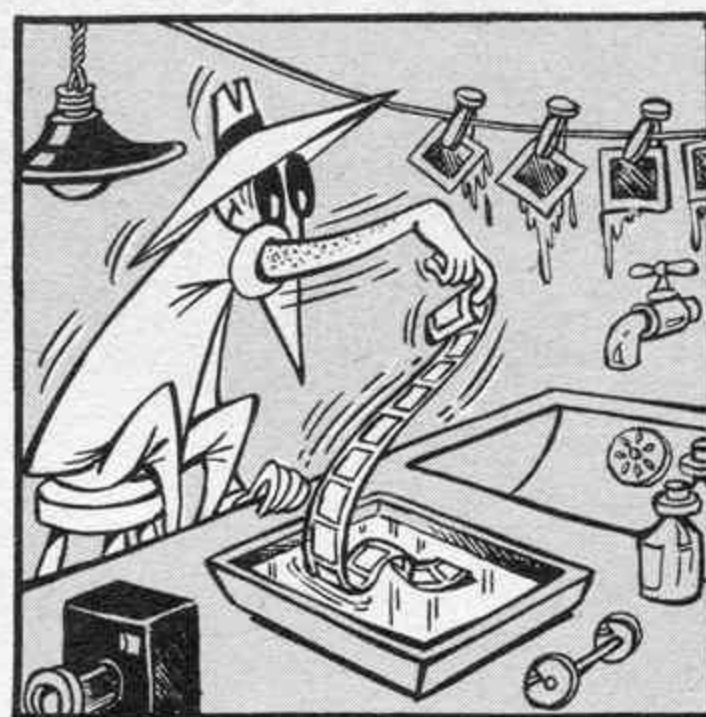


See the Committee of Distinguished Citizens.
These Distinguished Citizens feel that there is much too much fuss and bother about pollution.
Fuss, fuss, fuss.
Bother, bother, bother.
They feel that people are needlessly panicky.
They feel that everyone should calm down.
They do NOT feel that the problem is as bad or as serious as everyone says it is.
Who *are* these fine, upstanding, calm Distinguished Citizens?
Harry, there, is an oil company tycoon . . . and Milton owns a paper mill . . . and Robert is a jet fuel manufacturer . . . and Winthrop is an electric utility executive . . . and Herman is the director of a chain of funeral parlors.

Chapter 9.



See the funky little magazine.
It is a brave and fearless publication.
To this funky little magazine, nothing is sacred.
Nothing, nothing, nothing.
It will take on Madison Avenue.
It will take on Hollywood.
It will take on Big Business, and Congress, and the Pentagon.
It will take on the problem of pollution.
And zap those who are responsible.
Speaking of pollution, you are now holding 48 pages
Of the worst kind imaginable.
Right in your hot little hands:
Mind pollution!



Despite all the demonstrations of dissent around the country, President Nixon claims he has the backing of the great "Silent Majority"... or, as he puts it, "The Forgotten Middle Americans." Since these middle Americans are so silent and forgotten, nobody seems to know much about them. So as a public service—

MAD INTERVIEWS A TYPICAL "MIDDLE AMERICAN" FAMILY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Standpatter! I'm Dick Cravat from MAD Magazine in New York, and we'd like to get—

Say, it must be a real pleasure for a New Yorker to breathe our clean, fresh country air!

Cough—cough! It certainly is! We'd like to get your views on the problems facing our nation today!

Well, it's about time we forgotten Americans had a chance to be heard! We're pretty tired of reading about traitors and riotors and people on Welfare!

You won't find anybody on Welfare here in Midville! We got too much pride!

Uh—this is a nice farm you have! What crops do you grow?

Why, none! The U.S. Government pays us a fortune not to grow ANYTHING!

That's the LEAST we can do for our country!

Want to hear a good one? I get more money for NOT planting than I would if I raised crops—heh-heh!

And they say you people have no sense of humor!

CALL ME
Cookie
WO'L
iTBz?
Kiss me
I'M The
COOK

Do you favor a gradual withdrawal from Vietnam?

No, we favor an IMMEDIATE withdrawal... just as soon as we win the war!

If those pinko bleeding-heart liberals would only bug off, we could bomb those gooks into submission in three weeks! Oh, look, dear—our gardenia has a new bud! Isn't life a joy...!

How should the U.S. Government handle the Draft Protesters?

They ought to ship that whole zoo over to Roosia!

I can't abide a man who isn't willing to fight for his country! I'm a W.W. II vet—and when the Draft Board called me in '42, I didn't protest or picket! I applied for a deferment, and when they rejected my appeal, I went into the Army . . . gladly!



Spending the whole war at Fort Dix was no bed of roses, I want to tell you!



Verne was awarded "The Good Conduct Medal!"

Please, Martha—I just did my duty!



You probably think it's corny, but I always say, "My country—right or wrong!"

The correct quotation is, "Our country, in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be right . . . but our country, right or wrong!"



Watch your language, there Cravat! That kind of talk may be all right in mixed company back in the big evil city, but not here in the heartland of America!



How do you feel about long hair?

You won't find any longhaired brats in Midville!

Yes . . . I see your son has a crewcut!

Er . . . That's our daughter, Mary Jane!



Our Mary Jane goes to college!

Really? And what is she studying?

—OUCH!—

What every decent American girl studies! "Baton Twirling"!



Hope you're not hurt! It gets pretty dangerous around here when she does her homework!

That's okay! Do you have any sons?

We have two! Dwight D. and Billy Joe! We're mighty proud of them, too! Dwight had his name published in "Reader's Digest" once, and Billy Joe received a personal letter from President Nixon!

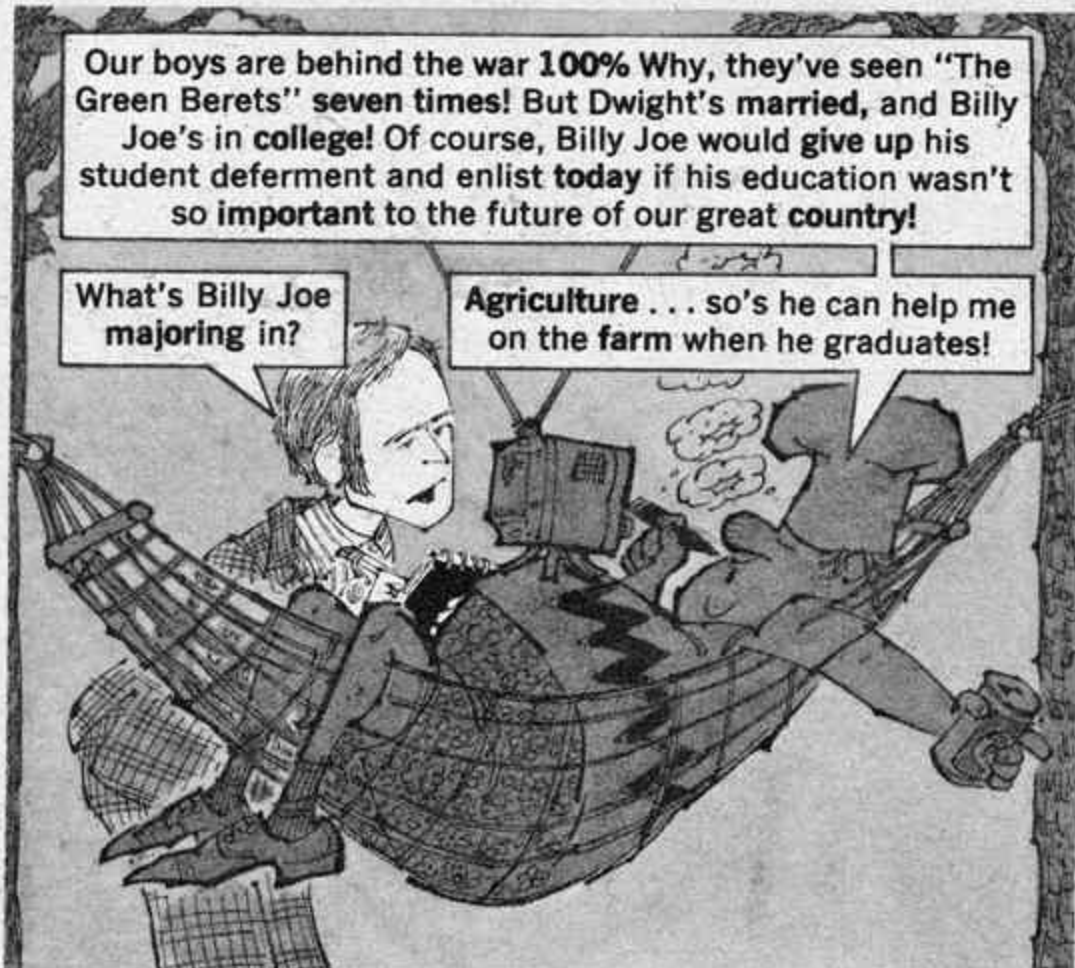


For bravery in battle?

—OOOF!—

No, for scoring a winning touchdown!

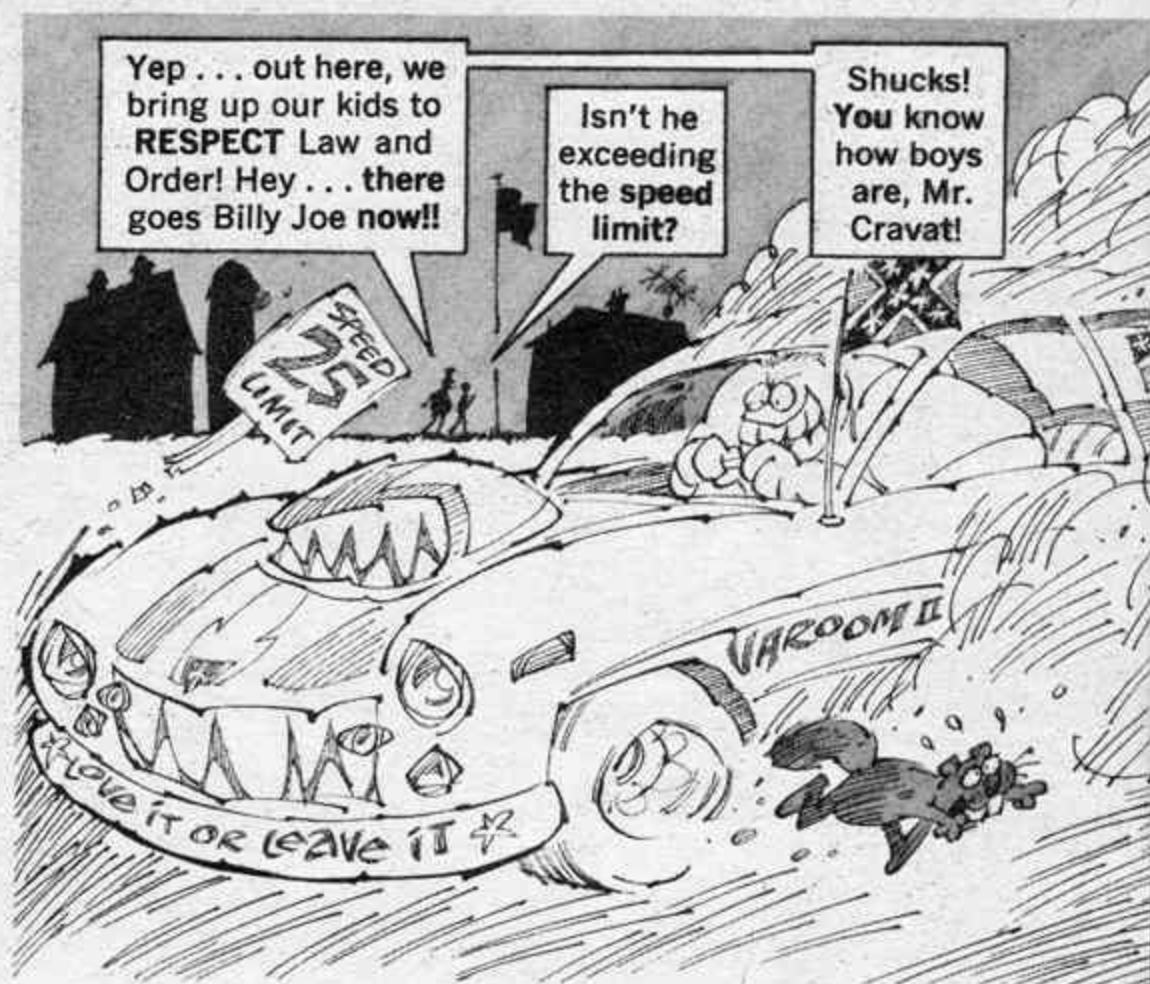




Our boys are behind the war 100% Why, they've seen "The Green Berets" seven times! But Dwight's married, and Billy Joe's in college! Of course, Billy Joe would give up his student deferment and enlist today if his education wasn't so important to the future of our great country!

What's Billy Joe majoring in?


Agriculture . . . so's he can help me on the farm when he graduates!



Yep . . . out here, we bring up our kids to **RESPECT** Law and Order! Hey . . . there goes Billy Joe now!!

Isn't he exceeding the speed limit?

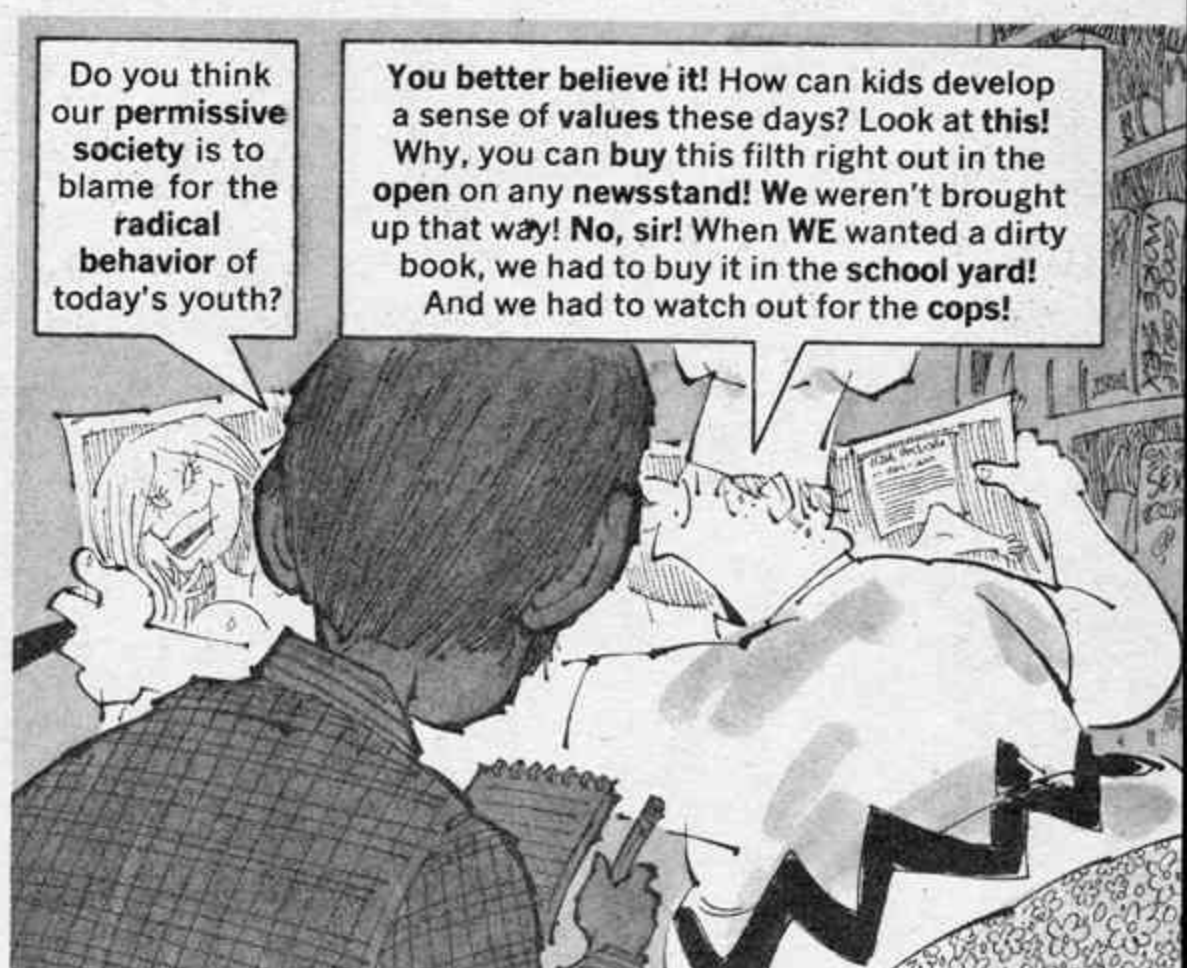
Shucks! You know how boys are, Mr. Cravat!



Is there a drug problem among the children of Middle America?


No, sir! Our kids don't touch marijuana and that other junk! If they feel like relaxing, they do it the good 'ol American way . . . with a shot of whiskey and a beer chaser! A little social drinking never harmed anybody!

You tell 'em, Tiger! Hey—hic—Mr. Cravat, you wanna join us in a Martini?




Do you think our permissive society is to blame for the radical behavior of today's youth?

You better believe it! How can kids develop a sense of values these days? Look at this! Why, you can buy this filth right out in the open on any newsstand! We weren't brought up that way! No, sir! When WE wanted a dirty book, we had to buy it in the school yard! And we had to watch out for the cops!

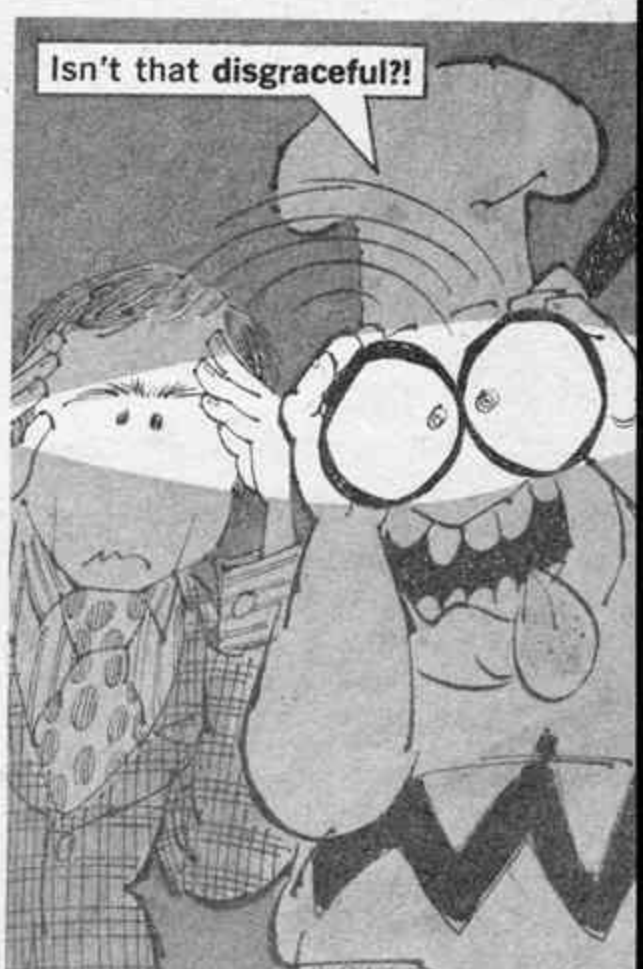


Mr. Standpatter, if you feel so strongly about pornography, how come you have all these magazines?

I'm Chairman of the "Midville Anti-Smut Committee", and I'm studying evidence!



Listen, if you think this stuff is bad, what about today's movies!? They're disgraceful! You never saw Loretta Young or Irene Dunne running around naked! The best WE could get in those days was Lana Turner in a tight sweater! And the way women dress today! Disgusting! Just look at my neighbor wearing that Bikini!



Isn't that disgraceful?!

How do you feel about Sex Education in our schools?

It's a **Commie** plot to undermine the morals of our children! We never had any of that Sex Education stuff when **WE** went to school, and there's nothing wrong with **OUR** generation!

Listen, I'm just a simple, **God-fearing** football fan, Mr. Cravat! But if you ask me, I feel that the **Supreme Court** is responsible for all this immorality! They ought to impeach the lot of 'em for banning prayers in our schools!

But, if a person really wants to pray can't he go to **Church**?

Sure! But folks can't get to **Church** as often as they'd like these days! You have to get out on the **Golf Course** pretty early on Sunday mornings to beat the crowds!

So . . . with all that outside pressure, we figure the only thing we parents can do to fight it is to set a good example for our kids!

Yep! Want to buy some fresh eggs? No checks or credit cards, though! **Cash only!** That way I don't have to declare it on my **Income Tax!**

Er—I see you raise chickens!

CLUCK
CLUCK

What are your feelings about the **Race Problem?**

I know you Eastern Liberals think we're prejudiced, but it's not true! Why, we watched "**Julia**" every week! And when I was a boy, I listened to "**Amos and Andy**" regularly! I think **Negroes** have the right to be drafted and pay taxes like the rest of us!

But what about **school integration** and **open housing**?

Those things take time! You can't make changes like that overnight!

How do you feel about the **Black Panthers**? Are they a serious threat to our country?

Yes! But don't worry! **Attorney-General Mitchell** and **J. Edgar Hoover** know how to deal with those kind of people!

What about the **Klan** and other right-wing extremist groups? Should the Government crack down on them?

I don't agree with what they stand for . . . but they have a right to their own opinions!



Do you feel that you represent the majority view of the country?

Well, Nixon's the President, and WE'RE the ones who elected him!

But Nixon is a "minority President"! He received only 42% of the vote!



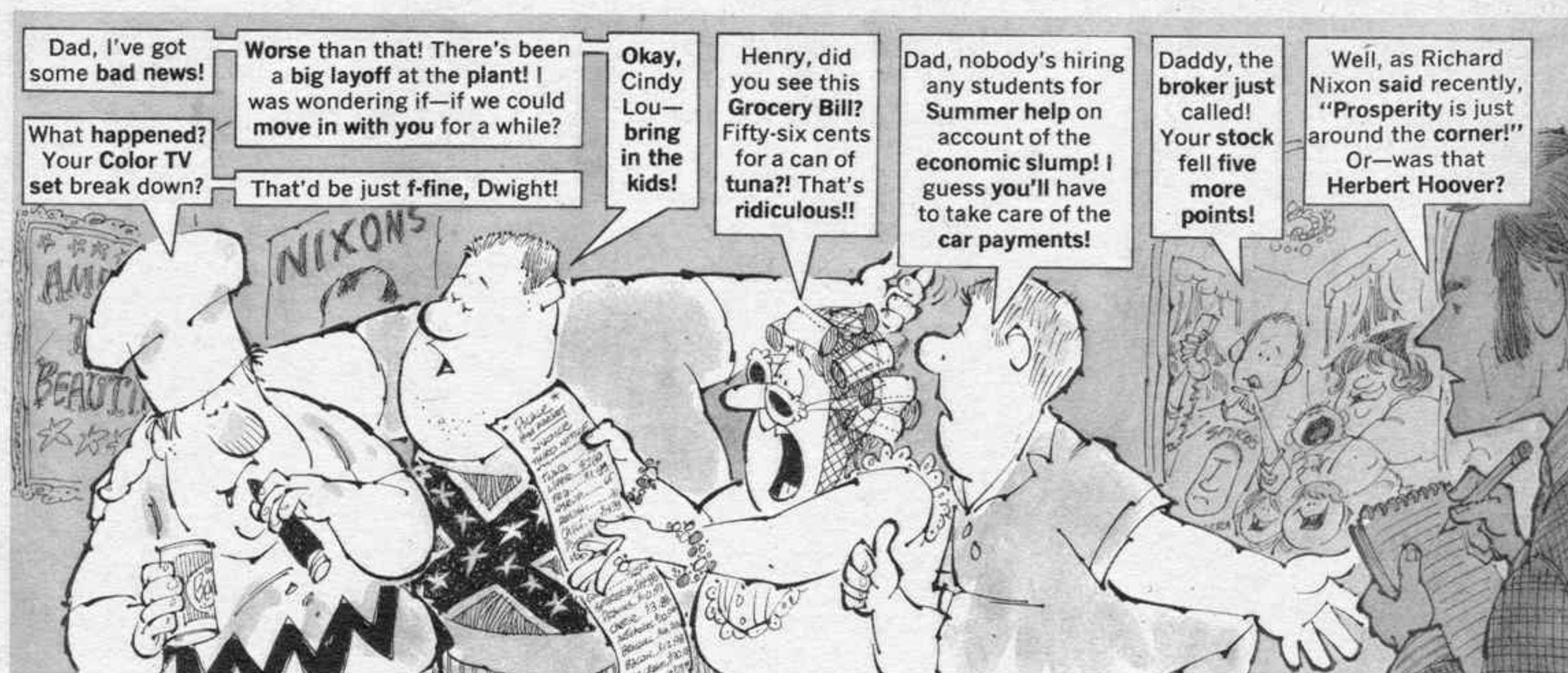
We may not be the majority of voters for the President, but we sure write the majority of letters to the President!

This batch is praising the speech he's going to give in Denver next week!

But how can you comment on a speech that you haven't heard yet?

We always agree with what Nixon and Agnew say!

Especially Agnew!!



Dad, I've got some bad news!

What happened? Your Color TV set break down?

Worse than that! There's been a big layoff at the plant! I was wondering if—if we could move in with you for a while?

That'd be just f-fine, Dwight!

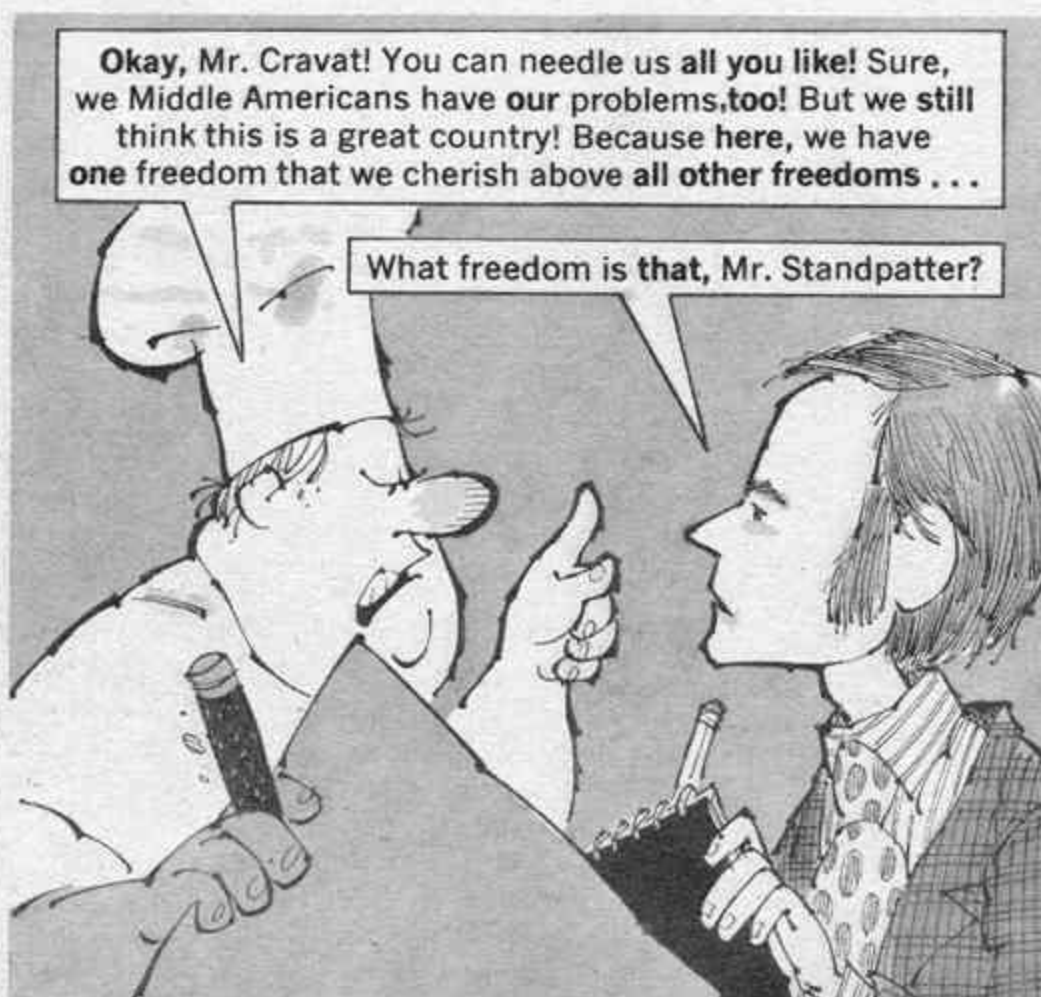
Okay, Cindy Lou—bring in the kids!

Henry, did you see this Grocery Bill? Fifty-six cents for a can of tuna?! That's ridiculous!!

Dad, nobody's hiring any students for Summer help on account of the economic slump! I guess you'll have to take care of the car payments!

Daddy, the broker just called! Your stock fell five more points!

Well, as Richard Nixon said recently, "Prosperity is just around the corner!" Or—was that Herbert Hoover?



Okay, Mr. Cravat! You can needle us all you like! Sure, we Middle Americans have our problems, too! But we still think this is a great country! Because here, we have one freedom that we cherish above all other freedoms...

What freedom is that, Mr. Standpatter?



The freedom to change our minds!!

A HITCH IN TIME DEPT.

From fortresses, castles, dungeons, bunkers, rummage shops and ruins of ancient draft boards around

RECRUITING POSTER

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

**ARSONISTS LOOTERS
RAPISTS**



I WANT YOU

**TO JOIN MY
SHAGGY HORDE
AND HELP
TERRORIZE THE WORLD**

**GO WITH
A
WINNER**



Enlist In The
**Spanish
Armada**



the world, MAD's Military Expert (now living in Canada) has unearthed this unique collection of...

S THROUGH HISTORY

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

Make New Friends! GO WEST



With General Custer's 7th CAVALRY

Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist

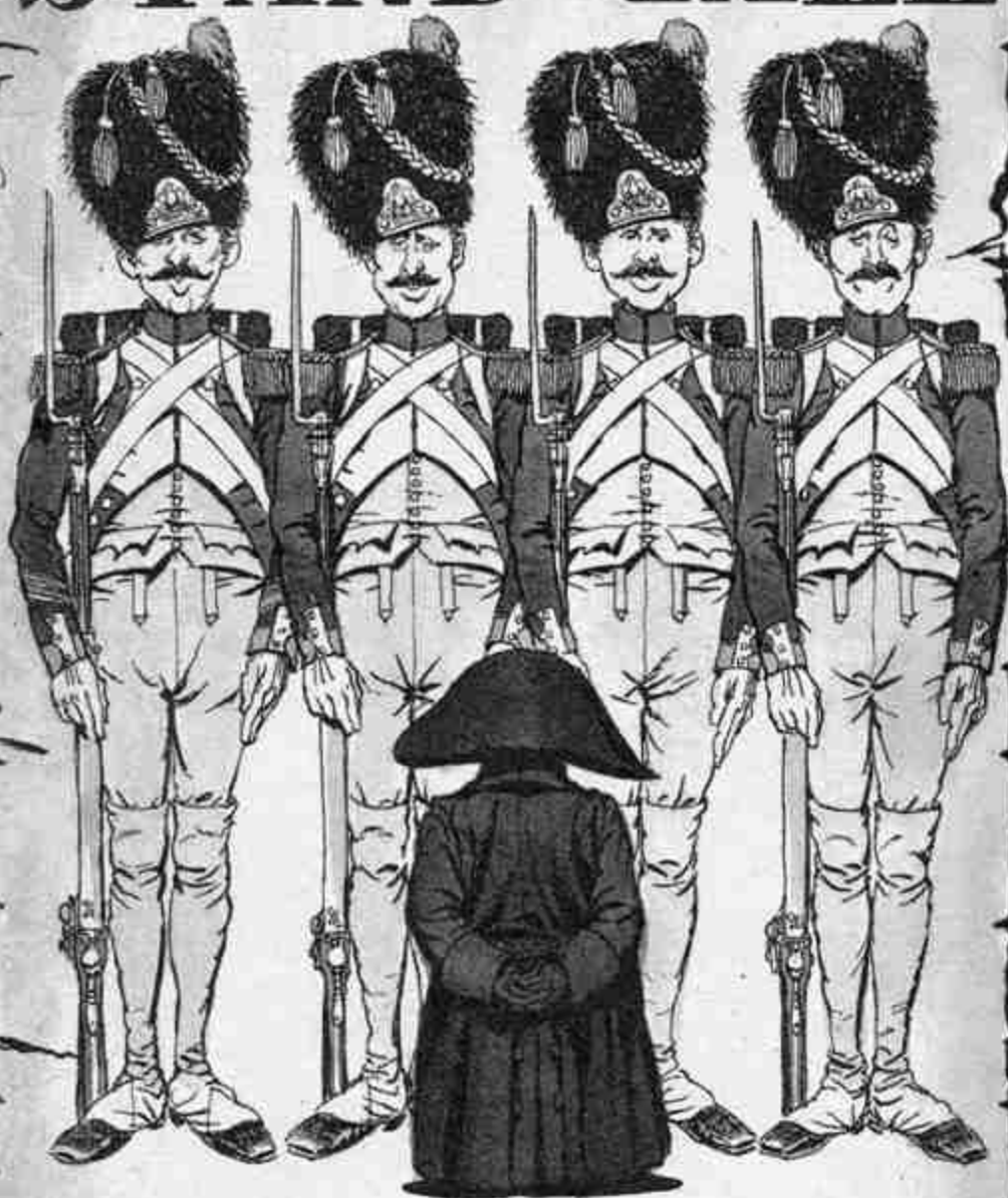
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist
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In The 100 Years' War



STAND TALL



IN
BONAPARTE'S GUARD

Join The Conquest!
GO NORMAN
and Learn a Specialty:



Catapult Operator



Pitchbucket Pourer



Rampart Stormer



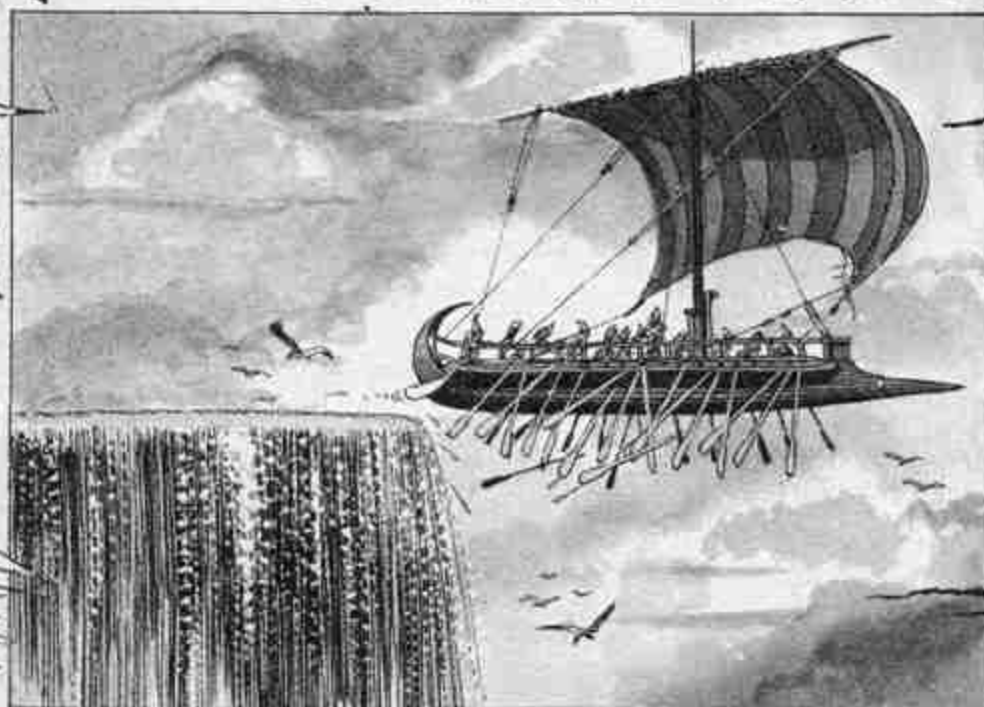
Battering Ram Rammer

BE PATRIOTIC!
JOIN THE REDCOATS!



MAINTAIN LAW & ORDER
IN THE COLONIES

**JOIN THE
PHOENICIAN NAVY**



...and see the
edge of the world

Editor's Note: Since our "Introduction" writer was just kidnapped, and since he is being held for 9¢ ransom, and since we refuse to pay that ransom . . . there will be no introduction to . . .



A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A RESORT HOTEL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Ahhh, young love! Isn't that nice?!
It's just like our brochure says . . .
"Euphoria Hotel—The Romantic Spot—
The Ideal Place To Meet A Husband!"

Are you kidding?
If I meet MY
husband here,
I'm DEAD!!



The bed in room 389 is in terrible shape! The two left legs are shorter than the two right legs, and you can't lie in it without tipping from side to side! We got trouble!

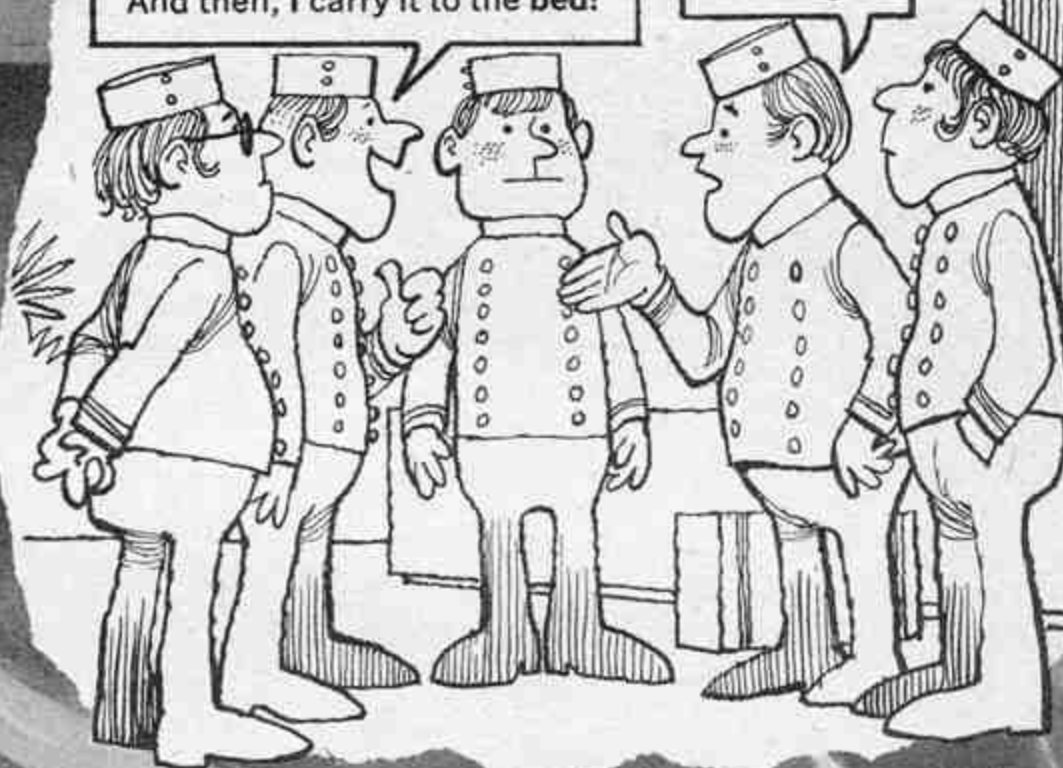
Wrong! We got a **VIBRATING BED!** Put a quarter coin box on it and we'll clean up!



Okay, everybody got it straight! Barney carries the guy's bag into the lobby! Steve carries it to the elevator! Gus carries it down the hall! And I carry it into the room!

No—don't stretch a good thing too far! Four tips on one bag is enough!

And then, I carry it to the bed!



The guests are complaining about our pool! It's small, it's only two feet deep, and the water is like lukewarm soup! Shall we admit it's a wading pool and refund their money for misrepresentation!

Of course not! Tell 'em we're a "Spa"—that that's our therapeutic pool—and charge 'em extra to go in!



You advertise this hotel as the finest resort on the coast, with all rooms facing the ocean! Well, MY room doesn't face the ocean!!

We didn't say WHICH ocean!



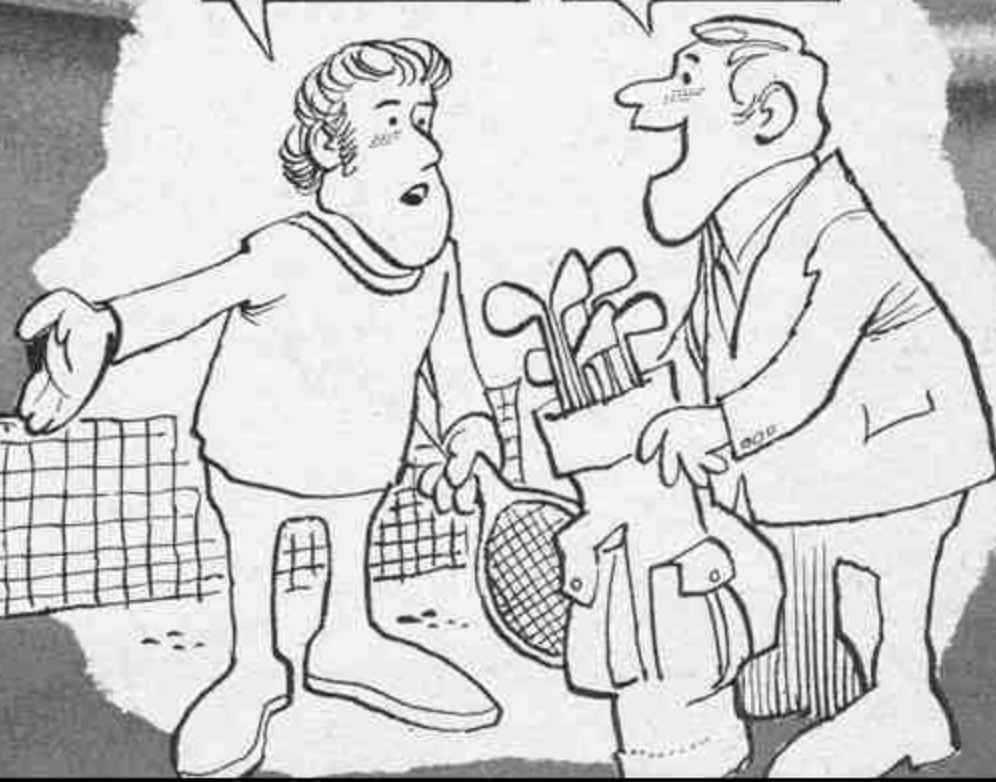
Why must all tennis players wear white?

Because it's a tennis tradition ... because white is a neat clean color and tennis is a neat clean game ... and mainly, because how ELSE could I make a killing in my tennis supply shop selling shirts, shorts, skirts and sneakers?!!



Our Championship Tennis Court is in terrible shape! I counted about 18 holes in it!

Okay, take down the net! We now have a Championship Golf Course!



Ooops! Sorry to bust in on you folks like this! I'll come back at a better time!

She ought to be ashamed of herself! She knows the only time we bust in on guests is when they're either naked—or in the bathroom!

Ha-ha-ha! Hee-hee! Hoo-hah! Oh, stop! You're killing me!

What's he writing? A sketch for the show?

No, a laundry price list for the hotel!

How about "Socks—\$1 a pair—hankies—75c each—"?

Please! Stop! I can't stand it anymore!

The dining room staff just locked all the guests in, submitted a list of grievances to the chef, and set fire to the pantry!

If I told 'em once, I told 'em a thousand times—Don't hire college kids as waiters!

The air conditioning broke down in Room 227! It's sweltering in there! Shall I call a repair man?

No, I have a better idea! Throw a couple of bricks in a corner, and we'll advertise a free sauna bath!

We pride ourselves in our efficient Hotel Security Force! There hasn't been a robbery here in years!

Help! Police! I've been robbed! I've been robbed!

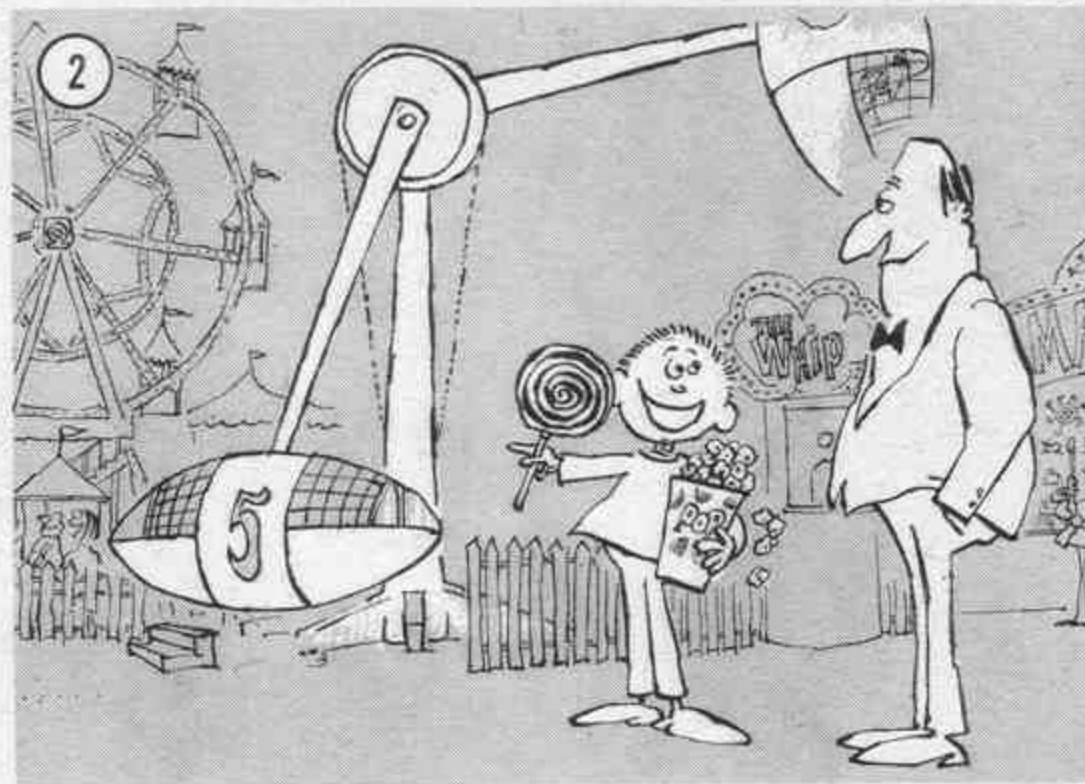
Except when our guests check out and see their BILL!!

On the phone you told me there were five men to one girl!

That's right! And those are the five men! Too bad you're not lucky enough to be the one girl!

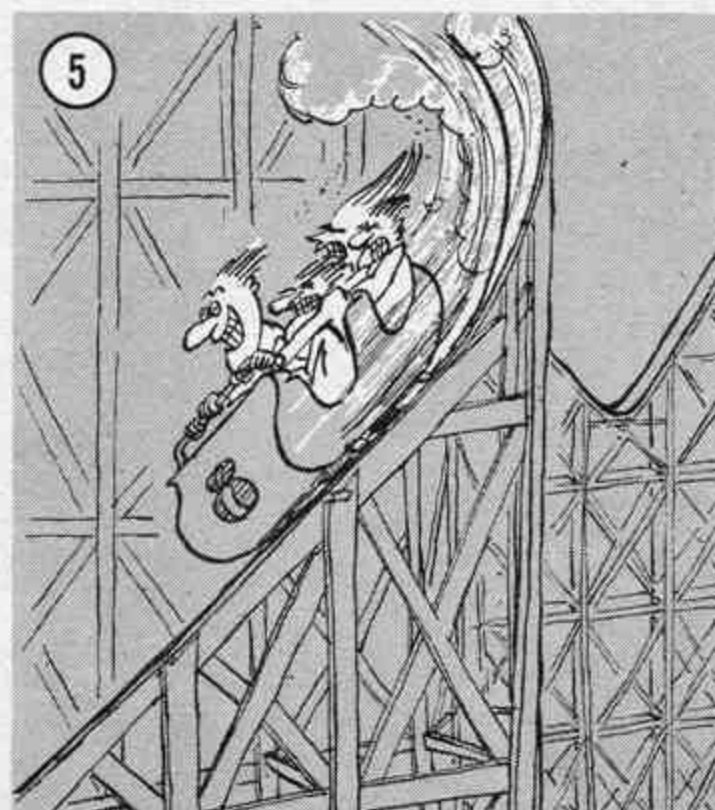
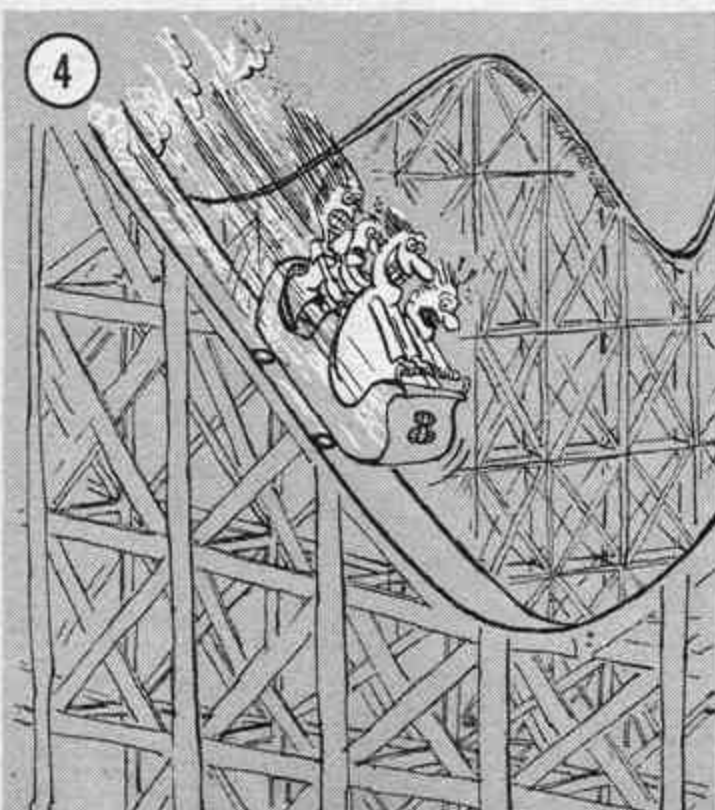
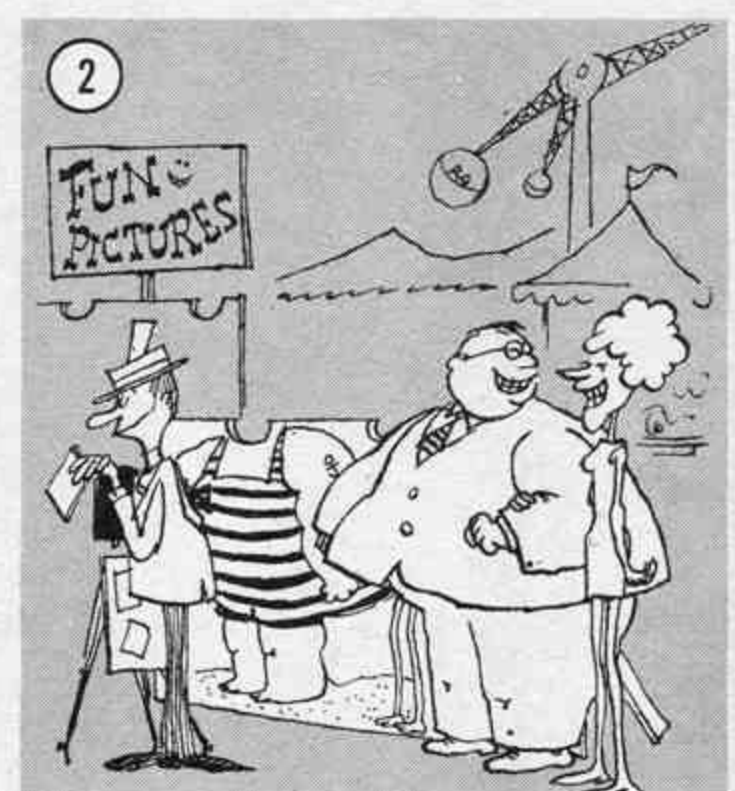
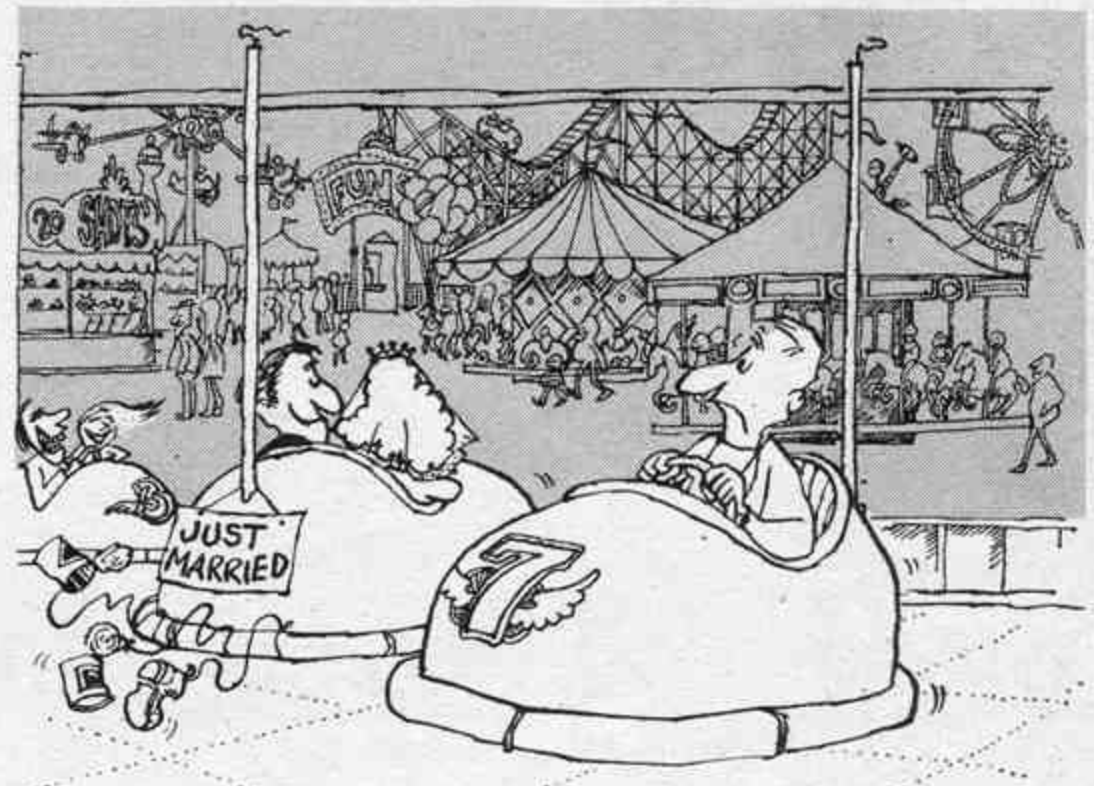
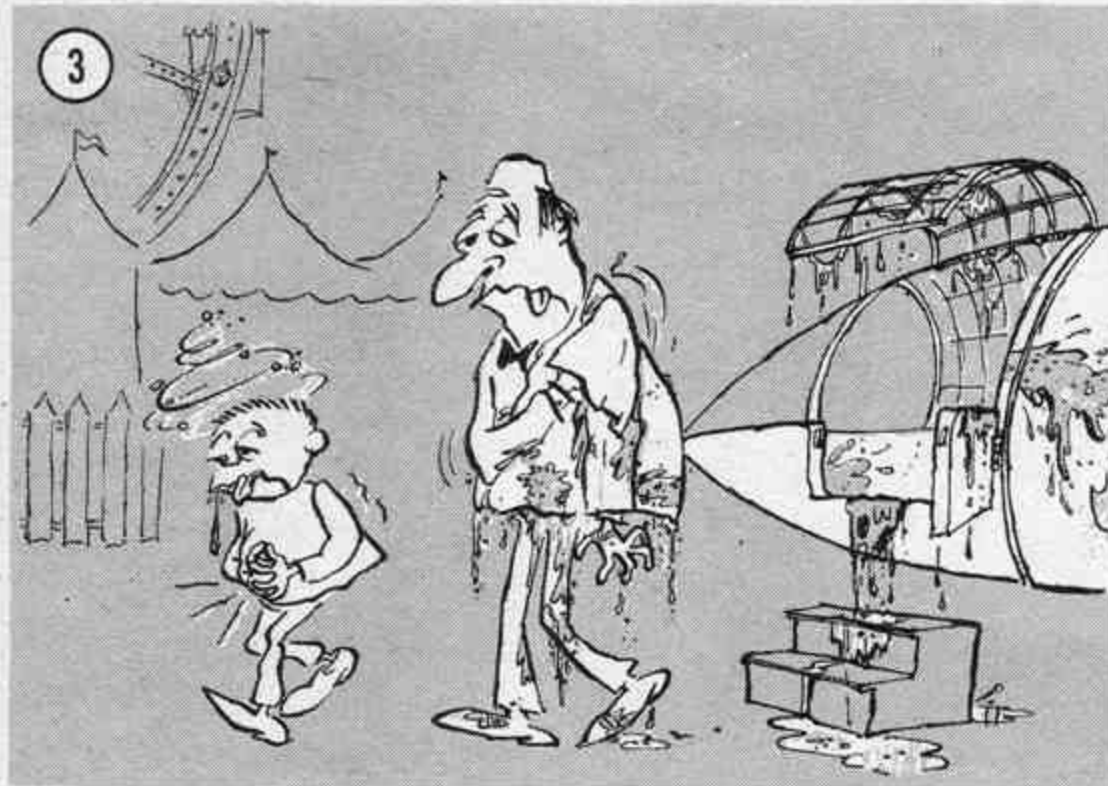
Clarke

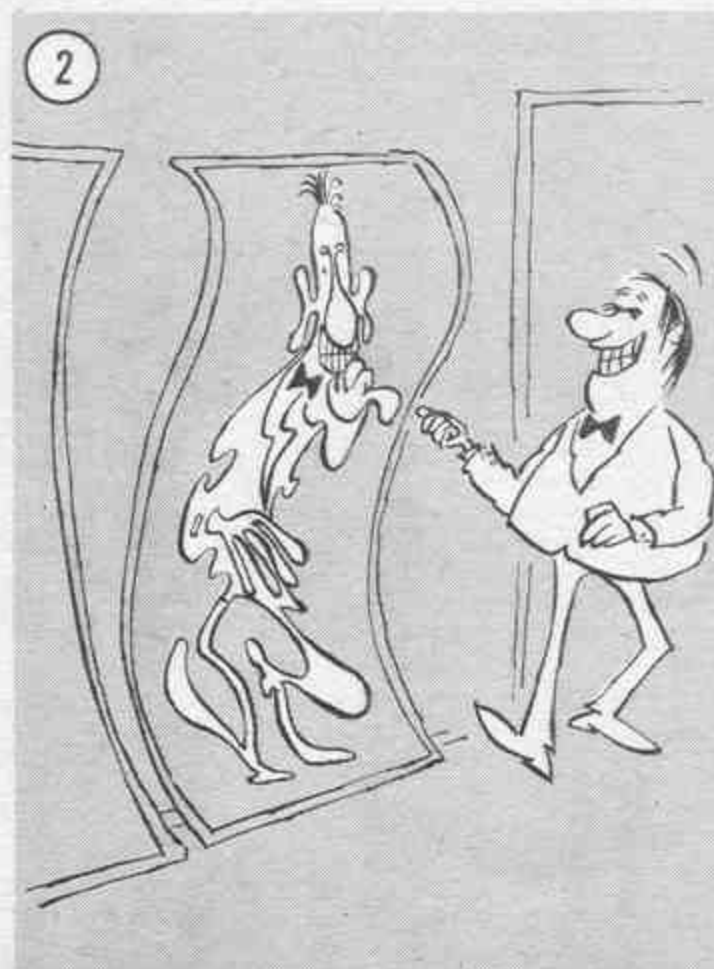
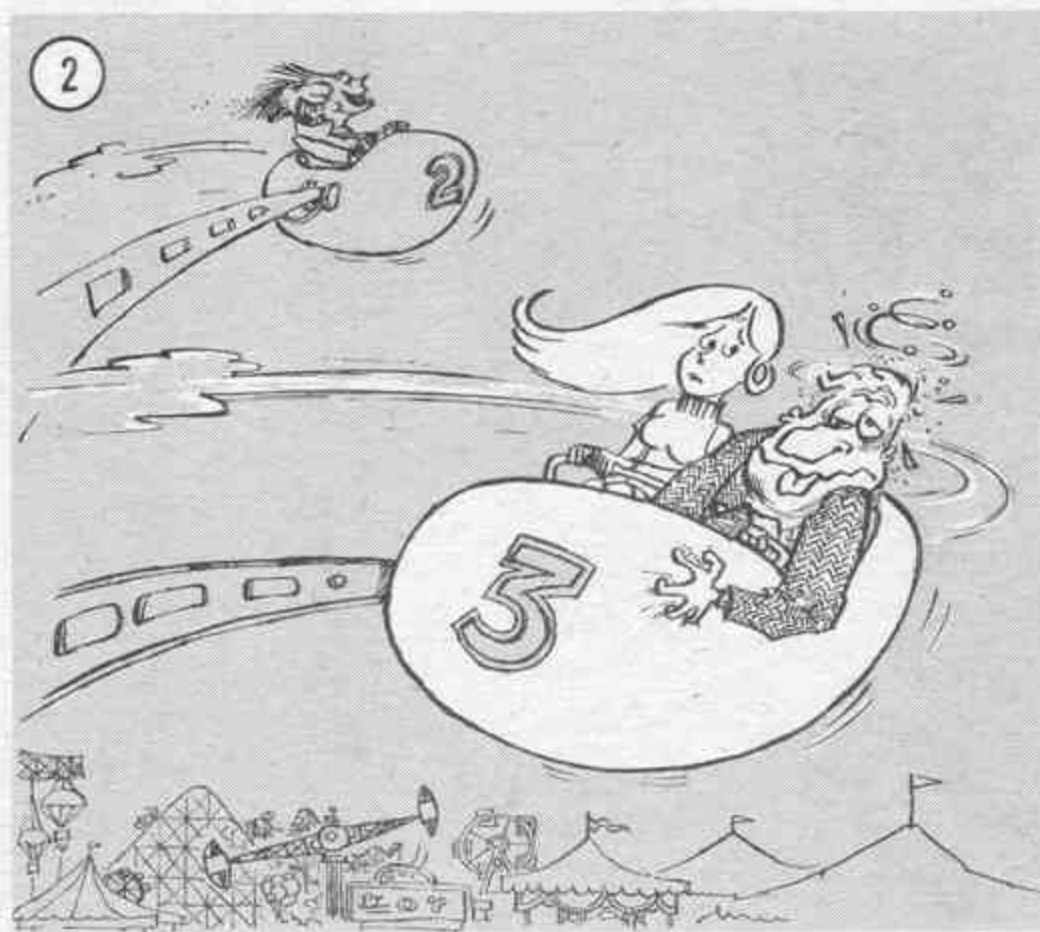
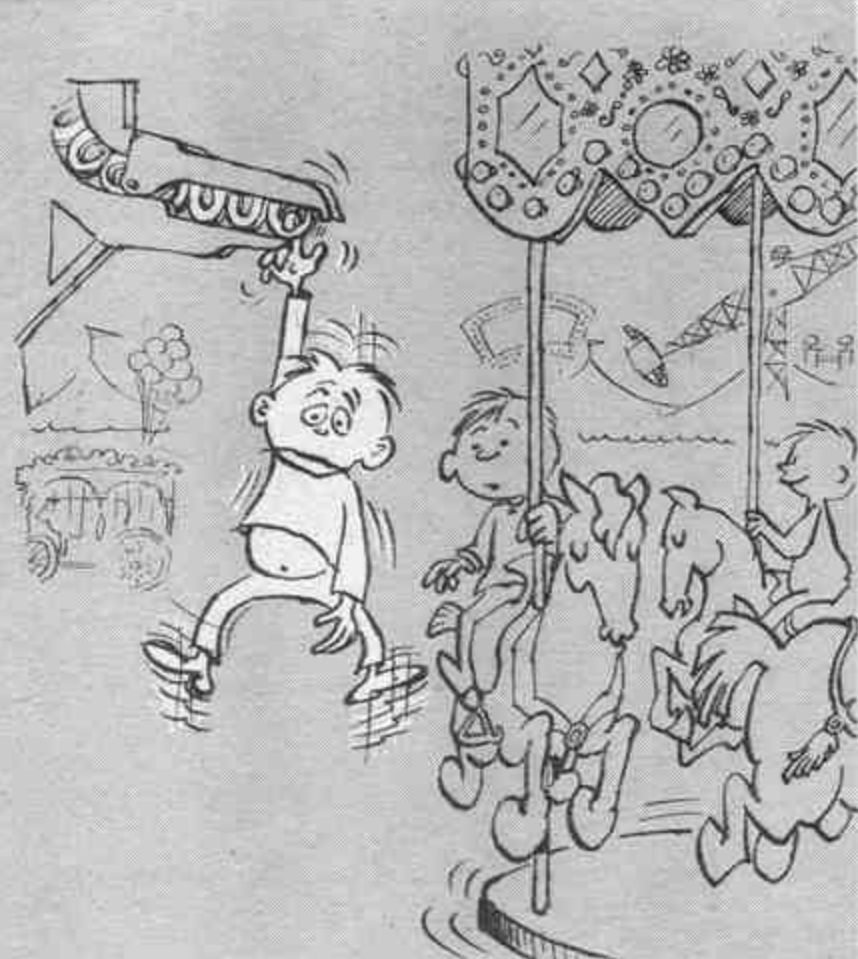
A MAD LOOK AT AMUSEM

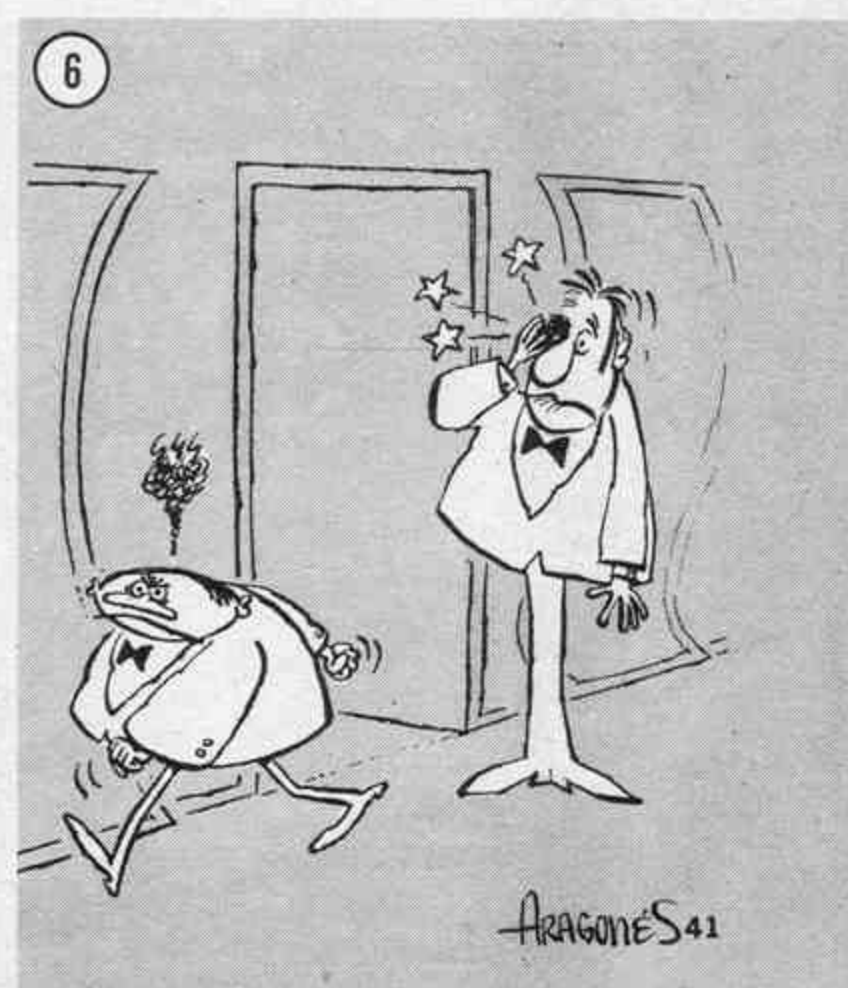
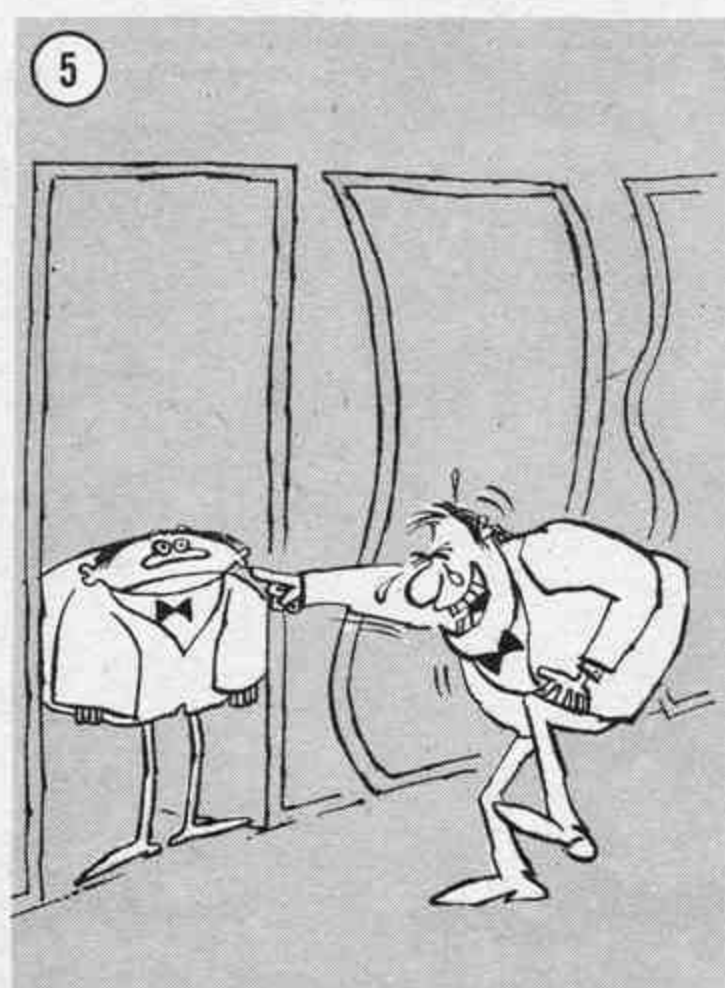
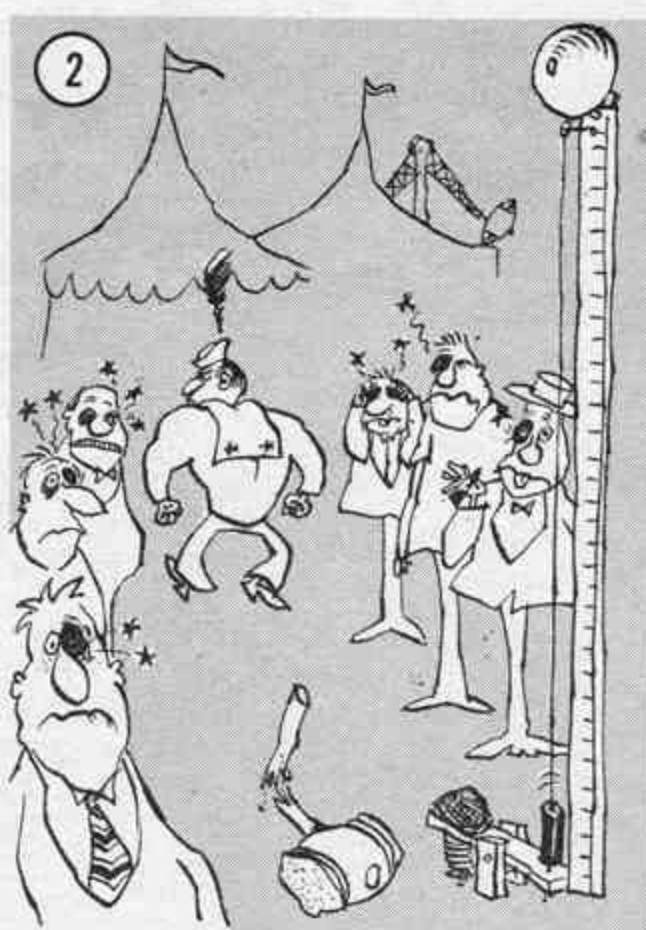


ENT PARKS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







ONE FINE DAY A MILLION YEARS AGO



No one can fault the success of teaching children basic things in entertaining ways, and the television series "Sesame Street" does it better than most. Unfortunately, it helps little Johnny to read—but not between the lines! What we need is a television show that will prepare our youth for what really lies ahead, a program like

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

MAD's

REALITY STREET

Crummy day ...
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
On my way past where
the bullies meet ...
Is there a way to avoid,
To avoid Reality Street?

What a life ...
Everywhere's doom and strife!
Hostile neighbors shout,
They're down and out!
Is there a way to escape,
To escape Reality Street?

It's a street of depression,
Corruption, oppression!
It's a sadist's dream
come true!
And masochists too!
People who like a ...

Crummy day!
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
We're on the avenue
of defeat ...
Is there a way to evade,
To evade Reality Street?



Hi, cats! My name is Gorgon, and this portion of Reality Street is brought to you by the letter P...

Now, the letter P stands for:
Please
Pardon
Polite...
Words that are all just about
Passé!



Pusher



Puff



Psychedelic



Physician



Peaceful



Poacher



Pelts



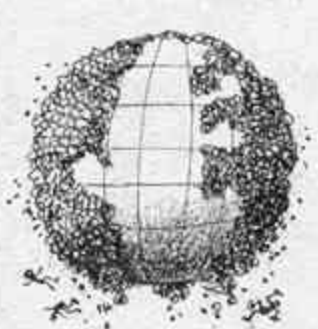
Pity



Prolific



Population



Peril



Pill

Now that last one, Pill, can be replaced by Pope if there's any objection! But before we go over to Curt and Orner, let's take a Pregnant Pause...



Hey, Orner, you said you would teach me how to tell time today! And not that "big hand on the 12, little hand on the 7" stuff, either!

Okay! We'll start with some easy ones! What time does a 9:00 o'clock plane leave the airport?

That's simple! 9:00 o'clock!

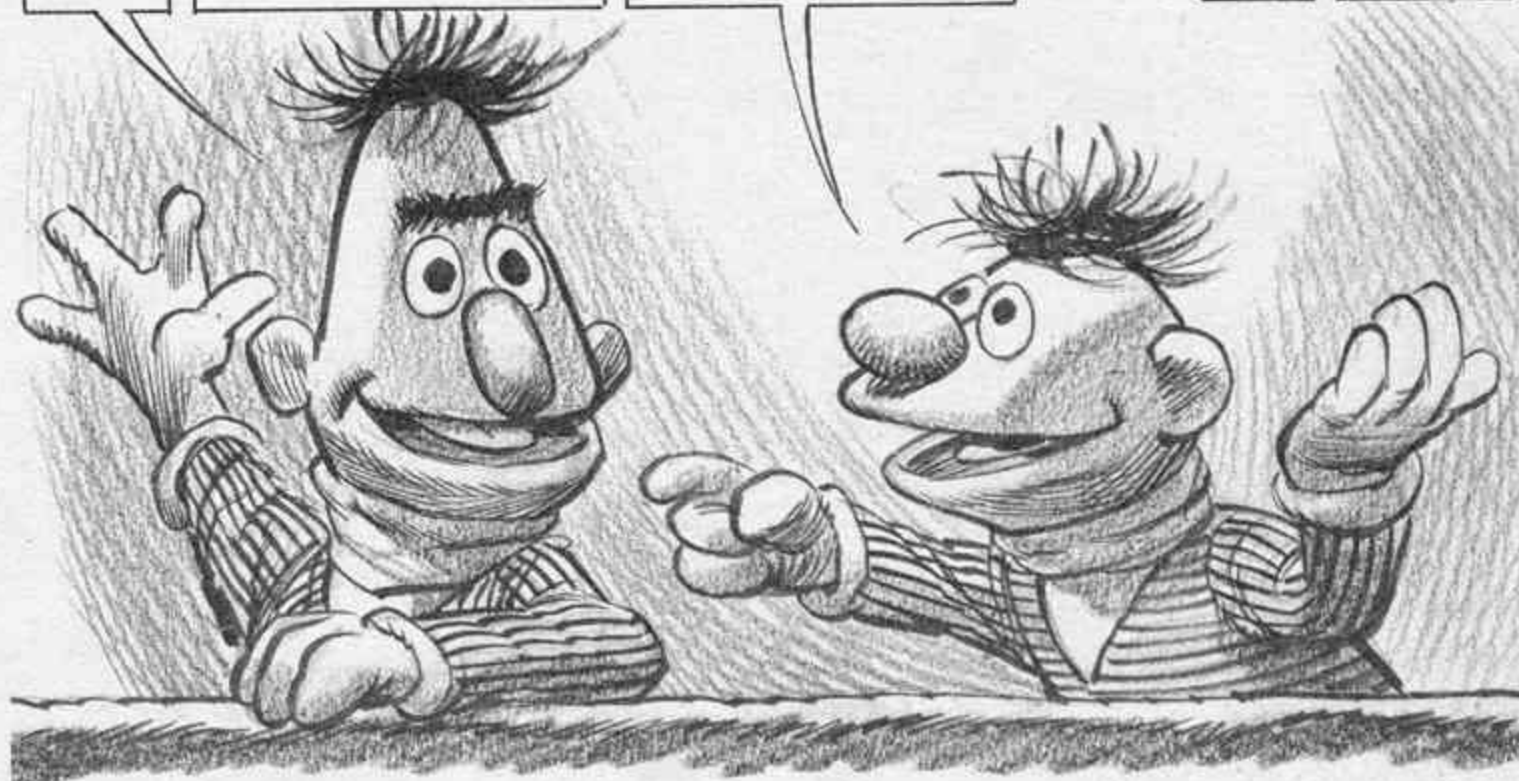
You're simple! A 9:00 o'clock plane will leave at 11:00, if you're lucky!

What time does a train scheduled to arrive at 9:00 actually arrive?

11:00 o'clock?

A.M. or P.M.?

Gee, this is tougher than I thought!





Don't worry, you'll catch on. Now let's take another true-to-life situation! You are invited to a party. The card says **8:30 P.M.** What time do you make your entrance, Curt?

Not 8:30?
No, 8:30 is the time you start to get dressed! You should arrive no earlier than 9:30!!

But suppose they really wanted me there at 8:30?!

Then, silly, they would have asked you to come at 7:30!

I think I'd better go back to the big hand and the little hand bit, Ornerly ...

Okay, we'll come back to it later ...

When's later?



That's your next lesson! In reality, "later" can mean weeks, months, or even **years** from now, but more often than not, the word later means **never!**

Wouldn't it be more honest just to come out and say "never"?

Honest, yes, but **smart no!** On **Reality Street** you have to keep one step ahead of the next guy, and the way to do it is by **sincere insincerity!**



Can you lend me 10 bucks?

Sure! When'll you pay me back?

You're learning, Curt, you're learning!

Later!



Oh, hi, **cake monster!** How about a piece of delicious **cake** I just bought in the store?

Ugh ... tummy ache ... pain ... bad news ... ugh ... **no more cake!**

Tummy ache? From **cake**? With all those **healthy** ingredients?

Just ... ugh! **read label ...** pain ...



Contains emulsifiers, reconstituted dry milk, imitation color, sodium benzoate, glycerine ...

Ugh ... suffering ... pain ...

... sodium propionate, monosodium glutamate, potassium sorbate ... lecithin and vanillin ...

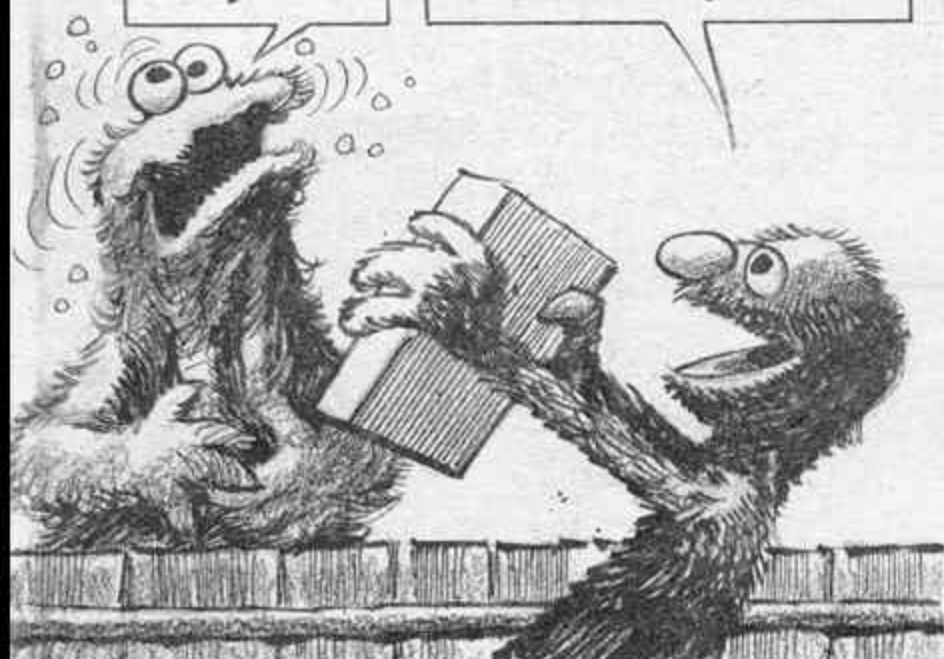


Enough...
Enough!
Belly hurt...
taste yecch...

Oh, cake monster, it's all in
your mind! It still tastes
good! See what it says on the
label? Artificially flavored!

This portion of Reality Street
is brought to you by the number
FIVE...

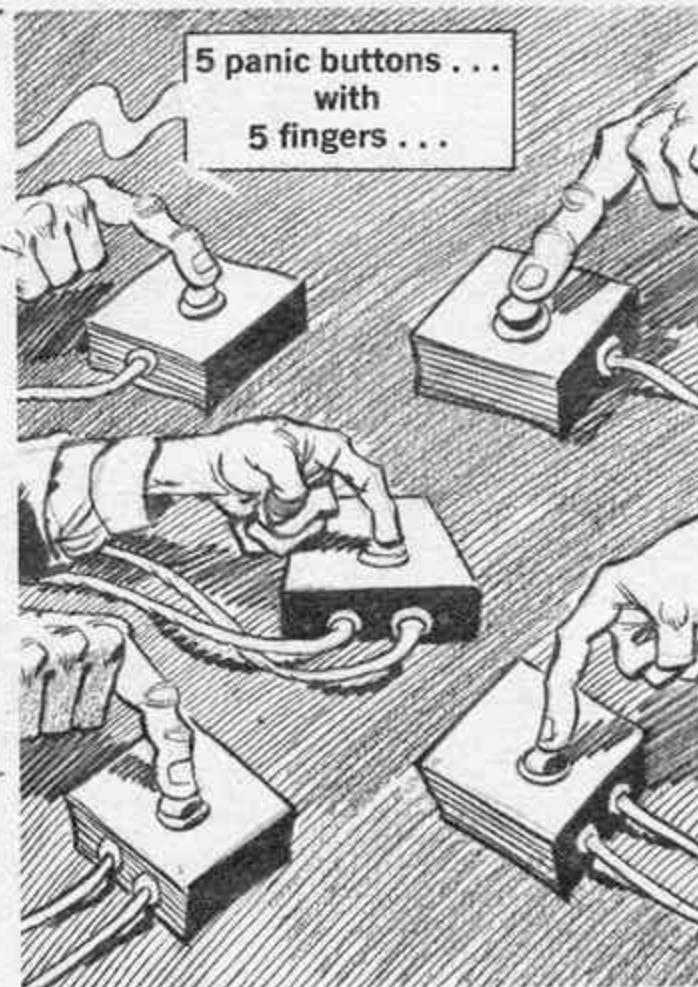
5 countries...
with
5 H-bombs...



5 leaders...
with
5 different opinions...

5 panic buttons...
with
5 fingers...

5 easy pieces!



What are you
doing, Ookie?

Did you find a better place
than your garbage can?

Moving!

Bigger and better.

Where?

Right on the street! Anyone like me who prefers the comfort
of garbage and filth can live like a king in today's cities!



Hi! I'm Dirty Bird, and now it's time to count like the government counts . . . ready? Okay, Military! One million, two billion, three trillion, four zillion! That's called escalation of numbers!

Military
1 million
2 billion
3 trillion
4 zillion

\$

Now it's time for cutting down! Okay, now, tighten your belts and begin on education! Four million, three thousand, two hundred, one! That's it! Bye!

Education
4 million
3 thousand
2 hundred
1

\$

Hey, Curt, what's that you have?

A toy telephone, Scary!

Gee, it looks just like a real phone!

It works just like a real one, too! Watch! Dial my number—4448!

This is fun! 4-4-4-8...

I'm sorry, but your call did not go through! Be sure you are dialing correctly! Hang up and dial again! Thank you!

Try again, Scary!

Okay . . . 4-4-4-8

I'm sorry, but the number you have reached is not a working number! Please check your local directory!

C'mon, try again!

All right, Curt, but this isn't as much fun as I thought it would be! 4-4-4-8

I'm sorry, but all the circuits are busy at this time! Please try again later. Thank you!

Great, huh?

Great? Why, I tried 3 times and couldn't get you once!

That's what makes this toy phone so real! If you did get me it would spoil everything!

Well, it looks like we've run out of time for today! But we'll be back tomorrow to bring you another...

Fat chance, buddy! We're here to knock this set down!

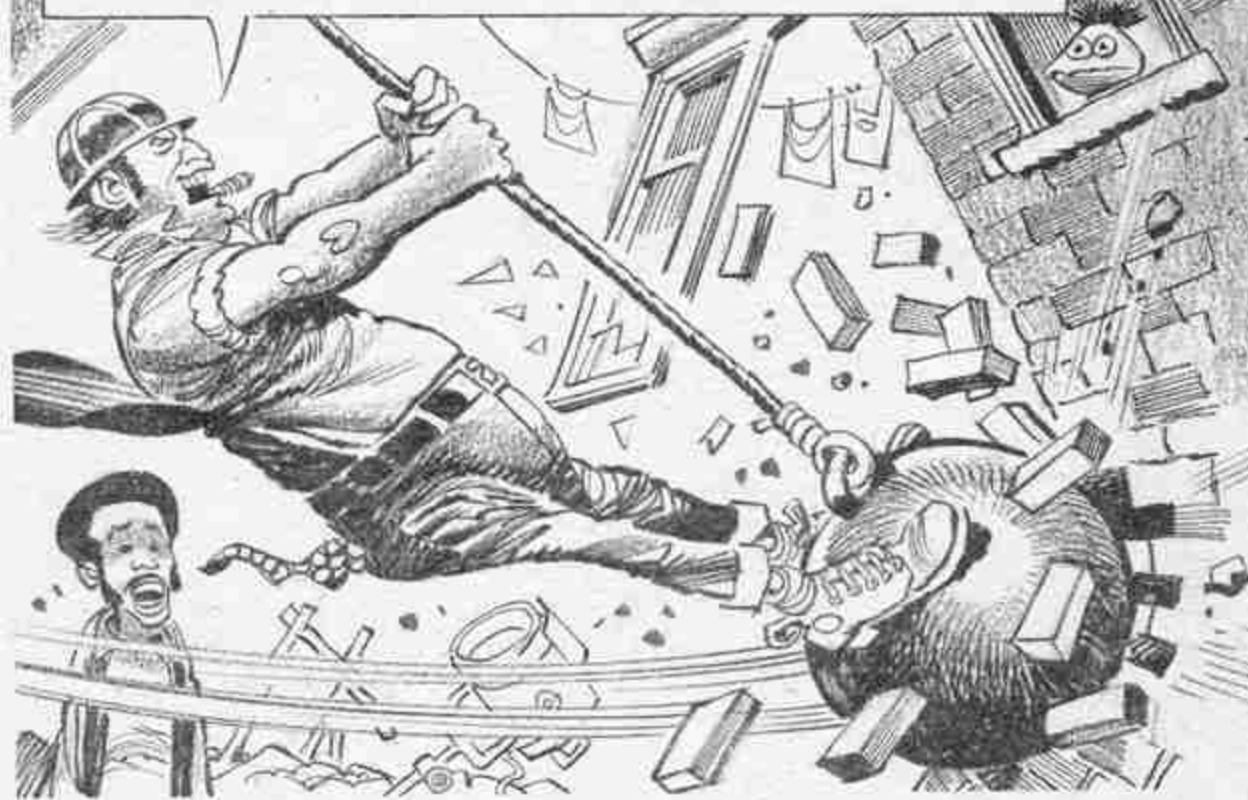
But you can't do that! This is Reality Street, especially constructed to show our young people about life today!



So we'll help you, Mac! We'll start by ripping half of it down! Then we'll go on strike and leave everything in such a mess that no one can use it while union chiefs, bosses, and mediators argue and get nowhere for months! They'll finally settle for a raise which will be more than we deserve, which'll send everyone else out on strike for raises just to keep even with us...



Of course, the strained power and transportation facilities will be strained even more in the whole process, and as inflation spirals upwards, more jobs will go down the drain, increasing unemployment, not to mention welfare costs. Taxes will go up to pay for it, naturally, while in Washington...

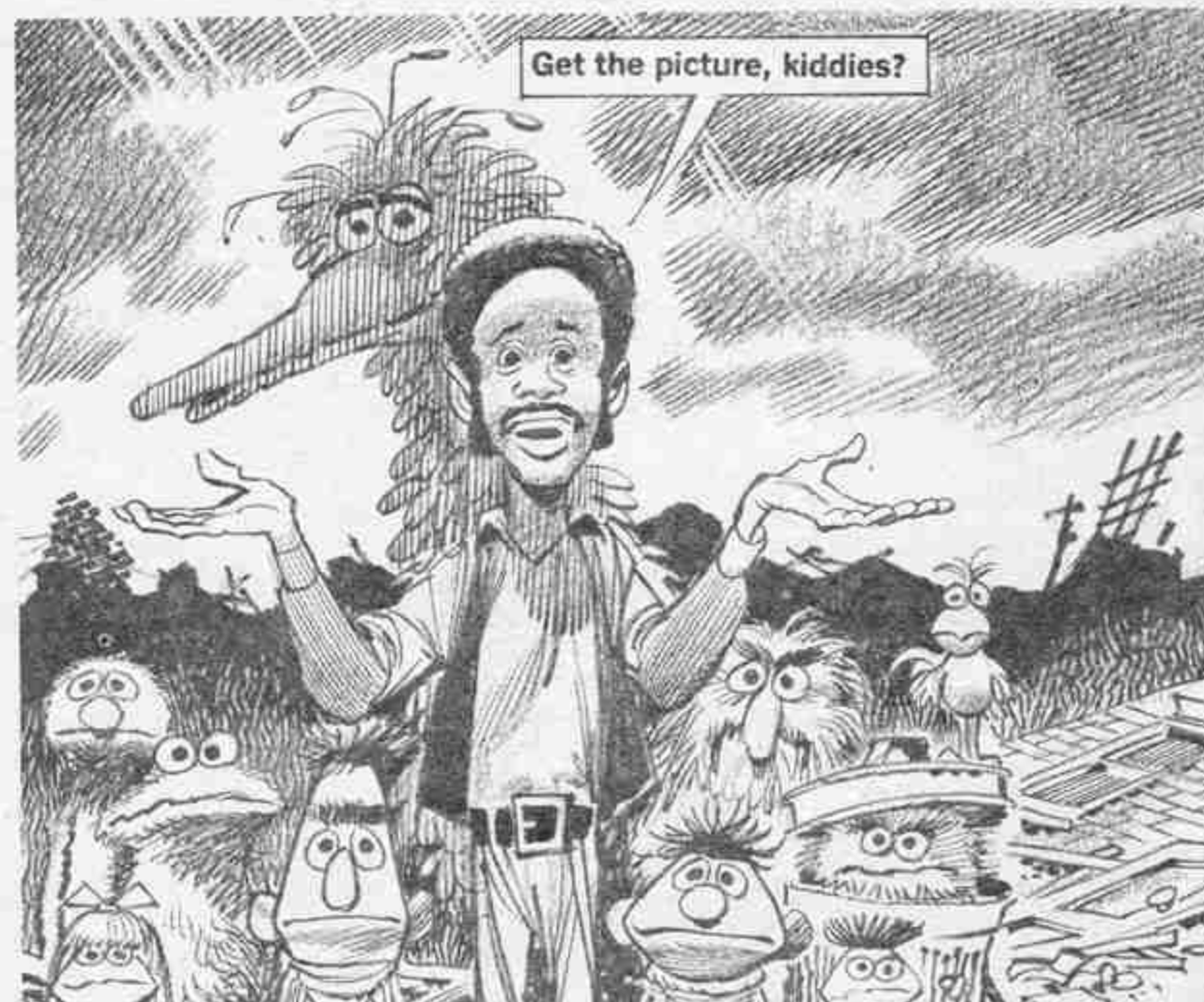


Enough! Enough! I get the point! But you still didn't tell me why they're taking Reality Street down! Do they need the space for a library? A park? A hospital?

Are you kidding? This site is being cleared for a new munitions development plant!



Get the picture, kiddies?



**WHAT'S ALWAYS
BEEN THE
FAVORITE
METHOD FOR
CAMOUFLAGING
MILITARY
ACTIVITY?**

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

Throughout history, military experts have devised many clever means for concealment of wartime actions. But the best and most effective way is still the old way. To see just what it is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**WHENEVER TROOPS CAMOUFLAGE SOME MILITARY SITE
THEY ALWAYS TRY TO BLEND THEMSELVES IN
WITH SURROUNDINGS, AVOIDING COLORS THAT CLASH**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀B

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE METROPOLIS



IDEA BY FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: JACK THURSTON