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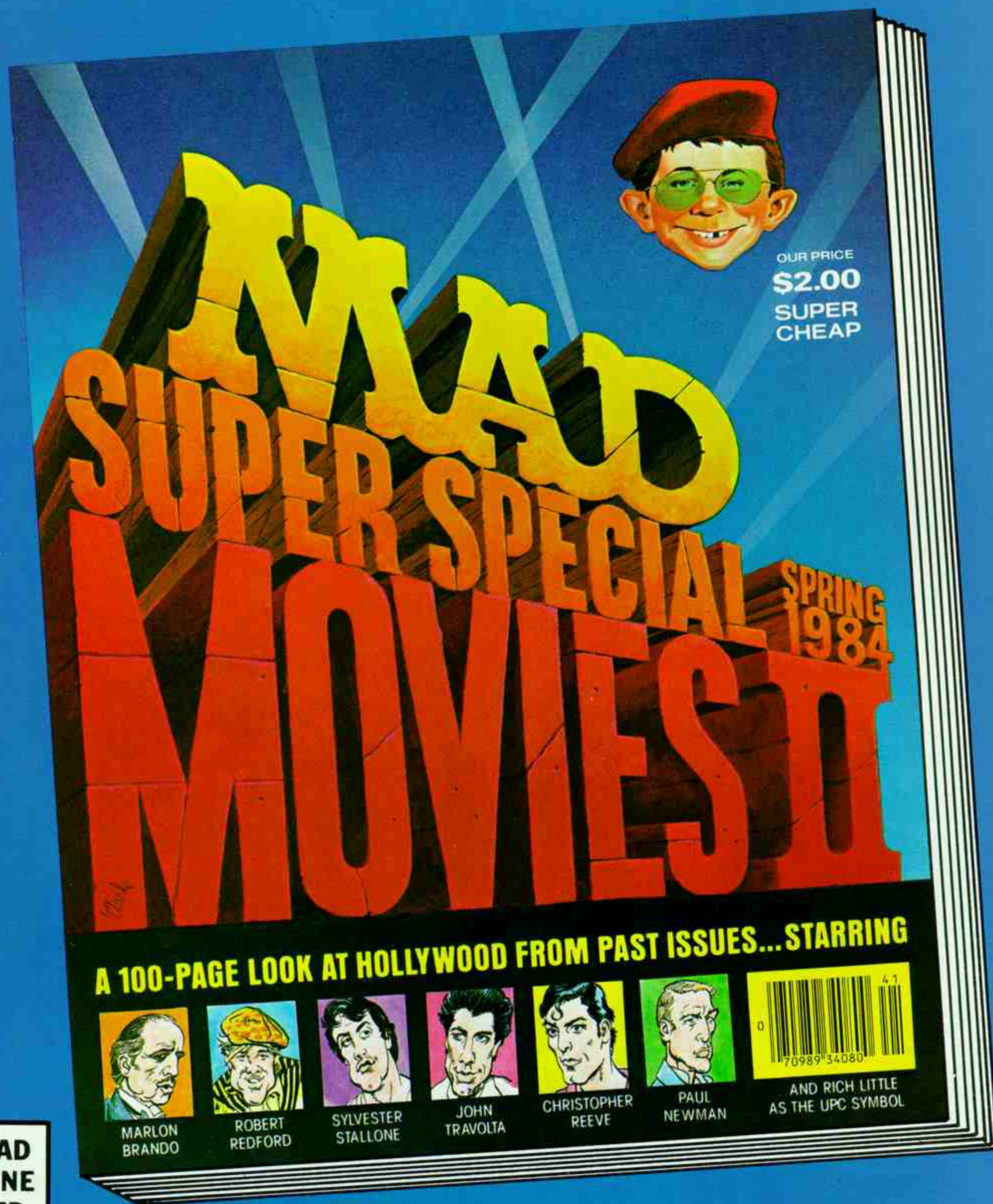
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the usual gang of idiots

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VITAL FEATURES

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—RE-HASH OF
THE JETI"
(A MAD Movie
Satire)
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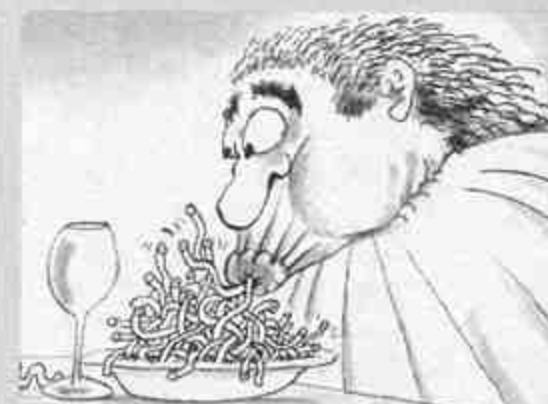
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NOT ONE LEFT!!

Sad, but true! Not even one of these full color portraits of MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman—suitable for framing or for training puppies—left their piled-high shelf in our stockroom after last issue's clever ad! Maybe we'll move a few of 'em with this one! C'mon, gang! Mail 60¢ for one, \$1.25 for 3, \$2.55 for 9, \$5.15 for 27 or \$10.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.

"TOOTSIE"

I would really like to know why you excluded Charles Durning from your "Tootsie Role" satire. He was definitely one of the funniest characters in the movie. I wonder if Larry Siegel and I both saw the same film?

Chris Manson
Florence, AL

The reason Charles Durning did not appear in "Tootsie Role" is because he was busy on location filming a new movie when the MAD satire was drawn. As for whether or not you and Larry Siegel saw the same film, Larry says he was at the 6:15 showing and he doesn't remember seeing you there.—Ed.

"GIMME A BREAK"

I happen to be a fan of "Gimme A Break." I don't appreciate your putting down this great comedy show. If you're gonna make fun of a show, make fun of "Leave It To Beaver" or something like that.

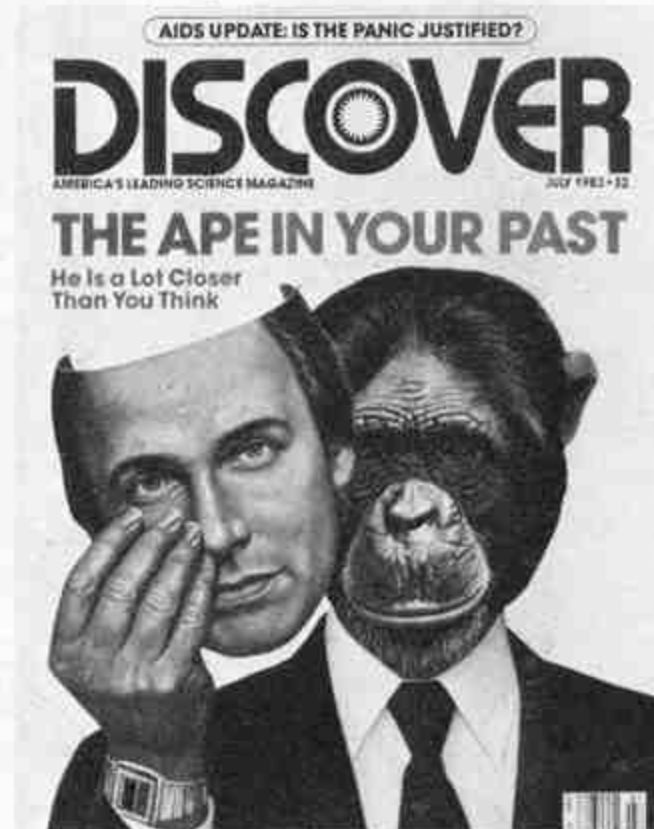
Dwayne Todd
Dayton, Ohio

Why don't you give everybody a break!?! Don't waste your paper and our money by making fun of exceedingly mind-eroding, moronic sit-coms that no one watches anyway! (No one, that is, except your "usual gang of idiots" who are beyond hope!)

Pat Cunningham
Upchukonuce, FL

RIPOFF!

MAD (Planet Of The Apes). What a ripoff! Tom Allnuh
Bethesda, MD



Just A Coincidence???



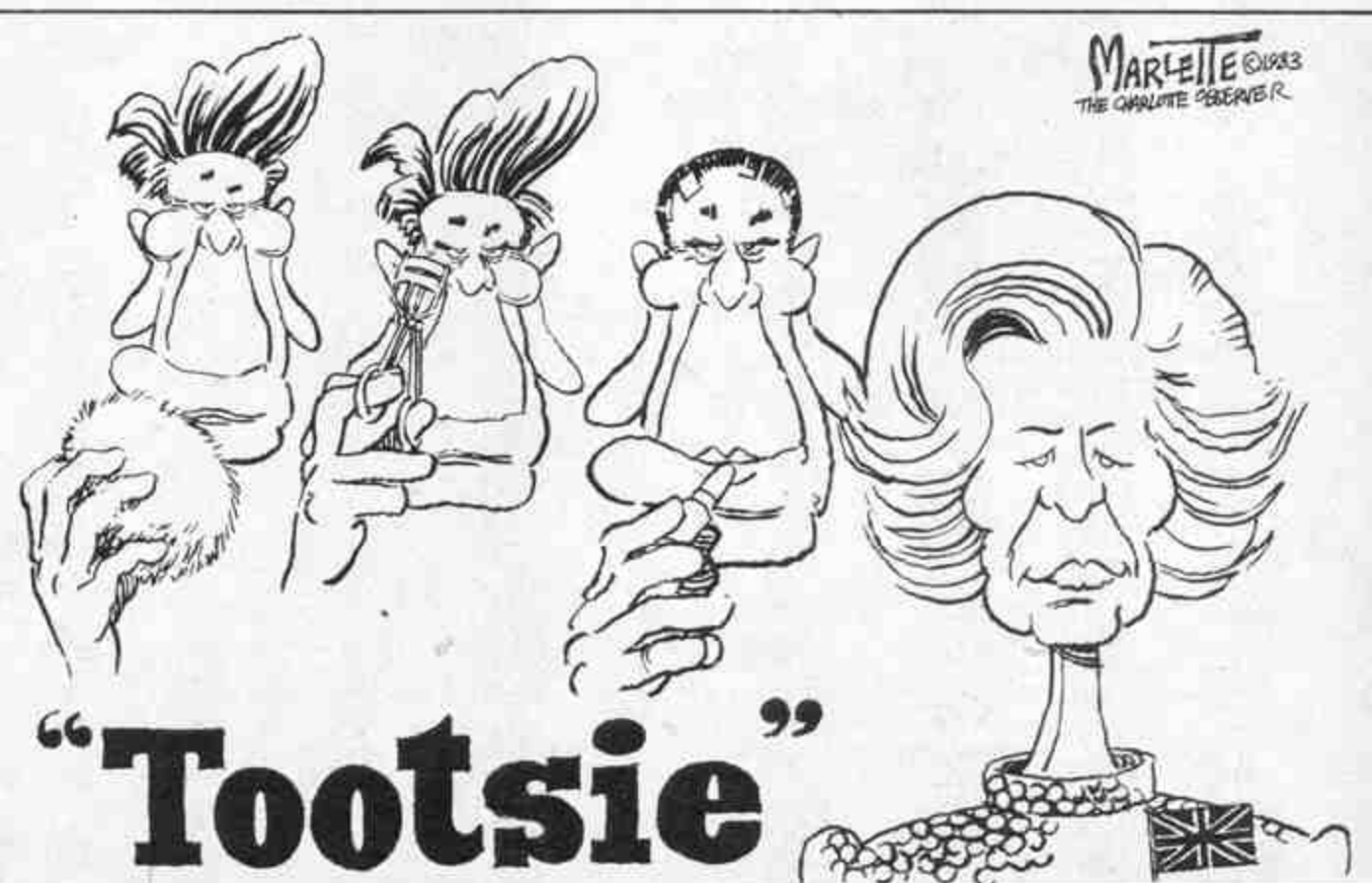
"Discover" is owned by Time Inc. (Remember the great Pac-Man cover scandal?) Need we say more?—Ed.

RIPOFFS CONTINUED

Enclosed is a clipping from the June 15, 1983 edition of the San Diego Tribune. It looks a whole lot like the cover of MAD

#240 (On sale May 12th!)

Freda Phalan
San Diego, CA



"Tootsie"

MAD E.S.P.

I believe I have found out where CBS gets ideas for their shows. I quote the April 10-April 16 issue of Time Inc.'s new magazine "TV-Cable Week", page 4. "CBS, concerned about the show's sagging ratings, recently came up with a plan to reunite the couple for an hour-long episode next Christmas. In an update of 'A Christmas Carol', Archie would be visited by the ghosts of Christmas past, present and future, all played by Jean Stapleton, returning to her role as Edith." Hmmm. This sounds very much like the satire in MAD's January 1982 issue, "Starchie Bonker's Place" or "A Christmas Carol O'Connor". Either MAD E.S.P. has done it again, or the people who program such hits as "Tucker's Witch" and "Zorro and Son" are now so desperate that they're swiping from MAD!

Roy Kassinger
Clark, NJ

MORE MAD E.S.P.?

More MAD E.S.P.? In your satire, "Give Us A Break", you had Don Rickles appear at the end to trade barbs with Nell and to complain that he hasn't done much TV work lately. So what happens? No sooner do I put down my copy of MAD than I see Rickles making a guest appearance on the real "Gimme A Break" and then showing up on "The Tonight Show" to complain that he hadn't been on that show in over two years! Does this qualify as double MAD E.S.P.???

Vivienne Gold
New York, NY

OSBOURNE AGAIN

Ozzy Osbourne is a bat-biting, midget-hanging, goat-murdering, puppy-killer fungus face. It served him right when he got rabies from that bat. To keep Ozzy under control, why don't someone give him a chew toy or throw him some raw meat.

Crystal Reynolds
Port Orchards, WA

The Osbourne Score Board this month: 53 pro Ozzy, 2 against. But, of course, very few bats and hung midgets can write.—Ed.



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IT'S A
PLAIN
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IT'S
STUPID,
MAN!
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THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPT.

Hi! I'm Princess Laidup! Note that I'm wearing less clothes in this movie than before! That's 'cause my Figure's improved! Unfortunately, my acting HASN'T!

I'm Ham Yoyo! And this is my good friend, Chewbacco!

Arg! Arg! Arrggghh!

But it does make me jealous that he gets the best lines in the movie!!

Hello! I am Dart Zader! My big kick in life is to threaten and scare people! I got my training working for the I.R.S.!

I'm Landough! I'm proud to be in a movie that gives work to minorities! No, I'm not talking about Blacks! I'm talking about Ewoks, Chirpas, Jubbas and Freens!

I'm Cree-pio! I think I've had it after this movie... unless they want me as The Tin Man in a remake of "The Wizard of Oz"!

I'm Lube Skystalker! In this movie, I find out who my Father is...!

And after this movie, I sure hope your REAL Father has a good business you can go into!!



I'm Bar-Stool! I've already had an offer that'll keep me busy 24 hours a day! I'm going to be a garbage can!

MAY THE DWARVES BE WITH YOU

MARK DRUCKER

RE-HASH OF THE JETT

How nice to see you, Your Royal Hardhat! You're looking just **wonderful!** Have you been **vacationing** out in the sun?

Knock off the small talk! Work on this new Battle Star has not been going fast enough!

But we're already working 14 hours a day!!

Well, then... just double your efforts!

You mean, work 28 hours a day?!

Listen, I'm a sadist, not a mathematician!

This door-knocker makes a strange sound! It goes "Ouch!"

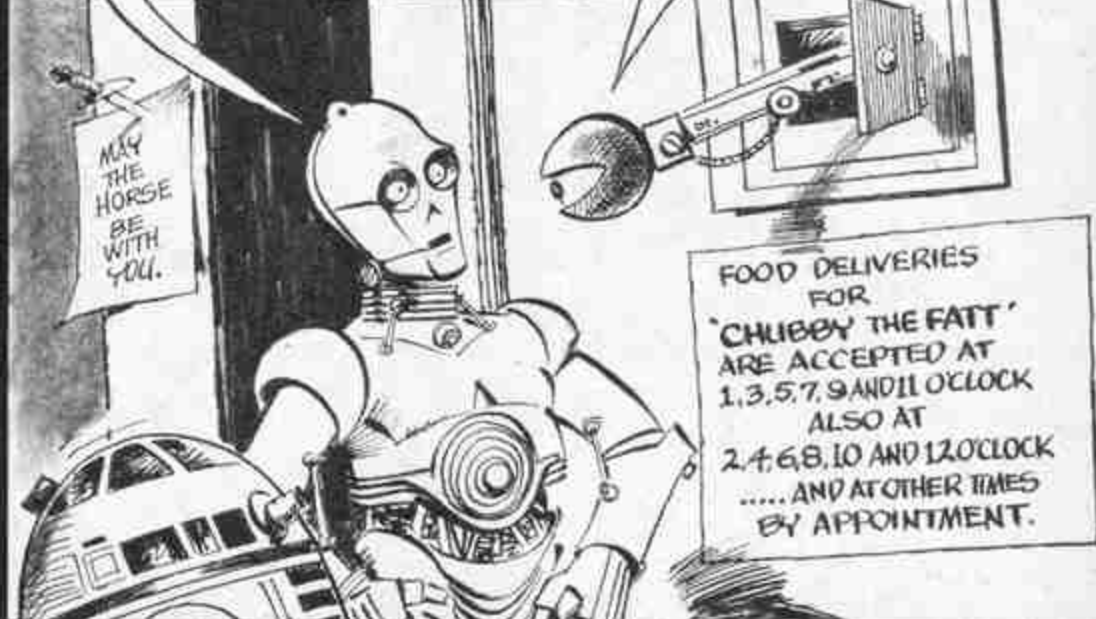
That's 'cause I'm not a door-knocker, Bronze Brain! You're rapping me in the eye!! What do you want??

We've come to see Chubby The Fatt! We have a holograph message for him!

Well, he's busy eating!!

Oh! Er... when will he be finished eating?!!

Around JUNE!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Greetings, Your Royal Fatness! I was going to send you a Telegram, but instead... so you can see me ...I'm sending this Hologram!

Well... now that I've seen you, I would've preferred a Candy-gram!

I've come here to bargain for Ham Solo's life! But I didn't come here empty-handed! I have a SURPRISE GIFT for you! The TWO DROIDS that brought this message are the gift! The fact that they DON'T KNOW they're the gift is the surprise!

I won't give him up! I like looking at him there ...frozen, unfeeling, lifeless... exactly the way he was BEFORE they carbonized him!

I'm here to free you, Ham Yoho! But I've got to admit... you're some remarkable man! Answer me one question! How... if you've been frozen for two and a half years... were you able to make "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" and "Bladerunner"....?

Oh, wow! Morning breath is bad enough!! But after 900 MORNINGS... yecccch!!



Chewbacca?! Is it you? I still can't see, but the smell is unmistakable!!

Arg! Arg! Arrg!

Hey, I'm just as excited to see YOU, Chewbacca...but you don't see ME using YOUR leg as a fire hydrant!!

I've come here in person to take Capt. Yoyo and my other friends away! What do you say to that...?!?

The trap door under your feet will open...and you will die!

Gee! And I thought all fat people were supposed to be jolly!!

Fighting this ugly monster is BAD ENOUGH!! But what makes it even worse is: He's not HOUSEBROKEN!!



You killed our pet!!

That thing was your PET...?!

Yes, and we just spent a fortune to buy a pooper scooper for him!

For killing our Headquarters' mascot, you will all die! All except for the broad... who will wear a leash and be my "Playmate of the Month"! The rest of you will be taken to the Dune Sea, where you will be thrown into the Pit of the Gee-Spot, the resting place of Karnac! There you will stay in his stomach for one hundred years!

Wow! Just like when you eat a bagel!

CHUBBY THE FAT THE HUGH HEFNER OF OUTER SPACE



What a desolate area this is...!

It may not look like much, but we are the galaxy's largest exporter of "beaches"!

Now, Chubby The Fatt hopes that you will all die bravely...but if anyone wishes, he or she may beg for mercy!

You tell that slimy pile of fly-strewn dung that none of my friends will beg for mercy! As for ME...you tell that loveable old Santa Claus that I'm...

Quick! Hand me my light saber...!!

My LIGHT SABER... not my "Life Saver"!

It is! That's because I switched to "Duracells"!

What flavor! Lemon or lime?

Is it my imagination...or is your light saber much brighter and more powerful in this movie...??

Life Savers! Duracells! When they said that this movie was going to be a "COMMERCIAL VENTURE," they weren't kidding!!





Look...! Our desert monster is letting them get away!! What did they DO to it?

They threw a case of "Preparation-H" into the hole...!

ANOTHER plug!? I'm amazed that someone hasn't called ME a tub of "JELLO" yet!

MAY THE FOSS BE WITH YOU

Strong I am with the Force, Lube, but rest me soon forever...!

Yodel, you seem to be talking a little backward!

What the hell want you from a man who is years old 900?!? English perfect?!?

I've come back for the rest of my training!

Then I'm a Jetti Master?!

Finished is your training! Diploma I sent you! But perhaps lost it the Post Office!

No! Yet not! First... confront Dart Zader you must! Then, a date for the Jetti Graduation Prom you must get! THEN, all finished you will be!

Yodel, is Dart Zader my Father?

Let me this way put it! One of your Parents he is! And your Mother he's not!

Cough! Gag!! Also, dying I am!

MAY THE FOSS BE WITH YOU

Yodel died...and he just DIS-APPEARED!! What a great way to save on Funeral Expenses!!

MAY THE LOSS BE WITH YOU

I can't go on!!

Oldie Van Moldie! You didn't tell me the TRUTH about my Father...!

Yodel spoke of ANOTHER who is with the Force!

My SISTER?! You mean, LAIDUP?!?

My inner self ...and also the fact that she's the only girl in all these "Star Bores" movies!

This is the perfect time to attack the Death Star! The weapon system is non-operational, the Emperor himself is aboard, and we haven't wrecked anything in almost seven minutes!

Yodel will be with you always!!

Okay!! So the Boogeyman DIDN'T take him away!! Remember, Lube, the last time you asked me about your Father, you were five years old!!

The other he spoke of is your Sister!!

Your inner self serves you well!

MAY REMORSE BE WITH YOU

Now, what we'll use is the same top secret "Attack Plan" we used in the other "Star Bores" movies! Okay, audience... all together now!!

THE CRUISERS WILL CREATE A DIVERSION, WHILE THE FIGHTERS FLY DIRECTLY INTO THE POWER CENTER AND KNOCK OUT THE MAIN REACTOR!!

We've stolen this small imperial shuttle, and disguised it as a Taxi Cab! When they see our Off Duty sign, they'll let us land and we can deactivate the Death Star shield generator!

What is your cargo and your mission?

Our cargo is empty buckets! Our mission is to collect sap from the forest moon trees for the new Inter-Galactic House of Pancakes!

You are cleared! On your way back, bring us a stack of Buckwheats!



Wow! Look at this Trooper's Rider! Boy, it must go fast!!

How fast can it go!? It doesn't have any WHEELS!!

Oh-oh! They've spotted us! We'd better take a DEMONSTRATION RIDE!

One thing's sure! At least we won't have to worry about getting a flat tire!!

Let's make some fast maneuvers, and force them to crash into the trees!

That should STUMP them, but good!

This BARK is worse than its BITE!

I've heard of going back to my ROOTS, but this is really ridiculous!!

Oh-oh! I think I turned over a new leaf!

Looks like the OAK's on them!!

That's the first time in my life I've seen sap going INTO a tree!!



What cute little people! Who are you??

We're the "Earwaks"! We've come to save YOU— and all the DOLL MANUFACTURERS who've been stuck with Yodel and Dart Zader toys! We're the "new generation" of "Star Bores" merchandising!!

Here...! Would you like something to eat?!? They're "Reese's Pieces"...the candy of outer space creatures!

They're going to have us for dinner!!

That's very friendly... considering we've just met them!

I think you're missing the point! But you'll get it when they put you on a spit before they cook you!!

Ungawah!! Somebody steal old "Tarzan" set for this scene!!





I'm using my Jeta powers to float Creepio over the crowd...!

They'll think he's a GOD...and let us go!!

Of course, if I REALLY knew how to use my powers fully, we would never have been in this jam in the first place!



I'm glad you're safe, Laidup! I've got news for you! I just discovered that Dart Zader is my Father, and you're my twin Sister, and Creepio is my twin Brother, and Chewbacco is my Dog, and Barstool is my old Hoover Vacuum Cleaner, and—



Gee, is this "Star Bores" ...or "All my Children"?!?

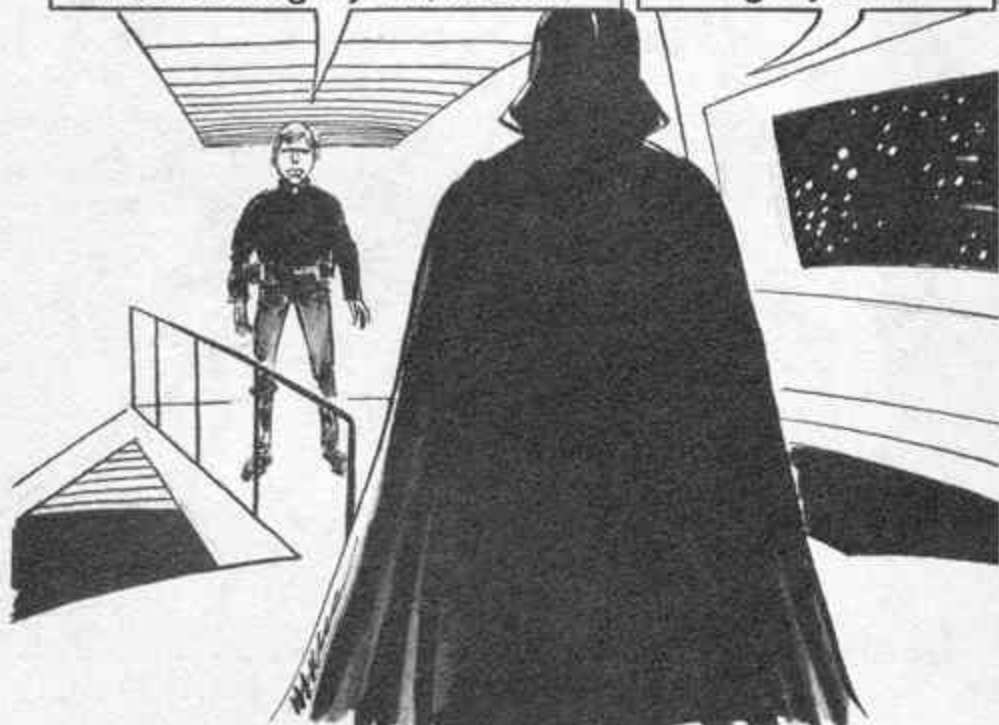
Now I must go and confront Dart Zader! He may seem all bad, but I firmly believe that in every bad, there's some good! And in every darkness, there's some light! And in every evil act, there's some regret—

...and in every long speech, there's some boredom! So GO!!



Hi, Dad!! Yes, I KNOW you're my Father! I've come to bring you back to the good side! I refuse to abandon you to the dark side—because I love you! And if it means losing my life, so be it!

That's some talk—coming from a Son who never phoned or dropped me a line in over ten light years!!



Welcome, Lube Skystalker! I've been expecting you! In time you will call me "Master"!

I'll probably call you a lot of things, but "Master" won't be one of them!!

If you think your friends will save you, you are mistaken! The battle is under way, and they're being soundly defeated! Look out that port and see for yourself! And if you want a closer view, put a quarter in the telescope!



Good! Good! The hate is swelling in you! Give in to your anger, Lube! Soon, you will do my bidding! Soon, you will be my servant...!!

No! NO! I will NEVER be your servant!

However...how about I make you some lunch??

...Or perhaps you'd like me to dust the furniture... or wax the floors... or brush your robe... or shine your shoes?

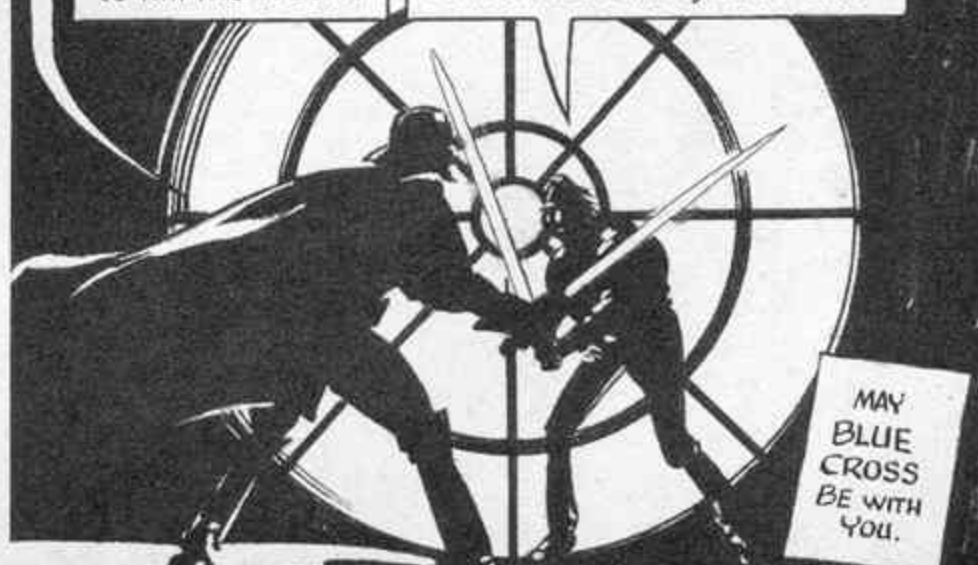


Come, Lube... fight for your life...!!

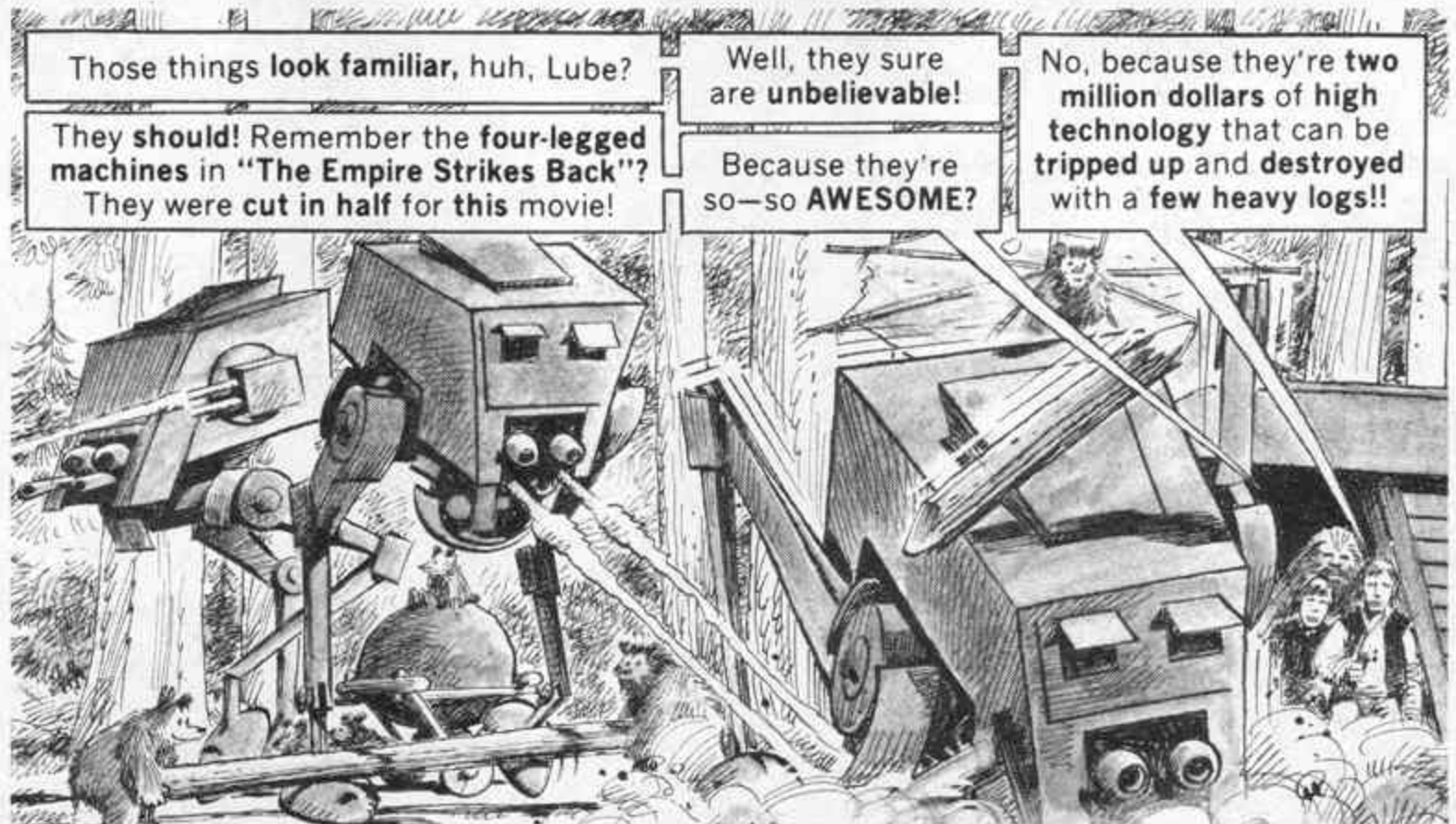
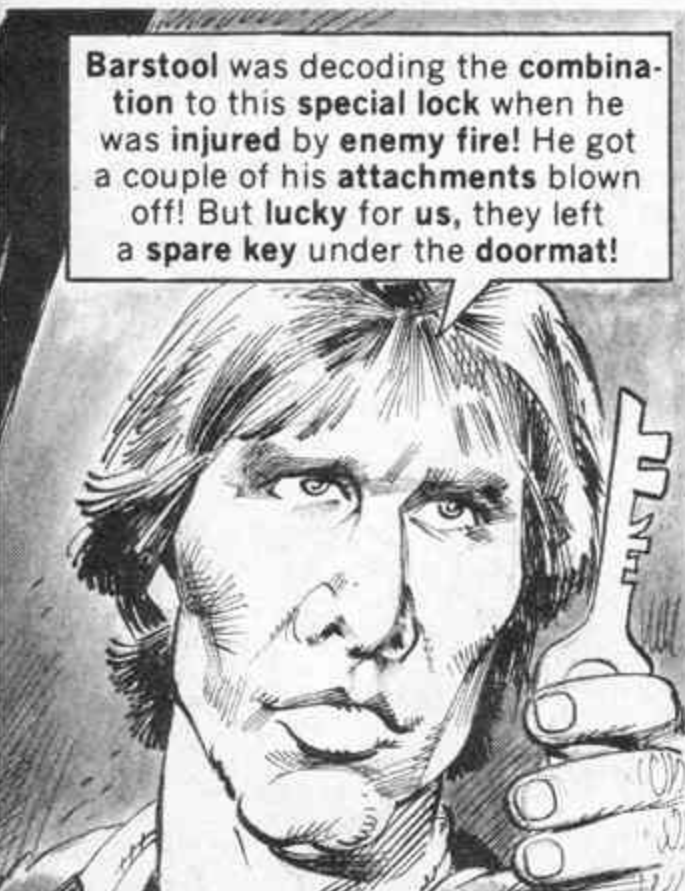
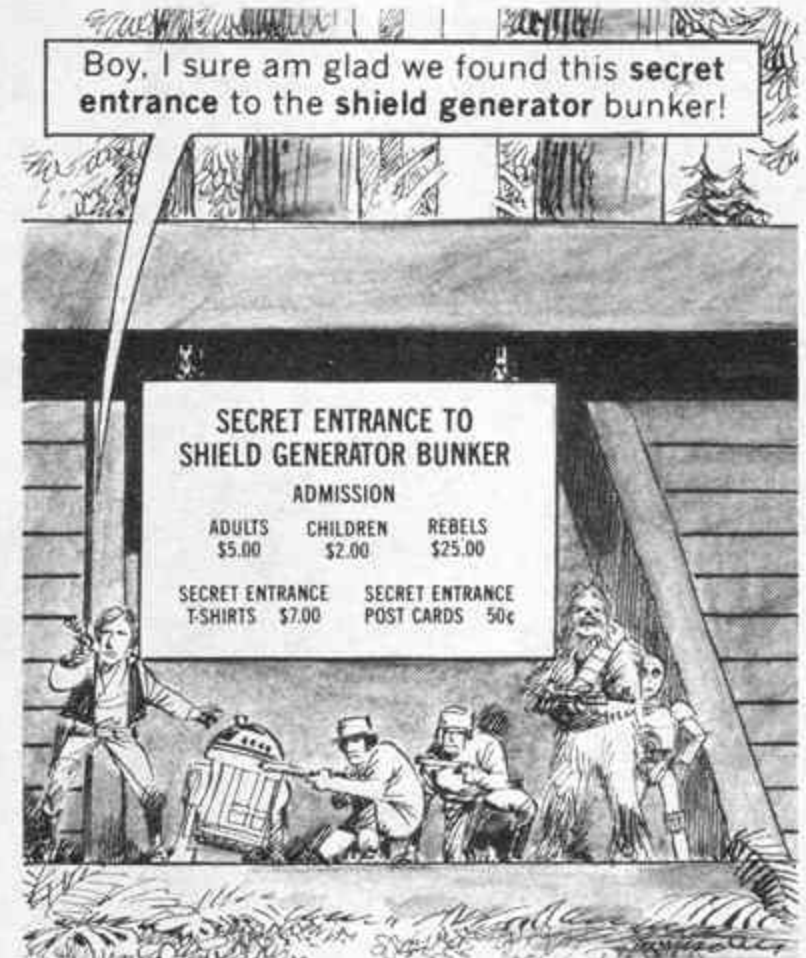
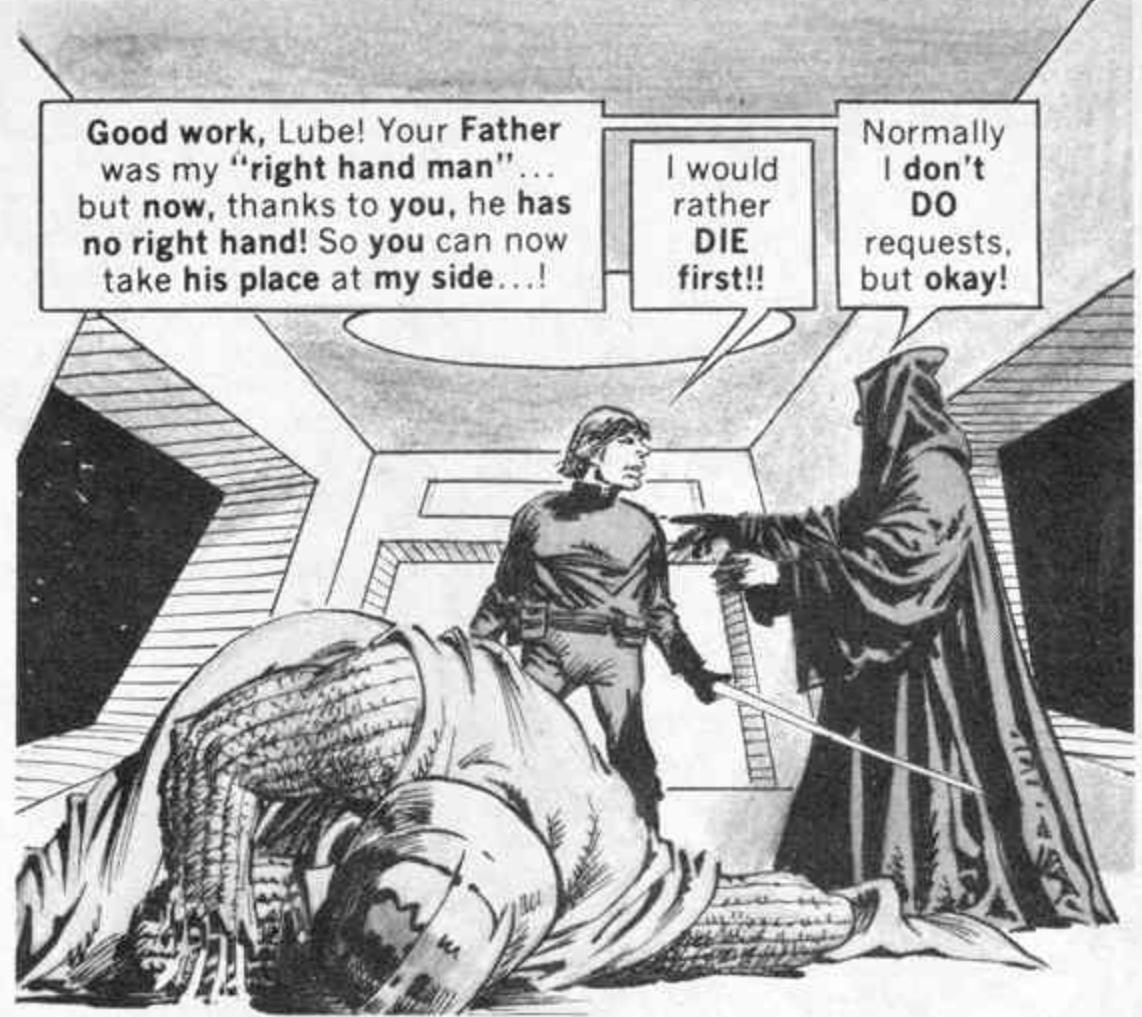
You didn't kill me the last time we battled! Why would you want to kill me NOW?!

Because last time, the good side of my evil side was the stronger side! But this time, the evil side of my good side is the much stronger side!

And now, it's really hard to tell WHICH side you're on!!



MAY BLUE CROSS BE WITH YOU.



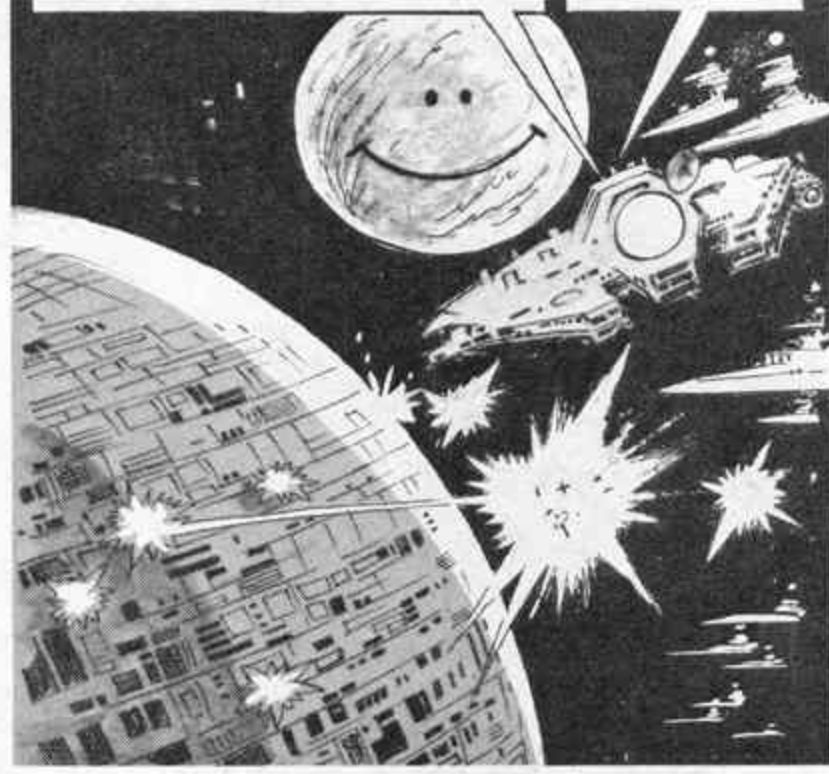


Hah! The Emperor thinks that this little band of **rebels** attempting to destroy his **Death Star** is nothing more than a "**Mickey Mouse Operation**"! Well, he's **WRONG**, isn't he, gang?!



Holy Cosmos! The Death Star is **FULLY OPERATIONAL**! How could they have gotten it ready on such short notice?!

Obviously, they used **NON-UNION** labor!



Thanks for helping me take my **mask** off, Lube!

No problem! I'm just —ulp— glad I got all my looks from **MOM's** side of the family!

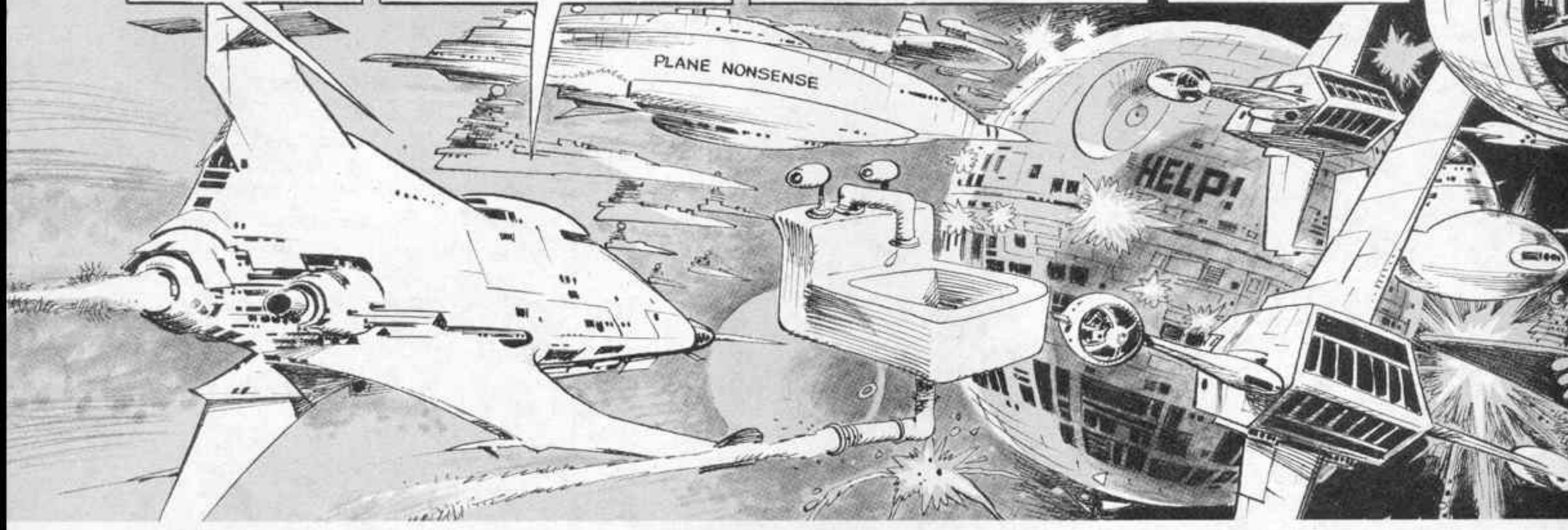


Wow! This battle's got **everything** but the **kitchen sink**!

Don't look now, Buddy... but you **spoke too soon**! Only **don't worry**! The sink's on our side!

It's just **one more special effect** ...designed to send the Emperor's evil Death Star **down the drain**...

...along with all the **cutesy dialogue** in this movie...!!



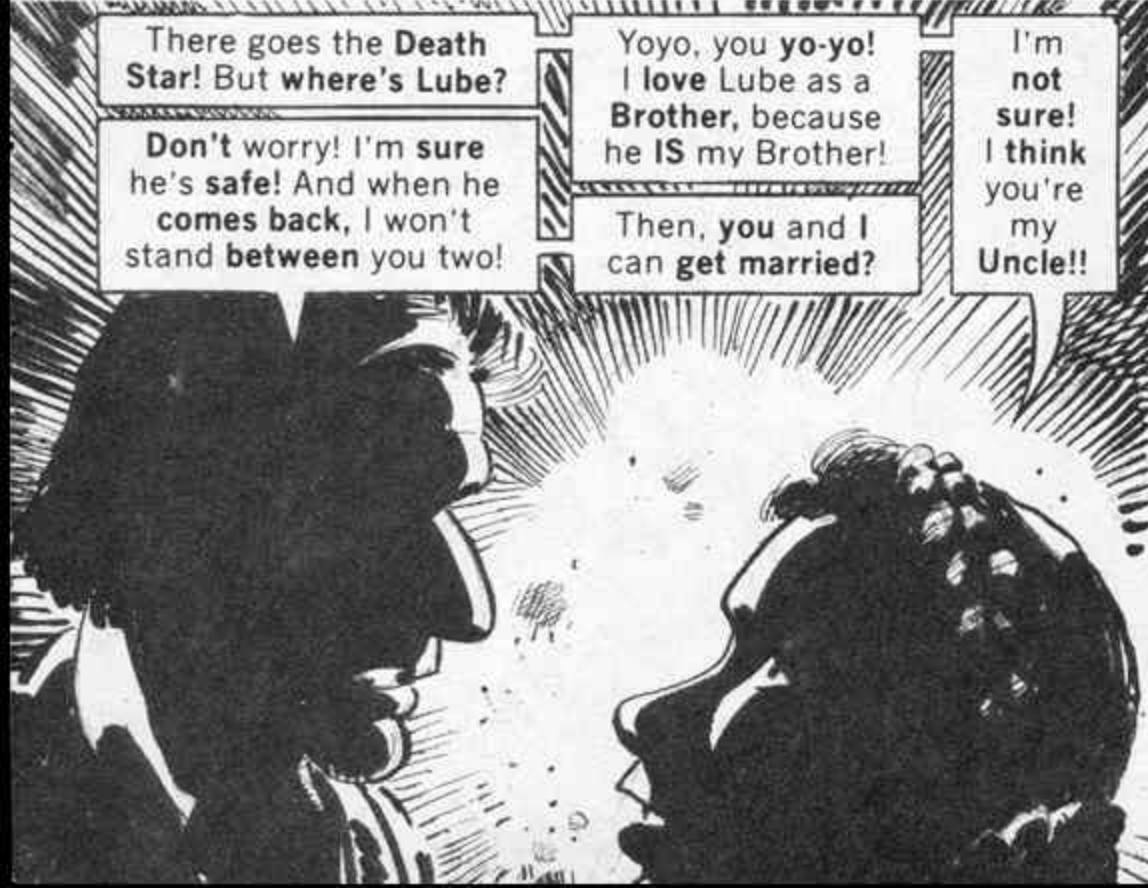
There goes the **Death Star**! But where's **Lube**?

Don't worry! I'm sure he's **safe**! And when he comes back, I won't stand **between** you two!

Yoyo, you yo-yo! I love Lube as a **Brother**, because he **IS** my Brother!

Then, you and I can get **married**?

I'm not sure! I think you're my **Uncle**!!



Wasn't it **lucky** that **Laidup** and **Yoyo** were only **Second Cousins** ...and could get **married**?!

Yeah, great! But what a **strange wedding** this is! I've never **USHERED** at a **wedding** where the guests were **divided** into **THREE** groups...

The **BRIDE's** side of the family... the **GROOM's** side of the family... and the **DEAD** side of the family!!



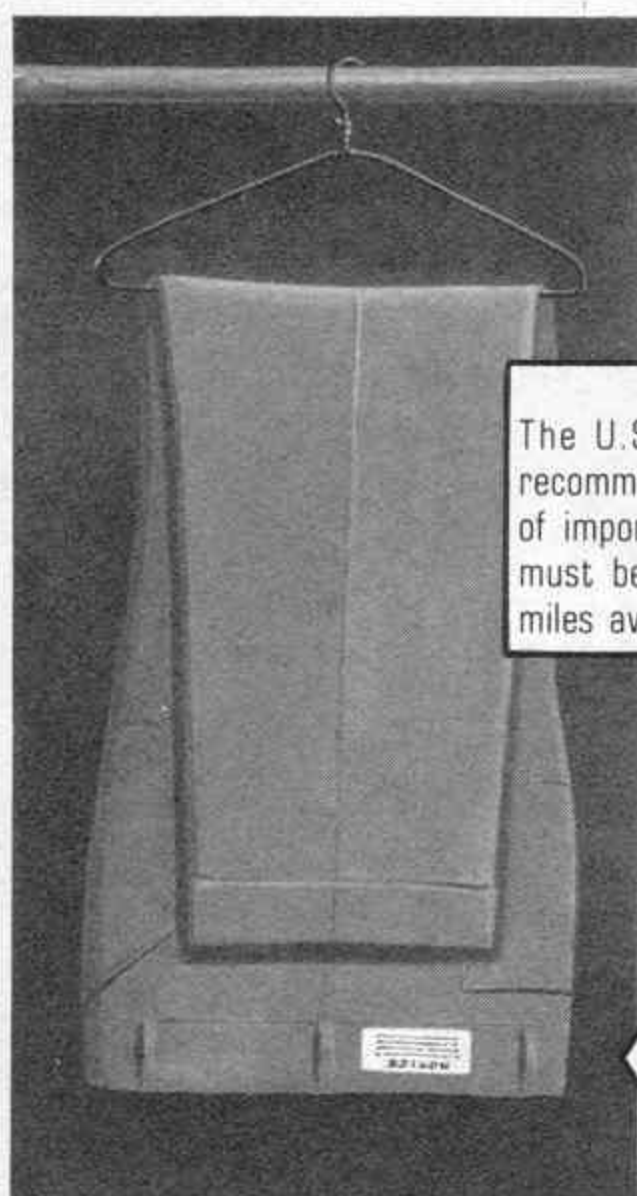
WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPT.

Recently, the government began requiring warning labels on certain products considered to be dangerous to our health, our wallets or our sensibilities. The first to appear were

those chilling notices on cigarette packs telling us that smoking can kill us. Since then, these labels have ranged from meaningless ("Warning! This medication contains bio-

WARNING LABELS W

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



Be Advised!

The U.S. Postal Service is not recommended for the transmission of important correspondence that must be delivered more than five miles away in less than one week.



NOTICE

These slacks have been cheaply sewn together in Taiwan, and should never be worn in any public place where having the seat of your pants split open might cause embarrassment.



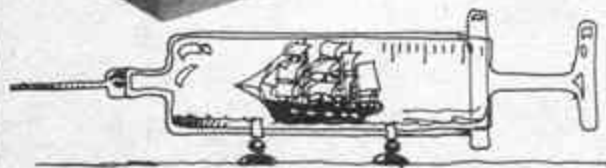
FATTIES BEWARE!

Each glob of this sauce contains enough calories to add three full pounds to some portion of your widening body where you least want it to settle.



CAUTION!

Prospective puppy buyers should be aware that young dogs require training, which includes the blotting and picking up of disgusting stuff from your brand new carpets, and that grown dogs (which your puppy will hopefully be someday) require walking in all kinds of bad weather at least twice a day for their complete 12-to-15 year lifespan. So think it over.

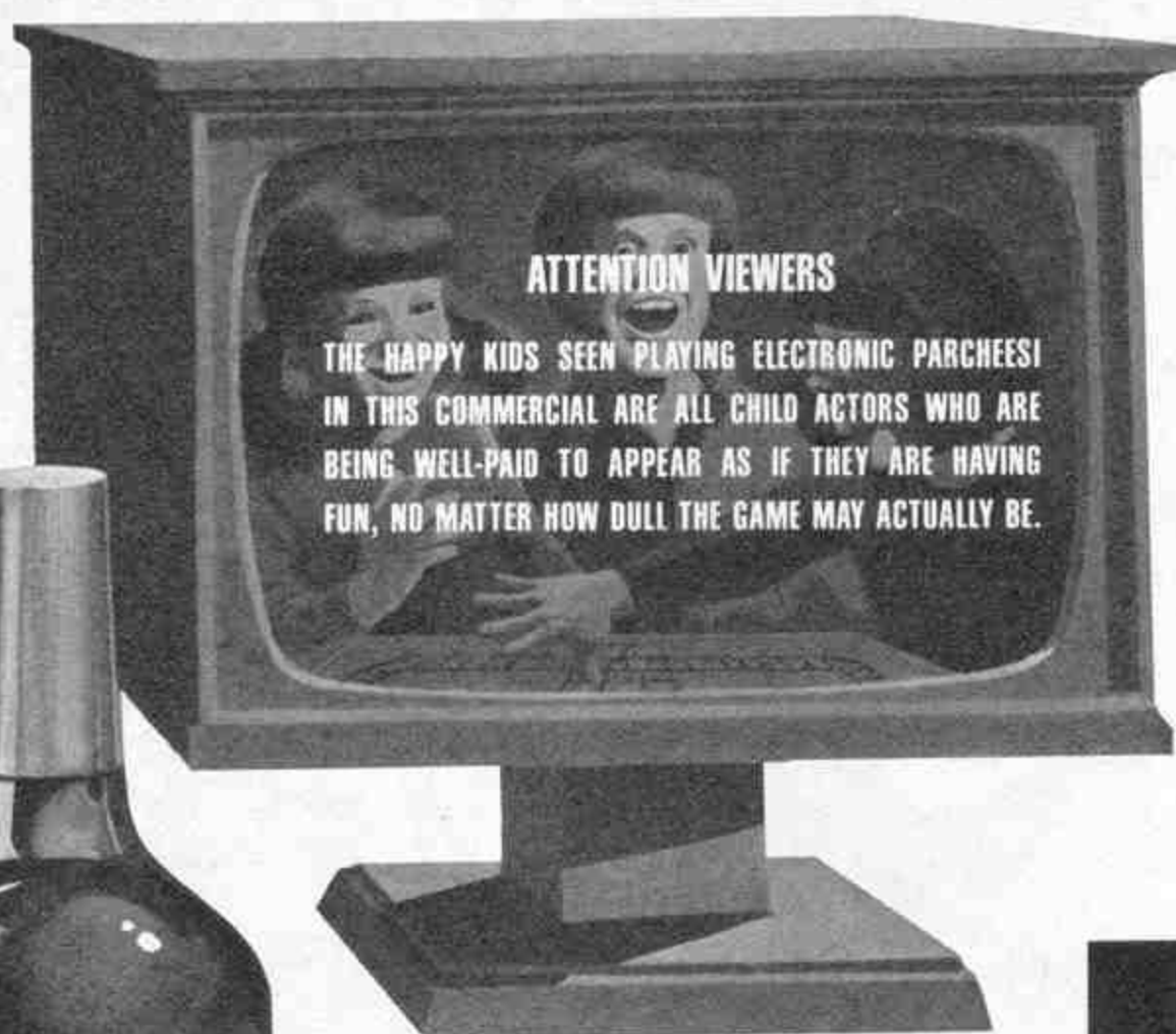


sulfuric enzymes.") to ridiculous ("Note: The EPA mileage rating for this car is not what you can expect from normal driving.") Despite this flood of questionable labels, MAD

feels there are still many unregulated items that consumers should be cautioned about. Frankly, we won't consider ourselves protected until they pass laws requiring these

WE DESPERATELY NEED

WRITER: TOM KOCH

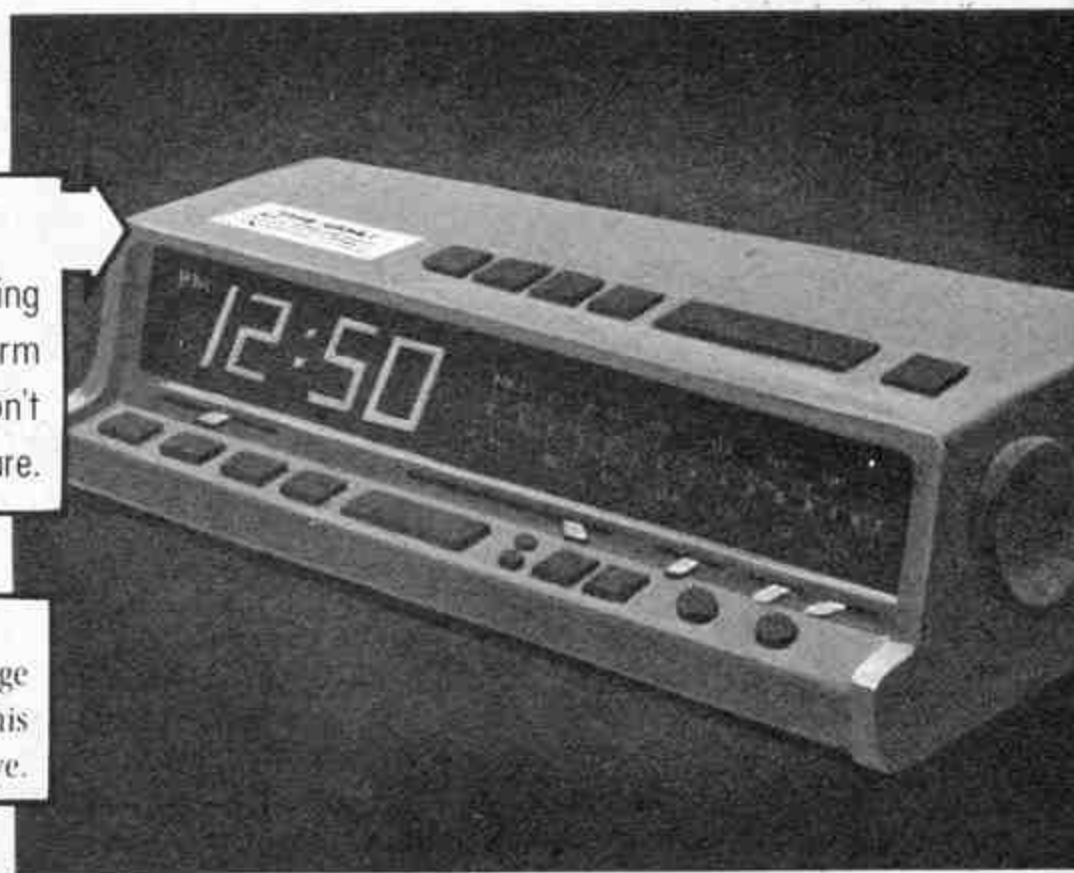


TAKE HEED!
This book contains much tamer sexy parts than the cover illustration would lead you to believe, and it certainly isn't lewd enough for the dedicated porno fancier who wants something really raunchy.



TAKE CARE!
You need a Master's Degree in Computer Engineering to fully understand all the buttons on this alarm clock to get it to function properly so you won't oversleep and lose your job and end up on welfare.

FINAL WARNING!
Excessive boozing has been found to cause brain damage and liver rot. Therefore, if you plan to consume this product, the Surgeon General says to tell you goodbye.



DOUBTS ALL, FOLKS! DEPT.

Ben Franklin once said, "There are two things in life that are certain: death and taxes!" Which may be true...but it got us to thinking about how many UN-

A MAD GUIDE TO SOME OF LIFE'S ANNO

YOU'RE NEVER RE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



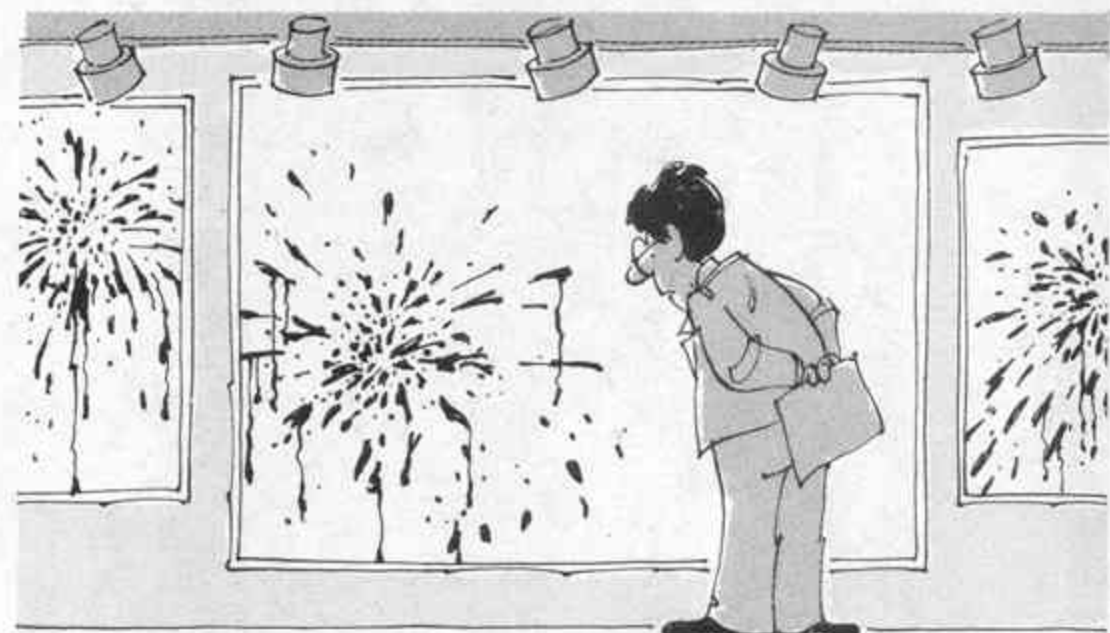
...that those anti-shoplifting sensors aren't slowly doing something horrible to your insides every time you walk through them!



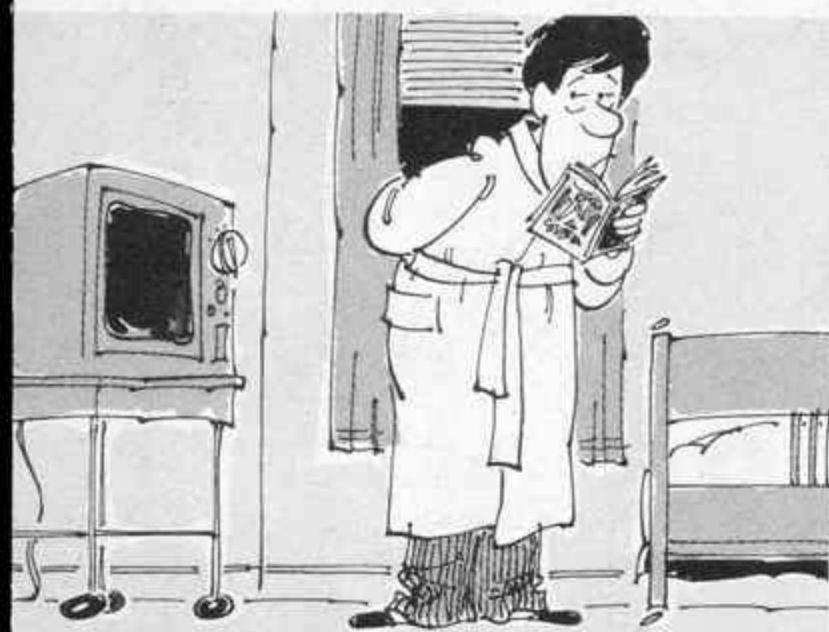
...what exactly is on a movie theater's floor that's making your feet stick to it!



...if it was absolutely necessary for you to go through six agonizing weeks of root canal work!



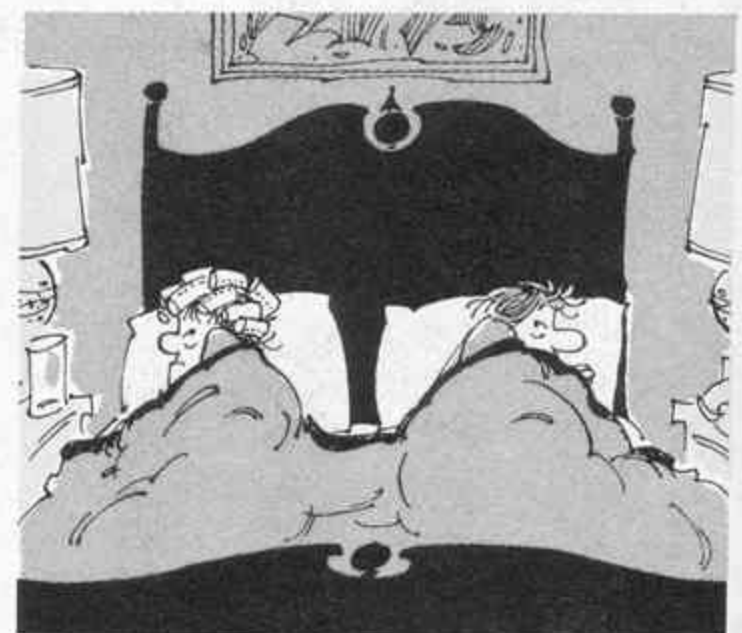
...if abstract art is a big intellectual put-on, or if you're just stupid, and missing the point!



...if your TV Guide has the correct guests listed for the "Tonight Show"!



...if your Union is killing you or saving you when it calls a strike!



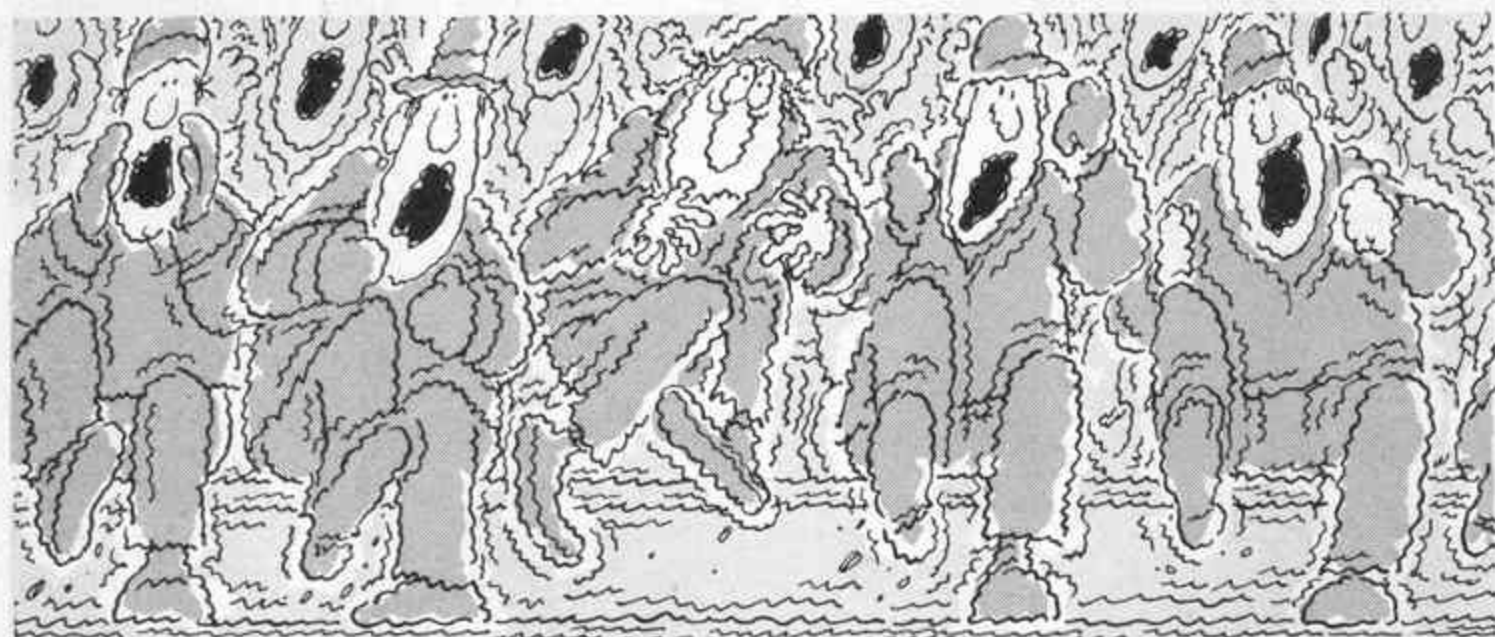
...if the person you're married to hasn't cheated on you at least once!

certain things there are in life... things that we're never 100% sure about!
And boy, are there plenty! Here is just a sampling...as we now bring you...

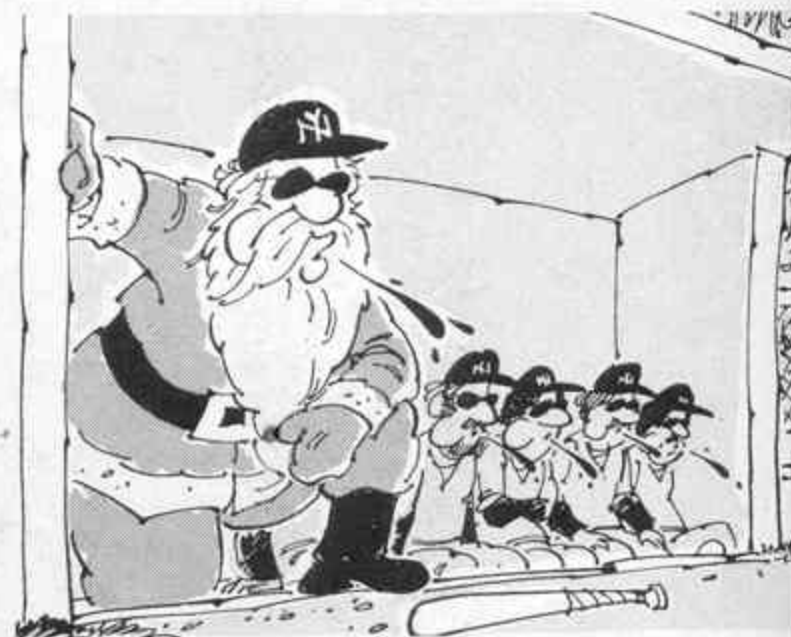
YING LITTLE UNCERTAINTIES...OR...

ALLY 100% SURE...

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



...if engineers took into account that 70,000 crazed fans might be stomping their feet simultaneously when they designed the football stadium you're in!



...who the New York Yankees manager is at any given moment!



...what every morsel on your Chinese dinner plate is exactly!



...if the person you meet in a bar means it when he or she says, "I'll call you!"



...if you dialed the right number when you call...and get no answer!



...if the electronic marvel you're buying today isn't going to be technically obsolete tomorrow!



...if that big, barking, ferocious-looking dog "just wants to play" like its owner says it does!

YOU'RE NEVER REALLY 100% SURE...



...if the batteries in your flashlight will still be good when the time comes that you suddenly need it!



...that there isn't one small piece of Skylab still falling to Earth...with your name on it!



...what exactly is in that greenish Tupperware on the bottom back shelf of your refrigerator!



...whether it's your TV set or the TV Station's fault during those first seconds when your screen goes blank!



...if the salesman would have shaved another \$100 off the price of your car if only you'd held out just a bit longer!



...if a gas station pump is calibrated accurately...or it's a few pennies over a gallon!



...if an elevator is supposed to creak like it just did... or if the cable is about to snap!



...if it's actually impossible for the guy's toilet flush upstairs to somehow manage to come out your kitchen faucet!

TWO BIT OPERATOR DEPT.

Hi! I'm **Clint Westwood**, and I make a million bucks a picture! I used to think that was **easy money** until I discovered someone who **really** makes a fistful of dollars! So let's step into the *Milky Way Arcade* and meet Philo Starbuck...

MAD'S VIDEO GAME ARCADE OWNER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Starbuck, it's been said that you are a **money-hungry operator** who's **getting rich** at the expense of kids!

That may be true, Clint, but at least my **Arcade** keeps the kids off the streets, away from crime and violence!

I just saw two **teenage punks** shaking down a little kid for his last quarter!

I'll have them **thrown out!** I don't allow such behavior here!

They're using the **money** they took to play *Tempest!*

On the other hand, **boys will be boys!**

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Tell me, what's your most popular game?

Pac-Man!!

That must make the manufacturer very happy!

It would, except that I buy **pirated machines** ... at half the cost!

But what if the manufacturer finds out?!!?

Then I'll dump **Pac-Man** and bring in **Pic-Man**, or **Poc-Man**, or **Pyc-Man** or **Puke Man!**

But those are **illegal imitations!** You'd be guilty of **fraud!** What would you say if you were hauled into **Court?**

That I **never WAS** much good at **spelling!**

HEY, Boss, I just checked out the new **Galaga** game we got today! It's **PERFECT!**

I was afraid of that! Put an **"Out Of Order"** sign on it, and we'll get it in **working order** after we close!

What will you do? We'll loosen the controls, shorten the playing time, and have it conk out at 200,000!

And you call that **"working order"**...? For **MY** purposes, you bet!



You know, it's really tough trying to talk in here! It's so noisy!

But playing these games requires such concentration! Doesn't the noise distract the customers?

That's because we keep all the games turned up to peak volume!

Let me think about that while I turn up the Rock music on the jukebox...!



See that guy there?

You mean the big hulk walking around swinging his elbows...?

He's the **House Jostler!** He gets paid to bump up against any player who makes a game last more than three minutes!

And if none of those work, I use **SUZY**, here!

Boy! It looks like **SHE'd** distract anyone!

Right! She just rubs up against the top players, and breathes in their ear! If **SHE** fails me, then I have to take the **ULTIMATE ACTION!!**

Which is—?

I pull the **PLUG** on the **GAME!**

Mr. **Starbuck**, pick up the phone! It's your **Distributor!**



Look! I don't want your lousy excuses! The machines that you sent me were **NO GOOD!** You have to replace them!

Were they **damaged!**

Much worse! The instructions were clear and concise! It took my workers **HOURS** to scrape and scratch them so at least they weren't **LEGIBLE!**

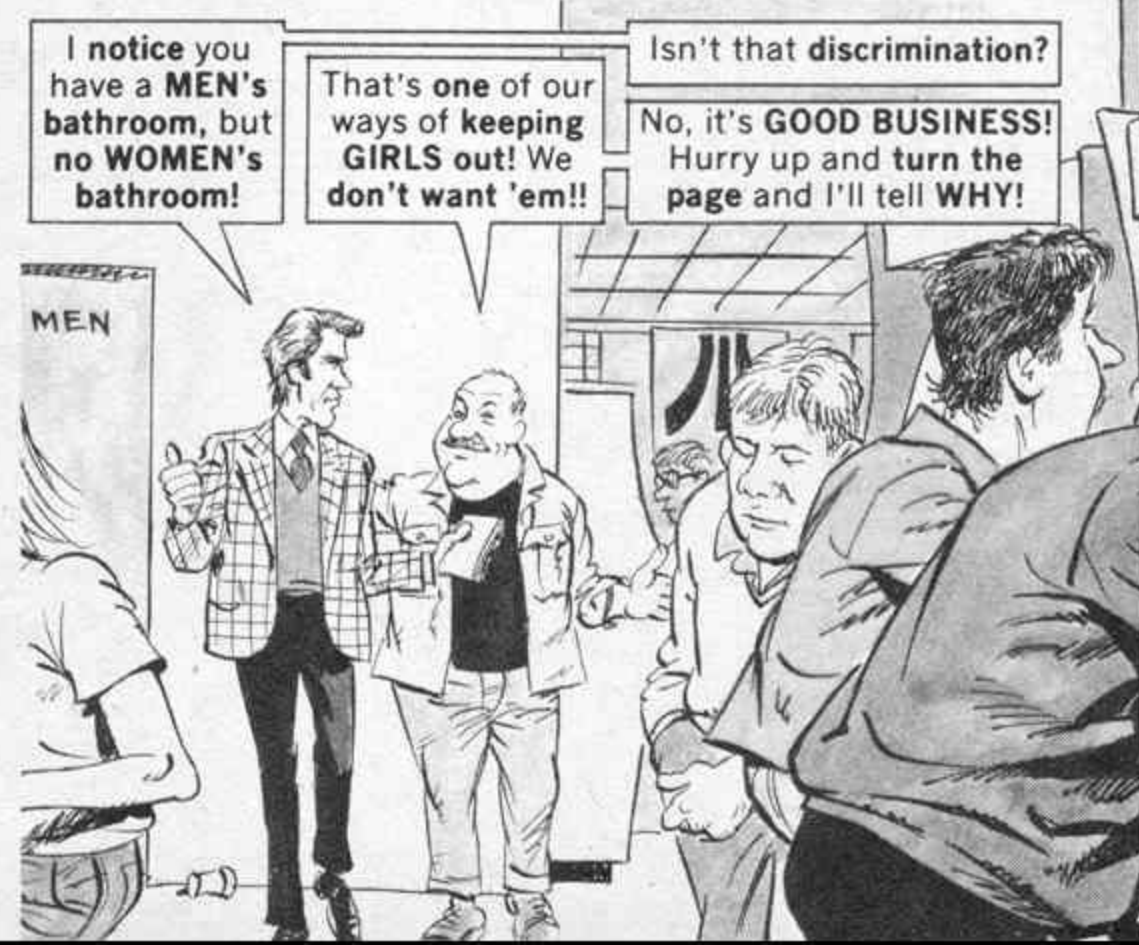
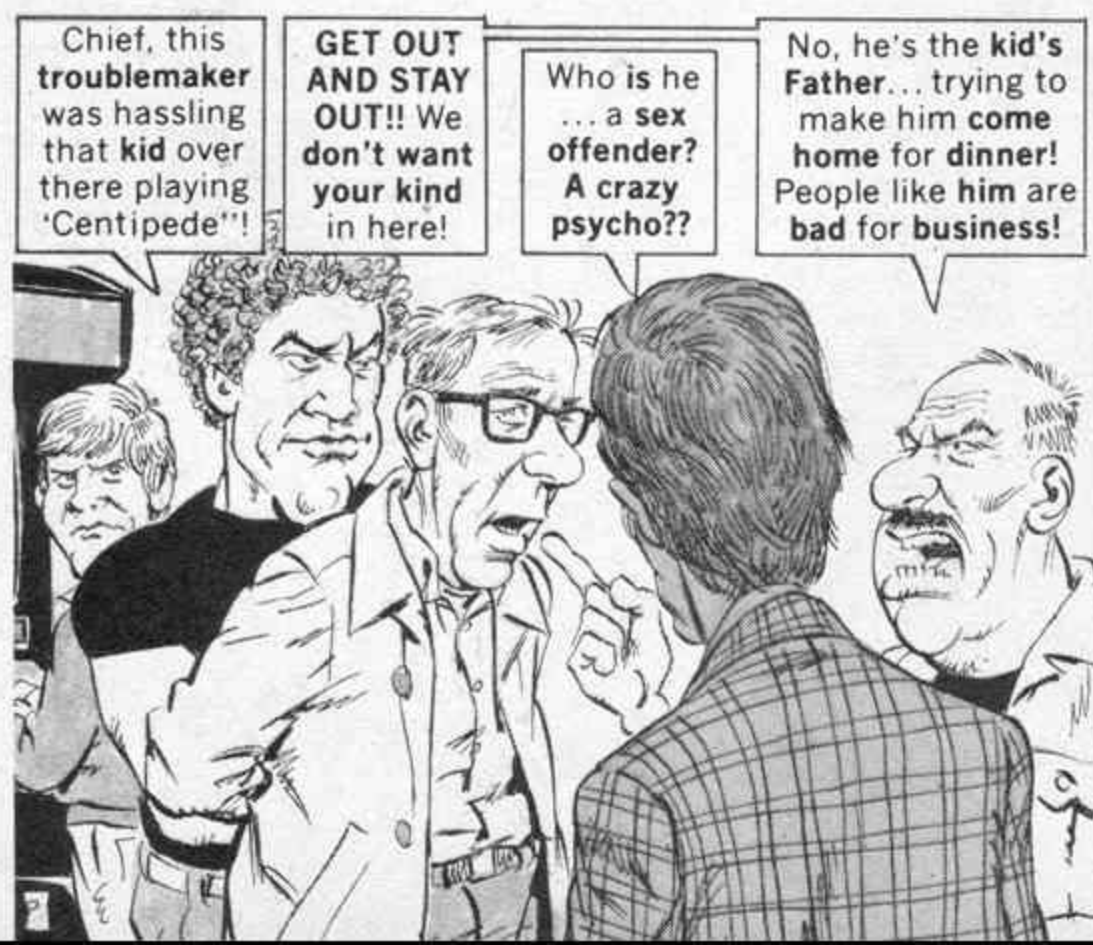
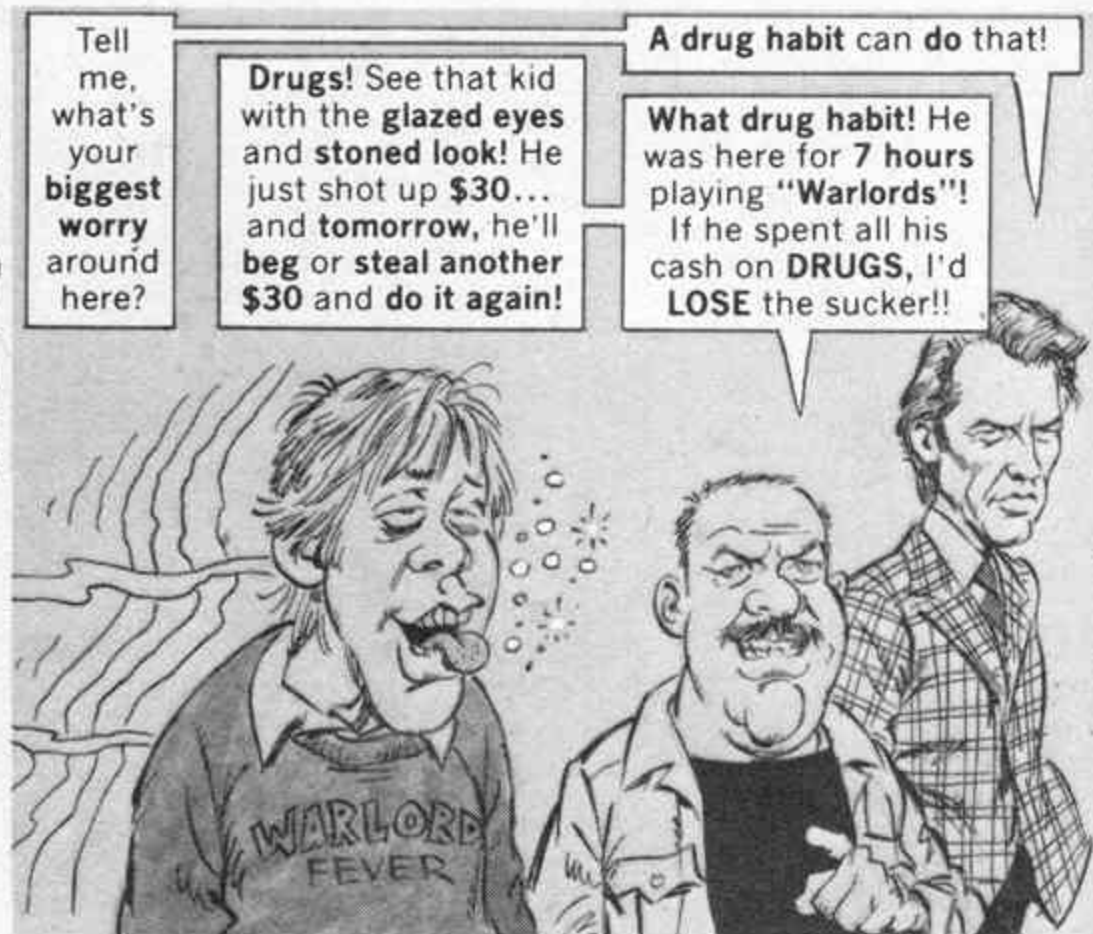
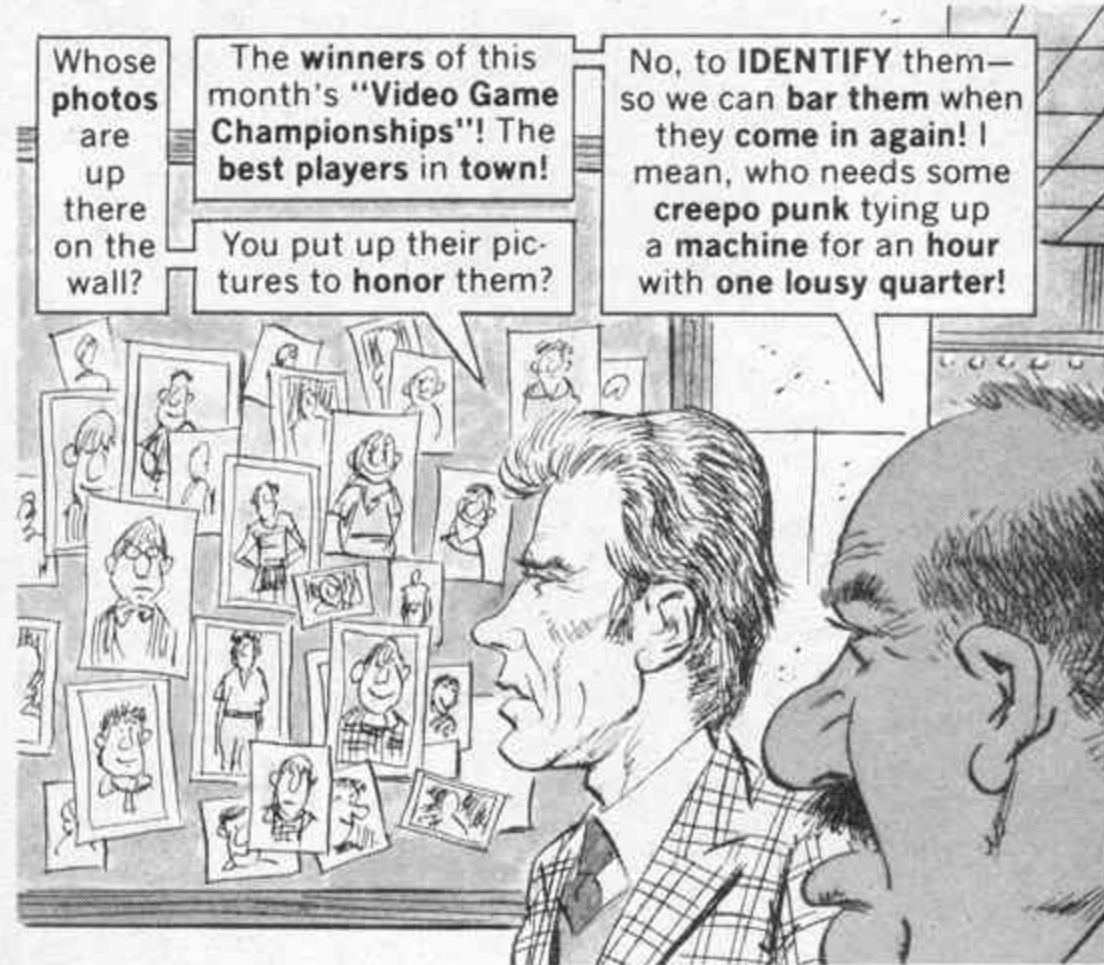
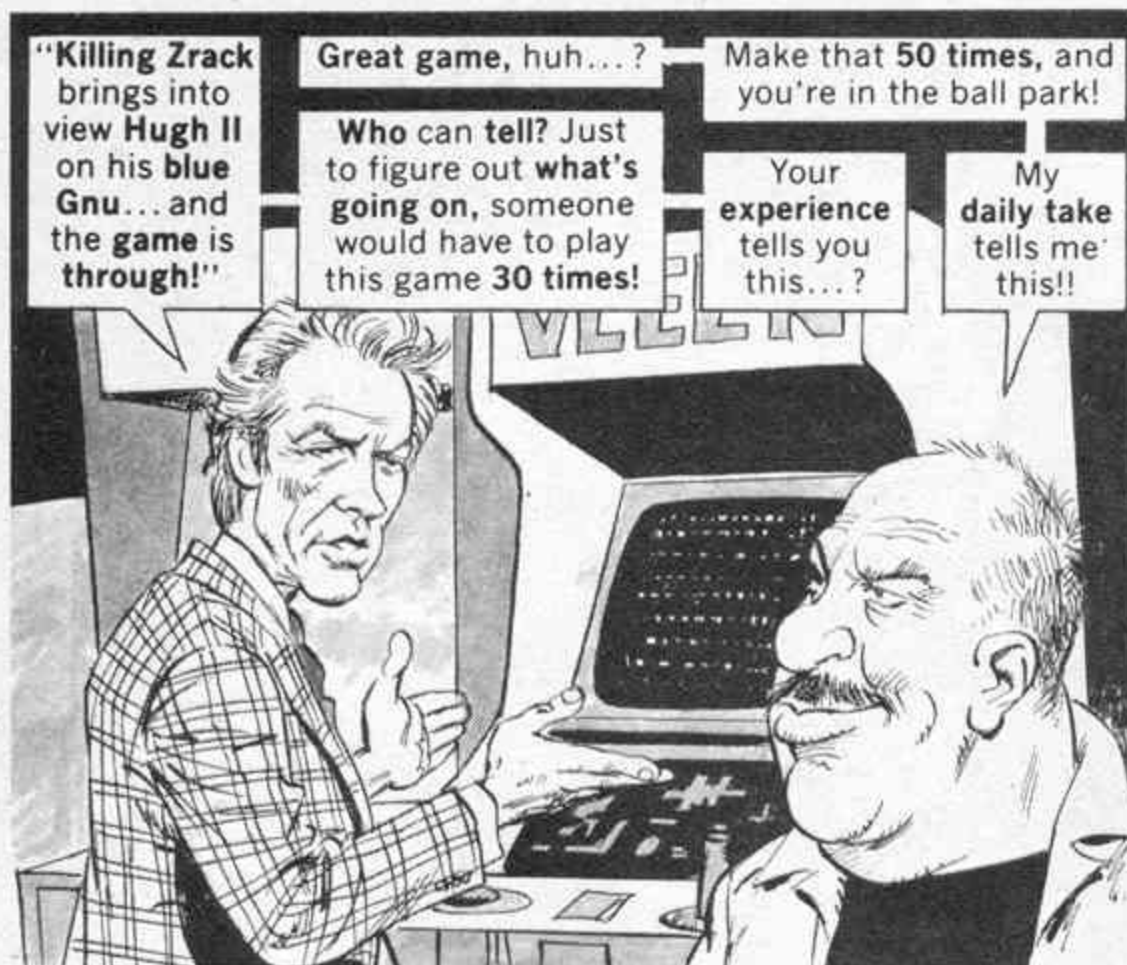
It seems that you don't want the customers to understand what they're playing! Is that ethical?

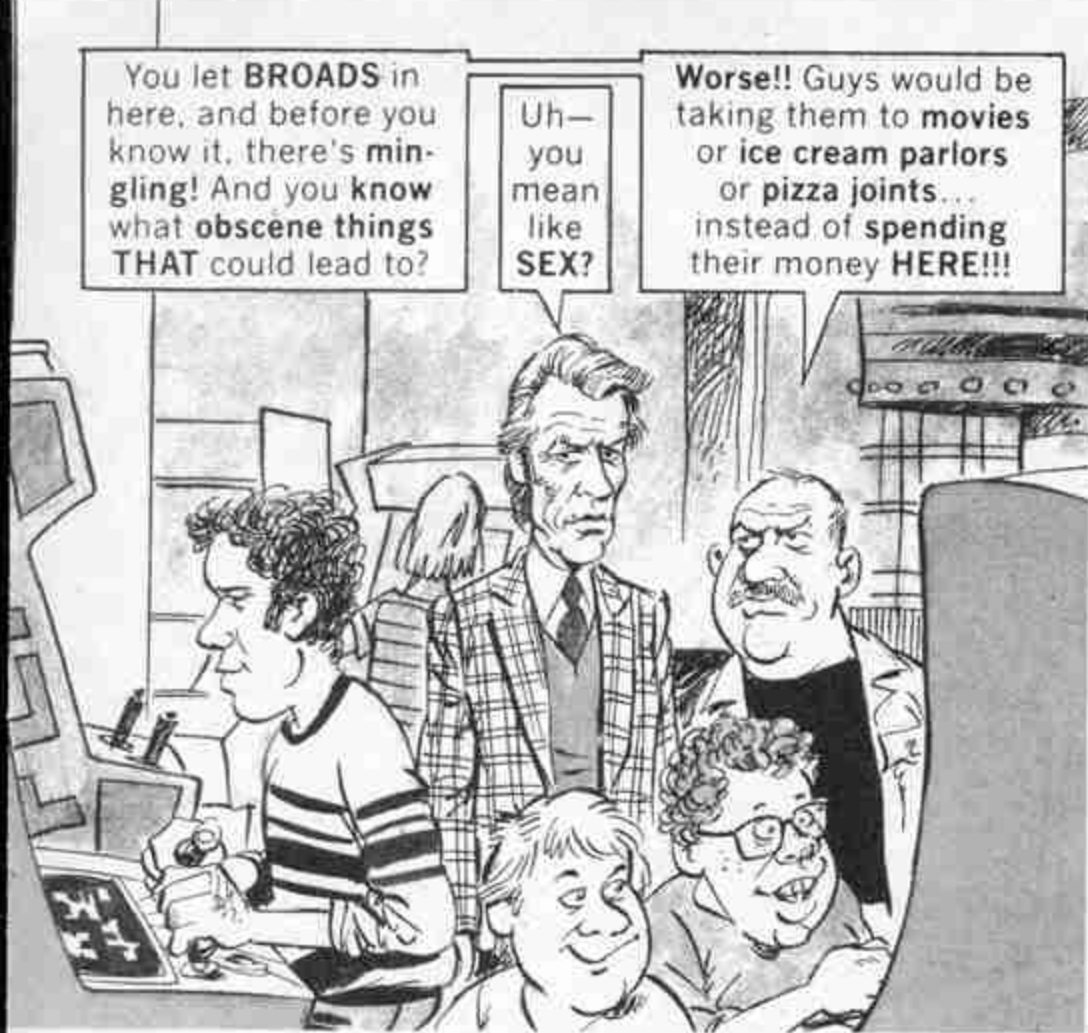
Look, kids love a **CHALLENGE!** Part of that challenge is mastering the game rules! I'm merely adding a new dimension!

Now here's a game with rules I can live with, called **Vleen!**

Let's see: "Protect **Vleen** from mean **Fleen Queen** by unleashing green **Gleens**. 5 million **Pleens** on your **Bleen Screen** turns the **Fleens** into red **Kreds**, unless they've fled or are fed dead **Smeds**, in which case you must activate your **Flack Stack** to smack **Zrack** whose crack pack will attack the black **Yak**..."







You let **BROADS** in here, and before you know it, there's **mingling!** And you know what **obscene things** **THAT** could lead to?

Uh—you mean like **SEX?**

Worse!! Guys would be taking them to **movies** or **ice cream parlors** or **pizza joints...** instead of **spending** their money **HERE!!!**



Is this arcade part of a giant **conglomerate?**

Oh, no, Clint! Why, this is strictly a **FAMILY BUSINESS!**

And does your family work here with you?

Sure! **Big Louie** is my cashier! **Sam the Shiv** cleans up! And **Don Tortolone** **HIMSELF** comes in after closing to count the day's take!



Are you saying this place is run by the **MAFIA!?!?**

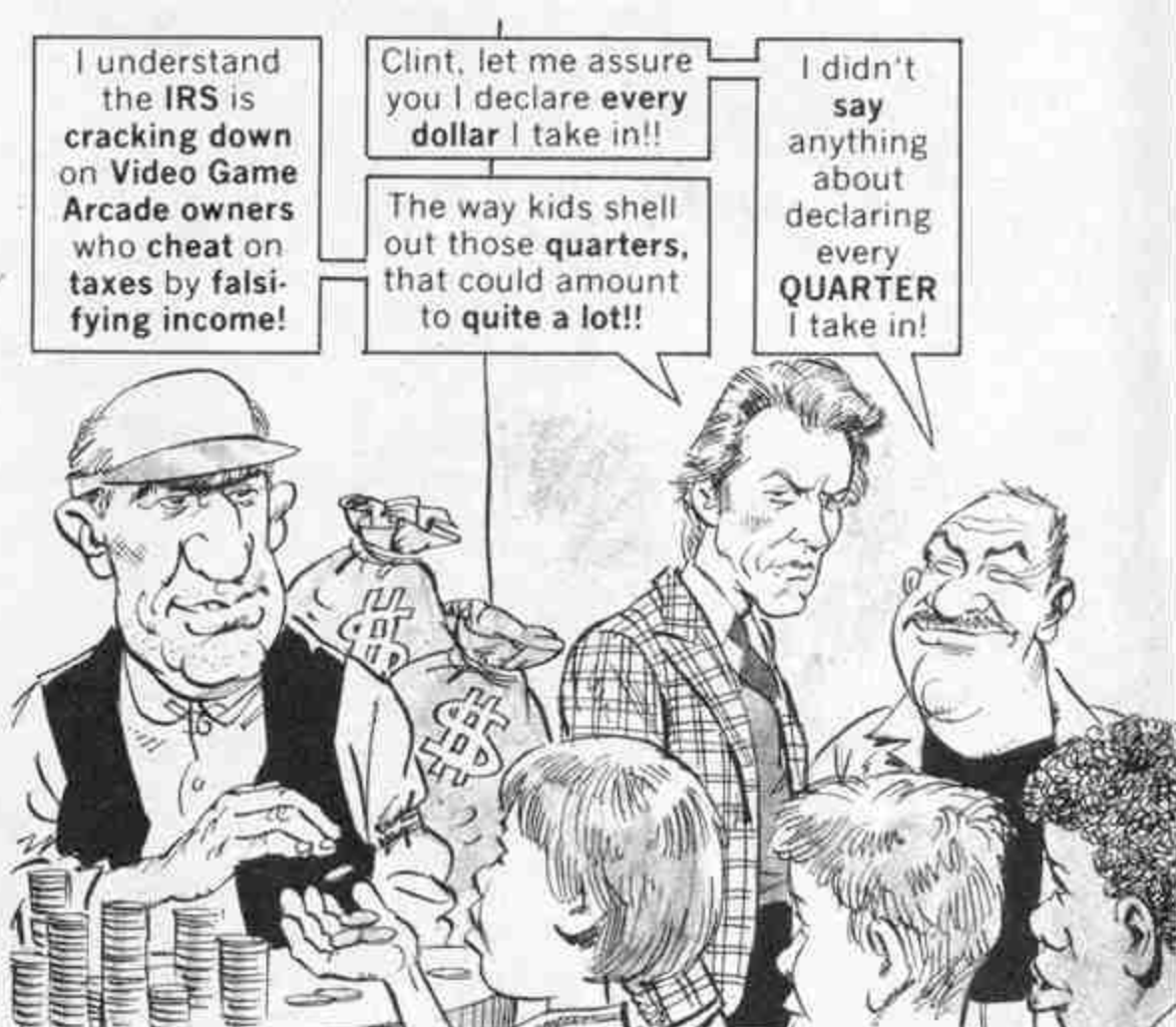
Excuse me a second!

Hey, **Angelo!** Uncrate those hot **Defender** machines that just came in from **Jersey!**

And tell **Vito** to lean on that **kid** running up the **big score** on **Frogger!!**

Now... you were asking??

Uh... forget it!!

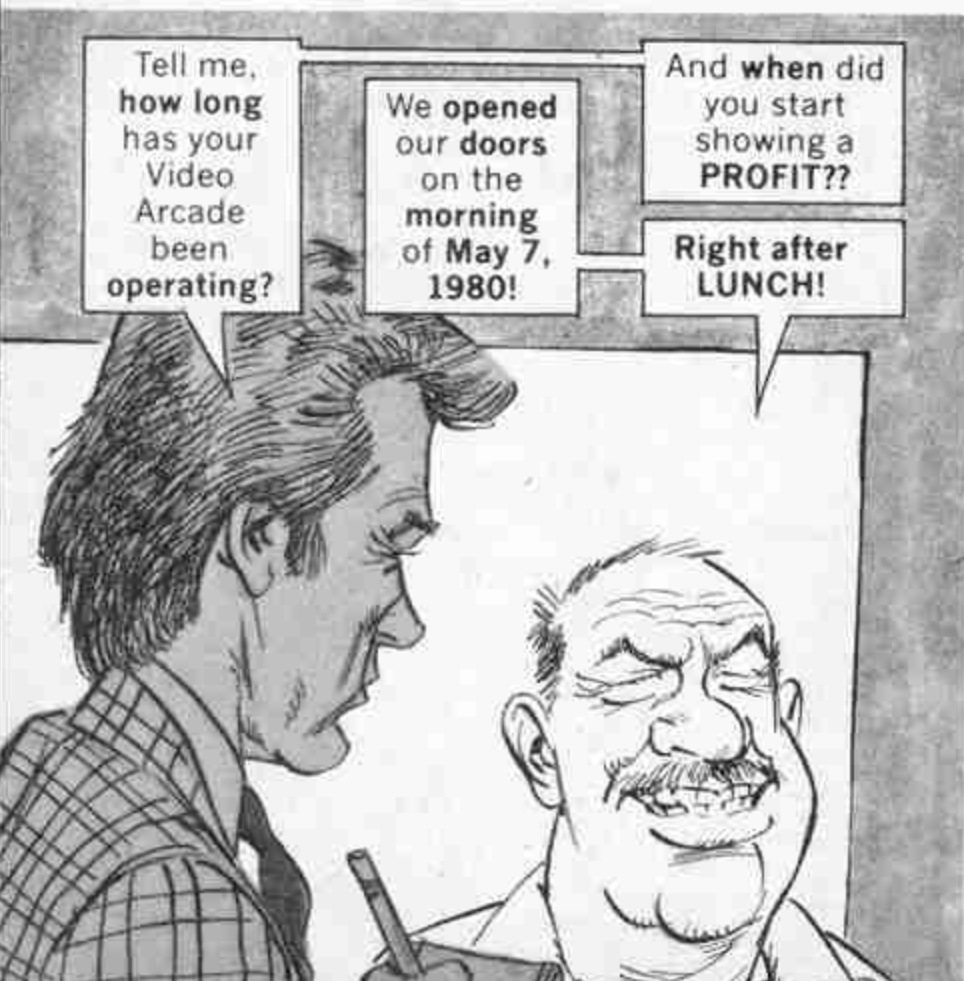


I understand the **IRS** is **cracking down** on **Video Game Arcade** owners who **cheat** on **taxes** by **falsifying** income!

Clint, let me assure you I declare **every dollar** I take in!!

The way kids shell out those **quarters**, that could amount to quite a lot!!

I didn't say anything about declaring **every QUARTER** I take in!

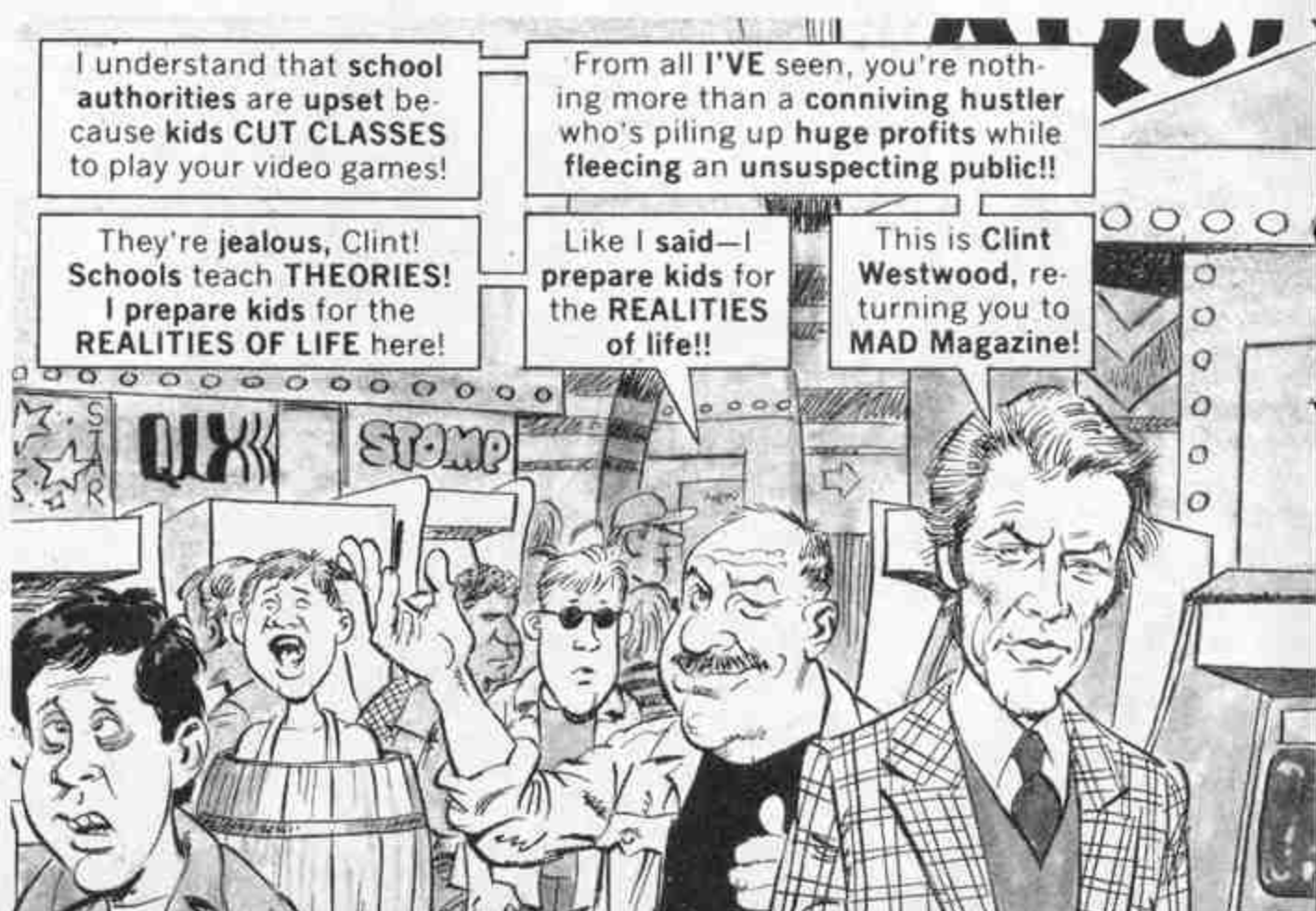


Tell me, how long has your **Video Arcade** been operating?

We opened our doors on the morning of **May 7, 1980!**

And when did you start showing a **PROFIT??**

Right after **LUNCH!**



I understand that **school authorities** are upset because **kids CUT CLASSES** to play your video games!

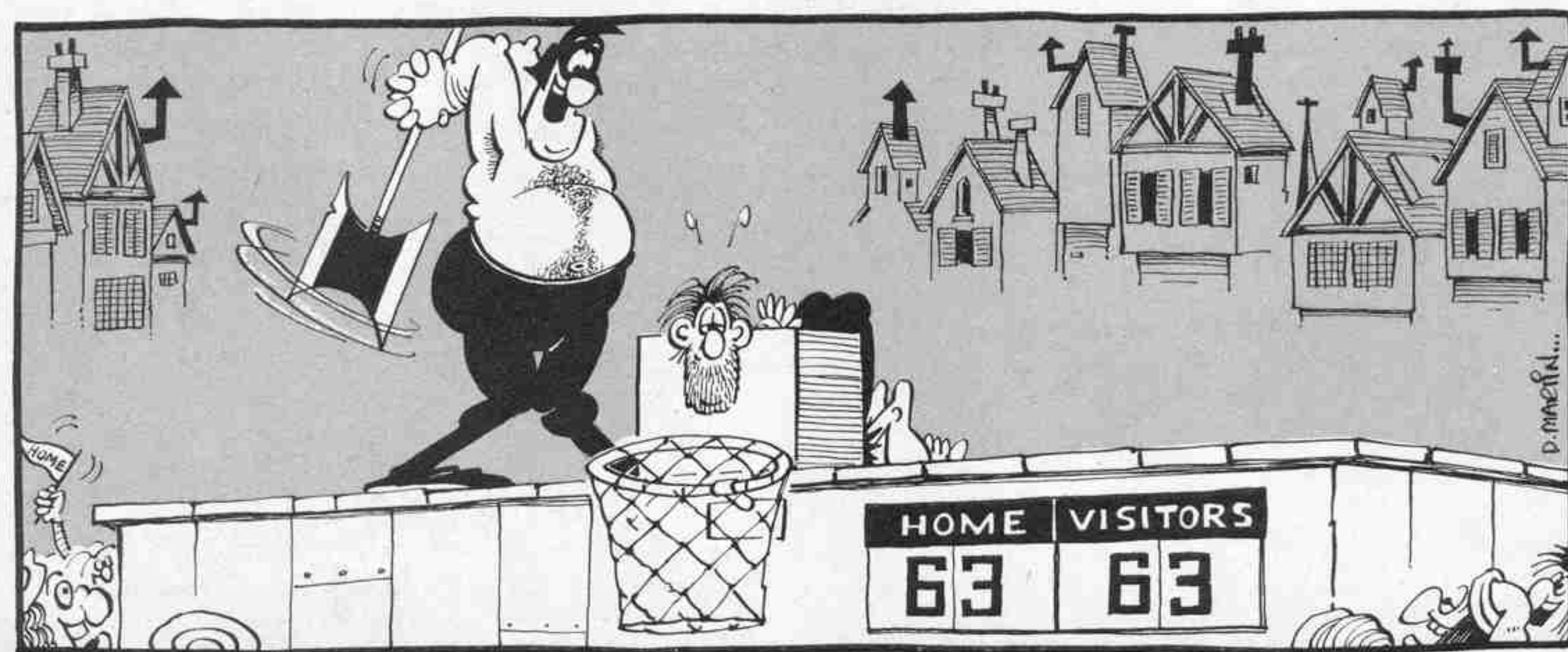
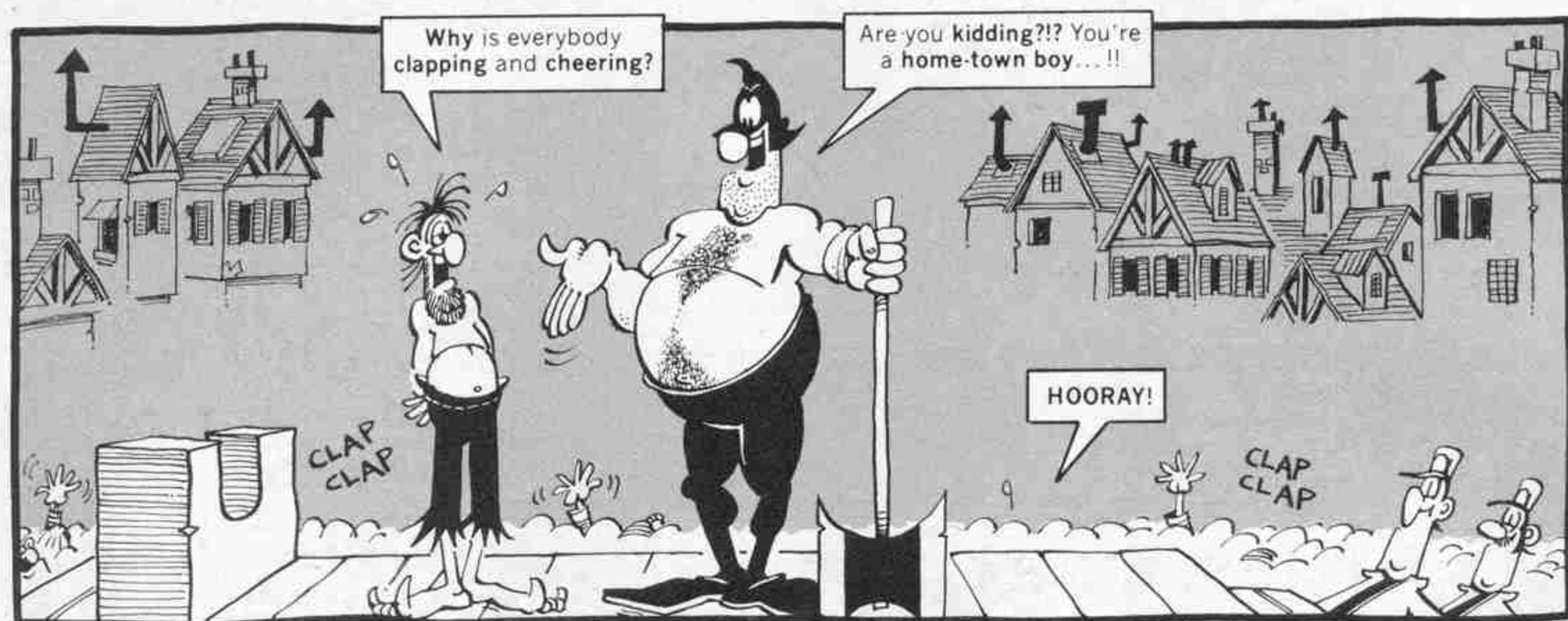
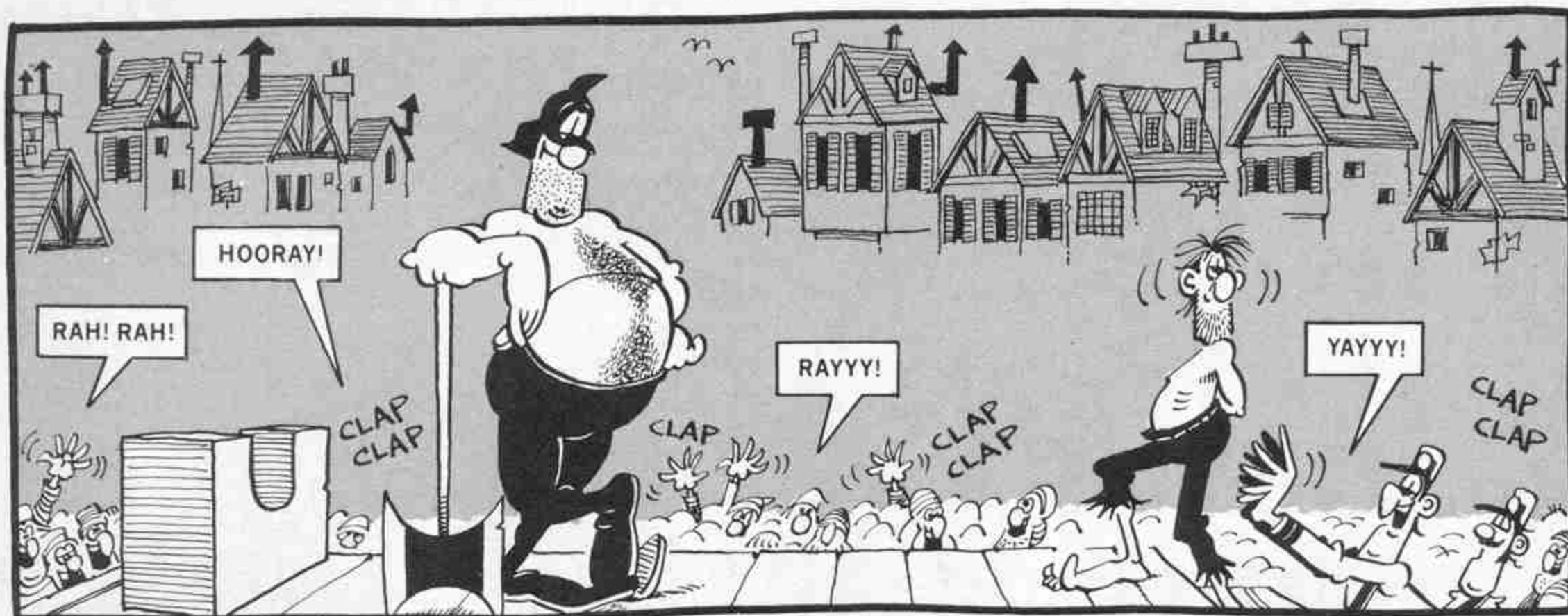
They're jealous, Clint! **Schools** teach **THEORIES!** I prepare kids for the **REALITIES OF LIFE** here!

From all I've seen, you're nothing more than a **conniving hustler** who's piling up **huge profits** while **fleeing** an **unsuspecting public!!**

Like I said—I prepare kids for the **REALITIES** of life!!

This is **Clint Westwood**, returning you to **MAD Magazine!**

ONE FINE MEDIEVAL MORNING AT HOME



This article is directed at the few people left who actually read newspapers! Be on your guard! It's a well-known fact that newspapers tend to slant the news toward their own editorial leanings. If you don't believe us, just take a look at these past headline stories which provide...

A SHORT HISTORY SHOWING HOW DIFFERENT PUBLICATIONS SLANT THE NEWS



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: PAUL LAIKIN



IRISH FREE PRESS

DUBLIN, IRELAND

SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1960

GOD SAVES SENATOR KENNEDY AS CATHOLIC GIRL DROWNS *RELIGIOUS PAIR BELIEVED TO BE EN ROUTE TO MIDNIGHT MASS*

Ted Prays For Nine Hours Before Leaving Scene



Accident Blamed On Faulty Bridge Built By Italian

ALL THE NEWS
WE SEE FIT
TO PRINT

PRAYDA

RED
STAR
FINAL

MOSCOW, USSR ENGLISH TRANSLATION EDITION FEBRUARY 23, 1980

RUSSIAN HOCKEY TEAM ALLOWS U.S. TEAM TO WIN IN OLYMPIC GAMES

CLEVER PLOY USED TO MAKE THEM
FORGET INVASION OF AFGHANISTAN

Sacrifice Necessary To Ease Political Tension With West



"Now They'll Send Us Wheat," Says Premier Brezhnev

SELLING
POWER
TO THE
PEOPLE

CON EDISON NEWSLETTER

LET
THERE
BE
LIGHT

NEW YORK CITY

NOVEMBER 10, 1965

**CUSTOMERS CAUSE MASSIVE
BLACKOUT BY DELIBERATE
ABUSE OF ELECTRIC OUTLETS**
ENTIRE EASTERN SECTION OF COUNTRY
DARKENED BY MALICIOUS CUSTOMERS
80 Million People In Conspiracy To Ruin Company



Company Plans To Bring Damage Suit Against Populace

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Stockholder's Bulletin # 86

December 20, 1979

CHRYSLER CORP. MAKES U.S. GOV'T. A PARTNER IN ITS OPERATION

OTHER EXPANSION PLANS INCLUDE
HIRING FRANK SINATRA AS SALESMAN
Company Contemplating Merger With Soviet Union



Rumor Denied That The "Iacocca" Is Chrysler's "Edsel"

NEWS
ABOUT
"THE
CLUB"

The WASHINGTON, D.C. CONGRESSIONAL Recorder

MARCH 14, 1981

FOR
YOUR
"AYES"
ONLY

FBI AGENTS DRESSED AS ARAB SHEIKS CORRUPT U.S. CONGRESSMEN

HONEST POLITICIANS HOODWINKED
BY DEVIOUS GOVERNMENT AGENCY
Video Tapes Reveal Illegal Bureau Activities



Senator Harrison Williams Demands Full Investigation

National ENQUIRER

SPECIAL
LIBEL
CASE
ISSUE

ALL THE NEWS UNFIT TO PRINT

MARCH 27, 1981

**ENQUIRER PAYS \$1,600,000
TO CAROL BURNETT IN HUGE
PLANNED PUBLICITY STUNT**
SALES SOAR DURING TWO-WEEK TRIAL
"A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR SUCH NATIONAL
EXPOSURE!" SAYS OUR CHIEF ACCOUNTANT



Plans Underway To Smear Johnny Carson Next

CLOTHES



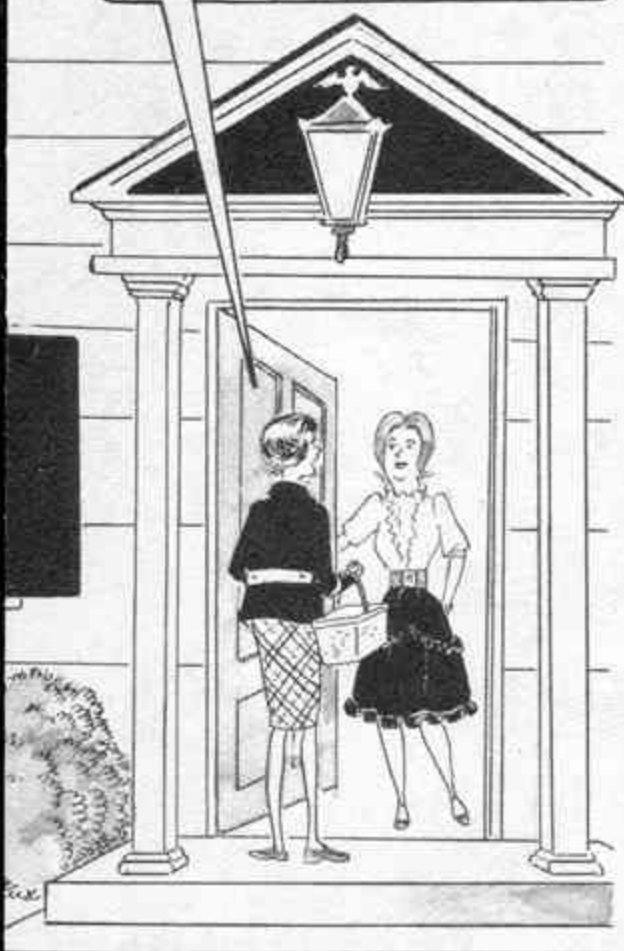
Hello! I'm from the **Community Welfare Organization!**

We're collecting **used garments** to distribute to the **poor and needy!**

Do you have any **old clothes?**

Why, **yes**, we **DO...**

...but my **SON** is still **WEARING** them!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTTE

RECORDS

Oh, my gosh! **STOP!!** That's no way to hold an **expensive record!** Let me **show** you...!

See? My **thumb** is on the **rim**, and my **other fingers** support it **underneath**, by the **label!** That way, no **oil** or **acid** from my **skin** will **touch** or **damage** the **tiny, delicate, precious grooves!** You understand...?

Gotcha...!

Good! Now, tell me where you were going to **put** the **record**, and I'll **do** it **FOR** you...!

In the **GARBAGE PAIL!**



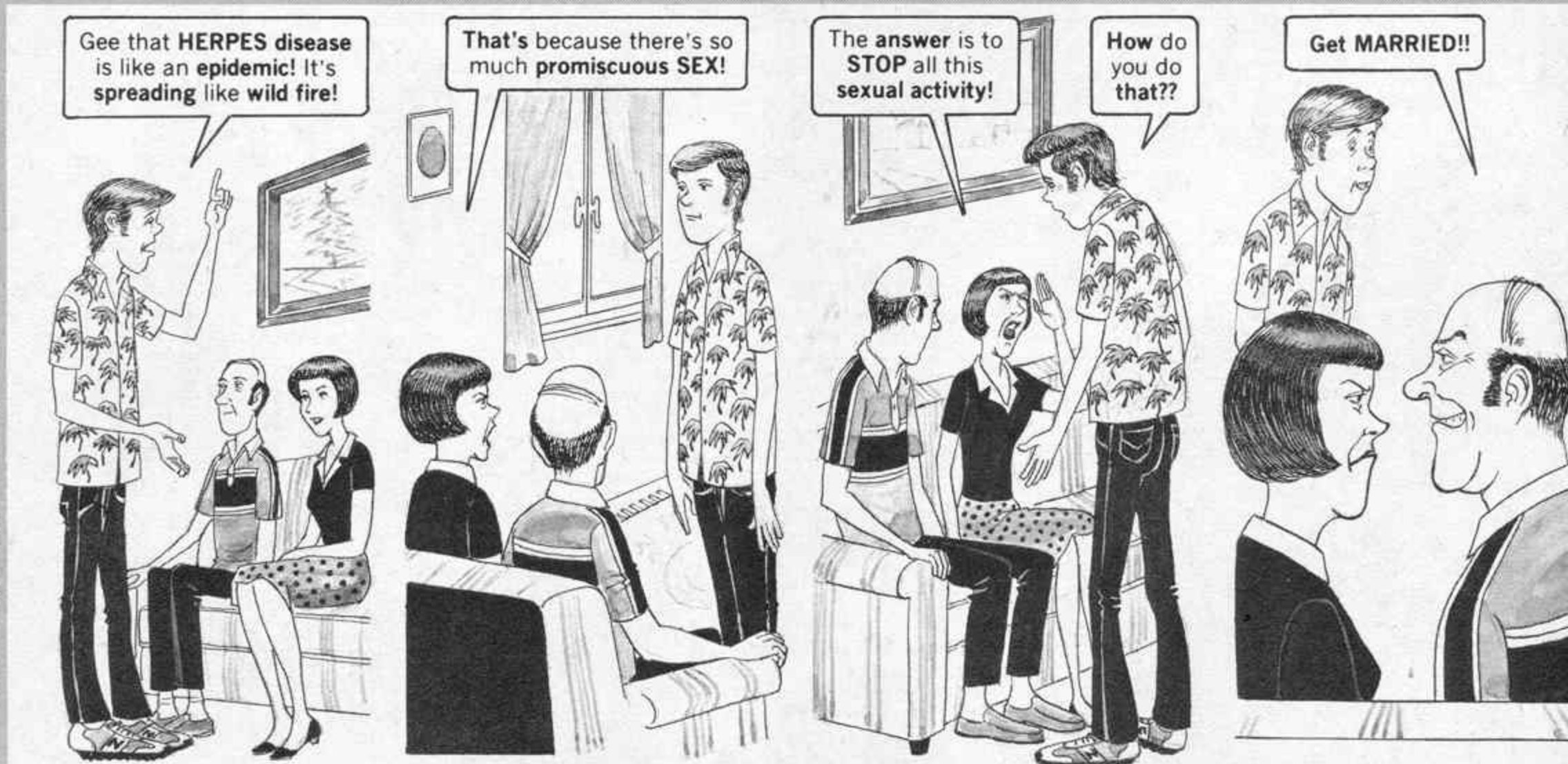
DENTISTS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

SEX



FOOD



LOVE



SOAP OPERAS



BRAGGING



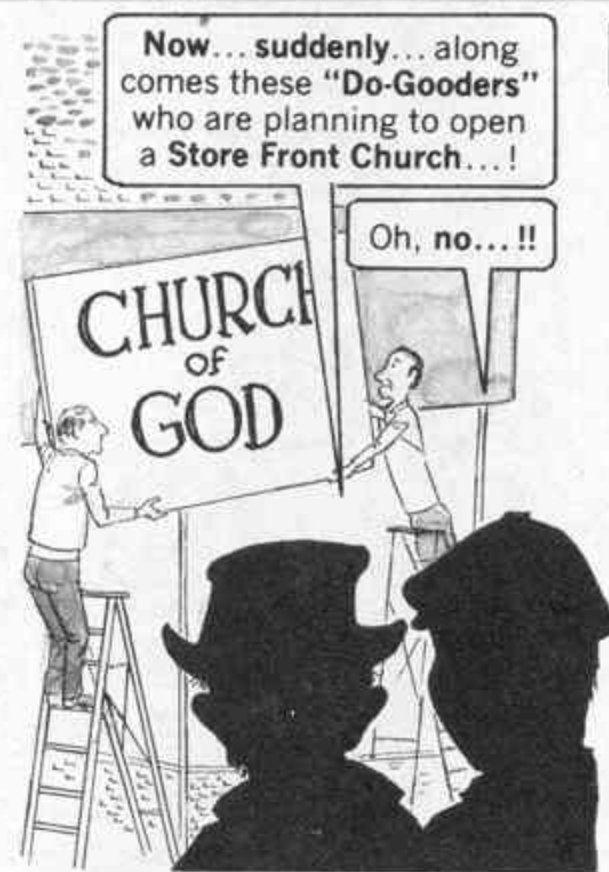
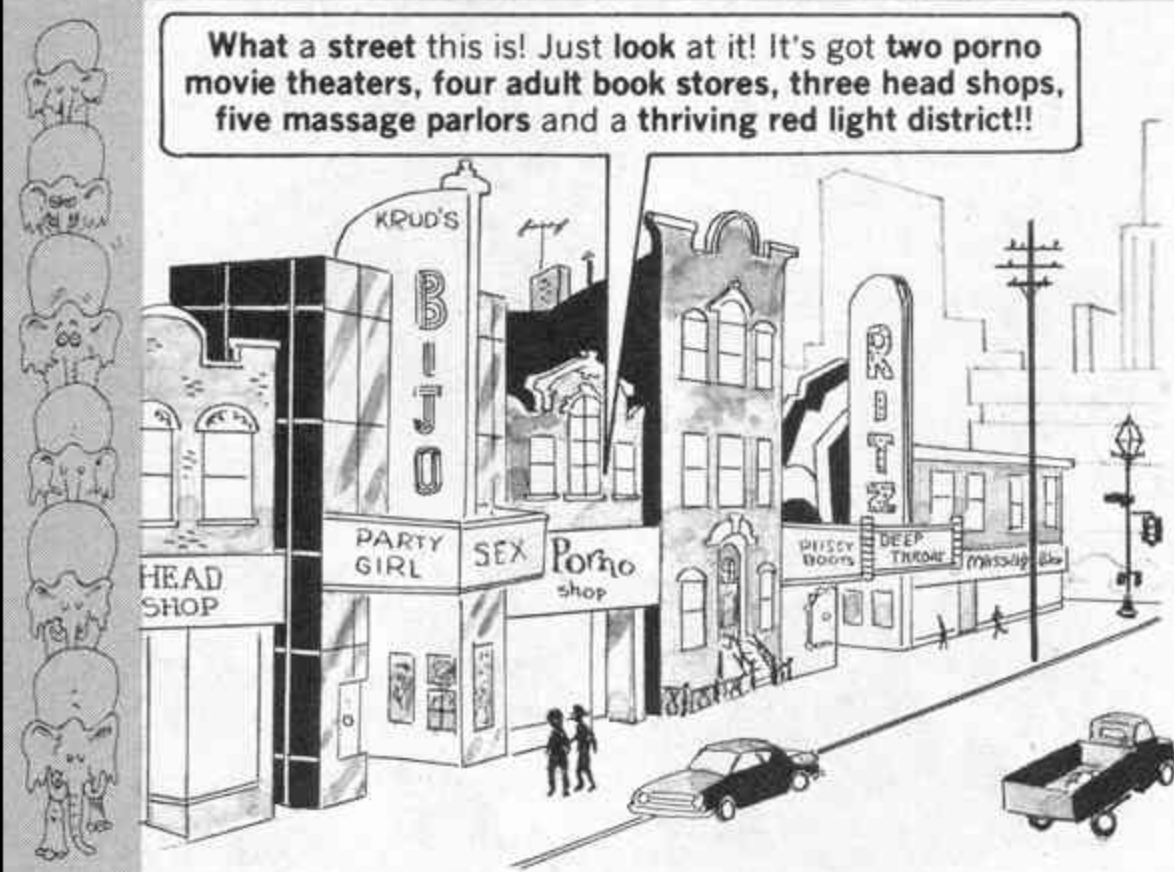
DATING



ANNOYANCES



BLOCK-BUSTING



GREETING CARDS



GRAFFITI

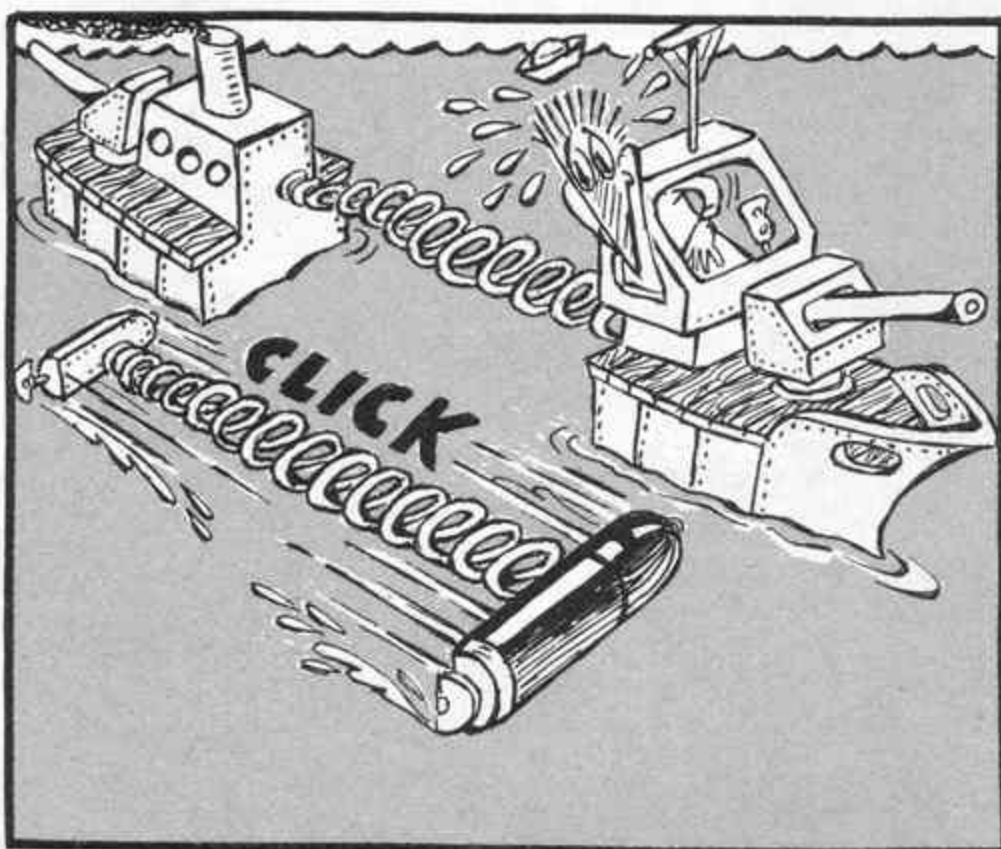
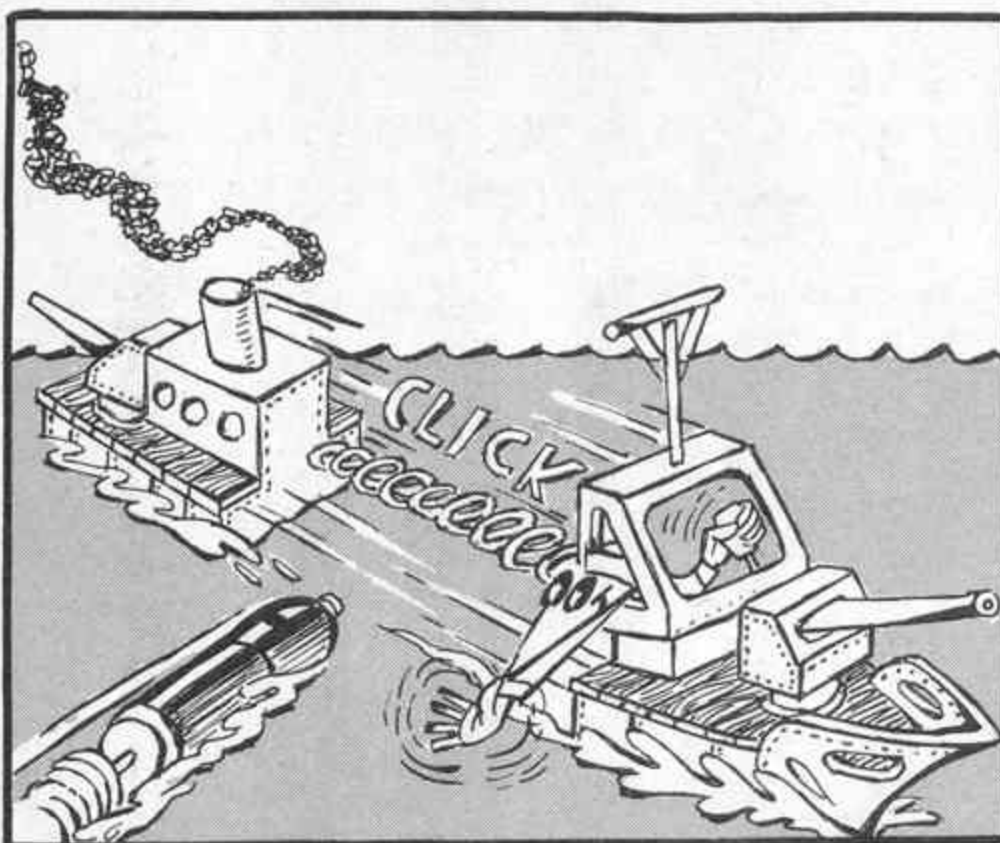
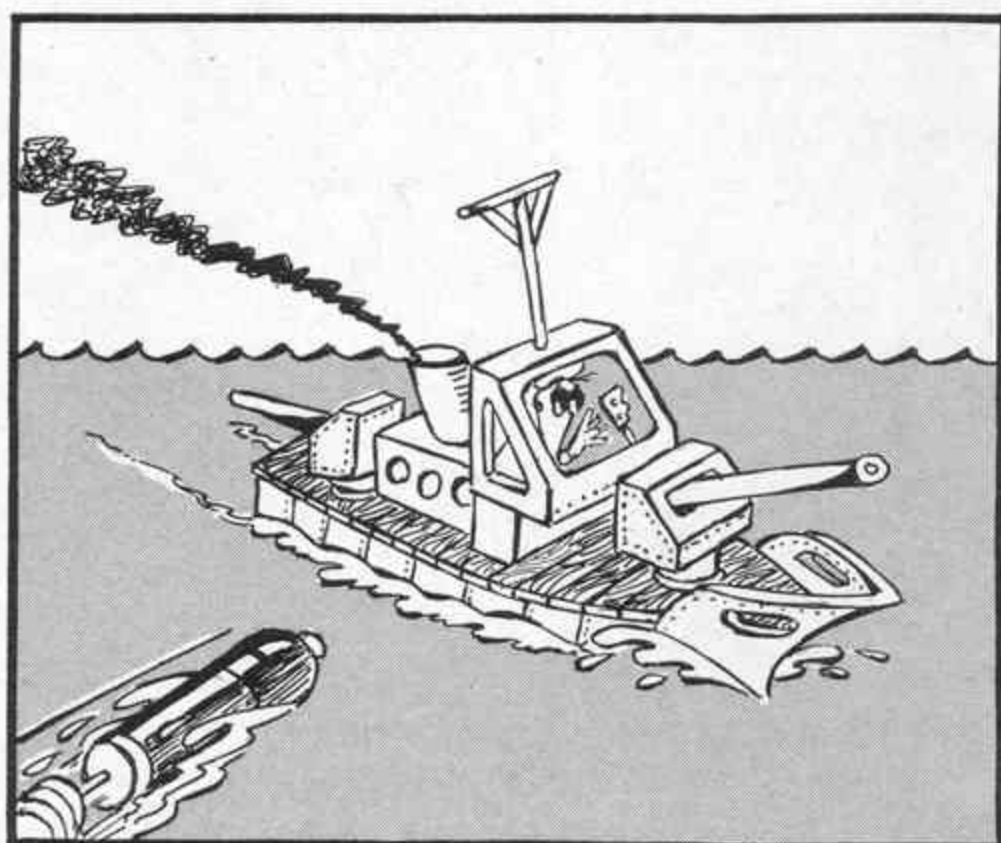
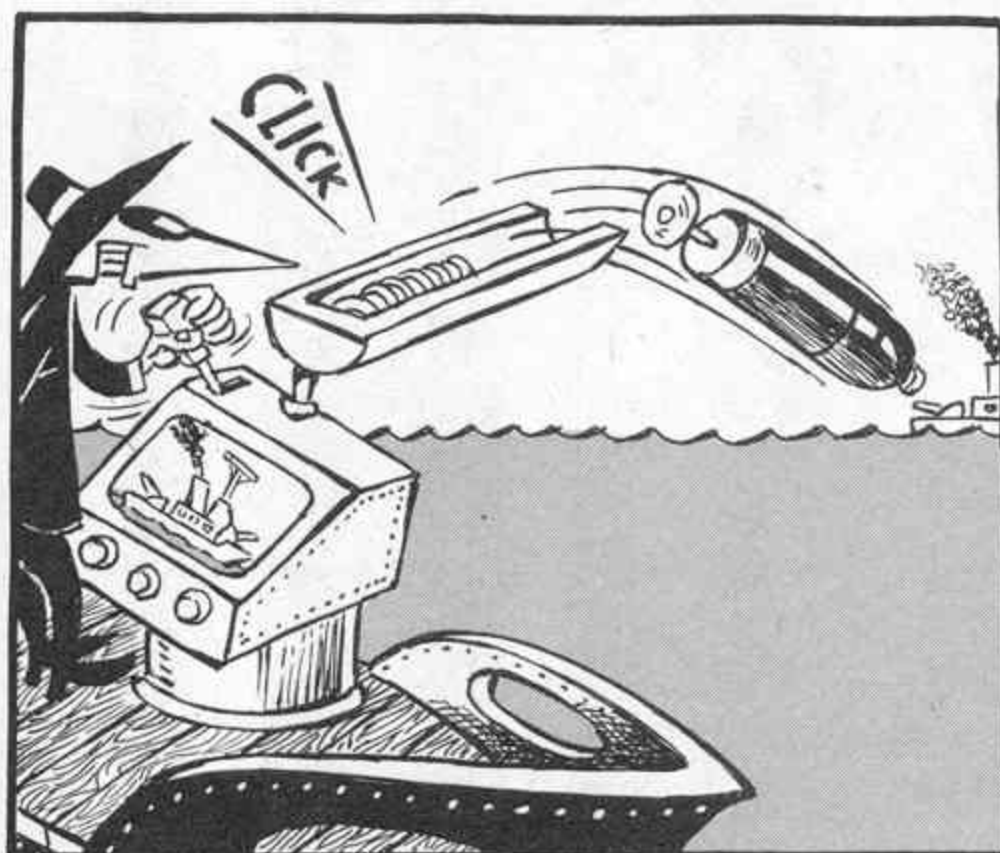
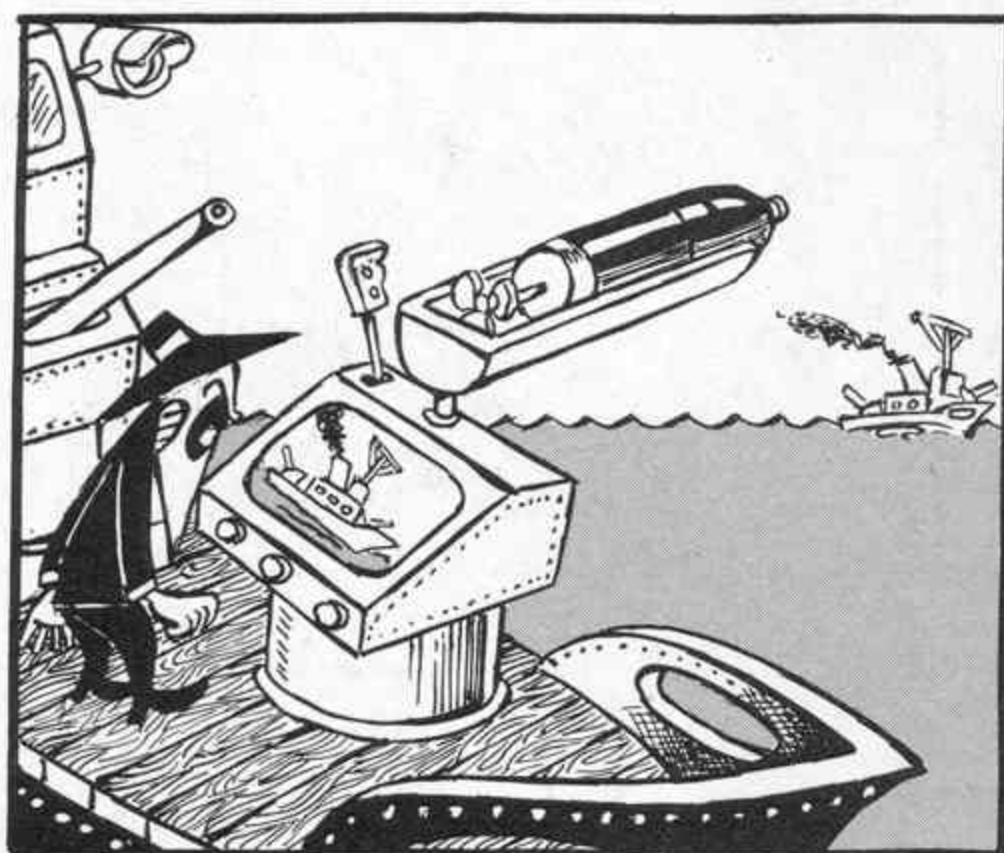


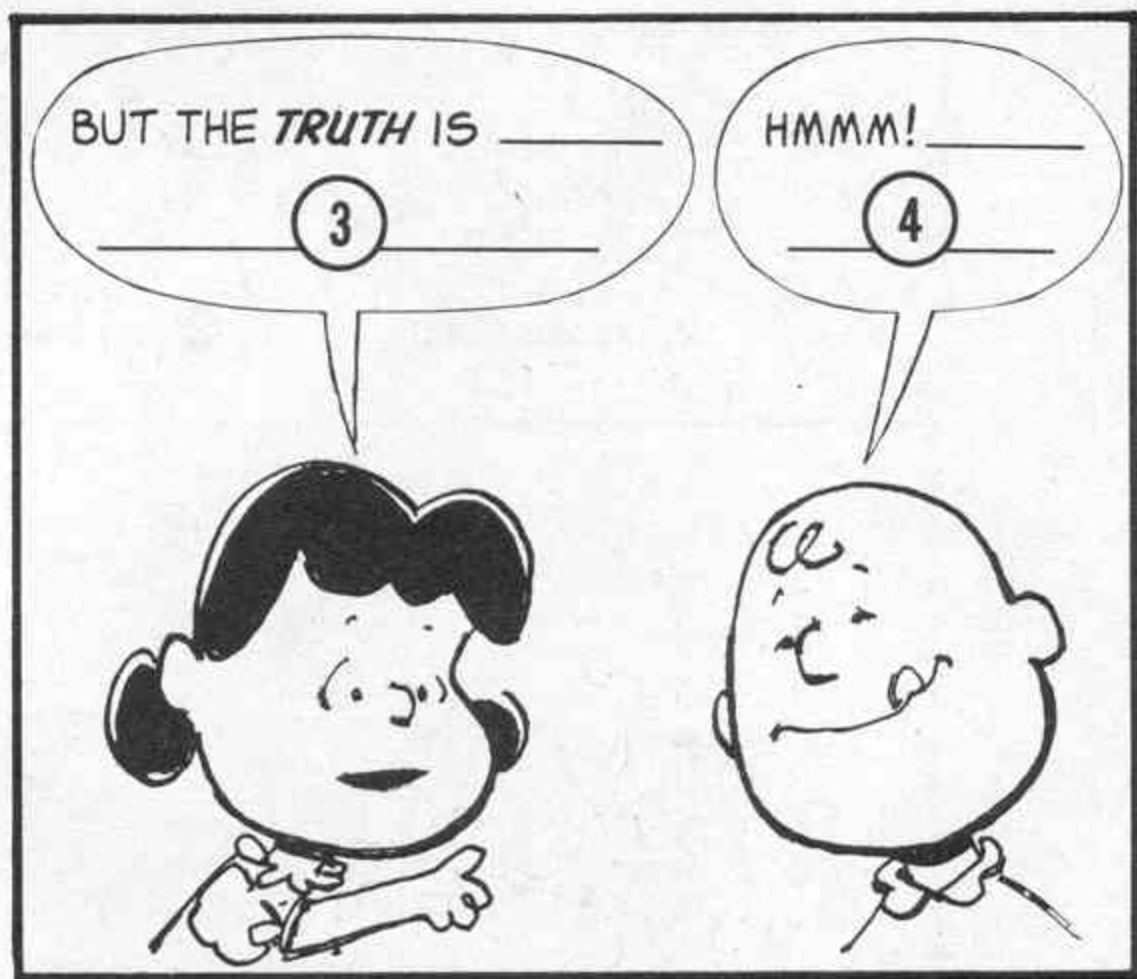
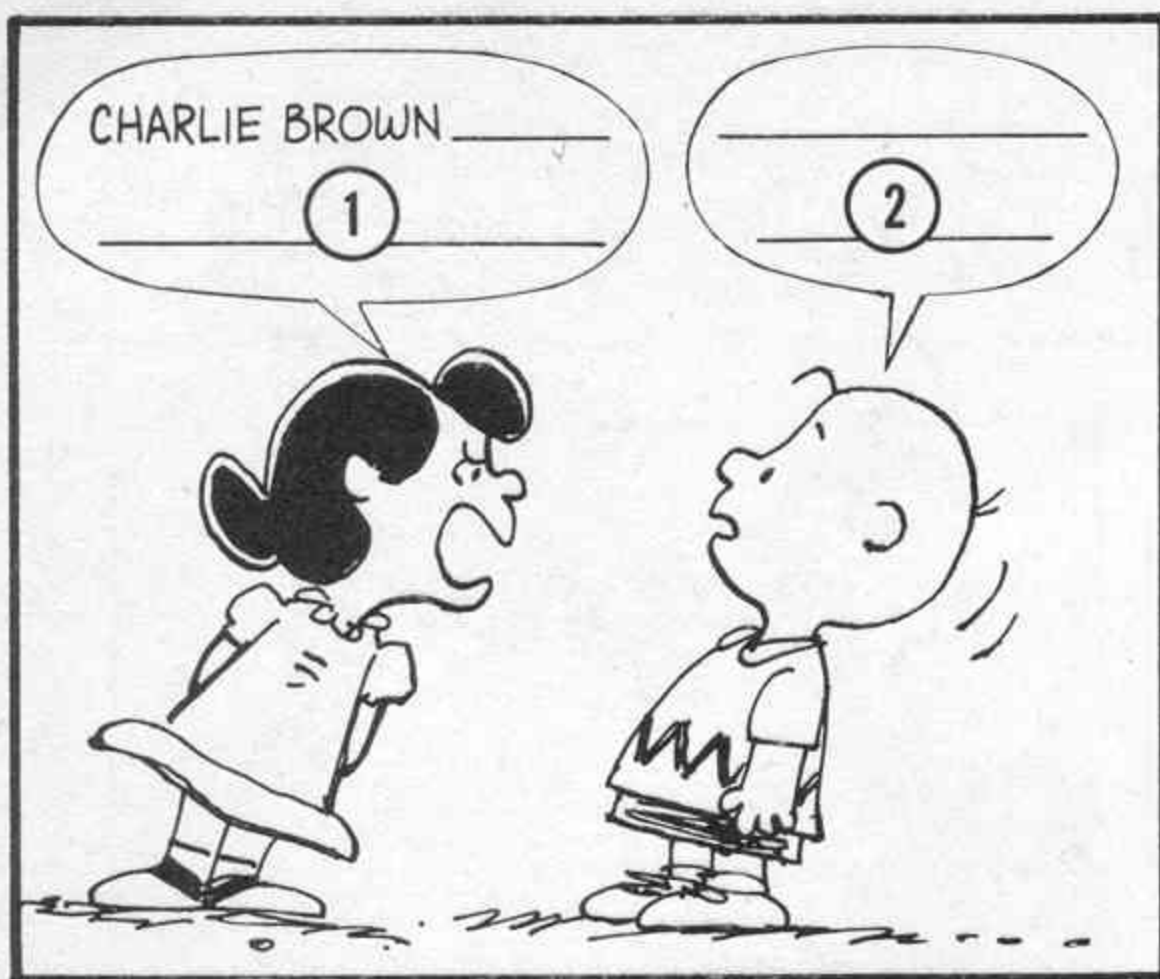
MONEY



PETS







STRIP TEASE DEPT.

In past issues, MAD has presented All-Inclusive, Do-It Yourself versions of Newspaper Stories, Songs, Comedy Routines, etc. Now, for all you "Peanuts" fans who have fun reading the strip, here is your chance to have fun writing it. (Hey, Charlie Schulz! If you want to take a vacation, feel free to take advantage of this clever article!) Simply fill in the numbered balloons from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll be creating...

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE DO-IT-YOURSELF PEANUTS COMIC STRIP



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

1

YOU'RE
A **BORN LOSER!**

YOUR **HEAD** COULD
DOUBLE AS A **SOFTBALL!**

EVERYONE
ABUSES YOU!

YOU GIVE
LIVING A BAD NAME!

YOU'VE GOT A **PIN-**
CUSHION FOR A **BRAIN!**

YOU'RE THE
JOKE OF THE **NEIGHBORHOOD!**

5

IN YOUR
HONOR!

TO PAY **TRIBUTE** TO
YOUR **LEADERSHIP!**

ON YOUR
BIRTHDAY!

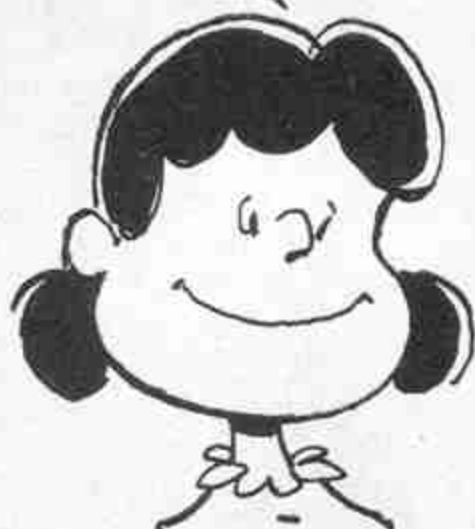
SO THE **GANG** CAN
SHOW YOU HOW WE **FEEL!**

TO KICK OFF "**CELEBRATE**
CHARLIE BROWN WEEK!"

YOU'LL **REMEMBER** THE
REST OF YOUR **LIFE!**

SO I'VE PLANNED A **PARTY**

5



GOLLY

6



WELL, **ACTUALLY,**

7



I THINK

8



2

TELL ME ALL
ABOUT IT!

AT **LEAST** I'M
FAMOUS FOR **SOMETHING!**

COMING FROM YOU,
THAT'S **PRAISE!**

I **LOVE IT** WHEN
YOU **SWEET-TALK!**

IT TOOK YOU **25 YEARS**
TO FIND **THAT** OUT?

DO YOU KEEP THIS
UP FOR **FOUR PANELS?**

3

NOBODY RECOGNIZES
YOUR **FINER QUALITIES!**

YOU'RE ADMIRER BY
YOUR **FRIENDS** AND **TEAMMATES!**

YOU DESERVE
MUCH **BETTER TREATMENT!**

WITHOUT **YOU,**
I WOULD BE **NOTHING!**

YOUR **HEART** IS
AS **BIG** AS **ALL OUTDOORS!**

YOU'RE **KIND**
AND **DECENT** AND **LOYAL!**

4

I MUST BE
IN THE **WRONG STRIP!**

WHY ISN'T SHE
SUCKING UP TO **SCHROEDER?**

I WISH I WERE **BRIGHT**
ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT SHE'S **UP TO?**

NOBODY'S
EVER **THIS** NICE TO ME!

I'VE GOT A **FEELING**
THIS IS GOING TO **COST** ME!

I **THINK** I LIKED IT
BETTER WHEN SHE **DESPISED** ME!

6

A-A
PARTY FOR **ME!?**

YOU MEAN YOU'RE
NOT SETTING ME UP?

YOU'VE
SURE CHANGED!

IT'LL BE **GREAT**
GETTING SOME **RESPECT!**

I'LL SURE ENJOY
BEING WITH MY **FRIENDS!**

HOW CAN
I EVER **THANK** YOU?

7

YOU'RE
NOT INVITED!

IT'S ON THE
DAY YOU'RE **OUT OF TOWN!**

THE
PARTY WAS **YESTERDAY!**

YOU'LL BE
THE **ONLY ONE THERE!**

I WAS **TESTING** TO
SEE HOW **GULLIBLE** YOU ARE!

I'M **TELLING**
EVERYONE IT'S FOR **LINUS!**

8

I'LL
KILL MYSELF!

MAYBE
I SHOULD **RETIRE!**

I'LL GO HOME
AND **BEAT UP SNOOPY!**

I NEED
DEEP THERAPY!

I'LL PUT A
CONTRACT OUT ON HER!

I'LL TRY
REPLACING **ANDY CAPP!**

KNOCK VERSE DEPT.

Back in the old days, Poets wrote poems glorifying lowly people, like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" and Kipling's "Gunga Din." Well, there aren't any Longfellows around today, but there are a lot of folks working in lowly occupations. MAD feels that it's time these people were saluted in rhyme, which is why we now offer these

POETRY TO PEOPLE WHO

To A Mugger

When you were just a lad of six,
You found a kid could get his kicks
By pounding on his little baby brother;
Before you knew it, you were ten
And showed you had a future when
You snatched a purse belonging to your mother.



The years flew by—in high-school, you
Discovered joys you never knew;
At seventeen you flourished as a punk there;
And after class, out on the street,
Your day would never be complete
Until you'd smacked and rolled some local drunk there.



'Twas then you found you had it made
As through the night you plied your trade,
Attacking passersby who were defenseless;
What fun it was to take their cash,
To punch and club, to kick and slash,
Then leave them on the pavement lying senseless.



Today, not even middle age
Can dim the glory of your rage;
You haven't met the man who can control you;
Although for now you take it slow,
You'll mug again because you know
In 1995 they will parole you.



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IC TRIBUTES

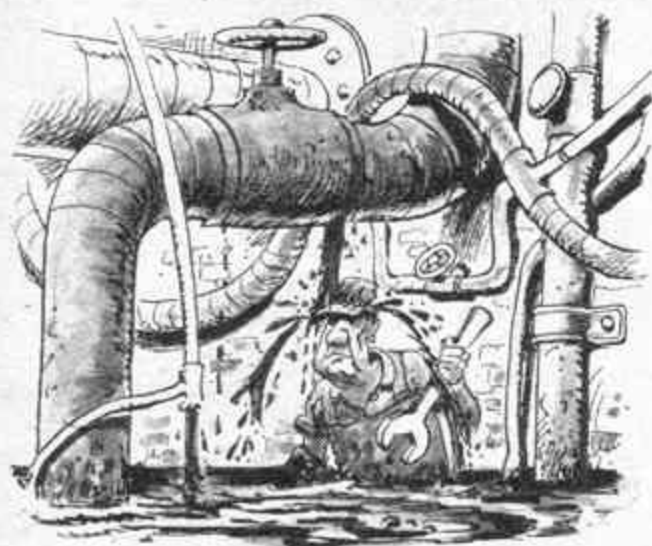
WOULDN'T ORDINARILY GET THEM

To A Plumber

Your face has not been sculptured
In marble or in bronze;
You know that men receive no praise
Unplugging stopped-up johns.



You're never in the columns;
You're never in the news;
The only thing you're ever in
Is icky, smelly ooze.



You'll never be a leader
And rule the world with power;
Who needs it when you charge a rate
Of fifty bucks an hour?



To A Garbage Man



At early dawn he makes his rounds
To pick up bones and coffee grounds;
He drives a bulging truck that creaks
And fills it up with stuff that reeks;



He wrecks our sleep, disturbs our peace,
Leaves trails of egg-shells,
lard and grease,
While littering our front-yard grass
With apple cores and broken glass,
And then befouls our flower-bed
With rotting meat and moldy bread!



He is a man of pride, you see,
Who wants respect from you and me,
And that is why we call him here
A Sanitation Engineer!

To A Parking Attendant

A boundless freedom fills your heart
With all that you can muster;
What does it matter that you smashed
The fender of that Duster?



A carefree youth, that's what you are;
No love of life looms larger;
So what if parking that Peugeot
You backed into a Charger?



You're not hung up by rules and such;
Your world's a joy to be in;
Who cares if that Chevette you crunched
While backing a Capri in?



So live it up in days to come;
Enjoy each future labor;
That is, if you recover from
Your wrecking that Le Sabre.



To A Mover

Behold the mighty moving man
Who's loading up his giant van;
He prides himself on being strong and agile;
With great concern he carries out
Our precious goods, and we've no doubt
He'll handle gently boxes we've marked "Fragile."

With loving care he sets down crates
Of vases, lamps and costly plates;
We don't freak out—there's never any cause to;
However, we should make it clear
If you believe what's written here,
You probably believe in Santa Claus, too.



To A Loan-Shark

When money's scarce and we're refused
by banks all over town,
We turn to you because we know
you will not let us down;
You gladly give us what we need
so we can pay our rent,
And only charge an int'rest rate
of thirty-five per-cent.



And should we, by some careless whim,
your warnings fail to heed,
And somehow miss a payment on
the date which we've agreed,
Why, who's to say you shouldn't get
upset from such delays,
And break an arm or leg to show
the folly of our ways?

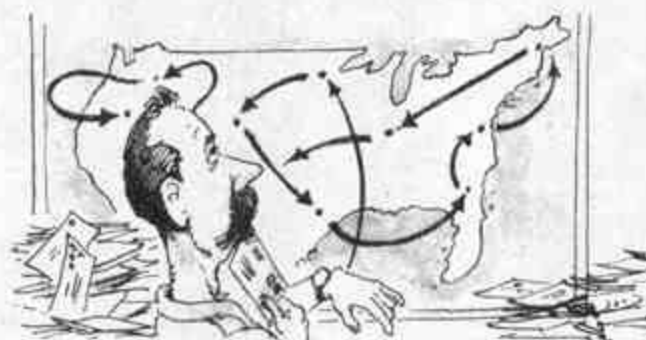


We fully understand your need
to clout and punch and maim,
And yet we know you'll stop in time
for murder's not your game;
You'd never kill your fellow man
because, within your trade,
Unless a client's left alive,
you never will get paid.

To a Postal Clerk



Let's now salute the postal clerk,
A man who does a hard day's work;
Amid great mounds of mail he stands
And sorts it with his own two hands;
He empties letters from their sacks,
Then piles them into tidy stacks,
In which they sit five days and then
Are dumped back in their sacks again;



He spots a letter from L.A.
Addressed to folks in Santa Fe;
He holds it out till two o'clock,
Then speeds it on to Little Rock;
A parcel meant for Denver he
Now sends to Washington, D.C.,
Dispatched upon an east-bound plane
By way of Kennebunkport, Maine,
Along with letters by the score
For Denver via Baltimore;



Small wonder as he ends his day,
He beams with pride, as if to say,
"It's good I've got this job to do;
"If not, the mail
would not go through."

To An Accountant



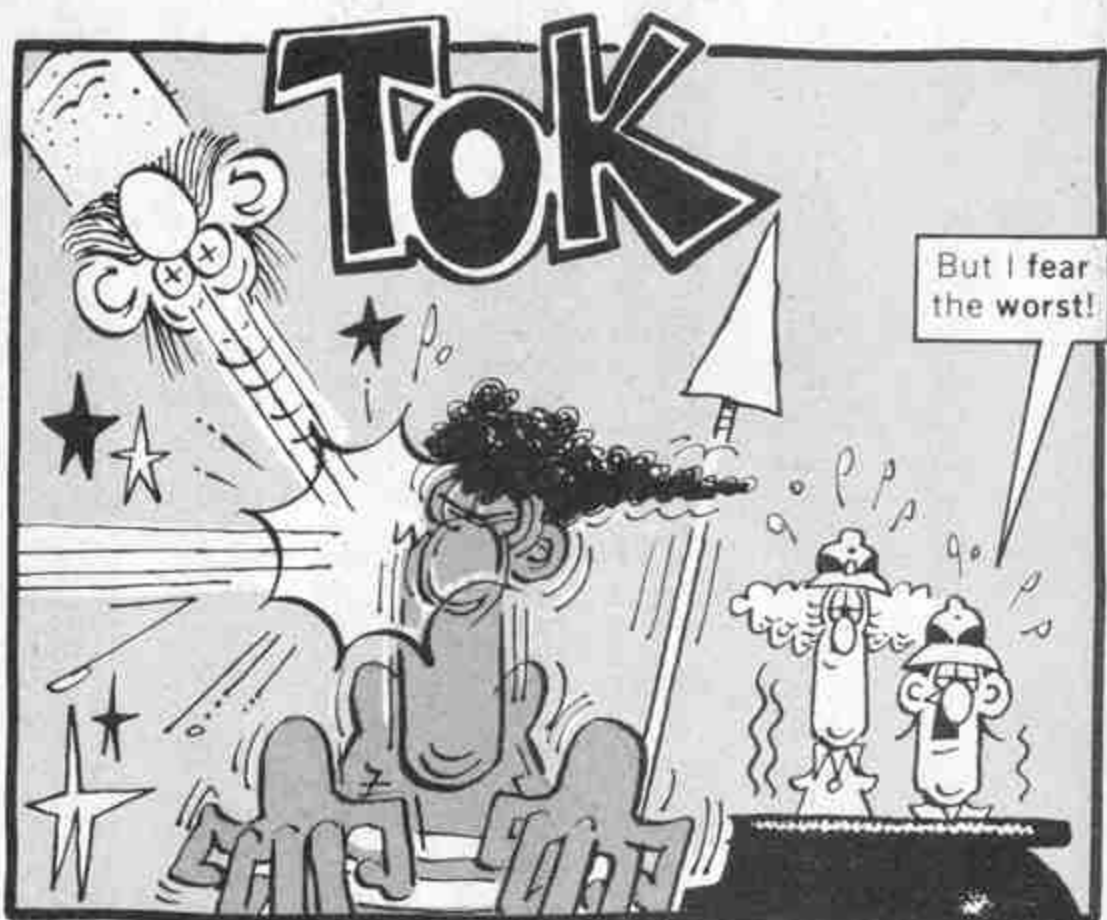
Forever he's regaling folks
and thinks they'll be impressed
With stories of withholding tax,
deductions and the rest;
He rattles off accounting tales
and other deadly stuff—
And now we'll end this verse because
we've bored you long enough.

To A Forgotten Government Official



A man can be a Congressman
And run a big committee;
A man can be a Governor
Or Mayor of a city;
A man can be a diplomat
And put on fancy airs;
But when a man's Vice President,
Let's face it—no one cares.

ONE AFTERNOON ON A REMOTE JUNGLE ISLAND



MAD has often denounced advertising as a deliberate insult to our intelligence. We've never quite believed that future happiness depended upon using a razor

that cuts whiskers off below the skin line, or that friends would turn on us if the fish we were cooking smelled like fish cooking. So the ads that preached

AN ADVERTISER WOULD

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that guests will soon be rushing into our homes, flinging open our kitchen cabinets and subjecting us to humiliation if our glassware has a few water spots.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that if we lose our possessions in a hostile country, our chances of survival will depend upon what brand of travelers' checks we were carrying.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that a slick, big city announcer becomes more trustworthy when he puts on a grocer's apron, and speaks with a New England twang.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that no matter how totally our home is destroyed, the phone will still work to call our Insurance Agent... but only if we've had the good sense to pick the right Agent.

these doctrines struck us as dumb. But from the Ad-Man's point of view, our limited vision is not his fault. If only we'd see life as he wants us to see

it, then every TV commercial would make sense. It's just a matter of dropping our sales resistance (and our sanity) to accept the following points that...



LD HAVE US BELIEVE...

WRITER: TOM KOCH

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the Post Office Department's fast service "Express Mail" is a bargain at \$9.35, even though it's the very same thing that used to be called "Special Delivery" and cost 30¢.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that veterinarians actually recommend a cat food that is composed of 10% fish heads, 10% chicken guts and 80% water.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that we would expect to pay "\$200... \$300...even \$400" for the polyester suit that's now being offered to us for \$79.95.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that it will sell no wine before its time, so we should be happy and grateful that it just became time to sell all ten million bottles they've got stored in their warehouses. 37

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that acquiring a 36-inch bust, a 22-inch waist, wavy blonde hair and perfect bone structure all depends upon choosing the right low-calorie diet cola.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that we can get a neighbor to spend his whole weekend doing free labor for us if we'll just reward him with his favorite beer when he's finished.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the preservation of our American Way depends upon re-electing some idiot to Congress who hasn't done anything for us in twelve years.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that our kids will beg to spend the whole evening brushing their teeth if only we'll buy them the good-tasting toothpaste with the red stripe down each glob.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that its stockbrokers apparently work for the sheer fun of it, since they could all easily become rich and retire just by following their own investment advice.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



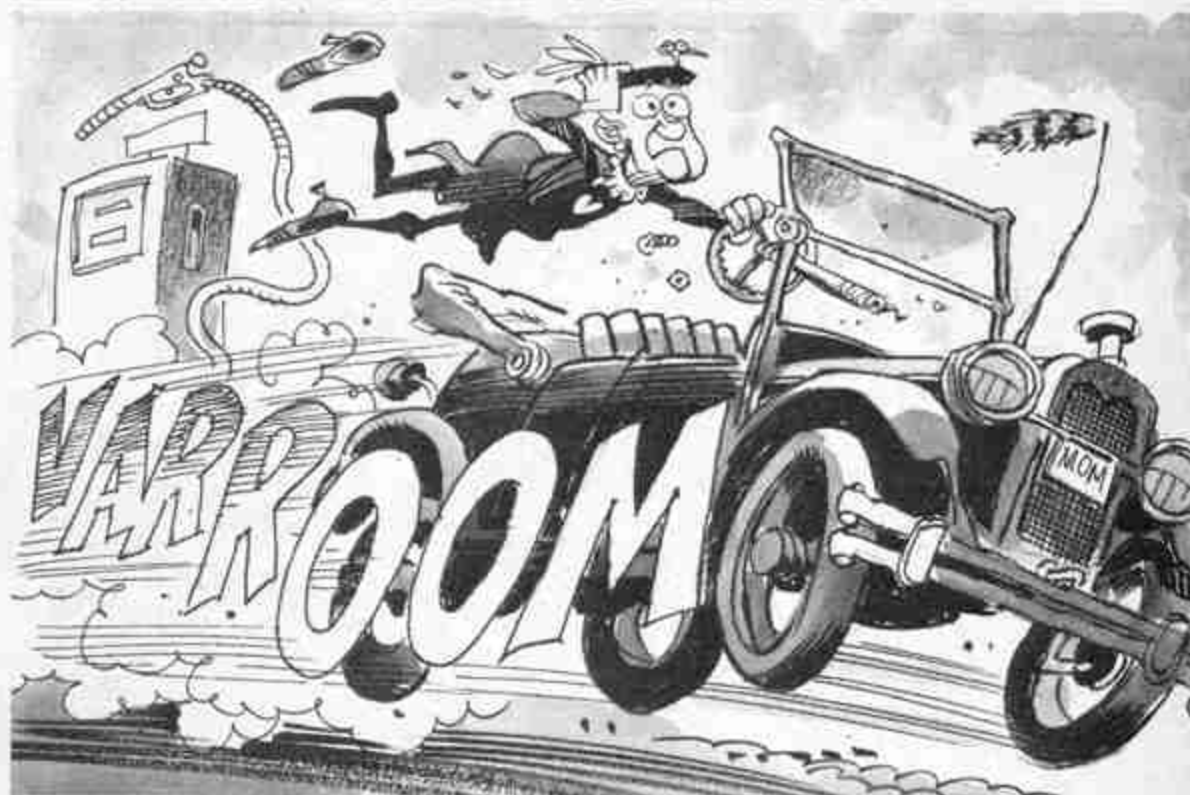
...that anxiety neurosis can be cured without expensive psychiatry, merely by switching to its brand of decaffeinated coffee for a few weeks.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the Army is very finicky about the enlistees it accepts because of all the high-skill job training and free travel it gives to the lucky ones who get in.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that its brand of 87-octane gasoline will make our car run like new even though every other brand of 87-octane gasoline makes it sputter and wheeze.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that we can easily combat 10% inflation by putting our money in a savings bank that pays us 5¾% interest and gives us a free toaster.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that serious Mother-Daughter talks consist of spreading the word that liberated women no longer must accept static electricity in their laundry as a burden of life.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the exorbitant amount of money we're paying for gasoline is being used to finance the search for new oil that will someday enable the company to lower its prices.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that no one taking a "Comparison Taste Test" among cola drinks ever concluded that they all seem pretty much alike after all. 39

QUEASY DOES IT DEPT.

LOSE WEIGHT (MAINLY BECAUSE THE MAD GRO



Invite a toothless derelict home for dinner.



Snack on things that attract flies.



Have your pet hound kiss you right after he eats, just before you eat.



Have your meal while baby-sitting an undiapered infant.



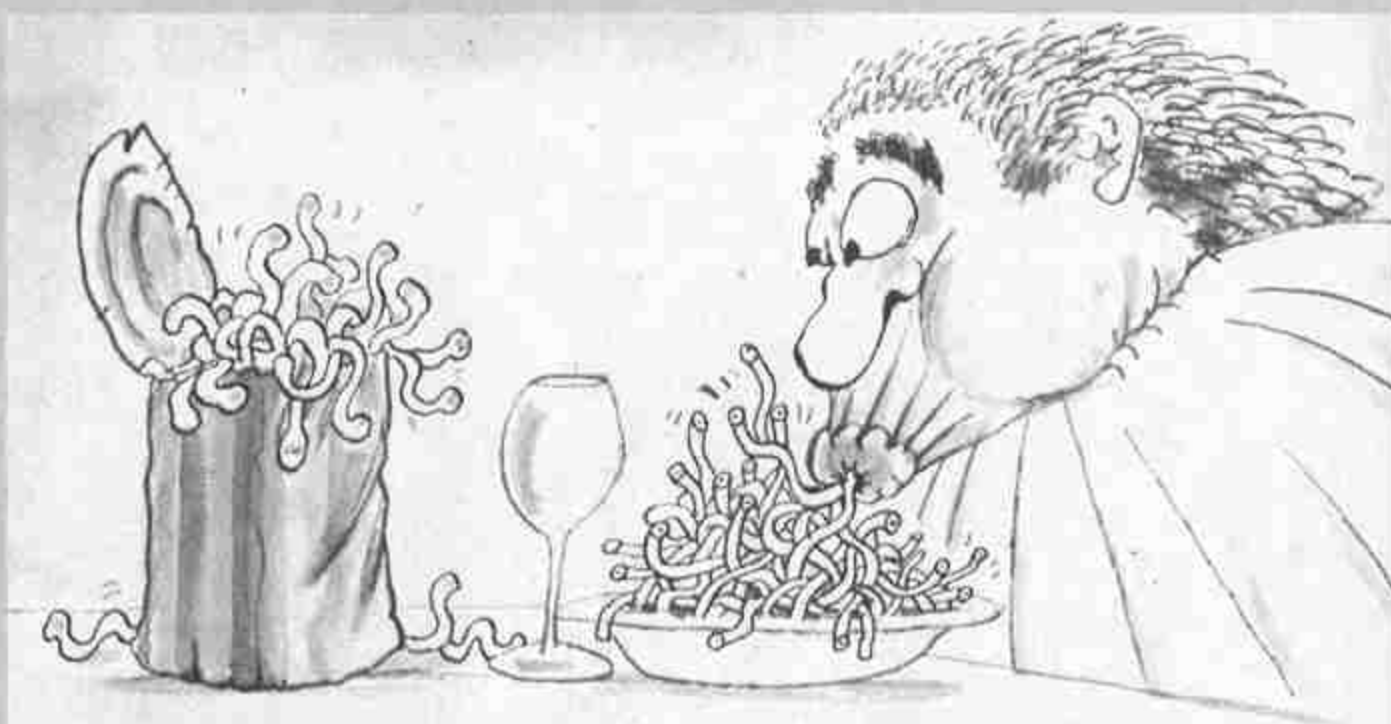
Use plates and cups with thumbprints and lipstick marks.

YOU LOSE YOUR APPETITE) WITH... LOSS-OUT DIET

WRITER AND ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGES



Leave your refrigerator unplugged during those hot spells in August.



Use live bait as the centerpiece when serving spaghetti.



Dine with someone who has halitosis or dandruff or acne.



...and it's draining right now! You wanna see my scar?

Listen to a detailed account of an operation.



Eat something that's still alive.

"T" AND *A* DEPT.

Do you need a group of highly-paid skilled professionals who can operate within and around the law to accomplish dangerous specialized assignments? Then hire

'THE *A

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

ASININE

Ten years ago, 4 members of a crack commando unit were sent to prison by a Military Court... for a crime they didn't commit!

But then, the 4 promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade!

Today, the 4 are still fugitives... hunted by the Authorities...

Oh? What were they accused of...?

Assault with deadly weapons! Mainly, their personalities!

Are you kidding?! Those clowns look like they couldn't escape from an on-coming glacier!!

Do you believe that ANYONE who wants to hire them can find them, but the Authorities CAN'T?!?

Sure! But then, I ALSO believe a Black dude like him would hang around WASP turkeys like them!!

Where did he get that outfit?! From the "Sammy Davis Ready-To-Wear Catalogue"?

Doesn't he realize that he looks like a goofy Punk Rock schmuck with that dopey haircut... and a flaming Fag-got with all that tacky jewelry?!?

YOU tell him!

MAXIMUM SECURITY STOCKADE

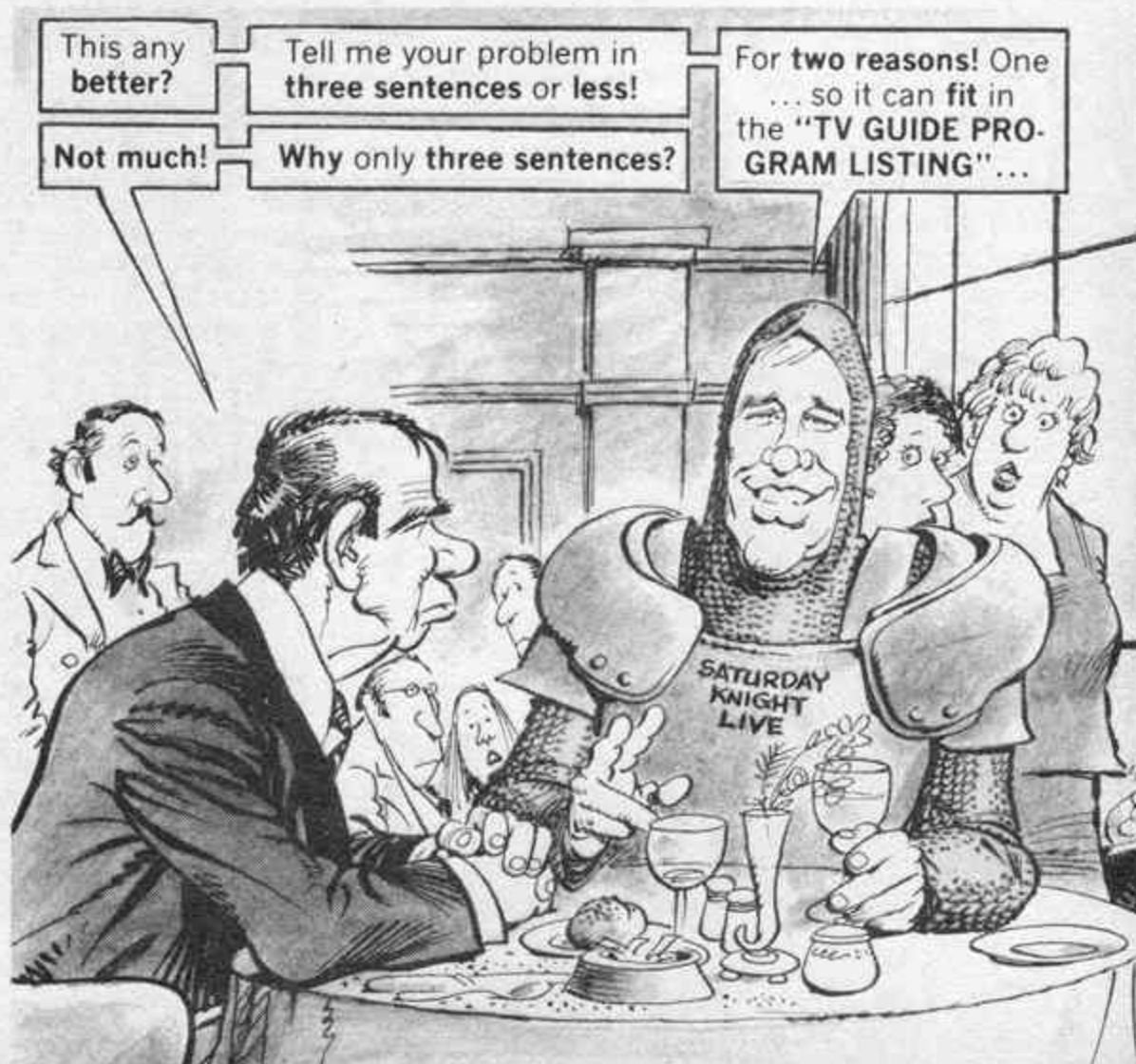
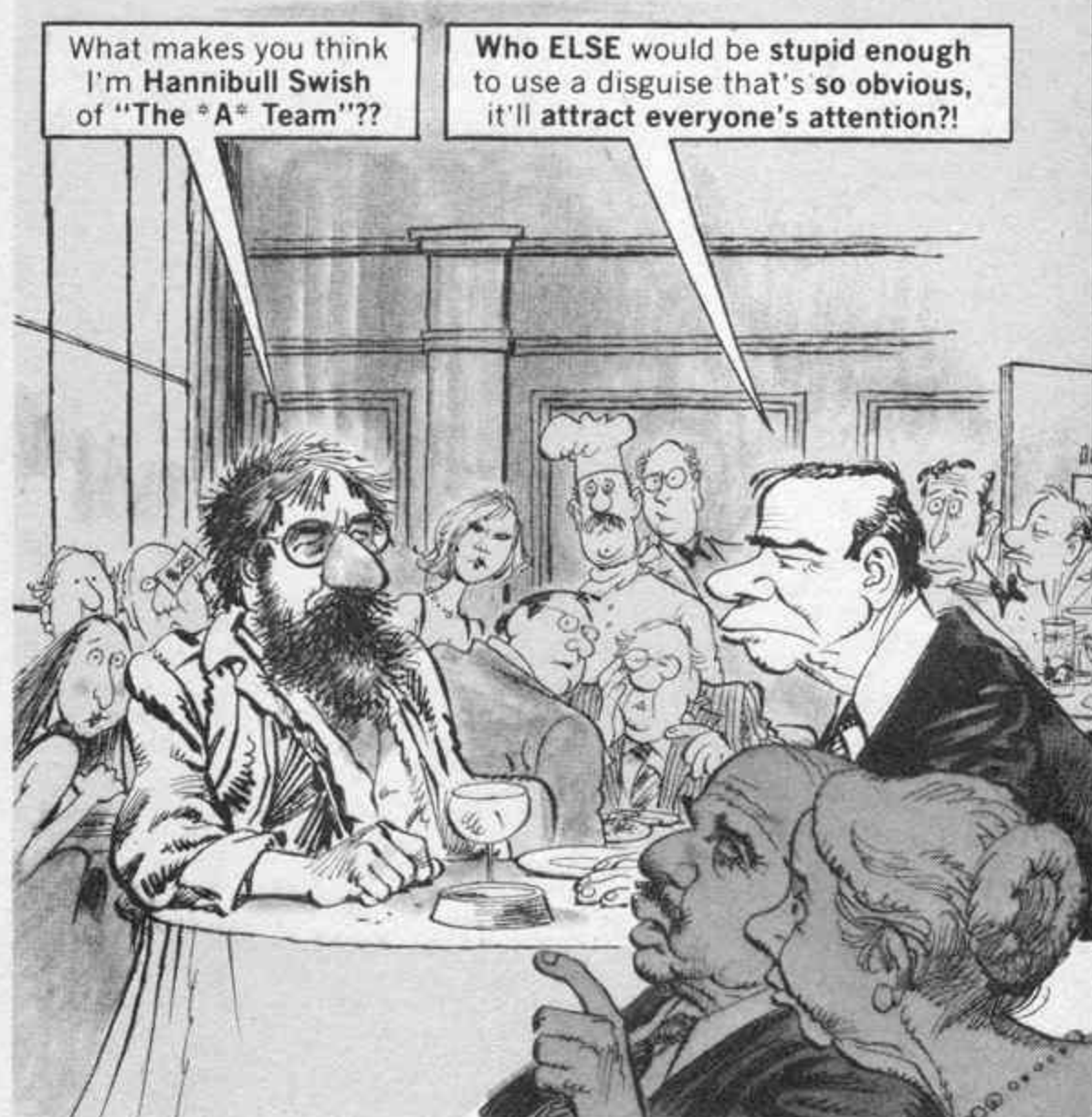
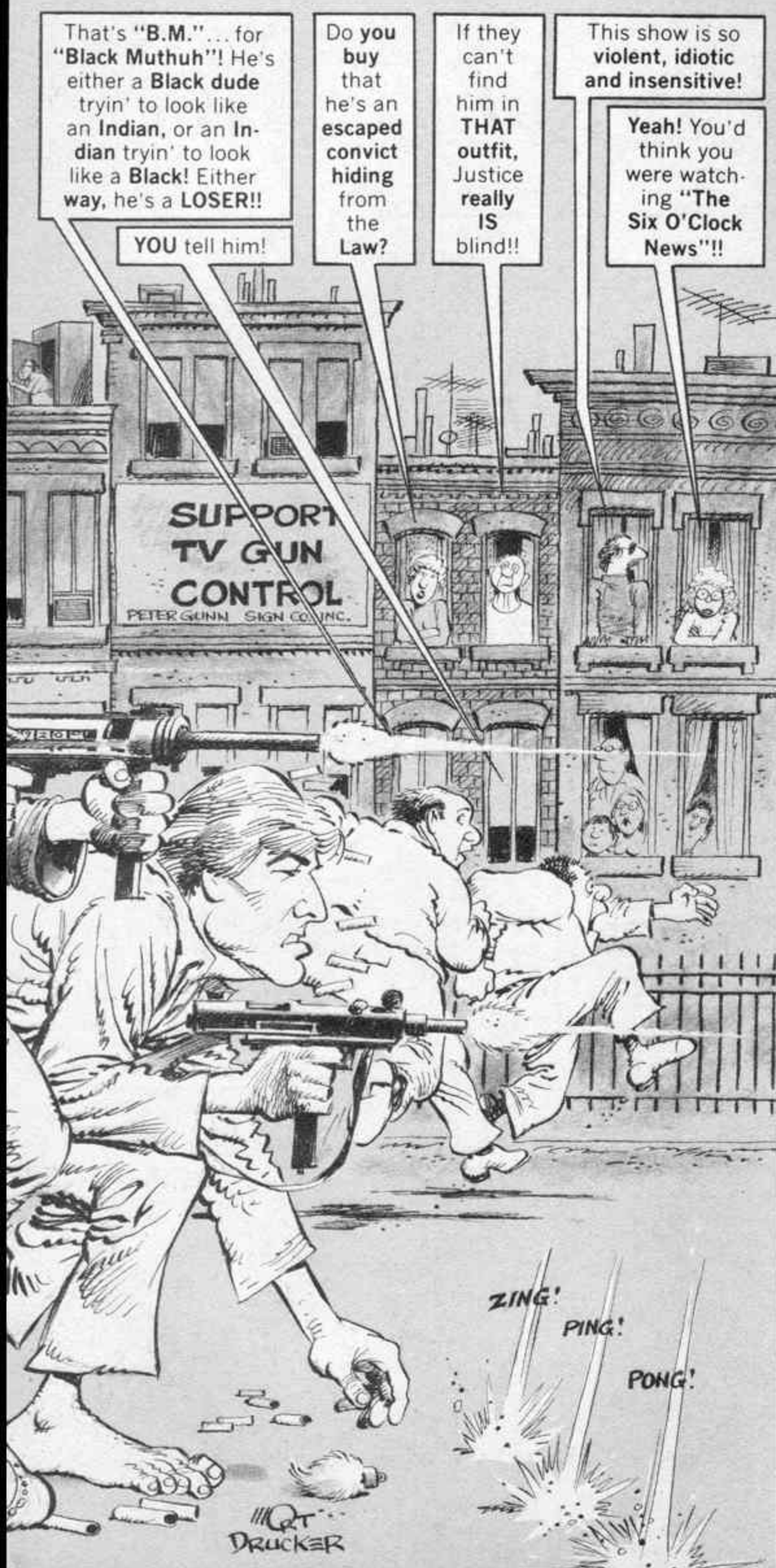
PEPSI GROCERY

BRAT TAT TAT TAT

the old "Mission Impossible" team! But if you want a group of bumbling misfit mercenaries whose only advantage is: they always forget to get paid, then try

* TEAM

WRITER: STAN HART



And two... if you **out-line** the plot **FAST ENOUGH**, no one will realize that it **doesn't** make sense!

A group of **terrorists** have occupied a **nuclear power plant**! Unless we agree to **free** their leader from **pris-on**, they will **blow up** the plant and release massive amounts of **deadly radiation**!

That's **really great**!

Are you **crazy**?! **WHAT's** great?!

You outlined the plot in only **TWO sentences**!

You'll have to **work fast**! You **don't** have much time!!

Right! Only **sixty minutes**, not counting **commercials**, **station breaks**, **net-work promos**, **local ads**, **news capsules** and the **coming attractions** for next **week's show**! All in all, that leaves us with about **forty minutes**, tops!

FRAUD!



Now, about the **FEE** for The ***A* Team**?

We'll talk about that **later**! Did you notify the **Nuclear Regulatory Agency**? They've got an **emergency, red alert, catastrophe hot line**!

I **know**...! Unfortunately, it's an **UNLISTED NUMBER**!

We don't want a **word** of this to **get out**, or there'll be **panic** in the **streets**, understand? Our mission is **hush-hush**... strictly **top secret**!

Check...!!

Right...!!

Gotcha...!!

After you hang up, I'll **eat the phone** so nobody can **trace the call**!!



I rented the **'copter** like you asked, but I'm **kinda puzzled**! How come, if you're wanted by the **U.S. Government**, you pick a **VA Hospital** to hide out in?!

Because the **U.S. Gov-ernment bureaucracy** is so **fouled up**, they've got **no idea** who's **here** and who's **not**! Next to the **U.S. Post Office**, it's the **best place** to **lose something**!

Hey, how many times can that **psycho escape**?

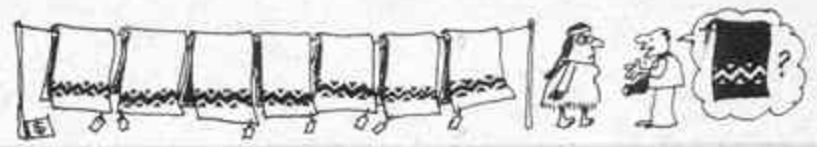
Figure **once a week** for **26 weeks** ... **39** if you count **re-runs**!

B.M., would you check the **brakes**... the **tire pressure** ... **wipe the windshield** ... and **gas up the van**?

Hold it!! Listen, **B.M.** **doesn't** do **dirty work**! You want the **N.A.A.C.P.** and **Jesse Jackson** down on this show... protesting the **exploit-ation** of a member of the **Black minority**?!

That's **right**, **Ms. Whitebread**! This show is **"The *A* Team"** ... not **"ROOTS"**!





Y'know... I often wonder if taking off with the tires **SCREECHING** like that is the **best** way to travel around **unnoticed**!

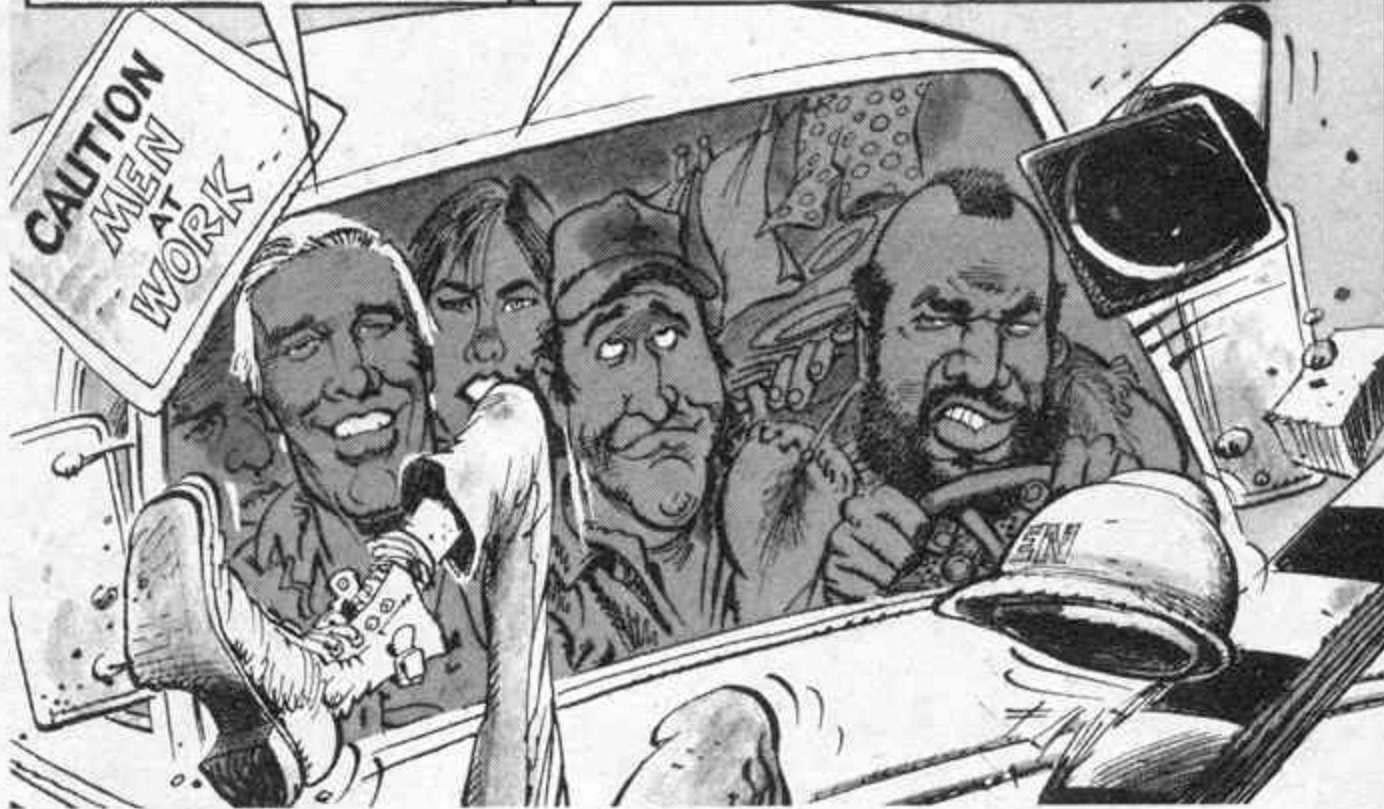
B.M., what gear do you have her in?

The only one we GOT, Man! **OVER-DRIVE!**



See? I **TOLD** you we could drive across the country in two days without stopping!

Yeah, but we **DIDN'T** think you meant without stopping at **Comfort Stations**! I think **Murdreck EXPLODED** going through Ohio!!



Hey, how come **B.M.** always does the driving?!

Because he loves it!

But he's a terrible driver!

YOU know that... and I know that! But since he can pluck a person's arms off like they were **DAISY PETALS**, let's keep it our little secret!

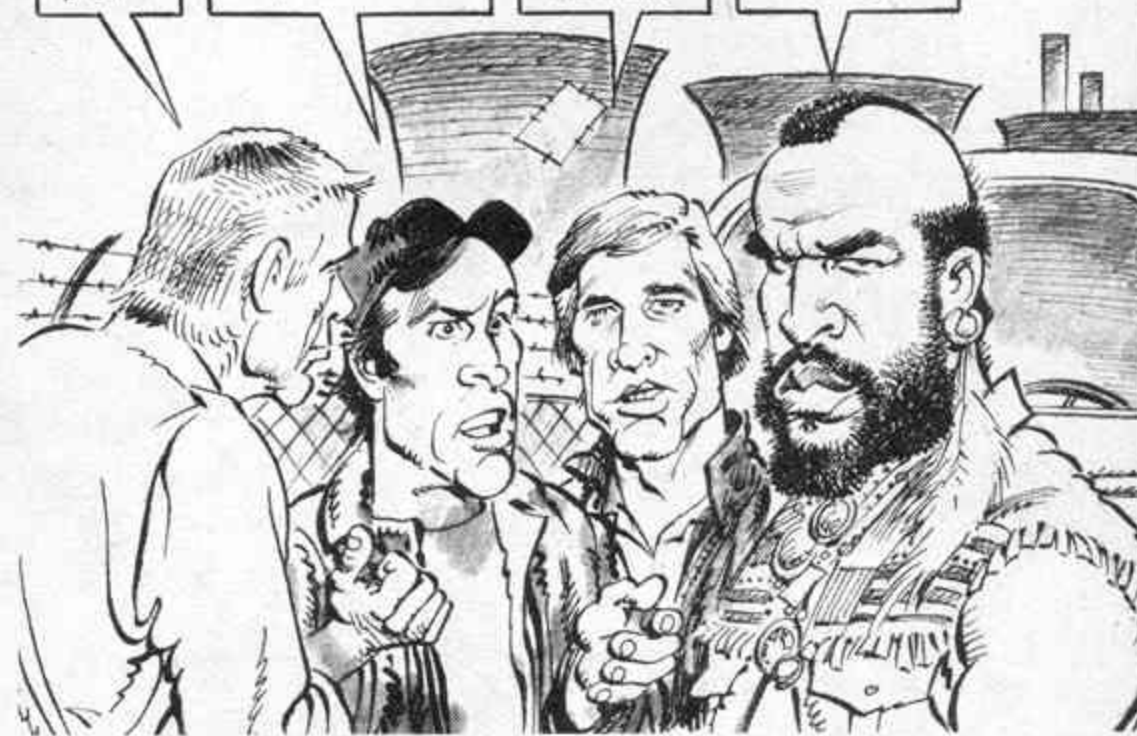


Okay, now here's the plan—

Why is **HE** always the one who comes up with the plan... ?!

Because he's the **brains** of the organization!

No wonder we get into so much trouble!!



Here! I've arranged for **phony ID's** for each of you!

Where'd you get them?

From **High School kids**!! Where **ELSE**??

First, **B.M.** and I will infiltrate by posing as **fellow terrorists**! Then, you two will **follow up** with a **shootout** that will appear to be an **orgy of blood and mayhem**!

Hold it! We're on at **8'clock** in **prime time**! There are **little kids** watching!!

Hey, Man! He said "**appear to be**"! You want to keep our ratings... ? Or go back to **delivering pizzas**! Just shut up and shoot!!



I don't think you're gonna get away with that **disguise**, Handball...!!

That's **HANNIBULL!**

I can't take much more of this...!

You mean so much violence?

No... so much **NOISE!** The sounds of our punches are **INCREDIBLE!!**

He's right!! One more fist fight, and we'll all wind up with **permanent hearing loss!!**

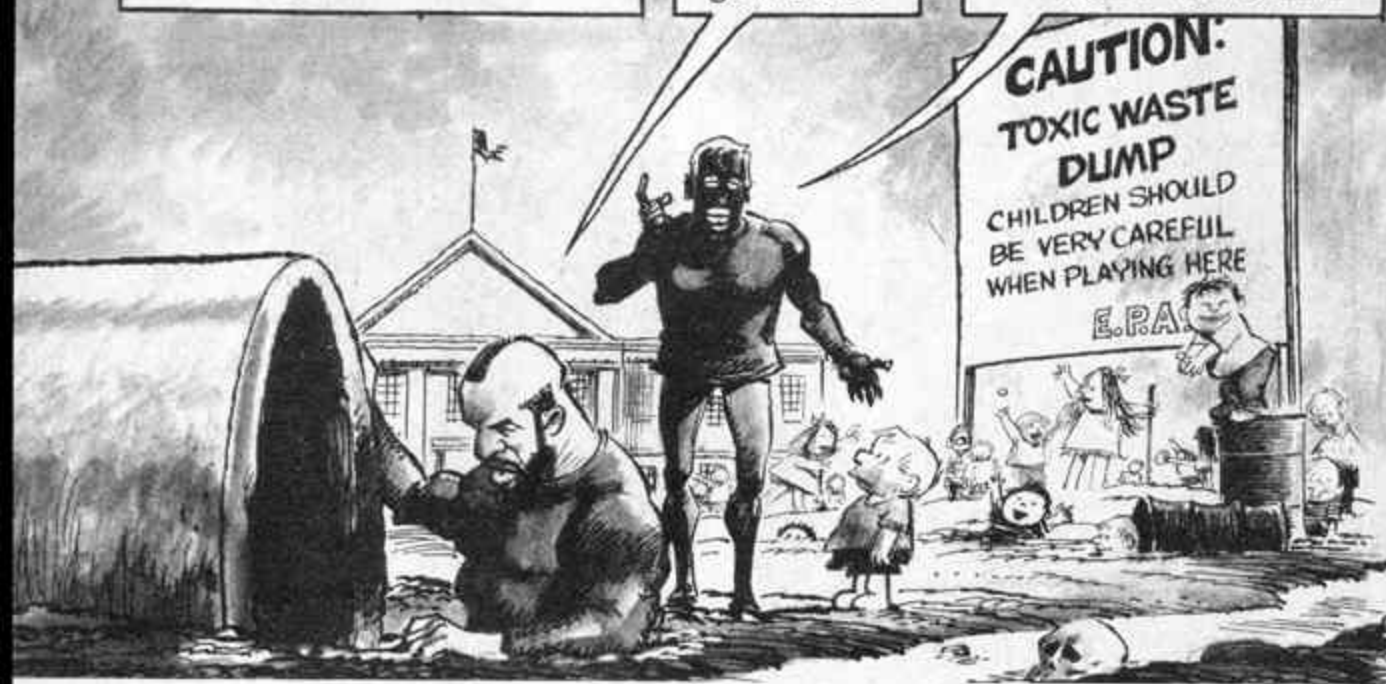


The only connection between the plant's **Control Area** and the **outside world** is this **radioactive dump!** All we have to do is **swim up the disposal conduit pipe**, and we're there!

But it's so **dark** in there! How are we gonna **see?**

Hmmmm! I've got it!! We'll take along one of the **kids** who live around here! I'm sure that... by now... they glow in the dark!

CAUTION: TOXIC WASTE DUMP
CHILDREN SHOULD BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN PLAYING HERE
E.P.A.



We're with the **organization!** We got a **message** for the **Chief!!**

HE don't look like no **Brother** to **ME!!**

You calling me a **liar?** Because if you **ARE**, I just might decide to have your **face** for **breakfast!!**

Uh... Well... in **THAT** case, **welcome Brothers!**



I thought you had them **convinced**, B.M.!

I **DID**... until you told 'em you were in the **Beverly Hills Unit** ... operating out of **Gucci's!!**



We're in **real trouble** now, Hannibulge!

That's **HANNIBULL!!**

And **besides** your **ignorance**, you know what **else** strikes me odd?!? That, week after week, you're **no more help** to me than an **ordinary person half your size** would be!!

Oh, yeah?! Well, try an episode **WITHOUT** me... and let's just see who'll **watch** it, **Pretty Boy!!**





Y'know... there's something I can never figure out! How come the lighting is always so blindingly bright in all weekly Sitcoms and Adventure shows, no matter whether it's an interior or an exterior ... day or night shot?!?

Ahh, who cares?!? Listen, I've got a plan that I'm sure will work!

Okay... but only if it's zany, idiotic and completely impossible in real life!! Is it...?!?

Does a cabbie pick his NOSE waiting for the light to change?!

Gee, that's a pretty dangerous mission!! How come you made HER do it...?!?

Since we can't use B.M. for dirty jobs, the woman is the only member of an exploited group we've got!



Okay, gang! Here comes our usual violent, climatic shootout... along with our weekly big surprise!

What surprise??

That with all these explosions, crashes and gunfire, no one ever gets killed on this show!!

Thanks for not only doing a great job, but also for demonstrating that people with below-average intelligence can also serve their country! Now, as for the money we owe you for this mission...

Forget it...!!

FORGET IT...?!?

There you go AGAIN!! How we gonna pay for renting that 'copter, the transportation we used, the ammunition we burned, the living expenses we incurred, the private property we destroyed...?!

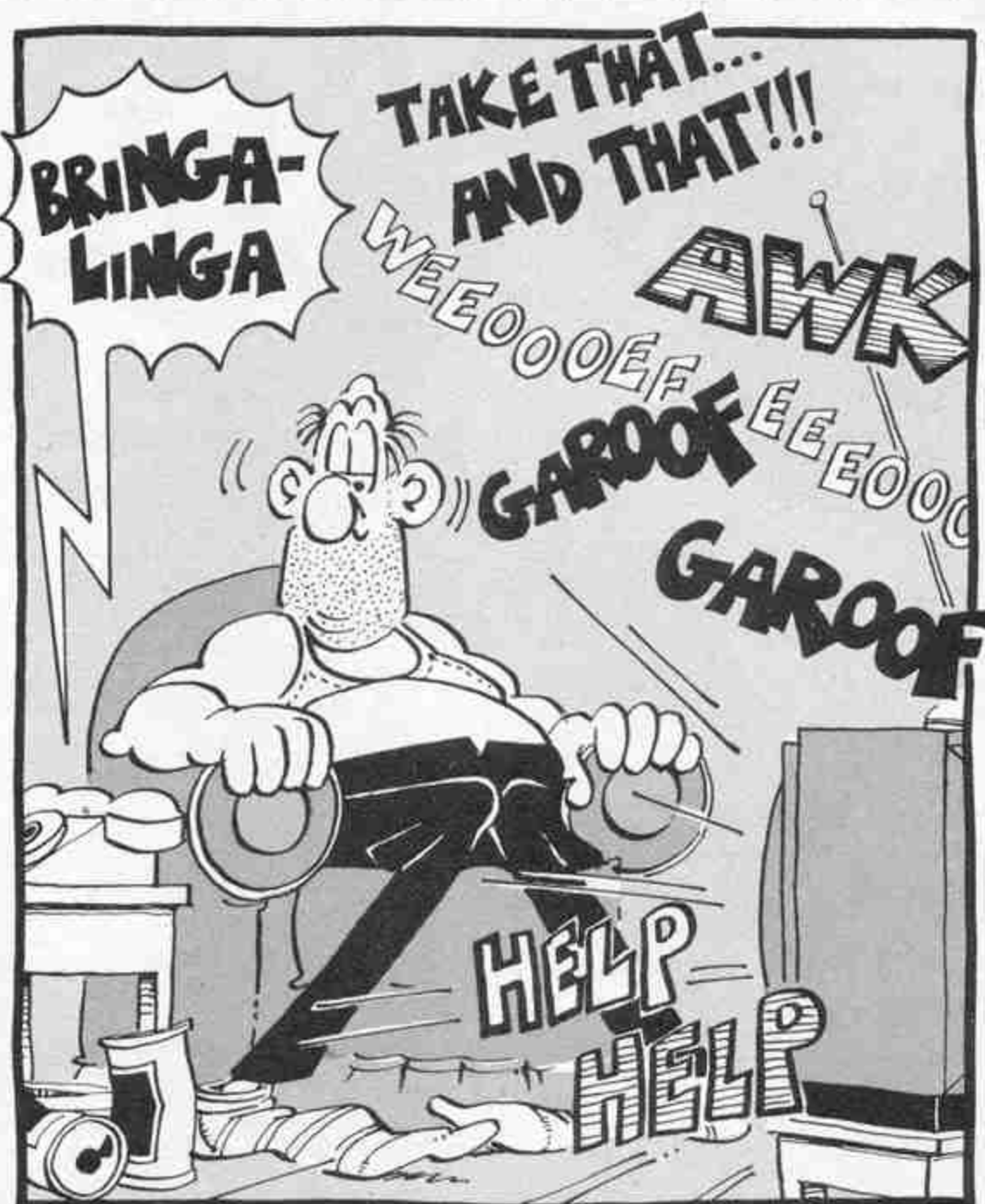
We'll ALWAYS be fugitives on the lam!!

From the Government!!

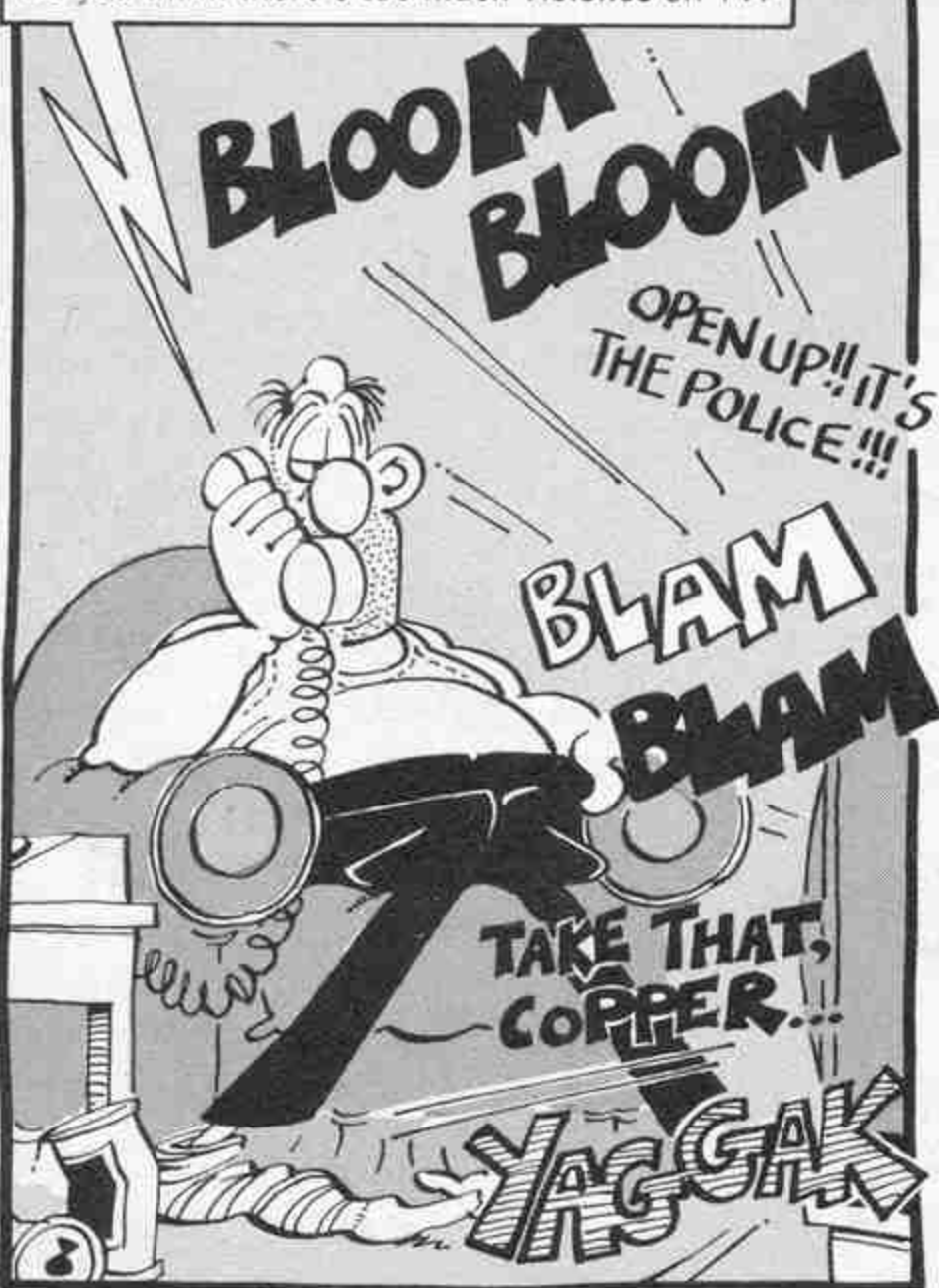
No... from all the Collection Agencies that are after us to pay the enormous BILLS we keep running up on these idiotic missions!



ONE FINE EVENING DURING PRIME TIME



Good evening! This is your Television Survey!
Do you think there's too much violence on TV?



I dunno! I never watch TV!!



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ONE-ON-ONE NIGHT IN THE LABORATORY

